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"Not now, Doris. I'm very busy! Why do you think I'm sitting here with my fuckin' pants down around my ankles and my secretary sucking my cock?!"

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OCTOBER 2010 VOLUME 37 NUMBER 5 HustlerMagazine.com









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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 37, No. 5, October 2010. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in September, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com
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AN APPAULLING STATE OF AFFAIRS

For about five minutes I actually thought that Rand Paul of Kentucky might be the kind of antigovernment senatorial candidate the people could get behind. We're all looking for someone who will take on the status quo in Washington, D.C.

Then Paul showed his true pro-business colors. First he admitted to "having problems" with the 1964 Civil Rights Act because it prevented private businesses from discriminating against blacks and other minorities. Then, when referring to the Gulf oil spill, he said "accidents happen" as a way of dismissing BP's culpability.

Mr. Paul seems oblivious to the kind of horror blacks experienced in the South due to segregation. And he ignores the fact that the aforementioned "accident" appears to be negligent homicide (11 workers perished) and that it may ultimately kill all marine life in the Gulf.

To those voting in Kentucky this November, please take note: Rand Paul is the kind of libertarian who will always side with Big Business over labor. Remember that when you enter the voting booth.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

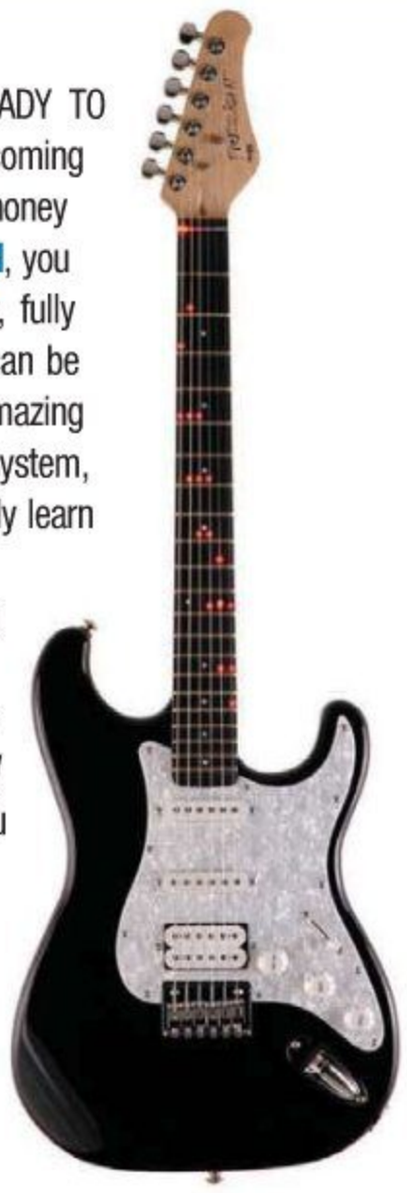
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"That Obama dude is too motherfuckin' busy all the damn time! He is ruining our stereotype!"

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GUITAR HERO



Are you ready to rock? I said, "ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!" You know you've always dreamed of becoming a heavy metal god but never had the time or the money to take lessons. With the **Fretlight 421 Standard**, you don't need expensive lessons. This high-quality, fully functional guitar uses conventional strings and can be plugged into an amp—but there's a twist. The amazing ax is equipped with an illuminated instructional system, so you can hook it up to a PC or Mac and actually learn how to play! That's right. The **Fretlight 421 Standard**'s software will teach you the basics and up to 1,000 songs.

Once you get the hang of things, you can rock out anywhere. How does a quality instrument *and* guitar lessons all for under 350 bucks sound? You can't afford *not* to rock.

Available at ***Fretlight.com***. Suggested retail price: $349.99.

GET IN THE GAME!

Gamers, time to get your motor running. Thrustmaster, a leader in gaming peripherals, has teamed up with the legendary car company Ferrari to launch a line of officially licensed controllers. One of the coolest is the wireless **F430 Scuderia**, which combines fluid motion with stylish design for the ultimate gaming experience.

Kudos go to the gizmo's optical wheel, dual progressive triggers, automatic centering feature, internal memory (making it easily compatible with PlayStation 3 and PC) and remarkably comfortable grip. The **F430 Scuderia** just might be the best thing you've had in your hand in a long time. Wait, that sounded wrong.



Available at ***Amazon.com***. Suggested retail price: $40.

VIDEO STAR

You've longed to get your band or comedy video on the Internet. You'd love it if your clip went viral and got a million hits on YouTube. That would make you a star. The only thing stopping you is your damn videocamera. Sure, the picture quality is decent, but the sound sucks. Lucky for you, the folks at Zoom have just released the supercool **Q3 Handy Video Recorder**, an easy-to-use device that will give any of your projects top-of-the-line audio quality. We're talking brilliant stereo sound. How did Zoom do it? Props to the **Q3**'s state-of-the-art dual pro microphones. And you don't have to be a super tech geek to figure out how to use this thing. Right out of the box you can start taping with the **Q3**, which features HandyShare software for editing and a 2GB SD card for up to one hour of video recording time. (With larger SD cards you can shoot for up to 16 hours.)



When your masterpiece is complete, a USB cable enables you to upload it to your computer. YouTube, Facebook and MySpace are waiting. Just try to use the **Q3** for something other than amateur porn.

Available at ***Amazon.com*** and other online retailers. Suggested retail price: $249.99.

GREAT PAD

The **iP49** from iHome is the only docking station you'll ever need for your iPod or iPhone. But get this: Besides charging those devices, it also doubles as an FM radio (with high-end speakers) and alarm clock! You can wake up to various sounds, your own music or your favorite FM station—making the **iP49** the only alarm clock you'll ever need.



The stylish gadget, which runs on an AC charge or built-in rechargeable lithium ion battery, is easily compacted (with a sleek carrying case) so you can take it anywhere. Plus, when you're lonely, it will rub your feet and bring you an ice-cold beer. Okay, that part is a lie, but for the price the **iP49** is the best docking station out there!

And here's better news: You could win one! See details below.

Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $159.99.

WIN AN iHOME iP49 DOCKING STATION FOR YOUR iPOD AND iPHONE

iPod and iPhone not included! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to:

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT





FIGHT CLUB

UFC Undisputed 2010

THQ

PSP, PS3, Xbox 360

The latest in the popular ***UFC*** fighting series takes the fisticuffs to an epic level. You can now play as one of 100 different fighters (20 of them new), and the awesome game's photorealism will make you feel like you're right in the Octagon. Damn, you can practically taste the blood and feel the pain of the visceral impact. ***UFC Undisputed 2010***'s action is more fluid than its predecessors, and you can end a fight in any position. If all that man-grappling seems a bit too gay, the sexy-as-hell Octagon girls will cleanse your palate (and soil your pants!). Bodyslam time!



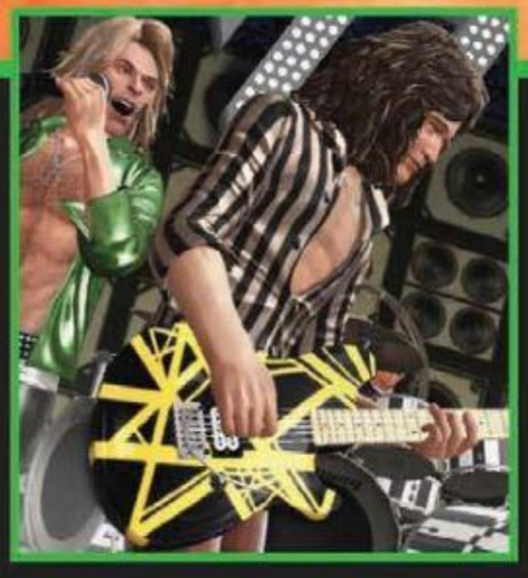
THE HUNT IS ON

Bass Pro Shops: The Hunt

Piranha Games/Griffin

Wii, PC, Xbox 360

Wouldn't it be great if you could hunt down a slew of prey like deer, elk, moose and even polar bears? Well, you can't. Because if you did, chances are your drunk pals would shoot you in the ass. No worries. ***Bass Pro Shops: The Hunt*** allows you to track and kill big game without leaving the safety of your living room. Three modes (Quick Hunt, Season Hunt and BPS Challenge) let players jump in and shoot away for hours of bloodsport action. The game boasts a motion-sensitive rifle controller for an unbelievably authentic hunting experience.



AND THE CRADLE WILL ROCK

Guitar Hero: Van Halen

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360

Since Eddie Van Halen is the original guitar hero, it's only fitting that he and his rocking buddies finally get their own version of the popular music video game. Eddie, David Lee Roth, Alex and Wolfgang (sorry, Michael Anthony) rip through 25 of the band's greatest hits and three of Eddie's epic guitar solos. ***Guitar Hero: Van Halen*** also includes tracks from 19 other artists, including Queen, Blink-182 and Weezer. The cradle will rock, indeed!



GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES

ModNation Racers

Sony

PS3

Designed exclusively for the PS3, ***ModNation Racers*** is an exciting new take on motorsports games. With fully customizable speed machines and drivers, you can cook up the ultimate combo. This cool game will have you racing around harrowing obstacle courses for hours of fast-paced fun.

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LIBERAL HERESY: I'M OKAY WITH THE PAUL PARTY

FATHER AND SON ARE IRASCIBLE POPULISTS, AND WE NEED MORE LIKE THEM IN BOTH PARTIES.

Count me as one lefty liberal who is not the least bit unhappy with the victory by Rand Paul in Kentucky's Republican primary for the U.S. Senate. Not because it might make it easier for some Democratic Party hack to win in the general election, but rather because he seems to be a principled libertarian in the mold of his father, Representative Ron Paul (R-Texas), and we need more of that impulse in the Congress.

After all, what's wrong with cutting back big government that mostly exists to serve the interests of megacorporations? Of course, for me it would be better if that challenge came from populist progressives of the Left, in the Bernie Sanders mold, but this is Kentucky we're talking about.

Rand Paul, like his dad, is worthy of praise for standing in opposition to the Wall Street bailout, which will come to be marked as the greatest swindle in U.S. history…

Rand Paul, like his dad, is worthy of praise for standing in opposition to the Wall Street bailout, which will come to be marked as the greatest swindle in U.S. history, and which was, as he noted on his Web site, an unconstitutional redistribution of income in favor of the undeserving rich:

"Federal bailouts reward inefficient and corrupt management, rob taxpayers, hurt smaller and more responsible private firms, exacerbate our budget problems, explode national debt and destroy our U.S. dollar. Even more importantly, any bailout of private industry is in direct violation of the Constitution. It is a transfer of wealth from those who have earned to those who have squandered."

An opponent in hindsight of the Iraq War, Rand Paul is a bit more inclined than his father to waffle on his libertarianism when it comes to supporting an interventionist foreign policy. Yet while he deems a U.S. invasion of Afghanistan to be legitimate, since the 9/11 attacks allegedly were planned there under Taliban protection, he claims he would have insisted on a formal declaration of war, as called for by the Constitution, before he would have supported it.

"If I had been in the U.S. Senate, I would have stopped them and said no more; we will have a vote," he said. "We will declare war with Afghanistan. We will declare war with Iraq. I would have voted for a declaration of war with Afghanistan, but I would have voted against a declaration of war with Iraq. But I would have made them vote. And that's the problem; they no longer pay attention to the rules."

In any case, his Republican establishment opponent, Trey Grayson, attacked Paul for his opposition to an interventionist foreign policy as well as for favoring the legalization of marijuana. On both counts it is a good sign that Kentucky voters rejected Grayson's lines of attack.

True, to wax warmly about a potential Republican libertarian senator is an act of desperation for a liberal who still hopes that the federal government might be moved by the embattled band of progressive Democrats in Congress to put the power of the federal government at the service of the needy. But when has that happened recently?

With a commanding Democratic majority in Congress and a former community organizer as President, the focus of economic policy in this time of enormous economic pain has been on saving the bankers who created this mess. With the D.C. Democrats trusting our well-being to the likes of Lawrence Summers and Timothy Geithner, who under President Bill Clinton did so much to enable Wall Street greed, would it not be good to have at least one Republican senator questioning the Washington spending spree?

Yes, Rand Paul is bad on a lot of social issues I care about (such as his stance on civil rights legislation and whether it infringes on the rights of private businesses). And no, I don't embrace his faith in the social compassion of unfettered free markets. In this, he will likely follow the path of the "moderate" weightlifter-governor of my state of California, who is now telling us we must choose between honoring state pension plans or providing assistance to children living in poverty. We can't do both, because raising taxes, corporate or otherwise, is a nonstarter in the land of Prop. 13.

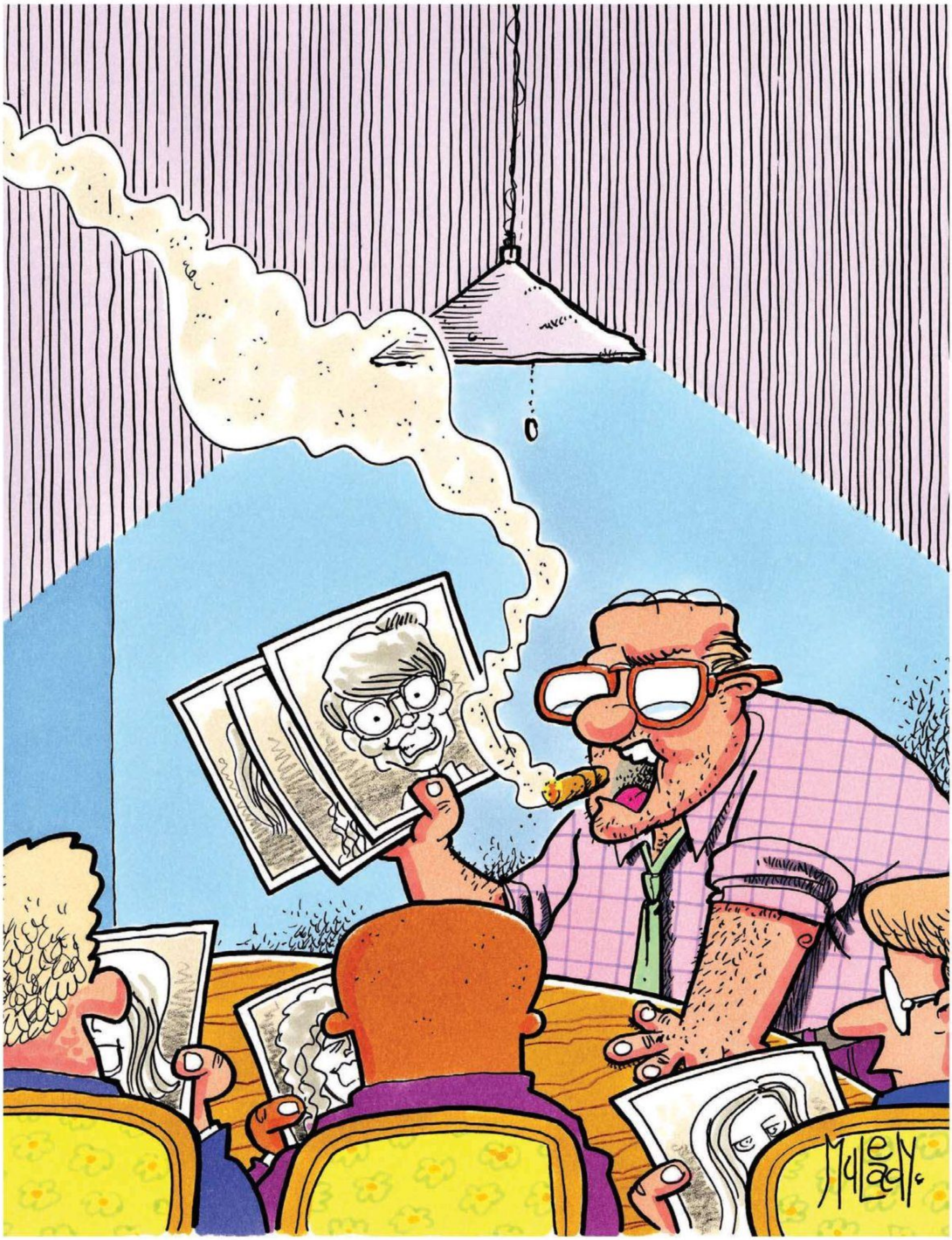
But the alternative we have experienced under Democrats is not one of a progressive government properly restraining free-market greed, but rather, as was amply demonstrated in the pretend regulation of the oil industry, of government as a partner in corporate crime. It is the power of the corporate lobbyists that is at issue, and it is refreshing that candidate Paul has labeled Washington lobbyists a "distinctly criminal class" and favors a ban on lobbying and campaign contributions by those who hold more than a million dollars in federal contracts.

Heresy, I know, but it is only thanks to Ron Paul, the father and hopefully the mentor of the potential Kentucky senator, that we got a Congressional mandate to audit the Fed's role in the banking bailout. How bad could it be to have another irascible Paul in the Congress? Not that bad at all.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

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"Palin, Bachmann, Coulter, Malkin. I think we have our proof, gentlemen, that moronic, right-wing bullshit crosses all lines of race and tit size!"

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OBAMA COMMANDS:
TRUST GOVERNMENT AND COOL IT

OUR LEADER AND WE THE PEOPLE SHOULD HEED THE ADVICE OF HIS PREDECESSORS AND THE FOUNDING FATHERS.

Between standing ovations at the University of Michigan on May 1, the President denounced those around the country who denigrate government as "inherently bad" and then lash his administration as "socialist," among other epithets. Sending the graduates out into the dangerous universe, he reminded them that in a democracy "government is us." But since his is the most secretive administration in our history, how much do We the People know about what he's doing in our name?

Obama did speak abstractly of preserving "individual freedom." As he solemnly intoned, "The question for your generation is this: How will you keep our democracy going and vibrant…at a moment when our challenges seem so big and politics seem so small?"

Already, as head of "us," as he puts it, Barack Obama has exceeded even Bush and Cheney in making our privacy obsolete while diminishing other individual liberties in the Bill of Rights, including a continuation, as I've reported in HUSTLER, of his predecessors' torture policy that al-Qaeda and jihad affiliates welcome as a robustly effective recruiting tool.

With this nation in greater fear of actual instant terrorism than at any time since 9/11, Commander in Chief Obama would enthusiastically structure the next liberty-reducing PATRIOT Act tribute to George Orwell.

Obama did say one thing to the University of Michigan graduates with which I agree: "The practice of listening to opposing views is essential for effective citizenship. … If you're a regular Glenn Beck listener [on Fox News], then check out the *Huffington Post* sometimes." Similarly, when I used to teach at New York University, on the first day of class I would insist: "If you read *The Nation* or *The New Republic*, you must also read *The National Review* or *The Weekly Standard*."

Barack Obama has exceeded even Bush and Cheney in making our privacy obsolete while diminishing other individual liberties in the Bill of Rights.

On the very night of Obama's commencement address, our democracy was frighteningly challenged when a naturalized American citizen, Pakistani-born and earner of two Connecticut college degrees, came close to murdering thousands in New York's Times Square. Faisal Shahzad is one of a growing breed of terrorists whom you would never know as a terrorist if you met them at their jobs or at a bar.

As former New York and then Los Angeles Police Chief William Bratton warned, the lethal jihadists' focus "has shifted from the large-scale 9/11 type assault" with al-Qaeda now "leaning on its loose networks of affiliates…to do any attack, large or small, that will hit [the] U.S. at home." Bratton underlined, "That will not stop."

I live in Greenwich Village, halfway between the horror of 9/11 and the near-bloodbath this May at Times Square. I am not without fear, particularly now that more aspiring suicide bombers look and talk like me.

If the next Faisal Shahzad succeeds, Obama will finally have a bipartisan Congress eager to pass a new USA PATRIOT Act with even more electronic handcuffs on our individual liberties.

I also always gave my students a pocket edition of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, telling them: "That's how you'll judge whatever local, state and federal government is in power." But, in counseling active citizenship to University of Michigan students, Obama left out the Constitution, an apparently bowdlerized version of which he used to teach at the University of Chicago.

As future suicide bombers doubling as U.S. citizens emerge, my advice to HUSTLER readers is that they confront their Congressional representatives and the White House with certain views opposing Obama's from our history. Said Ronald Reagan: "Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected and handed on for them to do the same."

And from Dwight D. Eisenhower, if you're old enough to remember who he was: "I read where members of the so-called intelligentsia…urge a strong President. They are deluding themselves…with the idea of an all-powerful Chief Executive. In this democracy a [truly] strong President is one who will be concerned about doing things in a Constitutional way, respecting the Legislature and the Judiciary"—and especially "us," whom all of those in office purportedly represent.

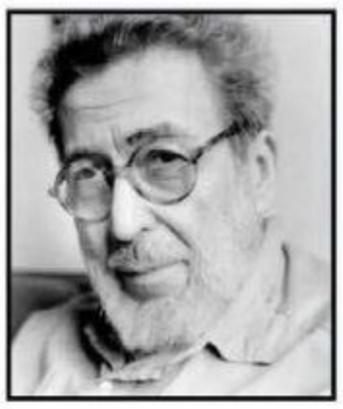
Indeed, we may yet be sucked by fear into a time like when the Bolsheviks taking over Russia resulted in a "Red Scare" here. In 1920, Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer rounded up thousands of purported Communist aliens—among them American citizens with no connection to communism—for what Palmer called "a disease of evil thinking." Many of the prisoners were summarily deported without any judicial intervention.

One of the planners of Palmer's raids on the radicals was Justice Department staffer J. Edgar Hoover, who later, as head of the FBI, increasingly shelved individual civil liberties as an obstacle to national security—a roundup term increasingly in use by Bush-Cheney-Obama.

Far too many Americans are just plain ignorant of their liberties and rights against government in the Constitution and will fearfully vote for pledges of national security rather than the Constitution. Our survival as a free people will depend on more of us taking heart and will from Samuel Adams, called by Thomas Jefferson the Father of the Revolution: "It does not require a majority to prevail, but rather an irate, tireless minority keen to set brushfires in people's minds."

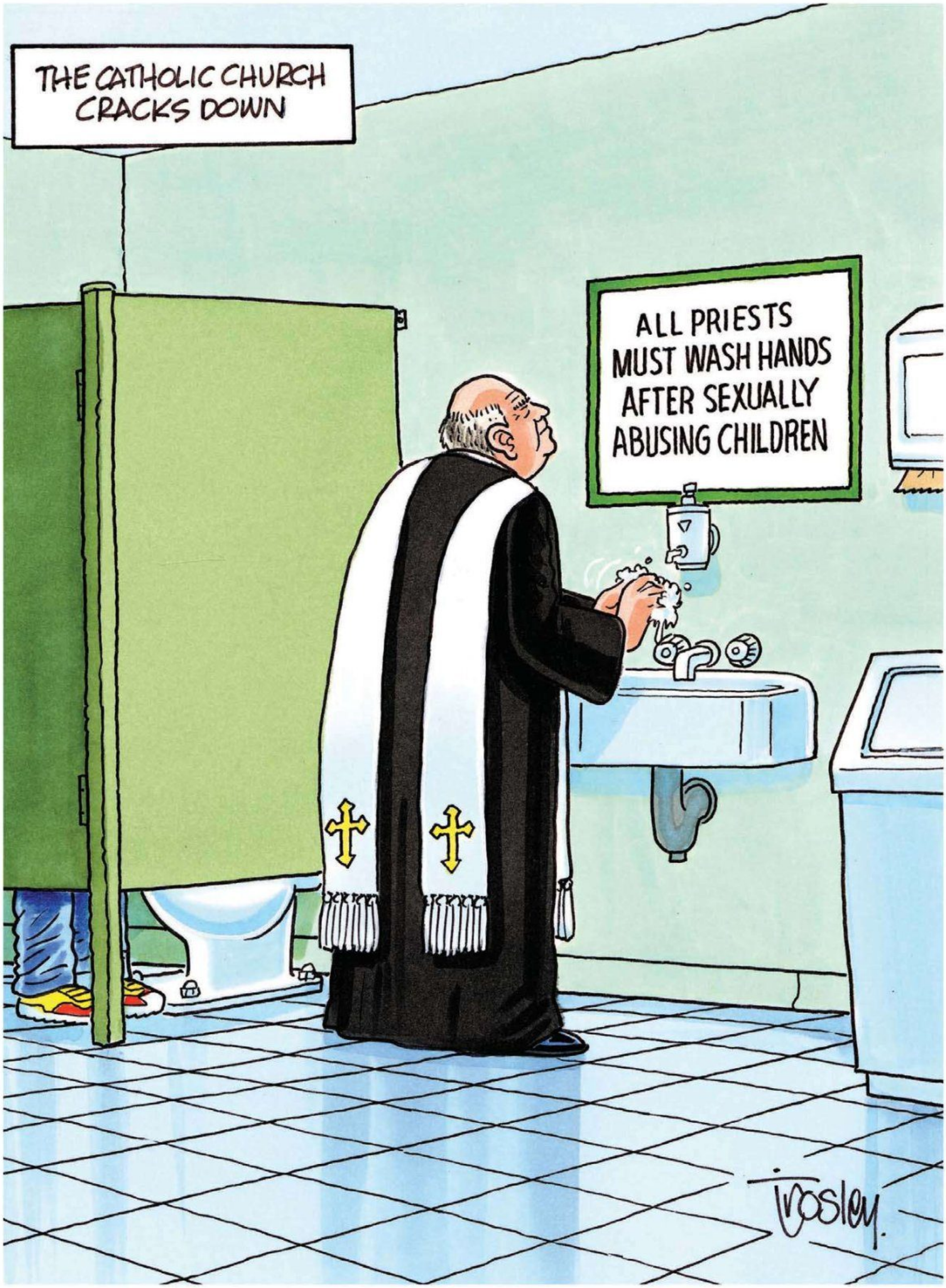
And you ought not to forget Thomas Jefferson's message to all Americans to come: "All tyranny needs to gain a foothold is for people of good conscience to remain silent."

Even if you're not of what some would consider good conscience, but regard yourself as an independent American, keep Samuel Adams in mind as you vote in the midterm elections and thereafter. As Jefferson also kept repeating, only *you* can protect your liberties!



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

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CNN HITS BOTTOM

AS THE SAYING GOES, "THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL."

There was a time not so long ago when CNN was the only game in town. But that was then, and this is now.

Ted Turner, an Atlanta media mogul and visionary, didn't mind being called nuts. So on June 1, 1980, he launched a crazy notion: the 24/7 Cable News Network. I remember watching CNN when it first lit up. The newscaster opened by announcing: "This is CNN signing on for the very last time." He was right; it hasn't signed off since.

Even so, CNN limped along for years. There was some extensive live coverage of the space shuttle *Challenger* explosion, but CNN didn't get on everyone's radar until the Baby Jessica-trapped-in-the-well story. Then, with its 24/7 coverage of the first Gulf War, CNN suddenly morphed into the most important television news organization of them all. It was where the world turned to get the news. Saddam Hussein watched the daily bombing of his country on CNN.

The network became the gold standard for quality news reporting and fairness. It was hard to define where CNN stood politically, and that's the way a news organization should be. That's precisely why it was so good.

Alas, today CNN is the lowest-rated cable news network, and its reputation for quality and fairness has vanished along with the numbers. What the fuck happened?!

Turner Broadcasting was gobbled up by media giant Time Warner. Soon Ted Turner, who had been the soul of the network, was gone. What was left was a corporate bureaucracy ruled by unimaginative bean counters. Sure, other operations like Fox News entered the scene as competitors, thus peeling off viewers. But it was CNN's lack of focus and purpose that led to its downfall.

CNN has the worst anchors in the business. Let's start with Ali Velshi at 1 p.m. (Eastern Time). This bald-headed creep started out as a financial reporter. CNN decided to compound the error by handing him an anchor slot as well. Given Velshi's apparent discomfort in front of the camera, not to mention all the really good newspeople who are out of work, I can't figure why he is even there.

At 3 p.m. (ET) the brainless Rick Sanchez goes on the air. This is the guy who, while covering the Chilean earthquake, asked a scientist, "By the way, nine meters in English is what? *Meters is* an English word, you dope! On the same newscast, Sanchez pointed to an island chain off the coast of South America and said, "This is Hawaii, where the tsunami is headed." In fact, he was indicating the Galapagos Islands, more than 4,500 miles southeast of Honolulu.

During coverage of Iceland's ash-spewing volcano, he erupted with this bit of Sanchezian wisdom: "When you think of a volcano, you think of Hawaii and long words like that. You don't think of Iceland. You think it's too cold to have a volcano there." This guy is anchoring a newscast for an outfit that calls itself "The Worldwide Leader in News"?

From 5 to 7 p.m. (ET) Wolf Blitzer, who has zero going for him, helms CNN's most-watched show, *The Situation Room*. (This, by the way, is an amazingly stupid name for a news program.) Every other word out of Blitzer's mouth is "um." His personality is that of a dead carp. If it weren't for the oddity of his name, absolutely no one would have ever paid attention to Wolf Blitzer. As a journalist, he is simply horrible. With Velshi and Sanchez, he rounds out a trio that accounts for six inept hours of "news" a day.

Meanwhile, anchors John King and Campbell Brown appear to have had a charisma bypass. Dull and uninspired, these anchors have hardly presented a challenge to the guys over at Fox, who at least know they're in show business as well as news. That, no doubt, explains why Brown recently parted ways with CNN.

Then there's Larry King. Do I have to say any more? The only thing interesting about King is his soon-to-be (or not-to-be) ex-wife. Let's move on.

Anderson Cooper's only real accomplishment was being shot out of socialite Gloria Vanderbilt's twat. He constantly acts as if he's looking in a mirror. His newscasts are showy, and the globe-trotter loves to fawn over orphans and stand in the rubble of some ravaged country. However, what looks like empathy is really just an ego freak getting in the way during trying circumstances. Rumor has it Cooper is the number-one choice to replace Katie Couric as host of the *CBS Evening News*. With thinking like that, CBS could be the next CNN.

My advice to CNN is simple: Fire everybody from the anchors to the newsroom staff to whatever idiot is at the helm of this unholy mess. Otherwise just close down and air cartoons. After all, the Cartoon Network has higher ratings than CNN.



Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).



"I used to be the governor of a shithole state, with a knocked-up teenager and a retarded kid. Now I'm filthy-stinking rich and couldn't give a flying fuck. God bless America!"

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I LIKE TO WATCH OTHER DUDES FUCK MY WIFE!

THEN I DONT HAVE TO!

J. Billette

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RONNIE: QUEER AS A $50 BILL

THE ONLY REASON TO PUT A PICTURE OF RONALD REAGAN ON OUR MONEY WOULD BE BECAUSE IT WAS MONEY THAT MADE HIM PRESIDENT



PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Of all the evil foolishness created by the conservative dingbats in Congress, the Ronald Reagan $50 bill is perhaps the most daffy. Republican Representative Patrick McHenry of North Carolina recently introduced legislation to remove Ulysses S. Grant from the $50 bill and substitute a portrait of the 40th U.S. President.

Among Republicans, merely uttering the name "Reagan" is a form of prayer. Republicans of a certain age get all misty-eyed at the mention of the Great Communicator. They long for the days when Ronnie occupied the White House, wife Nancy was running the show by consulting astrologers, and supply-side economics was making the rich richer even as it drained the life out of America's middle class.

Some of the dimmer Republicans credit the sainted Ronnie with the destruction of the Soviet Union, although it was actually on the verge of collapse for decades. The popular fiction is that somehow Reagan restored respect for America after the debacle of the Iran hostage crisis, when 53 diplomatic personnel were held in the U.S. Embassy in Tehran for 444 days by militant Islamist students. In fact, Reagan's people were negotiating behind the scenes with the captors, encouraging them to continue holding the hostages until after the U.S. election. The Iranians cooperated, releasing the hostages just hours after Reagan was sworn in.

The most anti-labor, anti-middle class President since Herbert Hoover, Reagan was also one of the most aggressively imperialist, spreading the American empire into Central America and the Middle East. The reason behind this is clear: Reagan was a figurehead created almost entirely by Big Oil.

I was present at his creation. In the mid-1970s I was married briefly to the late Ross McClintock, vice-president of Fluor Oil Corporation. (It was my try at marrying for money, something I've never been good at.) Ross wanted me to give up my career and become Mrs. Vice-President of Fluor Oil, the cheerful celebrity hostess for all the events that his high-octane job called for. (Another thing I'm not good at: trophy wife.)

I accompanied Ross to a number of meetings of the major oil producers. At one meeting in 1973, during the dark days of the growing Watergate scandal, the agenda was deciding whether or not to salvage Reagan's candidacy after his unsuccessful bid for the 1968 Presidential nomination. There was a good bit of chitchat about his electability, since Reagan was not a particularly bright guy, although he presented an affable public facade and learned scripts quickly. There was also some sharp criticism of Nancy, she being the one whom Ronnie listened to, confided in and obeyed.

Finally, over dessert and coffee, the decision was made. Money was committed for Reagan's 1976 campaign. Despite failing to win the GOP nomination that year, his momentum (along with millions of dollars more from Big Oil) would carry him to the White House in 1980.

Cut through all the dreamy right-wing blather about "Reagan's Legacy," and there are a few things we can really thank Ronald Reagan for:

•Nurturing the toxic half-wits in the Bush family. His Vice President, George Herbert Walker Bush, would become the 41st President, thus paving the way for the Supreme Half-Wit himself, Dubya.

•Loosening banking regulations put in place after the Great Depression and cutting taxes for the wealthy, leading us to the financial disaster in which we languish today.

•Shifting the balance of power in labor disputes toward management by firing 13,000 members of PATCO (Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization) who went on strike in 1981. Reagan laid the groundwork for union-busting that continues to debilitate America's workforce.

•Eliminating the FCC's Fairness Doctrine and allowing greater consolidation of the communications industry, laying the foundation for today's media oligarchy, which functions chiefly as a propaganda arm for our corporate-owned government.

•Perhaps our most racist President since the Civil War ended, Reagan vetoed expansion of federal civil-rights legislation and imposition of sanctions on the apartheid regime in South Africa. (Congress overrode both vetoes.) He also did his best to eliminate the federal ban on tax exemptions for private schools that practiced racial discrimination.

•Closing federal mental institutions, thereby dumping seriously ill people onto our streets, condemning them to sleep in doorways and eat out of garbage cans.

•Financing Afghan rebels fighting the Soviet Union, thus helping to create Osama bin Laden's al-Qaeda.

•Reagan's homophobic rhetoric and delay in focusing federal government resources on the growing HIV/AIDS epidemic kindled an endowment of misery and death that remains a powerful indictment of his Presidency today.

No American President has left office with a perfect record. The compromises of politics and the pressures of world events shape an administration in ways not dreamed of on Inauguration Day. Probably no President deserves his picture on our money until at least a century after vacating the White House. Certainly not Ronnie, who did so much to pander to corporate power, brutalize the working class, expand the U.S. empire and institutionalize racism while shamelessly lying to the home folks that America was "a shining city upon a hill."



Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

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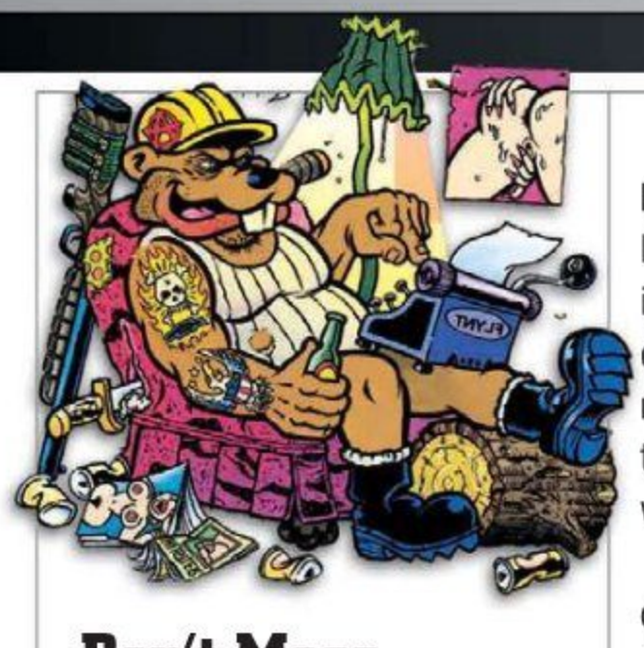
DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER® invites you to the movies

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Don't Mess With Alexis

I've been reading your magazine for a year now, and it is cool! I enjoyed your article on Alexis Texas [*A Day in the Life*, June '10], and man, she pulls no punches! She was dead-on about the U.S. media and censorship [when it comes to controlling what the people are allowed to know].

Alexis's "deep suspicion" about the U.S. military is justified, considering that President Obama is trying to ban or curtail junk food machines in schools, which, I suspect, is so young adults will be ready for military service. Tell me he ain't up to something!

Jim Bunning [*Asshole of the Month*, July '10] *is* an A-hole! The guy blocked the Senate from extending unemployment benefits, but I bet he wouldn't like it if the salary he pays himself got cut in half. If it happens, tough shit!

On the lighter side, I enjoyed the Briana Blair centerfold [June '10]. Another star on the rise whom I've seen in your *Erotic Entertainment* section [July '10] is Priya Rai. I'd love to see a centerfold with her.

Finally, kudos to the troops in Afghanistan. I hope the war ends soon. **—Phillip Patterson**
Kokomo, Indiana

Watch for Priya Rai's pictorial in an upcoming issue.

War in Heaven

I noticed that model Summer Taylor [*An Education*, August '10] made a religious reference. ["Sex to me is a religious experience. If a guy does me right, I will see God. Or at least scream out his name!"]

I'm sorry to say that religion has no place in an adult magazine. People like her are Christians trying to smuggle God into a place he doesn't belong. Men don't want to read or hear about that when they're trying to enjoy porn. They want to keep the two separate.

There's a war between the ideologies of God and porn in which the religious side treats the latter as a sin. You guys are treating it as something to be appreciated.

If Summer Taylor is doing hardcore, she's a fake. **—Mike Rindos**
Chula Vista, California

Thanks for your views, but we don't see any reason why a porn star can't be a Christian. Maybe those are the kind of Christians we need!

Addictive Annie

I was really impressed and excited to see your latest MySpace Girl, Annie Fuckin Cruz [August '10]. I'm sure I speak for a lot of other subscribers when I say I would like to see more! **—Daniel Hogan**
Parsons, Kansas

Fine Brandee

Your mag is wonderful. My favorite section is *Beaver Hunt*. To me, Brandee [June '10] is the most stunning and sexually stimulating woman I have ever seen in my life. Give her a shout-out and let that lovely lady know how much this man admires her!

—Peter Kocsis
Barrington, Illinois

Stone Hard

I enjoyed the article about Misty Stone [*A Day in the Life*, July '10]. She is very beautiful. In the article she says she doesn't work out because she'll lose her breasts and become all muscle. From my point of view, these are reasons why she should work out!

A-cup angels are the hottest hotties of all. Why? Because generally speaking, they have tight buns, well-formed legs and the best lower bodies for sexual athletics. I would love to see Misty with well-defined muscles in her ass, thighs and stomach, working to fuck some guy's brains out. **—Jon Root**
Kirkland, Washington



Here's an encore prowl by cougar Catherine de Sade from our July '10 issue. Unfortunately, we were so transfixed, we misprinted her age. She's 45 years young...and hungry for men.

Stormy Devotion

As a HUSTLER subscriber, I know that it's the very best magazine there is. One of the main reasons I have always loved HUSTLER, going back to the '70s, is that it has always been an honest source of information on the world and the country we live in—not to mention the fantastic world of porn!

I enjoyed the interview with sexy porn doll Stormy Daniels [August '10]. She's my favorite in the current porn-babe era, and the article is, in my opinion, the best one since your '70s coverage of the Gemstone File revealing the government's active role and coverup of the murder of JFK.

Your article really showed the double standard the mainstream media has when it comes to porn stars. They ignore the fact that some of them, like Stormy, are clearly good, honest people.

I'm very sorry she gets so much crap from phony, evil people that truly are the scum of our country, the kind of people that deservedly become Assholes of the Month.

Speaking for all loyal fans: Give them hell, Stormy! You're one of the all-time good ones.

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Injury to Insult

Thanks for your piece on The Supreme Court's *Citizens United* ruling [*The End of Democracy*, August '10]. Ironically, it appeared just as the sickening BP oil disaster was making it more obvious than ever that corporations have anything but our best interests at heart.

—L.J.
Janesville, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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BP

BEYOND PATHETIC

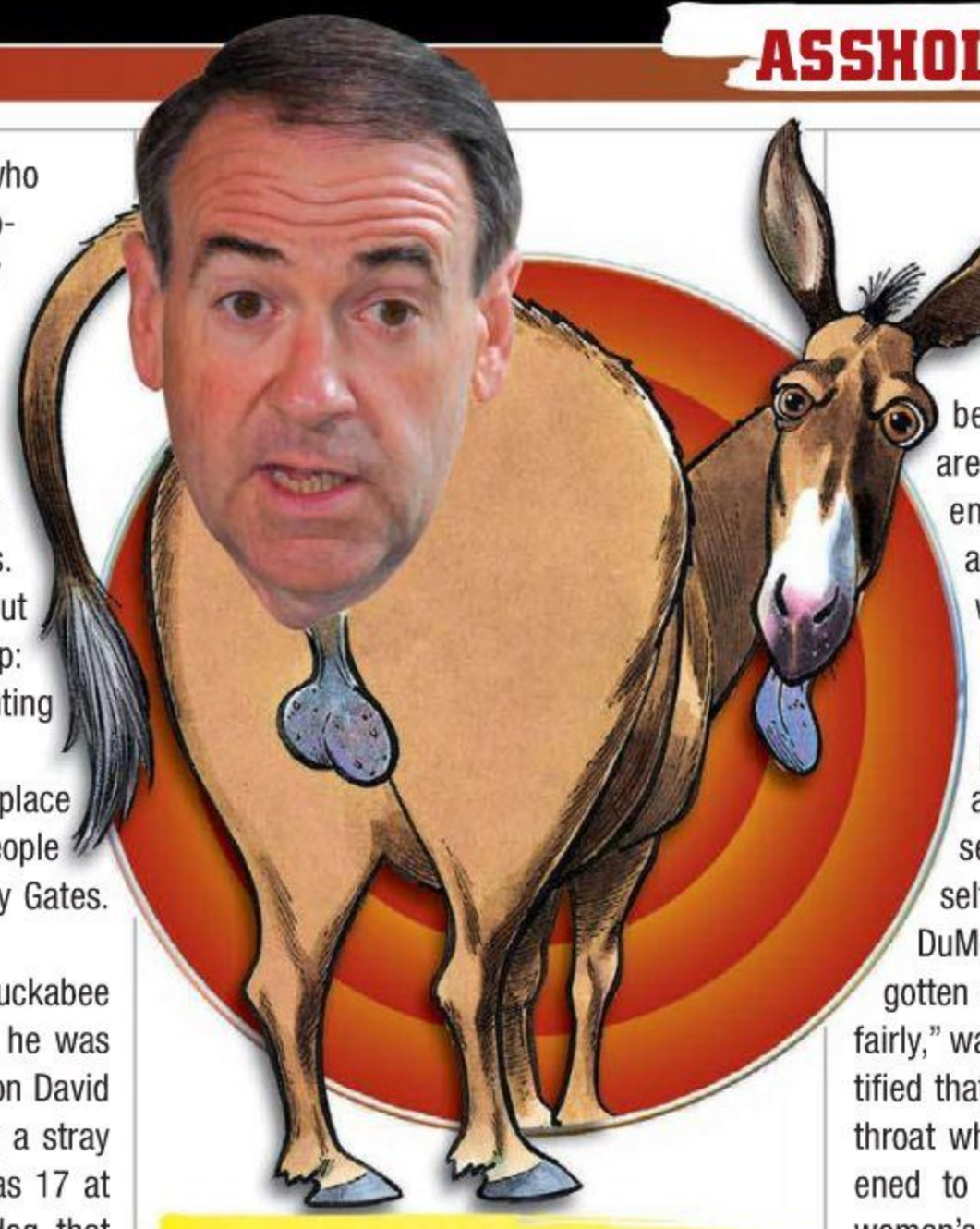
MISTAKES HAPPEN. THEY ARE A NATURAL PART OF LIFE—LIKE WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GULF OF MEXICO OFF OF LOUISIANA.

We could have installed the backup fail-safe device that other oil-drilling companies are required to use outside the USA. That would have prevented the catastrophic spill, but we didn't have to. Years ago our pals in the Bush Administration gave us the power to police ourselves. (Trust us, that came with a hefty price tag.) So that's what we did. Besides, that safety-precaution device costs a half-million dollars! Why spend money if you don't have to?

Even so, we feel so bad about what happened that we're going to pay to clean up our mess. Well, not all the costs. After all, we didn't own the rig that somehow exploded. We only rented it from Transocean, so it's that company's fault. We'll pay some costs and take some of the blame. But not all.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody and commentary about how greed and cronyism motivated the oil giant British Petroleum to skip recommended safety precautions that could have prevented the Gulf oil spill—a spill so massive that it has potentially polluted the oceans of the Earth permanently. For more information check out **TreeHugger.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

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MIKE HUCKABEE

What can we say about a guy who fries squirrels in a popcorn popper? Well, as it turns out, we can say plenty more about the Republican, whose tenure as governor of Arkansas still causes a stink.

Aside from his squirrel-popping revelation, the Fox TV talk-show host admits that he likes to shoot animals. Okay, a lot of people like to hunt. But check out what he told one NRA group: "I'm pretty sure there will be duck-hunting in Heaven, and I can't wait!"

How odd. To Huckabee, Heaven is a place where you kill things. Not what most people think of when contemplating the Pearly Gates. And he was a Baptist preacher?!

But Mike isn't the only one in the Huckabee family who likes to kill critters. While he was governor of the Razorback State, his son David was accused of torturing and hanging a stray dog. Daddy defended the boy, who was 17 at the time, by saying, "There was a dog that apparently had mange and was absolutely, I guess, emaciated." Well, okay then, who wouldn't hang an emaciated dog by the neck, slit its throat and then stone it for good measure? We'll bet that David believes Heaven is filled with dead puppies.

Although Mike Huckabee denies any wrongdoing in regard to the foregoing, John Bailey claims the governor fired him as head of the Arkansas State Police for refusing to cover up David's crime. I.C. Smith, the former FBI chief in Little Rock, confirmed that Huckabee interfered in the investigation.

Also while serving as governor, Huckabee was accused of dipping into public funds. Investigated 16 times and cited five times by the Arkansas Ethics Commission, Huckabee is said to have pocketed $112,000 under questionable circumstances in 1999. He also claimed $70,000 worth of furniture at the governor's mansion upon leaving office in 2007. Moreover, he is said to have spent state funds on boat fuel, clothing alterations, dry cleaning, pantyhose, a doghouse and other non-job-related items. And let's not forget the personal use of State Police aircraft as transportation for Huckabee and his family.

Regarding the furniture at the governor's mansion, Huckabee agreed to leave it behind due to public outrage. But guess what? By the time he and his family moved out, the furniture had magically disappeared!

You think that's bad? How about this? In Arkansas it's illegal for a departing governor to accept more than $100 in gifts from appreciative citizens (or political benefactors). So what did Mike do? He and his wife, Janet, skirted the law by setting up bridal registries at several retail outlets for $7,000 in housewares and $1,000 in gift cards. In case you're confused, the answer is yes, the couple had already been married more than 30 years.

Huckabee, it should be noted, was good at lining his own pockets even before he became governor of Arkansas. As lieutenant governor he made $61,000 delivering speeches to a nonprofit organization called Action America. Now get this: Huckabee founded Action America! And it's not at all clear that it has ever donated a penny to anyone else.

However, none of the preceding qualifies him as an Asshole. He's garnered that award thanks to his extreme and farfetched opinions. Among those, nothing tops his denial of evolution and belief that Adam and Eve were real people.

What we know about the rest of Huckabee's religious views is limited. Apparently, just like the information stored on the hard drives that were destroyed at his behest when he left the governor's office, Huckabee's old sermons are nowhere to be found. But according to *Mother Jones* magazine, here's what Huckabee said during a failed run for the U.S. Senate in 1992: "Homosexuality is an aberrant, unnatural and sinful lifestyle, and we now know it can pose a dangerous public health risk."

He went on to say that AIDS victims should be isolated and that he's against spending government money in search of a cure. His asinine proposal? "An alternative would be to request that multimillionaire celebrities, such as Elizabeth Taylor, Madonna and others who are pushing for more AIDS funding, be encouraged to give...increased amounts for AIDS research." In other words, let the fags die.

However, in terms of pure ugliness, nothing compares to Huckabee's just plain stupid, insensitive and unforgivable decision, while governor, to secure the parole of serial rapist and self-confessed murderer Wayne DuMond. DuMond, whom Huckabee claimed had gotten a "raw deal...and hadn't been treated fairly," was a real piece of work. One victim testified that DuMond held a butcher knife to her throat while he raped her and that he threatened to come back and rape and kill the woman's three-year-old daughter, who'd been asleep in bed beside her during the assault, if she told anyone.

DuMond's crimes also included helping beat a man to death with a claw hammer, but Governor Huckabee released him anyway because the prisoner claimed to have been "born again." And maybe because one of the rape victims, a 17-year-old, was a distant cousin of Bill Clinton, who, as Arkansas governor, had previously denied DuMond's release.

In fact, Huckabee pardoned or reduced the sentences of 1,033 prisoners, including 12 murderers—twice as many as his three predecessors combined! He seemed especially inclined to free cons who claimed to be born-again Christians, played in a prison band or worked in the governor's mansion.

Perhaps most of those who'd been released went legit, but DuMond went on to rape and kill two more women. And before being gunned down himself, Maurice Clemmons—whose sentence had also been commuted by the religious zealot—was the only suspect in the 2009 slayings of four police officers in Washington State. All those murders stain Huckabee's hands.

Finally, it would be wrong not to mention that the former fatty, who penned the book *Quit Digging Your Grave With a Knife and Fork*, is once again gaining weight—a lot of weight! (But not as much as his son, David.) If Mike Huckabee doesn't get it under control soon, we won't have to worry about him being a Presidential nominee in 2012. *Bon appétit*, Asshole!

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REMEMBER ALL THAT CRAP WE USED TO LAY ON YOU ABOUT BEING FAIR AND BALANCED? WELL, WE TAKE IT ALL BACK. YOU PROBABLY KNEW WE WERE BULL SHITTIN' YOU ANYWAY!

FOX NEWS

WINNERS

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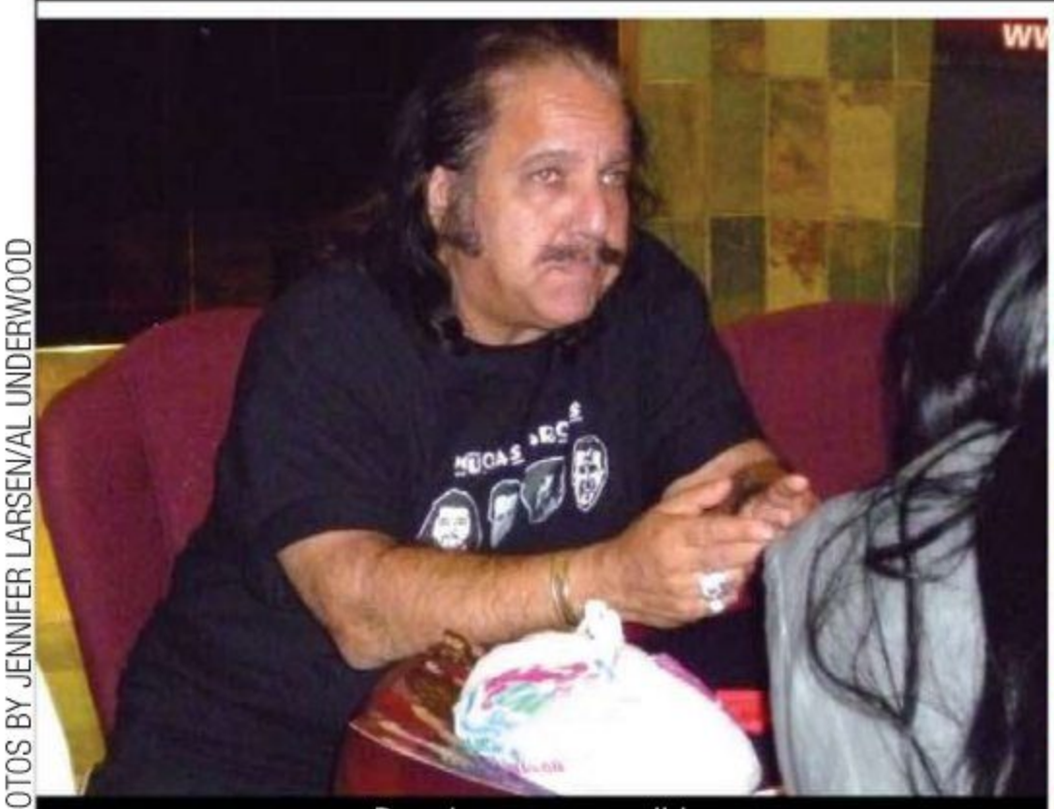


Five hot adult actresses. Deal us in!

THEIR AIM IS TRUE

Founded by former porn star Sharon Mitchell, the Adult Industry Medical Health Care Foundation (AIM) is committed to caring for the physical and emotional needs of adult-entertainment talent. To support this worthwhile nonprofit organization, HUSTLER Casino recently hosted a star-studded poker tournament.

Seen mingling with the hundreds of players in the casino's stunning Crystal Room were Larry and Liz Flynt, the irrepressible Ron Jeremy and the always-lovely Tera Patrick. For more information on how you can help a very good cause, check out **AIM-Med.org**.



Ron Jeremy goes all in.



Tera Patrick



Mr. and Mrs. Flynt with Sharon Mitchell.

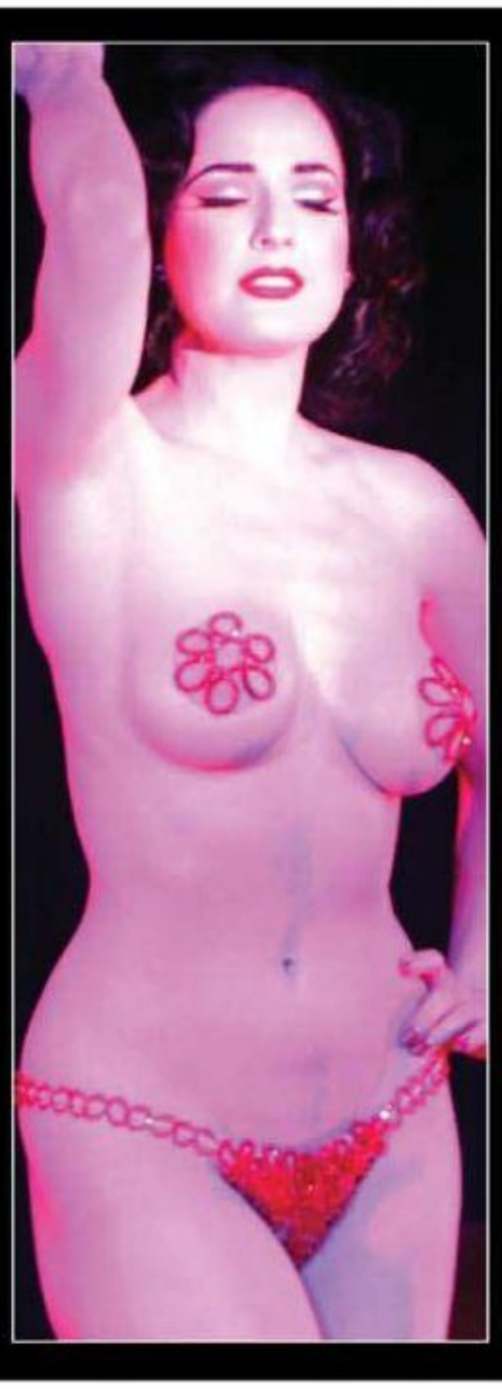
PHOTOS BY JENNIFER LARSEN/AL UNDERWOOD

PORN FROM THE PAST



"Mirror, mirror in my hand, who is the fairest in the land?" It ain't you, lady—but nice tits! Thanks to G.S. of Bluffton, Indiana, for this photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



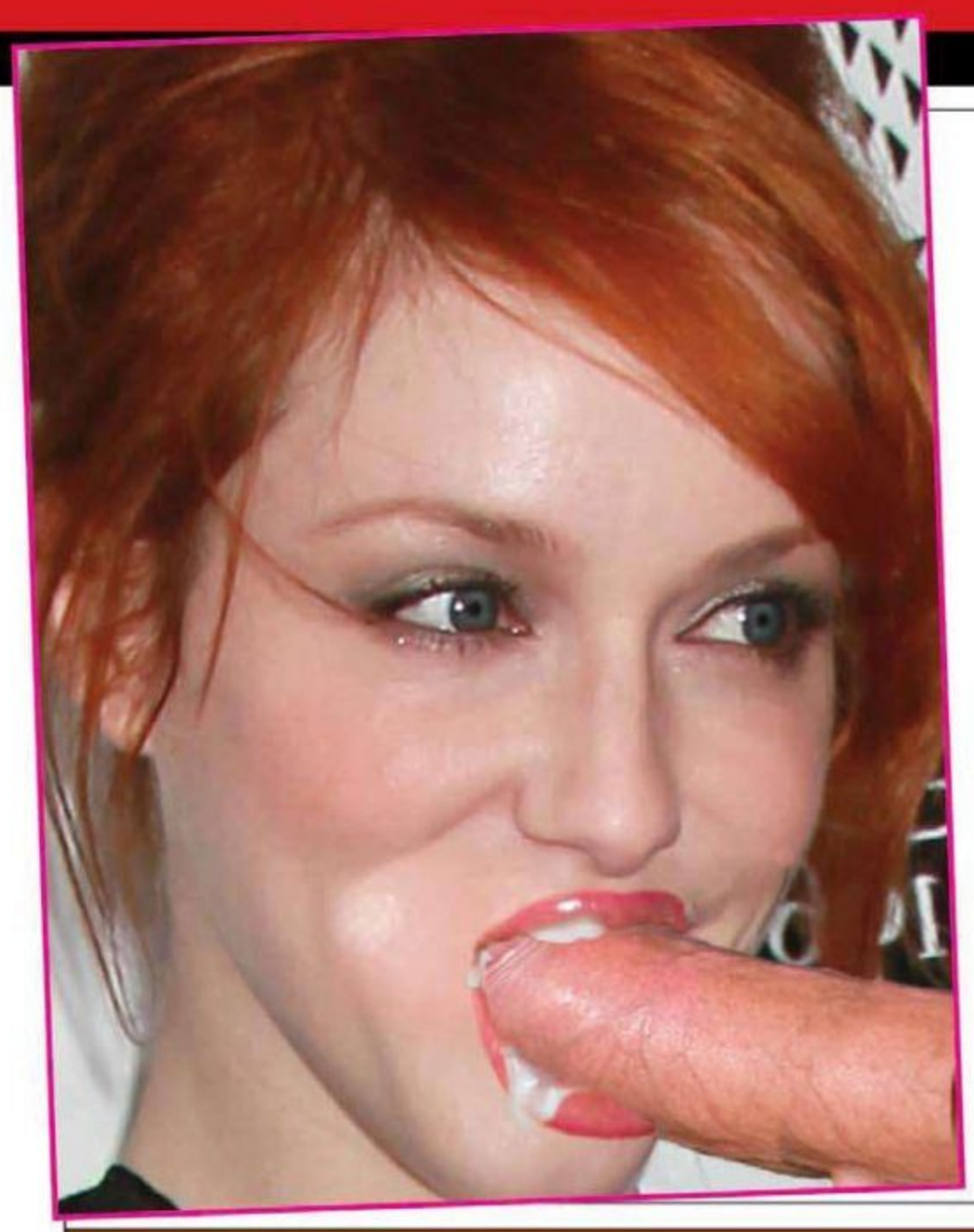
SHE LOVES TO TEASE

We love it when a hot chick goes back to doing what she does best, especially when that chick is Dita Von Teese. What this international burlesque queen does best is taking off her clothes.

Von Teese recently made a triumphant return to Las Vegas's MGM Grand as part of its *Crazy Horse Paris* cabaret show. Sadly, the G-string diva only did one week's worth of performances, which were completely sold out. Thankfully, we have these photos to enjoy until she decides to book more dates. Please, Dita?

"Programming is like sex. One mistake and you have to support it for the rest of your life." —MICHAEL SINZ, AUTHOR

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CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Christina Hendricks* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

As Joan on the popular AMC series *Mad Men*, Christina Hendricks is more than willing to please the guys in her life. The voluptuous, vivacious and red-hot redhead truly is the perfect woman, especially now that we've created this photo of Christina with a dick in her mouth.

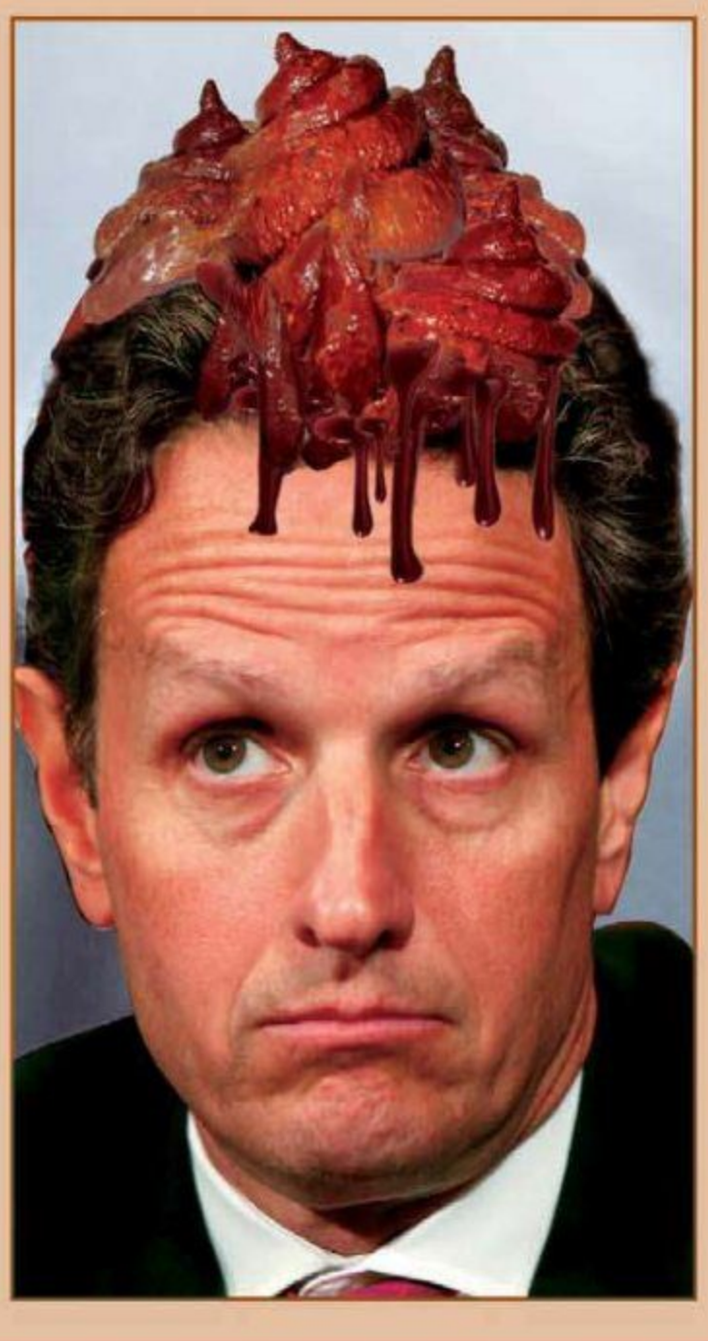
DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Christina Hendricks actually exists, which is proof that God doesn't really exist. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

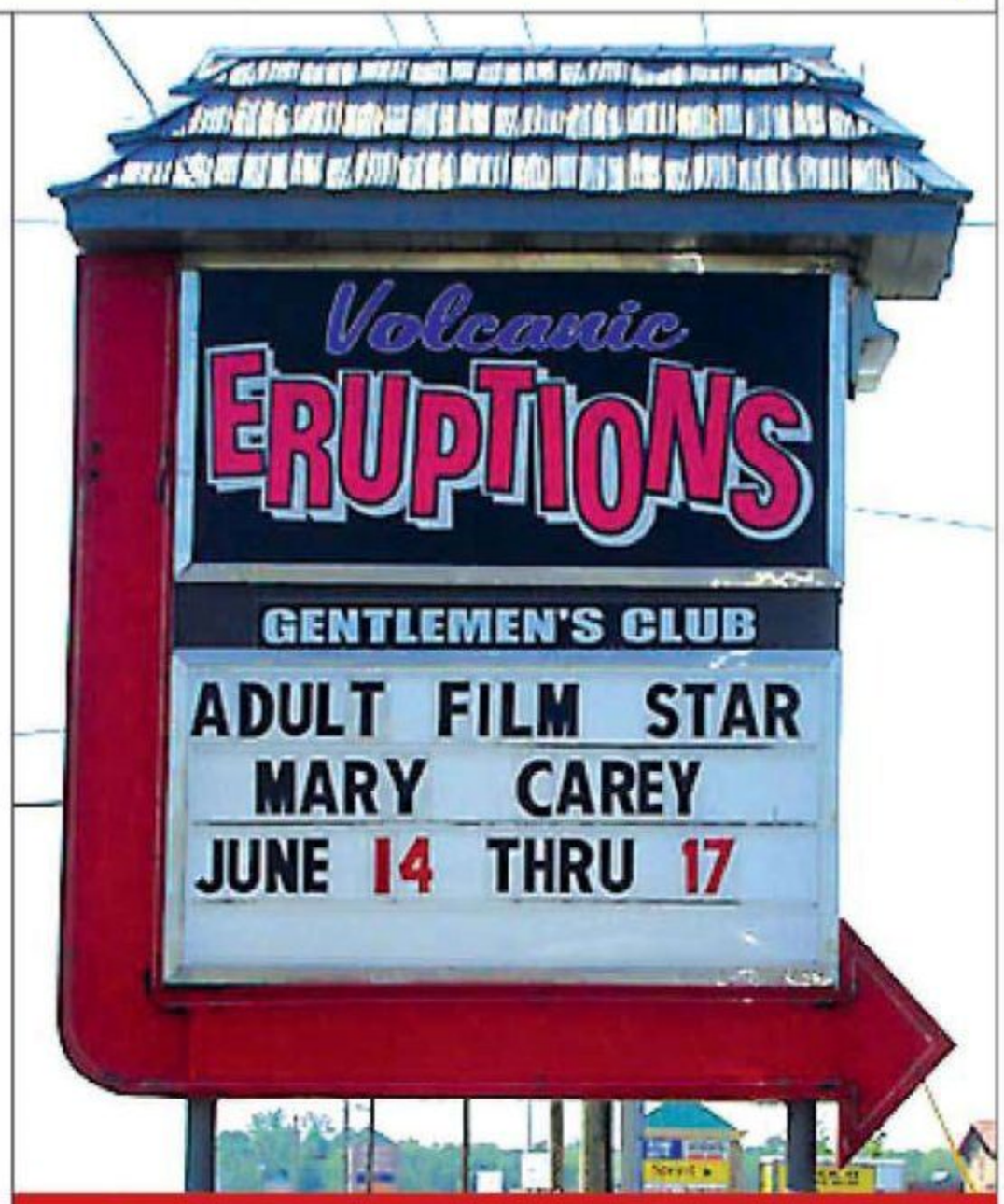
"Remember, if you smoke after sex, you're doing it too fast."—WOODY ALLEN, COMIC/DIRECTOR

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #8

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

According to multiple sources, including the *Wall Street Journal*, the attack on Greece's economy was orchestrated by a group of powerful hedge fund executives and zombie bankers (tied in with Goldman Sachs). These predatory capitalists, many of whom were saved from bankruptcy by our tax dollars, knew they could pocket big bucks by betting against vulnerable Greek bonds. Never mind that this would crash the Greek economy, throwing thousands, if not millions, out of work and that it would likely be followed by a wave of additional collapses throughout Europe and even the United States. These crooks—banksters, if you will—knew they could get away with this wolfpack attack because, despite the economic collapse of '08, they remain unregulated thanks to their friend Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner. We will continue to "honor" this true piece of shit until he either resigns or is fired.





SIGN OF THE TIMES

We imagine the worst job in the world belongs to the guy who has to mop up at this aptly named strip joint. Thanks to C.P. of Rutland, Vermont, for sharing this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

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NEWSBITES

Long-Term Parking

We all hate our mothers-in-law, but even this seems a bit too cruel. A British couple are in hot water for leaving the wife's elderly mom in the backseat of their parked car while they boarded a ferry for a day trip to France. As soon as the dimwits realized their mistake—in the middle of the English Channel—they called the police back in Dover, England. By the time officers located the 70-year-old biddy, she'd been cooped up in the car for six hours.

Everybody Loves Porn

You've probably heard about the big porn scandal at the Securities and Exchange Commission. Twenty-eight employees were caught with explicit materials on their computers, but we were very happy to learn that none have been fired. But six smut aficionados were suspended, five were reprimanded, six were given warning letters, and three are facing disciplinary action. The other eight resigned. It's nice to see that a bunch of people working for the government realize porn is a good thing.

I Don't

Reason number 432 why you should always check the merchandise before you buy. Seeking money and other gifts, an 18-year-old in China tricked three older men into marriage in one year. Mind you, the bride—Wang Mou—was no ordinary gold digger: He was a dude pretending to be a woman! However, Wang's scam came to a halt when the third groom realized what was up (get it?) and notified authorities. At the time of his arrest, the slender lady boy was still wearing a pink wedding dress. Seriously, are some guys in China so hard up that they didn't realize a chick named Wang might actually *have* a wang?

BoobQuake!

Women are the cause of all the world's problems. They cause stress, anxiety and—if you believe a cleric in Iran—earthquakes. Yup, the holy man said that female immodesty (a/k/a cleavage and toplessness) causes the planet to rumble and split open.

Deciding to test that theory, a college student in Indiana organized a one-day protest/experiment on Facebook and Twitter. The networking coed encouraged women to wear more revealing clothes than usual, then she tracked seismic activity around the globe. There wasn't a spike in earthquakes, but an inordinate number of guys were masturbating to the chick's Facebook page.





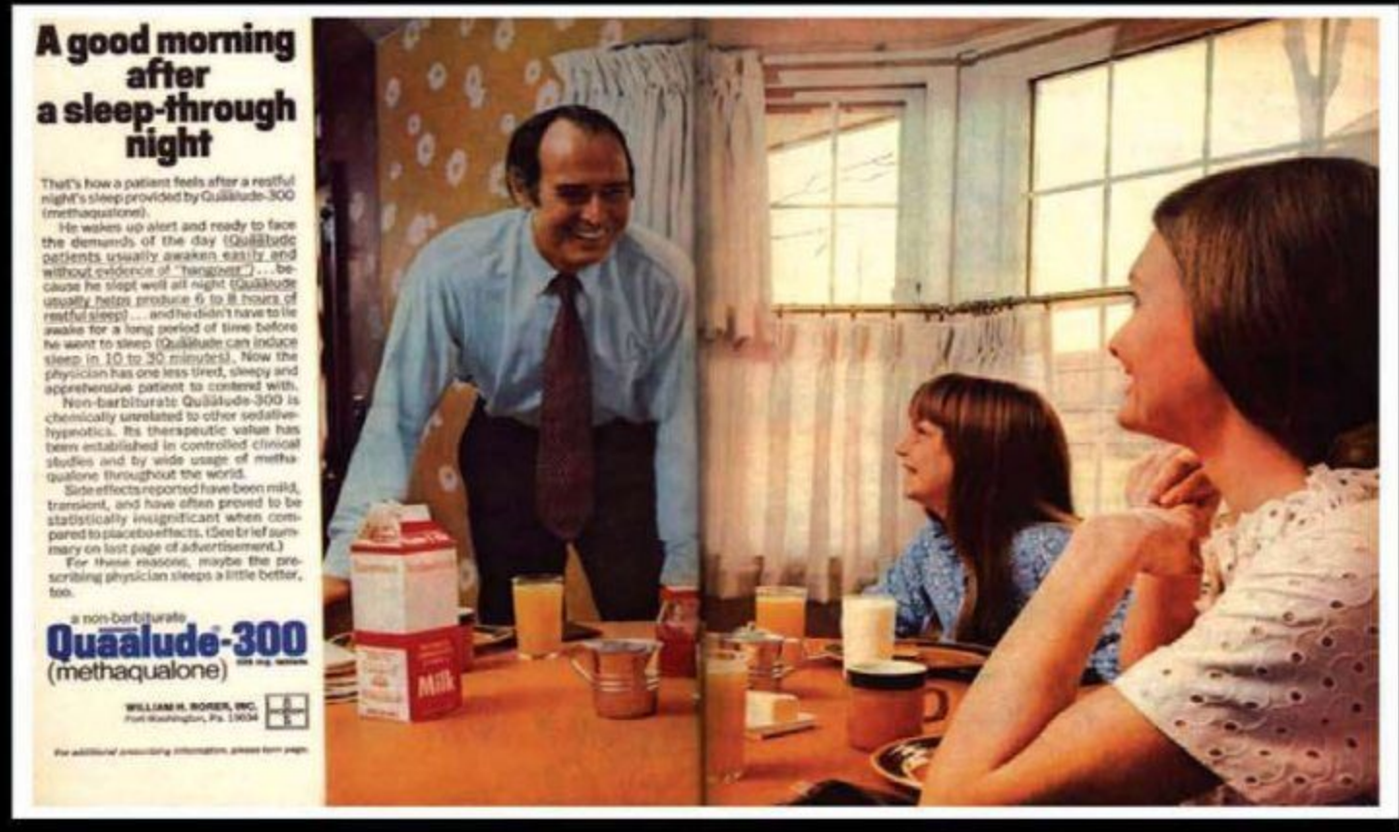


AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A PORN PARTY

To bring adventure and sexual liberation into everybody's lives, we've just launched our very own line of innovative sex toys: HUSTLER Novelties. Each item is made from safe, high-quality material and is available in a variety of vibrant colors. There's something for everyone, including cock rings, dildos, penis pumps and our favorite, the Sinful Screw.

Step into a HUSTLER Hollywood store near you to check them out or go to **HustlerHollywood.com** to order online.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING?



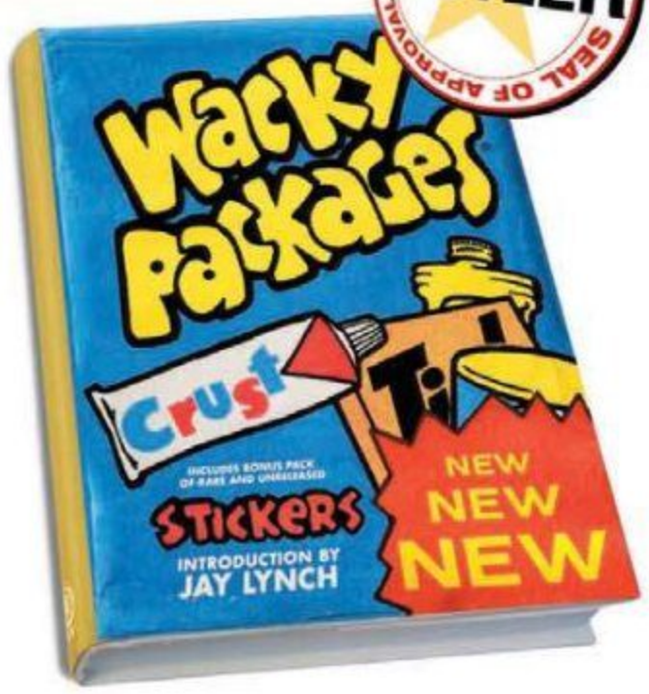
Why was Dad so happy first thing in the morning? Because he was whacked out of his head on Quaaludes! You see, back in the late '60s and early '70s, 'ludes were actually a prescription remedy for insomnia.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Remember "Wacky Packages," the parody stickers that mocked household products back in the 1970s? Originally made by The Topps Company, the stickers amused kids and annoyed their parents. Each one was drawn by a who's who of legendary cartoonists, notably *Mad* magazine's Jay Lynch and Pulitzer Prize-winner Art Spiegelman.

In 2008 Abrams Books released a compact coffee table volume featuring stickers from series 1-7. This followup book is packed with stickers from series 8-14 (1974 and 1975). All your favorites are here, including Greaseline and Suffertone.

Wacky Packages: New New New is available at bookstores now.



"An intellectual is a person who's found one thing that's more interesting than sex."—ALDOUS HUXLEY, WRITER

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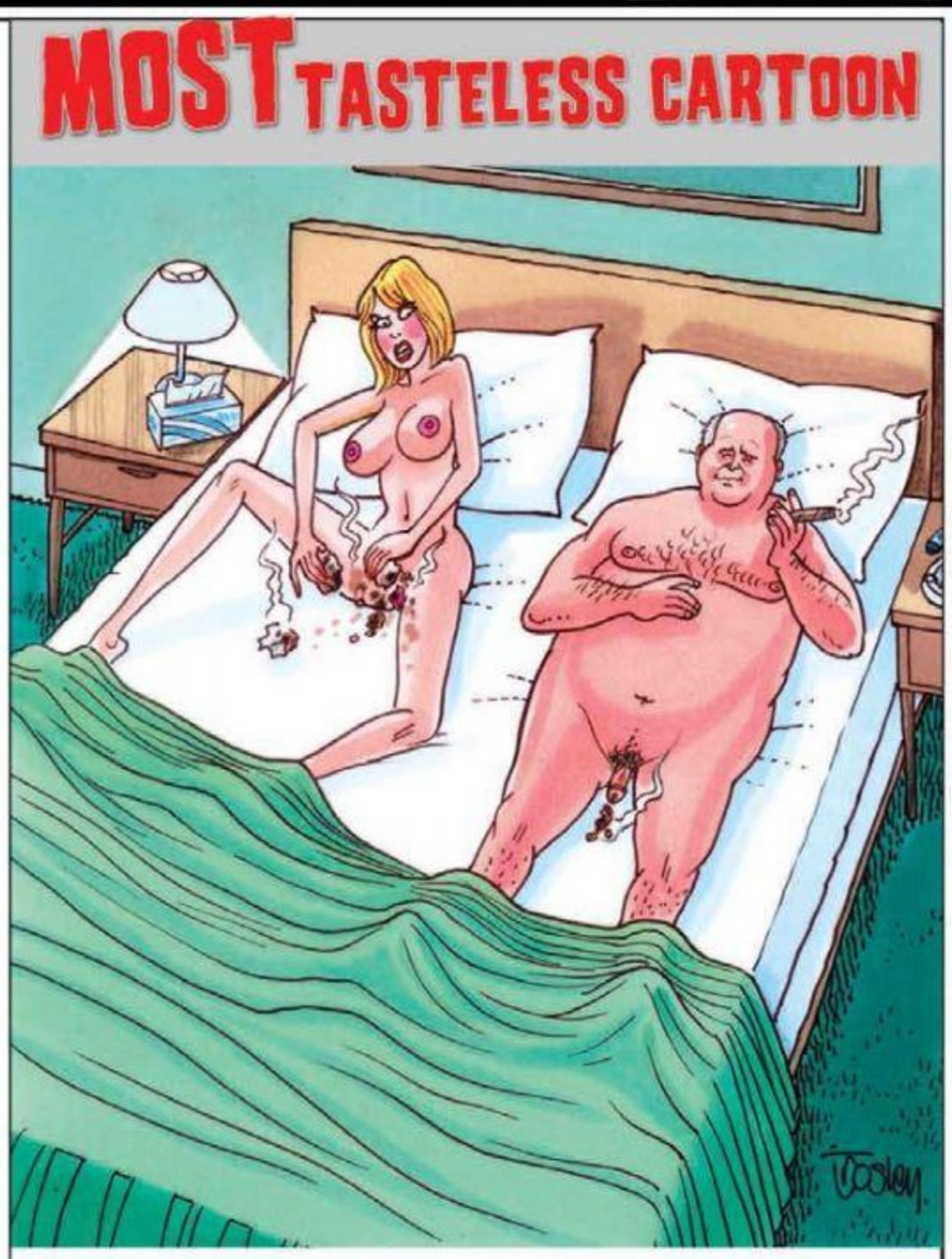
PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Vince Neil may be the hardest-working man in rock 'n' roll. When he's not touring with Mötley Crüe, he juggles his time between a side band and various business ventures, including a tequila brand, two tattoo parlors and the Tres Rios Cantina in Las Vegas.

If that wasn't enough, Neil just released a solo CD plus a tell-all book, both aptly titled *Tattoos and Tequila*. When he gets a free moment, the rock legend likes to kick back and read HUSTLER. Look for an exclusive interview with Vince Neil in our December '10 issue.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



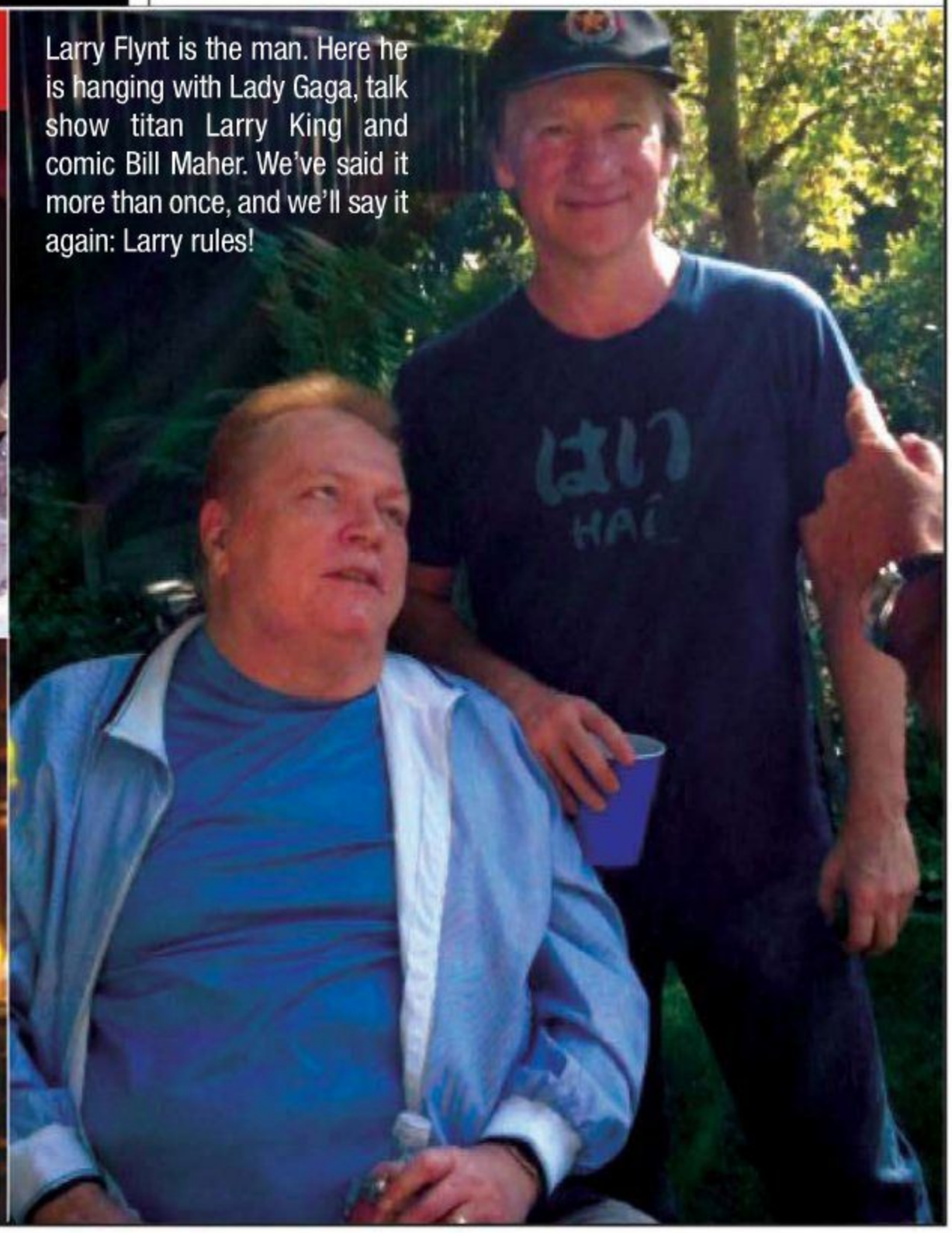
"Christ, I should have known Rush Limbaugh's cum would actually be shit!"

FAMOUS FRIENDS





Larry Flynt is the man. Here he is hanging with Lady Gaga, talk show titan Larry King and comic Bill Maher. We've said it more than once, and we'll say it again: Larry rules!



"Condoms aren't completely safe. A friend of mine was wearing one and got hit by a bus." —BOB RUBIN, BUSINESSMAN

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EMILY ADDISON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

HUSTLER MySpace Model!

MYSPACE OR YOURS?

We saw a T-shirt recently that read: "You looked better on MySpace." While it's true that a lot of ugly girls post heavily retouched images on the popular social networking site, such is not the case with **Emily Addison**.

The blond stunner, who debuted as a HUSTLER MySpace Girl in February '08, admits she was a bit reluctant to post pics of herself on the site. "At first I thought it would just be some creepy guys ogling my photos," **Emily** tells us. "You have to be careful what you put out there on the Web, because you never know who is watching and how they might respond."

What kind of response has **Emily** gotten since her pictures appeared in HUSTLER? "The feedback has been pretty positive so far," she says. "The only thing that freaked me out a little bit was when my mom called. She said, 'I saw you in HUSTLER Magazine.' I thought, *What the hell was she doing reading HUSTLER?* Turns out a neighbor of hers left a copy on her doorstep with an anonymous note. I thought my mom was going to be mad, but instead she just went on and on about how beautiful I looked. It was nice."

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It seems the exposure has been very helpful. "I've been offered a few modeling gigs from it," **Emily** reveals. "Paid ones with a minimal amount of nudity. So, yeah, it has helped. Plus I met a cute guy, and we've been dating. I'm pretty happy I did it. You really can find good things online."

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EMILY ADDISON'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Mount Holly, North Carolina | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 118

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PUSSY POWER

Mistress." I tried the word on for size as I laced up my new black latex corset. "Mistress," I repeated as I glanced in the mirror. The image staring back at me screamed, "Little girl!"

I lacked the confidence to be a dominant—always had. In fact, I wouldn't be trying on this persona if a generous client hadn't begged. But in my two years of hooking out of my house, Harold had become a regular—every Tuesday, every Thursday, without fail. The man had spent Thanksgiving in my bed. Hell, he was with me when his wife gave birth!

Anyway, I figured I'd better indulge him or he'd find some floozy who would. I really couldn't afford that. So I continued dressing, tugging up tight rubber stockings, strapping on five-inch spike heels. And a funny thing happened: By the time I reached for the cat-o'-nine-tails, I felt—I don't know—a little bitchier maybe, more authoritative.

This past Tuesday I had agreed to fulfill Harold's fantasy. Now it was Thursday. The rich businessman had arrived at the usual time, but with this outfit in his hands and his eyes cast down to the floor. The whole time I dressed in my bedroom, Harold had been waiting right outside the door.

Finally I cleared my throat and, in a loud, low voice, commanded, "Get the hell in here, slave!"

I about fell over when my client crawled into the bedroom on all fours, naked except for a fat black leather collar with a long chain attached. His cock, already half-hard, grew to fully erect the second he saw me. I tried to hide my very real surprise with fake anger.

"Worm! Degenerate fuck! Did I give you permission to get hard? Did I?"

Harold whimpered and bowed his head as I picked up his chain and tested it with a light tug. I wasn't really sure where to go from there, till I remembered the cat-o'-nine-tails in my fist. Lightly I trailed the leather strips down his spine, over his ass. Then I pulled my arm way back and lashed. The whip cracked his tush, and a surge of power shot straight to my snatch. Wow.

I tried it again, harder this time. Welts started to rise on Harold's backside. My clit tingled, and slit jizz trickled down my thighs. It was like a revelation, this power high, and now that I had started, there was no stopping me.

His chain in one hand, my whip in the other, I brutalized my slave with the cat until vicious red stripes crisscrossed his butt cheeks and Harold was pleading, "Please, Mistress, please."

When I caught sight of myself in the closet mirror, I didn't recognize the sexy bitch glaring back at me. I was discovering that power is indeed the ultimate aphrodisiac. By now I was so damn horny, I needed to orgasm. But from what I'd read online in the last day or two, a slave is not generally allowed to fuck his mistress. Shame, because Harold's dick looked longer, fatter, harder than I had ever seen it! It was leaking precum at a steady pace, and it made me lick my lips.

I led my sub over to my coarse, natural hemp rug and rolled him onto his tender back. Straddling his face, I wrapped the chain around the base of his slammer and ordered poor Harold to get me off good, "or else!"

His tongue slapped at my clit several times before dicking deep into my quim. The man outdid himself orally, finding my G spot in seconds and staying there for minutes. My climax started at that spot and radiated outward until it had consumed my whole body. Liquid warmth. Colored lights. Complete release. It was so very liberating to focus on my own come that I didn't notice Harold spouting until it was too late.

I yanked the chain tighter around his prick, but by then his jism was all over his belly. I could sense my slave holding his breath, waiting to see if he would be punished. But quickly I decided that he would have to wait until Tuesday for that privilege. I suspected the anticipation would make it better for him—and me.

At my command, Harold cleaned up and dressed. It wasn't until he was driving away that I noticed my client had left an extra hundred bucks on the dresser with my usual pay. I'm beginning to think that from now on I'll specialize in B&D. In fact, I'm confident of it.

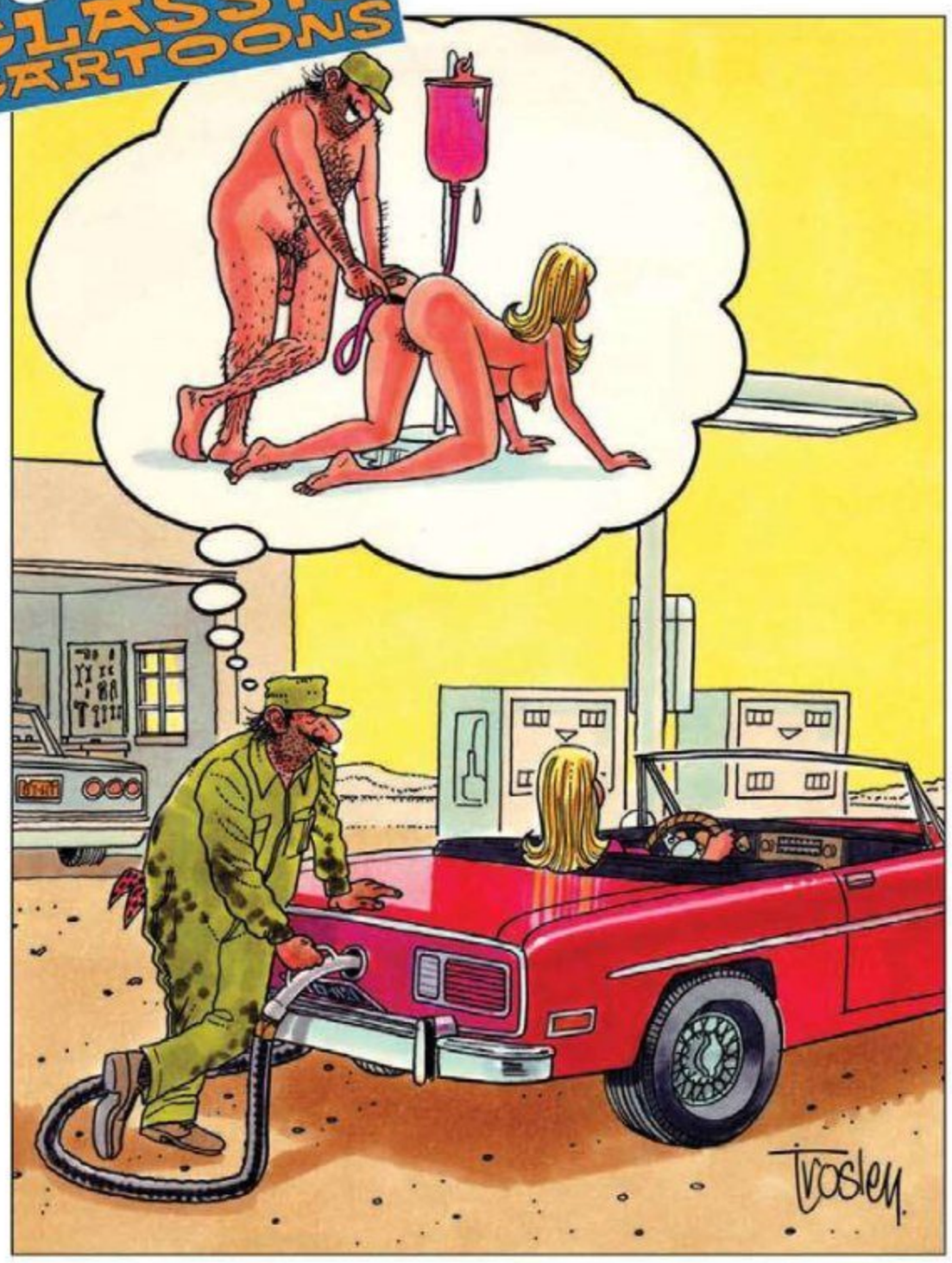
—Mistress M.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

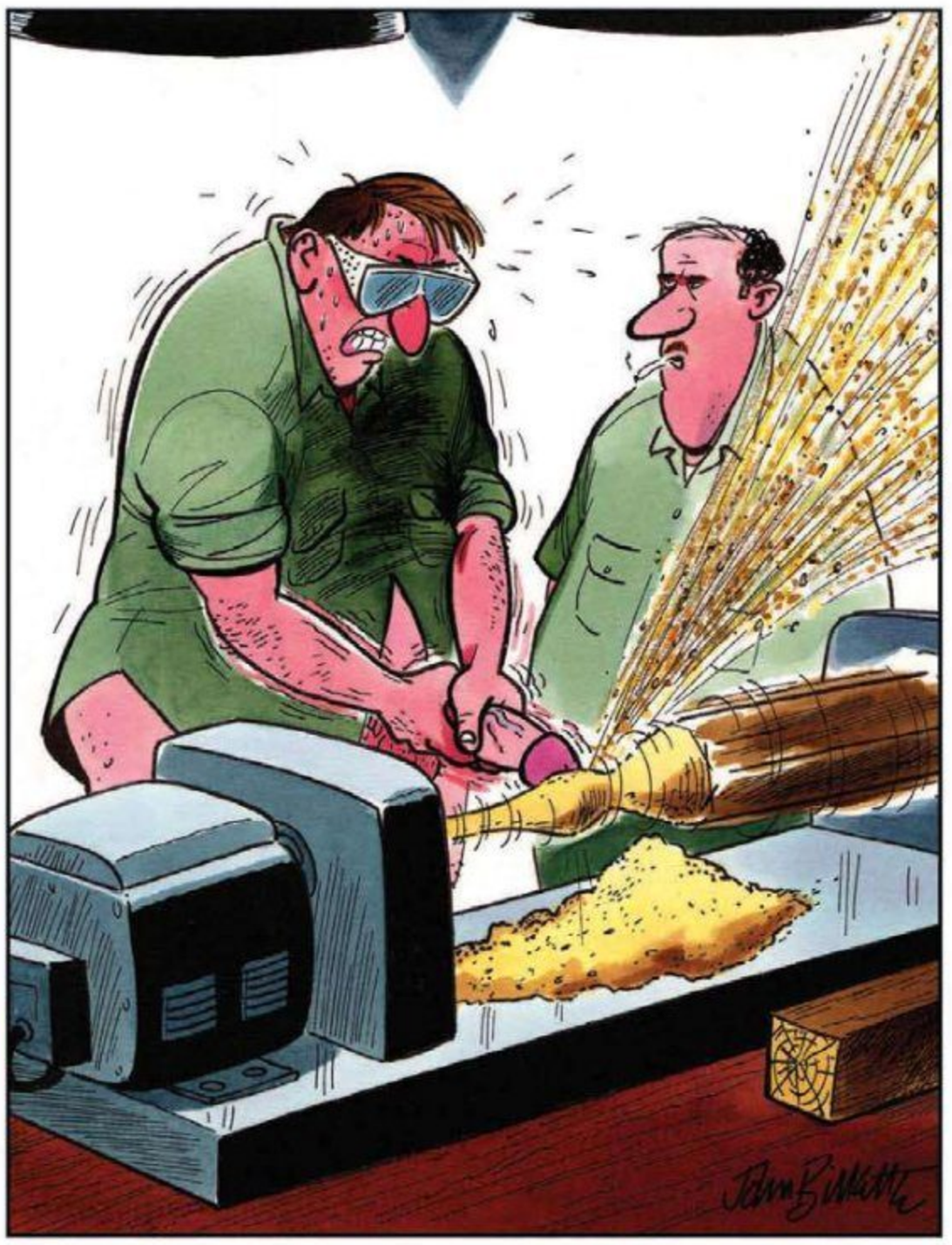


Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS





"So, Harry, the ol' lady still out of town?"



"Whaddaya gonna do if I don't swallow, shoot me?!"



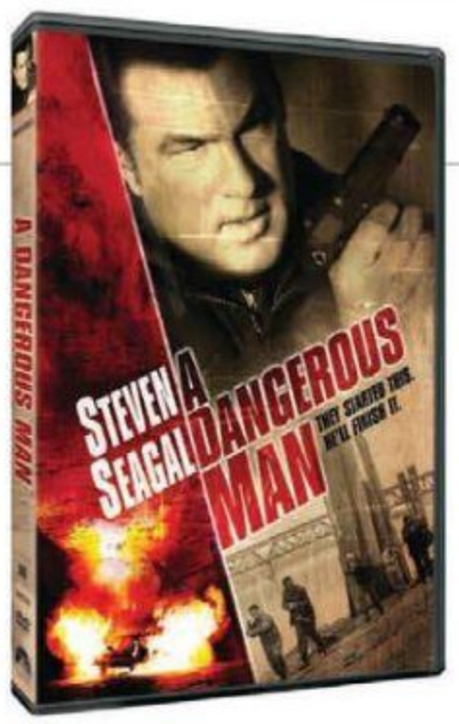
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STEVEN SEAGAL

A DANGEROUS MAN

DON'T MESS WITH THIS OUT-SPOKEN MOVIE STAR, MARTIAL ARTIST AND MUSICIAN.



FOCUSED, INTENSE AND READY FOR ACTION, Steven Seagal steps into the dimly lit room. He squints suspiciously at the two questionable characters sitting on the couch. One is armed with a camera, the other a microphone. The larger-than-life (he's 6-foot-6 but appears taller) martial arts master-turned-Hollywood action hero approaches. In his signature serious-as-a-heart-attack tone he thunders, "I'm ready. Are you?"

Classic Steven Seagal, but this isn't a scene from one of his movies, which include *Hard to Kill*, *Under Siege* and *A Dangerous Man*. The actor has granted us an exclusive, uncensored interview at his lavishly decorated California ranch house. (Think five-star Chinese restaurant meets cowboy honky-tonk.) Pulling no punches, he discusses everything from martial arts and his female costars to crime-fighting, actor Jean-Claude Van Damme and trying to "make a difference in the world." [Editor's note: This interview was conducted before the recent sexual harassment allegations were leveled against Seagal.]

HUSTLER: Of all your films, what sets A *Dangerous Man* apart?

STEVEN SEAGAL: We had great fighters and pretty good Chinese stuntmen. It was written and directed by Keoni Waxman, and he did a very good job. You combine a pretty good director and some great actors and some great fighters, and that's what sets it apart.

How do you prepare for a film?

It's different with every film. The preparation is going to depend on what you're doing in it. There was a lot of karate in this one, so we did a lot of advance planning for the fight choreography. We had some trouble though with the camera crew because in some scenes I would kick some guy so fast, he would go flying across the room, and the camera would miss it. They weren't used to that action.

Your character in *A Dangerous Man* does time for a crime he didn't commit. Do you think a lot of wrongfully accused people are behind bars?

Yeah, I do. As you know, in real life I'm a police officer, and I try to believe in our judicial system. I'm really out there to try to protect the little guy, the normal people—trying to get the bad guys off the street. But sometimes, let's face it, in the judicial system mistakes happen.

In the movie you tell some bad dudes that you're going to have to "fuck them up ugly." Have you ever had to "fuck someone up ugly" in real life?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

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STEVEN SEAGAL



Yes, I have, but I would never talk about that. Let me put it this way: I am a warrior. If you have a choice, it's always great to walk away. But if I don't have a choice and someone crosses the line, it gets ugly.

Are the choreography and fighting more important to you than the script?

It's very important to me because I'm a martial artist and martial arts teacher. But without a good story, no matter how great the martial arts are, you're screwed. (*Laughs.*) Can you use profanity in this magazine?

Yes, it's HUSTLER Magazine.

Since they show vaginas, I guess anything goes. Okay.

You can curse. Say what you want. You can even show us *your* vagina.

I could show maybe someone else's vagina. (*Seagal points to the makeup girl and his female publicist.*) But I don't have one of those. I can guarantee that.

What is your favorite place to make a movie?

In all of my film career I would have to say that Japan is the nicest.

What are the advantages of shooting on location?

With location you get the real thing. You get real gritty, uncontrived and unmanipulated action and performances.

Do you have a say in picking your sexy female costars?

Of course I have a say! I can't even remember half of them. I've worked with actresses that are pretty on the outside but ugly on the inside. Some that are ugly on the outside but pretty on the inside. And some that are ugly all over.

Do you have a favorite movie from your vast body of work?

I really like *Fire Down Below* quite a bit because it dealt with protecting the environment from the corporations that are destroying our planet. It's funny that I was talking about the Kyoto Protocol long before "The Amazing" Al Gore gets a fucking Academy Award and Nobel Peace Prize. I care about the environment but don't care about pimping my own agenda and getting praised.

Music is one of your passions. Does it bother you when people say, "Oh, he's just an actor trying to make music"?

I really don't give a fuck! I've played with the greatest blues masters and legends of our time. They love, respect and praise me. That should mean fucking something. I've shared the stage with Albert Collins, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown and B.B. King, and they say I belong there. I played with some of those guys hundreds and hundreds of times. I don't give a fuck if Harold Dick Hymann says, "Oh, Steven Seagal isn't good. He's just an actor." If he knows anything about the guitar and blues, he ain't gonna say that. Unless he's just one of those bitches out there that just want to diss somebody so he can't look like he's got more inches.

Why did you decide to do the reality show *Lawman*?

It was my love for New Orleans. Having been down there most of my life, I felt I needed to bring some awareness to the city, which is still healing, and bring awareness to law enforcement. I've dedicated most of my life to helping the little guy and getting the bad people off the street.

How real is that reality show?

They [the producers] have to be concerned about what is shown because they're worried about lawsuits. So some stuff was cut out of the shows, but it was pretty real.

Does your being a famous actor make it hard for you to be a police officer?

Here's the thing: I've been a cop down there for 20-some-odd years. When you arrest someone for one of the lighter things where we don't have any cause for concern, people have time to look around, and they may say, "Oh, you're Steven Seagal." But on the heavier stuff—when it's the middle of the night, and we come kicking in the door, armed to the teeth with the lights flashing—they don't say anything.

Will there be a second season?

Yeah, looks like 16 or so more episodes.

The perception is you're a very serious person. Do you ever joke around?

Sure. You get four or five soldiers or cops alone at an all-night stakeout, and the shit we say to each other will make you laugh till you cry. You have to come up with all this shit to pass the time.

Have you ever had to fight regular guys to prove how tough you are?

Almost never. Most people know that I don't come from Hollywood; I come from the world of martial arts. They respect that.

Do you follow Ultimate Fighting Championship and other MMA events?

Of course! Pound *(continued on page 102)*

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THE EROTIC REVIEW

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BY TOM STEPHENSON

CHEAT



PHOTOS COURTESY OF BOBBY GOLDSTEIN PRODUCTIONS

BOBBY GOLDSTEIN, the executive producer of the hit TV show *Cheaters*, is a squatty Buddha of a man with an elfish grin and the ego of a movie star. He starts off by telling me a story about Moses. According to the 5-foot-3 Texan, when Moses came down from Mount Sinai with God's commandments, he informed the nervous crowd: "The good news is that I got him down to ten. The bad news is that adultery is still in there."

Good thing for Goldstein. The founder of the long-running series—now in its tenth season—owes his considerable fortune to our continued disobedience of the Seventh Commandment. "We are connected to the American public at the genitalia," Goldstein declares.

Goldstein points out that *Cheaters* will soon surpass such television titans as *Friends* and *General Electric Theater* for longevity. It already has more original episodes in the can than *All in the Family* and *Everybody Loves Raymond*.

The late-night show pulls in numbers that are almost unheard of in today's fragmented TV landscape. "We beat every show leading in and leading out," Goldstein boasts. "I'm talking almost 100% of the time."

Goldstein, who has plush corporate offices in Dallas, is driving me to his nondescript studio, located in a light industrial district. Grabbing

HOW BOBBY GOLDSTEIN BECAME

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ERS

INSIDE THE WORLD'S MOST RIVETING TV SHOW

a ratings sheet with his free hand, he bellows, "Look at last week. *Ugly Betty* in prime time with network promo did a 1.4. *Cheaters*, without promo, did an average of 1.1 in late night on the weekend. Now that is as strong as boar's breath."

Cheaters is raw theater. It may not be Shakespeare, but all the players have their entrances and exits. And when the cameramen are taping the entrails of a relationship gone south, just try turning away.

Investigators and camera crews lift rocks so viewers can see what's under them. That is one reason the *Cheaters* studio maintains a shroud of secrecy. "You know, we piss people off," Goldstein admits. "That is part of what we do. Can you think of another so-called reality show where at least one of the stars desperately does not want to be on camera?"

With a smile, Goldstein adds, "We also have some avid tourists and fans that sometimes stalk us for whatever reason. So now we have a P.O. box in another part of town. We've received some of the damnedest fan mail you could ever imagine—like panties, amateur surveillance photos and even one used condom."

At the studio the entire staff—numbering between 20 and 30 on any given day—seems edgy. There will be a "bust" tonight. In one room, "chief detective" Danny Gomez—son of a former Dallas cop—and host Joey Greco are interviewing the aggrieved. Her cheater works at a liquor store. If history holds, the two-timer's new love interest will arrive at his place of employment to—uh, shall we say?—distract him.

Greco has been *Cheaters*' host since 2002. With a B.A. degree in psychology and a master's in counseling, he replaced Tommy Habeeb, who resigned over differences with the production company.

Down the hall past the security personnel's weight room and heavy punching bags, staffers huddle in a conference room. Like a football team reviewing film before a big game, they peer at surveillance tapes as editor Rhett Bakke repeatedly identifies their targets. He also reminds everyone they are headed to one of the Big D's most notorious areas.







RICH CATCHING WAYWARD MATES.

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"Stay on your toes tonight," Bakke says. "Bravo camera, you will be pointed at the male subject. Charlie camera, you will always be on the new girlfriend. Know who your subject is."

Each episode of *Cheaters* unfolds like a three-act morality play. Act I: The "wronged" party spells out his or her misgivings to host Joey Greco. Act II: The viewing audience is presented with what Goldstein insists must be three days of "hard surveillance." Act III: The hapless cheater is confronted with no way out. That's the big payoff.

A few hours later, while awaiting their final instructions, 21 crew members are sitting in vehicles parked near the quarry's workplace. Most are wearing black T-shirts sporting the Cheaters.com logo, while Greco is in his customary all-black ensemble.

Showtime! As the raiding party hits the street like a SWAT team, at least a half-dozen cameras are immediately aimed at everything from the scorned girlfriend to the bizarre street scene. "Hey, there's those dudes from *Cheaters*!" shouts one of the players of an outdoor domino game.

In front of the liquor store a sign warns that wearing Halloween masks or bandannas over the face and carrying firearms are prohibited. As Greco orders, "Let's go!" he and his comrades surge toward their target in military fashion.

The complainant struts her considerable stuff right through the door, then effectively corners her man and his new gal at a beer cooler. *Cheaters* stays with our heroine all the way, ignoring the store owner's cries for us to leave.

With the cheating couple hopelessly trapped, the wronged girlfriend will not be denied her moment. "What's up with this?!" she shrieks. The cheater initially replies that the other chick is "only a friend," then becomes docile when he hears his live-in mate say, "I have seen the tape." It's almost a *Cheaters* mantra.

Before it's over, she clips the guy with a haymaker, after which the confronted cheaters peel away from the scene.

The aftermath is an ego builder for the crew. Neighborhood kids ask Greco to pose for cell phone pictures. Some of the domino players are high-fiving the cameramen. "*Cheaters* done taught that motherfucker!" one cries out.

This adoration is typical. Matt Phillips, director of cinematography, explains, "In minority areas like this, it's like we're Obama or something. The trouble comes when we hit the yuppie clubs."

Adds Phillips, who graduated from the Golf Channel to ESPN to *Cheaters*, "Some clubs and office buildings have their own security, and sometimes when they see us coming, they move to get us out. That can be a mess."

Studies show that as many as 70% of the married males in "industrialized nations" cheat on their significant others. Females seemingly trail by fewer and fewer percentage points every year. *Cheaters* adds a human face and a circuslike frenzy to these statistics.

JEEPERS CREEPERS, WHERE'D THEY GET THOSE CHEATERS?

Although *Cheaters* states upfront that each character portrayed is "real," persistent whispers (the most recent by *Inside Edition*) suggest some of the players and plots are phony. "I have never denied that the pilot for *Cheaters* was made with actors," executive producer Bobby Goldstein confides. "It was a blueprint for what and how the show would be and look. It was me and one camera guy. I did not then have the resources to conduct surveillance for weeks at a time. I was selling an idea, a concept."

What Goldstein and others on the set of *Cheaters* now complain about is the pure monotony of the investigations. Host/investigator Joey Greco notes that the team "is almost always in production" because various scenarios just don't play out. "Sometimes we hit dead ends for one reason or another," he points out.

While Goldstein admits to often paying the cheaters to sign waivers allowing their faces to be shown onscreen, he boils at the notion any of his work is staged: "I must hire some pretty piss-poor actors if the show is not real, because 30% to 40% of the investigations we shoot never air. It is not uncommon for me to pay PIs and get nothing while they film a closed door for half a day. Of course it's worth it if they [the cheaters] come out holding hands with a zipper down or a visible wet spot."

The show's most notorious (and most Googled) episode features Greco and crew filming a cheater's boat from a distance. They later board the vessel and Greco appears to be stabbed by the infuriated man.

Although Goldstein admits to using "file footage" of police leaving the scene and paying a settlement, he swears that "Joey Greco required medical attention." He adds, "The camera crew guy's voiceover was left in on purpose, but I had no idea then or now what he might have been talking about. It was nervous *res gestae* that made for an exciting scene!" [*Res gestae* is a legal term applying to evidentiary statements that are made spontaneously during the course of an event.]

Goldstein is more comfortable discussing another celebrated episode, which featured a Fort Worth police captain thrice filmed during arousing get-togethers with a married woman in an unmarked city vehicle. During the confrontation with her husband, she was allegedly injured, and Greco and three other *Cheaters* staffers were later indicted. After joking with the media, "I'm going to hire Denny Crane from *Boston Legal*," Goldstein actually retained high-powered lawyers, who won acquittal on all charges.

"Would anybody believe I spent 50 grand and got the DA to indict four blokes to help a little Jew boy rocket his ratings all over the world?" Goldstein bellows. "Now *there* you have something no one will believe."

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BACK IN EARLY 1998, Bobby Goldstein was sick of practicing law, a feeling shared by the State Bar of Texas. Its members apparently took a dim view of his routinely conducting office interviews while clad in boxer shorts. "I could not tolerate the lack of creativity and the insincerity in the law business," Goldstein protests.

So he took his entire net worth and then some to film pilots for what became *Cheaters*. "No one would lend me a dime," he continues. "They treated me like I was trying to give them herpes. Everything I had stolen as a lawyer I had to invest to give *Cheaters* any chance."

Industry experts advise that absolutely no one with any sense should so much as pick up a camera until a show has been presold. But syndicators did indeed pick up *Cheaters*, and it became an instant ratings hit. Nevertheless, Goldstein recalls that the show's first few years were like "working under siege."

Flat broke, the ex-lawyer was renting a house that he had sold to a neighbor. Christmas 2001 was spent without heat and water. One day a repo truck showed up to haul off the family car. While his boys watched, Goldstein grabbed a brown paper bag, covered his hand as if he held a pistol and convinced the driver to refrain from towing the vehicle.

As *Cheaters* became a cuckoldry cult hit, it was examined by the literati at the *New York Times* and slammed by Christian radio. Goldstein, an admitted former cheater, says, "People forget that I did all this before there really was reality TV. There is still little visceral reality to those shows. I show *unfettered* reality."

It's no easy task. Arising each morning at 4:30, Goldstein starts his workday by poring over e-mails. He then looks at any daily rushes, edits voiceovers and reviews advertising. "I am both the creative component and the industrial component," he says, "but I no longer want to do it all. I just want to make damn sure it all gets done."

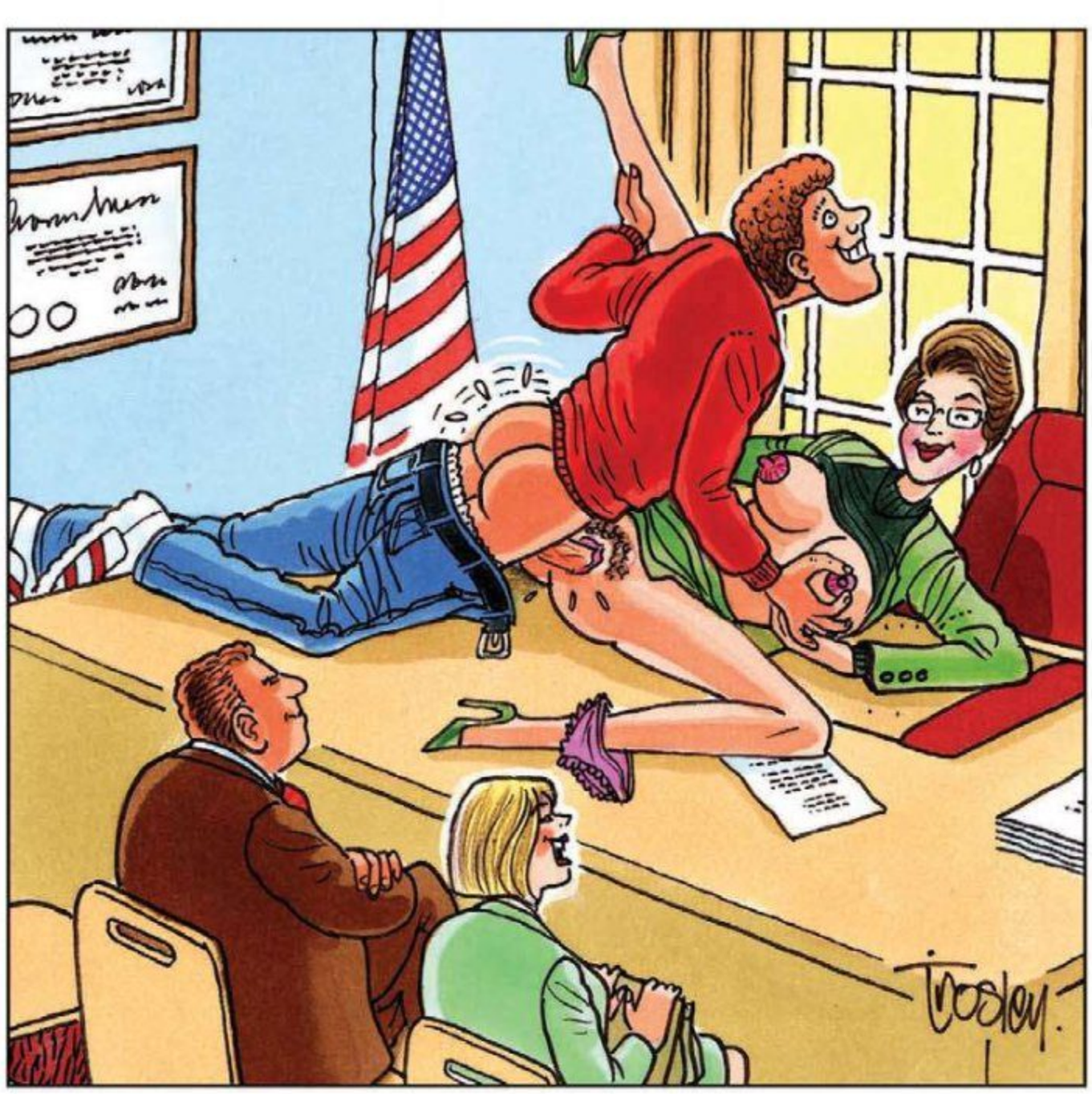
Now there's another entrée on his production plate. Goldstein plans to launch a reality series titled *Divorce Party*, a concept that will feature "the autopsy of a couple's divorce."

"The kicker," he raves, "is that the viewing public votes online and by text for a binding reward or punishment." Leaning back in a chair and spreading his arms wide, the ardent producer booms in a God-like voice, "Bobby Goldstein gives you The People's Tribunal."

Tom Stephenson, a former award-winning reporter for the *Dallas Morning News*, assisted in the launch of *D* magazine. He has also written three books and hundreds of stories for a wide variety of publications, most notably *Time*, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Newsday* and *Money*.



"Your mouth says no, but that dress says take the little bitch inside and fuck the shit out of her."



"We chose your high school because we'd like to get our Matthew into an institution with diversity and an opportunity to be exposed to various types of sex with a variety of teachers."

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WE CAN'T

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY HUNTER

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STOP STARING

KIKI VIDIS

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A lot of girls just drive from the San Fernando Valley to be in HUSTLER, but **Kiki** flew thousands of miles. “I live in Queensland, Australia, which is about as far away from California as you can get,” she informs us. “A girlfriend of mine wanted to visit Hollywood. As luck had it, we met a guy in a bar back home, and he asked if we wanted to pose for HUSTLER. How could I say no? It paid for my whole trip.”

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Does this awesome Aussie like to go Down Under? “I love it!” she exclaims. “I absolutely love sucking cock. And I know every girl says this, but I’m very good at it because I like the taste. Some girls do it because they feel they have to, so they rush through it. I take my time, savoring the man’s cock. I lick it all over like it’s a yummy lol-lipop, then work it all around my mouth and deep into my throat until he comes. Of course, I swallow every single drop.”

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Kiki also admits, "My favorite thing to do when a guy is finished is to just lie back and feel his dick shrink down in my mouth. There have been a couple of times when I fell asleep like that and woke up with the worst breath. It's okay though. A little mouthwash clears that up."

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What's the future hold for **Kiki**? "I would hope it holds lots of joy and happiness," she replies. "And sex—lots and lots of it. Whatever the future brings, I'll be ready. Life is a challenge, and I never shy away from a challenge."

KIKI VIDIS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Pimpama, Australia | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 124

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NASTY + SEXY = ART

GIA JORDAN



PHOTO BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

"I LIKE THE IDEA OF MAKING GIRLS DO REALLY BAD THINGS," declares a well-known figure in the adult industry. This person not only espouses that all women secretly fantasize about being a sex object, but also feels that placing them in extremely degrading sexual positions is the highest form of eroticism. And here's the cool part: A woman said it.

Gia Jordan, former porn star and current über-successful adult photographer, thinks it's really hot when guys do wicked, depraved things to women. "I guess I like what guys like," Gia explains. "I fantasize about some pretty odd stuff—gnarly and nasty."

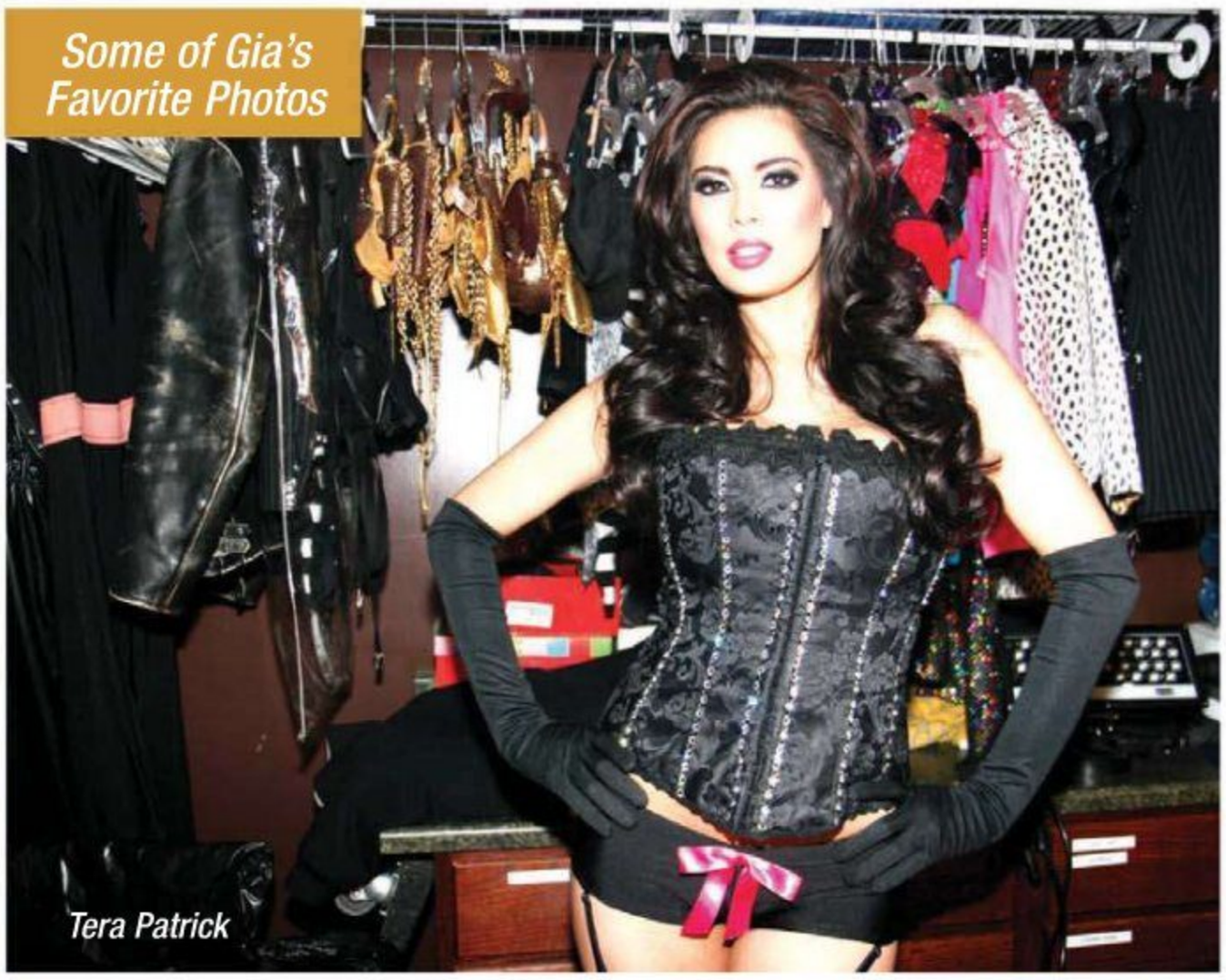
Gia's not all talk; she's put her money-maker where her mouth is. When this lady appeared in films like *Ass Eaters Unanimous*, *Gobble the Goop* and *Fuck Doll Sandwich*, she did some very bad things herself—and loved every minute of it.

SKIN-BIZ SUCCESS STORY FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE CAMERA.

PHOTO BY DAVE NAZ

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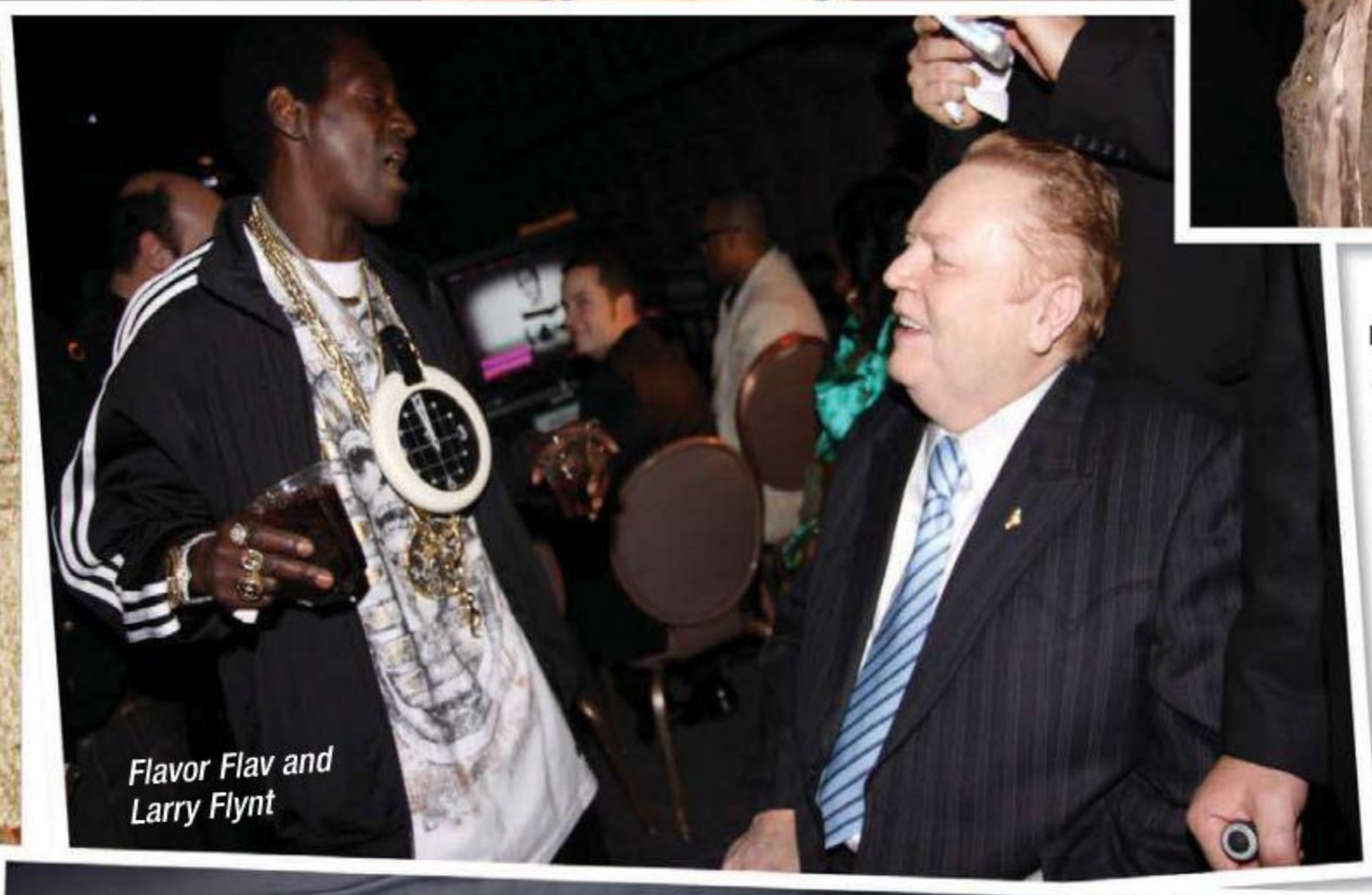
Some of Gia's Favorite Photos



Tera Patrick



Jenna Haze and Belladonna



Flavor Flav and Larry Flynt



Mallory Rae Murphy

"When I was a performer, part of the fun for me was that I wanted to be scared a little bit," she reminisces fondly. "I didn't know what (or who) was coming around the corner. Submitting to the sex helped me make the most out of every scene."

Do what you love. Paint, play music, get ass-raped by six guys. Gia's point is that it's important to commit to your passion. As a teenager, she discovered her primary passion was sex, and she committed to it with a greater fervor than young Heifetz committed to his violin lessons.

"I was giving blowjobs at 15," she admits. "I even gave the guy a handjob on my very first date. I remember my mom was waiting up for me and asked, 'Did you kiss him?' I just said, 'Yeah, I did.' It was easier than saying he was my practice guy."

As soon as oversexed Gia was legal, she left Florida behind, taking her tight little ass to Las Vegas. Like so many new arrivals, the tender teen began stripping at a local club. Stuffing dollar bills into her G-string was okay for a while, but Gia's coochie was like a Ferrari idling at an intersection. She wanted to put the pedal to the metal.

Then, as luck would have it, Gia ran into someone at a club with connections in the XXX world. He offered the slutty, ambitious piece of ass sage advice: If you want to be a star, go to Hollywood.

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GIA JORDAN



Gia's former life (in HUSTLER's *Ass Appeal #1*)

Gia headed to Tinseltown in 2003 and knocked on a few hard-core doors. Before long she had a schlong in every penetrable orifice. Given her great looks—the dirty girl you wished lived next door—she worked constantly with the industry's top stars.

But in 2006 the thrill suddenly vanished. "I quit for no particular reason," Gia explains. "I had a really good time, but I had worked with everyone I wanted. I felt that I should leave the business while I had fond memories."

Misty, watercolored remembrances of flicks like *No Holes Left Unfilled* and *Butt Bangin' Baby Dolls #2* might have comforted Gia on cold, wintry nights, but they weren't going to pay her bills. She needed something new to fill the void in her life now that it wasn't getting filled with…well, you know.

That's when Gia thought of her other passion, one that didn't induce an orgasm: photography. "I used to draw when I was little," she says. "Fashion pictures. Then when I got into high school, I started doing black-and-white photographs, printing my own photos. I loved it. Even when I was working, I never stopped taking pictures. I would take behind-the-scenes shots on set or pictures at parties."

Gia decided it was time to go back to school, to immerse herself in photography with the same determination that got her to the top of the adult-entertainment business. "In porn I got paid to do what I love," she reasons. "I thought to myself, *Why not see if I can do the same thing taking pictures?*"

Once Gia felt ready, she put together a portfolio for *Adult Video News* (*AVN*), the industry's premier trade publication. Surprise! Gia seemed to have an instinct for shooting hot-looking poses. Within a year she became *AVN*'s main photographer, a position she still holds.

There's a simple reason why Gia emerged as the mag's "go-to" photographer. "She's passionate about photography," raves *AVN* executive editor Dan Miller, "has great relationships with people because she's a porn veteran, and she's a pretty girl in a predominantly male profession. Performers are more relaxed around her."

Gia got her feet wet at parties and promotional events for *AVN*, then branched out into XXX movie sets' behind-the-scenes pics. Continuing to evolve as an artist, she also shoots erotic portraits and traditional-style sex layouts for adult magazines.

Even though Gia is now behind the camera instead of in front of it, she still imparts the



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same basic philosophy: "I always thought that sex shouldn't look awkward or stupid. Even if a woman's got ten gallons of cum dripping from her gaping mouth, she should still look pretty. By that I mean there's always beauty to be found in an image—even the nastiest porn stuff—if you approach it with the right attitude."

Offhand you'd assume all an erotic photographer has to do is point the camera in the general direction of the fucking and then press the button. But paying attention to every detail makes sense. Each picture tells a story, including the dirty ones. Even if the viewer is stroking his johnson lathered in hand cream while staring at a Gia Jordan photo, it's ultimately because that image evokes a powerful response.

So how does Gia get all those male love prongs to consistently "pitch tents"? It all goes back to when she was a little girl drawing the women she'd seen in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*.

"My work is erotically driven, of course," Gia explains as she points to the books and magazines stacked about her trendy Hollywood condo. "But it's also driven by my fashion influences, even when people aren't wearing clothes."

Think Robert Mapplethorpe, Helmut Newton, Richard Avedon—photographers who saw power and beauty in what a lot of people dismissed as "dirty pictures." Gia Jordan carries on her predecessors' ideals. She reveres and then elevates images that can shock, offend and titillate—making her the perfect XXX photographer.

Although Gia's career is definitely on the right path, a girl's still gotta have fun. Having moved behind the camera instead of coming for cash in front of one, how is the lady getting off these days?

Surprisingly, at the moment, the answer is strictly battery-operated. "I have no special guy in my life right now," Gia says wistfully. "Probably because I'm supercritical. I like high-achieving men; a guy I date has to be an extrovert, whip smart; and he has to be nastier than I am."

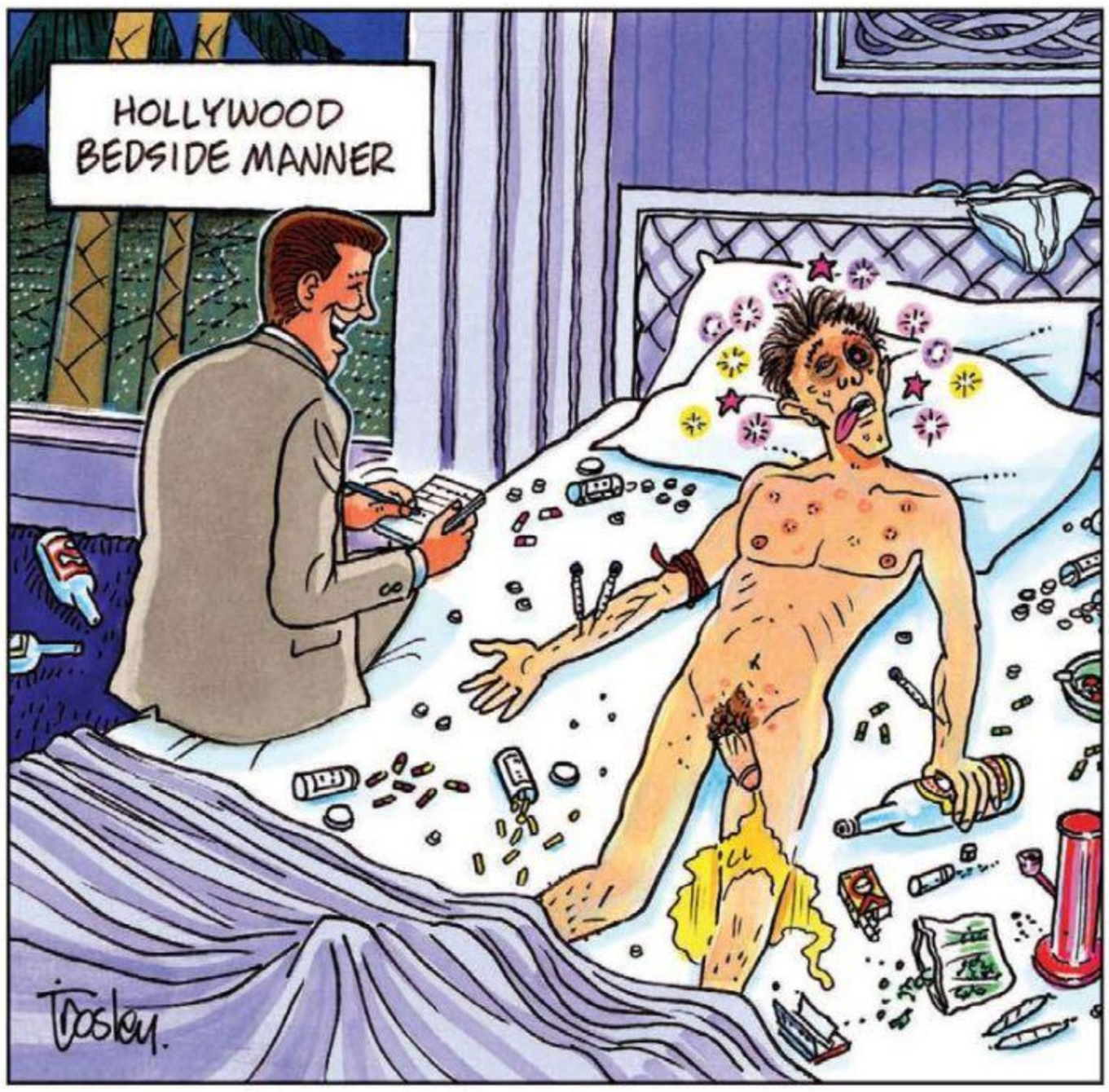
Which leads us to the obvious question: Does this still-sexy-as-hell alley cat think she's going to be as fulfilled capturing the action with a camera as she was when she was in the center of it? With a shrug, Gia remarks, "I came; I saw; I went. I have my memories." But then she pauses and smiles. "To be honest, occasionally, when I see a really awesome sex scene, I can't help but think, *Damn, that should be me in there.*"

Whether or not she decides to make an onscreen "cumback," one thing remains certain: Gia Jordan will continue to keep her fans at full salute.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



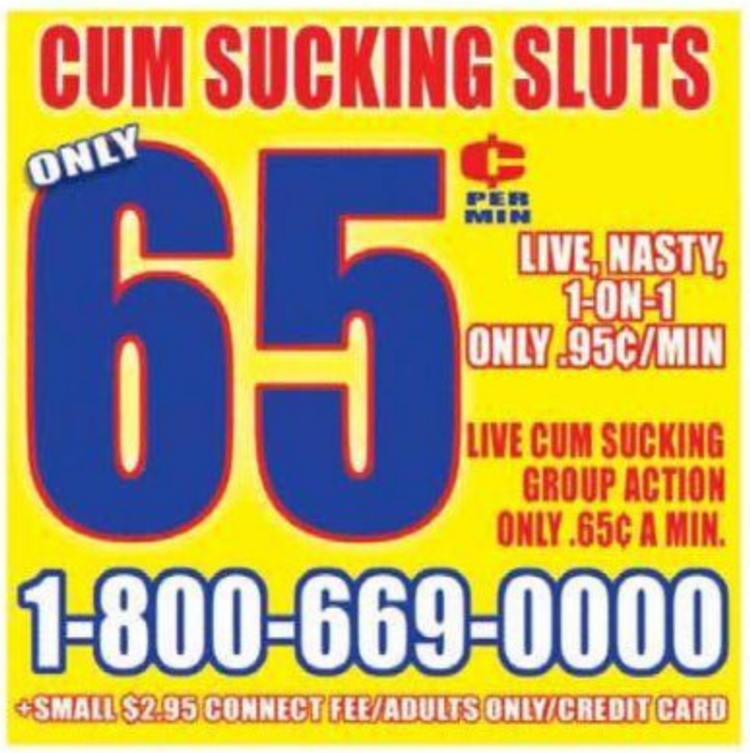
"My husband is a surgeon, and if he catches you he's going to cut you a new asshole."

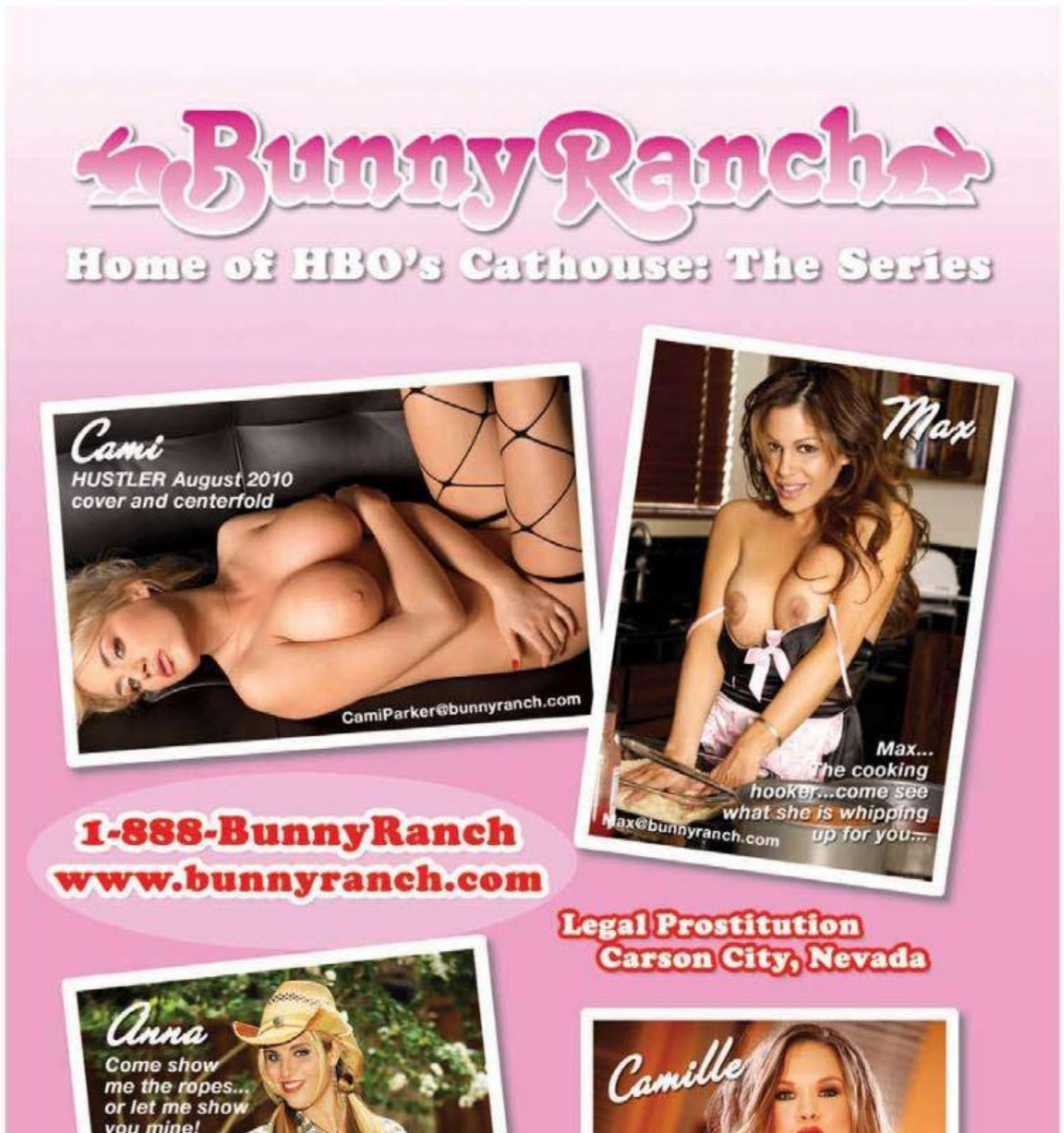


"Relax, you're simply overmedicated. No problem. I can prescribe you something for that."

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BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

Ever since the term MILF was popularized in 1999's box office hit *American Pie*, Mothers I'd Like (to) Fuck have captured widespread attention. Here is our salute to America's hottest moms.



Bella

AGE: 37

LOCATION: North Port, Florida

WEB SITE: BellasErotica.com

CHILDREN: two sons, ages 14 and 12



"Appearing nude in HUSTLER has been a lifelong goal and dream," declares this "easygoing" paralegal who's keen on pursuing a more provocative line of work. "I hope it's a starting point for a great future in the adult industry. The less I have to wear, the better! I enjoy sharing my beautiful body."

Having a supportive mate has been the key. "My husband finds me totally erotic," Bella marvels, "and the fact I love to show off gets him so excited. We're a team. I love going to dinner with him in a little cocktail dress with thigh-high stockings and no panties. Then I tease him all evening; we never make it to dessert!"

Bella is a woman of many tastes. "I love Mexican food," the 5-foot-7 "admitted bookworm" reveals, "especially chicken enchiladas with tons of jalapeño peppers. I love anything spicy—just like me! I listen to all kinds of music, from classic rock to rap to country; my favorite TV shows are *NCIS*, *Law & Order* and *House*; and I watch a lot of football. I also enjoy spending a nice sunny afternoon topless by the pool with a great novel and a fruity drink."

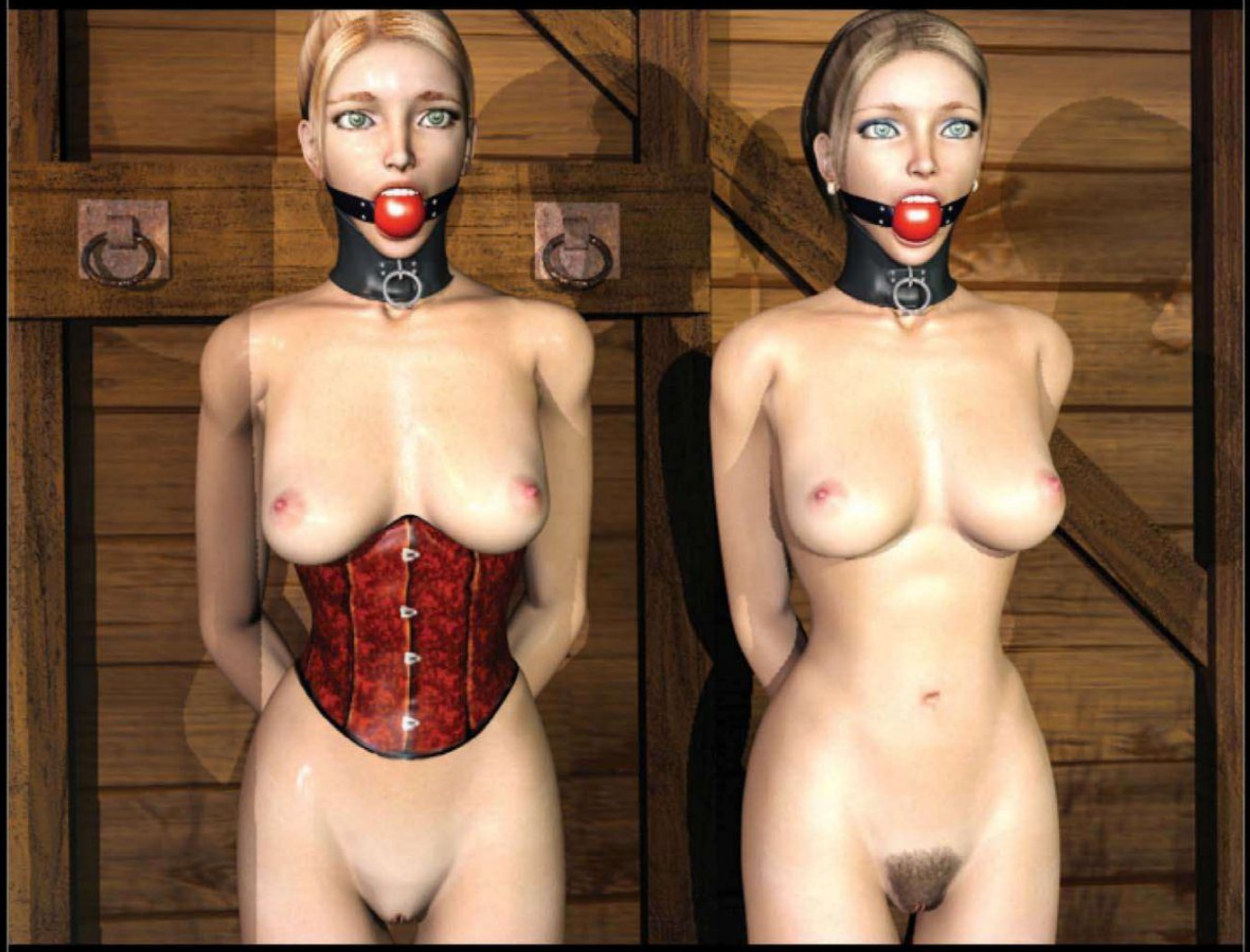
Away from home, Bella plays golf, but bicycling really makes her swing: "I think of my bike as a giant vibrator; I'm always horny after a ride." Sharing her fancies, the MILF discloses, "I'm very into oral sex, receiving and giving, and anal. Wow! Since my husband is blessed in size, that's always a new, tight adventure. I also love toy play and rolling around naked in bed trying new things."

Bella has been on a nonstop honeymoon. "The weekend we flew to Las Vegas to get married," she recalls, "we had sex on the 37th-floor balcony of the Signature Resort, watching all the people at the pool. I had cum running down my legs; it was great!" So is Bella's wildest fantasy: "My husband takes me to dinner with three of his male friends, then we return to our place. After a few glasses of wine he suggests a little game that involves me, a blindfold, satin sheets and all four men." Yes, Bella cherishes being the queen of the ball.

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DIGITAL DOMINATION

Tuning in Wayne Wine's Tormented 'Toon Teasers



BDSM ANIMATION HAS NEVER LOOKED SO REAL...OR SO HOT

WELCOME TO A WORLD WHERE NOTHING IS REAL and everything is permitted.

In a striking CGI animated movie available on the Internet, a beautiful woman delivers a suitcase full of money to a hardened thug. It is ransom for her equally appealing younger sister. Unfortunately, a mechanized steel chair enfolds the new arrival while a video monitor reveals in lurid detail the methods the kidnapper uses to make the captive sister his obedient fuck doll.

It's not hard to imagine the ensuing scenario: both sisters enslaved to perform depraved acts on each other when not servicing their mutual master. The hard-core cruelty never stops in the tricked-out basement, equipped to restrain and punish its "visitors" in every imaginable way.

"A movie is different from a video game, and so are the emotional responses of the characters. The dramatic situation in the movie is the only way the viewers connect with the characters, whom they can't control as they would in a game scenario," explains artist/animator Wayne Wine.

The devil is truly in the details. That's what makes artist/animator Wine's online serial, *Slave Sisters*, so compelling: the ripple of muscle under satiny flesh, the glaze of sweat, the welling of tears, the helpless engorgement of feminine anatomy produced by the relent-

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less action of a shaft-driven fuck machine, the snap of the leather lash down the front of a bound, naked body.

The girls' charming, vaguely middle European accents and their tormentor's perpetual sneer also bring the sordid fable a chilling verisimilitude. In this pitiless, de Sadean universe, the triumph of vice over virtue seems entirely natural and chillingly real—only better for the impossible perfection of jiggling, bound breasts and lips that never lose their gloss no matter how much cock they suck.

"My goal as a director and animator," says Wine, "is to act through the characters so they inspire excitement, arousal and identification in the viewer. The most important thing is that the viewer doesn't remain indifferent to what's happening to the characters on the screen. Naturally, that demands more expression from those characters than would be needed in a video game. This would be the case with any movie, not only BDSM animation."

A joint venture between the artist and European kink-art Web nexus **BDSMartwork.com**, *Slave Sisters* just rounded its 21st installment. This featured the sisters consummating their love for each other, then a riveting threeway showcasing the effectiveness of the bad guy's training techniques.

"I do have Hollywood ambitions revolving around non-BDSM projects," admits Wine. "But if an offer to do more work in this genre comes along, I will not decline. It seems BDSM generates a lot of attention lately."

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CLUELESS



What do I do?! She's so out of my league.

JULIETTE BARDOT & TONY DE SERGIO

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Ouch!
Pick a hole,
please!

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That's it?! I gotta stop picking up guys at the Jiffy Lube.

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RAPE, RIOT, REVENGE!

BAR-HOPPING THROUGH FOUR DECADES OF WOMEN-IN-PRISON MOVIES

IT'S A DEEP, DARK, DOWNRIGHT DANK DREAM harbored by many a hot-blooded male heterosexual. Namely, the fantasy of being ONE man among a bevy of sex-starved women in an all-female prison. Which brings us to women-in-prison (WIP) movies.

WIP is an exploitation movie subgenre that began in the late '60s, exploded in the '70s, survived the '80s and sizzled out in the '90s. Even so, WIP flicks actually still pop up now and again. Look, for example, at the 2009 WIP homage *Stuck!*, starring Karen Black.

In your typical WIP film, an all-girl prison is run by a lecherous/sadistic male or female warden who turns a blind eye to or has a direct hand in rape and torture. Ultimately, of course, the mistreated, fed-up cons (quite gorily) riot, with the inhumane wardens receiving their gruesome just deserts.

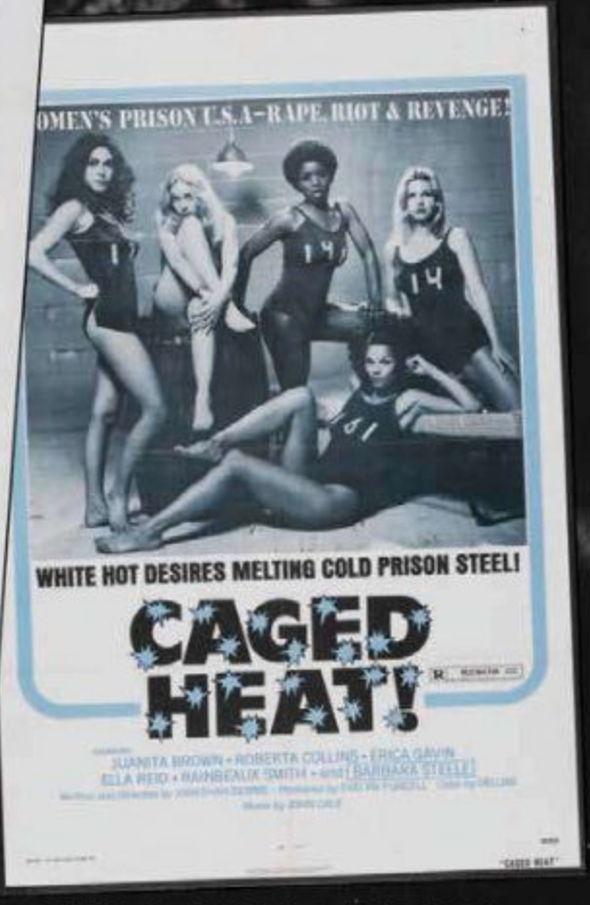
In a nutshell? Loads of nudity (strip search scenes, shower sequences) and eroticism (girl/girl interludes), along with a steady diet of rape, riot and revenge—though not necessarily in that order.

It should also be noted that several highly talented (and in some cases extremely underrated) directors had a hand in sculpting some WIP titles. For one, incredibly prolific, relatively overlooked Spanish director Jess









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Franco is duly credited as starting the entire modern WIP genre with his highly influential '69 European entry, *99 Women*. Besides devising the basic armature of the WIP storyline, Franco also added another key story element to the genre: the jungle, which became almost a character unto itself in some of these low-budget sleepers.

Heavily surrounding the remote island prison—in not only *99 Women*'s plotline but also director Jack Hill's Franco-inspired, Philippines-shot '70s WIP titles *The Big Doll House* and *The Big Bird Cage*—the jungle was the initial escape route for our female protagonists. And, yes, the overgrown environment did present our heroines with a natural form of camouflage. But it also became their newest adversary. For now our cons had to battle bats, snakes, quicksand, swamps, alligators and, of course, ruthless male bounty hunters who hoped to grab a little "bungle in the jungle" with their sexy, unwilling two-legged prey.

Aside from his brace of WIP features for producer Roger Corman's New World Pictures, director Jack Hill would himself become highly influential in the soon-to-explode blaxploitation movie genre in the 1970s. He not only discovered cult-film star Pam Grier (*The Big Doll House*) but also concocted such Grier-powered, black-action milestones as *Coffy* (1973) and *Foxy Brown* (1974).

There were at least two other talented WIP directors. Like Jack Hill, Jonathan Demme was another alumnus of producer Roger Corman's school of cheap exploitation movies (as were, of course, Martin Scorcese, Francis Ford Coppola, Peter Bogdanovich and James Cameron). Demme, having cut his teeth writing and directing the largely excellent WIP saga (except for its abrupt ending) *Caged Heat* in '74, later made such notable mainstreamers as *The Silence of the Lambs* (garnering him the Academy Award for Best Director in 1991) and 1993's *Philadelphia*.

1971's *Women in Cages*—wherein the action and suspense stubbornly refuse to slow down—was directed by gifted Filipino filmmaker Gerardo de León. He holds the distinction of being the most awarded auteur in the entire history of the Philippines' Oscars (the FAMAS Awards), of which he won seven.

That stated, here are four decades' worth of memorable WIP flicks—all conveniently available on **Amazon.com** and **Netflix.com**.

99 WOMEN (1969)

Blue Underground
Cast: Maria Schell, Mercedes McCambridge, Herbert Lom, Rosalba Neri.



Locked snugly away in a stone fortress prison somewhere on a desolate Mediterranean isle, the eponymous 99 are regularly harassed by Matron (Mercedes McCambridge), the hard-as-nails female disciplinarian with an over-the-top German accent. Governor (Herbert Lom) is the repulsive prison overseer—with limp and cane—who regularly has his "fill" of the newbies, willing or otherwise. Beatings, rape and murder abound, as do sizzling taco-to-taco encounters that sweeten up the proceedings.

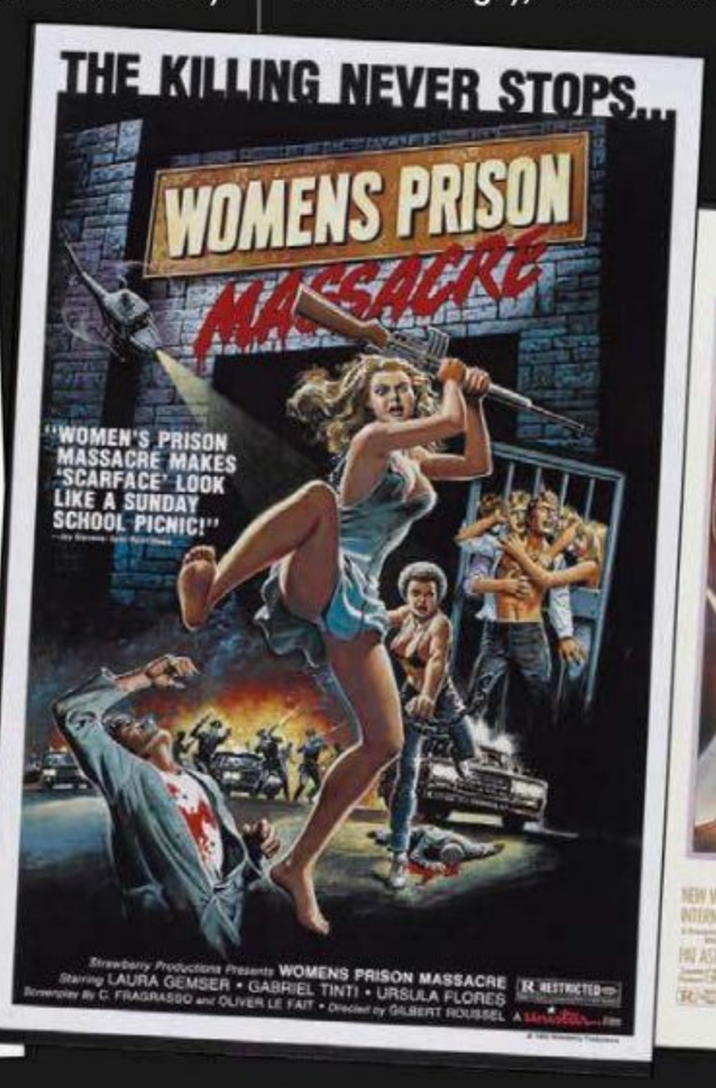
THE BIG DOLL HOUSE (1971)

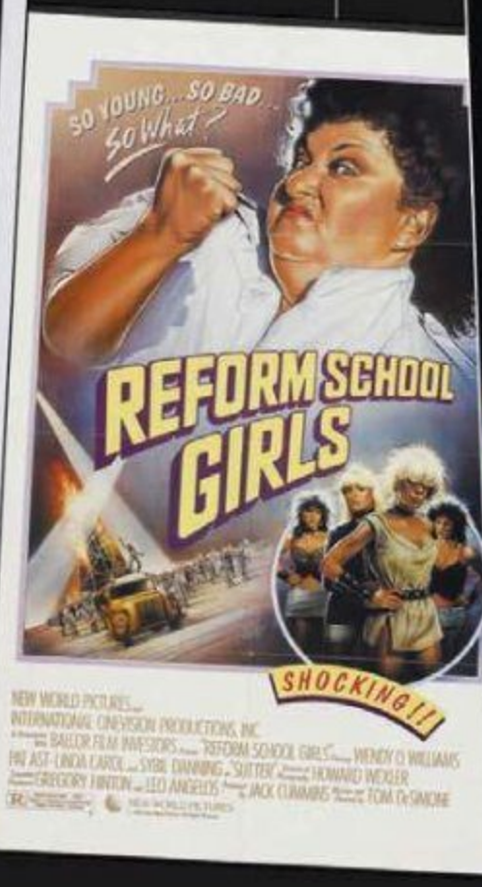
Buena Vista Home Entertainment
Cast: Judy Brown, Roberta Collins, Pam Grier, Sid Haig.

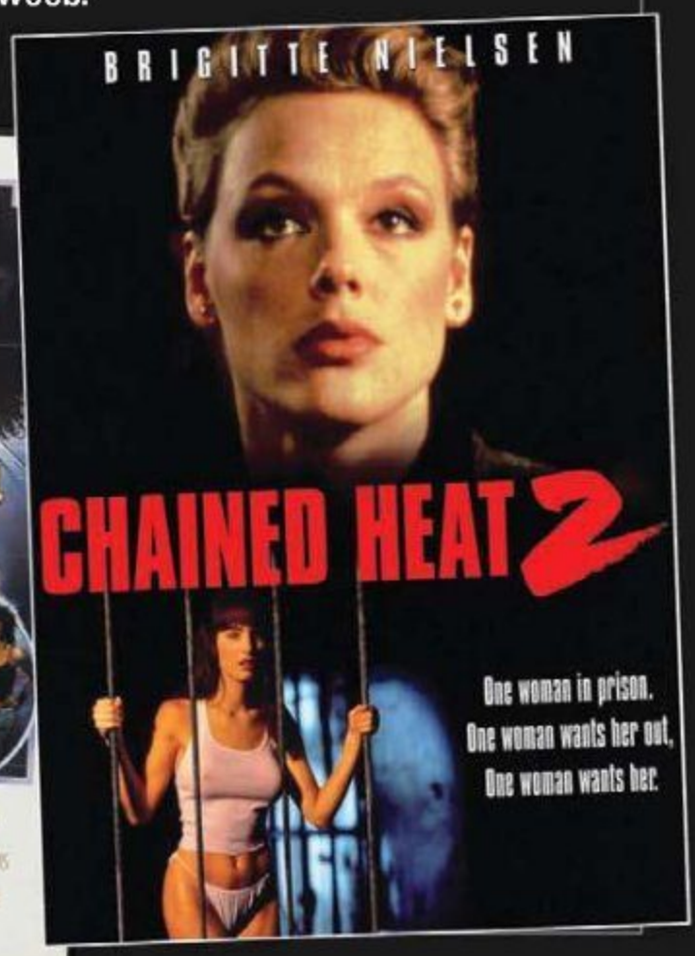


Sexy cons are abused in a nightmarish jungle prison run by a monstrous lady warden who's on an all-twat diet. The movie features choice nudity and some inspired mud wrestling amongst the lassies. Best scene: ultra-randy con Alcott (Roberta Collins) soaping her hot bod in front of food-delivery meathead Fred (Jerry Franks). Soon after, she attacks him in a warehouse storeroom, forcing him at knifepoint to ball her. "Get it up or I'll cut it off!" she commands the dweeb.









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WOMEN IN CAGES (1971)

New Concorde

Cast: Jennifer Gan, Roberta Collins, Judy Brown, Pam Grier.

During a chaotic (real) cockfight, drug-runner Rudy (Charles Davis) puts a stash of heroin in the purse of his innocent girlfriend Jeff (Jennifer Gan). Naturally, Jeff is busted and sentenced to ten years in a women's labor camp. Alabama (Pam Grier) is the lesbian/racist superintendent who delights in having kinky lick-'n'-stick sessions with the better-looking cons—and even "roasting" 'em on occasion. One of the very best WIP movies. And dig that downbeat ending!

THE BIG BIRD CAGE (1972)

New Concorde

Cast: Anitra Ford, Vic Diaz, Pam Grier, Sid Haig.

Here's a women's jungle prison run by heartless gay(!) male guards backed by snarling,





woman-eating German Shepherds, all making the tasty, cock-starved inmates really toe the line. Highlights include stunning Anitra Ford being hung (for real!) by her hair as punishment (right after having been gang-raped by a pack of jungle mutants) and the head homo guard (Vic Diaz) getting raped at knifepoint by several rioting female prisoners.

CAGED HEAT (1974)

Buena Vista Home Entertainment

Cast: Erica Gavin, Roberta Collins, Rainbeaux Smith, Barbara Steele.



At Connorville Prison for Women, Dr. Randolph regularly photographs himself screwing drugged, unconscious, hot-looking, "troublemaking" inmates before prepping 'em for "psycho-surgery," i.e., lobotomies. Horror-movie icon Barbara Steele is McQueen, the pious, wheel-chair-bound, cruel superintendent who's actually a repressed lesbian-slut. Best con-to-con line: "I'm gonna knock your pretty little teeth SO far down your throat, you're gonna get a picket fence 'round your asshole!"

CHAINED HEAT (1983)

Third Strike Edition

Cast: John Vernon, Linda Blair, Sybil Danning, Stella Stevens.

John Vernon (Dean Wormer in *Animal House*) steals the show as Warden



Bacman, a sleaze bucket who runs a drug ring inside the joint and who obsessively videotapes the fetching cons he bangs. But once our protagonist Carol (Linda Blair) is savagely raped by Bacman ("I should be taping this goddamn thing!" he tenderly intones), the plot really blasts off. And despite the occasional sighting of boom mikes (you'll spot one, we promise), *Chained Heat* still packs quite a punch.

WOMEN'S PRISON MASSACRE (1983)

Retro Shock-O-Rama

Cast: Laura Gemser, Gabriele Tinti, Ursula Flores.



Four male murderers, temporarily caged in a savage women's prison, take the facility over, hold the staffers and inmates hostage and, while awaiting a response to their demands, have lots o' fun with the ladies. Until the wheels fall off, that is. And wait till you see how one deserving slob simultaneously comes and goes as he porks a dangerously spiteful cutie. Complete with chloroforming, Russian roulette, hairy muffs and positively the worst dubbing ever.

REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS (1986)

Starz / Anchor Bay

Cast: Wendy O. Williams, Linda Carol, Pat Ast, Sybil Danning.

The late Plasmatics lead singer Wendy O. Williams is great as Charlie, the tough dyke

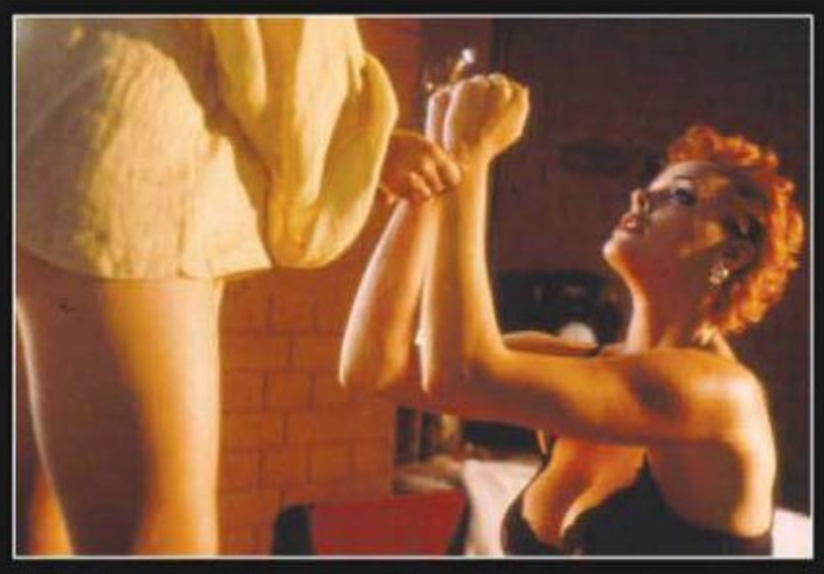
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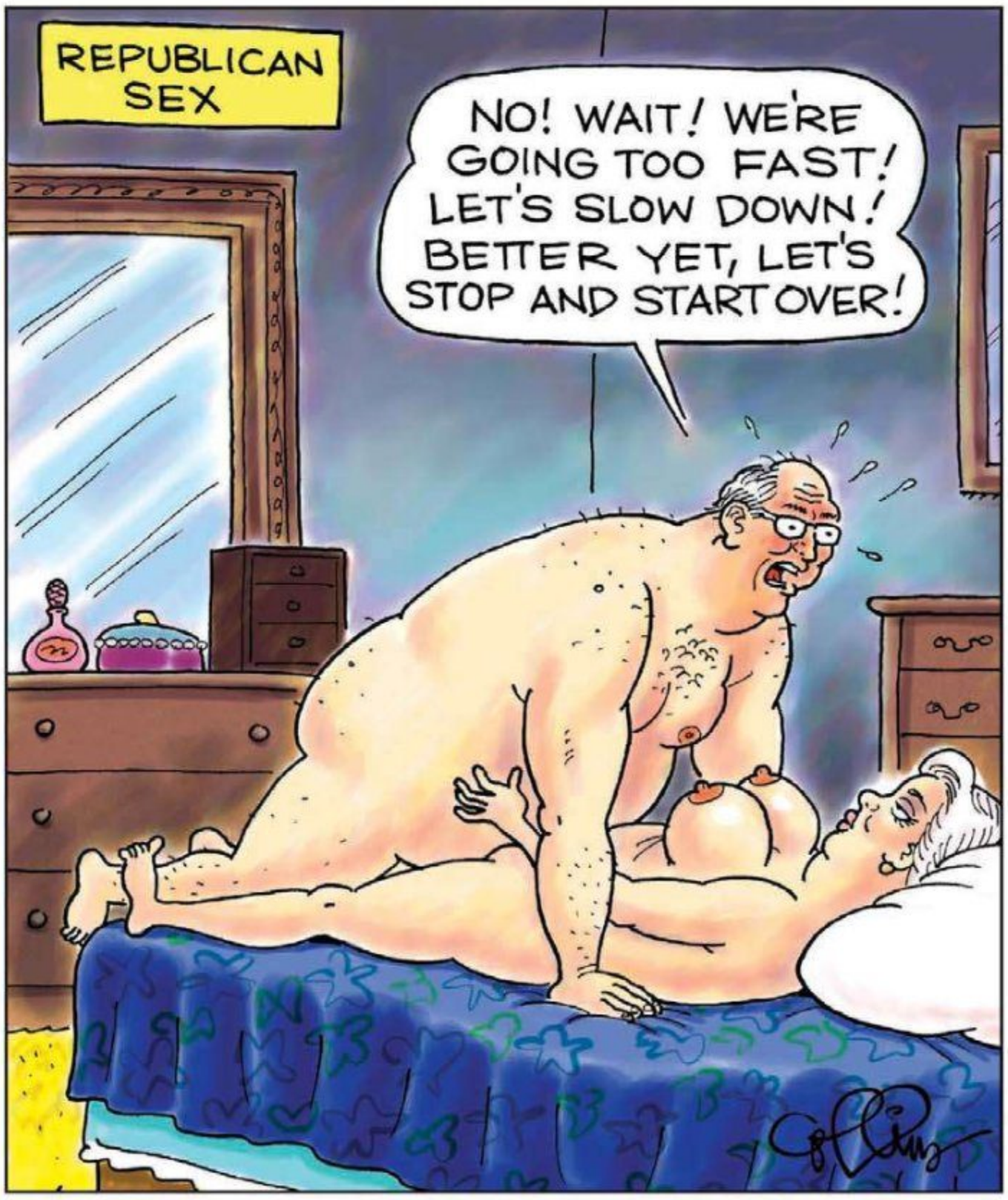
queen of an all-chick reform school. She enlists babes into her pussy-gorging ring by forcefully having their beautiful butt cheeks branded with an "O." Charming. Similarly outstanding is amorphous, disgusting head guard Edna (played with over-the-top dastardliness by Pat Ast). Filled to the brim with new wave knockouts you'd love to knock up.

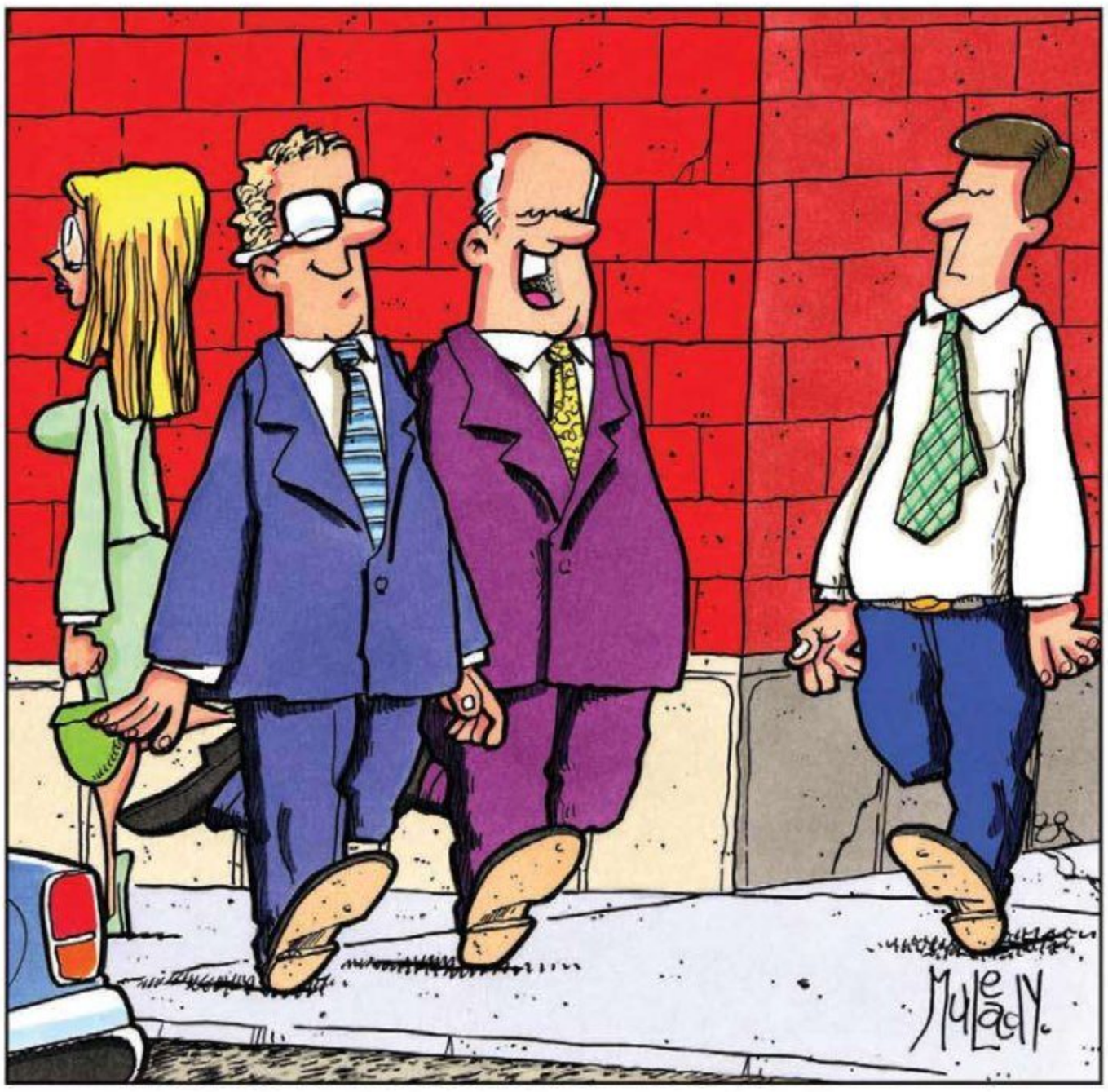
CHAINED HEAT 2 (1993)

New Line Home Video
Cast: Brigitte Nielsen, Paul Koslo, Jana Svandova, Kimberley Kates.



Within an infamous Czech women's gulag, hotties are ordered to cut and package heroin—in the nude, naturally—by bitchy lesbotwat co-warden Rosa (Jana Svandova). At the same time, the decadent, domlike Warden Magda Kassar (Brigitte Nielsen) fuels lesbianism, drug use, torture and death. "Junkies always cause problems," Magda frequently bitches to Rosa about the strung-out prison population, before snorting ("Ahhh! Much bettah!") a healthy line herself. Frequently hilarious, though unintentionally so, like most WIP flicks.





"No matter how stupid Sarah Palin is, there will always be stupider people who will want to listen to her."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

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TEX-MEX TEMPTRESS



MULANI RIVERA

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Is this babe as oversexed as she looks? "It's true!" **Mulani Rivera** howls. "People think I'm kidding when I say it, but I need sex at least twice a day. Maybe it's because I'm a Latina and we're a hot-blooded people, but I do need a cock all the time."

Her biggest concern is keeping one around. "The worst is when I meet a guy," **Mulani** explains, "and he thinks it's cool I'm so sexed up. But then a couple of weeks later he's begging me to stop because he's tired and sore. I've lost a lot of good boyfriends because they couldn't keep up."

What happens if **Mulani** doesn't get sex every day? "Oh, I always get it," she insists. "But sometimes I have to take matters into my own hands—literally. Masturbation is always an option when I can't find the right man to play with."

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MULANI RIVERA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Keene, Texas | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4

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It's easy to see why the Texan temptress wears out her lovers. "I'm very active in bed," **Mulani** admits. "I like to be on top, on the bottom and in every position possible. Since I'm small, I can really go to town and switch positions quickly. If a guy is big enough and strong enough, I can even be a spinner. Just thinking about sex makes me a little wet. If you'll excuse me, I have to take matters into my own hands again. Right now!"

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BEHIND ARIZONA'S IMMIGRATION LAW



GOP GAME TO SWIPE THE NOVEMBER ELECTION

DON'T BE FOOLED. The way the media plays the story, it was a wave of racist, anti-immigrant hysteria that moved Arizona Republicans to pass a sick little law requiring every person in the state to carry papers proving they are U.S. citizens.

I don't buy it. Anti-Hispanic hysteria has always been as much a part of Arizona as the Saguaro cactus and excessive air-conditioning. What's new here is the politicians' fear of a xenophobic "Teabag" uprising.

What moved GOP Governor Jan Brewer to sign the Soviet-style show-me-your-papers law is the exploding number of *legal* Hispanics, U.S. citizens one and all, who are daring to vote—and daring to vote Democratic by more than two to one. Unless this demographic locomotive is halted, Arizona Republicans know their party will soon be electoral toast. Or, if you like, tortillas.

In 2008, working for *Rolling Stone* with civil rights attorney Bobby Kennedy, our team flew to Arizona to investigate what smelled like an

GREG PALAST'S INVESTIGATION DISCOVERS THE REAL INTENT OF THE SHOW-ME-YOUR-PAPERS EDICT.

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electoral pogrom against Chicano voters... directed by one Jan Brewer.

Brewer, then secretary of state, had organized a racially loaded purge of the voter rolls that would have made Katherine Harris blush. Beginning after the 2004 election, under Brewer's command, no less than 100,000 voters, overwhelmingly Hispanics, were blocked from registering to vote. In 2005, the first year of the Great Brown-Out, one in three Phoenix residents found their registration applications rejected.

Voting or registering to vote if you're not a citizen is a felony, a big-time, jail-time crime. And arresting such criminal voters is easy: After all, they give their names and addresses.

That statistic caught my attention. Voting or registering to vote if you're not a citizen is a felony, a big-time, jail-time crime. And arresting such criminal voters is easy: After all, they give their names and addresses.

So I asked Brewer's office, had she busted a single one of these thousands of allegedly illegal voters? Did she turn over even one name to the feds for prosecution? No, not one.

Which raises the question: Were these disenfranchised voters the criminal, noncitizens Brewer tagged them, or just not-quite-white voters given the José Crow treatment, entrapped in document-chase trickery?

The answer was provided by a New Mexico federal prosecutor who was sent on a crazy hunt all over the western mesas looking for these illegal voters. "We took over 100 complaints, we investigated for almost two years, and I didn't find one prosecutable voter fraud case."

This prosecutor, David Iglesias, is a prosecutor no more. When he refused to fabricate charges of illegal voting among immigrants, his firing was personally ordered by the President of the United States, George W. Bush, under orders from his boss, Karl Rove.

Iglesias told me that Rove and the Republican chieftains were working nationwide to whip up anti-immigrant hysteria with public busts of illegal voters, even though there were none.

"They wanted some splashy preelection indictments," Iglesias told me. The former prosecutor, himself a Republican, paid the price when he stood up to this vicious attack on citizenship.

But Secretary of State Brewer followed the Rove plan to a T. The weapon she used to slice the Arizona voter rolls was a 2004 law, known as Prop. 200, which required proof of citizenship to register. The Republicans' latest legislative horror show, sanctioning cops to stop residents and prove citizenship, is just one more step in the party's desperate plan to impede Mexican-Americans from marching to the ballot box.

(By the way, no one elected Brewer. Weirdly, Barack Obama placed her in office last year when, for reasons known only to the Devil and Rahm Emanuel, the President appointed Arizona's Democratic Governor Janet Napolitano to his cabinet, which automatically moved Republican Brewer into the governor's office.)

State Senator Russell Pearce, the Republican sponsor of the latest ID law, gave away his real intent, blocking the vote, when he said, "There is a massive effort under way to register illegal aliens in this country."

How many? Pearce's PR flak told me 5 million. All Democrats too. Again, I asked Pearce's office to give me their names and addresses from their phony registration forms. I'd happily make a citizen's arrest of each one, on camera. Pearce didn't have 5 million names. He didn't have five. He didn't have one.

The horde of 5 million voters who swam the Rio Grande just to vote for Obama was calculated on a Republican Web site extrapolating from the number of Mexicans in a border town who refused jury service because they were not citizens. Not one, in fact, had



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registered to vote; they had registered to drive. They had obtained licenses as required by the law.

The illegal voters, "wetback" welfare moms and alien job thieves are just GOP Web site wet dreams, but their mythic PR power helps the party's electoral hacks chop away at voter rolls and civil rights with little more than a whimper from the Democrats.

Indeed, one reason, I discovered, that some Democrats are silent is that they are in on the game themselves. In New Mexico, Democratic Party bosses tossed away ballots of Pueblo Indians to cut native influence in party primaries.

But what's wrong with requiring folks to prove they're American if they want to vote and live in America? The answer: Because the vast majority of perfectly legal voters and residents who lack ID sufficient for Ms. Brewer and Mr. Pearce are citizens of color, citizens of poverty.

According to a study by University of Washington professor Matt Barreto, minority citizens are half as likely as whites to have government ID. The numbers are dreadfully worse when income is factored in.

Just outside Phoenix, without Brewer's or Pearce's help, I did locate one of these evil un-American voters—that is, someone who could not prove her citizenship: 100-year-old Shirley Preiss. Her U.S. birth certificate was nowhere to be found, as it never existed.

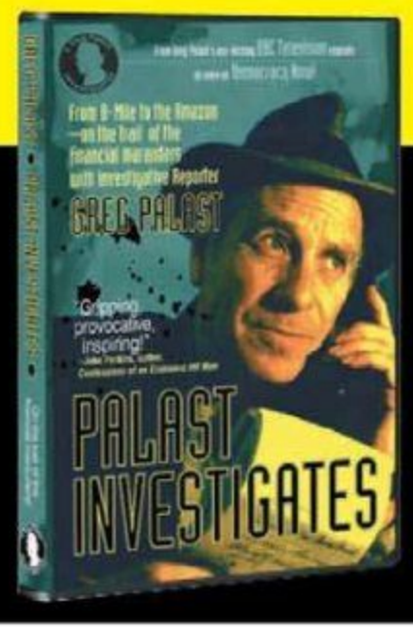
In Phoenix, I stopped in at the Maricopa County Jail, where Sheriff Joe Arpaio houses the captives of his campaign to stop illegal immigration. Arpaio, who under the new Arizona law will be empowered to choose his targets for citizenship testing, is already facing federal indictment for his racially charged and legally suspect methods.

I admit, I was a little nervous, passing through the iron doors. A big sign reads: "NOTICE: ILLEGAL ALIENS ARE PROHIBITED FROM VISITING ANYONE IN THIS JAIL." I mean, Grandma Palast snuck into the USA via Windsor, Canada. We Palasts are as illegal as they come, but Arpaio's sophisticated deportee-sniffer didn't stop this white boy from entering his sanctum.

The illegal voters'...mythic PR power helps the party's electoral hacks chop away at voter rolls and civil rights with little more than a whimper from the Democrats.

But that's the point, isn't it? Not to stop noncitizens from entering Arizona—after all, who else would care for the country club lawn?—but to harass folks of the wrong color: Democratic blue.

Greg Palast, whom the *Chicago Tribune* has called "the most important investigative reporter of our time," has covered the illegal disenfranchisement of voters for *Rolling Stone* (with Robert F. Kennedy Jr.), *Harper's*, *The Nation* and **TruthOut.org** (which first published the preceding article). Palast, whose investigative reports can be seen on BBC Television's *Newsnight*, is a Nation Institute/Puffin Foundation Writing Fellow and the author of *Armed Madhouse* and the *New York Times* best-seller *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*. For more, visit **GregPalast.com**.



Palast Investigates on DVD

Greg Palast's ass-kicking exposés for BBC and *Democracy Now!* are collected on the newly released DVD *Palast Investigates: From 8-Mile to the Amazon—On the Trail of the Financial Marauders*. Featuring Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Mike Papantonio, these are the original reports—uncut and uncensored! The DVD also features music by Willie Nelson and Foo Fighter guitarist Chris Shiflett with Jackson United. For more info or to order *Palast Investigates*, visit **GregPalast.com**.

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Tails of the Bunny Ranch

FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE

THE NIGHT I WAS RAVISHED BY A YOUNGER ADMIRER

As I was about to go to bed one evening, I heard the bell for lineup and thought I would go just for fun. Much to my surprise, two young hotties looking really nervous were standing at the door. After each girl introduced herself, one of the guys blurted out my name very assuredly. Not just Camryn, but Camryn *Cross*. I immediately thought perhaps he had done a little research prior to his visit to the World-Famous Moonlite BunnyRanch. I must admit, I was excited at the thought and couldn't wait to ask him about his selection.

Almost skipping down the hall with anticipation, I took the guy back to my suite and told him, "You sure said my name with confidence."

Grinning from ear to ear, he explained, "I drove here from Wisconsin and prayed that you would be here. When I walked in, there you were."

I must say that it really turned me on to think he wanted me! He mentioned that he'd stated my name right away because his friend was going to pick me just to spite him, which made me giggle. We continued the conversation, and he elaborated on how he was a musician on his way to Los Angeles to make his mark. He just had a birthday, giving him another reason to come and play at the Bunny-Ranch. He was a big fan of my work in movies and knew each one in detail.

After driving for 26 hours, birthday boy requested a shower. Let me tell you, my eyes almost popped out of my head as soon as he disrobed! At that moment I was thanking my stars that he'd selected me! He had one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen!

Being a MILF, it gives me unending pleasure to teach a young man about the female anatomy and how to make me explode. After the shower I demonstrated the pleasures of a Camryn Cross blowjob, which brought him to his knees. Then, while I leaned against a wall, he thrust his throbbing cock into my dripping-wet pussy and showed me how young guys do it!

Age had nothing to do with how he fucked me. I squirmed as he threw me down on the bed and made me beg for more. After having orgasm after orgasm, I lay quaking on the destroyed bed. I was in a daze as we spoke of spending more time together. Indeed, the musician from Wisconsin did stay longer, and we continued to wear each other out.

I must say my first fan experience is one I will never forget! XOXO….



Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

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THE BOOK OF FACE GIRLS OF

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA



SCREEN NAME:

Cali Girl Tracy

AGE: 29

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 307

LOCATION: BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

URL: FACEBOOK.COM/TRACYCCARR

Cali Girl Tracy says she's most attracted to "exotic women," but she also has a thing for "dark-haired, confident men with great smiles and nice eyes." They should also know how to fuck. "I love sex," the diminutive, curly haired blonde admits. "All kinds of sex—crazy sex, slow sex. Anything goes except for boring, plain sex!"

But the former dance major at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas has another big kick. "Dancing is my life," explains Tracy, who's been an aficionada since she was four years old. "Ballet, tap, jazz, hip-hop, salsa—it's my passion."

Tracy, who had a short stint as a flight attendant, has taken her talents to the professional level, most notably as a backup dancer for the alternative rock group Depeche Mode. She also has the acting bug. Besides appearing in a few commercials, Tracy has been an extra in the teen drama *The O.C.* and the film *Miss Congeniality 2*.

Despite relocating to the grayness of the Pacific Northwest, the congenial Facebook buff remains a true Californian. "I'm very physically active," explains Tracy, who loves the beach, volleyball, surfing and her newest pastime, snowboarding. "Anyone I'm involved with should be active too. I especially like men and women who take good care of themselves and have a lot of energy so they can keep up with me."

However, Tracy will slow down on occasion. For example, when getting trussed up in ropes for photos and, even better, being willingly secured to a bed. "Handcuffs are my thing," the submissive Scorpio marvels. "I really get off on being restrained."

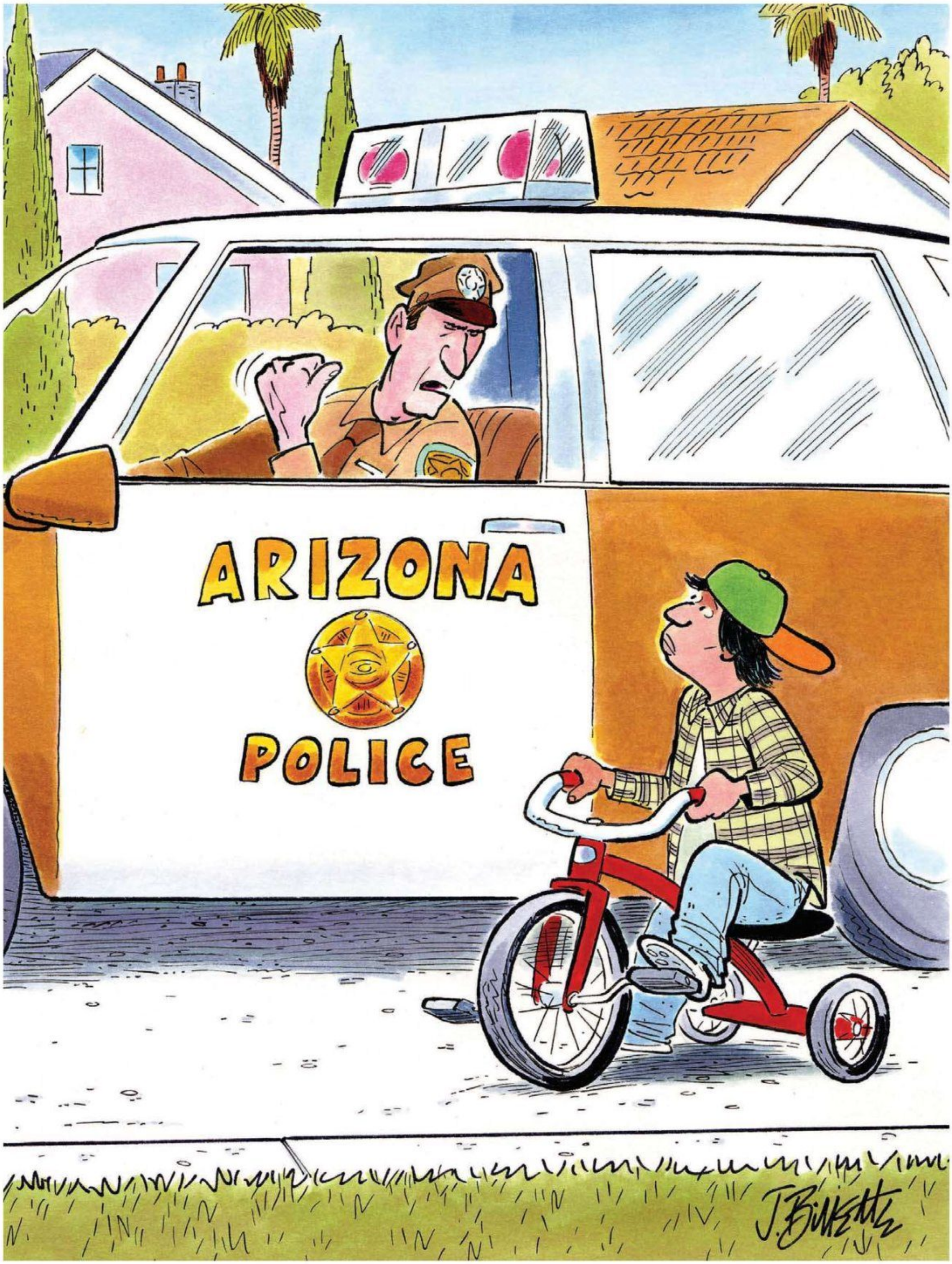
Quick, get the rope!



PHOTOS BY LAURENCE E. COHEN

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

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"Pull over, beaner!"

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SHAVO
A SYSTEM OF HIS OWN

While his main band is "on hiatus," System of a Down bassist Shavo Odadjian stopped by to discuss his new side group AcHoZeN (with Wu-Tang Clan rapper RZA), impersonating George Clinton and trying to change the world.

HUSTLER: Are you a HUSTLER fan?

SHAVO: I'm just an enthusiast of anything that does what it does well. There are a lot of magazines out there that expose women, that have good articles and cool covers. But none do it as well as HUSTLER.

What's with System of a Down being "on hiatus"?

Hiatus means that in 2006 we were on top, touring on Ozzfest with Ozzy Osbourne as the last band on the bill. The first time in history that any band played *after* Ozzy. We won a Grammy, and we had two number-one records. We were making a lot of loot. Then some people within the group of four brothers started seeing things differently. You know how every action has a reaction? Well, as they started seeing things differently, their actions made the reactions of others pretty unbrotherly-like. Ten years ago these four motherfuckers were getting paid nothing while traveling in a ten-seat RV for seven months, following Slayer around. The band used to get booed off every stage but didn't care because we were still going out there doing it.

Flash-forward: We are now in a situation where we are making so much money a show that I can't even say. We're being flown around, catered to and being treated like royalty. All of a sudden band members are having problems financially—not just financially but fighting about "I want my style of music to be this and that!" I love them. They're my brothers, but I couldn't see my brothers digging into each other's pockets and killing each other's artistic creativity.

We said let's take a break when we are at the highest point—leave now and do whatever the hell we want to do. Prove to ourselves and prove to our souls that we can do other things. Then come back when it's time, when we again have the hunger and the fire in our eyes that we did when we started System of a Down. If we didn't take a hiatus, we would have broken up.

What is AcHoZeN's record about?

I realized that if any member of System of a Down releases a rock record, it's going to resemble System. I decided to go hip-hop. RZA from Wu-Tang and I have been friends for the past nine years. We ended up in my home studio making music. Next thing you know the band is called AcHoZeN, and we have 30 tracks, and it should be out any day now. I have a lot of great people on it, including George Clinton, RZA, GZA and Twelve O'Clock (from Brooklyn Zu), who's Ol' Dirty Bastard's brother. It's a concept record where the songs don't end or begin.

How did you hook up with RZA?

System of a Down covered the Wu-Tang Clan song "Shame on a Nigga." We're four Armenian dudes who may not be Western European white, but we're white. I didn't want elders in the black community misunderstanding what we meant by doing the song. "Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a nigga"—as in shame on a brother that I trusted who tried to play games and then stabbed me in the back. That's what that means.

I saw RZA at a Method Man show at House of Blues. I introduced myself and explained to him my situation. I said, "What if you come and drop a word or two in the song, and then it shows the world that you guys are okay with us saying it." He took my number down. A week later I got a call, and ever since then we have been best friends. RZA taught me how to produce, and I taught him how to play guitar. So now he's playing guitar, and I'm making all the beats.

At this point you've produced quite a few artists.

I've produced Killah Priest, GZA, Wu-Tang, Bobby Digital, Brooklyn Zu, Black Night, George Clinton and Sly Stone.

Sly Stone?!

Yeah! Me, Sly, George Clinton and El DeBarge did a song together that probably no one is going to hear. (*Laughs.*) It was that track made for George Clinton's *Gangsters of Love* record that didn't make the cut. I was there for some of the sessions. The song that I'm on is a bonus track called "Stillness in Motion." It's my beat; it's my everything.

I'll let the cat out of the bag: There's a female singer on top, but in the background when you hear George, it's not George. It's me. I do a great impersonation of him. When I did it for George the first time, he said (*in Clinton's voice*), "That goddamn motherfucker sounds just like me!" He was tired the night we were

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

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12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED



THE RUNAWAYS
The Mercury Albums Anthology
Just in time for the big-screen biopic starring Kristen Stewart and Dakota Fanning, this two-CD set contains all of the original girl group's impressive catalog. Boasting extensive liner notes and plenty of pics, *The Mercury Albums Anthology* is the best "best of" we've seen in years.



THE RUNAWAYS
Music From the Motion Picture
If you're looking for a more polished version of the girl rockers' tunes, then check out the soundtrack from *The Runaways.* Besides some groovy tunes from the period by Nick Gilder, Suzi Quatro and the MC5, the surprisingly good Dakota Fanning channels her inner Cherie Currie.



JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS
Greatest Hits
Some may say three separate CDs would be a bit much. Not us! This two-disc set not only collects Jett's best tracks with the Runaways but her string of solo hits as well. "I Love Rock N' Roll," "I Hate Myself for Loving You" and "Crimson & Clover" are here alongside Jett's version of "Cherry Bomb."



GORILLAZ
Plastic Beach
It started as a joke: a fake cartoon band created as a side project for Blur's Damon Albarn to stretch out and explore new sounds, Gorillaz has now evolved into one of the best and funkiest groups working today. Their latest is a whacked-up trip packed with guest artists, including Lou Reed, Bobby Womack and a pair of ex-Clashers—Mick Jones and Paul Simonon.



RATT
Infestation
Are you ready to bang your head like it's 1985 all over again?! You know you fucking are! Stephen Pearcy and company have returned with a kickass record. Eleven years after their last studio outing, the boys emerge from the cellar with former Quiet Riot guitarist Carlos Cavazo stepping in for the late Robbin Crosby.



JESSE MALIN & THE ST. MARK'S SOCIAL
Love It to Life
One of rock 'n' roll's finest heartbroken troubadours returns with a new band and the most rocking CD since his early punk days. The band features former D-Gen mates Howie Pyro and Danny Sage, plus best bud Ryan Adams.

doing that song and asked me to do it. I even have it on video.

What does AcHoZen stand for?

The chosen few. It's written down in scriptures, and to me it's a social thing: the 5% of people who exist that have the power to lead, guide and enlighten people. You know when you see someone who is always the nucleus at a party. Why are people drawn to that person? They are just born with a gift. When you know you have that gift, you can either use it for good or evil. You can use it wickedly, like businessmen and politicians who lie. Or only use it righteously and benevolently.

AcHoZeN are the ones that do things for the right reasons and that have the power and ability to lead. I have a voice and can make kids listen to me. Why use it in a negative way? If there is going to be a future, why not give kids a better chance at life? Why are good people in the minority? I'm trying to raise awareness: Think twice about who you are hurting before you're gaining. It could change the world in the long run. It's easy to say I don't give a fuck and not give a fuck. If you just put that effort in and care, it's infectious. I believe that maybe more people will be happier with themselves, and there'll be less psychologists giving away drugs if there were better people out there.

Sounds like it's a heavy record.

It's a very heavy record. It's going to teach people shit. There are lyrics like: "Knowledge, that means to know. Where you come from and where you want to go. It's also the basic foundation for the creation of a great nation. Know the ledge. Don't fall off the edge. Know the ledge knowledge. Stop walking around like the living dead." And "In these days you have to purify your body and mind. Stop eating drugs and taking swine. It's not for us the young seeds. We need to take heed. Understand how to be a real man. Pick up the Bible and the Koran. Maybe a mixture of all the scriptures will help us to get a clear picture." I quote RZA.

Obscure fact: True or false, you were an extra in an AC/DC video?

Hah! I was just out of high school [in Los Angeles], and it was the "Big Gun" video for the Arnold Schwarzenegger film *Last Action Hero.* My friend was working at a Kinko's copy shop. At that time it was pre-computer mania. The people that were making the passes to go to the video shoot made the passes at his Kinko's. So my friend made 30 extra copies, and we all went to the video shoot at the Van Nuys Airport.

There is a part where they bring Arnold into the crowd, and they brought him right next to me. The cinematographer or the light guy screwed up. If you look at the scene in the video, you can see there is too much light on that kid. You can see that kid more than you can see Arnold. And that kid is me!

Do you have any crazy fan stories?

I was signing autographs at a System in-store in 2001. I had a crowd around me, and we didn't have too much security back then. I was signing, and in the crowd of pens and pads I saw this little girl's hand come straight at me with a box cutter. My fans actually tackled her down. She kept shouting, "All I want is his beard! All I want is his beard!"

It kind of fucked me up. This was one of the most awkward things in the world that this 15-year-old girl thought it was okay to come at me with a box cutter to cut off my beard. If she had slipped, the box cutter would have gone into my neck. The girl thought they were tackling her because they thought she was trying to kill me, but she thought it was okay because she only wanted my beard. Like *that's* okay? That's the craziest. ■



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GENE LOVES JEZEBEL SIBLING RIVALRY

Then: Identical twins Jay and Michael Aston lead gothic post-punk rockers Gene Loves Jezebel through some of the 1980s' most catchy alternative tracks. Three standouts are "Desire," "Heartache" and "The Motion of Love." They do it all with a healthy dose of makeup and androgyny.

Now: Jay Aston (the redheaded brother), Gene Loves Jezebel's lead singer and primary songwriter, reunites with guitarist James Stevenson and bassist Pete Rizzo for a tour and possible new record. All this sans his feuding sibling.

HUSTLER: How did Gene Loves Jezebel get started?

JAY ASTON: Since as long as I can remember, all I ever wanted to do was be a singer. It began like a lot of bands from a small town. We were from Wales. I played guitar and sang. I also had a twin brother [Michael] who wanted to sing too, so we had half a band right there. We did a few gigs in Wales and realized to really get discovered we would probably have to go to London. Nowadays bands get discovered everywhere, but then [1981] you really had to go up to London. We did a few gigs, and then I hustled us a show at the ICA [Institute of Contemporary Art] during their "Rock Week." It was one of the few ways to really get noticed and get some press. It worked.

Where did the name come from?

When we had the ICA gig, a poster artist asked us what the name of the band was. We didn't have one. I thought of two characters: Gene and Jezebel. Hence Gene Loves Jezebel. All the other [punk] bands at the time had names like Killing Joke and Southern Death Cult. Dark, dark stuff. I thought we should go for something more colorful and flamboyant to be the opposite of what was going on at the time.

Flamboyancy and androgyny have been a big part of Gene Loves Jezebel. Was that contrived or something that naturally evolved from your personalities?

I think it was very natural. I think within us all we have a feminine side and a masculine side of equal proportions. There is something about preparing to go onstage that is amazing. When you put some clothes on and a little stage makeup before you hit the stage, it's almost like being an actor. It changes the whole mood of being there.

How did you guys know you had made it?

We had been playing to maybe 20 or so people in clubs, and suddenly we sold out a big gig in London. We didn't know why that happened suddenly. We weren't getting radio play. I would come home after a tour to my simple flat, and there would be people camped out asleep at my door. Or when we were in L.A., I would walk down Sunset Boulevard, and there would be 40 to 50 people following me around.

Originally we had no intentions of coming to play in America. Our first tour here was a total accident. We were supposed to play in Italy. We had a big following there, but two football [soccer] teams—Liverpool and Roma—were playing in the European Cup final, and the Liverpool fans stampeded Roma fans. Thirty-six people died. So the British government advised us not to travel to Italy soon after because things were very sensitive. Then my brother called a New York promoter, and we came over. The planned two gigs turned into 60-odd gigs. Suddenly we were here.

Because you were in a band with your twin, was there always a natural competitiveness?

With twin brothers there is always a constant battle for who is king in that sense. We're from a big family, so we'd always want to win in the games we played—like football or anything. When it came to music, for me there was no competition whatsoever. I wrote the songs. I was the singer. I would write songs, and Mike would sing some verses. He'd come with some things of his own here and there. So for me it was like a noncompetition. It was no issue to me, but obviously it was a bigger issue to him than I ever imagined.

What is the greatest song you've ever written?

I'm probably most proud of "Desire," weirdly enough. That's one song that doesn't sound like anybody else. It's actually a dance song. It still gets a huge reaction.

Why did Michael leave the band?

There was nothing left for him to do really. In the early days I could play guitar and have someone to bounce off. We shared vocals on the first album, *Promise*, and on the second album he came in after it was written. By the time we got to "Desire," I got sick of it. Why was I giving this person writing credits for my songs? Then *House of Dolls* came out, and it was pointless. You saw us then. It was four guys in a band and

PHOTO BY KIETH VALCOURT

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MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS



THE PACK A.D.
We Kill Computers
What would the White Stripes sound like if they were both chicks? The Pack A.D. This dynamic duo delivers some solid, stripped-down rock 'n' roll full of grit, grime and one too many Marlboro reds. And that is good.



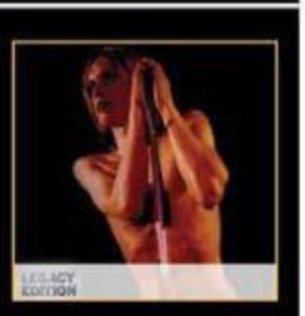
AIRBOURNE
No Guts. No Glory.
Do you love AC/DC? Airbourne does. They love them so much that their latest CD borders on sounding like an AC/DC cover band. Driving beats combined with massive guitar riffs and screeching vocals permeate this heavy metal masterpiece.



JOHNNY CASH
American VI: Ain't No Grave
The final disc featuring Cash's masterful collaboration with Rick Rubin finds the legendary singer at the end of the line. Sparse and shaky in parts, *American VI* serves as a beautiful closing chapter on one of music's all-time greatest voices and talents.



DROPKICK MURPHYS
Live on Lansdowne
For the Boston-based Irish rockers, every single day is Saint Patrick's Day, meaning it's time to party! This live CD and DVD combo of the band's 2009 hometown gig is a full-out blast of whiskey-soaked, Erin Go Bragh rock 'n' roll.



IGGY & THE STOOGES
Raw Power
The original *Raw Power* album is a how-to manual for any wannabe garage band. Now Iggy Pop and his Stooges' landmark disc gets the deluxe makeover treatment in this two-disc set featuring a slew of demos, outtakes and live tracks. A super-deluxe version (with three CDs *and* a DVD) is only available through the group's Web site.



KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
PLEASE DON'T TELL ME HOW THE STORY ENDS:
The Publishing Demos 1968-72
The masterful songwriter's earliest demos, including his first take on "Me and Bobby McGee," are here on this incredible collection. It serves as a great peek into the creative process of a true original.

this fifth guy Michael who would—

Flounce around behind you.

I'll let you use that. That's what was happening. He wasn't helping us with our music and what we felt was needed for the growth of the band. There wasn't anything for him to do. He walked into a big solo deal with Virgin Records. I think they thought they were getting the lead singer of Gene Loves Jezebel. They looked at the videos. They soon discovered they weren't and never released a solo record. Ironically, once he left, we had our biggest hit with "Jealous."

Then you reunited briefly in the mid-1990s but broke up again?

I was in London, having done an acoustic album, and Mike called. He had just done an acoustic album as well. He said, "Why don't you come over and do some of your songs?" I thought it would be fun, kind of like a double bill. When I arrived, he had booked the tour as Gene Loves Jezebel. I said that would do for the first six or seven dates, but then we would have to get the proper band back out there [Pete Rizzo, James Stevenson and Chris Bell]. We finished the tour, and he'd somehow managed to be the guy paying us. It ended up in fisticuffs basically.

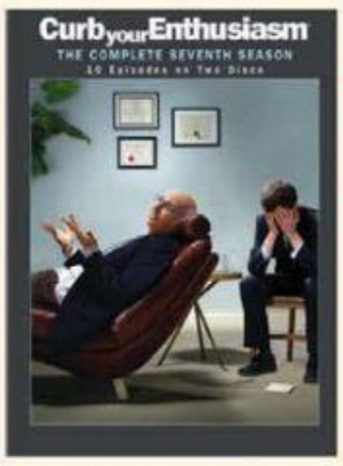
Is it difficult to tour now since Michael is also on the road with his own band called Gene Loves Jezebel?

He's done a lot of damage. It's very difficult to rebuild the name. It has to be done for our own dignity. We are very proud of what we've done. I'm not here to slag off my brother. Let's just say some of the reviews of his shows haven't done the name very good. I don't know what he is trying to achieve. He hasn't helped himself at all either. If he hadn't been doing what he was, we could come out and do proper tours, fill out houses and make everyone happy to see the band. Instead, he's exploited the name, using images of the old band.

You come into a town, and promoters say, "Well, the first time GLJ played, it was a thousand, then 200." And that's what they think the band is worth. It has hurt us. Fortunately, we are a very close band. We are all buddies, and none of us need GLJ to live off. We're great mates and love playing together. We are going town-by-town showing promoters that we are the real deal.

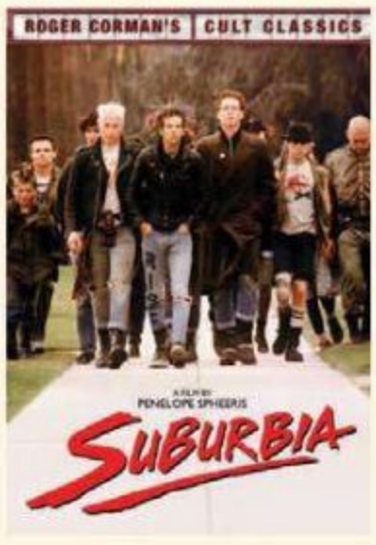
Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

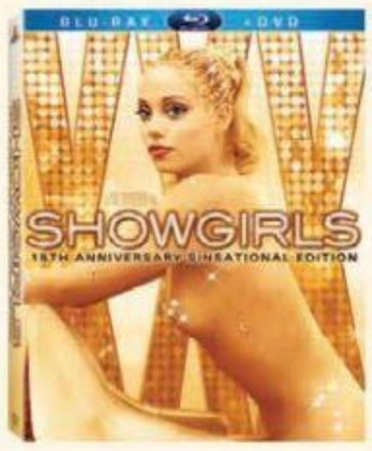


CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM: THE COMPLETE SEVENTH SEASON
Neurotic comic mastermind Larry David's long-running cable show looked like it was running out of steam. Then in Season Seven he goes and pulls the ultimate trick out of his hat: reuniting the cast of the greatest sitcom of all time, *Seinfeld*. Jerry, Elaine (Julia Louis-Dreyfus), George (Jason Alexander) and Kramer (Michael Richards) are back together for an episode, meaning this DVD is beyond hilarious.

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL
Hey ho, let's go! To celebrate its 30th anniversary, director Roger Corman has reissued the landmark rock flick as a two-DVD set packed with bonus features. The Ramones, P.J. Soles and Vince Van Patten star in this 1979 cult classic about the most amped-up high school ever!



SUBURBIA
Need another high-decibel classic flick? Also out on DVD is the brilliant Penelope Spheeris-directed *Suburbia*. It follows the journey of two suburban misfits escaping boredom to follow their punk-rock dreams. Plus there's awesome music from T.S.O.L., the Vandals and D.I.



SHOWGIRLS: 15TH ANNIVERSARY SINSATIONAL EDITION
The greatest movie ever is now on Blu-ray. No, not *Star Wars*. No, not *Lawrence of Arabia*. We're talking about *Showgirls*! You know, the unintentional laugh riot starring the hot-as-hell Elizabeth Berkley and Gina Gershon. The "Sinsational" package is jam-packed with bonus goodies that show why Blu-ray technology was invented in the first place.

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"You want me to believe that crap, but you won't let me read *Harry Potter*! Man, that's fucked up!

(continued from page 40) for pound, Anderson Silva is kind of my favorite guy.

Are you and actor Jean-Claude Van Damme still feuding?

The guy is no taller than her (*indicating the 4-foot-11 makeup girl*). He never did the martial arts in his life that I know of. Find his teacher for me. Find who he learned whatever he learned from. Whoever says he's trained is a cocksucker and an asshole. I don't really want to say a lot on this, but everybody knows about his problems.

There was this one time where he approached me. He was drooling, foaming at the mouth, and he said something to me. I just said back to him, "When you're sober, if that day ever comes, come and say shit to me. I don't care how small you are or how girlie you are. It won't matter."

I don't know if that's the kind of shit you guys are looking for in this magazine, but it's stupid shit. Everybody knows what he is and who he is. And they know the difference. Come on!

Have you had any encounters with crazy fans?

I'll give you a story without going into some of the more graphic details. There was this one guy who climbed over the gate onto my property. I saw him—mind you, I had my gun on me—and I walked up to him. I put my hand on his shoulder and started walking him down the driveway. I said very calmly, "What you're going to do right now is you're going to leave [my property], and if by chance you do this again, I will have to assume my life and the lives of those I love are in peril. That will force me to protect myself by any means necessary."

I got a phone call later in the day from one of my friends in law enforcement who told me that the individual had a long history of mental illness and had wandered away from a facility. So that night I kind of was doing a perimeter check. Sure enough, I looked up the driveway, and here he comes. But this time he's naked and carrying something long in his arms. In the shadows I thought to myself, *Man, that might be a rifle*. I got out my gun just as these lights came up behind him. It was my friends from the sheriff's office. They started yelling, "Steven, don't shoot him! Don't shoot!" They grabbed the guy, wrestled him to the ground and took him away. I understand after that he got locked up in a place he couldn't wander away from for a long time.

What is the biggest misconception about you?

You know, when I go wherever I go, I enjoy respect. I try to do things that will make a difference in the world. I was concerned about ecology and helping people who are suffering long before a lot of celebrities were thinking about doing anything about it. I just never talked about it, never hired a publicist to hold a press conference. I just do.

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The Art of SANDRA CHANG

SandraChang.net



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Detroit HUSTLER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

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Club Hottie

TRIXIE

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Check out the superhot **Trixie**, just one of the 50-plus girls working at the brand-new Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club Detroit in Lincoln Park, Michigan. Besides being exceptionally spacious (18,000 square feet) and state-of-the-art, it's the only adult establishment in the state of Michigan to feature an outdoor dance area and rooftop patio bar.

Relax and enjoy the beautiful ladies in one of eight luxurious fantasy theme rooms, including Arabian Nights, Oval Office, Zebra Room, Vegas Room and (of course) the Larry Flynt Room. Sports fans will love the 103-inch plasma TVs as well as a multitude of 60-inch sets showing a wide variety of national and local games. And the food? It's not your run-of-the-mill chicken wings and burgers. The club employs a certified chef who cooks up five-star cuisine fresh every day. Plus, there's an extensive wine list.

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If you've never been to a HUSTLER Club, what are you waiting for?! Did you miss the part where we mentioned how hot the girls are? Just look at **Trixie** here! We'd like to spend more time trying to convince you, but we've got to catch a flight to the Motor City.

For more, check out **HustlerClubDetroit.com**.

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TRIXIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Wayne, Michigan | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

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BY JOEY BERUMEN



PHOTO BY JOEY BERUMEN

Students from Cerritos College, the University of Southern California and many other schools voiced their opposition to Arizona's immigration law during a massive May Day demonstration in Los Angeles.

CRUCIAL CIVICS LESSON

STUDENTS AT **CERRITOS COLLEGE** AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY DECRY ARIZONA'S IMMIGRATION LAW.

As finals week approached, Cerritos College student Orlando Dominguez needed to pore over his textbooks and mounds of cluttered notes. But the 25-year-old art major was having a difficult time staying focused because of Arizona's Support Our Law Enforcement and Safe Neighborhoods Act (Senate Bill 1070). Among other things, the "show-me-your-papers" law would allow Arizona police officers to question anyone they believe might have entered the United States illegally.

"It's as if they need another excuse to pull minorities over," Dominguez fumed. "I have no problem sacrificing my time and sleep over something as important and potentially life-changing as this."

Located in Norwalk, California, Cerritos College is just one of many schools where rallies, protests and debates have taken place since SB1070, which President Barack Obama called "misguided," was signed into law on April 23, 2010. (According to the California Community College Chancellor's Office, minorities constitute more than 75% of Cerritos College's student body.)

"Everybody is talking about it on campus," said Cal Poly Pomona zoology major Emma Castillo, 24. "It is racial profiling at its purest form."

While many remain convinced that SB1070 will undoubtedly lead to legalized racial profiling, Arizona Governor Jan Brewer stated in an executive order that police departments will be required to offer training to help prevent that possibility.

"As an African American, I have my concerns about the law when it comes to racial profiling," said Evan Rock, 20, a student at Arizona's Glendale Community College. "But this law is needed to crack down on illegal immigration." The Pew Hispanic Research Center estimates that illegal immigrants account for 7.9% of Arizona's population.

A vast number of students and professors at colleges and universities across the country fear that Arizona's tough immigration law will spur similar discriminatory practices in other states. It might even prevent students from graduating.

"This law absolutely sets an ugly precedent," said Philip Hu, a Cerritos College professor of English, who also chairs the Faculty Federation's Committee on Political Education. "If racial profiling is legalized and legitimized, then it will affect [students'] daily lives and routines directly. The harmful impact is unimaginable. I would hate to live in distress every day just for walking in my own skin."

The Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which has been promoting Latino civil rights since 1968, plans to challenge the law's constitutionality. It warned that the edict would create "a spiral of fear, increased crime and costly litigation."

Opposition to SB1070 prompted the Los Angeles City Council to pass a resolution barring L.A.—"an immigrant city, an international city" in the words of Councilman Ed Reyes—from conducting business or signing new contracts with Arizona firms unless the immigration law is repealed. The boycott also seeks to cut most official travel to the state and to review existing contracts and investments (reportedly valued at more than $58 million).

Other major cities in California, whose population is approximately 37% Hispanic, have proposed boycotting Arizona as well. Joining politicians in taking a stand are students up and down the Golden State. "We had a protest," said San Francisco State University sophomore Travis Northup, 23. "I don't believe the bill will affect many students here directly, but students definitely are concerned."

Alexander Garcia, 23, a third-year mechanical engineering major at Cal State Fullerton, believes the protests are warranted but doesn't know what to think of the whole situation. "I'm on the fence about the [Arizona immigration] law these days," Garcia admitted. "It's just going to get abused like the PATRIOT Act. U.S. citizens are going to end up getting screwed like always."

Student reaction has not been limited to Arizona's bordering states. Kansas University student Holly Knearem, 24, said, "The bill is unconstitutional and an invasion of privacy. Profiling is just wrong no matter how you go about it."

The famous Rolling Stones song "Time Is on My Side" has always embodied the mind-set of American students. Unfortunately, for some of us, it seems as if time may be running out.

Joey Berumen of Whittier, California, is editor in chief of the Cerritos College student newspaper *Talon Marks*. The second-year journalism major, whose interests include music and travel, is also a contributing writer for *Hollywood Scriptwriter* magazine.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

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PHOTOS BY FRIEND

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

NIKKI KINGSBOROUGH COMMUNITY COLLEGE

"I really love my sex life right now," declares Nikki, a lifelong New Yorker from the borough of Brooklyn. As a matter of fact, the fashion merchandising major and her current love interest have gotten so carried away that they've ended up having sex right in front of other people.

This 20-year-old bombshell, whose second-favorite extracurricular activity is social networking, is anything but shy. So the word *exhibitionist* can be added to Nikki's list of notable attributes, along with *breathtaking*, *bodacious* and *bubbly*. "I'm really excited to be in HUSTLER," Nikki admits. "I've already fulfilled many of my fantasies, but I still want to be a part of the Mile High Club. I'm very naughty! I hope my parents don't read your magazine."

When it comes to sex, Nikki says she prefers "big, toned, athletic men with light eyes." Still, if you can crack a few jokes, you just might have a chance with this luscious lovely. Of course, it helps to have an insatiable sex drive.

"Once I lost my virginity," Nikki recalls, "my boyfriend and I would fuck like rabbits—everywhere! A baseball field, the beach, my parents' bedroom. But when it comes to personality, I'm definitely attracted to a man's sense of humor. If you can make me laugh, you can make me do anything. I love funny men!"

Although Nikki has no qualms about showing off her fantastic bod in a men's magazine, her main career goal is to become a fashion editor. "I also want to own a boutique somewhere in New York City," discloses Nikki, whose scholastic minor is business management. "I love shopping, and shoes are my obsession. But if worse comes to worst, I'll become a stripper!"



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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Go to hell: Belladonna and Savanna Samson beat **the Devil**.



The Devil in Miss Jones: The Resurrection

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: BELLADONNA, SAVANNA SAMSON, PENNY FLAME, CARMELLA BING, REBECA LINARES, VICTORIA SIN, KURT LOCKWOOD, NICK MANNING, STEPHEN ST. CROIX, EVAN STONE & TOM BYRON.

In yet another reincarnation of the '70s porn classic about a suicide victim who has to fuck her way into Hell, Belladonna plays the title role as a budding journalist chasing a hot lead. Everyone's favorite elastic tush turns out to be a decent actress, but the rectum-eating, deep-throating, ass-to-mouthing anal encounter at the start of the flick leaves no doubt as to why Belladonna is a XXX phenom. The movie gets stranger as our heroine winds her way through a personal purgatory of perverted preachers and horny harlots. Hell turns out to be a badly lit orgy with the entire cast, followed by a grisly ending with some sort of demonic birth involving a bunch of snakes. Disturbing. But there are plenty of steamy scenes leading up to the climax, including some of darling Penny Flame's final hard-core offerings. *The Devil in Miss Jones: The Resurrection* is an entertaining spectacle featuring energetic sex cameos from porn royalty like Savanna Samson and Tom Byron. Not to mention the top-heavy Carmella Bing. As they say in Hell: True sinners can't be saved. ***—M.J.***

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***The Nude Roommate**: Cindy Hope, Janie Summers (top right), Breanne Benson (below) and Diamond Foxxx vie for the title.*



The Nude Roommate

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JANIE SUMMERS, CINDY HOPE, DIAMOND FOXXX, BREANNE BENSON, MICK BLUE, MANUEL FERRARA & BEN ENGLISH.

This vehicle for Digital Playground's newest contract star, Janie Summers (formerly known as Heather Starlet), tosses the dirty blonde into a standard fantasy scenario: A couple of dudes need a roommate to help foot the rent on a mini-mansion. Since Janie's the first applicant with a vagina, she's in. Luckily, she also happens to be a masseuse with zero physical hangups, so she wanders around the house naked and casually fucks the nearest guy (which is pretty much what life is like for a porn star anyway). You'll have to overlook the lame attempts at comedy, the trashy fashion (more fake eyelashes and gaudy jewelry than a *Real Housewives* episode) and standard sex scenes, but *The Nude Roommate* is worth a watch for Janie's natural charms. See the cutie before Digital Playground sends her to the instant-boob shop. The movie's biggest reward comes in the form of supporting performer Diamond Foxxx, who brings her bulbous, authentic MILF charm to a scene that, for our money, saves the picture. Experience still matters.

—M.J.

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Pair off: Sadie West & Kiara Diane, Bobbi Starr & Shawna Lenee (below left) and Charlotte Vale & Nika Noir (below right) practice their ***Bitchcraft****.*





Bitchcraft #8

EVIL ANGEL. DIRECTOR: JAKE MALONE. STARRING: SADIE WEST, KIARA DIANE, ARIEL X, KITA ZEN, NIKA NOIR, BOBBI STARR, SOPHIE DEE, SHAWNA LENEE & CHARLOTTE VALE.

Fetishism is a weird thing. And this movie knows it. Depending on your own personal kinks, *Bitchcraft* is either tacky Halloween porn or a gorgeous fem-dom feast. Voluptuous "cruel bitch" Sophie Dee dominates two of the rough-play scenes, never giving Asian cutie Kita Zen a kiss without a couple of good slaps and later forcing a servile Ariel X to lap up her pee. Titillating stuff, but the most whacked out—and whackworthy—encounter may be equestrian Bobbi Starr giving her steed a stern workout. The sight of a sexpot in a horsehead costume highstepping on a lawn at twilight is strangely mesmerizing, but not moreso than the hijinks once the head comes off to reveal (spoiler alert!) a very submissive Shawna Lenee. A quotable line from Bobbi Starr: "You are going to fuck my asshole with your tongue." Nice. *Bitchcraft #8* is a satisfying journey into a dark, playful, all-girl world of ass-sucking, spitting, face-sitting, spanking and whatever else it takes to keep a slutty slave well trained. Watch all you want, but you'll be sorry if you come without permission. ***—M.J.***

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***Dirty** girls Tiffany Star, Tanner Mayes and Carmen McCarthy (below) keep their **Jobs**.*

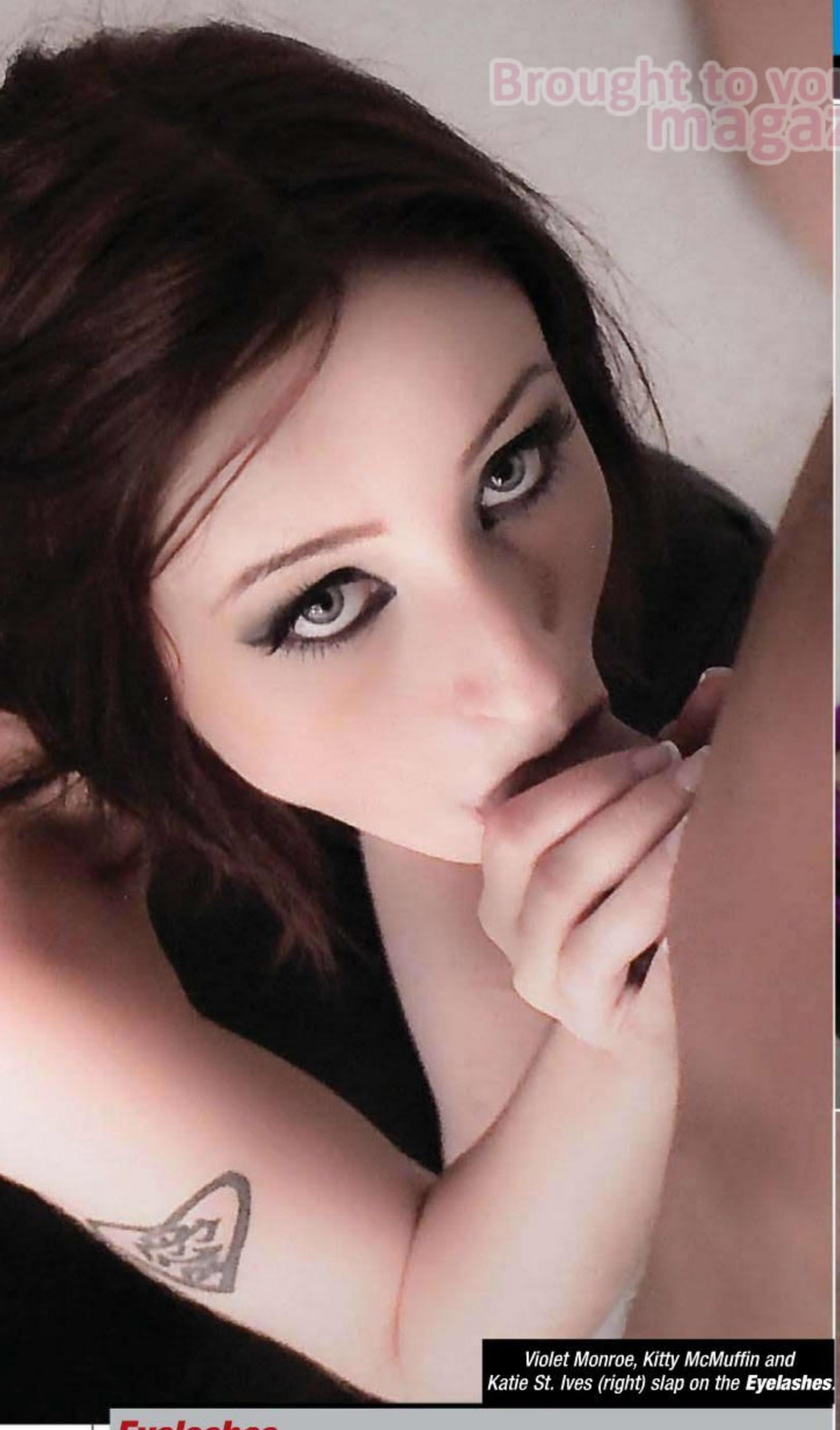
This Ain't Dirty Jobs XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: CARMEN McCARTHY, McKENZEE MILES, TANNER MAYES, APRIL O'NEIL, MADISON SCOTT, TIFFANY STAR, CYRUS KING, BILLY GLIDE, DANE CROSS & EVAN STONE.

The tagline writes itself: "It's a dirty job, but they love to do it!" Porn's comedy go-to guy, Evan Stone, plays Mike, your guide into the rough-and-tumble world of making porn at HUSTLER studios. His hardworking American girls aren't afraid to get filthy, whether it's turning their tits into a personal oil slick or fucking in the toilet of a Hollywood club. A cute, ponytailed Carmen McCarthy delivers a good, screeching pony ride at the stable—always a nice break from shoveling shit. And the finale outdoor screw has Tiffany Star lending some oral support to the stand-up guys who fight California's wildfires. Turns out clearing brush is easy compared to putting out Tiffany's fire. *This Ain't Dirty Jobs XXX* trots out plenty of young talent who clean up good, as they say. So get ready to get dirty! Order this one now on page 140. ***—M.J.***

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*Violet Monroe, Kitty McMuffin and Katie St. Ives (right) slap on the **Eyelashes**.*

Eyelashes

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: EON McKAI. STARRING: VIOLET MONROE, CHARLOTTE VALE, AIDEN STARR, KITTY McMUFFIN, KATIE ST. IVES, VIN VERICOSE & DANE CROSS.

As long as they look cool, alt-porn granddaddy Eon McKai doesn't care if you can whack off to his movies. This one's so chilled, it looks like it was shot inside a fridge. McKai calls *Eyelashes* a "voyeuristic sexperiment," which is a fairly accurate description. Segments are shot through a magnifying glass, so you get what look like fuck scenes inside of fuck scenes. Porn art, apparently. The gimmick doesn't make anything easier to see and sometimes fuzzes out what could have been hot sex, but this kind of hipster porn tends to seem drugged and bored anyway. You know, Generation Why. At any rate, if you like watching what pasty, underfed barely legals do when they're not waiting in line at a club, you'll bat your eyelashes at this flick. For our money, sexpot Charlotte Vale is the fleshy highpoint. Her charisma manages to seep through all the aesthetic distancing effects. We're all for fucking outside the box, so check this "sexperiment" out by all means. Just remember: If you find yourself yelling "It's out of focus!" you're not cool. ***—M.J.***

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***Invasian! #4**: All Asa, all the time.*



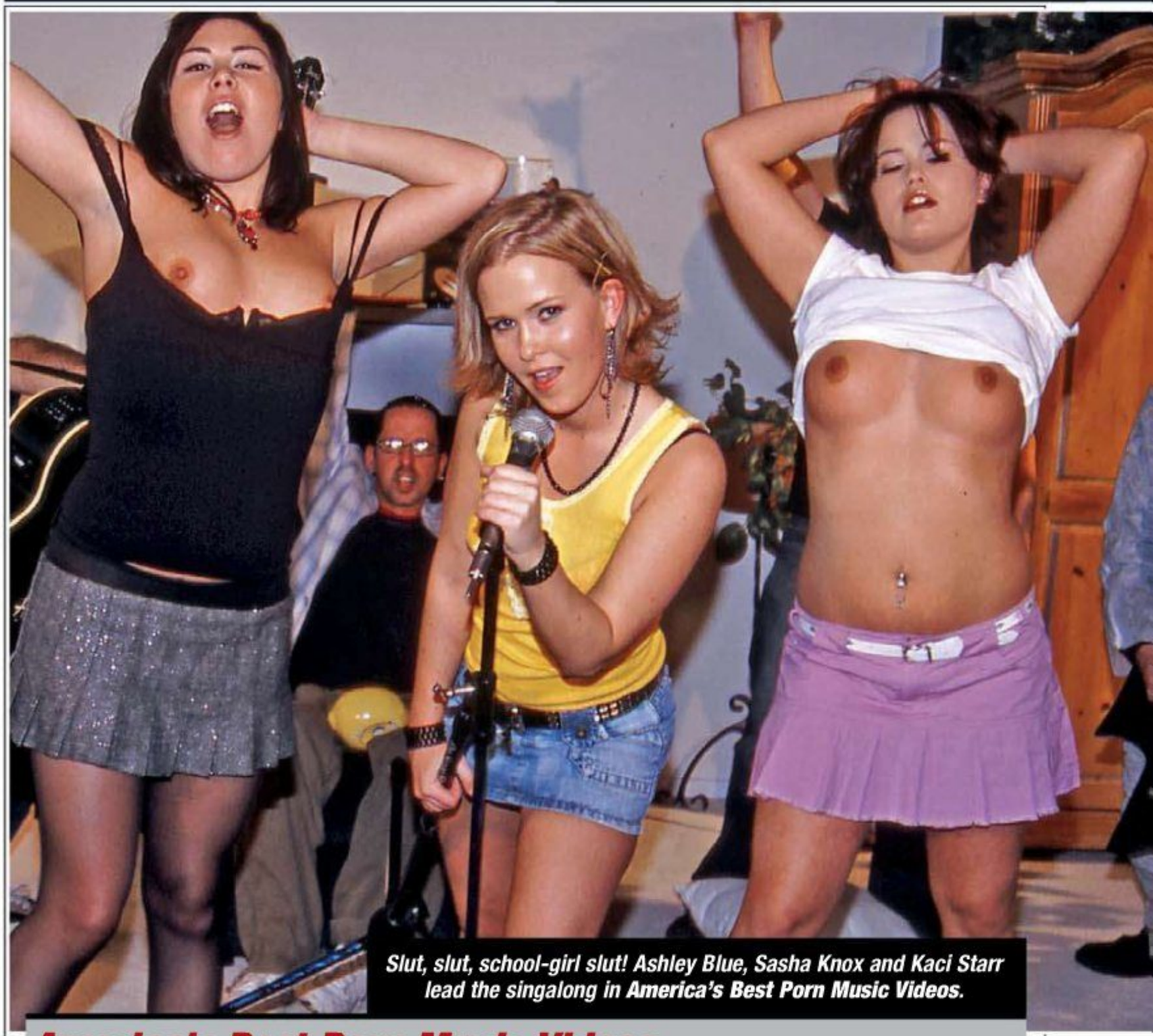
Invasian! #4

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, LEXINGTON STEELE, VOODOO, JULES JORDAN, SEAN MICHAELS, MR. MARCUS, MIKE HASH, JOHNNY FENDER, CHRIS STROKES, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER & SCOTT LYONS.

Jules Jordan must have wanted to tabulate exactly how many serious Asa Akira fans are out there, because every single one of them will buy this disc. The half-Japanese doll fucked her way to the top of the Asian segment by developing an image of quiet, smoldering sensuality, then unleashing a surprising amount of sexual ferocity in scene after scene. Even as a dominatrix, Asa seduces with calm, understated power, constantly undulating like some alien lifeform come to suck the humans dry. Yes, we're a little mesmerized. In this five-scene showcase, Asa greedily takes on more than her share of cock, including Lexington Steele's monster black pole and a five-dick gang-bang. Director Jordan tears off a piece himself, dressing his starlet up in the obligatory blindfolded Japanese schoolgirl outfit. Don't look for originality or subtlety here. (Apparently, no one gave the makeup person any boundaries.) For Asa addicts though, *Invasian! #4* is the purest shit you could hope for. ***—M.J.***

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Slut, slut, school-girl slut! Ashley Blue, Sasha Knox and Kaci Starr lead the singalong in ***America's Best Porn Music Videos.***

America's Best Porn Music Videos

POWERSVILLE. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: EMMA HEART, CINDY CRAWFORD, SASHA KNOX, KACI STARR, ASHLEY BLUE, MISSY MONROE, CHRISTIE LEE, CHELSIE RAE & LOADS MORE.

Bad taste just got a new benchmark. Punk-porn smutmeister Jim Powers has strung together all of the musical interludes from his sick body of work into the perfect fucked-up party video. Use it to weed out the prudes and get the debauchery started. Powers has a way of squeezing out whatever smidgen of talent his sluts for cash might have, whether it's acting, singing or just lip-synching while peeing. The collection features classic Powersville ditties like "School Girl Slut" and "Oops I Squirted Again," along with the hilarious Johnny Thrust singalongs "Fantasy Man" and "Fuck You in the Ass." As for the "Feel the Pain" clip from *I, Pervert*, let's just say you've been warned. Packing in plenty of filthy footage from the Powers catalog, *Porn Music Videos* is a rarified peek into Southern California's unique subcultural overlap of punk and porn. (Watch for Powers himself playing bass in the "Killroy" vid.) There's nothing else like this disc out there, so get it or fuck off and die. (That's punk talk.) ***—M.J.***

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BARELY LEGAL SCHOOL GIRLS #5



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Nikki Hunter and Miko Sinz hit a high G in ***This Ain't Glee XXX.***

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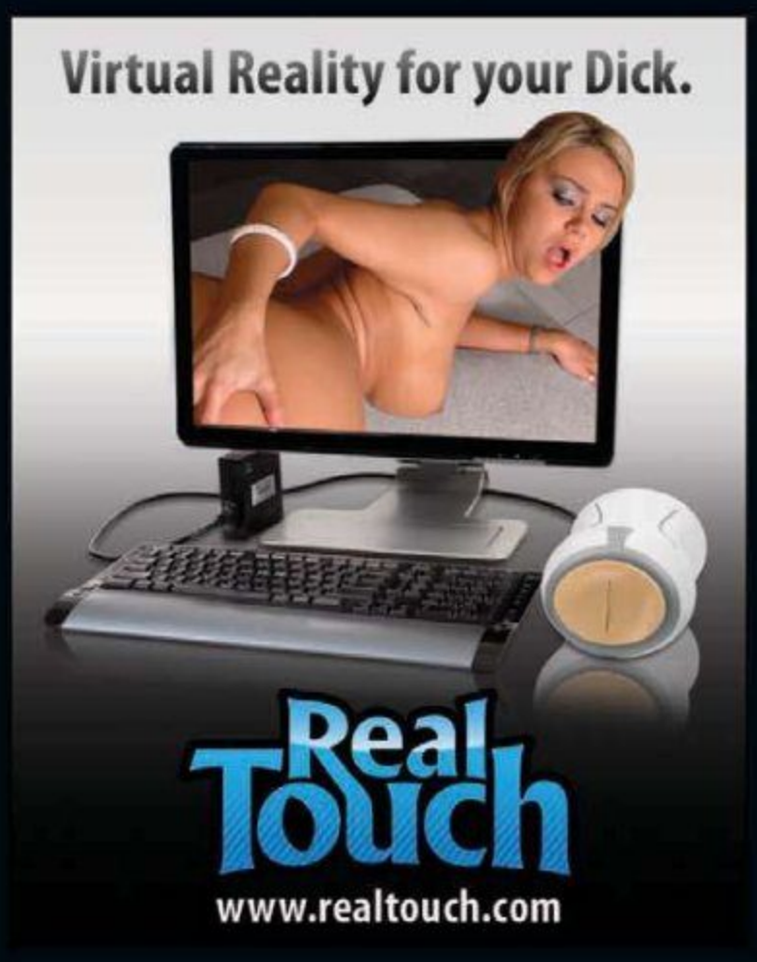
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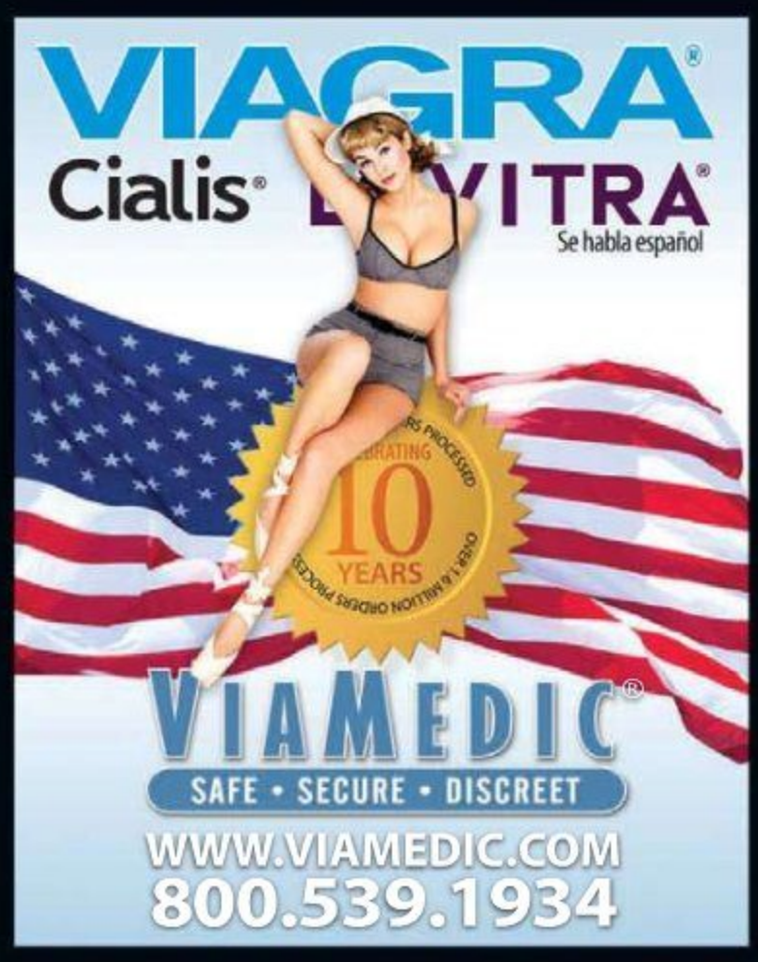










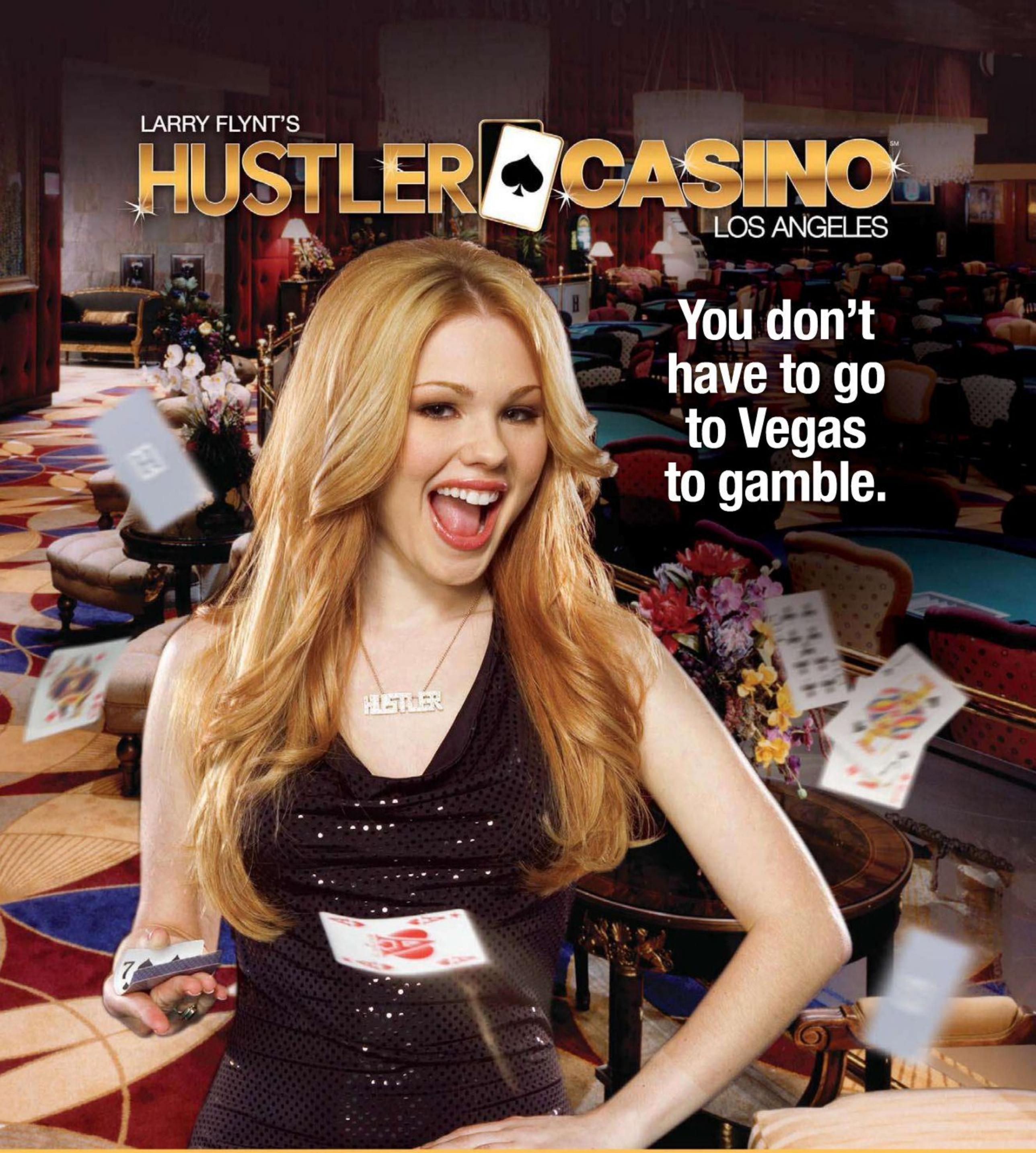


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THIS AIN'T INTERVENTION XXX

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The reality TV show *Intervention* follows drugs addicts and alcoholics whose loved ones try to help. The spanking-new HUSTLER porn parody *This Ain't Intervention XXX* is exactly like that—only with sex! Lots and lots of sex! Plus, the chicks are much hotter.

Kagney Linn Karter, **Britney Amber**, **Raylene**, **Briana Blair** and **Amy Brooke** all get in on the action. These babes do a bang-up job portraying addicts, hoarders and criminals in need of some healing—sexual healing that is.



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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

ERIN

"I wanted to try something new," reckons Erin, 19, an "outgoing and smart" server from Tarreytown, New York. "My boyfriend doesn't mind me modeling nude." Politely ordered to tell us a little about herself, the 5-foot-7 skin-mag rookie replies, "My favorite pastimes are traveling, photography and basketball. I love classic rock groups, especially Pink Floyd and the Doors. I hardly have time for TV because I work too much, but I try to catch *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon* sometimes. And I love great Thai food." Hungry to share much more personal scuttlebutt, Erin flips open her sexual menu: "When I'm in the mood to be passive and taken advantage of, I prefer to be bent over the bed or couch. When I feel aggressive, I like to be on top so I'm in total control. I have the best orgasms that way." Meanwhile, Erin's most memorable amorous episode attests to her self-assessment as being "pretty adventurous and daring." The tempting tart reminisces, "I had sex in the ocean one time at night while vacationing in Mexico. It was scary and totally hot all at the same time!" Erin, who adores actress Nicole Kidman but not cornholing, entertains a pretty kinky fantasy: "I'd love to make it to Tokyo and experience the sexual underground things they have there. I hear the Japanese have some interesting fetishes." —Photos by Friend



"I'd love to travel to Egypt and have sex while looking up at the beautiful pyramids."



"Here's what I serve the man in my life. I love sex and being sexy."

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

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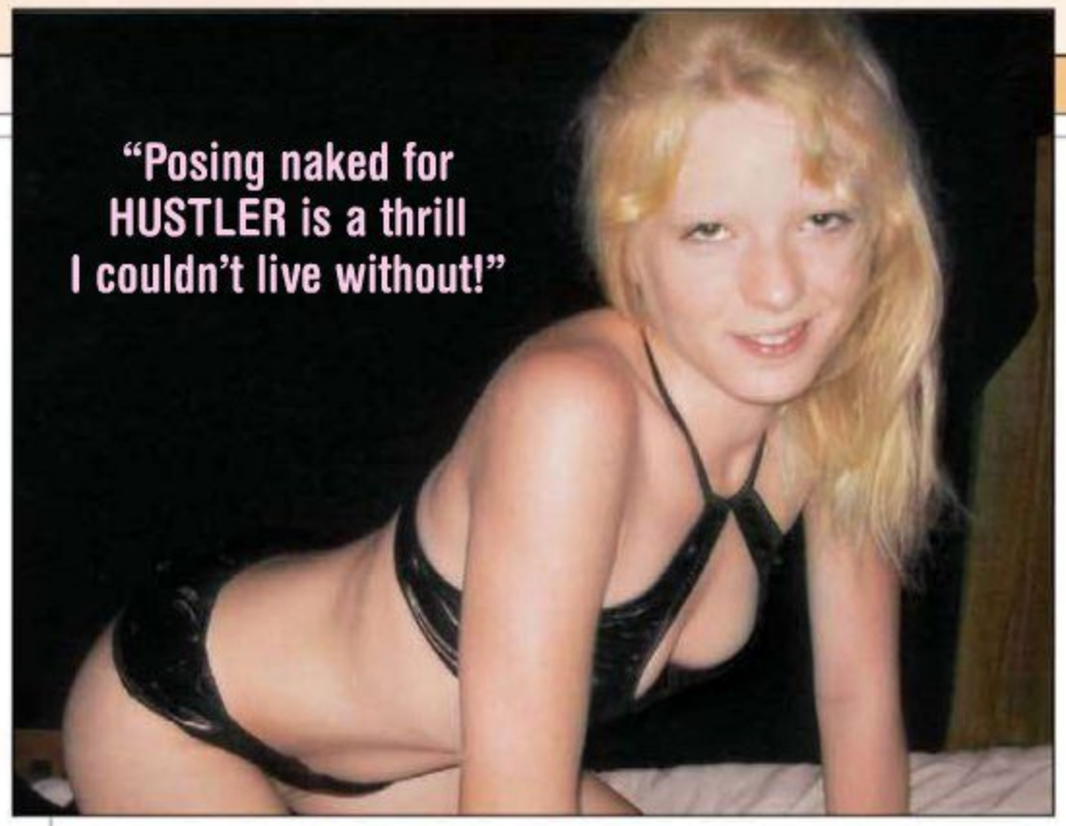
TIA LING

Ohio now has something to brag about besides spawning eight U.S. Presidents and being the former home of HUSTLER: Cleveland resident Tia Ling. "It turns me on thinking about people getting excited seeing me nude," declares the "very sexual, artistic and determined" Webmistress. Born in Korea, Tia grew up on the lakefront city's west side, and the 5-foot-1 morsel is as upfront as she is mouthwatering. "I'm bi and mostly submissive," reveals the workout buff, who's also into watching baseball, football, basketball and reality shows. "Cowgirl and doggy are my fave positions, I love anal poundings, and if you get me going, you're gonna get wet. I'm a squirter, and I can deep-throat!" Adds the "happily married" 33-year-old, "I'll do *anything* for a person I love!" But Tia, a fan of the bands Green Day and the Killers, also loves taking on a horde of men. "My most memorable adventure was a gang-bang," the ex-volleyball player recounts. "I was totally occupied, if you know what I mean! I think I'm pretty good at getting what I want! I just don't like to think of it as a power." Tia aspires to study interior decorating, but simply stepping into a client's room naked will make the decor sparkle. —Photos by Friend





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RENAE

"I love being dirty and a bad little girl," confesses Renae, 20, a diminutive darling from Chesnee, South Carolina, with a molasses drawl and a shortage of inhibitions. "I'm always down for giving my boyfriend blowjobs and having my hair pulled and ass slapped while he fucks me hard from behind," raves the "very submissive and kinky" 5-footer, who also savors "a threesome every once in a while," shooting pool, watching *Sex and the City*, skinny-dipping and modeling nude "to make HUSTLER readers lust for me." Since Renae toils at a candy store and is admittedly bi, the sweetie pie couldn't resist serving us a yummy fantasy: "Another hot, naughty slut and I pour melted chocolate over our bare bodies, then lick it off each other." —Photos by Boyfriend





HAPPYGIRL

"I am an exhibitionist at heart," hoots this "always cheerful" housewife from Hays, Kansas, who was born in October 1964 and recently became a grandmother. "I love to flash in public, especially while going down the interstate." Keeping Happygirl very happy is a laundry list of endeavors. "I love taking care of hubby, fishing, camping, dancing, baseball (go Royals!), football (go Chiefs!), *Survivor*, *Big Brother* and perving on the Internet," the 5-foot-4 Jayhawk Stater discloses. "By the way, I am very bi and a swinger. I like threesomes. The more in bed, the better it is. Not only do I love eating pussy and being eaten, but I'm also a big-time squirter and a three-holer kind of gal. I love sucking on a cock while being fucked in the pussy or, for the best orgasms, my ass. A good spanking is nice also. Wanna use a flogger, a paddle or your hand? That's so hot! How about a little bondage too? And don't forget the blindfold. Yes, I'm just the typical granny/slut-next-door. Want some candy?" —Photos by Husband





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JENNA

"I enjoy being naked, I enjoy having my picture taken, and so the two finally came together," coos this bartender and online college student from Milner, Georgia. "I feel that guys will like seeing little me naked; they always have." Jenna, who stands 5-foot-1 and will be celebrating her 32nd birthday in October, has a litany of turn-ons. "I enjoy horseback riding, motorcycle riding with my husband, riding ATVs through the mud, NASCAR and college football," she rattles off. "I love Mexican, Italian and Chinese food, and my favorite TV shows are *Sons of Anarchy*, *CSI: Miami* and *House*. And I watch XXX videos. They give me inspiration." Do they ever! The Dixie pixie's impromptu love nests include a swimming pool filled with partygoers. "I'm loving, outgoing, passionate, very sexual and bicurious," Jenna exults. "I absolutely love oral sex, giving and receiving, and anal. I just love the orgasm that comes with it; there is nothing better than that." Before riding away, Jenna divulges, "My biggest sexual fantasy has always been to have a threesome with my husband and another woman." —Photos by Husband





"Being in HUSTLER is a real liberating experience."

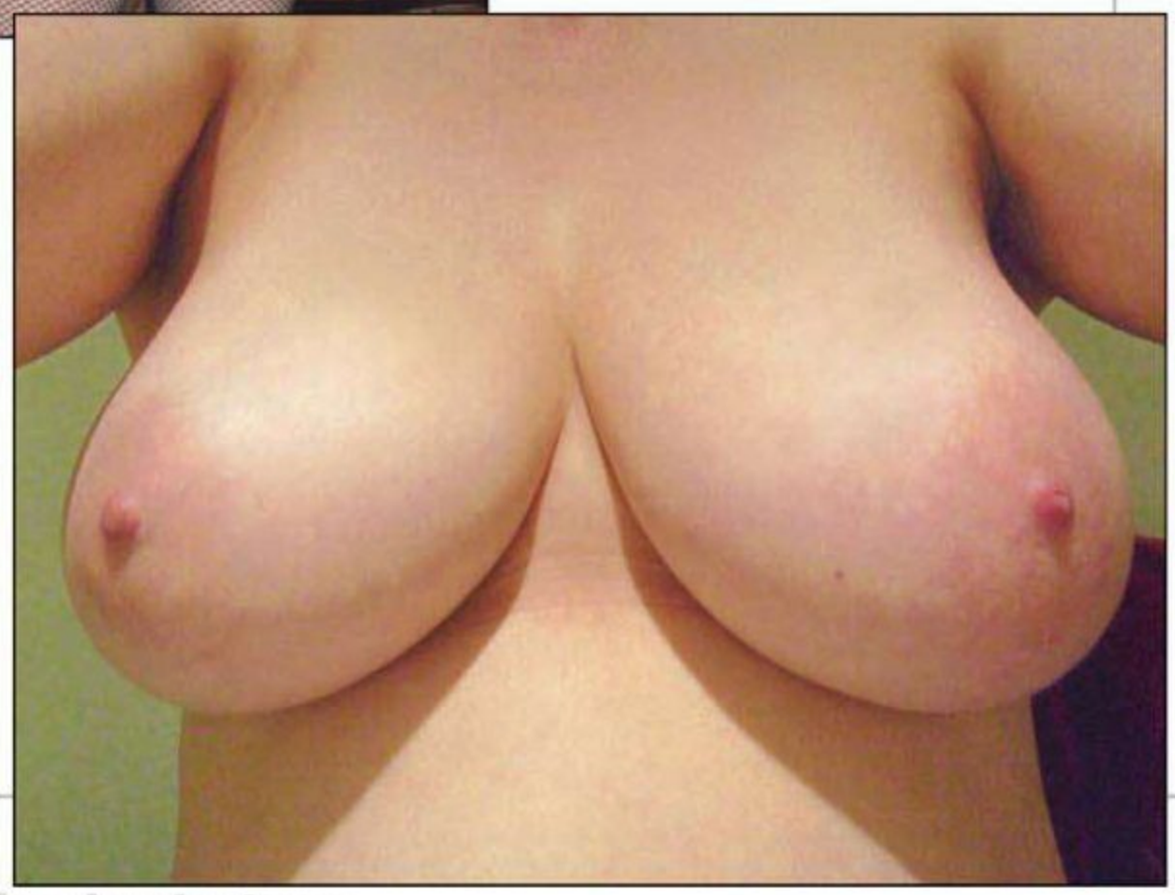




"My fantasy is to have two dicks at once, sucking off one guy while my fiancé fucks me from behind."

MOUSEY

"When I was way younger, I was modest, self-conscious and introverted," proclaims Mousey, a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, cashier who has forsaken her Mennonite upbringing but not the traditional bonnet. "Then I got into my 50s and went cuckoo. Now I'm extroverted. I lose count of the guys who hit on me when I go to a bar." The 5-foot-3 newbie—whose joys include reading (autobiographies and romance novels), *Dancing With the Stars* and *American Idol*—idolizes her favorite pastime: "Sex helped me get out of my shell." Being in the limelight has boosted Mousey's self-confidence. "A few months ago my fiancé and I visited a strip club while we were vacationing in Florida," the "one-man woman" recalls. "It was amateur night, and I won first prize! Let me tell you, standing onstage naked as everyone cheered was a tremendous turn-on. When the host pointed a microphone at me to ask how old I was, no one could believe 54. The host said that with my firm breasts, I looked to be in my 30s." Born in October 1955, Mousey is "ecstatic" that she'll be blowing out 55 candles as a Beaver. —Photos by Fiancé



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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SARAH

Beaver Hunt prides itself on providing a showcase for immodest damsels learning the ropes as nude models. Sarah, an "easygoing, fun and loving" stay-at-home mom from Kula, Hawaii, is a seasoned veteran compared to her counterparts, having been a Real College Girl in 2006 and a Beaver exactly one year ago. Now the 5-foot-2 "hula dancing fanatic" is back as a kinky birthday chick—she'll become a 25-year-old in October—bound by ropes but minus her familiar bush. (We've catered to pube diehards with a flashback of Sarah sporting her fuzzy kittykat.) Incredibly sporting when it comes to sex, the bi-curious wahine confides, "I'm open to anything, but I really love giving head, doggy-style and having my breasts lightly pinched and bitten." Sarah also enjoys social networking, the beach, Japanese food, ATVs, reading, TV's *CSI* and shopping. Larry Flynt's $250 gift should come in handy. Happy birthday, Sarah! —Photos by Friend



"I'm always up for something new and exciting!"



"My fantasy is to have three sexy women tie me up and then have their way with me!"

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ROSE & HEIDI

"I've wanted to fool around with Heidi ever since I saw her in [the May '09] *Beaver Hunt*," says Rose, a 5-foot-2 nurse from San Diego. Now the ribald brunette, who'll turn 25 in October, gets to fulfill that long-simmering desire by joining her fellow, inch-taller Californian (a "mischievous and spontaneous" denizen of Santa Monica) for a twat-tingling hoedown. Cub reporter Heidi, 25, gushes, "I've had sex at a beach with a crowd looking on, so putting on a hot show for HUSTLER readers was bound to happen. I hope lots of guys and girls get off watching Rose and me in bed together. Hey, *we* both got off!" —Photos by Friend



BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT







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SATANA

Superbly anchoring our latest coozefest is Satana, 20, a "photographer's housekeeper, young MILF and big tease" from Hilton Head, South Carolina. "I usually play hard to get," chirps the 5-foot-6 neophyte, who's fond of Rob Zombie, *Bad Girls Club*, pepperoni pizza, hanging out at the beach and "going to church every Sunday." Satana avows, "I'm a lady on the street and a freak in the sheets!" Not to mention a devilishly enigmatic jezebel. "I've had full-on intercourse with just one guy so far," she asserts, "but other things have happened with three other guys and two girls." Spirited both religiously and amorously—and an anal enthusiast to boot—Satana yearns "to have sex in the middle of a fair because I'm a risk-taker!" —Photos by Friend







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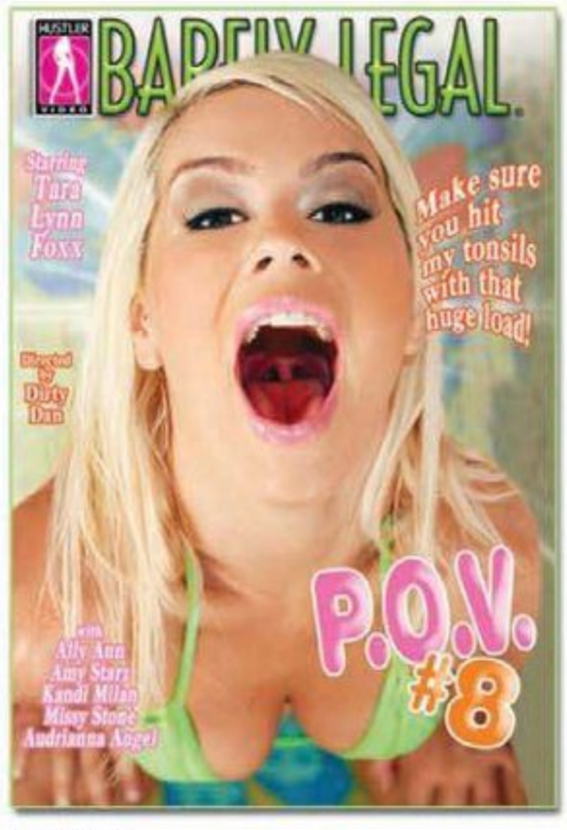
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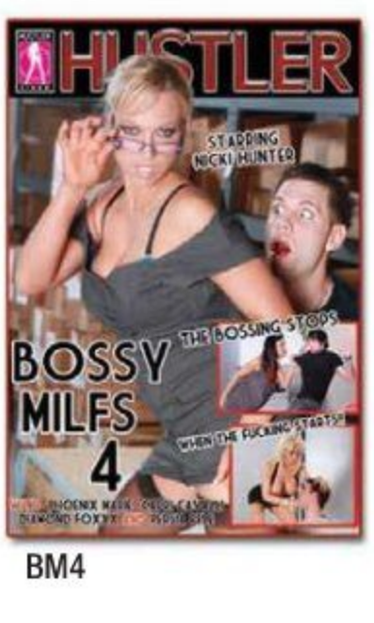
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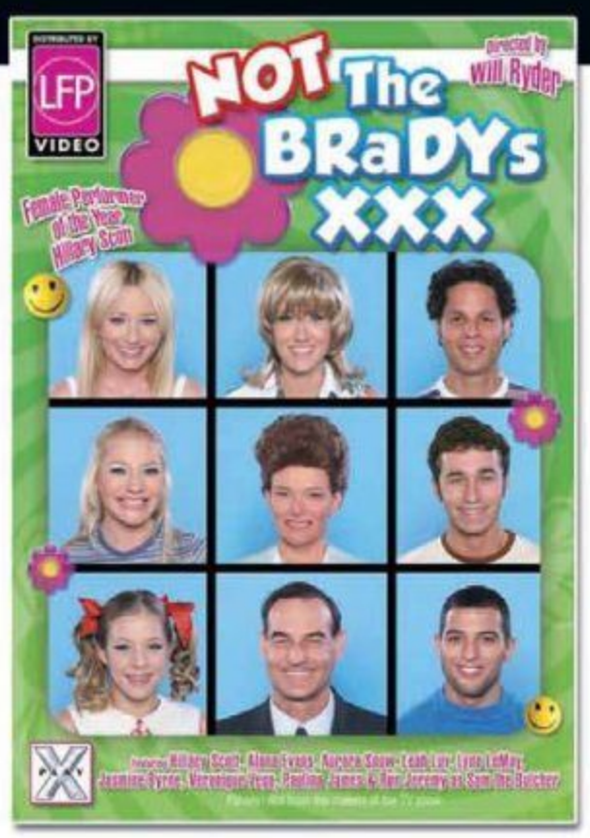


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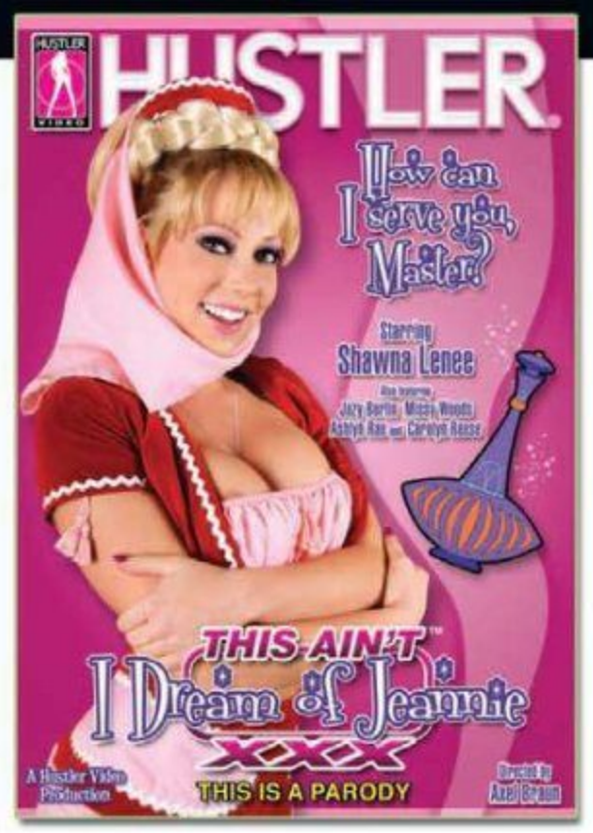
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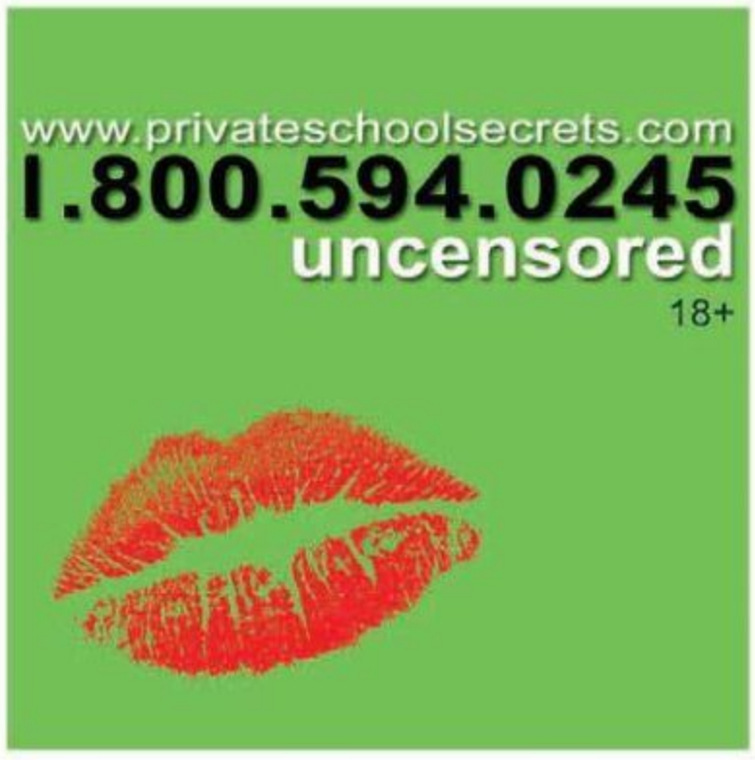
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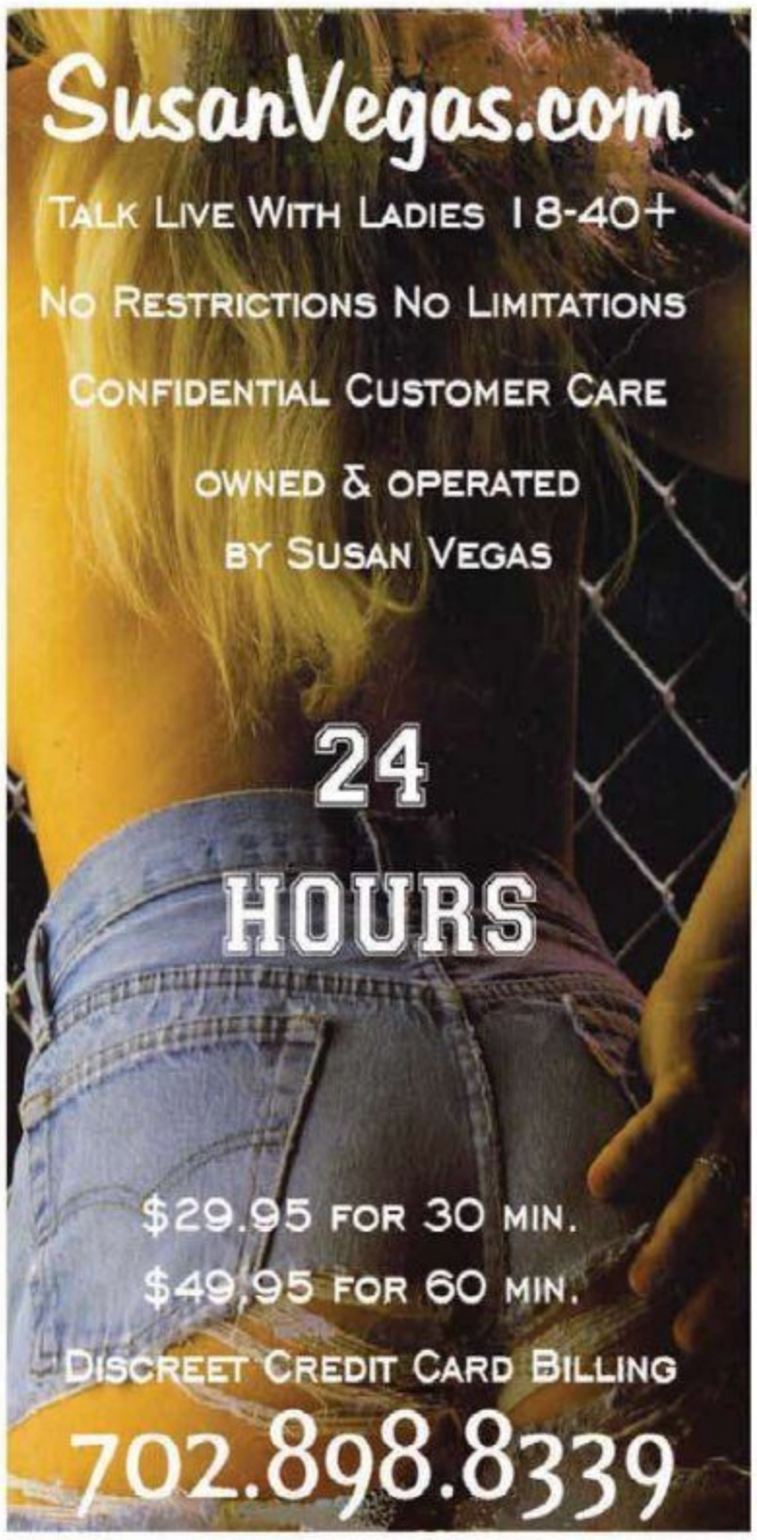








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All Good Things

HUSTLER CLASSIC NOVEMBER 1997



MICHELLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

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In July of 1997, 22-year-old Gretna, Louisiana, native **Michelle** first appeared in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*. The response was so great that she was later photographed by legendary HUSTLER lensman Clive McLean for this stunning spread. This lithe beauty fantasized about having wild sex in public places and becoming a full-time nude model. We only hope that those dreams have come true.

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"C'mon, give it to me Republican-style, y'know, up the ass!"

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The November '10 issue goes on sale August 24, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.



CANDIE LOVETTE

COMING NEXT

DANZIG: ROCK'S DARK OVERLORD ROARS BACK



Glenn Danzig, a progenitor of rock 'n' roll's horror-punk genre with his groundbreaking '70s band the Misfits, is as outspoken as he is gifted. In an exclusive Q&A with Music Editor Keith Valcourt the "Prince of Darkness" discusses his lifelong fascination with horror movies, his beef with the government and the thunderous new Danzig CD *Deth Red Sabaoth*.



SCARY HALLOWEEN TREAT: *ART THAT CREEPS*

Beware: We've rounded up the most haunting images from Yasha Young's powerhouse book *Art That Creeps: Gothic Fantasies and the Macabre in Contemporary Art*. You'll be amazed, shocked and startled by these bizarre masterpieces crafted by artists from around the world.

SPINE-TINGLING ZOMBIE CAPER



Humorist Aaron Warner disses showbiz, America's economic fiasco, politics and horror movies themselves with his twisted tale of Zombie Steve and a hapless beauty named Jenny. Will the sex-hungry ghoul fuck her brains out? Or does he just want to give the babe head? Tune in to find out what happens at crunch time.



VAMPIRE FLICKS OF YORE: BLOOD-SOAKED BABEFEST

Here's something you can really sink your teeth into: cinema historian Anthony Petkovich's retrospective on the most garish, gory and bloody vampire films of the 1970s. Starring such fang-baring beauties as Ingrid Pitt and Yutte Stensgaard, these classics were infused with nudity and plenty of raunchy sex. But were they frightfully good, or did they just plain suck?!

THE BALLAD OF SEX GODDESS ASHLYNN BROOKE



"It's every little girl's dream to be pretty and famous," reckons Ashlynn Brooke. Raised in a dinky Oklahoma town with a church on every corner, she's now an A-list porn star with more on her plate than feeding the masses XXX videos. Meet the real Ashlynn Brooke as writer M. Allen Nathan uncovers the country girl's past, passions and aspirations.



GREECE: A REAL-LIFE HORROR STORY

Seeking entry into the European Monetary Union, Greece borrowed billions from a big bad wolf—the unscrupulous investment firm Goldman Sachs—in a cloak-and-dagger deal that spelled doom for the Mediterranean nation. Learn how Goldman sabotaged the Greek economy and is still trying to screw the rest of the planet.

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