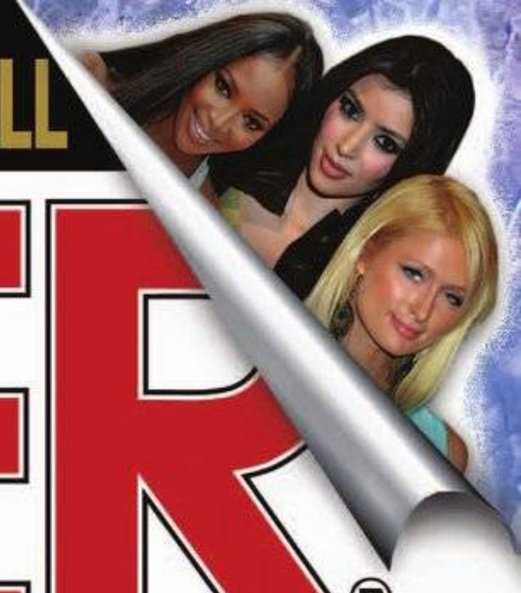
NAKED TABLOID TARTS: HILTON, KARDASHIAN AND CAMPBELL



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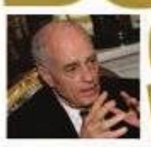
Holiday Issue

HOLIDAY 2008

The Q&A

VINCENT BUGLIOSI



CHARGES BUSH WITH MURDER

TERA PATRICK'S SECRET LIFE

DOPE DEFENDER

ALLISON MARGOLIN:

"I'LL GET YOU OFF!"

CHEMTRAIL CONSPIRACY?

WHITE HOUSE ADVISER INVESTIGATES

PAUL KRASSNER

REMEMBERING GEORGE CARLIN

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JAMIE KENNEDY

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HOLIDAY 2008 VOLUME 35 NUMBER 7 • **HustlerMagazine.com**

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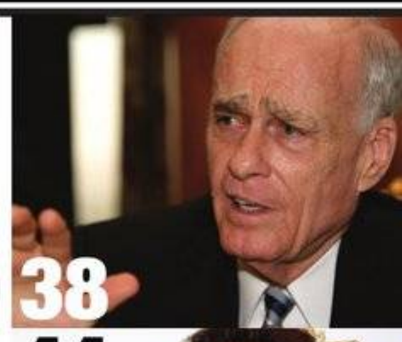

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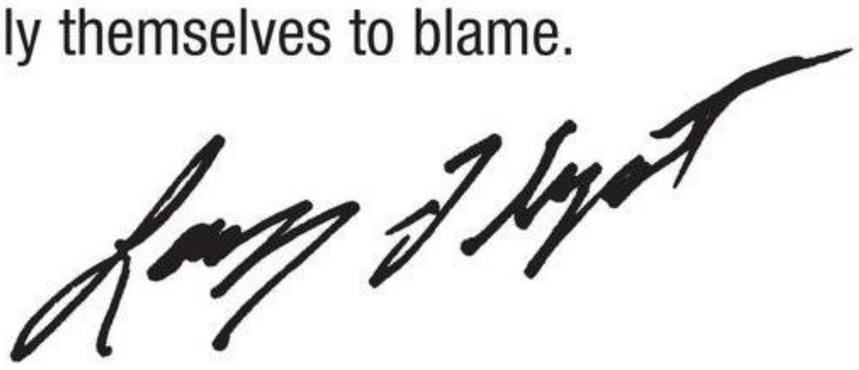
WE DID OUR BEST

This issue appears on newsstands three weeks before the Presidential election. By the time you read this, the election may be over. Whatever the final result, we have done our best to encourage a Democratic sweep.

Over the past few years, HUSTLER has kept its readers informed on all the important issues, frequently publishing stories that the mainstream media has suppressed: the theft of the elections in 2000 and 2004, the lies of George W. Bush, the assault on the Constitution, the death of habeas corpus, the war on the middle class, etc.

In my opinion, if this election cycle doesn't result in a Democratic sweep, you can kiss our democracy goodbye. We've sounded the alarm; if McCain gets elected, Americans have only themselves to blame.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

ROUGH RIDER

This is easily the coolest off-road vehicle we have ever seen. The **Yamaha Raptor 700R SE** is a kick-ass riding machine that now features a digital meter, giving riders a ton of information at a glance. The **Raptor** is constructed of a hybrid steel-and-aluminum frame with controlled-fill aluminum subframe. In plain English: It's sturdy yet lightweight, allowing for maximum speed and agility. What's under the hood? A 686cc fuel-injected engine, making this the most powerful Yamaha ATV Sport ever! Now if you only had the balls to ride it.

Available at ***Yamaha-Motor.com***. Suggested retail price: $7,599.

THE EVOLUTION REVOLUTION

Griffin Technology, a leading name in iPod accessories, knows a little something about freeing your music. Its latest marvel is the **Evolve**, a high-tech sound system (with a low-tech price) that is the first to feature speakers that are both totally wireless and rechargeable. **Evolve**, which consists of two speakers and a wireless base unit with iPod dock, operates for up to ten hours on a single charge. And get this: You can carry the speakers from room to room while they're playing without moving the base or losing sound. There's also a line-in RCA jack to activate other players and a full-function remote control. Isn't it time for your sound to **Evolve**?

Available at ***GriffinTechnology.com***. Suggested retail price: $349.99.

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

STEP INTO THE MATRIX

Have you ever dreamt of owning your own arcade full of stand-up video games? Count us in too! Sadly, we don't have the cash or space to make that a reality. The **Matrix Arcade** may just be the answer to all our dreams. Measuring 69 inches tall, 33 inches wide and 29 inches deep, the unit contains 39 licensed games (*Space Invaders DX* and *Elevator Action Returns* to name just a couple) and has a more-than-300-gig hard drive for loading your own favorites. Since the **Matrix Arcade** is emulator-compatible, you can also play all the old-school games from Atari 2600 to Nintendo.

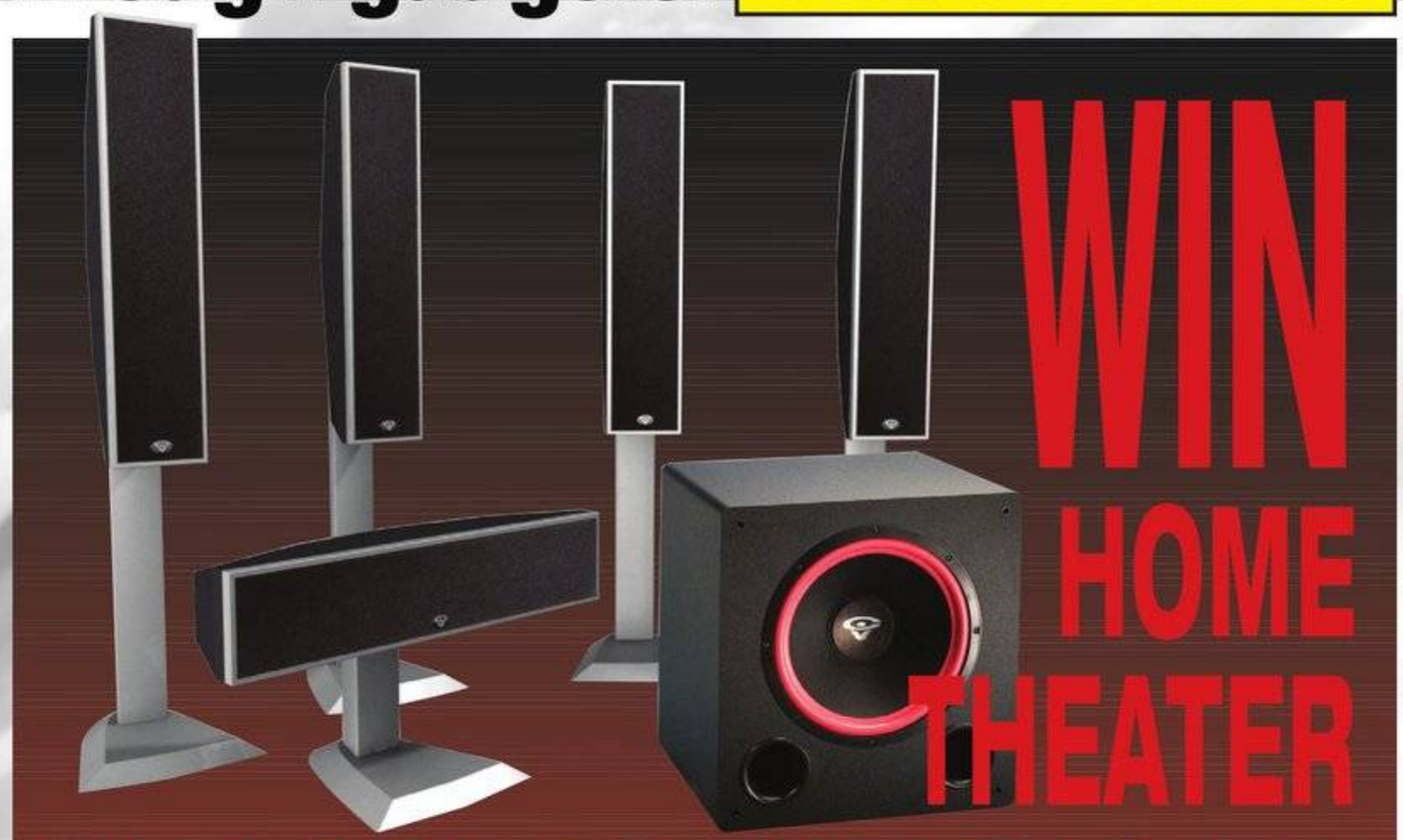
The **Matrix** comes with a 32-inch LCD 16:9 screen, two complete sets of player controls (including a pair of arcade-style joysticks), six programmable buttons, two side-mounted buttons for pinball action and a 3-inch trackball. The best part? No quarters needed!

Available at ***MatrixArcade.com***. Suggested retail price: $4,399.99.

GUITAR HERO

Everyone wants to be a rock star, and with the **iAxe USB Guitar** from Firebox you're one step closer to making that dream come true. No recording studio is needed with this fully functional guitar, which can be plugged directly into a computer and lets you record your tunes. Just plug in and rock out!

Available online at ***Firebox.com***. Suggested retail price: $139.95.



WIN HOME THEATER SURROUND SOUND SYSTEM

WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED

Want some sound advice? Then check out the **CVHD 5.1 home theater surround sound system** from Cerwin Vega. This high-quality speaker setup will transform your living room into a cozy moviehouse or concert hall. It features 250 watts of continuous power to a dedicated subwoofer, tuned bass reflex and the best sound around for a system under a grand. Plus it all comes packed in sleek, stylish-looking cabinets.

Want this awesome surround sound for free? Of course you do! Enter to win below.

Available at ***CerwinVega.com***. Suggested retail price: $799.

CERWIN VEGA

CONTEST ENTRY FORM

This holiday season we want to give one of you readers a sweet **CVHD 5.1 home theater system.** What did you get us? To have a chance to win it, just fill out the form below or a photocopy (or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Surround Sound Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

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Subscriber (check one) YES ☐ NO ☐

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Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐ Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews

☐ Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

HEAVY METAL

Metal Gear Solid 4: Guns of the Patriots

Manufacturer: Konami

Format: PS3

The final chapter of the *Metal Gear Solid* franchise is a helluva send-off! Once again you are Solid Snake, leading your ragtag outfit around the world in pursuit of daunting nemesis Liquid Ocelot. This time you have an arsenal of new gadgets and weapons at your disposal, along with expanded graphics, superior surround sound and dual-shock action. Remember, chaos on the battlefield is your friend.

STOLEN MOMENTS

Grand Theft Auto IV

Manufacturer: Rockstar Games

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Another sequel with no equal is the latest edition of *Grand Theft Auto*. The fourth volume doesn't just tread familiar ground; it races over it. The action is more immersive, the violence more real and the gameplay more intense. *GTA4* lets you fulfill all your homicidal desires without having to worry about getting busted. (Yes, you can even kill a hooker!) See you at the Statue of Happiness.

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

Don King Presents: Prizefighter

Manufacturer: 2K Sports

Format: Xbox 360

Legendary promoter Don King knows boxing inside out. That's why it's only natural that he worked hand-in-hand with 2K Sports to create the greatest boxing game ever! *Prizefighter* is packed with jarring attacks on the senses that really make you feel like you're in the ring. Step up and be the next Muhammad Ali.

OLD SCHOOL FOOL!

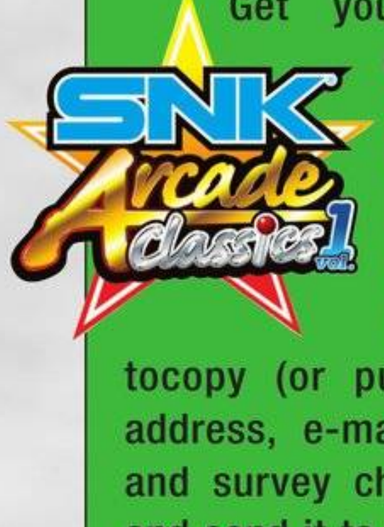
SNK Arcade Classics Volume 1

Manufacturer: SNK Playmore USA

Format: PS2, Wii, PSP

Sure, the graphics are rudimentary, and the gameplay isn't as challenging as *Halo 3*, but *SNK Classics Volume 1* is a lot of fun. Remember when you played games just for fun? Dropping endless quarters into a stand-up unit at your local arcade? This game will take you back. It includes the retro games *Metal Slug*, *Fatal Fury* and *King of the Monsters*, plus 13 other Neo Geo titles. Since it's the holidays, and we like you, we're giving away a dozen copies of the PS2 version of *SNK Arcade Classics Volume 1*. See entry form for details.

CONTEST ENTRY FORM



Get your old-school game on with ***SNK Arcade Classics Volume 1.*** We've got 12 to give away! For your chance to win, just fill out the entry form or a photocopy (or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to SNK Arcade Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

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Uncle Sam: The Ultimate Sadist

HOW THE WORD *TORTURE* HAS BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH AMERICA.

You wanna read some really sick S&M stuff? Not the playacting kind with feathers and crushed velvet ropes, mind you. No, the real thing, the hard stuff. Like a woman grabbing her prisoner's testicles and crushing them until he feels like he's going to vomit, with a Nazi attack dog looming behind him. Or, having already threatened him with sodomy, a gang of thugs forcing a naked man's head underwater until he's sure he'll drown.

Sound good? It should. You paid for it!

That's right. You, the American taxpayer, are financially supporting sexual and physical abuse on a grand scale. And you might even have voted for the guys behind it, since the savage mistreatment of certain prisoners has been secretly authored and allowed by the administration of our two-term President. What civilized countries call "torture" we have come to know by the euphemism "enhanced interrogation techniques," and they are apparently okay to carry out since America was once attacked by evildoers.

If reading about a ball-crushing woman in uniform is not your fetish, you can always just forward the gross parts of a new official report to the guys at work to wake 'em up. Helpfully compiled by the Justice Department's Office of the Inspector General, the shocking revelations are based on years of reports by hundreds of FBI and other law-enforcement personnel angered by what they saw CIA and military interrogators doing in the name of counterterrorism: handcuffing prisoners in the fetal position for up to 24 hours in their own crap and piss, for example, or terrorizing them with dogs, severe pain, simulated drownings, extreme heat and cold, strobe lights and noise. To complete the degradation, male detainees were often forced to wear women's undergarments, remain naked throughout their ordeal and/or be abused by female interrogators.

The hard-to-stomach report was written over a period of three-and-a-half years by independent government investigators, based on the accounts of courageous G-men and cops who believe they serve higher values than blind obedience to authority. Risking their careers, they exposed what is being done in our name, in secret, with some even calling these acts what they truly are: war crimes.

If you had any doubt, this report grittily establishes once and for all that for seven years, in the name of national security, the United States has been what we claim to abhor: a nation that systematically uses extreme acts of cruelty in an immoral and ineffective attempt to wrest intelligence from our enemies. Furthermore, the horrifying report makes it clear that this was widely applied policy, not the behavior of rogue agents, as was claimed after the sick Abu Ghraib prison photos emerged.

The shocking revelations are based on years of reports by hundreds of FBI and other law-enforcement personnel angered by what they saw CIA and military interrogators doing in the name of counterterrorism.

One FBI agent reported he witnessed a "pep rally" conducted by an upper-echelon Defense Department official "in which the interrogators were encouraged to get as close to the torture statute line as possible." However, the report makes clear, that line was regularly crossed to get detainees who may or may not have been guilty of anything to incriminate themselves or others.

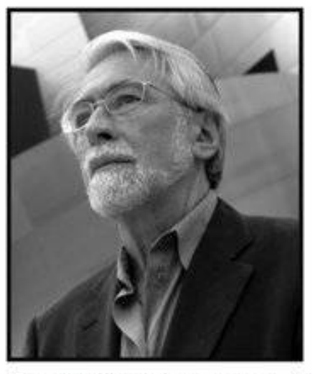
As early as 2002, officials at the highest level of government—all the way to the White House—received reports on the abuse of prisoners in U.S. military custody and failed to stop it. According to an ABC report, Condoleezza Rice—George W. Bush's National Security Advisor at the time—chaired top-level meetings in the White House Situation Room and signed off on the CIA's abuse of prisoners "…whether they would be slapped, pushed, deprived of sleep or subjected to simulated drowning, called waterboarding."

However, as the Office of the Inspector General's report affirms, this policy of sanctioned abuse wasn't limited to the panicky days following 9/11. *New Yorker* reporter Jane Mayer's new book, *The Dark Side: The Inside Story of How the War on Terror Turned Into a War on American Ideals*, revealed a secret International Red Cross report which warned the Bush Administration in 2007 that the CIA was still torturing prisoners and that the White House itself may have been guilty of war crimes. Never mind that the President categorically asserts, "We don't torture."

In fact, the whole sordid saga has seen a lot of smart people play dumb to protect an inhuman practice which, in any case, produces lousy intelligence that is inadmissible in court. Perhaps the dumbest of these was a 2002 memo—released to the public in July 2008 through an ACLU-filed Freedom of Information Act request—that assured nervous field interrogators they wouldn't be committing war crimes if they didn't *believe* what they were doing was actually torture.

This distortion of the concept of "acting in good faith," a classical logical fallacy, would be funny if it weren't so sick. But then, all of it should make us nauseous. Or are we, as a nation, okay with this? Are the heinous acts fully authorized by our President not inconsistent with the American way of life that we celebrate?

Forget Janet Jackson's bespangled nipple. We could just call off the whole grand democratic experiment and, during halftime of the Super Bowl, start whipping shackled male suspects wearing only women's panties. Ratings would shoot through the roof.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *Thinking Tuna Fish*; *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush*; and his latest, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

Democrats: Bush's Fifth Estate

PROGRESSIVES JOIN NEOCONS TO SUBVERT THE FOURTH AMENDMENT

Even with a new President and Congress, our individual rights of privacy will remain on life support. On July 10, 2008, the not-so-lame duck George W. Bush signed into law the FISA Amendments Act, which rapes the Fourth Amendment with dragnet searches. Four days earlier, the Democrat-controlled Senate closed the deal as its leadership caved—a frequent occurrence—for fear of being targeted as "soft on terrorism."

As I noted in my last column, even Barack Obama, who once vowed to veto this bill, ended up supporting the President who had already turned this nation into a surveillance society.

The colonists' rage at Britain's "general search" warrants—invoked without any judicial supervision—precipitated the American Revolution. The Limeys wrote their own warrants and broke in. That's why the Fourth Amendment insists that our government issue *individualized* warrants *before* a search is authorized, "particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Throughout the Bush Administration the telecoms have enabled the National Security Agency to conduct wholesale warrantless spying on us.

This further Bush counterrevolution quickly dropped out of the news, along with the American Civil Liberties Union's charge that "the FISA Amendments Act allows *the mass acquisition* of U.S. citizens' and residents' international communications." (ACLU's italics.)

To hell with individualized warrants! This is a naked dragnet law. The government, the ACLU emphasizes, is no longer required "to identify the people to be monitored" or to "specify the facilities, places, premises or property to be surveilled."

Due process? The Fourth Amendment requires "probable cause" before your phone, e-mail and Internet records fall into government databases. The FISA Amendments Act tops the Bush brigands' previous contempt for "probable cause." Of course, you'll never know if any of your international communications collected under this law will later, and continually, be probed for "patterns" highlighting you and your "connections to terrorism"—a "connection" to be defined by the executive branch.

What held up passage of the FISA bill for so long was its grant of immunity to the telecommunications companies. Throughout the Bush Administration the telecoms have enabled the National Security Agency to conduct wholesale warrantless spying on us. Now more than 40 citizens' lawsuits against these telecoms will be thrown out even though the defendant—and the President himself—clearly broke statutory and Constitutional law.

A primary reason for these lawsuits was to find out precisely how these companies accomplished such massive secret spying—and now will be able to resume doing it. *Newsweek*'s expert investigative reporter Michael Isikoff revealed another reason the telecoms feared being exposed in court.

The new law, Isikoff wrote, leaves "largely untouched…the most sweeping part of the initial secret surveillance activities ordered by President Bush after 9/11. The National Security Agency's (previous) massive 'data-mining' program—in which the agency's computers look for call patterns that might point to suspicious behavior—has never been publicly confirmed by the Bush Administration.

"But industry and government officials, who asked not to be identified talking about classified matters, say the practice is a big part of what the telecoms did for the spy agency, and a key reason the companies fought so hard for the immunity from lawsuits granted by the new bill."

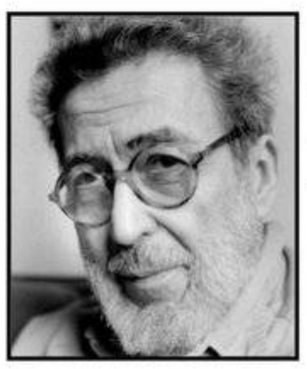
And here's how it all started, thanks to inadvertent help from our enemy, al Qaeda. When certain al Qaeda "safe houses" were captured by our forces, various American numbers were found on the enemies' laptops and cell phones. So, Isikoff went on, "The White House asked MCI [now Verizon], AT&T, Sprint and Qwest to check out those numbers—and fast. The premium was on speed. So the White House bypassed the established legal protocols."

After all, the commander in chief had decided *he* was the law. Only Qwest refused to go along; the other telecommunications companies acquiesced, fearing being fingered for criminal responsibility if there were another 9/11. Having broken the law by request of the President, the telecoms kept on contributing to the NSA's massive databases. And now their CEOs don't have to fear an FBI knock on the door for all their surveillance crimes.

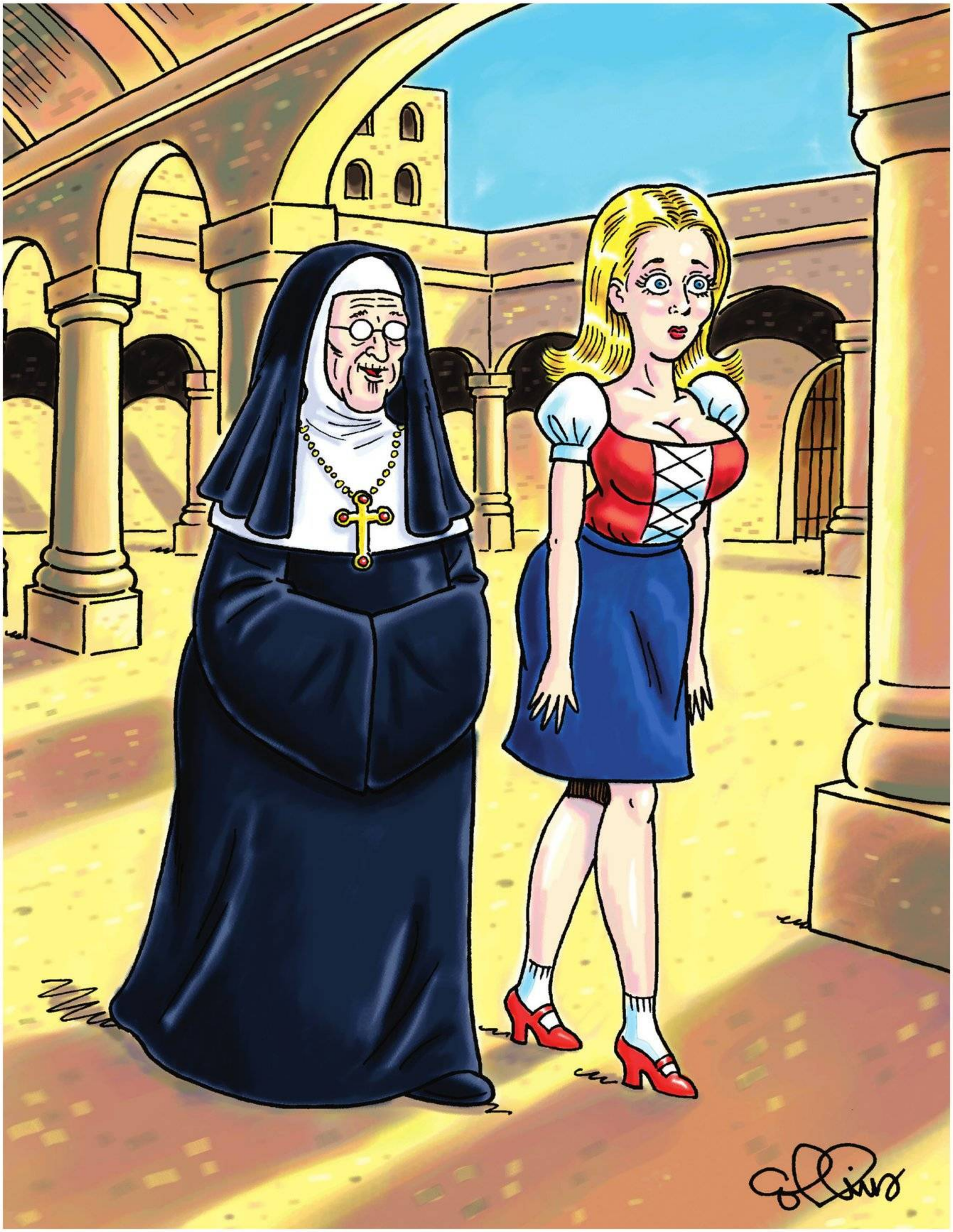
The ACLU has filed a lawsuit to overturn the FISA amendments on Fourth (privacy) and First Amendment (free speech) grounds—quoting the 1978 Church Committee Senate report that first exposed what the NSA was already doing to intercept our domestic and international electronic communications. There must be clear legal standards, said the Church Committee, to make sure that government surveillance did "not itself undermine the democratic system it [was] intended to protect." Hear! Hear!

There's a problem. The hearing on the ACLU suit will be conducted under the auspices of the secret Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, and the ACLU has asked to be present when the FISA court asks questions about "the scope, meaning and Constitutionality" of this new, expanded government spying law. But the administration has informed the secret FISA court that it cannot allow an outside body, namely the ACLU, to listen in on what the government has to say about its implementation—and the scope—of the FISA Amendments Act.

If the secret court agrees with the administration, we'll never know the government's arguments, because—says the ACLU's Jameel Jaffer—they will be "presented to the court in secret briefs." Finally, "the court will issue a ruling that is also secret."



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Becoming a nun is not a decision to rush into, my child. Take some time, go into town, get drunk and bone a couple of sailors. Then come back, and we'll talk."

Kicking a Man When He's Dead

DOES ANYONE REALLY GIVE A SHIT THAT TIM RUSSERT IS GONE?

A few months ago HUSTLER published an article of mine titled *Political Cage Match*. In it I discussed the appalling coverage of the 2008 Presidential campaign by the networks. I especially picked on NBC, whose coverage was so terrible, I felt compelled to rip each and every one of its sleazy news teams a new asshole.

I saved my biggest salvo for Tim Russert, a man who embodied everything that has been egregious about this year's election coverage. As luck would have it, old Tim died just around the time the September '08 issue went on sale. Did I feel bad? Did I try to buy up all the known copies? No! I felt no remorse whatsoever. In fact, the coverage of his death actually pushed my feelings into overdrive.

For seven straight days the media hammered away at Tim's death. Look, I'm not hard-hearted. I understand that the sudden passing of a close associate does warrant some on-air tributes. But his elevation to journalistic sainthood was beyond the pale.

It was as though NBC News was sitting shiva. (For all you non-Jews, that's a ritual in which immediate family of the deceased sit on hard benches—if they're really orthodox—for seven days while friends bring food and drink for them.) Working about a block away from NBC's New York News Center, I almost felt compelled to walk over there with a box of knishes. What's in worse taste, what I'm writing now or the way the media handled the whole thing with Russert?

Pundits told us what a great guy Tim was. What a terrific father! As proof, they pointed to his son, Luke. At first I took the kid to be a well-mannered and decent-enough individual, but by the end of the week I wondered if he was auditioning to be his father's replacement. If you liked Luke, don't worry. I'm sure we'll be seeing more of him.

No accolade went unused. Tim was a hard-hitting journalist. He was deeply religious. Most of all, Tim was a "workaholic," we were told, putting in 14 hours or more a day. So when did he have enough time to be a great husband and father? Didn't he realize that, besides depriving the family of his presence, he was setting himself up for an event that would remove him from their lives permanently?

I should note that a few weeks later, Fox News host Tony Snow—once George W. Bush's White House press secretary—died. In many ways Snow was more important than Tim Russert, but the media played this one out after just a weekend. Maybe Fox does have some taste, after all.

Sure, it's sad that Tim had to go at the age of 58. Fifty-eight is far too young an age, but so is 18 or 21 or even 34 and 45. Those are the ages of men and women being slaughtered in Iraq. Let's not beat around the bush: Russert had a hand in killing every one of them.

Along with his cohorts, it was "Timid Tim" who beat the drums for war by delivering every White House press handout to the public without question. As Washington bureau chief for NBC, he made major editorial decisions that allowed the "Bushies" to get away with wholesale murder—not by action but by inaction. Russert blithely facilitated the run-up to the Iraq War by not challenging the White House's lies.

The press should be our ombudsmen. You and I can't challenge the powers that be, so we invest the press with that awesome responsibility. The value of a strong and vigilant press is that it does the snooping for us, attempting to sort fact from fiction.

So who am I supposed to feel sorry for? Tim Russert, who dropped dead at 58 while recording voiceovers for *Meet the Press* at NBC News' air-conditioned studios in Washington, D.C., or the young American soldier who perished in a ditch somewhere in the blazing heat of the Middle East? My sympathies are with the soldier who found himself in that hellhole because Tim hadn't done his job.

Mind you, I'm not callous. I feel sorry for Tim's family. They will never again get that fleeting glimpse of him rushing out the door at dawn or the quick peek of him arriving home at 10:00 p.m, exhausted. But most of all, I feel sad for Tim Russert himself. He left this "mortal coil" with blood on his hands because he failed in his duty as a journalist to ferret out the truth.

So who am I supposed to feel sorry for? Tim Russert, who dropped dead at 58 while recording voiceovers for *Meet the Press* at NBC News' air-conditioned studios…or the young American soldier who perished in a ditch somewhere in the blazing heat of the Middle East?

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

Obama Claus

All I want for Christmas is Obama to win! If he doesn't, Christmas is canceled!

—Vanessa LaLoi
State College, Pennsylvania

By the People

Larry's *Publisher's Statement* in the October '08 issue ["Democracy or What?!"] was right on the mark. Superdelegates pick candidates based on what they *think* the people will want. Last time I checked, that's not a democracy; it's an oligarchy (rule by a few, not by the many).

As far as I'm concerned, the only vote that counts is the popular vote. As for the campaigning, neither candidate can keep from fucking up. McCain's smear attempts against Obama have got to be some of the most ham-fisted in the history of politics. And let no one forget that Obama voted for the FISA bill, letting [telecommunications] companies off the hook for violating our privacy.

McCain is a senile warmonger, while Obama is an opportunistic sellout. Take your pick, America! The best we can hope for now is a fair election, which would be the first in 12 years! May the true will of the people be heard. **—K. Quinn**
Roanoke, Virginia

Apocalypse Wow

Religion is the enemy! God wants democracy, not theocracy. I'm a poor soul who's been wounded by Hal Lindsey, the evangelist huckster who wrote *Late, Great Planet Earth* and whom I now call "Whistle Britches."

In his books, Whistle Britches claims that liberals had a sexual revolution to sway votes in the elections. He quotes the Bible as saying that if the salt (meaning sex) loses its flavor, it will be trodden under by the feet of man. According to Whistle Britches, that's why Jesus came here in the first place. We were enjoying the salt too much. He had to be crucified for our sins so the events in the Book of Revelation could happen. If anyone can figure that out, let me know!

As for the salt of *my* sins, I'm looking at Cali-Luv [August '08] right now, and I wish my cock were trying to write my name in that religiously beautiful, honey-dripping pussy of hers. I tried for years to follow religion. I really did. But the bastards just about drove me crazy with their speaking in tongues and apocalyptic prophecies. Now I'd rather get saved by Cali-Luv and join the Hells Angels! **—F.U.C.K. (Finally Understanding Carnal Kindness)**
Portland, Oregon

Tweaker of the House

When recently asked on *The View* why she refused to impeach Bush and Cheney so that the world and America could see the crimes they've committed, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi said impeachment would be "too divisive" for the country, then went off into her "bipartisan agenda" bullshit, even claiming that no one had "the goods" on Bush!

Is Pelosi on drugs?! Has she even bothered to read Dennis Kucinich's articles of impeachment? Somebody should check to see if Pelosi's knees aren't dirty. Maybe she's spending too much time at that Whore House on Pennsylvania Avenue! Let's hope Cindy Sheehan can hit her right in her constituency!

As for the Presidency, I hope John McCain wins because the Democrats don't deserve it. They're letting Bush off the hook instead of hanging him in the town square in the harsh light of justice. As Bush himself once said, there used to be a poster in the Old West that said, "Wanted, Dead or Alive." Guess whose picture is on that poster now, George? **—John M.**
San Diego, California

*These **Barely Legal** gals sure are naughty! And for some nice XXXmas stocking stuffers, check out **Blue-Movie Showcase** (pages 123-129).*

Real Trash

I just read Alex Bennett's column *The Unreality of "Reality TV"* [October '08]. I couldn't agree with his point more. When you boil it down, reality TV is just a carnival geek show. Hell, fictional sitcoms like *Roseanne* and *Married...With Children* are more realistic portrayals of the American family than *The Hogans* or *The Osbournes*.

Screw watching how overinflated celebrities fuck their lives up! I wish fancy cars and houses, plus the world kissing my ass, was what my problems consisted of. As for *American Idol*, don't get me started! Since when was the definition of *idol* some trailer trash yahoo singing karaoke? **—Wylie Hnat**
Coralville, Iowa

End the Whiteout!

I'm a HUSTLER loyalist, but I've noticed something a bit disheartening. How many readers have submitted letters asking for more black girls and Asian girls, yet the goods are never delivered? If anybody is up to the challenge, it should be HUSTLER. Hell, give us more Sun Karma pictures if that's all you've got. She's like the bowl of porridge in "Goldilocks"—just right!

Don't become like the other guys, stagnating in a 50-year drought of blond bimbos. Bring on the black girls, the Asians, the Arabs, the Indians, all of the gorgeous flavors of the world! **—Adam Schlosser**
Erie, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* 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.

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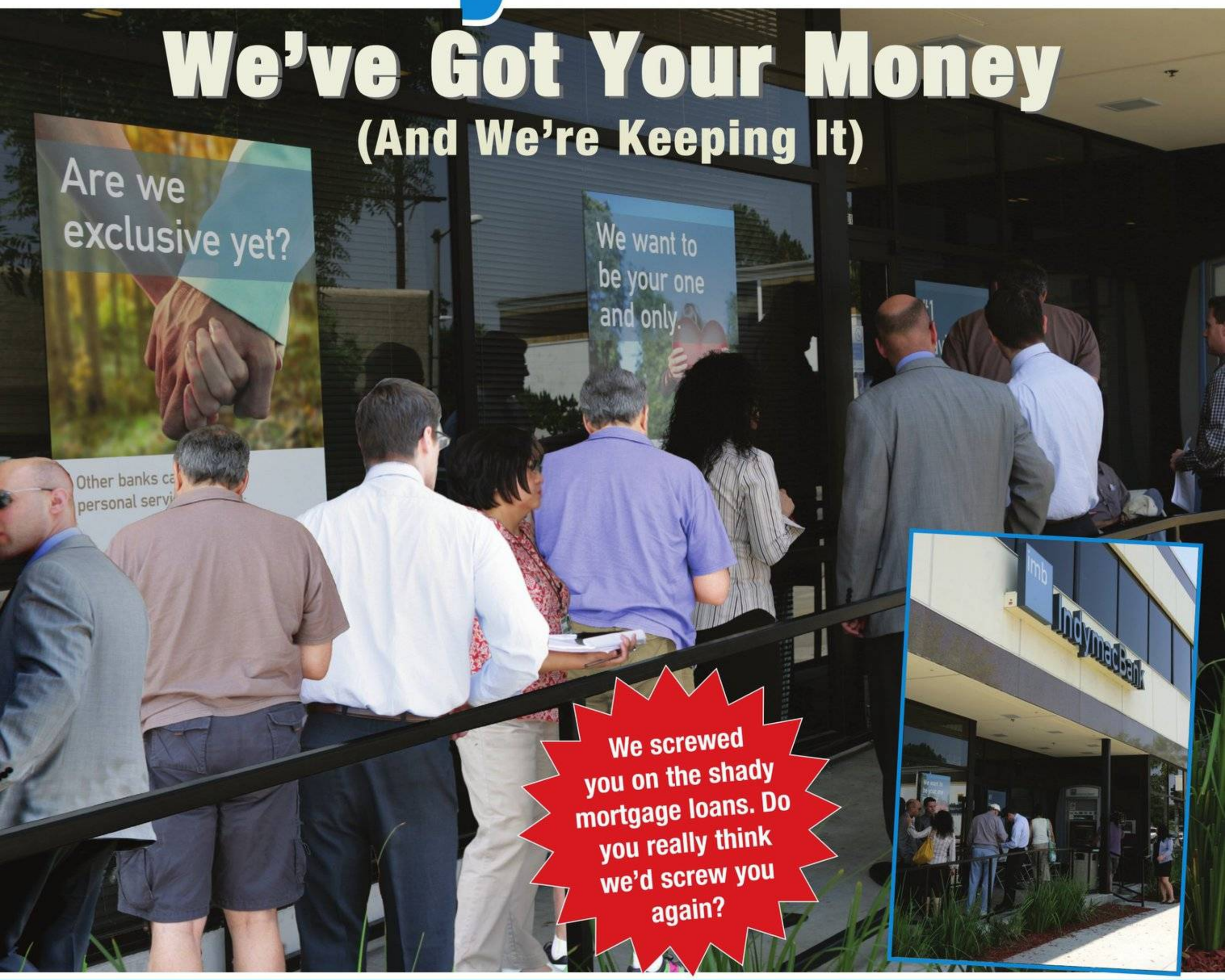
(And We're Keeping It)

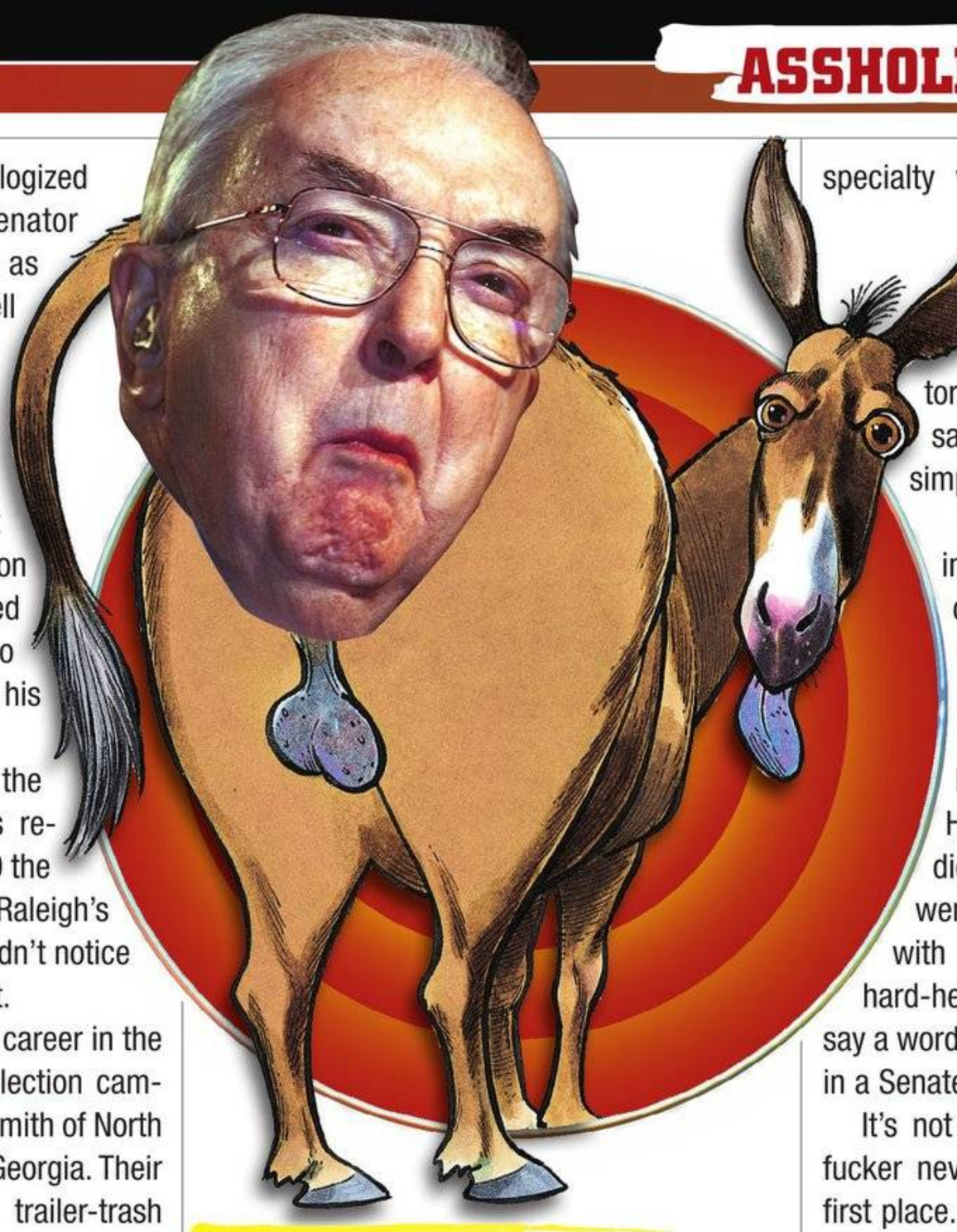


For years you have trusted IndyMac Federal Bank to keep your money safe and sound. Well, we're not going to let a few bad investments and questionable banking decisions change that. We'll keep your cash secure just where it is…locked up in our banks.

What do you need it for? Just keep working—you'll be fine. If we gave your money back to you, you would probably spend it on silly things like groceries, gas…and your mortgage. Or put it in another unsafe bank that will soon have the same problems we do. So, we'll just hang on to it for you. FYI: Legally, the FDIC allows us to get your money back to you in a "reasonable amount of time." We'll let you know when that will be.

So relax. Your money's not going anywhere.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is the future of banking. The federal government insurance policy on money actually gives banks the right to take years to return your cash. Time to stuff the mattress! For more info, check out **IndyMac-Bank.PissedConsumer.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 non-commercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



Jesse Helms

The Bush White House eulogized this venerable U.S. senator from North Carolina as "a true patriot." That should tell you what an asshole Jesse Helms really was. After losing what was left of his twisted mind through years of dementia, the fogey's overdue death at 86 raised the religious question "How could God let this wizened old prick live so long and make so many millions miserable with his hatred and stupidity?"

Forget the patriotic "Died on the Fourth of July" horseshit press release. Helms was a stiff by 10:30 the night of the third; nurses at Raleigh's Mayview Convalescent Center didn't notice he'd croaked until after midnight.

Launching his sordid political career in the 1950s, Helms worked for the election campaigns of segregationists Willis Smith of North Carolina and Richard Russell of Georgia. Their underling appealed directly to trailer-trash hatred with race-baiting slogans, including "White people, wake up before it is too late. Do you want Negroes working beside you, your wife and your daughters in your mills and factories?" He also sniped, "The Negro cannot clog the streets, disrupt traffic and interfere with other men's rights."

Helms began polluting the U.S. Senate soon after his arrival in 1972, pimping for the R.J. Reynolds and Philip Morris tobacco companies. The perfect lickspittle lawn jockey to his massas, Republican Helms sucked up huge campaign donations while ignoring the deadly havoc from cancer and emphysema caused by cigarettes. At the rate of 435,000 annual fatalities, that's 13 million lives lost thanks to his career as a tobacco pimp.

Helms once targeted Carol Moseley Braun (the first black woman elected to the Senate) for good-ol'-boy racist funnin'. In a Capitol elevator with Braun, Jesse Helms said to fellow Senator Orrin Hatch (R-Utah), "Watch me. I'm going to sing 'Dixie' until she cries." Helms did sing, but Moseley Braun didn't cry; in fact, the Illinois Democrat got the last laugh. Six years later, in 1999, she became Ambassador to New Zealand despite Helms's attempt to block her appointment.

This unapologetic cracker spent his lifetime opposing civil rights, gay rights and abortion. Half-wit racists everywhere cheered Helms's slurs about "Negro hoodlums" and "sex perverts" ruining the country. Famously, his version of Constitutional fairness was "I think all men are equal, be they slants, beaners or niggers."

In the 1980s, Helms led the drive in Congress to ban phone-sex lines. In response, the January 1984 issue of HUSTLER bedeviled him with a phone-sex ad parody listing his office telephone number, direct line on the Senate floor and private home phone at that time. Clearly, the sourpuss couldn't take a joke. He was still pushing his "Cable-Porn/Dial-a-Porn Control Act" into the 1990s.

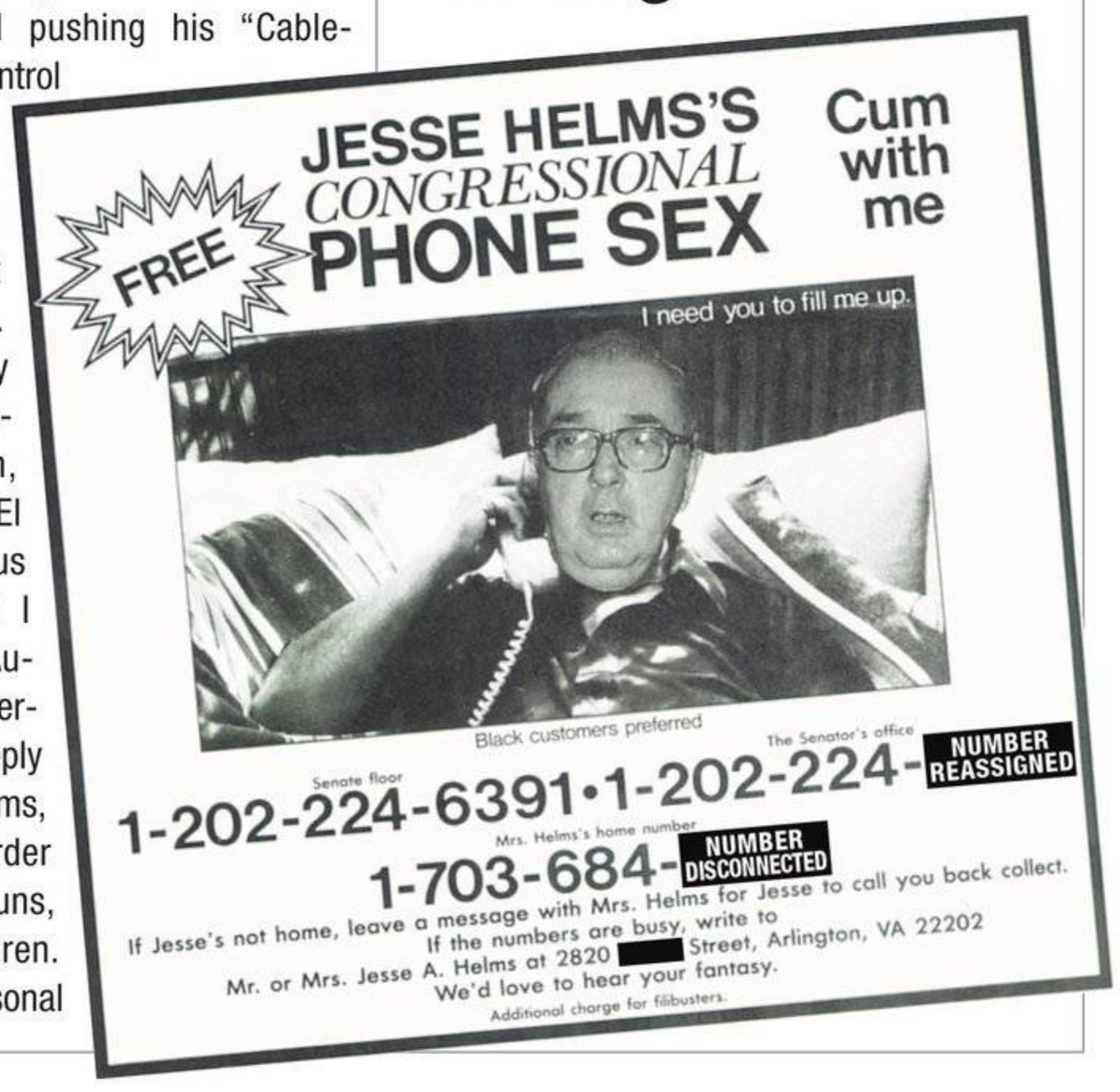
An individual is judged by his friends, and Helms hung out with clear-cut scum. He was palsy-walsy with Hitler-loving Roberto D'Aubuisson, the organizer of El Salvador's infamous death squads. "All I know is that D'Aubuisson is a free-enterprise man and deeply religious," said Helms, ignoring the murder and torture of nuns, priests and children. (D'Aubuisson's personal specialty was blowtorching helpless prisoners' faces.) Helms was also bun-buddy to Chilean tyrant Augusto Pinochet, whose iron-fisted dictatorship tortured 30,000 citizens, exiled thousands more and made at least 2,279 simply "disappear."

Helms opposed government funding of HIV/AIDS research, falsely claiming, "There is not one single case of AIDS in this country that cannot be traced to sodomy."

When teenager Ryan White (a hemophiliac who contracted the HIV virus via blood transfusion) died in 1990, his grieving mother went to Washington. Mrs. White spoke with 23 lawmakers, but pig-headed, hard-hearted Helms reportedly wouldn't say a word to her, even when they were alone in a Senate elevator.

It's not enough that Helms is dead. The fucker never should have been born in the first place. If only there were a time machine enabling gay hate-crime victims, lynched blacks, cancer-ridden Marlboro men and raped Salvadoran nuns to go back nine months before October 18, 1921, and encourage Ethel Mae Helms to do the right thing and cut out her uterus.

We encourage all patriotic tourists to visit bucolic Oakwood Cemetery in Raleigh, North Carolina, for the joy of relieving themselves on Jesse Helms's grave—just the way he pissed on the people of America for eight miserable decades.



"Oops! Sorry, didn't mean to come in your mouth. It was an accident."

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Elizabeth Starr

PHOTO BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

Dave Navarro

Tera Patrick

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

PHOTO BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

Sunny Leone

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Stormy Daniels

SO-0-0-0 EROTIC

Dude, you're not going to believe how many porn stars we saw at the L.A. Convention Center recently: hundreds! Tera Patrick, Kimberly Kane, Taylor Wane, Stormy Daniels, Sunny Leone and Sasha Grey to name a few. Plus, there were adult legends with monster tits, some weird bondage shit and rocker Dave Navarro. (We know, he'll show up at the opening of an envelope.) They were all there for the latest Erotica LA expo.

Sorry you missed it. The event happens twice a year, so maybe next time.

"Marry an orphan: You'll never have to spend boring holidays with the in-laws. At most an occasional visit to the cemetery." —GEORGE CARLIN, COMIC

MARGARET CHO: HO HO CHO!

This holiday season we check in with our favorite dirty girl.

HUSTLER: Are all shopping mall Santas pedophiles?

MARGARET CHO: I don't know, but they all seem like it. Except for maybe the Hunky Santa at the Beverly Center [a Los Angeles mall], which I think is freaky. He's just some big gay dude all buff, and he's all in a Santa outfit. He's like a Chippendales Santa, which is so gay.

What is eggnog?

Eggnog is really sweet jizz.

What's the best gift you ever got?

I don't know, really sweet jizz.

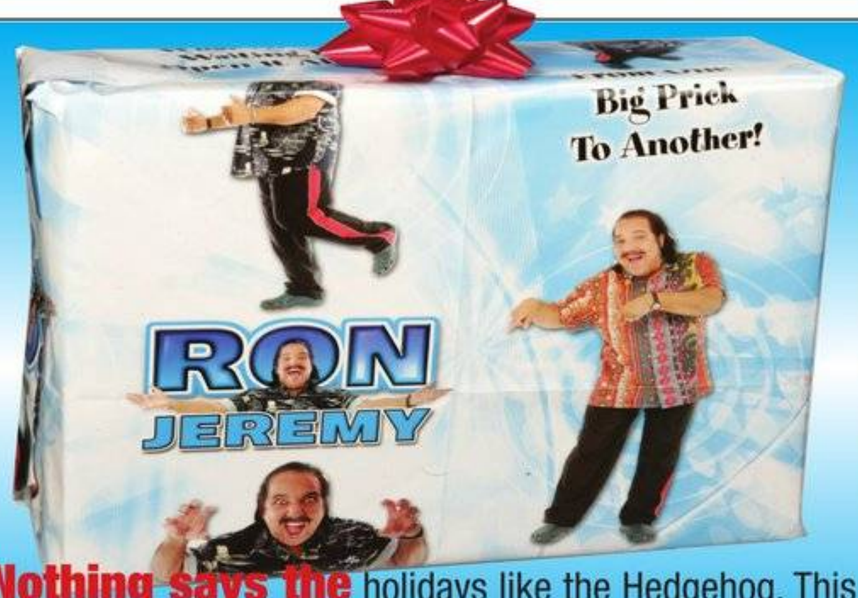
And the worst gift?

Really sweet jizz.

Name an item that should never be re-gifted.

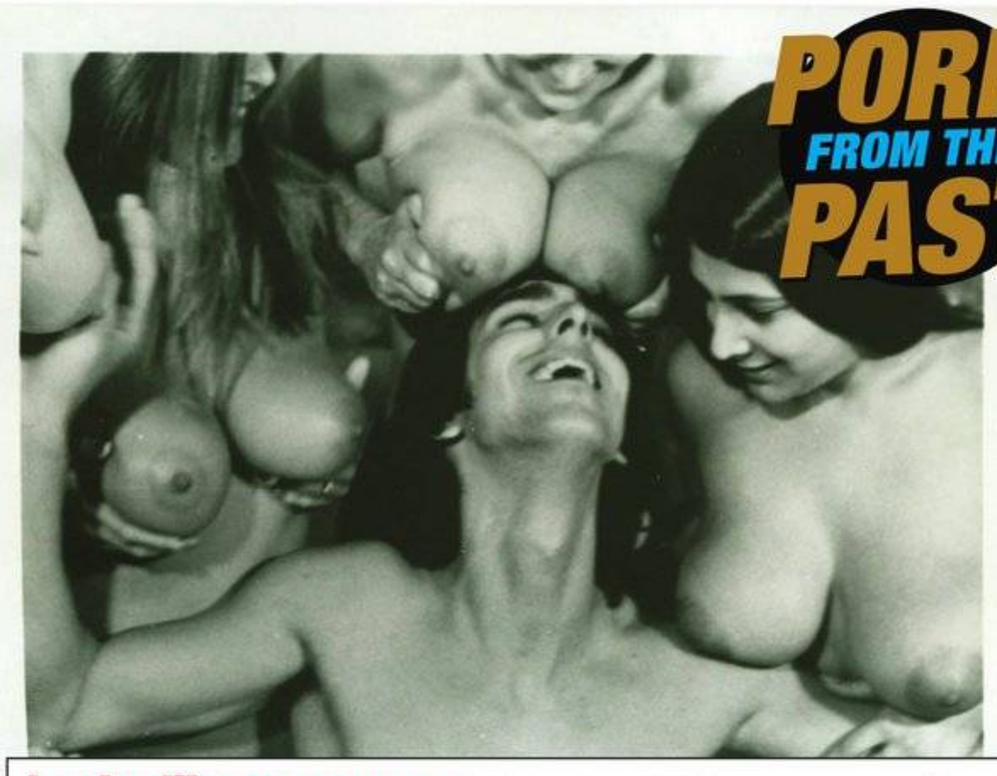
I think every gift is okay to re-gift. You've got to pass it around. Give it away. Pay it forward—especially if it's really sweet jizz.

NICE PACKAGE



Nothing says the holidays like the Hedgehog. This year why not show the people you love how little you care by doing up their gifts with Ron Jeremy's gift wrap?

PORN FROM THE PAST



Looks like some guy had the best holiday party ever. Check out those balloons! Thanks and $100 go to N.T. of Las Vegas for this vintage photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S
Holiday Tip #1

"Christmas begins about the first of December with an office party and ends when you finally realize what you spent, around April 15 of the next year." —PJ O'ROURKE, JOURNALIST AND POLITICAL SATIRIST

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Faith Hill* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

This photo serves two very important purposes: It makes us very happy and stops the country star from singing tunes from her dreadful Christmas CD.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Faith Hill actually exists, unless her husband, Tim McGraw, has one in his wallet. 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. If you do, McGraw might take off his hat and kiss your ass.

NEWS BABES

Stephanie Vigil—the news anchor at KHQ-TV, NBC's affiliate in Spokane, Washington—is special. She not only delivers the goods at 5, 6 and 11 p.m. weekdays, but she also looks superhot while doing so. You can also enjoy Stephanie on Star Choice channel 370. That's where one of our Canadian readers found her. And you know what we mean by *enjoy*. Thanks to J.W.S. of Kitimat, British Columbia, for submitting sexy Stephanie.

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 HUSTLER Prize Pack.

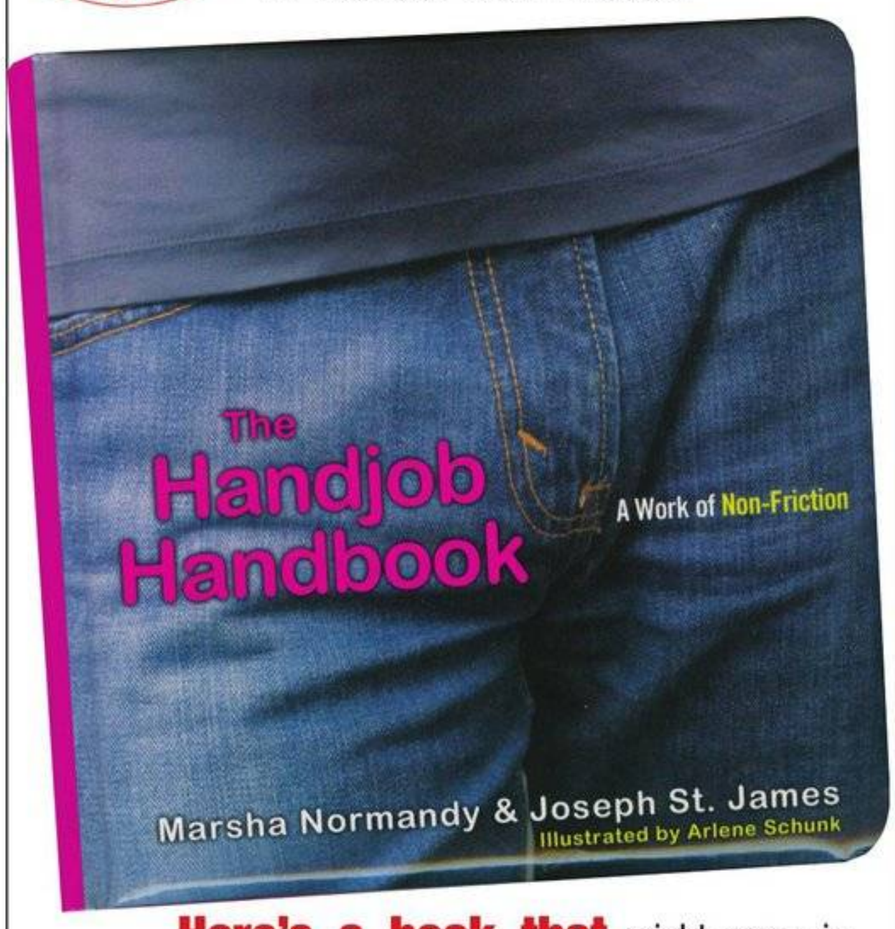
BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #2

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

The Handjob Handbook:

A Work of Non-Friction



Here's a book that might come in handy—all puns intended. *The Handjob Handbook: A Work of Non-Friction* by Marsha Normandy and Joseph St. James (with illustrations by Arlene Schunk) is a hilarious how-to guide to spanking the monkey. It offers visual step-by-step instructions on a variety of wanking techniques, including "Taffy Pull" and "The Playstation."

If you can stop jerkin' the gherkin long enough to get to a bookstore, pick up *The Handjob Handbook*.

NEWSBITES

Old Fuck

Oh, those wacky Japanese. What will they think of next? How about "elder" porn? That's right, adult movies featuring the elderly are the hot new thing in the normally sexually repressed Land of the Rising Sun. Sales of titles featuring senior sex may soon be outselling regular fuck flicks. Geriatric smut? As if we needed another reason why it's good to die young.

Really Eating Pussy

When we first heard that a group of Danish students was kicked off Facebook for eating pussy, we were shocked and outraged. How could that online networking service punish a bunch of guys for doing something as natural as going down on a woman? Then we realized they'd been booted for posting a video that showed the Danes cooking a cat and dining on the poor thing. We were taught two lessons: People are sick, and we really need to stop smoking so much weed and pay closer attention.

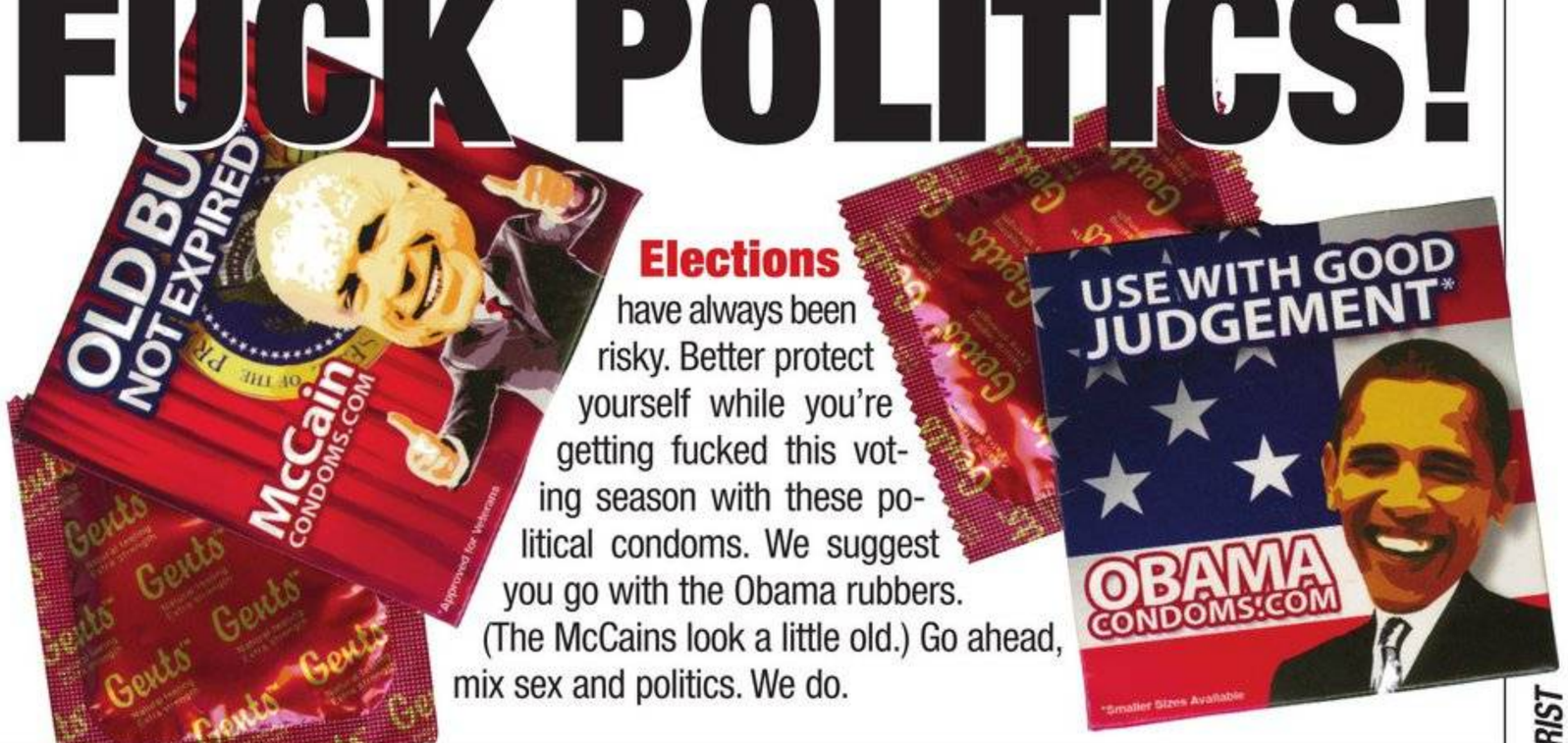
Coffin Cafeteria

Wondering where to go for your next business lunch? Well, if you're in Ukraine (why would you be there?), you can visit the country's newest eatery, which was designed to look just like a giant coffin. Menu items are named after various grieving processes, such as "Nine Day" salad and the intriguing entrée "Let's Meet in Paradise." We don't care how tasty the food may be; we wouldn't be caught dead eating in a place like that.

Footloose

Here's a combination that is sure to spell trouble (or hilarity, if you're watching): booze, a bridge and the desire to bungee jump. A group of drunk guys decided they wanted to bungee jump at four one morning, so they made their way along the walkway of a local span. At the midpoint the tipsy thrill-seekers realized they'd forgotten the required elastic cord but found a coil of lineman's cable. After securing the makeshift cord to the bridge and the other end to his leg, the first member of the group jumped. He fell 40 feet before the cable tightened, tearing off the attached foot at the ankle. The dude then wound up in the icy waters below. Miraculously, the bungee jumping boob lived. After a stunt like that, we bet he wanted to kick himself. Oops! What, too soon?

FUCK POLITICS!



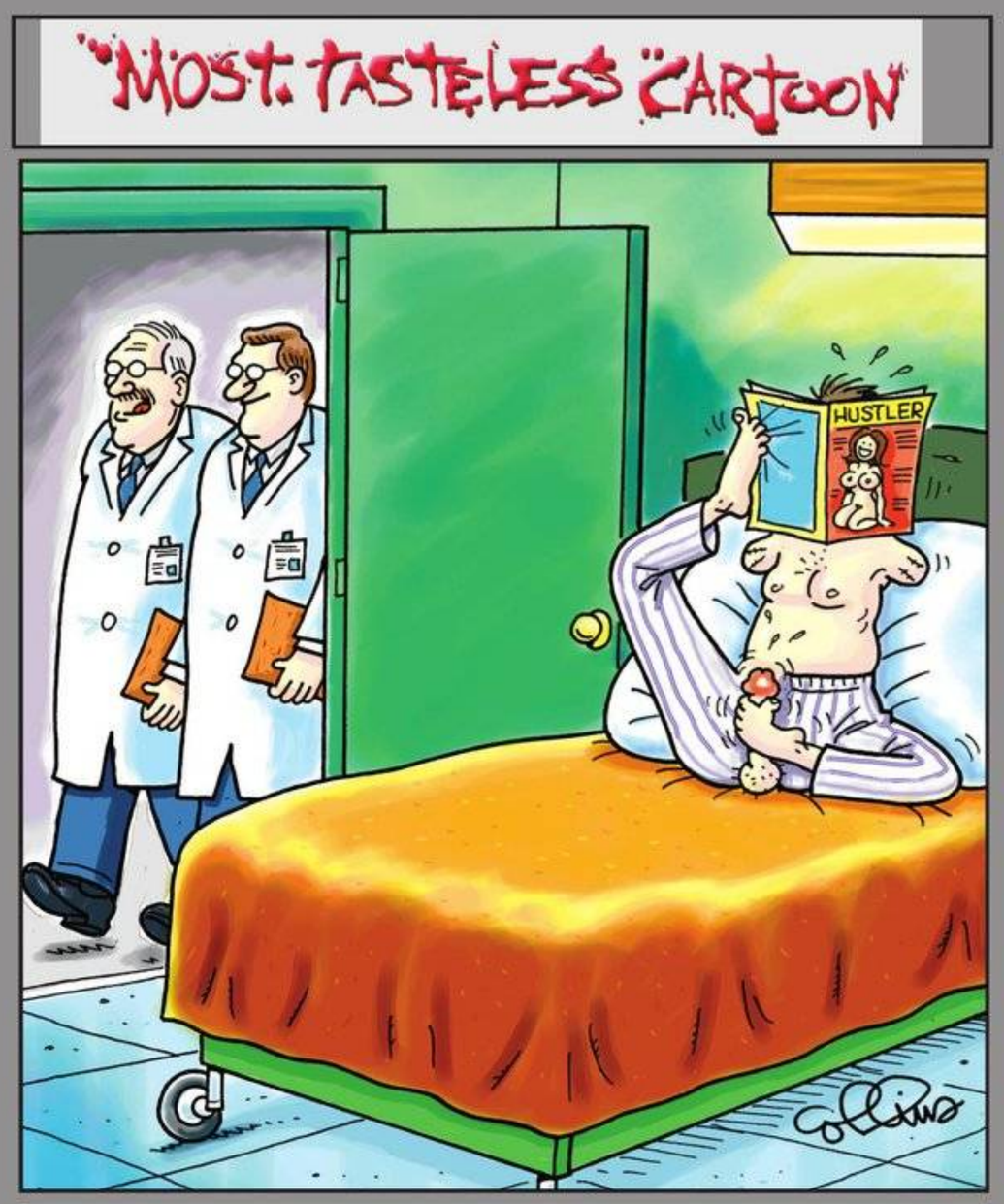
Elections have always been risky. Better protect yourself while you're getting fucked this voting season with these political condoms. We suggest you go with the Obama rubbers. (The McCains look a little old.) Go ahead, mix sex and politics. We do.

Sign of the Times

As the commercial goes, "Some people just know how to drive." Thanks to K.K. Le Roque of our own damn magazine for this fine contribution.

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

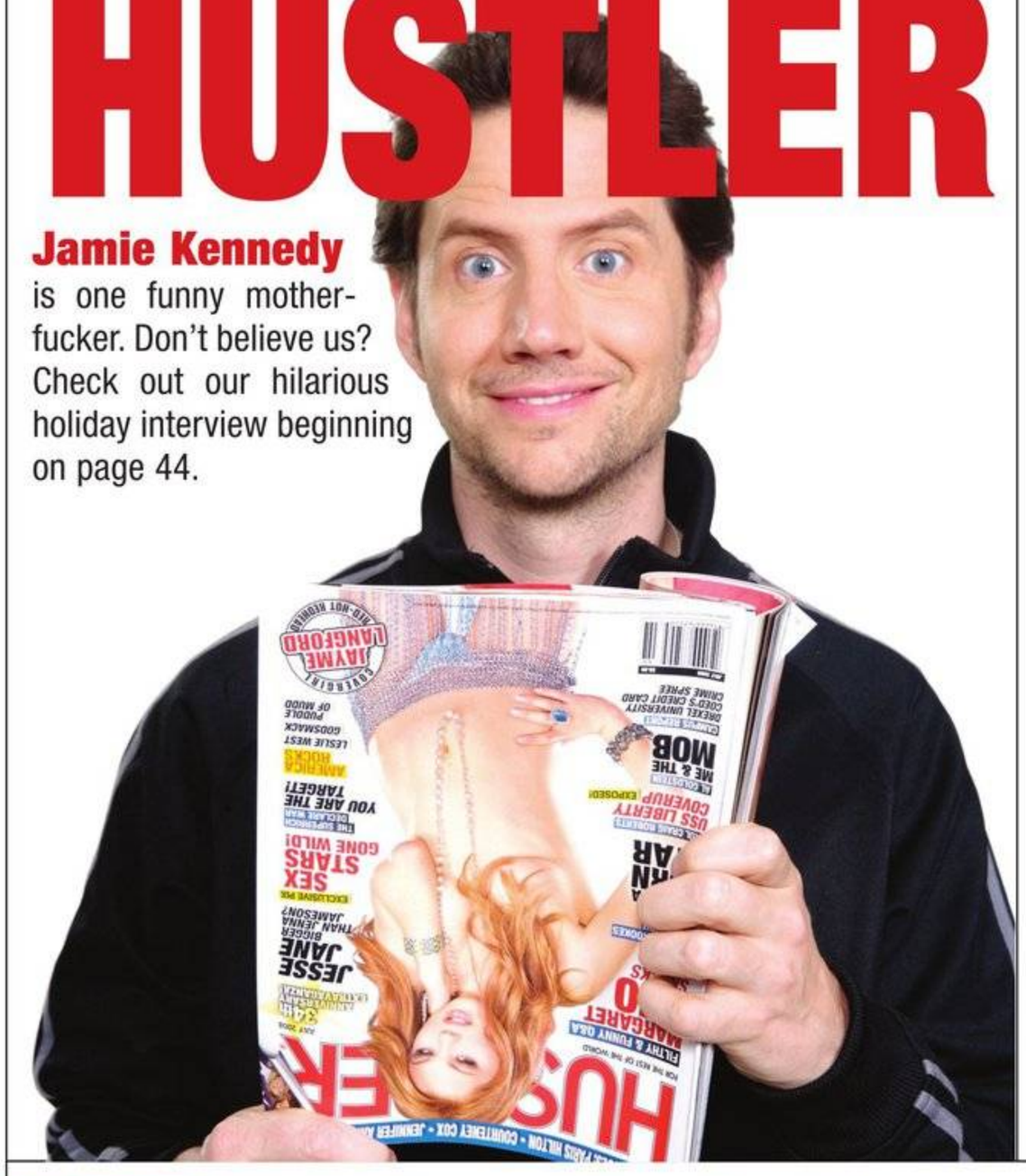
BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #3



"Once again we come to the holiday season, a deeply religious time that each of us observes, in his own way, by going to the mall of his choice." —DAVE BARRY, HUMORIST

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Jamie Kennedy is one funny motherfucker. Don't believe us? Check out our hilarious holiday interview beginning on page 44.



PUSSY PURSE

Here's the perfect gift for the woman in your life: a one-of-a-kind handbag that's part of the Velvet Vulva line of erotic purses. Your wife or girlfriend will go crazy for this. The best part is, when she's not looking, you can fuck it.

Available at **ArtGoddess.com/Purses**.

"I once wanted to become an atheist, but gave up. They have no holidays." —HENNY YOUNGMAN, KING OF THE ONE-LINERS

SEX & HORROR

L.A.'s HUSTLER Hollywood recently welcomed a who's who of notables from independent cinema and porn as Troma Entertainment heralded the premiere of its latest flick, the fast food satire *Poultrygeist: Night of the Chicken Dead.* One of the longest-running indie production companies, Troma is best known for schlock horror movies and TV shows.

On hand were first daughter Theresa Flynt, Troma President Lloyd Kaufman (the film's director) and an array of XXX stars headed by Satine Phoenix. Also lurking around was Troma's greatest and grossest creation—the Toxic Avenger.

PHOTOS BY GIA JORDAN

Pooling Her Resources

EDEN PETTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I don't think of myself as particularly beautiful or sexy," says modest newcomer **Eden Petty**. "I'm just me, you know? When I decided to transition from mainstream modeling to nude work, I was afraid that people would turn me down. But the photographers said yes, and here I am. Do I look okay?"

When not working, the native Iowan has become an admitted beach bunny. "I moved to Miami Beach and spend a lot of time in Los Angeles," **Eden** tells us. "I'd be a fool not to take advantage of all that sun and sand. I love running around on the beach in a bikini. I also love to have sex there."

Details, please. "Well, it has to be a private beach or at least a secluded spot in the dunes," **Eden** continues. "I don't want anyone to see me doing it. Then again, maybe secretly I do, and the risk is what makes it hot."

Is XXX porn in the stunning brunette's future? "I don't think so," **Eden** replies, "but who knows? A couple of years ago if you had asked me if I'd ever pose nude, I probably would have said no way. But here I am! I guess I'll just wait and see. Life is a funny thing, and you have to be open to where it takes you."

EDEN PETTY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Cedar Rapids, Iowa | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-1 | WEIGHT: 114

PRICE $4.99

THE NEW YORKER

John McCain gets his mad on!

McLeady

WHAT A GREAT FUCKING GIFT!

I had been dropping hints like crazy the month before Christmas. Pointing out attractive girls to my boyfriend, on the street, in the mall. I even went retro on his ass and rented a season of *Three's Company*.

See, I had been having very specific dreams of a ménage à trois. I saw myself deep-throating Todd's cock while a voluptuous honey-blonde suckled his balls. By the time I reached the base, she'd mouthed his entire nut sac, and our lips kissed. The feel of her soft, supple lips was amazing; the kiss, electric!

After that, oh, Todd was still involved, but the sex was mainly about me lapping Blondie's snatch or her lapping mine. The recurring dream ended the same way every time, with her lips sealed around my clit as a finger pushed deep into my ass. My back was arching off the mattress, and—I woke up to Todd snoring beside me.

Well, Christmas Eve finally arrived, and with a big, stupid grin on his stupid face, my boyfriend handed me a cell phone—a fuckin' cell phone! Clueless dick. I threw it at him and went to bed.

The next morning I called my best friend, Jenny. I wanted sympathy. She answered the phone a little breathless, and before I could get a good bitch in, she cut me off. Jenny said she had to run, but invited me to drop by in a few hours for Christmas brunch.

A little before noon I was on Jenny's doorstep. Mimosas in hand, the luscious blonde ushered me in, and we toasted the holiday. She looked a little flushed.

I had spent a good 15 minutes bitching about Todd, and Jenny was still just smiling, which kind of pissed me off. I mean, sure, she'd always insisted he was a schmuck, but what was that smile? An "I told you so"?

Still smiling, she took me by the hand and led me to her bedroom. And there, lying stark naked on the bed, was one of the most handsome men I'd ever set eyes on: dark hair; strong, chiseled face; sculpted abs. (Think Don Draper in *Mad Men*.) To top it all off, the stud was bound spread-eagle to the bedposts, black nylons wrapped tightly around wrists and ankles. His tall, hard cock reached for the ceiling. When I looked into his sea-blue eyes, the man winked, not at all surprised to see me.

"Merry Christmas!" Jenny exclaimed.

Instantly, my mood switched from angry to downright horny. I ignored all the questions filling my head, tore off my clothes and jumped on the man on Jenny's bed.

Starting at his nipples, I nibbled my way down to his cock. His prod tasted kind of like the pussy jizz I licked from my fingers when I frigged myself. *Jenny*, I thought.

Tall Dark and Handsome was groaning by the time I reached his balls. I tongue-slapped his sac, then moved lower to tickle his rosebud. And that's when I felt Jenny's taster push into my twat. Damn, this was fun.

I dicked my tongue into Handsome's bunghole while Jenny worked hers into my sopping pussy and went to town. Meanwhile, our helpless he-man started writhing in his bonds, moaning that he was about to come and begging me to jack his log. No problem.

I ignored all the questions filling my head, tore off my clothes and jumped on the man on Jenny's bed.

His pecker pulsed in my fist as I aimed his spraying jizz all over my face, then down to my tits. Thick streamers of spunk splashed over my taut tit buds. It was magnificent!

Then Jenny had a brilliant idea. Moving around on the bed, she sat on Handsome's face while I stuffed his soft manhood into my slot. Ladies, there is nothing, absolutely nothing like the feeling of a cock growing hard inside you, filling you up.

Jenny lapped man cream from my cheeks while we both bounced on the hunk. Our orgasms came fast and furious, one right after the other, a chain-reaction climax. Jenny first, then me. Just seconds later, Handsome shot a load of hot jism into my clutching cunt. It was the mother of all comes.

We took a break for more mimosas and loosened the stud's nylons. I found out his name, James, right before we proceeded to fulfill my wet-dream blowjob.

Later, after James had left, I asked Jenny, "So where did you find him?"

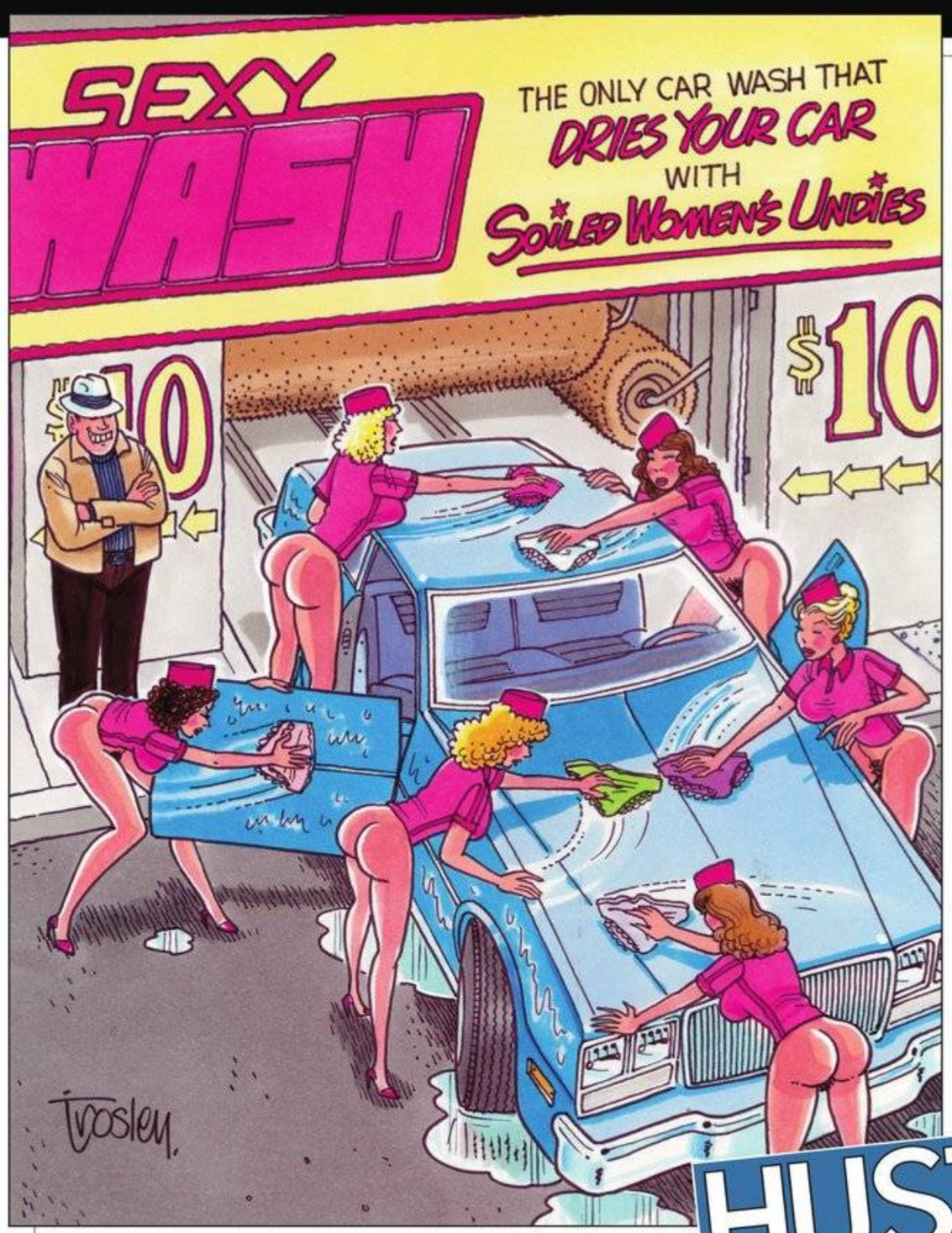
"Escort service," she giggled. "I knew what you wanted for Christmas."

We laughed and hugged. Yes, it was a merry fucking Christmas! —A.L.

Madison, Wisconsin

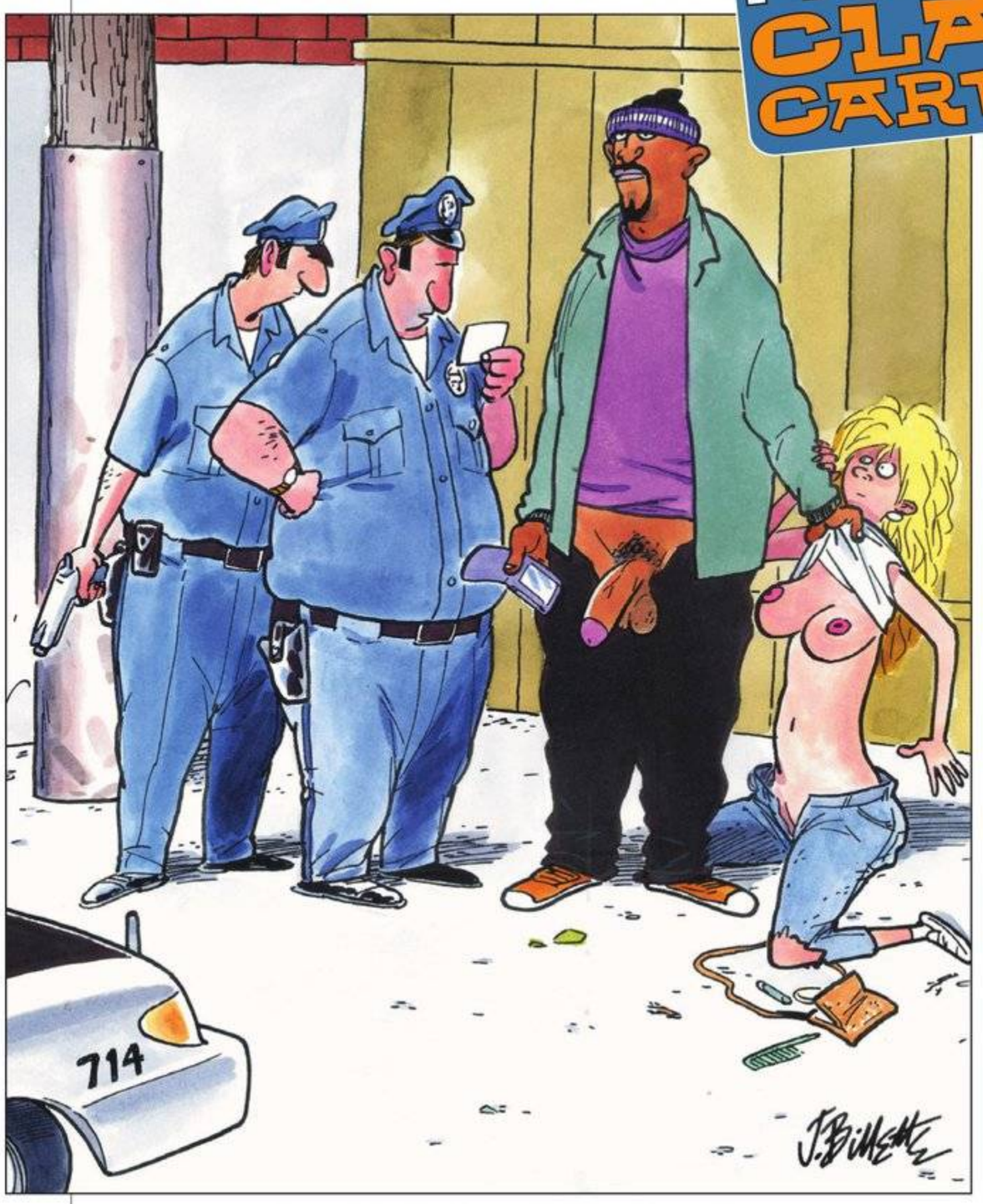
"I think I liked it better when you smoked."

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

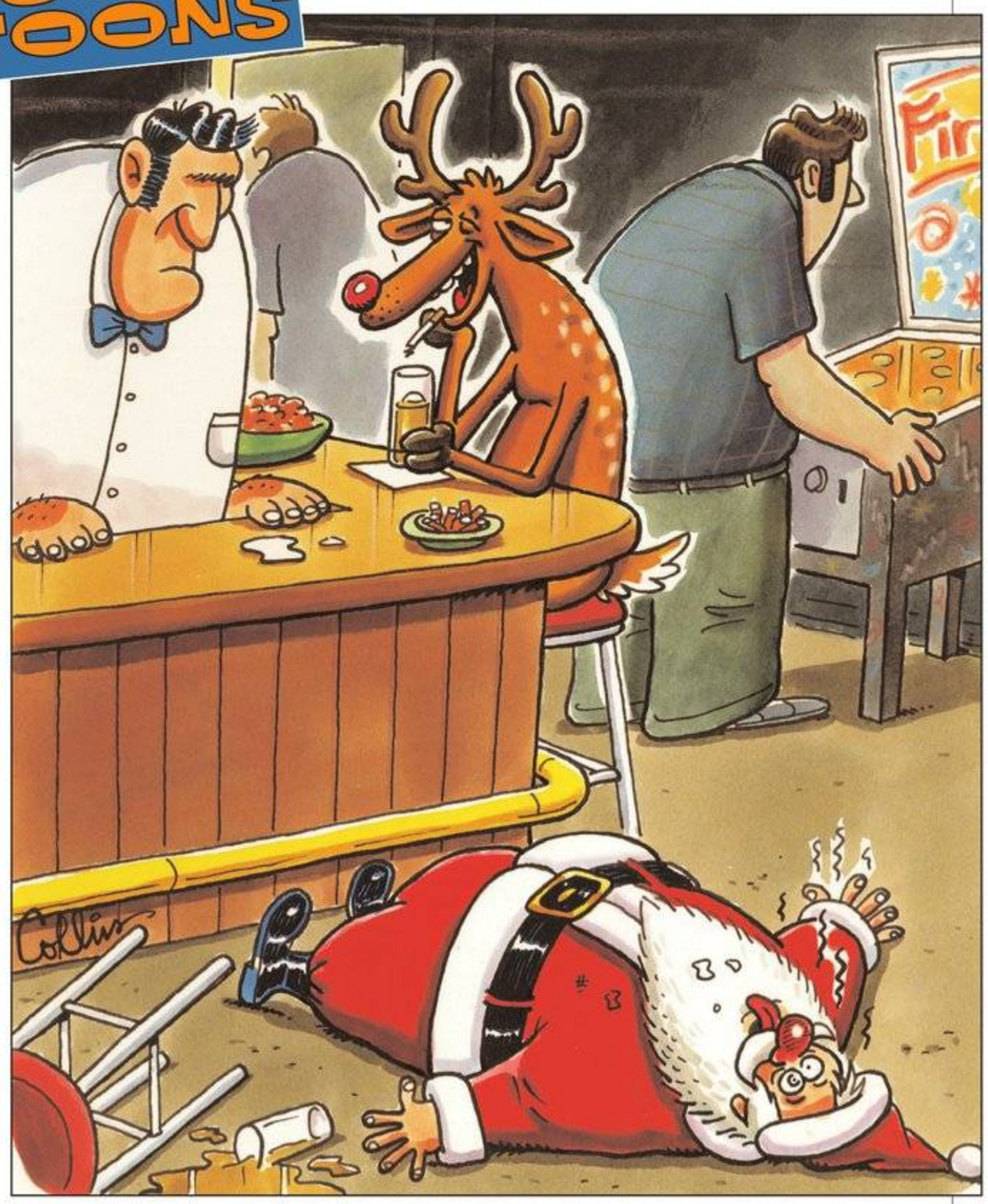


"Ooh, there's shit in your corn!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

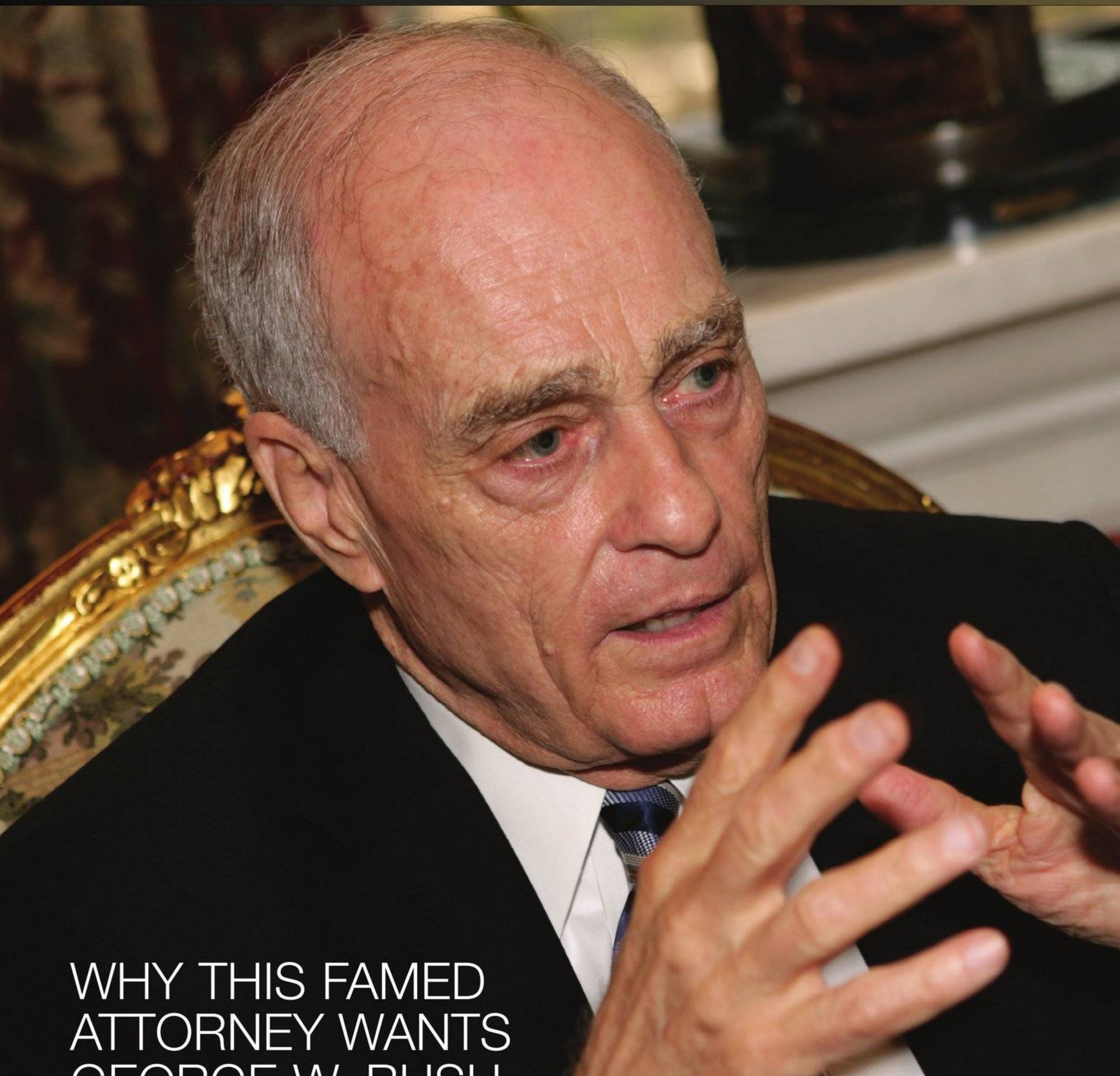


"Well, fuck me! He does have a sexual-assault permit."



"No more for that fella. He has to drive!"

INTERVIEW BY MAEVE VANESSA SCANLON AND BRUCE DAVID



WHY THIS FAMED ATTORNEY WANTS GEORGE W. BUSH PROSECUTED FOR MURDER.

VINCENT BUGLIOSI

A CALL FOR RETRIBUTION

Vincent Bugliosi is no stranger to acclaim and controversy. The *New York Times* has said the onetime Los Angeles County deputy district attorney "puts the blame where it belongs," the *Los Angeles Times* has deemed Bugliosi an "American master of common sense," and Larry Flynt has called him a hero. Most well-known as the prosecutor in the Charles Manson Family murder trials (the basis for his subsequent best-seller *Helter Skelter*), Bugliosi isn't keen on losing. Of the 106 felony cases he took to jury trials in his crime-fighting career, he lost only one.

As the author of *Outrage*, *And the Sea Will Tell* and *Reclaiming History: The Assassination of President John F. Kennedy*, Bugliosi is now one of America's most prominent true-crime writers. However, following the release of his latest book, *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder*, he experienced a new, troubling phenomenon: being blacked out by the American media. Given a forum, Bugliosi opens up to HUSTLER about his emphatic call for retribution against our current commander in chief's litany of crimes.

HUSTLER: When did you decide it was necessary to put time and energy into going after George W. Bush?

VINCENT BUGLIOSI: Around 2002, Bush was talking about Iraq and going to war, that Saddam Hussein was an imminent threat to the security of this country. When I heard that, I said this is so laughable and outrageous. I started thinking that maybe I could do something.

Yet Bush had convinced the American people, even those who were against the war, that if Hussein had weapons of mass destruction, that meant he was an imminent threat to the security of this country. So I wanted to point out how outrageous [that notion was]. I'm motivated solely and exclusively by anger. We're not talking about burglary, like Watergate, or arson here; we're talking about murder.

Even if Hussein did possess weapons of mass destruction, was America ever really in peril?

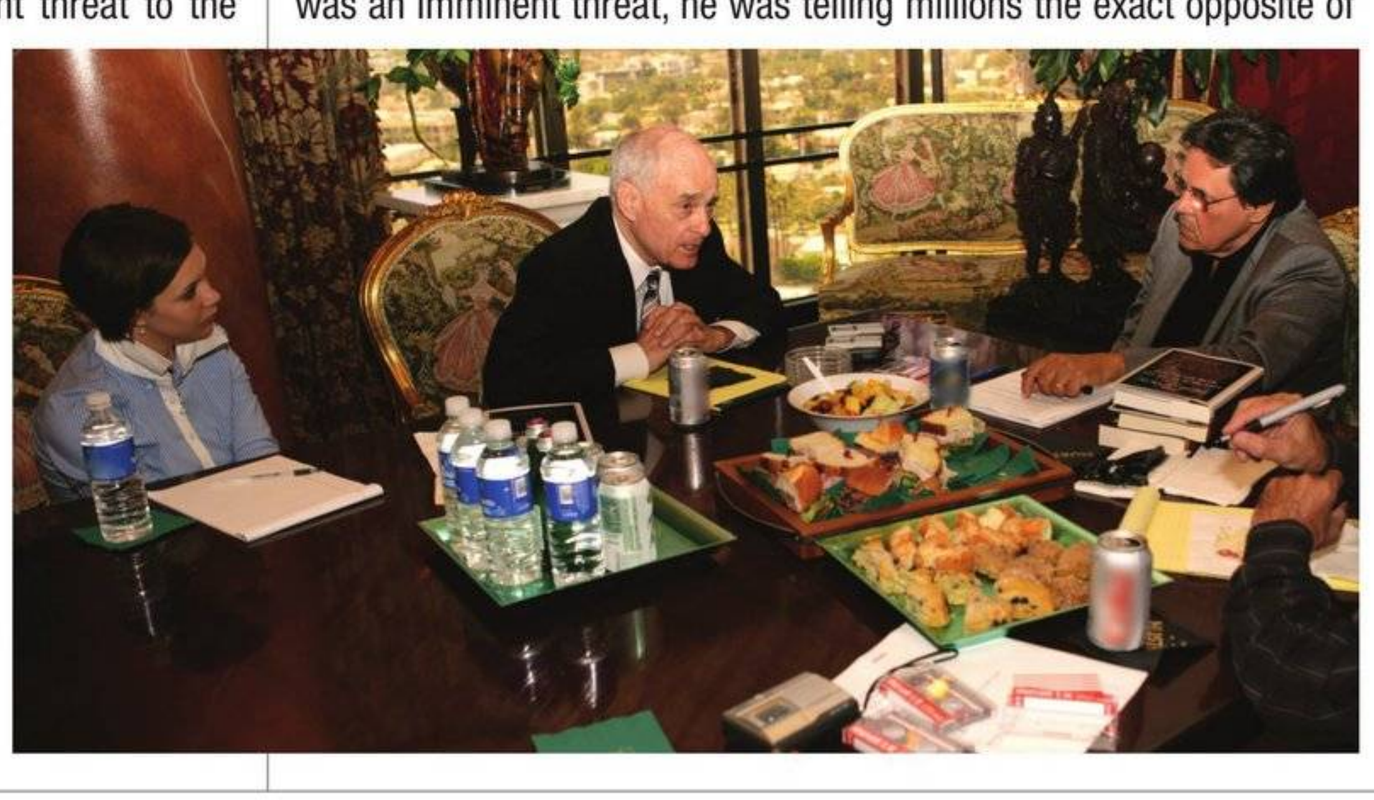
Let's not confuse Hussein with some radical Islamic fundamentalist that wants to die a martyred death because he thinks there's a beautiful woman waiting for him. Hussein wanted to live. When you want to live, you don't attack the United States, nor do you help anyone else do so. No, Hussein wanted to live. Got 40 palaces, the ruler of a country with the second-largest oil reserves in the world. Where did they find him? Hiding like a rat at the bottom of an eight-foot hole. I don't care if he had weapons of mass destruction. Pakistan does, Britain, Germany. Are we going to war with them? No. So there's a disconnect there.

I started getting into it and coming up with irrefutable evidence that Bush took this nation to war under false pretenses and therefore committed, in my opinion, the biggest crime ever committed by a public official in American history.

What evidence did you find?

In October 2002, Bush spoke to the nation for the first time on Iraq and Hussein, saying that Hussein and his weapons were a great danger to America. Six days earlier the CIA sent Bush their National Intelligence Estimate that clearly said Hussein was not an imminent threat to the security of this country. He'd only be a threat if we were to attack him, and he'd fight in self-defense.

So we know that when Bush told the American people that Hussein was an imminent threat, he was telling millions the exact opposite of



PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

what his own CIA had told him six days earlier. And it gets worse. Three days later, Bush and his people had the CIA issue an unclassified summary version, which came to be known as the White Paper.

Here's my interpretation on that: If they ever confirmed publicly that there were no weapons of mass destruction, this would rob Bush of his main reason for going to war. If you come up with another reasonable interpretation, I'd like to know what it is. So the question is, how evil, how perverse, how sick can Bush be? And yet he's gotten away with all of this.

Is the White Paper the strongest evidence implicating Bush?

There's a famous memo out there called the Downing Street Memo. Everyone's heard about it. But it's the Manning Memo that virtually everyone has overlooked, and it's a hundred times more powerful. In January 2003, Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair met with their top aides, including Condoleezza Rice and David Manning, Blair's chief foreign policy adviser. After the meeting, Manning prepared a memo stamped "EXTREMELY SENSITIVE," summarizing what was said, writing that in the meeting Bush and Blair expressed their doubts that any weapons of mass destruction would ever be found in Iraq.

Bush was so upset and so worried about this failure that he talked about ways to "provoke a confrontation" with Hussein, one of which was to fly reconnaissance aircraft over Iraq falsely painted in U.N. colors. If Hussein fired on them, it would justify going to war. So we have Bush telling the world that Hussein had weapons of mass destruction, but behind closed doors he was talking about how to provoke him. The Bush Administration has never questioned the authenticity of this memo.

If you think about FDR, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, you see a weight they carried during their wartime Presidencies. What about Bush?

I mean, LBJ, for instance, said that when he'd look at the [Vietnam War] casualty reports every day, it was "like drinking carbolic acid." He was in deep pain throughout the war and didn't run for reelection because of it. Throughout the hell on earth going on in Iraq—100,000 Iraqi people killed minimum, their survivors having nightmares over what happened to their loved ones—Bush says he has been enjoying life.

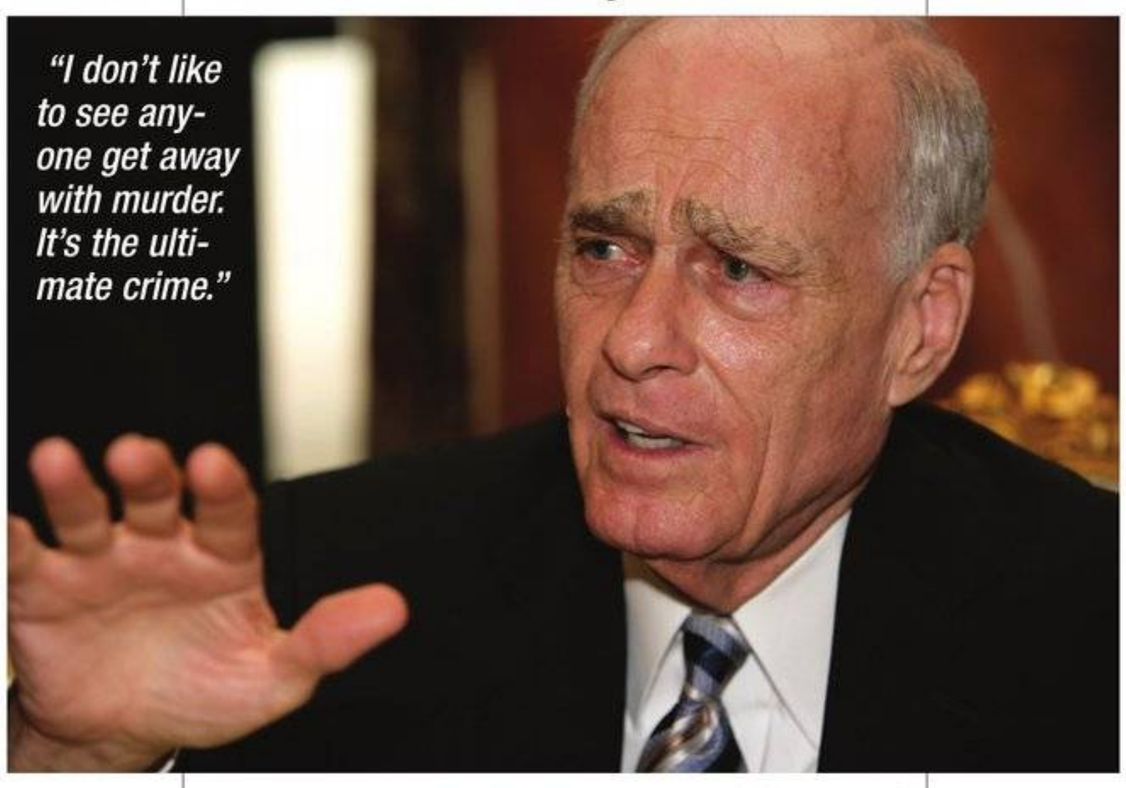
Of course, his people say he's taken it hard. If you're suffering, that's totally incompatible with having fun. They're mutually exclusive. Now here's someone who has cost a nation already over $1 trillion with no end in sight, destroyed the nation of Iraq, and this guy is saying he feels pretty good about life. What type of monster are we dealing with here?

What do you suggest we do?

Prosecute Bush for murder. There's no statute of limitations for the crime of murder.

Hypothetically, let's say Bush pardons himself. What then?

He cannot pardon himself! Will the new President pardon him? I don't think Obama would. And I think that if McCain wanted to pardon this despicable human being, there would be enormous outrage.



"I don't like to see anyone get away with murder. It's the ultimate crime."

Let's talk about the sheer brilliance of your new book, *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder*, which calls for legal action against the guy once he leaves office.

It's a call for a hero. The hero is a state attorney general or district attorney. Under federal and state law, Bush can be prosecuted for two crimes: murder and conspiracy to commit murder.

What's the likelihood of Bush being brought to trial and convicted?

I think there's a substantial possibility that as a direct result of this book, Bush is going to find himself in an American courtroom being *prosecuted* for murder. I've established jurisdiction for the attorney general in each of the 50 states—plus about 950 district attorneys—to prosecute Bush for the murder of any soldier in their respective counties who died fighting. All 50 states have had soldiers that died.

It's not unrealistic to believe that there's one courageous prosecutor, maybe more, who will say, "Hey, this is the United States of America. No man is above the law. The evidence of Bush's guilt is clear, so I'm going to get justice for the American people." This book is not some theoretical academic treatise. It's a nuts-and-bolts, practical, legal blueprint for bringing this guy to justice.

This all seems personal with you.

Well, I don't like criminals, particularly murderers. I'm going to be candid: I'm going after George W. Bush. I'm not going to be happy until I see this guy in court being prosecuted for first-degree murder. I don't like to see anyone get away with murder. It's the ultimate crime. Have you ever seen a murder statute that says it only applies to certain people but not the President? And that it has to be committed in certain places, like in a home, but not a battlefield? People aren't thinking in those terms.

So there's a good chance that someone is going to take you up on this?

Absolutely. Things are happening out there, and we'll see if we can wipe the smile off Bush's face. I don't know if he knows about this yet. He lives in a bubble. My sense is that somehow he's going to hear about it. This book is creating a lot of buzz, even though I've been blacked out by the American media.

I'm 90% confident that Bush will find out about this book. I'm 100% sure that when he does, his people will tell him to forget about it. But I'm going to put a thought in his mind that he's going to take to his grave. I want him to know when he's down in Crawford having fun that some aide may tap him on the shoulder and say, "Mr. President, there's this prosecutor up in North Dakota. He's charged you with murder, and we're due in Fargo for the arraignment." This is a very real thing.

Before *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder*, all we've had against Bush is what? Words. Nasty words, deserved words, okay, but just millions of meaningless words. Other than words, no one's done anything against him—no impeachment, no investigation. But now I've put together a case that could end up in an American courtroom. I've set forth the legal architecture for the case against him, the overwhelming evidence of his guilt and the jurisdiction to prosecute him.

You mentioned being blacklisted by America's mainstream media?

I've never had trouble getting a book published. I've had many best-sellers, even number ones, so the thought of getting a publisher never even entered *(continued on page 62)*

McCAIN the Magnificent and his assistant Grammy

I will end the war in Iraq and balance the budget.

I will do everything I said I won't and not do everything I said I would!

He can do it all with *mental* recession, so quit yer whining!

MyLadY.

HUSTLER'S

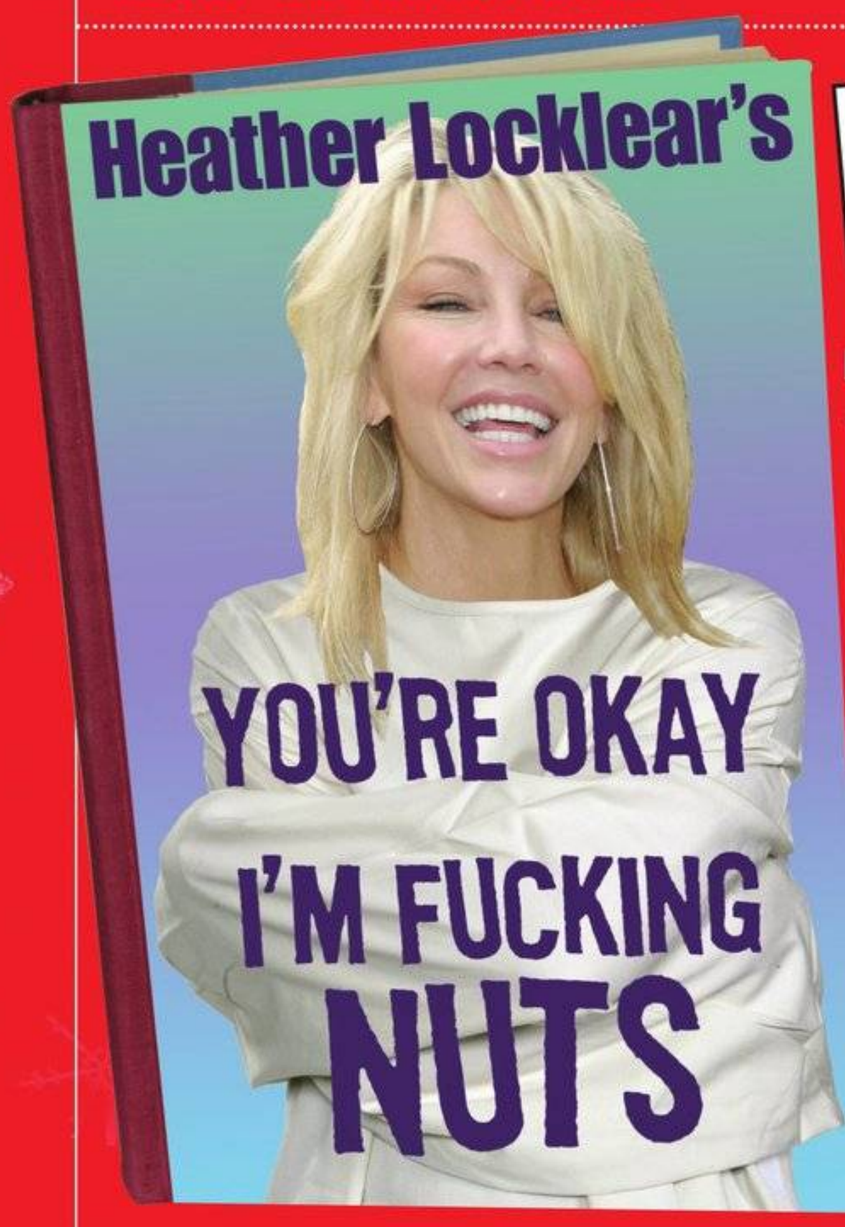
Here's a selection of twisted items that would make unforgettable gifts. We only wish they existed outside our warped imaginations. 'Tis the season to be jolly!

ELIOT SPITZER TALKING DOLL

Be the "emperor" of New York, or at least its ex-governor, with this fully posable action figure in need of some "action." Just pull the string, and the mini-Spitzer utters one of 20 different phrases, including "Condoms? Do we have to?" and "How much is anal?"

DOCTOR JOKER'S HOME PHARMACY KIT

In *The Dark Knight,* Heath Ledger played a desperate, twisted individual on the verge of self-destruction. In real life the late actor played the very same character, only with more drugs! The new Doctor Joker kit lets you have the best of both worlds!



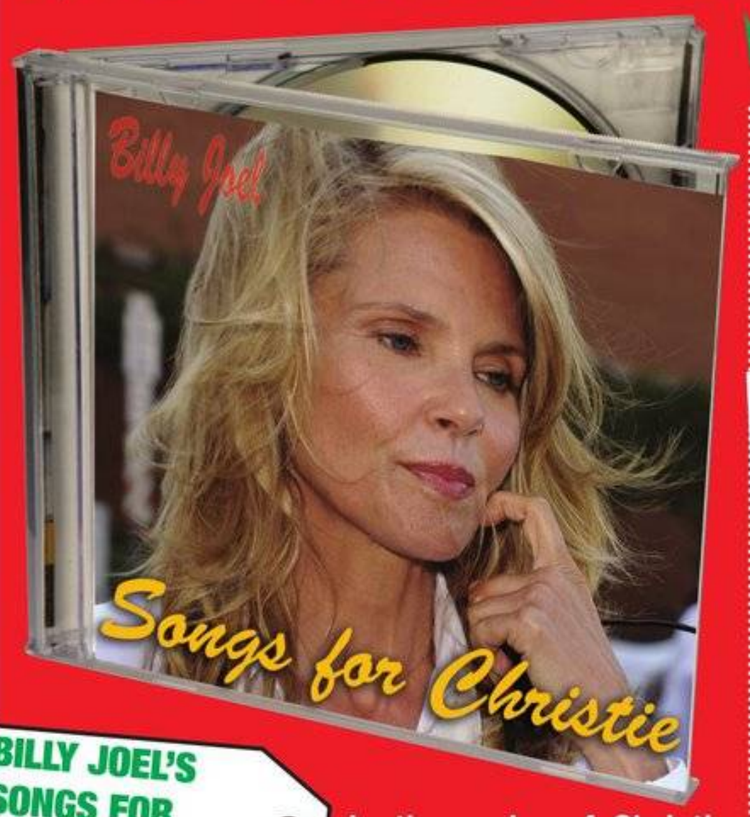
HEATHER LOCKLEAR'S YOU'RE OKAY—I'M FUCKING NUTS

Here's a fascinating autobiography that's impossible to put down. Written by the aging actress during her recent stay at a mental hospital for "anxiety," *You're Okay* features intriguing chapters like "Did I Really Fuck Both Tommy Lee and Richie Sambora?!" and "Getting Older Is Driving Me Loony." You'd have to be crazy not to pick up this book.

GAS CRISIS SUPER SUV

Want to be the king of the road in your own exhaust-blasting sport utility vehicle? Well, keep on dreaming, pal. This fully functional SUV just sits there. Thanks to skyrocketing gas prices, you can't afford to drive it anywhere. Dead batteries included.

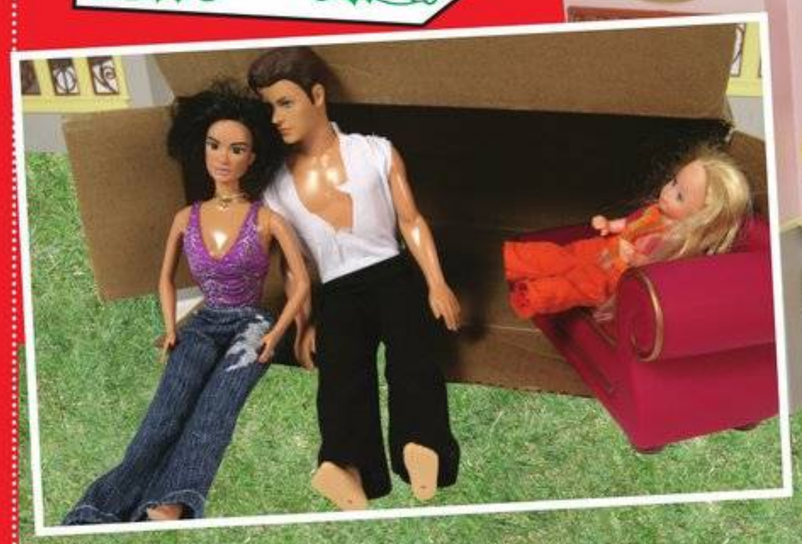
Holiday Gift Guide

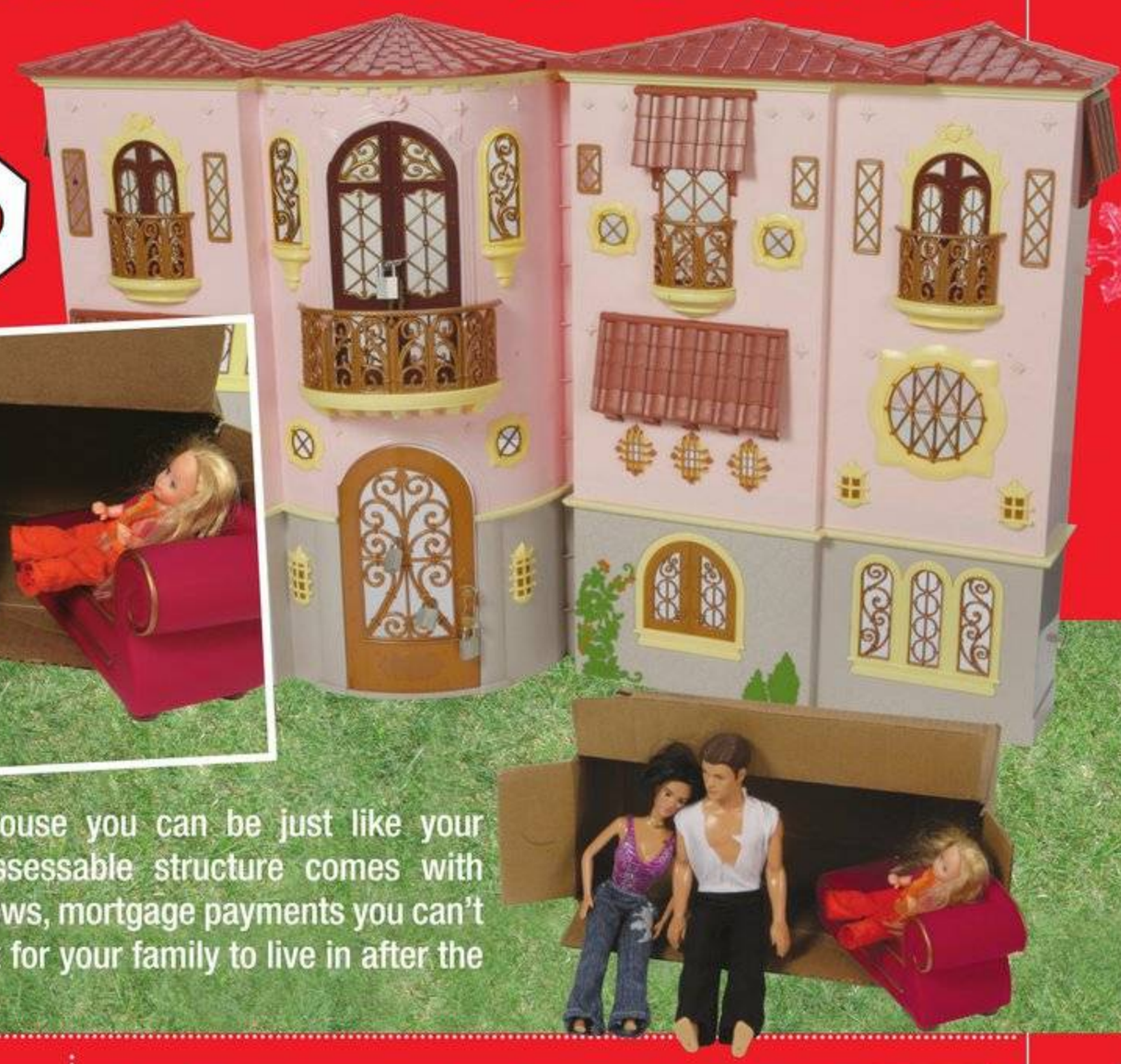


BILLY JOEL'S SONGS FOR CHRISTIE CD

In the wake of Christie Brinkley's messy, high-profile divorce from husband number four, her second ex—Billy Joel—has recorded an awesome disc highlighted by "Just the Way You Are (Is Bad in Bed)," "Big Twat" and "Uptown Girl (I Was Downloading Porn Too!)."

FORECLOSURE FUNHOUSE

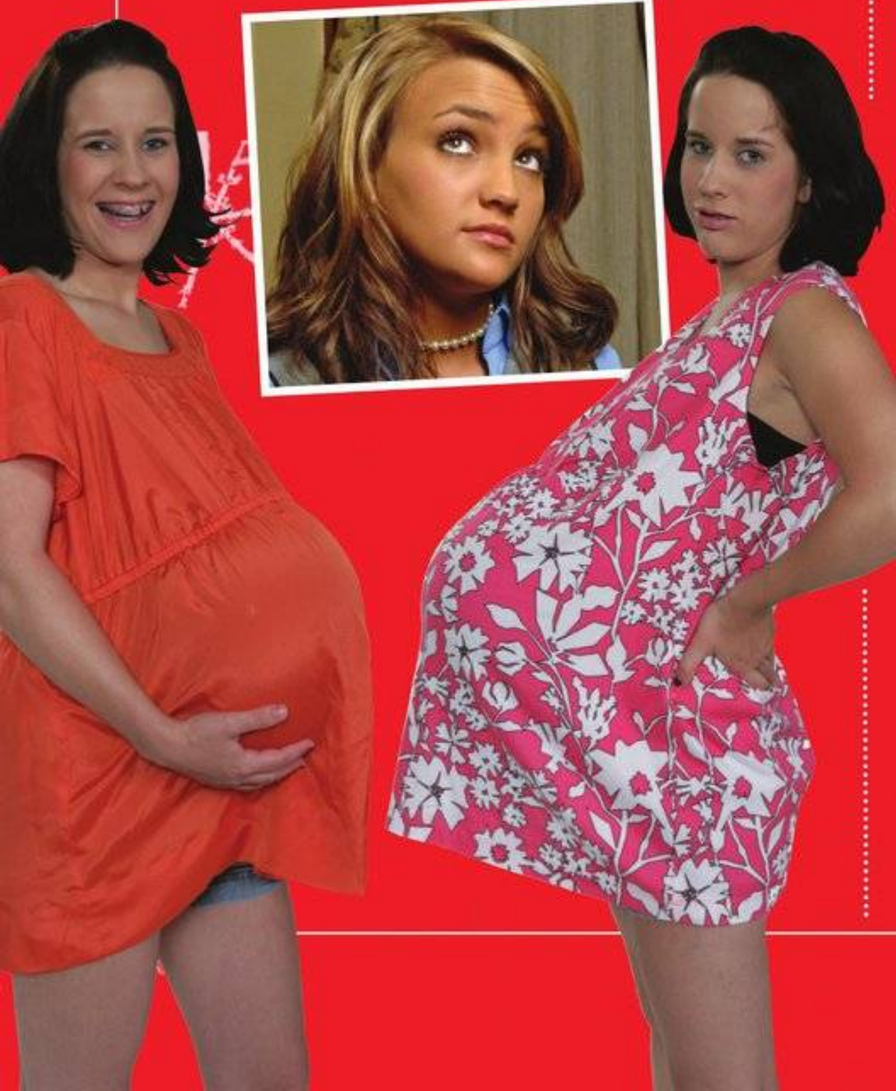




With the Foreclosure Funhouse you can be just like your neighbors. This fully repossessable structure comes with chained doors, locked windows, mortgage payments you can't afford and a refrigerator box for your family to live in after the bank kicks you out.

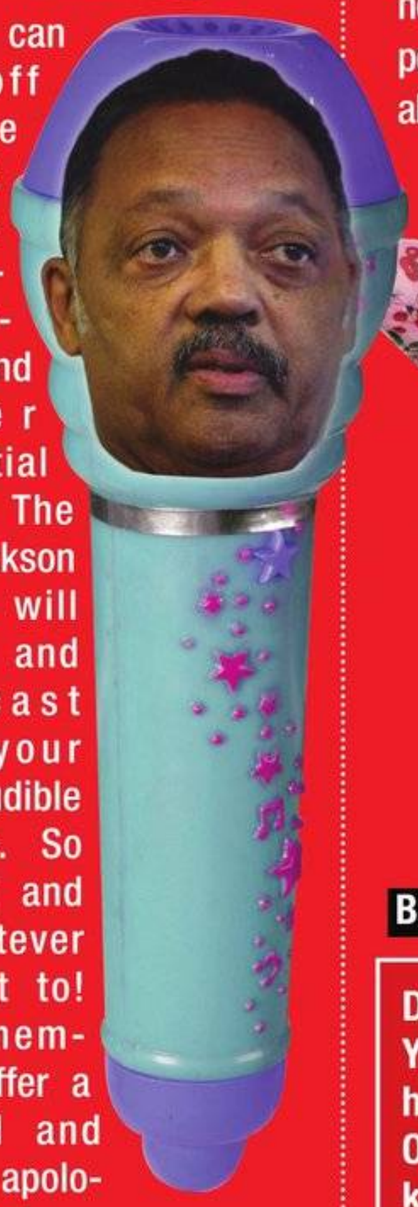
JAMIE LYNN SPEARS AMERICAN TEENAGER COLLECTION

You girls will be styling in the latest teen fashions with this hip collection from Jamie Lynn Spears. These mix-and-match separates feature playful, eye-catching designs while providing room for your unwed teenage uterus to grow along with your bastard baby.



JESSE JACKSON HOT MIC

Now you can mouth off just like America's favorite disgruntled reverend (and former Presidential hopeful). The Jesse Jackson Hot Mic will pick up and broadcast even your least-audible mumble. So go ahead and say whatever you want to! Just remember to offer a contrived and insincere apology afterward.



TEXAS MORMON MAKEOVER KIT

Now, ladies, you can transform your normally dull appearance into the veneer of a 21st-century media celebrity: the Texas Mormon Woman. This makeover kit includes a fashionable (yet not showy) smock, formfitting wig and bland demeanor. It's the perfect look for attracting the husband of your dreams (who already has five wives that all look the same).

DISCLAIMER: None of the items in this gift guide is real. You know that because you're not an idiot. Our lawyers, however, are. They made us place this disclaimer here. Oh, and a lot of these images were altered. Again you know this; you're not an idiot.

JAMIE KENNEDY

The Reason for the Season

Actor/comedian Jamie Kennedy spreads a little holiday cheer at HUSTLER. Guess we'll have to get the carpets replaced again.

HUSTLER: Are you a fan of our mag?

JAMIE KENNEDY: Yes! HUSTLER is *the* mag. I first saw it in maybe 1981 or '82. My friend found his dad's stash. He had all these different dirty magazines. He said, "Forget *Playboy*. Do you really want to see something? HUSTLER!" That was the one. That was superspecial because it was so different. I remember seeing a girl who was really tan and had a cherry in her mouth. That wasn't normal. I had never seen anything like it. It was so exciting. You knew that it was dirty, but the rawness was truthful.

We've heard you want to change your image. Is this interview going to help you be taken more seriously?

I think you gotta start somewhere. When you are on the sets of some of the great movies in Hollywood, HUSTLER is there. It's in the trailers, on the craft service table. People read HUSTLER. Larry Flynt is a pioneer in the way people think about free speech. I want to be more edgy. Can you get more edgy than HUSTLER?

What is the reason for the season?

The reason for the season is just eggnog, isn't it?

What is eggnog?

Depends on where you get it. Here at HUSTLER, eggnog could be something completely different. I say the real reason for the season is gifts. Get those gifts! Presents! Well, that and Jesus.

What would you give Jesus for a birthday gift?

I would get him a Norelco shaver. Just take the beard down a little bit, Jesus. We get it; you're cool. Just thin the beard down about a half an inch. Go a little bit more George Michael and a little less Jerry Garcia.

What is the best gift you've ever received?

I had a Stretch Armstrong, and he could stretch from here out to the hall, and it was supposed to be unbreakable. Of course, I had a brother. I opened my presents at 5 a.m., and by 10 a.m. Stretch Armstrong was lying broken into several pieces. Thanks, brother!

What's the worst?

I was a struggling actor, around 1991, staying at the YMCA in Hollywood. It was eight bucks a night to sleep on an egg crate. I borrowed $150 off my sister who lived in Orange County. For Christmas my sister put a note in my stocking that said, "You now have $15 off your bill." So now I only owed her $135. Fifteen dollars, not 20?! That's why they call the holidays "the giving season."

What gift should you never re-gift?

That same sister—let's call her Mary Kennedy because that's her name—gave my mom a bottle of Geritol. Which is not only saying, "Hey, Mom, you're an old hag. Take this so your bones don't break." It was a half-used bottle she'd found when cleaning my aunt's house! Never re-gift medicine. Especially if it's half-used.

What holiday songs make you angry?

I catch myself singing "Last Christmas" by Wham!, but I like that one. The muzak they pump into the malls during the holidays makes me angry.

Elves: cute or creepy?

I think elves are cute. My dad would always say that he just saw an elf in our yard. Up until I was in seventh grade, I believed him. I was that dumb. When I found out there was no Santa, it was a harsh day in my world. Wait! I shouldn't have said that. Don't want to ruin things for the little kids that might be reading HUSTLER.

What is fruitcake?

Something my mom makes every year, and the family uses as a paperweight.

Who is more famous: Jamie Farr, Jamie Lee Curtis or Jamie Kennedy?

I love "Klinger" [Jamie Farr], but his reruns aren't on so much these days. So I'm going to beat him. Jamie Lee Curtis is a legend, but my film *Malibu's Most Wanted* is on Comedy Central every day, so I'm as famous as her. Of the Jamies, I'm going to say right now it's Jamie Foxx, Jaime Presley and then me.

Ever lie about being a Massachusetts Kennedy to get a girl?

In the '80s my family used to go to Nantucket a lot. We used to say we were. That was a cool time to be a Kennedy. Not now. Everyone focuses on "the Kennedy Curse." I don't have it, but I do like schnapps. If that means anything.

Did you ever have a stunt go wrong on the *Jamie Kennedy Experiment*?

Many times. Once, I did a segment called "The Driving Instructor." I played a guy showing people how to deliver newspapers. We're in the middle of the bit when I notice this guy in the car with me has three teardrops tattooed under his eye, which means that he's a gang member and that he's killed three people.

We had these hidden microphones, and I'm trying to reach my crew. They're like, "Just go with it, Jamie." I started driving, and the whole bit was to take this guy on a paper route, and we're the only service that takes the papers *into* the house. We have this house rigged so I could drive the car right into the living room.

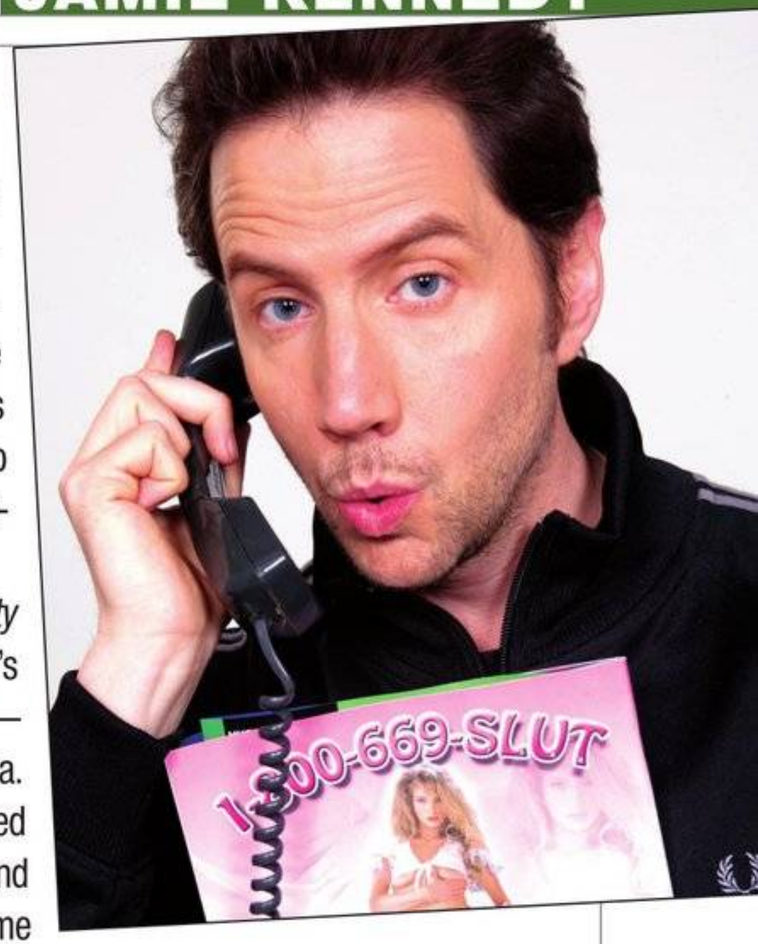
The gang member starts yelling, "What are you doing, man?! You driving too fast!" And I drive right through the wall of the house into the living room. He's yelling, "What the fuck was that? Man, I'll fucking kill you!" And the door was locked.

I start panicking. I yell, "It's a joke! There's a camera! I'm Jamie Kennedy!" But I wasn't famous, so he kept yelling, "You some kind of pervert?! I'll kill you!" Lucky for me, the crew rushed in and explained it all. Then he calmed down. It was our best blooper ever, but I thought I was going to die.

How did you get your start in showbiz?

I went to an acting class once back at Temple University in Pennsylvania, and the teacher was a really big deal. She said that I was the best actor in the class. She said I was the only guy who should go out to Hollywood. That was my first encouragement, and that was all I needed.

The same year *Dead Poets Society* was filming nearby, and my mom's friend—who did local commercials—told me to go to the set to be an extra. I had no idea what that was. I showed up on the set with my sweater vest and tie, and my mom's friend introduced me to the head of extras casting. They hired me and gave me a haircut and 60 bucks, which was more than I was making delivering pizzas at Domino's.



How did you know you made it?

First time I thought I made it was in a commercial for some low-budget, nonunion 1-800-lawyer ad. "I Will Fight for You!" I played the part of the guy whose car gets rear-ended, and I'm the black silhouette going, "AARGH!" Like I've been whiplashed. They made me do it three times. "AARGH! AARGH! ARGHH!" They paid me $272 in cash, under the table. It aired on Channel 5 at like two in the morning. I thought, *I'm a fucking star! I'm as big as Hugh Jackman!* That was my first. Once I got the part in *Romeo & Juliet*, I knew I was on to something.

Of all your work, what are you most proud of?

I'm really proud of *Three Kings* because it was cool and has a great cast. *Scream* because it reinvented the horror genre. *Malibu's Most Wanted* because I had it in my head for eight years, and it was my baby. *As Good As It Gets* because even though I had six scenes—including dialogue with Jack Nicholson, and I only actually got one word in the final version of the film—it was great work.

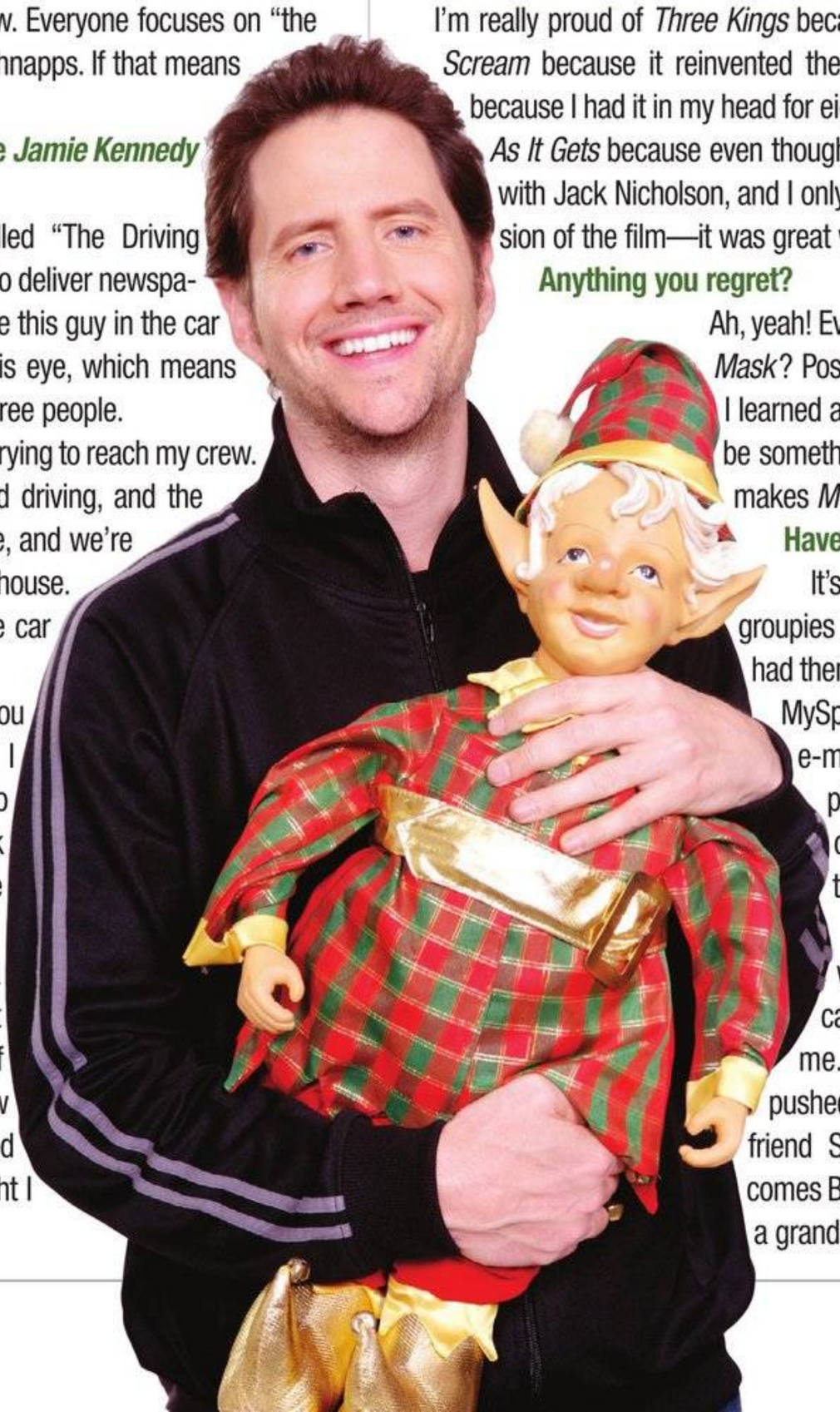
Anything you regret?

Ah, yeah! Ever hear of a little thing called *Son of the Mask*? Possibly? Did you know that one maybe? I learned a lot from that. I thought it was going to be something it wasn't. I'm not very good in it. It makes *Monkey Bone* look like *The Godfather*.

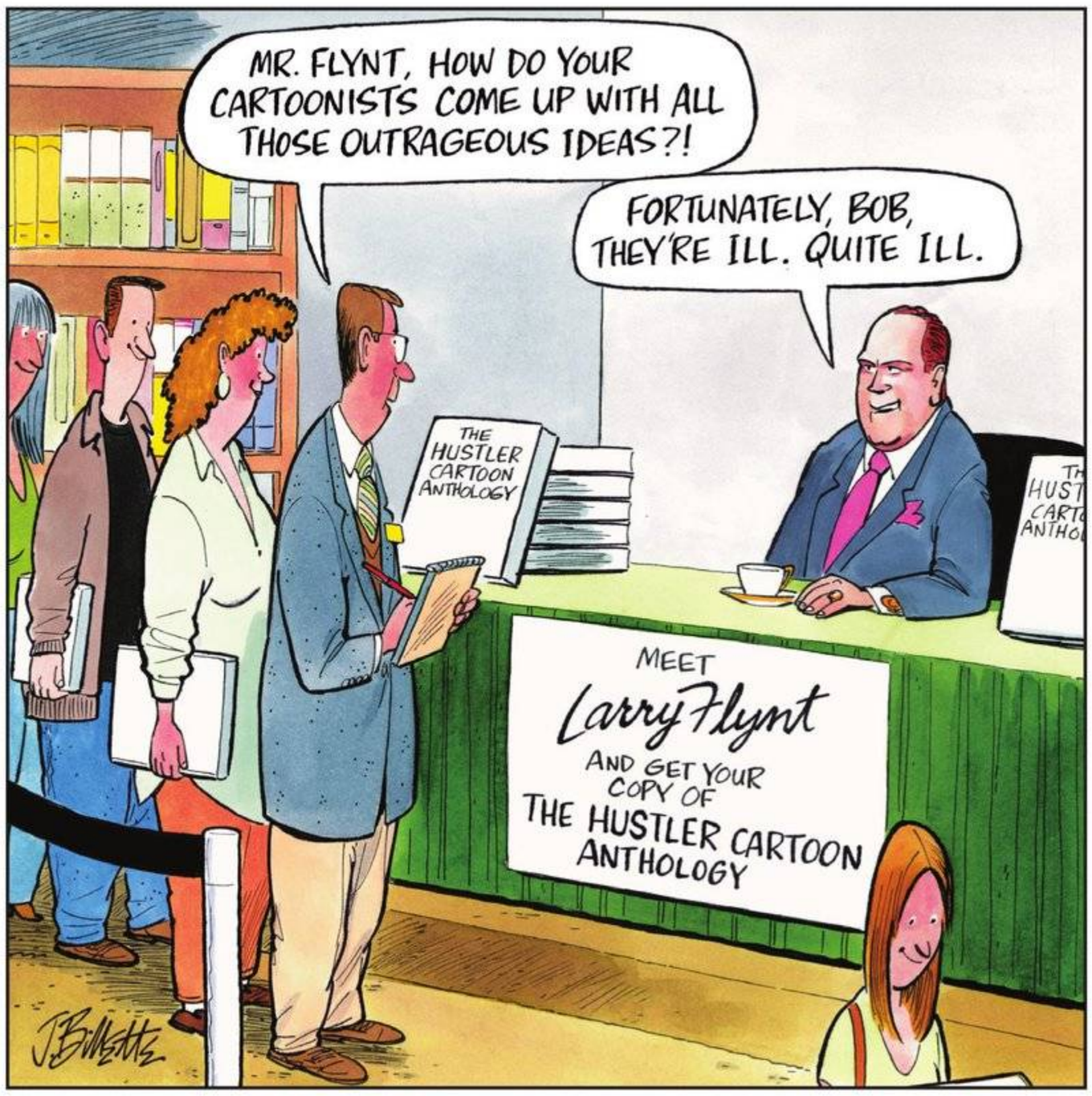
Have you had any comedy groupies?

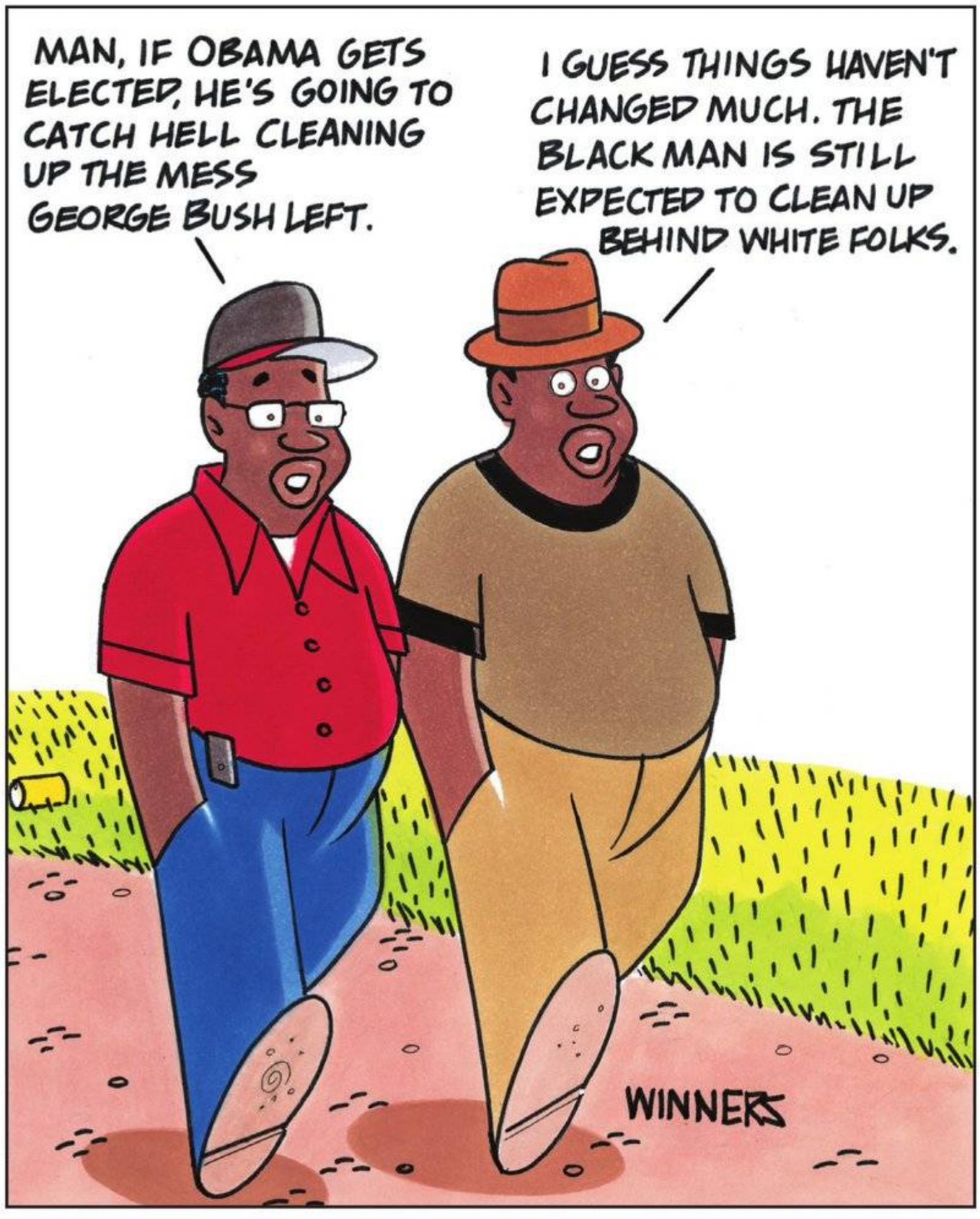
It's funny because comedy is getting more groupies now. I don't know if they have always had them. Comedy is the new rock 'n' roll. With MySpace and Facebook you can send out e-mail blasts and sell out a thousand-seat place thanks to Dane Cook. Girls come out and scream at him. It's fun being on the road.

At one of my gigs in Chicago there was a bunch of young drunk girls that came backstage to take pictures with me. This one fortysomething woman pushed her way through all the cute girls. My friend Stu says, "Don't look now, but here comes Bubby." A Bubby in the Jewish religion is a grandmother.



PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY





JAMIE KENNEDY

So she storms in, takes a picture and then begs to do something to me that I just did not want done. She's slobbering, "Please! Just let me!" I was like, "No!" She had pushed away every ingénue to get to me. "I love you. I've been a fan since you were in that 1-800-law commercial!" It was hilarious.

Are you done trying to become the great white rapper?

Yes. I did *Malibu's Most Wanted* and *Kickin' It Old School*, but I guess it was one too many white rapper films. People loved *Malibu*, but *Kickin'* had gone too far.

What do you think of Vanilla Ice?

Vanilla Ice a/k/a Robbie Van Winkle is a pioneer. I still like him. You know you still groove to "Ice Ice Baby" when you hear it in the club.

What is your new DVD *Heckler* about?

It's a movie that just came out of me. It's the only thing that sort of just happened and made itself. It's about heckling. I was on the road doing stand-up, and sometimes drunk people would heckle, so I got it on film. Then I interviewed comics like Joe Rogan, Carrot Top and Jeff Ross. I also interviewed sports people like Jim Rome and John Salley. It is basically an examination of the critical world that we live in and how it all ties together from heckling to criticism and blogging.

How do you properly handle a heckler?

If you're on a roll, then just keep going. If it happens, and people really notice it, then you've got to address it, and you just kind of use it. A good heckler can make the show better.

What was the worst heckling you've ever faced?

Some guy said, "Hey, Jamie, how long is it until you're doing infomercials?" I gave him a "Touché." That was pretty amazing. Sometimes the heckler wins.

Did you come up with the idea for *Heckler* after the Michael Richards outburst?

No, we were doing it about a year before the incident. But when it happened, it was like God had smiled on us and said, "Here's some candy."

Is Michael Richards the classic example of what not to do during a performance?

Michael Richards isn't the poster boy for racism. What happened to him is more about cell phone cameras, YouTube and just doing a Lenny Bruce bit really badly.

In your upcoming films *Spring Break '83* and *Finding Bliss*, you play characters named Ballzack and Dick Harder. Is there a penis-name clause in your contract?

(*Laughs.*) That's funny! Well, Ballzack is just a cameo. Dick Harder is in a comedy set in the world of porn. You know, I didn't realize that, but it seems 2008 is the year of the scrotum for me.

If you were working in porn, what would your moniker be?

My middle name is Harvey, and I grew up on Fairfield, so Harvey Fairfield. But that seems like a gay porn name. Maybe Jimbo Ram or Scott Dumper. Nope, that's too gay. Maybe Mr. Mushroom Cap?

Taking Her Cue

ASHLYNN BROOKE & KAYDEN KROSS

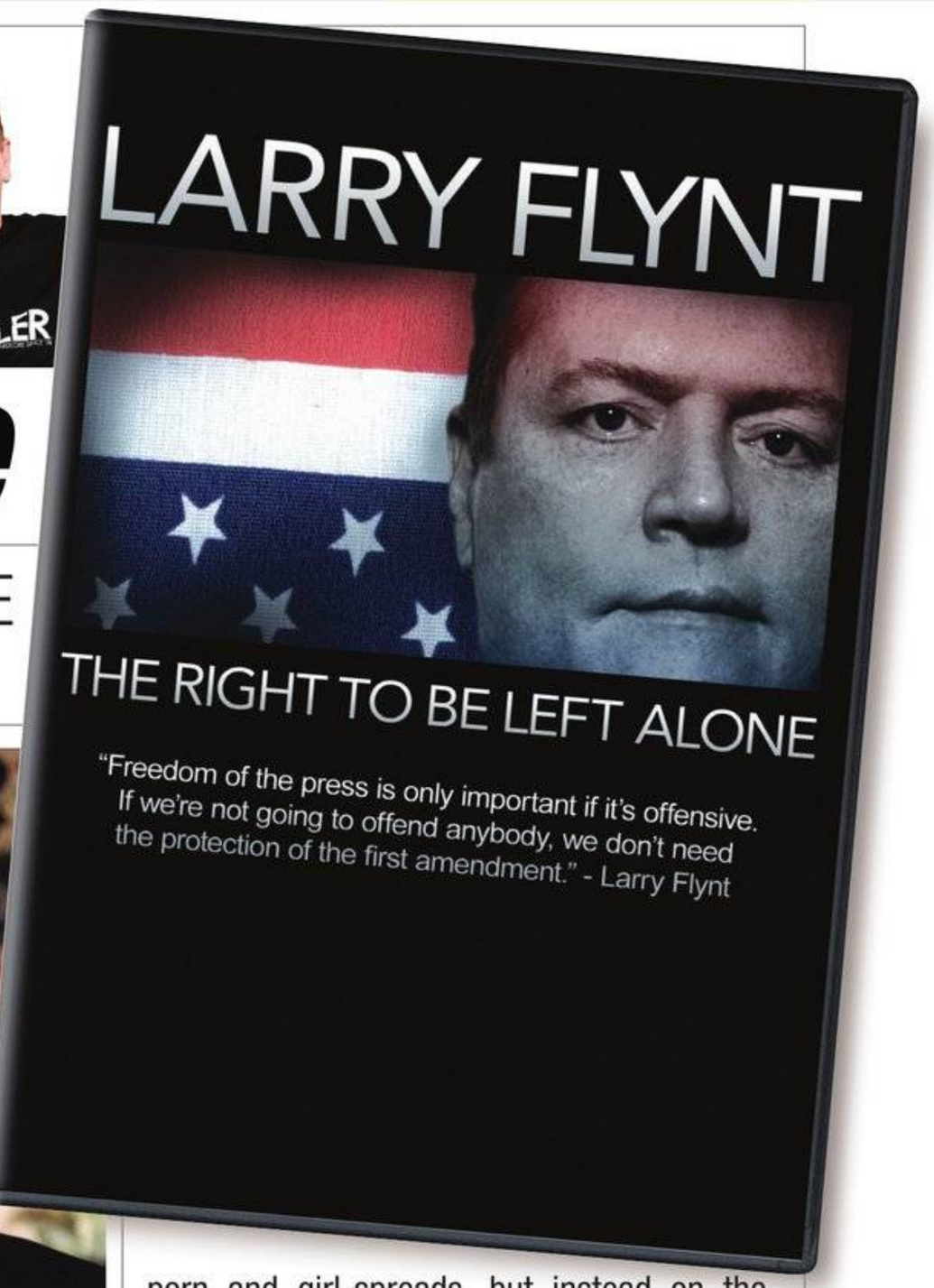
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Working in the adult industry can be tough on a chick, what with all that sucking and fucking day after day. Sometimes a porn princess needs some time off to just kick back and unwind. Maybe shoot a little pool? That's exactly what these two blue-movie hotties planned to do until passion gets the best of the lady in red—**Kayden Kross**—and her gal pal **Ashlynn Brooke**. Suddenly, a totally different game is about to be played. "Fuck nine ball!" **Kayden** exclaims. "Let's *have* a ball!" The horny babe takes aim at **Ashlynn**'s tasty snatch and furiously works her tongue up, down and all around. Ready to return the favor, **Ashlynn** gasps, "I've got a special cue just for you!" Then she pushes a dildo into **Kayden**'s velvety pocket, which is already sopping wet.

The gorgeous porn stars spend hours exploring each other with all the lust they can muster, totally forgetting their afternoon of pool. "Nice to have a day off from all that sex," **Kayden** quips at the end of their steamy, sweat-soaked session. "Agreed," a smiling **Ashlynn** chirps. "Guess we'll have to get back to cocks tomorrow."

Work or play, anytime these two talented tarts want to get together, we say, “Rack ’em up!”

LARRY FLYNT: The Right to Be Left Alone

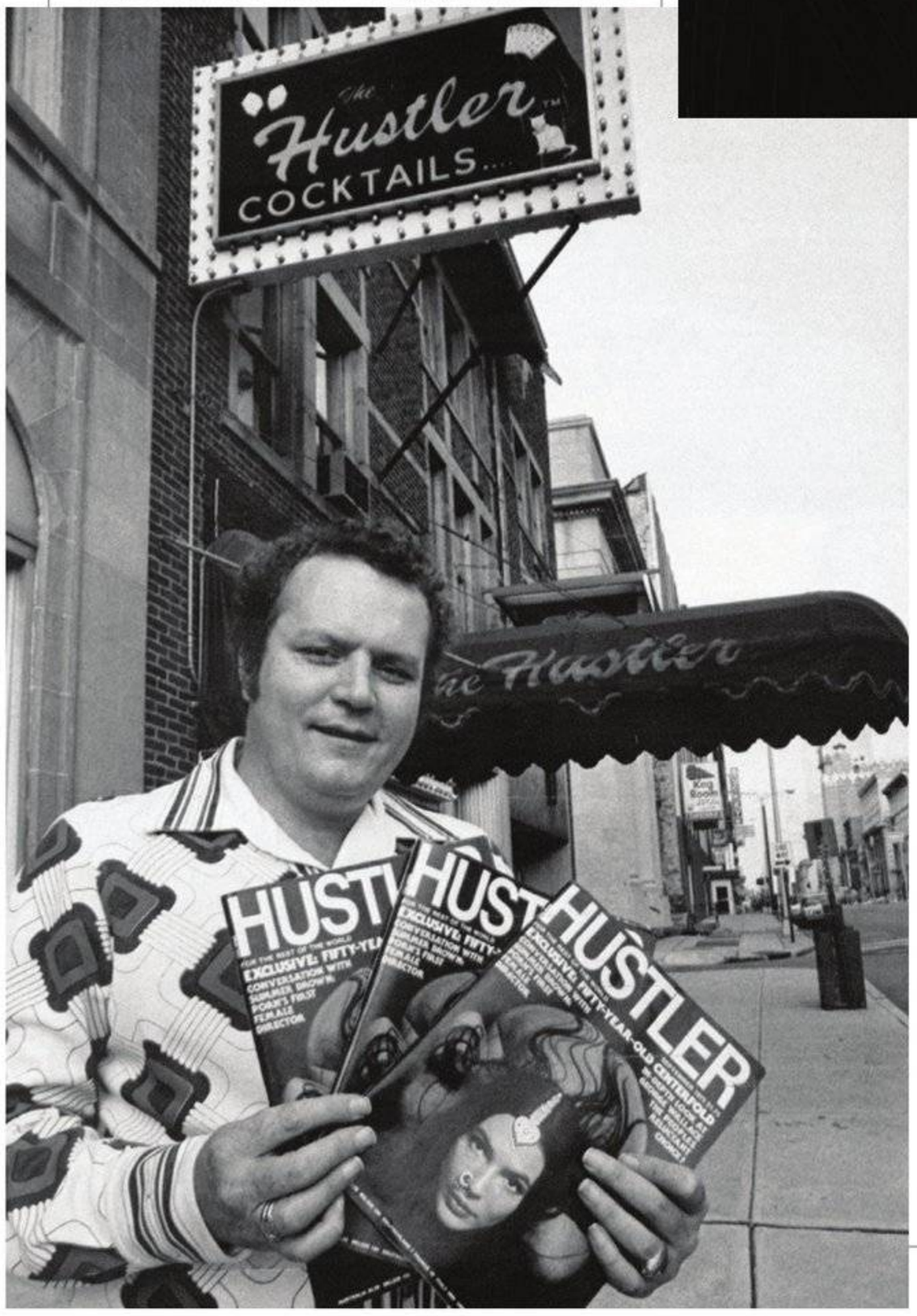


A NEW DOCUMENTARY RECAPS A LIFE OF PORN, PUBLICITY AND POLITICS.

An unflinching warrior, Larry Flynt has been ridiculed, shot and paralyzed while fighting for freedom of speech and expression. He has been charged with obscenity, indecency and engaging in organized crime while defending our freedoms.

For every American who speaks his opinions or cares about his rights, HUSTLER's publisher is an indisputable hero, and Joan Brooker-Marks's documentary *Larry Flynt: The Right to Be Left Alone* solidifies that assessment.

Chronicling the personal life and career of the self-described smut peddler, Brooker-Marks cleverly mixes biographical information, a string of legal battles (from Ohio courtrooms all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court) and interviews with attorneys, critics, friends and Flynt himself.



But the film concentrates not specifically on porn and girl-spreads, but instead on the impact of HUSTLER's addressing myriad social and political issues that the mainstream media ignores. As Flynt emphasizes, "Freedom of the press is only important if it's offensive." He champions the belief that protecting controversial and unpopular speech is the foundation of the First Amendment.

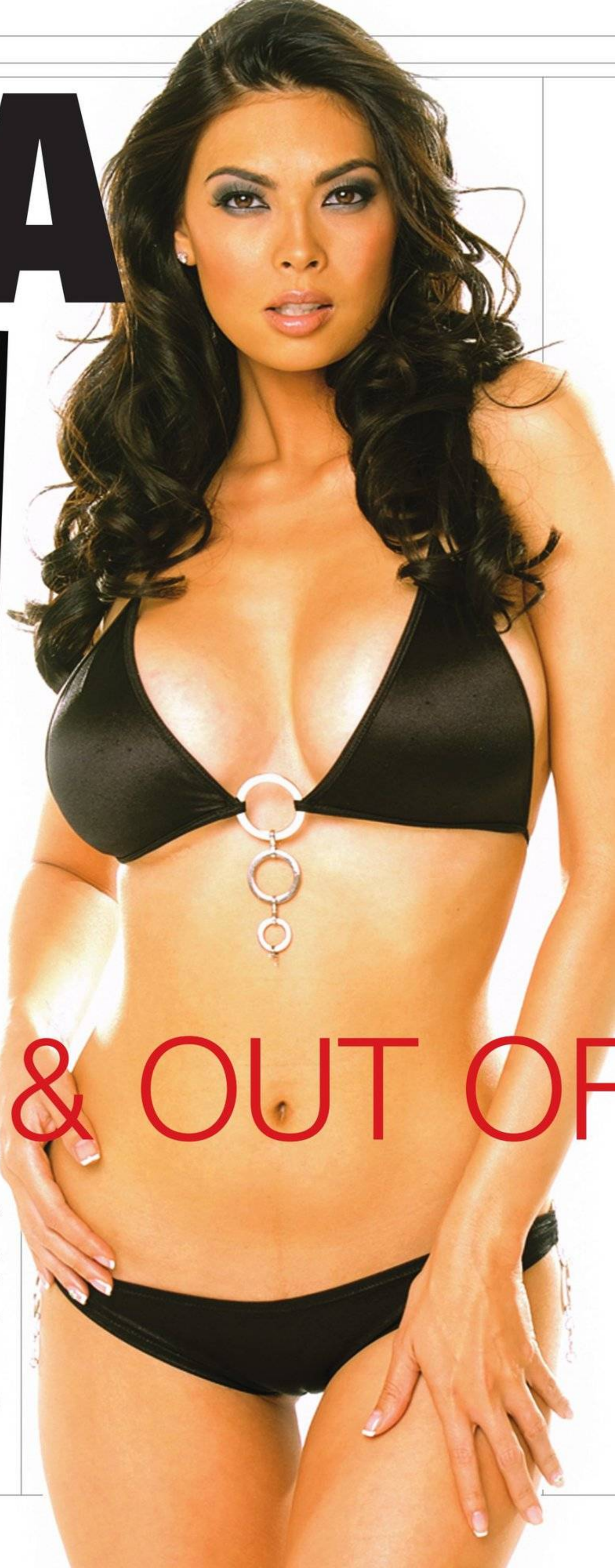
A vividly colorful look at the most outrageous and courageous figure in the adult entertainment industry, *Larry Flynt: The Right to Be Left Alone* is also, in Brooker-Marks's words, "a political film that was contextualized through the actions and the history of one man's life." Who could ever have imagined that when HUSTLER arrived on the scene in 1974 that its Kentucky-born publisher would not only give the world sleaze, but also take on everybody from pious preachers and hypocritical lawmakers to the President of the United States?

After advance screenings at such prestigious venues as Amsterdam's International Documentary Film Festival, the Paley Center Docfest and the Full Frame Documentary Film Festival, *Larry Flynt: The Right to Be Left Alone* premiered on the Independent Film Channel in 2008 and is now available on DVD.

BY ED RAMPELL

TERA

Dressed to the nines, Tera makes Hollywood's S Bar that much sexier.



LIFE IN & OUT OF

A DAY AND A FEW NIGHTS WITH THE SULTRY SIREN OF A THOUSAND SEXCAPADES.

PATRICK

I'm sitting in Hollywood's S Bar with the divine Tera Patrick. Her plunging neckline reveals much of the bustline that's launched 400 magazine spreads, countless videos and a million orgasms. Tera and her rocker husband Evan Seinfeld have just returned from England, where they caught the Led Zeppelin reunion. "We were invited by [drummer] Jason [Bonham]," Tera recalls.

"We had backstage passes. It was very magical. I'm 30 now; I was three when they broke up. My dad spoke about them and listened to Led Zeppelin while I was growing up. They opened with 'Good Times Bad Times.' Robert Plant's voice is still high-pitched. Jimmy Page looks like a ghost of himself. It was definitely a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."

A big music fan, Tera is a metalhead, while her husband made a name for himself as the vocalist and bassist for Biohazard and Damnocracy, which included Ted Nugent and Bonham. Evan's new band is Spyderz, and Tera sometimes joins him onstage as a go-go dancer. "We love to work together," she gushes.

In fact, we're here at the S Bar to celebrate the launch of Evan's new adult-video line, Iron Cross. Its debut release, *Domination*, features anal queen Hillary Scott and, for the first time on any XXX-rated video, a Biohazard soundtrack.

Tera confides, "The secret to any marriage is finding that balance of friendship and a good working relationship. I know people who are married and can't stand each other. I *really* like my husband. We get along well. He makes me laugh, remembers to bring me flowers and chocolate. He's the romantic one in our relationship. I often forget when our anniversary is." Tera and Evan tied the knot at the Little White Wedding Chapel, Elvis impersonator and all, while in Las Vegas for the January 2004 *AVN* show.

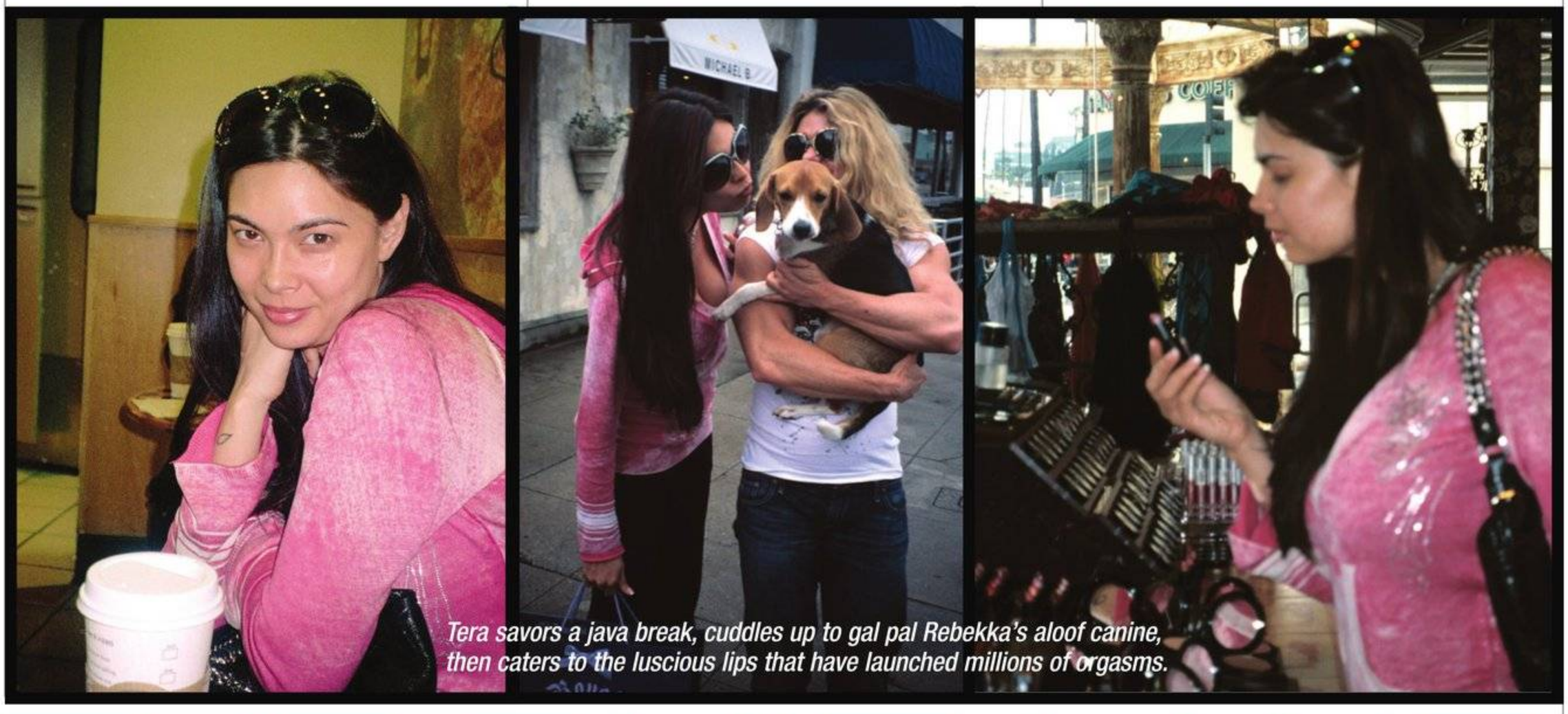
Tera, drinking a mango daiquiri, chats with Erik "Bigg E" Rudd, her gargantuan bodyguard/man Friday, who worked for Evan way back when and has known Tera "since her first feature dance gig at Chicago's Admiral Theater in 2003."

Garbed in a black leather jacket, goateed Evan joins us. "I was worried about you, wondering how you were," Tera chirps.

"I was next door eating sushi," Evan replies.

For one of the adult industry's most celebrated couples, their dialogue sounds more like Ozzie and Harriet. With tattoos stretching from a shaven skull to his arms, Evan resembles harpoonist Queequeq in *Moby Dick*. Tera and Evan are the center of attention at the S Bar.

Not so at a Studio City Starbucks the following day: Tera goes completely unnoticed. No heads turn as she and Playmate-turned-bodybuilder Rebekka Armstrong enter the café, order, then join me at a corner table. Even with flash photos and my tape recorder on the tabletop, none of the other patrons pay her any attention. She's Tera incognito.



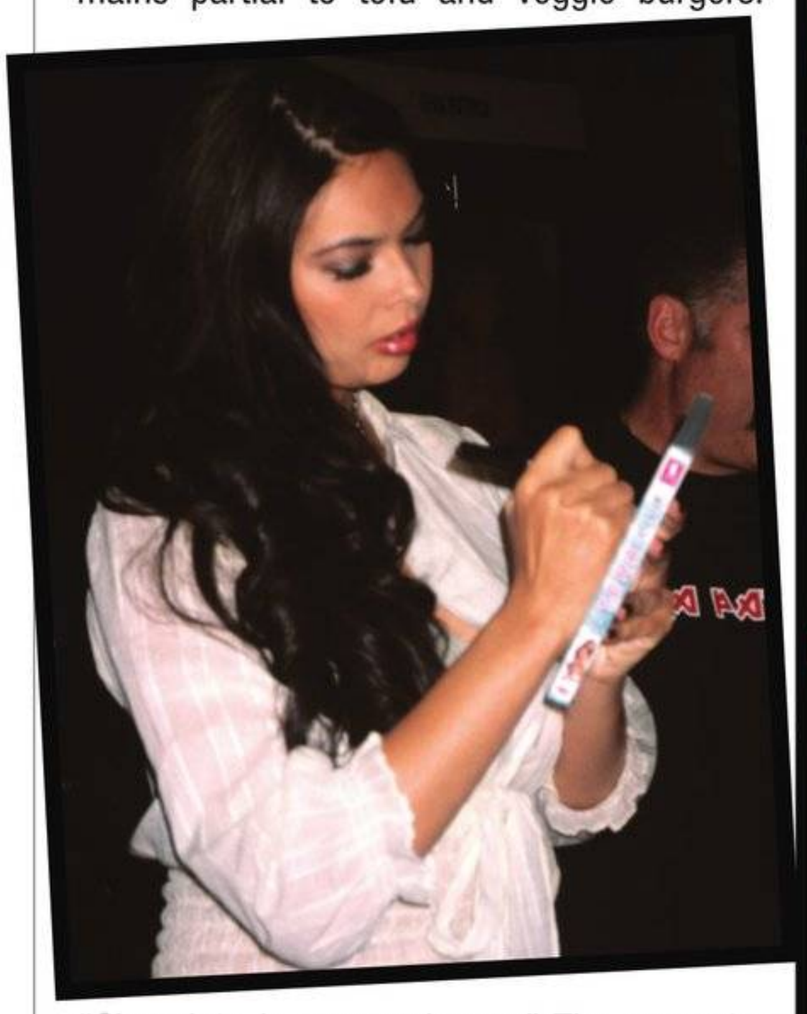
Tera savors a java break, cuddles up to gal pal Rebekka's aloof canine, then caters to the luscious lips that have launched millions of orgasms.

F THE FAST LANE

LOCATION PHOTOS BY ED RAMPELL

She drinks chai tea with soy milk; I enjoy cappuccino. Remarkably buff Rebekka, with biceps bigger than Popeye's, is Tera's personal trainer. They've just come from a workout, jogging in the Hollywood Hills. Eyeing mainstream markets, Tera is preparing for an exercise video series called *Fit for Sex*, aimed at Wal-Mart shelves.

"I go to the gym and hike every day and walk my three dogs," says Tera, whose strict exercise regimen includes Pilates. But that hasn't curtailed her hearty appetite. "I love junk food," admits the ex-vegan, who remains partial to tofu and veggie burgers.



"Chocolate is my weakness." The superstar often dines at posh eateries, but also enjoys baking brownies or macaroni and cheese sprinkled with Lay's potato chips.

When not working or touring, Tera loves watching TV with Evan and does her own grocery shopping. "Whole Foods and Trader Joe's are my favorite stores," Tera reveals.

Back in her element a week later at the Erotica L.A. expo in the downtown Convention Center, Tera is the belle of the ball. Her booth is bedecked with huge wall hangings and posters depicting the bikini-clad bombshell. Looky-loos and fans gawk at the adult star, some lining up to buy Tera paraphernalia and take photos with their dreamgirl. She's calm amid the adulation and curiosity.

Like an ATM or casino slot, "Tera Incorporated" is a money machine. Admirers pay $20 to a photographer to shoot Polaroids of them with Tera. For $10 she poses for pictures taken with fans' own cameras. She conscientiously signs the calendars, posters and other Tera tchotchkes selling like hotcakes. Cash is handled by her entourage, including Bigg E and Evan.

What is it about this sexual superwoman that so attracts starstruck fans, some who've even named their babies after her? "I've only seen a couple of Tera's videos, and she's taken some amazing cock," enthuses Esmeralda, an attractive Asian. "There's great girl-on-girl action. I've never been wetter."

A woman from the Philippines declares, "I'm her biggest fan." After being photographed with Tera, the Filipina literally shouts, "Woo-hoo!" Passersby mutter, "That's her, all right!"

After obliging her enamored fans at a skin-biz expo, Tera Patrick wows the crowd at an L.A.-area strip club.

Gus, a twentysomething owner of an 18-wheeler, says, "It's the way Tera makes movies and how she's dressed. Her personality is cool and happy. She's not acting snobby, like other girls at the convention."

While a gaggle of porn wannabes strut around in lingerie, Tera is demurely appareled in a dark, buttoned minidress and go-go boots. A semi-sheer beige blouse exposes cleavage, while sleeves midway across her forearms reveal wrists tattooed with stars rendered by Miami Ink. A necklace bears the words "I Love You."

Tera calls her erotica "classy, beautiful, not degrading to women." The Grrrl Power advocate proclaims, "It's time for a female President, definitely time for a Democrat. I was for Hillary." Although Tera didn't hit the campaign trail, she's done USO tours and is proud she "got lots of men through the Iraq War."

Laptop screens on the table play back images of Tera in hanky-panky-spanky sex acts. Evan, dressed in black like a buccaneer with a handkerchief over his bald head, greets heavy metal fans and ex-cons, who express solidarity with him for playing an inmate in HBO's *Oz*. The nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn replies, "Dude, I was paid lots of money to be in prison. I've never really served hard time!"

During a lull in Tera-mania, a female reporter for Telemundo, a Spanish-language network, interviews Tera. Many Tera aficionados are Latino, Asian and black. The lady herself says her father was of English ancestry and her mother Thai. "I'm a very powerful

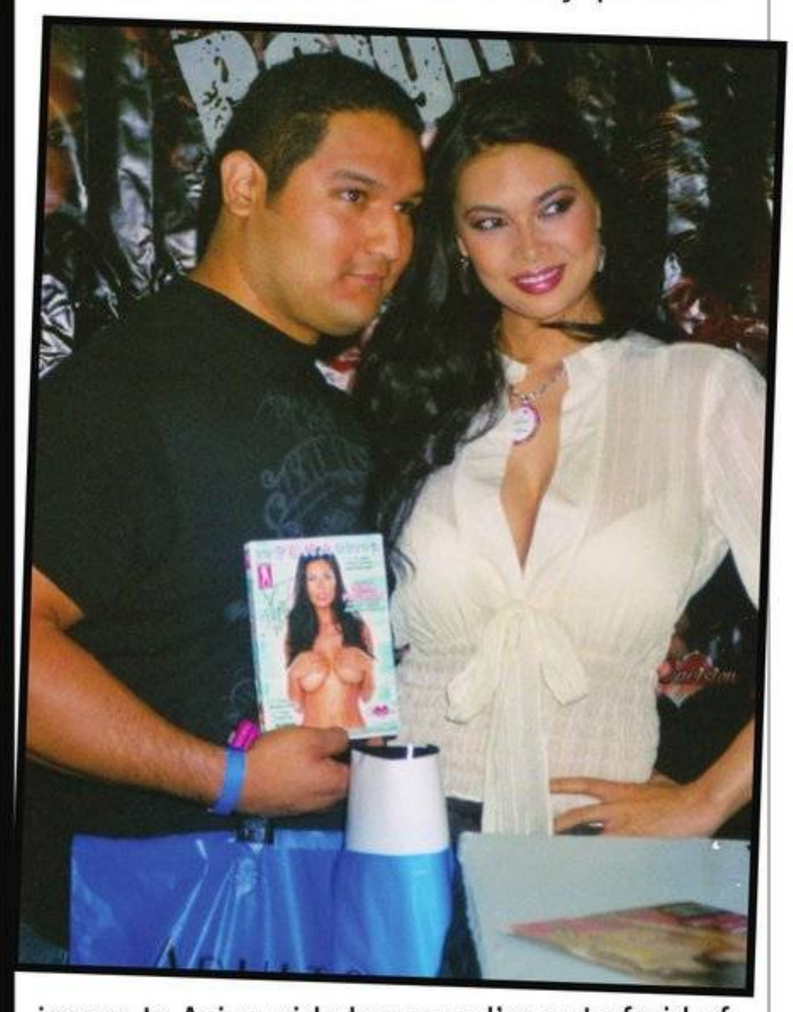


image to Asian girls because I'm not afraid of my sexuality," she asserts. "They don't have lots of role models."

Tera's feeling good, and why not? Her booth in the cavernous hall is the most popular and, perhaps, most profitable. Evan says hanging the gigantic banners and renting the Erotica L.A. booth cost $900. He'd know: He engineered Tera's taking control of her image and launched Teravision with her, turning his wife into a multimillionaire. He estimates they'll make a daily $1,500 profit and generate 200 new sign-ups for her Web site, **TeraPatrick.com**. Evan says 15,000 members pay $29.95 per month already.

At the City of Industry's Spearmint Rhino, her name draws an overflowing crowd to witness Tera strip. Lured by advertised promises that porn's über-femme will appear "nude onstage," mobs arrive at the gentlemen's club 22 miles east of downtown Los Angeles.

As fans await the headliner's arrival, various housegirls take turns riding the stripper pole, gyrating around the stage, tipped by unenthusiastic men in front-row seats.

Finally, like the preliminaries of a title bout, a voice triumphantly introduces porn's reigning champ: "Let's get ready to rumble!"

Like a boxer surrounded by an entourage, Tera emerges and enters the "arena." All eyes in the darkened room focus on the spotlit demigoddess. Tera is elegantly clad in black with knee-high boots, sheer stockings, a microdress short enough to expose her garters, a stylish jacket, long gloves and fedora in hand.

Tera whirls into action, unfurling a burlesque ballet. Perched upon a stool padded by black satin, she removes her jacket and skirt, stripping down to shiny boots, thigh-high stockings, black-and-white-lined bustier and vulva-concealing thong between bare thighs.

As Tera bends over to accept homage and cash from lucky ringside worshipers, her tawny derriere is framed by white garter belts, her thong barely covering the sweet spot. Kneeling onstage in front of the stripper pole and surrounded by dollar bills, the love goddess exultingly tosses her head back, long fingers with ruby-red nails caressing her big bouncing breasts. A fortunate few stash cash under her straps. Eyes closed, Tera luxuriantly stretches out atop the mirrored stage floor, taut cheeks pressing down, reflected by the glassy surface littered with greenbacks.

Tera the Terrible has conquered the Spearmint Rhino's Mongol hordes. After her show, scores of men line up to buy Tera's various accessories—calendars, DVDs, whatever—and be photographed with the queen of porn in the semiprivacy of an alcove, where Tera signs her goods and poses. Unlike Erotica L.A., where nipples and privates must remain covered, Tera is allowed to wear an open sheer black negligee robe, revealing her full bronze breasts and landing strip. When one connoisseur dallies, dickering over prices and what to buy, she becomes impatient as the queue of paying customers stands still.

Beauty has its price. Tera admits to surgery that increased her bust from 36D to 36DD. Each month her hair is cut and colored (currently cherry cola) at Brentwood's posh Allen Edwards Salon. Tera uses pricey Clinique and a home steam shower for her face. She swears by the shampoo Tsubaki and other Japanese beauty products. Every two weeks Tera indulges in manicures and pedicures. When the globetrotter is in L.A., she frequents Mibella Nail Salon in the San Fernando Valley, sometimes with Rebekka. After the nail technician's grand finale, the monarch of porn whips out her credit card to pay for not only her manicure and pedicure, but for Rebekka's too. It's good to be the queen!

Ed Rampell is the author of *Progressive Hollywood: A People's Film History of the United States*. His articles have also appeared in *Mother Jones*, *Variety*, *The Nation* and the *L.A. Times*.

"Sorry, I don't service Republican politicians."

"The ol' lady practically begged for anal sex last night! And believe me, the strap-on she used on my ass was huge!"

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

SCREEN NAME:

Holly Wood

AGE: 21

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 120

LOCATION: Kansas City, Missouri

URL: MySpace.com/SexxxyLady00

You might say our latest Girl of MySpace is a bit of a car buff. While not exactly a gearhead, Holly Wood (yes, that *is* her real name) does enjoy a wild ride.

"Me and my ex-boyfriend dented the roof of his parents' Oldsmobile while having sex on top of it," she says with a mischievous grin. "But they never found out."

A four-wheeled sedan isn't the only mode of transportation that gets this self-proclaimed all-American girl hot, however. Holly has taken her amorous tendencies to the friendly skies and is now a proud member of the Mile High Club.

"On a late-night flight to Vegas, my boyfriend and I went to the bathroom and had a wild interlude," she recalls fondly. "I think the stewardesses knew something was awry because we kept bumping the flimsy door. They gave us a funny look when we both came out smiling."

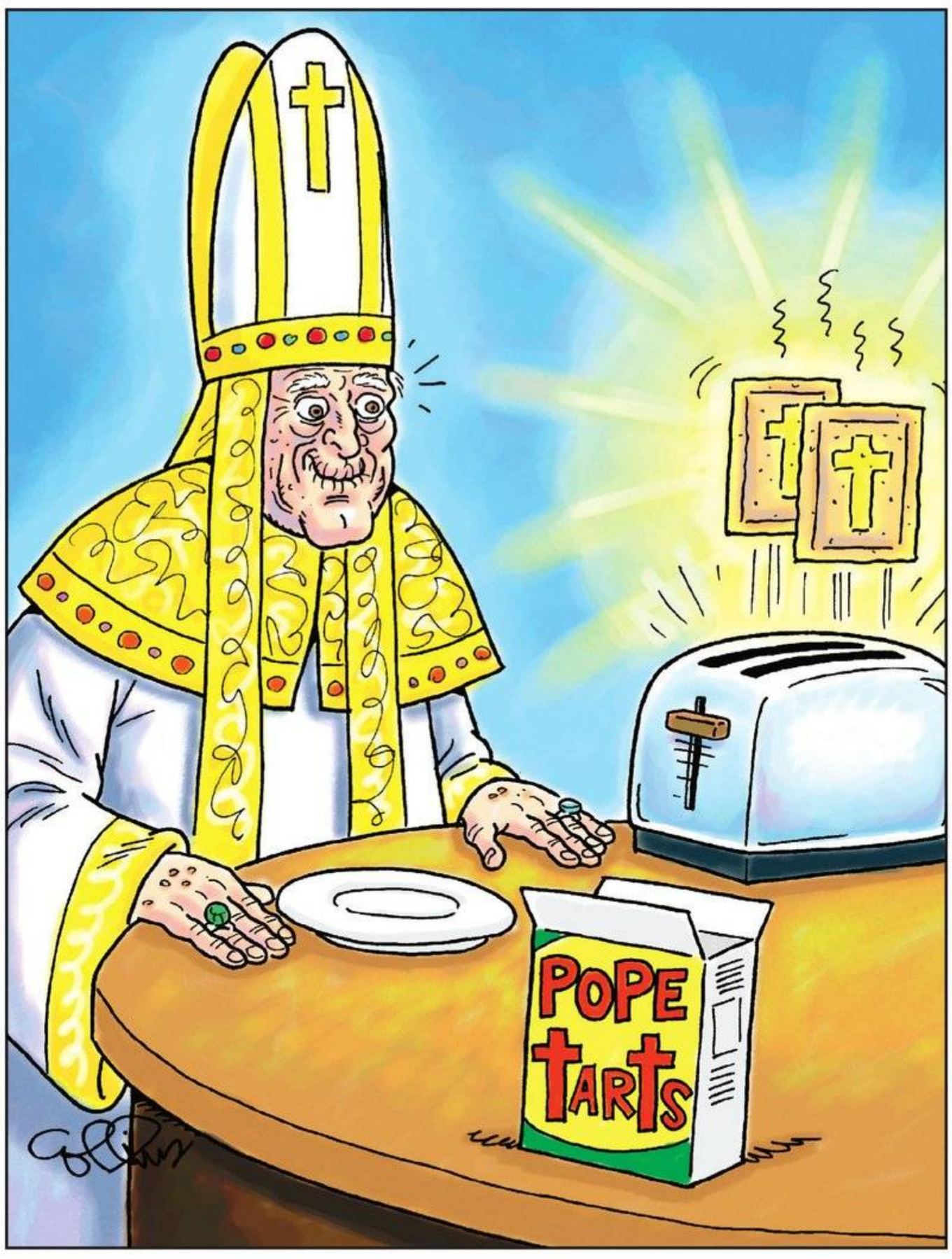
Holly's days growing up in Wichita, Kansas, weren't a lot tamer. Her first encounter with a boy occurred in third grade during naptime. "A kid in class and I held hands," she reminisces. "Kind of innocent, huh?" And then came high school and the inevitable: her first all-the-way experience. "When I was 15, my girlfriend and I were sleeping over," Holly tells us, "and my boyfriend sneaked in. My girlfriend was on the top bunk, while I lost my virginity on the bottom one."

No matter where Holly has sex, one thing's for sure: While on the hunt for a professional gentleman who can handle her wilder side, the bisexual temptress insists she's still keeping her options open. Any takers?

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

MYSPACE: HOLLYWOOD



(continued from page 40) my mind; it was an automatic. This book couldn't get published. I had to speak to publishers, big major publishers, but they were terrified. They were sympathetic with what I'm saying, and they recognized the obvious marketability of the book, but their fear trumped money.

I can't tell you the people that have asked, "Mr. Bugliosi, I love your work, but have you lost your marbles?" But the point is these people not having me on their TV shows are hypocrites, because they're screaming their heads off that George W. Bush is a criminal. And I'm saying, "All right, now let's do something about it." Don't just call him names. Are you saying the only punishment for 100,000 murders is to call him nasty names?

What about the foreign media?

A film documentary based on my book is being produced right now. The producers couldn't raise one penny in America. The money all came from Canada. This is a country where supposedly our most cherished Constitutional right is freedom of speech, freedom of expression, but there has been a total blackout by the mainstream media.

Nonetheless, we premiered the book at Number 14 on the *New York Times* Best-Seller List. So there's no question there's a buzz out there from word of mouth. When you get a call from a conservative state attorney general who voted for the war, you know there's talk about this book out there.

It's an extraordinary idea to say, "We're going to take on the head of state." Are there other examples you can throw out?

Well, certainly the Nuremberg trials. And King Charles I; he was by all accounts an honorable man, but had the mistaken idea that the monarchy was supreme in Britain. And the House of Commons said, "No, you're wrong. We control this country. You're more of a symbol than supreme." And they had a [civil] war over it, and the king lost. They brought Charles to trial, not because he was a fraudulent, deceptive, dishonest person like Bush, but because it was an unnecessary war. And they convicted him.

Right now it's as though our President has the same protections as tyrannical dictators like Stalin, Hitler and even Saddam Hussein. If you say the President should not be prosecuted, then basically you're saying he's above the law, and no man is above the law.

We've been waiting for someone like you to come along for the past eight years.

And now we just have to wait for a hero to stand up against this murderer. You know, there's a group called Reporters Without Borders who rank the United States' freedom of expression 48th in the world. People have freedom, but they're afraid to express that freedom. You folks at HUSTLER epitomize freedom of expression. And I want to thank you very much for giving me a voice.

The Art of ARIOCK

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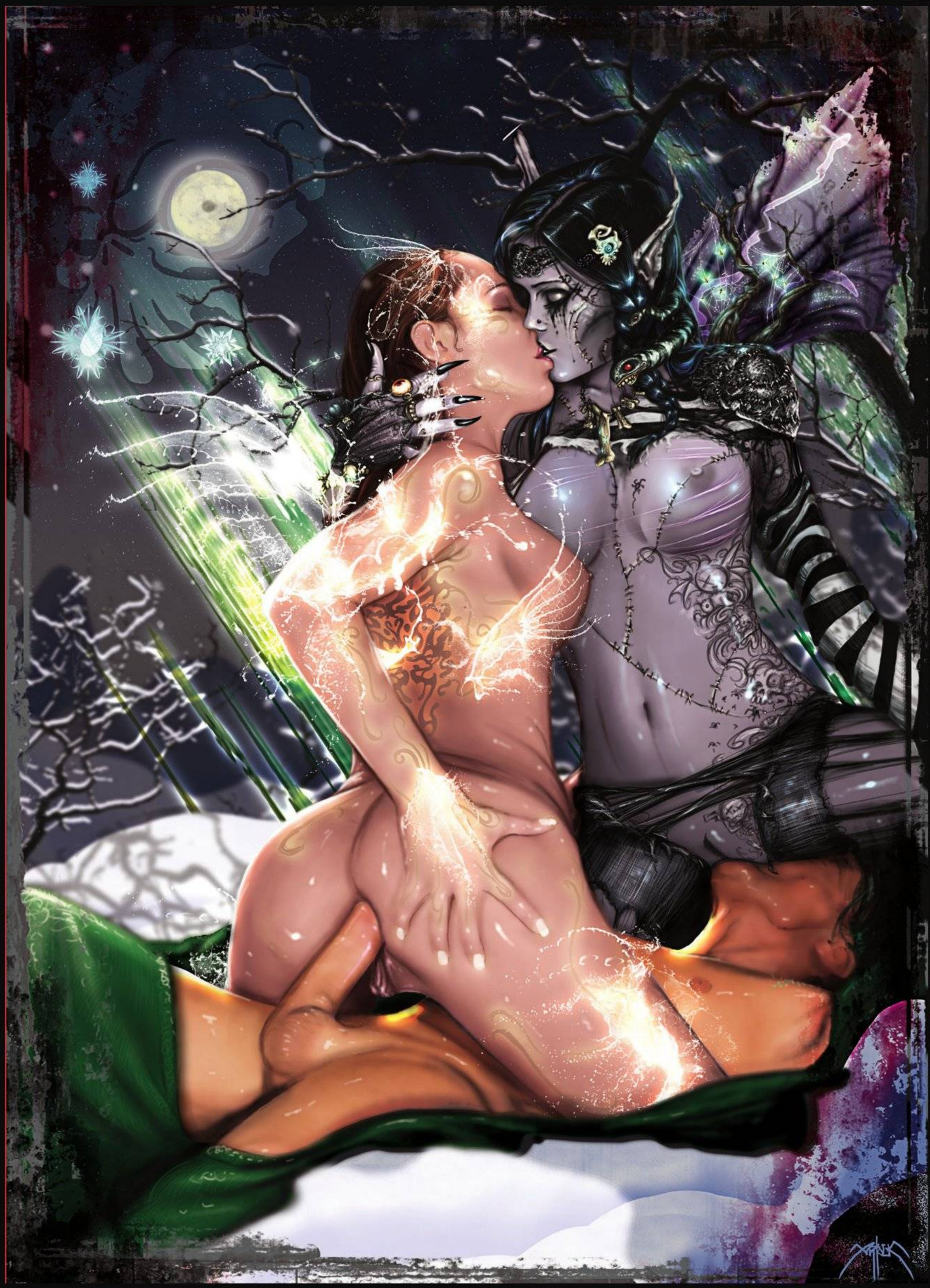


Angelina Jolie

This is Britney Bitch!
(Spears that is.)

Jenna Jameson

WAX OFF!

Beyoncé

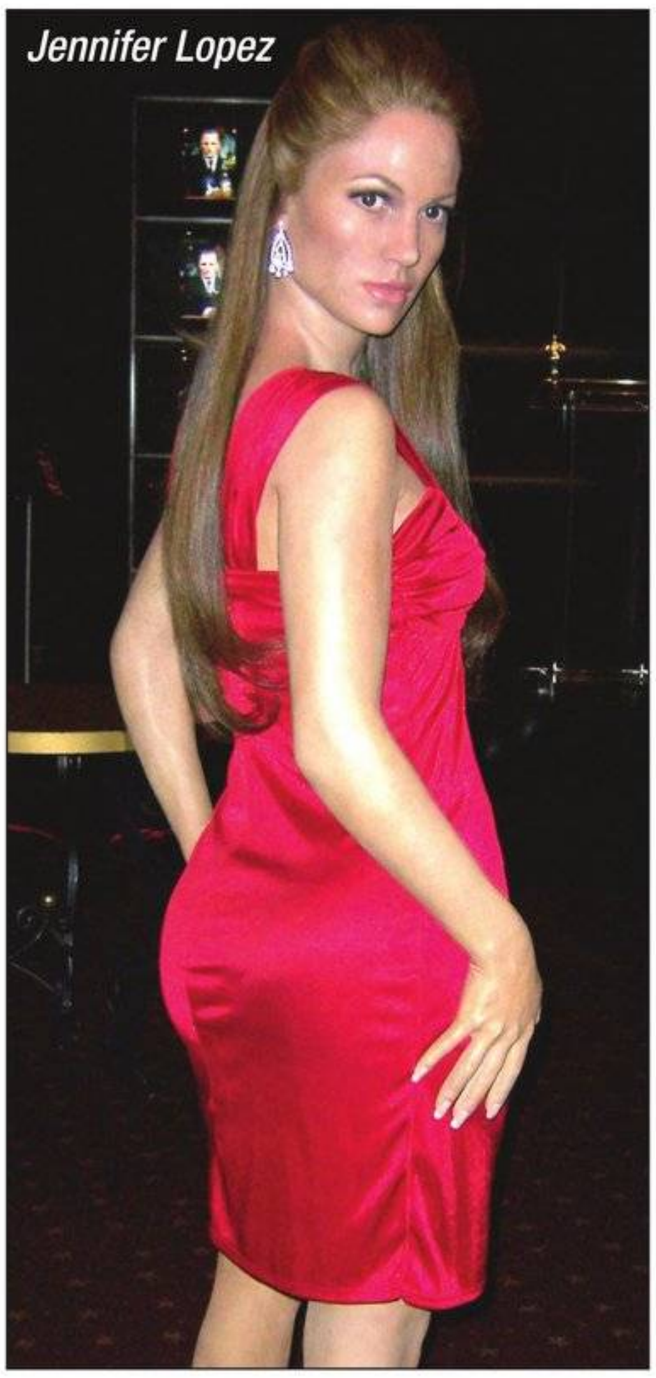
Wax statues were once relegated to the dark corners of run-down tourist attractions, but not anymore.

Since 1835, Madame Tussauds has been the world's foremost wax museum, but you no longer have to travel to London to marvel at the famous figures on display. There are now eight locations around the globe, including New York, Hong Kong and Las Vegas (at The Venetian casino).

The expertly crafted characters are beyond lifelike. Hell, they're even anatomically correct, with nipples and other tantalizing body parts. Yes, we checked! You can too, because Madame Tussauds no longer prohibits anyone from getting too close to its incredible creations. Visitors are now actively encouraged to interact with the amazing wax figures. That means copping a feel from Britney Spears or sliding a hand inside Jenna Jameson's panties is okay. Doing so may seem a little creepy, but it's okay.

Among the hundreds of other recognizable figures to behold are several sexy standouts from the world of entertainment, including Madonna, Jennifer Lopez, Julia Roberts, Beyoncé, Posh Spice and Angelina Jolie. Their stunning likenesses will have the average Joe doing a double take. Hey, it's probably as close as any of us are ever going to get to these alluring ladies.

Madonna


Jennifer Lopez

PHOTOS COURTESY MADAME TUSSAUDS WAX MUSEUMS INTERNATIONAL

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JANA COVA

Holiday Pleasure

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

All that I want for Christmas is for everyone to be happy," chimes porn star **Jana Cova**. "With so much pain and unhappiness in the world right now, we all need to give and get a little pleasure. I told all my friends to forget about gifts this year. I just want them to come visit and hang out with me—and give me some pleasure."

What pleases the platinum stunner? “I’m really a romantic at heart,” **Jana** discloses. “Most people know me for my film fucking, but in my personal life I love candles, soft music and lots of foreplay. I tell a guy if you wine and dine me, then soon you’ll be fucking from behind me.”

Is doggy her favorite position? “God, yes!” **Jana** yelps. “There’s nothing hotter than a guy pounding me from behind while I’m on all fours. I always get the best friction that way. If the guy can hold out, I can usually get two or three orgasms in about ten minutes.”

Yes, the curvaceous Czech is naughty and nice. “I hope everyone enjoys the holiday season and spends it with someone they love and lust for,” **Jana** declares. “Maybe watch one of my movies. And my New Year’s resolution is to do more porn in 2009 to give people pleasure. I’m all about the pleasure.”

JANA COVA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Brno, Czech Republic | AGE: 28 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 112 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-24-34

THE CHEMTRAIL CONUNDRUM

ARE THOSE LONG, STREAMLINED WISPS IN THE SKY JUST A MISPERCEIVED NATURAL PHENOMENON OR SOMETHING FAR MORE SINISTER? AN EXPERT—A BIOLOGIST, FORMER WHITE HOUSE OFFICIAL AND PRIVATE JET PILOT—EXAMINES THE ARGUMENTS.

PHOTO BY BRUCE DAVID

The United States government is secretly supporting a program to dump unknown substances at high altitudes to combat global warming or advance undisclosed military objectives. Evidence of the program is seen in the appearance of unusual contrails, called chemtrails, which exhibit properties not witnessed with ordinary jet traffic. That is the claim of a growing number of observers.

Carl Sagan remarked famously, "Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence." As a scientist, he started from the premise that any assertion is false until proven otherwise with sufficient proof. But not everybody is a scientist. Often in our daily lives we accept a claim as true unless proven false, the exact opposite of Sagan's worldview. Let's call Sagan a Skeptic and the rest of us Believers.

Skeptics will say, "Chemtrails may well be real, but prove that to me." Believers will retort, "Chemtrails are real; prove to me they are not."

So are chemtrails real? The honest answer is that we simply do not yet know. Evidence for chemtrails is inconclusive, but by no means absent. Faced with that dose of annoying ambiguity, Skeptics and Believers are free to draw opposing conclusions.

VIEWS OF A BELIEVER

We can take as a given that the U.S. government cannot be trusted. The military and intelligence communities have experimented illegally on our citizens with radiation exposure, mind-altering drugs (including LSD), mock dispersion of biological and chemical weapons in urban areas, and injection of untested vaccines in thousands of troops. Between 1932 and 1972, hundreds of African-American men were made unwitting experimental subjects in the grotesque Tuskegee Syphilis Study. Residents at the Fernald School in Massachusetts—retarded children—were fed Quaker Oats cereal containing radioactive tracers by Atomic Energy Commission researchers between 1946 and 1953.

We are lied to routinely under the guise of national security. The government conspired to manipulate intelligence to justify the invasion of Iraq. Would the government hide or lie about a secret program to disperse chemicals in the upper atmosphere for military or other gain? Absolutely.

The government has conducted multiple experiments since the 1950s to manipulate and control aspects of the environment, including efforts to increase rainfall in regions prone to drought. While not

proven, the government apparently experimented with methods of controlling the atmosphere as a military weapon. For example, causing drought or flooding in Russia.

Reports indicate that the government has released metal powders to conduct electricity in the upper atmosphere in a series of high-tech military communications experiments, probably associated with submarines. Communicating vast distances while deep underwater requires extremely low frequencies, so one can see the attraction of using the sky as a communications channel.

The claim that the government is conducting secret tests, evidence of which are chemtrails, is therefore perfectly reasonable and plausible. The government has the means, motivation and technology to support such a program. Further, the claim could well be true even if objective proof remains elusive. That would be expected in a program shrouded in secrecy.

Some theorize that the government is seeding the sky with barium or aluminum. That could well be the case. If so, the objective is probably something other than atmospheric modification or manipulation. Rather than reflecting sunlight to reduce global warming, the more likely motivation would be high-tech communications. Also, any release of metal powders would probably not be visible to the naked eye. To mitigate global warming or create low-frequency communication links, the release would more likely be in the form of disperse clouds, like antimissile chaff.

Convincing evidence that chemtrails are real can be found just by looking up at the sky. Chemtrails form unusual patterns, persist for extended periods and thicken to extraordinary dimensions. Those behaviors and characteristics are not consistent with ordinary contrails. All the proof needed is in plain sight.

PHOTO BY BRUCE DAVID

VIEWS OF A SKEPTIC

Chemtrails may well be real. Nevertheless, the data are not yet sufficiently compelling to accept the claim. All the proffered evidence can be explained by more mundane accounts.

Chemtrails are thicker than contrails and stay around much longer.

Contrails—a contraction of *condensation trails*—are water vapor condensing in cold air, created in the same way fog develops at night: Warm air holds more water vapor than cold air. Once formed, the fate of a contrail depends on the prevailing atmospheric conditions. Turbulence, the jet stream's air temperature, total water vapor content, ice crystals, mountain waves and lapse rate all affect the final shape.

Think of putting a drop of cream in black coffee. If the coffee is motionless, the drop can hold steady for some time, slowly spreading out and eventually covering the surface. If the coffee is gently stirred beforehand, the white dot will mix more rapidly. The atmosphere behaves like a fluid. A contrail is like cream, the atmosphere like coffee. Ordinary contrails can persist for hours over hundreds of miles under the conditions that are often found in stable air.

Chemtrails form patterns never seen with normal contrails.

Remember the VW commercials in which a new Bug pulls to a stop and appears to be holding up a gigantic structure in the background? The trick is perspective in depth, and the same applies to contrails. Two contrails may appear to form an *X*, but one could be at 19,000 feet, the other at 26,000 feet, a consequence of one jetliner flying from New York to San Diego, the other from L.A. to Atlanta. The same goes for tic-tac-toe grids. America's airspace is busy. At peak hours, about 6,000 commercial aircraft are aloft. Imagine the complex patterns possible from this level of traffic in a three-dimensional space.

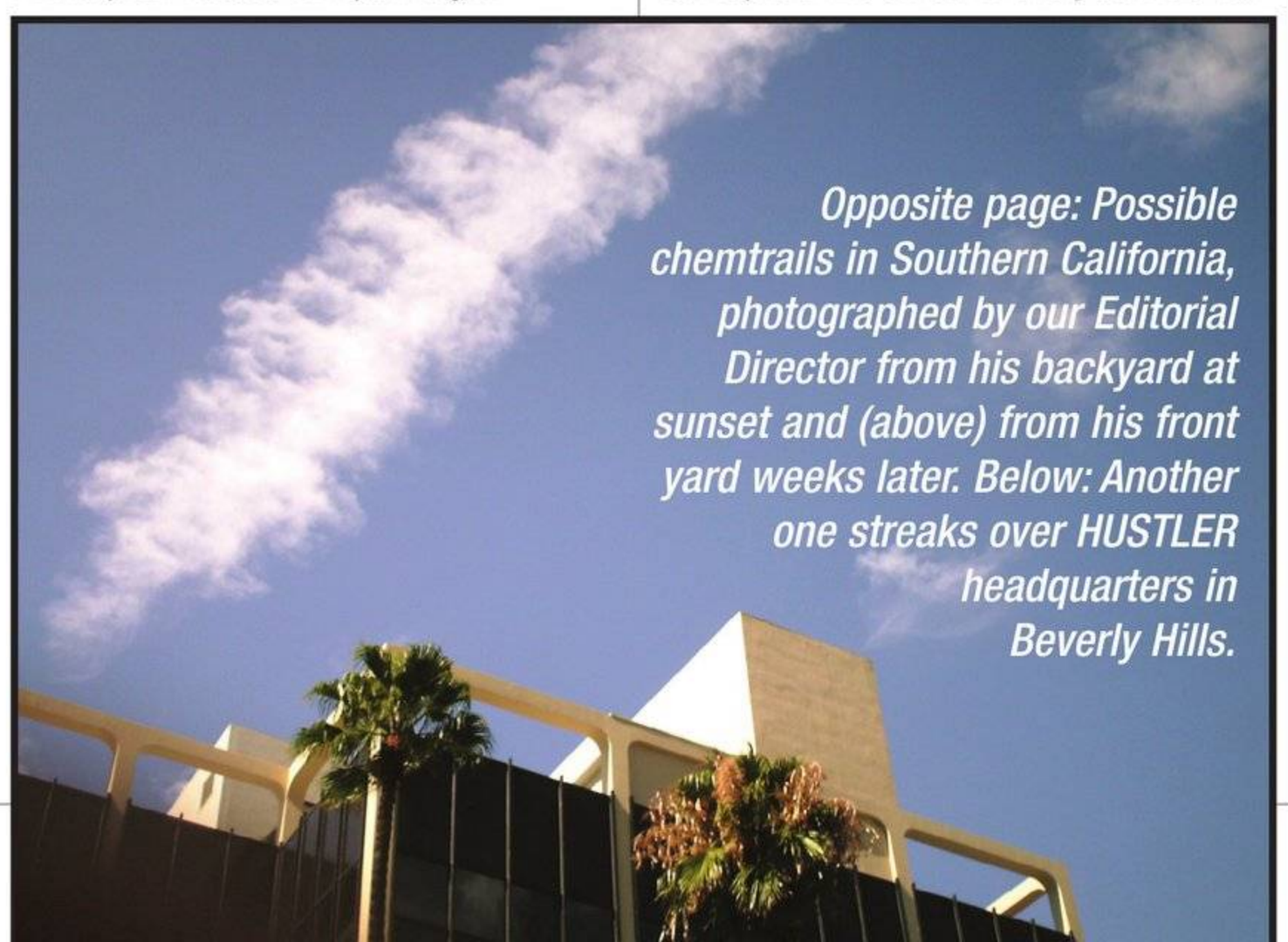
Sightings of chemtrails have increased dramatically.

This is consistent with growth in air traffic over the past two decades. The number of planes flying is projected to double between 1990 and 2015.

Emergency room visits increase when chemtrails appear.

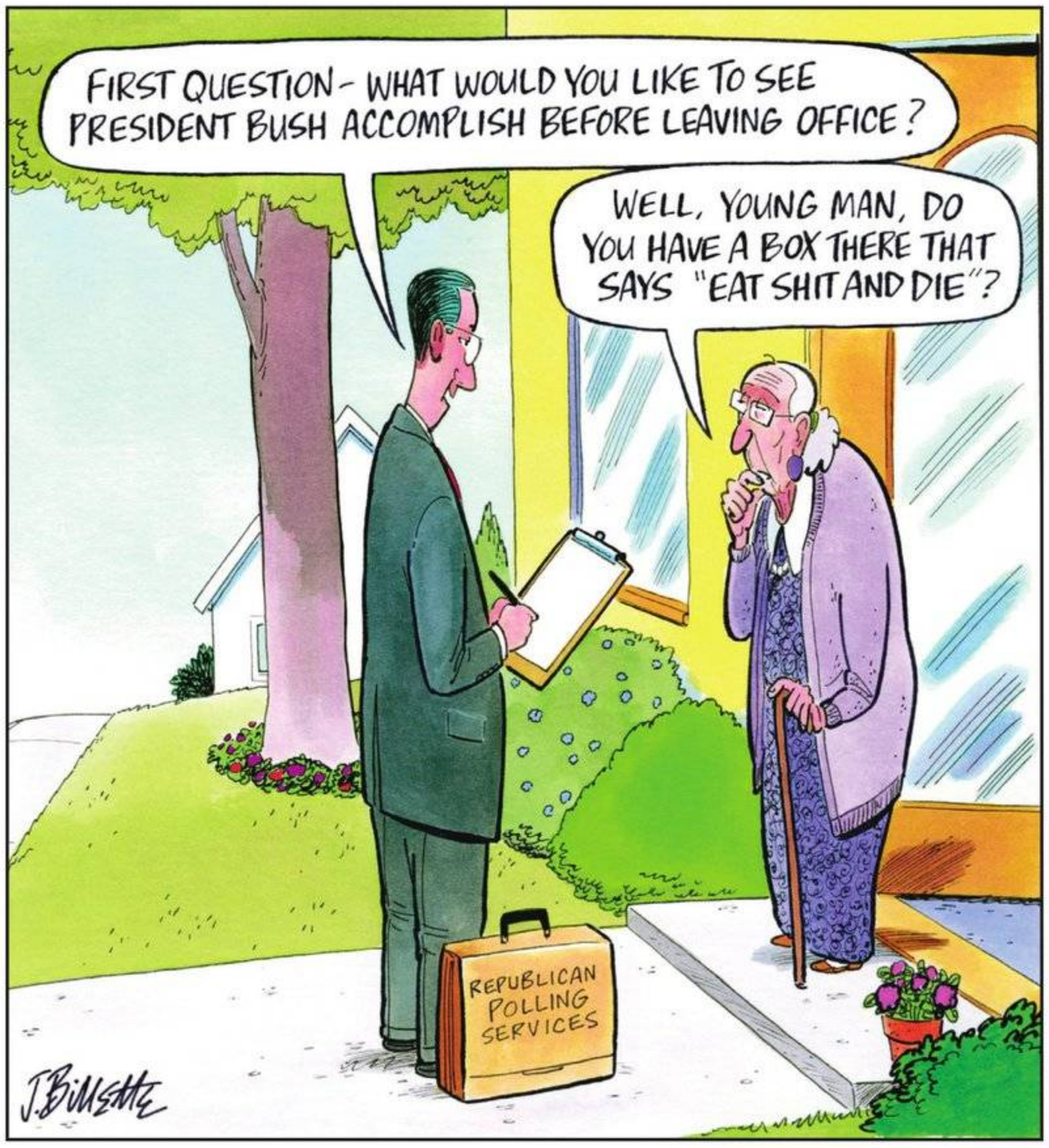
Three problems arise with this claim. The first is that the assertion has never been objectively verified or even studied carefully. All that is offered are unsubstantiated anecdotes. Second, the claim confuses correlation with causation. We could correlate an increase in emergency room visits with virtually any other phenomenon: numbers of people wearing orange or sightings of Lindsay Lohan eating a full meal, but neither are the cause of crowded ERs. Third, the underlying premise is wrong: The number of chemtrails could not increase if chemtrails do not exist. The conclusion is assumed and then used to justify the original supposition.

Chemtrails are causing illness by bringing down bacteria and viruses.



Opposite page: Possible chemtrails in Southern California, photographed by our Editorial Director from his backyard at sunset and (above) from his front yard weeks later. Below: Another one streaks over HUSTLER headquarters in Beverly Hills.

PHOTO BY TED NEWSOM



"The best thing about post-elections is knowing that half of the politicians lost!"

This claim fails on the basis of biology. The concentration of bacteria and viruses in the upper atmosphere is extremely low. Even if seeding brought down virtually all of the airborne bugs naturally passing by at high altitudes, their numbers would be overwhelmed by terrestrial cousins.

The government is spraying biological or chemical agents to make us sick and/or passive.

Upper-level winds, and the inability to control dispersion patterns, would make this an ineffective and uncontrollable means of spreading agents of disease. Cheaper and more efficient methods are readily available.

The government is secretly fighting global warming.

If only that were so. President Bush is an evangelical Christian who believes all of the Earth's resources were put here for the sole purpose of benefiting humankind. On that basis, he denied for six years the reality of climate change and the consequences of global warming, since we have a God-given right to burn fossil fuels without constraint. When confronted with incontrovertible evidence, Bush opined that perhaps the impact of climate change would be beneficial. He believes that carbon dioxide is not a pollutant. He walked away from the Kyoto Protocol. This is not a government that cares one whit about global warming.

The government creates chemtrails on clear days so that researchers can clearly see the diffusion results from the ground or from space.

If the government wanted chemtrails to be hidden from the public, then flying on clear, near-windless days seems counterproductive. While military intelligence is an oxymoron, even government agents are smart enough to realize that nighttime experiments would conceal the release of foreign materials in the sky.

But if for some reason the experiments required sunlight to be seen on satellite, researchers could wait to conduct tests only on days in which a solid ceiling of low clouds had formed. Any releases above the clouds would then be hidden from an unsuspecting citizenry below.

YOU DECIDE

Nothing we know from physics, or about our government's propensity to deceive, precludes the possibility of chemtrails being exactly what their detractors fear: high-level aerosol spraying for unknown purposes. As Skeptics, we must be fully open to the possibility, but remain unconvinced in the absence of more compelling evidence.

Watch the skies.

Jeff Schweitzer, Ph.D., has published more than 100 articles dealing with such diverse fields as neurobiology, marine science and environmental protection. He was assistant director for international affairs in the Office of Science and Technology Policy during the Clinton Administration. An avid pilot, Dr. Schweitzer also founded and edits the aviation magazine *Malibu Mirage*.

BARACK, YOU NEED TO PICK A RUNNING MATE WHO WILL HELP YOU WITH THE HARDWORKING, BLUE-COLLAR VOTERS — YOU KNOW, THE REDNECKS! THEREFORE, I RECOMMEND **LARRY THE CABLE GUY!**

WINNERS

Remembering GEORGE CARLIN

A final laugh and a round of applause for the iconoclastic comic from his friend and inspiration.

In December 1962, when comedian Lenny Bruce was arrested for obscenity at the Gate of Horn in Chicago, the police broke open his candy bars, looking for dope. They also checked the IDs of audience members, including George Carlin, who told the cops, "I don't believe in IDs." Then they arrested Carlin for disorderly conduct, dragged him along by the seat of his pants and hoisted him into a paddy wagon.

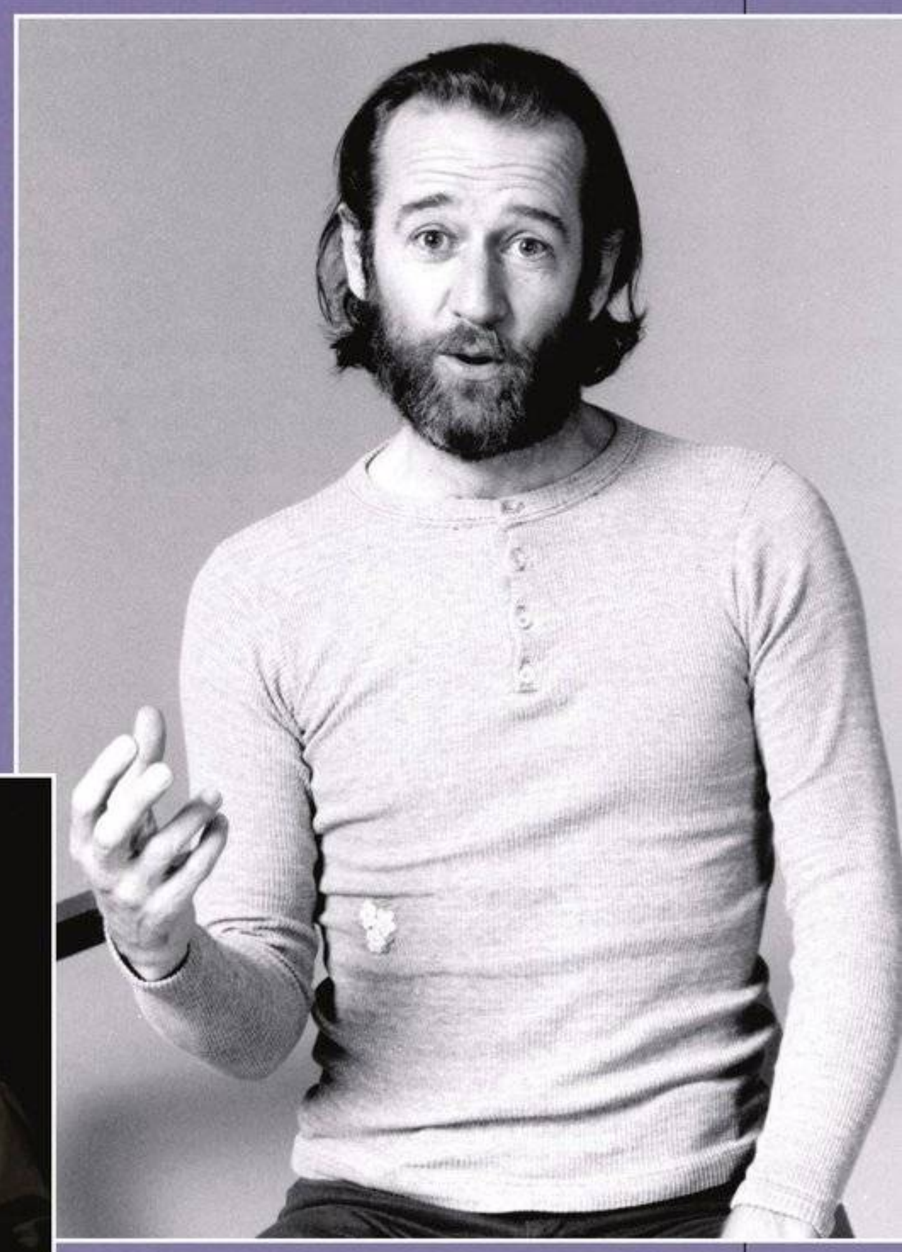
"What are you doing here?" Lenny asked.

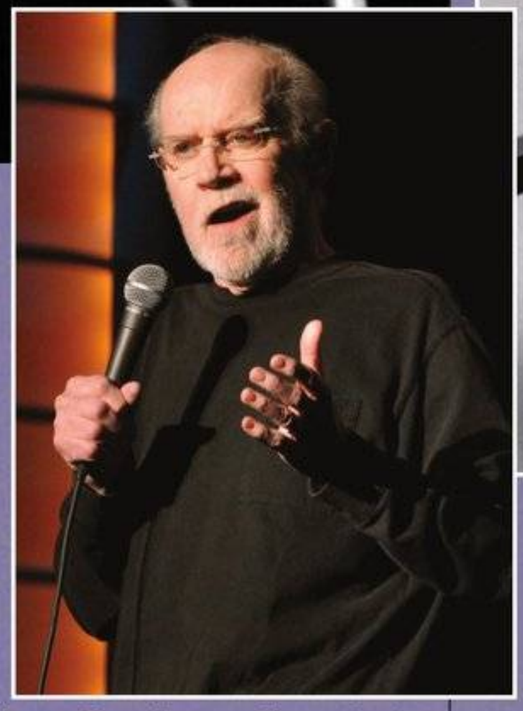
"I didn't want to show them my ID," Carlin replied.

"You schmuck!" Lenny exclaimed.

Lenny and Carlin had similar points of view. For example, they were both self-educated and outspoken about the decriminalization of drugs, but their working styles were different. Lenny didn't write his material. It evolved onstage, whereas Carlin did write all his routines, then memorized 'em. Although both were unbelievers as far as religion was concerned, Lenny came from a Jewish background, while Carlin came from an Irish Catholic background.

Susie Bright, who first heard Carlin when she was in seventh grade, recalls playing his *Class Clown* album for her mother, "a





woman whose first 20 years were entirely dominated by the Irish Catholic Church, and it was a comic exorcism for her. She peed in her pants! She was cured in one LP!" (That's a long-playing vinyl record for those of you born in the CD era.)

Carlin was a generous friend and such a sweet man. When I performed in Los Angeles, he sent a limousine to pick me up at the airport, and I stayed at his home. More recently—when I opened for him at the Warner-Grand Theater in San Pedro, California—we were hanging around in his dressing room, where he was nibbling from a vegetable plate. I watched as Carlin continued to be genuinely gracious with every fan who stopped by. If they wanted his autograph, he'd gladly sign his name. If they wanted to be photographed with him, he'd assume the pose. If they wanted to have a little chat, he indulged them with congeniality.

"You really show respect for everybody," I observed.

"Well," Carlin responded, "that's just the way I would want to be treated."

As a performer, Carlin was uncompromising, knowing that his audience trusted him not to be afraid of offending them. Who else would have asked this rhetorical question: "Why are there no recreational drugs in suppository form?"

I was pleased to inform him that teenage girls have been experimenting with tampons dipped in vodka as a way of getting intoxicated without their parents detecting booze on their breath.

Carlin provided an introduction to one of my books, *Murder at the Conspiracy Convention*. Referring to the 1960s, he wrote: "As America entered the Magic Decade, I was leading a double life. I had been a rule-bender and law-breaker since first grade. A highly developed disregard for authority got me kicked out of three schools, the altar boys, the choir, summer camp, the Boy Scouts and the Air Force. I didn't trust the police or the government, and I didn't like bosses of any kind. I had become a pot smoker at 13 [1950], an unheard-of act in an old-fashioned Irish neighborhood. It managed to get me through my teens....

"My affection for pot continued, and my disregard for standard values increased, but they lagged behind my need to succeed. The Playboy Club, Merv Griffin, Ed Sullivan and the Copacabana were all part of a path I found uncomfortable but necessary during the early 1960s. But as the decade churned along and the country changed, I did too. Despite working in 'establishment' settings, as a veteran malcontent I found myself hanging out in coffee houses and folk clubs with others who were out-of-step people who fell somewhere between beatnik and hippie. Hair got longer; clothes got stranger; music got better. It became more of a strain for me to work for straight audiences. I took acid and mescaline. My sense of being on the outside intensified. I changed.

"All through this period I was sustained and motivated by *The Realist*, Paul Krassner's incredible magazine of satire, revolution and just plain disrespect. It arrived every month, and with it a fresh supply of inspiration. I can't overstate how important it was to me at the time. It allowed me to see that others who disagreed with the American consensus were busy expressing those feelings and using risky humor to do so. Paul's own writing, in particular, seemed daring and adventurous to me; it took big chances and made important arguments in relentlessly funny ways. I felt, down deep, that maybe I had some of that in me too; that maybe I could be using my skills to better express my beliefs. *The Realist* was the inspiration that kept pushing me to the next level; there was no way I could continue reading it and remain the same."

You can imagine how incredibly honored I felt.

Carlin was once asked how he wanted to die. "I'd like to explode spontaneously in someone's living room," he replied. "That, to me, is the way to go out."

And, through his CDs, DVDs and books, George Carlin will indeed continue to explode spontaneously in living rooms across the country.

Of Paul Krassner—stand-up comic, satirist, publisher, prankster and prolific public speaker—George Carlin said, "The FBI was right; this man is dangerous—and funny and necessary."

MARIJUANA CRUSADER

CANNABIS COWGIRL

ATTORNEY ALLISON MARGOLIN JUST WANTS YOU TO BE ABLE TO SMOKE IN PEACE.

Lamont Johnson—glaucoma sufferer and medical marijuana user—gets busted for the 25 marijuana trees found growing in his Compton, California, backyard. That's right, *trees*. They were 20 feet tall when the LAPD seized them as evidence.

Johnson is ultimately acquitted by a jury of his peers because not only was he growing weed for personal use, but he also was a "provider" for other medical marijuana users. And that—under a pair of not particularly clear statutes currently on the books in California—is perfectly legal. Or not. Nobody's really sure.

Regardless, Johnson is off the hook, and now he and his attorney, Allison Margolin, are suing the City of Compton for the value of the seized plants. "The only testimony we have is the government's," Margolin explains, "which is kind of exciting because they said it was 300 pounds at $5,000-a-pound street value."

And thus a resident can legally grow towering marijuana plants in his backyard in Compton, and if the cops invade his home and steal his precious herb, he can sue the jerks for a cool $1.5 million.

How does that work exactly? Do they just cut you a check? *Sorry we took your weed, sir. Hope this small gesture helps to make up for it.*

"I don't know," Margolin admits. "I've heard it has happened in some places. You know, for smaller amounts."

Somewhere in the afterlife, rapper Eazy-E is firing up a blunt and laughing his ass off.

Welcome to the new Wild West: California in the age of medical marijuana. If you can convince your personal physician, or any doctor for that matter, to write a recommendation, you can take that letter to a "dispensary"—a storefront enterprise that sells pot—and emerge moments later as the proud and legal owner of a sack of weed. However, these dispensaries are largely unregulated, the laws are short on specifics, and George W. Bush's federal government has maintained that marijuana is a criminal substance, not medicine.

All of that has conspired to create an explosion of medical marijuana possession and trafficking cases in Los Angeles. And that's why business is brisk for Margolin, a/k/a L.A.'s Dopest Attorney. "I think a lot of people end up being more conspicuous than they otherwise would have been," she explains, "because they think they're being protected by the law when they're really not."

In a photocopied ad for her law practice, which I pulled off a telephone pole near the corner of Sunset and Vine a while back, Margolin is pictured wearing shades and a little black dress. She's on a cell phone, and the words DRUGS DUI WARRANTS WEAPONS CHARGES are scratched on a nearby wall. She looks tough and sexy. *Hire me*, the ad seems to say, *because I'm fucking awesome!*

She's a pistol, this Margolin. Brainy, short, opinionated. Easy on the eyes. She

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

speaks in a raspy jumble of legal jargon and navigates a world that few of us ever see with wit and verve. And people are noticing. She's getting famous, as evidenced by a recent audition to be a legal expert on cable's E! network.

A graduate of Columbia University and then Harvard Law School, Margolin, 30, is the daughter of Bruce Margolin. The noted defense attorney, Los Angeles director of NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) and onetime gubernatorial candidate is the all-round guru of L.A.'s pot-legalization scene. After finishing law school, Allison Margolin came back home to work as a criminal defense attorney, first at her father's firm, then on her own.

Around the same time, California Senate Bill 420 went into effect. More or less overnight, this created the estimated 400 medical marijuana dispensaries in Los Angeles County and the epic legal shitstorm that has accompanied them. That and Margolin were a perfect fit.

Just after eight on a chilly morning, I'm standing alongside Wilshire Boulevard when a black Porsche Cayenne pulls up. Margolin is riding shotgun with Danny Samadi at the wheel. The beefy and amiable UCLA undergraduate is one of her paid interns.

"I'm really glad it's Friday," Margolin purrs, her reddish-brown hair piled atop her head. The lawyer's courtroom attire is funky and stylish—black tights, short skirt, a snug gray suit coat, purple Burberry scarf and boxy Chanel librarian glasses.

Everybody in L.A. seems to have the same flu bug this week, including me, Margolin and the contestants on *American Idol*, so we trade coughs and listen to the radio as Danny speeds us down to nearby Culver City.

"I'm really cold," Margolin says as we come to a stop in the parking lot outside the courthouse. "Are *you* cold?" Not waiting for an answer, she pads around to the backseat of the Cayenne in her stocking feet, fishes out a second pair of tights and—in front of me and whatever other motorists and/or felons might be watching—hitches up her skirt and steps into them, right there in the parking lot.

Perhaps this is a good place to note that Margolin doesn't think smart and sexy are mutually exclusive. Erin Brockovich may be old news, but Margolin is on the front lines every day, turning heads at various Los Angeles-area courthouses.

•

May 4, 2006, approximately 2:40 p.m. On the afternoon of his 36th birthday, Bryn Anderson went to a truck stop in Ontario, California, "to grab a bite to eat and meet a buddy," or so he tells me. He leaves out that—allegedly—the buddy, Tim Barrass, was there to buy a crapload of pot from him…according to the police.

But whatever. Anderson waited around for about half an hour, going in and out of the truck stop's eatery at least once. Somebody inside thought he looked suspicious and called the cops. When Barrass finally arrived, a black-and-white from the Ontario Police Department rolled up on them.

The cops found ten pounds of marijuana and $10,000 in cash inside Anderson's truck. Digital photos taken that day and entered into evidence by the prosecution show plastic bags the size of bed pillows overflowing with fluffy green buds, as well as thick wads of C-notes bundled by rubber bands.

Anderson told the cops he was a vendor for pot dispensaries, something the California laws are especially fuzzy on. You see, it's okay for the establishments to sell weed once they have it on hand, but what happens if the guy transporting it around gets popped with a truck full of money and drugs? That's the question.

Two years later. We arrive at the Rancho Cucamonga courthouse for Bryn Anderson's preliminary hearing behind schedule, so the judge declares a recess until 1 p.m. The defense retires to a nearby Applebee's, and we make quite a group: Margolin; Danny the driver; Anderson, who sits next to me at the table, antsy and sighing and occasionally saying "fuck" to nobody in particular; Barrass, Anderson's leathery, ponytail-wearing codefendant; Barrass's attorney, Donna Standard; and a trio of expert witnesses who will testify for the defense.

The prosecution has just given Margolin and Standard copies of the crime scene photos, which are splayed out across the table. Everyone looks them over and talks strategy. These scandalous pictures amuse our waitress. All around us, white suburban office types eat their lunch.

Anderson was arrested almost two years earlier, and today's preliminary hearing will mark his 18th court appearance. Looking like he'd had little sleep the night before, Margolin's client pores over the pictures long after the rest of the table has turned to their menus. He can't eat. He goes outside to smoke a cigarette.

Munching on a quesadilla burger, Margolin flips through an issue of *Elle*, cool as she can be.

The hearing lasts the rest of the afternoon, a dry, slow-motion collision of stoner culture and the San Bernardino County court system.

Margolin is confident she has a good shot at getting much of the prosecution's evidence thrown out of court, so she goes after one of the arresting officers, John Gonzalez. Poking holes in the cops' side of the story, she grills him about who booked the evidence, who parked where in the lot, who showed up when, who wrote what report. With the bust having gone down 24 months earlier, Gonzalez is repeatedly forced to testify, "I don't know" and "I don't remember."

Margolin asks him about specific strains of weed, running down a laundry list of names: Power Plant, Purple Kush, Grapefruit, Sweet Tooth, Train Wreck, White Widow, O.G. 13.

The court reporter dutifully takes all of this down. Just another day at the office.

At a subsequent hearing, Margolin ends up losing her motion to dismiss. The judge, Douglas L. Elwell, rules that Anderson and Barrass were using the medical marijuana laws to "shield illegal activity," sending the case to trial. A jury will decide what's what.

That means Anderson will finally have his day in court, as well as his 20th court appearance. If only his troubles stopped there. He's on probation for his *(continued on page 110)*

ALYSSA MORE

More Than You Can Handle

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

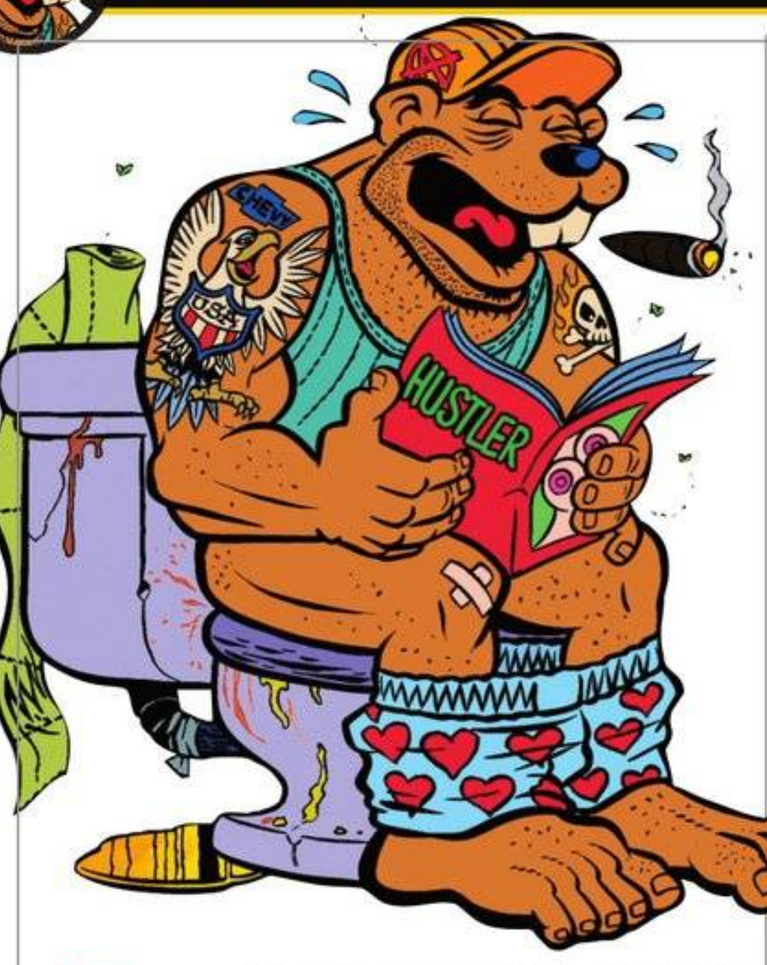
It's really hard to meet a good man these days," **Alyssa** laments. "When I moved to California, I had no idea it would be this tough to find a guy. Maybe that's why I play with my pussy almost every day. I'd rather get myself off than mess around with some dude who doesn't know what to do. Having a big cock is useless unless you know how to use it."

With Mr. Right in Bed the Canadian cutie admits to being a bit of a control freak. "When I do hook up, I really need to be on top in order to get off. I just tell the guy to hang on and take *him* for the ride of his life."

As for posing naked, the now-unbashful miss points out, “This is something I never dreamt I could do. Growing up, I was a bit of a late bloomer and kind of an ugly duckling. Once I blossomed, I figured showing myself off was the perfect way to get back at all the mean guys who used to make fun of me back home.”

Will porn buffs be seeing more of **Alyssa** in the future? "I sure hope so," the newbie chirps. "I'd love to be able to do this full-time!"

ALYSSA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Vancouver, Canada | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 110



Two blond roommates decided to have an old-fashioned Christmas, so they trudged out into the woods to chop down their very own tree, just like in the old days. After hundreds of evergreens that didn't cut it, hours of sub-zero temperatures and a close encounter with a wolf, one of the blondes turned to the other and shrieked, "I'm tired of this shit! We're chopping down the next fucking tree we come to whether it's decorated or not!"

HUSTLER KNOWLEDGE: If a woman gets pregnant from anal sex, is the offspring deemed a crack baby or just another asshole?

Spinsterish Ms. Tate gave her fifth-grade class a special homework assignment: having the pupils' parents tell each of them a story with a moral to it.

The next day she asked Ronny to share the story he'd been told. "Well," the tyke narrated, "my daddy told me about my Aunt Karen, who was a helicopter pilot in Iraq. She got shot down one day and bailed out over enemy territory with only a flask of whiskey, a pistol and a survival knife. She drank the whiskey on the way down and landed right in the middle of 20 Republican Guard troops. She shot 15 of them dead before running out of bullets, killed four more with her knife till the blade broke and then strangled the last Iraqi with her bare hands!"

"Oh, my God!" the horrified schoolmarm exclaimed. "So what was the moral of your father's horrible story?"

"Stay the fuck away from Aunt Karen when she's drinking!"

Little Jimmy and his pal Bobby were taking inventory of the loot Santa had brought them. Jimmy boasted, "I got a new bike, an iPod, the latest Wii game and some $100 gift cards from the toy stores down at the mall!"

"Damn, all I got was a baseball glove," Bobby sourly muttered. "But at least I'm not dying of cancer!"

After retiring, Rusty went downtown to apply for Social Security benefits, whereupon he had to show his driver's license to verify his age. Lo and behold, he'd left his wallet at home. Raising an eyebrow, the female pencil-pusher told Rusty to unbutton his shirt. Puzzled, he obliged. "That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me," said the clerk, who quickly processed all the paperwork.

Later, Rusty excitedly told his nagging wife about being approved for Social Security. "You dumbshit!" the battle-ax howled. "You shoulda dropped your pants! You might have gotten disability too!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *boobjob* as George W. Bush's reign as President of the United States.

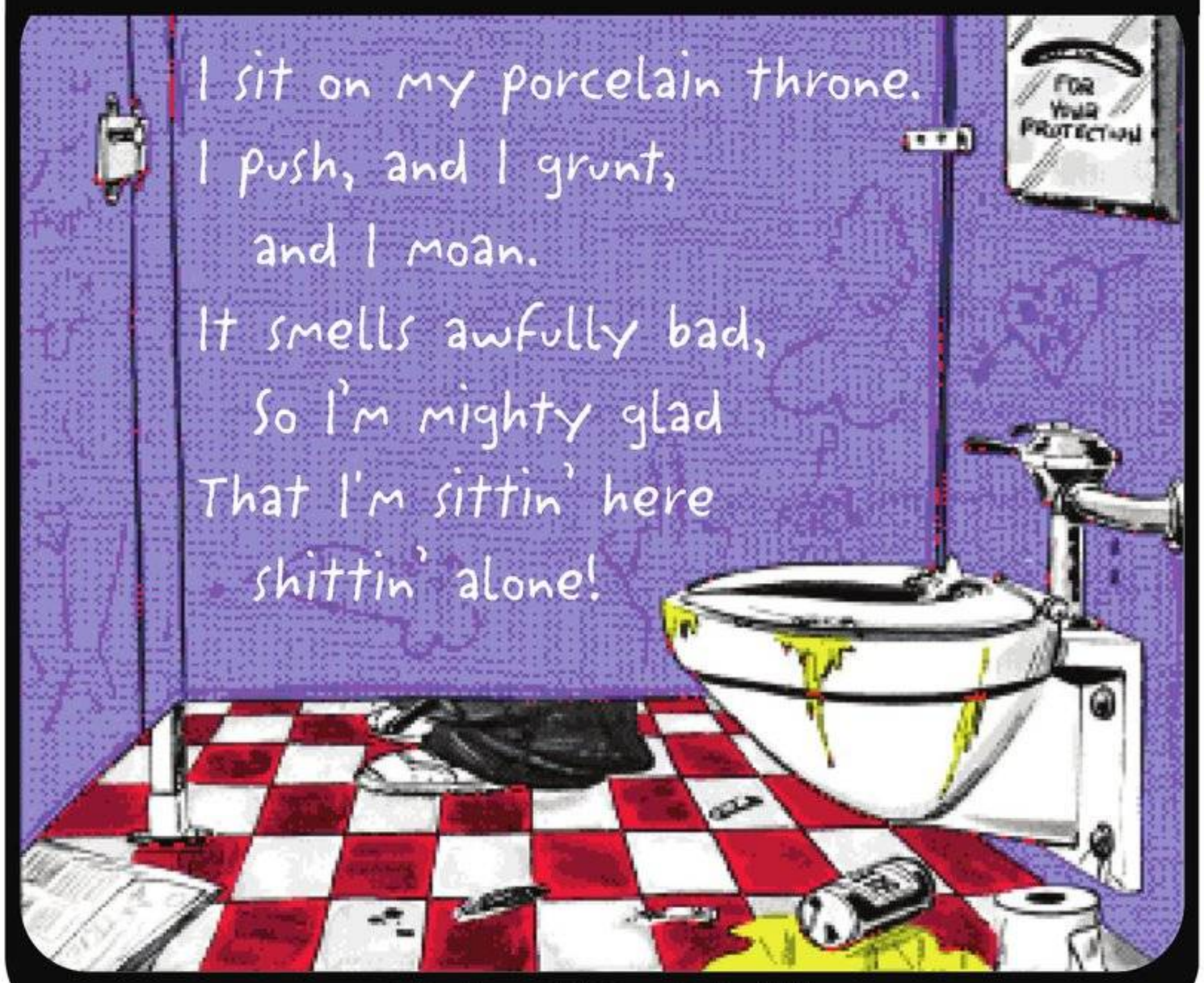
For Christmas a woman bought her husband of 20 years a rare and exotic frog with a rather unique talent. As the man opened his present on Christmas Eve, his wife explained that the frog had been trained to give blowjobs. Smiling, hubby said he'd try it out around bedtime. This pleased the missus because she dreaded sucking her husband's dick.

Well past midnight the wife, alone in bed, was awakened by a loud metallic clattering downstairs. Trudging into the kitchen, she found her husband frantically pulling out pots and pans while the frog pored over a cookbook.

"What on Earth are you two doing down here?!" the lady of the house clucked angrily.

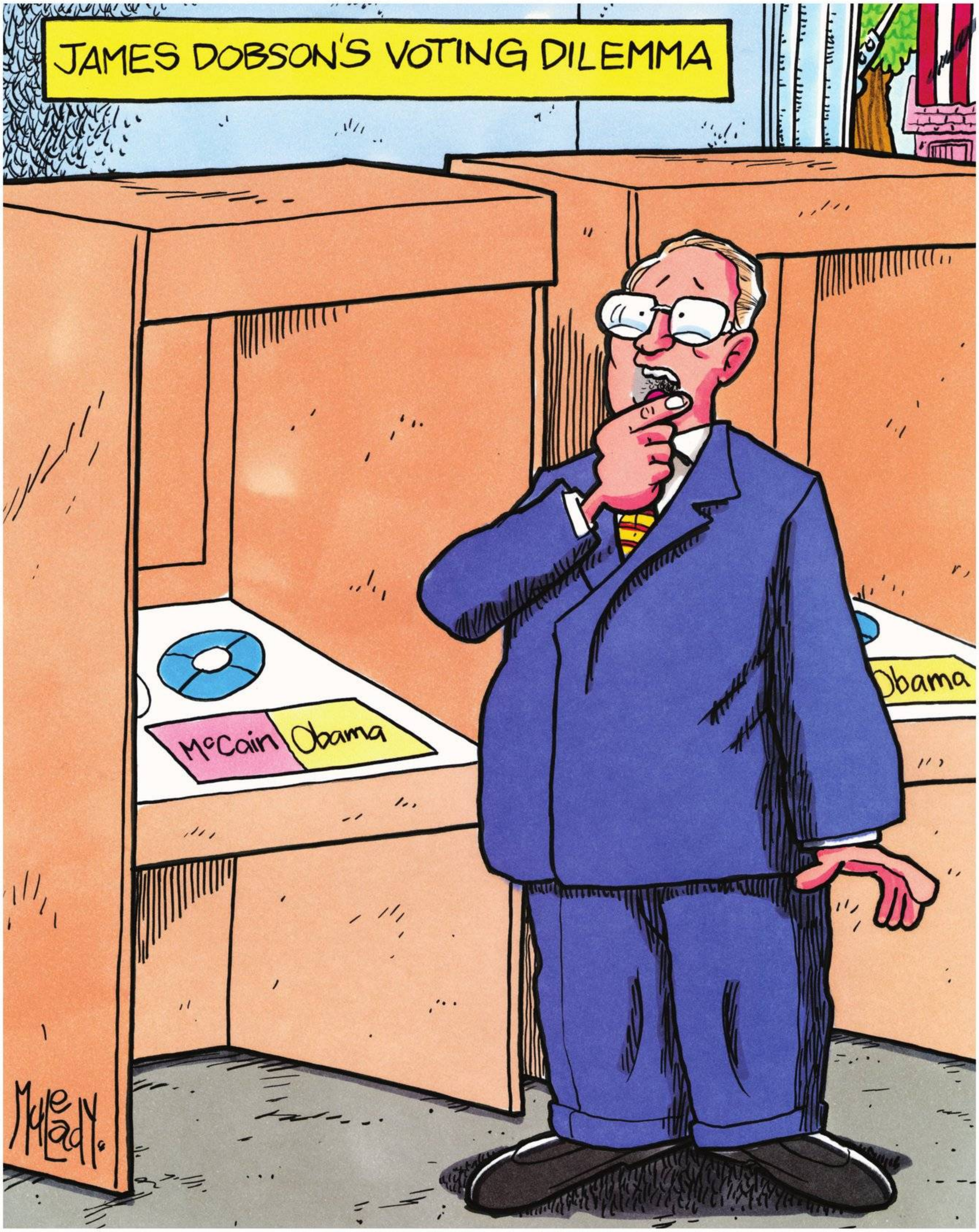
"Hey, bitch," the happy hubby yelled back, "if I can teach this here frog to cook, you're fucking outa here!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Burt W.

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



"McCain has supported abortion in cases of rape or incest, amnesty for illegal immigrants and is interested in stem cell research. On the other hand, Barack Obama is a nigger."

DISTURBED: STILL DOWN

Hard rockers return with another pummeling disc.

Since the release of *Sickness* in 2000, Chicago-based Disturbed has sold 10 million albums worldwide and dazzled concert-goers around the globe. During a recent West Coast visit, singer/frontman David Draiman, guitarist Dan Donegan, bassist John Moyer and drummer Mike Wengren sat down with Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt to discuss their latest CD, *Indestructible*, and more.

HUSTLER: How hard is it to make a rock record these days?

DAVID DRAIMAN: We do what we do regardless of what is going on in the environment. We make rock records. We'll continue to make rock records. Because of the lack of rock presence the audience is hungrier for what we do now than they have been in quite some time. It works to our advantage to be one of the only bands doing what we do at the level that we do it.

Did the process of making *Indestructible* differ from your other releases?

DRAIMAN: We definitely grew as a band. Our choice to self-produce forced us to focus on each other quite a bit. We didn't have that outside party, that fifth member hovering over us. We had to be each other's producers. It was different in that way. But otherwise it was in the same studio with the same engineer playing on the same equipment. We've always come into the studio very prepared. Ninety-nine percent of our preproduction is done outside the studio. Except for our internal focus, the process wasn't that different.

Did one of you become the de facto leader?

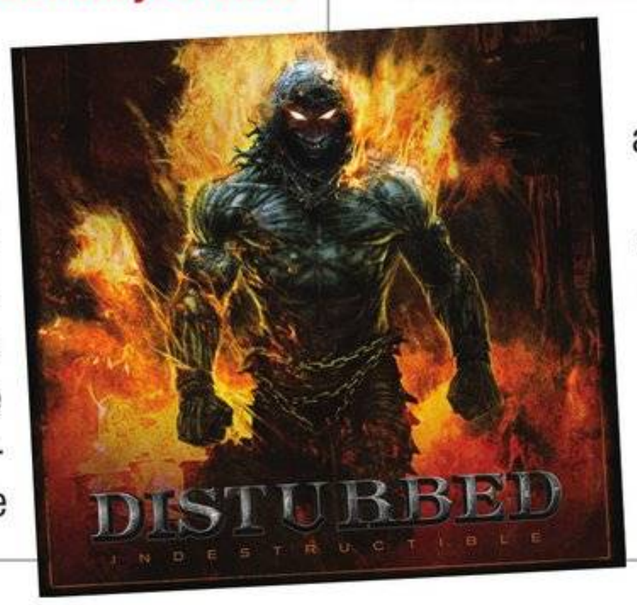
JOHN MOYER: Yeah. Dan, our guitarist, baby-sits the entire project. He was there right when it opened, unlocked the doors to the studio, and when the project's done, he's the one that's turning the key and locking it down.

What tracks on the new CD stand out?

DAN DONEGAN: There were a couple of surprises. I think "Haunted" is one of them. We knew it was a good idea going in, but once it was done, that track took on a new life for us. Like David mentioned, during preproduction we beat the hell out of the songs so much, we knew what they are going to do once we get in there.

DRAIMAN: You could pick any number of tracks on the record: "Inside the Fire," "Deceiver," "Enough."

MOYER: "Indestructible" is a slamming track!



Any groupie stories?

DRAIMAN: You have to understand, brother, we're all either married or close to it so….

MOYER: It's strange when you see a girl flash you and then see another girl flash you and find out later that they are mother and daughter.

DONEGAN: There's not too much that we haven't seen over the years. That was when we first came out at the time and were all just single guys living the rock 'n' roll life.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

WEEZER

Weezer (The Red Album)

The kings of nerd rock return with another near-perfect collection of modern classics. The only stumble here is "Heart Songs," River Cuomo's tribute to the music that shaped his life. The ultra-sappy tune sounds more like something from Pablo Cruise's greatest hits than a Weezer creation.

JEWEL

Perfectly Clear

We knew this was bound to happen. Jewel has gone country! The yodeling Alaskan's Nashville debut is reminiscent of Dolly Parton's best efforts. And dare we say, just as good. Solid, pop-flavored country music from the top-heavy tunesmith? Count us in, y'all!

I HATE KATE

Embrace the Curse

Fine purveyors of the O.C. guitar rock sound, I Hate Kate offers a melodic mix of pop rock that clearly displays their punk roots. Highlights include "Bed of Black Roses" and "Then You Kiss."

OMD

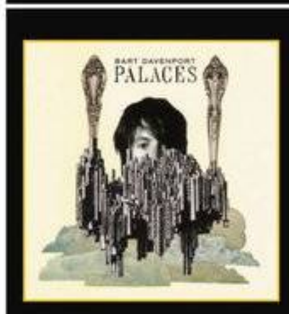
Architecture & Morality & More—Live

The synth pop pioneers regroup for this hits-filled retro affair. While Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark are best known for their song "If You Leave" from the *Pretty in Pink* soundtrack, this CD reminds us that beyond that, OMD are just as cool as Depeche Mode. *Architecture & Morality* is also available on DVD.

THE RUMBLE STRIPS

Girls and Weather

Is this the greatest band to come from across the pond since the Beatles? Could be. The British foursome's brilliant debut is deserving of praise. Believe the hype! It's packed with singalong, soon-to-be rock classics.



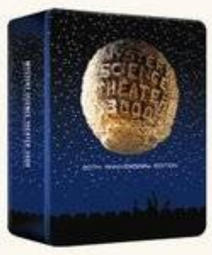
BART DAVENPORT

Palaces

Sometimes a nice helping of wuss rock is needed. You know that guilty-pleasure CD you listen to when feeling sentimental on a Sunday morning after breaking up with that crazy stripper bitch who was good in bed but stole all your shit? Mellow man Davenport has created the perfect disc for that occasion. *(continued on page 101)*

DVD Box Sets

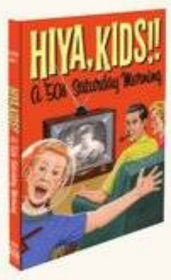
Nice Box!



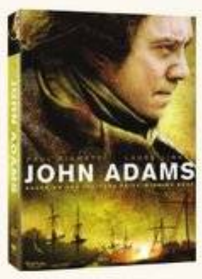
MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000: 20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

The cult classic is back and boxed! Relive the sarcastic hilarity of space travelers Joel and Mike and their wisecracking robot pals as they crack on some of the worst (best?) B-movies.

HIYA, KIDS! A '50S SATURDAY MORNING



The great black-and-white 1950s kids shows collected here will make you feel young again. Or seeing classic shows like *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, *Howdy Doody* and *Time for Beany* again might make you feel really fucking old.

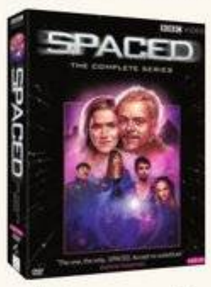


JOHN ADAMS

HBO's critically acclaimed historical epic miniseries is here on a bonus-feature-packed three-DVD set. Watching Paul Giamatti's turn as America's second President is a history lesson you just won't mind sitting through.

RAMBO: THE COMPLETE COLLECTOR'S SET

Stallone's second-greatest character is captured here in all his bone-crunching, revenge-seeking glory. Tucked into a cool-looking metal case are all four Rambo films (including the 2008 *Rambo*), as well as two discs of bonus features. They drew first blood!



SPACED: THE COMPLETE SERIES

The third-greatest BBC series has finally been released on DVD! This quirky and witty show (does the Brit network make any other kind?) is an oddball comedy about flatmates living in London. Created by and starring Simon Pegg from *Shaun of the Dead*, the fucking funny *Spaced* makes you realize how much *Friends* sucked.

J-Kwon Gives a Fuck!

Rapper J-Kwon, best known for his hit "Tipsy," stopped by HUSTLER to discuss groupies and being spokesman for the Screaming O Vibrating Cock Ring.

HUSTLER: How did you get involved with Screaming O?

J-KWON: It was through a friend who told me that this is the new shit you need to get with. We gave away $50,000 worth of the Screaming O safe sex packs to an organization that will disperse them in urban communities.

How important is safe sex?

Very important. You wanna live, right? Hey, you wanna keep it fun? So it's cool.

What do you do if you get a hot chick in your bed, and she doesn't want you to use a condom?

I say get up out of my bed! (*Laughs.*) No condom, night over! You know it!

What is the difference between bitches & hos?

A bitch is a ho who don't want to admit she's a ho. And a ho is just nasty! Just filthy!

Did the quality of groupies improve after "Tipsy"?

Oh, yeah! Definitely. I went from getting no hos to *all* hos.

Give us one good groupie story.

Well, we met one yesterday here in L.A. She approached me and said, "I wanna try that Screaming O shit that your ass been on the mic talking about." So we did that. That was nice."

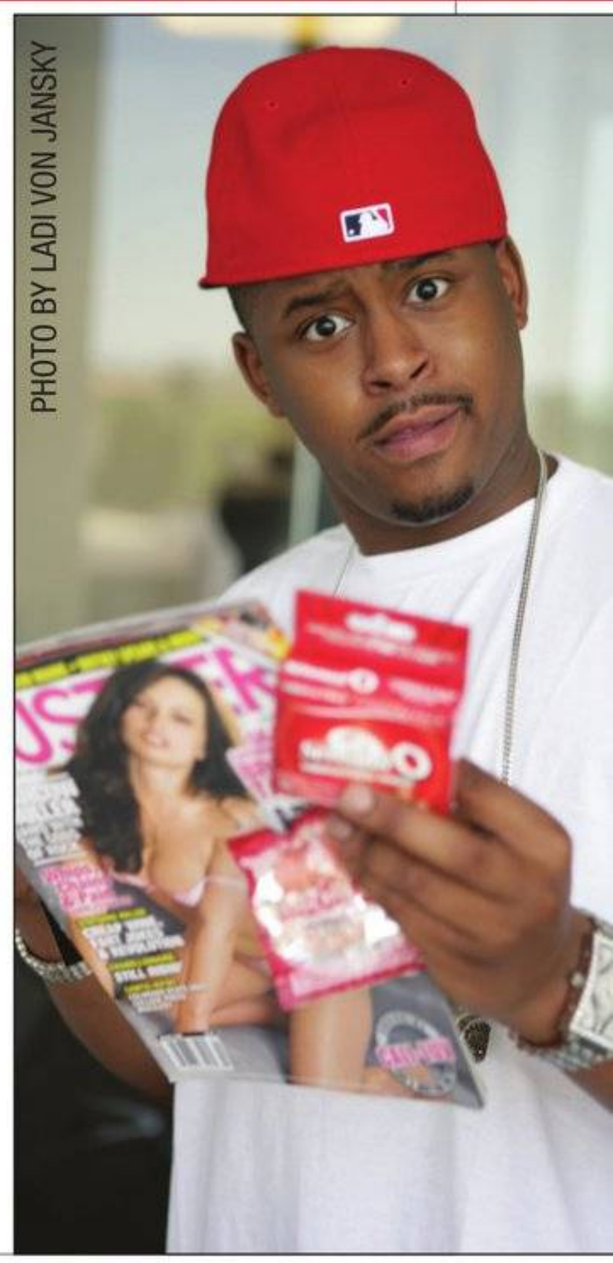


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

FLASHBACK FAVES

Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

CY CURNIN:

"One Things Leads to..."

For more than 25 years Cy Curnin has been the enigmatic lead singer of the Fixx, rocking the legendary New Wave band through such hits as "One Thing Leads to Another," "Secret Separation," "Red Skies" and "Stand or Fall." Cy stopped by HUSTLER to discuss his new solo disc (*The Returning Sun*), hand puppets and whether or not he's a sheep fucker.

HUSTLER: When was the last time one thing led to another?

CY CURNIN: It's still an ongoing process. One thing is still leading to another as long as you get out of bed in the morning.

Why release your second solo CD now?

It's a brave new world. If you do things yourself in this day and age, you get more results. We've been watching the record companies fall apart. We've got a new Fixx record coming, so I thought doing my own solo project would be a great way to test out the waters. So I built my Web site. You initially sell a lot less, but it's not like in the old days where a record company gave you six weeks to impress the world, and then you're finished. This way there's a buildup. Ten CDs a day, 20 the next, but you're making all the money. You have to find new ways to reach fans.

How do you decide which songs are Fixx's and which are solo?

When I write songs for the band, there is more of a gentlemen's club with a worldview on stuff. With the Fixx the band plays their own part, and it is very much a collective. Solo is just me. I get to tell the players what I want them to do. [Fixx guitarist] Jamie West Oram happened to come through and played on four tracks on the solo CD. People noted that those songs sound very Fixx-like, which makes sense.

What is the greatest song you've ever written?

Lyrically I'm still proud of "Stand or Fall." It was a band collective and generational collective tune when it came out. It was also the song that introduced us and flew our flag as we came out around the world in 1982. The lyrics still have sense today, and it has survived the test of time.

How has the Fixx maintained the same core lineup?

What brought us together back then was our similar kind of backgrounds. We had the same temperament and work ethic. We were all determined to make it no matter what. We went through the same things together, and then the band took off. We all got divorced. All got remarried. We all had kids.

The band went up and down, and we bonded. Funny enough, we just reunited with original bassist Dan K. Brown. So it's the full five again. He left in the '90s to battle colon cancer and wasn't up for the touring. Recently he came back. He is quintessentially the Fixx bass player.

Do you still rehearse for gigs?

It's different now because life gets in the way. We rehearse in clumps of time. Very intense ten-day periods to get everything up to speed, and then we go into the studio for three or four days to capture the meat of the songs. We spend two to three months on the road. I spend the rest of the time writing at home with my sheep. I started with three; now I've got 40. They breed, although I've never slept with one.

What is your favorite 1980s memory?

To me it was all fun—the misconceptions. You are still you, a little wienie from England singing songs, thrust out into this adoring public. The best was being the opening act on the Police's Synchronicity Tour. They were number one, and we were number four. We could do no wrong. Playing to a million-and-a-half people in six weeks was really great. I wouldn't mind doing that again now.

Did the Fixx have any crazy groupies?

There was one that really freaked us out. We were playing [Chicago's] Comiskey Park, and Rupert—our keyboard player—had spotted this girl up in the bleachers. Behind her on the wall was this big sign that said DANGER. I used to wear this rabbit's foot necklace but stopped after a few shows because it would poke me in the eye when I jumped around. So I would leave it in my bag before going onstage.

This crazy fan ended up backstage before the show. It was so hot and sweaty that her nail varnish was melting a bit. She was talking to me with this wet nail varnish on. So we go on and do the show. We see her sitting next to the DANGER sign.

I come off stage and head back to the dressing room, which had been locked, and security had been around. I pick up my rabbit's foot, and it's got nail varnish on it. I went slightly loony that night. You can see how artists live sort of paranoid lives because that kind of attention is not human. Some people can deal with it very well. Not me.

What are those odd hand motions you do when performing?

That's the good guy and the bad guy. The hand puppets. The conscience. Left and right. I talk with my hands quite a lot, so they just became the puppets. I've used it for punctuating words in a bigger sense. I suppose when you're onstage, you're hiding behind a character, and that became my character. When I would look at footage of us, I would see that it worked, so I kept it up.

When I started playing guitar, it sort of stopped for a while, and the fans were like, "Where are the hand puppets?!" I'm more of an introspective singer now, but they do still come out now and then.

What are your fans like today?

There are less of them, but they're more intense. They're a generation that grew up with us. We are a piece of the soundtrack to their lives, and that is an honor. It inspires us to keep the quality up. We play Vegas a lot and see people in that unreal town having very real moments. I like that paradox. ■

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

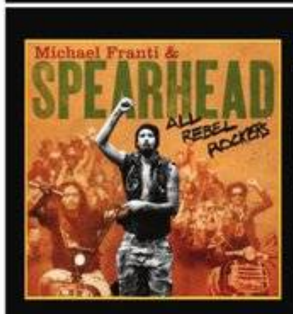
MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN

To Survive

Trippy and melodic songs à la Dido and Sia with more of an urgent vibe are the soul of this great CD. Every hipster chick you know probably already owns this, so we suggest pretending you knew about Joan As Police Woman all along. It might get you laid. We said *might*.

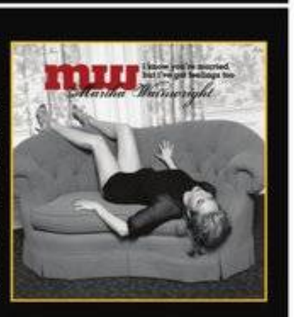
MICHAEL FRANTI & SPEARHEAD



All Rebel Rockers

Franti continues to achieve the impossible: blending a powerful political message with funky hooks and singalong choruses. His latest disc shows continued growth, presenting a patented blend of protest and passion. Music that makes you smarter is never a bad thing if it rocks.

MARTHA WAINWRIGHT



I Know You're Married But I've Got Feelings Too

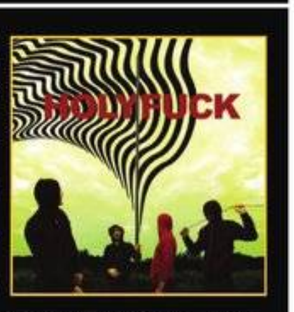
Martha Wainwright is the dictionary definition of "quirky chick." Her CD features guest spots from Pete Townshend, Donald Fagen (Steely Dan) and Garth Hudson of the Band. It's packed with a ton of pop gems and a Pink Floyd cover. We could really fall for a gal like this…if we weren't married.

THE DANDY WARHOLS

Earth to the Dandy Warhols

Although the Warhols will probably never get the success they deserve, the group never disappoints. Maybe it's better that a mass audience doesn't catch on to their bohemian art rock. That way they'll always stay cool.

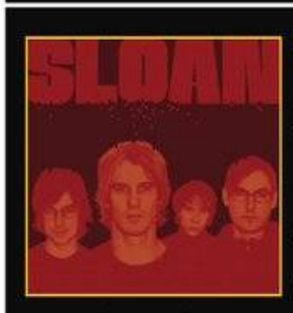
HOLY FUCK



Holy Fuck

The aptly named band's CD is brilliant! Sounding a lot like early Nitzer Ebb and KMFDM, the electro-agro combo's raw and raunchy disc was recorded live onstage in their Toronto studio and produced by Broken Social Scene's Dave Newfeld and Girls Against Boys' Eli Janney.

SLOAN



Parallel Play

Will somebody finally please recognize the brilliance of Sloan? We mean somebody other than a small group of music writers and journalists known affectionately as "The Critics." Sloan's latest is a jangly slice of pop nirvana. ■

Stuff These in Your Stocking!

They say it's better to give than to receive. They're full of shit. Here are some items you might want to spend your gift cards on this holiday season.

U2: BOY, OCTOBER & WAR

The first three CDs of the über-band's impressive catalog get the deluxe makeover here, adding bonus CDs of rare material. These early discs show an urgent and raw sound that helped turn four guys from Ireland with funny haircuts into rock gods.

WRECK THE HALLS: PUTTING CHRISTMAS INTO ROCK

We know, most holiday music CDs suck. These don't! They feature traditional seasonal interpretations (that means lots of bells) of some of rock's greatest acts, including AC/DC and Metallica.

RUN DMC MUGS

Your morning coffee just got a lot doper with these fly, old-school mugs featuring the rap trio Run DMC. Word!

ZZ TOP: LIVE IN TEXAS

Hard to believe that this Texas trio has never released a proper concert DVD before. The bearded ones with the clean-shaven drummer named Beard rip through their rocking hits, including "Legs" and "Sharp Dressed Man."

THE MOTOWN COLLECTION

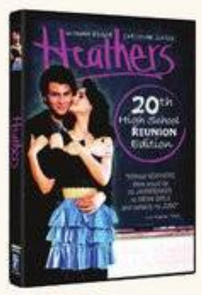
This five-CD box collects each decade's best from Detroit's hit factory. Signed, sealed and delivered, all of its great artists are represented here, including Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and Debarge. That's right—we said Debarge!

MIDNIGHT OIL: DIESEL AND DUST

The seminal CD from Australia's political powerhouse gets deluxed. Added on to the signature disc is a DVD of live material that makes this a must-have. We're not just saying that because Oil's towering lead singer Peter Garrett scares the hell out of us.

KANSAS: TWO FOR THE SHOW—30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

You know you love Kansas and played the hell out of their double LP until your sister covered it with tinfoil and used it to tan. Then she left it out in the sun, and it warped. Bitch!



HEATHERS: 20TH HIGH SCHOOL REUNION EDITION

The "so very" classic dark comedy that launched the careers of Christian Slater, Winona Ryder and Shannen Doherty is back. Expanded to two DVDs, the funniest film about teen suicide ever is bolstered by all-new documentaries and interviews with the cast.

BILLY JOEL: THE STRANGER—LEGACY EDITION

Long before Mr. Piano Man left the world of popular music for other ventures (like marrying a hot younger woman and doing classic music), he recorded this near-perfect album. It's 30 years old, so the fine folks at Legacy have revamped it by adding a live CD from Carnegie Hall (June 3, 1977) and a DVD from *The Old Grey Whistle Test*.

WHISKEYTOWN: STRANGERS ALMANAC

The well-rounded masterpiece of singer/songwriter Ryan Adams's early country/punk band gets revisited and adds an impressive 26 bonus tracks! As good as this is, it still doesn't explain how Adams got to nail Mandy Moore.

KISS KRAP

No holiday gift guide would be complete without some KISS-related merchandise. The latest offerings from Gene and company are the KISS Checkers Set and KISS Flying Disc (don't say Frisbee®—that's trademarked) from iCup. Merry KISS-mas!

MOVIE Mammaries

SEXY SCIENTOLOGISTS!

Scientology is a controversial Los Angeles-based religion started by the late science fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard. Its beliefs and principles (including some mumbo-jumbo called "Clay Table") are highly protected and shrouded in mystery. The Church of Scientology has been called everything from a scam to a cult—BUT NOT BY US! Scientologists are known to be very litigious, and our lawyers would never let us make negative statements about them. Many showbiz personalities are members, notably big-name actors **Tom Cruise**, **Will Smith** and **John Travolta**. And we totally admire their film work! Really! Especially the cinematic exploits of the following female Scientologists.

JULIETTE LEWIS

The lanky actress with the attainable, skanky girl-next-door quality has always turned us on. It also helps that **Juliette Lewis** has offered up a ton of onscreen nudity, starting with *Kalifornia* (1993), in which she first unleashed her small-but-powerful boobs to the public. In the Oliver Stone epic *Natural Born Killers* (1994) you can see an oh-so-brief nipple pop out during a sex scene with our pal **Woody Harrelson**. Juliette really gave her all in *Strange Days* (1995) by spending the bulk of the film in a bikini bottom and a few scant moments topless. *Picture Claire* (2001) once again features her picture-perfect breasts on full display. With such an impressive body of work it's hard to pick just one favorite film from Miss Lewis's risqué résumé, so we've chosen two. During an underwater love scene in *Renegade* (2004) the stringbean shows off her titties (we never get sick of seeing them) and her bountiful bush; and in *The Darwin Awards* (2006) she gives an orgasmic performance worthy of an Academy Award.

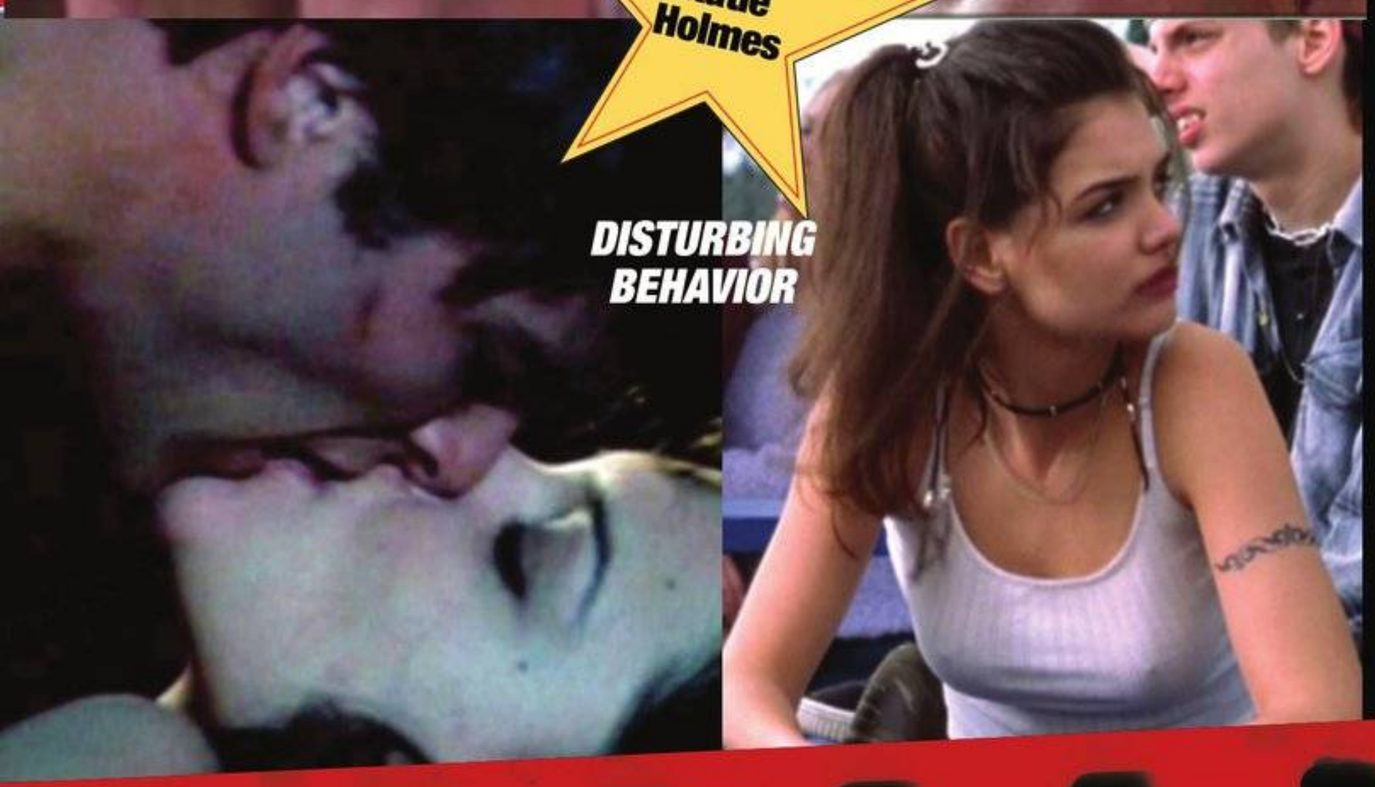
JADA PINKETT SMITH

After getting her big break on the **Bill Cosby**-produced sitcom *A Different World*, **Jada Pinkett Smith** worked her way up the ranks, eventually landing film roles along with A-list husband **Will Smith**. Jada's shining moment on the silver screen came during *Jason's Lyric* (1994). Although we know a body double was used for all the actress's topless scenes, we're pretty sure that the awesome ass visible during the alfresco love scenes is indeed Jada's.

Rent These NOW!

KATIE HOLMES

The Church of Scientology's latest high-profile member is **Katie Holmes**, a former Catholic who converted after marrying super Scientologist **Tom Cruise**. Lucky for us, long before that unholy union the former *Dawson's Creek* star shot two skin-tastic films. The aptly named *The Gift* (2000) features Katie wearing nothing more than sexy white panties and a smile. Her beautiful breasts are the greatest present you could ever hope for. For an additional peek at Katie's nice casabas, check out the accidental slippage on the DVD of *Disturbing Behavior: Special Edition* (1998).



PRISCILLA PRESLEY

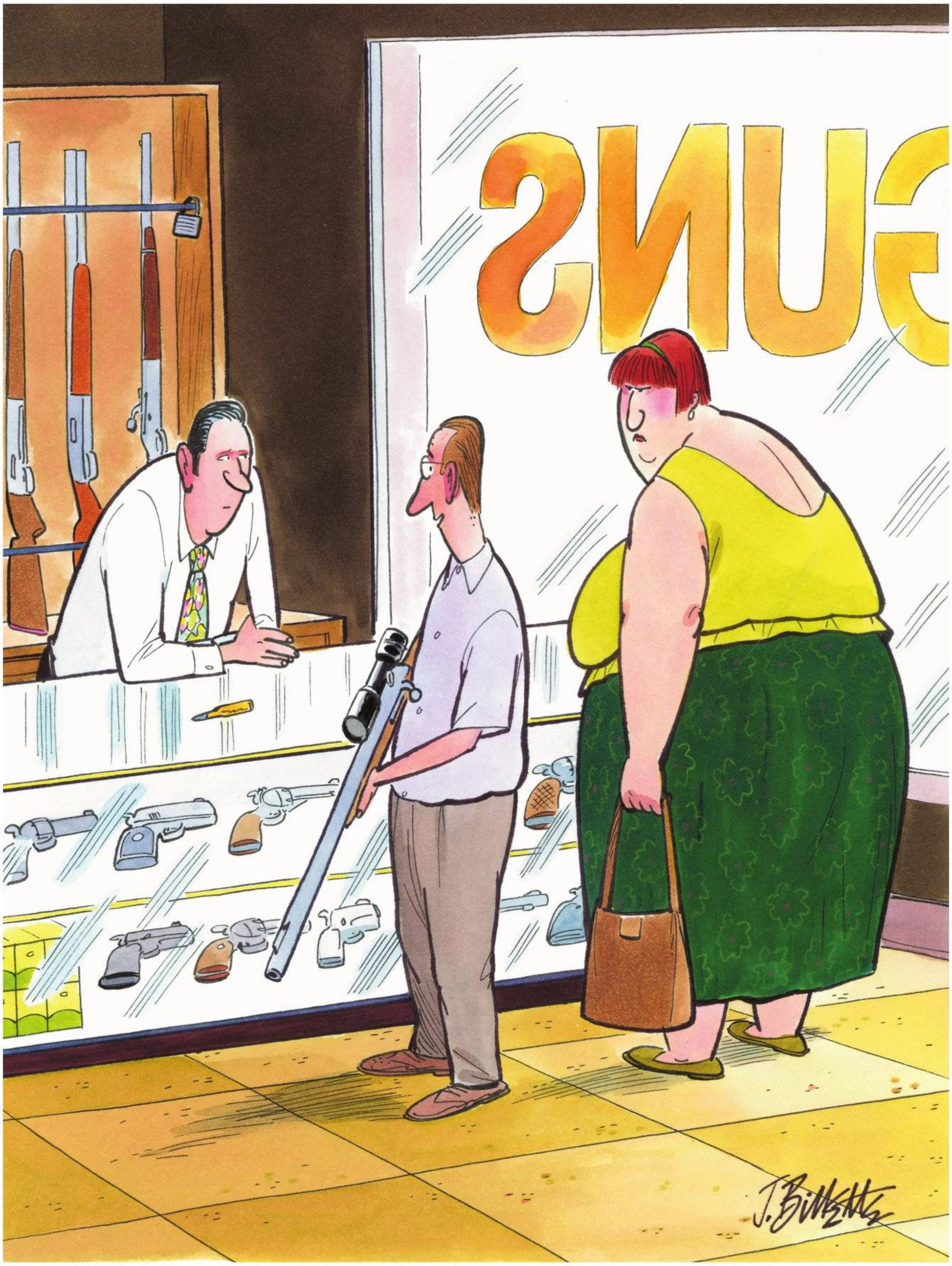
Sad but true, **Priscilla Presley**—Elvis's ex—has never appeared nude or topless in a motion picture. She must have saved showing off her tight body for the King of Rock 'n' Roll. Lucky bastard! Priscilla did, however, prance around in some sexy lingerie in the screwball comedy *Naked Gun 33 1/3: The Final Insult* (1994). Watch it and you may feel a hunk o' burning love.

KIRSTIE ALLEY

As hard as she is to stomach now, **Kirstie Alley** was once hot. Really hot! Long before the former *Cheers* star ballooned into something best described as "The Incredible Bulk" and became a Jenny Craig spokeswoman (a job she ultimately was forced to leave), Alley was awesome. Need proof? For starters, check out one of the deleted scenes on the DVD version of *Blind Date* (1984). You can see a fully topless Ms. Alley during a bedroom tryst. You can also catch Kirstie stuffed into a bathing suit and getting dripping wet in the TV movie *Prince of Bel Air* (1986) and donning a lacy bra through most of *Madhouse* (1990).

Seeing all these sexy Scientologist women may just make you want to join up. Not us. But maybe you.

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.



"Could this baby bring down, say, a rogue elephant…on her period?!"

Guns & Guts!

FREEBIE WEAPONS WITH A NEW CAR? ONLY IN AMERICA!

Throughout the history of the United States, guns have been a part of the fabric of our lives. With that in mind, Max Motors in western Missouri (**max71.com**) has orchestrated an outrageous campaign to promote sales and pimp themselves as modern-day Thomas Paine-in-the-asses of the loony left.

The GM dealership is accomplishing this by giving away either a gas card or a free handgun. Your choice. You heard that right! A free piece with purchase of an American-made automobile.

Is Mark Muller, owner of Max Motors, shamelessly trying to promote auto sales, or is he trying to make a political statement? Both. The ATF wants him to stop. Liberal radio has verbally crucified him. Radio host Rush Limbaugh laughingly spent 45 minutes on the subject. Is Muller the devil, a modern-day huckster like P.T. Barnum or a real American badass hero? Quite frankly, you have to pick how you'd characterize him through your personal life filter. I know this man well: He's my older brother.

Mark called me in the middle of 2008 to ask me what I thought of his latest promotional idea. I begged him not to do it. He did it anyhow—after consulting with legal counsel—and then told me to "grow a set." With that verbal slap, he embarked on a marketing campaign that created a firestorm around the globe.

Max Motors' sales are up over 400%—but at what cost? Threats have been made against my brother's personal safety—from antiwar protesters no less. "Peace pussies" Mark calls the picketers who've converged in front of his dealership, screaming, shouting and threatening his life—yeah, real peaceful.

Being a fellow media whore, I was dumbfounded at the coverage. Envious of the attention, I called Mark when I saw his promotion covered on all the networks, and I asked him if it was all worth it. He ripped into me with a tirade on the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. My brother is sincere—unlike shameless, puffed-up buffoon Dennis Hof of the Moonlite BunnyRanch brothel in Nevada, who has monthly gimmicks like $15 off a prostitute if you flew American Airlines and had to pay more because of gas prices. "America is turning into a bunch of *sheeple* brain-washed by big media."

I did my research, which showed that when most major cities have passed "Conceal and Carry" laws, violent crimes have been reduced considerably. Get that fact? More pistols equals less crime. In Washington D.C.—our nation's capital and one of the most violent cities in the free world—you were not allowed to possess heat until the Supreme Court sobered up in June 2008.

"If you are a woman in New York," said political rabblerouser Ann Coulter on my radio show, "you are a sitting duck waiting to be robbed or raped."

In her many tours of repressed lands as goodwill ambassador for that morally bankrupt United Nations, Angelina Jolie must have witnessed how important guns are for the common Joe or Abdullah. The father she won't speak to—Jon Voight—is pro-gun, and she echoes Daddy. Jolie and her mate, the dreamy Brad Pitt, are gun owners. "I bought original, real guns of the type we used in *Tomb Raider* for security," she told the U.K.'s *Daily Mail*. "Brad and I are not against having a gun in the house, and we do have one."

With guns we are "citizens." Without them we are "subjects."

The average response time to 911 in my home city of Chicago is 15 minutes. A whole lot of bad can happen in 15 minutes. Look at your door and imagine how long 15 minutes would seem after it's kicked in. Surveillance video from our 911 call center rebroadcast on local news has shown the equal opportunity employer city's dispatchers to be jawing, endlessly yapping fools while the phones ring, ring and ring.

The argument for protecting the right to bear arms at all costs is legitimate and sacred and must be upheld for all citizens with minor reasonable restrictions. Think I'm wrong? Prove it. You can't! Skip your emotions, wake up to reality and—as my brother Mark says—"grow a set."

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based Mancow Muller is the controversial talk jock who has tangled with FCC censors more often than Britney Spears has flashed her cooze. Mancow describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

"Think about it: I can fuck her, then you can fuck her. No hard feelings.
Then we're able to head downtown and hang out together.
That's what separates us from humans!"

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

Filthy Eastern Vices

A dapper Asian turns out to be *inscrewtable*.

I don't want anyone to get the idea that I'm the kind of girl who engages in stereotyping people or anything like that, but…sometimes…some of those things you hear have a bit of truth to them.

For example, take Asian men. They're usually quiet and shy and don't make much trouble. They usually have smaller dicks. And they are usually in some type of business. Oh, and they have cameras with them and carry briefcases. I'm not sure if those are negative stereotypes or not, or if they're even really stereotypes, but that's how most of these guys are. At least the ones from overseas.

So, this one time, I had an Asian tourist come in, and he was just like I described: quiet, briefcase, camera. Very polite too.

First, we worked out our little negotiations in my room. I did the usual "host check" thing for our party, but this one was unusual: Under his business suit the Asian was wearing full-on women's lingerie.

I mean, wow! He had the whole thing going on! Bra, panties, garter belt, stockings. And it was nice, expensive stuff too. He had obviously spent some time choosing his ensemble with care. Most amazing to me, all the stuff fit perfectly. I guess most guys who aren't into this stuff wouldn't know, but a lot of gentlemen who like to "experiment" in this kind of role-playing activity just pull items off the rack and go with that. None of it matches, and none of it fits right. Maybe it's because most American guys are built a little bigger than the Asian guys or whatever, but they look kind of funny in chick underwear. Well, most guys look funny in it, but that's just my humble opinion.

Once I got a good look at my client, it threw me for a minute, and then I realized that what I had here was just another guy who wanted to play girlie dress-up.

He didn't speak the greatest English, so we communicated as best we could. Like I said, he was very polite.

I got undressed, and the Asian's eyes nearly popped out of his head. I suppose he hadn't seen too many Western girls naked. "*Aaahhhh*, thank you, thank you," he said. Then he bowed.

I got down on the bed, and he slipped his little cock between the leg of his French-cut panties. He climbed on top of me and started humping me like he was some kind of Kamikaze pilot from a World War II movie or something. I mean, this guy was throwing a serious fuck into me.

He was saying stuff in Japanese or Chinese or whatever language he spoke. It didn't make any sense to me, but I suppose he was having a good time. Despite his girlie duds, the guy sure knew what he was doing. And no matter what I did, he'd say, "Thank you" and bow. I must say it was very cute.

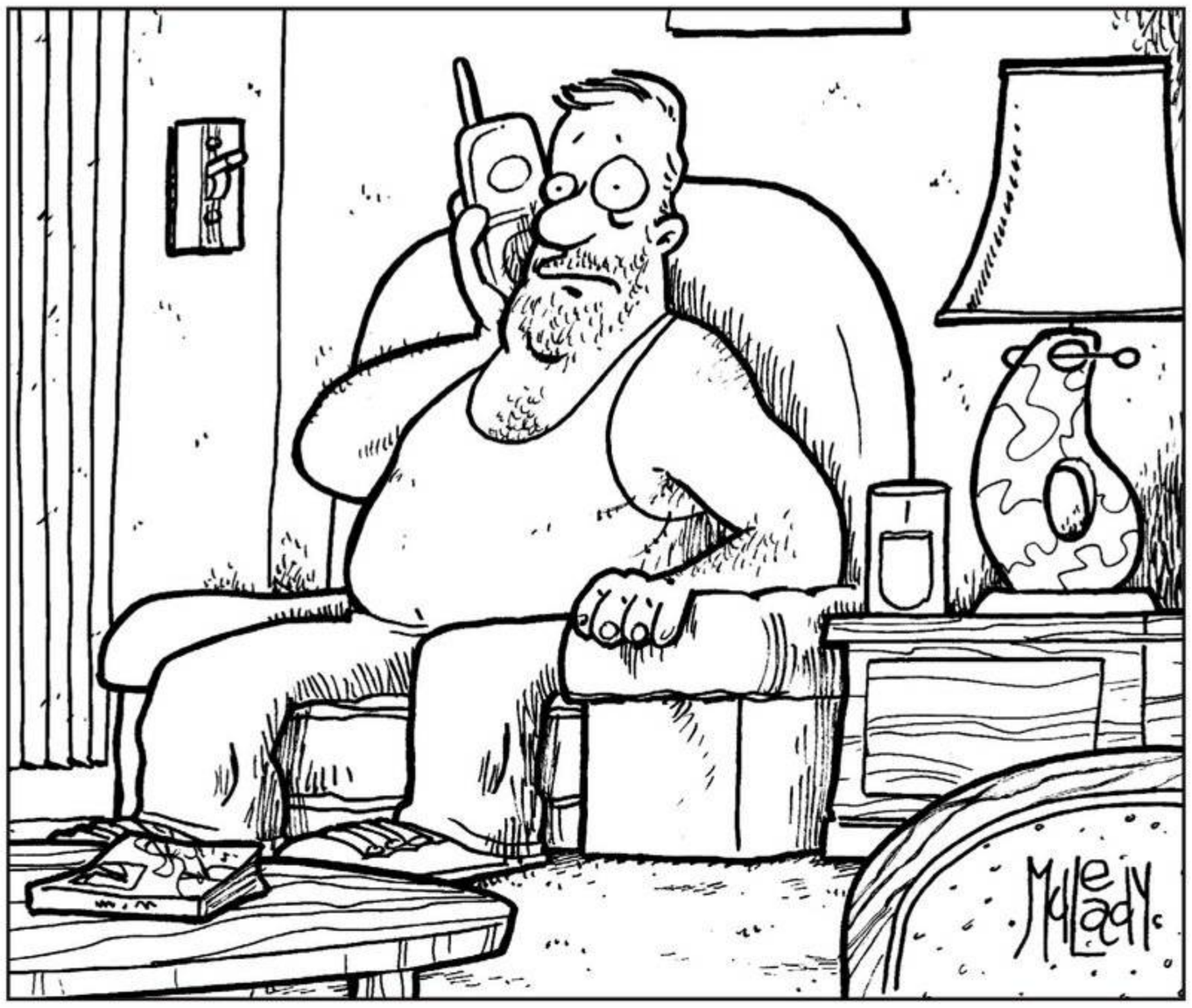
And while most Asian guys have small units, I think I now have a better understanding as to why Asia has billions of people living there. Somebody's doing some serious fucking over there.

He got done and politely thanked me for about the thousandth time, then proceeded to get dressed. He put his business suit right over his ladies' undergarments, and I walked him out.

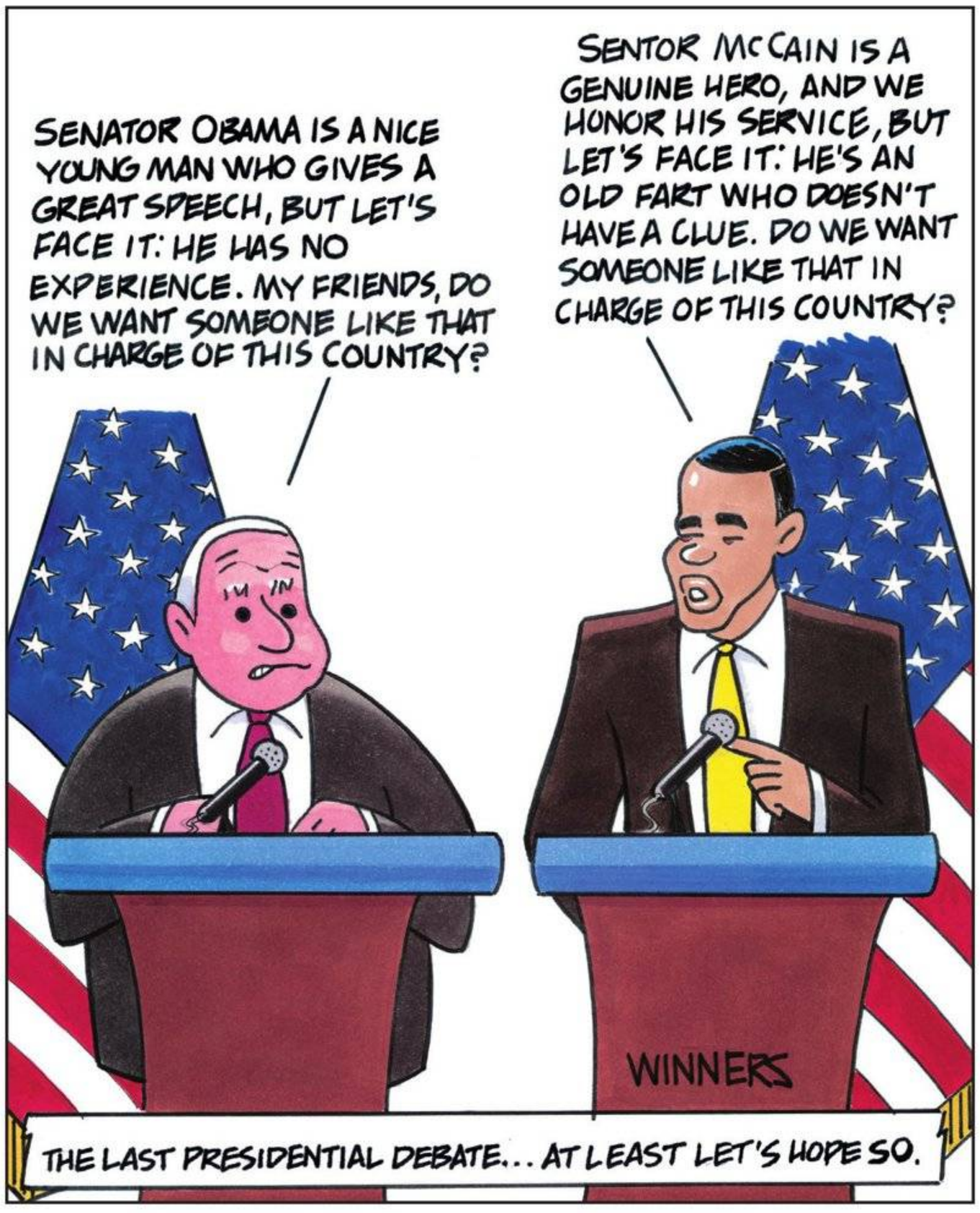
Oh, and before the little Asian left the Ranch, he snapped a few pictures of me, thanking me for that too. ***—Anna Mills***

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.



"Hello. Congress just passed the FISA bill, granting immunity to us, the telephone companies, so we'll continue to spy on whomever we want, and you can't do shit about it! Have a nice day."



(continued from page 81) "other situation"—a little matter of getting arrested, and convicted, for possession of 743 marijuana plants. Margolin is helping with his appeal on that case as well, for free.

Margolin laments seeing all these nonviolent offenders getting dragged through the legal system: property seized, finances wrecked, reputations tarnished. She's frustrated because she will work her tail off to get a case dismissed, as she did with Matt Farrell. A legit medical provider, Farrell was cleared and had both his pot and cultivation equipment returned only to be rearrested for the same offense, with the same evidence.

True story: Her first six months as a defense attorney, back when she worked for her dad, Margolin cried every night upon returning home.

On the way back to Los Angeles, one of the defense witnesses, Dr. Edward Alexander, pontificates. A physician who frequently writes medical marijuana recommendations, he testified as both an expert witness and caregiver on behalf of Bryn Anderson and Tim Barrass.

"There's no lethal dose of cannabis that you can take in its natural form," Dr. Alexander tells me. "The lethal dose is the one that gets you arrested and beat down."

He talks about how the DEA is leaning on dispensaries in Los Angeles, threatening the landlords at various strip malls with federal RICO prosecutions. He talks about the police departments that have been raiding dispensaries, stealing medical records and sharing that information with the Feds. He talks about FISA warrants, the Department of Homeland Security, Guantanamo Bay.

"The system churns on," the doctor says, with a nod toward Margolin. "These people need an advocate."

•

Victorvile, California, a few years ago. A guy—let's call him Fred—gets busted with 500 marijuana plants in his home. Senate Bill 420 stipulates you're only allowed to have 18 (wink, wink). Fred is fucked.

Fred retains an attorney, but doesn't like the way the guy goes about things, so he also hires Allison Margolin as co-counsel. Attorney #1 wants Fred to accept the D.A.'s plea offer of felony probation. At a preliminary hearing, when Margolin says she wants to put on a full defense, her associate thinks the idea is hilarious. He yucks it up with the D.A., making fun of Margolin. *This chick. Thinks she knows what she's doing. Haw-haw. Heh-heh.*

Doing her thing, Margolin calls a horticultural expert to the stand. He testifies that 500 marijuana plants could yield about five pounds a year for Fred, putting her client within the legal limit.

The judge agrees. Case dismissed. Fred goes home.

Which attorney would you rather have?

T.R. McAlister is a Los Angeles-based screenwriter and journalist.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Couch Tomato

SAMIRA

Call me a sex addict or a nymphomaniac if you like," purrs the ravishing temptress known simply as **Samira**. "I'm Latina, so I'm naturally hot-blooded and need sex all the time. It may make me a bad girl, but it doesn't make me something to fear."

We're not afraid of lusty **Samira** even though she can be a real handful. "At first, the men in my life like that I'm aggressive and demanding," she coos. "Then after a while they're begging me to go easy on them. Most guys think it would be great to have a woman that needs sex three or four times a day, but when they get with me, they can't keep up the pace. I need a guy with lots of staying power!"

Does scintillating **Samira** have any other hobbies besides sex? “I love to go salsa dancing,” she replies, “but that usually leads to more sex. It’s true what they say about a man: If he’s good on the dance floor, he’s usually good in bed.” With a laugh, **Samira** fesses up, “I’m always looking for a man who can put the moves on me on the dance floor *and* in the bedroom.”

Adding more sizzle, **Samira** concludes, “I think one of the most natural things you can do in life is be naked. Maybe that’s why I wanted to do a HUSTLER layout. Wouldn’t it be great if we could all just be naked and free all the time? Imagine the money we’d save on clothes if all of us were nude. It would be great to see everyone like that.” As the sexy exhibitionist tangos off into the sunset, she draws the line. “Well, maybe not fat people.”

SAMIRA’S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Chicago, Illinois | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 120

BY DAN HALEY

Subjects of online gossip: Stefan Savic was amused, while "Judith" (inset below) posted a proactive response.

Antisocial Networking

An ex-student's popular Internet site spawns a "juicy" controversy.

Many of the most ridiculous times I can remember were from college," observed Duke University alum Matt Ivester. "I thought, *Why not create a Web site where people can share those stories?*"

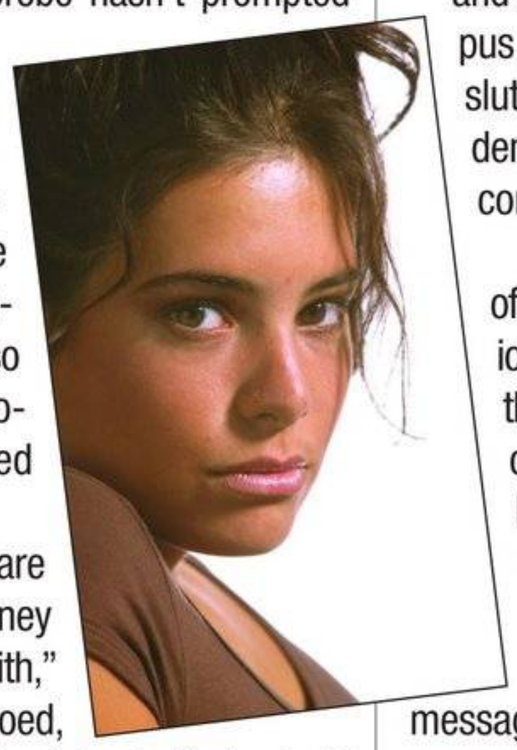
Now college students from coast to coast are gossiping about their peers by logging onto Ivester's brainstorm, **JuicyCampus.com**. Providing complete anonymity, this online message board posts edgy comments about the "biggest sluts on campus," the "biggest cocks" and "guys who like a finger up the ass." Besides sexual scuttlebutt, users of the site can post links to doctored photos of their classmates, and even racist diatribes pop up. Often, individuals get discussed and dissed by name.

Posts range from the poetic ("What of my body, the arching and flexible machine that can apply whatever pressure you desire, be it grinding or innocent hesitance?") to the barely literate ("tried to put it in my ass but it was too small if u only knew..."), the latter not a positive sign for higher education.

Some student groups and campus leaders at Duke, Pepperdine and Texas Christian—among others—have called for blocking access to Juicy Campus at their respective schools. And if New Jersey Attorney General Anne Milgram has her way, the site will be shut down. In March 2008 she opened an investigation into Lime Blue, Juicy Campus's parent company, to determine whether or not the gossip haven has violated the Consumer Fraud Act by failing to adhere to its stated terms and conditions.

"We're confident we haven't violated any laws," stated Matt Ivester, whose enterprise has message boards for 63 schools nationwide.

The New Jersey probe hasn't prompted Ivester to scale back at all. On the contrary, he keeps pushing forward. While trying to make the site snazzier and more responsive, Ivester is also looking to accommodate several hundred additional schools.



Not all students are as outraged as Attorney General Milgram. "Judith," a Barnard College coed, learned from her boyfriend that she'd showed up on Juicy Campus. "I was pretty taken aback at first," said "Judith," preferring first-name-only status. "Then I was just amazed at the sheer stupidity of it all. Don't people have better things to do with their time than posting anonymous, fallacious messages online?"

"Judith" considered tuning it out, but ultimately decided to face her defamers on their own turf—the message board. "I thought it best to simply respond proactively," she reasoned. "I weighed in on both my amusement and on the absurdity of the comment about me."

When Stefan Savic, a Columbia University political science major and varsity football player discovered a Juicy Campus post talking trash about him and one of his teammates, he wasn't angry. "I was with a bunch of people in my room where I had my laptop plugged into my TV," Savic recalled. "We were all just reading [the posts] and laughing. Everyone thought the site was really funny."

Amy Q. Lin is another Columbia student who became a target of conjecture on the site. "I saw it and laughed," Lin remarked. "As for Juicy Campus's comments about Such-and-Such being a slut or whatever, let's face it. These rumors usually stem from some kind of truth."

Of course, not all students are so quick to let Juicy Campus off the hook. Loyola Marymount University's Colin Tempelis formed the BAN Juicycampus!!! Facebook group after reading postings that bashed a friend for being gay. Tempelis fumed, "Lots of people were making comments like, 'I hope his dad beats the fag out of him.' My friend was strong at first, and then I think it just kind of got to him a bit much. … [Eventually] he dropped out, saying he was going to beauty school."

Despite media scrutiny, negative criticism and at least one investigation, Juicy Campus faces a bigger challenge. How many slut stories or cock tales will pique students' interest before they invariably become jaded if not totally bored?

"I personally don't check it that often," Savic admitted. "It seems the topics are a little more conservative [now] than in the beginning. When it first came out, people were a little shocked. … Now people are like, 'Okay, whatever, I guess you can, but it's boring.' Honestly, I find the site a little pathetic."

Pathetic or not, Juicy Campus's message boards are still abuzz with threesomes, latent bigotry and sluts.

Dan Haley, a Columbia University journalism major, is a guest editor of the *Daily Spectator* (the Ivy League school's campus newspaper) and has also written for its satire magazine, *The Eye*.

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*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Nikki: Cal Poly Pomona

"I enjoy showing off my body," proclaims Nikki, a sophomore at one of academia's most polysyllabic institutions of higher learning: California State Polytechnic University-Pomona. "I'm not a shy person." And for our gala Holiday Issue we couldn't have found a more fitting (and cheerful) coed to strip down to her birthday suit while donning a Santa cap. "Seeing myself naked in HUSTLER will be a cool present," acknowledges the 5-foot-8 liberal arts major, a math whiz who'll turn 20 two days after Christmas. Asked to shed light on her naughty side, the surfing and jet-skiing enthusiast readily confides, "I may be tall, but I like being dominated. I'll do whatever my boyfriend wants. I haven't had a chance to experiment with girls just yet, but that can wait." When out and about, however, Nikki rarely can wait to get down and dirty. "I've had sex at the beach a bunch of times and on a pool table," admits the Left Coast babe, who has her eyes set on a nursing career. Muses Nikki, "It's too bad there aren't any clothes-optional hospitals. It'd be fun to make my rounds wearing only a little white cap." —Photos by Friend

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

***Bree & Kayden**'s titular pussycats practice good grooming.*

***Bree** gives Alexis Love a taste test.*

Bree & Kayden

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: BREE OLSON, KAYDEN KROSS, AVA ROSE, ALEKTRA BLUE, SAMMIE RHODES, ALEXIS LOVE, KIMBERLY KANE, CELESTE STAR & MELANIE SCOTT.

Now here's an idea: Name the movie for the best scene in it! Bree Olson fans, who make up about half the country at this point, will love this little piece of Xmas candy. Bree's encounters—first with skinny sex doll Alexis Love, then with blond stunner Kayden Kross—are prime chunks of girl/girl tenderness that slowly heat up as the dildos arrive. In the opener, Bree and Alexis play Japanese schoolgirls indulging a crush. That scene is hard to top. The rest of the flick is padded out with vignettes of babes in hooker shoes slurping each other in expensive houses. But hold out—or skip ahead—to the title scene and spoil yourself rotten. ***—M.J.***

Parent traps: What **Daddy** could resist Kylee Reese and red-hot Paige Love?

Daddy! Please Stop Fucking My Friends!

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RENO ASH. STARRING: KYLEE REESE, MADISON SCOTT, PAIGE LOVE, ALEXA JORDAN, JAYDEN ROSE, JAY CREW, RENO, ROD FONTANA, JUSTIN SYDER, DICK NASTY & DIRTY DAN.

In case that title didn't tell you everything you need to know about this movie, here are some more quotable lines: "Lick that pussy, Daddy!"; "Come on, Daddy, fuck me like you mean it!"; and "Is it okay if I call you Daddy?" Of course, the dads are only fucking their daughters' *friends*, so don't go thinking anything else is implied. That would be crazy. Paige Love and Kylee Reese turn in especially spunky performances, and the other girls bring an awkward charm to their fuck scenes—just right for a corny little flick full of dirty old men and cute, natural newbies who look like they just dropped out of high school. As a *Barely Legal*-style fantasy for all you wannabe DILFs out there, *Daddy* delivers. ***—M.J.***

Sara Faye…

…Jada Fire…

…and Lexi Love are all ***Squirt-a-licious***!

Squirt-a-licious

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: NICKI HUNTER, JADA FIRE, FLOWER TUCCI, LEXI LOVE, SARA FAYE, CHEYNE COLLINS, JAY LASSITER & MIKEY BUTDERS.

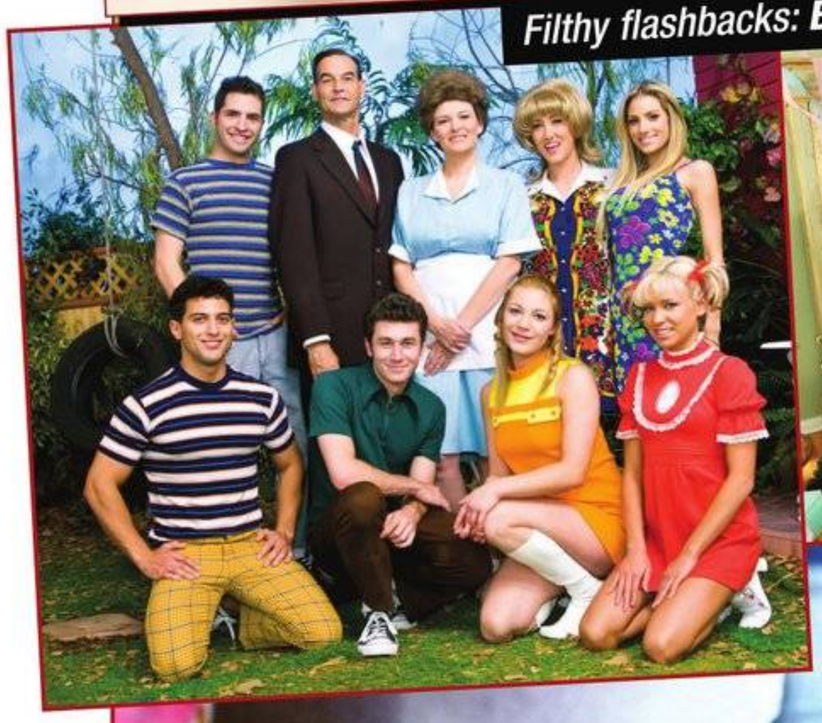
Holy freakin' firehose, everybody squirts these days! How the hell did this happen? Not that we're complaining, mind you. *Squirt-a-licious* kicks off with an appearance by porn's "raining" Squirtwoman, Jada Fire, who squeals and gushes every few minutes like a burst water balloon. The lineup as a whole is decent. Flower Tucci never disappoints. For their parts, Lexi Love and the great Nicki Hunter turn in particularly spirited spurt shows. If you're a lush for gush, *Squirt-a-licious* is your quencher! The lovely Ms. Hunter, by the way, recently returned to work after battling cancer, and she looks and sounds as healthy as ever. Check out her foundation, Hunter C.A.R.E., if you'd like to help the cause. ***—M.J.***

XXX Gift Guide

A helluva hot year for hard-core is coming to an end. Here's a roundup of some of 2008's best releases and a sneak peek at pornland's stellar holiday lineup.

HOLY HUSTLER!

With HUSTLER churning out *Not the Bradys XXX #1* and *#2, This Ain't the Munsters XXX* and *Get Smartass*, as well as shooting *Partridge Family* and *Gilligan's Island* spoofs for release in '09, 2008 will go down in hard-core history as the year of the classic sitcom parody. Adam & Eve Pictures has even gotten in on the magic act with *Not Bewitched XXX*. HUSTLER's Eliot Spitzer roast, *Gov Love*, also gave the mainstream media an excuse to talk dirty this year. If that ain't enough to stuff your stocking, *Barely Legal: The Bitch That Stole Xmas* will be tempting shoppers by the time you read this.



Filthy flashbacks: ***Bradys*** *(left) and* ***Bewitched****.*

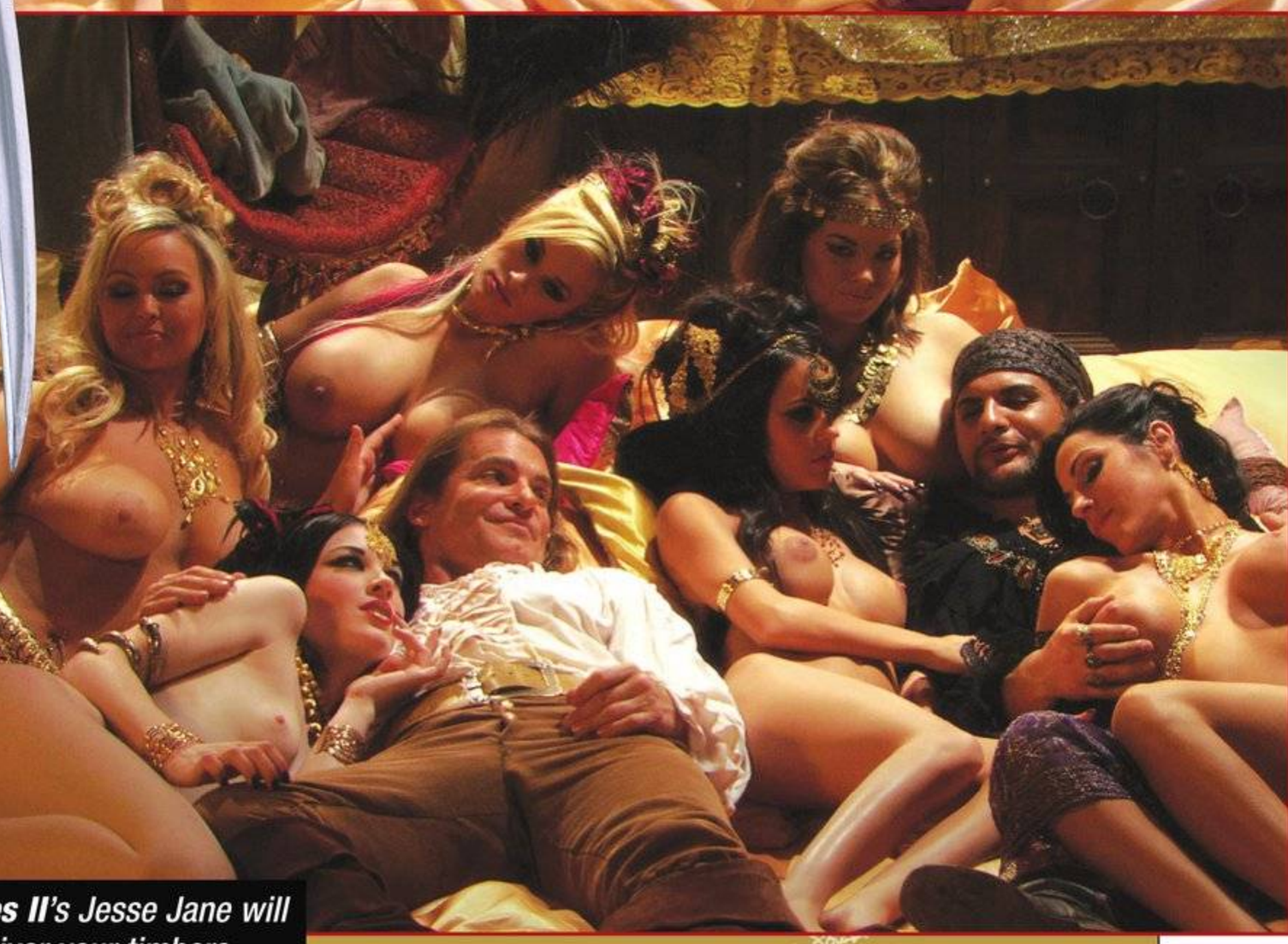
Jenna Haze casts a spell in Adam & Eve's ***Not Bewitched XXX****.*

Teagan takes the lead in ***Not the Bradys XXX #2****.*

COOL COCKBUSTERS

Digital Playground's *Pirates II* is probably the top choice for XXX gift-giving. But don't forget the other Jesse Jane landmarks that spun in DVD players this year, like *Babysitters* and *Cheerleaders*. Ninnworx, meanwhile, gave Digital a run for its money with the girl-gladiator epic *The Four*. Big-budget smut may make you look like a classy gift giver, but don't be surprised if the recipient trades it in for more nasty shit, like HUSTLER's *Strollin' in the Colon*!

Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge *is a treasure trove of busty booty.*



Pirates II*'s Jesse Jane will shiver your timbers.*

Finally released: Jenna Jameson in **Burn**.

STUFFED STOCKINGS

Pirates II might blow everything else out of the water in the hype department, but Porn Valley's major players are revving up a few event releases that are sure to get noticed. Vivid has Jenna Jameson's previously unreleased title *Burn* (shot on film during Jenna's high point), as well as Tera Patrick in *Where the Boys Aren't #19*. Wicked Pictures is whipping up publicity around *Fallen*, starring Jessica Drake, and a mysterious title called, simply, *The Wicked*. More secret-Santa ideas: Stormy Daniels's *Operation Tropical Stormy* and Hillary Scott in Sex Z Pictures' *Icon* are surefire pleasers. Plus, Adam & Eve Pictures tells us at press time that its *Roller Dollz* will knock us on our asses. Watch for reviews and more pics in upcoming issues.

Nina Mercedez and Tera Patrick are **Where the Boys Aren't #19**.

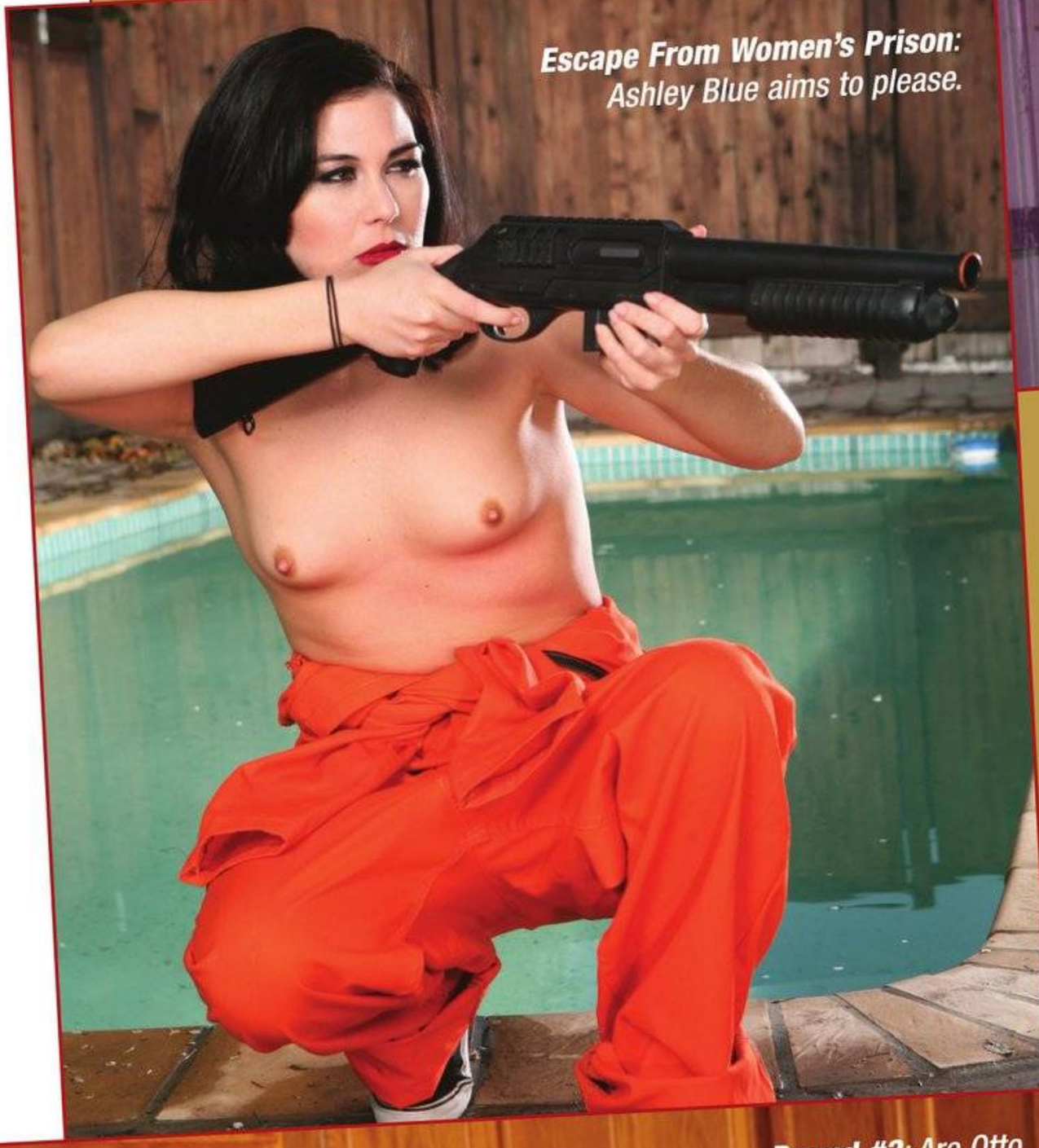
Burn: Stephanie Swift ignites Jenna Jameson.

Bree Olson and Sunny Lane score in **Roller Dollz**.

PUNK POWER

If you're sick of the same old smut, get Jim Powers and Rob Rotten's *Little Runaway #2* and *Texas Vibrator Massacre*, both of which we gave a rock-hard dicks-up this year. Look for an extras-packed rerelease of the original *Little Runaway* on the Powersville label. At press time, Powers was also gearing up to unleash more of his bondage series *Bound*, parts *2* & *3*, and threatening to subject the world to his grindhouse homage, *Escape From Women's Prison*.

***Little Runaway #2**'s Daisy Tanks is one of 2008's most gifted newcomers.*



***Escape From Women's Prison:** Ashley Blue aims to please.*

*Lexi Belle is a **Doll Underground** in Eon McKai's alt-porn epic.*

***Bound #3**: Are Otto Bauer and Bailey Brookes warming up for New Year's?*

HIPSTER HYPE

Made by art school brats for those who fantasize about screwing them, alt-porn is at its trendy peak, with most of the glut coming from the Vivid camp. A Vivid-Alt holiday pack for the spoiled "Gen Why" on your gift list should include *The Doll Underground* and *Bad Luck Betties*, along with *Triple Ecstasy*. You may also want to toss in *Morphine* and the Lanny Barby blowout *King Cobra*. Watch for our reviews coming soon.

PERFECT PLAYTHINGS

Ashlynn Goes to College is one of the best-loved porn serials to come along in years, and New Sensations is busily churning out vehicles for its bankable cutie. We're betting *Ashlynn Brooke: My Plaything* and *Hearts and Minds #2* will be terrific Yuletide toys. Finally, our pals at Jules Jordan Video should not go unmentioned. They delivered this year's bottom scorchers *Buttworx* and *Glory Hole* and are keeping things as nasty as ever into 2009. Merry fucking Xmas!

Ashlynn Brooke wins over ***Hearts and Minds #2.***

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Dead sexy: Trent Soluri (as Eddie), Victoria Sin and Aiden Starr in HUSTLER's ***This Ain't the Munsters XXX.***

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

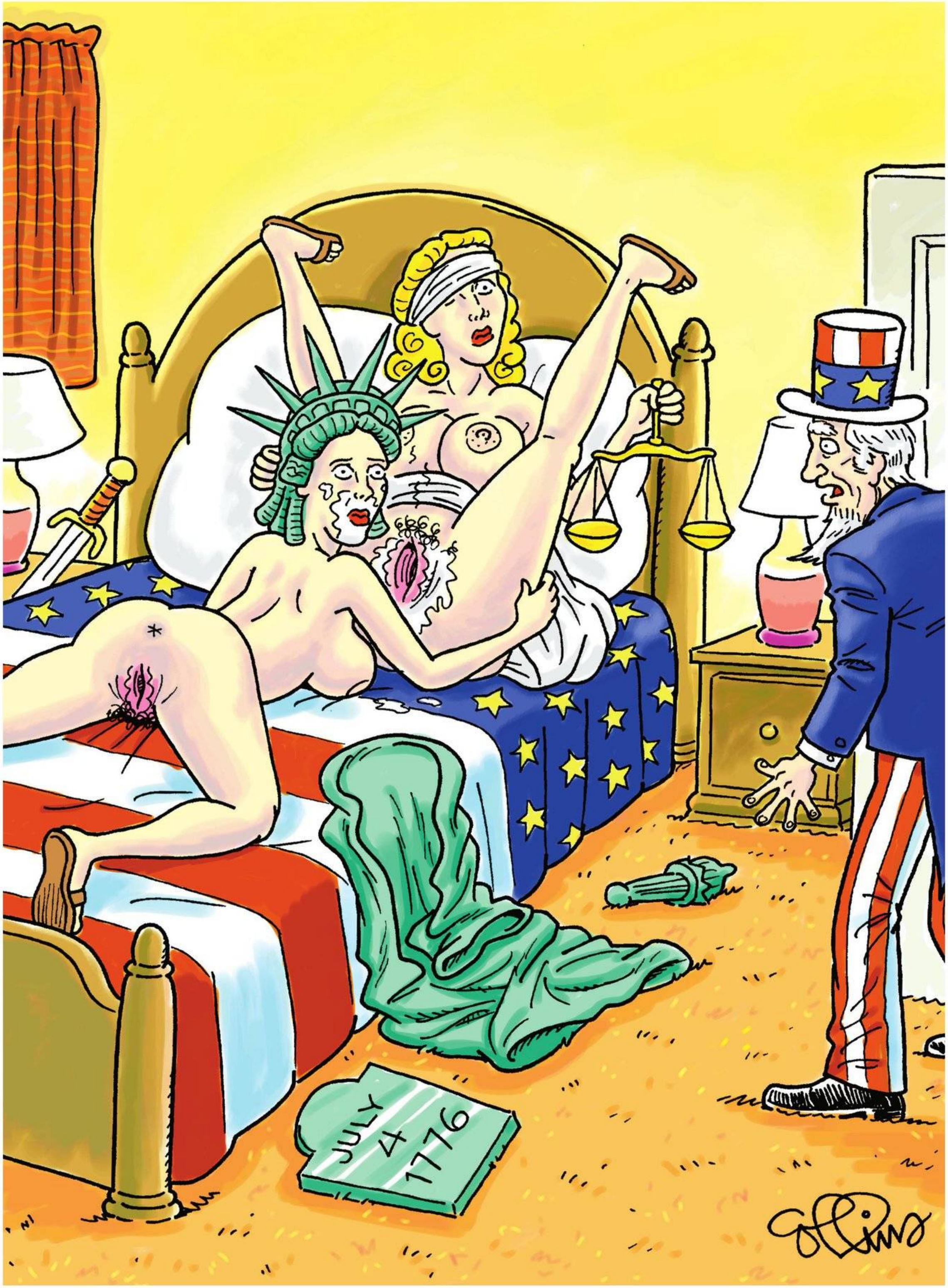
Blondes Do Have More Fun

KENDALL BROOKS & JUSTIN MAGNUM

Is there anything hotter than watching a supersexy blonde get boned by some guy? Of course there is—boning her ourselves! Who the fuck wants to see some mook with a cock the size of a tent pole getting all the action? Not us! Makes a guy feel inferior. That is, unless you're hung like a horse. Trust me. I doubt that any of the editors working here at HUSTLER are packing major man meat. Except for me. I'm huge. But you might not be.

Look at **Kendall Brooks**! Imagine that dirty little slut with her luscious lips wrapped around *your* pole. Man, we would face-fuck the shit out of her, jamming it so far down her throat, she'd gag. And she'd love it. Seriously, what chick doesn't love gagging on a huge dick? Then we'd pulverize that pussy, fucking **Kendall** on every horizontal surface in the room, the bimbo begging for more.

Sadly, we never get to do any of that. We just have to live vicariously through HUSTLER pictorials. After all, most of us are working stiffs trapped in boring marriages or codependent relationships. At least we have these arousing pictures. Now hurry up and get out of the bathroom before that frigid wife/girlfriend finds out you're not really taking a shower.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LARA

"I'm so excited," bellows this mesmerizing MILF from Visalia, California. "I can't wait to open my presents on Christmas morning, but I have one for all you HUSTLER readers too. Santa must think you've been nice this year, 'cause now you know what I look like unwrapped. And if your wish is to get down and naughty with me, I'd be tickled pink!" Lara, 38, luridly articulates, "I'm half-Japanese and a total pleaser. Blowjobs are my specialty—cum is so, *mmm*, yummy—but I also love being taken from behind. Isn't my booty sweet?" So's every inch of the 5-foot-4 eye-opener. —Yuletide Photos by Husband

LUDMILA

"From Russia With Love" gets an Irish twist with this educator who's living out her dreams in the Emerald Isle's city of Galway. With marital duties that include nude modeling, role-playing, toys and furtive public quickies, Ludmila is one contented gal. Seen here holidaying in frosty France (note the white Christmas tree) and unabashedly exposing her year-round treats without risking pneumonia or frostbite, the spry 53-year-old proclaims, "I want to show your readers that a lady of a more mature age can keep fit and feel young through love and sex." —Photos by Husband

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

BILLI

"I'm an outdoors person and very adventurous," announces this succulent server from Davenport, Iowa, who can't resist getting butt naked in the woods no matter what the season. "It was a cold day around Thanksgiving, but that wasn't going to stop me from modeling naked for the first time." When it comes to serving herself up, Billi, 27, assesses, "I'm imaginative, seductive and into anything." A fearless alfresco aficionada, the 5-foot-3 pixie has done the deed with a dude during a hiking trek and with a chick beside a lake. No wonder Billi's fresh-air fantasy is "a threeway with a guy and another girl on a levee above the Mississippi." —Photos by Friend

MARTA

"I think I'm a very sexy, romantic girl," professes Marta, 30, a florist from Poznan, Poland. "I like dancing, traveling, good music, reading, the cinema and sports, especially swimming." Getting to the nitty-gritty, the 5-foot-8 newcomer from afar divulges, "Of course, I very like good sex. About a year ago I parted with my boyfriend. My sexual needs are huge, so I masturbate again and again. I want to meet a man I can trust 100% and who will make me feel secure. I love to be wined and dined, but I also like a relaxing night at home with a bottle of wine and hot, safe sex. I love to give and receive oral sex, I love anal, and I love the 69 position. That way we both will have a good time. Excuse my English." Excuse *us*, Marta, for gawking at your pole-stiffening radiance. —Photos by Friend

COOKIE

"My fantasy is being selected for your magazine," coos this uninhibited homemaker by way of Vicksburg, Mississippi. "Just thinking about having the chance makes my pussy so wet." Born in 1969, Cookie can now brazenly display her goodies and mention what she digs for satisfaction. "I'm into everything from cocksucking and anal to girls, strap-ons and threesomes," lists the 5-foot-6 jezebel, whose favorite rock band is, fittingly, AC/DC. "My sex life is extreme, and I can't wait to see what's yet to come!" —Photos by Boyfriend

VIOLET

"Showing off my assets is exciting and fun," marvels Violet, 23, a budding photographer from Beverly, Massachusetts. And when they come into play, the heavy metal (particularly Warlock), alternative fighting and bondage enthusiast is a "fiery, creative, bisexual chameleon." The 5-foot-3 cutie pie's birthday arrives just three days after Christmas, and there's but one gift on her to-die-for wish list: "Lita Ford spanking my ass after we make out." —Photos by Friend

MADI

"I don't mind being naked," extols this Texas-born denizen of Jacksonville, Florida. "I'd do it anywhere if I could get away with it. I once had sex in a cemetery in the snow on New Year's Eve 2007." An aspiring model, Madi, 21, has come to the right place to bare her 5-foot-6, 36D-25-36 body and disclose, "Besides sex, music is my biggest passion. I play violin, and Bach is my favorite composer." Also a die-hard fan of horror flicks and the band Thirty Seconds to Mars, Madi adds, "I'm seductive and bi. I most enjoy oral, taking and giving, and I'm okay with anal although the first few times didn't go so well." Madi is swell. —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I want to have sex in a skydiving plane, then free-fall nude!"

BRITTANY

Looking ready for a proverbial roll in the hay is this dental hygienist from San Jose, California, who describes herself as "frisky and curvy." It must be hard for Brittany's boss to fill a cavity or do a root canal with a 36DD-27-45 babe at his side, especially if he knows what the exotic fitness, hiking and kayaking buff has to say about her carnal side. Boasting a sense of humor *and* an awesome anatomy, the 5-foot-6 hottie chirps, "I love oral sex and being drilled." With skinny-dipping and nude horseback riding under her belt, posing nude for our enjoyment was "just something fun to do." It was also far less harrowing than Brittany's most memorable hijink. "I had sex on a cliff in Yosemite," the 36-year-old breathtaker recalls."I feel like I've joined the Mile High Club." —Photos by Friend

CASPER

"My husband always wanted me to pose for HUSTLER," purrs this 26-year-old stay-at-home mom from Centerville, Tennessee. "So I did it. I don't mind people seeing me naked. Knowing that guys are looking at my pics is a big turn-on for me." Born in Germany, the onetime Army brat has lived in Texas and several other states, but being in a state of undress for her camera-wielding hubby isn't Casper's sole pastime: "My hobbies are sex, sex, sex and playing strip poker," the 5-foot-4 feline rattles off. "I have a very high sex drive. I most love giving and receiving oral sex, with anal close behind." Casper, who faithfully watches *Court TV*, fantasizes, "I'd like to do at least one porn movie so everyone can see me taking it hard and deep!" —Photos by Husband

WIN BIG BUCKS!

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 posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen 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 soon.

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

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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.

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Note: Prize money sent to model only.

She Rocks!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

FAYE VALENTINE

I love the fact that I'm naked in HUSTLER Magazine," gushes fiery **Faye Valentine**. "When I was growing up, my first boyfriend was such an asshole. He made me feel bad about myself. He used to say, 'You're ugly! You should see how hot the girls in HUSTLER Magazine are. You'll never be that hot!' Now I'm in HUSTLER, and he's a fat loser living in the suburbs, so I guess I showed him."

What does the porn superstarlet like in the bedroom? “One word: *variety*!” she exclaims. “I have a great boyfriend now who’s willing to share. Since I’m bisexual, he doesn’t mind if I bring home a hot girl to play with. I love being in a three-some because there are more lips and tongues to go around, not to mention an extra pussy or cock. It’s the best of both worlds, and I love it.”

Faye is certainly living the life. “There isn’t a day that goes by when I don’t get naked and have sex,” she proudly proclaims. “Sometimes I’m working, sometimes not. I wouldn’t have it any other way. The minute I turned 18, I plunged headfirst into nude modeling and then movies. I love it. I want to do everything (and everyone) I can while I’m still young. I know I won’t always look this good, so my time is now.”

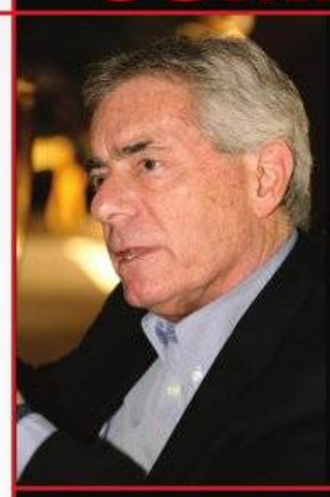
See **Faye** go all the way in *Barely Legal School Girls #4*, *Barely Legal All by Myself #2*, *Barely Legal POV #4*, *Young Sluts, Inc. #20*, *All Girl Penetration of Kandi Hart*, *Hot Showers #17* and *Barely Legal MILF #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

FAYE VALENTINE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Pahrump, Nevada | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 102

The January '09 HUSTLER goes on sale November 11, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

Daisy Marie

COMING NEXT TIME



THE Q&A: LOUIS SIRKIN

Internationally respected lawyer Louis Sirkin has represented everyone from the owner of a massage parlor to Larry Flynt and the National Endowment for the Arts. He even fought the ludicrous sex toy ban in Texas. Now the famed free speech advocate, who has argued First Amendment issues before the U.S. Supreme Court, describes how right-wing fanatics have gutted our Constitutional guarantees.

CELEBRITY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

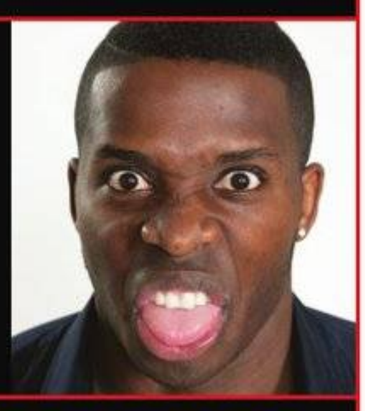
Britney Spears vows to be good, Kirstie Alley swears to get thin, and Heath Ledger promises to stop playing dead. See our celebrity-spoof resolutions for 2009. Satire by Keith Valcourt.

SINNAMON: A DAY IN THE LIFE

After 15 years in the biz, Sinnamon Love remains one of hard-core's top black performers. What does the fetish sensation do when she's not indulging in deviant sex? HUSTLER reporter Mark Johnson spends a day unmasking Sinnamon Love.

GODFREY GONE WILD

The up-and-coming actor, comic and former 7-Up pitchman describes what he'd do to Britney Spears with two fingers and half a chance. Showbiz luminaries get their asses kicked!



AUDRINA PATRIDGE NUDE!

The Hollywood Hills are alive with the sound of ooohs and ahs! We've got nude photos featuring eye candy from the hit show *The Hills*. Taken when she was barely out of high school, these never-before-seen shots show why awesome Audrina has become reality TV's hottest starlet!

A BULLET FOR THE BITCH

Watch out, here comes the hardest hard-boiled private dick in town. Tough guy investigator Mike Creed goes on the prowl for bad guys and really bad girls. Original fiction by Bruce David.

THESE GIRLS ROCK!

Jammin' glamour babes in rockin' tribute bands: Whole Lotta Rosies, Blonde Jovi, Iron Maidens and more! They're hot, and they rock!