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HUSTLER

HOLIDAY 2007

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Ashley Jensen photographed by Matrix Content



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68 ZOë & SUZIE CARINA: MOVE RIGHT IN



176 KEIRA: AMATEUR-MODELING MVP



48 BREE OLSON



24 PAXTON LANE

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE
SINCE 1974

HOLIDAY 2007 VOLUME 34 NUMBER 7
HustlerWorld.com

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 Visit SuzeRandallPhotography.com at Suze.net



WHY AMERICANS DESPISE CONGRESS

The people continue to clamor for the impeachment of Bush and Cheney, yet our congressmen and senators do absolutely nothing. Are we surprised? Hell, no! It's what we've come to expect.

Our nation's politicians will say and do anything to get elected. However, once in Washington, all they do is sit quietly and take the money—even those who start out with the best of intentions. It's the system itself that corrupts. Legislators either go along with the program, or they get marginalized and, ultimately, jettisoned.

We all know how it works: Lavish gifts from lobbyists, payoffs under the table, all-expenses-paid trips around the world, campaign donations, etc. Yet it's a rare event when anyone says something. Even the media remains silent, and

the reason is crystal clear: As one of the biggest lobbying arms on Capitol Hill, the media is actually part of the problem.

Here's my solution: Give the bums in the Senate and House a huge pay raise. Say a million dollars a year each to start. (Hell, they're stealing that much from us anyway!) That should eliminate the greed factor. And if the bastards still go for the graft, just shoot 'em—after a fair and speedy trial, of course.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT



POINT OF VIEW ▲

Have you ever wanted to be filmed doing something really adventurous, but didn't have someone to man the camera? Don't fret. Vio's **POV.1**—a compact, hands-free camera and recorder that was originally designed for off-road bicyclists—lets you do the job. The lightweight unit can be mounted onto your bike, or even attached to your head, to capture all the action firsthand. The **POV.1**, which is powered by four AA batteries, features easy-to-use software, so you can edit all your footage into the greatest adventure film of all time. This nifty gadget is perfect for cyclists, off-roaders, skiers and even amateur pornographers...if you're into that sort of thing.

Available at Vio-Pov.com. Suggested retail price: \$899.99.



▲ INTO THE WEB

If you have been waiting to purchase the perfect camera for live video chat (not to mention Internet broadcasting), your wait is over. The **Optio AF** from Creative Labs not only is the world's first megapixel Webcam with auto-focus, but it's also the only PC Webcam that is completely plug-and-play. No driver installation needed! With a built-in 2.0-megapixel sensor, the sleek and stylish unit provides the best in video chat by working seamlessly with Skype, Yahoo! Messenger, AIM and Windows Live Messenger.

Available at US.Creative.com. Suggested retail price: \$129.99.



SAY CHEESE ▲

The holidays are upon us, and they're the perfect time to photograph family and friends—hopefully in embarrassing situations. Whether you're looking to shoot pictures yourself or buy a great gift, the **Norcent DCS-760** is a no-brainer. This superslim 7-megapixel digital camera features 3X optical zoom, 4X digital zoom and 15 picture-taking modes. Thanks to its Pentax lens, the **DCS-760** delivers some of the sharpest and crispest photos you've ever seen, plus it costs less than 200 bucks! Now if we can only get Aunt Ginny drunk on whiskey sours for some truly unforgettable shots!

Available at Norcent.net. Suggested retail price: \$199.99.



▲ PRIVATE EYE

Ever wonder what happens in your place when you're not around? Is the wife cheating? Is your roommate pilfering your beer? Here is an affordable way to find out. The **Swann Digital Private Eye** is a small, inconspicuous unit with a built-in sensor and a hidden pinhole camera. Any motion within view triggers the camera, which automatically records the image onto an SD card. Running on either a rechargeable or standard 9V battery, the device can store up to 30,000 tell-tale photos! Find out what's really going on at home without spending a lot of cash. By the way, your wife is cheating.

Available at SwannSecurity.com. Suggested retail price: \$149.99.

▲ GO WITH THE FLOW

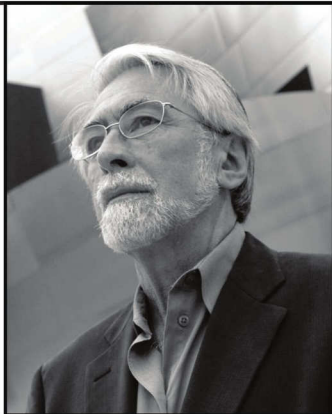
It's a snowboard! It's a skateboard! No, it's the **Flowboard**, the latest in extreme-sports equipment, which ingeniously replicates the thrilling sensation of snowboarding and surfing without the white stuff or waves. Gliding on pavement is a truly unique experience as the patented 14-wheel "trucks" and solid design allow riders to carve 45-degree turns and perform tricks that conventional skateboards normally can't handle. Offered in lengths ranging from 32 inches to 42 inches, the **Flowboard** is guaranteed to take you on one helluva jaunt...or bust your ass, depending on your skill level.

Available at Flowboard.com. Suggested retail price: \$79.99 to \$99.99.



BUSH'S TROJAN HORSE: ABSTAINING FROM LOGIC

Driven by Biblical Injunctions,
Bush's Teen Sex Policy Is
a Proven Failure.



THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION has made a big deal about something called "abstinence-only" sex education. This distinction amounts to denying funds to scholastic programs that don't adhere to the Christian Right's stricture that sex is verboten outside the confines of marriage. The more than 40 states that accept any of the roughly \$175 million in earmarked federal dollars are thus prohibited from teaching horny teens how to avoid unwanted pregnancy and AIDS. In fact, those states even have to agree to warn minors that extramarital sex will likely hurt them physically and psychologically.

Traditional sex-education programs, funded by previous administrations (including that of Bush's father) have been effective, but the abstinence-only approach has bombed with the young Americans it targets—while conveniently enriching the private firms creating the abstinence curricula. Some states have seen enough. According to the *New York Times*, "At least nine states, by one count, have decided to give up the federal matching funds rather than submit to dictates that undermine sensible sex education."

These skeptics were strongly supported in July 2007 when a Congressionally mandated report by the Mathematica Policy Research firm published the results of a long-term study of elementary and middle-school students in four communities who had received abstinence instruction—sometimes on a daily basis. Turns out those kids urged to "Just Say No" were as likely to have sex in ensuing years as students who did not. "Those who became sexually active—about half of each group—started at the same age (14.9 years on average)," the Mathematica Policy Research study concluded,

"and had the same number of sexual partners."

The large-scale data tells the same story. A steady decline in minor sex rates that began in the 1990s has remained stalled since 2001, a statistical plateau that correlates exactly with Bush's reign of error. A federal survey of national data this summer found that despite the intensified focus on encouraging sexual abstinence in recent years, the lengthy trend toward increased abstinence had actually reversed. In other words, kids are ignoring abstinence lectures—which is probably a good thing, considering how much misinformation apparently is woven into this watered-down Christian propaganda.

A Congressional investigation found that federally funded abstinence-only programs have misled captive American audiences—some as young as nine years old—that abortion can lead to sterility and suicide, that half the gay male teenagers in the United States have tested positive for HIV (the AIDS-causing virus) and that touching a person's genitals "can result in pregnancy." In their attempt to vilify sexuality and, as a bonus, brainwash public-school children to oppose a woman's right to control her body, such programs will stop at nothing to distort or invent "facts."

In 2004, investigators under the leadership of Representative Henry Waxman (D-California) discovered that the federally funded programs' curricula were riddled with such glaring falsehoods as the claim that a 43-day-old fetus is a "thinking person"; that HIV can be spread via sweat and tears; that abortions lead to sterility and suicide; and that condoms fail to prevent HIV transmission as often as 31% of the time in heterosexual intercourse.

Bush has even managed to foist this dangerous propaganda on the rest of the world. Passed in 2003, the President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief requires allocating one-third of the global prevention program's funding to the promotion of abstinence-only sex education. In 2006 the Government Accountability Office reported that the abstinence programs were actually "undermining the global efforts to prevent 7 million new HIV infections by 2008," the Center for Health and Gender Equity announced.

Of course, it is commonsensical that the best way to not get pregnant or catch an STD is total abstinence; the reality, however, is that many young people are going to have sex and that they need to know they can do it quite safely if they take proper precautions. In fact, while their sexual activity levels have failed to go down under Bush, teenage pregnancy rates have dropped—mostly because young people are getting smarter about contraception.

"In January [2007]," the *New York Times* reported, "the *American Journal of Public Health* published findings that attributed 86% of the decline to greater and more effective use of contraceptives—and only 14% to teenagers' deciding to wait longer to start having sex. At the very least, that suggests that the current policy of emphasizing abstinence and minimizing contraceptive use should be turned around."

As long as the Christian Right remains well funded, well organized and ferocious in its jihad to erode the division between Church and State, such Trojan horse programs as abstinence-only education will continue to arrive on the doorstep of a community near you. Better we should give out Trojans instead. 🍷

GAME ON

YOU'LL BE TRANSFORMED

Transformers

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: PS3, Xbox 360, Wii

The only thing about the summer blockbuster *Transformers* that sucked was not being able to get in on the action...until now! This awesome game allows players to become Optimus Prime or several other giant robots from the movie, and do battle. All the metal-crushing fun you'd hope for is here to prove that Transformers really are more than meets the eye.

WE'RE DRIVEN

Project Gotham Racing 4

Manufacturer: Microsoft Game

Studios/Bizarre Creations

Format: Xbox 360

The highly anticipated next installment in the heart-pumping motorsport franchise is here.

Designed exclusively for the Xbox 360,

Project Gotham Racing 4 adds more dramatic weather, several new locations and the ability to choose between hundreds of vehicles, including all the top names in high-performance cars and motorcycles. Strap into a BMW or hop on a Ducati and go! The Xbox LIVE feature allows you to compete with your friends as well as gamers from around the world, all without ever having to worry about a speeding ticket.

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE

Resident Evil 4: Wii Edition

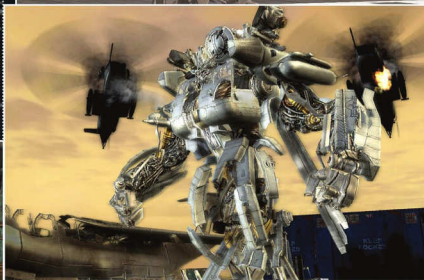
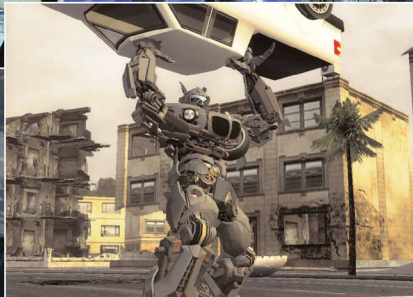
Manufacturer: Capcom

Format: Wii

The long-running survival/horror/zombie-killing franchise has just entered a new realm. Just released, the Wii version of the gore-rific game adds unprecedented mobility and action via the Wii controller and nunchuck support, not to mention brand-new environments and the ability to shoot, slash and battle hand-to-hand with the undead. Assuming the role of zombie hunters, players can immerse themselves in battle like never before. Our favorite is the supersexy huntress Ada Wong. Is it wrong to fall in love with a video game character? We sure hope not.



BY KEITH VALCOURT



YOU LOOK PUZZLED

The New York Times

Crosswords

Manufacturer: Majesco

Entertainment

Format: DS

This game does not boast exploding buildings, gunfire, fast cars, aliens, zombies or hot chicks. It *does* feature stimulation for your mind with over 1,000 puzzles, multiple visual themes and special functions, notably Hint (filling in letters you can't) and Undo (removing a letter you've placed incorrectly). If you're lucky playing it in public, you may get that brainy-looking chick you have a crush on to finally talk to you. Maybe.



HAVE YOU COMMITTED A "HATE CRIME" LATELY?

LITTLE NOTICED BY MOST of the citizenry, Congress is actively involved in enacting "hate crime" legislation. What is a hate crime? If you are convicted of a criminal act—including violence or vandalism—against someone of a race, color, sexual orientation or national origin designated for special protection under these laws, you will get extra prison time. To date, 45 states have such laws, and an expanded version of the existing federal law passed the House (237 to 180) on May 3. A similar Senate bill is ready, and Ted Kennedy is pushing it hard.

The House bill also provides more years in prison if you are alleged to have also committed a violent act—in addition to the categories I've mentioned—on the basis of the victim's sexual orientation, gender and disability, or if you are perceived to have acted criminally against people who are transsexual or transgender.

You notice I keep using the word *act*, but adding further punishment for a criminal deed that qualifies under these biased laws actually means that the extra cell time is for a "thought crime!"

Reacting to the legislation now in Congress, Kenneth Blackwell—a former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Human Rights Commission—told the *New York Sun*: "As a person who grew up fighting racism, I oppose the idea of thought crimes. In America, our Constitution guarantees everyone the freedom to think and believe whatever he or she wants, no matter how repulsive those beliefs are to others."

[Editor's Note: As Ohio's Secretary of State, J. Kenneth Blackwell was the essential on-the-ground operator in the theft of the 2004 Presidential election for George W. Bush and Karl Rove, with whom he met in Columbus on Election Day. As chief administrator of Ohio elections, Blackwell manipulated voter registration, the distribution of electronic voting machines, and the counting and recounting of ballots in ways guaranteed to give Bush the 20 electoral votes that put him back in the White House for a second term.

—Harvey Wasserman/HUSTLER]

These laws come into being because of political pressures from particular groups; and the continued expansion of those parts of the population considered "special victims of hate" can go on and on.

Thomas Sowell, who opposes "thought crimes," asks sardonically: "Does anybody seriously believe that 'hate speech' prohibitions will be applied to Muslims demonizing Jews, to blacks demonizing whites, or to women demonizing men?"

Why not? Consider the range of organizations, some often at odds with one another, joining in support of a bill that has already passed the House: the Local Law Enforcement Hate Crimes Prevention Act; the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the NAACP, the National District Attorneys Association, the National Sheriffs Association, the Anti-Defamation League, 26 state attorneys general—and *gasp!*—the American Civil Liberties Union! The ACLU has changed the First Amendment to exclude thought crimes.

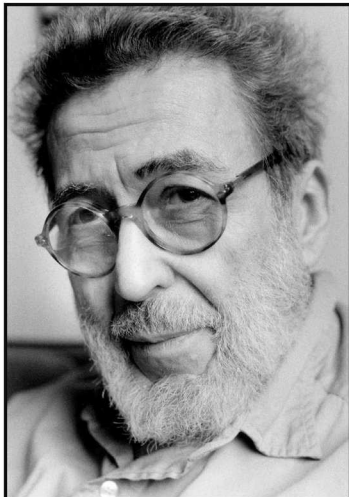
For several years I have researched how these laws are applied. For some of the case law, I strongly recommend New York University Law Professor James Jacob's *Hate Crimes: Criminal Law & Identity Politics* (Oxford University Press), which shows how "a hate crime trial may become a wide-ranging inquiry into the defendant's character, values and beliefs."

The prosecutor brings witnesses to testify as to whether the defendant is known in his neighborhood bar for making racist comments, even if overheard years ago. And the defendant's tastes in books and magazines can be ferreted out in his local library or by the "cookies" he leaves on Internet purchases.

And during the trial, a victim seeking extra vengeance against the defendant knows—as former Brooklyn Assistant District Attorney Migdalia Maldonado says from her experience—"of the heightened social awareness of bias crimes and the concomitant special attention that allegations of this sort receive from the enforcement officials and the media."

Accordingly, Maldonado told Professor James Jacobs: "A complainant, therefore, has an incentive to tailor his or her presentation of facts so as to obtain a bias-crime designation. . . . This leads to a relatively high incidence of bias reports."

Moreover, although the Constitution speaks



against double jeopardy (being prosecuted twice for the same crime), the bill passed by the House encourages federal authorities to get involved in local cases if the city or state investigators are unwilling or unable to prosecute the charges.

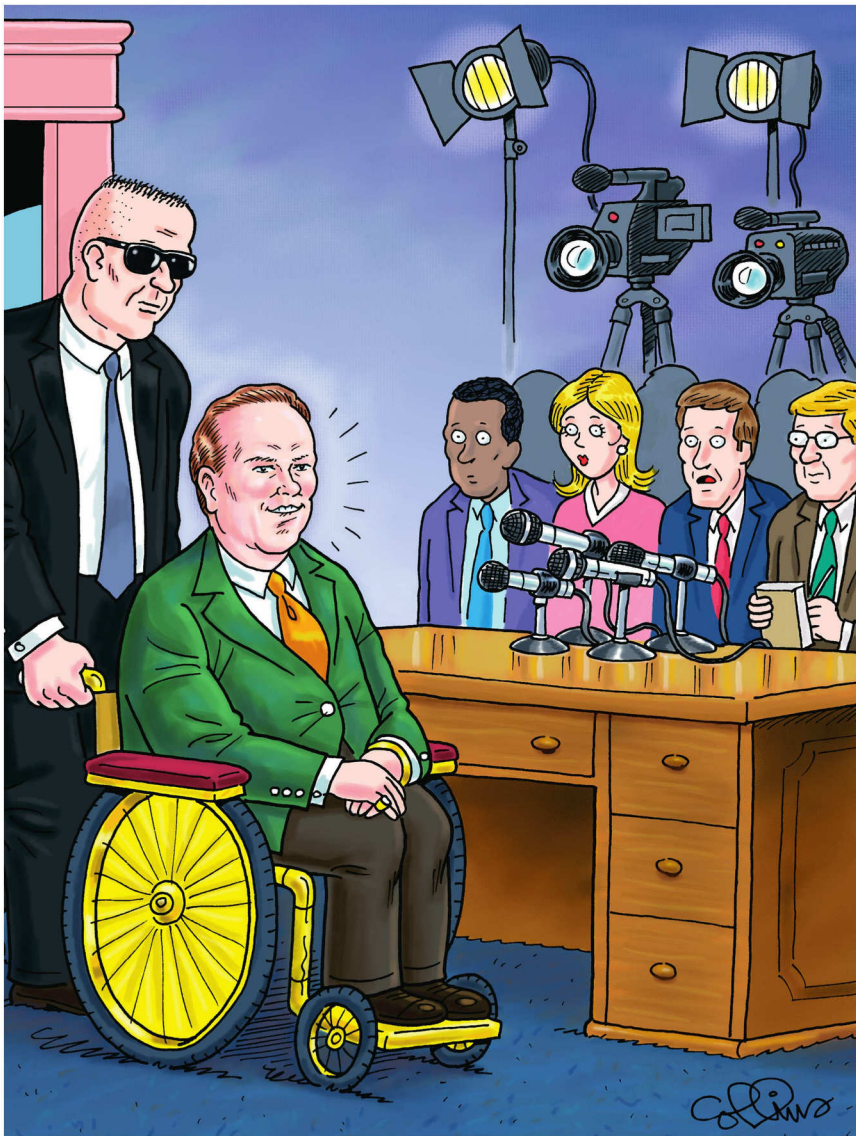
And look at how ambiguous the language is in the federal bill passed by the House (mirroring the dangerously loose language in many state bills). It's a crime if you "willfully cause bodily injury on the basis of how you 'perceived' the victim's gender, disability or gender identity." There would now be a government crime of "perception" as defined by police and prosecutors.

The New York State Hate Crimes Act can lock you up for longer prison time for crimes motivated "in whole or substantial part because of a belief or perception regarding race, color, national origin, ancestry, gender, religion, religious practice, age, disability or sexual orientation of a person."

So the Fourteenth Amendment's "equal [individual] protection of the laws" can be twisted on a defendant's alleged "belief" or "perception" beyond the actual act he or she is charged for.

"Hate crimes" convictions abound in Europe, but is this still America?

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the *Village Voice*, *Legal Times*, *Washington Times*, *The Progressive*, *Editor & Publisher*, *Free Inquiry* and *Jewish World Review*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; *Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee*; *The War on the Bill of Rights*; *The Gathering Resistance*; and, the very latest, *Is This America?*



"Uh-oh. He's got *that* grin on. Somebody's in the shit!"



Citizen Flynt

The recent "Flynting" of U.S. Senator David Vitter has generated a wave of response from HUSTLER readers. For the inside story of how hypocrite hunter Larry Flynt led the charge against Louisiana's lewdest man, check out our full report, beginning on page 36 of this issue.

Kudos to you, Larry. I hope you can flush out the hypocrites in Congress, starting with David Vitter and his ilk. Or better yet, the rats in the White House. Every time I see a fish on the back of a car, I smell a rat. Go get 'em, Larry.

—Robert Cline
Houston, Texas

Keep up the excellent work that began with the exposure of Vitter. Go get those fork-tongued bastards. Excellent!

—R.P.
Lincoln, New Hampshire

Thanks for your determination and efforts exposing Vitter and any other politicians who speak out of both sides of their mouths. I saw your television interview, and I admire your courage!

—Lloyd Flaum
Roswell, Georgia

Mr. Flynt, I wanted to tell you that you are perhaps this coun-

try's greatest patriot. So many politicians wrap themselves in the flag and then do everything possible to take away our rights. You use the flag differently; you battle for freedom at every turn. Far too few people know the debt of gratitude they owe you.

—Paul S. Weikel
Roswell, New Mexico

In response to your [*Washington Post*] ad asking if anyone has had sex with any government officials: I have. Your bleeding-heart liberal congressmen screw me every week when they take my hard-earned money out of my paycheck. I expect to get my million-dollar reward. *You* are the hypocrite.

—C.S.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

I don't care for porn, but I do care for my rights. I'm glad you're making a lot of those hypocrites squirm. Thank you for caring about individual rights. I wish others with power and means such as yourself would get off their asses and start making a difference.

—Rebecca T.
Lancaster, Ohio

I would appreciate it if you would divulge the names of other people on the D.C. Madam's list. I am sure there must have been some Democrats mixed in there, as they too are known for having fun. Please play fair, Mr. Flynt.

—Alberta Gardner
Harahan, Louisiana

I found your viewpoints about hypocrisy interesting. This not only affects politicians, but also many men in our society. The

In spite of hurricanes and hypocrisy, the Pelican State ain't all bad. Making amends is Louisiana native Stormy Daniels in Wicked Pictures' stylish new scorcher The Muse.



irony in their lives is that they hurt people along the way with their deceitfulness while acting like they're so moral, which is sickening! And when they get caught or can't handle the truth, they make up excuses like addiction or bad parents; or they turn religious and use God to cover up that they're just cowards and wimps. All they really care about is saving their own asses. But as the Bible states, truth will prevail!

—Lisa Carole
Charlotte, North Carolina

Thank you for spending your hard-earned cash to expose these hypocritical politicians. Nothing makes me happier!

—Mr. Fox
Delray Beach, Florida

I've read your magazine and the babes are beautiful, but I have to take issue with you when it comes to pointing out the sins of our elected officials. Why aren't there any Democrats with past transgressions? Are they all pure of heart?

I wasn't born yesterday, and I think there are probably just as many, if not more, liberals with a dirty past. Yet you continually concentrate on Republicans. I think you're a hypocrite, and you have proved it by picking on one side of the aisle. I dare you to expose some Democrats for a change.

—Bob W.
La Grange, Illinois

When we find a Democrat who's a sexual hypocrite, we'll expose him.

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS



JUST WANTED TO SAY THANK YOU for having balls enough not to sell out to politics and to keep making such a great magazine. I just left for a six-month deployment overseas and look forward to buying HUSTLER again once I get back home. I've never seen it in Asia. I guess they'll never know what they're missing. Keep up the great work. Nothing boosts a sailor's spirits and morale like HUSTLER.

—Petty Officer First Class David Aguilar, U.S. Navy
Somewhere in Southeast Asia

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



HustlerHollywood.com



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Introducing America's First the Successful Electric Car: **EV1**



A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

Uses no fossil fuels! • Does not release emissions or greenhouse gases!
Runs for up to 12 hours on a single charge! • Can help save the planet!

AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DRIVE IT!

We at GM canceled the EV1 program when we realized how much money the oil companies would lose. We pulled every EV1 off the road and had them destroyed. We just couldn't afford to piss off our partners in the oil business. They have some high-level connections, you know. So until we find a way to make an electric car run on oil and gas, you'll never get to own one. That's just good business.

NOTE: We realize this crushed car isn't an actual EV1. Those pioneering vehicles are now in your kids' braces and that can of Coke you're drinking from.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how Big Oil, in cahoots with the auto industry, is thwarting the development and marketing of environmentally safe vehicles until they find a way to profit from it. For more information, check out **WhoKilledTheElectricCar.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Reactionary talking head Tucker Carlson is a perfect example of someone who can move his lips without thinking at the same time. Carlson is as smug as his miserable MSNBC program is low-rated.

As soon as HUSTLER took out a *Washington Post* ad offering reward money for information about government officials engaging in illicit sex, Carlson went on a jihad. "Larry Flynt is a pig," the self-righteous prig proclaimed on June 4, "...not a legitimate public persona."

On July 11, following HUSTLER's exposure of U.S. Senator David Vitter (R-Louisiana), the conservative attack dog barked about Flynt again, this time at a left-leaning guest: "If you disagree with a policy position ...an elected official puts forward, why don't you argue against it? ... Instead, you're taking a shortcut and just trashing the guy's personal life? What a sleazy shortcut."

Of course, Carlson expressed no such outrage circa 1998 when he delighted in the exposure of President Clinton's consensual affair with intern Monica Lewinsky.

Blowhard Carlson is too brain dead to comprehend that the issue now is not Vitter's personal peccadilloes, but his hypocrisy in publicly campaigning and legislating one way, while privately living another. It was Vitter who coauthored the Federal Marriage Amendment, which attempted to forbid same-sex nuptials.

Meanwhile, the married lawmaker and father—an outspoken advocate of abstinence-only sex education—



Tucker Carlson

was alleycatting with sex-industry pros. If Carlson can't grasp that taxpayers have the right to know about a holier-than-thou official's duplicity, maybe it's because this uptight Tory is dumber than he looks.

Tucker Swanson McNear Carlson (what a fucking pretentious moniker!) is a card-carrying member of the ruling class. Like Prescott Bush (W.'s grandfather), young Tucker attended St. George's, a Rhode Island prep school. Later he dropped out of patrician Trinity College (after Yale, Connecticut's second-oldest college), which may explain why he's too *stupid* to understand that we

only exposed Vitter to reveal his hypocrisy.

But since Carlson's stepmommy, Patricia Caroline Swanson, is an heiress of the Swanson frozen-food millions, maybe he didn't need to graduate—unlike the rest of us plebes. Perhaps Tucker learned propaganda at the knee of his daddy, Richard Carlson, whom Bush Senior appointed as a U.S. ambassador and who was the longest-serving director general of the agitprop outlet Voice of America. When the cavalier Tucker Carlson promotes privilege, he's defending his class interests.

The despicable Carlson has also

publicly applauded terrorism. On June 22, 2005, he snidely sniffed: "I am objectively pro-France. ... France blew up the *Rainbow Warrior*, that Greenpeace ship in Auckland [New Zealand] Harbor in the '80s. And I've always respected them." Subsequently, the smirking psycho gleefully called the bombing "a bold and beautiful thing to do."

That's "beautiful"? Really? How un-Christian can you get, Tucker? Two French terrorists were convicted of arson and manslaughter for killing a member of your own profession—photojournalist Fernando Pereira, father of two small children.

Carlson's pappy is now vice-chairman of the Foundation for the Defense of Democracies (FDD), founded after 9/11 as part of the War on Terror. HUSTLER recently phoned the FDD to ask Ambassador Carlson how proud he was of his sociopathic son's cheerleading for terrorism, but he wouldn't comment. Perhaps Dad is too ashamed.

But we'll comment. Fucker Carlson has just two career "highlights": (1) when Jon Stewart, appearing on *Crossfire*, called Carlson "a dick," getting the bow-tied twit thrown off CNN; and (2) when Carlson was detained for alleged visa violations in Vietnam in 2000.

Face it, Sucker: In a nation of 300 million-plus people, you're lucky to even have 200,000 viewers. Given your utter lack of personality and talent, you'd never have had a TV show in the first place if you hadn't been born into the power elite.

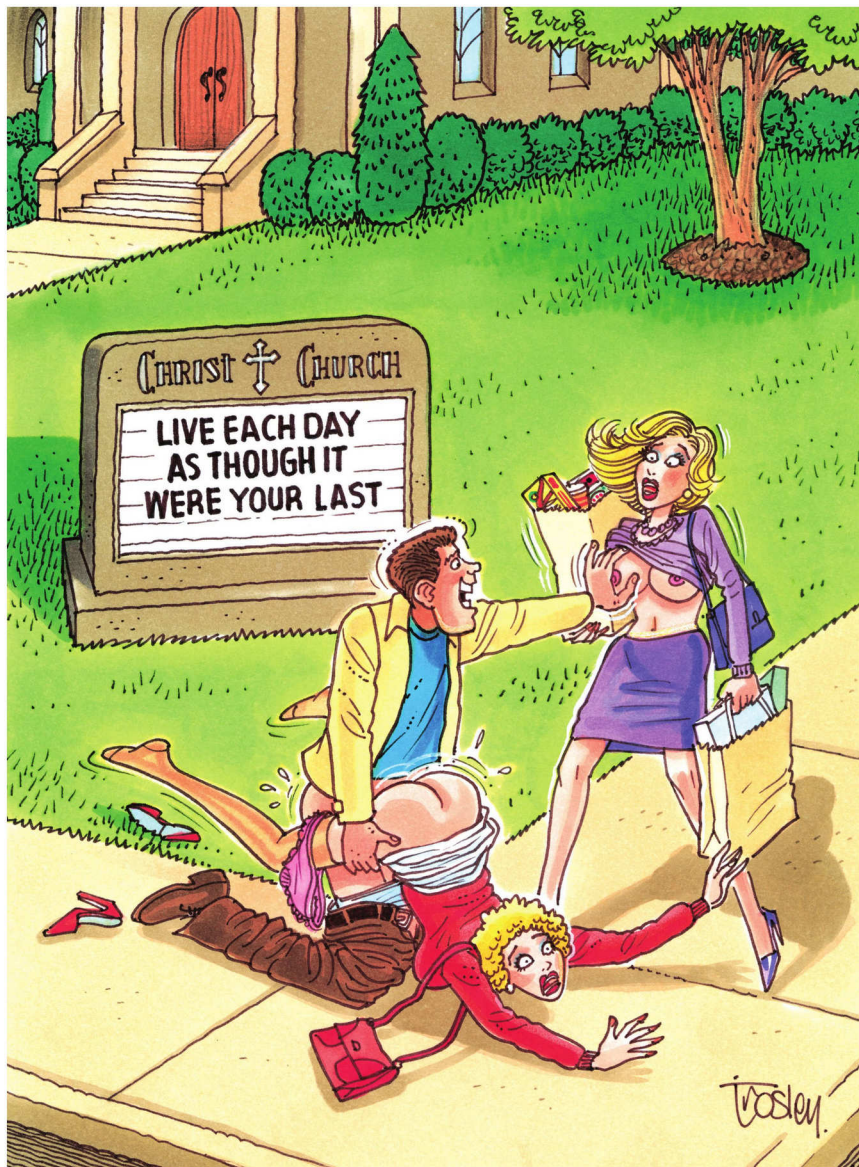
Farts in the Wind

•Fresh out of rehab, reality-challenged **Lindsay Lohan** was back in trouble with the law for a bizarre high-speed chase and cocaine bust on July 24. After allegedly commandeering a friend's SUV, Lohan supposedly used that all-American alibi, telling police, in an Oscar-worthy performance: "The black kid was driving." How low can this chick go? Lohan also contended that the coke purportedly found in her pocket belonged to someone else. Meanwhile, the flick *I Know You Killed Me*, in which Lohan plays a stripper, opened days later. Critics panned the box office flop, with *Variety* calling it "a disaster...much like the ongoing real-world meltdown of its troubled star." The self-destructive 21-year-old reportedly reentered her third rehab center in a year. (Calling Dr. Freud!) As

for the actress's latest caper, witnesses claim that while Lohan was racing through Malibu and Santa Monica, she screamed: "I can't get in trouble. I'm a celebrity. I can do whatever the fuck I want." Drivers who share the road with this diva hope prosecutors disagree and throw the book at her. If Lohan goes to the slammer like fellow celebturds Paris and Nicole, Southern California motorists will breathe easier.

•Looking more dead than alive, 65-pound **Tammy Faye Bakker Messner** made a July 19 farewell visit to Larry King's chatfest, foisting herself yet again on the public. The cancer-stricken biddy died as she lived, chasing the limelight, which Tammy Faye first entered in 1965, costarring with preacher hubby Jim Bakker in a TV show on Pat Robertson's Christian Broad-

casting Network. During the 1970s the Bakkers launched Heritage USA (a biblical version of Disneyland) and the PTL television empire. Because of the televangelists' huckstering and opulent lifestyle, critics harped that PTL stood for "Pass the Loot" and that the Bakkers gave God a bad name. Sure enough, during the 1980s, after paying church secretary Jessica Hahn \$250,000-plus in hush money, Jim was caught with his hand in the till...and in Hahn. Convicted of fraud and conspiracy, he'd spend five years behind bars. In the 1990s, Tammy Faye married Roe Messner, who was later jailed for bankruptcy fraud. The broad's taste in men was as bad as her taste in cosmetics and religion. If Tammy Faye is in Heaven, she's got the Avon concession. Good riddance. ☹





Tera Patrick: What a piece of glass!



Somebody help Jenna hold that thing up!



Hot girl-on-girl action: Jesse Jane & Jenna Haze

15 MINUTES OF FAME

THE SECOND ANNUAL F.A.M.E. (Fans of Adult and Media Entertainment) Awards were held recently at the Los Angeles Convention Center in conjunction with the EroticaLA expo.

Among those taking home the much-coveted carved chunk of glass (suitable for framing or fucking) were Tera Patrick (Favorite Female Starlet), Jenna Haze (Favorite Oral Starlet), Courtney Cummmz (Favorite Anal Starlet), Jesse Jane (Hottest Body) and the skeletal remains of Jenna Jameson (Favorite Performer of All Time).

Everybody Loves HUSTLER



INCLUDING GUITAR GOD DWEEZIL ZAPPA. Check out our exclusive interview with Frank's favorite son, starting on page 100 of this issue.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #1

Girls who love egg nog will usually swallow.



PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND \$150 go to W.M. of New York City for this Rubenesque pinup. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"The good thing about masturbation is that you don't have to dress up for it." —TRUMAN CAPOTE, WRITER



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD

Nicky Hilton

LOOK LIKE WITH
A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL NICKY HILTON never gets as much attention as her older sister does. It's a damn shame too, because this millionaire heiress is even hotter.

With the holidays *coming*, we figured we'd give darling Nicky the gift she really wants: exposure! Enjoy the free press (and giant cock), Nicky! Remember, you've always been our favorite Hilton.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Nicky Hilton actually exists, although there are several of her sister Paris. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose—except, of course, masturbation. Seriously, Nicky looks awesome!

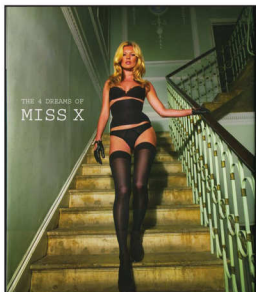
TRUTH IN ADVERTISING



► **WHY DO WE LIKE** *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*? Maybe it's the combination of stinging political commentary and liberal-minded humor. Or it could be the cable show's good taste in strip clubs and willingness to give us free advertising. Thanks to *The Daily Show* for erecting this billboard at its New York City headquarters.

**BUCKY
BEAVER'S**
Holiday
Tip #2

Elves are creepy. No matter how cute the costume, they're just vile, little people.


HUSTLER BOOK CLUB
THE 4 DREAMS
OF MISS X


► **DIRECTOR MIKE FIGGIS** (*Leaving Las Vegas*) hooked up with supermodel/coke fiend Kate Moss to create a quartet of mini-films about a dreaming beauty named Miss X. Each explores the.... Aw, who the hell cares?! Moss is wearing almost nothing! A book featuring several images of Miss X has now been released and includes a DVD with all four flicks. Plus, the book is kind of artsy, so your girl might actually let you put it on the coffee table.

Available at AnovaBooks.com or bookstores everywhere.

NEWSBITES

Meat for Meat

In Serbia, cattle has been selling at a breakneck pace lately. What's the rush for cash? Seems several farmers have been lining up for penis-enlargement surgery, which costs around \$538—the going price for a prized cow. Swap a cow for a bigger cock? Nah, we'd rather swap steak, lobster and cock-tails for some pussy.

Officer Down!

Remember the good old days when a woman could talk her way out of a ticket just by flirting with or blowing a cop? Well, those days are back—at least in Tennessee. A busty porn star from Knoxville claims that during a speeding stop a state trooper agreed to drop drug-possession charges in exchange for oral sex. (The lawman involved was suspended and later fired.) Barbie Cummings quickly claimed on her blog site that she had video footage and photos of the sex romp in a patrol car and was willing to release them for a price. We have a few suggested titles: *Hill Street Blue Balls* and *Car 69, Where Are You?*

Handjob Opening

Hey, guys, are you looking for a job? How about one that lets you work with rubbers and lubricants? Call Durex, because the condom manufacturer is desperately in need of 5,000 testers who are very sexually active. We suggest that the firm should hire our readers and maybe U.S. Senator David Vitter (R-Louisiana) and his many hookers.

Victor's Secret?

A Rutland, Vermont, man is facing felony charges after twice going to a Victoria's Secret store to try on lingerie. The cross-dresser wasn't busted for donning the frilly undergarments, but for allegedly exposing himself to a clerk while emerging from a changing room. The sap probably didn't intentionally flash anyone. Do you know how tight women's panties are? Your dick can just pop out the side...or, uh, so we've read.



Sign of the Times

WE KNOW SOME GUYS will fuck anything...but a train?! Really?! Thanks to G.S. of Sudbury, Canada, for providing this shot.

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

NEWS BABES

OUR LATEST PICK IS sexy Heidi Watney, a weekend sportscaster at KMPH (Channel 26) in Fresno, California. Thanks to A.S. for a great submission. We love a hottie who knows her way around balls.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a nifty HUSTLER Prize Pack.

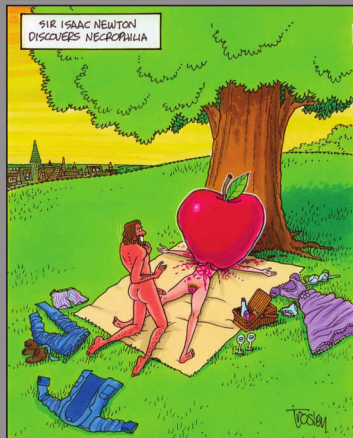


BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #3

All shopping mall Santas are pedophiles. It comes with the job.



"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"The tragedy is when you've got sex in the head instead of down where it belongs." —D.H. LAWRENCE, POET/NOVELIST

3D INTERNET STANDOUT



LOOKING FOR A WEB SITE that offers "Hips, Lips and Comic Strips" in 3-D? The wait is finally over! Eye-popping Shh3D.com lets you peek at hundreds of perfect peaks in all their multidimensional glory. For just \$9.95 a month you get unlimited access and a leggy pair of 3-D glasses!



BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #4

Hickory Farms is the place to get gifts for people you dislike. The dumpster behind Hickory Farms is the place to get gifts for people you hate.



BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #5

Ladies must kiss what's under the mistletoe.



STUFF THIS IN YOUR STOCKING!

HERE ARE SOME GIFT ITEMS you may want to give someone you love...or hate. That's completely up to you. We don't care either way. After all, you didn't get us anything.

Remember back in the day when you and your buddies folded a piece of paper into a triangle and played a little desktop football? The fine folks at Fiki have transformed the homemade classic into a colorful game, complete with a leather ball, goal post and field. That's right, you can now pay for something you once could do for free. The flick is good! Available at FikiFootball.com.

What the Fiki? ▶

▶ We Love a Girl With Issues

Depicting some of HUSTLER's greatest covers of the past, these sexy panties are perfect for the chick in your life. When she puts them on, we're sure you'll want to open her up. Available at HUSTLER Hollywood stores.



◀ Color My Cock

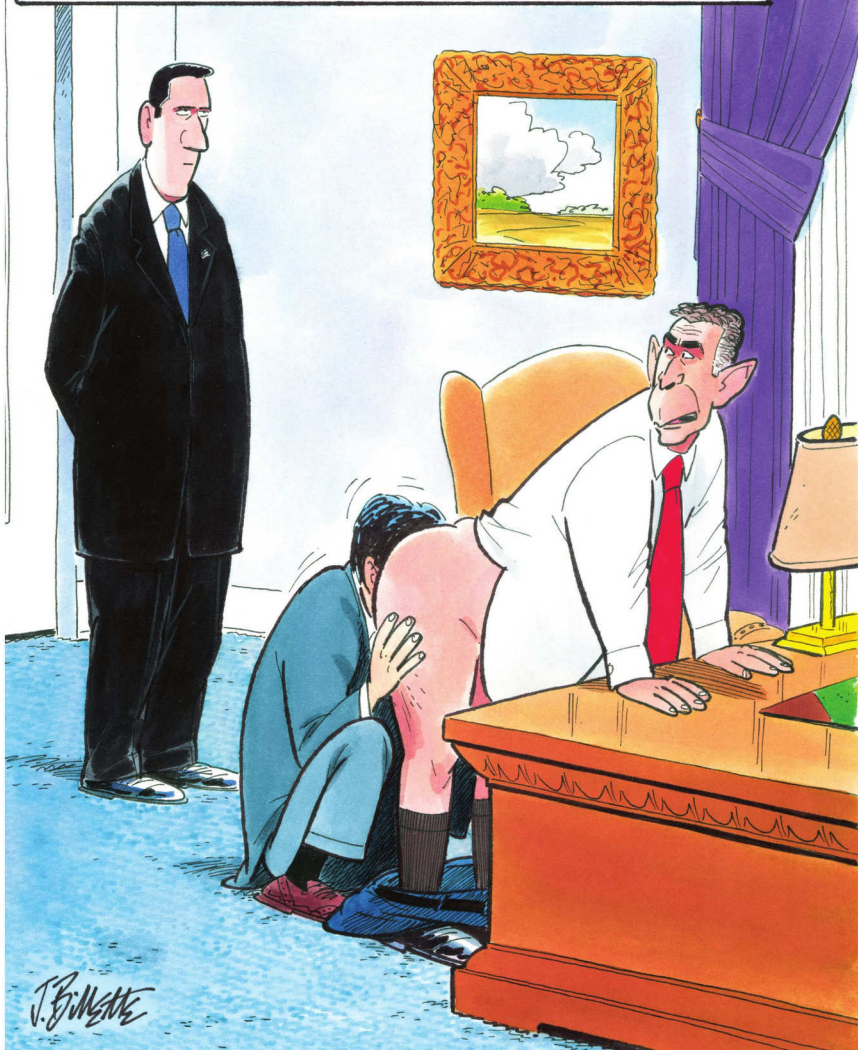
This natural follow-up to the highly successful *Cunt Coloring Book* offers an array of

cock-tastic images

for your crayons or markers. It also cleverly morphs various public figures (including Dick Cheney, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Ann Coulter) into the cocks and pussies they really are. Available at BijouWorld.com.



PRESIDENT BUSH VISITS THE FOX NEWS STUDIO



"When Hannity is done paying his respects, get Bill O'Reilly in here next!"



MORE THAN O.K.

PAXTON LANE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT





I never really thought I could do anything like this," fesses up Oklahoma hottie **Paxton Lane**. "Being a model, let alone a nude model, was once the furthest thing from my mind. You see, as a kid I was a bit of an ugly-duckling tomboy. I never thought of myself as being pretty."

Fortunately, **Paxton** flowered into an outright beauty, but she remained incredibly modest until just recently. "Every guy I dated said I was hot enough to be a model," the newcomer recalls. "Maybe they were just flattering me to get into my panties, but I figured that maybe I should try it. Being between steady boyfriends, I drove out to California, and so far it's going great. I feel really comfortable and confident showing off my body now."







Still as straight as an arrow, and more uninhibited than ever, **Paxton** willingly reveals her ideal bedmate. "Someone who loves oral sex," she coos, "and I mean giving as well as getting. Seriously, if a guy wants me to give him head every day, he has to return the favor. Nothing gets me off more than a man chowing down on my cookie and hitting all the right spots."

Seeing **Paxton's** peaks and privates sure hits the spot, and here's how the babe herself looks back on getting naked in our pages: "Wow! I had such a fabulous time, I'd love to do it again. That is, if your readers like my pictures." Well, gentlemen?



PAXTON'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Broken Arrow, Oklahoma

AGE: 26

BIRTH SIGN: Virgo

HEIGHT: 5-6





NURSING AN OBSESSION

I glanced at my watch. I had 25 minutes till

I was due for rounds in the hospital's geriatric ward. So I dashed off to the examination rooms. En route, an intern tried to sidetrack me with a question, but I brushed him aside. Something about allergies, infection, I don't know. Nothing was going to deter me from my rendezvous with Nurse Benson.

Glancing both ways down the hall, I pushed through the door of Room 3, and there it was: full-on pussy right in my face! Nurse Benson has the most beautiful vagina on this planet, possibly in the entire solar system. Full, fat pink labes glistening with dew. Smooth folds, like a barely legal chick's, with just enough pubic hair to remind you that she's all woman. I enjoyed nipping at those curls—capturing them between my teeth and tugging them straight—right before attacking her half-inch-long clitoris.

Nurse Benson was lying on an examination table, her feet up in stirrups,

her lush thighs splayed wide. Her starched white nurse's uniform was pushed to her waist. White stockings, white garters. God, I tried to stay in character. I knew that's what she wanted, a little role-playing, a little doctor-examination foreplay, but I just couldn't. I dove tongue-first into cunt.

And now I'll digress. Most men become doctors for money, although sometimes it's a nagging mother or even devotion to mankind. Actually, all those things played a part in my career choice. But for me, topping the list was access to nurses in their virginal-white uniforms.

I guess my obsession started with a physical exam I had when I was 13 or so. The only nurse in our one-horse Midwestern town was Mrs. S., a horny divorcee who fueled the wet dreams of every pubescent boy in the county. Did anything inappropriate occur during that exam? No, but damn, I wanted it to!

And if I close my eyes, I can still see Mrs. S.'s cleavage peaking out of her lily whites, and I can still feel her cool hand on my back and smell her pussy. She always smelled like hot twat—mmmmmm.

These days not many nurses opt for the old-fashioned attire, but Nurse Benson does. And now, as I slipped my hands

up under the stiff material to feel her soft breasts, a shiver shot down my spine. I gave my everything to this tongue-lapping. Breathing in her musky scent, I rubbed my face all over that conch. I stabbed my tongue between her fat folds and tasted her sweet, tangy nectar.

Nurse Benson moaned above me and begged me to suck on her clit, to make her "feel better." Instead, I circled her vulva, playing catch-and-release with the thirtysomething's pubes. But this time I tugged hard—hard enough to make my favorite nurse orgasm.

Pussy juice oozed down her crack, onto the examination table. As I lifted her ass cheeks, I savored every drop. Of course, we were taking a huge chance. The door didn't have a lock on it, but that was part of the thrill—illicit sex and the possibility of getting caught.

I snapped Nurse Benson's garters and tore her white stockings with my teeth. By now my cock was as hard as a scalpel. Standing, I shoved my scrubs to my knees and admired the goddess before me. I caressed her feet in the stirrups, smoothed my hands down to her thighs and lunged. I don't know if you've ever had a woman like that, so wide open and vulnerable. *Miraculous* might be the best word to describe it.

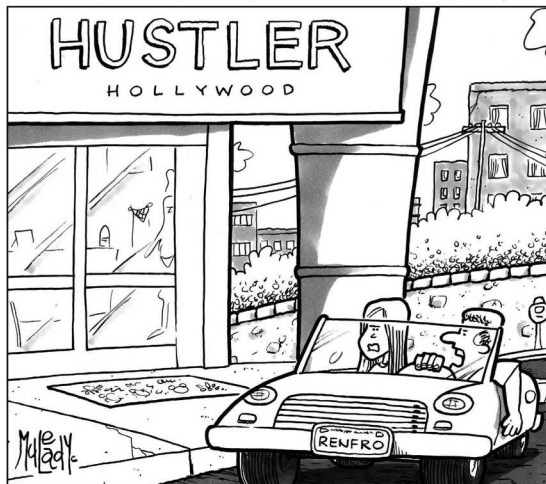
The stirrups and my hands secured Nurse Benson as I thrust hard, deep and fast. I knew that I couldn't last long. It felt too good. The heat within was intense. My nut sac spanked her buttocks.

Nurse Benson hissed, "Doctor, Doctor, don't stop!" as she climaxed again, her vaginal muscles bearing down on my dick till I couldn't hold back. Finally, my jizz shot deep into her sopping slit. The force of my orgasm amazed me, left me drained and disoriented until Nurse Benson started to move beneath me.

When I finally made it to the geriatric ward 15 minutes late, a new assistant was waiting for me—Nurse Wanda something or another—in a crisp, starched white uniform complete with cap! I thought I detected the scent of an aroused pussy, but I was probably just smelling my own face.

—A.B.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



"Go buy a couple of jars of anal lube, you unpatriotic bitch!
The President says we gotta shop more!"

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



"Killin' evildoers gives me a Texas woody!"

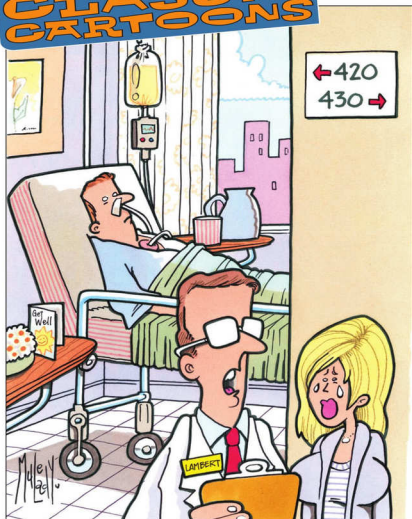


HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

Collins



"First of all, Kowalski, I know we encourage all our employees to think of Camco Inc. as their second home, but..."



"The MRI shows no brain activity, Mrs. Hurley. I suggest taking him off life support and letting him join the Republican Party!"

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



HustlerHollywood.com



Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S., Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns).

Installment 2
(in an ongoing series)

**Loving
the
Colossal
Load**

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT: A MONSTER FACIAL

Impress her by increasing your "Ropes"

After posting a letter from a woman who experienced her lover's new-found enormous (and consistent!) orgasms and revealing the European supplement that he used to achieve his power gushes, I've since received a number of letters from curious women who have also experienced their partners' vigorous cumshots. I would like to share an email from another female reader that proves what I've known all along: Not only do women find a man's hearty orgasms deeply erotic, more importantly they also measure male virility and strength not by cock size, but rather by the force and number of orgasmic contractions, ejaculate volume and extended intensity of orgasm stream.

Deanna writes:

My boyfriend and I hate using condoms, and since I don't want to get pregnant, we protect ourselves by using the old-fashion "pull" method: he fucks me silly and then when he's ready to blow his wad he pulls out and releases. Lately we've started watching a lot of porn to spice up our fuck sessions, and although most of the male actors are well-endowed, I've realized I don't get hot by large cock size, instead I'm completely turned on by the way the guys usually finish — shooting loads all over the girls' faces. The more volume and length of the guy's climax, the more orgasmically crazed I become. The idea of being on the receiving end of a monster load is so erotic, I've started begging my man to cum as hard as he can on my face and tits.

Well, I've since become obsessed; each time I find myself wanting more, more and more cum, that is! Don't get me wrong, my sex life is great, but I wish my man's loads were stronger. I'm not only disappointed with my boyfriend's weak finishes, I'm also let down by the majority of lame pops depicted in the skin flicks we watch. But I must say, when I do witness the occasional out-of-the-ordinary onscreen orgasm, I cum almost immediately.

Sensing my "super-load" infatuation, my boyfriend recently experimented with a supplemental enhancer and lately his orgasms have gone from "whispers" to "roars." When he pounds me missionary and pulls out, now he can consistently reach my face with a hot stream of spunk. And he just keeps cumming! I love it so much he lets me grip his cock so I can feel it squirting and pumping. He coats my face, neck and tits constantly. And every time, it never fails: as I drown under his never-ending "ropes," my own orgasms are absolutely "off the chart."

His mammoth loads are far more impressive than most of the male onscreen adult actors, and these ritualistic cumbaths have improved our sex life tremendously. But it



doesn't stop there! He's able to get a second erection right away, starts fucking me again, longer and harder, and ends up giving me yet another huge jizz-drenching!

When I asked him how he strengthened his orgasms, he told me he started using a supplement you recommended in one of your columns (He says he reads your Web advice regularly). I want to know the name of the enhancer so I can pass the info on to my girlfriends. All girls should be so lucky!

Deanna G.
Chicago, IL

Deanna, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out about and using this unique orgasm enhancing supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners. The secret is out:

even though women don't openly talk about it, most of us absolutely crave a giant load!

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated for men to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

Serogen is so effective that lately there has been a flood of knock-off products (after all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!) that use subpar blends (you can read my orgasm enhancer reviews on my Website). As far as finding Serogen in the States, the original importer is a small distributor called Somalab. Since the success of Serogen, the company recently introduced two new products for men that contain additional premium blends with more benefits than the original. Somalab products ship discretely almost anywhere in the world. These unique supplements can be ordered by contacting the distributor toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.strongerorgasms.info.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

**THE
INSIDE
STORY:**

EXPOSE

HOW FLYNT



D VITTER

U.S. SENATOR DAVID VITTER, A REPUBLICAN FROM LOUISIANA, KEPT HIS DOUBLE LIFE HIDDEN FOR YEARS—UNTIL HE CROSSED PATHS WITH AN INVESTIGATIVE TEAM HEADED BY LARRY FLYNT.

BY MARK JOHNSON

FEBRUARY 27, 2001, was a crisp winter Tuesday in Washington, D.C. With the nation awaiting George W. Bush's first budget speech that evening, it was a slow workday on Capitol Hill. It was also Mardi Gras, and Congressman David Vitter—a native of the New Orleans area—was in a mood to celebrate.

At 3:06 p.m., Vitter's phone received a return call from Pamela Martin & Associates, an elite escort service that he had used on four prior occasions. The lawmaker had a couple of hours to kill before he was due back on the Hill for the day's only roll call vote. It's not known whether Vitter took the call personally, but its length—1.2 minutes—suggests that he did. What happened next only Vitter and his unidentified escort know for certain, but in the congressman's preferred vocabulary it was most definitely a "sin."

Three years later, Vitter—a married, churchgoing Catholic and father of four—ran for the U.S. Senate as a self-proclaimed guardian of the "sanctity of marriage." In a foreshadowing of events to come, a member of the Louisiana Republican State Central Committee accused the candidate of engaging in an extended affair with a New Orleans prostitute. Vitter seized on the lack of hard evidence to claim the allegation was just "crass Louisiana politics." The spin worked; he became the state's first popularly elected Republican U.S. senator.

In 2006, less than a year before his double life would blow up in his face, Vitter was vehemently trying to legislate the sex lives of free Americans. In lockstep with Bush's Religious Right agenda, he coauthored the Federal Marriage Amendment, a bill that sought to prohibit same-sex nuptials. In a stunning display of tactlessness, he even compared gay marriage to hurricanes Rita and Katrina—deadly storms that had recently devastated his home district.

As if he hadn't already set himself up as the perfect hypocrite, the philandering senator became an avid proponent of abstinence-only sex education. Vitter wrote a letter in June 2007 endorsing the reauthorization of the Title V Abstinence Education Program, which taught that "saving sex until marriage and remaining faithful afterwards is the best choice for health and happiness." Like the Federal Marriage Amendment, the measure failed.

In what would turn out to be a colossal blunder, GOP Presidential nominee Rudolph Giuliani tapped Vitter to be his 2008 campaign's Southern Regional Chairman. Despite his own carefully honed myth as the mayor of 9/11, the New Yorker was seen in the conservative South as a wily city slicker. Basically, Vitter's job was to lend Giuliani some Bible Belt credibility.

But for at least the past decade, Vitter had been living a risky double life: secretly paying prostitutes for sex while publicly legislating on matters of morality. And the longer he got away with it, the more arrogant and overconfident he became.

Vitter's 2001 Mardi Gras phone call finally came back to haunt him in the



July 11, 2007: Larry Flynt declares his role in the exposure of David Vitter. July 16: The senator (pictured at left with his wife, Wendy) makes a confessional appearance in Metairie, Louisiana.

summer of 2007, when "D.C. Madam" Deborah Jeanne Palfrey's phone records fell into the hands of HUSTLER Magazine investigative journalist Dan E. Moldea. A year earlier, acting on an IRS warrant, federal agents had raided Palfrey's home. Over \$1 million in assets was seized, and the madam was slapped with racketeering and money-laundering charges. But the Feds overlooked a key prize: a stack of phone records documenting a decade of contacts with Palfrey's cohorts and clientele.

Moldea, a longtime associate of Larry Flynt, had been instrumental in exposing hypocritical GOP Congressmen Robert Livingston and Bob Barr in 1999. Back then, Flynt's ire had been stoked by the right-wing's relentless and sanctimonious impeachment campaign against President Bill Clinton. By 2007, right-wing shills were threatening a vicious campaign of sexual slander in a desperate attempt to hold onto power in '08.

With rumors already rampant that Palfrey's phone records implicated high-ranking members of the Bush Administration and Congress, Moldea contacted the former madam. But he had competition.

Barred from *selling* the records, Palfrey struck a deal with ABC News, securing an on-air interview in exchange for the phone records from



2002 through 2006. Palfrey revealed in a 20/20 interview on May 4, 2007, that her phone records listed the numbers of thousands of clients, including many prominent politicians.

ABC didn't reveal any major names. As it turned out, the news organization did not obtain Palfrey's phone records for the time period in which David Vitter's number appeared. But the lawmaker had to know that it was only a matter of time before the other shoe dropped. A couple of months before Palfrey's TV interview, a judge had imposed an indefinite injunction on the records. For Vitter, it was a temporary reprieve. But unbeknownst to Senator Hypocrite, Larry Flynt was about to turn up the heat.

While investigator Moldea was negotiating with Palfrey and her attorney for access to the phone records, Flynt decided to use his checkbook to shake the Beltway escort tree. Forking over \$106,000, he took out a full-page ad in the June 3 edition of the *Washington Post*. The ad, nearly identical to one Flynt had run in the D.C.



Flynt states the principles behind his campaign against high-level hypocrisy. Left: "D.C. Madam" Deborah Jeanne Palfrey, whose phone records became incriminating evidence against Vitter.

paper in 1998, offered "up to \$1 million for documented evidence of illicit sexual or intimate relations with a Congressperson, Senator or other prominent officeholder." The ad provided an 800 number, and the HUSTLER hotline started logging dozens of tips a day.

On July 6, a month after Flynt's ad hit the streets, the restraining order on the phone records was lifted, and Palfrey released the treasure to a select group of journalists and researchers, including Moldea. The investigator immediately began the grueling task of punching the numbers into an online reverse-phone search engine.

Suspecting that in 2001 the newly elected Republicans in Washington had been giddy with Bush's successful grab at power, Moldea zeroed in on the early half of that year. "After crunching hundreds of numbers," he recalls, "I decided I'd take a break and set an arbitrary cutoff point at my birthday, which just happens to be February 27."

Moldea entered 202-548-4736, a number listed on that date, into the National Records Registry, and Vitter's name came up. "I almost fell off my chair," he recounts. After follow-up searches to confirm that he had the right David Vitter, Moldea called the rest of the investigative team at HUSTLER's offices in Beverly Hills: Editorial Director Bruce David

and this reporter, Research Director/Assistant Managing Editor Mark Johnson.

The treasured list was now in the hands of several industrious journalists—the scoop wouldn't hold for long. Even so, Larry Flynt made it clear that Vitter would have to be given a chance to respond before HUSTLER could go public with the info. "That's the way we do things," the publisher insisted.

That weekend, Flynt and his investigative team consulted by phone on the best way to move forward. Moldea recommended that Adam Zagorin, a trustworthy *Time* magazine reporter, be enlisted to make the initial call, but with the assurance that Flynt would be named as the source of the information, regardless of how Vitter reacted. After conducting his own verification of HUSTLER's facts, Zagorin agreed.

Monday, July 9 was V-Day. Flynt called a midday conference with the investigative team to coordinate the plan. Shortly before 2:00 p.m. Pacific Time, the *Time* reporter called Vitter's Washington office and spoke to a staffer. Zagorin told him HUSTLER had learned that Vitter's number was on the D.C. Madam's phone list, then requested a comment from the senator.

Seconds later, this reporter called Vitter's office and informed a staffer: "We're working on a story about Senator Vitter, and we'd like to get a comment from him regarding some information that we've obtained."

Neither of the calls were ever returned. That same day, Palfrey posted the phone records on her Web site.

A few hours after HUSTLER's phone call,

Senator Vitter contacted the Associated Press in New Orleans in an obvious attempt to get ahead of the story. In a remarkably vague statement, he apologized for committing a "very serious sin in my past." The senator then went into hiding for the rest of the week, leaving colleagues and constituents scratching their heads.

But for anyone following the D.C. Madam scandal, it was obvious that Vitter knew the hookers had come home to roost. What no one outside the HUSTLER camp knew yet was that Flynt had struck again. The next day, HUSTLER's investigative team notified the media of its role in Vitter's outing.

On July 11, Flynt officially took credit for prodding Vitter's confession. In a press conference aired live on CNN he stressed that he was not specifically out to get Louisiana or the Republicans, but hypocrisy. Regarding Vitter, Flynt announced, "I don't want a man like that legislating for me, especially in the areas of morality."

Flynt pointed out that his coup was sweetened with irony. In 1999, Vitter had won the Congressional seat vacated by Bob Livingston. The House of Representatives' Speaker-elect, Livingston resigned after HUSTLER confronted him with evidence of his own marital infidelity. Both Livingston and Vitter had clamored for Clinton's resignation during the Monica Lewinsky scandal. As Flynt summed it up in his press conference, "Payback is a bitch!"

Meanwhile, Vitter's prolonged absence from the Hill began to generate speculation. Stories ranged from a flight out of the country to suicide watch in a New Orleans hospital. Then, a full week after the July 9 revelations, the country's latest high-level hypocrite finally reemerged to state his case.

But for GOPers hoping for honesty and eloquence, Vitter's July 16 press conference was a pathetic disaster. Blatantly hiding behind his wife and children, the disgraced lawmaker repeated his "I am responsible" mantra, peppering his statement with Christian buzzwords like "prayers" and "forgiveness."

Then, before trotting out his visibly bitter wife to whine about the media glare and deliver a hokey stand-by-your-man declaration, Vitter echoed his feeble protestations from five years earlier that the stories in the New Orleans press were the result of "long-time political enemies hoping to profit from the situation" and were "not true."

Vitter may deny his Big Easy liaisons, but he's already proven himself to be a liar. His own constituents know that better than anyone else. By many accounts, Vitter was a reg-

ular client of services such as Palfrey's. During his political career in Louisiana, he was allegedly a patron of the Canal Street brothel in New Orleans and of local escort services. In the wake of Vitter's July 9 statement, former Canal Street madam Jeannette Maier told the press that Vitter had been a frequent visitor.

Back in the late 1990s the FBI had launched an investigation of the legendary brothel, allegedly for suspicion of drug-dealing and links to organized crime. Agents taped thousands of calls but came up empty. Federal prosecutors led by U.S. Attorney Jim Letten then charged Maier and her courtesans with prostitution conspiracy and sealed the phone records.

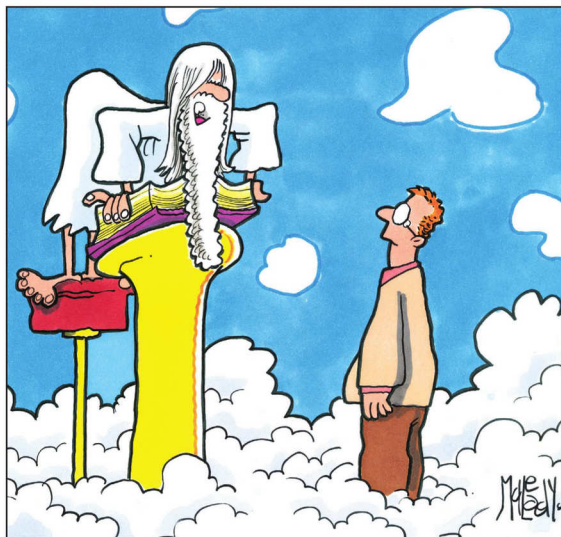
According to people familiar with the matter, investigative transcripts contain no hard evidence that Vitter was a Canal Street client. Maier alleges that Vitter stopped visiting once the investigation began. As it turns out, Letten was a longtime friend of David Vitter and apparently had Vitter to thank for his appointment as a federal prosecutor.

Vitter's closest call before being tripped up by Flynt came in 2002. Christopher Tidmore, an investigative reporter now running for the

Louisiana State Legislature, broke the story of Vitter's alleged 11-month affair with New Orleans prostitute Wendy Cortez. Cortez claimed outrage that Vitter touted himself as a "Family Values" candidate for his constituents while regularly betraying his own marital vows. Responding to Tidmore, Vitter launched a vicious smear campaign against the journalist. After HUSTLER exposed Vitter, Tidmore expressed his appreciation to Flynt for finally being vindicated.

With multiple allegations still unresolved, the Vitter saga is far from over; likewise the stories of Republican hypocrisy. As this country heads into a pivotal election year—and perhaps the last chance to reclaim the nation's integrity and freedom—voters will no doubt be faced with yet more irrefutable evidence that GOP mantras of "Family Values" cannot and should not be trusted.

For conservatives, Vitter's name is already synonymous with shame and embarrassment. But judging by the wave of gratification flowing into Flynt headquarters, the scandal signals a turning of the tide for Americans weary of lies and hypocrisy. 🐔



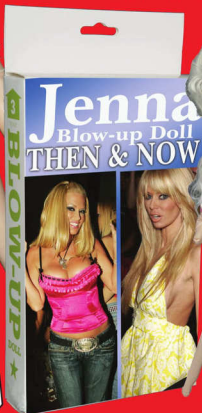
"You're going to Hell for being a nonbeliever! How many images of Christ on taco shells in Third World countries do we need to send before you guys get it?!"

HUSTLER'S

TO HELP CELEBRATE THE GLUTTONOUS SEASON known as "The Holidays," the sick and twisted minds at this magazine have come up with yet another catalog of tasteless gifts. We wish these items really existed outside our imaginations. Sadly, they do not. Each is just an irresistible joke.



**JENNA JAMESON
INCREDIBLE
SHRINKING
PORN STAR**



**BRITNEY SPEARS
"OOOPS, I DID
IT AGAIN!"
PANTIES**

Wanna be just like Britney Spears, a rapidly aging starlet on the go who is desperate to recapture her fame? This fashionable undergarment features an image of Britney's droopy, battered vagina so that you too can look just like a pop star for the paparazzi.



Now you see her; now you don't. Watch as the onetime supersexy queen of porn loses pound after pound. Explanation of Jenna's sudden weight loss not included.



Executive Privilege Edition



**GEORGE BUSH
MONOPOLY:
EXECUTIVE
PRIVILEGE EDITION**

Now you can be President of the United States and do whatever you want. Take over properties. Crush your adversaries. Remember, intelligence and competence are not factors. This exciting entitlement board game comes packed with hundreds of "Get Out of Federal Prison Free!" cards for all your cronies.



**HAPPY-
HEADED
HO CHIA
PET**

Just add water and seeds to this ghetto-fabulous pottery and looky here! So simple, even an old cowboy like Don Imus can do it. Of course, be sure not to display your Ho in a window, allowing the likes of Al Sharpton or Jesse Jackson to possibly see it!

Holiday Gift Guide



**VIRGINIA
TECH
HANDGUN**

Now you can be just like alienated Korean student/mass murderer Cho Seung-Hui and senselessly spray your friends, family, classmates or coworkers with realistic-looking and -sounding bullets. That's because they're real! This killer gift is perfect for your crazy brother, disgruntled mailman or any bitter, overachieving foreign student.

I'm O-KKK, You're O-KKK!



**MICHAEL
RICHARDS BOOK
I'M O-KKK,
YOU'RE O-KKK!**

The TV funnyman shares his insightful views and opinions on life and race relations in this hilarious autobiography. "I love Afro-Americans," "He's a nigger, nigger!" and other nuggets will have you and fellow Klan members laughing clear through your white sheets.



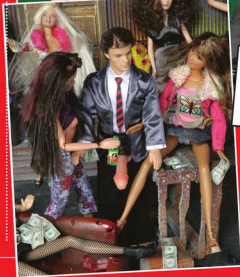
**PARIS
HILTON
PRISON
DOLL**

Now *that's* hot! Forget about Barbie! Everyone's favorite debutante felon is now the most wanted doll for the holiday season. Pull her string and hear her coo gems like "Prison is hard," "I'm claustrophobic" and "My daddy is gonna get that stupid prosecutor Delgadillo!"



**DAVID VITTER
"FAMILY
VALUES"
PLAY SET**

This colorful play set lets you pretend you're the two-faced senator from Louisiana with a penchant for prostitutes. It comes complete with a loving wife, children and all the hookers a conservative Republican could ever dream of. (Coming soon: divorce papers!) 🐼



FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE RADIO DIAL



THE NATION'S QUEEN
OF PROGRESSIVE TALK
DISCUSSES IMUS, RUSH,
AIR AMERICA AND MORE.

BY STEPHANIE MILLER

The host of the nationally syndicated *Stephanie Miller Show* is an unlikely person to be the queen of progressive talk. In 1964 her father—William Miller—was conservative Barry Goldwater's Vice Presidential running mate on the Republican ticket. Somewhere along the way, Stephanie saw the light, and the GOP's loss is liberal listeners' gain. In the following essay, as *HUSTLER's Free Speech* series continues, Ms. Miller takes on bullies while defending comedy and the First Amendment.

To be honest, I hardly ever listened to Don Imus, because I was on the air around the same time. People said that his "nappy-headed ho" comment wasn't a one-time thing but part of a pattern. From everything I've heard, Imus is a jerk. I'm sure he was a jerk to work with. I don't like what he said.

Imus broke some of the key rules of comedy. Number one, he wasn't funny. Number two, what he said wasn't true. And number three, he picked on the powerless. I don't mean to put myself up, but I try to pick on the big boys: people who put themselves out there, people who are picking on the powerless. The people I take on are Rush Limbaugh or Ann Coulter—people who are bullies.

Part of what happened to Imus was a "perfect storm" that he walked into, in terms of those he offended: women, blacks, kids. Imus did not pick wisely. That said, probably none of us in radio are happy about what happened to Imus. Because everybody in broadcasting thinks, *There, but for the grace of God, go I. We're in this "YouTube universe" and this "gotcha" environment where you can take ten seconds of anybody's radio show, send it to the right groups, and there goes your free speech.*

I don't think any of us are saying "What happened to Imus is okay, but I'm different." All of us, Left or Right, realize there's a chilling effect when you can end somebody's 30-year career based on one inappropriate thing he said on "Planet Stupid."

Regarding the YouTube universe, most people didn't even hear or see Imus's comment. But now you can send that ten-second clip all over the world, to every interest group, to every television and Internet outlet, and boom!—it's out there.

Look at Rush Limbaugh mocking Michael J. Fox's Parkinson's symptoms, which was abhorrent and made far worse by the fact that you could see him physically doing it, because of YouTube. Why is Limbaugh still around? Is that worse than what Imus said?

In any case, this gets into dicey territory. Lately I've been doing a running feature on "Stick-Up-the-Butt Liberals." Just because I'm a liberal doesn't mean I



don't get letters from liberals complaining that I'm making fun of so-and-so. Comedy has to have targets.

The most favorable note I ever got was from a network executive. I did this ridiculous syndicated talk show on television (in 1995), and the suit was literally taking the most innocuous things out of the script. I remember the exec asked the writers, "Do you have to make fun of things?"

"Well, yes. It's comedy, and comedy has to be talking about something or somebody."

I was a little surprised that my future husband, MSNBC's Keith Olbermann, supported Imus's firing, since Bill O'Reilly and some groups on the Right are trying to get Keith fired. They had this OlbermannWatch.com Web site, and certainly O'Reilly attacks him every night. I know it's not technically a free-speech issue because it's different when advertisers back out. It wasn't like the government shut Imus down or something. I don't think he violated FCC regulations, but Imus's firing is chilling nonetheless.

In some ways, free speech is a misnomer in broadcasting, because you have a right to say whatever you want, but then your sponsors have a right to say, "You know what, we don't support that." It's a business, and not everybody has a right to a radio show.

Imus got into trouble partially because of the racial thing. On my show, "Voice Deity" Jim Ward does an impression of Kim Jong-il. All we need now is for right-wing groups to send ten seconds of that to every Asian group in the country. We keep saying,

"We're not making fun of Asians, as a group; we're making fun of a North Korean dictator."

So if you're a Stalinist dictator, and you're offended, well, screw you! Although I think it's over the top, it's interesting. We've been doing that impression for three years, and we've never gotten a complaint about it. Jim Ward is this brilliant impressionist; we're laughing on the show as he performs the bit.

But again, post-Imus, you're thinking, *Oh, God, is somebody going to send ten seconds of that to YouTube now?*

But in terms of limits, there is a rule. I tell the "Mooks" [Ward and Executive Producer Chris Lavoie, who is also heard on *The Stephanie Miller Show*]: "I can call myself a ho, but you can't call me a ho." I don't buy the "Oh, what about rap music?" argument. Women can say "ho" or "bitch," but obviously a man calling a woman that is different. I'm not saying it's right, but it's not the same. A black person calling himself the *N* word is not the same as a white person doing it.

As for the roles that the Reverends Al Sharpton and Jessie Jackson played in the Imus affair, I'm a flip-flopper by nature, so I see both sides of the issue. I totally get that they shouldn't be in charge of what's appropriate or who can have a job. But I also think they've done some good work. Al Sharpton wouldn't want to be judged just on Tawana Brawley. Jessie Jackson wouldn't want to be judged just on his "Hymietown" comment. They've certainly said or done things that are inappropriate too. But that's not to discount all the good work they've done for civil rights.

Do they have a right to an opinion? Yes. They were just one element in the mix though; it's not like they got Imus fired. Many elements came together—the Imus situation was a "perfect storm." But because they're promi-

nent, people said, "Al Sharpton got Imus fired."

In reality, free speech on commercial radio requires advertisers. While we owe Air America a debt of gratitude because it certainly helped create the progressive talk format, in the beginning it also flooded the market with numerous shows hosted by people who'd never done radio. They were perceived as very angry; these programs aren't on the air anymore, but that's what got us on a lot of sponsors' "do not buy" lists. That extended to others like me, who are not Air America, but who were on stations that broadcast Air America programs. Some companies said, "We will not buy advertising on stations that have any Air America shows on them."

But I don't think any of Air America's shows have been more controversial than programs on the Right. Frankly, some right-wing hosts are on "do not buy" lists too because of controversial comments. I'm sure Michael Savage is.

Air America is one syndicator of progressive talk, and Jones Network—which syndicates my show—is another. A bunch of progressive stations have been shut down. They've shut down every progressive station in Ohio, which was the swing state in the 2004 election. Even Howard Dean credited progressive radio as being one of the keys to winning the 2006 election.

Rush Limbaugh and others are saying, "Democrats are trying to bring back the Fairness Doctrine, because they're trying to shut

The Stephanie Miller Show can be heard on Sirius Left Satellite radio, Channel 146, and is also carried by the following terrestrial stations:

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO: KQBO-AM 1350
ANCHORAGE, ALASKA: KUDO-AM 1080
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN: WLBX-AM 1290
ATHENS, OHIO: WAIS-AM 770
BOSTON: WKVT-AM 1490
BUFFALO, NEW YORK: WWKB-AM 1520
CHARLESTON/HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA: WAIS-AM 770
CHARLOTTEVILLE, VIRGINIA: WVAX-AM 1450
CHICAGO: WCPT-AM 850
COLUMBUS, OHIO: WYTS-AM 1230
DETROIT: WOTW-AM 1310
EUGENE, OREGON: KBBR-AM 1340

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA: KGOE-AM 1480
FLORENCE/DECATUR/HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA: WVNA-AM 1590
GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: WHMO-AM 1240
GREENVILLE/SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA: WPEK-AM 880
HARTFORD/NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT: WLIS-AM 1420
HONOLULU, HAWAII: KUMU-AM 1500
KIHEI, HAWAII: KAOI-AM 1110
LIHUE, HAWAII: KONG-AM 570
LOS ANGELES: KTLK-AM 1150
MADISON, WISCONSIN: WXXM-FM 92.1
MEDFORD, OREGON: KEZ-AM 730
MILWAUKEE: WINZ-AM 940
MINNEAPOLIS: KTNF-AM 950
MONTREY/SALINAS, CALIFORNIA: KRXX-AM 540

NORTH BEND, OREGON: KOPT-AM 1600
ORLANDO/DAYTONA, FLORIDA: WPUL-AM 1590
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA: KPTRA-AM 1340
PHOENIX: KPXX-AM 1480
PORTLAND, OREGON: KCMD-AM 970
RALEIGH/DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA: WHCL-AM 1360
RENO, NEVADA: KJFK-AM 1230
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA: WHAN-AM 1430
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: WRQC-AM 950
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA: KSAC-AM 1240
SAN DIEGO: KLSO-AM 1360
SAN FRANCISCO: KQKE-AM 960

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA: KYSN-AM 1340
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA: KIST-AM 1340
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO: KTRC-AM 1260
SEATTLE/TACOMA: KPTK-AM 1090
SKAGO, ILLINOIS: KJRO-AM 1320
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON: KPTQ-AM 1280
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: WHMP-AM 1400
WHNP-AM 1600
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK: WNYW-AM 1470
TAOS, NEW MEXICO: KVOT-AM 1340
TUCSON, ARIZONA: KJLL-AM 1330
TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI: WKMQ-AM 1060
WASHINGTON, D.C.: WWRG-AM 1260
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA: WVLY-AM 1370



"Oh, my, another high-ranking Bush Administration official who isn't Karl Rove thrown under the bus!"



down right-wing talk." Frankly, that's a lot of crap. The airwaves do not belong to Sean Hannity or myself. They belong to the people, and both sides should be represented. If you look at current polls, left-leaning talkers represent 70% of Americans. It's not even 50/50 in terms of people's politics today, this President or the war. We should have a voice too.

There are all sorts of ways you can spin things, but the fact is, a progressive radio station in Columbus, Ohio, was shut down a few months ago. They said progressive talk doesn't sell. That's how they spin it—that it was a much better business decision to go with right-wing talk than with left-wing talk. They said, "It's not the ratings; we can't sell it." They replaced us with conservatives Michael Savage, Laura Ingraham and company. Their ratings dropped by 60%. Now they are last in the market. Well, how's selling the last-place station going?

There have been stations that claimed they had no money to promote the progressive programming, but then they suddenly have money to promote the right-wing station or sports station or whatever. And a number of Christian companies have specifically bought stations to get rid of progressive talk.

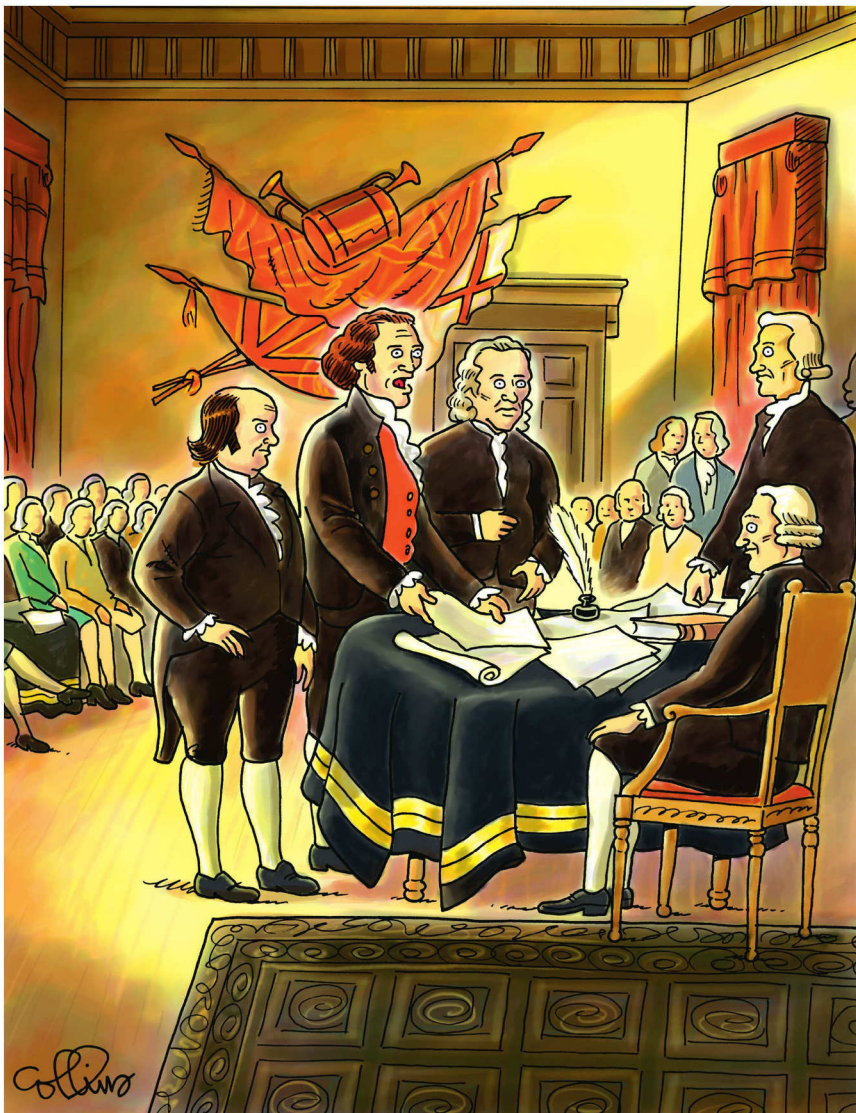
Radio execs want to say, "It's failing." But they know that's not true. In lots of markets we're doing very well. In Madison, Wisconsin, we were the number-one station in the market, and they were going to change the format to sports because of the same bullshit rationale that they "can't sell it." There was such a community outcry, they changed their minds. We're still number one in that market.

In Boston the ratings weren't great because the signal was crappy. Clear Channel flipped it to salsa and then boosted the signal 50,000 watts. In L.A., I have double the ratings of the right-wing station.

It's bullshit to say "Liberal talk is failing." Have some shows failed? Sure. And so have some conservative shows. Not everybody on the Right is as good as Rush Limbaugh. Progressive talk is new; it's two or three years old. We're on maybe 60 stations in the country; Rush Limbaugh is on 600. Rush Limbaugh didn't have huge ratings when he was two years in. He's been broadcasting 20 years now.

All Clear Channel stations around the country are not run by the same people. There are well-run Clear Channel stations I'm on that are doing very well. From what I've heard, the person in charge of the Ohio stations is right-wing and didn't believe in the format. If you can't sell it, get some new salespeople. You couldn't sell advertising on Rush Limbaugh or Howard Stern for the first two or three years they were on.

My point again is: I'm not happy about the Imus thing. I don't think anybody celebrates somebody else getting fired when you're in the same business. I've never heard the Left talking about shutting down the Right. I don't want to shut down Fox News. I don't want to shut down Sean Hannity or Rush Limbaugh. But why are they so threatened by progressive talk?



"I keep thinking we should include something in the Constitution
in case the people elect a fucking moron."

HOLLYWOOD

Tinseltown Hookers Tell All!

In Jennie Louise Frankel's 1995 book *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*, various well-connected working girls named names and exposed the bad behavior of some of Hollywood's biggest stars. More than a decade later, *Hooking Up: You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again* takes that original concept and gives it a compelling update. Even though the names have changed, the amorous antics are still the same.

The authors of this tantalizing Tinseltown tell-all are high-priced call girls Olivia and Amanda, porn publicist Carly, and Jennifer, a former assistant to "Hollywood Madam" Heidi Fleiss. With remarkable candor the four women detail their exploits (some for money, others simply casually) with such A-listers as actor Brad Pitt, *Star Wars* director George Lucas and über-producer Aaron Spelling. An especially titillating revelation involves pop tart Britney Spears and her alleged lesbian desires.

What follows are some of the ladies' most intriguing recollections.

BRAD PITT

The cab wound through the mountains of Malibu and stopped in front of a small house in the canyon. A man stood on the front porch—he looked familiar. No way, couldn't be, but sure enough, as I drew closer, I realized it was Brad Pitt. Boy, did my heart start pounding. This was back before his relationship

and subsequent engagement to Gwyneth Paltrow, but he was already a huge movie star. He was also a real gentleman, and it was a quick, businesslike call. We got right to it. Nothing romantic, nothing kinky. The guy just wanted to get off. He put on a condom, and the whole thing was over pretty quick. He had a cone-shaped penis. Normal-sized, not particularly big, but it was certainly unusual. —OLIVIA



BRITNEY SPEARS

After a weekend in the Hamptons with a group of people including Ms. Spears, Jesse Jane it seemed had made an enemy out of Kevin Federline. Apparently, the fresh-faced Texas porn star went out to party in the Hamptons, and Britney was totally into her. I guess they were all touchy-

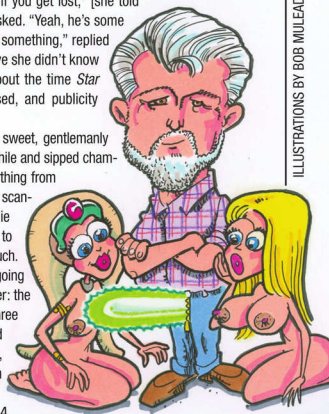
feely and flirty to the point where Kevin Federline got super-jealous, packed up all their shit and flew them (Britney & Kevin) back to Florida a week earlier than planned. —CARLY



GEORGE LUCAS

I met George Lucas through another friend of mine, a call girl. George was one of her "regulars." It was quite ironic because though she has seen him many times, she had no idea what he did for a living. She called me one day to see if I was interested in doing a double for a regular of hers named George. She directed me to go to the Bel-Air Hotel the next night. "The suite is under the name Lucas if you get lost," [she told me]. "George Lucas?" I asked. "Yeah, he's some kind of director I think, or something," replied my friend. I couldn't believe she didn't know who he was. This was about the time *Star Wars* was being rereleased, and publicity was everywhere.

I was charmed by his sweet, gentlemanly nature. We chatted for a while and sipped champagne, talking about everything from love to the latest political scandal. Finally, my friend Annie made a move and began to semi-seduce me on the couch. It progressed into her going down on me and me on her: the whole two-girl act. The three of us eventually all wound up in his king-sized bed, where Annie climbed on top of him and rode him to climax. —AMANDA

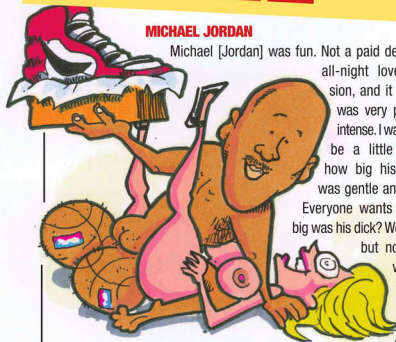


ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB MULEADY

EXPOSED!

MICHAEL JORDAN

Michael [Jordan] was fun. Not a paid deal. We had an all-night lovemaking session, and it was great. He was very passionate and intense. I was afraid it might be a little rough, given how big his was, but he was gentle and affectionate. Everyone wants to know, how big was his dick? Well, it was huge but not gigantic. MJ was definitely well endowed but nothing freaky. The funniest thing is when I left, I got a parting gift [while] walking out the door at nine the next morning. One of his guys handed me a box, and I went out to my car and opened it. It was a pair of Air Jordan tennis shoes. And they were the right size! —OLIVIA



AARON & CANDY SPELLING

Frankly, I can only give you my personal opinion, but I think Aaron Spelling was gay. All those lawsuits against him for sexual harassment were just crap, because I don't think the man really swung that way. His wife, too, is certainly not altogether straight. That I know for a fact.

Back in the '90s I saw Candy Spelling nine or ten times over a year or so. And it was great. It wasn't cheap and nasty and gross. Not dildos and dirty talk and crotchless underwear. Actually, it was a very elegant affair. Kissing, massaging, culminating in me going down on her while her husband watched. As the finale they would make love while I observed. Clearly the whole thing was for Candy. —AMANDA



RICK JAMES

For a brief time I shared an apartment in L.A. with a girl who was dating the drummer for Rick James. His name was Spider. Rick was really something. He used to fol-



low me around trying to get me to do cocaine. We hung out and had a good time, but he never paid me for sex. I didn't meet him on that level. He was a cool guy, but in those days he was in a complete drug haze. —OLIVIA

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

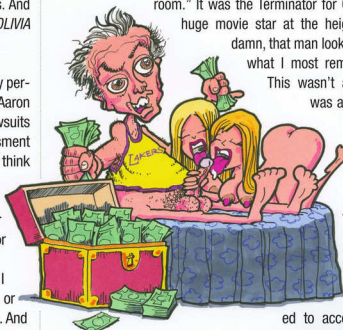
I was hanging out at a bar one night with some girls. We were guests of an Arab prince. I was sitting on a couch drinking when I noticed Arnold Schwarzenegger was seated just a few feet away on an adjoining couch, surrounded by business-type men. I got up and walked slowly past him to the bathroom, taking my time, making sure he noticed me. After some flirting and eye contact he passed me a written note on a napkin. "Meet me up in my room." It was the Terminator for God's sake. He was a huge movie star at the height of his fame. And damn, that man looked good naked. That's what I most remember about Arnold.



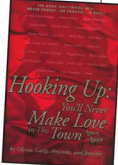
This wasn't a paying situation. It was another wild and crazy night. I had a lot of them back in the '90s. —OLIVIA

JACK NICHOLSON

The same girlfriend who introduced me to Dan Aykroyd called me one day and asked me if I wanted to accompany her to Jack Nicholson's house. Jack was definitely a paying customer. ... My girlfriend has a regular thing going with him. Jack was just nuts. And I say that in a nice way. Kooky, funny, out of his mind. The whole thing was such a trip because he was just so famous. I couldn't believe the things we were doing. It was fun. Plus he paid us \$1,000 each. —OLIVIA

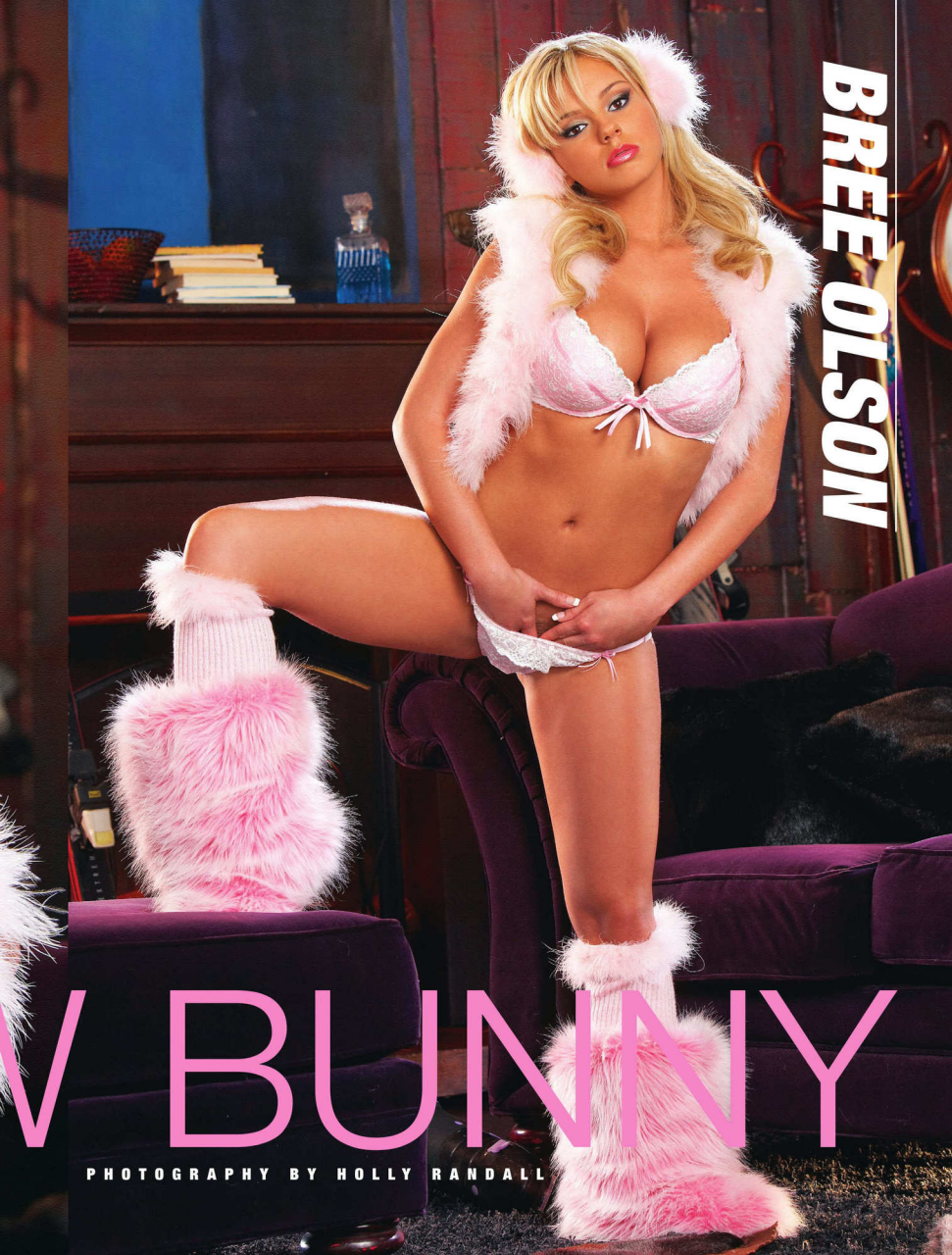


NOTE: The accompanying illustrations are based on excerpts from *Hooking Up: You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again Again*, whose authors are responsible for their words and claims. HUSTLER has merely reprinted them.





SNOW

A full-page photograph of Bree Olson in a bunny costume. She is wearing a pink fur-trimmed bra and matching shorts, with large pink bunny ears on her head. She is also wearing white socks and large, fluffy pink bunny boots. She is posing on a dark purple velvet sofa, with one leg raised and bent. The background features a dark wood piano with a stack of books and a blue glass bottle on top. The overall lighting is warm and dramatic.

BREE OLSON

W BUNNY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL



BREE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Woodburn, Indiana

AGE: 22

BIRTH SIGN: Libra

HEIGHT: 5-3





It's really funny that I'm a snow bunny in my first HUSTLER layout," chortles supersexy **Bree Olson**, "since I hated winters when I lived in Indiana. I'm now a beach bunny by nature. A sandy shoreline is my favorite place to hang out. One of the main reasons I got into porn was to be able to earn enough money to buy my own place on the Pacific, hopefully Malibu." Winking, **Bree** adds, "I'm close. I've been working a lot and have almost enough money saved to buy something really nice."



Naturally, the XXX starlet plans to make herself feel right at home once she finally seals the deal. "The first thing I'm going to do when I get my new house," **Bree** vows, "is have sex in every room—then out on the patio and on the beach!"

When asked to disclose her favorite position during the dirty deed, a wide-eyed **Ms. Olson** replies, "I hate to narrow it down to just one, since I really like to move around in bed. Sex, if it's good, should be like a workout with you ending up all sweaty and spent afterward."

As for the future, shapely **Bree** has it all figured out: "I plan on doing as many porn films and photo-shoots as possible. I love my job, and I'll do it until no one wants to see me naked anymore. Then I'll just hang out in my beach house and watch the crashing waves. That seems like heaven to me."







See heavenly Bree Olson get wet in *Barely Legal* #70, *Straight A Students* and *Barely Legal P.O.V.* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.





John IMPE

"Impeachment
is a signal from
the people and
their Congress
that a President
has gone too far."



Nichols: HUSTLE THE BASTARDS!

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID & ED RAMPPELL

JOHN NICHOLS, the Washington correspondent of *The Nation*, is also a contributor to *The Progressive* and *In These Times* and a bestselling author. His latest book, *The Genius of Impeachment: The Founders' Cure for Royalty* (TheNewPress.com), reveals startling parallels between previous presidencies and the Bush regime's abuses of power. In a compelling interview, Nichols roasts corporate media and boldly lays out a bill of particulars for impeaching Bush and Cheney.

HUSTLER: *The Genius of Impeachment* discusses Congressman Abraham Lincoln's efforts to censure and/or impeach President James Polk following the unprovoked imperialistic invasion of Mexico in 1848.

JOHN NICHOLS: The founders established the impeachment power in the Constitution with the purpose of constraining the executive. That was their intent from the beginning. They were terrified a President would become a king for four years, that upon election a President would cease respecting the Constitution and would simply do as he chose. That protection was placed there for a specific reason. Madison and Jefferson and others were very specific. They wanted to chain the dogs of war, to ensure Presidents could not do what kings had always done: lead the country into wars of whim or political desire.

In the 1840s, President Polk—a slaveholder—realized slavery was on the way out. Mexico, Britain and other countries were banning it; he was terrified. Polk said the old order was passing, and he looked at the map and basically said, "How do we get more slave states? ... Why don't we invade a relatively weak, poor country to our south, seize lots of territory there, and then we can make all that territory into a bunch of states." The 1840s/1850s compromises stated that if you were below the Mason-Dixon Line, you could be a slave state. The more states permitting slavery, he reasoned, the more powerful the slave interest would be.

But a young Congressman came out of the Midwest to challenge this war more aggressively than any members of Congress are currently challenging the Iraq War—except perhaps Representatives Barbara Lee and Maxine Waters.

Was the Mexican-American War launched under false pretenses?

There were lies that Mexicans had attacked Americans. So this young Congressman, Abraham Lincoln, went to the House floor every day with a "Spot Resolution" and essentially said: "President Polk, show me the spot where a single drop of American blood was shed. And if you cannot show it to me, then tell me why we should not act against you as a sovereign who has lied to the American people and their Congress for the purpose of launching an illegal war."

When Lincoln challenged Polk, [Lincoln's] law partner back in Illinois sent him a letter saying—and I'm paraphrasing here—"You can't attack the President in a time of war. He's the commander in chief. The troops are in the field." Lincoln wrote back, "If I don't criticize the President in a time of war, then we return the Presidency to the status of a king, and do exactly what we fought against. We make our sovereign an individual who can by whim and lie lead us into a war that will kill our children, empty our treasury and warp the very intents of the country." Ultimately, Polk didn't seek a second term.

The biggest tragedy today is that we don't have enough Abe Lincolns in Congress, because it's the same struggle: fact after fact, detail after detail, a President doing it without the permission of Congress—these elements come into play. We've fought these battles before [and] always come to the same conclusion: A President who does this must be sanctioned. If he is not, we establish in the Presidency a royalty that our founders said would destroy the country.

Do you think Bush will rein himself in?

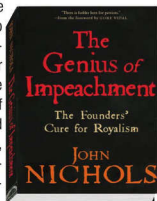
Fear of losing your power and place in history, being a President sanctioned by censure or impeachment, causes even the most bombastic or irresponsible of Presidents to become self-protective. The push for impeachment is a vehicle by which we might well see George Bush step back from the brink. And if he doesn't, that clash between the executive and the legislative, which the founders intended and wanted, [happens]. That clash becomes a popular discussion, not a Congressional or legal discussion. The people watch it, decide and tell their members of Congress, "Yes, go after this guy." Or as happened with Clinton, [the people] say, "Back off; this is ridiculous."

However it plays out, it's a very democratic process because the President, in the midst of his term—not just merely at an election—is forced to respond to the popular will and to the House of Representatives. When it doesn't happen for too long, Presidents take more power unto themselves.

Are there grounds for impeaching George W. Bush?

You don't publish a large enough magazine to detail them all. Smart people have written books on this, [including] Elizabeth Holtzman, who served on the Judiciary Committee during the Nixon era. Let's be very blunt about the specifics: Bush deceived Congress, intentionally and specifically, for the purpose of launching a war of whim rather than necessity—not a defensive war but a war of desire. We see a violation of the separation of powers, the Constitutional determination that we have a system of checks and balances. Bush swore an oath to a Constitution that says only Congress can declare war. So we have an impeachable offense. There's simply no question.

Spying on the American people. More revelations in this regard, not merely via the USA PATRIOT Act, but also all the warrantless wiretapping. A viola-



tion, not just of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, but also of the Fourth Amendment—[prohibiting] spying on people in their homes without permission of the courts and Congress. Signing statements, an absolutely regal act, that of a king; again, in direct violation of the Constitution's clear definition of how Congress passes a law: The President signs or vetoes that law.

The punishment of political critics and foes. The Joe Wilson/Valerie Plame case. Again, this goes directly to impeachment. The third article of impeachment against Richard Nixon involved the use of his office to punish or to go after political critics.

Finally, and perhaps, most importantly, Bush's sanction of torture and extraordinary rendition. People say, "That violates the Geneva Conventions." The Constitution requires us to obey our treaties as we obey the law of the land. So if Bush violates the Geneva Conventions, he violates the law. But it's also a violation of the Bill of Rights, which bars cruel and unusual punishment.

Just in that bare minimum list, we have grounds for an impeachment process any founder would have respected and encouraged. If Jefferson and Madison were here, they'd say: "What are you waiting for? We gave you the outline. We were very specific about when you should do it in a time of war."

Jefferson said, "We have created a near-perfect republic, but will they keep it?" When he asked that, he wasn't saying, "Will Congress keep it? Will the press keep it?" He was talking about the people.

Let's discuss *Tragedy and Farce: How the American Media Sell Wars, Spin Elections, and Destroy Democracy*, which you cowrote with Robert McChesney and others. How has the press let us down regarding impeachment?

We have a corporate press in America. Our mainstream media operates in much the same way as an official media does in a royal state, or even in some dictatorships. You may say, "Well, that's a pretty extreme statement." Not at all. The press is most useful to power when it maintains the image of being independent and skeptical, but never really is.

Look at the run-up to the war in Iraq. Two days before the war began—on America's preeminent talk show, *Meet the Press*—the Vice President is asked, "What's this war going to be like?" Cheney's supposed to be the smart one, the guy who knows what's going on, an ex-secretary of defense. He says, "We'll be greeted as liberators." Many Americans believed him, not just because Cheney said it, but because [host] Tim Russert nodded and said, "Very good," then went on to the next question.

Both the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* eventually printed apologies for supporting the administration's pre-invasion justifications.

So did *60 Minutes* for its Ahmed Chalabi story,

which was irresponsible and wrong. We have lots of apologies in the aftermath, but the press isn't supposed to apologize afterward. It's supposed to try and get it right at the time.

It's the wonderful opportunity of our craft to be able to speak truth to power. In the Iraq War's run-up, much of the press practiced stenography rather than journalism. The founders figured Presidents and Vice Presidents would lie. They created an incredibly broad freedom of the press so someone would raise their hand and say, "No, this is wrong; this is a lie."

What accounts for the press's failure?

It's too consolidated, too big. One theory is when you get big, you become powerful and can boldly do whatever you want. The opposite is true: *Gulliver's Travels* is right. When you become a giant, you're more easily constrained. It's not just that they're corporate, rejecting civic and democratic values of the individual owner, the small-town guy with his paper, his little radio station. The corporate media wants to make lots of money and appeal to the broadest number of people with the least amount of responsibility.

As a result, you get a press that gives you lots of Anna Nicole Smith and Britney Spears, but very little about our trade deficit or real details of our military engagements around the world or a nuclear plant melting down, etc., because they know Anna Nicole and Britney will keep you entertained. Thus you create the fantasy of a news operation without its responsibility.

That responsibility requires two things big media doesn't like. First, expenditure. It costs money to go around the world, find out what's going on. Number two, when you offend power—particularly when you're in the broadcast media—power says, "Well, we're not going to talk to you anymore." In broadcast, when you lose the image of the individual sitting down and talking to you, you lose a lot. So it's much easier to simply say, "We're not going to pick on you too much."

What Jefferson and Madison intended with free-press protection was a wild, cacophonous, at times irresponsible media. They figured you give them all these voices, and people sort it out—they trusted the people. Today, media's biggest problem is it doesn't trust the people. It feels you can't speak truths about difficult things because it will upset the masses. So after 9/11, instead of a discussion about why this occurred, we had a "Why do they hate us?" discussion.

I'll accept there are probably some people who hate us for our "freedoms." Some fundamentalists really do want a pretty constrained and unpleasant world. But there's a broad, deep discussion to be had. After 9/11, Americans were ready for it. I met many people who had so many questions, were really struggling to find out a lot. After 9/11, what

media had the biggest, long-term increase in audiences? London's *The Guardian*, *Independent* and BBC. Americans desperate for information looked to their own media and said, "I'm not getting it here."

The people's desire for honest information is far greater than most folks in media accept. It troubles me deeply that it took until this last year for one guy in [TV] to start really speaking truth to power—Keith Olbermann. We're five years into this post-9/11 period before somebody actually steps up and says, "I'm going to start talking about this in blunt ways." What happened? It's supposed to be the kiss of death, right? People came racing to Olbermann, and the effect has been profound.

Do you also think the news media relinquished its role vis-à-vis Iraq because opposing the powers-that-be might lead to punishment?

Bill Maher said some blunt things and was shot down by the White House Press Secretary. He was dragged off in chains like editors were in the days of John Adams and the Alien and Sedition Acts? No, we're more sophisticated now. The White House itself just says, "This guy's not patriotic. He's a bad guy."

Look at Helen Thomas, dean of the White House press corps; she was always called on first. Quite a remarkable woman who's known every President back to Eisenhower. Yet she was treated with maximum disrespect by the Bush Administration, moved to the back corner of the White House press room, because she's asking skeptical questions. They didn't call on her anymore. You can get mad at the Bush White House for that. But you should also get mad at the press corps. Why didn't they say, "This is the senior member of our craft here, and you're treating her with maximum disrespect; we don't accept that?"

Tell us about Vice President Cheney, the subject of your hard-hitting 2004 biography *Dick, the Man Who Is President*.

Cheney avoided serving in the military as a young man, taking five deferments to avoid Vietnam. When he was secretary of defense, despite his lack of experience in military affairs and defense issues, he and his office came up with a plan for invading Iraq during the first Gulf War. [General] Norman Schwarzkopf said, "It's very interesting, except the way you're invading, you'd strand our troops in the middle of the desert without water." Cheney's incompetence at every turn is just startling.

As Halliburton's CEO, he organized a merger with another company, failing to do due diligence. It turns out they have billions of dollars in asbestos claims; it almost put Halliburton into complete crisis. They hustled him out quickly to become Vice President just in time to oversee privatization of the military.

One of the biggest problems we have in the Iraq War right now is a largely privatized support system

for our military. Ask yourselves, "How are we spending so much money?" Two billion dollars every ten days spent on this war. Yet we can't get body armor, don't have vehicles strong enough to withstand mortar attacks. There's so many brave young Americans being terribly injured or killed. A lot is [because] we've created a dysfunctional relationship between the military and its suppliers—these private firms are dominant. They get the big money. If you're in Iraq, you'll find somebody getting poverty pay—that's a soldier. Somebody getting \$80,000, \$100,000, for doing the same thing a soldier might do, that's a private contractor. We've thrown the entire thing out of whack.

Cheney has always gotten it wrong, and it's amazing how much of the press corps says, "He's the administration's smart, capable guy."

Are Bush, Cheney and their clique merely elitists who simply think the rules were drawn up for controlling the masses, but don't apply to them?

You hit it right on the head. This is an issue I come back to all the time: royalism. The American experiment was all about rejecting royalism, the divine right of kings, the notion that God chose our rulers. So [the Founding Fathers] revolted against it. They happened to be people of the Enlightenment who created a relatively liberal state with lots of openness and freedom. But their core instinct was that a ruler shouldn't have different rules than the people.

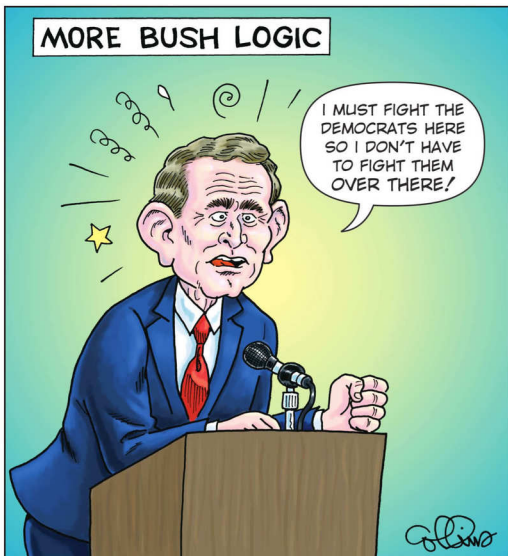
Cheney and Bush, their circle and many people in Washington harken back to that old royalism. They think they have a separate set of rules, that the people are stupid and ought to be constrained morally, economically, etc. I think the opposite: Our leaders ought to be restricted, and the people ought to be free. Jefferson said, "The people should not fear their government. The government should fear the people."

What can citizens do to advance impeachment?

First, understand it's not a radical act. Impeachment is a live instrument, something the founders mention six times in the Constitution. They wanted you to know this is yours; you can use it. Get over your fears. The truth is, impeachment is the cure for Constitutional crisis.

The folks of the After Downing Street Coalition (AfterDowningStreet.org) have impeachment information online. Get active locally. Communities across this country have passed impeachment resolutions telling Congress, "We want you to raise this issue and get active on this." That's a really valuable tool. Let your imagination be free; believe it's possible. Then act. Go to a town meeting, write a letter, encourage your city council, your town board, to do something on this. It all matters.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On April 24, 2007, Congressman and Democratic Presidential candidate Dennis Kucinich filed articles of impeachment against Vice President Cheney in the House of Representatives. On July 22, Democratic Senator Russ Feingold announced that he would introduce two censure resolutions condemning the President, Vice President and other administration officials for misconduct relating to the war in Iraq and for their repeated assaults on the rule of law. 🍷





SCREEN NAME:

Lexy Lee

AGE: 22

STATUS: Married

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 49

Since nothing spreads holiday cheer like an unclothed beautiful girl, we have the perfect gift for y'all: Lexy Lee. Hailing from a small town in rural Georgia, Lexy has been modeling for over a year now, but this is the very first time the Southern belle has ever been seen like this in a magazine. Ain't she something?!

A certified cosmetologist by trade, Lexy quickly left the rat race behind to take on a more demanding job. She's now a stay-at-home mom with an 18-month-old daughter and a new hobby: sewing quilts and baby outfits. Lexy also wants everyone to know that she's a tremendous cook and that she shines on alcohol, tobacco and recreational drugs. In fact, the doll says she's never had a drink or smoked anything ever! Lexy doesn't see a need to, insisting, "I can have a good time without it." We commend her restraint and moral fiber.

However, Lexy couldn't resist "real men" with hairy chests and bulging muscles, but one hunk in particular really caught her fancy. Shortly after meeting the guy, Lexy figured out that she'd found exactly what she'd been looking for in a mate. After only two dates, the lovebirds decided to get hitched.

PHOTOS COURTESY LEXYLEE.COM



THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE



Not surprisingly, Lexy's favorite sexual memory involves her husband. As she fondly recalls, the couple was making love under a tree in her mother-in-law's backyard. "Right there in the dirt," she chirps. "And I'm sure that was the moment when our daughter was conceived."

It was the Georgia peach's dream to model in a magazine, and her wish has finally come true. Merry Christmas, Lexy!

Now head to MySpace.com/LexyLee22 and tell the cyberbabe how much you enjoyed seeing her in *HUSTLER*. But we suggest using a different line than "You're the hottest MILF ever!" She gets that at least five or six times a day. Then again, we probably won't be able to discourage anyone from expressing those heartfelt sentiments. Yes, Lexy Lee is the hottest MILF ever!

FACE #11: LEXY LEE



OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a **HUSTLER** Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing Hustler@LFP.com. And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.





Bag Lady

THE G-STRING-TO-RAGS TALE

boots. Seemingly missing half her front teeth, Sue riffs on body piercings, gynecology, anal sex and the like, sounding as if she came straight from Skid Row.

What follows is one of the most startling metamorphoses since caterpillars first turned into butterflies. The street urchin peels off her ragamuffin duds, unexpectedly emerging as a younger, buxom blonde scantily clad in a tight-fitting teddy with a plunging neckline.

Bag Lady's saucy schtick is sort of Gypsy Rose Lee meets Lucille Ball, but how did this Rabelaisian routine—which combines vaudeville, burlesque and Carol Burnett—come about?

Suzanne Austin was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she was raised by a single mother who "tended bar and was a little wild" and by her grandmother, who'd been a prostitute during the Depression. "My grand-

In the spotlight at biker rallies, tattoo conventions and comedy clubs across the country, Suzanne Austin is garbed like a homeless hag one might glimpse foraging through a dumpster in urban America's back alleys. Bag Lady Sue, as she's known in showbiz, often performs with a cane in one hand and duffel bag in the other, wearing a hand-me-down dress, long johns, shawls and army

mother taught me a lot about being uninhibited," Austin recalls, "and that it was okay to be a woman, to be sexy and to never kiss a man's butt—unless I chose to."

At the age of 15, rebellious Miss Austin dropped out of high school, ran away from home and eventually started supporting herself as an exotic dancer, both on the road and at a Pittsburgh club where many Carnegie Mellon students ogled "my beautiful melons."

For the most part, taking it off for audiences was a pleasant experience. "I really enjoyed the guys," she confides. "I never looked at it as a negative. To me, it was fun, and the guys were always wonderful and treated me and the other girls with great respect, with the exception of your occasional college jock or jerk trying to impress his friends."

Looking back on her 22 years as a G-string diva, Austin continues, "I enjoyed it; it was a power trip for me to be a stripper when I was still young. I loved it; it was lots of fun. I never got into the drugs and real partying; I wasn't even a drinker. I got to live out fantasies and dress in all kinds of wild stuff. I used to do burlesque-style shows, like they did back in the early days. When I started in the 1980s, everybody was still performing. It was an art form more than just a bend-over-spread-your-crack-and-get-a-dollar thing."

Recalling one of her favorite numbers, Austin goes on, "I performed as a dominatrix. I'd light my crotch on fire and come out in all my leather, and occasionally I'd pull a guy onstage and spank his ass real good. I did a nurse and a teacher. In fact, that's where the Bag Lady originated: It was a strip show before it became a comedy act. It was a stripper/comedy show."

But what inspired Austin to dress up like an unkempt street person and then disrobe at a titty bar?



Bag Lady rocks the ass-kicking Hogrock biker rally in southern Illinois.

Sue Unveiled

OF A BAWDY, SHOCKING COMEDIENNE

"My mother and I were walking through Pittsburgh one day when I was 18," Austin reminisces, "and I gave an old homeless lady ten bucks. Mom said, 'You should dress like that and walk into the strip club and strip out of it and blow everybody's minds.'"

"I was like, 'Get out of here! They wouldn't like *that*.' So she bet me 50 bucks that they'd love it. I went to a thrift store, bought a bunch of crap, performed at the club to the old stripper song, and I made \$250 in five minutes."

Thus, a star—or at least a unique stage persona—was born. "Bags just tells it like it is," Austin declares. "There's nothing she's ashamed to talk about: from putting her tongue up a guy's backside so far that she could straighten his spine better than a chiropractor, to coming home and catching a boyfriend in lingerie. There's no subject matter that I won't attempt."

Truly a free-spirited comedienne, Austin can't resist mentioning the kitten tattoo hovering near her



vagina. "I have two pussies," she quips.

Over the years, Bag Lady slowly transitioned from stripping to stand-up, making a name for herself largely outside the typical comedy circles. "I got my main big break from Jay Allen and the Broken Spoke Saloon [which ballyhoos itself as the 'World's Biggest Biker Bar'] in Sturgis, South Dakota," Austin reveals. "Jay has places in Daytona and Myrtle Beach I've also performed at. I play the Tampa

PHOTO BY STORM ALLISON

The Gospel According to Bag Lady Sue

ON BREASTS: Let's hear it for the real titties! ... A guy said to me one time, "You ever think of getting a boobjob?" I said, "You ever think about coming home with six more inches of dick? You little fucker!" ... All the men want a bigger dick, but I ain't heard no girl with natural 44-triple-Ds go, "I love these big fucking things." They hate 'em! A guy ain't looked in your eyes for 20 fuckin' years, bra costs more than a Harley-Davidson, your back hurts all the time, and only short fuckers want to dance with you. You men gotta learn how to play with them titties! Smackin', pullin', bitin', yanking on 'em. They can't help themselves. They see titties, they go nuts! But see, we don't like you to abuse them. How'd you like it if we did that to your nut sac, fuckers? "Oh, a set of balls, look! These things bounce, fucker?"

ON FARTING: How comes you men don't fart in front of us on the first date? Ever! It never happened to me in all my years. They hold it in to be all respectable. "Excuse me, darlin'," they tell you, and they walk the fuck out, go in the men's room and fart—in front of their buddies. But after we fuck you, we don't get that respect no more. We get that old-fashioned "Pull my finger, honey! I love ya! Holy shit, gimme a lighter, I'm working one up right here!"

ON HUSTLER: Ever since I was a teenager, I was fascinated by pornography and sexuality. My family not being very inhibited gave me the freedom to investigate this stuff. My favorite magazine was always HUSTLER because it was more realistic to me. Even as a young woman, I saw the men in the pictorials with the women. I saw erotica as I thought erotica should be. I'm mentally stimulated more than visually, so when I see a scene—I can remember scenes from the '80s that HUSTLER had, such as one guy painted red like the devil with two pale-skinned women—it's more cutting edge. It's not vanilla bullshit that other magazines try to throw at people. HUSTLER is liberating. It makes the women look like they're powerful, confident and having a good time doing what they're doing. I don't think HUSTLER comes off as degrading to the feminine side of a woman; they're always empowering. I think women should be allowed to enjoy sex. Our society and religion, through the years, have made women feel bad about being sexual. That's a big part of what I try to do with my comedy, is to let women know that it's okay to give head and be kinky, to speak your mind about what you want. I do that onstage, even as the old lady character, and after the show, men are thanking me and women are going, "Right on!" ■

BAG LADY SUE



"It used to belong to my late husband. It's the only thing he ever gave me."



Tattoo Festival and Hog Wild Rodeo in Iowa, a 25,000-person event. I play motorcycle rallies, such as at Hogrock, Illinois. I headline that every year, and it's one of my biggest shows, with 10,000 to 15,000 people."

Austin, the proud owner of a 1981 Harley-Davidson Sportster, feels right

at home at biker rallies. "They're very uninhibited, a gigantic party, all adults," she marvels. "Half the time, people are naked all day long. There are sexy girls doing sexy girls, and naked bull riding. One guy has a penis piercing and a big disco ball hanging on it, and his wife shines a flashlight on it as they walk around the rally. The Midwest, ironically, has the most uninhibited rallies."

One of Bag Lady's career highlights was being on a bill that included Kid Rock, the Kentucky Headhunters and Lynyrd Skynyrd at Indiana's Boogie motorcycle rally. Austin describes this biker-palooza as "down home, back in the country, in the woods, everybody's naked, making love in the grass; it's a real Woodstocky rally."

Racking up countless miles, Austin has even ventured to Hawaii and Alaska, where she entertained the troops at Fort Wainwright. Of course, the Pennsylvania native also performs at traditional comedy venues, including Pittsburgh's Improv and Funny Bone. A Steel City icon of sorts, the provocative funny girl occasionally pops up in local radio and TV spots. Meanwhile, Austin's cinematic claim to fame was portraying a hooker killed by a jackhammer in the comedy/horror flick *Bloodsucking Pharaohs* in Pittsburgh.

Bag Lady Sue usually concludes a performance by peeling off her multilayered rags to the strains of David Lee Roth's "I'm Just a Gigolo." In the process, she plucks a rubber chicken from out of her drawers, suggestively strokes its neck, then pretends to butt-fuck a woman bent over onstage. Finally, the real Suzanne Austin emerges.

For her grand comic finale, the star of the show lies on her back, then raises both legs high into the air and spreads them apart. Next, with the song "Tequila" kicking in, a hairy, sunglasses-wearing biker puppet appears above the blonde's butt cheeks and proceeds to "eat" her thong-covered pussy.

Now that's entertainment!

For more of Suzanne Austin's unabashed hilarity, head to BagLadySue.com, which features video clips, merchandise and booking info.



BILL AND FREDA'S SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE RECIPE:
NEVER LOOK AT EACH OTHER AFTER 50.

RIGHT IN MOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



ZOE & SUZIE CARINA





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ZOE





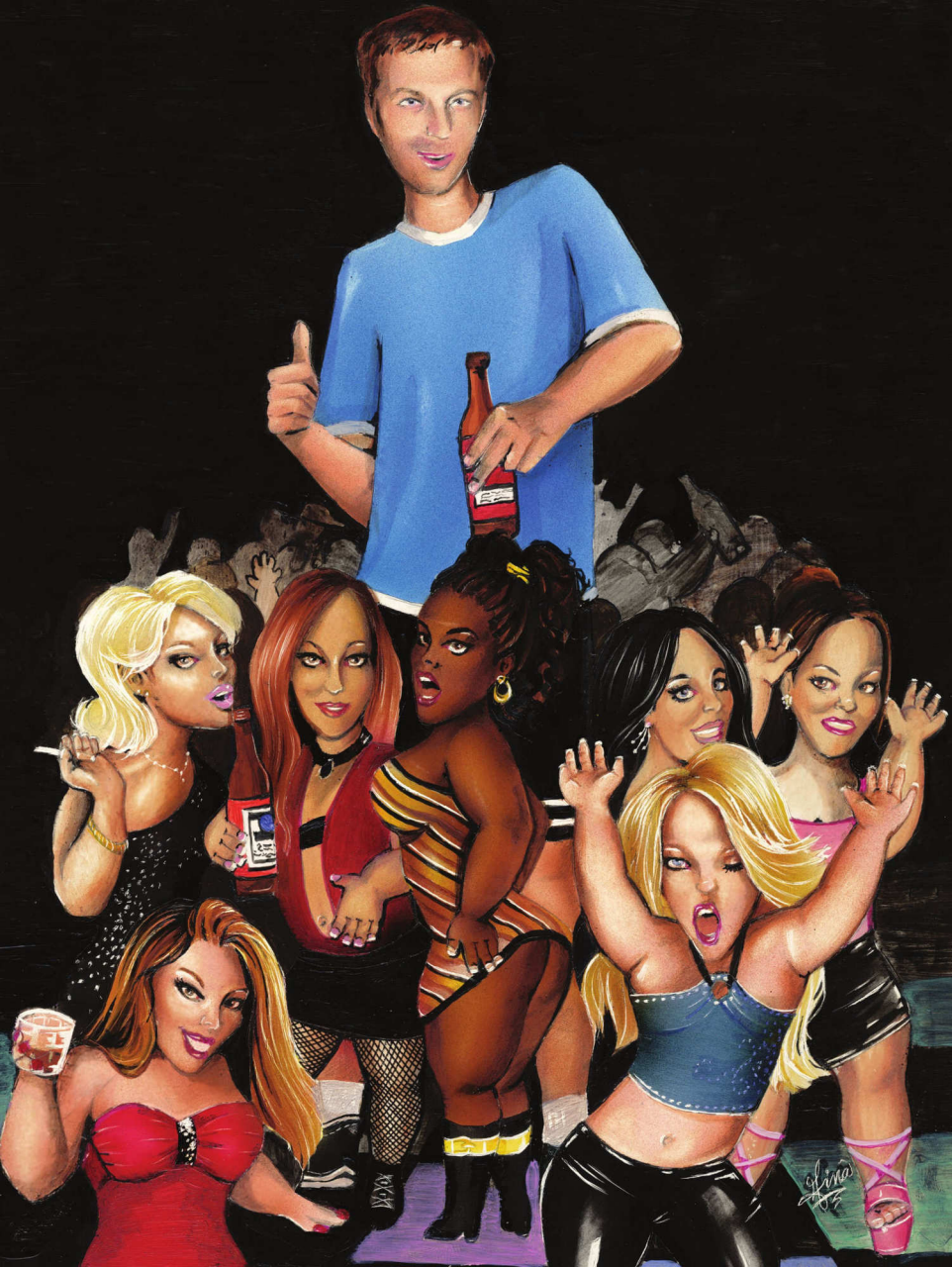






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WE ALL HAVE DREAMS. Martin Luther King dreamt of racial harmony. Larry Hagman dreamt of Jeannie. For over a decade I dreamt of fucking a midget. One weekend in July of 2006, I finally achieved my dream. It went down like this:

I was at the gym when I got this text message from my buddy DrunkasaurusRex. He likes to play with my emotions, so I never take his text messages seriously:

5:51pm DrunkRex: There is a midget convention at the Hilton in Milwaukee here with my girlfriend and [SoylentGreen] is here too.

5:52pm Tucker: Fuck you.

5:53pm DrunkRex: Im dead serious.

5:54pm Tucker: I hate you.

5:56pm DrunkRex: Soylent has a free round-trip ticket.

6:00pm Tucker: STOP TEASING.

He called me a few minutes later, when I was at home, about to cook dinner.

DrunkRex: Did you get my message? I am in Milwaukee with my girlfriend ...and there is a midget convention in town this weekend.

Tucker: I got your fucking message. Come on, man, stop playing.

DrunkRex: Tucker, I am DEAD serious. They are everywhere. It's like the circus and *The Wizard of Oz* are in town at the same time. I swear on my life there are hundreds of midgets here.

(Ten-second pause.) Tucker: I am on the next flight.

It took me about 40 seconds to throw clothes into a duffel bag. Another 20 seconds to sprint out the door and onto [New York City's] Park Avenue. I was in a cab to LaGuardia within two minutes of getting the call. The TV and lights were still on in my apartment, I'd left the steak I was going to eat for dinner thawing in the sink, and I was still covered in gym sweat.

None of that mattered; I was finally going to fuck a midget.

In the cab, I called all my best friends, screaming incoherent babbles about sex with little people. The call to Junior was the best:

Junior: What is wrong with you? Why not just get a midget hooker and be done with it?

Tucker: FUCK THAT. Just because you buy Dwight Gooden's World Series ring off Ebay doesn't mean that you were on the '86 Mets. Some things you can only claim if you have earned them. MIDGET PUSSY, HERE I COME!!

I was more excited about this than I was when my book hit the *New York Times* best-seller list. I felt like a six-year-old on the night before Christmas.

At the airport and in line for my ticket, I am forced to fly Midwest Airlines because they are the only airline that cares enough about Milwaukee to fly there. A very nice, very Midwestern couple is in front of me. The man's shirt has a picture of cheese on it.

Tucker: You guys going to Milwaukee?

The Midget Story

► Having hooked up with almost everything under the sun, the Internet's most un-humble narrator heads to the Midwest in hopes of finally bedding a little person. Leave it to blogger **Tucker Max** to pen the ultimate short story, which he now shares with our readers.

Guy: Yes, sir, heading home after a vacation.

Tucker: Did you know there are midgets in Milwaukee?

The man and his wife are silent and confused.

Tucker: HUNDREDS OF THEM!

They turn around and mumble something about crazy New Yorkers. Whatever, they've never fucked a midget; they don't matter.

The flight was nearly intolerable; my mind

was spinning with questions. How do you pick up a midget? Are you allowed to physically pick them up? When you hug them, can you hold them tight like a teddy bear, and promise to pet them and love them? Do they get pissed if you set your drink on top of their head? No one really talks about this.

What about their day-to-day lives? How do they get luggage in the overhead bin when they fly? Do they get to live in those cool apartments with the really low door handles and counters? What if a midget punches me in the nuts? Since

their arms are too short to reach their crotches, how do they wipe? Or masturbate? Even more to the point, what do their pussies feel like? Are they normal-sized? Can they give me head without kneeling? When she's riding me, can I spin her like a top?

I was in Milwaukee by 10pm. My buddy SoylentGreen picked me up, and we were at the Hilton hotel bar by 11pm. I almost hyperventilated upon seeing my first gaggle of midgets. There were six of them, sitting at a table drinking just like normal people, their tiny little legs barely hanging over the seats, tiny little feet dangling like a toddler's. Their Miller Lite bottles looked massive as they gripped them with both of their tiny little hands. Their humongous foreheads and brow ridges were raised in excitement as they laughed at a tiny little joke.

Tucker: You know CPR, right? I think my heart might explode.

Soylent: You are so fucking weird.

Then I saw her: my MidgetPrincess. Her blond hair and sparkling blue eyes made me think of Gwyneth Paltrow. Her missing neck and bowlegs gave me an idea what Gwyneth would look like if placed in a vise and squished to one-quarter size. As her pigeon-toed feet carried her past my table, I slid down in my chair, hoping to catch her eye. She looked at me and smiled, her mashed-up teeth sparkling in the oily light of the popcorn machine. I gave her an unmistakable "I want to fuck you" look, she shot me back a quick "My spine hurts" face, and I was smitten.

I start planning out how I am going to hit on her, but thanks to my dismay, I find myself feeling something I haven't felt in years: nervousness. I literally can't even remember the last time I was nervous around a girl. Is this what it's like to be a normal guy? This sucks. Every time I tried to talk to one of the midgets, I would start giggling and sweating. I felt like a middle-

▶ The Midget Story

schooler who'd snuck into his sister's college party. Eventually, SoylentGreen—who thinks he's better than me because he isn't obsessed with fucking a midget—had to take over.

I think the midgets took a liking to Soylent because he is barely taller than they are, and he looks exactly like Gimli the Dwarf from the *Lord of the Rings* movies. Within minutes we were sitting with the little people. My MidgetPrincess was at the table, and even though I'd only had like five beers, the room was spinning around her. I would talk, but I couldn't hear the words coming out of my mouth. She would answer back, and it sounded like a chorus of tiny little angels. Is this what love is like? If so, I might have to try it. Then it happened:

Soylent: So, what's up tonight at the chocolate factory? Any cool parties?

MaleMidget: Oh, dude, you should come with us upstairs. It's the last night of the LP [Little Person] convention. There is a big dance on the fifth floor.

Tucker: Don't play with my emotions. If you are lying about this, I don't think I could handle it.

MaleMidget (looking at me like I am some sort of weirdo): No dude. It should be fun. Everyone is up there.

Do you know what it takes to make me speechless? For fuck's sake, I had a girl tattoo "I Fucked Tucker Max" over her pussy. You could say that my sense of "wow" is a bit numb. Knowing that, I ask you to put yourself in this situation and see what your reaction would be:

Go to a hotel. Hit the button for the elevator. Take note of the step stool below the button panel, with the note above it: "Please do not remove stool." Ride the elevator up to the fifth floor. Walk out into the hallway, and do a double take at the FLEET of Rascal scooters in the ballroom lobby. (Rascals are those red motorized scooters that you always see old people on in the grocery store.) You might first think you stumbled into a geriatric convention, but you study the people on the Rascals, and realize something: None of their feet are touching the base. They are all midgets! MIDGETS ON RASCALS!!!

Reeling from this discovery, you head into the ballroom and see approximately FOUR HUNDRED MIDGETS!!! ALL OF THEM ARE DANCING TO BABY HUEY!!! AND THEY ARE POPPING AND LOCKING!

I REPEAT: HUNDREDS OF MIDGETS ARE POPPING AND LOCKING!!!

What would you do? WHAT WOULD YOU DO???

I know what I did.

I got a massive erection.

As much as I would love to tell you a really

She reaches up to grab my hand, but hers is too small to grasp mine...so instead she wrapped her entire palm and Jimmy Dean sausage fingers around just my pinky.

cool story about how I spent the next hour hitting on all the hot midgets, dancing with them, doing tiny little body shots off tiny little bodies, and tossing midgets all around the hotel, I can't...because nothing like that happened.

Basically, I just sat there, vacant as a lobotomized patient, staring at the midgets, in utter disbelief at the scene unfolding before me—it was complete Midget Overload. Six midgets at a table had me nearly catatonic; you can only imagine what 400 midgets popping and locking did. And when I saw the two midgets slow dancing, but the midget guy was so short that the midget girl had to kneel to dance with him...I was done.

I am honestly not sure how the next part unfolded, but I do know for damn sure I had nothing to do with it. One moment I was sitting at a table in the ballroom, staring in utter disbelief at the midget dance party in front of me, the next moment I was part of a group walking toward the elevator. That group was me, DrunkRex, SoylentGreen, our female friend Jessie...and three midgets, one female and two male.

Tucker (whispering): Jessie, there are three midgets with us.

Jessie (normal voice): I know. I invited them. I think the cute one will fuck you.

Tucker (still whispering): I will name all my illegitimate children after you if she does.

The elevator ride was awesome:

Soylent (to one of the male midgets with us): So, you like midget girls or normal girls?

Midget: Fuck that midget shit, man. I want me a BIG girl! (Pointing at Jess, who is half black, half Italian.) Soyilent, you think you could set me up with some black pussy?!

Soylent: Fuck! Goddamn, man, that is Afro-Italian pussy. What do you think, I'm running a midget convention warehouse special? I'm not fucking her; you are welcome to knock yourself out trying, fucker!

Tucker: Hey, man, can you talk to dolphins and pilot whales with that huge forehead of yours?

DolphinMidget: Fuck you, asshole! Did you come with Jessie? I'm gonna fuck her in front of you!!

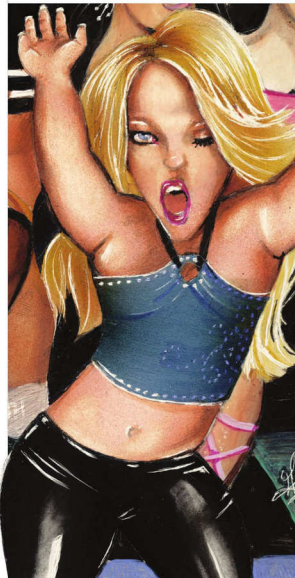
Tucker: EEK EEK EEK!! That's dolphin for "I'm sorry." But you already knew that.

DolphinMidget: Hey, you guys want to smoke some rock? I got a connection in Milwaukee, this taxi driver. I'm gonna call him in a minute.

At the hotel bar, Jessie starts to go to work on my MidgetPrincess. Jessie is pimping me so hard, she's doing everything short of smacking me up for having short money. Being pimped by a girl to another girl is pretty much the optimal situation for a guy, so I did the best thing I could do: shut the fuck up, smile at the MidgetPrincess when she looked at me, buy everyone beer and hope for the best.

Guys, when you have a girl running game for you, the more you speak, the greater the chance you'll fuck it up. Be quiet and let the girl do the work. Women trust women, not men. The less you interfere, the less game you run, the better. Sounds counterintuitive, doesn't it? Welcome to women, enjoy your stay.

When I got beers for us all, I discovered something mildly amusing about Milwaukee. If you are ever there, order a Budweiser. Seriously, people FLIP OUT at you. I was confused at first, until it was explained to me: The city of Milwaukee is basically owned by Miller Brewing Company, and of course their big rival is Bud, presumably because they are located in



St. Louis. Hey, Milwaukeeans, I'm going to let you in on a little secret: Bud, MGD, Bud Light, Miller Lite—it's all shitty beer. No one cares except fat-assed cow-town hicks, i.e., all of you. Get over it and focus on something important, like not being such fat asses.

At one point, DolphinMidget accosts Jessie when she is in the women's bathroom.

DolphinMidget: Hey, baby...wanna get down?

Jessie: Uhhh, no.

DolphinMidget: IT'S 'CAUSE YOU HATE MIDGETS, ISN'T IT?!

Though she did not fuck him, Jessie found out the answer to a question we all had. She came back from the bathroom giggling:

"I just saw him pee! He pulled his junk out of his pants, and laid across the toilet sideways. It was awesome!!!"

At closing time, the whole crew—three midgets included—came back with us to Soylent's place to party. As we crossed the street, several cars zoomed past, so I reached down to hold the hand of my MidgetPrincess, you know, because I'm a gentleman and shit.

She reaches up to grab my hand, but hers is too small to grasp mine...so instead she wrapped her entire palm and Jimmy Dean sausage fingers around just my pinky.

I'm going to pause here so the visual of me crossing the street with a hot midget holding my pinky can sink in (and yes, as soon as she did this, the image of playing with a toddler came into my sick, sick mind).

In the elevator, MidgetPrincess grabbed my butt.

MidgetPrincess: Damn, you got a fine ass.

Tucker: I do Pilates.

MidgetPrincess: Do you really? I bet you are good in bed.

There isn't a better opening than that. Did I come back with a smooth line? Did I woo and charm her, sealing the deal with a suave and debonair retort?

Tucker: I wanna make a mess in yer mouth.

That's what I said. Don't ask me why. Thankfully, she thought it was funny, because if she had been offended and left, I am pretty sure I would have slit my wrists with the closest sharp edge I could find. (And for the record, I have never done Pilates. I don't know why I said that either.)

We get into Soylent's apartment, she pulls me into his bedroom, and we start fucking. See, this is why you need good friends. In fact, this should be one of the measures of how good a friendship is: Will your buddy let you fuck a midget in his bed? If the answer is yes, then you know that dude is solid.

Clothes off, I slid right in. Her pussy was not that tight; in fact, it basically felt normal. First question answered.

One of my favorite positions is me on top with the girl's legs over my shoulders. I like that position because it gives my dick a more direct line of entry and, if I position my hips right, I hit the girl's G spot in the process. For the most part, I am all about myself in bed, but if everyone can win, why not go with that? Plus, when her legs are over your shoulders, you control everything that is going on, and I am a big fan of dominance.

After a few minutes of missionary, I move to throw her legs over my shoulders. Normally when I do this, the girl's knees are over my shoulders and her lower legs are either in the air or resting on my back, depending on how I hit it. It went different with my MidgetPrincess. I grab her legs, push them up on my shoulders, but instead of having her knees next to my ears...her feet were next to my cheeks...and a few of her toes went into my mouth. Yes, her legs were completely straight.

This was a bit disturbing, to say the least. About ten seconds later she made me stop

because I was hurting her. Even though her pussy is a normal width, it is much shallower than the average pussy, and with her legs on my chest (and her toes in my mouth), my dick was smashing into her cervix. Second question answered.

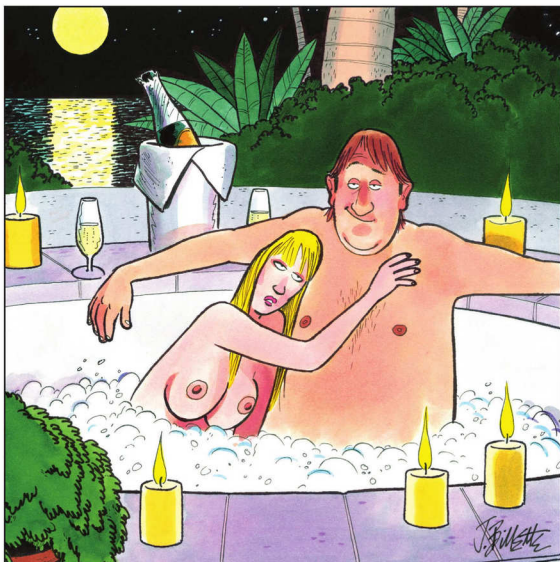
Only one final question: I got on bottom and had her ride me. Despite my best drunken attempt, I was not able to spin her like a top on my penis. It might have worked if my dick was longer, but alas, I am an average white guy.

She passed out when we were done, and I joined the party that was still going. Flush with excitement and pride, I triumphantly threw my hand in the air and yelled across the apartment: "RAISE YOUR FUCKING HAND IF YOU'VE EVER FUCKED A MIDGET, BITCHES!!!"

The other two midgets raised their hands. Thanks, assholes.

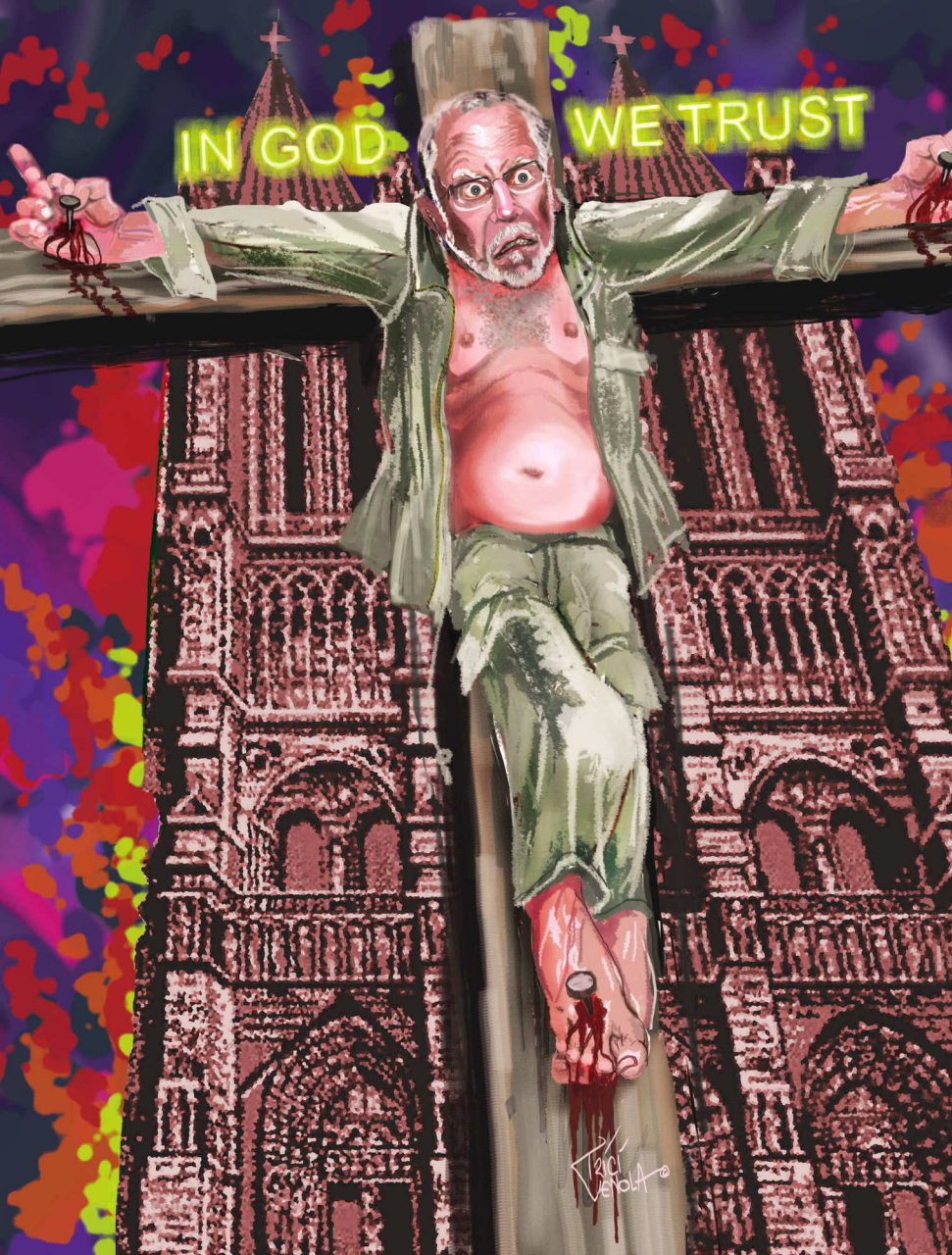
I truly live a blessed life.

We wish to thank blogger Tucker Max for permitting us to reprint the above story. For other outlandish yarns or to purchase his hilarious best-seller *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, visit TuckerMax.com.



"This has been the most romantic honeymoon any woman could ever dream of. ... Are you peeing?!"

IN GOD WE TRUST



Kiki Verbolte

WHY I HATE RELIGION

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY HATER AND FORNicator **AL GOLDSTEIN**, FORMER PUBLISHER OF *SCREW*

I LOVE THE CHAOTIC AND THE DISORGANIZED.

The word *organized* means there is a system of followers and leaders. Since religion is a fairy tale—like Peter Pan or Heaven and Hell—it is a diversion to keep us amused, distracted and under the thumb of the organizers.

Religion proposes there is a payoff for being good. The proposal, though, is deceptive. Religion is akin to whacking off to the girls in this magazine. We make believe it is a real experience. We pretend the girl on the page is real. We try to fool ourselves.

Religion is like the sergeant I had when I was in the Korean War in 1951. He was a bully, a fascist and an overcompensating *schvartze*. He was a man who hated the white recruits that he bossed around. A little power goes a long way, and for this little pygmy, it helped make up for every indignity he had suffered.

I was only 19, but this jungle bunny had the power to slice and dice me. He could make me do jumping jacks, push-ups and sit-ups. He made me peel potatoes and question why I, as a Jew, was in this prison they called the Army.

This sarge was like my God. He controlled my life, and that is the purpose of religion.

If religion had some constructive purpose, it would give us peace and harmony. Instead, it has given us the Spanish Inquisition, the Salem Witch Trials, the Crusades and currently a sectarian civil war in Iraq. There,

Sunnis and Shiites kill each other even though they pray to the same deity.

When I was in college, I read a book that said the less sure we are of something, the more willing we are to die for it. I see examples of this every day. Stupidity and ignorance cloak us in the immunity of self-righteousness. Religion has made its leaders and preachers rich. This even includes those kooks in Jonestown and Waco.

Religion not only gives us order and beginnings and endings, but also has us travel on a road filled with thorns. Religion lifts us out of the serpent-filled jungle of chaos onto structured terra firma. Religion, which is nothing but Aesop's fables on LSD, takes us on a path stacked high with leaders, losers and victims. It covers us under a prickly blanket of self-deception, where we can ignore cancer coursing through our bodies, the hardening of our arteries from too many Twinkies and the imminent future of being six feet under, where the maggots can feed on us.

Karl Marx said, "Religion is the opium of the masses." (Some might argue that for most Americans nowadays, whether they consider themselves religious or not, the real opium is a new Lexus or McMansion.)

The thing about chaos is that it's exciting. Chaos is like watching a new movie or being with a new woman. It is filled with anticipation and surprises. It also destroys the illusion of control and the illusion that there is some

order to life besides death. For me, the pleasure of the unexpected is as sweet as Godiva chocolate. Chaos is not for the weak of mind and the frightened. If you want tranquility, start taking lithium, get married or kill yourself.

If the excitement of the unknown is your turn-on, then the world of confusion and a universe that has run amok is your vehicle of pleasure. The advantage of marriage and relationships is that you become a living zombie, and the only question on the table is when you will take your last breath.

Keep in mind that many philosophers were atheists, including Sigmund Freud, Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell. Only people with the intellect of cavemen believe in the magic of a mythical god with a flowing white beard who gives a shit about human beings.

Aldous Huxley's sci-fi novel *Brave New World* featured a drug called Soma, which blurred the line between reality and hallucinations. In the near future, Bill Gates, Steve Jobs and the pharmaceutical industry will probably make the world of Soma a reality. But until then, we have religion.

New Yorker Al Goldstein lives alone in the borough of Queens. You can read his weekly blog at Booble.com, buy his autobiography *I, Goldstein* at bookstores everywhere and contact him (especially to offer food, work or pussy) at AlvinGoldstein@gmail.com.

FAITH LEON



THE

HOME FOR
THE HOLIDAYS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Thank you, guys, from the bottom of my heart, for making me a centerfold for the holiday season," **Faith** chirps. "You have to understand, when I was a teenager, *HUSTLER* was my first glance at hard-core sex. Flipping through those pages liberated me. I knew that my needing sex all the time was natural, and *HUSTLER* just confirmed that."

Does the statuesque vixen credit our revered publication with getting her into porn? "In a way, yeah!" **Faith** acknowledges. "Because I realized that not only can I have sex all the time with the hottest people, but I also get paid for it. It's easily the only job a horny girl like me is good at."

As a matter of fact, **Faith** is having such a blast, she'd almost work 365 days a year. "I don't really like to take much time off," she explains. "I'm a bit of a workaholic/sexaholic."

We've put a perfect gift under **Faith's** tree, so to speak, but the XXX star has a much more personal item on her own Christmas wish list. "I want a man right now!" she exclaims. "I've been single for a long time, and although I enjoy playing the field, it would be nice to have a nice, steady fuck. Of course, I need a guy who can keep up with my sexual appetite. Also, he should be funny, kind and willing to accept me for who I am. That would be the best present ever!"









FAITH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Chatsworth, California
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-11







See Faith Leon in *Cum Swappers* #5, *Cocktail Party*,
Crush, *Dripping Wet*, *Pin-Up Pussy*, *Silver Lake*
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xoxo
with Leon

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HOLIDAY 2007

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THE TOP 15 SIGNS THAT SANTA CLAUS IS ACTUALLY A WOMAN:

15. Santa never has to be reminded that it's Christmas. 'Nuff said.

14. Reads children's letters in office instead of in bathroom.

13. Never explains what you did to deserve that lump of coal in your stocking; if you have to ask, maybe that's the problem!

12. Employs little people in a sweat-shop and cohosts TV talk show *Regis & Santa Lee*.

11. Despite a closet filled with red coats and big black belts, still insists there's nothing to wear on Christmas Eve.

10. "Mrs. Claus" wears work boots, sports a crew cut and drives a '68 El Camino.

9. A man simply would not care if you were naughty or nice.

8. Actually seems to shake like two bowls full of jelly.

7. Bowfuls of jelly, my ass! It's water retention!

6. Always whines about equality until it's time to clean out the reindeer stalls.

5. Matching shoes and belt? Only a woman would accessorize a pantsuit like that!

4. No guy would ever name his animals Dancer and Prancer.

3. Santa has never, ever been observed peeing off of a rooftop.

2. The North Pole Blockbuster store can't keep *The Horse Whisperer* in stock.

1. With the way chimneys are built these days, you'd have to be Calista Friggin' Flockhart just to slip in!

Just before Christmas an honest politician, a generous lawyer and Santa Claus were riding in the elevator of a very posh hotel. As the doors were about to open, they all noticed a \$20 bill on the floor. Which one picked it up? Santa, of course. The other two don't exist!

Last year, Laura Bush bought her husband a parrot for Christmas. A few weeks later the First Lady told Dick Cheney, "That bird is so smart! George has already taught him to pronounce over 200 words!"

"Wow, that's pretty impressive!" the Vice President marveled. "But you realize that he just *says* the words. He doesn't understand what they mean."

"That's okay," Laura chirped. "Neither does the parrot!"

Santa was really pissed. It was Christmas Eve, and *nothing* was going right. Mrs. Claus had burned all the cookies, the elves were complaining about not getting paid for the overtime they'd accrued making loads of toys, and the reindeer had been drinking all afternoon and were drunk as skunks. To make matters worse, Donner, Blitzen and Comet had taken the sleigh out for a spin earlier in the day and had crashed it into a tree.

Santa was furious. "I can't believe it!" he yelled. "I've got to deliver millions of presents all over the world in just a few hours. My elves are on strike, all of my reindeer are shit-faced, and I don't even have a Christmas tree! I sent that stupid Little Angel out *hours* ago to find one, and he isn't even back yet! What am I gonna do?"

Just then, the Little Angel opened the front door and stepped in from the snowy night, dragging a small evergreen tree. "Yo, fat man!" the obnoxious winged creature exclaimed. "Where do you want me to stick it *this* year?!"

And thus began the tradition of a miniature angel topping a Christmas tree.

GRAFFI!THY

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Everyone felt joyous, even the mouse.

So with Mom in the whorehouse and Dad smokin' grass,

I settled down for a nice piece of ass.

All of a sudden I heard such a clatter,

I jumped off the bitch to see what was the matter.

Coming down the chimney like a bat out of hell

was someone real heavy; that much I could tell.

After I rushed to the fireplace real quick,

I was elated to see good ol' Saint Nick.

He filled our stockings with pretzels and beer,

And a big rubber dick for my brother the queer.

Then the fucker flew up the chimney with a thunderous fart,
but it wasn't the smell that blew the chimney apart.

Roared the fat fella as he rode out of sight,

"Piss on you all and have a helluva night!"



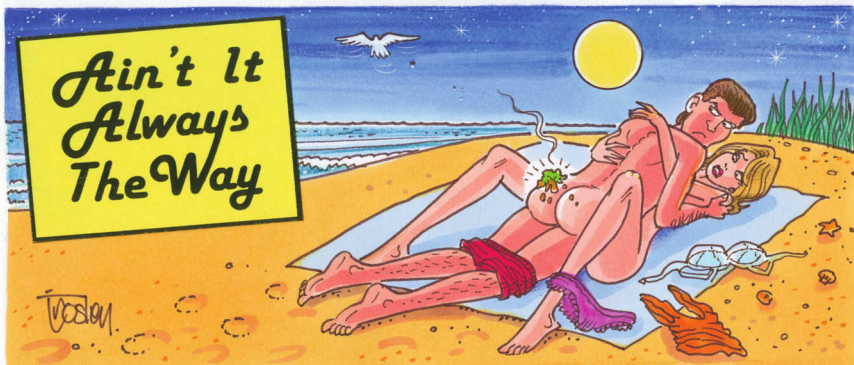
Thanks and \$50 go to Cynthia J.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" betting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.

A cartoon illustration set in a room with vertical wood paneling. A man with blonde hair, wearing a grey suit, white shirt, and red tie, sits behind a dark red wooden desk. He is looking towards a dog. The dog is a brown and white long-haired breed, wearing red sunglasses and white socks, sitting in a red armchair. A large speech bubble originates from the man, containing a series of questions. The floor is blue.

SO TELL ME,
WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE
PARIS HILTON'S LITTLE
LAP POOCH? DID YOU
EVER FUCK HER? DID
YOU EVER LICK
THAT PUSSY?

WINNERS



YOU'RE OUT ON A DATE, AND YOUR DAD SHOWS UP...



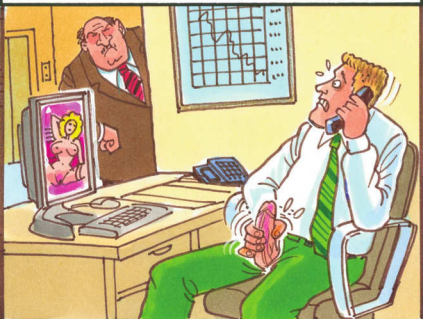
...WEARING THAT TACKY PURPLE OUTFIT WITH THE BLACK HEELS!



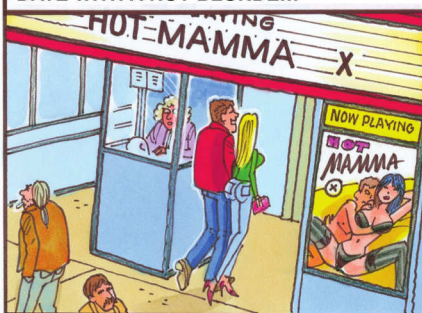
THE BOSS IS GONE ALL MORNING WHILE YOU WORK YOUR ASS OFF...



...THEN HE POPS IN JUST WHEN YOU'RE MAKING A PERSONAL PHONE CALL!



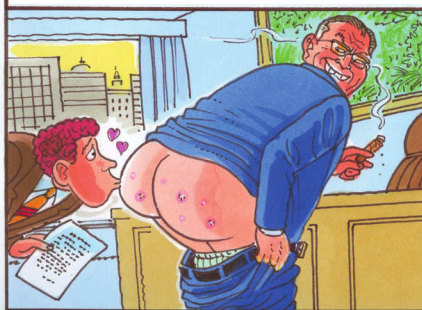
YOU'RE HOPING FOR SEX ON YOUR FIRST DATE WITH A HOT BLONDE...



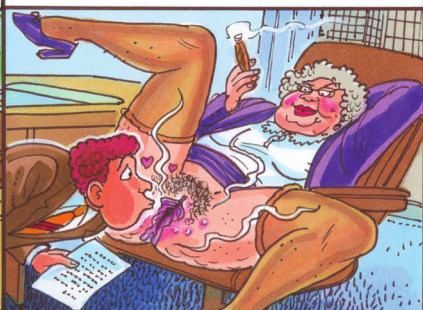
...BUT YOU WERE SORT OF COUNTING ON BEING INVOLVED IN IT!



JUST WHEN YOU GET USED TO HAVING TO KISS ASS TO GET AHEAD IN BUSINESS...



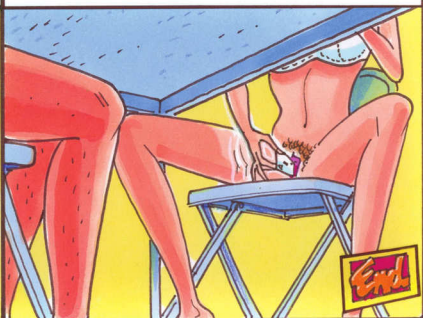
...YOU NOW HAVE TO KISS *PUSSY* TOO!



YOU'RE PLAYING STRIP POKER WITH A SEXY NEW BABE...



...AND SHE'S GOT AN ACE IN THE *HOLE*!



"A Frank Conversation" WITH DWEEZIL ZAPPA



His guitar wants to kill your mama.

PHOTOS BY LADY VON JANSKY

DWEEZIL ZAPPA TRULY IS HIS FATHER'S SON.

The guitar-god offspring of master composer/guitarist Frank Zappa invited us into the family's studio to discuss the genius that was Frank.

HUSTLER: Tell us about the new Frank Zappa classic album DVD.

DWEEZIL ZAPPA: It is a great series of a lot of classic records. We were happy to include Frank's records *Apostrophe* and *Over-Nite Sensation*. For anybody who hasn't seen these DVDs, they basically do a forensic study of the audio material. They show you the master tape going on the reels. They put up each track one by one and tell people how the record was made. You get to hear it from a different perspective.

For me it was a lot of fun to hear the individual tracks and find out what things didn't make the final mix. There are interesting things you find out about the records. There are also conversations with people who were worked with Frank over the years. It is a

great way to learn about Frank's music, and those two records in particular, I think, encompass what Frank was really about to a large degree. I usually tell people if they have never heard Frank's music, then get these two records first.

What was it like growing up in the shadow of a cultural icon?

There was no shadow. For me he was just my dad. I love what he did. Everything about what he did was what we considered normal, because that was all we knew. The shadow is created by some other entertainment perception about how I'm supposed to feel.

What I'm doing now with this tour called Zappa Plays Zappa, where I'm playing his music, is a labor of love. It is a celebration of the music. I go out there and play it as authentically as possible without him being there. I'm not trying to impersonate him. I'm just presenting the fans with an opportunity to see the tunes in a live situation and to establish a new fan base to get younger people into Frank's music.

A Look at the Greatest Hits on CD & DVD



M*A*S*H: The Martinis and Medicine Collection

It's all here: filmmaker Robert Altman's 1970 Korean War black comedy and every single episode of the award-winning TV series it inspired. Luckily, there's zilch from the franchise's failed spinoff, *AfterMASH*.

Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis Collection: Volume Two

This collection puts five of the comedy duo's films—including their best, *Artist & Models*—on DVD for the first time.



Journey/Steve Perry: Remastered CDs

Blame it on *The Sopranos*, but you know you have recently found yourself singing along to "Don't Stop Believin'." The entire Journey and Steve Perry

solo CD catalog has been remastered to include new photos and bonus tracks. Will there be a 2008 tour with Perry's return? Maybe.



This Is Tom Jones: Rock 'n' Roll Legends

The Welsh crooner had quite a reputation for making the ladies go wild. Ask your mom. This three-DVD set looks at some of the rock legends who appeared on Jones's variety show, notably Janis Joplin and The Who.

So Real: Songs of Jeff Buckley

In his all-too-brief life, Buckley recorded only one proper studio album: *Grace*. This best-of is basically a mix tape you might put together to turn someone on to Buckley's genius.



The Happy Hooker Trilogy

The Happy Hooker and the classic film's two



sequels—*The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington* and *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood*—are packed in this box set. Remember the days when you had no access to porn? Remember how turned on you got watching these campy films? You remember.

Robert Forster/Grant McLennan—Intermission: The Best of the Solo Recordings 1990-1997



As leaders of the critically acclaimed group the Go-Betweens, Robert Forster and Grant McLennan turned out some of the best pop music you never heard. Between the Go-Be's brilliant records, the songwriting duo put out several impressive solo discs. Featuring the best of that output, this collection also serves as a fond farewell to McLennan, who passed away in 2006.

Which of your dad's songs is the hardest to play?

We play 29 songs, which is almost three hours. The hardest one is "Inka Roads" because I learned to play stuff on guitar that wasn't supposed to be played on guitar. It was written for marimba and keyboards, so that posed a unique problem in and of itself. As a guitar player, the melody that I was playing just did not sit well on the instrument. It took me over a year's transformation of my physical and mental approach of how to play guitar.

What's your favorite tune?

I really like playing "Inka Roads" because of the stuff I learned, and the guitar-solo section was a chance to stretch and do different things. I really enjoy playing "St. Alfonso's Pancake Breakfast" because as a kid, that was one of my all-time favorite songs. As a kid, who wouldn't love a song about pancakes? That has a really hard part at the end that I also learned on guitar. We have a great time playing all the songs. Other standouts that are fun include "I Am the Slime" and "The Black Page," one of my favorite instrumentals.

With such a massive catalog to choose from, how did you narrow it down to just 29 songs?

A lot of the songs came from *Apostrophe* and *Over-Nite Sensation*. I knew the fan base that had supported Frank all these years



would be familiar with these songs, but I also wanted—if we had new people coming to shows—for them to be able to get right in and feel comfortable with something they could connect with right away. I tried to balance it so it wasn't all just the '70s. We did some stuff from the '60s, didn't quite get into the '80s. For the most part the stuff I grew up listening to and loving the most was all from 1973 to 1979. So that is a big part of what we are going to play. It's Frank's most popular era of his career.

During your childhood, did Frank encourage you to become a musician?

I think he encouraged me on the level of the creative aspect of music. He tried to instill in me that it really is an art form and that you do have a lot of freedom to express yourself. He also made a strong point to say how difficult the industry itself was and how many compromises you end up making and that it really may not be worth my time in the long run.

It wasn't a discouraging thing, because he didn't think that *(continued on page 102)*

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

KENNA

Make Sure They See My Face

This CD may be hard to describe, but it sure is interesting to listen to. *Make Sure* features a brilliant blend of dance, 1980s new wave synth-pop and soaring choruses. Plus, there are tracks produced by the Neptunes' Chad Hugo and Pharrell. We like it. We don't know why, but we do.



BEASTIE BOYS

The Mix-Up

When it comes to putting out new CDs, the Beastie Boys have always done whatever they wanted, whenever they wanted. Their latest—a groove-packed and superfunny instrumental jam session—is as smooth as the bald head of Kojak himself. There is only one thing missing from this funky and dope disc...vocalists!

NORTHERN STATE

Can I Keep This Pen?

What do you call a trio of bratty Long Island rappers with whiny voices and fast, fun party anthems? The Beastie Boys. Unless, of course, they are chicks; then it's Northern State. With tracks created by Adrock, their latest CD (and first free of a major label) is a brash, guilty hip-hop pleasure.



TELEFON TEL AVIV

TELEFON TEL AVIV

Remixes Compiled

In its usual, inimitable fashion, New Orleans-based Telefon Tel Aviv blends subtle melodic intricacies with frantic broken-beat rhythms, maintaining an ever-pleasing tension between down-tempo and IDM. This compilation spans the seven-year history of one of electronic music's more underrated and prolific groups.

—Matthew Brand

POETS & PORNSTARS

Poets & Pornstars

Here's a nice blend of sleazy Sunset Strip-styled bar-band rock 'n' roll from a new outfit with retro attitude. What Guns N' Roses was to the early 1990s, P&P could be to 2007. This dark and dank CD makes us feel like we got crabs from just listening to it. Weird thing is, we don't mind that much.



QUI

Love's Miracle

Jesus Lizard growler David Yow leads his latest collective of freaks and malforns through more noise and nonsense. The L.A.-based trio delivers a heaping helping of exactly what you expect from rock's last true star.

(continued on page 102)



The Fall Guy:

Complete First Season

After *The Six Million Dollar Man*, Lee Majors became everyone's favorite crime-solving stuntman. Sure, the action-packed TV show

is supercheesy, but in a good way. Plus, there's a whole lot of beautiful Heather Thomas.

The Police (Anthology)

Whether you thought this summer's top-earning reunion tour was awesome or a big rip-off, you can't deny the Police made some of the most well-conceived rock of the 1980s. The best fills out this two-CD set.



Sonic Youth: Daydream

Nation (Deluxe Edition)

Sonic Youth's watershed CD gets the two-CD "Deluxe



Edition" treatment with bonus tracks, expanded liner notes and previously unseen band photos.

Herb Alpert:

Signature Series

The entire catalog of the jazz trumpeter and his merry Tijuana Brass has been upgraded and released in eye-catching digipacks. Each is packed with the hits you enjoyed in the '70s while tooling around in your Pinto.



Sly & the Family Stone:

Original Epic Studio

Recordings

Without funkmaster Sly Stone and his groundbreaking musical collective, there would be no Prince, no Little Jon and no funk rock. All seven of Sly's original CDs—including *Stand, Life, Fresh* and *There's a Riot Goin' On*—are here, along with various bonus tracks.



DWEEZIL ZAPPA

(continued from page 101)

I had abilities to make good or interesting music. It was really him talking about how hard it was for him, because he did everything independently. The amount of times people said, "No, that's impossible!" and he did it anyway took a lot of perseverance and strength of character to stick with it. Most people after being beaten down will just say, "Fuck this!"

Since Frank Zappa wasn't hit-driven, how did he react when "Valley Girl" became an outright smash?



Like father, like son.

The thing about it is that a lot of people's perceptions about Frank come from a weird mistaken success with comedy songs like "Valley Girl," "Yellow Snow" and "Bobby Brown." People thought of him somewhat in the same vein as "Weird Al" Yankovic. The thing is, people have a hard time taking something seriously if there is a sense of humor attached to it.

They are not aware of all the other records that are not filed under comedy songs. He had a bit of humor in every record. Even musically without a vocal, there's humor within his intentions as a composer. Part of what we are trying to do now is make an argument for the legitimacy of his work as a profoundly gifted musician and arranger.

Everyone always says that Frank Zappa was ahead of his time. What does that mean to you?

It means his music is on multiple levels. If you listen to his album *Freak Out!*, particularly now that it is 40 years old, you think

of what was going on at that time. The stuff still sounds out of control now. So back then he must have seemed like he was from outer space.

Not only was he ahead of his time in what he was trying to accomplish musically, but he was also into the science of sound. He really was well-versed in the technology of the studio.

He was constantly pushing the limit of what technology could do in the musical world. In his book *The Real Frank Zappa*, there's a thing about him trying, back in the early 1980s, to capture a patent on something that we now know as iTunes. But the technology wasn't there to deliver music at the highest rate in terms of audio quality. Frank was always about the audio quality.

How would you describe your dad's relationship with Larry Flynt?

I think he really respected Larry because Larry wasn't afraid to put himself on the line for what he believed in. He also looked at it from the perspective of being an American—and what it's like to have the rights of an American and to test the boundaries of what that really means. Frank and Larry saw eye to eye on elements of the Constitution and the act of protecting against censorship.

Since your dad was so political, what would he have thought about the Bush Administration and what it has orchestrated?

He predicted a lot about that in his book. There are lots of things that have come true. As many people are in America, he would have been embarrassed to be dealing with this from a global perspective. It makes America look bad.

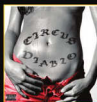
Ultimately, what is Frank Zappa's legacy?

I would hope that it would be, nonjudgmentally, his music. Just listen to it, and it speaks for itself. He was very outspoken when dealing with political things, and that clouds people's perceptions of who he is. Certainly that is a big part of his personality. It's in his music. He stood up for himself at every turn. But in the most simplistic form, I just say listen to the music; it speaks for him. There's nobody like him, and I really don't think there will be. It's just a guy that learned about music from going to the library. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

CIRCUS DIABLO

Circus Diablo



First, take one guitar god the Cult's Billy Duffy, add Billy Morrison (the Camp Freddy vocalist) and Fuel's bass player, tossing in Slur's drummer for good measure. Stir, then crank it up, and you've got Circus Diablo. Is this outfit merely another part-time supergroup that will disappear after one album? Maybe. But that would be a shame, because Circus Diablo has a ton of potential. At the very least it rocks and will hold you over until the new Cult CD comes out.

MARILLION

Somewhere Else

For more than two decades now, critics have tried to categorize Marillion. Some call their well-crafted brand of rock 'n' roll—with its exceptional musicianship and heart-wrenching vocals—"art rock," while others call it "prog rock." Whatever label you choose, Marillion's latest disc indicates they're stronger than ever.

THE START

Ciao, Baby



Not only is the START's lead singer hot, she's also holding a gun and wearing a sexy trench coat on the cover of this CD. That alone could be sufficient reason to buy *Ciao, Baby*. Add the fact that the material sounds a little bit like an electro Garbage at their best on this, the band's third and best release to date. Plus, there is the girl in the trench coat.

FRANK BLACK

93-03

Pixies frontman Frank Black's somewhat uneven solo career gets the best of treatment. When you boil down the highlights of his nine solo CDs, you get one really solid disc.

ASIA

Fantasia: Live in Tokyo 2007



One of the original supergroups, Asia reunited its lineup for a series of shows in 2006 and 2007. One of those evenings showcased here features the fearsome foursome ripping through its own classics and tunes from the members' former bands—Yes, the Buggles, ELP and King Crimson. Hard to believe that a bunch of guys now in their 50s and 60s, who have lived the life for so long, can still rock this hard. But they do.

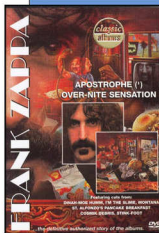
DROWNING POOL

Full Circle



The untimely death of a lead singer usually signals the end of a band. Such is not the case for Drowning Pool. With new vocalist Ryan McCombs, the rockers' latest offering not only picks up where they left off, but also exceeds all expectations. Drowning Pool has been reborn louder, tighter and better than ever. *Full Circle* also features a collaboration with Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx. ■

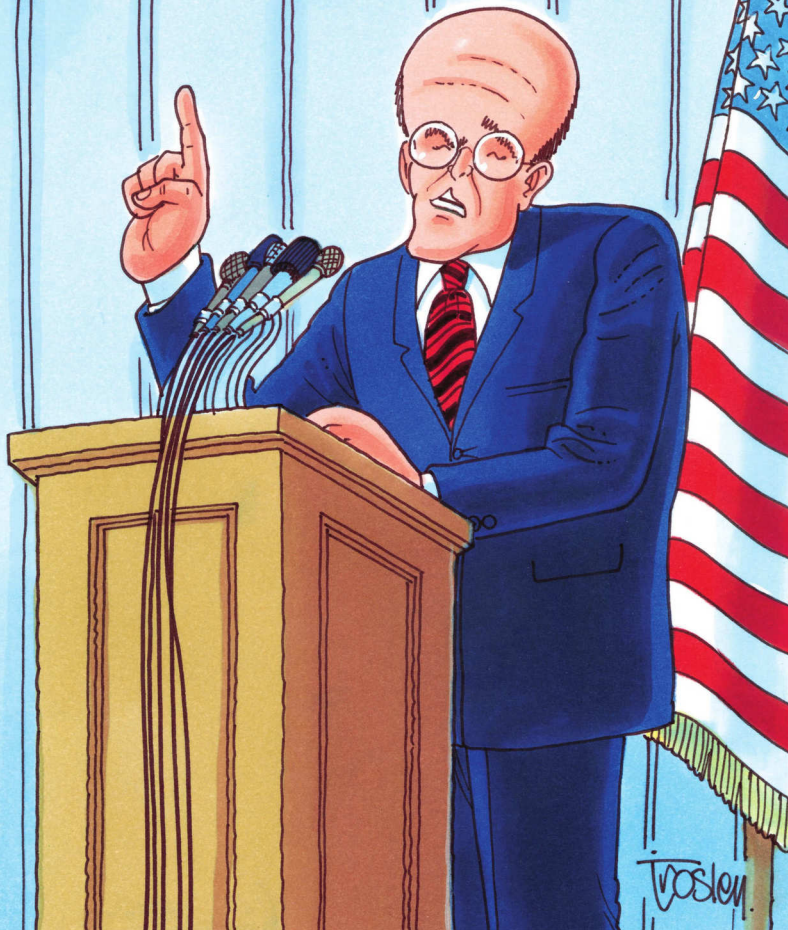
A Beginner's Guide to FRANK ZAPPA



New to the music of Frank Zappa? Check out his son Dweezil's top five picks for first-timers.

- #1: *Freak Out!*
- #2: *Apostrophe*
- #3: *Over-Nite Sensation*
- #4: *Joe's Garage*
- #5: *Sheik Yerbouti*

RUDOLPH GIULIANI
AREAL MAN'S MAN



"And another thing about Bill Clinton. When I got a blowjob,
I didn't hide it. I did it right in front of my wives!"

MOVIE Mammaries

KIM BASINGER'S MATURE BODY OF WORK

THIS TIME AROUND WE SHOWCASE the breathtaking bosom (and equally compelling ass) of the newly single **Kim Basinger**. In the late 1970s the stunning blonde was just another struggling actress, playing bit parts in forgettable mainstream movies and on TV shows like *Charlie's Angels*. It wasn't until her star-making turn opposite **Mickey Rourke** in the groundbreaking erotic film *9½ Weeks* (1986) that she became a household name. If you haven't caught this flick since you snuck into a theater 21 years ago, check it out once more on DVD. Without a doubt, *9½ Weeks* still holds up as one of the sexiest nonporn flicks of all time.

While Basinger's popularity and career catapulted throughout the 1980s and early '90s, it would be six agonizing years until the doll took off her clothes again for the camera. In the 1992 thriller *Final Analysis*, she works it hard with costar **Richard Gere**, providing plenty of chances to lust over her marvelous mams and nasty nipples. Here's our final analysis of this clunky film: It's worth a rent just to feast your eyes on Basinger's magnificent mounds.

Meanwhile, 1994's *The Getaway* paired the heavenly creature with husband-to-be **Alec Baldwin**. In this forgotten flick the future Mrs. Baldwin ends up repeatedly getting away from her wardrobe and hopping into bed. Luckily, it's not to get some sleep, but rather for yet another sizzling simulated sex scene. Although it's hard to watch such a hottie getting it on with that greasy bastard Baldwin, we're glad to see her true talents emerging for awed viewers.

8 MILE

9½ WEEKS

PROZAC NATION

BLACK
SNAKE
MOAN

THE GETAWAY

FINAL ANALYSIS



THE DOOR IN THE FLOOR



For a righteous rear view, check out the Eminem vehicle *8 Mile* (2002). Basinger is cast as the fictionalized rapper's white-trash mama, a fucked-up broad with a penchant for young dudes. Although we don't get to see Kim's breasts or beaver in the hip-hop picture, the prolonged peeks at her awesome behind do not disappoint. Damn, baby's got back! In a good way.

The Door in the Floor (2004) features an older and better-than-ever Basinger as the unlikely seductress teaching the ways of love to the assistant of her cheating husband (played by Jeff Bridges). This film also boasts, in all their glory, the ample boobs and beautiful bush of **Mimi Rogers**.

Sadly, all of Basinger's onscreen nudity dried up after *The Door in the Floor*. We aren't sure why. Maybe it was the nasty divorce, the reported bouts with agoraphobia (fear of leaving the house) or all those hours staring at her Oscar for 1997's *L.A. Confidential*. Whatever the reason, the alluring actress stopped giving back to her fans. We only hope that before it's too late (after all, she is getting up there in years), Kim Basinger remembers why the ticket-buying public made her a big star. Nudity. Onscreen nudity!

BONUS BOOBS: Christina Ricci "All Grown Up"

BLACK
SNAKE
MOAN

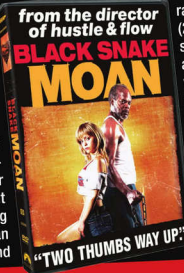
ONCE THE LITTLE CUTIE of *The Addams Family*, young **Christina Ricci** went on to appear in a bevy of crappy Disney movies. Luckily for us, the once-awkward, doe-eyed actress is *all grown up* now—and very into being naked. Very, very naked!

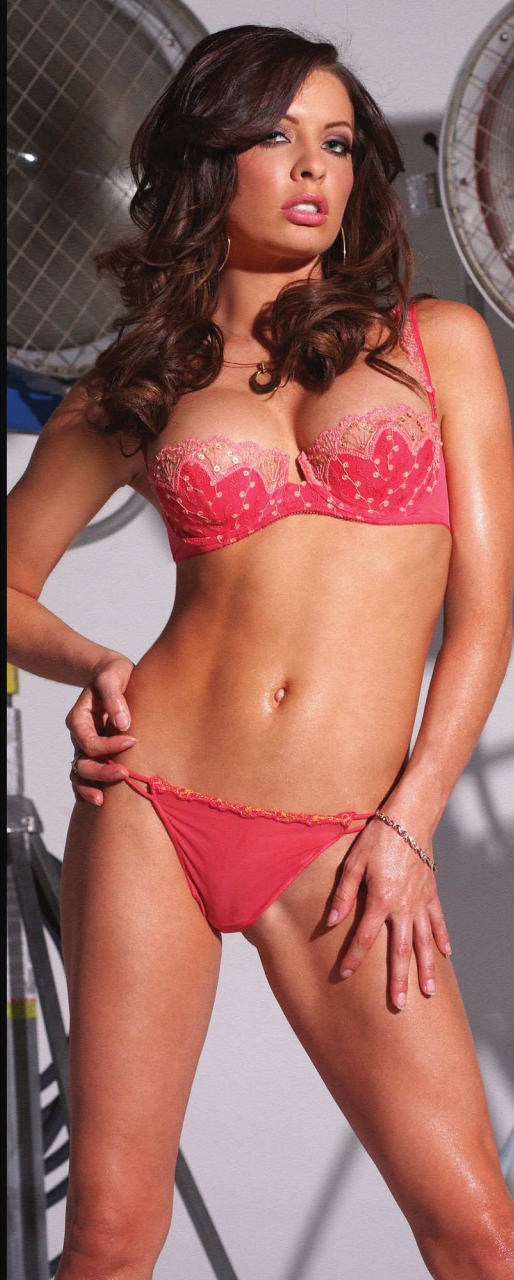
In 2006's *Black Snake Moan* (just released on DVD), Ricci really breaks free and serves up all her talents. Oh, sure, the box office bomb is the hokey tale of a blues musician (portrayed by **Samuel L. Jackson**) trying to save the soul of a nymphomaniac (Ricci's character) by chaining her to a radiator and teaching her about God. But this offering is well worth watching for the numerous (as in more than five) scenes featuring a topless and

out-of-control Ricci, who ends up having sex with anything and everything that is not nailed down. *Black Snake Moan* may well be the best video pick since *Showgirls*.

For more of Ricci's regal rack, check out *Prozac Nation* (2001). In this indie art flick she plays a dazed, confused and highly medicated modern woman who isn't afraid to exhibit her juicy jugs. We sure do love art films.

Remember, in each edition, *HUSTLER* brings you the best in both cinematic skin and flagrant famous figures. Let us know what you think by firing off an e-mail to NakedCelebs@LFP.com.





BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

VANESSA LANE







At a young age I knew I was destined to be famous in one way or another," **Vanessa Lane** reflects.

"I just had no idea how I would do it. Being a mainstream model and actress seemed like a good idea for a while, but it takes a longer time to make a name for yourself. Then I discovered porn, where you can really make a big splash very quickly."

Inspired by a little number-crunching, not to mention a priceless incentive, the sexually active Californian decided to give blue movies a shot. "I was doing extra work on TV shows and in movies," **Vanessa** explains, "making maybe a hundred bucks for a 12-hour shift. A girlfriend of mine was doing adult work, and she was taking home up to ten times that. It was simply a matter of basic economics. Plus, there's all the sex!"

Speaking of that, lascivious **Ms. Lane** continues, "I love a little bit of the rough stuff," she admits, delving into her slightly kinky side. "Spanking, hair-pulling and the occasional bondage works for me. Just nothing too rough, because bruises don't look good on film."



Despite instant success in the skin biz, **Vanessa** still entertains the possibility of returning to her original line of work. "I think someday I may be able to make the transition from nude model and adult actress into TV and films," she tells us. "Porn doesn't have the stigma attached to it that it once did."







VANESSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Winnetka, California

AGE: 23

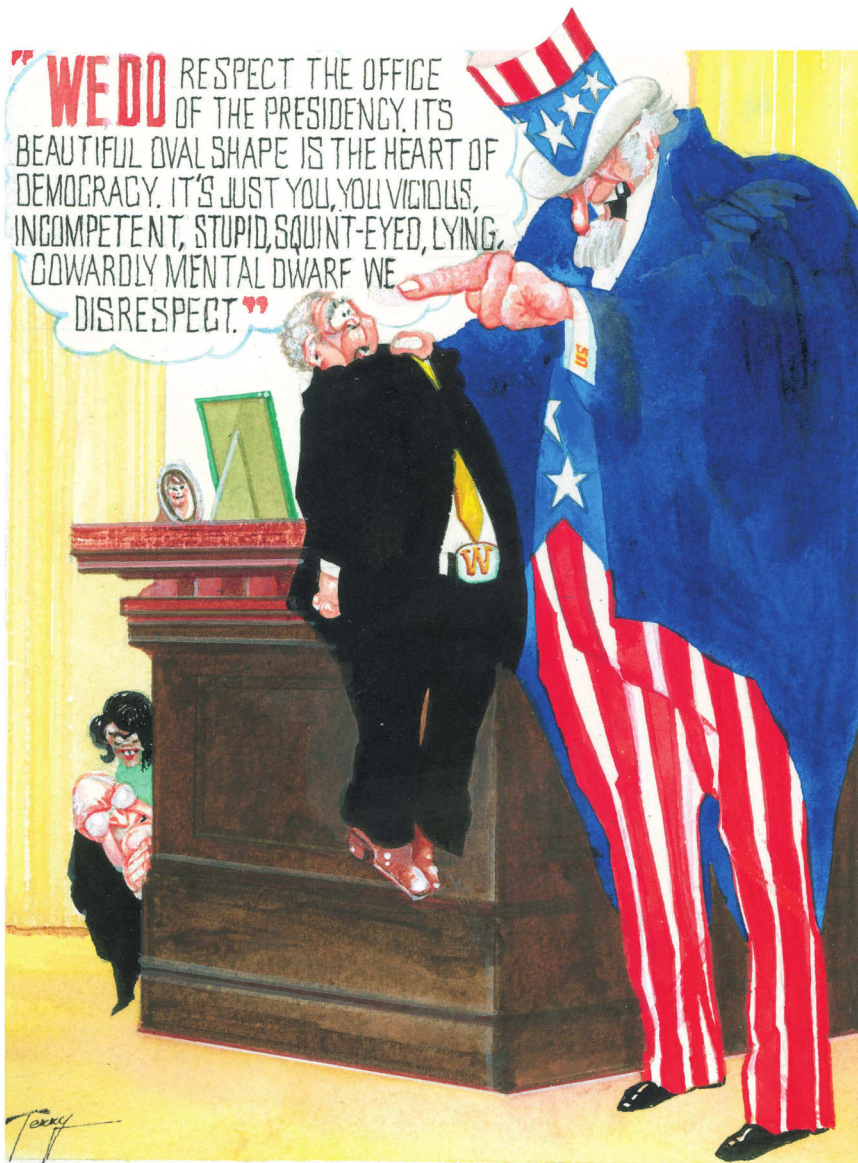
BIRTH SIGN: Libra

HEIGHT: 5-1

Catch **Vanessa Lane** going lights out in *Pin-Up Pussy*, *Busty Beauties #15* and *No Boys Allowed* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



"WE DO RESPECT THE OFFICE
OF THE PRESIDENCY. ITS
BEAUTIFUL OVAL SHAPE IS THE HEART OF
DEMOCRACY. IT'S JUST YOU, YOU VICIOUS,
INCOMPETENT, STUPID, SQUINT-EYED, LYING,
COWARDLY MENTAL DWARF WE
DISRESPECT."



PRELUDE TO A MASSACRE

Digging into homicidal **Virginia Tech** student Cho Seung-Hui's past, **Michael Dickinson** not only speaks with former classmates, but also an escort with startling, exclusive revelations.

Immediately after senior Cho Seung-Hui killed 32 Virginia Tech students and teachers, then shot himself on April 16, the mainstream media focused its attention on a disturbed individual who "fell through the cracks" and suddenly snapped. However, it now appears that the gruesome rampage was triggered by long-simmering rage.

In a video posthumously aired by the major networks, Cho railed against "rich kids, debauchery, gold chains and BMWs." These can all be found at Virginia's predominately white, upper-class Westfield High School, whose 2003 graduating class included Cho and Christine Connors.



VT shooter Cho Seung-Hui

"If you've ever seen the movie *The*

Stepford Wives, that is what going to

school in Fairfax County was like," Connors

recalled in an exclusive interview

with **HUSTLER**. "Everyone acted like they're perfect, and it's really sick how fake everyone was. It wasn't that the students were cruel; it's just the attitude that they thought they were better than everyone else.

"In a way," Connors continued, "I don't blame [Cho] for feeling the way he did, with jealousy and envy. I mean, he just wanted to fit in. Everyday he saw everyone around him with new BMWs, the newest clothes, the newest cell phones, getting away without doing any school-work, running in the halls, goofing off all the time and—of course—getting all the girls! Cho saw this for how many years?"

At Westfield, the Korean immigrant was regularly picked on by bullies. In interviews with other media outlets, two former students provided illuminating details. During kickball, Michael Layne told the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, "[Cho] was on the other team. Everyone's like 'Hey, hit Bighead,' 'cause he kind of had a big, round head. Everyone started nailing him in the face. People also used to walk by and slam his locker."

Another Westfield alum recalled a group of preppy white students mocking Cho's ancestry. "As soon as he started reading [aloud]," Chris Davids told MSNBC, "the whole class started laughing and pointing and saying 'Go back to China.'" Cho, of course, was not Chinese.

As one of over 3,000 students at Westfield, Cho evaded detection as a potential problem while his rage simmered. Yet he wasn't the school's only future killer to lurk under the radar. In the spring of 2006, a year after graduating from Westfield, Michael Kennedy went on a shooting spree, killing two Fairfax County police officers before being gunned down himself.

Cho enrolled at Virginia Tech, a state university with 26,370 full-time students in the small town of Blacksburg. During his three and a half years at VT, the soft-spoken English major was a brooding loner who

ranked some of his professors by writing plays about pedophilia, rape and murder.

He also infuriated students by attempting to photograph female students he didn't know and by sending random messages to—and later attempting to meet—girls he'd networked with at Web sites such as Facebook and MySpace. While these actions occasionally garnered the attention of a faculty member or the university police—who were called in after receiving a complaint from a coed that Cho was stalking her—nothing made him appear to be an imminent danger.

But weeks before Cho's calculated assault, as his violent urges apparently escalated, he had business to take care of. During a March 16 trip to Roanoke, Virginia, Cho purchased the 9-millimeter Glock he'd later put to deadly use. Across the highway from the gun shop was a Mainstay Suites motel, where Cho spent the night. After checking in, he eventually called a local escort service, which dispatched 27-year-old Chastity Frye.

"When I got there, we made a little small talk," the \$160-an-hour escort related exclusively to **HUSTLER**. "I told him I had just gotten my nails done, but he seemed to be thinking about something else. At first he just wanted me to dance for him and play with him a little bit. As we moved from that into mutual masturbation, he never asked about sex. But as we got into the oral, he was very aggressive and was almost choking me. He kept trying to put his legs across my shoulders, and that bothered me; so I pushed him off me. He was really aggressive towards the end."

Grateful that nothing more sinister occurred, Frye went on to say, "It was pretty much straight to the point. I remembered that he washed his hands a lot. He was really odd, he didn't talk much at all, and the television and radio were both off."

One month later, Cho Seung-Hui went on the shooting rampage heard 'round the world.

Free-speech advocate Michael Dickinson is pursuing a Ph.D. degree at Virginia Commonwealth University.



PHOTO BY MICHAEL DICKINSON

Chastity Frye disclosed that during her liaison with Cho, "he was almost choking me."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at Features@LFP.com.

Since the '70s, **HUSTLER** Magazine has been a sanctuary for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms willing to show skin are a special breed indeed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of your naughtiest photos and garner \$350 in financial assistance!



"There was a time I dreamt of being a famous fashion model," curvy Caitlin Connor remarks, "but I'm not 5-foot-10 and anorexic." Six inches shorter, eating right and much bolder than she ever imagined, this 18-year-old sophomore at **Rhode Island College** has come our way. "I'm really excited about being picked," the perky newcomer gushes. "If I'm good enough to be in **HUSTLER**, I can do anything!"

Caitlin, a graphic communications major, is certainly cut out to be a skin-biz fave, but that's not her sole ambition. After earning a B.A. degree, she hopes to land a job in advertising or as a magazine's art director. (**HUSTLER** will be eagerly awaiting that application!)

A model student in more ways than one, Caitlin gets "good" grades, doesn't drink or do drugs and is also proud to admit, "I'm not promiscuous. Actually, I'm very old-fashioned when it comes to sex. I like to be wooed." And nude!

For other extracurricular "uppers" the unabashed doll has a litany of kicks, from "catching the eye of rockers with tattoos and piercings" to "beating all comers at *Mario Kart*" to "eating up '80s and '90s TV shows." Reveals the couch potato, who has a soft spot for Nickelodeon's Big Ear of Corn, "My all-time fave is *Full House*. I even designed a fan Web site for the Olsen Twins. It was so cool growing up with them."





"I dream of having sex in a classic car parked on a lover's lane, just like in olden days!"



As if ordained, Caitlin now shares a dorm suite with seven other coeds, but so far the arrangement has been strictly platonic. That's not to say lesbo hanky-panky is completely out of the question. "If I ever go all the way with a girl," Caitlin chirps, "she's got to be squeaky-clean and have *huge* boobs!"

Meanwhile, the ardent fan of two Rhode Island icons—namely the filmmaking Farrelly Brothers and the cartoon series *Family Guy*—has a huge following at our favorite social networking Web site. Caitlin does her thing at MySpace.com/5823226, and she'll be tickled pink if you shoot off a friend request her way. If you shoot off anything else, make sure it doesn't land in your hair.

There's something about Caitlin, and it all gels.

—Photos by Caitlin Connor

COEDS: To apply, please follow instructions in model release/entry form on page 141 of this issue and indicate *Real College Girls* on submission envelope.



"It's an old story. I was in the middle of a successful career as a Baptist minister when I was bit by the porn bug."

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Season's Greetings from your friends in **Barely Legal #75!**
Left to right: Faye Runaway, Alexis Love, McKenzie Miles, Jenny Hendrix, Alexandra and Aurora.



Newbie Aurora celebrates the series' diamond jubilee in **BL#75**.



Bare and Legal Alexis Love shows why it's called a pickup truck.

Barely Legal #75

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ERICA MCLEAN. **STARRING:** JENNY HENDRIX, ALEXIS LOVE, AURORA, MCKENZEE MILES, FAYE RUNAWAY, ALEXANDRA, CHARLES DERA, JOEY RAY, AARON WILCOX, OTTO BAUER & LEE STONE.



For a Xmas gift that keeps on giving, you can't go wrong with any given volume of the bestselling *Barely Legal* series. Each is filled to the brim with hot 18-year-old chicks, but #75 pulls out all the stops for the franchise's diamond "anniversary" edition. Sadly, Clive McLean—longtime HUSTLER photographer and the acclaimed director of the first 50 installments—passed away in 2005. Upholding the family name with inimitable style is his wife, Erica, who worked closely with Clive on every aspect of production. All the McLean hallmarks are here, from the tantalizingly sexy close-ups and stunning outdoor locations to the impeccable casting and youthful sense of naughty, bad fun. The players include up-and-comers Alexis Love and McKenzie Miles, overnight sensations Jenny Hendrix and Faye Runaway, plus fresh, new faces like cute brunette Aurora and ravishing redhead Alexandra. To honor the special occasion, all the girls gather poolside for a bonus lesbian orgy. The on-set chemistry between these hot-to-trot legal teens leads to one of the most playful and provocative ménage à sixes imaginable. The two-disc collector's set also celebrates Clive McLean and his vision with an all-new, hour-long documentary featuring rare footage of the series' mastermind, an exclusive interview with Larry Flynt and commentary from Belladonna, Jenna Haze, Aurora Snow, Justine Joli and many other porn super-dolls who launched their careers as *Barely Legal* nymphets.

—Kevin Wright



Slimey Austin Kincaid helps Lela Star get a good **Ballin'.**



Daisy Marie and Mick Blue enter a world of **Slime.**



Slime Ballin'

TOXXIC ENTERTAINMENT/METRO INTERACTIVE. **DIRECTOR:** VINCENT VOSS. **STARRING:** DAISY MARIE, CARMEL MOORE, SATIVA ROSE, KAYA LYNN, NIKKI BENZ, TIFFANY SWEET, AUSTIN KINCAID, LELA STAR, BEN ENGLISH, MICK BLUE, STEVE HOLMES, MARCO BANDERAS & SCOTT NAILS.



Need some smut for the stoner hippy on your Xmas list? Well, if Spencer's Gifts made porn, it might look like this flick. The gimmick: Fingerpaint some naked chicks with psychedelic slime and bang them under black lights. Luckily, the appetizing lineup outshines the glowing goo. Top-billed Latina lovely Daisy Marie generates more drool than your average A-lister and dick-gags herself with gusto. Her gorgeous natural talents and filthy chatter will help you ignore the fluorescent smeas—until the black light kicks in and makes everything look like a tacky '70s rock poster. If you're not high, jump forward to Carmel Moore's scene. In the biz for just half a year, the gorgeous Brit is already a top-slot slut. *Slime Ballin'* gets history points for Carmel's first girl/girl (with Tiffany Sweet) and Sativa Rose's (supposed) debut double penetration. Apart from Daisy Marie (even her BTS chatter is good), the performances are sadly lackluster (probably because the film was shot right after the grueling *AVN* porn convention). And let's face it, black light can make any babe look like a cum-hungry zombie. But if you know someone who's into trippy shit, have them tear this one open in front of the relatives. Each two-disc set also includes an extra DVD with a surprise, full-length *Toxxic* feature, so Merry fucking Christmas!

—M.J.



Plugged Lorelei Lee and gloved Ariel X kick butt in **Expert Guide to Anal Sex.**



Adrianna Nicole and Manuel Ferrara display their **Anal Sex** prowess.

Tristan Taormino's Expert Guide to Anal Sex

VIVID-ED. **DIRECTOR:** TRISTAN TAORMINO. **STARRING:** LORELEI LEE, ARIEL X, RICKI WHITE, ADRIANNA NICOLE, MARCOS LEON, MANUEL FERRARA & TRISTAN TAORMINO.



This debut disc from Vivid's new sex-guide unit is a perfect stocking stuffer for your favorite stuck-up couple. Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and the Anal Advisor columnist of *HUSTLER's Taboo* magazine, launches the line with a classy and genuinely informative butt-fuck primer. This isn't just a porn flick disguised as a legit instructional video; born pedagogue Taormino is clearly out to educate. After an enlightening anatomy lesson, our host battles some misconceptions (anal sex always hurts, assholes lack feeling), delivers some useful tips (take it slow, trim your fingernails, don't skip on the lube) and offers some don't-try-this-at-home must-knows (such as avoid ass-to-pussy). There's even an extra on proper enema procedure. Sound like too much learning? Well, ass angels Lorelei Lee and Ariel X saunter into the seminar in scene two for a live demo. And by scene three, the action is full-tilt, porn-style rearing, featuring raven-haired Ricki White and blond cutie Adrianna Nicole. By the time the credits roll, you'll be ready to break in your own lady's booty hole—and do it with tender loving care.

—M.J.



Ricki White makes an Expert visual aid.



Jennifer Dark shows hubby what a Cuckold is good for.



Cuckold #2: Chico T. ponders Kitty's idea of matrimony.



Sucks for you: Brooke Scott lets Tony Tedeschi know who the Cuckold is.

Cuckold #2

CHATSWORTH PICTURES/JM PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTORS:** GRIP & CRAM JOHNSON. **STARRING:** LORENA SANCHEZ, KITTY, JENNIFER DARK, BROOKE SCOTT, GRAM PONANTE, CHICO T., TONY TEDESCHI, MAX SUNSET, BYRON LONG, SERGIO, DIRTY HARRY & TONY EVEREADY.



Know a couple who desperately need to shock-start their marriage? Here's the perfect gift. According to perverts Grip & Cram (famous for such depravity as dyke-fighting, mom-punishing and donkey-punching), these vignettes are based on true tales from the cuckolding community. Embracing his role as a servile softy, Gram Ponante lovingly cleans Lorena Sanchez's pussy for "date night," then comforts her during an impaling by black stud Byron Long. Without a doubt, low-self-esteemers relish humiliation, and there's no worse kick in the gut than watching your lady drool and moan over a bigger schlong than you'll ever have. But Kitty's scene might be the most merciless. The tiny Asian chatterbox calls poor hubby "ugly" as his soul slowly dies, then brands her Latino lover a "wetback" and a "gay bastard." Her little-girl body and bitchiness are weirdly beguiling, but the following scene—with Dirty Harry as a horny father-in-law—is outright hilarious. With trademark nastiness, Harry shows flabbergasted sonny boy how to treat his "nasty whore" right. "She'll love you more after this," the older guy promises. "Thank you, Pops," chirps Brooke after Harry glazes her puss. The finale has fat slob Max Sunset forcing Jennifer Dark to submit to "physically superior Negro" Tony Eveready. Like a true cuckold, Sunset loves nothing more than watching his lady act like a common slut. The gab throughout this flick is goofy, while the ladies chomp into their roles with joyous depravity. *Cuckold* became an instant classic, and the Johnson boys' latest tasteless collection of humiliating hard-core is a worthy sequel. Just make sure you ask your wife if it's okay to watch it.

—M.J.



Tera's tasties: Sasha Grey (above), Claire Dames (left) and Gwen Diamond are sheer Stimula-tion.



Cum Stain Girls Holly Wellin (left) and Courtney Simpson outdo Monica Blewinsky.



Cum again! We just can't get enough of Daisy Marie.

Stimula

TERAVISION. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: SASHA GREY, JENNIFER DARK, JASSIE, GWEN DIAMOND, CLAIRE DAMES, JAY LASSITER, HARLEY, SASCHA, SPYDER JONEZ & CHRIS CHARMING.



Loosely touching upon each of the five senses in turn, *Stimula*—unlike its cut-rate competition—has a legitimate thematic reason for gypping viewers out of a sixth sex scene. But apart from Sasha Grey sucking down whipped cream ("Taste") or Claire Dames shouting "I love to suck cock!" ("Hearing"), the theme is hard to discern amid all the fucking and sucking. Not that there's anything wrong with that. The only thing wrong with this TeraVision release is the onscreen absence of head honcho Tera Patrick herself. As bad as it is to see her husband, Spyder Jonez, two-timing one of the world's sexiest women, it's even worse when you realize that Patrick—as *Stimula*'s producer—approved the matchup and probably paid him for it! As for Spyder's fuck buddy, Claire Dames looks more like a groupie of Biohazard (Jonez's former metal band) than a Vivid girl, but the plump alt-pinup and her 36DDs single-handedly up the boob ante. Although Sasha Grey, Jennifer Dark and Jassie don't have much up top, they've got it where it counts. Sasha is a notoriously intense performer who fucks like it's her last day on Earth. Jennifer Dark is simply not happy without a cock in her ass, and even then she has to beg, plead and crack the whip to get that butt slammed harder than a WWE folding chair. A former *Barely Legal* all-star, Jassie has mastered the art of fucking before the age of 25 and is running with the big dogs now. Like the Flying Wallendas circus act, director Axel Braun bravely walks the tightrope between sensual erotica and hard-core—stylish without being too artsy, and graphic without being too gynecological. Braun has crafted a pulse-pounding crowd-pleaser.

—K.W.

Cum Stain Girls

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ROB ROTTEN. STARRING: DAISY MARIE, COURTNEY SIMPSON, ROXY DEVILLE, HOLLY WELLIN, KYLEE KING, RICK MASTERS, ALEC KNIGHT, TONY TEDESCHI, ROB ROTTEN & JOHNNY THRUST.



Has Rob Rotten sold out? The innovative punk-porn auteur behind such outré classics as *Anal Swine*, *Fuck the System* and *Porn of the Dead* goes shockingly mainstream with *Cum Stain Girls*. Of course, if the entire movie were just an excuse to fuck Daisy Marie, who could blame him? The director-cum-performer saves the sweetest—and spiciest—plum for himself. Looking more like Joe Normal than his usual bad self, Rotten walks up to Daisy while she's masturbating and starts fucking her face. Sure, the petite Latina shows off her ass in doggy-style and talks dirty in two languages, but where's the fire-breathing? Where's the blood? At least Rotten's oral fixation shines through as the blowjob portion easily takes up half of each scene. Rotten's bizarre tendencies kick in with raven-haired Roxy Deville, who fits the director's image of an alt-porn chick. She goes ape shit on Alec Knight after finding the dude rooting around in the great outdoors and rubbing fruit on his chest. Roxy is an awesome cock-sucker, and the sex is wilder than whatever leg-humping animal Knight is supposed to be. Kylee King provides more Rottenesque kink as she sucks a gallon of cum out of a giant condom and later gives pity sex to sad-sack birthday boy Johnny Thrust, whose face is inexplicably wrapped in red cellophane. Playing herself, blond hottie Courtney Simpson displays more charisma in this one outing than she has in all her fuck flicks to date. Plus, spunky Holly Wellin is sexier than ever in retro-styled garter belts and stockings. Enhanced by anamorphic widescreen, Rotten's technical proficiency flourishes, even as the filmmaker reins in his stylistic quirks for the more conventional, though distinctly deviant, *Cum Stain Girls*.

—K.W.

Oh, Marcia!

A classic family sitcom gets thoroughly skewered in a new XXXtravaganza from LFP Video.

HERE'S THE STORY, OF A DIRTY MOVIE, starring Hillary Scott and all her horny friends!

It all began when spoof king Will Ryder, the brains behind HUSTLER Video's *Britney Rears* series, pitched the idea of a hard-core feature based on the beloved *Brady Bunch* TV show. "Even some people at HUSTLER Video got a little nervous," recalls Ryder, who was confident the project would fly thanks to Larry Flynt's historic Supreme Court victory. Since 1988 even the most outlandish satire has been protected by the First Amendment.

In a playful jab at the lawyers, Ryder dubbed his spin-off *Not the Bradys XXX*. "If anyone sues us," he declared, "it'll make this movie even bigger than it already is!"

Given the green light, the director first re-created the Brady house at the HUSTLER studio, carefully simulating the familiar '70s decor. "I wanted everything to be as close to the show as possible," Ryder points out, "since it's such an old TV friend for so many people. Our version just happens to be a lot dirtier!"

Portraying Marcia, *AVN* Female Performer of the Year Hillary Scott is sure to be a bigger crowd-pleaser than ever. "Doesn't everyone want to see Marcia get fucked?" Hillary asks on the set.

"I know I do!" chimes in Aurora Snow, who plays middle sister Jan.

Every scene sizzles, but here's the payoff: Marcia's eldest stepbrother talks her into doing an amateur fuck flick to save the family's house from foreclosure. "Fuck me, Greg!" moans the once-prissy Marcia, who eventually gets a faceful of brotherly love.

Admit it: That's the money-shot you've been wanting to see ever since *The Brady Bunch* first went on the air.

Check out upcoming issues for a review and more pics from *Not the Bradys XXX*, a guaranteeing instant pop-culture classic.

—M.J.

Much more than a hunch! Clockwise from top left: Hillary Scott as Marcia, Alana Evans as Carol the mom, Leah Luv as Cindy and Aurora Snow as Jan.



Hardcore issues *Extreme Schoolgirl* Layla a gag order.



The Hardcore Diet really works! Layla and Max keep it *Extreme*.



Extreme Schoolgirls #17

MAX WORLD ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: MAX HARDCORE. STARRING: AMY AYUMI, LAYLA, LOGAN (A/K/A CHLOE MORGAN) & MAX HARDCORE.

Hollywood's filthiest cowboy tossed this flick onto the market just as Florida prosecutors were handing down an obscenity indictment against him, and it's nothing if not a fuck-you to the Bush-lovin' bugaboos trying to bust his balls. Wearing his trademark hat and grin, Max happily breaks in a few more fillies with his usual lack of mercy, all the while drawing "yeeehaaaaah" in his dirty-ol'-man twang. Painted up like a wracked-out teen, Layla hops over to Hardcore's place to hop on the scale and show off her new scrawnniness (under 85 pounds and a 20-inch waist!), earning the skinny vamp one of Max's butt-ram-and-throat-fuck package deals. Talk about an eating disorder! "Dirty little dimwits" Amy Ayumi and Chloe Morgan (billed as Logan) round out the show by submitting their mock-pubescent bodes to Max's stock regimen of consensual degradation, culminating in some fun with a speculum. (Or is that some kind of surgical retractor?) Keep in mind, this version was edited for the "prudish" U.S. market, so if it looks like some weird, wet shit happened between cuts, it probably did. Even if Bush's goons stop Max Hardcore from further hijinks, the twisted lensman has already churned out a chunky video arsenal that will keep decent society horrified (and anthropologists scratching their heads) for eons to come.

—M.J.

MAX H

"I'M LIKE SANTA CLAUS," says ultrahard porn pioneer Max Hardcore. "All I want to do is give people presents to make them happy, and they want to put Santa in jail!"

Saddled with a ten-count federal indictment, the undefeated camera-slinger is headed into a bitter rematch with America's antiporn sheriffs. But the world's rauciest cowboy remains as cocksure as ever.

"You're probably wondering how I can be so calm and collected with the weight of the whole Justice Department on my shoulders," Hardcore remarks. "It's called being prepared. I spent my whole life preparing for the day they'd indict me. I'm not going to buckle, and I'm not going to bend. They picked on the wrong motherfucker!"

The last time the heat tried to hammer Hardcore, it zeroed in on the filmmaker's trademark gimmick of dressing up his players like prepubescent girls. In 1998, Los Angeles prosecutors trumped up a desperate charge: simulated child pornography. The case bottomed out when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that by definition child porn must have children in it.

This time the Feds opted for garden-variety obscenity charges, claiming that Hardcore (identified in the indictment by his legal name, Paul F. Little) was responsible for movies being shipped to Florida that exceed U.S. limits on graphic depiction.

"All the movies in the indictment are my European versions," Max clarifies. "They're not intended for Americans. I didn't ship the videos in question. As for my online content, the Internet is global. That means [the Feds] are attempting to enforce community standards on something that is available worldwide."

The U.S. attorneys in Florida announced their case with language that doesn't even appear in the indictments themselves, proclaiming that Hardcore was being targeted because his flicks depict "severe violence" toward women.

"I make films showing things that could be illegal in real life," Hardcore admits, "but they're fantasies. I don't force anyone to do anything. Everything is consensual."

For famed First Amendment attorney Paul Cambria—whose clients include HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt—the issue is clear and concise: "No material involving consenting adults should run afoul of any law."

"This is a free-speech issue," Hardcore agrees, "because they are attempting to muzzle me. They want to take my house and my money and make me penniless because they know that will go a long way toward putting me out of business. I've got two of the best free-speech attorneys in the world working for me—Jeffrey Douglas and Lou Serkin. The Feds know they can't win, but they'll keep trying."

Even by today's gonzo standards, Max Hardcore is seen as a one-man event horizon when it comes to how extreme a smutster can be. He's the guy who ushered in most of the industry's now-prevalent gimmicks, notably gagging, choking, vomiting, gaping and ass-to-mouth. Acolytes Jim Powers (*American Bukkake*, *Gag Factor*, *White Trash Whore*) and Extreme Associates



HARDCORE

THE ORIGINAL BAD SANTA



Rob Black readily acknowledge that without Hardcore's groundbreaking lines—*The Anal Adventures of Max Hardcore* and *Cherry Poppers*—there would be a lot less freedom to test the limits of filth.

But it's still rare to see any adult-film director indulge in some of Max's favorite degradation games, such as his fascination with medical speculums. For the European market, his movies customarily depict the female performers getting fist-fucked and guzzling his piss. (It was these Euro versions that got him in hot water this time.)

"At first I didn't think the girls would like this stuff or even agree to it," Hardcore goes on. "Then I realized I unleashed something. This is their chance to be *really* naughty. I'm not creating these girls. I'm just bringing that out. The antiporn squad can't face the fact that their daughters are capable of this kind of behavior. I'm getting inside people's heads. Basically, they're accusing me of thought crime."

Hardcore confides that every time a judge tries to castrate him, he's compelled to ratchet up the extreme even more: "It makes me think, *Oh, yeah, motherfucker? You thought that was bad? Wait'll you see this!*"

Naturally, the adult industry as a whole is watching Hardcore's latest showdown closely. If the Feds finally max out Max, there's no telling who's next.

"This is just the first step," Hardcore warns. "I'd like America to know: No one is safe. I'll fight back because I know that one man *can* make a difference. This is what I was born to do, and I'm going to win. Like a good Boy Scout, I'm always prepared."

For all-American videos and other fun stuff from this bad Santa's bag of nasties—including a personal chatboard—check out MaxHardcore.com.

—M.J.

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REBECA LINARES & SASCHA

UP ON THE ROOF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





**SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "UP ON THE ROOF"
AS PERFORMED BY THE DRIFTERS**

When this hot chick thinks of getting off,
But feels the bedroom scene has grown passé,
She climbs way up to the top of the stairs
And usually picks up a dude along the way.

On the roof is where she loves to fuck.
If you're in the hall, you might just be in luck.

This here guy had never met her before,
But digs the way she's handling his tool.
The horny babe loves his tongue in her mound.
Soon her pussy's as wet as the swimming pool.

High on the roof she really lets go.
For all her neighbors it's a great show.
She's fucking up on the roof.













✓ GET OUT THE VOTE!

**HUSTLER'S 2007
BEAVER HUNT
\$5,000
GRAND PRIZE
FINALISTS!**



LARISSA ☐

Skateboarding buff **LARISSA**, 19, is a nude dancer/DJ out of East Syracuse, New York. "I have no shame when it comes to sex," proclaims the 5-foot-2, 100-pound "Hooters alumna with brains," who does a bang-up job of "living life to the fullest"—without a stitch, of course!

Posing for a HUSTLER pictorial is the wet dream of every *Beaver Hunt*, *Real College Girls* and *BARELY LEGAL Slumber Party* contestant, and these four hotties know how thrilling it can be. Now the time has come to choose your favorite. Grab a pen or marker and help decide which of these standouts is gonna pocket 5,000 smackers and get *buck* naked in a triumphant encore spread.



MADELEINE BISOU ☐

"I want to share my body with more than just lovers before it's too late," announces nude-modeling neophyte **MADELEINE BISOU**, 28, who was born in France and now calls Southern California home. Debuting as Vivica Vega, the 5-foot-7 French tutor and avid equestrian confides, "In bed I'm very submissive. I like feeling violated."



ADRIENNE ☐

"I don't mind people seeing me naked," reflects **ADRIENNE**, 21, a biology major at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. "I like being daring." Being chosen as a Finalist is "a pipe dream come true" for the 5-foot-8 Cornhusker, who fesses up that she's "totally bi and up for almost anything!"



TIFFANY WINTERS ☐

Zanesville, Ohio's **TIFFANY WINTERS**, 25, is the daughter of a 1980s Beaver and also shares a November 1 birthday with Larry Flynt. "Being naked in HUSTLER is my destiny," reckons the "kinky," 5-foot-5 waitress, who called herself Pixie when breaking in. One of her assets is "I need sex all the time!"



1. **Check your fave's box!** No, not *that* one!—the white square next to her name. (If you can't part with this page for one reason or another—we can think of four—jot down your pick and name on a postcard.) **Ballots must be postmarked by 12-22-07.**
2. **Send your ballot** to HUSTLER's *Beaver of the Year Contest*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.
3. **Thanks for voting**, thanks for choosing HUSTLER and thanks to every amateur model who's kindly showed off her goodies!



JASMINE

Not that we're required to comply with FAA regulations, but 2007's final cavalcade will lift off with a captivating flight attendant on board. Jasmine, 21, hails from Santa Claus, New Mexico, and she jingles when guys get their claws on her. "I love lots of pampering and foreplay," proclaims the 5-foot-4 fly-bird, who really soars when a patient lover finally gets to chow down on her cookie. "I just might have the most sensitive clit in the cosmos," Jasmine exults. Meanwhile, the foxy Filipina from Santa Fe (forgive us for a little seasonal mirth) announces: "My fantasy is to turn all your readers on as I deliver some naughty holiday cheer. Ho, ho, ho!" —Photos by Friend



LIGAYA



Also sending season's greetings *Beaver Hunt*-style is this housewife/sex goddess from Worley, Idaho. "I dream of sugarplums, world peace and horny HUSTLER readers stroking their Yule logs while ogling my pictures," chimes Ligaya, 24, whose name means "happiness and serenity" back in her native Philippines. And what a backside to boot! The spunky 5-footer lists her hobbies as "sewing, scrapbooking and sex, sex, sex!" Yes, Santa, Ligaya is naughty...and nice, nice, nice! —Photos by Husband

TIFFANY

No, Ashley Judd hasn't sent us nekkid pics from her younger days, but our favorite thespian schooled in Kentucky (Larry Flynt's birthplace) is more than welcome to give it a shot as she approaches 40. Holding the fort in the movie star's absence is this smoking-hot, 5-foot-9 topless dancer out of



Killeen, Texas. "I like your magazine," declares Tiffany, 22, "and I hope your readers will like me." Why wouldn't they? By finally showing her kitty to the world, the former high school cheerleader is guaranteed to make this issue that much more likable. As for personal interests, Tiffany enjoys reading self-help books (that hobby is already



"I'm straight, but a threesome with my guy and another girl would be fun!"



paying dividends), gardening, listening to Mariah Carey, MySpacing and "having passionate sex till the sun comes up." We'd be remiss not to utter "God Bless Texas!" This Lone Star State denizen is indeed heavenly.

—Photos by Friend



WENDY

Before mailing off her entry, this randy resident of Pelham, New Hampshire, penned a brief letter of introduction: "I'm a 27-year-old stay-at-home mom with four girls. We live on a farm with goats, sheep, pigs and chickens. I'm sending these pictures in as a surprise for my husband. He'll find it hot that his wife is in *Beaver Hunt*. When it comes to sex, I'm up for it all the time. I love having multiple orgasms and trying new kinky things, although I must say that I really love the missionary position, with the man on top. My fantasy is having sex with two or more guys filling me up at once. I also dream about being nude during a church service." We'll add that the uninhibited, cherubic sweetie stands 5-foot-3, is blessed with 36C breasts and looks simply beatific as she joins our congregation. —Photos by Sister



CINNAMON GIRL



"Anal is okay!"

"I love being watched," coos this bodacious "Webcamming MILF" from Goodlettsville, Tennessee. "My husband will verify that I'm very open and erotic." As y'all can see, Cinnamon Girl, 27—who reads *HUSTLER* because "it's realistic and raw"—has a penchant for getting raw outdoors. "It's great living out in the country," purrs the 5-foot-7 buttercup, whose favorite musical group is System of a Down and who admits, "I'm down for any kind of sex!" —Photos by Husband



LIL-UNI



"They say life begins at 40, but I'm ecstatic 'cause I got to do it as a Beaver," hoots this unabashed denizen of Shawnee, Oklahoma. "I like showing off, and my 'provert' husband approves. If there were a nudist camp around these parts, I'd fit right in." Lil-Uni's hobbies involve "outdoor activities, biker rallies, crafts, MySpace and anything that makes me and others feel good." Keen on "oral, doggy and multiple partners," the 5-foot-6 Sooner opines, "Sex is essential and a beautiful thing." One of Lil-Uni's many desires is "having people watch when my man and I are fucking around in a public place." —Photos by Husband

CHARITY



Entering our year-end revue fanny-first is this Salem, New Hampshire, store manager with two other eye-catching assets. "I'm fortunate," explains Charity, a pool and country music fan with a beloved pet snake named Flesh. "My nipples are always erect." Born in '69, the 5-foot-3 mag tyro is no stranger to exposing her own flesh. "I've had sex at an art gallery and a piano bar, but not on the piano," Charity recalls, "and my fiancé and I love vacationing at that nude resort in Jamaica. He always lets me indulge my fantasies!" And the perky pixie indulges us by assessing her sex life: "I'm very active, giving a blowjob is always fun, my favorite position is missionary, and I'm not an anal virgin." Now *that's* a charitable foundation! —Photos by Fiancé

"I'm bi-selective. With the right girl at the right place, it's right now, baby!"

ERIKA KANE



We now welcome a personal assistant from Pueblo, Colorado, with both a fine ass and an amorous portfolio. "I love getting naked for guys and girls who'll make me come," confesses 5-foot-9 Erika, a 25-year-old who also digs traveling and all-night parties. "I'm very extroverted and freaky. I love having my hair pulled when I'm



on all fours getting fucked. I also like watching myself in a mirror. It makes me do stuff faster." With a hot bod, covergirl countenance and lascivious persona, this sexy Scorpio—whose fantasies include "nude hitchhiking"—is on the fast track to skin-biz stardom. —Photos by MistysXXXgirls.com



"I want to get down and dirty next to a campfire while it's raining."



KORY



"My boyfriend looks at men's magazines," coos Oregonian Kory, 19, "so I thought I should be in one myself." A retail clerk from the un-Hawaiianesque burg of Aloha (pronounced *alowah*), the 5-foot-5 coquette has sported a fuzzy, seasonal chapeau, and in bed or at an impromptu spot she's a real sport. "I'm very horny all the time," chirps Kory, whose hobbies include bowling and sunbathing. "I love sex, especially giving head and doggy-style." Still straight, the barely legal Beaver Stater muses, "Girls are hot! I'd love to eat some pussy under a waterfall." —Photos by Friend



"I want to give my boyfriend a really nice present on Christmas morning—a blowjob!"



Noelani, 22, is a horny Hawaiian who debuted in *Holiday '06*. Now she returns with our gift: bi-curious Paige, also 22, an aspiring thespian from L.A. Muah! —Photos by Friend



**VERLAINE**

her birthday suit in our space reserved exclusively for immodest amateur models. And except for a forgivable "I'm definitely not bi," the 5-foot-2, Connecticut-born cutie isn't always reserved when it comes to carnal romps—although she may stay between the lines. "For me it's usually missionary-style under the covers with the lights out," reveals Verlaine, who seems to tolerate backseat drivers. "But I really get off having sex in a car in broad daylight. It's all about where to stop. So far I've done it in the parking lots of a historical society and an old-age home." Starting to like this adorable gal a whole lot? —Photos by Best Friend



"My fantasy is getting lots of readers to pay attention to me!"





WIN \$5,000!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets \$350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth \$5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets \$500, the Finalists' shooters \$250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to *HUSTLER*. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a legible **COLOR** photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to *HUSTLER Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name _____		
Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married _____		
Name to be published _____	Date images were produced (month/date/year) _____	
Date of birth _____	Model's Social Security number _____	Occupation _____
Telephone (include area code) _____		Personal e-mail address _____
Address _____		
City _____	State _____	Zip _____

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) _____ Date (month/date/year) _____

In consideration of \$550 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images") Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transfer, and license others to do so whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videotapes, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to add, edit, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: _____ (PRINT NAME)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in *HUSTLER Magazine*; and if any image submitted is published in *HUSTLER Magazine*, I hereby grant worldwide reproduction rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, including the right to alter or edit said images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns.

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Note: Prize money sent to model only.



MICHELLE

Married to a serviceman, this administrator based in Everett, Washington, dreams of "stripping down and walking the deck of a warship." Meanwhile, the chesty 22-year-old has full command here as she confides, "I'm always horny, and I want to get into the porn business." The 5-foot-7 Michelle sure is see-worthy! "I love going down on a girl while my husband is doing me from behind. I also like to invite girls over who aren't bi and see what happens. They're my converts!" A veteran of a few hot-tub orgies, Michelle reveals, "My wildest fantasy is to have a room filled with ten to 15 men and women. Everyone is fondling,

groping and fucking each other, but mainly me. I want women on my face, women eating my pussy and a dick in each hand. Since my guy and I like to share, I'd eventually want men all over me while I'm watching women all over him." Michelle is a true-blue morale-raiser. —Photos by Husband



"I'm a rear admiral when my husband and I have our Anal Thursday!"

IN A LEAGUE OF HER OWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY



KEIRA



KEIRA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Bloomington, Indiana

AGE: 22

BIRTH SIGN: Gemini

HEIGHT: 5-2

WEIGHT: 120

BUST SIZE: 34B





Here she is, guys, our latest amateur model to round the bases as a *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Winner. "I can't thank the readers enough for voting for me," proclaims **Keira**, an extracurricular exhibitionist and hard-nosed softball player first introduced in HUSTLER's *Real College Girls* pages. "I'm so shocked that they picked me. This is such a big thrill!"



Although most young women love to shop, it seems the energetic pixie from Bloomington, Indiana, didn't take her \$5,000 windfall straight to a hometown mall. "But I did spend my prize money very quickly," **Keira** confesses. "At first I thought about getting a boobjob, but then I decided to do the mature thing and pay off a chunk of my college loans. I also made six car payments in advance so I don't have to worry about that for a while either."

Meanwhile, **Keira** has hit another home run. "I just graduated from Indiana University," the perky Hoosier explains, "and now I'm thinking about what to do next. I'd love to start my own fitness studio. Working out has always been a very important part of my life. Actually, make that working out, sports and sex, but not necessarily in that exact order. Of course, it goes without saying that my dream guy has to be totally into sports and sex."

As **Keira** steps to the plate in the game of life, the unashful victor shares these parting thoughts: "I can't stress enough how much gratitude I have for all the guys—and hopefully some girls too—who took time to write in to **HUSTLER** and vote for me. My only regret is that I can't personally thank each and every one of them."

Keira, you've done just that by again getting buck naked for us. Thank *you*, baby!







BROOKE BELLE

COMING NEXT MONTH



RELIGION ISSUE

• CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS TEARS JEHOVAH A NEW ONE

Jumping Jehosaphat! In a caustic Q&A the iconoclastic author of *God Is Not Great* argues that a supreme being doesn't exist and that religion poisons everything. Good heavens!

• MIKEY WEINSTEIN BLASTS THE MILITARY-EVANGELICAL COMPLEX

In a kick-ass interview the former Air Force Academy cadet and Reagan White House attorney declares an unholy war against Christian dominionists taking over America's armed forces. Can the U.S. military be saved from these messianic maniacs?

• MAX BLUMENTHAL: THE LOWDOWN ON STEPHEN BALDWIN'S RELIGIOUS RIGHT GROUP

The investigative journalist exposes born-again actor Steven Baldwin's Operation Straight Up entertainment troupe as a front for an evangelical Christian crusade intended to convert the troops.

• EDWARD TABASH DEFENDS DEMOCRACY AGAINST THEOCRATS

The First Amendment attorney and atheist documents that the original intent of America's Founding Fathers was to erect a wall separating Church and State. However, Tabash warns that fanatical fundamentalists could overturn the Constitutional apperart.



RON ENGLISH'S AGITPROP POP ART

From Mickey Mouse to Marilyn Monroe to Bart Simpson to Pablo Picasso, nothing's sacred for this imaginative artist and his "popaganda." It's a visual feast as English spoofs popular culture's most cherished icons.

STUDENT ACTIVIST VS. THE U.S. SUPREME COURT

In 2002, with TV cameras on hand as the Olympic Torch Relay passed through Juneau, Alaska, high-school student Joseph Frederick unfurled a 14-

foot banner whimsically proclaiming "Bong Hits 4 Jesus." Briefly suspended, the scrappy activist took his First Amendment case all the way to the highest court in the land, as our *Free Speech* series continues.



PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS FIRES A WARNING SHOT

The onetime Reagan Administration Assistant Secretary of the Treasury sounds the alarm: If we don't impeach Bush/Cheney now, America could become a police state.



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