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**GIRL
FEATURE:
Racial
Justice**



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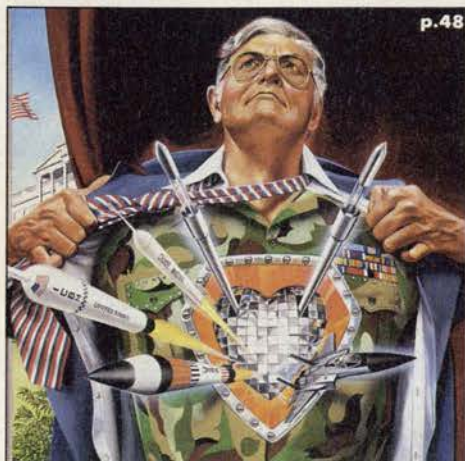
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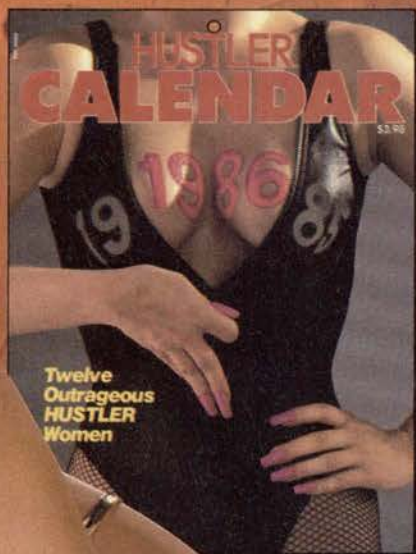


On the Cover . . .
Senior Photographer Ladi von Jansky
had to get his feet wet to shoot this month's
sudsy covergirl. Nice ass, don't you think?



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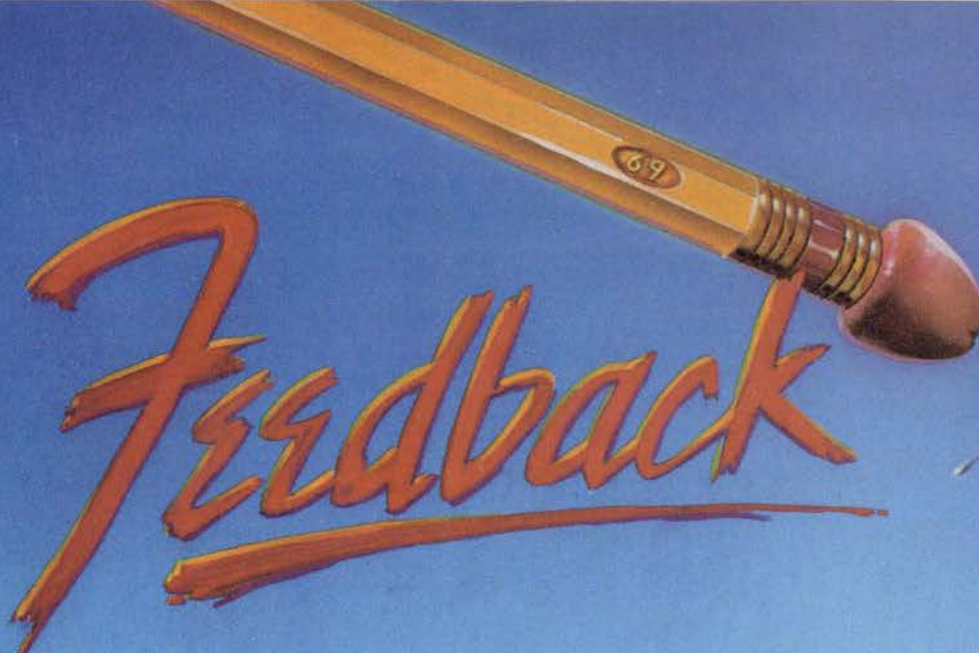
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KISS MY ASS:

I have just recently started buying your magazine, and I would like to say that in your June '85 issue I read two *Feedback* letters under the headings "Ardent Admirers" and "Sour Kraut." I would like to tell those letter writers that they can both kiss my ass!

This goes to Bill S.—I bet you really feel like an asshole; you should be Asshole of the Month. Since Larry Flynt printed your letter, he probably has more balls than you'll ever have!

And as for you, Frank R., if you're proud of being German, you're a sick motherfucker. Hitler had thousands of innocent people killed. If you're proud of that, go back to Germany, asshole.

Larry Flynt, believe me, all I've got to say is, I'll keep reading your magazine. It's great.

—Mrs. McGill
Mobile, Alabama

LUSTY LADY READER:

I'm writing to say thanks. After my husband and I separated, I had no sex until recently. You see, all the men I know have been friends with my husband; so they wouldn't even think of touching me. That is, until one of them helped me move into my new place. He saw the stack of *HUSTLERS* and asked why my ex had left his "smut" books behind. Boy, you should have seen his eyes get big and his dick get hard when I said they were mine! We've been having a ball ever since.

—A Horny Female *HUSTLER* Fan
Rota, Spain

BLACK & WHITE:

I just picked up the first *HUSTLER* Magazine I've seen since 1983, your May '85 issue. When I read the *Feedback* section, I was damn disgusted by Mr. Dickhead E. M.'s and Miss Cuntface Carol R.'s comments about blacks ("Calling a Spade a Spade"). I went to high school and col-

lege with blacks, and I think they're quite friendly and easy to get along with. Mr. Dickhead E. M. claims that there is no black man who can match his looks. *Ha!* If he would get off that farm he lives on and see some of the world, he'd think otherwise. E. M., I'd give \$1,000 to meet you in a dark alley so I could beat the living shit out of you.

And for Miss Cuntface Carol R. with the Ph.D. in psychology, I'm sorry that your relationship with a black man didn't work out. I think that is why you wrote all those negative things about black men. So, Miss Educated, take your Ph.D. in psychology and stick it.

—Mike N.
Houston, Texas

Readers E. M. and Carol R. were commenting on our February '85 Sex Play, "White Women/Black Men: What's the Attraction?"



Heidi: Love Hungry

FALSE WITNESS:

Hats off to *HUSTLER* for making Cathleen Webb your August '85 Asshole of the Month. I only wish there was some way she could go to jail and finish serving the sentence of Gary Dotson, her accused assailant. Then maybe she'd know what it feels like to go to jail for nothing.

—Steve
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I'm writing to congratulate you on the absolute best choice you've ever made for Asshole of the Month, Cathleen Webb. That is one sick bitch! Rape is not a joke. I was raped when I was 12 and, although I didn't realize it at the time, I really asked for it. I was a prickee who looked older than I was, and I always lied about my age so I'd be accepted by the older, "more mature" boys. (I liked flirting with the 18-26 age group.)

My parents and I went to court, and the courtroom language and atmosphere terrified me. I couldn't tell the adults what took place, detail by outrageous detail, in the terms they requested. Words like *vagina* and *penis*! The case never got past the preliminary hearings because of that horrible embarrassment—saying those things in front of my parents, the attorneys, etc. My family ended up having to move due to the way I was treated at school after that. I was immediately labeled a slut and treated like one, but worse (because the case was dropped) I was called a liar. The kids and teachers alike said I had made the whole thing up!

That did a lot of mental damage that I never could talk about to my very understanding mom. I figured she wouldn't understand.

Now, 17 years later, I can discuss it and am glad I didn't send the boy to prison even though I *was* raped. With my feelings such as they are, I just couldn't believe that someone could actually do what Cathleen Webb did. How can she give those years back to Gary Dotson? I think she should be stripped and put on public display where people could walk by and spit on her. I treat worms and slugs better than she deserves to be treated.

—Name Withheld
Yucca Valley, California

TWOWAY STREET:

After checkin' out your July '85, 11th Anniversary Issue, I must admit I buy your magazine for the A-1-quality humor and even some of the "different" stuff you dare to print in words as well as photographs. But I believe you went overboard when you included an article about a faggot, a sick fuckin' punk who likes to roll rods and ride 'em like a bitch in heat (*Interview With a Bisexual*). This fuckin' puke isn't "aware of his sexuality" at all; he just wants to be a bitch, that's all! As for his liking women more than fat-butt boys, that's the way it's supposed to be, but the sick puke wants to fist-fuck faggots and

straddle stiff ones. I say he should contract AIDS and crawl off into a deep dark cave to die (preferably one that smells like shit so he can die happy).

I'm presently doing time, and if the dude asked me to fuck him (and I've been locked up for two years), I'd spit on him. If he asked me in my hometown, I'd cave the side of his head in with my fist, foot or anything handy.

Most of your readers are guys. If you wanted to talk to a bisexual, why didn't you interview a bisexual woman? —J. V.
Tracy, California

I just finished reading *Interview With a Bisexual*, and I loved it. I'm glad that HUSTLER is finally paying some attention to male homosexuality. All the time I read about women getting it on with each other. Well, I think it's about time for equal rights! Just as women enjoy having soft, feminine encounters with each other, us men often like to have rougher, more masculine sex. Many men would be surprised just how erotic a hairy ass or hard cock can be. For one thing, when you're making it with another man, there isn't any guesswork. You know exactly what will make him feel good and what won't, because you've experienced it before yourself. I personally have a rather small cock, and I don't have much body hair; so I love to fuck a well-hung hairy

man. When I'm giving him head or he's fucking me in the ass, I love to imagine how great his huge prick must feel right then. It's great!

Don't get me wrong. I'm not a homosexual. I love women too. In fact, in many ways women are a lot better because sex is always better in a loving relationship. With men it's strictly sexual. There are no emotional ties between us. It's just great sex. I see homosexual encounters as a form of jacking-off. It's a great way to get off when your girlfriend isn't around. It's also good when you're in one of those moods when you don't just want to have sexual intercourse, but you want to *fuck and fuck hard!*
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

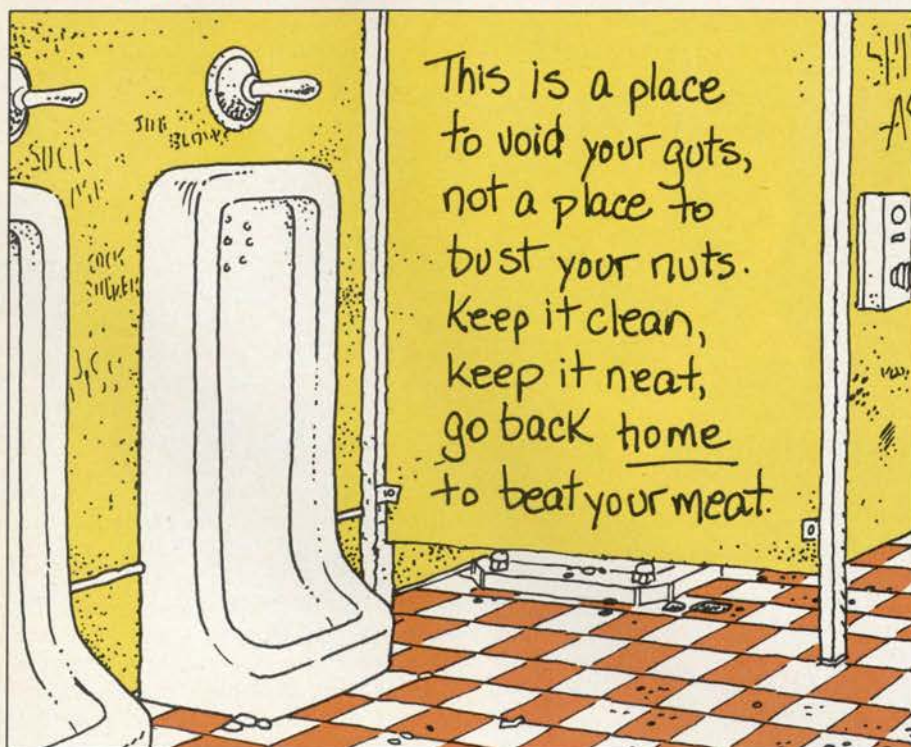
COMIC RELIEF:

I have been enjoying your magazine for quite a while, but my opinion is now changing. You people need your brainpans overhauled for running *Comic Relief* in your June '85 issue.

I don't know who the bigger jerk is—Jeffrey Lantos for writing it, or HUSTLER for publishing it. I'm a PFC in the infantry and feel that it is a crying shame that an American citizen would slander the Army that helps protect him from foreign aggressions. I'm damn proud to serve my country. I feel that your magazine should be more discriminatory when it comes to printing material that is slanderous to our defense. It's not perfect, but hey, it's the only one we got. Right?

—PFC Mathew L. Hunter
U.S. Army
Fort Irwin, California

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO MIKE P., RISING SUN, MD

In the August '85 *Feedback*, Mike H. criticized Dwaine Tinsley's *Comic Relief* column on drunk driving (March '85). I think Tinsley should be given a lot more credit for his intelligence than Mike assumes. In a humorous way, Tinsley said what it will cost if you drive drunk. He presented more arguments against drunk driving than most operator manuals.

Similarly, unless you have lots of money to go to the Supreme Court, avoid all relationships with people who can lead to lawsuits. If you are involved in a lawsuit, try to settle out of court even if it involves a loss. The side that is right does not always win.

If you apply a little common sense to Dwaine Tinsley, you will have your pockets picked less often. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

YUPPIES:

Concerning your May '85 *Guest Editorial*, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Yuppie," author Marc Cooper has finally shown what the Yuppies really are: self-oriented, money-loving people who care

(continued on page 118)

Barry Diamond is an actor and standup comedian who grew up in New York City and presently lives in Los Angeles. Diamond has appeared in such films as *Bachelor Party* and *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*. His television appearances include *An Evening at the Improv*, *The Merv Griffin Show*, *Bosom Buddies*, *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Rebellious Jukebox* on Showtime cable. In 1983 Barry released his first comedy album on IRS Records called *Fighter Pilot*, which has received critical acclaim in the U.S. and England. When not on the road performing at colleges or clubs, Diamond appears exclusively at the Improvisation club in Los Angeles.

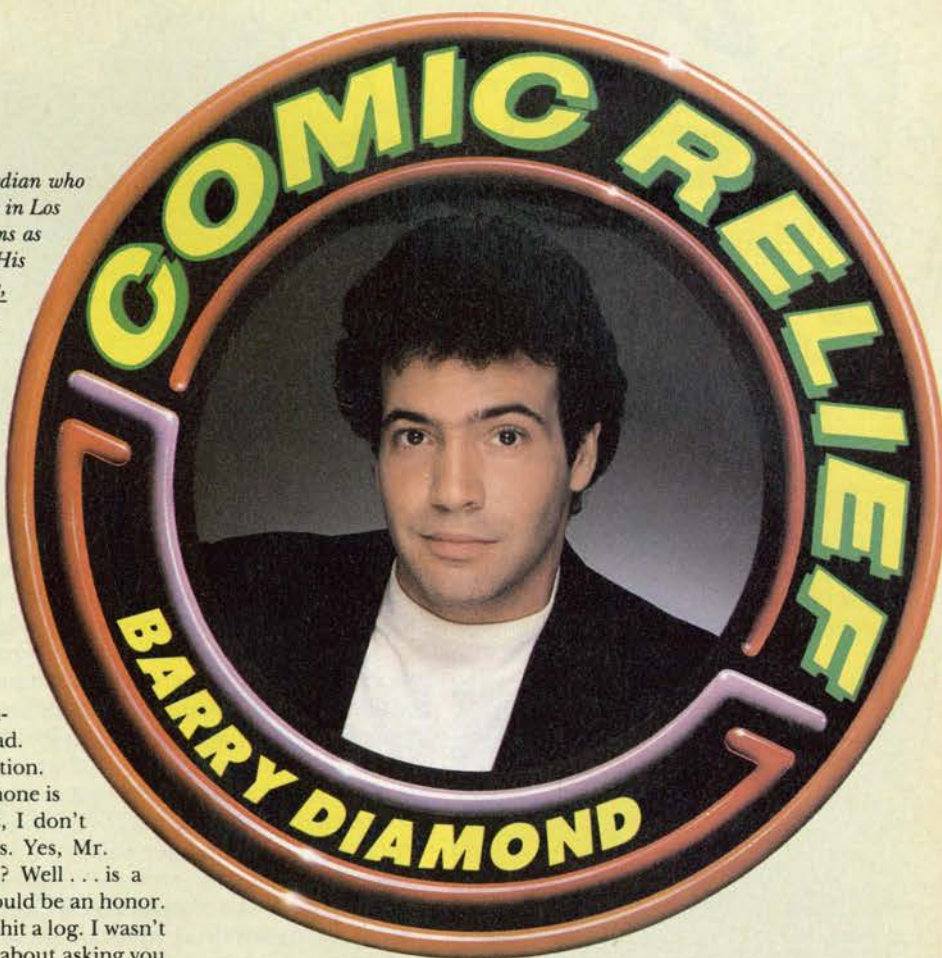
The other day I was watching my favorite hate program, Wally George's *Hot Seat*, and Wally was explaining why he felt some teenagers caught for shoplifting should be given the death penalty. Anyway, Wally was really pissed off. I love it when Wally gets pissed off, because it reminds me of how pissed off I am. But enough about me. Who's really important here is you. Don't forget that. *You* are more important than I am. Ask yourself that question. Go ahead. Put the magazine down and ask yourself that question. Good. Now jog in place for a moment because my phone is ringing. Hello? . . . Yes . . . what? . . . Holy shit, folks, I don't believe this!! It's the President of the United States. Yes, Mr. President? . . . Will I perform at the White House? Well . . . is a shark's asshole watertight at 200 feet? Hell, yes. It would be an honor. Thank you, sir. This is really such a surprise; I could shit a log. I wasn't expecting. . . Oh, by the way, I feel a little awkward about asking you this, but I just want to get it out of the way so there aren't any misunderstandings. You see, sir, I got screwed out of some money on a few dates recently because some things weren't clear upfront, and I don't want to have that problem here . . . with you . . . *comprende?* Do you think we can do that, Mr. Jelly Bean? I beg your pardon? What do you mean, "We only cover expenses"? What kind of shit is that?

Are you asking me to believe that you *haven't* got the money? . . . You are? . . . Well, that's bullshit, Ron, and you know it! You're telling me that *you*—the President—can't find five grand for the gig?! Ron, with all due respect, do I look like I just walked out of a cave with a fucking club in my hand? Your people print the money for Christ's sake. All you have to do is walk over to the Treasury, introduce yourself as the President, demand to see the money and grab \$5,000 for me on the way out, you cheap WASP fuck. . . What? . . . Yes . . . yes, I'm sure that there are proper channels through which to discuss this and no, I don't think I am overreacting. I'm sorry, but it pisses me off to hear you tell me that you don't have the money! . . . I know you have it. Everyone knows it!

Well, it's not a good look for you, Mr. President. You know, you were in show business once. You were shit too! You stunk up the screen with mediocrity. But don't get me wrong; I mean that as a compliment. Hello . . . Mr. President? . . . Are you crying? . . . Please don't cry. Yes, sir, I'm sure that John Wayne and Gary Cooper *were* offered better scripts. . . Look, Mr. President, forget the money. I consider it a privilege to perform for you at the White House. Really. Are you better now, sir? Good. How about this idea? Instead of the money, maybe you could just do me a personal favor and see to it that some of the restrictions on my driver's license are removed, as it sometimes makes me paranoid to drive fast when I'm drunk. That shouldn't be too much trouble for the President of the fucking country, should it?

What do you mean you can't do that? . . . All I'm asking you to do is make one phone call and threaten some fucking traffic-court judge! You can do *that* for me, can't you, Ron? . . . You can't? . . . Look, Ron, fuck you. Get Bob Hope.

I apologize for the interruption. However, I hope we can all learn something about human nature from this conversation. What I mean



is, why doesn't the President ask Eddie Murphy to perform at the White House? Because he can't afford Eddie Murphy, that's why. Nobody can. He could have asked Steve Martin. He even likes Steve Martin. But Steve's people won't let him do it for five grand; so the White House called me. I was prepared to do the gig for expenses, and that's it. Then I remembered the restrictions on my driver's license, and I said to myself, like in that movie, uh . . . *Risky Business*, I said, What the fuck? Y'know, I mean, how many times in my life will I have the President calling *me* at home for a favor? So I ask him to please call this parking judge and just make him shit a few quarters for me. So what happens? The prick turns me down.

I believe that when you do something for someone, it should be done with no expectation of anything in return. But where do you draw the line between being a patriotic, taxpaying citizen and being taken advantage of? The man is asking me to please donate my valuable time and money, and then take my bad driving record and go fuck myself. What is that, justice? Well, I won't be taken advantage of any longer. I could understand if my President *really* needed me—I'd be there for him and my country without question. But I refuse to entertain some drunk fuck Arab towelhead buddies of the President who already own enough real estate in *this* country that it's a wonder this place isn't called the United States of Arabia.

I had to say no to my President, and that made me feel bad. I understand there are some people who are more concerned with what this country can do for them than with what they can do for their country. I am a little ashamed to find my President among those people. But I guess that's why he's the President. Because he has created an art form out of living off people like you and me. You don't think he funded a campaign for the Presidency by doing bad movies in Hollywood, do you? Of course not. He got the money from us. We gave it to him. And now I ask him, in a sense for all of us, to make one stinking phone call and put the fear of God into a mindless traffic-court judge, and he says no.

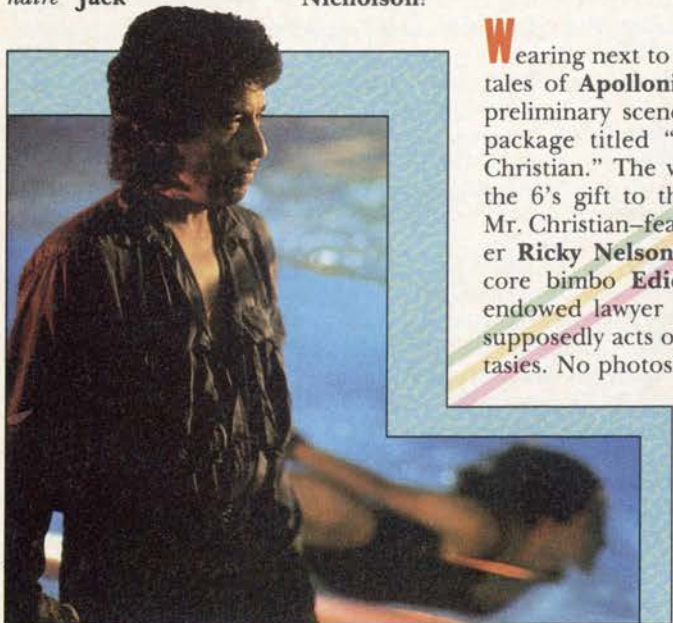
Well, my friends, I hope we can all learn a lesson here. I hope that in some way I have enlightened as well as entertained. At the very least I hope I have occupied the time you might have normally spent ripping stereos out of stolen cars. 🐸

Melody makers



Roach between workouts

Everyone's raving about the new **Bob Dylan** LP, *Empire Burlesque*. Some say it's a welcome return to the good old days of snappy lyrics while others claim that it's musically fresh. Whatever direction Mr. Zimmerman's moving toward, he isn't taking any chances with his videos. "Emotionally Yours," his newest, was directed by actor/director/producer extraordinaire **Jack Nicholson!**



Bob Dylan poolside

Although we may not be ready for muscle-bound broads who look like they could clean-and-jerk a Sherman tank, we're certainly eager to see more of the sexually sizzling singer **Roach**. Her latest single, "Future Sex"—from the *Pumping Iron II: The Women* soundtrack—is an excruciatingly sultry and erotic dance number that never fails to get the blood flowing. And, best of all, Miss R. looks like you could make love to her without fear of having your nuts squashed by a sudden spasm of her thigh muscles. . . .

In what has to be the most expensive haircut in rock 'n' roll history, **Wham!** lead poser **George Michael** recently spent a small fortune on the "Careless Whispers" video because his hair "didn't look quite right." After three days of filming—with helicopters, boats and other expensive equipment—Michael reportedly decided his precious locks were too frizzy and flew in his hair-stylist sister to give him a new "do." Filming had to start all over again, and the director reportedly charged Michael \$50,000 for wasting everyone's time.

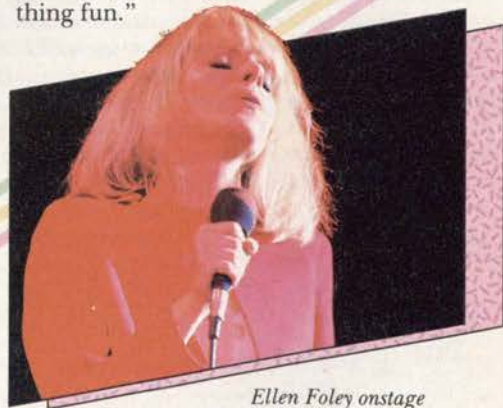
Wearing next to nothing, the femme fatales of **Apollonia 6** began filming the preliminary scenes for their new video package titled "Happy Birthday, Mr. Christian." The video—which represents the 6's gift to their old schoolteacher, Mr. Christian—features perennial teenager **Ricky Nelson** in the title role, soft-core bimbo **Edie Williams** as a well-endowed lawyer and **Buck Henry**—who supposedly acts out the girls' sexual fantasies. No photos were available at press time, unfortunately. Evidently that premier purple party-pooper, **Prince**, made sure that any photographers on hand signed away all their photo-ownership rights!



The Cramps:

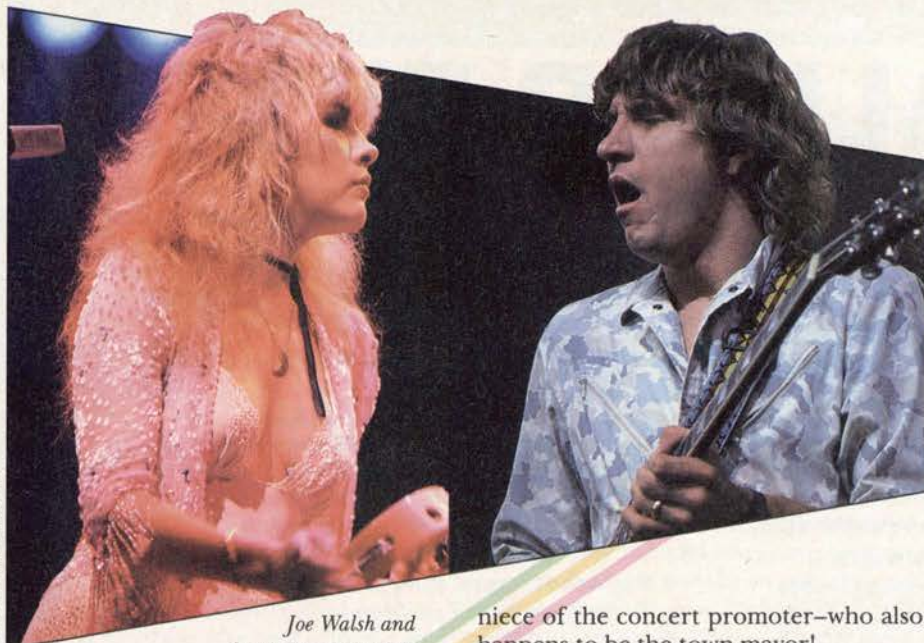
Ivy, Lux and Nick

Rejoice, all you bloodthirsty fans of slash-and-gore splatter flicks. The undisputed rulers of rockabilly jujuism, the **Cramps**, recently cut some burning black vinyl for the *Return of the Living Dead* soundtrack. This hot new tune—titled "Surfin' Dead"—was written and recorded in just three days and provides the perfect accompaniment to the grunts of feeding zombies onscreen. "We loved the movie," says enchanting lead guitarist "**Poison**" **Ivy Rorschach**, "and saw this as an opportunity to really do something fun."



Ellen Foley onstage

What's that old lady doing messin' around with that young kid?" recently asked shocked observers in Los Angeles at a listening party for power-pop band **Go West**. Well, that was no ordinary child molester, that was former singer—and current star of TV's *Night Court*—**Ellen Foley** caught drooling over 16-year-old Texas guitar whiz **Charlie Saxton**. Though Charlie is said to have stayed out past curfew, Foley was definitely *not* baby-sitting. Now that's what we call contempt.



Joe Walsh and Stevie Nicks together

Just to show what a little generosity can get, ass-kickin' rockers **Alcatraz** received a bit more than they bargained for after a recent San Juan, Puerto Rico, concert. At the end of their set, lead guitarist **Steve Vai** reportedly licked his guitar, rubbed it between his legs and then handed it to a foxy young lady standing in the front row. When the band returned to their hotel after the show, there were several VIP limousines mysteriously waiting and dozens of red roses for everyone. As it turns out, the luscious babe who graciously accepted Vai's guitar is the

niece of the concert promoter—who also happens to be the town mayor!

Responding to claims that rock music has become "pornographic and sexually explicit," National Association of Broadcasters President **Eddie Fritts** recently requested that all recordings sent to radio stations include lyrics sheets. Although Fritts states that his organization has no desire to place itself in the role of censor, not everyone is so certain. "Obviously the next step will be to make sure someone reviews these lyrics," says Program Manager **Pat Cooney** of L.A. radio station KXLU. "They're just cutting off their heads to spite their faces."

Picture this: You've got a front-row seat at your favorite hard-rock nightclub when suddenly a blond Arnold Schwarzenegger-type takes the stage amid thunder and blazing swordplay. After casually bending a few steel bars with his bare hands, this six-foot gorilla then proceeds to belt out some of the *heaviest* heavy metal imaginable. Pretty bizarre fantasy, right? Well, wake up and smell the nectar. **Thor**—and his mammoth-breasted girlfriend **Pantera**—are not concert-hall hallucinations. Although this guy looks as if he'd be more at home in the World Wrestling Federation than in rock 'n' roll, Thor's so popular in Europe and Canada that a cartoon series depicting his exploits may soon be in the works!

Inside sources recently confirmed the fact that everyone's heartthrob songstress, **Stevie Nicks**, indeed is being courted by fiery guitarist **Joe Walsh**. Congratulations, Joe! Every red-blooded male in America has dreamed of rummaging through Stevie's born-again drawers. Any rumor that the two lovebirds will start a group called "Eagle's Heart" is strictly speculative.

Celebrities galore were present at a rousing **Robert Plant** gig a couple of weeks back, including two very noticeably naughty superstars. **Rod Stewart** and actress/model **Britt Ekland** were spotted getting extremely cozy in a secluded back room. Wonder what Stewart's current girlfriend, **Kelly Emberg**, and Ekland's hubby, ex-Stray Cat **Slim Jim Phantom**, will say about this? . . .



James Brown vs. the IRS

The Godfather of Soul, **James Brown**, got a little taste of the blues recently thanks to the U.S. government. When Brown—who allegedly owed the Feds a paltry \$9,500 in back taxes—couldn't pay up, Uncle Sam seized his ranch home in South Carolina and auctioned it off. The 40-acre property, complete with swimming pool, bathhouse and kennels, had an estimated worth of \$122,700. Ouch!



Heavy-metal rockers Thor and Pantera



Steve Vai and friend

HUSTLER®

This page was removed by LFP as per legal obligation

HOT LETTERS

RIDING IN STYLE:

It's not every day that a person gets to live out an extraordinary sexual fantasy, but last Saturday was definitely my day. I'm a television producer; so my free time is pretty limited, and I like to make the most of it. On Saturday morning I knew I had better get my "baby" washed and waxed before I went out on a fresh beaver hunt. Women really go for my Trans Am—sleek white body, mag wheels and a radio that really blows you away. "A real mean fucking machine," they always say, and that's exactly what I had planned.

I took my car to the neighborhood car wash, the kind with a conveyer-belt system, because they do a real good job. I was midway through the wet joyride, listening to the water beating down on the roof, when suddenly the belt stopped.

The next thing I knew, a young girl had jumped into my car and sat next to me. She told me there was a minor problem, but it would be taken care of shortly. She offered to wait there with me.

As soon as I saw her, I knew that I wanted her. She was the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen—about 5-8, light-brown hair and liquid-blue eyes. She was soaking wet, her nipples erect under the clinging shirt, and it was apparent that she had an abundance of pubic hair under her red-silk shorts.

She said her name was Jacquelyn, and that she was working at the car wash to help out a friend. The more she talked, the hotter I got. I was dying to suck, nibble and caress those magnificent breasts. She noticed that I was becoming uncomfortable and finally suggested maybe we could do something to pass the time. Then she took my hand and placed it on her breast. I slowly moved my other hand down her waist and into her very wet shorts, quickly discovering that her clothes weren't all that was wet.

She began moaning as I massaged her sweet honeybox. With each moment I could feel her desire growing. She turned around and positioned herself on my lap. I put my leg across the console of my car and placed her in a comfortable position for both of us. After I put my thumb on

her clit, I inserted my fingers slowly. First two fingers . . . then three. The rhythmic beating of water and brushes against the car set the tone for the movement, and with each wet stroke I teased her anus. The rhythm became faster and deeper.

Her cum was so wet and warm, I wanted to have more of her. I slid down in the seat so that I could taste her sweet juices. As I fucked her with my fingers, I could feel her delicious muff brush against my mouth. I began to slurp on her sweet but-



ton, sucking to that pulsating beat.

Suddenly, I heard this bloodcurdling scream, and she collapsed. There wasn't any movement at first, and I began to wonder what the hell had happened. I laid my head against the headrest, eyes closed, until I felt her cool hands slowly and deliberately unbuttoning my shirt. With each button, she placed a gentle kiss with a flick of her tongue.

When I opened my eyes, I discovered she was leaning across me. She continued to kiss and nibble my chest, moving from one side to the other and running her tongue around my nipples.

She continued her delicate and sensual kisses as she undid my jeans. "I've got you where I want you now," she whispered as

my rigid rod sprang into her waiting hand. I began to lose control almost at once. Faster and faster she stroked me, until I felt myself beginning to shake. With one hand on my cock, she grabbed my hair with her free hand, holding me against the headrest so that I couldn't move. She planted her mouth over mine, darting her tongue in and out. She was obviously enjoying my helplessness. As I shuddered and began to spurt uncontrollably, I could hear her whisper, "That's it, honey, that's it."

All of a sudden everything became very still. Without any warning the conveyer belt jerked into motion, and we both knew what that meant. She quietly put her wet clothes back on, gave me a quick kiss and jumped out.

I've returned to the car wash since, hoping to find her again, but with no success. I guess her friend isn't in need of help anymore; so Jacquelyn is performing her good deeds elsewhere. —A. M.

San Antonio, Texas

THREE'S COMPANY:

My husband, Steven, and I have always been fans of HUSTLER, and we have especially enjoyed your articles on swapping and threesomes. Until recently these were only playful secret fantasies for our ears alone, or so I thought.

Tony, a very virile and sexy young man, is one of Steven's closest friends. Steven suggested we ask him to dinner.

"Is he bringing a date?" I remember asking innocently.

"No," Steven smiled coyly. "This will be an evening among old friends."

Tony was expected for dinner at eight o'clock the next evening, and my pussy was twitching all day, anticipating the surprise I suspected my husband had in store for me. When I arrived home shortly after six, I found Steven already showered, shaved and perfumed. He was gorgeous in his tight faded jeans, his shirt thrown over the back of the couch, his hair in a dark tangle, still wet from the shower. I sat down and began running

(continued on page 26)



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| ☐ ALEXANDRA (C) | ☐ LET ME TELL YA 'BOUT BLACK CHICKS (V,I,A) |
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| ☐ 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 SEX EXPECTATIONS (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

Can you deny that last summer's Olympic Games were a spectacular success? Can you deny that shit stinks? That success was due in great part to the Herculean efforts of one man, Peter Ueberroth. For his Olympian achievement in organizing the Games—and for engineering an undreamed-of \$215-million profit—Ueberroth received many well-deserved accolades. *Time* magazine made him its 1984 Man of the Year. And America's baseball-club owners—hoping he'd do for pro baseball what he'd done for the Olympics—made him Baseball Commissioner. Well, *HUSTLER* has just made Peter Ueberroth Asshole of the Month.

Recently, cornhole Commissioner Ueberroth, reacting to cocaine scandals that have rocked the major leagues, announced mandatory drug testing for all baseball personnel except the players themselves. This is like trying to check for VD by only testing people who don't have sex. This slimy shit-chute did not include the play-

Peter Ueberroth



ers in his decree because their participation must be approved by their union—which had already instituted a voluntary testing program. But did Ueberroth consult the players before making his publicity-grabbing announcement? No. Figuring they'd object to his scheme, the spiteful sphincter deliberately put the players in a bad light by immediately going

public with his drug-busting crusade.

We don't approve of illegal drug use—even by harmless entertainment-industry types whose pointless lives are often given the illusion of meaning only because they can afford mountains of cocaine. But Ueberroth's smear campaign is reminiscent of the character-assassination tactics used

against people who on principle object to loyalty oaths—anyone who won't take an oath must have something to hide. The same applies in this instance: Players who won't piss in Herr Ueberroth's bottle must be taking drugs. This warped, vicious attitude flies in the face of one of our basic beliefs: that a man is innocent until proven guilty. According to Ueberroth, players are guilty until proven innocent.

Ueberroth's stance is all the more alarming as he's constantly urged to seek public office. What kind of Constitution-trampling can we expect if this farthole fuehrer is sent to Congress?

Assholes like this may get the trains to run on time, but in the process they often try to run everything else—including people's lives. Ueberroth's desire to rid baseball of drugs is certainly admirable, but his sleazy, coercive methods are pigshit-disgusting. He deserves to have a Louisville Slugger shoved squarely up his foul-smelling bat rack.

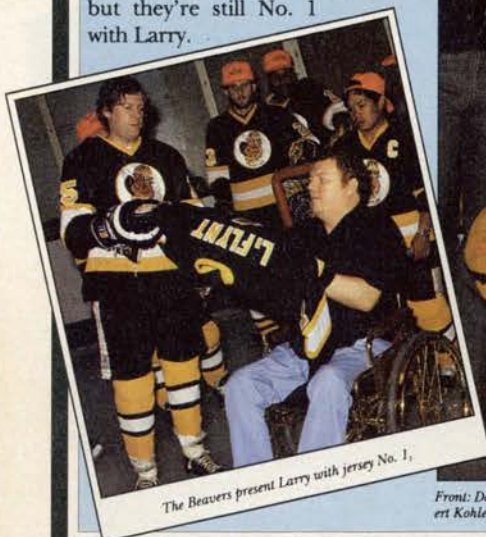
Stable TV

Mass media is not horsing around these days—especially when it comes to winning the ratings races. The watchword is *growth*, and the market for today's television programming is expanding out of the living rooms and dens, right into the barns and stables. Equine entertainment has never been this good, and now there's no need even to leave the stall! "Say, did you see my remote control and TV *Guide*, Wil-l-l-bur-r-r?"



Pucking Around

America has a new hockey fan, HUSTLER's own Larry Flynt, who's sponsoring a team in the Los Angeles County Hockey Association. The HUSTLER Beavers haven't won a Stanley Cup or beaten the Soviets, but they're still No. 1 with Larry.



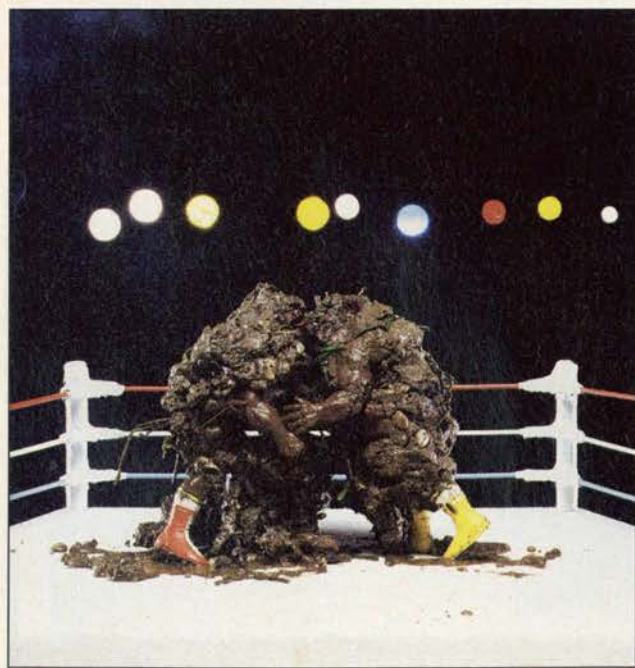
The Beavers present Larry with jersey No. 1.



Front: Danny Shugar, Larry Flynt, Rick Wolfe, Mike Vila; middle: Vince Mazzella, Jim Barrow, Managing Editor N. Morgen Hagen, Don Stilwell, Steve Marcuse, Robert Kohler; back: Bob Case, Bruce Thomas, Bobby Hatfield, Belden Alivio, Tony Mouradian, Gary Wells; not in photo: Jim Petti, Curtis Bell.

Anyone for Mud Wrestling?

Hulk Hogan, Junk Yard Dog... listen up! There's a new breed of mat-pounding professionals who're out to claim the title of dirtiest dudes in town. These cagey clods were packing the Garden long before Cyndi Lauper discovered food coloring. It just goes to show what one can accomplish with a little blood, sweat, tears... and dry soil.



An Asshole Unmasked

Carl Ruderman, the conniving closet publisher of porn gutter-rag *High Society*, was our Asshole of the Month back in November 1983. At that time we apologized for not running this reeking rectum's photograph because it was unavailable (and believe us, we looked everywhere). Well, diligence has paid off, and we've finally got the hemorrhoidal puss who pulls Gloria "Which Way to the Over-the-Hill Bimbos' Home?" Leonard's strings on film. By the way, the lady standing within fart-smelling distance of crusty Carl is one of our HUSTLER Honeys—she's been stripped in to cover the innocent lass actually pictured in the photo. We just couldn't bear seeing that poor girl's reputation destroyed.



Going, Going...

You won't find it advertised in your local newspaper—that is, unless you reside in the deepest recesses of downtown Nairobi. But it's that time again. The Annual August

White Sale is on, and the bargains this year are downright racist. (Prices on freshly imported Dutch blondes are too low to quote.) Apartheid, you say? Hell, this is a blowout!

Carnal Canvas

Frustrated artists, here's your chance to finally create something wonderful and get off at the same time. Whether licking off the strawberry, lemon-lime, blueberry or mint, these edible oils will make your tongue tickle with artistic delight. The Body Fingerpaints for Lovers collection of flavored body oils is available from Pleasure Products (P.O. Box 5973-198, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413) for \$11.95 plus \$2 for postage and handling.



Prenatal Parade

In the wake of the Sam and Patti Frustaci multiple-birth adventure, we began

thinking about mankind's obstetric future. Hence, behold this frightening vision of a time

not too far off when—thanks to the ready availability of fertility drugs—hospital delivery rooms will look like the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Pa-

rade and have to be run like automobile assembly lines. Hey, lady, is that *another* fetus in your womb, or are you just happy to see us?

Porn From the Past



If you've got any vintage smut around the house, 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.

Bom, Ba Ba Loo Ba Ba La Bam Broke

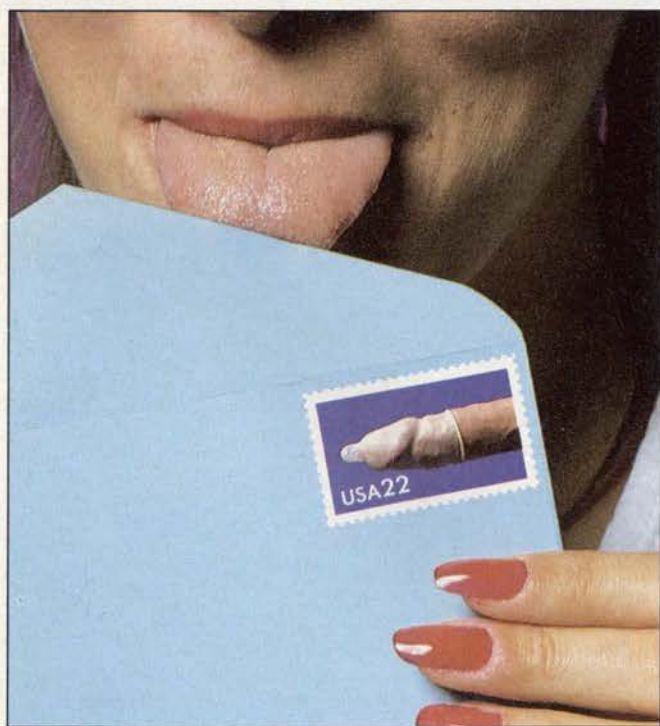
Since he abandoned rock 'n' roll for the pulpit, the original prince of glamour pop has cried the blues over how he lost royalties from songs he wrote for everyone from Elvis to the Beatles. Now you can read all about the lost fortune of Little Richard in this new, autobiographic volume that is no doubt destined for the discount racks.

Poor Little Richard's Almanac

\$7.95

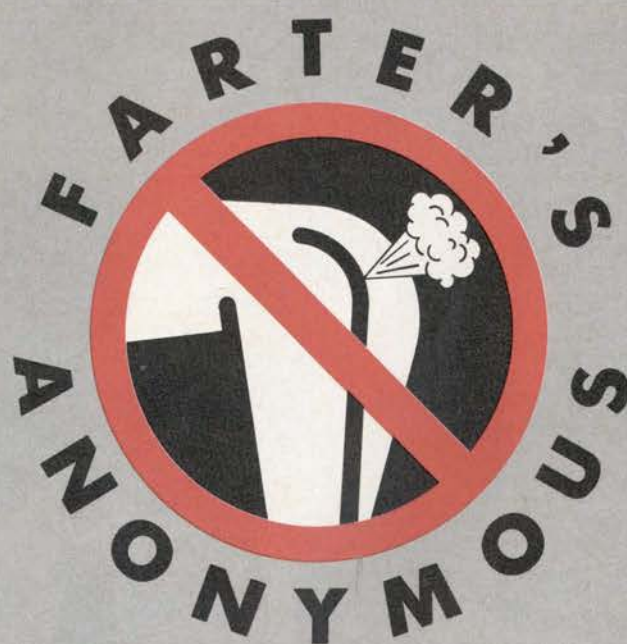


by Richard Penniman



Rubber Stamp

As postal prices rise in proportion to the national deficit, so arises the opportunity for a whole new array of postage stamps. It won't be long before pornographic offerings such as this become commonplace. If you can't beat 'em, lick 'em.



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LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS A GAS



Sex News Bits

FINAL

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October 1985

A Legal Breakthrough

Washington, D.C.—According to Judge Robert H. Bork of the U.S. Court of Appeals, there is one situation in which sexual harassment does not violate federal law. If the boss is bisexual and harasses both male and female employees equally, then no sex discrimination exists. Harassment is only illegal if one gender is favored over the other.

Big Bang

Lebanon, Indiana—Thirty-eight-year-old Michael Hight has been indicted for sending a sex toy through the mail. What makes his action particularly heinous is that the battery-operated oblong vibrator that he sent a young woman was in fact a bomb. The deadly dildo blew apart in her

hands. Said Assistant U.S. Attorney Robert C. Perry, "If it had been in place, it might have killed her"—certainly lending a new meaning to the old cliché of an "explosive orgasm."

Homo High

New York, New York—It's alternative education at its finest—the first public high school to cater strictly to homosexual students has been opened. So far the Harvey Milk School, which is estimated to cost \$50,000 a year to run, has an enrollment of 20 students. Mayor Edward Koch approves of the project, saying, "I conclude it's preferable to have them in the classroom than drop out." And the new environment should make it much easier for the kids to get prom dates too.

Loose Lips

Sacramento, California—Darla Davisson has lost her \$82-million slander lawsuit against tax-cut crusader Howard Jarvis. Five years ago, during a speech at Sacramento State University, Jarvis silenced Davisson's heckling by saying, "Why don't you go to Nevada, to a house they have over there? You couldn't make a quarter." Apparently, the jury decided Jarvis was not denigrating her potential to be a prostitute.

Insult to Injury

San Diego, California—After seven years of unblemished service, Daniel Abeita and Brian Kinney are facing discharge from the Navy because they are gay. They are also being denied all medical and disability benefits—a

particularly harsh punishment considering that both men are dying of AIDS. Says Tom Homan, an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, "The way the Navy is handling this case is really, really frightening, not to mention inhumane."

Leery Legionnaires

New London, Connecticut—Although Air Force veteran John Coleman won four medals in the Korean War, there is now considerable opposition to his candidacy for commander of the local American Legion post. Twelve years ago Coleman changed his name and his sex, becoming Bridgette Poi. "New London is not ready for a transsexual commander," states Joseph Ottaviano, Poi's chief opponent.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Labor? No, madam. Actually, I'm in management."



Shooting the Shit

What kind of shit is this? They must be full of shit! Something's got to be done about this shit!"

"Relax, buddy. This shit goes

on all the time. In fact, it's the kind of shit you see every day. I see a shitload myself."

"No shit?"

"I wouldn't shit ya."

Contributors

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

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**Harold Lime's
arousing thriller starring
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DIRTY SHARY!**

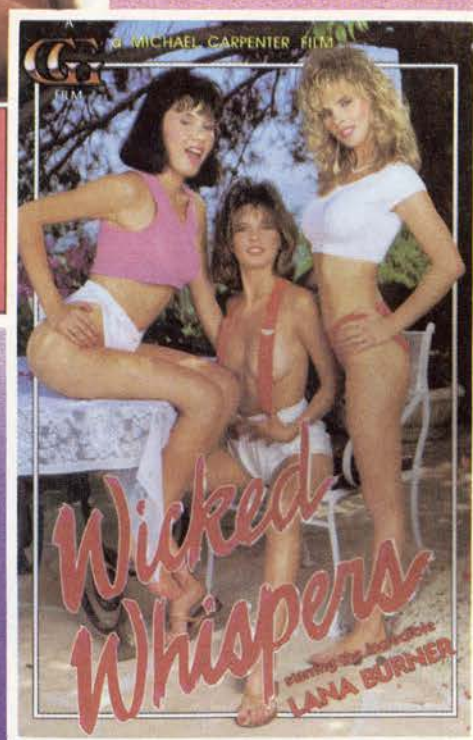
Tony Valentino's
no-holds-barred showcase for
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X-RATED FILMS

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.

Bedtime Tales

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by J. Essex; written and directed by Daniel Morgan; starring Ginger Lynn, Paul Thomas, John Leslie, Gina Carrera, Joanna Storm, Randy West, Tom Byron, Cher DeLight, Colleen Brennan, Karen Summer, Lady Stephanie, Shawn Michele, Dick Howard, Chelsea Manchester, Honey Wilder and Gary Wright. Running time: 75 minutes.



1950s cheerleader Ginger Lynn courts a bad rep in 'Bedtime Tales.'

On the surface *Bedtime Tales* appears to be a standard—though quite well-written—adult film that would benefit by an additional sex scene. Presented in five episodes, each titled for the year in which it's supposed to take place, we get glimpses of how sex and sexual attitudes have changed during the past 70 years—from the repressed horniness and leftover Victorian morality of 1915 to the "experimental" 1980s.

A closer look, however, reveals this production to be a virtual cornucopia of light kink. Incest, virgin-deflowering, older woman/younger man sex, nonbrutal rape, lesbianism, threeways, domination, voyeurism, lingerie, dirty talk, sex with a cheerleader, spanking, anal sex, leather, humiliation and Lolita-lust are the major themes dealt with in this fetish-filled flick.

Bedtime Tales is also one of the chattiest fuck films ever made. The characters hardly ever stop talking—even when they're having sex. Fortunately, this is not a drawback. The tongue-in-cheek dialogue is cleverly written, interesting, amusing and often very erotic: In one sequence—a mistress/maid sapphic suckoff—Kar-

en Summer maintains a running commentary on what she's going to do, what she's doing and how it feels as she rouges the nipples of her black maid (Lady Stephanie), slides silk stockings on the maid's legs, then presses her muff to Stephanie's mouth. This steamy scene is as notable for its talk as for its action.

Two other segments stand out. In "1926" John Leslie invites Randy West and Joanna Storm to take advantage of his ex-wife's (Gina Carrera) condition after she's passed out from drinking too much booze. Reviving Carrera only to the point of semiconsciousness, he instructs West to fuck her mouth while Storm eagerly eats her snatch.

The hottest episode of all is the Ginger Lynn/Paul Thomas smutty, sexy, cheerleader/football-coach fuck. Luscious Lynn, clad in all that 1950s sexual armor—full slip, girdle and padded bra—sacrifices her virginity to her



In 'Bedtime Tales' Karen Summer shows Lady Stephanie a real good time.

More Reel People Part 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Richard Frazzini; written and directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring John Leslie, Mikey, Randy West,

we are to porn stars for their beauty, expertise, professionalism and talent—and regardless of the fact that cradle-to-grave exposure to movies and television has taught us all how to "act" when the cameras are rolling—there's still something special about the raw enthusiasm and awkwardness displayed by non-professionals. And though a couple of the amateurs are less-than-perfect physical specimens (one in particular, Frank, is a veritable mountain of flesh), these imperfections only support the reality captured by this imaginative flick.

As Spinelli interviews the newcomers from behind the camera, we learn something about each of them—where they're from, what they do for a living and what their sex fantasies are. Occasionally we get the feeling that if it weren't for Spinelli's genuine warmth and the atmosphere of trust and security he creates, some of these people would make a run for the door. In fact, one very nervous-looking fellow does chicken out at the last minute. Another—doe-eyed, big-breasted

Kimberly—has a lamb-led-to-the-slaughter look about her as she casts apprehensive glances away from the camera, but once things get under way, she dives on her partner's cock with a gusto equal to that of any cum-swallowing porn princess. Interestingly, two of the men, Frank and Sean, have gone on to carve out careers in porn, which explains why they may look familiar—Sean especially. Now known as Shone Taylor, he has appeared in a number of videos.

More Reel People has its weaknesses—among them a lukewarm lesbian scene and cramped shooting space that cuts down on camera mobility—but the magic of fresh faces and the spontaneity of the sex make it well worth the price of admission. —D. O.

Taboo American Style, Part II

Half Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Raven, Paul Thomas, Gloria Leonard, Taija Rae, Frank Serrone and R. Bolla. Running time: 80 minutes.

The second installment of this so-called theatrical miniseries finds cold-hearted, calculating Raven (a sort of suburban Alexis Carrington on angel dust) increasing her hold and testing her influence on those around her. Mother Gloria Leonard, wiggled-out over the knowledge that her husband (Paul Thomas) is fucking daughter Raven, is a virtual zombie and slave to Raven, who keeps the super-tranqued Leonard popping downers as if they were M&Ms. Thomas is so pussy-whipped that he does whatever Raven asks.



Porn pros balling amateurs is 'More Reel People's' imaginative contribution to smut.

football-hero boyfriend's lecherous coach. After she undresses, Thomas "helps" her suck his cock by grasping the base of her ponytail and pumping her head up and down on his shaft. And when he fucks her, the incredible Lynn throws herself into the scene with such intensity, it's hard to remember she was ever a virgin.

Though *Bedtime Tales* has flaws—inappropriate music and identical sexual moans and groans played over and over, to name two—and would benefit greatly from one more sex scene, it's wonderfully entertaining nevertheless. Well-directed with good acting and costumes, it's a fetishist's fantasyland. —D. O.

Kimberly, Rocky Hayne, Mary, Mariko, Candace, Frank, Joanna Storm, Kelly Nichols and Sean. Running time: 76 minutes.

This titillating sequel to filmmaker Anthony Spinelli's innovative *Reel People* is a voyeur's dream. It's like watching the neighbors (if half your neighbors happen to be porn stars) go at it—with close-ups. As with the original, Spinelli found some uninhibited, ordinary men and women, put them in sexual situations with seasoned porn performers and started filming. Though the novelty of the idea may have worn off somewhat, the amateur/pro couplings of *Part 2* are still exciting to watch.

And here's why: As indebted as



'Taboo': At evil Raven's command, Taija Rae tongues passive Gloria Leonard.

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Sheri St. Clair's uninhibited performance in 'Family Secrets' is a grabber.

problems (one character is looking for someone she hasn't met yet, and a girl who is hired to sing at the club ends up sucking cock onstage with no explanation, to mention only two) and suffers from settings that are only a little better than makeshift, the sex is plentiful and red-hot from beginning to end.

After a lengthy sapphic slit-slurp between sexpot Amber Lynn and muff-maniac Lili Marlene the scene shifts to a hetero-hump with John Leslie and newcomer Magenta. A second lez-action scene features Marlene, Magenta and Mauvais De Noire and a host of dildos, two of which find their way into Mar-

lene's ass and pussy at the same time. Lynn and Jon Martin bang their brains out in a torrid two-some; and Lynn, Don Fernando and bimchette Patti Petite engage in a bone-stiffening threeway that threatens to melt your VCR. Check it out. —J. M.

Coming Holmes

(Vidco) His Hugeness, John Holmes, packs some cunts and gets his awesome schlong sucked, but for what it's worth he doesn't manage to come in this misnamed, lame sexvid.

Strip-joint owner Holmes and his studly assistants (Steve Powers and Tony Martin) observe



Only Eddie can see this lascivious scene from 'Eyes of Eddie Mars.'

four comely chicks (Susan Hart, Misty, Amy Roberts and Cheri Janview) go through their dance routines as they try out for a job at the club. Of course, when the auditions are over, the *real* auditions begin as the three gents sample the girls' sexual talents backstage. Misty and Hart relieve their anxiety over the outcome with a mutual pussy-suck that results in a spectacular orgasm for Misty. Other than that the sex is mostly uninspiring unless, of course, your main thrill is in watching the girls struggle with the King's mammoth dong. Save your money. —J. M.

Family Secrets

(Ambassador Video) You can hardly turn around these days without bumping into a porn vid that deals with incest. Well, here's another one. *Family Secrets* depicts one of the rarest forms of incest, mother/daughter sex... but there's also a prick-pleasing array of couplings and triplings—both hetero and lesbo—between some

of hard-core's hottest performers. Chief among these is smoldering Tamara Longley, the Lauren Bacall of porn. Longley has a perfect pussy and perfect tits, and puts them to good use in a super-sensual encounter with Summer Rose and an energetic fuck with fatherly Nick Random. Lusty, natural Colleen Brennan has some hot crotch-popping scenes—including the mother/daughter femme-frolic with Rose—though her girl/girl rub-a-dub with Sheri St. Clair is somewhat disappointing. (These two seem to be excellently matched in energy, temperament and sexuality; yet their scene never really clicks.) One outstanding accom-

plishment is the double blowjob St. Clair gives Scott Irish and Randy West. Also, the camera angle capturing Irish's cock sliding in and out of St. Clair's



shaved pussy is particularly cum-inducing. *Family Secrets* is a top-quality, well-paced, excellently directed and photographed sexromp. It's hot. Don't keep it a secret. —D. O.



Steven Spielberg, Look Out!

Look out for *The Poonies*, Vivid Video's just-released sex epic, starring porn's hottest tamale, Ginger Lynn (interviewed this

month, page 34). In this fifth Lynn-billed feature produced by Vivid, Ginger and her resourceful girlfriends set out to save their house from foreclosure by *whatever means they can*. Get the picture?

Can they do it? (Can Ginger give a hard-on to a corpse?) What do *you* think?

HOT LETTERS (continued from page 13)

"I've wanted this for a long time," he whispered hoarsely as I slid down onto his dick in one motion.

my fingers lightly over his shoulders and chest. A bulge was beginning to rise in his pants, but he reluctantly pushed me back, insisting I take my bath.

After my bath I had my first surprise. I gasped in disbelief when I saw the silky black garments laid out neatly on the bed: brand-new shimmery stockings and a lace garter belt, a satin skirt with side slits that looked to be waist-high and a camisole top with delicate spaghetti straps and tiny pearl buttons.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" I gasped as he helped me slip into the stockings. "But really, Steven, we'll scare poor Tony right out of his pants!" He just smiled knowingly. I was trembling with excitement as I gave myself one final look in the mirror. Then the doorbell rang, and my pounding heart and pulsing pussy told me that the evening had just begun.

Tony was as stunning as ever. His sandy-brown curls brushed his shoulders; he ran his large brown hands through his hair nervously, then flashed a smile that nearly melted me.

By the time we'd polished off two joints and a couple of drinks, it seemed very

natural when Steven put on some soft music and suggested that Tony and I dance while he went to check on dinner.

Tony and I glided wordlessly into each other's arms. He pulled me against him tightly, seeking out my mouth with his. He kissed me long and deep, and I felt my body pressing even closer into his. When I glanced nervously toward the kitchen, I saw Steven standing there, smiling at me lovingly. I couldn't believe this was really happening, but I was too hot to stop now.

Tony's slowly searching hands slid over my hips and onto my ass, his fingers probing and working at the lacy garter belt beneath my skirt. By the time the dance ended, he had felt me up pretty thoroughly. When Steven's dance came, he grabbed me by the hips and pulled my pelvis up against the huge, hard bulge in his pants. I found his mouth hungrily, feeling the slow unmistakable crescendo of an approaching orgasm. Steven sensed it, boldly grabbing my pussy and slamming his fingers in mercilessly as I climaxed. I nearly fainted from pleasure!

I had hardly regained myself when I was passed gently back into Tony's arms.

Tenderly stroking my shoulders and neck, Tony paused briefly at each delicate strap, then, looking lustily into my eyes, dropped each one slowly. I was shivering with excitement as he kissed the top of each breast, working his way downward slowly and loosening the buttons until my breasts danced free of the confines of the blouse. He cupped them in his trembling hands for only an instant, then dived into their milky whiteness.

Again the music ended, and it was Steven's dance, but now I decided to take charge of the situation. I grabbed each of them and led them into the bedroom; we wasted no time getting undressed.

I could hardly contain myself. I grabbed at Steven's sweet dick like a starving woman, noisily sucking the knobby head, licking and nibbling at his balls, then finally swallowing the shaft. I could feel the jism rising within his steel-like prick; so I withdrew it from my throat and squeezed it gently beneath the head. "Your turn, sweetheart," I said to Tony.

He didn't need any coaxing. I positioned myself so that Steven could enter me as I continued to blow Tony. I was in absolute heaven, being fucked by one gorgeous guy while I sucked off another! Within minutes I could feel the familiar spasms and contractions within my husband's cock; so I intensified my attack on Tony and soon had them both spewing into me at the same time. The three of us collapsed in a heap on the bed, exhausted, fondling and kissing each other lovingly. Soon both men were rising to the occasion again. Tony was lying on his back; so I jumped on top and poised my buttery cunt over his long dick.

"I've wanted this for a long time," he whispered hoarsely as I slid down onto his dick in one motion. Steven was behind me, and he guided me forward and upward so that he could slide his still dripping prick into my tight anus. The sensation was almost too much! This indeed would be the ultimate fuck!

My two beautiful lovers stroked me rhythmically, in and out, till I felt another climax building deep inside me. They hastened their strokes as I wriggled and screamed from the sheer intensity of it all. The three of us came simultaneously in shuddering spasms.

Now I'm planning a little surprise for our wedding anniversary next month. A beautiful young, sexually adventurous woman who works in my office has expressed an interest in my husband. I'm going to give her a chance to see what a real man is all about!

—S. P.

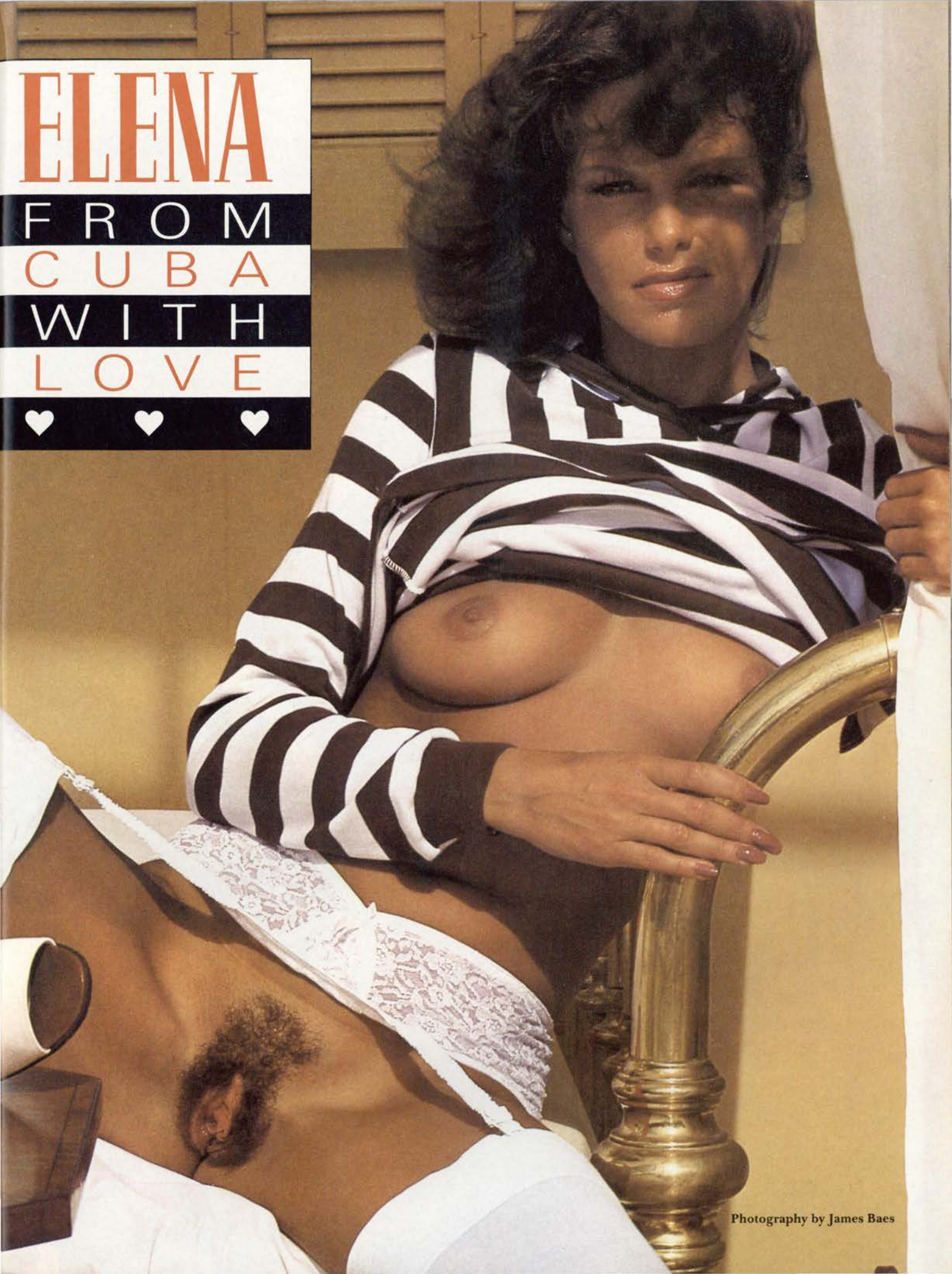
Watertown, Wisconsin



"Oh, crystal ball . . . oh, power of the stars . . . what future is in store for this man?"

ELENA

FROM
CUBA
WITH
LOVE



Photography by James Baes



Stunning Elena has not visited Cuba in many years, but she still dreams of her small hometown on the Bay of Pigs. However, now that she's a U.S. citizen living in Miami, Elena has come to appreciate the American way of life.







The television here is so fantastic," she chirps. "*Miami Vice* is my favorite." In fact, our Latin lovely recently auditioned for a part on the popular TV series, as the girlfriend of a drug dealer, but changed her mind when she found out the part called for her to be riddled with bullets.



I refused to do it," she states, "because I just don't like being cast as a victim, and I'd look really terrible all covered with blood. There's enough violence on TV anyway. I think what television needs is more sex. After all, that's what I came to this country for—more sex and less Communists."





GINGER LYNN

X-RATED SUPERSTAR

BY DOUG OLIVER

Even if you'd spent the past 18 months in a coma on life-support systems or in a cave in Outer Mongolia—or both—you'd probably still know who Ginger Lynn is. What's more, you'd probably have jerked off dreaming about her. Lynn, the most-sought-after porn star in recent memory, probably adorns more video boxes than any other porn princess. Her beguiling face is everywhere. Her videos sell (one of them, *Ginger*, her first for fledgling company Vivid Video, was the first shot-on-video cassette to top the X-rated bestseller charts), and her movies move. Why? Her perfect pink pussy, inviting ass, beautiful breasts and bewitching eyes gazing upward as she wolfs down some lucky dude's cock are the stuff fantasies are made of. No doubt about it: This bitch is hot!

And porn fans aren't the only ones who think so. Lynn recently copped three trophies at the X-Rated Critics' Organization awards show for Hottest Newcomer of the Year, Most Volcanic Video Vixen and Best Actress of the Year (Body of Work), edging out such heavy competition as Kelly Nichols, Tracy Lords and Tanya

Lawson. And when HUSTLER polled a random sample of porn stars to find out who they thought was the hottest fuck in the business, Ginger's name turned up more than any other. With recommendations like these we decided it was time for HUSTLER to get inside—so to speak—this bone-stiffening 22-year-old supersexstar from Rockford, Illinois.

HUSTLER Entertainment Editor Doug Oliver pushed, shoved and elbowed his way through the panting, drooling crowd of Ginger Lynn fans to bring back this exclusive interview.

* * *

HUSTLER: When you were growing up, did you dream of being a star, or were you thinking more along the lines of becoming a schoolteacher?

LYNN: I never planned on a specific career—especially becoming porn star *Ginger Lynn*.

HUSTLER: How did your porn career come about?

LYNN: I answered an ad that a modeling agency ran in the newspaper, and the next day I did test shots for *Penthouse*. You don't normally shoot the very next day





Photography by Matti Klatt



after an interview. My career got off the ground real fast. I started big and never stopped. Three months later I was doing films.

HUSTLER: What or who influenced you to make adult films?

LYNN: The other models. I was influenced a lot by seeing the other girls wearing really nice clothes and driving shiny new cars. It made me think, *This could be a lot of fun*... not to mention meeting good-looking guys and getting the opportunity to act. All of these things were very seductive, but I

I did more and more films, it became even more exciting. Having the film crew there was a turn-on for me.

HUSTLER: How so?

LYNN: It's almost a sense of power. Knowing that I'm turning them on really turns me on.

HUSTLER: Aren't industry people so jaded after a while that they don't get aroused by actors screwing in front of them?

LYNN: People in this business do get jaded, but if there's a really hot scene,

in the very first film I'd done. So I *kind of* agreed to do it. I was offered a lot more money; so I said yes, but I didn't really want to. When I arrived on the set, I said, "I've changed my mind. I really can't do this. I've only done it twice in my personal life. I can't do this in front of people."

Well, the producers had already made this big hype about how Ginger Lynn was going to do an anal; so it was a very difficult situation. It ended up that I downed a couple of shots of tequila, and everything was fine. Anal sex is something you need

For me a lot of the pleasure of anal sex comes from the thought of what I'm doing—it's just so nasty. I can touch myself more easily.

still wasn't sure I really wanted to do it; so I held out.

HUSTLER: What finally convinced you to take the plunge?

LYNN: The money. I started out at a salary level most girls never get to. I resisted for three months. That's a long time for most girls to resist. Eventually, I was offered \$1,000 a day and 14 days in Hawaii, which in the beginning is very nice. It's still very, very nice. And from there I've just gotten more and more.

HUSTLER: How much sexual experience had you had before you started doing adult films?

LYNN: I've always been really, really sexual. I remember masturbating when I was three years old, and I lost my virginity when I was 13; so I guess you could say I was an early bloomer. I've always enjoyed sex. I think sex is wonderful.

HUSTLER: What was it like having sex on-camera for the first time? Were you frightened?

LYNN: It was exciting. Sure, I was scared and nervous with all those people around, but I was somehow able to block that all out and really get into what I was doing. As

there's no way they're not going to get turned-on.

HUSTLER: When you're having sex with an actor you haven't worked with before, do you just hop in the sack and go to it?

LYNN: No. It's no different from having sex with anyone for the first time. I don't just go in and say, "Okay, let's do it." I like to warm up to the person, get to know him, put him at ease, let him know I want to have the scene with him.

HUSTLER: Is there always time for that? Aren't shooting schedules pretty rushed?

LYNN: There's time to get to know one another while the cameramen are adjusting focus and the lighting men are setting up. Besides, they can't roll the camera until you've got something hot going.

HUSTLER: One of the reasons for your tremendous popularity is your sexual versatility. Did you start doing anal scenes right off, or was that something you worked up to?

LYNN: I had been in the business about three months before I did my first anal scene. It was in a video called *Pretty as You Feel*. I was supposed to do it with Jerry Butler—who I think is wonderful—who was

to be really relaxed for even if you're with someone you enjoy and like. It's not something that you do on the spur of the moment.

HUSTLER: What do you like about anal sex? Is it a better fuck?

LYNN: For me a lot of the pleasure comes from the thought of what I'm doing—it's just so nasty. When it's done well, the guy's cock presses against different areas of the vagina than in regular sex. Also, it's a good position for me because I can touch myself more easily. It's definitely a turn-on if it's done right, but it can be very painful if you're not prepared.

I don't plan on doing anals in films anymore, because it's just not something that is comfortable to do in that situation. With everything that runs through your head, like *Where's the camera?*, and concentrating on the character you're portraying, it's difficult to loosen up and relax. I've done quite a few anal scenes and quite a few double-penetration scenes; so people know I can do them and that I enjoy them—you can see it on film—but I don't plan on doing any more.

HUSTLER: What about lesbian scenes?



Are these a turn-on for you or just part of the business?

LYNN: I like doing girl/girl scenes. I'm bisexual and had been with two or three women before I started in porn; so, yes, they are a turn-on for me. Since it's such a big part of the business, it really helps if you like doing it with girls.

HUSTLER: Are there many women in the industry who are strictly lesbians?

LYNN: Very few. And the ones who are usually don't last long. Most of your scenes are with men, and if you're totally into women, you're not going to have a good scene with a man. So it's better for women to be bisexual in this business.

HUSTLER: Is there anything you won't do on film?

LYNN: I won't do bondage or S&M. Anything like that I just don't care to do. I don't like violence in films. I did one movie that had rape scenes in it. I didn't like it at all.

HUSTLER: *Jailhouse Girls*?

LYNN: That's the one. I didn't like filming *Jailhouse Girls*. It was the worst experience I've ever been through on a set. And not just because of the film itself. It was my first time in New York, and the people there don't give you the same amount of respect as they do on the West Coast. The only person on the whole crew or production team who I cared for at all was the director, Henri Pachard. He was the only one who I liked.

I was booked to do three films there, but I left after the first one. I haven't been back to New York since. I left that film in tears and with a lot less money than I had planned on leaving with. There was no sex scene where I played anything but the girl getting fucked against her will. So as far as I was concerned, my girl/girl scene with Raven was almost a show. There were all these reporters, and I said, "Now you're going to see what a good sex scene is all about."



GINGER LYNN (continued from page 37)

"My first time with John Holmes I thought, 'There's no way I can take that thing.' But I did."

All the sex scenes we'd done so far had been bullshit, and this was going to be a hot scene. It was Raven's first time with a girl—sometimes it's very difficult the first time you're with a girl—but I helped her out and made it easy for her. I took over the scene, and it was hot.

HUSTLER: So much for your worst experience. What was one of your best? Is there something that stands out that you'd like to do again?

LYNN: John Holmes. Our scene in *Girls on Fire* was so exciting. It was my first time with him, and I was scared to death. I thought, *There's no way I can take that thing*. But I did. John is one of my favorite people, and his cock is wonderful. The chemistry is there.

HUSTLER: With what other actors do you have a special rapport?

LYNN: My mood changes. If you're with an actor too many times in a row, if he just seems to be the man you're cast with lately, it gets to be. . . .

HUSTLER: Like marriage?

LYNN: Yeah. A little like marriage. It's nice, but it's just not hot and steamy like it is when you're with someone new—

which is the most exciting for me—or someone who you haven't been with for a while. Right now my favorite is Kevin James. I just worked with him in *Taboo IV*. Harry Reems is a favorite. Tom Byron, Peter North, Jamie Gillis. It changes. Paul Thomas. I tend to go for the older men a little bit more.

HUSTLER: Who's the most fun fuck in porn?

LYNN: Jerry Butler. He's hilarious. He's wonderful.

HUSTLER: Does he crack jokes while you're having sex?

LYNN: No. His whole personality is just fun. He's just a fun fuck.

HUSTLER: Ron Jeremy is probably the one who'd crack jokes while you're having sex.

LYNN: I don't have sex with Ron Jeremy.

HUSTLER: Moving right along . . . what about women? Who do you enjoy having sex with the most?

LYNN: Well, Christy Canyon is a lot of fun, but I'd say Amber Lynn is my favorite.

HUSTLER: Sounds incestuous.

LYNN: We're not related.

John Billmeyer



"He just loves Waylon and Willie!"

HUSTLER: What makes her so special?

LYNN: She's hot. She's very energetic, she enjoys what she does, she cares about what she does and wants to do a good job, and she's a nasty lady.

HUSTLER: What about Tracy Lords? You don't do many films together, do you?

LYNN: *Those Young Girls* was the last film where we had sex together. Tracy's hot, but I think she's a little better with men; so as for having sex with her, there are other women who I could have better scenes with. I want to have the best scene I can; so if I have a choice, then I normally don't pick Tracy.

HUSTLER: Who do you think is the most boring female, sexually speaking?

LYNN: Well, that's a toss-up between Angel and Raven. I did have one of my hottest scenes with Raven, but I've never seen her do anything else that impressed me very much.

HUSTLER: With men as well as women?

LYNN: Yeah. She and Angel are both really pretty girls, but I think they're boring sexually. They don't do anything. They don't care.

HUSTLER: Why is that?

LYNN: Mostly I think they really don't like it. That's probably the main reason. They just kind of lie there—and they look good—but they don't do anything, and that's not a turn-on for me. Some men may like to just look at a beautiful girl, and that gets them off. But for me it's not enough. I guess it's all taste.

HUSTLER: One of the things about Angel is that she looks so innocent no matter what's done to her—like in *Too Naughty to Say No*. Maybe it's because she has other things on her mind. *Innocent*, however, is not a word that could be used to describe Ginger Lynn. In *Between the Cheeks*, for example, you have a cock in your pussy, one in your ass and another in your mouth, and it's very apparent that you know it and love it.

LYNN: That scene is pretty nasty, isn't it? Well, you know, when I first met Suze Randall, she and her husband were planning *Too Naughty*. This was when I was brand-new. Suze was one of the first people to shoot me, and they wanted me for the part of the innocent young girl. Well, within three months they decided to recast. I wonder why?

HUSTLER: Faking orgasms is a high art in porn. Who's the best faker in the industry?

LYNN: Crystal Breeze. She's fooled me and everyone on the set. She's probably the hottest girl I've been with. One day we did a scene, she came, and I swore it was real. Everybody thought so; it was so great. So we asked her if it was real or if she was faking. I said, "Come on, Crystal, it was real." But she said no. My jaw



*"Do you know me? I take lots of tax-free money from guilt-ridden people.
That's why I carry one of these!"*

"What I do is nowhere near prostitution. They're two totally separate things. . . . I'm an erotic actress."

dropped to the floor.

HUSTLER: Is that something you do often—get together afterward and compliment each other on your orgasms?

LYNN: No, but if someone does a really good scene, I'm impressed because there are so many people who just go in, do it, get done, get their money and go home. It's no big deal to them. When someone cares, if they're enjoying themselves and really get into it, and it's a turn-on, then most of the girls who are good will compliment one another when they've had a good scene.

HUSTLER: Are you influenced by other actresses?

LYNN: I haven't seen anyone who's influenced me, to tell you the truth. Everyone has their own sexuality, and I think mine's just fine the way it is.

HUSTLER: Is there much rivalry or competition among the women?

LYNN: Often rivalries are made up by the magazines. If there are two girls who are hot at the same time, you're going to hear that they were fighting on the set. No. We all get tired, we all get to where we don't want to work, and we're glad when

there's someone good in the group who can do the job. I think it's a pleasure when I get on the set and somebody else does a hot scene. The hotter the whole movie is, the hotter I'm going to look.

HUSTLER: Didn't you just make screen history with Annette Haven? Tell us about it.

LYNN: Annette, if you read this, please don't get mad. Annette Haven won't take a cum-shot in the face. We all have our do's and don'ts, and that's hers. Well, in *The Grafenberg Spot* Annette played a doctor, and I was a patient. This movie is about female ejaculation; so we had women coming—ejaculating fluid from their pussies. Everyone knew she wouldn't take the shot in the face; so the Mitchell Brothers said, "Be sure to get her in the face. This is real important. This is going to go down in history." So they loaded me up, and I was all ready. She got her face down there, and I let her have it. It took two takes because she dodged the first shot, but I finally got her. It was great. The Mitchells were thrilled.

HUSTLER: What pisses you off most

about the whole porn-film industry?

LYNN: Agents.

HUSTLER: Do you have one?

LYNN: I represent myself now, but in the beginning you have to start with somebody, and there are basically only two adult-film agents in Los Angeles. I can't say I have very high opinions of them.

HUSTLER: They were recently arrested on pandering charges. Do you think that's cause for alarm?

LYNN: The agents have been busted before. From what I'm told, this is something that happens every five years. People who have been around for a while say not to worry about it. It always happens; it will happen again—just be careful where you shoot. What goes around comes around, and whatever the agents got, they deserved.

HUSTLER: What about the X-rated producers who were recently arrested? One of them was convicted of pandering. Does this make you a prostitute because you're paid to have sex?

LYNN: No. What I do is nowhere near prostitution. They're two totally separate things. I'm an actress. I'm an erotic actress. I'm a performer just like a dancer or any other performer is. A prostitute takes money from the person she's supposed to turn on. My goal is not to turn on the person I'm with for money. My main goal is to turn on the audience, my fans, the viewers. The two just don't go together for me. I can't comprehend what the big deal is to everybody.

HUSTLER: Should adult-film producers be doing more to fight this?

LYNN: The performers need to be informed as to what their rights are. They could be taught more. I really don't know what more we can do.

HUSTLER: What about a defense fund?

LYNN: We have one. It's a fund for girls and guys who need money when problems come up. There are lawyers for them. I say *them*. Me. Us.

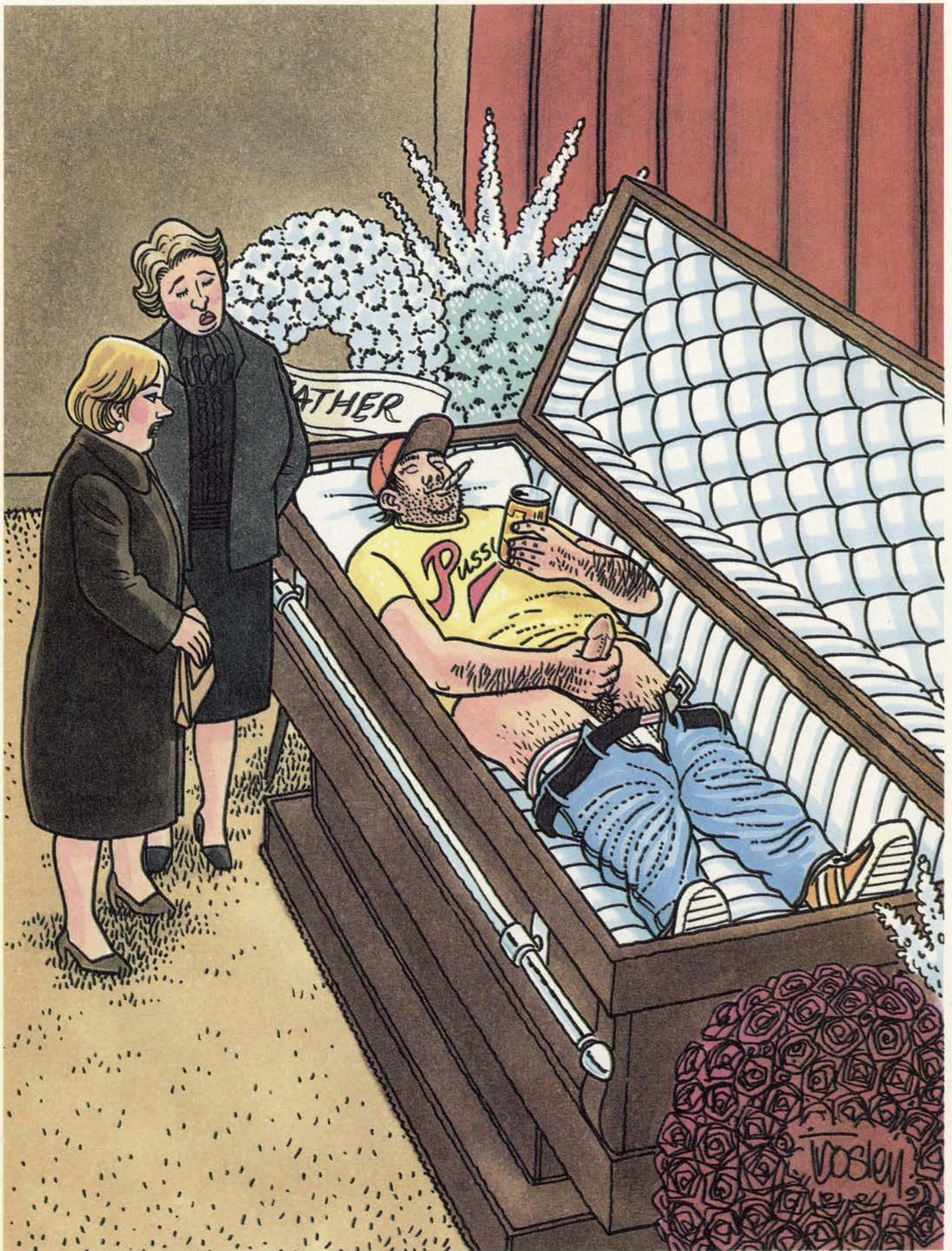
HUSTLER: What do you think about the antiporn feminists and the ordinances they're trying to get cities to adopt?

LYNN: I wish they'd just mind their own business. If they're so offended by porn, they just shouldn't watch it. I'm not degrading myself or anybody else. I do this because I like it, and people watch it because they enjoy it. Porn does not cause rape. It relieves sexual tension and adds to people's sex lives.

What's wrong with magazines that show women with their legs spread? No one forces girls to do that. I'm proud of my body. I do centerfolds because I think I have a good body. I'm lucky I've got what I've got, and I'm not ashamed to share it. There are certain films that are degrading and pretty sick, but I don't

(continued on page 114)





"He looks so natural."

SIAN

A VIEW TO A THRILL





Photography by Matti Klatt

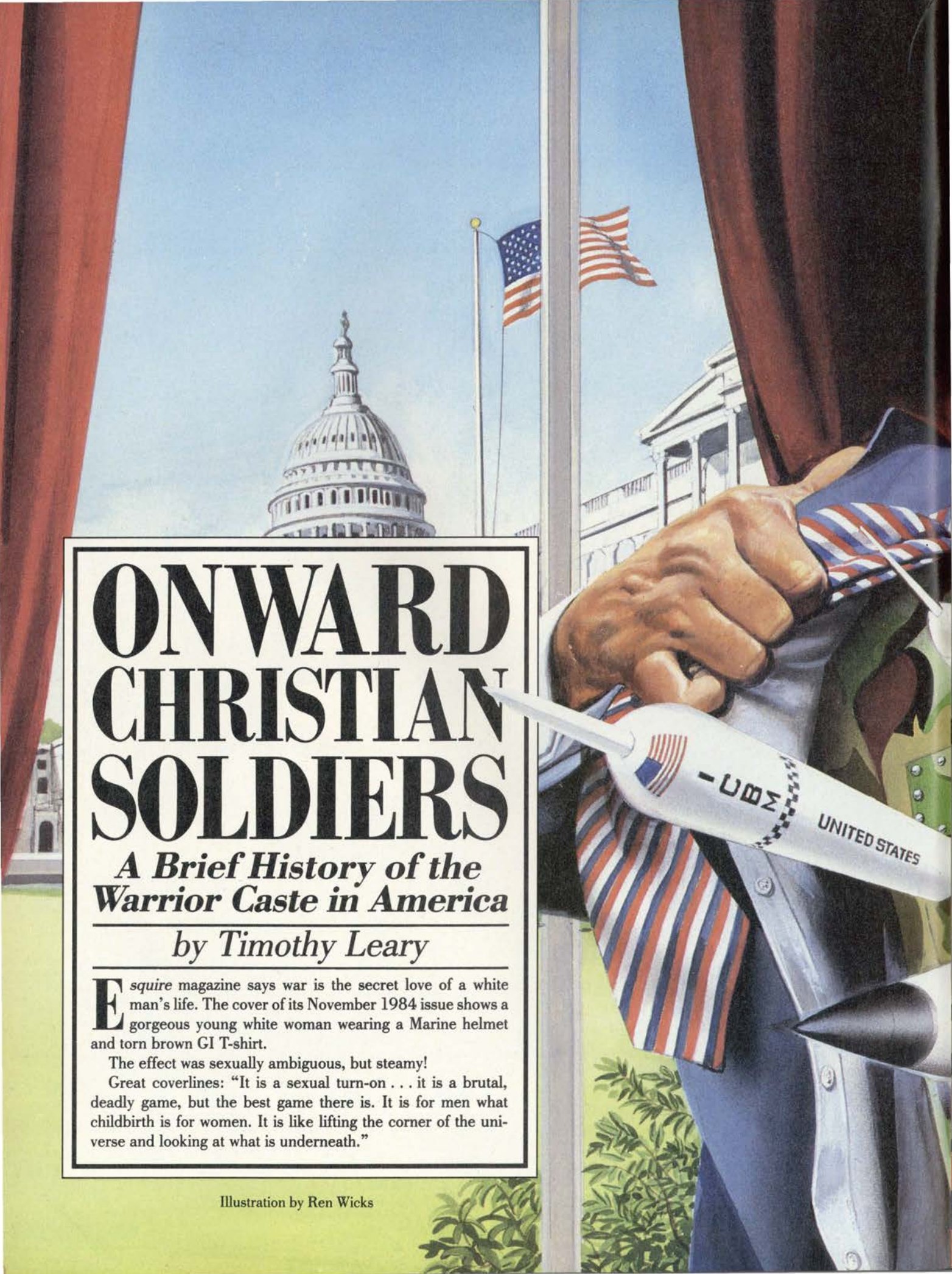
Exotic Sian is a struggling student in New York, making ends meet as an artist's model. She was shy at first, but now, alone in the young artist's loft, she gives in to all her repressed fantasies. Really an exhibitionist at heart, Sian soon finds it perfectly natural to expose her body like this, imagining the effect her flaunted charms will have on the artist when he returns. He may not get much painting done, but the two of them can find a far more satisfying way to spend their time.











ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

*A Brief History of the
Warrior Caste in America*

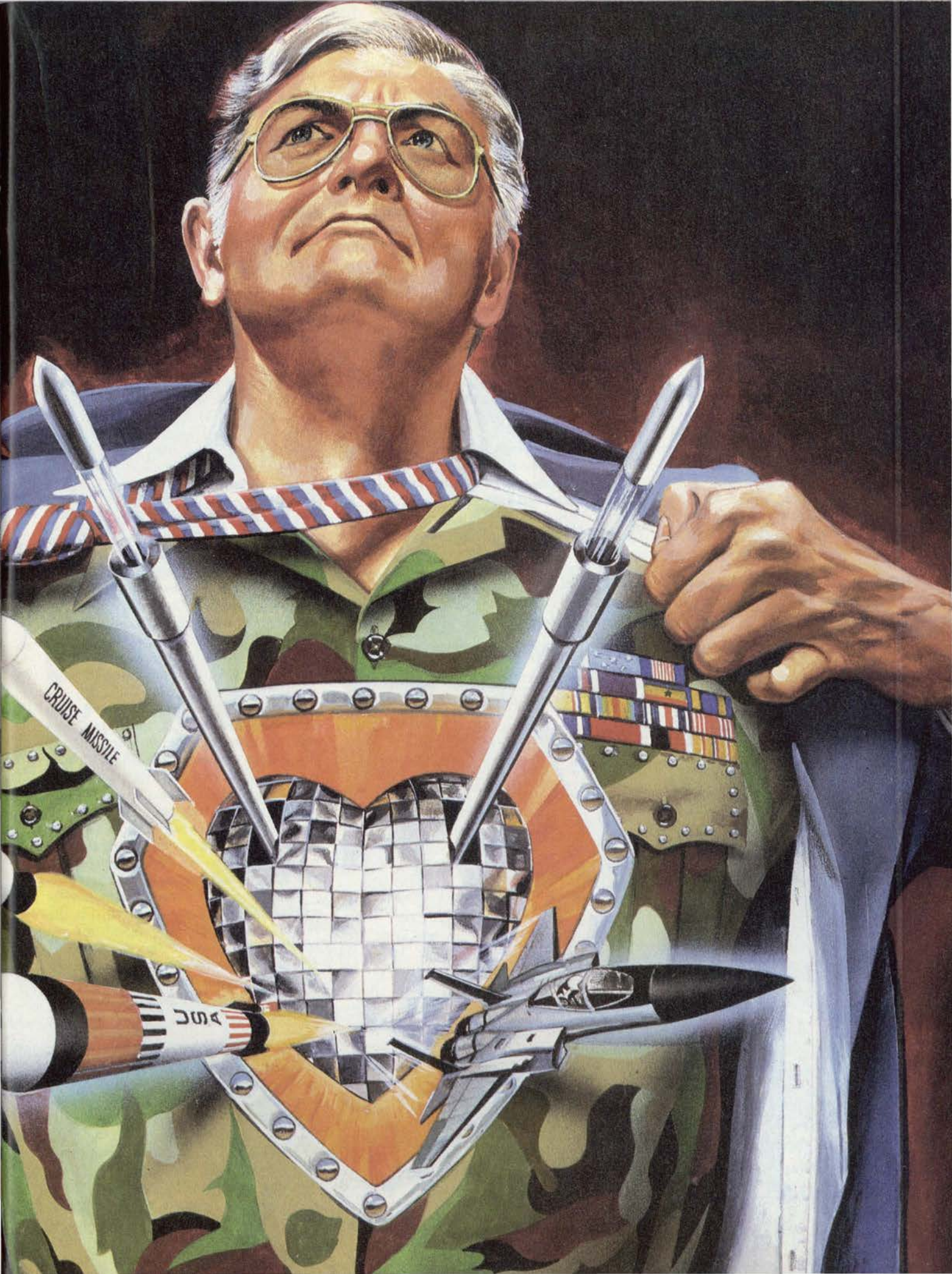
by Timothy Leary

Esqire magazine says war is the secret love of a white man's life. The cover of its November 1984 issue shows a gorgeous young white woman wearing a Marine helmet and torn brown GI T-shirt.

The effect was sexually ambiguous, but steamy!

Great coverlines: "It is a sexual turn-on . . . it is a brutal, deadly game, but the best game there is. It is for men what childbirth is for women. It is like lifting the corner of the universe and looking at what is underneath."

Illustration by Ren Wicks



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS *(continued from page 49)*

When Ronald Reagan was elected, everyone knew he was itching and feverish to send American troops into action.

Esquire's motto is "Man at His Best." The title of the November '84 cover story: "Why Men Love War." The sub-head was lyric: "The Awesome Beauty, the Haunting Romance, of the Timeless Nightmare." The piece was written by William Broyles Jr., a white, Protestant ex-Marine from Texas, who makes a good living these days refighting the Vietnam War in magazines and glorifying the enduring addiction of the American Warrior Caste and its sponsor, the Republican Party, to killing colored people with high-technology weapons.

The *Esquire* piece appeared just when Reagan was lobbying to bully our Latin neighbors—once again. It's a recurrence of that old Caribbean fever, a paroxysmal virus that plagues the White House. Apparently, the Oval Office can't be disinfected. President after president keeps coming down with the Latin-basher disease.

When Ronald Reagan was elected President in 1980, everyone knew he was itching and feverish to send American troops into action. Somewhere. He just

had to stand tall and bully some Third World country to regain the American manhood that General William Westmoreland says we lost in Vietnam.

But where to conduct a nice, little, easy-to-win, ego-massaging war?

The Russkis? Too mean.

Asians? The slopes proved too tough for MacArthur in Korea and for Westmoreland in Nam.

The Middle East? Much too volatile. Ronnie blustered a bit in Lebanon, but pulled out quickly after wasting the lives of hundreds of U.S. military personnel.

Oh, well, back to the old, familiar playground for the Republican Party and the Warrior Caste. Let's snuff some Latins for God and manhood.

Cuba? Too risky.

Grenada was fun for a warm-up, but too short and limited and easy.

Hmmm... Well, there's always good old Nicaragua. Since the 1890s the American military has occupied or controlled this least-populated nation in Central America. And for almost a century guerrilla forces there have opposed American intervention. In 1933 we

pulled out our occupation troops and set up a puppet dictatorship run by the Somoza family. The younger Somozas were protégés of the American Warrior Caste. Anastasio Somoza Debayle, for example, graduated from the U.S. Military Academy, returned home and, at age 21, took command of the National Guard. Because of the brutality of this regime, all democratic elements of the Latin World despised us. In 1979 the Sandinistas overthrew the Somozas, to the dismay of American conservatives.

It started with the Spanish Conquistadors. The first Europeans to subdue Cuban, Nicaraguan and South American natives for Christ and plunder were the Spanish. In 1493 Christopher (Christ-Carrier) Columbus returned to the New World with a disorderly rabble of male buccaneers seeking gold. It was hard going. No quick payoff. So, to man his third expedition in 1498, Columbus was forced to impress hooligans, convicts and antisocial ne'er-do-wells. An ominous precedent.

The next centuries of Spanish intervention were not designed to raise the morale of Caribbean natives, who were immediately looted, raped, baptized and reduced to serfdom by hoodlums representing Crown and Church. The Spanish settlements were rigidly controlled by Madrid. The colonists were the scum of Europe—soldiers, priests and plunderers. Black Africans were kidnapped to work as slaves.

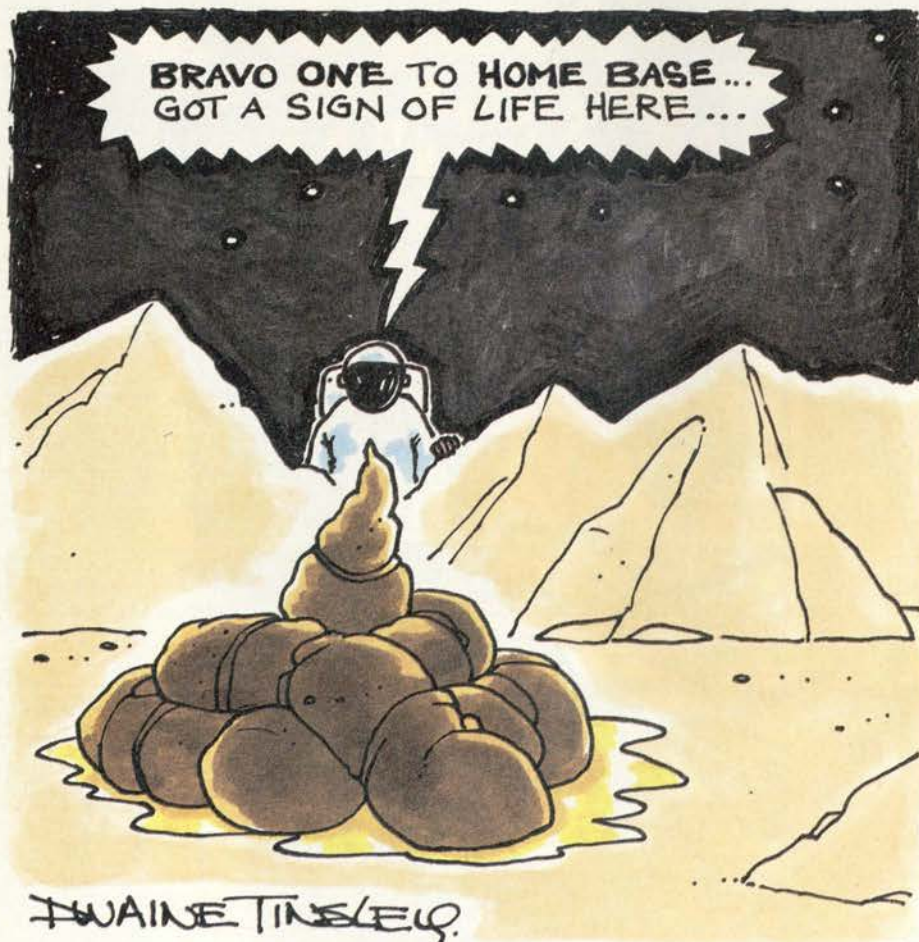
Few Spanish women were involved in the first expeditions; so there was much forcible interbreeding with Indian and black slave women. This ancient custom produced the rich mestizo races, which now people these fertile lands. On the upside, Latin America was at least spared the shameful genocidal policies that characterized the North American colonization. I guess it's better to rape 'em and enslave 'em than to waste 'em.

When the South American countries gained independence from Spain, the feudal-military-Catholic traditions remained. Thus was created the unstable, volatile, romantic cultural environment that has left Latin America masochistically vulnerable to enduring and relentless Yankee adventuring.

The Republican Party and the Warrior Caste love war. *Esquire's* ex-Lieutenant Broyles tells us that he and his Marine Corps buddies adored Vietnam because war "offers a sanction to play boys' games."

... Because "war replaces the difficult gray areas of daily life with an eerie, serene clarity."

... Because "war is the best game





ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS *(continued from page 50)*

Here we have the official Republican-Warrior Caste version of the Christian God: a vengeful colonial deity.

there is."

... Because "no sport I had ever played brought me to such deep awareness of my physical and emotional limits."

... Because the "love of war stems from the union, deep in the core of our being, between sex and destruction, beauty and horror, love and death."

... Because some youths "who never suspected the presence of such an impulse in themselves have learned in military life the mad excitement of destroying."

... Because war is funny. "After one ambush my men [sic] brought back the body of a North Vietnam soldier. I later found the dead man propped against some C-ration boxes. He had on sunglasses, and a *Playboy* magazine lay open in his lap; a cigarette dangled jauntily from his mouth; and on his head was perched a large and perfectly formed piece of shit."

"I pretended to be outraged, since desecrating bodies was frowned on as un-American and counterproductive. But it wasn't outrage I felt. I kept my officer's face on, but inside I was ... laughing."

Believe me, ex-Lieutenant Broyles, the people who founded our country—thoughtful men such as Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin—would not have considered this funny.

How an Indian chieftain's head ended up on a pole in Massachusetts. In the early 17th century, New England was controlled by a wise and benevolent leader. His friends called him Massasoit. In 1620 the first wave of immigrants from Europe started arriving in the lands of Massasoit. The original Plymouth colony was dominated by a Moral Minority, a small sect of fanatic Fundamentalist Protestants. These Puritans were regenerate (born-again) Christians who held a strict Calvinist belief in "the Elect *vs.* the Damned" and who publicly confessed their conversion experiences. These militant Protestants doggedly believed that human nature was inherently sinful and evil.

Over the decades the actions of the Republican Party can only be understood if we recall that they were bred to the terrible notion of being the Elect of God.

Ronald Reagan deeply believes that there can be no mercy for nonbelievers. Those who are not "one of us" deserve no pity. Remember how Ronnie called the Democrats "immoral" when they didn't vote for his military budget? Recall how he gives bloodcurdling sermons about the need to destroy Godless communism? That's not election rhetoric. The guy believes it. He really feels that he and his military friends are agents of God.

When the Puritans showed up in Plymouth, they considered it their right and religious duty to plunder the land of the heathen Pequot Indians. Poor King Massasoit! He wasn't ready for a Jesse Helms approach. In all good faith he had signed a peace treaty in 1621, to which he and his son, King Philip, faithfully adhered for 50 years in spite of continued land-grabbing by the white settlers.

In 1675 a typical colonial-liberation war broke out. King Philip's forces successfully avoided pitched battles and kept the conflict going until the European invaders, using "search and destroy" methods with the help of local *contras*, overthrew the native government. Philip, betrayed by a Christian convert, was drawn and quartered, and his head stuck on a pole in front of the church in Plymouth. This is known as the *final solution*.

It was all right, you understand, because these heathens were already damned. In the 365 years since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, the Holy War faction of the white, spiritual fathers of the Republican Party has kept up a continual series of expansionist crusades against people with darker skins.

Indeed, for the born-again militants it has become a tradition, a rite of passage, a religious ritual. This is not just my opinion; Mr. Broyles agrees.

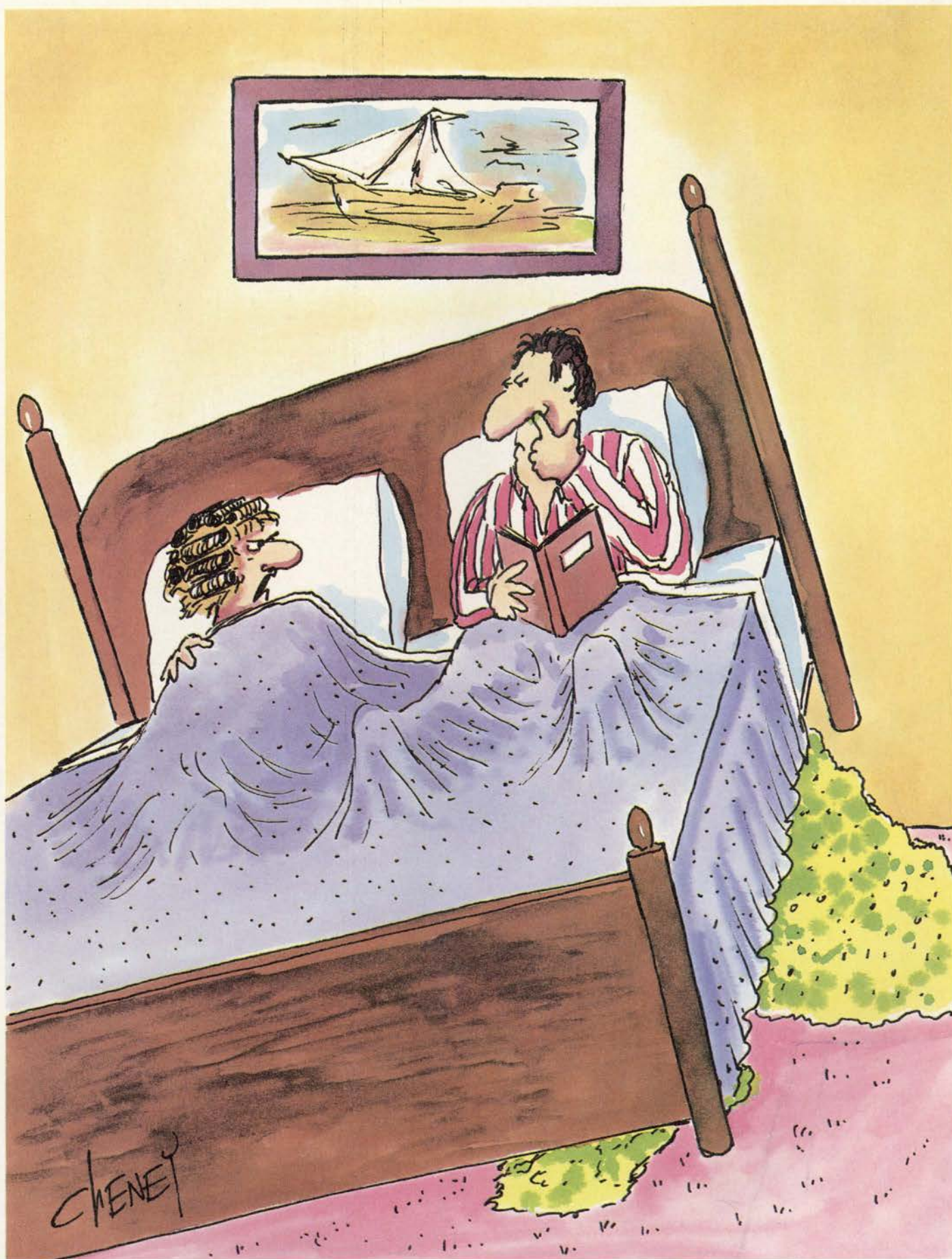
They admit it's a religious kick. In *Esquire*, William Broyles tells us that war provides aesthetic and religious ecstasies. He recounts the case of a "sensitive" Marine officer who watched enemy bodies being disposed of "like so much garbage" with a "look of creative contentment on his face that I had not seen except in *charismatic churches*. It was the look of a person transported into ecstasy.

"War is beautiful," Broyles gushes. "There is something about a firefight at night ... brilliant patterns that seem, given their great speeds, oddly timeless, as if they had been etched in the night." Here Broyles soars into elegant gourmet connoisseurship. "Many men loved napalm ... I preferred white phosphorous."

Intoxicated by this toot of white phosphorous, ex-Lieutenant Broyles invokes his white Calvinist divinity. "And then perhaps the gunships called Spooky

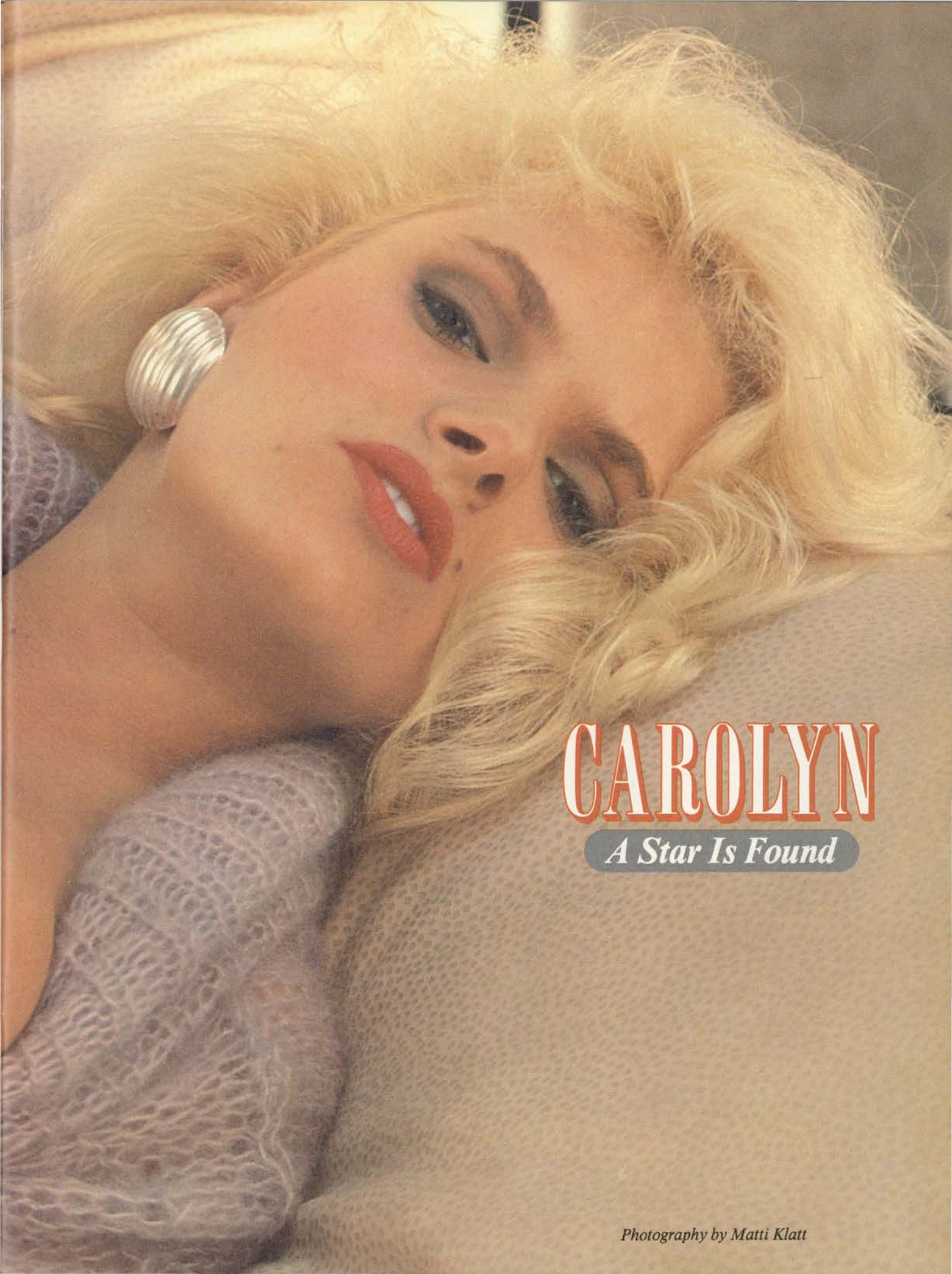
(continued on page 93)





"Isn't it about time you stopped wiping your boogers under the bed?"





CAROLYN

A Star Is Found

Photography by Matti Klatt

An Open Letter to Film Producers:

Why isn't this woman a star? Personally, we're sick of aerobic airheads like Suzanne Somers and Bo Derek. Give us someone with the traditional combination of voluptuousness and vulnerability—such as Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield.

Luscious Carolyn has these qualities, with the added advantage of being alive. So far, Carolyn's only real exposure to the limelight has been nude modeling in Germany and some X-rated videos in this country. But she doesn't seem concerned. "My day will come," the beautiful blonde smiles.

And when it does, so will male moviegoers everywhere. Mark our words, Alan Ladd Jr.









Make me a star!
Carolyn



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HUSTLER HUMOR



One day Mayor Koch of New York was walking through the streets of Manhattan when he was stopped by a man carrying a huge cardboard box. "Hey, Mayor," said the man, "you wanna buy a green rat?"

The mayor was skeptical but interested. "But there's no such thing as a green rat," he said, "and besides, what good would it do for New York?"

"Just watch," said the man, putting down the box and opening it. Immediately a huge green rat bounded out, circled around the two men and disappeared into a sewer. When it emerged a few minutes later, it was being chased by more than a thousand other rats. Then the green rat ran into a nearby tenement building and reappeared, being chased by even more rats.

This went on and on until nearly every rat in the Big Apple was chasing the green rat. Finally, it ran up onto the Brooklyn Bridge and jumped into the East River. All the other rats followed and drowned. Later the green rat crawled out of the water, returned to the men and climbed back into the cardboard box.

"That's fantastic!" shouted the mayor. "I'll take him. But I have a question."

"What's that?" asked the man with the box.

"Do you have any green Negroes?"

Suzy and her boyfriend were soon to be married, but she'd told him she was a virgin, while actually she'd been fucking everybody in town except him. So she asked her mother what she should do. "Honey, you'll have to do like I did on my wedding night. Go to the butcher shop and buy a pig's ear to stick up your pussy so that when he's making it with you, he'll think he's getting a cherry."

Suzy took her mother's advice, but while she and her new husband were fucking away in the honeymoon suite, she passed out from the excitement. The groom pulled his dick out of her and saw the pig's ear hanging on the end of his dick. He jerked the pig's ear off, threw it on the dresser and ran out of the room, meeting the desk clerk on the way.

The clerk asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "Never mind," the groom answered. "But when my wife wakes up and wants to take a piss, tell her that her pussy is lying on the dresser!"

An angry citizen stormed into his senator's office. "I demand to see the senator," he growled at the receptionist. "Tell him I'm the hand of justice and I represent virginity!" Once informed, the senator sheepishly peeked out from his office door and broke into a broad smile. "Ah, Mr. Tucker," he said, relieved. "Why didn't you say it was you? Please come in."

Inside, Tucker suddenly started raving again. "You scumbag, trashy fatcat," he yelled. "My daughter's pregnant, and don't you dare try to deny that you did it! I want justice! I demand to know what you're gonna do about it!"

"Please calm down," pleaded the senator. "I'll take full responsibility." The lawmaker thought for a moment, then continued. "Tell you what: If your sweet daughter has a boy, I'll give you \$100,000. If she has a girl, I'll give you \$200,000. I'm kind of partial to girls, ya know."

As the words sunk in, anger melted from Tucker's face. "That's fair enough," he said. "But tell me, if she has a miscarriage, will you at least give her a second chance?"

Question: What's the best thing about an Ethiopian blowjob?

AnsWER: You know she's going to swallow it!

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *crime prevention* as: a Puerto Rican abortion.

On the seventh tee a leprechaun appeared before a golfer who was having a horrible game. "Greetings," he said. "I am magical and can grant you any wish you might have. Think hard, though, for I can only grant you one wish."

"Well," said the golfer, "I'd like a better golf game!"

"I will grant you the wish," smiled the little elf. "But in exchange you must promise to give up a wee bit of your sex life."

"It's a deal!" exclaimed the golfer.

After one year the leprechaun once again appeared before the golfer. "So, tell me, mate," he said, "has your game been better?"

"It's been superb," answered the golfer.

"And your sex life? Did you mind losing the wee bit I asked for?"

"Not in the least," the golfer replied.

"How many times did you have sex last year?"

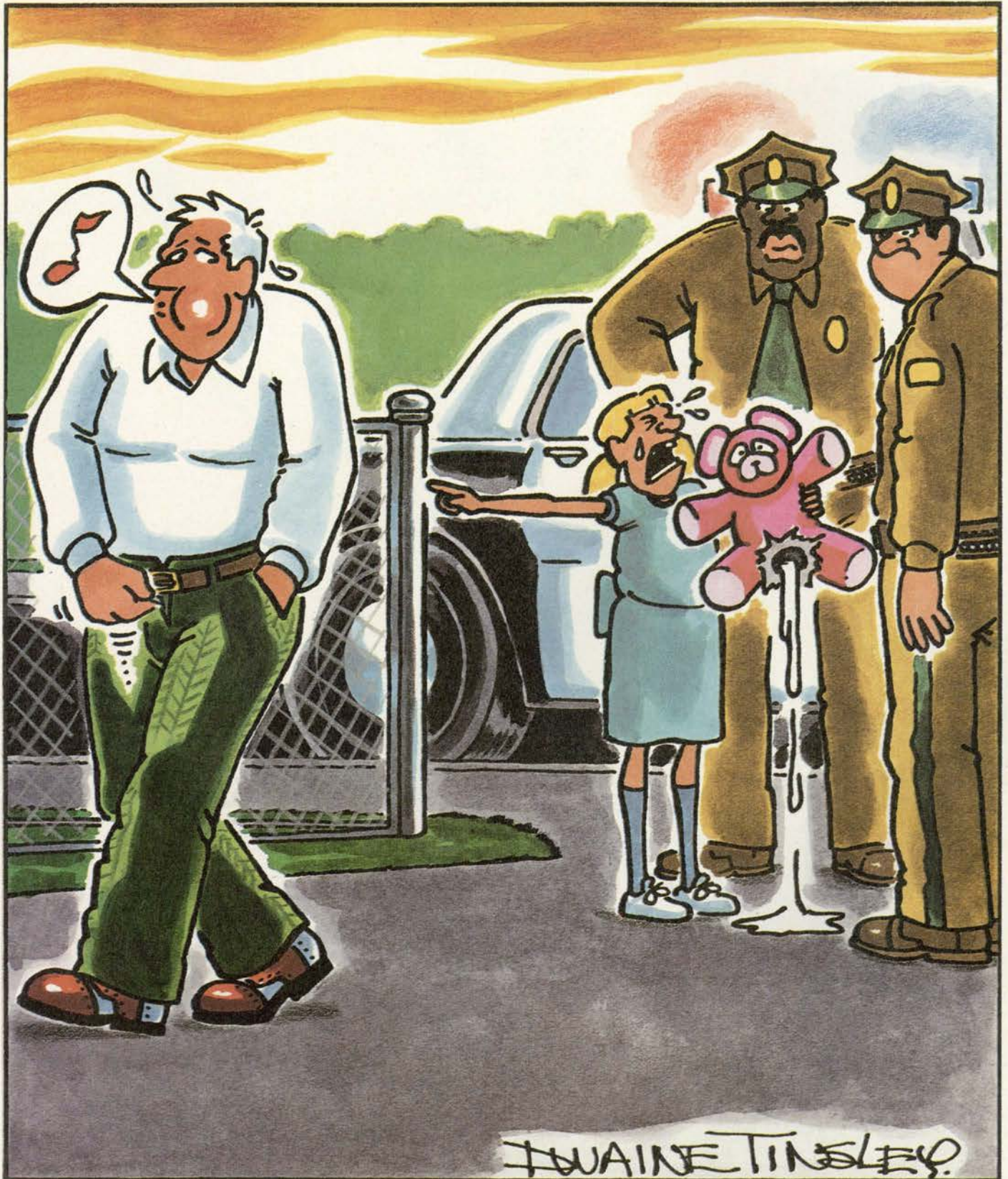
"Three times."

"Only three times!" exclaimed the leprechaun. "Why, that's dreadful!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said the golfer. "It's not so bad for a priest stuck in a small, country parish."

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





Cupid's Revenge

It was midnight, and the bar was empty when she came in. Nick was rolling a keg out of the walk-in cooler in back to replace a dry one when he heard the door open and looked up. It was the first of a series of big surprises that night. She took a seat at the end of the bar, and the moment had a dreamlike quality as Nick

Fiction by Larry Tritten



Illustration by Will Cormier

CUPID'S REVENGE (continued from page 67)

He removed the gun from the trembling mouth and said in a voice as cold as the winter outside, "Talk, asshole."

looked at her silhouetted against the front window with its view of the steady snowfall that had started an hour or so earlier. She was a tall strawberry blonde with one of those new-wave hairdos that made a chopped-salad spill of her copper-gold curls and bangs. She was wearing a turquoise sweater, designer jeans that tapered sharply down toward her ankles, and rocket-red leather boots.

Maybe I'm hallucinating, Nick thought as he rolled the keg the rest of the way to the bar. A small-town Idaho tavern in the dead of winter doesn't offer many surprises. Nick set the keg upright, straightening up to give the woman a smile. "Hello," he said.

"Hi," she replied, but without looking directly at him. "I think I could use an Irish coffee."

Nick shook his head, still smiling at her. "Well . . . on a night like this, so could I. But we've only got beer."

She looked at him with eyes that matched her sweater, but Nick saw that they were looking right through him.

"How about a beer?" he suggested.

"Sure, whatever," she said.

Outside, a car went past, and she darted a sudden glance as if startled by it.

"Not much traffic here at this hour," Nick said, pouring some beer into a glass.

"Or business," she observed.

"Yeah, well, this is a neighborhood place, mostly working people who get up to the clock. In the summer there'll be a few tourists, but not in January."

"Shouldn't have trouble getting a motel room then," she said.

"No," Nick said. "Two blocks down, make a right. The Court."

Nick walked around the bar and went to the front windows to slant the venetian blinds at an angle in preparation for closing up. He could do without a last-minute hanger-on from one of the bars downtown. "Snow's picking up," he said, noticing the black Mercedes out front. The personalized California license plate read, SANDY R.

Something clicked in Nick's mind. Sandy Robbins. He brought the name up from some depth of his memory. During these winter night shifts business was so slow that he found himself watching a lot

of TV on the old RCA portable on the big safe at the end of the bar. Sandy Robbins was an actress he remembered from a fantasy-sitcom called *Cupid's Bow*. She played Cupid's sexy sidekick whose ill-chosen matchmaking advice provided the comic impetus for each episode.

Nick went back behind the bar and opened himself a Miller. "You look kind of familiar. You live around here?"

"No, just visiting."

Nick surmised that his last customer of the day would be a terrific piece of ass, something he realized sadly he'd never know about.

"Which way did you say that motel was?" Sandy asked.

"Two blocks down to the right," Nick responded, thinking, *Dammit, what's the hurry? Stay for a while, baby. . .*

Nick watched her leave, wishing he could say something to prevent it, but then she was gone.

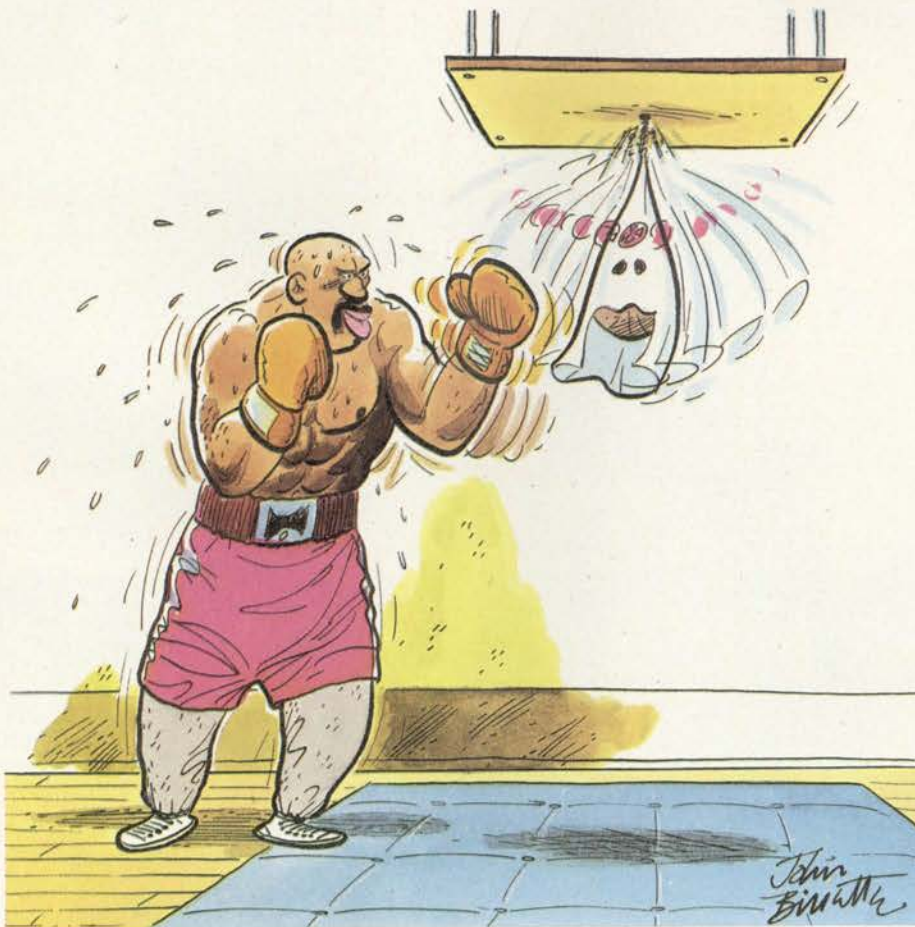
One thing was sure; he was now hornier than he was tired, which brought Rita immediately to mind. He'd met her a month earlier at an Elkhorn Lodge dance and taken her home. All he knew about her was that she was from L.A., had worked for a video-production company and had come to get away from it all.

After stocking the beer coolers and tallying the day's receipts, Nick locked up and headed to Rita's apartment across town. On the way he kept wondering about Sandy Robbins until the image was replaced by one of Rita in her sheer ice-blue nightgown. He smiled in anticipation as he parked in front of her building.

Nick paused at Rita's door and was surprised to hear muffled thumping and banging sounds, as if furniture were being moved about. He rang the bell, and the sounds stopped abruptly, but Rita didn't answer the door. Nick rang again. "Rita?" he called.

The door was jerked open suddenly and, in the fleeting moment that followed, Nick had a frozen perception of a male figure filling the doorway, a bright glint of metal in his hand as he brought his arm up to point. In the same instant that he recognized the .38 in the man's hand, he was plowing forward in a linebacker's charge and crashing him backward into another man right behind. The impact was solid, and both grunted as they were bowled halfway across the room. "Hey, asshole," the first man blurted, half-spinning on his knees to point the .38 at Nick. Nick spun ahead of the gun barrel and with a low reverse lurch seized the man's wrist, twisted, and the gun flew out of his hand and hit the floor.

Pivoting to rise, Nick came face to face with the other man. He was young, about





"Damn! Another one of those disgusting obscene phone calls!"

CUPID'S REVENGE (continued from page 68)

She began to suckle him avidly, embellishing the sucking by spiraling her tongue in corkscrewing motions.

25, wearing jeans and a heavy black-wool cable-stitched sweater, a contrast to the other's suit.

"Okay, motherfucker," he bellowed. The guy reached under his sweater, but as he pulled a .45 out of his belt, Nick was driving forward in another linebacker's charge that caught him dead center, smashing him back against the wall.

"Fuck!" the intruder gasped, lurching a few feet sideways along the wall, breathless, his arms folded around his middle. He staggered dizzily in place, then gathered just enough comprehension to see Nick coming at him again. Still sucking air, he pitched through the front door and rushed down the stairs.

Nick turned back to the first man, now on his hands and knees. He aimed the toe of one of his Timberlands and delivered a sharp kick in the ass that sent his foe sprawling facedown. Picking up the .38, he moved to the window and saw the punk, still all but bent double, lurching up the block in the snow. A few seconds later there was the sound of a car starting and pulling away. Nick gave the apartment a quick walk-through, but there

was no sign of Rita. He pulled up a has-sock and sat on it with his feet planted a few inches from the prostrate man.

Grabbing a handful of the guy's hair, Nick lifted his face, jammed the barrel of the .38 between his lips and jacked it up hard against the roof of his mouth. "I want answers!"

The man flailed violently in resistance, trying to regurgitate the gun barrel, but Nick tightened the grip on his hair and hauled his head up until the goon's eyes were staring into his own, simultaneously shoving the barrel farther into his mouth until his thumb on the hammer was jammed against the man's upper lip. The guy retched, and a wash of blood and saliva dribbled over Nick's knuckles. Then he felt his rage ease, and his fingers released the knot of hair. He removed the gun barrel from the trembling mouth and said in a voice as cold as the winter outside, "Talk, asshole."

"Wha-what y' want?" the man's panicky voice spilled out.

"What are you doing here? Where's the girl?"

"She wasn't here. We were sent, man.

Ain't no personal interest. I don't even know the... uh... lady."

"Sent?! By who?!"

"We came from L.A., man. Somebody who used to know your girl sent us. He's got a grudge. The details I don't know. He sent Barney and me to get something he figured is his."

Nick moved around behind the man on the floor. "Eyes front!" he cautioned, plucking the wallet out of the hood's back pocket. Inside was a thick wad of crisp 20s and 50s, a bunch of credit cards, a few phone numbers, a snapshot of a girl in a bikini and a California driver's license issued to one Lester Bender.

"Lester," Nick said, "I am not one to fuck around. I'll put it straight. I think you do know the details. I grew up in New York in the Red Hook, and I'm wise to all your cute city ways."

"Okay," Lester rasped. "Okay, I'm talking." He took a deep breath and stared at Nick. "Your girl was in with Eliot Anteus. She took some of his money and split. He wants it back."

"How much?"

"Thirty grand."

"Where's Rita?"

"I don't know. The place was empty when we got here."

"How'd you find her?"

"Eliot found her. He sent us here."

"To hurt her?"

A hesitation. "To beat her up. Eliot's no psycho. He's a businessman."

"Okay, guy," Nick said. "On the floor, facedown." Lester obeyed.

Nick considered the situation, and as he did, he thought about Sandy Robbins. Two cars from Los Angeles show up in town on the same night in the dead of winter. Coincidence? "Tell me about Sandy Robbins, Lester."

The hood half-turned his face to glance back over his shoulder, his eyes straining uncertainly at Nick. "She's here?!" Lester asked.

"Yep."

"She used to be Eliot's girl."

"And why would she be here?"

"To warn her friend, I guess."

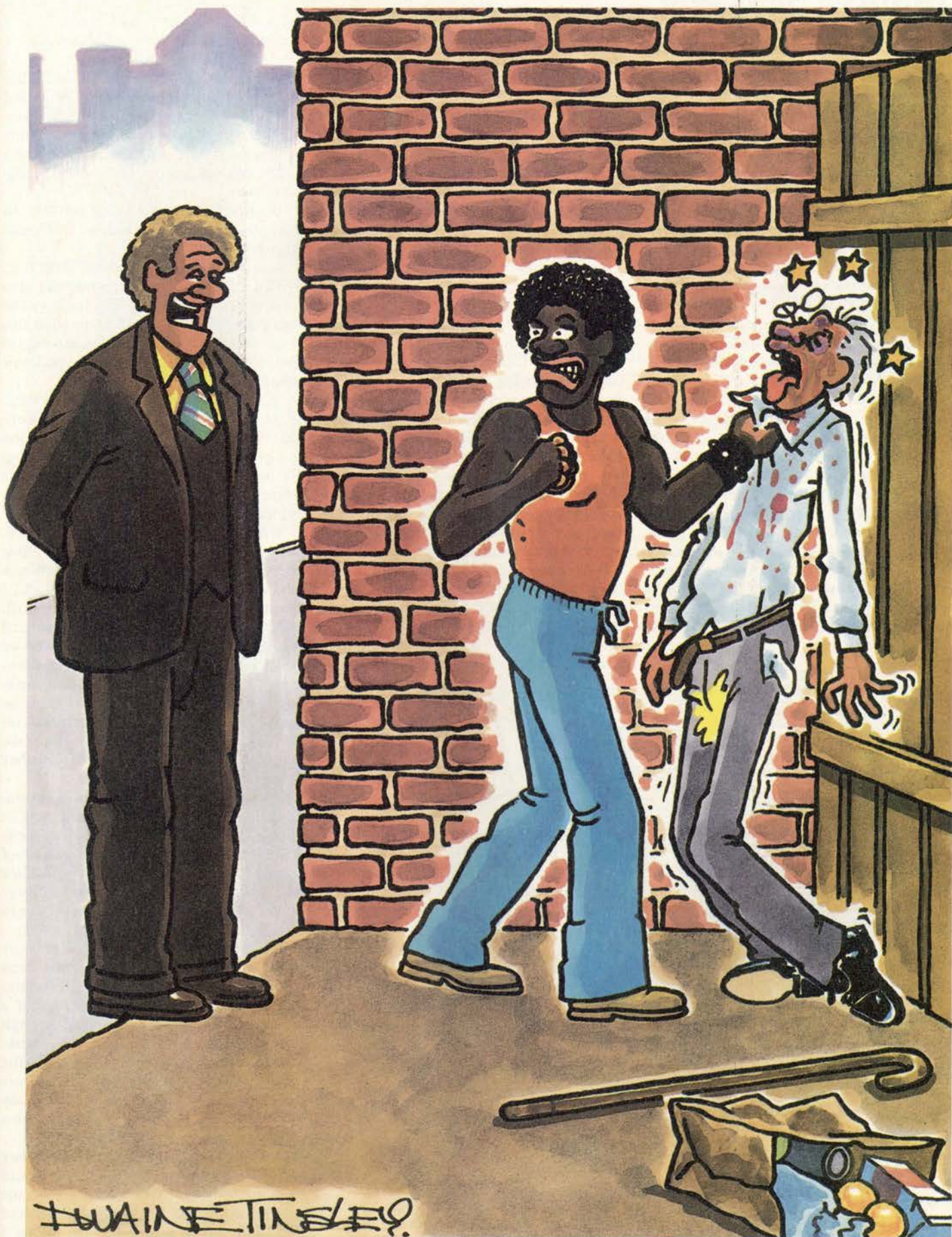
"Okay," Nick said. From a kitchen drawer he took a roll of masking tape and some parachute ripcord he'd given Rita to use as a clothesline. Kneeling astride Lester, he wound the tape several times around his mouth, then tied his hands tightly behind his back.

"Up," Nick said, poking Lester in the ribs. He followed him, pointing the way. Outside, a few flakes still fell from a raw sky. Nick pushed the thug facedown on the floorboard in the backseat of his car and got in.

When Nick arrived at the Court Motel, Rita's Volkswagen was parked next to Sandy Robbins's Mercedes in front of



"Honey, not only will I respect you in the morning, I'll give you everlasting life."



"I'm an employment recruiter for the IRS. How'd you like a job in our Collections Department?"

CUPID'S REVENGE (continued from page 70)

Her body was slender and wonderfully curvaceous, her breasts firm and capped with huge brown areolas.

one of the bungalows. One room was still lighted. Nick trudged through the snow and went up the three wooden steps to the door, pausing there. He was about to knock when a moan from somewhere inside froze his hand in midair.

His first thought was that Barney had beaten him there. He stepped off the porch and moved stealthily around the cabin to the back window. With one hand clutching the .38 in his coat pocket, he raised his head slowly to peek in.

It took a few seconds for him to organize a coherent picture of what he was actually seeing—and when he did, he could scarcely believe it. Rita lay on the bed with her long legs parted and her knees arched, her wool skirt furled up over her belly, and her white panties curled down around one ankle. Sandy Robbins, fully dressed, was kneeling between Rita's legs with her face pressed down into the fissured softness at the base of Rita's pubic thatch. As Nick watched, he could see Sandy's face rock gently from side to side with the busy movement of her tongue as she burrowed. Nick could feel his scalp prickle with the shock of the incredible

sight, but his gaze was commanded by it. He strained forward, seeing Sandy withdraw her face from Rita's cunt to replace it with her bunched fingers, which she thrust into the glistening gap. She swirled the fingers around, then removed them, bending forward and offering them to Rita, who took them into her mouth.

Quite an evening, Nick thought through the daze of the shock.

Nick stared with fascination as Sandy unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, rolling back while Rita half-rose to tug them down to the tops of her boots and yank them off one leg at a time. He saw Rita say something and then rise up to plunge her mouth to Sandy's cunt, her tongue separating the labia like a soft blade.

In the same moment that Nick became aware of his cock surging rigidly against the front of his pants, he remembered Barney and realized that he had no time for either voyeurism or confusion.

He hurried around to the front of the cabin and knocked on the door. He heard sudden movement, an exchange of muted voices, and then Sandy asking unsteadily, "Who is it?"

"Sandy," Nick called, trying to sound calm. "Tell Rita it's Nick. Let me in. I know what's going on. I'm okay, but a couple of goons are after you!"

When the door opened at last, Rita stood there looking somewhat disheveled and pained, but she didn't avoid his eyes. Nick stepped inside, registering Sandy across the room, her pants back on and a surprised look on her face as she recognized him.

"I thought Anteus's hoods had you; so I looked through the window," Nick told Rita awkwardly.

"Let me talk to you alone," Rita said. With a sidelong glance at Sandy she then took his hand, leading him back to the bedroom. "I want you to know what this is all about," she said firmly, sitting on the edge of the bed. "How did you know about Eliot?"

"I've got one of his friends in my car," he said. "Hog-tied. He and his pal were tearing your place apart. The other one got away." He then reprised the evening for her from the moment Sandy Robbins came into the bar until he knocked on the bungalow door.

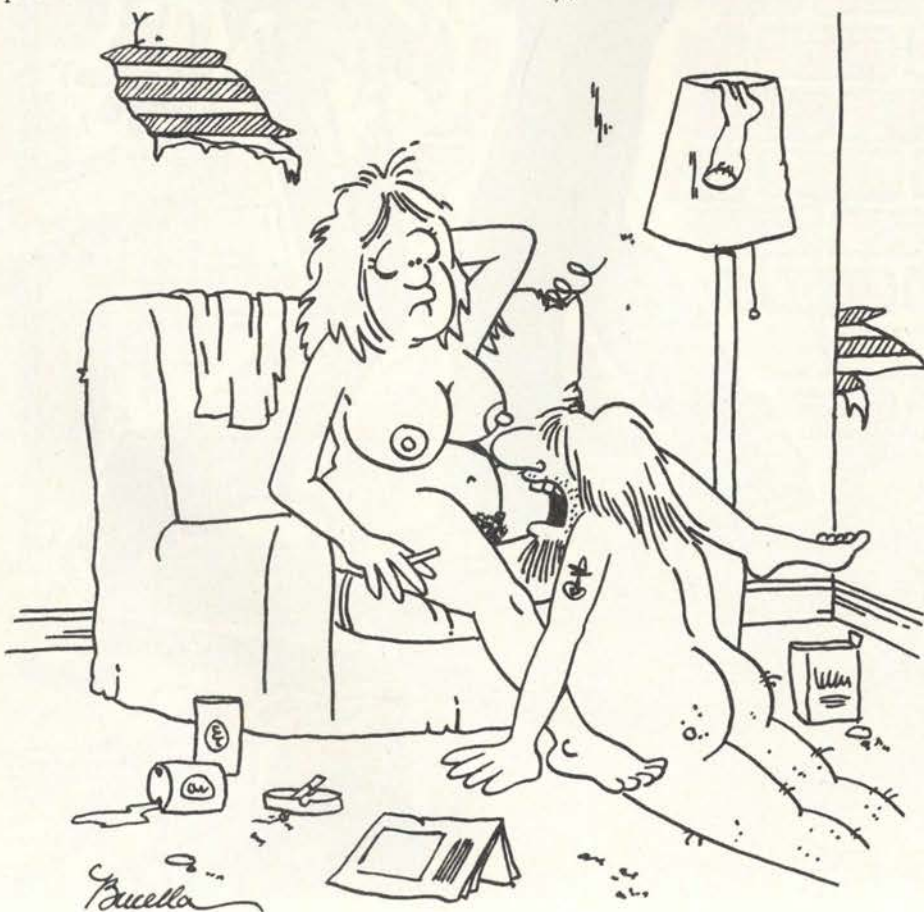
When he was through, Rita nodded. "It's true, Nick," she said evenly. "But there's more. I won't pull any punches. A few years ago when I first got to L.A., I roomed with Sandy. We were both waitressing and hating it. We were hard up for bread, and one day I suggested we check out one of those nude-model agencies. To make it short, we ended up making some porn loops. In one of them we were cast together, and that turned us on to each other. We were some hot girls, but then we got boyfriends, and the other thing became very occasional."

Rita took Nick's hand as she went on. "Sandy's boyfriend was Eliot, and it didn't last long because he's a nasty, self-centered son of a bitch. He makes a lot of money selling pirated videotapes. After they split up, he sent Barney and Lester to get us, and they took us to his house in the Hollywood Hills and raped us."

"At one point, when they were busy with Sandy, I wandered into the next room. They were all so high on coke and booze that they forgot about me for a couple of minutes. It was long enough for me to open a briefcase on a desk. There was 30 grand in it. I took the money and split. That was three years ago. Later I got back in touch with Sandy on the phone. She went on to become a TV star. Remember *Cupid's Bow*?"

Nick nodded, and Rita continued her story. "Every once in a while Eliot would call her and tell her he hadn't found me yet, but would kill me when he did. Then last night Sandy phoned to tell me he'd called and knew where I was and—"

(continued on page 84)



"That reminds me. Don't forget to clean the moldy stuff out of the refrigerator!"



"Good boy. . . ."

BLACKLASH

Brought from Africa in chains, shackled in the holds of crowded slave ships, blacks have known cruelty and oppression since our nation's earliest days. For generations they were little more than workhorses or playthings to serve the whims of their diabolical white masters and mistresses.



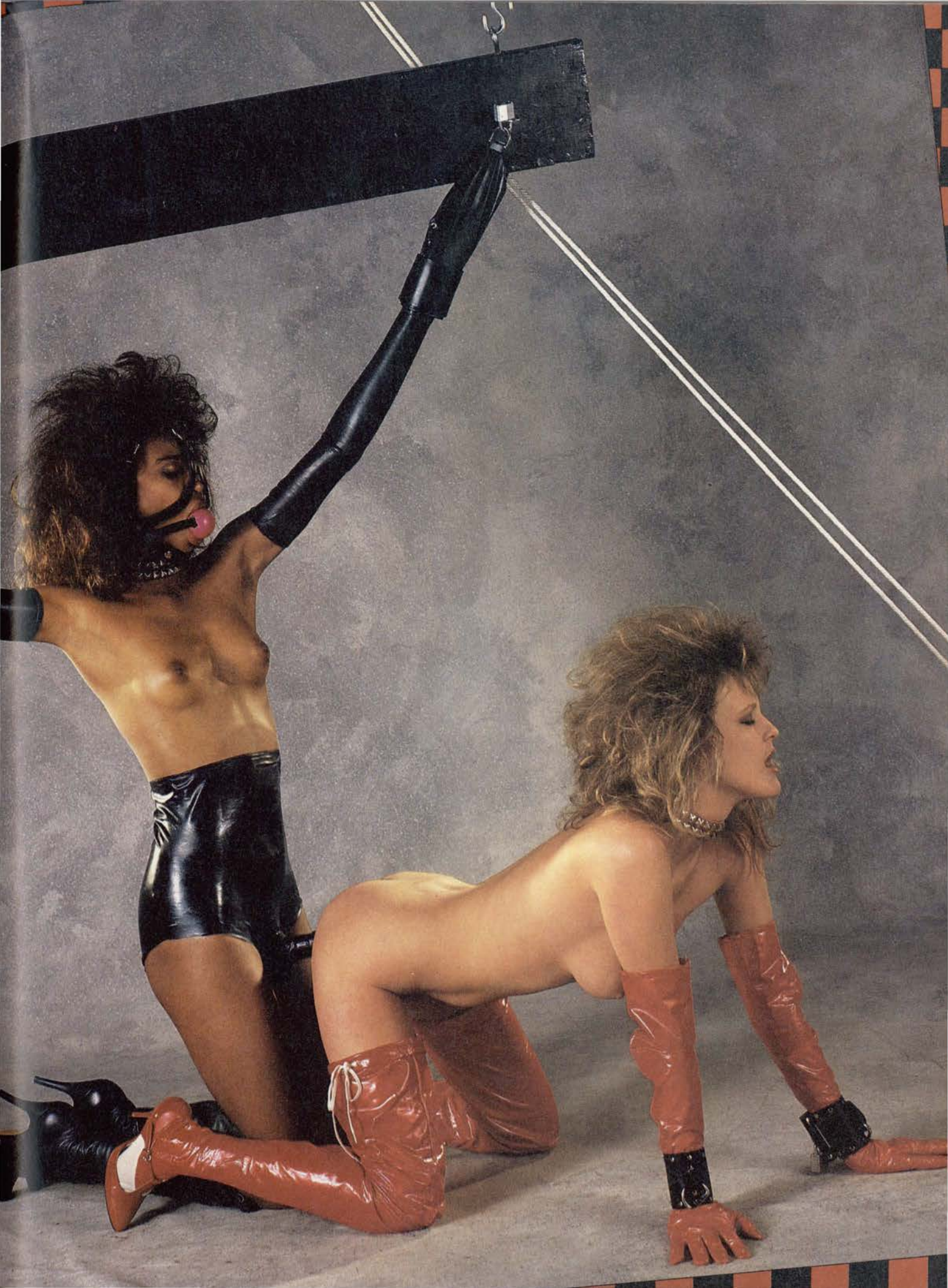


PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CLIVE McLEAN



Change has been gradual, but it has occurred. Blacks have cast off the yoke of servitude, asserting their independence and civil liberties as never before.













But when such change takes place, revenge is inevitable. It is simply not enough to be free from the painful bondage that the white race inflicted upon them for so long. No, the tables must be turned completely.





Now the roles are reversed, and the violence to which the black people were subjected is being returned many times over. Their former captors will feel the bitter sting of harsh discipline and humiliation for some time before true racial equality can be achieved.

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1-800-854-7119).

CUPID'S REVENGE (continued from page 72)

He came in a series of spectacular ejaculations, three spurts in Rita, six or seven deep inside Sandy.

"And then I got in my car and just started driving," Sandy cut in from the half-open doorway.

Nick looked up at her standing there, and she met his eyes, looking from him to Rita. Finally, he said, "I guess we can talk more later. Right now we've got a serious problem. We'll go to my place and take it from there."

With both women sitting in the front seat beside him, the trip to Nick's cabin on the edge of town was silent. But halfway there Rita put her hand tentatively on Nick's thigh, and after a short hesitation he put his hand over hers, seeing her smile softly out of the corner of his eye.

When they arrived, the three of them carried Lester into the cabin and stashed him in a storeroom closet. Then Nick made stiff Irish coffees and started a fire, which they gathered around on the floor with their drinks.

"I didn't tell you," Sandy said to Rita, "but on the way in I stopped at Nick's bar; so we've already met."

"Yeah, Nick said so." Rita looked at them both.

"What now?" Sandy asked.

"Well, let's relax a little, girls. I'll think this over during the night."

There was a conversational lull, followed by a sense of companionship communicated by their exchanged glances. Very shortly a new feeling crept in. Rita made the opening move. She stood up and almost offhandedly took off her skirt and blouse. Then she paused and, looking from Nick to Sandy with just a ghost of a smile, she rolled down her panties, stepping out of them. She then unhooked her bra, letting it slither to the floor.

Rita looked searchingly at Nick for a moment, then turned her eyes to Sandy, and the two stared at each other for what seemed a long while until Rita gave a very subtle nod, and Sandy's lips curved into a sensual smile in response.

Reaching out with both hands, Sandy casually unzipped Nick's pants while Rita circled around behind him, touching his shoulder lightly and urging him to stand up. Nick stood and undressed quickly, excitedly aware of both women watching him with smoldering eyes. His cock was almost erect already and, when Sandy

wrapped her arms around his legs and rose on her knees to take it in her mouth, he felt a moment of exquisite erotic tension. He steadied himself with his hands on her head, and she began to suckle him avidly, embellishing the sucking by spiraling the length of her tongue in corkscrewing motions all around the length of his shaft.

Nick wavered on his legs, closing his eyes. When he opened them again, Sandy's face was receding from his cock, which glittered all over with a sheen of her saliva. She was naked now, having been undressed by Rita. Her body was slender and wonderfully curvaceous, her breasts large for her physique, but firm and capped with huge brown areolas.

"Here," Nick said, and he eased Sandy down onto her back on the floor. The fire cast shadowy patterns of flames on her beautiful body. He knelt beside her, Rita kneeling on her other side, and together they pried open the slit of her cunt, revealing a candy-pink shallow groove that Rita widened with a pressing fingertip into a florid gap sparkling juicily in its depths.

Nick's cock was throbbing like a pulse. He eased between Sandy's thighs and thrust into her warm cunt, and soon both of them were fucking in hot synchronization while Rita stretched out beside them to lick eagerly at the slapping convergence of their genitals. In a couple of minutes Sandy was shuddering with an orgasm that made her yelp with pleasure, and then a whole series of continuous orgasms racked her, making her twist and scream.

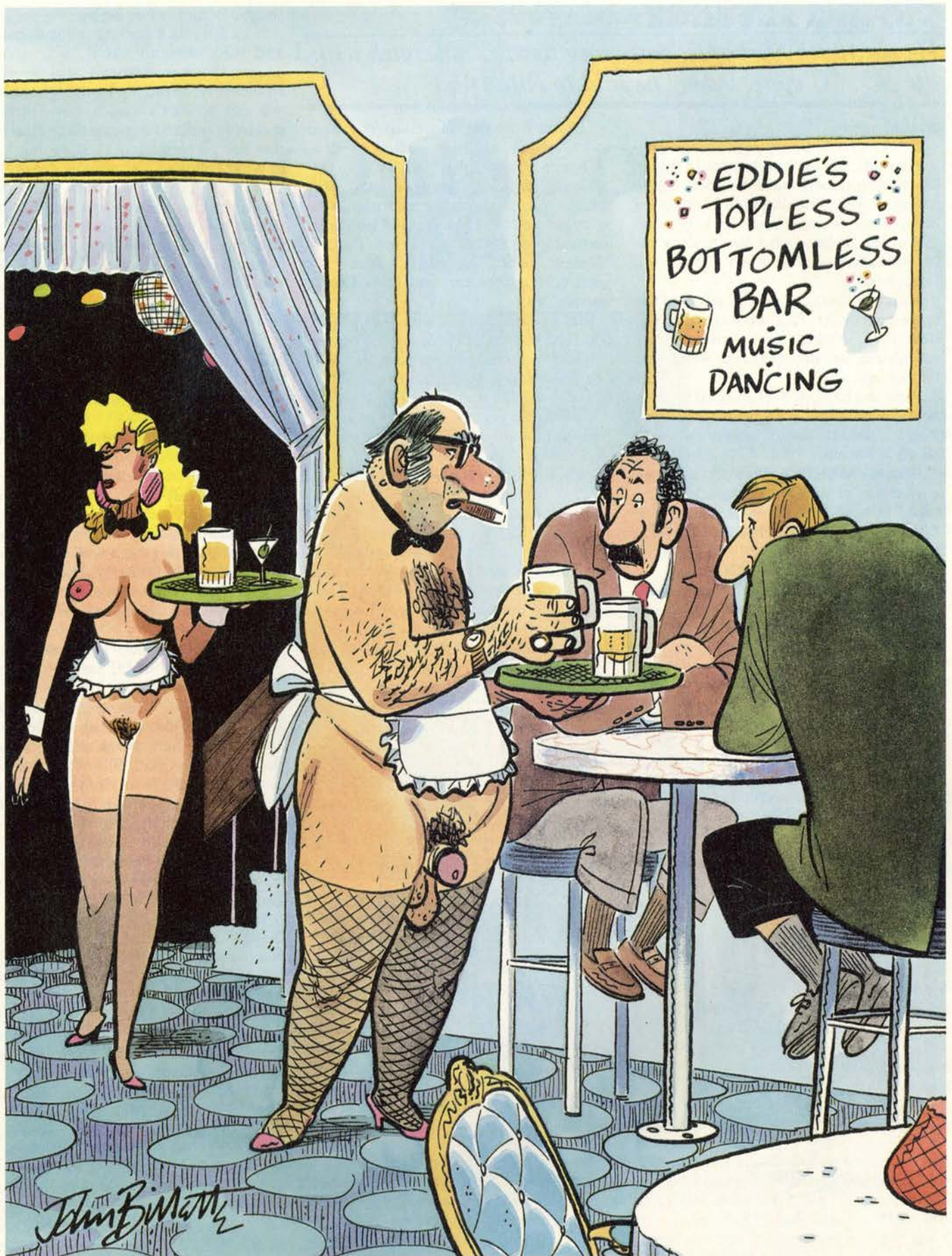
Nick pulled out and arranged Rita so that she was sprawled facedown on her friend, belly to belly, with the slot of her own cunt at the base of her ass cheeks aligned above the wet splay of Sandy's cunt. Surging forward, he thrust between the rumpled lips of Rita's cunt. With a little experimentation he discovered that he was able to slip his cock out of Rita on the backstroke and then into Sandy, alternating strokes between each cunt.

In a few moments he had both women churning up and down as he fucked back and forth between them. He kept at it for about five minutes, while the women exchanged an endless hot kiss with their mouths glued together and their tongues at play, and then he came in a series of spectacular ejaculations, the first three spurts in Rita, the remaining six or seven deep inside Sandy.

In the aftermath the three of them shared a tranced but comfortable silence, their glances at each other still alight with embers of their spent passion. Sleep, finally, was the extension of the mood. Nick felt himself easing slowly into it with one arm curled around Rita, the other



"Ease up on the boy, Verna. After all, I recall sniffing a fair amount of glue when I was his age!"



"Sorry about this, fellas. . . . One of my girls called in sick."

CUPID'S REVENGE (continued from page 84)

He unzipped his pants, gesturing toward his crotch with the .45. "C'mere, babe," he said to Rita.

around Sandy.

Later he came slowly awake to the feeling of slight pressure on his mouth that in his sleep-numbered state he took to be Sandy or Rita titillating him. He opened his eyes and found himself looking groggily up at Barney, who was tickling his lip with the barrel of a .45. "Wake up, sleepyhead."

Nick involuntarily jerked back, and the movement woke Rita who sat up, startled, then cringed away, covering her nakedness as she realized what was happening.

Wide awake now, Nick noticed Sandy's absence, but he scarcely had a moment to wonder about it before Barney dominated his attention.

Barney crossed the room and sat in an easy chair, grinning. "You made a mistake," he said. "I tailed your ass. It's one thing I'm good at, even in a deserted hick town."

"So what now?" Nick asked flatly.

"Two questions. Where's Lester, and where's the TV bitch? I got stoned out there waiting, dozed off a bit; so I didn't see her leave."

"Lester's in the closet in the next room," Nick said. He looked at Rita. "Where's Sandy? I don't know."

Barney grinned. "You're fuckin' with me, sport. How'd you like me fuckin' with your girl there?" He unzipped his pants, gesturing toward his crotch with the .45. "C'mere, babe," he said to Rita. "It's been cold in that car, and I need some warmin' up."

Rita's expression was a mixture of rage and fear, but she obeyed.

Nick felt a sense of helpless terror as he saw Barney haul his penis out and slap it forward, the plump tip snagging inside of one of Rita's nostrils for a moment before slipping out to rest on her upper lip. The contact made the cock harden instantly, jutting up across Rita's face.

"Lick," Barney commanded.

Rita stared at him with quiet hatred, and then, with her eyes closed, bent down to move her tongue around the tip of his prick. Barney sank lower in the chair, and his eyes narrowed almost to closing. Then he pressed the barrel of the .45 with increasing pressure against Rita's skull until gradually the movement of her

tongue became more active.

Nick felt a sick turmoil in his stomach, and then abruptly, as if in a surreal dream, he saw Barney's legs severely shuddering, a reaction he thought at first was due to Rita's mouth, but which he suddenly realized was caused by an arrow that had pierced Barney's shoulder.

What followed was equally dreamlike. Glancing across the room, Nick saw Sandy in the doorway to the kitchen, naked, his fiberglass hunting bow in one hand, its string still vibrating. He lunged at Barney to wrench the .45 from his palsied hand. With a gurgling cry the hood pitched onto the floor, dry heaving like a fish out of water.

"Nice shot," Nick had the presence of mind to say, and then he, Rita and Sandy were gathered around the young punk, looking down with a mixture of dismay and relief.

Nick could see that the arrow had penetrated Barney's shoulder by about an inch, enough so that he could pull it out without a grisly scene. Nick yanked the shaft free with one firm jerk.

It wasn't a critical wound, but it kept the younger thug limp with nausea and fear while Nick treated it with a bandage dressing and then trussed Barney up like his partner and laid him out on the kitchen floor.

"I guess we'd better get these guys to the cops," Nick said. "Sandy, what the hell happened?"

Sandy smiled. "Well, I got up and was going to make another Irish coffee, and I noticed your back porch there—the bow caught my eye, naturally. Then I heard him come in the front door and stepped into the broom closet while he looked the place over. And that's about it." She looked at Nick and Sandy in turn. "I do know how to use a bow. Although this was no love shot, I could have put that arrow elsewhere and deeper, you know."

Nick grinned. *Quite a woman*, he thought. He had, he was damned sure, two live ones on his hands. He looked at them both, and the three of them slowly smiled at each other.

Rita said, "Sandy, maybe you can stick around for a few days and kind of come down from this. I sure hope so." She glanced at Nick. "Don't you, Nick?"

"Yeah, I hope so too," he said. And then he had his arms around both of them, the fragrance of their hair filling his nostrils, their breasts thrusting with soft pressure against his chest as the women lifted on their toes to kiss and lick at the corners of his mouth. And he knew for certain that it was going to be one hell of a fantastic day followed by one hell of a night, and so on, until the time when Sandy Robbins had to point her black Mercedes back toward Hollywood.



"Don't tell me. The car broke down again, and you had to come home on the subway."



COMING OF AGE

With the help of my older sister, Jackie, and two of her boyfriends, I lost my virginity the weekend my parents went to Vegas. I was 17 at the time, and Jackie was a worldly 19.

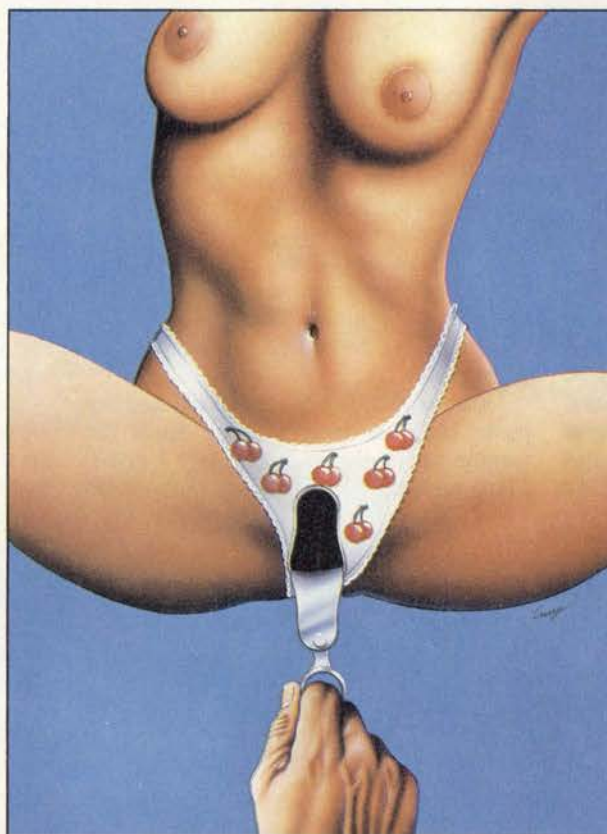
My mom and dad left bright and early one Friday, giving us each \$50 and strict instructions to behave ourselves and not to get into any trouble.

As our folks pulled out of the driveway, Jackie looked at me and asked, "What have you got planned for the weekend?"

I shrugged my shoulders and told her that I'd probably spend all my time in the pool. She gave me one of her sly, secretive smiles and told me that her concept of a good time would begin when Brad and Jeff arrived.

I was out by the pool when Brad and Jeff arrived. I knew they were there because I heard Jackie take them into the family room and turn the stereo up full blast. When I went into the kitchen for a glass of cold water, I could hear them downstairs laughing. I also caught a whiff of marijuana coming up through the floor vents. Moving quietly down the stairs, I paused at the top of the steps leading down to the basement. Jackie had left the door slightly ajar, and I could hear them talking.

"Jeff, you're bogarting that joint!" I heard Jackie say. I tiptoed down the stairs and peered cautiously through the crack in the door. Brad was sitting on the couch watching Jackie dance with Jeff. The two of them were swaying together in the middle of the floor. As I watched, Jackie pressed herself against Jeff, and he kissed her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and ground her hips into his groin. Jeff took hold of the cheeks of her ass and pulled her closer. While he held her ass with his right hand, he ran his left one up her waist and cupped her right breast in his hand. Jackie moaned as Jeff



BY JANE STEPHENSON

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

squeezed and fondled her tit. Suddenly Brad yelled, "Hey, you two! You let the doobie go out. Bring it over here and let me light it."

Jackie pulled away from Jeff and strolled over to the couch, sitting down next to Brad. "How about lighting me instead, Bradley?" Brad reached out his hand and squeezed her tit. Jackie smiled at him and, reaching up, untied the top of her swimsuit. Brad took both breasts in his hands, pushed them together and ran his tongue back and forth from one hardened nipple to the other. Jeff sauntered over, sank down next to Jackie and covered her mouth with his. I could see their tongues playing with one another. Brad slowly pulled down Jackie's bathing suit and ran his tongue over her belly. She kicked the bottoms off and spread her legs. Brad's head moved between her parted thighs, and Jeff lowered his head and started sucking on her nipples. I could feel my knees shaking, and I knew that I was getting really turned-on. Jackie pushed her pussy into Brad's face and told him not to stop. Brad stood up suddenly and pulled his swimming trunks off.

His stiffened cock stood straight out and, taking it in his hands, he looked at Jackie and told her that he wanted to do more than just eat her pussy.

Jeff moved away as Brad sank back down on the couch and pulled Jackie on top of him. She straddled him and guided his penis to the mouth of her dripping pussy. They humped against one another as he sucked on her breasts. Then Jeff moved up behind Jackie and spread the cheeks of her ass. I closed the door as Jackie screamed out.

Upstairs, I stood at the kitchen sink and thought about the three of them down there fucking their brains out. Suddenly

I could feel my hymen stretching and finally tearing, and then Jeff was driving his penis in and out of me.

Jeff walked into the kitchen, stark naked. He stopped when he saw me, but made no attempt to cover himself. He got a glass out of the cupboard and came over to the sink. Jeff filled the glass with water and turned to look at me. He watched me while he drank from the glass, taking in every detail of my body.

"You must be Jackie's kid sister," he said. I laughed and told him that Jackie was only two years older than me. He smiled and said that he would never have guessed it. "Little sister, Jackie doesn't have any of the soft curves that you do."

Then he moved beside me and pressed his lips against mine and ran his tongue over them. I opened my mouth, and our tongues met. I melted in his arms! Then he pulled back and looked into my eyes. Sensing that I wasn't going to stop him, he smiled at me, pulled my suit down around my waist and cupped my breasts. "You have got one gorgeous body, babe." My nipples grew harder, and I trembled in anticipation. He kissed my ear and stuck his tongue in it. Trailing his tongue down my neck, he licked my breast and sucked a nipple into his mouth. He

looked up at me and asked if I liked it. In answer, I pushed my breasts together with my hands (as I had seen Brad do to Jackie) and asked him to lick them some more. His hands and mouth descended to my tits, and he proceeded to squeeze, fondle, suck, lick, pinch and caress me for several minutes.

Then he trailed his tongue down to my stomach and stopped at my swimsuit. I smiled down at him as he pulled it down slowly over my hips and thighs and let it fall around my ankles. I kicked it away and spread my legs slightly. Jeff lifted me up under the arms and sat me on the edge of the table. He sat in one of the chairs, pulled my legs over his shoulders and started licking the insides of my thighs. I lay back on the table, and my legs fell open wider as his mouth got closer to my trembling twat. Suddenly, he flicked out his tongue and hit my clit. I cried out with pleasure, and he buried his face deeper in my pussy.

"Eat me, Jeff," I gasped. I pushed my pussy into his face, and he stuck his tongue up my hole. "Oh, yes!" I cried. "That feels so good. Do it!" He continued

eating me while I moved my hips back and forth across the table. Jeff stood up and, bending over, rubbed his face over my tits. Then he took his hard cock in his hands and guided it to my gaping hole.

"What now, little sister?" he asked me. "Do you want this, baby?" I groaned and tried to lift my hips up to take him into me, but he held me firmly, and I couldn't move. He took the head out and rubbed it over my clit, exciting me all the more. When I think he realized that I couldn't stand it any longer, he rammed his dick way up inside me. I could feel my hymen stretching and finally tearing, and then Jeff was driving his penis in and out of me with slow, sure strokes. I was in a frenzy at this point and, when Jeff took my swollen clit between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed it, I humped against him like a mad woman.

"Fuck me!" I panted. Suddenly, I felt my orgasm burst over and, as my pussy muscles clenched in uncontrollable spasms, Jeff cried out and pulled his cock out of me. He rubbed it up and down as he shot his load all over my belly. I rubbed my fingers through his hot sperm and then stroked my tits with his cum. He lay on top of me and kissed my mouth.

"Not bad for a virgin," he said.

He grinned at me, and we both looked up when we heard Brad say, "I'll say not bad!"

Jeff got up off me as Brad walked into the kitchen. Before I knew what was happening, Brad rolled me over on my stomach and entered me from the rear. He slapped me on the ass and told me to move my hips. He fucked me harder than Jeff had, and it hurt a little. Then, suddenly, he pulled apart the cheeks of my ass and plunged his dick up into my bowels. I screamed in agony and tried to pull away from him, but he held me firmly in place and fucked my ass. After the initial pain receded, I realized that I liked it, and I started moving my hips against his. Brad drove his cock in and out of my ass, and we both came at the same time, Brad shooting his wad deep into me.

"Well, what have we here?" Jackie drawled from the doorway. "If you were going to lose it, you couldn't have chosen two better guys to lose it to, sweetie." Getting down on her knees, she brought their two cock heads together and licked at them. "And I don't mind sharing either." With that, I got down on my knees and helped her lick and suck the guys back to attention.

We spent the rest of the weekend in a wild fucking orgy. We tried every position we could think of, and it was the best time I've ever had. Or . . . at least, one of the best times I've had. . . There've been too many since then to keep an accurate count anyway. 🍆



"How do I stay slim? Well, I jog every day, watch what I eat and throw up after every meal."

Beaver Hunt

Our models are hot, but these gifted amateurs from across the country remain one of our best-loved features. We're always on the lookout for new talent; so if you haven't yet submitted an entry, there's no time like now. If you know a young lady eager to show what

she's got, send entries (preferably more than one color photo—Polaroids are fine) 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 93 and see that it's filled out clearly so we'll know where to send the \$100.



Photo by Bill



Photo by Jeff

A self-described "man pleaser" from Hollywood, Florida, 28-year-old Tina longs to make a porn film with Ginger Lynn and her boyfriend. She says her hobbies are swimming, swinging and cryonics, which is one we've never heard before.

Shenise, 22, is a model and singer in San Diego, California. She loves jogging, dancing and reading, and dreams of adventure with a gentle man.

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A topless dancer from Colorado Springs, Colorado, 21-year-old Kay is into skiing, biking, dancing and partying. Her fantasy is to screw "Knight Rider" in his car.

Photo by Friend



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29



Photo by Husband

Thirty-one-year-old Ann is a San Francisco, California, musician who rides horses whenever she can. In fact, her somewhat dangerous-sounding fantasy is to make love on horseback.



Photo by Husband

Sexy Tabby, 24, is a Fresno, California, dancer who likes swimming, cooking and sewing. Her fondest fantasy is to be involved in a threesome with her husband and another woman.

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NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Twenty-seven-year-old Crystal is a horticulturist from Altamonte Springs, Florida. She's into waterskiing and nude hang gliding, and fantasizes about her husband licking her pussy while watching erotic films.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Friend



Photo by Russel

Salem, Oregon's Kitty, 24, is a construction worker who enjoys gardening, fishing and skateboarding. Her fantasy is to be tied down in a field of flowers and then gang-banged by a bunch of elves. Good luck, Kitty.

Twenty-eight-year-old Jamarie is a computer analyst from Sacramento, California. She loves scuba diving and dancing, and dreams of being marooned on a deserted island with Sylvester Stallone.

LOT NO. 10753
10121 Galaxy Way
Operated by KinPark





Photo by Sally



Peach calls Silver City, New Mexico, home. The 37-year-old nurses aide likes dancing and getting laid. Her fantasy is to have sex with young men.

Photo by Husband



Thirty-one-year-old Carol is a Tampa Bay area line lady. Horseback riding, country music and sex are her favorite pastimes, and she dreams of being alone on a beautiful island with Matt Houston.



Photo by Husband

Barbara, 31, is a maid in Las Vegas, Nevada. She likes painting, playing the guitar and working out. Now that her picture's appeared in Beaver Hunt, her fantasy has come true.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

(continued from page 52)

come in and fire their incredible guns like huge hoses washing down from the sky, like something God would do when He was really ticked off."

Here we have the official Republican-Warrior Caste version of the Christian God: a vengeful colonial deity casually wasting Third World peasants who irritate Him. The Elect and the Damned.

The Republican Party is the Warrior Caste. The Republican Party, white and very Protestant, has always represented the buccaneer tradition in America.

The Democratic Party, by and large, represents the anti-Warrior constituency. During this century Democrats have been the party of progressives, Catholics, agnostics, Jews, blacks, Latins—minority groups that have always been barred from the highest ranks of the military.

In the 1985 budget fight it was the Republicans who wanted to cut social-educational programs and the Democrats who wanted to trim the military funds.

The Warrior Caste in America—the generals, the admirals, the cops—is overwhelmingly Republican. This is ominous. George Marshall, the only famous Democratic general of this century, is most renowned for his plans to wage peace.

This linkage of the GOP and the Warrior Caste is not new. From the Civil War through Eisenhower, seven out of 12 Republican Presidents have been ex-generals or glamorous Warriors.

This tradition of the Warrior President goes back to the beginning. George Washington, the Father of our Country, won his first fame in the Indian Wars.

It is important to note that the other "Father of Our Country," Thomas Jefferson, the spiritual founder of the Democratic Party, was an antimilitarist. It was Jefferson who framed the philosophic and legal documents that led to the Revolution and who wrote the Declaration of Independence.

A Jeffersonian President makes a sensible proposal to avoid war with Europe. President James Monroe, a disciple of Jefferson, is known for the treaties and diplomatic accords with England, France and Spain that managed to expand American interests without war. The Monroe Doctrine is his most famous achievement. There were two important and interdependent clauses in this manifesto. The first was a formal restatement of America-first neutrality. Beware of foreign entanglements! America promised not to intervene in European and (implicitly) Asian politics. In return, America declared the New World off lim-

its for European intervention.

Modern American Presidents such as Kennedy and Reagan are on solid historical ground when they object to Russian meddling in Cuba and Central America. We all want to ban Soviet weapons from the New World. But Reagan is in direct violation of the Monroe Doctrine when he turns around and meddles in conflicts of the Old World. Arms to Pakistan and Turkey! More than 200,000 U.S. troops in Germany! Forty thousand in Korea! Marines landing in Lebanon to protect our oil interests!

The filibuster President. "*Filibuster: . . . An adventurer who engages in a private military action in a foreign country . . . (originally 'freebooter,' . . . from Dutch vrijbuit, pirate, 'one who plunders freely.'*"

The classic device of using a foreign adventure (the filibuster) as a stepping stone to the Presidency was invented by Andrew Jackson. In 1818 Jackson, then a major general, was sent off to Florida to campaign against the Seminole Indians. These natives, employing standard liberation tactics, fled across the border to Spanish Florida. Disregarding his orders, Jackson invaded Spanish territory and wasted various natives. He also executed two British subjects. Jackson's own private war created an international crisis. Responsible American officials denounced the action, but Jackson's illegal wog-bashing won support from populists, expansionists, ultra-nationalists, imperialists and Calvinist Protestants looking for a crusade against the heathens.

Jackson rode a wave of personal popularity that almost won him the Presidency in 1824. In 1828 he swept into office, and for two terms was able to use his populist Western support to protect Eastern financial interests. Sound familiar?

Is it a condition of manhood to love war? In his *Esquire* piece, which passionately glorifies the mechanized mass murder of Orientals, ex-Marine William Broyles Jr. is less than scientific. He writes, "Most men who have been to war would have to admit, if they are honest, that somewhere inside themselves they loved it . . . loved it as much as anything that happened to them before or since."

But wait a minute. Isn't ex-Lieutenant Broyles describing a well-known altered state of consciousness that can be and usually is attained by many other less-violent means?

The scientific situation seems to be something like this. There are circuits in the human brain that when activated produce heightened states of awareness. Among these are certain neural tracts, mainly centered in the midbrain, which mediate convulsive survival behavior.

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 _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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 _____

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS *(continued from page 93)*

The Reagan Administration enthusiastically rehabilitated militarism. The adventurist hero was back in the saddle!

These ancient, primitive circuits are involved in fight, flight, territorial defense and male dominance. When one is engaged in violence, one falls into a trance-like state that produces an incredible adrenaline rush. Some call this the mad-dog reflex, or going berserk.

This sympathetic nervous system hit is necessary for our survival repertoire. It's like the endorphin-opiate rush that protects us from pain. Useful for survival, but dangerously addictive.

At this point we must remind ex-Lieutenant Broyles that the Destructive Paroxysmal State (DPS), which he glamorizes and politicizes, is not restricted to war.

We have all felt on occasions this seductive invitation to "flip-out" in wild destructiveness. You don't have to ship 8 million young Americans 8,000 miles across the Pacific to waste a small Asian country. Catch a barroom brawl in a Burt Reynolds-Clint Eastwood movie. Tune into a prime-time TV show like *The A-Team*.

Alcohol trips off the DPS. Drop into any redneck saloon in Texas. Visit a clinic for battered wives, ex-Lieutenant

Broyles, and you'll get a glimpse of your favorite "corner of the universe." Put on some black leather and join a bikers' club. Bullies love to express their manhood by riding in male-bonded packs. Gangs in the ghetto feel it. The Waffen SS felt it. It's called "warrior love."

From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli... The Mexican War (1846-48) is another good example of the fun-fame-fortune rewards of Latin-bashing. After the conflict Mexico conceded two-fifths of its land to America.

The Mexican War was a bonanza for the Warrior Caste and for ambitious Republican politicians. Take Zachary Taylor. For starters, he earned his general's stars by snuffing Sac, Fox and Seminole Indians, for which he won the label "Old Rough and Ready." His Mexican War triumphs assured him the Presidency at the age of 65.

General Winfield Scott had good wog-busting credentials. He fought the Creeks and the Seminoles and "supervised the removal of the Cherokee to the Southwest." Scott won the battle of Mexico

City and proceeded to defy the U.S. envoy during the peace negotiations, causing considerable embarrassment in Washington. Agents of God shouldn't have to obey diplomatic rules; Reagan understands that.

The recent rehabilitation of the freebooter ethos. How, we wonder, can a presumably respectable journalist like William Broyles get away with a cover story in *Esquire* celebrating the wanton, lustful slaying of millions of Asians in the name of self-fulfillment? Well, it turns out that Broyles, for self-esteem and profit, is shrewdly surfing the wave of neo-militarism generated by the Reagan regime.

During the Vietnam fiasco and "Give Peace a Chance" antiwar movement of the '60s, and during the human-rights moments of the Carter period, the Puritan-killer ethic got pushed around a bit. But it never disappeared. The Reynolds-Eastwood hero figures were still packing them into the theaters. The Reagan Administration enthusiastically rehabilitated militarism. The adventurist hero was back in the saddle! Wog-bashing was back in style. It was the triumphant return of the Wild West pirate who scornfully ignores the legalities of effete politicians and takes the law into his own hands.

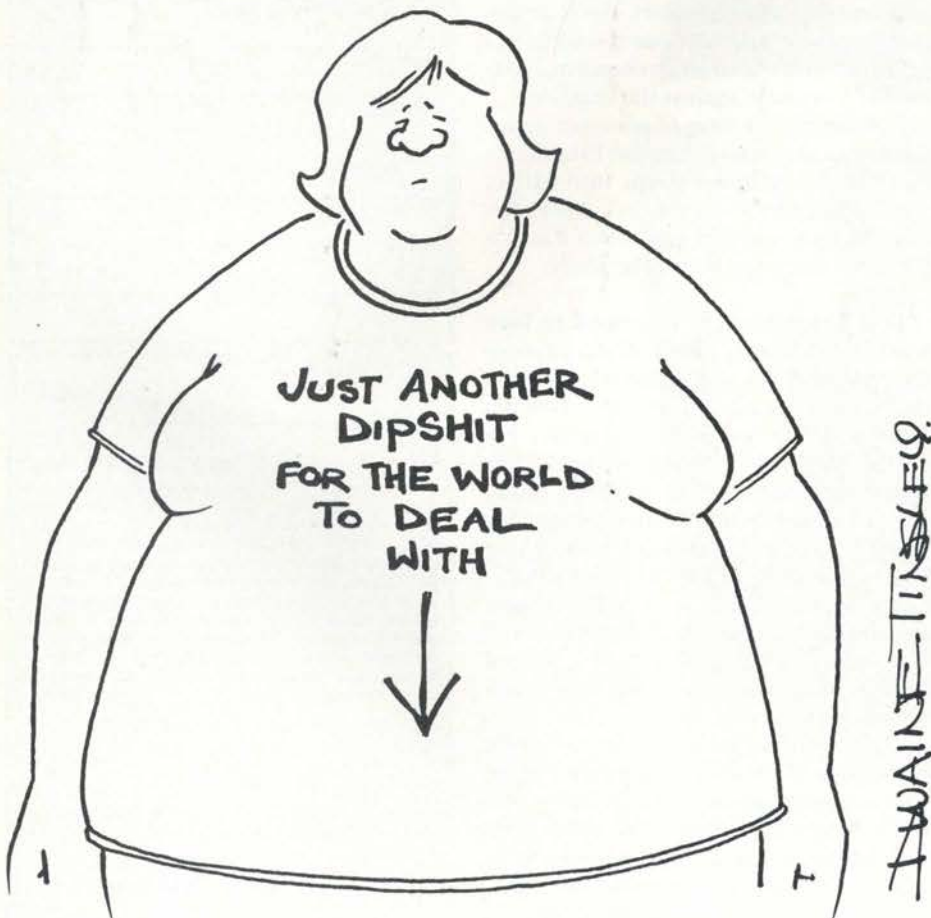
Lieutenant Calley, you're forgiven. The heroes of My Lai are marching down Fifth Avenue in a ticker-tape parade.

This Christian-soldier stuff is not limited to the redneck South and Southwest. It plays well all around white, Calvinist America. The American Legion, the National Rifle Association, the Hell's Angels, the Marine Corps Association, the survivalists, the G. Gordon Liddy crowd and *Soldier of Fortune* readers are visible tips of a profoundly deep American need to get kicks from wasting people.

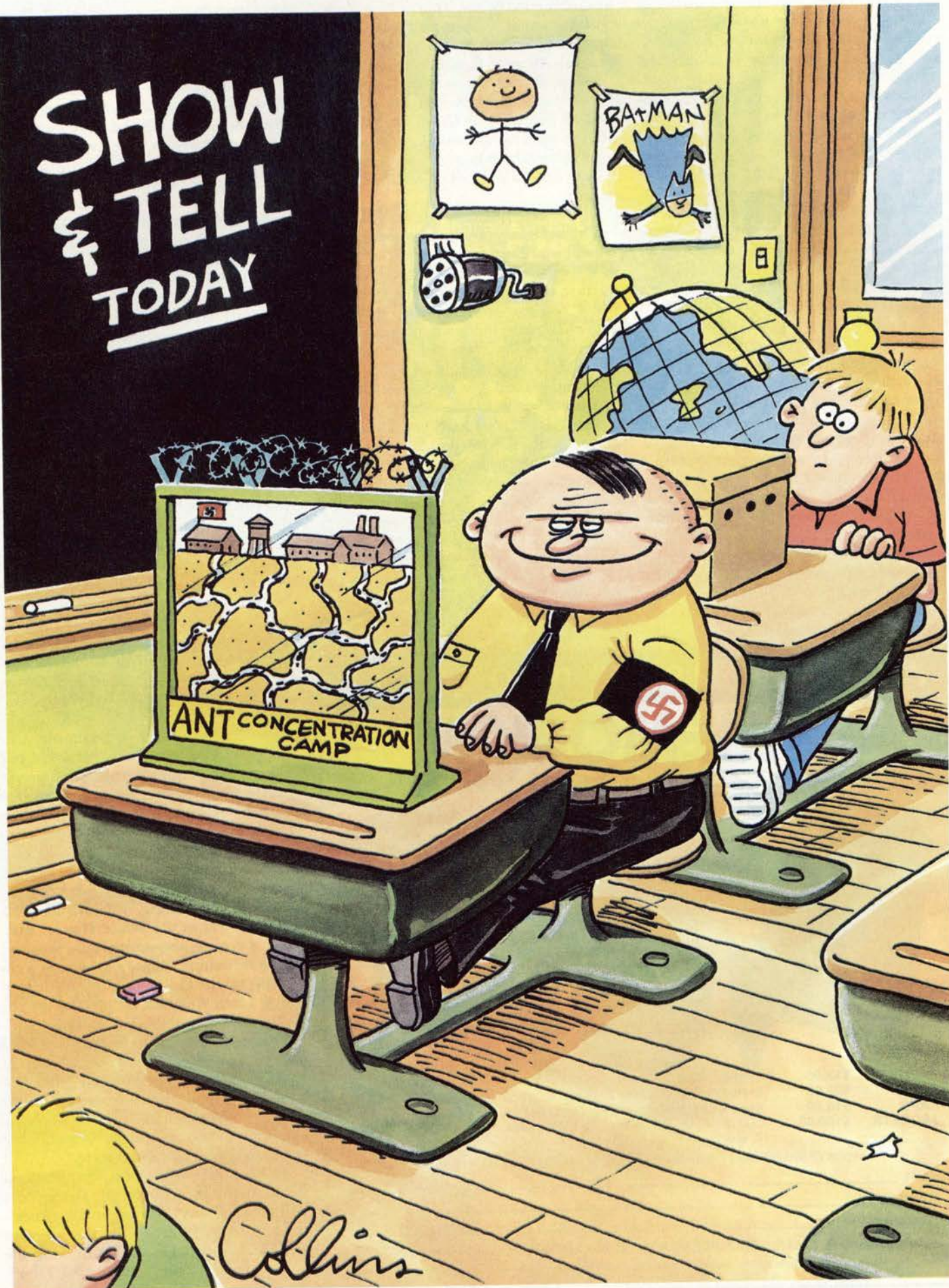
A strange little episode in Nicaragua.

William Walker (1824-60) merits a footnote in history as a classic case of an American Warrior compulsively involved in private, illegal plundering raids of Caribbean countries. In 1853 Walker led a group of frontier hoodlums in quest of Latin American plunder. First they tried Sonora, Mexico. The freebooting mission failed miserably. Walker was arrested for violation of neutrality laws. An understanding frontier American jury acquitted him. He was apparently a charismatic, John Wayne kind of guy. A good communicator, you might say. And after all, it was only Mexicans he had wasted.

In 1855 Walker joined a group of *contra* revolutionaries in Nicaragua. After overthrowing the government, Walker obtained recognition from the U.S. State Department and set himself up as dicta-



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tor of Nicaragua. But the real power in Nicaragua those days was American tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose Accessory Transit Company monopolized trade in that inviting land. When Walker's operation became competitive, Vanderbilt ran him out.

But Walker still suffered from that old Caribbean freebooter disease, as recurrent as malaria. In 1860, based now in Honduras, he led still another pirate attempt to take over Central America. It failed, and Latin-basher William Walker was finally done in by a Honduran government firing squad, leaving behind a book that has some relevance today. It's called *War in Nicaragua*.

The West Pointers organize their own intramural war. The so-called Civil War was a disaster from which America has never recovered. As is typical in countries run by the military, the generals fell to quarreling among themselves. Most of the Confederate and Union generals were former classmates at West Point.

After the Civil War the Presidency of the not-so-United States automatically went to the generals who mopped up the rebels. General U. S. Grant, an undeniable lamebrain, was succeeded by Major General Rutherford B. Hayes. Then Major General James Abram Garfield, a lay preacher of the Disciples of Christ,

was succeeded by the state of New York's Quartermaster General Chester A. Arthur. Benjamin Harrison was a brigadier general. All were Republicans.

It was during this ascendant period of the Republican Party that the glorification of the Warrior Caste hit its stride. Statues were raised in the center of every town: generals on bronze horses riding as to war, with the Cross of Jesus going on before!

The religious issue just won't quit. Now comes *Esquire* magazine, publishing an inflammatory moral justification of warfare at a spooky moment in history when nuclear conflagration threatens and when the religious right-wing in this country and in several Islamic theocracies speaks approvingly of Holy Wars, Evil Empires and Armageddons. Onward Christian Soldiers! It's another Crusade against Satan. It's Jihad time. Blow it all up for Allah! Kill for Kaddafi! Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition! Hand me that red phone, boy. Howdy there, God. Time to drop the Big One on the Godless heathens like the Good Book says!

Reflect for a moment on the quotes from the Broyles article. Glazed-eye babble about brotherly love among the napalm, and God as the gunner in a helicopter gunship, and blissed-out looks on the faces of charismatic Protestants, and the

psychotic Marine assassin with "JUST YOU AND ME, LORD" tattooed on his shoulder.

Caribbean fever strikes again. The war for Southern independence ended in 1865. Between 1869 and 1878 more than 200 pitched battles were fought against a new invented enemy—the Plains Indians. The Massacre of Wounded Knee was the final solution for this overpopulation problem. More than 200 unarmed men, women and children were killed. "The soldiers later claimed that it was difficult to distinguish the Sioux women from the men," a complaint to be heard again in later wars against colored people.

By 1898 the expansionists and war-lovers and the heretic-bashers had simply run out of poor neighbors to invade. A new generation of young men hungered for the "awesome beauty, the haunting romance, the timeless nightmare" of a colonial war. Well, how about a little rumble in Cuba?

It so happened that there were heavy American investments to protect on the island. The military, with its eye on Panama and Nicaragua for a canal, stressed the strategic position of the island. It was easy for the press to whip up support for the *contras* fighting against Spain.

Cuba was a media war. William Randolph Hearst broadcast fake propaganda. There was a Gulf of Tonkin-Korean Air Lines Flight 007 faked incident involving the American battleship USS *Maine*.

The war itself was a pushover. The Spanish put up token resistance. The biggest winner was a wealthy politician named Teddy Roosevelt, who organized his own semiprivate regiment (Western cowboys and "adventurous bluebloods from Eastern universities") whose routine exploits were highly publicized. Quick results: Within three years Roosevelt—a swashbuckling, militaristic, Reagan-type—was in the White House. Roosevelt's regime was continually involved in Latin-bashing, dollar diplomacy, Venezuela and the Philippines. He infuriated all of Latin America by placing, in the Dominican Republic, U.S. customs officers who stole revenues for the benefit of American business. He backed a group of *contras* who hijacked Panama from Colombia. Just eight years ago, when Jimmy Carter returned the Canal to Panama, the Republicans screamed, "Treason! We stole that canal fair and square."

Roosevelt's jingoistic imperialism made him the scourge of Democrats, progressives and Jeffersonian Americans. And in 1906 Teddy, the ultimate war freak and ultra-imperialist, won the Nobel Peace Prize. Shades of Henry Kissinger!

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A busy time for the Warrior Caste. During the 20th century every generation of young Americans has been offered a foreign expeditionary war. World War I against the Huns. World War II against the Nazis and Japanese. To prop up the unspeakable fascist regime of South Korea, our generals sacrificed more than 50,000 American lives. General Douglas MacArthur, the ultimate freebooter, started to wage his own little psychotic war against a billion slant-eyed Chinese until he was forcibly removed by President Truman. "Dugout" Doug returned as a hero and announced his candidacy for the Presidency. On the Republican ticket, of course.

Then came Vietnam. And Cambodia.

More explosives were dropped on Vietnam than during all of our 200 years of warfare. Not to mention a small sea of Agent Orange, which has left much of that unfortunate land blighted for years to come. We have listened recently to a deafening chorus of aggrieved complaints from Vietnam vets who feel unrewarded; we hear very little about the punishing casualties we inflicted upon the peoples of Vietnam and Cambodia. We won the Body Count War! We wasted 'em—soldiers, civilians, women and children.

Esquire is off to a good start. Let's encourage these psycho vets to tell their sto-

ries about the fun of body-desecration, and the "perfectly formed piece of shit" on the non-Caucasian's head, and "the mad excitement of destroying," and about how impossible it is to talk about it unless you were there. It's good Freudian catharsis. And let's build them a monument where they can weep, not for Vietnam and Cambodia wasted, not for America rent by conflict, not for Jeffersonian ideals lost, but in pity for themselves.

But the ticker-tape parade led by General Westmoreland isn't enough. Even cover stories in national magazines can't heal the scar of ex-Lieutenant Broyles. Even a full-page picture of him in natty suit and tie, looking very serious-grim like a young Dallas stockbroker, standing in front of a war memorial with his blond kid (a boy, of course) in his arms, holding (no shit) the American flag in front of an enormous bronze statue of three real young, clean-cut, good-looking white soldiers—Texas A&M types—raising still another American flag over Iwo Jima, Managua or even Havana?

Patriotism and the Christian soldiers. My wife is worried about this article.

She thinks that I've gone too far. She fears that this exposé of the Warrior Caste is going to sound unpatriotic.

"America is a young country without traditions," she explains. "We need heroes and a glorious history."

Her warning is well-taken; so let me explain. I'm a total, all-out 101% patriot, Jack. I yield to no one in my contempt for socialism, communism or any enemy of freedom. I also believe in a strong, intelligent, effective military to defend our beloved land.

That's exactly why I oppose the Christian fanatics and the war-wing of the Republican Party. That's why I write about the con job that they have pulled off for the past hundred years.

As I review American history, I see a large glorious company of heroic men and women who represent our red-white-blue ideals of initiative, intelligence, tolerance, humor, compassion, common sense, optimism and good-natured skepticism of bureaucracy and authority. People who believe in fair play and who dislike armed bullies running around in uniforms.

Let's list a few examples of true American heroes—gentle William Penn, founder of Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love; Henry David Thoreau, the Concord Libertarian; Edgar Allan Poe, a West Pointer who became a literary star; inventors such as Eli Whitney, Robert Fulton and Thomas Edison; Ralph Waldo Emerson, philosopher of self-reliance; Walt Whitman and Mark Twain.

Let's recall the long line of blacks who have provided us models of noble humanity, creatively waging peace not war—George Washington Carver, Ralph Bunche and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., among others.

The civilized American hero. What, indeed, is any thoughtful American going to feel when exposed to this fake patriotism?

Most of us—Catholics, Jews, blacks, Latins, women and men—came to the U.S. to escape militarism and to create a better social order. Basically, most of us don't want to stir up foreign adventures and turn our country into a Christian empire. We've got enough real problems here at home—the complicated transition from an industrial economy; the agonizing racial tensions; the collapse of our education system. There is a need for heroes, not to lead religious crusades, but to apply goodwill, tolerance and intelligence to make the American Dream come true.

So let's issue some patriotic American commands to ex-Lieutenant Broyles and his comrades. **ABOUT FACE! ORDER ARMS! AT EASE!**

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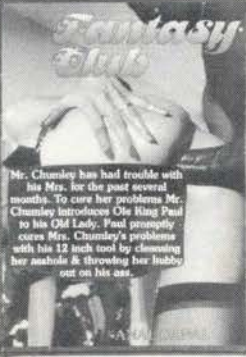
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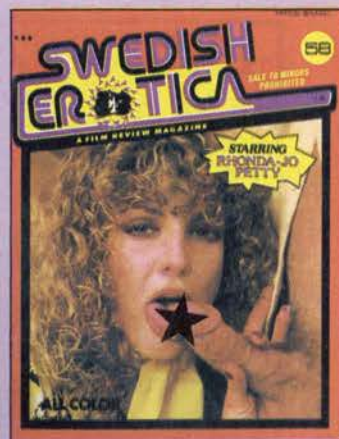
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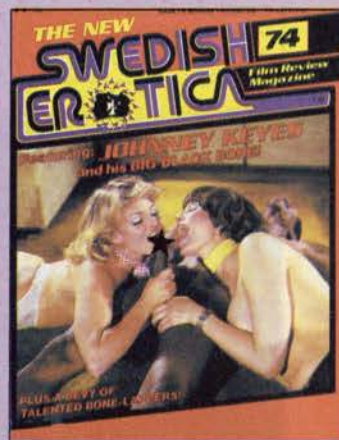


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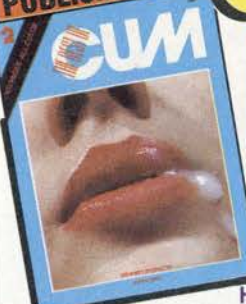
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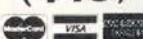
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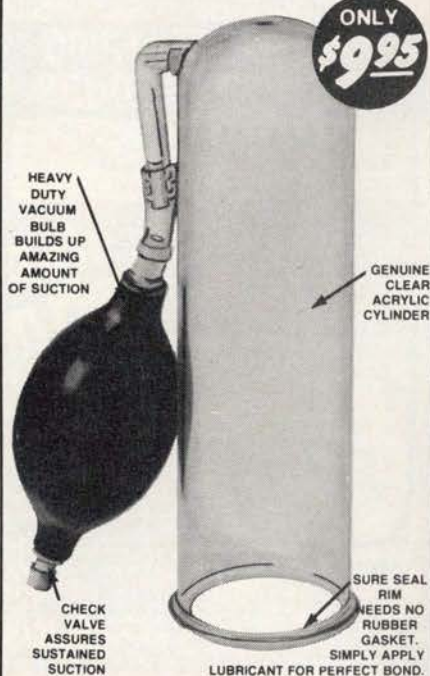
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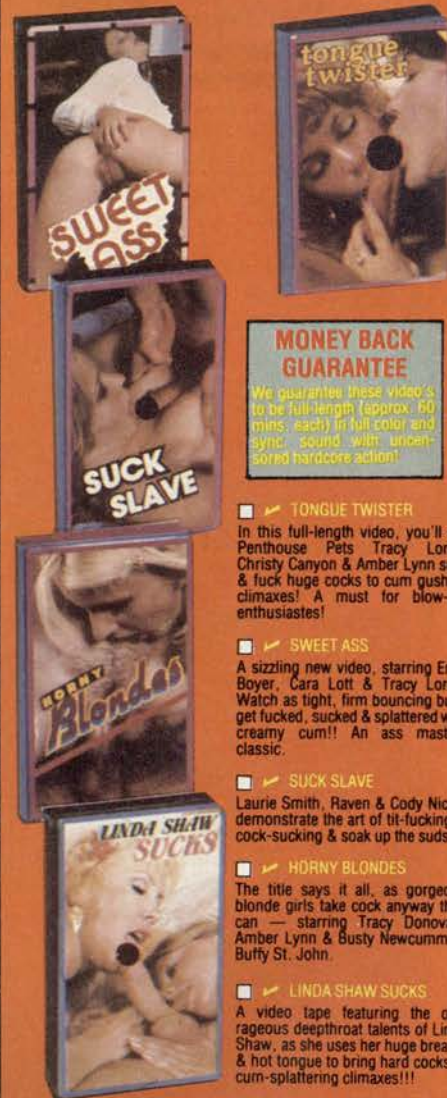
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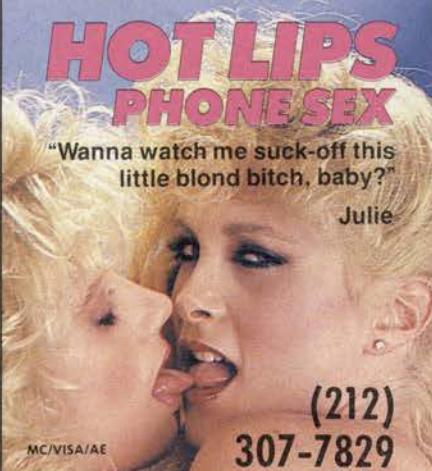
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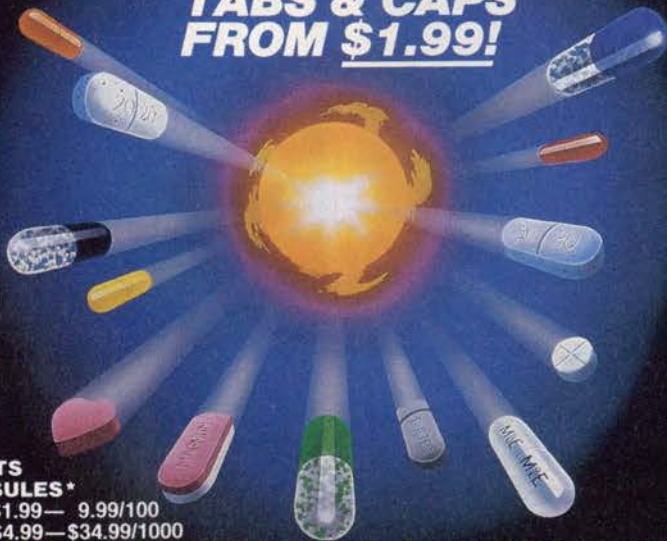
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GINGER LYNN

(continued from page 40)

even know who makes those films or where they come from. If those women want to attack those things, they should go after those things alone, and not throw everything in one pile. Television commercials are demeaning to women if you want to go that far. I think the whole thing is silly.

HUSTLER: How do you decide what jobs to take? Have you done pretty much everything that was offered to you?

LYNN: I base my decision on how many sex scenes I have, how much I'm being paid and who I'm doing it with. In the beginning, money and having a good time were what were important—they're still important—but I did turn things down. If you just keep giving and giving, you're going to burn out.

HUSTLER: Is that the reason most of the women leave the porn industry after such a short time?

LYNN: Most of them leave because the agents will book you every day they can. They don't earn a percentage of your salary; they only get a flat fee for each day you work. Naturally, they want you to work as much as possible. At first it's fun. You work every day, and you have all this money. Then all of a sudden you think, *I'm so tired. I don't want to do this anymore. I*

don't want to fuck for a living. I want to go and do what I want to do.

A lot of girls are too naive to ask for more money or say, "I'm not going to work with this guy; he's a pig." They don't think of this as a profession. They go in and do it for the money. They don't make demands; they let people push them around, and then they quit.

HUSTLER: Why do the men seem to last so much longer?

LYNN: For the most part because they can get it up. Not many men can get it up and keep it up in front of a camera. I don't think I could if I were a man. Once you've proved you can do it, you can just keep on going.

HUSTLER: Is there an AIDS scare in the industry because some of the men do or have done gay films?

LYNN: That's one of the reasons I decided not to do anal scenes anymore. I don't know much about the disease, but from what I'm told, you usually get it from blood or cum. Since the men always pull out before coming in films, there's probably not too much danger, but you still have to be careful.

HUSTLER: Do you talk about this with any of the other women?

LYNN: Sure. A lot of women won't work with men who they know have worked with other men. *I won't work with them. I feel sorry for the guys whose careers in*

male films have been exposed because people in this business are very sexual, and a lot of the men are bi whether they admit it or not.

HUSTLER: Do the men who are bisexual try to keep it a secret, or is it pretty well-known within the industry?

LYNN: Most of the men who I think or suspect are bisexual don't openly admit it because it would jeopardize their careers. No one would work with them. I worked with someone who I later found out has worked in gay films, and I won't work with him anymore. I feel sorry for the men who have been caught, but I have to look out for myself. We all do.

HUSTLER: Are diseases as a whole a big concern in the industry?

LYNN: I've never had anything in my whole life, in or out of the business. I know one person who has herpes, and no one works with this person anyway. I don't know if she even really has it—she bitches about everything. People take real good care of themselves. This is their business. If you've got something, word spreads like *that*, and you don't work again. My biggest concern with diseases is AIDS. With AIDS you die, okay? Any other disease—God forbid I should get anything—you can go and get a shot, and you're all better. AIDS, you die! I'm definitely afraid of it.

HUSTLER: Are you recognized often in public?

LYNN: More and more every day. People are really nice when they recognize me. One time I was in a restaurant, and this gentleman—he was 30 or 40—came up to me and said, "I love your films. I don't want to talk too long—my mother's with me—but my father loves you too, and I bought him a copy of one of your films." And he started talking about different films. Usually being recognized is fun, and if I'm by myself, it's fine. But if I'm with my boyfriend, it causes tension the whole night because he doesn't like to be recognized with *Ginger Lynn*.

HUSTLER: He's not from the industry?

LYNN: No.

HUSTLER: How does appearing in porn films affect your sex life?

LYNN: I used to say that I've always been picky, but I'd sleep with whoever I wanted, whenever I wanted. Once I started doing adult films, I got really, I guess the only way to put it is *old-fashioned*. I'd go to work and do my job, but in my personal life I only wanted one guy.

HUSTLER: So you wouldn't say you're promiscuous?

LYNN: No. I'm a one-man woman in my personal life.

HUSTLER: Is it always a man?

LYNN: I've had female lovers for extended periods of time. A lot of times if a relationship with a man doesn't work out, I'll

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go back to women for a while. There's a reason. You can use different paraphernalia to get women off, but basically they're soft, they're pretty, and they smell good. A woman cannot fuck a woman—you make love to her. That's what makes me go over to that side. Men are men. They're tough and strong, and sex is different with them. Of course, I have wild, nasty sex with women too.

HUSTLER: Who do you have sex with when you're not in a relationship?

LYNN: Myself. I have sex on the set, of course, but at home I masturbate.

HUSTLER: A lot?

LYNN: I go through stages. There'll be a month when I can take it or leave it, and then there will be times when I'll have to come maybe six times a day.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite method?

LYNN: I usually just use my hands. And oils.

HUSTLER: Is this always spontaneous, or do you try to set aside special times during the day?

LYNN: If I wake up horny, I'm usually horny all day. And whenever I feel the urge, and it's the right place. . . .

HUSTLER: What's the right place? Do you just say, "Excuse me; I've got to rush home and masturbate?"

LYNN: Sometimes I catch myself driving and playing with myself.

HUSTLER: Has anyone ever noticed?

LYNN: Yeah. One time I was sitting at a stoplight. I guess I wasn't paying attention. I had a skirt on, and my hands must have been down between my legs. Three guys in this big truck next to me started hollering, "Yeahhh!" and beeping the horn. I turned beet red and drove off.

HUSTLER: A lot of men classify themselves as tit men or ass men. Is there a special part of a man's body that turns you on?

LYNN: I like biceps. I like asses. It depends on the man. I usually find the part on each man that turns me on.

HUSTLER: Do you think you could recognize porn stars by their cocks alone?

LYNN: I bet I could pick out 90% of them.

HUSTLER: What about the women?

LYNN: I couldn't pick out as many. I'd remember the especially nice pussies. I don't know. They're so hard to tell; don't you think? Unless they have a funny color, or they're pudgy, or there's something unusual about them, or they're really ugly.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite kind of pussy?

LYNN: I like cute, nice little ones, pink ones. I don't like pudgy ones. I just like pussies that look real pretty. Shaved ones are nice.

HUSTLER: What turns you off about pussy?

LYNN: Poor hygiene. I don't like dirty women. If you're not really clean, I have no desire to have sex with you. Cleanliness is very important to me. You have to take good care of your pussy to keep it in good shape. Regular hygiene isn't enough for me. I like my women very, very clean.

HUSTLER: What about cocks—is bigger better?

LYNN: I won't say it's worse. Little ones aren't that much fun. I don't like little ones. Regular size is usually the best for me because you can do more. There are a lot more places you can put it. A lot more things you can do with it. It fits in your mouth. Regular ones are the best. Big ones are fun; small ones aren't. Unless, of course, you're *really* good with your small one.

HUSTLER: Do you have a special technique for cocksucking?

LYNN: Well, it depends on the man. I tend to do whatever the man I'm with likes. A lot of men just like regular cocksucking, but for porn stars that's just too ordinary.

HUSTLER: Do the porn studs tell you what to do?

LYNN: Sure, sometimes. Of course, if you've been with them enough times, you don't need to ask. Some guys just like their balls licked. Some like you to stroke 'em; some don't. Some don't want you to touch their cock.

HUSTLER: Would you take it personally if a guy couldn't get it up?

LYNN: Definitely. I would feel I wasn't a turn-on. It'd be terrible. I've never had a situation where a guy couldn't get it up or couldn't come with me. Well, one time I did, but he was gay; so it wasn't my fault. I guess that I enjoy it so much, I never have a problem.

HUSTLER: Could you retire today? Are you financially set up?

LYNN: I've done very well for myself in this business. In the past six months I've become financially wise. I *could* quit right now and be very comfortable for quite some time.

HUSTLER: What's in store for the future?

LYNN: I hope some day to go legit. I'm a good actress. I'm not an accomplished actress—I have a lot to learn—but I think I have what it takes. And if I haven't already ruined it by being *Ginger Lynn*, then someday I hope to go to other areas.

HUSTLER: What about a European career?

LYNN: With a European career you're going to end up doing B movies for the rest of your life, and I don't want that. I don't want to have to go topless; I want to act. I'll try it here in Hollywood. But whatever happens, I'll be happy. 🐾

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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

only for the latest fashions and their next health-club appointment. Since their major concern is their pocketbook, they were some of the biggest (and worst) blind supporters of Ronnie Raygun in the past election. I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Cooper's opinions and only hope that this Yuppie trend will soon come to an end.

—J. B.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

I'm writing in response to Marc Cooper's May '85 *Guest Editorial*, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Yuppie." I'm not one myself; however, I'm the son of a Yuppie who makes more than \$45,000 a year.

It is beyond me why some antiquated flower child would write such nonsense about "Young Urban Professionals" seeking to better themselves through education, culture and monetary success! The only rational explanation I can conceivably conjure up in my nonpublicly educated mind is that this writer obviously doesn't drive a Porsche, doesn't make more than 40 grand a year and wouldn't know the correct pronunciation of *croissant* if he were in a French bakery. No doubt he's envious of his peers who do.

I move to have Mr. Cooper nominated for Asshole of the Month in your next

issue of *HUSTLER*. And by the way, Mr. Cooper, our maid is black, not Spanish.

—Ricky Groetsch
Kenner, Louisiana

MORE HAIR?

How about more hairy babes in *Beaver Hunt*? And centerfolds with blond hair and blue eyes are becoming boring. Please tell your Photo Department that we want exotic dark-haired girls with hairy bushes, arms, etc. My wife is a 36D with no razor touching her body. It's gorgeous.

—Jim T.
Address Withheld by Request

Hey, Jim, why not have your wife send in her snapshot to *Beaver Hunt*? She could make a hundred bucks if we print it.

With respect to your pictorial *Bare-Ass Bar-B-Q* (May '85), I would like to see the girl in a photo-set all by herself. I thought her stomach hair was great!

—C. L.
Brookfield, Connecticut

That beautiful blonde, Heidi: *Love Hungry* (August '85), with the shaved box and nylons, was terrific! I notice in your *Feedback* column that a lot of dudes seem to get off on ladies with huge bushes. Well, let them go to the zoo if they want to see hairy chicks.

—J. P.
Medical Lake, Washington

GOOD & BAD:

I have a couple of comments concerning your August '85 issue. I am a 20-year-old male who is usually a connoisseur of dark-haired women, but photographer Matti Klatt's exciting centerfold pictorial, *Heidi: Love Hungry*, gave me a different perspective on blondes. Klatt's brilliant photography—which captured Heidi's alluring looks, striking blond hair, luscious tits and bare snatch—was a sight to behold. My cock could barely control itself.

On a sour note, I thought your *Bits and Pieces* item "Southern Fried Crush Puppies" was done in extremely bad taste. Lampooning humans is one thing, but lampooning animals that can't defend themselves is the pits. Whoever contributed that piece is a sick fucker.

—A. L.
Indialantic, Florida

POSTER PLEA:

Playboy doesn't make them, *HUSTLER* doesn't make them, *Penthouse* doesn't make them, and *Gallery* no longer makes them! My question is, who makes them?! I'm talking about erotic posters, or at least seminudes or pretty nudes. I know there are several sexy ones on the market, but I've seen enough posters of movie stars with their clothes on!

Why don't you guys start offering a sexy line of them, *HUSTLER*-style? *Ooh la la!*

—J. S. T.
Louisville, Kentucky

You may have a great idea there, J. S. T.

BEAVER HUNT:

I am in utter lust over Fluff from Long Beach, New York (August '85 *Beaver Hunt*). Her body, her smile, her sex appeal—I have to see more of her. She's got to be the best Beaver of 1985. I could just look at her picture for hours. The shape of her breasts is absolutely exquisite. Please tell her that I love her body.

—Jeffrey L.
West Tonawanda, New York

I definitely want to see more of Wendy from Missouri (July '85 *Beaver Hunt*). I creamed my jeans when I saw her and put her on my wall as one of the super chicks of *Beaver Hunt*. She's gorgeous and has one of the greatest patches of snatch hair I've ever seen. Put her in the centerfold.

—Bob
Memphis, Tennessee

Got 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.



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The November '85 HUSTLER contains the most angelic visions this side of paradise. First, a hot young lovely welcomes you to the magazine on cool satin sheets. Next, you'll meet a brazen beauty who doesn't mind a little good-natured bondage. Then, a voluptuous female prison guard gets more than she bargained for in a brutal gang-bang. Finally, two wealthy Beverly Hills socialites get it on in an isolated mansion.



TOTAL DESTRUCTION

If you live in Los Angeles, or ever plan to be there, reporter Roderick Thorp's article isn't going to make you very happy. *The Death of Los Angeles* is a terrifyingly grim, chillingly accurate scenario of just what will happen to the City of Angels in the wake of the major earthquake that is virtually inevitable within the next 20 years. Collapsing buildings, tidal waves, firestorms and hundreds of thousands dead. . . . It's not a pretty picture, but one that must be faced sooner or later.

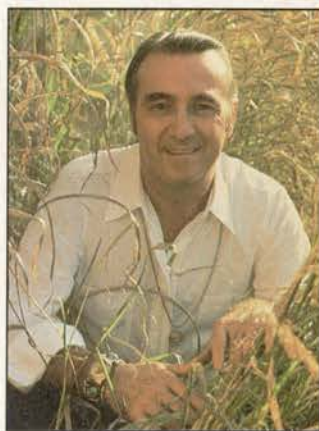
COUNTRY SWINGER

Country-and-western veteran Faron Young still goes his own way. In next month's HUSTLER, Young reminisces about his hard-drinking, hard-loving days, carousing with the likes of Willie Nelson, Mel Tillis and Jerry Lee Lewis. In addition, the outspoken singer pulls no punches in his criticism of the current state of country music, with the sort of candor that has made him one of the industry's most controversial figures.



AND MORE . . .

The Voice on the Phone, red-hot fiction by Mickey Raines; the latest in fuck flicks reviewed in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*; outrageous humor from *Bits and Pieces* and *Comic Relief*; talented teasers showing their stuff in *Beaver Hunt*; *Melody Makers* with inside scoops on the music world; and *Hot Letters* and *Kinky Korner*, featuring some of our readers' wildest sexual adventures. If you read nothing else this month, pick up November's HUSTLER.



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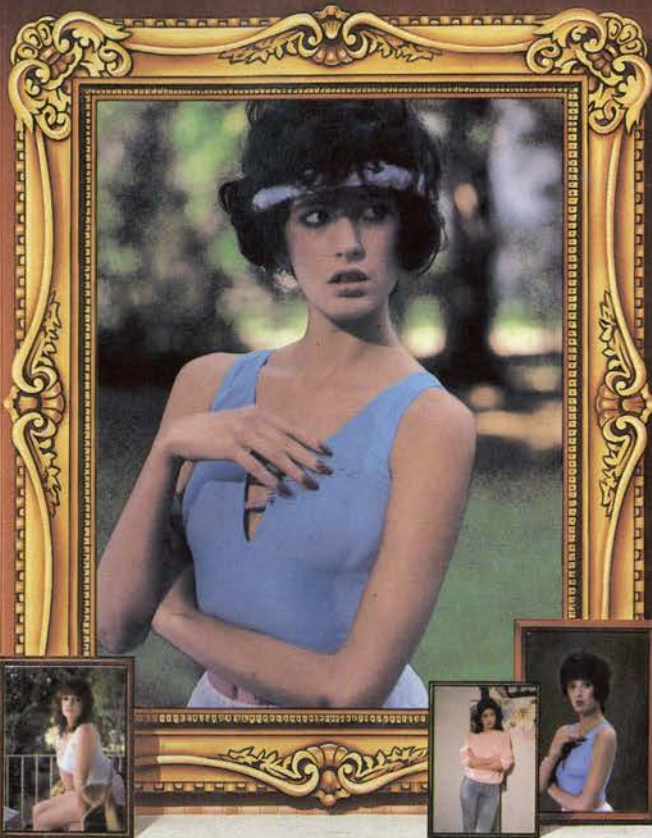
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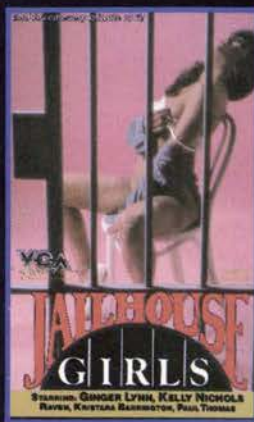
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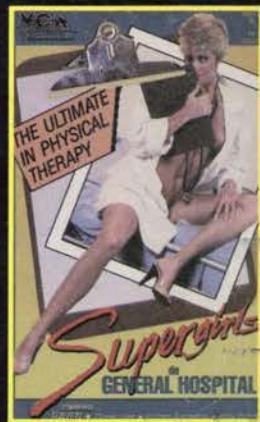
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