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# HUSKER

DECEMBER 2010

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## DENNIS HOPPER

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ON THE SET OF  
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# THE REPUBLICANS' BIG LIE

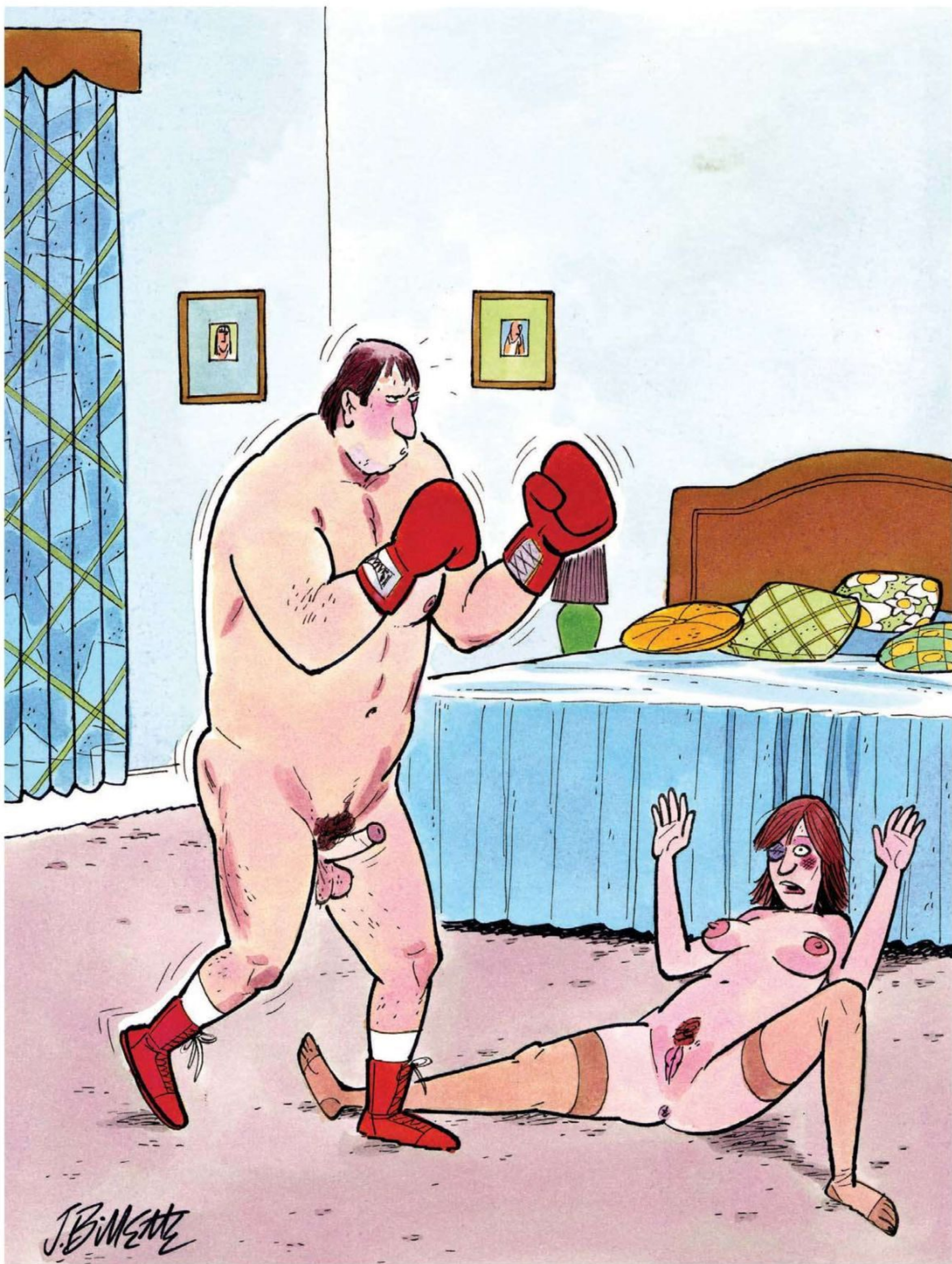
**T**he GOP strategy for winning in November is to blame the Obama Administration for the mess made by George W. Bush: the devastated economy and two wars. Should the Republicans succeed in hoodwinking the American people, the Democrats could lose the House and possibly even the Senate. Because of GOP partisanship, that will result in a Congressional gridlock this nation has never seen before.

Check the facts: The Republicans spent us into near-bankruptcy while lowering taxes

for the rich. They also lied us into wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, costing American lives and trillions of dollars. Given the foregoing, I think President Obama deserves a chance to fulfill his agenda. Please consider that when voting for your representatives this November.

Larry Flynt  
Publisher





"Okay, I said I liked rough sex, but this isn't it!"





## HIGH-END HEAD

AKG Acoustics has been making high-end audio products for musicians and studio professionals since 1947. Now the company is offering consumers the **AKG K 319 In-Ear Bud Headphone**. Perfect for bringing music from your DVD, CD, MP3 player or iPhone to life, the **K 319** has a semi-open lanyard design, making the gizmo feel almost wireless. Other features include in-line volume control, an extension cable, an adapter for air travel and a durable carrying case.

While most ear buds simply deliver sound, the **AKG K 319** transports you *into* the music. Sounds a little trippy, but trust us, you'll want to take the trip.

Available at [AKG.com](http://AKG.com). Suggested retail price: \$119.

## MONSTER GARAGE

If you're looking for a cool way to spice up your garage door (and impress the neighbors), grab a **Style-Your-Garage photo mural**. The lifelike 3D motifs are easily attached to any up-and-over garage door in a few easy steps. You can choose from over 200 images, including race car, tank, stallion horses, a pile of gold bars and our favorite, sexy go-go gals working the pole. Style-Your-Garage will even customize your own digital pic.

Each photo mural is constructed from high-quality indestructible material and offered in a variety of sizes to fit nearly every garage door out there.

Available at [Style-Your-Garage.com](http://Style-Your-Garage.com). Suggested retail price: sponsored billboards from \$59 plus shipping; standard murals from \$229 plus shipping.



## IN YOUR EAR

The **Jawbone Icon Bluetooth Headset** from Aliph is a cool and stylish way to use your cell phone via wireless Bluetooth technology. The featherweight unit (8.2 grams), which fits comfortably in your ear, features the groundbreaking NoiseAssassin (version 2.5) technology for better sound. The **Jawbone Icon** provides up to 4.5 hours of talk time or up to ten days of standby time, is equipped with a rechargeable Li-ion polymer battery and can easily be connected to your computer via a standard Micro USB slot.

Offered in several stylish colors and designs, including The Bombshell (gold) and The Hero (black)—this device will be the best thing you've ever had in your ears. Yes, we've heard stories about you and your ear fetish.

Available at [Jawbone.com](http://Jawbone.com). Suggested retail price: \$99.99.



## DDS IN 3D!



You don't need a lot of space to transform your place into a grand movie theater. The **PJD5352 Short-Throw Projector** from ViewSonic can blast stunning images

up to 50 inches in height from as close as just three feet away. It packs 2,600 lumens of brightness and the latest color technology in a sleek, lightweight frame. How lightweight, you ask? The projector weighs just 5.5 pounds, making it easily transportable anywhere.

If you're looking to take your viewing experience to another dimension—we're talking 3D here!—the **PJD5352** has that capability. All you need is a pair of **PGD-150 Active Stereographic 3D glasses**. These high-tech specs will help bring all your eye-popping movie content off the screen and right into your lap.



Because we like you, we're giving away a **PJD5352** short-throw projector and a pair of **PGD-150** glasses to boot! See details below.

Available at [ViewSonic.com](http://ViewSonic.com). Suggested retail price: \$999 for the projector; \$129 for the glasses.

## WIN A FREE 3D PROJECTOR!

For your chance to win a ViewSonic **PJD5352** projector (and 3D glasses) just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to 3D Projector Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to [HUSTLER@LFP.com](mailto:HUSTLER@LFP.com).

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## TIGER WOULD

**Tiger Woods Affair Tour 2010**  
BoneTown  
PC

From the twisted minds of the folks behind *BoneTown*—our favorite adult video game—comes this raunchy parody of the golfer's off-the-course exploits. *Tiger Woods Affair Tour 2010* features everyone's favorite sex addict getting it on with a bevy of porn stars, cocktail waitresses and other boneable beauties. We'll admit that the graphics may be a bit rudimentary, but what other game out there today lets you drive your balls into the rough like this?



## 3 DIMENSIONS OF TERROR

**Attack of the Movies 3-D**  
Majesco  
Wii, Xbox 360

How would you like to be able to relive some of the greatest adventure movie scenes of all time in eye-popping 3D? You would? Well then, check out *Attack of the Movies 3-D*. This title is the first 3D shooter for the Wii and Xbox 360. You'll battle aliens, sharks, bugs and more as the action, creatures and backgrounds literally come to life and leap off the screen right into your living room. This brilliant game is another dimension in fun!



## GET LOST!

**Lost Planet 2**  
Capcom  
Xbox 360, PS3

*Lost Planet* changed the face of the third-person shooters genre. It only makes sense that the sequel, set ten years after the original game, is also groundbreaking. The action in *Lost Planet 2* is faster, the monsters are bigger, and the overall experience is far more immersive. As the ice melts on E.D.N. III, you have to battle your way through an ever-changing environment that takes you deeper and deeper into the action, all while armed with an arsenal of the coolest weapons imaginable. Prepare to get lost.



## CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

**Skate 3**  
EA  
PS3, Xbox 360

Another skateboarding game? *Skate 3* would be that if not for its trailblazing co-op experience: You get to build the ultimate team and square off against rival skateboarding crews online. The ultrarealistic cybertown of Port Carverton is a shredder's paradise, packed with a variety of plazas, skate parks and unique districts. You make the game come to life around you with the ultimate in customization. Try a ton of new tricks, including dark slides and under-flips. Oh, yeah, the Hall of Meat is back and bloodier than ever. 🍖



# NAKED POWER GRAB

ON ELECTION DAY REMEMBER THAT THE GOP MAJORITY REJECTED EXTENDING UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS TO MILLIONS OF CITIZENS THROWN OUT OF WORK BY THE WALL STREET DEBACLE.

**T**he garbage charge of this year's midterm elections is that Barack Obama and the Democrats in Congress are anti-business or, even worse, some kind of socialists. Just the opposite is the case with this President, who—like Bill Clinton before him—has given the Wall Street lobbyists just about everything they had paid for. Those same lobbyists, ingrates that they are, now are pushing for Republican control of Congress because they want to pressure our Democratic President for even greater concessions in the remainder of his term.

fail. Ever since Ronald Reagan, the Republicans have talked a good game of ending those New Deal restraints on big finance, but it was Clinton who got it done. That's what freed Wall Street to run amok, almost sending the entire economic system off the cliff. And it was Obama who kept open the spigot for a federal bailout following George W.'s welfare program to save the bankers from the consequence of their uncontrolled greed.

Faced with that disaster, Bush just threw taxpayer money at Wall Street while

**Both major parties are under the control of Wall Street, but the Democrats are the lesser evil because they have to deliver some crumbs to ordinary folks.**

That's what they did to Clinton after his first two years in office, and the tactic worked brilliantly, turning the Arkansas poor boy populist into a submissive water carrier for Wall Street for his next six years in office. It was Clinton who reversed the Depression-era Glass-Steagall Act that prevented high-flying investment banks from playing with the federally insured banking deposits of ordinary folk. And when those bankers all too predictably abused their newfound freedom from sensible regulation by designing and marketing the Ponzi scheme of toxic derivatives and credit default swaps, it was Obama who went even further than George W. Bush in bailing them out.

This is a far cry from your grandfather's Democratic Party, when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt responded to the lessons of the Great Depression by corralling Wall Street greed with legislation designed to prevent the big banks from being too big to

asking absolutely nothing in return to help those same taxpayers who were hurting so thanks to Wall Street excess. Obama is now attacked because he got back a few very modest new regulations to prevent a future financial meltdown, and for that sensible protection of the public interest he is being damned.

The Democrats, whose voting base is centered more on those who still have to work for a living than on the country-club set at the heart of Republican power, do have to spread the wealth just a bit. That's why the Democrats favor healthcare reform and job-stimulus programs, while the Republicans are all heart for rich retired golfers. But the irony is that, in the crunch, the Democrats, despite offering a few morsels for the rest of us, have been better for Big Business than their Republican opponents.


Both major parties are under the control of

Wall Street, but the Democrats are the lesser evil because they have to deliver some crumbs to ordinary folks. All you should require as a reason for not voting for a Republican is that the GOP led a filibuster against legislation that would extend unemployment benefits for some of the 8 million people thrown out of work by the Wall Street debacle. Only two Republicans—Maine Senators Olympia Snowe and Susan Collins—voted to support the extension. It seems Republicans—who, under George W. Bush, threw trillions at Wall Street—are suddenly worried about the national debt when it comes to putting food on the table of unemployed workers. The Republicans in Congress voted against every effort to force the banks to help people stay in their homes; at least the Democrats made some effort to put people first.

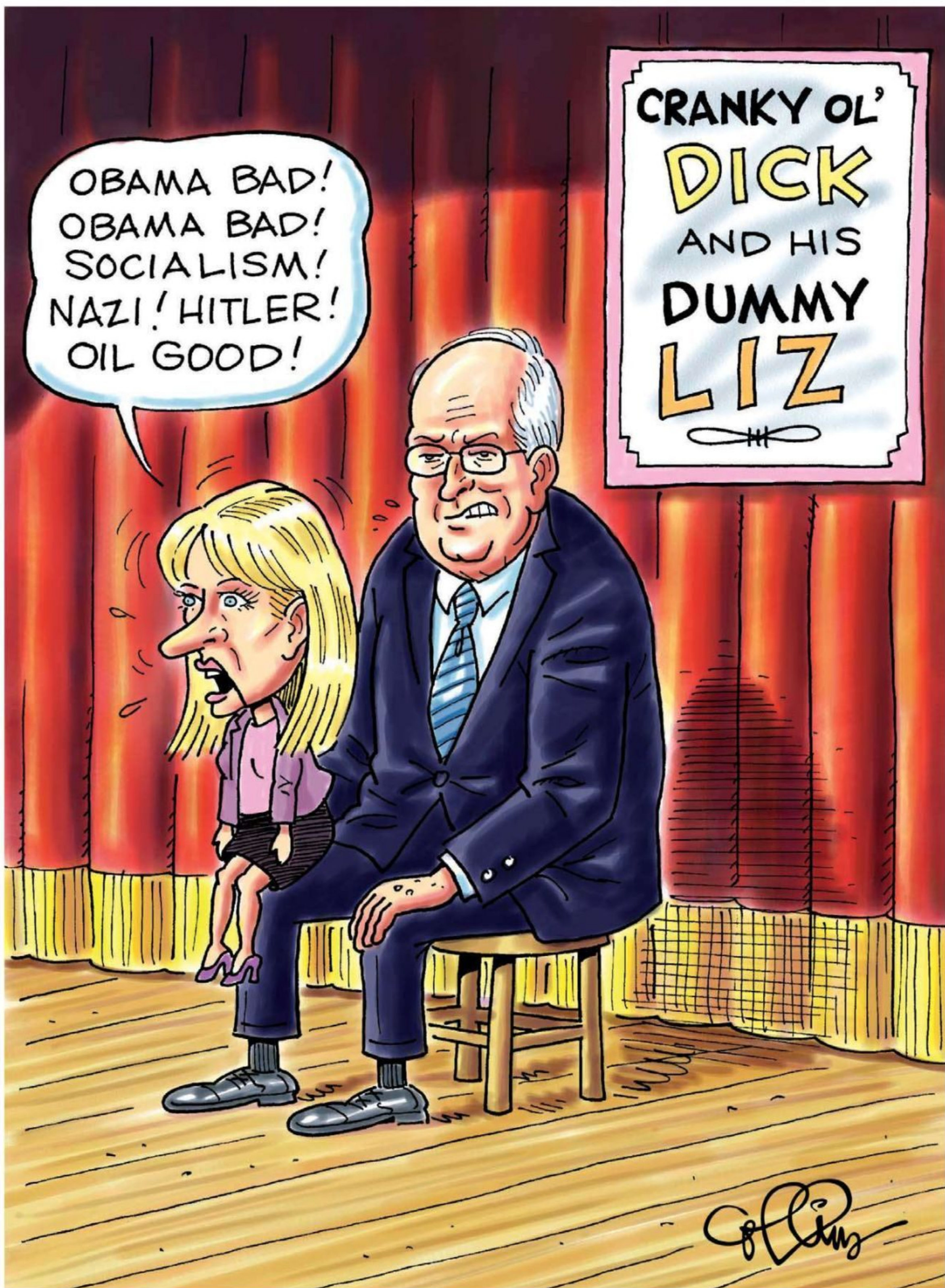
That was too much for the bankers who want it all. Their attacks on Obama as anti-business are nothing more than shameful hypocrisy on the part of the corporate lobbyists who know that the Democrats deliver for them even if the right-wing nutjobs on talk radio and television don't. When the Big Business hotshots complain about Obama, it's nothing more than their way of upping the ante. The best defense is a good offense, so why not cry foul about a rising national debt whenever the government spends money on anyone but the undeserving rich?

"Play the victim, woe is me" is the cry of such ripoff artists as Goldman Sachs and Citigroup, so maybe no one will notice that your financial banditry turned millions of foreclosed homeowners and unemployed workers into virtual paupers. That's what's up with this election: It's a naked power grab to weaken the Democratic hold over Congress in order to push Obama further into the ungrateful arms of the Wall Street fat cats who want even more.



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*. 







# BIG BROTHER BARACK ORDERS OUR BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION

OUR PRESIDENT SEEMS INTENT ON TELLING US WHAT TO EAT AND WHEN TO DIE!

**S**ome of our President's critics say he is "cold," but he is so concerned with our cost-efficient well-being that on June 10, 2010, he issued an executive order (not requiring Congressional approval) that inserts into the Obamacare law yet another regulatory committee. Never before has there been anything like this governmental shaping of our lifestyles. As Bob Unruh of *WorldNetDaily* reported, the new committee will "make recommendations about and establish rules for everything from how people exercise to whether they smoke to the food they eat and the medicines they use. And it specifically requires the committee list the priorities for lifestyle behavior modification that the government will pursue."

On White House stationery, Obama's historic executive order is listed as "Establishing

do not have a fundamental right to obtain any food they wish." You have been warned by your government.

The Obama regime will tell you what's good or what's bad for you to eat and drink. How come the Founders never thought of that? Some of them were not very careful of what they ate or drank.

Are any of us going to be punished for not obeying this unprecedentedly benevolent government? An answer comes from Constitutional lawyer and former law professor Herb Titus, the 1996 Vice Presidential candidate on the Constitution Party (a/k/a the U.S. Taxpayers Party) ticket: "It'll be criminalized. Ultimately that's where it's headed. That's what this is designed to do. Ultimately bring everything under the federal umbrella. The only way they can accomplish that is through force."

**There are no limitations on how our maximum leader can intervene, all by himself, in our personal lives.**

the National Prevention, Health Promotion, and Public Health Council." Among the behavior deciders on this advisory board—a brain trust that 1984 author George Orwell never thought of in his futuristic novel—are the chiefs of the Agriculture, Labor, Health & Human Services, Transportation and Homeland Security departments. Oh, yes, also the director of the National Drug Control Policy.

To indicate how seriously the Obama Administration intends to control how you take care of yourself, Bob Unruh earlier reported a Department of Justice brief to dismiss a lawsuit by the Farm-to-Consumer Legal Defense Fund, which was opposing the Food and Drug Administration's ban on the interstate sale of raw milk.

Here is the unequivocal statement by our government that the claim by the plaintiffs in this lawsuit "of a 'fundamental right to their own bodily and physical health, which includes what foods they do and do not choose to consume for themselves and their families' is...unavailing because plaintiffs

Depending, of course, on whether this administration stays in office. The vital list of reasons for voting in the midterm elections—let alone on the 2012 decision for a second Obama term—keeps getting longer and longer.

Consider the Behavior Modification Executive Order's Section 3G, which basically mandates that the council in charge of our lifestyles will "carry out such other activities as are determined appropriate by the President." There are no limitations on how our maximum leader can intervene, all by himself, in our personal lives.

And keep in mind this future date, as underlined by *WorldNetDaily* columnist David Limbaugh (Rush's quieter younger brother). The "Advisory Group" in this executive order "in consultation with the council, must submit, by March 23, 2011, a 'national strategy' to 'set specific goals and objectives for improving the health of the United States through federally supported prevention.'" Who knows what they, or the President alone, will come up with?


Meanwhile, we're learning a lot more about how the Obamacare law will decide how long some of us—whose continued health, and therefore lives, are too costly for the government to sustain—will live. Not only the elderly are imperiled.

We already know that Obama has appointed Dr. Donald Berwick to the single most powerful healthcare position, the head of Medicare and Medicaid. Dr. Berwick has publicly declared his "love" for Britain's National Health Service and its rationing of British healthcare and lives. But now the *New York Times'* preeminent reporter on all of this, Robert Pear, has discovered that "Dr. Berwick has championed efforts to 'reduce the total supply of high-technology medical and surgical care.'" They're too damn expensive to be permitted by a President committed to reduce our deficits.

I am alive to write this because quadruple bypasses were invented and perfected in time for me to have one 16 years ago, when my cardiologist said that my life was "hanging by a thread." Many of us, of all ages, are still here because of continually invented high-technology medical and surgical care. And many more lives can be saved in the years ahead, unless Obama and Dr. Berwick manage to cut off more and more of the expensive research these advances require.

As for those of us who may need intervention at what could be the final chapter of our lives, Dr. Berwick wants to "reduce the use of unwanted and ineffective medical procedures at the end of life." Your own doctor will not decide if they're unwanted or ineffective; Dr. Berwick and his regulators will. Neither he nor they will have actually seen you.

Remember the fiery debate on whether Obamacare would result in "death panels"? They won't be called that, but in addition to Dr. Berwick, there will be scores of bureaucrats on Obama's regulatory commissions to rule on which American lives are no longer worth living. An accurate Obama campaign promise should have been "Death you can believe in!"

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?* 







Trosley.

"It's not a purse; it's a European shoulder bag."



# I, LUDDITE

THE FUTURE IS HERE,  
BUT IS IT THE ONE  
WE WANTED?

**A**s far back as I can remember, I've been obsessed with technology. I bought my first PC before they had hard drives; all it had were two 5-inch floppy disks and virtually no memory at all. I was thrilled. If it was electronic, I reveled in the fact that I was living in the future I had always dreamed of. My Web site went up before most people even knew what the World Wide Web was. I had to learn the code that it took to put a page online. No short-cut programs—just hard code.

Nor was my interest in technology limited to computers. I remember buying a stereo TV adapter before there was any programming and a DVD player before there were any discs. Yes, I was crazy about tech and walked the walk. Now, however, I'm morphing into the kind of person I once eschewed. I'm becoming a Luddite. The term derives from a group of British weavers in 1811—led by a man named Ned Ludd—who destroyed textile machines in the belief that they would cost jobs. Today the term has come to mean anyone who opposes technology or technological change.

Ted Kaczynski, the Unabomber, was the ultimate Luddite. In his manifesto he raged against technology, claiming it would erode human freedom. It wasn't that old Ted didn't have a point; the problem was that he blew people up. Now locked up in the Supermax prison, Ted can languish for the rest of his life technology-free.

The question I had to ask myself was were these advances a blessing or a curse? Let's examine some of them.

Cell phones are great. On the one hand, we can take them anywhere, talk on them anytime. On the other hand, we are always at somebody else's disposal, especially bosses who can now keep us working regardless of where we are. Then there's the question of quality. How many times have you yelled the phrase "Can you hear me?!" into your phone? The damn thing keeps dropping calls or, worse, the calls start breaking up. I think of the smartphone as a less sophisticated computer that makes lousy phone calls.

Let's talk about the beloved Internet. It's the world at your fingertips and an endless repository of information. Right? Wrong! It's actually a cesspool of *misinformation*. No one's out there to vet the material. When I write something here, I have editors who fact-check what I'm saying. Who's doing that for people writing on the Internet? Pure lies

can be disseminated, and you wind up telling a friend "It must be true" because you saw it on the Internet. The biggest beneficiaries of the Internet are scammers and pedophiles.

While we're on the subject of the Internet, we should talk about communication. In our quest for instant gratification, nothing beats e-mail. You type it, you send it, and someone gets it. No more cramps from pesky handwriting, no stamps to adhere and no mailbox. But e-mail doesn't have the same impact as a thoughtfully written or typed letter. Even rejection letters seem nicer when they come through the postal system. E-mail just doesn't transmit emotion very well. Things like love and sarcasm don't come across unless you use those stupid emoticons like :(.

Then there's texting. You have to abbreviate your thoughts: Mk yr spelling shrter. And how do you tell when it's over?

"See you later."

"Okay."

"Bye."

"So long."

"Are we through?"

"Yes."

"Thank God."

"There is no God."

It's maddening. I asked somebody why he sends text messages when they're going to phone numbers that could just as easily be called. The answer was "I don't have to talk to them."

The worst may be social networking, which

isn't very social at all. It's really just a way to avoid human contact. Facebook allows for a couple of sentences, which go out to all your "friends." ("Hi, everybody. I just jerked off.") To its credit, however, Facebook also permits the sending of longer private messages to a single individual. Also on the plus side, I have touched base with people I haven't talked to in years. That, however, is usually a onetime deal. You never communicate with them again—at least until there's a new Internet craze.

Twitter, on the other hand, just cuts to the chase, only allowing 140 characters per message. It's the less sociable Facebook.

Two last things: How many times does your high-def cable stutter and freeze? Did that ever happen with your analog TV? And digital audio doesn't sound better than your old LPs, which had a great dynamic range and weren't compressed. You think it's better only because today's manufacturers have numbed down what you expect from audio.

Sure, I suppose we are in a technologically better age, but have life's simple pleasures been the tradeoff? Or is it possible to still have both? Well, don't worry. I'm not off to my mountain cabin to make bombs.



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).







"No one's taken away Sarah Palin's freedom of speech. She just lacks the ability to say anything intelligent."



# THE THIRD SEX

GIVEN HOW RICH AND DIVERSE HUMAN SEXUALITY IS, DOESN'T IT MAKE SENSE THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN TWO SEXES?

**T**hird Sex generally refers to gay men or women (not hermaphrodites) who exhibit signs of being in the wrong gender's body. And, having had an almost interplanetary sampling of sexual partners in my lifetime, I thought that I must have tumbled around with more than a few of these Third Sex personalities along the way.

Many societies readily accept their Third Sex members, finding a place for them to exist in harmony with others. Native American societies believed that Third Sex people were blessed and closer to the gods. Western societies typically see them as sinful and push them out to the margins, where they hide in small underground communities.

I remember the late Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Slaughterhouse-Five*, read years ago, in which he wrote about the inhabitants—a race of five sexes—of the planet Tralfamadore in the Small Magellanic Cloud galaxy. It always seemed like a revolutionary idea to me, one that explained so many curious facets of human behavior. Those vast gulfs between the personalities of men and women made real sense when you added the differences of multiple sexes.

A Wiki search reminded me that Vonnegut's Tralfamadorians identified seven human sexes required for reproduction, including gay men and women over 65. The imagination runs wild at the thought of all those people involved when you're having sex. Would they just stand around watching and texting their friends, or would they get naked and stick something somewhere to participate?

Having been brought up in a pretty conventional family, I've always liked my sexual partners one at a time, preferring to take my Lutheran guilt one dose per session. Thanks to Wiki, I also discovered that Arthur C. Clarke, C.S. Lewis and many others had written about multiple sexes in extraterrestrial races or hidden cultures. The whole thing is a wonderful fantasy.

Today, with the lobbying of the LGBT community giving legitimacy to gay rights, the Episcopal Church electing gay bishops and Congress voting to end Don't Ask, Don't Tell, the acceptance of alternative sexual preferences seems to have begun. Yet much of the industrialized world still refuses to let Third Sexers and gay people marry and live as others do. Fundamentalists, Tea Partiers and other nutcases love to protest the Third Sex because it offers an easy opportunity to get on the evening news and in the morning

papers. Even usually liberal California has its Proposition 8, banning gay marriage.

Perhaps there is a Fourth Sex that I identify with as well, a gender that transcends sex in some fundamental way. They may be basic males or females, but they also possess such charisma or spiritual energy that identification with a certain sex is unnecessary. Mick Jagger comes to mind, as does Michael Jackson. The private sex lives of people like them are beside the point, though in the case of rock stars, they may be big-time turn-ons for you. (I ran into Jagger on Sunset Boulevard back in the mid-1960s, and he was *hot*. He was getting out of a pink limo and walking into a popular men's boutique just as I was coming out. We eyed one another with definite First and Second sexual intent. I forget now why we didn't follow up—he was in a hurry, or I was married at the time. Never mind. Moment lost.)

In a special way, people in this category are sexual partners for all of us. They invite a kind of joining with them through their art or personalities or talents. Michael Jackson broadcast an odd mixture of male/female sexuality, along with an otherworldly attraction. I could never imagine a sexual encounter with him, but he possessed

a visceral magnetism that defied and blurred sexual labels in his evolution to superstar.

Marlene Deitrich was all androgynous attraction, catnip for men and women, including, as I wrote here not long ago, me. She exuded a remote-yet-available quality, inviting an easy liaison with an air of amusement.

Coco Chanel's Third Sex allure manifested itself in her mastery of fashion. Through her clothes, she cleverly disguised eroticism as respectability. Her creations were at once glamorous and reserved—sometimes even demure—yet oozing with sexuality.

The Dalai Lama's attractant is his happiness. Having traveled lifetimes to bring enlightenment to others, he fled the country of which he was the leader to live in exile, but he is serenely, blissfully happy. Joining with him takes place on an exotic, spiritual level.

Look around the next time you're in a crowded elevator or on an airplane. Instead of the two sexes that you are used to, there could be three, five, even seven distinct sexes present, undercover with their special roles in some great scheme, waiting to reveal their special gifts. Do you recognize the outward signs of any of them? And which one are you?



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](http://MamieVanDoren.com).



"No shit! I was a Republican congressman too!"



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## Holy Shit

Thanks for bestowing upon God's right-hand sicko a/k/a Pope Benedict XVI the righteous dishonor of Asshole of the Month [September '10]. But let's be honest: Even a resignation by the Teutonic bugger-in-chief wouldn't save the Catholic Church. It's been sick for centuries.

Claiming to be spiritual, Catholicism is obsessed with bodies and torture. Claiming to teach virtue, it ends up creating perverts. The old "repress it or confess it" game is a crock that leads to the destruction of healthy psychological and sexual development. Of all the people I've known, the Catholics were the most fucked up.

Benedict's predecessor, John Paul, used to flagellate himself regularly with a belt. That's called masochism, but he called it a saintly practice.

And then there are the unprovable—yet historically plausible—stories about Alexander VI's orgies and pious Leo X's predelection for rectal punishment. Talk about hypocrisy. The popes have raised it to an art form.

Yes, Pope Benedict XVI should resign, but only if he takes the whole twisted racket with him.

—M.W.  
Vista, Missouri

## Fresh Meat

Though I agree with Ernest Greene regarding the lowered quality of adult entertainment in his article *Must Porn Suck?* [All Sex Issue '10], I vehemently disagree with one of his methods for improving it.

Assuming that Greene is referring to alt-porn when he says to "ditch the hokey, arty bullshit," I

would say that this notion would be a terrible mistake. To me, the rise of alt-porn is the best thing to happen in adult entertainment in recent years.

Personally, I am aroused by chicks with wacky punk hair. If I want a movie with hot punk-rock chicks, I want the real thing, not just porn stars in Halloween costumes. In my view, what Greene calls "arty bullshit" gives the movies legitimacy as a real alternative to mainstream standards. If, as he claims, "porn will never be hip," the only other option is for it to be lame.

—Andy A.  
Oregon City, Oregon

## Fantasy Rehab

It's a very sad day when a fine piece of ass like lovely Lindsay Lohan has to serve 90 days behind bars without the benefit of a nice hard dick to ease the pain in her troubled soul. All that mean bitch of a judge had to do was sit on Lindsay's pretty face to teach that wayward girl a lesson.

The pain of her being in jail shakes me to the core of my dick. Lindsay has the tits that dreams are made of. Her heart-shaped ass seems to scream "Bone me!" Her puppy dog eyes are perfect for looking up at the guy lucky enough to have his dick in her mouth.

The people need to set Lindsay's snatch free to be kissed and licked again. When will I see her priceless pussy adorn a HUSTLER centerfold? —Gregory Podsada  
Trevor, Wisconsin

Rest assured we'll be ready for Lindsay Lohan whenever she's ready for us. In the meantime, look for HUSTLER Video's latest Lohan XXX parody, *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Goes to Jail*, starring Lohan lookalike Scarlett Fay. Available at [HUSTLERHollywood.com](http://HUSTLERHollywood.com).

## Funny Bone

Your interview *Evan Stone: The Captain Kirk of XXX* was funny shit.



Life after Disney: Scarlett Fay embodies your Lindsay Lohan obsessions.

PHOTO FROM LINDSAY GOES TO JAIL COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

We rarely get to hear from the guys in porn, so it was a welcome change. I was glad Stone doesn't dish out the PR bullshit like most of the chicks do.

I watch plenty of porn, and from what I've seen, Stone is one of the best actors in the business. He makes me laugh. I don't usually fast-forward through his scenes, which is saying a lot.

Any hard cock can be a dick for hire, but Stone obviously tries harder than the competition to deliver his lines right and stay in character. He should thank the porn gods that the parody wave came along and let him do more than just bone his life away. —Tim C.  
Los Angeles, California

## Fight Club

In response to Larry Flynt's question "Is It Time for Revolution?" [Publisher's Statement, August '10] I would loudly answer "Yes!" But I have to take issue with Larry saying that we should storm the barricades "peacefully." That's ab-

surd. I realize Larry doesn't want to be arrested for incitement, but frankly, this country is not going to make an omelette that's worth eating without breaking a few eggs (to paraphrase French revolutionary Robespierre).

Well-meaning activists have been rebelling peacefully for decades, and all it takes is a day of bribery on Capitol Hill to fuck it up again. We need fundamental change. It's not going to take a velvet revolution or even a tea party; it's going to take pain and sacrifice. Are Americans ready for that?

—G.D.  
Allentown, Pennsylvania

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](mailto: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.



# BEYOND PATHETIC

*From drill baby, drill to spill baby, spill!  
And now it's time to fill baby, fill!*



NOW OFFERING

# FREE OIL!

At first we saw the oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico as a tragedy. But then we thought, *What do you do when life hands you lemons? You make lemonade!* Now we see what happened in the Gulf as an opportunity!

Here's our chance to give back to the long-suffering people of Louisiana. BP is giving away free oil for as long as it lasts! Just come down to the Gulf Coast for all the fuel you need. Hurry, before the Obama Administration ruins this golden opportunity.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody and commentary about how the oil giant BP has permanently fucked up the environment along the Gulf Coast. For more information, check out [TheDailyGreen.com](http://TheDailyGreen.com). This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



**T**he former Chairman and CEO of Hewlett-Packard should be the poster child for the term *ailing upward*. Carly Fiorina did such a horrible job at HP that the company was willing to pay out her \$42-million golden parachute rather than keep her around.

The online business magazine *Condé Nast Portfolio* listed Fiorina as one of "The 20 Worst American CEOs of All Time." The *Wall Street Journal* said "[HP's board members] lost faith in Carly...it is difficult to find anyone involved with HP today—board member, shareholder, employee, customer, analysts—who isn't happy that Ms. Fiorina is gone."

The *Associated Press* quoted Jeffrey Sonnenfeld of Yale University School of Management, who described Fiorina's tenure as "a reign of terror and poor performance." The *Los Angeles Times* added, "She axed tens of thousands of jobs, killed HP's beloved profit-sharing plan, and in the eyes of her many passionate critics, exorcised the benevolent ghosts of company founders Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard." With "flowery" assessments like that, it shouldn't be a big surprise that Fiorina has been largely unemployable since leaving HP—unless you count her consultancy for John McCain during his 2008 Presidential bid.

Unable to get a decent job in the business community, Carly is now exploring the world of politics. Using the same intellectual acuity she displayed at HP, Fiorina thinks she has a shot at unseating Senator Barbara Boxer (D-California). One of the best lawmakers on Capitol Hill, Boxer is always fighting for the little guy. Fiorina, on the other hand, fights for Big Business at the expense of the little guy. Want proof? "In the course of my time there [at HP], we laid off over 30,000 people," this Prada-wearing, fish-faced Asshole told *InformationWeek* magazine.

"I know why they [jobs] leave [our country]," Fiorina continued. So do we: People like her send them to China, where labor costs are 60 cents an hour. Thanks for helping kill our manufacturing base, Carly.



## CARLY FIORINA

We are aware that screwing workers is not why she got fired from HP. (The company was just fine with that.) It was because of her HP-Compaq merger, which is credited with devaluing HP stock by over 50%. The day after she was dismissed, that same stock rose a dramatic 6.9%. This would be humiliating to anyone other than Fiorina, who is obviously shameless.

Like a fly chasing a pig, Fiorina's incompetence has followed her into the political arena. After appearing at window-maker Anlin Industries in Clovis, California, she released this statement: "It's clear that the \$862 billion [stimulus] plan has stimulated nothing but growth in the size and scope of government." However, Anlin's Web site states the manufacturer was, in fact, helped by the stimulus plan, which allowed homeowners to recover up to 30% of the cost for window replacements.

Okay, you ask: If Fiorina is so bad, where is she getting the money to finance her campaign?

Someone must believe in her. Well, remember that \$42 million Hewlett-Packard forked over?

That wasn't all the ex-CEO walked off with. Despite costing stockholders a bundle, she earned a total of almost \$100 million during her stint with the company. Now she's using that money to produce and buy TV advertising. So it's Carly Fiorina who believes in Carly Fiorina.

We, on the other hand, find it easier to believe in the tooth fairy. For example, why vote for a politician who has, herself, rarely been politically active (prior to now)? Fiorina has voted in only a third of all elections since 2000 and has no voting record prior to moving to California in 1999.

Beyond that, she is anti-choice, believes marriage should solely involve a man and a woman, opposes the legalization of marijuana, supports the death penalty, wants to cut taxes for the rich and the giant corporations and is against extending unemployment benefits.

Fiorina's reason for slashing unemployment benefits is tied to her belief that government should reduce spending. That sounds good until you realize it involves cutting funds that would otherwise go to states for schools, hospitals, roads and social programs that poor people depend on. Like we said, Fiorina is against the little guy and for the super-rich, which means she's for people like herself.

But here's the absolute worst of Fiorina's political positions: She is against more rigorous government regulation of Wall Street—despite the fact that it was the deregulation of the financial industry that caused America's current economic meltdown. If, by some strange perverted act of Satan, she should win Boxer's U.S. Senate seat, her position on that single issue could help usher in another economic calamity.

How ironic that a person who can't get work in the business sector—given her piss-poor record—now wants to be supported by American taxpayers even as she puts the screws to us. Fuck you, Carly!

## FARTS IN THE WIND

•**BELL (CALIFORNIA) CITY COUNCIL** members pulled a fast one in 2005, introducing a ballot measure that ultimately exempted the L.A. suburb from salary limits for its council members and other municipal officials. Thanks to a recent *Los Angeles Times* exposé, three of Bell's public servants were asked to resign: City Manager **Robert Rizzo**, who was taking home an annual salary of \$784,637 (more than double President Obama's salary!); \$475,000-a-year Police Chief **Randy Adams**; and Assistant City Manager **Angela Spaccia**, who was paid \$375,000. Although their counterparts in comparably sized cities earn around \$4,500 annually, four of the five Bell City Council members who approved the aforementioned salaries were making more than 100K a year themselves for a part-time job. Local residents are fuming, pros-

ecutors are considering investigating the matter, and Rizzo will garner a yearly pension of more than 650 grand. Of course, being named a HUSTLER Fart in the Wind is priceless.

•**LEBRON JAMES** won't be running for mayor of Cleveland any time soon after the NBA's most-sought-after free agent (and biggest narcissist) decided to join two of his pals and sign with the Miami Heat. We aren't "honoring" the basketball superstar here for seeking greener (albeit lower-paying) pastures; pro athletes are no longer a bastion of loyalty. For years lots of Clevelanders have been leaving town too. However, for orchestrating a pompous, hour-long ESPN spectacle to announce "The Decision," making James a Fart in the Wind was a slam dunk. 🍑





"I try to avoid religion and politics..."





Sara Sloane



Jessica Drake



Faye Reagan

## BITS & PIECES

# CLEVELAND ROCKS!

Jessica Drake, Sara Sloane, Faye Reagan, Kagney Linn Karter and Brad Armstrong headed to Cleveland for the first ever "Party With a Porn Star" charity event. Fans got a chance to get up close and very personal with the XXX performers during autograph signings and late-night dancing at Club Ultra. The organizers, former NBA player Donyell Marshall and Ohio-based sextress Tia Ling, put on the get-together to raise money (and awareness) for the AIDS Taskforce of Greater Cleveland. They hope to make it an annual gathering.



Tia Ling & fave fan



Donyell with Sara, Faye & Kagney



Brad Armstrong & Rondee Kamins



## ALL ABOARD!

Looking for the ultimate way to travel from Los Angeles to Sin City? The Las Vegas Railway Express has unveiled plans to introduce the X-Train, which will offer private rooms, a state-of-the-art sports bar, gaming and a four-star restaurant. It's like Amtrak, only with partying and better food. The X-Train sounds like the perfect way to get to Vegas until someone launches the XXX-Train. For more info, check out [XtrainVegas.com](http://XtrainVegas.com).



PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

## WHERE'S BUCKY?

You never know where our mascot Bucky Beaver is going to show up next. Here he is taking on the competition. We know it looks like *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner, but it's actually a statue at Madame Tussauds wax museum. The real Hef isn't half as lifelike.

"You may think you're in love when the passions of sex get hold of you, but if you didn't love the man before, you won't love him after." —MAE WEST, ACTRESS





## CELEBRITY FANTASY

### WHAT WOULD

*Sofia Vergara*

### LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

On the hit sitcom *Modern Family*, superhot Sofia Vergara plays a saucy Latina in a sexless marriage with costar Ed (Al Bundy) O'Neill. In real life, we imagine she's constantly getting it. This image gives you some idea of what that might look like.

**DISCLAIMER.** Parody: No such picture of Sofia Vergara actually exists. If it did, we wouldn't share it with you. Or leave the office. 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.

"Sex stops when you pull up your pants; love never lets you go." —KINGSLEY AMIS, AUTHOR



## BLUE HUMOR

HUSTLER HUMOR has done it again! Our sidekick mag has put out another uproarious edition packed with the dirtiest jokes and edgiest cartoons allowed by law. Plus there's an awesome *Avatar* parody. Of course you'd do a blue chick! Pick up the latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR, on newsstands now!

## PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #10

### TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner proves he's not only a piece of shit but, more specifically, chicken shit. The walking poster board for incompetence recently released his semiannual report on foreign exchange rates more than two months late. Once again, Geithner failed to cite China for manipulating its currency in order to gain unfair advantage in international trade.



He identifies China's currency as being "undervalued" against the dollar, but then doesn't propose to take any action. He wants to watch and wait as China—which, according to the report, accumulated \$2.4 trillion worth of currency reserves by December 2009—continues to help its own industries steal market share, investment and jobs from its trading partners, including the U.S. We'll keep "honoring" Geithner with another piece of shit each month until he's fired or resigns.



# NEWSBITES

## Look! Up In the Sky!

It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's a humongous helium-filled rubber! Created by the French safe-sex group CondomFly to help promote AIDS awareness, the 120-foot-tall prophylactic can carry its pilot and three passengers. The flying raincoat will begin a five-continent, 100-city world tour on World AIDS Day (December 1). While we think it's cool to promote safe sex, we just hope this thing doesn't try to fuck a Goodyear blimp.

## Wedding Crashers

What is the perfect way to celebrate your wedding day? A bride and groom in northern Italy rented a \$200,000 Ferrari Testarossa for the occasion, then drove it into a traffic-signal pole. Thanks to around \$100,000 in damages, the mishap cost the newlyweds, who were not drinking, the 35-grand insurance deposit they had to put down to rent the vehicle. We know most marriages crash and burn, but usually it's not this literal.

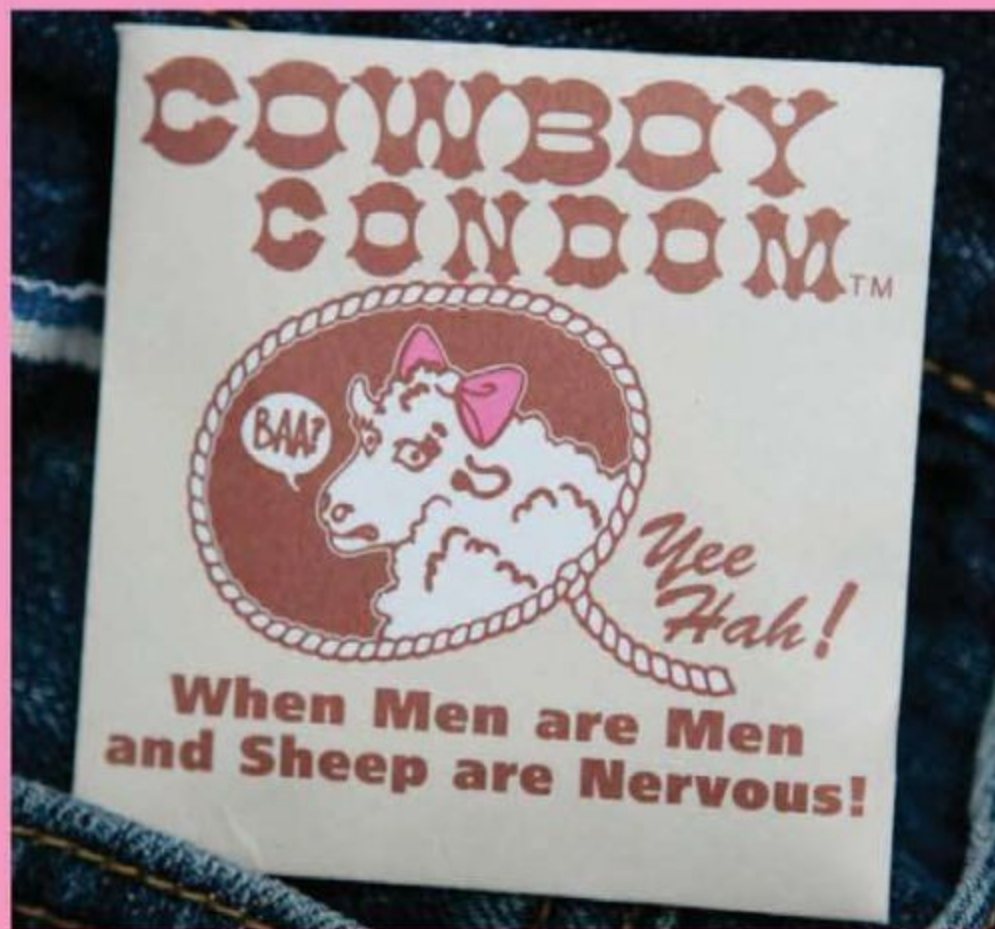
## Free Beer!

Now that we have your attention, we've got some bad news: There is no free beer. We understand you're probably very disappointed, as were residents of Northamptonshire, England. It seems a popular councilwoman sent an e-mail to several hundred folks proposing an annual free beer day at the burg's pubs. She later e-mailed an apology, announcing that her first message was just a joke. We have to say there are many things in this world that make us laugh, but promising people free beer and then taking it away is not funny.

## Edible Advertising

If you find yourself driving along Highway 150 in Mooresville, North Carolina, don't be surprised if you suddenly find yourself in the mood for a nice juicy steak. Those hunger pangs are coming to you via a local grocer's steak-shaped billboard, with a high-powered fan blowing air over cartridges of barbecue fragrance oil. Sadly, a similar billboard for the Stinky Pussy Strip Club didn't work out so well.

# RIDICULOUS RUBBERS



Here's another crazy condom. It's perfect for those nights down on the farm. Not that you would fuck a sheep. A chicken maybe, but not a sheep. Thanks to A.G. of Las Vegas for sending us this preposterous prophylactic.

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

# SIGN OF THE TIMES



We like Thai food, but we've never had the desire to fuck it. Thanks to B.M. of Anaheim, California, for this submission.

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

# HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Actress Kristen Schaal (*Flight of the Conchords*) and her boyfriend Rich Blomquist (Emmy Award-winning *Daily Show* writer) teamed up to write *The Sexy Book of Sexy Sex*. Part how-to guide and part how-not-to guide, their self-proclaimed "jizz-soaked rag" is a laugh-out-loud look at the history of "doing the nasty." *The Sexy Book of Sexy Sex* by Kristen Schaal and Rich Blomquist is available at bookstores now.



"A promiscuous person is a person who is getting more sex than you are." —VICTOR LOWNES, WRITER



# MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Mom! Dad's blowout preventer failed!"

## PORN FROM THE PAST



They say you are what you eat. If this is true, then the guy pictured here is a pussy—a big, hairy pussy. Thanks to L.W. of Philadelphia for this yummy 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.

## DICKING AROUND WITH ART



Samvel Saghatelian has created a perverse world of multimedia art packed with interesting characters and stunning landscapes. The weird part is all his creations feature cocks. Why did the artistic Armenian decide to explore various manifestations of the male phallus? "Because it is the oldest and most controversial symbol in human history," he says. "It can manifest a wide range of ideas and concepts, including love, sex, power and rebellion." We may not know art, but we know there is something captivating about these images...in a nongay way of course. For more, check out [Samsaga.com](http://Samsaga.com).

"Sex is like snow: You never know how many inches you're going to get or how long it will last." —JOAN RIVERS, COMIC



# PEARLS OF WISDOM

**AIDEN ASHLEY**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE









## **A**iden Ashley's Look of

Love: "I've been told I can hypnotize a guy. All I have to do is stare deeply into his eyes, and he'll do whatever I want. A guy can become my slave. I think it also helps that I know how to suck cock."

What's in a Name? "Of course my name is fake!"

**Aiden** bellows.

"Every girl working in porn today, if they have any sense, uses an alias. It just makes life easier. I didn't want to be another Britney, Crystal or Taylor. They've all been used way too much. I wanted mine to be unique and stand out."

**Aiden** is simple, while **Ashley** is sultry and sexy. Fans of porn do not need another chick with the last name of Love or Lane. Sorry, but that shit is tired and way overdone."



Assume the Position: "I'm a big fan of being on top," **Aiden** confides. "I recently discovered reverse cowgirl, and it's now my favorite. You get the friction of doggy-style with the control of riding a man's cock. With sex there really isn't a bad position, is there?"

Dream a Little Dream: "Being naked was always a rush," **Aiden** recalls. "Until someone showed me that I could get paid for it. I thought he was just some perv who wanted to see me in the nude. Then I got my first pay-day and realized that I can make a living doing this. I really am living the dream!"











**AIDEN ASHLEY'S VITAL FACTS:**

HOMETOWN: Bloomington, Indiana | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 111













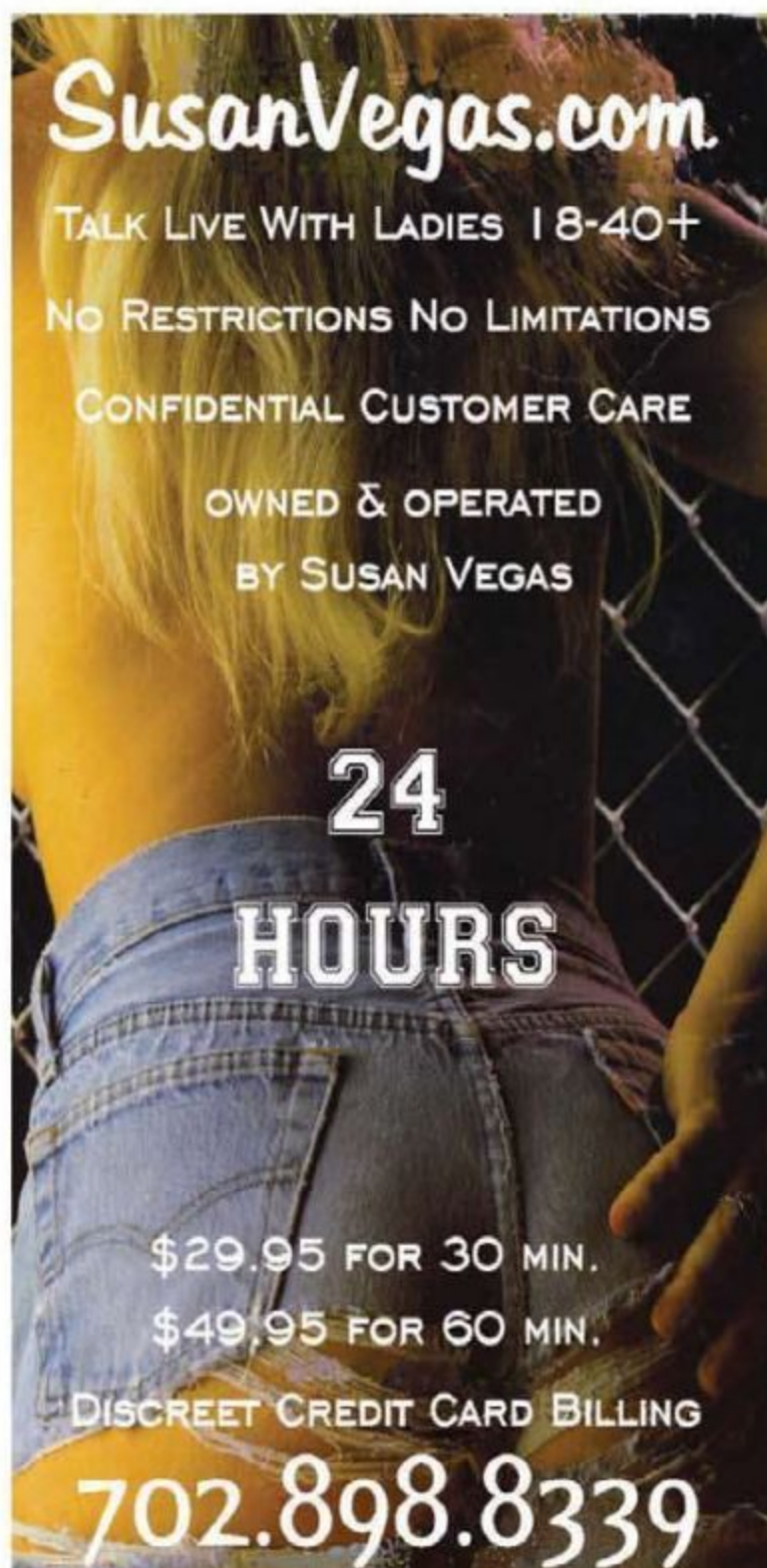
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# Legal Beagle's Whiff of Relief

**I**t was the biggest case of my career, precedent-setting maybe. Quite possibly the one that was going to put me up for a partnership at the law firm.

Eleven p.m. and I was still chained to my desk. Tomorrow the preliminary hearings started. Tonight I was fuckin' stressed. I needed a release—something to clear my mind of all the tedious, mundane details, allowing me to focus on the trial ahead. I needed Mary.

I texted her at 11:13. By the time I arrived at her walkup 20 minutes later, she was ready: candles, incense, mystical music. She greeted me naked, save for the flowers in her strawberry-blonde hair. Her slender body glowed golden in the candlelight—perfect, naturally firm breasts, full pussy bush.

No words passed between us. Mary danced to the hypnotic beat as I stripped off my tie and suit and, with it, all the trappings of my legal life.

The girl was everything the corporate world was not—a kind of 21st-century flower child. Every visit was like a breath of fresh air. Every visit held a marvelous surprise.

When I was naked, Mary handed me a hashish pipe. As the smoke filled my lungs, she dropped to her knees behind me.

She planted little sucking kisses down my lower back and nibbled at my ass cheeks. Spreading my buns, the beauty tongued a line down my crack to my starfish. Around and around she traced circles around my browneye till my cock was granite-hard, and I was tempted to touch it. But I knew from experience that it would be better if I waited. So I waited.

Mary didn't disappoint. The second her tongue jabbed into my rosebud, her hand came around to fist my throbbler. Her hand jacking my tool, her taster rimming my poop chute, hashish filling my head—the world slipped away, and there was only pure bliss.

Mary and I met the first year of law school. She lasted there all of three months before she dropped out to start a medical marijuana co-op. But over the years, we stayed in touch and developed a strong friends-with-benefits kind of relationship. Me, I benefited from her

tight, tight pussy and talented tongue, not to mention killer bud. And Mary, I guess she liked my hard cock and the way we never really had to talk.

Like now, for instance. Her tongue left my anus to swirl down and around my nut sac. She sucked one fat yarble between her lips and nursed on it, then the other, all the while jacking my cock. I didn't have to tell her when I was getting close. She stopped seconds before. Lying back on the floor, she ran her hands up and down her fine body till I joined her.

I played with her muff for a bit, nipping and tugging the curls with my teeth, before I slid down to her fat cunt folds. Mary was always wet, and her quim tasted like...I don't know, spiced honey. Delicious. Cupping her butt cheeks in my palms, I feasted, dicking my tongue into pink and lapping and slapping at her love button.

When Mary's moans rose in pitch, I knew she was ready. I moved up her curves, stopping along the way to suckle those perfect tit-ties. My lips met hers in a hungry kiss as my crown pushed into her kitty. Even wet, she was so fuckin' tight. Mary once told me she did Kegels every morning, every night. The resulting pussy muscles massaged my entire shaft as I pushed deeper. Once I was buried to the hilt, she wrapped her ankles around my ass and her arms around my back and bucked her hips off the floor.

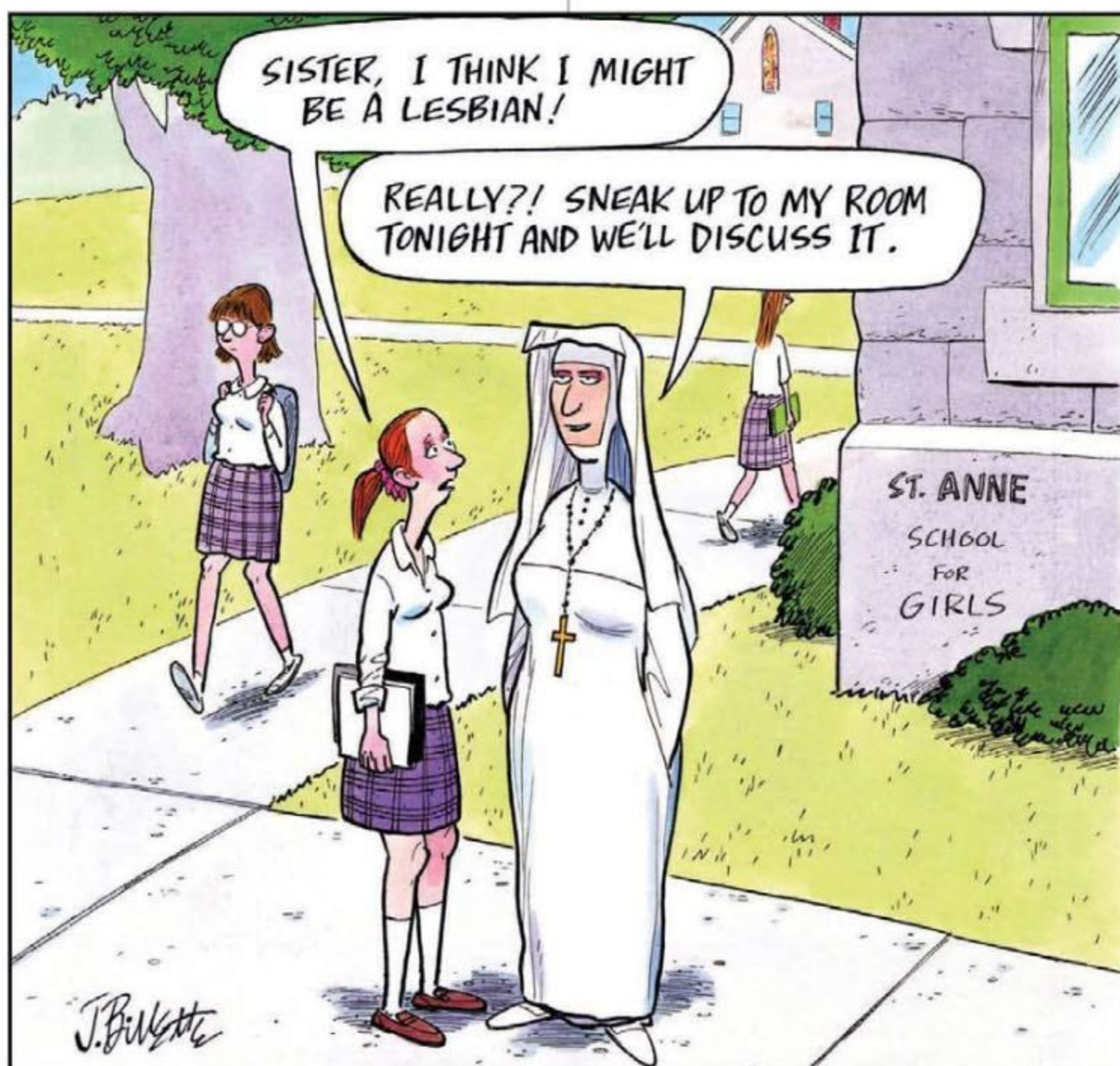
Clinging to my body, my lovely flower child fucked me good. Her hips shifted side to side, up and down, back and forth. Mary controlled the rhythm, the speed, everything. The first words she said to me that night were, "I'm coming!" Her fingernails gouged into my back. Her cunt muscles clutched my slammer. And then I was coming with her, spraying my jism into her depths. Any remnants of stress left my body with the climax.

We collapsed to the floor and relaxed for a few minutes. Then I dressed and left, positively refreshed.

The next morning I was a tiger in court—focused, unstoppable. The case ended up dragging on for months, but thanks to my biweekly visits to Mary's walkup, I won. Congratulate me. Yesterday I was named a partner in the firm.

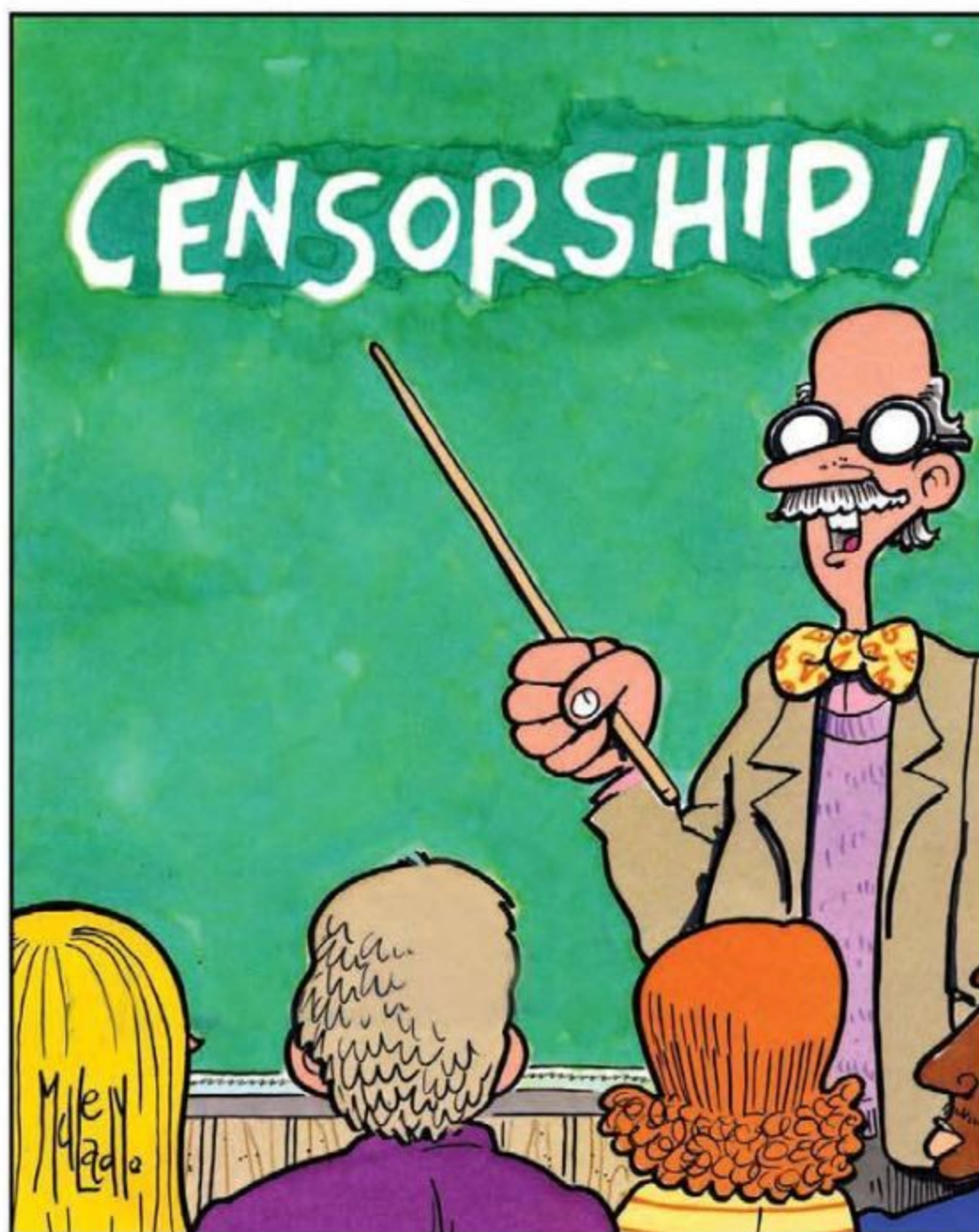
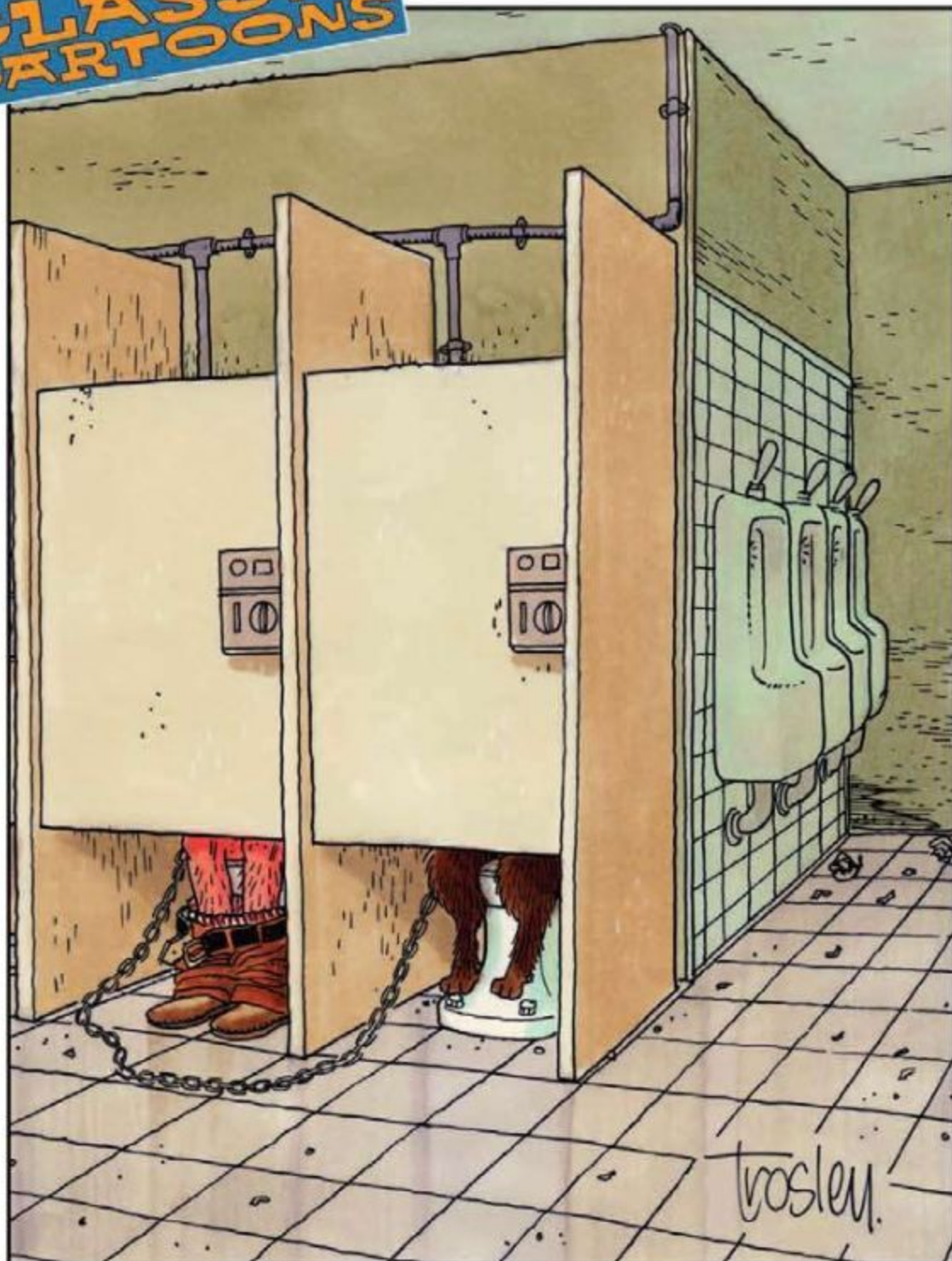
—E.F.

Baltimore, Maryland



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





"And now, class, we will discuss the most serious consequence of pornography..."



"And I put it to you that your attire invited the alleged gang-bang!"



"Well, I'll be! Look, Arnold, it's Uncle Elmo!"



Dennis Hopper and Michelle Phillips

# DENNIS

**A LIFE  
WORTH  
LIVING**

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PHOTO BY DE LAURENTIS ENTERTAINMENT GROUP



*Blue Velvet* (1986)

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# LARRY FLYNT AND OTHER NOTE-WORTHY INSIDERS PAY TRIBUTE TO A HOLLYWOOD ICON.

## VINCE VAUGHN AND JON FAVREAU.

George Clooney and Brad Pitt. Matt Damon and Ben Affleck. They're not only celebrities in their own right but also well-known as Tinseltown best buddies. One lesser-known entry on the celebrity buddies list: actor Dennis Hopper and porn publisher Larry Flynt.

Admittedly, on the surface it doesn't sound quite right. Too "odd couple." Like saying Charles Barkley and George W. Bush crack each other up. Or Tiger Woods and Glenn Beck play golf together. Certain combinations of people—guys like Hopper and Flynt, men with significantly disparate backgrounds—seem like they could never have found enough common ground to forge a meaningful friendship. But pussy can make for strange bedfellows.

You can start to understand how these two became pals by tracing Dennis Hopper's tumultuous career. In the 1950s he was a promising young actor and close friend of legendary actor James Dean. In the '60s, after artistic differences with *From Hell to Texas* director Henry Hathaway, Hopper was

labeled "defiant" and "difficult." (He racked up an infamous 87 takes on the last day of principal photography.) Finally, in 1969—pulling off an amazing turnaround—Hopper became celebrated as an overnight counterculture icon and solid commercial filmmaker thanks to *Easy Rider*.

And then, once he was securely back on top, Hopper—with the force of all his creative energies—chose a path that appeared to irrevocably fuck up every possible aspect of his personal and professional life: He went to Peru and made, aptly enough, a film titled *The Last Movie*.

"Dennis was the writer, producer, director and star," recalled Michelle Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas, his companion and costar of the film. "It felt like I got up every day to watch Dennis stare at himself in the mirror for 12 hours."

Narcissism was far from *The Last Movie's* biggest problem. There was too much drugs, too much booze and no oversight whatsoever from Universal Pictures, the studio footing the bill. Hopper was hosting a hallucinogenic party in the Peruvian jungle.

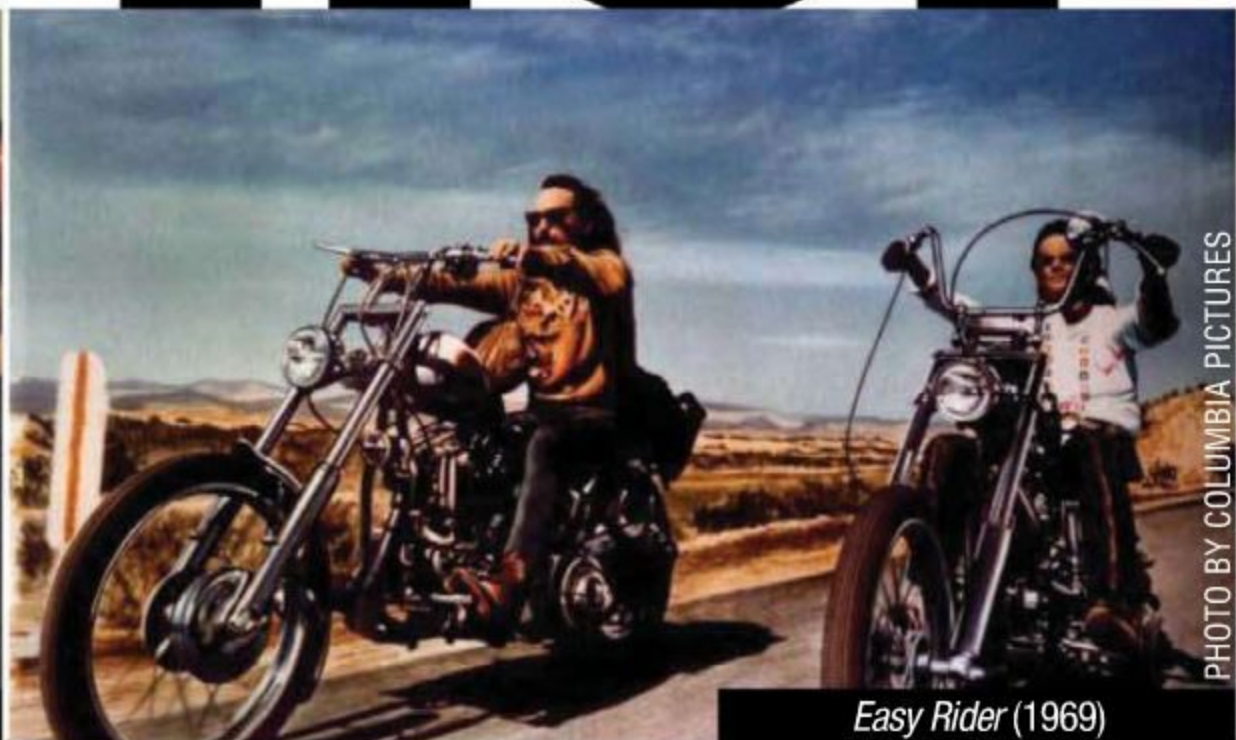
"I had never been on a film set before," Phillips told me. "I was only 25 years old. I had no idea how a film set was supposed to go. Dennis was very entertaining, and I let myself get drawn in, which was good and bad."

Hopper decided to marry Phillips, and then—after a grand total of eight days of wedded bliss—he abruptly divorced his beautiful costar.

Back in the U.S. with a mishmash of disjointed footage, Hopper was convinced he had created a work of art. But after a year of editing his masterpiece in the desert of Taos, New Mexico (time flies when you're high as a kite), he delivered a film that was both an instant critical and financial disaster. The golden boy behind *Easy Rider* became a show business pariah for a second time. Despondent and paranoid, he plummeted down a self-destructive spiral of drugs and alcohol for the next decade.

Cut to the early 1980s. Hopper's life was now divided into three parts: supporting his lifestyle by working primarily in low-budget and European films; ingesting prodigious amounts of drugs and alcohol; and express-

# HOPPER



*Easy Rider* (1969)



*Rebel Without a Cause* (1955)



ing himself artistically through photography, painting and sculpture.

Hopper's passion for photography had bloomed during his first stretch of Hollywood ostracism back in the '60s, when he'd received a camera as a gift from his first wife, Brooke Hayward. Hopper developed into an excellent photographer, snapping and selling shots of his celebrity friends and creating album cover art for musicians like Ike and Tina Turner.

Around this same time, as a publicity stunt, Larry Flynt was inviting celebrities to direct HUSTLER Magazine photo shoots. "Dennis responded enthusiastically right away," Flynt recalled. "I had heard he took pictures, but I didn't realize what a good artist he was. He selected the props, the models and set up the fantasies. He was terrific."

Flynt was not only impressed with Hopper's creative vision, but was also drawn to his complex, engaging personality. "We hit it off immediately," he told me. "We laughed at the same things. When you're a person like me, who has a big company and a lot of money, 99% of the people you meet want something from you. Dennis didn't want anything. There was such diversity in him. He was a very unique talent."

After learning that Hopper was holed up in a cheap motel on the Sunset Strip, Flynt invited him to move into his Bel Air mansion with a wing all to himself. "We used to have lots of regular parties," Flynt remembered. "[Peter] Fonda, [Warren] Beatty, [Jack] Nicholson, Gordon Liddy, Timothy Leary, Frank Zappa. And there were hot and cold women running in and out of Dennis's bedroom. He blended right in."

However, it wasn't all just about raucous good times. One of Hopper's favorite guests at the Flynt mansion was Madalyn Murray O'Hair. She was the founder of American Atheists, the organization responsible for the *Murray v. Curlett* lawsuit, which led to the landmark Supreme Court decision barring government-sponsored prayer in public schools. *Life* magazine referred to O'Hair as "the most hated woman in America," but the rebellious Hopper clearly identified with the struggles and sacrifices the controversial political activist had endured.

"Nothing worthwhile was ever accomplished by a compromising person," Hopper once declared to Flynt after a conversation with O'Hair.

But usually Hopper kept things light, although in Flynt's words, "he was still doing drugs" and "his career wasn't going great."



Dennis Hopper and David Lynch

During the year they shared under the same roof, Hopper didn't exhibit any of the dangerously self-destructive behavior he was famous for. According to Flynt, "We just enjoyed each other's company."

Flynt also fondly remembers Hopper regaling him with Hollywood stories: A frustrated John Wayne chased Hopper around a movie set and threatened to shoot him. As a fledgling actor, Hopper grabbed his mentor James Dean by the throat in frustration, shouting, "Nobody is supposed to be *that* good." And the brass at Paramount asked Hopper to take a fellow, slightly greener contract player under his wing and show him the ropes—a kid named Elvis Presley.

"Dennis really liked Elvis," said Flynt, smiling broadly. "But Elvis really didn't know a thing about the movie business. He asked

Dennis to help him with his script. He told Dennis that there was a fight scene, and he didn't think he'd have any trouble hitting a man, but later in the picture he was betrayed by a woman who he was supposed to slap. Elvis said he could never hit a woman."

Dennis gently told Elvis not to worry, that "this was Hollywood; it just *looks* real."

Elvis was shocked. He replied with genuine Tupelo, Mississippi, innocence, "C'mon. Next thing you know, you're going to tell me them bullets flying against the side of the barn [in the fight scene] ain't real neither."

The funny stories they shared ended the day Flynt came home to discover that Hopper had moved out. "I didn't really question it," Flynt said. "There were no handshakes or big, drawn-out goodbyes. He just moved on. That was Dennis."



Where Hopper landed after he left Flynt's mansion was a drug-rehabilitation program. When interviewed after emerging from rehab, Hopper credited his newfound sobriety to Flynt—credit that his friend emphatically denied. Flynt gruffly insisted their relationship was never about judging or trying to change each other's behavior. "A person has to come to that decision by himself," Flynt reasoned.

However, when pressed on the subject of Hopper's drug use, Flynt responded this way: "If you had to ask yourself the question of why a man with so much talent didn't achieve more in life, the answer would have to be drugs."

In 1983, once out of rehab, Dennis Hopper was a man who wanted to make up for lost time. He gave critically acclaimed performances in *The Osterman Weekend* and *Rumble Fish*. Then, in 1985, the former counterculture icon heard about an opportunity to reinvent himself once again.

David Lynch was casting the role of Frank Booth, *Blue Velvet's* gas-huffing, obscenity-screaming villain with a darkly poetic side. Lynch told me, "I wanted Dennis for the role right away. I knew he was perfect for it, but the casting people kept telling me he was too much trouble."

So Lynch kept on looking for an actor, and Hopper's agent kept on trying to get a meeting between the director and his client. Finally, Lynch agreed. "I met Dennis, and that was it," Lynch recalled. "He told me, 'I am Frank Booth.' Dennis drew on his life experiences for that role. He was born for the part."

As any cinephile knows, Lynch's instincts were dead-on. Hopper blew everybody away. "From the moment he got on the set, he was amazing," Lynch remembered. "Everything that came out of him was gold. It was very exciting to watch."

Hollywood loves a comeback story, and Dennis Hopper's resurrection was as good as it gets: *Blue Velvet* was a critical and financial smash. (*Time* magazine critic Richard Corliss described Hopper's Frank Booth character as possibly "the vilest sadistic creep in movie history.") Hopper was also nominated for a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his poignant portrayal of a town drunk in *Hoosiers*.

On a roll, Hopper then snagged a job directing *Colors*, a gritty L.A. cop movie starring Sean Penn and Robert Duvall. That got him an avalanche of scripts for big-money acting jobs.

"A great actor can play anything," Lynch observed. "Dennis certainly could, but he was born a certain way. Dennis had strength to him; it was hard to cast him against the grain. That's why I think he played so many villains later in his career."

Hopper had now achieved status as a hipster emeritus, the go-to guy to help give a project the veneer of quality—or at (continued on page 132)



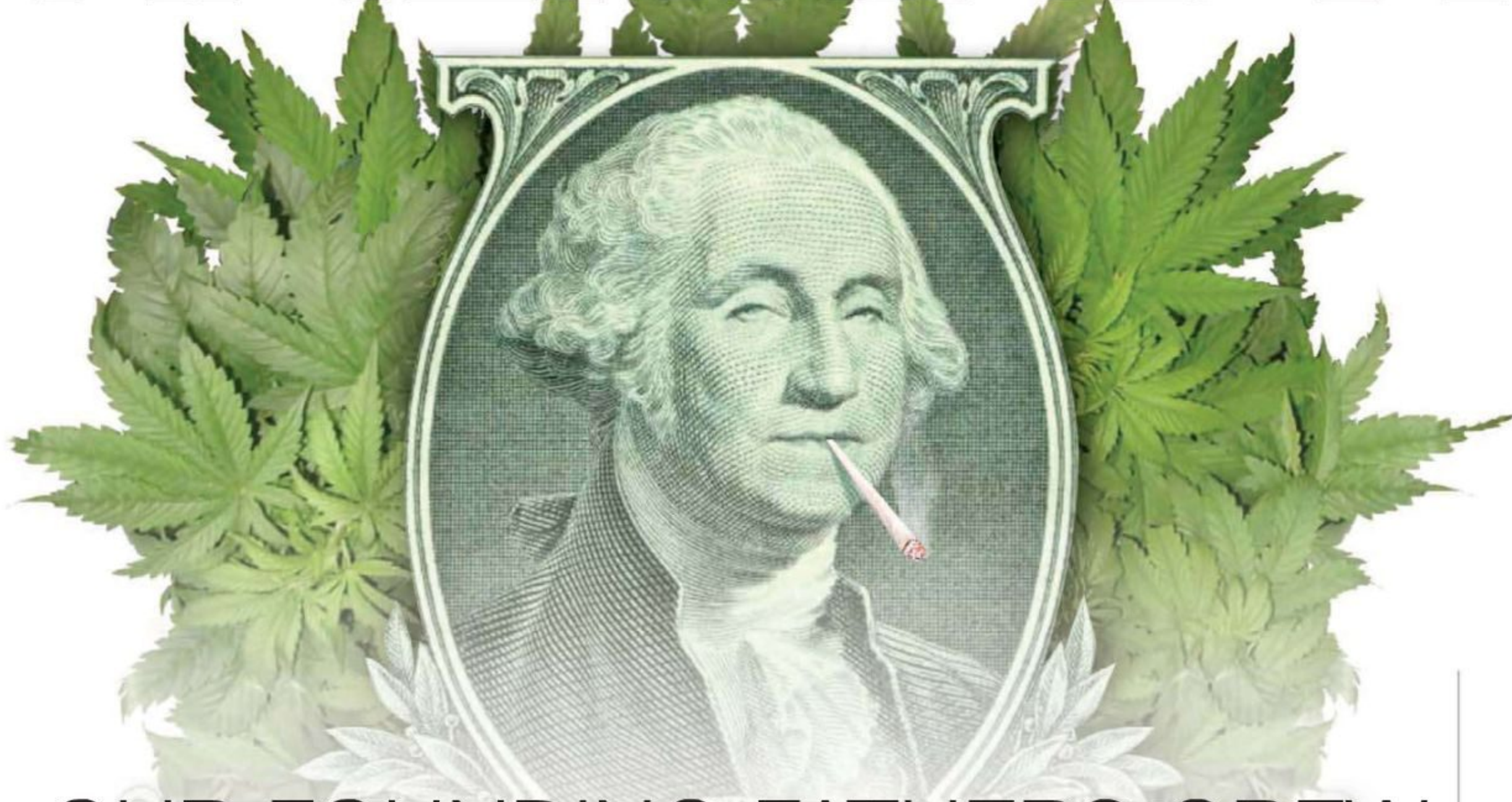
"Perhaps people would pay attention to your message if you showed them your tits."



"There's a definite anti-incumbent wave this season."



# GEORGE WASHINGTON AMERICA'S FIRST



## OUR FOUNDING FATHERS GREW MARIJUANA AND SMOKED IT. SO LEGALIZE IT ALREADY!

**GEORGE WASHINGTON, AMERICA'S FIRST PRESIDENT,** raised hemp and almost certainly smoked it. Likewise, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and virtually every other American farmer back when we beat the British.

On August 7, 1765, Washington lamented in one of his *Farm Journals*: "I began to separate (sic) the Male from the Female Hemp...rather too late." This is something he wouldn't have been doing if he wasn't smoking the females.

Much like today's pot connoisseurs, who buy high-priced seeds from places like Amsterdam's Cannabis Cup competition, Washington raved (in his collected writings, volume 35, page 72) about Indian

hemp and "a stock of seed sufficient for my own purposes" that was "more valuable than the common hemp." Like a true enthusiast, he urged his compatriots to "sow it everywhere."

Washington's fellow farming fanatic Thomas Jefferson apparently wrote that "some of my finest hours have been spent on my back veranda, smoking hemp and observing as far as my eye can see." Although widely circulated, that quote is disputed by some.

What's not disputed is Jefferson's recommendation in his *Garden Book* that "an acre of the best ground...is to be selected and...kept for a permanent hemp patch." Jefferson warned in his *Farm Journal* on March 16, 1791, that tobacco was "impolitic" and "pernicious"



# WASHINGTON FIRST STONER

because “this plant greatly exhausts the soil” by demanding “much manure.” Tobacco was “never useful,” while hemp “is of the first necessity to the commerce and marine, in other words to the wealth and protection of the country.” Would Jefferson have compared hemp to tobacco if he wasn’t smoking it?

No tobacco smoker, Abe Lincoln might have joined Jefferson with a toke or two had they been contemporaries: “Two of my favorite things are sitting on my front porch, smoking a pipe of sweet hemp and playing my Hohner harmonica.” Widely attributed to Lincoln, that quote is believed to have appeared in a museum devoted to Hohner harmonicas.

Jefferson drafted his Declaration of Independence on hemp paper. His Virginia neighbor James Madison did the same for the Bill of Rights—and is alleged to have smoked the stuff to gain inspiration for it. Ben Franklin, America’s leading publisher, owned a paper mill that processed hemp. His very prosperous newspaper and magazine trade was based largely on hemp paper, which was (and still is) far cheaper and more durable than paper made from trees.

Many of the aforementioned quotes may be disputed, but it’s inconceivable that this ubiquitous herb was not widely smoked. Its medicinal properties were known to the ancient Chinese and Egyptians, as well as to Arab and other traders throughout the centuries. America’s worldly, well-read revolutionaries had every reason to embrace its properties.

All of the Founding Fathers profited gleefully from the sale of their hemp crops, which flourished year after year without chemical pesticides, herbicides or fertilizers. If you walked into the Constitutional Convention in 1787 and told the Founders that in this new country they were creating it would be illegal to raise and smoke hemp, they would have laughed you out of the room.

More recently, George W. Bush is widely believed to have been a major toker in college and possibly beyond. Bill Clinton says he smoked but “did not inhale,” probably the dumbest line ever delivered by a sitting President. Barack Obama not only admitted

who had been hired by the city of Oakland, California, to grow marijuana for AIDS and chemotherapy patients. Rosenthal was convicted of a federal felony because the jury was not told he was actually working for the government. Upon learning the truth, the enraged jurors demanded a retrial. Rosenthal’s conviction was later overturned.

As you read this, the voters in California and Washington State are deciding whether to let its citizens do what all those early patriotic heroes did: grow one of the greatest industrial crops in the history of the world and also smoke one of the greatest medicines humankind has ever known.

**Washington’s fellow farming fanatic Thomas Jefferson apparently wrote that “some of my finest hours have been spent on my back veranda, smoking hemp and observing as far as my eye can see.”**

California now has tens of thousands of prisoners whose only crime was possessing marijuana, something the Governor himself smoked back in his days as a pumped-up bodybuilder. At roughly \$49,000 per year for each prisoner, Califor-

nia is spending hundreds of millions of dollars annually just to keep people locked up for this victimless “crime.” In times of shrinking income and serious budget cuts, the impact is enormous.

Thanks largely to the utterly failed War on Drugs, the United States has the largest prison population in the history of the world, both by percentage of population and absolute numbers. China, with four times the population of the U.S., has fewer people in prison than we do. Of our 2.3 million citizens behind bars, 60,000 or more, by various estimates, are there for smoking or possessing a crop treasured by our Founders.

By all accounts, medical marijuana has grown to a \$1 billion annual enterprise in

The Bushies even grabbed Ed Rosenthal,



will she?

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## POTHEAD PRESIDENTS

California alone. Smoke shops offering an astonishing range of exotic hemp-based product lines have popped up throughout the state, as well as in Colorado and elsewhere. Meanwhile, Michigan is actually conducting formal seminars on how to dispense the magic herb to needy patients.

Although victory for legalization is not a given, California pot raisers are bracing for change. Marijuana is the state's largest cash crop. It's

Agriculture's infamous "Hemp for Victory" video (easily found on YouTube) shows in great detail how to plant, raise and harvest this amazing crop.

Hemp is a multibillion-dollar crop today for Canada, Germany, Japan, China and all the other nations of the industrial world. In America's Heartland angry, impoverished farmers are demanding the U.S. finally do what its Founders had the good sense to do: make full use of

**Thanks largely to the utterly failed War on Drugs, the United States has the largest prison population in the history of the world, both by percentage of population and absolute numbers.**

virtually the sole basis for economic life in northern California's three-county "Golden Triangle."

Hemp—the kind you can't smoke—may ultimately be a far bigger cash crop. This incredibly powerful, prolific and profitable plant comes back year after year without replanting, spraying for pests, killing off other weeds (which it quickly outgrows) or even watering. Growing to six, eight, even ten feet tall with virtually no care, the rugged stems, leaves and seeds all have major industrial uses. Washington and Jefferson used it for clothing, paper, rope and sails for the new nation's ships. In many instances in Revolutionary America, farmers were actually required to grow it.

Even though marijuana was made illegal in 1937, hemp was grown by the U.S. government across the Great Plains—especially in Kansas—as a critical crop for winning World War II. The U.S. Department of

this vital agricultural product.

Ironically, smoking industrial hemp will not get you high, just give you a pretty good headache. But that pain is nothing compared to the huge financial, cultural and medical losses our nation suffers as a result of this absurd, senseless and obscene prohibition. There is no doubt George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and their fellow Founders would urge voters to liberate this fantastic crop for the nation they invented. Let's hope today's citizens in California, Washington State and elsewhere have the good sense to do the same.

Historian, journalist and educator Harvey Wasserman is the author of 11 books, including *Harvey Wasserman's History of the United States* and *America Born & Reborn*. As "Thomas Paine," he has also written *Passions of the Potsmoking Patriots*. For more info, check out [HarveyWasserman.com](http://HarveyWasserman.com). 🌿



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

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A woman is lying on a leg press machine in a gym. She is wearing black shorts and is in the middle of a leg press exercise, with her feet on the machine's platform and her legs extended. The machine is white and black. In the background, there is a window with a white frame and two blue bottles on the sill. To the left of the window, there is a red poster with a yellow figure. The text "LET'S GET PHYSICAL" is overlaid on the image in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

**LET'S GET  
PHYSICAL**

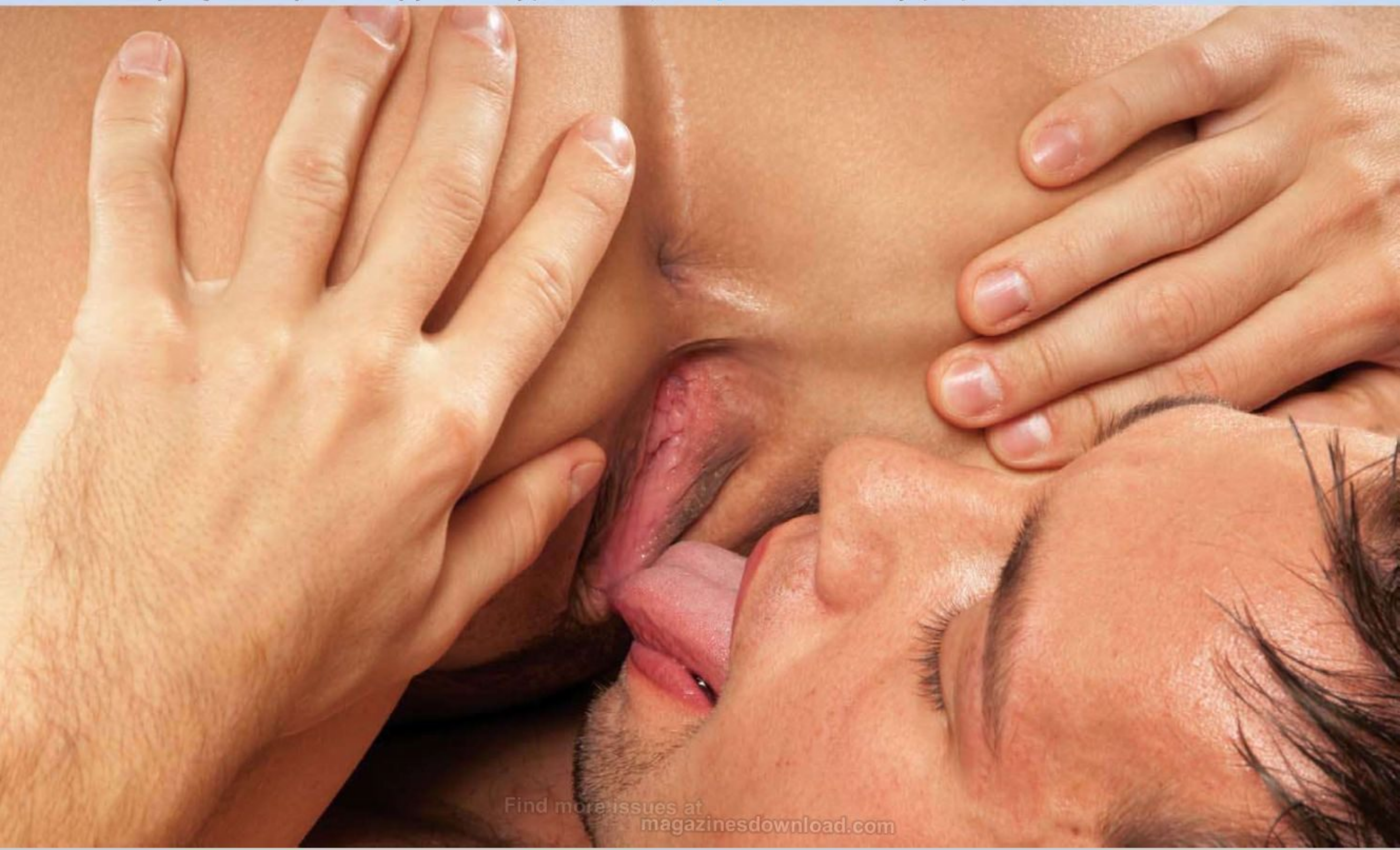
**IZY-BELLA BLU & JOHNNY CASTLE**

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Remember the pop classic “Physical,” Olivia Newton-John’s ode to working out? Yeah, we do too. Although most of the editors here haven’t listened to the radio—or worked out—since the ’80s, we all agreed that this sex-in-the-gym pictorial was tailor-made for a parody of the hit tune. Or just ignore the lyrics and enjoy the steamy pictures. Man, that [Izy-Bella Blu](#) can really “pump iron.”















This chick is doing all  
the things we like  
Right from the  
starting pages.  
She's got a handle  
on it tight.  
You know what  
I mean.  
No need to take her  
to an expensive  
restaurant  
Or blow cash on  
a movie.  
Just lay her down  
and whip it out.  
She's really  
that horny.

Let's get  
physical, physical.  
The chick is physical.  
Let's get  
into physical.  
Let us see her body  
fuck, her body fuck.  
Let us see her body fuck.

She likes it hard,  
and she's good.  
She'll fuck on the  
bench or the table.  
All her holes  
are open now,  
And they're all clean.  
We're sure you know  
how this one ends.  
After she's through  
all the positions,  
She's gonna take a  
load on her face.  
We told you. Look  
there. See.

Let's get physical,  
physical.  
The chick is physical.  
Let's get into physical  
Let us see her body  
fuck, her body fuck.  
Let us see her body fuck.

Let's get  
physical, physical.  
The chick is  
physical. Let's get  
into physical.  
Let us see her body  
fuck, her body fuck.  
Let us see her body fuck.





Izy-Bella Blu gets down and dirty in *Barely Legal* #102 from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit [HustlerHollywood.com](http://HustlerHollywood.com) or go to page 140 to order by mail.

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Kevin Gault



# MERS

## LET'S START OUT WITH FULL DISCLOSURE:

I failed economically, and I lost my house. I'm not looking for tea and sympathy, but I wouldn't mind a cup of coffee.

I used to be a logging contractor up in the mountains of northern Idaho, feeding the housing boom in places like Las Vegas and California with lumber. Since I was bringing the stuff out of the woods, I was the first one to feel the boom. I was also the first one to feel the hit. My economic collapse preceded the rest of the country's by about six months. I held on for as long as I could, but eventually time ran out, and I fell to the foreclosure mills. It took about three years.

While my world was collapsing, I read about a group of Ohio homeowners who had challenged the standing of the bank foreclosing on them. They won, and it started a movement that fought foreclosure with a strategy called "Produce the Note."

As things kept unwinding for me, I followed the story and the successes of people fighting foreclosure all across the country. I didn't really look into why it was successful. I only knew that it offered hope, and the way things were going, hope was all I had.

My time finally came in January 2010. I hired an out-of-town attorney, filed suit against the bank foreclosing against me and hoped for the best. I have to tell you, it was pretty scary. I was suing Bank of New York Mellon, whose address was 1 Wall Street, New York, New York. Not 1 Wall Street with a suite number. Just 1 Wall Street all by itself. I was pretty intimidated, shedding a lot of gray hairs as my court date approached.

On the big day I walked into the courtroom flanked by two attorneys. It was mumbo jumbo, mumbo jumbo, and when the judge's hammer came down, I had won a preliminary injunction. The foreclosure sale was stopped until such time as the court could conduct a full hearing on the evidence with a jury of my peers. I got to stay in the house where I had

## A HOMEOWNER'S NIGHTMARE OR GOLD MINE?

BECAUSE OF WALL STREET, IT'S POSSIBLE YOU ARE PAYING OFF A MORTGAGE FOR A HOUSE YOU MAY NEVER OWN.

raised my babies for the past 13 years.

It took me about three days to calm down from the thrill of victory. Then I started to think, *What happened here? Why was I able to stop the foreclosure sale? I had failed economically, yet I had the bank on the run.*

So I started to search the Internet. I discovered that more than 50 million people had a mortgage situation similar to my own even though they, unlike me, weren't in foreclosure. There's a good chance that you, the guy reading this article, may be one of them.

"Nonsense," you say. "I'm not defaulting. I make my payments. I can prove that." All true perhaps, but possibly meaningless if you have a mortgage bearing the initials MERS.

Here's the deal. There's this little company called Mortgage Electronic Registration Systems Inc. (MERS). This privately owned, secretive outfit was established by Countrywide Home Loans, Fannie Mae, Freddie Mac and a couple of title companies to "streamline" the

time-honored process of registering ownership of your house and mortgage.

Instead of placing your lender on the title at the county courthouse, MERS is denoted. MERS is supposed to keep track of all the changes of ownership in its very private database. Besides circumventing payment of county registration fees, it allowed banksters to create the complicated alphabet soup of financial organizations preying on vulnerable homeowners.

Two things happened: The mortgage was separated from the deed, and MERS made sausage of the ownership. And as we all know, once made, sausage cannot be unmade.

Now we (as in whoever owns a mortgage registered with MERS) are faced with a situation where the banks hold potentially unenforceable paper. True ownership has been masked. This means there may be no one who can stand in court and demand foreclosure, and what makes it really scary is there may also be no one who





"Some poor schmuck robs a convenience store of 80 bucks and gets ten years in prison. We steal millions, bring down an economy, and as punishment the government gives us even more millions! This is a great fucking country we live in, Henry!"



"So, Ramon, do you provide your female clients with 'happy endings'?"

can deliver you clear title once a mortgage is paid off.

In order to foreclose, the true owner of the debt (the holder of the deed) must come to court and demonstrate there is a clear chain of ownership. That chain must exist from the time you signed the mortgage until someone stands in front of a judge and says: "He owes me money and isn't paying. Now I want to foreclose on the house so I can get my money back."

In order for you to get clear title to your home when you pay off your mortgage, that very same clear chain of title has to be in place. If it isn't, who is to say some Joe won't show up years later waving a piece of paper claiming you never paid your mortgage...to him?

MERS created a situation where the true owner of the debt, the one who can demonstrate a clear chain of title, can almost never be found. This means that if you have MERS on your mortgage, you may be buying...nothing! And it seems you weren't supposed to find out for another 20 to 30 years or however long it is you have left on your mortgage. So what do you do?

If you want to find out if MERS is on your mortgage, go to the recorder's office at the county courthouse and do a title search. If you find MERS on your mortgage, thank the nice lady and walk out the door. No point freaking out on her. She can't do anything.

A word of warning: Because some sources have claimed that MERS's own Web site is unreliable, it may be best to avoid going to [MERS-servicerid.org](http://MERS-servicerid.org) to search for your name and address in its database.

If MERS is not on your mortgage, then assume you are fine. Keep paying it off. But if you find you are one of the millions who have MERS on their mortgage, consider seeking out an attorney who specializes in real estate transactions.

If the lender cannot demonstrate to the court's satisfaction clear chain of title, you can have an attorney sue to declare that you are the victim of a fraud and should be awarded clear title to your house and perhaps request all back payments. If the court agrees, you have beat the system.

Vermont Trotter has launched the Internet site **ChinkInTheArmor.net** to educate consumers and attorneys about MERS so homeowners can challenge the fraud through the judicial system.

### LEGAL DISCLAIMER

While some courts have questioned the content of MERS mortgages—and some individuals, including Vermont Trotter, have been successful in MERS-related proceedings—most courts have upheld MERS mortgages on legal principle. The ideas expressed in this article, reflecting the personal experience of the author, are for informational and entertainment purposes only. The opinions expressed do not constitute legal advice of any kind. Consulting an attorney prior to following or relying upon any suggestion in this article is highly recommended.



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# THIS AIN'T

Jasmine



PHOTO BY MARC STAR

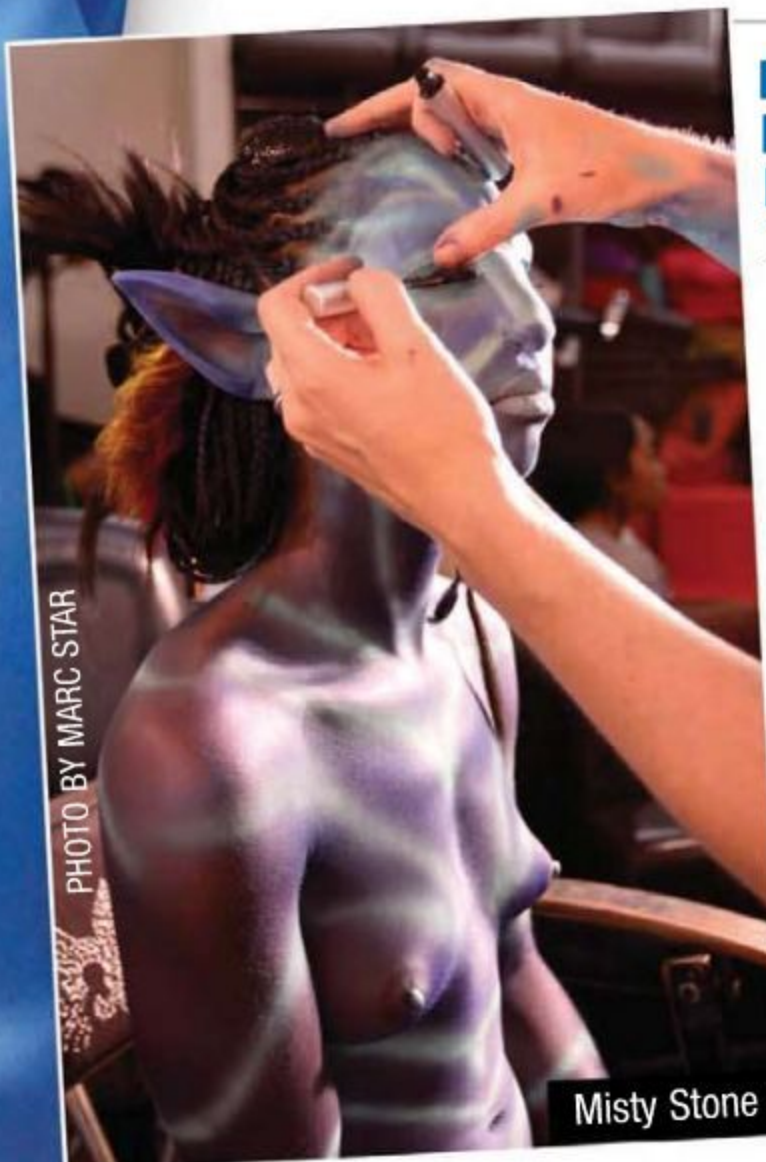
Director Axel Braun masterfully explains to Misty Stone and Chris Johnson how he'd like his Na'bi to erotically emote in 3D.

**HUSTLER VIDEO'S STUDIOS WERE ON FULL POWER DAY AND NIGHT TO TURN OUT ONE OF THE MOST AMBITIOUS—AND EXPENSIVE—HARD-CORE MOVIES OF ALL TIME: A 3D PARODY OF AVATAR.**

## IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM, NAKED PORN STARS ARE BEING PAINTED WITH A SPRAY GUN.

In another, the costume designer attaches intricate details to a costume while the makeup man perfects the facial prosthetics. Across the room two performers study a script, and a multitasking talent coordinator diligently braids wigs. All this has been going on for several hours already.

"There's more prep on this production than any movie I've ever done," divulges director Axel Braun, the helmsman behind parody hits like *This Ain't Star Trek XXX*. "The full-body makeup alone takes about three hours per person. We were shooting until four in the morning last night."



Misty Stone

PHOTO BY MARC STAR

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



# AVATAR XXX

## Opening Pandora's Box



"Mine's bigger," jokes *Avatar XXX* stud Evan Stone.

PHOTO BY MARC STAR

Despite the tough grind, including some unforeseen eye trouble from the actors' cosmetic contact lenses, everyone on the set is in good spirits. Misty Stone, cast as Neytiri, glams for the camera during her bodypaint detailing. Pornpreneur Lexington Steele, who's playing the "Na'bi" chief, keeps tabs on his own business (Mercenary Pictures) by cell phone. In a makeup chair, male lead Dale DaBone clears up the characters for a costar: "No, I'm the Avatar," he jokes. "You're a Na'bi. He's a human. Am I the only one here who saw the movie?"

Braun explains that the parody story is not the same as James Cameron's epic: "Ours is set years later. Things weren't what they seemed. It turns out the Na'bi had a secret—one having to do with sex, of course. I'm not giving away any more than that."



PHOTO BY MARK JOHNSON

Sexy Na'bi Chanel Preston: Sprayed with paint before sprayed with paste.



PHOTO BY MARC STAR

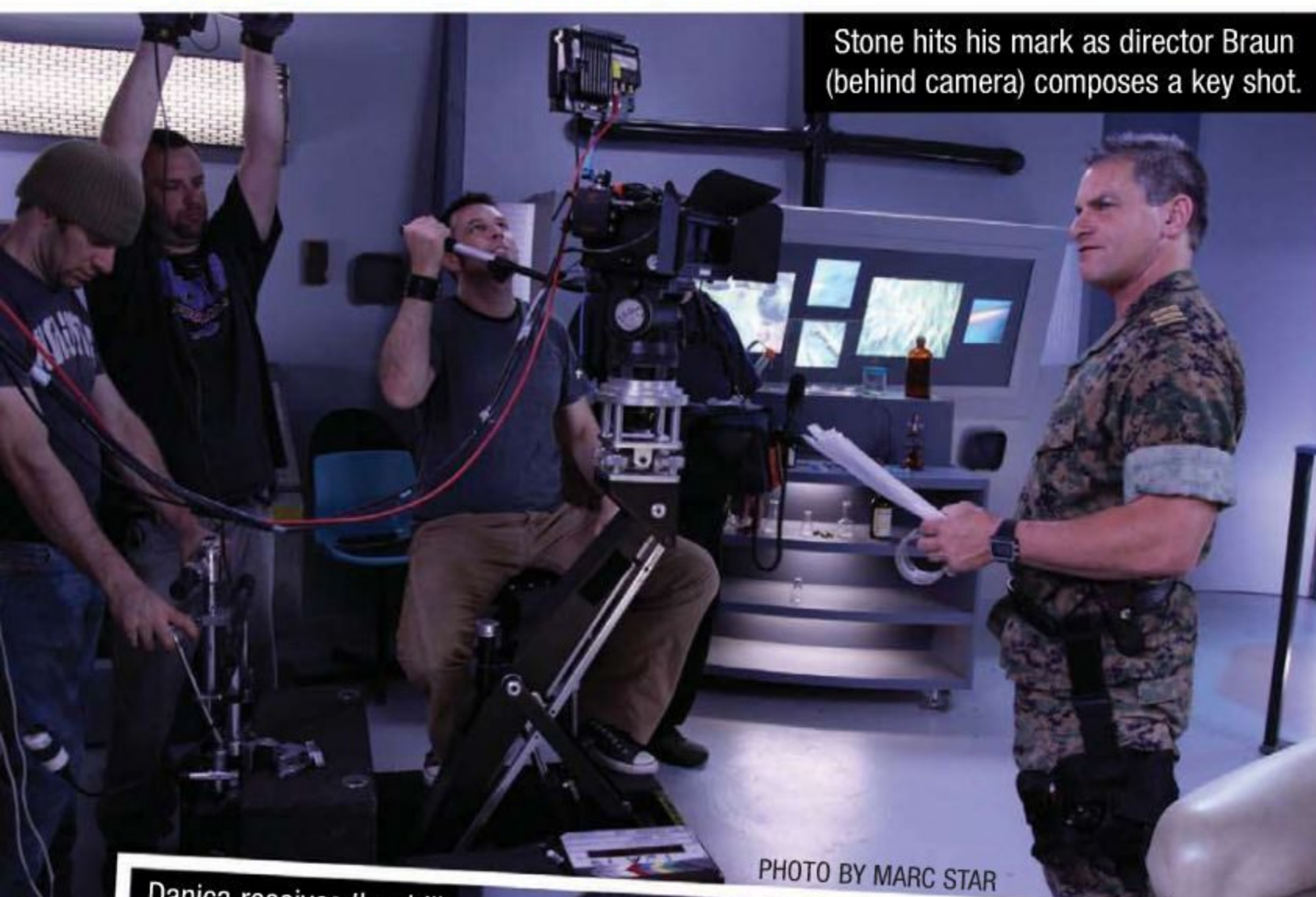


PHOTO BY MARC STAR

Talent coordinator applying finishing touches to Dale DaBone.



# THIS AIN'T AVATAR XXX



Stone hits his mark as director Braun (behind camera) composes a key shot.

PHOTO BY MARC STAR



Danica Dillan

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Danica receives the drill from Stone's bone.



PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Knowing he wasn't hired to shoot a quick-and-dirty gonzo flick, Braun signed on the most professional talent he could find. Misty Stone's reputation as a standout performer and Dale DaBone's solid work with Braun, most notably in *Batman XXX*, made them both naturals for their roles, even if they're unrecognizable under the makeup and body paint.

Ironically, the megaproduction started as a joke. In early 2010, with the sci-fi blockbuster *Avatar* at the top of the box office charts and the parody wave giving XXX DVD sales a new lease on life, Braun joshed with HUSTLER's production heads that they should do an *Avatar* send-up and make it the world's first 3D fuck flick.

After a good laugh, everyone realized that—crazy or not—it was an idea they didn't want to see anyone else do first. As it turned out, Larry Flynt was in a gambling mood. "I pitched it to the big man, and he went for it," recalls video chief Drew Rosenfeld. "He saw that the publicity value alone made it worth doing."

Two months later HUSTLER Video had built a lavish jungle set—its own Pandora. Along with casting the most reliable—not to mention most patient—performers in the business, Braun assembled a crack team of makeup and costume pros. He also recruited a camera crew that knew its way around the tricky tech required to pull off today's 3D effects.

"It's a whole other game shooting 3D," Braun says as another long night looms. "Everything has to be exactly planned out and calibrated, but it'll be worth it. The footage so far looks amazing."

Look for the *This Ain't Avatar XXX* parody video, which will be released in 3D and 2D, at [HustlerHollywood.com](http://HustlerHollywood.com).



PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

PHOTO BY MARK JOHNSON

PHOTO BY MARC STAR

Horny Na'bi Nicki (as in Hunter) cums up for a breather.

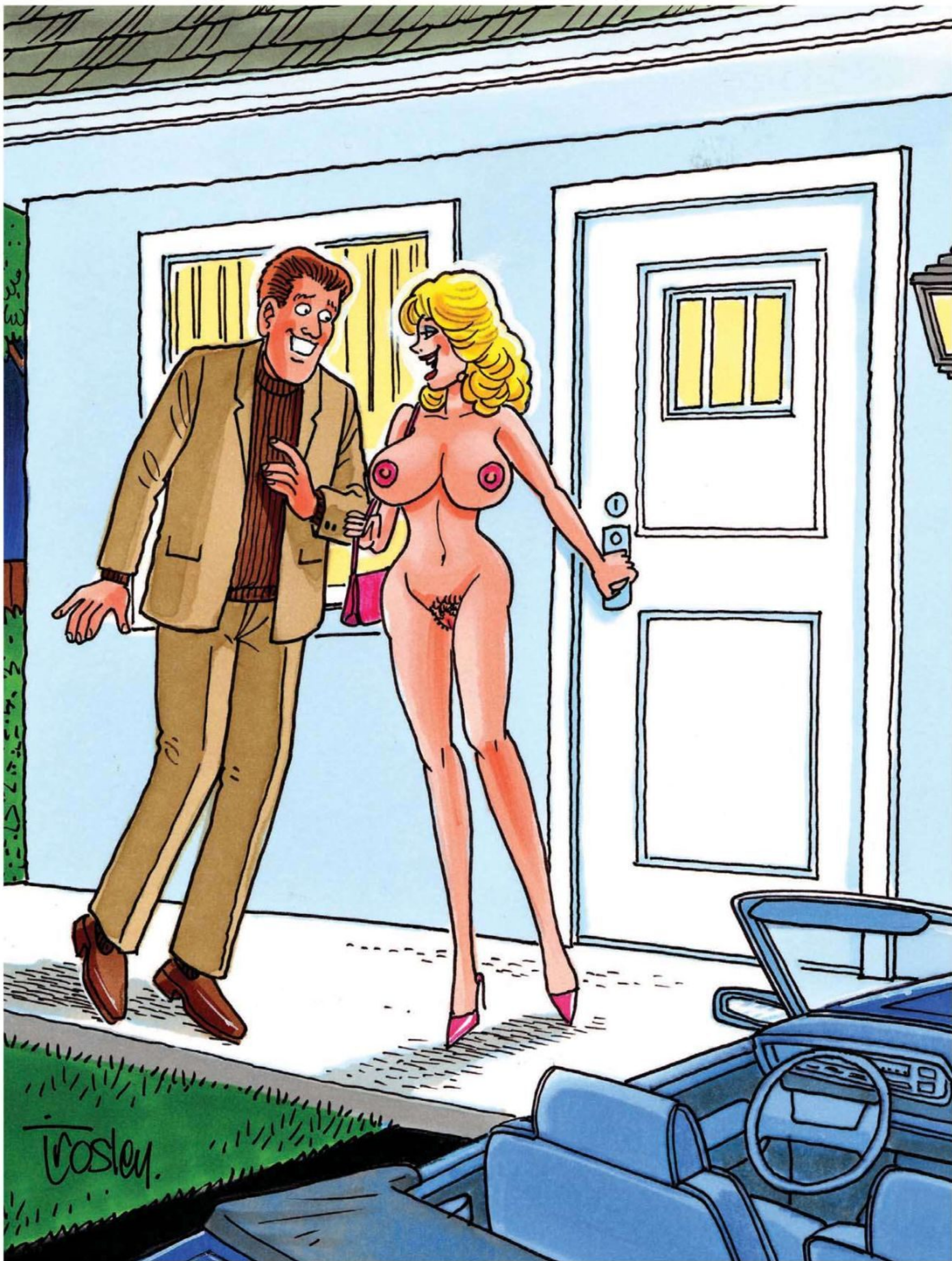
Lee Garland makes Dale look Na'bi.

"Mmm-mm goood!" coos a nasty Nicki, enjoying her tube-steak treat.

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Nothing but the most advanced cinematic technology for director Braun's super sci-fi sex saga!





"I didn't have time to get dressed. Hope that's okay."





**SEX  
DRIVE**

**TARRA WHITE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY





I've always been fascinated with everything American, especially California," declares Czech hottie **Tarra White**. "The music, the fashion, the cars and beautiful beaches. That's why once I got the chance to hightail it to Los Angeles, the first thing I did after the plane landed was to rent a sports car and drive to the beach. It was exhilarating!"

So is **Tarra's** dynamic sex life. "I like to be on top," she fesses up. "I find that it's easier to get the job done for both of us when I'm in control. Then again, sometimes it's nice to—how do you say?—shift gears and totally let the guy take control. When I'm passive, I love getting banged from behind. But as long as I come first, any position is good."











---

**Tarra** was destined to make a living in the skin biz. "I always knew I'd be a porn star," she relates. "I've loved dancing since I was a kid, and as soon as I found out what a stripper was, I thought that would be the perfect job for me. When I was a teenager, I started practicing while wearing my mother's high heels in my bedroom. My mom wasn't too thrilled to find out what I was planning to do, but she came around eventually."







**Tarra** literally came of age. "I did my first sex scene on my 18th birthday," she recalls. "I was kind of nervous. The scene was shot outside at the University of Prague, and there were so many crew members watching, I forgot to look at the camera. But by the end of the day I realized I had truly found my calling. Since then I really got the hang of it. It doesn't matter how many people are watching now when I'm fucking on film. I actually enjoy the fact that they're there."









**TARRA WHITE'S VITAL FACTS:**

HOMETOWN: Ostrava, Czech Republic | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 116





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BY ERIC ALTHOFF

# STAR WARS



## G-STRING SEQUEL

### SCI-FI BURLESQUE QUEENS TRIGGER GEORGE LUCAS'S WORST NIGHTMARE

#### JUST WHAT WAS HAN SOLO DREAMING ABOUT

while frozen in carbonite between the *Star Wars* sequels *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*? Well, the burlesque troupe Devil's Playground has a titillating idea. According to its *Star Warz* revue (notice the spelling, Lucasfilm lawyers!), Han dreamt not of electric sheep, but rather of a bursting-at-the-bodice Stormtrooper, a lusty C3PO in golden bra and a female Wookiee who shaves her legs. But the coup de grâce is every fan's wet fantasy circa 1983: Princess Leia grinding out a chubby-inducing striptease before a glutinous audience.

Burlesque as an art form often lampoons society's conventions and sexual hang-ups—a tease, a revelation and a catharsis all rolled into one. Toss in enchanting characters from a galaxy far, far away and you have the makings for quite an evening.

The founder and top-billed femme of Devil's Playground is Courtney Cruz, an alternative model who has posed for such mags as *Skin Two*, *International Tattoo* and *Skin & Ink*. She and her compatriots have staged themed burlesque shows all across the Los Angeles area, but *Star Warz* was such a hit at the Music Box Theater that it returned for an encore engagement in front of a packed house.

Dancers with catchy names like Miss Mia Vixen, Sin Fisted, Scarlet O'Gasm and Lucy Fur take turns onstage, spoofing George Lucas's characters—each with a provocative twist. There's even a gargantuan Jabba the Hutt routine. A damsel bursts forth, gradually losing layer after layer of Jabba until she is down to nothing but G-string and pasties. (Yep, even Hollywood has airtight nudity laws!)

Toward the end of the show, Cruz appears as the sexy

PHOTOS BY ERIC ALTHOFF



RZ



Stormtrooper, her ample bosom majestically stuffed into a corset that inevitably comes off. For the finale, Cruz doffs the Stormtrooper helmet and fires a blaster at the audience, showering confetti onto the front-row gawkers—a metaphoric ejaculation to close out the spectacular performance.

After Cruz and the Devil's Playground babes take a collective bow, the sweaty G-string diva thanks the audience for coming and remarks, "Now I need to get drunk."

For more info, check out [CourtneyCruz.com](http://CourtneyCruz.com). 🍷





PHOTOS BY ERIC ALTHOFF



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR DIGITAL PLAYGROUND.COM

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A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is posing in a modern interior. She is wearing black lace lingerie, including a top and a bottom piece with a garter strap. She is holding the top of her lingerie with both hands, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a blurred interior with a plant and some furniture.

**WILD, WILD GIRL**

**RILEY STEELE**

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Being a HUSTLER centerfold is a dream-come-true and something I've fantasized about since I was a young girl," marvels **Riley Steele**. Once an awestruck Jesse Jane fan, the drop-dead-gorgeous Californian has come a long way at a brisk pace since she met her idol at a screening of 2005's mega-buck XXX flick *Pirates*.

Jesse steered **Riley** to Digital Playground, which signed the "fun, energetic and determined" wannabe to an exclusive contract. Why the former Starbucks employee, whose first adult film was *Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*, is no longer making lattes can be boiled down to her personal credo: "I love sex, I love being in front of the camera, and I've always wanted to be a sex icon. I enjoy what I do and couldn't be more excited about the direction my career is heading."

That's highlighted by being cast as an ill-fated Wild, Wild Girl named Crystal Shepard in the mainstream horror flick *Piranha 3D*. For this turn you won't catch **Riley** with a cock in her mouth. Instead, the workout and figure-skating enthusiast discloses, "A piranha comes *out* of my mouth!"

Providing a much happier ending, **Riley** reveals how she steals men's hearts: "By being really good in bed. I'm sensual, intense, orgasmic, wild and extreme! Making fantasies a reality is what I'm pleased to do."











**RILEY STEELE'S VITAL FACTS:**

HOMETOWN: Escondido, California | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 105









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*Make me  
your dreamboat!*

*XOXOXO*

*Riley Steele*





**Senator** Harry Reid decided to buy himself a brand-new luxury car. After finding one he liked and haggling with the salesman for a bit, the senator finally agreed to a price of \$75,000 and a 48-month payment plan.

As soon as Reid signed on the dotted line, the salesman shook hands with the senator and announced, "You can come back in four years to pick up the car."

"What the fuck?!" the dumbfounded politician yelled. "Where the hell are the keys to my new car?"

The salesman replied, "It seems you don't understand, Senator. You make payments for four years, *then* we give you the car. You know, just like your healthcare plan."

**In** response to President Obama's complaint that Fox News doesn't feature enough black and Hispanic people in its programming, the network announced plans to air *America's Most Wanted* four times daily.

**Question:** What's the difference between an alcoholic and a drunk?

**Answer:** A drunk doesn't have to go to AA meetings.

**Ted** was reading aloud to his wife a newspaper article that mentioned a woman will utter 30,000 words a day as opposed to a man's estimated 15,000. Noticing the puzzled look on her husband's face, the missus interjected, "That's because we have to repeat everything we say to you assholes!"

"What?" Ted muttered.

**During** a medical convention Dr. Stan and Dr. Miranda hit it off and ended up in bed together. Just before getting down to business, Miranda dashed off to the bathroom and thoroughly washed her hands.

After she came back, the lovebirds fucked like crazy for a few minutes. Once they were done, Miranda hopped out of bed and scrubbed her hands again.

Upon her return, Stan remarked, "Gee, since you wash your hands so often, you must be a surgeon."

"That's right," Miranda responded. "And you must be an anesthesiologist."

"Wow, you're good!" Stan marveled. "How'd you guess that?"

"Because I didn't feel a damn thing!" Miranda huffed.

**HUSTLER Wisdom:** If you marry an attractive woman, she may leave you. So marry an ugly one. If she runs off, who gives a shit?!

**HUSTLER Logic:** The difference between zoos in the South and zoos in the rest of America is that a Southern zoo provides a description of each animal along with a recipe.

**While** her mother was washing dishes, little Susie asked her father, "When my cat died, why did it lie on its back with its legs up in the air?"

Sitting in his easy chair, the girl's quick-thinking dad replied, "Doing that made it easier for Jesus to reach down and pull your kitty up into heaven."

"Wow!" Susie exclaimed. "That means Mommy almost died this morning!"

"What do you mean?!" the curious father snapped.

"After you went to work," Susie explained, "I found Mommy lying on the bed with her legs up in the air and screaming, 'I'm coming! I'm coming!' Daddy, if it hadn't been for the milkman lying on top and holding her down, Jesus woulda got her!"

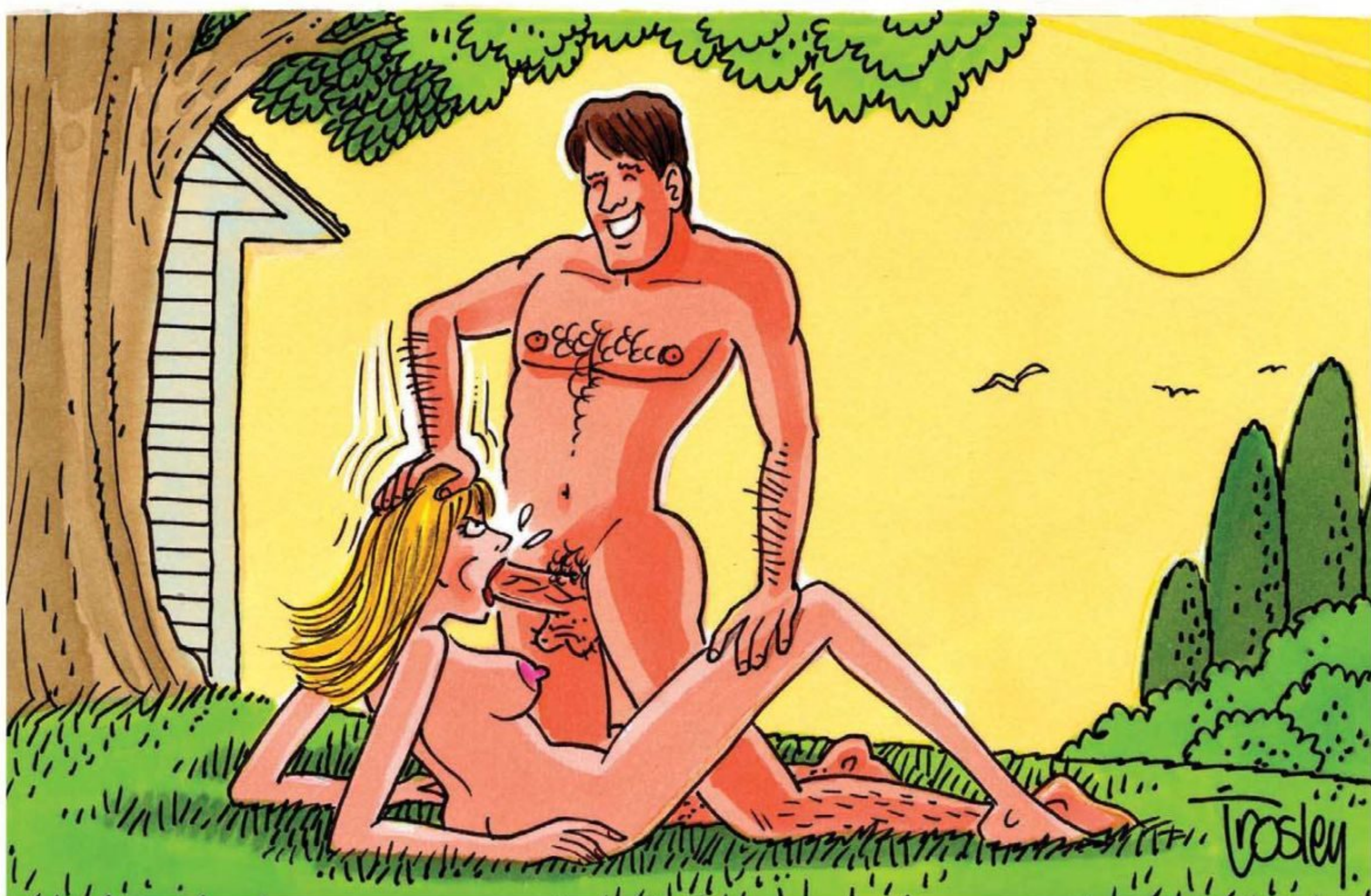
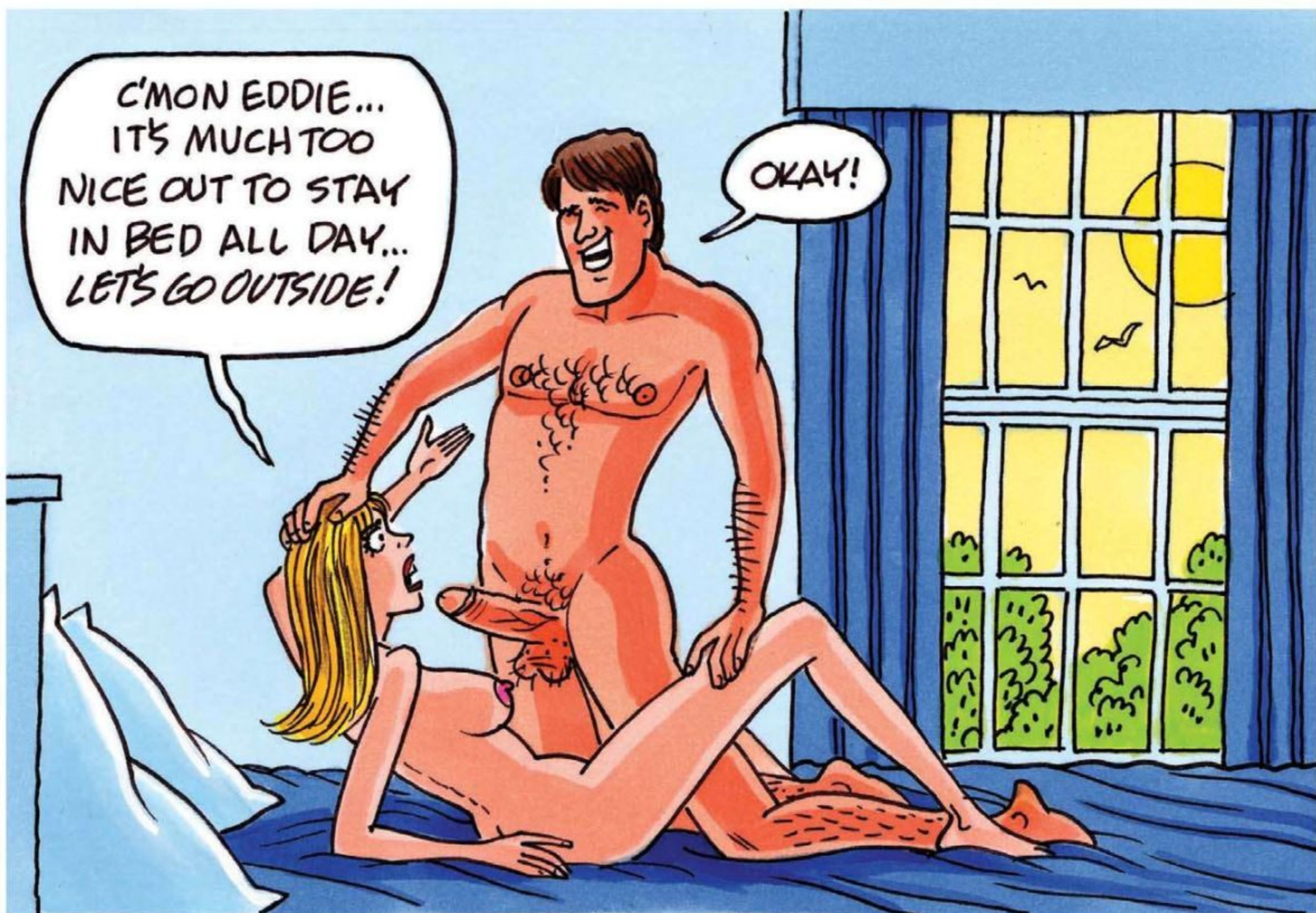
## GRAFFiLTHY



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](mailto:HUSTLER@LFP.com). If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.







# CYPRESS HILL

## ROLLIN' AND SMOKIN'

**CYPRESS HILL**, the first multiplatinum Latino group, has sold more than 18 million CDs while rocking audiences around the globe and preaching the positive aspects of marijuana. B-Real, Bobo and Sen Dog stopped by **HUSTLER** to discuss weed, filthy groupies, Jennifer Lopez and their dope new disc *Rise Up*—and weed. Wait! Did we already mention that?

**HUSTLER: Do you guys smoke marijuana every day?**

SEN DOG: Pretty much.

BOBO: Yeah.

B-REAL: The only time I think we're not smoking is when we're on a fucking airplane. If we could get away with it, you know we would. I did once many years ago. We were on a flight in maybe '93.

Our tour manager at the time was really addicted to weed. He could not be somewhere and not smoke. He went into the airplane bathroom and figured out how to do it. When he came back, I could smell he had just smoked out. He told me how to do it, so I went and smoked in the bathroom. The toilet and the sink, they both suck air down. So you just blow the smoke in there. That was pre-9/11 and will never happen again. It was a good trick while it lasted. (Laughs.)

**With numerous medical marijuana dispensaries in Los Angeles, do you all carry cards?**

SEN DOG: Nope.

BOBO: No.

B-REAL: I've had one for eight years, the amount of time that the 215 legislation has been in place.

**Is dispensary weed better than the stuff you get elsewhere?**



BOBO

B-REAL

SEN DOG

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

THE WEST COAST RAP LEGENDS  
HAVE LONG BLAZED A TRAIL FOR  
HIP-HOP AND CANNABIS CULTURE.



B-REAL: Back when it started? No. Eight years ago they had a bunch of generic stuff and Canadian stuff. It was just okay. In the last three to four years it's really opened up, and now they have really great strains at a lot of these dispensaries.

**Do you think we'll see the full-blown legalization of marijuana?**

B-REAL: Well, it's on the ballot here in California in November. It just depends on how many people show up to vote and support it. I think we have a good chance. The perception that people have about marijuana now as opposed to 15 or 20 years ago is totally changed. People are more open to legalization now that they've been educated.

**Safe to say you're for legalization even if it means huge taxes?**

B-REAL: We're for it. I think eventually the price will come down. It's like alcohol. There were all sorts of regulations when Prohibition was lifted. I think there will be the same sort of learning experience and process when it comes to legalization of pot as well. Obviously they're going to put an age restriction so you have to be 18 or 21 to purchase it. They have to figure out where you'll be able to purchase it. I don't think it will be in a normal liquor store right away. I think it will stay in the dispensaries, but the dispensaries will change to being more like cigar shops. If it becomes full-blown legalization, they'll change to a cigar shop kind of mode. Then you'll see a Cypress Hill Shop. We're looking towards that now. Whatever way it goes, we're going to be involved in some capacity.

**You guys have been together a long time. How do you keep it going?**

BOBO: It's been a wild ride, and we've experienced so much stuff together on the road. We're like family, like brothers. We all still love making music together and performing. It's great. We each do our own separate things as well, and we support each other in that.

There's no hate. Sometimes he (*indicates B-Real and laughs*) can be hard to deal with, but other than that it's great.

**Why is B-Real so hard to deal with?**

BOBO: I don't know. He has these pills that he takes. One is called a "D Pill."

SEN DOG: D is short for *dick*. Obviously you can see he's being a nice guy because he didn't have one today. (*Laughs.*)

BOBO: You caught him on a good day, but you never know. It flips.

**Are the D Pills prescription?**

B-REAL: (*Laughs.*)

BOBO: Very much so. (*Laughs.*)

**What is the creative process like when you step in the studio? First there's smoke, then you guys hide B-Real's D Pills?**

B-REAL: The D Pills are first. We start off with a few insults, a few bad jokes. Then Sen Dog will come in and say, "You got some weed? Well, roll it up." 'Cause he never brings his own except for the last two sessions.

SEN DOG: I actually brought some.

B-REAL: And Bobo is no problem at all because he just falls asleep through all this stuff.

SEN DOG: It varies. Sometimes there is a track already waiting. So as soon as I get there, we work on it. Other times there are a bunch of tracks. I find one that I like and start writing to it. With the Tom Morello thing, he sent us a track, and we wrote to it. Sometimes we're just sitting there playing John Madden, and an idea hits.

B-REAL: Before, we had to go record in different studios, and you only have a limited time. Since we did this CD at our studio, we recorded at our leisure. It made everything fun. There was no pressure. Sen brings over a 12-pack. I got the herb. Bobo is sleeping, so he can't drink or smoke any of the shit we brought. We're all having a good time.

SEN DOG: But Bobo wakes up the minute he smells smoke.

BOBO: Weed is my alarm clock.

**Not to touch on a sore spot, Sen, but is it true you never buy weed?**

SEN DOG: I do, but I never bring it to the studio. It's become quite the insult to me, so the last couple times I've actually reached in the pocket, brought out the greens and contributed. I made sure that everybody in the room hit the joint that I brought. Therefore, there could be no further insults about me being a cheap weed smoker. I would like to say that on my behalf, at least, I bring some every now and then. Bobo, on the other hand, never in his life has.

BOBO: I don't, and I'll tell you why: Because I forget. I'll smoke so much, and I will fall asleep. Then I forget what I have. That has been proven several times when we are touring in Europe. We'll be coming back to America at customs.

There was this one incident where the customs dude asked, "Do you have anything?" I say, "No, I don't." He went in my bag and pulls out a little pipe. He said, "Oh, what's this? Has it been used?" I say, "No." He

smells it, and it's been used. Then he asks, "Got anything else?" I say, "No." Then he finds little gremlins of weed and seeds. He said, "I've been asking you to be honest." I said, "You know what, I honestly have forgotten." I had a customs dude open my passport, and a roach falls out. I forgot it was there. It's not really smart for me to hold weed. Because I'll forget.

B-REAL: There was a time in France when the officials took us all off the bus to search it. They asked for our passports, and Bobo opened up his passport, and there is a ball of hash stuck to his face on the picture in the passport. The French guy was like, "What is this?"

BOBO: I think that's a legitimate reason as to why I never have weed.

**Are there places around the world where it's hard to get weed?**

B-REAL: It's not as hard as it used to be. Five or ten years ago, man, depending on where you went, it was tough. But just last year we went to Israel, and we thought this is going to be rough. Man, they had some good weed and hash over there. In Israel! That was a first. I figure if we can get herb in Israel, we can get it anywhere these days.

**Your records always have that element of rock 'n' roll to them. Are you ever tempted to do a straight-up rock record?**

B-REAL: Oh, yeah! That's something that we've always talked about doing but never really found ourselves in the situation to get it done. I think if we were to do something like that, it would be more along the lines of an EP—maybe six or seven songs. Because our hip-hop fans would be "Whoa! What the fuck is this?!" if we did a full album. Kind of like when we put out our Spanish album. We put out a remix of all of our songs, but in Spanish, specifically for our Latin fan base. It wasn't like a bona fide album. It would be too hard for our fans across the board to take a drastic change from hip-hop.

BOBO: The closest we came to a rock album was *Skull & Bones*, where we had a full hip-hop side and then a rock side. I can see us doing a rock EP.

**How did you guys get Tom Morello on *Rise Up*?**

B-REAL: We've been friends with him for a long time. We did shows with Rage [Against the Machine], and Tom did a few remixes for us. When we were about 75% done with the album, as far as the hip-hop portion goes, Sen Dog gave Tom a call to see if he would be interested in doing something with us. Fortunately,





## CYPRESS HILL

he had the time, and he was down. We've had a friendship going with that dude for 20 years. Tom totally gets and understands Cypress Hill. We love all his work as well.

**Did Morello add the album's 25% of rock?**

B-REAL: Yeah. He was the catalyst in bringing that part over. We played him what we had with the hip-hop stuff and said, "We don't necessarily want you to do hip-hop. We want you to do what you feel we would sound good on." He brought us the heavy shit. We love rock 'n' roll so much that it was second nature to us, and it was fun. He gave us two great tracks.

**You also got Marc Anthony and Pitbull on the track "Armada Latina."**

B-REAL: Our friend Jim Johnson produced the song and said he had an idea. He played the track, which features a Crosby, Stills & Nash sample. We thought, *How we gonna get away with this one?* But we were open-minded, and it started coming along. After Sen and I finished the track, they called Pitbull, and he jumped on it. Then they suggested getting Marc Anthony because Jim and Pitbull know Marc. I said, "Get the fuck out of here. He's not going to do it. We're Cypress Hill. We're weedheads. They'll never let him do it." Sure enough, he was at the studio the next week knocking it down and telling us what a big fan he was. For a singer of his caliber—he's the Latin Frank Sinatra—to take a chance being on a track with us is a great thing.

**Did Anthony bring his wife, Jennifer Lopez, to the studio?**

B-REAL: If he had, I would have been unable to concentrate. It's a good thing he didn't.

SEN DOG: She called when Marc was in the studio, and he put her on speakerphone. She said hi to everybody.

B-REAL: How do you concentrate with her around? How does *he* concentrate?

**That's why Marc came to do the track—to get out of the house because when he's home, he just sits and stares.**

SEN DOG: Word.

**How would you describe the state of hip-hop today?**

B-REAL: It's positive and negative. There's a lot of bullshit out there. No doubt about that. You hear it on the radio. You see it on the videos. Ten years ago there were maybe 200 rappers out there between the groups and solo artists. Now there are thousands. We're all competing for the little 12 spots on radio and MTV.

A lot of radio gravitates to playing the generic, noncontroversial stuff. So there's not a lot of substance out there. You see that as a fan, and if you're new to what hip-hop is, that's it. But if you look deeper and search via the Internet, there's a lot of great groups you can find. Hip-hop is constantly growing and evolving and changing its face. I would say on a whole it's great because hip-hop is still thriving 30-some-odd years later when they thought it was a fad that would only be around maybe five years.

**We're sure you guys have some crazy "Backstage Betty" stories.**

B-REAL: There is this one story that is legend. It's not graphic, but it shows the length that these girls went through to try and chill with the band. Our last show on the tour with House of Pain was in San Jose, and we were packing up to come home. House of Pain's tour manager gets off their bus to retrieve a bag right before all our buses are set to hit the road. We see him open the luggage bay under the bus, and as he lifts the door up to get the bag, these two girls come rolling out of the fucking luggage compartment. They were trying to come to L.A. to hang out with House of Pain by any fucking means.

It was the craziest shit. Those chicks had some balls because the septic tank was right there. They were in there for maybe 20 minutes. I don't know how they would have stayed under the bus for the seven-hour drive back to L.A. They probably would have been dead at the end of it or smelled like some awful piss. If the septic tank had leaked, those pretty little girls would have been all pissed on, and not R. Kelly-style.

BOBO: I remember one time at Lollapalooza. We had already been off-stage, and I'm walking toward the bus, and I see this circle of our crew guys. I look closer, and in the middle of the circle is this girl on her knees, and the crew guys all got their cocks out. She basically wanted to meet B-Real. The crew said, "You want to meet him? We'll take you to him, but this is what you gotta do." Eventually more and more crew joined the circle, and the chick realized that she really wasn't going to get to meet B-Real.

B-REAL: Thank God. (Laughs.)

BOBO: She got up and was very upset. She left without meeting B-Real, but she left with lockjaw. It was ten to 12 guys.

B-REAL: That's horrible.

SEN DOG: What number were you in the line? (Laughs.)

BOBO: No! No! (Laughs.) I was just a voyeur.

B-REAL: Bobo was number two. (Laughs.)

SEN DOG: He said, "I'm in the band. Band cuts. Move aside." (Laughs.)



"I used to use the left side of my brain, then I used the right side of my brain. Now I just let the tip of my cock do my thinking!"





SCREEN NAME:

**Luckie Gunz**

AGE: 20

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 99


LOCATION: NORTH LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

The first thing you notice about Luckie is her beaming smile. Second is the beauty's milk-chocolate skin, diminutive stature and lion's mane of raven hair.

Currently studying to become a pharmacy technician, the 4-foot-11 sprite offers her personal prescription for true romance. "I love guys who play basketball," says Luckie, who grew up in San Francisco and is a former high school cheerleader. "Athletic, muscular men really turn me on, especially if they have a nice smile and are Boston Celtic fans."

Luckie, a big fan of shopping at malls and movies, admits to being a sexual novice. Nevertheless, she has a playful, adventurous side that's reflected in one of her fantasies—"Sex in a car parked on a beach"—and her social life. "One place I love to go on dates is the Hooters restaurant here in Vegas," Luckie tells us. "It's fun to get my dates excited by checking out all the hot waitresses and making comments about their bodies."

Always eager to hop on a plane, Luckie also enjoys planning trips to exotic destinations. "I really want to visit Costa Rica," she gushes. "That country has the best beaches for sex."

Anyone want to join her? 

**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](mailto:Hustler@LFP.com).



PHOTOS BY LEITAVIA DRAGGON





# DEVO

## BETTER LIVING THROUGH MARKETING

Devo is back! The flowerpot-hat-wearing band is ready to “Whip It” again after almost two decades away. Cofounder Gerald “Jerry” Casale invited us to the group’s corporate headquarters, Mutato Muzika, a bright-green spaceship-shaped building on L.A.’s Sunset Strip. It was the perfect place for Casale to discuss those crazy hats (they’re actually Energy Domes), performing as holograms and Devo’s new CD, *Something for Everybody*.

### HUSTLER: What happens here?

GERALD CASALE: Mutato Muzika is where composing music for film, TV and video games and Devo recordings takes place. We have four studios. We’re sitting in the main one here—Studio A with a live room. Then there are two smaller studios and a large studio downstairs called the Round Room.

**Has there ever been a moment when all the members of Devo sat around in your Energy Domes planning world domination?**

We wish. (Laughs.) We have a conference room and have had meetings, but we forgot to put the domes on.

### How did the Energy Domes originate?

I grew up in Ohio and had the misfortune of growing up both blue-collar and Catholic. That

was two really bad things, although it produced some good results. It made you look at HUSTLER Magazine at a younger age. I hated the nuns. I hated the priests. It was a horror show. I used to find things to do to escape in my mind as I sat there in this disgusting setting.

I would look up at these 1930s milk-white glass light fixtures. They were exactly the size and shape of the Energy Domes. I fixated on them. I thought it was a great design. I would stare at them and daydream. Obviously that was burned into my brain because many years later when we started talking about wearing some strange headgear onstage as Devo, I said, “Hey, how about this shape?” I think it had something to do with a *Nancy* comic book that Bob Mothersbaugh from the band had.

In it Nancy couldn’t stand what everybody was saying around her, so she had this helmet that cut out all the noise. She called it a “Cancellater Helmet.” We used the ceiling fixture design and made it red like Nancy’s helmet.

I went to a junk store and found the light fixture. Then I drew on graph paper the top and side views. I then gave it to a fabricator, who made the mold that we could strike vacuform plastic domes from.

### Why have you switched to blue domes?

That was part of the color study. We took the marketing money that Warner Bros. gave us for the new CD and turned it over to Mother. They’re the coolest, smartest, most forward-thinking ad agency you’re ever going to find. We talked about what we wanted to do, and they decided that we should make the Devo campaign about marketing.

Everything in society today is marketing. You don’t know that anything exists without marketing. You don’t know why you should care about it or buy it without marketing. With 10,000 CDs coming out every month, and people not wanting to even pay for music, why should people give a fuck about Devo? Why should anybody care that we’re here again? Why should they listen to our music or even know we have new music? Marketing.

Mother decided to use all the techniques that are used in the corporate world to market content: focus groups, study groups, round-table discussions. We did it and documented it all. We have so much documented that we’re thinking of doing a reality show. What you will see is like *Spinal Tap* with brains.

### What’s with the new masks?

We came up with the idea of the Everybody Mask. It’s a half-head mask that reduces the difference between people and makes them look more similar. We started molding designs and stuff. We did life casts of all the members of Devo and then started making a cross-ethnic and cross-racial head that was none of Devo—kind of like an *Avatar* head. You don’t know what ethnicity or race it is, and that’s the mask people will be able to get.

**During a show, do you want to look out at the audience and have everyone look the same?**

That’d be great! We played a couple of concerts where that happened with the domes. We played the [Vancouver Winter] Olympics, and the Olympic committee gave everybody a blue dome. We were looking out at 5,000 people in blue domes. It was great. Then we played a big concert for Cisco with about 8,000 people. Cisco ordered domes for all of them.

**Selling domes seems to have been a wise move.**

People will pay for domes. They don’t want to pay for music.

**Is it true you were at Kent State University during the tragic shootings in 1970?**

I was in the middle of it. I was a member of SDS [Students for a Democratic Society]. I knew Allison Krause and Jeffrey Miller, two of



# THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

## ANN CORIO & SONNY LESTER

### *How to Strip for Your Husband...*

Back in the 1960s, burlesque queen Ann Corio and jazz producer Sonny Lester teamed up for a pair of albums featuring big-band striptease tunes. Now packed into one CD, these classic platters are sure to get your wife to take it all off. Available exclusively at [CollectorsChoiceMusic.com](http://CollectorsChoiceMusic.com).



## SWEETHEAD

### *Sweethead*

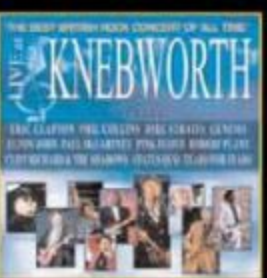
We love all kinds of head, but nothing beats some Sweethead. This tight rock combo treads solid and familiar ground on its debut. Singer

Serrina brilliantly channels her inner Shirley Manson and Chrissie Hynde.

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### *Live at Knebworth*

In 1990 the Knebworth House hosted a rock concert whose superstar lineup included Paul McCartney, Eric Clapton, Elton John, Jimmy Page, Robert Plant and Pink Floyd. Listening to this 20th-anniversary two-CD set is almost as good as having been there. Almost. A *Live at Knebworth* DVD, sold separately, has also been released.



## JUSTIN CURRIE

### *The Great War*

As leader of the '90s outfit Del Amitri, Justin Currie became a master of the perfect pop gem. Remember "Roll to Me"? *The*

*Great War*, his second solo outing, is high on stylish pop and melancholy.

## UFFIE

### *Sex Dreams and Denim Jeans*

Sassy, brassy Uffie is our kind of girl. The Brit pop tart's debut is part Lily Allen, part Lady Gaga and full of ditties about being drunk in public. Uffie is a lot like Ke\$ha, except she can sing without sounding retarded.



## JIMMIE VAUGHAN

### *Jimmie Vaughan Plays Blues, Ballads & Favorites*

The guitar genius's first solo disc in nine years is a master's class in the blues. Vaughan rips through classics like Little Richard's "Send Me Some Lovin'" and Willie Nelson's "Funny How Time Slips Away," accompanied by a ripping horn section and a heavy dose of B-3 organ (courtesy of Bill Willis).

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SIGHTS & SOUNDS

the four students that were murdered. In fact, I just went back for the 40th memorial. I gave a keynote speech to a few thousand current students there.

### What was it like to go back?

Very, very strange. Because I hadn't been back at that location where the killings took place in all that time. Walking through it reminded me of exactly what had happened: There were more than a couple of thousand students out there that day protesting the expansion of the Vietnam War into Cambodia by [President Richard] Nixon. He did it without an Act of Congress. He just sent bombers in there on the sly. *Boom!*

We found out on the Sunday night news, and the next morning was May 4. All the antiwar students knew they were going to hold a protest, but the [Ohio] National Guard knew that too. Governor [Jim] Rhodes had the campus surrounded by the National Guard. He had two units hiding in the heating plant and gymnasium ready to go with gas masks and everything.

We didn't know that their M1 rifles had live ammunition. Students were totally unarmed. It started as a typical '60s political game where [the guardsmen] shot tear gas at us to get us corralled over the hill into this one area where they could arrest everybody and put us on buses.

Some of the braver students were trying to throw the canisters back, but most people were running from the tear gas.

When [the guardsmen] reached the top of the hill and had people pinned down, I saw some guy in a gas mask yelling. I don't know what he was saying because there was so much chaos, but he made a big hand gesture, and these 12 soldiers turned about 130 degrees, lowered their guns and then *boom!* It didn't even appear that they were aiming specifically. Just like a duck shoot, they were shooting at anybody they could get.

Most of the students that were wounded or killed were not even in on the protest. They were just coming out of class or trying to get the hell out of campus. Allison got shot down by the parking lot trying to get to her car. There I was looking at what it's like to see someone shot with an M1 rifle bullet.

### Did that horrific event inspire you to stop being a hippie and ultimately start Devo?

Unlike Stephen Stills, I didn't "almost cut my hair." I got really pissed off and really dark inside because you see what really goes on. Brute power won that day. The Guard got away with murder. The way history was written by those that control it, people thought the students had shot at the National Guardsmen and deserved to be shot. You realize there ain't no justice. That's what it was.

Devo cofounder and chief strategist Gerald Casale doesn't wear an Energy Dome at the office.



PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY





Gerald Casale: "We were the Rodney Dangerfields of rock 'n' roll. Now Devo seems contemporary."

I don't think I would have started Devo without that change in me. I started forming Devo in 1972. There were a lot of theories, ideas, posturing and attitude after the killings. Then it got serious in '72. By '74 we had a working band with a bunch of songs. It would be two more years till we moved to L.A.

**How did Devo fit into the L.A. punk scene back then?**

We went from being reviled in Ohio to being revered here in one month's time. We were embraced immediately. By our second gig we had gotten a following. By the end of that month we were pulling in 400 people. We were the kind of punks that L.A. people could embrace. There was an Americana angle to Devo because of the humor, the theatrics and the costumes. It was fun. It wasn't violent like British punk.

**Most bands with brothers in them, like the Kinks and Oasis, don't last. How has Devo lasted with two sets of brothers?**

It's the old Stockholm Syndrome, the old brow-beating. It's the devil you know that you're more familiar with.

**Was it a blessing or a curse to have "Whip It" become a huge hit?**

It's always both because until then we had autonomy. The record company just let us do whatever we wanted to do. We did our own costumes and graphics. We booked the studio, recorded and decided what our record sounded like, and then we turned it all in to the record companies. As soon as "Whip It" happened, then it was like, "Okay now we need another 'Whip It.'" Here's what you got to do next." Everybody then thought they under-

stood Devo. All the second-guessing and control started from there.

**Everyone thinks "Whip It" is about sex. Is it?**

No. We let everybody think it was because that's immediately where everybody's heads went at radio. We realized we shouldn't tell them the truth because it would turn them off. We let them think it was about whacking off and S&M. But I'm sorry, it wasn't. That was in our personal lives—us whacking off and then some S&M.

**Was it an even balance between whacking off and S&M?**

There was too much whacking off. But then later, after we had a hit, it turned around. There was no more need to whack off.

**Why has it been 20 years since Devo's last studio album?**

It took that long to recover. The last record [*Smooth Noodle Maps*] was on Enigma Records at the time when the whole music business was shifting, and musical tastes were radically changing. Devo got trampled and left in the lurch. It wasn't fun. We got so mismarketed and neglected by Enigma that it turned everyone in the band off. No one had a taste for going back in the ring to start another boxing match after that. Then I went off and started directing music videos full-time, which turned into commercials five years later. Mark [Mothersbaugh] started scoring for TV shows like *Rugrats*, and that led him to doing scores for action movies. There was no energy for collaboration for Devo.

**What restored that energy now?**

We wrote a song for Dell Computer's new XPS laptop. The commercial ran for three months nationally, and even though it didn't mention it was Devo, everybody knew it was us. Then all these calls came in from managers, A&R men from record labels and producers. They said, "You guys are crazy if you don't do a new record." Plus there are all these groups now from the Ting Tings to LCD Soundsystem and Hot Chip that sound like and say they are influenced by Devo. So there's a taste for the Devo aesthetic again. We're as relevant as any band. Just because we did it first doesn't mean we can't come back and do it again.

**Was it weird to re-sign with Warner Bros. Records?**

Once again that's the devil you know. There were practical reasons. Despite the much-ballyhooed news of the death of the record companies, all the alternatives to that business model—like getting sponsorship deals or getting Live Nation to pay you millions in advance on hundreds of concerts—is pie in the sky. It's an illusion.

Warner Bros. owns our back catalog in perpetuity. The first thing they did was to reissue four of our CDs. We said that's fine, but let's give the marketing money to Mother.

**On your Web site you let the fans listen to 16 songs and pick the top 12 that would end up on *Something for Everybody*. Did the fans really have a say?**

Oh, yeah!

**Were you surprised with the results?**

The overlap between our favorite 12 and the fans' favorite 12 was nine. We were surprised by the songs they *didn't* like. With the songs that scored the lowest I think the wrong 30 seconds got played. I wanted longer samples, but the label said no. I felt that people needed to get a sense of what the song is, not just a snippet.

The fans didn't like the ballad "No Place Like Home." They didn't like the grandiose song "March On," which takes a while to develop. And they didn't like one of my favorite songs, "Cameo," which was a Devo dance track. The songs that didn't make the focus group-approved package will make it out there as bonus tracks somewhere. The package will be put out with the 12 tracks that won in the order of the popularity votes.

**You just finished a string of dates where you played the songs from *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!* one night and *Freedom of Choice* the next night. What was it like to reprise those albums?**

It was totally bizarre. It was like rebirthing



# MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

## THE DEFTONES *Diamond Eyes*

Because we're perverts, the minute we got the new Deftones CD we went right to the track "Sex-tape." But instead of getting a gritty ode to filmed screwing, it was the most beautiful love song we'd ever heard. The rest of the disc offers similarly inspired beauty and rock genius.



## DWEEZIL ZAPPA *Return of the Son of...*

Dweezil not only plays the late Frank Zappa's music on this brilliant two-CD set, he also channels his father note for note. Plus the singer sounds just like Frank! This powerhouse tribute borders on a religious experience.



## JUDAS PRIEST *British Steel: 30th Anniversary*

Some things get better with age: fine wine and Judas Priest's 1980 album *British Steel*. This milestone release features a bonus live DVD and fully remastered sound. It will make you want to bang your head all over again. Just don't. You're too old for that shit now.



## OZZY OSBOURNE *Scream*

All aboard! The metal madman returns, and it isn't the bumbling and mumbling Ozzy whom people know from the reality show. *Scream* is the real deal, a reminder that the former lead singer of Black Sabbath created rock radio staples like "Crazy Train" and "Bark at the Moon." All you need to hear is the opening riff of the first single—"Let Me Hear You Scream"—to know the Prince of Darkness is back!



## BONE THUGS-N-HARMONY *Uni5: The World's Enemy*

Hip-hop isn't always known for being the most thoughtful and introspective music out there. That may be why Bone Thugs-N-Harmony's latest CD is so refreshing. All five members got together for the first time in ten years, took a look at themselves and the world around them and crafted this deep and dope disc.



## PAUL WELLER *Wake Up the Nation*

The Modfather's new CD is easily his most raucous effort since his stint as the Jam's lead singer. Weller is fired up and ready to roar. Making it feel like the good old days even more is the appearance of former Jam bandmate Bruce Foxton on two tracks.



therapy. You start to remember what you were thinking then [1978-1980] and what your life and energy were like. It's almost therapeutic. The other thing was we forgot how fucking fast we played then. We had to learn how to play those songs over again at those tempos.

### Will you be touring?

We're going to be playing a lot of isolated dates and then a fall tour. We're doing Letterman, Colbert and Regis & Kelly. The most exciting gig is we're going to play a hologram show. We're going to be playing here at Mutato, but we'll be projected as holograms, possibly in Beijing, China. It's never been done before, and that's why we love it. It's an idea Mark and I had 20 years ago and thought, *Why can't we do it?* Now you can. If it works, you can appear onstage in ten major cities in the U.S. on the same night.

### Has technology finally caught up with your ideas?

Yeah. We're not shocking. We're not far out. Unfortunately we were ahead of our time, and

that's why we were underappreciated. We were the Rodney Dangerfields of rock 'n' roll. Now Devo seems contemporary. Everything we were warning about has unfortunately come true. Now we live in a devolved world. There's no doubt about it.

### Did Devo ever have any groupies?

We definitely had females that found us appealing because of what we did. I wouldn't call them groupies though, because they did it *for* Devo. It wasn't like they were screwing every band that came to town. It's like all the girls that were with Tiger Woods. Were they groupies? They're just interested in Tiger Woods. We had the benefit of that. And to be honest—because underneath it all we were not aliens or weirdos but just all-American guys—the girls didn't have to make all that much effort to get what they wanted. They usually just followed us back to the hotel.

### Did you ever have a girl while she was wearing an Energy Dome?

I did have a few girls pose in the dome only. They look so cute naked with a dome on. ■

## Because You Can't Watch Just Porn



### THE RUNAWAYS

Kristen Stewart and Dakota Fanning turn in stellar, dead-on performances as rockers Joan Jett and Cherie Currie in this top-notch biopic. While you'll be watching it for the tunes and simulated lesbo action, be sure to pay attention to Michael Shannon. He steals the film as scumbag manager Kim Fowley.



### ELVIS & ANABELLE

This quirky road picture follows the unlikely pairing of a beauty queen (played by *Gossip Girl*'s Blake Lively) and a mortician named Elvis. Quaint and often creepy, this flick is worth checking out just to look at Lively cavorting in cemeteries.



### HOARDERS: THE COMPLETE SEASON ONE

TV's most fascinating reality show focuses on people who can't toss things away, transforming their homes into piles of junk. *Hoarders* looks at their lives and the professionals who try to help them get back to living. Remember, if you have a bunch of cool things that are organized on shelves, you're a collector. If they're stacked in piles? You're probably a hoarder.



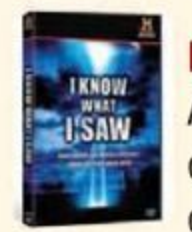
### CHICKENFOOT: GET YOUR BUZZ ON LIVE

If you haven't seen this rock supergroup live, you're missing out. The combined energy of drummer Chad Smith (RHCP) with former Van Halen bassist Michael Anthony, guitar god Joe Satriani and frontman Sammy Hagar is awesome.



### SAINT JOHN OF LAS VEGAS

Sarah Silverman, Steve Buscemi and Peter Dinklage star in this screwball comedy about a gambler who leaves Sin City hoping for a better life selling auto insurance in New Mexico. When an odd accident leads the guy back to Vegas, he is thrust into a twisted world full of carnival freaks, wheelchair-bound strippers and one angry nudist. The often-laugh-out-loud flick is worth a look.



### I KNOW WHAT I SAW

Are UFOs real? One look at this documentary and you might just change your answer. It looks at the lives of people who know that they have actually seen flying saucers and had alien encounters. Particularly fascinating is the event surrounding the "Arizona Lights."

DVD DISTRACTIONS





# VINCE NEIL

## *Tattoos & Tequila Time*

Vince Neil refuses to slow down. When not touring the globe with Mötley Crüe, the singer is on the road with his side band and running a half-dozen businesses, including tattoo parlors, cantinas and a charter air-

line. He stopped by HUSTLER to discuss his autobiography and first new solo CD in 17 years (both titled *Tattoos & Tequila*), groupies in air ducts and the best alternative uses for egg burritos.

**HUSTLER: Is your life as big of a party as it seems?**

VINCE NEIL: I think it's actually more so. What I try to do is mix my business with my pleasure. So I'm actually having more fun than I have had in a long, long time.

**Tell us about your own tequila brand.**

It's called Tres Rios Tequila. I partnered up with a family in Guadalajara [Mexico]. I've owned the company for about four years now. It's just great-tasting tequila. A couple of weeks ago at an alcohol convention in Las Vegas, there were 200 tequilas competing, and I won a bronze medal! That was pretty cool.

**Most people have bad experiences with tequila. What is the trick to drinking it without messing yourself up?**

Drink it out of the bottle. Don't mix it with anything. Don't make it cold. Just drink it right out of the bottle. Not the whole bottle at the same time. I don't recommend that.

**Are you the hardest working man in rock 'n' roll?**

I haven't had a vacation or even two weeks off since 2005. Because when Mötley Crüe does a tour, we go for two full years straight. Then we take a year off. In the year off, I tour with my solo band. This year I have a solo record coming out and have started a bunch of new businesses, so there's a lot of stuff on my plate to keep me busy.

**Your new disc *Tattoos & Tequila* just came out. How did it feel going back into the studio and doing a solo CD after 17 years?**

The technology today makes it a lot easier. You don't have to spend hours and hours in the recording studio. We just went in and knocked it out. It was done in two weeks. Back in the old days it took six to eight months to make a record. I've always hated the studio. It's great now.

**Who else is playing on *Tattoos & Tequila*?**

The same guys that have been in the Vince Neil Band for about five years now. It's Dana Strum and Jeff Blando [both from Slaughter] and this unbelievable drummer Zoltan Chaney. He is a show of his own.

**The CD features a bunch of kickass covers and two new tracks. Who wrote those?**

Nikki [Sixx] wrote one track, the ballad: "Another Bad Day." Years back when Mötley Crüe was recording—I think it was the *New*



*Tattoo* album—this song did not make it on the record. I thought it was the best song I'd ever heard. I kept it and told Nikki that someday I was going to put it on a record. I finally went in and rerecorded it.

The other new song is the title track, which was written by a guy named Marti Frederiksen. Marti worked with me in the past on my first solo CD, *Exposed*, plus he does a lot of work with Aerosmith. I called him up and said I needed a cool song with a cool vibe about tequila. He came right up with it.

**Was this a planned new original album that became two new tracks and covers?**

No. I just wanted to do a party album. I wanted to do a record that would be something I would want to listen to while laying on a beach in Mexico drinking tequila looking at girls.

**How did you decide what songs to cover?**

They are my favorite songs from my favorite albums. Each has a special connection to me. They all remind me of moments in my life in one way or another. Like [Cheap Trick's] "He's a Whore." I used to do that song with my pre-Mötley band Rock Candy. When Mötley was looking to do a cover on the *Theatre of Pain* album, I brought in "He's a Whore" and "Smokin' in the Boys Room." Obviously we went with "Smokin'."

**Were there any covers that didn't make *Tattoos & Tequila*?**

There were a couple of songs because we didn't have enough room. One song, [ZZ Top's] "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers," is a bonus track on the European version of the album.

**In addition to the CD, you also have an autobiographical book titled *Tattoos & Tequila*. What's the story there?**

*The Dirt* [Mötley Crüe bio] is now ten years old. That book touched on part of my life but not all. I grew up in Compton [California] and saw lots of things, including murders, all before I was 11 years old. This book touches on that and my beginning in rock 'n' roll, my perspective of things with Mötley Crüe, then the last ten years. A lot of stuff has gone down. There is some stuff in my book that hasn't been told. There are a lot of stories you forget about.

**Like the egg burrito story?**

The egg burrito story. (Laughs.) We all

had girlfriends at the time, but we were always fucking other chicks at the studio and backstage. After that we would take Tommy's van to a restaurant called Noggles to buy these egg burritos and then rub them on our crotches to cover the smell of the girls we had just fucked. So our dicks smelled like eggs and not [pussy]. We would tell our girlfriends, "Oh, we dropped the burritos in our laps."

**How often did that excuse work?**

The girlfriends thought we were a bunch of clumsy slob. We never thought about going into the restroom and just washing our dicks. Soap and water, what the fuck is that?! (Laughs.)

**Are you heading back on the road?**

I still have some stuff to do with Mötley this summer with Ozzfest and a bunch of festivals in Europe. My side band isn't doing a full tour yet, but we are playing some gigs here and there. Right now my band has been filling in for Bret Michaels's side band for some of his shows.

**How is Bret doing since his brain hemorrhage?**

He seems to be doing better. It's funny because I talked to him on a Tuesday, and he ended up in the hospital on a Thursday. He and I are working on a thing together. Thank God he's doing better and will soon be back out on the road.

**You've had a great life, but you've also faced some tragedy with the death of your daughter. How do you continue on after that?**

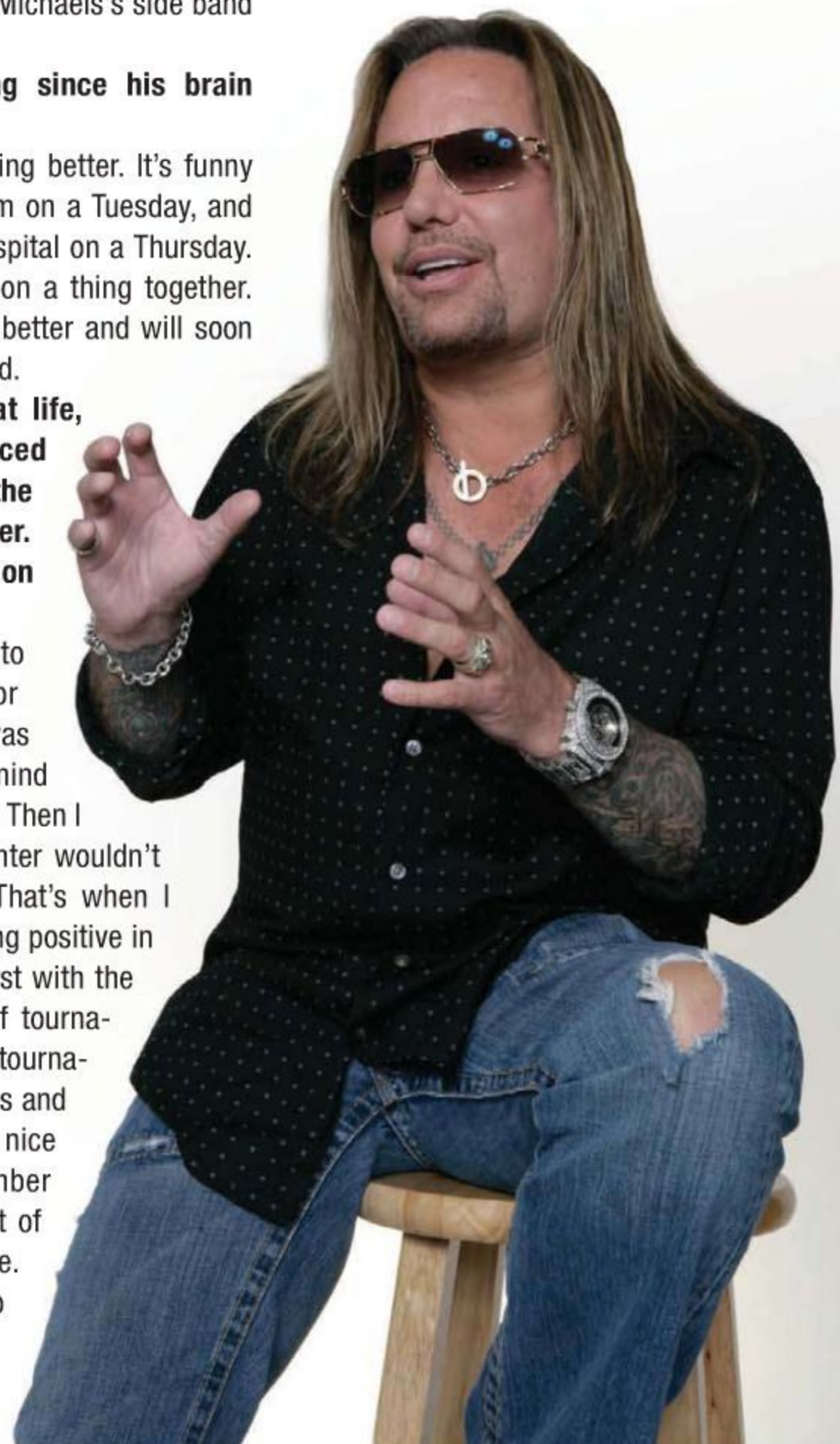
I pretty much tried to commit suicide for months afterwards. I was out of my fucking mind with drugs and alcohol. Then I realized that my daughter wouldn't want me to do this. That's when I decided to do something positive in her name. It started first with the Skylar Neil charity golf tournament, then a poker tournament. It's been 15 years and still going strong. It's nice for people to remember her, and we raise a lot of money to help people. It's nice to be able to write checks in her name to children's

hospitals and companies like the SPCA that need the money.

**We know you have one untold groupie story to share with HUSTLER readers.**

Did you hear the one about the chicks that came through the air conditioning ducts? That was a good one. In arenas, the air ducts are pretty big. We were backstage at this arena in our dressing room. I think it was Memphis, Tennessee. We heard this giggling, and we couldn't figure out where it was coming from.

You know locker rooms echo a lot. We looked out in the hall, but nobody was around. We kept hearing whispering and girls' voices. All of a sudden we look up and see these eyes looking down on us from inside the air conditioning ducts. Holy shit! We popped the grate open, and these girls came crashing down. And we fucked them! (Laughs.) We had to. They went to such great lengths to get to us. 🍆





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



## CAMERON KEYS

AGE: 37

LOCATION: Florida

WEB SITE: [CameronKeys.com](http://CameronKeys.com)

CHILDREN: 1, age 10

Cameron Keys grew up a nice Jersey girl who joined both the drama and chess clubs in high school. Somewhere between the Garden State and Florida, where this bodacious blonde now resides, things took a different turn.

"As soon as I got to college, I went crazy," Cameron confesses. "I became very sexually independent because I didn't have anyone to answer to." In the midst of her newfound sexual freedom, Cameron began a career as an exotic dancer, discovering that she loved the way dis-



robing onstage made her feel.

Eventually stripping led to the launch of her very own adult Internet realm, where viewers can feast their eyes on the luscious MILF wearing nothing but peeka-boo stiletto shoes and thigh-high stockings. "I adore having my own Web site," Cameron says. "I love the freedom of not being a corporate whore working 9 to 5."

When it comes down to sex, Cameron is truly uninhibited. "My husband and I are both swingers," she reveals. "We have an open relationship without any jealousy, and we have a lot of fun. I love to laugh, and I love men

who are funny. I'd definitely take Jack Black over Justin Timberlake."

For casual partners and three-somes—a fixture in her naughty escapades—Cameron says she likes "big, rugged guys with hairy chests." But she also admits having a weakness for "curvy brunettes."

Although sex plays a big role, Cameron says that next to family, animals are the most important part of her life. In fact, she helped establish and now heads a nonprofit pet rescue service.

A gorgeous MILF who swings and loves animals—who can ask for more? 🐾



**HUSTLER**  
ON CAMPUS

# CONSTRUCTIVE VENTURE

STUDENTS AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON TACOMA** DON'T TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE NEEDY.

**I**n these hard times, students at the University of Washington Tacoma (UWT) have been lending a hand to those in need. Spearheading the effort is the extracurricular program Volunteer Services, which has organized a flurry of good deeds. These include passing out groceries at St. Leo's Food Connection, collecting hygiene items for the Nativity House homeless shelter and assisting in filling food boxes for the hunger relief agency Northwest Harvest.

"We're making it as easy as possible to volunteer," Student Leadership Specialist Bo Bae told Neva Hutchinson of the UWT campus blog *Inside Track*.

During this past Spring Break I was one of a dozen UWT students who weren't heading

to California or Florida beach towns to soak up sun and raise hell. Accompanied by two faculty members, we traveled to Bend, Oregon, to take part in Habitat for Humanity's Collegiate Challenge.

According to *Inside Track*, "Since 1989, more than 168,000 volunteers have raised more than \$16 million for the challenge and built hundreds of decent, affordable houses for needy families across the country and abroad."

Ms. Hutchinson also spoke with Anthony Brock, a UWT sophomore majoring in American studies: "Growing up, I had YMCA coaches and community members who gave their time and were a positive influence on me. I strive to help others in any way I can. Habitat

provided UWT students with a good opportunity, and it was one I could not pass up."

During our whirlwind week in Bend, we all met new people, learned how to work together, gained an assortment of construction skills and even managed to explore the area and have some fun—namely shopping, hiking, swimming, soaking in a hot tub at the Juniper Gym, bowling and cooking meals together.

But primarily there was hard work to be done. Just like the dwellings' future owners, who were required to accrue hundreds of hours of "sweat equity" before moving in, we were up to the formidable task. A few of the UWT guys tackled hanging drywall, while some of us stuffed insulation beneath the floors. Each day brought new challenges and projects to take on.

The weather was as diverse as our duties. One morning it snowed, keeping us indoors. But when the sun came out and the temperature rose, we were able to put siding on the houses. We worked on two of them during our stay and helped get both close to completion before it was time to stop pounding nails, and we had to say our goodbyes. Nothing beats the collective feeling of accomplishment!

Another highlight of the trip was spending a day at the local Boys & Girls Club. Instead of backbreaking construction work, we helped serve lunch, then organized various activities. Thanks to rock climbing, basketball, a game of sharks and minnows and Foosball, I don't know who had more fun—the kids or us!

These far-ranging experiences forged a sense of community between our dedicated volunteer group from UWT and the residents of Bend, Oregon. Talk about an amazing and fulfilling adventure!

Talia Kuykendall is a UWT senior majoring in psychology. Besides academics, the civic-minded resident of Federal Way, Washington, is into writing, drawing, pole-dancing ("It's great exercise," she says), social networking, the video game *Guitar Hero* and TV's *South Park* and *True Blood*.

**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](mailto: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. 🌟



"My parents don't care if it's a boy or a girl as long as it's white....  
I'm in deep shit!"



**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.

# ZAYDA

## REED COLLEGE



"One of my strongest personal turn-ons is walking around in public with a short skirt and no underwear after getting a Brazilian," reveals Zayda, 23, a Reed College junior. (That's pubic hair removal, not a romantic conquest.) "I also enjoy masturbating in public and teasing good-looking drunk men. That kind of stuff gives me a very powerful sense of my sexuality. I'm in love with my persona as the dirty little slut."

Born and raised in San Diego, Zayda fits right in with her free-thinking peers at Reed, a private liberal arts school in Portland, Oregon. Besides majoring in theater, the 5-foot-7 aspiring thespian is taking belly dancing lessons, working on developing the perfect wedding cake, studying French perfumery and writing a play on sex work.

"I don't see myself ever doing anything for a job that didn't have to do in some respect with sex," Zayda says. "It's central to my being."

On that note, the bi gal confides, "I love a man with good hands, arms and back. I love the feeling of being held by someone who's bigger than me, the feeling of being enveloped by man flesh. And who can ignore a pair of beautiful green eyes? On the other hand, I'm only attracted to women who know how to take care of themselves physically. All in all, I like people who are accepting, honest and at least mildly contemplative."

A self-described "budding entrepreneur," Zayda contemplates what she wants to do after graduating: "I'd like to find a way to affect people through my art as well as find a way to make some fairly large sums of cash. Money is one of the only things that grants absolute freedom." 🌐







"I e-mailed you my feelings. Here's your hard copy."



**EROTIC  
EXOTIC**

**PRIYA ANJALI RAI**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



**N**o one back home would ever have expected me to be naked in *HUSTLER*," purrs breathtaking **Priya Anjali Rai**.

"Growing up in India, things were pretty laid out for me. My parents had set up an arranged marriage, and I was expected to become a bride, then a mother. Nothing more. It wasn't right for me. I could never marry some guy I'd never fucked, let alone never met."

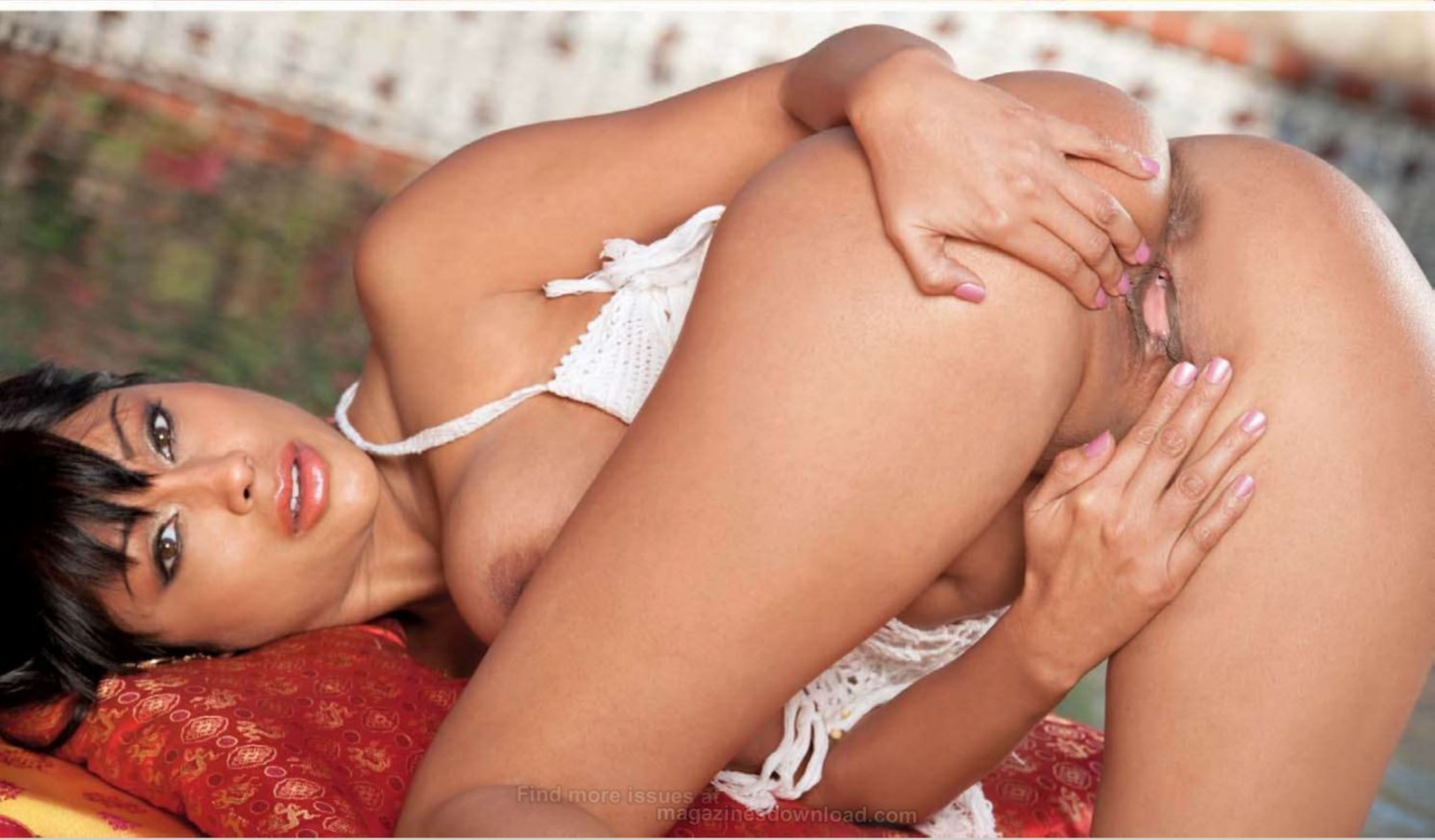
But thanks to a little ingenuity, **Priya** wasn't forced to become a stranger's unhappy wife. "I was a pretty rebellious teenager and used to run away quite a bit," the bodacious beauty recounts, "as far away as I could. One time I met this older man who told me he could take me to America if I was willing to do a few things for him—things I didn't mind doing at all. Before I knew it, I was living in Arizona and making a living as a stripper and porn actress. I find freedom to do what I want with my life very sexy."




















**PRIYA ANJALI RAI'S VITAL FACTS:**

HOMETOWN: New Delhi, India | AGE: 32 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-3

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Befitting a woman from the country that provided the *Kama Sutra* sex manual, **Priya** confides, "Outside of work I really am a one-man woman. Commitment is very sexy to me. Knowing that a guy is only with me and willing to do anything to please me is hot. That way I focus all my attention on him. I love finding out that a guy I'm dating is inexperienced in something sexual like anal or a certain position because I'll get to introduce him to it. That's always a big turn-on."







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Kapow! Alexis Texas and Lexi Belle (bottom left) join the costume party in **Batman XXX**.



## **Batman XXX: A Porn Parody**

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** TORI BLACK, LEXI BELLE, ALEXIS TEXAS, KIMBERLY KANE, ANDY SAN DIMAS, SYREN SEXTON, DALE DABONE, JAMES DEEN, RANDY SPEARS & EVAN STONE.

**B** Holy Viagra, Batman! The original Caped Crusader TV series is still a helluva lot more fun than those gloomy *Dark Knight* movies, at least for us boob-tube addicts, and this top-notch spoof captures its vintage campy spirit. The solid acting is supported by great costumes, not to mention prime genital athleticism from hard-core's A-list. Kimberly Kane's retro look suits her perfectly, especially when she's being diddled in the ass by the Riddler (a hilariously manic Evan Stone). Femme fatale Alexis Texas and Lexi Belle's cutesy Batgirl are kapows in the boner department. Their fuck scenes are eminently strokable, but save some batcum for Tori Black's purr-fect Catwoman, who knows how to reward the Dynamic Duo for their service to Gotham. Even the cocksmitths deserve praise: Dale DaBone turns in the best Adam West impersonation since Adam West, James Deen resurrects the Boy Wonder with the right gee-whiz energy, and as the Joker, sunset stud Randy Spears may have finally found the role he was born to play. Director Axel Braun manages to squeeze more production value and lively acting out of a fuck-flick ensemble than you'd ever expect, delivering an instant porn-parody classic.

—M.J.







Batgirl unmasked: Meet the many faces of **Lexi Belle**.

## **My Plaything v 2.0: Lexi Belle**

NEW SENSATIONS. **DIRECTOR:** EDDIE POWELL. **STARRING:** LEXI BELLE & A FEW STUNT COCKS.



The *My Plaything* series is one of porn's top POV lines, and this installment is Xmas come early for Lexi Belle fanatics. Disc 1 is "good girl" and Disc 2...you guessed it. Both are fully interactive, with all the usual options and positions—no experiments. Lexi Belle is a doll and looks great whether she's blowing "you" in a schoolgirl outfit or sitting on a Sybian (a power masturbator). Be advised, though: *My Plaything v. 2.0* is strictly mainstream Lexi. She's grown more versatile since the alt-porn days when you got hooked. Ms. Belle plays the sweet little princess in this one, and the words *bad girl* are used loosely. But apart from some unfortunate focus problems here and there, this is a decent Lexi Belle showcase, with three discs of content. If she's your fantasy toy, this flick is your plaything. Lexi Belle fans should also check her out in the new parodies *Not the Bradys XXX: Bradys Meet the Partridge Family* (reviewed in the November '10 issue) and *Batman XXX* (reviewed in this one).

—M.J.





**Black Chicks** Taylor Starr, Blu Diamond and Melody Nakai (below) embody a new generation.



## Barely Legal Black Chicks #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICHARD DE MONTFORT. **STARRING:** MELODY NAKAI, COFFEE BROWN, TAYLOR STARR, BLU DIAMOND, ANGEL CUMMINGS, GIA MAY, LEE STONE, FRANKIE YOUNG, JOHNNY NITRO, CHEYNE COLLINS & DIRTY HARRY.



Just two discs in, this series might already be the premier showcase for young black talent. Lovely newcummer Coffee Brown warms up the room in a threesome with Gia May, followed by skinny-cute A-cup cheerleader Taylor Starr. Appropriately, the casting mostly avoids ghetto clichés in favor of the unspoiled schoolgirl look—but it's not all innocence. Blu Diamond offers a decent anal scene, but hold out if you can for Melody Nakai's baby-faced Blasian cuteness. Her sweet booty and pudgy little pussy arguably make for the flick's most whackworthy moments. This series is clearly aimed at interracial strokers (all the cocks are white), which is fine, but that hopefully won't mean too much homogeny as the series continues. Note to the producers: Let's get some girls with natural hair (not all straightened) into the next one. We chocolate lovers enjoy variety. Order *Black Chicks* #2 now on page 140.

—M.J.





Julia Ann, Diamond Foxxx (bottom left) and Raylene (bottom right) revive *The Golden Girls*.



## *The Golden Girls: A XXX MILF Parody*

NEW SENSATIONS. **DIRECTOR:** LEE ROY MYERS. **STARRING:** DIAMOND FOXXX, RAYLENE, JEWELS JADE, JULIA ANN, RACHEL LOVE, PUMA SWEDE, JOHNNY CASTLE, ROCCO REED, JAMES DEEN & LEVI CASH.

 This should have been a sixtysomething cougar parody, but for some reason, instead of a flick about horny old ladies, we get a flashback story to when the Golden Girls weren't even silver yet! That complaint aside, this spoof features some prime MILF talent embodied by the likes of buxom Diamond Foxxx (as the slutty Blanche), who gets her undying itch scratched over the kitchen table. Diamond has classic Raquel Welch-style good looks, but Raylene as Dorothy and Julia Ann as Rose (Betty White, take note) will also give your pace-maker a run for its money. Not yet endorsed by Ms. White, *The Golden Girls: A XXX MILF Parody* is nevertheless loaded with near-laughs and full-grown women with vintage boobjobs. It will quench your Oedipal thirst, but let's hope the sequel is aimed at us GILF chasers.

—M.J.



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Nicki Hunter gives Miko Sinz a tune-up in *This Ain't Glee XXX*.

## *This Ain't Glee XXX*

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ANDY SAN DIMAS, SCARLETT FAY, NICKI HUNTER, TARA LYNN FOXX, MIKO SINZ, MCKENZEE MILES, ALEXA NICOLE, SAMONE TAYLER, TUCKER SLAIN, JOHN ESPIZEDO & CHAD DIAMOND.



We know you have a dirty secret: You're a die-hard Glee who watches his fave show like it's church and does dirty things to himself while watching it. One day your wife (or mother) is going to walk in and find out what a filthy perv you are. Since that's going to happen anyway, you may as well be watching this version of *Glee*. It has just as many raging pubescent hormones and just as much cheesy lip-synching, except that the kids are crooning about "Big Tushy Hos" and being "Knocked Up & 18." (Remember that Journey power ballad?) Most importantly, they're fucking their tuneful little brains out (won't see that on Fox). A ladies' room lesbian encounter between bitchy Sue (Nicki Hunter) and the Asian

girl (Miko Sinz) kicks off the copulation in a high C. The gorgeous Andy San Dimas, who turns out to have some real parody talent in the dialogue and singing scenes, skillfully climaxes the flick with great "Fuck me harder!" enthusiasm. On the way there we get commendable efforts from the rest of the hot (if too whitewashed) cast. Get ready to sing along. (Sting wishes he could pen lyrics like "Don't come all over me.") Order on page 140. —M.J.

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Yes, Master! Shawna Lenee grants wishes in *This Ain't I Dream of Jeannie XXX*.



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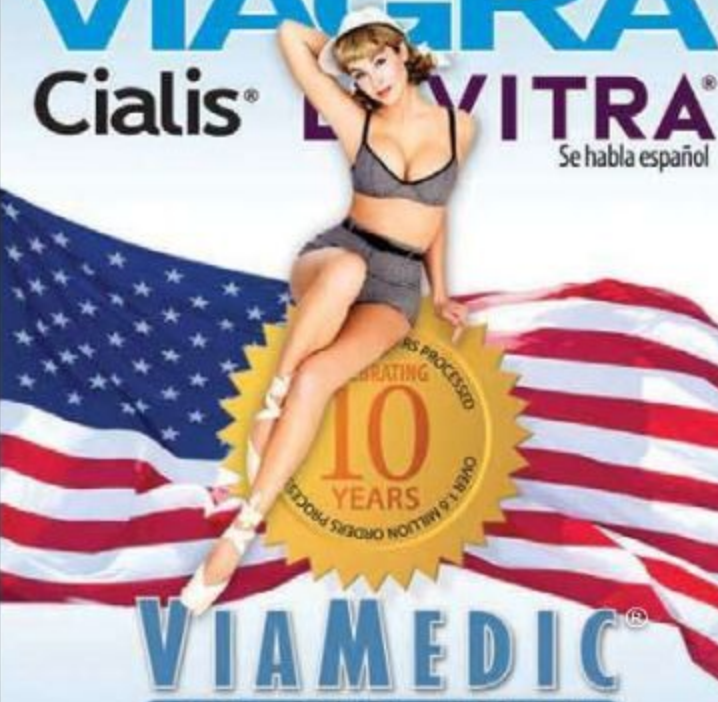
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**H**ello, Chief, would you believe that HUSTLER Video has gone and done it again, turning yet another classic TV show into a red-hot porn parody? Its latest spoof is a hard-core version of the '60s sitcom *Get Smart*.

Here secret agent Maxwell Smartass (**Dino Bravo**) is working for Kuntrol as it battles the evil organization P.E.N.I.S. Along the way he'll use his smarts, cunning and famous shoe phone amid a bevy of seductive beauties, most notably his ravenous sidekick, Agent 69 (**Veronica Rayne**). *Get Smartass*'s smash lineup includes **Britney Amber**, **Kayla Paige**, **Eden Adams**, **Eric Swiss** and **Veronica Jett**.

























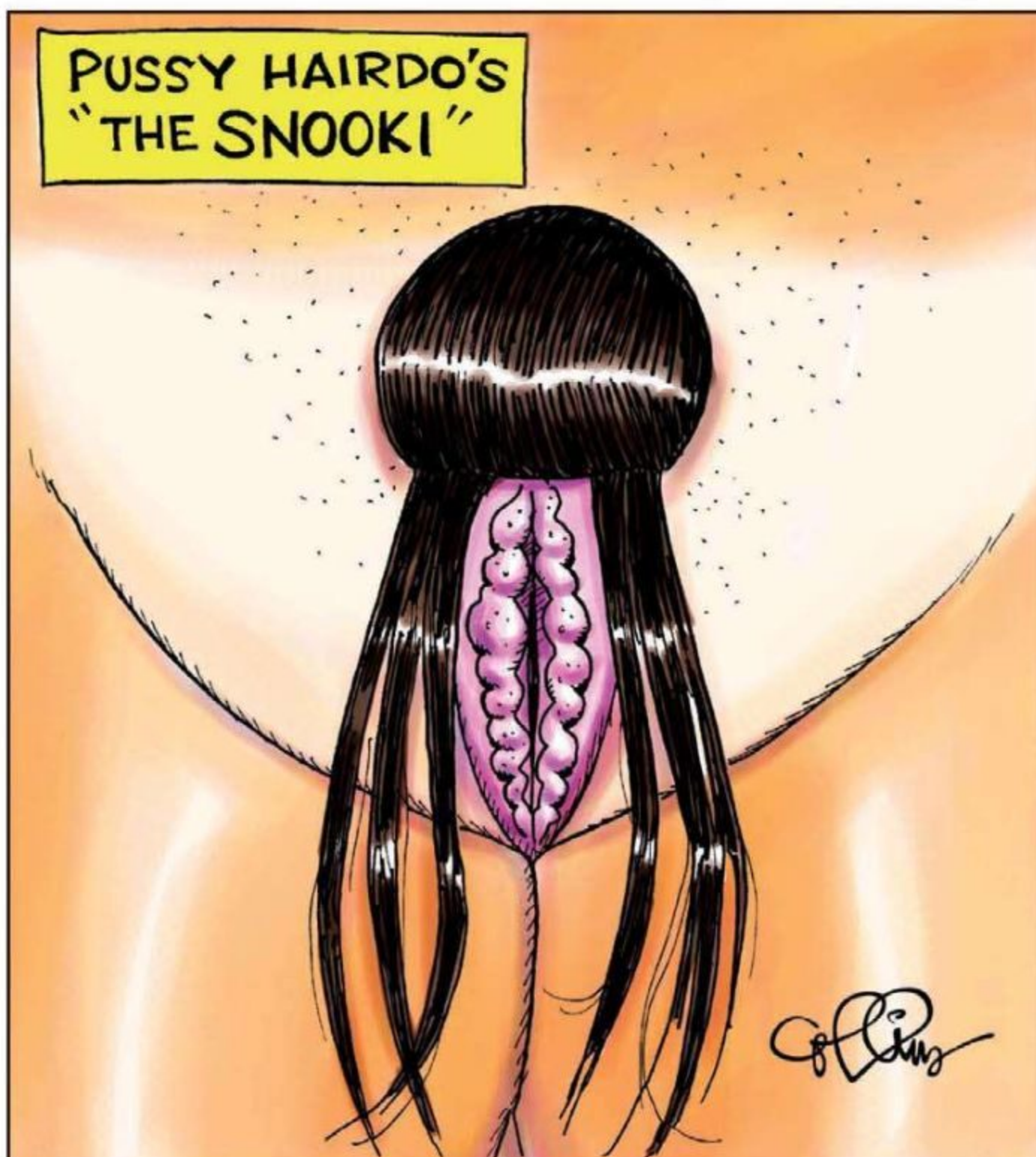




The XXX parody *Get Smartass* is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit [HustlerHollywood.com](http://HustlerHollywood.com) or go to page 140 to order by mail.







(continued from page 41) least of cool. He took virtually every "bad guy" job that came his way, and some of the work was quite memorable, notably his performances in *Speed* and the HBO film *Paris Trout*, which earned him an Emmy nomination. On the other hand, some films (think *Waterworld* and *Super Mario Bros.*) were eminently forgettable.

But Hopper just didn't limit himself to cinema. He also painted, sculpted, took more pictures and found time to do TV commercials for Nike. He even did low-budget independent films along with some TV roles and was working regularly on the cable series *Crash* right up until he became seriously ill.

The one area Hopper was never able to get quite right was his relationship with women. He was married five times, and by all accounts the unions were drama-filled disasters. (The lawsuits involving Hopper and his last wife, Victoria Duffy, while he was terminally ill were especially acrimonious.) Michelle Phillips, wife number two, was so mad at him that even 40 years after their breakup, when first asked about her reaction to Hopper's passing, she uttered the Latin aphorism "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Translation: Of the dead, if you can say nothing good, say nothing at all.

A day later, however, Phillips agreed to talk openly about their time together. I could hear forgiveness in her voice. Hopper was just too damn interesting and "ahead of the curve," in her words, a sentiment echoed by everyone whose lives he personally touched.

Glen Mazzara, the creator of *Crash*, recalled when he first spoke to Hopper before the actor came onboard: "I had a perfectly professional discussion with him about his character, and then I hung up and immediately called my parents. I was so excited that I just talked to Dennis Hopper. It was the highlight of my career."

"He had that magic," David Lynch marveled. "I guess they call it charisma. Dennis didn't need a lot of screen time to create a character. He was that good. He could do amazing things with a look or an inflection. Nowadays characters in movies are often more one-dimensional."

"What I'll cherish the most about him," Larry Flynt said with a grin, "is that Dennis was a true friend."

Dennis Hopper (1936-2010): a great artist, a great companion, more than an occasional genius, more than an occasional pain in the ass. In short, an American original.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films. Nathan's favorite Hopper flicks are, he says, "*Blue Velvet*, *True Romance*, *Hoosiers*, *River's Edge* and, of course, *Easy Rider*." 🍿



# BEAVER HUNT



"I'll take off all my clothes anywhere in a heartbeat."



■ "I kinda like the idea of people seeing me naked," reckons Envii, a hostess and December candleblower from Mobile, Alabama. "I'm a flirtatious, promiscuous free spirit."

But the 5-foot-7 jezebel—who'll hit the 21 milestone just before New Year's Eve—isn't a 24/7 sex machine, although she tries hard. "My favorite hobby, at least with clothes on, is motocross," Envii says in a tantalizing Dixie drawl. "I also like camping, fishing, soccer and, of course, skinny-dipping." Praise the Lord, a show-it-all-off shower offers excitement too, and Envii is determined to turn up the heat! "With guys I really like giving blowjobs and doggy-style," the Megadeth acolyte trumpets. "And I'm no uptight anal virgin. I love being fucked in the ass!" An aspiring chef, Envii also has a hearty appetite for poontang and domination. "I love eating pussy and spanking girls," the onetime cheerleader hoots. And talk about a steamy fantasy: "On my birthday I'd like to be filmed having a threeway with my guy and a hot chick. Shucks, I think of myself as an apprentice porn star anyway." —Photos by Friend







"I'm not as young as I used to be, but I still have as much fun as my daughters!"



**DIANA**



■ "I am very thankful and thrilled that you gave my daughters Amber and Angela an opportunity to be in *HUSTLER*," acknowledges Diana, 55, a widowed hairstylist from Morgantown, Indiana. "Since their father passed, the girls and I have become extremely close. We act as a trio, going places and doing things together all the time." The family's latest jaunt is being side-by-side Beavers. Diana, who stands 5-foot-6 and sometimes wishes she were a "statuesque blonde," adds, "I encouraged Amber and Angela to go into modeling as I had done earlier in my life, and I encouraged the girls to choose your magazine over all the others. I have such respect for Larry Flynt." Diana, an extra in the Dennis Hopper hoops film *Hoosiers* and the baseball flick *Eight Men Out*, is as playful as ever. "I still feel I am attractive for my age," she avows. "I have a great sense of humor, and I know what I want. I enjoy making love in a shower or swimming pool, and I always sleep in the nude because it gives me a sense of true freedom. Thanks to my royal background, one of my fantasies is to have a houseful of young male servants catering to my sexual desires. I'd also like to meet Ron Jeremy. I think he is so sexy. I'd love to cut his hair and take him to my bed." —Photos by Friend



**VIOLET STONE**

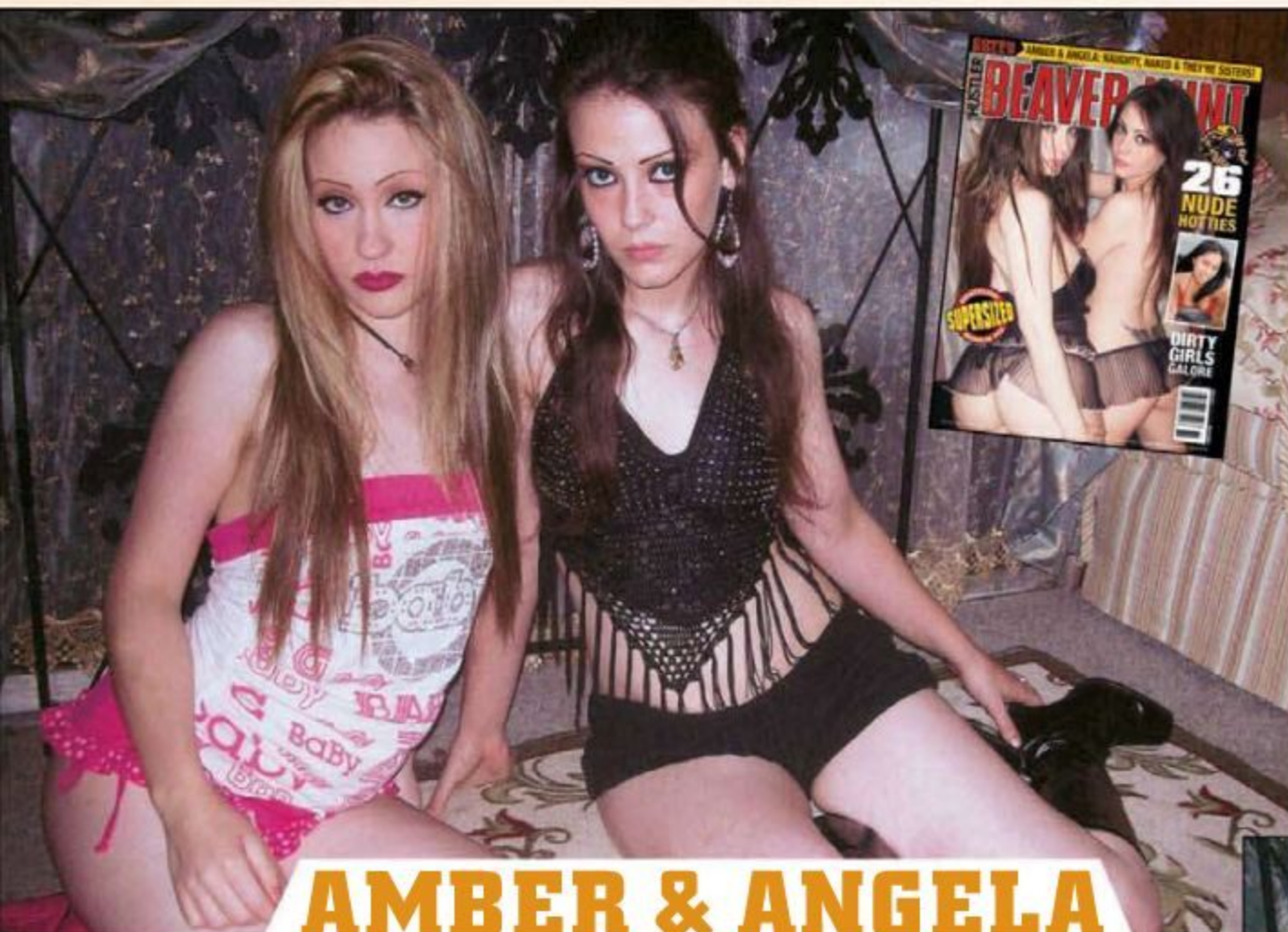
■ "I'm a kinky, creative, bisexual exhibitionist," announces this Bostonian shutterbug, Web designer

and December birthday celebrant. "Showing off my assets is exciting and fun." Violet Stone, who'll turn 26 just before 2010 ends and has a delightful rearend, bolsters her self-assessment: "I'm down-to-earth, fair, a good cook and hella sexy. I like networking, arts and crafts, selling sexy items on Ebanned.net, UFC, roller derby and hard-throbbing music. A few of my fave bands are Danzig, Warlock, L.A. Guns, Angelic Process and Sisters of Mercy." But the 5-foot-2 Massachusetts munchkin shows no mercy in bed: "I love tying up and spanking hot chicks, dripping candle wax on their bare bodies and fucking girls or guys with my strap-on." For a fantasy, Violet howls, "I'd like a pack of smokin' redheads to jump out of my birthday cake and have us a daisy chain!" —Photos by Friend



"I love all-girl fuckfests and being eaten out more than anything!"

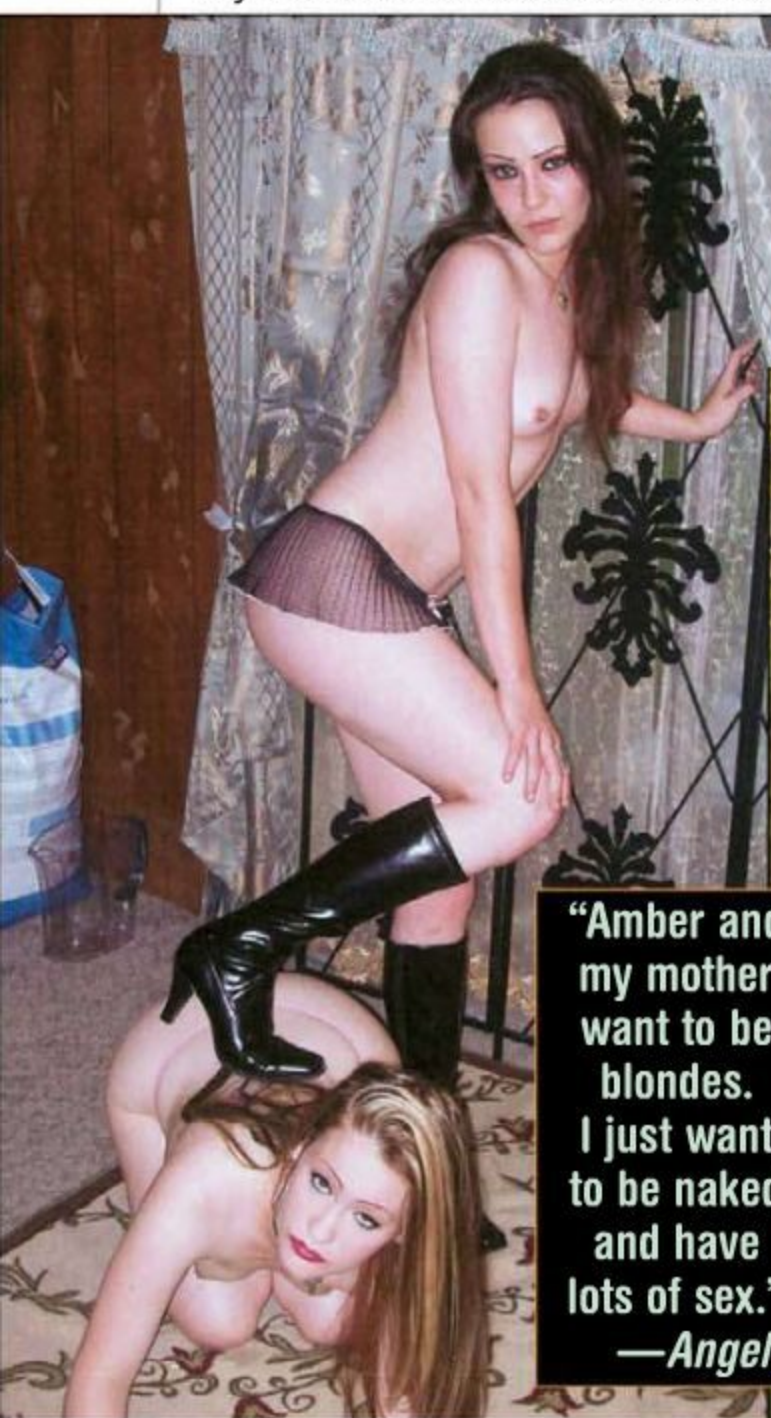




## AMBER & ANGELA

■ Back for a 24th-birthday curtain call are Amber—a “bi, seductive, kinky and flexible” poet from Morgantown, Indiana—and her “fun, loving, aggressive and bi” twin sister Angela, an artist who’s nine minutes younger. “Being in our fave men’s magazine has been a great experience,” chirps Amber, who on a whim has become a bottle blonde. “We both love HUSTLER, being naked and sex! Angela and I have the ultimate sister bond. We even sleep together—but just to cuddle and keep warm.” No wonder Angela joyously heralds, “We’re crazy, sexy, adventurous and wild best friends!” As the 5-foot-5 Hoosiers continue to pursue individual pleasures, they’re still riding the orgasmic wave of gracing the cover of a recent *Best of Beaver Hunt* mag. “That was fantastic,” Amber marvels, “and Mom [Diana] was so proud of us. We wouldn’t be here without her blessings. Who knows? Maybe one day Angela and I will be in a video or something.” Angela is just as stoked: “Being with my twin sister on the cover of a *Beaver Hunt* special edition was sweet!

What made the experience even better was seeing ourselves posing naked together. Stay tuned. I think you’ll be seeing much more of us. Who knows what Amber and I will *come up with* next? Thanks, HUSTLER. You rock!” Happy birthday, ladies, and thanks much. *You rock!* —Photos by Friend



“Amber and my mother want to be blondes. I just want to be naked and have lots of sex.”  
—Angela





**KANOE**

■ “I lost a bet on a football game once and had to run naked down the street,” recalls Kanoë, 19, of Kent, Washington. “For a lot of girls, that would have been pretty embarrassing, but not me. I’ve always dreamed of being in a men’s mag.” By nobly serving here as non-scampering eye candy, the 5-foot-6 barista—whose unique moniker is pronounced *kuh-KNOW-ee*—has earned a \$250 tip without making an espresso or latté, just losing her duds. “I like being around people and waiting on them,” Kanoë coos, but we can’t wait to hear what else the “single but not looking right now” babe is into. “I like tanning, volleyball, working out, *Jersey Shore*, *Bad Girls Club*, [the hip-hop band] Roots, Bob Marley, barbecued chicken and sushi,” Kanoë spells out. Getting much tangier, she reveals, “I’m bi-curious. I haven’t been with a girl yet, but I want to.” Kanoë also is impulsive: “If I can’t wait to have sex while I’m driving with a guy, I’ll tell him to pull over wherever we are and do it on the side of the road as cars pass by.” Kanoë, who hopes “to wait on [actor] Adam Sandler someday,” also yearns “to have sex while I’m blindfolded.” We’re grateful the appealing Apple Stater hasn’t left *us* in the dark. —Photos by Friend

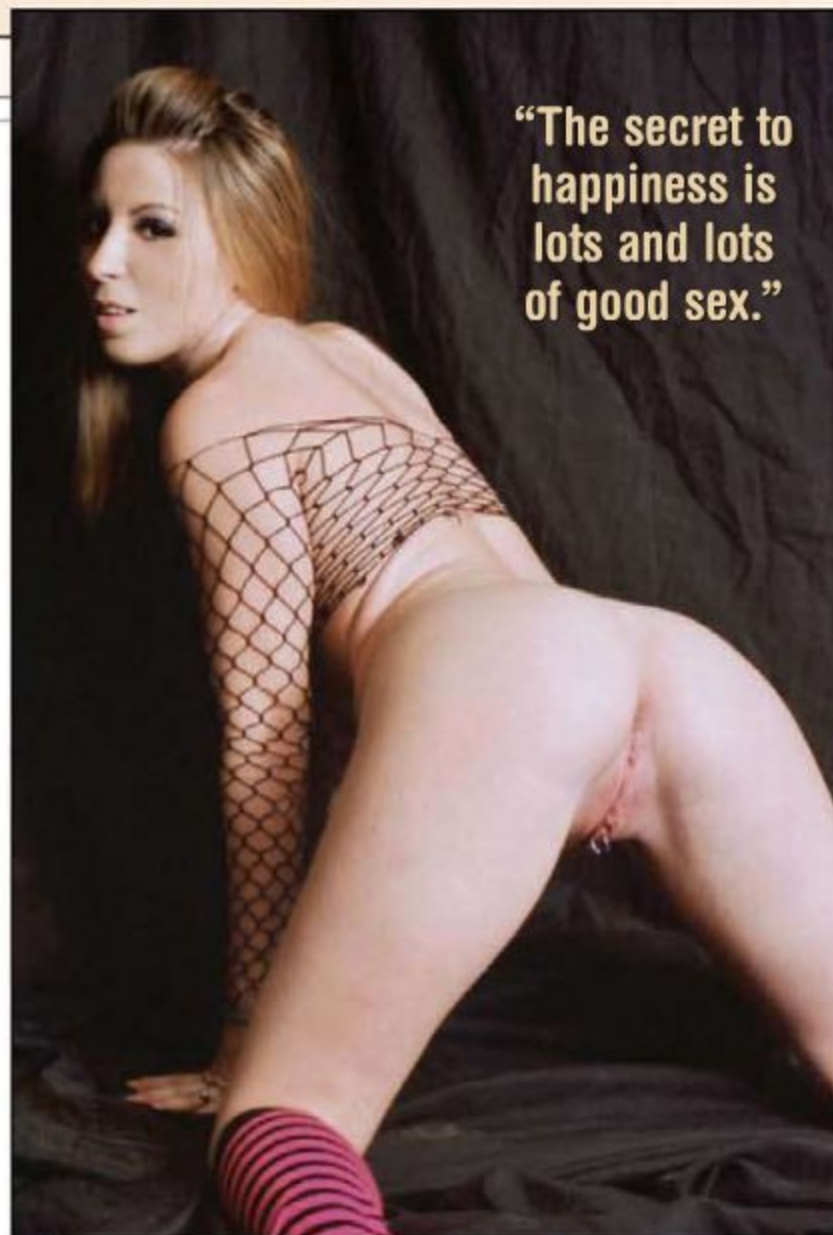


“My favorite way is doggy-style. I like the feeling of a dick inside my kitty from behind while the guy is slapping my ass and pulling my hair.”



## LEXI LEIGH

## BEAVER HUNT



"The secret to happiness is lots and lots of good sex."

■ "I love being naked, and my husband loves when I show off," declares Lexi Leigh, 26, a "hibernating" porn star from Knoxville, Tennessee. "I'm a great wife. I still love sex, I don't nag, I'm never jealous, I'm laid-back, I'm very open-minded, and I don't like drama." Except on the boob tube. "My favorite shows," Lexi rattles off, "are *Criminal Minds*, *Forensic Files*, *Doctor G*, *Dog the Bounty Hunter* and *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*." On that note the 4-foot-11 cowgirl-style and cream-pie aficionada gushes, "I love giving head—a lot! One thing I've found that drives a guy crazy is when I take his dick all the way in my throat and get to the bottom, I'll lick his balls. And what drives me crazy is having a guy's face between my legs, working my flower



of power, then getting fucked hard and fast!" Lexi—who also fancies watching football, scrapbooking and grooving to hard-rockin' Def Leppard, Ozzy, Hinder and Nickelback—has a litany of wishes: "I've always wanted to go to the White House and get naked. I'd like to meet Larry Flynt, Ellen DeGeneres and Brett Favre. I'd love to have sex in a mirror room at a carnival, and I'm hankering to do it in the middle of a field with a gorgeous guy wearing a cowboy hat. Gary Allan, please call me!" —Photos by Husband



"Not everyone gets to see my oh-so-tight tittery whoppet!"



## SHANNAH

■ "I'm like the pre-apple Eve—naked and unashamed," professes Shannah, 29, an "ultra-creative and bisexual" topless dancer, performing artist and abstract expressionist from St. James, New York. "I think of my body as a special gift to share only when I feel the moment is right." Welcomed to the Beaver colony, the 5-foot-5 Long Islander shares a host of sentiments: "I've got a lot of chutzpah, especially in bed. I tend to be submissive with men and can take a good spanking, while I enjoy a unique, gentle connection with women. The most sensitive part of me is my heart; when it's wounded, every part of me hurts." Speaking of pain, Shannah relates, "I've never had anal sex. I guess it could happen, but it's not on my to-do list." Also loathing TV (except for HBO's *Real Sex*), Shannah is a connoisseur of ballet, theater, French cuisine, wine and music (Billy Joel, Bob Dylan, Alanis Morissette, 50 Cent, Eminem, Pink). Baring her neural Garden of Eden, the "bit of a nature freak" admits, "Feeling connected to the elements, I can be rather untame outdoors. My wildest fantasy is to be a finger-painting canvas for a few close-knit friends, then dance nude around a bonfire." Bravo! —Photos by Friend







## DIEM MOORE

■ "I'm a huge fan of HUSTLER," raves Diem Moore, a fledgling Webmistress and "pro slut" from Willoughby, Ohio, who'll be blowing out 19 birthday candles in December and is far from huge. "I'm always happy and giggly," the 4-foot-10 95-pounder discloses, but what the avid football and baseball fan does to make herself and others happy is no laughing matter. "I clean, cook, make my own money and suck cock better than any girl out there," Diem continues. "I'm the Energizer Bunny mixed with a sex monster. I love aggressive boys and hot girls. I am very submissive and love to have my neck grabbed, hair pulled and ass smacked when I'm getting fucked really hard from behind." In fact, Diem's derriere is a major focal point. "My best feature is by far my ass," the diminutive darling specifies. "I get complimented on it all the time." And not just for its shapeliness. "I love anal!" Diem asserts. "I absolutely love cock, so I want one in any hole it can go in—my mouth, va-jay-jay and ass!" Not to mention in various locations. "I've had sex in *so* many cool places," she explains. "My favorites were a Catholic school—with a teacher!—and in my mother's bed!" Although Diem totally digs rock (notably Deftones, Static-X, Avenged Sevenfold and Disturbed), she tosses out a baseball fantasy: "I want to fuck Travis Hafner of the Cleveland Indians."

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com



"If I had my way, I would so wanna get laid six times a day. Any takers? Tweet me!"







**MELODY MAE**

■ “At 39, with the body of a 20-year-old, I offer something young men dream of—a vivacious, sensual MILF with all the necessary sexual skills,” murmurs Melody Mae, a semiretired rancher out of Casper, Wyoming. “For older guys I offer what they dream of too—the looks, body and demeanor of someone half my age.” Boasting adolescent energy, the 5-foot-7 newbie adds, “Horseback riding, fishing, mountain biking and dancing keep me fit and ready for fun.” In that regard, Melody Mae—a fan of *CSI*, *Extreme Makeover Home Edition*, Aerosmith, AC/DC, rimming and the reverse-cowgirl position—owns up, “I’m straight, a little bi-curious and always hungry for a hard cock and a man who knows how to use it.” Melody Mae—who describes her clean-shaven vagina as a “sweet-tasting, wanton snapper”—muses, “What would really trip my trigger are two firemen using their hoses to try to put out that eternal flame in my pussy.” —Photos by Friend



“I’m not into anal intercourse, but it’s ecstasy when a partner makes love to my asshole with his fingers and tongue.”

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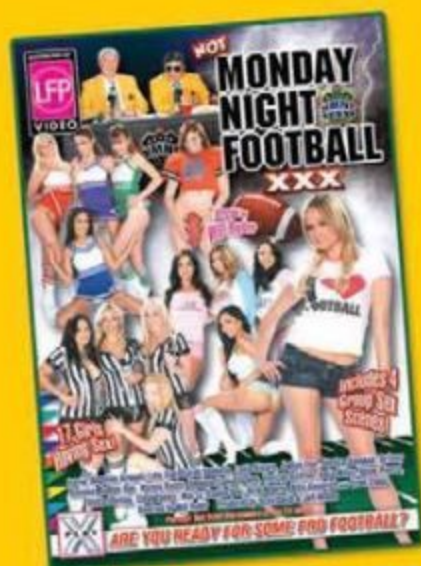
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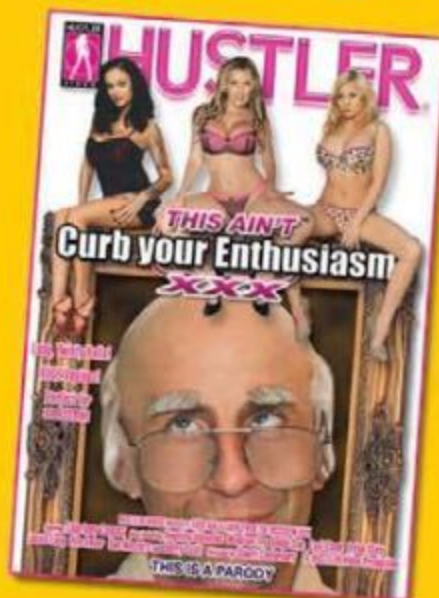
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**GINA**

# MOLLED TO THE MOB

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES



In a mob clan, everybody has a job to do, even **Gina** “Three Fingers” Clamizzi. “Hey, sugar, youse stay here, get nice and brown, and keep dem pussy lips open, we’ll be back to fuck youse eyes out later” were Tony’s final words before leaving for the big hit. Keeping the sluice juiced for Sicilian salami was an order this moll couldn’t refuse. The big guns don’t like to waste time moistening clit—splattering deadbeats who don’t pay debts can get a trigger-man pretty horny.

















So **Gina** makes sure her dago driveway is always open for traffic, and every killer cock from the don to the driver is welcome in this slut's slit. It's no wonder that the boys in **Gina's** illicit family are known as the gang with the chafed rods, but as this wopette's slimy suitors like to say, as they wipe their dicks, "Hey, youse guys. Crime pays!"





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In 1993, despite being outsize by several foes, Royce Gracie captured Ultimate Fighting Championship's first rules-be-damned tournament. Interviewed by HUSTLER staffer Keith Valcourt, the UFC Hall of Famer discusses Brazilian jiu-jitsu, memorable bouts and the Royce Gracie action figure. You'll never believe what the famed grappler's worst injury was.



#### TITO ORTIZ: BACK IN LIMELIGHT

Brash and cocky Tito Ortiz once held UFC's Light-Heavyweight Champion belt for more than three years. He's also a savvy businessman, lionized coach and the daddy of XXX superstar Jenna Jameson's twin boys! But as sportswriter Jatinder Dhoot notes, Ortiz's life has been a mixed bag.

#### DIAMOND FOXXX: SAILING INTO PORN

What's in store when the Navy gives you the heave-ho? After selling used cars for a spell, Diamond Foxxx became a late-blooming porn star! Writer Justin Hampton hangs with the shipshape blue-movie MILF, who sheds light on her aborted military career and marriage-saving move to the adult industry.



#### AMERICA'S MELTDOWN: HIGH TREASON?

Danny Schechter, the award-winning "News Dissector," agrees with Senator Ted Kaufman (D-Delaware) that "fraud and potential criminal conduct were at the heart of the financial crisis." But there's more to the story as Schechter reports in his hard-nosed look at the greatest nonviolent crime against humanity in history.

#### IRANIAN-BORN GROUPIE'S RAUNCHY REVELATIONS

Escaping the repression of her Islamic homeland, Roxana Shirazi rose from a poor, seemingly hopeless waif in a new country to an A-list groupie. Boasting a bevy of rock star bedmates, Shirazi has now authored the tell-all book *The Last Living Slut: Born in Iran, Bred Backstage*. What the alluring thirtysomething tells interviewer Albert Pierce reflects her courage and bravado—and the inadequacies of some big-name rockers.



#### SHREKKED: A SEX TOY STORY

Cinema's *Shrek* and *Toy Story* franchises square off in Aaron Warner's parody, which also lambastes Hollywood's commercialization, American consumerism and 3D technology. Don't miss a bunch of ornery 'toon characters eager to screw an eye-popping bimbo.



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