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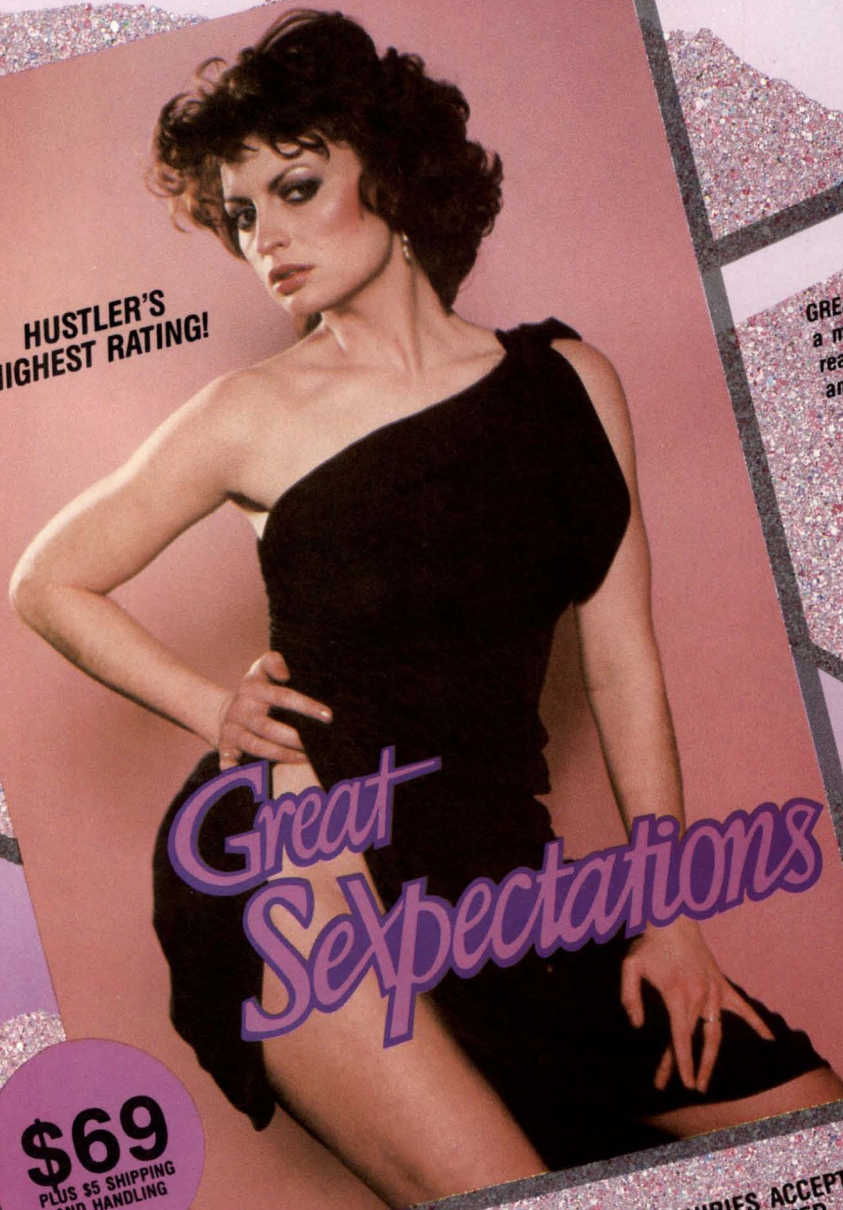
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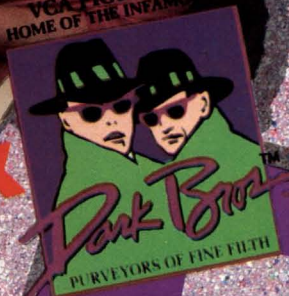
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november

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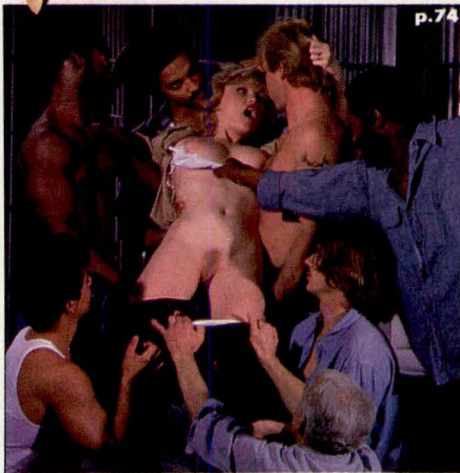
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On the Cover . . .

Senior Staff Photographer Ladi von Jansky has a special knack for up-close and personal portraits. You'll have to agree that he outdid himself with this delectable shot.



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HUSTLER NOVEMBER 1985 VOLUME 12 NUMBER 5

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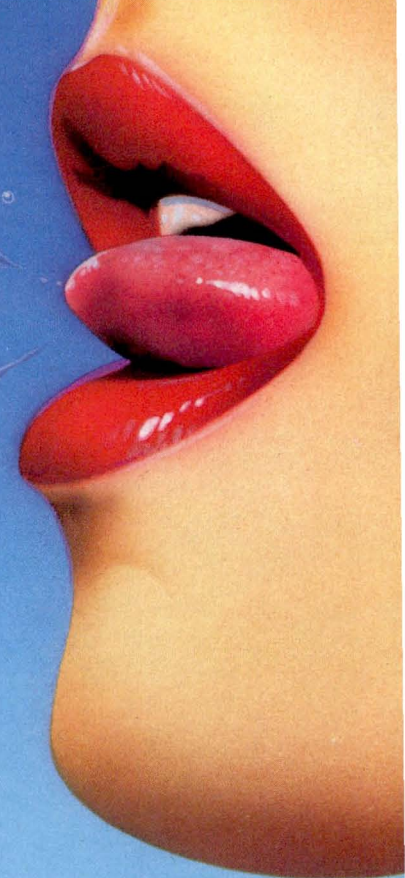
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Feedback



RESPECT FOR WOMEN:

I like the letters in *Feedback* that are from women. They can express themselves freely in the forbidden vulgar language and can do so much better than I can. I respect your magazine for showing respect for these women. You do not offend them by saying that vulgar language is not ladylike. I feel these female writers are more dignified than those that kowtow to dictatorial censorship.

To the many people who ask me if my wife approves of HUSTLER Magazine, I'd like them to read this letter in HUSTLER. -Name Withheld by Request
San Diego, California

MILITARY FEEDBACK:

We of the aircraft carrier *Nimitz* don't have much time these days because of the TWA crisis. But me and my buds all agreed to get off this quick letter to salute all of you for your June '85 issue. The jokes were so plentiful and hilarious (as usual) that we all got a good laugh and relieved the built-up tension from this situation. It was also good to see how well some of our other boys were getting along with our fine female officers (*Riding the Wave*). I was personally glad to see lovely Ginger Lynn steal the show at the '84 adult-film awards. Congrats, sweetheart, and a lifetime invite to you from all hands to visit our steel island anytime.

Keep the mags coming, Larry, and we'll keep our birds flying high and our shots (when needed) on target. Let's keep this, the greatest country in the whole goddamn world, as free as it was years ago when a man could claim land, build a house and smell the air that is freedom, oh, so sweet.

-J. W.

USS *Nimitz*

FPO New York, New York

HAIRY MUFFS:

I am looking at *Sheena: Primitive Passion*

HUSTLER NOVEMBER

in the September '85 issue. Great, great, great. You finally came through for us hair men. Really turns me on.

However, this does not get you off the hook with one issue. We want more—at least a couple of pages each month. Also consider some asshole shots. In case you don't know it, a girl's asshole can be a thing of beauty—show it.

You have my permission to print this note, but don't use my name. I am 72 years old. Not bad, ha!

-Name Withheld by Request
Fairfield, New Jersey

Your layout of *Sheena: Primitive Passion* was incredible! All of us hair lovers were in seventh heaven! Please continue to give us more gorgeous, hairy ladies. After all, we deserve equal time to the guys who like 'em shaved. (Yecch!)



I Loves You, Bess

I was a subscriber for years (many ago), but let it lapse. Then I picked up an issue a few months back and saw your promise that you would do a photo-layout of a hairy lady. I immediately resubscribed!! Many thanks for keeping your word... all I can say is more!!
-G. S.
Secaucus, New Jersey

Your pictorial *Sheena: Primitive Passion* was fantastic. Sheena is beautiful and without question the sexiest woman I have ever seen. As Sheena demonstrates, body hair is incredibly sensual, and women should be proud of it. I would like to see many more natural, hirsute women grace the pages of HUSTLER. -T. H.
Las Vegas, Nevada

As a loyal reader of HUSTLER for the past nine years, I have always been impressed by the professional quality of your photographs, articles and stories. That is, until I opened the September '85 issue and saw *Sheena: Primitive Passion*. The same model and a lot of the same photos appeared in the March '78 issue, in a set titled *Jungle Jill: Bush Baby*.

You can't afford new models anymore? Is this how you repay us readers? If I wanted repeats, I could watch TV or pick up the September '85 HUSTLER.

I find Sheena (or Jill) attractive; at least a new photo-layout would have been more in the style of HUSTLER. You complain about how your competition is unoriginal when they copy HUSTLER;

A color photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink feathered headband, a multi-strand pearl necklace, and a white cloth draped over her lower body. She is looking down and to the left.

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HOT LETTERS

THREE ON A BOAT

I'm a 19-year-old male student who attends a medium-size college in Pullman, Washington. Although the place has its share of good-looking girls, until recently my sex life had ranged from zero to nil. The incident that I'd like to relate happened one weekend last summer when my old high-school friend Cheryl, who goes to school in Seattle, asked me to join her for an afternoon picnic in the park. Since one of my hobbies is photography and one of hers happens to be modeling, she suggested that I bring my camera just for fun. Well, that little summer outing turned into one of the most exciting experiences of my life.

We had a nice lunch, and I shot some pictures on the Puget Sound waterfront. Afterward, Cheryl suggested we take her parents' boat out. Thoughts of seeing Cheryl's incredible body in a swimsuit for the first time raced through my mind, but I played it cool. About five miles out on the water she peeled off her T-shirt and shorts, revealing the most awesome one-piece suit I'd ever seen, being stretched to its natural limits.

When I ran out of film, we just lay on the deck chatting and sunbathing for a while. I was startled by the sound of another boat pulling alongside. Standing up, I was surprised to see Rita—another old friend of Cheryl's and mine—who was also wearing a sheer one-piece suit that immediately caught my attention. After she'd been onboard a short while and we'd enjoyed a few beers together, Cheryl gave Rita a glance and suggested we all try a little nude sunbathing. At first I was a little apprehensive about sunning myself in the buff in front of two great-looking girls (I'm rather modest by nature), but after a bit of their persuasion I agreed.

In seconds our suits were off, and I stood there naked, staring at two of the most gorgeous and well-proportioned bodies I have ever seen—four firm breasts, two compact asses and two abso-

lutely delectable-looking bushes. I sensed a conspiracy afoot and wondered whether I should take charge or just wait for them to make the first move. I chose the latter, lay back, closed my eyes and began soaking up some rays. In a few minutes I felt suntan oil being applied to every inch of my body by two pairs of hands that obviously knew what they were doing. I relaxed and did nothing, but my cock was quickly growing rock hard, and it soon drew their loving touches (after all, a sun-



burned dick would make fucking rather painful). They began to massage my shaft and gently squeeze and blow on my balls, which sent a huge shudder through my body and brought me to a quick orgasm. I shot my load all over my chest. Both girls eagerly licked it up, caressing my upper body with their hungry mouths.

They decided we should head for Cheryl's cabin in the San Juan Islands. The trip didn't take long and, after unloading the boats, I took a quick shower to get all the suntan lotion and sweat off. When I stepped into the living room of the rustic cabin, I saw a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket beside a roaring fire. Rita and Cheryl were nearby on a bearskin rug, in bare skin themselves.

They were lying on their backs, their legs spread wide open, massaging two of the juiciest, most inviting-looking young pussies that I have ever laid eyes on. A little unsure of what to do, I lay down between them and started to masturbate myself. Almost instantly, Cheryl engaged me in a deep French kiss, and Rita went down on my now-hard shaft with her eager mouth. I figured that since I was the novice present, I'd let them lead and do the educating. Rita was giving me an absolutely fantastic blowjob while I hesitantly began to play with Cheryl's nipples. I thought I was in seventh heaven, but that was only the beginning.

Soon the girls traded places, and Cheryl began sucking my dick, licking and gently squeezing my balls. Rita then got on her knees, straddled my head, spread her beautiful, moist pussy lips apart and slowly lowered herself onto my face. I began to finger her clit, which was already slick with anticipation as she descended, then plunged my tongue deep into her hole, tasting for the first time ever a woman's love juices. I sucked every inch of her delicious cunt, gently teasing her clit. Inexperienced as I was, I figured I must have been doing all right; Rita was moaning in absolute ecstasy. I stuck my finger deep into her dripping cunt for lubrication, then quickly thrust it up her back door. She hollered briefly, then came explosively as I vigorously pumped her asshole with my finger and sucked on her clit.

We stopped for a short breather and some bubbly, but just as quickly we were at it again. Of course, my cock was rock hard and ready for action as Rita grasped it in both hands and guided it into her warm cunt, then began to wildly thrust up and down, grinding her hips into mine. Meanwhile, Cheryl slowly lowered her lovely pussy toward my waiting mouth. I sucked her for all I was worth, probing my tongue deep into her love hole, rubbing her clit with the tip of my nose, and massaging her asshole with my fingers. By now Rita had increased her

(continued on page 66)



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Great Sexpectations



**STARRING: KELLY NICHOLS
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Picking up where his smash hit *SEXCAPADES* left off, director Henri Pachard serves up another sizzling behind-the-scenes look at blue movie life. Kelly Nichols and Joanna Storm head an all-star cast in this high-charged, high comedy passion play. If you thought *SEXCAPADES* was hot, wait until you see *GREAT SEXPECTATIONS*! Winner of *HUSTLER'S HIGHEST RATING*!

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Mojo Nixon is a madman of the American music underground. While living in a '67 Chevrolet Malibu, he has put out an album, *Free, Drunk, and Horny* on Enigma Records and planned a tour of dives across America. Though claiming to be no relation to the ill-fated former U.S. President, Nixon is definitely out of control!

I saw Jesus at McDonald's at midnight, and He gave me a mission. He said, "Mojo, form Me a church. Yes, the Screamin' Church of the Epileptic Jesus. And at this church, preach about the evils of fornication, masturbation, gin, sin, stickin' it in, jizz and what is His. Lord, yes. And, Mojo, I want you to preach about the perils of contraception. The devil's pleasure train to hell. . . ."

Now this here magazine ain't too high-falutin', and this may be my only chance to speak the truth about all this baby-busting business. I mean, they got buck nekkid women and menfolk in this here magazine. Hell, the only reason some of y'all is a reading this part is so that your tallywackers can stiffen up again, and you can eyeball some more bodacious ta-tas. Read on, you sinners!

I want to tell y'all about this new thing they be advertising right on the TV! I be getting my daily dose of MTV—thinking to myself, *Oh, Martha Quinn, I wanna be stuffin' yo' muffin*—when all of a sudden there's a commercial for "the Sponge—for today's women." Well, one night a few weeks back I get with my woman, and everything is going real lovey-dovey. The throbbing pythons of luv had entered the tunnel of desire, and all's well till things start kinda drying up, and I mean getting extra-special Sahara Desert dry. I'm talking heavy-duty belt-sander-type friction, and this godawful *chreech, chreech, schreeech* dry-humpin' noise fillin' up the entire trailer park. This here Sponge done soaked up all the jizz, but it done also soaked up all the love lube too.

Now I did find one good use for the Sponge. It helps prevent "ring around da face." Now maybe you be putting one of those Louisiana liplocks on your woman's tallywacker, and she got all the lights down low, and maybe it's that happy time of the month. Next morning you wake up with ring around da face. Speaking of that time of the month, I got something else I just gotta say. How come womenfolk don't tell you when they be riding that Toxic Shock Pony? Maybe they embarrassed; maybe they forgot. I don't know. Recently I was mondo commode-hugging drunk and a fiddlin' around in this woman's fur-burger and, before she tells me anything, that damn tampon is a rammed up into her lungs. WHY? WHY? WHY? Just tell me it's there. I'll gladly pull the ripcord.

Now since we be talking 'bout the contraception-copulation connection of the '80s, let me tell y'all something else. Me and my woman be sitting on the couch watching our favorite TV show, *Lifestyles of the Fucked-Up and the Damned*, drinking warm beer and doing some heavy pre-probe T-total grindin'-and-a-findin', and right at the moment when my dick is so hard it could break diamonds, she says in this real mamby-pamby kinda voice, "Wait just a sec, honey. I gotta go get my protection. Don't start without me."

That's when I reached underneath the couch and pulled out my copy of *101 Things to Do While Yo' Woman Puts in Her Diaphragm*. After about ten minutes I start looking at the couch kinda funny, thinking, *Maybe if I just rip off a couple of these buttons, hmmm. . . .* But she does show up, and some serious tuna fish-and-Clorox action does go down.

The next day she pulls that thing out, and *whammo*—it's got a hole in it. Now, I know that my tallywacker is plenty big, but not that big. When I'm onstage singing *I need me a woman six-foot-ten/She gotta be that big so I can get it all in* and *Yo' mama would shake/Yo' mama would quiver/One night I swear I poked holes right in her liver*, I'm just singing a song. I ain't supposed to be busting holes in diaphragms. Who makes these things



anyway? Now, rubbers, they make those to break, sez right on the box. "Thin as a human hair." Yeah, and when I pull out with a broke rubber, I always try to get that sucker off quick so that the woman won't see it and go crazy. *Oh, yeah!*

Now, when you pull out and *presto!*, no rubber. Then you gotta search for 'em. All the while you be thinking about this kid being born with a balloon in his hand. After you get all elbow deep in there and find it, the hair on your arm gets squashed down from the pussy juices. Yucky! Yucky! Yuckado! Just think, some people are *trying* to have babies!!

One time my woman lost her diaphragm up in you know where. Had a dream that night 'bout a kid being born with a hat on. The next day we went to the female-tallywacker doctor, who excavated that sucker. Doctor said he'd never seen one up so far, but then we didn't tell the doc nothing about the gravity boots.

Other times you be a raring to go, and you can't find no rubbers, no diaphragms, no Sponges, no nothing. Once I had this wanna-be Madonna moaning on my bed underneath this black-velvet painting of Elvis being crucified, and I said to myself, *Mojo, what you gonna do, fool?! You got no devices!* . . . All of a sudden I get this vision—a bread wrapper and a rubber band! So I throw the bread on the ground, cut the wrapper in half, hunt up a rubber band and commence to making some new kind of whoopee.

First I get bread crumbs mashed all over my manhood. Then the rubber band cuts off all the circulation to my dick head, which turns blue. I dip the whole shebang in a widemouthed jar of Vaseline and enter her tribal chambers. After about three strokes I start laughing so hard that I piss in the bread bag. I'm laughing, she's laughing, and we got some kinda water balloon between my legs. Lord, have mercy! The power of the pussy will make you do all kinds of crazy shit.

Maybe next time I'll tell y'all about some other forms of contraception. The Pill (makes 'em crazier, but tits may enlarge), the IUD (may want to come out; hurts like a motherfucker), Pull Out (once I get going, no way am I pulling out), Beat Off (see pictorial essays), No Fucking (does not pertain to people who read this magazine), Going Homo (or, butt-slam buddies, get on the AIDS Express). Or maybe I'll tell you about the time I took a shit in a phone booth in Spain. 

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

When she finished her strip, she remained onstage for about ten minutes, holding an impromptu "rap" session while completely nude. How about giving Hyapatia an encore pictorial in the centerfold section?

—G. R.
Corona, California

I just received my September '85 issue of HUSTLER. When I sat back on my bunk and opened the first page, I came close to bustin' a nut when I laid my eyes on Rossanna Arquette and Madonna in your parody ad "Desperately Tweaking Susan." Even though the bodies aren't theirs, it still made my day. I would give anything to see those two honeys making it with each other in your magazine. Any chance in the future to get those two delicious women to show us a little pink?

—C. A.
Hagerstown, Maryland

We'll give it a try.

WHERE'S GRANNY?

I have a complaint for you. We read HUSTLER every month, but when you have a good thing going, you shouldn't stop it. I loved reading *Dear Granny*. It

was always the first part I looked for in HUSTLER. So please bring back *Dear Granny*.

Also, my wife would like to see more well-hung men in *Beaver Hunt*. —S. M.
Wooster, Ohio

UNHAPPY READER:

First of all, I totally agree with L. R. from Roseville, California, in the September '85 Feedback section. Give *Dear Granny* a raise to draw her out of retirement and dump the *Melody Makers* column.

But now to the crotch of the matter, the September '85 issue. Are you folks kidding or maybe you have PSS (Post Smut Syndrome). We all have our off days (for you, months), but that had to be the worst issue you've published. *I Loves You, Bess* and then that thing, *Sheena: Primitive Passion*. Bring back the old HUSTLER (The Real Thing). The September HUSTLER has to put you in the running for Asshole of the Month, a close second to myself, because I sent for a year's subscription just before buying that issue.

—Mike B.
Port Orange, Florida

CHILD MOLESTER:

Let me say that I've been a loyal HUSTLER reader for years. I've been quite satisfied (except for the "Jesus"

years) until I saw the magazine drop another notch in quality. First, the *Guest Editorial* page was dropped, then *Dear Granny* bowed out, and now, now you actually promised an article and *didn't deliver!* What I'm talking about is the July issue's *Coming Next Month* page, which promised an interview with a child molester. Along comes the August '85 issue—and no interview. I just got the September '85 issue, and guess what? No interview. What's more, there were letters in September's *Feedback* about the July issue, but *not one* questioning the lack of the molester interview. I bet *somebody* wrote in!

Not that I'm big on child molesters, but it's the first time I ever saw an article promised by HUSTLER Magazine and not delivered. What's the matter? Too hot a subject? Did your interviewee get murdered?

I know others would like the answers to these questions, and I also know that you've got the guts to print this. Or do you?

—Quality Control Inspector
Address Withheld by Request

Our interview with a child molester will appear in the December '85 issue of CHIC. We regret the inconvenience.

COMIC RELIEF:

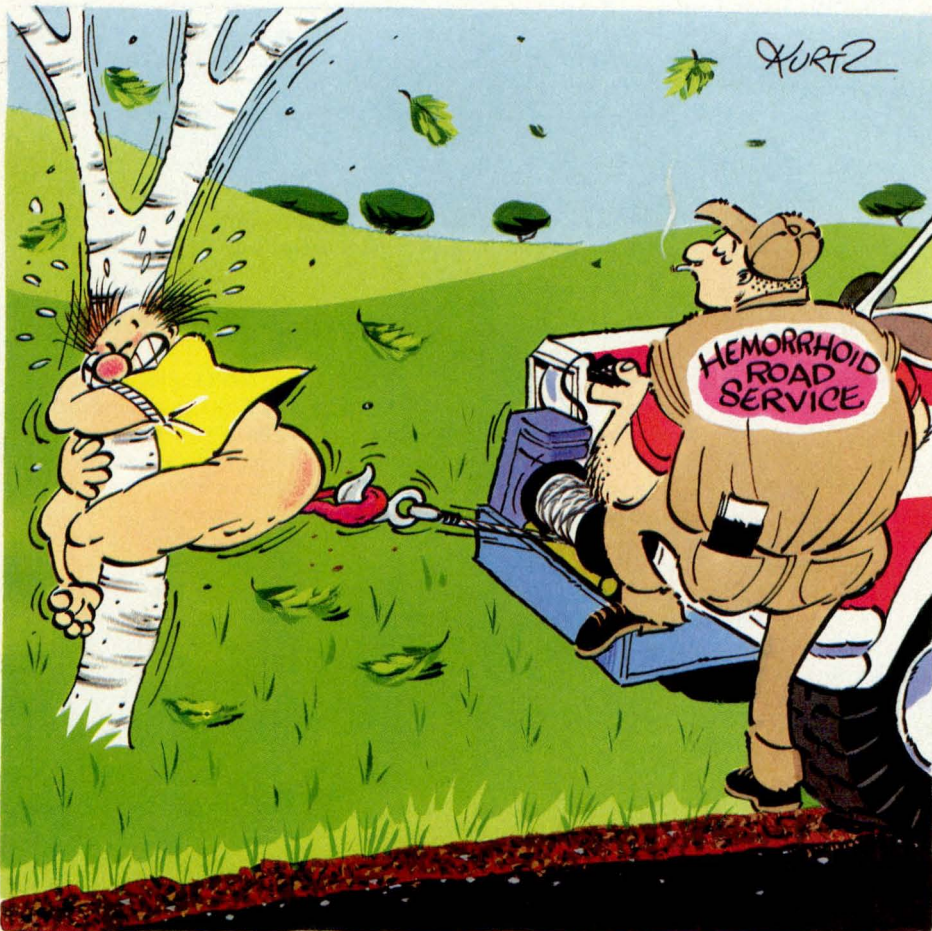
I was really offended by the *Comic Relief* column about Christian sex education by Jim Schmaltz in your August '85 issue. Hey, Mr. Schmaltz, what gives you the right to single out some of us out there who believe that God gave us our sexual organs for our enjoyment? Yes, Jim Schmaltz, the very meat you beat every night was given to you for your own enjoyment by God.

If there are people out there who aren't as open as you, what gives you the right to put them down? As long as they aren't hurting you, who gives a fuck? I'm a Christian, and I enjoy good sex, and I'm proud of both—although I'm sure that's too much for your little brain to comprehend. As for being narrow-minded, Christianity doesn't corner the market on that. Look at the Muslims, who to this day keep their women in veils and with whom the punishment for adultery is death.

Please, HUSTLER, tell this cretinous asshole that sexuality and Christianity aren't mutually exclusive.

—C. J. D.
Arlington, Massachusetts

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



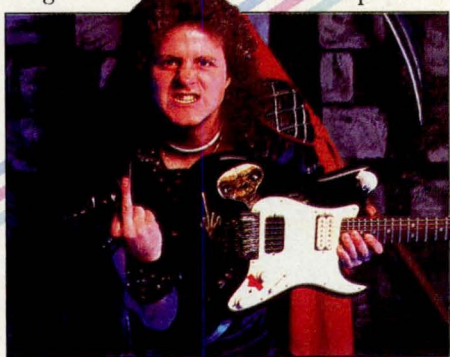
Following in the illustrious footsteps of actress **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Yoko Ono** may soon join the ranks of super-celebs to star in daytime network soap operas. "She contacted us," said ABC television publi-



Yoko Ono on 'All My Children'?

cist **Alyce Serrano**, "and asked to have a part in *All My Children*." According to Serrano, Ono wants to become more visible to the American public and desires a role to be created for her that "is not unfavorable." Apparently, being a millionairess just isn't enough for **John Lennon's** widow. . . .

Most heavy-metal acts attract a pretty predictable crowd of leather-wrapped shag-heads and Spandex-



Grim Reaper's Nick Bowcott and E. T.

clad groupies, but the bloodthirsty fans of English rock 'n' roll hell-raisers **Grim Reaper** seem to be a little different. "On our last tour some spaced-out chick who looked just like a witch—with bleached-white hair and a long black gown—climbed onto an amp and tried to club our singer with some sort of occult amulet," confesses lead buzz-saw guitar banger **Nick Bowcott**. "Then we were followed around by a group of people called the Doom Society, whose motto is 'You can't kill us because we're already dead.' Everytime they showed up, we all had some pretty good parties, but it was all a bit unnerving . . . even for us!"

Melody makers

Booze was flowin' and lines were blowin' recently when bombed-out rock stars galore gathered backstage after a now **Robert Palmer-less Power Station** concert in Los Angeles. Performers such as **Rod Stewart**, members of **Frankie Goes to Hollywood** and former **HUSTLER** model/**Missing Persons** lead squeaker **Dale Bozzio** were among the celebrants. Despite the abundant festivities, however, our favorite pinup girl was overheard announcing her participation in a Cedars-Sinai Care Unit alcohol and cocaine rehabilitation program. Will this program repair strained relations with hubby, **Terry Bozzio**? Tune in next month. . . .



Dale Bozzio of Missing Persons

After breaking up with New York fashion model and longtime live-in lover **Perry Lister**, that tomcattin' boy-about-town **Billy Idol** was reportedly doing anything but dancing with himself. According to inside sources, the rebel yeller and **Prince's** top harem girl, **Vanity**, were making quite a pretty mess for about a week recently until an argument over record companies ensued, and the sexy starlet got up and left. Nasty rumors that the lace-clad chanteuse's real reason for leaving was a penchant for strap-on dildos could not be confirmed at press time. . . .

Gosh, that hard-rockin' singer **Ronnie James Dio** is sure one hell of a nice guy! First he puts up the dough to help form the head-banging band **Rough Cutt**. Then he allegedly lets the group's lead vocalist, **Paul Shortino**, live with **Wendy Dio**, his estranged wife. We think that's mighty neighborly of receptive Ron, especially since all of **Rough Cutt**—including their road crew—reportedly just returned from their North American tour with a double dose of the clap!



Two ships in the night: Vanity and Billy Idol

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THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ 1 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS ★ | ☐ 21 NOTHING TO HIDE |
| ☐ 2 SEX WAVES | ☐ 22 PINK LAGOON |
| ☐ 3 NEW WAVE HOOKERS | ☐ 23 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| ☐ 4 STIFF COMPETITION | ☐ 24 PRETTY AS YOU FEEL |
| ☐ 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT | ☐ 25 TITILLATION |
| ☐ 6 GIRLS ON FIRE | ☐ 26 REAR ACTION GIRLS |
| ☐ 7 BAD GIRLS III | ☐ 27 IRRESISTIBLE |
| ☐ 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND | ☐ 28 SUZIE SUPERSTAR |
| ☐ 9 L'AMOUR | ☐ 29 TABOO |
| ☐ 10 BROWN SUGAR | ☐ 30 TRINITY BROWN |
| ☐ 11 FIRESTORM | ☐ 31 DESIRE |
| ☐ 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY | ☐ 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE |
| ☐ 13 INSATIABLE II | ☐ 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| ☐ 14 PLEASURE HUNT | ☐ 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III |
| ☐ 15 DEEP THROAT | ☐ 35 SCOUNDRELS |
| ☐ 16 IN LOVE | ☐ 36 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER |
| ☐ 17 SEX WORLD | ☐ 37 X-FACTOR |
| ☐ 18 INTIMATE COUPLES | ☐ 38 DEBBIE DOES DALLAS |
| ☐ 19 1001 EROTIC NIGHTS | ☐ 39 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR |
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BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Over the years we've named some pretty sick characters Asshole of the Month. Well, this month is no different. Though this character lives on the silver screen, he's invested with so many of his creator's masochistic neuroses and warped fantasies about politics and history, and plays so effectively on America's newly fashionable national emotion-hate—that many people think of and refer to him as real. For these reasons, among others, HUSTLER has chosen part Christ-figure, part butcher, part human, part magician, part beefsteak, part hero, part Sylvester Stallone and *all* Asshole Rambo to receive this month's "honor."

America's pathetic love affair with violence is certainly nothing new, but Rambo's use of it is particularly disgusting: This steroid-brained walking pile of hamburger justifies his death-dealing actions as restoring the honor we lost in Vietnam. Maybe Stallone/Rambo thinks the national honor would be restored by vaporiz-

Rambo



ing several hundred Vietnamese, but the shameless slaughter in *Rambo* is just that—shameless slaughter. It's also 100% copout.

Rambo's argument is that American fighting men in Vietnam were betrayed by bureaucrats back home who wouldn't allow them to "win" the war. Logically, then, to restore honor would require Rambo to

kick the shit out of those he claims are responsible. But does this Asshole do that? No. Not even when he's holding one of them—a man he's sworn to "get"—by the tie. Rambo lets him go with a mere warning. Why? Because he'd prefer to kill goats. Audiences would too. They've paid more than \$150 million for the privilege of watching this humanoid

homo Hollywood hunk with the pretty hair, pretty eyes and pretty scars perpetuate the Reagan Administration attitude that all our problems would be solved if we could only blast away at some outside sinister force—Russians, Vietnamese, Sandinistas—intent on wiping out democracy.

Rambo's oversimplified (and wrong) assessment of a complex moment in our history was calculated to turn an emotion-charged subject into box-office dollars. It succeeded. Maybe the real assholes are audiences who buy the film's might-makes-right message.

Rambo has been described—by one of its writers, no less—as a film that "has no conscience whatever." We couldn't agree more. Its glorification of violence, hypocrisy and blatant exploitation of our guilt over Vietnam will not change history or better the condition of the Vets whose government is still screwing them. We think it's really shitty that Rambo will get millions while all the Vets he exploits will get is *Rambo III*.



Bible Belt

They're the new fashion rage that's putting the *fun* back in Fundamentalism. Snappy Bible belts are not only stylish, but quick on the draw—now you can outgun even the most fanatical Scripture-toting preacher. Available in Old and New Testament, these Good Book accessories are perfect for the swinging born again who doesn't want to get caught with his holy rollin' pants down.



Styling Moose

It's not always easy to maintain good grooming habits when you're a four-legged creature roaming the wild. That's where Pierre

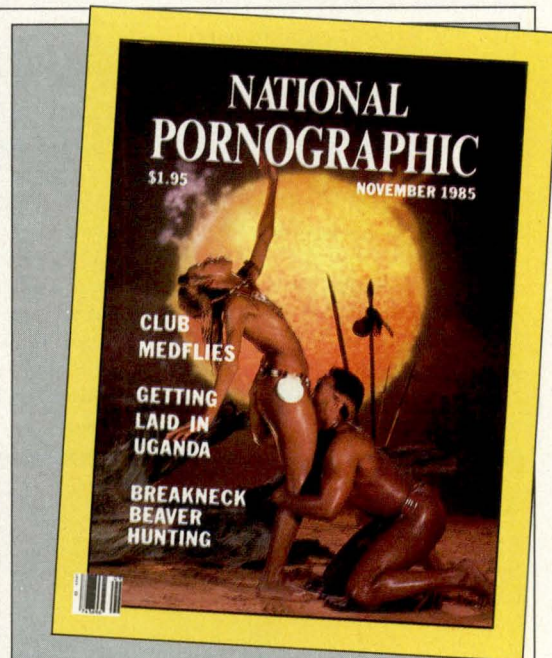
"Bull" Winkle's Beauty Salon comes in. Located in Canada's Yukon Territory, Winkle's has been catering to hooved beasts for six months (antlers a specialty). Vidal Sassoon, eat your heart out!

"Timex My Ass! I'm Wearing a Twatch!"

Proud young trendies from around the nation are singing the praises of the latest in designer timewear: the Twatch. Manufactured just north of Cape Cod, this little novelty has captured the wrists and rods of America's upwardly mobile young males. And the anatomically correct fad just won't let go. "What time is it?" you ask. Smells like 4:45 to me."

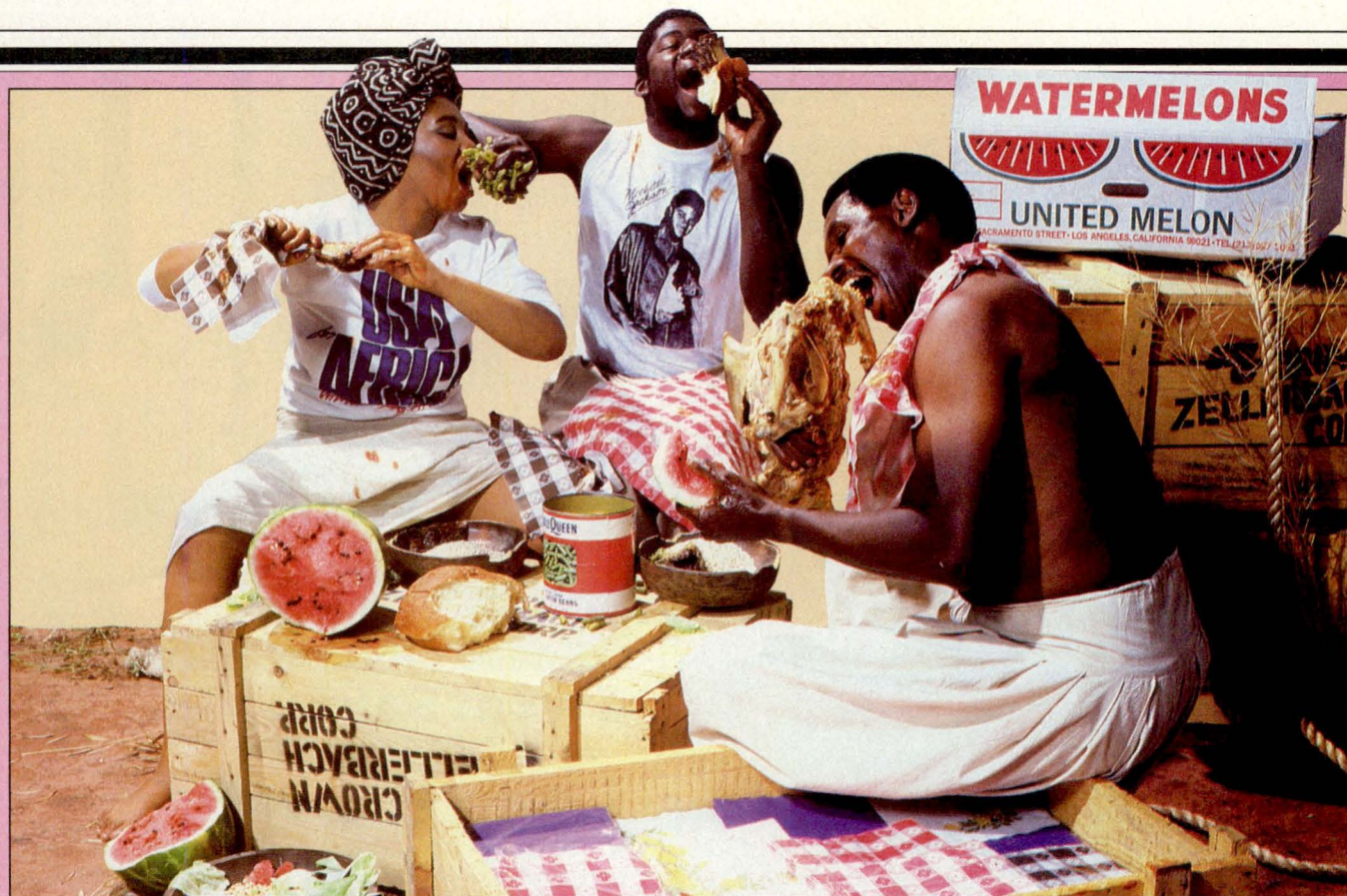


Great Moments With Larry



National Pornographic

An earlier generation had *National Geographic* for their forbidden sexual thrills. Now there's an anthropological journal that combines respectability with sheer, unadulterated smut. Classy enough for coffee tables and filthy enough for jerking off in the john, *National Pornographic* is the magazine for the evolutionary man.



Napkins for Ethiopia

Now that the pesky famine situation has been cleared up over there in Africa, the poor people of Ethi-

opia find themselves faced with an unexpected new hardship: They lack the most-basic items necessary for decent table man-

ners. Plates, utensils, napkin rings . . . anything you can spare is desperately needed. But where are the funds going to come from to finance the airlifting of finger bowls to these de-

prived masses? After all, no major rock stars are going to get together on this issue; so it's up to us as individuals to see that these long-suffering people don't have to eat like slobs.



Bumper Crop

Due to the recent rash of Midwestern foreclosures, Yuppies are pitching in with truck farms such as this. Pickups aren't the only new planting sites being tested—Jacuzzis and sunken living rooms have also proven to be fertile grounds for the Cuisinart-bound crop.



Shop and Chop

Supermarkets are finally taking their cues from Islamic extremists, who have long regarded amputation as a routine form of discipline. Why not take this folksy age-old custom and apply it as a method of bartering? If “an eye for an eye” works, why not “an eye for a pound of tomatoes”? In this modern-day world where bargains are so hard to come by, paying an arm and leg is a viable alternative to overdraw-ing the checking account, and weary shoppers every-where should welcome the chance to reduce grocery bills and lose weight at the same time. Just be sure the butcher isn't keeping his thumb on the scale.

Welcome to the Snore House

Dozing damsels of the night slumped over in every room. An unconscious callgirl catching 40 winks. Where else could this frustrated

john be but Madame Barbie's Snore House, the *only* bordello in town where even a C-note can't get a rise. As one regular deep-yawn aficionado, Buford Knox, once said, "Dese bitches may not move, but dey sho' is pretty."



Sweat Saki

At last the sordid truth is revealed. That potent beverage available in all the exotic Asian restaurants is actually made from the perspiration of Japanese males.

This is just the first of a series of disturbing revelations to rock the Jap-food industry. We've also gotten word that a government investigation is to be launched to determine the link between sushi and discarded hemorrhoidal tissue.



Silicone Valley

It hasn't been declared a wonder of the world yet, but just wait. Northern

California's Silicone Valley is quite an eyeful. This lush landscape is soon to be designated a

national wildlife preserve. The twin peaks that stand at the northernmost part of the valley quickly give way to a rolling plain leading down to the bush-

covered running gorge. (Fishing there must be great, judging by the smell.) It's easy to see why it's called "the road to paradise."



Sex News Bits

FINAL

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

November 1985

Cleaning Up

Elmhurst, IL—An enterprising car-wash operator is really bringing in business from the high-school kids in this Chicago suburb. The Delta Sonic Car Wash now has an offshoot called the "Tunnel of Love," in which couples are free to do what comes naturally for the seven minutes it takes a vehicle to run through the soap and scrubbers. It's certainly cheaper than a drive-in movie, but a lot quicker as well.

Flaky Ideas

Baltimore, MD—Fans of Kellogg's Corn Flakes may be startled to learn that the breakfast cereal was originally formulated to inhibit sexual desires. According to John Money of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medi-

cine, John Harvey Kellogg—who developed the cereal-flaking process—was concerned with the dangers of sexual intercourse, once writing that "its effect upon the undeveloped person is to retard growth, weaken the constitution and dwarf the intellect." According to Money, Kellogg never consummated his own marriage and intended corn flakes to be "the diet of chastity, abstinence and sexual purity."

Male Chauvinists

Palo Alto, CA—Gilbert Herdt, assistant professor of anthropology at Stanford University, believes he may have discovered the most sexist culture in the world—the Sambians of New Guinea. Male Sambians believe female blood is contaminated. Boys are

kept apart from women entirely when they are being raised. The males practice frequent homosexual sex to preserve the "sperm pool" and undergo ritualistic bleeding to purge the "female essence" acquired during birth. When men do marry, they must conduct elaborate purifying procedures before and after sex with their wives.

Still Potent

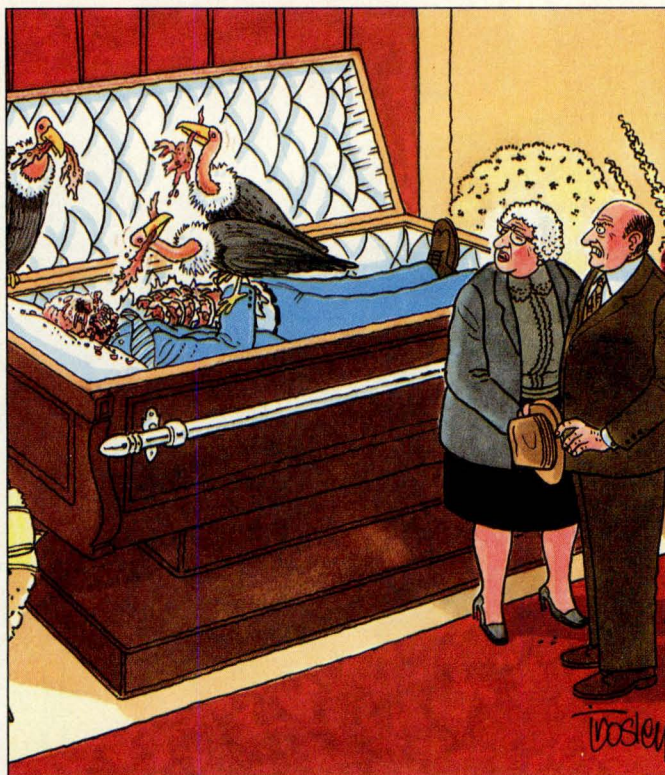
Bangkok, Thailand—The virility king of Thailand, a meatball vendor with seven wives and 22 children, was originally slated to have a vasectomy last Fourth of July, Thailand's official Vasectomy Day. Tek Kor, 41, backed out of the deal when he learned that instead of the \$36,360 he expected to receive for undergoing the

widely publicized operation, all he would get was a free hot dog and soda. Now Kor plans to take an eighth wife and have more children. This can hardly hurt business—his previous wives all live together and work in his meatball factory.

The Writing's on the Wall

New York, NY—During a comparative study of the graffiti in men's and women's washrooms, anthropologist Flora Kaplan made a number of discoveries. The writings in women's washrooms tended to be more witty and sophisticated than the blunt, vulgar scrawlings left by men. Of particular significance, she noted, was the fact that the women never bragged about the size of their sexual organs.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Wilbur was an ardent bird lover!"

Porn From the Past



Don't let that vintage smut just lie around gathering dust. Send it to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please enclose an SASE if you want your pictures returned. We'll pay \$150 for any photo we publish.

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 Carmen Craiger. 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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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.

Snake Eyes

Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Cecil Howard; written by Anne Randall; starring Jerry Butler, Laurie Smith, Paul Thomas, Blaire Castle, George Payne, Rikki Harte, Sharon Mitchell, Cassandra Leigh, Joanna Storm and Nicole Bernard. Running time: 82 minutes.

Master filmmaker Cecil Howard has done it again! His latest opus, *Snake Eyes*, has all the trap-



Red-hot Laurie Smith and Jerry Butler make 'Snake Eyes' sizzle.

pings of excellence that put Howard's films in a class by themselves: Direction, script, acting, art direction and photography are all of the highest caliber, and the sex scenes throb with sensuality and emotion. Screenwriter Anne Randall's rich, multilayered story is superbly brought to life by director Howard and an exceptionally talented cast headed by Jerry Butler and Laurie Smith. Butler—overcoming his annoying tendency to “playact”—turns in a powerful, controlled performance that ranks his role in *Snake Eyes* as one of the finest of his career.

The complex story is about a burned-out advertising executive (Butler) who, while jealous of his wife's (Smith) seething sexual past, is also haunted by the guilt of his own infidelities.

In one riveting sequence illustrating Butler's fears, Smith says to her previous lover, a menacing, sexually sophisticated gent (George Payne), “I want you to make me do things I don't want to do. . . . Make me cry.” When Butler finds out about Payne, he explodes in a jealous fury—tossing food and dishes everywhere—and shouts, “Did he come in your mouth? Do you ever miss him?”

Smith turns her face away to avoid answering, but her fantasy self, in a flash-recall of Payne fucking her, says, "Oh, yes!"

Snake Eyes is loaded with pulse-pounding sex scenes. One of the most notable is between Butler and the achingly beautiful Rikki Harte. In one of her rare—if not only—hard-core scenes the two attack each other with such feverish abandon, it's like watching two jungle cats mate.

Other sexual highlights include Brooke Fields (listed in the credits as Blaire Castle) being probed with a double-headed dildo by Nicole Bernard, an extremely erotic fantasy encounter between Sharon Mitchell and Butler on a stationary motorcycle and the finale—a knock-down-and-drag-out fuck in which Butler throws Smith on the dinner table and thrusts maniacally into the totally turned-on slut until a shuddering orgasm rips right through her.

Snake eyes may be a bad roll of the dice, but this scorching portrayal of jealousy, betrayal and insatiable desire is a winning combination for Cecil Howard. He's on a roll with *Snake Eyes*. —D. O.

Dames

Half Erect. Produced by Essex Distributing; written by R. Sullivan; directed by Krystal Bleu; starring Sharon Mitchell, John Leslie, Paul Thomas, Eric Edwards, Sheri St. Clair, Gina Carrera, Robin Cannes, Herschel Savage, Karen Summer, Shone Taylor, Aurora, Tish Ambrose, Dave Montana and Mark H. Hopkins. Running time: 90 minutes.



Veteran Eric Edwards and newcomer St. Clair strike sparks in 'Dames.'



Sharon Mitchell and Jerry Butler are in high gear in 'Snake Eyes.'

Dames has a few good scenes, a few good lines and a few good fucks, but—overall—too few of each to allow this ambitious flick to be anything more than average. In some areas it's below average.

Take the music. *Please*. *Dames* is cursed with one of the worst musical scores in film history. Under different circumstances this might—with effort—be overlooked. Unfortunately, music is an integral part of this film. Its episodes are the reminiscences of a piano player (Paul Thomas) who's tickled the ivories in the same bar for 50 years or so through all its incarnations—as speakeasy/nightclub/disco/sleaze bar—but there's not one note of music that's even remotely appropriate to the various eras being depicted. Not one. The same (sub)standard '80s electronic porn music is used for every musical situation, whether it should be a 1920s torch song, a '40s jitterbug, a '70s disco num-

ber or a moody solo piano piece. Even the title song is hideous.

Other drawbacks—major and minor—to this film are its lackluster direction, inattention to de-



'Dames': Seductive Sheri St. Clair knows how to turn on the heat.

tail, improbable/unbelievable situations and a general show-'em-some-pussy-and-the-rest-doesn't-matter attitude.

As for pussy... there's a terrific scene in which grieving war widow Robin Cannes attempts to drown her sorrows in sex with three soldiers in the club's restroom and a titillating sapphic suck between Tish Ambrose and Aurora, who take turns sliding under a table to eat each other out. And the final sex scene is also notable—mainly for its climax. After some rather pedestrian balling Eric Edwards comes all over Sheri St. Clair's spread labia, smears his semen over her cunt with his cock, then plunges it back into her pink pie for a few last strokes.

The remaining sex scenes generate a certain amount of heat,

but only enough to just counter-balance *Dames'* flaws. This muddled flick aims at the stars, but—as they say—only hits Cleveland. —D. O.



Taboo American Style, Part III

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Raven, Paul Thomas, Gloria Leonard, Tom Byron, Carol Cross, Joey Silvera and Sarah Bernard. Running time: 70 minutes.

Ravishing Raven continues to run roughshod over everyone she comes in contact with in this third episode of the four-part saga of a family gone sexually berserk. Raven, whose incestuous

relationship with her father (Paul Thomas) has driven her mother (Gloria Leonard) bananas, begins branching out in *Part III*. Not only does she seduce her brother (Tom Byron)—home for a week from college—she makes it with his girlfriend (Carol Cross) whom he's brought home to meet the family. Though Byron has been balling Cross regularly, she's unable to achieve orgasm with him. Raven discovers that Cross secretly uses a vibrator to get off and, after introducing her to the wonders and delights of muff-munching, Raven works Cross into a frenzy, slides the vibrator up her butt then, while Cross writhes in ecstasy, goes to fetch Byron. "See," she says, returning with her brother, "she wanted a vibrator up her ass all along. Now she can come." Cross



'Taboo': Student Tom Byron gives Carol Cross the old college try.

moans in agreement; Byron hops on and fucks the horny bitch to a tremendous orgasm.

Other houseguests arrive: a movie director (Joey Silvera) and his wife (Sarah Bernard). The ever-scheming Raven slips into bed with this swinging couple and, the moment Silvera spurts cum all over her, she asks for—and gets—a screen test. Naturally, she winds up with a part in Silvera's picture, and Thomas—who's arranged financing for it—accompanies her to the studio to observe the shooting.

While they're out of the house, the moment the audience has been waiting for arrives. Leonard, perched on the side of the tub while Byron bathes, spills the beans about Raven's affair with Thomas. Then, in an outbreak of self-pity, remorse and lust, the wigged-out Leonard joins Byron in the tub—fully clothed—and starts going down on him. For a moment Byron stares at her in amazement as she fondles and sucks his cock then, dropping all inhibitions, he returns her attentions in a steamy mother/son fuck.

Raven, returning home from a hard day under the klieg lights, observes their depraved actions and ponders what she has just seen as *Part III* comes to an end.

Good performances by the entire cast, excellent direction, a wonderful script that has the right combination of wit, depth and soap-opera sleaze and some sizzling sex (notably the Silvera/Bernard and Byron/Cross encounters) make this episode the most satisfying so far.

What can *Part IV* hold?

—D. O.



For Services Rendered

Totally Limp. Produced, written and directed by Tim McDonald; starring Ian MacGregor, Maria Tortuga, Bridgette Monet, David Cannon, Cyndee Summers, Toccata Musk and Rick Cassidy. Running time: 84 minutes.

The main character in this James Bond spoof is called James Bomb—which pretty accurately sums up *For Services Rendered*. In fact, you probably couldn't come up with a better word to describe this celluloid travesty if a wild-eyed Shiite terrorist were holding a hair-trigger pistol to your balls. *For Services Rendered* is unforgivably bad. The acting is awful, dialogue delivery is stilted and choppy, production values career from great to average to shabby, and the unbelievably stupid story is—for a comedy—re-

markably unfunny.

As for the sex... can any movie that stars Bridgette Monet and David Cannon be accused of having sex in it? This husband-and-wife team is easily the handsomest couple in porn—Monet is strikingly beautiful and Cannon is an all-American hunk—but sexually? They're less responsive than inflatable love dolls and so mechanical, they'd be more at home packing tuna on a cannery conveyor belt.

The idea of a fiftyish James Bond-type (Ian MacGregor) huffing and puffing across Europe on the trail of a gang of lesbian espionage agents would be hard enough to pull off by a talented filmmaker. Producer/director/writer Tim McDonald's pedestrian approach to this material could tranquilize a duster at the height of a whack attack.

"And what," you may be asking yourself, believing this to be a sex film, "could possibly be a turn-on about watching a geriatric spy risk coronary thrombosis boffing nubile young ladies?" Well, that's where Cannon comes in—or is supposed to. He plays a backup "Bomb" who follows old-timer MacGregor around to make sure he doesn't get hurt—and to ball the chicks. Bad choice. The only sex scene of note is between Rick Cassidy (who takes over when Cannon is—mercifully—shot) and the voluptuous Cyndee Summers—who literally bends over backward to give him a terrific blowjob—and it's hardly enough to save this turkey. The only thing that would heat up this colossal bore would be a can of lighter fluid and a match.

—D. O.



David Cannon inflicts his ho-hum technique on Maria Tortuga in 'Services.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

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

Fully Erect

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

Three-Quarters Erect

Bedtime Tales
Dirty Girls
Girls on Fire
Jailhouse Girls
Matinee Idol
More Reel People, Part 2
Passions
Perfect Fit
Pussycat Galore
Squalor Motel
Stiff Competition
Taboo American Style, Part I
The Grafenberg Spot
Too Naughty to Say No
Trinity Brown
Viva Vanessa—The Undresser

Half Erect

Beverly Hills Exposed
Burlexxx
First Time at Cherry High
Good Girl/Bad Girl
Hostage Girls
Illusions of Ecstasy
Inside Little Oral Annie
Inside Marilyn
Raw Talent
Taboo American Style, Part II
The Pink Lagoon
The Pleasure Hunt
Up! Up! and Away!

One-Quarter Erect

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

Totally Limp

Bodacious Ta Ta's
Bordello

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

RATING GUIDE

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

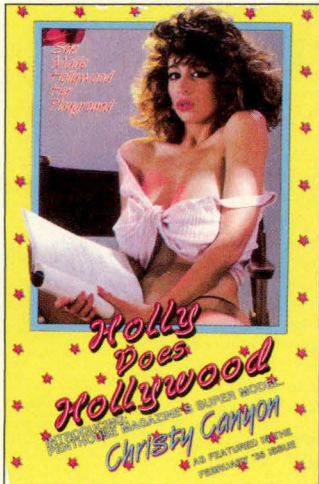
PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Holly Does Hollywood

(Video Exclusives) The title of this

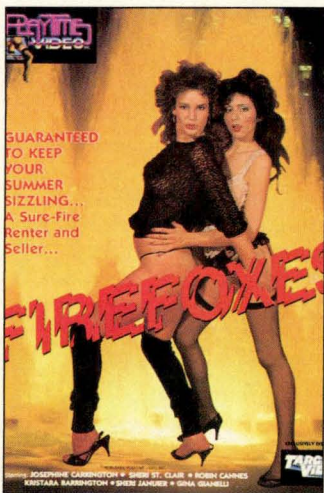


90-minute sexvid and the name of its principal character—Holly Body—are shameless ripoffs of a major character and a fictitious porn flick mentioned in mainstream filmmaker Brian De Palma's *Body Double*. It's too bad those responsible for this blatant theft had neither the time, budget or ability to make a fuck film worthy of its origins. Possibly, though, *Holly Does Hollywood* is the sort of cheesy, slipshod production De Palma had in mind. Certainly, this *Holly* is a glaring example of the brainless concoctions the pornvid industry seems to pride itself on churning out. This video is a miracle of ineptness. There are camera-wielding schoolchildren who could do a better job with editing, character motivation, sound and visual effects, continuity and creating scenes consistent with the story line. Fortunately, all is not lost. Sexwise, there's some good stuff here. Busty Christy Canyon (Holly) and a bevy of hot-to-trot twats (including Amber Lynn, Tracy Lords, Laurie Smith, Rikki Blake, Roxanne Rolands and Erica Boyer) suck and fuck their way through this nonstop sexual marathon. There's not much in-

novation—the wildest it gets is when Canyon takes on three studs at once—but the action, though conventional, is consistently hot. —Stuart Goldman

Firefoxes

(Playtime Video) In *Firefoxes* three former college roommates (Josephine Carrington, Sheri Janvier and Gina Gianelli) get together to reminisce and bitch. Though not a brilliant story, the concept does serve to link a chain of fuck scenes—shown in flashback—and that's what we're here for. (And if we like watching it done doggy-style, then we're really in the right place at the right time.) The first scene of substance has Sahara, that sultry ebony cum-receptacle, being triple-teamed by white tornadoes Blake Palmer, Mark Wallace and Dan T. Mann. This integrated



clusterfuck is so hot that it'll probably take several viewings before you start getting annoyed by the sloppy voice-dubbing that miraculously enables Sahara to speak entire sentences with more than half a foot of thick dick crammed down her throat. Even then you'll rewind for more. Other highlights include Carrington—the only one of the school chums to do any real screwing—sucking Sheri St. Clair's succulent shaved snatch



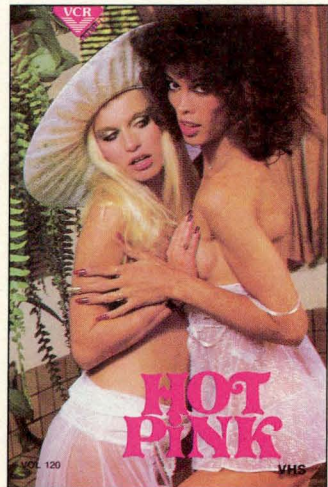
Josephine Carrington, Robin Cannes and Mark Wallace highlight 'Firefoxes.'

and engaging in an around-the-world-in-90-ways erotic workout with Robin Cannes and Wallace. For lovers of Oriental oyster, Kristara Barrington gets her pearl thoroughly poked in two scorching scenes. Other than the horrible voice-dubbing, the only big disappointment is a possibly terrific threeway that is completely obscured by overly artistic lighting, thick swirling smoke and images superimposed on the action. This aside, *Firefoxes* is an unpretentious, sexually satisfying tape. —Allan MacDonell

Hot Pink

(VCR) "I'm so sick of these damn men . . . all they wanna do is fuck you." "Yeah, but that's not the worst of it . . . it's their ego problems." "So why don't you try me, babe?" That, friends, is the only bit of dialogue in this 60-minute lesborama featuring such lookers as Tracy Lords, Raven, Stacey Donovan, Breeze and Tiffany

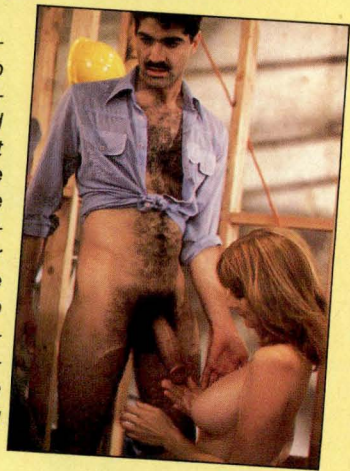
Clark. This mercifully brief exchange out of the way, the girls get down to what this loop collection is really about: tit-rubbing, nipple-tweaking, cuntlapping,



ass-licking, pussy-bumping, tits on tits, tits on clits . . . you name it. The only things missing—with the exception of one sequence featuring two bimbos and a dou-

A Big Star Is Born

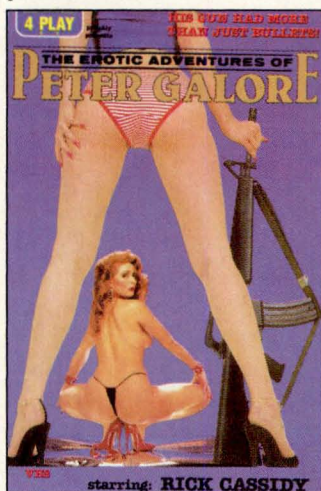
Newcomer Dick Rambone—securely under contract to VCA Pictures, the Dark Brothers and Wet Video—has a solid future ahead of him in adult films . . . when fully erect, he has 16½ inches of solid future ahead of him. HUSTLER has already teamed him with a pair of lusty ladies in an exclusive pictorial that must be seen to be believed. Pick up our December '85 issue for a penetrating look at Rambone, the man who gives new meaning to the words penis envy.



ble-headed dildo—are sex toys. Oh, yeah, something else is missing: heat. There are only two segments that approach fever pitch—the Tracy Lords/Raven episode and the encounter between Breeze and Stacey Donovan. So unless you're new to the all-girl scene, you'll probably find *Hot Pink* merely warm. —S. G.

The Erotic Adventures of Peter Galore

(4 Play Video) For a variety of reasons—the most obvious being that it's a dreadful film—this crude James Bond takeoff had only the briefest theatrical run when it was first released in 1973 as *The California Connection*. For reasons of their own, those hairy-palmed folks at 4 Play have slapped on a new title and resurrected *Peter Galore* as “new” product for the insatiable home-



video market. Though soft on sex, this celluloid eyesore (it looks as if *Peter Galore* were assembled from prints of two levels of quality—poor and worse) is interesting from a historical standpoint. This “lost film” marks the debut of legendary Barbara Bourbon, best remembered for her role in *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, and features the youthful performances of three porn survivors—legends in their own right—Cyndee Summers, William Margold and superstar Rick Cassidy. Otherwise, unless you're a sucker for silly nudist-camp sexuality or lazily edited scenes of cars chasing each other across the desert, there's little eroticism and less adventure to recommend *Peter Galore*.

—William Douglas Nash

Black Bun Busters

(VCA Pictures) Jack Baker, fast-rappin' and hard-fuckin' star of *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks* and *Between the Cheeks*, is either the real Eddie Murphy or Richard Pryor's lewd alter ego. In his portrayal of sex therapist I. B. Brown—a role for which he doesn't take off his clothes or whip out his dick—Baker invites us to join several sexually active Afro-Americans (three men, two women and a Prince lookalike) in group sex-therapy hour. Today's topics are rectal intimacies, butts, laying pipe down the ol' browneye and sliding your johnson up some lady's backside. Each patient relates an anal encounter that is shown in flashback. Steam-heated Sahara sets the tone of the sexvid by strapping on a dildo and ass-reaming her old man while his Army buddy (Mark Wallice) slips his sizable schlong up her funky coal mine. *Wicked* is a good word to describe what goes on from there. While this tape is aimed at aficionados of chocolate-bunned browneye, there's more than butt-fucking going on. Cock-sucking, spanking, hetero and lesbo cunflapping, black-on-



'Black Bun Busters' is the perfect video for aficionados of chocolate-bunned browneye.

black, salt-and-pepper and three-ways are scattered throughout. Beyond that, *Bun Busters* boasts an above-standard techno-funk soundtrack. But most important is the camerawork; it's so intensely intimate, you can almost smell the action. In short, there's lots of just about everything imaginable, and the viewer is put right in the driver's seat. —A. M.

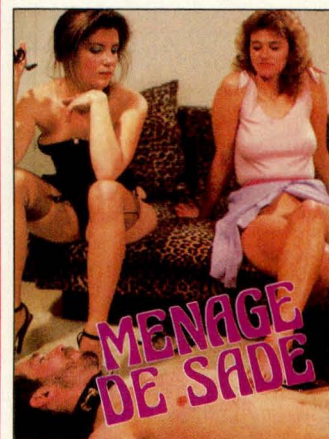


'Holly Does Hollywood': Three studs give Christy Canyon a big “Hello.”

Menage De Sade

(Fantasy Productions) This hour of dick torture is brought to you by the friendly pain freaks at Fantasy Productions and, as usual, it sports plenty of S&M gear and very little sex. The meat is sup-

na to come over and teach Don a lesson. The rest of this tape is basically close-ups of Casalina's scrotum and half-hard dong turning red as they're whacked by riding crops. Then, for a change of pace, Sarona puts clothespins on his cock, and Theresa sits on his face. At the end of the tape we see Sarona running at Don's buttock with a strap-on dick, but the result is shrouded in mystery. Sarona is quite personable as bondage mistresses go, and this is one of her better performances. But personable



or not, *Menage De Sade* is not for the squeamish. —Jack Mortimer

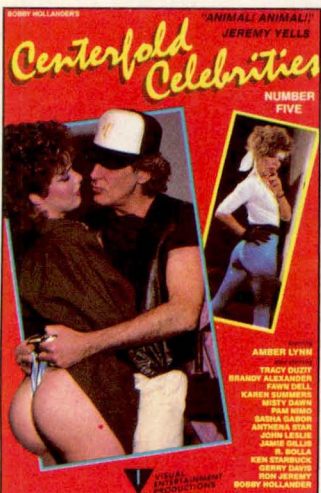
Head Games

(Western Visuals) This full-length video by veteran director Bruce Seven is blessed with virtually nonstop sucking and fucking by some of porn's hottest perform-

ers: Amber Lynn, Heather Wayne (still waiting for a director to properly capture her luminous beauty), Karen Summer, Aurora, Tom Byron, Peter North, Mark Wallace and Francois. Sadly, the sex rarely heats up to its potential. What we get, mostly, is a lame potpourri of subpar pumping and humping. The story, written by porn star Bridgette Royale, is not much help. The tired plot concerns a couple whose relationship is rocky because *she* (Wayne) won't give *him* (North) a blowjob. Of course, they work things out in the end, but not before we're treated to various couplings and triplings by people who pop in and out of the story with no explanations whatsoever. Especially strange is an encounter between Karen Summer and Francois, who are got up like they're auditioning for *Debbie Does Conan the Barbarian*. A femme frolic culminates in Amber Lynn's parking twin vibrators in Aurora's pussy and poop chute, and an orgy only holds the promise of some steamy sex. (Alas, the action gets no hotter—only more crowded.) In addition to a new location (this house, pool and spa are the most overused settings in video), *Head Games* could also use a different title: *Head Aches*. —S. G.

Centerfold Celebrities #5

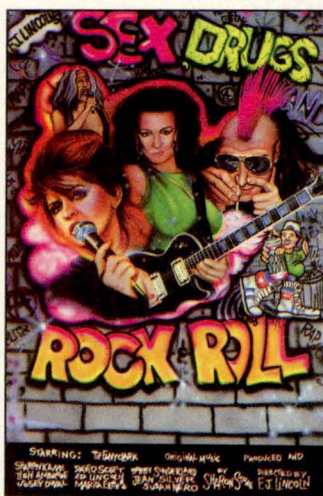
(Visual Entertainment Productions) The first 15 minutes of this 90-minute cassette look like a trip through producer/director Bobby Hollander's low-rent lifestyle. But don't touch that "stop" button, because after that this tape is H-O-T! Hollander interviews



smut queen Amber Lynn (who was pumping gas when he discovered her) and invites super-pro Jamie Gillis to pump *her* for a while, John Leslie puts porn cupcake Tracy Duzit through an orgasm marathon, Misty Dawn and Fawn Dell play little girls who are caught masturbating, and Ron Jeremy spends forever porking sex-monster Brooke West, who then turns around and deepthroats him. This edition of Hollander's *Centerfold Celebrities* series easily lives up to the reputation of its predecessors—check it out. —J. M.

Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll

(Video Home Library) This full-length shot-on-video feature gives off mixed vibes, something people generally don't seek from pornography. The emphasis of *Sex, Drugs* is not on hot fuck scenes—it's a message video that



Karen Summer, Heather Wayne and Aurora enjoy a sudsy suck in 'Head Games.'

can't quite decide what its message should be. It's hard to tell if the vid is intended to be an out-and-out antidrug statement, or if it advocates the use of extremely addictive narcotics in moderation. Regardless, what's easy to see is that this production needed more good, uninterrupted fucks. The actors and actresses seem to really care for each other, and the girls are pretty hot. Unfortunately, most of the balling is fragmented by intrusions of director Fred Lincoln, a Gypsy Boots-type emcee/comedian, who constantly butts in to comment on the action or rant and rave about sex, drugs and

more inclined to defend this tape's First Amendment right to exist than be aroused by it. —A. M.

The Pleasure Party

(Gourmet Video) Tracy Lords is the kind of fucking animal who makes any tape featuring her a must-see. Within two minutes of the start of *Pleasure Party*, Lords is greedily scarfing cock and grinding her delicious-looking pussy into boyfriend Mark Wallace's lucky face. The complete opposite of a laid-back lay, Lords takes the initiative in this en-



Jamie Gillis and Amber Lynn add heat to the torrid 'Centerfold Celebrities.'

rock 'n' roll. Since so much of the tape is set in a sleazy nightclub where Lincoln is holding forth at the microphone, this left-over guru's face is onscreen more often than pussies, cocks, tits or asses. Though there *are* hardcore scenes, you'll probably be



counter and turns in a fuck so dynamic, its momentum carries the video through the times when she's offcamera. The only problem with Lords is that everyone else on the tape pales by comparison (some problem). But, fortunately, the focus is on her most of the time, and she takes command in all her scenes. After

Lords finishes with Wallace, she joins Erica Boyer, Beverly Bliss and Barbie Dahl in a "Fuckware" party. As the girls try on lingerie and sample lotions, body paints and sex toys, the party breaks out in a rash of dueling dildos and a superb free-for-all femme snatch-slurp. Wallace shows up with a buddy (Chuck Martino), and *The Pleasure Party* builds to a sensational climax. The only disappointment is that Lords doesn't take on both guys at once—as the video's box hints at. Let's hope the producers are saving this encounter for *Pleasure Party II*. —A. M.

Pleasure #1

(L.A. Video) This 80-minute shot-on-film loop collection consists of four sex-crammed French and German shorts. The dubbing is dreadful and the stories silly, but the action is hot and wet and laced with those milky cum-shots the Europeans are famous for. In the first episode, "Paris d'Amour," a fetching brunette gets fucked in broad daylight on a bank of the Seine—amazing, considering that the river runs right through the heart of Paris. In "An Officer's Lady," a lusty German fraulein hikes her skirts up to her hips, squats and pisses on the sidewalk—then sucks off a cop to keep him from arresting her for relieving herself in public. Later, as the horny nymph and her aunt are masturbating with candles, three soldiers turn up and happily substitute flesh wicks for wax. The remaining vignettes feature sexy bimbos balling an assortment of studs in a nightclub sex show and onboard a yacht. *Pleasure #1* is definite hard-on material—and the fresh faces can't be beat. —J. M.

69 Park Avenue

(Electric Hollywood) This run-of-the-mill video has a couple of good moments, but by and large it's just another tedious trek through the porn wasteland. Cub reporter Tom Byron is sent to interview Colleen Brennan, who runs the city's most notorious brothel. There's really no interview, of course. The whole thing's a practical joke played on Byron by his editor—he's actually been sent over to lose his virginity, which he does. Highlights in-



clude Little Oral Annie doing her famous bottomless-throat routine with Rocky Hayne's dick, and a torrid triad involving Erica Boyer, Patti Petite and Dan T. Mann, but there's really not much else worth pounding the pud over. One scene that seems particularly out of place opens with a beefy stud (Chase) being drenched by streams of oil in preparation for a slip 'n' slide fuck with Collette Roberts. The idea of an oil-coated couple engaging in slicked-up sex is terrific, but this scene would have been hotter if the lengthy opening had featured Collette's succulent body being oiled up instead of Mr. Muscle's. —D. O.

Tampon Tango

(Orchids International) This zany, hourlong look at Japanese "new wave" erotica combines sex with the zest and humor of the youth-oriented music and art scenes. In Japanese—with subtitles—*Tango* features young, energetic performers and a fascinating array



'Tampon Tango': This zany new-wave Japanese sexvid is a tampon fetishist's delight.

of sexual positions that offer a refreshing change from standard U.S. fuck-film fare. The story is about a group of kids who are making a porn film with a difference: In addition to fucking and sucking, there's also—you guessed it—tampon insertion!

Though not for all tastes, *Tampon Tango* is a must for the adventuresome and those curious about authentic Japanese hardcore. It's also a lot of fun. Hey, when was the last time a giant tampon fell from the sky while you were having an orgy? —D. O.



Clockwise: Sharon Mitchell; director Sam Weston and producer Billy Thornberg win for 'Dixie Ray'; Ron Jeremy probes Ginger Lynn.

Porn's Big Night—Take 9

After months of delay the Adult Film Association of America held its ninth annual Erotica Awards Show. Though somewhat stuffy—most breasts stayed tidily tucked away, and most snatches remained concealed from view—the AFAA awards are prestigious in the X-rated industry. If there is such a thing as box-office clout, the Eroticas have it.

Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star captured seven trophies, in-

cluding Best Film, Director (Anthony Spinelli), Screenplay and Cinematography. Cecil Howard's *Firestorm* took four awards, including Best Erotic Scene. Rachel Ashley was voted Best Actress for *Every Woman Has a Fantasy*, and the Best Actor award was a tie between John Leslie. Three-time winner Leslie was in competition with himself for *Every Woman Has a Fantasy* and *Dixie Ray*, and won for both.

SWEET CHARITY

Charity has taken her share of hard knocks, but they haven't broken her sweet spirit. Her combination of sensual beauty and naiveté is, unfortunately, irresistible to unscrupulous men. "I suppose I've been taken advantage of a lot," the rural Illinois waitress admits. "The guys I've met so far have just used me," she says sadly. Charity remembers the artist who said he wanted to paint her in the nude and how long it took to get the colors out of her skin. Then there was the movie producer who cast her in a film he said would be called *Tender Love*, but which was released as *Call Girl Fever*. "And I don't know why I keep trusting those traveling salesmen," she adds. "None of them has ever called me again." Despite these setbacks, Charity hasn't lost her love for men.





Photography by Clive McLean









FARON YOUNG

Country Ain't What Country Used to Be

Country-music singer Faron Young is no longer interested in living fast, loving hard or dying young. The warbler who inspired Dean Martin's singing style has graying hair at the temples and a slight pouch around the tummy. A few wrinkles decorate the eye and brow areas of the one who immortalized "Hello Walls," "Wine Me Up," "Live Fast, Love Hard and Die Young" and "Four in the Morning" in the 1950s and '60s. The star of a string of spaghetti movies including *Hidden Guns* and *Country Music Holiday* now complains of the "ol' body not being what it once was." Yet in spite of his years of carousing with Willie Nelson (with whom he recently recorded the duet album *Funny How Time Slips Away*), Mel Tillis and Jerry Lee Lewis, he retains a twinkle in his eyes, an indication there's still a lot of living yet to be done.

After 35 years of being in the public eye, Young remains, surprisingly, pretty much a free spirit. Absent are the minced words characteristically uttered by the well-known. He says what he thinks. He tells ethnic jokes, he criticizes country music's powers-that-be and openly discusses his own character flaws. And if you don't like what he says, well, that's your

problem. Because Faron Young has and will continue to live life as he sees fit. No kowtowing to executives for him. He's not going to let some press agent counsel him on what to say or how to dress. Young isn't some malleable young upstart so hungry to be a star that he's willing to forsake his personality. Of course, his outspokenness and his resistance to many of the changes that have taken place within the confines of country music in recent years may be why he doesn't have a chart-topping song. It's a price he's willing to pay. After all, he's had a day in the starlight. But that doesn't mean he's happy about what's happening to an industry he helped to establish.

Young sees greed ruining his art form. Anxious to capture an ever larger audience for their product, record executives have homogenized, sterilized and commercialized country music to the point of extinction. What was authentic and real has been "pop"-ularized and standardized so often that country music is now difficult to recognize, much less to define. While he admires the talents of Kenny Rogers and Olivia Newton-John, Young doesn't consider them to be country-music artists. And he is critical of an industry that chased after Kenny's and Olivia's

Profile by Dolly Carlisle



"If I hadn't a voice, I'd probably been a damn bank robber," the singer confesses while sipping black coffee.

stardom with the hopes that some of their individual glitter might brighten up Nashville's music community.

"I guarantee you that if Frank Sinatra cut a country-music song tomorrow, the Country Music Association would make him into country-music singer of the year," Young observes while sitting in his Nashville, Tennessee, office one recent Monday afternoon. The day is sultry, but the thousands of country-music fans who've driven and flown in from around the world to participate in Fan Fair Week appear unaffected. Clad in bluejeans and T-shirts or summer cotton dresses, they mill up and down the streets near Young's office building. If he'd rise from his chair and look out his third-story window, he'd see them. But now he is engrossed in a conversation that the fans would have thought disturbing.

"They [the executives] love to suck it in," he continues. "Like ol' Olivia Newton-John. She didn't want to be classified as no country-music singer, but they voted her in one year as country female vocalist. She didn't even come to pick the damn award up, but they figured they

could suck her in here and use that name to make themselves look bigger. They did the same thing with Kenny. He ain't no country-music singer. Hell, they may as well give them awards to Lionel Richie or Lou Rawls. But it's politics."

Of course, Faron Young is not angry that Frank Sinatra or Kenny Rogers would choose to sing a country song. He is distraught that his industry is so anxious to sell more records that it will present its most precious awards not to the industry's standard-bearers but to whom-ever is popular and happens to be singing a country song. In his view, awards should be given to genuine, bonafide country artists. "I was so happy to see Ricky Skaggs and little Reba McEntire win those awards [in 1984] 'cause they're true country singers," he continues. "Finally, after all these years, they put two authentic country singers as the winners." But his joy is probably short-lived. As traditional country music has surged in its popularity during the past two years, the overall record sales of country music have ebbed. And record executives are no longer content to market to the

traditional country-music listener. They want a larger slice of the overall music market. A solicitation to the population at large will undoubtedly result in an even more uniform sound.

* * *

Much has changed in the world and country music since Faron Young was born 53 years ago in Shreveport, Louisiana. He was raised poor on a dairy farm a long way from the Nashville recording studios and Hollywood movie sets where he would one day perform. But he can remember that while growing up, he was already standing in the bright lights, if not in reality, then in his own mind. "If I hadn't a voice, I'd probably been a damn bank robber," Young confesses while sipping black coffee from a white mug that has the word BITCH laminated all over its exterior. "I'd found some way to do it [hit the big time]. I had to get up every morning at four to milk them cows," he reminisces with a scowl enveloping his face. "I knew damn well that there was a better way in this life. I seen them guys running around in their new convertibles with the good-looking women, and I was barefooted with a pair of overalls on. I said to myself, 'They didn't get what they got milking cows; so I'm gonna find another damn way to get this money.' I became a salesman first, and I was a damn good salesman. I sold storm doors, aluminum siding and that stuff. I made a lot of money at it."

Young was quick to seize opportunities, and he knew right off that his smooth-as-good-whiskey, baritone voice was ideal to sing the love ballads so popular after the Second World War. "I sung all my life," he remembers. "I was in the first-grade play and played 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.' I was in the musical every year from then on till I got in high school. I sung pop music until I was a senior. That year I started singing in my high-school football coach's country band."

His involvement with the country band was to change the course of his life. "See, you'd go out to those pop clubs, and they'd give you a quarter and ask you to sing three or four songs," Young recalls with a chuckle. "I went out to a hillbilly joint and got them to give me \$5 to sing 'Your Cheatin' Heart.' I said to myself, 'Hey, this is where my kind of money is.'"

When Young started singing country, things quickly blossomed. After singing on the Louisiana Hayride for a few months with Webb Pierce, he was heard by a Capitol Records executive who wasted no time signing him to a recording contract. By the time he was 19, Young was a regular on the Grand Ole Opry with a No. 1 tune, "Going Steady." His career was interrupted from 1952 until 1954 by a stint in the armed services, dur-



"Well . . . so much for break-fucking."



Collins

Flabbergasted, he told Zsa Zsa Gabor, "What do you mean, peasant music, you goddamn son of a bitch?!"

ing which time he was presented with a Commendation Medal (comparable to a Congressional Medal of Honor) for his recruiting efforts. His career was nothing short of extraordinary. "I had 32 No. 1 records," Young boasts. "Hell, everything I put out hit."

The 1950s and '60s were his heyday. In addition to having one hit record after another, he began appearing in movies. His parts, a succession of comical, humorous cowboy characters, spawned a nickname—"The Singing Sheriff"—that stayed with him through the years. In *Hidden Guns* he headlined with John Carradine, Bruce Bennett, Richard Arlen and Angie Dickinson. ("She played my girlfriend," Young coos.) In *Country Music Holiday*, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Ferlin Husky, Rocky Graziano and June Carter romped across the screen with him.

During the filming of *Country Music Holiday*, Young confronted a sampling of the snobbery that was felt toward his music. "Zsa Zsa was sitting there [during a break in filming] with this 25-carat diamond ring on," recalls Young, who at that time had just read about the actress's ring

in the papers. "I said, 'Zsa Zsa, let me see that ring.'" Young remembers gazing at the ring, then saying, "That's between 24 and 25 carats."

"You're right, darlink. How did you know?" Gabor responded, taken aback by the Louisianan's apparent knowledge of gems. But her admiration didn't alter her perception of country music.

According to Young, Gabor then said, "I really enjoy that peasant music you all sing." Flabbergasted, he responded with, "What do you mean, peasant music, you goddamn son of a bitch?!"

She replied coolly, "Darlink, you're awful rude, but I love you anyway." It was a phrase not easily forgotten by a good ol' boy appreciative of the so-called peasants who were responsible for his success. "I've never forgotten them fans, not for one damn minute," he testifies, still dismayed at Gabor's comment 30 years later. "They're why I'm here."

As Young was later to realize, all showbiz careers follow a cycle. His turned cold in the late 1950s for a spell. Rock 'n' roll dominated the airwaves, and Young recalls that "a hillbilly couldn't get a job. I

came to Nashville [in 1950] and was making \$100,000 or \$200,000 a year and topped off there around '56 with about a quarter of a million," he continues. "Then in about '57 rock 'n' roll hit, Elvis and Fabian. That year I made about \$75,000. After coming off a quarter of a million, I said to myself, 'Oh, my God, I'm going to be poor.'"

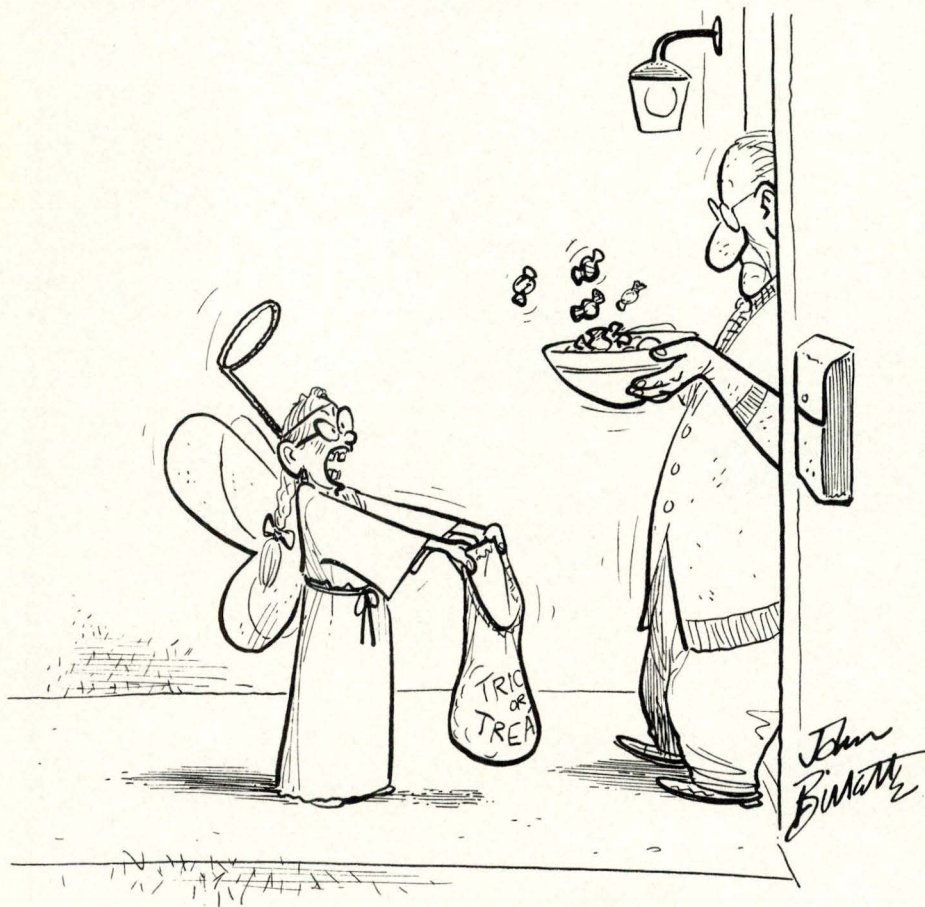
But Young bounced back in 1961 when he recorded Willie Nelson's "Hello Walls." It eventually sold 2 million copies and was to be his biggest-selling record. Young was rolling in the dough again, but admits he could have been richer if he had been willing to take advantage of a few of his friends.

In those days Willie Nelson was unknown and impoverished. He was like a hundred other struggling songwriters pounding the sidewalks of Nashville's Music Row begging for a chance. He sold songs for grocery money. For example, he gave away the classic "Family Bible" for a measly \$150.

Nelson was in desperate need for some money shortly after the release of Young's version of "Hello Walls." So he approached the singer, hoping for a favor. "After that record sold like 600,000 copies, I got a check for like \$40,000 from the record company," Young reflects. "But Willie, as the writer, he only picked up about \$1,800 because it takes them longer to calculate and pay the writer than it does the artist. He come to me and said, 'I'm gonna sell you "Hello Walls." ' I said, 'Willie, I've done sold 600,000.' He thought I was hyping him to make it sound like I was a big record seller. Like when people say they've sold a million when they ain't sold ten. So he said, 'I've got \$1,800, and you can have what it makes from now on. I'll sign it over to you if you'll give me \$1,500.' I said, 'No. I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. How much money do you have to have?' He said, '\$500.' I said, 'I'm gonna loan you this \$500 right now, and you swear to God you won't sell that song.'

"About two weeks later his next check come in for like 22,000 more dollars," Young goes on. "I was sitting down at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, a little beer joint down here in Nashville, having a beer. All of a sudden somebody grabbed me behind my neck. It was Willie. He said, 'Look here what I just got. You son of a bitch. I thought you was lying to me.' He'd never seen so much money. That song went on and made him \$300,000. I could have bought it that day. Any other artist might have bought the song. But I didn't need the money. And I knew in my heart and soul that God ain't gonna let me do this to him. And I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't do it to nobody."

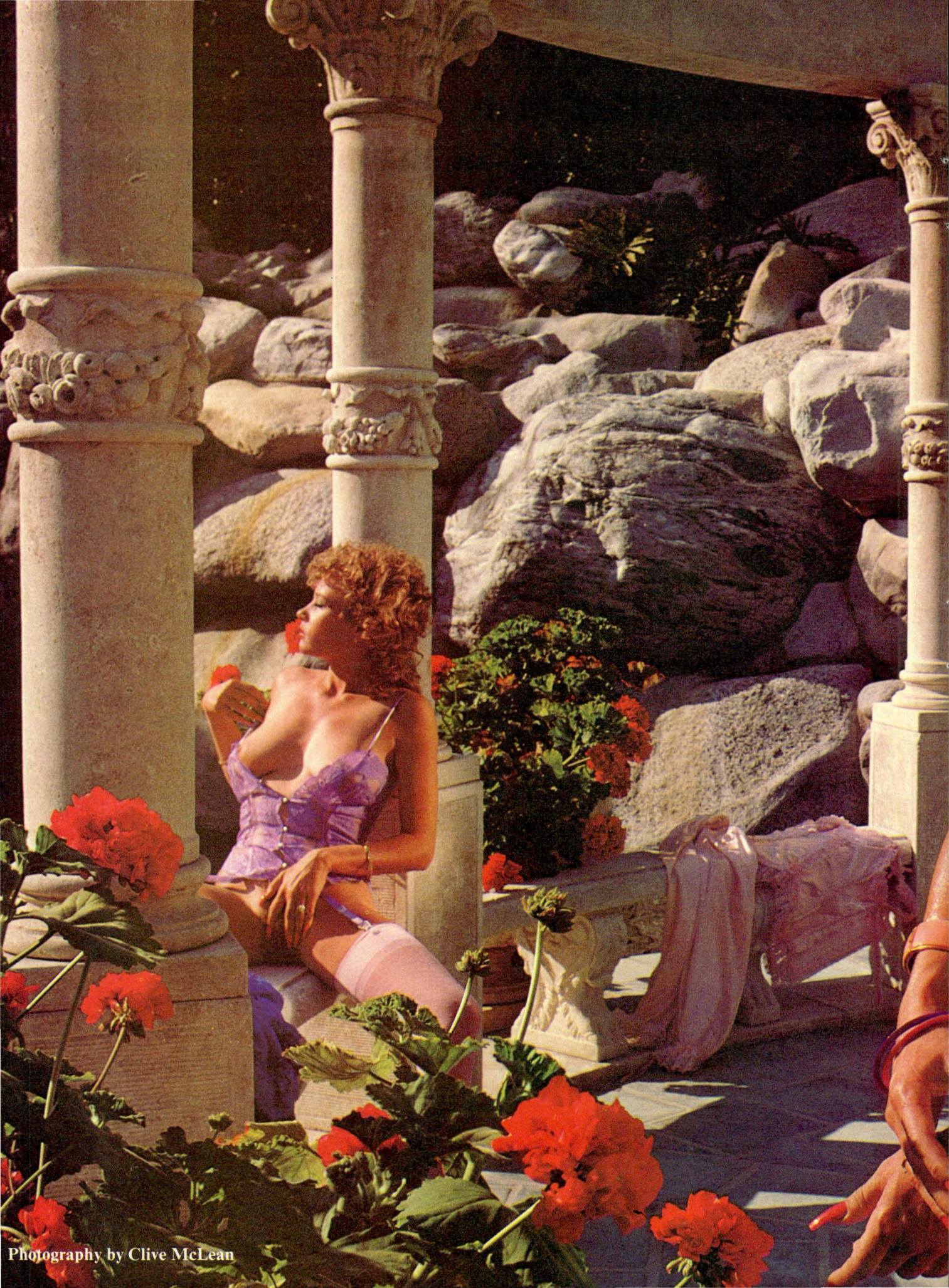
(continued on page 91)



"No, I'm not a fairy princess, you damn fool; I'm a fucking angel!"



"I thought you liked to wake up to music. . . ."



Photography by Clive McLean

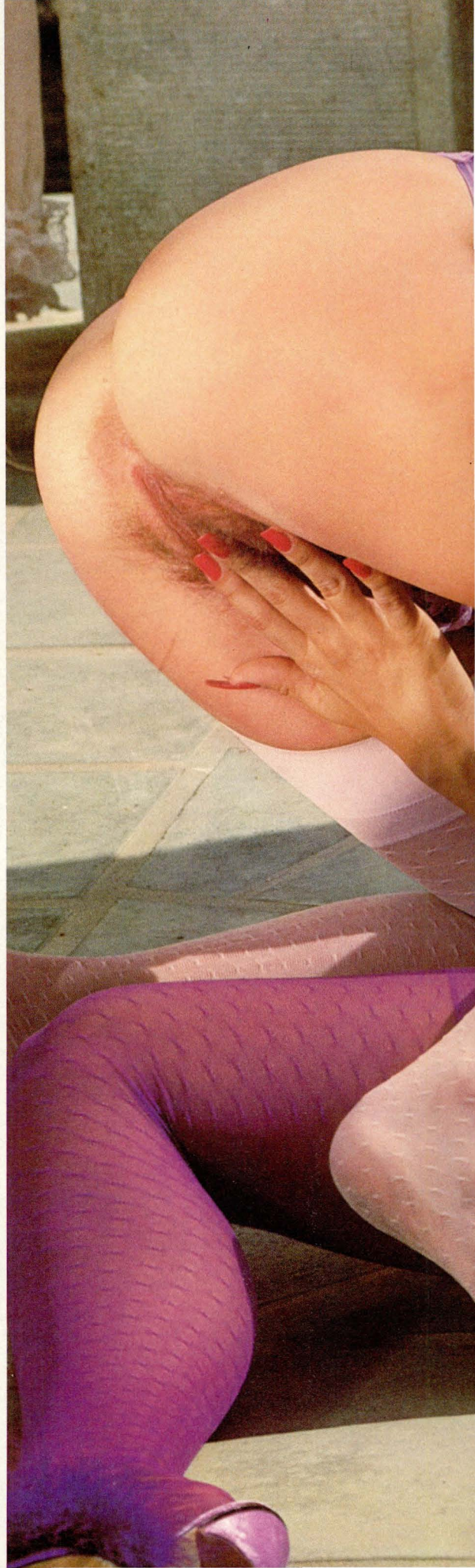


JULIA *and* IRIS *Society Bitches*

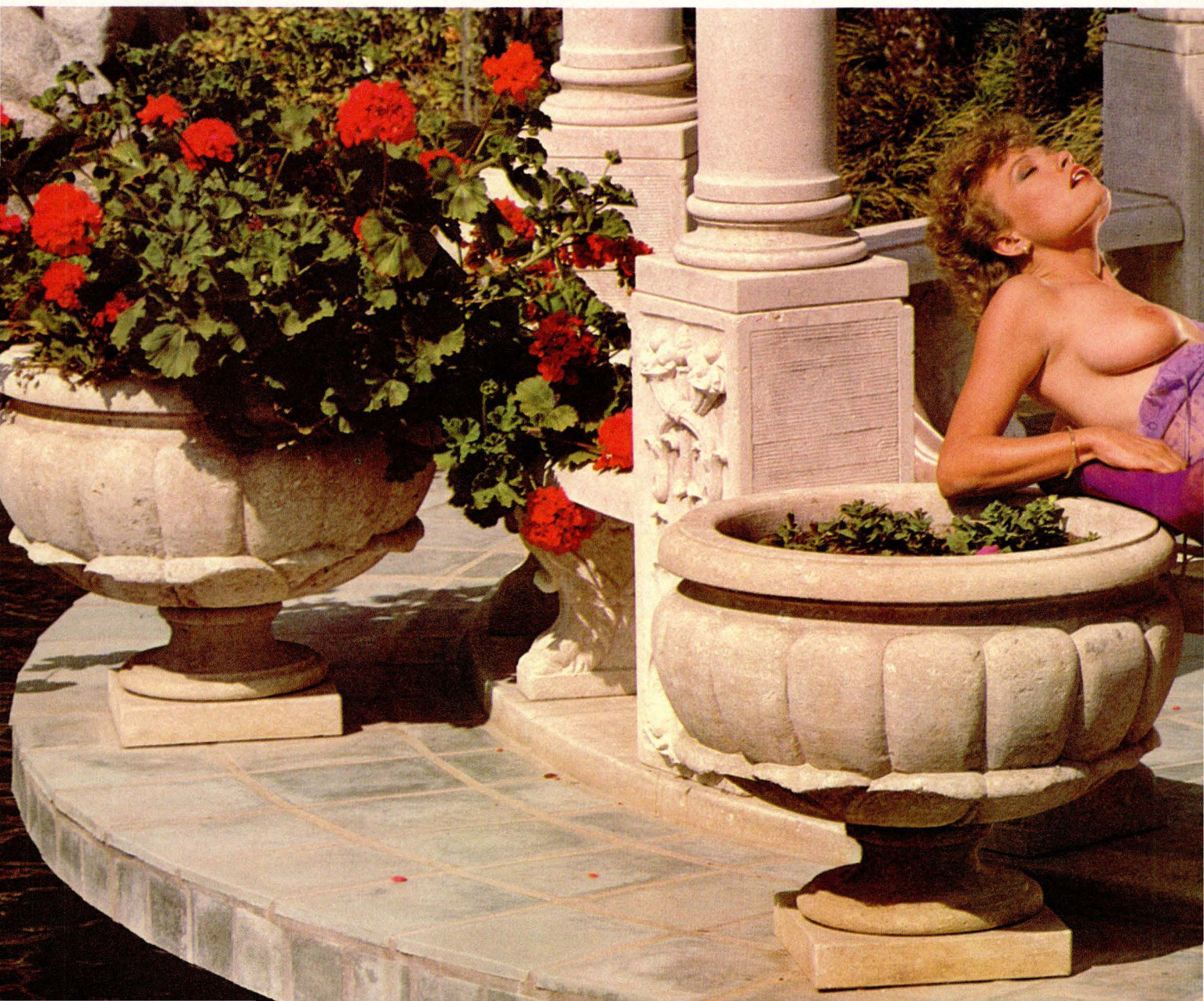
They belong to the caviar-and-cocktails set, but these two high-flying socialites can't resist getting down and dirty whenever they're alone. Their dates won't be arriving for nearly an hour; so Julia and Iris know they must take advantage of every precious minute. "If Skipper and Biff could see us now," Julia muses, nuzzling up against her partner's warm, waiting pussy, "why, they'd cream their tennis shorts." Then there is no more time for words as with groans of animal passion the two eager lovers grapple with each other. Flesh slaps against sweaty flesh, rigid nipples strain for their caresses, and warm love juices intermingle until Julia and Iris reach their shattering orgasms. "Super!" the lusty ladies breathe in unison.











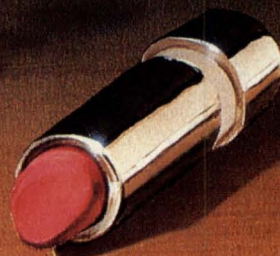




the
VOICE on the **PHONE**

It was well past midnight that Wednesday when my phone rang. Half asleep, I picked up the receiver and heard her voice: "Mickey . . ." very sultry-sounding, hushed, hot whispers. "I've been lying here in bed. Slipping my hand up beneath my nightgown. Bringing it up around my waist. I want to touch my pussy so bad. I can feel my juices oozing out of my slit. There's even a wet spot on

FICTION BY MICKEY RAINES



THE VOICE ON THE PHONE *(continued from page 49)*

She quieted; then I heard a different voice gasp, "Oh, my God, what have I done?"

the bedspread... and on my satin sheets.

"I can be a very bad girl. *Very bad.*" She sighed deeply. "I want you to come all over me. All that thick semen on my nightgown. Shooting your stuff over my tits, my big, firm, luscious tits. Then making me lie here while you do something else to me. Anything else. Whatever it takes to get you hard again so you can fuck me up the ass. *Hard* up the ass. Hard so it makes me scream."

Her voice had me mesmerized. There was something familiar about it.

"Mickey? Are you still there?"

I scratched a "Yeah" out of my throat.

"Is your cock hard?"

I didn't answer, but it was.

"I hope your cock's hard, Mickey. I want to see it while it's hard. Want to see you put it in me. In my mouth... my pussy... my anus. Oh, yeah..."

I could hear her moving around, bedsprings squeaking, covers ruffling. Then I heard the smack: flesh against flesh.

She gasped loudly. "Oh, God, yes. *Mickey!* Slap me for being so bad. Beat my

tits. Hit me on the ass. I want to feel your hand whipping me till I'm sore. Oh, God! I'm coming. *Coming!*" She was breathless. I could hear the phone hit the floor, bouncing around against what sounded like hardwood.

The cries of her passion were more distant now, but still very audible. And she was coming, screaming uncontrollably as she reached her peak.

She quieted; then I heard a different voice gasp, "Oh, my God, what have I done?" Then the line went dead.

* * *

Thursday I went to work on three hours' sleep, having lain awake until four in the morning after that call, fighting off the urge to masturbate away the tension her voice had primed in my cock.

My office is on the ground floor of an insurance building. I'm four floors below the executive offices, and sometimes that's still too close for comfort. I don't need to see those paper jockeys too often, just long enough to get the outline of an assignment: them telling me how they want a certain situation investigated,

then me going out and doing it how the hell I want anyway. I get results without kissing ass, a way to ensure merit raises without getting promotions.

I struggled through the day, popping some aspirins at nine, noon and three. Just when I was getting ready to leave, the receptionist buzzed me. Before she could say what was up, I said, "Jill, you didn't happen to call me at midnight last night, did you?"

"Nope. Sorry, Mickey. I was in bed with my husband."

I couldn't have been so lucky.

Jill told me that they wanted to see me up in Legal, something about a case file I'd turned in during the previous week.

Swell, just what I needed, a verbal drilling from an asshole lawyer.

I took the stairs instead of the elevator, which gave me some time to realize something. The only case finished in the past week had been the Mueller Industries investigation. The attorney was Deborah Caine.

Jesus. It was her voice last night.

I stopped on the third floor, trying to concentrate, rehearsing that voice on the phone. Christ, no. It couldn't have been her. Deborah was the most unapproachable bitch in all of Legal. And that was no easily earned honor. She was good-looking, nice face anyway, but she always wore suits that kept the contours of her figure a secret.

I knocked on Deborah's office door, and she replied with a pissed-off-sounding "Come in." Once I was inside her plush office, with my feet sunk in about three inches of pile carpeting, she said, "Can I help you with something?" Looking at me with hard eyes through aviator-style glasses, a thick file in front of her.

"I got a message you wanted to see me."

"Well, I don't. So if you'd excuse me, I'd like to get out of here before 7:30."

I stared at her, thinking, *You fucking bitch*, while she scribbled notes in her file.

I walked back down the stairs to my office and no sooner sat down than the intercom button on my phone buzzed.

"Yeah?"

"Mickey?" It was the voice. *Her* voice. "I want to feel your cock pumping inside me. Hard and long. Filling me up. Ramming me. Forcing through my pussy lips, stretching them apart. Will you fuck me, Mickey? Tear off my panties and fuck me, okay?"

Her words had my head twirling.

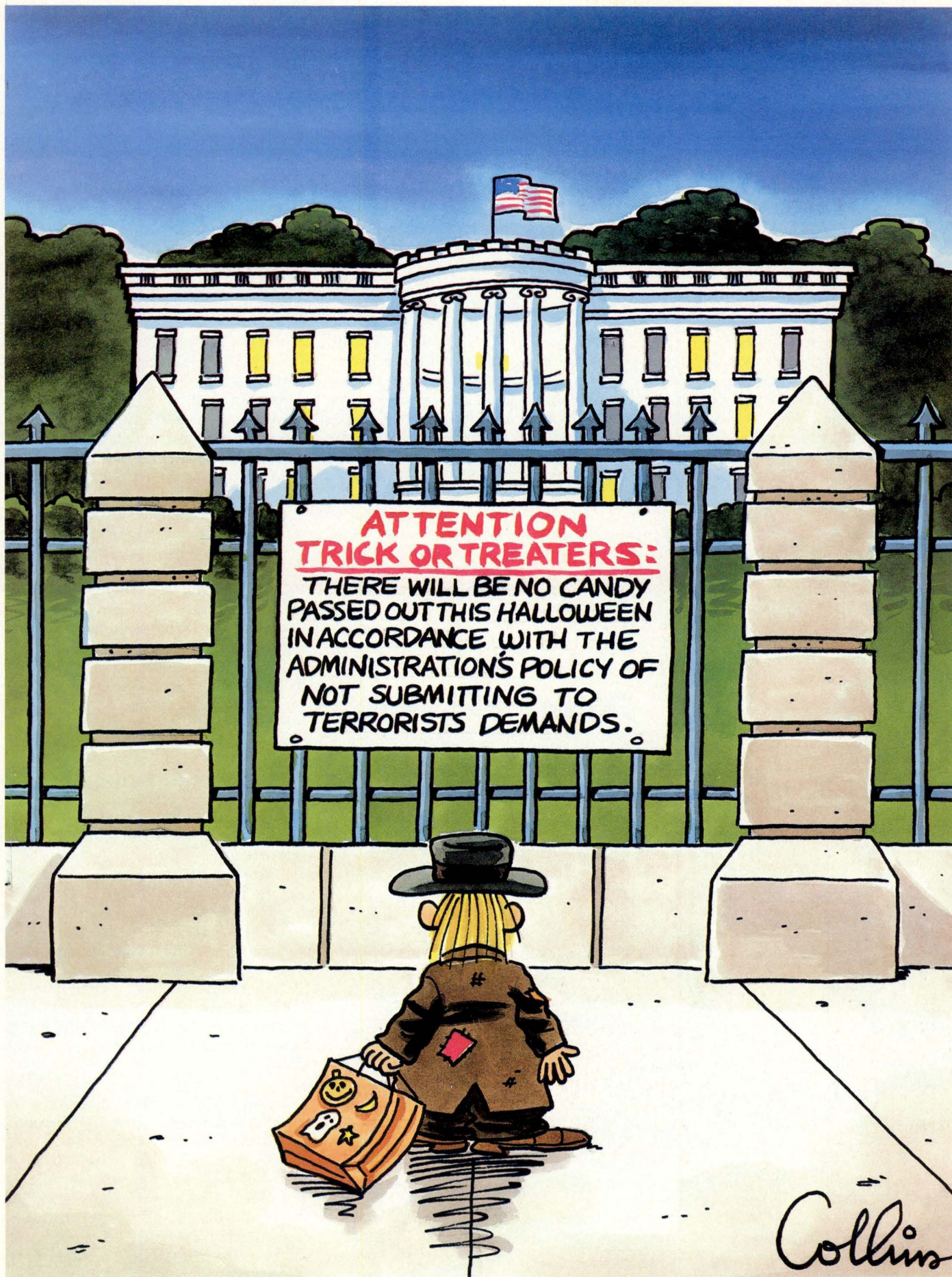
"Yeah. I'd love to fuck you. But who are you?"

"I'm... I can't tell you. But I need you to tell me what you'd do to me. Would you hurt me? Would your cock hurt me? Sticking it in my hot pussy. Splitting me open."

A BLACK HALLOWEEN WITCH...



DUANE TINSLEY



THE VOICE ON THE PHONE (continued from page 50)

"I've got a finger on my clit, rubbing. I want to put it inside myself. Talk to me while I do it."

"Whatever you want," I replied. "Keep talking. Tell me more." I eased the receiver down onto my desk. Slowly getting up from my chair, not making a sound, I walked from the office, then ran to the stairs, going up to the third floor two steps at a time, walking fast down the hall up there to the Legal Department.

Deborah Caine's office door was closed. I twisted hard on the knob. Locked.

But the locks were simple, and there was no other way for her to leave her office. And no one else was still at work up there to act as a witness. Taking the set of slim picks from the case in my hip pocket, I got inside in less than 15 seconds.

Deborah wasn't there, but the door to her storage closet was cracked open. A light was shining inside.

I walked slowly to it, picturing the bitch in there, lying on the floor in a spread-eagle, with her skirt bunched up at her waist, fingers pulling the crotch of her panties to the side, playing with herself, finger-fucking her snatch.

I kicked open the door.

No Deborah Caine.

Shit. I was reeling with desire. Only half able to concentrate. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe it wasn't her.

Then the phone on her desk rang.

I picked it up, trying to use a normal voice, saying, "Deborah Caine's office."

"Mickey?..."

"Where are you?" I asked, pulse pounding excitedly in my eyes.

"Mickey, I need it so bad. I need to get fucked. Rough. With you holding onto my hips. Lifting my ass off the mattress. Screwing me. Clawing my ass with your fingers. Hurting me. *Taking me!*"

The phone connection filled with static. Then I picked out traffic sounds in the background. A pay phone maybe. On a street corner outside the building.

I looked out her office window to the city streets below. Rush-hour traffic moving slowly toward the expressway. Horns honking. An ambulance trying to get through.

"Who are you?" I asked, throat feeling dry. "Deborah Caine? Is that who you are?"

"I can't tell you. Don't you realize that? You have to find out." She gasped. "Oh, Mickey. My pussy is so wet. I've got a finger on my clit, rubbing. I want to put it inside myself. Talk to me while I do it."

"Where are you?" I was feeling desperate, frustrated.

"Tell me you'll spank me. That your hands will punish my ass. Bad girls deserve to be punished... don't they? *Don't they?! Please... tell me you'll do it to me. You'll tie me and beat me. Beat me and fuck me!*" Her voice was high-pitched now, the way she'd sounded on the phone just before she came last night. "Two fingers in me. I've got two fingers. Oh, yes! Now-now. Pump-it-pump-it-pump-it... Oh, yeah! Oh, God, what a come." She took deep breaths. "Thank you, Mickey."

She hung up.

My cock was hard in my pants. There was even a slight tremble in my hands. I was trying to keep it inside, the desire I felt, the urge to do all the things to her she wanted me to do.

I leaned back against the wall and tried to think. Maybe she was outside. In a pay phone. I started for the stairs. Down to the second floor. Then I realized something: the sound of the ambulance. I had heard it outside Deborah Caine's window, but not through the phone. But I had heard traffic.

Jill, the receptionist, was always the last to leave. She was putting the cover over her phone console when I reached the lobby.

"What time did Ms. Caine leave today, Jill?"

She checked her log book. "About 15 minutes ago, Mr. Raines."

Fifteen minutes. Just after I'd gotten the call on my intercom and gone up to her office.

"Does she have a phone in her car?"

"Yes. Do you need to get in touch with her?"

"Yeah. Where does she live?"

"I can try to call her car phone for you if—"

"Where does she live, goddammit!"

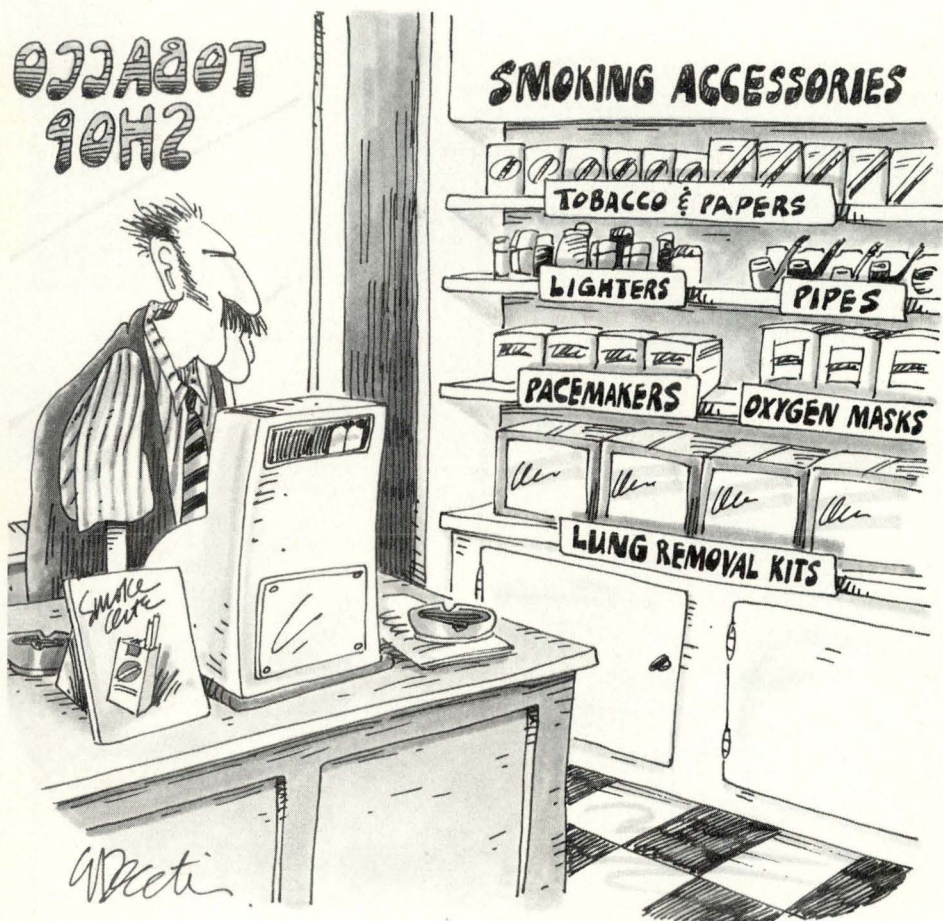
The address was 20 minutes away. I made the trip in 12. Rush-hour traffic ain't been invented yet that can slow me down.

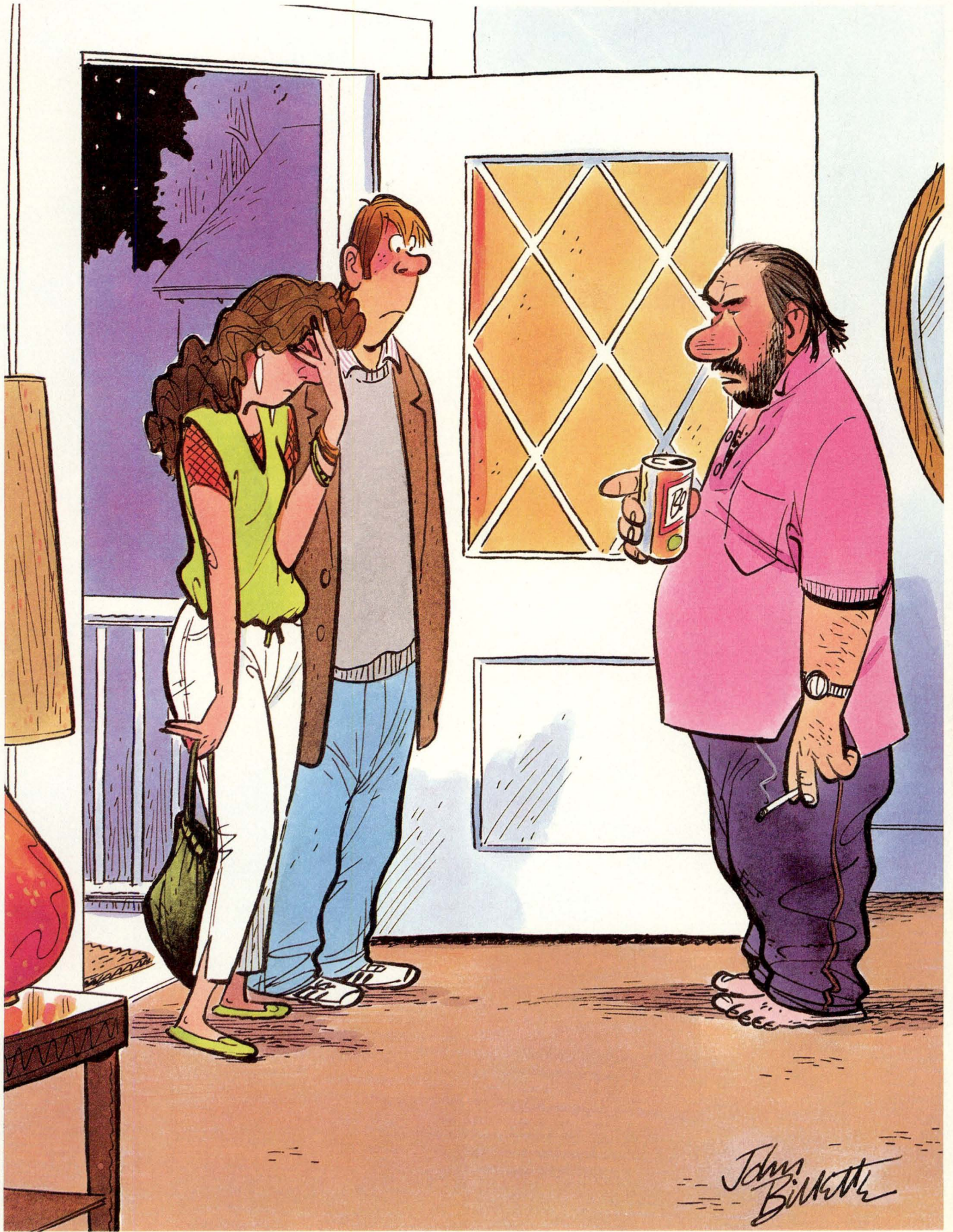
* * *

Deborah Caine had her name scrawled on a brass nameplate just over the doorbell to her townhouse. This was a prestigious-type of neighborhood—lots of Porsches, Jags, Mercedes-Benzes and Alfa-Romeos. The lawyer's shiny black Alfa convertible, an '81 if I guessed right, was parked in the driveway.

I tried the front door. Unlocked. Peeking inside to the living room, I saw no

(continued on page 84)





"Have fun, but remember to be a lady . . . no butt-fucking on the first date!"



Photography by James Baes



Irina

BOUND FOR GLORY



A person is lying on their back on a bed, wearing a black leather outfit. They have multiple studded belts and thigh straps. Their legs are bent and raised, and they are wearing black boots. The background is a light-colored bedsheet.

think a little bondage can be a healthy thing," confides sultry Irina, "as long as it's all done in good fun." There's not much the brazen beauty won't do in the pursuit of heightened sexual thrills, but she draws the line at inflicting actual pain. "It's all a question of imagination," she explains. "I've participated in a few rape fantasies, but the guy and I always knew we were just role playing. And I've gotten tied up in some pretty kinky ways. My second favorite was being handcuffed and ravished in a shower stall."

And her most favorite? "Use your imagination," she smiles.







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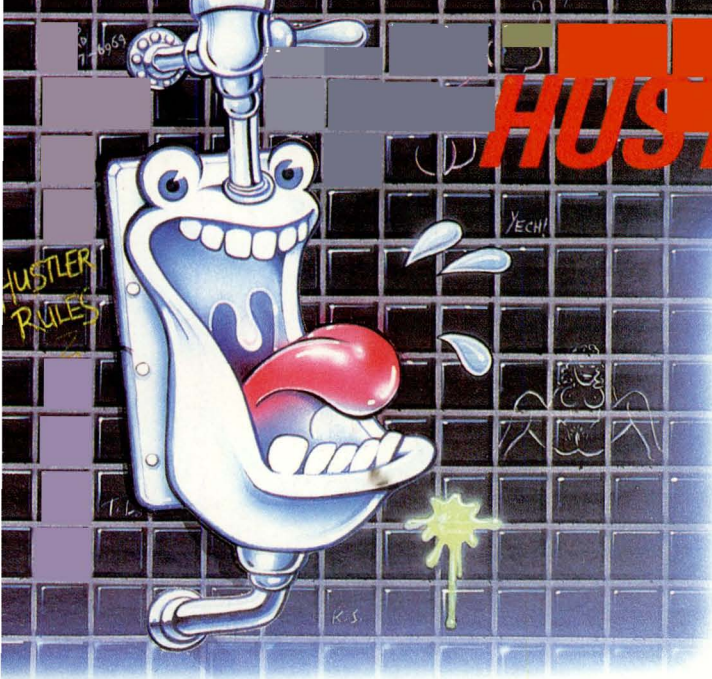
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HUSTLER HUMOR

A hillbilly farmer walked into a rural lawyer's office. "Ah'm lookin ta git me one a them dee-vorces," said the farmer.

"I see," said the attorney. "Do you have grounds?"

"Yep, 13 acres," the farmer replied.

"No!" the lawyer muttered. "What I mean is, do you feel you have a case?"

"Nope," said the hick, "got me a John Deere! 'At's what ah plow them 13 acres with!"

"What I'm trying to get at," said the attorney, "is do you want to bring a suit? Do you have a grudge?"

"Yep," replied the backwoods man, "mah suits hangin' in the closet, an' as for the grudge, 'at's where ah keeps the John Deere!"

Exasperated, the lawyer decided to try a different approach. "Let's talk about your wife for a moment. Is she a nagger?"

"Nope," said the hillbilly, "but our last kid was. That's why I want a dee-vorce!"

Question: What do you get when you cross a German bodybuilder with a black guy?
Answer: Arnold Schwarzenigger.

A big-time executive walked into a bar and sat down next to a drunk who was studying something in his hand. The executive leaned closer as the drunk held the object up to the light. "Well, it looks like plastic," the drunk said. Then he rolled it around in his fingers and added, "And it feels like rubber."

Curious, the executive asked, "What do you have there?"

The drunk shook his head. "Damned if I know. It looks like plastic and feels like rubber."

The executive said, "Let me take a look." He examined it, rolled it between his fingers and said, "Yeah, you're right. It does look like plastic and feel like rubber, but I don't know what it is. Where did you get it?"

The drunk replied, "Out of my nose."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *fart* as: a tail wind.

Question: Why do women have more trouble with hemorrhoids than men do?
Answer: Because God made man the perfect asshole.

Hearing that hypnotism might cure his impotence, the young man visited a local hypnotist. Every week for six months the hypnotist waved his watch and said, "You're getting drowsy. . . . It's getting bigger. . . . You're getting drowsy. . . . It's getting bigger." Finally, seeing no improvement, the frustrated young man quit going to the hypnotist.

"I'm worse off than ever," he said to a friend. "Not only am I still unable to get it up, but every time I see a watch commercial, my balls fall asleep."

The startled woman woke up in the middle of the night to find her drunken husband trying to stuff an aspirin down her throat. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" she choked.

"Whaddaya think I'm doing?" he asked. "I'm giving you an aspirin."

"Why?" she demanded. "I don't have a headache."

"Good," he said. "Then, let's fuck!"

A couple of men drove up to a rural drive-in restaurant in a new Rolls-Royce. When the waitress saw the expensive car, she ran out to take their order in expectation of a big tip. Unfortunately, the men ordered only coffee. Though disappointed, the waitress brought their order and struck up a conversation about the Rolls. The driver reached into his pocket for some change to pay for the coffee, and at the same time pulled out some golf tees.

"What are those?" asked the waitress.

"Golf tees," replied the driver.

"What are they for?" she queried.

"We put our balls on them before we drive," said the second man.

"Damn," the astonished waitress replied. "Those Rolls-Royce people think of everything, don't they?!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *wire coat hanger* as: a labor-saving device.

Lori, wake up," cried the husband urgently. "I think we've got ghosts."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling," she replied. "I told you not to stay up and watch that horror movie."

"No, I'm serious. I've just had an experience that can only be explained as supernatural."

"Okay, what happened?" asked Lori sleepily.

"I went to the bathroom, and as I walked in, the light came on without my touching it. Then, as I went out, it turned off again, and I still hadn't touched it. It has to be ghosts!"

"No, it's not," sighed Lori. "It sounds like you pissed in the refrigerator again!"

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



"Thought I'd do something different for this year's Halloween party.
Decided to come as a necrophile."

(continued from page 9)

thrusting to a feverish pace and this, coupled with Cheryl's vibrating and moaning, brought all three of us to simultaneous orgasms. As Cheryl screamed in ecstasy, I shot my load long and deep into Rita, who collapsed beside me with my cum dripping down her thighs.

I then flipped Cheryl onto her hands and knees, grabbed her hips and entered her waiting pussy from behind. She was tight, wet as she was, and yelped in pain, but to my surprise I was able to enter her with one thrust. I surmised she was a virgin, as I was also (up until two minutes earlier), but I never found out for sure. I then grasped her breasts, massaging them and fingering her nipples. I pumped her at a furious pace while she

Seattle. But halfway back she stopped the engine and said she wanted to say a proper goodbye and a thank-you. As I puckered up, she ducked down, undid my shorts and dropped them to the floor of the boat. Then she peeled off her suit and told me to lie down. We assumed a 69 position, and she started on my cock, nibbling on the head, teasing it to full erection. She sucked it all in while I began licking between her legs. I nuzzled her beautiful muff, teasing, sucking and gently biting her clit, pushing my tongue hungrily into her pussy, sucking and savoring her love juices, and finally licking her tender, wrinkled asshole. Then I reversed direction, working back down toward her clit, slowly and methodically loving her with my mouth. Her body

cum, savoring it and giving me a soft look of contentment. I turned myself around and placed my cock right in the valley between her two gorgeous breasts and began fucking her tits while squeezing her rock-hard nipples. I was pumping harder and harder, faster and faster, while she squealed with delight. I exploded and shot another load on her neck and face, and she began to rub it all over those wondrous breasts of hers. Just watching her rub her upper body, and then her cunt, almost made me come again. My knees buckled, and I collapsed right beside her. We held each other in our arms and lay in the warming sun for the next hour, kissing and tenderly fondling each other. But like all good things, it too came to an end, and Cheryl drove me home.

I'm now back at school in Pullman, and it's been a while since I've seen either Cheryl or Rita. I have still not had any luck with the local women, but I'll never forget the "educational" weekend that I spent with two of the best-looking friends I have.

—B. C.

Pullman, Washington



She slowly pulled aside her blouse. "Don't worry," she cooed. "My parents aren't home, and I'm legal."

whimpered, whined, moaned and begged me not to stop. She came instantly. It felt like a shock wave passing through her supple body. Her movements triggered my own massive orgasm as I shot another load deep into her hole. She then collapsed before I was finished, which sent my jism spurting all over the back of her legs and buttocks. I then succumbed to exhaustion and quickly fell asleep.

We awoke some time the next morning, each taking a shower and then having breakfast. After that, I rolled up in a blanket with Rita, then with Cheryl, and enjoyed a long, slow, romantic fuck with each of them. We then all said our good-byes, and Cheryl started the boat back for

rocked with such powerful orgasmic convulsions that during her climax she slammed her legs together, clipping my forehead with her inner thighs. At this I felt it safer to move out of the way and let her continue on her own.

She continued on my dick, taking all of my shaft deep into her mouth. She began squeezing my balls, then tenderly and teasingly licking the base of my penis. That hit me like a tidal wave of pure pleasure and brought me to a rocking climax. Somehow she knew that I was about to come because she engulfed the head of my cock with her mouth right before I shot my wad. She took my entire load, swallowing every drop of my sweet, hot

DOWN AND DIRTY

When you dig ditches for a small construction company in New Jersey, you don't get many opportunities to nail some pussy, but the experience I had just the other day came straight from my wildest—and wettest—dreams.

It all started when my company was contracted to lay the groundwork for a backyard Jacuzzi at this ritzy house over on the rich side of town. Normally we could just bring in a tractor and bang out this kind of job in a day, but since the place was surrounded by a huge brick wall and some pretty-expensive landscaping, we couldn't get our heavy equipment into the area to do the job. As a result, my foreman dropped me off early one morning with a few hand tools and told me that trenches had to be dug three feet deep and a foot and a half wide. I didn't mind working alone since I could relax and work at my own pace.

I worked straight through until 1:30, when I broke for lunch. Things were going well; I had half the rectangle dug the full three feet, and I was working pretty quickly on the other half. Piles of cool red-clay chunks lined the trench on both sides, slanting down to a small, moist valley.

I didn't see anyone around the house until about an hour after lunch, when I caught a glimpse of a young lady with platinum-blond hair, wearing the plaid uniform skirt of a parochial schoolgirl. I didn't want to stare, and it was hard to see through the sliding-glass door leading into the living room. You had to give your eyes time to adjust. So as I changed from one tool to the other, I made sure to lay them toward the house. As I did so, I could casually stare through the window while I groped for the handle of whatever tool I needed. I noticed the television at first, and after a while I saw the couch further back. When I reached over to pick up my shovel, I spotted her: a cute young blonde stretched out on the couch with her legs spread wide apart.

I quickly picked up the shovel and leveled off a few more inches on the bottom of the trench. I hoped that my staring wasn't too obvious, but when I looked again, it seemed that this succulent creature was bouncing her buns around on the couch, thrusting and gyrating her hips. As the shovel cut deep into the moist clay, a drop of sweat fell from my brow, staining the clay a deeper red. When I threw out another shovelful of dirt, I glanced back over to the window and noticed that the girl's hand had crept down to the meaty portion of her thigh. Then I spied a gleam of green light—like a reflection—from what she was holding down by her crotch.

Finally, the girl noticed that I was staring and thrust her hips outward. She arched her head back over the couch while drawing her plaid skirt up over her little titties. Her unencumbered hand worked away with what I finally identified as a champagne bottle. I felt the blood pulsing toward my groin.

I grabbed the pickax and started lobbing off chunks of clay like a lunatic. With each thrust of the pick, I felt the boom of my heartbeat and the painful discomfort in my bulging Levi's. Sweat slid off my body with every swing. When I held still, it ran in tiny rivulets down the lines of my face. The pickax cut deep into the earth and, when I heard the rumble of the sliding door, I watched six droplets of sweat drip onto the ground.

"Gee, you sure look hot," she purred seductively as she strutted over to me. Her starched white blouse was undone to the last button, and I could almost see the pink ringlets surrounding her nipples. "Would you like something to cool off?"

"Uh, yes," I managed to stammer. "I'll

take whatever you've got."

"Okay." She smiled as she turned around and went back into the house. When she returned, she held the bottle of champagne. She tiptoed across the piles of dirt on the points of her white bobby socks and stood above me on the mound nearby. From inside the three-foot-deep trench I could see up under her fuzzy wool skirt and her silky pink panties, wet from her lubricants beneath. She forced her thumbs up on the tip of the bottle, doubling over—straining like a man who's coming while standing. Her knees buckled, and the cork popped off while the cold bubbly shot its cold foam and droplets onto my head and back. At first the droplets seemed to steam away like cold water on a pancake griddle, but as more and more of it poured over my hot body, it turned my backbone into quivering jelly. She slowly pulled aside her blouse, poured a little champagne on her nubile breasts and offered them to me. "Don't worry," she cooed. "My parents aren't home, and I'm legal."

I couldn't stand it anymore. I grabbed her around her thighs and worked my hands up under each leg until I had a firm grasp of her taut butt cheeks. Immediately, she slid her thighs over my shoulders and pushed my head down toward her dripping pussy. I cleaned her navel with my tongue, sending tremulous pulses through her that flowed from her soft shoulders down to her toes. My

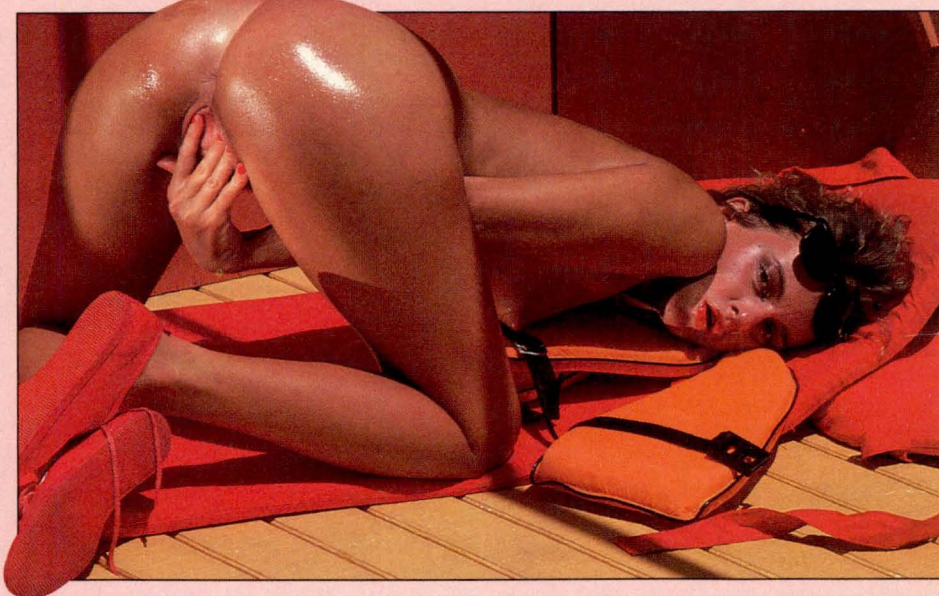
hands pawed their way up her sides until I supported her by her rib cage with my thumbs pressing into her pert little nipples. As I lifted her up, I hooked my front teeth on the frail elastic of her tiny panties, and with a quick whip of my neck I tore them away. Then I plunged my tongue into her virgin cleft and saddled her tasty labia on my nose. I licked her inner cavity with the tip of my tongue and sucked her cunt lips while feeling her downy pubic hair on my sweaty cheeks. The pain of my constrained erection was incredible, and my hips began to thrust involuntarily. I hungered to ball this little broad like there was no tomorrow.

I quickly undid my zipper, and my cock sprang out, slapping against a chunk of cool clay. It recoiled from the cold, but soon the mud felt warm and moist as I slowly formed a groove in it. I rammed my left index finger up my schoolgirl's ass and supported her this way while I freed my right hand to play with my straining penis. She must have realized that I was masturbating, because I felt the warmth of her breast near my ear, and her long blond hair wisped across my back. Suddenly, I felt something warm and wet enter my ear.

"Fuck me," she demanded while she tongued my ear. "Fuck me in the dirt!"

I hauled her down off my shoulders, and she locked her hands around my neck as I carefully spread her legs across the trench, her thighs arching upward

I pumped my dick as hard as I could into her tiny, tight hole and filled her twat with my churning seed.



along the piles of damp earth. I got into a push-up position directly above her and thrust my stiff cock into her snatch as far as I could. She squealed with pleasure as my prick rammed all the way inside her, then all the way out. We didn't miss a stroke, and the awkwardness of the position in the mud kept me from coming for a long while. We fucked for what seemed to be an eternity. It was wonderful, proudly humping away in broad daylight with a young lady I didn't even know. My sweat dripped down onto her, and she lapped it up in between sucking my erect nipples. Just as I felt the loads of hot sperm rising in my balls, I pumped my dick as hard as I could into her tiny, tight hole and filled her twat with my churning seed. We fell down into the cool, damp

tents. She took the bottle next and did the same. Suddenly, she climbed out of the ditch and walked away.

"Goodbye," she said, giving me one more wink of her eye before going back into the house.

Now, I've never said anything to anyone about what happened between us that day while we squirmed in the mud like little pigs, but I'll never be able to forget it. I just hope that someday I'll be able to do it again.

—B. K.

Somerville, New Jersey

WONDERLAND IN ALICE

It ain't easy being a 16-year-old boy and the youngest of eight kids—especially

before, didn't make a sound. She was totally naked except for the coal-black bikini bathing suit she was trying on. The soft puff of hair that angled down between her legs was as yellow as golden corn silk. She stood erect, the infinitesimal piece of cloth dropping down with a whisper to her ankles. One hand moved down between her legs to cover the yellow patch, while the other glided up toward her breasts, fingers spread wide, like a lace fan meant to attract the eye rather than obstruct the view.

My eyes feasted on the ripe, brown tan of her body. Her breasts were small, perfect mouthfuls, with a dark circle crowning each peak and long, straining nipples. Her eyes were glued to my hand, which held my throbbing erection and kept it from tearing through my shorts.

Jill was still screaming; so the golden girl smiled a radiant smile, brought her fingertips to her lips and blew a kiss. It was directed at my shorts. Then she closed the door.

Her name was Alice. She was 24, a friend of Jill's from college, and the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life. She was spending a week in Chicago as part of her job-training course for an airline. She planned to spend the week at our house.

At supper she sat across the table from me. Her hair was the color of wheat and hung loosely about her face, falling to a gentle stop an inch above her shoulders. Her eyes were a sparkling green. I thought their brightness would blind me.

Alice asked me if I'd be joining the rest of the family at bingo that night, and I replied no a little too loudly. "Good," she said quickly, glancing around the table at my mother and sisters. "You can show me around the neighborhood. Jill says some of the sights are pretty interesting. I'm really not a bingo player."

The pulse-beat in her neck was racing. I suppressed a groan and squirmed, trying to make room in my pants for my swelling dick. Jill protested, but Alice, smiling a smile that could create a greenhouse effect, convinced her that she would be perfectly safe with me. Besides, she continued, she wouldn't think of disturbing the ritual of Sunday-night bingo. So at eight o'clock that night I was alone with Alice.

There was a 1943 four-door Ford parked across the street from my house. My friends and I used the car for our clubhouse. All the tires were flat, and it didn't have an engine in it. I was sur-



I placed my cock right in the valley between her two gorgeous breasts and began fucking her tits.

pit. Her legs scissored around me, and we found each other's mouths and exchanged tongues. We remained that way for about ten minutes, letting the cool earth absorb our heat. After a while she quivered under me to let me know she wanted to get up, but she didn't say a word. She stood up in the trench, grabbed the champagne bottle, spread her legs and thrust the neck up her sopping vagina. She kept it in, turning it, prodding it, until she finally removed it and handed it to me.

"Drink and forget," she said. "My parents will be home soon."

I licked the neck of the bottle slowly, then voraciously downed half its con-

when the rest are all girls. I couldn't bring myself to deliberately entertain lustful thoughts about my sisters—gorgeous though they were—but with their underthings and whatnot lying about and the smell of women everywhere in the house, I was walking around with a perpetual erection and no source of relief. Until Alice arrived, that is.

It was a Sunday morning, and I knew the rest of the family would be in church. After sleeping in a bit, I figured what the hell, I'd go into the bathroom and jerk off. Smiling, yawning and gently stroking my dick, I opened the bathroom door. My sister Jill screamed. The girl in the bathroom with her, whom I'd never seen

I suppressed a groan and squirmed, trying to make room in my pants for my swelling dick.



prised and a bit nervous when Alice asked to see it.

I was in a dreamlike state as we crossed the street. She slipped her arm around mine, pressing me against her breast. I don't remember opening or closing the car door. All I can remember is her voice urging me to relax and sit back so she could take away all my frustrations.

I felt her fingers tugging at the knot in my sweater, which I'd tied around my waist to conceal my painful erection. I heard her utter a startled and excited "Oh" as the sweater came away and revealed the high-relief imprint of my dick inside my pants.

"Oh, oh, oh," she moaned quickly as she freed my throbbing shaft from its confines and stroked the length of it with one silky hand, while the fingers of her free hand toyed with my scrotum. And then her *ohs* became gentle sucking sounds as her mouth encircled the swollen head of my dick. I came immediately, violently, jerking in uncontrollable spasms as my hands spread across the back of her head.

She raised her head, slowly withdrawing her mouth from my cock, her tongue licking at it, massaging it, keeping it as hard as granite. Then she leaned against the side of the car, brought one leg up, swung it over me and slipped her hand down between her legs. The seam in her slacks was split, and I watched as she spread the cloth and her fingers disap-

peared into her body. I couldn't stand it. I scrambled to my knees, reached out, took her hand and wrapped it around my shaft. She guided my dick to the opening in her slacks, and I could feel the heat of her body before the head of my dick was seared by the lips of her vagina closing around it. Her breath was coming in short, fiery bursts as I drove my shaft all the way in. "Oh," she moaned, moving

Her breath was coming in short, fiery bursts as I drove my shaft all the way in. "Yes, yes, oh, yes."



her body tightly against me. "Yes, yes, oh, yes. Fuck me until I die."

We watched my family return from bingo before joining them in the house. We exchanged small talk and then went to bed. I was asleep in no time, and dreamed a succubus invaded my bed to rape my body. But, of course, the succubus turned out to be Alice. I awoke to find her stroking and sucking my dick.

The week she spent at our house was a week I'll never forget. The night before she left, I gave her head, hesitantly at first, then with gusto. She had the taste of spice that could be like no other, sweet, strangely appealing . . . habit forming. I have been addicted ever since.

—L. F.
Chicago, Illinois

FOR ALL THE BOYS

I had known for a few months that my boyfriend, John, liked to tell his friends about all the things I'd do for him in bed. The first time I let him put his cock all the way up my ass, he bragged about me the whole next day at work.

He said he couldn't believe how my ass wrapped so tightly around his whole hard-on, and that the way I made little screams when he came deep in my ass was a real turn-on for him.

I knew John got into telling stories about how hot he could get me, but I thought it was strictly talk.

The hard-ons in their pants looked like they were straining to get out—to get fucked.

Then one day John called the apartment from work and said that he was bringing over two of his friends that night for dinner. He said he wanted me to go out to the costume place where we'd gotten the devil suits for Halloween and rent the maid's outfit we'd seen.

I sort of figured what he was up to, but hell, if he wanted me to prance around for his friends in some frilly little skirt and revealing blouse, that was okay.

But when John and his friends arrived that afternoon, I saw John had more in mind than my just *looking* horny. His friends—Greg and Robby—came in the door right behind John, the three of them whistling at the maid uniform I wore.

The frilly gray skirt left half my ass hanging out, revealing the black-lace panties I wore. The blouse's neckline was so low that I didn't have any bras that wouldn't show underneath it; so I went without, which left my deep cleavage exposed out to my nipples.

John and his friends went into the living room and cranked up the stereo until the walls shook. I brought them a few

beers and warned John that the neighbors might complain again about the noise.

He said fuck the neighbors and then told me to dance for him and his friends.

Robby already had a hard-on in his pants just from looking, and Greg was staring at my tits as he drank his beer. When I didn't start dancing right away, John got up and urged me into it, taking me by the waist and moving me around.

My tits were shaking loosely underneath the blouse, almost bouncing into view, and John put his hands against the sides of them, pushing them together so they nearly popped out.

I grabbed his wrists, half-screaming, telling him he was being a bad boy, but he was making me laugh, and inside I really wanted to do it. John knew that too.

But he took away his hands and said, "Come on, baby. We've had a ballbuster day at work. We need to *play* a little."

Greg and Robby gave me the business too. So I shook my head and undid two buttons of the blouse, showing off most of my tits, the wide hard circles of my nipples visible now. "Okay?" I asked, dancing again, putting back my shoulders and

shaking my tits for them. The three guys whooped and hollered, and John sat back down, giving me the floor space to dance. I got into the music and twirled in place, raising the skirt up to my waist, letting them see the black panties. Starting to feel warm all over, I fanned the blouse away from my body, unbuttoning it some more, doing it one button at a time, then dancing a little, then one more button, until it was all the way undone. I pulled the short sleeves off and threw the top into the air.

Topless now, I let my hands press over my tits, squeezing, taking my nipples between my fingers and stretching them slightly, pulling the tips away from the meat of my breasts. I could feel wetness starting to flow between my legs.

The boys were into it too. They clapped their hands, and the hard-ons in their pants looked like they were straining to get out—to get fucked. And I wanted to get fucked myself. I wanted John to fuck me; so I danced over to him, straddling my legs outside his. Putting my loins close to his face, I spread my thighs open some more and pulled aside the crotch of my panties, showing him the thick curl of my blond pussy hairs. My middle finger went into my seam, opening myself up, rubbing, showing him a pink spread.

John grabbed my ass, pulled me toward him and put his tongue down firmly over my pussy, licking around my clit.

My legs started going weak. Vibrations racked my body, and I went down onto the floor with John on top of me, his mouth staying on my pussy. He pulled off my panties and hiked the skirt up above my ass. He made me wrap my legs around his neck, his tongue thrust up into my hole—he really had me spinning.

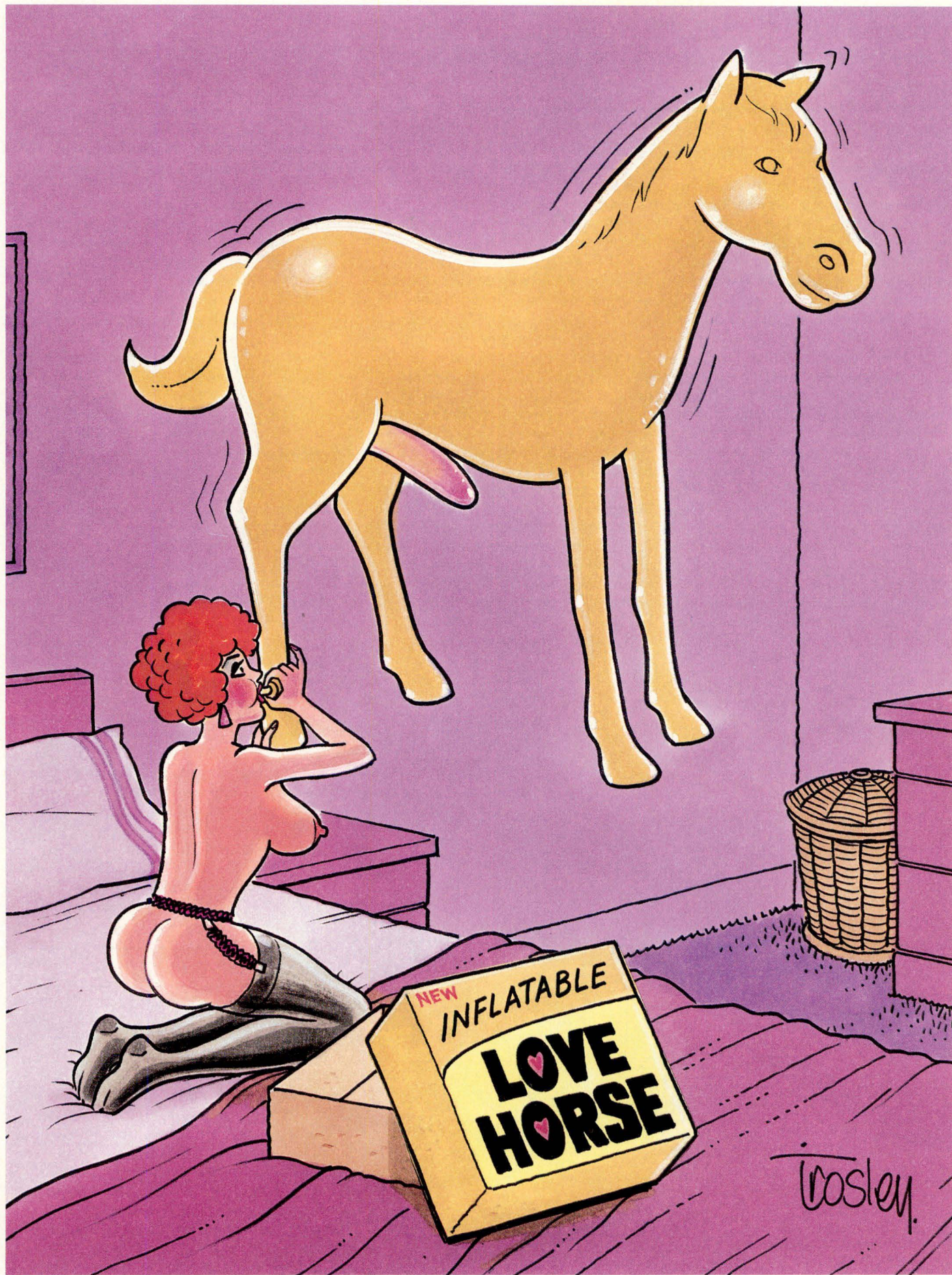
I rocked my head from side to side, seeing the ceiling, then finding Greg and Robby leaning forward in their seats, Robby rubbing his hands up and down against his crotch. My moist tongue crossed my lips reflexively when I saw the bulge in his pants.

He started unzipping himself, and I was nodding, reaching weakly for him with one hand, while John kept tonguing my pussy. I was close to an orgasm when Robby pulled out his long hard shaft; the sight of it took me over the edge. I stared at him stroking himself while John's tongue peaked me.

I was screaming, twisting from side to side, so high from it. My eyes were closed when I felt John's mouth come off me. My legs were raised high in the air.

Two hands grabbed each of my ankles, lifting them up until my ass was off the ground; they held me straight up and wide open, the spread of it stretching my pussy—a wild and vulnerable feeling. I wanted to feel a cock poking my hole.





HOT LETTERS *(continued from page 70)*

He was moaning from the taut grasp of my poop chute squeezed around his cock.

Opening my eyes, I saw Robby coming down between my wide-open legs while Greg and John held me open.

Robby's cock head slid through my folds, plunging into my wetness, driving deep and hard as his hands grasped under my ass. He hard-fucked me about 20 times, filling me with his huge rod.

I gasped as he moaned. The friction of his width had me hot, and I peaked when his rod spasmed powerfully inside my hole. He kept pumping until he was completely spent. Even as he pulled his slackening length from me, the pressure of it against my clit got me further aroused so that when Greg and John rolled me over, I was ready for more.

John had stripped out of his pants and sat on the floor with his back propped against the sofa. He held my shoulders against his thighs, with my face pressed against his erection.

Greg was behind me, hoisting me up onto my knees, parting my legs with my ass poked high up. His fingers were between my buttocks, separating them, looking for my anus; his breath was warm against my split-open ass. He licked into

my crack, lapping up and down, getting closer to my anus.

Saliva dripped into my butt-hole, hot and sticky. His tongue tip was closer now to my anus, thrusting forward, penetrating my tight little entrance and sticking all the way in.

I shuddered from the feel of his eel-like tongue flashing over my anal walls. I writhed, grasping onto John's thighs, scratching my fingernails over him.

John strengthened his grip when Greg's tongue snapped out of my ass, because Greg's cock wanted it now. His middle finger found my anus and sank deep inside, taking lines of warm saliva into me. His second finger really forced me open, and my scream was smothered in John's legs as Greg double-finger-fucked my ass, making my tits shake heavily.

I caught my breath when he withdrew his fingers, but knew I only had a moment before his cock would be surging up my ass, filling me. "Hold on to me," I cried to John, "because I'm gonna have to fight it."

John braced my shoulders more tightly

against his loins as Greg's cock head pierced my anus. I started bucking, not able to give right in, needing the struggle to distract me from just how much my anus had to open to take him.

Greg's size went half into me, paused, then did me all the way. His whole cock was up my ass! He was moaning from the taut grasp of my poop chute squeezed around his cock. He groaned how unbelievable it was, how good it felt.

His one hand reached around my hip and fingered my pussy, doing my clit while he gave my asshole a plunging fuck. He was straining, and I could tell it wouldn't take him long at all to come.

With sweat breaking out over my face and back, I hung on, bearing it out, flying from the feel of getting pumped up the ass by this stranger while my boyfriend held on and another man watched.

“This looks so good, babe,” John moaned, getting his cock close to my mouth, telling me to suck him. I tilted my neck back, putting my lips around John’s shaft head, letting saliva run all over him. The taste of his semen was already strong.

It was wild. Getting it from both ends, and Greg's fingers on my pussy, hitting my clitty just right . . . *God!* Just right.

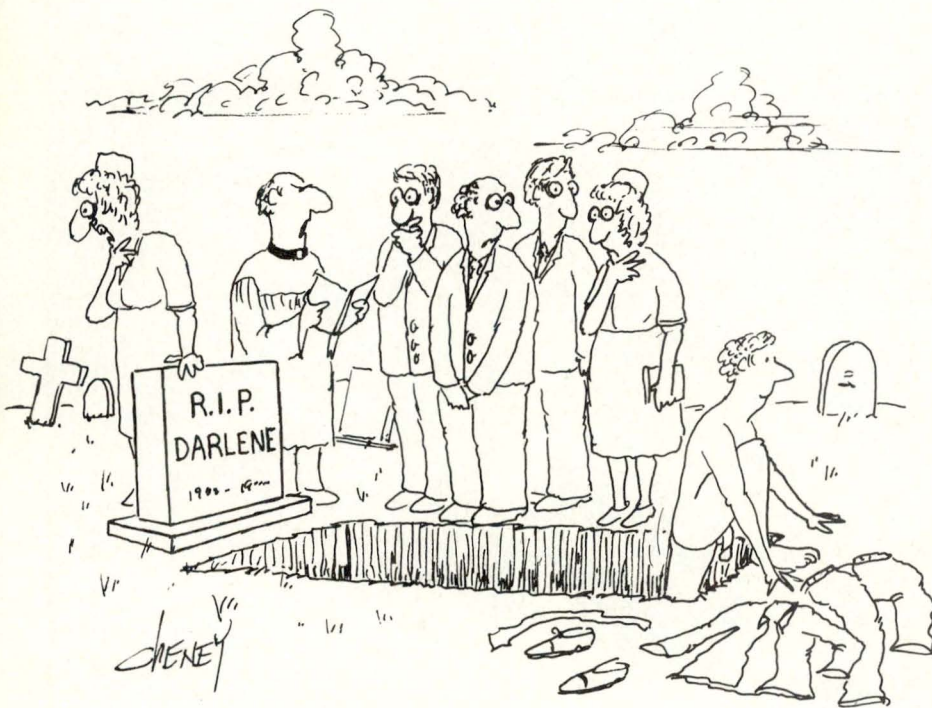
And I was coming *again*. Incredible! Rocking between the guys, sucking John's dick, getting it up the ass from Greg.

Greg's hand smacked my ass as he came, cum squirting all over my anal walls, thick and hot. And I kept peaking.

Then John came too. He grabbed my hair, forced my head back, handjobbing his own cock as I held my mouth open, letting him squirt semen all over me. And my climax stayed strong, riding me through a long one. A fantastic thrill that left the three of us collapsed in a heap.

As I lay there—cum in my pussy, up my ass, all over my face—I knew just why I love John: He's no millionaire, but the boy knows how to thrill me. —T. A.

Cleveland, Ohio



"Before I continue with the eulogy, does anyone else wish to pay their last respects?"

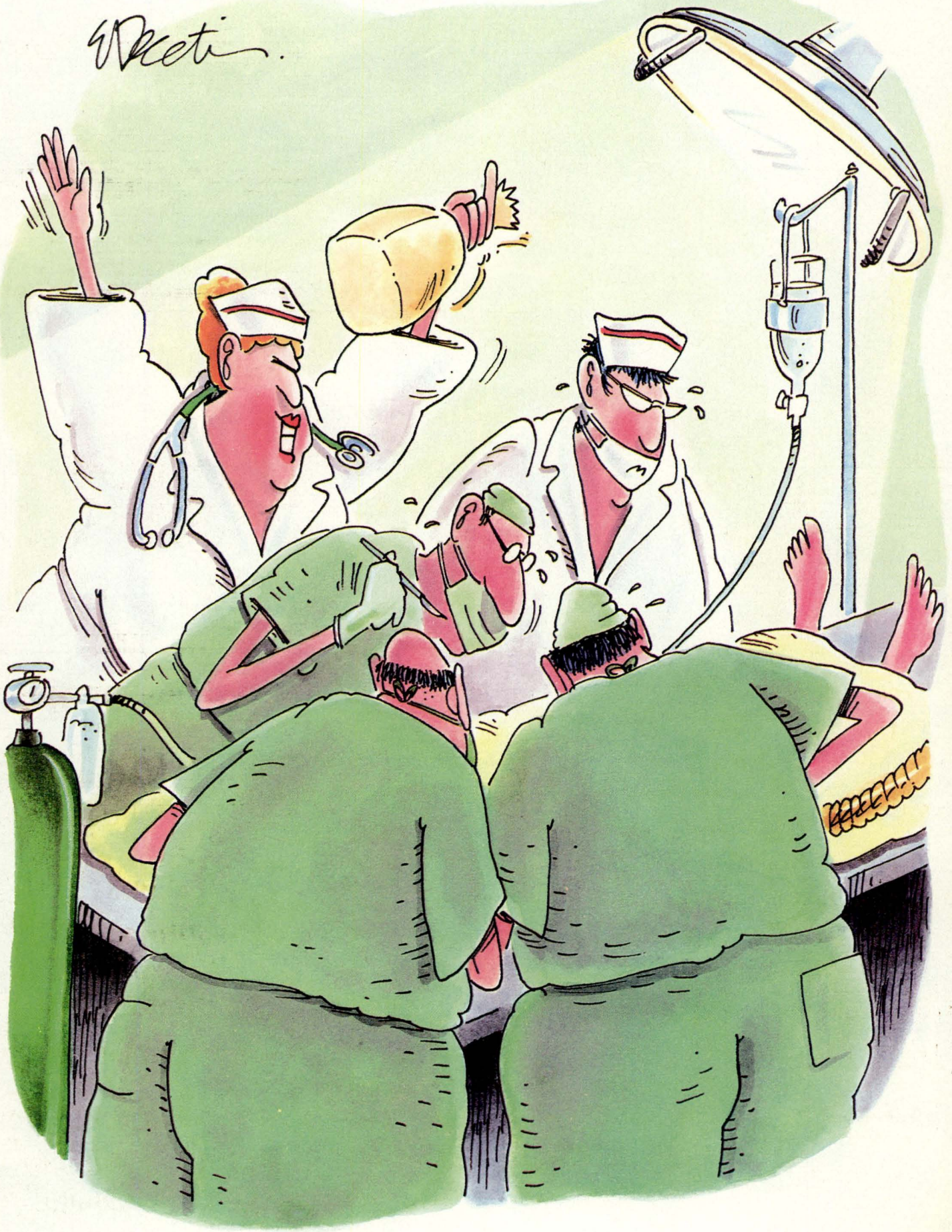
LUNCHTIME EROTICA

My husband's secretary, Sara, is very beautiful. Tall, with long, slender legs, her blond hair falls in a cascade of curls to her waist. Her full, pink lips always have that need-to-be-kissed look. I can see why David hired her; she's so unlike me. I'm tiny with short, curly black hair. Yet Sara and I recently discovered one thing we have in common.

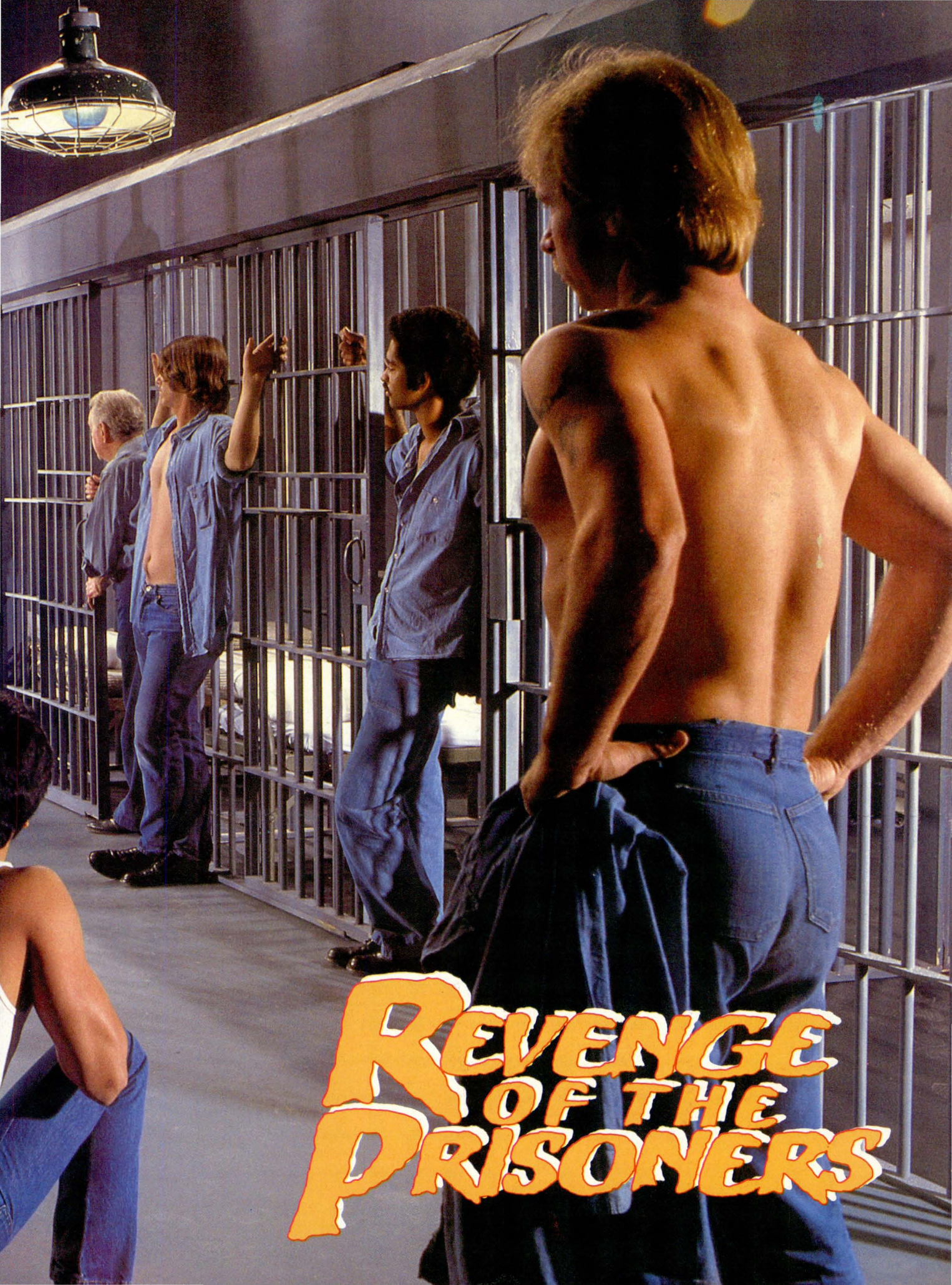
While David was out of town recently, Sara invited me to lunch one afternoon. After a pleasant meal she asked if I'd like to come back to her apartment to help her decide on some decorating ideas she had. I said sure, as her place wasn't far.

(continued on page 94)

Dr. Keti.







REVENGE OF THE PRISONERS



JOANNE should have known she was taking on more than she could handle when she became the only female guard in the toughest cellblock of the prison. She's been flaunting herself in front of the inmates for months now, tormenting them with her sensual walk, pretending to ignore their leering looks. Finally, the men can bear no more.

"Lights out!" she orders, at-

tempting to sound stern, but the surly convicts pay no attention. Then Joanne makes the mistake of striding into their midst, unaware that they've been waiting months for this moment. When the first hands grab her, she knows already that it is too late. The uniform is peeled from her supple body so quickly, she barely has time to protest. Then they are all upon her at once.











JOANNE has lost count by the time her last attacker is through with her. Satisfied at last, the prisoners withdraw, leaving the devastated woman to ponder the vagaries of the penal system.





THE VOICE ON THE PHONE *(continued from page 52)*

Both hands were on her pussy, separating the folds of her vagina, stroking the wetness of her pink slit.

one; so I went in. The kitchen and dining room were in the back and, easing my way down the wide, carpeted hall, I found no one there either.

I went back to the front door, having reclosed it, and knocked hard on the heavy wood. Next, I went back into the dining room, hiding around the corner, not knowing what exactly to suspect.

The sound of footsteps upstairs had the adrenaline going into overdrive through my veins. Light footsteps, without shoes, coming slowly down the steps, stopping halfway, then coming down onto the landing by the front door.

"Mickey? . . . Is that you out there?"

It was the voice on the phone!

I peeked around the dining-room wall and saw Deborah Caine. She was wearing a peach-color full slip with a white-lace hem. Her auburn hair was hanging loose over her shoulders, freed from its tied-back work style.

"Mickey," she gasped, leaning against the door, "it is you, isn't it? I knew you would find me. I'm sorry I couldn't tell you. I . . . I just can't explain what I've started feeling. This desire . . . it's so

strong." Her fingers pressed up inside her knees, going up her thighs, lifting the slip to her waist, revealing silk panties of a matching peach hue.

"I'm touching myself, Mickey. I want to put my fingers inside my panties. I want to get them in my pussy. Screw them in. Do you want to watch me do it? Will you let me?" Her eyes were closed, fingers pressing across the crotch of her panties, slowly pulling the material aside, touching her golden-brown bush. Sighing. "Oh . . . I'm wet." Turning now, she pressed her back against the door. Her legs were spread outside the width of her shoulders. Both hands were on her pussy, taking her panties off to the side, separating the folds of her vagina, stroking the wetness of her pink slit.

"I'm going to make myself come. Do you want to see me, Mickey? Do you want to see me putting my fingers in my pussy? Into my cunt?" She said it so roughly.

I stepped from behind the dining-room wall and slowly walked toward her as she pressed her fingers through the seam of her vagina.

"Mickey . . . Mickey. I'm going to slap

my pussy. I want you to listen."

I was less than five feet from her, approaching silently. I seemed to be able to feel the heat from her body.

"I'm going to slap it hard," she gasped, pulling one hand from her cunt.

I grabbed her wrist just as she was about to strike herself.

Deborah's eyes shot open, alive with surprise. She cried out, trying to pull her hand away. Her hand coming out of her pussy, she turned, saw that she'd left the front door unlocked, then put her back against the wall and crossed her arms over her breasts.

She looked down, then slowly brought her eyes up to me. Her hands slid down the silky front of her slip, grasping it at the waist, drawing the fabric into her fists until she had it lifted above her thighs. Stopping there, still eye-to-eye with me, she took it up above her waist. Inch by inch she spread her legs, opening them wide.

I reached forward, clasped her panties at each hip and ripped them down in a sharp motion that shredded the material from her body. I threw the torn panties aside, then opened my palm.

The desire in her eyes was strong as I drew back my hand, then smacked it lightly against her pussy.

"Oh, God, yes!" Deborah cringed, blinking quickly when I made contact with her cunt. "Again," she gasped. "Harder."

I slapped her pussy, a louder sound this time.

"Harder!"

I did as she asked.

"Harder." I hit her. "Harder!" Another hit. Deborah screamed. "Harder! Harder! Harder!"

My hand stung from the contact, and after the eighth cunt-spanking, Deborah dropped to her knees in front of me, leaning forward, hugging my thighs.

I reached down and pulled her slip up, loving the way it slid over her flesh. Making her raise her hands above her head, I stripped her naked. She was gorgeous, keeping her arms raised for me, licking her tongue softly over her lips. Her waist was thin, her body curving slightly at her hips, then slimming down to tight thighs. Her breasts were incredible, just larger than the spread of my hand, not sagging at all, firm and uplifted, with mauve-color nipples with long pliable erections that bent over in the pressure of my fingertips.

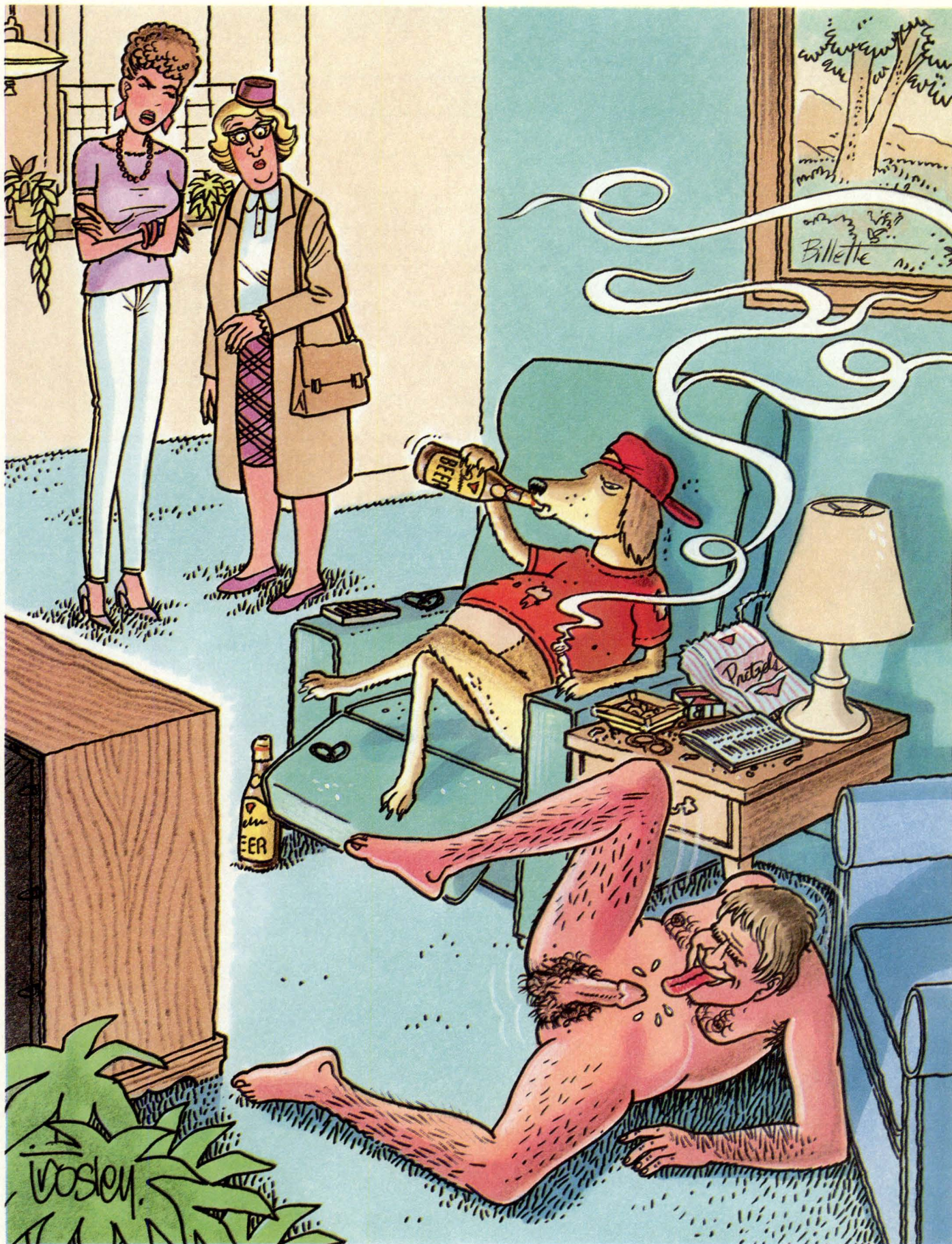
"Stretch them out," Deborah sighed as I fondled her nipples. "Pull them far."

I got down on my knees with her, pinching her right nipple, slowly drawing it from the meat of her breast, becoming enticed by the way her flesh stretched.

"Now, let it snap back."



"Hello, Bernice? Floyd Ketterling. I wonder if you wouldn't mind sitting up with a sick friend this evening? . . ."



"They're such a bad influence on each other. . . ."

THE VOICE ON THE PHONE (continued from page 84)

Her cries became louder, the sound of someone surrendering . . . and wanting to. "I'm coming."

I let her go, groaning from the sight and feel.

Deborah's eyes closed. "Upstairs," she said in the voice that called on the phone, "I have rope tied to each corner of my poster bed. Tie me up. Screw me."

Picking Deborah up, I carried her over my shoulder up the steps. She clawed at my back through my shirt, sounding so sexually urgent. "Yes, do it. Just take me. Screw my pussy hard. Use me. I want it—this way so bad."

Her bedroom walls were lined with floral-patterned material gathered like curtains. It was barely lit by dim table lamps, just bright enough for me to see the heavy rough-looking ropes strung around the bed's four corner posts.

I threw her faceup onto the bed, making her bounce against the mattress, her breasts jiggling invitingly in the process. Working quickly, I tied her wrists and ankles with the hard ropes, stringing her out in a vulnerable spread-eagle that left her legs very widely open.

Deborah wiggled her ass over the sheets as much as the ropes would allow while I stripped. I knelt on the bed be-

tween her spread legs and bit the inside of her thigh, using my teeth to suck flesh into my mouth, bearing down, applying an oral pressure until she cried out loudly.

I did the same thing to her pussy, getting my lips around the upper folds of her pink slit, sucking her wet flesh into my mouth, biting, finding her clit with the tip of my tongue and flashing circular patterns around it.

Deborah cried out beneath me, shaking the bed as she pulled on the ropes, banging the headboard against the wall. "My tits!" she cried. "Slap them, Mickey. Hit them."

Straddling her midsection, my erection lying heavy over her belly, I smacked her tits—lightly, then harder, being urged on by her. Her golden flesh became redder and redder, swelling from the slapping of my palm on her firm tits.

Drawing one breast into my hand, leaving the long erection of her nipple exposed, I bit into it, pulling it back from her body as I had with my fingertips—beginning to search for her cunt with my cock at the same time. Finding it. Smear-

ing my cock head over her wet folds, feeling the taut squeeze of her entrance, and fucking through it.

Deborah yelled, screamed, as I bit into her neck, whipped her naked flanks with my hands and relentlessly fucked her well-primed cunt, forcing her to open up, accommodate my size, plunging all the way.

She pulled hard on the ropes, face straining, flushed. Eyes pressed shut, mouth gasping wetly.

I slapped her sides a few more times, then dug my fingers over her skin, going into her ass, pulling her body up into me, making her cry out when I got more of my cock deep into her cunt. With my fingernails scraping into her buttocks, I held nothing back.

Her cries became louder, almost hurting my ears, the sound of someone surrendering . . . and wanting to. "I'm going to do it!" she moaned, fighting for breath. "I'm coming." Her pussy squeezed around my cock, then slackened. "Fuck me! Fuck me. Slip it in. Use me. Do it." Her mouth clamped shut, then opened widely again, screaming, coming.

"I'm right with you," I groaned, feeling an intense pressure inside my penis, which was ready to explode.

"On my face!" Deborah begged, tugging wildly on the ropes now. "Make me take it on my face."

I pulled out and immediately spewed a stream of cum onto her magnificent breasts, then hit her face with several more shots. Using my hand, I guided my ejaculate into her open mouth, putting my slackening cock through her lips to shoot a final wad down her throat.

I held myself over her as long as I could, loving the sight of her naked body with my semen smeared all over it. But when my strength ran out, I collapsed on the bed beside her, untying her wrists. Both of us were then massaging my cum into her skin.

* * *

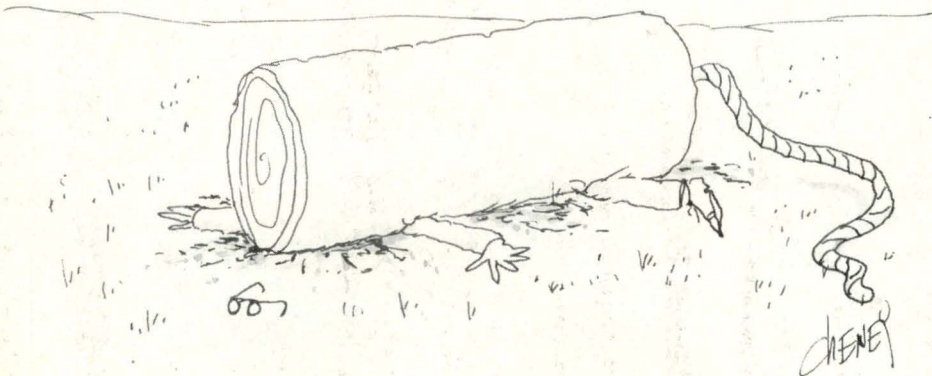
Friday at work Deborah Caine had a message delivered for me to come to her office. The night before, we had parted without deciding at all where this—where we—went from here.

Going into her office, she told me in a very businesslike manner to close the door. I thought maybe she was going to pretend nothing had happened.

Instead she pulled up her skirt and showed me the nice mark I'd left on the inside of her thigh, then took down the high collar of her blouse to show a similar mark on her neck.

"If you aren't busy tonight," she said in the voice she used over the phone, "maybe you could come over and add to this collection." 

ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN PART II



Beaver Hunt

Let's not beat around the bush—HUSTLER is looking for Beavers. If you think you've got what it takes to turn our readers on, now is the time to send in those photos. Remember, there's \$100 waiting for any lucky lady whose picture we pick. Just mail

those entries (preferably more than one color photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. (All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.) Make sure you use the model release on page 91, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the money.

Photo by Husband



Debbie, 26, is a waitress from North Olmsted, Ohio, who's devoted to her husband and likes to spend her time fulfilling his fantasies.

Photo by Husband



Twenty-four-year-old Lori is a Catskill, New York, laundry worker who loves horseback riding, swimming and playing pool. She dreams of making love to her husband on the top of a mountain.

Buxom Betty is an 18-year-old waitress from Westland, Michigan, who dreams of becoming a centerfold. She digs sunbathing, collecting lingerie and, of course, sex.

Photo by Husband



The pride of Blountville, Tennessee, 22-year-old Maria is a housewife who dabbles in writing, drawing and tarot-card reading. Her fantasy contains elements of science fiction, as she wants to be the sex slave of Mr. Dark from *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

Photo by Friend



L'il Sauerkraut is a self-described "plaything" from San Diego, California. She's into dressing up and just lying around, and her favorite fantasy is to be in a deserted toy store with three Smurfs going down on her cabbage patch.



Photo by Boyfriend



Photo by Husband



Mesa, Arizona's Anne spends her time showing horses and swimming. This 24-year-old's fantasy is to have another girl in bed with her and her husband and to be a porn star.

Photo by Husband



Debbie is a 34-year-old clerk from Carson, California. She enjoys crocheting, horses and baking, and her fondest fantasy—aside from appearing in HUSTLER—is to make love in the snow. Sounds chilly, but fun.

Photo by Boyfriend



Twenty-year-old Mel of Virginia Beach, Virginia, is a waitress who's into swimming. Her fantasy is to eat pussy with three other girls.



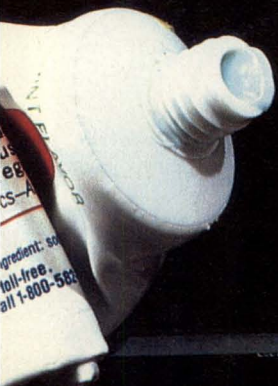
Bonnie, 35, is a cocktail waitress in Brookline, Massachusetts. She keeps in shape through aerobics and dancing, and fantasizes about getting laid in a glass elevator.

Photos by Chuck



Photo by Husband

Luscious T. L. D. is a down-home girl. The 24-year-old waitress has always dreamed of appearing in *Beaver Hunt*, and we're certainly happy to oblige. Her favorite hobbies are nude photography and sex.



FARON YOUNG

(continued from page 38)

Young finds the lack of this kind of camaraderie among the new flock of country-music stars disturbing. "Hell, the Oak Ridge Boys don't give a damn about Alabama or vice versa," he reflects. "Where people like me and Ferlin Husky and Webb and all of us were always a family. We helped each other, and we still do."

Young also feels that artists don't pay their dues to the same degree that he and his generation did. "See, when we started out, we drove around in station wagons pulling trailers behind. We'd go off for 40 or 50 days at a damn time to make a living. These guys, they have two hit records, and they buy two quarter-of-a-million-dollar buses and a damn airplane 'cause they got the damn money to do it with. They hadn't had to pay the same damn dues."

In those early days there wasn't the money to be made, the day-to-day struggle was greater, but there was a marked willingness to help one another out. While Young was on top, he encouraged, hired and supported more than a few of the artists who would one day break through to their own success. "Roger Miller was my drummer for two years back when nobody would take a look at his songs," Young reveals. "I hired him on as a drummer to tide him over."

"There were a lot of other people too. Charley Pride was in my band once. I gave him some of his first jobs. And when Kris [Kristofferson] couldn't find any kind of work whatsoever in Nashville, I hired him on as a carpenter. Willie was on four or five labels around here and never could do nothing 'cause he had that unique style. I said to him then, 'One of these days you're gonna be a big-ass artist.' He said, 'Yeah, sure.' He never dreamed that he would be. I said, 'You've got to happen; you're too damn talented, too good, too damn different.' He said, 'That's easy for you to say. You're making a million a year.' But by God, before too long, *wham*, he was in there, wasn't he? I knew a lot of these guys could make it if we just helped each other get over the rough places."

But competition among artists is now fierce. Record executives, promoters, agents and the press are on the constant lookout for the next Dolly Parton or Kenny Rogers. Huge investments are made in a new artist with the hope that he or she will be the next big star. Executives are no longer content to support bread-and-butter artists like Faron Young, whose concert tickets sell for \$5. They're searching for the artist who'll provide the big return on their investment. Kenny Rogers's tickets sell for \$25 and \$30. So

each year the gambles cost more, and greater pressure is exerted on the individual artist to deliver. In the end, Young feels the fan will lose. "I wouldn't pay \$30 to see the return of Elvis Presley," he groans. "That's too much damn money for somebody to go and watch somebody sing for an hour. Take somebody working in a damn factory for \$25 to \$30 a damn day or a janitor. How in the hell can he afford to take his wife or anybody else to see a show like that? It's ridiculous."

* * *

In Young's view the changes have created an industry out of tune with itself. "Artists today have got everything," ponders Young. "They've tried everything, and it's just one more thing for them. I've seen some of those guys in Hollywood, those movie stars, turn queer because they've done had all the women they want. I think that's what happens to these guys. They've tried pills. They've tried marijuana, then they go to that cocaine. That's the "in" thing to be in."

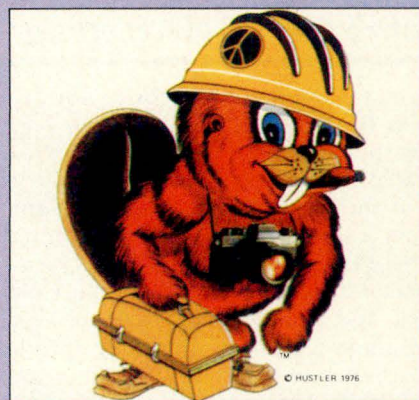
"I've watched them ol' boys take that stuff. Cocaine costs \$2,000 an ounce, you just stuff it up your nose, and it's gone. I can't see it. It eats all the membranes up, eats the gums off and everything else. I know a guy driving around here who in two years spent \$800,000 on cocaine and then went bankrupt. There's a lot of the entertainers who take it. Some of the biggest ones take it."

While more money is made by a few, artist turnover is more frequent, and more promoters go broke. "I've seen a many of a promoter go right down that commode for buying them big acts," complains Young. "The artist wants \$25,000; so the promoter hocks his house to get them, and then they don't draw but \$10,000 worth of people."

Young also feels it's harder for a new artist to break in. "Today it's rough," he says sadly. "When I started out, there was maybe a hundred of us in the business. Now there's 50,000—with another million trying to get in it. Back then there wasn't but about five record labels, and now there's 10,000 record labels. I'd advise people just don't give up their damn paper route if they're gonna try to break into this business. Hell, it's much tougher to break in than when I did. Like me, I was with MCA and hell, they wouldn't distribute my records. Nobody could buy 'em. We put out a record, 'The Great Chicago Fire,' and it went No. 8 in the nation, but it didn't sell one goddamn copy 'cause they [the record company] never put it out to be bought."

"I went over there [to MCA's offices in Nashville] and said, 'I don't understand you crazy bastards. What're you doing?' They didn't give me no answer, but I'll tell you the reason. 'Cause they had Bar-

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 87. 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

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Model's Legal Signature _____ Date _____

"I can tell any poor son of a bitch who's gonna drink that it ain't gonna solve nothing. It always makes things worse."

bara Mandrell, the Oak Ridge Boys, Conway Twitty, Merle Haggard, some biggies on the label. Well, the label can go to the radio station with three or four records, but they can't go in there with eight or ten, 'cause no radio station is gonna sit there and play no ten or 15 MCA records, 'cause they still got Capitol, Epic, Columbia, RCA and them boys to contend with, all those artists. So what they do is take Barbara and the Oak Ridge Boys into a station and never even give me a pop at it. 'Cause they were selling big, and I wasn't. They'd pay for my session, and there'd be a little money made, but not the amount of money they were making off those artists. So they just give all their attention to the moneymakers. So I told him I was quitting. I said, 'I'm not gonna run out and sing my heart out, looking for material and go spend my money to promote it, and then you bastards won't put it out to be bought.'"

Since he left MCA in 1982, Faron Young has been semiretired, traveling to maybe six or seven dates a month on tour, appearing on an occasional television show and keeping track of his invest-

ments. "I've got plenty of money," he says. "I just sold this big building to some investors, and I got \$3 million for it," he explains, waving his hand through the air to include the building in which he is sitting. "So they pay me \$18,000 a month for 20 years. And I don't owe anybody one damn dime."

Young claims to be content these days even though he is in the process of getting a divorce from Hilda, his wife of 31 years and the mother of his four children. "I really loved her," he admits. "For 20 years I loved her to death. Then things just fell apart."

So life goes on for Faron Young, one of the last of the genuine country cowboys. Not all has turned out as he would have hoped. But he still has his sense of humor. And when his problems get to be too much of a burden, he admits to still "hanging one on." Drinking is one of his few vices ("That and cussing too much," he confesses), but he has no plans to stop now.

"I don't have to have a drink," he says with a huge grin. "I'm not an alcoholic. I'm a drunk. Sometimes I'll go two or

three months without a drink, then I'll go on a binge, and I'll drink for two or three weeks. But I never have enjoyed the taste of whiskey. I see these people take that whiskey and drink it straight. If I took some whiskey and drank it straight, I'd puke from here to that wall over there. I got to have a glass of water ready when I drink it so I can drink that glass of water behind it. I drink to get loaded. I think it's gonna clear up my troubles, and it don't do a damn thing. I can tell any poor son of a bitch who's gonna drink that it ain't gonna solve nothing. It always makes things worse 'cause you'll put off something you were gonna do today till tomorrow 'cause you got drunk.

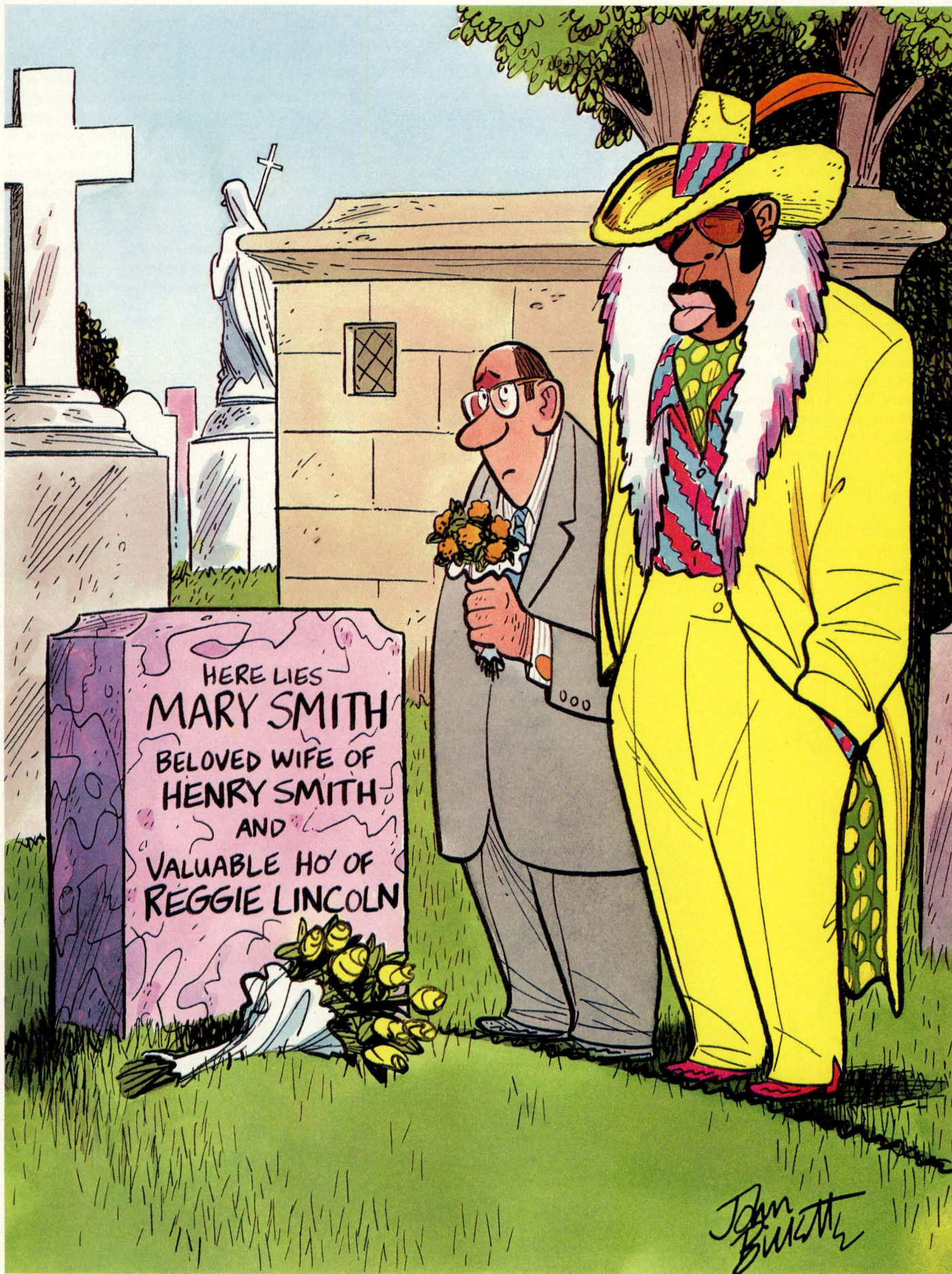
"I got friends here—Johnny Cash, Tommy Cash, George Richey, some of them boys all have these meetings here about twice a week. They're always trying to get me to come up there. I went to two or three of 'em. But those sons of bitches get up in the morning and start drinking, wake up during the night and drink. I'm sitting there and Cash says [Young lowers his voice as if he were Johnny Cash], 'I'm Johnny Cash, and I'm an alcoholic.' That's the way they start, and then they tell their story. I said, 'I ain't got no business in here with you bunch of goddamn drunks.' I said, 'You sons of bitches need to meet after hearing these stories you all tell of what you do.'

"Tommy Cash would leave his house, go get a hotel room just to go get drunk. Richey has that big cruiser, and everytime he took it out, he'd tore it up. Now he's a teetotaler. But them boys drunk 24 hours a day. At one meeting I started kidding them. I said, 'When's this meeting gonna end? I want to go out and get me a drink.' See, I believe that if you want to quit drinking, you can quit. I firmly believe that 'cause I quit. I quit for about two years. I never want a drink to start with. It's just that you go over there with all your damn buddies, sitting around telling jokes and talking about this and that. And everybody sits around, gets a drink, and that's what starts it."

After all, a country cowboy isn't supposed to be perfect. And Faron Young is one of those guys whose virtues far outweigh their vices. He laughs and jokes and takes good care of his many friends. And he dreams. "I still wanna have a hit record," he confides. "I told Willie if we're gonna have a hit album, I'd have to go back to work. But I'm content. I don't have to go out and work. If I want to, I will. I ain't got all this overhead hanging all over me. The stuff I invested in years ago made me a wealthy man—way beyond anything I ever dreamed of." Young pauses, then adds, "But I still love to go out there in front of them people and sing. I'll do it till I die."



"I am not a rapist . . . I'm a sexual adviser. I advise you to give me sex!"



*I never knew that I could want another woman so badly.
I kissed her and let my hand glide to her pussy.*

The whole apartment proved to be quite elegant, but what really amazed me was the bedroom. It was magnificent: a king-size bed swathed in layers of black silk in the center of the room, surrounded by mirrored walls and countless plants, giving the place a junglelike atmosphere. Sara began lighting a half dozen black candles. I sat down on the bed when she disappeared from the room. A moment later she returned with a bottle of Burgundy and two glasses. We sipped the wine and made small talk for a while. I assured her she should leave the bedroom just the way it was.

"Sandy, will you stay with me this afternoon?" she whispered.

"Sara, I've never. . . I don't know what to do," I stammered back.

"Let me teach you," she murmured seductively. "It'll be wonderful. I promise."

With that, her lips parted, and she kissed me. It felt wonderful, and the next thing I knew she had pushed me gently back on the bed. Her hand went under my skirt and slid up the inside of my thigh and into my panties. Her hand was so silky; her fingers knew just where to go.

Sara's mouth never stopped. Her lips and tongue engulfed my mouth while her fingers sought the depths of my pussy. She would finger-fuck me violently for a moment, then withdraw her fingers to rub my clit in a way that no man had ever done. I was so hot that I would have done anything she asked.

Sara reached over and picked up an unlit candle. I could feel her spread the cheeks of my ass apart, and I felt warm spit on my anus. Slowly, Sara inserted the candle into my rectum. In and out, in and out, she moved the candle slowly. . . gently. Sara's other hand went to my breasts; she massaged them and pinched my nipples just hard enough to make me wince.

I wanted Sara; I wanted to touch her, to shove my fingers into her pussy. . . I wanted to suck on her beautiful tits.

I stood up. . . and so did Sara. We slowly undressed each other. I pushed her back on the bed and lay on top of her. I never knew that I could want another woman so badly. I wasn't sure of what to do. I kissed her and let my hand glide to her pussy. It was wet; so I slid my fingers in deeply. I pumped away at her pussy;

she felt so deliciously smooth inside. I let my lips travel down to her nipples and sucked them voraciously.

My God! I never knew it could be like this. My mouth traveled down over Sara's smooth belly to her pussy lips. I spread them apart and tasted my first cunt. I licked away at her clit and was soon stuffing my tongue as far as I could up Sara's pussy, in and out, making her writhe.

A few moments after Sara came, she got up from the bed and went to the closet. She brought back two dildos. One was short, thick and smooth. The other was as big around as my wrist, covered with knobby bumps, and at least two feet long. It had a head on each end.

Sara pulled me to the edge of the bed. My feet were on the floor, and my ass was hanging over the edge of the bed. Sara sat on the floor between my legs and spread them a little farther apart. She took the short, smooth dildo and slid it into my pussy. With one hand pumping the rubber cock in and out of my pussy, she took her other hand and spread my pussy lips open to receive her tongue.

Sara licked and sucked on my clit while fucking me until I came with an explosive force that left me totally exhausted.

Sara and I lay on the cool, black silk and caressed gently. We sipped more wine and giggled for a while.

"And now, Sandy," Sara said, "I'll show you how we can make love together. . . beautifully." Sara got the two-headed cock and knelt in front of me.

"Up!" she said. "Kneel, Sandy. Play with yourself; get it nice and wet."

We were kneeling there facing each other, playing with our pussies and kissing when Sara slid one end of the huge dildo into my cunt. After a few long thrusts, she slid the other end into herself.

Back and forth, slowly at first, with her fist wrapped around the center of the rubber dick, she would slide it into mine and, as she withdrew it, it would slide deeply into her own vagina. Sara's free hand was kneading my clit. I reached up to caress her breasts, to pinch her nipples.

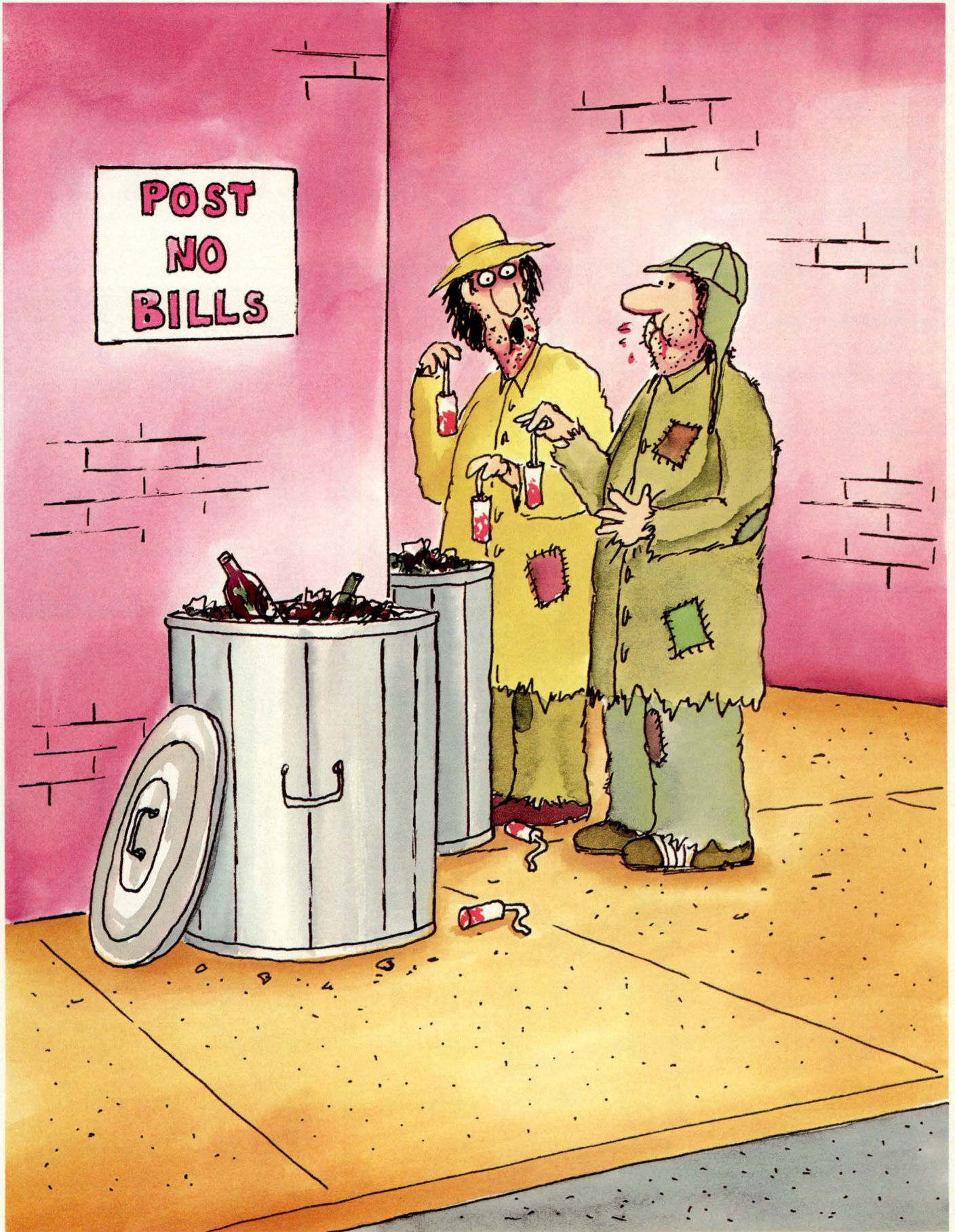
Faster and faster Sara pumped the cock into me. She was so good to me, it didn't take long for me to come in a shower of fireworks. My mouth refused to give up her sweet tongue; I took hold of her blond curls and pulled her down with me to the silken sheets. I sucked at her mouth and felt the passion in my pussy.

When it was time for me to leave, Sara and I showered together, dressed each other and promised to have "lunch" together again. . . soon!

—S. L.
Southgate, Michigan



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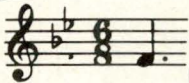
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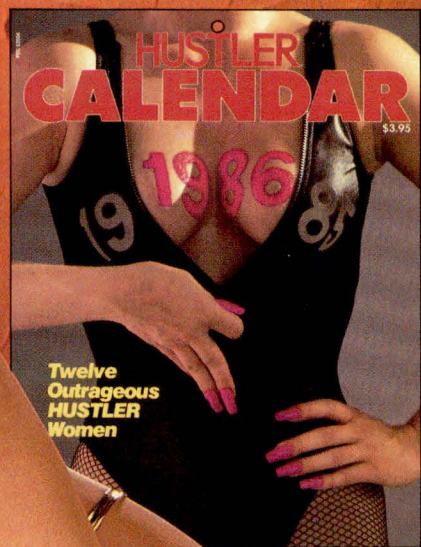
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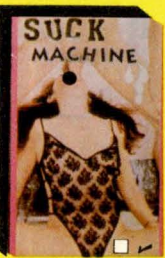
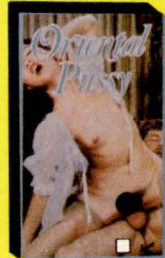
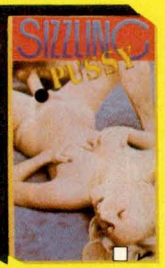
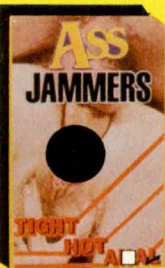
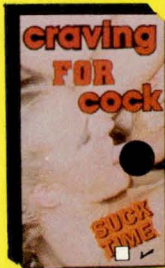
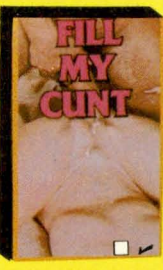
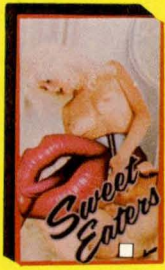
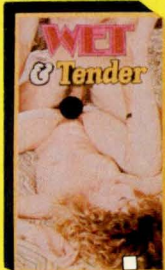
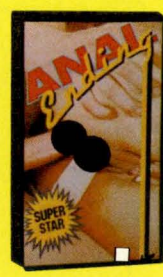


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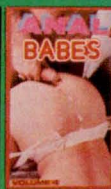
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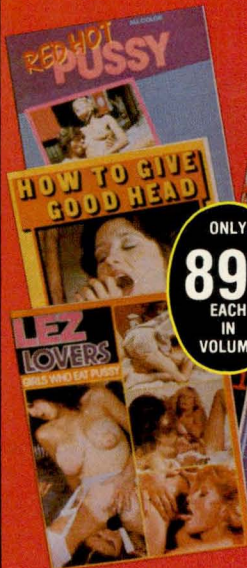
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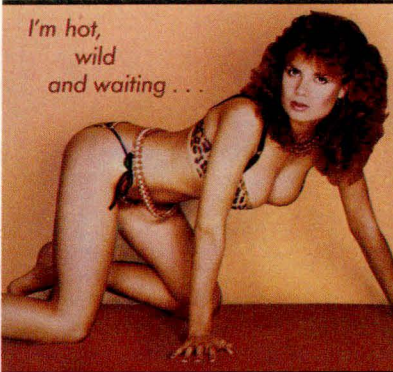
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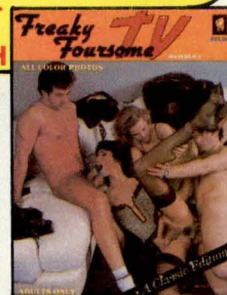
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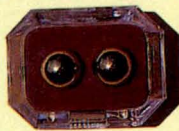
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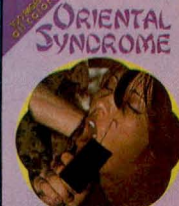
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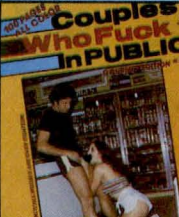
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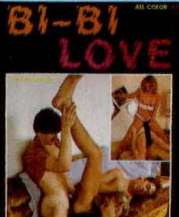
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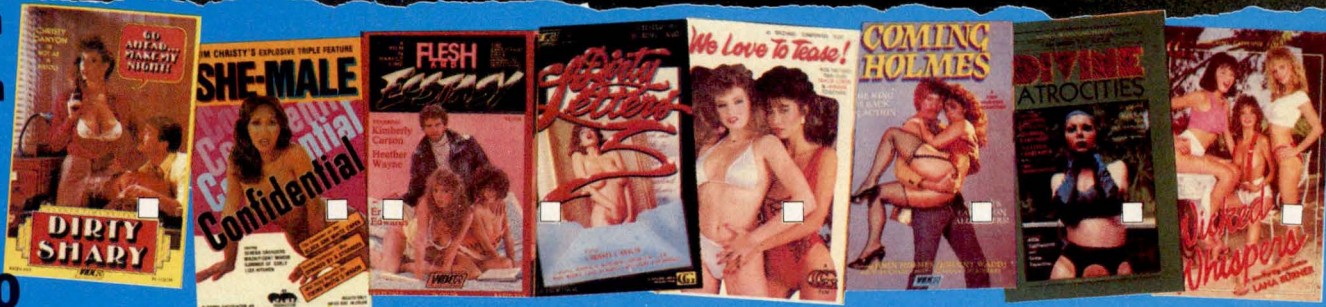
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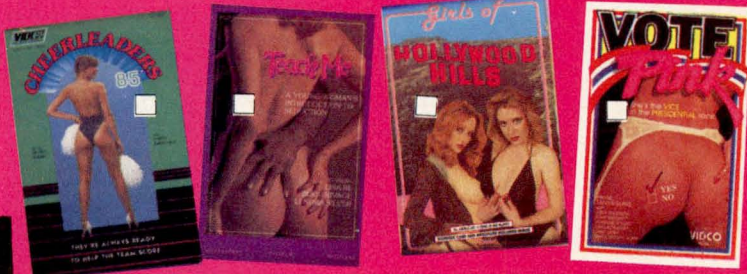
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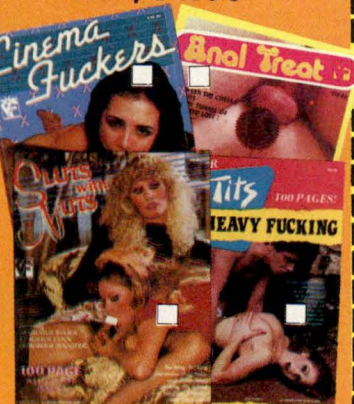
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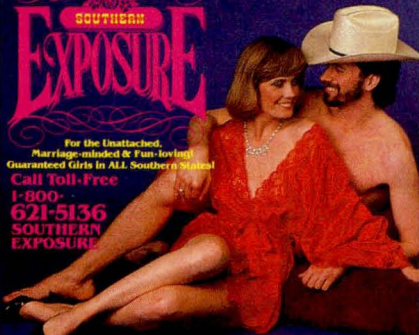
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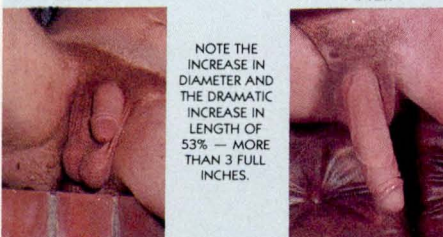
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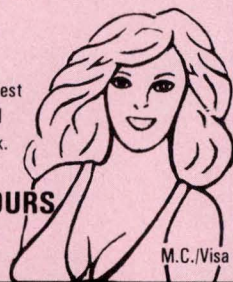
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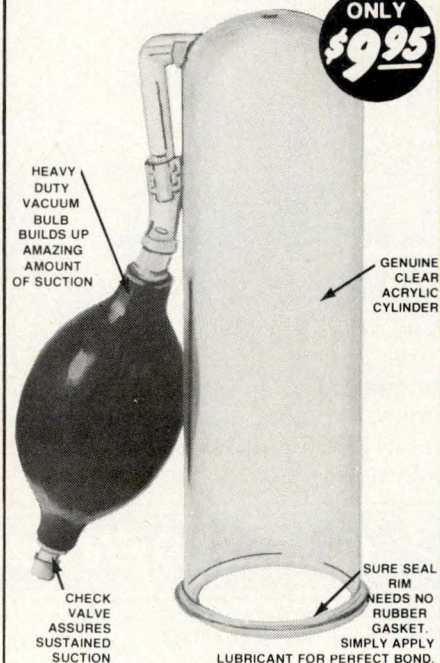
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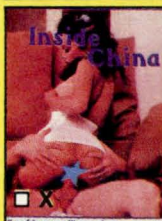
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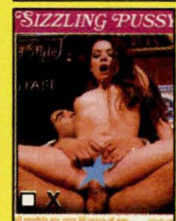
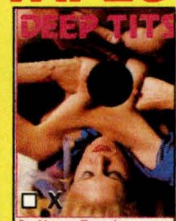
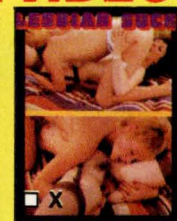
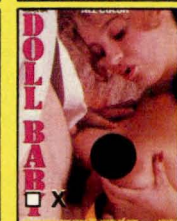
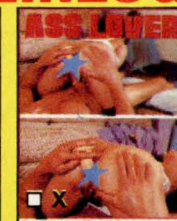
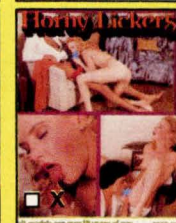
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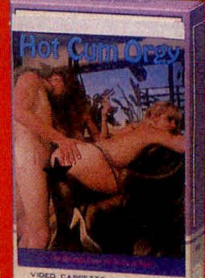
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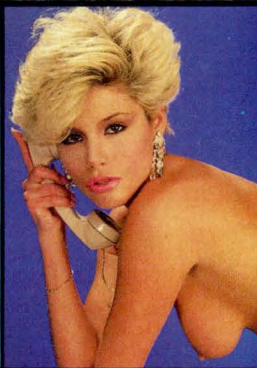


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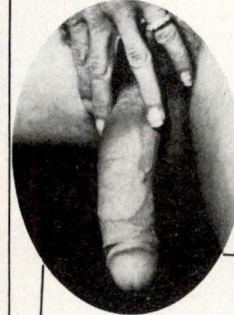
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A Public Announcement from California Video Prod.

90 MINUTE XXX-RATED HARDCORE!!

ONLY \$9 EACH
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**AS PART OF A MOST UNUSUAL PUBLIC-
ITY CAMPAIGN**, California Video Prod. is
making available a limited number of its NEW-
EST, UNRELEASED XXX-rated hard-core ero-
tica for only \$9 each. They are being offered
prior to theater distribution and are the LAT-
EST, PRE-PRODUCTION, PRE-RELEASE
video treatments of the hottest, most sexually
explicit screen stories ever slated for the X-
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Holmes, and Marilyn Chambers**.

**THESE ARE NOT VIDEOTAPES SPLICED
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minute stories from start to finish. Each is sepa-
rate & individually packaged. WE CERTIFY
THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE GOVERN-
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PRIOR TO DISTRIBUTION, WHAT YOU GET
WILL BE THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT SCRIPT
AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE ENJOYED.

**HOW CAN WE MAKE THIS OFFER AT
THIS PRICE?** It's simple. We're betting that
the excitement generated by this campaign will
pay off later—with huge box-office receipts
and runaway video sales. However, to keep
processing costs down, we must request that
you order at least 3 selections.

BUT THERE IS A CATCH—All we ask in
return for making this adult entertainment
available to you is that you fill out & return the
questionnaire you'll be receiving with your or-
der. (It needn't be signed.) Your responses to
our questions will be a tremendous help to us
in producing X-rated pictures the public will
want. In fact, **your response** is the whole aim
of this campaign. The more selections you re-
view the more valuable your input becomes.

Therefore, to encourage you to review as
many selections as possible, we are going to
offer an additional bonus.

FREE-FREE If you order all 8 selections,
you will receive, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, the
"California Sex Spectacular," our collector's
edition video-tape of the Best of Sex, featuring
no less than 25 of your favorite stars in the
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all 8. **FREE TICKETS**—For each title you
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CHOOSE FROM THESE SELECTIONS—

These XXX film treatments were written & con-
ceived for big-name casts in the tradition of stars
like these.

1. "JAMMING IT"—Wild adventures of female
rock group who excels on the "skin flute"!
Seka, John Holmes.
2. "FAST & FURIOUS"—Marilyn Chambers—
stock-car racer with lust in high gear!
3. "CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS"—2 city girls
get jobs on farm & get their cherries plucked!
Anna Ventura, Pia Snow.
4. "ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN"—Teacher in-
herits 12-inch candle that turns her into a slut!
Jessie St. James.
5. "SLIPPERY WHEN WET"—Slipping, sliding
adventures of female mud wrestlers. Lisa
DeLeeuw, Rhonda Jo Petty.
6. "LET ME SHOW YOU HOW"—Bridget Mo-
net as private masseuse specializing in mas-
saging "love muscles"!
7. "TIGHT SITUATIONS"—2 wild & sexy girls
compete for the "tightest fit" prize! Annette Ha-
ven, Oral Annie.
8. "ALL THE WAY UP"—Exclusive swinger's
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PRICES:
Any 3 selections - \$27
Four - \$36 • Five - \$45
Six - \$54 • Seven - \$63
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Re-orders cannot be
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hold.

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☐ FAST AND FURIOUS
☐ CHERRY ORCHARD GIRLS
☐ ONE FOOT FROM HEAVEN
☐ SLIPPERY WHEN WET
☐ LET ME SHOW YOU HOW
☐ TIGHT SITUATIONS
☐ ALL THE WAY UP

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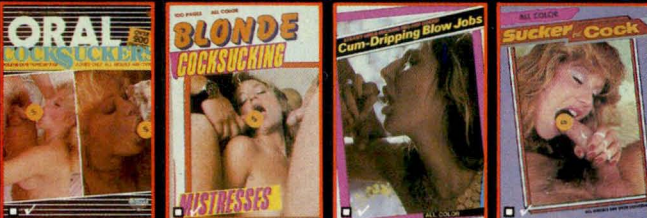
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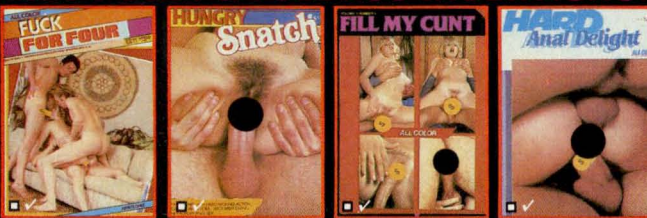
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NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

December issue on sale October 17, 1985



HOT BODIES

December's girls will warm you up even on the coldest of winter nights. You'll drool for a luscious blond musician who really gives good sax. Then meet a sun-kissed nature girl soaking up the rays and lots of attention. She's not Wayne Gretzky, but we're sure you'll like HUSTLER's hockey honey . . . on the ice and in the locker room. Finally, a dark, sultry stranger invites you to cuddle up with her next to a roaring fire and really turn on the heat.

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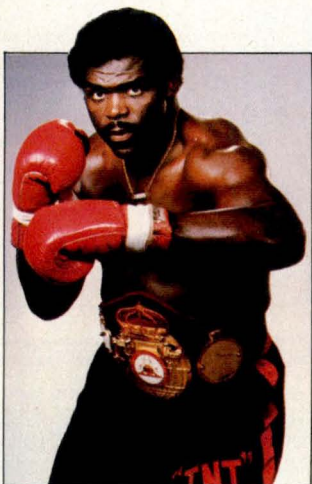
Tony Tubbs is one of the most fascinating and articulate young men in the world of boxing today. He's weathered the mean streets of Cincinnati, corrupt promoters and three years of bumming from city to city in search of the big fight that would give him his break. He finally got it, wresting the WBA Heavyweight Championship away from Greg Page. The story of Tubbs's rise to the pinnacle of his sport, as told by HUSTLER writer Jim Dalessandro, is marvelous and moving.

A PRISONER OF PASSION

Kelley Allen is rich, beautiful and bored to tears during her vacation on an exotic Caribbean island. That is, until she is kidnapped by a mysterious organization bent on converting her and other women to a life of sexual submission in *White Slave*, startling erotic fiction by David Tripp.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL . . .

HUSTLER's regular features are hotter than ever. Due to popular demand, an extended *Hot Letters* column, featuring the steamiest erotic correspondence of our loyal readers; the lowdown on current X-rated films and videos in HUSTLER's bigger and better *Erotic Entertainment*; the ever-popular *Beaver Hunt*, with the sexiest amateur exhibitionists from across the country; rock 'n' roll undercover in *Melody Makers*; and outrageous humor from *Bits and Pieces* and *Comic Relief*. Pick up the December '85 HUSTLER and watch the temperature rise!





PRESENT

HEATWAVE!

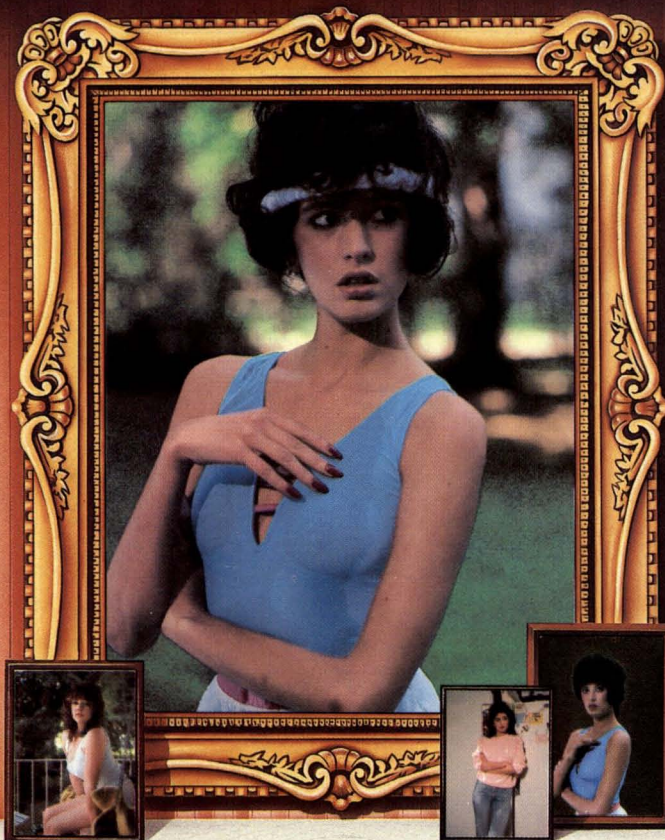
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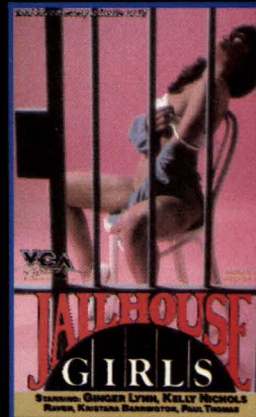
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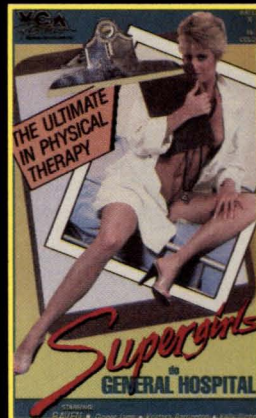
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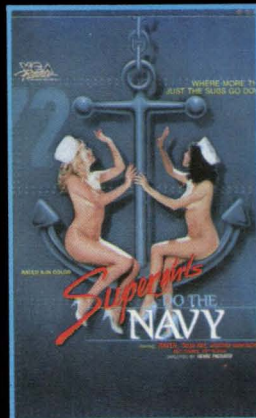
HOSTAGE GIRLS—Four sweet hostages
do it all to please their virile captors.



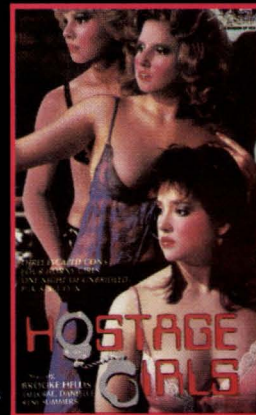
JAILHOUSE GIRLS—A bum rap sends an innocent young girl to prison, where she soon discovers the depraved and kinky desires of women behind bars.



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



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



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