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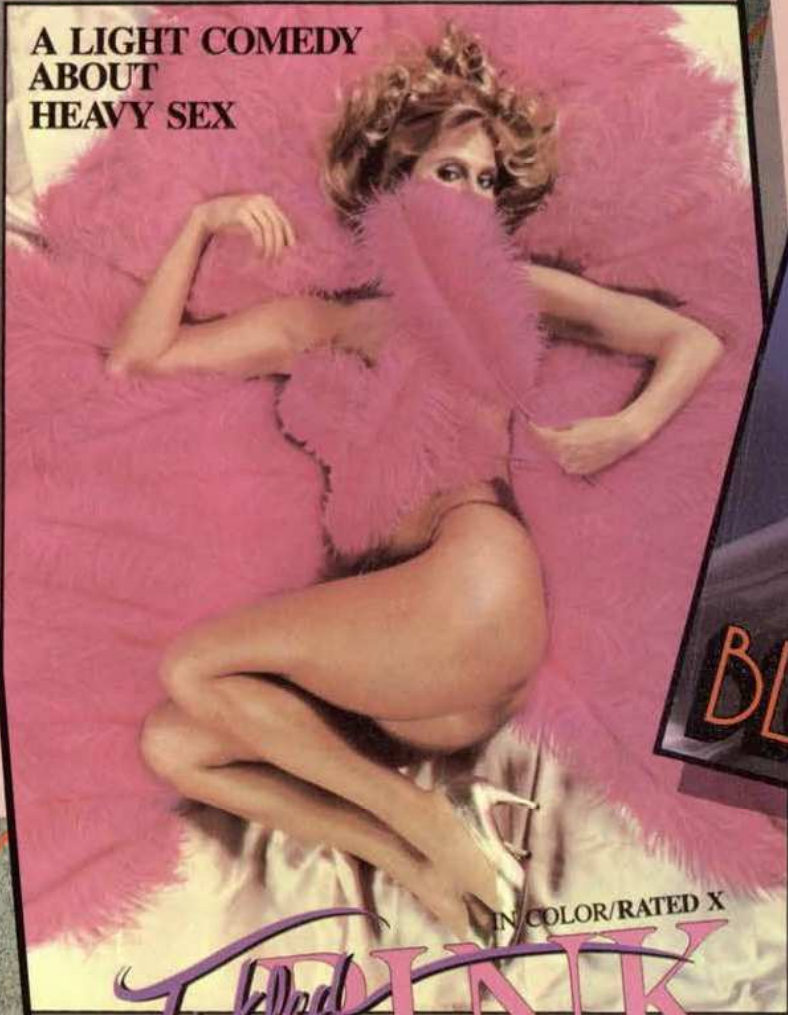
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february

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9 Feedback

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Edited by Lonn M. Friend

21 HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment



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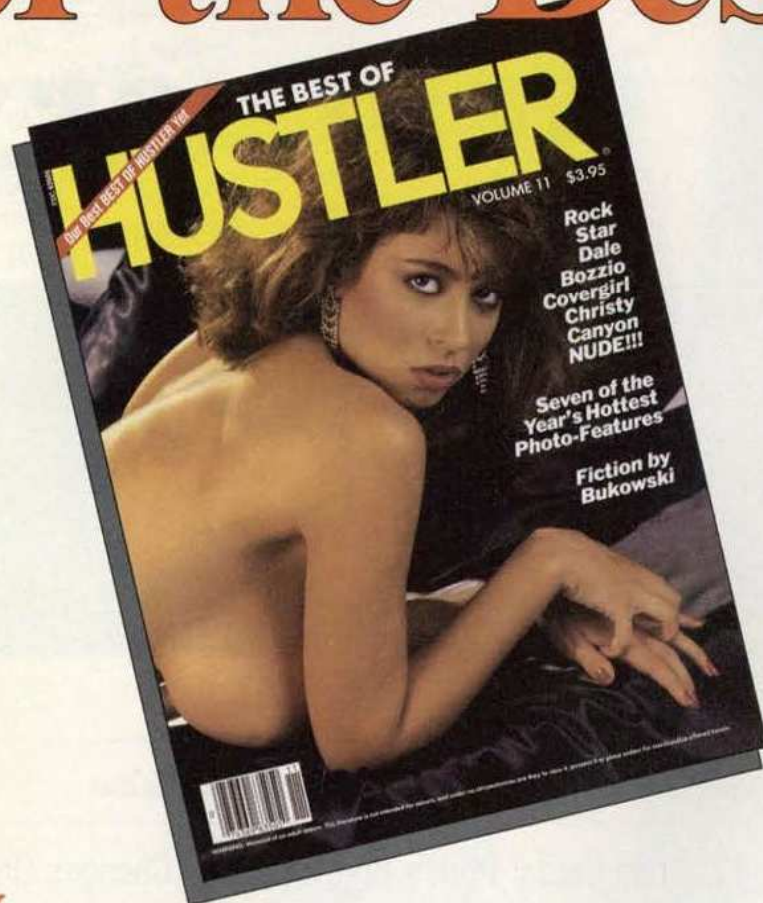
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Cover photo by James Baes



LETTERS



FREE FOR ALL

I had an experience the other day that I'd like to share with your readers. I'm a 23-year-old blonde from Michigan and, after my longtime boyfriend and I suddenly broke up a couple weeks ago, there was nothing else for me to do but go visit my best friend across town. Sandi's my age, a redhead and always good for cheering me up.

When I got there, however, it turned out she had just lost her job over an argument with her boss and was just as depressed as I was. Naturally, neither of us had any money to go out; so we decided to get fucked up on a bottle of cheap scotch Sandi had lying around, and in no time at all we were both ripped to the tits. Suddenly, Sandi said she had an idea—we needed dick! But Sandi added a new twist to our usual cock-hunting activities. We'd charge for our sexual favors like common street whores!

Since I was extremely horny because my boyfriend left, I agreed with her kinky proposal. Before we hit the streets, we dressed in garter belts, fishnet hose and miniskirts that barely covered our shapely asses. We also put on long, stiletto-heeled shoes and low-cut silk blouses that left our large, firm breasts bouncing in the breeze. Of course, we wore no panties. I could feel the cool night air on my cunt lips as we walked down the street, and the idea that I'd soon fuck or suck off a total stranger got my juices flowing like a veritable Niagara.

Sandi and I were barely out the door when we got our first catcalls from a passing car filled with four men. Their large red sedan rounded the corner and pulled up alongside of us. The passenger in the front seat, a rather good-looking, dark-haired young man, rolled down the window. "How much, baby?" he asked bluntly.

"Now what makes you think we're those kind of girls?" teased Sandi. Obviously, he wasn't expecting that kind of response from a hooker and didn't know

what to say. Then a cute blond hunk in the backseat suddenly spoke up.

"Well, would you two nice girls like to party?" he asked, checking me out from head to toe. He was incredibly handsome—with lots of muscles—and the thought that he'd soon be porking me sent shivers of excitement to my aching snatch. By now, Sandi had lost interest in teasing the first guy, and I could tell from the look on her face that she was dying to taste his salty cum. "Fifty dollars each and



we'll show you all a good party!" she whispered coyly.

"Hop in!" said the blond, eyeing me with a lascivious grin. He threw open the door, and I ended up on his lap. He introduced himself as Rick, and I told him my name was Dawn. I looked at the other guy in the backseat and saw another sexy stud staring at me. His name was Kevin, and he had a gorgeous baby face.

In the meantime, Sandi had jumped into the front seat with two guys who were later introduced as Jon and Bill. She sat between them, getting acquainted.

Jon, the dark-haired passenger, wasted no time with formalities. He slid a hand under Sandi's blouse and tweaked her nipples while the other hand worked its way

up under her blouse. This was my cue to get going in the backseat.

Rick didn't need much coaxing. He tugged at the buttons on my blouse and soon had it pulled off, exposing my creamy-white titties. This excited Kevin. As I glanced at him, he was pulling his tight jeans down to his knees, revealing his throbbing organ! I dropped my head down to his fat cock and started to suck. As I bobbed up and down on his tool, I felt my short skirt being pulled up over my hips and Rick's hot body pressing against my bare ass.

He opened his fly and entered my dripping vagina hard and fast. The feeling of being fucked in both ends was too much to bear, and within minutes I came, screaming with pleasure. No sooner did my climax end than Kevin blasted off in my mouth, filling it with his hot jism. I couldn't swallow all of his load fast enough, and some of it slid out the corner of my mouth and dribbled down my chin. Our orgasms, however, didn't slow Rick down in the slightest. He kept thrusting deeper and deeper, bringing me quickly to another climax while I rode his prick like a lady in heat. About 20 strokes later I was rewarded with Rick's churning seed shooting into my womb.

Giving myself a break from their massive dicks, I sat up and watched the action in the front seat. Sandi was sitting on Jon's lap, pumping up and down on his long shaft and jacking off Bill with her left hand. I watched in awe as Jon's rock-hard pistol disappeared into Sandi's wet slit. I couldn't believe she could get it all in! While Jon groaned and humped, Sandi continued to give Bill the handjob of his life. Within minutes Bill lurched—nearly hitting a passing car—and squirted a salvo of sperm all over himself and the steering wheel. Jon came soon after, pulling out of Sandi's pussy and drenching her thighs and red muff with semen.

About 15 minutes later the car pulled into a driveway, and the six of us headed for the house. I pulled Sandi aside and reminded her that poor Bill the driver hadn't got properly fucked. She and I

agreed to give him special treatment. We found our own way into the place and to a bedroom, where we discovered Jon, Bill, Kevin and Rick already lying naked on a huge bed.

We gave them a cute little striptease while watching their cocks grow hard again. After strutting around in our birthday suits, we jumped on the bed. We both went down on Kevin, Rick and Jon, but purposely ignored Bill. After about an hour of continuous sex the three men were exhausted and left the room. Bill was staring at us with pleading eyes. Sandi pushed him down on the bed and climbed onto his chest, inching her sopping fuck hole toward his eager mouth while I eyed his hard, throbbing dick. Bill started working on Sandi, making her

his wife's been cheating on him that he ends up destroying his marriage. But not me. My theory is that if you let your wife fuck around a bit, she'll realize how good she has it at home.

I'm a middle-aged foreman for a steel-refining plant in the Midwest. My wife, Sharon, and I have been married seven years now, and we'd always been faithful to each other—until just the other day. Not long ago I noticed Sharon eyeing a young, black foundry worker who lived in the neighborhood. Earl was known down at the plant as being a pretty big ladies' man and, if the reports were true, he had a prick that would put porn king John Holmes to shame.

I was furious, but I didn't know what to do. It was only a matter of time before

black man. I looked forward to our anniversary with excitement.

When that fateful night came, I told Sharon only that she'd have the most wonderful time of her life. We had a nice candlelight dinner at her favorite restaurant, and after several cocktails we were both a little buzzed.

As we drove to a nearby motel, I mentioned that I'd invited a friend to join us. Sharon hesitated at first, but a coy smile soon appeared on her pretty face.

When we got to the motel room, Earl was already there, dressed in a bathrobe, smelling of a recent bath and wearing Sharon's favorite cologne. She gasped, then smiled shyly at Earl and at me.

"I believe you two know each other," I said. They both laughed.

I put on my robe while Sharon slipped into a sexy nightie. I poured drinks for everyone, and we talked and drank for a few minutes, becoming more at ease. I could smell the sweet, funky aroma of Sharon's excited cunt. She was dripping with anticipation.

Suddenly, Sharon moved to the king-size bed and slid between the crisp white sheets. Earl did the same on one side, and I moved in on the other. My sexy wife snuggled between us—like the cream in a sandwich cookie.

Earl and I ran our hands up and down her sides, gently massaging her tits. I felt her smooth hands search for my stiffening cock. She began to twist and wiggle under our touch, her breathing coming in short gasps.

I pinched her nipples gently and watched as they quickly stood at attention, like the rod growing between my legs. Earl moved down her soft stomach, firmly parting her legs with his hands and moving his head down to her moist vaginal lips. She thrust her pelvis up as he started to tug her pink panties off, and I worked my tongue into her hot mouth. She wrapped her arms around my neck and wriggled her waist to the magic of Earl's oral caresses as he moved deeper into her burning pussy.

Her entire body jerked with excitement, and a light film of sweat appeared on her neck and stomach. I straddled her chest while Earl continued to lick and suck her snatch. I pulled her nightie down, grabbed her 38-inch boobs and began a tantalizing tit-fuck. My dork rocked back and forth, just a few inches in front of her lips. When Sharon started to groan, I slipped my meat into her mouth and pumped her face for all I was



She thrust her pelvis up as he started to tug her pink panties off, and I worked my tongue into her hot mouth.

rock and moan, and I straddled his lower half and sat down hard on his long, erect member. We rode him awhile and brought us all to many climaxes.

When the three guys rejoined us, we were all too satisfied and tired to do any more. Bill and Kevin drove us home and paid us. Now the six of us have sex often—in pairs, threesomes—in any combination! We all enjoy it very much . . . and now we do it free of charge!

—D. H.
Cass City, Michigan

SALT-AND-PEPPER SANDWICH

Every once in a while I read about some guy who gets so jealous when he finds out

Earl made his move on Sharon, and she looked like she'd readily yield. Fortunately, when our anniversary approached, I had a brilliant idea.

I pulled Earl aside and told him what I'd seen and about my ideas. He was surprised at first, but quickly saw the possibilities. I let him know he could fuck my beautiful, willing wife all night long without worrying about facing a shotgun the next day.

As our anniversary approached, I dropped a couple of hints about doing a threesome someday. Sharon pretended to be shocked, but she was intrigued. She squirmed in her chair when I suggested that it might be fun to watch her screw a

worth. She hummed a pleasant tune on my skin flute until I pulled out and shot a huge load of cum all over her face. I jammed my manhood back into her mouth and forced her to clean it off before I moved away. Now it was Earl's turn.

My big black buddy sat up and exposed his rock-hard shaft. Sharon gasped at the size of it—it must have been 13 inches long! She reached for him with both hands and put just the head into her mouth. Earl grabbed her by the hair and rammed as much as he could past her wet lips. Sharon gagged at first, but eventually took it all while he pumped his rod back and forth.

Earl pulled out, turned Sharon over and pulled her ass up to meet his crotch. The look of fear mixed with excitement on her face was incredible. I grabbed a camera I'd brought for the occasion and started shooting just as Earl stuffed his immense horsecock into her sopping twat. Sharon squealed in ecstasy as Earl boned her. I walked up and snapped a close-up of that gigantic black dick as it stretched my wife's juicy hole.

By now my own dick was as hard as a rock again, and I signaled to Earl that it was time to put my plan into action. I moved over to Sharon's face and forced my straining rod once again down her throat. Just as I did so, Earl pulled out of Sharon's box, scooped up some of her love-lube and smeared it all over her asshole. Sharon started to struggle, but I grabbed her arms and pinned them behind her back. With her muffled cries filling the room, Earl placed the head of his enormous pecker at the entrance to her bunghole. Sharon's eyes pleaded with me as I caught an incredible snap-shot of my prong in her mouth.

Earl jammed his dick into her ass without mercy while I continued to ride her face like a rodeo cowboy. His immense log moved like a well-oiled piston in and out of her rectum. After Sharon managed to let out a yelp of pain, I unloaded yet another gusher of cream all over her nose and lips. A couple of minutes later, Earl shuddered, crammed his organ into her anus to the hilt and blasted his sperm deeply into her bowels. He remained silent for a moment, then rolled away, withdrawing his limp and moist cock from between her butt cheeks. Sharon also remained still for a few seconds while I photographed the jism oozing out of her ass and mouth.

The next morning Earl left early, and

Sharon and I enjoyed another tremendous fuck together. Now she shows no interest in Earl—he's been making a move on my next-door neighbor's wife—so I no longer worry about Sharon running away with someone else.

—C. H.

St. Louis, Missouri

KNEE JERK

Even as a young boy I realized that my sexuality was different from what's usually considered normal. I was 12 years old before I learned the facts of life, and at home any reference to sex, the female anatomy or even parenthood brought a sharp rebuke from my strict Catholic parents. I guess it all started when I was about ten and saw something that would influence the rest of my life.

My mother was chatting with members of her garden club in our backyard when an insect got under the clothes of one of the ladies. She cried out in horror and jumped up. Mother and two other ladies frantically began to get the hysterical woman's dress off, and as it was pulled higher and higher above her knees, I stared in fascination. I felt my tiny penis swell into a huge erection for the first time. Later, I beat myself off to the thought of what I'd just seen.

From that day forth I've been incredibly turned-on by the up-and-down symmetry behind a woman's knees! A woman wearing a sheer calf-length dress will set

my blood boiling—especially if the wind should hike it up above her knees!

As a result of my strange attraction to knees, I've had many peculiar sexual encounters. Just last week, for example, I met a college girl near where I work. Her name is Lucy, and she said I could make some extra cash if I'd carry a few heavy trash cans from her upstairs apartment down to the alley below. Having a low-paying job in a warehouse, I never turn down extra change, especially when the offer comes from a foxy chick.

She showed me the three full trash cans in the back of her third-floor apartment. Then she walked ahead of me down the stairs of her back porch and showed me where to place them. As I gaped at her fantastic young body, her high heels and stockings, she started to climb back up the steps. Her clingy blue dress was an inch above her knees and, as she mounted each step, my eyes were riveted to her legs. Instantly I became as hard as a lead pipe and, when we entered her apartment, she turned around, noticed my growing bulge and burst out laughing. I could tell she wore no bra, and her ample tits bounced up and down like great flapping water balloons.

"Do you see something you like?" Lucy teased as she pranced around the room.

I couldn't take it anymore. I ordered her to turn around and lift her dress slowly. She complied—obviously getting

(continued on page 28)

I moved over to Sharon's face and forced my straining rod once again down her throat.



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Feedback



HOORAY FOR CORY:

I usually don't bother writing letters, but I just had to tell you how much I loved Cory: *Come Blow Your Horn*, who's also the cover girl on your December '85 issue. She's the sexiest saxophonist I have ever seen, and she can come blow my horn anytime. For that matter, I'll bet I could teach her a hot lick or two.

—The Sex Musician
Deep River, Connecticut

COVER LOVER:

The cover of your October 1985 issue is awesome! Her beautifully rounded ass cheeks had me jerking off for a week. They are just indescribable! They are so big, beautiful, round and powerful! Then they lead to her fantastic thighs. These thighs are just so thick and shapely, they literally brought me to my knees. And talk about a perfectly shaped tit! It's so firm and round and perfectly sized. This lust is truly edible. You must have a feature spread on her, you must! If just the back of her could make my cock bulge, then seeing the front would just make my cock instantly explode. This woman is obviously the hottest woman I have ever seen. I could just go on describing her thick, powerful, hot, young, juicy, round body forever! I am truly in awe. —D. C.

University of Alabama

PHOTO CRITICS:

Just wanted to thank you for the marvelous birthday present. Your September '85 issue is right up my alley. Not only am I crazy about hairy women (*Sheena: Primitive Passion*), but black women as well (*I Loves You, Bess*), and all of this in my favorite magazine in my birthday-month issue.

Now if I could only find women who like Texan truckers. . . .

Thanks again.

—G. F.
Austin, Texas

WITH SIX YOU GET TURN-ON:

I'm long overdue to write my feelings about HUSTLER, but your September '85 Feedback column has prompted me.

1.) I agree with Roger R. from Mansfield, Ohio ("Never Again"). If America weren't the greatest nation in the world, but perhaps a Nazi Germany, would we be allowed to read such a fabulous publication as HUSTLER? Besides, pussy and cock all taste just as wonderful, no matter what nationality or race they are.

2.) I may not have as many years of experience as Granny did (sorry she's retired!), but cock size can't be judged by race or nationality either. Sorry, girls (and guys), you'll just have to take chances on finding the big prize.

3.) Why does everybody always knock HUSTLER Humor? That's the part of the magazine that I enjoy most (aside from

cock-shots, of course). Lighten up, people! If HUSTLER weren't aware of world problems, how could they poke humor at them?

4.) Let's get over our age discrimination. All ages can be beautiful. You might learn something from being with an older woman such as Helga (*Helga: Lust in the Twilight Years*, June '85). Some of my best lovers have been over 50; so you young studs take notice when approached by someone in their twilight years.

5.) I love reading letters from guys and gals in prison. I also love replying to their comments as well, writing them hot, juicy letters to help ease their time behind bars. How about a prison pen-pal segment where guys and gals could send in photos and fantasies, etc.?

6.) HUSTLER, you're absolutely wonderful. I've spent many a wonderful evening curled up with HUSTLER. Do you think you could do something about the high subscription price? At any rate, you're No. 1!

—Terry
Bloomington, Indiana



Cory: *Come Blow Your Horn*

NOT JUST FOR LAUGHS:

I recently read your July '85 edition of HUSTLER Humor. Most of them made me laugh, but a few of them made me furious! I am a senior at Michigan State University, studying child development. Out of concern for the welfare of our young children, I often write letters to individuals who seem to have no concern.

I understand that your magazine is

only legally available to individuals over the age of 18. But what if a ten-year-old child got hold of it? I'm sure many of them do! We are not just looking at nude bodies in your magazine; you are making humor out of incest, homosexuality and child molestation! What do you think these jokes are *really* saying to our young? Perhaps they are learning that extremely abnormal sexual activity is laughed at by adults.

Besides children, what are your jokes saying to our adult society as well? Is it really "funny" to force sex on a four-year-old child? Do you think your magazine would not sell without this type of sick humor?

-L. B.
East Lansing, Michigan

Our jokes, besides making people laugh, also point out many problems with society. As for young children reading HUSTLER, we make every effort to keep the magazine out of their hands. We are not responsible for the failure of parents to do their job.

This letter (i.e. comment) may be a tad late in coming, but what the hell. Some things are better late than never.

After a shipmate scrounged up an out-of-date HUSTLER rag, and we managed to peel the pages apart (I think he said something about finding it in the officers' head), I read your rag.

If your magazine didn't print the jokes you do print, I would have no desire to buy the rag! The women on your pages take a backseat to the jokes. No, I'm not queer! I think your jokes are the best in all of the rags.

As for the people that can't hang with immoral or perverted or even twisted jokes, they should not purchase your rag. If you ever stop printing those jokes you are so famous for, then I stop buying.

-J. S.
The Philippines

Thanks for a thousand laughs! On page 79 in your May 1985 issue of HUSTLER was one of Billette's comic classics. "Back off or the Polack gets it!"

I hated to cut *Lust in the Jungle* on the following page, but I just had to frame that gut-busting work of art!

-N. S.
McHenry, Illinois

BEHIND BARS:

I'm currently an inmate at the Federal Correctional Institution at Oxford. As of today (August 14, 1985) the sensational erotic publication of HUSTLER was banned for the following reason: "Lewd and unacceptable acts of S&M."

Now get this: Homosexuality is openly advocated in this place! Yet, a virile heterosexual such as I cannot enjoy the stimulating publication of HUSTLER.

I am hoping that you can help those of us who enjoy reading HUSTLER to once again feel the fulfillment your magazine gives us. Even though I'm not a subscriber (my funds are short), I regularly read HUSTLER and enjoy it very much.

Thank you for your time. Stay free.

-R. P. N.
Oxford, Wisconsin

BEAVER HUNT:

I would like to comment on the ladies in the *Beaver Hunt* section. I liked all the ladies in the August '85 *Beaver Hunt*. Ginger of New Bedford, Massachusetts; Ramona of Northeast, Pennsylvania; Laura of Fayetteville, North Carolina; Lori of San Antonio, Texas; and most of all Sherry of Norfolk, Virginia, all caught my eye and are ladies that I'd most like to bed. Believe me, they wouldn't at all be disappointed. As a matter of fact, I am completely sure that they would all ask for encores over and over again. You can give them that message for me. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also Denise of Kingsport, Tennessee.

-Sam
Austin, Texas

Find and photograph your own Beaver Hunt model and earn fame and possible fortune. See page 95 for details.

I have been laid off for two years; so I have to watch my money.

The only magazine I buy is HUSTLER because it has what I like. I like it because of your *Beaver Hunt*.

All I ask for Christmas or on my birthday is a subscription to HUSTLER. I never get it; so I buy it from the newsstand.

-W. B.
Fremont, Nebraska

I am writing to say thumbs-up on the October '85 issue. One of that issue's *Beaver Hunt* models, Crystal from Altomonte Springs, Florida, is a grade-A goddess. She looks a lot like a girl I know. I would love to make love to both of them (at the same time would be okay). If there would be a winner this month, I hope she would be the winner, by far she would be my choice.

Second, your interview with Ginger Lynn (*Ginger Lynn: X-Rated Superstar*) was great, but her photos were all the better. I would like to see her as a centerfold. I am going to rent a VCR and her movies to see more of this young princess.

I have to travel out of my way for your magazine, but for these two it is worth it.

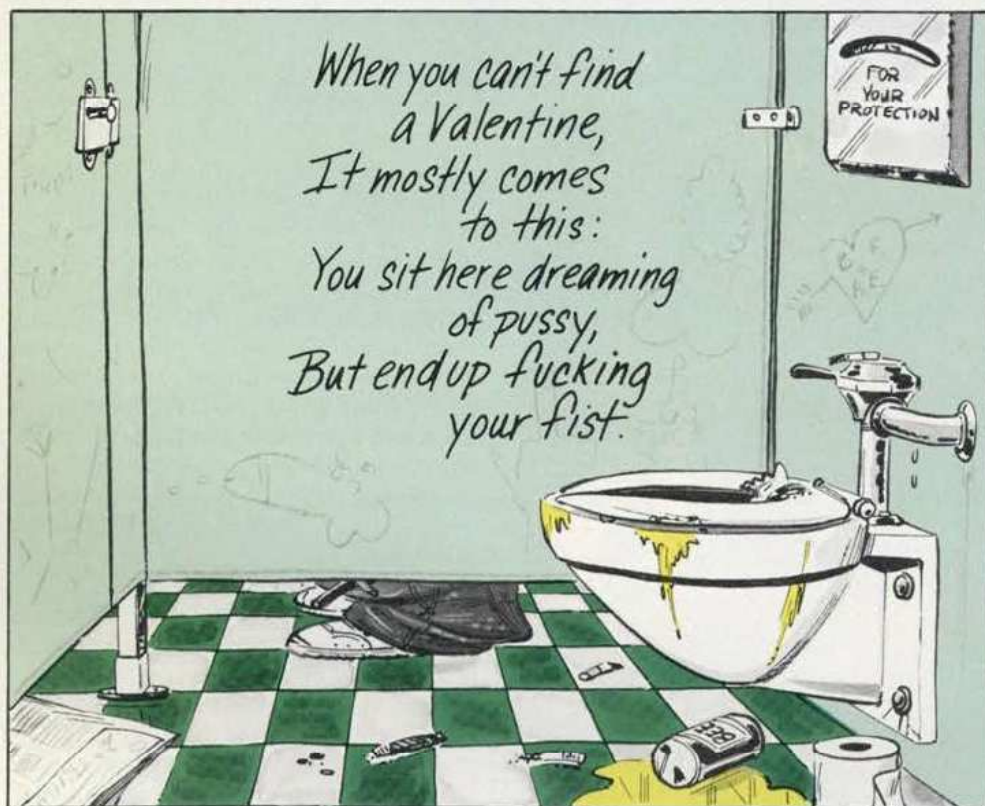
Please keep up the good work.

-A. R. M.
Kentucky

COCKS ANONYMOUS:

I've got a gripe and so do a lot of other
(continued on page 18)

GRAFFILTHY



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ARTS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

If a doctor told you that masturbating would cause hairy palms, you'd probably tell him to shove his hypodermic up his ass. Unfortunately, the nation's public-health services are in the hands of a right-wing moralist with no background in public health, Charles Everett Koop, the U.S. Surgeon General and February's Asshole of the Month.

This steaming pile of contradictions promotes narrow-minded claims of the moral minority by portraying adult entertainment as a threat to the public health. The old fogey's unsubstantiated, far-fetched charges and willingness to use a public office to impose personal views not only make him another self-serving special-interest ass-kisser, but make him more dangerous to the public well-being than he claims pornography is.

In typical fashion of such hypocrites, Koop has contradicted himself throughout his public career. After vowing

Charles Everett Koop



upon his acceptance of the job in 1981 that, "It's not my intent to use any government post as a pulpit for ideology," Koop has proceeded to condemn video games in the face of contrary evidence, and has charged that explicit sexual entertainment causes sexual dysfunction, teen suicide,

rape and child pornography.

That Koop wouldn't or couldn't back up his claims doesn't stop this reeking wind tunnel from trying to stretch his department to cover something even he admits is a "non-medical social issue."

Allowing his personal views—also

the views of sex-hating gangs like

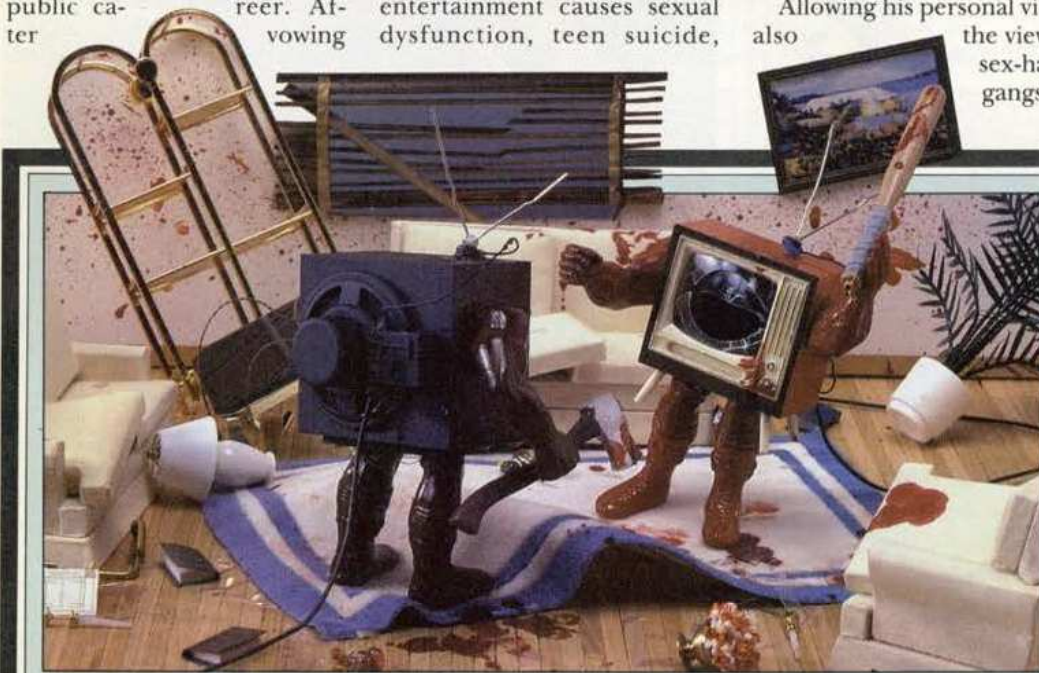
Morality in Media, to whom he made his bogus charges—to interfere with medicine can reach further into our lives than limiting access to materials protected by the First Amendment. Koop willfully ignores the wealth of scientific literature that establishes sex material as harmless, but he vaguely talks about having "enough evidence" that pornography is a "destructive phenomenon."

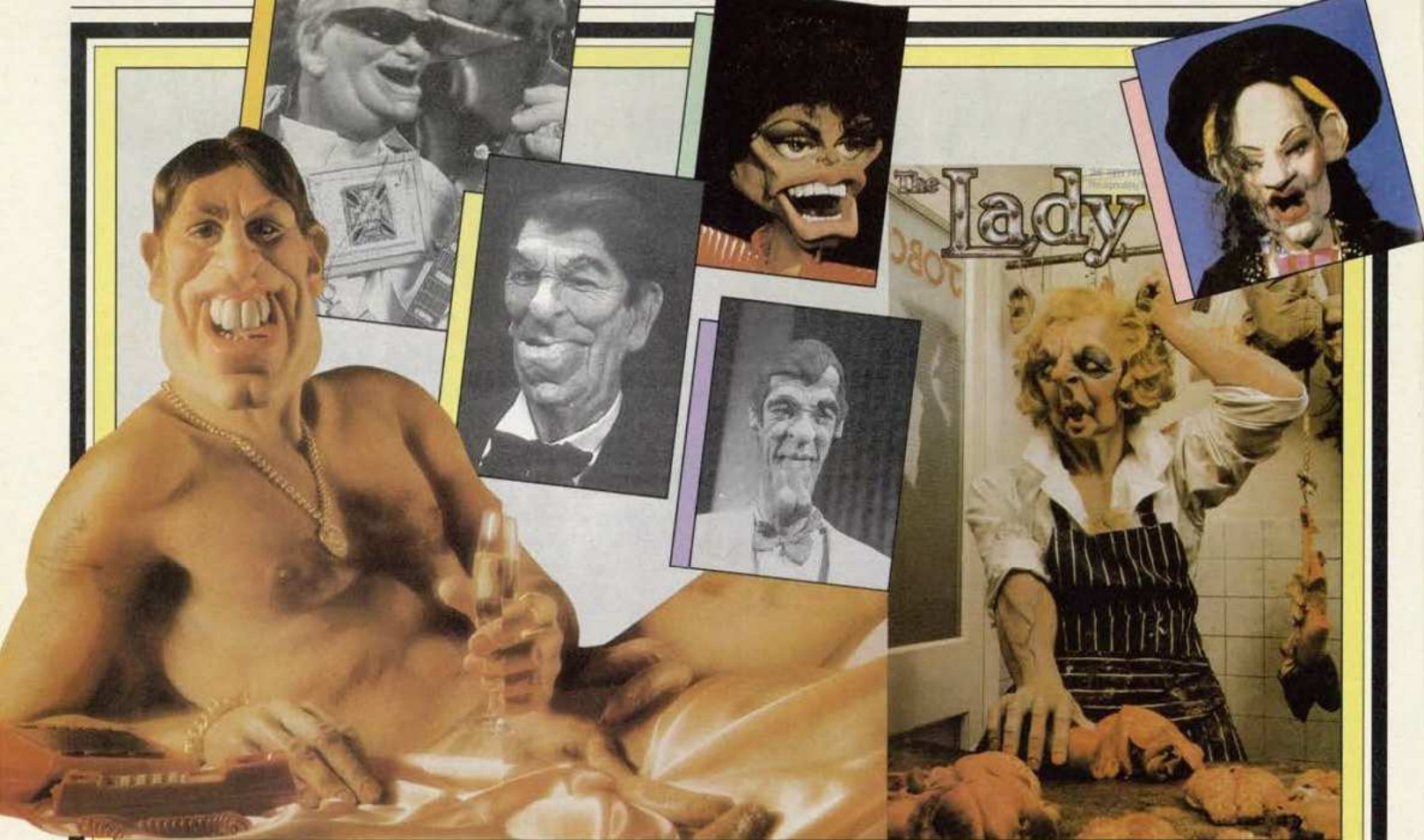
The small-minded prig was appointed over the protests of almost everyone involved in the *real* issues of human health because of Koop's lack of background in public health and his stance against abortion. The two-faced slime has spoken against contraception as the downfall of families, and he has also said he isn't against contraception.

The upshoot of such shit-brained leadership is that any health threat with sexual overtones—AIDS, herpes, VD, teen pregnancy—may be handled politically, not scientifically. People die from such public neglect and incompetence.

TV Violence

Radical, man-hating feminists and right-wing Falwellian conservatives can shriek and vomit all they want about the evils of pornography. We at HUSTLER, however, feel that the delicate moral balance of our modern society is fraught with far more serious health- and happiness-threatening problems—like out-of-control TV violence for instance. Hell, at the rate things are going, by the year 2000 there won't be a functioning set left in all of North America!



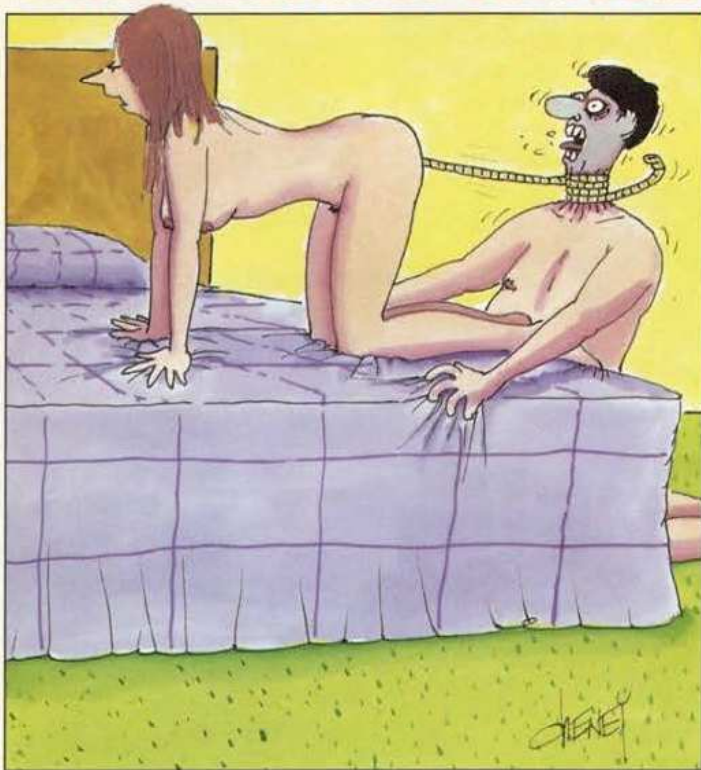


Here's Spit in Your Eye

Those disgusting folks who put together England's most irreverent TV program, *Spitting Image*, have published a book called, appropriately enough, *The Spit-*

ting Image Book. These are just a few of the incredible celebrity puppets that appear within, looking almost as unpleasant and disturbing as they do in real life.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"By the way . . . I meant to warn you about my tapeworm."



Behind the Scenes

Check your passports, porn lovers, because next month HUSTLER takes you across the Atlantic to Gay Pa-ree for an exclusive on-the-set look at the making of French/American erotica at its fuck 'n' suck finest. When domestic dick-and dildo-swallowing dynamos

Amber Lynn and Sharon Mitchell get their tongues and twats entangled with France's chic and sultry adult-film family, the results are an international incident. HUSTLER's Lonn M. Friend was there and brings it all home in the March issue. *Bon appetit. . .*

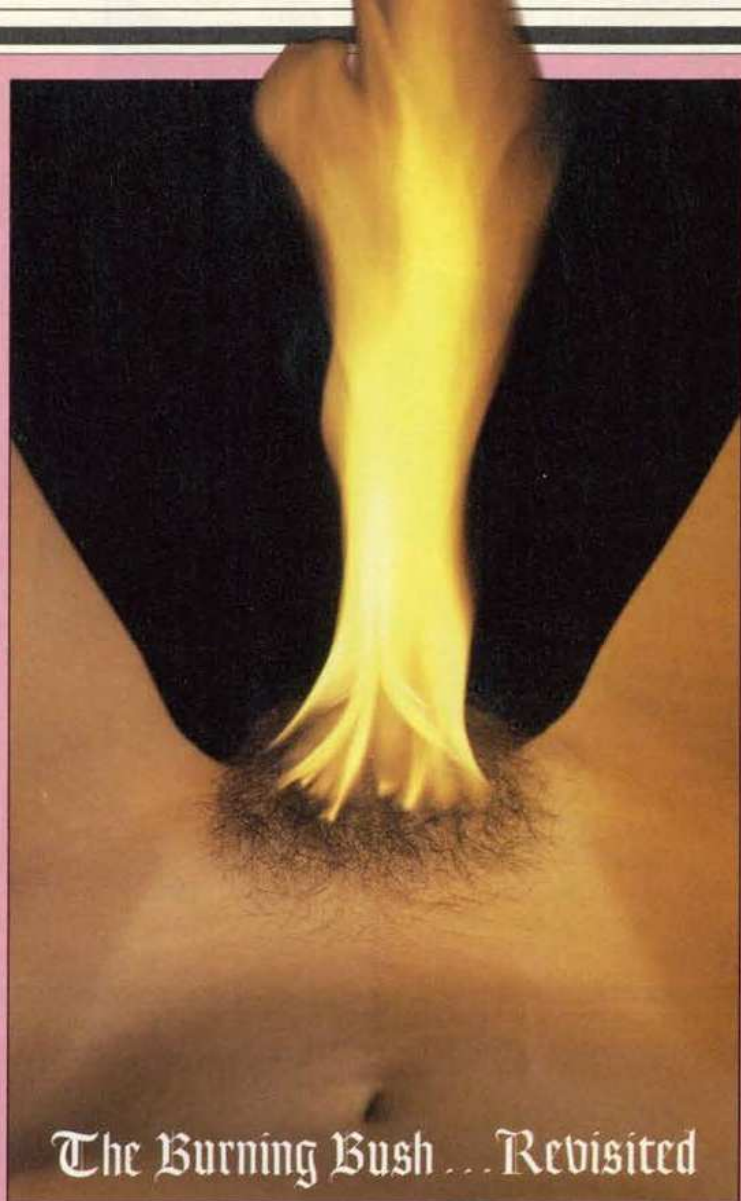
Great Candid Moments With Ronnie and Jane

"Hey, Jane, did you hear that John Wayne's a faggot?"

"Well, Ron, he did say he'd walk a mile for a Camel."



March 1950



The Burning Bush... Revisited

Have You Seen These Things?

As a public service, HUSTLER humbly introduces a new line of milk cartons. Like every caring adult who was ever a young kid yearning to run away from

a drab, miserable homelife, we're plenty concerned about all the missing children out there, but *these* are the sort of missing items that touch all our lives.

MISSING Fred Evans's car keys. Last seen December 15, 1984, outside Las Vegas's Liberace museum, in ignition of '72 Cadillac convertible, also missing. 	MISSING Soiled athletic sock belonging to Derek Johnson, 23. One of a pair. Disappeared July 24, 1983. Last seen in laundry hamper of Derek's home in Covina, California. 	MISSING The cherry of Cindy DeBlanco, 16. Last seen in Jose Vallencia's '68 Dodge Dart, behind the 7-11 on Interstate 70, near St. Louis, August 13, 1985. 	MISSING Knobs for Sony AM clock radio belonging to Sheila Basehart, 31, of Phoenix, Arizona. No word on last sighting. 	MISSING Rolf Fowlitz's credit cards. Last seen October 11, 1984, in the hands of a Puerto Rican youth with severe acne wearing a "How am I doing?" T-shirt. 
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**EXCLUSIVE
REPORT:**
Bobbing on
the Hudson

**EXPERT
SAYS:**
"Keep on
Butt-
fucking!"

**DIRTY
LAUNDRY
AND DIRTY
NEEDLES**

"My doctor told
me it was gas!"
**A Young Woman's
Shocking Story**

**HERPES:
CAN IT
MAKE A
COMEBACK?**

Issue at Hand

Sooner or later it had to happen. America finally has a source of reliable information about the ever-popular disease that's attracted more media hype than the new taste of Coke. You'd better hurry to your favorite newsstand to get a copy. There are no subscriptions.

**Premiere
Issue**

**THESE
PREMISES
PROTECTED
BY A
BIG BLACK
SMELLY STUPID
VIOLENT
NIGGER.**

Enter at Your Own Risk

Beware of Dog" just doesn't cut the mustard anymore; so down South they're taking new steps in home security. So far, the signs seem to be effective, though some ruthless thieves have been caught tossing exploding basketballs, poisoned watermelons and neurotic, cunt-dead white women into suburban backyards.

Shuttle Cocks

The official story on the top-secret Atlantis space-shuttle mission has finally come out. According to several highly placed anonymous HUSTLER sources, it seems that certain high-ranking Pentagon officials are under too much

public scrutiny to cheat on their wives while Earth-bound. So the shuttle trips now provide a perfect opportunity for zero-G orgies with specially trained space bimbos. Don't worry about the expense, it's all in the name of science. Besides, would you bother with moon rocks when you could be getting your own rocks off?



Porn From the Past



Send your vintage smut to us at "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any picture used. And please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your photos back.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

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

February 1986

Wanna Play Doctor?

Sacramento, California—It's almost unbelievable, the lines some men resort to in order to score. As a result, State Senator Dan McCorquodale has authored the "Sex Fraud" bill, which would make it illegal to lure someone to bed under false pretenses. McCorquodale was inspired by the case of a man who, posing as a doctor, phoned a number of women and managed to convince them that they suffered from a potentially fatal disease, the only known cure being sexual intercourse with a donor who had been injected with a special serum. Needless to say, the "doctor" also played the "donor." Authorities found they couldn't charge the man with rape, but managed to obtain a theft conviction,

because several of the women who fell for the ruse also paid for the cure.

Raising a Stink

Honolulu, Hawaii—The latest in rape prevention is a perfume developed by cardiologist Jack Scaff. Called Skunkguard, the odor is so repellent, it will presumably drive off would-be attackers. Best to save the stuff for emergencies, however; it hasn't been a big hit at parties.

Attack of the Love Bugs

Climax, Georgia—Their scientific name is *Plecia nearctica*, but Georgia residents know them as love bugs. The romantic name is due to the bugs' mating habits—they copulate in midair and keep at it

until the male dies and falls off. Unfortunately, during the sex act they are completely oblivious to their surroundings and, as a result, motorists find their cars heavily splattered with the little buggers every mating season. They even clog radiators and cause engines to overheat. Locals seem to take it in stride—after all, they were young once themselves.

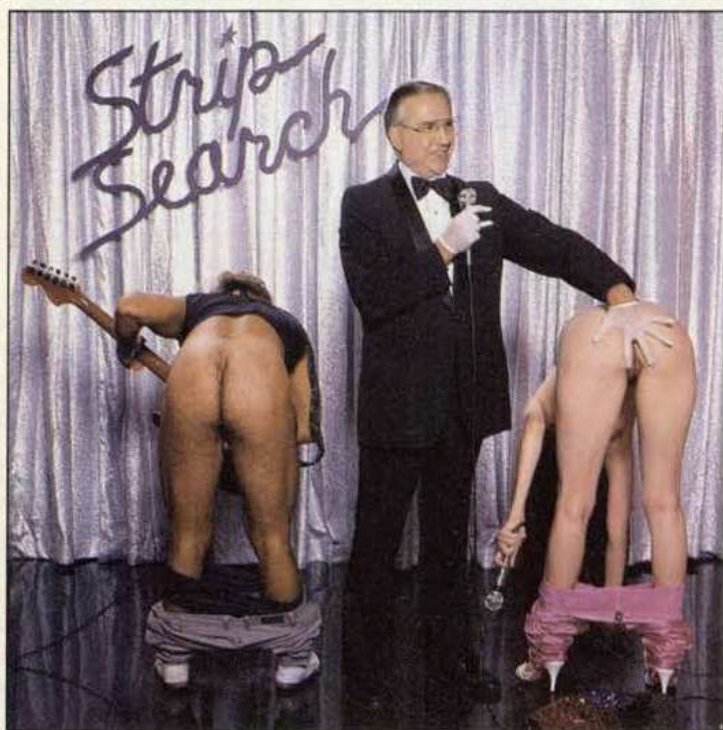
Not So Sweet Charity

Tampa, Florida—The large number of organizations that have arisen in response to the missing-children hysteria may bear some investigation. Florida authorities recently revoked the charity license of Child Search Inc. when it came to light that the group's president was a convicted child molester, the treasur-

er a convicted sex offender, and a member of the board convicted of kidnapping his own child from his ex-wife's house. When searching for missing children, you'd think firsthand experience would count for something.

Video Voyeurs

London, England—Britain's Independent Broadcasting Authority recently commissioned a study of people's behavior in front of their TV sets. One conclusion was that although couples may cuddle while watching TV, they stop short of having sex. This is not so startling when you realize that the study was carried out among people who agreed to have cameras installed on their TV sets so researchers could watch them.



Celebrity head stripped on our model's body.

Ass You Like It

We hear Ed McMahon, TV's most lovable lardbelly, is on the lookout for another show to host. Our crack staff has an idea for one we think Ed would bend over backward to make a success. The

working title is *Strip Search*, and contestants will consist of former drug runners who'll be subjected to rectal probes while competing for cash prizes. For the first time in decades ol' Ed will be able to cop a feel and get away with it.



Silly Wabbit

As part of their new, updated image, Playboy is now introducing male bunnies in their clubs. Customer reactions thus far have been mixed. "They look pretty cute, for a bunch of guys in tutus,"

said one drunken businessman. If this idea works out, Playboy president Christie "Thank-God-for-Nepotism" Hefner is reportedly considering male centerfolds as the next step on the road to bankruptcy.

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 David L. Vance. 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.

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 10)

guys I know. Don't get me wrong; you've got a good mag, not as good as it used to be, but it's okay. We wish you would show more good wide-open, spread legs and juicy, luscious pink cunt. You don't seem to anymore. Why the hell not? You used to. No life-size posters. Show a girl's feet in nylons; can the friggin' drab high heels. A girl's feet are beautiful in nylons and very sexy. I kiss 'em and caress them. I know her feet are gorgeous, as her cunt is. We wish you would show them.

And the worst of all things, guys, I work hard for my money and, when I and my buddy buy a girlie mag, we want to see wide-open, spread cunt, no dick. You're killing your look. If girls want to see cock, buy them a damn *Playgirl*. Son of a bitch, I hate seeing this crap in a damn good girlie mag like *HUSTLER*. And the boy/girl sets, shit, they eat shit; they fucking suck. I'm sure I'm not the only guy complaining about it. Why in the hell don't you listen to us men and change it? Keep the guys the fuck out, or is it that you want to please everyone, the ladies also? Come on, don't give us that shit; you people know better. Your ass is talking, not your brain. Larry has the guts and is one smart guy. I can't see how he lets this bullshit go on; you're going to lose a lot

of sales if you don't keep guys the hell out. Have a *vote*. Put a sheet in your mag, yes or no. You know who will win, us men. I repeat, us *men*. You do that. It would be fair. I hope you do it, and I hope you print this letter, please do.

The direction you're taking sucks.

S. K. from Detroit, Michigan (September '85 *Feedback*, "No More Cocks"), is 110% right, see. I'm not the only one. Keep the cock the fuck out of every damn issue. In *Beaver Hunt* you should be ashamed of yourselves. *You're blowing it*.

—J. R. and G. J. and a Lot of Other Guys
Detroit, Michigan

Would you please inform S. K. from Detroit, Michigan (September '85 *Feedback*, "No More Cocks"), that women also read *HUSTLER* and enjoy it. You must have a very small mind. My boyfriend and I read it together each month, and we are interested in each article and picture in *HUSTLER*. We feel you are better off not buying our magazine! We would like to see more home shots (they're great) and give *HUSTLER* an A+ on this terrific mag. Keep up the great work. We love you.

—G. T.

Oak Harbor, Washington

BLUE NOSE:

I am writing to appeal to you as a human being, something which most people

around probably do not do when they come in contact with you—but I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt.

Where is it in your psyche, soul or mind that you get off on showing women and men as sex objects, subject to performing vile promiscuous sex, anal sex, etc., etc., ad infinitum?

Is it your intent to promote this sexual behavior into our society? Do you have any idea of the magnitude of problems that occur when a person becomes sexually deranged?

Have you ever taken a look at an X-rated actress when she starts in the business and then again after she has been in it for six months to a year? She looks horrible and degraded. You must be justifying it somehow, right? Have you ever taken a look at the men and women who purchase "adult only" material? Well, take a look at them after they have finished viewing it. Oh, yes, they may put on the social veneer, and everything seems okay, no harm done. Look again into their eyes, look at the being—they have become more degraded.

Child sexual abuse, general sexual mistrust, men and women whose lives have gone off the rails because of sex, the numbers are rising and you, by making and distributing this material, are leading more and more people into it! As long as you continue trying to make people into sex slaves by purchasing your materials, you will only wind up a slave yourself.

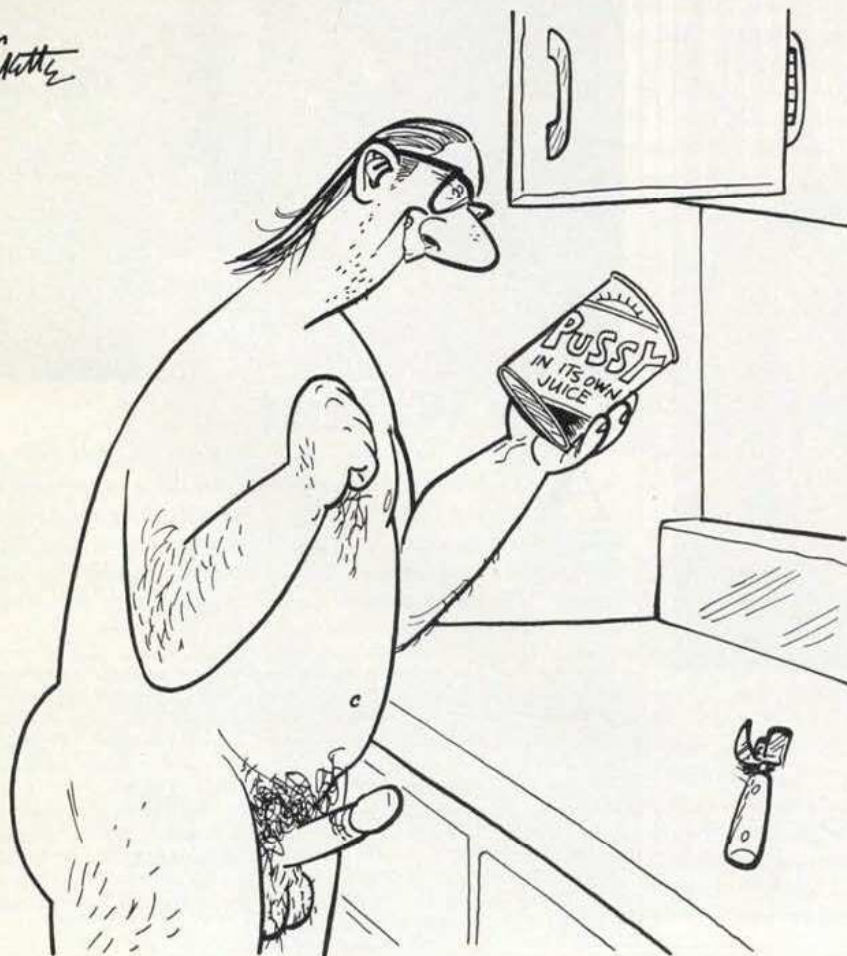
At this point in time we cannot afford to have irresponsible, vile, degrading sexual activities being promoted for casual pleasure or whatever the reason or motive. *You* do not have to contribute to this. We need you, guy, working for the good decent forces out here—not trying to turn people toward perversion. Factually, if society becomes perverted, it will snap and fold up. No family unit, none but perverted children will remain; society will be chaotic. How can you continue to support something which encourages this kind of activity? —An ex-Porn Goer
Northridge, California

Your obvious bias against sex has perverted your perspective. HUSTLER mirrors the sex scene, it doesn't dictate or force participation. When freedoms—including sexual ones—are perverted and impinged, then society will fold up.

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

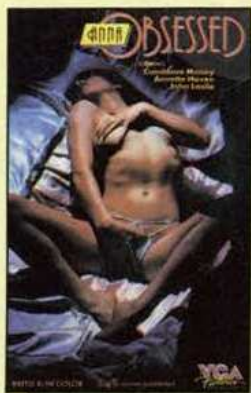


John Binkley



Cheap Sex

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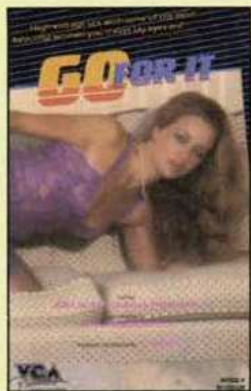
SEXCAPADES It's been six years of legit work since Harry directed a porno flick, and now he's obsessed with making the greatest porno film of all time.



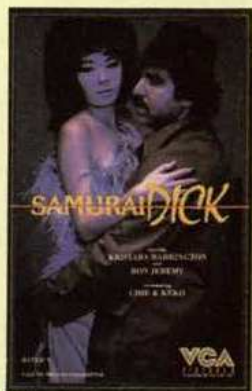
FOXY BROWN Meet FOXY BROWN, a tantalizing black temptress who runs an exclusive talent agency for dancers.



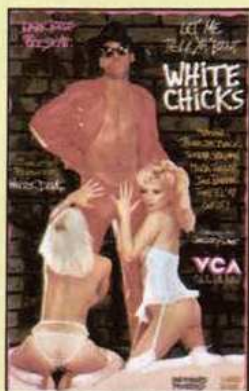
BOTH WAYS The steamy tale of an attorney with a penchant for blondes—both male and female.



GO FOR IT Filmed on location in San Francisco and Germany, GO FOR IT is the story of a frustrated ad exec and his search for love in a world of sexual abandon.



SAMURAI DICK When it's discovered that beautiful Asian women are being kidnapped and sold to Third World perverts, Detective Sam Dick hits the trail for some heavy "undercover" work in this sexy spy comedy.



LET ME TELL YA 'BOUT WHITE CHICKS When Lincoln, a comical black pimp, gets together with his buddies to shoot the bull, the conversation invariably comes around to their favorite topic: "White Chicks."

- ☐ ALL THE DEVIL'S ANGELS
- ☐ A MAN WITH A MAID
- ☐ BARBARA BROADCAST
- ☐ BEAUTY
- ☐ BUBBLE GUM
- ☐ CAFE FLESH
- ☐ CORRUPTION
- ☐ EAT AT THE BLUE FOX
- ☐ ENDLESS LUST
- ☐ FEMALE SENSATIONS
- ☐ FLIGHT SENSATIONS
- ☐ FOREPLAY
- ☐ HEAVENLY DESIRES
- ☐ JOSEPHINE
- ☐ LITTLE GIRLS LOST
- ☐ LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY
- ☐ LOVE GODDESS
- ☐ LUST AT FIRST BITE
- ☐ NAKED CAME THE STRANGER
- ☐ OH THOSE NURSES
- ☐ THE OPENING OF MISTY BEETHOVEN
- ☐ PRINCESS SEKA
- ☐ THE PRIVATE AFTERNOONS OF PAMELA MAN'
- ☐ RANDY, THE ELECTRIC LADY
- ☐ THE SEDUCTION OF CINDY
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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.

Trashy Lady

Fully Erect. Produced by Dan Andrews; written by Steve Scott and Will Kelly; directed by Steve Scott; starring Ginger Lynn, Harry Reems, Amber Lynn, Herschel Savage, Cara Lott, Tom Byron, Bunny Bleu, Steve Drake, Marc Wallace, Francois, Cheri Janvier and Rick Savage. Running time: 90 minutes.

Trashy Lady is the kind of film that gives you faith in pornogra-



Pert Bunny Bleu helps transform Ginger Lynn into a 'Trashy Lady.'

phy. By turns comic and carnal this movie achieves a near-perfect balance of plot and porking and is easily one of the finest productions of the year. Everything about *Trashy Lady* is first-rate: direction, story, acting, dialogue, art direction, sound and—most important—sex.

Without exception the women shine in their roles. Ginger Lynn has rarely been so subtle and relaxed as she is as the good girl who learns to be bad, and Amber Lynn as the seen-it-all gangster's moll in charge of Ginger's education is superb. Cara "You're Gonna Mess Up My Fuckin' Makeup" Lott's cameo as a foul-mouthed floozy is excellent, Bunny Bleu's soft, sexy chambermaid is extremely fuckable, and Cheri Janvier is simply remarkable as the boxer's girlfriend who fantasizes a steamy double-penetration "workout." And the men are no less impressive.

Plotwise, Harry Reems, playing a hood, falls for Ginger, but she's too naive and "good" for him; so he asks Amber (jailbird Herschel Savage's girl) to oversee Ginger's evolution to being as trashy a broad as Amber.

Recruiting a newsboy (Tom Byron) as a sexual guinea pig,

Amber demonstrates how to give a blowjob and fuck while Ginger watches with rapt attention. Ginger quickly becomes a star pupil and, after clearing up a plot-required misunderstanding with Savage (he thinks that Amber is twotiming him with Reems), the film ends with her demonstrating to Reems just how trashy she's become.

Sexually, *Trashy Lady* is high-voltage stuff. Two fantasy sequences are especially noteworthy: Janvier's pulse-pounding ass/pussy double penetration by studs Marc Wallace and Francois, and the Herschel Savage/Amber Lynn encounter. (She visits him in jail and, while he describes his longing for her breasts, pussy and lips, the fantasy is played out as he sucks her tits, eats her snatch and fucks her mouth.)

Every frame of *Trashy Lady* is



'Caught III': Ron Jeremy plunges into Tamara Longley's perfect poop chute.

the *Caught From Behind* series—because this film delivers exactly what it promises—tons of tight assholes being invaded by stiff dicks. But for those into such

speaking of in *Behind*'s airy script, except for the problem Ali Moore is having with her boyfriend (Marc Wallace). He's fucking her in the ass at home and Kristara Barrington (in the ass, naturally) on the sly. The girls get pissed off when they discover this, and the film ends humorously with Wallace getting a dildo up his poop chute.

The sex scenes in *Behind III* are uniformly hot, and all feature anal penetration. Paul Thomas's cum-shot into big Buffy's bored-out butt-hole is an exceptional delight. All in all, despite its tacky sets, bad puns and the nerve-grinding presence of porn's most obnoxious mutation, Ron Jeremy, *Caught From Behind III* is a satisfying exercise in rearend erotica.

—H. A. Wallace



The double penetration of Cheri Janvier is one of the hottest scenes in 'Lady.'

the product of talent, intelligence, care, money and time—necessary ingredients that get left out of too much of today's X-rated fare. And—can you believe it?—the actors even wear underwear! Outstanding.

—D. O



Caught From Behind III the Movie

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Hal Freeman; written by Hart Williams; directed by Hal Freeman; starring Ron Jeremy, Ali Moore, Paul Thomas, Kristara Barrington, Marc Wallace, Stevie Taylor, Andrea Roland, Tamara Longley and Buffy. Running time: 90 minutes.

If your head isn't into hardcore hindquarters humping, don't see this third installment in

back-door activities, *Behind III* succeeds admirably.

Ron Jeremy plays Dr. Sheldon, a colleague of Dr. Proctor, the probing protagonist of *Behind I* and *Behind II*. It's his responsibility to "take care" of Proctor's patients while the fudge-packing physician is on vacation in Hawaii. And long-membered Jeremy does just that, first to his assistant (Tamara Longley) and later to an English reporter (Stevie Taylor) who's doing an article for her anal-fetish magazine.

Of course, jolly Jeremy is not the only one strolling the dirty back road. During a group-encounter session, Paul Thomas flashes back on a rectal romp with his wife, played by the bosomy Buffy. Then, during the session, he takes his butt-sniffing scope into the waiting orifice of sexy Andrea Roland.

There isn't much conflict to

Sharon Kane, Sharon Mitchell, Joey Silvera, Gloria Leonard, Paul Thomas, Rachel Ashley, Melanie Scott and Johnny Nineteen. Running time: 83 minutes.

In the past year and a half Henri Pachard has churned out feature films the way other directors grind out videos: fast. Much of this output, from a lesser talent, would hardly be worth watching. Fortunately, Pachard's style and wit give even his most humdrum efforts a certain spark, but there's no denying that assembly-line filmmaking takes its toll on creativity. With *She's So Fine*, however, Pachard—in top form—has come up with a biting, funny, sexy film, his finest since 1984's *Great Sexpectations*.

The "she" of the title is Taija Rae, who's supposed to be marrying a fellow named Whitney. While futilely waiting for the groom to show up, Rae experiences one of the most bizarre days of her life. Guests, expected and unexpected, arrive and fuck their heads off. First is an old flame (Joey Silvera) whose brain—thanks to drugs—has been on hold for five years. For old times' sake, Rae takes him upstairs and screws him.

Then rock musician Paul Thomas (wearing a wig that would give Twisted Sister's Dee Snyder shit fits of envy) turns up with his backup singers (Melanie Scott and punked-out Sharon Mitchell) and proceeds to get it on with Rae's mother (Gloria Leonard). Next-door neighbors Jerry Butler and Sharon Kane and friends Rachel Ashley and Johnny Nineteen represent the more conservative, though equally horny, element in Rae's circle of friends.

The sex is fairly conventional—

She's So Fine

Fully Erect. Produced by Bill Turner and Dick Thomas; written by Dick Thomas; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Taija Rae, Jerry Butler,



'She's So Fine' Bosomy Rachel Ashley takes a licking from Johnny Nineteen.

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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 Sexpectations
Insatiable II
New Wave Hookers
Professional Janine
Spitfire
Suzie Superstar

Three-Quarters Erect

Dirty Girls
Girls on Fire
Go for It
Jailhouse Girls
Matinee Idol
Passions
Pussycat Galore
Sex Spa U.S.A.
Squalor Motel
Stiff Competition
Taboo American Style, Part I
The Grafenberg Spot
Throat . . . 12 Years After
Too Naughty to Say No
Trinity Brown
Viva Vanessa-The Undresser

Half Erect

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

One-Quarter Erect

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

Totally Limp

Bodacious Ta Ta's
Bordello

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

RATING GUIDE

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

Perfect Fit

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and written by Jerry Ross; directed by Kurt Nelson II; starring Tracy Lords, Tom Byron, Mark Wallace, Gina Valentino, Christy Canyon, Susan Hart, Peter North, Alan Royce, Laurie Smith, Kristara Barrington and Francois. Running



'Perfect Fit': Tracy Lords's perfect tits are much admired by Tom Byron.

time: 80 minutes.

When Diane (Tracy Lords) and Ricky (Tom Byron) interrupt a wild party to say they're getting married, and the revelers pelt them with confetti and shout, "We know that!," your first thought might be that they'd wandered into the party suite at a psychics' convention. What they wandered into was the set-up for a flashback: This highly enjoyable, well-written, competently directed and acted film is about the screwy events that lead up to the opening's confetti shower.

Here's what happens: Diane stops in the middle of a blowjob to talk marriage with Ricky.

When he balks, she walks. The next night, at an all-male poker party, stud Jay (Steve Drake) talks about how he intends to start dating Diane. Ricky, immediately jealous, blurts out that he's marrying her the following week. When Diane learns of this, she's thrilled and invites Ricky over so he can ask her officially. But somehow he's still unable to propose.

Meanwhile, Ricky's buddy Scotty (Mark Wallace) has paid a weird gent (unimaginatively named Fast Eddie) to cater and provide erotic entertainment for Ricky's bachelor party. And Diane's girlfriends have also engaged Fast Eddie's services for a bachelorette party. The parties go on as planned even though Ricky still hasn't asked Diane to marry him. After some bizarre mix-ups and near disasters (the erotic entertainment never shows up), Fast Eddie consolidates the parties. Everyone has a ball, Ricky pops the question, and Diane fucks his brains out.

A few of the notable sexual encounters that crop up along this obstacle course are a rousing Wesson Oil romp between Gina

Valentino and Wallace, Christy Canyon's tryst with Alan Royce (she sticks her fingers in her twat, then in his mouth, and leads him to the bedroom by the teeth), Laurie Smith's and Kristara Barrington's frenzied femme-fuck and, of course, the ball-burning Lords/Byron suck-and-fuck.

Funny, sexy and slightly off-the-wall, *Perfect Fit* is like a Hollywood screwball summer release with hard-core action. Because of its good-humored sexual attitude, strong story and total lack of violence, this film should have great appeal for couples and women. It's close to perfect. —D. O.

ple, unpretentious production for connoisseurs of girl-on-girl groping. If you can live without gynecological close-ups and wads of jism on faces for a little while, this clip will certainly stiffen your sausage. —Sam Lowry

Traci Takes Tokyo

(Traci Lords Company) This sexvid opens with a glamour-shot montage of ever-succulent Traci Lords strolling saucily through Tokyo. Next, Traci's listening to the spiel of a Japanese adult-film producer speaking through a female translator. He wants to do a documentary of Lords's stay in the Land of the Rising Sun and has set up some sensual encounters to enliven her visit. This documentary-in-the-making theme is carried on throughout the tape, with the voices of these two never-seen inscrutables intruding again and again. There are four lovingly lensed—almost worshipful—fuck scenes with Traci, in which she totally outmatches the foreign element. (These little-dick guys come faster than rabbits, and the dolls sound as if they're being slayed, not laid.) The presentation is rounded out with a few all-Oriental trysts—the most peculiar of which has a guy shoving a squid tentacle, suction cups and all, up his girl's sushi until a milky discharge drips onto his chest. Traci's the only reason to take this trip to Tokyo, and even she can't carry the whole thing. Face it, this girl needs bigger dicks. —M. W.

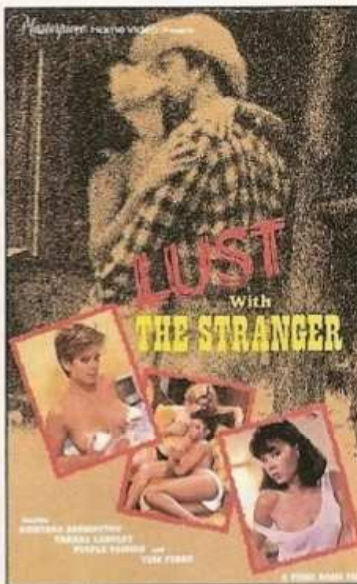


nock off a nooner in 'Girl Toys.'



Lust With the Stranger

(Masterpiece Video) If *Lust's* producers turn out many more pornvids as bad as this one, they might want to consider becoming locksmiths or upholsterers. *Lust* is poorly shot, proceeds at a snail's pace and seems to have been edited by coin toss. The dialogue is ridiculous, but at least it's better than the sex, which is simply a



snore. The story seems to be about some kind of school field trip and a ghost the students encounter. The ghost—the "Stranger" of the title—is a feeble ripoff of the mysterious *High Plains Drifter* character made famous by Clint Eastwood. (Buck Adams has the stubble and cheroot down pat, but the sneakers have got to go!) It is a sad fact that the only time things get really interesting is when a swarming fly lands on Melissa "Lights Out" Melendez's asshole while Adams is drilling her sleepy snatch. Bad angles and generally subpar camerawork

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X-RATED FILMS, FUCK TAPES AND MORE

X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

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Love Bites

C Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Suze Randall; written and directed by Victor Nye; starring Traci Lords, Harry Reems, Amber Lynn, Peter North, Ali Moore, Andre Bolla, Pat Manning, Josephine Carrington, Rick Savage, Roger Blade, Buffy, Gail Force, Tony Martino, Nicole West, Alan Royce, Eric Edwards, Tom Byron, Heather Wayne, Kevin James,



Sex dynamo Traci Lords lays more than 'Love Bites' on Harry Reems.

Dan T. Mann and Michael Morrison. Running time: 75 minutes.

This lighthearted fuckfest from filmmakers Suze Randall and Victor Nye combines a playful plot with high-voltage sex. The episodic story revolves around a class of mosquito—the exotic central African “love biter”—that is being bred and studied in Los Angeles by tropical-disease expert Harry Reems and his hot-twat assistant, Traci Lords. The bite of this little critter turns people into fuck-hungry maniacs. Guess what happens? That's right, and Lords and Reems set out after it in hot pursuit.

The escaped mosquito first bites Amber Lynn, a haughty businesswoman, who then throws herself on superstud Peter North in an elevator. Their sex bout is positively electric: North really slams his mammoth cock into her, and she meets him thrust for thrust. But Lynn is still not satiated, and when North composes himself and exits the elevator, Lynn purrs to a startled, but horny, Rick Savage and Roger Blade, “Come in. Come in. I want you. Both of you.” The hot three-way that follows is truly a carnal wonder.



Morality prude Michael Morrison porks Buffy as the 'love biter' strikes again.

The bug next bites More Morality chairman Michael Morrison as he lectures his organization on the horrors of pornography. Losing control, he grabs the busty maid (Buffy) who's serving coffee and porks her on the spot. Humping away, he fantasizes that he's Nero presiding over a Roman orgy, and we see all of his toga-clad bluenose colleagues fucking their brains out like the sex beasts they really are.

After Gail Force and Tony Martino experience the effects of the love biter, the insect cupid buzzes back to the lab, where it bites Reems, who finally jumps the sexually eager Lords. When their lusty coupling ends in screaming orgasms, it's Lords's

turn to get bitten. Already sex-crazed, she goes over the edge, raids the mosquito incubator and exposes her voluminous breasts to their bites. In a rutting frenzy she races out to fuck the world.

Though *Love Bites* stars the 50,000-watt Traci Lords, the film is all but stolen by ravenous Amber Lynn (not exactly a slouch in the sex department herself), whose exhilarating encounter with North, Savage and promising new stud Blade is one for the record books.

Cameras work is excellent, the beautiful cast is lovingly lensed, and the other sex scenes are uniformly hot. Even so, *Love Bites* could have benefited from one more bite of that darn mosquito.

—D. O.



Love-bitten Amber Lynn melts the screen with Rick Savage and Roger Blade.

Physical II



(Superior Video) If you've ever wondered what's beneath the proverbial bottom of the barrel, the answer is *Physical II*. This patchwork collection of what looks like snippets and outtakes from old video loops contains maybe three or four sex scenes shot specifically for *Physical*—and that's probably being generous. The plot strand that strings the scenes together is a cable TV channel's Erotic Olympics, hosted by Marc Wallice and Traci Lords. The storyline is merely an excuse to intercut some dozen scenes with well-known stars such as Rhonda Jo Petty, Sharon Mitchell, Lisa DeLeeuw, Billy Dee, Jamie Gillis and Mai Lin

fucking and sucking. If the scenes were allowed to be played out, it might be tolerable, but the constant crosscutting between them kills any sexual heat that could have built up. The only semi-enjoyable scenes are the ones with Cara Lott and Tom Byron, and Lords and Wallice. The Lott/Byron matchup is short and sweet, but then is shown again and again as being part of the "competition." Though heavy on big names, most of the talent in *Physical II* probably don't even know they're in this pile of shit. Audiences deserve better. —S. L.

Passion Pit



When the first half-hour of a movie is devoted to two sex scenes, you know you're not going to get much of a story, but any film that stars Traci Lords and Stacey Donovan doesn't need much of a story as long as it delivers on sex. *Passion Pit* delivers.

Lords plays an accommodating candy girl at an X-rated drive-in movie who rings up more than sales. She's her usual scorching self and burns up the screen in a pair of sizzling threeways: One is with Donovan and Billy Dee, and the other is with Dan T. Mann and Don "Ever Hard" Fernando. Lords

is positively volcanic in her lust and remains the screamer of all time.

Other notable scenes include a deep-throat fantasy in which Little Oral Annie devours every inch of John Holmes's big wienie, a sensational truck-bed fuck between newcomers Ashley Grant and Jonathan Lee and Lili Marlene's and Patti Cakes's high-voltage lesbo romp.

The acting and dialogue won't win any awards, but fortunately there's not much of either. The bottom line is sex, and as wall-to-wallers go, *Passion Pit* is pretty potent.

—Sam Lowry

Rating: Three-Quarters Erect.
Shot on Film

Directed by: Duck Dumont and Charles DeSantos.

Starring: Traci Lords, Stacey Donovan, John C. Holmes, Little Oral Annie, Ashley Grant, Lili Marlene, Jon Martin, Billy Dee, Dan T. Mann, Don Fernando, Justice Howard, Patti Cakes and Jonathan Lee.

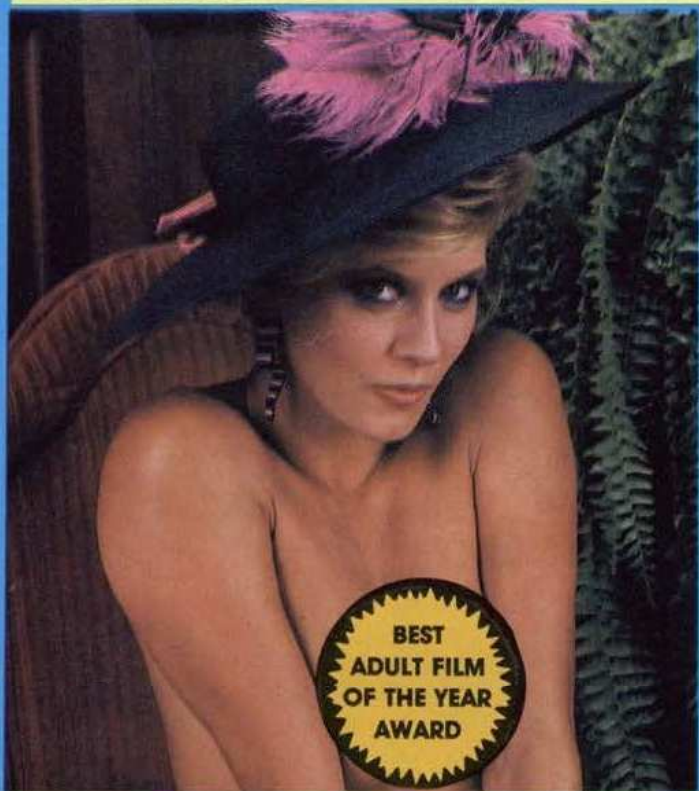
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THIS MONTHS TOP 40

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|---|---|
| ☐ 1 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS * | ☐ 21 NOTHING TO HIDE |
| ☒ 2 SEX WAVES | ☐ 22 PINK LAGOON |
| ☐ 3 RAW TALENT | ☐ 23 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| ☐ 4 STIFF COMPETITION | ☐ 24 PRETTY AS YOU FEEL |
| ☒ 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT | ☐ 25 TITILLATION |
| ☐ 6 DEADLY LOVE | ☐ 26 REAR ACTION GIRLS |
| ☒ 7 BAD GIRLS III | ☐ 27 IRRESISTIBLE |
| ☐ 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND | ☐ 28 SUZIE SUPERSTAR |
| ☐ 9 SPITFIRE | ☐ 29 TABOO |
| ☐ 10 BROWN SUGAR | ☐ 30 TRINITY BROWN |
| ☐ 11 FIRESTORM | ☐ 31 PLEASURE HUNT |
| ☐ 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY | ☐ 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE |
| ☐ 13 INSATIABLE II | ☐ 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
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| ☐ 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 |
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In one hand she held a bottle of baby oil, and in the other she held a long, wooden switch.

great pleasure from the wild lust on my face—and bent over with her ass in the air. With trembling fingers I freed my growing cock and moved closer.

Lucy grabbed my dong from between her legs and started a slow jerkoff while I squeezed her ass cheeks and caressed the backs of her knees. I was in heaven! I finally pushed her into the bedroom and raised her skirt up over her hips. Suddenly, she turned around and looked me in the eye. "You really get off on my legs, don't you?" Lucy purred seductively.

I confessed that nothing got me more worked up than the back of a girl's legs. She smiled for a moment, pushed me down onto her bed and walked into the bathroom. I quickly stripped and, when she returned, I was amazed at the change that had come over her. Her eyes blazed like the noonday sun, and her breath came in loud gasps. In one hand she held a bottle of baby oil, and in the other she held a long, wooden switch.

Lucy then took off everything except her black high heels and nylon stockings and lay on her back. She squirted oil all over her brown pubic mound—which

dripped down the crack of her ass and onto the bed—handed me both the switch and the oil and told me to whip her thighs while she fingered herself to orgasm.

I couldn't believe what was happening! I stood over her and proceeded to do as she asked. She whimpered with pleasure and pain. Her groans and the sound of the switch on her soft, pink flesh soon gave me a huge hard-on, and I applied the lashes with more enthusiasm, starting off easy and then gradually hitting harder and harder. Finally, I demanded that she roll over onto her stomach.

I admired Lucy's lovely gams for a few moments and whipped her sexy ass while she continued to plunge her fingers in and out of her oily cunt. "You perverted slut!" I screamed. "You slimy whore! I'm going to fuck your legs like they've never been fucked before!"

I grabbed the oil, poured it over my straining rod and placed it in the crook of her knee. She writhed in the throes of orgasm while I bent her leg back, forming a perfect place to stick my prick. I slammed my meat into the valley behind her knee. I couldn't believe I was fucking some

young girl's leg and beating the shit out of her at the same time while the crazy bitch screamed with pleasure!

I held Lucy's foot with one hand and whipped her ass with the other. She had four fingers up her snatch. She bucked and twisted with yet another orgasm. I'd never seen a woman ejaculate. She shot a steady stream of clear, odorless fluid out of her pussy, leaving a three-foot wet spot on the sheets! It put me over the edge. It seemed like I came in buckets as I creamed all over her legs, ass and even the opposite wall.

Since that illustrious day, Lucy and I have moved in with each other and are thinking of getting married. Never before have I felt so good with another woman. She understands my sexual hang-ups, and I understand hers—and she always lets me fuck her knees! —O. W.

Santa Rosa, California

LOST VIRGINITY

I'm a young, white pre-med student at a small-town university in Kentucky, and for 23 years I'd never plunged my pole into hot, sweet nookie. My friends teased me about my virginity, saying I'd never get to be a gynecologist. But all that changed just two nights ago!

It all started a couple of weeks back when I accidentally looked out my dorm window into the room across the way. There she was, the girl of my wettest dreams! She was about 5-7, blond and dressed only in pink panties and a white T-shirt. She stood in front of her window, gazing off into space and rubbing her hands along the sides of her enormous breasts. I watched with fascination as she turned her back to the window, pulled the shirt off over her head and threw it on the floor. She turned around—giving me a clear view of her magnificent hooters—and pulled the curtains.

The next day I confided in one of my friends, and he told me that her name was Suzie, that she was a cheerleader and that she was probably the loosest girl on campus. I continued to watch her window every night. The following Wednesday I noticed Susie in her room with a couple of guys. From where I sat I could see that the two guys were Craig, the captain of the basketball team, and Mitch, the short-stop on the baseball team.

They didn't do anything for a few minutes except talk, but suddenly Mitch made his move. He kissed Susie's moist, red lips as he rubbed and pinched one of her perky nipples through her flimsy shirt. Craig moved over to the other side of her and began to fondle the crotch of her pants while Mitch pulled her shirt off completely. She stood there topless for a moment in the middle of the room be-



"Last warning, fella . . . knock off the holier-than-thou crap!"



"An erection! Get the camera, Edna! I want to remember this moment!"

Bobbing her head, Susie masterfully sucked and licked while she reached around and pushed a finger up his ass.

fore finally stripping off her tight jeans.

The guys picked her up, carried her to the bed, and within seconds all three were completely nude. Susie's eyes got big as the two jocks dropped their pants, and two erect cocks sprang out in all their glory. Craig knelt down, spread her legs and her cunt while Mitch tongue-lashed her tits.

All of a sudden Craig stepped back while Mitch sat up. Susie quickly moved over—with her back to Mitch—and sat down hard on his fat cock. I stared in disbelief as Mitch's prod poked into her tiny twat. By then I had an incredible hard-on. Mitch reached around and squeezed her headlights while Craig stepped forward and rubbed his dork all over her face. I pulled my pud while Susie gave Craig's huge balls a thorough cleaning with her tongue, the whole time bouncing up and down on Mitch's stiff rod. When Mitch fingered her wet clit, she took all of Craig's uncircumcised cock into her mouth. He rammed his seven inches into her face like a jackhammer, and I could see her cheeks bulge with every thrust.

Mitch humped harder into Susie's snatch. His strokes came faster and faster as he neared orgasm. Susie's tits bounced with every thrust, and Mitch's balls slapped against her ass as he reamed his big bat into her hungry pussy. All at once he pulled out and sprayed his semen all over her blond bush. Susie reached down and milked every last drop with her hand while Craig continued to fuck her eager mouth.

Craig's poker was as red as an apple and almost as round. Bobbing her head, Susie masterfully sucked and licked while she reached around and pushed a long finger up his ass. This was too much for Craig. He arched his back and shot a load of molten sperm into her waiting mouth. Just then Susie looked out the window, with cum dripping down the side of her face, and smiled right at me!

I jumped back, hoping that she hadn't seen me, and masturbated in earnest. Just as I was about to hit the ceiling with my seed, the phone rang! "Hi," said a sexy voice on the line, "this is Susie. I know you saw what just happened, and the thought of being watched got me real

worked up. I'm sure glad your friend Jay gave me your number."

He did? I began to give some half-assed explanation when she interrupted. "Don't deny it. I know you were whacking off over what you saw. Anyway, I didn't want your sperm to go to waste. Can I come by?"

Fifteen minutes later Susie was knocking on my door. She was even prettier in person than I'd imagined. She gave me the wettest kiss I've ever had in my life, she pushed me onto the bed, unbuttoned her shirt and pressed her bouncing bosoms into my face. I frantically grabbed one of them and licked every inch of it while she worked on my zipper.

I went berserk in a sex frenzy! Susie got down on her knees, jerked my pants and underwear down and sucked my muscle of love back to a full erection. I knew I couldn't last more than ten strokes before I'd shoot my wad down her throat and, not wanting to blow my chances of finally getting my ashes hauled, I made her stop. I literally tore her clothes off and knocked her down to the floor. She screamed at me to put it in her while I tried madly to find her fuck hole. She expertly snaked a hand between her legs and guided my pulsing knob to her slick, wet slit, and with a great thrust of my hips I was in her.

It was wonderful! I stayed motionless deep inside her for a moment, savoring my first piece of ass. At first I moved slowly—letting my cock slide all the way in, then all the way out—but Susie wouldn't take any more of my fooling around and began to fuck my dick like a bitch in heat. She yelled at me to do it harder and deeper while I ground her ass into the floor. I slammed it to her for about ten minutes before Susie started to grunt and moan so loud, I thought everyone in the dorm would hear her.

She cried out in ecstasy and jerked her body all over the floor. I felt that familiar churning in my testicles and rammed my beef deeper into her nookie. With what felt like a covey of quails flying out my asshole, I came. I could feel my hot jism gush out of her soaking cooze. At last I was no longer a virgin!!!

That night Susie and I did just about everything I'd ever heard about, every single position and sexual angle that we could think of. I don't see a lot of Susie anymore, except through her bedroom window at night. Susie doesn't mind if I watch when she fucks other guys. But I want to find a girl who only makes it with me.

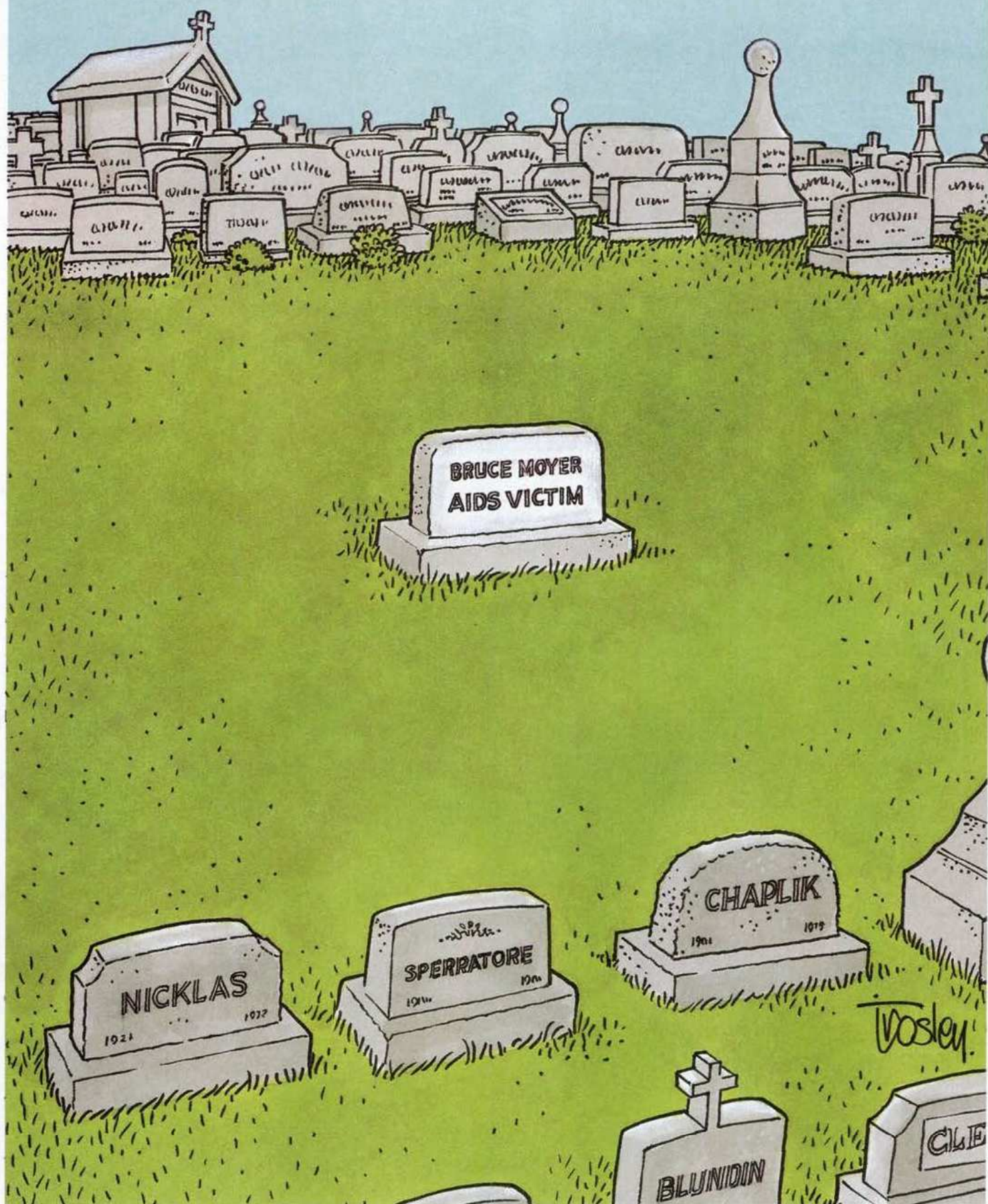
—D. W.

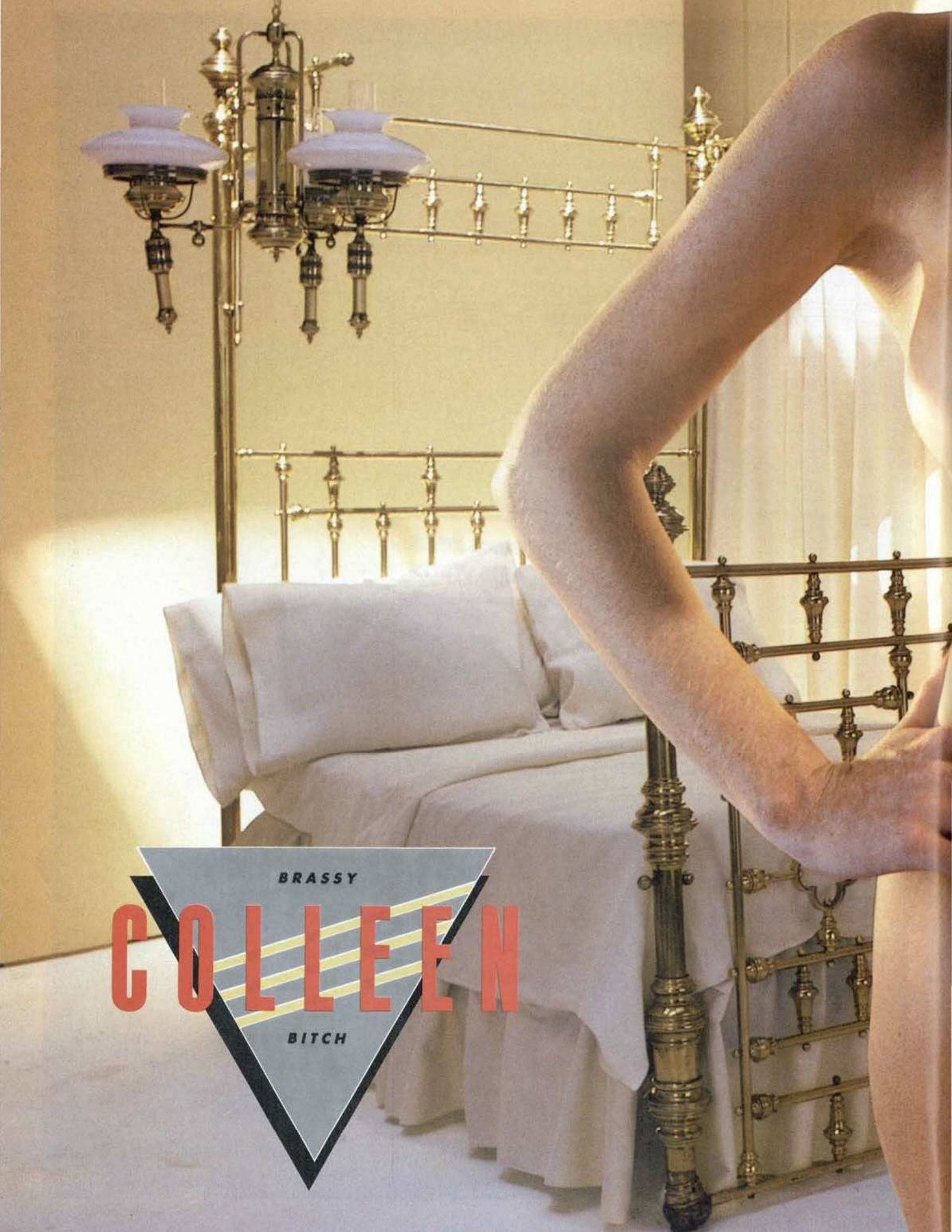
Morehead, Kentucky

BARGAIN VASECTOMY CLINIC



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BRASSY
COLLEEN
BITCH





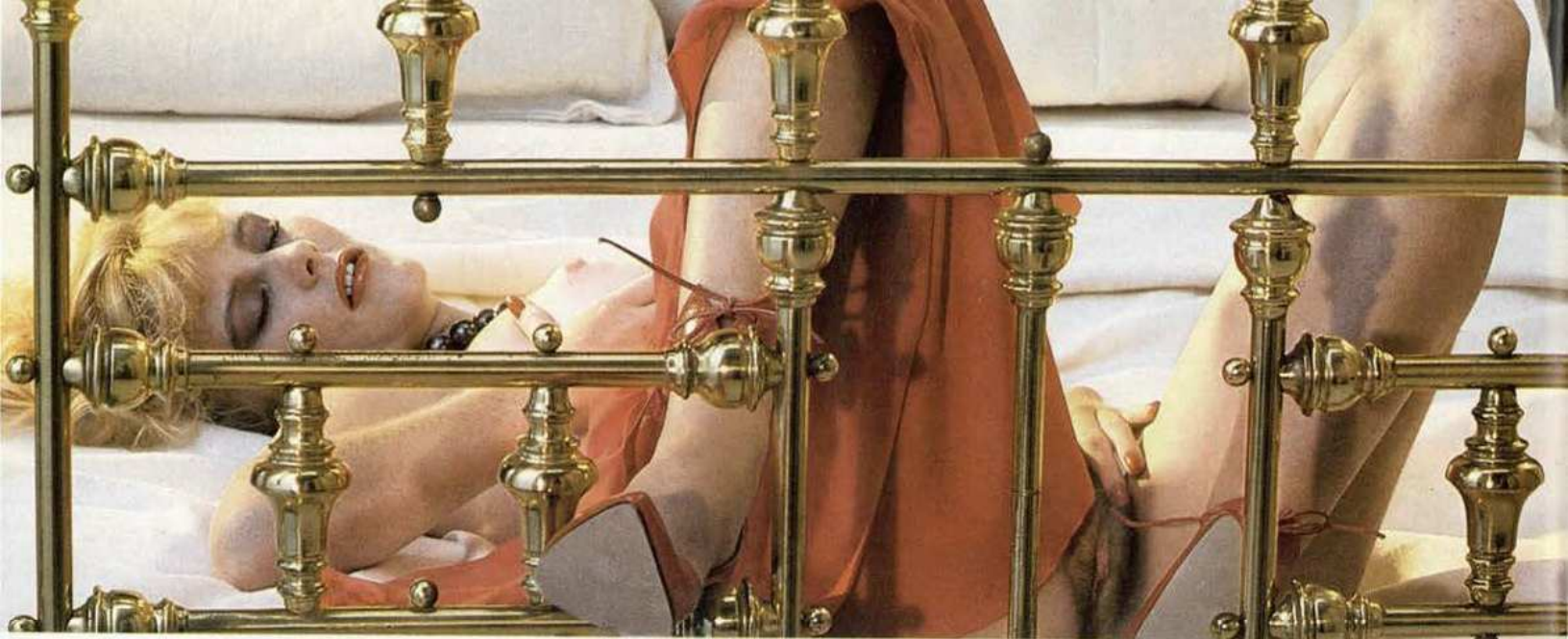




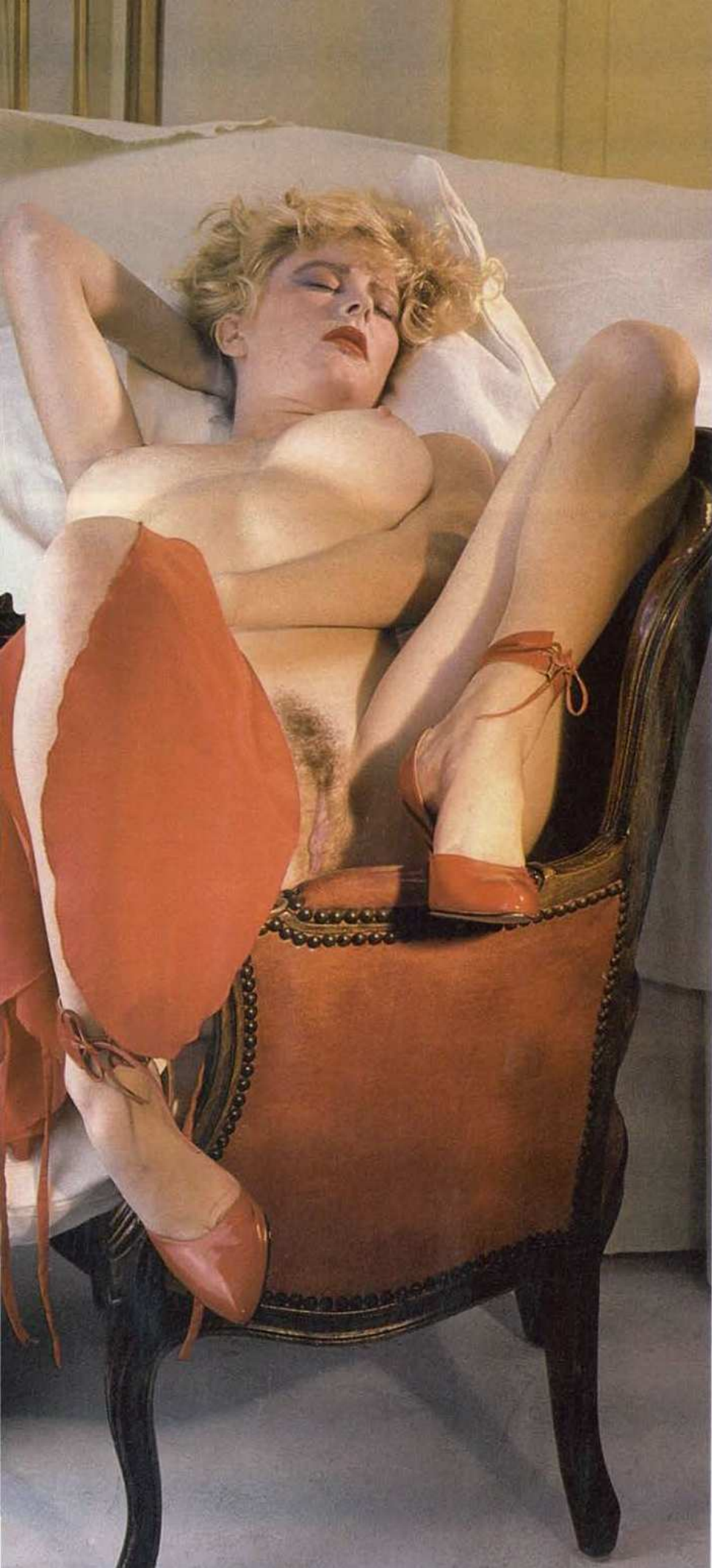
I think of myself as tender, but tough," declares mouth-watering Colleen. "It must be my Irish blood." This Gaelic wonder does not like being toyed with: "I'm into only one man at a time, and I expect that man to be faithful to me. If he's not, I don't cry or pout—I knock his lights out!

"My ex-boyfriend calls me a brassy bitch, which I consider a compliment. Sure, I can drink, party and fuck with the best of them, but underneath I'm really a pussycat. A guy just has to know how to make me purr!"











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**Pages 42 43 44 46 48 are
Genuine fills. And the Genuine
Pages 45 & 47 (Cartoons)
have been placed as the last 2
pages here (123&124) Pages
45 & 47 added as artistic
supplements**





TRACI LORDS

PORN'S BRIGHTEST STAR CHANGES ORBIT

PROFILE BY DOUG OLIVER

Imagine you are playing a trivia game. The question: Which porn superstar was a virgin until age 19, had to be taught on the set of her first hard-core video how to masturbate and hates having her pussy eaten? Would you guess *Traci Lords*? You might even think the question was inaccurately worded and was really meant to be asked about television evangelists or the most sexually parched of women who launch crusades against pornography. You would not guess *Traci Lords*.

It's hard to believe that Traci, whose name has become synonymous with *screaming orgasm*, would have to be taught anything to do with sex. Yet director Richard Mailer swears that he and the makeup girl on his video *What Gets Me Hot* had to take Traci aside and show her how to wank her clit before they could roll tape.

As for head, generous Traci candidly admits that she'd rather give than receive. Even though she appears in

countless films and videos to be able to climax at the mere touch of tongue to glistening love button, she claims to be "probably one of the few women who hate receiving head. Believe it or not, I really don't like it. It turns me off.

Most guys just don't know how to do it well, I guess. I love to *give* head; I just don't like to receive it. Those are the orgasms that I definitely have to fake."

Well, 23-year-old Traci Lords may have lost her virginity only four years ago, but the Florida beach girl has more than made up for lost time—as her hordes of fans know. This sexual dynamo has sucked, fucked, moaned and groaned her way into the fantasies of porn fanciers everywhere and has emerged—in less than a year—at the top of the X-rated heap.

In this age of grind-'em-out video it's relatively easy for a girl with a pretty face, good figure and a moderate amount of sexual energy to become a star porn actress, or



"Traci is something else. She just loves sex. In front of a camera she can't wait to do something."

at least a sort of fuckstress-of-the-month. The hard part is maintaining the position. When a girl adds intelligence, acting talent, a voice that doesn't sound like fingernails scraping a chalkboard, glamour and tremendous sexuality to the above qualities, she can virtually write her own ticket.

Traci Lords is such a girl.

Producers clamor for her services because her name sells the product. Directors are lavish in their praise of her because she's a dream to work with. Producer/director Gregory Dark, one of the notorious Dark Brothers, ranks Traci as one of the greatest porn queens in history. "She's something rare in the adult-film industry," he says. "Traci is prettier than 99.9% of the girls modeling today. She's elegant. Her body looks better today than when she started; the reverse is usually the case. Her face takes makeup extremely well. She's totally professional. She gets her script down; she cares about what she's doing. She's so easy, other people are hard to work with by comparison. I almost dread working with the other top girls in the business. You never

know if they're going to show up or what they're going to look like that day—they may have stayed up for three days. It's awful. Traci is simply something else in this business. And she's hot sexually. She just loves sex. In front of a camera she's such an exhibitionist, she can't wait to do something."

Dark, who worked with Traci on films and videos such as *New Wave Hookers* and *Black Throat*, tells this story to illustrate Traci's incredible sexuality. "This happened on a still shoot that I directed for HUSTLER, *The Dark Bros. Devil in Miss Jones* [December 1985]. We had Traci and a girl who'd done a lot of still modeling, but no movies or anything hard-core, and this new guy, Dick Rambone, who has 15½ inches, but was having trouble getting it up.

"Traci comes over to me and says, 'I'm not going to help him get it up. You think I am, don't you?' I said, 'No. I didn't ask you to.' And she said, 'I'm not going to.' About five minutes later she comes back, and she says, 'It's really fascinating, isn't it?' I ask, 'What?' 'His dick. It's really fascinating. I wonder how big it can get.' I

said, 'I don't know. I guess it's not going to get big at all on this shoot.' Traci said, 'I bet you I can make it get up!' So I said, 'Well, I don't know. I can't ask you to try.' 'I just want to because it's so fascinating,' she said—like his dick is this disembodied thing. That's how she treated it, like a disembodied thing.

"Then she jumped on this guy and started sucking his weenie for, like, the next three hours. Meanwhile her pussy's getting sopping wet—we didn't even have to spray water on it for realism. It's completely dripping. It was hard to handle sitting there watching her pussy drip while she's sucking on this guy's dick. It was all I could do not to dive in between her legs and do her. It was rough. I got a headache from the whole thing.

"And this other girl was totally grossed out. She's never seen anything like it. Here's Traci sucking wildly on this guy's dick, her pussy dripping, and this girl is offended. She said, 'How can she do that? It's completely gross and, she's—look! Look! She's turned on!' She thought it was the sleaziest thing she'd ever seen."

Actor Tom Byron—the first to screw Traci onscreen—thinks that nobody in the business can hold a candle to her. "She's flawless," he says, "a perfect package. Every time I work with her, it's like I'm in a catatonic state: Her beauty is so mesmerizing." Byron also finds her professionalism on the set to be an inspiration, and notes that sexually she's very flexible. "She's very accommodating. Whatever her partners are into, she's into also"—which Gregory Dark found out when he tried an experiment in *Black Throat*.

"Traci is very aggressive sexually, and it always shows," he says. "I tried to turn the tables on her in my last video. I had Kevin James and Craig Roberts doing a tag-team fuck match with her—sort of like tag-team wrestling. They pass her back and forth between them. These guys are pretty big and have pretty big dicks; they're both nine inches or so. I said, 'Listen, you should fuck Traci. She needs to be fucked. Hard.' And they proceeded to fuck this girl for the next hour and ten minutes. They fucked her silly. She was completely drenched in sweat—they all were. Those guys just wailed on her. She's usually dominant, but she really got off on them taking over like that."

Lawrence T. Cole, who directed Traci in *Battle of the Stars*, was also impressed with her beauty, poise and sexuality—particularly her sexuality. "Her energy was amazing," he recalls. "Here she'd had sex all day on the set, then her boyfriend arrived after we were through shooting, and she fucked him all night long. They kept people in the rooms on either side of

A VULTURE'S WET DREAM...



WAINETINER

Betty Bob



"I could do a series of multiple orgasms, and you'd never know they were fake, and they would be."

them awake they were so passionate."

Another director who raves about her is Dave Michel, whose *Sex Waves* was the first movie to indicate that she could act as well as fuck. "Traci is terrific," says Michel. "She's the type of talent that could and would give you so much more if there were time. It's a shame shooting schedules in this business are so tight. Any girl can go down on somebody, give a blowjob or fuck, but when you've got a Traci Lords in front of that camera, you just wish you could take as much time as you want and really do a lot of things with her."

One of the things most Traci fans would really like to do with her is fuck her. Her unbridled lust and screams of ecstasy are real bone-builders. "I've been wild sex from day one. And I *do* scream," she admits. "I've always been a screamer. That's not an act. In fact, on my first video I *tried* to be quiet, but I couldn't muffle myself. Then everyone started going, 'Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.' I thought, *Oh, good. I'm allowed to do this.* I didn't know they liked noise. I'd never seen a porn flick—how was I supposed to know?"

Natural talent like Traci's is the stuff blue-movie legends are made of. Michel sums up the phenomenon when he states, "She's got it, and it burns holes in the screen."

It also translates into dollars, as many as 5,000 of which Traci has been able to command, on occasion, for a single day's work. It's hard to find anyone who will admit to paying this price, but everyone agrees that whatever the astronomical fee, Traci gives them their money's worth.

Traci has always been paid top dollar. She started out at a figure most girls never work up to. (Byron remembers advising her to ask for as much money as she could get—and not take less than \$1,000 per day.) No one, she says, except for biggies like Marilyn Chambers, Seka and Vanessa Del Rio earns what Traci commands. There is no other girl working today who is a contender for really big bucks.

"If someone's going to pay that much money, then they'll go for the real thing. They'll go for Vanessa or Seka; they'll try to get me. They'll go for Ginger Lynn.

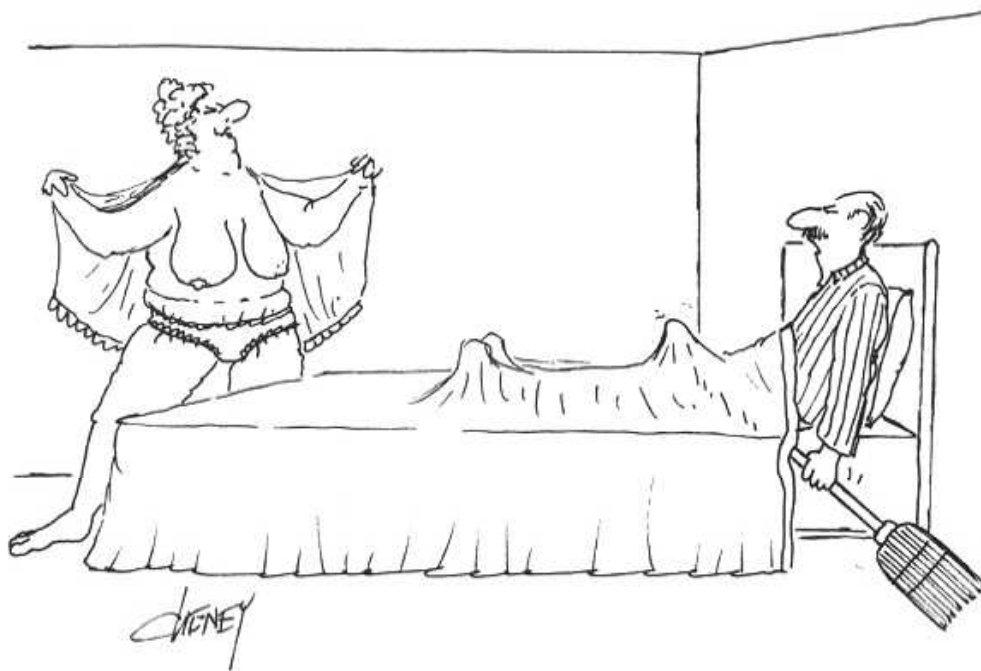
They're not going to spend that much money on a maybe. Producers want something definite for their money—if they're going to pay that much.

"Angel's very pretty, but she's not a strong actress, and she's just okay in sex. Sometimes she's good; sometimes she's not. She might be able to get \$1,000 per day, but I'm way beyond that. And \$1,000 a day is *good money!* None of the girls gets that. It's unheard of. There've been maybe three girls in the past three or four years to get that: me, Ginger Lynn and Raven. No one else. Most girls, the most they can get is \$850 or \$900 a day. Christy Canyon raised her rate to \$1,000 a day, and no one used her. She had to go back down to \$750."

Outside of Hollywood there's probably not another industry that pays so well for what is jokingly referred to as unskilled labor. As for the idea that she's engaged in prostitution—as the Los Angeles District Attorney would like people to believe of all porn performers—Traci laughs. "Hell, as a prostitute I wouldn't make half the money! I'm an actress. I'm paid to act, and that's what I do. Sometimes it's easier than others, but that's all it is. Acting. I could do a series of multiple orgasms, and you'd never know they were fake, and they would be. It's all acting. When I do a sex scene, I want people to look at it and go, 'Oooh!' I don't want it to be a half-assed performance. Sometimes I'm getting fucked, and I'm thinking about what I'm going to have for dinner, but you can never really tell. You can never, ever tell."

Frankness and openness like this sets Traci apart from most of her colleagues. The standard answer to the standard Do-you-have-an-orgasm-every-time question is, "Well, I don't always have an orgasm, but I *always* enjoy myself." But Traci's different. She doesn't always enjoy herself. Early in her career it was common for her to have orgasms on the set. But after she'd been in porn for a while—working almost constantly—orgasms became rarer, and she even started to hate sex. "My boyfriend would want to make love and couldn't understand why I didn't want to since it had been maybe a week since I'd made love to him." Quite a turnaround for a girl who describes her sex life like this: "All my boyfriend has to do is stick it in—if I haven't had it for a while, I'm already getting off. Ten seconds, two strokes. I like to come about three or four times. The first time is okay; the second is something. The third and fourth times are just *eeeeaaahh!*"

Traci's decreased libido was a signal to slow down, perhaps to retire. She went about it in an ingenious way: She raised her day rate. "I just outpriced myself so no one could afford me anymore. Then



"Oh, yes, Sylvia, yes . . . I love it when you do your striptease. Yes, yes, more, more. . ."



"There's a part of me—the Traci Lords part—that's rude, spoiled and bitchy. But I have to protect myself."

when people started paying it, I just went, 'Wait a minute—I should have done this long ago!'"

So she's in a state of *semiretirement*. She hasn't made a film in eight months—her choice—and is scheduled to do only one more, *Born to Be Wild*, for Cinderella Distributors. After that, well, she'll consider projects individually. Right now her ambition is to be the first porn actress to successfully cross over from hard-core films to "legitimate" modeling and movies. Not only cross over, but be a star.

Distancing herself from porn over the past several months has given her a different perspective on the industry, but that's not to say bad things have gotten much better. She's still pissed off at the way performers are treated by the majority of producers, gets rankled over marketing techniques that mislead fans into thinking that her picture on a video box means that Traci Lords is on the tape inside, and bristles at the way porn's easy money spoils girls into not developing or improving themselves, but just do picture after picture until they burn out.

She's still bitter and angry about the

high rate of venereal disease in porn, a topic that most actors and actresses downplay or don't discuss at all. Diseases are quite common, she says. "VD? You can get it every other day." Traci ought to know—she contracted clap three times in three months. "If you're working on a film, and one person—just one person is all it takes—has VD, whether they have a lead role or just come in for one sex scene, everyone on the set will get it. *Everyone*. It goes from one person to the next. If one girl works with three guys, then forget it. And those three guys each work with a girl, there it is all over the movie set. And women don't even know they have it. You can't tell unless you go for a checkup at the time—which is what I did."

AIDS is the latest scare. Producers are trying to protect against it through blood tests, but Traci doesn't see it as much of a personal danger. ("I'm not making movies anymore; so I don't give a damn.")

Clearly, Traci's reputation for being outspoken is well earned. It's no secret that she's frank, opinionated and doesn't waste time pussyfooting around. Tact and

diplomacy may not be her strongest suits, but honesty (*brutal* honesty, some might say) and candor are certainly way up there.

"I can be snotty," she says. "There's a part of me—the *Traci Lords* part—that's rude, spoiled and bitchy. But I have to protect myself. Like if I say, at 3:30 in the morning, 'I'm leaving after this scene whether you like it or not,' everyone may think, *What a bitch*, but they'd like to do the same thing—only they can't get away with it. I believe people should treat you better. Just because you're an adult-film actress is no excuse for them to walk all over you and make you work 16- or 17-hour days."

The people she likes most to work for are Cinderella Distributors ("I know I'm going to get my own way") and Dreamland Home Video "because the quality of their pictures is very good—the scripts, the talent. They spend money. That's why I like working for them. I know I'm going to look good in their movies. I tend to give more whenever I feel like it's worth it. I always try hard, but sometimes you have that little burst of energy because you're excited. It's the same with sex scenes—if you get a guy you're really turned on to, then it's going to be a combination of knowing how to fake it and having real orgasms."

What sort of privileges or treatment does she demand on a shoot? "I have to have my boyfriend on the set to fuck my nipples," she laughs. "No. Twelve-hour turnaround: I only work 12 hours, and then I leave. Overtime. Approval of the makeup artist. Approval of who I'm going to work with. I always know who I'm going to fuck before I even go on a set."

She prefers fucking younger men to older, does not perform anal sex on the screen. ("But," adds Gregory Dark, "she sure likes guys to stick their tongues up her ass. In *New Wave Hookers* she pulled Rick Cassidy's head into her ass and told him to lick it. That wasn't in the script.") She likes the challenge of a big cock—"If they're too small, they're too easy to swallow!" As far as dicks go, Traci thinks the best one in the business is attached to Craig Roberts, who she feels is underrated and deserving of stardom "because he's so good-looking and talented."

Though she doesn't really enjoy women as sexual partners, she accepts the reality of girl/girl scenes in porn. "Business is business, and it's as easy to work with a girl as it is with a guy—sometimes easier. You don't have to worry about hard-ons, right? Actually, I don't really like doing girl/girls. I can enjoy them with the right girl, but there haven't been too many. I've only worked with a handful of girls. I

(continued on page 94)



"Shee-it!! What a nightmare. . . I dreamt I was eatin' pussy!"



"... And by the way, Father, there is one more thing..."

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**Pages 50-63 inclusive
Genuine Fills added**



GOOD LORDS!

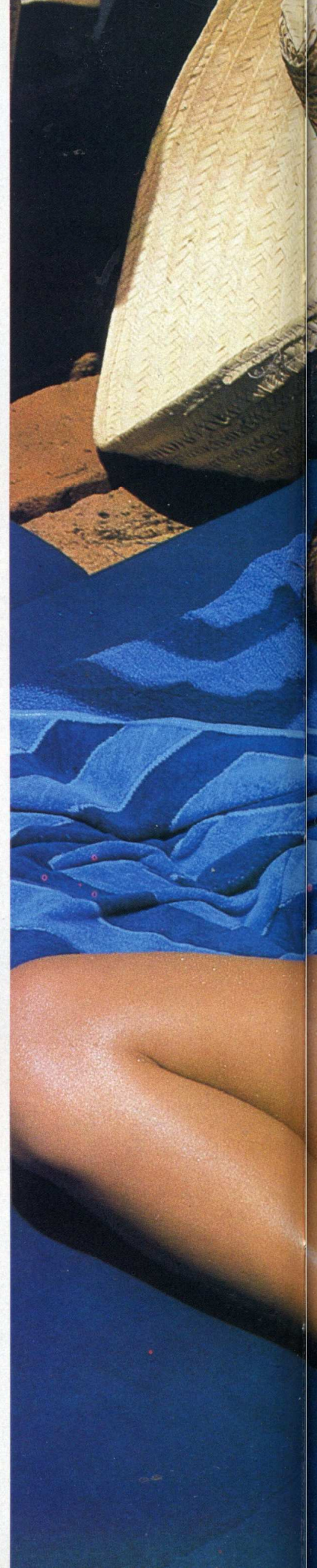
TRACI exposed



Photography by James Baes

























HUSTLER HUMOR



A traveler in the Old West detoured his trip to go to a bordello. As he cuddled up with a beautiful blonde, he noticed some men across the street digging around the foundation of a church. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Oh, that," the lady of the evening replied. "Last week the wives in town got the town council to pass a law that no whorehouse could be located within 300 feet of a place of worship. So they've got till the end of the month to move that church."

A secretary was sitting on a park bench having lunch when she saw two hearses coming her way. Behind them was a woman walking a Doberman and behind them was a procession of cars that stretched for blocks and blocks. Overcome by curiosity, the secretary went up to the woman and asked what was going on. "I'm burying my husband and his mistress," came the reply.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry to hear that," the secretary said. "How did they die?"

"My dog killed them," answered the woman.

Looking down at the canine for a moment, the secretary asked, "Can I borrow him?"

"Sure," replied the first woman. "Get in line."

Question: Did you hear about the Jewish tire?

Answer: It not only stops on a dime, it also picks it up!

While driving home from work one day, a man ran into a terrible traffic jam. He could see lots of smoke and commotion just ahead, and a few minutes later he saw a man going from car to car with a gas can in his hand. When the man came up to his car, he asked him, "What's going on up there?"

"It was really something," replied the man with the gas can. "Some nigger up the street ran out into his front yard, screamed, 'I can't stand this world anymore,' then doused himself with gas and burned himself alive."

"That's terrible," said the other motorist, "but why are you going from car to car with that gas can?"

"Oh, I'm taking up a collection for his family."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines gay naval officer as:

When Bob returned from a long business trip, his wife informed him that while he was away, she had found three golf balls and \$14,000 in cash in one of his dresser drawers. "I don't understand," she said. "You don't even play golf."

"Well, dear," he replied. "Each ball represents the times in our 30 years of marriage that I've cheated on you."

"Well, three times in 30 years isn't bad," she said. "But what's the \$14,000 in cash for?"

"Everytime I got together a dozen balls," he said, "I sold them."

A small-town girl had two boyfriends, one a country hick and the other a city boy. One evening while the country boy came courting, his nose began to drip. He walked out to the yard, blew his nose, wiped the snot on the back of his hand and licked it clean. However, he didn't know that the young lady's parents were on the back porch watching him.

When the suitor had gone inside, the girl's father punched her mother and said, "You see that, Mama? Now that feller was brought up proper; he went outdoors to blow his nose. When that city feller was here the other night, he blew his nose in a little rubber bag and threw it behind the bed!"

Question: How was break-dancing invented?

Answer: Some black guy tried to steal hubcaps off a moving car.

Hank stuck his head into a bar and hollered, "Hello, everybody. I just blew back into town, and I'll see you all as soon as I make a few phone calls on the pay phone outside."

Paul snarled, "Goodbye, everybody. I'll be long gone when he gets back."

"Don't you like Hank?" asked the bartender.

Paul held his right thumb and forefinger about an inch apart and said, "I hate his lecherous guts. One time he came this close to stealing my wife, and then the fucker didn't do it!"

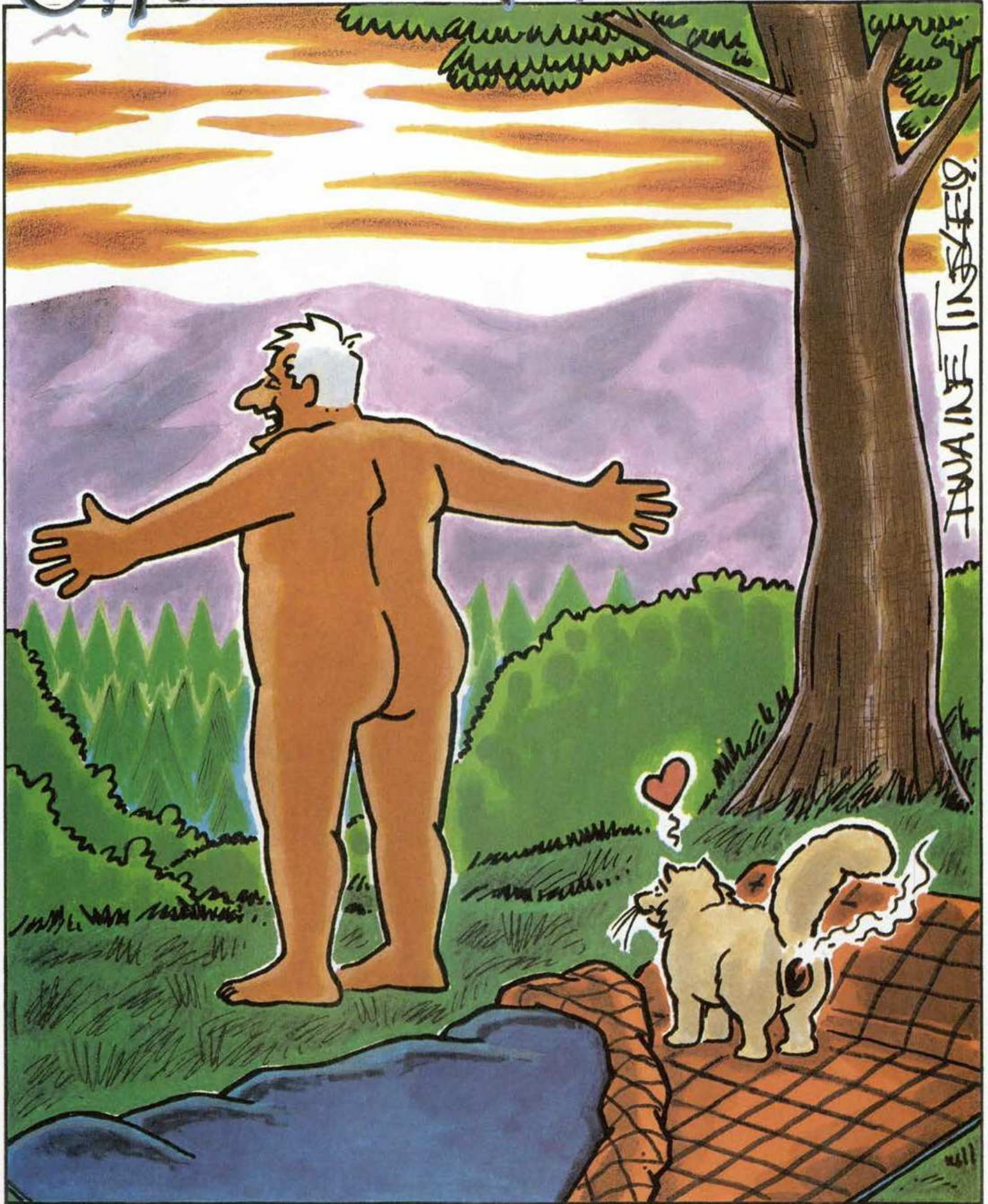
Sam and Jim were on a camping trip when Jim said to his pal, "I have to go to the bathroom." Sam suggested he go into the bushes, and five minutes later there was a shout: "I have nothing to wipe with!"

"Use a dollar!" Sam yelled back, then held his nose as Jim came from the woods with his hand covered with shit. "What happened?" he inquired.

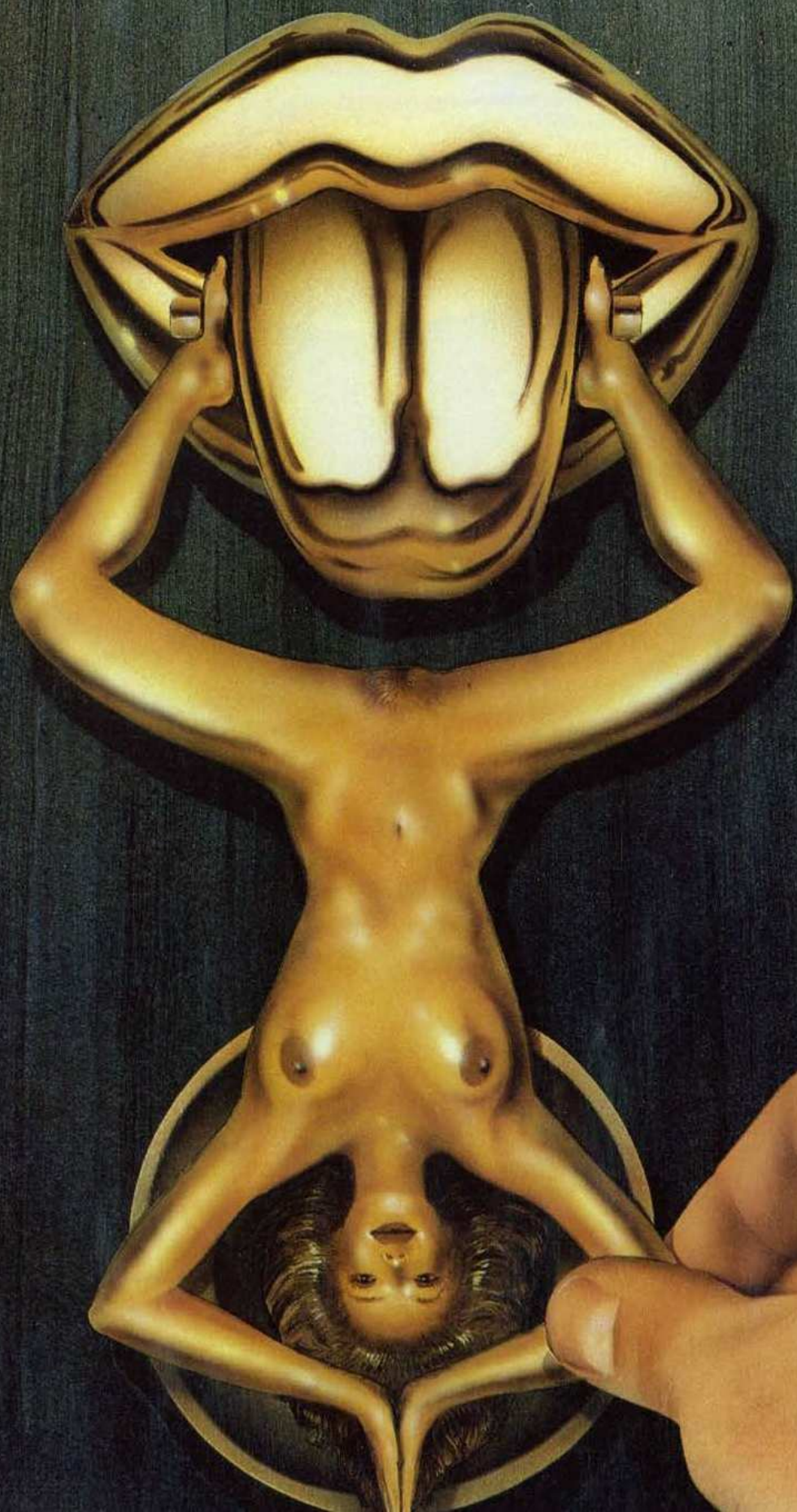
"You sure gave me some rotten advice," Jim complained. "Not only am I covered with shit, but I got four quarters stuck up my ass!"

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Chester the Molester



"Ahh, the outdoors! The clean, fresh air . . . the sound of birds singing . . .
the smell of just-fucked pussy!"



♦ LOVE ♦ THY ♦ NEIGHBOR

Bonnie and Calypso were neighbors in an apartment building and had been lovers since the night they met and discovered a shared sensuality that dominated their existence. The central part of their lives had become a quest for sexual adventures they could share—seductions, orgies and the like. Plenty of swinging parties and frequent threesomes kept them in a sultry haze, but their appetites grew.

Bonnie suggested that they seduce someone extemporaneously, someone they didn't even know. Sex with an attractive stranger was a provocative thought. A few moments of consideration and Calypso had their mark. He was a neighbor, a young man of about 30 who lived by himself in an apartment on the fifth floor. They passed him from time to time in the lobby or encountered him in the elevator, always exchanging a friendly smile or a few words of small talk.

"We'll give him a ride on the Pink Express," Calypso told Bonnie, with a coquettish smile.

FICTION BY LARRY TRITTEN

The nylon cups of Calypso's brassiere were as thin as tissue paper. She didn't bother with panties.

"Now?" Bonnie said, watching as Calypso moved to the phone on the glass-topped coffee table.

Calypso leafed through the phone directory, a shadowy smile on her lips, nodding when she found what she was looking for. She glanced back at Bonnie. "Okay, his name is Andrew Melbourne." She dialed the number, Bonnie watching with a wondering look.

"Ah . . . hello," Calypso began in a slow voice, "Andrew? Uh—this is Calypso Legendre . . . down in 304. . . Yeah, downstairs—your neighbor . . . we've met coming and going—Bonnie and I, the blonde and the brunette. . . ." She laughed a trifle self-consciously and went on, "Well, the reason I'm calling, and I know this sounds a little bit weird, but—uh, we've got a bit of a problem . . . no, nothing *serious*, but something you could help us out with if it isn't too much trouble. . . . The thing is, we've just had some work done on the bathroom and can't run the water. Can't shower. And we're both going out . . . it's kind of important, and I was wondering if we could maybe *borrow* your bathroom, quickly . . . if it wouldn't both-

er you. . . ." She paused and listened for a while, grinning at Bonnie, then said, "Well, if you're *sure* it won't be a bother. . . . We really appreciate it. See you in ten minutes or so."

Hanging up the phone, Calypso had the look of a jungle cat in an aviary. "Nothin' to it," she smiled.

"Wow, incredible," was all Bonnie could think to say.

"Then let's get this show going," Calypso said. "You can borrow one of my robes, Bon, instead of going back to your place. That's all we need—a robe—right? For a shower?" She caricatured an innocuous smile, her eyes bright.

"Yep, that's all," Bonnie agreed, returning her smile.

In Calypso's bedroom they began to undress, Bonnie sliding her skirt down over her legs as Calypso unbuttoned her blouse. Calypso took out a pair of blue nylon stockings and a brassiere and garter belt of ruffled blue lace. The nylon cups of the brassiere were as thin as tissue paper and nearly transparent. She didn't bother with panties. For Bonnie she selected a burnt-orange string bikini. They

put the skimpy garments on, glancing at each other with girlish smiles. The golden tan on Bonnie's tits could be seen as a pale undertone through the crocheted bikini top, and the gold fur of her muff was only partially concealed by the triangle of cloth between her thighs. The dark pegs of Calypso's nipples stood out against the flimsy material of her brassiere, the circles of the areolas clearly outlined, the pale color of her legs muted by the pastel-blue sheer fabric of the stockings.

Calypso took out a blue wrap robe for herself, for Bonnie a pink sleeping gown with dark lace ornamenting. Then she fetched two bars of soap and two big towels from the bathroom, and they were ready for their expedition.

"Play it by ear," Calypso cautioned as they went up the stairs. "It should be fish in a barrel if we play it cool. . . ."

Arriving at the door, they exchanged a last smile before Calypso knocked lightly. The door was opened nearly at once, Andrew looking out at them with a cordial smile that widened when he saw how they were dressed. "Hi," he said, stepping aside and gesturing them in, Calypso flashing him a friendly smile, Bonnie following her inside with an ingenue's grin.

"Hey, this is really a favor—we won't take long," Calypso said. "Right, Bon?"

"Won't even use up all the hot water," Bonnie smiled, ladling the word hot off her tongue with a distinct emphasis.

"Yeah," Calypso almost purred the word, the light in her eyes drawing Andrew's gaze for just a moment.

"Use it all up, what the hell," Andrew said dismissively. "You might like a drink, too, when you're finished . . . if you've got the time. . . ."

"How about a drink *now*?" Bonnie smiled at Andrew, then moved past him toward the couch, Calypso following her. He watched the women with surprise, then managed to animate himself, asking, "Uh—anything special? I'm not sure just what I've got. Bourbon, I think, and some rum. . . ."

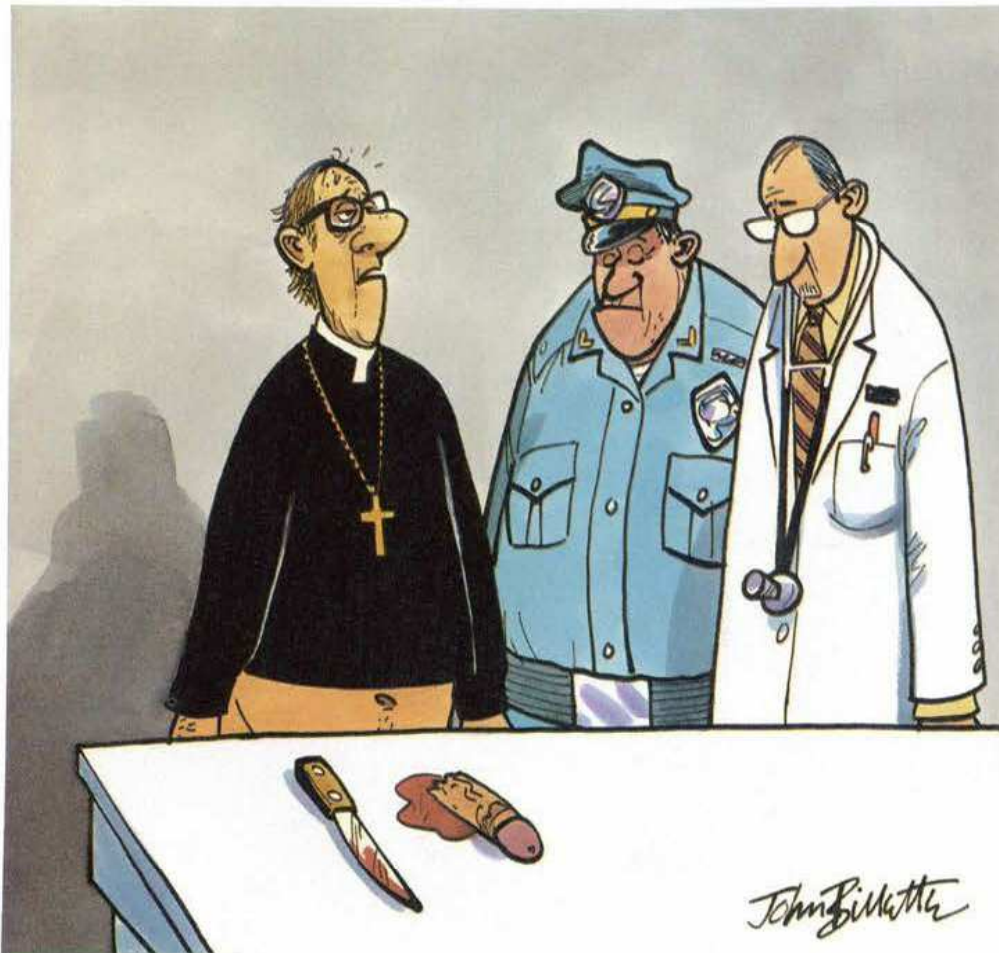
"I think some rum," Calypso said, smiling up at him. He grinned awkwardly back at her, turning his gaze to Bonnie, and asked, "A makeshift daiquiri okay?"

"Sure." Their eyes lured his gaze.

He began to sense . . . *something*. He went into the kitchen, and Bonnie and Calypso sat waiting with cool smirks, their eyes showing conspiratorial bemusement. Then Andrew was back, with drinks on a small tray. He set the tray on the coffee table and took one of the glasses, backing away from the couch, uncertain where to sit.

"Why don't you sit here?" Bonnie patted a space on the couch.

"Yeah, we'll make room, c'mon," Ca-



"It was him or me!"



"And then, after the thing ate my mother, they became best buddies!"

She felt him dabbling his tongue around the rim of her anus, then higher and into the span of her slit.

lypso coaxed him with a smile.

"Well, uh. . . ." Andrew nodded, moving cautiously past Calypso's legs to sit between her and Bonnie, becoming immediately hyperconscious of the stirring of an instinctive desire in himself.

"So—your shower's out of commission?" he asked, glancing at both of them in turn.

"Had some work done in the bathroom," Bonnie said. She tasted her drink, her eyes shifting to meet Andrew's above the upward tilt of the glass, liquor flowing slowly between her lightly parted lips into her mysterious smile as she looked at him.

"What . . . kind of work?" Andrew pursued the topic, realizing suddenly from their expressions that it was of absolutely no interest to either of them, but recognizing the need to make some sort of conversation.

"On the ceiling," Calypso said. "The room's full of crap—plaster, tile—you know. . . ." She took her glass from her lips and glanced at it appreciatively, her tongue parting her lips briefly, then curling out to glide from one side of the full

shape of her upper lip to the other, the pink wet gleam of it compelling Andrew's gaze.

A soft sound of movement distracted Andrew from Calypso's smile, and he turned to see Bonnie turning to face him directly. Andrew swallowed, and his eyes met Bonnie's and held her narrowed gaze, but only for a second or so before he was distracted again. Calypso lifted her leg to put her foot on the coffee table. The blue fabric of her robe draped down around the side of her leg to reveal the inner surface of her thigh all the way up to the point where the elasticized dark-blue band of the stocking circumscribed the column of soft flesh.

Andrew exhaled a shallow breath, swallowing, and with dawning comprehension said to Calypso, "You don't seem dressed for a shower."

She laughed, opening her robe to present a full view of her cunt, the slit expanded into a shallow fissure between the uncloaked labia.

"I'm not," she confided in a whisper, laying her hand on the slant of his cock. He inhaled sharply and bent from the

waist to breathe in the perfume of her sex before ladling his tongue into the vaginal slot.

Calypso twisted around, her cunt blossoming around the flux of his tongue, the walls of her cunt unsealing around it, delicious heat flooding into the depth of her. She rolled her hips around the press of his face, feeling the dreamy flight begin.

Bonnie, smiling at Calypso from the other side of the couch, reached for Andrew's zipper. Her fingers foraged inside his fly before hauling out the hardening lumber of an enormous cock. Lowering her face, she opened her mouth to suck the swelling length, her upper lip stretching back along its top while her lower lip stretched back to Andrew's balls. She deep-throated him, streaming her tongue under and around the cock in a series of serpentine flourishes, her hands caressing his balls.

Heaving back against the couch, Calypso's body went taut with pleasure from Andrew's tongue, and he was pulled forward, his cock shifting from Bonnie's mouth into her cupped hands. Her fingers swept the thick, slick rod with slow caresses, her eyes ecstatically shut, her big tits shifting against the loose front of her gown.

"I love it," Calypso breathed with a spellbound smile. Her whole body was manipulated by the tongue sliding in and out of her burning cleft with rhythmic precision; yet she wanted even more. She arched all the way back and across the couch's armrest, angling one leg up over the back of the couch, opening her cunt deeply from base to apex between the V of her thighs and displaying even the fiery niche of her asshole to Andrew.

"Dowwwwwn," she gasped, and she felt him dabbling his tongue around the rim of her anus, then higher and into the span of her slit, caressing the juicy flesh.

Bonnie moved in beside him, wanting to share. Their tongues rippled together over the silken softness of Calypso's emblazoned cunt, reducing her to pure sensation. Calypso's eyes were blurred; her smile was frozen; her hands braced on her thighs to keep them spread wide for the loving.

Andrew groped out with one hand for Bonnie, who had gotten on her knees up on the couch. His hand searched to find her breasts and trace their full shapes through the thin nylon, his fingers spreading the sheer material against the firming jut of her nipples, causing her to moan. Her face was pressed deeply out of sight in the enclosure of Calypso's thighs. With persistent suction she began to nurse the cunt, and she shuddered with the erotic excitement of it. Calypso was all agush for . . . for *them*, Bonnie



PAULINE INSLEY.



"No, no, next drawer . . . get the really big one!"

Calypso opened her mouth to cry out, but was assailed with a cock sliding along her tongue.

thought lovingly, and she drew back a bit to admire the beauty and wonder of cunt. *Cunt, cunt, cunt*, Bonnie thought, staring almost drunkenly into the unscrolled labia. With her little finger she twirled out a strand of ooze and turned it on the tip of her tongue, the flavor seeming to detonate her taste buds.

Oh, cunt, cunt, sweetcuntcuntcunt, Bonnie dreamed balmily. With her eyes shut, she pressed her face again to Calypso's cunt, tonguing, whirling her face in rotation around and around.

Enraptured by the tongue moving artfully within and around the hot groove of her sex, Calypso rolled her thighs against the soft curves of Bonnie's cheeks, her cunt pulsing, pearly drams of spunk issuing from her womb into the girl's mouth. Their hands clasped and clung, Bonnie's tongue swishing from asshole to clitoris, Calypso's cunt sluicing out a richer taste as if Bonnie had tapped the deepest and sweetest wellspring of her womb.

Calypso opened her mouth to cry out, but was assailed with a cock sliding along her tongue. She began to suck, her tongue shifting along the underside of

the shaft, her fingers gripping Bonnie's more tightly, and then with a climactic surge a terrific orgasm burst through her, shattering her senses.

Bonnie's throat rippled as she nursed and swallowed, her eyes shut on radiant brightness. She had an exhilarating little orgasm of her own that shuddered her from head to foot, a dribbling from her slit running down one thigh.

Bonnie grinned languidly, rising up beside Calypso to smile at Andrew while he continued to fuck Calypso's mouth. She backed down to straddle Calypso's hips, her ass thrusting back and up, their tits thrusting together through their gowns. She reached behind herself with both hands, lifted her gown up over her buttocks, and worked her bikini down, tilting and turning to get it to her knees, then over her calves, pulling one foot free, and letting the scrap of fabric remain twisted around her other ankle. She pressed her rump down so that her asshole and cunt were accessible in conjunction with Calypso's cunt and asshole below them. "Take your pick, sharpshooter," she murmured to Andrew, eyes sparkling.

Andrew withdrew his staff from Calypso's mouth, getting around behind both women and steadying himself with his hands on Bonnie's shoulderblades. Holding his cock, he probed the plump tip into the cleft of Bonnie's ass, then skimmed it down to dabble for a moment between her unclutched cunny lips before shifting it into Calypso's bosky mound, feeling both women tense with erotic anticipation as he deliberated where to anchor himself.

He slipped into Calypso's cunt, half way in, then hauled out and thrust up into Bonnie's slot all the way to his balls. Her vaginal channel snared him in an adhesive grip, but he rode out again, fickle with so many choices, pushing himself into the resilient clutch of her asshole.

"Oh, don't go," Bonnie crooned, her hand reaching back to hold him in place, his mouth meeting hers as she turned her head back over her shoulder, their kiss opening their lips around the wet seething of their tongues, Bonnie's fingers sliding into Calypso's mouth, the fucking beginning slowly and excitingly to break Bonnie's thoughts into shards of visions, twisted images, jumbled impressions. Calypso suckled all five of her fingers while Andrew jogged her ass, his shaft sliding and pulling in the motile tunnel.

Then, abruptly, Andrew was back in Calypso's cunt, his burning rod locked in the velveteen scabbard, easing in, out, in, out. He wasn't even sure which orifice he was in now. Both women were quaking so profusely beneath him there was no way to be sure.

"Don't . . . stop . . . ever, ev-er," one of them implored him.

Pumping himself back and forth, Andrew looked down hypnotically at his cock as it vanished and reappeared in the smooth rug of Bonnie's rectum, seeing the greasy glimmering along its funky length. His lips nibbled Bonnie's nape, her lips skimming the tasty sweat from Calypso's forehead.

"Ohhh," Bonnie droned, her hands curling around the back of Calypso's skull. She ground herself harshly down on Calypso, who was now the one being fucked, trembling with lust for the reentry of the cock in her own body.

When the cock slammed again into Bonnie's ass, she yelped with joy. Each stroke of Andrew's prick jogged Bonnie softly down upon Calypso, their breasts bouncing together. Calypso's arms around Bonnie's hips pulled her tightly downward in time with the regular thrusts, their lips meeting momentarily with the impact of their bodies and then recoiling with the retroactive motion.

"Fuck," Calypso whispered into Bonnie's open mouth while they clung in a

(continued on page 82)



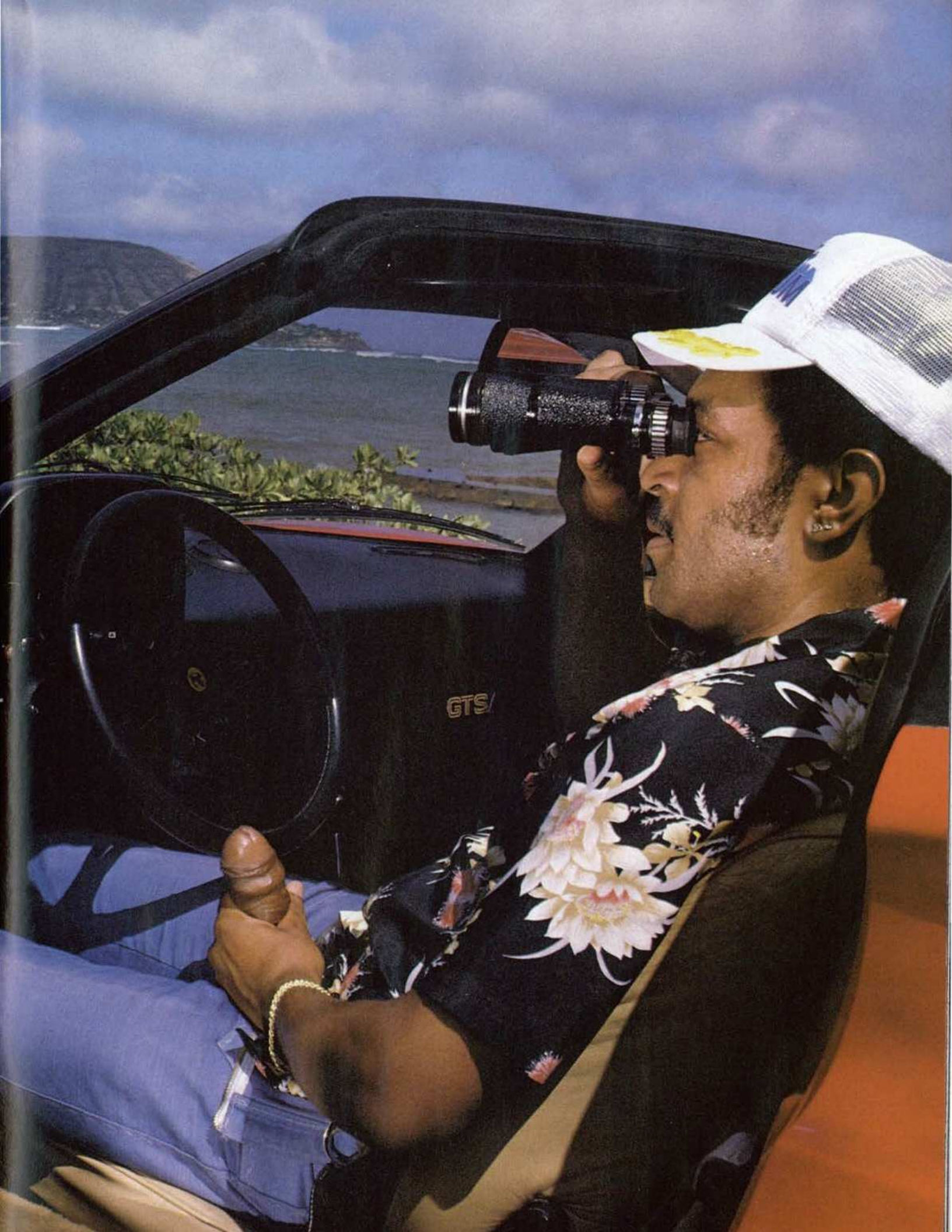
"Mom! Billy's playing with your sex aids again!"

HAWAII

12-0







The life of a detective isn't always easy. That's why Rock Hardy is thankful he isn't a real detective. But tooling around the islands in secondhand Hawaiian threads and a car he borrowed from Magnum, P.I., Rock can't resist conducting a little surveillance on Sally Vader, a luscious young runaway.

Once he unleashes his piece, sweet Sally eagerly aids Rock's probing investigation. She is in awe of the private dick, marveling at how he digs in to penetrate her secret cache.

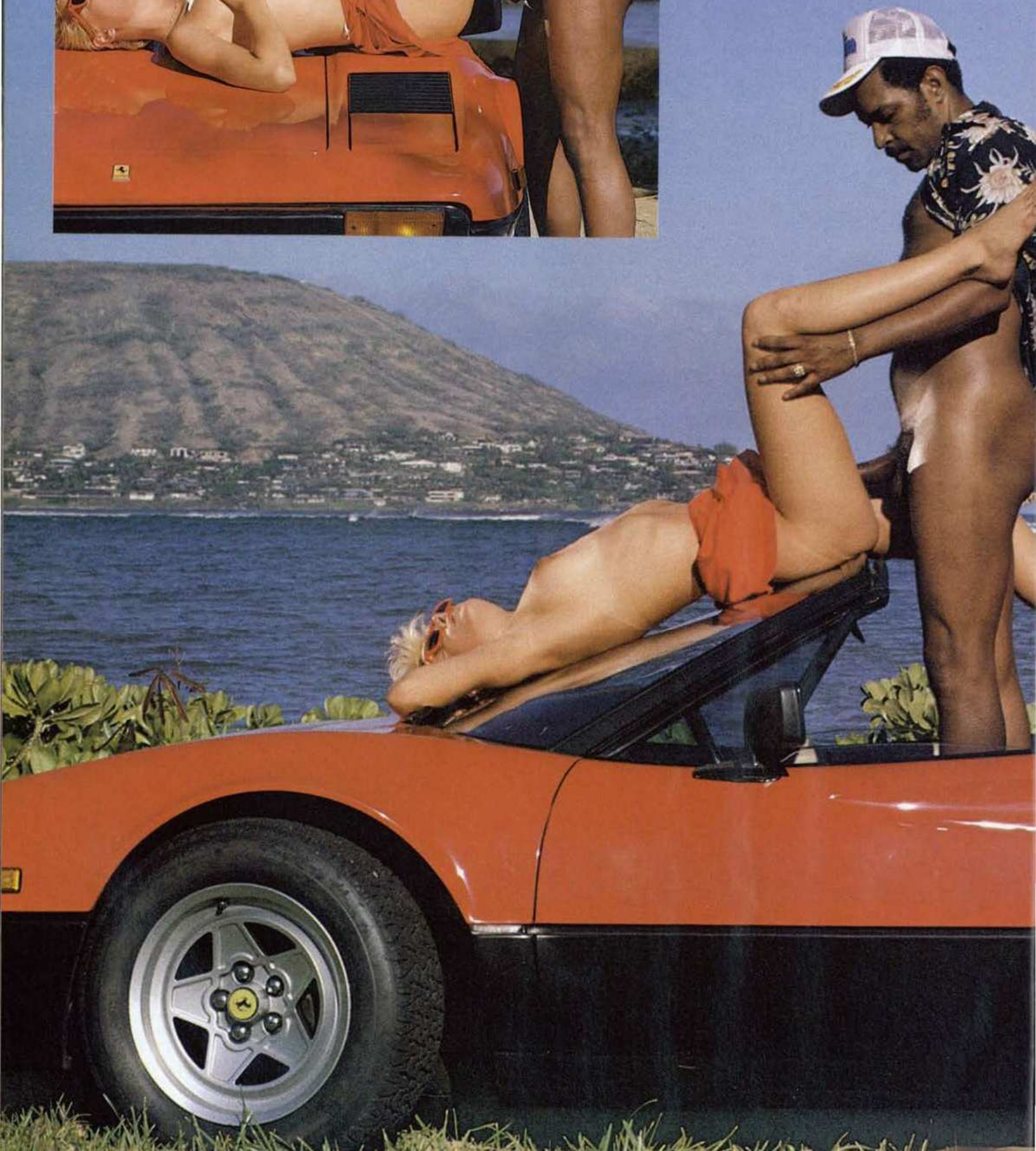
When his work is done, Rock doesn't wait around for thanks. But he'll be back next week, same time, same place.

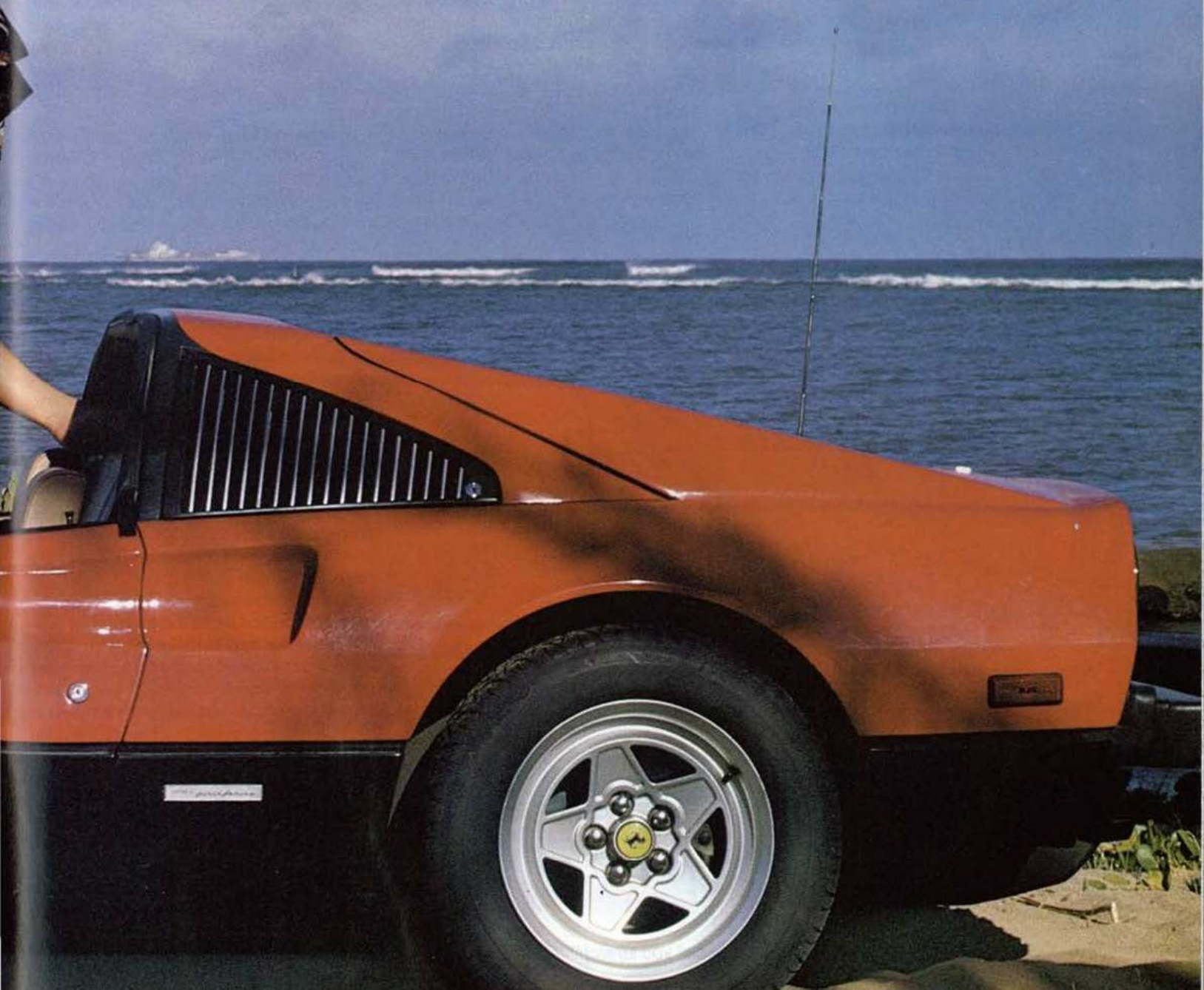












She braced her feet on Andrew's shoulders, her cunt open for him to sample as he continued fucking Calypso.

tranced embrace, the shared word melting on their tongues—then Bonnie was brought back up and down again. Andrew rose behind Bonnie, with his hands gripped around her shoulders. Spurred by Calypso's excited stare, he delivered an impassioned stroke that held Bonnie down against her for several seconds, his rod pulsing intensely within the hot slick tube of Bonnie's ass. He veered back, his cock hauling free, Bonnie's fingers catching greedily at the shaft as the tip popped out of her. She held it for an instant, wiped the bittersweet liquescence off her fingers onto Calypso's lips, then kissed her to share the taste.

Andrew plunged again into Bonnie's cunt. Her head bobbed back in a slow turning motion to cast a wild smile at Andrew. "Come fuck me to hot pieces," she commanded. He became intoxicated with lust, moving his prick within her, drilling all the way to her cervix. Below Bonnie, Calypso moved her hips in conjunction with Bonnie's, measuring the rhythm of fucking and rising with it. Andrew slumped lower, fucking Bonnie with long strokes, honey-fucking her.

Over Bonnie's shoulder Calypso met his eyes, and she wriggled her tongue at him, begging for a kiss. Andrew pushed his chin down over Bonnie's shoulder to give it to her, Bonnie sandwiched lovingly between them as they completed a long kiss.

Andrew slowed his fucking until his cock was barely in motion, ebbing in the channel of Bonnie's pussy, Calypso's mouth exploding upon his in another and deeper kiss. "How 'bout me?" she asked before filling his mouth with her swirling tongue. "Somethin' for me?" she murmured in a sulky undertone.

"Oh, yeah," Andrew gasped and pulled his cock out of Bonnie and slipped it into Calypso. Her eyes closed in silent bliss as her cunt flooded with warming chills.

Bonnie moved up along Calypso's body and settled the plump mound of her sex on Calypso's mouth. Her slit opened into gleaming pink glaze and pearly ooze.

Calypso's pleasure became so extreme that she began to climax consecutively, orgasms colliding with exploding orgasms, the proverbial ammunition dump going up, her cunt roiling around the hot

cock, her brain being eaten by a drunken demon.

All during Calypso's orgasms, Bonnie moved her cunt against the steady flogging of Calypso's tongue. Andrew fucked her in counterpoint. Calypso cried out like a keening animal. Her mind spun round and round in her head, striking sparks of brilliant light in the dense darkness of her consciousness. A river of orgasm roared through her up from her underbelly, tributaries of its ecstasy running out and into and along her limbs.

Andrew, leaning forward against the gale force of Calypso's orgasms, used his tongue between the unfolded labia at the base of Bonnie's quim, Calypso's tongue dancing below it, both like points of flame licking heat into Bonnie's body.

Bonnie slipped into the flow of her own orgasms. They erupted in the depths of her womb, filling her whole body with sensual electricity. She lifted her ass higher up to give Andrew's tongue a better angle. His chin touched Calypso's chin thrusting up from below, and he moved down to her lips, their tongues curling into each other's mouth, leakage from Bonnie's cunt literally dripping into their kiss.

Bonnie crawled off of Calypso's face and settled herself facing Andrew. Tilting back, she braced her feet on Andrew's lowered shoulders, her cunt open for him to sample as he continued fucking Calypso.

"Eat me!" she demanded, and Andrew obeyed, his tongue moving into her bush of silken curls, his lips pressing between her disjoined labia. Bonnie kicked back, her head flopping to one side, then the other, her toes curling over Andrew's shoulders, her hands reaching down to Calypso's face, touching her gently.

Gems of sweat sparkled on Calypso's forehead. She felt a supreme heat in her cunt and felt Andrew's rod spasm. She was still coming herself, and she held strongly to Andrew's hips to guide him, drawing him down and inward as the sperm burst through his cock, a sudden rush of liquid heat irrigating her.

Calypso heard herself emit a cry of passion blurring into fulfillment. Her voice became a sustained moan rising from her throat between lips turned back over clenched teeth. Climaxing with her lover, she pulled him to her cunt and kept him there. Her lips sought Bonnie's.

"Calypso," Bonnie murmured, pushing Andrew's head from her cunt so he could bend down to kiss Calypso as the two of them came together. His mouth opened on Calypso's, their tongues joining in celebration.

Bonnie pushed a foot down between their joined bodies toward the point of connection. She let her foot slip into the



"Tell me . . . why do your friends call you stretch?"

G. Petri.



He saw both women licking his prick and balls. They paused to exchange a cunt-and-sperm flavored kiss.

sweltering warmth between their pressed bellies and into the very nexus of cock and cunt. Bonnie wriggled her toes into the palpy cunt alongside Andrew's cock. She trembled with sustained ecstasy as she began to come herself, a sweet little orgasm trailing in the wake of those of her lovers.

A full minute passed during which there was no movement on the couch. Bonnie opened her eyes slowly to the sound of their breathing. Andrew and Calypso opened their eyes, still wrapped in each other's arms, smiling with comatose gazes. Calypso put her hand between herself and Andrew to touch Bonnie's toes. Andrew turned at an angle, and they all looked to see his cock leave the glistening gap, which was wreathed with spunk.

Bonnie dipped her toe briefly in the nook of Calypso's cunt and extended her foot to Andrew. He held it and found a tiny comma of cum on the side of the big toe. He snipped it off with the tip of his tongue, then licked the tops of all of her toes and underneath them, lapping up the vinegarish taste of Calypso's cunt.

With her eyes narrowly open, dark and shining, and her expression as listless as if she were emerging from a trance, Calypso looked at Bonnie, beseeching her with her gaze. Their tongues slipped together as their inverted mouths turned their lips in warm convergence. The kiss made them both moan, and they drank the sound from each other's mouths.

Then Bonnie got down beside Calypso and opened the lips of her cunt to peer into the gap. A gob of pearly sperm ran out to spill over the fingers of one hand. She grinned with delight and raised the fingers to lick the oystery stuff off of them, then turned to press her tongue into the vaginal well for more, cleaning up the pearly sheen within the vestibule until no cum remained.

Calypso was an exhausted beast, eyes wide, sighing with fatigue, when Bonnie finished with her. Bonnie gave her cunt a final kiss and turned to Andrew with a diabolic smile, her hand reaching to play about his damp cock. "Just a little bit more," she whispered to him. She motioned him to lie back on the couch, which he wearily did, closing his eyes.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw both women licking his prick and balls. Occasionally they paused to exchange a cunt-and-sperm flavored kiss. After a minute or so of this Andrew, to his amazement, was fully erect again. Bonnie pushed her lips all the way down to the base of the phallus, ladling her tongue along its underside. She moved her mouth back and forth, bringing the tip of her tongue all the way up to the tip of his cock in withdrawal, and taking her lips all the way into his pubic thatch as she moved forward.

She kept at it, feeling Calypso's fingers strumming her clit. And then she felt sperm gushing into her mouth and onto her tongue. She climaxed joyfully as she swallowed, with Calypso's fingers vibrating her clit, and slumped back as the tremors shook her. Her orgasm dimmed slowly into an awareness of pleasure and gratitude for it.

When her mind had sifted the last flickering of pleasure from her body, she lay motionless, being caressed by Calypso and Andrew, their fingers wandering with fine skill over her thighs and the dormant volcano of her sex, her smooth belly and the spheres of her tits and nipples, which had become soft against the crocheted fabric of her bikini top.

"Ohhhmm," she murmured. She touched the groove of her sex absently, turning toward Andrew to touch his depleted rod with the same hand, and reaching back with the other to brush Calypso's slit. "So nice," she whispered, smiling at both of her lovers with her eyes still shut.

With his hands straying gently to curve under the full width of Bonnie's breasts, and his fingers finding her nipples through the bikini top, Andrew murmured, "If you still want a shower. . . ." He released the string of the bikini top, and the cloth slipped away from Bonnie's breasts, which he bent forward to kiss with a softness of lips and tongue that made her chuckle somnolently.

"Sure," she replied, grinning, "it'll be fun, hmm? . . ."

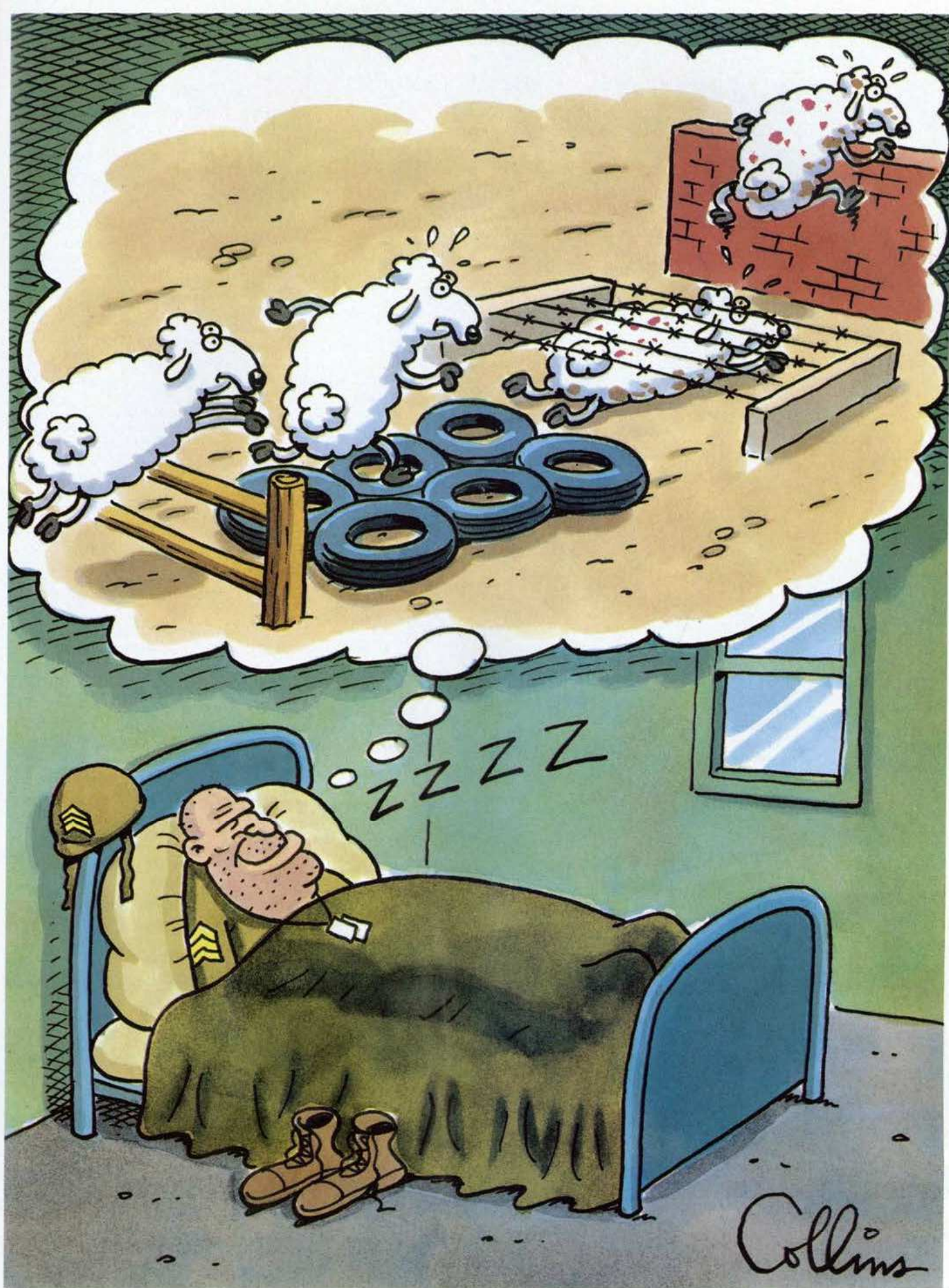
Calypso nodded and removed her own brassiere, threading her fingers under her big tits to offer them to Andrew beside Bonnie's. He solved the ensuing dilemma of alternatives by going from Bonnie's breasts to Calypso's with slow, gracious kisses until all four nipples shone with damp light and had become tenderly erect again under the urging of his tongue.

"Come on, let's take a shower," he said. They went hand in hand toward the bathroom, smiling at each other, and feeling great to be young and bold enough to experiment with their fancies and fantasies in the way they had. 



John Billings

"We've done it, Mr. President! A bomb that kills only Russians and liberals!"



Collins





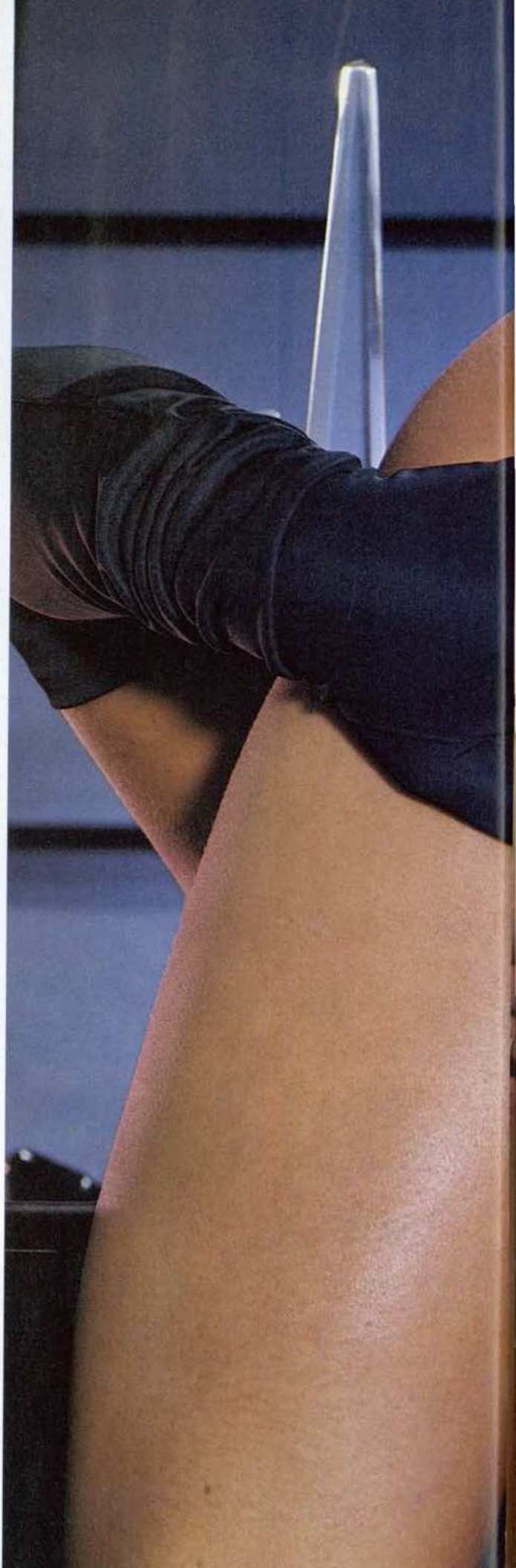
F-I-O-N-A
-AND-
S-H-E-R-I

Making
Moves



Sheri and Fiona play the world's oldest game with a passion that makes it seem new each time. With well-practiced passes, Sheri captures her partner. Pressing the point, Fiona skillfully angles straight to the core of Sheri's passion. Delicate maneuvers progress until the players' checkered pastime ends in a draw. The love match over, all that remains is heavy-lidded contemplation of the next encounter.











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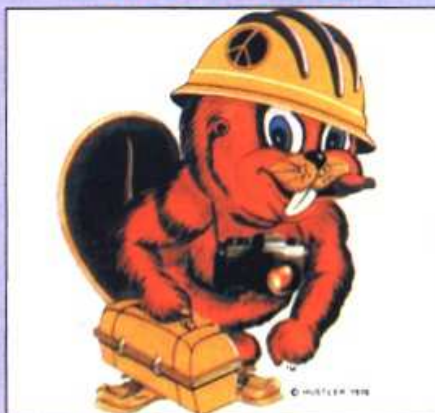
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Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 95. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your 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.

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Include separate sheet if necessary

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TRACI LORDS (continued from page 48)

The secret to having a good sex scene, says Traci, is to keep playing with your partner during takes.

don't like working with Ginger Lynn. I've worked with her quite a few times. I don't think I'd do another scene with her. She's way too dominating. Christy Canyon is probably my favorite. I like her a lot. She's pretty easy-going. Sex is fun with her, a lot of fun.

"To turn me on, a woman has to have a nice figure and be clean, very clean. I like pretty girls who don't need a lot of make-up. I see a lot of these girls before they have makeup on, and it's like so scary. When I see them later, I think, *I know what she did look like.*

"I appreciate a woman who genuinely likes women, not who's really so much into them but who can handle having sex with a woman without saying how this is so gross, or pulling away when the director yells, 'Cut!'"

The secret to having a good sex scene, says Traci, is to keep playing with your partner during takes. "You have to do something like run your hands through their hair, stroke or fondle them," she explains. "If your partner thinks you're just doing your job, it doesn't work as well. The chemistry isn't as good. So you have to say things like, 'Oh, you really turn me on. I just love the way you fuck me.' Little things like that. Women—and men—have egos, and you have to feed them to get the best results."

Actually, for fuck films it's particularly important to feed the male ego, which often has a great deal to do with a cock's ups and downs. Traci has great sympathy for actors who have to do a lot of sex scenes and are expected to maintain a 24-hour hard-on.

"Getting them up gets to be difficult," she says. "And most of the girls aren't very good-looking; so what kind of inspiration do they have? I don't have much of a problem though. I just play around with them and make them think I'm really into them and really want them. It's all mental."

The only problem she ever had on a film was with an actor who was coked-out—a common situation. "He finally got up," she remembers, "but it took a lot of work on my part."

What turns on the woman who spends so much time and (often) effort turning men on? Sexy eyes, guys' buns and a nice bulge in a pair of jeans head the list. "And teasing," she adds. "A guy who won't just say, 'You can have me anytime, anyplace, anywhere.' A guy who says, 'Well, *maybe* you can have me.' That turns me on."

Something else that Traci finds

strangely erotic and arousing is watching two men kiss. "It's just so different, it kind of turns me on, but I don't think I want to watch two guys fuck—just kiss or touch."

What turns her on most, however, is her ex-Marine boyfriend, Tom, an affable, blond surfer-type who's done double duty as her bodyguard and lover for the past two years. Tom's status as consort to the Queen of Porn automatically makes him a contender for the Luckiest Man in the World sweeps.

Lucky or not, it can't be easy sharing the rollercoaster life of a star, no matter what part of the heavens she shines in, but he seems able to give Traci the support that she needs—and she'll be needing plenty as she implements her plan to cross over.

Since it would be impossible to hide anyway, Traci wisely has no intentions of trying to keep her porn career a secret. Though opinion is divided as to whether being blatantly open about it from the very beginning will help or hurt, it's almost impossible to imagine Traci being anything other than outspoken. Clearly, the girl who responds to "Who's the best cocksucker in the business?" with an eager "Me, of course" is not going to be carting home any Nobel Prizes for secrecy.

Friends in porn, aware of Traci's talent and steely determination, admit that it will be tough, but think that if anyone can cross over she can. Michel says, "I'd love to be the one to cross her. Her chances are absolutely fantastic. She hasn't developed her potential because this industry doesn't allow her to do that. Other porn stars have had minor successes in Hollywood, and Marilyn Chambers starred in two general release movies—but she wasn't any good. Traci is different. No question about it, her best is yet to come."

Traci thinks so too. If she encounters resistance, she plans simply to make herself a star.

"I have enough money to do what Sylvester Stallone did," she says defiantly. "I'll make myself a star. Why not, if no one else will let me be one? Maybe people do still think it's somehow more okay for a man to have done an adult film than for a woman to have done them. But I don't really care. I don't give a damn."

Rhett Butler once said it to Scarlett O'Hara. Now Traci Lords says it to the world.

Hollywood, look out! 🐾

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Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband

Luscious Felise, 27, a Texarkana, Texas, cocktail waitress, loves dancing, photography and sewing. She dreams of owning and performing in her own male/female strip club.

Renee is a dairy farmer from Wausaw, Wisconsin, who enjoys crocheting and refinishing antiques. At the ripe old age of 23, she maintains all her have been fulfilled.

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The pride
of Plainwell, Michigan,
28-year-old Holly is a factory worker who
also dabbles in stock-car racing and
threesomes. One of her fantasies is to
make love in a hot-air balloon.

Photo by Husband



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Twenty-seven-
year-old Noelle is an exotic dancer and nude
model from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,
whose hobby is sex-any-kind. Her fantasy?
To be stranded on a desert island with her
husband and David Lee Roth.



Photo by Friend

Lovely Rita is into flirting, eating and having a
good time. The 26-year-old
Tacoma, Washington, student
dreams of becoming a porn
star, but appearing in HUSTLER
is the next best thing.

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Photo by P.L.S.

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WASHINGTON
Daleville, Alabama's Mary, 39, is a food-service worker who spends her free time shooting, fishing and dancing. She fantasizes about being held captive on an island by a lot of sexy men.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Self

One for the ladies

I.L. is a 36-year-old Northridge, California, loan processor. She's crazy about horseback riding, bowling and dancing and posing in front of her husband.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida's Frankie, 46, is a model and truck driver. He enjoys swimming and horseback riding, and fantasizes about making love to two girls at the same time.

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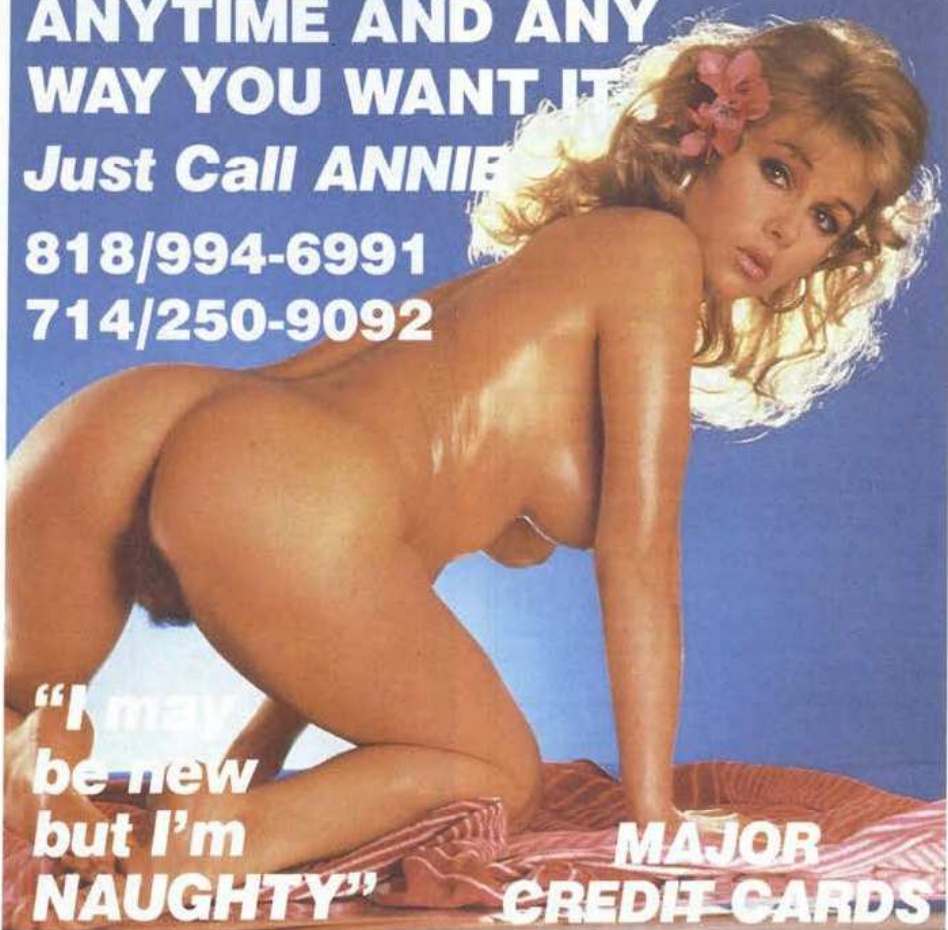
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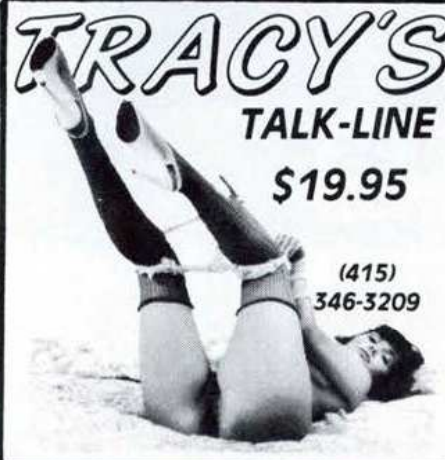
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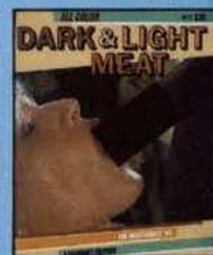
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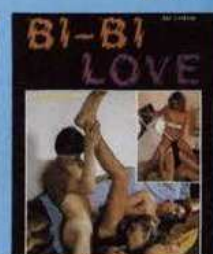
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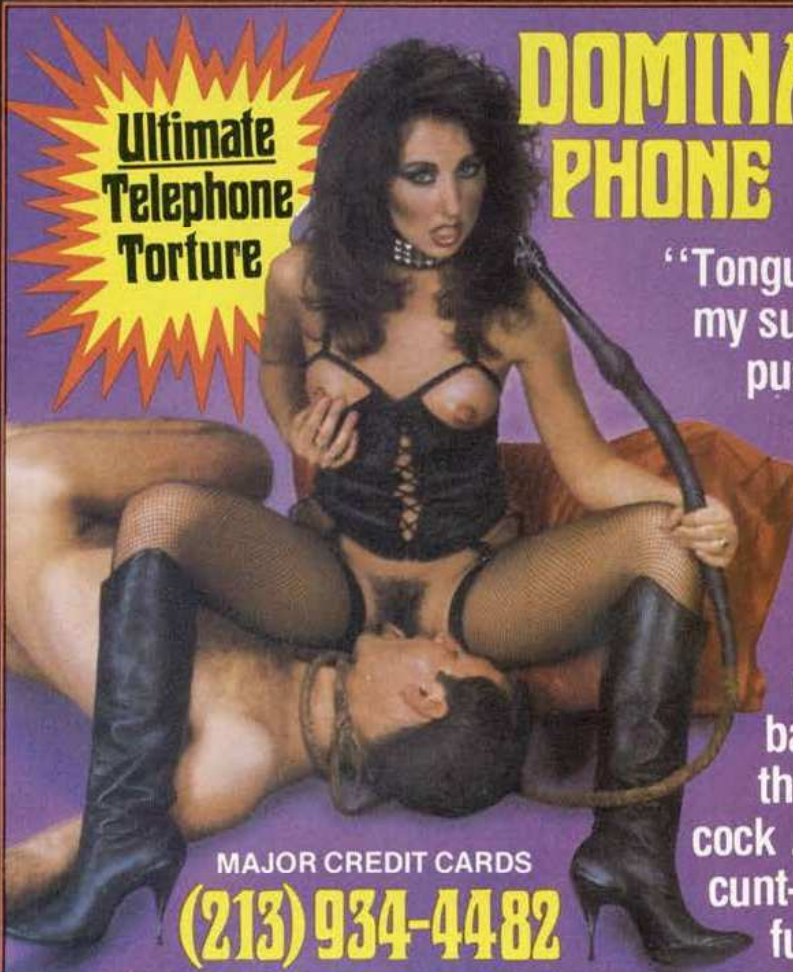
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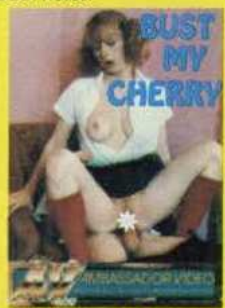
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NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

March issue on sale January 21, 1986

LOVE THOSE LADIES

The HUSTLER women have made our magazine a legend, and the girls of March are as stunning as they come. You won't be able to take your eyes off the voluptuous, dark-haired beauty in black fishnet, with tits that just won't quit. Unless, of course, you turn to the tawny, sun-bronzed beach bunny rolling in the sand and waiting for a man. And for some really steamy action, you need look no further than the elevator at the end of the hall, where a sultry businesswoman lets her hair down to get it on between floors with the office stud.



PORN A LA PARIS

The making of a Franco-American porn epic was an international affair we didn't want to miss; so HUSTLER Senior Editor Lon M. Friend was on hand in Paris for all the action. When American sex stars Amber Lynn and Sharon Mitchell take on France's premier X-rated performers, the result is one of the most entertaining articles and hottest photo-sets we've ever run.

I WAS A TEENAGE LESBO

Susie Bright was once just another shy, awkward adolescent, but a kinky youthful encounter led her to seek sexual satisfaction solely with other women. In *Confessions of a Teenage Lesbian*, the outspoken Bright describes graphically the pleasures and pains of her lifestyle and loves.

PLUS MUCH MORE

Hot Letters that will sear your eyeballs; raunchy laughs from *Bits and Pieces* and *HUSTLER Humor*; the lowdown on the latest adult films and videos in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*; and *Beaver Hunt*, with sweet young muffs of all shapes and sizes. If the March '85 HUSTLER doesn't get a rise out of you, you're probably legally dead.



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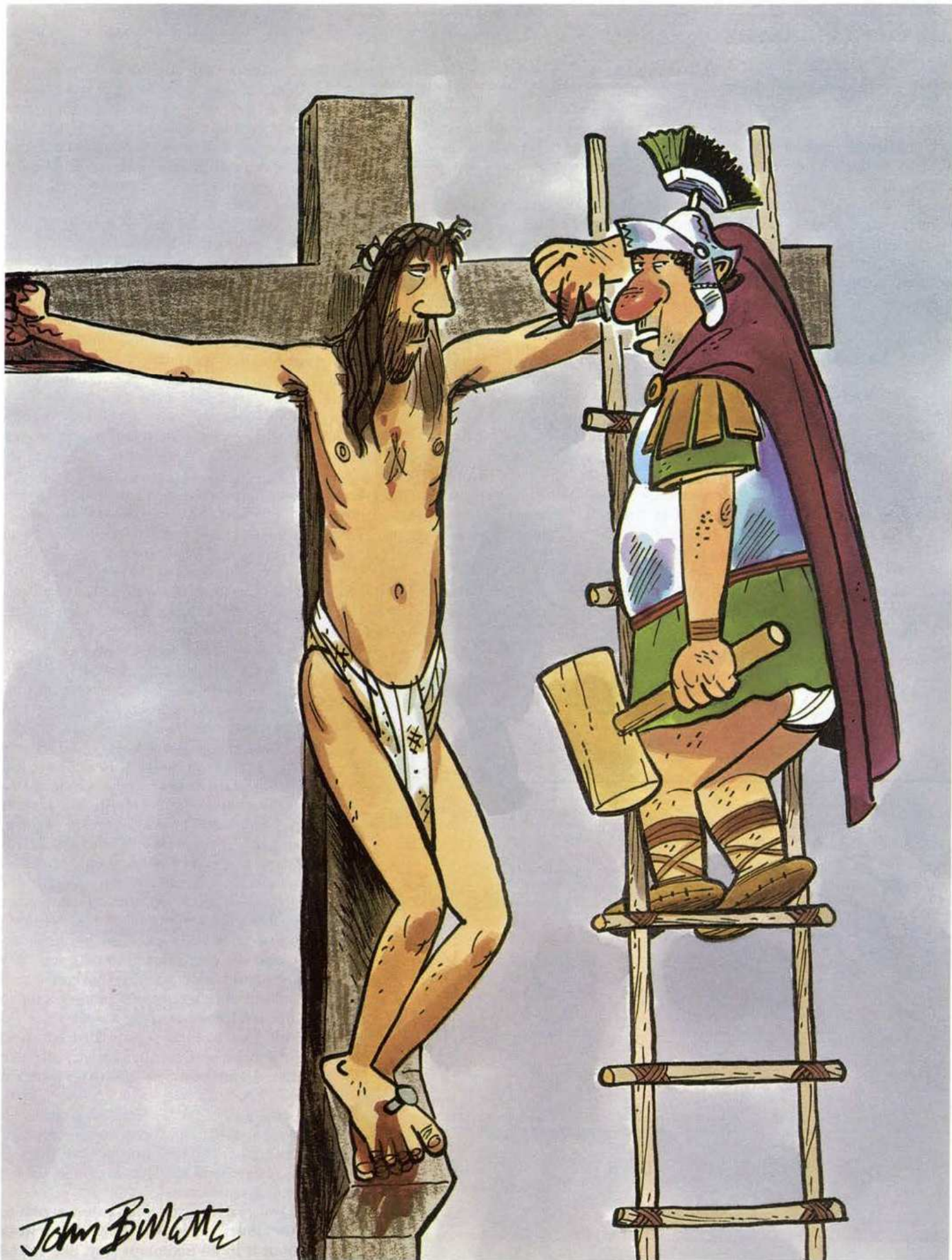
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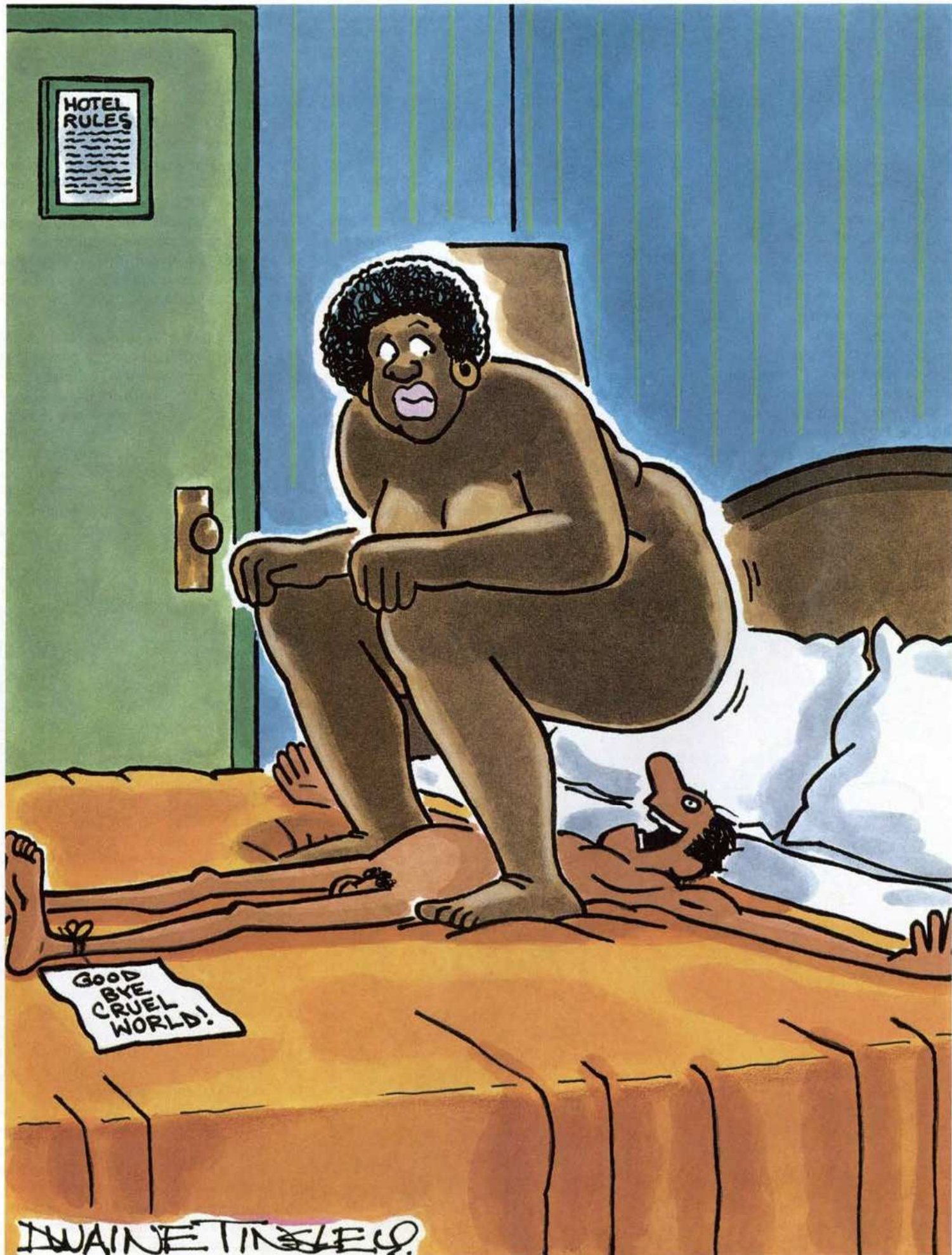
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