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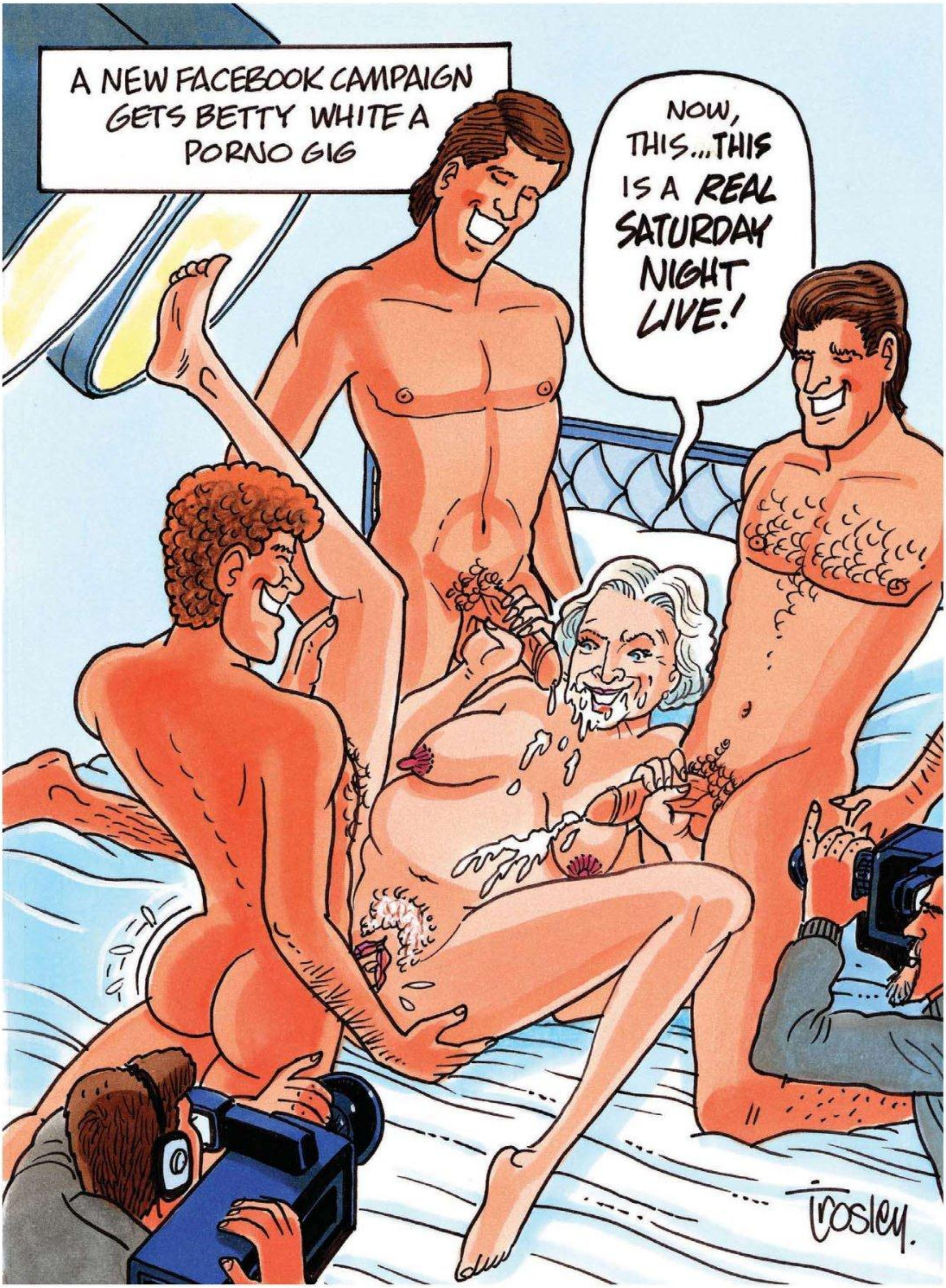
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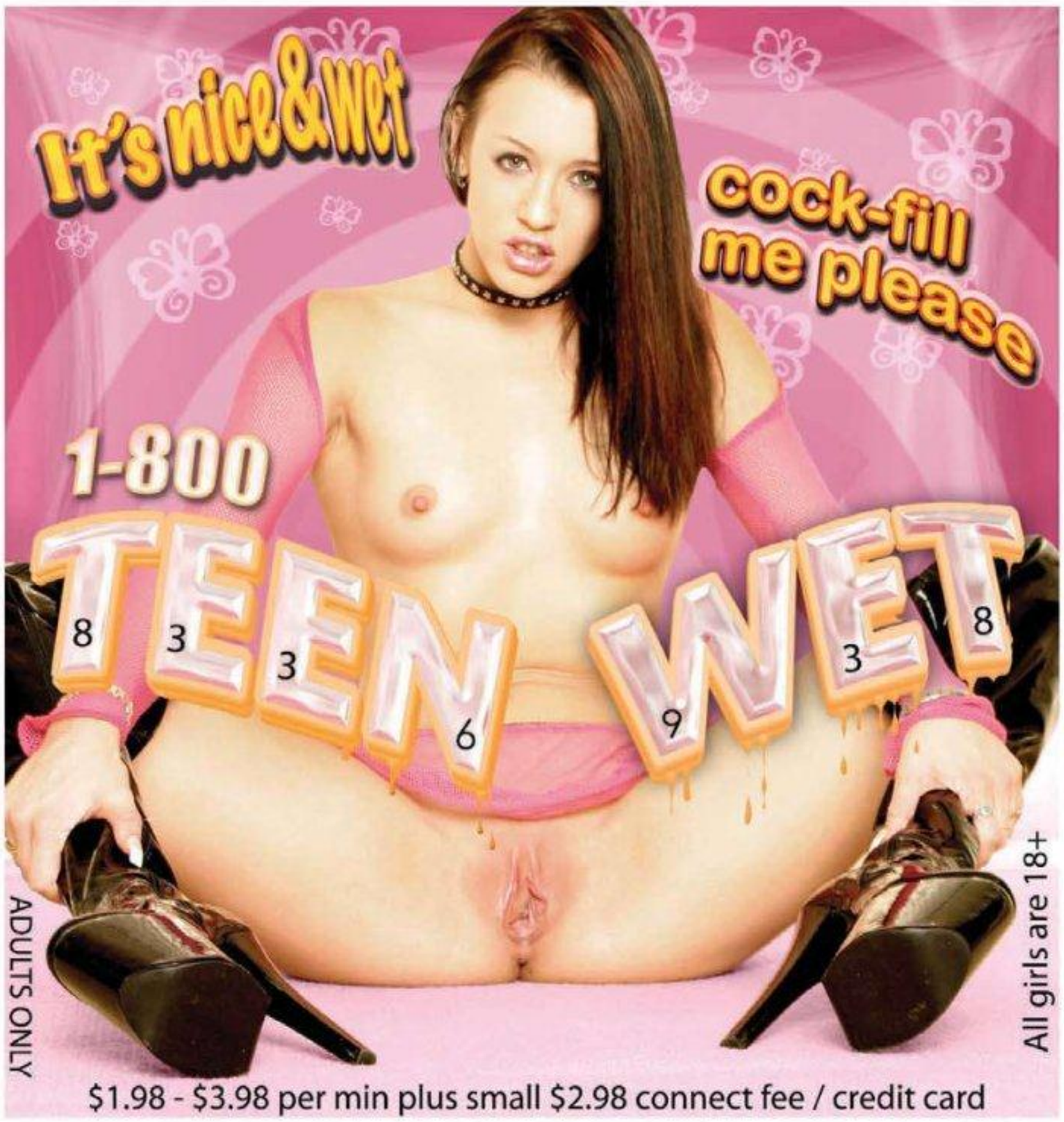
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Shannon Poe *Production Assistant*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
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THROW THE BASTARDS IN JAIL!

If nothing else, the oil-drilling disaster in the Gulf of Mexico, in conjunction with the economic disaster caused by Wall Street, tells us one thing with certainty: Unless the CEOs of companies that have devastated this country are held personally responsible for their actions, nothing is going to change.

People who through negligence or indifference cause death or harm to others, whether it be economic or physical, should no longer be allowed to hide behind a corporation's protective wall. If the CEO of British Petroleum, Goldman Sachs or whatever company is put in jail, his successors will think long and hard before trying to save a buck by taking shortcuts or bending the law.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"I should've known you'd come home and try to turn this into a racial thing!"

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WALK THIS WAY



Remember the Sony Walkman, the bright-yellow portable cassette player that helped you rock and jazzercise your way through the 1980s? Well, the electronics giant has reinvented the concept while retaining a touch of old-school flair with its new midrange Walkman cell phone, the **Sony Ericsson Zylo**.

The stylish unit, which supports the HD FLAC audio format, gives your MP3, AAC and WMA files the highest-quality sound without all that compression. The **Zylo** may be only about 4 inches long and weigh just 115 grams, but it comes 3G-enabled and has a TFT screen with QVGA resolution and scratch-resistant surface. The **Zylo** also features a 3.2-megapixel camera, a micro SD card slot (to add more music), Bluetooth and social networking integration (Facebook, Twitter, etc.). Is there anything this thing can't do?

Offered in three vibrant colors—Jazz Black, Chacha Silver and our favorite, Swing Pink (you know how we love pink)—the **Sony Ericsson Zylo** perfectly blends nostalgia and technology.

Available at electronics retailers worldwide. Suggested retail price: $300.

PHONE IT IN



There are a lot of cool gadgets out there that you "need." We're not so sure this is one of them, but the **Novophone Retro Handset** adapter is a lot of fun. Looking like a vintage telephone receiver, complete with a curly cord, the high-quality, hand-assembled gizmo can be hooked up to your cell phone, Blackberry or iPhone to make clearer-sounding calls while reducing radiation exposure from those devices.

Like we said, you probably don't *need* a **Novophone**, which comes in two bright colors—red and black. But, man, you will *want* this fun and fashionable, retro-cool adapter.

Available at ***Novophone.com***. Suggested retail price: $27.95.

TIGHT LITTLE BOX

You would love to take your MP3 player with you for all your outdoor activities, but you're afraid of getting it wet or sandy if you drop it. With the rugged, waterproof **Eco Extreme All-Terrain Speaker Case** you don't have to worry. You can just load in your MP3 player and go. The **Eco**—which also works with cell phones, iPod Touch, Motorola Droid and Blackberry—includes a 3-inch, full-range speaker, 1/8-inch universal headset jack and detachable carabineer so you can clip the speaker to a belt loop or backpack.



Powered by three AA batteries, the **Eco Extreme** will give you up to 30 hours of play. Plus, there is plenty of extra space inside to hold your keys, credit cards, driver's license and cash. Now all you have to do is figure out if you're heading to the beach, mountains or just out into your backyard. Get going!

Available at ***GraceDigitalAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

POLLUTE YOUR EARS!

The **EarPollution CS40 Headphones** from iFrogz may be a listening device, but they're a sight to see. They seamlessly blend comfort and top-notch sound into a sleek, lightweight and awesome-looking pair of headphones. Besides boasting 120dB+/3dB sensitivity, a super frequency response (30 Hz to 20 kHz) and a 1.2-meter cord, the **CS40** phones are offered in five high-gloss colors, including red, black and blue.



High-quality sound? Lightweight and comfortable feel, plus they look ultracool? You need to get your head under some **CS40**s. The best part is you can win a pair! See details below.

Available at ***iFrogz.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.99.

GET FREE HEAD! WE MEAN HEADPHONES

For your chance to win a cool set of **EarPollution CS40 Headphones**, 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 iFrogz Headphones, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT





GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Dead or Alive: Paradise

Tecmo

PSP

Looking for a game with action? Yes, for once we mean *that* kind of action. ***Dead or Alive: Paradise*** puts you smack dab in the middle of a tropical island packed with the sexiest girls on the planet. You get to mix, mingle and flirt with the babes, who'll even model for you. Even better, you can share "intimate experiences" with each breath-taking chick. It's kind of like being one of those guys who shoots for HUSTLER.



HOW TO KILL YOUR DRAGON

Monster Hunter Tri

Capcom

Wii

Hunting season is open, and it's an all-out, kill-or-be-killed battle between you and a seemingly unstoppable horde of monsters. The latest chapter in the popular hunting series (previous titles sold over 11 million units worldwide) takes you the hunter into Moga Village, a swampy land rocked by constant earthquakes, where man and monsters live in an uneasy harmony. Or do they? ***Monster Hunter Tri*** is packaged with a Wii Classic Controller Pro for the full-on experience. This game *is* a monster!



MYTHOLOGICAL TIMES

Clash of the Titans

Bandai Namco

Xbox 360, PS3

While we will admit that the big-screen remake wasn't half as great as the original, the spin-off game kicks ass. Set in ancient Greece, ***Clash of the Titans*** immerses you in the epic battle between humanity and the gods. In it you get to fight your way through several high-energy confrontations with an escalating assortment of monstrous foes, including scorpions, sand worms, cyclopses and one angry chimera.



SANDSTORM

Prince of Persia: The Forgotten Sands

Ubisoft

PS3, Xbox 360

Epic. That's the best word to describe this thrilling game based on the blockbuster movie. But since a one-word review won't suffice, we'll add that the ***Prince of Persia: The Forgotten Sands*** game is cinematically beautiful, rapid-fire and totally immersive. Hell, we'll even throw in "100% Jake Gyllenhaal-free" if it helps reveal how cool the game is.

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ROBERT SCHEER

RAPE AND SPILLAGE

LURKING BENEATH THE GULF OIL CATASTROPHE IS THE CORPORATE CORRUPTION OF AMERICA'S POLITICAL CULTURE.

What's with Barack Obama's war analogy on the Gulf oil spill? It's as if some extraterrestrial force had suddenly launched "The Invasion of the Slippery Sludge."

"Abroad, our brave men and women in uniform are taking the fight to al-Qaeda," the President said in his June 15 prime-time address from the Oval Office after weeks of being slammed for apparent passivity in the face of mounting disaster. "And tonight, I've returned from a trip to the Gulf Coast to speak with you about the battle we're waging against an oil spill that is assaulting our shores and our citizens."

Cleaning up the mess we made by raping the environment to satiate our consumer gluttony is not a glorious battle against evil but rather obligatory penance for the profound error of our ways.

What nonsense! The oil was minding its own business until some multinational corporations, enabled by a dysfunctional government regulatory regime, decided to wage war on the ecological balance of the oceans by employing technology that they were not prepared to control. Cleaning up the mess we made by raping the environment to satiate our consumer gluttony is not a glorious battle against evil but rather obligatory penance for the profound error of our ways.

You wound Mother Nature by punching a hole deep in her pristine waters, where you have no business going, and when she bleeds uncontrollably, you dare blame her for the assault? This from a President who, shortly before this disaster, had given the oil companies permission to pillage in the deep seas at will.

At least Obama now admits to having been extremely naive in his belief that they knew what they were doing: "A few months ago, I approved a proposal to consider new, limited offshore drilling under the assurance that it would be absolutely safe—that the proper technology would be in place and the necessary precautions would be taken. That obviously was not the case on the Deepwater Horizon rig, and I want to know why."

The President already knows why! It's the same ideological obsession that led to the deregulation of the banking industry—a policy based on the assumption that the unfettered pursuit of multinational corporation profits would somehow serve the public good. In every area of federal governance, the story is the same: The mammoth corporations, through their lobbyists and campaign contributions, end up controlling the government agencies ostensibly regulating the activities of the military-industrial, health, financial and communications complexes. Why be surprised that the oil conglomerates are also in bed with their pretend Washington regulators?

Obviously, Obama cannot be blamed for the bipartisan endorsement of the Reagan Revolution's siren song, a call to make the world safe for multinational corporations. The radical anti-regulation campaign—endorsed by Bill Clinton as well as the father-and-son Bush team—corrupted rather than improved the efficiency of the entire private sector, and what happened with the oil industry was the rule and not the exception.

In explaining the failure of the Minerals Management Service, whose responsibilities include regulating oil drillers, Obama stated: "Over the last decade, this agency has become emblematic of a failed philosophy that views all regulation with hostility—a philosophy that says corporations should be allowed to play by their own rules and police themselves. At this agency, industry insiders were put in charge of industry oversight. Oil companies showered regulators with gifts and favors, and were essentially allowed to conduct their own safety inspections and write their own regulations."

That damning indictment of the corporate corruption of our political process should stand as a cautionary tale to everyone, but particularly to the citizens of those red states now suffering, thanks to offshore drilling previously approved by the majority of their voters. Hopefully they, and the President who catered to such impulses, will take away from this very costly mess a justifiable skepticism about the risk assessments of plunderers that treat natural treasures as nothing more than potential profit centers.

The public goes along because, as with the jobs created by military spending and the false wealth of financial bubbles, it is blinded by lavishly funded corporate PR that cloaks the true costs of such reckless corporate behavior.

Coinciding with Obama's June speech, one Republican congressman said British Petroleum—which took steps toward creating a $20-billion fund to pay for spill reparations—was the victim of a "shakedown" by the President. However, even financial experts noted that this may have been as much a crafty Wall Street move as anything, creating with the obligation a "poison pill" for potential "hostile takeover" predators.

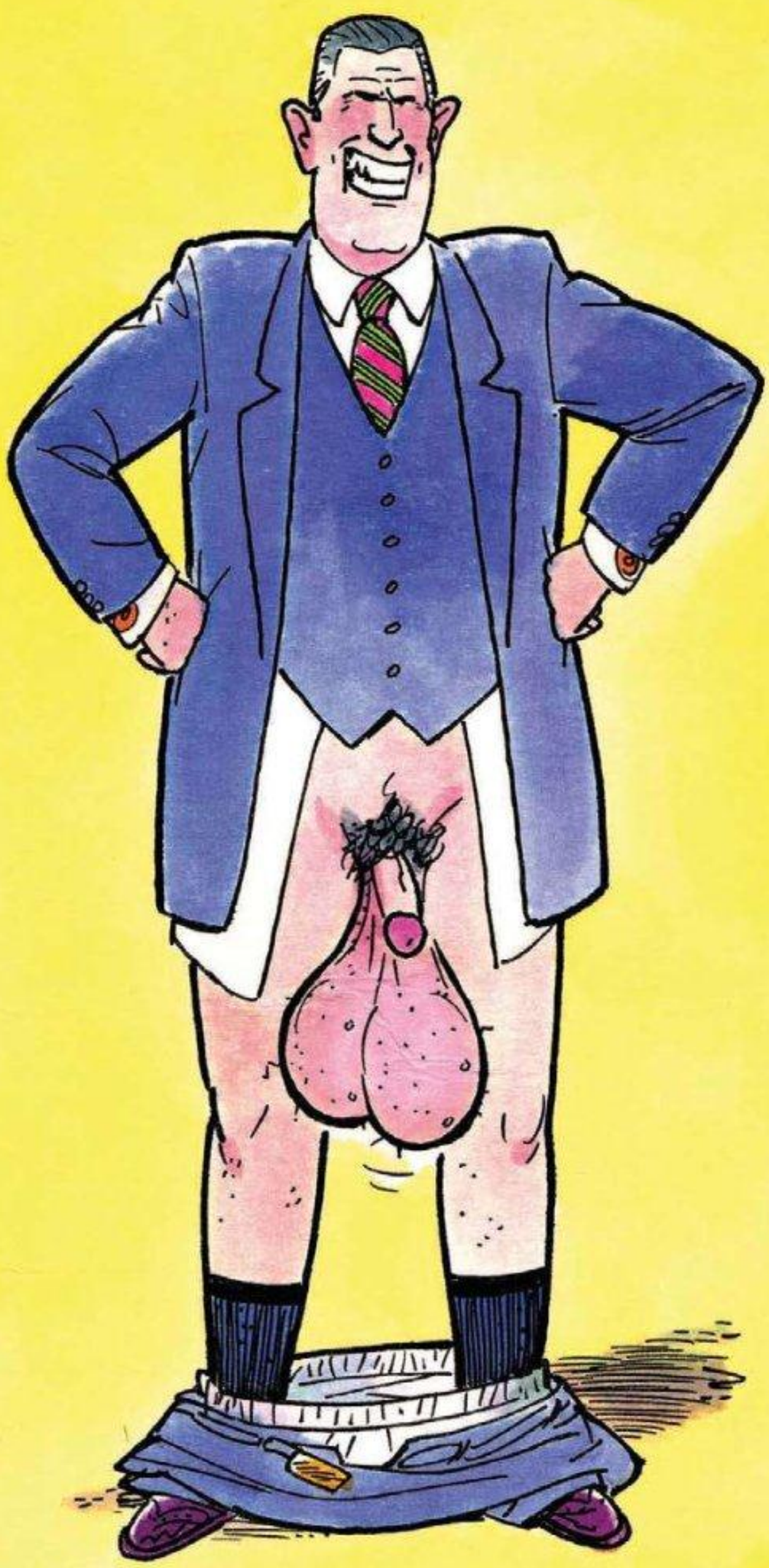
Of course, it is quite possible BP could be chopped up and sold—its huge international oil reserves going one way to produce more billions in profits while a rump portion is left to languish through decades of liability litigation.

Ultimately, what must be fought and won is the war against corporate dominance of every important aspect of our political culture. The catastrophic Gulf oil spill is the wake-up call to fight corporate arrogance that we, and our President, desperately needed.

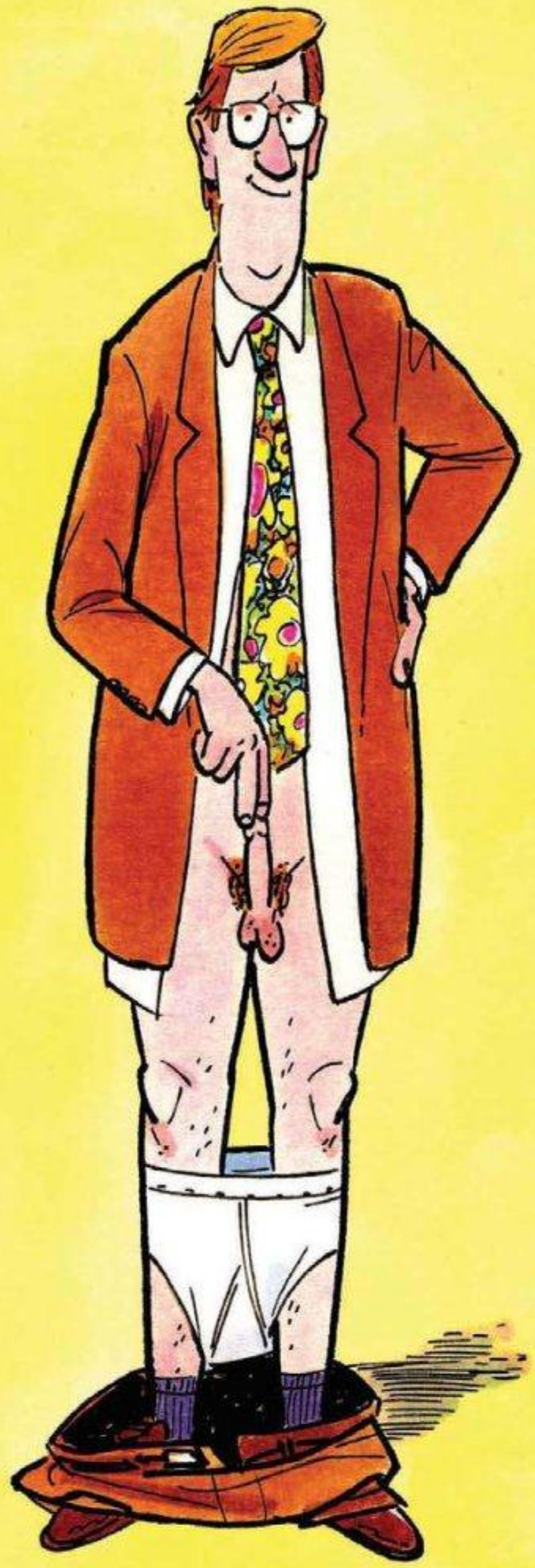


Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense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

A COMPARISON OF BALLS IN CONGRESS



AVERAGE REPUBLICAN



AVERAGE DEMOCRAT

J. Bilkette

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HAS THE WHITE HOUSE VIOLATED OUR HUMANITY?

AS BIG BROTHER GETS BIGGER AND BOLDER, AMERICANS ARE ONCE AGAIN LIVING IN "TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS."

Many years ago I went to a conference on privacy at Harvard University. The keynote speaker, a high-level assistant to then-FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, was unusually frank for an FBI official. He bellowed, "Privacy? It's gone." Even Hoover himself had no idea of how deep and continuing that loss would become. Last year the Electronic Privacy Foundation—the premier defender of our digital civil liberties—accused the U.S. government of engaging "in a massive program of illegal dragnet surveillance of domestic communications and communications records of millions of ordinary Americans since at least 2001."

Our home and business phones and e-mails are, of course, porous. But federal eyes and ears have moved on to cell phones, texting, Twitter and their ever-more-sophisticated progeny, while also increasing experimentation with methods of mind control through behavioral modification techniques and beyond. (For details, see "Obama Interrogation Official Linked to U.S. Mind Control Research" at PubRecord.org, May 25, 2010.)

James Bamford, the most informed investigator of our cavernous Big Brother—the National Security Agency, known for its limitless databases—reveals in his 2008 book *The Shadow Factory*: "NSA is also developing another tool that Orwell's Thought Police might have found useful—an artificial intelligence system designed to know what people are thinking."

I've written about our vanishing privacy in this column and in my books, but never with such penetratingly profound awareness as the *Wall Street Journal*'s Peggy Noonan in her article "Our Lives Laid Bare": "When we lose our privacy, we lose some of our humanity; we lose the things that are particular to us, that make us separate and distinctive as souls, as actually children of God."

Actually, I'm an atheist, but I do have a secular soul with what once were secret compartments that may now be in "persons of interest" files at the J. Edgar Hoover Building, the FBI's headquarters in Washington, D.C. Also, as an unremitting critic of Bush and Cheney and now Obama—the continuer of their anti-Constitutional legacy—I'm not unmindful that were there another 9/11 or worse, I might have a compulsory change of address. So far I've not been able to get my actual current FBI files; but the one I saw years ago had me at a North Africa meeting of purportedly dangerous radicals.

I have never been to Africa, North or South. I did meet Che Guevara once, at New York's Cuban Mission to the United Nations, and I had the irreverent nerve to ask him if Cuba would ever have free elections. He laughed sardonically, obviously not regarding me as a dependable revolutionary.

There are millions of Americans without a tinge of radicalism or libertarianism in their past who are disquieted at being part of a society under ceaseless surveillance.

But there are millions of Americans without a tinge of radicalism or libertarianism (my core belief) in their past who are disquieted at being part of a society under ceaseless surveillance. They hear about current cases like that of Bruce Shore, who caught Kentucky Republican Senator Jim Bunning on C-SPAN complaining about having missed a basketball game to vote on unemployment benefits and then delaying the vote. Shore, a 51-year-old unemployed resident of Philadelphia, sent critical e-mails about Bunning to members of the senator's staff, including "No checks equal no food for me. DO YOU GET IT?"

This citizen, supposedly protected by the First Amendment, was soon visited by United States marshals, who presented him with a grand jury indictment for violating the Communications Decency Act. His alleged crime? Shore, as this law spells out, "did use a telecommunications device, that is, a computer, whether or not communication ensued, without disclosing his identity, to annoy, abuse, threaten and harass any person who received the communication."

Whether or not Shore is eventually found guilty, he is now in a stream of government databases, where he will probably remain for the rest of his life—unless we get a President whose bible, whatever his religion, or none, is the Constitution. If Shore is convicted, he faces up to two years in the slammer and a $250,000 fine.

As for many of the rest of us who could be ensnared in this federal dragnet, Peggy Noonan writes that "Americans, as a people, are not really suited to the age of surveillance, the age of no privacy. There is no hiding place now, not here."

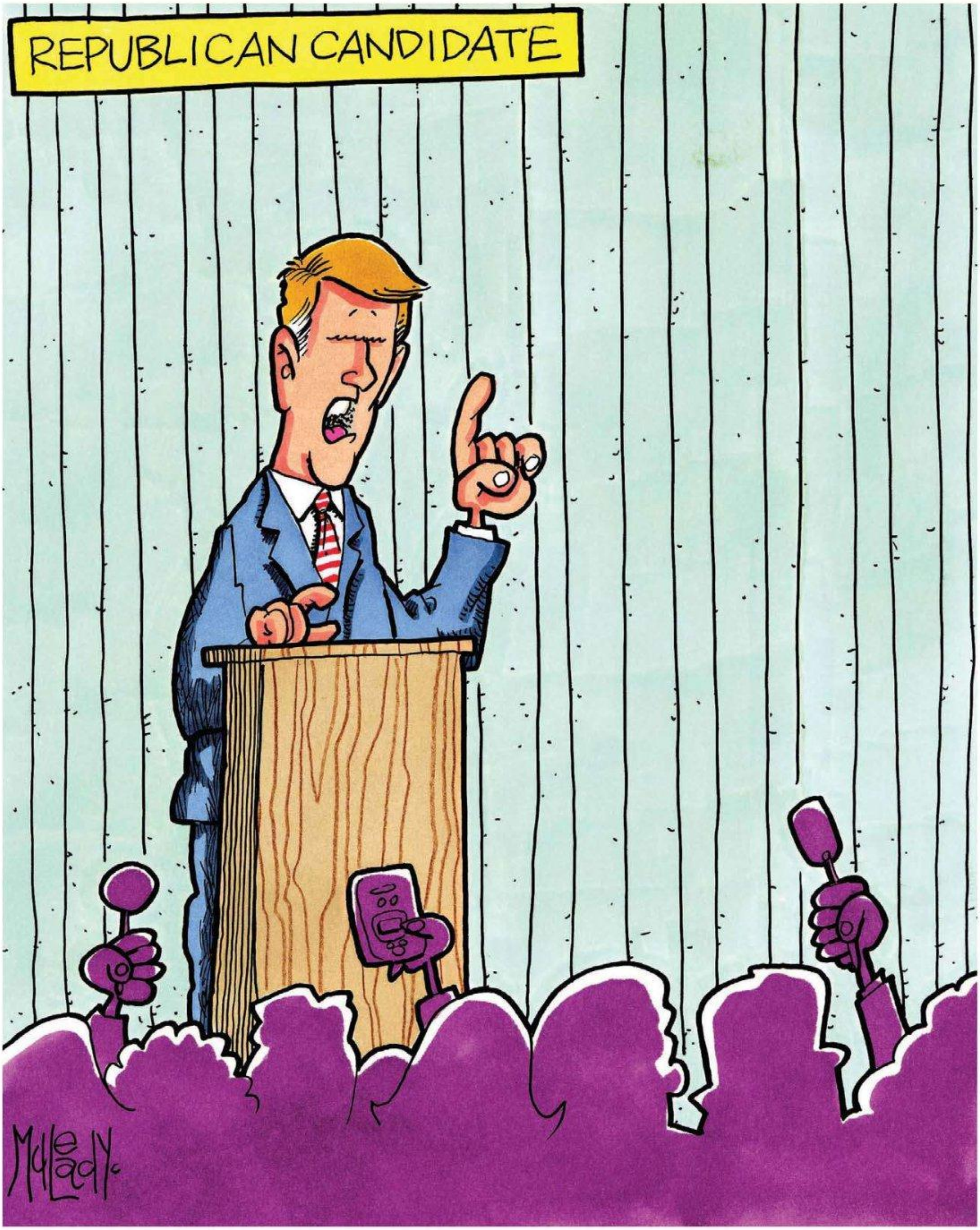
Can we ever get our privacy back? Not unless we fight for it. A movement has begun. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, such abusers of our privacy as Microsoft, Google, Intel and AT&T "are pushing for more stringent regulations on government ability to access electronic communications."

They are seeking a basic reform and updating of the 1986 Electronic Communications Privacy Act, which "extended restrictions on government wiretaps to data transmissions as well as phone calls" and "regulated privacy in stored data." But these so-called restrictions have gone with the Presidential winds and whims. Therefore, this coalition—whose ultimate aim is to restore personal privacy—calls itself Digital Due Process.

Congressman John Conyers Jr. (D-Michigan), Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, says he will lead these attempts to rescue privacy. I know that Conyers is deeply into our American music of individual liberty—jazz—but he needs help. Although it may take some courage after what happened to Bruce Shore, notify your representatives in the House and Senate that you demand your privacy back. Peggy Noonan reminds us: "There are cameras all over. No terrorist can escape them, but none of the rest of us can either."

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?*





"I just want to say that the pictures of me fucking a donkey while snorting cocaine with a dominatrix pissing in my ear and a big black dildo shoved up my ass are completely out of context!"

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A BITE OF A ROTTEN APPLE

HOW STEVE JOBS RUINED A COMPANY WHILE MAKING IT SUCCESSFUL.

When it came to computers, I was a PC guy. Apple was some kind of off-brand that women and touchy-feely "new age" guys seemed to love. Nor did I change my mind when Apple, aware of my on-the-air criticism, gave me one of its computers in an effort to win me over. It was the worst computer I'd ever used.

I steadfastly remained a PC guy until, having lost my radio gig, I took a job as a video editor. Now I had to use an Apple Macintosh with an Apple editing program called Final Cut Pro. Spending hundreds of hours editing, I soon fell in love with my Mac. So I bought an iMac, then a Mac Pro, another iMac and of course iPhones for both the girlfriend and myself. I am saying all this to let you know I no longer hate Apple products. I just hate the manufacturer.

Two Steves, Jobs and Wozniak, started Apple in a garage. What came out of that garage was the first practical personal computer. Recognizing true visionary entrepreneurs, a cult sprang up to root for the underdogs.

However, in spite of Apple's innovations—a graphical user interface and the mouse—it was still an also-ran. Microsoft and the PC had become huge, largely by stealing from Apple. But through it all, the company's legion of acolytes and dealerships hung tough.

By 1987 the two Steves were out. Although profits increased under CEO John Scullery, Apple lost whatever charm it had left. And that charm did not return when Jobs was brought back as CEO in 1997 due to declining profits.

Jobs turned the company around by improving its computers with a new and better operating system, but his real success wasn't in computers at all. In 2001 Apple produced a music player called the iPod. Within six years it had sold over 100 million of them. Then came the iPhone, another great product. However, what had started out as a pretty hip and humane company turned into just another ugly corporate bully.

In the beginning there was the good Steve and the bad Steve. Wozniak was the lovable computer nerd who envisioned a fuzzy computerized future. Jobs saw only money—and lots of it. In combination they were amazing, but now that Woz is out and Jobs is in, Apple has become one mean motherfucker.

If there was ever a company asking for antitrust action, it's the newly minted Apple Inc. Apple's operating system can only be installed in machines it manufactures. No clones allowed. Because the Apple system uses an Intel processor, common to all PCs as well, Microsoft Windows can be used on a Mac, but the Mac system can't be used on a PC because Apple put in a code making that impossible.

Apple's owned and operated stores are another problem. Gorgeous temples to their leader, Steve Jobs, they are forcing out of business the loyal dealers who stuck with Apple when times were tough. I talked to one dealer, who said he still gets products to sell, but only weeks after the Apple stores get them.

A flagrant example was decades-long Apple dealer MACadam in San Francisco. Apple rewarded the dealer's loyalty by opening a store just down the street. MACadam went out of business. Granted, MACadam had a crappy reputation, but even assholes should be protected from unfair competition by the very entity that supplies them with products.

A few months back an Apple employee accidentally left a prototype of the next iPhone in a Redwood City, California, bar. It wound up in the hands of a blogger, but not before the guy who found it supposedly tried returning the device to Apple. (The company refused, for who knows what ego-driven reason, to even admit having made it.)

The blogger, Jason Chen of Gizmodo.com, published photos of the misplaced iPhone before returning it to Apple. Next thing you know officers from California's Rapid Enforcement Allied Computer Team knocked down Chen's door while he was out to dinner, confiscating everything electronic the blogger owned.

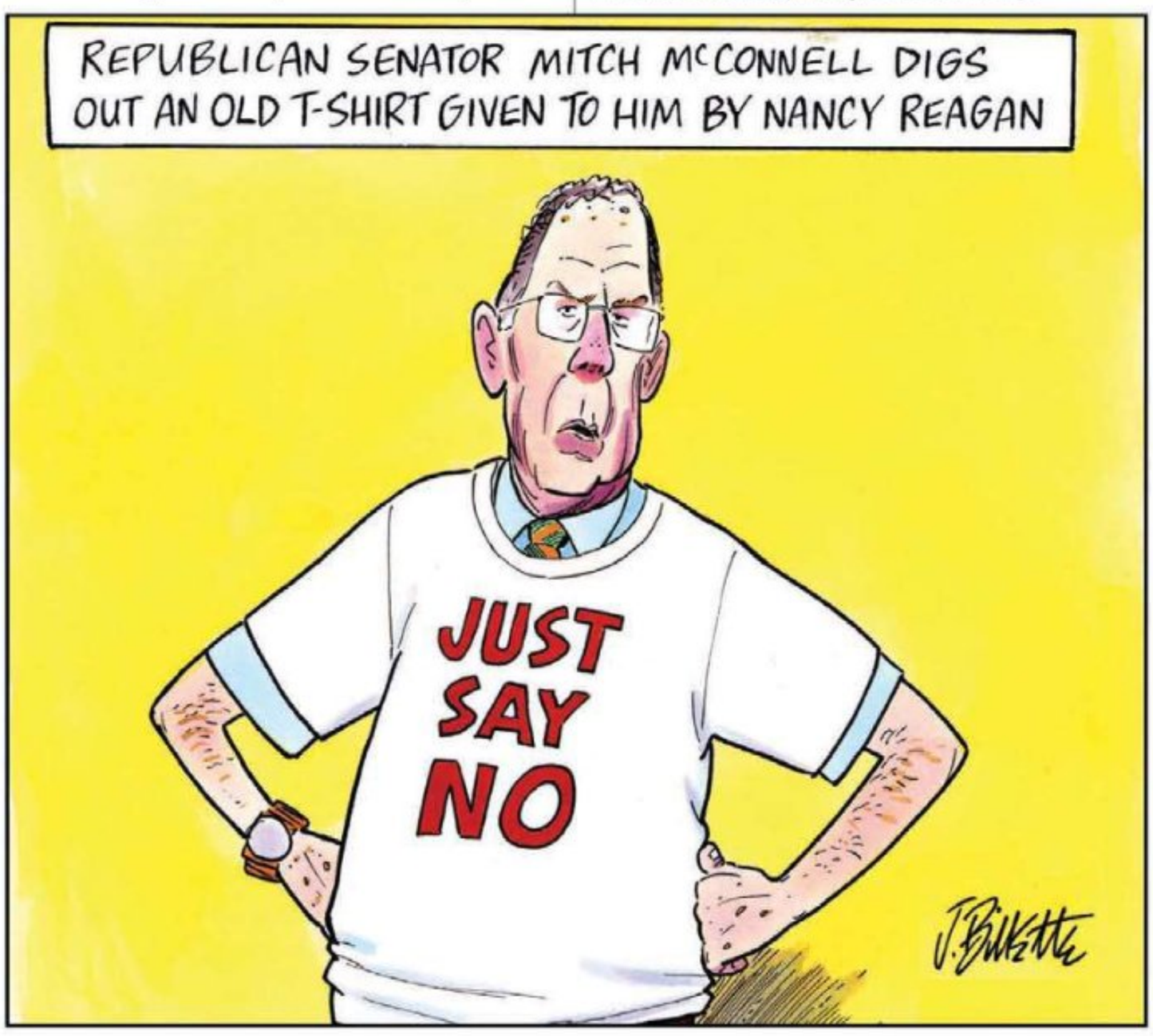
I must also mention Adobe, a company that makes Flash, the program you use when watching YouTube and such. Apple refuses to allow Flash to work on any of its products, thereby stifling Adobe's business. Thanks to a suit filed by Adobe, the government is looking into the matter.

Jon Stewart recently said, "Microsoft was supposed to be the evil one. But now you guys [Apple] are busting down doors in Palo Alto while Commandant Gates is ridding the world of mosquitoes. What the fuck is going on?"

Yes, Apple has become the asshole of the world. Now excuse me please. I'm off to the Apple Store to buy an iPad.



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).





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PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

IS THIS NOSTALGIA?

LOOKING BACK CAN BE INSPIRING AND DANGEROUS.

"Beauty is the most dangerous thing in the world next to, maybe, only nostalgia."

—Stan Brakhage

It all started with a post to my Facebook page from Richard Joseph Cronborg: "I will not forget the line of Modigliani, or the presence of Mozart or Bach. I still hear the wail of Allen Ginsberg. These things are so important to me. Sweet candy for my eyes...soothing melodies for my ears...strong words for my mind...."

To which I Facebooked back: "Not to forget the exotic time signatures of Brubeck, the fractured planes of Picasso, the staccato syntax of Hemingway and the sheer balls of Lenny Bruce. These things make me happy to have lived through that part of that century."

Having been associated a bit with nostalgia, especially for the mid-years of the 20th century, I started thinking: *How many things could be tied together with a single phrase that sums up the essence of a memory, if not the period?* By the way, I strongly agree with Brakhage that there is real danger in starting down the road toward nostalgia. It gets to be a one-way street, with no place to turn around. But let's be brave for a moment and look at some of the images in my memory.

Part of it is Brubeck, but also a member of his famous quartet whom I dated: Paul Desmond, who blew those dreamy, sexy, alto sax phrases, his breath flavored with scotch and cigarettes. I was not old enough to buy a drink when I watched the quartet nearly every night in the tiny bar off Western Avenue in L.A. where they played that undanceable, riveting music. Backstage between sets, Desmond would offer me a drink from the large Dewar's bottle. One day he shyly brought a copy of his first album to my house, and we listened to it on my old record player.

Staying with music for a moment more, there is the image of Ray Anthony, the trumpet player I married. He earned his stripes with Glenn Miller's big band and did his best to keep musical jump and jive alive in the face of the monster that became rock 'n' roll, even when his wife was busy being the girl who promoted it.

Then there's the memory of seeing and hearing the very different trumpet playing of Miles Davis, who spoke a whole new language through his horn, brooding over it onstage and making music his therapist and confessor. And the memory of Birdland as Ernest Hemingway and Marlene Dietrich sat at a small table, listening to Charlie Parker.

I also recall the smoky prize fight arena, watching boxer Art Aragon. I was 18 when I dated Art. The Golden Boy, as he was called, was the sexiest thing I had ever seen. Under the hard ring lights he punched and danced, sweat streaming off him, the other boxer's blood spattering my blouse two rows back. There was always a magic aura surrounding Aragon that drew me and countless other women into his orbit.

The first time I saw my new name—the one the studio had given me—up in lights on a theater marquee and the first time that I drove through the gate at Universal Studios both made a shiver of realization course through me. When the guard waved me through with "Good morning, Miss Van Doren!" it became a certainty that Mamie Van Doren had taken over the body of Joan Olander and would pilot it on the long journey that continues today.

I also remember the outhouse stink of the canals in Venice, Italy, as I rode a *motoscafi* to the Excelsior Hotel, followed by paparazzi and wondering what they were so excited about. The effusiveness of the Italian welcome of an American movie star was something I had only seen in films, and to find myself the subject of it made me as dizzy as if I had been drinking champagne.

There was a night flight in a Cobra helicopter gunship over the jungles of Vietnam and watching the enemy tracer fire coming up to meet us. And there was the darkness of the burn ward in a Saigon hospital and the soft breathing of the wounded and the smell of burned flesh.

Everyone has their own phrases and scenes. Distilled, they become either joyous or the danger that Brakhage was talking about.

Facebookers almost always ask about my movies, leading men and exploits. But I can only provide the stories, not the wisdom earned with them. As I make the U-turn on Nostalgia Avenue, I know the phrase that catches it all: Every year seems like it was only a moment, while every moment reflects endlessly, packed full with the energy of life.



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**.

MAMIE VAN DOREN

DOUBLE FEATURE!

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Outvamped

Your June '10 issue was amazing! Briana Blair is more than beautiful! But what really got me going was *HUSTLER's Ultimate Vampire Movie!* by Noel Anderson. He sure knows how to draw very sexy women and make them seem real. Please feature more of Anderson's work, particularly with the pretty blonde taking on the vampires. Hard to believe I fell in love with a cartoon character! **—Peter W. Kocsis**
Barrington, Illinois

Prison Crush

I'm a first-time reader who recently came across your magazine while in Lewis County Jail in Upstate New York. While there, I came across magazines like *Playboy* and *Maxim* that are good, but then yesterday a buddy slid over the June '10 issue of HUSTLER.

Wow, this is the magazine that I have been waiting for! It's all in one! Now I have a magazine that isn't just porn or just articles; it's everything I love: beautiful women, humor, sex, etc.

I have one suggestion: Please print more self-help tips for men, like the best cologne to use or the best way to shave or even what movies or porn sites to go to. HUSTLER is the strongest magazine I have ever seen, and it will only get stronger with readers' opinions. I also love how thick the magazine is. It wipes away the competition and makes the reader feel important.

When I get out of this jail (hopefully before this letter gets to you, but who knows with my ass-fucked county and state), I will definitely become a subscriber.
—Josh Fatjo
Corbin, Kentucky

All or Nothing

"The officer gleefully replied, 'He was found murdered.'" Wow, HUSTLER, that's quite a hilarious punch line to your joke involving a father and his murdered cross-dressing son [*HUSTLER Humor*, August '10].

I am truly shocked to see such a statement contained within your pages. I was always under the impression that your magazine celebrated all forms of sexuality, no matter how deviant they may be deemed by particular sectors of society.

From bestiality gags to incest and granny sex, from lesbianism to gang-bangs, from interracial sex to barely legal girls, your magazine has always presented entertainment "For the Rest of the World." But the moment a man dares to touch another man, he is placed into a category suitable for execution?

Shame on you, HUSTLER, for revealing such hatred! You owe all your readers an apology for this irresponsible attempt at humor. After all, according to Mr. Flynt himself, "It's just sex."
—Tim Kober
San Jose, California

The "deviant" behavior in our joke was that of a close-minded police officer, not the cross-dresser.

New High

Holy shit! I flipped through the September 2010 HUSTLER, and I thought I was madly in love with the totally hot Janie Summers [*Movie Buff*]. Then I came to page 76 and fell in love forever. Chikita [*Rub Her the Right Way*] is the most beautiful woman who has ever stepped foot on this planet. HUSTLER always shows us the best. Thank you for Chikita. Carpal tunnel syndrome is likely.
—Jon S. Michaud
Waterville, Maine



Lust for love: September '10 centerfold Chikita proves that HUSTLER readers are hopeless romantics.

Worldly Goal

When I first read your soccer article [*World Cup 2010: Another U.S. Miracle?*, August '10], I thought maybe the writer had knocked back a few too many. I never thought I'd see the words *U.S. national team* and *World Cup champions* in the same sentence.

But now, as I write this, the U.S. has managed to go undefeated in group play and advance to the Round of 16 thanks to a miraculous, last-minute goal. I have to admit, your article looks a lot less like a drunken fantasy now.**—A.O.**
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Rebuttal

I was looking through my new issue and saw another letter from a jerk who doesn't like HUSTLER anymore [*Feedback*, September '10]. The letter writer, Walter Simons from some hick town in Arizona, says he doesn't like HUSTLER's political comments and articles. Well, Mr. Simons, that is one of the main reasons why I love HUSTLER and respect Mr. Larry Flynt. You see, HUSTLER believes in free speech and telling it the way it is.

I have a tip for people like Mr. Simons: You can always go to *Playboy*, a magazine that is totally brain dead when it comes to useful political articles. As for me, I will always subscribe to HUSTLER, the one magazine I can trust for hard-hitting, honest articles and opinions. **—Dennis D. Comstock**
North Muskegon, Michigan

Flash of Genius

I have an invention: One end of a rubber hose in Sarah Palin's mouth and the other end up her ass. If she farts, she's a goner. And when Palin opens her mouth and starts talking shit, it will go right back up her own ass and not stink up the air. This makes it possible for even a ditzy bitch like Sarah Palin to go green! **—Gregory Podsada**
Trevor, 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.

Join Transocean

We Take Care of Our Own

(The environment is somebody else's problem.)

A message from Transocean CEO Steven Newman:

If you're looking for a company you can count on (and make massive profits with), then Transocean Ltd. is for you. We just gave our shareholders $1 billion in profits and dividends—after the oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico. The press and the government can't touch us. We can do whatever we want. As we speak, our legal team is hard at work making sure the most we'll pay in damages is just under $27 million. That is a drop in the bucket compared to the billions we'll make in profits. All the fish may die, but we'll be swimming in money. With the profits you'll make from working with us, you'll be able to fly your shrimp in from anywhere you want.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody and commentary about how Transocean Ltd., the giant offshore drilling contractor that leased its Deepwater Horizon rig to BP, is focused on profits at a time when it should be focused on cleaning up the mess it made of the Gulf Coast and beyond. For more information, check out **ThinkProgress.org**. 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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MARK SOUDER

You remember Mark Souder, don't you? He's that Indiana Republican who resigned from the House of Representatives when it was revealed he'd had an extramarital affair with Tracy Meadows Jackson, a married staffer. This came as a big surprise because, according to those who knew Souder best, the evangelical Christian and champion of family values once bragged that he was working in Congress to change the "moral direction" of our country. Interesting strategy.

Souder, 60, who voted for a ban on partial-birth abortions, is a big proponent of abstinence for unwed people. Sex, he maintains, should be confined to marriage. He just hasn't said *whose* marriage. Apparently not his. Or hers.

The most ironic thing about the affair was the videotape Souder made, in which Ms. Jackson lobs softball questions at her boss so he could extol the virtues of abstinence. The first thing we noticed when watching the video was that Ms. Jackson is superhot! And that Souder has the face of a horse that's been thrown off the Empire State Building.

It's not hard to imagine what Souder was thinking when he decided to cheat on Diane, his wife of 36 years. "This could cost me my career," the two-timer must have reckoned. "But just look at that staffer of mine, and look at me. I'll never get a chance like this again. Fuck my career!"

It is, however, hard to imagine what Ms. Jackson was thinking. Even with possible daddy issues, she couldn't possibly have been attracted to Souder physically. So what does that leave? His intellect? Get real! Souder has a brain the size of a neutrino.

Just look at Souder's record in Congress: He voted against repealing tax cuts on oil companies, against modifying bankruptcy rules to avoid mortgage foreclosures, against the jobs stimulus package, against prohibiting job discrimination based on sexual orientation, against increasing the minimum wage and against domestic partnership benefits.

In regard to that last item, Souder argued the bill would undercut the "values of traditional marriage" that "we have always paid tribute to." By "paid tribute to" we assume he meant banging another man's wife. (Actually, when you think about it, adultery and lying have become staples of the traditional marriage.)

Of course, there is one possible reason Ms. Jackson might have decided to have sex with the old fart bag: Souder reportedly paid more than $76,000 for her (ahem) services plus $10,000 in travel reimbursements. Say what you want about this God-fearing Christian, at least he never considered going to a prostitute!

Getting back to Souder's Congressional record, the antiworker, anti-environment and pro-business member of the House earned another black mark: He voted to end the moratorium on offshore oil drilling and against mandating that oil companies pay a fee for the right to extract oil from the Gulf of Mexico. So in a very real sense the Gulf catastrophe lands at his feet (among others'). Souder's kind of thinking has cost taxpayers billions of dollars and a devastated environment. If someone had asked us, we would have suggested shoving Souder down BP's well to stop the gushing oil.

Interestingly enough, when Souder resigned, he announced, "In this poisonous environment of Washington, D.C., any personal failing is seized upon, often twisted, for political gain. I'm resigning rather than put my family through that painful, drawn-out process." So if we understand Souder correctly, he quit solely to protect his family from the media, not because he failed to keep his pants zipped.

A few weeks after uttering the foregoing gem, Souder recalibrated a tad, saying he had always planned to leave office even though he'd just survived a blistering primary. So what about the malarkey that he stepped down to protect his family? Was he lying then? Or now? It has to be one of them.

In no way do we disparage Souder for nailing Tracy Meadows Jackson. That's what men do, given the opportunity. Instead, we disparage him for being a hypocrite who strutted around Capitol Hill and his home turf as if he and God regularly chewed the fat at the local sports bar. God: "What's shakin', Mark? How do you like that hot chick I fixed you up with?" Souder: "She's terrific, Lord. Great tits!" God: "I made 'em myself."

We take smug satisfaction in knowing this Asshole's life now lies in ruins. Wherever Souder goes, everyone will see him for what he is: a lying, hypocritical adulterer who humiliated his own wife and Ms. Jackson's husband. As for his political career, Souder will be lucky if he can get elected as a representative of Sin City. Fuck you, Souder! You're just one more Christian hypocrite.

(Note to Diane Souder: We went out of our way to mention you by name in this commentary so you'd be able to use that against your husband the next time you're screaming at him about his infidelity. You know, as in "It's because of *you* that my name appeared in that horrible porn magazine!" Use our gift wisely.)

FARTS IN THE WIND

•LAURENCE AND MARIANNE SUNDERLAND are the parents of a then-16-year-old girl who attempted to become the youngest sailor to circumnavigate the globe solo. Although some bloggers believe the "born-again" couple deserved to be shot for allowing Abby Sunderland to risk her life on the high seas as part of a possible reality TV show, we are content to designate them as child-abusing Farts in the Wind. Remember, the Sunderlands also gave the green light to their then-16-year-old son Zac, whose round-the-world journey was miraculously completed despite storms and even a confrontation with pirates. However, Abby's risky odyssey—which began in January, meaning she would face wintry conditions by the time she reached the menacing Indian Ocean—was beset by various mechanical problems, then harrowingly cut short while her parents were safe and sound in California. Whether or not the Sunderlands prosper from their daughter's ordeal, Australian taxpayers ponied up an estimated million-plus dollars to mount a rescue operation. In hindsight, Richard Heene—the reality-show dreamer who masterminded the Balloon Boy hoax—doesn't seem like a bad dad at all. His kid was never in danger.

•GEORGE REKERS is a Christian minister and a key player in the "cure homosexuality" movement. Nevertheless, the rabid antigay activist was exposed as a true hypocrite after he reportedly hired a male escort on RentBoy.com to carry his luggage on a European trip. We're wondering why a straight Bible-thumper wasn't recruited.



"Tiger Woods and Jesse James go to sex-addiction therapy because their wives found out they were fucking around? This isn't America, goddammit! I want my country back!"

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Vicky Vette



Evan Seinfeld and girls

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

A few months back the 18th Adultcon was held at the Los Angeles Convention Center. On hand were dozens of porn stars, including Sunny Leone, Lupe Fuentes, Vicky Vette and Monica Mayhem. All the ladies were more than glad to meet, greet and take money from their adoring fans.



Lupe Fuentes



Sunny Leone



Misty Stone



Athena Pleasures and Alex Devine

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"One need not be a chamber to be haunted; one need not be a house. The brain has corridors surpassing material place." —EMILY DICKINSON, AUTHOR



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Here's great news for all you Web surfers out there: HustlerMagazine.com has been totally revamped! Our awesome Web site offers everything you love about HUSTLER for free—except the hard-core pictures. Sorry, but for those you still have to buy the magazine. Check it out for yourself at **HustlerMagazine.com**.

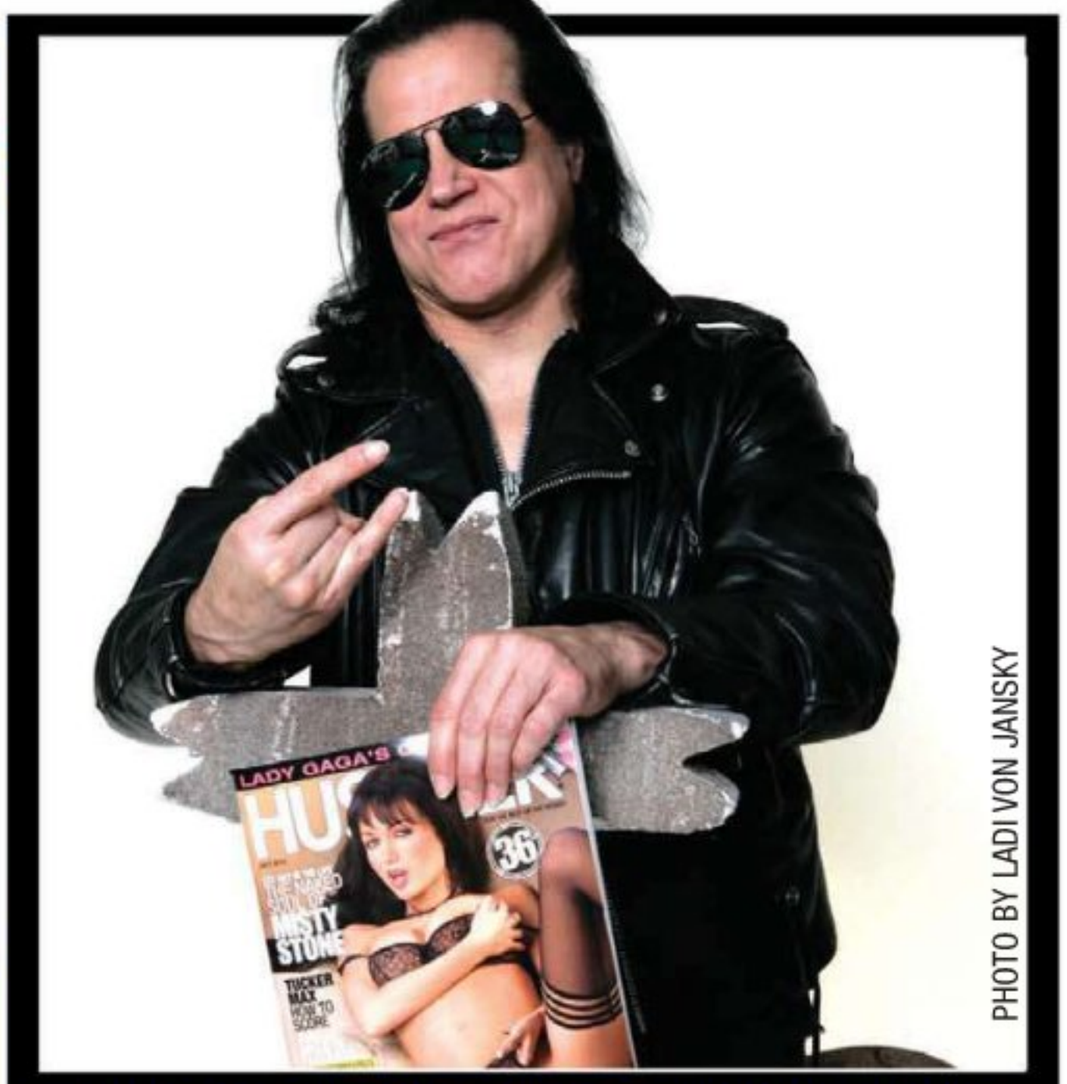
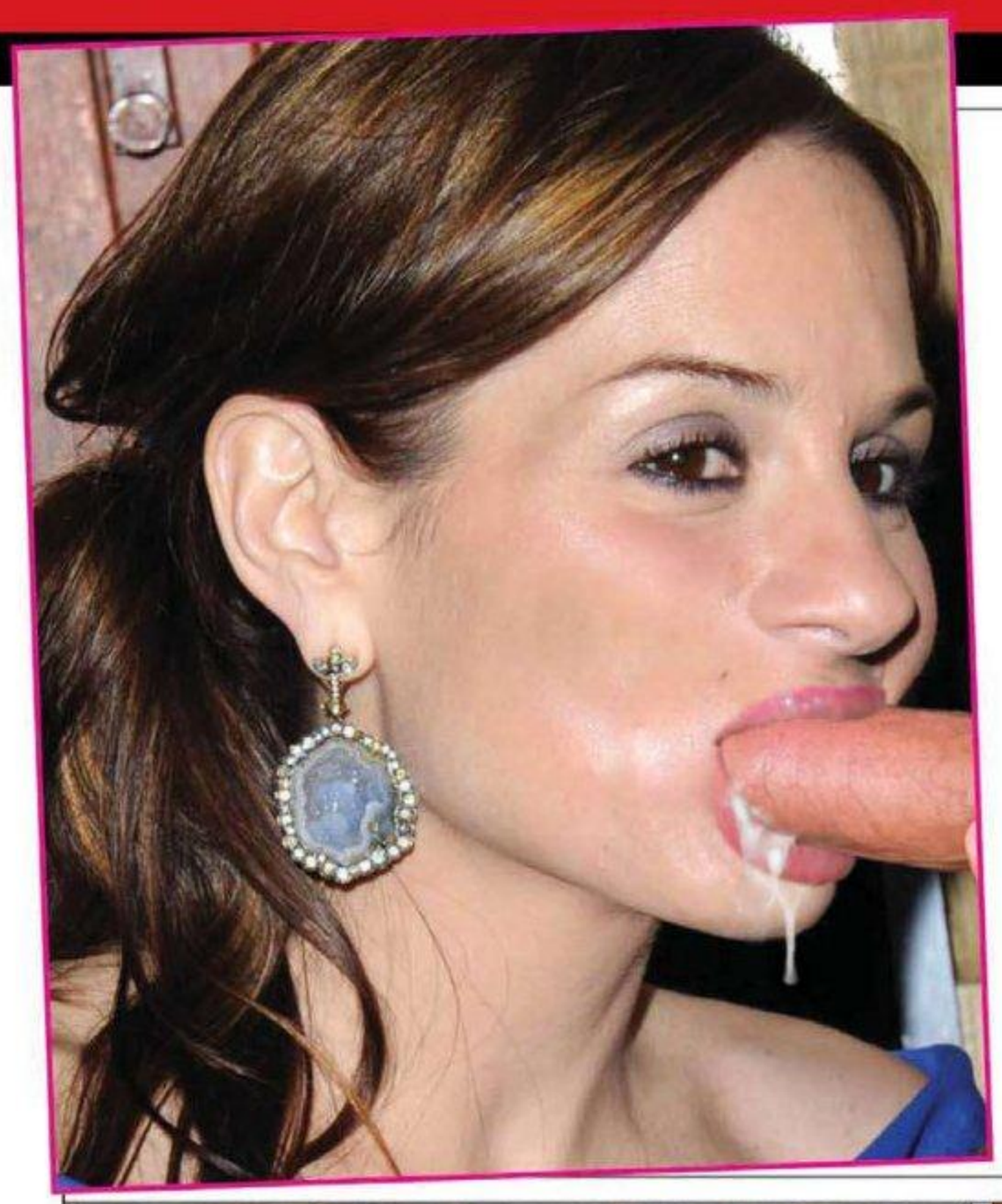


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Glenn Danzig is a very serious man who never smiles. That is, until we handed him a HUSTLER. Honest, that's him smiling. Check out our exclusive interview beginning on page 54 of this issue.



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Kara DioGuardi* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Seeing *American Idol* judge Kara DioGuardi with a dick in her mouth really makes our heart sing!

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Kara DioGuardi actually exists. If it did, Simon Cowell probably wouldn't have left the show. 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.

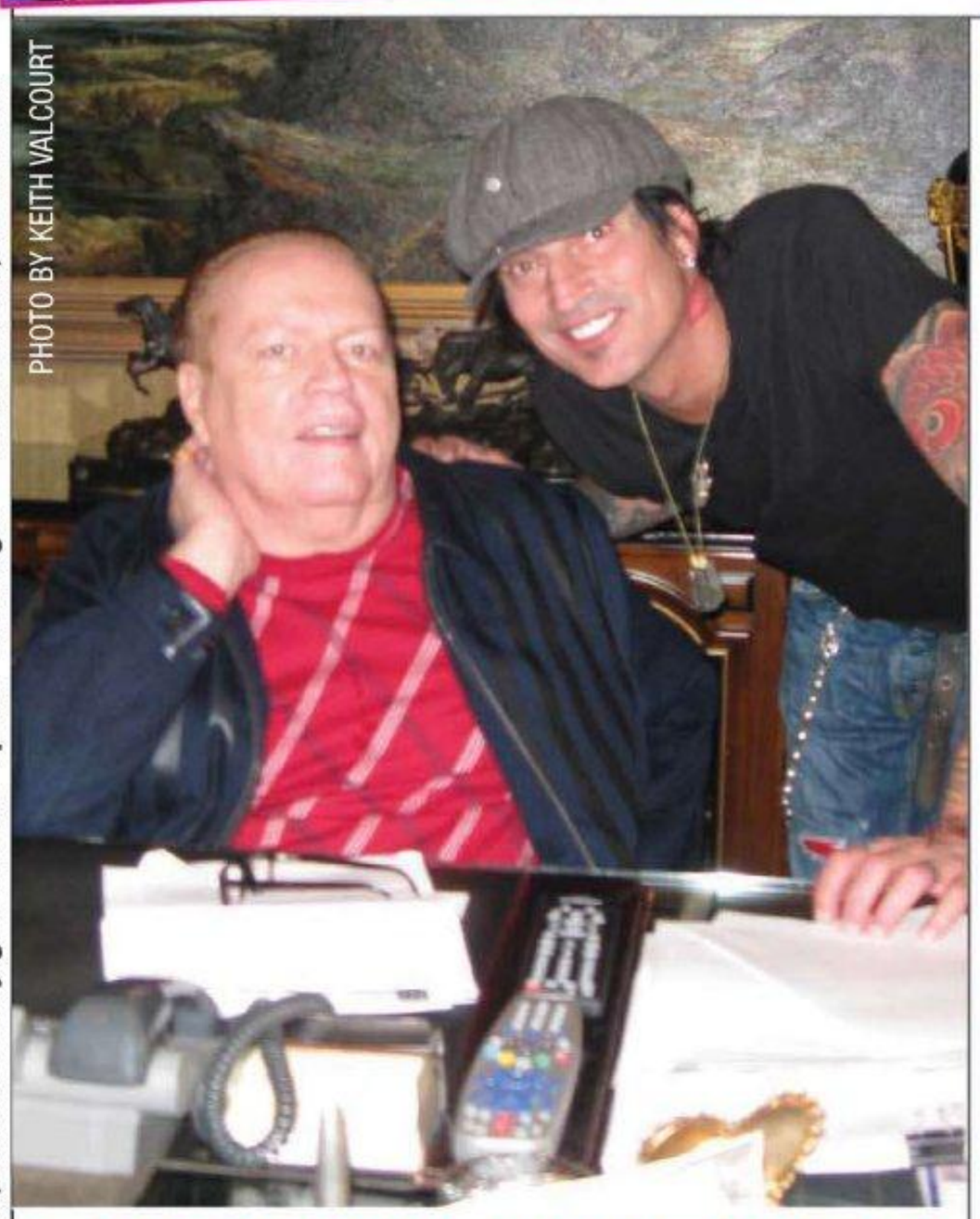


PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

"Halloween is huge in my house, and we really get into the 'spirits' of things." —DEE SNIDER, ROCK STAR

FAMOUS FRIENDS

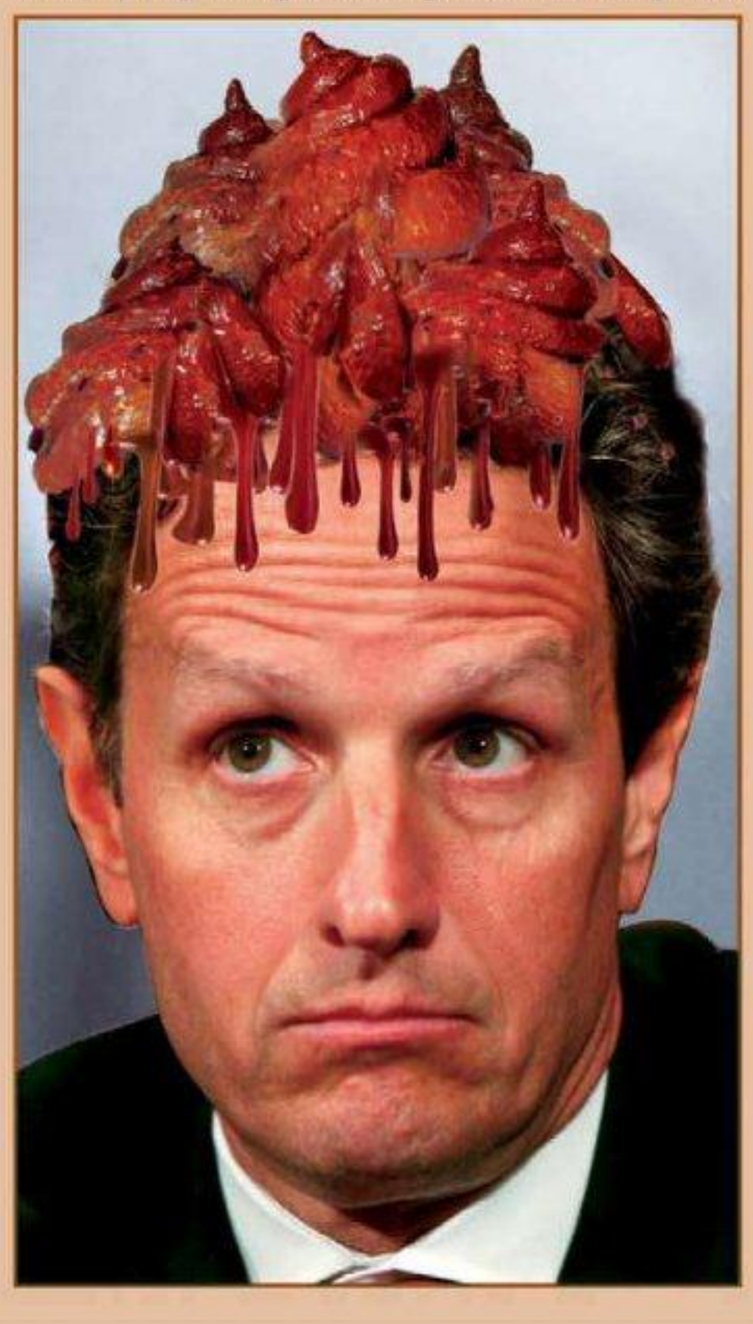
When Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee stopped by HUSTLER recently, he had one question: "Where's Larry?" The two old friends reminisced about the wild parties that used to go down at "Flynt Manor" back in the 1980s.

Watch for our Tommy Lee interview in an upcoming issue. He'll be talking about his new Methods of Mayhem CD and much more.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #9

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

U.S. Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner continues to misguide the Obama Administration by maintaining economist Milton Friedman's philosophy regarding bank regulation. Among other things, Geithner doesn't support the Volcker Rule, which would prevent banks speculating in high-risk hedge funds from getting taxpayer guarantees. And he's come out against the proposal of Blanche Lincoln (D-Arkansas) to spin off derivatives trading from banks entirely. So Wall Street continues to take the same kind of risks that caused the 2008 financial meltdown, once again putting the taxpayers in jeopardy. For that reason we have added yet another piece of shit on Geithner's head. We will continue to "honor" Timmy boy every month until he resigns or is fired.



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NEWSBITES

Animal Magnetism

A resident of Brookville, Pennsylvania, was charged with public drunkenness after his neighbor saw the man getting amorous with a partner in public. Doesn't seem like a good reason to bust the dude—until you hear that he was making out with a dead possum. The guy claimed he was trying to resuscitate the recently road-killed critter with mouth-to-mouth CPR. Sure, that's what he was doing. The Good Samaritan wasn't trying to fuck it.

Nun of That

Times are tough all over, even for nuns. In the small town of Mönchhof, Austria, a group of sisters in need of some cash came up with a brilliant idea: converting their convent into a massage parlor and health spa! Besides rub-downs, the nuns offer fitness classes and use high-pressure jets of mineral water to stimulate the skin. For around 150 bucks you can get the "full treatment." We have to wonder if that includes a happy ending. And would it be considered a religious experience if a nun gave us full release?

Facing Hard Time

Even the stupidest crook knows that if you're going to rob someone, you should wear a disguise and that the get-up should cover your whole face! This is especially true if you have distinctive facial tattoos! A 20-year-old "genius" from Colorado, who has the words *East Side* tattooed on his upper lip and the number *13* on his chin, was easy to catch after a robbery. By the time the inked imbecile was fingered for the crime, he was already in jail on a drug charge.

Pubic Service Announcement

Some of the biggest names in porn—including Alektra Blue, Kaylani Lei, Kimberly Kane, Joanna Angel, Julie Meadows, Sinnamon Love, Charlie Laine and Ron Jeremy—recently assembled for a video shoot. But the XXX performers weren't part of an all-star gang-bang. They volunteered for a public service announcement by the Free Speech Coalition, which has launched a campaign aimed at people who illegally download porn on the Internet. Remember, if you steal porn, people like Ron Jeremy might not be able to make a living. That means they'll need a place to live. Do you really want the Hedgehog crashing on your couch?

RIDICULOUS RUBBERS



Here's another in our series of crazy condoms. Sadly, the World's Biggest Condom (shown here next to a regular rubber) was still too small for us. Thanks to L.J. of West Hollywood, California, for providing this preposterous prophylactic.

Now it's your turn. Send us the strangest condom (or a picture of it) you've ever seen. If we feature it in HUSTLER, we'll send you a free T-shirt. Mail your submission to HUSTLER Magazine, Ridiculous Rubbers/Crazy Condoms, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

SIGN OF THE TIMES



A one-stop place where we can get booze *and* vagina? Count us in! Thanks to J.H. of Winsted, Minnesota, for sharing this photo.

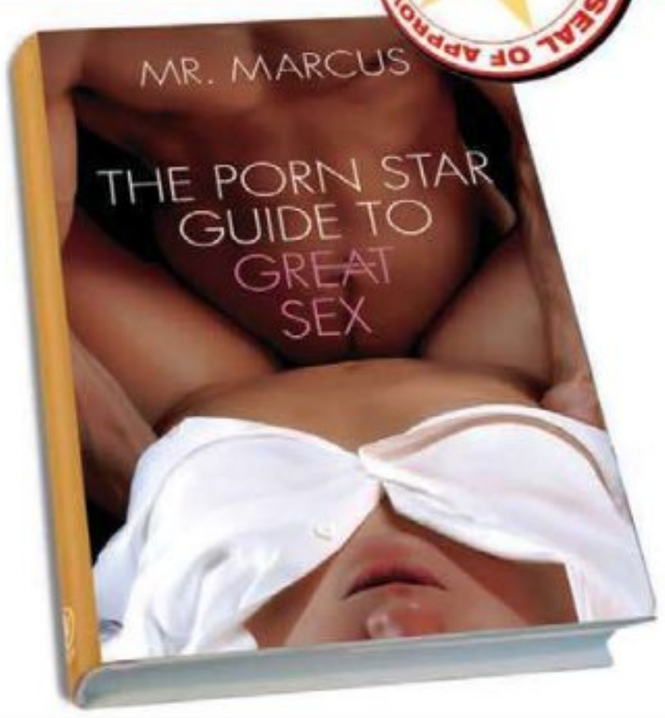
Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Mr. Marcus knows a thing or two about sex. The award-winning XXX actor has appeared in more than 1,000 films. Now he's gathered up his vast knowledge of the ins and outs of sex (mostly the ins) into a smartly written how-to manual.

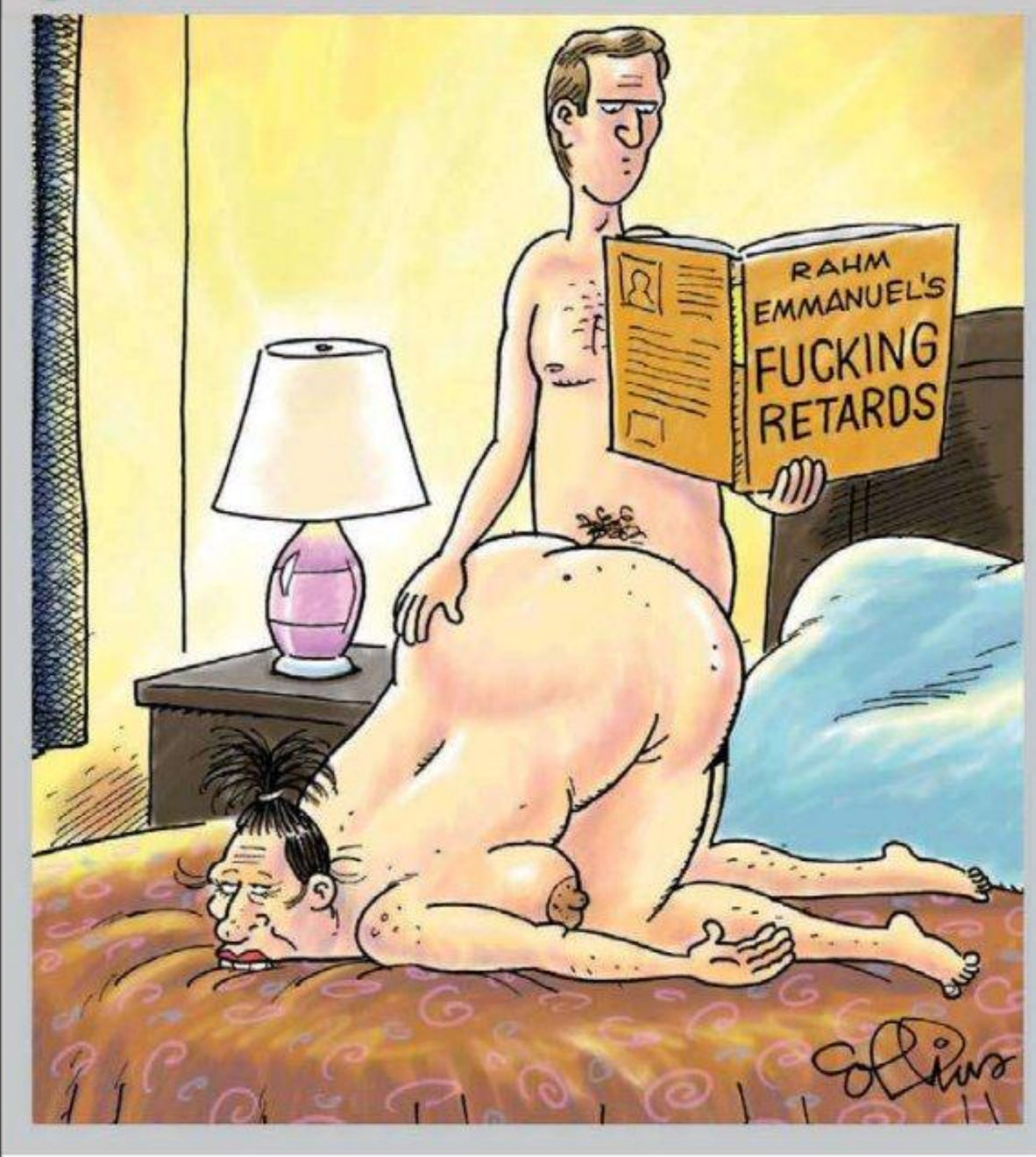
The Porn Star Guide to Great Sex promises to teach us mortals all we need to know about getting it on. However, the book doesn't offer pointers on how to turn your little dick into a monster tent pole. You're on your own there.

The Porn Star Guide to Great Sex by Mr. Marcus is available in bookstores now.

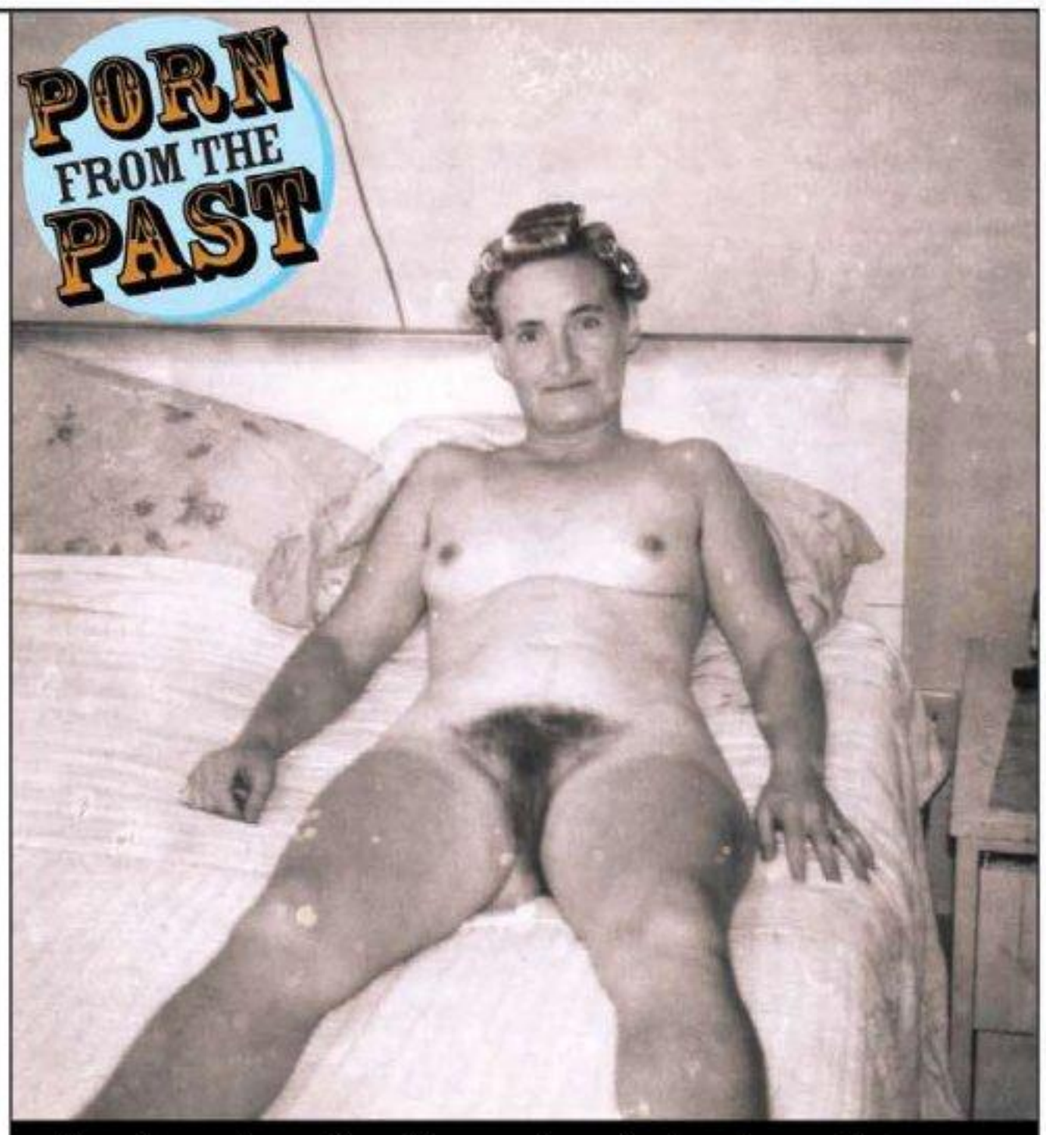


"Where there is no imagination, there is no horror." —SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, WRITER

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



PORN FROM THE PAST

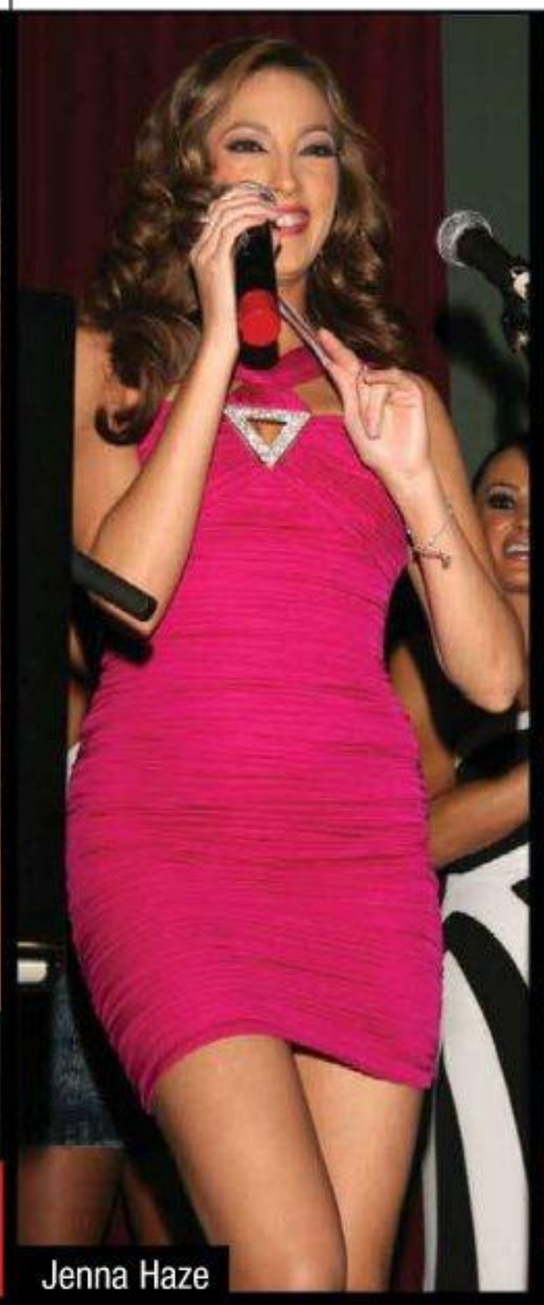


If a picture is worth a thousand words, here's one that says, "Happy Halloween!" Thanks to J.M. of New Castle, Pennsylvania, for this scary photo.

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.

"I'll bet living in a nudist colony takes all the fun out of Halloween." —HENNY YOUNGMAN, COMIC


Sunny Lane, Syren and Lexi Love


Jenna Haze


Bobbi Starr

CRITICS' CHOICE

The XRCO (X-Rated Critics Organization) recently held its annual awards ceremony at the Highlands nightclub in Hollywood. The event, which honors the best and hottest in the world of adult entertainment, is kind of like the Golden Globes—only with more cum.

Among those taking home the XRCO's coveted heart-shaped piece of wood were Kagney Linn Karter (New Starlet), Jenna Haze (Orgasmic Analist) and Bobbi Starr (Orgasmic Oralist and Superslut). Plus LFP Video and X-Play captured the best comedy/parody award for *Not Married With Children XXX*. But when you really think hard about it, aren't all porn stars winners?

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

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CANDIE LOVETT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHH! PRODUCTIONS

Who's Your Mummy?

Here's a Halloween treat you're sure to enjoy: the lovely **Candie Lovett** as a sexy mummy—totally unwrapped!

"You're going to think it's weird," **Candie** coos, "but I love being scared so much that it makes me wet. No joke. You know when you watch a horror movie and your heart starts racing? Something about that rush of adrenaline gets my juices flowing.

"My old boyfriend knew I was a little freaky. Last Halloween he surprised me by dressing up like Freddy Krueger and hiding in my apartment. When I got home, he popped out and started ripping off my clothes. At first I freaked out and was screaming because I wasn't sure who the guy was. Once he took off his pants, I recognized my boyfriend's cock. I was so hot that I fucked him right there. I wouldn't even let him take off the mask or costume."

Find more









For the most part, movie monsters aren't **Candie's** thing. "Normally I'm old-fashioned and want a man who can protect me from the bad guys," she says. "I like the strong, hero type, like Patrick Swayze in *Ghost*. I totally believe in ghosts. I hope that when I die, I'm able to hang around and haunt all my old asshole boyfriends who treated me badly. I'll show up in their bedrooms at night, pull the covers off them and make fun of their small dicks. That would be cool."

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CANDIE LOVETT'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Battle Creek, Michigan | AGE: 33 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5





DOUBLE FEATURE!

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Wishful Thinking Comes to Life

My fist moved up and down my fuckstick in a steady rhythm. My throbber glistened with baby oil. I was sitting on the bed, staring into the mirror, watching myself masturbate. Completely naked, I indulged in my favorite fantasy: In my mind I was fucking for an audience.

I could see myself onstage with a beautiful babe—a blonde this time, I decided, with heavy, natural breasts, shapely legs and a heart-shaped tattoo on the small of her back. I was tonguing her tight butt cheeks, and she was talking smut—telling me how thick and fat my dick looked. She said she wanted it deep in her throat, drilling her snatch, then slamming her little virgin ass.

I could hear the appreciative murmurs from our onlookers. Everyone was staring at us, and it made my heart race. My pulse throbbed in my cock as I stood, and the blonde dropped to her knees. Encouraged by the cheering crowd, she sucked my prick between her lips and kept sucking, inch by inch, till her nose was buried in my pubes. I held her hair back from her face so everyone could see everything.

The girl was one sloppy cocksucker. Spit dripped over my nut sac as her throat clutched around my crown. Damn, it felt good. Even better was the reaction from our audience. I was a fuckin' porn star, turning all those people on. In the back of the room someone started clapping.

The clapping grew louder, and I snapped out of my reverie—only to see the reflection of my wife Carmen and her best friend Ally standing in the bedroom doorway, applauding. They were supposed to be shopping! My cheeks flushed, and for a second I felt like crawling under a rock. But Carmen knows all about my little masturbation sessions, my exhibitionist dreams, and I guess it occurred to her that right now might be the time to make those dreams come true. I saw Carmen whisper in Ally's ear and start to strip off her own dress. To me she said, "Darling, you and I are going to make love, and Ally here is going to watch us." We were about to fuck for an audience!

My eyes flitted back and forth from Carmen stripping to Ally ogling my pecker, which grew even longer and stiffer under her gaze. I lay back on the mattress and waited for my missus as she bared her lush curves. My wife looks a lot like a young Lynda Carter, if you've seen that old show *Wonder Woman*. Carmen is a tall, confident, full-figured amazon, and there was no question who was in charge as she straddled my poker. She lowered her snizz till her jet-black bush was tickling my prick cap, then invited her girlfriend to move closer.

Ally knelt right beside the bed, her eyes bright. She was still fully clothed, but I saw her slip a hand beneath her skirt as, ever so slowly, my wife lowered her twat onto my pole. I struggled to focus on baseball, algebra, my asshole boss, anything to step my excitement back and make this dream fuck last.

Carmen's twat was wetter than water. She kept moaning and writhing and pinching her tit buds, determined to put on a good show for her friend. Soon I was bucking my ass off the bed, jamming full-length into Wonder Woman's tight cunt. Meanwhile, Ally's tongue kept flicking over her lips. Her hand was now moving a mile a minute. I don't think she dared blink for fear of missing a second of live porn action.

I was about to blast when Carmen stopped cold and climbed off—fuck! She kept tracing her fingers over my nut sac, driving me absolutely crazy, as she turned to Ally and offered, "How about a little audience participation?"

I could not believe my luck when Ally smiled and stuck out her tongue. Her head began moving closer to my cock, but the visual was just too much. I exploded. Streams of jism sprayed from my hose to splatter Ally's cheeks, her forehead, her tongue. I kept shooting till her face was glazed with cock cream, and both women started applauding again.

It was, without doubt, the best orgasm of my life. As I sat back, I wondered if, after this, ordinary, vanilla sex would ever truly satisfy me. Then I heard Carmen asking Ally if she and her husband wanted to stop by to see a show Saturday night.

—N.S.
Eugene, Oregon

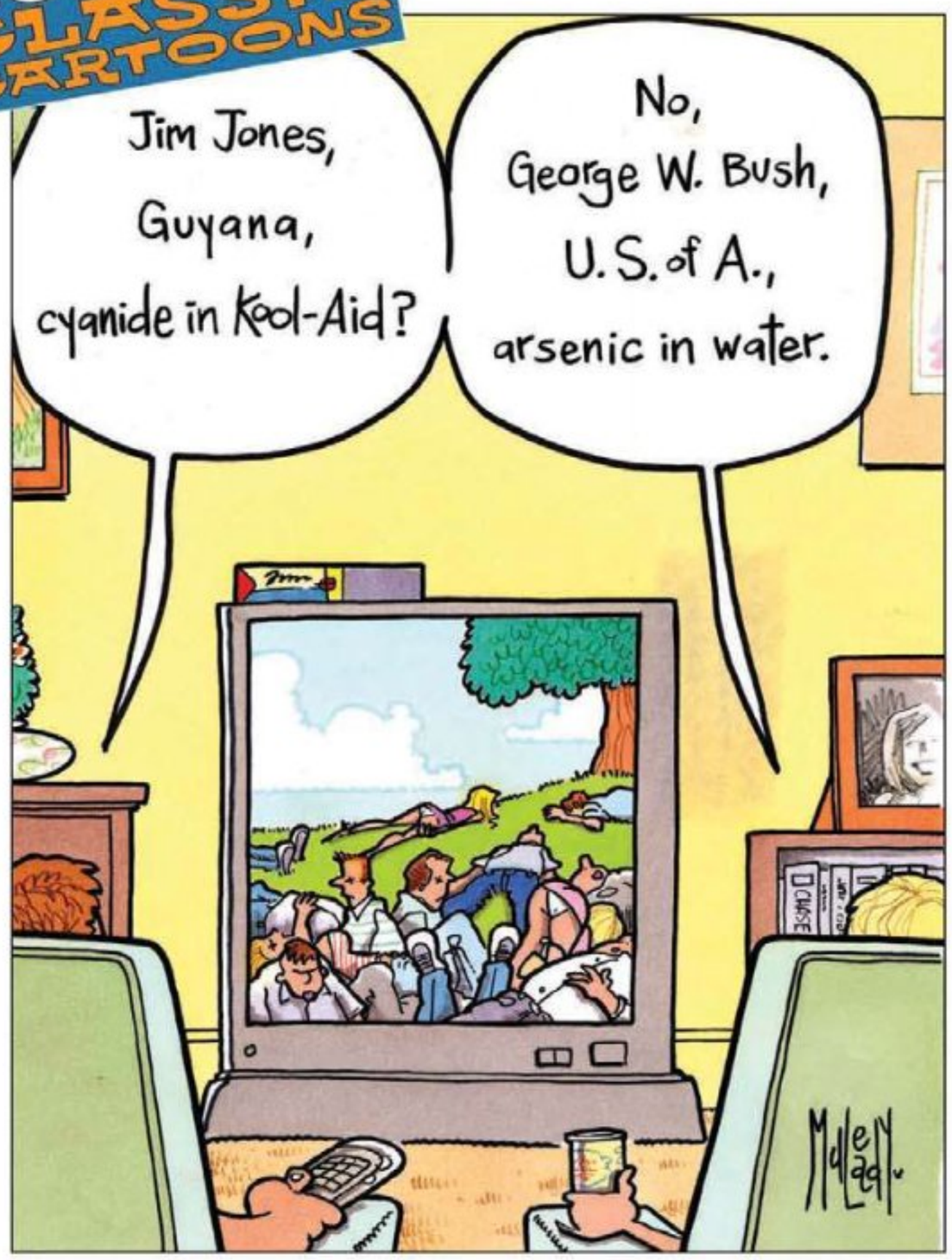


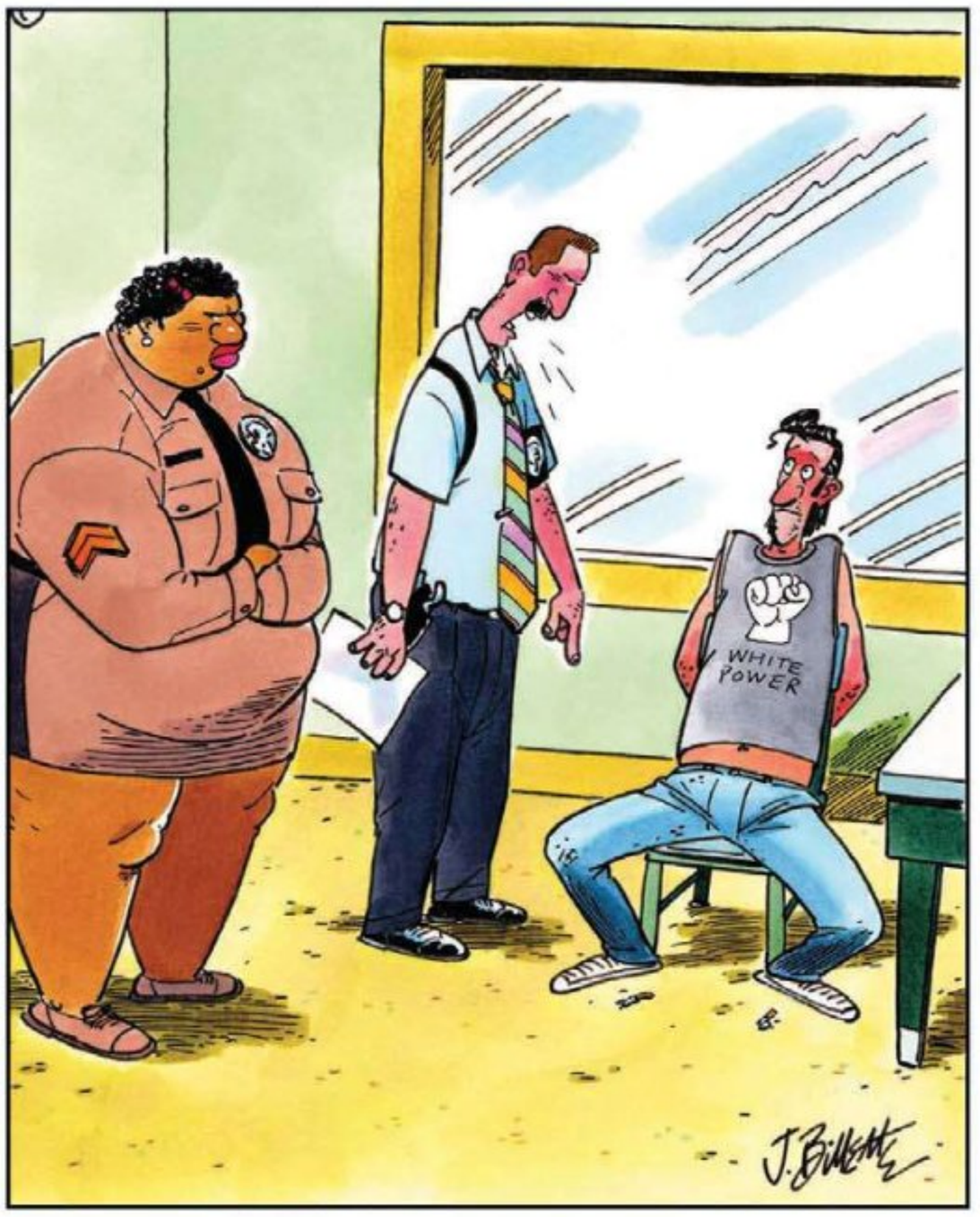
"Lady, you gotta take some of the blame here. If you liked sucking cock he wouldn't have to hire me."

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

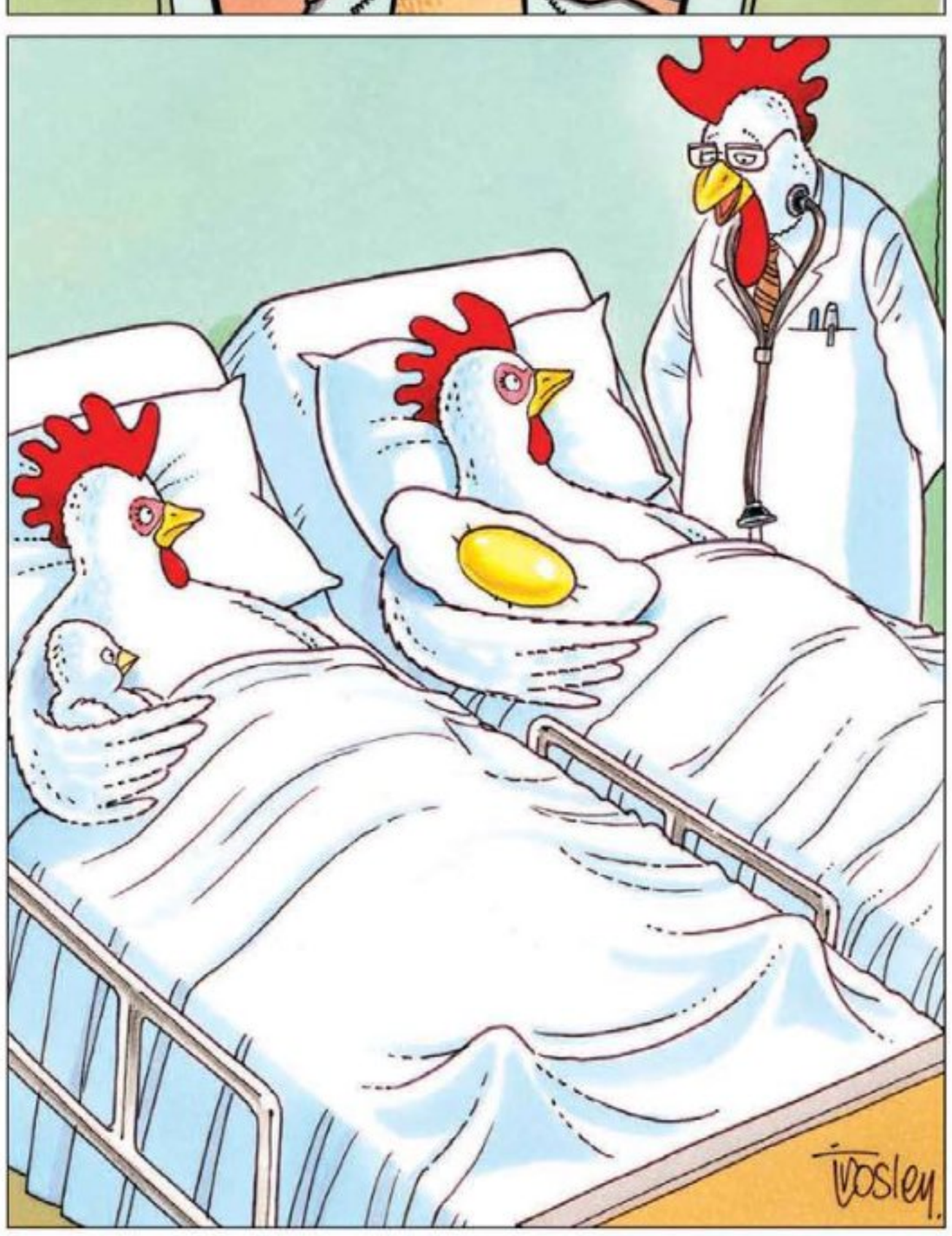
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HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS





"You've got one last chance to talk, or Officer Washington sits on your face!"



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Cluck. There's still a lot medical science doesn't know about Sunny-side up syndrome."



"Just once I wish you could watch an entire episode of *Knots Landing* without doing that!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ASH

PHOTO COURTESY OF NEW SENSATION

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BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

ASHLYNN BROOKE

THE XXX STAR'S LIFE HAS ALL THE ELEMENTS OF A CLASSIC COUNTRY AND WESTERN SONG.



PHOTO BY M. ALLAN NATHAN



PHOTO BY M. ALLAN NATHAN



PHOTO BY M. ALLAN NATHAN



PHOTO BY M. ALLAN NATHAN

"THE BALLAD OF ASHLYNN BROOKE," FIRST VERSE. She grew up in Choctaw, Oklahoma, a dusty, blue-collar burg whose most notable attraction, outside of a cheesy annual Oktoberfest celebrating imported beer, is its proximity to Oklahoma City, pretty much a larger version of the same homestead. Life got off to a rough start for little Ashlynn. Abandoned by her parents before she was six years old, she was brought up by her grandparents, a well-

will she?
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meaning couple who tried their best to shower her with the love and support her mom and dad were unwilling to give, but nothing can replace the bond of parenthood. Paging Johnny Cash.

Second verse, up-tempo. Ashlynn was a shy kid, but was pretty. Sex, she discovered as soon as she hit puberty and observed the loopy way boys acted around her, was power. She became a cheerleader and dated the high school quarterback. Nearing graduation at Choctaw High, Ashlynn seemed to be the quintessential, well-liked, well-adjusted, all-American girl.

Naturally, Ashlynn's loving grandma and grandpa couldn't have been prouder. After graduation, their granddaughter was set to enroll at the local community college. Ashlynn seemed on the path to a conventional, happy life in Middle America. But she wasn't meant for that. Perhaps when her parents walked away, they took that prospect with them.

Deep down inside, where hurt and hope live in uneasy proximity, Ashlynn Brooke was a bored, emotionally bruised, small-town teen looking for love and excitement in a backwater where she'd never find them.

Verse three, in which Ashlynn discovers the adult-entertainment business. During her senior year of high school, Ashlynn noticed that an attractive female classmate suddenly had better clothes and more cash than anyone else in school, even a brand-new car. Turned out the girl was moonlighting as a stripper.

Right after her 18th birthday, Ashlynn got a job dancing at the same club. She loved the attention and the cash. "Driving the boys crazy" took on a whole new meaning measured in dollars as she *(continued on page 58)*

PHOTO COURTESY OF NEW SENSATION



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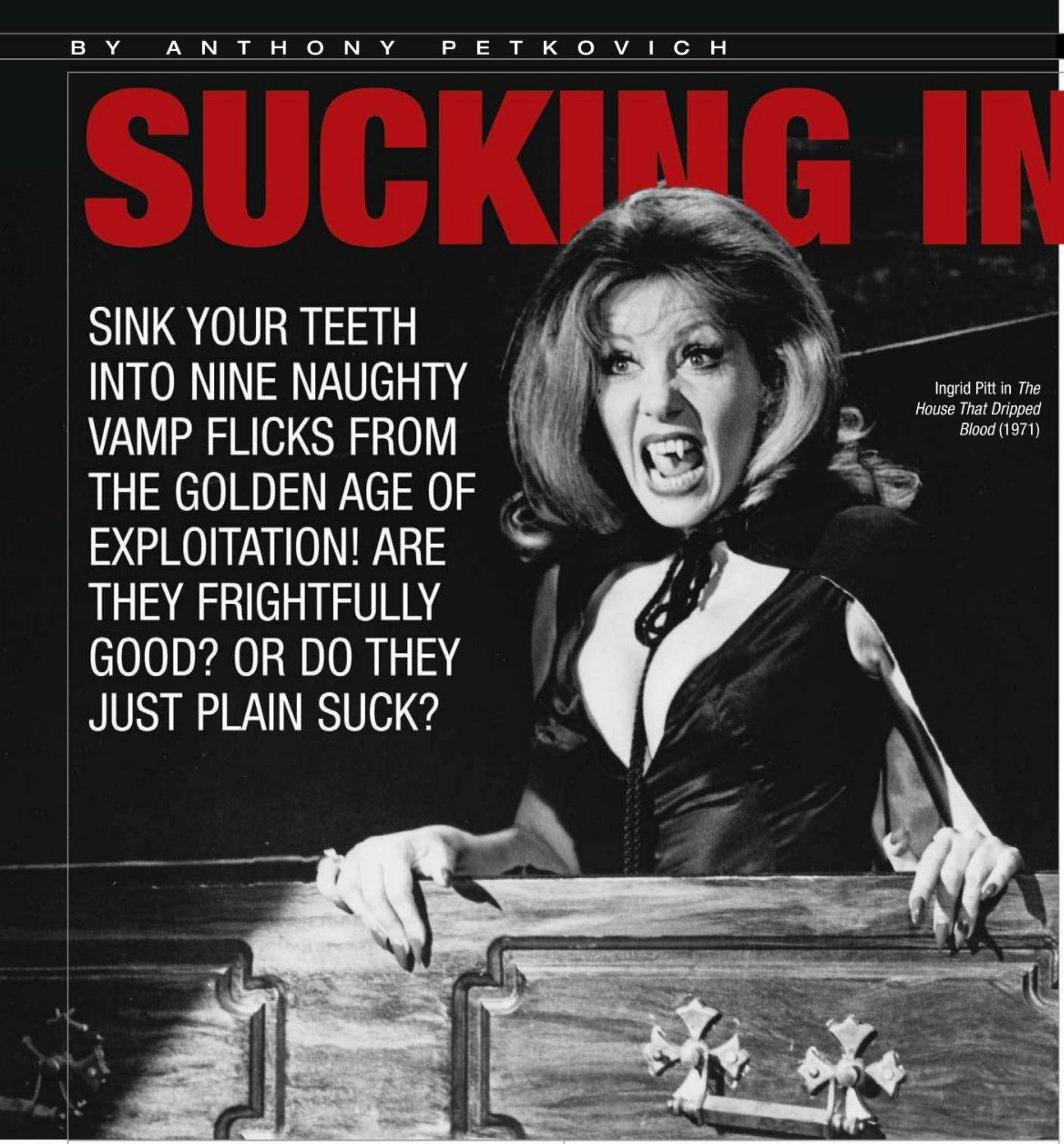
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THE EROTIC CRE

BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

SUCKING IN

SINK YOUR TEETH INTO NINE NAUGHTY VAMP FLICKS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF EXPLOITATION! ARE THEY FRIGHTFULLY GOOD? OR DO THEY JUST PLAIN SUCK?



Ingrid Pitt in *The House That Dripped Blood* (1971)

THE 1970s were the glory days of wild 'n' crazy exploitation films—raunch reels loaded with blood, guts and, but of course, plenty of sex. Free of the oppression of The Hayes Office and not yet under the tyranny of huge budgets requiring PG-13 ratings to recoup every dollar from every possible viewer, cheap-and-dirty pictures thrived in a general atmosphere of cheery licentiousness. If ever there was a great time to be a screen vampire, the '70s was it. Voracious bloodsuckers shared the big screen with a welcome abundance of babes baring bountiful bosoms and bodacious buttocks. While many of the era's vampire pix were really just nudies with teeth, some figures of cinematic distinction still passed through from time to time.

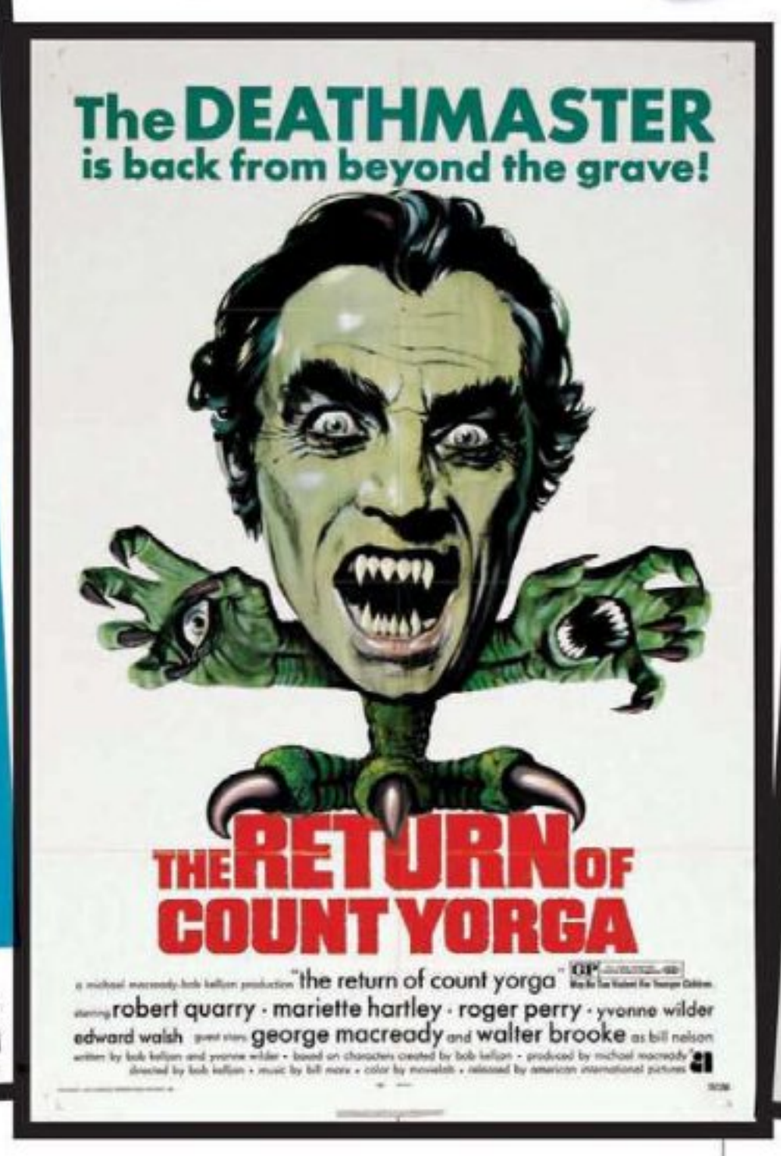
British-born Christopher Lee, in his late 80s and still making the occasional cameo, is now Sir Christopher Lee, having been knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in 2009. For all his achievements, he's still best known for his seven turns as Dracula for Hammer Studios, the powerhouse exploitation-flick factory of the U.K.'s Poverty Row producers. Beginning in 1958 with the seminal *Horror of Dracula* and ending in 1973 with the largely forgettable *Satanic Rites of Dracula*, Lee especially burns (and sucks) up the screen in 1970's *Scars of Dracula* and *Dracula A.D. 1972*, chewing the scenery and the pretty necks of youthful maidens with inexhaustible gusto.

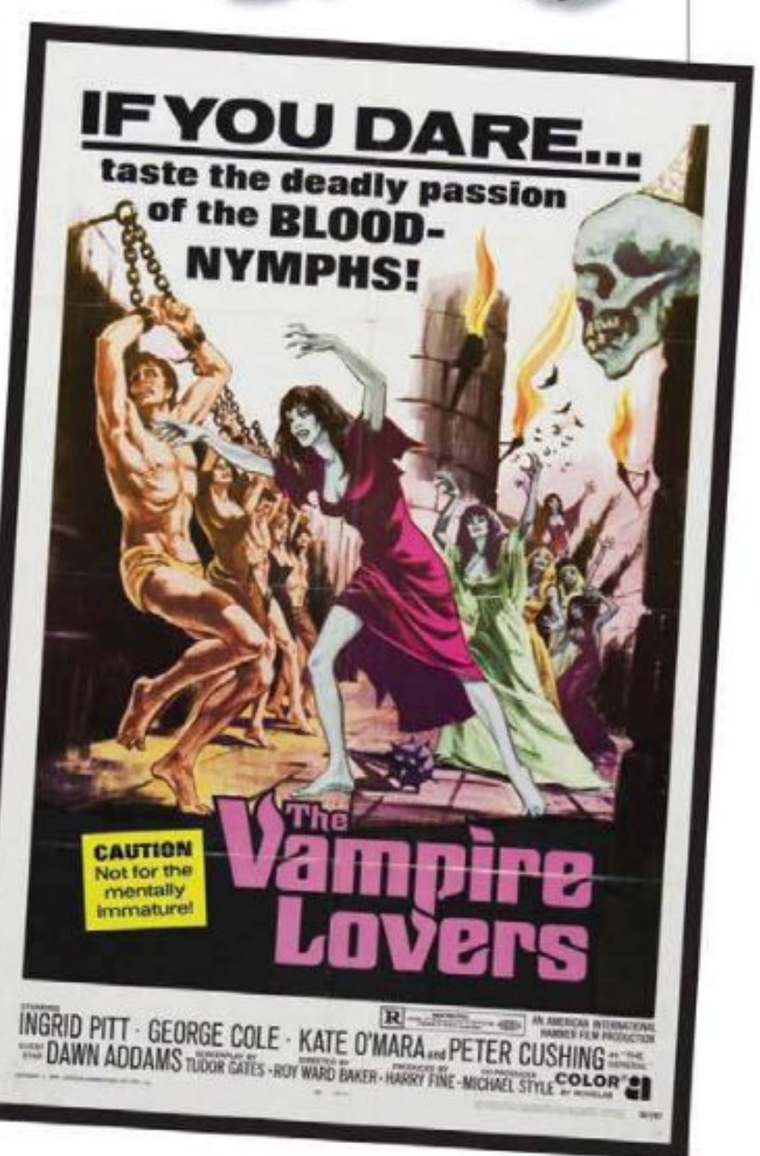
Thespian Robert Quarry got his start as an extra in Alfred

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THE '70s!







Hitchcock's early serial killer entry *Shadow of a Doubt*. Quarry made his cinematic mark with a string of low-end-but-effective horror movies for Roger Corman's American International Pictures in the early-to-mid-'70s, including the highly profitable brace of Count Yorga movies that ultimately made him world-famous, or at least infamous.

Director Roy Ward Baker began as an assistant director on Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes* (1938), later directing Marilyn Monroe in *Don't Bother to Knock* (1952). But Baker's best-known title is what critics consider the most accurate of all movies about the *Titanic*, *A Night to Remember* (1958), winning a Golden Globe for Best English-Language Foreign Film in 1959.

For all those prestigious credits, we prefer to remember him as auteur of the horror entry *Scars of Dracula*, one of the very best titles in Hammer's cavalcade of caped 'n' fanged Romanian rogues.

Conversely, American director Richard Blackburn only directed one picture, 1975's *Lemora: A Child's Tale of the Supernatural*, a film so thick with eerie, otherworldly atmosphere it has a pulplike, EC Comics feel to it. *Lemora* is nightmarishly unforgettable and genuinely scary.

We honor these greats of the cinematic undead with our recognition of nine fang-bearing, exploitation-cult gems from the garish, graphic, gory, groin-grinding 1970s (all of which you can conveniently purchase on **Amazon.com**).

COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE (1970)

MGM Home Entertainment

Cast: Robert Quarry, Roger Perry, Donna Anders, Marsha Jordan.



The late Robert Quarry does a phenomenal job as the suave-yet-spooky jugular junkie. During a midnight séance somewhere in L.A., Yorga (masquerading as a spirit-communicating Bulgarian nobleman) winds up scaring the shit out of a group of youths while secretly putting a spell on the sexiest femme of the lot. Naturally, there's a creepy castle loaded with cobwebs, bats and longhaired vampiras clothed in (*yowza!*) bust-revealing gowns as the Count, rather indiscreetly, rips his way through one hippie chickie after another.

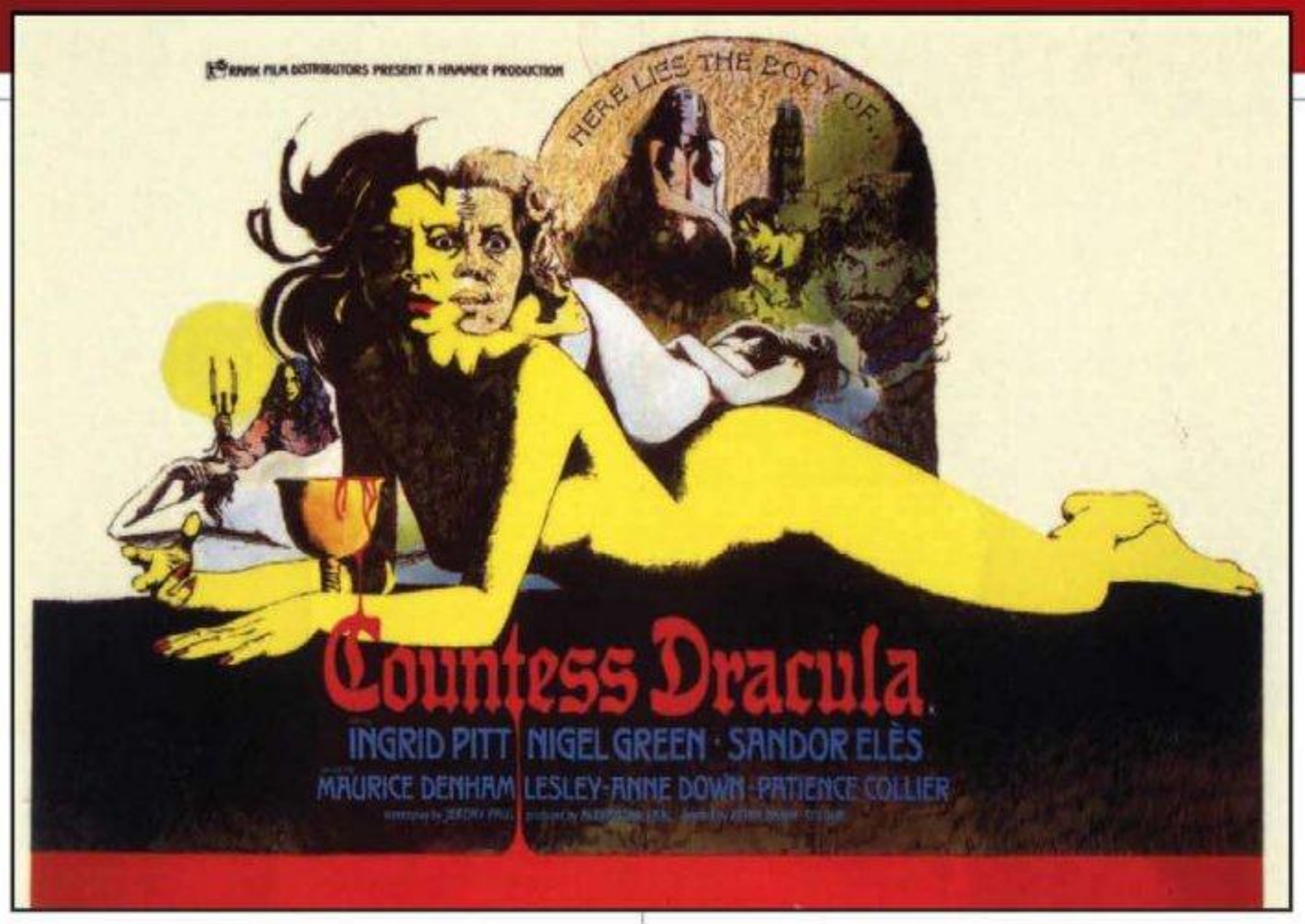
RETURN OF COUNT YORGA (1971)

MGM Home Entertainment

Cast: Robert Quarry, Mariette Hartley, Roger Perry, Yvonne Wilder.



The winds of Santa Ana revive Yorga and his sexy harem of female fangsters, who gleefully terrorize an isolated orphanage. A long list of scary scenes ensues, with



many of Yorga's scantily clad vampirettes, in semi-somnambular condition, groggily yet successfully chewing up stupid victims. Keep your eyes peeled for a young Craig T. Nelson as a smartass detective providing much-appreciated levity during the movie's fast-paced (i.e., bloody) climax.

THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (1970)

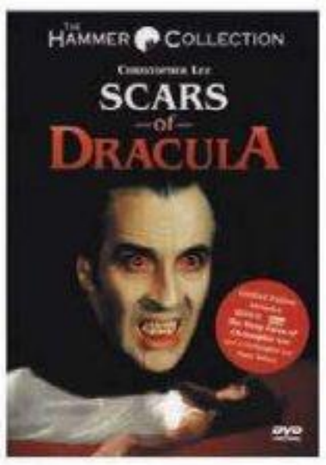
MGM Home Entertainment
Cast: Ingrid Pitt, Peter Cushing, Madeline Smith, Kate O'Mara, Dawn Addams.



Voluptuous Polish star Ingrid Pitt plays curvy and coquettish bloodsucker Carmilla Karnstein, who puts the bite on a gaggle of gorgeous gals and a few unlucky blokes back in the 16th century. A number of gory decapitations, as well as a fair amount of bare breasts 'n' butts (during a fiery brace of lesbian trysts) seem to…well…make up for the movie's more soap opera-ish qualities. Eventually, Pitt's seductively sinister talents were put to far better use in both *Countess Dracula* (see review) and the excellent, blackly comedic vampire segment "The Cloak" in the Robert Bloch-penned horror anthology *The House That Dripped Blood*.

SCARS OF DRACULA (1970)

Anchor Bay Entertainment
Cast: Christopher Lee, Jenny Hanley, Dennis Waterman, Patrick Troughton, Christopher Matthews.



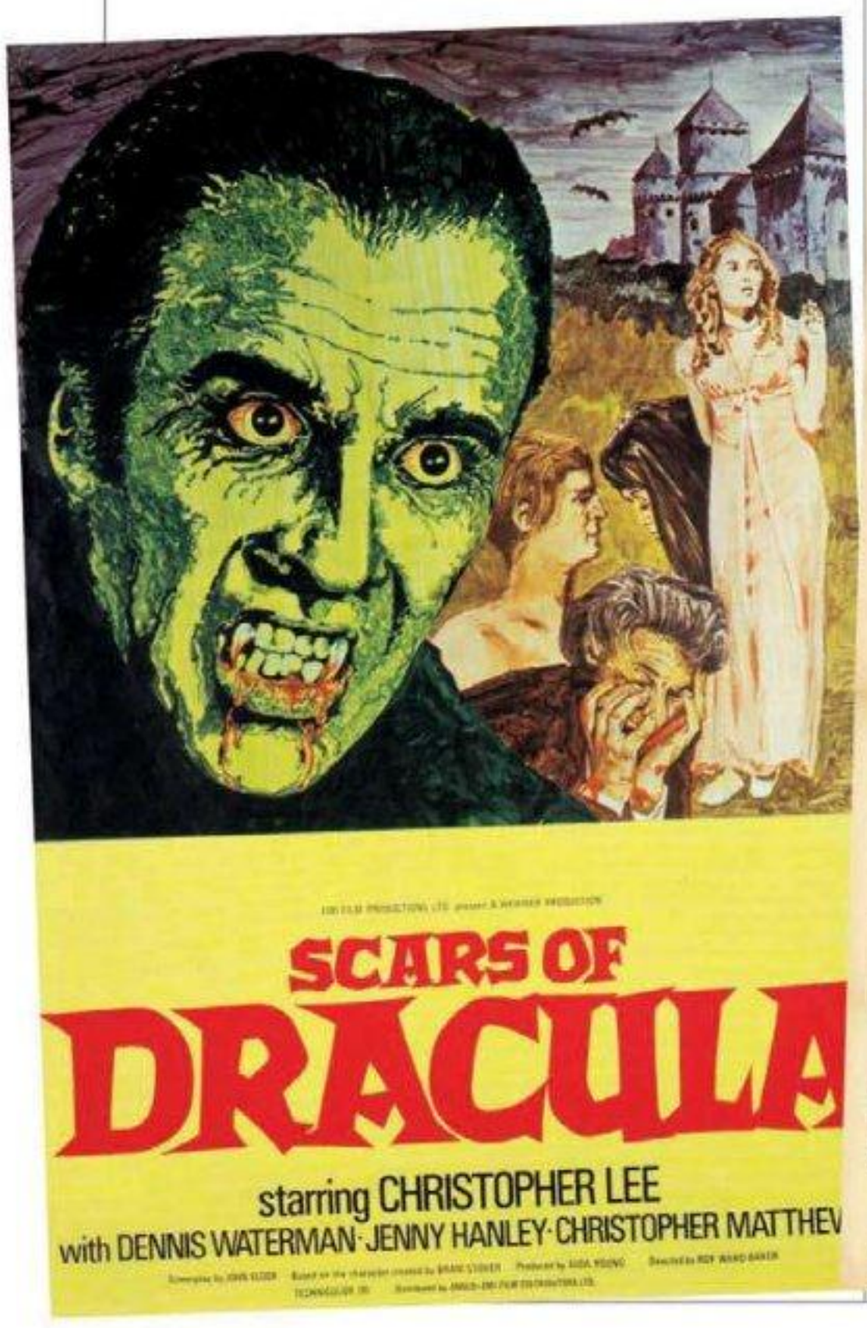
A traditionally Gothic tale, *SOD* has Dracula (the iconic Christopher Lee) doing his sadistic best to ravage a quaint European village. Check out Lee's crazily bloodshot eyeballs, the animalistic manner in which he slays an unfaithful vampire-wench and the outrageous means he employs to discipline an appallingly submissive manservant. Healthy tavern whores provide heavy doses o' T&A amidst extremely clever plot twists and turns. Highly recommended.

COUNTESS DRACULA (1971)

MGM Home Entertainment
Cast: Ingrid Pitt, Nigel Green, Sandor Elès, Lesley-Anne Down.



Before face-lifts, wrinkle cream and Botox, there was virgin's blood! And the 16th-century instructions—strictly for Hungarian aristocrats—were sim-







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ple: locate female virgin, lure to ominous castle, slit throat, hang upside down over bathtub, allow blood to rapidly fill tub, let female Hungarian royalty luxuriously soak in blood bath, and youthful allure is miraculously preserved! The predictable result: a rather messy but effective DIY fountain of youth. Ingrid Pitt deftly portrays the nasty, seemingly ageless Countess, whilst providing scrumptious sex appeal, particularly when a young male lover feasts upon Pitt's ample tits. Tasty!



LUST FOR A VAMPIRE (1971)

Anchor Bay Entertainment
Cast: Yutte Stensgaard, Michael Johnson, Suzanna Leigh, Ralph Bates.



This slurpingly sensuous sequel to *The Vampire Lovers* tells the tale of an evil spirit possessing the fertile body of one deelicious-looking damsel (stunning Swedish starlet Yutte Stensgaard), who wreaks havoc on a German girls' school via her overactive libido and her well-sharpened incisors (yes, she likes girls as much as boys). Since the story takes place in a young women's college, naturally it's jam-packed with heavenly hooters and choice cheeks. Otherwise, pretty boring fare.

DRACULA A.D. 1972 (1972)

Warner Video
Cast: Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Stephanie Beacham, Christopher Neame, Caroline Munro.



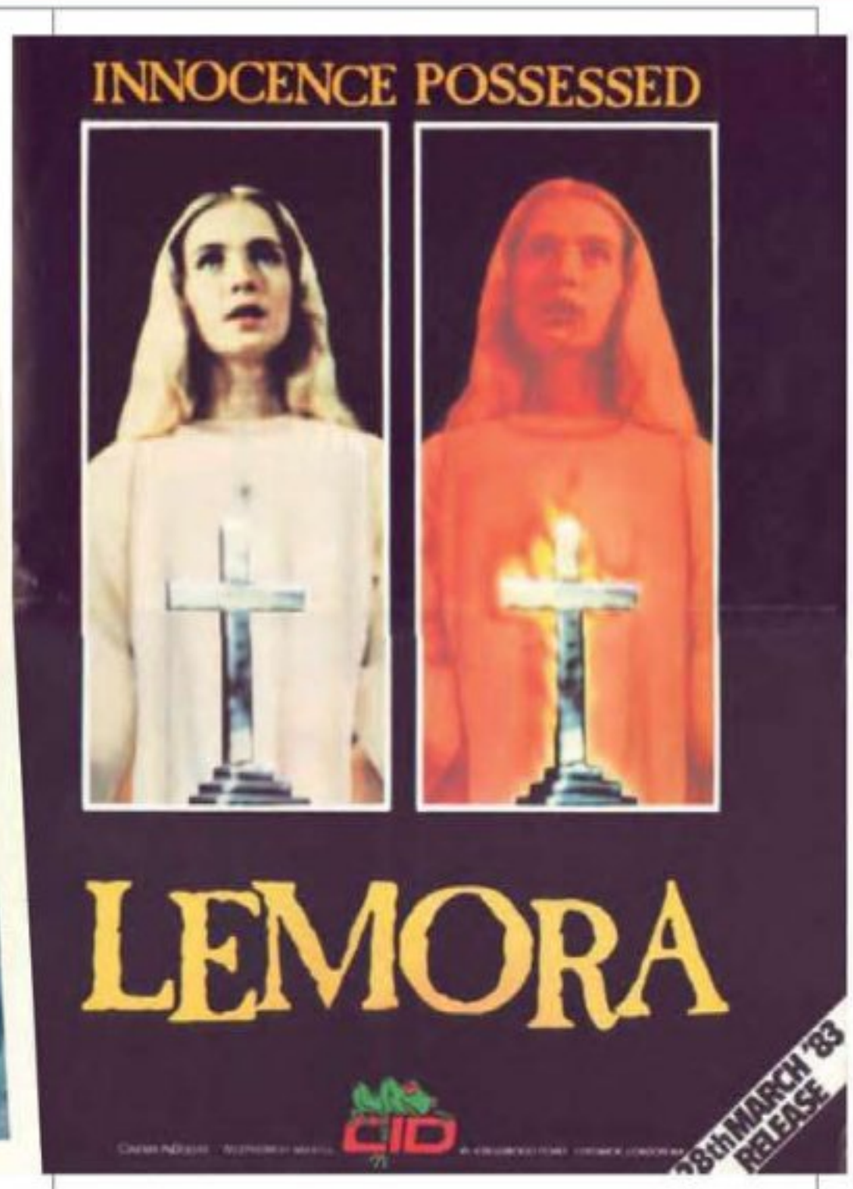
We begin with Count Dracula (Chris Lee) and Dr. Van Helsing (the underrated Peter Cushing) battling to the death atop an out-of-control horse-and-carriage in 1872, with both characters violently snuffing it. Flash forward 100 years to 1972, and it's Dracula's "hip," fey-looking descendant Johnny Alucard (spell his name backwards for kicks), who brings the centuries-old meanie back to life. The ever-famished Count immediately commences snacking on sundry sexy '70s sluts. A special nod to juicy vamp-victim Caroline Munro, soon to become world-famous as a bodacious Bond babe in 1977's *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

BLOOD FOR DRACULA (1974)

(a/k/a *Andy Warhol's Dracula*)
Image Entertainment
Cast: Udo Kier, Joe Dallesandro, Stefania Casini, Dominique Darel.

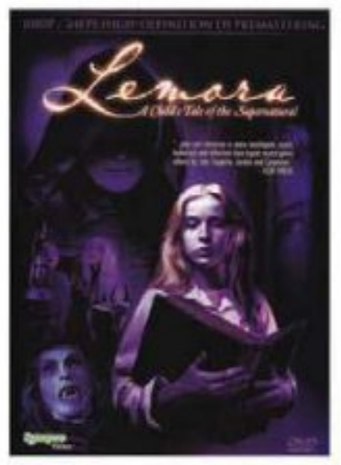


Desperate for pure "wirgin's" blood in decadent 1920s Europe, Dracula (Udo Kier) discovers a rundown Italian villa chock-full of young Mediterranean maidens. Disguising himself as a bride-seeking aristocrat, Dracula covertly bounces from one supposedly "pure" girl to another, only to discover that the lassies are hardly pristine. Their tainted blood makes him (quite literally) turn green. Apparently the little tramps are getting regularly boinked by the estate's oversexed peasant-stud, hence their "impurities." A strangely poetic, thoroughly arousing international treat.



LEMORA: A CHILD'S TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL (1975)

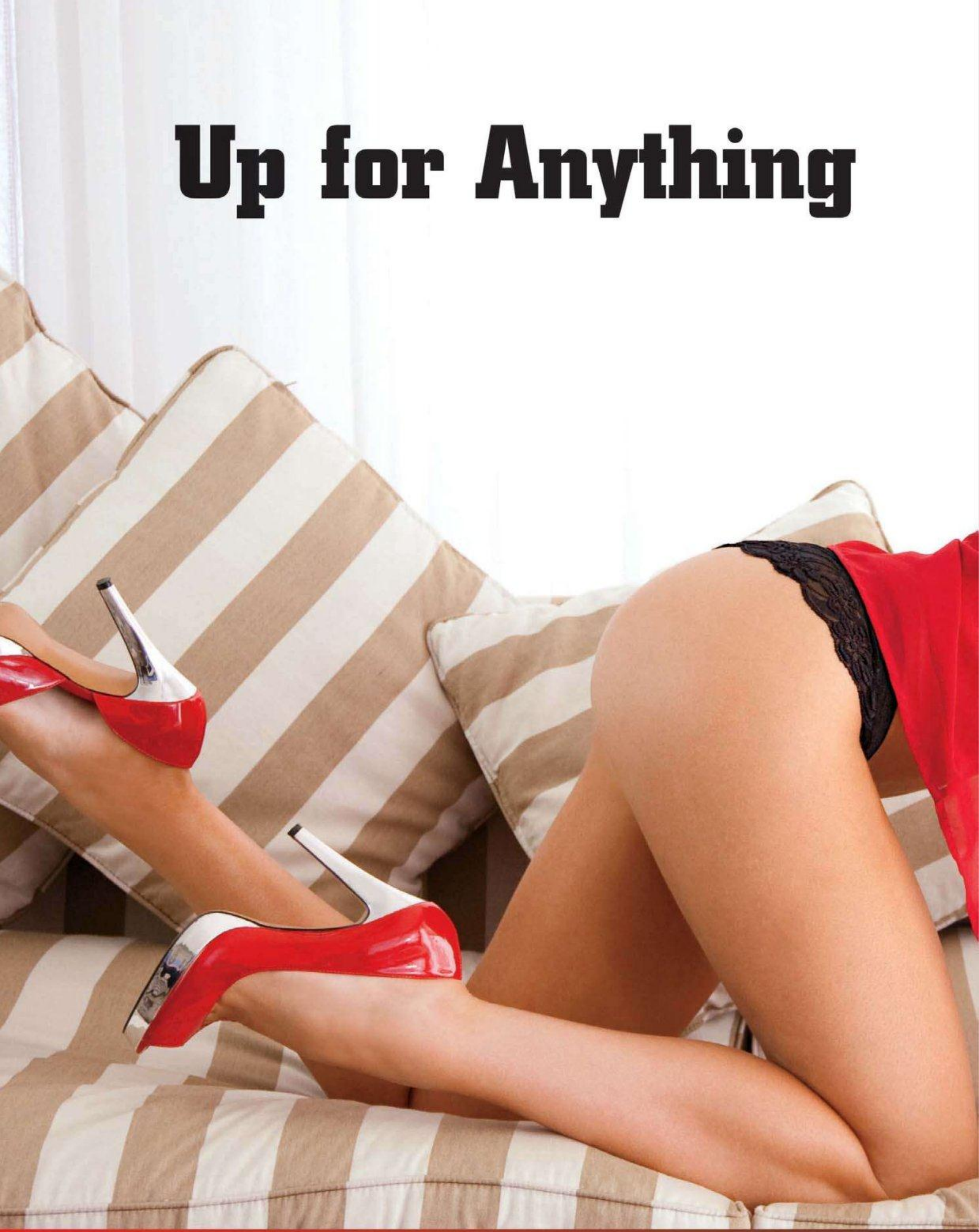
Synapse Films
Cast: Cheryl Smith, Lesley Gilb, Hy Pyke, Richard Blackburn.



In the deep South, circa 1930, chaste young Lila Lee (late actress Cheryl "Rainbeaux" Smith) goes in search of her missing gangster father after the mysterious "Lemora" invites the innocent girl to visit her remote mansion. Lemora is actually (surprise! surprise!) a vampire queen, regularly feeding upon the sweet blood of gypsy children. This fascinating "art-sploitation" horror movie is erotic on many levels, beginning with Lila's night flight from home (as older degenerates—men and women—attempt to "corrupt" the naive waif), and leading to her arrival at Lemora's lair, where the alluring demoness does her best to seduce the girl both physically and spiritually. A must-see, creepy classic!

Associate Editor Anthony Petkovich is the author of *The X Factory: Inside the American Hardcore Film Industry*. The California native, who has also written—in his words—"sundry articles on the highly underrated horror, sci-fi and crime movie genres," was a regular contributor to the respected *Psychotronic Video* magazine and currently writes for *Filmfax* and *Shock Cinema*.

Up for Anything



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ELLE


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Elle likes to get crazy: "I'm so tired today. Since moving to America, my life has been a nonstop party. I was out all last night drinking and getting naked. I ended up getting into this threesome with a couple, and it got way out of control. Somehow this morning I woke up in bed with not just them, but some other girl too. Crazy scene."

Really crazy: "This isn't the first time it's happened," **Elle** admits. "If you get a few drinks in me, mostly good tequila, then I'm probably going to fuck you. Or your girlfriend. Or your brother. What can I say? I like to mix my booze with sex. At least I can say I've never been involved in an orgy…yet."



Yes, **Elle** will try anything once: "Even though anal isn't my favorite thing, I had to try it. I would do it again, but it has to be with a guy I'm really into and who has an average-size cock. I did it with a guy with a monster penis, and I couldn't sit down for weeks! Not fun."

And some things more than once: "During my first time with a girl, I thought, *I'll never do this again*. Flash-forward a few years, and I love eating pussy almost as much as I love sucking cock. Almost. Let's say it's a nice alternative."

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ELLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Fortitude Valley, Australia | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-6



GUNNAR

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

BACK FR

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ROCK'S DARK OVERLORD ROARS BACK READY TO SAVE (OR DESTROY) THE WORLD

oM THE DEAD



IN THE MID-1970S, with his groundbreaking bands the Misfits and Samhain, Glenn Danzig defined rock 'n' roll's horror-punk genre. When the bands broke up he went solo under his own name and went on to sell millions of CDs, scoring a monster hit with the darkly beautiful track "Mother." Apart from his status as a powerhouse musician, the singer/songwriter has established himself as a vastly successful author and entrepreneur with his *Verotik* adult comic book company and Evilive record label. We caught up with the true "Prince of Darkness" recently to discuss Halloween movies, taking on the government, how he wants to die and his thunderous new CD *Deth Red Sabaoth*.

HUSTLER: It's been six years since you last released a CD of brand-new Danzig material. What have you been up to?

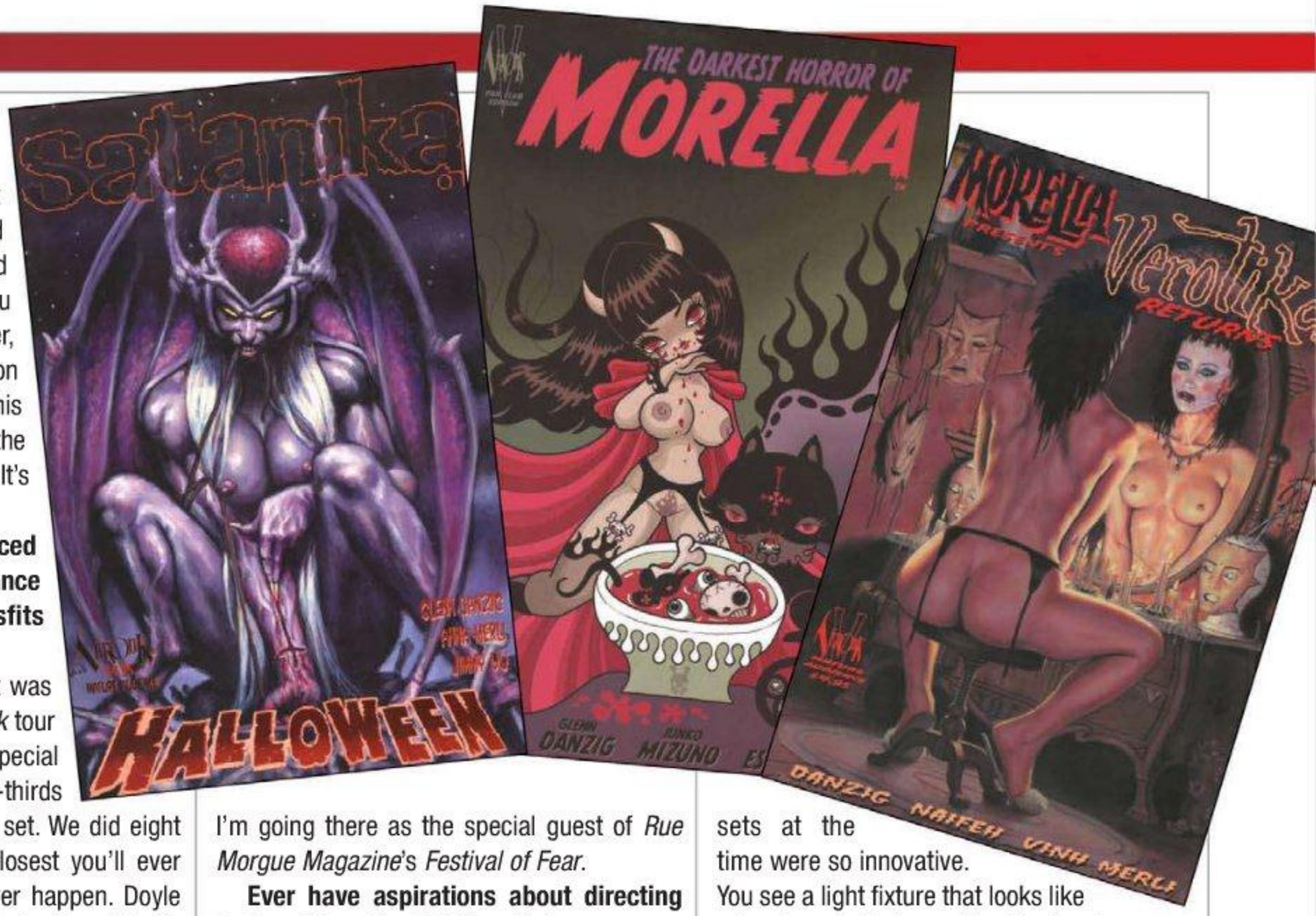
DANZIG: In between I did the *Black Aria II* CD and *Lost Track of Danzig* disc. I also produced a record for Doyle [Doyle Wolfgang von Frankenstein, former Misfits bandmate] and his band Gorgeous Frankenstein. In 2005 I stopped touring. We experimented with doing shows here and there in 2008, and that morphed into a full tour called *Blackest of the Black*. So I was busy. We're going to go out with a tour again in the U.S. this coming fall and then bring it to Europe.

Who's playing on the new CD?

Tommy [Victor] comes in and out of the band, but now is back full-time. I finally got Johnny Kelly, who's played with me live since 2003, to be on a Danzig record. He's never been around when we've recorded, until now.

What was the recording process like this time out?

This time was much different because I went out and bought a ton of old gear. I got old custom amps, fuzz boxes and phase shifters from the '70s. I wanted the record to have an old-school sound but still very contemporary. You can't get that sound with the new technology. They call them plug-ins on ProTool. Everyone uses them to record stuff through the board and onto a hard drive. Some people put a mic directly into the computer. I still record old-school in a studio with the amps playing. They might be going into the



board, but the sound is going through an amp. On the computer you just can't get those sounds like the old '70s records. That sound was so esoteric. When you use a vintage phase shifter, as I did on a couple tracks on the new record, you get this cool wave pattern. None of the plug-in technology has that. It's authentic.

Now that you've produced Doyle's record, any chance we'll ever see a Misfits reunion?

The closest we ever got was on the *Blackest of the Black* tour in 2005. Doyle was the special guest, and he came out two-thirds of the way into the Danzig set. We did eight Misfits songs. That's the closest you'll ever see. A full reunion will never happen. Doyle also has problems with his brother [Misfits bassist Jerry Only]. Legal stuff. I don't think a reunion is ever going to happen.

The cover art of the new CD, *Deth Red Sabaoth*, is really cool.

The CD's front and back covers were painted by one of my artists, Joe Chiodo. Inside are all these cool photos I did that I've made very electric-looking.

Are you also working on a *Black Aria 3* and CD of cover songs?

I haven't started it yet, but I will be working on a *Black Aria 3*. And the covers CD is coming. I've done covers in the past: David Bowie's *Cat People*, plus songs from the Germs and T-Rex. The covers CD will be all new, probably some Nuggets stuff ('60s garage rock) and some '50s stuff that I just destroy.

In addition to the music, you also have a lot going on with *Verotik*.

It's pronounced "Ver-o-tic," not "tique." We're not in Europe. (*Laughs.*) We just put out the Danzig lyric book with my label Evilive, which is a big hit for us now. We've already sold out six printings from our distributor.

Do you plan on taking any of the *Verotik* stuff to the big screen?

Actually, *Ge Rouge* has been in and out of production for the past couple of years. We also just did a loose licensing deal for a *Satanica* live-action movie. So we'll see. I did a short, ten-minute live-action film for *She Only Likes Men*, a story I wrote for *Verotik*. I might actually let everyone see it in Toronto. I'm going there as the special guest of *Rue Morgue Magazine*'s *Festival of Fear*.

Ever have aspirations about directing feature films like Rob Zombie?

Yeah. I've been directing the Danzig videos and all of the behind-the-scenes documentaries that no one has seen yet. I just directed our new video with porn star Sunny Leone in it. My background includes studying at The New York Institute of Photography.

Would you consider redoing a classic horror film?

No. I want to do original material. I hate the fact that Hollywood is so unoriginal that they have to keep remaking movies over and over. Write your own fucking story! I'm tired of seeing a million *Dawn of the Dead* movies. How many times can you tell that story?

When did you first get into horror?

When I was a little kid. The other kids were doing whatever, and I was reading [Edgar Allan] Poe and [Charles] Baudelaire. Back in school you got to read Poe, but not Baudelaire. (*Laughs.*) I think every kid read "The Raven." Maybe not anymore. Maybe they don't make you read classic writers anymore. That's why I'm glad I went to school when I went to school.

What was the first horror movie you saw?

Oh, fuck, I've been watching horror movies ever since I was a little kid. You name it, I've seen it. Everything from the Universal monsters stuff to the crappy 1950s B-movie stuff.

Do you have a favorite movie monster?

I don't know if it's a monster movie, but I like the Beast in Jean Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*. The photography is so cool. The sets at the time were so innovative. You see a light fixture that looks like a hand, and all of a sudden the hand moves. It's really a person behind a wall. As the lead characters walk down the hall you see all these faces coming out that you think are statues. When the actors walk by, the eyes start to open. It was really cool. Lot of planning that goes into that. There's not a lot of planning that goes into horror movies today. Too much computer stuff. CGI is good, but like anything, if you overuse it it's going to be a disaster. There is nothing worse than one of those sci-fi movies where the blood shoots out and looks really phony.

Is it safe to assume you keep up with all the horror stuff that's out there?

What do you consider horror? To me, millions of people being killed in the name of religion is horror. Name your religion. It's still all people being slaughtered and murdered. To me, *The Jay Leno Show* is horror. If I had to watch that for an hour, I'd be fucking screaming. (*Laughs.*)

What is the coolest/creepiest thing in your collection of horror artifacts?

We'll see how this interview goes. If it goes bad, it might be your head. If it goes good, you're off the hook. (*Laughs.*) My favorites are goat heads and stuff like that. Or the original Templar Studios stuff. I have so much different stuff.

Do you own only black clothes?

Pretty much.

What would it take to get you to wear a Hawaiian shirt?

That's never *(continued on page 98)*

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Discover the mental and emotional tricks that **make your woman sexually addicted to you.** You'll learn:

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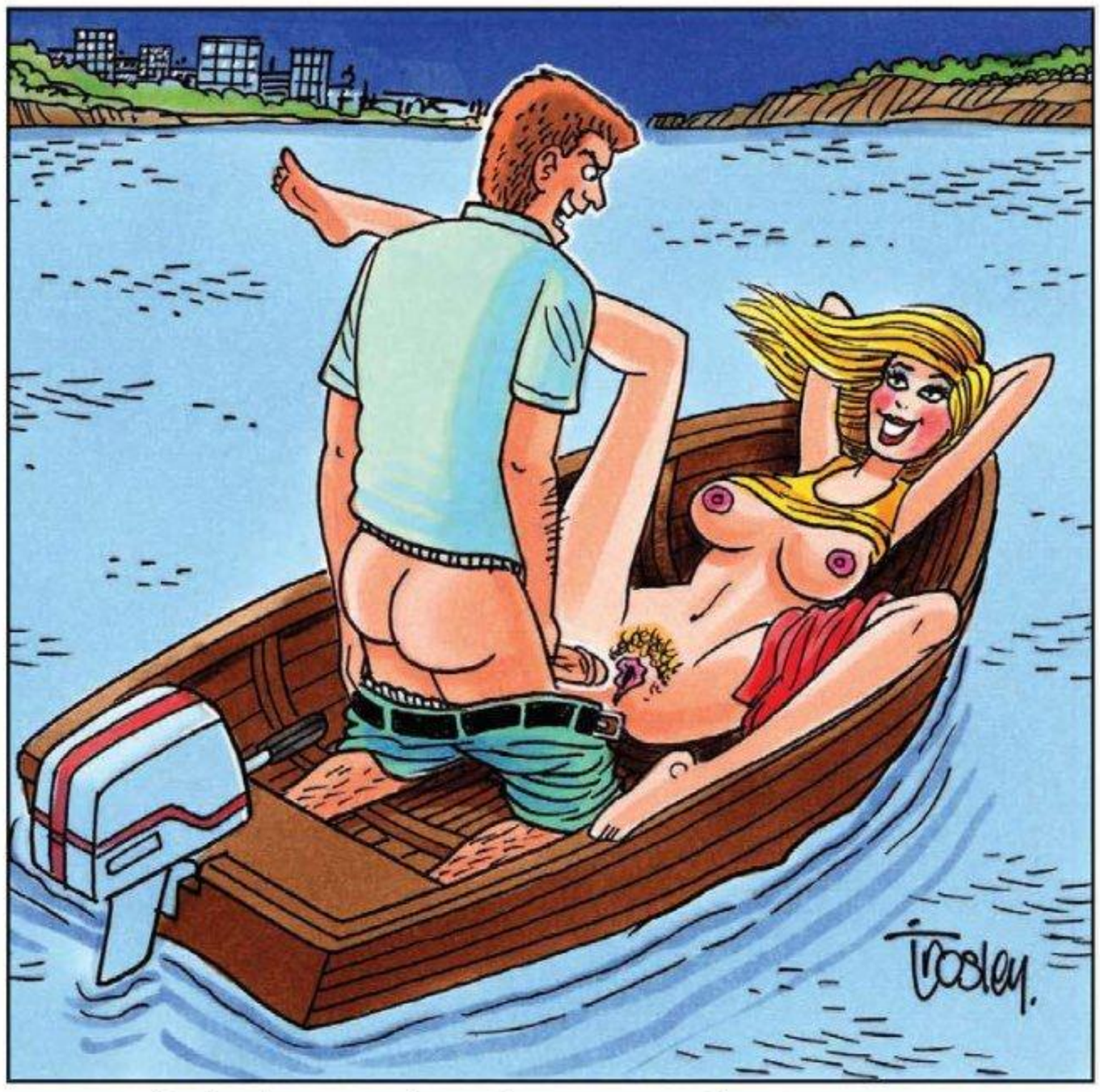
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"Tough choice, son. They both suck dick, take it in the ass and let you piss in their mouths? I say marry the one with the biggest tits."



"I don't care what Obama says, I've just gotta do some offshore drilling!"

ASHLYNN BROOKE

(continued from page 40) slithered, nude, up and down the stage pole. Yet she was still doing it stuck in the middle of Nowhere, Oklahoma. Grinding her premium, young cooze for tips got old quickly. So she quit stripping and took a temp job at a local car dealership in order to give her the freedom to do…what, she wasn't quite sure.

When some friends got the bright idea to start a XXX magazine, Ashlynn was eager to help out by posing naked in their premiere publishing effort. Unfortunately, the budding smut peddlers withered quickly in the arid cultural landscape of flyover country. However, the silver lining in the failure was that the tastefully filthy pictures of Ashlynn were über-hot, and when her pals submitted them to some successful adult publications, the phone in Choctaw started ringing off the hook.

"It's every little girl's dream to be pretty and famous," Ashlynn confides. Porn made that dream come true for her. The Choctaw photos got Ashlynn plenty of work posing naked for adult magazines, and the formerly directionless young woman had found her calling: "I was going to make something out of this business."

Three years, lots of movies and an immeasurable amount of cock later, Ashlynn Brooke is a bona fide porn superstar, signed to an exclusive contract with mega adult studio New Sensations/Digital Sin. Of course, this was not exactly Grandma and Grandpa's dream. Their granddaughter in the *dirty-movie business*?! They came from a town where there was a church on every corner. "They were disappointed," Ashlynn understates. "They wanted something else for their little cheerleader."

But for Ashlynn, it was the right choice. In the adult-entertainment world she found "some of the nicest people I've ever met—really cool, genuine people." Now the fantasy object of legions of men, she leads a glamorous Hollywood life. She *is* the pretty and famous girl she always dreamed she would be. No way was she remotely interested in her grandparents' pleas to come back home.

"Now we just don't talk about it," Ashlynn explains. "They think everyone in this business is reckless, so they worry about me. But we're still very close."

Ashlynn loves animals, so we start our day at a dog park. She's got two rescue dogs—a boxer, Frankie, and an English Bulldog, Chunk—both of whom she dotes on with the protective enthusiasm of a new mother. In addition, along with 70 other adult models and stars, she's active in the charity Porn Stars 4 Pups, which raises funds and awareness for numerous doggy rescue centers across the country by hosting parties and selling autographed XXX photos and calendars. Ashlynn also makes random personal inspections of pet stores that are rumored to run "puppy *(continued on page 114)*

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HUSTLER PRESENTS.... ZOMBIE STEVE IN SINGLE DEAD FEMALE

BAD GIRLS TASTE SO GOOD!

FIRST SHE WAS KICKED OUT OF THE *MILITARY* FOR ASKING EVERYONE IF THEY WERE *GAY* AND *TELLING* EVERYONE *SHE WAS!*

THEN HER TV REMOTE GETS STUCK ON *DANCING WITH THE STARS!*

TODAY JENNY JORDAN WILL WISH SHE WAS *ALREADY DEAD!*

BEING NEW IN TOWN, SHE DISCOVERS IT'S SURPRISINGLY *EASY* TO FIND A NEW HOME.

WITH THE BANKS REFUSING *HOME LOANS* AND *POCKETING* ALL THAT *BAILOUT MONEY* FOR THEMSELVES, THE *HOUSING MARKET* IS STILL IN THE *SHITTER.*

SO I SHOULD BE ABLE TO AFFORD A *NEW HOME* WITH THE *SPARE CHANGE* I HAVE IN MY CUP HOLDER. *SWEET!*

AND WITH THE *FIRST-TIME HOME BUYER INCENTIVES,* THE GOVERNMENT WILL HELP ME *BUY* A HOUSE THEY DIDN'T HELP THE *PREVIOUS* OWNERS *KEEP.*

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY *SENSE,* BUT WHY SHOULD *I* CARE? I PAID $150,000 FOR A *COLLEGE EDUCATION* TO GET A *JOB* THAT *DOESN'T EXIST* ANYMORE. *YAY!*

AFTER SEARCHING FOR THE *HOMEOWNER,* JENNY HEARS A NOISE *DOWNSTAIRS* . . .

HELLO . . . IS ANYONE HERE? I LIKE ALL THE *CHANGES* YOU'VE MADE TO YOUR *HOUSE.* IT'S ABOUT AS MANY *CHANGES* AS *OBAMA* HAS MADE IN THE *WHITE HOUSE.*

FEAR GRIPPED EVERY *NERVE* OF JENNY'S *YOUNG BODY* AS SHE REALIZED *SOMETHING* WAS *HORRIBLY WRONG.*

SOMETHING'S *HORRIBLY WRONG* . . . HOW IS *HUGH HEFNER* STILL ABLE TO *WALK,* LET ALONE GET *HOT CHICKS?*

BUT IT WAS *TOO LATE!*

WHAAAH! YOU'RE *BARELY ALIVE, SCARY* AND *WRONG IN SO MANY WAYS!* IT'S LIKE A GOVERNMENT- SPONSORED *HEALTH CARE BILL.*

GET AWAY! DON'T COME *NEAR ME* WITH ALL THOSE *LOOPHOLES!*

BUT JENNY WASN'T *FAST ENOUGH,* AND BEFORE SHE COULD *ESCAPE,* THE *CREATURE* HAD HER IN HIS *GRASP!*

MAAARGH! GAHHH!

STOP! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE *TIGER WOODS, JOHN EDWARDS* AND THAT *SENATOR JOHN ENSIGN!*

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RRRRRIP!

RRRRRIP!

NO! STOP! THIS SKIRT IS HIGH ENOUGH AS IT IS!

BUT THE HUNGER RAGED... AND IT WOULDN'T STOP! LIKE KIRSTIE ALLEY AT AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET.

TOO YOUNG TO DIE BUT TOO WEAK TO FIGHT, JENNY FEARED THE WORST WAS YET TO COME!

RRRRRIP! ...SOME MORE!

TWO MORE YEARS WITH A LIMP-DICK PRESIDENT, JENNIFER ANISTON IS STILL MAKING MOVIES, AND NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN EVERYONE LIKES MICHAEL JACKSON! MAYBE BEING EATEN BY A ROTTING CORPSE ISN'T SO TERRIBLE AFTER ALL.

THIS CREATURE ONLY WANTS TO SATISFY ITS SELFISH OBSESSION! JUST LIKE JAY LENO!

AT LEAST DAVE AND CONAN ARE FUNNY.

PLEASE! JUST LET ME GO. I DON'T WANT TO DIE A VIRGIN AND ALONE!

OK, SO I DID IT WITH MY STEPDAD, BUT FAMILY DOESN'T COUNT.

JENNY *BEGGED* AND *PLEADED* FOR HER *LIFE*, BUT IT DID *NOTHING* TO END THIS *VICIOUS NIGHTMARE!*

NO, *PLEASE!* DON'T *EAT* MY *BRAIN!* GO LOWER . . . *LOWER!* SOMEWHERE UNDER MY *BELLYBUTTON* AND *BETWEEN* MY *THIGHS.*

DRIVEN BY HIS *SAVAGE LUST* FOR THE SWEET TASTE OF *LIVING BRAIN*, THE ROTTED CORPSE *LUNGED* FOR THE *SOFT SPOT* OF HER *SKULL!*

OH, *GOD, NO!* I FORGOT TO SET THE *VCR* TO TAPE *OPRAH.* NO, *WAIT* . . . I HAVE *TIVO.* OH, *WAIT* . . . I *HATE* OPRAH. *OH, GOD, NO!*

KRUNCH!

. . . AND THEN IT WAS *OVER.*

THE CREATURE *SPEAKS* IN THE LANGUAGE OF A *ROTTING HUMAN SOUL!* THE SAME WAY *PAT ROBERTSON* TALKS TO HIS *PSYCHO FOLLOWERS.*

MAAARGH! GAHHH! BARGH!

MAAARGH! GAHHH!

WITH THE *INHUMAN HUNGER* SATISIFIED FOR NOW, IT WAS TIME TO *RETURN* TO *WASHINGTON*, WHERE HE COULD *FINISH SUCKING* AMERICANS DRY BY *LOBBYING* FOR *HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES.*

THE END

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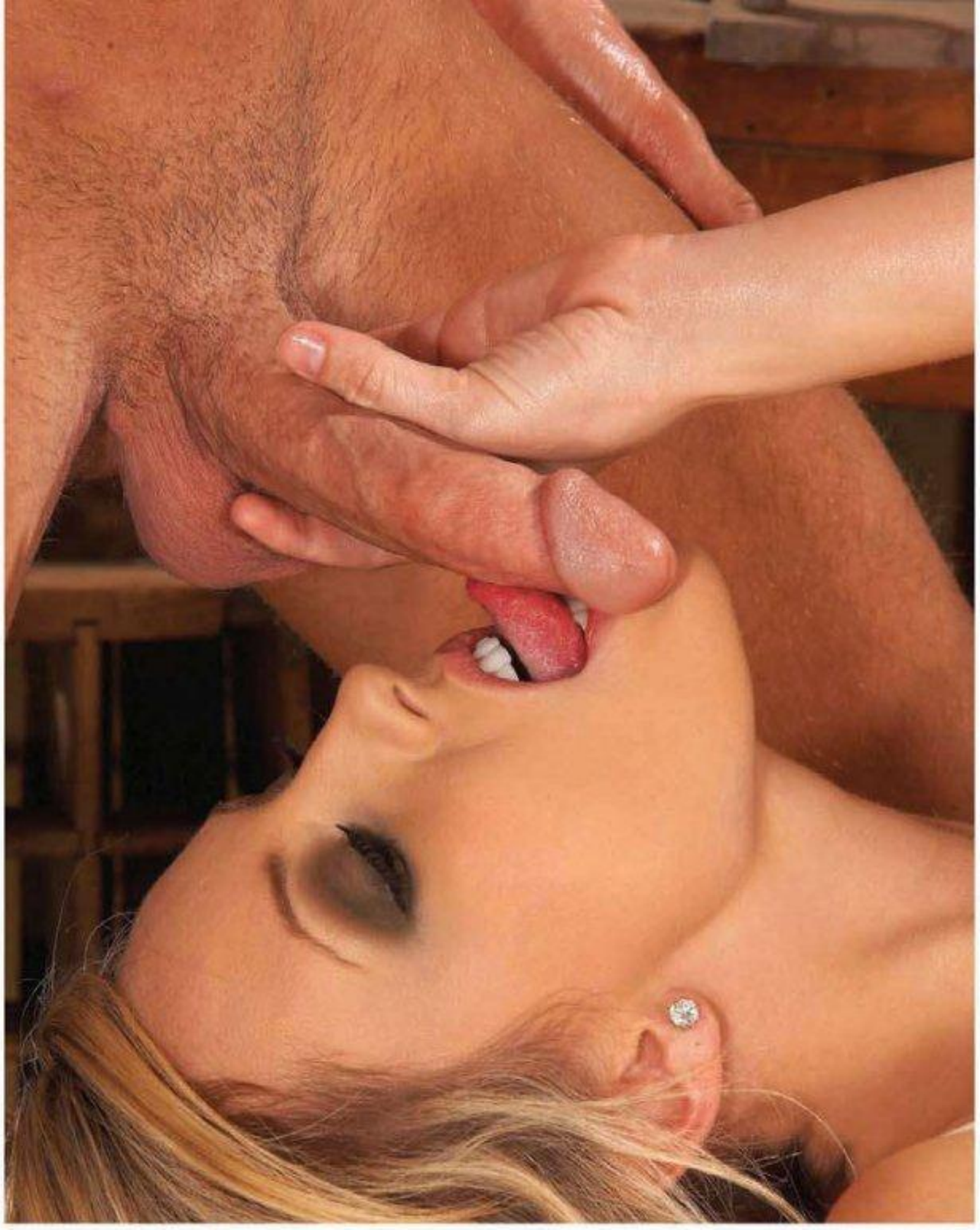
Just Fuck!

DIANE & SETH GAMBLE

KARA LEE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LONDONER STUDIOS









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SUNG TO THE TUNE OF LADY GAGA'S "JUST DANCE."

We've looked at porn a
bit too much.
On this blond chick we
have a crush.
Why's she gonna fuck
this dude?
Not to be mean or
to be rude,
Why is it him and not
just us?
We can't understand
the fuss.
She's banging him
down on the floor.
We love her and can't
take no more.
If we could get a shot,
it'd be all right.
All right.

Just fuck! It is okay.
Da-doo-doo-doo.
Just fuck! We'd spin
that babe.
Da-doo-doo-doo.
Just fuck! Then
we'd spray.
Duh-duh-duh-duh.
Just fuck!

Wish we could kick this
douchebag out.
Then it's our cock inside
her mouth, in her mouth.
Control our jealous rage
and turn to the next page.
And now she's really
getting hosed.
She's going down on
the floor?

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We love this chick.
Oh, baby, but we can't
watch her anymore.
Seems like we'll
never get a shot
At a chick that is this
hot. Guess we'll just
have to jerk off.
Yeah, that's all right,
all right.

Just fuck! It is okay.
Da-doo-doo-doo.
Just fuck! We'd spin that
babe.
Da-doo-doo-doo.
Just fuck! Gonna be okay.
Duh-duh-duh-duh.
Just fuck.

Catch **Kiara Diane** in *This Ain't Dancing With the Stars XXX* and *This Ain't Ghost Hunters XXX* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.



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Tails of the Bunny Ranch

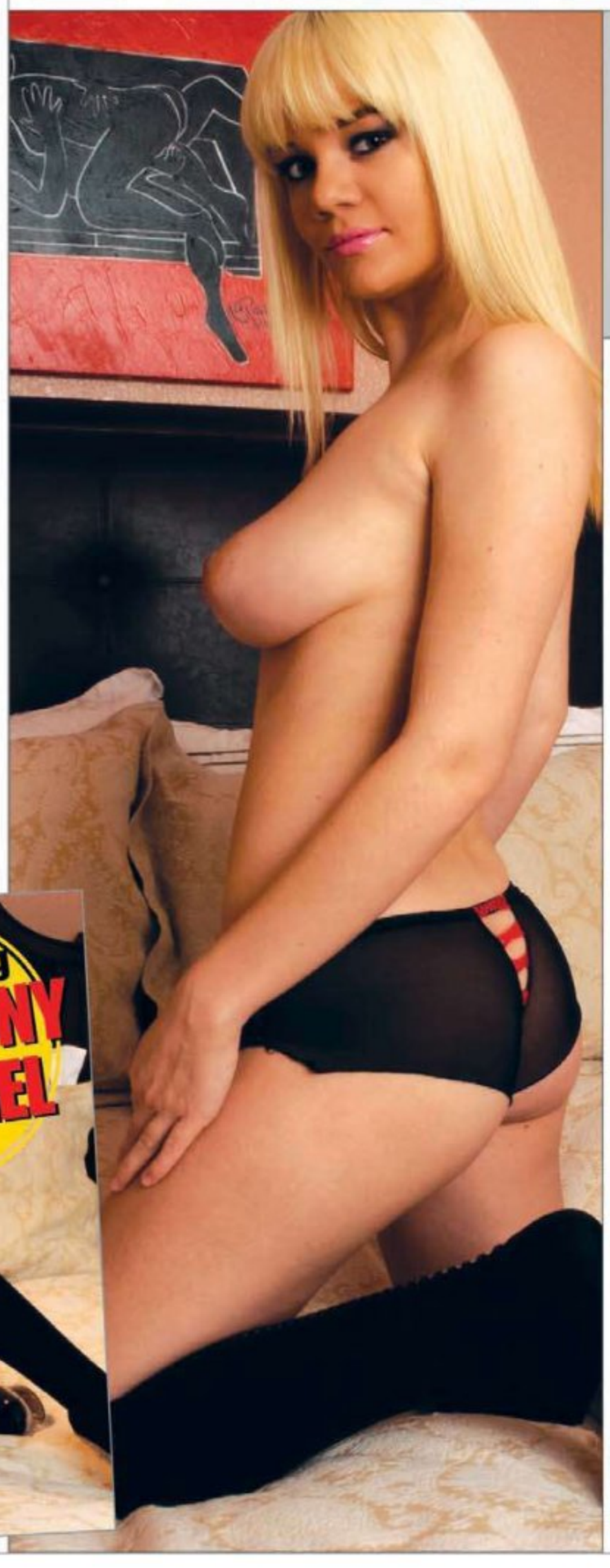
HOT, HORNY & HOSPITABLE

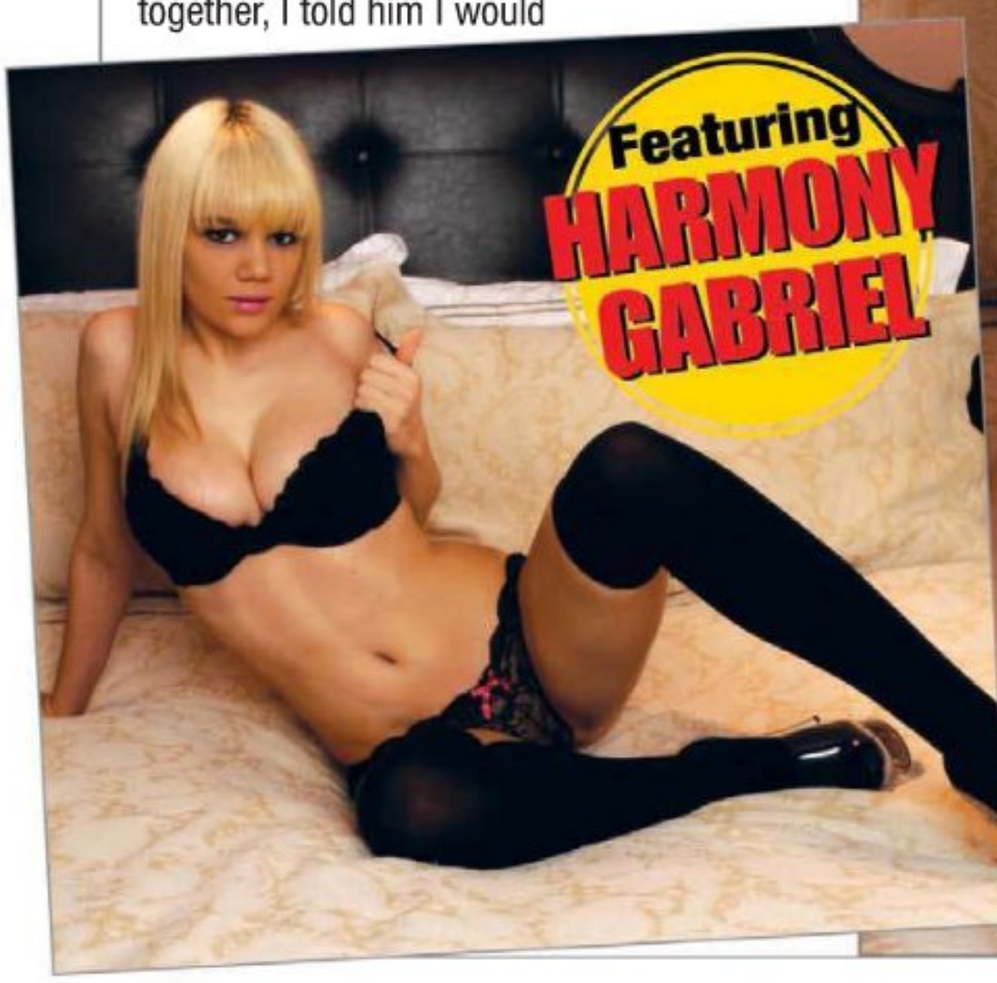
PLUCKY CHICK'S DREAM JOB

Hi! My name is Harmony Gabriel, and I have a great story to tell you! I have always been a horny girl. It was only shortly after I turned 18 and moved to Las Vegas to be a dancer that I realized how I wanted to channel all that sexual energy. I enjoyed stripping, but it wasn't fully fulfilling the fantasies of those very horny men who watched me. I had heard of the many brothels in Nevada and began my research.

Now with me being very persistent, I finally found out about Dennis Hof's World-Famous Moonlite BunnyRanch brothel. I grew giddy with excitement when I learned I only had to be the ripe young age of 18 to work there and at the nearby Love Ranch, which Dennis also owns. That's all it took, and I was soon on my way.

I had just recently started my adventures there when I was e-mailed by a very shy and soft-spoken client, who informed me that he had made an appointment to see me. A few days later the guy showed up at the Love Ranch, and he was absolutely adorable! I led him to my cozy, firelit room and then onto my warm, inviting bed. I reassured him not to be nervous. Although it was our very first time together, I told him I would





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.

make it feel as if we'd been together many times before.

As we lay on my bed, I began to slowly run my hands through his soft hair. Next I played with his cock, making sure to let him know to be relaxed and just enjoy it all. I slipped a rubber on his dick and slowly licked just the tip before taking it all, inch by inch, into my tiny, wet, warm mouth. I then climbed on top and worked his hard-on right in and began riding him, at first very slowly and then gradually faster until we both reached our climaxes as he exploded deep inside my warm, dripping pussy! It was absolutely amazing!

I hope anyone reading this knows I am sincere, and this is what I am all about: sexually pleasing men and being able to make anyone at ease and relaxed along the way. If you visit me at the Love Ranch, you will see what I mean. I promise!

If you felt my passion emanating through this story and would like to have a similar experience in person or to just drop a line, feel free to contact me anytime at *HarmonyGabriel@LoveRanchXXX.com*. I'm waiting to tell you more!

For info on hooking up with any of the girls, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

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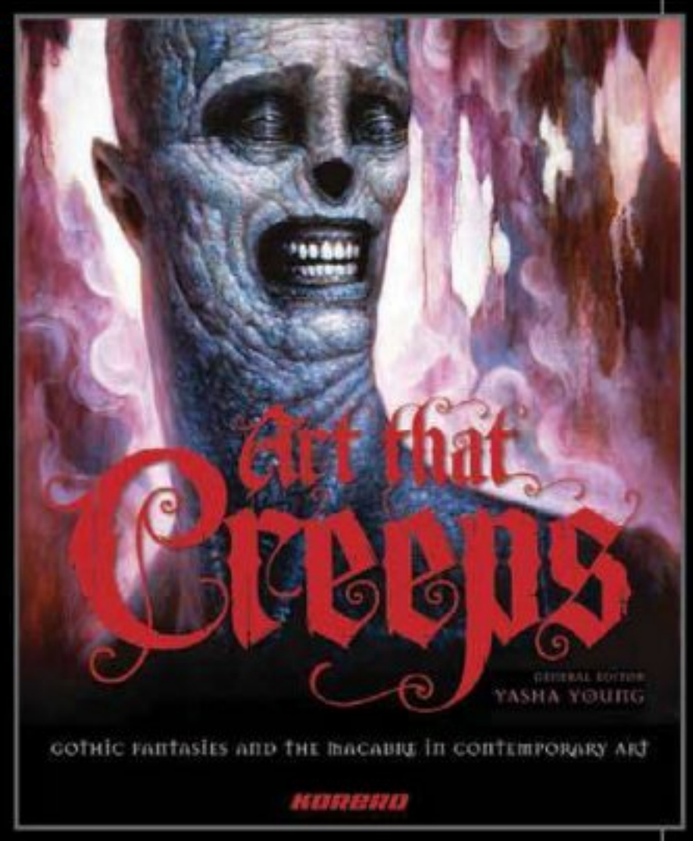


The Art of HALLOWEEN

A CREEPY PEEK AT A SCARY GOOD BOOK



ART THAT CREEPS: GOTHIC FANTASIES AND THE MACABRE IN CONTEMPORARY ART is a 200-page book packed with amazing neo-gothic creations designed to shock and startle. Yasha Young's creepy, crawly tome features the work of two dozen artists from around the world, notably Richard A. Kirk, Chet Zar, Jan Czerwinski and Wayne Martin Belger. You'll marvel at the variety of formats, including lifelike painting, photography, digital manipulation, sculpture, engraving and taxidermy (of course).



The overall theme of this fascinating collection is that art can be disturbing and beautiful at the exact same time. Some images will haunt your dreams for months to come—and you'll love it! Plus, just imagine how cool this book would look on your coffin-shaped coffee table. We know you have one. Weirdo!

Art That Creeps: Gothic Fantasies and the Macabre in Contemporary Art by Yasha Young is available at bookstores now.

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Red-Hot Chili Pepper

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

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DANNI KALIFORNIA



I am so excited to be in HUSTLER Magazine," raves electrifying newcomer **Danni Kalifornia**. "I've been dancing at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in San Diego for about two years. I figured if I can tear it up in a great strip club, I could rock a photo-shoot."

Wherever she may venture, **Danni** rocks: "I'm always on the go. Being a SoCal girl, I love the beach. It's the perfect place to kick back with a cold beer and fun people. I also love going to a lake with my girlfriends for barbecues and naked wakeboarding. That's awesome!"

Danni, who describes herself as "a very straightforward smartass," is up for revealing more than her stunning anatomy: "I have had my lesbian experiences, and I must say there's something about a woman's body and curves that are just fucking hot! But what can I say? I love the penis! I love when a man takes control and throws me around. I'm always in the mood, so a dude has to be down to fuck whenever and wherever."

That certainly holds true at trick-or-treat time. "Every Halloween I'll take a guy I'm dating to haunted houses and fuck," the drop-dead-gorgeous Latina confides. "Like, we'll take the tour with a group of people, then wander off. We've gotten caught by monsters working the haunted house and visitors going through, but we just keep goin'. It's hilarious."

Danni has never robbed a bank in Indiana (like her musical namesake), but her naughty tendencies can be overpowering. "The girls I hang out with are wild like me," she explains. "So when men aren't around, we have fun with each other! But it would be awesome if a few of my girlfriends and I went out one night and picked up a totally random dude, brought him home, tied him up and took turns. Any willing participants?"

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DANNI KALIFORNIA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Diego | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

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Give me your
monster dick!
xxxooo
Danni
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Clad in nothing but a long coat, Susie the slut was hit by a car while heading to a Halloween party. The impact knocked Susie out cold and left the coat wide-open, exposing her womanly attributes for the world to see. As the nympho lay on the sidewalk, a passerby removed his hat and placed it over her crotch.

A few minutes later a drunkard teetered by, noticed the strategically placed hat and muttered, "Well, the first thing we gotta do is get that guy outta there!"

Question: Why do some men whistle while taking a crap?

Answer: It helps them remember which end to wipe.

Out of the blue, Ted got a call from his high school sweetheart, whom he hadn't heard from in ages. For hours the ex-lovebirds reminisced about the wild, romantic times they used to enjoy together. Then the gal asked Ted if he was up for rekindling a little of that "old magic."

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "I don't know if I could keep up with you. I'm older and balder than when you last saw me. Plus my teeth have yellowed, and my waistline is a few inches bigger nowadays."

Giggling, the old flame retorted, "Tubby, balding men turn me on, and I'll bet you're still a great lover, Ted. And I must admit, I've put on quite a few pounds myself these past 20 years."

"Fuck off, you fat bitch!" Ted shot back.

HUSTLER Wisdom: Hard work pays off in the future. Laziness pays off now.

Just before sundown a Texas state trooper pulled a speeding car over only to find the driver was a juggler who didn't want to be late for a performance. Fascinated by juggling, the trooper proposed, "If you can juggle three lit road flares, I won't issue you a ticket."

With the flares lit, the juggler began doing his routine. At the same time another vehicle pulled off the road. The driver stepped out, watched the juggler for a few seconds, then went to the patrol car, opened a rear door and climbed in.

The trooper walked over to his patrol car and asked the second motorist what he was doing. The man replied, "I've had a few beers, so you might as well haul my ass off to jail and get it over with. There's no fucking way I can pass *that* test!"

We are never going to understand women. How can they have hot wax poured onto their skin so body hair and pubes can be ripped out by the roots and still be afraid of a tiny fucking spider?!

Alabama has passed a new law stipulating that when a couple gets divorced, they're still brother and sister.

Feminist Wisdom: Women are angels, and when someone breaks our wings, we simply continue to fly…on a broomstick.

Frank was in the backyard desperately trying to fly a kite. Whenever he tossed it aloft, the kite would immediately crash to the ground. Meanwhile, Frank's petite wife was watching from the kitchen window, muttering to herself how the kite was aerodynamically flawed because it was missing an essential part. She finally opened the window and yelled to her inept hubby, "You need a small piece of tail!"

Totally flustered, Frank gazed up at his wife and hollered, "Hey, make up your fuckin' mind, bitch! Last night when I wanted to have sex, you told me to go fly a kite!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Tom R.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Why, yes, I *am* a too-big-to-fail banker."

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BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

HOW GOLDMAN SACHS IS TRYING TO SCREW T



THERE ARE CURRENTLY TWO WAYS TO SPELL THE WORD *PIGS*.

The traditional spelling, P-I-G-S, is the one that everybody learns in school when they read about those three adorable oinkers that defended themselves against the big bad wolf.

The second way is P-I-I-G-S.

That spelling is an acronym used by smug international financial analysts and smarmy business reporters. The term refers to the economies of Portugal, Ireland, Italy, Greece and Spain, countries that got stuck in a spiral of rising budget deficits, swelling debt burdens and rising interest rates after Wall Street tanked most of the world economy.

Out of all the PIIGS, the one country that proved most vulnerable to economic collapse was Greece. Its "big bad wolf" is one of the most profitable investment banks in the world. Ladies and gentlemen, I give to you, without further fanfare, Goldman Sachs, an institution famously labeled "a great vampire squid" by *Rolling Stone*'s Matt Taibbi, "completely scandalous" by the chief economics commentator for the *Financial Times* (Martin Wolf) and "morally bankrupt" by former British Prime Minister Gordon Brown.

In 2001, when the financial markets of the Western world appeared to be functioning like a well-oiled profit machine, the Greek government privately knew it was overextended. Greece had desperately wanted to join the European Monetary Union earlier that same year. (You can't blame it; all the cool countries were in the club.) But membership rules had placed strict caps on the size of government deficits relative to a candidate's national economy. Greece just didn't have the cash or the earning power to gain admittance to the EMU.

Enter Goldman Sachs. For a fee (and by *fee*, I mean a shitload of money—approximately 300 million bucks), Goldman helped the Greek government discreetly borrow billions. The deal was hidden from public view because it was put on the books as a currency trade rather than a loan. This "cross currency swap," a complex move of accounting mumbo jumbo, gave Greece the appearance of lower budget deficits and debt levels—and it was perfectly legal.

So, problem solved, money raised, budget deficit reduced, European Monetary Union happy. The only fly in the ointment was that Greece had to pay back the new loans at "a later date." But the Greek government's Goldman advisers told the Athenians not to worry; after all, Goldman was a debt management expert. *We'll take care of you. Guzzle ouzo, smash plates and enjoy the party; we'll monitor the situation.*

But all parties eventually come to an end. When the current global recession hit in 2008, and budget deficits started to balloon throughout Europe, the Greeks owed a fortune. EMU rules dictate that governments must keep a country's deficit below 3% of Gross Domestic Product, and Greece's numbers were four times that amount.

Having joined the Big Boys' Club, if Greece went belly-up and couldn't pay its bills, the problem wasn't just Greece's but also the European Monetary Union's. The Greek debt tab had reached $300 billion, and a lot of major banks were on the hook for much of it. Time for Goldman to "monitor the situation."

Do the words "too big to fail" ring a bell? They did for Goldman, which had just received a basket of federal bailout goodies courtesy of the U.S. government during our financial crisis. Goldman promptly came to the aid of the frantic, overdrawn Greeks, dispatching Gary Cohn (second-in-command of its global group) to Athens, armed with a scheme to push Greece's healthcare liabilities far out into the future. Pushing debt down the road had worked in the past. It should work again, Goldman reasoned, because Greece was just too big to go down the tubes.

But no matter what the outcome, Goldman knew Greece was in for some harsh scrutiny from the world financial community. So, to hedge their bets, Goldman, JPMorgan Chase and a few other massive investment firms devised the iTraxx SovX Western Europe Index, which enabled its players to make credit-default swaps on the health of a coun-

DESTROYED GREECE AND HE REST OF THE PLANET

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try's economy; in other words, to make bets on whether or not that country would go broke.

Of course, the market for betting against Greece exploded. By February 2010, savvy investors had bought over 85 billion U.S. dollars' worth of insurance against the risk of a Greek bankruptcy, with Goldman collecting a dandy fee for setting up this new casino game.

In the meantime, the Greeks themselves, having had enough of Goldman's debt management "acumen," turned down the firm's latest proposal to camouflage their bills. Instead, like a guilty teenager caught with the family credit card, the Greeks threw themselves at the mercy of their richer European Union neighbors, hoping to renegotiate their loans and borrow on more favorable terms. Goldman, no longer Greece's debt management adviser, would now have to be satisfied with only taking the fees from the investors that bet on its former client's financial collapse. (By *fees*, I mean yet another shitload of money.)

...the government is supposed to watch over the economic welfare of the entire country, not just redirect the bulk of society's resources to thieves with second homes in the Hamptons.

Oh, one more factoid about the index that Goldman helped set up: It began strangling Greece. The more bets that were placed against the country, the more difficult it became for the Greek government to borrow the funds needed to pay its bills. And, of course, the more trouble Greece got into, the more investors wagered against it, and the higher the country's interest payments for rolling over debt became. This increased Greece's debt burden, and the spiral continued.

Thanks to the iTraxx SovX Western Europe Index, designed by the firm to which Greece paid $300 million, the Greek government is currently trying to swallow an even greater number of drastic austerity measures, i.e., slashing more public spending, civil service wages and pensions benefits that would have been unnecessary had the index not been created.

But why should we care? No one forced the Greeks to use Goldman's creative accounting techniques. Goldman played by the rules at the time (although what it did is now prohibited) and tried to help the country prosper. Then, when the world financial situation started to go south, Goldman merely figured out a way to make some money out of a bad situation. It's not in the priesthood (okay, bad moral example), but the point is that the firm has always been in the business of making money. Why pick on Goldman Sachs for being good at it?

Well, there's Abacus 2007-ACI, a collaterized debt obligation not much different from the many other incomprehensible-by-design financial products Goldman came up with for its investors—except for one important detail: The Securities and Exchange Commission said this one stunk to high heaven.

On April 16, 2010, the SEC dropped a hammer on Goldman's asses and accused the firm of not disclosing that Abacus 2007-ACI was designed specifically to fail. According to the government, the toxic mortgages contained in this investment package were chosen by none other than billionaire John Paulson's hedge fund, which was betting on Abacus to lose value. Although some SEC staffers watch porn (see the April 25, 2010, *New York Times*), its investigators occasionally look up from the action on their computer screens and catch someone committing a monumental fraud. According to a series of damning interoffice Goldman e-mails, this is what Abacus clearly appeared to be.

Goldman's defense was simple: It plays financial hardball with sophisticated investors while legally following the rules of the game. The only problem is that the game itself is rigged and has been for a very long time.

Let's look at the Federal Reserve Board, which is frequently referred to as a public-private hybrid. While that characterization suggests government control, the greater truth is probably what *Web of Debt* author Ellen Brown has said about it: "The Federal Reserve is not actually 'Federal'...not one share of stock is owned by the public. Each of the 12 Federal Reserve branches is owned by its member banks." The Fed, as it's generally called, has no transparency, has never been audited and is not subject to government oversight.

In simple terms. the Federal Reserve Board decides the cost of the money banks can lend to businesses. At the present time the Federal Reserve is lending money at a real rate of interest that is below zero—incredibly, at a rate even cheaper than free.

Early this year, Brown wrote in *The Huffington Post* that "in 2008, Goldman magically transformed into a bank holding company. That gave it access to the Federal Reserve's lending window; but at the same time, it remained an investment bank, aggressively speculating in the markets...it can now borrow massive amounts of money at virtually 0% interest.... Money not only to speculate for its own account but to bend markets to its will."

"Greece is the word," Goldman executives are now humming, courtesy of the American taxpayer. This is nothing other than simple predatory capitalism.

Remember how Wall Street was supposed to behave after Hank Paulson (a former Goldman Sachs CEO) insisted financial institutions had to have bushels of cash to save them from their own reckless investment strategies after the housing bubble burst? The plan, as we all remember, was that the recipients were supposed to gratefully pump those free taxpayer dollars back into the economy to help everyone dig out of the housing bubble mess together. Instead, the Wall Street powerbrokers fattened their cash reserves, made more risky bets, raised all their processing fees and gave out massive bonuses to each other for a job poorly done.

Not surprisingly, the question of character is probably the financial industry's biggest conundrum. In theory the government is supposed to watch over the economic welfare of the entire country, not just use its power to redirect the bulk of society's resources to a small amount of thieves with second homes in the Hamptons. But the people who have been overseeing things the past couple of years—specifically Federal Reserve Board Chairman Ben Bernanke, former Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner and Barney Frank and his entire House Financial Services Committee—have all mystifyingly had their thumbs up their collective asses while the U.S. econ- *(continued on page 113)*

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA



NAME:
Sindy

AGE: 25

STATUS: ENGAGED

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 559

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES

URL: MYSPACE.COM/KARINASINDY

Emitting pure sexuality, Sindy never fails to command attention. No wonder the eye-catcher from Copenhagen, Denmark, is now pursuing a modeling career in Southern California. She's also an entrepreneur who owns an interior design firm.

A typically open-minded Scandinavian, Sindy says she enjoys spending her spare time doing yoga in the buff and posing nude for artists and photographers. "I love being naked!" the 5-foot-8 MySpacer exclaims. "Denmark has quite a different view on nudity and sex than the U.S. I like where I'm from."

But Sindy also likes what's at her fingertips in Los Angeles: movies, girl-on-girl wrestling and a bevy of hot nightspots. Meanwhile, she still savors one of her favorite pastimes from back home. "I love watching porn," Sindy admits. "Pornography became legal in Denmark in 1969, so we were way ahead of the crowd. A few friends of mine would pilfer their parents' videos, and we'd all watch and get off together with all sorts of experimentation."

Lots of people get to pilfer glances at Sindy during one of her daily rituals: running on the beach with her boxer mix pup—appropriately named Gonzo. But the curtains are closed when the Nordic babe spends leisurely hours in bed with her fiancé. Sorry, this one's taken!









THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #45

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

PHOTOS BY JACK RISELL

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SCORPIONS R.I.P.



After 40 years of rocking the world, Hanover, Germany's favorite sons have decided to call it a day. We caught up with the Scorpions' longtime core members—Rudolf Schenker (guitar), Klaus Meine (vocals) and Matthias Jabs (lead guitar)—to discuss the band's final studio CD, its upcoming farewell tour and retirement homes.

HUSTLER: Is this really the end of the Scorpions?

KLAUS MEINE: It is.

Why now?

RUDOLF SCHENKER: Because there is only one moment in time when you can make a decision where everything works for you. Time is on your side—and this is the moment. In this case we put the essence of the Scorpions into one album—*Sting in the Tail*—so we can go out on a high note and leave.

KLAUS: Everybody, whether you're a musician or in sports, dreams about that perfect moment, but it's hard to find that moment. When we started these recording sessions, we weren't thinking about retirement or anything. It was like any other session we've done in 40 years. Then towards the end our manager brought it up, saying, "This album sounds so great. How can you ever top this in the years to come?" He suggested that this might be the perfect moment.

The three of us really thought about it and came to the point where we agreed that this album will be very powerful. Together with a strong tour it might be the perfect way to leave this crazy rock 'n' roll train in class and style—and do it while we are still on top of the game.

RUDOLF: We know we're at the point where we can't top ourselves.

KLAUS: The Scorpions is such a high-running machine, doing 60 to 70 shows a year in countries across the world. We want to keep it that way and owe it to our fans not at some point to slow down and not give it our all. We don't want someone in the future to say, "Wow! The Scorpions used to be such a great live band." We want to remain in the collective memory of our fans around the world as a great live band.

RUDOLF: The best films have happy endings. It's hard to do. How often do you go to a party and think, *It's 1 a.m. I should go*? But you stay too long. The next day you say, "Why did I do that?" The biggest mistake you can do is to stay at the party too long. You're killing your career and legacy if someone sees your show and says, "Shame that singer can't sing like he used to." We don't want to be in a position to show weakness. We want to end our career with a happy ending.

What has the fans' reaction been?

MATTHIAS JABS: They've been very sad. It was a misunderstanding when we announced it was going to be the last tour. A lot of people thought that meant it was over right now. For us it's like it's always been. We just finished a new album, and we go on a world tour for two-years-plus, maybe even three. It's nothing new. The only difference will be at the end of the tour we will have to realize what it means to stop and play the last show. We don't even realize right now that one day on this tour it will be the last show.

Will you be performing in any countries for the first time?

KLAUS: We hope to finally go to Australia on this tour.

RUDOLF: China.

MATTHIAS: Vietnam.

Where will the final show take place?

RUDOLF: We don't know yet. We think that something will come up to make us so excited that maybe we'll plan around it. We want to give the fans the best. The rest is in the air.

KLAUS: Right now it's about getting the party started and going all over the world. We want to enjoy ourselves with this album. The last show might be in L.A., New York, Paris, Athens, Moscow or our hometown of Hanover, Germany. When we do face the final curtain, it will be more emotional than any of us can probably imagine right now.

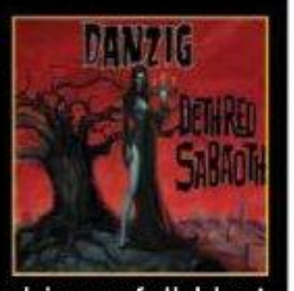
What about the set list?

MATTHIAS: Half of the set list is always clear for us because those are the songs everybody knows and wants to hear. We've

PHOTO BY CINEMACIA.COM

THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED



DANZIG
Deth Red Sabaoth
Back from the dead after six years, Danzig finally crawls out of the darkness to deliver exactly what you'd expect from his strongest record yet. Danzig's trademark growl is on full blast throughout the driving track "Black Candy."



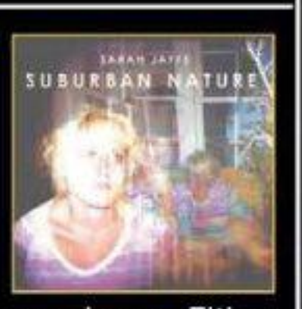
SEVENDUST
Cold Day Memory
Words to describe the new Sevendust CD: pummeling, ear-shattering, melodic, beautiful? Yup. This disc is packed with pounding drums, earth-moving bass and ripping guitar work, all intertwined with vocalist Lajon Witherspoon's most introspective lyrics to date.



BULLET FOR MY VALENTINE
Fever
Okay, the latest from Bullet is nothing short of amazing and is sure to take the talented band to the storied "next level." All that is well and good, but we're stuck on the cover. The question is would you have sex with a superhot woman even if she has a crab claw for a hand? The answer, even from those of us who are allergic to seafood, is "Hell, yes!"



ICED EARTH
Box of the Wicked
Long before he was the goofball who wore adult diapers on *The Howard Stern Show*, Richard Christy was the drummer for the most metal of metal bands. This limited-edition five-disc box set (only 10,000 were released worldwide) is a must-have for any headbanger. You're not a poseur, are you?



SARAH JAFFE
Suburban Nature
This record will haunt you. It will creep into your mind late at night like the ghost of a dead girlfriend. Okay, maybe we're getting a little carried away. Sorry, but this is our Halloween Issue. Either way, there is no doubt that Jaffe's voice is magical.



KELIS
Flesh Tone
Welcome to the future of funk. You may remember Kelis from the irrepressible club anthem "Milkshake." The hip-hop hottie leaves that track and style far behind as she takes her latest disc into an entirely different groove galaxy. Produced by superstar DJ David Guetta ("Sexy Bitch"), Flesh Tone is perfect for fans of hip-hop and their robot girlfriends.

added in some songs from the '70s and three songs from the new album.

KLAUS: Some songs we haven't played for a while, like "Animal Magnetism" for example. We might have our old friends [former bandmates] Herman [Rarebell], Mike [Schenker] and Uli Jon Ross pop up and share the stage with us again. There is nothing planned yet, so we have to see how it works out.

Have you made any retirement plans?

KLAUS: We're looking for a good retirement home while we're on tour. (*Laughs.*)

RUDOLF: Maybe Florida. (*Laughs.*)

MATTHIAS: With a well-trained butler who shows up at eight at night to say, "Thirty minutes, guys." Hands us a scotch—like a tour manager for life.

RUDOLF: I think there will be many offers coming. We can find out by forcing ourselves into a new dimension. There are many possibilities. Matthias is doing his own guitar line. My brother Michael and I did a Schenker Brothers' guitar, and we will do a CD. Klaus has already offered to be a guest singer on it.

I also just wrote a book called *Rock Your Life*, which is out in Germany and Austria. It's part history of the band and part guide to motivate people. It shows that you can do anything if you put your mind to it. We came from a little town where nobody expected us to do anything, and we made it. It tells you that you have to focus your vision and have the right gang. With that, you can make it.

Klaus, will you do a solo CD?

KLAUS: There are no plans really right now. I can't imagine myself on the golf course. I will always be a songwriter and musician. In 40 years together none of us has done a solo record. Of course, [retirement] would be the perfect time to think about something like that. If Rudolph gives me a call to sing on a track on his CD, okay. I won't change my number. (*Laughs.*)

What is the band's ultimate legacy?

KLAUS: I think Scorpions was not only a band that "rocked the world like a hurricane" but also a band that built bridges. We were one of the first bands to go to the Soviet Union. We played in the Middle East in Beirut shortly after the civil war. We united the world through music and emotions. Scorpions connected people with our music. We raised the voice of rock for a more peaceful world.

What do you want written on your tombstone?

KLAUS: They Rocked Like a Hurricane. What else? (*Laughs.*) ■

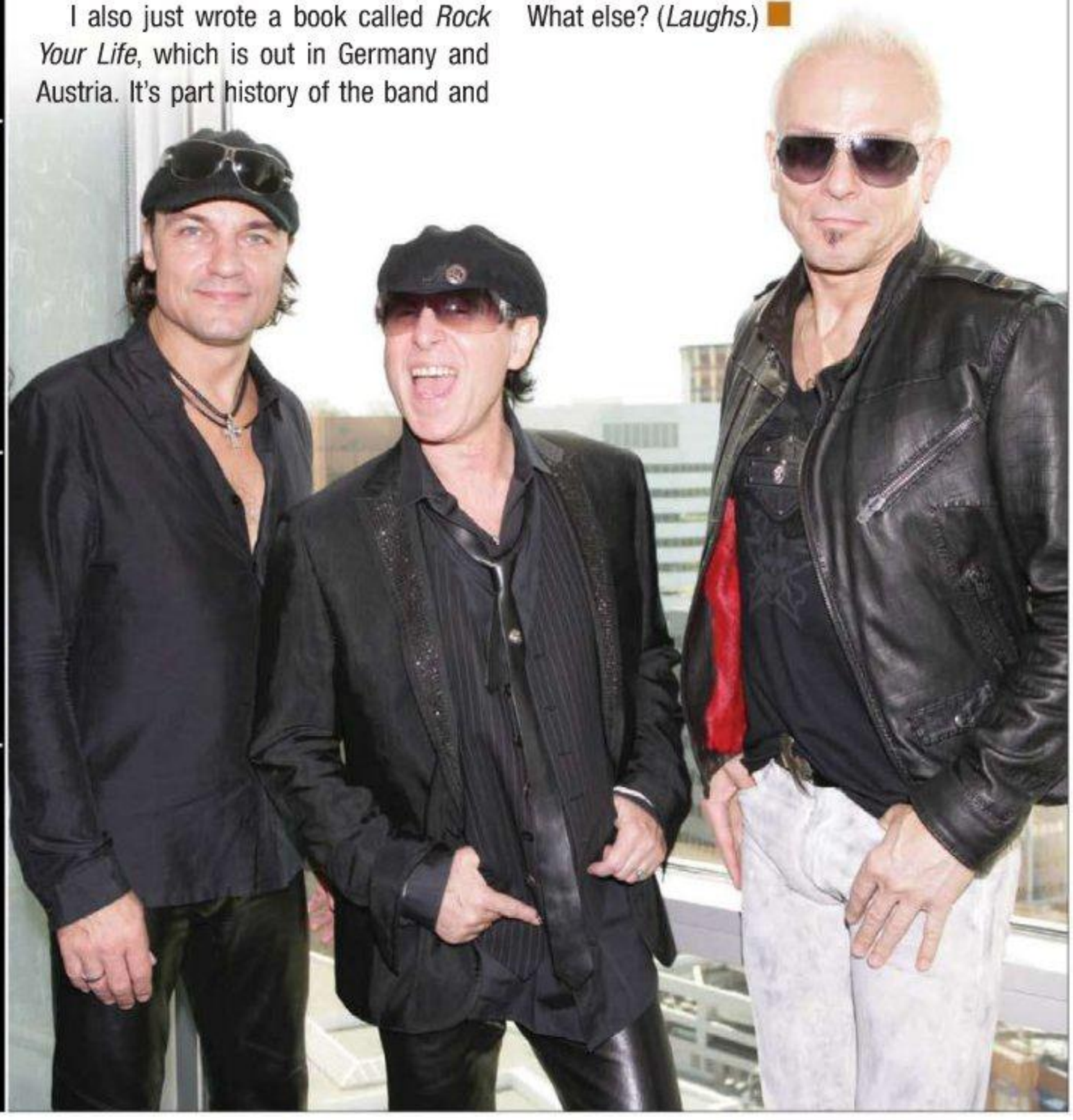


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

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MICHAEL MONROE
THE RETURN OF THE REAL

Former Hanoi Rocks frontman Michael Monroe has lived a legendary life. Although his glam rock/punk outfit never achieved the massive success they deserved, they did directly influence a slew of bands that came after—most notably Poison and Guns N' Roses. Sadly, Hanoi Rocks came to an abrupt end in 1985 after drummer Razzle was killed in a car driven by Mötley Crüe's Vince Neil. We caught up with Monroe on the eve of what looks to be a massive comeback, complete with a new band, new attitude and the best male cheekbones in rock 'n' roll.

HUSTLER: Since it influenced so many bands, do you think Hanoi Rocks was ahead of its time?

MICHAEL MONROE: In some ways, yeah. I don't know if we came too soon. We were at the right place but maybe at the wrong time.

Do you get the respect you deserve from bands that came afterwards, like Guns N' Roses?

From Guns N' Roses, certainly. They were great to us. They released our European catalog on their UziSuicide label, and they always paid homage to Hanoi. They always mentioned us as one of their influences.

Have other bands taken the Hanoi Rocks style and sound but not given you credit?

There were a lot of bands that were more into the haircuts. The hairdos and the posing were more important than the music and the attitude. To me, with Hanoi Rocks the songs came first, then the attitude. It wasn't about posing. Of course, we wanted to look cool, but a lot of the hair bands missed the point. They played their hair dryers better than they played their instruments. I wasn't crazy about people saying we started hair metal. I said, "Don't blame me."

Where did the style come from?

The look was based on the bands that we were into when we grew up in the '70s—Alice Cooper and the New York Dolls. Plus the punk thing. Starting with the birth of rock, going back to Little Richard, the look was part of it. At the time when we started in Finland [1979] there were a lot of these progressive rock bands who were real serious musicians playing in dirty jeans with their backs to the audience.

We wanted to give people something to look at while onstage doing a show. We took our influences from the '50s with the Teddy Boys, then the '70s punk thing from the Damned and Ruts. We mixed it all together and made our own thing. They started calling us glam. We never thought of ourselves as glam. We were just a rock 'n' roll band. It's nice to be recognized, but I don't like to be categorized.

If Razzle hadn't died, would Hanoi Rock have continued?

That was a blow to the band that we couldn't recover from. If Razzle hadn't died, we would have continued.

In 1989 you released the powerful solo CD *Not Fakin' It*, which should have been a huge hit but wasn't. What happened?

It was on the way to being a real big album. It was a good record, and things were happening, but I wasn't agreeing with the record company's marketing. There was a TV ad they did that I knew nothing about. Then I saw it on TV, and it said (*in a radio announcer's voice*), "Michael Monroe, he's the real deal; he's not fakin' it. He's the brains behind Hanoi Rocks!"

I was like, what?! Hanoi Rocks had no brains. That's the whole thing about it. I called the label and said, "This is a misrepresentation. Pull the commercial."

They said, "Don't like it? Then we'll pull the plug on the whole record." And that was that.

Has dealing with record companies always been a battle for you?

I wanted to do things on my own terms, and I didn't want to compromise to make a quick buck. I wasn't being a prima donna thinking too highly of myself. I did it at the cost of not becoming rich. Some people say that was stupid. The record company said, "After you sell a million records, you can tell us what to do." But I didn't want to wait that long. To me it was more important to wake up in the morning, look in the mirror and feel good about myself. I sleep at night with a cool conscience knowing I haven't sold out.

In recent years there have been some Hanoi Rocks reunions.

No, not reunions! It was just one rebirth. I would never have done it if it had not gotten to a point where me and guitarist Andy [McCoy] started getting along again. We started working and writing some new material. We did three new records. Hanoi Rocks could not be sold. We would never do a one-off tour in Japan, hating each other just to make money. We got back together because it was a new thing, and we were creating something new. We made three new great records.

Why did that collaboration come to an end?

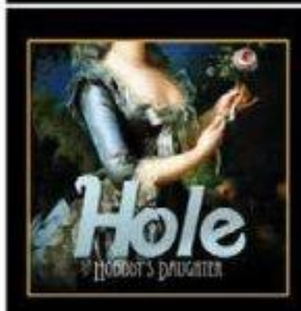
After the third record nothing happened for a year and a half. Andy and I weren't hanging or writing new material anymore. It started to be repetitious, and I wanted to preserve the Hanoi Rocks name, not just have us show up

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS



ROB ZOMBIE
Hellbilly Deluxe 2
Good horror movies need sequels. So why not landmark albums? Master monster movie maker/musician Rob Zombie has crafted a scary good Part 2 to his 1998 masterpiece. Highlights include "Virgin Witch."



HOLE
Nobody's Daughter
We love a pretty mess, and Courtney Love is the prettiest. She reconvenes her '90s rock outfit (sans any other original band members) for a trip back in time to when Love was the queen of grunge. Rife with crashing guitars and ragged vocals, *Nobody's Daughter* is a step in the right direction in Courtney Love's quest to reclaim her crown.



HELLOWEEN
Unarmed
How the hell did Helloween keep at it for 25 years? Seriously, whereas most bands with a less-than-cool name would have hung it up long ago, these metal maniacs have soldiered on. One listen to *Unarmed* will have you glad they did.



GOLDFRAPP
Head First
Beautiful and melodic, the latest release from Goldfrapp hits you like a warm breeze blowing off a sunny beach. *Head First* blends retro keyboard sounds with light rhythms and seductive vocals for absolute pop perfection. Plus, the singer is so sexy, it hurts.



KROKUS
Hoodoo
Here are three words you probably never expected to hear again: Krokus is back! That's right, Switzerland's answer to AC/DC returns with their first studio CD since 2006. *Hoodoo* is packed with bluesy rock and a kickass cover of "Born to Be Wild" that will make you say "Welcome back!"



DJ Rap
Synthesis
The first lady of electronica returns with a deeply layered and extremely danceable effort. Songs like "Give It All Away"—cowritten by pop hit machine the Matrix—prove why DJ Rap is the sexiest disc jockey to ever rock the wheels of steel.

at some festivals once a year and play.

How did you reconnect with former bandmate Sami Yaffa?

Sami came to Finland to play with the New York Dolls last summer. We ended up jamming. They invited me to join them onstage and play some sax and sing on "Personality Crisis" and "Hey Bo Diddley." Sami and I ended up hanging out till late at night, and he said he would like to play with me again. So we kept in touch and started exchanging song ideas over the Internet.

Have the two of you recorded any new material?

We've just recorded some rehearsals. We have a bunch of new songs. We want to take our time and play live first and get some miles under our asses. It's high-energy, straightforward rock 'n' roll with good melodies and good lyrics. It has a rougher, punk edge.

When can we expect the new CD?

It's open-ended in a way that we're not putting pressure on one date. We hope to get something out before the end of the year.

Got any good groupie stories?

To tell you something crazy, I have never ever had any involvement with groupies in my whole life. I was never into that scene. To me it's just repulsive. I can't imagine spending a night with a complete stranger and never seeing them again. To me intimate relationships are something really personal. I'm the kind of guy who is faithful to one person. I was married 15 years until my wife died. I'm remarried now and happy. I would never cheat. Unlike your regular rock star stereotype, I'm not into that sleazy kind of stuff. Now with AIDS, you gotta be out of your mind to go with someone you don't know!

What's the best part about being Michael Monroe in 2010?

Being my own man. The best part is not necessarily being famous but rather being notorious and formidable. No one can touch me. No one can buy me. I'm my own person.

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

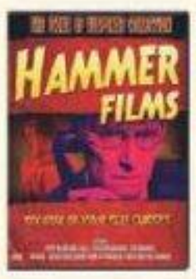
DVD DISTRACTIONS



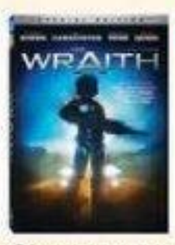
AFTER DARK HORRORFEST 4: 8 FILMS TO DIE FOR
Lionsgate releases its fourth box set of new horror classics collected from the ultrapopular national film festival. The top-notch independent flicks showcased in this roundup include *The Graves*, *Dread*, *The Final* and *Lake Mungo*.



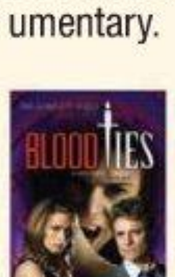
CABIN FEVER: UNRATED DIRECTOR'S CUT (BLU-RAY)
If you thought that the big-screen version of *Cabin Fever*—a modern horror classic about a crew of good-looking young folks being overtaken by a mysterious killer virus—wasn't gory enough, you have to see the expanded director's cut. More blood, more pus and yes, more "accidental" nudity.



THE ICONS OF SUSPENSE COLLECTION: HAMMER FILMS
This impressive box set features a half-dozen late-'50s-and-early-'60s thrillers from England's legendary and premier horror film studio. They include *Cash on Demand*, *These Are the Damned*, *The Snorkel* and the startling psychodrama *Stop Me Before I Kill!*



THE WRAITH
Long before he was the beloved (yet troubled) star of America's top sitcom, *Two and a Half Men*, Charlie Sheen popped up in this cult classic. *The Wraith* tells the story of a small town besieged by a mysterious killing machine out for vengeance. This special edition DVD also includes interviews and a documentary.



BLOOD TIES: THE COMPLETE SERIES
Rabid fans of *Blood Ties* have waited patiently for this "crime series with bite" to finally arrive on DVD. The seven-disc set features every episode and some bloody-good extras. For those not familiar with *Blood Ties*, the show aired for two seasons on Lifetime in 2006 and was based on the best-selling novels of Tanya Huff.



TRUE BLOOD: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON
The sexiest vampire drama on TV today—seriously, *True Blood* is so much hotter than that network crap—features Anna Paquin and a bevy of sexy and often-topless babes. This five-disc set features all 12 episodes from the groundbreaking drama's sophomore year.

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"Hi, honey. I'm just starting the back nine."



"Wow! One week in Hollywood and I'm makin' it with a famous TV star—the Geico gecko!"

(continued from page 56) gonna happen. (*Laughs.*)

What do you think about people who dress up like you on Halloween?

I wonder, *Where's my kickback?*

Would you ever consider doing an officially licensed Danzig Halloween costume?

I think it's silly, but it would be funny just to see if people would actually buy it. It would have to be one of those cheapo plastic masks like the old Ben Cooper costumes. We actually talked about doing some of the *Verotik* characters as plastic masks. We even got to the point of having an artist do mockups of the mask designs. We were going to do Morella, Satanica and a couple other characters. Maybe the Danzig skull of the Misfits head. It was just sort of a kick for us to see what some of our characters would look like as cheapo plastic heads. Maybe we'll do a small run of them someday and let the die-hard fans have them. That would be cool.

If you could be a zombie, vampire or werewolf, which one would you be and why?

A werewolf, just for the sheer power I would have.

How do you want to die?

I'm torn between going out nice and peacefully or with a machine gun in my hand attacking a government building. Killing everybody I hate in our government. That would be really cool. I'd need machine guns, bazookas, rocket launchers and maybe a tank. Just really vent my anger on our government. That would be great.

Not a big fan of the government?

The government is supposed to be "of the people and for the people," and it's not. I'm really at odds with that. Especially this current administration, which just jams shit down your throat whether you like it or not. Even the illusion of the people running the government is gone now. The last two years it's been, "This is the way it is, and if you don't like it, go fuck yourself." It's not even debatable anymore. They don't even care. I'm kind of actually happy to see people so upset about it that they are creating their own protests.

How do you change it?

You're not going to change it. Whatever our government does is mandated by the rich—the global world order. Whatever they say is implemented around the world. That goes for every fucking country. Russia, China, you name it. Ultimately, what can you do? Really nothing. Try to have fun in your life and enjoy it while you're alive. That's the only way to approach it. You can be angry, but it's a global government that will crush you.

How do you celebrate Halloween?

It's just another day for me.

What do kids get who trick-or-treat at your house?

Plain old candy. At my old house no one would even attempt to trick-or-treat. They'd just walk by. We'll see what happens this year.



LORENZO SPERLONGA

lorenzosperlonga.com

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BY MILEY MORRISON

COUGARS UNLEASHED #20

REBECCA

AGE: 40

LOCATION: LAS VEGAS

This is a column dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Throughout her life, Rebecca has never failed to turn heads. Now at age 40 the Sin City denizen continues to attract men, and she believes her free-wheeling hometown deserves some of the credit. "Living in Las Vegas definitely keeps me feeling young at heart," Rebecca exuberantly coos. "I love it when guys think I'm still in my 20s!"

Vigorously maintaining her body has paid dividends, both for appearance's sake and opportunity. "I enjoy my fitness routine and working out," Rebecca explains. "The best part about going to the gym is getting to flirt with all those younger men. I love watching them sweat for me." But being a big cocktease isn't this well-built lady's cup of tea. "The gym is the best place to pick up guys because I can show off what they'll be working with in the sack!"

As you can see, Rebecca has a lot to offer. "I think my big boobs are my best physical attribute," the 5-foot-6 knockout points out. "At least that's what all the guys tell me. But it's my talents as a caring, imaginative and experienced lover that totally blow them away!"

Rebecca may only be a skin-pic amateur, but the scintillating Cougar knows how to show off her anatomy like a seasoned model. "I'm so excited to be featured in HUSTLER," she marvels. "It's so sexy and hip." With a wink, ravishing Rebecca muses, "I hope all your readers find me as attractive as my boy toys at the gym!"

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY FRIEND







BY BRAD MERRITT

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

THE ROSTI MANIFESTO

A UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE STUDENT'S CONTROVERSIAL TREATISE ON SORORITY GIRLS.

Hello, College Town USA. Prior to my graduation from the University of Tennessee, I penned a final farewell to my classmates. Gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson would have been proud, but not UT's student newspaper, *The Daily Beacon*, which refused to publish my words of scholarly wisdom. However, I knew just where to send them: free speech champion HUSTLER Magazine.

Somewhere below Southern belles and slightly above fat girls with braces resides a third group of females: sorority girls. I refer to them as *rostis*—my personal abbreviation for *sorostitute*, a combination of the words *sorority* and *prostitute*.

Three types of rostis are present on the UT campus and, more than likely, at any college with sororities. For the purpose of this report there are no Easy DZs, Chi Hos or the ladies of Katcha Katcha Gonorrhea. Rather, they are divided into three categories: the Kmart Rosti, the Walmart Rosti and the Target Rosti. There are rumors of a higher-class sorostitute, a Marshalls Rosti, but like the elusive chupacabra, she doesn't exist.

Kmart Rostis: This is the lowest class of the Rosti Nation. You know the type. Girls who somehow managed to develop a notorious reputation. During my stint as a student athlete, my teammates and I referred to these chicks as waldos, from the *Where's Waldo?* books. It was a reference to their perpetual presence.

During practice they could be spotted somewhere on the fence line. During weightlifting sessions their familiar faces would pop up in the window, followed shortly by the sound of a coach's voice begging our attention. The only time Kmart Rostis weren't noticeably present was during parties, but only because they'd all snuck off into a closet or bedroom. Kmart Rostis recognize who they are, have no false facade and pride themselves on their abilities. I liken them to the old joke about how fat girls are like mopeds. They are plenty of fun to ride, but you wouldn't want your friends to see you on one.

During weightlifting sessions their familiar faces would pop up in the window, followed shortly by the sound of a coach's voice begging our attention.

Walmart Rostis: This subdivision is a bit of an enigma. Unlike the Kmart Rostis, the Walmart Rostis futily try to hide what they are. These chicks give themselves away with clichés such as "I swear I'm not a cleat chaser" or the all-time classic "I'm really not *that* kind of girl."

Here is an example. Following an impromptu advice session with former *Daily Beacon* staffer and current ESPN columnist Gene Wojciechowski, one flirtatious rosti saw a networking opportunity. She thought she was making a positive impression on Wojo by explaining how important she was. Unfortunately for her, Wojo attended UT, meaning he can spot a Walmart Rosti in a heartbeat. It boils down to this: Walmart Rostis know they are superior to their Kmart counterparts, but they have tricked themselves into believing they're actually Target Rostis.

Target Rostis: We now address the highest and most dangerous class of rosti. At times it is difficult to tell the difference between Target Rostis and garden-variety Southern belles because Target Rostis hide their true colors so well. On the surface, they all possess intelligence, good looks and plenty of class. They typically have lots of money and have known enough athletes and frat boys to be wise to the game. The only true giveaway is the Greek lettering that Target Rostis proudly display on their clothing and vehicles. Of course, distracting us males from a Target Rosti's artificial interior is her exterior booty—er, I mean beauty.

Thus, if you want to wrestle with any sorostitute, proceed with caution. Here are some crucial tips:

1) Be an athlete or make friends with as many jocks as possible. (The trickle-down rule applies.)

2) Have deep pockets. (Daddy's greenbacks will do in a pinch.)

3) Stumble into a popular off-campus hangout over the weekend. If the sundresses and bloodshot eyes don't give the rostis away, follow the shrill of female voices until you find a large conglomerate in the back of the joint. (If that doesn't work, just locate the nearest jock.)

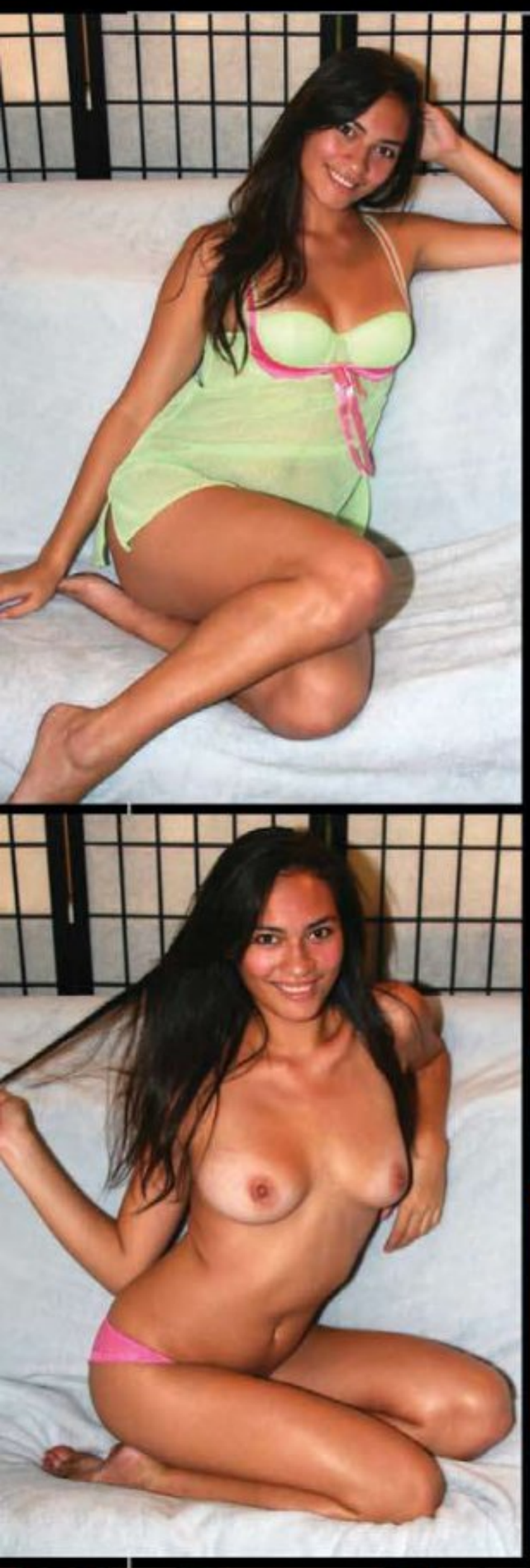
4) Join a fraternity. (Frat boys enjoy unlimited access to rostis.)

Bottom line: If you can't dunk a basketball, if you have never tasted champagne and caviar, or if frats and drinking just aren't your thing, you may have to settle for gazing at the nude models in this magazine. However, if you find yourself balls-deep in a rosti somewhere after the stroke (pun intended) of midnight, always remember the golden rule of sorostitutes: anywhere but the face.

Brad Merritt majored in English at the University of Tennessee, where he was sports editor of the student newspaper, *The Daily Beacon*. The onetime collegiate football and baseball player has also written for ESPN.com.

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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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.

NATASHA

SEATTLE CENTRAL COMMUNITY COLLEGE

"I love adventures, if you know what I mean," hints this 19-year-old SCCC sophomore, who has been slowly letting strangers see more and more of her magna cum laude anatomy.

"One time at a mall," Natasha recalls, "I was too lazy to try on a nightie in the fitting room, so I decided to do it right by the racks. I didn't think anyone was around, but the store's floor walker caught me. Since I wasn't wearing panties, he got a pretty good show. I was kinda embarrassed and kinda turned-on. Well, a few months later my girlfriends and I flashed a bunch of firefighters, and now I'm modeling nude for a photographer I met."

Natasha—who thinks of herself as "funny, flirty, sweet and outgoing"—was a cheerleader and gymnast in high school. As a collegian the 5-foot-7 denizen of Federal Way, Washington, burns calories in other ways: "I love sports, especially kickboxing, and scuba-diving."

The zesty Apple Stater is also into muff-diving. "I'm bi, seductive and aggressive," admits Natasha, whose most memorable sexual encounter was "a slumber party that turned into a threesome with two girls." It seems she's truly a spur-of-the-moment hottie: "Whenever I watch UFC fights and reality shows with my boyfriend, we always end up having sex. I'm a passionate couch potato, and I love doggy-style!"

Natasha, who aspires to be a veterinarian and is very partial to "my desserts," harbors an adventurous fantasy: "I want to have sex in a different place starting with each letter of the alphabet. *A* for automobile, *B* for bed, *C* for counter, etc." It's refreshing to uncover a bookworm who knows her ABCs.



"Yes, loyalty and obedience *are* good qualities, but we already have enough employees who shit and piss wherever they want to."

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Good Enough to Eat

SYREN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY



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I'm all about oral," says sexy **Syren**. "If a guy knows what to do with his tongue, everything else is just a bonus. And if he doesn't, but seems willing to learn, I'm more than willing to teach. Here's a quick lesson on how to eat pussy. Guys, remember one word: *variation*. Don't just use your tongue to lick up and down. Lick from side to side. Roll your tongue around in a circular motion and then poke it onto the clit in a darting motion. And while you dine, don't be afraid to spread the top of the pussy wide open. Just remember that a vagina is as sensitive as an eyeball. Don't be rough."

Since that sounds like a lot of work, we ask **Syren** why a guy should take her advice. "Because a woman will then return the favor tenfold," the Filipina knockout replies. "You can get her to gargle your balls, lick your taint and even give you a rimjob. A pleased woman is more likely to be a pleaser. Make a chick come, and she'll let you do things she didn't think she ever would. Do you want to get a girl to try anal or let you shoot your load on her pretty face? Please a woman first, and she'll be open to anything. Trust me. I know."

SYREN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Manila, Philippines | AGE: 39 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 110



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Syren sizzles in *White Lightning*, *Vaginatarians*, *Touch Me*, *Tongue Sandwich*, *Super Slut Sex Challenge: Aria vs. Syren*, *From Asia With Lust*, *A Hard Day at the Office* and other XXX releases from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.



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GOLDMAN SACHS

(continued from page 92) omy nearly slid into its worst slump since the Great Depression. Are Washington's best and brightest business minds really that incompetent?

According to Mark Weisbrot, codirector of the Center for Economic and Policy Research, the answer is a resounding *no*. "If you were an economist, you had to be a complete moron to miss the housing bubble," Weisbrot stated flatly. "Imagine a physicist who didn't understand gravity. It's inconceivable…Geithner, Greenspan, Bernanke…they all had oversight responsibility, and they did nothing about it."

Weisbrot went on to explain that "there was a mountain of economic data available for years that made the bubble obvious and warned of an impending financial implosion before it burst." From 1995 to 2006, housing rose more than 70% over inflation, after being basically flat in real terms over the previous 45 years. Subprime mortgages, normally 6% to 8% of the market, grew to 25% by 2006. "Alt-A mortgages, the next riskiest after subprime loans, grew from 1% to 12%," Weisbrot's point being there was a long list of danger signs for those who were trained to read them.

But no one said a thing. Everybody and their friends were getting rich and lazy while the media totally missed the story of Washington's negligence. No less a watchdog of political integrity than journalist Bob Woodward even wrote a fawning book about Greenspan, *Maestro*, that credits the former Fed chairman with ushering in a new age of American prosperity. Weisbrot aptly observed that someone should call Woodward back and "ask him if he'd like to change the title of his book to *Dunce*."

The biggest contributor to the Democratic Party is Wall Street. The second-largest contributor to Obama's 2008 Presidential campaign was Goldman Sachs. Timothy Geithner's deputy, Mark Patterson—who oversaw the TARP bailout—was once a Goldman lobbyist. Former Goldman partner Gary Gensler heads the Commodity Futures Trading Commission. Goldman is currently retaining former Obama White House counsel Gregory Craig as a member of its legal team. A decade ago, while working as an investment banker in Chicago, White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel advised a client who had also retained Goldman as an adviser on the same $8.2-billion deal.

Goldman, Goldman, Goldman. Where does it all end?

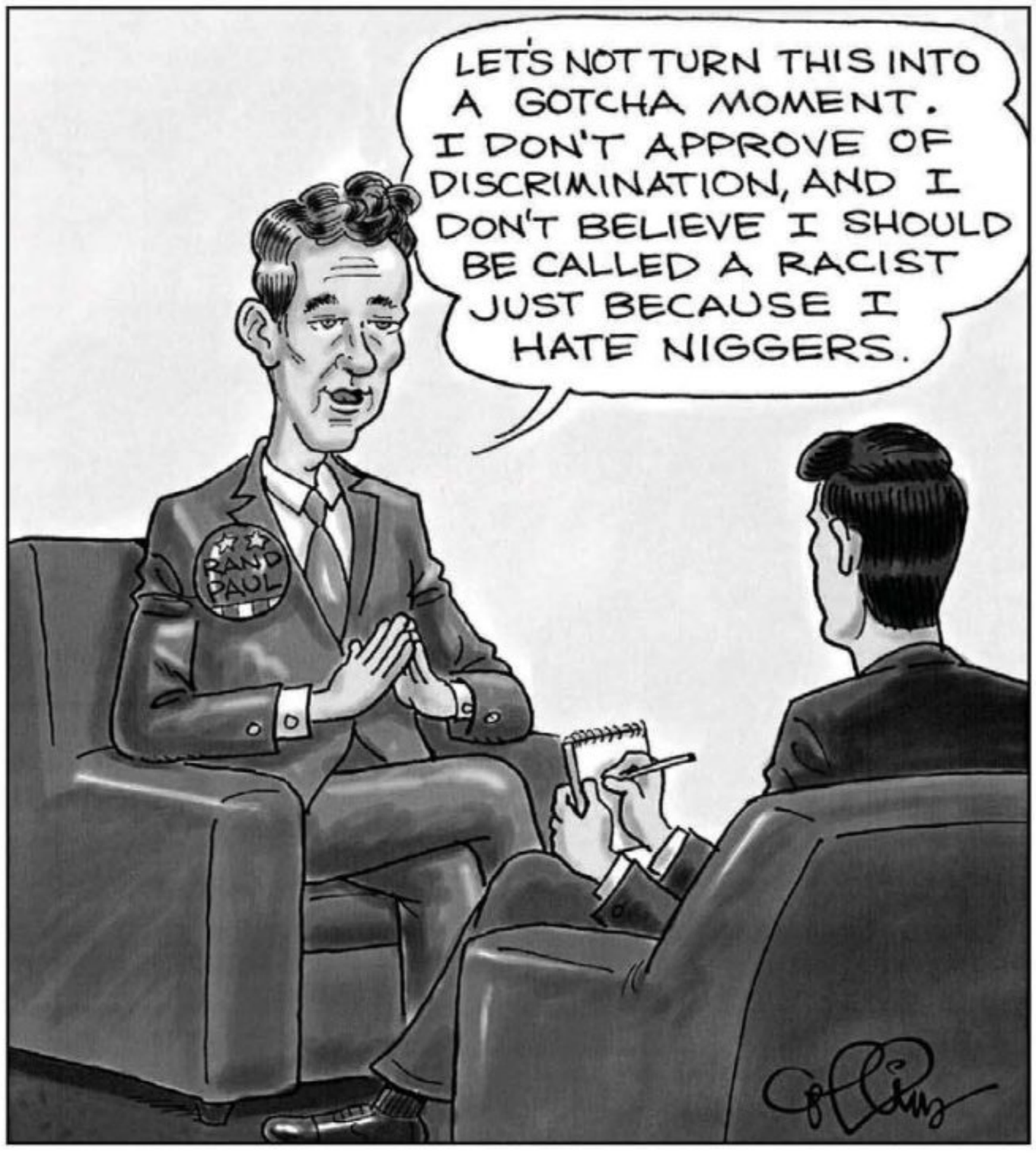
Well, if you're an optimist, you'd like to believe it could end with the current lawsuit filed by the government against Goldman. Clearly, the result of Goldman's strategy of making bigger and bigger bets to stack the deck in favor of the house illustrates that derivatives—the complex financial instruments that the firm championed—were at the center of the Great Crash of '08 and have to be regulated.

It's too early to tell how many loopholes lobbyists will try and slip into the financial reform bill that's under discussion before Congress. In the meantime, traders continue to take full advantage of their "leverage" (i.e., the ability to borrow up to 20 times the size of their bets) as they rattle the already-wobbly world economy.

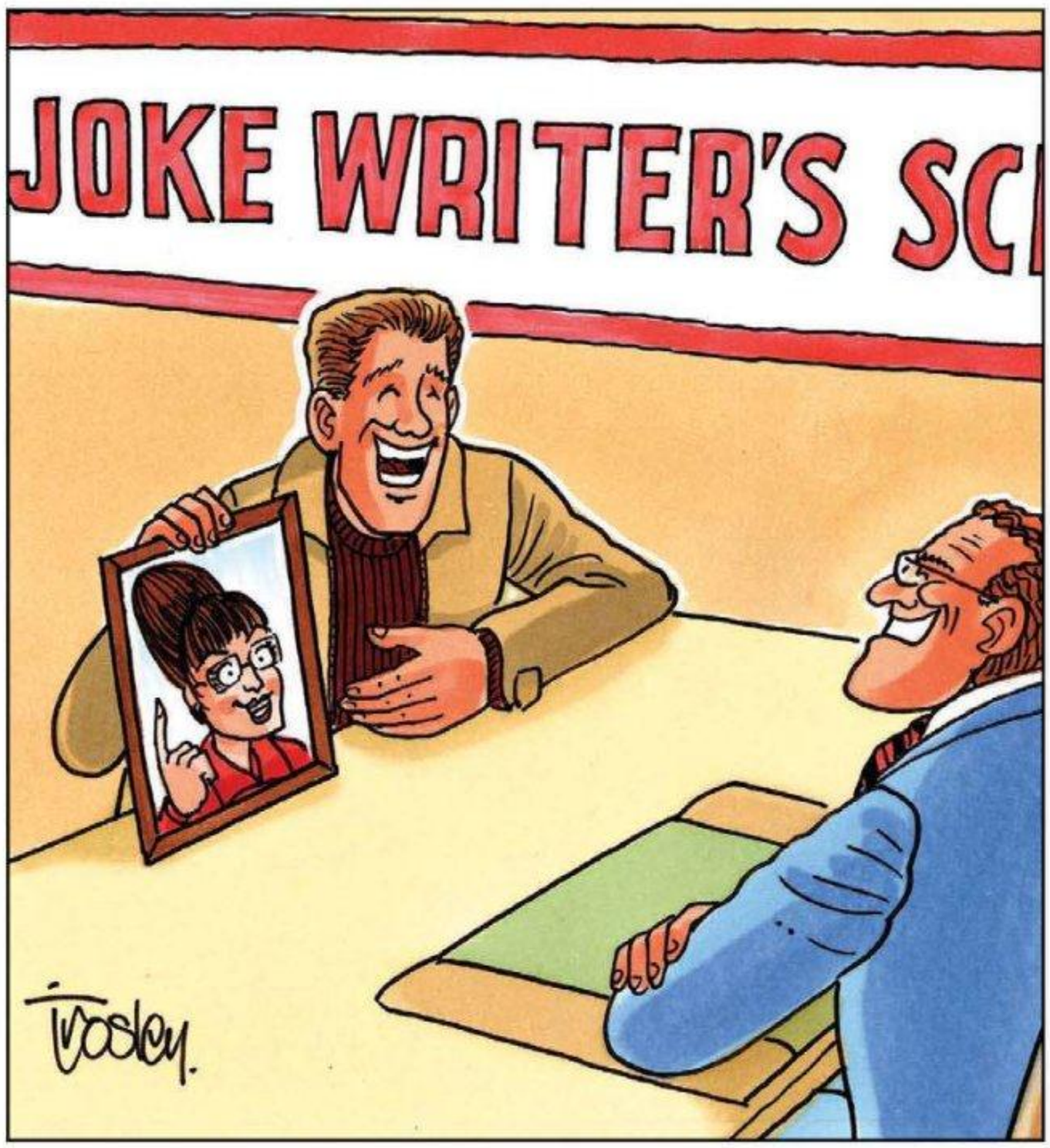
For example, on February 26, 2010, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that some heavyweight hedge fund managers got together for a private "idea dinner" in New York. The topic under discussion was "potential international currency investment opportunities," which really meant "since Greece is going down the toilet, can we all make a killing if we bet against the euro?" As reported by the *WSJ*, additional targets being eyed by these hedge fund managers include the other so-called PIIGS nations, plus England and even the states of California and New York.

Of course, the *Wall Street Journal* was only reporting on an academic discussion. The newspaper wasn't suggesting market manipulation or the dirty word *collusion*, which would have made the whole shebang blatantly illegal. The fact that some of the world's biggest hedge funds subsequently made huge, bearish bets that added to selling pressure on the euro, allowing them to make all the money they theorized they could make while munching filet mignon or lemon roasted chicken, was…well…a coincidence.

Bullshit! In the words of 1980s silver-screen role model Gordon Gekko, greed clearly is still "good." That's why it's critical for the American people and the media to make sure that Washington breaks away from the financial ties that have made it beholden to Wall Street and passes a reform bill that is truly worthy of restoring public confidence in the integrity of the financial markets. Because if the runaway casino culture of Goldman Sachs and its Wall Street cronies isn't curtailed, the next time an economic bubble bursts, it could result in an international meltdown that would rival the horrors of a Hollywood disaster movie. Then it's not just Alan Greenspan who'll be worthy of the moniker "dunce." It'll be all of us.







"Right now I just write for comedians, but eventually I hope to write speeches for Sarah Palin."

(continued from page 58) mills." If she doesn't like what she sees, she calls the ASPCA to report them.

With dog walking completed, we swing by a pet store to get some supplies for her adorable mutts, then head to a nearby department store where Ashlynn does a little shopping for some personal items. I generally find accompanying women on such trips to be a tedious experience, but for some inexplicable reason, while watching Ashlynn "thong shopping" the time just flew by.

We head to Zanos, an inviting neighborhood pizzeria in Woodland Hills, a short ride from Ashlynn's home. Ashlynn loves the place and loves to cook, so she asks Joe Provenzano, the owner, if, on the special occasion of her HUSTLER interview, she can help prepare her favorite pizza pie.

Because Ashlynn's such a good customer, Joe readily agrees. Ashlynn dons an apron and heads to the back with him to assist in making a Zanos "special vegetarian." The porn star looks quite comfortable in the kitchen, and, as she ladles on the tomato sauce and the various toppings, she tells me how she grew up cooking in her grandma's kitchen, how much she enjoys domestic life, and how excited she is about the prospect of getting married and starting a family ASAP.

I hear that country twang echo in the back of my head again. Whoa. "Married and start a family ASAP"? Since when is a 24-year-old porn star supposed to abandon a wild, hedonistic lifestyle to join the PTA?

"I'm a normal person," Ashlynn insists. "Porn is *part* of my life, not my *whole* life."

When you ask the average porn star where she sees herself in ten years, the answer is almost always the same: "I'll still be in the adult business, writing and producing. I could never conceive of doing anything else."

Not Ashlynn Brooke. "I want to write," she confides. "Short stories, fiction…personal experience stuff. Nothing sexual. I save that for the screen."

As we dig into the pizza she helped create, Ashlynn gushes about her fiancé, an adult-film producer who, ironically, has some trouble with how she makes her living.

"We don't really talk about my work," she tells me, "but I don't want to be with someone who doesn't care what I do. I guess it's all a bit confusing."

Not necessarily—not if you look at Ashlynn Brooke's life as a country and western song: the story of a small-town girl who had it rough, made the best of a bad situation, and then found someone who loves her for who she is, not what people perceive her to be.

Can't you almost hear Johnny Cash singing the final verse?

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

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Shawna Lenee (with gal pals Missy Woods and Ashlyn Rae) casts her spell in ***This Ain't I Dream of Jeannie XXX***.



This Ain't I Dream of Jeannie XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: SHAWNA LENEE, ASHLYN RAE, MISSY WOODS, CAROLYN REESE, JAZY BERLIN, CHEYNE COLLINS, JACK LAWRENCE, DALE DABONE & ALEC KNIGHT.

Nothing beats Barbara Eden in a skimpy harem-girl outfit calling you "Master." But Shawna Lenee doing it stark naked comes damn close. Well cast as the naive Jeannie, Shawna gets the magic started by popping in on the girls-next-door (Missy Woods and Ashlyn Rae) to explore what lesbians do. Jeannie finds out the lesbians are bisexual and suspects they want to steal her master. (Cute brunette Ashlyn is more than hot enough to make the scenario plausible.) The setup leads to some moderate hilarity, with people being popped in and out of sexy situations, lesbians being turned into dildos and astronauts trapped in bottles. But as far as we're concerned, it's all about cute Jeannie getting fucked with her costume falling off. If there's anything to complain about here, it's that Shawna doesn't get more screen time (especially since we've heard that she recently left the biz). That said, *This Ain't I Dream of Jeannie XXX* is a satisfying parody that will have you furiously rubbing your lantern. Yep, we've come a long way since NBC's network censors wouldn't let Barbara Eden show her navel. Order *Jeannie* on page 140.

—M.J.







Suck it up: Claire Robbins, Amber Swift and Zoe Voss **Praise the Load**.



Praise the Load #5

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MIKE JOHN. STARRING: HALEY CUMMINGS, KELLY SURFER, ZOE VOSS, CLAIRE ROBBINS, KATIE ST. IVES, AMBER SWIFT, MIKE HASH, MARK ZANE, TIM VON SWINE, HOOKS, STEVE FRENCH, JOHNNY FENDER, SLEDGE HAMMER, JOE BLOW & ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER.

Here's a nice little Sunday morning blowbang movie to assuage your guilt for not going to church. Blessed with a lovely pair of God-given boobs, Katie St. Ives kicks off the service with some saintly oral skills and sets the pattern: Each girl falls to her knees and worships a congregation of anonymous dicks dangling in her face. The formula is as predictable as a sermon, but for many of you horny sheep out there the vision of a cock bulging out a gal's cheek might just as well be immortalized in stained glass. In addition to ordained blowbang pros like Claire Robbins, this double disc features a bunch of alleged first-timers, including chesty titfuck specialist Haley Cummings, expert ball sac sucker Amber Swift and the leggy, tomboyish Zoe Voss (whom we elect as *Praise the Load #5*'s cutish surprise). As for spunky Australian newcummer Kelly Surfer, she's just plain cute. You'll be stuck on that giggle the first time you hear it. Of course, regardless of how innocent they are, each scene ends with the girl's face eye-stingingly covered in the holy spirit. Anything else would be sheer sacrilege. ***—M.J.***

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Boob tube: Kagney Linn Karter, Dylan Riley and Lexi Belle boost the ratings in ***Bradys Meet the Partridge Family****.*





Not the Bradys XXX: Bradys Meet the Partridge Family

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: KAGNEY LINN KARTER, SHAWNA LENEE, DYLAN RILEY, KACEY JORDAN, ALANA EVANS, PAYTON LEIGH, LEXI BELLE, JAMES DEEN, NICK MANNING, KRIS SLATER, SCOTTY PIPER & MIKE HORNER.

Witness the next level of sitcum madness, when porn parodies get together and spawn hybrids like this cheesy, candy-colored slice of pure camp. Yep, even smut jumps the shark. Lexi Belle's fiercely loyal fan base will be happy to see that she returns for a second go as Marcia in this fourth Brady installment. This time she's obsessed with pop star Keith Partridge. Her bad report card results in the Partridges showing up at the Brady house to make sure their fame isn't spoiling fans. Shawna Lenee turns in a great warmup scene, but bubble-titted Kagney Linn Karter and, of course, Lexi Belle are the real ratings boosters here. Sure, there's a lot of blabbing between the banging, but enjoy porn's scripting trend while it lasts. Goofy, horny, sometimes even funny, *Bradys Meet the Partridge Family* is a good example of what director Will Ryder does best: appeal to TV addicts stuck in their adolescent wet dreams. That means you! Order this flick now on page 140. ***—M.J.***



*Riley Steele, Isis Taylor and Nicole Ray keep the **Strict Machine** humming.*

Riley Steele: Strict Machine

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: CELESTE. STARRING: RILEY STEELE, NICOLE RAY, ISIS TAYLOR, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, MARIE McCRAY, MANUEL FERRARA, JAMES DEEN & ERIK EVERHARD.

Our first question was what the hell is a "strict machine"? Apparently it's a hot mistress who makes her ladies follow the rules. Don't worry if you're not a fetish fanatic; this softy sub-dom vehicle for Riley Steele (one of Digital Playground's shiniest jewels) is very light on the bondage. The nastiest activity in this artfully minimal flick amounts to some blindfolded blowjobs and a little pre-fuck lingerie tearing. Riley in a sexy maid's outfit is far from original, but since when was your erection a critic? Even if *Riley Steele: Strict Machine* is sub-dom for wimps, you'd have to be blindfolded yourself to bitch about the climax: Riley pairs off with gorgeous redhead sex machine Marie McCray in a scene that is strictly for connoisseurs. ***—M.J.***



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MONICA MAYHEM

Hard Lessons

Australia's best-known hard-core export has summed up a decade of professional fucking in her auto-exposé *Absolute Mayhem: Secret Confessions of a Porn Star*. Pledging to "pull no punches," Monica Mayhem leads readers into the strange life—and mind—of an abused child, exploited woman and lonely soul in search of inner peace. The spunky performer's detailed account of the jizz biz delves into the reality of being humiliated as a "whore" and navigating the whitewater of mindfucks, bodily fluids and STDs. By the end of it, the title seems like an understatement. If you're thinking of becoming a porn star, read this book. Monica talked to us during a break in the production of her new series for Adam & Eve.

HUSTLER: What revelations can we find in your new book?

MONICA MAYHEM: Anyone who knows me knows I'm brutally honest. I talk about everything, including people that have screwed me over and things I've done that I'm not proud of.

Like what?

I did a rough gang-bang once, after which I felt degraded. I wasn't sure it was what I had signed up for but fell into the trap of thinking I had to do it. I also talk about kicking guys in the nuts for ball-busting videos, sticking my foot up a girl's pussy, peeing in a guy's mouth—things that even my fans might not know I've done.

Is porn degrading?

No. There's some porn out there that's demeaning, like when they're calling you a "fucking stupid dirty whore" and beating you up. But some girls are into that. It's not degrading if you choose to do it.

Is there anything you don't do anymore?

I don't do creampies, mostly because of the risks of STDs and getting pregnant. I don't do gang-bangs; no more than two guys at a time. I don't do anal. I did it one time and got screwed over—never got paid for it. I believe you shouldn't do anything on camera that you don't enjoy in your personal life.

Does the industry pressure people into doing things?

I think a lot of girls do anal, for instance, because they think they have to to get more work. I know a lot of girls who don't like it at all but do it anyway. It's up to them, but I'd rather give up the extra work than do what I don't like to do.

Is prostitution part of the job?

We're all sex workers, and there's not much of a difference between getting paid for sex and doing it in front of a camera. In this society, being a prostitute is more looked down upon than being a porn star. In Australia it's the opposite: Porn is illegal in most states, and prostitution is legal. It makes no sense. I once raised that issue during a speech in Australia and was asked to run for the senate there—for the Australian Sex Party!

What's your advice to new talent?

Do only what you feel comfortable doing and don't let anyone tell you what you can and can't do. It's up to you. If you don't want to do it, say no.

For more, go to ***MonicaMayhem.com****.* ***—M.J.***







*Sadie West pigs out in **This Ain't Celebrity Fit Club Boot Camp XXX**.*

This Ain't Celebrity Fit Club Boot Camp XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: DIRTY DAN. STARRING: SADIE WEST, BREANNE BENSON, VIOLET MONROE, BRIANA BLAIR, LEA LEXIS, DALE DABONE, MARCO BANDERAS, ROCCO REED, NICK MANNING, ALEC KNIGHT & OTTO BAUER.

Believe it or not, there's an actual celebrity on this disc: former Atlanta Hawks cheerleader Briana Blair. For our money though, bawdy brunette Sadie West is the star of this nutso "reality" flick. Near-psychotic Otto Bauer is the loudmouth sarge humiliating scrawny porn stars into gaining weight: "Your skinny ass would blow away in a breeze!" What porn fan hasn't yelled that at the screen before? *Boot Camp XXX* is full of bizarre scenes, like "meat lover" Sadie West eating a roast chicken dangling on a fuck machine (then using the power pounder to warm up for her sex scene) and a proc-doc pulling a phony tapeworm out of a girl's ass and eating it. (She's sporting a nice post-anal gape at the time.) Clearly this movie is a profound treatise on the relationship between fucking and food, so don't try to understand it. Just wallow in the trash. Order it on page 140. **—M.J.**

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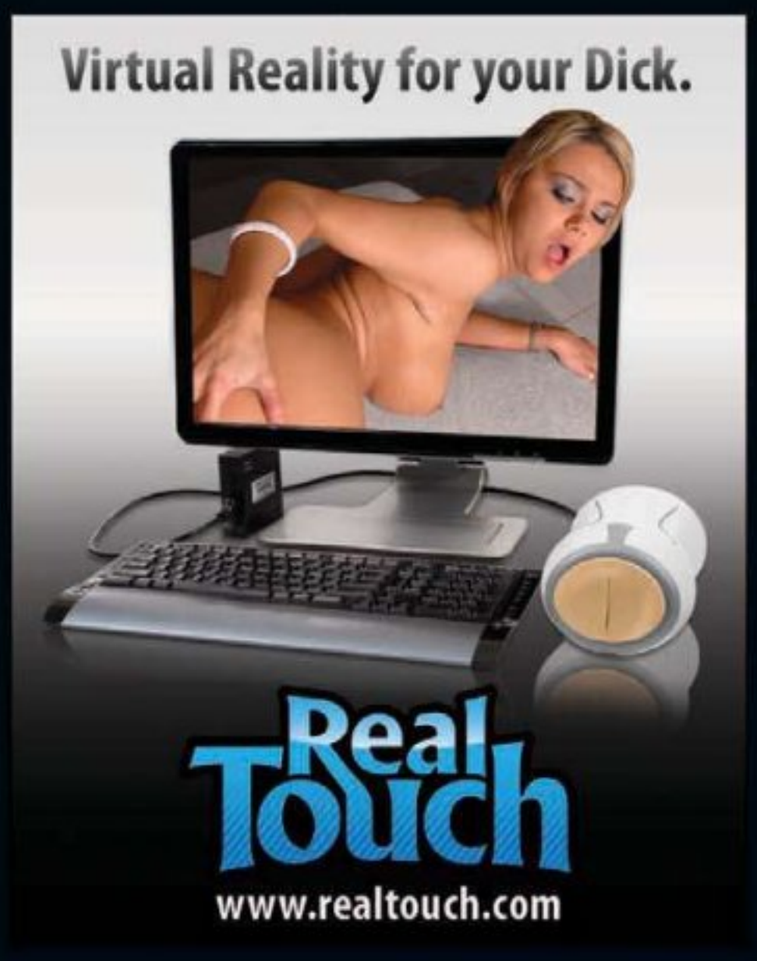
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*Tiffany Star acts out her favorite bedtime story: **Monster Dicks in Little White Chicks**.*

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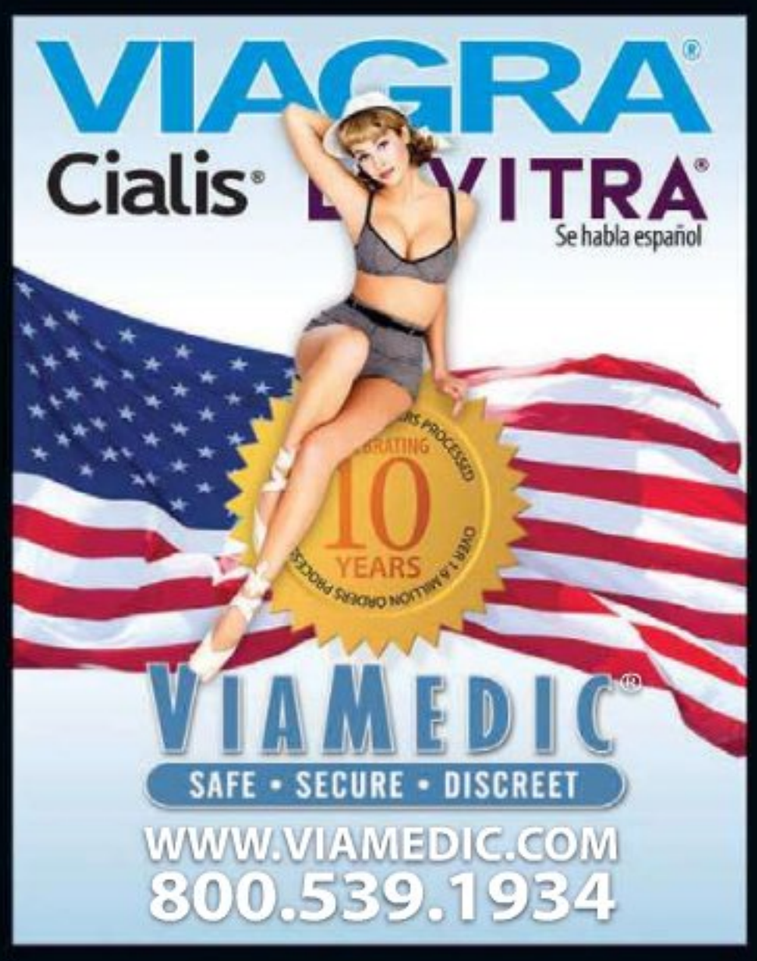
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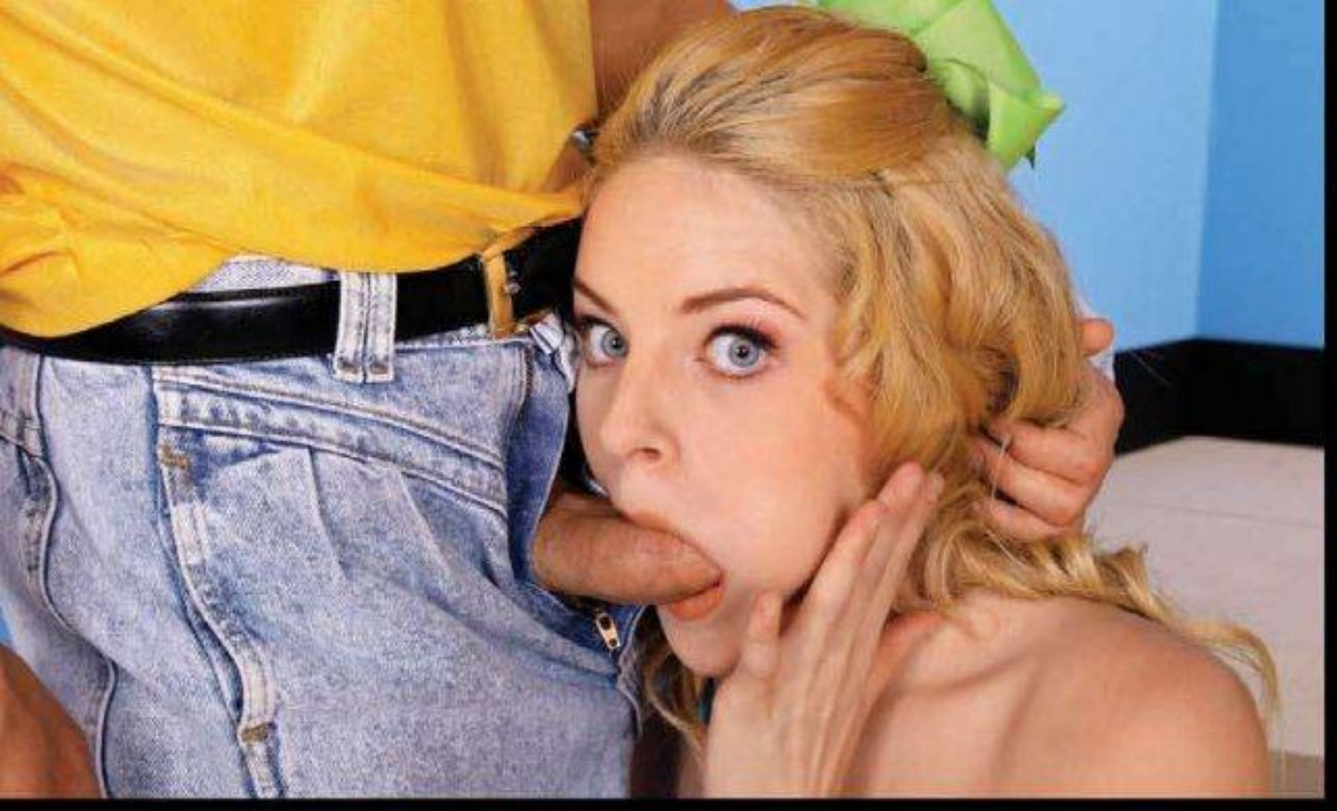
THIS AIN'T SAVED

HUSTLER Video's latest porn parody is a hard-core take on the late-'80s/early-'90s teen sit-com *Saved by the Bell*. In the DVD version the characters you knew and loved get down to some-thing the original cast would never do on the air—having sex!

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BY THE BELL XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY
COURTESY LFP VIDEO







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Slater (Mikey Butders) pounds the hell out of any and every girl he can get his hands on—except his cocktease girlfriend, the butch Jessie (**Missy Stone**), whom we always suspected was a lesbian. Instead, Jessie gives a good tongue-lashing to a nerdy gal (**April O'Neil**).

Meanwhile, Principal Belding (Eric John) teaches a dirty little cheerleader (**Nicole Ray**) a lesson she'll never forget.

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Even supergeek Screech (Ralph Long) finally gets to bust his nut by fucking longtime crush Lisa (**Misty Stone**) silly.



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Bad boy Zack (Scott Stone) gets sucked and fucked by the more-than-willing Kelly (**Ashlyn Rae**).

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This Ain't Saved by the Bell XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.

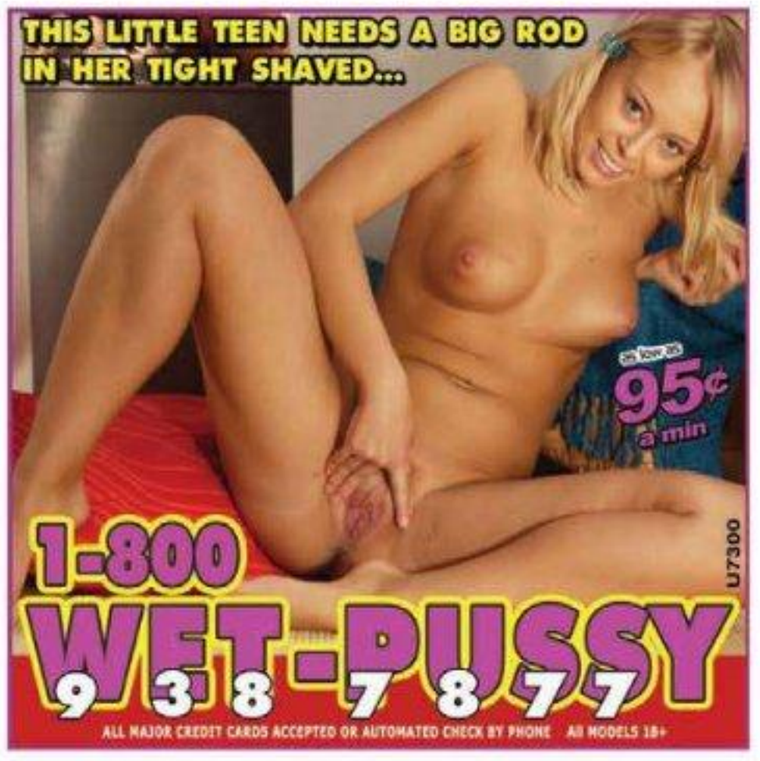












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BEAVER HUNT



MORIANNA

Making another timely curtain call is our favorite Juggalette, which may sound like a circus performer or chesty stripper but is actually a female Insane Clown Posse acolyte. "I love being naked in HUSTLER!" raves mesmerizing Morianna Morgue, 23, a self-dubbed "freaky hippie" from Bloomington, Indiana, with a litany of kicks. Besides ICP, the 5-foot-4 Web goddess is into Ween, Pink Floyd, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Poultrygeist: Night of the Chicken Dead* and gobs of other horror flicks ("They make me horny!"), corn dogs, grape Faygo, violent video games ("They make me horny too!"), sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass! About to make her screen debut in the fright film *Lethal Obsession*—"dying horribly in an awesome way"—Morianna muses, "I get a buzz wondering if dudes are choking the chicken when they see me naked 'n' all." —Photos by Friends

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN





KELLIE

"I am very comfortable with my sexuality and am not afraid to show the world that," avows Kellie, 20, a DJ, networking enthusiast and aspiring model from Concord, Ohio. "I also want to inspire other women to be comfortable with themselves." Attesting to her immodesty, the 5-foot-10 "classic rock girl" (i.e., Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin) admits, "I'm outgoing, fun-loving and always up for anything new. I tend to flash a lot, and I've taken my top off in hot tubs and at a roller-skating rink. I've *always* wanted to go streaking, but I don't want to get arrested! I'm sure I could get out of it though." But the faithful *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*, *Family Guy* and *South Park* viewer has bigger fish to fry. "I am bi-curious," Kellie continues. "I love guys, but it's fun to be with a beautiful girl once in a while. No matter who my partner is, sexual chemistry and living life to the fullest are all that matters." Kellie, a staunch vegan, sure craves being filled with man meat: "Doggy and reverse cowgirl are two of my fave positions, but nothing beats the jackhammer. And I absolutely love adding a toy to the mix, giving head and anal!" Kellie, whose fantasy is "an all-girl threesome at a mansion," reveals her own inspiration: "I'd like to meet Pamela Anderson. She's a strong woman and an animal activist like me. She doesn't let anyone bring her down!" —Photos by Friend









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GABRIELLA

"I was married before," discloses this "sweet, passionate and always wet" computer programming major at Florida's Palm Beach State College. "Now I'm just messing around. I need sex all the time. I'm straight, but I like to play with girls too. My fave position is me on top, and I love to give blowjobs." Brazilian-born Gabriella, who'll be 28 in November, also loves "shaking my ass to hip-hop, electronic and rock music," working out, the Discovery Channel, truTV, downloading songs and videos on the Internet and "going to the beach at night naked." Willing to "suck and fuck just about anywhere," the 5-foot-4 vixen bares her naughtiest caper: "A guy took me on vacation to Brazil and requested I be naked the whole time. One day we were driving and got pulled over by a cop. Naked little me gave him a BJ to avoid getting a ticket." No wonder Gabriella, whose scholastic desire is "to fuck one of my professors," has an occupational fantasy: "I'd love to be an escort providing awesome sex and a true girlfriend experience to lots of cool people." —Photos by Lucky Friend







SANDRA LEE

"I think I look good naked, and my boyfriend agrees," coos Sandra Lee, 43, a bartender by trade from Somersworth, New Hampshire. "He encouraged me to mail in some pics. Thanks, HUSTLER, for adding them to your magazine. Dreams do come true." Making a fine Halloween Beaver, the 5-foot-4 aficionada of football, baseball, *Family Guy* and bondage makes known, "One of my passions is reading tarot cards. Might I be a witch?" Maybe, maybe not, but the avowed "provider of pleasure" weaves a few bewitching observations: "I'm straight so far, but I kissed a girl, and I liked it. For anal sex I need the right partner; relaxing is tough with just anyone." And how ironic is this? "I was the lead singer in an '80s hair band, but now I shave my cunt bald because hair just doesn't need to be there; no one has complained about that or my very vocal orgasms." Sandra Lee, whose boudoir résumé is capped by "making XXX-rated movies with my boy toys," howls, "I dream of doing porn as a full-time job. Fucking is a great employment benefit." —Photos by Friend





ANGELIQUE

"Being in *Beaver Hunt* is a big thrill," exults this 31-year-old denizen of Shelbyville, Tennessee. "Knowing that people may be jacking off or fucking because of my pics really turns me on." A cheerleader back in high school, Angelique now shows her team spirit in a bawdier way. "I'm a bisexual, nasty, dirty slut," professes the 5-foot-2 pixie, who also fancies porn, the Internet, TV (*Ghost Hunters*, *Smallville*, *Supernatural*), steak, pasta and pounding music (Linkin Park, Slayer). Assessing her livelihood and personal pleasures, Angelique bellows, "I'm a waitress because the economy sucks, I'm a great wife because I swallow, I prefer eating a shaved pussy, anal is for hubby only (I know he'll be easy back there), and I have the best orgasms working my clit while I'm being fucked." Angelique, who glowingly recalls spending "an entire weekend naked and fucking at a private campground," fantasizes about "two guys and a girl on a beach." —Photos by Husband









MISTY

"I love showing off my body," marvels this "seductive" office worker from Grand Prairie, Texas. "What a turn-on!" Sporting cheerleader togs, Misty, 22, looks ready for a ribald costume party, but first the bi hottie points out, "Ever since I was young, I've been very sexual. Sex is amazing, especially with an experienced, gifted partner. I am only 5-feet tall and 100 pounds, but I like my men well-hung. I love giving head and being on top, and I'm always willing to try new things. The latest was anal. I like my Latina ass, so why not share it?" Misty, who also savors "going to cool clubs so I can dance to reggae and salsa music," has a spicy fantasy: "On Halloween I want to go trick-or-treating at a swingers club and have sex with whoever opens a door." For an adios, Misty murmurs, "I look forward to posing for more nude pictures and a lot more fucking." —Photos by Friend



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CARSYN

"My personality is intense," proclaims this pharmacy technician from San Mateo, California. "I'm a very serious, driven, demanding person." Nevertheless, Carsyn—who'll turn 21 in November and shares a birthday with thespians Katey Sagal (*Married With Children*) and Chloë Sevigny (*Big Love*)—has done what she once felt was unthinkable: appearing stark naked in a magazine. "I wanted to take the power I wield over men to the ultimate level," the 5-foot-4 UFC and *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* die-hard reckons. "Thanks to my bum, I look killer in jeans, but I finally decided to show off what guys really want to see, coochie and all." What Carsyn likes to hear—besides "my lover boys' contented moans"—is the music of Atmosphere, Felt and rapper The Grouch. But during the throes of passion the straight babe, who also digs "just hanging out with my close friends," loathes *ouch!* "There isn't any sensuality in anal sex," Carsyn explains. "It's all primal, but some people are into that. I love girl-on-top. Hands-down I get my best orgasms that way." The "sucker for Italian food" concludes, "I'm certainly not married as of yet. There are too many fish in the sea!" But Carsyn has pinpointed a pair of extra-worthy Romeos: "My fantasy is to have sex with Johnny Depp and Orlando Bloom at the same time." —Photos by Friend











CANDI

"Modeling naked was something different and crazy to do," explains Candi, 22, a G-string diva from Waco, Texas. "I was just going to keep a girlfriend company during her first time doing it, but she chickened out. So here I am!" The 5-foot-3 newbie—whose interests include "hanging with friends, rap music, dancing with clothes on, *Two and a Half Men* and sex"—is an atypical Lone Star State beauty. "I was never a cheerleader," Candi chirps, "but I'm fun and bubbly." Not to mention forthright when it comes to hanky-panky: "I'm straight and freaky, I like to be in control, and different places add some excitement to what's going on." Both geographical *and* anatomical. "Anal is now okay," doggy-style devotee Candi asserts. "Skinny-dipping at a pool" is one of the sweetie's desires, but she has another with more oomph: "My craziest fantasy is to have sex on a beach with [rapper] T.I." —Photos by Friend

"I feel I have power over men at strip clubs, and the guy in my bed always does whatever I say."



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MAY LIN

Anchoring our latest roundup is a "unique, outgoing and fabulous" 19-year-old from Anchorage, Alaska. Besides being absolutely adorable, May Lin—a fan of Beyoncé, T-Pain, hip-hop dancing, soccer, the Food Network and *America's Next Top Model*—has splayed her pussy lips and gotten butt-naked. That makes the 5-foot-0 "bi-curious" dish a better spokesperson for The Last Frontier State than ex-Gov Sarah Palin. "I love sex and showing off my sexy body," declares May Lin, who has her own last frontier: "I love sucking dick and riding a guy, but no anal for me," she insists. "It's a pain. I tried it one time, and it hurt too much. I like being pampered and spoiled." —Photos by Friend





"My fantasy is to pose for some hot suckee-fuckee pictures!"

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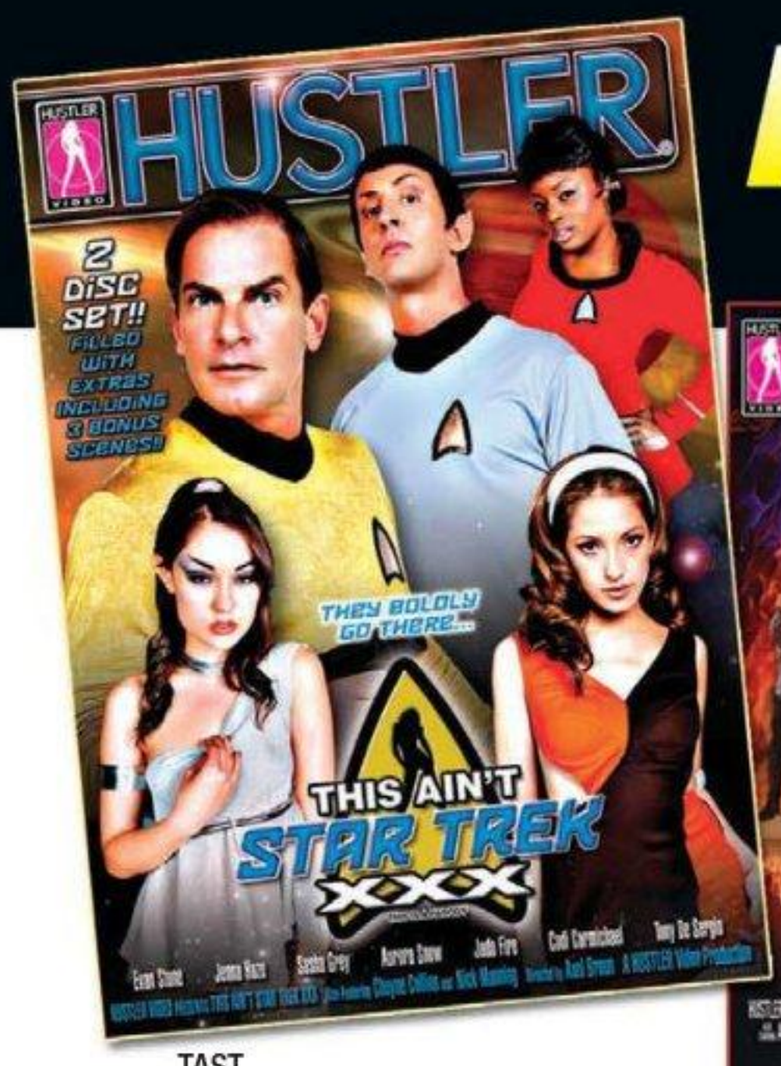
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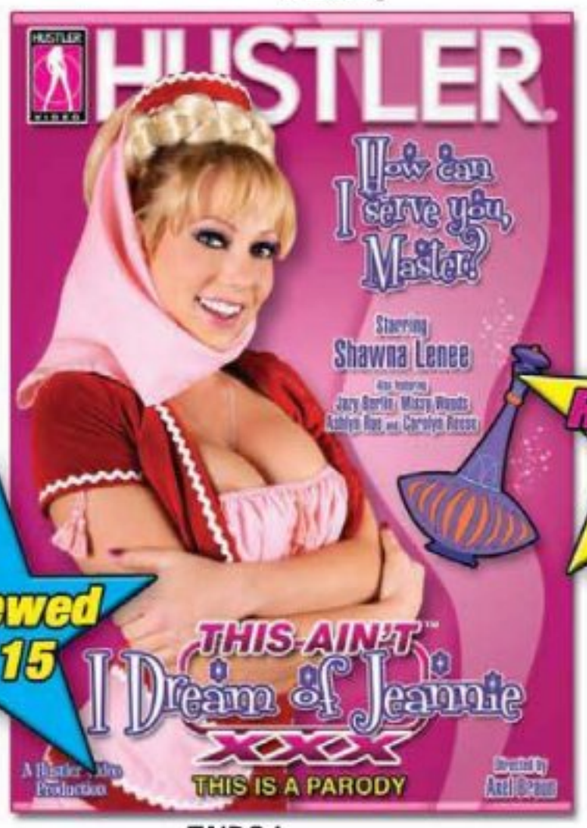
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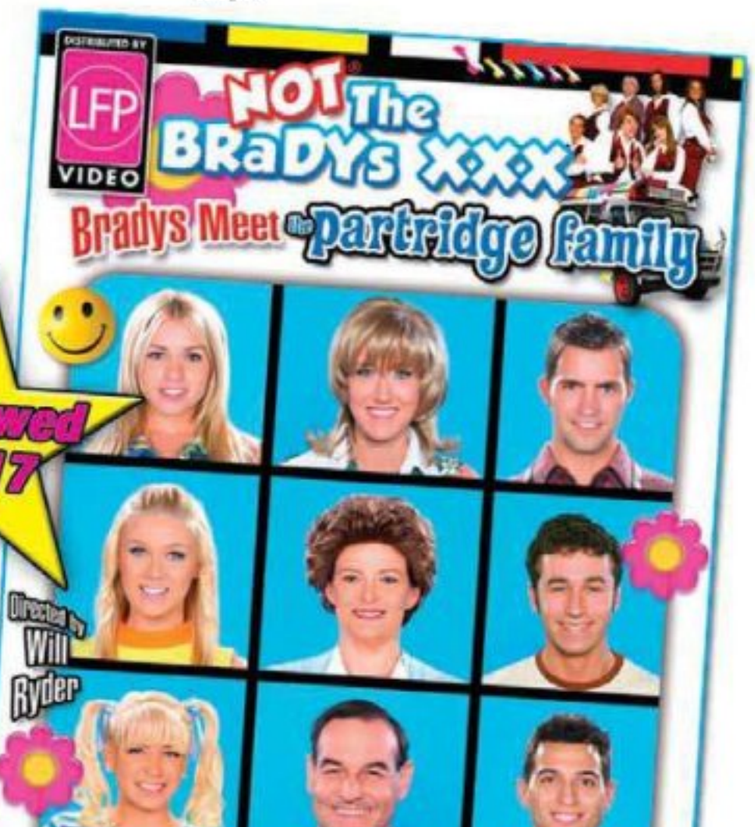
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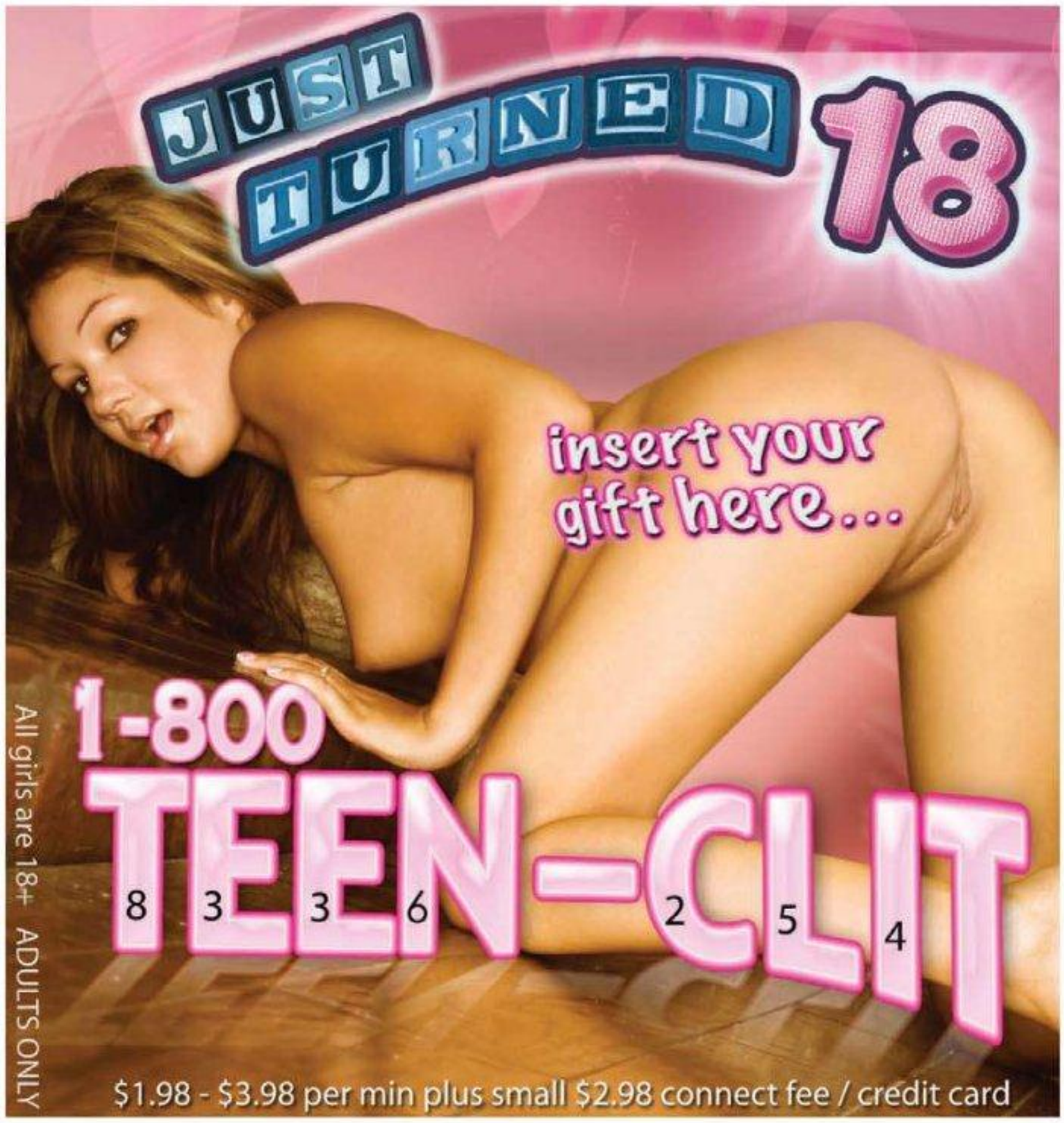
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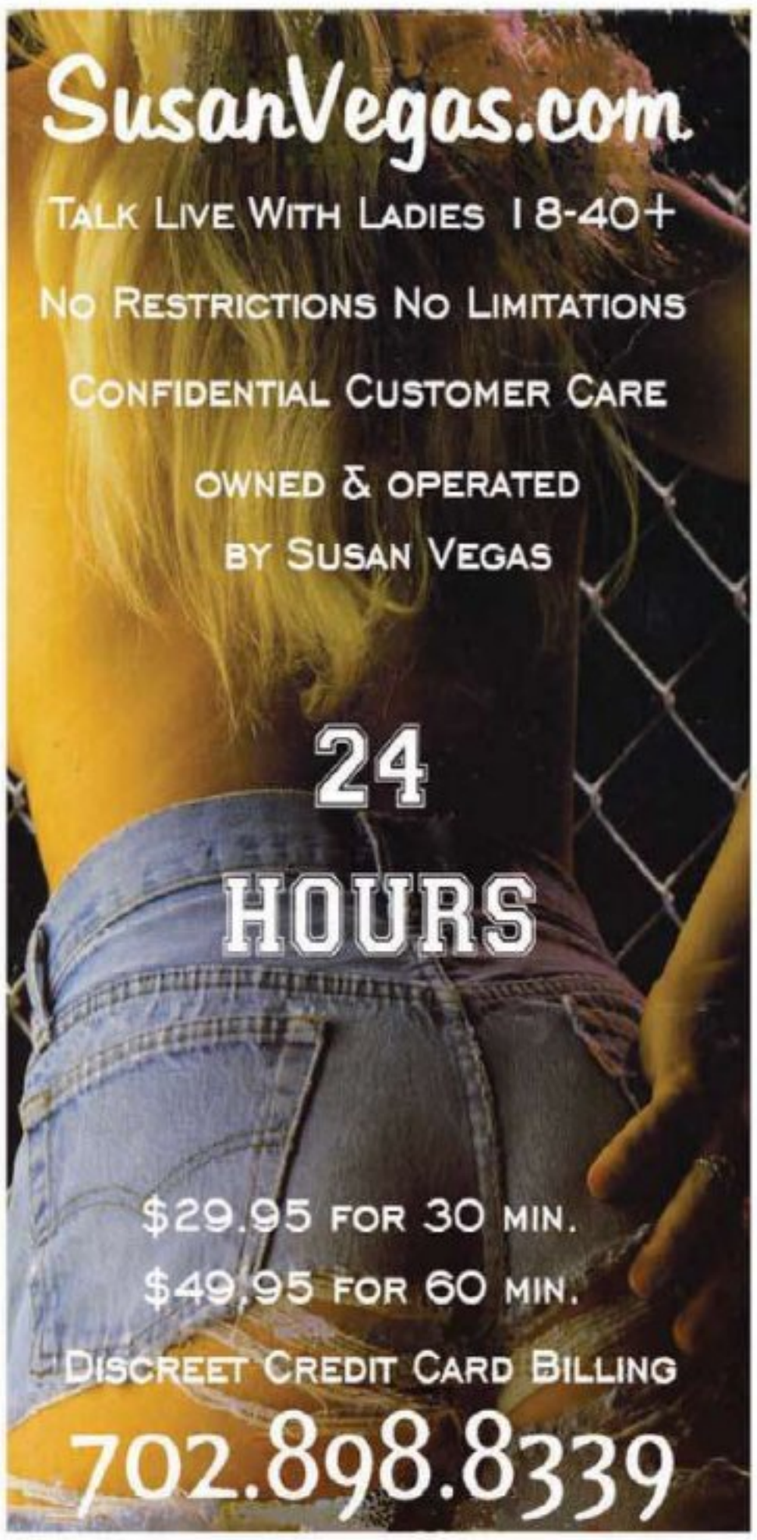








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SEPTEMBER 1983

HUSTLER CLASSIC

NIKKI

Jungle Fever

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

There's a wild animal in all of us," says **Nikki**. "Some people just won't let it out." Inhibition is never a problem for **Nikki**, a 20-year-old wildlife photographer who's made several trips to Africa. "I love the jungle—and not just for the beautiful animals," she tells us. "There's something so unexpected about it. You never know what will happen next."

Nikki also prefers an unexpected quality in her men. "I like anybody who gives in to pure animal lust," she says with a wicked smile. "If you don't believe it, you ought to feel me bite and claw."

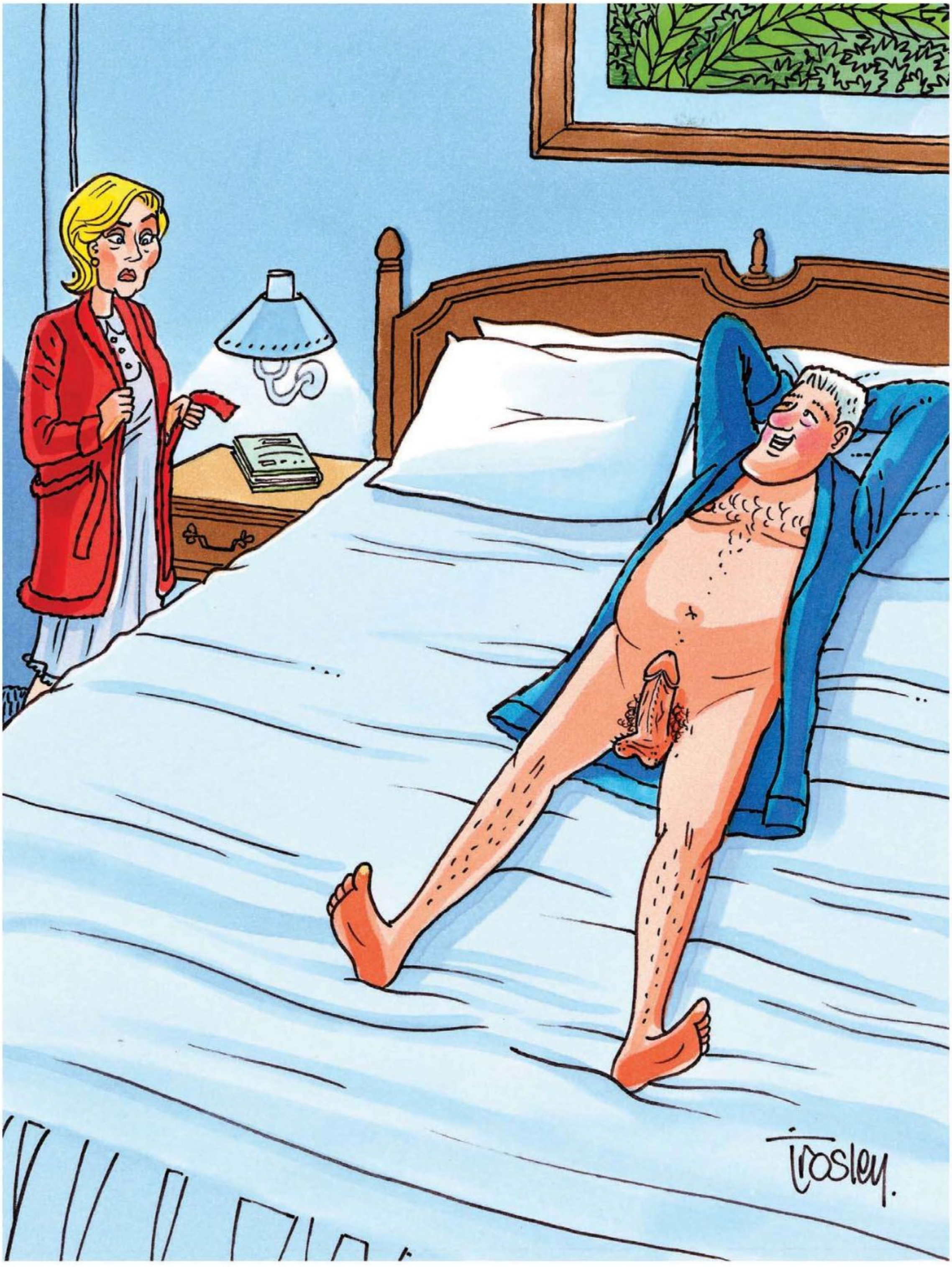












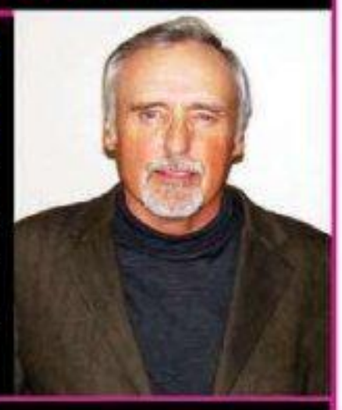
"Well, which is it tonight, Hillary? 'I won't stand for it' or 'I won't take it lying down'?"

The December '10 issue goes on sale September 14, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

TARRA WHITE

COMING NEXT

DENNIS HOPPER: LARRY FLYNT'S TRIBUTE



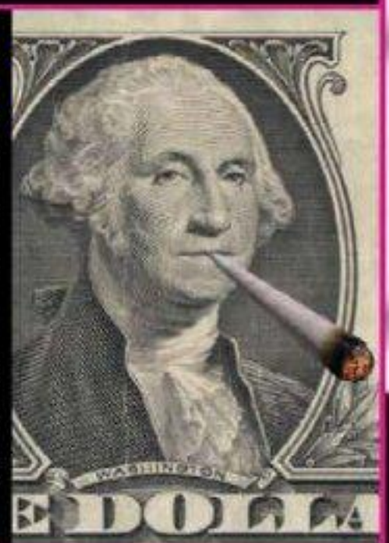
Dennis Hopper, who first gained fame with the landmark 1969 movie *Easy Rider*, was one of the most gifted and self-destructive figures in showbiz history. Journalist M. Allen Nathan chronicles Hopper's topsy-turvy career and friendship with Larry Flynt.



THE G-STRING DIVAS OF *STAR WARZ*

Ever imagine Princess Leia performing a chubby-inducing striptease? How about a busty C3PO bumping-and-grinding in a gold-en brassiere? Welcome to the brainchild of Courtney Cruz, whose burlesque troupe takes the iconic *Star Wars* film series to a new dimension. Eric Althoff reports on the spectacular show, which space hero Han Solo could only dream about.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: AMERICA'S FIRST STONER?



Once upon a time, *Cannabis sativa* (a/k/a hemp and marijuana) was cultivated by countless American farmers—even some of our Founding Fathers. Evidence indicates that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin and other notables smoked it! But, as historian Harvey Wasserman laments, hemp was ultimately outlawed despite its widespread industrial and medicinal uses.



HUSTLER'S 3-D BLUE MOVIE: THIS AIN'T AVATAR XXX

Leave it to gambling man Larry Flynt to green-light the most expensive hard-core movie of all time: *This Ain't Avatar XXX.* We take you behind the scenes as director Axel Braun masterminds his 3-D parody of the Hollywood blockbuster. "It turns out the Na'vi had a secret," he says, "one having to do with sex." If you're curious, porn goddess Misty Stone plays Neytiri to a T.

GET A BUZZ WITH CYPRESS HILL



B-Real, Bobo and Sen Dog of the hip-hop group Cypress Hill meet up with Music Editor Keith Valcourt for a killer Q&A. Join in as the multiplatinum rappers discuss their album *Rise Up*, along with weed, Jennifer Lopez and the exploits of several devoted groupies.



FORECLOSURE

STOP PAYING YOUR MORTGAGE!

Vermont Trotter, a homeowner who once faced foreclosure, sheds light on MERS (Mortgage Electronic Registration Systems). This Wall Street entity has made it virtually impossible to identify the true owner of a house that has been securitized. Apparently, this means no one can evict you, even if you stop making mortgage payments.

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