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MAY 2003



EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW

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LIDDY**

ON LOST
LIBERTIES,
SMUT AND
RADIOACTIVE
ZIPPERS

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

**TOM
LEYKIS**

RADIO'S
SULTAN
OF SLEAZE
SPOUTS OFF

**LARRY
FLYNT**

ON HUSTLER'S BOLD
NEW DIRECTION

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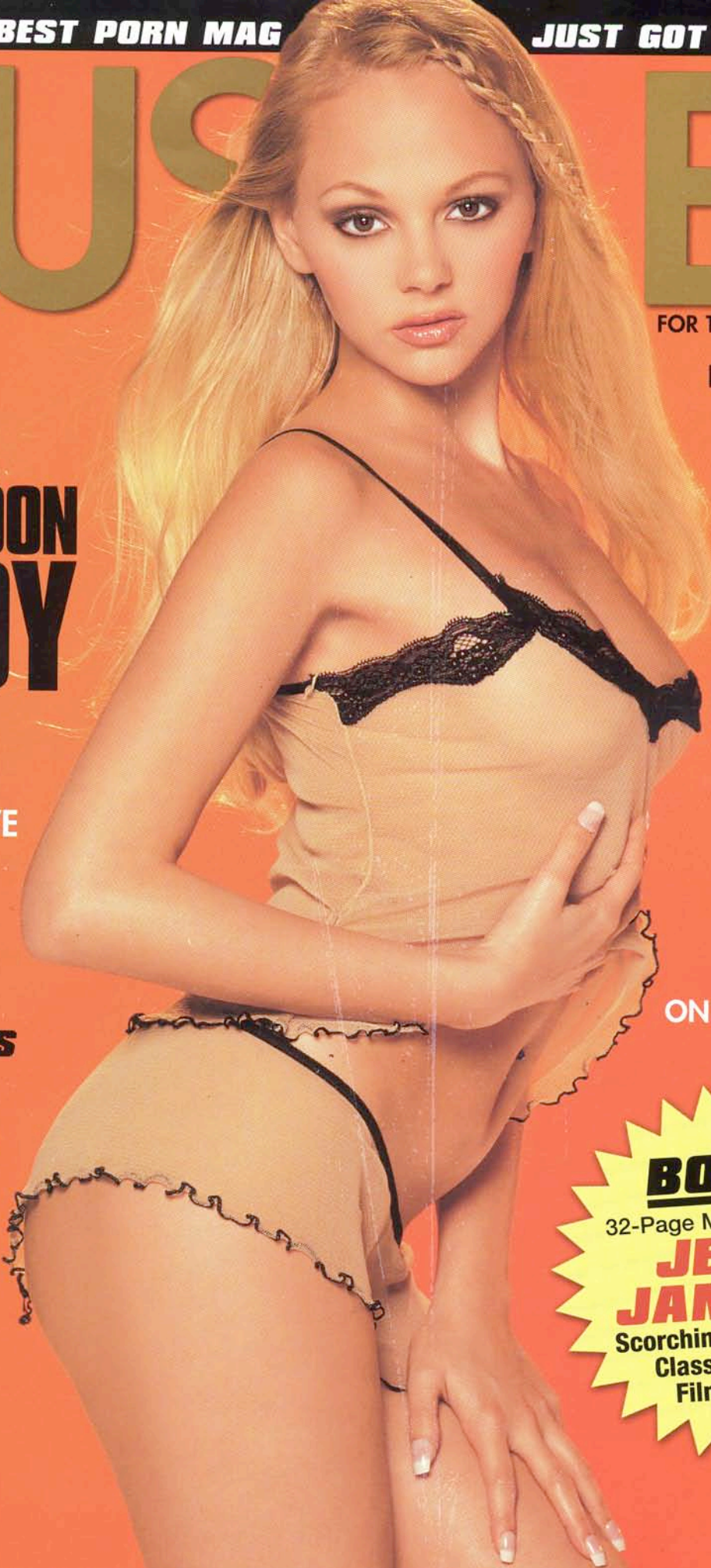
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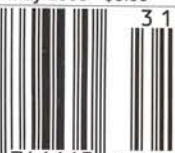
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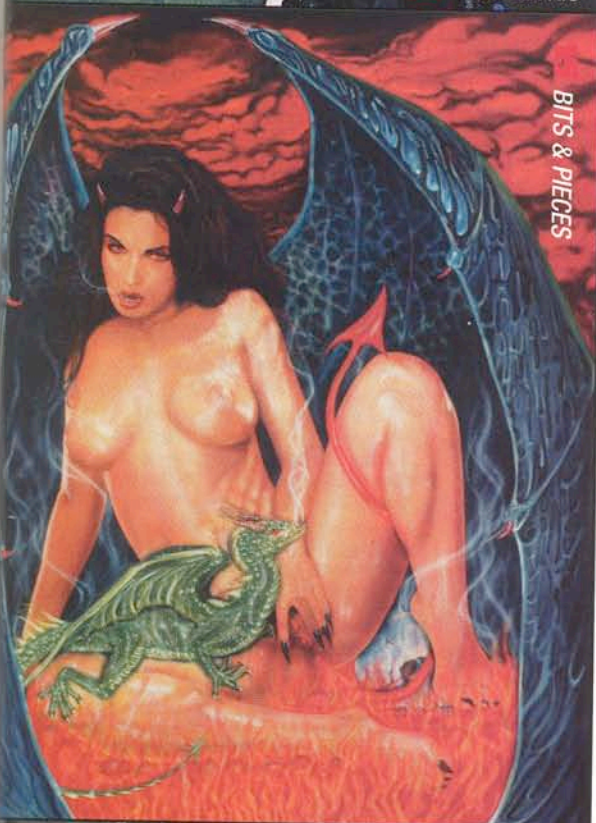
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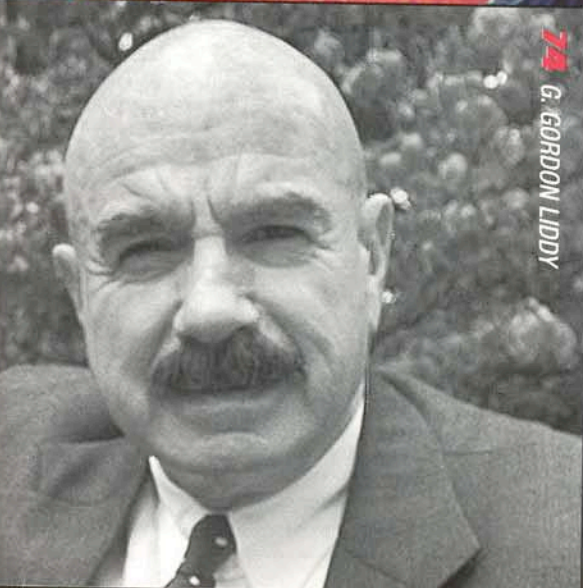
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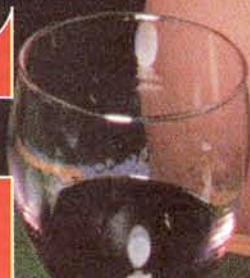


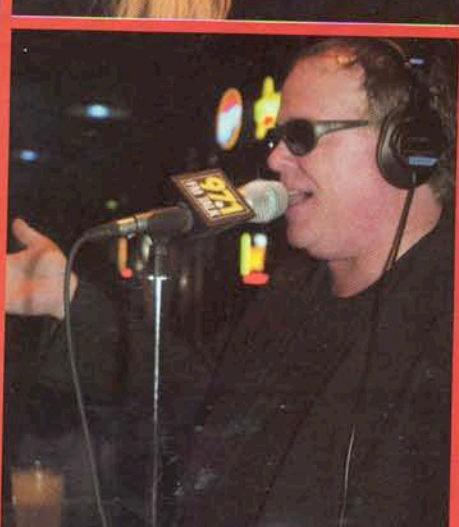
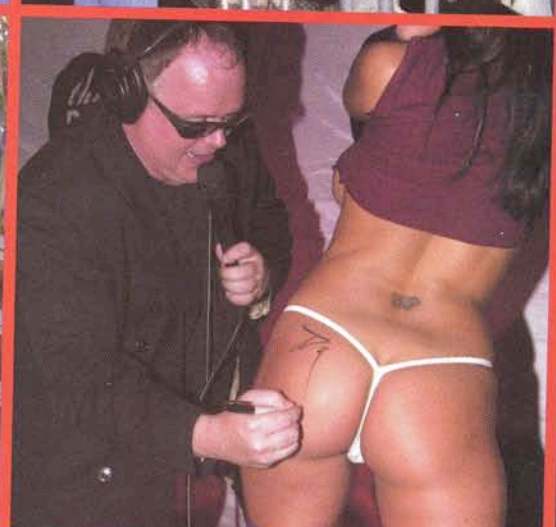
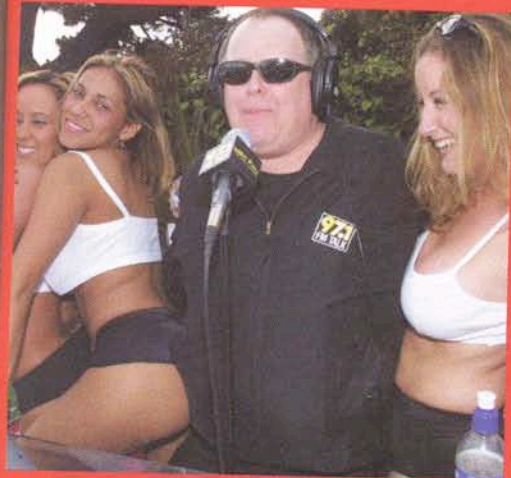
90 SITTING PRETTY

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Tommy

In a desperate ploy for on-air publicity, HUSTLER sent model Alexa Kai to the Leykis studio.

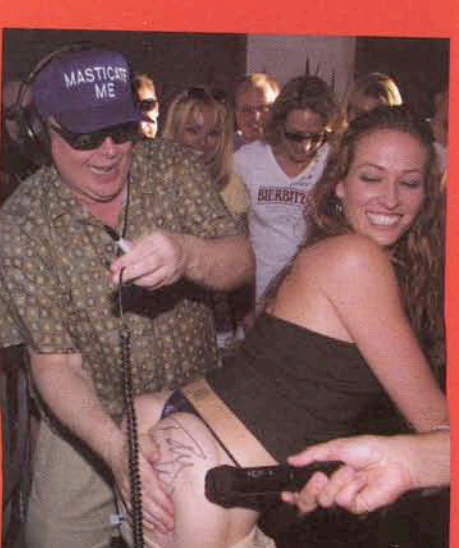
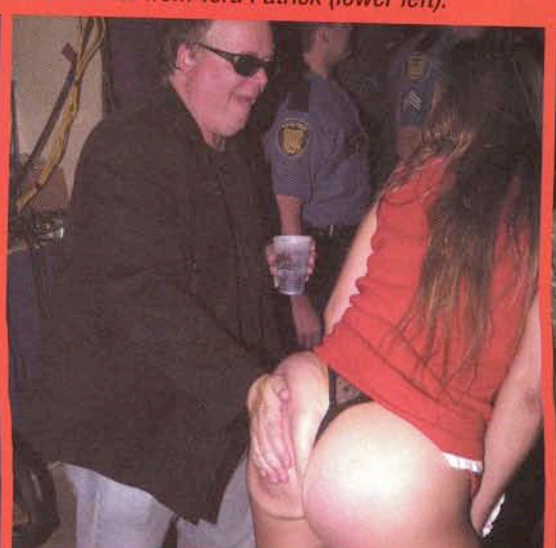
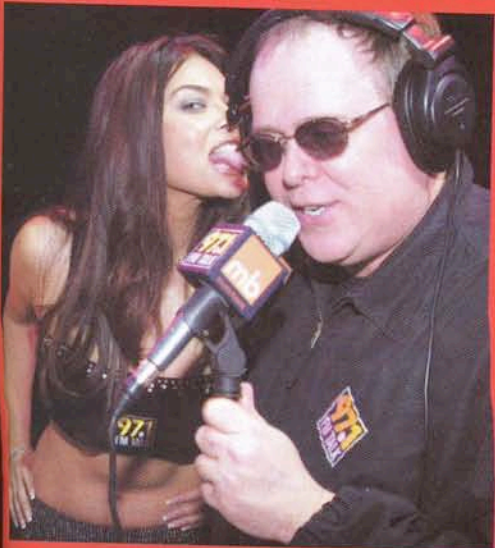




Radio's Guru of Gash

The syndicated Professor of Trim spreads his angry-yet-horny-white-man wisdom to the masses.

The Professor of Trim takes his show on the road with his listener parties, where Leykis autographs asses, spansk chicks and receives an earful from Tera Patrick (lower left).



PROFILE BY MARK EBNER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIE FRANKLIN AND JASON KIRK



From the plush Westwood One offices in Culver City, California, in a cool, dark studio, radio cock jock Tom Leykis is eating up the microphone. The host of the nationally syndicated program *The Tom Leykis Show*, who often stands throughout his four-hour daily broadcasts, is sitting in a sound-proof booth in an Aeron chair, wearing all black: T-shirt, sport coat, jeans and wraparound Ray-Bans. This is usually his uniform, in and out of the studio.

"As men, we should be in touch with our inner assholes!"

Tom's booth is sparse: just him, a microphone, a computer and, today, his girlfriend, a busty, blond, leggy South American import named Fernanda. During the entire show, Fernanda lounges on a couch, facing her man, as he spouts nuggets of wisdom. "As men," Leykis informs his devotees, "we should be in touch with our inner assholes!"

The Tom Leykis Show is a well-oiled machine and a total boys club—there are no females on his crew, and he wouldn't have it any other way. The production booth is fast-paced, frenetic and abuzz with activity. From the control room, Leykis's screener/associate producer, Dean, orchestrates nine flashing phone lines like a boy-genius symphony conductor on methamphetamine. He hangs up on approximately twice as many calls as he puts through to Tom, who rails away on the other side of a Plexiglas wall.

"Dude, you really have to get a pertinent question together," says Dean to a soon-to-be-rejected caller. "You don't do drugs, do you? Don't fuck your life up." He pauses. "Look at me."

Meanwhile, the "Professor of Trim" is busy expertly dispensing his daily dollops of relationship advice for men on "how to get laid for the least amount of money." Here are just a couple of Tom's dating-tip gems:

"Never have sex at your place. Have it at hers. You don't want stalkers!"

"Drink booze. No Red Bull, no Starbucks—no stimulants of any kind. They want to stay up until 6 a.m. talking. They don't want to F you."

Tom's producer, Gary Zabransky,

paces in and out of the studio, scratching his head, wondering how Leykis "gets away with his shit" on the air.

The segment winds down, and I'm escorted into Leykis's booth, where it seems he's hoisted Fernanda onto his lap



with her tongue down his throat for my benefit. He acts surprised, laughs and welcomes me to his domain.

Tom met his Argentine fuckmate a few months ago. Fernanda had a management position at Radio Disney in Argentina, but when she came to Los Angeles, she could not legally be



employed, pending her paperwork. She offered her services for free as an intern and worked for three days. At the time, she was living with her fiancé, but she broke up with him shortly after she met Tom. Now, she visits the studio regularly and snaps photos at Tom's public

Gash Course: A "LEYKIS 101" SAMPLER

THE CURRICULUM

"Leykis 101 is for guys who are in touch with their inner asshole, who admit that the only reason we date is to fuck. That's it. We don't date to get to know people, or to make new friends, or learn about people, or because we like going to Mel Gibson movies. We date to fuck, and the trick is to convince women that we don't want to fuck them, when we really do."

LEYKIS ON DATING

"Going out to dinner with a woman is pretending that you don't just want to fuck her. I mean, really, what man wants to go out to dinner? For me, I could be eating a pastrami sandwich — I don't need to be sitting at [upscale L.A. eatery] The Ivy for dinner."

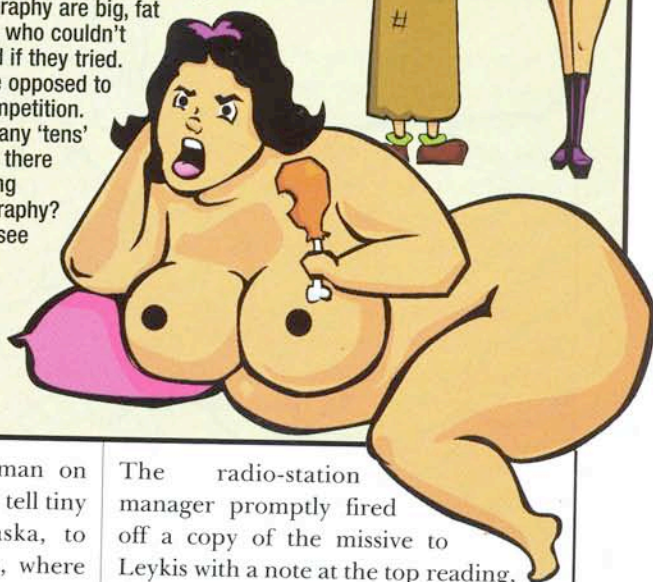
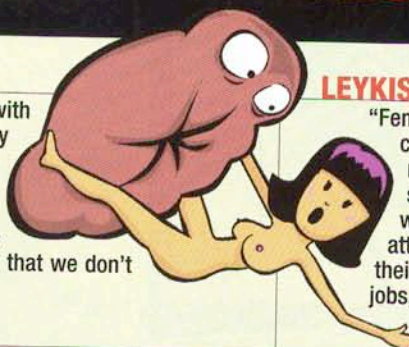
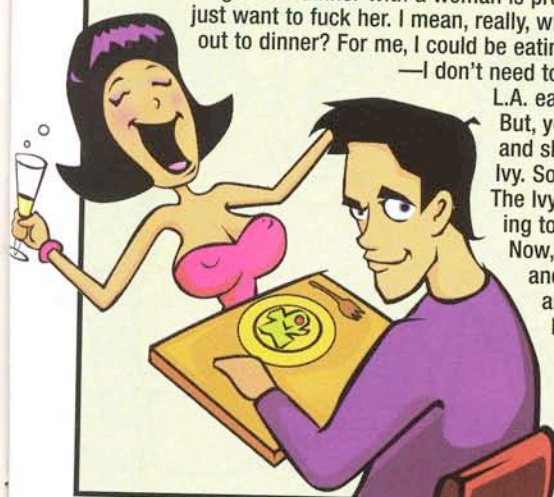
But, you're with a woman, and she wants to go to The Ivy. So you're sitting there at The Ivy, and you're pretending to be listening to her. Now, I personally believe—and I've said this on the air—I don't think we hear a word a woman says until we fuck her. Nothing. And we don't care. But we have to perpetuate this lie."

LEYKIS ON FEMINISTS

"Feminists think that a man having consensual sex with a woman is rape. The fact is, most feminists seem to be lesbians or women who can't get laid; so they resent attractive women who can use their attractiveness to get better jobs, make more money, get free trips and get free jewelry."

LEYKIS ON WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY

"The only women who are against pornography are big, fat heifers who couldn't get laid if they tried. They're opposed to the competition. How many 'tens' are out there opposing pornography? I don't see them."



appearances as he signs breasts and spansks chicks.

Always controversial, the impulsive talk-show host was criticized by a Seattle newspaper columnist because he revealed the name of a distraught female "jumper" tying up drive-time traffic on a bridge. Leykis's subsequent on-air call to arms inspired vicious phone assaults and a virulent e-mail bombing that crashed the newspaper's Web server. Such is the reactionary emotional response of the average Leykis listener, a demographic described by author/media critic Jon Katz as "bald, fat, horny, and pissed off at his boss and henpecked by his wife."

Katz could just as easily be describing Leykis's physicality and demeanor, spare the wife. Leykis took his own oft-tendered on-air advice—"Dump that bitch!"—and divorced four times on his rocky road to radio stardom, which has been potholed with multiple firings and FCC fines. He's probably not pissed at his employer either. In fact, Leykis essentially operates as his own boss, ballasted by a bullet-proof, six-year, multimillion-dollar contract, courtesy of Infinity Broadcasting.

Currently at the top of his game, buoyed by huge ratings in more than 50

major radio markets, the fat man on trash-can talk radio can afford to tell tiny markets such as Juneau, Alaska, to stick it where they live—that is, where the sun don't shine.

In 2002, Leykis had to take his act to a Juneau courtroom for two months to defend himself in a lawsuit brought by a woman who complained that Leykis's

"Sign my twat" is a popular request, but Leykis laments, "A Sharpie doesn't write on a wet surface."

unsavory comments about her on his show caused her to suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder.

Juneau citizen Karen Carpenter (no relation to the smooth-voiced anorexia casualty) had written a letter to the radio station, saying that she was going to do everything she could to force Leykis off local radio, including complaining to advertisers and picketing the station.

The radio-station manager promptly fired off a copy of the missive to Leykis with a note at the top reading, "Have fun." Knowing exactly what "have fun" meant, Leykis read the letter on the air and retorted in his best *basso profundo* radio voice, "You know, Karen, if you were getting laid more often, you wouldn't have time to be writing letters like this; so why don't you just sit on this, baby!" He then fired up a vibrator, while lecherously inquiring if her nipples were becoming hard.

"You gotta understand, I know what posttraumatic stress disorder is. Who has that?" Leykis asks incredulously, eyebrows arching above the rim of his ever-present Ray-Bans as he hunkers down over a plate of penne in the wine room of the slick West Los Angeles *luncheria*, Il Moro. "If you were at the My Lai massacre and had to kill little children, and now you're having flashbacks, you might have [posttraumatic stress disorder]. Or if your father murdered your mother, and you saw it, you might have it. I asked her if her nipples were getting hard, and she sued me for \$2.3 million."

Tom won the lawsuit, but lost

the Juneau market. "Who cares?" he scoffs. "Juneau doesn't even show up on the Arbitron-rating screen."

Leykis admits he was abused as a child and reveals that he sees a shrink to deal with consequent relationship issues. As a youngster, he did whatever he wanted. "I broke every rule," he offers proudly, but that behavior cost him emotionally, thanks to his father, who beat him repeatedly and threatened him constantly. "My father didn't approve of anything I did," he says, by way of explaining how he went from an \$80-a-month apartment in the South Bronx to a tricked-out bachelor pad in the Hollywood Hills. (The Leykis home is enhanced with a master bedroom-cum-screening room, blackout window shades, a voluminous CD collection, a wine cellar and a security system rivaling that of the Pentagon.) "I think I became a real workaholic from my dad."

His inbred work ethic brought Leykis success—and more trouble. "The casualties," he states, rather than laments, "were my friends, my ex-wives, my ex-girlfriends and my ex-live-ins. I was so focused like a laser beam on what I wanted to accomplish, and I was willing to work so hard, I never let a good relationship get in the way."

After years of functioning as, in his mind, a largely inconsequential, lonely liberal voice on AM talk radio, Tom finally mined the kind of ratings gold that's only found in FM syndication. Today, the Libertarian Leykis speaks for all the men who are afraid to discuss pussy at the water cooler lest, as he puts it, "some homely lesbian" decides to sue them from seven cubicles down.

The everyman's rage is Leykis's bread and butter. Leykis leads the angry-and-alienated-white-man mob through a daily, testosterone-fueled auditory frenzy, marching them right into the streets and beer halls around the country, where he stages off-the-hook listener parties. These live bashes are jiggered with a constant parade of near-naked chicks who line up for Leykis to sign their racks with a Sharpie pen and crack their asses with the palm of his hand. Leykis groupies often ask Tom to spank them, tweak their nipples, slap their faces or let them blow him. "I don't do that in public," says modest Tom. "Sign my twat" is another popular request, but he laments, "A Sharpie does not write on a wet surface."

What do Leykis fans get for their rapt attention to his on-air tutorials? The gabber is the first to admit that his fat bankroll accounts for his prolific success in the sack. (According to Tom, he has bedded hundreds of conquests.) So how do his sad-sack, sex-deprived listeners obtain a taste of the plentiful poontang that Leykis enjoys? "You have to make yourself look like you have cash, or that you've got

"Any woman who fucks you because you're a lawyer deserves what she gets when she finds out you were lying."

potential," Professor Tom advises his pupils. "It never hurts to be a medical student, or a doctor, or a lawyer.

"Besides," says the guy who swears he markets honesty, "any woman who would fuck you because you're a lawyer deserves what she gets when she finds out you were lying."

Is Leykis a misogynist? The radio host claims to love women as much as he loves to piss them off on the air and break up their marriages.

He's even been known to broadcast his tender side. Recently, a call came in from an 11-year-old boy who was out cruising with his father on a "Flash Friday"—the featured day when Leykis encourages women to expose their breasts to men who are driving with their headlights on. Leykis coyly announced how "special" it was that this child was going to see his first "rack" with his dad. He then asked the boy if his mother had a nice rack.

"I think the idea of a guy going out with his 11-year-old son on a Friday to look at racks is the best," says Leykis. "What better father/son relationship could you have than that?" A tear wells up in the childless cock jock's eye. He's laughing so hard, he's crying—all the way to the bank.

Award-winning journalist Mark Ebner is currently writing the book *Hollywood, Interrupted* (John Wiley & Sons, 2004) with Andrew Breitbart of the Drudge Report.

