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JUNE 2011

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145

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FINAL INTERVIEW

LOOKING BACK
HYAPATIA LEE'S
MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES

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NELLA JAY
"I CAN DO IT ALL!"

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VIDEO
INSIDE

PG.159
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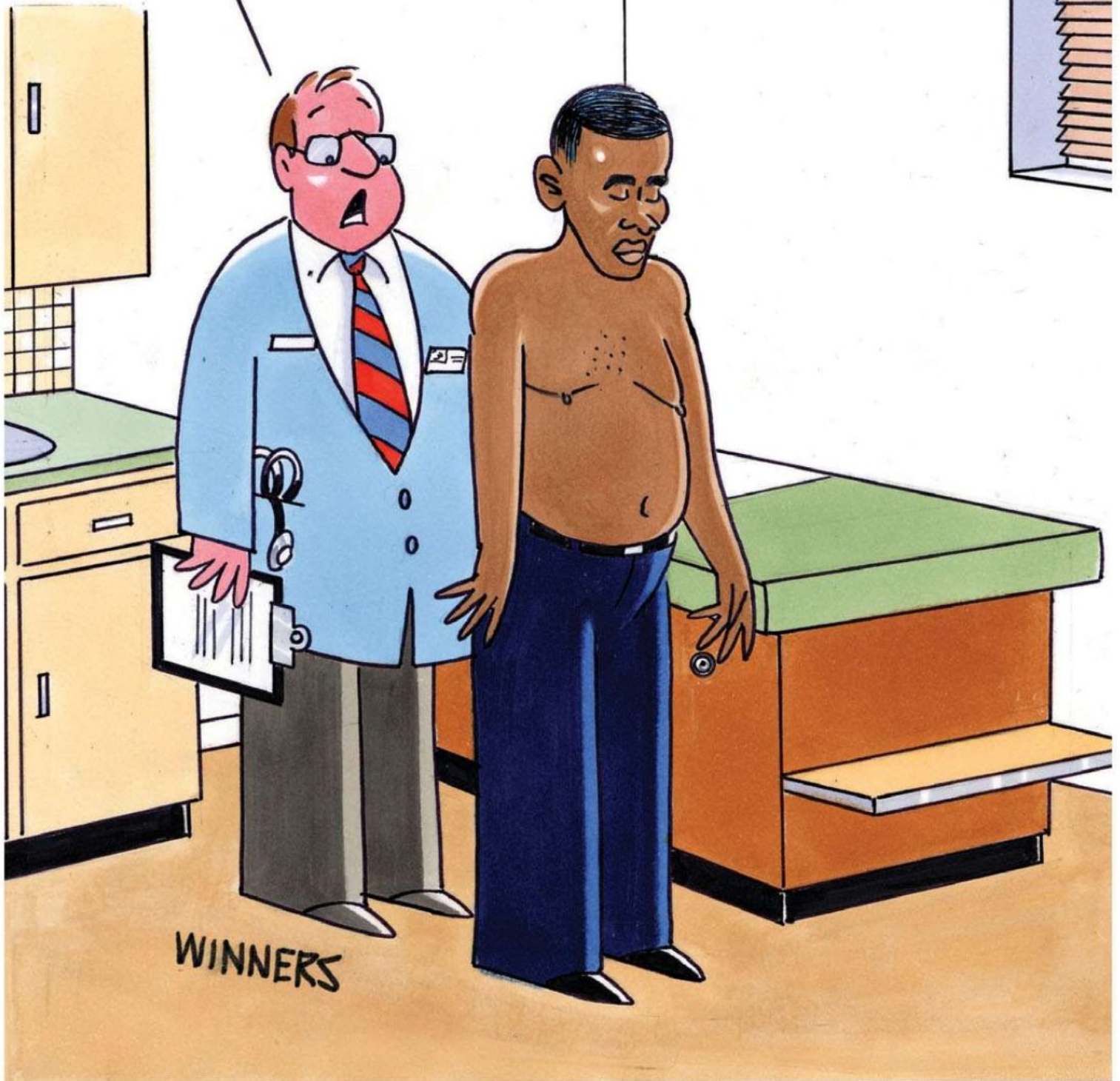
MARS NEEDS MILFS

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IN DICKNEY DIGITAL 3D, REAL D, 3D AND MARTIAN 3D

HUSTLER PARODY: This is not a real ad. It is a spoof of the film *Mars Needs Moms*. As long-time supporters of interplanetary relationships, we're delighted to see one depicted honestly on the big screen.

YES, MR. PRESIDENT,
IT'S THERE! I CAN
BARELY SEE IT, BUT
YOU DO HAVE A SPINE!



Accused of being spineless, Obama goes in for a checkup.



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Up-and-comers who'll get you up!



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1-800

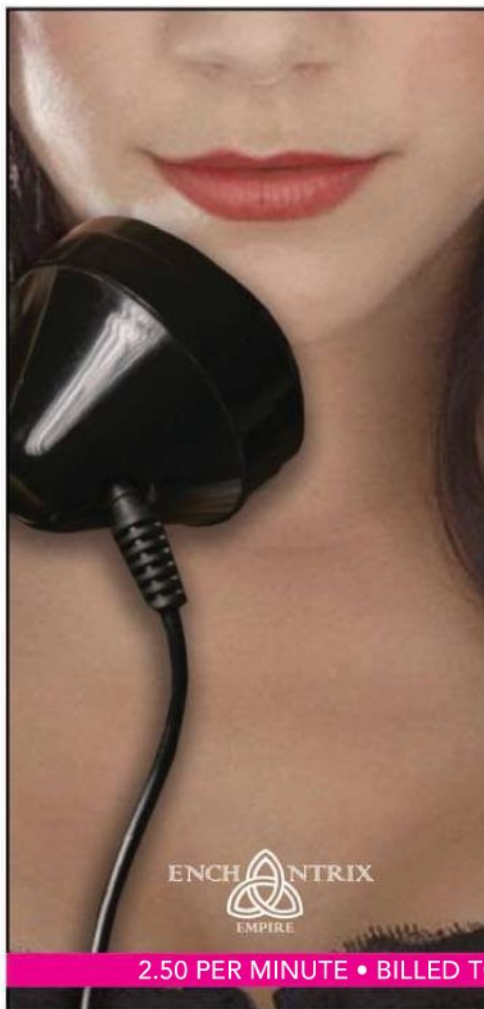
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Talent

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Photography

Matti Klatt Senior Photographer
Ladi von Jansky Photographer
Sean Berrios Supervisor of Records and Documents
David Carrillo Recordkeeper/Archivist

Network Systems

Andrea Landrum Network Systems Director

Production

Gina J. Lee Production Director
Shannon Poe Production Assistant

Advertising

Mickey Puyda National Advertising Sales Director
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com

Wendy Camacho Advertising Production Coordinator

Subscriptions Customer Service: 323-651-2348

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 37, No. 16, June 2011. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except February, and twice in June and December, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2011 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is \$39.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are \$15 to \$25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. **ATTENTION POSTMASTER:** Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is March 22, 2011.

Cover photo by **Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com**

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WHY I AM DONATING \$50,000 TO WIKILEAKS' DEFENSE FUND

Let's get something straight: Julian Assange *is* a journalist. You can argue that he is not practicing journalism the way you think it should be practiced—releasing classified U.S. State Department documents—but he's a journalist nonetheless. And for many of us he's a hero.

I'm sick and tired of the politicians and political pundits treating this man as if he were a criminal. If WikiLeaks had existed in 2003 when George W. Bush was ginning up the war in Iraq, America might not be in the horrendous situation it is today, with our troops fighting in three countries (counting Pakistan) and the consequent cost in blood and dollars.

Here's what I know about censorship: The free flow of information is ultimately less harmful than the impeded flow of information. A democracy cannot exist without total access to the facts.

What's wrong is that a concerned outsider—an Australian publisher, not our own vaunted mainstream press—exposed the secret documents. For that, Assange has been hit with dubious criminal charges because his condom failed during a sexual encounter. Give me a break.

Julian Assange should not face a prison sentence. We should have a ticker tape parade for him.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"It's like a fighter who took too many blows to the ear. Your years in porn have given you *cauliflower pussy!*"

HAND JOB



The **Peregrine** is more than a cool-ass-looking hand warmer. It is the ultimate gaming accessory. The customizable hand-worn input device lets you access more than 30 accurate actions at the touch of a finger to maximize your game play. Plus the **Peregrine** is ultracomfortable thanks to a durable, flexible fabric with military-grade conductive traces. Available in three sizes, it is fully compatible with all PC games that use a keyboard. So up your game! Just be sure to take the glove off

when you switch from playing games to watching porn on your PC. Available at ThePeregrine.com. Suggested retail price: \$149.95.

THE BRUSH-OFF

How many time has this happened to you? Your toothbrush slips off the sink only to land in a pile of filth on the scuzzy bathroom floor. Or worse, in the toilet! That's why we believe the **Bobble Brush** is a revolution in bathroom technology! Okay, that may be a bit of an overstatement, but the gizmo sure is cool. The weighted holder keeps your toothbrush upright and germ-free in a plastic friction-fitted slot that accommodates most standard brushes. Plus the **Bobble Brush's** two sections come apart easily for quick cleansing, keeping your brush sparkling and uncontaminated. The only thing that it can't do is keep that chick you picked up at the bar from using your toothbrush after she goes down on you.

Available at Quirky.com. Suggested retail price: \$12.99.



BUG OUT

There are Bluetooth headsets, and then there's the **Q2 Smart Bluetooth Headset** from BlueAnt. It's considered by many in the industry to be the best-sounding set being sold today. Besides rich audio and unsurpassed call clarity, the sleek, streamlined unit is packed with many advanced features, including dual high-end microphones, comprehensive voice recognition, state-of-the-art noise elimination, text-to-speech technology, voice access to info and incoming SMS readout. BlueAnt's **Q2** was designed by sound engineers using the best audio components, including a high-quality speaker that is tuned and tested in a professional sound studio. Sounds great. Looks cool. You'd be buggin' if you didn't buy this.

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BATTLE OF THE BANDS

Guitar Hero: Warriors of Rock
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360, Wii

Are you ready to rock?! **Guitar Hero: Warriors of Rock** cranks it up to 11! This version of the popular game features a totally redesigned controller and 90 new guitar-shredding hits (plus hundreds more downloadable) by rock legends KISS, Pantera, Linkin Park, ZZ Top and many more! Time to put the band together, strap on your instruments and battle on for rock supremacy!



DARK SHADOWS

Castlevania: Lords of Shadow
Konami
PS3, Xbox 360

Not just a sequel with a few added bells and whistles, **Castlevania: Lords of Shadow** is a detailed rethink on the *Castlevania* series with high-quality graphics and immersive action. You are Gabriel Belmont, an elite, holy knight sworn to protecting the world against an evil force—the mysterious Lord of Shadow. When your beloved wife is brutally murdered by his undead minions, things get personal. This darkly delicious game, which has the epic look and feel of a Hollywood blockbuster, boasts a star-studded cast of voice talent led by Robert Carlyle (*Train-spotting*), Natasha McElhone (*Californication*) and Patrick Stewart (*Star Trek's* Captain Picard).



IT AIN'T PHYSICS

Quantum Theory
Tecmo
PS3, Xbox 360

It takes two to tango, and in the case of this exciting adventure game, two to survive. Yes, your character Syd is a badass, but there is no way you're going to survive in the twisted, postapocalyptic realm of **Quantum** without a little help. Luckily you're partnered with the enchanting Fillena. Man, that girl can kick ass! If you can work in tandem, you may be able to battle on in the game's shape-shifting world. Otherwise the body count will be upped by two.



A TIME TO KILL

Time Crisis: Razing Storm
Namco Bandai
PS3

The popular arcade shoot-'em-up comes home. Designed exclusively for the PS3 to be used with the Move, **Time Crisis: Razing Storm** is a bullet-riddled blast! Use your gun controller (or regular remote) to lock and load your machine gun to save humanity from an army of futuristic terrorists and their seemingly unstoppable giant robots. This version also includes exclusive bonus games: arcade favorite *Time Crisis 4* and *Deadstorm Pirates*, a swashbuckling adventure that is already a big hit in Japan.

OUR SCATTERBRAINED LEADER

ADDRESSING AMERICA'S ECONOMIC WOES, PRESIDENT OBAMA ADMONISHES UNDERACHIEVING STUDENTS, YET CONTINUES TO IGNORE THE REAL CULPRIT.

There is something perverse about how Presidents, every time they get in trouble over the state of the nation, seize upon education-related scapegoats for all that ails us. John F. Kennedy did it with his Sputnik speech prompted by the Soviets, who'd managed to launch the first artificial satellite and later put the first man into space—propaganda coups that did nothing to mitigate the USSR's miserably sagging economy.

George W. Bush devised the "No Child Left Behind" slogan to justify his multitude of screwups, most notably coddling Wall Street while it defrauded American mortgage buyers and incurred the trillions in bad loans that had to be picked up by the taxpayers. Now Barack

and afflicts us: an unabated mortgage crisis, stubbornly high unemployment and a debt that spiraled out of control while the government wasted trillions of tax dollars making the bankers whole.

What nonsense to insist that low test scores of students at public schools hobbled our economy when it was the highest-achieving graduates of our elite colleges who designed and sold the financial gimmicks that created the Great Recession. Indeed, some of the folks who once designed the phony mathematical formulas underwriting subprime mortgage-based derivatives won Nobel Prizes for their effort. A pioneer in securitizing mortgage debt, as well as in exporting jobs

What the hell did Sputnik or low aptitude have to do with the Made-in-America financial meltdown that Wall Street bankers inflicted on the entire world?

Obama has seized upon students' lackluster test scores to explain the miserable state of the U.S. economy, playing the Sputnik card by way of justifying saving Wall Street while ignoring the rest of us.

In his 2011 State of the Union address, Obama—who moved sharply to the right after the Democrats' setback in the midterm elections—fully embraced the Wall Street bandits, whose unfettered greed sucked us into this mess. Nevertheless, Obama blamed American students' subpar test scores for our economic woes. What the hell did Sputnik or low aptitude have to do with the Made-in-America financial meltdown that Wall Street bankers inflicted on the entire world?

It is they, the best and the brightest graduates of our business and law schools—not kids struggling at public high schools and community colleges—who designed the toxic derivatives that almost destroyed the world economy. Obama's focus on education in his State of the Union speech is a deliberate diversion from what seriously ails

abroad, was one Jeffrey Immelt, the CEO of General Electric, whom Obama appointed to head his new job-creation panel.

That the financial meltdown at the heart of our economic crisis was "avoidable" and not the result of long-run economic problems related to education and foreign competition is detailed in a sweeping report by the Democratic majority on the Financial Crisis Inquiry Commission. In a 576-page book the commission concluded: "The greatest tragedy would be to accept the refrain that no one could have seen this coming and thus nothing could have been done. If we accept this notion, it will happen again."

That is just the warning that Obama has ignored by continually appointing the very people who engineered this crisis, mostly Clinton alums, to reverse its ongoing dire consequences. The commission noted that the decision made in 2000 in the closing days of the Clinton Administration to exempt the complex financial instruments known as over-the-counter derivatives from regulation was "a

key turning point in the march toward the financial crisis."

Obama appointed as his top economic adviser Lawrence Summers—who, as Clinton's Treasury secretary, was the key architect of that "turning point"—and Summers's protégé Timothy Geithner as his own Treasury secretary. The finding of the ten members—six Democrats and four Republicans—on the Financial Crisis Inquiry Commission was that Geithner, who had been president of the New York Fed before Obama appointed him, "could have clamped down" on excesses by Citigroup, the subprime mortgage leader that Geithner and the Fed bailed out along with other unworthy banking supplicants.

That profligate behavior of Wall Street crippled the economy and ran up an enormous debt, which Obama now uses as an excuse for a five-year freeze on discretionary domestic spending, the small part of the budget that might actually help ordinary people. Speaking of our legacy of deficit spending, Obama stated, "...in the wake of the financial crisis, some of that was necessary to keep credit flowing, save jobs and put money in people's pockets. But now that the worst of the recession is over, we have to confront the fact that our government spends more than it takes in."

Why now? It is an absurd demarcation to freeze spending when so many remain unemployed just because corporate profits, and therefore stock market valuations, seem firm. Wall Street profits are booming, but the price has been—as the Financial Crisis Inquiry Commission reported—26 million Americans out of work, more than 8 million families that have lost their homes and "nearly \$11 trillion in household wealth [that] has vanished, with retirement accounts and life savings swept away." America is a union divided between those who agree with Obama that "the worst of the recession is over" and the far larger number in deep pain that this President, like his Republican predecessor, is bent on ignoring.



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*. 🌐



"Sure, I faked orgasm...you faked economic recovery."

BIG SISTER NAPOLITANO WATCHES US SHOPPING

OBAMA'S HEAD OF HOMELAND SECURITY RENAMES A BUSH-CHENEY SURVEILLANCE PROGRAM ONCE SCUT-TLED BY CONSERVATIVE LAWMAKER DICK ARMEY.

Janet Napolitano, secretary of Homeland Security, continues at airports to have her agents inspect our suspect lower bodies. In addition, she's also launched—in partnership with the nation's largest retailer, Walmart—the shopper-surveillance program If You See Something, Say Something to enable Americans to spy on one another.

As reported by the Rutherford Institute's John Whitehead—the Paul Revere of our civil liberties—shoppers at Walmart and at other retail outlets have been instructed by Big Sister (a sibling of George Orwell's Big Brother in 1984) to notify local police of any “suspicious activity” they see. Napolitano provides no definition of “suspicious.” That's up to you.

“More than 600 Walmart stores in 27 states,” Whitehead writes, “will begin playing video messages at the checkout stations” from Big Sister, urging shoppers “to play an active role in ensuring the safety and security of our nation.”

To keep the spy brigade growing, there will be “posters, billboards and advertisements in airports, public transit, movie theaters, gas stations and on local radio stations.”

Is this Constitutional republic being morphed into Iran? China? Whitehead makes the obvious chilling point that “if you do get reported by a clerk or neighbor or ex-boyfriend, you'll be entered into a permanent suspect file, whether or not you're actually guilty of any wrongdoing.”

I am aware of no objections from President Barack Obama or Attorney General Eric Holder to If You See Something, Say Something. They have already deepened and expanded our immersion into the surveillance society of Bush and Cheney.

Actually, Big Sister Napolitano is only beginning her spy network. “In addition to Walmart,” Whitehead adds, “[Department of Homeland Security] is partnering with federal, state, local and private sector entities, as well as the Mall of America, the American Hotel & Lodging Association, Amtrak, the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit

Authority, sports and general aviation industries, and state and local fusion centers [connecting local and state intelligence operations with the FBI around the country].”

The American Civil Liberties Union keeps watching those fused watchers of us, citing the fusion centers as “the focal point for growing suspicious activity reporting programs that encourage public reporting of innocuous everyday activities.”

But I've seen no current reporting at all on what happened to the Bush Administration's predecessor of If You See Something, Say Something. It was called Operation TIPS. On May 29, 2002, then-Attorney General John Ashcroft announced via a government Web site: “A nationwide program giving millions of

To keep the spy brigade growing, there will be “posters, billboards and advertisements in airports, public transit, movie theaters, gas stations and on local radio stations.”

American truckers, letter carriers, train conductors, ship captains, utility employees and others a formal way to report suspicious terrorist activity. Operation TIPS, a project of the U.S. Department of Justice, will begin as a pilot program in 10 cities. ...

“Everywhere in America, a concerned worker can call a toll-free number and be connected directly with a hotline routing calls to the proper law-enforcement agency or other responder organizations.”

Wow! Would my letter carriers, I feared then, find suspicious any of the magazines to which I subscribed? But Operation TIPS first had to become a law passed by Congress. In my book *The War on the Bill of Rights and the Gathering Resistance* (Seven Stories Press), I was delighted to report how Operation TIPS was killed—and who killed it.

In July 2002 then-House Majority Leader Dick Arme, conservative Republican—and libertarian—was marking up legislation to create the very Homeland Security Department over which Big Sister Napolitano now presides. Included in the proposed bill was Operation TIPS.

This is what Dick Arme—defying

Attorney General John Ashcroft—wrote in his markup of the bill: “Because the [Homeland Security] Department has a singular mission of protecting the freedoms of Americans, specific legal protections will ensure that freedom is not undermined...Citizens will NOT become informants.”

When I saw that, I so deeply wished Thomas Jefferson and James Madison were still here to see Arme's ringing of the Liberty Bell. Arme continued: “To ensure that no operation of the [Homeland Security] Department can be construed to promote citizens spying on one another, this draft will contain language to prohibit programs such as ‘Operation TIPS.’”

So intent was Dick Arme on actually, honestly protecting our individual Constitutional liberties—very much including the Fourth Amendment's protection of our guaranteed freedom from “unreasonable search and seizures” by the government—that he inserted in the Homeland Security bill “a privacy officer.”

Emphasizing that “[t]his is the first-ever such officer established by law in a Cabinet department,” the privacy officer—

said Arme—“working as a close adviser to the Secretary...will ensure technology research and new regulations from the Department respect the civil liberties our citizens enjoy.”

I can't tell you, Dick, how sorry I am that you so underestimated the indifference of the next President to those quintessential liberties of the individual against boundless government overreaching that you could not foresee how the present Homeland Security secretary would bring back Operation TIPS and so much more spying by Americans on one another.

And where is that privacy officer, Dick? And what do you have to say publicly about Big Sister Napolitano's If You See Something, Say Something program? And since you are an important figure among the Tea Partiers, will you encourage those who carry the Constitution with them to picket Secretary Janet Napolitano?

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?*

WikiLeaks
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THEY'VE DONE NOTHING BUT CAPTURE THE SPOTLIGHT; AND THAT, IT TURNS OUT, IS ENOUGH.

It takes real talent to be a media whore. You have to constantly think up new ways to get attention. The more you succeed, the harder it gets. The media and the general public get bored easily. So those who've managed to stay in the spotlight deserve special mention. Here they are.

DR. DREW PINSKY: This talentless publicity pig purports to be a psychiatrist who specializes in addiction problems. He parades drug-addled media personalities across the tube on *Celebrity Rehab* and its sequel, *Sober House*, unaware of why most recovery programs prefer to remain "anonymous." The press goes to him for a quote anytime some Hollywood personality (most of the time Charlie Sheen) goes off the rails. Pinsky never misses the chance to psychoanalyze people he's never met. No self-respecting shrink would do what he does, and yet Pinsky is presented as an honored member of his profession. What a sham!

GLORIA ALLRED: She is an ambulance-chasing lawyer who never misses a chance at TV face time. Allred is "jurist on the spot" whenever there is a national scandal. She's more at home on *TMZ* than in a courtroom. As soon as the Tiger Woods situation broke, she rounded up several of the allegedly aggrieved women, most notably Rachel Uchitel, vagina number one. For Gloria, it isn't the cause so much as the publicity that comes with it. To her credit, however, she has done some pro bono work, especially defending the right of gays to marry. But most of the time she can be seen on TV, dressed in *all red* (get it?), acting outraged for some client. The bad news is you'll be seeing much more of Allred now that she's landed her own TV show, *We the People*. Gawd help us.

KATE GOSSELIN: Her only claim to fame is that she popped eight kids out of her twat, then paraded them on TV with her now-ex-husband Jon. The couple became millionaires off their show on TLC. But when Jon fucked around, Kate divorced him. She got her own TV show and kept flogging away at the publicity mill. First there was a crisis of

the week. Next she went on *Dancing With the Stars*. She even joined Sarah Palin on the politician's reality show. Never count Kate out. Every time you think this Kegel-impaired baby mill has outstayed her welcome, she finds another 15 minutes.

MICHAEL MOORE: I feel a bit guilty about including this one, but while the filmmaker picks righteous fights, he has an appetite for publicity that is bigger than all his chins. Too bad he grandstands so much. Most recently Moore helped pay the bail for Julian Assange, the founder of WikiLeaks. On the surface it sounded great. Then you discovered Moore's contribution was only \$20,000 of the \$350,000-plus bail. Hey, Michael: You're worth millions! You could have ponied up a little more. It's bail! You'll get it back! Hell, I could have written a check for that.

THE KARDASHIANS: Why? What the fuck do they do? [*It's Kim, Alex. She's famous for her world-class ass.—The Editors*] If they didn't exist we wouldn't miss them. [*We'd miss her ass.*] The Kardashians contribute nothing to society, and worse, they have no claim to fame. [*Except for that ass.*] And yet they are famous. Kim was the number-one searched personality on Google last year. [*Her ass came in number two.*] They are a media blitz to the third power with a combined wealth of \$12 million. When one of them isn't in the news, another one is. [*If it weren't for Kim, those other tiny-ass bitches*

wouldn't even make the news if someone set them on fire.]

THE PALINS: If there's a winner in the media whore sweepstakes, it's them. Normally this award would go to mama grizzly Sarah for repeatedly getting her face in the spotlight, but daughter Bristol was a contestant on *Dancing With the Stars*. She looked like that hippo dancing with the alligator in *Fantasia*. Casting her was a cunning stunt for the producers of the show. Tea Baggers tuned in to vote for Bristol for purely political reasons. (The judges constantly placed her near the bottom in their weekly rankings.) Fans of the show were super pissed. Bristol came in third, and the controversy propelled *Dancing With the Stars* to the top of the ratings heap. As a result, it's rumored Sarah's daughter earned over \$5 million in 2010.

Meanwhile back at the den, Mama Sarah continues to stay in our face with one ugly newsmaking comment after another. It's the mark of a great media whore that she keeps reeling them in like salmon at breeding time.

Kudos to all for a job well done.



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).



"The extra ten-percent charge is for gawking at my tits."

**CORRINE'S BEEN GETTING ON
MY CASE LATELY. SHE CLAIMS
I NEVER REMEMBER SPECIAL
DATES OR ANYTHING. SO I SAY
TO HER... "EVERY MONTH WHEN
YOU GET YOUR PERIOD...
WHO REMINDS YOU THAT
IT'S BLOWJOB WEEK?"**



GEORGIU 2010

HOWARD HUGHES AND THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

AT AGE 16 OUR AUTHOR WAS JAILBAIT FOR THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN HOLLYWOOD.

This year marks the 35th anniversary of Howard Hughes's death. After spotting me in the Miss Palm Springs beauty contest, he gave me my first roles in movies. My relationship with him is always one of the first things I am asked about in interviews.

There are many stories about Hughes's idiosyncrasies and obsessions. I wrote about some in my autobiography, *Playing the Field*. When the book was published in 1987, Putnam—my publisher—cut out a story about Hughes that I particularly liked involving him and one of my favorite places in Hollywood: the Garden of Allah.

The Garden of Allah had once been the mansion of silent movie superstar Alla Nazimova, who earned \$13,000 a week until talkies revealed her thick Russian accent. No longer in demand for movies, she turned her home into a hotel in 1927.

On the corner of Sunset and Crescent Heights, the Garden of Allah was party central in Hollywood for three decades. It had a so-so restaurant and a dark, secretive bar for an intimate drink with someone you shouldn't be seen with. The Garden's bungalows were connected by winding paths, discreetly masked with thick, tropical shrubbery. The swimming pool was shaped like the Black Sea and scandalized the community by having the first underwater lights. Actress Tallulah Bankhead once swam naked there. So did Marlene Dietrich.

The Garden of Allah was a home away from home for Errol Flynn, the Marx Brothers, Humphrey Bogart, W.C. Fields, Orson Welles and many others. Writers Robert Benchley, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner and Dorothy Parker also called the Garden home. F. Scott Fitzgerald stayed there near the end of his life. Depending upon your needs, it was a place to be seen or to hide.

Hughes was infamous for having girls secreted away in apartments all over town. He liked his girls young, but at 16 I

was serious jailbait. The Garden of Allah was the perfect hideout for having lunch with an underage girl.

I had just finished filming my small role in RKO's *Jet Pilot* when I received a summons from Howard to join him for breakfast. This was a facet of Hughes's personality that rankled me, even at 16. Howard, as the owner of RKO, would command an appearance. If you didn't show up, there would be hell to pay.

My mother had an enormous dislike for Hughes. She warned me to stay away, but an occasional late breakfast was de rigueur to remain in his good graces. So when the call came, I straightened the seams in my black stockings, smoothed my white sweater over my breasts and told my mom I was having breakfast with Howard at The Players restaurant on Sunset. But the chauffeured Chevy that Howard always sent took me to the Garden of Allah.

Stepping inside Howard's bungalow was like entering Norma Desmond's world in *Sunset Boulevard*. I could make out hand-painted designs and scrollwork on the high ceiling beams. The walls were paneled with dark wood, and the overstuffed furniture looked like it had been there for decades.

Though I was young, I knew why I was in this dark, timeworn room. On our first meeting, Howard had asked me if I was a virgin. I had told him, "You'll never know."

Technically I was not a virgin, thanks to a sweaty encounter with a boy my own age, and I was always up for a little adventure. Howard and I necked on a horsehair settee, and he ran his hands over my breasts with gentle, appreciative pressure. But Howard was reluctant to push himself on me.

A discreet knock separated us. A waiter entered and quietly laid out breakfast. Even though it was early, I had a chocolate sundae, which we shared. While we ate, Howard discussed the other movies he was making and how I would have roles in



them. When the dishes were cleared, Howard picked his teeth with a hotel matchbook before we resumed necking. His breathing came in short rasps, and though I could feel his cock harden as he pressed against me, he held back. After a frustrating hour, I walked back down the path where the chauffeured Chevy waited.

Howard brought me to his bungalow at the Garden of Allah on several more occasions. Belying his reputation as a womanizer, Howard was always decorous with me—a southern gentleman with a droll sense of humor. Sometimes he was almost prim and proper, other times amorous but always holding back. He was perhaps too gentlemanly or too afraid to go ahead and cross the finish line. I did find out that Howard was anything but huge—modest would be a better way to describe it.

Despite its celebrity clientele and free-wheeling atmosphere, no one ever made the Garden of Allah profitable. Fifty-two years ago this June, it was torn down to make way for a bank and a strip mall—too often the fate of Southern California landmarks.



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**



HustlerHollywood.com



Sugar Tits

I found the article on [the artificial sweetener and neurotoxin] aspartame in the March '11 issue particularly interesting, especially since diseases such as Parkinson's [which may be related to aspartame] are running rampant.

I also enjoyed your [March '11] centerfold, Claire Sanders. That hottie has a bod! On that subject, how about doing something on Hungarian beauty Rita Faltoyano? She's the opposite of aspartame: an all-natural sweetener!

—Phillip Patterson
Kokomo, Indiana

Getting Off

Great story on the [alleged] killer stripper Mechele Hughes Linehan [*Deadly Angel?*, March '11]. The Alaska pole polisher managed to get most of the evidence against her dismissed. Sounds to me like somebody got some tail. But hey, killer pussy is better than no pussy!

If Linehan gets yanked in front of a judge again, she could enter a plea of insanity: She could say she's a Republican who voted for Bush and Palin. After that, she could take care of those legal bills by posing and pole-riding for HUSTLER. Now *that* would be a killer strategy!

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Prove It

Your *Publisher's Statement* in the February '11 issue ["Whatever Happened to Equal Rights for Women?"] got my interest. Even without an Equal Rights Amendment, women have made incredible strides over the past 40 years.

I don't see how women could be making up to 25% less than men for doing the same job. I'll bet NOW [National Organization for Women] did that study to continue its man-hating agenda.

Am I to believe that male mail carriers make 25% more than the female ones? Are stores paying men more to stock the shelves? Companies must know they have a lot to lose if they discriminate. They would get sued!

Today the majority of college students are women, so they'll have more degrees and better jobs. It takes time for change.

Love your magazine. HUSTLER rules!

—J.D.

Providence, Rhode Island

Thanks for your skepticism, J.D. Numerous studies (by plenty of researchers without feminist agendas) have confirmed that women generally make significantly less than men in the same job. Also, women are often less likely to be hired for a particular job, even if that may not be the case for all jobs and all companies.

Belle Ringer

NOTE FROM HUSTLER: Southern flower Daisy Duxe [*The Girls of Facebook*, Holiday '10] generated a flood of ecstatic e-mails from her personal fan club in Valdosta, Georgia. Here's a sampling:

Just wanted to say I loved seeing Daisy Duxe in the Holiday issue. I would love to see her again.

—Edward Coppage

Daisy is my absolute fave!

—Bill Abner

I love your magazine. I was very impressed with Daisy Duxe and would love to see more of her. Thank you from a very satisfied customer.

—Celeste Tyler

Daisy Duxe is hot! Give the country a present: more Daisy!

—Cory Lineback



Thanks to our Holiday Girl of Facebook Daisy Duxe. Dixie rises again.

Our Pleasure

I am an open-minded 39-year-old saleswoman, and I hope to appear in your *Beaver Hunt*. If you choose me, I know I won't disappoint your readers.

Thank you so much for putting out such a great magazine. HUSTLER really gets my motor running. I can always count on you guys to keep me coming.

—Dawn

Southington, Connecticut

Dawn is now an official Beaver. See her nude photos on page 137.

Eye Opener

When it comes to blondes and brunettes, I usually prefer the latter. But after seeing HUSTLER Honey Emma Mae in the April '11

issue, I have to say I would pick her over *any* brunette out there. There's something about women with tattoos that turns me on.

Emma Mae says she's dateless because men find her intimidating. That's ridiculous! I sure as hell wouldn't mind getting to know her!

—Phillip Koelzer

Virginia Beach, Virginia

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.

HAVE YOU BEEN ARRESTED? OR ARE YOU PLANNING SOMETHING ILLEGAL AND NEED A LAWYER TO COVER YOUR ASS?

Call me.

I'm **JOHN YOO**,
Attorney-at-law.

You may not know my name, but you've seen my work: the Abu Ghraib prisoner abuse scandal; the use of waterboarding and other torture techniques on alleged terrorists detained at Guantanamo and elsewhere; the precipitous decline of America's moral authority around the globe.

I made all of that possible by coauthoring the "Torture Memos" and other controversial legal opinions for the Bush Administration.

Alberto Gonzales, Dick Cheney, George Bush... We did some seriously fucked-up shit together. Do you see any of those guys in jail?

Trust me. I've shit on the Constitution and wiped my ass with pages of the Geneva Convention. I'll do anything for my clients.

It doesn't matter what you've done or what you're going to do.

John Yoo will keep you out of jail.

**IF I HAVE TO,
I'LL CRUSH
A KID'S
TESTICLES
TO WIN YOUR
CASE!**

I HELPED LEGALIZE TORTURE. IMAGINE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOO!

HUSTLER PARODY. This is not a real ad. This is a parody and political commentary calling attention to the fact that John Yoo—who helped craft the Justice Department's "Torture Memos"—has not been imprisoned for war crimes or even disbarred. In fact, he has a cushy job teaching law at the University of California, Berkeley. Among his finest work was arguing that a U.S. President has the authority to crush a child's testicles if it might get a suspected terrorist to talk. For more info, visit FireJohnYoo.org/john-yoo.

We know what you're thinking: Given all the raving lunatics on right-wing radio and TV, why choose a relatively moderate talk show host as Asshole of the Month? The answer is inherent in the question: The fact that Sean Hannity *seems* moderate only makes him that much more dangerous. After all, everyone knows that Rush Limbaugh and Glenn Beck are assholes. And in truth, Hannity is every bit as loony as they are.

Most recently Hannity renewed his right-wing-crazy credentials by proposing we invade Iraq and Kuwait as a way of dealing with rising oil prices. Here's part of what he said: "Why isn't Iraq paying us back with oil, and paying every American family and their soldiers that lost loved ones or have injured soldiers—and why didn't they pay for their own liberation? For the Kuwait oil minister—how short his memory is. You know we have every right to go in there and frankly take all their oil and make them pay for the liberation." Tell us that's not nuts. Haven't we lost enough blood and treasure to those conflicts already?

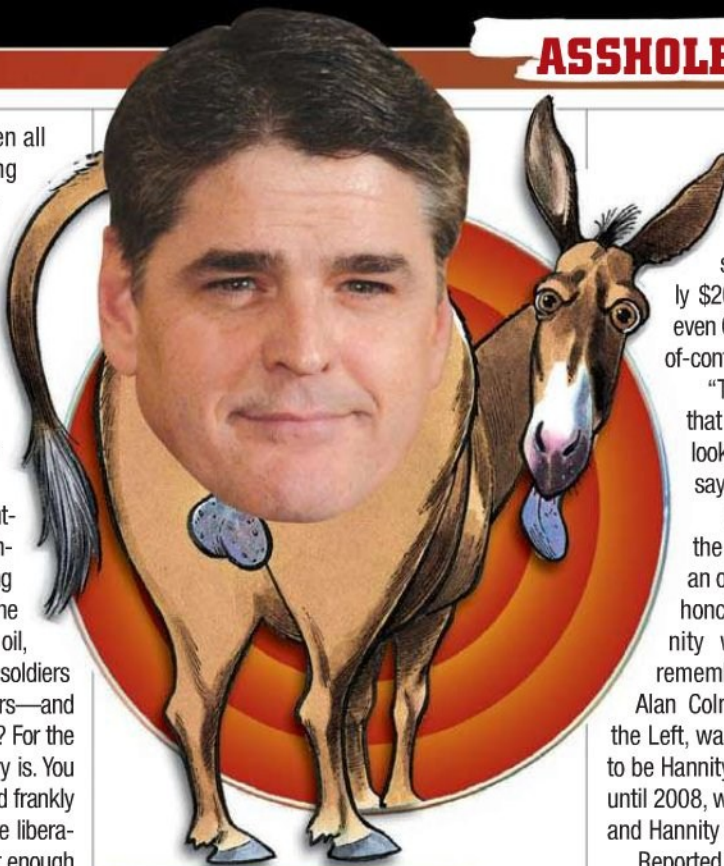
According to Hannity, Iraqis should be grateful that we invaded their country without cause and killed an estimated 100,000 to 1 million citizens. (Attention, Fox viewers: Iraq had nothing whatsoever to do with 9/11.) As for Kuwait, it did indeed repay us for its liberation: about \$18 billion. Facts, as you can see, mean nothing to Hannity.

Here are some more examples of Hannity saying black is white:

- "It doesn't say anywhere in the Constitution this idea of the separation of church and state." In fact, the First Amendment states: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And Article V stipulates: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust."

- "[After 9/11, Bush and his team] made it clear that determining the causes of America's security failures and finding and remedying its weak points would be central to their mission." Actually, Bush opposed the creation of a special commission to probe the causes of the 9/11 attacks for more than a year, finally caving due to liberal pressure.

One of Hannity's most outrageous claims, it would seem, involves an organization he works closely with: Freedom Alliance. Hannity insists that every penny of the donations raised at the group's



SEAN HANNITY

Freedom Concerts is applied to scholarships for wounded soldiers or children of soldiers killed during wartime. The Freedom Concerts' Web site claims more than \$10 million has been raised for scholarships "in the last several years." But Melanie Sloan of CREW (Citizens for Responsibility and Ethics in Washington) says no more than \$2.5 million has been donated for such scholarships.

Political commentator Debbie Schlusel (DebbieSchlusel.com) reports that for the year 2008, Freedom Alliance took in almost \$9 million in revenues but allocated just over \$1 million (12%) in scholarships to wounded soldiers and children of the fallen.

Want to puke over the size of the donations to an individual wounded soldier? Freedom Alliance, which was founded by retired military officer Oliver North in 1990, gave one soldier whose face was blown off and who lost an eye \$1,000. Another soldier who lost both legs and his left arm in a roadside bomb incident got a massive \$200. Such generosity!

Both Hannity and North (Freedom Alliance's "honorary chairman") have been accused of siphoning off money from the "charitable organization." Schlusel says a Fox insider told her that when Hannity attends a concert, he demands and

gets a Gulfstream 5 private jet, a fleet of Cadillac and Lincoln SUVs, as well as several suites of rooms for himself and his family at expensive hotels—all valued at approximately \$200,000 per appearance. It's said that even Ollie North is offended by Hannity's out-of-control greed.

"This is the kind of deceptive marketing that the FTC [Federal Trade Commission] looks very dimly at," Sloan is quoted as saying, according to Politico.com.

One thing is certain: Hannity has hit the big time since being plucked from an obscure radio station in Atlanta by Fox honcho Roger Ailes. The Fox show Hannity was destined to helm, you may remember, was called *Hannity & Colmes*.

Alan Colmes, supposedly there to represent the Left, was a noodge whose true purpose was to be Hannity's floor mat. That charade continued until 2008, when Colmes departed after 12 years, and Hannity came into his own.

Reported to be raking in more than \$20 million a year, Hannity is the go-to guy for wing nuts seeking credibility and softball questions. Nutcakes Sharron Angle and Sarah Palin have made repeated appearances on his TV program. Meanwhile on radio, *The Sean Hannity Show* is syndicated to over 500 stations nationwide.

All of that power makes this Asshole one of the key players in the right wing's plan to carve out a segment of America's population and feed it propaganda instead of facts. Rather than debate the left wing—something they usually lose at—right wingers have decided to create their own separate reality with its own "facts." In effect, they have balkanized the American people.

John Podesta, President Bill Clinton's former chief of staff, seems to agree. Addressing a Take Back America conference, he said, "I think when you get so distant from the facts as guys like Limbaugh and Sean Hannity do, yeah, I think that tends to...corrupt the dialogue." That was back in 2004. God knows Hannity has only gotten more partisan and more dismissive of reality since then.

If you think about it, this corruption of the political dialogue is the real evil of Sean Hannity; it's even more offensive and ugly than his apparent stealing from the troops and their families as described above. After all, Hannity's distortion of the truth is really an attack against exactly what makes America great. Fuck Sean Hannity!

FARTS IN THE WIND

• **SARAH PALIN** continues to stink up American politics. The recent massacre in Tucson, Arizona, inevitably stirred up memories of a U.S. map that Palin months earlier had posted on the Internet with crosshairs indicating 20 Democrat-held Congressional seats. The list included Representative Gabrielle Giffords, the apparent target of accused gunman Jared Loughner. Is Palin's "rhetorical extremism" responsible for the deaths of six people and the critical injuries of Giffords and more than a dozen others? Maybe not. But upon learning about Palin's map, Giffords told MSNBC, "When people do that, they've gotta realize there are con-

sequences to that action." Even so, Caribou Barbie not only refused to remove the crosshairs map from a PAC Web site but also reportedly told supporters to "reload." After Giffords was shot, pundits and private citizens alike blamed the vitriolic rhetoric of Palin and her fellow conservatives, whereupon Palin accused the "lamestream" media of committing "blood libel." The term is applied when someone is falsely accused of taking innocent lives, as the Jews in Europe once were. True to form, Palin has remained defiant and unsympathetic, most notably during an appearance on Sean Hannity's show. 🐘

WELL, THE MID-
TERM ELECTION IS
OVER. THE REPUBLICANS
REALLY GAVE ME A
GOOD SHELLACKING.

NO, BARACK, WHAT
THEY GAVE YOU
WAS A GOOD ASS
KICKING.



WINNERS



HUSTLER models

BLUFFING BEAUTIES

HUSTLER Casino and TV/radio personality Poorman joined forces for a worthy cause: putting on a card game that offered plenty of eye candy. The inaugural Poorman Bikini Poker Tournament gave card sharks a fun, fast Texas Hold 'Em contest. Poorman, cocreator of the original *Loveline* radio program and host of the *Bikini Beach* TV show, entertained all comers with his irreverent sense of humor.

For the losers on hand, comfort could be found in more than stiff drinks. Wandering eyes were treated to the splendid sight of HUSTLER Honneys mingling freely with the crowd.

Check out **Hustler CasinoLA.com** for future events featuring Poorman and his gorgeous, scantily clad friends.



"Oh, hello there."



Poorman and his people

PHOTOS BY AL UNDERWOOD AND JEN LARSEN

PUBIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT



Few people realize that while squaring off against the Axis powers during World War II, America was also waging a secondary battle on another, more intimate front. The nation was at war with syphilis.

These artful posters are examples of the government's public relations effort to inform soldiers of an unexpected source of danger: the hot chick eyeing you from the end of the bar. The goal, to keep the fighting force fit and healthy, was noble. The campaign, though, relied heavily on scare tactics. Presenting women as villains seems unwarranted, but the insinuation that even a "good" girl might be swimming with venereal disease probably kept untold soldiers from picking up nasty rashes.

These posters should also be inspiring. Think of the progress we've made! Nowadays, finding out you "only" have syphilis would be a relief.

"A man can be happy with any woman as long as he does not love her." —OSCAR WILDE, PLAYWRIGHT

WHAT WOULD

Miley Cyrus

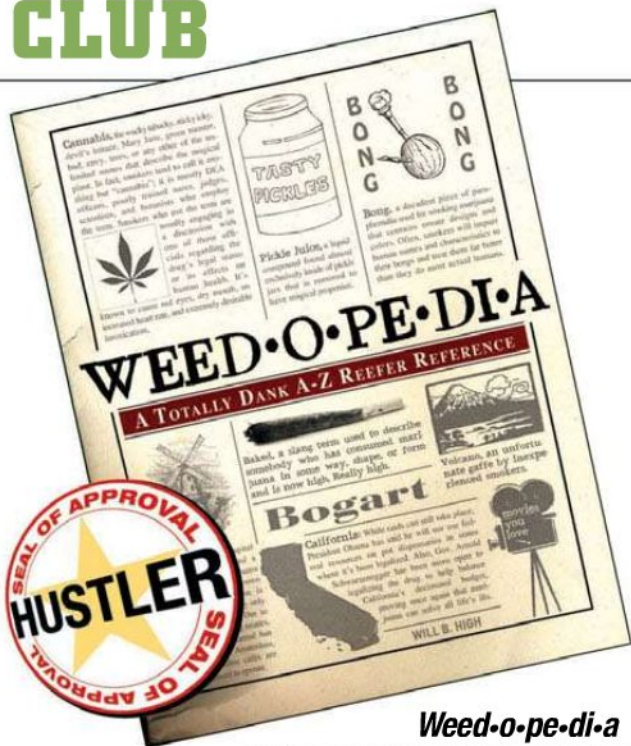
LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Now that she's passed her magical 18th birthday, making it socially acceptable to lust after Miley Cyrus, we decided to celebrate by placing a dick in her very adult mouth. Apparently she prefers wrapping her lips around a bong loaded with salvia, but—with her career declining as her jailbait status erodes—Miley should have time to suck on all kinds of things.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Miley Cyrus actually exists. You should feel filthy just for thinking that American teenagers express themselves sexually. 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



Weed-o-pe-di-a

Pot is red-hot. Several states have medical marijuana laws on the books, California damn near legalized the stuff, and even your grandmother is making jokes about grass now.

Believe it or not, there's more to the cannabis scene than endless *Scooby-Doo* references and late-night Doritos runs. It's time to educate yourself, and *Weedopedia* by Will B. High (yes, it's a pseudonym) can help. Flip through the pages, and you'll learn how to make an apple pipe, the difference between indica and sativa strains, and what to watch when you're high. (*It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* is always a good bet.)

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #17

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

We previously reported that in late 2008 the Federal Reserve Bank of New York—headed by Timothy Geithner at that time—pressured AIG into withholding details from the public about the company's financial obligations to many banks and investment firms, including Goldman Sachs. This occurred as Geithner was negotiating with the government to bail out Wall Street. What we didn't tell you was that Timmy's buddy Stephen Friedman, who was then



both New York Fed chairman and a Goldman Sachs board member, reportedly made over \$5 million from what appears to have been some insider trading. Friedman purchased more than 50,000 Goldman Sachs shares, which shot up after AIG was bailed out. All this occurred before the public had any idea that AIG, through the government, would soon hand Goldman Sachs \$14 billion in bailout funds. Friedman resigned after news broke of his stock windfall. Geithner still denies any wrongdoing on his part.

"Sex is good, but not as good as fresh sweet corn." —GARRISON KEILLOR, STORYTELLER

NEWSBITES

AFTER-WORK SMACK

A recent *Lancet* study rating the relative risks of various drugs revealed a surprising finding: Alcohol is more dangerous than heroin. The respected medical journal came to this conclusion after evaluating the substances for their impact on the health of users and on society at large. Who knew? Instead of stopping for a beer after work, you might be better off ducking into an alley to mainline some Sweet Lady H.

PERVY PROF

At a university in Georgia a part-time instructor had a special surprise for his students on the last day of their accounting class. For unknown reasons he thought an appropriate reward for surviving the semester would be to watch him strip nude. The exhibitionist was fired and arrested. It might have gone over better if he had looked more like the babe in the Van Halen "Hot for Teacher" video and less like Nick Nolte.

WE PAID FOR WHAT?!

According to England's *The Guardian* newspaper, the American private security company Dyncorp took an unusual approach to training Afghan police officers. With U.S. taxpayers picking up the tab, Dyncorp allegedly splurged on a party for its trainees, apparently providing plenty of appetizers (drugs) and entertainment (male child prostitutes). It's comforting to know that while the domestic economy is falling apart, Uncle Sam can still afford little boys for Afghan cops to bugger.

MORE CAMPUS SHENANIGANS

Another kinky educator—this one in Denmark—was disciplined for hosting a bizarre orgy in a basement room on campus. The instructor, three of his male pals and one adventurous lass apparently staked out a little-used machine room and transformed it into their own sex den. Monks robes were worn, dirty deeds were done, and a good time was had by all... until the videotape surfaced.

FOND FAREWELL



John Stagliano at Leslie memorial

John Leslie was a porn pioneer. He performed in adult films in the '70s and '80s, then seamlessly transitioned into directing. Winner of numerous awards throughout a career that spanned four decades, he was an inspiration and friend to many. Mr. Leslie passed away in December 2010, and icons from the adult-entertainment industry paid their respects at his memorial.

PHOTO BY GORDON MUI/EMMREPORT.COM

SIGN OF THE TIMES



This haircutting spot in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, has an innovative business plan, but here at HUSTLER we prefer having sex with women. Ha ha. Seriously, though, it's good to see that the Saudis have a sense of humor. Oh, wait, they don't. Whoever took this picture probably got a hundred lashes for daring to chuckle at a sign on a public street.

Thanks to C.T. of Warner Robins, Georgia, for laying this pic on us! Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

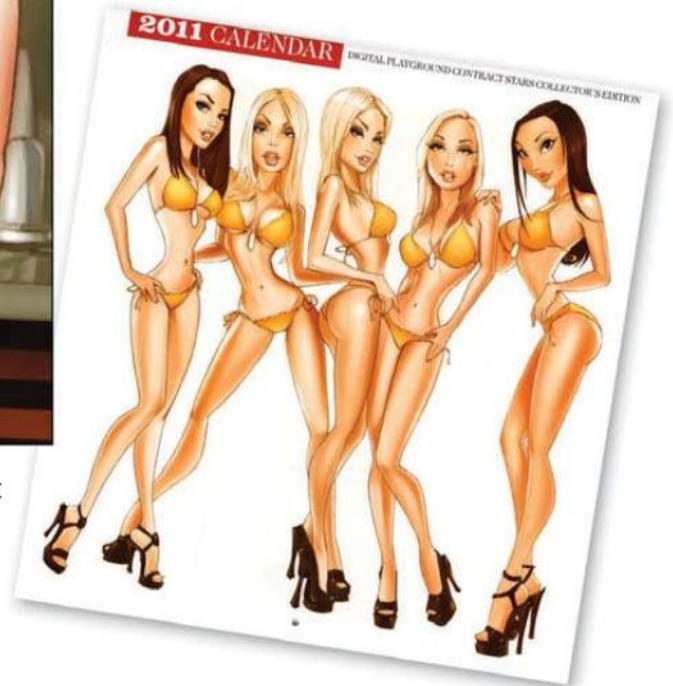


"WHAT NOW?!!"

© KEITH TUCKER
WWW.WHATNOWTOONS.COM

"I'm such a good lover because I practice a lot on my own." —WOODY ALLEN, DIRECTOR

HAVING HER MONTHLY



It's a few months into the year, but Digital Playground's 2011 contract girls calendar is still worth seeking out even if solely for aesthetic reasons. Amy Matthews's sexy, cartoonish renderings of Raven Alexis, Kayden Kross, Katsuni and other XXX stars make this calendar a collector's item. You can read more about Matthews—and see more of her unique artwork—in an upcoming issue of **HUSTLER**. The calendar is available at DigitalPlayground.com.



How lovely it must have been to wake up, stumble into the kitchen and receive a warm greeting from this smiling gal. If we hadn't lost the keys to the **HUSTLER** time machine, we'd be there too.

Thanks to R.H. of Rochester, New York, 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.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Not too good... I'm constipated... But Bill's fuckin' the shit outta me."

"One should never cease considering human love, which remains as grisly and golden as ever..." —DONALD BARTHELME, AUTHOR

65¢
per min

1-on-1
wet pleasures
only .95¢/min

Group
XXX orgies
only .65¢/min

I'm ready for
a wreckin'

1-800-
669-0000

Plus a small \$2.95 connect fee. Adults 18+ only

89¢
per min

Fill me up
for cheap...

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Stripper Pole Perks Things Up

It all started with pole dancing lessons. My wife Barb was determined to stick to her New Year's resolution of exercising three times a week. Bored with aerobics, she signed up for pole dancing, hoping to make her workout fun.

Soon she'd dropped ten pounds and was looking really good. Her 32-year-old body became lean and toned, much like it was when I first met her. I noticed a mischievous glint in her eyes, a spring in her step. We were having more sex, better sex, kinky sex even.

One night Barb tied me to the bed and performed a striptease, touching every inch of skin she bared. She masturbated right in front of me, first with her fingers, then with

a fat dildo, till my prick stood tall. With my wrists bound, I couldn't jack off, couldn't climax. But that agony turned to ecstasy when Barb swallowed my cock right to the back of her throat. I gushed immediately, the most intense climax of recent memory.

Another evening I came home to mirror tiles installed on the ceiling and walls around our bed. Wow! Watching ourselves fuck added a whole new level of excitement to our sex life. I could see my wife suck my cock from every angle. I could watch her finger her browneye while I drilled her tight snatch.

Seemed like those classes were turning my wife into a new woman. So I had no objection when Barb asked to install a stripper pole in our bedroom. In fact, I felt like the luckiest man on this planet. By day my wife was the same conservative executive she'd always been. But come night, she transformed into a wanton slut. Barb's lingerie wardrobe expanded tenfold, and I was treated to elaborate role-playing—a Catholic schoolgirl, a cheerleader, a mistress with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Every performance brought a surprise.

Then came the night we hosted a dinner party for two other couples to celebrate our wedding anniversary. Somehow the subject of exercising came up, and my wife started touting the benefits of her new workout.

Well, once she mentioned the pole in the bedroom, everyone had to see it. And once our four friends saw it, they clamored for a demonstration.

My jaw dropped when Barb said she'd be happy to oblige. With a wink in my direction, she slipped off her evening dress, explaining that it constrained her movements. Our friends smirked, eyebrows rose, but nobody made a move to stop her. When Barb was down to black thigh highs, bustier and panties, she placed both hands on the bar and lifted her lithe body sideways.

Up and down, her body twined around that pole, defying gravity. It was breathtaking, and my wife was relishing an audience. For her last move, she went upside down, her back against the steel. Slowly she spread her legs, brought them over her head and flicked her tongue at her panties.

By the time her feet hit the floor again, every man was hard, every woman wet. We were all still applauding when my little stripper dropped to her knees at my feet and attacked my zipper. I wasn't sure we wanted to go that far in front of friends, but when I saw Kim and Carol following suit—unbuckling belts, tugging on zippers and baring hubbies' peckers—I figured, *What the fuck?!*

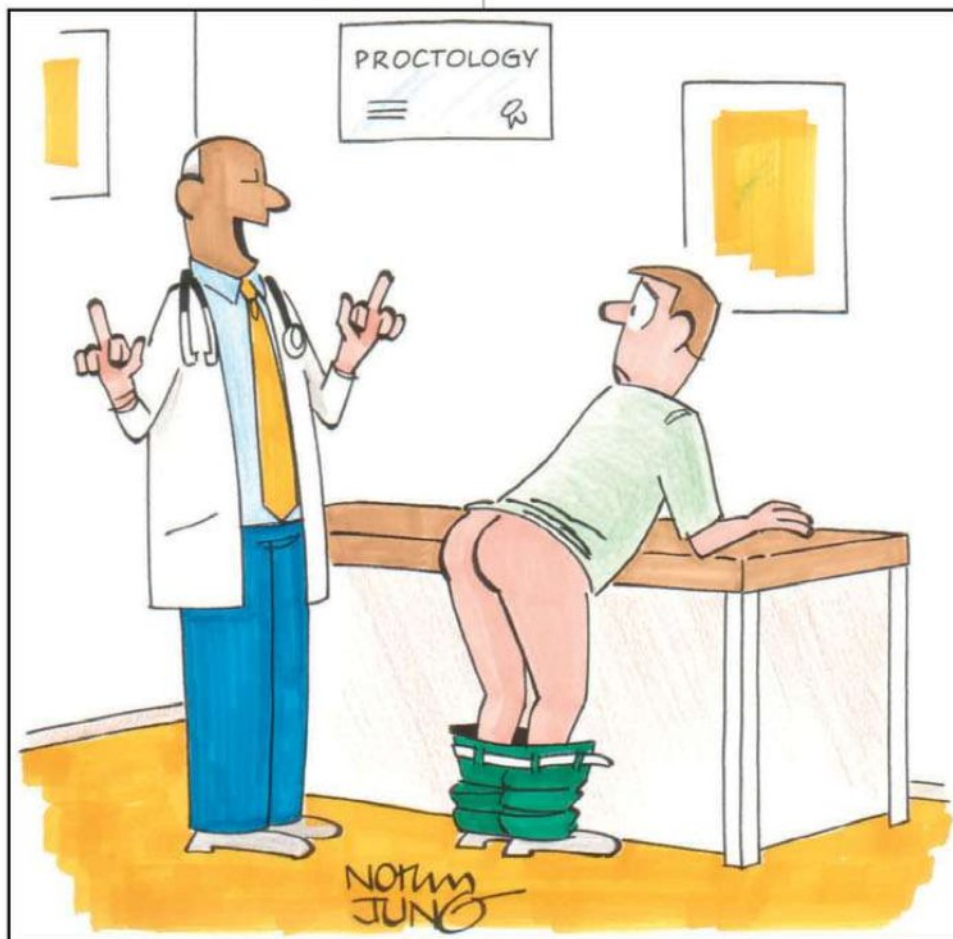
Grabbing the back of my wife's head, I pressed my throbbler between her lips as I ogled the action around us. I soon discovered that Kim possessed incredible deep-throating skills, and Carol liked to tea bag and rim. Us men stood there, groaning and grinning, able to see absolutely everything in the mirrors. I watched Barb jilling off with one hand while she massaged my nuts with the other.

I tried to hold off, but I was the first to blast. The instant Barb tasted my cum, she pulled back to aim the rest of my spray over her cheeks and chin, for a full-on, sloppy facial. With ropes of jizz dripping onto her tits, she'd never looked more beautiful.

The other hubbies soon climaxed too. Then we enjoyed the view as Kim and Carol slurped the spunk from Barb's face and ta-tas.

Admittedly, the evening ended a bit awkwardly. Our friends quickly straightened their clothes and left. But from what I understand, Kim and Carol now have stripper poles in their own bedrooms, and Carol is planning a party for this weekend. I secretly hope it turns into an orgy. I'd love a chance at Kim's deep throat.

—F.T.
Orlando, Florida



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JELENA JENSEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

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Jelena
Jensen
definitely

has something in common with HUSTLER readers. She digs the ladies. "I actually just started shooting girl/girl this year," she explains, "and now I look back on my eight-year career in adult entertainment and wonder why I didn't start earlier!"

Some bad experiences early on put **Jelena** off the sapphic path, but she's rediscovered a passion for women through her work: "I've always loved kissing girls and playing with their boobs, but that's as far as I would go."

But then came a big step forward: "I decided to try shooting hard-core with other women, and every experience I've had has been a good one. The more I shoot with women, the more I like to shoot with them—especially ones that I have great chemistry with."











JELENA JENSEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 29 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 130

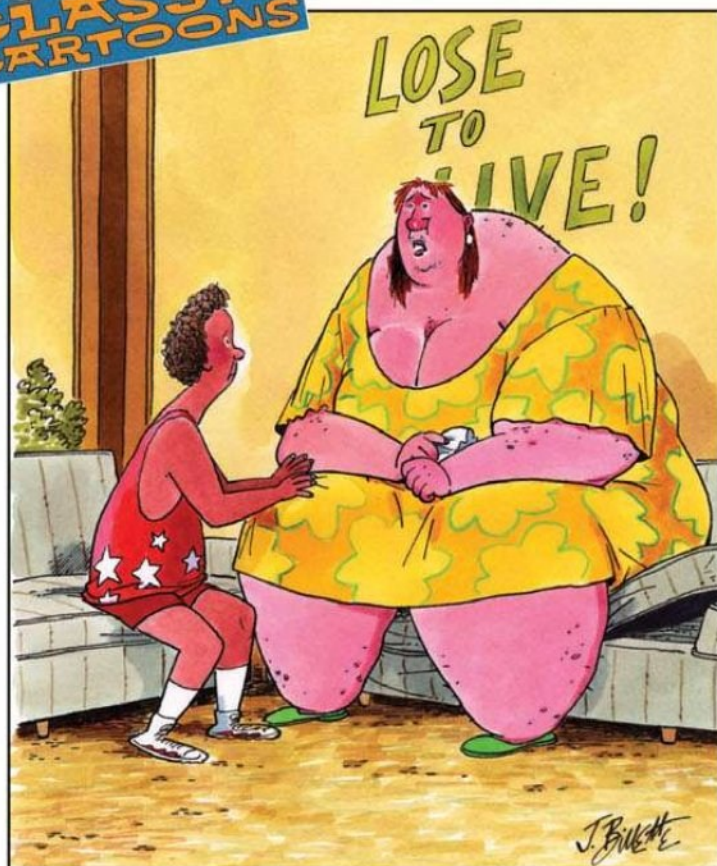


One gal in particular is still on **Jelena's** mind: "It took place recently. I shot with someone I have great chemistry with, and it was so natural. We were completely into each other, and making her come over and over again just turned me on even more!"

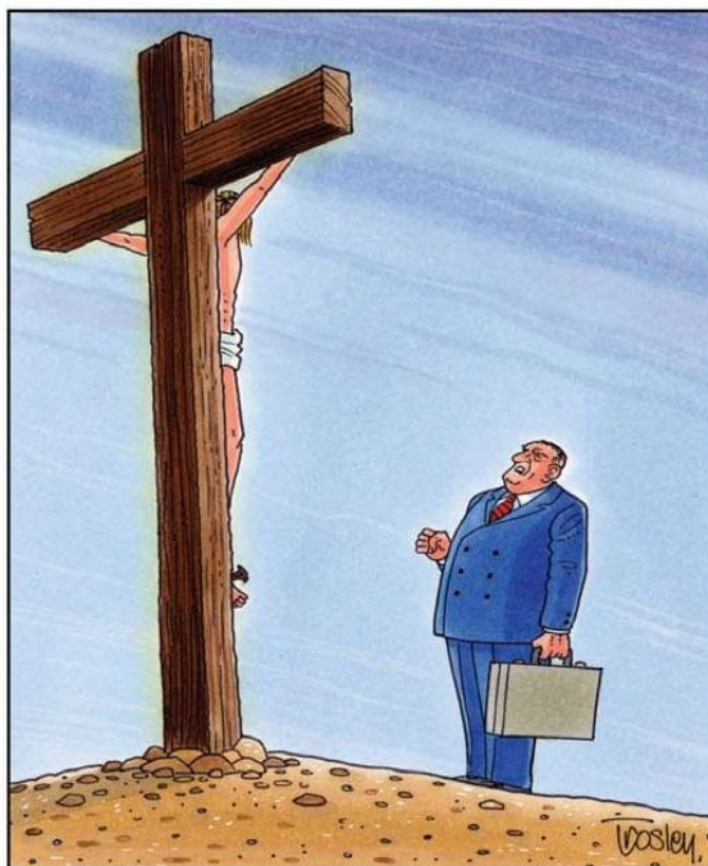


Don't assume that **Jelena** has no interest in the fellas, though. Her current beau has a very special place in her heart. "Before him," she recalls, "I could count on one hand the number of times I've had a vaginal orgasm, one that was strictly caused by vaginal sex only and without any clitoral stimulation. Wow! That first time we had sex was totally mind-blowing for me!"

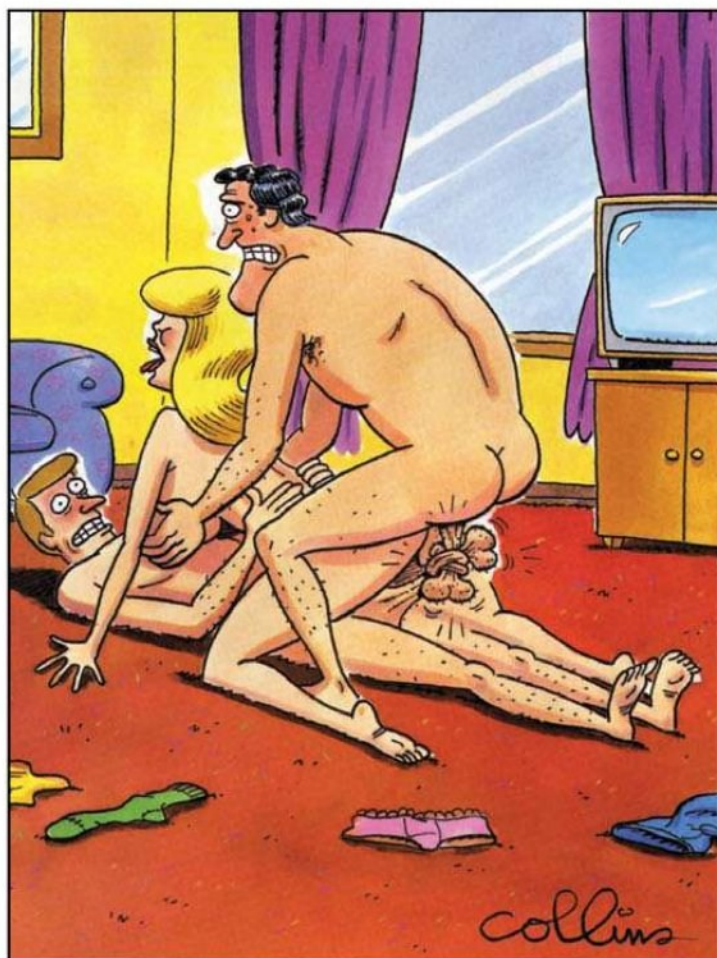
We can't help but think that, over her long and illustrious career, **Jelena Jensen** has blown more than a few minds.



"I was married once with two beautiful children.
But I ate them."



"Okay, we lost here. But we're gonna nail their ass
in the civil case!"



"Yes, sir, I think stun guns in the cockpits of jet
airliners is a damn good idea!"

BY MICHAEL MCCLAY

HYANPATIA

XXX FANCLUB



PHOTO COURTESY VIVID.COM

LEE

THE PORN PRINCESS IN MOCCASINS HAD A NUMBER OF ISSUES TO DEAL WITH, NOT THE LEAST BEING HER MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.

What makes a gifted actress drop her desire to conquer Broadway and choose instead a career in adult entertainment? Ask the talented

Victoria Lynch or the angry Veronica or the shy, tearful

Stacy or the down-to-earth tomboy Lisa

Patrick. Or ask Hyapatia

Lee herself.

For

the ten years Hyapatia ruled the world of XXX films, she was suppressing all those personalities.

Victoria "Vicki" Lynch, a/k/a Hyapatia Lee, is a classically trained stage actress of Cherokee ancestry who's acknowledged by many peers, producers and critics as the most talented, professional performer to have ever worked in the adult industry. As such, the Indiana native enjoyed unparalleled creative freedom, standing out as one of the few XXX actresses who scripted most of her movies. This clout provided the \$300,000 needed to produce one of the most expensive hard-core films ever released, *The Ribald Tales of Canterbury*, a mammoth costume epic retelling the Chaucer classic.

Hyapatia's stardom straddled two eras, from the big screen to the home screen. Her credits include such all-time bestsellers as *The Young Like It Hot*, *Let's Get Physical*, *Saddletramp*, *One Wife to Give* and *The Masseuse*, for which she won Best Actress at the annual *Adult Video News* expo in 1991.

Her star continued to shine even after leaving the biz in 1993. Besides landing kudos as the FOXE Awards' Female Fan Favorite, she was inducted into the XRCO, AVN and Legends of Erotica halls of fame. Finally, in 1995, she received the industry's highest honor, the Free Speech Coalition's Lifetime Achievement Award.

About a year after retirement she

Hyapatia Lee in a publicity shot from *The Masseuse* (1990).

Lee, circa 2010.



formed the rock band Hyapatia Lee & W4IK, released an album and toured, sharing the spotlight with Blackfoot's Rickey Medlocke and Utopia's Todd Rundgren. Hyapatia was also the opening act for rock singer/songwriter Paul Rodgers in Las Vegas.

In 2000 she penned her autobiography, *The Secret Lives of Hyapatia Lee*, a revealing look at the demons that drove her into adult entertainment. Having started out as a stage actress, singer and dancer, she shocked peers in the Indianapolis theater community when she became an exotic dancer. Her combination of ballet and jazz training fused with striptease melted brass poles from Quebec to Nebraska. She eventually won back-to-back crowns in the Miss Nude Galaxy contest.

During her ten years in XXX, Hyapatia wasn't content to just have sex in front of the camera. She also rubbed shoulders with Hollywood and rock star glitterati. Hyapatia partied with Slash and Axl Rose of Guns N' Roses, Eddie Van Halen and the Scorpions. She worked with Tim Allen in the 1988 hit film *What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?* Hyapatia and friend Porsche Lynn spent time backstage at *The Tonight Show* (with Jay Leno) comparing notes on the most notorious celebrities.

Hyapatia claims she never aimed for stardom. "I wanted to be an actress or singer or dancer," she insists. "I liked to perform character roles and never really cared if Hyapatia the star was noticed. I had a lot of creative freedom but was trapped in the porn star role.

"I don't regret the career decision, but I wasn't prepared for the ramifications: privacy loss, impact on my first marriage and my children, the drug scene and being labeled a dim-witted slut with no life or tal-

ent outside of fucking."

Back in her 1980s heyday the drug of choice was cocaine. She and Bud Lee, her then-husband, used it to keep up with the breakneck pace on the road. But the suicide of XXX performer, friend and alleged cokehead Shauna Grant shocked Hyapatia into overcoming her addiction. Kicking drugs proved easier than the far more complex issues that long haunted Vicki Lynch.

Vicki was born out of wedlock to teenage parents. While her race-car groupie mom traveled around the country, the girl was raised by her full-blooded Cherokee grandmother until age nine. That's when her mother married a prosperous architect.

Moving in with them was not a good thing; her iron-fisted stepfather allegedly beat her mother and sexually abused Vicki. Her belief system shattered, she learned to cope by using other personalities inherent to the abuse-denial cycle.

To escape, Vicki moved in with her biological father and his family. But the strict religious tone and the shame they laid on her after she revealed the abuse she claims to have experienced drove the troubled youngster deeper into her dissociative identity disorder (also known as multiple personality disorder). Desperate, she moved back in with her grandmother, staying with her until she got her own apartment at age 16.

A straight-A student, Vicki graduated high school in three years, then got special admission to Butler University's prestigious dance and voice training program. Now on her own, she opened a small dance studio, choreographed community theater productions and even appeared in some of the shows, including *The Fantasticks*; *Damn Yankees*; *Little Mary Sunshine*; *Play It Again, Sam*; *Kiss Me,*

Kate; and Puccini's *La Bohème*.

Her dance studio and the role-playing she enjoyed in theater helped keep Vicki focused. Things were looking up until an intruder broke into her apartment one night and raped the terrified girl at knifepoint.

Stage roles helped Vicki cope with the shattering experience—but not enough. She saw a shrink, who advised her to keep a journal. Through hypnosis she discovered Lisa, Stacy, Veronica and most notably Hyapatia—the fearless, sexually liberated persona who would ultimately take over her life, turning Vicki Lynch into an international sensation.

"In the coming years my only tether to sanity was the journal," Hyapatia recalls. "This was how I began to understand my problem. I would write only to find out seconds later I had written a dozen pages in another style and find myself in another room. It was terrifying, but the journal helped me find out what my other personalities were up to."

Yet the memories of her abusive stepfather and the rape made it impossible for Vicki to regroup. Even losing herself in theater hit a wall after a trip to New York City, where she learned she'd have to sleep with producers before landing a role.

"I felt I had nothing left," Hyapatia sighs. "There were no reserves of energy or hope for the future. All my dreams had been shattered, my desire to live totally destroyed. I stopped seeing most of my friends. I slept, stared into space and tried to kill myself. That was all there was to my existence."

To distract herself, Vicki would visit a local men's club with her girlfriends. One night, as she discovered later while reading her journal, her "Hyapatia personality" actually climbed onstage and danced.

In her autobiography, Hyapatia relates her state of mind at this important crossroad: "On the one hand I was terrified to go out in public, talk to strangers, look people in the eye, but as Hyapatia I felt in control, powerful. Onstage she was above them, on a pedestal. She created lust in men but could safely walk away. My confidence strengthened in my right not to be touched. This was something I had never known or believed existed before. The money [for stripping] was great, and I was comforted by friends backstage who understood."

A major turning point was meeting future husband Bud Lee. For the first time, Vicki was enjoying sex. By the time she and Bud prepared for her first XXX role, Hyapatia had already become the dominant personality. Even so, her other personalities caused some problems.

While with Vivid she remembers when director Paul Thomas (PT) brought out the

Hyapatia today, relaxing on her Indiana ranch.



angry Veronica: "On that day I went back and forth from several personalities. I absolutely think that it may have played a major role in my breakup with Vivid."

"As Hyapatia, I discovered we shot the wrong script, and I had to do three extra scenes. First Vicki came out, and then Veronica exploded. Bud took me out for a ride and I/we calmed down...but when we came back, PT invaded my space, and I waved a nail file under his chin because I felt threatened."

The veteran director is very matter-of-fact today: "We had some crazy times," Thomas confides. "I remember she went somewhere in her head and spoke in her Indian tongue. No big deal. When you're on a set long enough, shit happens."

Thomas adds, "She was one of the most professional, talented, mature Vivid girls ever. She had a unique sexual maturity and a seriousness about her craft like no other. Those were some of the best times of my career, working with her."

Reflecting on those days, Hyapatia confesses: "Having sex with people that were w-o-o-o-nderful to have sex with was awesome! Good-looking guys and gals who know how to do it well. I was already wired as an exhibitionist and a stage person before porn, and doing 'it' in front of everybody—I mean that was great!"

When asked about her favorite costars, Hyapatia fondly remembers: "Randy Spears...Porsche Lynn...absolutely at the top. Loved to work with PT, and Randy West was delicious."

The most important thing she learned while writing her book: "It doesn't matter what others think. That's a hard lesson to take to heart because it's just basic human nature. We all want everyone to know that we're trying to do the best we can."

Today Hyapatia Lee has found peace. After years of therapy and medication, her personality conflicts are under control. She's doing local theater, is happily remarried with a nine-year-old son and living on the Indiana farm she'd bought as a porn superstar.

Hyapatia acknowledges Bud Lee's importance at the beginning of her career: "I changed; he changed. I wanted to return to Indiana, live a quiet life and concentrate on the children. I would never do anything to change the fact of my two beautiful sons from that marriage. They're each different—totally different. Today I've got a quantum physicist and a tattoo artist." She's also a grandmother.

"Working in adult entertainment made me what I am today," Hyapatia continues. "I am a fulfilled, happy, well-rounded person. I learned a lot of things that I wouldn't have learned otherwise. In many, many ways it was a healing experience."

Michael McClay is a 30-year veteran as an editor, publicist, journalist and creative consultant to numerous entertainment companies "from G-rated to adults-only." He is currently writing "the complete picture history of X-rated entertainment." 🌐



"We'd better do it on the floor. My husband will kill us if he catches us in bed."



The **Q&A**

WEBSTER TARPLEY

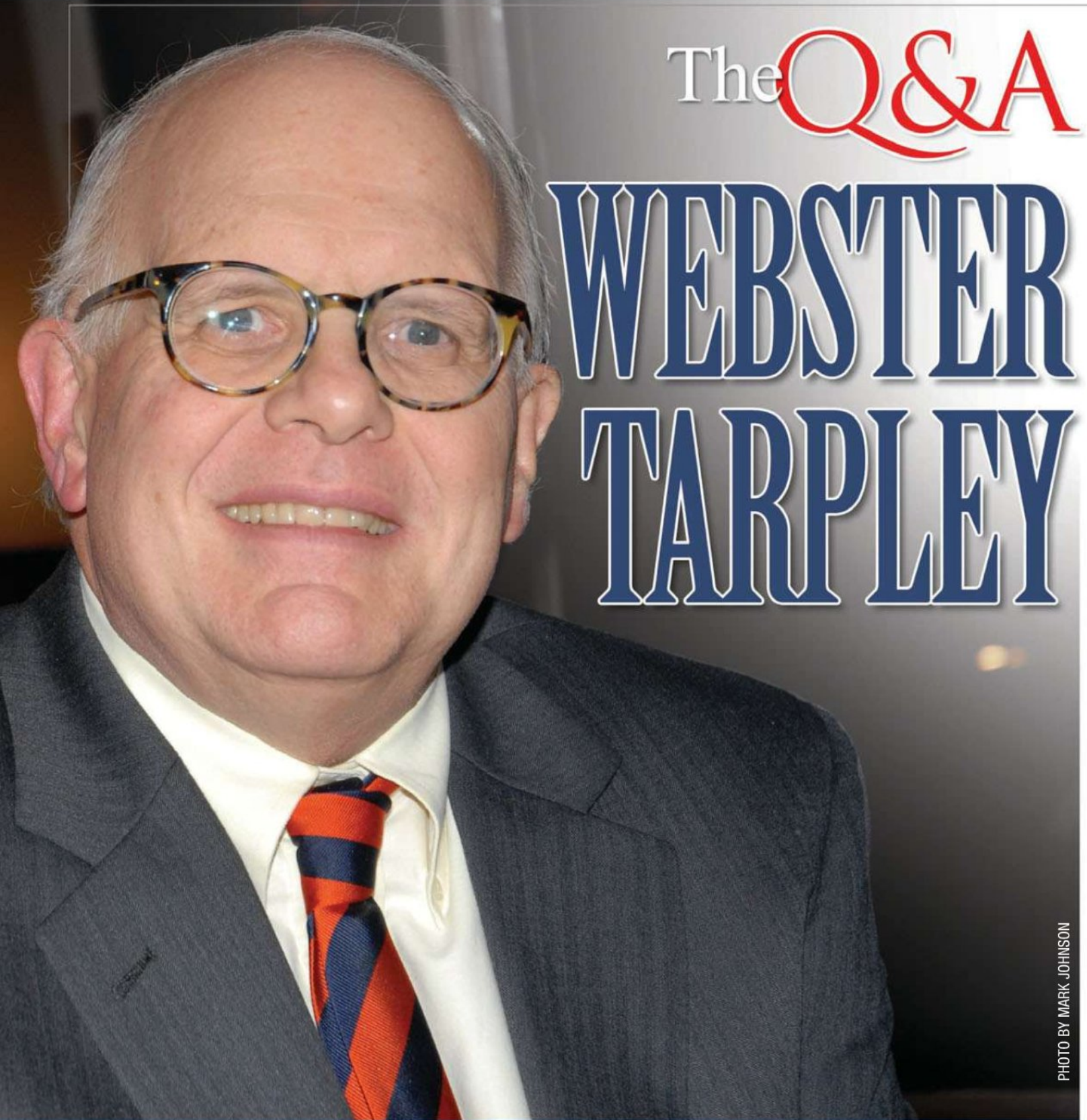


PHOTO BY MARK JOHNSON

AN OUTSPOKEN CRITIC OF U.S. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLICY LAMBASTES BARACK OBAMA, SPELLS OUT THE TRUE CAUSES OF THE ECONOMIC MELTDOWN AND OFFERS A PRACTICAL SOLUTION TO MAKE AMERICA STRONG AGAIN.

Investigative journalist and political commentator Webster Griffin Tarpley is used to controversy. Going wherever his research leads him, he has questioned the events of 9/11, challenged the mythologies of Barack Obama and tackled the massive bank fraud at the heart of the economic meltdown.

A graduate of Princeton University and a former Fulbright Scholar, Tarpley gained wide notoriety when he went after Bush the First in *George Bush: The Unauthorized Biography*. More exposés followed, including *9/11 Synthetic Terror: Made in USA* and *Obama: The Postmodern Coup—Making of a Manchurian Candidate*.

Tarpley's latest book, *Surviving the Cataclysm: Your Guide Through the Greatest Financial Crisis in Human History*, lays out the real causes of our new economic depression and calls for a truly American solution.

HUSTLER: Is there any hope for Obama?

WEBSTER TARPLEY: Obama has been a catastrophic President. First of all, he's a war-monger. Under Obama we've had more combat troops in the field than we ever had under [George W.] Bush. That means Iraq and Afghanistan, now a third war in Pakistan and a possible fourth war with Iran.

Contrary to popular belief, Obama is also a union buster. What he did to the United Auto Workers as part of the Detroit automobile bailout was to loot its union finances and send the money to Wall Street. The UAW was forced to swallow cuts in wages and benefits that degrade its members to the level of nonunion workers. The union also agreed to hand over healthcare assets to the hedge fund hyenas that now own huge stakes of our automakers. Obama's car czar, Steve Rattner, notes in his new book that White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel's motto during the negotiations was "Fuck the UAW." Obama is now using charter schools, merit pay and denial of tenure to bust the teachers' unions.

My biggest critique of Obama is that he's a Wall Street puppet. Look at the gaggle he has around him: Tim Geithner and Larry Summers [who recently resigned] are disciples of Bob Rubin of Goldman Sachs and Citibank. Obama is a representative of the interests of the large Wall Street banks. We hear that he's a socialist. That's absolutely absurd. He serves the banks.

My criticism of Obama comes from his left. Look at Obama compared to the positive tradition of the Democratic Party. Franklin D. Roosevelt created Social Security, an absolutely successful program. What's Obama's relation to that? He wants to destroy it, privatize it. The goal of his Bowles-Simpson Commission is to carry out a wrecking job on Social Security.

The crowning achievement of Lyndon B. Johnson's career was Medicare. Obama has

gutted it with \$500 billion in cuts as part of his healthcare bill, which will lead to further rationing of care.

The difference between Obama and Bush is that Bush was an open, brutal reactionary and warmonger, but Obama does it all by deception, by duplicity. That's why people have difficulty understanding the way he operates.

If the Democrats do not produce a challenger to Obama in the [2012] primaries, the Democratic Party is going to be clinically defunct.

What happened to our economy?

We have a world economic depression, similar to the 1930s but worse. It's not a normal business-cycle event, not simply a boom and bust. It's a disintegration of the U.S. and British banking systems and of the dollar-based system that the world has lived under since the 1940s.

Right-wingers like to say the depression was caused by poor people who took out subprime mortgages, and when they defaulted, that brought down the entire Anglo-American banking system. That's just a fantastic story. Rather, what happened was a panic in the world derivatives market.

Derivatives such as collateralized debt obligations, credit default swaps and structured investment vehicles are very complex things, hard for the average person to understand. It's something like this: If we have the horse Seabiscuit running in the ninth race at Belmont Park one afternoon under the old system, whoever bets on Seabiscuit can either win or lose their money. Those losses are relatively limited.

Now imagine there's a horse called Subprime running, and Wall Street decides they're going to bet a quadrillion in derivatives on Subprime in the ninth. Notice, they don't buy the horse. They don't even go to the track; they do it through a floating bookie operation. If Subprime loses, that's going to bring down the New York banking system. You wouldn't blame poor Subprime; you would say it was criminal for these lunatics to put all those resources on such a shaky vehicle.

Derivatives were illegal in the United States from 1936 until 1982 under the New Deal Commodity Exchange Act. Then there was a process of legalizing them in

which Ronald Reagan, Phil Gramm, Alan Greenspan and others were involved. Because of this, by 2007 we had a worldwide bubble of about \$1.5 quadrillion in toxic derivatives, compared to a world gross domestic product of about 65 trillion. That is a black hole of bankruptcy and economic destruction. There's not enough money in the world to bail that out.

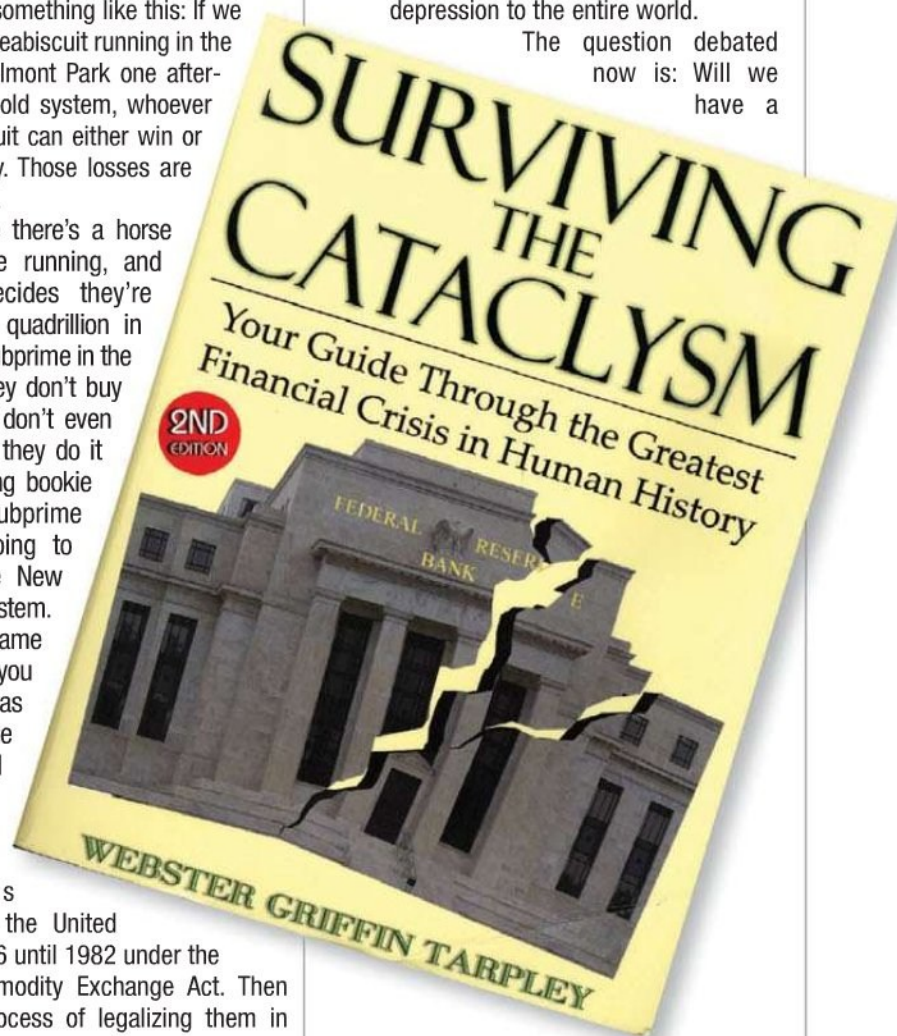
Are we in a new Great Depression?

This is a world economic depression. It's useful to go back and look at 1929 and the years after that. The Great Depression started with the stock panic in October 1929, but that was just the beginning. The second wave was a banking crisis in Europe in 1931.

Compare that to the timeframe from 2008 to 2010, and you see that we're going through something similar. In 2008 we had a banking panic in New York that destroyed the entire U.S. banking system, which was then put on life support through the bailout. In 2010 we had a European banking crisis.

Countries are now on the verge of a new currency war, trying to drive down the price of their currencies. That is also what happened in 1931. The idea is, if you can reduce the value of your currency, your existing debts are less of a burden, and you can export easier. It doesn't work though because it spreads the depression to the entire world.

The question debated now is: Will we have a



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deflationary crash, like the U.S. in 1932, when commodity and real estate prices plummeted, or will we have a hyperinflationary takeoff? I think we're likely to have the worst of both: a hyperinflationary depression, meaning a collapse in the dollar's purchasing power combined with a collapse in overall economic activity—an extreme form of the stagflation we saw in the 1970s.

That would mean all kinds of businesses closing, unemployment at 35% and prices going wild. It would happen worldwide; that brings social chaos. If you look at the 1930s, you see the succession: depression, dictatorship, world war. We're still in the depression phase.

Your opponents would say the free market will fix the crisis.

The notion of a free market is one of the most fantastic fabrications in modern political life. We have never had a free market. Indeed, the whole United States was built on the negation of that. The government acts to promote, foster and facilitate economic development, carried out largely through privately owned companies.

The market never delivered the basic prerequisites of modern life in terms of decent standards of living and decent working conditions. That took mass struggle. You would not have an eight-hour day and a 40-hour week if you waited for somebody to grant that to you. There are reactionaries today who think that child labor laws and the minimum wage are unconstitutional. These people are working for reactionary, superrich interests.

The responsibility for our current depression goes to the [free-market theories of] the Chicago School of Milton Friedman and ultimately to the Austrian School of Friedrich August von Hayek

and Ludwig von Mises—economic charlatans.

Henry Clay, the 19th-century congressman, senator and secretary of state who was praised by Lincoln and JFK, coined the term the "American System" in 1824. He pushed for a protective tariff, a national bank and internal infrastructural improvements. That's the kind of alternative we need today.

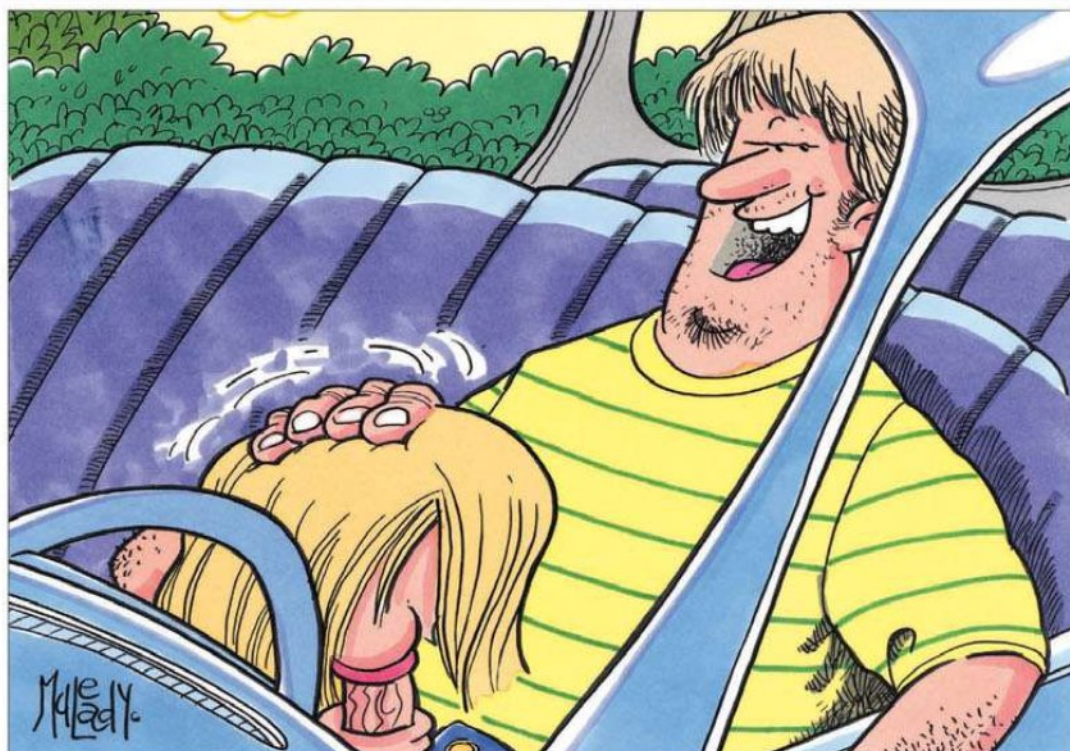
We're told we have to dump the New Deal and take up the poisonous foreign doctrine of the free market, which is not successful anywhere. The American System is the real basis of life in the United States.

How do you get out of the depression once you're in it?

The first thing is take steps to stop speculation. Go back to what we had successfully from 1936 to 1982, which is a ban on certain kinds of derivatives. The collateralized debt obligation is in many ways the most destructive; that is what brought down Bear Stearns, Lehman Brothers and Merrill Lynch. That should be outlawed.

The other one that should be banned is the credit default swap, which is a bet on whether or not somebody else is going to go bankrupt. That should be illegal for two reasons: At face value it's gambling, so it should be illegal under the gambling laws. And if you claim that it's insurance, anybody issuing a credit default swap who is not an insurance company should be shut down because they're issuing them without registering as an insurance company and without the capital requirements. Derivatives haven't been outlawed because Obama's Wall Street cronies, along with the pro-corporate Congress, will block anything the banks don't want.

(continued on page 74)



"My grandmother always said if I masturbated, I'd go blind. She didn't say anything about blowjobs."

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TIME FOR HERSELF

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MCKENZEE MILES

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Mckenzee Miles

enjoys a busy life,
but she makes it a

priority to carve out some alone time each day. "I'm always running around, working and taking care of random things," she tells us. "It's a great feeling to be able to shut the front door and get away from it all for a while."

What happens behind that closed door is a mystery, and that's the way **Mckenzee** likes it:

"There's definitely a difference between the private me and the public me. I like to keep that line, you know? It's important to have some secrets."

After some prodding, **Mckenzee** admits that she does occasionally get up to something naughty during her solitary stints. "Of course I masturbate," she giggles. "It's not like I turn myself on or anything; it's more about just being a sexual person."

But isn't everyone a sexual person? "I guess so, sort of,"

Mckenzee reckons, "or else the human race would die off. But you can have lots of sex and not be a sexual person. It's about enjoying it, having fun, making your sexual life about personal expression."

Mckenzee continues, "I like it when a partner's involved, but sometimes it's nice to take care of your own needs. I know my body better than anyone, and I can find my own rhythm."







There's another good thing about flying solo, **Mckenzee** concludes: "I can be selfish and get exactly what I want without having to worry about hurting someone's feelings."



MCKENZEE MILES'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Portland, Oregon | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 105





For more Mckenzee Miles, feast your eyes upon *This Ain't Glee XXX* and *Barely Legal Princess Diaries: Wet Pussies*, both 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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HUSTLER EMBARRASSINGLY PRESENTS THE PANTY-TWISTING TALES OF

DR. MUNCHER

#1

AND "THE CHEWY CHEERLEADER!"

THE
FRIGHTENING
FIRST EPISODE
IN A NEW
SERIES
CREATED BY
PETER PANTS

TOPLESS
BUT NOT
TASTELESS!

WITH THIGHS
AND LEGS LIKE
HERS, WHY GO
OUT FOR CHICKEN?

PRESENTED HERE FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN
GRAPHIC FULL-COLOR
PERV-O-VISION!

HER FIRST DAY
OF CLASS
WAS HIS FIRST
TASTE OF ASS!

SINCE BECOMING CHEERLEADER HER
FRESHMAN YEAR, THE FIRST DAY OF
CLASS HAD ALWAYS BEEN LACEY'S
FAVORITE PART OF COLLEGE.

SHE LIKED TO PRETEND THE OTHER
STUDENTS WERE ALL HER GUESTS AS
SHE HOSTED A FUN-FILLED FOUR-YEAR
DINNER PARTY.

LITTLE DID SHE KNOW SHE WOULD
SOON BECOME THE MAIN COURSE!

WHAT A GREAT PLACE
TO BE! COLLEGE IS SO MUCH
BETTER THAN LIVING OUT OF
A CARDBOARD BOX WITH MOM
AND DAD SINCE THEY BOTH
LOST THEIR JOBS.

THE PRESIDENT SAYS
THE RECESSION ENDED LAST
YEAR BUT I GUESS IT TAKES
A WHILE FOR NEWS TO HIT
THE STREETS AS FAST AS
MOM AND DAD DID.

WARNING:
DO NOT CONTINUE READING THIS
STORY IF YOU HAVE A WEAK
HEART OR ACCEPTED BAILOUT
MONEY FROM THE FEDERAL
GOVERNMENT, YOU
WALL STREET BASTARD!

EAST RIVER UNIVERSITY

... BUT JUST AROUND THE CORNER PROFESSOR DR. MUNCHER'S BULGING EYES FOLLOWED HER BOUNCING SWEATER FROM THE SHADOWS.

LET'S FIND OUT HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO TAKE A STUDENT TO DINNER!

... OR MAKE A STUDENT FOR DINNER!

... AND STILL KEEP MY JOB AFTER BEING ARRESTED LIKE CHARLIE SHEEN ALWAYS DOES!

AFTER I GRADUATE AND CAN'T PAY BACK MY STUDENT LOANS AND GET ON WELFARE I'M SURE I WILL LOOK BACK ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GETTING A COLLEGE DEGREE AND JUST LAUGH!

SURROUNDED BY ALL THESE COEDS MAKES ME HUNGRY FOR A PIECE OF ASS! WHERE'S KIM KARDASHIAN WHEN YOU NEED HER?

FIRST, BRETT FAVRE TEXTS ME A PHOTO OF HIS WIENER, THEN I GET A BOOK DEAL FOR BANGING JESSE JAMES. THIS IS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

I HOPE I DON'T GET KIDNAPPED AND EATEN BY SOME INSANE CANNIBAL. THAT'D BE A BUMMER!

OH, RATS!

ONE MINUTE I'M ON MY WAY TO CLASS AND THEN SUDDENLY I'M IN THE CLUTCHES OF A SADISTIC MONSTER! IT'S LIKE DATING MEL GIBSON. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN SO FAST?!

WE ONLY GET FOUR PAGES. THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE GETTING YOU NAKED. SO STOP ASKING QUESTIONS AND START DROPPING CLOTHES!

IT WOULD HELP IF YOU STARTED ACTING MORE LIKE A BUTTER KNIFE AND SPREAD IT FOR ME!

WAIT! NO! I'M NOT EVEN FLUNKING YOUR CLASS YET! HOW COULD I EVEN CONSIDER HAVING SEX WITH YOU.

SEX?! WHO SAID I WANTED TO HAVE SEX?! I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE DINNER.

WHAT? NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I'M A HOT BITCH, WHY DOESN'T HE WANT TO FUCK ME? IS IT MY BREATH? OR BECAUSE I LET TIGER WOODS PEE ON ME? ... ALLEGEDLY.

WAIT! LISTEN!
MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL.
LET ME GO AND I'LL NEVER
BOTHER YOU AGAIN.

YEAH, RIGHT! ... I THOUGHT THAT
WOULD WORK WITH **GEORGE BUSH**
AND GUESS WHO **WRITES A BOOK** AND
STARTS **FLAPPING HIS LIPS** ON TV
APPEARANCES AGAIN.

... BUT ... BUT,
I HAVE **SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR**.
I HAVE **TWENTY THOUSAND**
FRIENDS ON **FACEBOOK** AND
I GOT A **SECOND JOB** TO PAY
MY CELL PHONE BILL.

I MAY BE **STUPID** AND A
GOOD EXAMPLE OF AMERICAN
SQUANDERING OF BOTH **TIME**
AND **RESOURCES**, BUT
I CAN **CHANGE**.

THE **ONLY CHANGE**
I WANT TO SEE YOU MAKE
IS FROM **COLLEGE CUTIE**
TO **DINNER FOR ONE!**

THE **HORROR!**
THE **TORTURE!** I CAN'T
TAKE THIS ANYMORE!

QUIET,
YOU!

YOU **BABBLE ON AND ON**
LIKE SOME **FOX NEWS MORNING**
SHOW. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M **WORK-**
ING HERE? OR IS THAT A **NEW**
CONCEPT TO THE **MILLENNIAL**
GENERATION?

MAKING THEMSELVES
USEFUL WAS ACTUALLY
WHAT PEOPLE **DID** BEFORE
VIDEO GAMES AND
PHONES COULD TAKE
PICTURES.

PLEASE ...
I **BEG** YOU ... **TURN THE**
TELEVISION OFF UPSTAIRS, I
CAN HEAR THE **NEW JUDGES**
ON **"AMERICAN IDOL"** TRYING
TO SOUND **INTELLIGENT!**

JUST GIVE ME A **GUN!**
I'D RATHER HEAR IT GOING OFF IN
MY MOUTH THAN ANOTHER **BUTCHERING**
OF SOME **MOLDY-OLDY BEATLES TUNE**
BY SOME **PORK** EVEN A **TEA PARTY**
MEMBER WOULDN'T VOTE FOR!

YOU'RE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS COUNTRY: YOU COMPLAIN IT'S **BROKEN** AND **SHITTY** AND **AIN'T DOING A DAMN THING** TO FIX IT, JUST AS LONG AS YOU CAN WATCH **"DANCING WITH THE WASHED-UP STARS,"** ON YOUR **NINETY-INCH FLATSCREEN**.



BIG BANKS, INSURANCE COMPANIES, CREDIT CARD PROVIDERS, AND YES, EVEN YOUR **BELOVED** RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS ONLY WANT **ONE THING**: TO KEEP YOU **LULLED INTO APATHY**.

SORRY, GOT A LITTLE **CARRIED AWAY** WITH **MAKIN' A POINT**. I JUST GET SO **EXCITED** WHEN TRYING A NEW **RECIPE**, AND THIS IS THE **FIRST TIME** I'VE HAD **BLONDE**.



YOU DESERVE EVERYTHING YOU GET.

NO ONE PREACHES TO ME ABOUT THE **"HAVES"** AND **"HAVE NOTS."** I HAVE DONE EVERYTHING YOU HAVE NOT.

SO UNLESS YOU CAN PULL YOURSELF AWAY FROM **OPRAH** LONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT BACK, YOU WILL BE **SWALLOWED UP** BY THE **GREEDY**, THE **CORRUPT**, AND ME.

WHAT A **BEAUTIFUL DISH!** **LEGS, THIGHS AND BREASTS** SO **PLUMP, JUICY** AND **COOKED TO PERFECTION**. IT'S LIKE **COOKING WITH RACHAEL RAY**. TOO BAD SHE GOT AWAY. WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, **CAN'T EAT 'EM ALL!**

SOON IT WAS ALL OVER, LACEY WAS GONE AND THE DISHES WERE WASHED. THE KITCHEN WAS CLEANED AND MADE READY FOR THE NEXT TIME DR. MUNCHER BROUGHT A STUDENT HOME FOR DINNER. BUT WILL IT BE HIS LAST MEAL? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **HUSTLER HUMOR** WHEN:

"DR. MUNCHER MEATS THE POLICE!"



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BY JOSEPH BOSNIC

PRIVATE MOMENTS

1980 - 1989

.....
*A DECADE OF
DECADENCE — AND
IN POCKETBOOK SIZE NO
LESS! — FROM THE CLASSIC
EURO-SEX MAGAZINE*
.....

Erika Morelli, Private #73

Vanessa, Private #79

Remember the 1980s? It was the era of Reaganomics, Chernobyl, the emergence of crack cocaine and yuppies, as well as big-hair metal bands, New Wave music and outstanding hard-core porn from *Private* magazine!

Private, of course, was Europe's (and the world's) first all-color periodical featuring beautiful women engaging in ultra-nasty sex. And while the magazine is still being regularly published, Taschen has conveniently packaged one of the groundbreaking publication's most dynamic decades into a miniature five-volume set titled *The Private Collection: 1980-1989*. As each volume is smaller than a paperback, you can easily pop a book or two—or all five of 'em, for that matter!—into your jacket pockets, allowing you to conveniently flip through the little devils just about anywhere!

The best parts of *The Private Collection: 1980-1989* are the fabulously gorgeous and totally uninhibited European models. Anal, double penetration, interracial, girl-on-girl, masturbation, gang-bang: The gamut of sexual activity is covered here in numerous wildly arousing, in-your-face photo-sets. The lovely women (mostly in their 20s, but some in their 30s and even 40s) perform in a wonderfully upbeat fashion, making the proceedings fun and natural.

One of our favorite models is Solange (from Volume V), a cherub-faced, exotic-looking brunette in her early 20s who magnificently assumes impossibly flexible positions as she's joyously pumped and plastered by three lucky studs. Other high points—among many—in this set are the enticingly bespectacled librarian Linda get-

ting seriously and stickily ravished in Volume II; Nordic beauty Gail gleefully indulging in a torrid triple penetration in the same volume; and two bandits doing it "in the bush" with blond sexplorer Marian in Volume III.

As always with *Private*, the photography is top-notch. You get tons of incredibly sharp close-ups of penises deeply penetrating pussies and anuses, as well as copious pop-shots caught midair. Warning: Hairly 1980s vaginas and their accompanying assholes abound! But even if you're into immaculately shaven slits, you might be pleasantly surprised by the wild, untrimmed foliage. Additionally, many layouts are shot outdoors in picturesque locales throughout Europe.

So what about the history of the world's first all-color hard-core magazine? In Volume I of *The Private Collection*, Taschen editor Dian Hanson tells us how, in 1965, Berth Milton created a small quarterly called *Private* in the basement of his Stockholm, Sweden, sex shop. Initially a vehicle to exhibit Milton's soft-core photography, the all-color mag soon (by issue #8 in 1967) contained couples engaging in full-on sex. The Swedish government immediately confiscated all copies, but the criminal case was eventually dropped because there were no Swedish laws against publishing XXX photos. Not long afterward, the Swedish Parliament defended hard-core porn as "protected free speech."

(continued on page 106)





Remembering **TEENA MARIE**

.....
**OUR TRIBUTE
TO AN R&B
INNOVATOR
TAKEN AWAY
FAR TOO SOON.**
.....

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY



On December 26, 2010, legendary R&B singer Teena Marie died unexpectedly of natural causes at her Pasadena, California, home. She was just 54 years old. The voice behind the massive hits "I'm a Sucker for Your Love," "Square Biz," "Lovergirl" and "Fire and Desire" (a duet with Rick James) was silenced forever.

Shortly before her death, Teena stopped by the HUSTLER offices to discuss her illustrious career, early days with Motown Records and life with her mentor/lover/friend Rick James. In tribute to her, we present this interview. Godspeed, Lady T. You will be missed.

HUSTLER: Tell us about the first time you met Rick James.

TEENA MARIE: I was playing piano in Stevie Wonder's office. I used to go in there and hang out. I had heard about Rick from my manager, who thought that he should produce me. Rick was just starting to get some real attention. He walked down the hall. His hair was half-braided. He had on platform sandals and was wearing a lot of turquoise jewelry. He had on a Jimi Hendrix-type hat, jeans and shirt. He looked kind of the part of rock star already. Except for the fact that his hair was only half-braided. So he looked kind of a mess. (Laughs.) But it was cool.

How soon after that did you start working together?

Within about four or five months.

You're referred to as his protégée. What did that mean?

I worked on his albums. I did a lot of the background vocals on the *Bustin' Out* album with the Waters Sisters, Maxine and Julia. We were working on that while we were working on my first album, *Wild and Peaceful* [released in 1979]. I was the first person that Rick produced. Other than himself.

What was the creative process like?

We were very close friends, and he loved my lyrics. He loved the demos I was doing in the studio. He asked if he could take my poetry book of lyrics. I had about 200 pieces in this notebook. He said he wanted to read the lyrics to see what I was into.

The first song he wrote for you was "I'm a Sucker for Your Love."

That was actually written for Diana Ross. Motown Records wanted Rick to produce Diana Ross. But Rick wanted to do the whole album, and they just wanted him to produce one song. So when he realized that they only wanted him for the one track, he said, "I don't really wanna do that. Matter of fact, I'd rather

produce her." Meaning me. What he actually said to Berry Gordy [Motown Records founder] and his wife was, "I wanna produce the little white girl." So "I'm a Sucker for Your Love," the duet with him, became my first single.

Where did you write the second single, "Déjà Vu"?

We were at his house in Benedict Canyon. By then Rick had blown up and was living in this beautiful mansion. We would rehearse with the band. He said, "I want you to hear this song that I wrote for you." It had these beautiful lyrics, "I'm young and I'm old. I'm rich and I'm poor. I feel like I've been on this Earth many times before. Once I was a white gazelle on horseback riding free. Searching in the darkness for a piece of me and I can feel this for sure. I've been here before." A beautiful song.

The band was playing, and he was singing it to me. Tears were streaming down my face because it was so amazing and so deeply spiritual. And so me. It's so funny because a year later when I got my poetry book, I realized that it was my lyrics! (Laughs.) He really got me. No wonder it sounds like me: It was me! I never got credit for writing that song. I used to announce that onstage, and at first it pissed him off. After a while he said, "You right. You right." But he actually did write the music.

Was it hard for a Caucasian woman to break into R&B in the late 1970s? And is that why your picture is not on your first album?

This is what Mr. Gordy's theory was: Back in the time when they made "race records," you would see a photo of some white surfers on the cover of a Temptations record. Berry Gordy decided that it would be a good idea to use that same theory with me. Because I was so soulful that you really could not tell I was white, he said, "Let's just let the music speak on its own merit. Just in case we might have a problem. In case somebody is adverse to it." At this point I don't know really if it would have made a difference because the music was just that heartfelt. And that record [*Wild and Peaceful*] meant so much in the black community. But he was so brilliant, and I loved him so much. Whatever Mr. Gordy wanted to do was fine with me.

Was there any backlash when audiences discovered you were white?

No. I remem-

ber when the second album, *Lady T*, came out [in 1980] that people went into record stores and started calling Motown to say, "I went in to buy the new Teena Marie album, but they made a mistake. They got this real beautiful white girl on the cover of the Teena Marie album, and they say Teena Marie is white. But she isn't! She's chocolate with long braids and shells in her hair!"

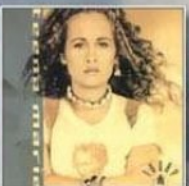
Why did Rick James give you the nickname Lady T?

Because he always called me T. He really treated me as a lady. Although he gave me the blues, he really held me in the highest regard—to the point where it would sometimes be a problem for some of the other girls. He would provoke things. If he was mad at one of the Mary Jane Girls, he'd say [*in a Rick James voice*], "You better sing that shit, or I'll get Teena in here!" Stuff like that. I'd say, "Why do you do that to me? They're going to hate me." Some of them did.

When did you and Rick become lovers?

About three and a half years after we started working together. Actually it would have started before that because he was hitting on me all the time. I was over at his house one day, and I met this lady by the name of Kelly. She was a really sweet lady. I thought she was Rick's girlfriend. I was talking with Jackie in the band about Kelly being Rick's girlfriend. She said, "Hell, that's his wife." I was like, "WHAT?!" I went and asked Rick. He said, "Yeah. Kinda. Sorta." I said, "Well, we kinda sorta can't be together if you have a wife." About three years later they divorced, and we ended up dating.

How long did your romance last?



ALL PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

Maybe a year. It wasn't very long. Because it was just nuts. (*Laughs.*) We really should have just stayed friends.

But you were able to go back to being friends and continue working together?

It took a while. It was fiery. He was fiery, and I'm definitely fiery.

He was a player for real?

He was always trying to pull something. We were best friends before we were together. All the games that I saw him play with other women he couldn't play with me. But he tried. I remember we were on the *Street Songs* tour, the biggest-selling tour of the year 1981. For ticket sales we broke Elvis Presley's records. We broke the Rolling Stones' records. It was so amazing—we were being flown in helicopters. I'm a little young girl from Venice, California, who never saw anything. I had seen the movie *A Star Is Born*, and it was like that. Wow! There were so many people, they looked like ants. It was crazy.

Anyway, I had a day off, and I'm a different kind of person. I like to go camping and do stuff like that. I was never the full-time party girl. They would always try to get me to go. And I would go sometimes. Other times I'd say, "No thanks," then go listen to my Joni Mitchell records in the back of the bus. There was this one show where Rick was going off to Houston to play the Astrodome, and I wasn't on the bill. I had a couple of days off before rejoining the tour the next weekend. He called me and said, "Why don't you just come down to Houston to just hang out and see the show." Rick's sister Penny, my best friend, and I looked at each other and knew something was up. We knew he had probably called the promoter, told him that Teena Marie was in the package, but he didn't want to pay me.

I said, "No. I'm going camping." Then I said, "Okay, maybe we'll come down." So we get in the bus and drive down to Houston, and we're hanging out in the hotel

watching a movie. The phone starts ringing about six in the evening. It was his brother Roy, and he says, "Rick wants to know what time you're coming." I said, "We'll get there."

We keep watching the movie, just chilling out, and a few hours later—around eight or nine o'clock—the phone is ringing off the hook. Finally we pick it up, and Roy said, "Rick said you can have whatever you want! Just bring your ass down here!" (*Laughs.*) I knew Rick so well. He had me on the bill. He paid me five grand to come up and sing "Fire and Desire." Man, he was pissed. We didn't speak for weeks after that.

Do you have a favorite album from your catalog?

I love *Déjà Vu* because it really describes me as a person. I love the ballads. I'm a balladeer, but I love the funk too. As far as a favorite song, there is a song on my fourth album called "Yes Indeed" that I did with Patrice Rushen. It is my favorite. We cut it live with just her on piano and me singing, then we added 64 strings later. I also love "Casanova Brown," which I wrote about Rick.

You and Rick James were still doing shows together up until a few months before his death in August 2004.

Up until a month and a half before he passed. We were on tour for that whole year before he died. It was the first time we toured together in close to 17 years. It was wonderful.

What did Rick think of Dave Chapelle's portrayal of him?

He loved it. It was funny. I thought it was funny. If he liked it, I liked it. Actually

the "I'm Rick James, bitch!" was not true. What he used to say—can I just say it the way he used to say it?

This is HUSTLER Magazine; say whatever you want.

He would say "I'm Rick Motherfucking James!" You know. (*Laughs.*) That's what he would say. But I guess they couldn't say that on TV, so they turned it into "I'm Rick James, bitch!" Rick and I would have a lot of arguments about that back in the day when he would be Rick Motherfucking James because I was Teena MF Marie. (*Laughs.*)

When was the last time you saw Rick?

The very last time I saw him was at the BET Awards about a month before he died.

Did his death shock you?

No. I was singing to him onstage. We were singing to each other. We were in each other's faces every night. I was looking into his eyes, and he was looking in mine. I could actually see that he was going somewhere else. It was shocking and it hurt because you don't want it to be, but I knew he was leaving. Matter of fact, there were some pictures that were shot with my camera, and there was an aura that was around him every time the camera would hit him. It never hit anyone else on the stage but him. There was a blue light that seemed to be coming through his head and pulling him up into the sky. Every time I look at those pictures, it really trips me out.

Ultimately nothing could have saved him but himself.

Yes, and I really feel that he wanted to go. Because it was a great way to go out. He was a "big bang" person. He used to say really crazy stuff to me. He showed up at a House of Blues show that I did a few years before the last tour. His health wasn't really good. When he joined me onstage, he started breathing really bad. I could tell there was a problem. He dropped down to his knees and made it real dramatic, like it was part of the show, when we were singing "Fire and Desire." I knew that something was wrong. I had his back, so I dropped down there with him. After he went off the stage, he couldn't even breathe. They had to get him an oxygen tank.

Later backstage he said to me, "Wouldn't that have been a great ending to the movie if I had just died in your arms onstage? That would have been the shit!" I said, "Are you crazy? You'd leave me with that memory? That's a terrible thing to say." He said, "That would have been powerful!" Then immediately he grabbed a cigarette. After having to be on oxygen.

What do you miss most about him?



His sense of humor. And I miss him yelling at me. I miss the fights sometimes. Because he loved me so much, it would only go so far. We wouldn't speak for a little while, but there was no way he could avoid me and no way I could avoid him. So it was like, what the hell?

What is Rick James's Legacy?

You know, I'm wearing this "Superfreak" shirt because somebody made it for me. But he really wasn't just that. I get a little insulted when I hear people just talk about that side of him. He wrote some beautiful music. He wrote so many: "Fire and Desire"; "Ebony Eyes" for him and Smokey Robinson; all the songs for the Mary Jane Girls; "Déjà Vu," which I wrote with him. (Laughs.) He wrote timeless ballads. "Superfreak" was just one part of him.

He was a really deeply spiritual man. Very intelligent. He could speak on any subject. And he could charm anyone. My mother was crazy about him. She said, "Why don't you marry him? He's great. He's charming. He's got money." If she only knew who he really was, that would be the last person she would want me to marry. We had so much fun.

Do you think you'll see him again on the other side?

Definitely. I'm a very spiritual person, so I believe in Heaven. I even know what song will be playing. It would be Aretha Franklin doing "Holy Holy." I'd like to think that when Rick went to Heaven, they were playing that song. I remember when we used to ride around in his Rolls-Royce spending hours on end playing her music. That song would be perfect. It's what I want to hear when I get there.

What is your legacy?

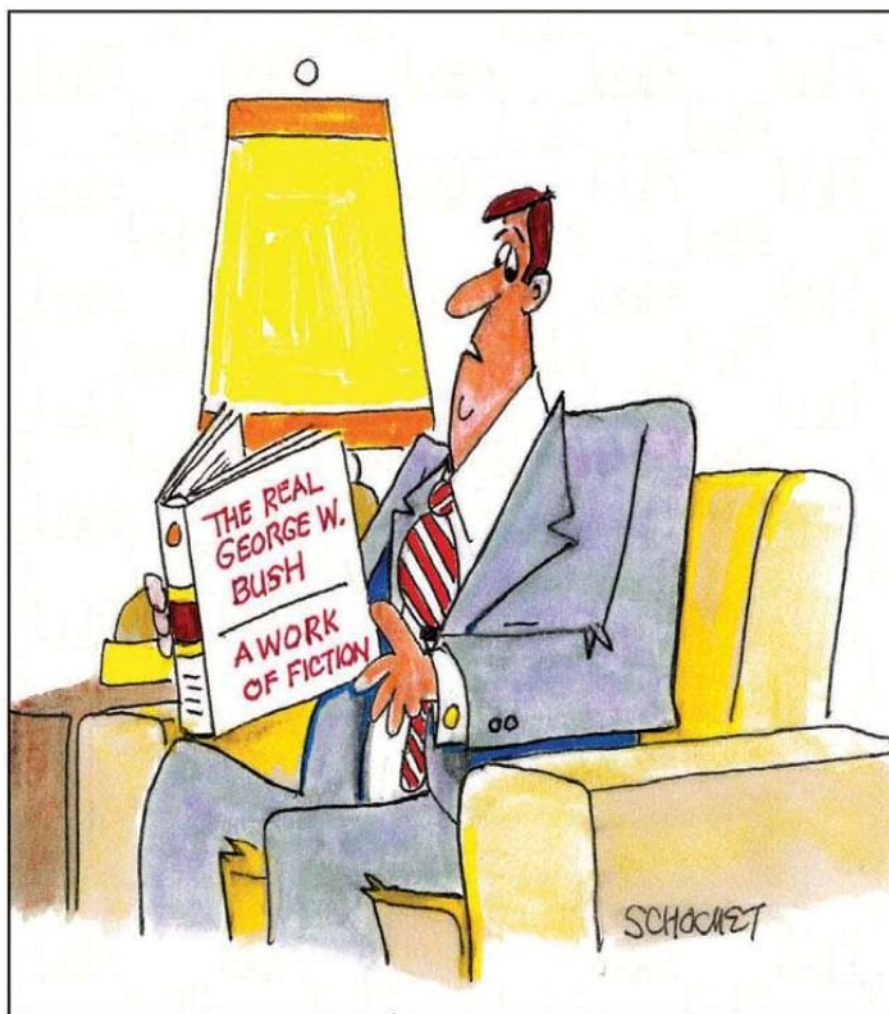
That I've always told the truth. Two very important words for me are tattooed on my back. They are *Passion* and *Truth*. I've always wanted people to know the things that I sing about are real. They are not made up. Even if I'm telling a story from someone else's perspective, it's the things that I see and the things that I've lived. I love what I do. I get asked all the time, "How can you still be doing this, and after all this time still sound the same way you did when you first came out?"

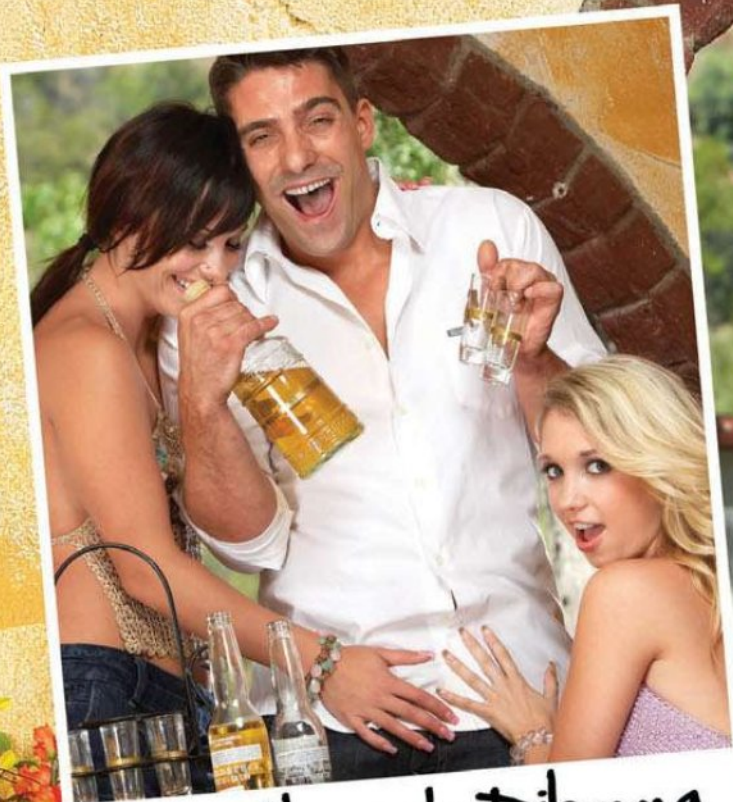
I have always looked at it like a gift from God. I try not to abuse that. Not to say that I've never done things. I have an addictive personality; I know that, so I keep it in check. I saw a lot of things coming up. I was the youngest of the whole Rick James legacy. He tried to keep things away from me. Tried to protect me, but I saw them doing some of the craziest stuff in the world, and I thought, *No, I don't think I wanna do that because that happens and then this happens*. But that's just people and how you choose to live life.

Rick lived his life the way he wanted to live it. Really in my heart I think it was a blessing that he didn't have to feel some of the pains and ills he was feeling. He went out the way he wanted to go. He was definitely true to his game.

He was Rick Motherfucking James!

Yeah! (Laughs.) 🎤





A Gentleman's Dilemma





MINA, ALYSA & TONI RIBAS

When Grant (**Toni Ribas**) learned that his two girlfriends, brunet Nicole (**Alysa**) and fair-haired Polly (**Mina**), were enrolling in the same medical school, he knew there'd be a problem. Nicole and Polly were destined to cross paths sooner or later, so Grant took matters into his own hands.

Grant invited both beauties to his palatial estate to enjoy imported beer and his finest Guatemalan absinthe. He explained the situation, telling Nicole and Polly that he hoped the trio could work out an agreeable arrangement.

The girls wasted little time in proving to Grant that they could work together, sharing his cock with great enthusiasm. What Grant didn't know (and what Polly and Nicole opted not to disclose) is that they were already familiar with each other. Very familiar.

Nicole and Polly had met in college, during an "experimental phase," and each was quite pleased to see the other in the flesh once again. An afternoon that could've ended in disaster was instead transformed into a lesbo lovers' reunion.







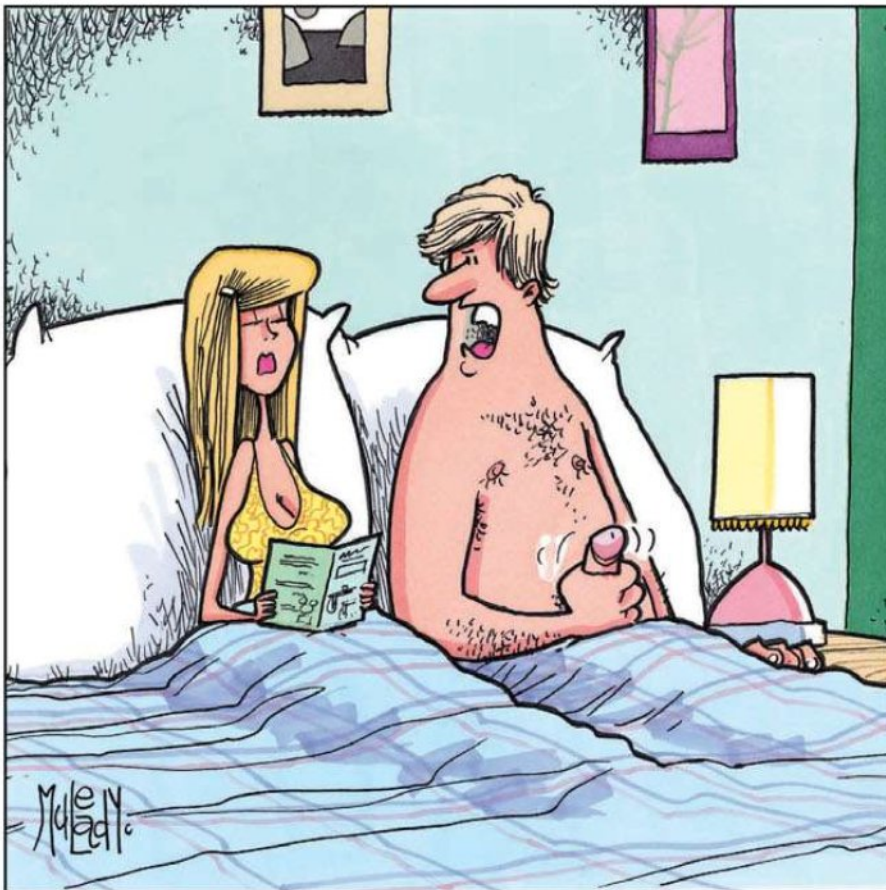








"No one in her cell block has ever attempted to escape!"



"Making love to you is like trying to fuck a Republican senator—NO, NO, NO!"

(continued from page 44)

It could be done by Obama on his own through executive order.

The other thing we need to do is a Tobin tax, or a Wall Street sales tax, meaning a tax on each transaction. When you buy a pair of shoes for your child to go back to school, you pay sales tax. Wall Street financiers trade trillions a day, yet don't pay a penny.

Between outlawing some derivatives and taxing the rest of them you would essentially set the stage for radically diminishing the role of speculation, which is a tremendous social evil.

The other thing we need is a federal law to stop all foreclosures on primary residences. To avoid total chaos, any bank or financial institution that received money from the Treasury, the FDIC or the Fed should stop foreclosures on primary residences. The one place where you live has to be protected, otherwise you're talking social chaos and huge numbers of displaced persons.

If you want a recovery, you've got to restart lending by banks and borrowing by the private sector. The starting point is the Federal Reserve. We've got to get control of the credit creation power that the Fed has. Nationalize it. Bring its power under the Treasury and use it for creating national-infrastructure jobs. We've got to have the Federal Reserve acting under laws that are passed by Congress and signed by the President—not a committee of unaccountable, unelected bankers operating in the shadows as we have now. We ought to aim for federal lending at 0% interest with very long maturities, maybe 50-year loans.

What would you do with that credit power in government hands?

Our entire national infrastructure is at the point of physical collapse. In the tradition of projects that were done in the New Deal, we need to build a thousand state-of-the-art hospitals because that's how many we've lost over the past three decades. We have to rebuild the entire interstate highway system with all the bridges. We have to rebuild our water systems and our sewage systems; these are now becoming a menace to health. We've got to replace the nuclear reactors we have that are all pre-Carter and completely obsolete. We should build 100 fourth-generation nuclear reactors. If we're going to be competitive in the world, we also have to build about 100,000 miles of fast rail.

These are the kinds of things that will change people's lives in a positive direction. Let's start denying the zombie banks zero-percent financing. Channel that credit toward tangible physical production like manufacturing, energy, mining, construction, scientific research and so forth.

With this program, you have a good chance at maintaining world leadership. If you don't do these things, you have to add in the extra cost of learning Chinese because China will be running the world by 2025.

Webster Tarpley can be heard weekly on World Crisis Radio at GCNLive.com and posts regular updates at Tarpley.net.

**DOUBLE
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HustlerHollywood.com



**SEXY
SINGER**



NELLA JAY

You can tell at a glance that **Nella Jay** is beautiful, but the cutie's got talent too.

"I'm a singer-dancer-porn star," she declares. "It makes me a triple threat."

Nella prizes her versatility, but it's the music that's closest to her heart.

"I've been singing since I was a little girl," **Nella** explains, "but I'm only starting to record tracks now." One of the first tunes she laid down was called "Dirty Girl." It's not hard to figure out her inspiration for that ditty. "I am a porn star," she trumpets, "so I can't have goody-goody-two-shoes music. I have to make music about getting it on."

Nella is at work on a full album, and in the meantime she'll be releasing individual songs throughout the year. While the sexy songbird cites no specific influences on her own work, **Nella** does confess to being a huge fan of techno music.

Multiple careers compel **Nella** to divide her time among Miami, New York and Los Angeles. Unsurprisingly, she has a clear favorite. "Of course I love New York!" she exclaims. "I grew up there, and they have the best Italian food by far!"

The night owl in **Nella** loves Miami for its "crazy after-hours scene," so that leaves the City of Angels running a distant third. "It's a totally different atmosphere in L.A.," she observes. "People are really nice out there, but maybe too nice. Plus all the bars close up so early in L.A. It's lame!"





If you crave more of the Nella Jay experience, *Barely Legal* #113 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.





NELLA JAY'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: New York, New York | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 128







HUSTLER[®] MONEY

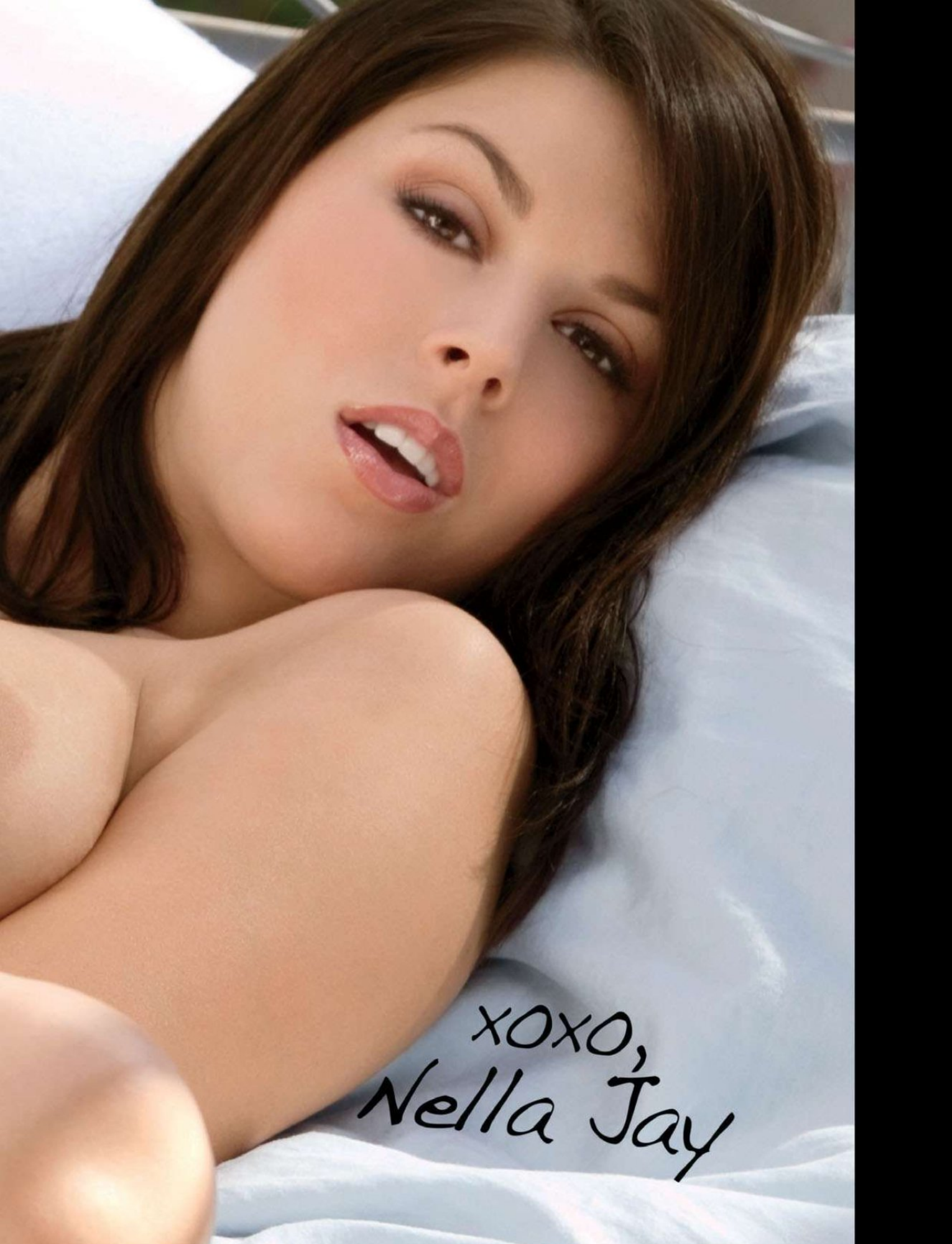
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xoxo,
Nella Jay



The Catholic Church once required women to wear a head covering in order to enter the sanctuary. One Sunday a woman arrived without something atop her head, and the priest wouldn't allow her to stay until it was covered.

The annoyed lady left for a few moments, then returned with her blouse shrouding her head but leaving her massive tits in full view.

The shocked priest exclaimed, "Madam, I cannot allow you to enter this holy place with your breasts exposed!"

"But, Father, I have a divine right!" she shot back.

The priest concurred, "Yes, your right is divine, and your left one is fucking amazing too. But you must still keep them covered while in this church!"

Bubba was driving down a back road in Alabama with his buddy Clem when the rednecks passed a fancy-dan restaurant with a sign that read, "HAPPY HOUR SPECIAL: LOBSTER TAIL AND BEER."

"Well, shit-howdy!" Bubba yelled. "Them's mah three favorites!"

Two biddies traipsing through an art museum got separated. When they met up again an hour later, the first said to her friend, "My, did you see that statue of the naked man back there?"

The second old broad replied, "Yes! I was appalled! How can they display such a disgusting thing? Why, the penis on it was so large!"

Whereupon the first old bag blurted out, "And it was cold, too!"

All of us can relate to the reader who sent us this astute observation: "My wife is so fucking fickle. She tells me we should live every day as if it were our last, then she bitches at me for spending each day smoking marijuana and banging her sister!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Women are usually disgusted when a guy farts in bed, but men rarely make a stink when a chick queefs. Yes, inducing a vaginal fart is a lot of fuckin' fun.

A blonde had her car towed to a gas station and told the mechanic that the engine kept stalling. After opening the hood and tinkering for a while, he asked her to turn the ignition. In seconds the car was idling smoothly.

"Wow, that's great!" the dippy bimbo exclaimed. "What's the story?"

"Just crap in the carburetor," the mechanic remarked.

Scrunching her brow, the blonde asked, "How often do I have to do *that*?"

Mrs. Finch and her secret lover were fucking in the bedroom when she heard someone coming up the walkway. "Quick!" she cried. "My husband will kill you! Hide in the bathroom!"

The lover dashed off, and moments later Mr. Finch entered the bedroom and asked, "Honey, why are you lying there naked?"

"I just wanted to be ready when you came home, dear," she explained, smiling and winking.

"Well, I gotta take a leak," Mr. Finch grumbled. "I'll be out in a jiff."

He went into the bathroom and got a big surprise: a naked man hiding in the shower who began furiously clapping his hands. "Who the fuck are you?!" the dumbfounded husband roared.

"I'm an exterminator," the starkers guy answered. "Your wife hired me to get rid of a moth infestation."

"But you have no clothes on!" Mr. Finch hollered.

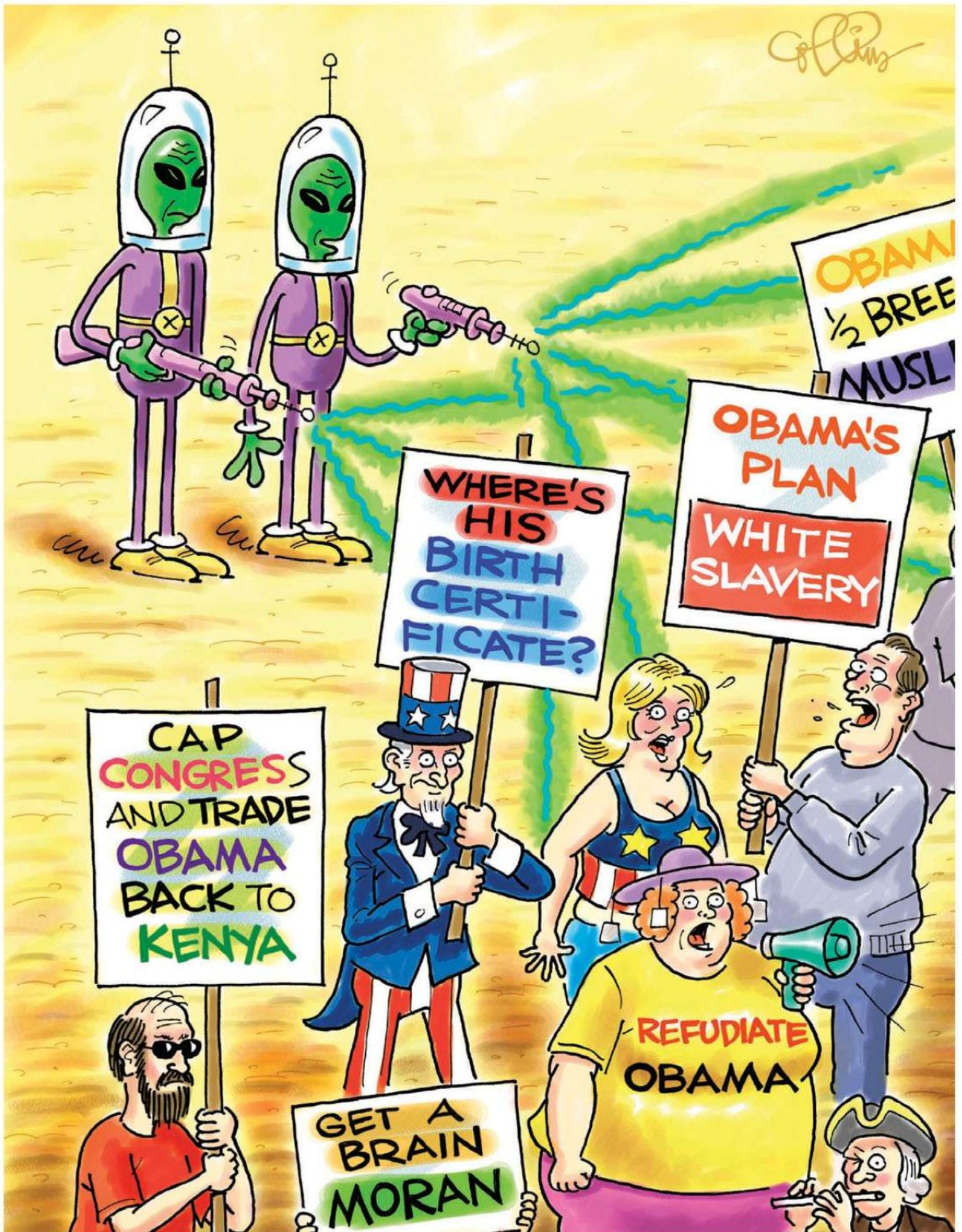
The man looked down, jumped backward and screamed, "Those little bastards!"

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.



"For some reason our mind-control weapons have no effect on them."

BY ANTHONY PETKOV CH

SHOCK THERAPY

← *New Detective Magazine*,
October 1952

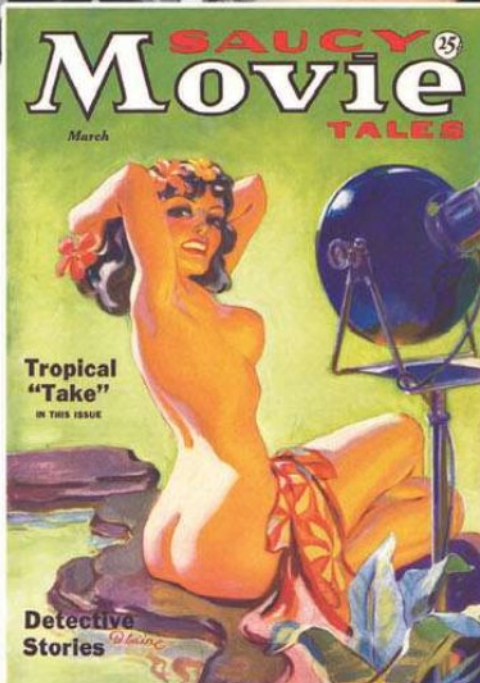
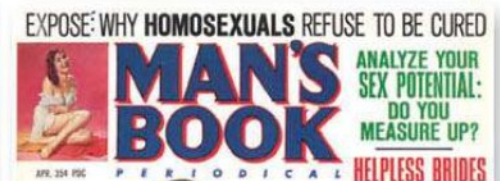
**THE ELECTRIFYING
PULP MAG ART
OF NORMAN
SAUNDERS**

Original story illustration
from *New Man*, February
1964

Norman Saunders

A blond siren seconds away from having a crowbar dashed into the back of her skull by a gorilla-faced mobster. A mad scientist on the verge of pouring acid over the flawless countenance of a young nymph strapped to an operating table. Nazis dousing gorgeous female prisoners with gasoline before sadistically lighting up cigarettes inches away from the captives' supple bodies. These are just a few of the intense, praiseworthy cover scenarios that artist Norman Saunders rendered for pulp magazines during the '30s, '40s and beyond.

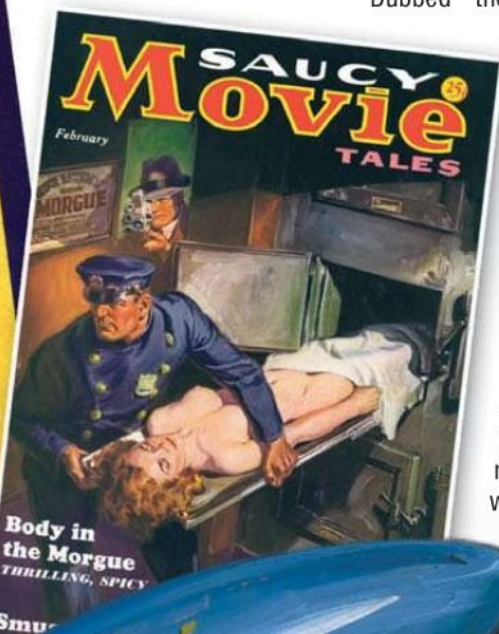
Immediate right, original painting for *Man's Story*, November 1965



EVERY POSSIBLE
NUBIAN SLAVES,
BABOONS, TORTURED
ENSLAVED WOMEN.
EROTICA



Saunders' paperback cover illustration for *Captives of Erotica* by Jack Woods, 1966



Dubbed "the pulps" because they were printed on cheap wood-pulp paper (but with glossy covers), these rags typically sold for "two bits" (25¢) and offered short stories steeped in crime, sex, horror and/or violence. Saunders—who by 1939 had become famous and quite wealthy thanks to his shocking cover paintings—personified longevity with an incredible career spanning nearly six decades and a whopping 4,000 published masterpieces.

Yet Saunders feared that since he worked for disposable periodicals, his name would inevitably fade into oblivion. Thankfully, that won't happen now that The Illustrated Press has devoted an eye-opening, top-of-the-line coffee table book to the astoundingly gifted artist.

Simply titled *Norman Saunders*—with text engagingly written by his son David—it fully chronicles the illustrator's impressive career, with page upon page of his fantastic works.

The son of a railway worker, Norman Saunders was born in northern-most Minnesota on January 1, 1907. As David's informative book provocatively reveals, his father was bitten by the art bug early on. Even before graduating high school, young Norman was selling illustrations to *Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang*, a Fawcett Publications monthly digest crammed with down-home, Roaring Twenties humor concerning booze, flappers and sex.

The practical Saunders used the money he earned to enroll in a two-year program with Federal Schools of Minneapolis, the world's largest correspondence art school. Upon gaining his diploma, he was hired by Minneapolis-based Fawcett as a full-time staff illustrator.

When the company opened offices in New York in the '30s, Saunders moved there. He quickly set up his own freelance studio, where he painted scores of dazzling covers and also meticulously illustrated wildly complicated inventions for



Fawcett's *Modern Mechanix*. In addition, while moonlighting under the pseudonym "Blaine"—his middle name—Saunders delivered, among numerous other outside projects, erotically charged paintings for publisher Harry Donenfeld's *Saucy Movie Tales*, *Saucy Romantic Adventures* and *Saucy Stories*. Such covers sometimes featured topless or barely clothed women. He also did covers for *Eerie Stories*, *Wings* and *New Mystery Adventures*.

After serving with the Army overseas during World War II, Saunders returned home to boldly tackle new artistic territories. In particular, he produced exceptionally gruesome, highly unforgettable war-themed visions. Besides American soldiers savagely fighting Nazis on the battlefield, his paintings for men's adventure magazines—most notably *New Man*, *Real Combat Stories* and *Man's Book*—zeroed in on Axis soldiers torturing scantily clad female prisoners. During the '60s, Saunders was also a key contributor to a realistically gory set of Civil War trading cards, as well as the infamously violent, superbly illustrated "Mars Attacks!" cards for Topps Bubble Gum Company.

Saunders refused to rest

on his laurels. In fact, in 1980—at age 73 while suffering from advanced emphysema and cataracts—he went back to work on one final set of cards for Topps. Titled "Weird Wheels," the darkly humorous, whimsically painted series included exaggerated ghouls, demons and even the Grim Reaper recklessly racing hot rods. When David reprimanded his father for risking his life by doing such demanding work, Saunders told him, "It's fun! I gotta keep working! What the hell else am I gonna do?!"

The artist died in 1989, but his phenomenal work lives on in *Norman Saunders*. To purchase a copy, go to TheIllustratedPress.com. 🖼️



At right, original painting for *Man's Book*, March 1966



JASON BONHAM

GETTING THE LED OUT

Drummer Jason Bonham, son of legendary Led Zeppelin drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham, is second-generation rock royalty. We met up with the visiting Brit at a Hollywood hotel to discuss all things Zep, including sitting in for his dad, life with Bonzo and his new tour "The Led Zeppelin Experience."

HUSTLER: What was it like growing up the son of a rock god?

Jason Bonham: In England it was a very normal upbringing, really. I didn't really go out on the road that often. At the start we lived in a trailer, up until *Led Zeppelin 1* came out. Then we managed to get an apartment—we call it a flat—after Peter Grant [Led Zep manager] gave dad some money. The Zeppelin touring thing was very hectic during that time, but obviously it paid off. Only until we bought the first house, which was in Hagley, did I know something was changing. We had a pool, and Dad started his car collection.

We were always kept very grounded by Mom's family that was around. They were very working-class, down-to-earth people. My granddad drove the buses. The family was always over, and we always shared what we had. Someone needed a car, Dad would buy them a car. Or someone needed a house, Dad would buy them a house. He was very charitable like that.

Was there a lot of music in the house?

When I look back now, my little drum kit was always in that centerpiece between the two speakers in every house we lived in. Dad loved the music, loved that stereo system. If there was a band touring, Dad would throw the after-party at our house. I remember one time Bad Company was playing in Birmingham, and after the show everybody came to our house.

I remember Dad got me to learn "Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy," the opening song from their [Bad Company's] album *Desolation Angels*. I played it at the party, and Dad was as pleased as punch. Then Paul Rodgers [Bad Company singer] turned to Simon Kirke [the band's drummer] and said, "You're fired!" I was 12 or 13 at the time. Years later I reminded Paul about that when I got to work with him. I asked, "Was that my audition?"

Why did you decide to play drums and follow in your father's footsteps?

I learned how to play at a very early age. I don't remember being taught by him. It was just something I could do. At age 11 I convinced my dad to buy me a dirt bike. I took that up, then would ride on the weekends in local club level races. Some talent scout told my dad I was good, but I needed a better bike. He bought me a com-

petitive bike, and the next thing you know, I was second in the British championship, then got signed up by Kawasaki to be a sponsored rider. That was my ambition. I wanted to be a motocross rider. That was my goal. I wasn't going to be a drummer, much to my dad's dismay. (Laughs.) It wasn't until his death [in 1980] that I really took the drumming seriously. I don't think I would have been a drummer if my dad were alive. I'd probably be retired from motocross.

What inspired "The Led Zeppelin Experience" show?

When I knew nothing else was going to go on with the band [Led Zeppelin] after we played the 02 Arena Show in 2007, it was hard for me to just walk away. The producers of *Rain* [Beatles tribute show] had the idea of a Led Zeppelin show like it. I went to see the show, so I wasn't rude and didn't say no before I saw what they were talking about. I couldn't just go out as just a tribute act and go through the motions.

Then my mind started to think of all the ways they could do it and make the show personal by incorporating home movies I'd found: Dad as a kid and on holiday driving a boat—stuff nobody had ever seen before. There's stuff from our family vacation in the South of France just before he died. I wanted people to see how great he looked. He was not a guy who looked like he was about to die. He was at the top of his game.

What can we expect in the show?

It's mainly about the music, but in between songs there is a little story that follows a path through a timeline and how I remember each period. There are descriptions of what it was like from that album to that album. I remember going to Munich and actually jamming with Led Zeppelin in the studio when they did *Presence*. There are little stories like that that explain why I'm doing certain songs in the show, the ones that meant something to me.

How did you narrow down the songs from such a vast catalog?

There are certain songs that have to be there because people will want them there. Then there are songs that there is a story behind. Once it all comes together, if it goes the way I see it in my head, people will be surprised.

Will you be doing your dad's trademark drum solo from "Moby Dick"?

I will be doing a version of it. As Dad always used to say, "It starts off and ends the same way. There's a little bit to the middle that's the same. But it's never really the same." We have this split-screen effect where I'll be dueling with Dad

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

KE\$HA
Cannibal



How do you follow up your multi-platinum debut album full of songs about being drunk and disorderly? With a more mature effort. Kidding! Ke\$ha's back with another platter of tipsy dance tunes. We love a girl who drinks.



THE HIGHWAYMEN
The Essential Highwaymen

For one brief and shining moment country music's greatest—Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson and Waylon Jennings—came together to form the Highwaymen. This two-CD best-of collects key tunes from the supergroup's three studio albums plus live tracks (including one never released), duets and highlights from their solo careers.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bored to Death (Soundtrack)



The hilarious cable show stars Ted Danson, Jason Schwartzman and Zach Galifianakis (the pudgy, bearded guy from *The Hangover*). The soundtrack features a mix of hipster cool and smoky jazz noir. Highlights include Lykke Li's "Little Bit" and M. Ward's (with Zooey Deschanel) "Rave On."



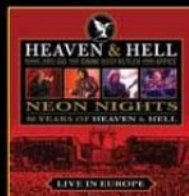
JIMMY EAT WORLD
Invented

Reuniting with the producer behind the band's breakthrough album *Bleed American*, Jimmy Eat World roars back with their strongest effort to date. *Invented* is packed with the crashing guitars and heartfelt vocals that made songs like "The Middle" an anthem for a generation.

RONNIE WOOD
I Feel Like Playing



As the Rolling Stones' second guitarist, Ronnie Wood hasn't always gotten the credit and attention he deserves. This solo disc showcases his spot-on blues-playing alongside his gin-soaked vocals.



HEAVEN & HELL
Neon Nights: 30 Years of Heaven & Hell—Live in Europe

The death of Ronnie James Dio silenced one of rock's greatest voices. This powerful CD (also available on DVD) captures Dio in his prime, leading Heaven & Hell-era Black Sabbath live on what would sadly turn out to be their final tour.

DOZEN

MEL TILLIS

You Ain't Gonna Believe This

Everyone's favorite stuttering country singer returns with a new disc...of comedy! Seriously, the dude from the *Cannonball Run* movies is funny. This CD of homespun humor falls somewhere between *Hee-Haw* and Jeff Foxworthy.



NEIL YOUNG

Le Noise

Ever the father of reinvention, Neil Young returns with another slice of experimental nirvana. His latest CD is a collaboration with producer extraordinaire Daniel Lanois (U2).

Le Noise is a low-fi masterpiece that perfectly blends Young's ragged voice with a wave of noise.



Robbie Williams

In and Out of Consciousness—Greatest Hits 1990-2010

If there was any justice in the music business (there isn't), then master British songwriter Robbie Williams would be as big as Justin Bieber. Instead he remains an underrated example of quality showmanship.



BOMBASTIC MEATBATS FEATURING CHAD SMITH

More Meat

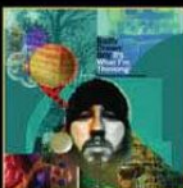
Porn movies need a poundin' soundtrack, and Red Hot Chili Peppers/Chickenfoot drummer Chad Smith's side band is more than willing to provide it. Their new CD is a futuristic mix of jazz, funk and rock. Perfect for getting your fuck on to.



BADLY DRAWN BOY

It's What I'm Thinking: Photographing Snowflakes (Part One)

When Badly Drawn Boy (a/k/a Damon Gough) released his debut album more than a decade ago, it was a breakthrough reintroducing the world to quiet singer/songwriters. Eleven years down the line, with the musical landscape littered with imitators, the master returns.



GANG OF FOUR

Content

Art-rock masters Gang of Four return after a ridiculously long 16-year hiatus. Core members Jon King and Andy Gill have created a CD boasting the smart and melodic power punk that bands like Phoenix, Franz Ferdinand and Vampire Weekend have recently claimed as their own.



BY KEITH VALCOURT

SIGHTS & SOUNDS

in the drum solo. We play together. I look at him, and he looks at me. Dad also plays drums on another song, "When the Levee Breaks."

What do the Led Zeppelin guys think of your "Led Zeppelin Experience" show?

I've been speaking to Robert [Plant] about it quite a lot. He was the first one that I spoke to about it. I take things personally. Somebody that I know wrote some horrible, nasty comments on a blog about me and why I was doing this show, and it got to me. I was very upset and hurt to say the least. So I called Robert because I didn't know who else to talk to. He talked me through it. He said, "You don't need an excuse to go and do this because nobody plays drums like you do. There are many that say they can, but they can't. We all do our own stuff. As long as you do it with a fucking smile on your face, you have my blessing." That meant a helluva lot to me; that to me said it all. I do this as a total fan. I just happen to have played with them a couple of times, and my dad was the drummer.

What was it like playing the Led Zeppelin reunion show at the O2 Arena?

It was a phenomenal night. It was a great six weeks of buildup for me: rehearsing with them on a daily basis, really getting to know them as an adult was the fun part for me. Asking a few questions: "Did this really happen? And did that really happen?" Them saying, "Can we tell him

now? Is he old enough?" (*Laughs*.) There were some very good times that I will always cherish. Most of the time while we were playing that night, all I was trying to do was impress those three guys [Robert Plant, Jimmy Page and John Paul Jones]. I never looked past the stage. I just wanted to get an acknowledgment from them that I was doing okay, because a nod of approval from them is like getting one from Dad.

Why didn't a full Led Zeppelin reunion tour happen?

You'd have to ask them [Plant, Page and Jones]. It's a personal thing for them. I can't answer for them.

What do you think your dad would think of the show?

Right now I think he'd say, "You gotta lose these two songs and put this one in." (*Laughs*.) Overall he'd probably tell me to stop worrying about the small stuff. Concentrate on playing the groove and the feel.

Tell us about your new band with Joe Bonamassa, Deep Purple's Glenn Hughes and Dream Theater's Derek Sherinian.

It's exciting. The band is called Black Country Communion, and we recorded the entire album in just ten days. It's a real "headphones on," classic rock 'n' roll album. Some of the songs clock in at over seven minutes. I think it will blow people away. ■

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS



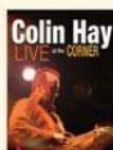
BACK FROM HELL: A TRIBUTE TO SAM KINISON

No one did it better than Sam Kinison. The preacher-turned-comic was a true original. Sadly, a drunk driver ended his life too soon. This poignant documentary blends unreleased home movies and performance footage with interviews from a slew of Sam's famous friends, including Chris Rock, Denis Leary, George Lopez and Pauly Shore.



ROCKY, BULLWINKLE & FRIENDS: THE COMPLETE SERIES

From 1959 to 1961 this animated series about a flying squirrel and a dimwitted moose rocked our Saturday mornings. This comprehensive box set features everything you remember from the original series, including Dudley Do-Right, Sherman, Mr. Peabody and "Fractured Fairy Tales."



COLIN HAY: LIVE AT THE CORNER

Our favorite musical journeyman, Colin Hay of Men at Work fame, released his first-ever live DVD. This intimate concert captures the Aussie strumming through his impressive catalog of pop gems.



MAGIC & BIRD: A COURTSHIP OF RIVALS

One of basketball's most storied rivalries comes to life in this top-notch documentary. It traces the roots of Earvin "Magic" Johnson and Larry Bird from their humble beginnings through a heated collegiate showdown and on to the ultimate battle for NBA supremacy.



PIXIES LIVE: ACOUSTIC/ELECTRIC

When Boston's best alternative rock band returned to the road in early 2004, fans from coast to coast rejoiced. This great Blu-ray showcases both sides of the group's diverse personality. Captured live in 2005, plugged in at Beantown's Paradise Club and all-acoustic at the Newport Folk Festival.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: THE ROLLING STONES

Finally on DVD, this legendary concert captures the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band in their prime—live and raw in 1972. God, did they rock! Bonus features include tour rehearsals, a number not part of the original concert broadcast and interviews.

ASIA

ONLY TIME WILL TELL

In 1981 a supergroup comprising former members of Yes, King Crimson, the Buggles and Emerson, Lake & Palmer set MTV and radio on fire with a barrage of hits from their self-titled debut album. "Heat of the Moment," "Only Time Will Tell" and "Sole Survivor" remain rock standards today. That band was Asia, a four-man hit machine made up of Steve Howe (guitar), John Wetton (vocals/bass), Geoff Downes (keyboards) and Carl Palmer (drums). Now we find ourselves in 2011, and the original lineup is still going strong and touring behind a solid new CD, *Omega*. We caught up with Wetton and Downes in Los Angeles.

HUSTLER: When Asia started, it was called a supergroup. How did that title sit with you?

John Wetton: We didn't invent the term. It was just a convenient way of presenting the band to the press and the media in general. There wasn't anything we could do. It was everywhere. We didn't encourage it, but it wasn't embarrassing either.

Having been in successful bands, were the expectations high when you came together as Asia?

Geoff Downes: Double-edged sword. It opened a few doors from a promotion and merchandising standpoint for the record label. It didn't guarantee us any success.

John: You need the material to back up the hype. We had that depth, and we had great songs. We had a good-sounding record that came out at a time when the top ten was full of lightweight keyboard and drum machine stuff, like Human League and Flock of Seagulls. We came on like a ton of bricks. Our record sounded brilliant on the radio and was six or seven tracks deep. The prog rock fans, all the people who loved our original bands, were happy. Plus we got another audience that we never dreamed of.

Geoff: The bands that we had come from were also not operating at that time. We took the place of all those.

John: We went a lot farther than those bands had gone by making the music more concise and radio-friendly without being super-commercial.

Your songs were anthems. How did you write them?

John: I dunno. You tell me. (Laughs.)

Geoff: We have similar thoughts about how we construct the songs. The way we do that always includes an anthemic chorus.

John: We still write those kind of very chorus-oriented songs; you would call them anthems.

Who came up with the concept of the original cover art?

John: The idea came from the band, and someone suggested Roger Dean. He creates mythical and futuristic creatures like you've never seen before. Because the band was named Asia, the obvious symbol was a dragon. I think it was beautiful what he came up with. His vision was superb.

Geoff: The Roger Dean cover artwork, the logo—it was great.

John: Even though a week before the record came out, the president of our record company, Geffen, took me to one side and said, "We find the cover very dark, the logo illegible, and frankly we don't hear a hit single." About a month later he was singing a different tune.

Geoff: We always try to get a strong cover image.

John: Our latest CD, *Omega*, features a white tiger on the cover. Geoff came up with that because 2010 was the year of the tiger.

Speaking of the new album, the songs on it—particularly "Finger on the Trigger" and "Holy War"—have a timeless quality.

John: We try to never write for a particular era or trend. Our background is in 15th-century English church music. A lot of the way we structure our songs comes from the musicality of that period.

Geoff: Yeah, we're not trying to be trendy. We'll never add raps to our songs. (Laughs.)

How do the four of you keep your egos in check after such massive success?

John: I think that egos had a big role to play in the breakup of the band the first time around. It also had a lot to do with our success, but ultimately it led to our implosion. This time around we've learned from our mistakes, and the egos are severely in check. The big change this time is that we are more considerate of each other.

Geoff: Because we were so big so quickly, it was hard not to become conceited.

John: When we decided to get back together, it would have been easy to just re-form and fall into the same pattern. But I think we all had to look at ourselves. What we do now is for the good of the group, not just the individuals. We're doing more shows than we did the first time out, and we have released more CDs plus two live

DVDs. It doesn't show any sign of letting up. Our future looks bright.

Geoff: We're making plans for 2012. Not bad for a band that critics didn't think would last more than a few months.

What is different about touring now?

John: We tend to respect each other's comfort zones. When we re-formed, we had a meeting to state what each of us would be comfortable with. As soon as those lines were drawn, we could get on with it. There were no boundaries the first time around.

Geoff: It was a free-for-all backstage. People did whatever the hell they wanted.

John: A bit of a zoo, as I remember it.

You toured in 2009 on a shared bill with Yes, which had your guitarist, Steve Howe, doing double duty. Would you ever consider doing a show that featured all of your past bands?

John: That's a bit Hollywood, isn't it? (Laughs.) Oh, wait! Where are we sitting?

Geoff: There have been mentions of that in the past. Whether or not it's practical or if we can do it at the level it should be done is unknown.

John: Plus quite a lot of our old bandmates are decomposing right now instead of composing. (Laughs.)

We know you must have some good groupie tales from the '80s.

John: My indiscretions have been properly documented. I was in Roxy Music for a year, and that was nice. But nowadays the Asia groupies stay away from us.

Geoff: Most of our audience these days are the beards-and-pullovers crowd. Lots of guys with facial hair wearing sweaters. But back in the '80s we had a lot of females in the audience.

John: We had a huge percentage of college-age females. Fantastic! Yes! As the record [*Heat of the Moment*] went up the charts, so did the level of beauty at our shows.

Geoff: We had a very attractive audience. I don't know what went wrong.

In the track "Heat of the Moment" you sing the line "And now you find yourself in 82." Did you ever imagine you'd still be singing those words almost three decades later?

John: Yes, because 82 in that song is not a year; it's a venue. And no one is ever going to know that, are they? Until now. 🐉

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RAQUEL AMATO

AGE: 40

LOCATION: Scottsdale, Arizona

FIND HER AT: RaquelAmatoXXX.moonfruit.com

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.

It's apropos that Raquel Amato hails from Arizona's Valley of the Sun, where temperatures often hit triple digits. She's a bisexual hottie whose voluptuous figure, fishnet dresses and flamboyant tattoos make her a far cry from the typical red-state soccer mom.

Raquel, an incandescent head turner, grew up in the States and abroad. "I moved to Germany with my family when I was a kid," recalls the frisky cougar, who now has two children of her own. "We returned to the Phoenix area when I was 16 because I kept getting into trouble. You could say I was a wild child, but I like to think of myself as a free spirit."

However, finding free moments can be a chore. "Having to balance being a full-time hairstylist, part-time model and round-the-clock mama sometimes has me pulling my hair out," Raquel remarks. "But never a day arises when I would



COUGARS UNLEASHED #27

want to rewrite my story."

Although readily admitting that looks are important when it comes to choosing sexual partners, Raquel equally appreciates sincerity, warmth and a sense of humor. "I'm all about goofy banter and soft eyes," she confides. "Those sort of things drop me to my knees."

Like most cougars and MILFs, Raquel has found her sex life to be far better than it was in her younger days. "As a woman ages, she truly begins to figure herself out," Raquel explains. "She gets comfortable with herself, and sex becomes a total body experience where you just let yourself go. Actually, Elton John said it best: 'I think people should be free to engage in any sexual practices they choose; they should draw the line at goats though.'"

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



PHOTOS BY EASTON



SCREEN NAME:
Ela Darling

AGE: 24

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 790

URL: [FACEBOOK.COM/ELADARLING](https://www.facebook.com/ElADarling)

Ela Darling's journey from librarian to the pages of HUSTLER Magazine is an exceptional one. After receiving her master's degree in library information sciences, the East Coast transplant began work as a librarian assistant but soon chucked the job after discovering that her real calling was in fetish videos.

"I had a fucking-machine contest with [adult actress] Bobbi Starr," Ela delightedly confesses. "It was amateur girl versus porn star, and I squirted everywhere on a Sybian! It was my first time squirting in that kind of situation. I was somewhat horrified, but the director was pretty thrilled about it. By the way, Ms. Starr and I tied!"

But there's more to Ela than just pump and circumstance. Sci-fi lovers, for one, will appreciate her "strong, nerdy side" as she calls it—and the kinky Facebook enthusiast adores men with similar traits.

"I'm a huge geek," Ela proudly admits. "I even have a Dewey decimal number tattooed on my back! [Editor's Note: The Dewey classification system makes it easier to find a particular book at any library.] I like a guy who's sweet, goofy, super laid-back—someone who can be totally nerdy alongside me over stuff like *Harry Potter* and sci-fi. Oh, and guys with long, dark, shaggy hair and pretty eyes get me hot too!"

Certain types of women can blast Ela off into space as well. "I love a girl with pale skin," she specifies. "Rose McGowan and Christina Ricci are my dream types. I also like women who are especially sweet but equally intelligent. I'm really like a brain-eating zombie when it comes to women: I might start eating a little bit lower, but I eventually work my way up to a girl's mind. Actually, a huge fantasy of mine is to take one of my straight girlfriends and become her first girl/girl experience."

Geeky men and women, you've been warned! 🐼

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.



THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



PHOTOS BY JOSEPH RUBINSTEIN



TRAGEDY IN TUCSON

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA STUDENTS STRIVE FOR TOGETHERNESS FOLLOWING A GUNMAN'S DEADLY RAMPAGE.

Pima County Sheriff Clarence Dupkin described Tucson, Arizona, perfectly. "We're the Tombstone of the United States of America," he said during a press conference following a killing spree that took place on the morning of January 8, 2011. Dupkin went on to rant about the outrageous political rhetoric that he believed incited the carnage that sent Democratic Representative Gabrielle Giffords to intensive care and took six lives.

Arizona needed help long before this tragedy had occurred, Dupkin said. Due to the severe division between the political parties and constant criticism from the media, it is an unstable place. Tight illegal immigration restrictions and loose gun-control laws have made Arizona nationally infamous, and it's safe to say the Grand Canyon State is not hospitable to liberals.

In all honesty, if Dupkin had made his comments any time before the shooting, University of Arizona students would probably not have supported his Wild West analogy—back when many of us were still blissfully unaware of the hostile political climate.

As the county sheriff compared UA's home to an Arizona town known for the gunfight at the O.K. Corral, students were just learning about the situation. "My friend texted me an odd question around noon on January 8," recalled Megan Shekleton, a senior majoring in marketing. "'Are you okay?' she asked. It wasn't a normal conversation starter, to say the least. I knew something was wrong."

One of the greatest tragedies in Arizona history had unfolded just as a new semester was beginning at UA. Instead of buying

books and making last-minute class-schedule changes, students sat glued to their televisions and laptop screens for the latest updates on the shootings.

The political landscape nationwide was shifting dramatically. Ken Strocsher of the Arizona Students' Association said the UA administration and student government bodies were notified of President Barack Obama's planned attendance at a memorial service to be held on January 12.

"We were asked by the White House to

"I'm a firm believer that politics should not get in the way of friendships. Whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, what happened here was terrible. We need to be civil in the way we interact with each other. ... [The memorial service] showed that what happened that day was much bigger than politics."

supply 250 student volunteers [to help organize the event], and they gave us 48 hours to do so," Strocsher said. "I didn't think we would be able to pull together that many volunteers in that amount of time—it was stressful."

Via e-mail, a mass volunteer request was announced, and the students' response was overwhelming. "I personally received over 800 e-mails in a 24-hour period," Strocsher recalled. "And they kept pouring in throughout the night. The entire University of Arizona student body came together and really wanted to help out in any way they could."

Sophomore Jeffrey Adams, who hopes to become a politician, said the current political tension is daunting but does not deter him. The pre-business major chose to volunteer because of the unification theme the ceremony represented.

"I'm a firm believer that politics should not get in the way of friendships," Adams

said. "Whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, what happened here was terrible. We need to be civil in the way we interact with each other."

Although it was not the mission of the university to unite political parties through the memorial service, "it was great to see all different groups come together for the ceremony," Adams said, "and it showed that what happened that day was much bigger than politics."

Trevor Laky, president of the UA chapter of College Republicans, reciprocated: "The tragedy here in Tucson was one that affected everyone. We live in a great country that allows us to create change without resorting to violence, and it is a shame that some people cannot grasp that."

Political tension in Arizona has mounted over the past few years, and Sheriff Dupkin wasn't the only person to blame political rhetoric for the Tucson shootings. But the horrific incident provided an opportunity to set an example for the nation.

"The media criticized the memorial service, saying it seemed like a pep rally," said Shekleton, who spent eight hours in line waiting to take a seat. "But it was a very moving experience. It was an incredible, uplifting memorial, and I am lucky to have been a part of it."

Organizers had coined the phrase "Together We Thrive" to evoke sentiments of optimism for the future. "It shouldn't matter our party affiliation or the divisions within our society," Strocsher observed. "We are together as a community, and we are thriving."

Carly Kennedy, a senior majoring in journalism with a minor in economics, worked as a news reporter for three years at the University of Arizona's student newspaper, the *Arizona Daily Wildcat*. In her spare time she enjoys "not going to my Thursday night class, learning to rap and spontaneous trips to Target."

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

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.

MS. KARA

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

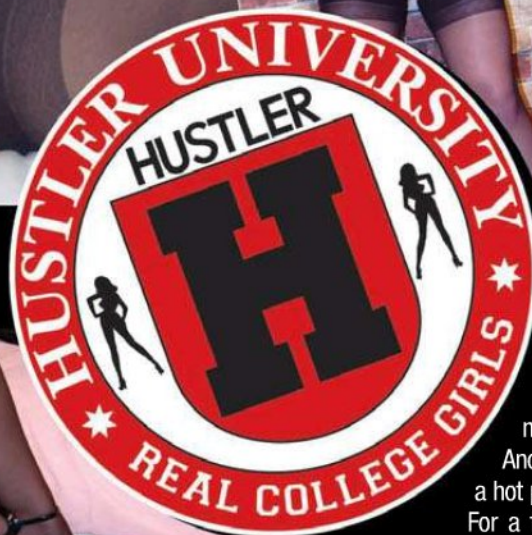
Commencing with a self-assessment, this LSU junior professes, "I'm friendly, outgoing, funny and spontaneous. I've been told I'm also charismatic, but that's up to others to decide." Ms. Kara, 24, has certainly come to the right place to be judged. Here's how it happened: "I love getting naked for a guy, but doing it for thousands of men all over the place is a real rush."

Despite her lack of inhibitions, Ms. Kara already has a career mapped out. "I desire to one day own my own tax firm," the 5-foot-2 accounting major makes known.

In the meantime the lifelong resident of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has some extracurricular activities that make her very desirous: "Well, I obviously like to shop. I enjoy watching sports, movies and *The Vampire Diaries* next to a guy, but my favorite pastime is having wild, crazy sex. I'm bi-curious, playful, aggressive and will try anything at least once."

Ms. Kara isn't whistling "Dixie." "I don't mind anal sex," she confides. "Everyone needs a good pounding once in a while, and I mean *everyone*! Hands down the best position is doggy-style! A special talent of mine is giving a phenomenal blowjob, and every now and then I like having sex in public. The fear of getting caught turns me on."

How's this for derring-do? Brazen Ms. Kara recalls, "I had a threesome on the front lawn of a guy's house while cars were passing by and getting a good show. I would love for someone to just throw me down in the middle of a street and start fucking me. That would be the ultimate rush! Another fantasy of mine is going at it with a hot professor during the middle of class." For a first-time skin-mag model, Ms. Kara has accounted for herself very well. Bravo! 🍷



(continued from page 61)

After Milton moved his operation to Spain in 1980, *Private* became a "visual encyclopedia of his personal fantasies." Ultimately the magazine became the porn standard against which all other European adult magazines were held, but by 1989 Milton was drowning in booze and debt.

That's when his son Berth Milton Jr. stepped in, overseeing his father's health, as well as buying *Private* from him with the intention of selling it. However, when Milton Jr. finally found a buyer for *Private*, his father—now clean and sober—refused to give up the company's trademark. He took his son to court, claiming that Milton Jr. had actually stolen *Private* from him. The claim was repeatedly rejected by the Swedish courts right up until the death of Milton Sr. in 2005.

Ironically, as Hanson points out, while *Private* magazine was the rage back in the '80s, today it's the least profitable division of Berth Milton Jr.'s empire and, sadly, may not be around much longer. Although Private Enterprises—helmed since 1991 by Milton Jr. (dubbed the "reluctant pornographer")—has successfully branched out into everything from Web content to energy drinks, magazine sales have alarmingly slackened. Consequently, Milton will most probably soon call it quits for *Private* magazine, thus writing the final chapter to 50 years of exciting print porn. But that will only make Taschen's five-volume set all the more precious.

Just think, while clones on trains and buses are robotically texting and faddishly fiddling with their iPhones searching for porn, you can stand apart as you discreetly flip through your cool, retro but no less raunchy classic 1980s volumes of an unforgettable magazine.

You can purchase *The Private Collection: 1980-1989* by going to Taschen.com. For more vintage porn from *Private*, visit PrivateClassics.com.



"You just have to face it, Helen! Your Tom is gone, and he can't be replaced!"



Julie, *Private* #96

SOUTHERN COMFORT

AINSLEY ADDISON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS



Ainsley is a true Dixie chick, and she's proud of it. "Growing up in Little Rock was great!" she exclaims. "I love the southern hospitality you get down here."

Thanks to a killer body and an abundance of charm, we imagine that **Ainsley** is greeted warmly wherever she goes. "Every time I travel out of town, I am constantly asked where I'm from," she says. "I think it's the accent that gives it away. Everyone loves it!"

The only downside is that sometimes judgments are based solely on her distinctive twang. "Some people think that those of us from the South aren't educated, which is definitely not true," **Ainsley** proclaims. "I am a blonde and tend to have blonde moments, but I did obtain two college degrees. You may not expect it, but I'm packing in the brains department."





AINSLEY ADDISON'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Little Rock, Arkansas | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 105



A photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair, seen from behind, looking out a window. She is wearing a white, ruffled, long-sleeved top. Her hands are resting on the windowsill. The lighting is bright, coming from the window, creating a soft glow on her hair and skin. The background outside the window is slightly blurred, showing some greenery and a building.

No matter what **Ainsley** accomplishes, she vows to remain humble and grounded. "I don't believe anyone ever earns the right to act like a diva," she ventures. "We are all human, and we're all striving for pretty much the same thing—to achieve our personal goals. I hate when people achieve those goals and then forget where they came from. I hate how fame goes to people's heads."



Eschewing the diva lifestyle, **Ainsley** spends a lot of her time in the fresh air: "I enjoy kayaking, hiking and beach volleyball. I love doing pretty much anything outdoors."

Indeed, **Ainsley**'s most memorable sexual experience occurred alfresco. "I was traveling the countryside with my boyfriend at the time," she recalls. "A gorgeous thunderstorm was in the distance. The lightning was beautiful. We had us a good ol' time out in the pasture that day, if y'all know what I mean."





*Fuck 'em,
 Danno: Nicole
 Ray, Kaiya
 Lynn and Priya
 Rai put the O
 in **Five-0**.*



This Ain't Hawaii Five-0 XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. **STARRING:** PRIYA RAI, VICTORIA WHITE, KAIYA LYNN, LANA LOPEZ, SOPHIA SANTI, NICOLE RAY, PIKE NELSON, TOMMY GUNN, JACK LAWRENCE & JACK VEGAS.



Be honest: Did that Aloha shirt ever get you laid outside of a hooker's bungalow? Anyway, here's your chance to finally wear it again! This flick's more tribute than spoof, remaking TV mediocrity the way it should be done (unlike that lame version on CBS). In the opener, standard-issue blonde Victoria White gets off, then gets offed to give McGarrett and Danno something to do. Meanwhile, island girl Kaiya Lynn does an ace job of pleasuring the baddie, while Five-0's top-heavy secret weapon Priya Rai lures in the suspects with her tactical use of beachwear. Priya (who's actually Indian) is a one-woman luau guaranteed to have you strumming your ukulele wikiwiki. And in a steamy scene that appears to be utterly gratuitous, Lana Lopez (another ethnically ambiguous cutie being passed off as Hawaiian) gets laid women-in-prison-style by a nicely tattooed Sophia Santi. In the end, McGarrett finally gets out of that stuffy black suit (turns out he's a trashy porn stud underneath) to bang some shark bait in the comely shape of Nicole Ray. Unless you're Larry Flynt, you probably can't afford a Hawaiian vacation this year, so you'd better grab this instead. Order it on page 140.

—M.J.

Jenna Haze invites Faye Reagan, Lexi Belle and April O'Neill for a good old-fashioned **Hose Down**.



Jenna Haze: Legs Up Hose Down

JENNRATION X/JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** JENNA HAZE. **STARRING:** JENNA HAZE, TORI BLACK, ZOE VOSS, LEXI BELLE, FAYE REAGAN, MARIE LUV, APRIL O'NEILL, LILY LeBEAU, SCOTT NAILS, JAMES DEEN, VODOO, MARK ASHLEY, MICK BLUE, PRINCE YAHSHUA & TONI RIBAS.

 Eminent fuck doll Jenna Haze has quickly evolved into a fine smut director. Famous for her own photogenic pins, Jenna knows how to showcase the lovely lower halves of her stellar cast in this sleek leg-fetish flick. (If you're into designer panty hose by any chance, get ready to burst.) With skinny-cute Zoe Voss handling some of the legwork, Jenna leads off the lineup in her usual high style. Tori Black gets an aerobic ass-pounding through the split in her blue workout tights, elastic-booty Marie Luv nearly loses her shit (figuratively speaking), and three of porn's hottest stage a triple-tutu rendezvous. Those aren't even all of the delicacies on this double-disc. Every scene is well-shot and intensely performed. Legs are stretched, scissored, knelt, dangled and generally treated like the flexible anatomic wonders they are. Seriously, what would we do without legs? Probably never get off the couch. But with porn like this, why should we? —M.J.





Blackwives Melody Nakai, Aryana Adin and Melrose Foxxx start a few rumors.



Desperate Blackwives #6

METRO INTERACTIVE/VIDEO TEAM. **DIRECTOR:** JAX. **STARRING:** NYOMI BANXXX, ARYANA ADIN, IMANI ROSE, MELODY NAKAI, MELROSE FOXXX, MISTY STONE, FLASH BROWN, D SNOOP, NAT TURNHER, JON JON & LEXINGTON STEELE.



The radiant Nyomi Banxxx puts in another fine performance as the "Queen Bee of Baldwin Hills" (for you out-of-towners, that's the "black Beverly Hills" in South L.A.). Ms. Banxxx, arguably porn's most gorgeous MILF, is as athletic as ever when it comes time to earn her standing in the catty community, showing her latest discovery (cute Imani Rose) the joys of loud and nasty infidelity. The rest of the cast—featuring black jewels like Melody Nakai, Melrose Foxxx and Misty Stone—proves that the West Coast is wild! (Show some respect, Atlanta wives!) This isn't the slickest movie you've ever seen, but these top-shelf ladies lift it higher. Nyomi and Misty in particular get a chance to show off their acting chops, and busty Aryana Adin rivals even Nyomi's curvaceousness. Meanwhile, Blasian blossom Melody Nakai heats up the rumor mill as the "new girl in town" who's anything but new to the town's favorite activity. Baldwin Hills is bangin', people! Bet you never thought you'd be scouting out real estate in South L.A., did you?

—M.J.



Bad Girls #5

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** STOYA, ANGELINA ARMANI, TORI BLACK, REBECA LINARES, JENNY HENDRIX, MANUEL FERRARA, JAMES DEEN, MICK BLUE, SCOTT NAILS, STEVE HOLMES & TOMMY GUNN.



The girls on this disc aren't particularly "bad," unless there's something wrong with liking a good fuck now and again. But we're not complaining. Any film that uses Tori Black as the warm-up act, then follows it with Stoya's first double penetration has got to be good. Ultrapale beauty Stoya lays down an especially exuberant performance as her scene's second hunk of man-meat slides into her lovely behind. Stoya keeps her electric smile throughout, despite some gratuitous slap-and-choke. (Maybe that's the "bad girl" part.) By the time both her holes are gaping and cum is dripping off her chin, Stoya has made sure the scene is mandatory viewing for her fans. It's a hard act to follow, but Spanish anal virtuosa Rebeca Linares has the baddest little butt in the business. If it weren't for Stoya getting double-plugged, Rebeca would easily steal the show. The lineup winds up capably with non-anal blondes Jenny Hendrix and Angelina Armani earning more in an hour than you did all week. Now *that's* bad.

—M.J.

*Stoya and Jenny Hendrix prove it: **Bad Girls** are open to anything.*



Can't be tamed:
Alexis Grace,
Tiffany Tyler and
Eden Adams hail
Miley's 18th.



HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Miley Cyrus' 18th Birthday

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: ALEXIS GRACE, JULIA ANN, TIFFANY TYLER, EDEN ADAMS, RUBY RAYES, MARCUS LONDON, BARRETT BLADE, JAY ROCK, RYAN DRILLER, CHAD ALVA & ALAN STAFFORD.



The folks over at BARELY LEGAL were glued to their phones on Miley's birthday, but strangely enough, the Disney darling didn't call. Probably too busy "celebrating." We're confident she'll get in touch, but in the meantime here's how the folks at HUSTLER Video imagine the historic date went down. After Miley gets her puss shoved into her cake, daddy Billy Ray pushes his own into Julia Ann's MILFy twat (an appropriate way to celebrate his daughter's birthday, if you think about it). More failed attempts at comedy follow before cute Latina Ruby Rayes saves the movie with a standout scene, although Alexis Grace's gang-bang cumfest with boy band the "Johnson Brothers" is probably more of a crowd-pleaser. Miley comes from the segment of society known as "white trash wins the lottery" (not unlike the purveyors of this fine publication), so you've been warned. By the way, if *you* were also counting the days until Miley Cyrus turned legal, get help before you show up on *To Catch a Predator*. Better yet, order this movie on page 140.

—M.J.

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Nymphomanics Tori Black,
Raven Alexis and Breanne
Benson say no to rehab.



Nymphomaniac

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** RAVEN ALEXIS, TORI BLACK, ALANAH RAE, PHOENIX MARIE, KISSY LYNN, BREANNE BENSON, MANUEL FERRARA, MR. PETE, SCOTT NAILS, TOMMY GUNN & MICK BLUE.



Ah, that old porn chestnut: nymphs in therapy. The questions it raises are eternal: Why are these wayward girls so unwilling to wear panties? Why do they seek out such sweaty men? Will they ever get real jobs? Brunet beauty Raven Alexis answers most of those questions right in the first scene: Who the fuck cares? It's a hectic, pumping, panting encounter, after which she feels empty and sad. (Yep, she's a junkie.) The melodramatic rehab sessions are fairly hilarious, but the only thing more worthless than a sex addict is a cured sex addict. So, worry not: The focus is on the fucking. Raven puts in a fine performance as the lead human mattress, Tori Black's award-winning itch is as scratchable as ever, and the rest of the cast is about a thousand notches above what you pick up at your AA meetings. There's not a lot of variety here, but if you thought you got that porn monkey off your back, *Nymphomaniac's* enough to have you begging for it again like the weak-willed gutter tramp you are. Nothing personal. —M.J.



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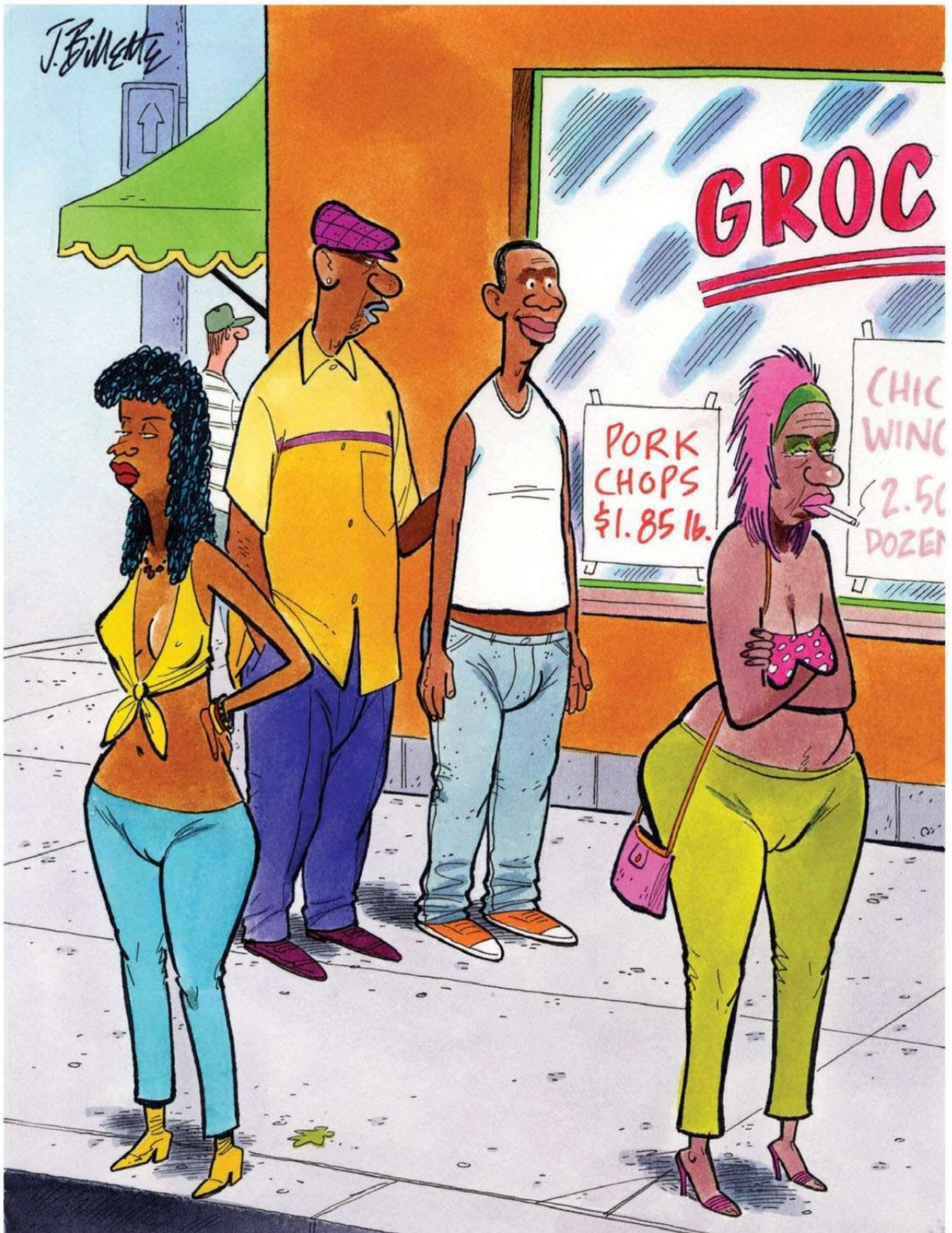
Working Girls

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** SHYLAR COBI. **STARRING:** ANDY SAN DIMAS, BRIANA BLAIR, KRISSY LYNN, RACHEL ROXXX, KELLY DEVINE, NIKKI SEXX, JON JON, CHRIS JOHNSON, ANTHONY ROSANO, MR. PETE & JERRY.



Call that work? Try digging a ditch or rotating some tires, ladies! Just kidding. We love the way you show up at our hotel rooms and hide your revulsion at our body fat behind a painted-on smile. It can't be easy. Sexy Andy San Dimas warms up this phony "real life" portrayal of the sex trade with a decent better-than-your-girlfriend experience; spongy Krissy Lynn offers a horny-black-man special; and Kelly Devine lets her clients park in the rear (and what a rear it is). If you haven't maxed out that card yet, there are still a few more slots to slide it through: Rachel Rxxxx doesn't charge extra for tit-fucking (tips are appreciated), and team-workers Briana Blair and Nikki Sexx offer a dirty-blonde threeway. This by-the-numbers stroker won't give you a new appreciation of the call girl life, or of anything else for that matter, but working girls are the real pump of our economy, so splurge now while you still can!

—M.J.



"Son, there are two kinds of pussy...big old good ones and good old big ones!"



THIS AIN'T **BEVERLY HILLS 90210** XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

The boob tube's *Beverly Hills, 90210* lasted for almost 300 episodes, but not a single installment of that durable program delivered any hot, hard-core action. HUSTLER Video has filled that horrendous void with its latest sex parody, *This Ain't Beverly Hills 90210 XXX*.

The original *90210*, which chronicled the lives of wealthy young people in the iconic zip code, launched the careers of Shannen Doherty (Brenda), Jennie Garth (Kelly), Tori Spelling (Donna), Gabrielle Carteris (Andrea) and, of course, a bunch of dudes who were way too old for their roles.

HUSTLER Video's version boasts an impressive ensemble cast, headlined by hotties **Madison Ivy** (Brenda), **Alexis Texas** (Kelly), **Jenny Hendrix** (Donna) and **Alanah Rae** (Andrea). In this alternate universe, members of the Beverly Hills brat pack are free to suck and fuck one another with abandon.

Brenda's sibling Brandon (**Chris Johnson**) keeps the Peach Pit open late to make sure a couple of hot customers (**Tiffany Star** and **Mackenzie Pierce**) get properly filled up. Pouty Brenda only lightens up when she's riding the cock of her boyfriend Dylan (**Alan Stafford**), while Donna and Andrea get into some sexy situations of their own.

After eyeballing this red-hot spoof, we can't help but think that—if the original show had opted to go the XXX route—it might still be on the air.

















The parody *This Ain't Beverly Hills 90210 XXX* is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.



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DIAMOND

"I feel comfortable enough with my body to expose it to lots of people," declares 5-foot-9 Diamond, a denizen of Vancouver, Washington. "I'm fun and outgoing, and I like to take risks." The lanky 21-year-old, whose occupation involves cranking out foot-long sandwiches, also likes watching the boob tube's *Law & Order* and movies. "My favorite flicks are *Salt*, *The Town*, *Grown Ups* and *The Blind Side* with Tim McGraw," Diamond specifies. "I love country music, and I really love him!" Getting down to the nitty-gritty a/k/a her fave pastime, the "straight" Apple Stater fesses up, "I enjoy sex a lot, especially giving head and doggy-style. I don't fake it. I enjoy sex equally with a man I love and with casual acquaintances. I can be aggressive and passive." Not to mention contemplative: "I have the best orgasms by having my clit played with. I wish I had three or four of them." Diamond has another wish: "I want to be fucked in an elevator while it's going up and down." —Photos by Lady Friend





"My husband thought it would be hot to see me pose nude in HUSTLER."



TRINITY ROSE

"I am a big fan of HUSTLER," trumpets Trinity Rose, 21, a stay-at-home mom from Albuquerque, New Mexico. "I like the cartoons, jokes and, of course, all the girls. And I wear a lot of HUSTLER clothing and stuff." By stuffing *Beaver Hunt's* mailbox with a trove of pics, the 5-foot-7 hottie has added some serious sizzle to our latest showcase.

"I thought it would be an interesting opportunity to experience something new," Trinity tells us. "I like to model nude on the side for fun and because I find it a turn-on." But she has a ton of other interests: "I like rock climbing, hiking, drawing, ice skating, skateboarding, playing Xbox games and watching movies or TV with my husband. We like *Fight Club*, *Hangover*, *Snatch*, *Family Guy*, *Rehab* and, of course, any good porn." It appears that Trinity—whose musical tastes are topped by Insane Clown Posse, Twiztid, Korn and Rob Zombie—may outdo some XXX stars: "I'm bi and very seductive. I love having sex in places I know I could

get caught. My husband and I have done it across from a jail house, in the middle of a supermarket parking lot and in a park near our house. I even went streaking there once. I also like being handcuffed and tied up while I let my husband take advantage of me and do whatever the fuck he wants! I really love rough stuff." Boasting a heavenly blend of beauty and carnal savvy, Trinity Rose is a keeper. —Photos by Husband

"I have lots of sexual fantasies. In one my husband is pounding a hot girl from behind while she's eating me out and I'm fingering another girl. Pure enjoyment!"

**CHERRY**

"More than anything, I want to be a famous porn star" and "move on to other challenges" were the prophetic words of this sweetie from Cypress, Texas, when she graced our roundup in 2009. Now we've brought Cherry Ferretti back to salute a Beaver who's fulfilling her aspirations. The 5-foot-2 "computer nerd at heart" has a passel of XXX vids under her belt (including *Barely Legal POV #9*) and is directing clips for a hard-core Web site. Who better to run the show than an adorable "giving blowjobs and going down on girls" enthusiast? Also a *World of Warcraft* whiz and stellar karaoke songbird, Cherry will be hearing "Happy Birthday" as a 25-year-old in June. But she has bigger news: "A few days later I'm gonna be a MILF!" —Photos by Friend

**TORI**

"I love being naked and having sex in places where you're not supposed to."

"When I got kicked out of a hotel Jacuzzi because I was naked," recalls this retail clerk from Albuquerque, New Mexico, "I slowly climbed out and walked off—still with no clothes on!" Tori, a "pleaser" who'll turn 20 in June, can don her birthday suit here without breaking any rules. "I'm pretty wild," the 5-foot-10 basketball and horseback riding aficionada exults. "Guys always have an adventure when they're with me. I give great head 'cause I have no gag reflex, I love reverse cowgirl, and I'll have sex anywhere—the side of a highway and an elevator to name a few crazy places." No wonder Tori toots, "I'm down for getting fucked in the ass on a roller coaster!" —Photos by Friend





"I would be so honored to appear in my favorite magazine," announces Dawn, 39, a saleswoman and "open-minded parent" from Southington, Connecticut. "I love HUSTLER. I am into posing nude, and I watch a lot of porn. It makes my snatch wet and my clit throb. So does watching a person masturbate. People call me a little perv." Nevertheless, the 5-foot-3 New Englander does have other kicks: "I love animals, nature, fast cars, loud motorcycles, tattoos and heavy metal music." But there's one more, and it's monumental. "Sex is a beautiful, feel-good thing," Dawn candidly continues. "Without sex we would not be here. It shouldn't be frowned on. The naked body is art." Talk about a full-blown amorous artist: "My favorite sex act is anal. I can't get enough of my husband's cock up my ass. And I love being tied up and spanked like the naughty bitch I am. I also love spending as much time as possible sucking my husband's cock and licking my girlfriend's pussy. The celebrity I'd most love to lick is Cameron Diaz—she is *so* hot!" No garden-variety MILF, Dawn boldly proclaims, "I'd be proud if one of my daughters wanted to be a Beaver or a porn star once she's old enough."

—Photos by Husband



"I've fulfilled almost all of my sexual fantasies, so being nude in HUSTLER would be the icing on the cake."



**PARIS**

"I'm respectable on the streets but a devil in the sheets," asserts Paris, 21, an "ambitious, adventurous and totally aggressive" artist from San Francisco. Now as a first-time skin-magger the self-confident coquette can test her sex appeal to the max: "Men take one look into my eyes, and they want me." According to Paris, "flashing cars through a sun roof" was enough of a nudge for her to bare every inch in *HUSTLER*. "Modeling nude is more exciting than I'd ever thought," marvels the 5-foot-4 sculpting and cooking buff, who fastidiously buffs what lies south of her belly button. "I like to keep that area nice and clean for my lovers," Paris confides. "I always have the best orgasms when a guy sucks my clit. I also love being fucked from behind while my hair is pulled." Paris, a fancier of fried chicken and potato wedges—not all Californians eat healthy!—is more subdued in front of a TV: "I never talk; I just like to cuddle. My favorite show is *You're Cut Off!* It's ridiculous." Wedging in a rambunctious fantasy, the Snoop Dog, Lil Wayne and Ray J fan coos, "I want to have sex with my man on a beach under the stars." —Photos by Friend

MICHELLE

"I love being naked, and I love having my pictures taken," states Michelle, 38, a "charming, down-to-earth and very single" construction worker from Arlington, Texas. "I also love reading, traveling, networking and collecting rocks and other *hard* things." Innuendo? Most definitely! "I'm as ferocious as a tiger," the 5-foot-4 "dirty girl" avows. "I pounce on men and women. I love putting gummy all over their private parts and licking them off. Giving great blow-jobs for hours is my super favorite. I also love getting head, especially while 69ing, and doggy-style." Addressing her "magnetic and powerful" nature, Michelle points out, "I knew I had power over men when I was ten. A 40-year-old man thought I was 21. Once he found out my real age, he took off running down the street. Much later I found men to be powerless to me. Now that I'm approaching 40 myself, I prefer checking out younger guys and teaching them a thing or two." Befitting a *Star Trek* and Science Channel diehard, Michelle fantasizes, "I'd love to have sex on another planet. I'd also like to have met Albert Einstein because he loved the universe and atoms. I wish I could jump in a time machine and show him the vibration of *my* atoms. With a mind that brilliant, Einstein must have been an amazing lover back in his day." —Photos by Friend



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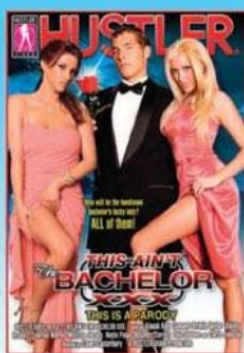
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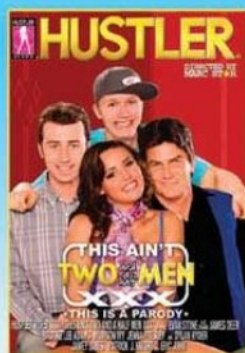
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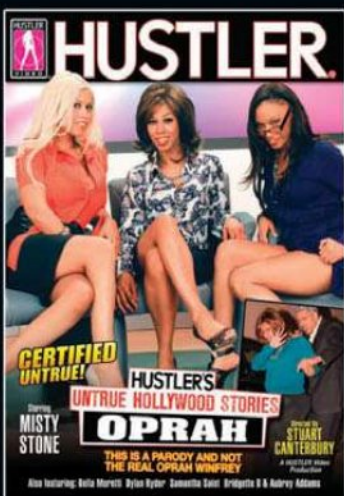
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**THE BEAR
FACTS**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



he forest holds many secrets, and one of them belongs to Danielle. She often escapes into the quiet woods to be alone and to enjoy the pine-scented air as it brushes lightly against her skin. Danielle knows she'll have total privacy, and with each journey she becomes more daring. Her fingers begin to explore the forbidden regions of her youthful body when, suddenly, she feels something move. "It's a bear!" she screams, even though not a soul will hear. The girl is frightened, but she can't bring herself to run away. She knows that bears have a soft spot for sweet things. The huge animal has found a friend, and the curious Danielle lets him get acquainted...











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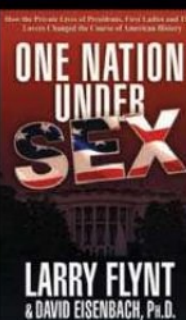
ANNA CRUZ

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE • 37th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

COMING NEXT

LARRY FLYNT EXPOSES WHITE HOUSE SEXCAPADES

Coauthored by HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt and David Eisenbach, *One Nation Under Sex* recounts the illicit dalliances of various U.S. Presidents and their impact on history. To help commemorate our 37th anniversary, we'll be excerpting one of the book's most explosive chapters. It involves John F. Kennedy, a Mafia don, both men's shared mistress and ballot-box hanky-panky. Talk about intrigue!



CARTOON CHRONICLE: RISE OF THE HUSTLER EMPIRE

Back in the 1970s a hillbilly who owned a string of go-go bars decided to print a newsletter. His name was Larry Flynt, but he envisioned a bigger and bolder publication loaded with pussy, controversy and lowbrow humor. You're now holding a copy. Don't miss cartoonist Noel Anderson's hilarious look at how HUSTLER got off the ground.

RILEY STEELE: PORN'S NEW MAINSTREAM DREAMGIRL

"I always wanted to be a sex symbol," Riley Steele admits, and she's definitely pulled it off. But the drop-dead gorgeous vixen isn't just a XXX sensation. How many porn stars get invited to walk the red carpet at ESPN's gala sports-award show? That's just one of the places where probing journalist M. Allen Nathan hangs with Riley fresh from her turn in the mainstream flick *Piranha 3D*. Find out what led an ex-barista to fuck her way to greatness.



BOB WOODWARD: IS HE A GOVERNMENT OPERATIVE?

How did an inexperienced Beltway reporter help bring down President Richard Nixon in the early 1970s? Award-winning author Russ Baker reveals how Bob Woodward really uncovered the Watergate scandal. Has Woodward been working for more than the *Washington Post*? Read Baker's shocking exposé.

KEVIN BLATT: THE GUY BEHIND CELEBRITY SEX TAPES

Remember the notorious hard-core video featuring Paris Hilton and her boyfriend? How about the more recent one starring Kim Kardashian? If not for Kevin Blatt, those vids never would have reached the general public. At the urging of porn insider Scott Fayner, Blatt shares a bevy of secrets behind the multimillion-dollar celebrity sex tape craze.



VEGAS RITUAL: SKIN BIZ TAKES OVER THE STRIP

Bolstering Las Vegas's reputation as Sin City is the annual AVN Adult Entertainment Expo. Strip clubs and sex-toy manufacturers promote themselves, but the biggest lure is an endless parade of scantily clad babes. Our coverage of the 2011 extravaganza boasts pictures galore from the convention floor and porn's premier red carpet event, the AVN Awards Show.

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