

CANADA'S NO. 1 X MAGAZINE

HUSTLER

SPECIAL HOLLYWOOD ISSUE

HOLIDAY 2003

NIKKI SIXX
AND *BAYWATCH*'S
DONNA D'ERRICO

**KATHY
GRIFFIN
MICHAEL
MADSEN**

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ANNA NICOLE SMITH**

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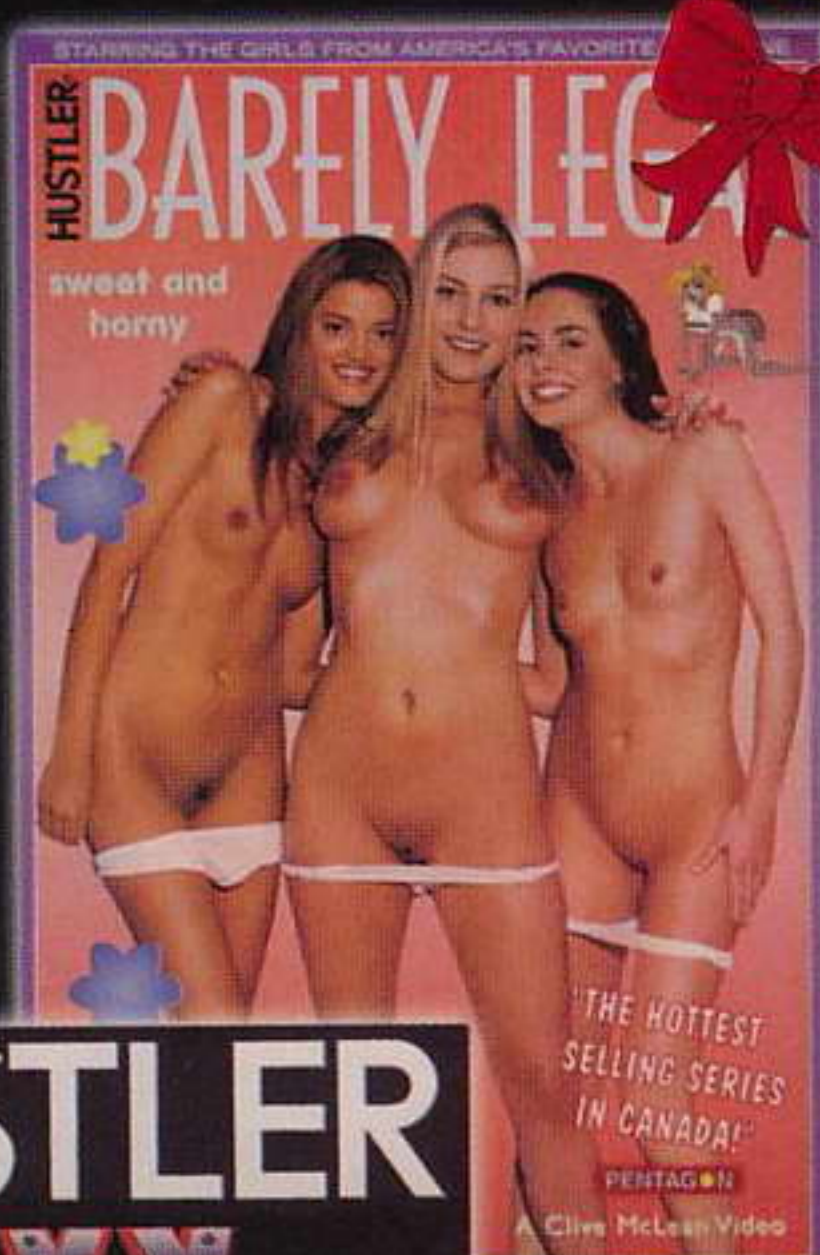
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- SHAMEFUL SECRETS Kinky Canadians Confess
- DAMES OF DOM Taboo Sex in Toronto

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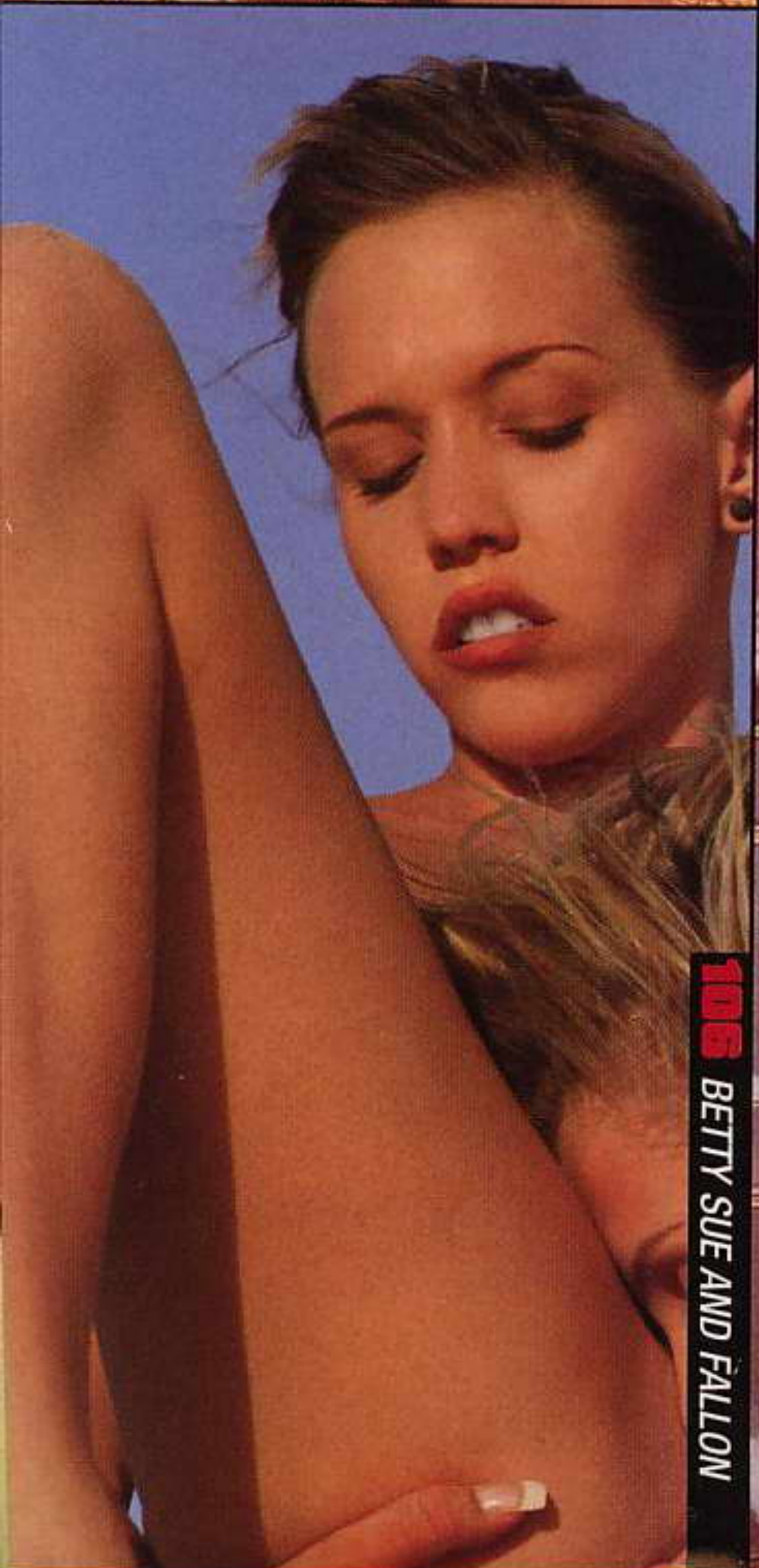
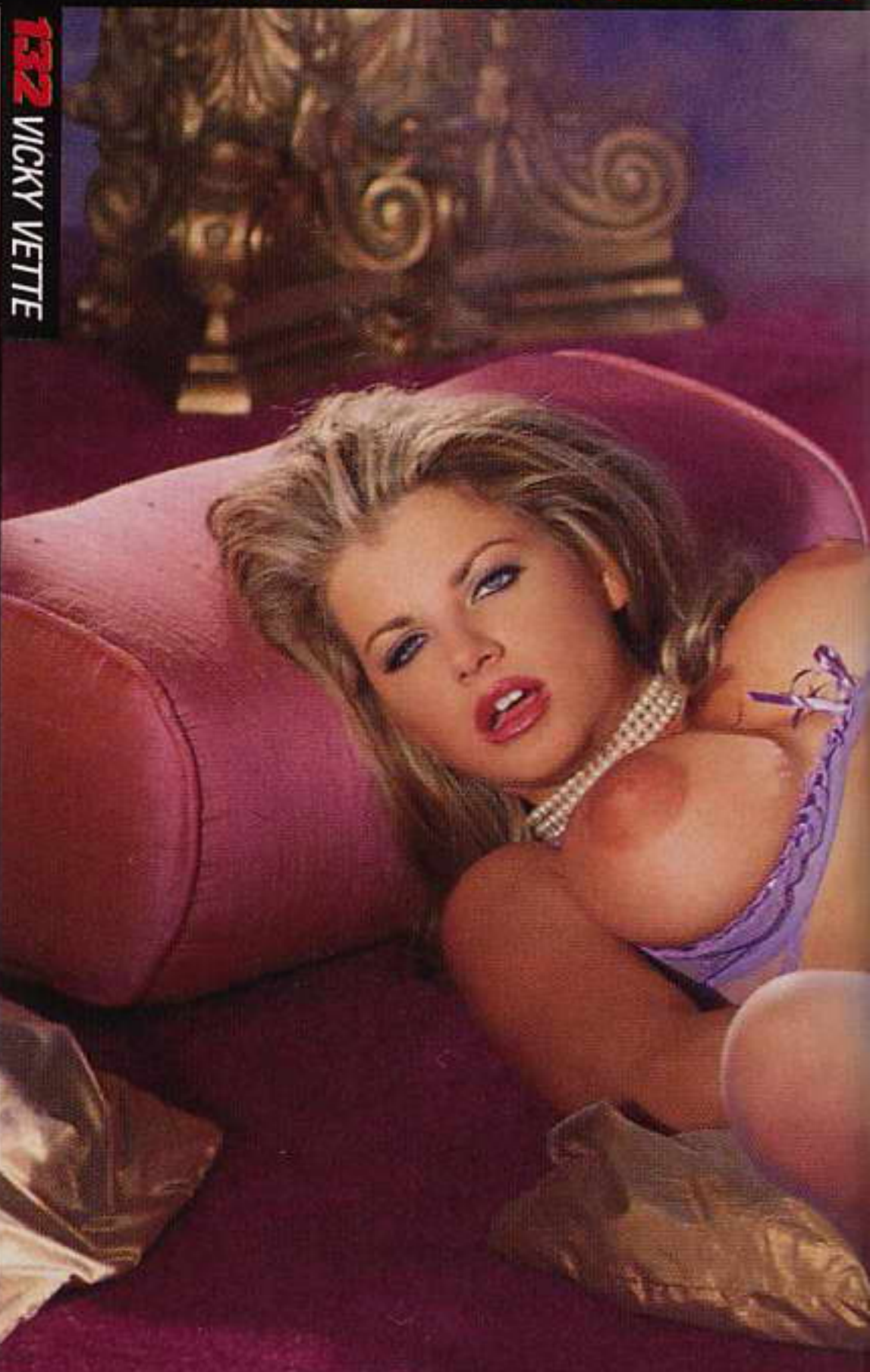
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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

It is a given that most politicians, if not all, are egocentric, self-interested, greedy, out of touch and usually suffer from acute megalomania, but recent events have also demonstrated that their outright stupidity and lack of conviction is just plain dangerous.

On January 7, 2000, Canadian Bill Sampson was arrested in connection with a bombing which took place in Saudi Arabia. Mr. Sampson was from Nova Scotia and had been working in Saudi as a biochemist since 1996.

On November 17, 2000 a car bomb exploded in downtown Riyadh and killed Christopher Rodway, a British engineer. For most, the bombing seemed senseless, but the Saudi secret police thought otherwise.

Saudi is a strictly Muslim country, but Westerners who live and work there enjoy an indulgent lifestyle upon which the Saudis frown. The foreigners live in luxurious private compounds where sex is easy and bootlegged booze flows freely. The Saudi police believed the bombing was related to a bootleg booze turf war and promptly arrested Sampson and five other foreigners.

While the Canadian Embassy knew Sampson was in custody, and had contacted the Canadian Ministry of External Affairs – they did nothing to help Sampson. In fact they told Sampson's family not to make waves.

While incarcerated Mr. Sampson was tortured by frequent beatings,



The Ministry of External Affairs

being hung upside down, being kept awake for more than a week and having threats made against his family. For two years, he was not allowed to read or write, and was even denied crayons and a calculator that his father sent him. When he finally confessed to the crime, which he obviously did not commit, he was promptly sentenced to death by beheading.

Yet, even with a death sentence looming, the Canada's Ministry of External Affairs continued to drag their feet in intervening and getting Sampson released.

However, thanks to the tenacity of Mr. Sampson's family, famed American lawyers, Johnnie Cochran and Barry Scheck (O.J. Simpson's dream team) intervened and negotiated Sampson's acquittal and

release. Mr. Sampson was released on August 8, 2003.

With Mr. Sampson's release, one would have hoped that Canada's Ministry of External Affairs would have acted with some conviction regarding the horrific way in which one of its citizens had been treated. But the gutless political eunuchs down at External Affairs don't want to do anything that might offend the dictator of Saudi, King Fahd bin Abdulaziz Al-Saud and his bunch of murderous henchmen.

In a previous interview Prince Turki al Faisal, the Saudi ambassador to Britain, defended the Saudi practice of public beheadings. He was quoted as saying, "We do not consider the punishment of beheading as either

abhorrent or against human rights. Why? Because it comes to us from divine law and the kingdom operates under divine – Sharia – and Sharia is the word of God."

Well, Prince Turki al Faisal, we've got one word for you, "indictment", which is precisely what awaits you since the United States has issued a summons against you, alleging that in your previous job as head of Saudi intelligence, you helped fund Afghanistan's Taliban regime. Go figure!

Yet, even with the American revelation and actions against this vicious corrupt regime, the impotent bunch of political castrates down at Canada's External Affairs are still paralyzed by indecision, lack of moral fibre, and fear.

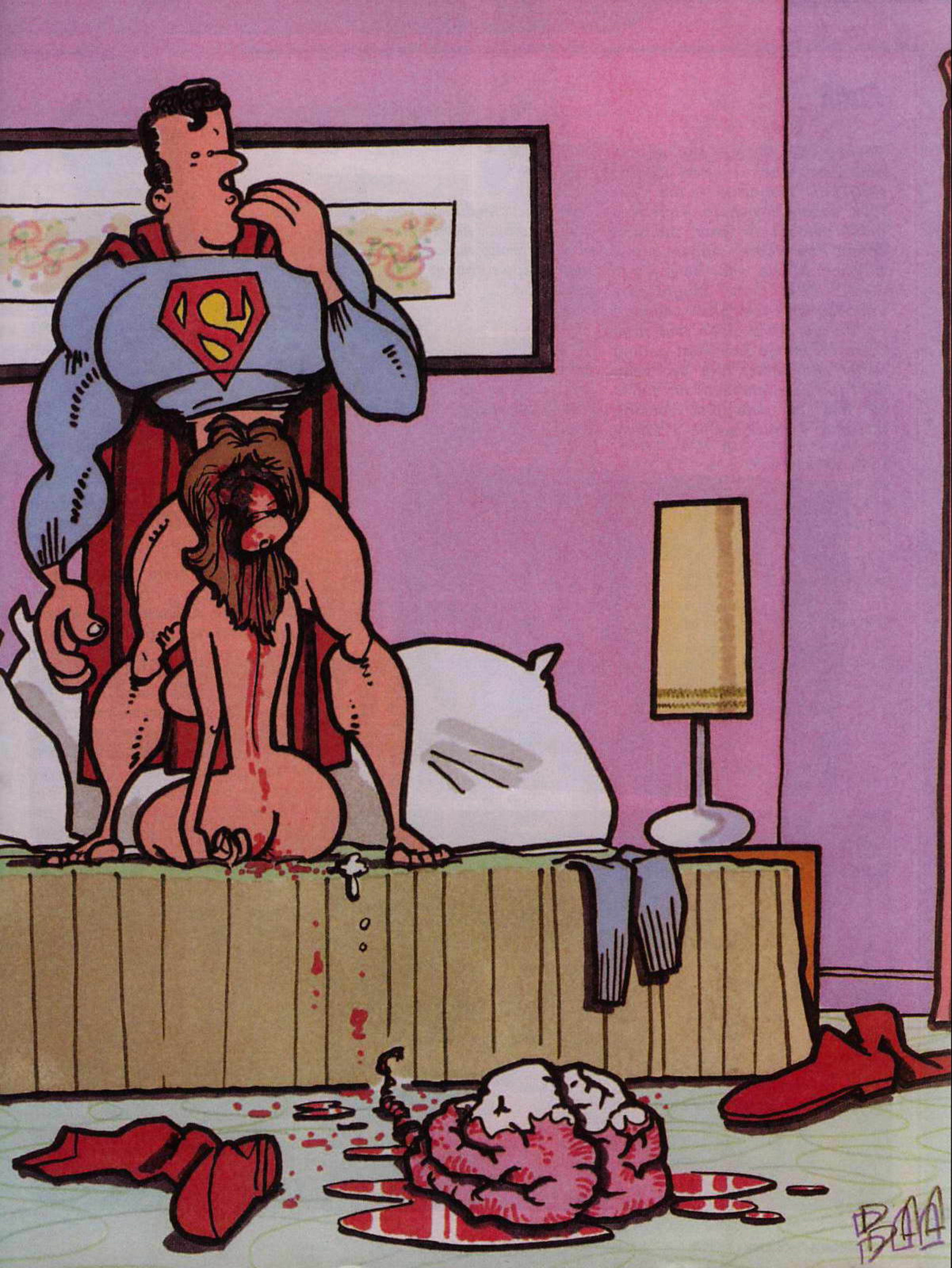
Well, we've got some advice for you guys. It's time for you cocksuckers down at Canada's External Affairs to grow some nads and stop taking it up the ass. Canadians are sick of the insipid political correctness of Canadian government bureaucracies like yours that have made Canada a political pansy and international joke.

We have become a haven for terrorists, a dumping ground for every foreign reject and a people whom anyone feels they have free license to target and abuse. Enough is enough!

For being a cowardly, self-interested, out-of-touch bureaucracy of ineffectual turds the **Ministry of Foreign Affairs** has the dubious distinction of being **HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month!**

Send your suggestions for "Asshole of the Month" to:
www.northlandmedia.ca

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Fuck Foursome

There's one thing I can always count on when I open up my HUSTLER magazine – the best fuck action anywhere. This was most evident in your pictorial spread Four Score – Angela, Anna, Kaylani, Alexis and Billy (June 2003). First you caught my attention with your great pee shot on the very first page and from there on things just kept getting better and better. Your two page shot (no pun intended) on pages 62 and 63 was just fucking amazing. I must admit, I totally

envy the lucky dude in the photo. If you guys ever need a male model in your group action, I'd be more than happy to oblige. Keep up the great work!

**C.C.
Montreal, QC**

We're glad you approve. Feel free to send us your photos and C.V to Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Rd. West, Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7.



Asshole of the Century

I read with great astonishment your article on the Parti Québécois, Asshole of the Month, June 2003. As a Canadian and a loyal member of the Parti Québécois I found the article totally biased and outright offensive. Your understanding of Quebec politics is not just simplistic; it's totally nonexistent. Under the leadership of Bernard Landry the Parti Québécois has focused turning around the province's sagging economy. Once the economy is better then sovereignty is far more feasible. But then again, why should we expect a sleazoid magazine like yours to have any vision or insight into such complex matters? I think you guys should vote yourselves as the Asshole of the Century!

**-W.M
Cap-de-la- Madeleine, QC**

We have two words for you, Bill 101. If memory serves us right, it was the politics of the Parti Québécois that got the province into the soup in the first place. So quit your whining. By the way, aren't the words Canadian and loyal member of the Parti Québécois a bit of an oxymoron?



Double Your Fun

I am a staunch advocate of group sex. When it comes to fucking I say, "the more the merrier". So, you can imagine how delighted I was to see your spread *The Virgin Craves Variety*, September 2003 issue. Your orgy shots were fucking amazing, especially the one on pages 84/85 with the double penetration action. I love to see a beautiful chick get plugged in both holes and I was definitely impressed. Please give me more!

D.J.
Raymond, AB

There definitely will be more. Check out our January 2004 issue – you won't be disappointed!



Backdoor is Better

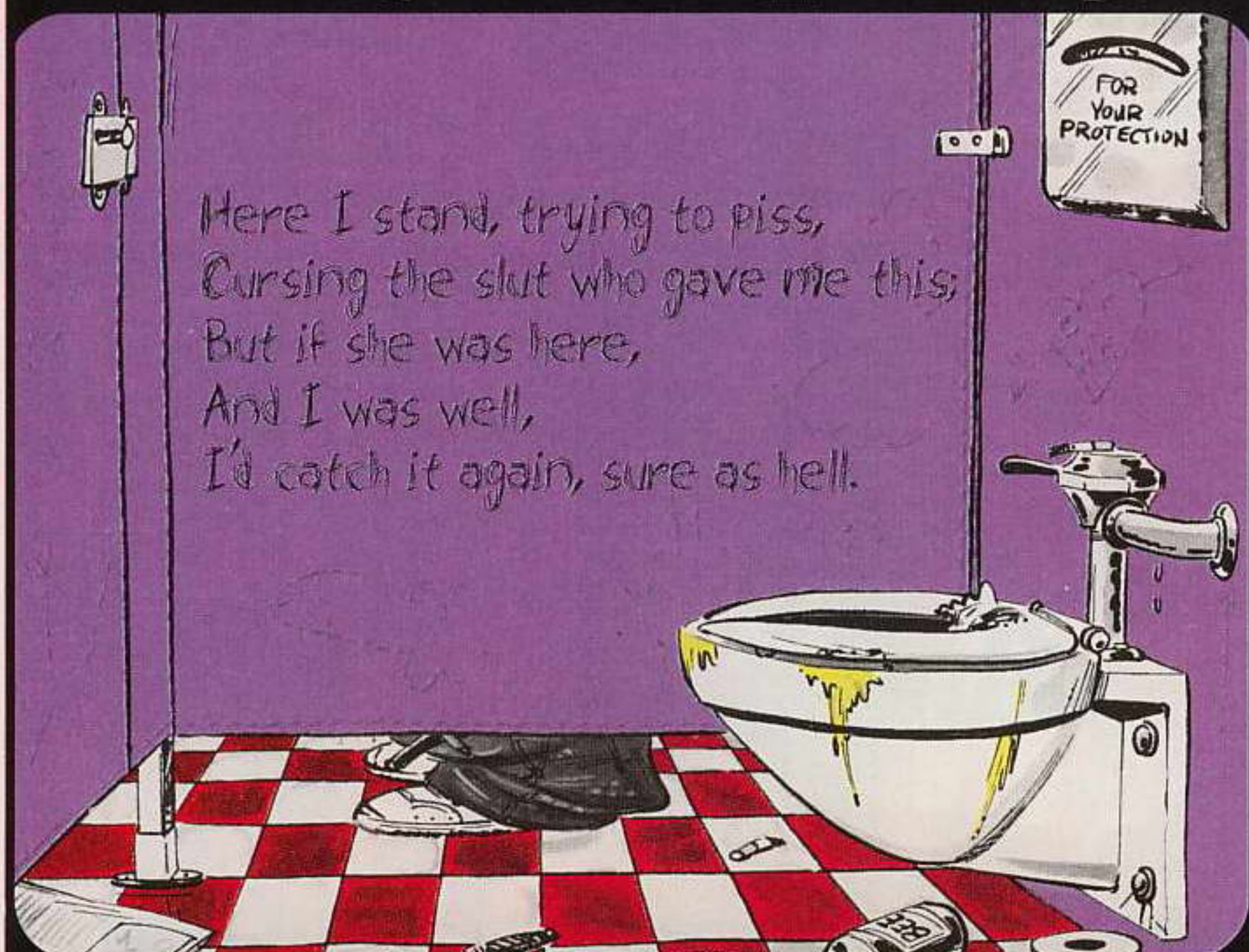
I am a regular subscriber to *HUSTLER* magazine and think your photo spreads are just incredible. I am also a great butt lover and really enjoy it when you do anal shots.

I love to see asses. I love to see those cheeks spread and I especially love to see those asscracks stuffed with manmeat. I also really get off on stories about anal sex and your article *Anal Prince – Memoirs of Mimi* (September 2003) got me really fucking hard. Please *HUSTLER*, give us more anal action because backdoor love is just better!

G.L.
Steinbach, MB

Thanks for the ringing endorsement G.L.; there will definitely be more anal action for all you backdoor lovers! Keep reading.

GRAFFiLTHY



Here I stand, trying to piss,
Cursing the slut who gave me this;
But if she was here,
And I was well,
I'd catch it again, sure as hell.

Thanks and \$50 go to James W.

Christmas Cunt

I would like to do something really special for my boyfriend this Christmas and I thought he'd really enjoy getting a subscription to your magazine. Someone told me I could subscribe on-line. Could you tell me the URL for your web site?

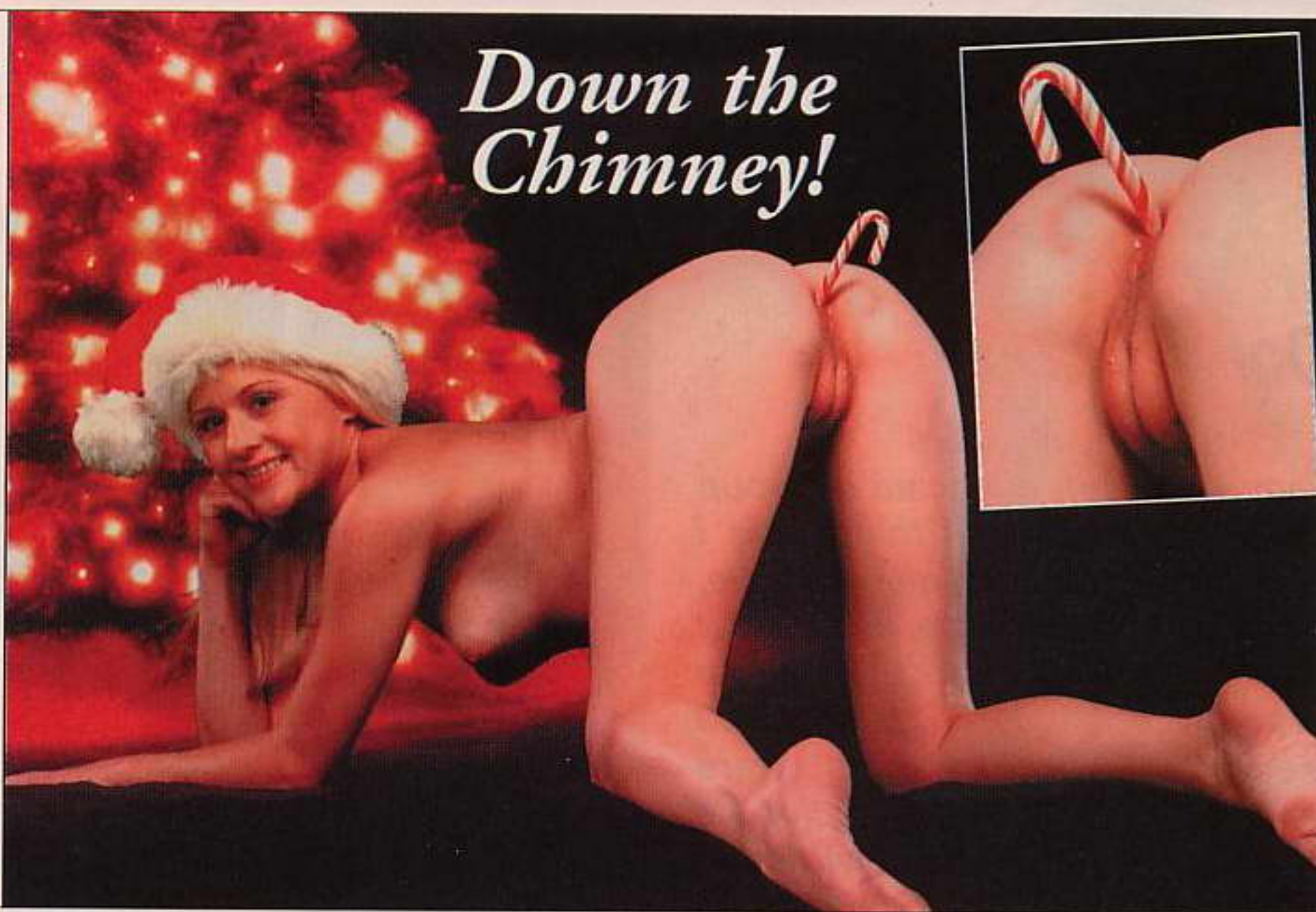
-F.H.
Sarnia, ON

Absolutely F.H., just go to <http://www.northlandmedia.ca> and order from there. Please allow 6-8 weeks for the first issue to arrive. Every guy should have a girlfriend like you!

BUTT PLUG OF THE MONTH

What would you like to see in a Honey's ass?

C.S. of Dallas loves the holiday season and said his Christmas wish was "to see a candy cane in a girl's keister." When Santa wasn't looking, we asked Mrs. Claus (a/k/a Austin) to take this tasty treat up her ass. HUSTLER encourages readers to tell us what they'd like to see embedded in a babe's booty. Send requests to: HUSTLER's "Butt Plug of the Month," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



Down the Chimney!

All Things Condensed

As the corporate media takes more control and news stories sound more like White House press releases, comedy troupe The People Who Do That has come to the rescue with *National Corporate Radio*. This hour-long CD is a scathing parody of National Public Radio and *All Things Considered*. The sharp commentary includes satirical news soundbites ("Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan cites the recent employment of Tony Danza as solid proof that the recession is finally over") and a hilariously "edited" George W. Bush speech. *National Corporate Radio* reminds us of a time when *Saturday Night Live* was still edgy. To order your copy go to www.CornTato.com.



Porn From the Past



Sum Yung Snatch

Thanks and \$150 go to E.M. of West Hollywood, California, for this China doll and the guy trying to crack her open. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

"If your sexual fantasies were truly of interest to others, they would no longer be fantasies." —FRAN LEBOWITZ

Gash Prizes

Forget the Oscars and the Emmys; the award show that really heated up Los Angeles this year was the 12th annual F.O.X.E. (Fans of X-Rated Entertainment) Awards. More than 300 blue-screen aficionados saw their favorite porn stars rewarded and revealed: (1) Mistress of Ceremonies Christi Lake gave "guest of honor" Amber Lynn an eyeful of her shaved slit. (2) Meanwhile, Belladonna almost burst her shirt after winning "fan favorite." The sexual shenanigans continued backstage where (3) VanDalia and Avy Scott put on their own private performance, and (4) Montana Gunn pulled out both barrels.





We Love Wal-Mart!

Wacky retail giant Wal-Mart turned more than a few heads when it banned "lad mags" *Maxim*, *FHM* and *Stuff* from its stores. The *über-chain* store claims these periodicals are too racy, but we think they just suck; either way, we're glad to see them off the shelves. We encourage more stores to ban these lame magazines and stock *HUSTLER* in their place!

TOP TEN REASONS TO USE THE "F" WORD

There are only ten times in history where the "F" word might have been considered acceptable for use. They are as follows:

10. "What the fuck was that?"
Mayor Of Hiroshima, 1945
9. "Where did all those fucking Indians come from?"
Custer, 1877
8. "Any fucking idiot could understand that."
Einstein, 1938
7. "It does so fucking look like her!"
Picasso, 1926
6. "How the fuck did you work that out?"
Pythagoras, 526 BC
5. "You want WHAT on the fucking ceiling?"
Michelangelo, 1566
4. "Where the fuck are we?"
Amelia Earhart, 1937
3. "Scattered fucking showers... my ass!"
Noah, 4314 BC
2. "Aw c'mon. Who the fuck is going to find out?"
Bill Clinton, 1999

And the number one acceptable use of the F word:

1. "Geez, I didn't think they'd get this fucking mad."
Saddam Hussein, March 2003

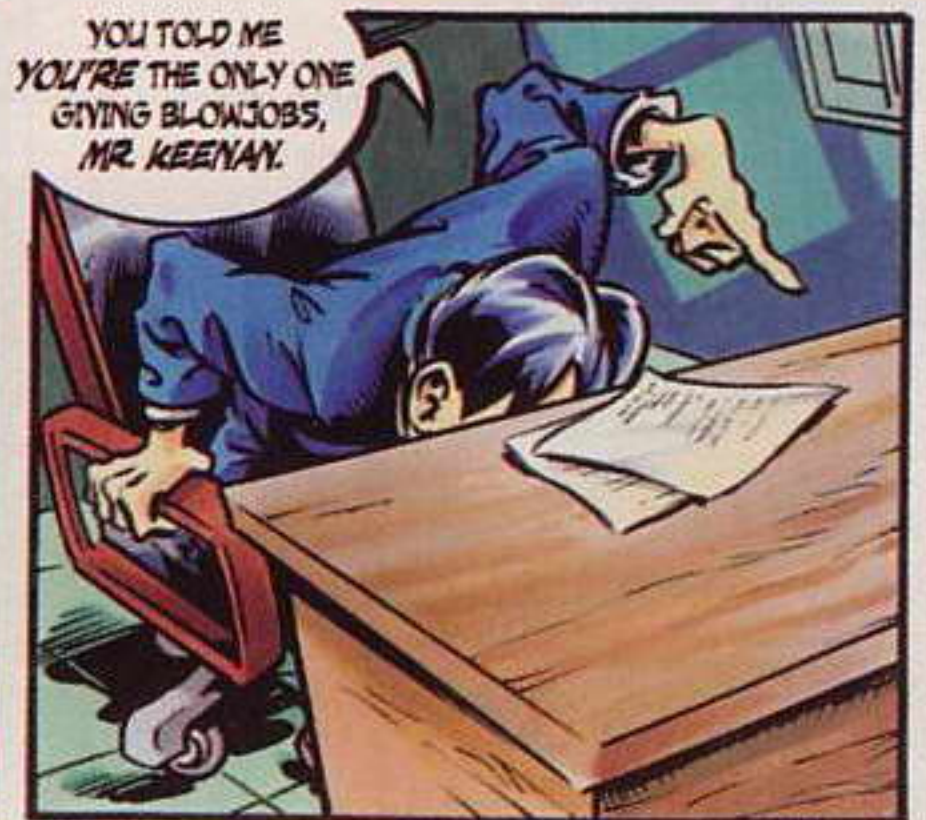
When I die, I want to go like my grandmother, who died peacefully in her sleep. Not screaming like all the passengers in her car.

THE FOUR STAGES OF LIFE:

1. You believe in Santa Claus.
2. You don't believe in Santa Claus.
3. You are Santa Claus.
4. You look like Santa Claus.

by Aaron Warner

Horn Dog Davis



NEWSBITES

BEATING CANCER: Researchers in Australia report that frequent whacking off may help prevent prostate cancer. Their study indicated that men who blow their load more than five times a week are less likely to develop prostate cancer because frequent ejaculation prevents semen from building up in ducts. Hopefully doctors will start writing prescriptions for HUSTLER.

SORE WINNER: New York resident Joseph Silver will receive \$190,000 in a settlement from the Levittown School District because he contracted herpes in a high-school wrestling match back in 1996. Silver's lawyer argued that the school's coach failed to screen Silver's herpes-infected opponent. Two days after the match, the high-school jock noticed he had some odd new lesions. Imagine trying to explain that to your homophobic teenage buddies: "Yeah, I got herpes from another guy, but we didn't have sex, I swear!"

SPANDEX MAN STRIKES AGAIN!:

Authorities in Minnesota are hoping to arrest a guy they call the Spandex Man. Michael Scott Long, dressed in spandex pants, allegedly approached two women in an apartment building elevator, told them he had lost a bet and asked if he could use a mirror in their place to check himself. The women let the spandex-clad stranger into their apartment, where he choked his chicken in front of them. Police say the Spandex Man has been convicted before for indecent exposure, but no word on prior convictions for fashion violations.

From the Poet's Corner

A decent young fellow named Herm
Was equipped with
a geyser-like worm:
The size wasn't much
But its volume was such
That his lovers did
backstroke in sperm.

A horny old trapper named Rex
Liked the risks of wild porcupine sex.
By incredible luck
His dick never got stuck,
But his nuts were just pitiful wrecks.
"For Christmas", she said with a tingle
"I'd love a gift cunnilingual!"
'Twas with joy and surprise
She found twixt her thighs
The tongue of jolly Kris Kringle!

Nick the prick had a forty-foot dick,
He showed it to the lady next door.
She thought it was a snake,
And hit it with a rake,
And now it's only four foot four.

Web Site of The Month

SuPerVillainizer

Apparently Switzerland has as big of a problem with government cybersnooping as we do—so much so that a group of Swiss artists and students have created the ultimate cyberspace paranoia program at SuPerVillainizer. This unique Web site creates and spams e-mails written in terrorist-speak that are designed to set off Switzerland's electronic surveillance system. Who would have thought a country of cheese-heads could come up with such a devious and brilliant idea? You can add to the computerized confusion by going to www.SuPerVillainizer.ch, creating a "villain" and telling it how often to e-mail other "villains." Tell 'em John Ashcroft sent ya.



Olsen Twins Countdown Update!

Mary-Kate and Ashley are not only hot as hell, but the twins are super-wealthy, with an estimated personal worth of \$76 million and an entertainment company worth an estimated \$1 billion! Are they marriage material or what? As of October 24, 2003, there are only 233 more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

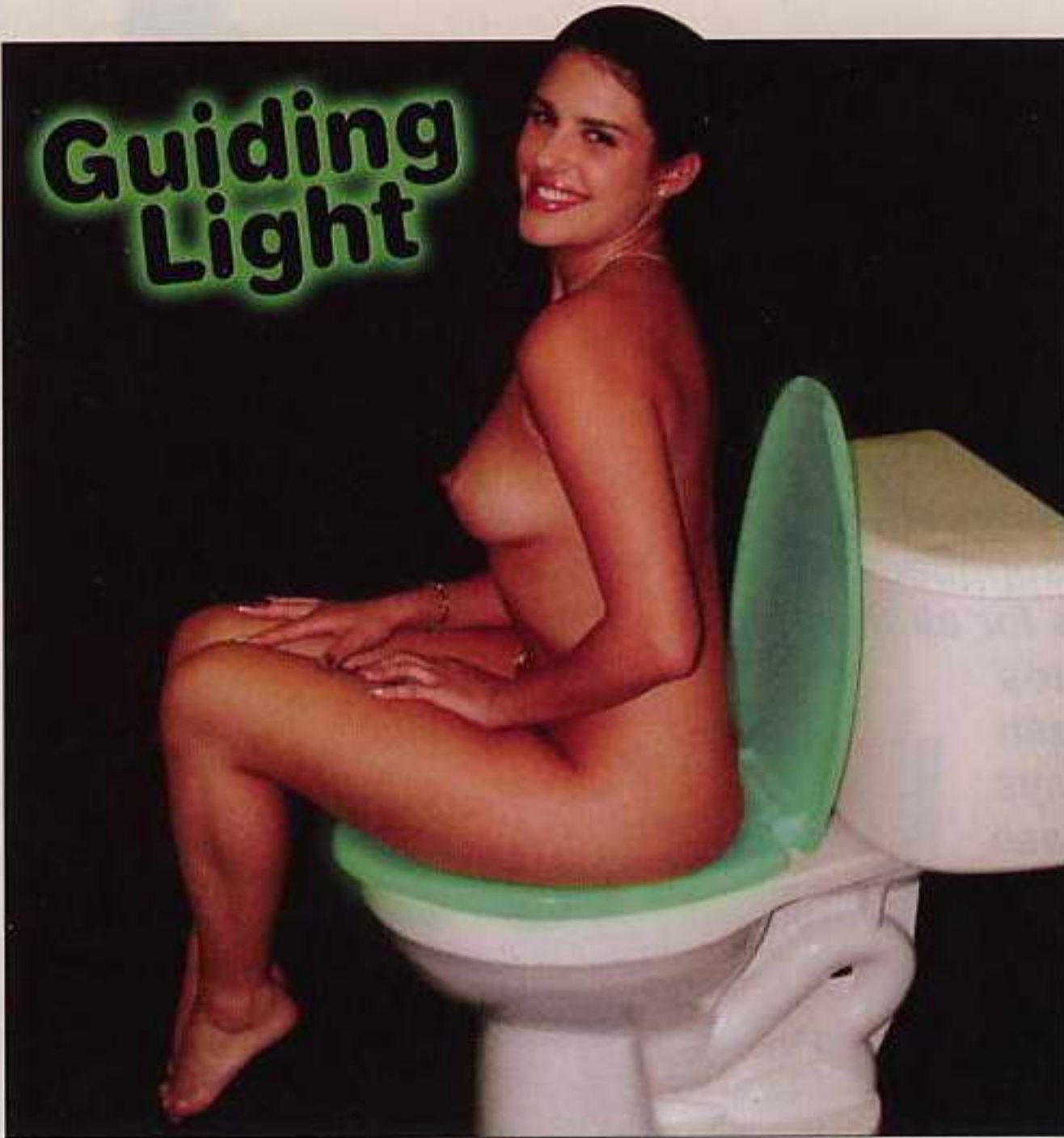


(Sex) Toys 'R' Not Us

In April, the regressive Alabama Legislature voted 37-28 not to lift a statewide ban on sex toys that had been passed in 1998. While it is still a crime for an adult to use a dildo, it is legal under Alabama law for kids to get married at age 14 with their parents' consent. Maybe it's time to start enforcing the incest laws in Alabama to cut down on the number of moronic legislators.

"Men's wives are usually their husbands' mental inferiors and spiritual superiors; this gives them double instruments of torture." —DON HEROLD

Guiding Light



The folks at Extreme Glow say the secret of their Go in the Dark toilet seats is that they are embedded with Strontium Aluminate and Europium powder. That stuff sounds like it might put another hole in your ass or shrivel your balls to the size of juju beans, but Extreme Glow claims that the "powder" is a nonradioactive phosphorescent pigment, whatever that is. The seats really do glow, and you'll be able to find the toilet at night, even if you end up having to pee out of a tube after using the thing for a few years. The seats come in two sizes: round for regular asses and elongated for fat asses. To order yours go to www.ExtremeGlow.com or call (888) 748-4755.

This is why lots of guys have two dogs, and not two wives.

1. The later you are, the more excited they are to see you.
2. Dogs will forgive you for playing with other dogs.
3. If a dog is gorgeous, other dogs don't hate it.
4. Dogs don't notice if you call them by another dog's name.
5. A dog's disposition stays the same all month long.
6. Dogs like it if you leave a lot of things on the floor.
7. A dog's parents never visit.
8. Dogs do not hate their bodies.
9. Dogs agree that you have to raise your voice to get your point across.
10. Dogs like to do their snooping outside rather than in your wallet or desk.
11. Dogs seldom outlive you.
12. Dogs can't talk.
13. Dogs enjoy petting in public.
14. You never have to wait for a dog; they're ready to go 24-hours a day.
15. Dogs find you amusing when you're drunk.
16. Dogs like to go hunting and fishing.
17. Another man will seldom steal your dog.
18. If you bring another dog home, your dog will happily play with both of you.
19. A dog will not wake you up at night to ask, "If I died would you get another dog?"
20. If you pretend to be blind, your dog can stay in your hotel room for free.
21. If a dog has babies, you can put an ad in the paper and give them away.
22. A dog will let you put a studded collar on it without calling you a pervert.

10 Least Popular Christmas Carols

1. "I Saw Daddy Marry Santa Claus"
2. "Michael the Red-Nosed Harris Had an 86-Proof Nose"
3. "Silent Night, Blackout Night"
4. "Oh, Ernie Eves, Oh, Ernie Eves, I Wish You'd Go by the Count Of Three"
5. "Influenza, Influenza, Influenza, Influenza"
6. "O Little Network CBC How Still We See Thee Lie"
7. "Frosty the Crackhead Had a Crack Pipe Full of Crack"
8. "I Have an Irregular Heartbeat Pa-Rum-Pum-Pum-Pum"
9. "Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells Tax 'em all to Hell"
10. "Good King Chrétien Stayed Too Long"

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



23. A dog won't hold out on you to get a new car.
24. If a dog smells another dog on you, they don't get mad, they just think it's interesting.
25. On a car trip, your dog never insists on running the heater.
26. Dogs don't let magazine articles guide their lives.
27. When your dog gets old, you can have it put to sleep.
28. Dogs like to ride in the back of a pickup truck.
29. Dogs are not allowed in Bloomingdale's or Neiman-Marcus.

And, last but not least:

30. If a dog leaves, it won't take half of your stuff.



Beaver Beautiful

I have been a HUSTLER fan for years. While I enjoy other magazines like Penthouse and Playboy, they are just no match for HUSTLER when it comes to pussy. HUSTLER never fails to deliver the pink or give me a raging hardon. While I enjoy your entire magazine, I have to admit I really love Beaver Hunt. Your monthly collection of amateur untouched muffs makes my mouth water. In your June 2003 issue you featured a girl, from Calgary, by the name of Galaxy. The sight of her wet naked body and lovely innocent smile gave me an instant woody. Is there any chance you could feature a full spread of this natural beauty? Thanks for such a great magazine!

- A.S.
Madawaska, NB

We definitely concur; Galaxy is truly out of this world. Her photo will be entered in the Beaver Hunt Contest and perhaps we'll be seeing more of her in the near future!

Lesbo Lover

I am a dyke disciple. Put plain and simple, I adore lesbians. I love watching women kiss each other, lick each other, and fuck each other with massive dildos. So, I just wanted to write and thank you guys for keeping me supplied with luscious labe lickers for all these years. Your photos of gorgeous gash gobblers are always fucking awesome. Case in point, Lay of the Land, Cameron Cruise and Trixi, (September 2003 issue). These two muff munchers were truly sweet and the very sight of them foraging through one another's fur forests was boner inducing. Keep up the supply of snatch sniffers and I'll always be your loyal reader!

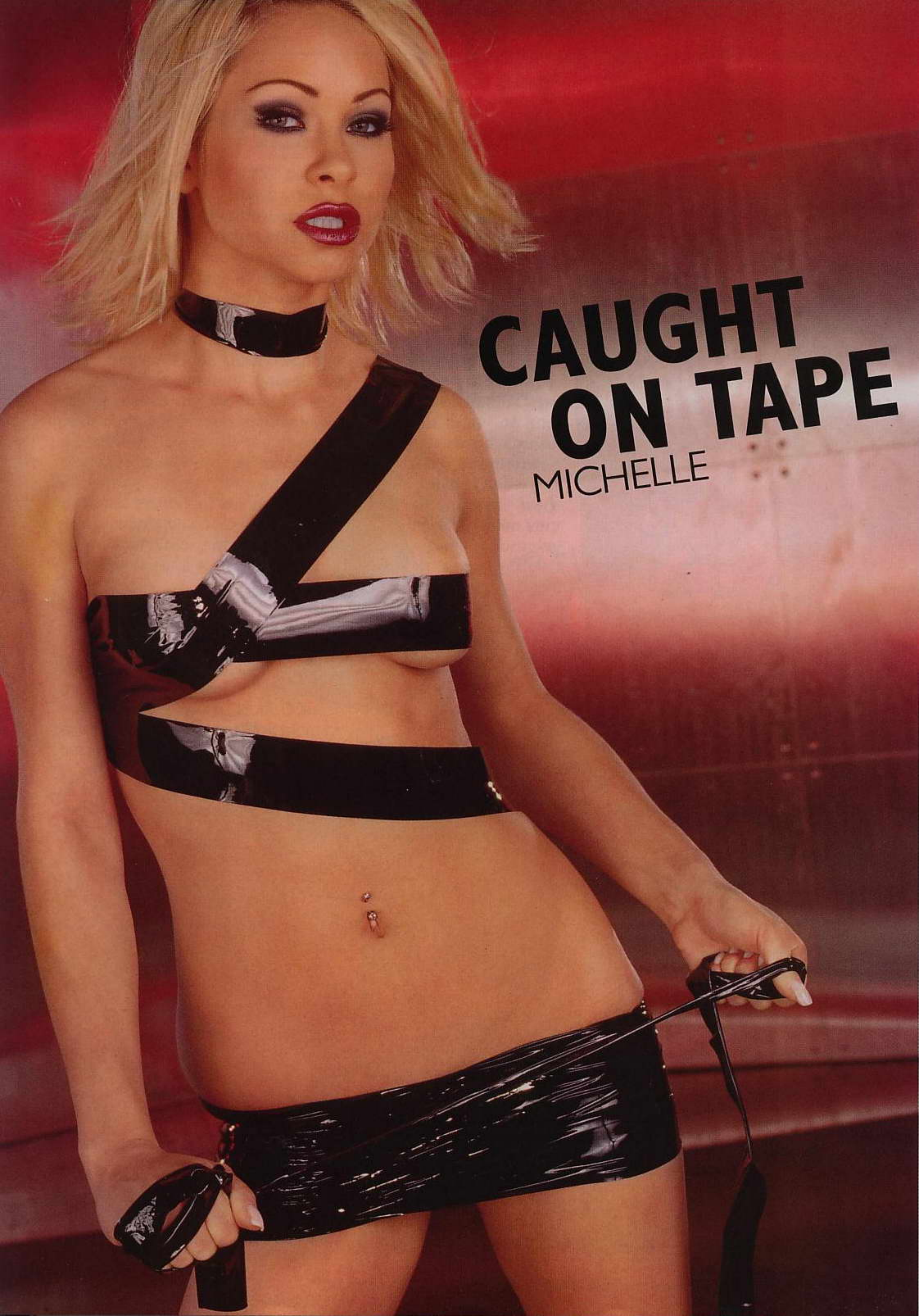
-L.D.
Moose Jaw, SK

HUSTLER has a long tradition of featuring luscious lesbos and will continue to uphold this fine custom of cooze nibblers.





"Are you almost through doing your Christmas cards yet?"

A full-page photograph of Michelle Wildgen. She is a blonde woman with dark eye makeup and red lipstick, looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a black, shiny latex outfit consisting of a choker, a strap across her chest, a waist band, and a skirt. She is holding the ends of the skirt's ties in her hands. The background is a blurred red wall.

CAUGHT ON TAPE

MICHELLE



Born in Riverside, California, Michelle says she wants to go into journalism, "but that might be a little bit controversial considering I do porn." Barely out of high school, the 19-year-old confides, "I've always had a thing for teachers. I like high-school teachers a lot! I like guys with degrees, who are intelligent, that I can hold a conversation with."





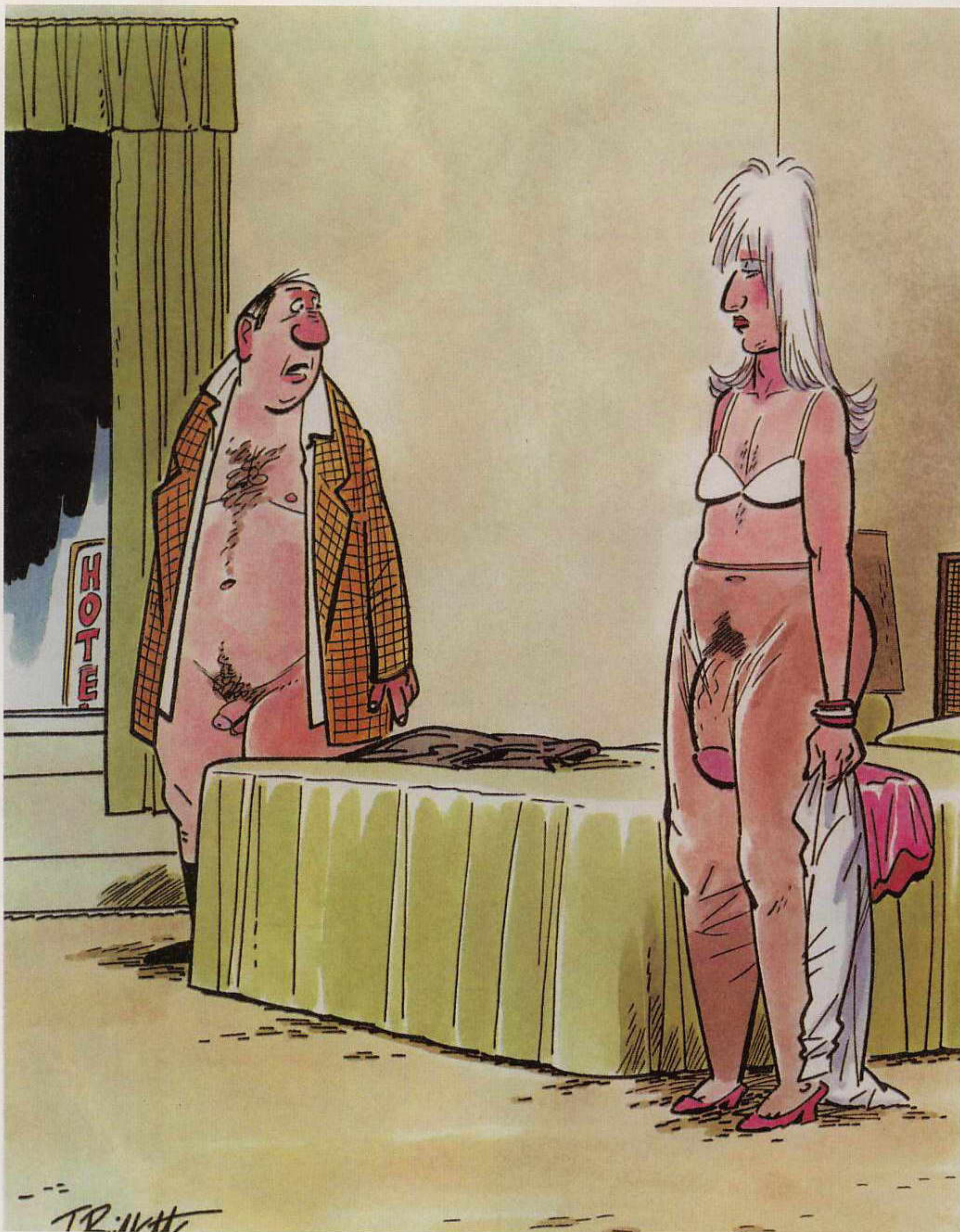




The academic groupie grins, "I like to stay home and read books and watch A&E. I like shows about old buildings. I'm really into old architecture." When she's not dreaming about high-school teachers and Frank Lloyd Wright, Michelle is lusting after Adam's apples. "I will sit there and play with it and touch it while the guy is talking, and it drives me nuts! I just want to bite it, like a real apple," she laughs. Something tells us that's not the only part of the male anatomy she likes to eat.







*"I'm not mad that you fooled me, Randi.
I'm upset that you are better hung than me!"*

Porn Puzzle

Holiday 2003

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 4.

2. 2.

4.

5.

3.

5.

6.

6.

3.

DOWN

1. Proper name for boner
2. Sleazy girl
3. Having some pussy
4. Vagina (SL.)
5. Overtly sexually aggressive man
6. Penis (SL.)

ACROSS

1. girl who can't get enough sex
2. breast (SL.)
3. Strip (SL.)
4. Woman who sleeps around (SL.)
5. Lone man
6. Lick ass (SL.)

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Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

MTV's Celebrity Deathmatch

Gotham Games
(GameCube/PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Perhaps the only video game that skewers the rich and marginally famous as well as HUSTLER's *Bits & Pieces* does, the playable incarnation of MTV's claymation gorefest offers Hollywood's castoffs in gruesome fights to the digital death. Playa haters can now gleefully commit acts of fatal cartoon violence on stars such as Anna Nicole Smith, Marilyn Manson, Dennis Rodman, *NSYNC and Ron Jeremy without being subjected to that pesky penal code.



Soul Calibur II

Namco
(GameCube/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

The original *Soul Calibur* was widely considered one of the best fighting games ever created. This sequel doesn't try to fix what ain't broke. Players continue to experience the thrill of thrashing opponents with more than 200 deadly weapons. The game is still as graphically dazzling and easy to play (yet difficult to master) as ever. But most importantly, the babes—originals and newcomers alike—remain painfully hot.



Rogue Ops

Kemco
(GameCube/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Revenge is a dish best served with pistols, dart guns, sniper rifles, grenades and mines. Ex-Green Beret Nikki Connors may look hot, but ever since her family was shattered by a terrorist's bomb, the babe has been a stone-cold killer. *Rogue Ops* pits the lovely but vengeful dame against Omega 19,

the world's most notorious terrorist organization. Using a combination of stealth, skill and good ol' American firepower, your job is to help Nikki even the score.



Alias

Acclaim
(PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

CIA agent Sydney Bristow, played on television by buff babe Jennifer Garner (who lends her voice and likeness to this



game), uses martial arts, spy gadgets and a sultry array of skintight outfits to battle members of the criminal organization SD-6. Anybody who puts in a fair amount of time gripping a controller knows that gamers spend 90% of their time looking at their character's backside. If you're gonna stare at an ass for 20 hours, it might as well be Garner's.

Starsky & Hutch

Gotham Games
(PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Back in the '70s, TV cops drove Gran Torinos, hung out with informants named Huggy Bear and ventilated criminals with .357 Magnums. This game isn't just a jive rerun, turkey; your driving and shooting skills trans-



late into "viewer" ratings. violent explosions and heavy-caliber street justice keep the virtual audience happy. Slow motion and O.J.-style pursuits earn low ratings and a big, fat "Game Over."



JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH **JENNA JAMESON**

Hey, guys! I'm back with some wonderful news. I just returned from New York, where I taped the *All Access: Getting Naked* program for VH1. I was asked to comment on celebrity nudity along with several pop-culture gurus from magazines all over the country. I love dishing about

Thanks, Specialist Zuniga. I'm so flattered that all of the boys out there are using my image as motivation! All of us back here want you to return home safely. Your dedication and bravery are nothing short of awe-inspiring. Bless you and all of the soldiers of the 82nd Airborne!

If there's anything you'd like to see in the next installment of my column, don't



other celebrities. I talked about how disgusted I was by that anal-wax pictorial of Courtney Love in the British magazine *Q*, as well as how sexy I think Liz Hurley is. She really should be naked as much as possible! During the taping, I was so overcome by a clip of Matthew McConaughey playing the bongos that I actually flashed my breast at the monitor. He's just so delicious!

I also just released a new product on the market. It's called Jenna's Hot Trimmer, and it's a hair clipper that I personally developed so that women can create their own pubic hair designs! With the holidays approaching, this would make a great gift for that special someone, guys. This trimmer actually has patterns so that your gal can create designs like a heart, lightning bolt, check mark and my own signature V, along with several other shapes.

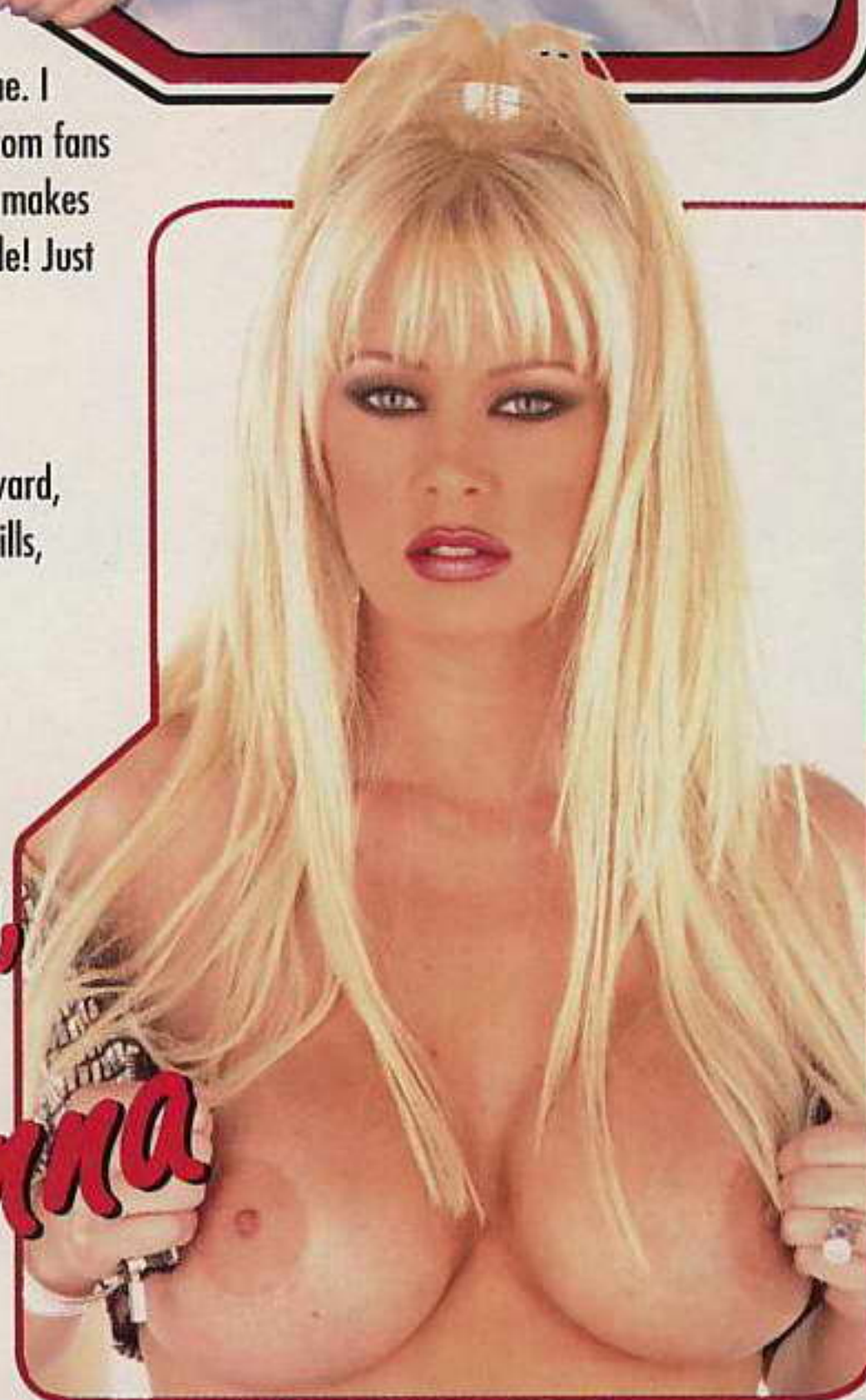
As always, I thank you all so much for taking the time out to write to me. My mailbag was about to burst this month. Here's one letter from one of our fearless soldiers in Iraq. Specialist Zuniga from the front lines in Baghdad writes, "As a hard-dick paratrooper of the 82nd Airborne, I would like to say thank you on behalf of the rest of my fellow soldiers currently deployed in Iraq. Since we are not allowed to have porn here, having some of your pictures and a copy of the July issue of *HUSTLER* is as precious as water! The picture of you on all fours with a transparent dildo in your beautiful pussy is breathtaking. Brave women like yourself in the adult industry need to know that defending your right to express yourself sexually motivates us to fight even harder to restore democracy. We have seen some really beautiful ladies here, but because they are unable to express themselves, they go through life feeling ashamed of their bodies."

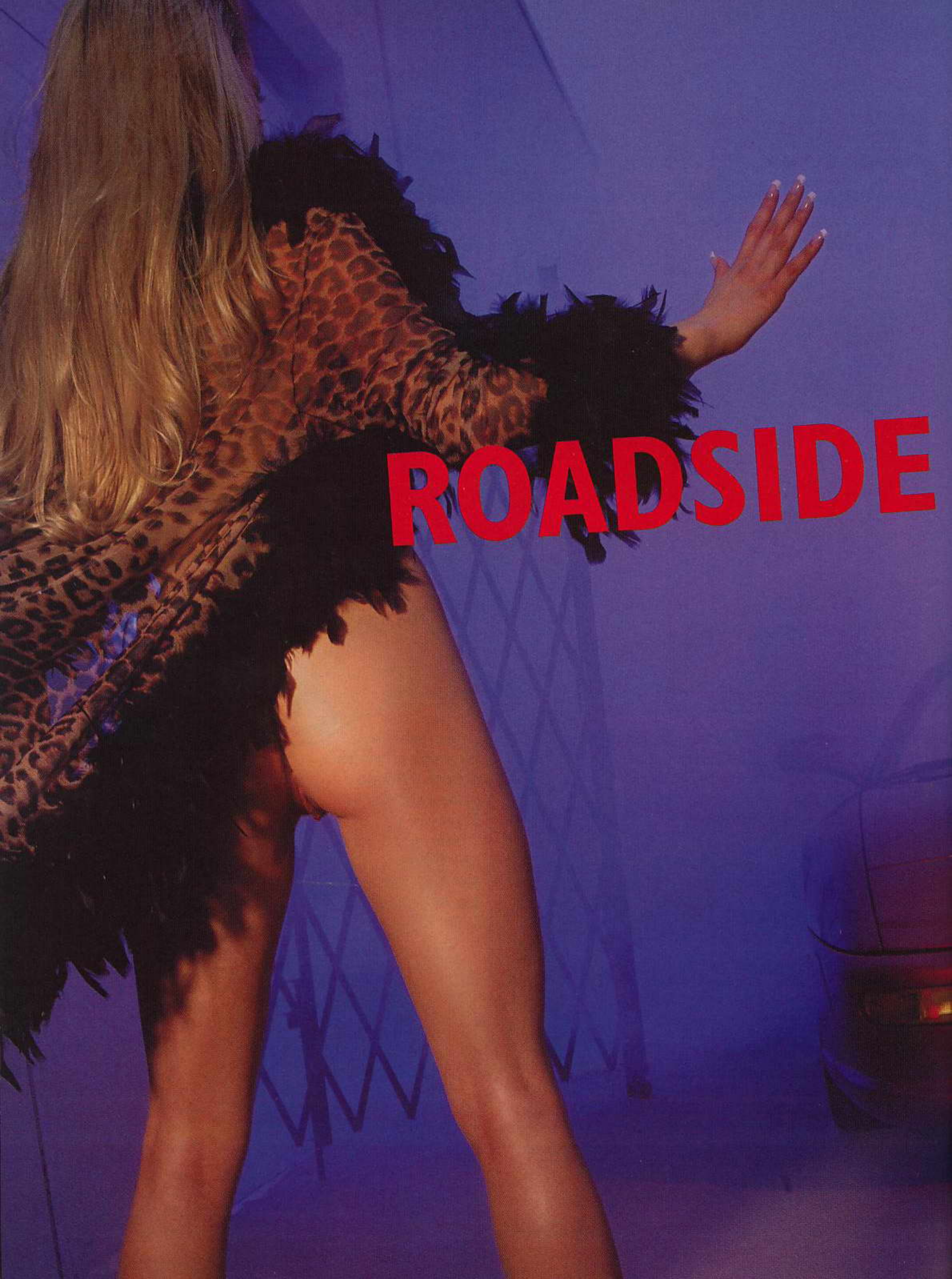
hesitate to write to me. I love getting letters from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales, c/o
HUSTLER Magazine,
8484 Wilshire Boulevard,
Suite 900, Beverly Hills,
CA 90211.

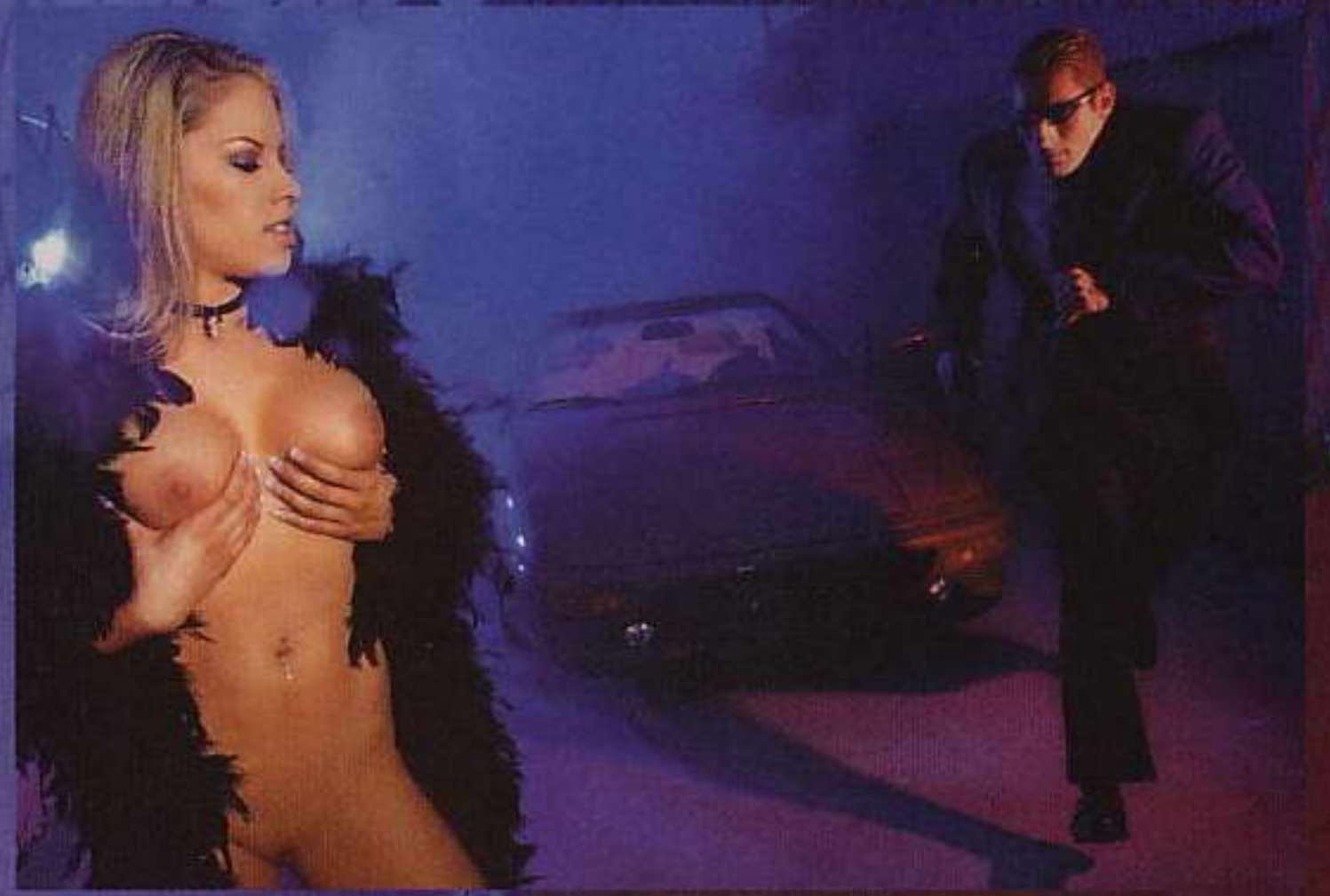
See you soon!

*XoXo,
Jenna*





ROADSIDE



ASS-ISTANCE

SHAWNIE AND JOHN



Shawnie ended the worst date of her life by telling her would-be suitor from hell to let her out of the car. As the fog thickened on her long walk home, the stranded lovely decided to flag down the next passing car. Fortunately for her, John happened to drive by in his convertible.

Shawnie eyed him warily, hoping his flashy car wasn't over-compensation for a small tool. She would not be disappointed; the well-hung Samaritan drove Shawnie back to her place, where he gave her the ride of her life.

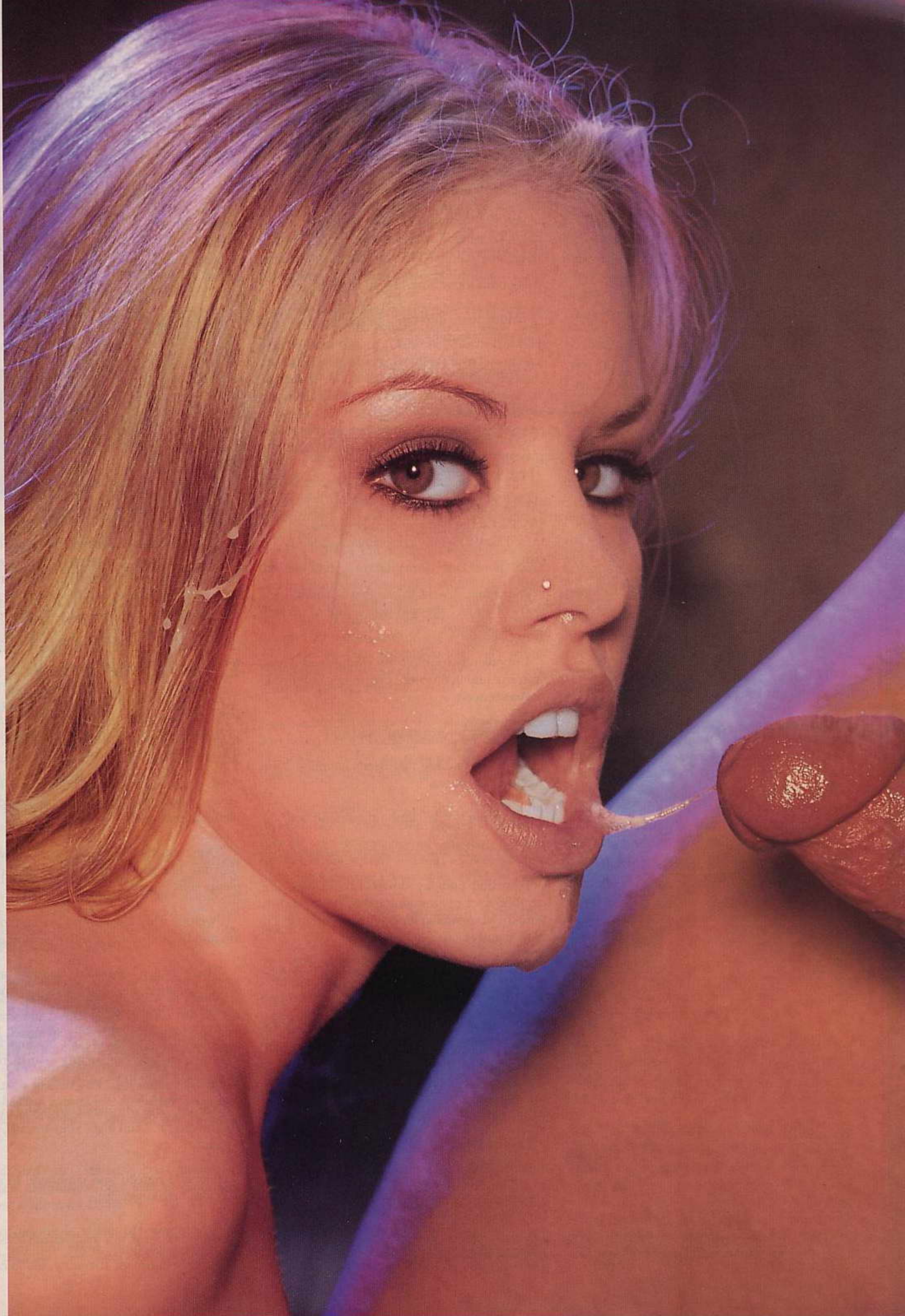












Finding love the hard way with *Dames of Dom*

They're a new breed of women – strong, bold, dominant and very horny. They tease you, they fuck you and they own you. What's even more bizarre are the men who love them and desire to be their property. Read all about the sensuous and incredibly sexy "Dames of Dom"—you'll never be the same!

"It was in the cold of December back in 1997 when I first discovered my "dark side", as I now call it. My relatives had left after the Christmas holidays and I had a few days to myself before having to go back to work. One evening I was surfing the net, looking at porn sites when I came across the classified ads. I remember how it read, as though it were yesterday.

"Mistress Marilyn will train you. Call 426 4XXX." The ad was simple and to the point. With a slightly shaky hand I picked up the phone and dialed the number. A subdued alto voice answered.

"Yes?"

"H-hello," I said with hesitation, "I am responding to your ad.

"Yes," the voice repeated.

"I would like to meet you".

"Do you think you are worthy?"

"I-I'm not sure, but I think so."

"Very well then," she agreed. The dark mistress gave me an address, told me to be there in one hour and promptly hung up. I took a quick shower, got dressed and hopped in my car. I was expecting to go to some dingy rundown house on the edge of town, but was surprised to find my mistress's home in a rather nice, if not upscale, suburban neighbourhood in West Vancouver.

I quickly made my way up the stairs and rang the doorbell. A moment later the door swung open and a tall, stunningly beautiful dark haired woman stood before me.

"Hello," I began, "I'm..." But before I had a chance to finish my sentence she interrupted me.

"Please, let's forego the small talk. Come in and we'll get down to business."

I stepped inside, closing the door behind me, and immediately she took me by the hand.

"Come with me boy-toy," she said with authority, "I'm going to show you what a real woman is and how to please her."

"Sounds interesting," I said shyly.

"More than interesting, enlightening!" she said enthusiastically.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To my special place."

My mistress led me downstairs to her playroom, which was dark and cozy. There was a large king-size bed.

"Make yourself comfortable," she said. I looked at the bed and then at my mistress. I could feel my cock stiffen inside my pants.

"Strip first, I want to see that beautiful hard body of yours," she said with a hint of playfulness in her voice.

I obediently took off my clothes and stood, with my jutting erection, before her in humble acquiescence.

She looked down at my rigid knob.

"Mmm, I can see that needs attention," she giggled. "Lie down."

I began to slowly climb up onto the bed.

"Hurry," she said with horny anticipation.

I hurried and lay down. Like a pro, she climbed over my awaiting naked body. By this time my cock was so fucking hard I thought I'd blow a gasket.

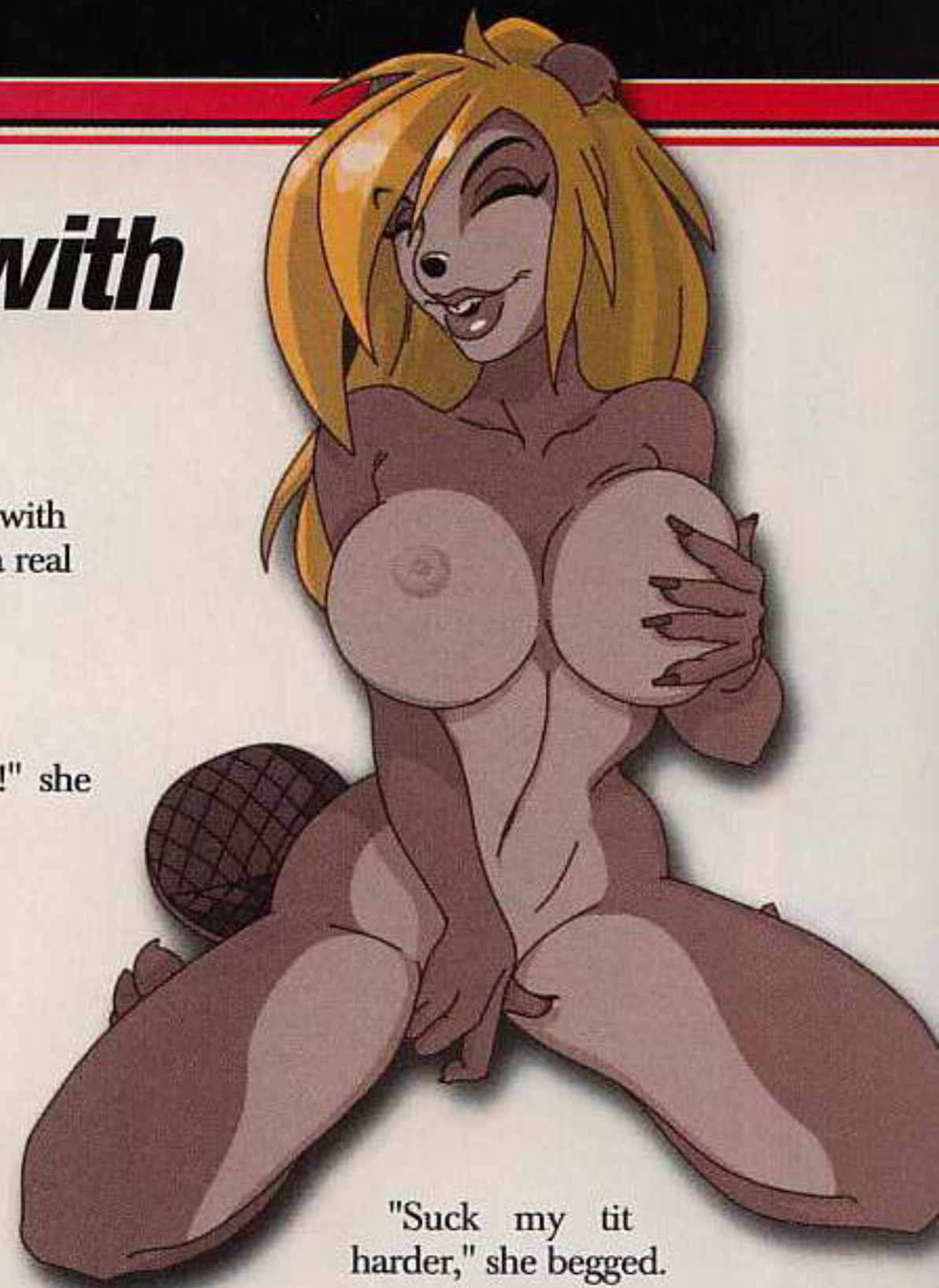
"We're going to have to take care of the problem right away," she said teasingly.

She began to gently massage my balls until my dick was begging for relief.

"Now my sweet boy-toy, I'm going to teach you how to use that little tongue of yours to really please a woman.

"Yes mistress," I replied meekly.

Then the mistress pulled down her tight black leather corset and the most gigantic pair of boobs popped out. Without another word she stuffed one of the gargantuan orbs in my mouth and I began to suckle on it like a helpless baby. It was fucking exquisite.



"Suck my tit harder," she begged.

I did as she asked and began to gnaw on her tough nibs. She tenderly took me by the hair and pushed her tit into my face, almost suffocating me. After several minutes she pulled the massive mam from my mouth and climbed up on the table. She slid her crotch up to my face. I looked at her shaved quim, which glistened with her magical mung.

"Eat my cunt you horny sweet thing, eat my cunt real good and if you make me come I promise you can sink that hard cock of yours into my juicy wet pussy."

My tongue darted out and began to swirl around her large clitoris. Her cunt tasted musty with a hint of pee.

"Don't eat me like a girly boy," she shouted. "Eat me like the man you are, suck my clit, please suck it hard!"

I wrapped my lips around her taut love button and began to suck it with everything I had.

"That's better," she said, holding onto my head on either side, "suck that clit, suck that fucking clit you beautiful cunt eater!"

As I put a lip lock on her luscious labes, I managed to free one of my hands, reached down and began to jack off.

"Not yet," she whispered, grabbing my hand and holding it. "You'll get your reward, just be patient."

"Okay," I agreed and continued to eat her delicious fuzzburger out.

As I continued to eat her, she began to pump her ever-moistening cunny into my face. I could taste more of the salty slit juice as it



dripped on my mouth and over my face. Her movements began to quicken. She held onto the sides of my head again and started to really grind her pelvis into my mouth.

"Suck it baby, suck my cunt, suck my fuckin...owwwwwweeeeeeee," she screamed at the top of her lungs as a spurt of slit sap gushed over my face. I lapped up as much as I could. I had never seen a woman ejaculate like this and it totally turned me on. By now my cock was aching and begging for relief. Once my mistress was finished fucking my face, she moved her pelvis down until the tip of my rock hard wog touched the outer part of her juicy love lemon.

"Would you like to stick that inside me?" she teased.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Are you sure?" she teased.

"Yes please mistress, I want to put my cock inside you."

"Then ask me properly," she taunted me.

"Mistress Marilyn," I began, "would you condescend to allow me to humbly place my big fat hard cock inside your glorious love tunnel?"

"That's better," she said with a subdued voice. Then, without warning, she dropped her ass over me and swallowed up my swollen member. Her slit bit was warm wet and ever so juicy. It felt incredible. I could no longer contain my pleasure and moments later I was emptying gobs and gobs of ball butter inside her guts.

"Mmm, I can feel your cum spurting inside me, it feels so good.

Once my training session was over, Mistress Marilyn instructed me to return the following week, which I did. I have now been receiving training for almost two years and I still have things to learn. But I am determined that, one day, I will become a great lover!"

Joey, from Toronto is one of the many young Canadian men who are addicted to domineering women or Doms. Whether it's a roll with a forceful female or all out BDSM, guys like Joey are totally infatuated with women who take control of the situation. It is estimated that 10 to 15% of men in their late teens and early 20s get off on having a mistress, like Marilyn, teach them the finer points of servitude and pleasing women.

Dr. Edward de Monstrey, a prominent Canadian psychologist explains the Canadian male love affair with Doms.

"In today's society there are many expectations and stresses for men. They are expected to be

breadwinners, good parents, good lovers, good partners, successful, tough and resilient. The old saying, "real men don't cry" is no less valid than it was 30 years ago; the only difference is that men of the new millennium often feel they cannot surrender the reigns of control for fear of being seen as weak. Doms allow this kind of man to act out his need to surrender, to be dominated and to abdicate power to someone else – usually a strong female. It is a form of emotional refinement, relaxation and rejuvenation."

And there's no telling what length they'll go to in order to learn their lessons in humiliation. Take Martin from Calgary, Alberta. Martin is a very successful executive in the oil industry. He makes important decisions, every day, which involve, literally, billions of dollars and affect thousands of people. To blow off a bit of steam Martin is involved in an interesting, if not somewhat peculiar, relationship.

"I first met Carla at a private fetish club in downtown Calgary. I had been looking for an outlet to my physical and sexual frustration. I had tried a few things, which even included cruising whores, but nothing seemed to scratch the itch. That is, nothing until I met Carla. Carla entered the seedy club with several of her "man servants" following her. It was a kinky entourage of middle-aged men, like myself, dressed in butler costumes, complete with white gloves. They catered to her every whim and at that very moment I knew, I too, wanted to be her personal butler.

I cautiously approached the tall large woman and asked her if I could become her butler too. She looked at me suspiciously, plumped my butt a couple times and grabbed my face.

"I'm not usually in the habit of taking on novices, but if you promise to serve me well I may be willing to train you." She then handed me her business card and told me to be at her place the following Friday at 7:00 PM."

"Don't be late or else," she said in a warning voice.

The following Friday night I arrived at her house promptly and was ushered in. When the door opened she was flanked by two of her other butlers.

"This is Mr. French and Mr. Sohm," she said, as the two butlers bowed. "They will take you downstairs, dress you with the appropriate uniform and then bring you back to the drawing room. I will then give you your first lesson in butler etiquette."

I'll never forget the first time I put on my butler outfit. I could barely hide the boner from beneath the black flannel pants. After I was dressed my fellow butlers fixed my hair by slicking it back with jell. Never before had I felt such excitement. When I got upstairs Mistress

Carla was waiting for me in the salon. Across from her was a silver tea service.

"Now the first thing you must learn is to how to serve you mistress. Bring me a nice cup of warm tea, now!"

I went over, poured some tea into the fine antique bone china and brought it to her. When I arrived in front of her the erection under my pants almost poked her in the eye.

"You horny little bugger," she laughed as I handed her the cup of tea. "I can't have you walking around here like that. Unzip your fly right now!"

I did as I was told, unzipped my fly and pulled out my massive hardon.

"Well, well," she said as she grasped my stiffy, "I guess we'll have to take care of that before we continue our session."

In one fell swoop she began to gobble my knob with such a knowing expertise that I thought I would faint on the spot. I've had many blowjobs in my life, but nothing could compare with the way Mistress Carla smoked dick. Her fat succulent lips glided effortlessly up and down the entire length of my shaft, sending the most pleasurable sensations throughout my entire body.

"Oh Mistress Carla," I cooed, "please, please may I come."

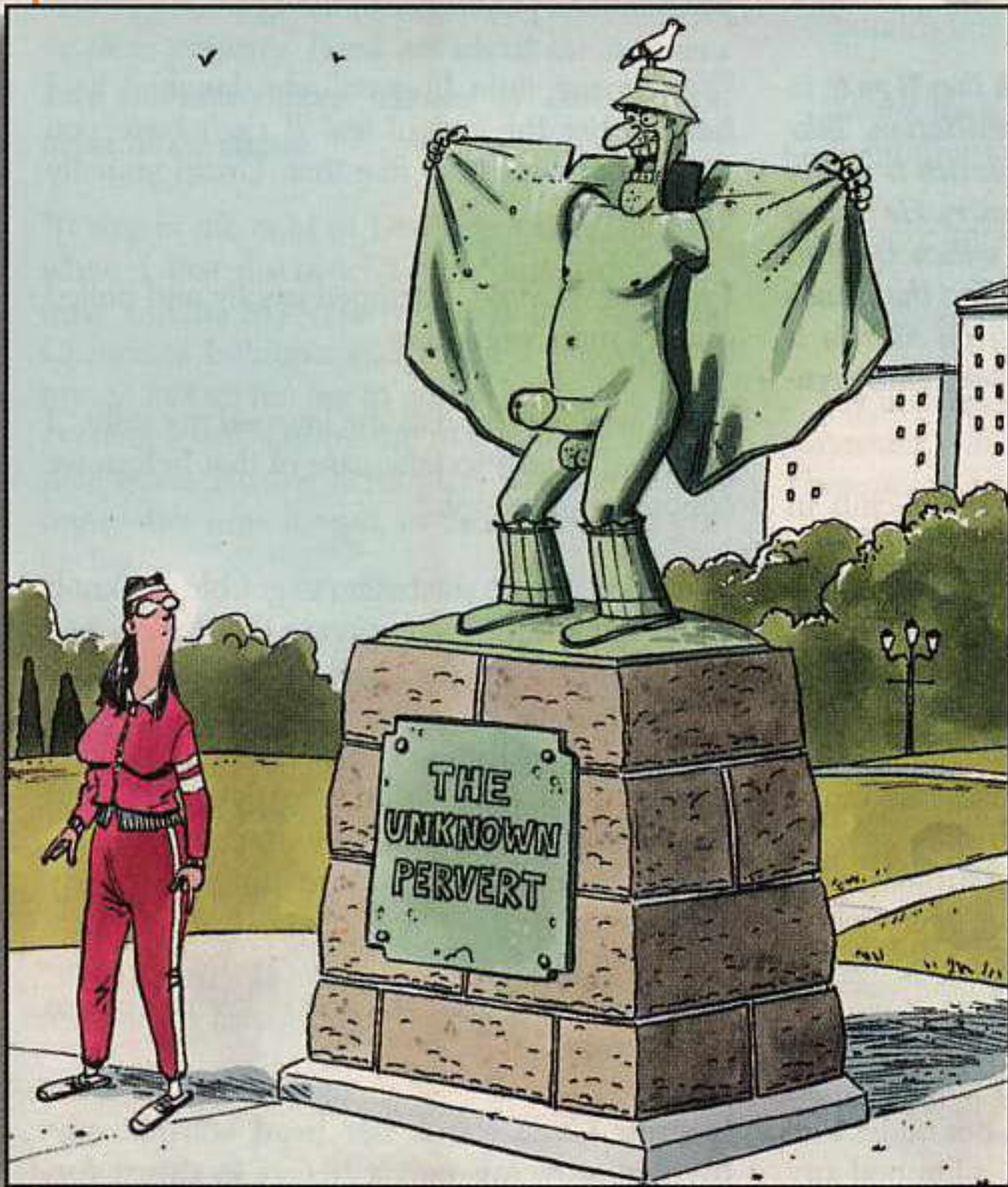
Mistress Carla shook her head affirmatively. Involuntarily my pelvis began to thrust forward, and I started to fuck her face with vigor. My cock easily slid down her knob-gobbling throat until my balls slapped up against her well-defined square chin. As I fucked her face the feeling of the crisp crinoline made a crunching sound. I loved the feeling and within moments I was spewing out blobs of ball batter down her cum hungry throat.

After that we began our training session. I've now been serving Mistress Carla for 3 years. When I perform well she rewards me by sucking me off, and when I perform outstanding she has, from time to time, honoured me by letting me eat her delicious cunt."

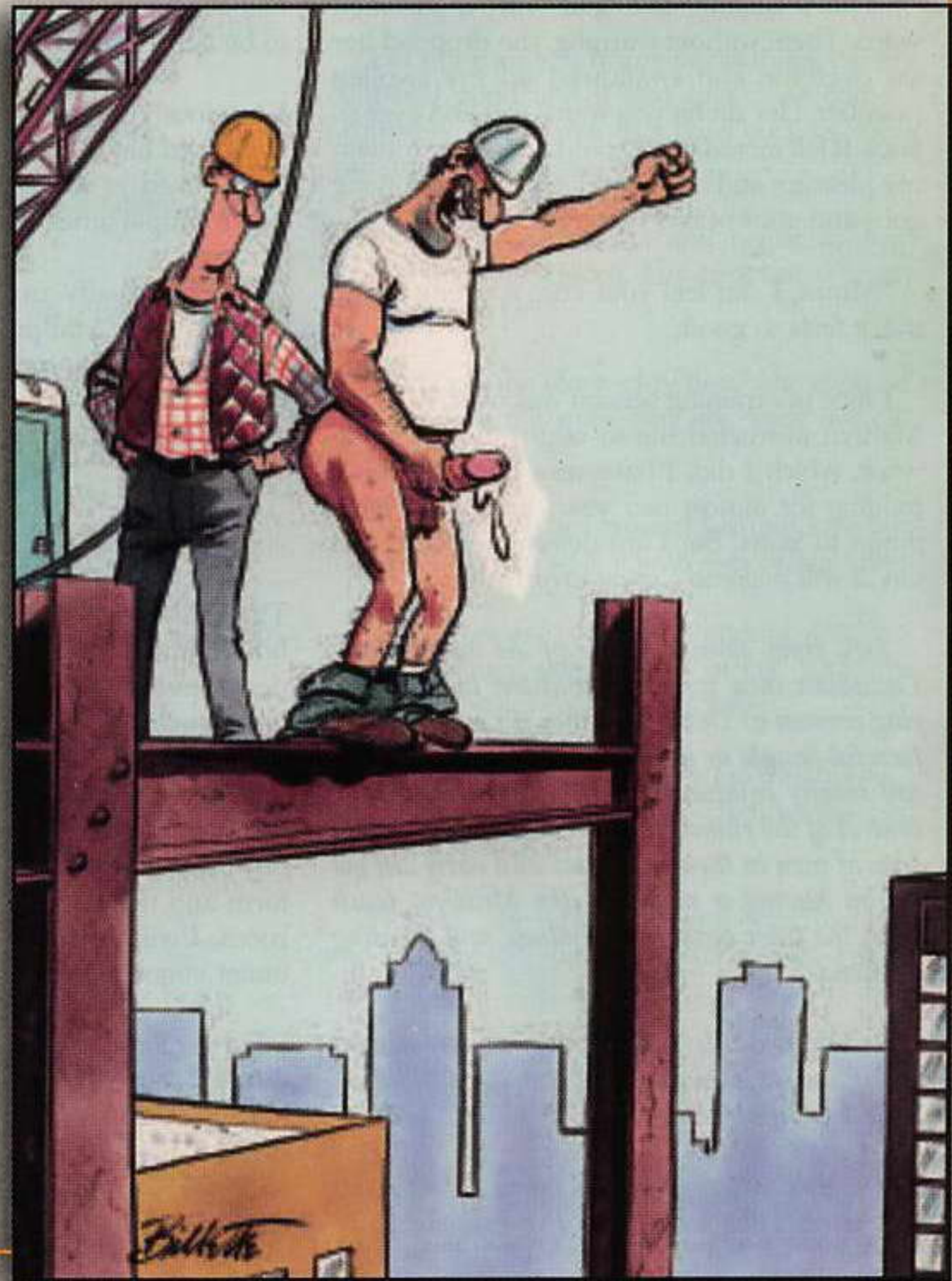
There are many people who would question the sanity of any man who likes to be sexually dominated. But are these men, in fact, perverted or sick? Dr. de Monstrey says no and explains why.

"Most men who enjoy sexual domination are, for all intensive purposes, just as normal as you or I. This type of sexual play is just but one of many variations of human sexuality. It is neither good nor bad, but simply an integral part of the human sexual landscape. As long as there are limitations and boundaries, domination can be a fulfilling and gratifying form of sexual play and release."

HUSTLER[®] CLASSIC CARTOONS

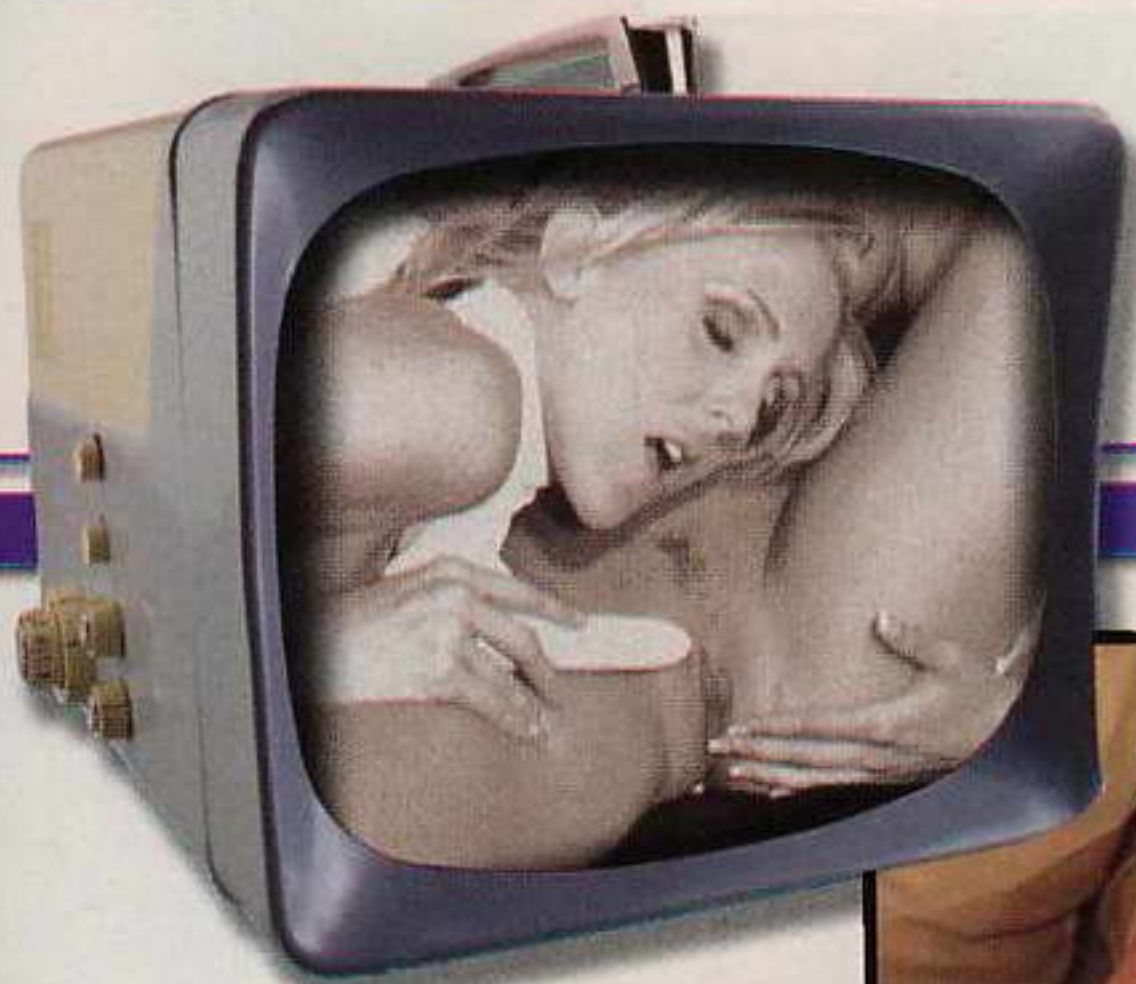


"You know I hate it when you eat crackers in bed."



EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**



Grand Theft Anal:
Jessica Darlin gets a
poke from Mr. Clean.



Grand Theft Anal

Directed by Wendi Knight

Starring Hannah Harper,
Jessica Darlin, Alicia Rhodes,
Anna Nova, Mandi Bright,
Rio Mariah, Mark Davis,
Ben English, Mark Wood, Dick Delaware and
Steve Holmes.

Videocassette: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

Grand Theft Anal is a pun of the cool video game series *Grand Theft Auto*, but the title is also a fitting description as one colon stuffer after another does everything in her power to steal back the coveted ass-queen tiara. Jessica Darlin sets the bar as a delectable blond cocktease who can't wipe the smile off her face as her crap hatch is reamed from every angle. She obviously loves the taste of her own sphincter too, as numerous ass-to-mouth blowjobs are given during position changes. Alicia Rhodes matches Jessica in the amiable-blonde department and ups the ante with her massive, natural rack. Bombshell Anna Nova can only hope to top that by running her poor brown starfish through the gauntlet. In the end, sizzling-hot Hannah Harper comes from behind to win the *Grand Theft Anal* crown with an ass blast so nasty you'll need to wipe up afterward.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio



Grand Theft Anal:
Hannah Harper: "I'm
so relaxed I could just
sit here all day."

Grand Theft Anal:
Jessica Darlin:
"No Holland
Tunnel references
please."



Thomas Zupko

The Thinking Man's Pornographer

Inquiring smut fans have long been plagued by the question: Is Thomas Zupko a genius or a madman? The infamous porn director—who's peppered his oeuvre with such poignant images as the Statue of Liberty getting gang-banged by presidents Reagan, Bush Sr. and Dubya—took a few minutes between shooting scenes for his soon-to-be-released epic, *Opera*, to chat with HUSTLER and hopefully provide some answers.

HUSTLER: What's *Opera* all about?

ZUPKO: It's the story of a heroin addict who had great potential and, because of everything that happened in his life, never achieved what he could have accomplished. It's almost like a Fellini film.

HUSTLER: How does the action flow?

ZUPKO: *Opera* takes place in five acts: Spring, Summer, Winter, Fall and Hell, with the opera scenes symbolizing different periods in his life. We actually found a legitimate opera singer to sing on camera. The whole film is in Italian with English subtitles.

HUSTLER: What was it like working with the late '90s anal queen Papillion now that she's come out of retirement?

ZUPKO: I can't thank her enough. She designed all of the costumes. She wouldn't take work from any other company and just put her heart and soul into this film.

HUSTLER: What is your opinion on the state of the industry?

ZUPKO: When I left Extreme [Associates], I took three months off; I sat in my room and watched Nicholas Roeg movies and read Dostoevsky again, and decided if I wanted to remain in pornography. As far as I'm concerned, it's not about whose movie is good or bad. We, as an industry, need to come together and celebrate this beauty of the expression of sex.

HUSTLER: What is your reaction to the claim that you have revolutionized porn? What sets your work apart from the rest?

ZUPKO: I really believe that pornography can be more than just something that you jack off to and throw away. Oddly enough, *In the Days of Whore* [a porn period piece that featured, among other carnal atrocities, sex with lepers] is taught in a film school in Northern California. If I've made any mark, it's because I believe [porn is] a valid form of artistic expression.

HUSTLER: Where does your inspiration come from?

ZUPKO: I try to reflect what I see, whether it's something that's very violent or very beautiful. I am nothing but a mirror that reflects human-

ity with sex carrying the message through.

HUSTLER: Is there a particular concept that you've been dying to put on film?

ZUPKO: I've just done it. I can never top this. It's my masterpiece, my coup de grâce. If I had any balls, I would go out to the desert with a shotgun and blow my brains out.



Strap-On Sally #21:
Pantera does her best
Bettie Page impression.



The Visitor:
Julie Night:
"I haven't felt
this flexible
since junior
high gymnastics
class."



Strap-On Sally #21:
Lessa Lust gives Nikki's
new boots a tongue bath.



**Secret Suburban
Sex Parties:**
Dalny, Envy and
Jasmine don't
mind if you look
down on them.



The Visitor: Ashley Moore
proudly displays her new
French manicure.



Secret Suburban Sex Parties: Anna and Britney know that, in a pinch, a dental drill will do.



Fast Times at Deep Crack High #9: Melanie Jagger: "So, did I make the cheerleading squad?"



Fast Times at Deep Crack High #9: Avy Scott and Judy Star rehearse for the halftime show.

Strap-On Sally #21: Gina's Diary



Directed by Jim Gunn.
Starring Gina Lynn, Lessa Lust, Nikki Benz, Atlanta, K.C. Lane, Pantera, Kristina Adams and Camilla Winford.
Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Gina Lynn is the eye at the center of a lesbian storm in *Strap-On Sally #21: Gina's Diary*. The legendary porn star surrounds herself with the hottest snatches imaginable. Instead of serving up a typical limp-wristed lickfest, Gina and company vigorously work each other over as if they were starring in a distaff version of *Oz*. Gina and fresh-faced fox Lessa Lust kick things off. After warming up with a steamy muff dive, Gina dons a giant strap-on, which Lessa instantly wraps her lips around. The ersatz schlong creates more than just a stunning visual—Gina uses it to mercilessly drill Lessa from behind. Stunning fuck angels get to play rough without some mook's butt crack or dangling ball sac ruining the shot. An ensemble cast of impeccable honeys grind on each other in couples as well as in a massive, six-girl grand finale. No pop-shots? No problem. *Strap-On Sally #21* inspires you to provide your own.

—J.P.

The Visitor

Directed by Eli Cross.
Starring Elizabeth Del Mar, Holly Hollywood, Ashley Moore, Julie Night, Jasmine Lynn, Flick Shagwell, Joey Ray, Steven French, Steve Holmes, Byron Long and Steve Hatcher.
DVD: Elegant Angel.

The Visitor can best be described as "quasi-sci-fi porn noir," though it can best be filed in your trash bin. This overly ambitious film stars raven-haired fuck slut Flick Shagwell, assuming the role of an alien whose penetrating gaze somehow forces people to fuck one another. During her meanderings, Shagwell discovers gag goddess Julie Night devouring black and white man-muscle simultaneously. Night also gets her well-worn crap hatch stuffed with the monstrous tool of one of her suitors while the other mook slams into her waiting mouth. In the final scene, the "girl who fell to earth" participates in a steamy threeway with Jasmine Lynn and Steve Hatcher, but by then it's too late. The lack of white-hot sex throughout makes it especially difficult to ignore the video's overstylized pretensions. Halfway through, *The Visitor* wears out its welcome and will have raincoaters staring as vacuously at the screen as Shagwell's alien persona.

—Stewart Wallace

Fast Times at Deep Crack High #9



Directed by Stoney Curtis.
Starring Avy Scott, Judy Star, Jasmine Lynn, Melanie Jagger, Steffy, Bev Cocks, John West, Sledge Hammer, Aussie, Brett Rockman and Mark Ashley.
DVD: Celestial Productions.

Fast Times at Deep Crack High #9 tears out of the starting gate with a pair of hot-to-trot blond cheerleaders. Petite cum slut Judy Star and bra-busting Amazon Avy Scott lezz out in the girls' locker room in front of a lucky prick who has the privilege of joining in. Judy's not just a fine piece of ass, she's also an insatiable nympho who grunts with pleasure as her pussy and fudge pipe are hammered. Brunet babe Melanie Jagger, also dressed as a cheerleader, endlessly shifts cock from her ass to her mouth and back again fast enough to leave skidmarks during her sausagefest threeway. Jasmine Lynn is a cute-faced hardbody with A-cup hooters and coat hooks for nipples. She deep-throats a bent blue-veiner and goes to the hole for half an hour, showing the kind of spirit that keeps *Fast Times at Deep Crack High #9* fudge-packed with schoolgirl thrills.

—J.P.

Secret Suburban Sex Parties



Directed by Nick Orleans.
Starring Krystal, Ashley Moore, Anna Mills, Sapphire Rae, Koko, Adara Star, Cherokee, Honey, Olivia Saint, Britney Foster, Envy Mii, Stefany Mays, Dalny Magda, Jasmine Lynn, Ann Marie, Justine Romee, Alana Evans, Rebecca Starr, Cindy Crawford, Melanie Jagger, Max Steel, Pat Myne, Tyler Wood and Steve St. Croix.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

Ever wonder what goes on behind closed doors in the utopian hinterland? Told through a series of intertwined vignettes, *Secret Suburban Sex Parties* confirms that wives are swapping husbands, not bundt cake recipes. At a birthday party, Anna Mills, a sexy bespectacled blonde, issues a request that her best friend fuck her hubby. Sapphire Rae willingly obliges, taking Max Steel's dipstick balls-deep down her gullet before surrendering her honeypot. The rest of the party-goers play hide the metacarpals, fingering each other to a frothy bliss. The teenage daughters are no different than their parents. In her bedroom, high-pitched hussy Honey has a lingerie party for her girlfriends that culminates in a zipper-busting orgy complete with toys. *Secret Suburban Sex Parties* gives new meaning to the term "neighborhood watch."

—S.W.



Sold:
Nicole Sheridan has an
unorthodox dusting
technique.



Erotica XXX:
Those contortionist classes
have really paid off for Taylor.



Sold:
Water conservation has never
been a concern for Kody.

Erotica XXX

Directed by Tyrone Shuz.

Starring Taylor Rain, Sabrina Maul, Mandi Bright, Malorie Marx, Sabrina Snow, Nacho Vidal, Ben English and Mark Ashley.

Videocassette: New Sensations.

Erotica XXX tries to mix couples-friendly erotica with foot-on-the-throat filth, but the concoction blows up in its face. On the plus side, stunning brunette Taylor Rain heads up a strokeworthy cast that also includes smoking-hot blond newcomer Sabrina Snow. Taylor is slowly face-fucked by Nacho Vidal until she spits up sputum, after which she rims Vidal's ass and gets fucked with her head stuck under the couch. A scarf-like strap binds her hands and feet as Nacho pounds her snatch and stretches out her shit ring with a dildo before taking a poke with his own prong. Cutie-pie Sabrina tackles a huge cock, which she can only swallow down halfway. She's poked in the coochie through the bars of an open-back chair and shows off her sweet ass while screwing doggy-style. Bad lighting obscures a lot of the sex, and the half-assed domination of *Erotica XXX* is just enough to disturb sissies and disappoint bullies.

—J.P.

Sold

Directed by Chi Chi LaRue.

Starring Kody, Holly Halston, August, Nicole Sheridan, Lola, Christi Lake, Lee Stone, Voodoo, Steven French, Randy Spears and Troy Halston.

Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Sold is the rare Vivid video that's nearly plot-free, devoting most of its time to megawatt tramps in action. Kody is a compact sex bomb so tiny that Lee Stone has no problem hoisting her up in the air to eat her out and ride her in the shower. August, a spicy Latina, is in ecstasy as raven-tressed Lola chows her mound. Before they lock into a 69, some guy disturbingly walks in and jerks off until they finish. Kody pops up again for a three-way with Christi Lake and Randy Spears. Redheaded Christi sucks cock like a Chihuahua with a chew toy, and Kody indulges Randy with a crook-of-the-knee fuck before doing it reverse-cowgirl style. The scant two quick scenes with the delectable Kody feel like a gyp, given her above-the-title credit, but busty blonde Nicole Sheridan picks up some of the slack with a hot blowjob and a messy fuck that's raunchier than the usual high-class fare from Vivid. If *Sold* threw in an extra scene with Kody, they'd have themselves a deal.

—J.P.

Travel Sluts

Directed by Steve Drake.

Starring Taylor Rain, Mia Smiles, Taylor Lynn, Phoenix Ray, Cameron Cain, Lisa Marie, Domino, Matt Bixel, Burke, Roman Holiday and Chris Cannon.

DVD: DVXS.

Travel Sluts director Steve Drake takes a trip to Big Bear Lake, California, and successfully soils the sun, snow and grandiose landscape. On the ski slope chairlift, a seemingly innocent Taylor Rain admits that her favorite pastimes include "snowboarding and cock-sucking." After a ride down the slopes, the lithe brunet vixen slobbers on cock and receives a boner-inducing D.P. in front of a cozy fireplace. Lisa Marie alternates between riding Roman Holiday's schlong like a girl possessed and sucking salami like a Dirt Devil. Picturesque shots of snow falling on pine trees and the backwoods action of chainsaw carvings are thoughtfully interspersed between scenes in order to truly capture a sense of place. Domino, Cameron Cain and Burke go on a hike through the woods, taking sustenance in a blowjob sandwich. The eager beavers then race back to the cabin, where they proceed to take matters into their own holes. These *Travel Sluts* empty viewers' bags in no time flat.

—S.W.

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #11

Directed by Kat Slater.

Starring Ashley Long, Carmen, Sandra Shine, Monique Dane, Jasmine Lynn, Ander Page, Lea DeMea, John Strong, Mark Ashley, Tristan Seagal and Steven French.

Videocassette and DVD: HUSTLER Video.

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #11 offers a girl's-eye view of nubile lust. Just past jailbait, Ashley Long's melons still aren't ripe, but not having to wear a bra allows the blond-haired, blue-eyed stunner's pointy nipples to peek out of her tight clothes. Ashley possesses a spectacular booty, which is showcased while she finger-cuffs two dudes. Unfortunately, it's soon eclipsed by hairy man-ass when she goes for the double penetration. Dark-haired minx Carmen and blond trollop Jasmine Lynn share a stunt cock, but seem to enjoy each other more. Monique Dane and Sandra Shine's late-night sapphic tryst by the pool is delicious eye candy that's suddenly kicked into overdrive when the sex kittens break out a double-ended dildo for a back-to-back, doggy-style boning. The up-and-coming ginches of *HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #11* provide good company for jerkoffs with a taste for fresh flesh.

—J.P.

Shane's World Catalog Invasion

Armed with bullhorns, beer bong, gallons of lubricant and a suitcase of assorted sex toys, the girls of reality-porn series *Shane's World: Campus Invasion* are taking America's institutions of higher learning to a new low.

The starlets of the wildly popular and controversial series—in which actual college students get the opportunity to be blown and fucked by porn stars in the comfort of their own dorm rooms—grace the most recent edition of the equally controversial Abercrombie & Fitch Quarterly magalog entitled *The Sex Ed Issue*. Sandwiched between the racy photos of well-toned Abercrombie models prancing about in their birthday suits is an interview and accompanying nude shot of the *Shane's World* girls. Top-heavy screen strumpet Avy Scott, Video Team contract performer Daisy Marie (who gained notoriety starring in a series called *2 Dicks in 1 Chick*) and veteran sausage slurper Calli Cox talk candidly about their sexual exploits on campus. Cox was the most vocal, tackling issues such as touchy-feely undergrads ("If they want to smack my ass and grab my tits, that's fine."), the sexual stamina of college students ("On average, the kids last 30 seconds. The high end is ten minutes.") and what it takes to be a porn star (take a wild guess).

Shane's World company owner Jennie Grant stated that A&F contacted her because they thought that the company would be a perfect addition to their back-to-school catalog. Ms. Cox (doing double duty as publicist and performer) admits, "It isn't often that girls in the adult world are given such high mainstream coverage." Even if, as is usually the case, the trollops had to get uncovered to earn it.



Shane's World images you won't find in the Abercrombie & Fitch catalog.



Travel Sluts:
Rain: "Don't just stand there. Lend me a hand."



HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #11:
In her haste, Carmen neglected to completely remove her shoes.



HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #11:
Jasmine Lynn does her impression of *Life Goes On's* Chris "Corky" Burke.



Erotica XXX:
Sabrina Snow: "The secret is to breathe through your nose."



ROCK in a HARD PLACE

This month's guest XXX reviewer:
**former Megadeth drummer
Nick Menza!**

Naughty College School Girls #29:
Nyomi: "Mmm; it does taste like chicken."



Naughty College School Girls #29

Directed by uncredited.
Starring Arina Belle, Kitty, Layla, Cindy Crawford, Nyomi, Julian, Toni Ribas, Lee Stone and Nacho Vidal.
DVD: Digital Sin.

Each scene in *Naughty College School Girls #29* is short and to the point. In the first coupling, Anna Belle gets locked out of her room and asks to use her neighbor's phone. Of course, the owner of the phone is a big, muscle-bound stud who immediately sets to pounding her pussy. All the vignettes begin with hardcore fucking and end with the guys spewing their secretions on the chicks' faces. In one scene, Kitty is scooped up like a rag doll by Nacho Vidal, who then proceeds to drill her snatch like a man possessed. When he shoots his load, Kitty just lays there silently while he comes on her face. The rest of the girls are more eager to take the load and swallow. Now that's the kind gal I look for! *Naughty College School Girls #29* is great for foreplay; it's also a great video to jack off to. Nearly all the girls are hot and willing to satisfy. This is definitely a video to be had.

—Nick Menza



Makin' It:
Nikita Denise: "Move along. This ass is mine—all mine."

Makin' It

Directed by Brad Armstrong.
Starring Stephanie Swift, Lola, Sydnee Steele, Nicole Sheridan, Nikita Denise, Lezley Zen, Aria, Veronica Hart, Devon Michaels, Brad Armstrong, Joel Lawrence, Randy Spears, Herschel Savage, Trevor Zen and Mike Horner.
DVD: Wicked Pictures.

Makin' It had the potential to be a cool movie about a hot babe trying to become famous by clawing her way to the top. Unfortunately, the flick never gains momentum. The plot is centered around petite, pouty Stephanie Swift, who leaves a small town for the big city in pursuit of her dream of being a singer/songwriter. Upon her arrival, she checks into a run-down motel. The first thing she hears is Nikita Denise and Lezley Zen literally attacking Brad Armstrong's man-meat in the next room. It's the first real boner-popping scene, but it took too damn long to get there. Fortunately, the sequence makes up for lost time, as these girls can suck the chrome off a tailpipe. Further on, Swift checks out an open-mike night at a local dive bar where she's greeted with a five-girl munch marathon. Although *Makin' It* moves slowly, a few hot scenes manage to raise its jerk potential.

—N. M.



Euro Girls Never Say No:
Michelle Wild: "It doubles as a bomb shelter."

Euro Girls Never Say No

Directed by Manuel Ferrara and Steve Holmes.
Starring Michelle Wild, Sissi, Simony, Cornelia, Sandra Romain, Mellisa Golden, Vivienne La Roche, Stella Hot, Ronita, Manuel Ferrara and Steve Holmes.
DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Euro Girls Never Say No is the tale of two guys, one French and one German, who like to fuck (girls, not each other). The journey begins with Steve Holmes (the German) telling Manuel Ferrara (the Frenchie) that he has a birthday gift for him. Ferrara starts fantasizing about what it could possibly be. Enter big-breasted, boner-inducing Michelle Wild. The two guys end up in bed with the vivacious vixen, and she takes on a serious double penetration. After an epic ass-banging, Wild hungrily devours the cock that had just scoured her colon. The next segment finds Ferrara in bed with two hot Euro-chicks. This guy has a massive tube steak and readily pounds the redhead in the pooper. *Euro Girls Never Say No* is a killer movie even if anal isn't your bag. The chicks are all hot and willing to do everything they are told. If we could only have those kind of women in the States. I think I want to go to Europe for a tour soon!

—N. M.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Blow Me Sandwich (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Monica Sweetheart, Courtney Devine, Ashley Long, Mark Davis

Hot Showers #10 (HUSTLER Video)
Jasmine, Carmen, Lauren, Angel, Brandy, Cindy

Little Runaway (Multimedia Pictures/Notorious Productions)
Rachel Rotten, Ashley Moore, Julie Night, Britney Alexander

Three-Quarters Erect

Carmen Goes to College #2 (New Sensations)
Carmen Luvana, Chloe Dior, Angel Long, Randy Spears

Flesh Circus (Elegant Angel)
Brittany Blue, Rossana De La Vega, Veronica Caine, Mr. Pete

Island Fever #2 (Digital Playground)
Tera Patrick, Devon, Stormy, Barrett Blade, Eric Everhard

New Wave Hookers #7 (VCA Pictures)
Tawny Roberts, Dru Berrymore, Kiki Daire, Chris Cannon

Truly Nice Ass #3 (DVSX)
Malorie Marx, Katja Kassin, Julie Night,

Half Erect

Ginger, Tyler Wood

College Invasion #1 (New Sensations)
Calli Cox, Taylor Rain, Felix Vicious, Stinky Martinez

Five Tales of Sin (Metro Inc.)
Tawny Roberts, Dee, Kaylynn, Lee Stone

Making the Grade (Pleasure Productions)
Faith Adams, Sharon Wild, Ava Vincent, Pat Myne

Wild On Sex (Platinum X Pictures)

One-Quarter Erect

Jewel De'Nyle, Anna Nova, Renee Pornero, Steve Holmes

Gypsy Curse (Simon Wolf Productions)
Asia Carrera, Lezley Zen, Jessica Drake, Evan Stone

Misty Rain's Worldwide Sex #9

Totally Limp

(Pure Filth Productions)
Misty Rain, Silvia Saint, Venus, Chad Thomas

Rating Guide

- Fully Erect**
Superior. A top production.
- Three-Quarters Erect**
Above average. Hard-on material.
- Half Erect**
Standard fare. Has moments.
- One-Quarter Erect**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- Totally Limp**
A waste of time and money.



WARNIE

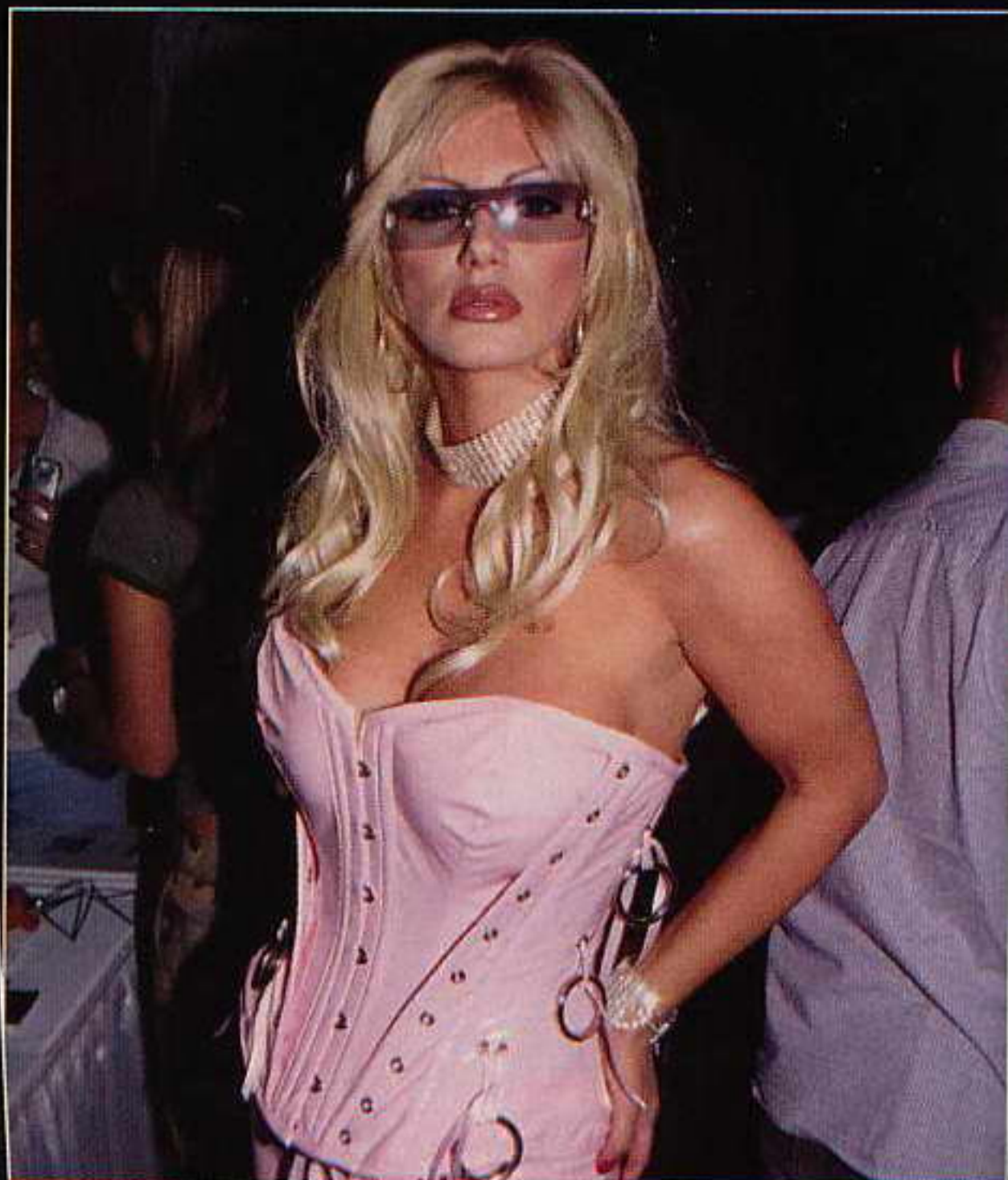
"Ya Ya, I see, but that still doesn't count as getting to first base with a younger woman."

"She wears short shorts." Carmen "ass-cessorize this!" Luvana flashes a smile and a little cheek for the cameras.



At this year's Erotica L.A. convention, porn starlets demonstrated why they are paid to take their clothes off.

★ Report by Giddle Partridge / Photography by J.R. Reynolds

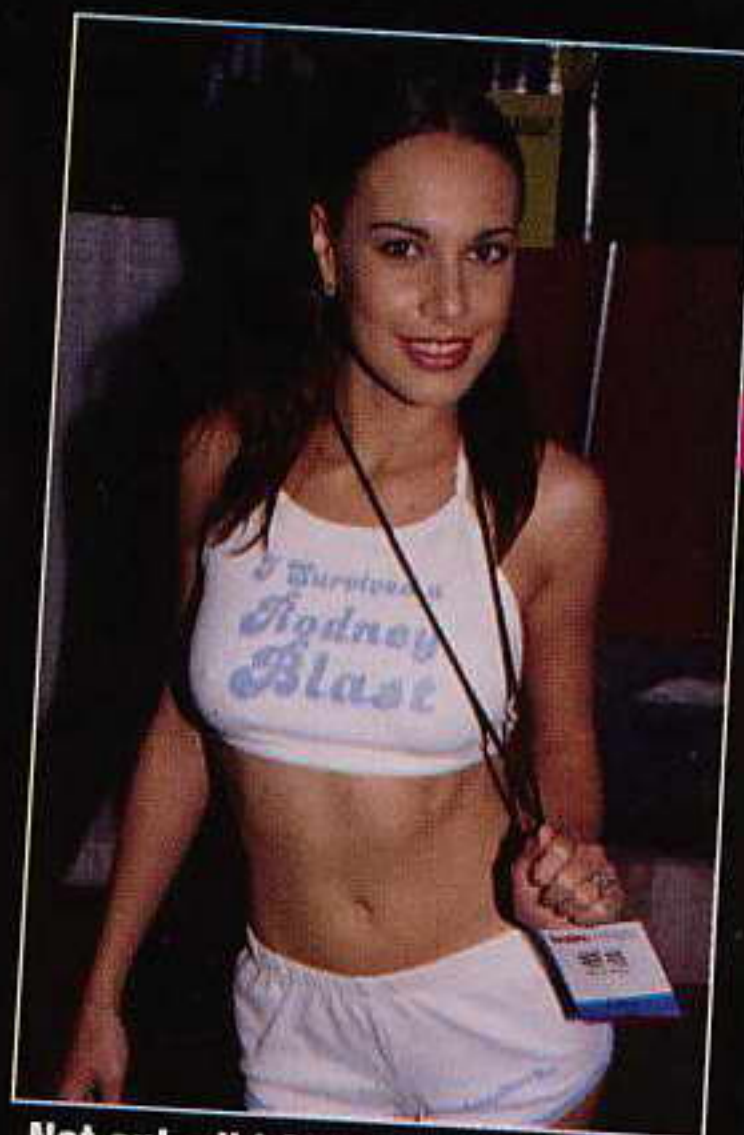


Brittany Andrews lets the world know that some girls are pink and shiny on the outside as well. Of corset's pink; so are the matching pants with trash bag drawstrings.

According to our poll, 64% believe Mika Tan is signaling that she can take four cocks in her mouth at once, 34% feel she is interested in a *ménage à quatre*, and only 2% think she's saying, "Give peace a chance." Regardless, Mika's a culture clash from head to toe. Give the belt back to Gallup, New Mexico, but keep the penis necklace.



Ooh la la. Oui, Paris Hilton with a bust! Demure sex kitten Angel Cassidy uses a minimalistic approach with a black beret and a Victoria's Secret-style matching bra-and-panty set. We surrender!



Not only did Ander Pace proudly survive a blast of Rodney Moore's cum on the rocks, she apparently survived a '70s roller-disco party as well. That's what watching *Boogie Nights* too many times can do to a gal.



Rebecca "easy access" Love, all hillbillied out and ready for a good roll in the hay. Pure barnyard trailer trash at its finest. Looks like Daisy Duke just did Dallas—all of it.



Bespectacled Kiki Daire hopes to convey that she's smarter than your average ho. However, her hippie-dippy shirt gives the opposite impression. Kiki's look is too Janeane Garofalo-meets-Edie Brickell and the New Bulimians.



Survivor meets smut. Felicia Fox's sassy, militant camouflage mini, erect-bullet nipples and half-length wife-beater definitely grab our "Attention!" Mission accomplished.



Fashion victim Lynn LeMay wants us to know a little bit about herself: She likes bad hairdos and zebras, and her favorite bands are Dio, Warrant and Quiet Riot. Don't try this look at home—or anywhere else.

Tera Patrick teaches us that simplicity is sometimes best. Tera takes the trendy cargo-pants look to its lowest level ever, nearly exposing her clit in these virginal hip-huggers. White is right, especially on Tera. Simple, elegant and braless.

★ **BEST DRESSED!**



Taylor Wane went overboard during her Strippers 'R' Us shopping spree. This furry-capped floozy could do without the Bobby Trendy-style, birthday-cake hat. Then again, it doubles as a bomb shelter.



Darla Crane, you're tutu much! With this getup, Darla should be twirling around on a music box as a slutty ballerina.



Chloe Vevrier, give Gilligan his hat back!



Laurie Holmes, you're at a porn convention, not a slumber party. We don't care if you were married to the guy; the first rule in porn fashion is to never let an oversized John Holmes nightshirt cover up a schoolgirl uniform.



BOO, MARK ASHLEY
& CHUY



Wardrobe provided by www.LegAvenue.com

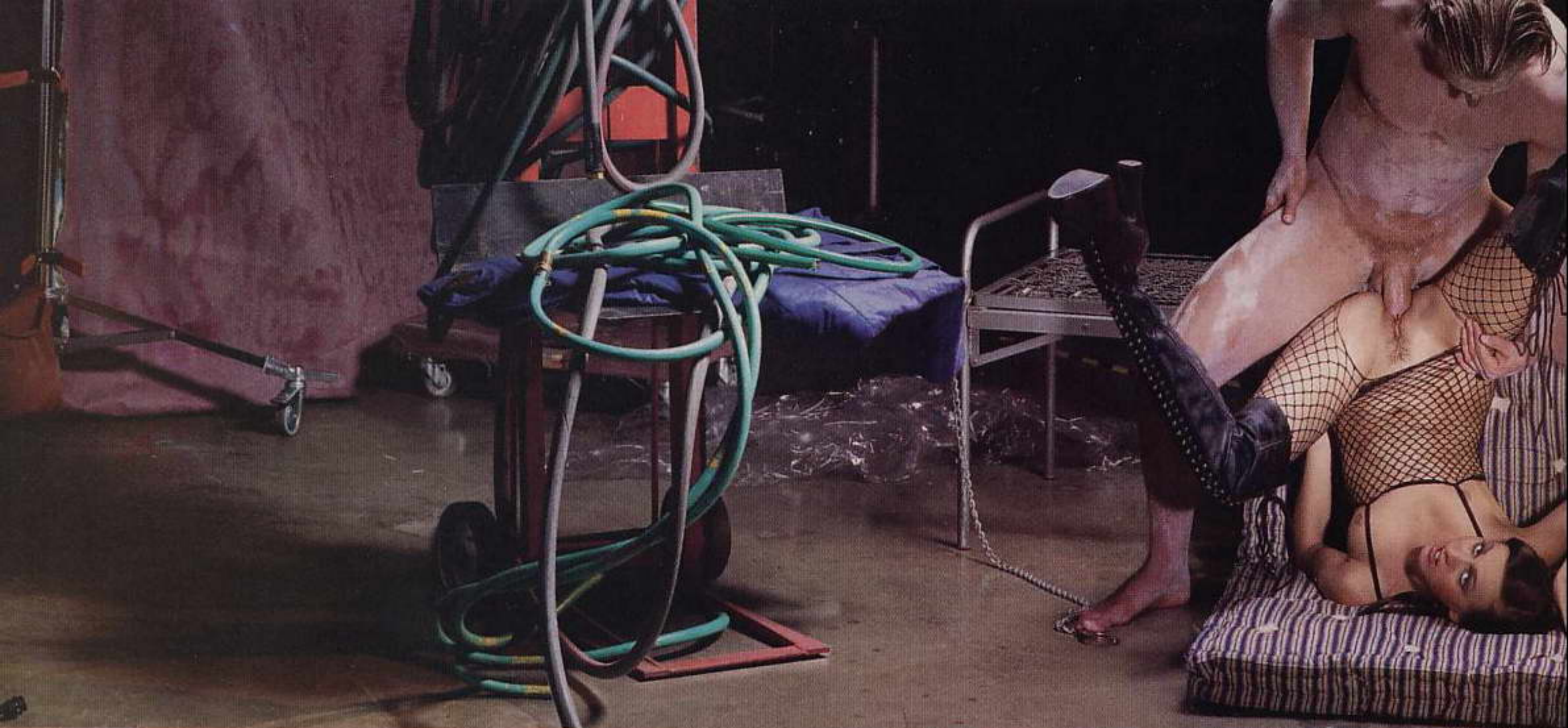
Dancing pole provided by www.PartyPole.com

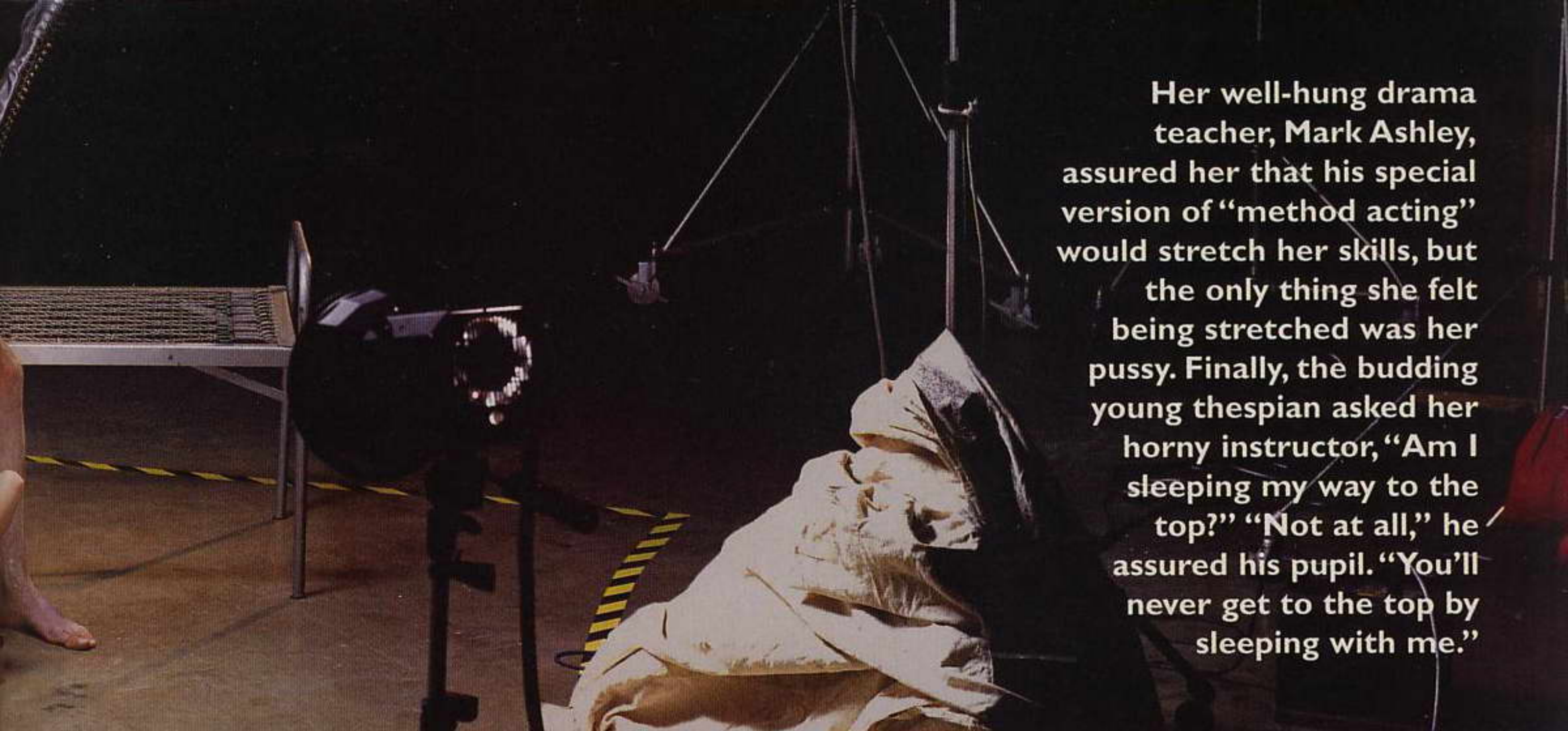
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

XXXMAS

Boo came all the way from the Midwest to Hollywood with big dreams of being on the silver screen, but ended up doing weird performance art on a dingy stage in East Los Angeles.





A person is lying down, covered by a white, crumpled sheet or garment. They are suspended by a rig of ropes and pulleys. The background is dark, with some studio equipment like a light stand and a fan visible on the left. A yellow and black striped caution tape is on the floor.

Her well-hung drama teacher, Mark Ashley, assured her that his special version of “method acting” would stretch her skills, but the only thing she felt being stretched was her pussy. Finally, the budding young thespian asked her horny instructor, “Am I sleeping my way to the top?” “Not at all,” he assured his pupil. “You’ll never get to the top by sleeping with me.”











THE SIXX SENSE

Interview by Nancy B. Sayle

With a career spanning more than 20 years, Mötley Crüe and their bassist Nikki Sixx are still at the top of the music scene. The band has sold more than 40 million albums and has filled more arenas than one could count.

In 2001, the band released a tell-all memoir, appropriately titled *The Dirt*. Hollywood is producing a movie version of the book, which details the band's sex- and drug-fueled career. For Sixx, the tome served to purge his emotional inner demons. In the book, Nikki reveals that he not only battled drug addiction, but he also actually died and came back to life, just to do more drugs and overdose again.

Today, the rock 'n' roll bad boy is sober and married to former *Baywatch* babe Donna D'Errico. Together, the duo is one hell of a power couple. While Mötley Crüe is on hiatus, Nikki has spent time with his family and on several projects: a new band, a new book and a new clothing line. Meanwhile, D'Errico has her acting career and has just opened a spa.

Donna and Nikki are living proof that a small-town girl and a misfit boy can become successful celebrities/entrepreneurs. This dynamic duo is definitely one to watch out for.

I talked to the pair at their HUSTLER photo-shoot, where they spoke candidly about their lives, business projects and sex techniques.

* * *

HUSTLER: You've had a long-term relationship with Larry Flynt and HUSTLER Magazine.

SIXX: I met Larry in '82, I think. We'd go up to his house and partake in all the festivities. We were doing all kinds of stuff together. Larry's been amazingly supportive of my band. It was one of the reasons why, during the *Dr. Feelgood* tour, I wore a HUSTLER T-shirt every night. We were doing the "Afraid" video and decided to call up Larry to see if he wanted to be in it. He put us on the cover of HUSTLER. I think we were the first and only rock band to be on the cover ever. Now I get to grace the cover again. Only in Mötley Crüe World does this happen.

Power of Two



HUSTLER: Is Mötley going to tour again?

SIXX: Well, I'd like them to. This band is really magical. We agreed to take a year off and recharge the batteries. Tommy [Lee, drummer] had left the band. His relationship with [singer] Vince [Neil] had deteriorated to a point where he just didn't want to be around him; so I said, "Let's pull the plug till Tommy gets being a solo artist out of his system." Now I get to watch my kids grow up, to be with my wife and do some things that I haven't gotten to do in a long, long time—forever actually. Like doing the movie version of the book. The book was a bestseller. Paramount Pictures and MTV Films has signed on.

HUSTLER: Is it weird to have your whole life up on screen?

SIXX: Yes, it is! It freaks me out, but right now, we are more concerned with the script. We hired Rich Wilkes, who wrote *XXX*, so he's finishing the script. The band needs to see it. No one in the band has really been in the loop on that.

HUSTLER: How is your relationship with your Crüe-mates?

SIXX: Vince has kind of gone awry. I think he's really frustrated that the band is not touring. We said, "We just can't keep beating a dead horse. You have to give the people a break. People want to crave to see it." I really wanted to tour with bands that are important or new bands. We didn't want to do an '80s package. For me, as a creative person, I love Mötley Crüe, but I needed to unplug from it. I needed to do other creative things. There is the Saliva song ("Rest") that me and [songwriter] James [Michael] wrote; it crossed Top 10 in active rock, and now it goes on the pop chart this week. I've been contacted by major labels to write songs for their artists.

HUSTLER: What else are you currently working on?

SIXX: The thing that has me most excited is my new clothing line. I had a clothing line before called Outlaw, and it just didn't fly. I invested hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it just lost money. It was like a bleeding, dying pig. My partners wouldn't listen to me, and it became very frustrating. But in all fairness, I did not understand the clothing business as I do now. When we started the new clothing line, N. Sixx, I met Edward Dada from Dragonfly Clothing. We based the clothing on tattoos. Not that that's completely original; tattoo shops and Harley have done

it, but we really wanted to take a lifestyle and put it on clothing. As I say, "Cover the asses of the masses."

HUSTLER: How did your new band, Brides of Destruction, come to life?

SIXX: I got an e-mail from [L.A. Guns guitarist] Tracii Guns; it just said, "I wanna rock!" He basically forced me to get in the band with him. Then he found the singer, London,

Don't Care" and "Shut the Fuck Up," and John didn't get it; so he ended up leaving to pursue other music. Anyhow, that is the birth of Brides of Destruction. A fan gave us the name. We are a four-piece, living, breathing machine.

HUSTLER: It sounds like everything's settling into place.

SIXX: Yeah, but I seem to find my own drama still. The other day I turned on *Howard Stern*, and Vince is bagging on me about not touring. And I thought, *Fuck, we agreed not to tour. We decided, after the movie, let's go do a tour.* Besides, the communication between Tommy and Vince needs to be open. I'd like to put tickets on sale in 2004 and go out in 2005; so we're only a year away.

HUSTLER: I hear Tommy's doing a book, and you're doing a book.

SIXX: Yes, Tommy is doing a book. I'm doing a book with [*The Dirt* co-author] Neil Strauss again. It's called *The Heroin Diaries*. It's my diaries from 1986 to 1987.

HUSTLER: It's amazing that you could keep a journal during that time.

SIXX: It's very intriguing to read. It's not pro-drugs, and it's not antidrugs; it's just the truth. If Keith Richards had put this book in my hands, I would never have put a needle in my arm.

HUSTLER: At what age did you start shooting up?

SIXX: About 20, 21.

HUSTLER: In your book, *The Dirt*, you and Tommy were shooting up alcohol. Tommy said, "What the fuck? We can drink it, but we shot it up instead."

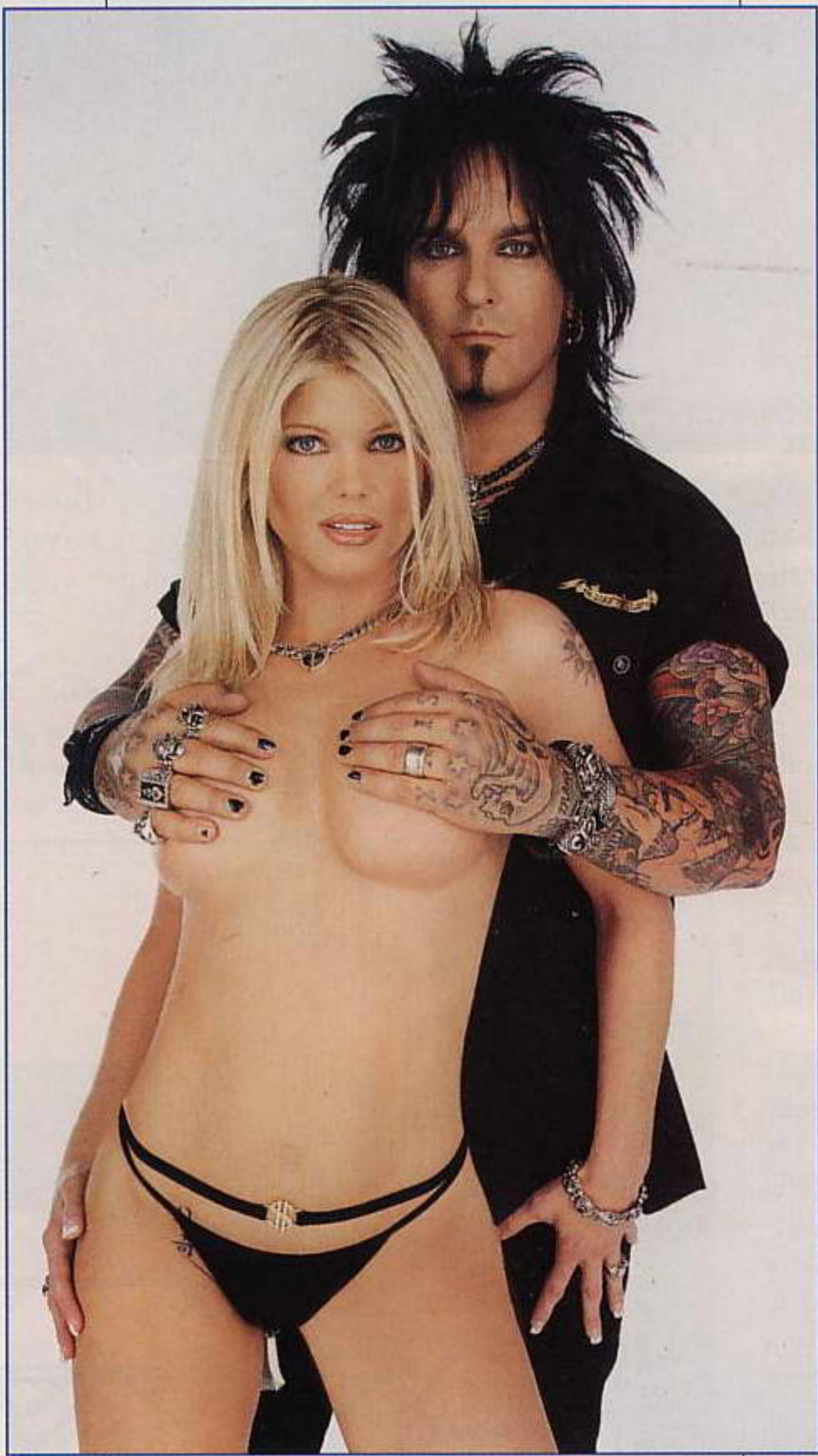
SIXX: Conceptually, I thought, *Why drink it when we can shoot it? It's quicker and faster to the bloodstream.* I used to sit there and think, *Well, it's about getting high; it's about blowing your mind.* Let me find the closest thing to my mind; so I used to shoot up in my neck.

HUSTLER: I've actually heard of people shooting up in their eye lid. That's pretty hard-core.

SIXX: That's very hard-core. Too hard-core for me, and I thought shooting up in my dick was bad. There you have a main artery and *boom!*

HUSTLER: Speaking of exploding dicks, Donna, did you ever think that you would become a famous sex symbol?

D'ERRICO: I was a nerd in high school. The family didn't have much money. We went to private school; so it was all they could do to afford our school. We drove in the big blue bomb to school while all the other kids pulled up in BMWs. I was always very, very shy. I'd walk down the hall with my



who is a hairdresser. I wasn't sold, but Tracii's smart; he had the guy learn "Set Me Free" by the Sweet and got me to come over, and I see this guy who's larger than life. He looks like a rock star, then he starts to sing. I think, *I've never had this before.* So we got together with [former Crüe singer/guitarist] John Corabi, playing rhythm, and a drummer named Scot Coogan, who, as far as I'm concerned, is one of the best drummers. There are only three drummers: Tommy Lee, Taylor Hawkins, and then there is Scot Coogan. I felt like I was home again. As we progressed, it got punkier. We started writing songs like "I

head lowered. I think that's why I decided to become an actress. Many actors and actresses are self-conscious. With acting, you can hide behind the character.

HUSTLER: Did you act in school?

D'ERRICO: I didn't do acting in high school. I started in grade school. I played the Virgin Mary.

HUSTLER: You played the Virgin Mary, then became a *Baywatch* babe?

D'ERRICO: Yes, Virgin Mary to **HUSTLER**.

HUSTLER: What is new in the world of Donna? I understand you've become quite the entrepreneur.

D'ERRICO: I have a new spa, called ZenSpa, located in Calabasas, California. The spa is 5,000 feet, and I designed it myself. It is a mix of Tibetan monastery and American rustic. It's really very soothing. The spa is for both men and women, and we have very unique techniques. We have what we call the classical-rock massage. Rock, meaning music. JVC donated wireless headphones. There are three albums you can choose from: Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, Moody Blues or Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. It is the length of the whole album, and the massage therapists time the massages to the music. I wanted something in homage to my husband. When you think of massage, you don't normally think of rock 'n' roll, but it works.

HUSTLER: What compelled you to open a spa?

D'ERRICO: I wanted a place where people could go and escape. These times are stressful, with everyone going a million miles an hour. I started reading Zen philosophy and fell in love with it. Also, there were no great spas where I live. I had to keep driving to Beverly Hills. They weren't very personal, and I wanted a place where people felt at home.

HUSTLER: Does this mean you'll stop acting, or will you be able to handle both?

D'ERRICO: For a while, I was on a long hiatus, always working on the spa, but I have done some acting parts along the way. I did a cameo in *Austin Powers: Goldmember*. It was funny; I was selling melons. I had great lines: "Melons. Big, juicy melons." And then I did *Kiss the Bride* with Alyssa Milano, Talia Shire and Jonathan Schaech. And recently I just finished a movie with Mark Hamill called *Comic Book: The Movie*. It's 100% improv; there are no lines. We actually made it up as we went. We had the basic premise, but that was it.

HUSTLER: Donna, please give our male readers advice on what to do in the bedroom.

D'ERRICO: Basically, this is how I feel: Don't try to reenact a porn movie you saw and start smackin' their asses, thinking you are all studly. It's not a turn-on. What you should do is make sure you know what

meant was, have you ever had sex with another chick? I read that you either did it one-on-one with a girl or in a threeway, but it wasn't clear which one.

D'ERRICO: That would be in a threeway with Nikki. It was when we both drank, and we were kind of fucked up. Alcohol has a lot to do with your decisions. It makes you uninhibited and crazy.

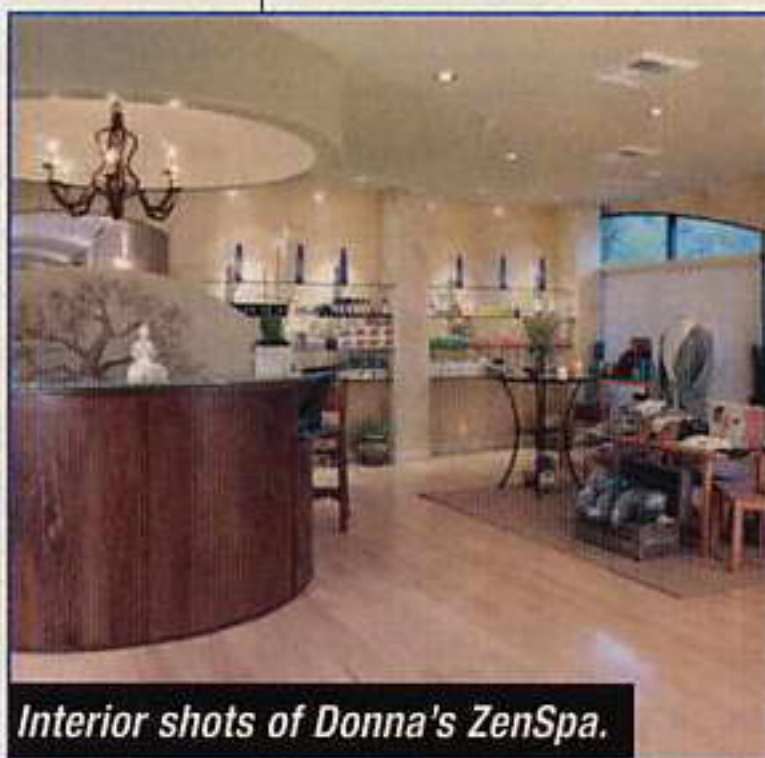
HUSTLER: Wow, a three-some, how horrible. Nikki, can you give the readers some advice on how to satisfy a woman and keep her wanting more? Donna says you're an expert at it.

SIXX: Well, I am an expert. I am an expert in listening. It's actually listening and licking. It's the Double-L, Listening and Licking Theory. It's the Nikki Sixx Double-L

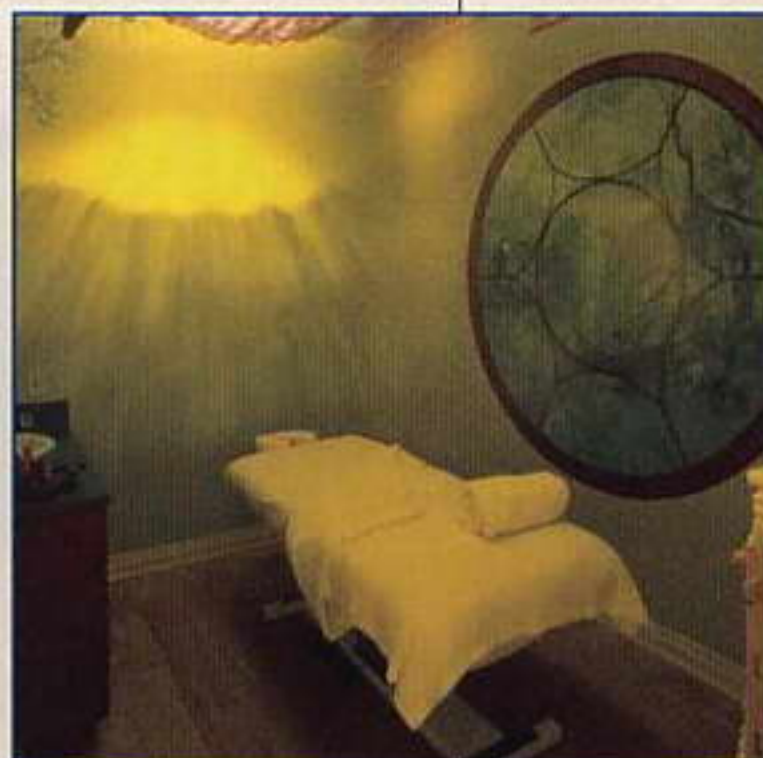
Theory; don't talk, just listen and lick—and leave. It's really the Triple-L!

* * *

For more information, go to www.ThisIsZenSpa.com, www.MötleyCrüe.com, and www.DragonflyClothing.com.

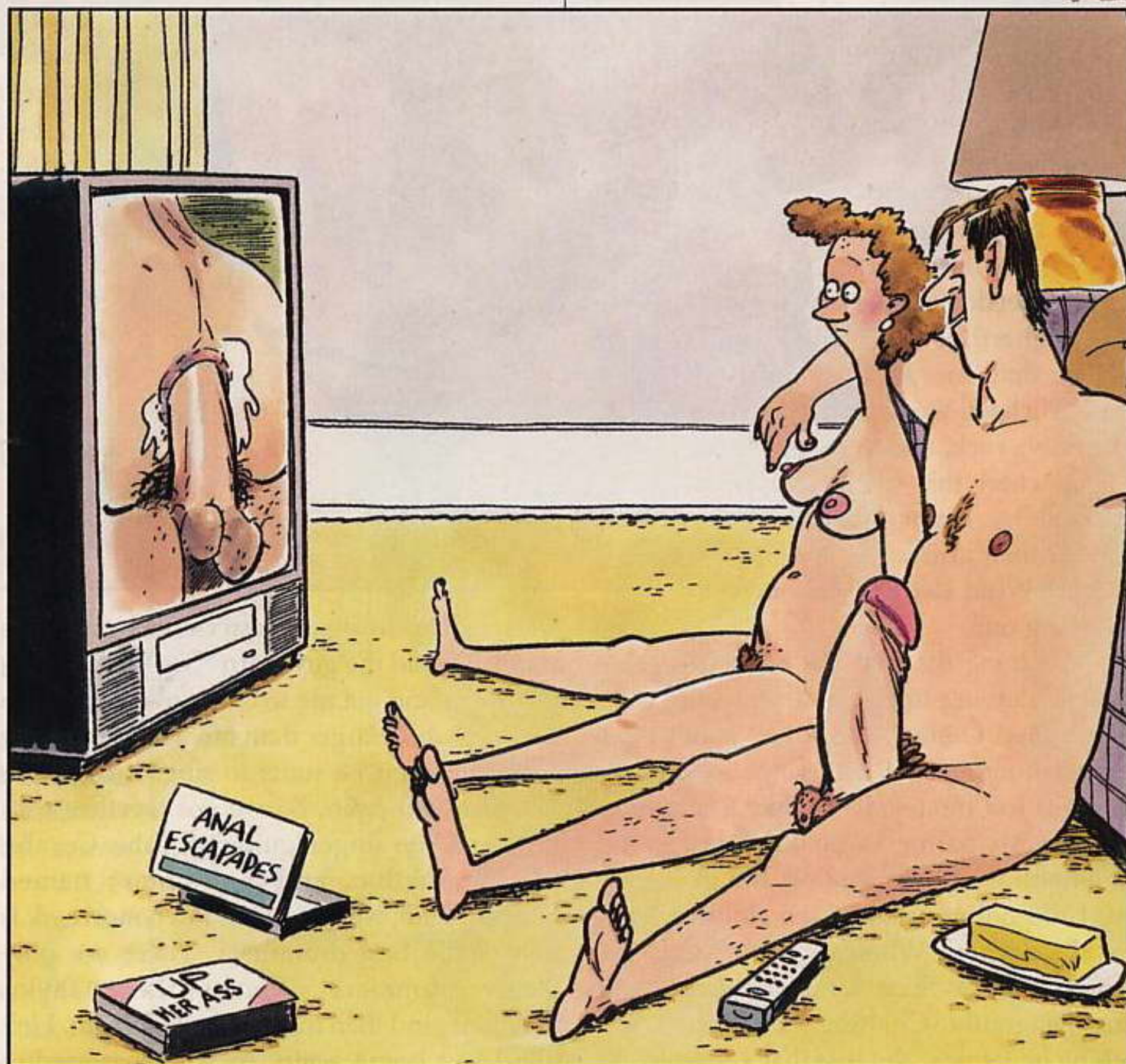


Interior shots of Donna's ZenSpa.



you're doing while performing cunnilingus. There is nothing worse than a speedy tongue guy. Make sure you're on the right spot and ask questions. Just don't think you're the cunnilingus god while you're down there, and she's up there in hell. At that point, the woman thinks, *Just come up here and fuck me.*

HUSTLER: That's a problem? Uh, what I

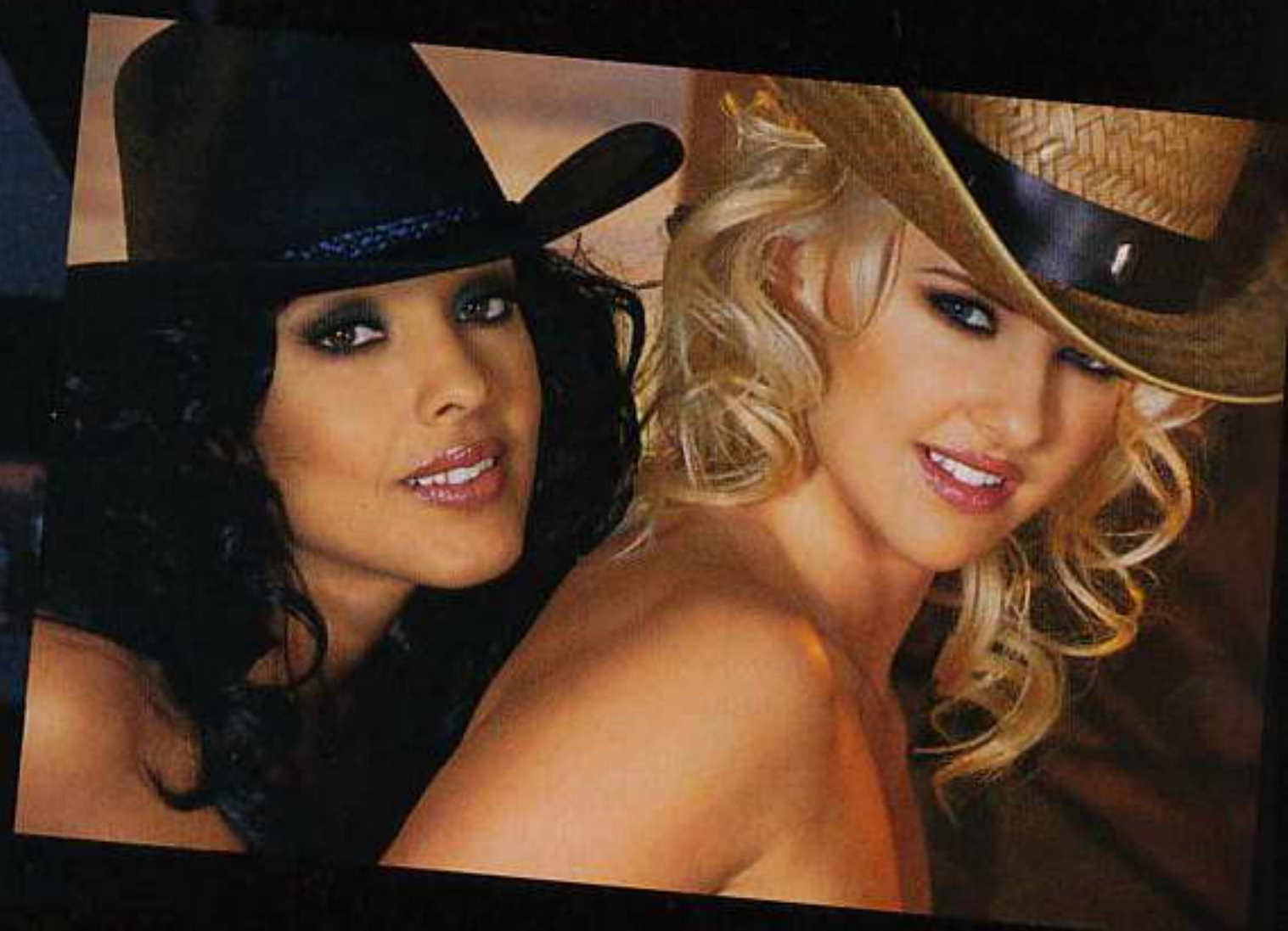
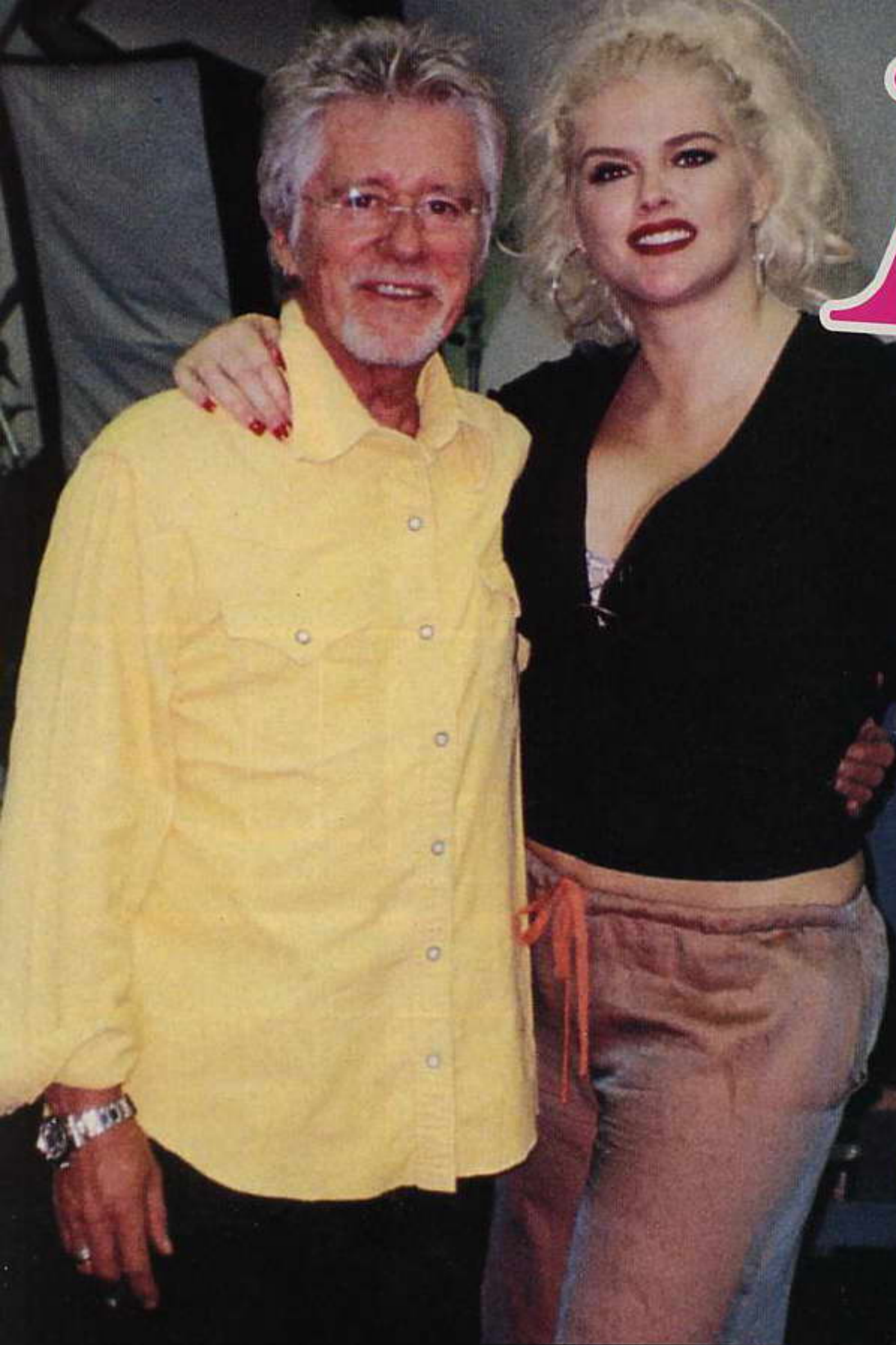


"You see, honey, a dick really can fit up an asshole!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN
DIRECTED BY ANNA NICOLE SMITH

Anna Nicole

DOES HANNAH HARPER
AND MERCEDEZ



McLean and Smith celebrate reaching a new summit of erotic photography.

INTERVIEW BY DAN KAPELOVITZ

Wardrobe provided by Leg Avenue and HUSTLER Hollywood

“Fuck the camera with your eyes,” Anna Nicole Smith instructs blond beauty Hannah Harper and raven-haired porn vixen Mercedes. “I wanna see you scream with your eyes. Pretend the camera’s your boyfriend.”

Smith—famous model, widow, actress and reality-TV star—is definitely enjoying her role as a pornographic puppetmaster in her XXX directorial debut. The Texas-bred bombshell even serves as an enthusiastic lube girl, pulling the bottle from her oversized bra whenever a model’s genitalia becomes insufficiently moist.

During the photo-session, Smith consumes large quantities of Cristal champagne, presumably for inspiration, and, at one point, almost walks off the set in tears because of creative differences with photographer Clive McLean. Fortunately, Smith regains her composure, and the session ends triumphantly to applause as the former Guess? model dumps gallons of

milk all over Harper’s head and body.

As the last drops splashed, this reporter rushed in to capture Smith’s views on the shoot, big gay dicks and selling her used underwear to Chinese men.

* * *

HUSTLER: Did you get turned on by the photo-shoot?

SMITH: Yeah. You’re gonna get turned on if two girls are sticking dildos up their twats. You’re gonna get turned on if people are eating each other out. I didn’t come in my panties, but you’re gonna get a little intrigued.

HUSTLER: What was your favorite shot?

SMITH: The milk shot. They were telling me it was a Western shoot, and I was thinking, *Hmm, what if they had one of those big old buckets that they have for the horses to lick their water out of? I wonder if they could put the girls in there and just have some milk poured all over their bodies.* So I got some milk, brought that

up here, and we did that shot. That was the last shot, and it turned out very, very sexy.

HUSTLER: If you directed another layout, what would you shoot?

SMITH: I would do a lot more stuff. I would have laid them in the hay. The guy [Clive McLean] said that the girls didn’t want to lay in the hay because it’s really scratchy. But I’ve done shots in the hay. It does hurt, but you get very good pictures out of it. You just gotta want to go the distance.

HUSTLER: You seemed to get a little sadistic with the dildo.

SMITH: I wanted to shove it in there some more. I wanted to really get into it.

HUSTLER: Do you watch porn?

SMITH: I have a lot of porn tapes at home. I have watched men and women. I have watched lesbian porn. I have watched gay porn. I have watched midget porn. I have watched every kind of porn you can imagine.

HUSTLER: What’s your favorite?

SMITH: I don't like gay porn. I went out and bought this gay porn [video], but it's like they're bored with themselves. It was just two men who were going like this: [thrusts her hips while looking at her watch] "Lawdy dawdy dawdy dah. I'm fucking. God, when's this job over with? I'd like to go home and eat or something." I was so turned off by it, I had to turn the tape off. But gay men have the biggest fucking dicks in the fucking world; their dicks are like this fucking big [places her index fingers approximately 12 inches apart] and that fucking big around [makes a huge semicircle with her hand].

HUSTLER: Why do you think that is? Do you think homosexuality is biologically determined?

SMITH: I have no idea why their dicks are so big. But on the straight men, their dicks aren't that big. They have dicks that big [places her index finger and her thumb a couple of inches apart].

HUSTLER: What do you think of the trend in porn to show urination?

SMITH: Oh, my God. I just picked up a HUSTLER last night, and I looked at it, and I see all of these girls pulling their pussies apart, pissing and stuff. I'm like, "Oh, my God." But I love golden showers.

HUSTLER: Do you enjoy giving them or receiving them?

SMITH: I love giving *and* receiving. Yeah, it's warm.

HUSTLER: With men or women?

SMITH: I tell not; I'm a lady.

HUSTLER: Who's your favorite blond bombshell?

SMITH: Marilyn Monroe. Absolutely. She's beautiful. I lived in her house for six months.

HUSTLER: The one where she died?

SMITH: Yes. I could feel her ghost. My son hated the house. One time, I had a friend over. He pushed me down on my bed, and we were kissing. I sat back up on my bed and went, "Oh, my God." And he was like, "What?" My dresser moved up, and I was like, "It's Marilyn. Look behind you." He didn't want to believe it. He said, "What are you talking about?" I said, "That dresser." And he's like, "No, that was just an earthquake." I was like, "That was no earthquake; that was Marilyn."

HUSTLER: Do you think Marilyn was murdered?

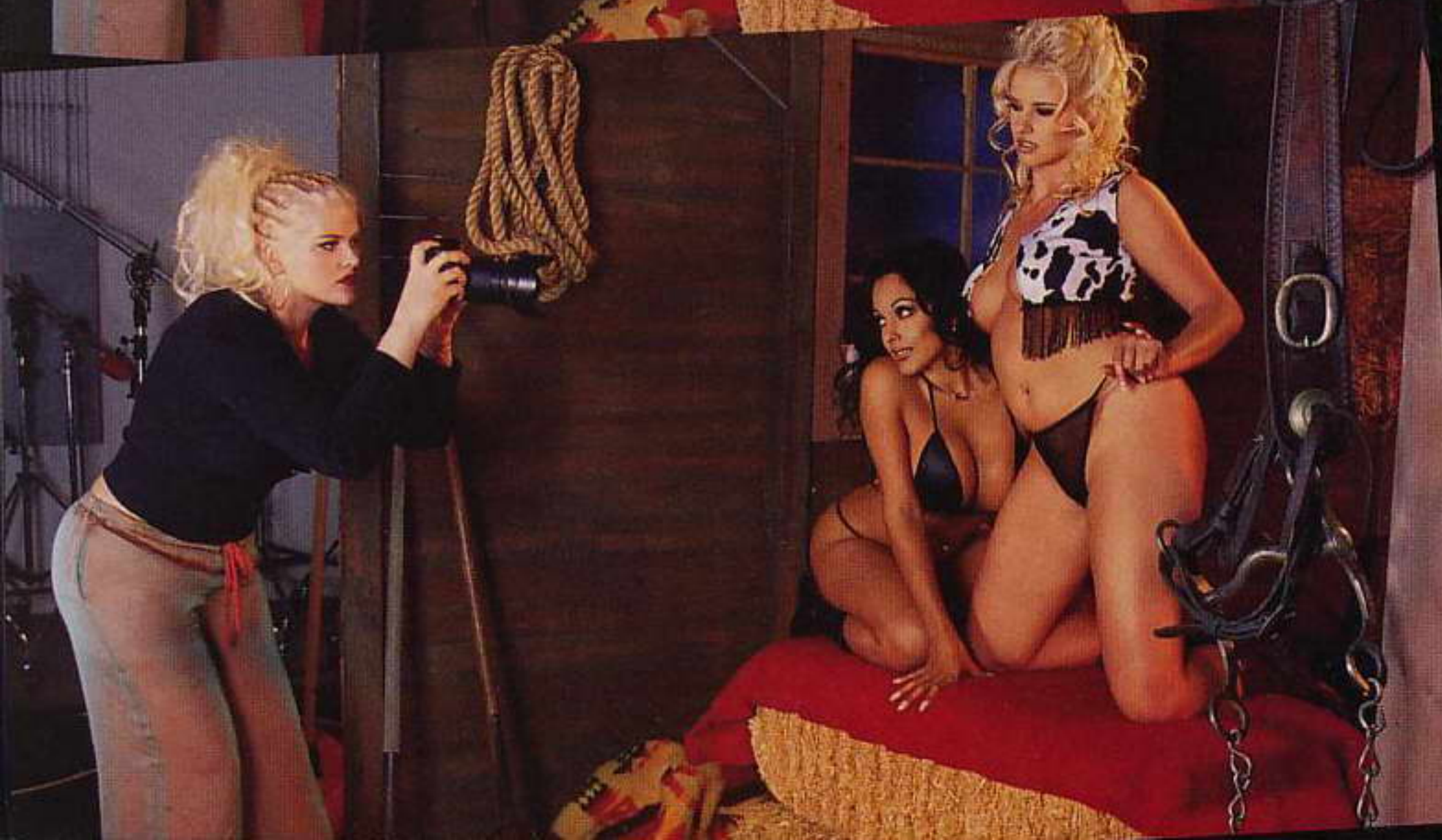
SMITH: I think she was murdered by the mob.

HUSTLER: To frame the Kennedys?

SMITH: Yeah.

HUSTLER: How was your meeting with Larry Flynt yesterday?





SMITH: Great. Larry is so wonderful. He's really down-to-earth—really nice guy. I didn't expect him to be so nice. He reminded me a lot of my husband [deceased tycoon Howard Marshall II]—so down-to-earth, no bullshit. He talked just straight-out.

HUSTLER: What did you talk about?

SMITH: We talked about everything. I asked him a bunch of questions about his past, about his life. He just told me straight-out everything that happened. No bullshit, really honest. I like him a lot. I hope that we become really good friends, because it's hard to make friends, and he's a great guy to know.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite episode of your show?

SMITH: I think it would probably have to be my Christmas party, because I got so completely drunk before anyone even showed up.

HUSTLER: Is Cristal your favorite drink?

SMITH: Yes. Budweiser's my favorite beer. Cristal's my favorite champagne.

HUSTLER: Do you follow politics at all?

SMITH: No, I know nothing.

HUSTLER: What do you think about George Bush?

SMITH: I know nothing.

HUSTLER: Have you ever met a President?

SMITH: I know nothing.

HUSTLER: Where's your son's father?

SMITH: He's back in Texas. He's retarded.

HUSTLER: Do you still talk to him?

SMITH: I haven't talked to him since my son was almost a year old. He went crazy, and I haven't seen him since. When the show first came out, he tried to say he didn't think Daniel should be a part of the show, but where the fuck was he fucking 17 years ago? Who the hell does he think he is? Where was my child support 17 years ago?

HUSTLER: What kind of fan reaction have you received since your show has aired?

SMITH: Girls want me to sign their breasts.

HUSTLER: What about guys?

SMITH: They want me to sign my underwear. They want me to sleep in my underwear, and then send it to them signaturized [sic].

HUSTLER: Do they offer you a lot of money for that?

SMITH: Well, Chinese guys do; they send me \$100 with underwear. They want me to sleep in them and then send them back.

HUSTLER: Do you do that?

SMITH: I haven't done it yet, but I've thought about it.

HUSTLER: Do you send the money back?

SMITH: No.













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A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats and pigs, the wife asked sarcastically, "Relatives of yours?"
"Yep," the husband replied, "in-laws."

A man said to his wife one day, "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time." The wife responded, "Allow me to explain it to you. God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me; God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you!"

A husband read an article to his wife about how many words women use a day - 30,000 to a man's 15,000 words. The wife replied, "The reason has to be because a woman has to say everything twice."
The husband then turned to his wife and asked, "What?"

"Honey, I want breast implants," a woman implored to her husband.
"We can't afford it," the husband insisted. "Go grab a wad of toilet paper, and rub it up and down between your tits."
"Will that make them bigger?" she asked.
The husband muttered, "It sure worked on your ass."

One day, a taxi driver is driving down Church Street in Toronto and picks up a nun. The cab driver says to the nun, "You know sister, I've always fantasized about having sex with a nun. The nun asks, "Are you catholic?"
"Yes," the driver replies.
The nun tells the cab driver to pull over, he does so, and she gets in the front seat, and gives him the best blowjob he's ever had. But then the cab driver says, "Actually, I gotta confess, I'm not catholic, I'm a Methodist."
The nun replies, "That's okay, my name is Ralph, and I'm on my way to a costume party."

One hot July day a husband and wife found an old straggly cat at their door. She was a sorry sight. She was starving, dirty, smelled terrible, skinny and hair all matted down. They felt sorry for her and put her in a carrier and took her to the vet. She had no name so the wife named her Pussycat. The vet decided to keep her for a day or so and said he would let them know when they could come and get her.
The husband, [who was a perpetual complainer] said, "Okay, but don't forget to wash her, she stinks."
The husband and the vet, both of whom knew each other, didn't get on well. In fact, they couldn't stand each other. The vet always referred to the husband as 'El-cheap-O'. The husband always referred to the vet as El-Crook-O.
Next day the husband had an appointment with his family doctor, which was, coincidentally, located next door to the vet. The doctor's office was full of people waiting to see the doctor. A side door opened and in leaned the vet; he had obviously seen the husband arrive.
He looked straight at the husband and said, "Your wife's pussy is finally clean and shaved. She now smells like a rose. And by the way, I think she's pregnant. God knows who the father is!"
And he closed the door.

Question: How does the U.S. know that Iraq has weapons of mass destruction?
Answer: They kept the receipts.

A woman stood at the gates of heaven and heard horrible screams of pain and torture coming from the inside.
"What's going on?" she asked St. Peter.

"That's the sound of new angels getting big holes drilled into their backs for their wings, and small holes drilled into their heads for halos," St. Peter replied.
"Heaven sounds terrible," the woman gasped. I think maybe I'd rather go to hell."
"In hell, you'll be constantly raped and sodomized," St. Peter warned.
"That's okay," said the woman. "I already have holes for that."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines landed gentry as: what the chinese pilot did to earn his wings.

A group of women were gabbing away when the subject of conversation turned to sex and birth control. The first woman said, "We're Catholic; so we can't use it." The next woman said, "I am too, but we use the rhythm method." The third woman said, "We use the bucket-and-saucer method." "What the heck is the bucket-and-saucer method?" the others asked. "Well, I'm 5-11, and my husband is 5-2," the third woman explained. "We make love standing up with him standing on a bucket, and when his eyes get as big as saucers, I kick the bucket out from under him."

A couple was watching a documentary about an African tribe whose men all had 24-inch cocks. When a male reached a certain age, a string with a weight attached to the end was tied around his dick. After a while, the weight stretched the penis to its prodigious length. Later that evening, as the husband was getting out of the shower, his wife looked down at him and said, "Whaddaya say we try that procedure we saw on TV?"
The husband agreed, and they tied a string and weight to his cock. A few days later, the wife asked the husband, "How is our tribal experiment coming?"
"Well, it looks like we're halfway there," he replied.
"You've grown 12 inches?" she asked.
"No," the man said, "it's turned black."

Jenny was walking down the street when she was stopped by a man conducting a poll.
"Excuse me, ma'am," he exclaimed, "we're doing a survey on people's attitudes towards sex."
"Really?" Jenny asked with a smile.
"Yes. Could you please tell me what you think of sex on the television?" the surveyor inquired.
"Well," she replied, "I think it's extremely uncomfortable, especially when you get the antenna stuck up your ass."

HUSTLER Humour jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to **HUSTLER Canada, Northland Media Inc., 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7, or e-mail us at: nmi@on.aibn.com**



The Dandy Warhols

BY TREVOR HARGREAVES



Throughout their four-album career, The Dandy Warhols have developed a reputation as one of the most creative, yet pharmaceutically influenced rock bands around. Originally from Portland Oregon they made waves in the domestic mid-nineties rock scene and eventually developed a massive following throughout Europe. While most bands at the time were banging out post-grunge guitar tunes, the Dandy's went a different direction. Rather than emulating the growl of Eddie Vedder or the distorted guitar of Nirvana, they drew from earlier influences such as The Velvet Underground and David Bowie. By the release of their second album titled 'Come Down', a trademark Warhols sound had begun to emerge. Owing

much to vast amounts of studio time, they began to create a meticulously crafted sound that meandered along with the rare combination of distracted vocals and spiraling guitars.

For their latest release titled "Welcome To The Monkey House", The Dandy's have departed a little from their traditional sound. This time around they abandon the 70's and draw heavily from keyboard dominated tunes of the early 1980's. To assist with this task, the band even recruited Duran Duran keyboardist Nick Rhodes to assist on a few tracks and lend his production talents. I recently spoke to lead singer/guitarist Courtney Taylor-Taylor about the new album, the rigors of touring, and even his longtime love of The Tragically Hip.

HUSTLER: I get the feeling you've been doing a lot of interviews lately with all the attention your new album is getting.

Courtney: Oh yea, it gets to the point that I don't know what I'm saying anymore, so don't believe what I tell you. Do you have a cigarette?

HUSTLER: I'm all out actually. Do you notice much of a difference playing a show in Canada as opposed to the U.S. or Europe?

Courtney: Definitely. Canada is a much more... developed culture. People are far more socially inclined and civilized.

HUSTLER: How long do you plan to tour this new album?

Talk Canada.

Courtney: We don't really have a set date to stop or anything. It's a tendency of the band to thrive on our lack of organization. We just sort of take the opportunities as they present themselves. It's typical that we tour for a while, then take a bit of a break, then tour again.

HUSTLER: As far as tour dates in this country, you seem to have concentrated on the large Canadian cities...Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. What about all your poor fans in say, Nova Scotia or Saskatchewan? Any chance you'll be playing shows in other parts of Canada?

Courtney: Tell them to commute to see us [laughs].

Hustler: Since you have already established a large fan base abroad, are you concentrating on North America a little more on this tour?

Courtney: Not really. We're just playing all over. We don't really make any major efforts to bust into specific markets or anything, if you like us that's cool, if not...whatever.

HUSTLER: The Dandy Warhols have developed a reputation for holeing up in the studio for extended amounts of time when working on a new album. Is that still the way you do things?

Courtney: Oh yea. I think we actually spend more time in the studio than anybody. We tend to experiment a lot while recording and actually forge the recorded versions while we go. It's a lot of work and takes months on end.

HUSTLER: What was the impetus for the sudden change of style on the

new album? The Dandy's had become known for massive psychedelic guitars and you totally abandoned that for keyboards.

Courtney: Well, it just got so fucking repetitive. We just wanted to go in a new direction rather than recording variations on what we've already done. The jangly new guitar and keyboards

**"Oh yea.
I think we actually spend
more time
in the studio
than anybody"**

are a really cool change for us. Do you have a cigarette?

HUSTLER: All right damn it, here you go.

Courtney: Ohhh a Du-Maurier!

HUSTLER: With all of your constant touring, what country do you think has the best cigarettes?

Courtney: Definitely America on that one.

HUSTLER: Do you guys have much trouble crossing the border when you play Canada?

Courtney: Not usually. The border guards search the tour bus every time, but there isn't usually much of a delay.

HUSTLER: Do you think it's easier to make it as an American band than say, if you were Canadian?

Courtney: I don't know, Canada has some pretty great music to compete with. I used to work at this club in Portland and I saw The Tragically Hip play a few times, those guys are incredible. The lead singer is really introspective.

HUSTLER: Ahh yes, Gord Downie is our national pride.

Courtney: He's really good. So is Sloan but I guess they never got quite as big as The Hip.

HUSTLER: I'm very impressed. Most American musicians only pay attention to the music in their own country.

Courtney: Well those are really great bands, who cares where they're from.

HUSTLER: I hope your fellow countrymen grasp onto that same concept and embrace both bands.

Courtney: What goes around comes around.

HUSTLER: I remember a few years ago you went on a blind date for JANE magazine. If Hustler wanted to set the same thing up would you be interested?

Courtney: Well, who would I be going on a date with?

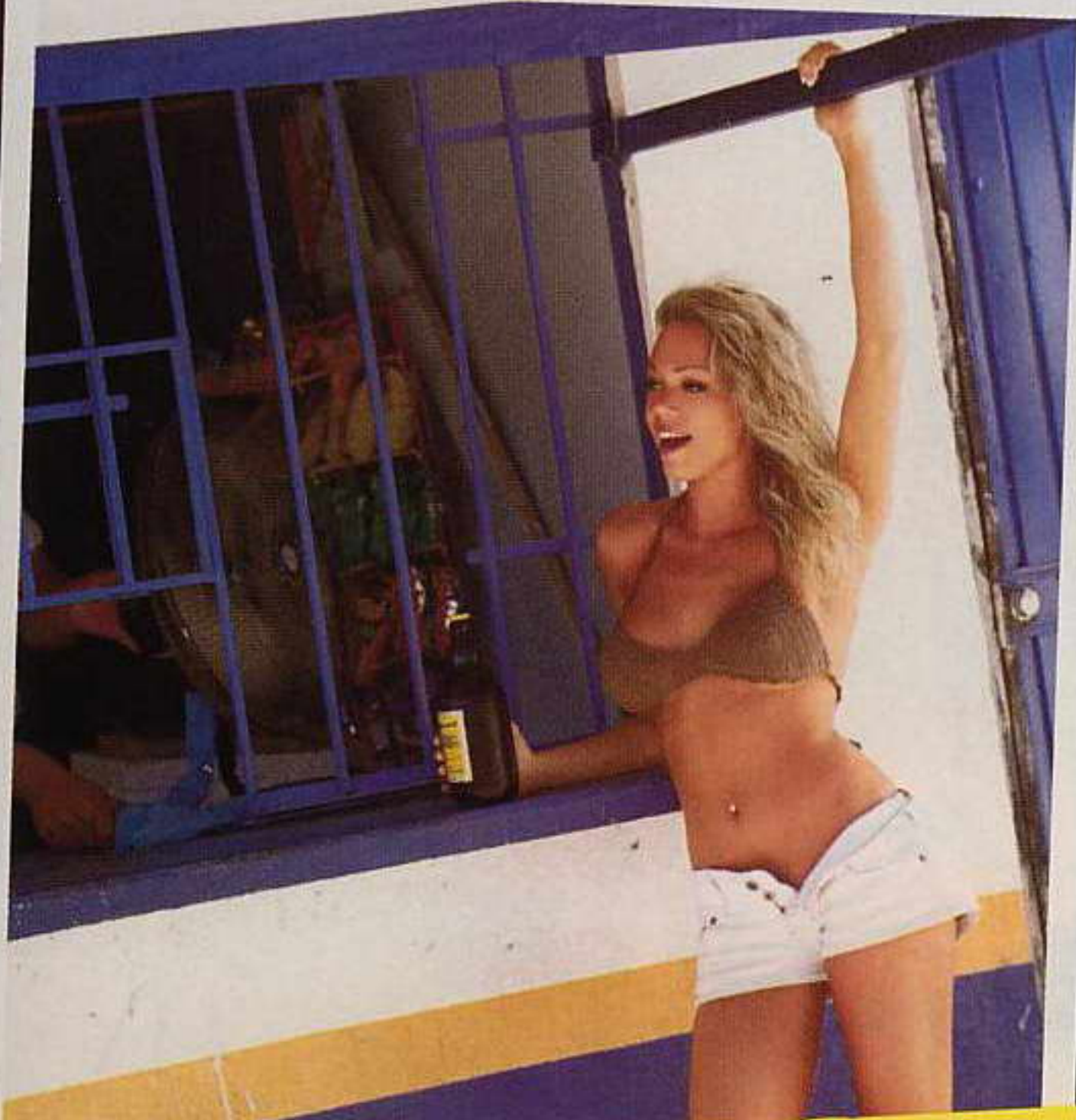
HUSTLER: Who did you go with for JANE?

Courtney: I went on a date with Jane!

HUSTLER: Oh...well how about a date with Larry Flint then?

Courtney: Tell him I'm ready when he is!

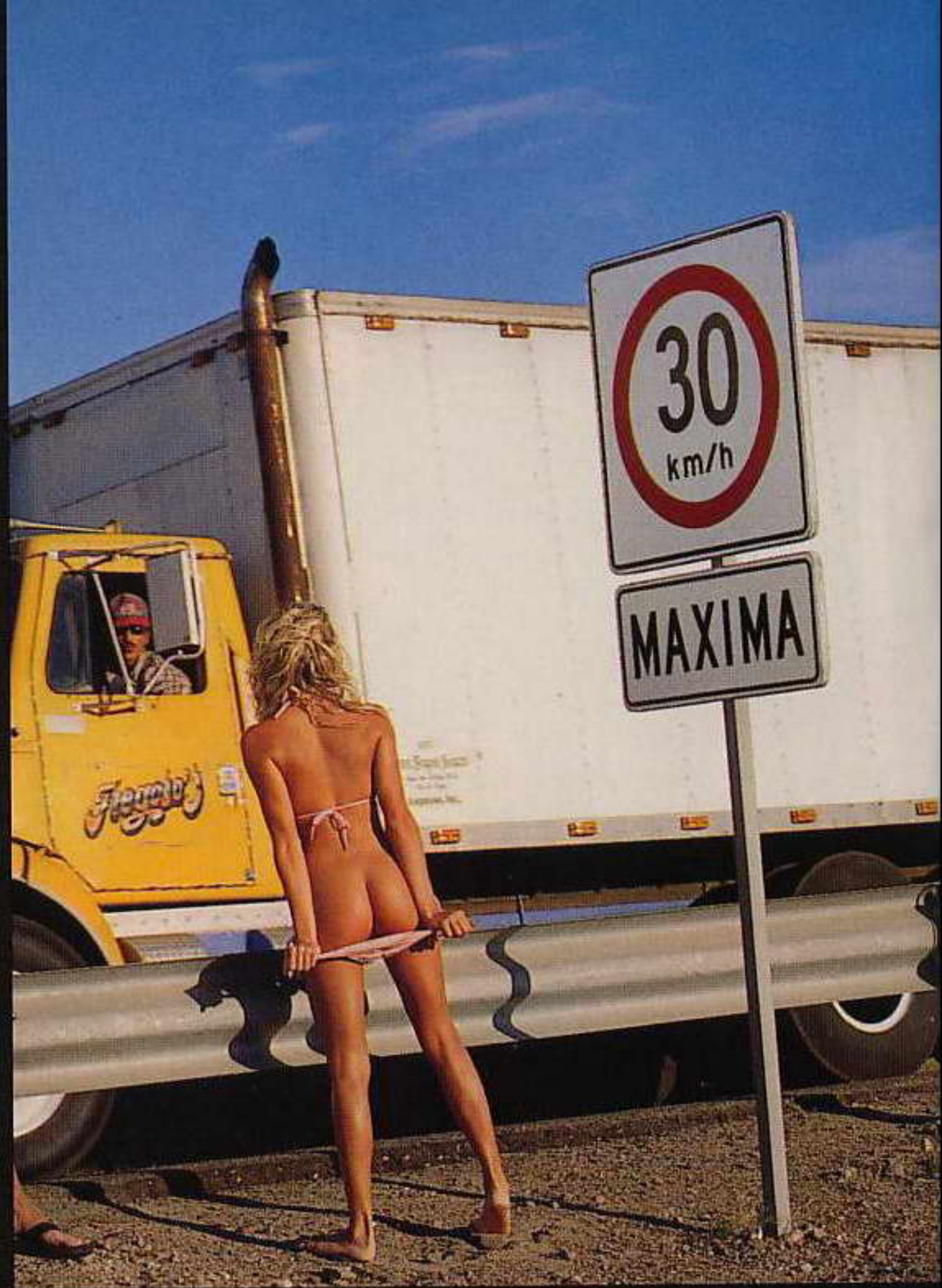
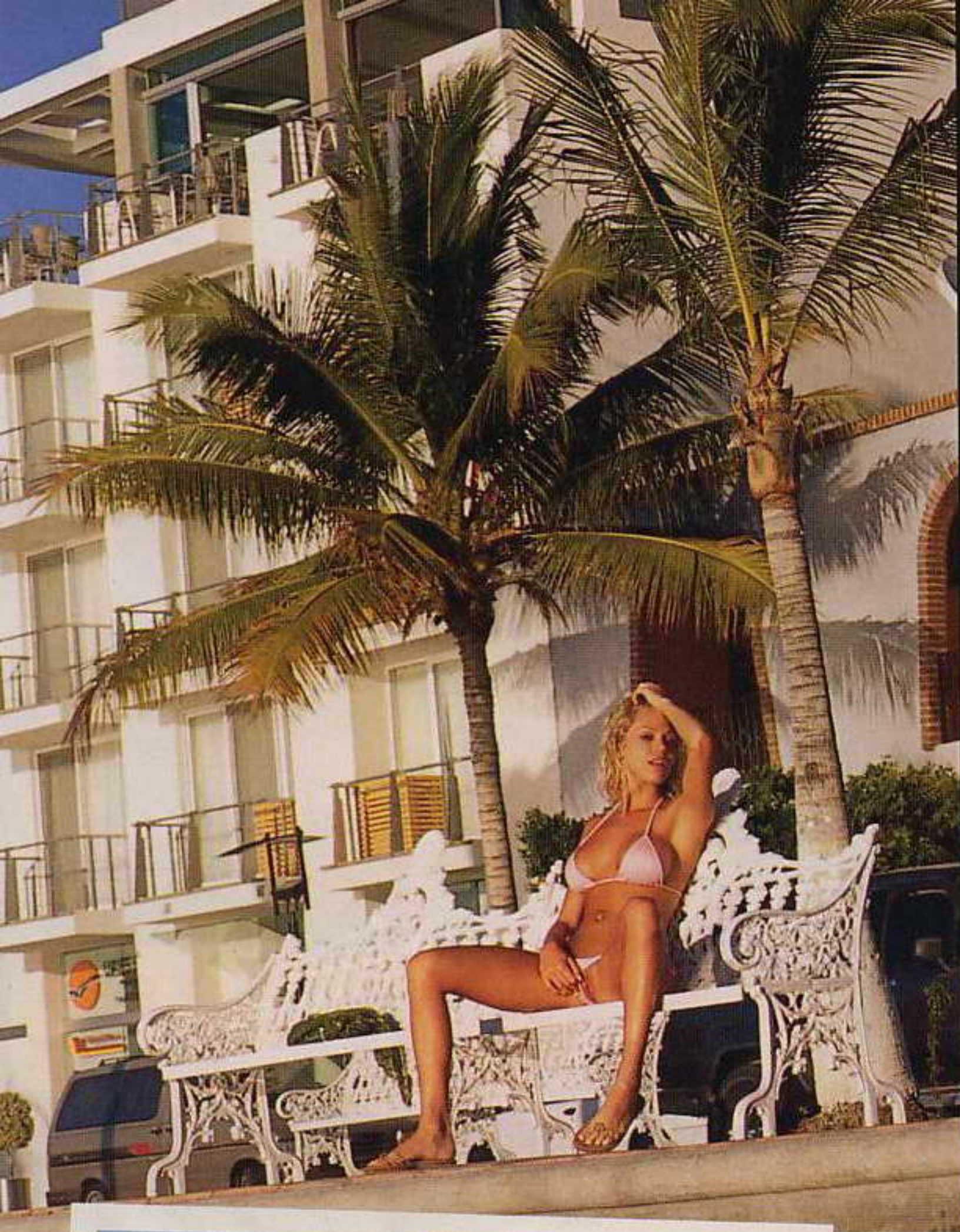




¡MAMACITA CALIENTE!

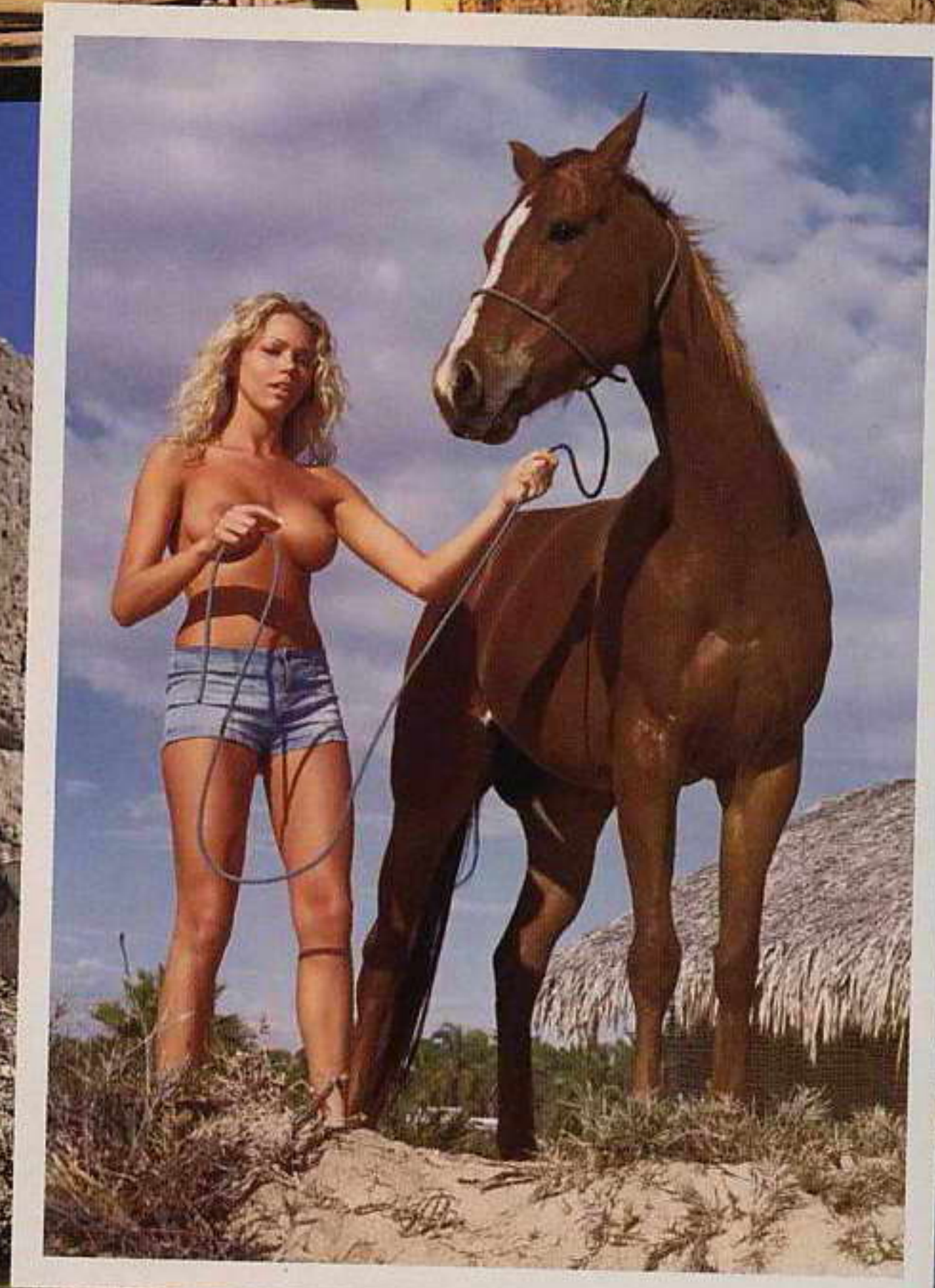
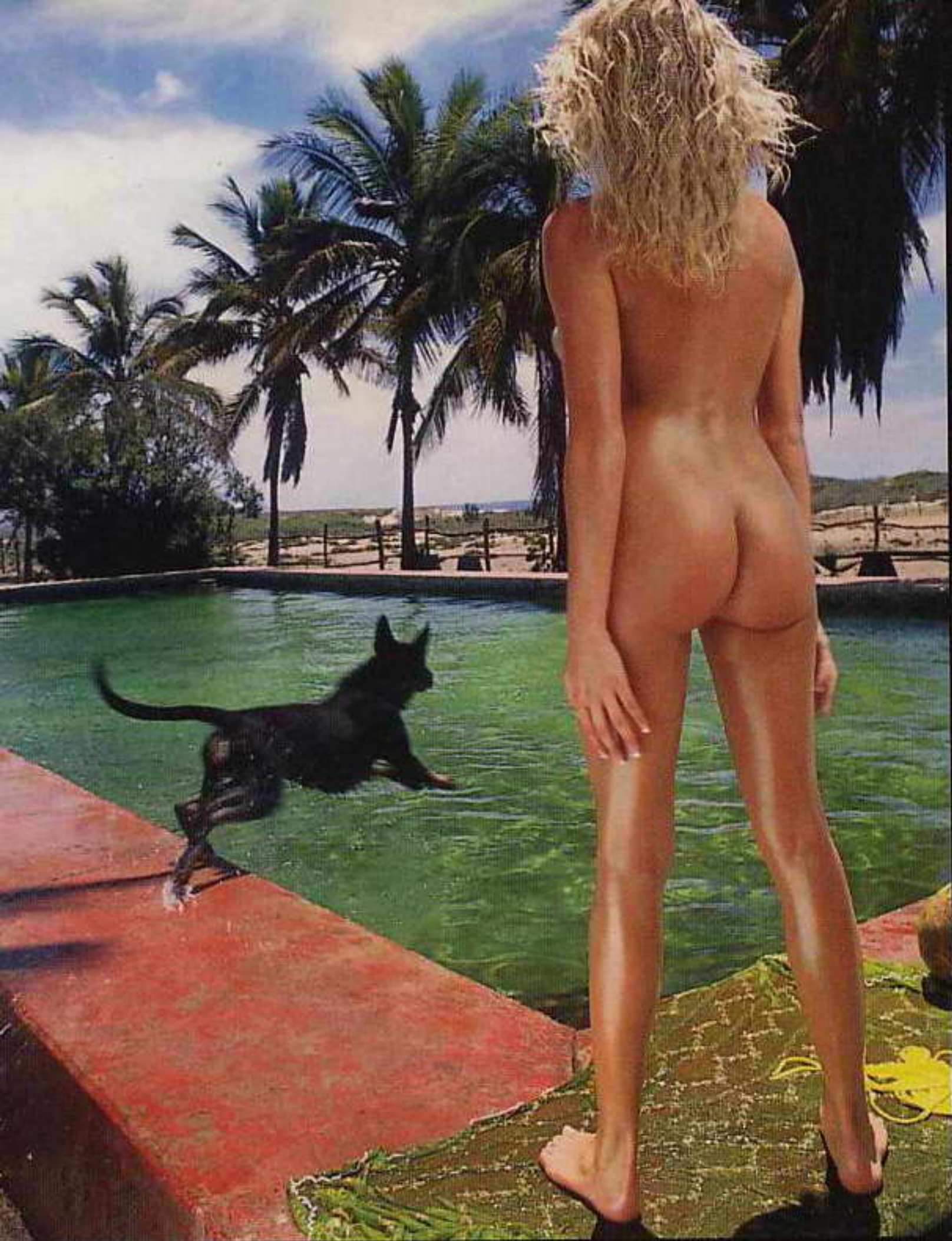
LONNIE





Lonnie is originally from Hemet, California, but these days the blond babe is on the road working as an exotic dancer in Los Angeles and Las Vegas. The 20-year-old hottie recently took a break from her gyrating gigs and flew down to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, for a photo-shoot.



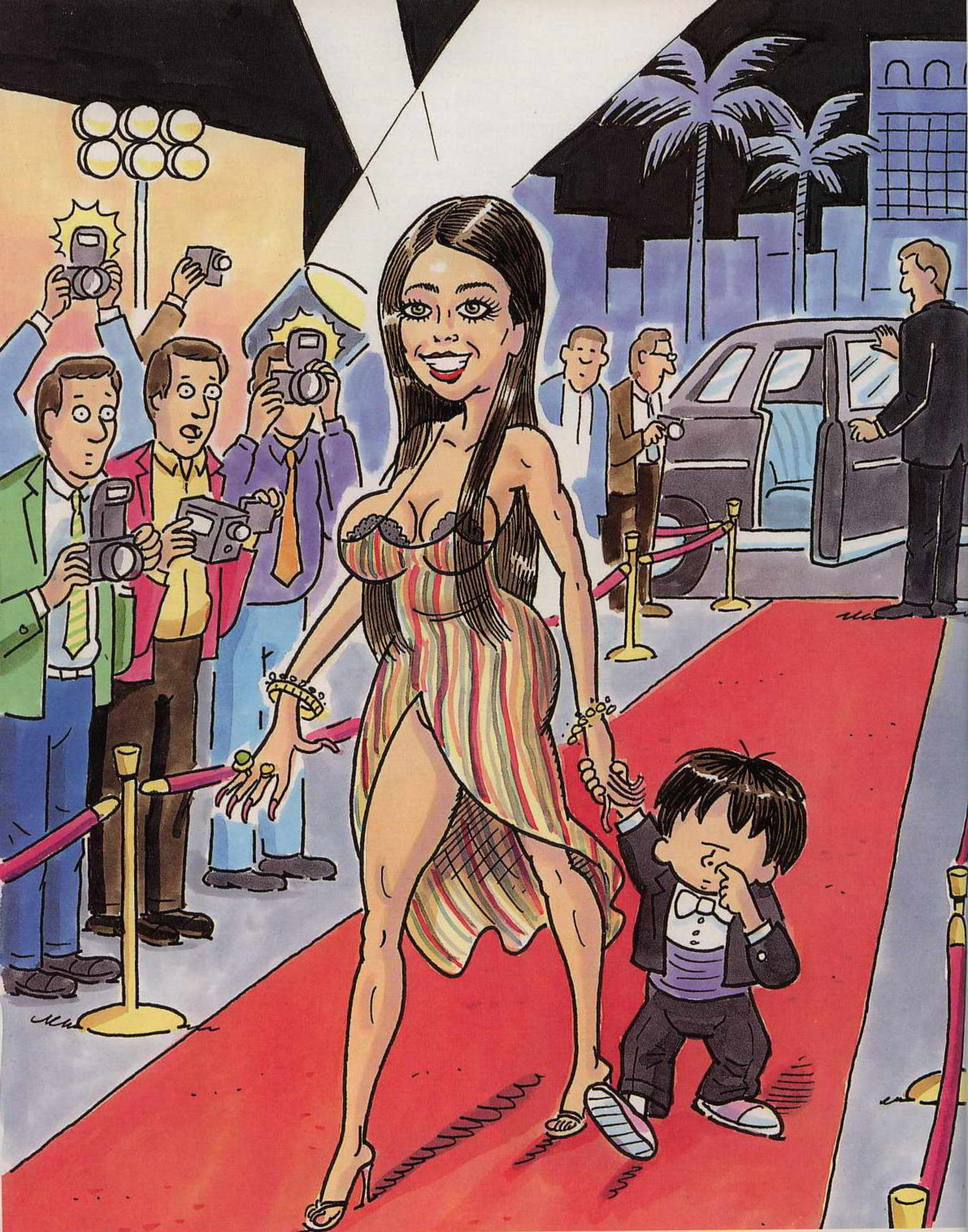






"We went to all different kinds of locations. It was a beautiful, beautiful place," she sighs. Even though she's a California girl, Lonnie was nervous just stepping into the ocean during her shoot. "There were little sea urchins and little crabs all through the water. I was afraid they were going to get me," she giggles. "I think I watched *Jaws* too many times when I was little." The Gemini's goal is to be a dental hygienist. A wise choice—what guy wouldn't want Lonnie in his mouth?





"That's not Demi's kid; it's her new boyfriend."



Canadian PostCards

NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR BY KATY

Dear Readers,

Greetings from the Rock!

When I decided to take a year off after graduating from high school – to travel across Canada – I thought that the logical place to start would be Newfoundland & Labrador. Now, most Canadians ('foreigners', as some Islanders still call them) think that Newfoundland is just a big, bare, fish-stinky outcropping in the middle of the ocean, but it's actually a lot more than that. The island has forests, lakes, and mountains, and moose, caribou, and other wildlife.

The scenery is spectacular, and the people are really friendly (most of the time I could actually understand what they were saying). I didn't have time to go to Labrador, unfortunately, but I toured all over Newfoundland, visiting places like Gander, Corner Brook, and Stephenville, exploring quaint little fishing villages and outports, kayaking around giant icebergs, and doing some whale and bird-watching.

I finished off my stay in Canada's most recent province by climbing Signal Hill, and then poking around St. John's, the capital. I stayed in a youth hostel on the waterfront, in a tiny, two-bed room. Initially, I had the room all to myself, but on my last night on the Rock, when I was sawing logs like a good little Canadian beaver, I was suddenly awakened by the sound of the door clicking open, and I saw a girl and guy stumble into the room.

I was lying on my back, watching through half-open eyelids, pretending to be asleep, as they lurched up against the foot of the other bed. I could see them clearly, what with the light coming in through the door they'd neglected to close, and the moonlight through the flimsy curtains. I could smell them even better – Screech, one hundred proof.

"Time to explore the Emerald Isle, Brenda, me lassie," the guy said, grabbing the girl's humungous tits from behind and squeezing them.

"Jesus, mate!" Brenda blurted. "I told you I'm English!" Then she moaned softly as her boyfriend kneaded her big boobs, rolled her nipples. "That's the way, Rodney."

"Robert," he said, before spinning her around in his arms so that she was facing him. He pushed the thin straps of her party dress off her shoulders, and her naked titties gleamed huge and heavy-looking in the dim light, her nipples swollen obscenely.

Brenda threw her arms around Robert's neck and mashed her lips against his. They kissed and groped each other, right in front of me, Robert running his busy hands all over Brenda's voluptuous body, squeezing her big, round butt, her hands on his butt. Then Brenda slid her tongue in between Robert's lips and they started frenching, slapping their tongues together and swapping spit like there was no tomorrow.

They frenched for what seemed forever, as I peeped at them in stunned amazement, and then Brenda told Robert to stick out his tongue, which he immediately did, and she closed her lips over top of it and began sucking up and down on its slippery length, like she was sucking a cock. He groaned and kneaded her plush ass, as she sucked and sucked on his extended tongue.

I suppose I could've coughed or yawned or rolled over, or something – to scare them away – but with my cunny getting wetter and wetter, I didn't want them to stop. Yeah, sure, maybe it was naughty of me to watch, but it's not like I invited them in or anything. So, I held my breath and slid my hand down into my tiny, pink panties, started rubbing my inflamed clitty, gripped my left tit and played with my very erect nipple.

I tried to be as quiet as possible as I felt myself up, but I really needn't have bothered – the two of them were so into each other that only a tidal wave could've dampened their spirits at that point. Eventually, Robert retracted his tongue and cupped Brenda's tits, bent his head down and tongued the girl's nipples.

"Yes!" Brenda shrieked.

Robert's thick, slimy tongue swirled all over and around Brenda's wickedly engorged nips, first one, then the other, over and over, until he finally swallowed one of her buds in his

mouth and sucked on it. Brenda riffled her fingers through his hair, and his arms shook a little as he held up her massive titties and pulled on her nipples.

"I desperately plunged my fingers in and out of my soaking wet cunny, frantically polished my button..."

My body flushed with an awesome, overpowering sexual heat, the likes of which I'd never experienced the couple of times that I'd watched my parents go at it. I polished my tingling nub, fondled my super-sensitive titties, and almost came right then and there when Brenda let loose a wail of joy as Robert pushed her porn star boobs together and flapped his tongue back and forth across her stiff nipples.

I slowed my hand in my panties – just in time – certain that there was a lot more to come, so to speak. And, sure enough, Brenda broke Robert's embrace and shimmied out of her dress, leaving her as exposed as a dory-bound fisherman in a Nor'easter, except for her high heels. She dropped to her knees and fumbled around with his fly.

"You wanna get a taste of Canada, eh, baby?" Robert quipped, helping her out by unbuckling his pants and pulling them down.

"You know, I really oughtn't to be operating heavy equipment in my condition," Brenda quipped back, tugging the guy's shorts down and grabbing onto his rigid cock.

Wow! Robert's cock was incredibly long and thick, and Brenda swirled her hand up and down on it like a pro, before encircling the base with her fingers and flicking her tongue across the hood. Robert gasped, as I gasped, and he clawed at Brenda's hair, pulling her face closer, urging her to lick all of his

cock. She twirled her tongue all over his bloated dick-tip, then eagerly sucked it into her mouth.

I bit my lip and whimpered, my eyes wide open now, not wanting to miss any of the action. I slid two fingers into my sopping cunny, started pumping myself, using my other hand to rub my swollen clitty. I watched in awe as Brenda sucked and sucked on Robert's cockhead, slobbered all over his knob, and then popped his hood out of her mouth and started licking his cock like it was a melting popsicle.

She ran her tongue all the way from his balls to his hood, over and over, slurping on his cock with long, slow tongue-strokes. His body shook, and he yelled, "Yes!", when she finished off her tongue-lashing by flicking the tip of her tongue against the super-sensitive spot on the underside of his prick where shaft became head. Then she swallowed his hairy balls into her mouth and tugged on his sack for a good, long while.

"I bit my lip until it bled, a truly blistering orgasm churning through my quaking body..."

Finally, she disgorged his balls, swallowed up his cockhead again, and then began slowly inching her lips down the shaft of his straining prick. She rapidly inhaled a good three-quarters of the lucky guy's cock, before getting a nice sucking rhythm going, bobbing her head up and down on his cock, driving him wild, driving me wild.

He soon bleated something about coming, at which point Brenda pulled his dripping dong out of her mouth and stood up, turned around, and bent over and gripped the iron railing at the foot of her bed. She spread her legs and shoved her butt into the air. "Fuck me!" she hissed.

Robert grabbed her ass with one hand and steered his cock up against her cunny with the other, then slid his prick inside her till he was pressed right up against her bottom. He gripped her waist and started sliding his cock back and forth in her pussy.

I desperately plunged my fingers in and out of my soaking wet cunny, frantically polished my button, my whole body drenched in perspiration. Robert pumped Brenda faster and faster, and I finger-fucked myself faster and faster. He absolutely pounded the brazen Brit's cunny with his cock, as I pounded my mound, the both of us doing Canada proud. His balls smacked up against her quivering bum with each and every frenzied cock-thrust, and Brenda clung to the railing for dear life, her tits flopping all over the place, the bed slamming into the wall again and again. Then her mouth broke open and she let out a low, sustained moan, stared straight at me as she was blown away by orgasm.

That's when I lost it. I bit my lip until it bled, a truly blistering orgasm churning through my quaking body, followed by another, and another. I plundered my cunny and buffed my clitty, my body wracked with ecstasy, and watched through a salty mist as Robert threw back his head and spurted semen deep into Brenda's pussy, his body jerking with every cum-blast, of which there were plenty. Then he collapsed on top of her, the three of us totally wasted.

He and Brenda went at it a couple more times that super-hot Newfoundland night, with me scoping out every sensual move. Thank God the ferry ride to Nova Scotia was six hours long, so I had a chance to catch up on my sleep.

Love,

Katy

While writing her cross country sexual adventures, Katy always uses her Companion Pen. It's more than just a pen...

www.thecompanionpen.com

GEORGIA ADAIR

NAUGHTY & NICE

Hailing from the frozen tundra of Wisconsin, 25-year-old hottie Georgia Adair started working as an exotic dancer and doing mainstream modeling for local catalogs. Her porn career finally started to take off when the leggy Leo started her own Web site, GeorgiaAdair.com. But even with all the attention, she's still down-to-earth and says she goes for "nice guys with a sense of humor."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO







The bootylicious blonde advises, "Guys should just be normal. When you try too hard to come up with a line and impress somebody, it's a turn-off, because girls can see that. Just give me a basic introduction and start talking."



What does the Midwest mammary queen want for Christmas? "A week's vacation being totally pampered—massages, things like that," Georgia grins. Has she been naughty or nice this year? "I guess in porn, being naughty is nice," she laughs.







Michael Madsen

Mr. Blonde Talks Our Ear Off



Michael Madsen in character. Or is he?

Michael Madsen and Quentin Tarantino are back. Madsen gives HUSTLER the lowdown on his new film, *Kill Bill*, in which the actor plays—what else?—"a very savage individual."

Q&A by Stephen Sonneveld

Although he's been in a variety of films, including *Donnie Brasco*, *Wyatt Earp*, *Free Willy* and *Die Another Day*, Michael Madsen is best known for his role as the homicidal Mr. Blonde in *Reservoir Dogs*. The film's infamous scene in which Madsen's character nonchalantly dances to Stealers Wheel's "Stuck in the Middle With You" while he goes Van Gogh on a cop's ear has guaranteed the thespian a place in cinematic-psycho history.

More than a decade later, Madsen has once again teamed up with director Quentin Tarantino on the film *Kill Bill*.

HUSTLER spoke to Madsen about his new movie, the Mr. Blonde action figure and the actor's failed attempt to visit Larry Flynt.

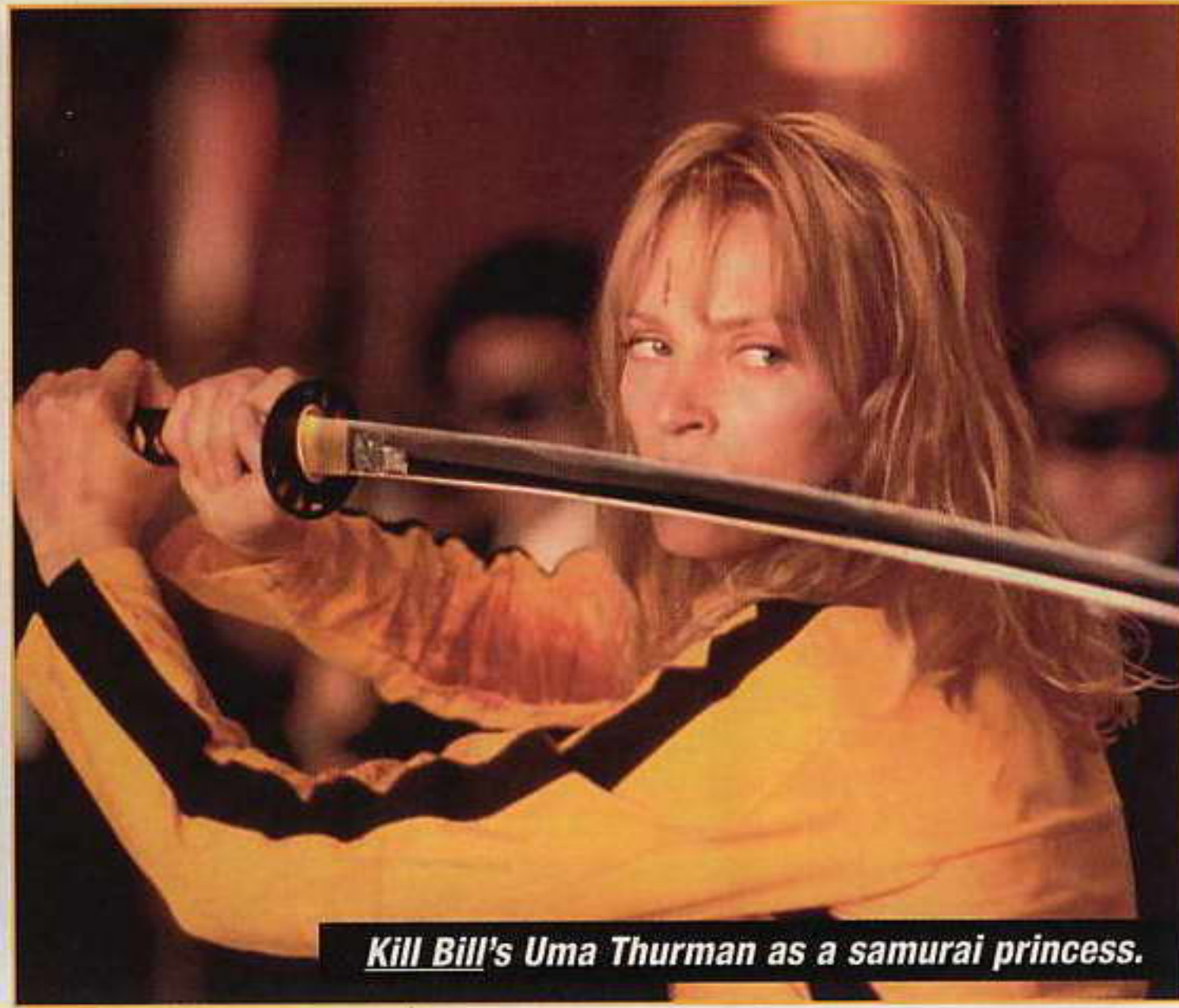
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HUSTLER: Tell us about *Kill Bill*.

MADSEN: I play David Carradine's little brother, whose name is Budd. He's a very savage individual. He and his brother are trying to escape the clutches of Uma Thurman. She's after both of us, and he comes to warn me. It's an interesting story. It's Tarantino at his best; I guarantee you. As if he hasn't already made his mark. He's not done yet by any stretch of the imagination. Some of the stuff he's writing now is just beyond belief. He wrote that, plus a WWII script. There's no title yet, but we're going to do that next year sometime, which is good for me, because I missed out on *Saving Private Ryan* and *The Thin Red Line*. My uncle was killed in the war. He was killed on the beach. I really would have wanted to have been in *Saving Private Ryan*, but I was poorly represented. I didn't have the right people getting me out there to meet



Quentin Tarantino helps Madsen discover his motivation.



Kill Bill's Uma Thurman as a samurai princess.

guys like Spielberg. I'm happy Quentin wrote me a good part in a WWII picture. It means a lot to me.

HUSTLER: Is it true that you visited the graves of Virgil Earp and mafioso Sonny Black, two people you've portrayed?

MADSEN: I did. I kind of found it fascinating that I was playing somebody that actually lived. I felt that I had a responsibility to them and their remaining family members. I did *Wyatt Earp* way before *Donnie Brasco*. I was in Portland, Oregon, and I heard that Virgil's grave was there; so I went to see it. It's the most visited grave in the whole place. I suppose I was trying to make some kind of psychological connection.

HUSTLER: Did it help?

MADSEN: Yeah, it did. It was very strange to see the name on the stone and to be standing there thinking, *Why am I doing this guy? What led me to this particular thing?* You wonder if there's some cosmic thing involved, or whether it's just coincidence and doesn't really mean anything. But I think it's a little deeper than that; so I connect myself in that way. When I was doing *Donnie Brasco*, I went to see Sonny's grave. I was in New York, and I had met people who knew him; so I knew that he was buried in New York. It's more like paying respects. His real name is Dominick Napolitano; so it was very strange walking around the stones looking for his name, and then finally, when you come upon it, it's like, "Oh, my God, there it is." My wife came with me that day, and she was wearing a leopard-skin dress. I think he might've liked that.

HUSTLER: Especially from his vantage point.

MADSEN: Exactly, that's true. Yeah, she's good that way. That's a good vantage point.

HUSTLER: You're currently working on the film adaptation of the French comic *Blueberry*.

MADSEN: I've already finished with that. That's over and done with. We went all the way through Mexico, from Chihuahua all the way through to Durango. I put my footprints in the cement right next to Kirk Douglas's in Durango. We shot in Spain, where they did *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* and *The Magnificent Seven*. Then we went to Paris, and we finished in the studio.

HUSTLER: What was it like to be where they shot those classic movies?

MADSEN: Well, to me, it's a tremendous rush of adrenaline. You're walking down this fuckin' street, and I remember Yul Brynner and Steve McQueen coming down the road on a stagecoach. To actually be there, you try to figure the odds of that—how some blue-collar kid from Chicago ended up shooting a Western in the same place as these guys that I watched growing up. I start repeating dialogue from the movie, and everybody thinks I'm nuts. Ernest Borgnine was in the [*Blueberry*] movie, which was really cool. I got to do some scenes with Ernie Borgnine.

HUSTLER: You must be sick to death of talking about *Reservoir Dogs*.

MADSEN: Actually, to be honest with you, I'm really not. It would be kind of stupid, a little bit self-centered, if I started telling everybody I didn't want to talk about *Dogs*. If you're an actor, and you've done one movie in your whole fuckin' life that everyone remembers, you're lucky. That's a good thing, and you should be proud of it. I was in New York recently and went to a big party that a magazine had, and they screened the film. I hadn't seen it in a long time like that, on a screen. It's a disturbing piece of work. It

reminds you of what it really was when you see it that way. I was signing DVDs in a store in Manhattan, sitting there for about three hours. I probably signed about 300. When you're sitting there at a table like that, and people take time off from work to come over there to get your signature on a DVD, that's kind of a neat blast. It's a reality check too. I mean, they're making toys out of us—dolls of the *Reservoir Dogs*.

HUSTLER: What's it like to see yourself as a doll?

MADSEN: Well, it's disturbing to see it with the leg missing laying on the floor. It's been kicked over into the corner. One of your kids is, "Eh, whatever. I'm tired; I'm done with that." And you go, "Hey, wait a second! Go pick that up. What's happened to the leg? Where is the leg?" I'm walking around the house looking for the leg.

HUSTLER: There's a drink named after your Mr. Blonde character.

MADSEN: That's true. It's a specialty drink on the menu. It's half Jack Daniels, half lemonade. Then, when I went to New York to do the DVD thing for *Maxim* magazine, they had another drink at the *Maxim* party called the Mr. Blonde. That was vodka and some sort of adrenaline concoction. There can't be two Mr. Blonde drinks, or can there?

HUSTLER: They're gonna have to shoot it out.

MADSEN: Yeah. I'm pretty sure Mr. Tarantino still owns the rights to that character, though; so if they continue to pour these drinks, someone's going to have to start writing out royalty checks.

HUSTLER: Do cops look at you weird after *Reservoir Dogs*?

(continued on page 131)

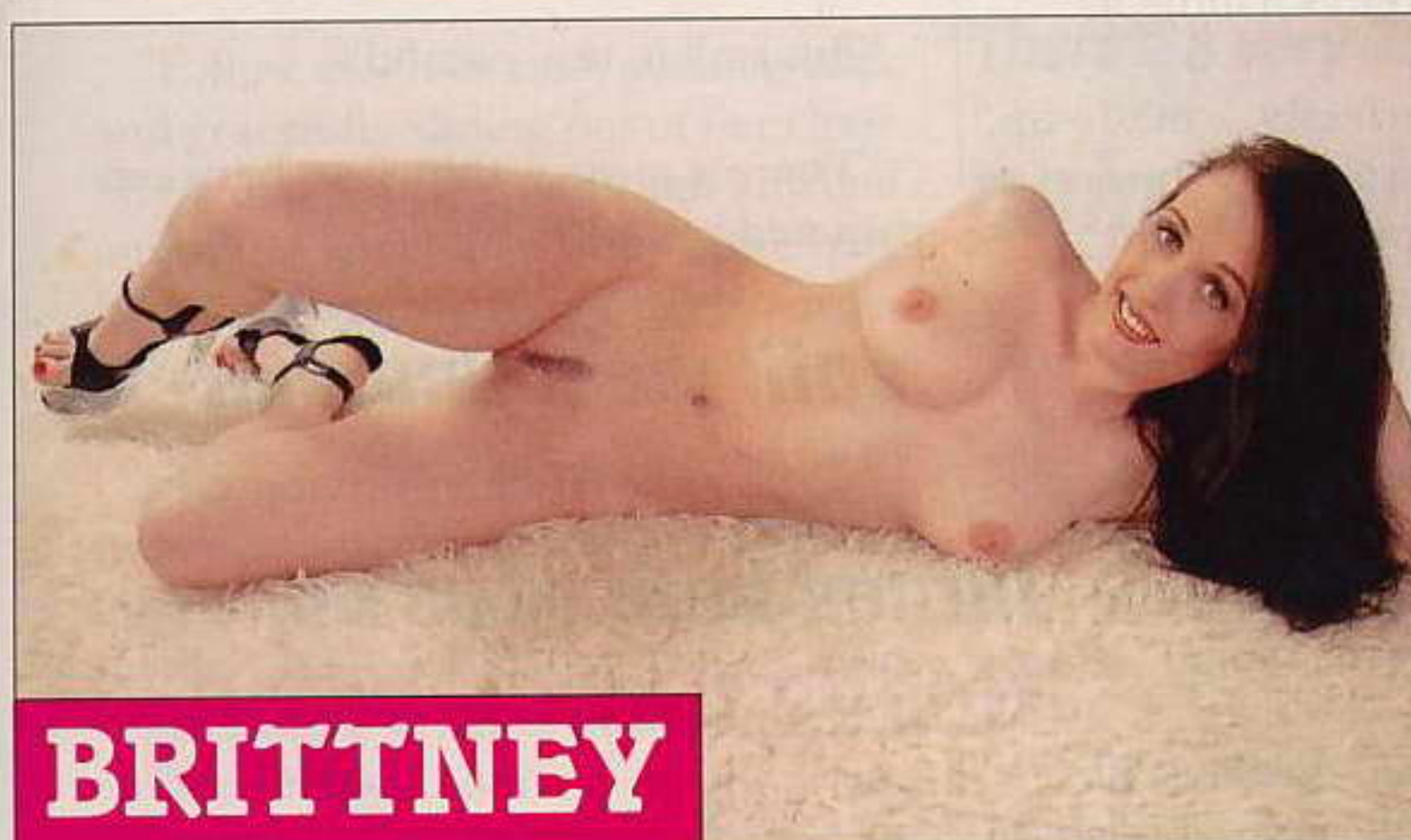


VICKI

A third-year arts major at the **University of Manitoba**, Vicki pays her tuition by moonlighting as a yoga instructor. The 25-year-old keeps her limber body toned by swimming when she's not stretching her mind in class. Her after-school activities include "having sex in the bleachers on campus."

—Photo by Friend





BRITTNEY

Lovely Brittney from Fayetteville, Arkansas, is a senior at the **University of Arkansas** and boasts a respectable 3.2 grade point average in the field of science. The 25-year-old beaker babe spends her free time dancing, singing, hiking and cooking. She longs for "a guy to tie me up and take total control over me."

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS \$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a \$250 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of HUSTLER's *Real College Girls*. Finalists score \$1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn \$5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores \$500, and the Finalists' photographers earn \$250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* or *Video College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$250 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City

State

Zip

Personal e-mail address

Occupation

Hobbies

Major

College

Year

GPA

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$250 for photographs or \$500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



Marital Aids

BY HEATHERTOWNE

Marianne poured me another cup of coffee, then replaced the decanter and sat back down at the kitchen table. "You didn't come over here just to discuss gardening, did you, Kate?"

I looked up and smiled at her. Marianne and I had been friends too long for me to put anything over on her. I gazed into her crystal-clear blue eyes and the bedroom problems between my husband and I gushed out of my mouth. After ten years of mostly happy marriage, sex had become more of a chore than a joy lately—something to do once a week, like changing the sheets on the bed. Our love life had become stale, boring. It wasn't because Jim wasn't a good lover, it was just that with the kids and the jobs and the new house, sex had become secondary, and, sadly, it didn't look like the situation would improve anytime soon.

Marianne twirled a strand of her long, black hair around a slim, silver-

tipped finger. "Roger and I had a very similar problem," she said, her glossy lips breaking into a sympathetic smile. "I think all couples do eventually. You get completely overwhelmed by the day-to-day activities of living and striving to get ahead, such that sex doesn't seem so important anymore."

I nodded, then blatantly inquired, "And how did you guys handle it?"

Marianne's perfectly made-up, pearl-white face suddenly turned a salmon shade of pink, and her eyes fluttered back and forth between her coffee cup and me. "Well... you've got to do something to, um... shock the sexuality back into your marriage, so to speak. For Roger and me, it was, uh..."

"Hey," I interjected quickly, "if you don't want to talk about it..."

"Spanking," she blurted out.

"What!?"

She settled her hands in her lap and looked me directly in the eye. "Our sex life had dwindled to virtually

nothing, and it was just routine whenever we did make love, so Roger and I tried some new things, experimented a bit... until we found that spanking turned both of us on. Really turned us on."

I gulped down my amazement. "You mean that Roger spans you?"

"Roger spans me, I spank Roger. We spank each other. It's completely revived our sex life."

"But isn't it, um, painful?"

"There's a very thin line between pain and pleasure, Kate."

"...until we found that spanking turned both of us on. Really turned us on."

I almost spilled my coffee as I took a small sip, my hand was shaking so hard. Marianne was a shy, soft-spoken woman who liked everything to be in its proper place, someone who wouldn't harm a fly—or so I'd thought. She and Roger were the perfect, All-Canadian couple—good-looking, suc-

cessful, sophisticated. He was a partner in an architectural firm and she was a private school teacher. I couldn't believe that they'd be involved in something as kinky as spanking.

"And w-what do you, you know, use to spank each other?" I spluttered.

Marianne shrugged her shoulders. "Well, it depends on what we feel like. Our hands, of course, brushes, paddles, rolled-up newspapers and magazines, dildos."

"Dildos!?"

She nodded. "Why don't I just show you our collection of disciplinary devices?"

"Why don't you?" I almost shouted, my face turning red and my body hot as I had a mental flash of beautiful Marianne savagely spanking hunky Roger's bare bum with a dildo. Roger was a big, blonde, macho type of guy, and the thought of him getting disciplined with a plastic cock by his petite, polite wife left me light-headed and tingling all over, and wondering if Marianne wasn't on to something here.

"Follow me," she said, pushing back and gracefully sliding out of her chair. She winked at me and then strolled out of the kitchen and down the hall, her hips swaying suggestively under her shark-colored dress.

I slammed my coffee cup down in its saucer, cracking both, and hurried after her, the two of us colliding just inside her bedroom door. She laughed and steadied me, her smooth, slender hands cool on my hot, sun-burnished skin, and then she guided me over to an antique dresser that crouched against a wall in the tastefully-appointed room. She pulled the top drawer open, and we stood there, bare shoulder to bare shoulder, looking down at a neatly arrayed collection of butt-warming tools: switches, yardsticks, steel batons, pad-

dles, hair brushes, a riding crop, and, yes, dildos.

"Wow!" I exhaled. "How long have you and Roger been doing this? Spanking each other, I mean?"

"Oh, about a year now, I suppose."

I picked up a monstrous, blue-black double-dong and held it in my hand, marveling at its length and thickness, its heft. Then I whispered like I was holding a sacred object in a place of worship, "How does getting whipped with this thing feel?"

"There's only one way to find out," Marianne replied matter-of-factly.

I jerked my head sideways and gaped at her. "Huh!? Oh, no... I couldn't... I-"

"Do you want to reclaim your sex life, or not?" she said bluntly, her soft, sweet voice grown decidedly harsher. Her eyes were hard and intimidating, her full lips parted slightly like she was having trouble breathing.

"There's a very thin line between pain and pleasure..."

I was having trouble breathing. I dropped the heavy-duty, two-pronged dildo and took a step backwards. "I guess maybe I better get-"

"You're not going anywhere!" Marianne barked, scooping up the lewd sex toy and roughly grabbing my elbow.

I glanced anxiously from her hand to her face, and her expression of unbending determination told me that I'd better play along. Plus, my own blossoming desire to find out just what that dildo did feel like kept me rooted



to the ground. "Okay, okay. I-I'm willing to give it a try," I stammered. No risk, no reward, right?

"Good," Marianne replied crisply. She let go of my arm and walked over to the large canopy bed that dominated the room, sat down stiffly on the side of it. She held the wicked-looking cock-substitute in her right hand and patted her tiny lap with her left. "Come over here and accept your punishment. Now!"

Sweat grew on my forehead and the palms of my hands, and my legs turned into two overcooked noodles. My whole body was numb and my head was spinning, but somehow I managed to stagger over to Marianne. I stood in front of her like a nervous schoolgirl, my hands trembling, my breath coming in shallow gasps.

"You've been a bad girl, haven't you!?" she rebuked me, slapping the giant dildo hard across the palm of her small, delicate hand.

The warm, caring, retiring woman I had known only moments before was gone, replaced by a cold, aggressive, and aroused dominatrix (I could clearly see her rigid nipples indenting the thin fabric of her dress). I suspected, as well, that her pussy was probably as wet as mine. She grabbed my hand and pulled me down onto

her lap, bent me over her knees like I was bad girl who'd just been caught smoking.

"This is for your own good," she declared, and then smacked my bottom with the rubber hose.

"God!" I shrieked, instantly amazed at the intensity of my reaction. It hadn't really hurt, but everything, every feeling, every action and reaction, seemed incredibly magnified in the crackling, sexually-tense atmosphere of that bedroom. I was wearing only a flimsy summer dress and a pair of panties, and the thin fabric of those two garments provided sweet little cushioning for my bottom against Marianne's wicked love-stick.

She gripped my neck to hold me securely in place, and then whacked my bum again with the dildo, harder this time. I fought to catch my breath and blood rushed to my head and thundered in my ears. She smacked my butt again and again with her heavy spank toy, harder and harder, faster and faster, pounding my ass in an evermore frantic rhythm.

"Fuck!" I groaned, and twisted my dizzy head around to steal a look at Marianne. Her sky-blue eyes were wide and glassy, her face crimson, her white teeth biting sharply into her pink tongue. I dropped my head back down and stared blindly at the carpet, the searing pain in my ass being fanned into flames by Marianne's relentless spanking.

She beat me unmercifully with the ebony pussy-plunger, and yet, even as she flailed away at my burning bottom, something clicked in my overwrought brain, and I mentally switched gears and the pain suddenly and unexpectedly began to dissipate. It became something I could control as I realized that Marianne would never really hurt me. I channeled the white-hot anguish from my throbbing bum into my drenched pussy, so that each time she smacked me, a jolt of

raw sexual energy blasted my pussy and permeated my body.

"You're not hurting me!" I screamed defiantly, slobber spilling out of my mouth and onto the carpet, my transformation from victim to spank-vixen complete.

She angrily pushed up my dress and pulled down my panties, her long



nails scratching the inflamed surface of my bottom as she frantically sought to expose me to even greater punishment, and pleasure. "This'll teach you a lesson!" she hissed, her chest heaving, her hands damp and shaking as she roughly adjusted my clothing to give herself the maximum bare target area.

"Yes!" I jeered when she lashed the flexible, two-headed dong across my naked ass with a resounding smack. My plump buttocks trembled, I trembled, as Marianne whaled my behind, raining down blows that blistered me from pink to scarlet.

Then she forced my legs apart and scrubbed my dripping cunt with the two-girl fuck-rod. She alternated between laying a licking on my butt and urgently buffing my pussy. The

feeling was incredible, and before I even knew what was happening, my cunny exploded and I was rocked by orgasm. She savaged my bare bottom with stinging wallop after wallop, rubbed my drenched pussy, and a tidal wave of heat churned through my quivering body and consumed me, leaving me devastated in its wake. I came with a pain-induced intensity that I'd never have believed possible, and then lay limp and shattered across Marianne's knees when she halted her furious beating.

"How did that feel?" she asked after awhile, lightly stroking my dewy neck and gently rubbing my swollen bum. "I wasn't too hard on you, was I?" She had reverted back to the Marianne of old, the Marianne I'd known exclusively before she'd picked up that black cock-replacement and pummeled my bottom like a woman possessed.

I sucked some humid air into my tortured lungs and wearily shook my head. She helped me regain my footing, and we both stared in awe at the reflection of my brick-red butt in the mirror above the dresser. "That's gonna leave a mark," I joked sheepishly, tentatively petting my ravaged behind. There were already white ridges forming where she had applied the dildo extra-hard.

I gingerly pulled up my panties and lowered my dress, then gave Marianne a big, heartfelt hug. "Thanks for all your help," I said, tears in my eyes.

"Sometimes a little hurt is the best help a friend can give," she responded, her own eyes glittering.

She watched from the living room window as I slowly and stiffly walked down the driveway and carefully eased into my car. I placed the yardstick she'd given me on the back seat and waved to her, anxious to get home and show my husband a thing or two—for the good of our marriage.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Gals Wanna **Get Off**

Gals Wanna Get Off

BY LUBA MEI

With the overwhelming success of Viagra other companies have jumped on the billion-dollar drug bandwagon to whip up new products marketed to sexually dysfunctional women. Unlike pharmaceutical giant Pfizer's prescription-only medication, these "female Viagras" are available from the Internet, TB ads and even convenience stores. Enterprising souls are hawking topical pussy creams, love drinks, herbal supplements and even aphrodisiac-laced chocolate, claiming their concoctions improve ladies' love lives. Do any of them really work and how safe are they? Find out as our volunteer sex-obsessed ladies use their pussies as guinea pigs in **Over-The-Counter-Orgasms**, an exclusive HUSTLER report!

Cindy-Pambrun, SK

"Even though women can engage in intercourse when they're not aroused, most ladies, myself included, still want more from their sexual experiences. My quest for a higher level of orgasm began while watching a late-night infomercial for Climatique, "a safe and effective climax gel."

Climatique promises to "magnify, intensify and satisfy." An operator instructs viewers to call immediately for a buy-one-get-one-free offer. As a bonus, the gel will arrive in a discreet box, and each bottle comes in a black velvet pouch.

Being a shop-a-holic and a sucker for advertising, I will consume almost anything. I immediately dialed the 800 number and agreed to buy the \$24.95 bottle (plus \$6.95 for shipping and handling).

While awaiting my Climatique delivery, I noticed that sexual-enhancement products for women have suddenly popped up everywhere. I received a spam e-mail promoting Niagara; a blue drink designed to make girls horny. I placed an order for the \$11.95 "romance in a bottle," but I wanted something now.

Luckily, I found a "sexual vitality" drink" where I least expect it: at 7-Eleven. ViSante is enriched with vitamins B6 and B12, high fructose, sodium, damiana tea, yohimbe tea and ginseng tea.

The beverage is horrible, blue-raspberry-sup flavor is difficult to swallow, but somehow I forced it down my throat. The fluid had absolutely no effect on my genitals, only my gut. I attempted to play with myself, but after a few minutes of heavy muff autopetting and vibrator action, I feel too sick to my stomach to continue.

When my bottle of Niagra arrived in the mail, it's an even bigger disappointment than ViSante; drinking bong water would be a bigger turn-on. I concluded that liquid love potions definitely won't make me soak my panties.



Maybe the answer lies at the local health-food store, I think to myself. I went to the nutrition department and bought a product called Horny Goat Weed. The instructions advise taking three or four of the horse pills 90 minutes before "activity". I slam a handful down my hatch, in anticipation that, in an hour and a half, my honeypot would feel ready for a good go with my boyfriend. Two hours later I felt nothing.

Frustrated, I popped a couple Spanish fly tablets. I begin to feel as if I drank amphetamine-spiked coffee. I soon have a pounding headache. Believing I might die of a Spanish fly overdose, I scan the list of ingredients on the package. The pills each contains 22mg of something called "Whorehouse Tea." I do a little research on the mystery slut elixir - supposedly an aphrodisiac popular in the 19th Century brothels. The active ingredients in the tea are ephedrine alkaloids; basically, a legal form of speed.

By the time my boyfriend comes home, I am amped up and jumpy. I throw him onto the bed and ride him for hours like a crazed speed freak. The sex is good, but my orgasms weren't more easily achieved or more pleasurable.

My Climatique package finally arrived. I decided to masturbate in order to check out the lotion's benefits. I generously applied the clear substance to my clitoris and became aroused. My love bud feels cool, with a numbing sensation similar to novocaine. Like Viacreme, Climatique makes me feel as if I have an air conditioner on my wet coochie. I rigorously rub my clit in circles and-BAM! I come! I have difficulty determining whether Climatique enhanced my sexual response or if I got my rocks off from just jilling off. In the future, I could save some cash and just apply Dr. Bronner's Peppermint Soap to my clit for pretty much the same effect."

Amy-Coldstream, BC

"I really enjoy sex, but quite often I don't get off with my boyfriend. Desperate to have the occasional orgasm, I asked my gynecologist if she knows about anything that will enhance my sex life. The doctor gives me a sample of Viacreme, a lotion that is supposed to increase blood flow and dilation of the blood vessels in the clitoral area.

Before getting down and dirty, my boyfriend glances at the cream's cheap package lying on the floor and reads Viacreme's nifty slogan: "Where women are cherished, and men are championed." He smiles and strokes his engorged man meat. I undress, squirt a dollop of the lotion onto my finger and massage the creamy liquid into the underside of my clit hood.

Watching me fiddle with my sex button prompts my boyfriend to shove his face between my thighs. He takes one lick of my pussy and gags as if I were suffering from crotch rot. "What the fuck is that taste?" he screams. "That's disgusting!" He gargles mouthwash to rid himself of the sick flavour, but figuring that his dick doesn't have any taste buds, he sticks his cock inside my hungry gash. My vagina feels minty fresh, with an unusual tingling and cooling sensation, and I have no trouble reaching orgasm. Viacreme didn't improve the sex, but I would use the gel again due to the unique feeling it produces."

Samantha-Beresford, MB

"In my never ending search for the ultimate orgasm I came across two products, Vigel and Vitar, both of which promise to help me achieve an uncontrollable orgasm by increasing blood flow to my clit. Vigel warns its consumers not to use the ointment if they suffer from "brain herpes". Since I'm pretty sure that my gray matter is herpes-free, I soak my fingers with a hue gob of the pussy cream and spread it thick on my vagina, like lube. I rub my gel-soaked fingertips on my nipples to see what happens. My tits feel as if someone is simultaneously sucking and icing them. Meanwhile, my throbbing crotch feels like I slipped a candy cane out of my mouth and straight into my pussy, slowly letting it dissolve. My man shoves his cock up my winter-fresh cunt. Having an ice-cold and tingly twat feels neat but doesn't quite blow my mind.

**"My man
shoves his cock
up my
winter-fresh cunt"**

Later that evening, my boyfriend wants to fuck again so I reach for the Vitar, squeeze the cream onto my right index finger and generously apply the product all over my shaved pussy, wiping the excess onto my belly. My clit immediately shivers with a chilled sensation.

My boyfriend presses his warm phallus against my freezing pussy and slips it in. Suddenly, a nauseating scent fills the room, and my finger is burning. I insist on stopping the fuckfest to check on my irritated digit and to locate the source of the repulsive, rancid, mothball-like odour that has taken over my bedroom.

I sit up to inspect my finger and notice that it is red and swollen, but only where it came in contact with the Vitar. A vibrant red rash has also

spread across my stomach, exactly where I wiped the sex cream. I take a whiff of my finger, and, sure enough, this terrible clit poison is the cause of the horrific smell.

I hold back my vomit as I rush to the bathroom to cleanse my finger, belly and pussy of the chemicals. I'm amazed that my vagina didn't have an allergic reaction to this shit, since pussy tissue is usually more sensitive than nongenital skin.

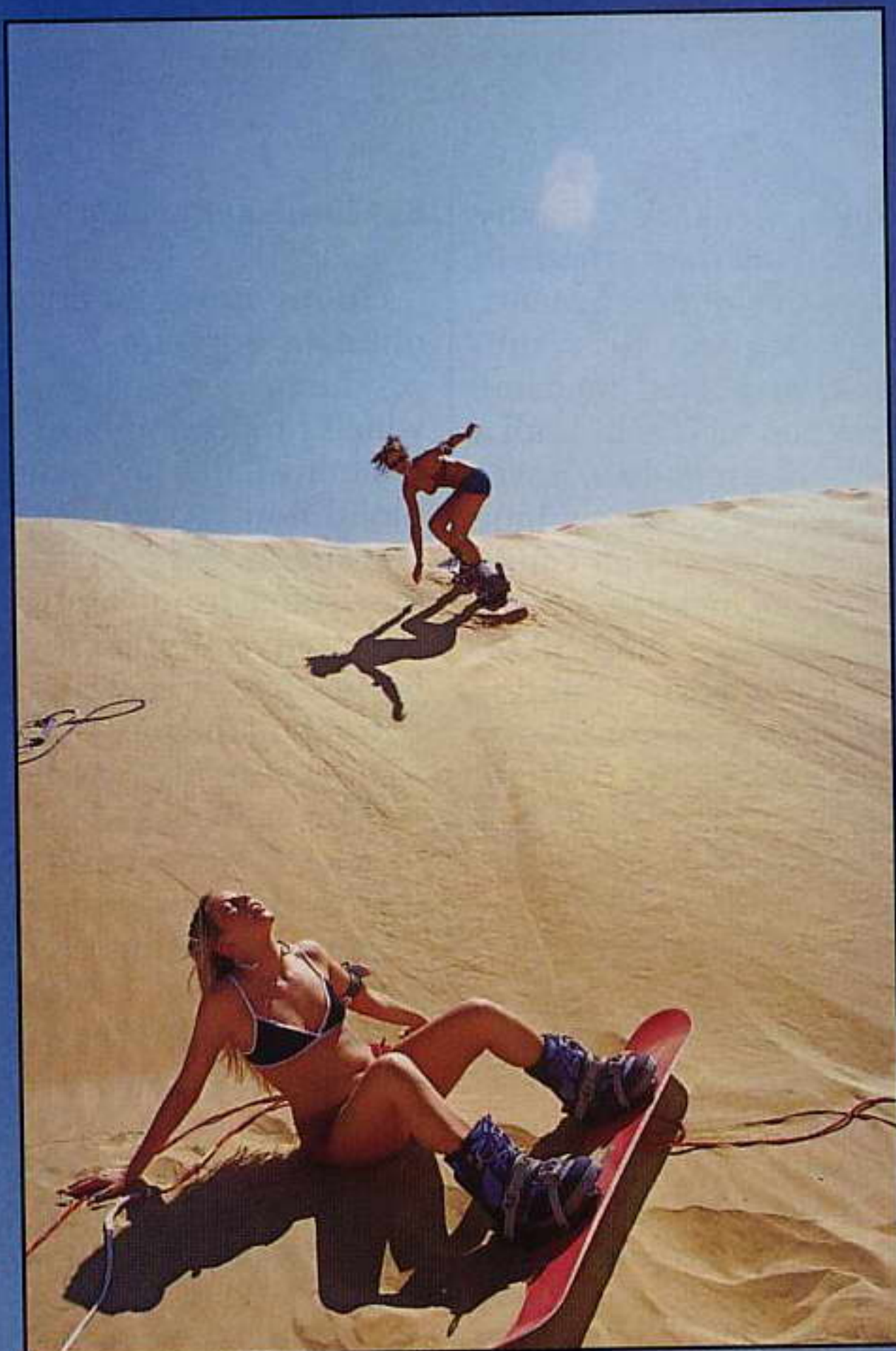
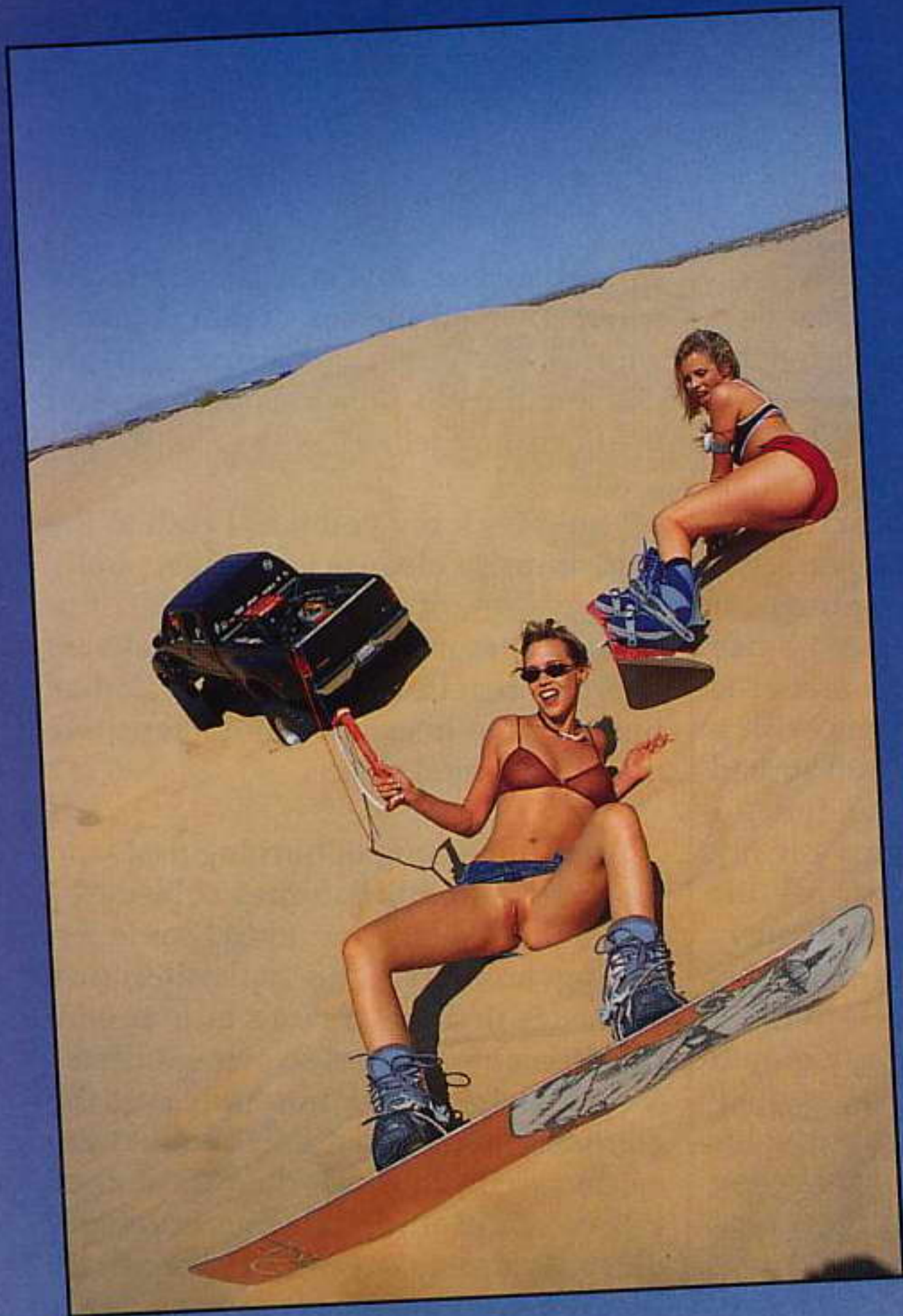
After the drama of burning flesh and disgusting-smelling fumes subsides, I researched Vitar and found some terrifying answers. The gel's literature concedes that the cream's taste resembles that of "a very strong vitamin". Vitar claims to be nontoxic, yet the company admits that this product can cause a crimson flush due to the temporary dilation of the blood vessels. They assure the user that the discoloration is only temporary.

I decide to check the ingredients of the other products that I have been rubbing all over my sensitive clit. I learn that the majority of these chick products are composed of similar, if not the same, substances. The most common pussy-cream recipe is menthol, for cooling, L-Arginine, which produces nitric oxide to reportedly improve clitoral stimulation, and multiple, scary-sounding chemicals such as polyquaternium, hydroxyethylcellulose and methylparaben that do God knows what!

Vitar has one ingredient not found in any of its competitors' products: wild yam extract. This harmless-sounding component must be the cause of the skin irritation and the stench.

After my extensive hands-on research, I wouldn't really recommend any of these products, except for Vitar, which I would suggest, to my worst enemy!"

So for all those ladies out there who want to improve your orgasm, chances are the solution lies at the end of your boyfriend's dick or tongue and not a tube or bottle!



SAND BLAST



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



BETTY SUE AND FALLON

When hardbodies Betty Sue and Fallon hit the sand, they always get a rush, and sometimes that natural high carries over into other activities. After surfing the dunes, the clit lovers took turns riding each other. Betty Sue spread wide for Fallon's tongue, which probed her slippery slopes, then returned the favor by devouring Fallon's mound.













Beaver Hunt



#1 HEATHER

Heather is a luscious blond Beaver who enjoys the outdoors, fishing and riding street bikes as much as she loves adorning her navel with sparkling trinkets. The 20-year-old communications officer from Burlington, Ontario can't wait to "get it on with another girl."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#2 MAGALI

A special-events coordinator from Montreal, Quebec, Magali has a fondness for big, fluffy hair and fur coats. Although the 28-year-old failed to list her hobbies, she was forthcoming about her fantasy: "I enter a room where a man and a woman are restrained against a wall and blindfolded. Silently, I please them both and bring them to an ultimate orgasm by using whatever part of my body I please."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt

#3 NIKKI



Nikki, a 40-year-old naturist from Creston, British Columbia, is quite the outdoors-woman. Among her myriad activities, she especially enjoys motorcycle riding, skiing, snowmobiling and horseback riding. Her carnal craving is firmly rooted in "spontaneous sex."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#4 AUBREE



A 21-year-old phone-sex operator from Jasper, British Columbia, Aubree spends her free time hiking, boating and swimming. As for her fantasy, this flaming-haired nympho admits that "anything goes, but I love to be the one that does all the work and be in charge." —Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#5 SHAWNEE



We have no idea what Shawnee, a 28-year-old from St. Helen, Amherst, Nova Scotia, does for a living or what her sexual fantasies and hobbies are, as the tight-lipped vixen didn't list them. In lieu of this information, we're letting her pussy speak for itself.

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST FLASH FOR CASH

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2003 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to **NORTHLAND MEDIA INC.**, 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$150 and a chance at the 2003 Grand Prize. Grand Prize Finalists win \$500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$250, and the Finalists' photographers win \$150. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of Northland Media Inc.

MODEL RELEASE / ENTRY FORM

To enter *Hustler Beaver Hunt* you must be over 18 years old, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos become the unreturnable property of **NORTHLAND MEDIA Inc.**, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Win \$150 if we publish your photo. Send photos, IDs and release to **NORTHLAND MEDIA**, 173 Lakeshore Rd. W., Box 177, Oakville, ON, L6K 1E7.



Please Print

Model's name		
Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name		
Name to be published		
Date of birth	Phone (include area code)	
Model's Social Security number		
Address		
City	Province	Postal Code
Personal e-mail address	Occupation	
Hobbies		
Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary)		
Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)		
		Date

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of \$150 for photographs, I hereby give **NORTHLAND MEDIA inc.**, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Beaver Hunt



#6 MAISY

Take a look at Maisy, a Canuck from Winnipeg, Canada. Biking, swimming and bowling are just a few of the activities this 35-year-old secretary enjoys. Her most consuming sexual fantasy is "to have sex on a bed of money."
—Photo by Husband

Hailing from Greenwood, British Colombia, Lisa is a massage therapist who constructively spends her spare time masturbating, having sex and watching porn. The 29-year-old Helen Hunt lookalike's deepest carnal desire is to "have about five or six men come all over my body. The messier the better."
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#8 LISA

Beaver Hunt



#7 BRANDI

Brandi is a 41-year-old bookkeeper from Kelwood, Island. Although she neglected to list her hobbies, we're guessing that color-coordinating her corsets with her living room furniture might be one of them.
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#9 DREAMS ★

An exotic dancer from Montréal, Québec, 19-year-old Dreams looks as comfortable as can be clutching a street pole. While she failed to divulge her pastimes, she does admit to fantasizing about "making love to my old man on the Pacific Ocean while the sun is coming up."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

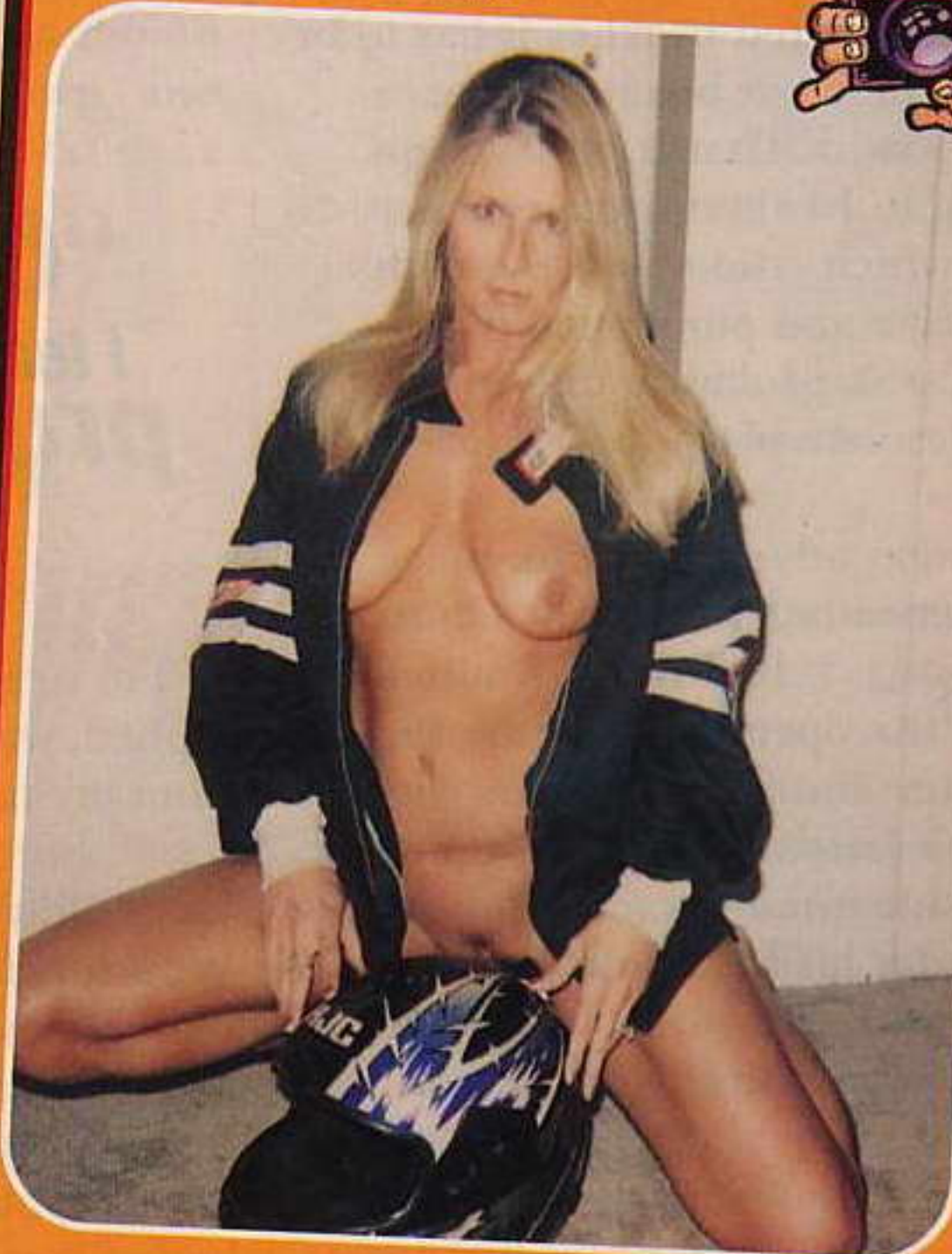


#10 DAPHNE ★

Daphne, a bespectacled babe from Amherst, Nova Scotia, fancies herself a singer. The 25-year-old Emerald City songbird lists her hobbies as dancing, playing guitar and reading. When not honing her vocal skills, Daphne daydreams of "being blindfolded and fully restrained while my husband uses me as he pleases."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt



#11 GINA ★

Gina is a 27-year-old health-care worker, from Jasper, Alberta who enjoys drag racing with her husband and chasing her three kids around the house. This sexy speed demon longs for "a threesome or posing in a nudie magazine."

—Photo by Husband



Memoirs of Mimi

Shagging in Charlottetown of Mimi

Of all the provinces in this great country of ours, Prince Edward Island holds a very special place in my heart. With its pristine coastline and crimson red beaches it has to be one of the most beautiful places in the world. That is, unless you happen to be there in the winter – at which time, swept with snowdrifts and pummeled by icy winds, it is probably one of the most desolate places on earth.

My next adventure took place one December night in Charlottetown. I had been invited to review the opening of a new version of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* at the Confederation Centre of the Arts. Only this time *Dracula* would be singing for his blood meal. A musical version of *Dracula*, I thought to myself, interesting.

I arrived late the evening before the performance and a handsome young man greeted me at the airport. His name was Tristan and, I soon found out, he was one of the actors from the play. I was both thrilled and aroused by the studly young man's attention towards me.

"I've read your column for years," said Tristan with a child-like awe in his voice. "I think you're one of the best journalists in Canada."

"Oh?"
I teased. "Is that a proposition?"

"I'm so glad you enjoy my work," I replied, with a girlish giggle escaping from my mouth.

I couldn't take my eyes off Tristan. With his dark blond hair and piercing blue eyes, it was easy to see why this young man had gone into the theatre business. As I walked with the six foot two Adonis, I desperately hoped that he was straight.

The next evening, after the play, I was invited to a reception where I, again, met up with the very comely Tristan.

"I really enjoyed your perfor-

mance," I said. "You're talented as well as handsome."

Tristan began to blush. Mmm, he's modest too, I thought to myself.

"Miss Horowitz," he began.

"Call me Mimi," I interrupted.

"Mimi," he said shyly, "I was wondering if, after the reception, you might consider coming up to my room."

"Oh?" I teased. "Is that a proposition?"

Tristan turned even redder.

"Well, actually I have a video I'd like to show you of a one-man show that I've been working on. I'd really like your opinion."

I was flattered. But I was also incredibly horny at the thought of getting the hot stud up to his bedroom that I could feel my pussy moisten beneath my cotton under-panties.

"Well I'd be honoured," I replied,

taking him by the arm, "why don't we go right now – this party is a total bore anyway."

With a somewhat surprised look on his face, Tristan led me upstairs to his hotel room.

"His tongue tenderly touched the outside of my love lips"

As we sat on the bed, watching his video, I could not help but lustily check him out and fantasize what it would be like to have his sweet little butt pounding my horny hole.

After about a half-hour it became evident to me that Tristan was too shy to make a move, so if I were going to get laid I'd have to initiate things. Still, the whole gay thing was a lingering question.

In the theatre world, as beautiful as the boys were, often they were only interested in other beautiful boys. But I had to find out, one way or another, if this was the case for Tristan.

Without any invitation I reached over and put my hand square on the hunky actor's crotch. To my relief and total joy, Tristan was as hard as a rock! Momentarily startled, he pushed me down on the bed and began to passionately kiss me. As his warm thick lips explored my mouth, he quickly pulled off his clothing and then stripped me naked.

Tristan then stood up, displaying his near perfect muscular body and his 9-inch boner. He got off the bed and knelt down. Leaning over me he

placed his warm moist mouth to my dripping wet pussy.

His tongue tenderly touched the outside of my love lips and worked its way past the gentle folds of my delicate labia. Reaching over, he began to lightly massage my clit with two fingers while his tongue prodded my horny little slit bit.

I spread my legs wide in order to give him the best possible access. This guy really knew how to eat pussy and he did so with great adroitness and fervency. The feeling, as his tongue pushed inside me, and his fingers danced over my love button, was almost ethereal. I could have let this guy munch my muff until the cows came home.

But Tristan had other ideas. After a few minutes of his glorious mouth music, he pulled me down and slowly eased his beautiful fat cock into my well-greased gash.

"Fuck my cunt, baby," I hollered, "fuck it, fuck it!"

Bit by bit his bountiful man sausage stretched my cunny lips and filled my lustful lunch box to near capacity.

"Is that all right?" he asked with a boyish sincerity.

"It's more than alright," I whispered, "it's fucking wonderful."

Bit by bit his momentum increased as he pumped my sweet lemon.

"You're cunt is so tight," he said.

"Do you like my cock baby?"

"And your cock is so big. Fuck me with your big cock, fuck me really good with that big cock of yours!"

Tristan then unleashed his full fury of attack as his porksword stabbed at my moist mongoose. I reached my hands around and grabbed his tight buttocks and held on for dear life.

"Fuck my cunt, baby," I hollered, "fuck it, fuck it!"

My lusty words seemed to inspire my young lover even more. I could feel the girth of his silky appendage expand deep within the walls of my love tunnel. I was so damned turned on!

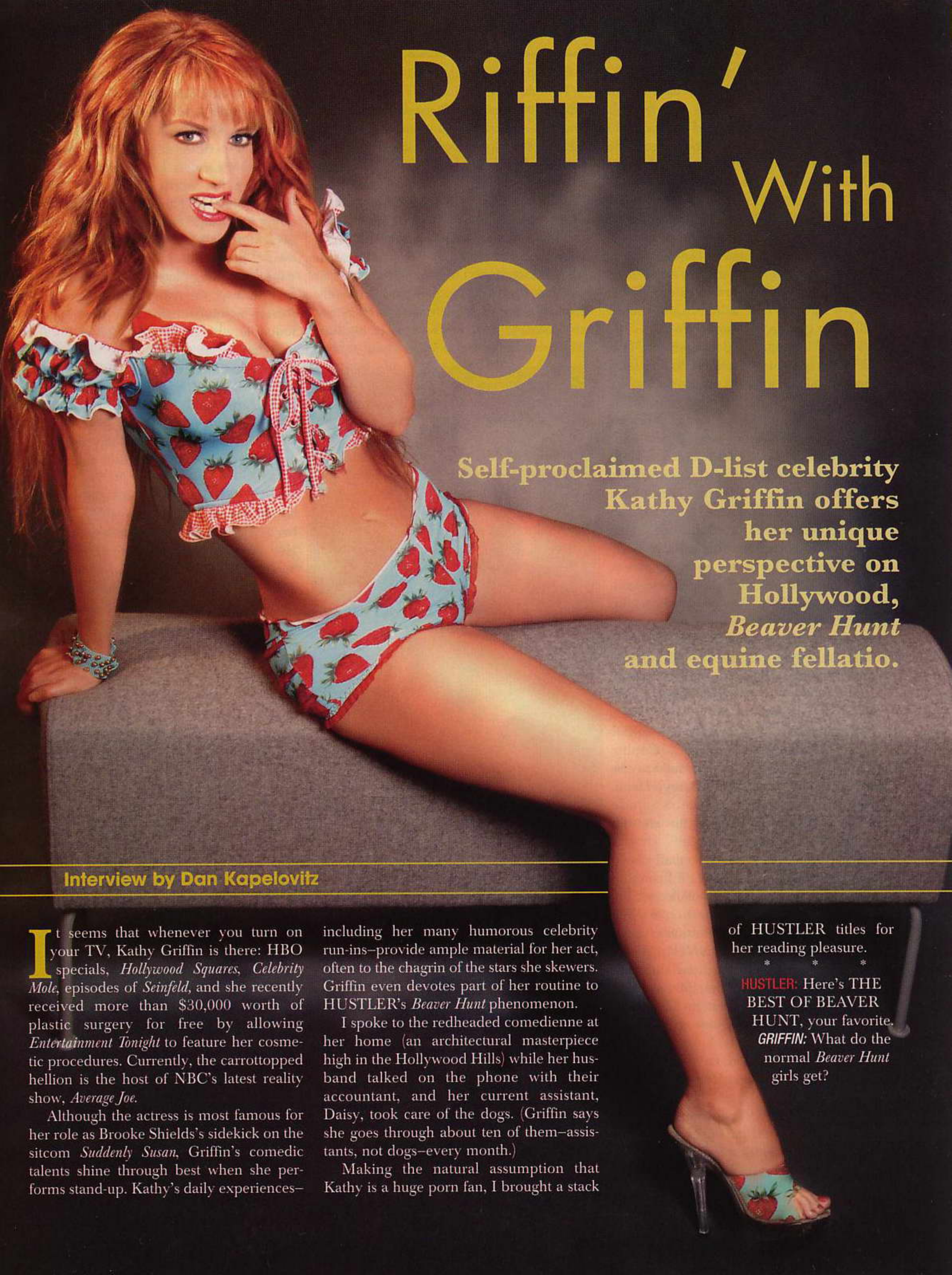
"Do you like my cock baby?" he whispered in my ear with a hint of naughtiness in his voice.

"I love your cock, I adore your beautiful fat cock inside my hot cunt!"

Tristan suddenly became very silent, shutting his eyes tightly and pumping me very slow and deliberately. Several moments later I felt a gush of warm sticky fluid fill my insides as his massive expanse emptied its mother load. The sensation immediately made my own sex explode in one of the most incredible orgasms of my life.

Content and completely spent, Tristan and I lay in one another's arms for what seemed like forever. Needless to say, he got great reviews!

More to cum!



Riffin' With Griffin

Self-proclaimed D-list celebrity
Kathy Griffin offers
her unique
perspective on
Hollywood,
Beaver Hunt
and equine fellatio.

Interview by Dan Kapelovitz

It seems that whenever you turn on your TV, Kathy Griffin is there: HBO specials, *Hollywood Squares*, *Celebrity Mole*, episodes of *Seinfeld*, and she recently received more than \$30,000 worth of plastic surgery for free by allowing *Entertainment Tonight* to feature her cosmetic procedures. Currently, the carrot-topped hellion is the host of NBC's latest reality show, *Average Joe*.

Although the actress is most famous for her role as Brooke Shields's sidekick on the sitcom *Suddenly Susan*, Griffin's comedic talents shine through best when she performs stand-up. Kathy's daily experiences—

including her many humorous celebrity run-ins—provide ample material for her act, often to the chagrin of the stars she skewers. Griffin even devotes part of her routine to HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* phenomenon.

I spoke to the redheaded comedienne at her home (an architectural masterpiece high in the Hollywood Hills) while her husband talked on the phone with their accountant, and her current assistant, Daisy, took care of the dogs. (Griffin says she goes through about ten of them—assistants, not dogs—every month.)

Making the natural assumption that Kathy is a huge porn fan, I brought a stack

of HUSTLER titles for her reading pleasure.

* * *

HUSTLER: Here's THE BEST OF BEAVER HUNT, your favorite.

GRIFFIN: What do the normal *Beaver Hunt* girls get?

HUSTLER: \$250.

GRIFFIN: Oh, Christ. Shouldn't Larry Flynt be arrested for *that*? I know he's had his Supreme Court battles and his political legal battles, but seriously, there's gotta be a law against *that*.

HUSTLER: We did offer \$10 million to one of the Bush twins.

GRIFFIN: Ten million? Wow, I'm changing my name. I like that because it just so far exceeds any amount I've ever heard *Playboy* offer.

HUSTLER: What about a million dollars?

GRIFFIN: Look, after I won the *Celebrity Mole*, it's gonna take a little more than a million to get me to blow a horse.

HUSTLER: How much did you win?

GRIFFIN: A quarter of a million dollars, but I also have all the integrity too, to back it up.

HUSTLER: What were the other contestants paid?

GRIFFIN: At first, they were gonna give everybody \$10,000, and the winnings would go to the charity of their choice. So I called them back and said, "Fuck that. I need that money." If you're on the *Celebrity Mole*, you're not in a position to be giving money away. You need that cash. Nobody signed up, and then sure enough, a week later, they came back, and they said, "Okay, everybody who even shows up gets \$25,000, and the winner gets to keep the money." So everybody signs up. As a D-list celebrity, this is the type of offer that comes across my desk.

HUSTLER: Who else is on the D-list?

GRIFFIN: Let's say the A-list is Julia Roberts and Brad Pitt; I would say my fellow D-listers are Darva Conger, Coolio, Chyna—the wrestler who used to be Chyna—[Corey] Feldman, [Corey] Haim. Those are my peeps.

HUSTLER: What are some of the weirder offers you get for work?

GRIFFIN: I have so many. I actually keep them in a stack. Let me go see if I can find them. [She retrieves a pile of faxes.] I'm doing a pilot for NBC based on my life called *The D List*; so I've been saving these. Okay, this one I love. This is VH1: "A special that will feature comedians and their humor." They have the 50 greatest moments. I'm not one of them. They want to interview me about how great other comedians are.

HUSTLER: Couldn't you have demanded that you would only do it if they put you in the top 50?

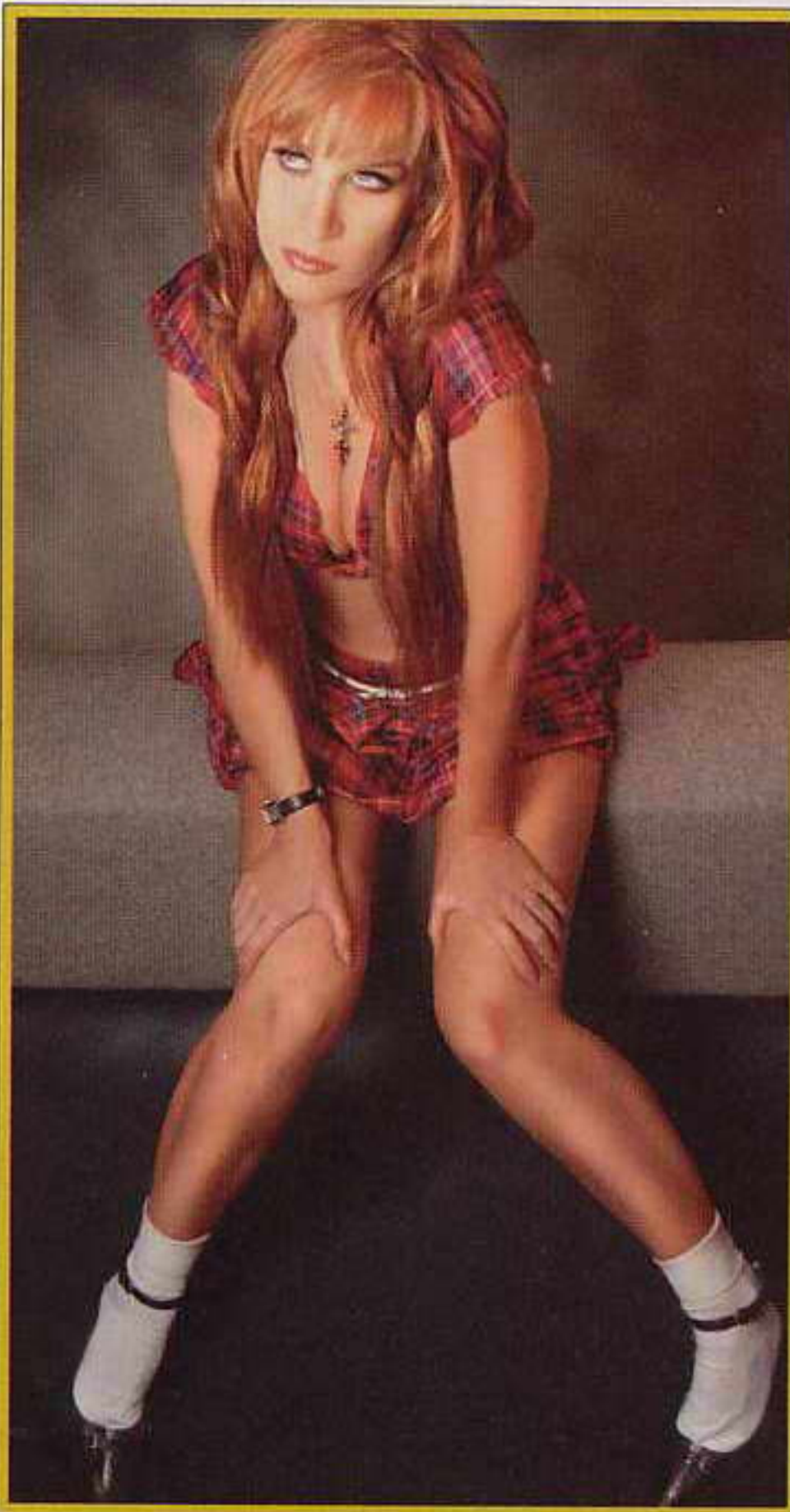
GRIFFIN: Yeah, I did. They were like, "It's not gonna happen." That's the D-list, honey. Welcome. Take a good, hard look.

HUSTLER: Have you ever taken a job that you later regretted?

GRIFFIN: Oh, yeah, but I don't regret anything that pays.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been on Bill O'Reilly's show?

GRIFFIN: No, but I was booked to go on one time. He wanted to know how I felt about the war before we went to Iraq. I wanted to talk about my experiences with the USO because I went to Afghanistan, Kuwait and Uzbekistan. Anyway, they called back and said, "Well, Bill wants to know where you stand on the war." And I said, "Tell Bill that I have no interest in talking about how I feel about the war. I'm a comic; I'm not an expert, and I'm really tired of hearing other nonexperts in my profession act like they're experts, because they're not. I'll make jokes about it, but



I'm not gonna seriously sit down and debate whether or not we should go into Iraq, because who the fuck am I?"

HUSTLER: What do you think about Janeane Garofalo's vocal antiwar stance?

GRIFFIN: I think she's ridiculous. First of all, I'm no brainiac. I just have my opinion, and I vote the way I vote, but I really am not going to act like a spokesperson for any idea. As bright as Janeane Garofalo is—and she's definitely a bright girl for a comic—you can't be nearly as knowledgeable as any of these people. You have a job as an actor; so you can't be spending all day, every minute of your life, being someone like David Gergen, who's worked in four White Houses. That's who

I'm going to listen to; I'm not gonna listen to Susan Sarandon. And when I watched Janeane talk, and when I was watching Natalie Maines talk, I realized it's so simple: I'm not gonna listen to someone who has to speak so slowly because they're searching for words. They were asking Natalie Maines, "How do you feel about us going into Iraq?" and Natalie Maines is sitting there talking to Diane Sawyer like this: "I [long pause] think we should [long pause] not [long pause] go into Iraq unless [long pause] we really know if the [long pause] weapons inspectors [long pause] found anything." It took her about five minutes to say that because she doesn't know what she's talking about; she has to search for her words. I'm not saying these people are stupid; I'm just saying that's not who I'm going to listen to.

HUSTLER: Do you ever get any flak from celebrities you've discussed in your stand-up act?

GRIFFIN: Well, Brooke Shields is truly angry at me because I told a story about going to her wedding that I thought was hilarious. Her mom got really hammered. Her mom behaved in a very typical way that people often do at weddings. I told the story in my act. Brooke came to see it, and she thought it was funny. But then it got into the *Star* or something, and the next time I went on *The Howard Stern Show*, Stern just went off on it. He spent half an hour just making fun of her. She was really upset by that; so we're on the outs.

HUSTLER: Is there any hope for your relationship?

GRIFFIN: I don't know. I mean, I don't feel that celebrities should be in this protective bubble that they're in. If I saw something really funny at a wedding, then it would be in my act whether the person's famous or not. It's kind of better that people know who I'm talking about. This isn't something like, "Well, I heard this happened at Brooke Shields's wedding." This is something that I was ringside for.

HUSTLER: Has anyone ever threatened to sue you?

GRIFFIN: Yeah, one time Lauryn Hill sort of threatened to sue me because on *Politically Incorrect* I said she was a racist, but nothing happened.

HUSTLER: Doesn't Eminem even sing about Hill being racist?

GRIFFIN: Yeah, exactly. I really am kind of protected, because it's all under the umbrella that I'm a comedian.

HUSTLER: I heard that you enjoy being in the tabloids.

GRIFFIN: I love it.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite tabloid article about yourself?

GRIFFIN: Let's go look at the fridge. The minute I'm in one of the tabloids, I have it laminated and put on the fridge.

HUSTLER: Are all of these true?

GRIFFIN: Pretty much mostly. That's why celebrities hate the tabloids, because it's mostly true.

HUSTLER: Here's "Brooke Shields's drunk mom hit on my hubby," reveals co-star."

GRIFFIN: I love it. That's a good one. "Kathy Griffin's About Face" is about my face-lift, because I used to show the post-op slides in my act. It was awesome; they're really sick.

HUSTLER: I heard you once took off your shirt as part of your act.

GRIFFIN: Yes, one time. I was so moved by a Celine Dion song that I took my clothes off. I was down to underpants, and I had my boobs out too, which I can't believe, because they're real, and they're very mushy. I could actually play Hacky Sack with my boobs without a bra on.

HUSTLER: Wasn't one of the other comedienne angry that you did that?

GRIFFIN: Yeah. The girl who followed me, Henriette Mantel—she slammed my set, saying, "It's such an easy laugh to take your top off," and "Haven't women come farther than that?" I just said, "Well, you

know, I'm not above an easy laugh. I'll do anything for a laugh."

HUSTLER: Tell us about your new reality series, *Average Joe*.

GRIFFIN: It's so sick. Okay, get this. They get a really cute bimbo, NFL cheerleader cutesy girl, and they lead her to believe that she's going to be on a show like *The Bachelorette*, where it's 16 hot guys. At the end of it, she's gonna find this hot fireman who's gonna propose. In episode one, they interview her, and they say, "What are you looking for in a man?" And, of course, she just wants a sense of humor and a nice smile, and she also wants someone who has intelligence. No, I think she was saying things like she wants someone who *is* intelligence. This bus pulls up, and it's 16 real men, meaning there are guys that are 400 pounds, balding, hairy backs. Pretty much the whole series is watching her go on these dates with these guys and trying not to vomit.

HUSTLER: How did they find these guys?

GRIFFIN: Anybody will do anything to be on television—that's how.

HUSTLER: Did they know they were chosen because they're not good-looking?

GRIFFIN: No. They think they're going on some kind of reality show, but they don't know what. I'm the one who tells them. That's what's so horrible. They're all lined up at the pool, and of course they're in their swimsuits, and who looks good in a swimsuit? I walk out there, and they all clap because they recognize me. Then I break it to them. I'm like, "You're all here to meet a girl, but you guys aren't the normal type that she might be expecting." It was intense.

HUSTLER: What were they paid?

GRIFFIN: Nothing.

HUSTLER: What about the girl?

GRIFFIN: Nothing.

HUSTLER: What about the winner?

GRIFFIN: Nothing. Zero.

HUSTLER: What do they win, a date?

GRIFFIN: They win a fucking date.

HUSTLER: Is your show *The D List* going to be a reality show?

GRIFFIN: No, it's gonna be just a regular sitcom based on my life as a D-list celebrity. The beauty of it is, I'm actually gonna play Kathy Griffin, the girl that was the sidekick on *Suddenly Susan* and has been biting and scratching ever since, who goes and does these offers, like stand-up at the Burbank dog pound—what it's really like to be on the D-list.

HUSTLER: Would you do *Celebrity Boxing*?

GRIFFIN: No. And I have been asked. I was very hurt and insulted. I was like, "I'm not there yet, okay, fellas?"

HUSTLER: That's the E-list.

GRIFFIN: Yeah. Especially because, I think, on that one, the money is really low too. It's something crazy like \$10,000 for the boxers, but then they give \$25,000 to the charity or some bullshit. Let's face it; Joey Buttafuoco needs that cash. That's the charity. Tonya Harding needs that money. Don't make her give away a penny.

HUSTLER: Do you have any final thoughts on *Beaver Hunt*?

GRIFFIN: I would just like to say to ladies out there that are competing in *Beaver Hunt*, just keep your eye on the prize. Stay focused. You gotta want it. Just remember to have integrity, honesty and just be who you are. And you can win *Beaver Hunt*.

HUSTLER: Is there anything else you want our readers to know?

GRIFFIN: Just that they are all disgusting animals that are going to hell.

* * *

Dan Kapelovitz is HUSTLER Magazine's Features Editor and an award-winning investigative journalist who has written for *LA Weekly*, *OC Weekly*, *Mean* magazine, *Lollapalooza* magazine and the *Hooligan*.



"Every year, same old shit: stays out all night—I don't know who he sees, where he goes or what he does."



"Joleen, it's getting late baby. You've got to relax your butthole."

Photo by Jason Kirk



Madsen hams it up.

(continued from page 97) **MADSEN:** I was kind of worried about that for a while, but in fact, most of the cops that I've been in contact with were always pretty good to me, always pretty cool, cordial.

HUSTLER: Wasn't Cher, at one point, your sister-in-law?

MADSEN: Yes, she was, as a matter of fact. I think that was in the early '80s sometime. I was married to her sister, Georganne.

HUSTLER: What were those Thanksgivings like?

MADSEN: Well, there's a lot of politics in that family, and I didn't really know what they were all about until I was in the middle of it. Every family has politics; so it's not like I'm singling them out, but if you want to ask me about the situation, that's all I can say. I think [Cher] was very gracious to me. We got along quite well, actually. In fact, better sometimes than I did with her sister. At the end of the day, in the final analysis, I think I was just a little too young to be married.

HUSTLER: Well, it's best to get the first one out of the way early.

MADSEN: I remember my father came to the wedding, and he stayed up in Cher's house a couple of days before the wedding. My dad was a Chicago fireman, and it was me and him sittin' by the fuckin' BBQ at her house. At one point, he looks over at me and goes, "What the fuck are we doing here?" "Jeez, I don't know, Dad. I don't know. Georganne and I are getting married. I don't know." It was very surreal, very strange.

HUSTLER: You've done a lot of hard work to get where you are, but, coming from a blue-collar background, you must consider yourself to have a lot of good fortune.

MADSEN: Yeah, it's kind of bizarre. I get reflective about it sometimes. I don't want to think about it too much, or I'm liable to climb to the top of the roof and dive off.

HUSTLER: Well, on that cheery note, it's been a pleasure to talk to you.

MADSEN: Thanks for

thinking of me, and good luck to you and the magazine. I stopped up to see Mr. Flynt not too long ago. I was seeing a lawyer in your building for something, and I realized that Larry was up there. Me and this guy I was with took the elevator up there and went into the reception area. I said, "Is Larry here? I just want to say hello to him." They looked at

me like I was from Mars. They said, "No, he is not on the premises." I said, "Okay, all right, whatever." "He is not here." I said, "Okay. All right. All right. I'm not here to scare anybody. I just came up to say hi. I was in the building. I thought I'd stop up and say hello. It's no big deal." They're, like, easing me over toward the elevator. "Will you be going now?" "Yes, yes, everything's fine. I'm sorry. I'm not going to do anything bizarre. I just came up to say hello."

HUSTLER: Did they call security on you?

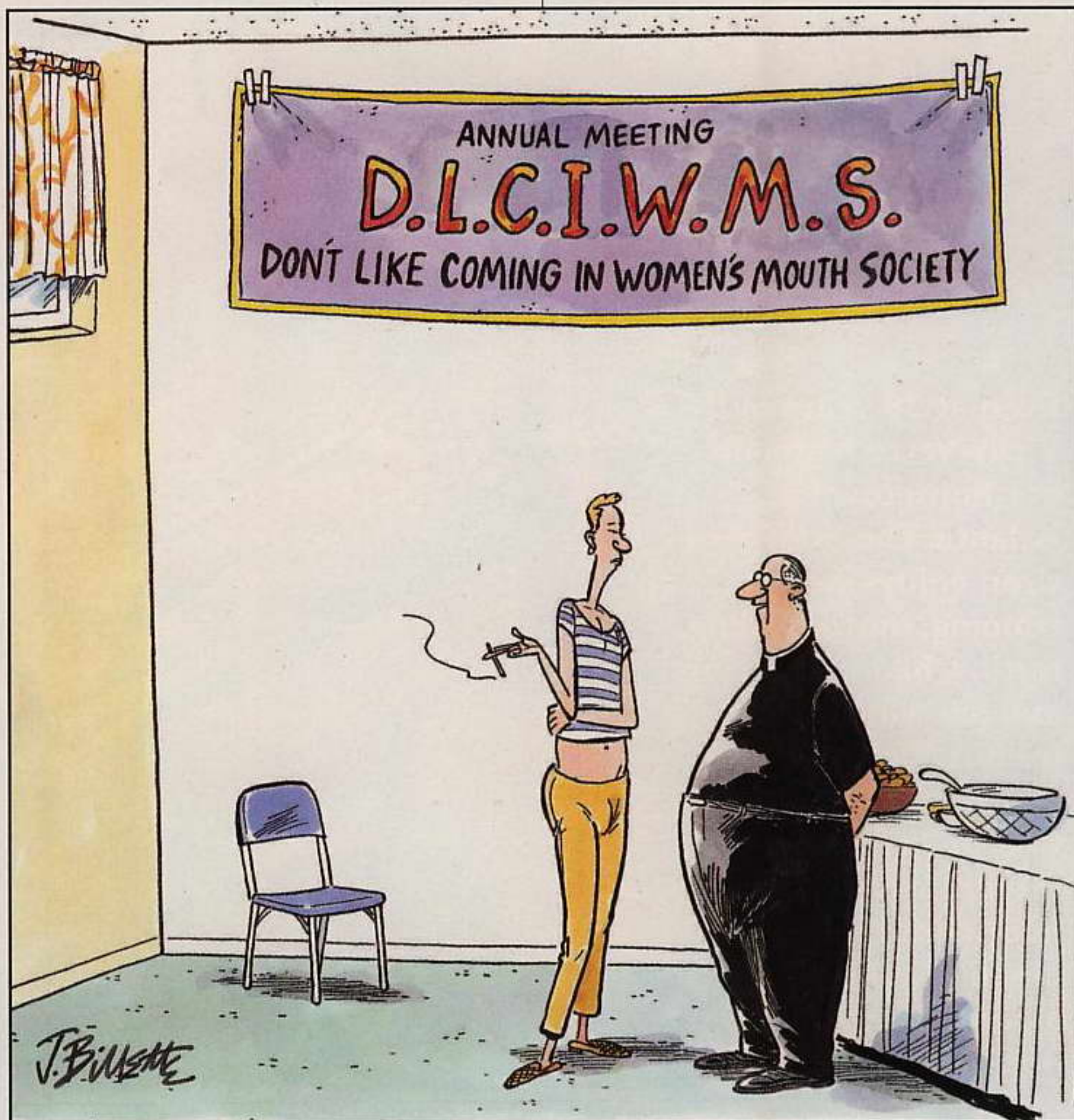
MADSEN: No, it seemed like they were about to. I saw hands trembling toward buttons, toward the red button under the desk.

HUSTLER: They call it "the Madsen" now.

MADSEN: The Madsen button, yeah. It has my name on it. That would be kind of an honor actually.

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Stephen Sonneveld is a former Bits & Pieces Editor for HUSTLER Magazine. His work has also appeared in *Mad Magazine* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Currently, he's a Los Angeles-based screenwriter working with Adudathuda.com.



"I heard old Tom died; so there's just the two of us."



Even at 38 years old, Vicky Vette heats up her hometown of Atlanta. The Southern siren enjoys weight training, motorcycling, rafting, hiking, dancing and partying with friends. Vicky owns a construction company that builds homes, but she prefers living at a nudist resort. "It has creeks, walking trails, a pool and of course a hot tub," she grins.

VICKY VETTE
FOUR-EVER YOUNG
2003 BEAVER HUNT FINALIST #4



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





Vicky has wanted to pose nude for some time but says, "I just recently got the courage to just do it." The Georgia peach's fantasy is to have sex with five guys in a Corvette. Will Vicky win the \$5,000 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize? Only your votes can put her in the driver's seat.

Look for our *Beaver Hunt* ballot in the January issue.

Coming Next Month in **HUSTLER**

▶▶ HOW I LIKE IT

When it comes to getting head, Canadian men know exactly what they like and don't hesitate to voice their opinions. In the January 2004 issue, our average Joe Canuk gives advice to all those ladies out there who would like to improve their blowjob technique. How I Like It – coming up in the next lustfully unbridled issue of HUSTLER magazine!

GETTING DICK IN DAUPHIN ◀◀

She's back out West again and up to her usual salaciously sexy shenanigans. It's triple action fun as Mimi gets down and dirty in rural Manitoba. Don't miss the hot and horny tales of our incorrigible lady of lust in Getting Dick in Dauphin, right here in the upcoming issue of HUSTLER magazine.

▶▶ WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Is the right dead? Is conservatism a thing of the past? In the January 2004 issue HUSTLER examines the right wing's fall from grace and the fate of both the Progressive Conservative and the Canadian Alliance Party of Canada. Don't miss this insightful account of Canada's displeasure with the right. Canadian Conservatives – Wolves in Sheep's Clothing, coming up in our New Year issue of HUSTLER magazine.

PEE PARTY ◀◀

Do you have a secret fetish? Do you rifle through your wife's underwear drawer? Do you like to watch her pee? Does having your butt hole played with arouse you? Well if you do then you're like many other Canadian men. In the upcoming January issue HUSTLER tackles another kinky sexual fetish of seemingly normal couples in, Pee Party, an exclusive HUSTLER exposé.

Lauren Phoenix