

**The Girl
With the
Million
Dollar
Legs**

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**by Porsche Lynn
and Brian Whitney**

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The Girl With the Million Dollar Legs

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Introduction

When one gets to a certain point in their lives one often takes time to reflect on who they were, and who they have become. About a year ago I started to do that and while I did that I started to write. What you are about to read is a product of that reflection. If I were to sit down and tell my best friend a story about my life it would sound something quite like what you have in front of you right now.

I would say that while my life is a paradox, it is a paradox of all of the things that make me smile. I have a life that is full of many things that are somewhat contradictory. I do not see this as much of a problem as others sometimes do. I am 51 years old at the time of this writing and have come to a place of peace in my life. I have seen much hate, wrath and pure evil and somewhere along the way I did not choose to follow the path that was shown to me. I chose instead to follow a way of love, beauty, and benevolent compassion. I chose to heal my needy, wounded, abandoned little girl, heal my revengeful, manipulative adult and step onto a path with power, my path with heart. It took me many years over 20 to get to this place. I can honestly say that I am most content where I am. I truly have a wonderful life. I have always had a wonderful life even when it wasn't so pretty, I just wasn't awake enough to realize it.

This book will not be a book where I name all sorts of famous people I have slept with off set, nor will it be a book that focuses on my family or my childhood. If you did not know, when I was seven years old my Father shot my Mother in front of my grandmother and me. My Father later shot himself. This incident created a huge armoring on me in many ways, and while this incident will be mentioned in the book I focus more on my healing than I do on the pain that it caused me.

My life was forever changed. I was consumed with confusion, grief, anger and loss. Undeniably my life was sculpted by this action. However

I very rarely let it define who I was or make it my life. So while it most certainly is a part of who I am, you will find the topic mentioned only once. This book's focus is how all the different part of me came together to make for a most interesting journey expressed in three different times of my life, burlesque, porn and kink.

I guess the only warning that should accompany the reading of this book is that yes, it will use adult language, often very descriptive and lots of sarcastic humor. My editor warned me that sarcasm is not easily translated to the written page. With that said, I give you fair warning that you will be offered the choice to look at some of the situations of my life with the same open, anything goes, it's all out on the table humor that I do. Humor can crack even the most serious of moments, so that the river of emotion can flow through laughter. Thanks for reading my book. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did living it.

We always remember our firsts. Our first kiss, our first loves, and *the* first time. My first job in the adult entertainment industry was at the Cinema X in beautiful downtown Lansing, Michigan, where I procured a position as a peep show booth girl and as a burlesque entertainer.

It wasn't accidental that I wound up there nor was it a tragedy. Not even a little bit actually. That might make a better story perhaps but it wouldn't be true.

I had been offered the job quite at random. I had a boyfriend at the time; he drove me wild. I found him quite sexy and we used to bang like a porch door. We were always looking for new ways to turn each other on.

One night he took me to a drive-in theater, in Durand Michigan, commonly called the "Durand Dirties," that showed X-rated films. As we laid down in the back of my Dodge Omni, grinding against each other and watching people having sex on screen, a whole new world showed itself to me. I had never seen a porno before and couldn't believe what I was seeing; people were being so free, and engaging in sexual acts that I hadn't even thought of doing. I mean I didn't even know some of these things could be done! I was hooked, and completely mesmerized by what I saw on the screen. I was ridiculously turned on; so much so that I wasn't sure I should let my boyfriend know how much.

At one point I tore myself away from the screen long enough so that I could go to the concession booth to get a soda and use the bathroom. On the way I was approached by a very good looking older man. He introduced himself to me as Harry and asked if I was interested in joining

the wet t-shirt contest that was happening at midnight. This confused me greatly as I honestly had no idea what he was talking about. The man explained to me that he picked several girls who would join him on the roof of the concession stand, wearing bikini bottoms and t-shirts. The t-shirts would then be wet with a hose, obviously clinging tight to my boobs and those of the other girls around me, leaving not much to the imagination. It is funny now to even think of it, but back then wet t-shirt competitions were all the rage. I think the prize was twenty dollars.

The thought of this form of exhibitionism appealed to me and turned me on. In reality, though, I wasn't sure I was ready for the public to see my body like that, much less compete in a contest. I told him this, but what I didn't tell him was how afraid I was of the whole thing. The man said he understood then added if I ever got seriously into doing a more private type of dancing he could give me a job if I was interested. It turned out Harry owned a theater in Lansing and was always looking for girls to work for him. He told me that he liked my look and invited me to come in sometime for an interview, then wrote down his number and gave it to me. I was assured that the work was legal, had flexible hours and I could earn good cash, although it did involve some nudity. It sounded exciting and I remember our conversation thinking to myself that I might actually do it and why not? I needed money, it sounded fun and might be a turn on.

I waited several weeks before following up on the offer. At the time I was in college. I was going to Michigan State and suddenly there was no more money. My college fund had run out and I needed a job that could help me through college and allow me some freedom as well.

So I called the number that I got from Harry and was told to come in the next day. And just like that I became a peep booth girl at Cinema X.

Cinema X was an enormous building with a large 150-seat theater that showed adult movies from about noon to midnight. It wasn't just movies though, there also was a store, which sold adult magazines, books, toys and novelties. About half of the building contained an area where live girls performed. There were nude shoeshine booths (doesn't that sound delightful? Be honest), and pool tables where girls played topless pool. The place was kind of like an amusement park for horny guys.

It also had a dance stage that had several small booths surrounding it. The customer entered the booth, and would place two quarters into a machine. When he did so a small window would come down, revealing the dance floor and a scantily clad girl gyrating to some kind of music. That girl would be me. How very nice to meet you.

Of course the thing was that two quarters would not buy a whole lot of time, three minutes to be exact. It was just a bit of a tease, you know. If the customer wanted to see more, either close up shots or nudity, he would have to put more quarters in the machine and dollar bills through the tip slot. Of course he would. So this began the “Kitty Hustle” between the customer and myself. Nobody sees the Kitty for free.

The dancer rewarded the tipping customer by removing more clothing and dancing closer to the window. Some guys would come in and just drop the two quarters and their window would only be open for a few minutes and then it was over. Others would just keep feeding bills through the slot. This would signify that the game was on.

There was a larger private booth in the back of the stage area where if I was doing my thing right and the customer was mesmerized, I would then hopefully seduce him into joining me in a one-on-one private masturbation show. These booths were more expensive. The private booths took nine quarters to activate the window. When the customer first walked in, the window appeared like a mirror, so all that he could see was himself when the quarters went in, the light would change and he could now see the girl just a few feet away. She still saw the window as a mirror. In other words, he was jacking off to what I was seeing too. This might seem a tad odd until one really thinks about what I would be looking at otherwise, and it also lets the customer be as freaky as he wanted to be. Of course some men would have been even more turned on if I could see what they were doing. Some men would have paid much more if I could see them doing their thing, but regardless that was the way it was set up. Later this system would be changed to a clear glass window, where the customer could see everything all of the time.

The nine quarters kept the window activated for the customer for about three minutes; if he wanted more time he had to place more quarters in. Almost all of them did of course. I mean, why would someone bother to spend a few dollars in quarters and then leave? Especially when the three minutes were usually just enough to get most guys worked up but not enough for them to get off.

There was also a tip slot next to the window, which is where the customer could place dollar bills. Obviously a guy who gave a twenty or more got the show that he wanted. The guy that gave a five would often be finishing up in the room with the window back down. The girl would communicate with the customer via phone, which allowed for a private conversation. So, basically a peep booth girl, doing her thing was pretty much

a masturbation show between two people with lots of dirty talk. I thought this would have been difficult for me to do; that I would have been shy or uncomfortable, but I never was. It was funny how comfortable I felt.

At intermission of the movies the projectionist would have to change the rolls of film. This took about thirty minutes, and while this was going on the peep show booth girls would do a show on the stage of the theater. This was a burlesque show that involved costumes. Sometimes there would be a theme like a naughty nurse or bad teacher or some other traditional masturbation fantasy. We would usually dance four choreographed songs in the time that we had. We were usually on stage for a half an hour or so, which may not seem like a long time, but believe me it was.

The first song was a warm up: we would just be sexy and fun and dance around and smile a lot. The second song was a stripping song, in which I would remove my top and show my lovely boobs to everyone. The third song was a floorshow, and I mean that literally. I would put down a blanket on the floor and would roll around as much as possible removing my panties. The floorshow was pretty much a tradition everywhere I went over my career, and still is in most every strip club today. The fourth song was performed nude, usually with me jumping around and dancing as best I as could.

I really enjoyed the burlesque shows. I loved the creativity that we all employed, and what went into creating the shows; I loved wearing the costumes, the music and the whole spectacle of it. The crowd was usually pretty appreciative of my performances; after all, they were getting a free show and there wasn't anything else happening during intermission. I am certain that it was better than sitting in a dark theater or watching some silly cartoons in the middle of your porn. The main point of all this was to get the customers to come back to your booth and jack off for and to me when the movie was over. I always hoped to get the customers worked up and have them finish themselves off in my booth. This is where the real money was made, and it also became a point of pride. There was nothing worse than dancing your ass off on the stage for a half an hour and not getting any attention from the guys when you were done.

Once you got the customer to meet you back at your private viewing booth the point was to try and get some money. It was always much easier to get money from the guy when his pants were down and his dick was in his hands. I also got off on watching them jack off, plus the ego rush that they were jacking off to me was a huge bonus. I liked the power that I had, and I liked the control. I got really good at dancing, and playing with

myself in the window, talking dirty on the phone and the whole hustle. I started working late, staying out even later and missing classes like crazy. I liked this life much better than my other one.

I had the opportunity to meet many famous porn stars that came to the theater on occasion to perform special shows for the crowd. I had the pleasure of meeting stars like Seka, Hyapatia Lee, Gail Palmer and Carol Connors, who was the star of *Candy Goes to Hollywood*. Meeting these women was always a bit intimidating but ultimately it was also revealing. First of all, they were all fairly nice and seemed like reasonably normal people. I thought they were going to be made of plastic or something, but no. That's when it hit me: these women were just like me. I could do what they were doing!

When I met these women I started to have my first thoughts of actually making porn movies. They were just people. Before this I was just dancing for fun. All of a sudden some seeds of thought entered my head that continued to germinate about me getting into the business for real.

It wasn't long before I dropped out of MSU, and I ended up getting my degree to be a LPN at a local community college. I did actually work in a hospital for about three months, which ended up being the very unpleasant bursting of my "I want to be a nurse" bubble. It was my first and perhaps last attempt at what is considered a normal life. I realized the staff was overworked, underpaid and it seemed to me that the doctors were obsessed with treating the symptoms of the sickness, illness or diseases and not actually finding the cause. They just seemed to keep writing prescriptions or doing surgeries, which seemed like a road to nowhere to me. If a patient was overweight, had high blood pressure, was diabetic, or whatever might be wrong with him or her, the doctors just kept writing the prescriptions and putting them in the hospital when things got bad to level them out with IV's, when really the patient would have been much healthier losing weight and being put on an exercise program.

My disillusion with the real world drove me deeper into Cinema X and further into the lifestyle that came with it. I also went to a local modeling school and tried to get as much legitimate modeling work as possible. My dream at the time was to become a runway model. I adored clothing and the runway and thought that I might have the look for it. I managed to get one meeting with the Ford Agency in New York City. My meeting lasted about fifteen minutes, with a very professional woman who informed me that there was no place for me in the modeling world. She said that I was too tall and gangly for print work and not tall enough or thin enough for the runway. I appreciated her honesty although it was devastating. She

told me how she saw it with no bullshit. So I did return to Michigan and returned to the Cinema X, which was now my home away from home.

I made a commitment to really go for the burlesque thing; I wanted to travel with my show and I to be the best at it. It was what I was good at and it was what made me tick. I also loved the lifestyle. There was so much of it that called to me.

I had complete freedom to be who I wanted to be, could work when I wanted, play when I wanted, there was money to party with and lots of friends to share my good times. What more could I want out of life? My best friend at the time was a beautiful black woman who later became quite famous and was known as Angel Kelly. As a matter of fact when she went into the Legends of Erotica Hall of Fame, I did the induction ceremony. Who would have thought that two chicks from Lansing Michigan would both end up being members of the Adult Entertainment Industry Hall of Fame? We spent almost all of our time together over the years. We were together through thick and thin, through marriage and divorce, and highs and lows of all kinds. But back then we were just a couple of burlesque and peep show dancers that were out to rule the world.

She had come to work at Cinema X as well, and we soon forged a bond between us that was unbreakable. Have you ever had a partner in crime? I have been lucky enough to have a few. Kelly was my first and perhaps my best, although I did have quite a few more partners in crime over the years.

She and I started to travel to other cinemas of the same type in Michigan and then to other states like Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and so on. We both perfected our skills in the business. We were becoming talented dancers and hustlers. We lived a life of constant partying with a little work thrown in here and there. We both loved to dance; we both loved music, clothes and sex. Our jobs were a perfect place for us to express and acquire all of these things. We looked like twins, one of us white, one black; we were both about the same height, around 5'9" with slender figures and faces. We felt unstoppable. We both drove a Datsun 280zx; mine was gold and hers was silver. We continued this lifestyle for about three years, until we hit a plateau. We both wanted more of everything: more money, more sex, more parties and we wanted something different. As exciting as our lives were they had become stale: it was the same faces and the same theaters.

It was time for a change and both of us knew it. We just didn't know how big the change was going to be.

At the time I was dating a man named Mike who owned several of the cinemas and who worked in the adult film industry. Mike was going to be moving out to Los Angeles and he had offered to assist both Angel and I get into the adult film biz. I never was quite sure what job he actually had in the porn business. I think in some way both of us liked it that way.

This was a decision that I did not take lightly. Even though I had lived a wild life over the past few years and had seen many things that many people would never see, I was still just twenty-three years old and was not hardened to the ways of the world just yet. I realized that working in porn would change my life forever. It was one thing to do what I was doing now. I could melt into normal life any time I wanted and no one would be the wiser. I knew that making fuck movies was something that needed some thought. It was the sort of thing that opened a door to some experiences but at the same time would close a door to other ones forever.

I took some time to think about all the aspects of being a porn star. How was I going to feel twenty years from now? Would I hate myself then? Could I really do it without hating myself? Would I get tired of sucking so much cock? Okay, I didn't really consider the last one.

I sat in the theater at Cinema X watching the films many times, thinking that I could do this, that I could be one of the women that I saw on the screen. To me it was really just a natural thing, having sex, not just a natural thing but a wonderful thing as well. The only difference between having sex in private and on the screen is that someone is filming it. I thought that I could drown the camera out and focus on the other person

or persons that I was on camera with. I had a total crush on many of the leading men of porn back in the day, including John Leslie, Jaime Gillis and Paul Thomas. I loved watching the women too; they were all so sexy to me. Sharon Mitchell, Marilyn Chambers and Sharon Kane were just a few of the woman that I was drawn to. I looked at them as role models, as people I admired. They were strong, beautiful women and they were taking charge of their lives.

Before too long I realized that not only could I do it but that I wanted to do it. I packed up all my possessions, which at that time were mostly my clothes, in my 280zx and drove to LA. It was quite the different scene from Lansing. Back home there were only a few women with my looks and my willingness to be an adult entertainer. In L.A. they were everywhere. Mike and Angel made the move about three months before. Angel had already gotten her start in the film biz, and was starring in her first films. It was 1985. This was a big deal back then to have a black woman working in traditional porn movies. Angel was one of the first to do it, and she is still known for that to this day.

Most of the films were segregated, meaning, all the blacks were in movies together and whites were in movies together, I realize this sounds completely ludicrous today, but I swear this is how it was back then. I mean it was totally okay to have sex with three women at once or to bang them up the ass, but Heaven forbid a white man fuck a black woman. Or even worse what if a black man fucked a white woman? Yes, there were a few times when there were interracial movies, but they were pretty scandalous; for example in *'Behind the Green Door'* there was some of that going on, but that movie was wild in general. There was one scene when someone came on Marilyn Chambers face and they showed a slow motion shot of the semen flying through the air for like seven minutes. No joke.

For whatever reasons the main stream producers were terrified of mixing blacks and whites in pornos. As I said, my friend Angel Kelly was one of the first black women to even appear in mainstream porno. It was so taboo back then.

It's important to remember that this was before the internet existed. This meant that porn was done for the masses and not for the people that were a certain kink. Whereas now, whether you are into hypnotized slaves, or women with big feet, you can find your type of porn within seconds. You could type "black man blows load on white woman's face" in a search engine and get thousands of hits right away. Back then, things were way more mainstream as far as what was shown on screen. Most of

the porn that was being made was made for the average guy and if he was lucky, his girlfriend too.

Most of it was really of the traditional “oh the pizza guy just showed up at the party so now let’s all fuck” kind of thing. Don’t get me wrong, for the time it was incredibly scandalous, but like everything else the bottom line was that it was about money, anything too kinky could lead to an obscenity charge. And apparently a white dude banging a black chick was taking things way too far.

I had the incredible gift of having a boyfriend who knew the ins and outs of porn pretty well and he assisted me in making sure I got in front of all the right people. I like to think I would have made it without Mike, but who knows? So much of what happens in this business is who you know at first and then it’s all up to you once you get your foot in the door.

I signed up with a talent agency called Reb’s Pretty Girl International. I was willing to do anything and I first tried to get into every major men’s magazine that I could. Once again, remember at this time, there was no internet and getting porn came in two ways: films that you could see in a theater that were shot on VHS, and of course there were magazines. Nowadays everyone is jacking off to the computer; back then that could not even be imagined. These were the days where husbands and sons hid their magazines in boxes under beds or buried them at the bottom of bureau drawers. If your wife or girlfriend found them, you could very well be in big trouble. Do people even buy magazines anymore?

One day I got the call to go to Flynt Publishing to apply for some magazine work. They published a lot of different magazines but their big one was called “*Hustler*”. *Hustler* was the first magazine ever to publish “pink shots.” I think you can guess what that means.

I was thrilled to be asked to meet with Mr. Flynt. First of all, you have to know that I had complete admiration and respect for Larry Flynt. I respected his tenacity to fight the system, legally and otherwise. He fought for the freedom for us to express ourselves sexually. He was and still is in my perception a great man, a warrior, and a champion for freedom and the rights of the individual. It was truly like meeting a hero of mine and I was very nervous.

I arrived at Flynt Publishing on Wilshire Blvd in Los Angeles, to see his offices took up an entire huge glass building. It was quite impressive really to see with my own eyes what one can build with money from making so-called smut. I entered the building wearing a chic red leather skirt, blouse and stiletto heels. I gained entrance to Larry Flynt’s office,

which was a large, immaculately decorated space. Larry was seated in his pimped-out gold wheelchair behind a large desk.

Mr. Flynt had been shot leaving a Georgia courtroom; he was in court because he was facing obscenity charges for sales of his magazines. They never officially caught the person who shot him, although a man named Joseph Paul Franklin confessed to the shooting while incarcerated for other crimes. Franklin said he did it because Flynt had published an interracial sexual photo in one of his magazines. The bullet that hit Larry hit his spinal column and left him paralyzed. I always wondered how this man managed to move on with his life with no pity. To me he was an incredible role model.

He welcomed me in the office and invited me to sit down; my legs were shaking, as were my hands when I shook hands with him. He made me feel very comfortable, and we did the usual getting to know you chit-chat. He asked me what magazines I wanted to be in, I said "I want to be in *Hustler* or *Chic*." Larry looked me in the eyes, after giving me a good look over, and said, "Well, you're much too classy to be in *Hustler*, How about if we shoot you for *Chic*? I will get my best photographer and makeup artist for you."

I was thrilled at the offer, but wondered what he saw in me that made him think I was too classy for *Hustler*? Would it prevent me from being a good cocksucker later on down the line? Shit, maybe I needed to work on slutting myself up for this whole porn thing. I left there feeling great about the job for *Chic* but wondering if I was going to be able to make it in porn. First I had been told that I was not cut out to be a runway model and then I'm told that I look too classy to lick sack in *Hustler*. What to do?

As I said before, much of the work that I got at first was because I had the incredible opportunity to have Mike, my boyfriend at the time, supporting me through this process. He was giving me good advice and getting me interviews with all of the best people in the business. When I had exhausted all of the magazine jobs, and I was in a lot of them back then, I started to focus on movies. Mike got me the opportunity to interview with a guy named Ruben who owned one of the most prestigious video companies at the time, called Vidco. I met with Ruben, who was an extremely professional man. He told me that from now on he was only shooting on video since it was going to be the wave of the future. I remember at the time it seemed silly. He was certainly right about this; I always say that porn is driven by technology. Whenever the technology advances so does the way that porn is delivered to the consumer.

The big thing back then was VHS. Remember back in the day, if you wanted to go see porn you had to actually enter a theater. This obviously was a big deal to the upstanding members of our society. You didn't want to hire a lawyer and then see him three seats over from you in a movie theatre jacking off. So now the lawyer could buy a tape and beat off in his own home while his wife was at bridge club. The only problem was, it was even harder to hide a VHS tape than a sticky magazine. That's when all off a sudden all sorts of porn tapes started showing up with labels written on them that said "family vacation" to throw girlfriends off the track.

People were starting to purchase VHS players and VHS tapes even though they started out rather expensive. Machines were selling for about \$1,000.00 dollars and the porn VHS tapes were going for \$99.99 and people were still buying them; remember this was the mid-'80's. Again, though, when you really think of it, can you put a price on being able to whack off to a video in the privacy of your own home? Obviously a lot of people didn't think so, because they were buying porn tapes at that price like crazy.

There was also a brief appearance of what was called laser disc. The quality of this was almost as good as 35mm film; in fact that was how they were created, so any porn that was shot on film could be transferred to laser disc. These were also pretty pricey and of course one had to have the laser disc player to watch it. In the early days VHS was a bit flat; it lost the three dimensional quality of film; the colors were often a bit weird, but it was fairly inexpensive to shoot, edit, replicate, box, market and distribute. The distribution was always where the porn biz had been walking a fine line, even before the invention of VHS.

The government during the Ronald Reagan administration had organized the Meese Commission, which was comprised of about twelve people whose sole job it was to view over 10,000 adult movies and create regulations on them. It goes without saying that the report was biased and inaccurate. Ed Meese was the attorney general at the time and in his own words the commission was formed to find "new ways to prevent the problems of pornography." Biased much?

At the end of viewing all this porn, I am surprised that the Meese commission was even able to speak and that their brains had not turned into mush. Their final opinions were written down in a document that was almost 2,000 pages long. That's right: a government commission wrote 2,000 pages about porn at the taxpayers' expense. They decided all sorts of fascinating things such as that it was legal to shoot porn where it

was already legal to shoot porn but not any place where it wasn't. This left out LA, because it was illegal to shoot porn there. They decided that it was legal to possess it as long as it was within community standards. (Which community were they talking about, though: New York City or Mobile, Alabama?)

. Among the guidelines included were that everyone in a porn movie had to be over 18 years old and that there were to be no animals involved. (I think that we can all be cool with those two, even without the government telling us.) They also concluded that no foreign objects were to be inserted into assholes or vaginas, and that no actors or actresses were to be bound while they were having sex. (Okay, now it sounds like they are trying to ruin a good time.) They required there was to be no insertion of more than four fingers past the last knuckle (because everyone knows that fisting is just plain obscene). I also recall they were completely down on people getting pooped on for some odd reason.

Basically it was the Meese commission's job to decide what was obscene and what was not obscene and it took them looking at over 10,000 adult movies to figure this out. You just simply have to love the government at work for you. The other big thing that the Meese commission decided was that though the X-rated movies were legal to make, it was illegal to ship this obscene material across state lines. So basically go ahead and make it, just don't try to sell it.

This was obviously the greatest challenge for porn producers. Although most of the producers were located in LA, some were still on the East coast in New York City. The challenge would be shipping the VHS tapes across the country to the various adult bookstores where they could then be sold. In the old days of 35mm film, I can remember that the film cans were shipped around in anonymous unmarked vans. When I was working at the Cinema X, and the film delivery vans arrived, the whole building would go on lock down until the new film cans were delivered and the old film cans were picked up ready to be delivered to the next theater, so the films were being hand delivered, not sent through any type of mail system. Obviously this was to insure that the films were protected and not confiscated by any law enforcement as they crossed state lines, and they most certainly *did* cross state lines.

This system worked fine for the films which were being sent around to different theaters where they would play on the big screen for about two or three weeks, before they were switched out with another film. However, this system was not going to work for VHS tapes. First of all,

there were going to be thousands of VHS tapes that would need to be delivered to hundreds of book and porn stores all over the country. They couldn't possibly fit in vans; semi-trucks would be needed, or the use of some sort of conventional delivery service. Using the United States Postal Service was dicey at best; UPS was a big risk as well.

The producers used whatever means they could to get the tapes from the production site to the bookstores. The ridiculous thing was that it was legal to make it, legal to sell it, legal to possess it but not legal to ship it. Obviously the Meese commission knew they would not be able to control porn based on the United States' constitutional 1st amendment rights. They knew the only way to control porn would be through shipping laws. The only problem with this is that where there's a will, there's a way. Anytime someone has something to sell and people who want to buy it, the two parties will find a way to make it happen. That's capitalism, baby.

So back to my piece of capitalism with Ruben, who gave me my first on-camera job in December of 1985. The name of the movie was *Depraved Innocent*; the script was a whole twenty pages long. It was being shot in San Francisco to avoid the illegality of shooting in LA. I got on a flight with Pacific Southwest Airlines, which was otherwise known as PSA. PSA airlines later came to be known as Porn Star Airlines within our circle because of the frequency that porn stars were flying up to San Francisco to shoot movies. I arrived at the hotel where all of the porn stars were staying, and over the evening I met several of the people that I would be working with the next day. Or to be more precise I met people that I would be sucking and fucking the next day. As time went on this became quite normal for me, but this day I remember thinking about how the very next day I would be fucking all of these people. It excited me, it did not scare me, and that all by itself took care of a lot of the jitters.

The next morning I had an early call time of eight in the morning. I arrived at the set, and soon met the director, who was an English bloke by the name of Jonathan Burroughs. He wasn't a famous director, but he wasn't a rookie either. He proceeded to walk me through the day and what was expected of me. Then it was off to makeup and soon I was in front of the camera for my first scene, which I really don't remember to this day.

I think that I was somewhat stunned. Which probably either made me more fun to fuck or less, depending on your attitude. I remember the movie was supposed to be a surrealistic dream thing; I had a girl-on-girl scene with Tracy Adams who was a super hot brunette that made a ton of movies back then and was quite well known. I do remember that there

was an orgy scene with the whole cast at the end of the day of shooting. Yes, I said “day of shooting”; it was all done in one day. This was one of the big advantages to shooting on VHS; it was quick, really quick, which made it cost effective. Instead of taking one or two weeks to shoot 35mm film, VHS was being shot anywhere from one to four days. Everything went fairly well I am sure, but the thing I remember the most was that I was super nervous about the whole thing.

My mind was filled with all kinds of crazy voices, Was I going to be good enough, was I sexy enough, or pretty enough, or skinny enough, were my blowjobs going to be good enough, was my ass hot enough, was I going to moan good enough when I got fucked. The only way I got through the all the nervousness was to focus on the fact that I truly honestly loved sex and that I believed it would definitely show in the finished product.

That was the thing. I really liked to fuck and still do. The thought of banging all of these people at once didn't make me feel exploited and it didn't make me feel cheap. It made me excited. I'd watched enough porn to know that when a girl really enjoyed what she was doing it showed on film. All too often I had watched girls having sex, with that distant stare in their eyes looking up at the ceiling and wondering what color it should be painted. Or even worse were the ones that tried to act like they were into it by moaning and groaning but watching if you could tell they were just faking it. It was like they were being paid by the hour. It wasn't like that for me, and I never turned in a scene where I looked like a department store mannequin. Even that first day I was excited and I was into it.

I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that my experience in the business would always be true and honest to myself and the minute that I hated what I was doing, I would stop. There was no amount of money that was worth selling my sexual soul for. I was not a victim and never would be one.