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HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the Angelina Jolie film *Salt*. Truth be told, ever since Angelina Jolie hooked up with Brad Pitt and started adopting every kid in the world, she has been more like Mother Teresa than a slut. We long for the old days when Angelina appeared to be a bisexual, brother-kissing wild woman who would fuck anything that moved. Is that wrong of us? We think not.



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LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

FEBRUARY 2011 VOLUME 37 NUMBER 10 HustlerMagazine.com













GIRLS

29 CASEY JAMES
Movie Buff
Photography by Jose Luis

48 LIZZ TAYLER
Born Into Porn
Photography by Mark Lit

63 ANGELINA ARMANI & DANNY MOUNTAIN
Golden Opportunity
Photography by T. Rifter

76 RANDY MOORE
Reflections of Lust
Photography by Suze Randall

107 STAYCE
Czech Her Out
Photography by Matti Klatt

123 VIDEO PARODY: *LINDSAY GOES TO JAIL*
It's lockdown and lock-jaw as attitudinal Lindsay feasts on a tasty guard—and vice versa!
Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video

159 YVA DEE
Wild Horses
Classic Photography by James Baes

FEATURES

38 TOMMY LEE: A METHOD TO HIS MAYHEM
Mötley Crüe's wild 'n' crazy drummer offers *A Public Disservice Announcement*
Interview by Keith Valcourt

42 CONFESSIONS OF A LIBERAL GUN NUT
Loving firearms is no longer a right-wing monopoly
Article by Travis Kelly

46 THE ART OF SEX
SexyArtGallery.com's erotic, offbeat creations
Review by K.K. Le Roque

56 A DECADE OF DEALING
Larry Flynt celebrates HUSTLER Casino's tenth anniversary in style
Report by Maeve Vanessa Scanlon

58 MONTANA RISING
From the mouth of the babe herself, discover why Laurence Fishburne's daughter chose porn
Profile by Anka Radakovich

72 GLOBAL WARMING: WE'RE OUT OF TIME
Geopolitical analyst Gwynne Dyer explains how we can still avoid famine and nuclear war
Interview by Mark Johnson

90 THE GOLDEN AGE OF ADVERTISING
A nostalgic peek at ads glorifying real men…and subservient women
Retrospective by Albert Pierce











STANDARDS

3 SEX PARODY
Angelina Jolie: Who's a Slut?

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
Whatever Happened to Equal Rights for Women?
by Larry Flynt

9 TECH KNOW
Win a Ferrari F430 Racing Wheel!

10 GAME ON
Enslaved: Odyssey to the West, Transformers: War for Cybertron...

11 ROBERT SCHEER
Democrats Can Only Blame Themselves

13 NAT HENTOFF
Big Brother Has the Right to Strip Us Naked?

15 ALEX BENNETT
The Reality of Reality, Redux

17 MAMIE VAN DOREN
The Whisky a Go-Go: It's Only Rock 'n' Roll

19 FEEDBACK
Thumbs-up? Thumbs-down? Readers offer a reality check

20 POLITICAL PARODY
Arizona: Your Vacation Destination

21 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Newt Gingrich

23 BITS & PIECES
Oksana Grigorieva sucks, porn stars sing, strip poker rocks and more

28 HOT LETTERS
Infidelity was never so steamy

37 CLASSIC CARTOONS
'Toons from the past that still crack ribs

88 HUSTLER HUMOR
Screw the Sunday funnies! This page is a joke—and then some!

93 GIRLS OF FACEBOOK
Elena Heiress is ridiculously J-U-I-C-Y

94 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
Testament talks metal! Falkner pops off! Stones get exiled!

98 FAMOUS FLESH
Victoria Silvstedt: Whatta spread!

99 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Ladies of *Law & Order* uncovered

100 PINUP
by Lorenzo Sperlonga

103 COUGARS UNLEASHED
Curvy Krystal appreciates your appreciation

104 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Get lost in the stacks with Ash Noir

115 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
This Ain't Bad Girls XXX, Danielle Staub and Montana Fishburne's XXX splash

133 BEAVER HUNT
Crème de la crème of amateurs





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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN?

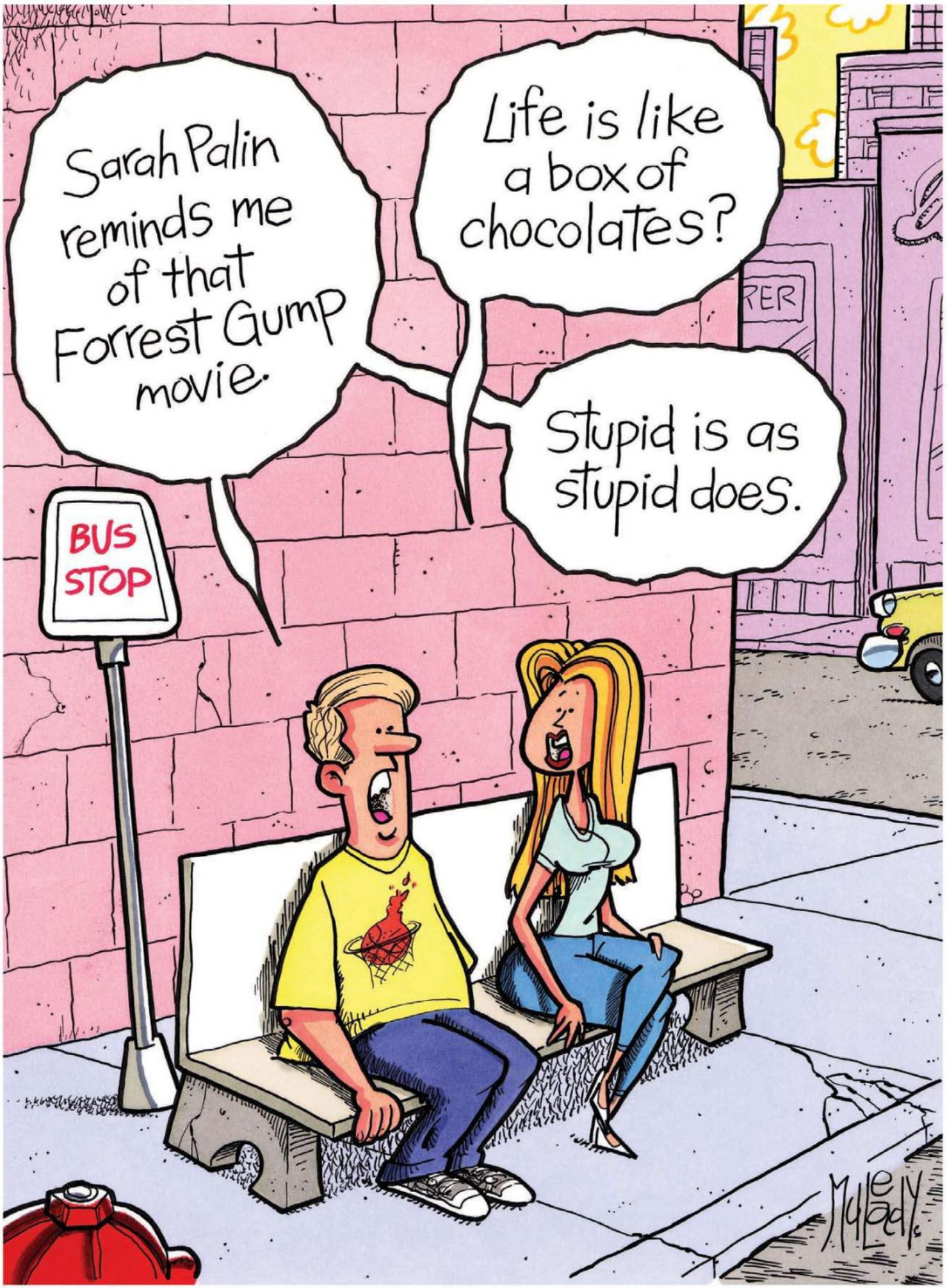
Women didn't get the right to vote until 1920. Since then, nothing has changed for women; 28 years ago the Equal Rights Amendment (preventing discrimination based on sex) was defeated when it was ratified by only 35 of the 38 states needed for passage. Any chance of equal pay for equal work was lost. To this day women are paid roughly 20% to 25% less than their male counterparts for doing the same job.

I have long believed the reason the ERA didn't pass back then is that Gloria Steinem co-opted the debate about women's rights, approaching it from a New York point of view rather than a national one. Saying things like "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle" and "A liberated woman is one who has sex before marriage and a job after," not to mention "Make him sleep on the wet spot," didn't go over well with women in the Midwest who considered themselves feminists but still wanted to be mothers. If there is one person to blame for the failure of the ERA to pass, it's Ms. Steinem.

A country that discriminates against half its population cannot be held up as a great democracy. That's why I'm calling for a new push for equal rights for women. Surely without the ill-advised, self-serving rhetoric of Ms. Steinem, reason can prevail. Let's bring back—and pass—the Equal Rights Amendment!



Larry Flynt
Publisher



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OUTTA YOUR HEAD

How many times have you been listening to your MP3 player and said to your girl or buddy, "You gotta hear this song!"? With iHome's new **iHMP5U headphones**, it's easy to share your tunes. This unique, all-in-one portable speaker set can be worn as a traditional headset for private enjoyment or twisted into full speaker mode to share your music. Just hit the magnetic proximity switch to turn on the amplifier and pump up the jam.



It is compatible with iPods, iPhones, laptops and any player with a headphone jack.

Available at: ***iHomeAudio.com***.

Suggested retail price: $59.99.

WHAT THE BUCK?

Now you can play the best-selling arcade game in America without the embarrassment of being the oldest guy in the arcade. (Seriously, hanging out with all those kids makes you seem a bit creepy.) **Big Buck Hunter Pro** features a lightweight pump-and-shoot shotgun controller, and this hunting game for the Wii is now yours to use at home. Hunt and kill a variety of deer in 75 different realistic and action-packed hunting adventures.



Plus, earn extra points for shooting other woodland critters like raccoons and foxes. Sorry, Bambi, but someone is going to die today. And that someone is you.

Available at: ***ToysRUs.com***.

Suggested retail price: $49.99.

GUN IT!



Are you looking for an ultrarealistic gun controller to use with your Wii games? How about one that that was designed to look just like a classic MP5 machine gun? Well, then the **Rapid Shot** is for you! Besides looking supercool, the lightweight controller features all-in-one functions for both the Wii Remote and the Nunchuck controllers. It also features a wireless motion sensor control, built-in speaker and rumble system, and an orange safety tip for the front of the gun to keep authorities from mistaking it for the real deal.

Just load up the magazine with AAA batteries and start shooting!

Available at: ***InnexInc.com***.

Suggested retail price: $49.99.

DRIVING EXCITEMENT



This is so much more than a gaming accessory. The **Thrustmaster Ferrari F430 Force Feedback Racing Wheel** (PC) takes you out of the game and into the cockpit of one of the fastest cars in the world, the Ferrari F430. The wheel is an exact replica of the vehicle's real steering wheel and features a five-position manettino dial to configure your race.

This 11-inch steering wheel is made from high-quality metal and a mixed belt gears system for the ultimate drive. The weighted pedal set features two pedals made of unbreakable metal so you can floor it. The best part is that we are giving one away so you can get driving for free! See details below.

Available at: ***Amazon.com***.

Suggested retail price: $159.99.

DRIVEN TO WIN!

For your chance to win a **Thrustmaster Ferrari F430 Force Feedback Racing Wheel** 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: Gaming Wheel Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT





SLAVE TO THE RHYTHM

Enslaved: Odyssey to the West

Namco Bandai

PS3, Xbox 360

You are Monkey, a mutant journeyman trying desperately to survive in a postapocalyptic world. You're constantly under attack by an army of cyborgs bent on enslaving you. You must use a myriad of weapons to survive the journey home. All that is great, but we're fixated on the ultrahot female character, Trip, who is following us around, seeing to our every desire. Kind of like in real life. Except it's us following the hot chick. And it's from 500 feet away because of the restraining order.



RISE, ROBOTS, RISE

Transformers: War for Cybertron

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360, DS, Wii

Based on what promises to be the last and best in the *Transformers* film series, this game challenges you to fight as the ultimate weapon. No pressure here, but the survival of the entire race is in your hands. New features this time out include the ability to instantly go from robot to vehicle and back again at the press of a single button, and the fact that you can play as either Autobots or Decepticons. Plus, you fully customize and create your own Transformer for the action. A HUSTLER Transformer?



WAR IS HELLA GOOD

ARMA 2: Operation Arrowhead

Bohemia Interactive

PC

This first-person shooter game is as close as you can get to fighting in a war without actually enlisting. ***ARMA 2*** uses the same training software technology that the U.S. Army does to create a totally immersive and realistic battle experience. You can fight as a soldier, pilot, tank commander and more. Fight in a one-man campaign (or take it online with friends for co-op troops) in ten separate missions. It's for all of you who wish you could take down the terrorists but don't want to get shot.



HOUSE OF BLOOD

Splatterhouse

Namco Bandai

PS3, Xbox 360

Take the already blood-soaked popular 1980s arcade classic and reinvent it as a cinematically chilling 3D gorefest. That's the new ***Splatterhouse*** game for PS3 and Xbox. You're Rick, controlled by a mysterious terror mask that drives your blood lust to new levels. Slice, dice and literally rip your enemies apart as you rage through pools of their blood which will make you stronger as you try to rescue your kidnapped girlfriend from the deranged cult leader, Dr. West. Did we mention there is a lot of blood in the game?

DEMOCRATS CAN ONLY BLAME THEMSELVES

BY HELPING BANKS BUT NOT HOMEOWNERS, THEY SOWED DEFEAT

President Barack Obama and his Democrats may have inherited the recession, but by serving Wall Street over Main Street, they sowed the mid-term electoral losses they have reaped. Simply put, Obama—led by the nose by the same slick crew who advised Bill Clinton—continued George W. Bush's infamous bank bailout. But the banks didn't pass on the cash or consideration to homeowners in crisis, instead focusing on turning quick profits and getting their stock prices out of the toilet.

This led, domino-like, to a stagnancy in consumer spending, not just on goods but the all-important services that have become America's primary employer: day spas, restaurant meals, auto detailing, etc.

With 11 million homeowners underwater on their mortgages and 3 million more already foreclosed as the summer of 2010 ended, we have to assume—given the average household size—that some 40 million Americans are feeling mighty strapped. The numbers grow to an overwhelming majority when you take into account the distress of all homeowners, who have watched the value of the family nest egg dwindle even if they substantially paid down or paid off their mortgage debt. And this very widespread feeling of being suddenly much poorer is a nationwide scourge that has dramatically cut the appetite for consumption, the economy's driving force.

The anger of wannabe consumers who no longer feel they have the wherewithal to feed that most important of American passions is what is fueling the widespread rage against elected officials.

With homeowners—the bedrock of the American middle class—languishing in either foreclosure, "underwater" or worried about falling equity values, everybody kept their pocketbooks tighter than the butt cheeks of a rider in Steve McQueen's sidecar.

End result: Mushy, soft real estate and job markets; malaise, despair and anxiety.

The bank execs don't care because they are still getting their millions, and the Republicans don't mind because they can blame this all on the Demos. Of course, the bailout was only one-half of Obama's economic intervention; the other was the stimulus package, at roughly a trillion dollars. Unfortunately, as with more recent efforts, this focused on funding government projects and financing tax cuts, while ignoring the root cause of the problem: the housing meltdown that chilled spending.

As William Dunkelberg, chief economist for the National Federation of Independent Business, told the *Wall Street Journal*, "If you give a small-business guy $20,000, he'll say, 'I could buy a delivery truck, but I have nobody to deliver to.'" Although Dunkelberg's members would be happy with a tax cut, he said the most important help would be to "finally address the most important person in the economy—the consumer."

The anger of wannabe consumers who no longer feel they have the wherewithal to feed that most important of American passions is what is fueling the widespread rage against elected officials. Being the party in power, the Democrats are the most popular target, but they are in deep denial when they blame their political plight on the demagoguery of their Republican opponents.

Of course, the Republicans and their deep-pocket sponsors are being outrageous hypocrites when they blame others for the horrid consequences of their decades of lobbying for radical financial deregulation. Ever since the "Reagan Revolution," their mantra has been "Get government off the back of Big Business." Once that was accomplished, and Wall Street crumbled under the weight of its own greed, they supported Bush in bailing out the knaves.

But the fault is clearly bipartisan. It was Bill Clinton who signed off on the radical deregulation legislation during his Presidency, and it is Obama who continued Bush's practice of bailing out the bankers while ignoring the anguish their toxic mortgage packages caused the rest of us. That is why the Fed has gifted the banks with interest-free money to finance their new acquisitions while making them whole again by purchasing more than $2 trillion in toxic mortgage-backed securities and other dubious assets. Not surprisingly, the bankers pocketed that enormous gift from the taxpayers but did precious little in return by way of lending and investment that would bring down unemployment.

There is only one course left for Obama, and it is to do now what he should have done at the start of his term: Abandon the hope that banks will voluntarily aid desperate homeowners. Instead, he should push for new government regulations and changes in the bankruptcy law to force the banks to make deals to keep people in their homes.

There is not much else to talk about, for if the housing market—the bedrock of not only the American dream but, more importantly, the financial security of a nation of consumers—is not restored, we are in for one long, dreary period of economic stagnation at best, or a severe downturn and a society in dangerous turmoil.



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.*



"That was the best sex I ever had! The earth moved! The heavens opened! The unemployment rate went down! Real estate sales went up! The stock market skyrocketed!"

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BIG BROTHER HAS THE RIGHT TO STRIP US NAKED?!

SUBJECTING AIR TRAVELERS TO BODY SCANNERS ADDS A FRIGHTENING NEW DIMENSION TO THE TERM "INVASION OF PRIVACY."

I no longer fly. Not because this Obama critic is afraid of being on a "No Fly" list. I'd enjoy writing about that. The airport treadmill is a drag. Instead, I give lectures and interviews on my telephone through interactive conference calls. People on the other end can, and do, talk back and disagree. But now I have a principled Fourth Amendment reason not to fly. I will not allow warrantless, unreasonable searches of my naked body by Obama's body scanners.

Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano has declared that these devices will soon be operating at just about every major airport. According to Declan McCullagh, chief political correspondent for CNET.com, "Body scanners penetrate clothing to provide a highly detailed image so accurate that critics have likened it to a virtual strip search...[with the capacity] to show precise anatomical detail."

If you believe the Obama Administration—does anybody anymore?—all these views of our nakedness will be obliterated once they're viewed to see if we're hiding guns or who knows what else. But are they? McCullagh reported: "The U.S. Marshals Service admitted…it ha[s] surreptitiously saved tens of thousands of images recorded with a millimeter wave system at the security checkpoint of a single Florida courthouse."

I hadn't realized how extensive this official peering into our private parts has become. It also includes courthouses. "I think it's outrageous," bristled Marc Rotenberg, executive director of the Electronic Privacy Information Center (the much-respected EPIC). He has roared back with a lawsuit directed at "the Department of Homeland Security subjecting every U.S. traveler to an intrusive search that can be recorded without any suspicion."

I know the scanning and storing of images of our bodies at airports and elsewhere is not merely outrageous. It's shamelessly unconstitutional—as we've come to expect from the former university lecturer on the Constitution who now occupies the Oval Office. So who shares these intimate pictures of us? The Transportation Security Administration (TSA) says they're not even stored. So how come the CNET Web site reports that the TSA's procurement specifications—classified as "sensitive security information"—"allow[s] exporting of image data in real time"?

And there's also a mechanism for "high-speed transfer of image data." But don't you worry. The TSA assures us that image filters will "protect the identity, modesty and privacy of the passenger."

A question for Homeland Security Secretary Napolitano: Please tell me specifically how you protect my modesty. Since it's already stored and can be exported, isn't the stripping of my modesty not only preserved but also permanently preserved? In the digital universe nothing is forgotten.

I am grateful to Homeland Security Secretary Napolitano and the President for adding very significant thrust to the title of my next book: *Is This America?*

Another question, Madame Secretary: There has been intensive reporting recently on the dangers of exposure to excessive radiation. In fact, millions of American travelers have been radiated by TSA personnel without first checking with their doctors.

Again, don't worry. The August 6, 2010, *New York Times* reported: "The security administration has played down concerns about radiation, saying two-thirds of the scanners now installed use only minimal levels of radiation, while the remaining third use a form of radio wave technology."

Does that put you at ease? If it doesn't, with terrorists all over the globe and some in our own neighborhoods, why are you willing to put millions of us in danger by objecting to body scanners? (That's the government talking.)

When the EPIC filed lawsuit papers in the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, Marc Rotenberg—the lead counsel in the case—accused the TSA, and thereby the President, of violating "the federal Privacy Act, the Religious Freedom Restoration Act [mandated nudity violates many Americans' religious beliefs] and the Administrative Procedures Act." Rotenberg did not, of course, omit the utter government contempt for the Fourth Amendment, "as the body scanners are highly invasive and are applied to all air travelers without any particular suspicion."

I am grateful to Homeland Security Secretary Napolitano and the President for adding a very significant thrust to the title of my next book: *Is This America?* (Cato Institute).

Another plaintiff in this lawsuit—which, I expect, will wind up in the Supreme Court (I deeply hope Justice Elena Kagan will not be the swing vote)—is Chip Pitts, president of the Bill of Rights Defense Committee. This organization has affiliates around the country and posts a daily list of vital news stories on our Constitutional liberties at BORDC.org.

Pitts is necessarily alarmed and accurate: "The TSA has disregarded virtually every law and Constitutional principle that applies to the operation of the body scanner program. This lawsuit is critical to uphold the rule of law."

In February 2003 on the Public Broadcasting System, Bill Moyers invited me to discuss the PATRIOT Act's subversions of the rule of law. "Most Americans," I said, "don't know that the First Amendment, the Fourth Amendment and other parts of the Constitution are being violated by that law. That's why we need the press."

James Madison and Thomas Jefferson believed that the press was vital to bring an informed citizenry into action to preserve their rights. Jefferson once said that if he had to choose between government and newspapers, he'd go with newspapers. Where is the media now, in all its forms, as body scanners erase what's left of the Fourth Amendment and as the government further betrays the protection of our very identities?

Remember the warning of legendary newscaster Edward R. Murrow: "A nation of sheep will beget a government of wolves."

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?*





"We don't have any adult-film experience, but Darlene and I did fuck every male in Red Bluff, Nebraska!"

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THE REALITY OF REALITY, REDUX

FUCK SNOOKI. FUCK THE HOUSEWIVES OF DC. THE ONLY THING REAL ABOUT THEM ARE THEIR EGOS.

My first column for HUSTLER dealt with reality TV. Now, over two years later, I feel compelled to revisit the subject because things are even worse than they were before.

You must distinguish between the reality show and the game show. *Survivor*, *The Apprentice* and *The Amazing Race* are game shows offering prizes. They are erroneously called reality shows in much the same way Pat Boone was once called rock 'n' roll. It's illegal to rig game shows. Reality shows are another matter.

In the last few years there's been a preponderance of shows featuring people with no talent beyond making assholes of themselves on national TV. One of the most famous of these shows was *John and Kate Plus 8* on TLC. Their only talent was John's endless supply of spunk and Kate's overactive, child-producing, career-supplying twat. The show culminated in a much-publicized divorce. Jon and Kate should have been vilified for making it more difficult to find future parking spaces; instead, the public found their excesses cute, thereby encouraging others to engage in this up-to-our-ass-in-people pastime. Shame on you, America!

TLC was originally called The Learning Channel. Now they are one of the worst offenders in the sleaze showcase. It was on TLC that I discovered *Toddlers & Tiaras*, a show featuring JonBenét Ramsey types being abused by parents obsessed with their child winning beauty pageants. It's a pedophile's must-see TV. The only thing I've learned from TLC is that some people will stop at nothing to make a buck.

Discovery Communications, which owns TLC, has developed another new sleazecast we can "learn" from: *Sarah Palin's Alaska*. It's even been announced that Kate Gosselin (now with her own series, *Kate Plus 8*) is going to appear on an episode of the show. What is Sarah's Alaska? Carcasses of animals killed by a sniper from a helicopter? Out of wedlock teenagers with runaway boyfriends? Meth labs? A view of Russia from Palin's back porch?

Other so-called reality shows include an endless procession of has-beens mixed in with a few what-the-fuck-do-they-do's? Today's reigning stars are the goons featured on *Jersey Shore*. In case you were without a TV for the last year, the people featured are Italian-American goofballs MTV put up in a summer beach house.

The star of this opus seems to be Snooki, a fireplug-shaped tan job with big tits and a really high hairdo. You can't tell where her ass ends and her ankles begin. The end times must be near because Snooki was actually featured in the "Style" section of the *New York Times*. On top of that, she was present (with her cronies) for the opening bell at the New York Stock Exchange. What does she know about stocks? What is her talent? I'll have to get back to you on that.

Another no-talent pool can be found on *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*. Kim, Kourtney and Khloé make up the kollection of kunts inhabiting this konglomeration. Kim is the most famous, first for being Paris Hilton's best friend (what a talent) and then for allegedly leaking a homemade porn film that displayed her very ample ass being used as a penis pincushion. [*Alex—You're making that sound like a bad thing. Her ass should be bronzed for posterity (as it were). —Bruce David, Editorial Director.*] Kim's sisters have even less claim to anything. Their show, however, gets great ratings.

There are too many reality shows to mention. They include midgets, washed-up rock stars, crazed brides, dancing fat people, hair-stylists, real housewives, mean chefs, nice chefs, bad girls, badder girls and psychics. That's not counting the fake reality show with a hand puppet, *Warren the Ape*.

What's irksome about these shows is that, presented in a pseudodocumentary format, they are passed off as reality. That cheapens the documentary form. These shows are not real in any meaningful way. Most of the scenarios are fabricated, not to mention heavily plotted. After all, who wants to watch people eating dinner and having pleasant conversation? The producers want somebody to throw something at someone. Participants know if they act out, the show will be a hit. If they don't, their flirtation with celebrity will soon be over. The only real thing on these shows is the blatant pursuit of fame.

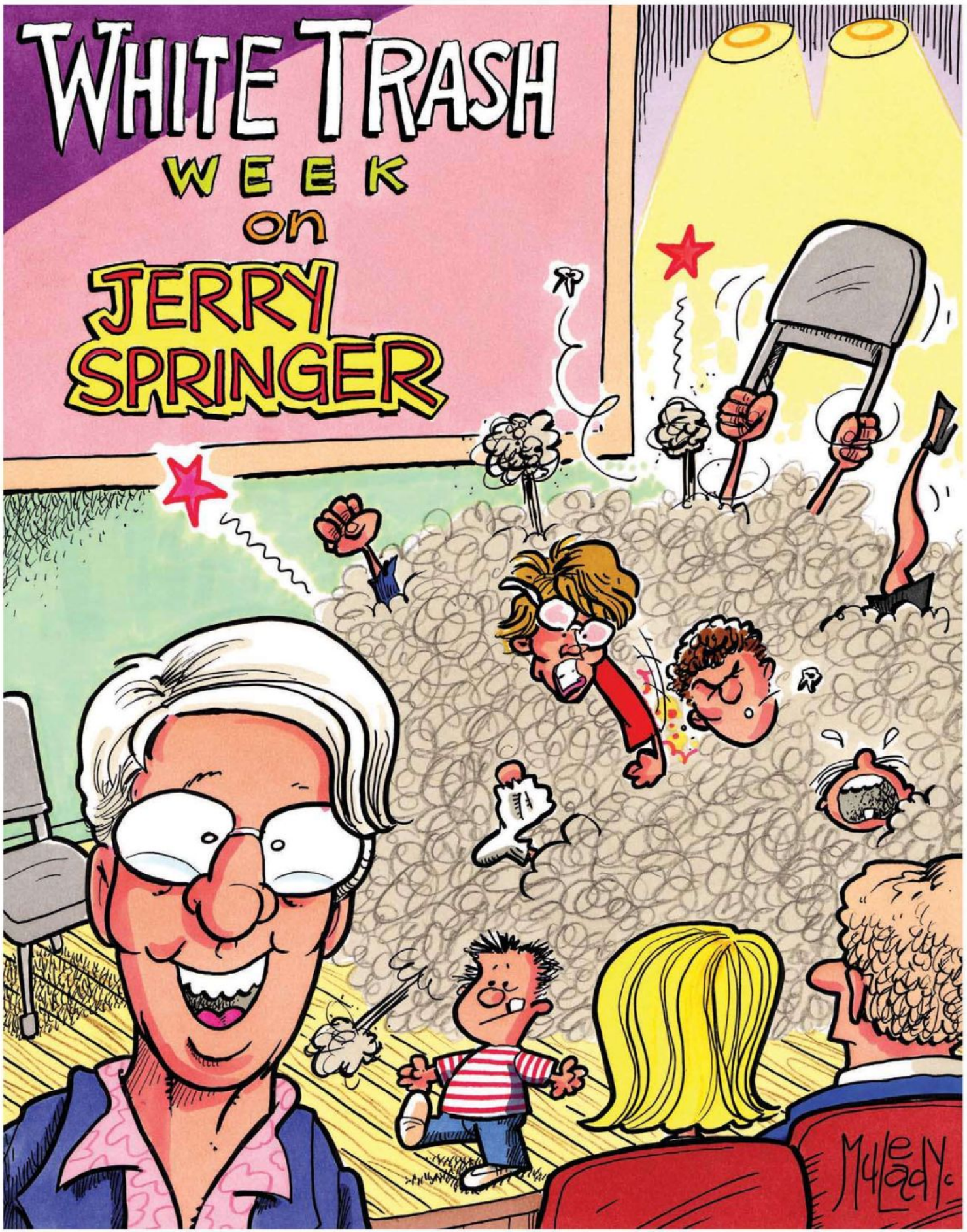
Years ago, TV show producers went to jail for rigging game shows. Now they rig reality shows and roam free. Is this any less of a crime?



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).



"You want to talk after sex? Really?! The graveyards are full of girls who wanted to talk after sex!"



"She's a former governor and author with an out-of-wedlock grandkid, a retarded son, a pussy for a husband and a future son-in-law who posed nude for Playgirl and told family secrets to the press. Meet the Palins!"

More at ebook-free-download.net or magazinesdownload.com

THE WHISKY A GO-GO

IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL

THE MUSIC WAS NEW AND SO WERE THE DRUGS THAT FUELED IT.



PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

"If you live in rock and roll, as I do, you see the reality of sex, of male lust and women being aroused by male lust. It attracts women. It doesn't repel them."

—Camille Paglia

I began hanging out at the Whisky a Go-Go in the summer of 1964. Nightclubs featuring rock 'n' roll and dancing were still something of a novelty in Los Angeles, but the Whisky caught on fast, becoming the newest hot spot on the Sunset Strip. People would line up out front, passing joints and tabs of acid while they waited to go inside where the music was loud, and go-go dancers shimmied in cages over the stage. The bouncer at the door would usher me and other celebrities through the crowd and into the raucous, smokey interior.

The beginnings of the counterculture were in the air that summer: Jack Kennedy had been assassinated the year before, and riots and protests were beginning to challenge the establishment. The country would soon be in turmoil over civil rights, the Vietnam War, free love, psychedelic drugs and rock 'n' roll.

I had been the first woman to perform rock 'n' roll on the movie screen in 1957's *Untamed Youth*. As Camille Paglia said, women are attracted to the male lust in rock 'n' roll. My view of sex has always been more male than female anyway—fulfilling my own momentary passion rather than trolling for that white picket fence and a house full of kids—so the Whisky was like a magnet for me.

The Whisky incubated some of the greatest rock music of the day: the Doors, the Turtles, the Yardbirds, Led Zeppelin, Cream, the Byrds, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, to name a few.

On almost any night of the week you could find me in my booth with my best friend and hairdresser, Don Morand. A Bob Dylan look-alike, Don was the poster boy for the Love Generation, tall and thin, with long hair and a Jesus beard.

If I wasn't in my booth, I was upstairs shooting pool. (I ran the table on Jim Morrison one night.) This training would later come in handy when I dated Bo Belinsky, a notorious pool shark.

Don and I were frugging it up one night when I noticed someone else dancing next to me. It was Steve McQueen. After a moment, Don discreetly sat down while Steve and I continued dancing together. It was the beginning of something special.

Steve was an accomplished actor, though his talent was overshadowed by the cool action hero meme he created in films like *The Great Escape* and *Bullitt*. In fact, he lived the part, having an avid interest in motorcycles, fast cars and beautiful women. Steve radiated an authentic sexual energy that is very rare. We began seeing each other occasionally, even though I knew he was married to actress Neile Adams.

One night, after dancing at the Whisky, Steve and I attended a party at the home of Jay Sebring, the hairdresser who would later be one of the Manson Family's victims in the Tate-LaBianca murders. Sebring's place had once been home to Jean Harlow, my childhood idol, and her husband, Paul Berne. I dropped acid for the first and only time with Steve that night, and we made love in the bedroom where Berne had committed suicide. After we had sex, I had a frightening hallucination: seeing Paul Berne's naked corpse on the floor and Harlow's reflection smiling back at me from a full-length mirror.

Shortly after that night, I ended the relationship with Steve, sensing it would go nowhere and ultimately cause heartache.

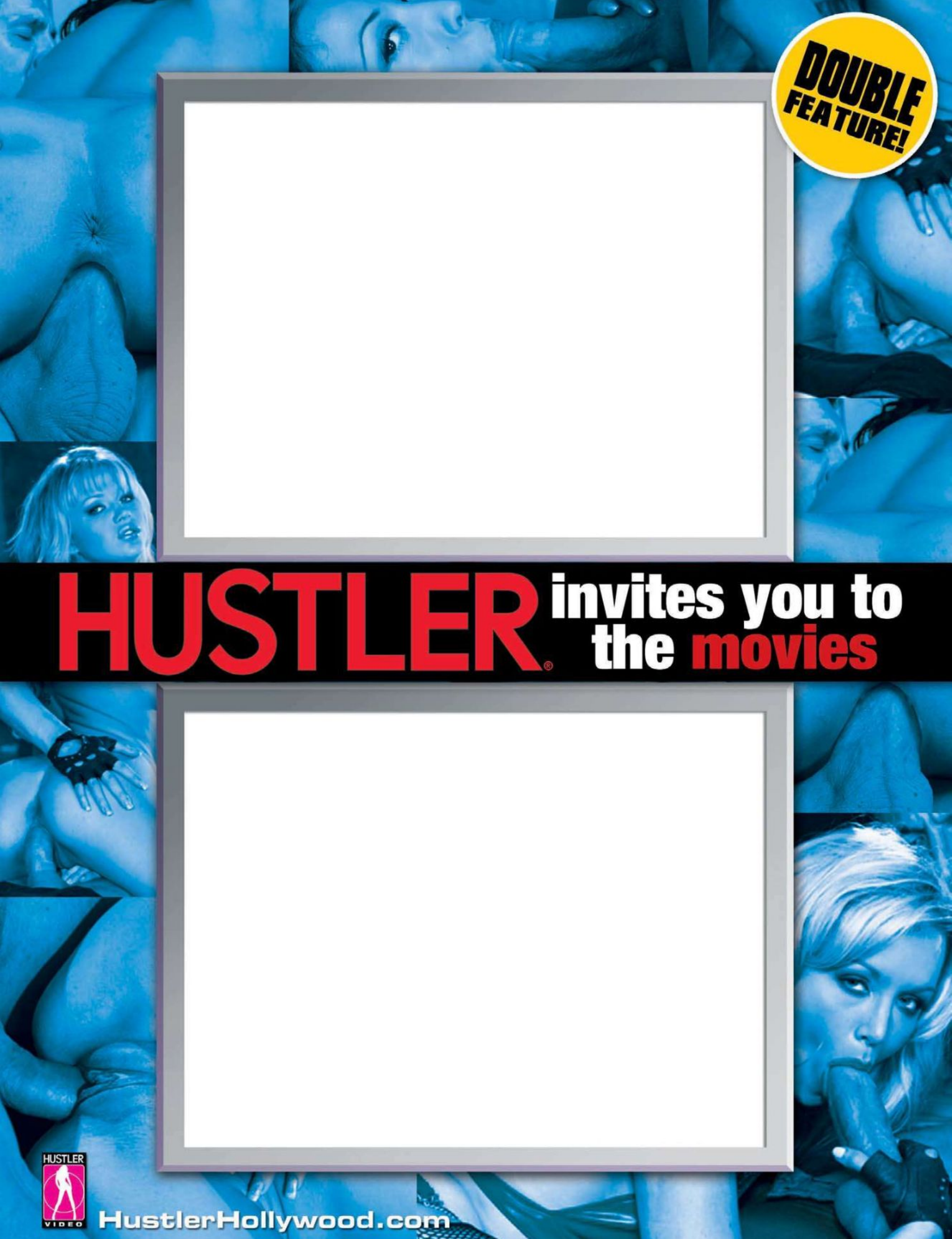
Johnny Rivers ("Secret Agent Man") was a regular performer at the Whisky. We began dating when he was recording his *Live at the Whiskey a Go-Go* album. Johnny called me one night and said to come down and meet the Beatles at the Whisky. It was a mob scene inside as photographers and fans tried to get near the hottest rock 'n' roll sensations in the world.

Johnny escorted me to the booth where George and Ringo were sitting with Jayne Mansfield. Jayne waved hello boozily. As Johnny introduced me to George, one of the paparazzi moved in to snap a picture. In a drunken rage, George threw a drink at the photographer but missed, hitting me instead. Johnny yelled at George, George yelled at the photographer, and I ran for the exit. I later received an apology from George, but my dress was ruined.

As that wild summer of '64 ended, work called. My agent booked me to headline at the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas, then at the Latin Quarter in New York. But that summer still resonates in my memory, like the rock 'n' roll echoing through the Whisky.



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**.


DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER® invites you to the movies
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Dastardly Duo

You were correct to name Mike "Fuckabee" Asshole of the Month [October '10]. Down here in Arkansas we call him "Tax Hike Mike" due to his obscene raising of the state sales tax to 8%.

Also, I don't see much difference between one or a hundred pieces of crap on Timothy Geithner's head. Either way he's a piece of shit. Put a dick in his mouth while you're at it, like a cocksucker deserves.

—Larry Collison
Mountain Home, Arkansas

Be the Change

I purchase your magazines all the time. They are just about the best mags around. I mostly enjoy the pictures. I even fantasize about being a woman so I can pose naked for your magazine. I may have to get a sex change to look feminine enough, since I know HUSTLER's standards are high! **—Richard Caponera**
White Plains, New York

Godsend

Tell Mousey [*Beaver Hunt*, October '10] that I want to be the one to help fulfill her two-cock fantasy. Every white-bonnet Mennonite I ever saw had all her clothes on. Until now!

—Marv Rosen
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Other Side

Regarding the Greg Palast article about Arizona's immigration law [October '10], I agree with him that Republicans are using SB 1070 to swipe the November election. However, the politics involved are much deeper. The Democrats, my party, are encouraging illegal immigration. The reason? A long-term increase in Democratic voters. The children of illegals born in America are U.S. citizens.

Smugglers are committing mass murder by taking Mexicans to the desert and pointing them north. The number who have died over the past 20 years must be in the tens of thousands.

At the same time, Democrats teach their own children population control to save Earth! The Democratic Party has been shooting itself in the foot for 50 years.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

Liquor Run

Even though Vince Neil [*Sights & Sounds*, December '10] has no musical talent, I did expect my favorite front man to have some common sense. Like Larry Flynt, Neil is no stranger to tragedy in the name of freedom and fun. He could turn his Las Vegas DUI arrest into something less hypocritical.

Flynt works within the law to get his agenda across and make money. He revitalized the First Amendment by bringing back his *Publisher's Statement*. He obeys the law by not sending HUSTLER DVDs to Utah.

Neil, who has made a motley bunch of mistakes like me, must realize that watching him repeat the same mistakes over and over is the most painful monotony we Crüeheads could suffer. It's time for change, Vince. This is the hard part. Don't let Mötley Crüe fans and HUSTLER readers down.

—Dan Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

Lawlessness

Thanks for the pics of Lucy Lawless [*Movie Mammaries*, October '10]. I've been a real fan of the *Xena* series. She has a great body! Too bad you couldn't get shots from the episode in which she and her companion Gabrielle take a dip in a desert pool. It's discreetly shot, but they're both obviously completely nude. TV has never been hotter.

—Charles Armstrong
St. Louis, Missouri



Lots of readers were crazy about Chrissy, most notably a soldier stationed overseas.

Dead Zone

I've been an avid HUSTLER reader for several years and can say without a doubt that Morianna Morgue [*Beaver Hunt*, November '10] is easily the cutest girl I've seen grace its pages. Thanks for running the awesome pics!

By the way, have you had any robot-woman pictorials? Think about it for all us cyberfetishists.

—Z
Everett, Washington

Feel the Force

I recently won a HUSTLER contest in which I received four separate flash drives disguised as *Star Wars* characters. I know not everybody would say, "Hooray, *Star Wars* figures flash drives." But I say, "Fuckin' A!"

I never won shit. I had the worst fuckin' luck when it came to contests and drawings, but you guys finally changed that. I truly want to thank you, and I will display my prizes in my house for all to see and proudly tell them where they came from.

Can't wait until the next issue. You fuckin' rule! Keep it up! **—J.P.**
Jonesboro, Arkansas

First Sight

I just got back from being stationed overseas in Korea, where the girls at my base didn't turn me on. But when the issue with Crazy Heart Chrissy came out [August '10], I fell in love! She deserves a trophy for her beautiful soft pussy, gorgeous tits and grab-me ass. But I guess I really fell for her beautiful eyes. Please publish this letter so Chrissy can see it!

—Mike, a Good Person
Rougemont, North Carolina

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.

ARIZONA

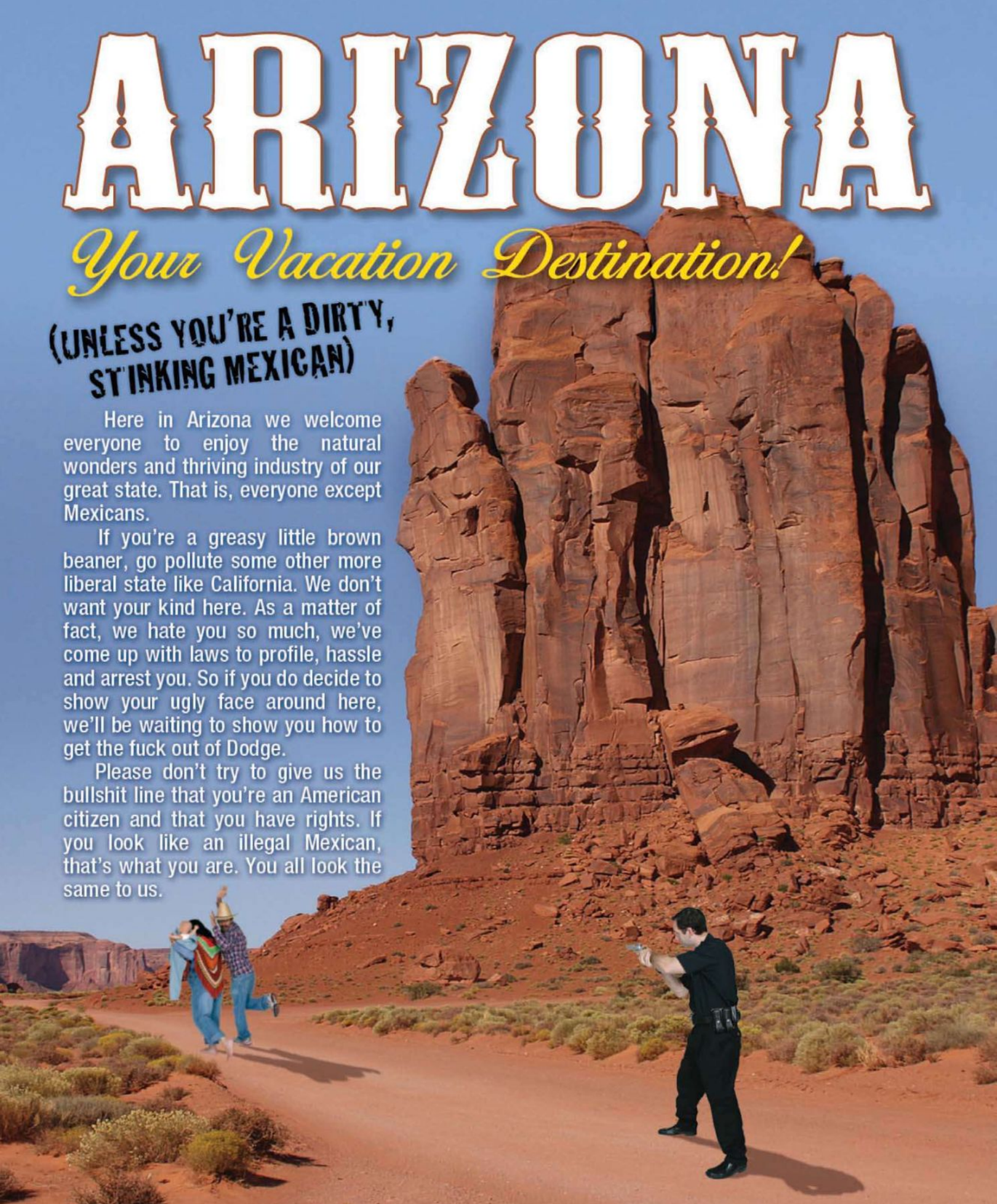
Your Vacation Destination!

(UNLESS YOU'RE A DIRTY, STINKING MEXICAN)

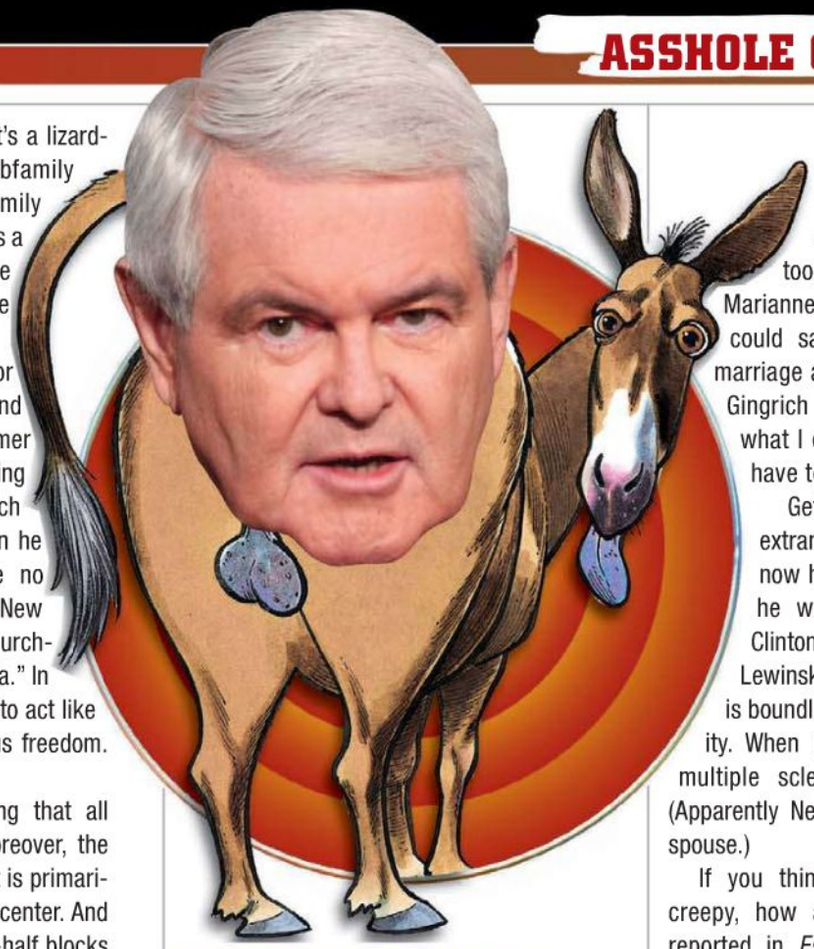
Here in Arizona we welcome everyone to enjoy the natural wonders and thriving industry of our great state. That is, everyone except Mexicans.

If you're a greasy little brown beaner, go pollute some other more liberal state like California. We don't want your kind here. As a matter of fact, we hate you so much, we've come up with laws to profile, hassle and arrest you. So if you do decide to show your ugly face around here, we'll be waiting to show you how to get the fuck out of Dodge.

Please don't try to give us the bullshit line that you're an American citizen and that you have rights. If you look like an illegal Mexican, that's what you are. You all look the same to us.



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is political commentary about how the state of Arizona's policies on immigration are blatantly racist. For more information check out NILC.org. This parody ad 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.



NEWT GINGRICH

You know what a newt is? It's a lizard-like member of the subfamily *Pleurodelinae* of the family *Salamandridae*. Newt Gingrich is a lizard, but he's classified in the subfamily *Politicianae* of the family *Myheadisupmyassae*.

Lizards are notorious for crawling around in muck, and that's certainly true of the former Speaker of the House and aspiring Presidential candidate. Gingrich proved that most recently when he trumpeted, "There should be no mosque near Ground Zero in New York so long as there are no churches or synagogues in Saudi Arabia." In other words, Gingrich wants us to act like a country that restricts religious freedom. Really, Newt?

First, it goes without saying that all Muslims are not terrorists. Moreover, the mosque he's complaining about is primarily intended to be a community center. And the proposed site is two-and-a-half blocks away from where the Twin Towers once stood. So, Newt: How far away should it be? Three blocks? Four? Ten? Fifty miles? Five-thousand miles? Can the Muslims build it on Mars? Let us know.

Gingrich's contempt for the Constitution isn't limited to religious freedom. Regarding gay marriage, the Lizard King stated: "…Overturning Prop 8 [the California amendment banning same-sex marriages] is an outrageous disrespect for our Constitution and for the majority of people of the United States who believe marriage is the union of husband and wife." We'll ignore the slimy hypocrisy regarding his own serial marriages (for the moment), but only to once again concentrate on Gingrich's shaky grasp of the Constitution.

Newt, you fat-headed little freak, don't you realize that Constitutionally guaranteed freedoms cannot be overturned by a majority vote? If that were the case, the majority religion could vote to make other religions illegal. Or, more to your point, do you really want to go back to the kind of mind-set where, in the South, blacks and whites were forbidden to marry? Can you see the connection, Newt? Or is your head too far up your humongous ass?

Gingrich is also pretty shaky on economic issues. While expressing concern about the deficit, he told ABC's George Stephanopoulos, "I think to raise taxes on people who create jobs in the middle of a 9.5% unemployment rate is, frankly, crazy. I don't think this President will control spending. So they [Democrats] want the right to run up the biggest credit card in history…then turn around and tell the rest of us we have to pay for their credit card."

Newt, it's not Barack Obama who ran up the debt; thank George W. Bush and the Republican party's tax cuts to the super-rich for that. Ending those tax cuts would eliminate more than 20% of the budget deficit run up by the Republicans. So if you really want to bring down the deficit, Newt, that's the way to go.

But here's the real muck Gingrich slithers around in: At age 19 he married Jackie Battley, his former high school geometry teacher. While the official story is that they started dating when he was 18 and she was 25, Newt's second ex-wife, Marianne, told John H. Richardson in *Esquire* magazine that the affair with Jackie really began when he was 16.

Marianne also mentioned she had no idea Gingrich had appeared at Jackie's bedside with a yellow legal pad to outline divorce details while Jackie was recovering in a hospital from treatments for uterine cancer. Nor did Marianne know that Newt was so ruthless that Jackie had to get a court order for him to pay her utility bills. Is that any way for a man to treat the mother of his two daughters? (Although, to be fair, Jackie was apparently also his high school molester.)

It wasn't long before the family values politico was cheating on his second wife too. Richardson reports that when Marianne asked her husband how he could say one thing in public about marriage and act another way in private, Gingrich responded: "It doesn't matter what I do. People need to hear what I have to say."

Get this: Gingrich was having an extramarital affair with Callista Bisek, now his third wife, at the same time he was demanding that President Clinton be impeached over the Monica Lewinsky scandal. The man's hypocrisy is boundless; so, too, his lack of sensitivity. When Marianne was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, he left her as well. (Apparently Newt just can't deal with a sick spouse.)

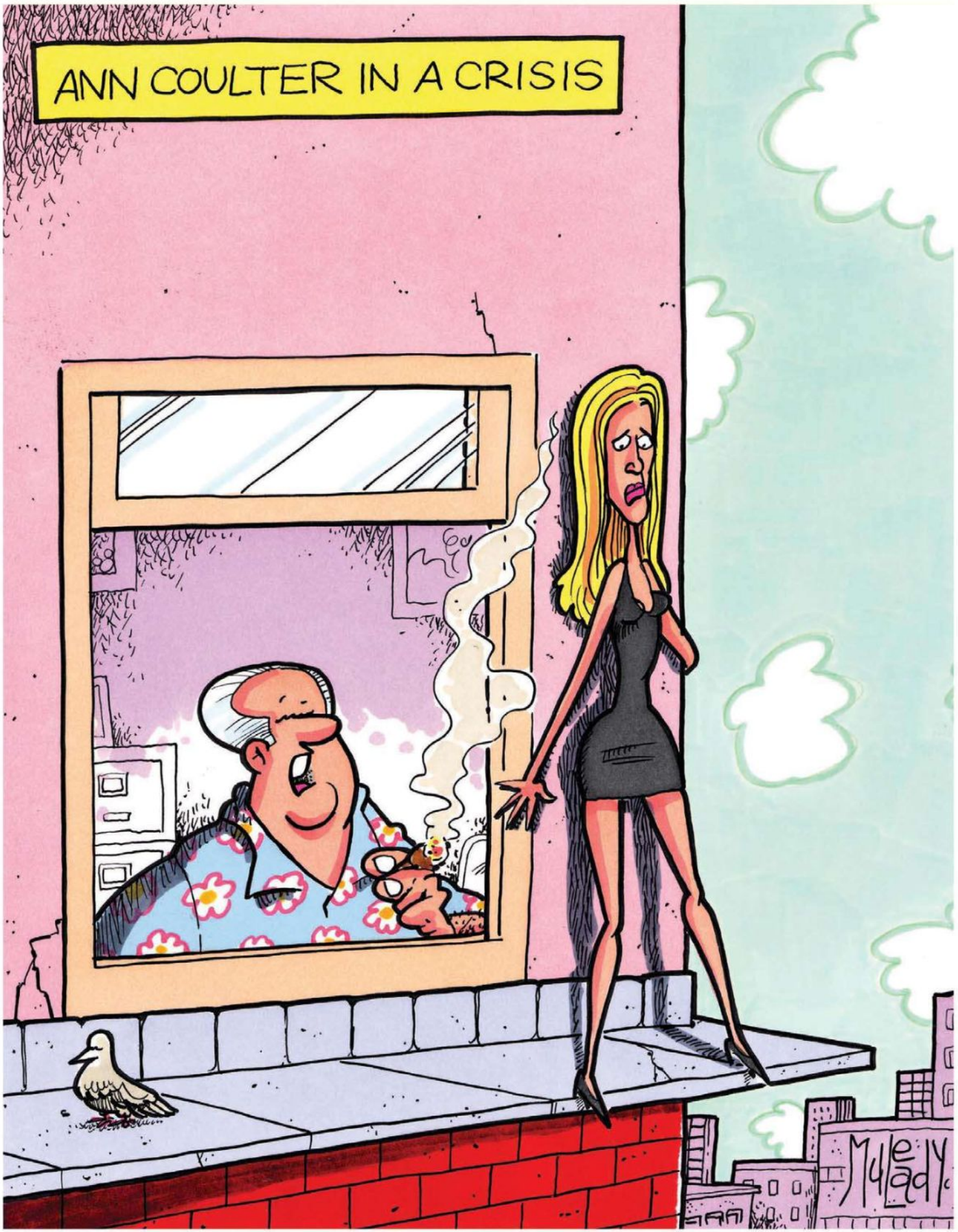
If you think some of the foregoing is creepy, how about this tell-tale tidbit, as reported in *Esquire*? Speaking of his third wife, Gingrich confided to reporter Richardson, "Callista and I kid that I'm four, and she's five, and therefore she gets to be in charge."

But Marianne, hearing that story, was aghast. "You know where that line came from?" she told Richardson. "Me. That's my line. That's what I told him."

Do you think it's fair to say Gingrich has a problem with ethics? We think so, and so did the 1997 Congress, which voted 395 to 28 to reprimand him for ethics violations. This was the first time in 208 years that a Speaker of the House was disciplined and fined ($300,000). And that was just one of 84 ethics charges leveled against Gingrich during his tenure on Capitol Hill.

Finally, Gingrich twice shut down part of the government during a budget impasse with President Bill Clinton late in 1995. According to Tom DeLay in his book *No Retreat, No Surrender*, "[Newt] told a room full of reporters that he forced the shutdown because Clinton had rudely made him and Bob Dole sit at the back of Air Force One" during a trip to Israel. Can you say "petty"?

As we've clearly demonstrated, Newt Gingrich is a hypocrite who, despite his professorial posturing, thinks in a patchwork of self-serving principles, none of which are compatible with the other. In fact, this Asshole is intellectually dysfunctional, however clever he is at hiding this shortcoming. Fuck you, Newt! Go slide back into the muck you came from.



"Sarah Palin is more popular, Michele Bachmann is prettier, Michelle Malkin has bigger tits—yes, sir, I can't think of one good reason why you shouldn't throw your skinny ass off that ledge."

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PHOTOS BY HUSTLERWORLD.COM


Misty Stone


Stacey Lane


Butterfly Azz

BROWN SUGAR

Nyomi Banxxx, Jada Fire, Kapri Styles and Pinky were just a few of the adult-industry performers on hand for the 2010 Urban X Awards show. Hosted by Misty Stone and witty Dana DeArmond, the star-studded gathering at the 740 Club in downtown Los Angeles paid tribute to the standouts in black, Latin, Asian and interracial porn. The honorees included Rebecca Linares (Female Performer of the Year), Butterfly Azz (Best BBW Newcomer) and X-Play/HUSTLER Video's *Not the Cosbys XXX* (Parody of the Year).


Amanda Rose

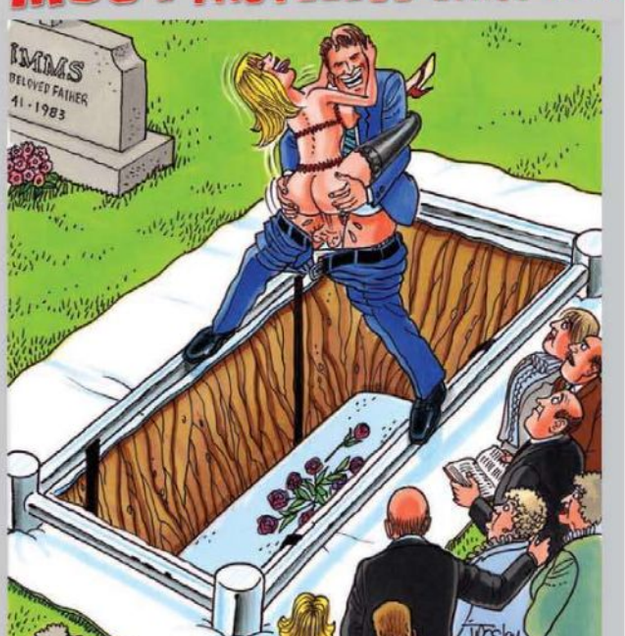

Mia Rae


Sophie Dee



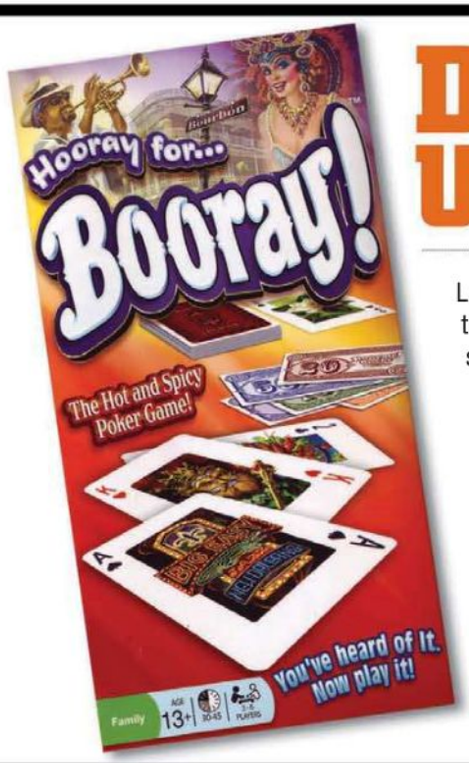
Roxy Reynolds & Mr. Marcus

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Hey…how many times did you all hear my wife say I'd fuck another woman over her dead body?!"

DEAL US IN



Looking for a twist on the traditional game of strip poker? Look no further than New Orleans, where a spicy variation called Booray originates. Players vie for Booray Bucks while shedding their inhibitions and, if you're lucky, their clothes!

"Women might be able to fake orgasms, but men can fake whole relationships." —SHARON STONE, ACTRESS



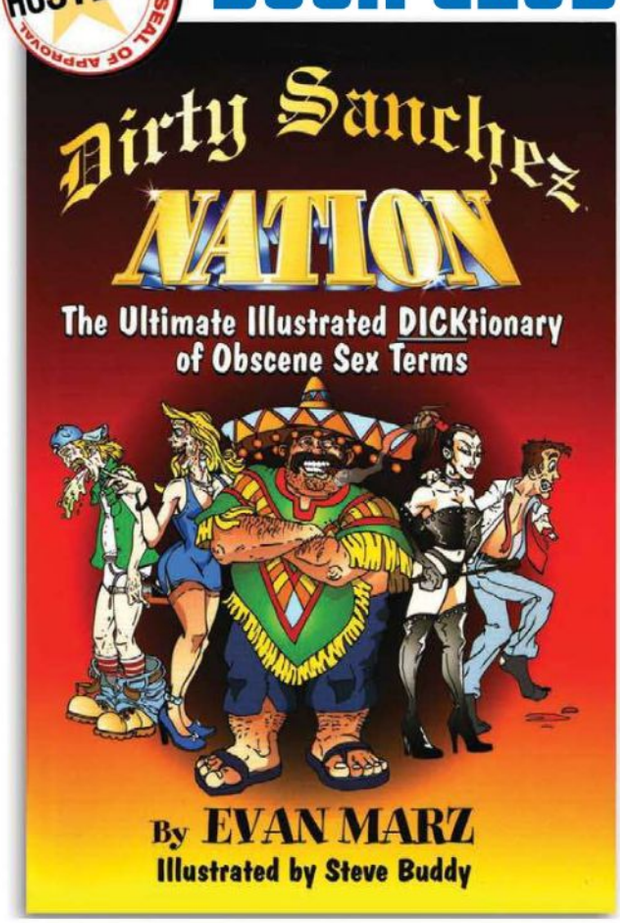
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD MEL GIBSON'S EX *Oksana Grigorieva* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Depending on who you believe, Oksana Grigorieva is either an abused MILF or a gold-digging slut. Either way we believe Gibson's ex looks great with a dick in her perfect pout.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Oksana Grigorieva actually exists. Even Mel Gibson doesn't have one. We assume that if he did, he wouldn't be so fucking angry all the time. 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.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

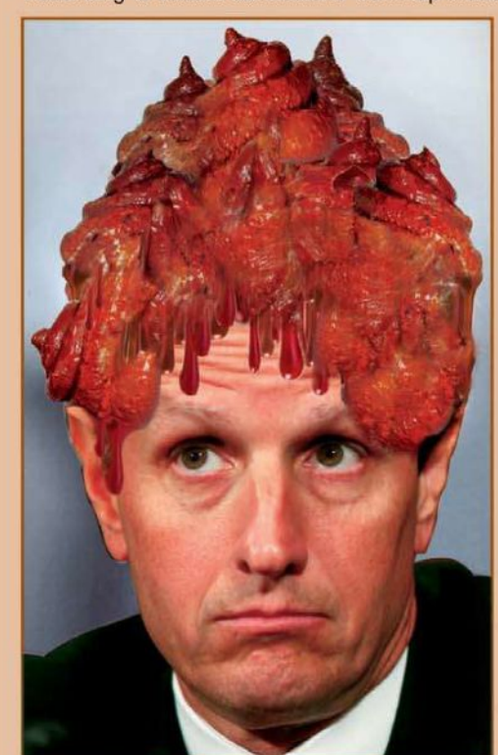


Evan Marz's hilarious new book *Dirty Sanchez Nation* is the ultimate illustrated sexual glossary. It's packed with 125 pages of filthy fun that explains everything from "queefing" to "felching" and the "Spiderman." Grab a copy at **DirtySanchezNation.com**.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #12

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Timothy Geithner continues to curry favor with Wall Street at the expense of the little guy. The Treasury secretary's miserably failing, poorly designed plan to help struggling homeowners is actually funneling money to his banker buddies. And that is exactly what Timmy wants. According to recent admissions from top Treasury officials, the mortgage plan was not really about helping homeowners at all—it was simply one part of a broader plot to pump money into big banks and shield them from losses on bad loans. Geithner has long made it clear his recovery plan was based on allowing large banks to "earn" their way back to health. But the scumbag is willing to let those "earnings" come directly at the expense of people hit hardest by the recession. We'll continue to "honor" Timmy with another piece of shit every month until he is fired or resigns.



"You know that 'look' women get when they want sex? Me neither." —STEVE MARTIN, ACTOR

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NEWSBITES

Ride On!

How do you plan to spend your 78th birthday? Well, one Pennsylvania man decided to mark the occasion by riding the Kennywood amusement park's Jack Rabbit roller coaster 90 times in one day! But it wasn't a lark. The elderly g-force enthusiast claims to have ridden the wooden coaster, which celebrated its 90th anniversary, 4,000 times in his life. We plan on spending our 78th birthday fucking. But hey, a roller coaster ride is cool too.

Two Days in a Hole

The next time you use an outhouse… wait. Who the fuck still uses an outhouse?! Anyway, if you do use one, be careful or you might end up like a Chinese man who fell through the hole and found himself trapped in a pit of shit for two days. Luckily, a passerby finally heard the guy's cries and called for emergency assistance. And you thought *your* day was shitty?

Tasty Testicles?

As if we needed another reason not to go to Serbia. The town of Ozrem is again holding its seventh annual Testicle Cooking World Championship. Competing in cook-offs, Wolfgang Puck wannabes from all around the globe conjure up dishes featuring the gonads of sharks, kangaroos and reindeer. Festival organizer Ivo Mokovich hopes that the event will bring in tourists from around the world the way chocolate festivals do. Reindeer or chocolate balls? Sorry, Ivo, we're choosing Switzerland!

Science of Sex

It's happened to the best of us. You get drunk and wake up with some chick you'd have never even talked to had you been sober. The technical term is *beer goggles*, but don't blame yourself. Blame science. Conducting a study titled "Beer Goggles: The Affect [sic] of Alcohol on Males' Perceptions of Beauty and Attractiveness," researchers discovered that if both sides of a woman's face are symmetrical, we find them more appealing. They also found that alcohol makes it harder to judge facial symmetry, explaining why you fucked the girl with the lazy eye and harelip. The chick with the dick? Nobody can explain that.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH



The folks at Buffalo David Bitton make jeans, and as everybody knows, lipstick lesbians love jeans. We sure do love lipstick lesbians. So thanks to the fine folks at Buffalo Jeans for this month's found porn.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

SIGN OF THE TIMES



The same sign is posted outside HUSTLER's offices. Sadly, it hasn't worked so far. Thanks to W.M. of New York City for this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, simply 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.

"Ah, yes, divorce—from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet." —ROBIN WILLIAMS, COMIC



This smoking-hot lady may get you off. That is, unless you realize she's your grandmother. Thanks to J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this vintage 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.

FUCKING FASHIONS

HUSTLER Hollywood sells some really fantastic stuff. For your girl, there are low-cut tops, tiny shorts and sexy lingerie. Also stocked are cool jackets, shirts and hats for guys. Check out the latest merchandise at a HUSTLER Hollywood location near you, or you can shop online at **HUSTLERHollywood.com**.





PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLERAPPAREL.COM

AND THEY SING TOO?!

The cast of HUSTLER Video's hard-core spoof *This Ain't Glee XXX* recently took over the weekly Porn Star Karaoke night at Sardo's in Burbank, California. On hand were hot-as-hell songbird Scarlett Fay (of *Lindsay Goes to Jail* fame); sexy Andy San Dimas; director Axel Braun; screen studs Dale DaBone, Tucker Slaine and Chad Diamond; and funnyman James Bartholet. We have to praise the *This Ain't Glee XXX* crew for taking Fox's most unwatchable show and turning it into a porn masterpiece.



James Bartholet, Andy San Dimas & Scarlett Fay



Scarlett Fay: Fuck yeah!



Choirboys



Down & dirty duet



If you were a porn director, you'd be happy too.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy." —TOM CLANCY, AUTHOR

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All in the Family: Seducing Hubby's Baby Brother

My husband was fucking a blonde with big, fake titties, a tramp stamp and a stripper pole in her bedroom. I'd suspected he was having an affair for some time, but now, thanks to a private dick, I had the hard proof right in front of me—sordid photos, credit card bills, text messages. Wow, the asshole didn't even bother to be discreet.

I cried for about ten minutes, then considered my options. A pre-nup prevented me from benefiting financially from Tom's affair. But that didn't stop me from wanting—no, *needing*—revenge. I thought about crashing his mint condition Cobra or sabotaging his next big business deal. But neither punishment seemed harsh enough to fit the crime.

Then it dawned on me: what meant more to Tom than anything in the whole wide world? The answer was Andy, his baby brother. At 19, Andy was 15 years younger than my husband. He was a shy, gangly boy who blushed easily and giggled whenever he grew nervous. I'd caught him staring at my tatas more than once.

A plan devised, I celebrated with an intense masturbation session. A thick, fat dildo in my cunt, a four incher in my butt, I humped a pillow till I was exhausted and the room smelled of girl cum. When Tom came home that night, he sniffed at the air. He looked like he was about to say something and then thought better of it, likely remembering his love-in with his little slut earlier that afternoon. I just smiled and gave him a welcoming kiss.

Come Saturday, Tom's regular golf day, I invited Andy over on the pretext of hiring him to help me organize the basement. The kid was always looking for odd jobs to earn spending money for college in the fall. By the time he arrived, I was already naked, splayed over a couch in the rec room, my pussy slick with anticipation. My favorite nipple clamps pinched my long tit buds. I called to him when I heard the back door and listened to his footsteps on the stairs.

The poor boy entered the room and stopped dead, looking like a deer caught in the glare of headlights. I took advantage of his shock to drop to my hands and knees and crawl across the floor. I tugged his pants and underwear to his ankles before he realized what was happening. Wow. Andy was so much bigger than his big brother!

To his credit, the lad tried to protest. He stammered and giggled and stuttered as I lapped his balls and tongued his shaft. His hands clenched and unclenched. But then I tongue-dicked his piss slit and sucked his crown to the back of my throat, and the boy stopped stuttering. His hands landed on my head, and his hips bucked. He moaned that he'd always dreamed of fucking me, told me I was his favorite fantasy. I found that, well, endearing. My pride kicked in, and all of a sudden it was important to me to make the real thing better and sexier than his dreams.

Opening my throat, I managed almost all of his long bone and hollowed my cheeks with suction. Palming his firm buttocks, I pulled him even deeper, till my lips circled his base. Saliva dripped onto my tits. My tight, hard nipples brushed against his thighs. The clamps ached. My clit tingled. Fuck, I'd had no idea this would be so exciting. Suddenly I wanted—needed—to feel all nine inches in my quim.

I backed off of the boy's slammer and led him to the couch. This time there were no protests. Oh, Andy's face was still beet red, but now the boy was anxious to prove himself a man. He became assertive—pushing me back onto the cushions and in one driving lunge burying every inch of his dick in pink. Yes! I wrapped my legs around his ass, clawed his shoulders. I felt so good, so fuckin' full! With every thrust he brought me closer to orgasm. True, he was only 19, but he knew enough to wait until my whole body was trembling in climax before finally letting himself come.

His jizz streaming into my cunt felt so delicious, I orgasmed a second time. That never happened with my husband. So though my original plan had been for revenge, for Tom to catch me with his little brother, now I got to thinking that I'd like to see the boy again—and again. I scooted Andy out of the house before Tom was due home. And when my husband arrived, I just smiled and gave him a welcoming kiss.

—B.A.
Richmond, Virginia



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MOVIE BUFF



CASEY JAMES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

Casey loves going to the movies. But not for the reason you might think. "You know how you go to a horror movie and you see a girl giving her date a blowjob and she thinks no one is looking? That girl is me! Only I know other people are watching, and that gets me off," says the foxy film fanatic. "I've been doing that since I was 17, and I love it. It's my sex spot of choice. So much hotter than the bedroom!"

Does she have any favorite films for fellatio? "I love horror movies like *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *The Hills Have Eyes*," **Casey** gushes. "I get really, really scared and jump into my date's arms. Then I put my hands in his lap and slowly work them into his pants. Next thing I know, I have his cock in my mouth. And I love it!"

Being such a fan of the cinema we have to ask if Casey has ever made any "home movies." "You mean sex tapes? Yeah, I've done it twice now. I love grabbing my boobs on camera when the viewfinder is out," she giggles. "But what I'd really like to do is be on TV. Maybe in a reality show like *America's Next Top Model*. I've filmed more than a few audition reels. If that doesn't work out, there's always porn, right?" **That would be scary good!"**











HOMETOWN: Norman, Oklahoma | AGE: 25 | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 130



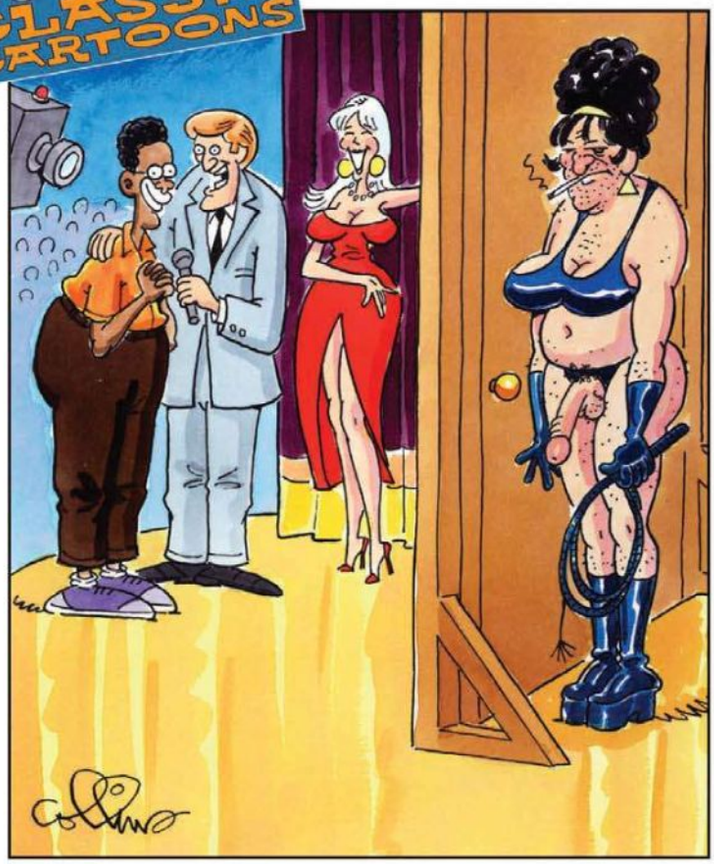




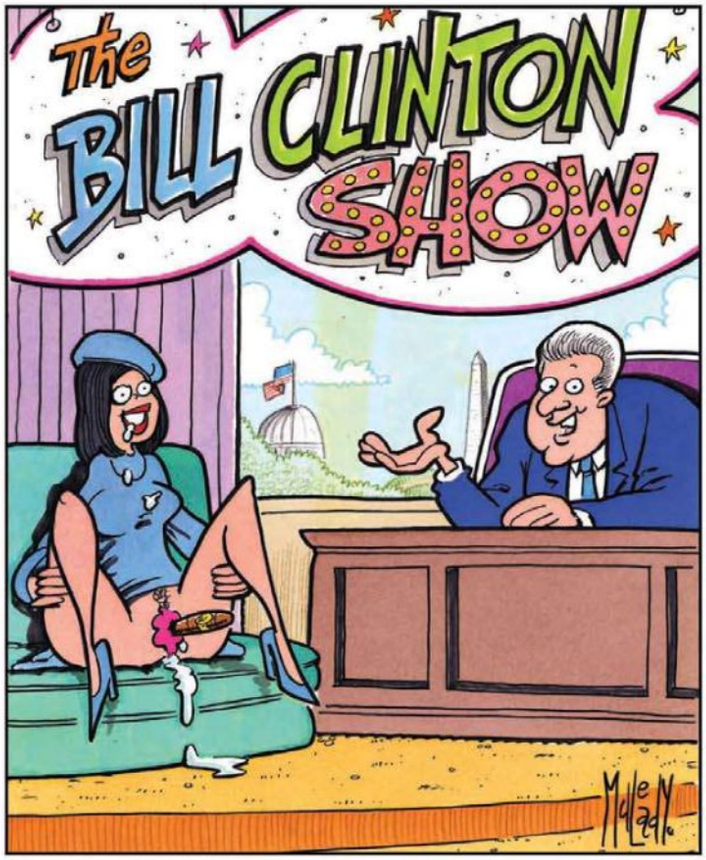




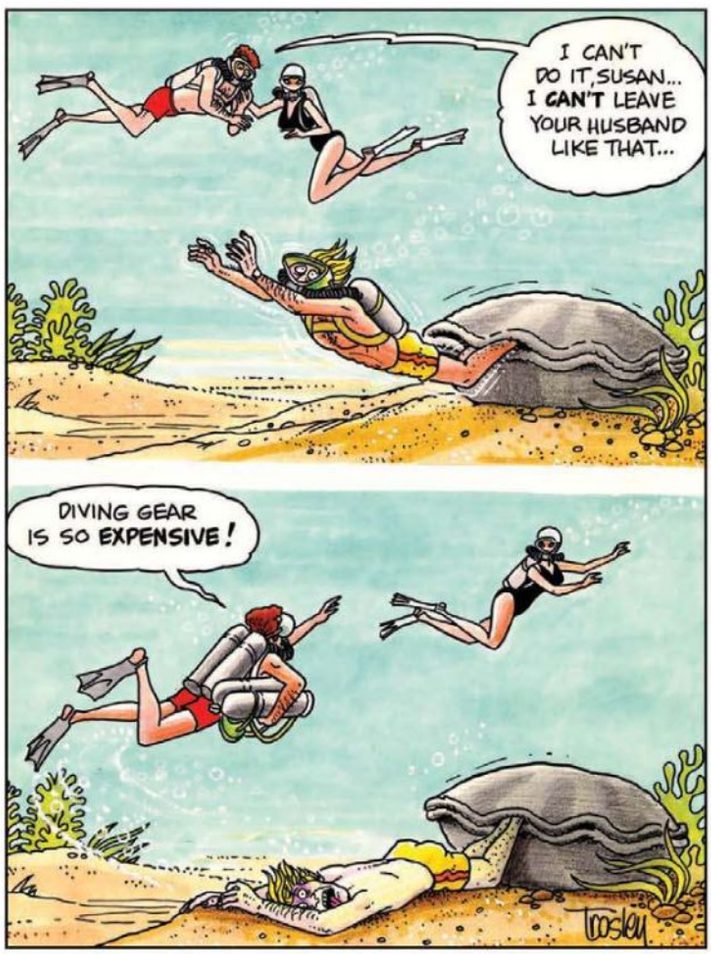
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

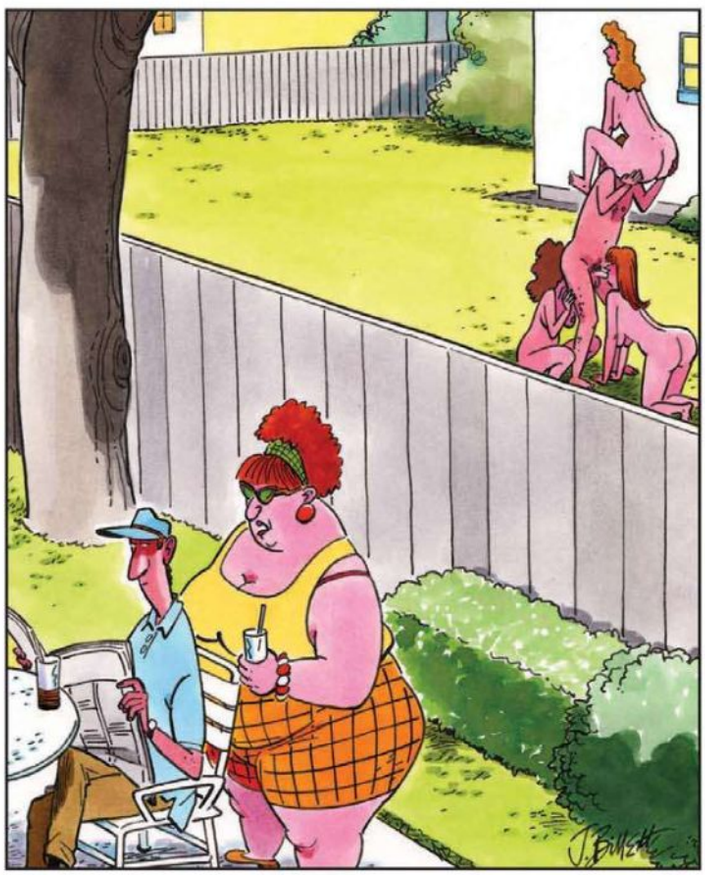


"You can keep the blowjob and the case of condoms, Jerome, or you can trade it in for what's behind Door Number One!"



"Welcome to the show. Today we're talking to ignorant, overweight, sloppy cocksuckers who like to shove cigars up their twats!"

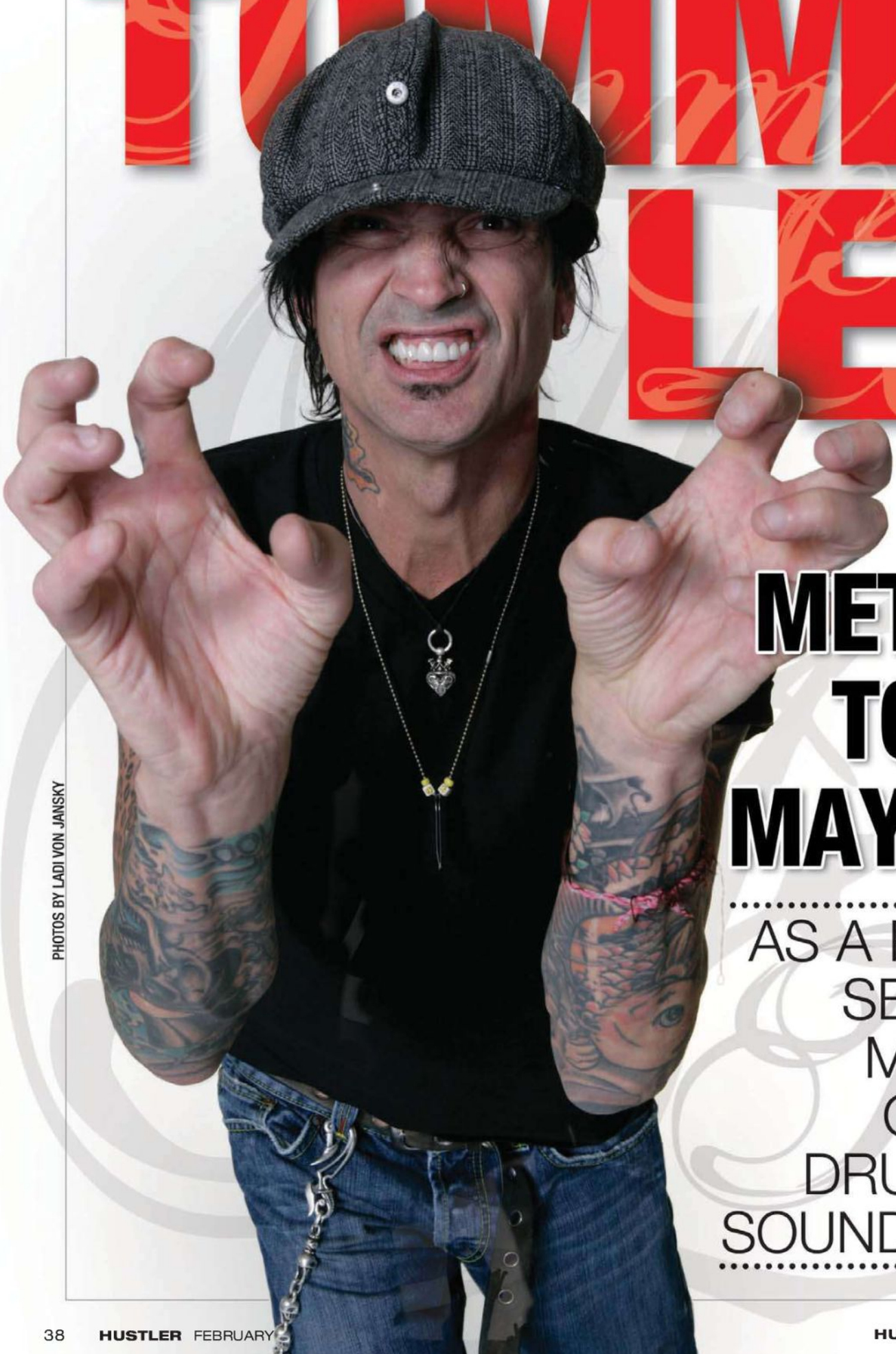




"I wonder how poor Bob is holding up since his divorce."

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

TOMMY LEE



PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

A METHOD TO HIS MAYHEM

AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, MÖTLEY CRÜE'S DRUMMER SOUNDS OFF!

Tommy Lee barely needs an introduction. You know his music, his wild life and the beautiful women he's banged. "The Man" himself stopped by HUSTLER to talk about everything from *A Public Disservice Announcement*, the brilliant new CD of Lee's side band Methods of Mayhem, to the night his ex-wife—bombshell Pamela Anderson—dropped by to watch herself as a contestant on *Dancing With the Stars*.

HUSTLER: Last time we talked [*Tommy Lee: Best Fucking Ride Ever!* June '09 HUSTLER], you were building a massive home studio. Is it done?

TOMMY LEE: It's been done for a while. I finally finished the new Methods of Mayhem record there a few months ago. Now there is this guy named Deadmau5. He's a DJ who wears this big mouse head; he's doing some stuff for *his* record. The sound is insane. It's kind of scary to have a full-blown, state-of-the-art recording studio right underneath my bedroom. Now I really never want to leave my house.

With Mötley Crüe you're expected to make a certain kind of music, but it seems you can stretch things out with Methods.

Yeah, I like so many different kinds of music that it's really hard for me to do just one thing. This record [*A Public Disservice Announcement*] is all over the place. There are some hard electro club tracks and serious metal stuff that make you want to break shit alongside beautiful melodic ballads. There is a little bit of everything. I'm all over the place, and I love it like that. Creatively, when I finished this record, I thought, *That was awesome!* It was like the best sex ever because it wasn't just one thing.

How does *Disservice* differ from the first Methods of Mayhem CD that was released in 1999?

The first record featured me working with a shitload of big-name guest artists. This time I chose to collaborate with the world, which was such an amazing experience. I can't even tell you how cool that was. People sent in little ideas, parts and snippets from around the entire planet. We got spoken word from Prague. Tweaked-out techno synthesizers from Osaka, Japan. Even hand drums from India. We didn't use it, but somebody sent in this beautiful piano part from Islamabad [Pakistan]. We were like, "Don't open that file, dude. It might be some terrorist shit coming in via the Internet!" (*Laughs.*)

There is a shitload of talented people out there. It's funny because a lot of them are weekend warriors. During the week they're shirt-tuckers with 9-to-5 jobs, and on the weekend they fucking rip, drinking beer and playing in some bar. There were some guitar players that blew me away.

How did you reach out to all those people around the world?

The album was written and recorded already. We posted the songs on ThePublicRecord.com and said, "Everybody have at it. Give us your best guitar solo or vocal performance or butt bongo. Whatever the fuck you're feeling." It was a free-for-all funfest. First we thought we were just going to do one track like that, but that has been done. Remixers do it all the time, from U2 to Madonna. But the concept of doing a whole record, with unknown musicians, friends and whatever, was insane because no one had done it.

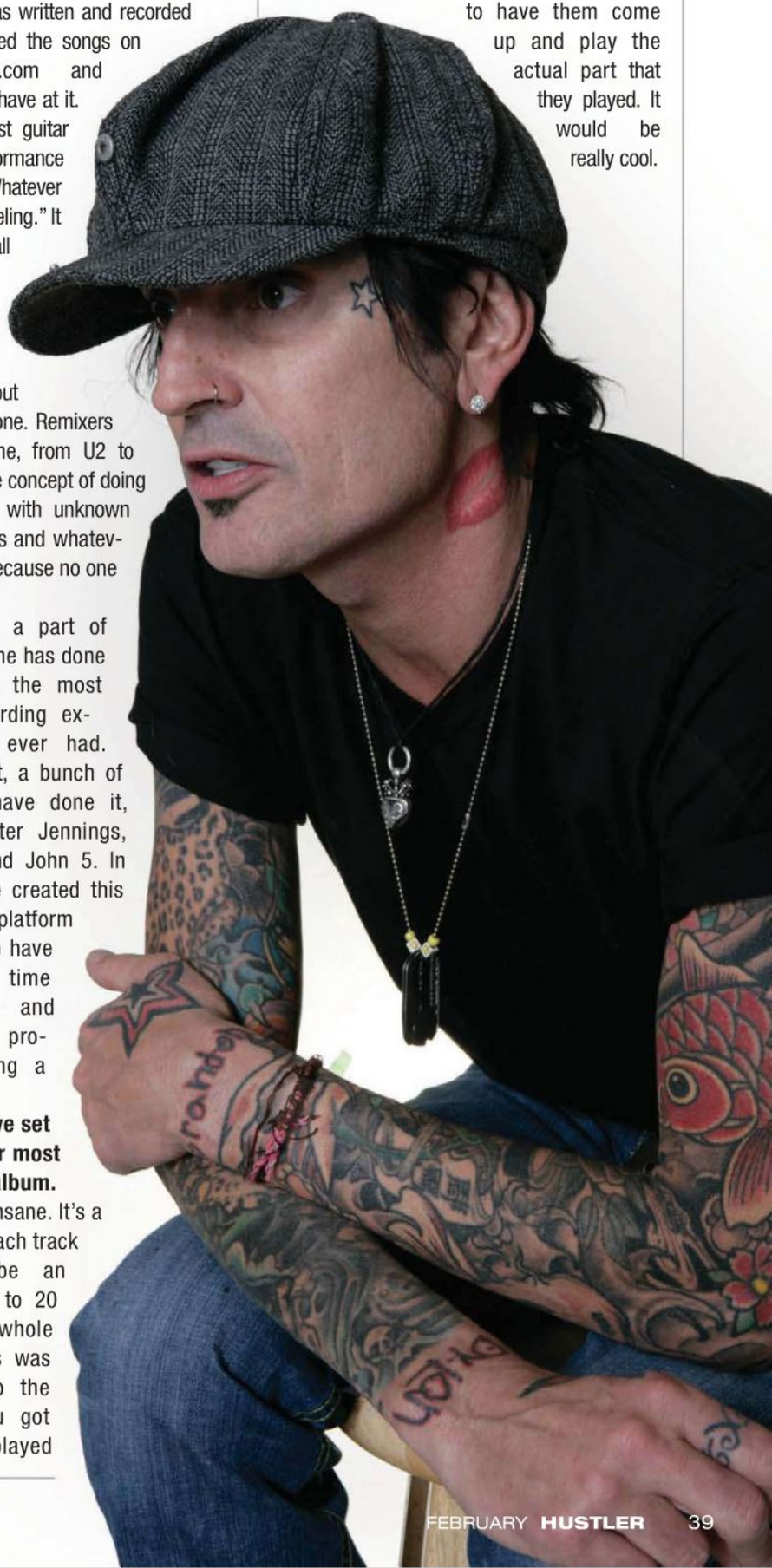
I like being a part of something no one has done before. It was the most incredible recording experience I've ever had. Since we did it, a bunch of other artists have done it, including Shooter Jennings, Rob Zombie and John 5. In the process we created this really cool new platform for any artist to have a really good time involving fans and friends in the process of making a record.

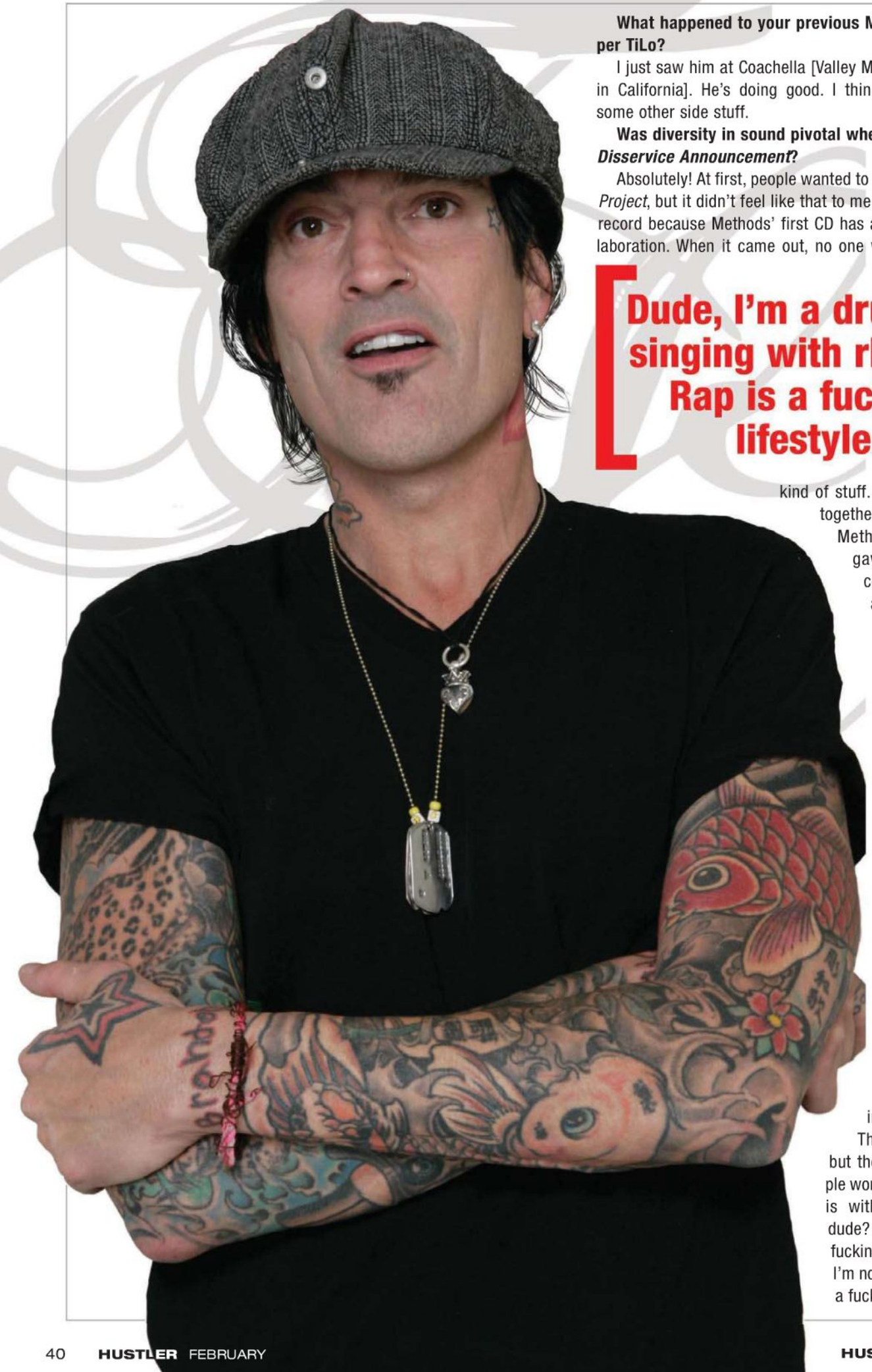
You may have set a new mark for most credits on an album.

It's fucking insane. It's a huge booklet. Each track features maybe an average of 15 to 20 people. The whole deal about this was making it into the mix. Then you got credit. I've played drums on a lot of records for free just 'cause it looks really cool seeing your name on something cool.

When Methods of Mayhem tours, will the guest musicians on the record be part of the live shows?

I'd like to reach out to those people when we play their city. I'd like to have them come up and play the actual part that they played. It would be really cool.





What happened to your previous Methods cohort, rapper TiLo?

I just saw him at Coachella [Valley Music and Arts Festival in California]. He's doing good. I think he's dabbling with some other side stuff.

Was diversity in sound pivotal when conceiving *Public Disservice Announcement*?

Absolutely! At first, people wanted to call it *The Tommy Lee Project*, but it didn't feel like that to me. It felt like a Methods record because Methods' first CD has a stylistic, hybrid collaboration. When it came out, no one was really doing that kind of stuff. When this one came together, I knew it was a Methods project, which gave it a creative license to be as crazy as it wanted to be.

Dude, I'm a drummer singing with rhythm. Rap is a fucking lifestyle.

Were there any styles of music you wanted to include but didn't?

No. I think it's a pretty present disc. Since 2000 I've been DJ-ing a lot, and this CD has a lot of electronic music on it. I really enjoy that. I love watching people dance. Being a drummer, I love beats. I live for that stuff. The first half of the record is for everybody, and the back end is intentionally clubby. They are not separate, but they transition. So people won't say, "What the fuck is with the dance music, dude? You're a rocker!" I fucking hate that because I'm not a fucking rocker. I'm a fucking everything guy!

Do you face a backlash whenever you step out of what people think you are?

You would not believe the flak I got from people with the first Methods of Mayhem record. People said, "Dude, what are you, a fucking rapper now?!" That fucking record sold a shitload of copies! "Get Naked" was one of the singles. People said, "Tommy Lee thinks he's a fucking rapper now." Dude, I'm a drummer singing with rhythm. Rap is a fucking lifestyle. Okay, it's also a vocal style, but I wasn't really rapping. I guess rapping is singing with rhythm. I wasn't sitting there fucking cracking bottles of champagne and throwing money around the club.

You're not "making it rain"?

I'm so not that guy. I don't really think about that shit too much anymore. I just do what I feel I like and hope everybody digs it.

What's next for Mötley Crüe?

The movie *The Dirt* is finally going to happen. We've got the right people involved now. The plan is to musically build a soundtrack for the film. That might involve some other bands doing Mötley tunes and us doing some new stuff. We haven't really planned all that out yet.

Do you think there'll be another Crüe Fest?

Yeah, in 2011. The plan was to take 2010 off, but we needed to get over to Europe. It's one of those places that you got to go over and play, or they forget about you. We had to stimulate Europe a little bit. Then came Ozzfest. So we didn't really get time off. For sure there'll be a Crüe Fest 3 in 2011.

What did you think about your ex Pamela Anderson's stint on *Dancing With the Stars*, and would you ever do it?

I would never do it, but I think it's so rad Pamela did. She loves that stuff. If she could run away and join the circus tomorrow, she would. Trust me on this one. She totally would. It was exciting to see her having fun. I know she had a blast.

We were together at my house with the kids watching the show. Pamela was running around gabbing on all three of my phone lines and voting. Plus she had me, my girlfriend and my assistant all fucking voting on our cell phones. The whole house was voting, and it was so bizarre because she hates watching herself. All the years we were married, I'd try to get her to watch her movies, and she would say, "Don't put it on!" I don't know what it is. To this day I don't know why she doesn't want to watch her movies, but she was watching *Dancing With the Stars*. I screamed, "Dude, you're watching yourself dance! You're watching yourself!" And Pamela was digging it. I was happy for her because I could tell she was genuinely having a good time.



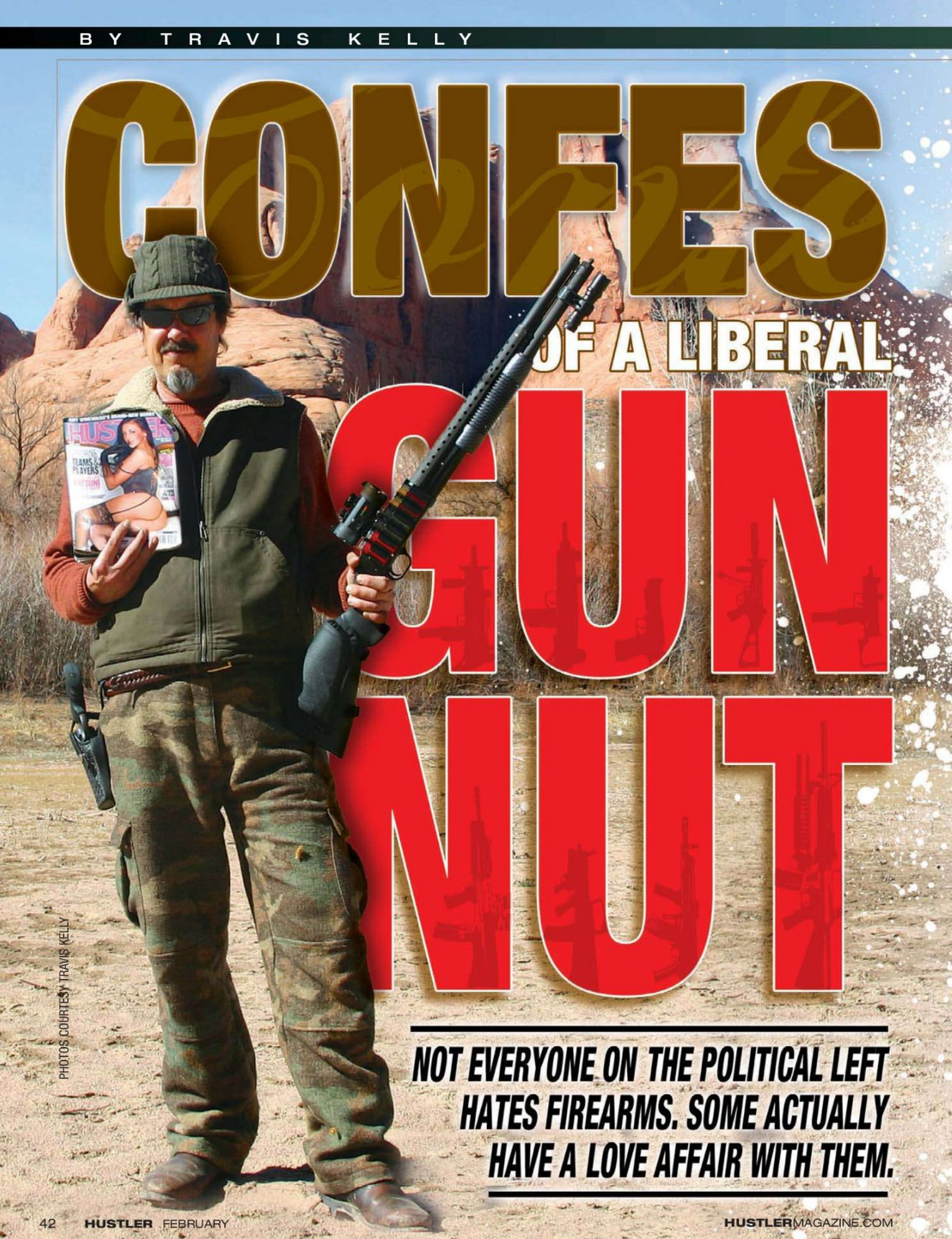
"Well, Mom, Kevin says he's not really unemployed. He says not getting a job *is* his job."



"I take the war on American obesity seriously!"

BY TRAVIS KELLY

CONFESSIONS OF A LIBERAL GUN NUT



PHOTOS COURTESY TRAVIS KELLY

NOT EVERYONE ON THE POLITICAL LEFT HATES FIREARMS. SOME ACTUALLY HAVE A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THEM.

SIONS

NO, IT'S NOT AN OXYMORON: LIBERALS OWN GUNS. The truth is, most guys love guns—overtly, secretly or subconsciously. No consumer possession is more phallic. Visit some of the online gun forums, and you'll read endless debates on optimum barrel length, loads and penetration. A tone of courtesy and camaraderie prevails, but a few feel obliged to wave their flag with a witless tag line: "Best plinking practice: Bag your limit of liberals."

Well, Bubba, I can name about a dozen friends and associates—from schoolteachers and Vietnam veterans to writers and one millionaire—who are all, yes, "treasonous" liberals. And you might be surprised how well some of us can shoot. But we don't sleep with Mini-14s cradled between our legs.

With the first U.S. Supreme Court decision in decades affirming the individual's Second Amendment right to bear arms (*District of Columbia* v. *Heller*, 2008), the prospect of gun abolition—the abiding fear of Tenthers, Tea Partiers and other Constitutional fundamentalists—is about as likely as a sneak attack by UFOs at the annual NRA convention. Nobody's taking your guns away.

Many years ago, in the belief that crime would fall if we could get rid of guns, I parroted the Left's party line about gun control. Two things changed my mind: The studies of Professor John Lott found that crime in states passing concealed carry laws did not increase, as the opponents of such laws predicted, and crimes did not decrease after the gun bans in Australia and England; in fact, home invasion, burglary and mugging rates skyrocketed. When the evidence changes, I change my mind.

My greater appreciation of the Second Amendment, however, was forged by something more personal: the horrifying tale of an account executive I once worked for at a north Texas ad agency. One night, Margaret had driven from Fort Worth to Dallas to attend a party with a male friend who had invited her. She tired of the scene, he wanted to stay, so she left to make the 25-mile drive back home, alone, sometime after midnight. About halfway her car broke down. Margaret pulled onto the wide shoulder of the freeway to wait for her date to show up. This was 1985, a year most people think of as BCP (Before Cell Phones).

A man in a pickup truck stopped behind her and asked if she needed help. She told him no thanks, her "boyfriend" would be along shortly. The man returned to his truck and waited, which unnerved her.

Boredom, it is said, can be as great a motivator as fear—and boredom eventually won out. Margaret finally accepted his offer and got in his truck to be escorted, she thought, to a late-night gas station where she could call her date or, more likely, relatives in Fort Worth. She'd broken down close to the DFW Airport, then largely surrounded by undeveloped land.

The Good Samaritan turned off onto one of the rural back roads feeding the airport, keeping up a friendly banter with Margaret as the bright lights of the freeway faded into the distance. Then he veered onto a dirt side road, in pitch blackness, obviously not the route to a gas station or any other refuge. Margaret knew she was in trouble.

The pickup driver stomped on the brakes and barked, "Get out of the car,



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bitch!" He reached over to open the passenger-side door, hit Margaret, shoved her out and pounced on top of her—planning rape first and then almost certainly strangulation, as he had made no effort to conceal his identity.

The would-be rapist was probably struggling one-handed with his zipper when Margaret fired her .38-caliber revolver point-blank into his ribs. (She'd furtively pulled it from her purse when he had turned onto the dirt road.) She struggled from under the groaning creep, dropping the gun in her panic and finally made it to the paved road, where an airport employee on his way home eventually spotted her in his headlights. The police found the assailant a short time later—in the driver's seat of his pickup, unconscious from blood loss. He survived to do a long stint in the Huntsville penitentiary.

The lesson: The police cannot be everywhere all the time, they are not omnipotent, and we don't want them to be. Guns are the great equalizers, both against larger predators and the political tyranny so feared by the fundamentalist gun crowd. That fear ratchets up—along with sales of weapons and ammo—whenever a Democrat sits in the White House. If the gun and ammo manufacturers are not covertly funding Democratic campaigns, they should be.

Tyranny can be left- or right-handed, and a case could be made that it's ambidextrous now. The corporations and their lobbyist regiments have laid siege to both parties and conquered the capital.

There is a reason the Second Amendment backstops the First. Together they form the indispensable bulwarks of liberty: The First Resort and the Last Resort. On that we can agree, although I'm sure we differ on when and where to draw that line.

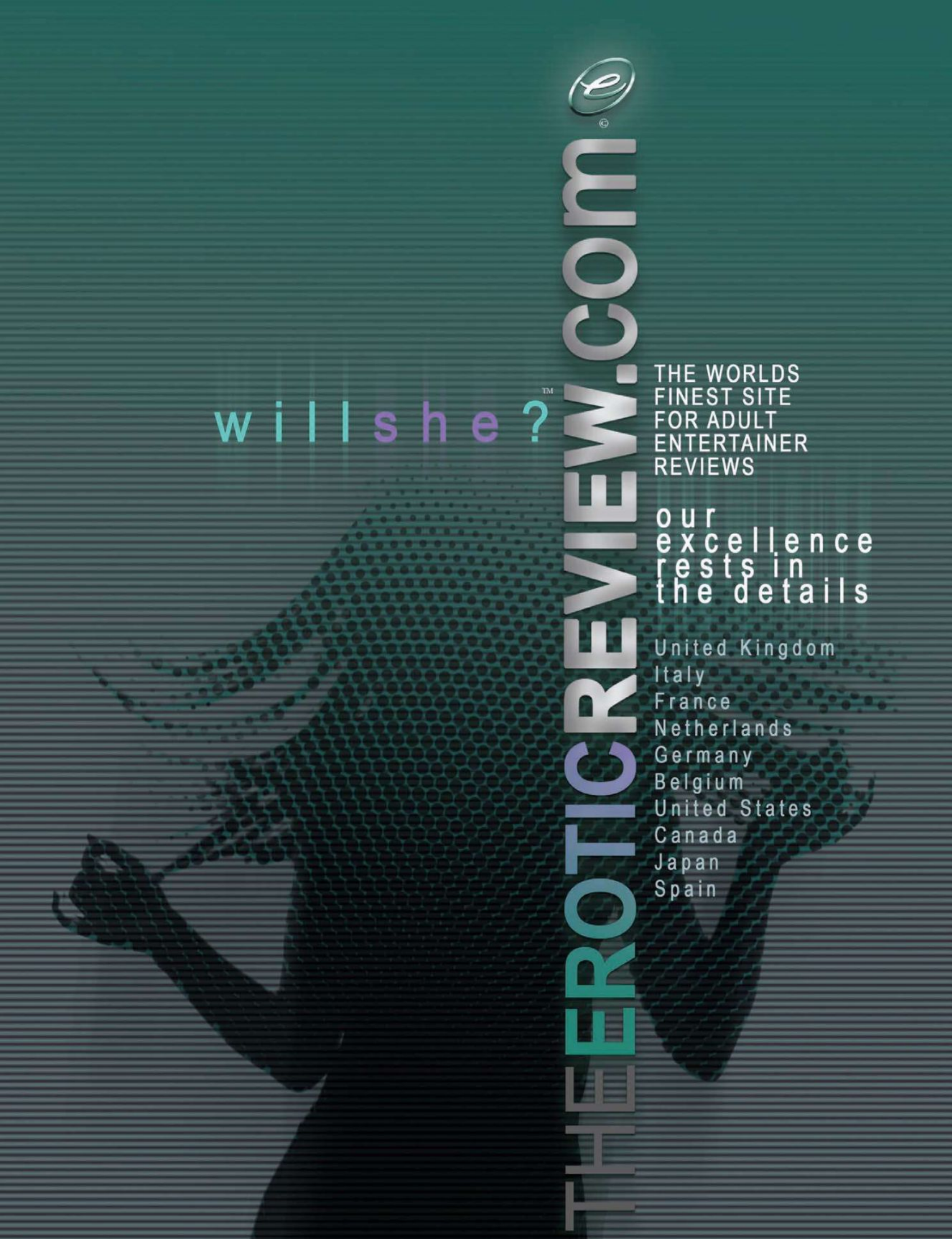
Given that the USA is blindly blundering ever deeper into quagmires of foreign conflict, debt and political paralysis, while the ecosphere groans under the burden of ballooning demand for dwindling resources, I think it advisable for every citizen to ensure his own self-defense whether against two- or four-legged predators, overzealous jackboots or famine.

But I have a suggestion for the gun fundamentalists seeking to abolish all regulations on firearms: Get away from the reloader for a spell and get some book learnin'. Study Sun Tzu and Carl von Clausewitz. I'm sure at some point each of the two military philosophers expressed a cardinal principle: Never alienate your potential allies. You might need them some day.

Guns are the great equalizers, both against larger predators and the political tyranny so feared by the fundamentalist gun crowd.

Texas-born Travis Kelly is a writer, cartoonist and Web designer now residing in Moab, Utah. For more, visit ***TravisKelly.com***.




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BORN INTO
PORN


LIZZ TAYLER

Sometimes destiny wins. Case in point: Lizz Tayler. She was destined to be a force in adult entertainment. "I have wanted to be in porn since I was 13 years old. I used to secretly watch my mom's porn videos and DVDs."

Lizz's mom is none other than former porn goddess Sandee Westgate. "My mom supports me, but early on she said she wanted me to do something other than porn. I couldn't help myself. I suppose it's in my blood to do this. Kind of a family business, I guess."

Lizz was also destined to be in HUSTLER."I used to steal my dad's HUSTLERs and compare myself to the girls in the magazines. I would think, *I want her boobs, her hair and that girl's ass*. As I matured I realized I had a great ass and great boobs. My hair is good too."

How did she come up with her porn name? "I always thought the actress Liz Taylor was the most beautiful woman in the world. I aspire to be like her. But only in the world of porn. I think there is a lot of beauty in sex. Whether it's a guy jacking off to me or going down on a girl. There's something beautiful there."











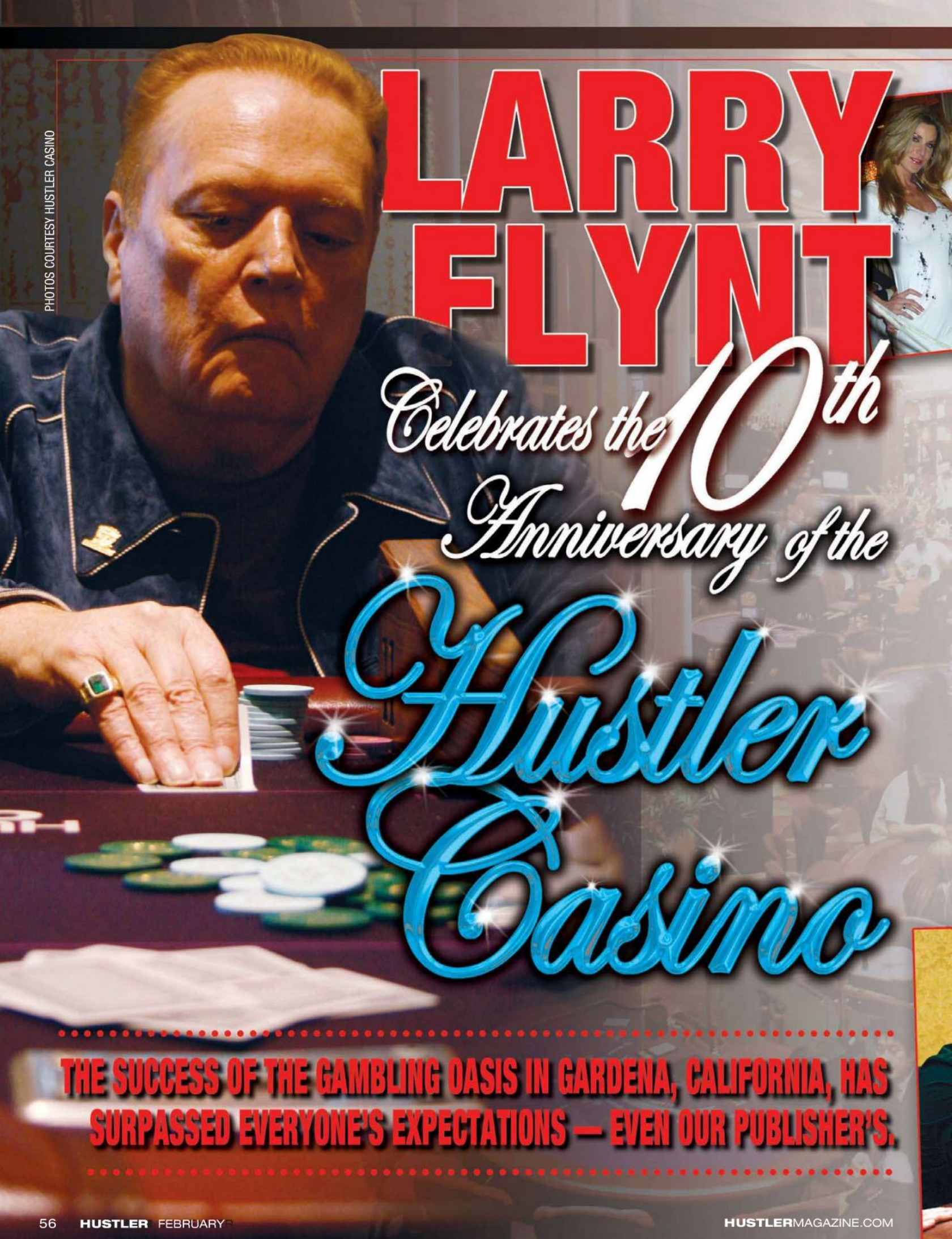




LIZZ TAYLER'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Phoenix, Arizona | AGE: 20 | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 115







PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER CASINO

LARRY FLYNT

Celebrates the 10th Anniversary of the Hustler Casino

THE SUCCESS OF THE GAMBLING OASIS IN GARDENA, CALIFORNIA, HAS SURPASSED EVERYONE'S EXPECTATIONS — EVEN OUR PUBLISHER'S.


Larry and Liz Flynt with HUSTLER Honeys




Actor Tom Everett Scott

LARRY FLYNT'S DREAM TO PUBLISH THE WORLD'S BEST PORN MAGAZINE CAME TRUE NEARLY 37 YEARS AGO, BUT THAT WASN'T HIS ONLY DREAM. "EVER SINCE I WAS VERY YOUNG," FLYNT STATES DEFINITIVELY, "I ALWAYS HAD THE FANTASY OF OWNING A CASINO. ONCE I COULD AFFORD TO, I DECIDED TO BUILD ONE. IT'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF FUN BECAUSE I ENJOY PLAYING ALL THE GAMES, AND I LOVE THE ATMOSPHERE AND THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE HUSTLER CASINO. THERE'S REALLY NOTHING LIKE IT."

This past summer, to mark its tenth anniversary, Flynt invited employees, friends and special guests to his casino for a party in true HUSTLER style. Guests enjoyed $1,000 giveaways throughout the day, chances to win ten times their winnings, the cracking of the establishment's $100,000 safe and a celebrity poker tournament featuring Larry Flynt himself. And, oh yeah, a bevy of beautiful women.

Asked about how she viewed the event, Larry Flynt's wife, Liz, had this to say: "It was remarkable to see all the employees attending the anniversary celebration and playing poker in the tournament right along with everyone else. I want to thank the entire HUSTLER Casino staff, particularly our honored employees who proudly wore their '10 Years of Service' pins. My heart was touched and pleased to see them enjoying the party. It was a moment I won't soon forget."

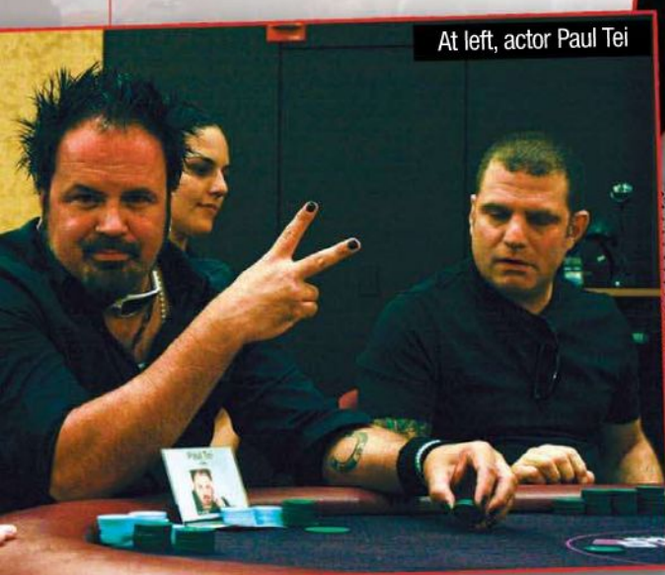
A great deal of time, energy and money went into opening the facility, which is located about 15 miles from downtown Los Angeles. "We had to tear the old casino down entirely," Flynt recalls. "We got totally new everything to make it look the way it does today. We put a lot into the project."

Besides being a commercial success, the HUSTLER Casino has provided Flynt with many precious memories, including his all-time favorite poker story: "In about two hours—and in my own casino—I made around $1 million. I don't think anyone has beat that casino record yet. I won almost every hand, but you can't say it was all skill. It was pure luck."

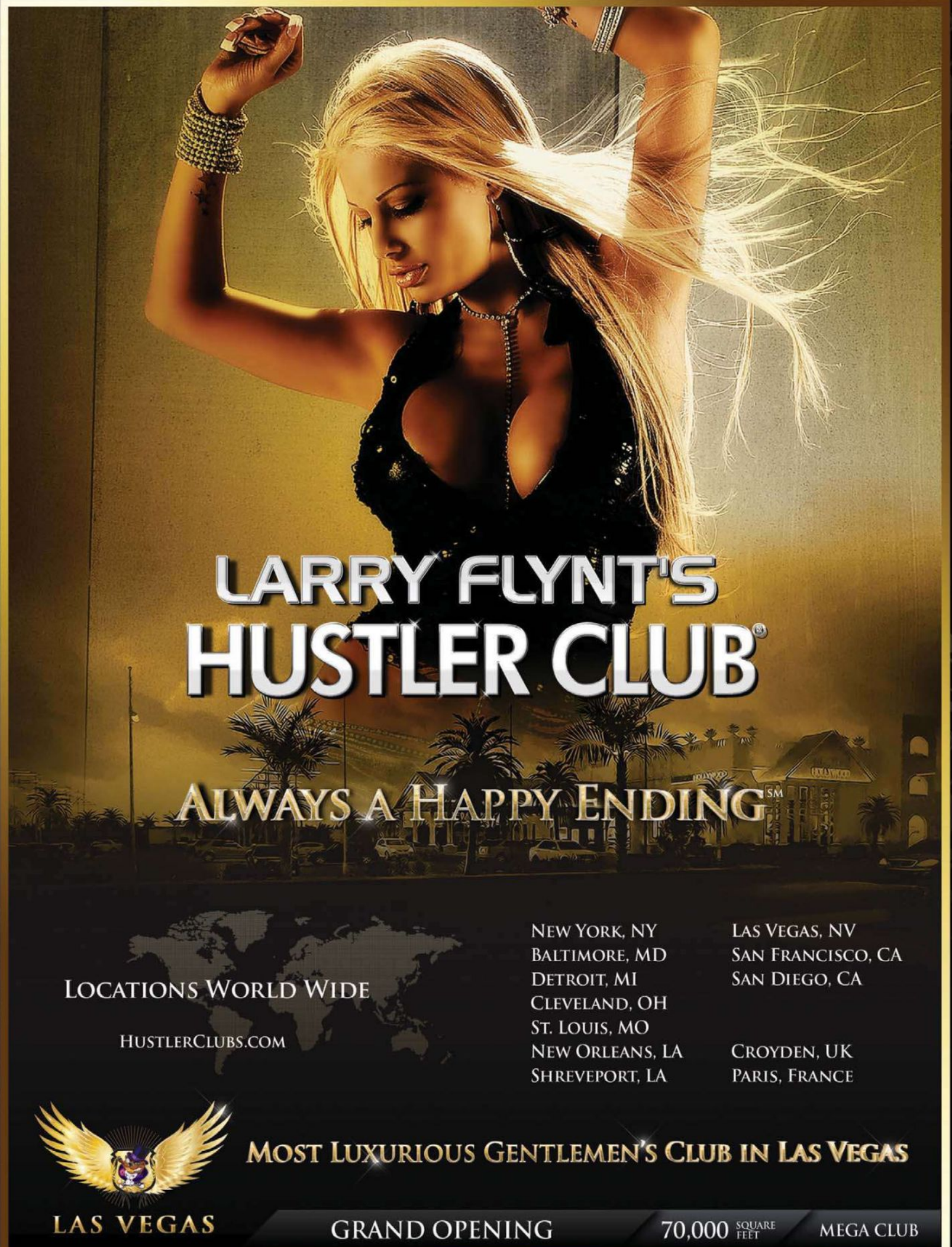
(continued on page 132)




Comedian Andy Kindler


At left, actor Paul Tei


Left to right: Jayme Langford, Jenny Y., Lux Kassidy and Kayla Paige


LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
ALWAYS A HAPPY ENDING℠
LOCATIONS WORLD WIDE
HUSTLERCLUBS.COM
NEW YORK, NY
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI
CLEVELAND, OH
ST. LOUIS, MO
NEW ORLEANS, LA
SHREVEPORT, LA
LAS VEGAS, NV
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
SAN DIEGO, CA
CROYDEN, UK
PARIS, FRANCE
MOST LUXURIOUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB IN LAS VEGAS
LAS VEGAS
GRAND OPENING
70,000 SQUARE FEET
MEGA CLUB



GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

ANGELINA ARMANI & DANNY MOUNTAIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE.NET

We hear it all the time, "You work at HUSTLER?! Fuck man, I wish I had that job! That's the greatest job in the world!" It's true. It is. But no matter how hard you wish you could work here, it takes more than a love of naked chicks to write for HUSTLER. Don't believe us? Case in point: this guy we recently hired. Let's call him Geoffrey. Because that's his name.









- We hired this guy to write girl copy. He quit after just three days! He said he had no idea how much hard-core porn was in HUSTLER. Really?! Does he live under a fucking rock? Everyone knows HUSTLER has been hard-core since '74. It's our slogan for Christ's sake! We were shocked to see him go. Until we read his girl copy. Here's a sample:







- ***"Angelina woke up from a long, hard night of fucking—still a little woozy—to find she was on the back porch. Danny and Angie had moved her bed the night before and did it under the stars."***

  And then he crafted this gem: ***"Angie might not be 'all-natural,' but she loves nature. Whether it's a blowjob by a bonfire or getting her caverns filled inside a dark cave, when Angie isn't under a roof, she blows it down doing it doggy-style."***





▪ Dark cave? Really? Thank God he quit. Don't worry. We'll find someone new to bring you the best girl copy possible. You do read the words next to the pictures, don't you?






I got coco if you got nuts
creamy chocolate candy...
Stuff my buns with COCK!
1-800 BLACK ASS
ADULTS 18+ ONLY
No credit cards needed to her chocolate candy ass
1-900-289-9999
ALWAYS LIVE 1-ON-1
Most major credit cards accepted, $2.98 per/min. plus a small $2.98 connection fee.


Cum Play With My...
1-800 WET CUNT
(1-800-938-2868)
95¢ MIN


WET & WAITING FOR YOUR CALL
1-800 WET TWAT
(1-800-938-8928)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM


AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
I WANT TO LICK & SUCK YOUR LONG COCK
1-800 WET FUCK
(1-800-938-3825)
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM


MY 21 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER & I ARE THE ULTIMATE TAG TEAM. SHE'S STILL LEARNING & I HAVE ALL THE EXPERIENCE. TOGETHER WE ARE GUARANTEED TO PLEASE
1-888 955-2ON1
1-800-MOM'S-BUTT
1-800 444-DATE
MEET HORNY MILF'S IN YOUR AREA !!!
WWW.EASYGIRLS.COM


I WANT YOU TO TITTY FUCK ME WITH YOUR BIG DICK UNTIL YOU EXPLODE ALL OVER MY FACE
95¢ a min
1-800 WET TITS
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BY MARK JOHNSON

GLOBAL

WE'RE OUT OF TIME

THE AUTHOR OF CLIMATE WARS EXPLAINS WHY GLOBAL WARMING WILL CHANGE OUR LIVES FOREVER AND WHY RADICAL MEASURES ARE OUR ONLY HOPE.



Waves of climate refugees rush toward Earth's polar regions. Nations descend into chaos. Insurgents take over the U.S. government. Storms, floods, starvation and all-out nuclear war decimate populations. Welcome to the world of 2050.

Journalist, columnist and geopolitical analyst Gwynne Dyer is not a man who sugarcoats things. His book Climate Wars: The Fight for Survival as the World Overheats—based on interviews with leading climatologists and other scientists—paints an apocalyptic picture of global warming's real effects. In addition to violent power struggles in the U.S., his vision of global unrest includes a clash between Russia and NATO over control of the ice-free Arctic and a nuclear war between India and Pakistan over a dwindling water supply. All of these events, he argues, are primed to happen by the 2040s.

PHOTOS BY TINA VILJOEN

WARMING

HUSTLER: What is the worst-case scenario?

GWYNNE DYER: We completely lose control [of global warming]. Average global temperature gets six degrees hotter by the end of the century. By that point we've lost most of the human race because we can't feed them. The land we grew food on is a desert.

I don't think that's going to happen, but that's the worst-case scenario. Even a less cataclysmic increase of two or three degrees, which I think we are going to see, will mean some very serious wars and really big waves of refugees.

How exactly does global warming affect food supply?

California's Central Valley is where America grows about half of its fruits and vegetables. The farming there depends on rivers that come out of the Sierra Nevada. It doesn't rain in California in the summertime. The water comes from a snow pack that builds up in the mountains in the winter and melts in the summer. Make it two degrees warmer, and it won't snow in the mountains. It will rain, which runs off right away. Goodbye, Central Valley.

It's a similar story in the high plains west of the Mississippi that extend all the way out to Denver. That farming depends on rainfall and underground aquifers that don't refill. They've been pumping out of the Ogallala Aquifer [beneath the Great Plains] for 40 or 50 years. It'll go dry about the same time it stops raining.

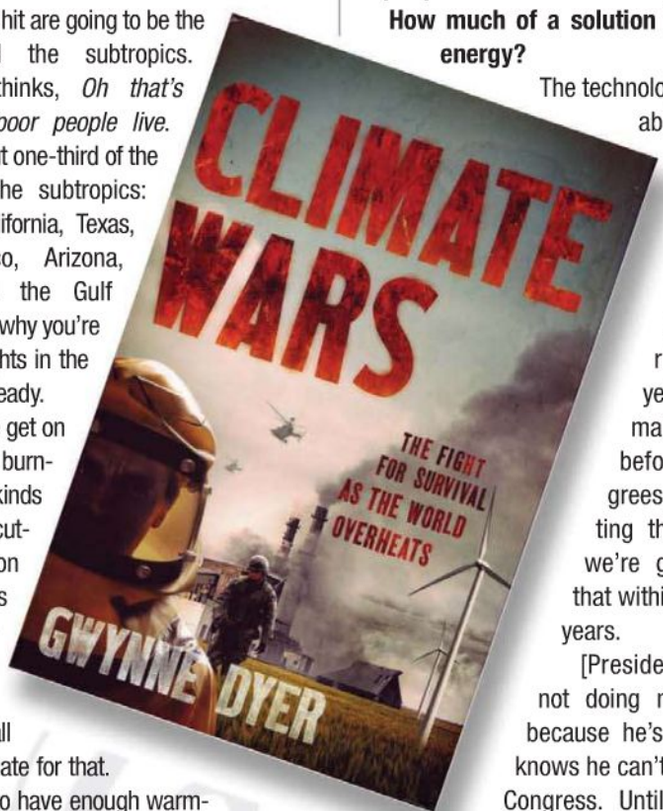
What will be the immediate effect of such a drought?

I think the U.S. could still feed itself without the Central Valley and the High Plains, but it couldn't export food. The bigger problem is that Mexico and Central America will go completely dry. There are 200 million people down there who won't be able to feed themselves. I've spoken to people in the U.S. Army who are convinced that within the next ten to 15 years, Congress is going to order them to close the Mexican front. I mean really close it. We're talking about fortified—shoot anybody who tries to come across it without permission. Things like that are going to happen in other parts of the world as well. It's going to get ugly because even if you can feed yourself, you can't feed everybody else.

Is the U.S. government going to hold up under that kind of strain?

I'm not saying the federal government is going to collapse, but it is not going to be able to take care of all the states. There's only so much disaster relief you can provide before you run out of resources, patience and pity. As things get rough and other areas of the U.S. get hit as well—the Southeast is already seeing droughts—bigger and nastier hurricanes will come in off the Caribbean and the south-central Atlantic. The first three times you deliver food and relief without hesitation. The next time you hesitate because you know you're going to have to make some tough choices.

The worst hit are going to be the tropics and the subtropics. Everybody thinks, *Oh that's where the poor people live.* Actually, about one-third of the U.S. is in the subtropics: Southern California, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Florida and the Gulf Coast. This is why you're getting droughts in the Southeast already.



Even if we get on top of this by burning different kinds of fuel and cutting back on emissions before all the permafrost melts, we can't get it all right. It's too late for that. We're going to have enough warming—probably close to two degrees or over. So even if we do everything right from now on, it's going to go on getting worse for about 30 or 40 years. Every government on the planet has agreed that the job is to keep it below two degrees. After that, you get the feedbacks. The permafrost melts, and the exposed methane pours out into the atmosphere, which gives a huge kick to the warming.

Feedbacks are effects that accelerate warming after a certain point?

Not just accelerate. We lose control. Once the permafrost melts, it can't hold all the dissolved gas anymore. Until that point, we are in control. We can come up with biofuel to replace gasoline. We can use nuclear, wind or solar to replace coal-fired power stations. But if we go past two degrees, we can't stop it because it's not just us anymore; it's natural stuff that kicks in. We could find ourselves in a position where we finally got it right and we're not emitting anything, but it's too late anyway because nature's doing it for us.

How much of a solution is renewable energy?

The technologies are available. The cost is significant, but nothing like the cost of a major war. Do it right for 30 years, and you've managed to stop before two degrees. I'm not betting the house that we're going to start that within the next five years.

[President] Obama's not doing nearly enough because he's a realist. He knows he can't get it through Congress. Until the political environment in the U.S. changes, you can't do it by legis-

lation. There are some things he can do without Congress. The Environmental Protection Agency, a government regulatory agency that doesn't need a law, has said every car manufacturer in the U.S. is going to have to meet an average of 35 miles to the gallon by 2016. If you increase mileage efficiency by almost half, you cut fuel use by almost half. That makes a big difference. Obama got that through without having to go through Congress. But if the solution requires a law like carbon trading, I don't see it happening this year or next.

Why can't Congress see how urgent the situation is?

Let's call it what it is: corruption. Too many congressmen and senators are very frightened that the money will go to their opponents if they defy Big Oil and Big Coal. I suspect we'll have to wait for some really large disaster to happen. You've got to turn public opinion around before you turn Congress around.

Does the BP disaster in the Gulf of Mexico qualify?

I don't think the oil spill is the "right" kind of disaster, because it really isn't directly related to global warming. You can argue that it is indirectly related, in the sense that our dependence on fossil fuels is what drives the oil companies to drill in more difficult and dangerous places, but that's not the kind of gut-level, direct link that would really get people's attention. Think more in terms of droughts, floods and heat waves that are well beyond our previous experience.

What is the quickest, best way to fix global warming?

Don't build any more coal-fired power plants and decommission the ones you've got as fast as possible. They put out more pollution, more carbon dioxide and everything else per kilowatt of energy than anything we use. Take them off the board, and we win another 20 years on that two-degree target. Not one new coal-fired power station has been approved in the United States for two years now. Things are happening, but not fast enough.

This is a problem you can't escape unless you're prepared to move a very long way. When the shit hits the fan, it will hit it all over.

You're saying global cooperation is going to break down as the situation worsens, but you're also saying global cooperation is exactly what's needed.

It's a catch-22. What will finally get us moving is a disaster or two. By the same token, casting blame for the disasters—with some people hurt more than others—is exactly what will break cooperation down. It's a race between the good and bad effects of disasters.

What's the date to head north or hunker down with a lot of water?

Climate events are nonlinear. You can't expect to go from here to two degrees at the rate of one-tenth of a degree per year. It doesn't work like that. It lurches. It could suddenly get cold or it could suddenly get very much warmer. It could change by two degrees in ten years. You don't know when it's going to happen.

My brothers and I are buying agricultural land because our kids or their kids will need to own land where people know who they are and regard them as local.

The idea of geoengineering scares a lot of people for good reason, but should we embrace it anyway?

Embrace it with both hands and squeeze hard, because it is probably your one ace in the hole. There's a reasonable chance we will end up sailing past two degrees. The way to win another ten years and keep from going up to six degrees is geoengineering. There are ways to hold the temperature down. None of them are pretty, and some are worrisome, which is why we need to start doing the research and small-scale testing now. Scientists wouldn't even talk about this stuff as recently as three years ago. They didn't trust the public.

The first technique that was suggested about three years ago was to mimic what volcanoes do. When they blow, volcanoes push megatons of sand, ash and gas into the stratosphere, where there's no weather. The stuff stays up there a long time; it doesn't rain out. As soon as the sulfur dioxide gets into the upper atmosphere, sunlight turns it into tiny droplets of sulfuric acid that reflect sunlight. When a big volcano erupts, you get a significant cooling effect. The last big one that blew was Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines about 19 years ago. For two years after that, global temperature was almost one degree Fahrenheit cooler.

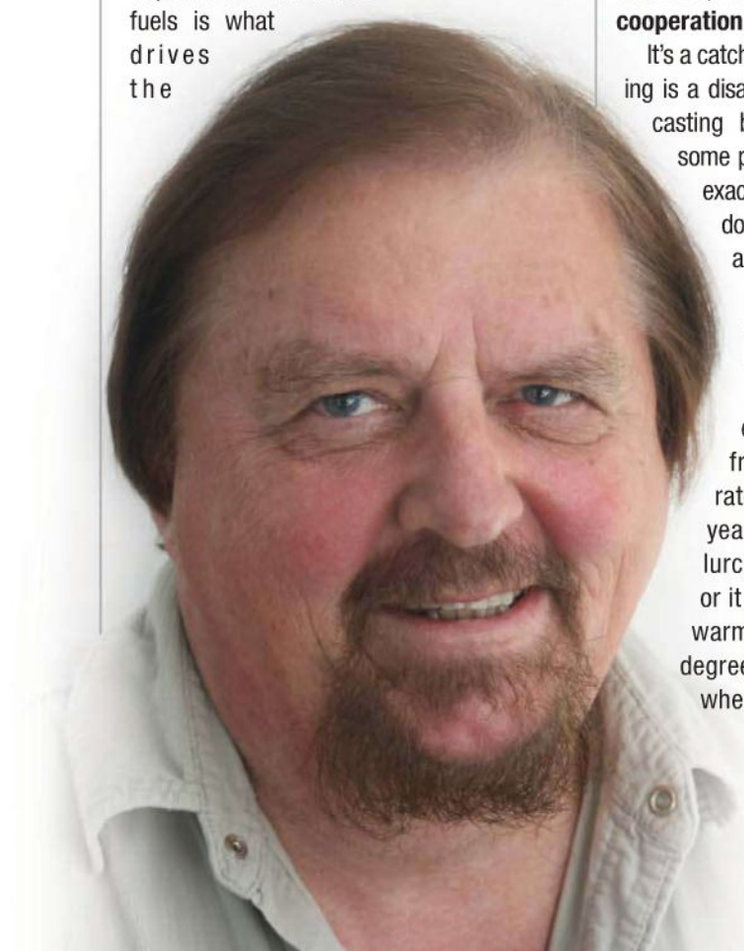
We could put sulfur dioxide in the stratosphere and hold the temperature down by cutting 1% of the incoming sunlight. The simplest way is with midair refueling tankers that the Air Force has. You change the tanks so you can put sulfur dioxide in there under pressure. You fly up and open the valve. Five flights a day, a dozen airplanes a year would be enough to drop the temperature by one degree Celsius. It would cost about 2 to 3 billion dollars.

Are experiments like this already being done?

They're not, but I and a number of scientists I know would like to see them get on with it.

How do we know geoengineering won't make things worse?

That's why we have to start testing this stuff now on a small scale and see what the side effects are. There's bound to be



some. Maybe you can't live with them, maybe you can, but you need to figure it out.

One harmless method was recently announced by the U.S. government. A guy at NASA did the original number crunch. If we painted all the roofs and roads in the world white, we would cut global temperature by one degree Celsius. No more blacktop, all light materials. You could make a lot of progress in a hurry with something you know is not going to blow back in your face.

Another one is to build fleets of remote-controlled boats, wind-powered and satellite-directed, to spray a fine mist of seawater into the low-lying clouds over the oceans. About a quarter of the world's oceans are covered with stratocumulus clouds. I used to be in the Navy. You spend a lot of time under this stuff. It's very thin, like ground fog over your head. It bounces back a lot of the incoming sunlight. It's a cooling factor. A fine mist of seawater would thicken up these clouds to reflect more incoming sunlight and cool the planet.

Politicians and high-level executives did a terrible job getting the BP oil spill under control, so getting a planetary problem under control doesn't seem promising. Should Americans be prepared to migrate to northern territories?

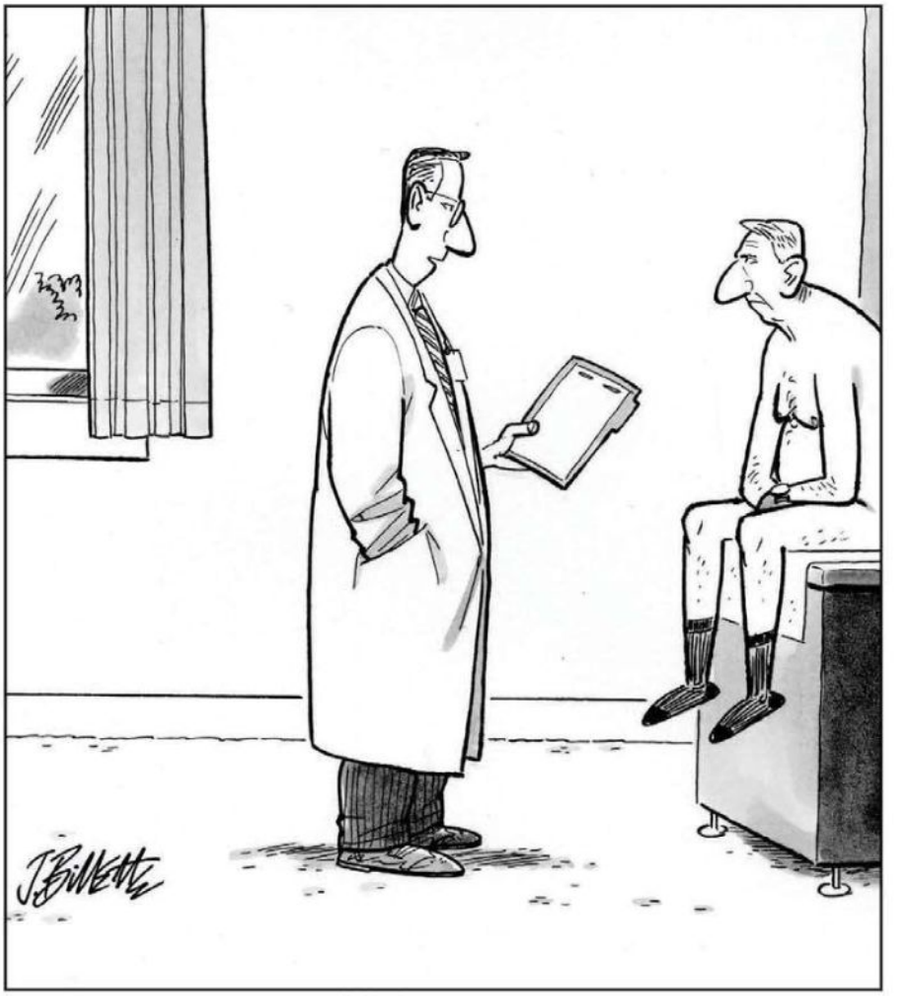
I'm going to be brutal about this. This is a problem you can't escape unless you're prepared to move a very long way. When the shit hits the fan, it will hit it all over. There are obviously places that will be better off than others. The farther you are away from the equator, the better off you are. The U.S. is sort of midway between the equator and the poles. Canada, northern Europe and northern Russia are much better places. But you can't move 300 million Americans to places that are safe.

What can individual people do to help?

Most of the job, honestly, is political. I don't want to bum people out who think they're doing their bit to save the planet by riding around on bicycles, but that's not really how we get out of this. This is a high-energy civilization that uses enormous amounts of energy. Individuals don't decide to drill oil wells or whether to put up a coal-fired power station or not. The job is a political decision. It's telling the people who run your state, your municipality, your country that we've got to move in this direction and that you will back them. Most politicians know where we need to go; they're just terrified the public won't follow.



Mark Johnson lives a double life as an independent journalist and a writer/director for theater and film. In addition to his HUSTLER contributions, he has worked for Screen International, The Wall Street Journal Europe, Moving Pictures magazine and German television.



"Tom, the pain in your rectum is psychosomatic. It's true, many corporations don't pay a dime in taxes and you pay a lot, but no one is literally fucking you."



"Happy anniversary, Beatrice. After 29 years together, I still wake up every morning and thank God for granting me the strength to not blow my fucking brains out!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL FOR SUZE.NET


REFLECTIONS OF LUST
RANDY MOORE

Cash may be king, but it won't get you in between Randy's hot legs. "I like gifts on certain occasions, but not when creepy older guys give them to me. That happens all the time," she states. "They think they can buy their way into my bed. I'm not for sale. It's not what I'm into."

What *is* Randy into? "I'm a big anal whore," she boldly proclaims. "I love having my ass worked. The first time I did anal, it was like a whole new world opened up to me. I could probably do it every single night. But there is a trick to good anal sex. You can't just ram it in and start thrusting. You really have to work it slow. That way, it's more pleasurable for the both of us."

What *else* turns the California cutie on? "I'm really into dress-up. But not the plain old French maid getup. I love latex, extreme corsets, silk stockings, vintage-style garter belts. As you can imagine, S&M is a big turn-on for me. I'm into beatings, getting tied up. I have a high tolerance for pain and a lot of pent-up aggression. I look for ways to get that out."

An anal whore with a high tolerance for pain? Chances are we'll be seeing a lot more of Moore soon. Perhaps in sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO? "I would love that!" yelps the tough temptress.

















RANDY MOORE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Long Beach, California | AGE: 27 | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 120


XOXO
Randy




XOXO
Randy




HUSTLER®
HONEY
FEBRUARY 2011
CALL 1-800-555-PINK
(1-800-555-7465)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.



After an intense 69 session with his girlfriend, Jerry remembered he had a dental appointment. Afraid the dentist would smell fresh pussy on his breath, Jerry brushed his teeth seven times, flossed twice and then gargled an entire bottle of mouthwash.

Later, while sitting in the waiting room, Jerry sucked two strong breath mints. By the time he sat down in the dentist chair, he felt there was nothing to worry about. The dentist came over, got a funny look on his face and asked, "Did you just do 69 before you came here?"

Embarrassed and flustered, Jerry replied, "Does my breath smell like pussy?"

"No," the dentist muttered. "Your forehead smells like shit."

HUSTLER Wisdom: The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese in the trap.

Just before he sacked General Stanley A. McChrystal's ass, President Obama said to him, "I bet when I die, you'll piss on my grave."

To which the general quipped, "No, sir, I've always said that when I get out of the Army, I'll never wait in another long line!"

Question: If females who are addicted to sex are called nymphomaniacs, what are their male counterparts called?

Answer: Men.

Whenever Sam went to a family wedding, his aunts used to poke him in the ribs and cackle, "You're next!" They stopped once Sam started doing the same thing to them at funerals.

Sign on a septic tank truck: Yesterday's Meals on Wheels.

Barry worked at a sperm bank until he was abruptly handed a pink slip. Later, at home, the shitcanned employee's lover asked him why he'd been let go, whereupon Barry told him, "I was caught drinking on the job."

Starting her second week in college, Lisa showed up in class wearing a jersey from the school's football team. A male student sitting behind the babe tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Why are you wearing that jersey? You're not supposed to wear one unless you've made the team."

"Oh," Lisa cooed. "Who did I miss?"

Question: What's the difference between a straight rodeo and a gay rodeo?

Answer: At a straight rodeo they yell, "Ride them suckers!"

The new teacher at an elementary school decided to make use of her collegiate psychology classes, so she addressed her third-graders: "Everyone who thinks they're stupid, stand up."

After a few seconds one of the pupils stood up. The teacher asked, "Do you think you're stupid, Billy?"

"No, ma'am," the tyke responded. "I just hate to see you standing there all by yourself."

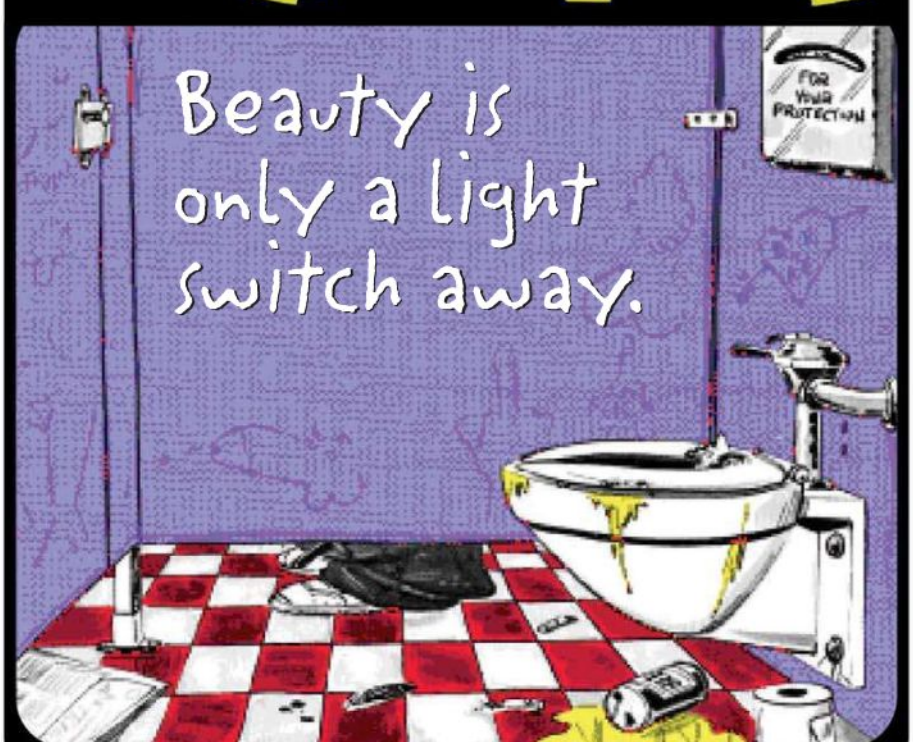
Question: How does a lesbian hold her liquor?

Answer: By the back of the head.

Playing Trivial Pursuit with her roommates, a ditzy blonde rolled the dice and landed on "Science & Nature." Her question was: "If you are in a vacuum and someone calls your name, can you hear it?"

The blonde pondered that for a minute or so and then asked her opponents, "Is the vacuum on or off?"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Robert C.

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.


OH QUIT YOUR BAWLIN', GLENN BECK, AND TAKE YOUR BUTT-FUCKING LIKE A MAN!
...SOB...SNIFF... YES, DEAR... IT'S JUST THAT I LOVE MY ASS, AND I FEAR FOR IT!! BOO HOO HOO...

THE GOLDEN AGE

A LOOK BACK AT WHEN WOMEN KNEW





BY ALBERT PIERCE

OF ADVERTISING

THEIR PLACE AND MEN WERE KING.

There was a time, not so long ago, when men were men. We smoked, drank and carried on with our secretaries. And women, especially our wives, didn't mind. As a matter of fact, their whole purpose in life was to please and support us.











"You are so fucking beautiful that I just shit my pants!"

Or at least not complain about what we did. What choice did they have? After all, it was because of our ability to go out into the working world day after day that they had a roof over their heads, the latest kitchen appliances, food on the table and pretty dresses to wear.

Women simply had to stay home—cooking, cleaning and taking care of the children. At day's end all we expected was to be greeted at the door with a smile, handed a stiff drink and served a tasty home-cooked dinner. Plus sex—any time we wanted it. Because after all, if they didn't comply, we would simply consort with the more-than-willing secretaries at the office.

This collection of vintage ads makes us long for a period in history when all was right with the world. They show women happily accepting their rightful place in society as the subservient half of a successful marriage. There is nothing these ladies wouldn't do to please their men.

We know we aren't alone in waxing nostalgic for this forgotten, perfect era. Sadly, those glory days are gone forever. Once women's liberation and godawful "political correctness" came to be, men were reduced to wage slaves with none of the perks and benefits we used to enjoy. All we have now are our memories and these vintage ads to remind us of the good old days.



BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA





PHOTOS BY JT PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

SCREEN NAME:

Elena Heiress

AGE: 29

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 836

Before northern California native Elena Heiress got naked in front of the camera, she was a personal trainer for three years—a career which definitely paid off for this curvaceous, easy-on-the-eyes siren.

"I enjoy keeping fit," says Elena. "Eating right, hiking—all are important aspects of my life."

Elena's Facebook profile offers a glimpse of her personal life with a variety of mouthwatering photos. There you'll find hot shots of our girl sporting barely there body-skimming workout gear, wearing nothing but a black bra and panties on a bridal white bed, and showing off her wonderfully round derriere in an aqua blue thong bathing suit. Make sure you check out her site, because there's far *more* material to keep you intrigued with this luscious brunette.

In terms of her sexual preferences, Elena says that smart, tall men turn her on, but she also admits to having a crush on XXX star Charley Chase. "We did a scene together recently and she said I had a *lethal* tongue," Elena proudly states, with a devilish smirk.

And when she's not getting down on her hands and knees between the legs of fellow adult stars, the smoldering performer loves a quiet night in front of the TV—her favorite shows are adult cartoons like *Family Guy* and *American Dad*—while she also enjoys an evening out on the town dancing and being a social butterfly.

"Not only do I love being around people, but I really love to perform," says the lovely Latina. "I *definitely* want to be in this business for as long as I can."

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





PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

TESTAMENT

METAL RULES!

FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, TESTAMENT HAS BEEN PUMMELING FANS WITH THE HEAVIEST OF HEAVY METAL. FRESH OFF THE ROAD FROM TOURING WITH MEGADETH, THE METAL MASTERS' LEAD SINGER CHUCK BILLY AND GUITARIST ERIC PETERSON DROPPED BY HUSTLER'S OFFICES TO DISCUSS THE RETURN OF REAL ROCK, LONGEVITY AND THE GROUPIE HALL OF SHAME.

HUSTLER: How have you guys kept Testament rolling for 25 years?

CHUCK BILLY: The music I think first and foremost kept us together. When the original group split up in '94, Eric and I said we're going to take this group harder and heavier than we ever did before. At the time, we were compromised. We were writing songs for radio-style stuff. When we had the freedom, we decided to write harder and heavier than we ever did. I think something about doing that earned a lot of respect in the eyes of our fans. We stayed true to what we originally did instead of jumping on a trend.

ERIC PETERSON: It helped having the older guys leave for a while. We had worked our way to a certain point and kept compromising what we did. As we got bigger, we had management and record companies telling us to write a certain way. When they all left, we knew we could be heavy. The people that left didn't want to be thrash, but the two of us did.

How did you get the original lineup back together?

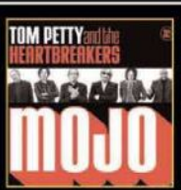
CHUCK: In 2001 I got sick with cancer, and someone threw a benefit concert. A lot of the bands from the [San Francisco] Bay Area reformed and did this benefit show up there.

THE DIRTY

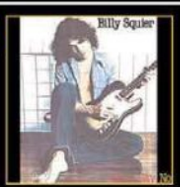
12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED



THE DEAD WEATHER
Sea of Cowards
The latest from Jack White's brilliant side project is so good, it makes you forget that he was ever in the White Stripes. It's a dirty, sweaty, swampy affair led by the sexy-as-hell singer Alison Mosshart.



TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
Mojo
Tom Petty has the blues, and that's a very good thing! This long-awaited release strips away all the gloss and overproduction to get right down to the nitty-gritty, making *Mojo* the best Heartbreakers album since *Damn the Torpedoes*.



BILLY SQUIER
Don't Say No (Remastered)
"The Stroke" was the theme song of most prepubescent boys in the 1980s even though it had nothing to do with masturbating. Squier's brilliant breakthrough album gets the updated treatment, adding a pair of live tracks from a 2009 tour. Highlights include "My Kinda Lover," "Lonely Is the Night" and "In the Dark."



SHAKESPEARS SISTER
Songs From the Red Room
First she was the cute chick in Bananarama. Then she became the sexually charged chanteuse who took her early '90s band Shakespears Sister to the top of the charts with the hit "Stay." Then she vanished. Thankfully, Siobhan Fahey and company are back with the most seductive and sultry (yet danceable) disc in years.



MICHAEL FRANTI & SPEARHEAD
The Sound of Sunshine
Positive hip-hop has always gotten a bad rap for being soft and weak. While that may be true of bands like Arrested Development, it's not the case with Michael Franti's funky collective Spearhead. Their latest disc is a well-blended soul bouillabaisse of joy, hope and brilliance.



STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE
Couldn't Stand the Weather
SRV was the greatest blues guitarist ever. There is no disputing that. A tragic helicopter crash robbed the world of what should have been decades of Stevie Ray Vaughan's genius.

DOZEN

SARAH MCLACHLAN
Laws of Illusion



Just in time for the relaunch of Lilith Fair, the all-woman concert tour that may have led to dozens of lesbian experiences, the earth mother returns.



MEGADETH
Rust in Peace Live

Metal is back and better than ever! Leading the charge is one of the genre's greatest bands: Megadeth. This L.A. concert captures Dave Mustaine and the boys celebrating the 20th anniversary of their landmark disc. Amazingly, two decades after its release, they still sound as urgent as ever.

STONE TEMPLE PILOTS
Stone Temple Pilots



STP are back! The big-sound bad boys of the 1990s return with another impressive dose of sheer rock 'n' roll. Despite addiction and infighting in the past, this self-titled album has Stone Temple Pilots poised to capture their rightful place as rock royalty. Highlights include "Bagman," "Hazy Daze" and "Between the Lines."



BETTYE LAVETTE
Interpretations: The British Rock Songbook

Bettye LaVette doesn't just sing a song; she wraps herself inside it and blasts it out of her soul. The soul legend's latest CD finds her taking on the catalog of some of England's biggest rock acts—including Pink Floyd.

THE CURE
Disintegration (Deluxe Edition)



Good goth almighty! Two decades after its original release, the Dark Wavers' greatest album has been supercharged by Rhino with bonus tracks, demos and a never-before-heard live concert.



HERBIE HANCOCK
The Imagine Project

Jazz pioneer Hancock didn't just make an album. He made an event! *The Imagine Project* rounds up musicians from around the planet for a unique listening experience.

ERIC: Re-formed EXODUS and Death Angel.

CHUCK: Months after that show Alex [Skolnick], Greg [Christian] and Louie [Clemente] came to the Bay Area to perform as a re-formed Legacy [later Testament] without me. That was the first time we all were onstage together after the breakup. That broke the ice. A day or two later, Testament was in the studio recording.

We were planning a tour, and there was a promoter in Holland who said, "I just got the original Anthrax confirmed. Can you get the original Testament?" It made sense. I called up everybody, and within a week everyone was in. We had one show, and it kept snowballing and getting bigger and bigger, but we never sat down and talked about the past issues. We're together and playing. Let's leave it at that.

ERIC: We just re-formed, and we're having a good time now.

Got any good groupie stories?

CHUCK: There are a couple good ice stories.

ERIC: Let's put it this way: There was a lot of crazy stuff that we did back in the day—before the wives and kids. The crew were the bad guys.

CHUCK: Back then we had two buses. The band bus, which was "Heaven," and the red crew bus, which was "Hell." If you wanted to have fun and party, you had to go to the crew bus, where there was 24-hour debauchery.

ERIC: There would be like five guys back there shaving chicks.

CHUCK: We became known for shaving bunnies into chicks' pubic hair. They even got the bus driver into that. He was like an artist with that. It became legend. Girls would line up to get shaved.

Then there was the "Hall of Shame." You know, when you're done with the girl in the back lounge of the tour bus, they have to walk down past the band bunks to exit the bus in front of everybody.

ERIC: When the girl came walking out, everyone would chant "Walk the Hall of Shame! Walk the Hall of Shame!" Some girls would love it, and they'd dance by. Others would cover up their faces in horror. ■

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

STONES IN EXILE



Fresh on the heels of The Rolling Stones' expanded rerelease of *Exile on Main St.* comes this rough, raw and fascinating documentary about the making of the classic masterpiece. It features 90 minutes of never-before-seen behind-the-scenes footage shot at a villa in the South of France in 1971. *Stones in Exile* shines an intimate light on the normally private band's creative process.



FAMILY GUY: VOLUME EIGHT

Even after just four or five seasons, most TV shows run out of steam, but somehow *Family Guy* still remains "freakin' sweet"! We still love the unapologetic misadventures of Rhode Island's most dysfunctional family, the Griffins. This DVD set features 15 uncensored episodes of Seth MacFarlane's animated series.



WHEN YOU'RE STRANGE: A FILM ABOUT THE DOORS

With all apologies to director Oliver Stone, the big-screen biopic *The Doors* (starring Val Kilmer) was a piece of shit. Sorry, but it was. On the other hand, this documentary is nothing short of brilliant. Narrated by Johnny Depp, *When You're Strange* presents hours of incredible (and previously unreleased) footage of the legendary Los Angeles band that you have to see to believe.



HOT TUB TIME MACHINE

Take the always funny John Cusack, add Rob Corddry from *The Daily Show* and the hilarious Craig Robinson (of TV's *The Office*) and a retro 1980s buddy adventure, and you have the funniest film since *The Hangover*. There's also a bevy of topless babes and Chevy Chase pulling off his greatest role since *Fletch*.



TITAN MAXIMUM

The dudes behind the foul-mouthed, ultrahilarious violence of *Robot Chicken* take their animated madness into space. A spoof of various cartoon series and *Transformers*, *Titan Maximum* chronicles the curse-filled journeys of a squad of misfit intergalactic crime fighters who use their spacecrafts to form a giant robot.

JASON FALKNER

THE PRINCE OF POP

HAD JASON FALKNER BEEN BORN IN THE '60S, HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BEATLE. JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE OR RINGO? THE ANSWER WOULD BE ALL FOUR. ALTHOUGH THE LOS ANGELES NATIVE HAS TEAMED UP WITH SOME OF POP ROCK'S MOST BELOVED GROUPS (THE THREE O'CLOCK, JELLYFISH AND THE GRAYS), FALKNER IS MOSTLY A ONE-MAN BAND, PLAYING ALL THE INSTRUMENTS AND SELF-PRODUCING HIS SOLO CDS. THE VERSATILE MUSICIAN RECENTLY VISITED HUSTLER TO DISCUSS HIS STORIED PAST AND WHETHER HE'S A CONTROL FREAK.



PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

HUSTLER: Would you label your music power pop?

JASON FALKNER: I've said it's thinking man's pop, but *pop* is such a terribly diluted term now. I think I'm more rock than I am pop. In the classic definition of pop—yes!

Were you born at the wrong time?

No. I think there are certain aspects of the past I wish were still in place now—certain more innocent times. I loved the early '70s thing that emerged out of the ashes of the '60s. I loved what happened to art, music, film and furniture design in that period. I don't care about the newest gadget. I never did. I care more about old gadgets.

Was the Three O'Clock the first national band you were in?

I guess the first band people know me from was the Three O'Clock. I was a huge Three O'Clock fan when I was in high school. My high school band had actually covered two of their songs. After I graduated, I went to Alaska to work in a cannery. That wasn't for me.

When I came back to L.A., I said I had to get something happening musically, so I put an ad in *The Recycler* [a local classified] looking for like-minded musicians. There was an ad that said: "The Three O'clock looking for guitarist. No metal. No country. No flakes." I called their number, and it was Danny [Benair], the drummer. We talked for three hours about Scottish pop music. Then I was in the band.

It was super weird and kind of bittersweet because I didn't like the songs we were recording. They were very different from what the Three O'Clock had done in the past. I think that because Prince had signed the band to his Paisley Park label, maybe Michael [Quercio, the band's leader] was second-guessing himself.

How soon after that did you join Jellyfish?

It was pretty much right after that. Three O'Clock did a short tour of the West, and this band Beatnik Beach [the forerunner of Jellyfish] opened for us. It's funny, because back to the ad I ran in *The Recycler*, the only person who called me was Roger Manning, the keyboard player of Beatnik Beach and Jellyfish.

What do you remember from your time in Jellyfish?

There were some funny things. I remember the first time we went to England we were treated like gods. We got picked up in a big white 1930s Bentley and driven to a first-class hotel. We were in the Top 40 on the charts there. The next time we went, we had Town Cars. The third time we went, we had to hail our own cab. That was all in the space of nine months. That's how fast things changed.

Why did you leave Jellyfish after just one album?

It was mainly because when I was about to join the band, they said it would be like a democracy and that I could contribute songs. Once I joined the band, it was a totally different story. I would bring in songs, and they would say, "That's really good, but not really for us." That happened with everything.

You play every instrument on every one of your solo CDs. Are you ultimately a control freak?

It's more like I'm so excited and get so much joy from all the different instruments. I love playing drums, guitars, bass and keyboards. I kind of have the whole thing already figured out in my head. I know the aesthetic that I want for each song. It's kind of easier for me to do it by myself. I guess that does make me kind of a control freak.

Tell us about your new record.

It's called *All Quiet on the Noise Floor*. It's my sound. I don't think that it's deviated that much since my first solo record. I'm trying to maybe be a little less clever.

If you could travel back in time and be a member of the Beatles, the Kinks, the Monkees or the Raspberries, which would you be?

I'd have to say a Beatle. Why not?

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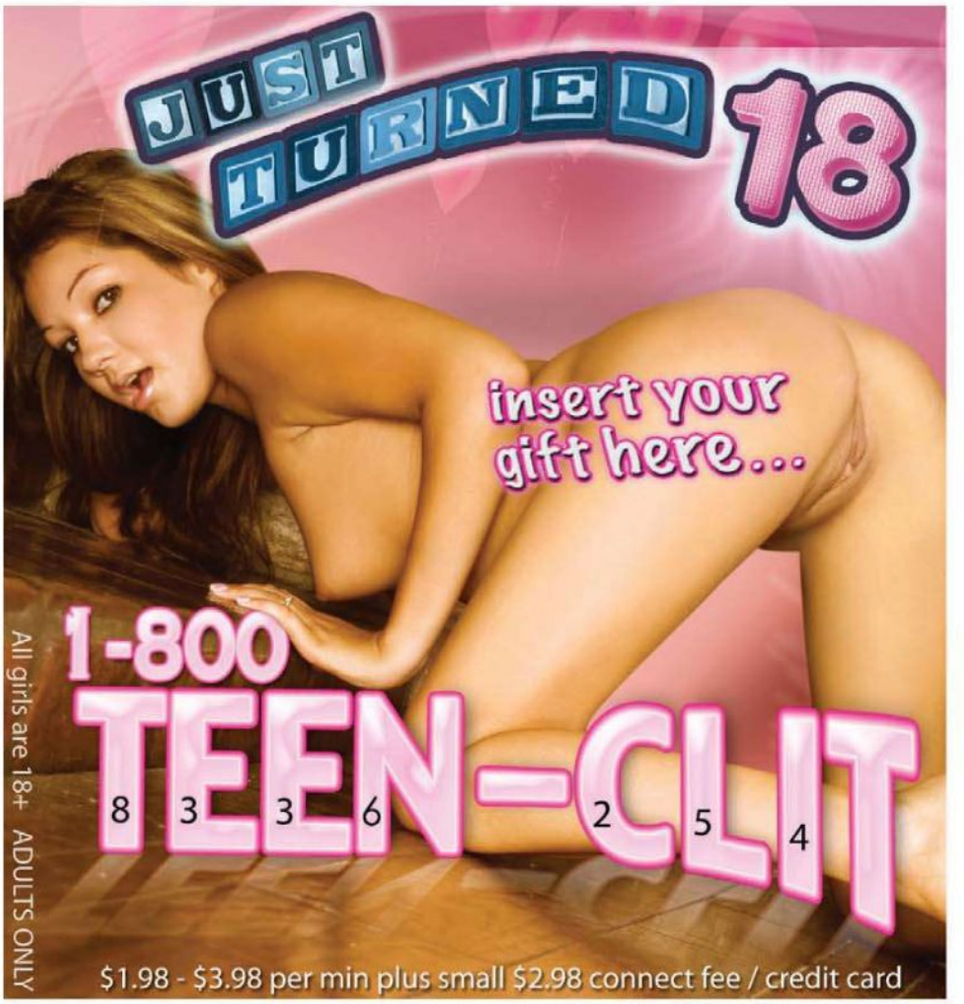
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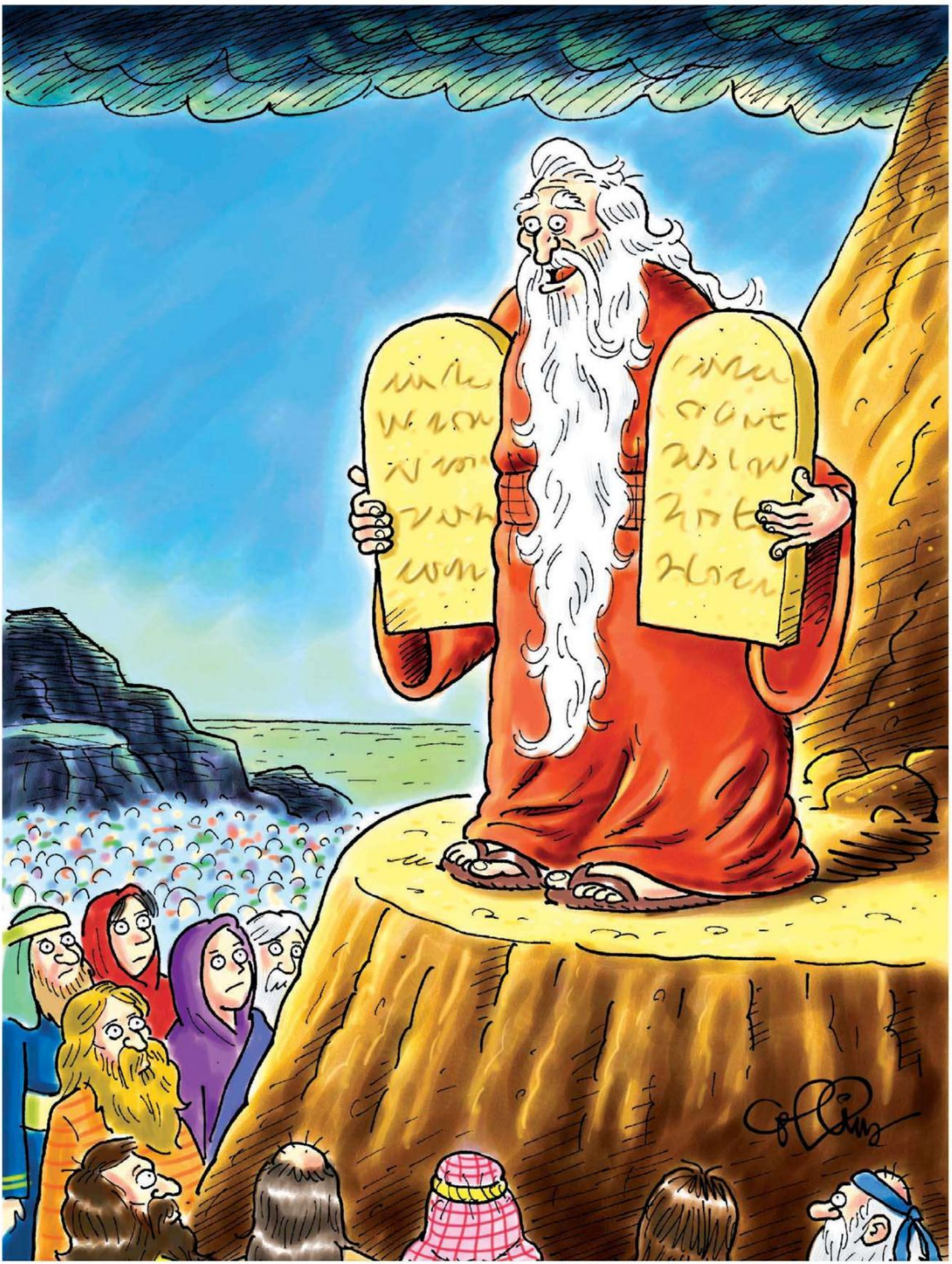

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"Look at the bright side: I got him to take out the one about not playing with yourself."

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

KRYSTAL DAY

AGE: 43

LOCATION: Portland, Oregon

Growing up in Idaho, Krystal Day went from being a self-proclaimed nerd and straight-A student to a wild child who partied hard in high school. Today, this Dallas Cowboys fan works in the manufacturing industry as a production planning specialist.

"I've worked in manufacturing for 20 years," says Krystal. "My next career goal is to transition from this relatively volatile market to a more recession-proof industry—maybe Web site modeling."

During the weekdays Krystal may be hidden away in a fiberglass plant, yet she still gets plenty of attention outside *and inside* the workplace. With her platinum blond hair, ample breasts and delectable, freckled skin, our vivacious cougar turns heads *wherever* she goes. "I do get approached by men a lot," she says. "And since it takes some people a great deal of courage to pay a lady a compliment, I appreciate every one I receive, taking nothing for granted."

When it comes to things she specifically likes in a man, Krystal says it's all about the eyes.

"I really do believe if you look deep enough into someone's eyes, you can see their soul. But I'm also a sucker for a voluptuous brunette—and, yes, I *am* talking about women. Call me greedy, but I like both sexes."

Along with sampling guys and dolls, Krystal says she's particularly intrigued by certain unique fetishes.

"One of the most outrageous and memorable sexual experiences I've ever had," confesses our kinky coug, "was with a man who was into pressure sitting, which involves sitting hard on the face and chest—and bouncing as well. This same guy also liked face standing which, as it implies, has one person actually *standing* on another's face."

In terms of fulfilling other items on her fantasy list, Krystal says gracing the pages of HUSTLER Magazine is right at the top. "That and meeting Michael Jordan are actually my ultimate fantasies."

Glad we could oblige, Krystal—and good luck with Mr. Jordan!

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



COUGARS UNLEASHED #22





PHOTOS BY B. WALSH



PHOTOS BY MARK COHRAN & TEDD CHILLESS

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.



ASH NOIR

PACIFIC NORTHWEST COLLEGE OF ART

Portland, Oregon, denizen Ash Noir has finally unleashed her exhibitionist tendencies, but she's also reassessing her love life. "All of my past boyfriends have been young, slender, long-haired guys in rock bands," the 25-year-old explains. "Now I'm more attracted to men a bit older than me who have their life together and are more responsible."

Originally from California's Ventura County, the Native American beauty is familiar with the concept of responsibility. As a high school student, she started hanging with a "bad crowd" and had a brief stint cutting classes. Transferring to an independent high school worked wonders almost overnight. Ash not only earned straight A's, but also picked up some college credits. "I love what I am studying at PNCA," Ash marvels. "Illustration is my life."

These days she's almost as dedicated to sex as she is to her education. "I like guys who are tall, lean and as generous as I am when it comes to foreplay," the 5-foot-6 coed confides. "And I really like spontaneity. Dinner, a movie and sex are too planned out and boring to me. I like it when sex is unexpected and unplanned."

Posing nude was a watershed event, but the swimming and hiking enthusiast seems eager to accentuate what goes on behind closed doors. "It would be hot to have a video camera pointed at me and a boyfriend doing whatever our hearts desired," Ash muses. "That would be really sexy."



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CZECH HER OUT

STAYCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Men in America are so different from the guys back home," says recent Czech Republic transplant **Stayce**. "In America, which should be the land of free expression, I feel like I have to contain myself. I think men here are stubborn and too quick to judge. I want to have insane sex, but I feel like here they look down on me for that. How can you call someone a slut because she likes to fuck all the time? That's wrong."



STAYCE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Uherský Brod, Czech Republic | AGE: 21 | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 115







What does she mean by "insane" sex?
"I like two guys at once, one in my ass, one in my pussy. I love to feel full, both of them thrusting into me. And on occasion add a girl to the mix. Or two!" She laughs. "My last boyfriend here in the USA wouldn't even fuck my ass. He thought it was too dirty. So I found someone who would. His best friend!"











Where does she meet her men? "I really like the bar scene. I find a man is more willing to do whatever I please once he has a few drinks in him. Some girls don't like a drunken guy. Not me. Inhibitions melt away as the booze flows."

Would the one-named wonder ever consider a career in porn? "Let me think about that for a second. Yes! Seriously, who wouldn't? A job where I get to have insane sex and get paid? Sounds like a dream come true!"

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON





That warm feeling: Misty Stone, Allie Haze (top left) and Samantha Ryan (bottom) take cream with their coffee in **Awakening to Love**.



Awakening to Love

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: EDDIE POWELL. STARRING: SAMANTHA RYAN, MISTY STONE, ALLIE HAZE, KIMBERLY KANE, DANNY MOUNTAIN, TONY DE SERGIO, DALE DABONE, TJ CUMMINGS & RYAN DRILLER.

This entry in New Sensations' Romance label is a lush example of the studio's attempt to get you to watch porn with your wife. It's not about fucking; it's about love. That's why you married her, remember? Drenched in candlelit tenderness and soft-rock relaxation, *Awakening to Love* offers just as much hard-core action as your usual porn but, strange as it may seem, treats the ladies more like fellow humans than meat. After a great night of lovemaking, Theresa (Samantha Ryan) is surprised by her man's proposal—just before an accident puts her in a coma. Although worried sick, Theresa's best friend (Misty Stone) manages to distract herself with the kind of love only a soulmate can give. (Being Misty, she still says "Oh, shit" and "Aw, fuck" a lot). The girls are as pretty as they make 'em, and as you might guess, the ending isn't the usual load of cum on a girl's face—but it's just as happy. Like sex in a soap factory, *Awakening to Love* is sudsy, clean and oddly refreshing. ***—M.J.***



*Danielle Staub shows her **Raw** talent.*





Danielle Staub Raw

LFP VIDEO/TRU FILTH. STARRING: DANIELLE STAUB & KEVIN JAMES.

The fall from reality star to porn star isn't far enough to cause so much as a bruise, but there's a certain cheap thrill to seeing an annoying yet arousing mainstream TV personality get stripped and banged like a common dirty-movie MILF. Cast as the troublemaking husband stealer with a past on *The Real Housewives of New Jersey*, Staub is clearly—that is, allegedly—no stranger to the sex profession, cheerfully servicing partner Kevin James in all the standard positions. As with most of these "leaked," uncensored celeb sex tapes, the camerawork sucks thanks to the lens being pointed in the wrong direction half the time. Now and then, the stuntcock manages to remember what he's there for, getting some good shots of Danielle's bargain boobjob and pierced pussy lips. Staub seems even trashier with her clothes off than she does on *Real Housewives*, if you can imagine that. It's not disappointing exactly—Staub seems like a decent screw—but you may want to whack off to the opening scene, where she beats some eggs while wearing a tight T-shirt. Sometimes mystery is a good thing. Go to HustlerHollywood.com or call 866-361-3697 to order this prime piece of tabloid history. ***—M.J.***





*So **Bad**, it's good: Angelina Valentine, Lexi Belle and Katie Kox plumb new depths.*



This Ain't Bad Girls Club XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: SKYE BLUE. STARRING: ANGELINA VALENTINE, KATIE KOX, ANDY SAN DIMAS, ALYSSA REECE, MISTY STONE, LEXI BELLE, DANE CROSS, TYLER KNIGHT, ETHAN CAGE & CHRIS STROKES.

Porn stars are by definition bad girls, so consider this disc that fabled, long-awaited moment when adult and mainstream finally merge and become indistinguishable. Like the boob tube's *Bad Girls Club*, which is so trashy that flies swarm around your TV when it's on, this spoof treats you to a bitchy nest of borderline psychopaths whose greatest talents are in the genital arts. That means plenty of slurpy, sloppy sex with a decent mix of low-rent and too-good-for-this-movie performers. This particular entry in the current parody glut isn't especially funny, but that's not why you're going to buy it and watch it without your pants on when no one's home. Order it now on page 140. ***—M.J.***

Brain gym: Educators Raven Alexis, Diamond Foxxx and Jessica Moore offer memory aids in ***The Substitute****.*





The Substitute

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: RAVEN ALEXIS, CINDY HOPE, MADISON PARKER, DIAMOND FOXXX, JESSICA MOORE, MANUEL FERRARA, BEN ENGLISH, MICK BLUE, CHRISTIAN CLAY & TOMMY GUNN.

Your favorite foreign porn stars speak their native tongues! If that's not enough to get you off, this corny school fantasy features sexy Raven Alexis as an itchy sub teaching a bunch of cocky immigrants to speak the local lingo (good luck with that). Raven favors an intimate approach to pedagogy, tenderly advancing from dirty talk to oral exercises. Don't expect this to be a replay of Digital Playground's hit *Teachers*. *The Substitute* is a more serene, seductive affair! And while it may rely too much on the acting "skills" of its cast, it has a certain unhurried charm to it. The physical instruction, embodied best by Raven and math cougar Diamond Foxxx, is enlightening enough, and Robby D's camerawork is as top-notch as ever. (Not every dork with a camera can handle that shallow depth-of-field.) Pretty brunette Raven Alexis is deservedly *The Substitute*'s star attraction, but the Eastern European talent (some of whom you may recognize from recent HUSTLER spreads) earn their work visas in style. We give this one a B+ because there's always room for improvement! ***—M.J.***









Public display: ***Teasers*** *Rebecca Blue and April O'Neil are outdoorsy types.*

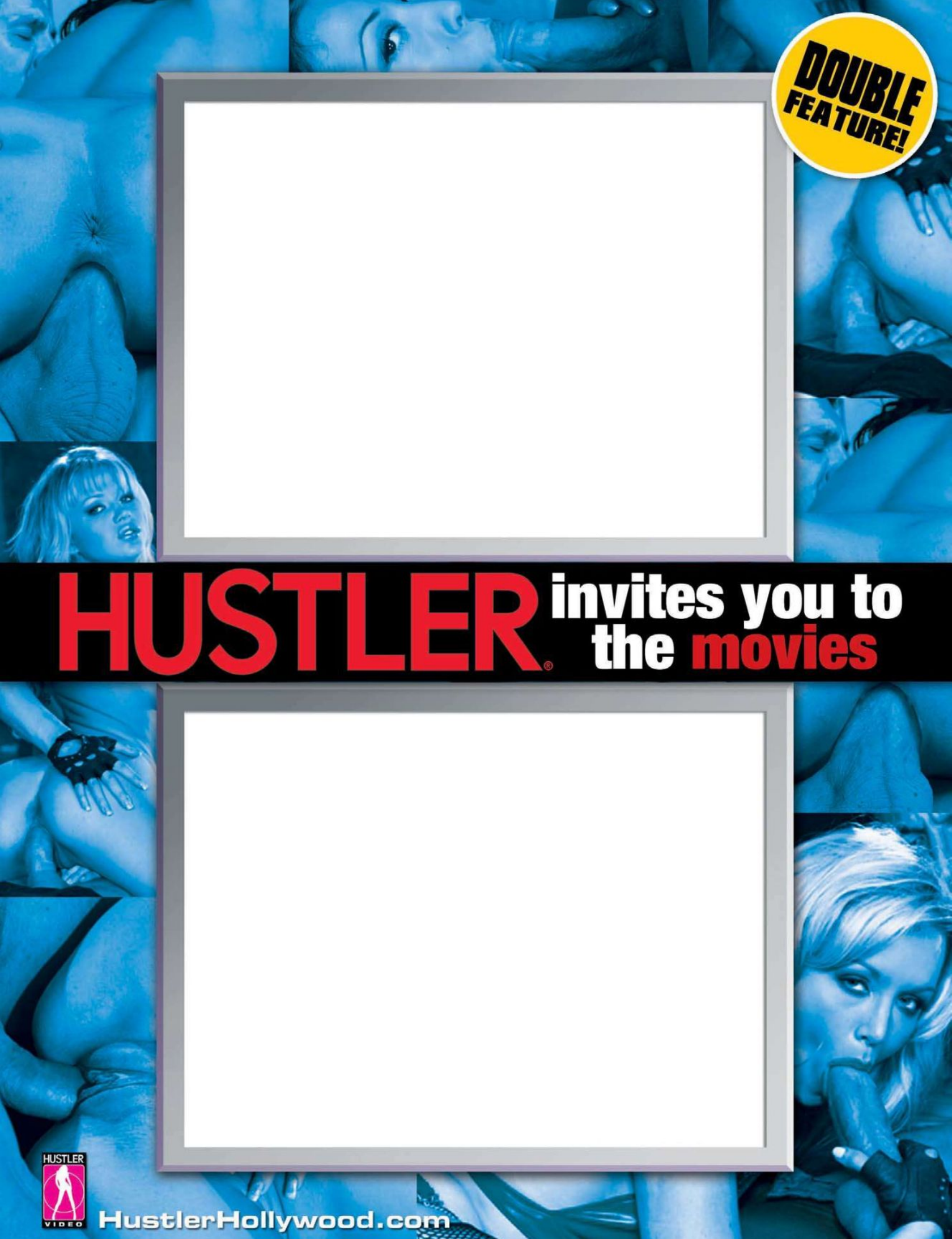




Teasers: Extreme Public Adventures Vol.1

LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARC STAR. STARRING: REBECCA BLUE, ELIZABETH DARLING, APRIL O'NEIL, CHIEF & MARC STAR.

Streaking has come a long way since the '70s! Out to prove he's porn's new outlaw, director Marc Star drags his talent into the streets and shoots them gettin' the titties—and everything else—out in public. It's guerrilla art best done in teams so someone can keep a lookout for the cops. The pretty young exhibitionists, all relative newcummers, are obviously a little nervous about cheating a misdemeanor charge, which adds to the titillation. Of course, these are the streets of L.A., the capital of hardcore, so this kind of behavior isn't quite as risky as it might be in, say, Topeka, Kansas (maybe that'll be in one of the future volumes), but it's fun nonetheless. As they say in Hollywood, it's all about exposure! When it comes to the sex, *Teasers* is pretty soft (mostly groping and fingering), but it's a voyeur's candy box and worth a few extra strokes for ballsiness. Order it on page 140. ***—M.J.***


DOUBLE FEATURE!
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LINDSAY GOES TO JAIL

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO













Just in time for the real life Lindsay Lohan's jail sentence for a DUI (can you really call 14 days a sentence?) HUSTLER Video has released this ultrahot porn parody: ***Lindsay Goes to Jail***. In it, the red-hot redhead Lindsay (played by uncanny look-alike **Scarlett Fay**) gets sent to the slammer after years of bad behavior. She sucks off a judge in the hopes of getting off easy (he does, she doesn't) and then engages in a full lesbian lickfest with a female prison guard during a strip search. Through it all, Lindsay maintains that "fuck you" attitude that the real-life *Mean Girls* star is so famous for.









Lindsay Goes to Jail 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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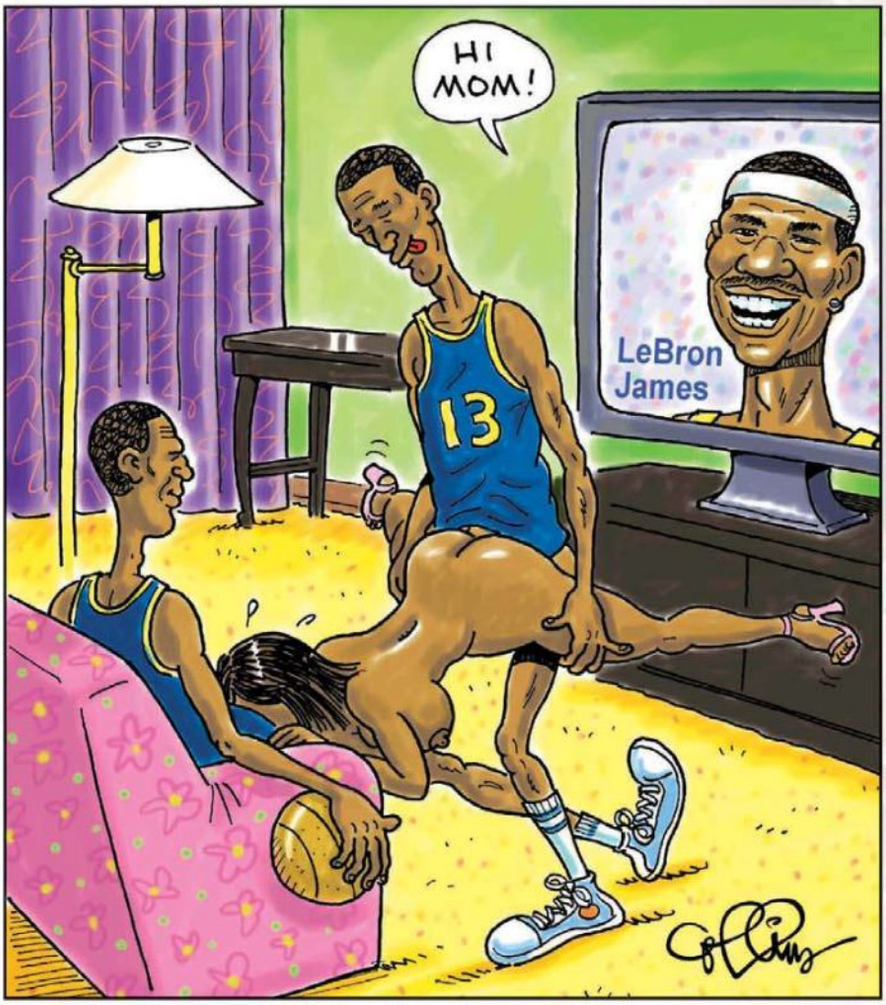
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"Whoever said anal sex hurts wasn't kidding. My wife just about beat me to death trying to keep my cock out of her ass!"



(continued from page 57)

But if poker and blackjack are not your games, all is not lost. "The great thing about the size of the HUSTLER Casino is that there's something for everyone," Larry points out. And here at HUSTLER, we know just how much size matters.

Employing more than 7,000 people, the casino stimulates the local economy, supports various charitable activities in the Los Angeles area and promotes responsible gaming through the California Office of Problem Gambling. On top of that, the HUSTLER Casino hosts an annual poker tournament to benefit the Adult Industry Medical Healthcare Foundation, better known as AIM.

But if you can't make it to that tournament, don't worry. There are plenty of others, including Liz Flynt's Spring Poker Tournament, Liz Flynt's Poker Classic, Larry Flynt's Challenge Cup Poker Tour, Larry Flynt's Winter Poker Classic, the Oktoberfest Fall Classic, the Million Dollar Summer and the Grand Slam of Poker Tournament.

Right now there is only one HUSTLER Casino, but there could be another in America's favorite gambling mecca if Flynt has his way. "We are still looking to get a casino in Las Vegas," he explains. "It's a buyer's market, but I'm not looking for something cheap. I'm looking for something great. I won't open a casino in Vegas that can't compete with the big guys."

With celebrities (including comic Andy Kindler, *Baywatch* babe Donna D'Errico, model Anna Alvin, reality star Omarosa and actors Paul Tei, Thomas Calabro, Tom Everett Scott and Corey Feldman), HUSTLER Honeys and the best card tables in Los Angeles, the tenth anniversary bash proved that the house isn't the only winner at the HUSTLER Casino. Congratulations once again to Mr. Flynt for another magnificent achievement. We look forward to many more anniversary parties through the years ahead.

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN





KAPTAIN KITTY

"I wish to appear nude in HUSTLER because not only do I have something great to offer the readers, but I also want to be discovered and open up new windows for myself," coos this 18-year-old denizen of Bellevue, Ohio. "I love my job [at a national taco franchise], but I'm a go-getter. I'm also honest, loyal, outgoing, hilarious, fun-loving, wild yet caring, and crazy but not psycho. I'm the type of girl who'd walk a ferret on a leash in the city." Kaptain Kitty unleashes more revelations: "I was raised by my dad, and I'm a tomboy at heart. I enjoy playing video games, watching football (Go Browns!), drumming, weightlifting, bullshitting with people, stripping, working on cars and getting dirty! Take that any way you like!" Opting for the provocative choice, the 5-foot-6 nursing aspirant—who somehow finds time to watch *Family Guy*, *Beavis and Butt-Head*, *The Marvelous Misadventures of Flapjack*, *American Dad!* and a host of other TV shows—divulges, "I'm bisexual and, being a Scorpio, very seductive. I can teach anyone a few neat tricks. I have the best orgasms riding a guy's face and watching him get hard for me. My favorite position is doggy-style, and I love anal sex. That's how I lost my virginity! I have one of the nicest asses in this damn country, so I feel some people are obligated to fuck it!" No wonder Kaptain Kitty—who's also big on bondage—acknowledges, "I love having power over men. If I tell them to jump, they ask how high. I like to see a man try to dominate me, but they all eventually fail miserably. Now you know why one of my sexual fantasies is to have a man completely take control over me, hold me down and tell me that I'm going to take his dick and that I'm going to like it." —Photos by Friend











"I play volleyball, but I love being spiked... by a big dick or strap-on dildo."

SABRINA



"I've never been embarrassed about my body, and who couldn't use a little extra money?" trumpets this "fun and courageous" massage therapist out of Gilbert, Arizona. Sabrina, who'll be 20 come February, will receive a $250 gift for donning her birthday suit here, but she previously bared it all in public without earning a penny. "I ran naked on a soccer field with a bunch of my girlfriends," recalls the 5-foot-5 neophyte, whose fave sports are "volleyball and sex." Regarding the latter, nimble-fingered Sabrina serves up a brief rundown: "I like guys and girls, and although I am passionate, I can also be pretty aggressive." So far, her most memorable carnal caper involved "two guys on the roof of a car," but her wildest fantasy is loftier: "I want to have sex with a guy on the roof of my house." —Photos by Friend







EVA

Catering to connoisseurs of pelvic foliage and recognizing that a skin mag can never be too corny, we present this "spontaneous, bi-curious and very passionate fox" from Tunbridge Wells, England. "I love shucking all my clothes and being one with nature," chirps Eva, 28, an administrative assistant who fancies a healthy lifestyle, Pilates, songbird Tori Amos and, last but not least, sex. "I get off teasing my man for a while before blowing his mind big-time," the 5-foot-8 oral and anal enthusiast specifies. "To see his body in absolute ecstasy is precious." So is Eva's *Signs*-inspired fantasy: "I'd like to have a go with two men inside a crop circle, wondering if it was made by extraterrestrials that are watching." —Photos by Boyfriend

NATASHA PINK

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"It's every pretty girl's dream to be in HUSTLER," declares this Las Vegas real estate investor. "Even though I'm a foreigner, it's a very international magazine." And more so thanks to the "open-minded, charming, playful, naughty, passionate and talented" Natasha Pink, 31, who was born in Russia and always keeps her vagina shorn. "I think a shaved pussy is way more sexy, and I like the way it feels," she reckons. Before relocating to Nevada, Natasha was an accomplished pianist, gymnast and ballerina, but these days the 5-foot-10 vixen is into modeling, listening to t.A.T.u. and Madonna and "cuddling up with a guy and a bowl of popcorn while watching a funny movie." However, Natasha most savors being a "strictly dickly" sexual virtuoso. "I insist that my lover and I both pretend we are porn stars," she relates. "I prefer nontraditional positions like Asian cowgirl, legs on the shoulders and upside-down blowjobs in nontraditional areas: the kitchen, bathroom, patio and anywhere but a bed!" Natasha, who once was covertly schtupped by a stranger during a submarine tour in Hawaii, offers a ribald sequel: "I want to have wild, passionate sex with my date on top of a table in a crowded restaurant." —Photos by Lady Friend







"I've often been complimented on my lick-lick talents. Yum!"





"Doing household chores naked makes them fun!"





"I have the power because this pussy is like no other. It's the best anyone will ever have!"

MERCEDES

"My significant other is a photographer, and he encourages me to be naked around him all the time," announces Mercedes, 25, who hails from Milan, Italy, and now holes up in West Hollywood, California. "I love playing with myself while he's shooting a hot nude model, and sometimes I get to play with her. I'm selectively bi, very adventurous and always looking to hook up." Mercedes, a rental car sales agent, has other passions as well, namely shopping, tanning, music (UB40, Lil Wayne, Lauryn Hill), "talking on my cell phone" and dining. "I love lobster, filet mignon and anything that's expensive and tasty," elaborates the 5-foot-6 sweetie, who gets pretty hungry in front of the boob tube. "I love to cuddle and kiss a boyfriend or girlfriend *everywhere* while I'm watching my fave TV shows au naturel—*Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, *The Girls Next Door* and *Sex and the City*," Mercedes lays on us before addressing the nitty-gritty. "Doggy is always the best," she purrs, "and heels over head is lots of fun too." Falling head over heels for Mercedes seems inevitable, but the "pussy power advocate" isn't through yet: "Even though I once got caught fucking on a beach—the cops got a free show—I'd like to have sex with two lifeguards on their lookout tower. I'd also like to meet the person who thought up the vibrator. I want to give him or her a big hug and kiss for all the happy times I've had." —Photos by Friend





"I'd love to be in the middle of two hot girls who lick my body everywhere."



STEPHANIE

"It's always been a dream to appear in Larry Flynt's magazine, and I love to be naked," states Stephanie, 32, an "extremely open-minded" personal trainer from Stoneham, Massachusetts. "I am pretty short, but good things come in small packages. I'm funny, caring, bubbly, outgoing, charming and daring. I love to fuck outside because the fear of getting caught adds to the rush of my oncoming orgasm." The 5-footer has cut to the chase, but she also digs horseback riding, TV (*Sons of Anarchy*, *Seinfeld* and *The Sopranos*), filet mignon, fruit, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Metallica and watching football. "I was a cheerleader in high school, and now I'm a nympho," Stephanie asserts. "I am bisexual, but I prefer dick. I love to have my pussy eaten. I am told it tastes like cotton candy, and I love to return the favor by giving blowjobs. It's what I do best, next to fucking. I also love playing with myself, having multiple partners and getting fucked in my ass for the best orgasms ever!" Stephanie has a pair of fervent desires: "I'd love to meet Larry Flynt, and my fave sexual fantasy is a wild and kinky threesome with two girls and one lucky guy." —Photos by Friend







"I love to have a girl eating my pussy while she's getting fucked from behind. I'm very kinky."









LA NENA

"My husband and I like the beautiful pictures that HUSTLER has," professes La Nena of Garland, Texas, an Internet, workout and Latin music aficionada who'll be celebrating her 31st birthday in February. "We both thought your readers would like seeing me naked and learning why I'm such a great and special housewife." Born in Bogotá, Colombia, the 5-foot-8 modeling newcomer discloses, "I am curious, seductive, ardent and very hot. I give my man a lot of good oral sex and everything that he likes." But La Nena—*baby* in Spanish—gets pampered too. "I have the best orgasms when I'm on top and hearing dirty words," she marvels. "I also love anal sex. It is different and delicious because my asshole is so tight." La Nena, whose most memorable romp took place in an elevator, envisions a more spacious love nest: "One of my fantasies is to have sex on the deck of a cruise ship while other passengers watch." —Photos by Friend



"I like to shave because it's sexy, and it keeps me feeling young."



"Some people tell me my eyes are what draws them in, but it's my personality that makes them want more."

CHICAGO

"I used to be known as 'The Flasher' when I was younger," recollects Chicago, 22, an "outgoing, jumpy and fun to be with" bartender from Aurora, Illinois. "I'm not afraid of anything. I'm very confident, and I love to try new and interesting things. You only live once, so live it up and have fun while you can!" On that note the 5-foot-7 rock and heavy metal buff reveals, "I love to party and hang out with friends and family, but I also love to travel and just get away from reality." Chicago also zones out reality without leaving the city immortalized in the movie *Wayne's World*. "I don't watch much TV," the bisexual cutie explains. "I'm as real as they come, but I do keep up with *Cougar Town*, *Sex and the City*, *Dexter* and, of course, *True Blood*."

Meanwhile, when it comes to sex, Chicago admits, "I'm aggressive and rough but passionate. I love almost every position, but doggy-style is a big favorite. So is sticking popsicles into my va-jay-jay." However, sticking to the bedroom isn't one of her traits: "I had a good night at my old middle school on the bleachers with a former flame. It was hot, and the thought of getting caught made it even better. Same with the time I had sex in an old, abandoned train car; it was dark, creepy and interesting. My ultimate fantasy is to have sex on home plate at a baseball park; I love baseball and basketball. I also think about role-playing as a naughty schoolgirl and being told what to do." —Photos by Friend







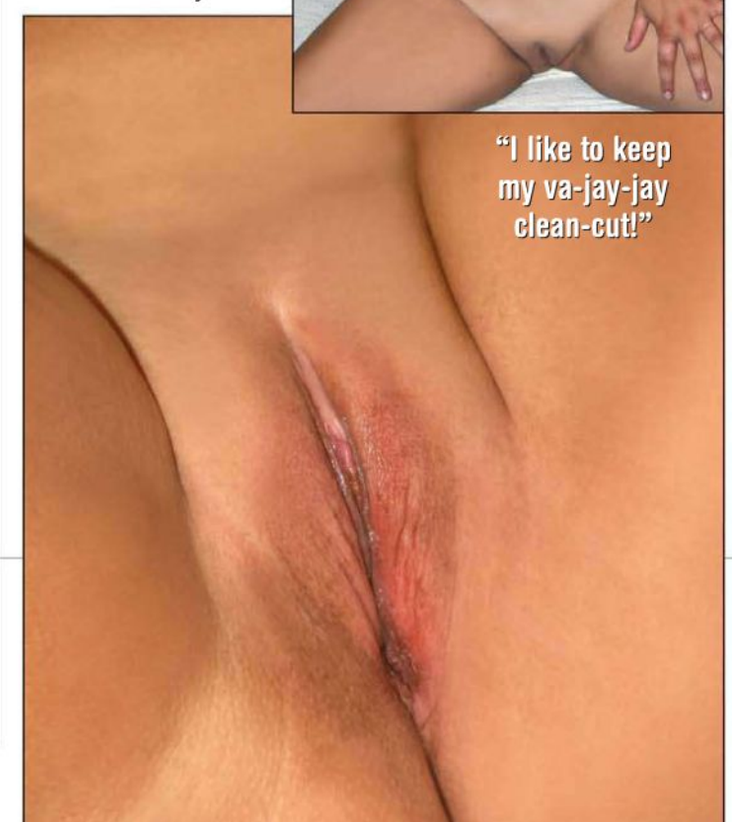


DOLLIE

Dollie—a "crazy, fun, hyper, sweet, sexy and mysterious" waitress from Portland, Oregon—knows how to say hello. "I like to make people smile, so I occasionally flash," the rare February 29 birthday celebrant owns up. (In 2011 her cake will be topped by 23 candles a day early.) "I'm also a nudist. I'm naked just about all the time. I love my body, and I'm sure others will too." The 5-foot-7 tyro—whose personal loves include singing, dancing, *Family Guy*, *Sex and the City*, Pantera, rap, sports and pizza—bellows, "My favorite hobby is sex! I'm definitely straight, but I don't mind a little fun with girls as well. I really love being fucked in the ass along with two or three fingers in my va-jay-jay. It hurts so good, and I have the best orgasms! Titty-fucking is also a big turn-on." Offering further titillation, Dollie fesses up, "One night I watched my girlfriend get fucked by a guy as I was getting it doggy-style from another guy on the same bed." As for fantasies, the bawdy Beaver Stater reflects, "There isn't much I haven't tried yet, but sex at a beach is always fun to dream about and do!"

—Photos by Friend





"I like to keep my va-jay-jay clean-cut!"

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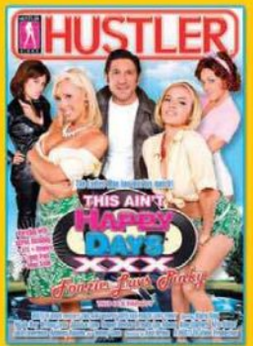
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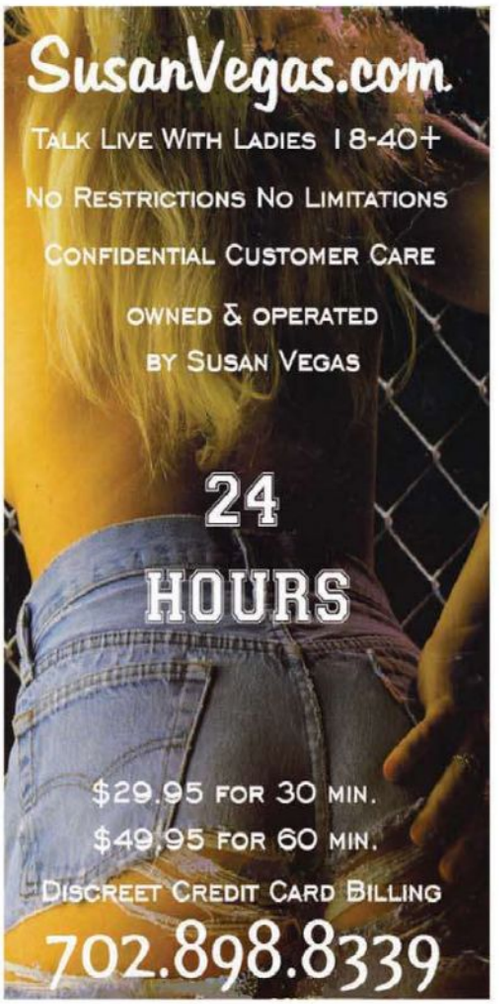

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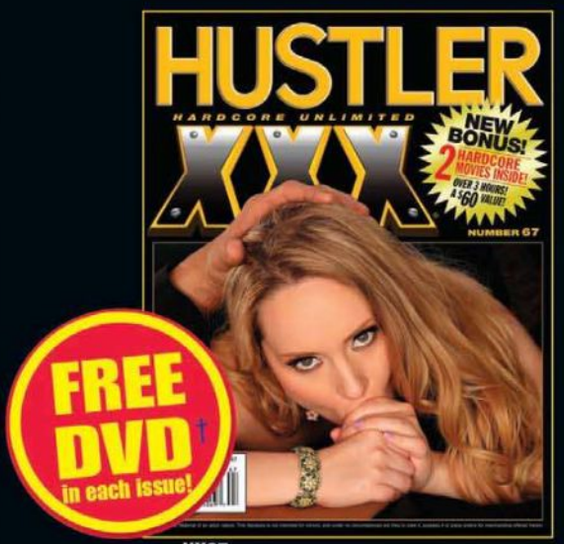
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WILD HORSES
YVA DEE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES
AUGUST 1988
HUSTLER CLASSIC















Although her zebra skin decor gives an African beat to the surroundings, **Yva** isn't on a sex safari after those long jungle vines. "It's just the current style," says the hipster with the hot hips. "You know, like the crinolines and bangly jewelry and safe sex," she explains. Something about that wildly passionate look in **Yva**'s eyes says sex with her would be only as safe as wrestling a she-cat. If you're the kind of modern man whose animal urges spur you to chase foxy **Yva**, be sure to carry an extra set of skins in case she lets you catch her.





"You want to fuck me in the ass? So you are proposing a return to the failed policies of the Bush years?"



BELLA COLE

The Holiday '10 issue goes on sale December 7, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

DOUG BENSON: HILARIOUS HOLIDAY CHEER



We couldn't find three wise men or a virgin to garnish our Holiday Issue, but comic Doug Benson will fill those shoes. The frequent commentator on VH1's *Best Week Ever*, who also starred in the stoner comedy *Super High Me*, spills the beans on fruitcake, regifting, fucking elves, his latest CD (*Hypocritical Oaf*) and why he's a secret Santa year-round.



THE RETURN OF HONEY HOOKER: *JINGLE BALLS*

'Tis the night before Christmas, Santa Claus is preparing to deliver a shitload of gifts, and cartoonist Noel Anderson's Yuletide spoof is awfully nice. That's because supersexy Honey Hooker will make the big guy jollier than ever, and some famous bad apples are gonna get their just deserts.

MARDI GRAS: BOURBON STREET UNCOVERAGE



Handed a journalist's dream assignment, roving reporter Eric Althoff was dispatched to New Orleans to soak up the booze, boobs and beads that punctuated Mardi Gras in February 2010. Althoff, who caught lots of bare bosoms with his camera, also shares valuable pointers for party animals venturing to the upcoming Big Easy bacchanal.



HAARP: ONE STEP CLOSER TO THE EVE OF DESTRUCTION?

Did the government's High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP) increase the wrath of Hurricane Katrina and trigger Haiti's cataclysmic earthquake? As journalist Harry Walsh reports, atmospheric experiments over Alaska could be a cover for the development of superweapons that manipulate the environment and induce mind control.

CHEMTRAILS: WHAT'S REALLY ON THE HORIZON?



Are those long ribbons that crisscross the sky ice crystals formed by the engine emissions of jet aircraft or chemtrails? Investigative reporter Travis Kelly examines various explanations for the phenomenon, but HUSTLER's exclusive photos of Stealth bombers spewing mysterious vapors seem to indicate that the Pentagon is up to something sinister.



STURGIS: HARLEYS, HELLRAISERS & HOTTIES

Motorcycling enthusiasts have converged on Sturgis, South Dakota, for the past 70 summers, and so has a horde of saddle tramps eager to flash their jugs. Don't miss what our lensman captured at the 2010 incarnation of the world's wildest and most outrageous biker rally. Yes, we know how to rev up *your* motor!


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