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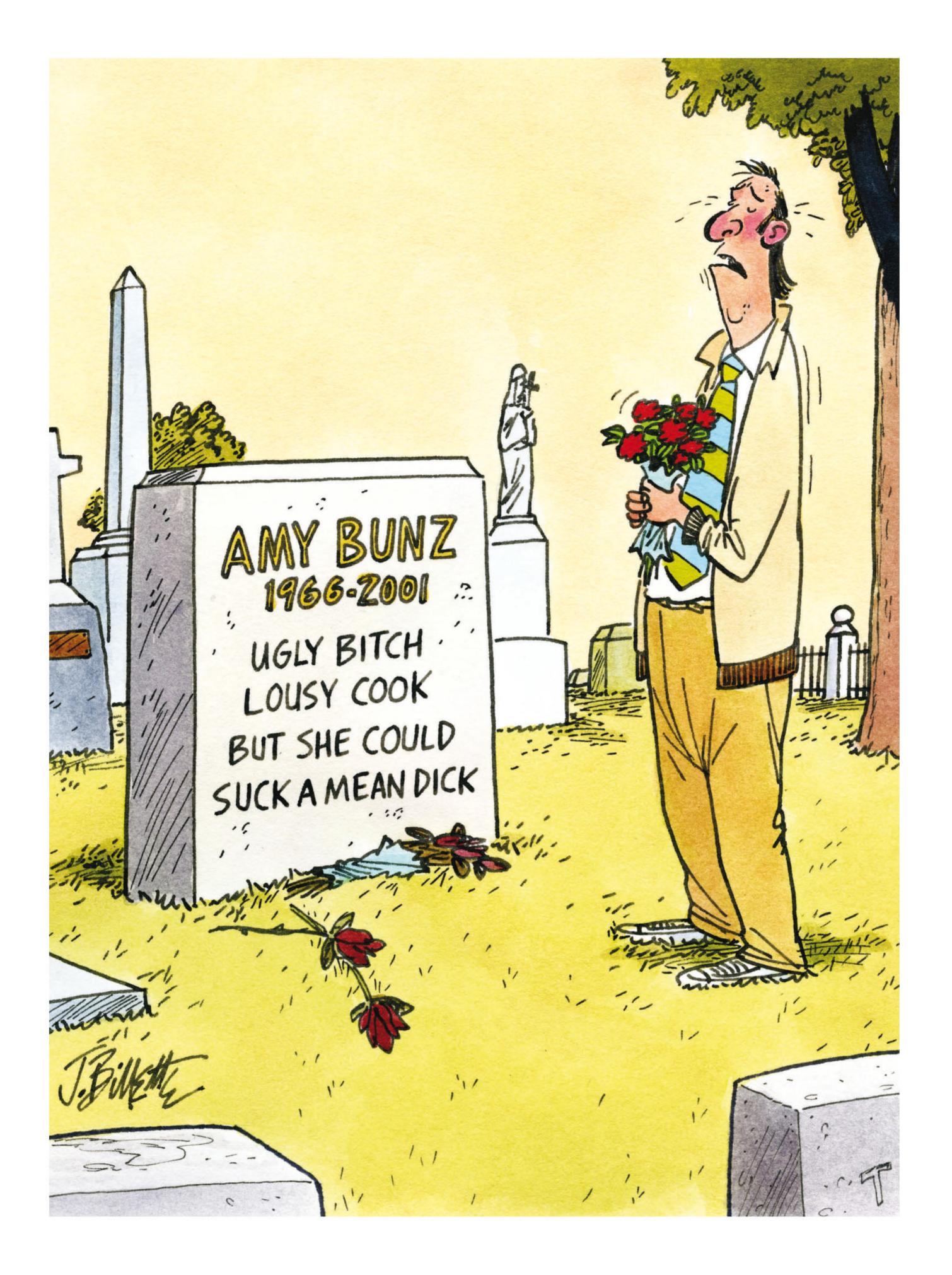
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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 46, No. 13, May 2020. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in June by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2020 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is February 18, 2020.

Cover photo by Dave Naz
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TRUMP THE HIT MAN

o ring in the New Year, our impulsive clown in the White House, acting like a mob boss, ordered a hit on the second most powerful man in Iran, General Qasem Soleimani, while he was driving away from the Baghdad airport. This assassination—contrary to both American and international law—was a drastic escalation in Trump's war on Iran. He started it in May 2018 by unilaterally withdrawing from the nuclear accord arranged by Obama and supported by all of our European coalition partners. He then imposed the most severe economic sanctions ever applied on Iran, totally crippling the economy—a virtual act of war.

What most of our mainstream media is not telling us is that this series of tit-for-tat escalations began way back in July, when Israel launched a series of eight air strikes on Iranian proxy militias in Iraq, killing dozens of soldiers and civilians. Netanyahu has admitted it was Israeli warplanes and drones behind the attacks, with American targeting help. So who really drew first blood here?

The Soleimani assassination was legal by international law only if he were planning an "imminent attack" that had to be stopped. But Trump and his sycophants have offered zero evidence of such an attack. Even Secretary of Defense Mark Esper, supposedly in the loop, admitted he had seen none. And Republicans Mike Lee and Rand Paul slammed a Department of Defense briefing that refused to provide evidence—just more "Trust us," like the lies that got us into Iraq in the first place. Those senators have announced that they would support Democrat Tim Kaine's War Powers Resolution, prohibiting

Trump from escalating the war against Iran without a Congressional declaration.

Once again Netanyahu and his neocon allies in Washington have been wagging the dog, namely their submissive poodle Donald Trump. It's no accident that the war drums are thumping as both leaders face domestic trouble: possible criminal conviction for Netanyahu and impeachment for Trump. One way to dodge such trouble is to launch a foreign attack of some kind and inspire all to rally around the flag.

Trump has even more or less admitted that it was pressure from Republican senators—who would soon be jurors at his impeachment trial—that pushed him, along with Pompeo, to murder Soleimani. If his poll numbers start tanking as the election nears, Trump could very well launch more preemptive attacks based on lies to get a ratings boost.

A strong bipartisan coalition is forming to prevent that from happening, finally reasserting long abdicated war powers to Congress. But we all need to be on guard for manipulations that could trigger a war: false flag attacks or con jobs, like the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution and WMDs in Iraq.

for Thyot

Larry Flynt Publisher



CHINA OUTSMARTS TRUMP

THE PRESIDENT BELIEVED HE COULD DICTATE TRADE TERMS WITH THE COMMUNIST NATION, BUT HE UNDERESTIMATED ITS ECONOMIC CLOUT.

ike it or not, the People's Republic of China will soon have the world's leading economy, and there isn't much that any American President, even the dangerously bombastic Donald Trump, can do about it. Or should.

During his Presidential campaign Trump vowed to end the stagnation of the U.S. economy in part by toughening trade negotiations with China's president. The assertion helped fuel his election. But after two years of waging a trade war with China, Trump bowed to the inevitable. He blinked, big time.

Trump's hand was forced by the panic in the U.S. stock market over his draconian tariffs imposed on China. Another factor was the threat to his farm belt base, which is dependent on sales to fill 1.4 billion Chinese stomachs with pork now that China's pork production has been drastically reduced due to an outbreak of African Swine Fever.

The result is a Phase One U.S.-China trade deal, which is good news for the world economy, as well as large swaths of Americans whose way of life relies on low-cost Chinese products flooding Walmarts and Costcos. But it also represents a startling acknowledgment that America's unquestioned domination of the world economy has ended.

It began, of course, with the World War II bombing campaigns that destroyed almost all of Europe's and Japan's manufacturing capacity. That capacity was only brought back to life in Europe and Japan under terms of aid and trade that have favored the U.S dollar's dominance and this country's technological advantage for seven decades.

Those post-1945 terms of trade established the United States as the beneficiary of an enormous brain drain of the industrialized world's leading scientists and engineers. They came here with more than smarts. Many were armed with knowledge of their native countries' most innovative manufacturing patents and technologies.

America's economic dominance was even more controlling and exploitive throughout the underdeveloped Third World. It was reduced at best to providing extremely low labor costs at manufacturing facilities that fed our nation's rapidly burgeoning consumer appetite.

Mainland China, the world's most populous nation, was destined for the same role once U.S. policymakers came to understand

that Chinese communism was quite efficient in delivering a docile, low-paid labor force to U.S. multinational companies. And it worked out quite well for these profit-hungry firms, the Chinese regime and Americans themselves, who for four decades have been able to consume far beyond what their own labor efforts could provide thanks to items made by Chinese laborers.

Although low by U.S. standards, their wages were high for China, enabling the most massive antipoverty program in human history. Hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants entered a new middle class with previously unheard of access to education, travel and better food.

But China's phenomenal industrial revolution, just like its predecessor in 19th-century England, has had dire consequences. Massive urban populations became immersed in highly polluted air not fit to breathe. Meanwhile workers had greater expectations of life's rewards than endlessly assembling smartphones for peanuts. The middle class wanted much more.

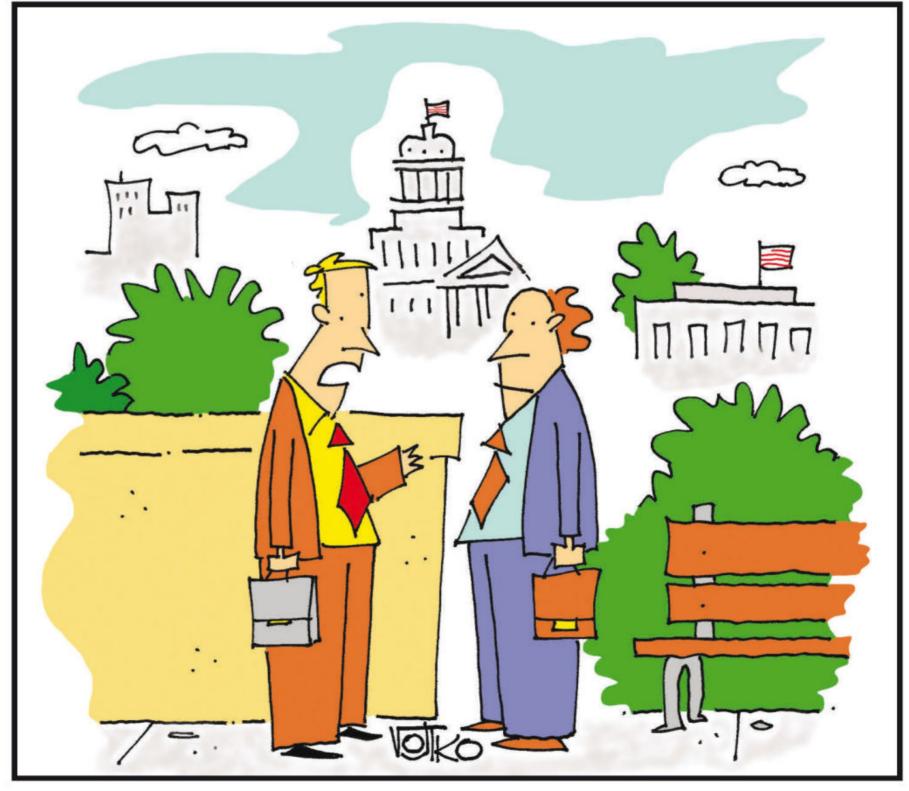
China now sports an enormous technically competent labor force capable of seizing the high ground in the world of artificial intelligence, alternative energy and, most notably, telecommunications. And, yes, the Chinese can make their own excellent memory chips.

That's why Trump's tariff ploy failed so miserably. Chinese-owned companies quickly stepped up their game, opening new markets and equipment sources at home and abroad. Brilliantly undermining Trump, they turned his bluff into a golden economic opportunity.

That bluff will continue, and Trump will have increased agricultural sales to China to trumpet at county fairs. He will also go on claiming that the Chinese cheat by relying on government intervention in their economy, as if defense contracting hasn't been the pump primer for much of this country's industry, including the Pentagon's invention of the internet.

Trump will talk about negotiating trade with China at some undisclosed time in the future. But the reality is that China is already an economic power at the highest technological level, boasts the world's largest potential market and is the wave of the future—and the consummate salesman Trump knows it.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"We can't legislate morality. The Republicans would filibuster."



LET PRISONERS VOTE

IT'S TIME TO END YET ANOTHER DISCRIMINATORY STAIN STILL LINGERING FROM THE CIVIL WAR.

he Republican Party's War on Voting is on track for appalling new heights (actually depths) in 2020. But the offensive is finally being answered in some jurisdictions. Voting rights advocates have won several key battles of late on behalf of a long-ignored sector of the populace: former felons.

In 2018 Florida voters overwhelmingly adopted a constitutional amendment to restore the right to vote to some 1.5 million Sunshine State felons who had completed their sentences. Florida had been one of just three states—along with Kentucky and lowa—to still bar convicted felons from voting for life, even after completion of time served, probation and parole.

Just days after taking office in 2019, Kentucky's new Democratic governor signed an executive order restoring voting rights for 140,000 nonviolent former felons. Within a week New Jersey's Democratic governor had signed legislation—part of his "second-chance agenda"—allowing nearly 73,000 residents on parole or probation to vote in 2020. Seventeen states and the District of Columbia have now enfranchised such residents.

Republican opposition in Florida, Kentucky and New Jersey—and everywhere else that Democrats attempt to expand voting rights—is no surprise. Working to block certain citizens from voting, and lying about the reasons for doing so, has sadly become a central tenet of Republicanism.

Only Maine and Vermont allow those still behind bars to participate in their own democracy. The other 48 states, including dozens controlled by Democrats, have restrictions that disproportionately disenfranchise minorities, who are incarcerated at much higher rates than white Americans for the same crimes. As voting and criminal justice reform expert Daniel Nichanian told me, this stain on our nation is no coincidence.

"Most of these laws sprang up after the Civil War to target African Americans and exclude them," Nichanian explained. Such laws not only strip power from minorities, but also—thanks to gerrymandering—bolster the power of white voters in rural America, where many prisons are located. Prison population numbers are included in each census and are used to distribute representatives and resources to those areas. Meanwhile the incarcerated have no say in who represents them or how resources are utilized.

"We forget that these people have families," Nichanian—a senior fellow at the Justice Collaborative—noted. "They have kids who go to school, and school board elections matter to them."

U.S. Senator Bernie Sanders of Vermont supports his state's policy of allowing those behind bars to vote. During a 2019 CNN Democratic Presidential town hall, he was asked why a convicted terrorist like the Boston Marathon bomber should be allowed to vote.

"If somebody commits a serious crime, they're going to be punished," Sanders responded. "They may be in jail ten years, 20 years, 50 years, their whole lives. That's what happens when you commit a serious crime, but I think the right to vote is inherent to our democracy. Yes, even for terrible people."

In October 2019 Kevin Parker, a Democrat in New York's state Senate, introduced a bill guaranteeing that right for all voting-age citizens, including those in prison. Republican state Assemblyman Steve Hawley called the effort "insulting [to] members of law enforcement and the criminal justice system who worked diligently to get these dangerous predators off the street."

But Nichanian prefers evidence to emotional arguments. He reached out for response to every prosecutor in Vermont and Maine, as well as officials in each state's Department of Corrections. "Those who answered," he wrote for *The Appeal: Political Report*, "either defended prison voting as a boon to the criminal legal system, or shrugged it off as a nonissue. None expressed a sense of being disrespected."

Sarah Fair George—the state's attorney of Chittenden County, Vermont—described Hawley's remark as "appalling" and "a good reflection of how inhumane our system has become." George, who is "very proud" of her state's policy, emphasized that every state should do the same and that voting from prison "does not negate their incarceration or any work done by law enforcement." Incarcerated people, she added, "are

still a community member and should still have a say in the way their community is run, whether they're in jail or not."

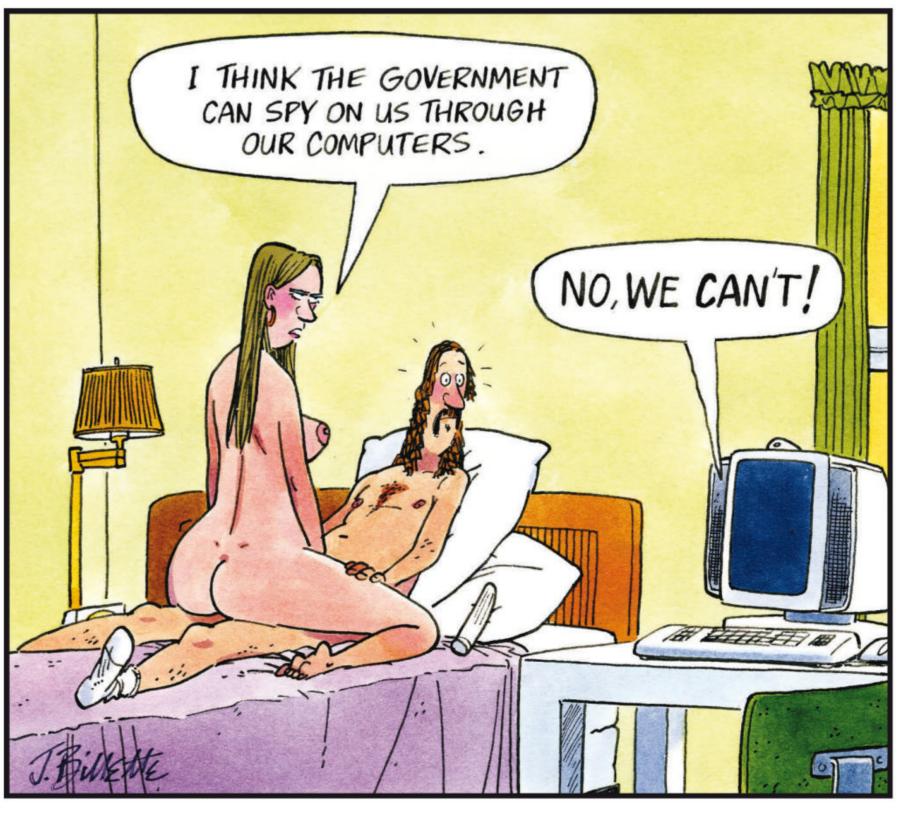
Matthew Dunlap, Maine's secretary of state, told Nichanian that voting is a "sliver of light" for prisoners. "They're still human beings," he said. "They're still American citizens, and in no small way it helps keep them connected to the real world," where most will eventually return.

As Nichanian noted, giving prisoners the right to vote has another benefit. It keeps cops, prosecutors, lawmakers and other officials from thinking of themselves "as gatekeepers of democracy [and] arbiters of who gets to exercise the rights of citizenship."

"Do you believe in democracy?" Senator Sanders railed at the CNN town hall. "Republican governors all over this country are...coming up with all different kinds of excuses why people of color, young people, poor people, can't vote. And I will do everything I can to resist it."

So should we all. Decades ago the world went to war to turn back the rising tyrannical tide of officials abusing their majoritarian powers. Members of minority factions were stripped of their basic rights, imprisoned and, yes, killed for supposedly violating laws over which they were given no democratic input. If the United States is to be the beacon of democracy it has claimed to be since 1776, we have a long way to go. *Vive la Résistance!*

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).





ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

he swamp in Washington, D.C., teems with as many Assholes as there are rats in the sewers, but few piss us off more than the slimy warmonger acting as current secretary of state, Mike Pompeo. That Trump appointed this berserker—along with superhawk John Bolton after promising to wind down our disastrous, costly "War on Terror" demonstrates that he's either an utter fraud or total ignoramus. The simple answer to that riddle: Trump is both.

Pompeo Maximus began his career serving the military-industrial complex as a cadet at West Point, graduating first in his class. Then he served in the Army for five years, stationed in West Germany as a tank platoon leader and maintenance officer. He never served in combat, however, which plagues such wannabe warlords with a raging guilt complex. So they become squawking chickenhawks to prove their doubted machismo.

The second reason that Pompeo Maximus is such a belligerent dick: It fattens his own wallet, along with

those of all the other Daddy Warbucks and Big Oil hogs he pals around with. After graduating from Harvard Law School, Pompeo moved to Kansas and got into the defense contractor business, investing in Thayer Aerospace along with his sponsors, the Koch brothers. He eventually sold interests in that company and invested in Sentry International, a producer of oildrilling equipment. For these two industries peace in the Middle East and a Green New Deal to save the planet would be unmitigated disasters. Bad for business! So it's up to front men like Pompeo to weasel their way into political power and stoke the flames for more environment-damaging oil consumption and profitable bombing campaigns.

In 2010 Big Mike made his shill move by getting for which you have zero respect. elected to Kansas's 4th District U.S. House seat, defeating the Indian-American Democratic candidate Raj Goyle, a "turban topper" who "could be a muslim, a hindu, a buddhist etc who knows?" according to a tweet sent out by the Pompeo campaign. Mikey was forced to apologize in public, although as a radical Christian soldier, he was probably comfortable enough in private with the ethnic slurs.

Before installing Pompeo Maximus as secretary of state, Trump appointed him as CIA director in 2017 godfather of America's official state mafia, which has committed more crimes against democracy and decency than Genghis Kahn, from allegedly assassinating JFK and fueling the crack cocaine epidemic in the '80s to overthrowing democratically elected governments around the world—and that's just the tip of an enormous iceberg. As CIA godfather, he scratched his itch to kill by having the CIA make drone strikes without the Pentagon's involvement.

To an audience at Texas A&M University, he declared proudly, "I was the CIA director. We lied; we cheated; we stole. It was like we had entire training courses." He was trained well.

President Zelensky threatening to withhold military aid

MIKE POMPEO

unless he dug up dirt on Joe Biden, Pompeo claimed that he had no knowledge of the call because he hadn't read the transcript. But it was later confirmed that he himself had been in on the call! Lying pig. When the House committees investigating Trump's impeachable offenses subpoenaed relevant documents, Pompeo blustered that it was "an attempt to intimidate, bully and treat improperly the distinguished professionals of the Department of State." No, Asshole, it was just the Congress exercising its Constitutional authority,

After CIA officials concluded that Saudi Arabian Prince Mohammed bin Salman ordered the shocking assassination of *Washington Post* journalist Jamal Khashoggi, Pompeo excused him, declaring there was no "direct evidence" of his involvement. He protected a fellow godfather who ordered a hit! But, hey, it was just a pesky journalist, so who cares? Apparently he himself would like to whack whistleblower Edward Snowden. When Snowden was invited to present a telecast speech to the South by Southwest conference in 2014, Pompeo said Snowden "should be brought back from Russia and given due process, and I think the proper outcome would be that he would be given a death sentence." For exposing unconstitutional surveillance by the NSA?

Pompeo's utter contempt for the Constitution's prohibition of "cruel and unusual punishment" is manifest steps are not taken soon. in his opposition to Obama's attempts to close the Guantanamo gulag and the CIA's many "black sites." Like Dick Cheney and company, he's a big fan of waterboarding, U.S. law be damned. And international law serves only as toilet paper for this lying pig: In 2019 he trumpeted that the U.S. no longer views Israeli About Trump's infamous phone call to Ukraine's settlements in the occupied West Bank as violations of international law, which is like saying we no longer

view murder or burglary as illegal. Whatever his bullshit spin, the whole rest of the world condemns those Lebensraum settlements as unequivocally illegal.

Like the right-wing leader of Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu, Pompeo has a real hard-on for starting a war with Iran. Along with Trump, he has pushed

> the bullshit that Iran has not really lived up to the nuclear deal arranged by Obama and most of Europe, whereas international inspectors have consistently affirmed that Iran has complied with the deal. As soon as he was installed as secretary of state, he began lobbying Trump for another hit—on Iranian General Qasem Soleimani, the second most powerful man in Iran. In January Pompeo succeeded, taking out Soleimani with a drone

strike near the Baghdad airport. True to form, defense and oil stocks skyrocketed after the assassination—good work, Mikey! You're sure to get a lucrative

gig on the board of a defense contractor down the road.

Pompeo stated that Soleimani was planning "imminent attacks" on U.S. interests in the region, without citing a shred of evidence—just like the WMDs lie that got us into the Iraq war. He then lied about Trump promising to attack Iranian "cultural sites," another violation of international law. As of this writing, a devastating full-scale war with Iran may have been averted, but Pompeo will keep pushing for it, once stating that a better option than negotiating would be "2,000 sorties to destroy the Iranian nuclear capacity"—a grotesquely illegal preemptive attack that would cause yet more suffering in the Middle East.

But triggering another Mideast war is not enough mayhem for Mighty Mike—he's done everything he can to sabotage climate change remediation, because "Federal policy should be about the American family, not worshiping a radical environmental agenda." He's advocated for the elimination of wind power tax credits (but not massive fossil fuel subsidies), obstructed Obama's Clean Power Plan, tried to eliminate the federal register of greenhouse gas emissions, and even said that climate change is good for the Arctic because the melting ice caps are opening up new shipping routes and thus making it more economically viable to expand oil drilling in the region. Great God in heaven, what an Asshole! Every day more evidence accumulates confirming that global warming is becoming increasingly costly and lethal, and all this filthy pig can think about is drilling for more oil! The American families he purports to care about are going to be roasting like sausages on a BBQ grill if serious

Pompeo Maximus pretends to be a good Christian and all-American patriot, but he's really a spiritual cousin of Hermann Göring. Witness his support for torture, illegal warfare and unconstitutional surveillance, his habitual lying to Congress and the public, his dirty profits from conflict, and it's clear he's a greed-soaked, neo-fascist Asshole of the first order, one that could very well ignite a global holocaust.

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GIRL MEETS PORN

It says a lot about the state of the entertainment industrial complex that an actor on a not-unpopular network TV show can leave mainstream behind to make more money and find greater fulfillment working in adult entertainment. Maitland Ward, you are the hero Gotham needs.

The former *Boy Meets World* cast member spent the past few years cautiously dipping her toes into the deep end of the adult pool before fully committing by way of her contract with Greg Lansky's Vixen Media Group. Vixen is home to Deeper.com, a platform for cinematic-quality hardcore like Kayden Kross's *Drive*, a feature-length tour de force in which Maitland shines.

Any talk of backlash is quickly subdued by the bottom line: In an interview with the *Daily Beast*, Ward claims to make up to five figures a month—and that's just from her OnlyFans account. In 2018 she cleared a whopping \$62K in one month, not counting what she makes doing features for prestige platforms like Blacked.com.

Confiding to HUSTLERMagazine.com recently, she says she was surprised there

was so much interest in her career pivot: "It was insane. Over 180 news outlets picked it up...I was also surprised by the overwhelmingly positive attention. It wasn't like, 'Oh, she's made this sex tape' or something in the dregs. I was empowered in a lot of the pieces." When asked if she'll ever go back to mainstream productions, Ward answers, "I hope to do both. I hope to bring more adult to mainstream...I don't think they're mutually exclusive. Why can't you have a really well-done film or series and still have adult sex in it? That's what I really hope to do in the future. People ask if I'm gone [from mainstream] for good. I want to [go] back and forth, and when I tell them, they're intrigued."

Meanwhile, her impact in the adult industry has been undeniable, with no less than six award nominations (two AVN and four XBiz) in her first year as a performer. And this four-stage firecracker is just getting started—expect more hot collaborations with Kross and more face-melting content from the umbrella of Vixen platforms. This girl is taking over the world.

2019 WAS A GOOD VEAR FOR SEX

We live in a golden age of entertainment. Say what you will about the endless barrage of crappy remakes, superhero movie after superhero movie and the living nightmare that is *Star Wars* fandom, when you look past the noise and the flash, there are no shortage of amazing, challenging and innovative offerings to capture your imagination. And by *imagination*, we mean your raging libido.

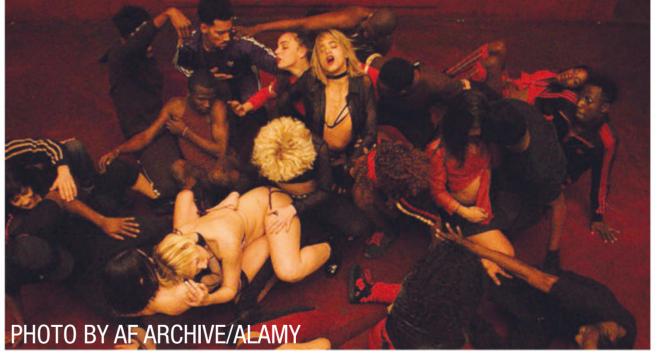
Sex in film and TV has changed a lot in the past 20 years, for better (more women and nonbinary folk makes for better representation) and for worse (*Game of Thrones*, why so rape-y?). So, as the odometer rolled over on another decade, we looked back to 2019 and took stock of the best moments in boning Hollywood-style (as reported by *Refinery 29*).

SPOILERS FROM THIS POINT ON!

The Aftermath: If moody, smoldering period pieces are your jam, then you won't want to pass up on the chance to watch Alexander Skarsgård and Keira Knightley's passionate dining room table dalliance. She's married; he's a widower. Guilty sex, the sweetest taboo.

The Lighthouse: While there is nothing even remotely erotic about Willem Dafoe, you have to admire the audacity of a director who strives for total perfection in answering that age-old chestnut: What would an anatomically accurate mermaid vagina look like? A fever dream to haunt your spank bank.

Climax: French director Gaspar Noé is not known for his light romps, and *Climax* is no exception. This beautifully depraved psychedelic horror



experience follows a group of dancers who do LSD and...well, let's just say that *orgy* is too polite a term for what happens next.

Fleabag (Netflix): Phoebe Waller-Bridge is a gift. The British actor—who also created and wrote the series—brings heaps of realness to her character, the all-too-relatable Miranda, who is as frustrated as she is horny. What elevates her beyond that other Miranda is a moment in Season 2 when she acts on her feelings for a man of the cloth. Your move, Candace Bushnell.

Euphoria (HBO). Wow. I mean, take your pick. The plot—students navigate feelings and stuff—is well-trodden territory, but formulaic TV this is not. Barbie Ferreira is electrifying as Kat, who, at a Halloween party, convinces Ethan (Austin Abrams) to go down on her. She's dressed as a nun, he's a vampire, and we're in heaven (but definitely going to hell).



THE SECRET LANGUAGE OF WOMEN

"Do you know who tells the truth? Drunks and children." This all-too-true gem, dispensed by Erika Jayne from *The Real Housewives of Beverly Hills* (Season 9, Episode 20), is undeniably apt—save for one glaring omission: sex noises. Orgasms are a potent truth serum and a window into the soul. But as to the why and how of our groans and moans? Cue tumbleweed GIF.

The sounds we make and words uttered forth during sexual congress are the most honest and unadulterated expressions of our inner selves (unless you're a faker, which is a whole other can of worms). Socalled "sex experts" quoted in a piece for Elite Daily offer a, shall we say, fluffy redux of this complex phenomenon, bandying about throwaway aphorisms like, "Vocal moans, groans and screams are all healthy forms of sexual expression." They note how "being turned on by a partner being turned on" is much like "an interactive sexual dance." (Ugh.) Things take a hard left turn into New Age territory with tips on "finding your own erotic voice," so let's ditch these guys and instead go straight to the source. Here, in their own words, are true sexperts on the nature of their most intimate—and unfiltered—love language.

- Four words: Say what you want. "The thing you are most likely to hear out of me while pressing your ear to our shared apartment wall is 'Grab my hips!' Sometimes I am only a firm squeeze away from completely exploding." —Jolene Brody, Twitter: @Jolene_Brody
- Nasty or nice? It's never one size fits all. "For me, it depends on the partner and whether I'm domming or subbing. With my wife I'll say things like, 'Get me pregnant, Mommy' because we're nasty, but with other partners I might not say anything if that's the vibe. It's definitely a unique form of communication, and everyone is different." —Lux Lives, Twitter: @LuxLiv3s
- The orgasm forecast: loud, with a chance of cum. "I don't know why, but I always feel the need to announce when I am about to have an orgasm. It's not as if they wouldn't be able to tell, as I am generally known as being loud during sex...but I consistently hear myself say, 'I'm going to come' and then, 'I'm coming!' For some reason it gets me really hot. Similarly, I love it when my partner gets close to orgasm and asks me if I want it. Nothing makes my pussy throb like, 'Do you want my cum?'" —GoAskAlex, Twitter: @GoAskAlexMFC



MAKE THESE WORDS GO AWAY

Dating is hard enough as it is without having to keep up with the everevolving and dignity-crushing lexicon of words that arise out of misguided necessity. Like, did I really need a word to capture the unique humility of someone disappearing from my life without explanation? Do we really need to get any more specific than "abject humiliation"?

However, from a purely sociological perspective, maybe it's worth noting how much language has evolved/devolved in the past decade, especially with the exponential growth in social media and dating apps that have redefined how we hook up. So it is with some reluctance and mostly



a sense of obligation that we offer the following historical glossary. Save your eye rolls for the end.

DTR: Popularized in 2011 by MTV's *Awkward*, the eminently hashtag-able acronym (*define the relationship*) tends to surface when things are still in that weird phase, e.g., just had sex, like each other but not sure what to call it...streamlined, but still awkward.

Ghosting: Ghosting has been around forever, but Millennials somehow managed to make it even more depressing by giving it a name. It describes the act of breaking up with somebody by way of radio silence—texts go unanswered, calls go straight to voicemail, and you're blocked on all social media. Call it whatever you want; it's brutal.

Netflix and chill: There are so many reasons to hate this one...for starters, Netflix is now just one of a dozen different streaming platforms, and it's not even the best one. What are we going to say in 2020? "Disney+ and chill"? As intrigued as I am by the idea of getting head while watching Mary Poppins, there's something inherently wrong about brand-specific idioms for fucking in front of the TV.

Enthusiastic consent: Nothing is more important than consent, but nothing is a bigger boner killer than splitting a hair so many times that we are incapable of living in the moment and enjoying genuine, raw passion. Here's an idea: Instead of reducing sex to a series of negotiations, we make the effort to respect our partners' boundaries? Just a thought.

Cougar: How this one has endured is a mystery. Older, sexually confident women are a godsend—why must we routinely reduce them to a cartoonish caricature of a sexual predator? Mind you, it's a far cry better than *MILF*, so maybe we just make do with the best of the worst.

SEX DOLL PROTOCOL

If you pay attention to international news, then you'll occasionally catch a stark reminder or three of why Canada is not the bucolic Northern paradise you once imagined. Canada can be racist. Canada can be violent. And much like our own law enforcement, Canucks can be just as confused as us about how to properly dispose of a slightly used sex doll left for dead.

As to the latter, RCMP officers in Princeton, British Columbia, learned the hard way when three "sex mannequins" (wording courtesy of *The Abbots-ford News*) were discovered earlier this year in a wooded area (this has *Twin Peaks* written all over it).

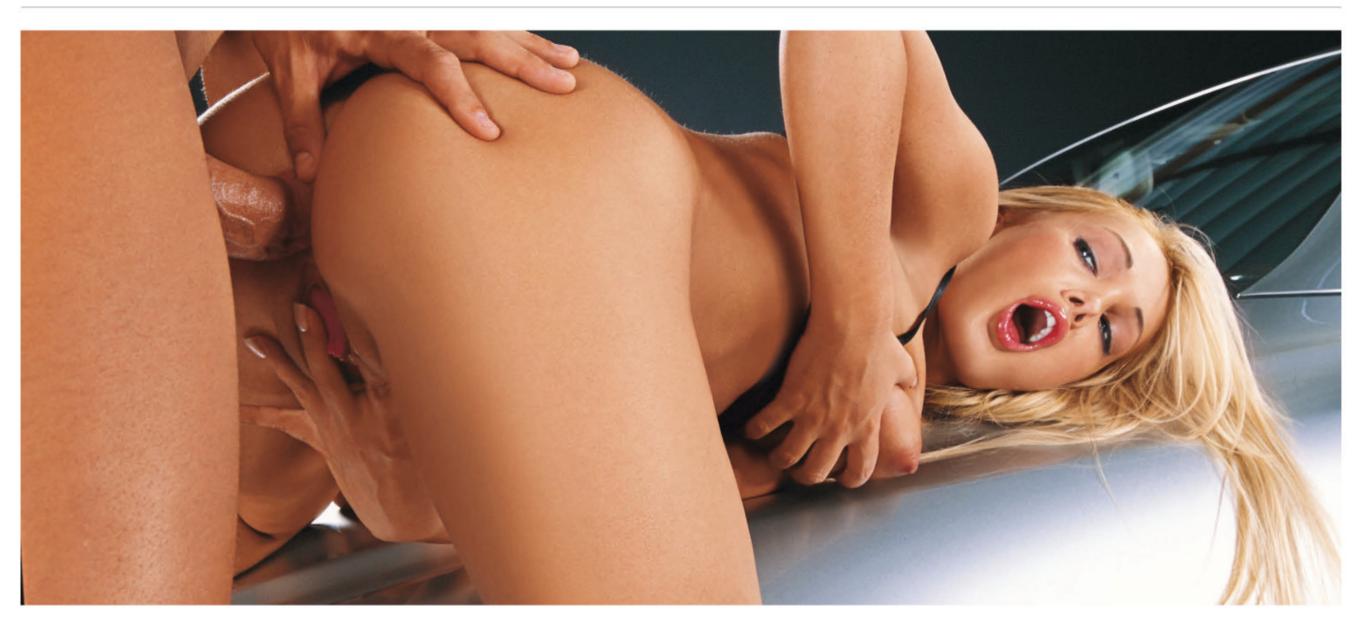
Naturally, you want to dispose of them in a way that doesn't cause total panic—lifeless, dismembered body parts haplessly strewn around a garbage dump is a bit of a red flag. One of them, the most lifelike of the three according to police, was found chopped off at the knees. Someone please hold me.

According to Sergeant Rob Hughes, police consulted landfill staff on the ideal approach to disposing of such sensitive materials, especially



materials that are not going to biodegrade any time soon due to their silicone exterior and metal skeletal structure.

It might be worth noting that when police were first called to the scene, they were prepared to find human remains. What they found instead was a RealDoll underneath a tarp. Upon searching the area, they found two more partial dolls. Perhaps to no one's surprise, despite their value (RealDolls cost upward of \$4K), no one has stepped forward to claim them.



HIGHS AND LOWS

You know what they say: Where there's a will, there's a way. And in pursuit of the almighty orgasm, you better believe that ingenuity has a way of flourishing in the face of obstacles. Obviously great sex is great because everyone is enjoying it, so when confronted by significant differences in height, it behooves us as sexual citizens to explore new configurations for mutual pleasure.

Let's start with the ladies. If your man towers over you, and his penis approximates the size of your arm (give or take), then maybe you belong on top and in charge. This works with him lying on his back, sitting in a chair...maybe even in the car if you're avoiding a roommate. Not only does this allow you to control depth, but you're also free to work those erogenous zones to your liking.

Another great one is surface-top fucking. The edge of a table, a washer/dryer, the hood of your car. Anything close to the height of his pelvis will do. (Just be safe: Is the surface hot? Cold?) Here's where yoga

comes into play, because you'll want to pull back your legs, breathe and lovingly coach your man to climax.

Nothing beats the classics though, and of course we're talking about the little spoon. You on your side, him wrapped around you on the outside—it's yin and yang in its purest form. It's also a whole lot of awesome if you have any submissive tendencies, but this one is fun no matter how you slice it.

And if you're a guy who looks up to lock eyes with his perfect goddess, then you're in luck. Doggy is considered the gold standard for men who fall slightly below the national height index, as it's a great angle that lends itself to depth and G spot stimulation while eschewing the need for eye contact.

Surfaces also work like a charm for guys, but if you're feeling adventurous, then consider the unfortunately named reverse wheelbarrow. Picture this: guy sitting on the edge of the bed or couch; woman reverse-straddles penis, leans forward and plants hands on floor. Then she rides until you touch the face of God. Remember: Think big. Fuck smart!

































n an isolated ranch in Bush, Louisiana, far from her beloved New Orleans, Norma Wallace cradled a gun and a broken heart as she dialed her sister-in-law's number. Wayne Bernard, the dashing husband 39 years her junior, had gone missing again, his attention focused on a burgeoning relationship with a young single mother. Norma was devastated. Once the most influential *landlady*, or madam, in all of Louisiana—her little black book a ledger of infamy—she now felt her power slip away, along with her youth.

Her political influence and allure for beautiful young men had changed with the seasons. Gone were the boxers, gangsters and policemen she once called lovers. While on the phone, she pulled the trigger, firing off two shots, and on December 14, 1974, Norma Wallace, the last great American madam, passed away.

A little bit of New Orleans died that night, as did an important part of the history of the American underworld. Norma Wallace came to the Big Easy in 1916, when a fling with a crib girl cost as little as 25 cents, just shy of five bucks today. In the preceding century crib posts were a common, undeniably shady part of the red-light districts in major cities: Scantily dressed girls flaunted their wares in the windows and doorways of ramshackle huts, which were often furnished only with a filthy mattress.

They were cheap, but far from cheerful. Girls would maintain a high turnover for minimal rates. Many of them didn't even own day wear and so were stuck to their posts around the clock. This was the face of poverty and desperation. But Norma Wallace knew there was a market for something more upscale; she wanted to be a madam.

Within a few years she was running the most infamous brothels in the city, where her ladies charged \$25 for the basics, the equivalent of a week's working wage in the '20s. She became one of the richest and most notorious figures of the bordellos, with a reputation for high standards and zero tolerance for nonsense. While her house played host to some of the first stripteases, as well as simulated sex shows, golden showers and all manner of decadent fantasies, she ran her business with class and discretion, maintained a legitimate front as a boarding house and enjoyed political protection for most of her five-decade reign.

Her most famous residence was that of 1026 Conti Street, just on the edge of the French Quarter. The former home of John Ernest Joseph (E.J.) Bellocq, the famed photographer of the district's prostitutes in the early 1900s, the house operated under Norma as an exclusive and highly desirable gentleman's club, entertaining the N'awlins elite, including judges, police officials and politicians, as well as celebrities such as bandleader, actor and comedian Phil Harris. The voice of Disney's Baloo the Bear and Little John had a long and passionate relationship with Wallace, one which developed into a lifelong friendship. John Wayne enthusiastically accompanied a party of revelers one night, but did not, by all accounts, participate in any sexual activity on the premises.

Norma Wallace and her girls were a fixture of the city for nearly half a century. She was a master of covert operations, with modified dungeons and walkways where she could hide her girls should the authorities raid the premises. "My girls had to be of the highest moral caliber," she said in her recorded memoirs, which were later incorporated as part of Christine Waltz's compelling book *The Last Madam*.

Wallace was the last major figure in the story of NOLA's flesh trade, but she was far from the first. New Orleans was one of the original hotbeds of prostitution in the United States. French royalty Sun King Louis XIV and Louis XV (Louis the Beloved) reportedly transported hundreds of prostitutes and "other disreputable women" to the city of New Orleans as early as 1719. These randy royals have been jokingly referred to as "the city's first procurers."

This activity set a precedent for sex work within the Crescent City that would eventually lead to the establishment of one of the United States' most noteworthy red-light districts and one of the only legitimate ones in the country: Storyville.

A social experiment of sorts, Storyville lasted from 1897 to 1917 and was set up as a method of regulating prostitution by the New Orleans City Council. It relegated activity to a small area north of Rampart Street. Advertising brochures known as Blue Books were created primarily for tourists and those who didn't know the city (such visitors would become known as *vidalias* in later years, named after Norma Wallace's beloved dog). The Blue Books contained the name, age, race and addresses of the prostitutes operating in the area. It would also give details about landladies, quirks, special entertainment provided and even the décor of the establishment.

The third edition of the Blue Book, approximately 90 pages, came with a preface entitled "A Word to the Wise": >>

Why New Orleans Should Have This Directory

First. Because it is the only district of its kind in the States set aside for fast women by law. Second. Because it puts the stranger on a proper grade or path as to where to go and be secure from hold-ups, brace games and other illegal practices usually worked on the unwise in Red Light Districts. To know a thing or two and know it direct, go through this little book and read it carefully, and then when you go on a "lark" you'll know "who is who" and the best place to spend your time and money.... Names in capitals are Landladies, "W" in front of a name means White; "C" stands for "Colored" and "Oct" for "Octoroon."

Blue Books were primarily bought around Basin and Canal streets and were sold in various barbershops, saloons and railroad stations. Like any good city guide, they were filled with advertisements for legitimate businesses, like legal representatives and restaurants. "Read All the Ads" urged the introductory page, "as all the best houses are advertised and are the Cream of Society."

A typical ad for a house of ill repute read something like this: *Miss Antonia P. Gonzales, Corner Villere and Iberville streets.*

era that several customs and terms came to be, including that of the *red-light district*.

The red-light phenomenon is said to have started in Dodge City, Kansas. Railroad workers, who had wandered into town on a brief hiatus, would leave their red lamps lit outside a cabin or room when they were spending some downtime with a local working girl. This meant that if there was an emergency, they could be located and summoned. On a particularly busy evening, the neighborhood would be awash with the glowing hue of red lamps, and hence the term *red-light district* was born.

Another common name for an area of ill repute was *tenderloin*, which originated in the region of New York City's 24th Street to 42nd Street and from Fifth Avenue to Seventh Avenue. Captain Alexander S. "Clubber" Williams apparently first coined the phrase when referring to all of the bribes he would be raking in for police protection in the neighborhood after being transferred there in 1876: "I've been having chuck steak ever since I've been on the force, and now I'm going to have a bit of tenderloin." The term subsequently spread across the country, and in places like San Francisco, it stuck permanently, becoming part of the colloquial lexicon.

RAILROAD WORKERS WOULD LEAVE THEIR RED LAMPS LIT OUTSIDE A CABIN OR ROOM WHEN THEY WERE SPENDING SOME DOWNTIME WITH A LOCAL WORKING GIRL...AND HENCE THE TERM RED-LIGHT DISTRICT WAS BORN.

Cornetist. Songstress. Dancer. The above party has always been a head-liner among those who keep first-class Octoroons. She also has the distinction of being the only Singer of Opera and Female Cornetist in the Tenderloin. She has offers to leave her present vocation and take to the stage, but her vast business has kept her among her friends. Any person out for fun among a lot of pretty Creole damsels, here is the place to have it. From ragtime singing and clever dancing, and fun generally, Antonia stands in a class all alone. Remember the number. Phone 1974.

Storyville, while ambitious and immensely popular, failed to stick for both social and political reasons, and in 1917—the year after 16-year-old Norma Wallace moved to town and began her career in the industry—much of the area was cleared for social housing, and prostitution was forced underground once more. The crib houses on the downtown side of Conti Street were torn down, and the red-light district of New Orleans dissipated for a few years until Norma took charge.

TURN ON THE RED LIGHT

During the 1800s every kind of town and city across America had some form of the *sporting life* (an old synonym for prostitution), from urban communities to logging centers, cow towns, mining and military posts, there was always a call for "services provided." It was during this

WHORING HIERARCHY

In early American whoring history, there was a big difference between a pimp and a madam. A wise madam would keep a lookout for warning signs of dangerous behavior, including depression and suicidal tendencies, or more gradual problems, such as drink and drugs. Laudanum was a big problem for many prostitutes in the 1800s and early 1900s. Opiates were frequently used as a form of birth control, which could naturally lead to difficulties.

Pregnancy and disease were common risks, and so scrupulous madams would make sure that their girls were regularly checked and given clean bills of health by the house doctors. Less honest brothel keepers would simply have the certificates forged or signed off in bulk. There were primitive condoms available, made from animal skins, but not every client was keen to wear them.

In her fantastic book *Sin in the Second City*, Karen Abbott relays the story of a laborer in New Orleans who attested to the vigilance of the girls when it came to spotting any potential ailments. "You wouldn't believe how fast those girls could get their clothes off. Usually, they'd leave on their stockings and earrings. A man usually took off his trousers and shoes. New girls didn't give you a chance to catch your breath before they'd be all over you, trying to get you to heat up and go off as soon as possible. When it came to the actual act though, the routine was standard. I think the girls could diagnose clap better than the doctors at that time. >>





She'd have a way of squeezing it that, if there was anything in there, she'd find it. Then she'd wash it off with a clean washcloth."

THE REASON THE WEST WAS WILD

The old adage "hooker with a heart of gold" didn't come from nowhere, and many prostitutes regularly provided more services to the community than simply sex. Numerous records show how madams sent their girls out as first responders during emergencies and as nurses during outbreaks of illness, such as cholera or the 1830s yellow fever outbreak in New Orleans. During an epidemic of influenza in Saltese, Montana, a local madam sent her girls into town to care for the afflicted. It's said that their efforts resulted in many lives being saved. Other madams, such as Mollie May of Leadville, Colorado, acted as surrogate or adoptive parents. May broke social norms to adopt an orphaned child, making sure that he was taken care of in her will when she passed away. A good landlady cared for both her girls and her clients, and the better houses operated like family units. Loyalty and honesty were rewarded. In the more illustrious bordellos, girls were not allowed to roll (steal from) a customer, and drugs were verboten.

The industrial revolution, the gold rush and the development of frontier towns and burgeoning metropolises all played a part in the increase

FALLEN WOMEN

and low lived males who consort with them. Today at two o'clock a policeman paced up and down in front of the first entrance, his every move being watched by a curious crowd of hangers-about who heard that one of the WRETCHED INMATES

had committed suicide. There in a small room, black with the smoke of ages and the air which was overpoweringly unpleasant, lay stretched on a dirty bed, a woman, dead. Her name was Mrs. Wringer.

SHE SWALLOWED

a big dose of morphine. On the bed beside the dead woman, lay a terrier, her pet, whining piteously. The remains were taken away for inquest and the dog followed the undertaker's wagon.

—The Denver Times, December 15, 1886

The unfortunate Mrs. Wringer could well have been one of Mattie Silks' (1846-1929) girls. Mattie held the title of Denver, Colorado's most notable madam. Her House of Mirrors brothel was a favorite of men in the town, as well as a steady prospective place of employment for women who were so inclined. Holladay Street in Denver was known

MATTIE SILKS WAS PASSIONATE, FIERY AND UNAFRAID TO STAND HER GROUND, TAKING PART IN AN INFAMOUS **GUNFIGHTING DUEL ON HOLLADAY STREET** WITH ANOTHER BROTHEL KEEPER IN 1877.

of sexual supply and demand. This was especially well-documented as one of the wickedest places in the West, containing over a thousand in Colorado due to the colorful characters involved, as well as the explosion in local newspapers reporting incidents.

The press certainly seemed to like writing about prostitutes—they were considered "public people" and therefore fair game for the gutter rags and broadsheets alike. Basically their privacy didn't count. Court appearances, assaults, murders and public disturbances made for salacious reading, and the working girls involved in such matters were named and shamed in the newspapers, which often used their real-life monikers as opposed to their pseudonyms. This created immense problems for any woman who wanted to leave the life. The papers sensationalized and damned sex workers, treating them with as little respect in death as they did in life. Even the formatting of their articles screamed disgust:

> SUICIDE BY POISON—A FALLEN WOMAN ENDS HER DAY WITH MORPHINE

West Holladay Street was this afternoon the scene of a suicide which threw the inhabitants of that part of the city into a frenzy of excitement and caused nearly all the women in the neighborhood to emerge from the humble tenements and stand, bareheaded, with arms akimbo and about the waist. The place is inhabited by people, many of them of the lowest stripe, several of the apartments, or more properly speaking dens, of the structure being occupied by

"giddy girls" who would descend upon the tenderloin at nightfall.

Mattie's brothels were also known as "boarding houses" and contained lavish furnishings, along with exquisite young ladies, all eager to please. Mattie always claimed that she was never an active prostitute, but pursued her career as a madam from the age of 19. She was passionate, fiery and unafraid to stand her ground, taking part in an infamous gunfighting duel on Holladay Street with another brothel keeper in 1877. The pair had fallen out over a gentleman's affections. This was not a lady to be messed with. Sadly, the man she fell for, Cortez Thompson, turned out to be a heel and would eventually bleed Mattie of nearly every penny of the vast fortune she'd amassed in her lifetime.

As Mattie's misfortunes increased, Holladay Street saw a new boss gain prominence: Laura Evens, (1871-1953), a madam who ran what was locally known as a "first-class parlor" in the early 1900s. (Her extraordinary existence was documented in My Life as a Whore: The Biography of Madam Laura Evens, by Tracy Beach.) Known as a "feisty, notoriously outspoken woman," she had been a smuggler and a crib girl before rising to become one of the most respected madams in her area. Her brothel managed to remain open until 1949, making it one of the most durable of the era—but falling shy, by a few decades, of the feat reached by Norma Wallace on the other side of the country. >>

While Laura Evans managed to keep her brothel open for almost as long as she lived, Mattie Silks wasn't so lucky. Denver's red-light district was shut down in 1915, as puritanical sensibilities of abstinence, temperance and good old-fashioned Christianity once again reared their heads.

In the face of this tirade of decency, two sisters from a mysterious background would not, however, be going down without a fight...

GETTING EVERLEIGHED IN CHICAGO

The wave of immigration to Chicago in the first decade of the 20th century aided and demanded a huge prostitution industry. Infamous shady haunts, such as The Bucket of Blood and Bed Bug Row, were all part of Chicago's tenderloin, but there was one parlor house that stood out from all others in the city, state and possibly even the country. The Everleigh Club, which was located at 2131-2133 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, was one of the most lavish and reputable brothels of the early 1900s.

Ada and Minna Everleigh, born Ada and Minna Simms, traveled to Chicago in the wake of the world's fair (see our May 2016 feature on H.H. Holmes for more of that story), when the city was booming, with the intent of creating "the most celebrated banging shop in the world."

The sisters were friends of Chicago's biggest players in both legitimate politics and the underworld. It was this good grace and standing that allowed them to continue their operation for so long. All great things must come to an end, however, and The Everleigh Club was no different. Facing pressure by puritanical religious groups, which were gaining huge levels of support at the time, and subjected to relentless sabotage by jealous, rival brothel owners (including several attempts to frame them for murder), the Everleighs closed shop in 1911 and moved to New York City, where they created new personas and back stories for themselves once more.

CONCLUSION

Wallace and the Everleighs, as well as their counterparts, believed that sex work didn't have to be dirty work. They understood how a healthy approach to sexual activity could be a beneficial thing for all involved. Their girls remained protected, received education and regular health checks. Everyone benefitted from the structure that was established within their walls.

It was social change that brought about the death knell for the prostitution industry in the early 20th century, and it's had a rough 100 years since. The Mann Act or White-Slave Traffic Act of 1910 saw the first

WHEN PRIVATELY ENTERTAINING A GENTLEMAN, GIRLS WERE **ENCOURAGED TO USE THEIR MOUTHS** TO PLEASURE HIM AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, TO SAVE WEAR AND TEAR DOWN BELOW.

riages, and it was clear that they would never be taken advantage of again. Quite the contrary.

"Getting Everleighed" became a popular euphemism, and it's reportedly the origin of its modern counterpart (which still exists without the "ever").

This was where statesmen and millionaires could mingle with the most stunning ladies imaginable. The rooms were luxuriously themed: a Japanese Throne Room decked out in finery, an Oriental Music Room for entertaining guests...

The entry process made Studio 54 look like a free-for-all. The sisters had a strict door policy, which meant that only the finest of gentlemen could enter, regardless of how much money they had in their pockets. Prince Henry of Prussia visited the club in 1902, and one of his entourage reportedly drank champagne from a prostitute's slipper, starting a trend of sorts.

The Everleighs were experts, who trained their girls in philosophy and literature, etiquette and social grace. This created a uniform standard of quality within their parlor house. Sexual wisdom was also passed on. When privately entertaining a gentleman, girls were encouraged to use their mouths to pleasure him as much as possible, to save wear and tear down below. It was recommended that, to avoid an upset stomach, it was best not to swallow, and girls were always told not to be crude straight off, but only if it was requested later in the evening.

These enterprising siblings had both escaped unhappy, abusive mar- combined effort to eradicate white slavery, and even for high-end brothel owners, there was little chance of survival. Campaigns and cleanups led to the sex trade becoming marginalized and maligned, a condition it still finds itself in today.

> A recent study, carried out by the Justice Department in collaboration with the Urban Institute, titled Estimating the Size and Structure of the Underground Commercial Sex Economy in Eight Major U.S. Cities, attempted to investigate and contextualize the sex trade in the United States. It details the fact that while prostitution is mostly managed by state or local laws, the majority of major cities and states across the U.S. do not permit it. This makes it a dangerous, unsafe and untaxable industry. There is, however, a movement taking place that aims to give a voice to the rights of sex workers to operate in a safe and secure manner.

> Following intense, ongoing debate, the decriminalization of prostitution is rapidly becoming an election campaign issue too. Decriminalization bills have been introduced in Maine and Massachusetts in the past year and are in various stages of consideration in other states as well. LGBTQ campaigner and Queens district attorney hopeful Tiffany Cabán, with her ardent supporter Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, are currently spearheading a new way to create better legislation and safety for sex workers. We at HUSTLER urge readers to lend support and wish them much success.



SAN DIEGO • SAN JOSE • ST. AUGUSTINE • ST. LOUIS • TACOMA • TALLAHASSEE • TULSA WEST COVINA • WEST PALM BEACH

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"Goddamn! Who's a girl got to fuck to get a promotion around this sorry-ass place?!"

















































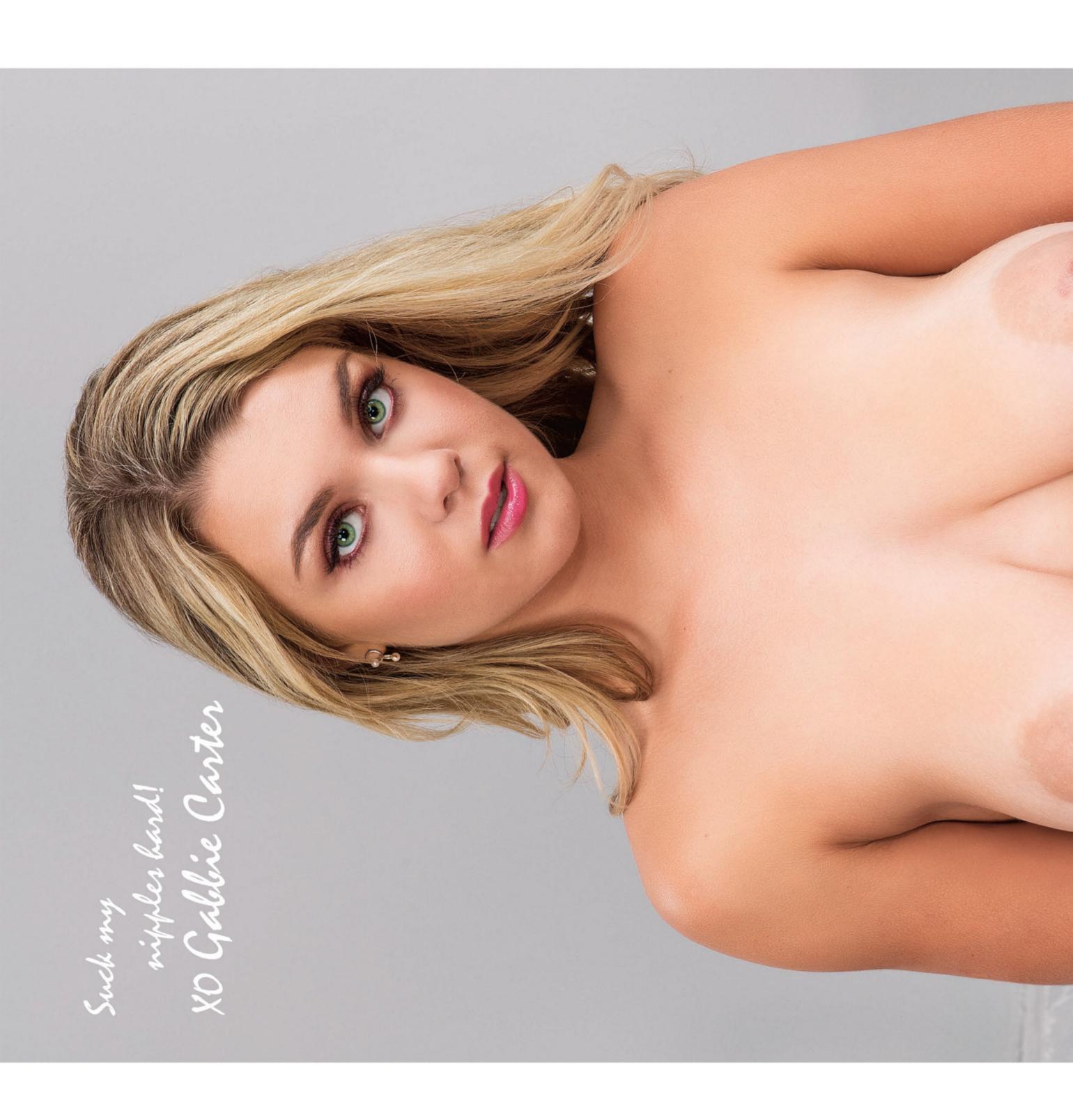


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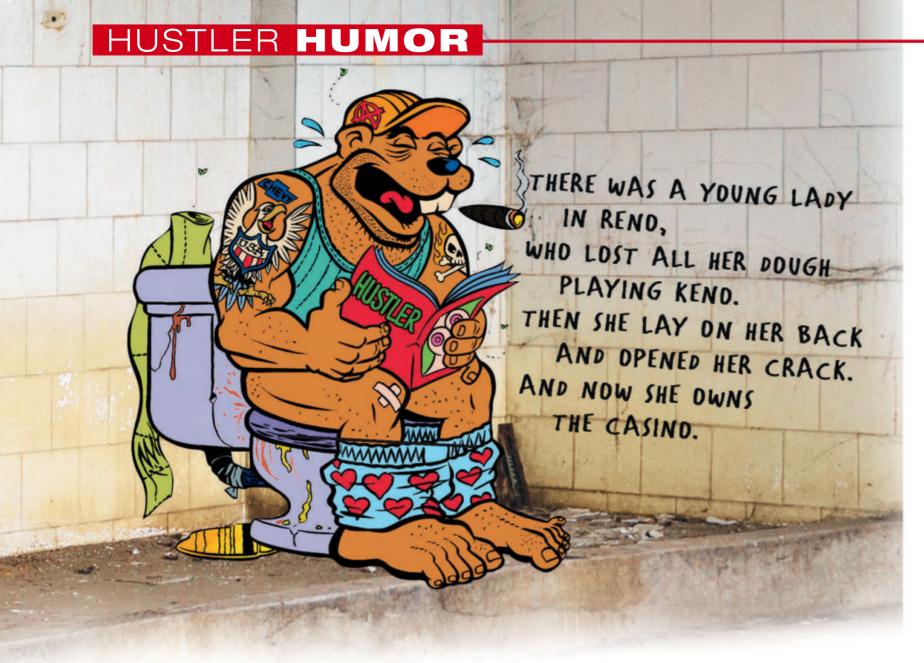












A priest kept chickens at this village. One evening a cock went missing. At a mass prayer gathering, the priest asked, "Who has a cock?"

All the men stood up.

"I'm sorry," the priest said. "I meant who has *seen* a cock?"

All the women stood up.

"No, no, no!" the priest snapped. "Who has seen a cock that isn't theirs?"

Half the women stood up.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" the exasperated priest cried out. "Who has seen *my* cock?!"

All the nuns stood up.

Question: So what are blowjobs good for?

Answer: Population control.

An old lady had an appointment with a psychiatrist. She sat down and said, "Doctor, I think I might be a nymphomaniac. Can you help me?"

"Yes, I can," the shrink assured her. "But it will cost you \$150 an hour."

The biddy frowned, then asked, "How much for the whole night?"

Question: What do nail polish and panties have in common?

Answer: They both come off with alcohol.

A married man asked his best friend, "If I slept with your wife and got her pregnant, would that make the two of us relatives?"

"No," the friend snorted, "but it would make us even."

Two geezers, lifelong bachelors Sam and Gerard, were sitting on a park bench. As they were shooting the shit, several sexy female joggers passed by.

They got Sam's attention. "So how's your sex life these days?" he asked.

"Nothing special," Gerard admitted. "I'm having what's known as Social Security sex."

"Social Security sex?" Sam repeated, confused. "What the hell is that?!"

"You know," Gerard explained. "I get a little each month, but not enough to live on." Bret went into a pharmacy to buy condoms. The pharmacist told the young man, "They come in packs of three, nine or 12. How many will you be needing?"

"Well," Bret replied, "I've been seeing this girl for a little while now, and she's really hot. I think tonight's the night. We're having dinner with her folks, and then we're going out. I've got a feeling I'm gonna get lucky before I take her home."

"I don't have all day," the pharmacist fumed.

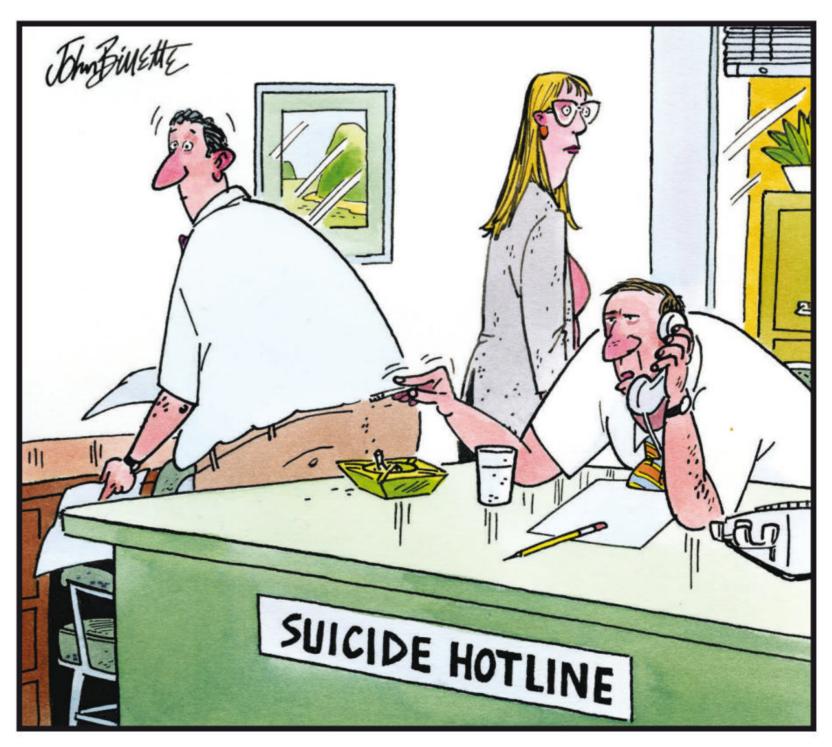
"Okay, you'd better give me the 12-pack," Bret said. "Once this girl's had me, she'll want it all the time." He paid for the condoms and took off.

Later that evening Bret sat down to dinner with his girlfriend and her parents. He immediately asked if he might give the blessing, and they agreed. He began reciting a prayer and continued it for several minutes.

His girlfriend leaned over and whispered, "You never told me you were such a religious person."

Bret whispered back, "You never told me your dad was a pharmacist."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"Personally I'd go with the .22 caliber. It's just less messy, you know..."



"If I could do that, Wanda, you would be history!"



HOUSEWIFE KELLY DOMESTIC GODDESS

BY T.S. KELLY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CASPER MONROE

Kelly Anderson is theoretically a homemaker. Her husband goes off to work each day, while she stays home to cook, clean and do the laundry. Kelly's path veers from that of a traditional domestic engineer every fifth day, however, when she posts to her personal website a dick-startling collection of pics and videos of her sucking and fucking her beloved hubby, as well as a random assortment of other lucky guys and gals (HousewifeKelly.com). So, yeah, okay, maybe simply characterizing Kelly as a homemaker isn't completely accurate—perhaps it's more appropriate to say that Mrs. Anderson is the greatest housewife who ever lived!

ornography used to mostly be professionally produced, featuring high-gloss photos and footage of impossibly hot women. But the advent of video and cell-phone cameras has changed all that. Now almost anyone can—and does!—produce their own porn, with the do-it-yourself version proving to be wildly popular. In fact, Pornhub lists "amateur" as its third most-searched category of all time.

It was into this new amateur porn space that Housewife Kelly's deliciously perverse website first launched about a decade back, although the storybook romance of Kelly and Shawn Anderson started way before that. A long time ago, in a place far, far away (aka Florida), a determined prepubescent Shawn regularly rode his bike up and down the cul-de-sac in front of his pretty little blond neighbor's home. And whenever young Kelly would peek her head out, the lurking eight-year-old Lothario would invariably bellow, "I'm going to marry you one day!"

"Every single time he would say that," the still-smitten Kelly says. "Every *single* time....and he was right!"

Back then Kelly wasn't impressed. She did not call the cops on her stalker, but she did "flip him off all the time" and "play hard to get forever." If Kelly didn't immediately fall for Shawn, however, she did immediately fall for sex, losing her virginity as a 12-year-old to a neighborhood boy five years her senior.

"It was not romantic," she laughs. "We lived in a mobile home park, and I went to his house one day, and we got naked. He just stuck it in and had sex with me—and I loved it! I had a babysitting job at the time, so after that I'd put the kids to bed, and we'd fuck on the bathroom floor all night long."

Still, growing up in the same neighborhood, Kelly and Shawn became "really good friends." Through the years Kelly had various boyfriends and Shawn numerous girlfriends, but between them a bond was undeniably forming.

"I'd confide in him all the things he might not have wanted to hear," Kelly laughs, "because I'd go to him for sexual advice about all the things I was doing with other guys."

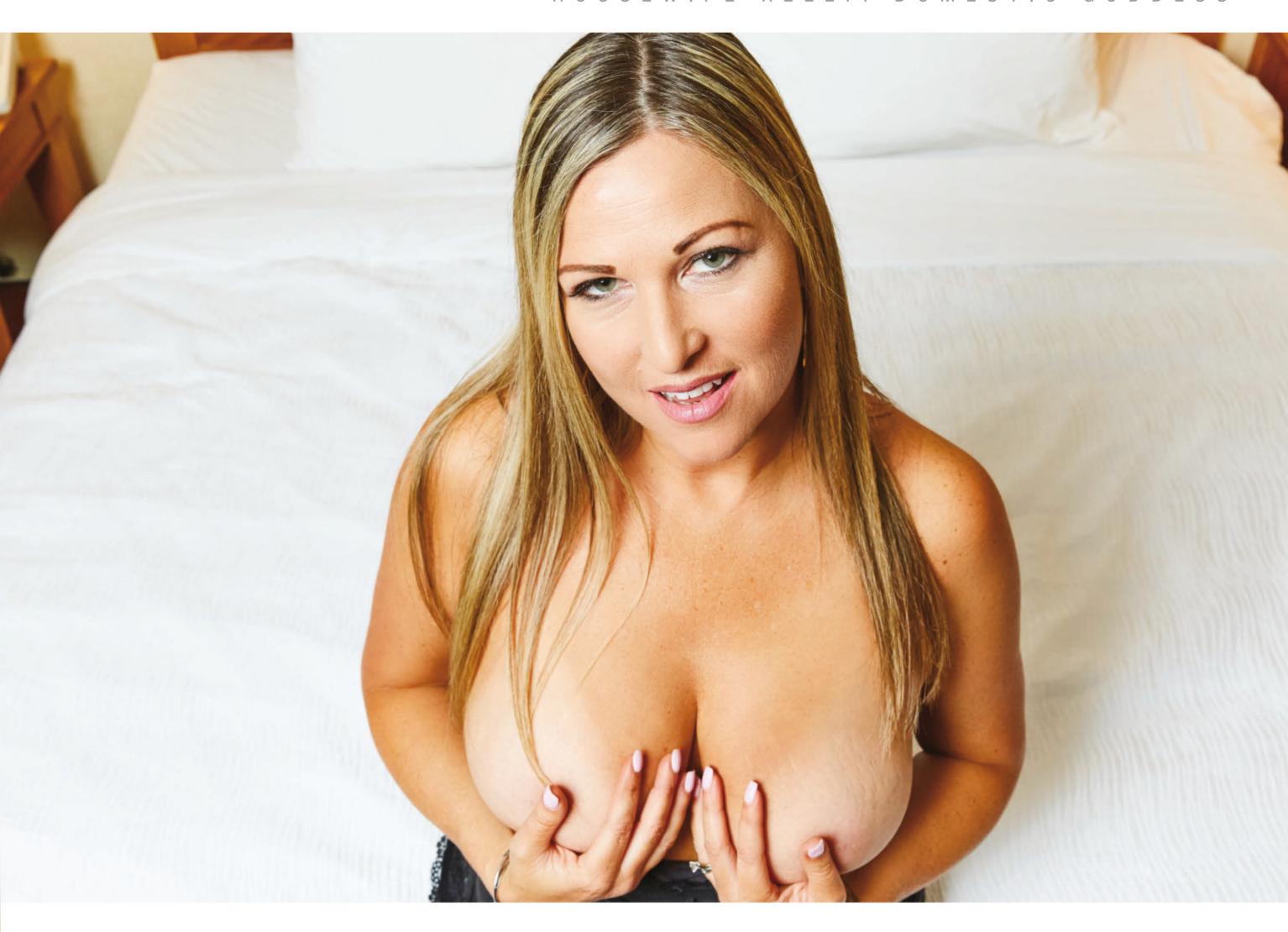
But then, as is wont to happen in fairy tales such as these, the two teenagers decamped to Shawn's boudoir, which at the time happened to be a bare mattress on a warehouse floor.

"When I was about 16, he finally fucked me," Kelly remembers fondly. "Then, after we had sex, he said, 'That's a notch in my headboard I've been after for a long time.'"

"Not so romantic, I know," Shawn smiles.

Kelly and Shawn continued to have other relationships, but they considered themselves "special friends" of a sort. "We were fucking other people," Shawn clarifies, "but we always cheated with each other."





"And after years of that we officially became a couple," Kelly explains, "although now we're still fucking other people!"

They're "still fucking other people" because Kelly and Shawn are swingers. Early in their relationship the bisexual Kelly and her straight Shawn "picked up a stripper," and shortly thereafter they heard about a Fort Lauderdale sex club where a whole lot of fucking was going down.

"We were like, *What?*" Kelly laughs, wide-eyed. "We thought, *We need to check this out*, which is how we stumbled upon the lifestyle."

The Andersons' entry into the world of swinging was thrilling but not without its hiccups. On their first visit to that Fort Lauderdale club, they tentatively agreed to join a couple in a private room, if only because they were amazed that such random people might want to "do things" with them.

"So I'm sucking this guy's dick, working on him, and he's got a huge boner," Kelly recounts enthusiastically. "Then I see my husband's watching, and he's getting turned on too, and I was just like, *Holy shit!* This is crazy!"

That great adventure went sour when Shawn tried to get some erotic reciprocity from the other guy's wife, an attempt that was rebuffed when that dude—being orally serviced right then by our dear Kelly—told Shawn that his woman was off limits. Shawn responded to that obvious injustice as any red-blooded, throbbingly erect Ameri-

can male would, lobbing threats and accusations at all involved before stomping out of the room and slamming the door behind him. Kelly followed, and the couple then had what she calls the "hugest fight," in large part because the two had not yet established the rules and boundaries they would share on their brand-new foray into the world of swinging.

Kelly and Shawn were not quitters, however, and their second visit to that same club bore more fruit. In a darkened back corridor, the couple discovered a number of single men sitting on couches, the bunch of them universally "playing with their dicks."

"And my husband was like, 'Go ahead and suck their cocks,'" Kelly recollects. "I was like, 'Really? This is *craaazy*.' But sure enough, one by one I was going around sucking their cocks. It was insane! I'd never experienced anything like it, like not only was my man okay with me hooking up with someone else; I was doing it, and he was turned on. I was just blown away that this whole underground life was going on."

Kelly says at that point she became obsessed with learning all about the lifestyle, and eventually swinging became a regular part of their lives.

"We'd go to parties at regular people's houses," she says, "with family pictures on the wall and maybe a crib in a baby's room. But they'd also have a little dungeon or a stripper's pole..."

Occasionally the Andersons had an unpleasant experience on their >>

free-love journey, but mostly it was a blast. There were the aforementioned house parties and the occasional celebrity interlude (Brandi Love! *Schwing!*), plus threesomes and orgies and what Kelly calls "the squirting stage."

"My husband was obsessed that first week trying to make me squirt," she says of the era when the Andersons first learned about female ejaculation. "Then, after he did, every time we hooked up with some couple from a party he was making the fucking girl squirt."

Shawn doesn't disagree with that assessment. "True," he says, shrugging his shoulders modestly.

While the Andersons are full-swap swingers, they don't consider theirs an open relationship because they only play together.

"That's the whole purpose of it," Kelly explains. "It's a really, really,

really big turn-on for me, almost the ultimate, to have sex with another person in front of my significant other. It turns me on so much to have Shawn watching me. I love giving that to him, showing off to him."

As for any bad feelings that might come up when seeing her husband have his way with another woman, Kelly says in her world that green-eyed monster never rears its ugly head. "I don't get jealous," she says. "It turns me on to see Shawn with another girl. The only time I might get jealous is when lines get crossed, like if there's too much talking or texting. I mean, I'm a little insecure too," she laughs, "and it's like, 'You can suck my man's cock, and you can fuck him, but don't you dare call him!'"

Not surprisingly, the libidinous Andersons were also consumers and fans of porn, so at some point a camera was added to their trysts. They



ended up filming many of their various illicit interludes, and without trying to sound altogether too arrogant, they couldn't help but feel their output compared favorably to a lot of the films they had seen.

"A lot of times we'd be watching porn together, and we were like, 'God, this stuff is so fake!'" Shawn says. "There was nothing out there like what we'd done at home, and we began to think about putting ours out there."

The die was cast one day when Shawn showed a friend—with little warning to the man regarding what he was about to see—one of the homemade videos he and Kelly had produced. The guy's eyes went as wide as saucers, and he told Shawn the sexy snippet was "better than any porn I've ever seen."

And thus was born HousewifeKelly.com, an amateur website fea-

turing the scintillating Kelly and focusing on the spectacularly sordid goings-on that regularly occur in the Andersons' marital bed. For about 25 bucks a month subscribers get blog posts, cam shows and comments from Kelly, but the bulk of the site is pornographic content: New pictures of Kelly are posted on the 5th, 15th and 25th of every month, while dirty videos go up on the 10th, 20th and 30th.

When asked to describe her site, Kelly is succinct, nodding at her husband. "It's him and I, and other couples, fucking."

Shawn concurs. "It's a real swinging thing, just with the camera out."

The site's content frequently includes shots of Kelly sharing a look with viewers, as Mrs. Anderson believes, "It's all in the eye contact, whether in the photos or when I'm sucking cock." Facials are also notably present on the site. "I love facials. I do," Kelly purrs.

As for the site's amateur status, that has less to do with the quality of the content than the status of the performers. "I like to hook up with people I am really, truly attracted to and want to have sex with," Kelly says. "I don't do anything on my website that I don't do in my real life."

X-rated pictures and videos of Kelly Anderson have been online for about 12 years now, and she fully realizes that men have likely used her image as a masturbatory aid over the years. "It blows my mind that I'm turning all these guys on, that I'm getting them off," she says almost submissively, seemingly on the verge of arousal. "To know they are literally jerking off to me, it's like a fantasy."

Kelly's not kidding about her fantasies. She says she frequently dreams about sex at night, and often it's one of her Twitter followers whose cock she imagines sucking or one of her website members she dreams of banging. Oh, yes, Housewife Kelly has been known to actually fuck a subscriber or two. It's not part of the membership agreement, no, but lust is lust.

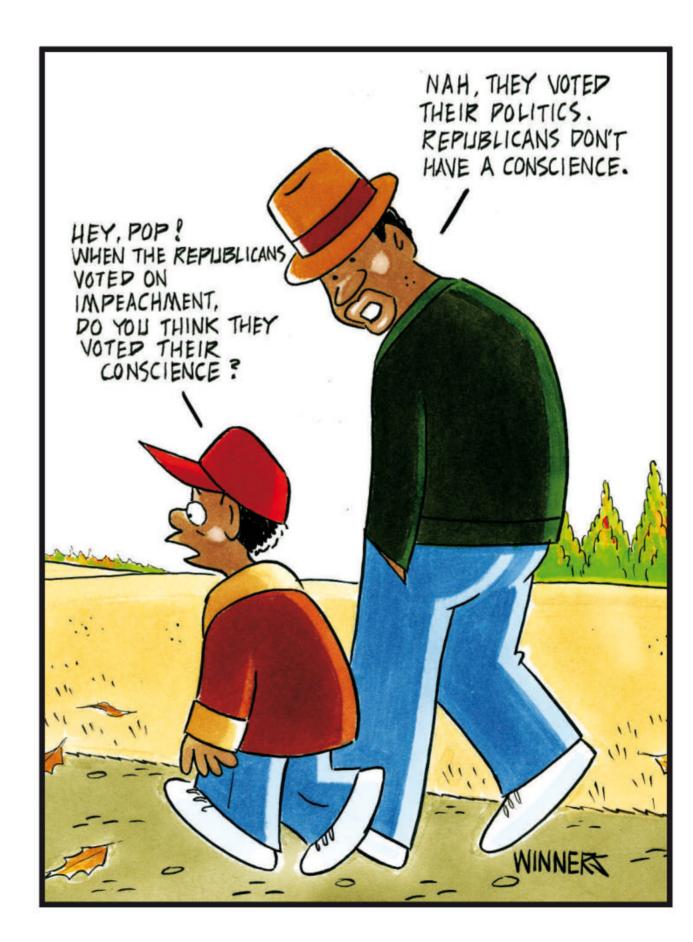
"I have hooked up with members," she shrugs. "I do have a rapport with some of them, and look, if you're hot, I say let's do it!"

While the Andersons won't divulge exactly how many subscribers their website has, its popularity is undeniable. For example, Kelly has over 100,000 Twitter followers, and her husband admits that his wife's online adventures have definitely had a positive impact on the family's finances. "Yes, we're really very lucky that we make a great living from the site," Shawn confirms.

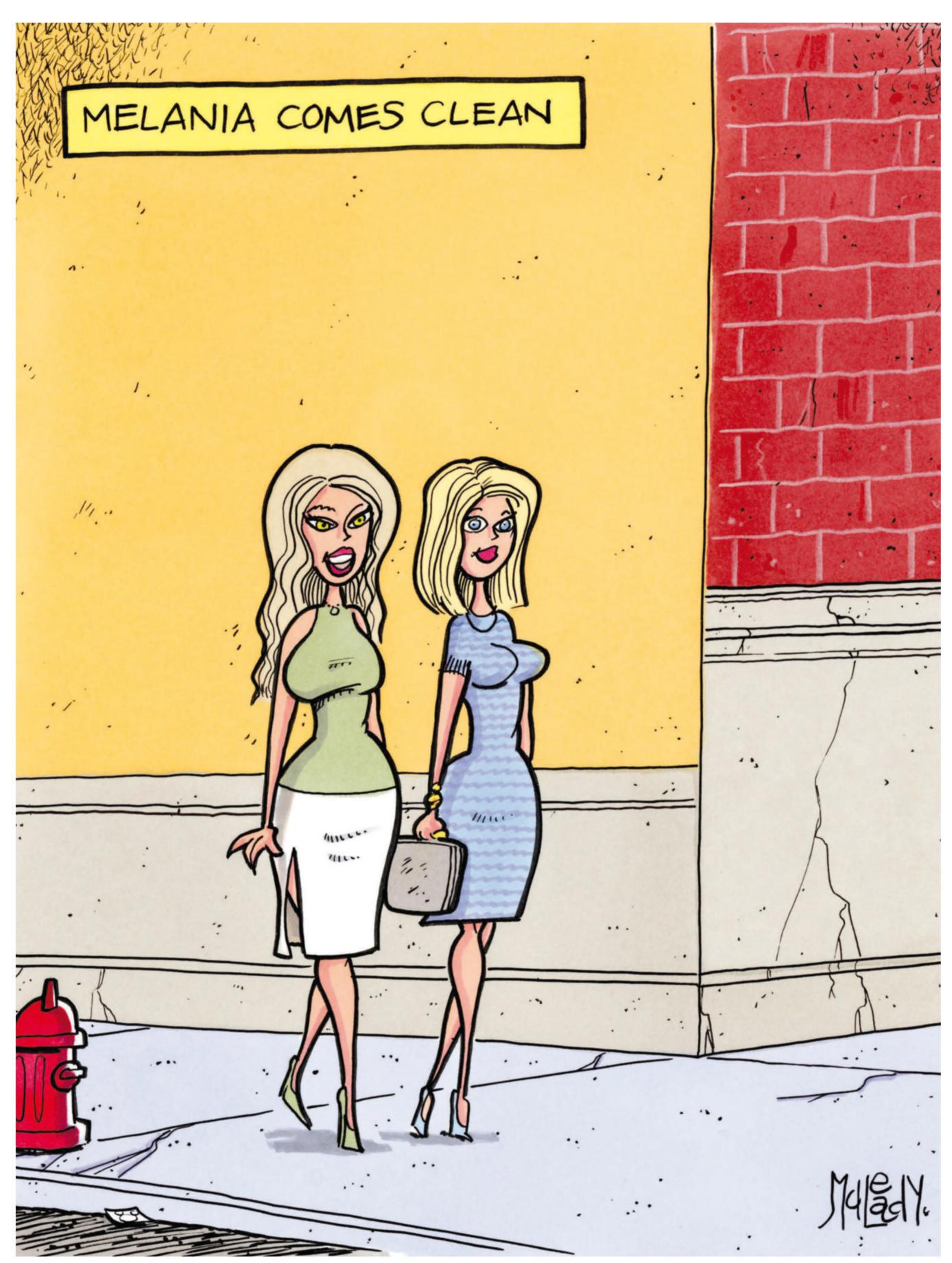
Given her career, Housewife Kelly won't argue if you want to call her an exhibitionist. Characterizing her as a nymphomaniac, on the other hand, might lead to a dispute, as Mrs. Anderson sees herself instead as a woman with an "above-average" sex drive. Still, as much as Kelly might enjoy some random cock—and pussy!—the woman's heart has always remained steadfast and true.

"I really, really, truly am in love with my husband," she says of the man who started wooing her from a bicycle all those years before. "Maybe it's all our history, but I can't keep my hands off him, and I love making him feel good. He'll just be sitting there on the couch, watching TV, and I'll think, *Oh, my God, I love him so much. I just want to suck his cock.*"

Uh-huh, like we said earlier: Best. Housewife. Ever.







"I was a Never-Trumper...until I saw the size of his bank account."





HARDGORE SHOWGASE

PAIGE OWENS

CREAMPIE MY BUSH

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MILES LONG. STAR-RING: KENDRA SPADE, PAIGE OWENS, BROOKE HAZE, DANA WOLF, ALEX MACK, DONNY SINS, JAKE ADAMS & NATHAN BRONSON.

In need of some tuft love? *Creampie My Bush* will grab you by the short and curlies in the best way

possible. The pube parade kicks off with brunet cutie Kendra Spade, who, concerned that her snatch thatch is insufficiently shiny, convinces her brother's friend to apply car wax to it. It's a technique that probably falls under the "Don't try this at home" category, but eventually her bush is buffed to a glowing sheen. Kendra returns the favor by polishing the dude's pole, of course, pounding her pretty face on his prong until it gleams with her spit. Sweet-faced Paige Owens exudes an apple-pie wholesomeness and a flair for activism. Owens plays a comely ingenue who's tied herself to her grandmother's tree in an effort to spare it from a contractor's ax. It's an undeniably silly setup, but Paige's tree-hugging stint offers a plausible explanation for why her crotch bramble has grown out to an unruly mass. And the sight of Owens embracing the contractor's wood in the snug confines of her crotch pocket is no laughing matter. Owens' undergrowth is eventually doused with a healthy dose of sac sap, which she delights in massaging into her bush. When we first encounter bright-eyed brunet germaphobe Brooke Haze, she's grooming her pelt of pubes with a lint roller and fretting over whether her home has dust mites. Enter an enterprising vacuum-cleaner salesman, whose product boasts impressive suction power—though not as impressive as Haze's. Creampie My Bush serves up the kind of hairy situations you'll be happy to find yourself in. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. —Pico D. Ribibi



HARDCORE SHOWCASE



















ANGELA WHITE: DARK SIDE

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: ANGELA WHITE, AUTUMN FALLS, DREDD, MARKUS DUPREE, MICK BLUE, JOHNNY GOODLUCK, ROBBY ECHO, STEVE HOLMES, ROB PIPER, CHAD ALVA, DONNY SINS, JON JON, ERIC JOHN, MR. PETE, JACK BLAQUE, JOHN STRONG, EDDIE JAYE, WILL POUNDER, ROB BANKS, SLIM POKE & FILTHY RICH.



Anyone who's seen Angela White in action knows that she has some big things going for her. Angela White: Dark Side promises even bigger offerings from the mega-busty, sexually voracious Australian export, including her biggest blowbang and biggest gangbang ever! Those are massive claims to put out there, but luckily enough, this title makes good on them. It's always a chancy tactic to put the entire weight of a video's appeal—let alone a two-disc offering such as this—on one performer, but White, a thoroughly dependable, game-to-the-core sexpot, is as sure a bet as you could ask for. It also doesn't hurt that Jules Jordan loads the video with noir-ish production values and directorial flourishes that keep the viewer's attention perked along with his prick. The hyper-stylish opening scene finds White strutting through an abandoned, graffiti-strewn water park in fetish-friendly finery. The water park might be closed for business in the sun-baked middle of nowhere, but things get plenty wet nonetheless in this desert wasteland. White encounters a pair of steely-groined dudes who frig her to a gusher between plugging her holes with their dongs, their swollen hammers battering her dung hatch like ramrods at a castle's gate. "It's gonna be so fucking disgusting," White promises prior to her blowbang, a vow that she ably fulfills as a baker's dozen of swordsmen descend on her like a pack of horny hyenas on a gazelle. Angela White: Dark Side will light up your lap quite nicely. —P.D.R.









BLACK AND BLONDE 6

DARKX. DIRECTOR: JAMES AVALON. STARRING: LILLY LIT, GEMMA PARKER, KINSLEY ANNE, JANE WILDE, ROB PIPER, RICKY JOHNSON, JOVAN JORDAN & DILLON COX.

Porn typically requires a suspension of disbelief. The experienced jerkoff realizes that whipping

out his cock after firing up a video is akin to a magician brandishing his wand—some degree of illusion will be necessary. That said, *Black* and Blonde Vol. 6 might be enough to challenge even the most seasoned handjob Houdini's imagination. The title makes a very simple and seemingly easily achieved promise. Alas, the viewer's expectations wilt like an octogenarian's prick almost immediately. The video kicks off with dark, dark blonde Jane Wilde and her redheaded gal pal conspiring to swap their black boyfriends, and...wait, a redhead? Straying from the video's theme already? In the very first scene? Some might regard the inclusion of a redhead in a video titled Black and Blonde Vol. 6 as a minor transgression, but why not toss in an albino or three if you're going to play fast and loose with the premise? Someone in the editing room must have woken up from naptime at some point, because mid-scene the copper top abruptly disappears, drawing the viewer's attention to Wilde as she rides her dusky partner. It's a fine scene: Wilde is an enchanting fuck-puppet, director James Avalon brings his typical level of skill to the table, and an impressive pop-shot leaves Wilde with a scale model of the Great Lakes splattered across her torso. It's enough to put Black and Blonde Vol. 6 back on track, at least temporarily, until one notices that two of the video's four scenes were very apparently filmed in the same bedroom. Black and Blonde Vol. 6's slapdash approach will leave viewers feeling a little blue. —P.D.R.



HARDCORE SHOWCASE

























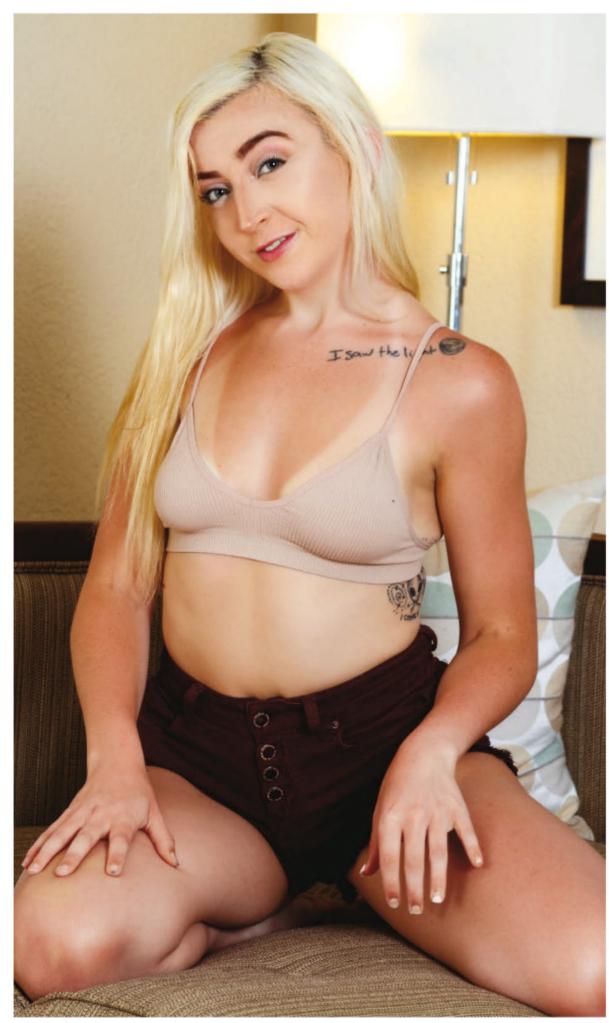








BEAVERHUNT



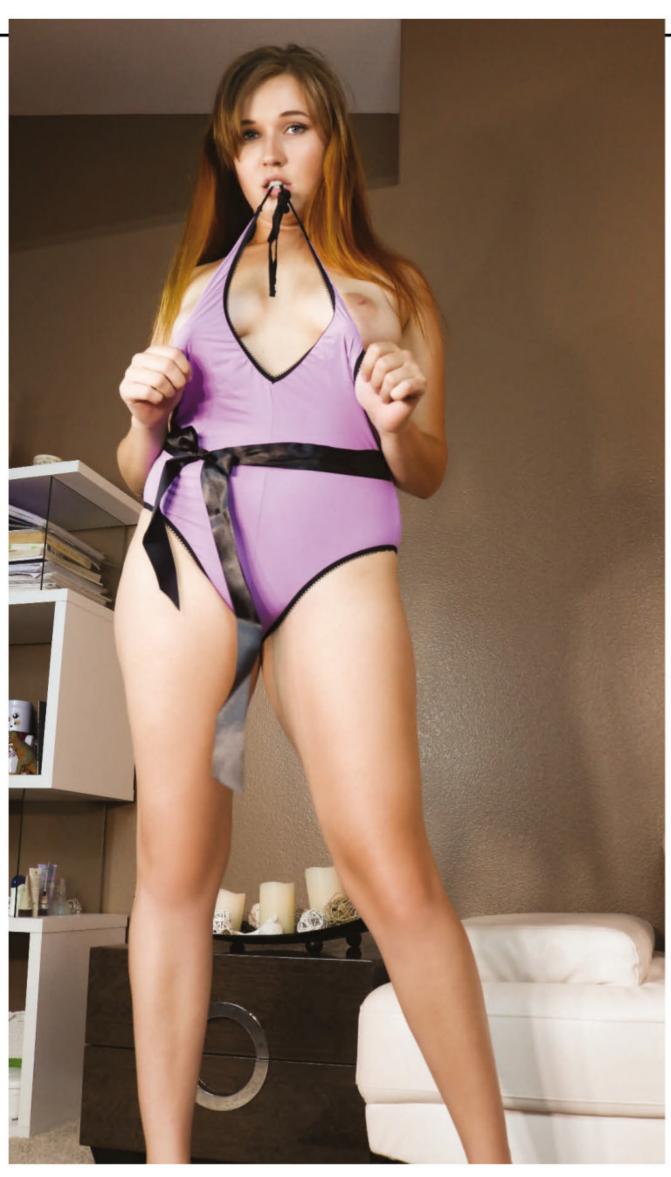
CAMERON MINX

Twenty-two-year-old Cameron Minx from Chattanooga, Tennessee, digs nude modeling, but not just as a venue to tantalize an audience. "What I like about putting my naked body out there," she says, "is letting people know how far along I've come in my little weight loss/fitness journey." Want to know more about the 5-foot-3 vixen? "I'm supersexual, always horny and silly as could be," Cameron avows, "so I'm altogether lots of fun. I love me a good emo/grunge type of dude. I know they're into doing the freakiest kind of stuff in bed, and I'm into that." Cameron is bi to boot, but rather picky. "If you aren't a conceited girl," she specifies, "then you're my type, and I'm going to want to eat your pussy at least once or twice." Cameron takes oral sex very seriously. "It's my favorite!" she raves. "Sometimes I'd rather just give head over fucking because it's so much fun. Do I swallow? Of course, unless the dude wants to give me a facial." Cameron's fave hobby is playing the drums. Being banged hard as an internet slut pays the bills. "I have the most amazing job," she coos. —*Photos by Omnia Productions* EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN





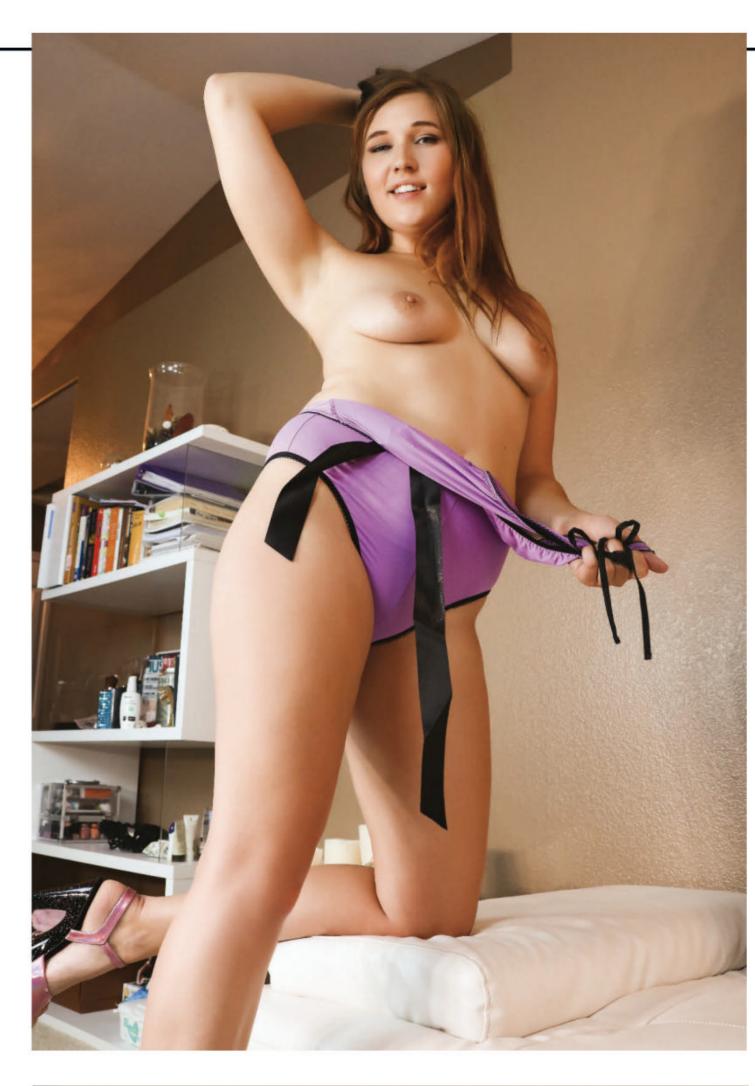




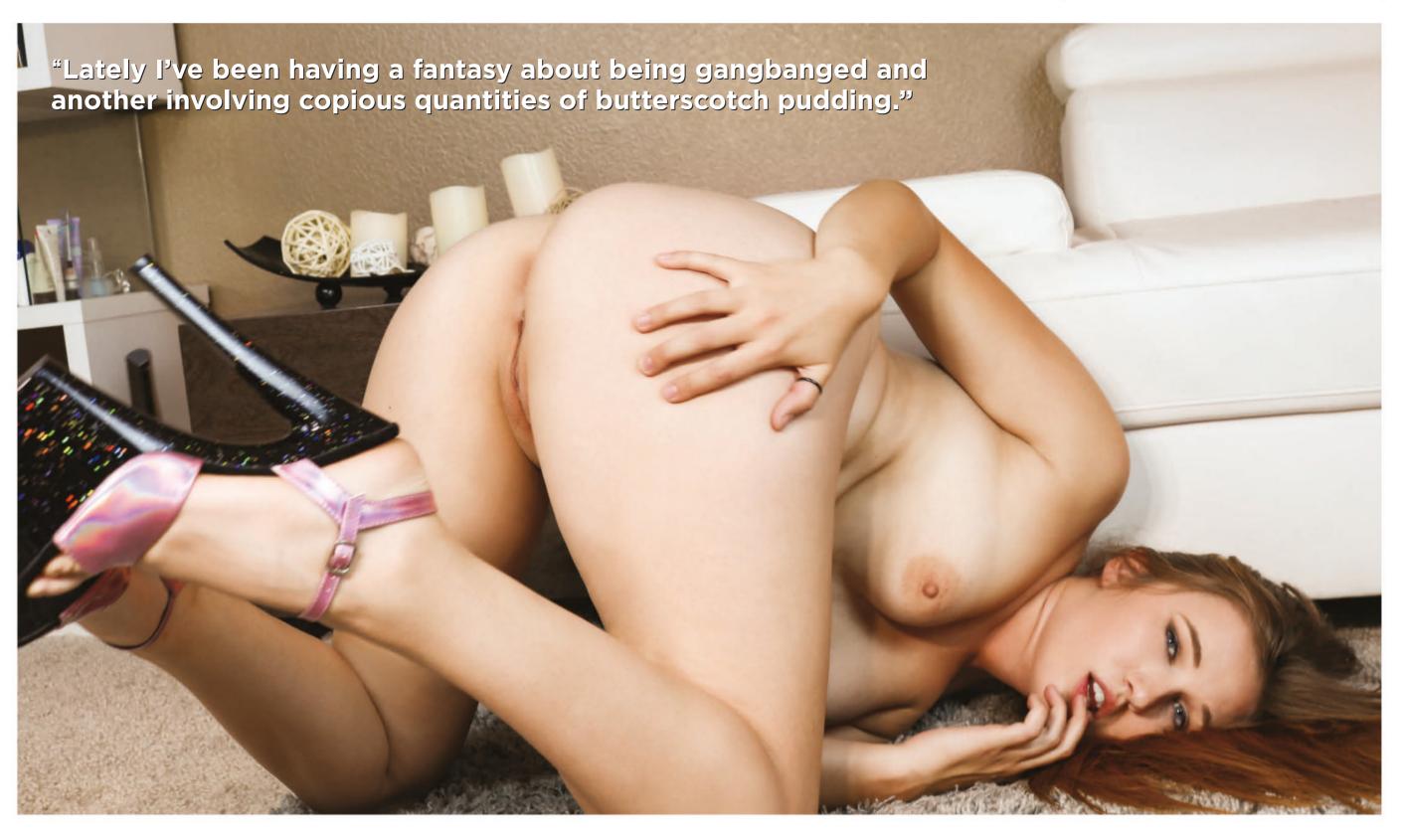
STEPHIE STAAR

Stephie Staar, 24, is a Reno, Nevada, native destined to be a HUSTLER girl. "When I was in high school, learning about the First Amendment's freedom of speech and expression," she recalls, "the Supreme Court case in The People vs. Larry Flynt was debated on. If Mr. Flynt hadn't won, the porn industry wouldn't exist the way it does now. So I wanted to appear in HUSTLER as a form of gratitude, patriotism and rebellion." Stephie has lots more to disclose: "I'm bubbly, creative, motivated, spontaneous, but still very structured despite my odd résumé. Currently I'm building sets for an adult website, but in the past I've been a defense-industry contractor, built airplanes, fixed expensive cars and worked in a casino kitchen." As for hobbies, the 5-foot-5 Silver Stater is very versatile. "I'm always fabricating something with wood, metal or plastics," Stephie tells us. "I also like Quentin Tarantino and Wes Craven films, camping, hiking, reading and crocheting—'cause I'm rapidly aging into an old lady—but sometimes I just gotta do nothing." And quite often Stephie's gotta have sex. "I'm willing to try everything a few times," the doggy-style aficionada elaborates. "Only then can I truly say I don't like it. But at the same time I'm freaky and sort of a fetish queen. I enjoy lots of things people don't typically get off on. I love all the dimensions of BDSM, and I'm fond of wet and messy, foot worship and nylon encasement. Every day I find a new kink."

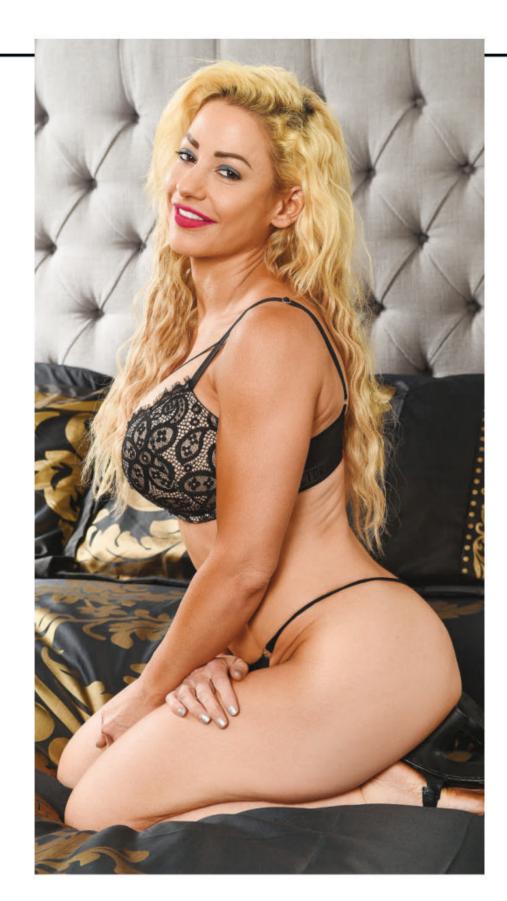
—Photos by Wolf Whistle Studios











OLIVIA BENTLEY

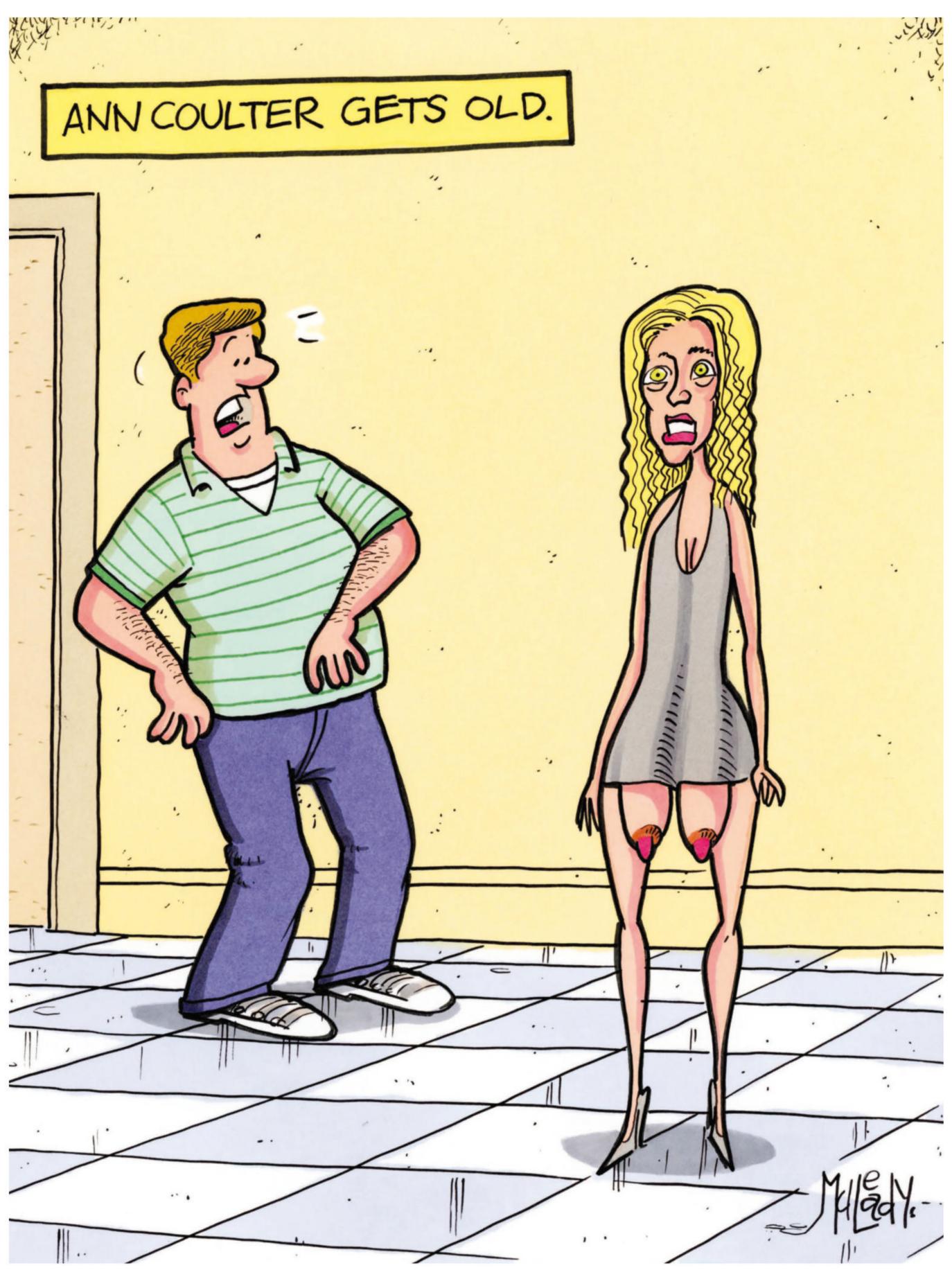
San Francisco, California's Olivia Bentley, 42, owns an art studio and teaches classes when she's spending nights at her own domicile. But the 5-foot-2 health-and-fitness buff has a second home—a legal cathouse in northern Nevada. "I'm affectionate and adventurous," Olivia says. "I enjoyed my photo-shoot. I was turned on and played with myself the entire time. It seemed like a good fit, offering pictures to HUSTLER readers to gain more sexual experiences at the Love Ranch." Olivia's platonic interests waver from scholarly to sophomoric. "I listen to the Joe Rogan podcast, Radiolab and TED Talks," the avid reader explains. "I'm into learning about innovative advancements, anything that gives me hope regarding the environment, health and space. I love to laugh and absolutely adore travel. Adventurous wanderlust is addictive." When Olivia is raring to play, everyone comes! "I'm a supererotic, bisexual seductress!" she asserts. "I'm all about turning my partners' fantasies into reality, but I have my own preferences. Here's a short list: Climaxing to oral, tasting myself on my lover's lips; riding and taking a cock in every position; and getting wet while deep-throating. I love threesomes too." That takes us to Olivia's grand finale: "I fantasize about making a woman squirt in my face while a man gets off inside me from behind." —*Photos by Friend*







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"Damn, Ann! Time to either buy a longer skirt or wear a bra—please!"

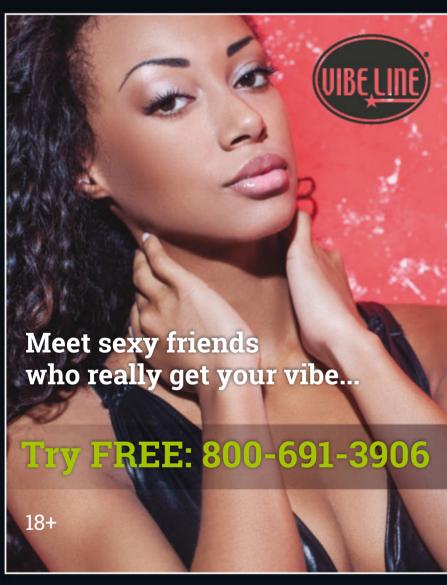
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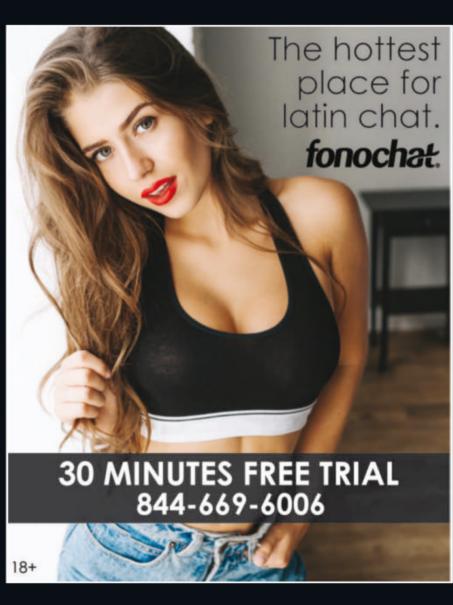




















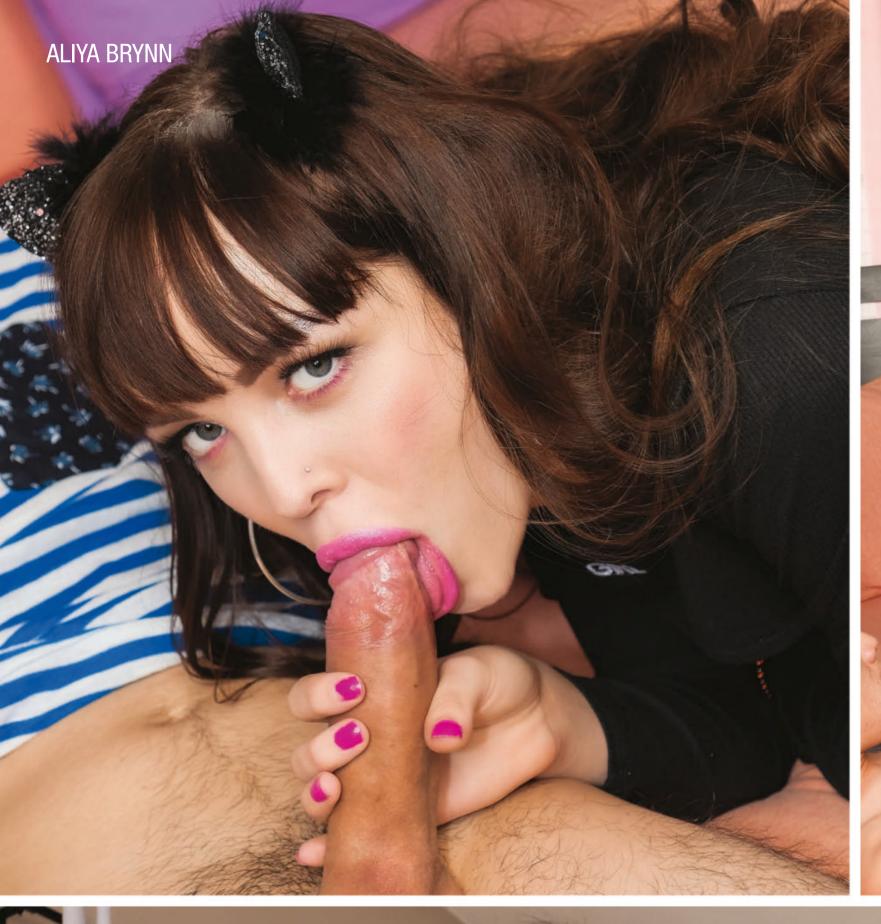






















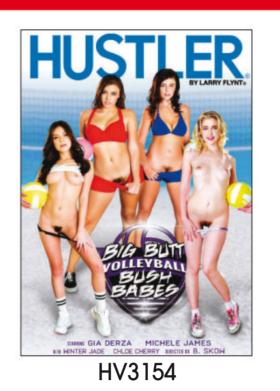
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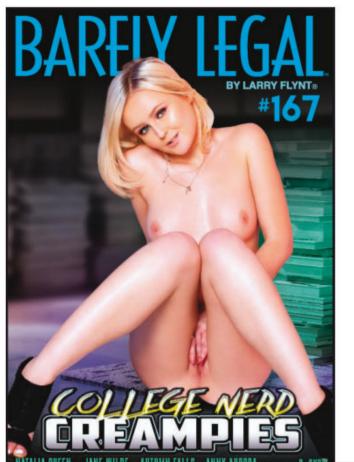
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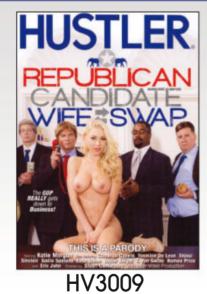
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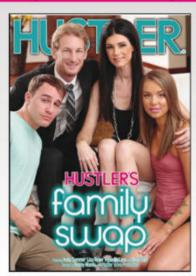






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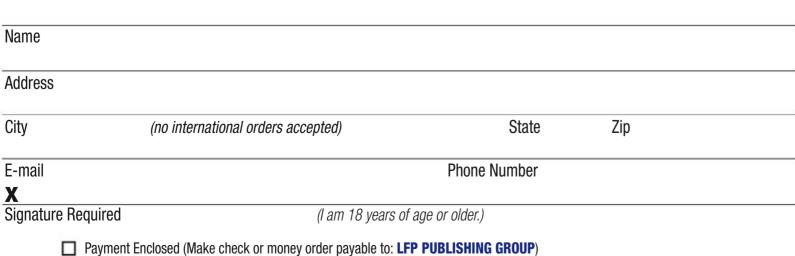




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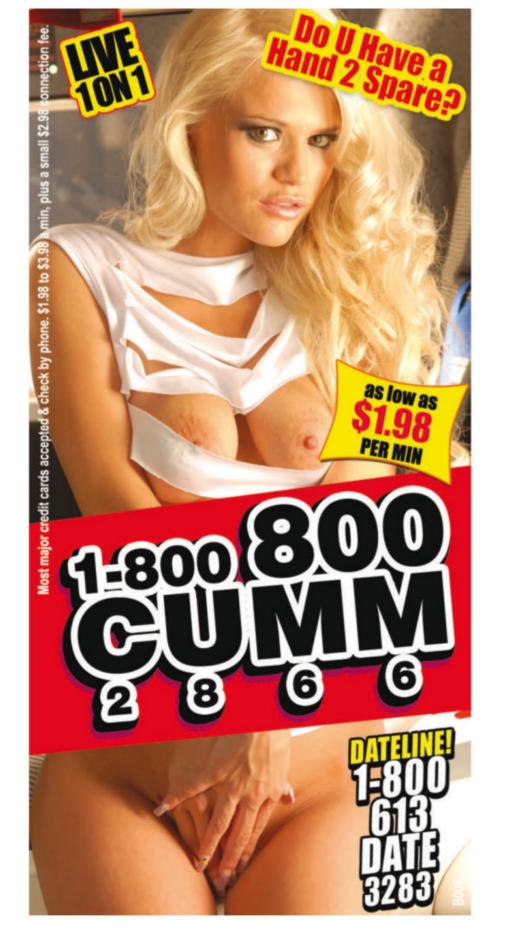


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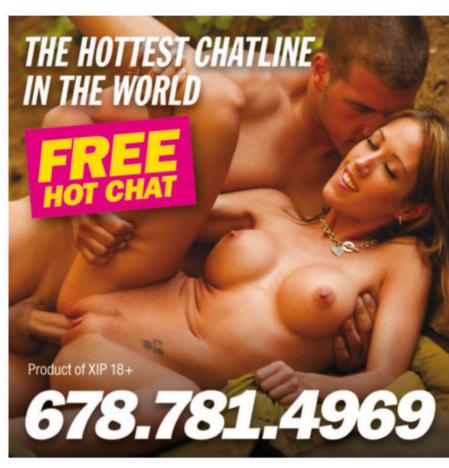
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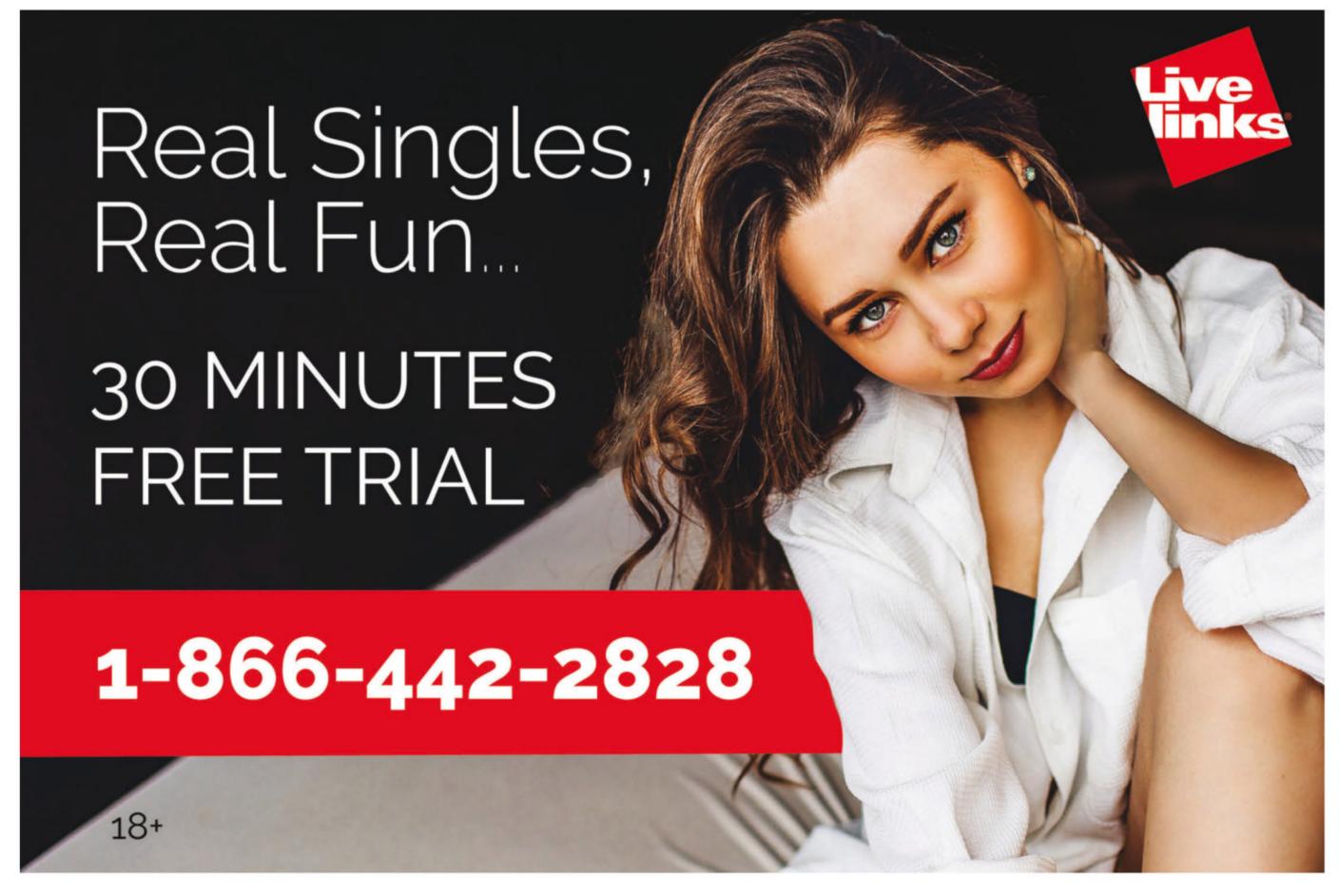
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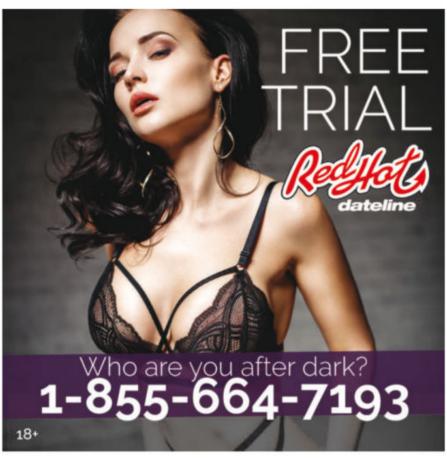




























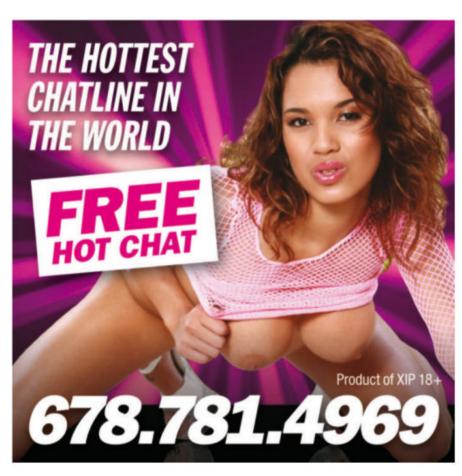




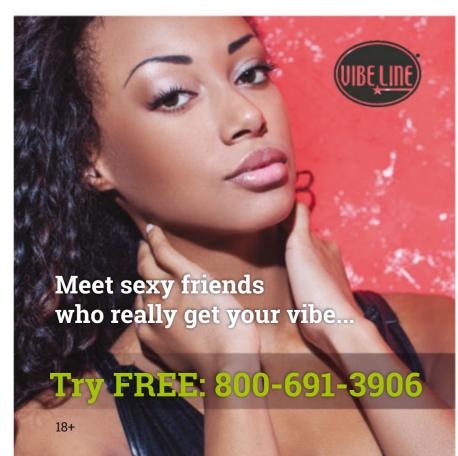
















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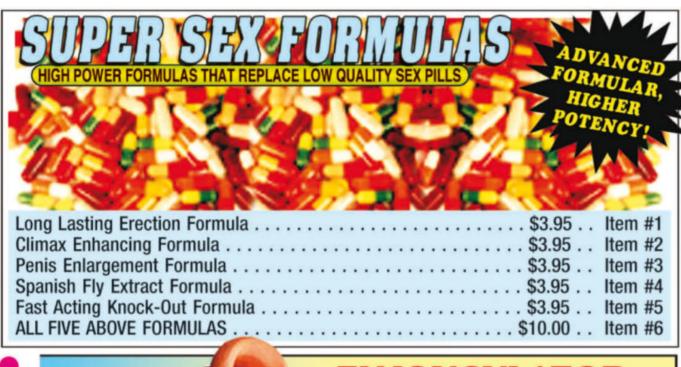
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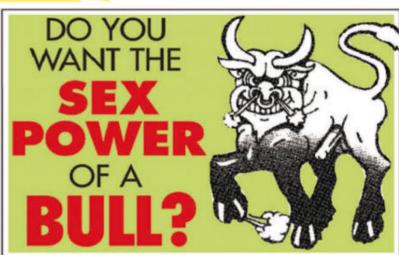
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American Indians discovered miracle drugs in nature; aspirin in birch bark quinine in cinchona, digitalis in fox glove and DAMIANA, which they used to stimulate long, strong erections. Chinese used **GINSENG** to increase



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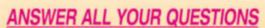
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This recently published, medically approved guide details, step-by-step explanations of what you need to know to increase your own genital size!



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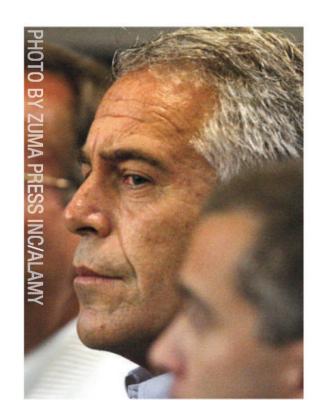


THE ORGASM WHISPERER

T.S. Farley joins "the world's greatest sex hacker" Kenneth Play for a hands-on class as he demonstrates how to make a woman squirt. This sexpert is on a mission: to teach us how to achieve better results through better knowledge. Photography by Casper Monroe.



The behavior of priests, long covered up by the Church, is well known, but the problem of elite pedophilia goes far beyond the Vatican—it seems to be a perverse pleasure of the high-and-mighty everywhere. Travis Kelly investigates in this stunning in-depth exposé and offers critical insights to preventing future abuses.



STEP FAMILY ANAL MASSAGE

Proof once again that the family that plays together...uh, plays together? Join Keira Croft, Vienna Rose, Jane Wilde and Texas Patti in an all-out anal extravaganza! Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.





