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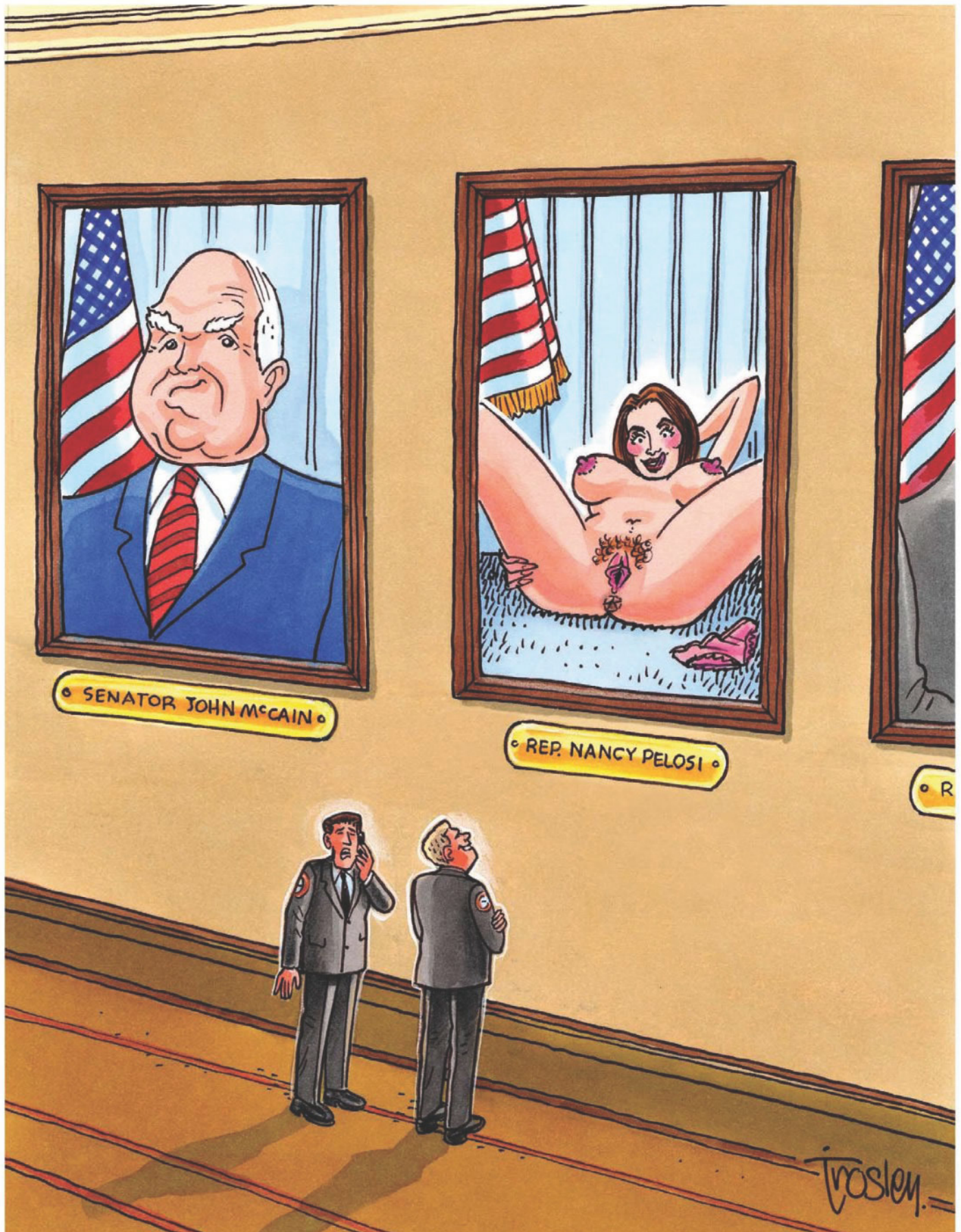
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"Security, sir. We feel the CIA has been fooling around with Speaker Pelosi's portrait."



27



46

girls

27 KAYLA HART
Looking Back
Photography by Mark Lit

46 TATIANA MOORE
The Road to Stardom
Photography by Jose Luis

**62 RILEY EVANS,
JACK VENICE &
JOHNNY CASTLE**
Two Dicks and a Chick
Photography by Earl Miller

76 MACKENZEE PIERCE
Wet for You
Photography by Holly Randall

**100 NOT THE
COSBYS XXX**
Oh, no, they didn't! Oh, yes,
we did! TV's squeaky-clean
family gets filthy.
Photos courtesy X-Play/HUSTLER Video

119 ANASTASIA
Foreign Affair
Photography by Matt Klatt

162 SOPHIE
Passive Passion
Classic Photography by James Baes

features

38 COMMON SENSE 2009
The call to action that set the
Huffington Post ablaze.
Article by Larry Flynt

42 NATURAL WONDERS
Jeff Wack's breathtaking art
Profile by Albert Pierce



**44 CUCKOLDING: IT'S
THE LATEST RAGE!**
From coast to coast, men are say-
ing, "Fuck my wife, please!"
Article by Michael Kaplan

**54 THE Q&A:
WILLIAM GREIDER**
The political visionary and
esteemed *Nation* correspondent,
who foresaw the economic nose-
dive, tells us why all is not lost.
Interview by Mark Johnson



**58 A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF MARIE LUV**
Porn's ebony superstar goes
ballistic during a dildo quest.
Profile by Anthony Kennedy

**70 CARS THAT
ELECTRIFY**
Your new ride! Cheap, fast and sexy
vehicles that redefine green.
Article by Liane Ykoff

**90 BOMBSHELLS:
JANE RUSSELL**
How a bra-bursting icon drove
movie censors—and mogul
Howard Hughes—crazy.
Retrospective by Ted Newsom



162



38



42



58



70



90

standards

3 SEX PARODY
Sex Surrogates

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
We the People? God Help Us!
by Larry Flynt

9 TECH KNOW
Win a St. Blues electric guitar!

10 GAME ON
Transformers, *Prototype*
and *Overlord* return!

11 ROBERT SCHEER
Obama's Hollywood Script

13 NAT HENTOFF
Ticking Time Bombs

15 ALEX BENNETT
Why Cronkite Mattered

17 MAMIE VAN DOREN
Notes From 3010

18 FEEDBACK
Larry Flynt rouses the rabble, and
Misty Stone adds the sugar

20 POLITICAL PARODY
Chase: Give Us Your Money!

21 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Oklahoma dumbshit Tom Coburn

23 BITS & PIECES
Brad Pitt loves HUSTLER,
FAME kudos, and Liz
Cheney dicks around

35 PINUP BY SANDRA CHANG

36 HOT LETTERS
Meat the Twins

37 CLASSIC CARTOONS
Auld acquaintance be forgot? Hell, no!

61 THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE
Badass blonde HotRayne
by Michelle McCarthy

74 TAILS OF THE BUNNYRANCH
Free-wheelin'
by Max

88 HUSTLER HUMOR
New Year's resolution: Be funnier!

93 COUGARS UNLEASHED
Prowlin' with Jazella Moore

94 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
Supergroup Chickenfoot
and flashback faves the
Church interviewed



98 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Orlando Bloom's girlfriend topless!

99 FAMOUS FLESH
The naked & the dead: Farrah
Fawcett, Natasha Richardson

108 COLLEGE REPORT
Debaptism at Boise State

109 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Extracurricular nudity

111 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Kayden Kross crucified,
Married With Children and
Friends pornified, plus the
sensual side of Nyomi Banxxx

127 BEAVER HUNT
Cooter-flashing newbies



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WE THE PEOPLE? GOD HELP US!

Who are these nutjobs? I'm talking about those American citizens who have shown up at town hall meetings, including gatherings with the President of the United States in attendance, packing guns. And not just handguns—although that would be bad enough—but semiautomatic rifles as well.

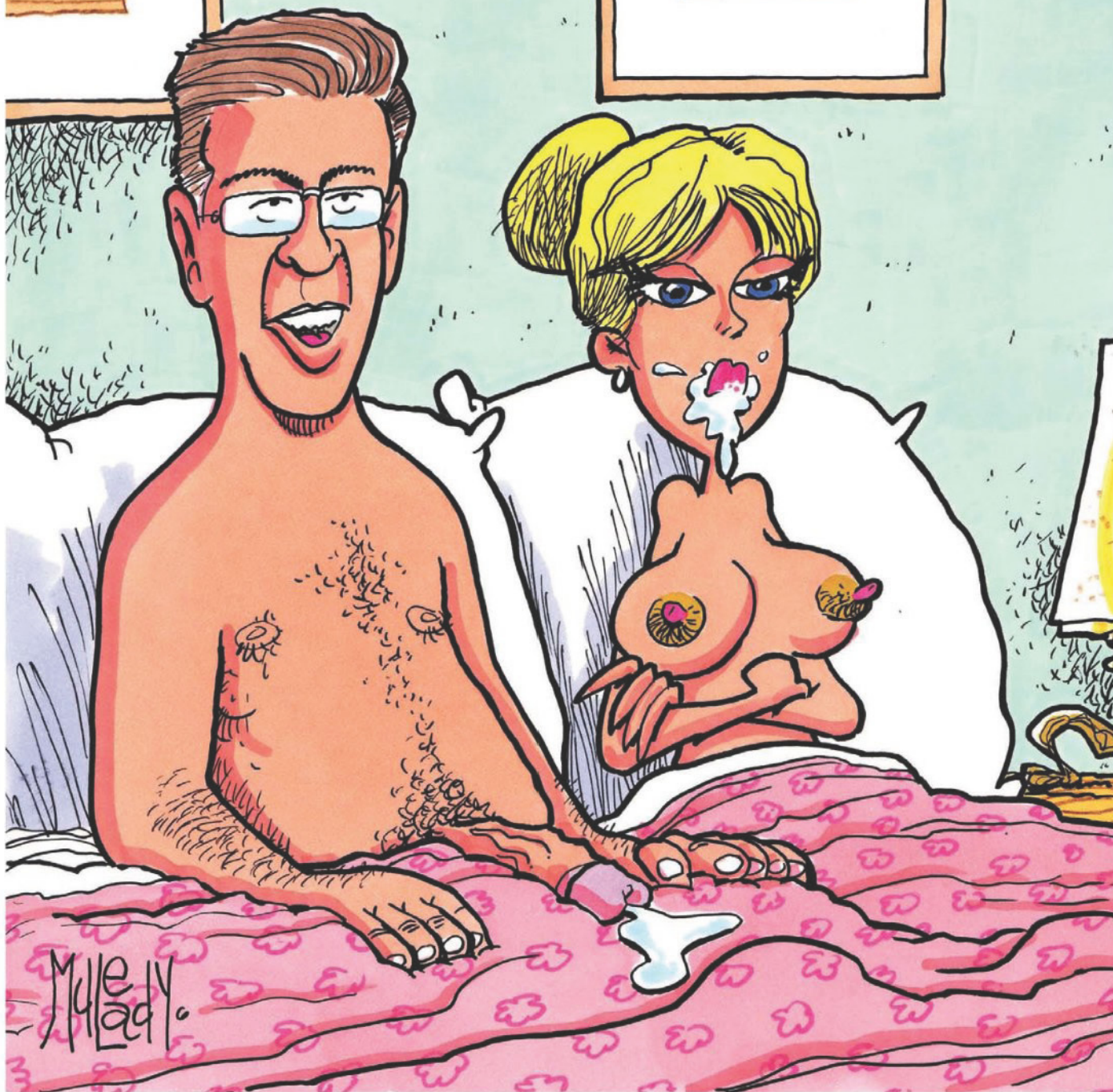
We all agree that Americans should have free speech, due process and the right to bear arms. In fact, we demand it. But showing up at town hall meetings with weapons is equivalent to yelling fire in a crowded theater. These people, whoever they are, wherever they come from, embarrass us in

front of the entire world. You don't need guns to petition for redress.

Whether these loons come from the left or the right, they must all be repudiated—by the media, by our politicians and by the overwhelming majority of citizens. Let the world know not all of us are crazy.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

KEITH OLBERMANN'S SEX LIFE



"That was the shittiest blowjob ever! You're the worst person in the world."



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How great would it be to have your own drive-in theater? JAKKS Pacific's new **EyeClops Mini Projector** lets you broadcast any of your favorite media on any wall, tent or screen. It uses high-powered LED illumination to project movies, TV shows, music videos and even video games for a larger-than-life entertainment experience. All you have to do is connect your DVD player or laptop into this highly portable unit and let the show begin. For under a hundred bucks how can you not buy one?

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Available at **US.creative.com**. Suggested retail price: \$99.99.

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Based in Memphis, Tennessee, the St. Blues Guitar workshop has been making affordable, top-of-the-line guitars for 75 years. Its latest six-string is the **White Lightning**, which now comes custom-painted with hot-rod flames. With such famous ax-slingers as Bill Gibbons (ZZ Top), Joe Walsh, Glenn Frey (the Eagles) and Elliot Easton (the Cars) already as fans, you know St. Blues Guitars is the real deal.

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DESTROY & DOMINATE

Overlord II
Codemasters
PS3, Xbox 360

Time to cross over to the dark side and get in touch with your inner evil. The sequel to the original twisted cult fantasy does not disappoint. A brand-new corruption system in **Overlord II** lets the player choose his level of evil. Either take the road of Domination, which makes villagers fall under your command, or follow the path of Destruction and liquify everything that stands in your way. Then there are the minions—a mangled horde of mutants more than willing to do your bidding. Gotta love the minions.



KILLING MACHINE

Prototype
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360

You are Alex Mercer, a genetically mutated, shape-shifting, one-man killing machine with no memory and no conscience. You are the perfect weapon, but how did that come about? What are you doing in the middle of New York City? To find out, you must obliterate everything (and everybody) in your path and infiltrate the Blackwatch Military organization. **Prototype** has it all: combat, blood, destruction and a healthy dose of deception. This one should be the prototype for all first-person shooter games.



MOVIE MADNESS

Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen—The Game
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360, PSP, DS

Based on the big-screen blockbuster, the new **Transformers** game is a cinematic thrill ride. You can battle as either group of giant robots—Autobots or Decepticons—for domination of the planet. Fast-paced and fun, the latest offshoot features a great multiplayer function not seen in previous **Transformers** games. The only thing missing is a sweaty Megan Fox.



HAMMER TIME!

Red Faction Guerrilla
THQ
PS3, Xbox 360

Arriving on Mars, you hope to make a new life for yourself as a simple miner. Suddenly, those dreams are shattered as the oppressive and overzealous Earth Defense Force murders your brother right before your eyes. You have no choice but to join the rebellion, rising from eager participant to revolutionary leader. Our favorite feature of this high-impact game is **Red Faction Guerrilla's** arsenal of interesting weapons, including arc welders, nano rifles, makeshift rockets plus one hel-luva mining hammer.☛

Obama's Hollywood Script

THE PRESIDENT IS TALKING THE TALK, BUT CAN HE REALLY KEEP WALL STREET IN CHECK?

Are you kidding? Barack Obama wants Wall Street to make nice to Main Street because it's the right thing to do? Yeah, that'll work.

"The fact is, many of the firms that are now returning to prosperity owe a debt to the American people," President Obama told banking heavyweights in a September 2009 address on their turf. "It is neither right nor responsible after you've recovered with the help of your government to shirk your obligation to the goal of wider recovery, a more stable system and a more broadly shared prosperity."

Oh, but they will; they will. Who doubts it? The laws haven't changed, the same passive

for an afternoon, as long as he doesn't actually believe his words will affect the actions of the hustlers who ran the world economy into the ground. After all, this is a profession where, as actor Michael Douglas told the *New York Times* recently, the Gordon Gekko character he played in Oliver Stone's *Wall Street* is a role model, not a cautionary tale.

"[It has] probably been the biggest surprise of my career, that people say that this seductive villain has motivated me to go into this business," Douglas said. Never mind that in the film, Gekko ends up going to prison for insider trading.

Obama entered the den of wolves to try out moral suasion in a place that has no use for anything but the pursuit of profit.

or overmatched regulators are still on patrol, and short-term profit is still the overriding goal of every trader, stockholder and executive on watch at the even bigger and more dominant financial firms that survived the crash.

Now, to be fair, Obama wants to pass some new laws and change the regulatory structure. The questions that remain, of course, are how sincere is he, and what can he get passed through Congress in the face of a blizzard of cash flying down from Wall Street to K Street?

"The reforms I've laid out will pass, and these changes will become law," said Obama, talking tough to the polite-yet-unenthusiastic zillionaires assembled at the historic Federal Hall—the same crew that recklessly destroyed the world economy and then cheerfully let the U.S. government rescue them. "I want everybody here to hear my words: We will not go back to the days of reckless behavior and unchecked excess that was at the heart of this crisis, where too many were motivated only by the appetite for quick kills and bloated bonuses."

Hey, there's probably no harm in Obama dragging his bully pulpit over to Wall Street

"I can't tell you how many young people have come up to me in these years and said, 'I went to Wall Street because of that movie,'" echoed Stone, now making a sequel.

Obama, however, is consistent in forever trying to seize the high ground. Thus, he entered the den of wolves to try out moral suasion in a place that has no use for anything but the pursuit of profit. Giving him the benefit of the doubt, he must be agenda-setting rather than hoping the assembled CEOs would rise out of their seats, shaking, to have evangelical conversions—since any American with a bank account, mortgage or credit card already knows from bitter experience how these corporations will screw them at every turn if they are not constantly vigilant.

In fact, the myth of corporate self-regulation is the key to understanding how we got here. Since President Clinton, Congress has been systematically erasing the post-Great Depression financial services laws, like the Glass-Steagall Act, that for seven decades successfully protected American capitalism from its worst excesses. However, after the stunning collapse of several of the world's

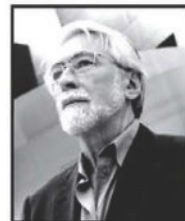
biggest banks, and the subsequent unprecedented bailout of these greed centers by the American taxpayer, Obama and Congress have no choice but to save face by passing some kind of financial reforms.

The day of his speech, an Associated Press poll showed that "seven out of ten Americans lack confidence the federal government has taken safeguards to prevent another financial industry meltdown." Public opinion demands something be done; the devil, of course, will be in the details.

One devilish detail is enforcement. Passing regulatory laws only works if somebody makes sure they are followed. Before the collapse, the few regulators actually sounding alarm bells—such as Brooksley Born—were crushed by more politically powerful players like Democratic Party darling Robert Rubin. Others, from the Federal Reserve to the Securities and Exchange Commission, simply did not do their job, whether out of fear, incompetence, ideological blinkers or corruption.

"Senior regulators who stood idly by for years as financial firms built their houses of cards have been rewarded with even bigger jobs or are jockeying for increased responsibilities," wrote veteran *New York Times* finance reporter and former stockbroker Gretchen Morgenson in a September 13, 2009, column. "[T]hose in the public sector ask us to believe that regulators who snoozed during the credit bubble will be alert to emerging problems on their beats when the next mania begins. That's asking a lot, isn't it?"

Indeed, it is. Yet denial of the depth of the problems this crushing economic debacle has exposed is fueled by gushing pipelines of cash that run straight from New York City to Washington, D.C. Until we can reclaim our democracy from the legal corruption of corporate campaign donations, it is unlikely that any systematic reforms can succeed.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of *TruthDig.com*, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them*. 



Ticking Time Bombs

MORE AND MORE AMERICANS NOW QUESTION HOW OBAMA IS DEALING WITH HEALTHCARE REFORM, PERSONAL PRIVACY AND OTHER KEY ISSUES.

As Barack Obama approached his second year in the White House, the jubilant campaign shouts of “Change we can believe in!” and “Yes, we can!” were hardly ever heard during his public appearances across the nation. In August 2009, as the President was in New Hampshire defending his incendiary healthcare reforms, a protester shouted, “Keep your change, and I’ll keep my freedom!” Other demonstrators carried signs that, quoting James Madison and Thomas Jefferson, decried the government’s overreaching into personal liberties.

Obama’s Office of Management and Budget is planning to collect the personal information of every user of federal government Web sites. Like many Americans, I click onto the White House Web site, as well as those of the Supreme Court, the Congress and a range of government agencies and also those providing information on medical and educational issues.

We’re all familiar with the “cookies” that all kinds of commercial operations can later track as we click on sites that reveal our tastes, buying habits and other patterns of our lives. But never before has the federal

how this constitutional republic has lasted longer than any other such attempts anywhere.

But for the rest of Obama’s first term, not only he will be challenged to remember and act on the Constitution he used to teach at the University of Chicago. In demanding a national independent commission on torture, commentator Carla Seaquist (*Seattle Times*, August 7, 2009) cited questions that We the People should ask of such a commission—and of ourselves—if we’re to move Congress to set up the commission: “Churchgoers approve torture in greater percentages than non-churchgoers, by 54 to 42 percent, according to a recent study by the Pew Forum on Religion and Public Life. For the love of God, how could this be possible?”

“Lawyers for the Bush Administration concocted legal justifications for torture. How did the Department of Justice become the Department of Expediency [as it continues to be under Obama]? Some lawyers working in national security [under Bush and Obama] assert a Commission on Torture would have a ‘chilling effect’ on their actions. ... Good. Any notions of bending the law to immoral ends should be chilled.”

So the sometimes-shouting disquiet around the country is not just about healthcare. And it also needs to be about us if we are not to have other such administrations as Bush-Cheney and Obama. It took too many of us too long to remain silently complicit as U.S. and international laws were cruelly broken in our name. Why did it take us so long?

Now, under President Obama, there is an awakening—embodying the spirit of Founding Father Samuel Adams, the Sons of Liberty and the Committees of Correspondence, who precipitated the still-unfinished American Revolution.

In the spirit of their resistance to King George III, hip humorist Dave Barry cautions: “As Americans, we must always remember that we all have a common enemy, an enemy that is dangerous, powerful and relentless. I refer, of course, to the federal government.”



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?*

Obama’s Office of Management and Budget is planning to collect the personal information of every user of federal government Web sites.

And in Pennsylvania, where newly minted Democrat Arlen Specter was a surrogate for Obamacare, an insistent citizen reminded the state’s senior senator, “This isn’t just about healthcare,” while another proclaimed, “You are trampling on our Constitution!”

Indeed it isn’t just about healthcare, but whatever bill is signed by Obama, the mutinous state of much of the nation may well impact the 2010 elections nationwide.

As I have detailed in previous HUSTLER columns, Obama has not only channeled Bush and Cheney in his assaults on the Constitution but has also gone further. Even skeptical me expected that the new President would act to get the Democratic Congress to revoke the Bush Administration’s startling rush in December 2008 to expand the FBI’s reach to start an investigation—without any evidence or judicial supervision—of any of us who might somehow have endangered national security. But President Obama has not said a word about this resurrection of J. Edgar Hoover.

In August ’09 I was startled to find out that

government collected our computer cookies when we visit its Web sites.

“No American,” says Christopher Calabrese, counsel for the ACLU’s Technology and Liberty Project, “should have to sacrifice privacy—or risk surveillance—in order to access free government information.”

Why would the Obama Administration want these cookies? To put us into another of their interconnected databases. Will the government let us know how our cookies are being used? But, of course, they’re classified!

One of my daughters, Jessica Hentoff—known in St. Louis and elsewhere as “The Circus Lady” for running and performing in Circus Harmony, whose troupe travels widely—is a constitutionalist. In reaction to the continually overreaching Obama Administration, she recently sent me a button: “No, you can’t have my rights—I’m still using them.”

Wholly unintentionally, both this and the previous imperious administration have viscerally awakened a considerable number of Americans—but not enough yet—to why and

THE CHENEY BEDROOM



"My wife! My best friend!"

Why Cronkite Mattered

LOOKING BACK AT THE GOLDEN AGE IN BROADCAST NEWS

I was 16 when I got the first job in broadcasting to net me a paycheck. The Republicans were coming to San Francisco for their 1956 national convention, and my father knew someone at CBS who got me in as a page boy. How proud I was to display my bright-red CBS armband.

I was stationed in the control room, where a very young Don Hewitt was calling the shots. "Page boy!" someone would shout, and I'd snap to attention, ready to do their bidding. I did runs for Edward R. Murrow, among other CBS honchos.

I remember making my way down to the studio, where the convention anchor was a newly minted Walter Cronkite—still six years away from helming the network's evening news. "You need something, sir?" I asked. He looked at me with a pained expression. "I had a pizza last night," he said. "Could you get me an antacid?" Happy to oblige, I may have prevented the person destined to become "the most trusted man in America" from hurling on TV.

Ever since then Walter Cronkite has been a constant in my life, and in those 53 years I've never had a bad word to say about him.

What made Cronkite the last of a breed was his heritage. He cut his teeth during World War II as a correspondent for United Press. He wasn't nurtured as a TV anchor (which obviously didn't exist back then), but as a hardscrabble, notebook-toting reporter—a journalist who got his hands dirty and put his life on the line.

In the '50s, CBS News built its reputation on the skills of a group known as "Murrow's Boys"—Eric Sevareid, Howard K. Smith and other reporters first brought together during World War II. Murrow asked Cronkite to come onboard.

Cronkite's early jobs at CBS included a late-night Sunday newscast, election-night coverage and, of course, political conventions. He also had a three-year stint on *You Are There*, which found him anchoring a "newscast" covering historical events, such as the burning of Joan of Arc.

Cronkite's lowest point during this period was hosting *The CBS Morning Show*. It competed with NBC's *Today Show*, a ratings juggernaut hosted by Dave Garroway and his

primate sidekick, J. Fred Muggs. To compete, Cronkite was forced by producers to work with a hand puppet named Charlemagne. "How demeaning was it to be beaten out by a chimp?" Cronkite once reminisced.

In 1962, CBS dumped Douglas Edwards, installing Cronkite at the helm of its nightly newscast. By 1967, overtaking NBC's *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, he was anchoring the most-watched newscast in America.

Cronkite came across as believable and trustworthy. More importantly, as managing editor of the evening news, he ran the show, demanding accuracy and integrity from his staff. You don't just become the most trusted man in America. You have to earn it.

Of course, he wasn't without critics. Many felt Cronkite's disdain for longer pieces short-changed viewers seeking in-depth information. He also liked to be the center of attention. Frequently the camera would be focused on him for over a quarter of the newscast. Occasionally he would actually show emotion, a no-no in the news business. But none of this diminished his credibility or popularity.

So it was that upon his death on July 17,

2009, the airwaves were saturated with tributes from every newscaster alive. But for all their accolades, none of them really understood what made Cronkite great. If they had, we wouldn't be getting such vapid, shallow news reporting today. Having learned nothing of significance from his career, these pundits just sobbed out their threadbare "thoughts and prayers"—hollow words uttered by hollow people. I can't believe any of those grinning, immaculately dressed anchormen or -women ever even watched Cronkite work his craft.

The worst of these people was CBS honcho Les Moonves, who mourned Cronkite's death on what had once been the legendary anchor's own CBS network newscast. Moonves—the embodiment of the phrase "If you can't be sincere, fake it"—is married to CBS newswoman (and host of *Big Brother*) Julie Chen. If this guy really knew why Cronkite mattered, he would lean over in bed one night and whisper in his wife's ear, "You've never learned anything from Walter Cronkite, and that's why you stink as a reporter! Now shut up and blow me!"

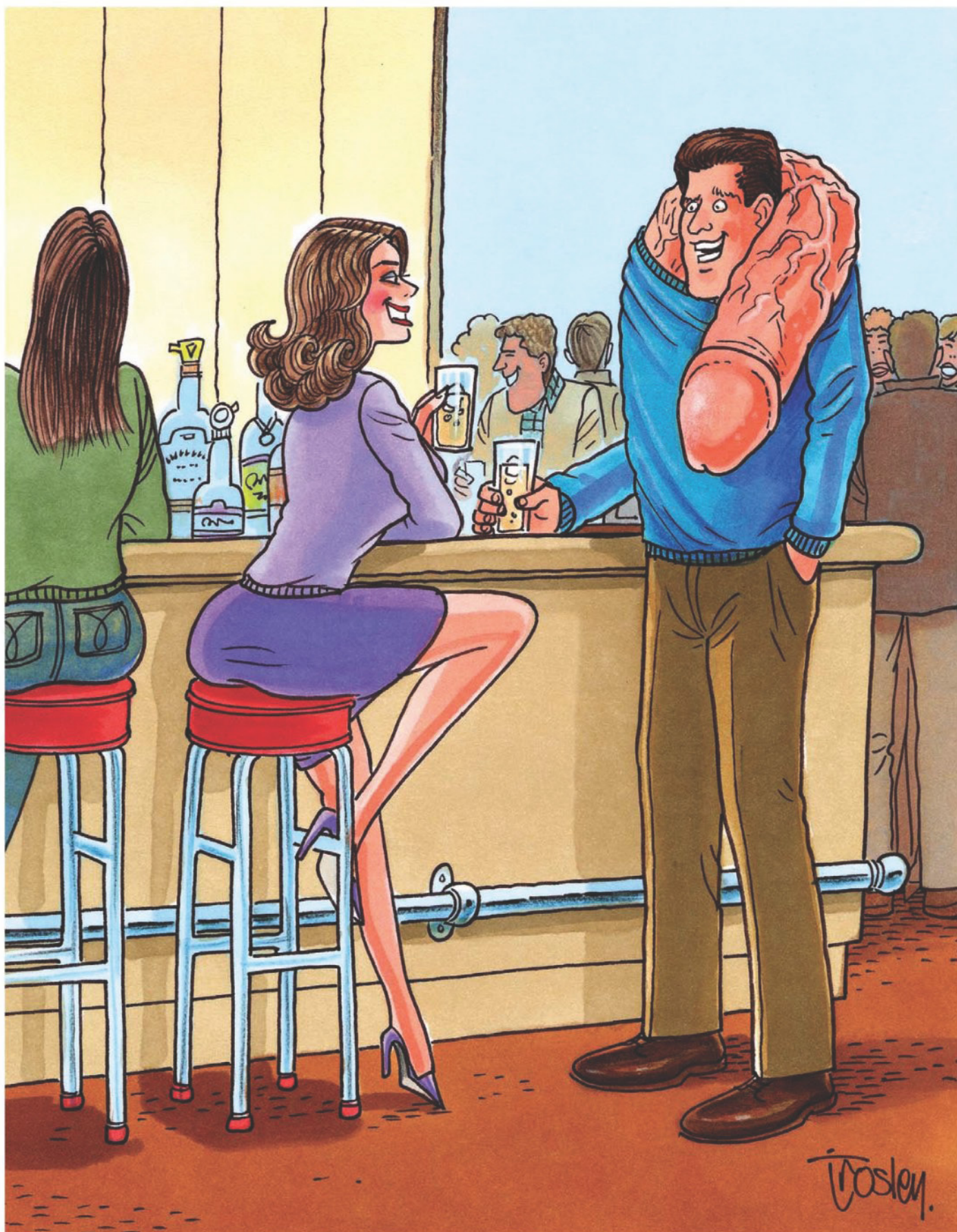
And that's the way it is.



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



"Thank you, Reverend! I always feel good after a Sunday service. The time drags by so slowly, and your sermons are so goddamn boring that it is a joy to finally get the fuck outta here!"



"Actually, when I was born, they thought I had my umbilical cord wrapped around my neck."

Notes From 3010

SINCE WE REFUSE TO LEARN ANYTHING FROM HISTORY, PERHAPS WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM THE FUTURE.

Starship *Avalon*
Office of Ancient History
January 1, 3010

Peering down the long corridor of history, it is difficult to make sense of the ancients who lived in the year 2010. How, one must ask, could they have been so blind to the very thing—rampant greed—that would destroy them?

Looking back a thousand years, the historical record shows that the larger and wealthier their civilization grew, the more its wealth became concentrated in a select few. Nowhere was the accumulation of wealth and the oppression of the poor more evident than in the quasi-democracy called the United States of America.

When the American economy began its collapse in 2008—the result of unbridled greed on Wall Street and in government—millions were put out

of work.

Yet the government did little to ease their suffering. Over the next few years homes were increasingly foreclosed on, and healthcare was denied—even to those who had paid for it. The quality of education declined, and college became an impossible goal for the working class. Finally, the masses began to suspect the truth: They were not truly free. In fact, they were controlled by their corporate masters.

Resistance to this oppression grew even as global warming slowly ravaged the planet. As temperatures soared, there was massive flooding of the densely populated coastal areas, and fires and drought decimated the agricultural heartland that fed the country and the rest of the world. Rioting and the violent overthrow of the ruling class began in earnest—and not just

in America. The ancients' highly technological civilization collapsed: Earth was plunged into a new Dark Age.

Today, in 3010, we take it for granted that humanitarianism is the motivating force behind a successful society. However, thanks to the propaganda of the ruling class, in the 21st century any suggestion that the government had some obligation to care for its citizens was thought to be at worst subversive and at best a kind of quaint weakness. Humanitarian concerns, the rulers said, are best left to religious institutions or nonprofit organizations. God forbid that the for-profit entities might be forced to give up some of their handsome profits.

In those ancient times politicians were kept in power and controlled by large multinational corporations. These corporations fought against even the most minimal attempts to regulate how they made their money. As a result, Wall Street bankers

freely stole from the working class without fear of redress, while businesses sold toxic products (including food!) to a public that had no choice but to buy them.

The politicians, with the best healthcare available for themselves, bowed to their corporate masters. The population as a whole was kept poor and sick, enslaved to a healthcare system designed for profit instead of the well-being of its patients. Environmental pollution was out of control. Cancer rates spiked.

Intent on diverting attention from their crimes, the ruling class ensured that the masses were well supplied with garish entertainment and mind-numbing drugs. Citizens, turned into consumers, accumulated huge personal debt. A series of devastating imperial wars—waged under the banner of freedom, peace and prosperity—provided additional distraction. But the wars' true purpose was to feed obscene profits into the corporate coffers.

The paranoid war culture spawned violence and restlessness among the people. That's what eventually undid the sweetheart deal between American corporations and government. When the holocaust of global warming descended on the planet, and the people fought for their own survival, the ensuing bloodbath was on a scale unheard of in human history. None were spared, not even the rich and powerful.

As we look back now on New Year's Day 3010, the remnants of our civilization continue their long journey toward a new galaxy aboard the giant starship *Avalon*. Forced to abandon our spoiled planet many centuries ago, we head to a star 10,000 light-years away. And while we shudder at the acts of the ancients, we must ask ourselves, could it happen again? Is there a star-ship, planet or galaxy large enough to contain the unchecked greed of which humans are capable?

We must recognize our human nature and guard against it. If we cannot, we could go the way of the ancient Americans. If we can, the stars belong to all of humanity. Can we complete our voyage?

Mamie Van Doren starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty seventysomething wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com. 



PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON



ize that overturning the current order will be a long struggle.

—Dan Guzman
La Crosse, Wisconsin

First posted on the Internet, Larry Flynt's landmark article *Common Sense 2009* has been reprinted for HUSTLER readers, beginning on page 38 of this issue.

Dollars and Sense

I read Larry Flynt's "Common Sense 2009" on HuffingtonPost.com, and I must say it was moving and insightful. Thanks for putting the thoughts, concerns and beliefs of many Americans into print.

—Gary Hilderbrand
Tampa, Florida

"Common Sense" is certainly what we need. It's common sense that since we keep the corporations in power by buying their stuff, we can take that power away. It's common sense that if we don't fight for health-care, the guys who make money by denying us proper care will keep doing it.

It's common sense that if you let corporations buy politicians, they will own them. It's common sense that if you play softball when the other side is playing hardball, you're going to get beat.

It's also common sense that multimillionaire businessman Larry Flynt talks a good game, but he's going to protect his wealth just like anyone else. Look out, Larry, the revolution eats its children. No hard feelings.

—F.L.
Essex, Vermont

I read Larry Flynt's online article "Common Sense 2009" after finding a link on Rense.com. I agree with his outlook.

I propose that we adopt a ten-year plan, with consumer blackouts three days a month. Instead of buying or consuming television, people should get outdoor exercise or meditate. Focus on body and mind! A long-term plan like this would help people get grounded again and real-

Brute Force

I cheered when Van Jones, Obama's Special Advisor for Green Jobs, said that the reason Republicans block everything or push their own agendas through while Democrats try to work things out is because Republicans are "assholes."

But I was infuriated when Jones later apologized! He clearly had to bow to Obama's bipartisan dogma or lose his job. The whole thing illustrated perfectly the problem with the Democrats. They're afraid to piss off the assholes because they can't handle the heat.

This is a war for the future of the country, goddammit. Nobody outside the D.C. Beltway gives two shits about bipartisanship. We want a cage match! No apologies! —J.M.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Stone Fox

Thanks for all the great shots from *Not the Cosbys XXX* in your November '09 issue, especially the ones of my L.A. homegirl, Misty Stone. I can't wait to see her in the *Saved by the Bell* parody!

—Jeff J.
Los Angeles, California

Turn to page 100 for a whole lot more of *Not the Cosbys XXX* action.

Shit Meets Fan

I always look forward to the day my new issue of HUSTLER arrives. However, when I opened the November '09 issue and saw that Carrie Prejean was Asshole of the Month, I was pissed.

Come on, the woman spoke her belief about gay marriage. Fuck all the fags who think they should be married. Marriage is for a male and



Misty Stone is the sweet caramel center of our porn parodies *Not the Cosbys XXX* and *This Ain't Saved by the Bell XXX*.

female partnership only. If you're gay, then oh fuckin' well. Just continue bumpin' uglies and packing that shit. But don't exploit Carrie Prejean for what she believes in.

Larry Flynt should know that better than anyone after all the shit this country has put him through for standing up for what he believes in. Come on, Larry, stop fucking with this beautiful, brave American woman.

—Mike Turner
Newport News, Virginia

Wild Side

I am still in shock over your Janine and Vanity shoot (*Getting Fucked by the Legal System*, October '09). This may very well be the hottest spread you have ever printed! Two smokin' chicks, one of whom is covered in sexy tattoos, the other of whom...has a dick. And in the end they fuck!

I am so impressed that you ran this. What an amazing testament to beauty and sexiness in all its forms—and very brave on your part. Rock on, HUSTLER. You continue to impress me.

—Liz Asphodel
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Phobe Frenzy

You know that when University of Hawaii football coach Greg McMackin cannot say the word *faggot* in a joke, the concepts of freedom of speech—and probably more importantly freedom of thought—are dying.

Since in the past, HUSTLER has used the words *faggot*, *pedophiles* and *fairies* to identify gays, you'd better start watching it. The thought police are circling.

Geez, if Bear Bryant were coaching and Ken Stabler were playing today, they'd both be banned for not measuring up to PC liberal standards. McMackin told a joke, it was a funny one, and that is all.

—S.K.
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

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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You give us all your money. In exchange we'll pay you a whopping 1% interest. That's huge! Then, if you need to borrow money, we'll lend it to you. Whatever you need...at 10% interest.

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There she was, sitting at a town hall meeting, sobbing uncontrollably as she recounted to Senator Tom Coburn (R-Oklahoma) how her husband—struggling to recover from a traumatic brain injury and on a feeding tube—was being denied coverage by his health insurer. It was a scene that would have torn at the heart of even the most hardened cynic.

"His health insurance," Coburn's constituent explained, "will not cover him to eat and drink" since he left a nursing home. What, she tearfully wanted to know, could the government do for her? Coburn's answer? Nothing.

Oh, the senator tried to dance around it, saying his staff would look into the matter on an "individual" basis. But, Coburn rushed to add, it would be a mistake to think that government is the answer. Instead, he advised the anguished woman to look to her neighbors for help. Yeah, sure, by going door to door she could get the million dollars required to cover her husband's medical care. How hard could that be?

Let us explain something to you, Coburn, you disgusting pus ball: This woman's husband has health insurance. He's probably been paying premiums for years. But now, when he needs insurance the most, it's being withheld—on some frivolous technicality no doubt. Protecting its bottom line, his insurance carrier is cheating this woman's husband out of services owed to him.

Coburn should understand that. Besides being a politician, he's a doctor, for God's sake! Who's in a better position to know how health insurance providers screw their policyholders, especially when overriding the recommendations of a patient's doctor? Then again, Coburn also knows the health industry has supported him with large cash infusions (\$193,166 in the past five years) and is certain to add to that total when he runs for the Senate again in 2010. Is Coburn selling his constituents down the river to protect his own self-interests? A cynic might think so. So might any sane, rational human being.

Of course, Coburn is most probably a lousy doctor. Regarding silicone implants, he's actually stated that "if you have them, you are healthier than if you

Tom Coburn

don't." OMG! Is he for real? The goddamned things were banned in 1992 because they have a tendency to rupture, leaking toxic silicone into the body.

Even worse, Coburn has been accused of performing a sterilization procedure on a then-20-year-old woman without her okay. "I know he's stating that he got oral consent," Angela Plummer declared at a news conference. "That is not true. I'm not up here to smear him. I'm up here because I wanted to have more children, and he took that away from me."

Ye gads! Even assuming Coburn is telling the truth about obtaining oral permission, what kind of doctor would perform such a controversial procedure on a young woman without first getting it in writing? Not a very good one, as far as we're concerned. Actually, a piss-poor one.

But we have even more evidence regarding Coburn's medical "competence." When he first arrived on Capitol Hill in 1995, as part of Speaker Newt Gingrich's freshman class of congressmen, Coburn quickly established his conservative credentials. The anti-abortion advocate tried to amend

legislation requiring condom labels to indicate that condoms don't offer protection from most sexually transmitted infections, including those that cause cervical cancer. Really? And Coburn's a doctor?!

But he isn't just shaky in the field of medicine. Recently, on *Meet the Press*, when moderator David Gregory asked for his thoughts on gun-wielding protesters at town hall meetings, Coburn replied: "I'm troubled any time when we, we stop having confidence in, in our government. But we've earned it."

WTF?! It doesn't take a genius to see Coburn is not only supporting the gun-toting maniacs, but also fanning the flames of armed insurrection. Then again, Coburn has always been something of a gun nut. Thanks to him, it is now legal for people to carry firearms in national parks.

Not surprisingly, Coburn denies the existence of global warming, calling it "just a lot of crap," despite a ton of scientific evidence to the contrary. He also worries about a homosexual takeover of our country, claiming that lesbianism is "rampant in some schools" and that the "[gay] agenda is the greatest threat to our freedom."

So what can we deduce from this? You can be one dumb motherfucker and still be a doctor. Oh, yeah, you can also be one dumb motherfucker and still be a U.S. senator.

Back to healthcare. It goes without saying that Coburn opposes reform. But the lawmaker did say he and his staff would be glad to help the aforementioned woman at the town hall meeting—as an "individual." So he'd probably be fine with helping anyone else who has a medical problem. That's why we're sure he won't mind our giving out his phone numbers (Washington: 202-224-5754; Tulsa: 918-581-7651; Oklahoma City: 405-231-4941). Just ask for Dr. Coburn.

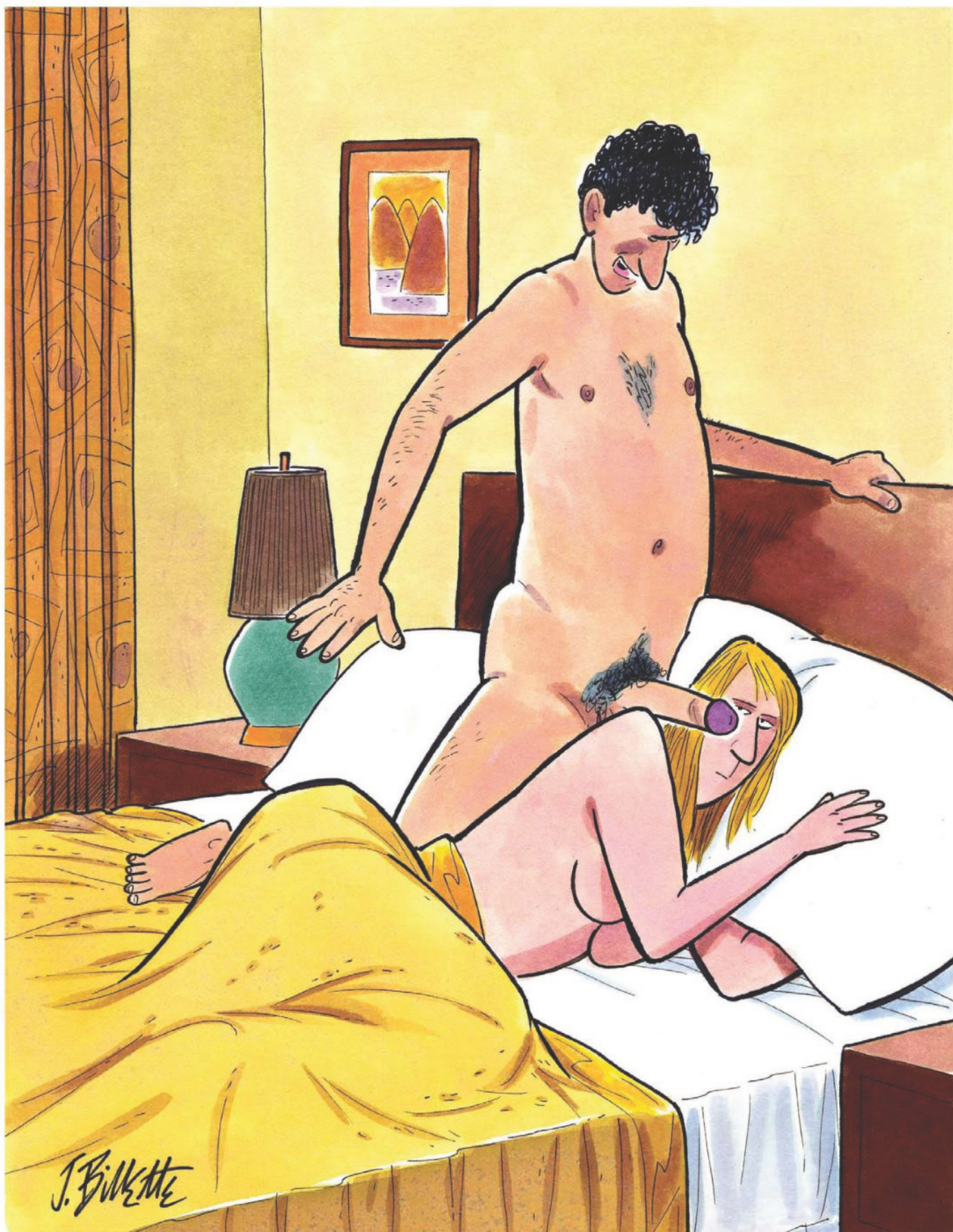
One last thing: Dipshit Coburn is a member of The Family, an ultrafanatical religious group that—honest to God—believes the Almighty has given its members the power to justify anything—including, hypothetically, the rape of children. (See Jeff Sharlet's book, *The Family*.) If you think that doesn't make Tom Coburn an Asshole, you'd have to be an asshole too.



FARTS IN THE WIND

•**SENATOR CHUCK GRASSLEY** (R-Iowa) utterly failed to confront a purported World War II vet who compared President Obama to Adolf Hitler at a recent town hall meeting, then declared he'd "take a gun to Washington if enough of you would go with me." The right-wing lawmaker has also fanned "death panel" hysteria by saying that people have good reason to worry that the government would "pull the plug on Grandma" even though he must know there's no truth to that claim. Grassley, a member of the fundamentalist lobbying cult The Family, has long championed a pro-corporate agenda.

•**ROBERT NOVAK**, the reactionary blowhard nicknamed the "Prince of Darkness," finally croaked from a brain tumor in August 2009. Primarily churning out bulletin boards for Republican administrations, the syndicated columnist routinely ignored journalistic ethics, indulging in weakly sourced and politically motivated claims. Novak's legacy includes the notorious outing of CIA operative Valerie Plame as part of an obvious scheme to embarrass her husband, diplomat Joe Wilson, for exposing the lies behind Bush's war plans.



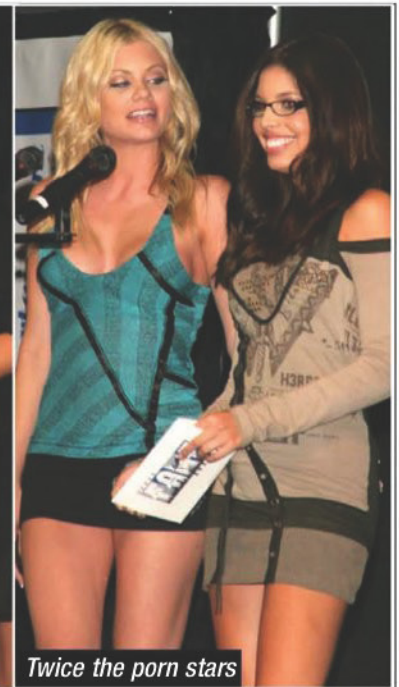
"Yeah, that was great, babe, but it was an hour ago. What have you done for me lately?!"



Wicked's wicked girls



Tower of Tera



Twice the porn stars



Faye Reagan & Georgia Jones



Monique Alexander & Sunny Leone



Glassy star Kayden Kross

FUCK ME, I'M FAMOUS!

Winners at the fourth annual FAME Awards included Tera Patrick (Favorite Female Star), Jenna Haze (Favorite Oral Star/Dirtiest Girl in Porn), Teagan Presley (Favorite Ass), Jesse Jane (Hottest Body) and Stormy Daniels (Favorite Breasts). Congrats to all the winners! Remember, ladies: Fame is fleeting; porn is forever.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

SIGN

of the Times



Rim Liquors? That makes sense since most rimjobs only happen once you get the girl really drunk. Thanks to R.G. of Queen Creek, Arizona, for sharing this photo.

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.

Check out HUSTLERmagazine.com



ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT

Art lovers, rejoice! This sexy statue of Angelina Jolie is the latest creation from Daniel Edwards. He's the guy who made an Oprah Winfrey sarcophagus and that controversial statue of Britney Spears giving birth. Next up is the Brit sculptor's hot-pink take on Octomom.

"An optimist stays up until midnight to see the new year in. A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves." —BILL VAUGHAN, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

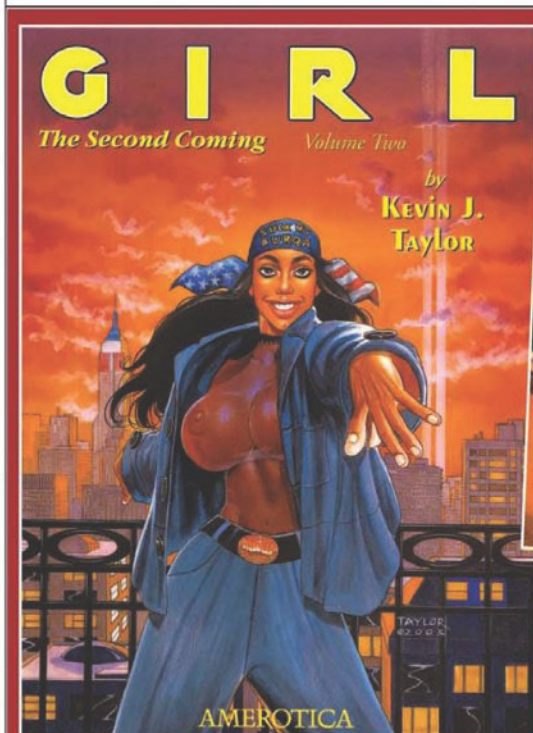
WHAT WOULD

Liz Cheney

LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

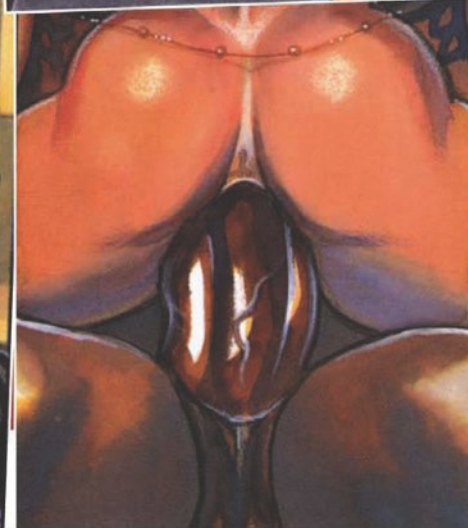
The chubby daughter of Dick Cheney has been shooting off her mouth lately in the press. She's been defending the actions of her criminal dad and bad-mouthing Obama. We know this isn't a sexy picture, but we just had to find a way to shut her fat mouth.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Liz Cheney actually exists. Thank God! 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. But you *can* say she's a cocksucker.



YOU GO GIRL!

This dope superfly comic is off the hook! Word! Translation: The sexy graphic novel *Girl: The Second Coming—Volume Two* by Kevin J. Taylor offers up a hot slice of hardcore urban action. It is available now from Amerotica comics at Amerotica.com.



NEWSBITES

Sticky Penis

What guy doesn't want to be naked in a hotel room with a bunch of women? Sounds great unless you're being humiliated, assaulted and having your cock Krazy Glued to your stomach by them. A 36-year-old Wisconsin man endured that torture after four jilted lovers discovered he'd been cheating on all of them. Thankfully the nasty bitches were all charged with false imprisonment and fourth-degree sexual assault. Love hurts, but it shouldn't hurt that bad.

Holy Fuck

They say that in order to keep a marriage alive you have to spice up the sex by doing it in different locations, such as hotels, outdoors and...a house of worship? A couple was arrested recently after they were caught screwing on the altar at a small Pentecostal church. Sex in church? That's one way of making a woman see God.

Bed, Bath & Beyond

Some people love a good night's rest. Others fall in love with their bedding. Huh? A Nigerian man who claimed he couldn't get a girlfriend because of his pronounced stutter says he plans to marry his pillow. He said that he has been sleeping with the comfy thing since he was 16 and that he loves it dearly. We will give him the same advice we gave the mailroom guy here: Why marry something that just lays there during sex?

Little Motherfucker

Most parents want their kids to learn the value of a dollar, but this is odd. A New Zealand teen tried to sell sexy pictures of his mother on the popular TradeMe Web site, and she seemed to be okay with it. The woman was even quoted as saying she liked the photos because they were "quite artistic." Really? Our moms thought it was sick when we posted their naked pics on the Internet. But, hey, it eventually got us gigs here at HUSTLER.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

Here's a girl we would love to run a train on. Thanks to the folks at Gridlock Denim for this month's found porn.

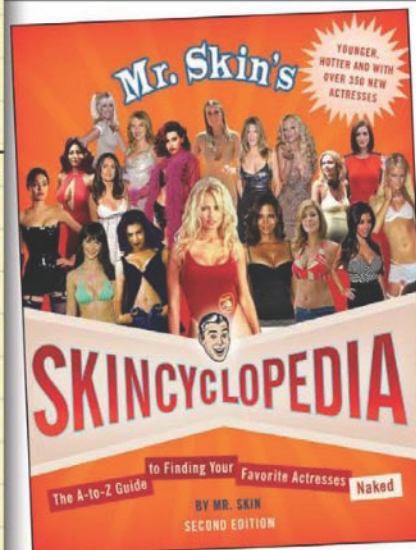


PORN FROM THE PAST



There are New Year's Eve parties, and then there is this shot from the best one ever! Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER 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.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Mr. Skin's Skincyclopedia:

The A-to-Z Guide to Finding Your Favorite Actresses Naked

God bless Mr. Skin. The Web site dedicated to finding the good parts (a/k/a nude scenes) of mainstream movies is the best thing on the Internet. For those without computers, Mr. Skin and his colleagues have turned their knowledge into a must-have book.

The handy *Skincyclopedia* is packed with thousands of recommendations and flesh facts about onscreen nudity and simulated sex involving your favorite actresses. If you're a fan of our monthly *Movie Mammaries* feature, you need to add this to your library! *Mr. Skin's Skincyclopedia: The A-to-Z Guide to Finding Your Favorite Actresses Naked* is in bookstores now.

"The proper behavior all through the holiday season is to be drunk. This drunkenness culminates on New Year's Eve, when you get so drunk you kiss the person you're married to." —P.J. O'Rourke, WRITER

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"By the way, I've stepped down in my position as your wife. This is 'Jana,' who is stepping in to take care of your sexual needs."

DUTY FREE? GROWING PECKER

Here are several items we purchased while visiting Japan. We're as shocked as you are to find out the Japanese actually have a sense of humor when it comes to sex. Peter Meter: a condom ruler? Lifesaver: a strawberry-flavored rubber? Priceless.



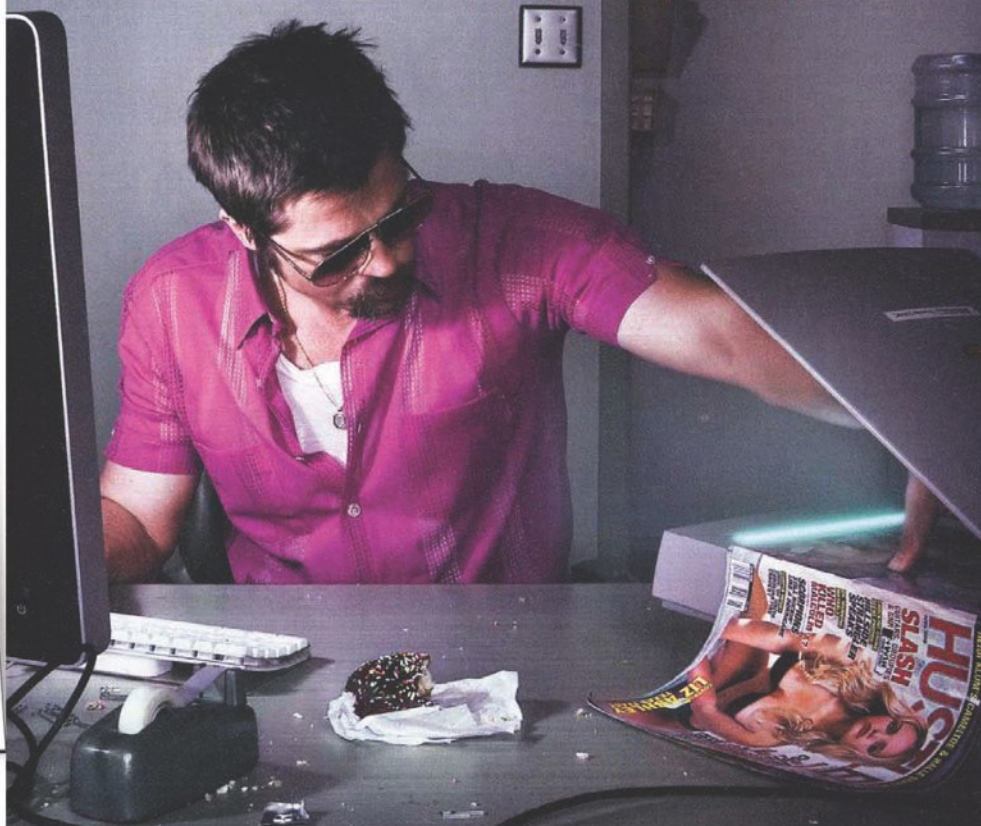
"New Year's Eve, where auld acquaintance be forgot. Unless, of course, those tests come back positive." —JAY LENO, TALK SHOW HOST

EVERYBODY LOVES

Is actor Brad Pitt a huge fan of our magazine? Why else would he be photographed scanning it in a recent issue of *Wired*? Just say the word, Brad, and we'll send you a comp subscription in unmarked envelopes. Angie will never know.



HUSTLER





**Looking
Back**

KAYLA HART

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE



Kayla Hart has brains: "I want people to take me seriously! That's why I dyed my hair black. When you're a natural-born blonde, most people assume you're a bimbo. I'm not. I'm smart. Hell, I even went to college. I plan on getting my MBA in the next couple of years. Being a model will pay for that. Use my body to pay for my mind. Pretty smart for a blonde, eh?"





Kayla Hart has the body: "My ass is my best feature. You don't usually see a little white girl with this much booty. It drives men wild. And, yes, it is available to the right guy. If done right, anal is *so-o-o-o* pleasurable. You have to gently work your way in and then slam me hard. I can sometimes get off that way without the guy ever touching my pussy."





Kayla Hart has it all: "I'm a bona fide sex addict. Seriously, I need it every day. I masturbate every morning just to get myself out of bed. I think being a sex addict is a good thing. The only therapy required when you 'suffer' from this condition is sex. That's my prescription."

KAYLA HART'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Plantation, Florida | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 102



Kayla Hart
is heading for
success.







Meat the Twins

I drizzled oil into her deep cleavage. She rubbed it in until her big, heavy tits were glistening, slick and greasy. I could feel the blood pulse through my fuckstick as I slipped it into her mamm valley and pressed in on both sides of her 36Ds. Boob flesh massaged every inch of my shaft. And I could control the pressure with my palms—pushing in, releasing, jacking my log.

Wow, these were definitely not my wife's jugs! For a second I couldn't shake the feeling that I was cheating. But of course this was Amy, my wife of two years—same beautiful face, hazel eyes smiling at me, same full, petulant mouth. But the breasts, those were new—and so huge, magnificent and, well, wonderful! I started thumbing her

nipples as I lunged.

Amy and I had been together since our senior year in high school. I still remember the day she was introduced to our class as a new transfer student, and I fell head over heels in love. She was stunning, a petite little thing with a tiny figure, a quick wit and a contagious smile.

I asked Amy out, and within a week we were going steady. But by then my future had been pretty much sealed in concrete. I had already signed up for a two-year stint in the Army, just like my brother had before me. Fuck! I had finally met the love of my life, and now, come graduation, I had to leave for boot camp. A week before my platoon shipped out for Afghanistan, Amy and I got married.

We'll skip the hellish details of my time spent overseas. Flash-forward to my return. The second I stepped off the plane, there was Amy to greet me—with a big surprise. Two big surprises actually. Her tiny tatas had been transformed into huge knockers, mammos, headlights! Holy fuck! Her low-cut top showed off a mile of cleavage. I was shocked, then delighted. I couldn't wait to race home and meet the twins.

And now I was enjoying my first fuck in many, many months, our first titty-fuck ever! In a word, it was heaven. Amy's bazooms felt

so firm in my hands. I wanted to make things last, but the heat was intense. I started thrusting harder, faster. Amy pushed a couple of pillows behind her head, and every time my dick head peeked through her tit tunnel, she flicked at it with her tongue. Her hands were squeezing my ass cheeks, her tongue was teasing my prick cap, and those big, huge boobies were smothering my shaft.

When Amy suddenly nudged a finger knuckle-deep into my bung, there was no way I could last. My gun started firing point-blank at her face. Two streams of spunk splattered her nose and cheeks before she caught my crown in her mouth and sucked. It had been a while since I'd last jacked off, and my cannon kept blasting...and blasting. Amy swallowed several rounds, then pushed me back while I was still shooting so I could spray her titties with jism.

It was like, in that minute, all the tension of my Afghanistan tour flowed out of me. I realized I was home. I could finally relax. I was in my own bedroom, and my gorgeous wife was smiling at me.

"So do you like them, honey?" she asked. "Do you?"

In answer I moved down her body and began lapping and suckling the twins. I was licking up my own cum in the process, but I didn't give a shit. In fact, strangely enough, it was a turn-on. I had never tasted my own spunk before. The flavor and creamy texture were much more pleasant than I'd expected.

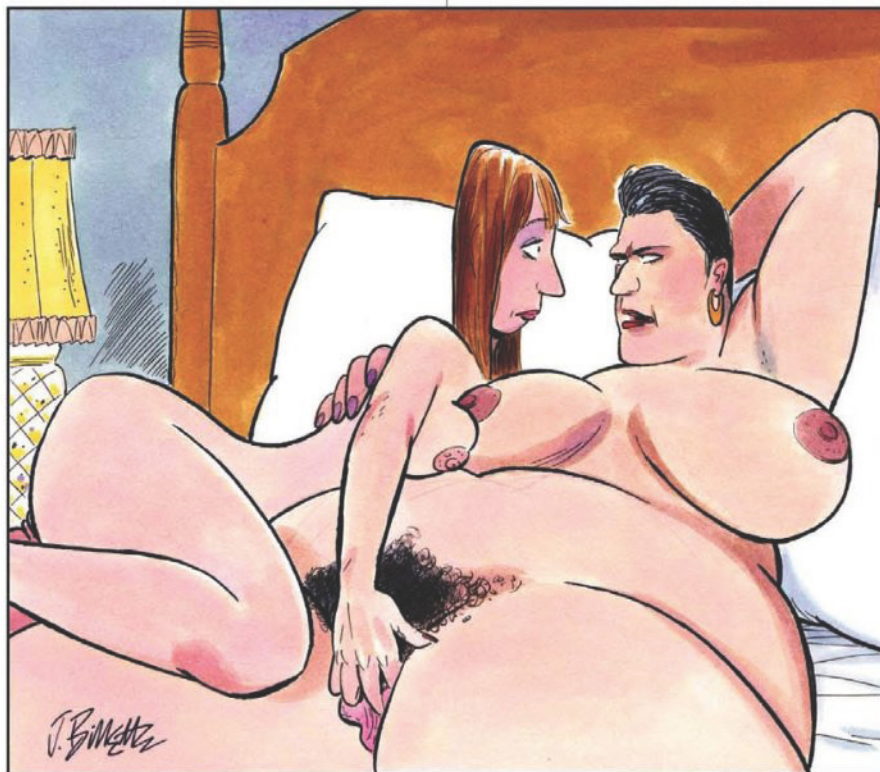
I couldn't get over the fact that these beautiful mounds belonged to my wife! I was one helluva lucky soldier. The titty-fuck had been one of the best climaxes of my life, and now I was determined to return the favor.

I soon discovered that some things had stayed the same in my absence. Amy still shaved her bush into a little heart. My wife still made those mewling noises when I attacked her clit, and she still tasted better than wild honey. I feasted until my face was glazed with love sauce. Amy had already come three times and was tugging me back up into her arms.

The second my head hit the pillow, exhaustion crashed over me, and I started drifting off to sleep. But Amy kept hugging and kissing me. God, it was good to be home!

—K.V.

Mobile, Alabama



"One joke about putting your finger in the dyke and I rip your tits off!"

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COMMON SENSE 2009

by Larry Flynt

**IT'S TIME FOR AMERICANS TO TAKE
BACK OUR COUNTRY. HERE'S THE
CLARION CALL THAT SET THE
HUFFINGTON POST ABLAZE.**

The American government—which we once called *our* government—has been taken over by Wall Street, the mega-corporations and the super-rich. They are the ones who decide our fate. It is this group of powerful elites, the people President Franklin D. Roosevelt called “economic royalists,” who choose our elected officials—indeed, our very form of government. Both Democrats and Republicans dance to the tune of their corporate masters. In America, corporations do not control the government. In America, corporations *are* the government.

This was never more obvious than with the Wall Street bailout, whereby the very corporations that caused the collapse of our economy were rewarded

with taxpayer dollars. So arrogant, so smug were they that, without a moment's hesitation, they took our money—yours and mine—to pay their executives multimillion-dollar bonuses, something they continue doing to this very day. They have no shame. They don't care what you and I think about them. Henry Kissinger has been quoted as saying we're “useless eaters.”

But, you say, we have elected a candidate of change. To which I respond: Do these words of President Obama sound like change?

“A culture of irresponsibility took root, from Wall Street to Washington to Main Street.” There it is. Right there. *We* are Main Street. We must, according

to our President, share the blame. He went on to say: "And a regulatory regime basically crafted in the wake of a 20th-century economic crisis—the Great Depression—was overwhelmed by the speed, scope and sophistication of a 21st-century global economy."

This is nonsense.

The reason Wall Street was able to game the system the way it did—knowing that they would become rich at the expense of the American people (oh, yes, they most certainly knew that)—was because the financial elite had bribed our legislators to roll back the protections enacted after the Stock Market Crash of 1929.

Congress gutted the Glass-Steagall Act, which separated commercial lending banks from investment banks, and passed the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, which allowed for self-regulation with no oversight. The Securities and Exchange Commission subsequently revised its rules to allow for even less oversight—and we've all seen how well that worked out. To date, no serious legislation has been offered by the Obama Administration to correct these problems.

Instead, Obama wants to increase the oversight power of the Federal Reserve. Never mind that it already had significant oversight power before our most recent economic meltdown yet failed to take action.

Never mind that the Fed is not a government agency but a cartel of private bankers that cannot be held accountable by Washington. Whatever the Fed does with these supposed new oversight powers will be behind closed doors.

Obama's failure to act sends one message loud and clear: He cannot stand up to the powerful Wall Street interests that supplied the bulk of his campaign money for the 2008 election. Nor, for that matter, can Congress, for much the same reason.

Consider what multibillionaire banker David Rockefeller wrote in his 2002 memoirs: "Some even believe we are part of a secret cabal working against the best interests of the United States, characterizing my family and me as 'internationalists' and of conspiring with others around the world to build a more

integrated global political and economic structure—one world, if you will. If that's the charge, I stand guilty, and I am proud of it."

Read Rockefeller's words again. He actually admits to working against the "best interests of the United States."

Need more? Here's what Rockefeller said in 1994 at a U.N. dinner: "We are on the verge of a global transformation. All we need is the right major crisis, and the nations will accept the New World Order." They're gaming us. Our country has been stolen from us.

Journalist Matt Taibbi, writing in *Rolling Stone*, notes that esteemed economist John Kenneth Galbraith laid the 1929 crash at the feet of banking giant Goldman Sachs. Taibbi goes on to say that

Goldman Sachs has been behind every other economic downturn as well, including the most recent one. As if that wasn't enough, Goldman Sachs even had a hand in pushing gas prices up to \$4 a gallon.

The problem with bankers is longstanding. Here's what one of our Founding Fathers, Thomas Jefferson, had to say about them: "If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issuance of their currency, first by inflation, and then by deflation, the banks and the corporations that will grow up around

them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered."

We all know that the first American Revolution officially began in 1776, with the Declaration of Independence. Less well known is that the single strongest motivating factor for revolution was the colonists' attempt to free themselves from the Bank of England. But how many of you know about the second revolution, referred to by historians as Shays' Rebellion? It took place in 1786-87, and once again the banks were the cause. This time they were putting the screws to America's farmers.

Daniel Shays was a farmer in western Massachusetts. Like many other farmers of the day, he was being driven into bankruptcy by the banks' predatory lending





"I like you, Bill. You are a horny guy like me! I will release the two women if you give me Monica Lewinsky's phone number!"

practices. (Sound familiar?) Rallying other farmers to his side, Shays led his rebels in an attack on the courts and the local armory. The rebellion itself failed, but a message had been sent: The bankers (and the politicians who supported them) ultimately backed off. As Thomas Jefferson famously quipped in regard to the insurrection: "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

Perhaps it's time to consider that option once again.

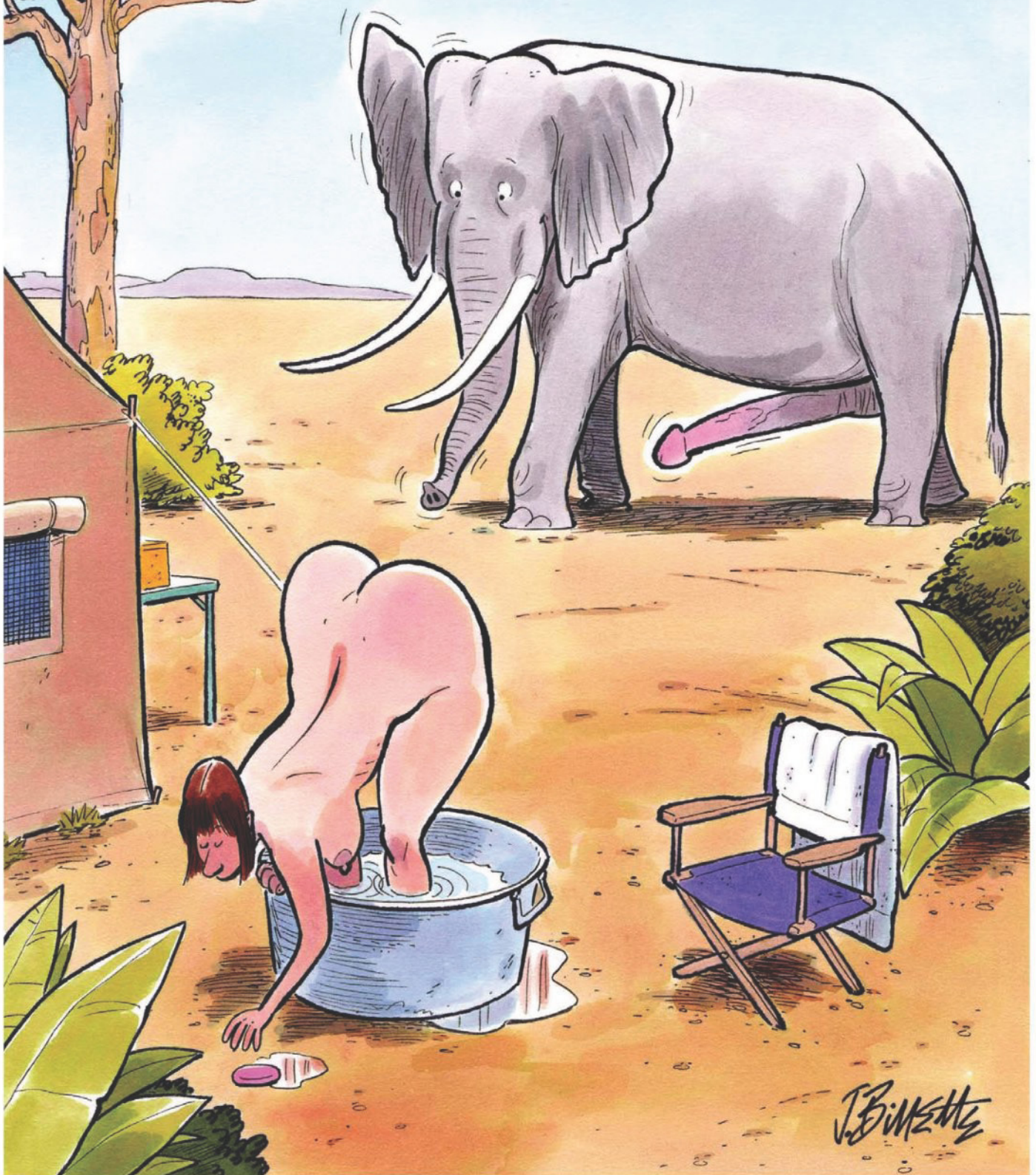
I'm calling for a national strike, one designed to close the country down for a day. The intent? Real campaign-finance reform and strong restrictions on lobbying. Because nothing will change until we take corporate money out of politics. Nothing will improve until our politicians are once again answerable to their constituents, not the rich and powerful.

Let's set a date. No one goes to work. No one buys anything. And if that isn't effective—if the politicians ignore us—we do it again. And again. And again.

The real war is not between the Left and the Right. It is between the average American and the ruling class. If we come together on this single issue, everything else will resolve itself. It's time we took back our government from those who would make us their slaves.

Thousands of Americans have responded to this article since it first appeared on *Huffington Post*. To see their comments go to **HuffingtonPost.com** and type "Larry Flynt Common Sense 2009" into the search bar. 🌐

THE UGLY DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF TOURIST
WANDA RESNICK WERE NEVER REVEALED





NATURAL WONDERS

THE ART OF JEFF WACK

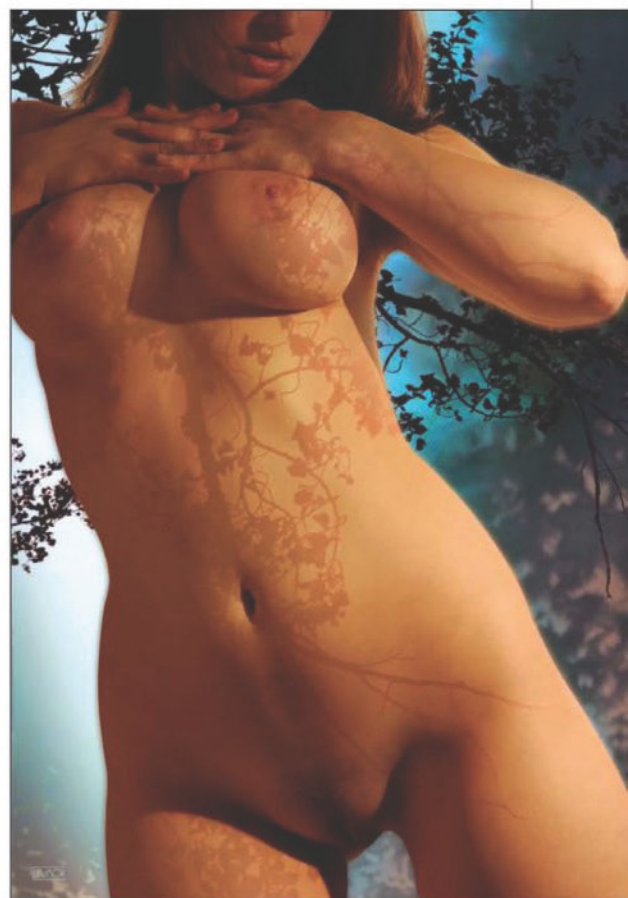
In the world of commercial art, Los Angeles-based photographer/illustrator Jeff Wack is a superstar. Known for his imaginative and stunning visual style, Wack has created major works and ad campaigns for a variety of mainstream clients, including Coca-Cola, Nokia, Budweiser, MGM, 20th Century Fox, Universal Studios, Atari and Activision. But it is his latest project that really captured our attention.

The "Sensuous Muse" series blends the timeless theme of the idealized female figure with elements commonly found in nature. The result is nothing short of breathtaking. But make no mistake, these erotic images are not porn. Instead, Wack's creations present the softer side of sex: subtly focusing on the female form rather than raw, explicit sexuality.

The artist is very passionate about his creations. "I allow the unmistakable beauty of the female form to inspire my works," Wack declares. "Through the ages it has been a source of wonderment and intrigue for countless artists of all media. My goal is to infuse each figure's world with a timeless sense of ethereal space and energy that goes far beyond a mere model shot against a studio backdrop."

Wack combines conventional photography (both from personal files and studio shoots) and high-definition digital graphics. He then alters the lighting and color while adding detailed effects to conceive a vivid, otherworldly image. The end result leaves us speechless.

You may purchase hand-signed, highly collectible limited-edition prints of Wack's work in a variety of sizes at SensuousMuse.com. 



CUCKOLD

IT'S THE LATES



ALL ACROSS AMERICA AND CANADA, MARRIED WOMEN ARE SCREWING OTHER MEN...WITH THEIR HUSBANDS' CONSENT!

A red minivan cruises along a neon-lit stretch of a major city in the Pacific Northwest. In the backseat, Pearl discreetly slips out of an old bra and into a new, black, pushup number. It was purchased by Pearl's husband, Richard, who sits behind the wheel, glancing at her in the rearview mirror. Their eyes meet, and 31-year-old Pearl, gym-toned and tattooed, tartly says, "I hope you like the bra. Too bad you won't get to see me show it off."

Diminutive and spiky-haired, Richard stops the minivan in front of a strip mall. A handsome, well-built construction worker named Tom is waiting for them. Pearl gets out, hugs Tom, kisses him on the lips, and the two head off together. Richard watches the couple disappear in the direction of a busy tavern down the street.

He knows that within three hours, Pearl and Tom will be screwing. If Richard gets lucky tonight, he'll be able to watch.

I am unsure what to say to a guy whose wife just walked off with her fuck buddy. "Tom looks like a pretty nice guy," I venture.

Richard, a 41-year-old Web designer, replies, "Someday I'd like to get laid by other men's wives, but I don't think it's going to happen. Maybe I lack the stature. Unlike Tom. He's got it all: the height, the attitude, the equipment."

Richard and his wife indulge in a fetish known as "cuckolding." Cuckold literally means the husband of an unfaithful wife. However, in modern parlance, the word has been retrofitted to mean husbands who get off on their wives' choreographed cheating. The boy toys are in on it, often finding elevated pleasure in having another man's wife. Known as "bulls," they sometimes are handpicked by the husbands and, more often than not, are particularly well endowed.

While Richard tells me that his wife "is a size queen," Pearl insists it's Richard who actually requires her paramours to be larger than he is. Richard, she explains, gets off on the fantasy of inadequacy. "For me it's not so much about humiliation," Pearl said earlier in the evening, sipping a single malt scotch at a stylish bar in the couple's hometown. "It's about my right to be as wanton as I want to be. I tell Richard all about my relationships and remind him why he's not involved: I am too much for him to handle."

During his wife's detailed recountings of her assignments, Richard might be allowed an orgasm. "Put it this way," said Pearl, pursing her lips, "I've gotten really good at giv-

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

ING T RAGE!

ing him handjobs. Sometimes we have intercourse, and I allow only the head of his cock inside me. Other times I make him go down on me, and he gets nothing in return. Often I'm just too tired after having sex with my boyfriends."

"In that regard, Pearl is a lot like a guy," Richard responded, sipping coffee. "She comes once, then wants to roll over and go to sleep."

Richard and Pearl have been together four years. Soon after they met, Richard encouraged the infidelity, agreeing to remain faithful. He maintains that the arrangement strengthens their union. "I never have to worry about Pearl cheating on me," he says. "It's agreed that she can do it, and she will tell me about it."

Occasionally, Richard even gets to participate. "This makes things more varied and has a way of prolonging passion," he explains. "I admit that there are times when it would be easier to have a nonkinky relationship, but, to tell you the truth, I couldn't imagine it."

While Pearl and Tom enjoy their date, Richard recounts over dinner one instance in which Pearl's cheating came close to crossing the line: "I had gone on a camping trip with friends. After I walked in the door, Pearl kissed me and asked if I could smell cock on her breath. She had just given a blowjob to her best friend from high school. It was at a time when we agreed to stop playing around for a while. That stands out as real cheating—she did it because she wanted to give the guy head, not as part of something between us—and it was the hottest."

You can find Web sites dedicated to this fetish. The top one, **CuckoldPlace.com**, claims nearly 100,000 registered users. While it's impossible to verify that number, the free site is filled with thousands of explicit pictures and postings from members. They ruminate on topics ranging from "humiliating a cuck through Craigslist" to "Are young bulls more dominant?"

The sexual cocktail of cuckolding mashes up assorted aspects of kinkiness: swinging, dominance, submission and bisexuality.

Practicing couples clearly get off on the male relinquishing power; they use cuckolding to live out fantasies without deception.

But the appeal goes further than that. "Lots of negative feelings are turn-ons," says Dr. Margaret Nichols, a certified sex therapist based in New Jersey. "In this case, [cuckolding provides] a way of managing anger, fear and jealousy. And if it heightens the sex life of a couple, I see it as a positive."

However, Dr. Judy Kurianski—a New York-based sex therapist and the author of *Generation Sex*—points out that cuckolding can be detrimental "if you are using it to escape from the real intimacy of a relationship and to distance yourself from your partner."

Regularly appearing on Cuckold Place is a Midwestern couple in their 30s, James and Cindy, who has a tattoo along the back of her waistline that reads "Black Cock Only." Her Caucasian husband says just seeing the ink turns him on immensely, but the bigger thrill takes place after Cindy has sex with one of her bulls.

"He ejaculates inside her, and I stick my penis right in," says James, pointing out that he tracks his wife's dalliances. (She's been with 160 men over the course of their marriage.) "The other guy gets her nice and wet. Then it turns into my pleasure. You can call it the gift of giving."

Cindy gets off on having her husband's sexual role usurped by African-American men. She even dreams of getting impregnated by one. Thus far it's happened twice, but Cindy has miscarried both times. "People would look at the mixed-race child, they'd look at my husband, and they wouldn't even dare to ask what the relationship is," Cindy gushes, excited by the very thought. "It makes me horny to know I am doing something so naughty."

How would James, who has already fathered two biological kids with Cindy, feel about raising another man's offspring? "We would do what any decent couple would do," he snaps. "She's been more turned on by being pregnant with the other guys' babies than with mine. It's not even close."

Steve S., a car customizer in southern Florida, participates on the other side of things. The 39-year-old

is a bull, and he prefers for the husband to be present during his sessions. "For me it's all about controlling a guy while fucking his wife," says Steve, who's built like an ex-linebacker and sounds too dispassionate to be truly sadistic.

"One time, in a motel room," he recalls, "we tied the husband to a chair. He begged me not to bang his wife bareback. Of course I did. She angled herself so that he couldn't help but see me going in and out of her pussy. This guy fought like hell to get loose, but, at the same time, he was obviously loving it and aroused."

As far as Tom, Pearl's bull, is concerned, the payoff of cuckolding is as basic as you'd expect: He gets to score. A self-described sex addict, he's been intimate with more than 50 women in relationships.

Back at Richard's house, in his cozy living room—notable for its packed bookshelves and a piano—the cuckolding
(continued on page 75)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

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The Road to Stardom

1st
MySpace
Superstar!

TATIANA MOORE



This is my dream!" screams tantalizing **Tatiana Moore**. "All I ever wanted was to be a working, full-time nude model. Ever since I was a little girl, I dreamed of being in the pages of magazines. That dream is coming true now, and I can't believe it! None of this would have been possible without HUSTLER. When the magazine picked me as one of its hot Girls of MySpace, things started to happen. Doors opened. Modeling offers came in. Now I get to do a full HUSTLER spread. Wow! It doesn't get any better than this, does it?"





Tatiana's thriving career hasn't changed her personal life. "When I'm not working," she tells us, "I'm very much a private, at-home kind of gal. I spend all of my free time with my family. I love them because they have always been very supportive of all my ventures."



Speaking of ventures, will they include XXX videos? "I don't really think that's for me," Tatiana replies. "I don't mind showing off my body, but I think you have to set boundaries for what you let everyone see. No porn for me. Well, at least for now."

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing on the hood of a dark-colored car. She is wearing a black strapless top and a patterned skirt. She is smiling and looking towards the camera, with her hands resting on her hips. The background is a clear blue sky.

In the meantime the statuesque Californian shares her biggest desire: "I would love it if all your readers check out my MySpace page and let me know what they think of these photos. I think they're hot!"

What are you waiting for? Just click on
MySpace.com/The_Messy_Jessi.



TATIANA MOORE'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Fresno, California

AGE: 27

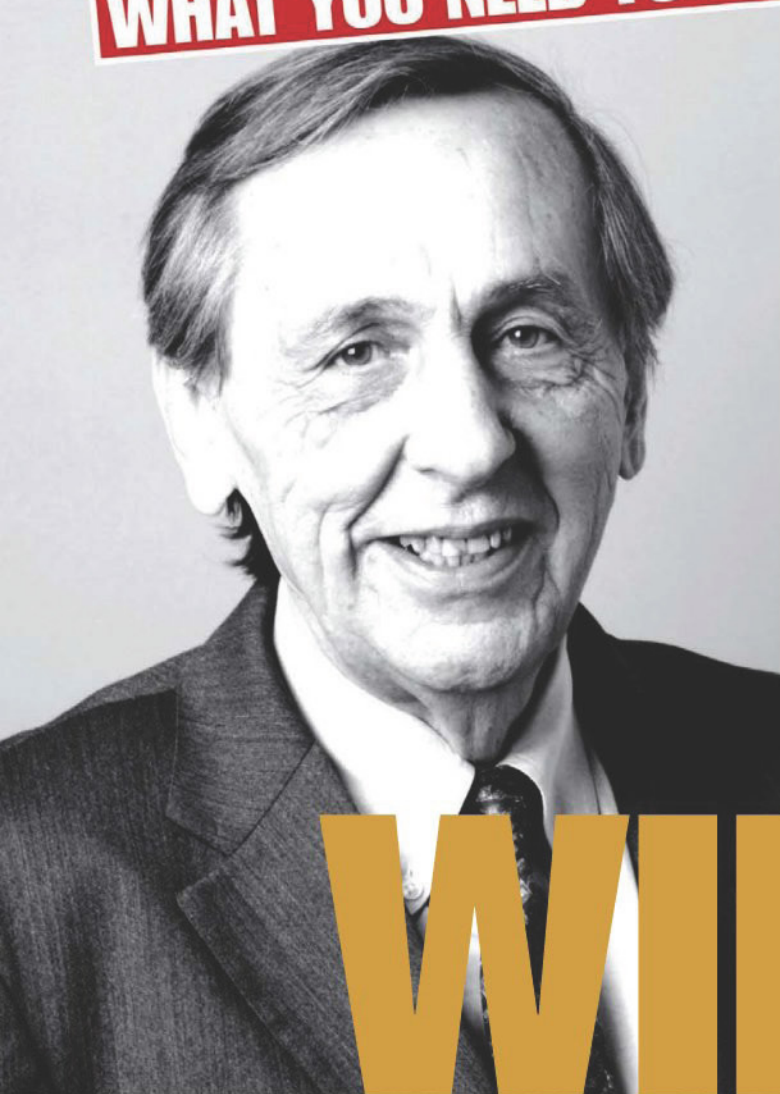
BIRTH SIGN: Libra

HEIGHT: 5-9

WEIGHT: 120

MEASUREMENTS: 34DD-26-36

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW



A NOTED REPORTER AND AUTHOR TELLS US HOW CORPORATIONS ARE DESTROYING THE AMERICAN ECONOMY AND WHAT WE CAN DO TO FIX IT.

WILLIAM

William Greider is one of the experts who warned us ten years ago that our economy was headed into the shredder. A longtime observer of runaway capitalism, Greider has written several books and worked as a reporter for numerous newspapers and magazines, including the *Washington Post* and *Rolling Stone*. He is currently national affairs correspondent for *The Nation*.

During his 40-year career he has crossed paths with the country's most powerful people. He has examined in detail how and why America went from a thriving democracy to a nation run by bankers.

In his latest book—*Come Home, America: The Rise and Fall (and Redeeming Promise) of Our Country*—Greider maintains that we are at an epic turning point in our history. It is time for people to step up and reclaim their role as true citizens.

HUSTLER: How did you recognize early on that our economy was in deep trouble?

WILLIAM GREIDER: Ten years ago I wrote in my book *One World Ready or Not* that our [economic] system, despite all of its creative energies, was veering off-balance. The United States was playing buyer of last resort for everybody else. We had our arms wide open and accepted imports from everywhere when no one else would. Our multinational corporations were going into poorer countries, developing production there and shipping parts back into the U.S.

We now import four or five times more than we export. Because our production and jobs have been moving offshore, we don't have the money to pay for the imports. We borrow the money from the people who are selling us stuff. There's surplus production every year all around the world. Most countries won't take it, either because they can't afford it or because they just won't let it in. The U.S., because we're the big-hearted Goliath, says, "We're for free trade; keep it coming." The long-term consequences are the U.S. gets deeper and deeper in debt, and American workers suffer stagnant or falling wages because they're competing with foreign low-wage workers.

Has this policy been pushed by the multinational corporations?

Absolutely. Both Democrats and Republicans have supported this in the belief that if our U.S. multinationals do well in the world, we'll be okay. But it doesn't work that way. The multinationals (whether you're talking about General Electric or Microsoft or whomever) can do very well and actually hurt the United States in the process. As long as it was just T-shirts and cheap shoes, you could say, "That's not going to make much difference."

The reality is, we're now getting some of the most advanced products and technology in the world out of places like China. We're losing what businesspeople call "value added production." The process of making a product produces high value added [for the producing coun-

try]. Most countries understand that they've got to hang on to that really valuable production and the jobs that go with it to maintain a prosperous middle class. Otherwise you sink lower and lower.

Twenty years ago I talked to working guys in auto plants, and they told me this was happening to them. Blue-collar people understand this way better than the people who run the country.

How do you bring production back to the United States?

It starts in politics. You get a government and a political party that stands up and says to the American people, "We're in a deep hole, and it's getting deeper, and we cannot go on like this." First, we've got to change our approach to the U.S. multinationals. We're going to say to them, "Look, we're not handing out tax breaks and other subsidies any longer. You have some obligations to the home country. We want you to be profitable, but you have to include the national interest in your business strategies." If they don't, we will reform the corporate income tax so that the companies that do better at retaining the jobs and keeping value added gain in our own home country will get a lower tax rate than companies simply moving it out the door.

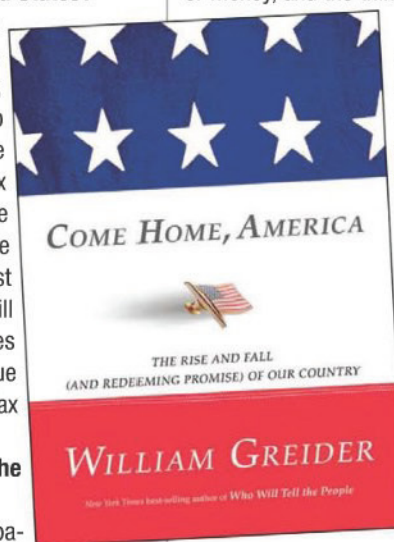
How likely is that to happen with Congress in the pocket of Big Business?

Politicians are in line with the most powerful companies and financiers because they support globalization. However, in

I would put Obama in that category. He's willing to acknowledge things are not working in America's self-interest. But he's not yet ready to step up and really forcefully address it. [He and his advisers] are blinded by the ideology that the world works better if government gets out of the way and lets business do its thing. That's not only nonsense, it's morally wrong. These same businesses siphon off taxpayer money, and the things they promised do not happen.

When you ask Americans how they feel about corporations, an overwhelming consensus says corporations have too much power, and the government should get some control over them. Why doesn't the government do that? Because those same corporations are manipulating elected politicians and financing their campaigns. The American people have a deeper understanding of this reality than they're given credit for. I'm optimistic this is going to change, but it's got to be bloody. The usual interests will just try to either stomp on people or brush them aside. Somebody ought to stand up and say, "I am proposing an amendment to the Constitution that clarifies once and for all: Corporations do not have the rights of people." It would give you a

fight for people to organize around.



WILLIAM GREIDER

Congress there's a growing nucleus of representatives who are mad because their constituents are mad. It's just a start, but it's not hopeless. As candidate for President, Barack Obama said that we're going to stop rewarding the companies that simply move production overseas and start rewarding companies that do the best job of keeping it here in the U.S. with a modest tax incentive.

His idea doesn't go far enough, but I'm encouraged he's starting down that road. People should be banging on him right now saying, "Hey, you said this during the campaign. What are you doing about it?" The other thing we've got to do is say to the rest of the world, "We've been generously supporting the development of the global economy for years, but the whole system is going to come crashing down if the United States taps out. We're going to put a cap on our trade deficits and gradually reduce it so we can come closer to something like a balanced trading system."

What's wrong with trade tariffs?

Nothing. Every country in the world uses them. I'm for a trading system that functions for poor people as well as the wealthy. When I started writing about this 20-plus years ago, a lot of people dismissed me as a fearmonger and a protectionist. Now the facts are so devastating that a lot of people who used to be cheerleaders for free trade are not so anxious to be identified with it.

Is our technology going overseas along with our jobs?

Yes. A good example is Boeing, which makes large-body commercial aircraft. They will contract out to scores of other countries: China, Indonesia, Europe, the Middle East, the whole list. They'll say, "We want you to make the titanium alloy strut that holds up the engines on a 747, and we'll show you how to make it. We'll have guys in your plant, your foundry, monitoring you for quality because we can't screw this up. This has got to work, because otherwise the plane will crash."

The Chinese will take instructions from the Americans, make that part, ship it to Seattle or Wichita, Kansas, where it is then installed in a Boeing assembly line and becomes part of the aircraft. They do that with hundreds of components. The most obvious reason is wages: It's cheaper. But that's not even the main motive for Boeing. Boeing wants to sell airplanes to those countries. China especially has a huge air-travel industry. So Boeing buys market share [meaning the ability to sell huge amounts of product in China] by trading away American jobs. I've had interviews with Boeing managers and strategists, and they're pretty upfront about it. They say, "Look, if we don't do this, they won't buy our airplanes."

The reason that we have to fight for both manufacturing and service jobs is because even the high-end technical, professional jobs are now being shipped overseas. Google and Microsoft are competing in China

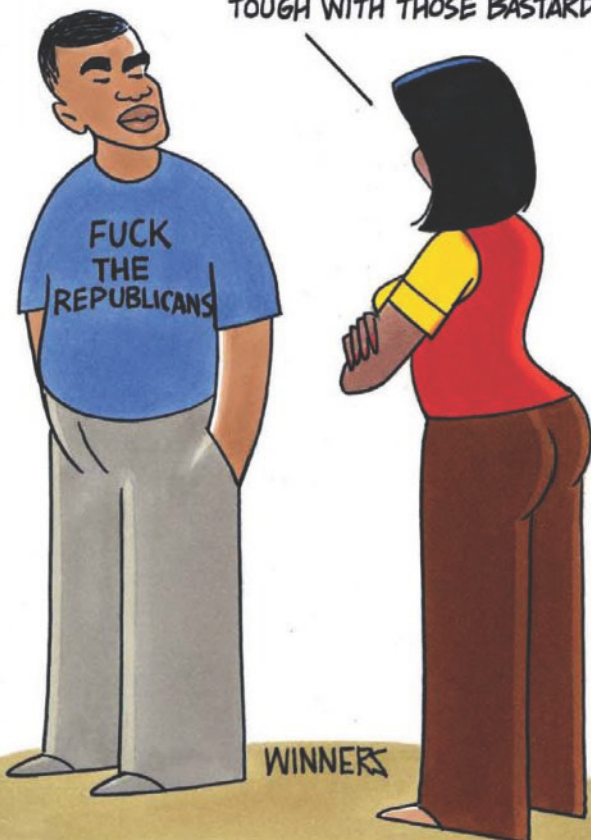


DICK CHENEY PENS HIS MEMOIRS



"When I shot Harry Whittington in the face, no one suspected that it was just practice. My real target sat in the Oval Office. I would be President, but it required the perfect 'accident.'"

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GREW A PAIR AND GOT TOUGH WITH THOSE BASTARDS.



now. They've both opened big research centers there. The workers are cheaper, but they're perfectly good engineers. Hundreds of big-name companies have traded technology to those developing countries in exchange for cheap labor and market access. How did Singapore, a tiny city-state, get so good at making disc drives invented by IBM and other U.S. companies? The answer is: IBM taught them, in return for tax subsidies and protection against wage increases [in Singapore].

How do we rein in the banks as well?

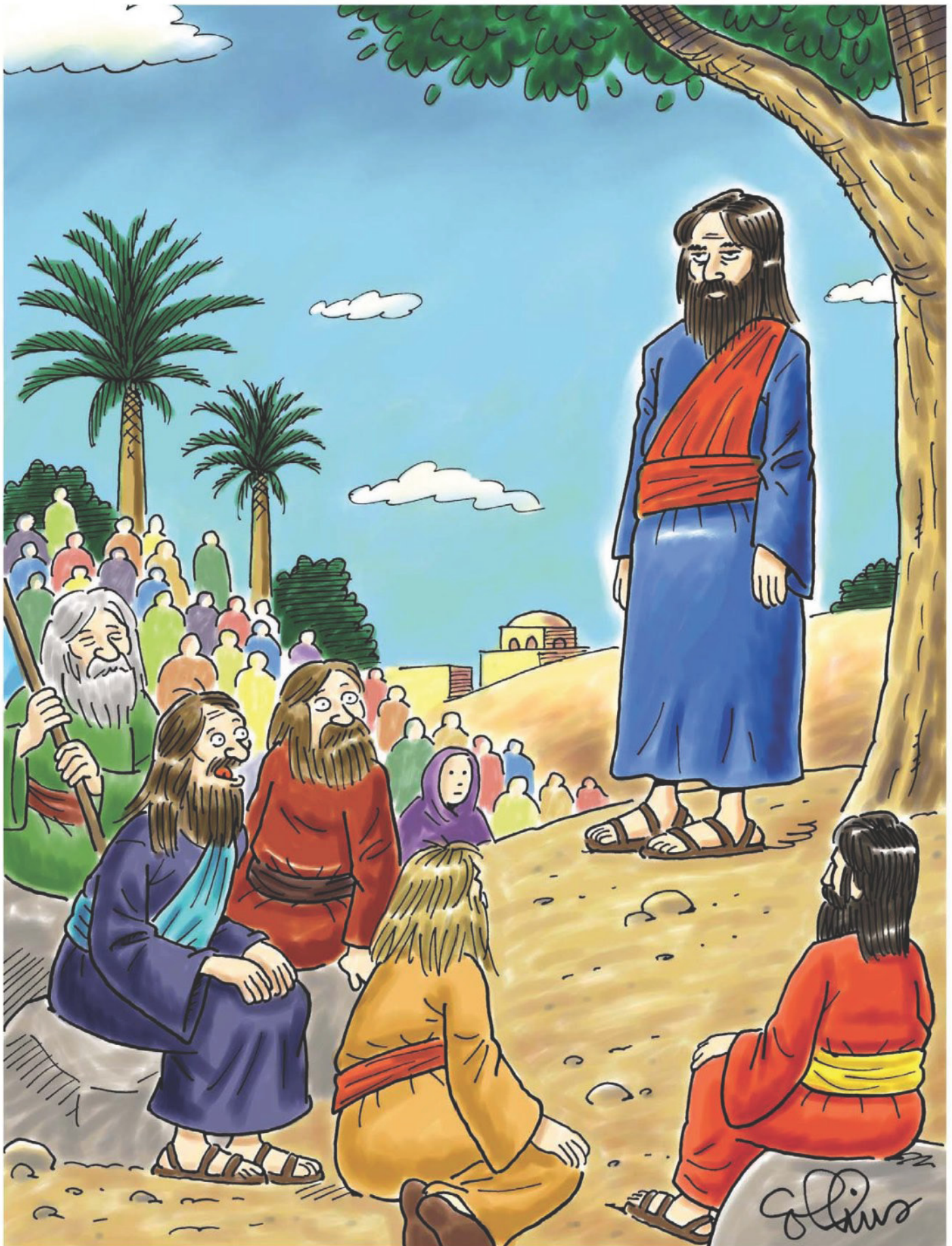
Obama should be using the government's power to say, "Until we get out of this crisis, we're in charge. We're keeping you afloat with our loans. That gives us the power, and if we have to, we'll pass a law to direct you and your behavior and cut out all the bullshit and get this credit system working again so that we can get a real economic recovery." The banks are in trouble because they still have these huge portfolios of rotten assets. Nothing has happened to change that. The bankers know that if they do get back in trouble, the government has to come and save them again. It's a one-way bet for them: Heads we win, and tails you lose.

How do you get out of this quickly rather than dragging it on for years? You get these bad assets out of the banks so they can begin lending again. They didn't do that because the bankers said, "Well, if the economy comes back, this stuff is going to be worth a lot of money again, and we don't want to sell it cheap." At that point, if the government had the balls, they would have grabbed these bankers by the collar and said, "You're going to sell this stuff or we're cutting off your water right now." The government has them in a life-and-death situation, and Obama won't use that.

How do we force politicians to keep their promises?

People have to create their own power and their own communication. That's what the Internet is about. Ordinary Americans are learning to use these technologies for their own purposes. It means communicating with people they don't even know, who may be on the other side of an issue, and spreading the word. Out of that can come organizations independent of both political parties. They have to be able to mobilize lots of people to do a jujitsu on the system. Jujitsu is when the little guy flips a big guy on his back. People can do that in the electoral arena if they've got the nerve.

The Democratic Party is supported by all kinds of groups—unions, environmentalists, consumer advocates, civil rights activists. But what these groups haven't been able to do is punish the Democratic Party when it sells them out. They have to say, "You're screwing us. We're going to make a list of senators or House members [who are working against us]." (continued on page 97)



"I don't know, Jesus. Feeding the poor and healing the sick kinda sounds like socialism."



A Day in the

"I know where the door is!" an angry Marie Luv screams. "I remember where it was when I came in that motherfucker, and I know exactly where it will be when I'm ready to leave this motherfucking place!" It was all supposed to be so simple. Spend a day with porn star Marie Luv, her brother Nick and her mother, chronicling a trip to the nail salon and later The Pleasure Chest. Unfortunately, once we get to the famous sex emporium, things turn ugly. The ruckus is about the store's strict "no photography allowed" policy. As the manager explains, "It's to protect the privacy of our many celebrity customers."

Celebrities such as a veteran porn star looking for something to spice things up in her bedroom? Apparently The Pleasure Chest is protecting Marie Luv from Marie Luv, but she's not very appreciative. The manager James's snippy attitude has unleashed Marie's hood persona.

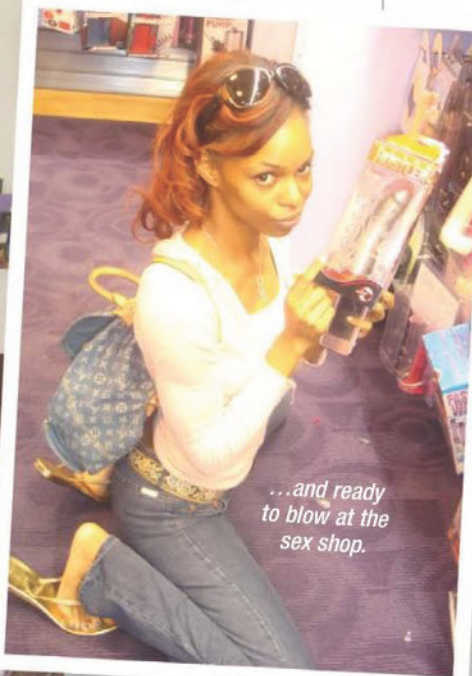
"I'm the nicest person in the world when you talk to me with some sense," Marie explains. "I just hate it when people talk down to me."



PHOTOS FROM ELASTIC ASSHOLES #7
COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO



Marie Luv with her
mom and brother...



...and ready
to blow at the
sex shop.

Life Marie Luv

I arrive at Marie Luv's two-story condo in West Covina, an L.A. suburb, just after 11 a.m. But it isn't Marie who answers the door. I'm looking at a stunning older woman. She's in great shape, exposing some amazing curves in her hip-hugging blue jeans and tight, white blouse. I assume she is an older sister or young aunt. She's neither. To my surprise this hot cougar is Marie Luv's mother, Michelle.

"Wow," I mumble under my breath as she escorts me inside. Then I blurt out, "You'd be perfect for our *Cougars Unleashed* section." Michelle looks at me askance. Does she feel insulted? "You don't have to appear completely naked," I rush to assure her. Smiling back at me, she responds, "That's my daughter's thing. I'm not getting involved with her work."

Our conversation is interrupted as Marie descends the stairs. The first thing I notice is how tiny she is. On video, Marie Luv is a curvy bombshell. They say the camera adds weight, but I never knew it could add curves and ass. This girl is skinny! Marie is wearing a loose pink top, tight-fitting blue jeans and some weird purple-and-pink striped toe socks—you know, the ones that have each toe individually knitted, like

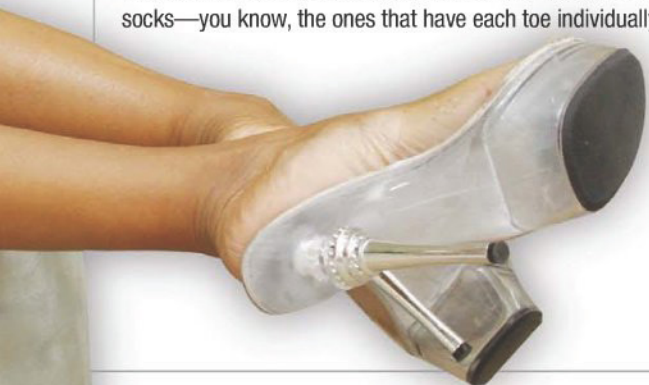
gloves. She's dressed comfortably, not Hollywood "ab fab."

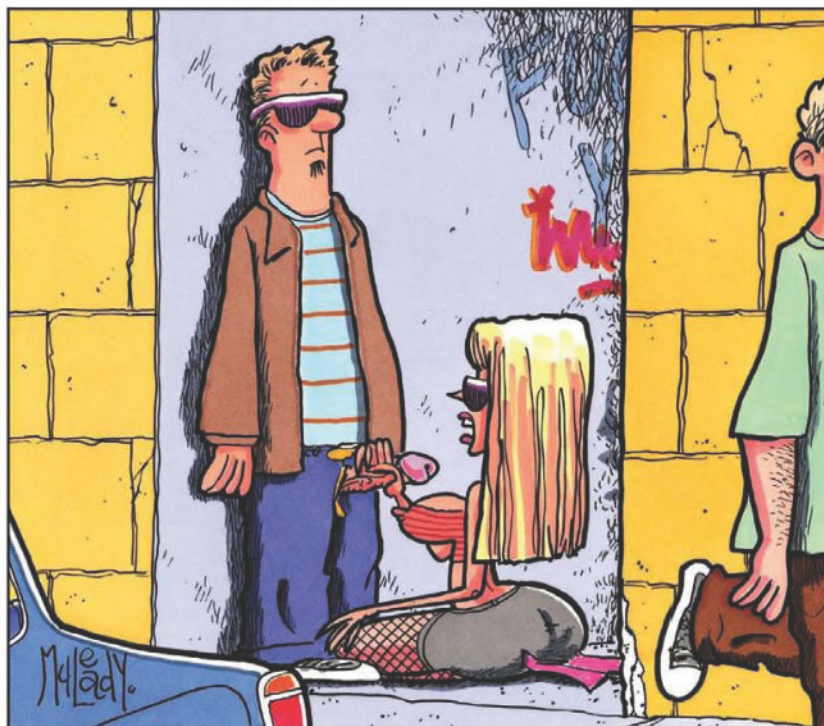
Gathering everyone around the dining room table, Marie sits down for my interview. She's probably told interviewers the same stories countless times. However, speaking in front of her mother—that is a first for the XXX actress. Marie holds nothing back, discussing everything from screen partner Wesley Pipes's nasty spunk to rough sex with T.T. Boy. I'm surprised that Marie's mom seems unfazed; there's no hint of embarrassment or shock despite Marie's vivid recounting of her sex adventures.

I'm even more surprised moments later as Marie relates her tears of ecstasy when taking Mandingo's massive member. Mom gives an approving smirk as her baby girl describes the oversized cock. When I ask Michelle what she thinks of her daughter's career choice, she says at first she was upset. She even tried to bribe Marie into leaving the business, but the simple truth was she couldn't compete financially.

"If you're going to do this, give it your all," Michelle reluctantly advised. "Don't go in there looking unprofessional. Be beautiful. Go in there like it's a job."

**AS OUR WRITER SOON
DISCOVERS, THE EBONY
VIXEN DOESN'T TAKE
SHIT FROM ANYBODY.**





"Swallowing is above my pay grade, unless you want to raise my salary to \$20?"

The interview complete, Marie is adamant about taking me upstairs to her bedroom. Sadly, it's only so I can take a few pictures. I'm surprised to see a black man spread out on her bed, a laptop between his legs. She introduces me to her boyfriend HJ, cofounder of the porn company Justin Slayer International. Marie says they've been dating a few months now. She begs him to pose for a few HUSTLER pictures. But, hiding his face from the camera, HJ says, "This story ain't about me; it's all about you." I snap a few pics of Marie lying on her bed and sitting at her computer.

Back downstairs, Marie decides to ride with me; her mom and brother will take Marie's Infiniti F35. Once on our way, we run into California's infamous freeway traffic, but the prolonged trip allows us to continue talking.

I'm anxious to get any industry dirt Marie has to offer. Sadly, she won't go on the record with the names of black performers whose booties have been enhanced by designer butt injections. Asked if she'd thought about getting them, Marie replies, "I won't even find out how much they cost 'cause then I may be tempted to try it." Shifting the conversation to racial inequalities among female talent, Marie notes that white women are paid higher rates when doing sex scenes with the same black male talent she fucks.

"You can quote me," Marie huffs. "White chicks are charging more to fuck black dicks." Realizing we've only gone five miles in 20 minutes, Marie suddenly phones to chastise her brother, whom we're following, for somehow "having a GPS system and still finding the slowest route."

We arrive at Pampered Hands on famed Melrose Avenue. The ladies are given expedited service despite its being a busy Saturday afternoon. For the next three hours it's all girl stuff as mom and daughter get mani/pedi treatments. Defying protocol, Marie doesn't wait the five minutes for her nails to dry. She's intent on updating Twitter followers on her current status. Meanwhile, Michelle finally approves her fifth nail design. "Thank goodness," Marie exhaustively declares. "Now can I go buy a fucking dildo?!"

The Pleasure Chest in West Hollywood looks like a typical adult store: poorly lit, shelves filled with weird sex toys, plus video booths in the rear. With Nick waiting in the car, mother and daughter excitedly search for a strap-on that will fit Marie's tiny frame. As Marie inspects the merchandise, I pull out my camera to get a few pics of her holding up a boxed dildo.

That's when the trouble starts. A clerk politely informs us the store doesn't allow picture-taking. Michelle, Marie and I look around in bewilderment. Marie asks to know why there's no sign stating that policy. Besides, she informs the guy, shopping at The Pleasure Chest is part of a story for HUSTLER Magazine. I cringe, thinking, *No, don't say that; my ass is on the line if this gets out of hand.* (continued on page 110)

BY MICHELLE
McCARTHY

SCREEN NAME:

Rayne★HotRayne

AGE: 25

STATUS: MARRIED

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 6,220

LOCATION: NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

URL: MySpace.com/officialraynepage

"I love when a guy rubs me down with scented oils, then drips hot wax over my breasts," our latest MySpace sensation marvels. "There's nothing better!" As you can see, Rayne is also a big fan of going au naturel. "I wish I could be naked all day," she muses.

Before moving to northern California, this easygoing free spirit grew up in Texas and Oregon, which helped develop her spontaneous and adventurous side. Along with a deep interest in modeling and fashion, Rayne loves to hunt and fish. But most importantly, she gets off on trying new sexual positions and all types of stimulating gadgets. The compulsive vixen is also proud to admit that she's gotten lucky in a stranger's front yard in the middle of the day.

"I'm attracted to dark hair, dark eyes and men who are built like a brick shithouse and can take care of my needs in the bedroom," Rayne asserts. That last request seems easy enough to fill, since she's been blessed with a 36D-27-36 figure and loves using it to role-play and engage in group sex. While gravitating toward either gender, Rayne definitely has a favorite: "I like a man in my bed because I love to give head!"



THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #38



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 e-mail Hustler@LFP.com.

PHOTOS BY GARY ROBERTS



Two Dicks and a Chick

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

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RILEY EVANS, JACK VENICE & JOHNNY CASTLE



Riley Evans likes it extreme: "Sex is an adventure.

When a guy (or guys) can push my body to the brink of breaking—I mean, ride me and make me sweat—then I always come so fucking hard. I know most ladies like to be kissed and caressed. That's not for me. Save the romance bullshit. I like to ache after a good screw. If I don't come away slightly bruised after fucking, then the guy didn't do his job."

Riley Evans can handle manhandling: "Give me two dicks anytime. The more the merrier. I have been able to handle up to four dicks at the same time. It took a little bit of practice to make sure all the guys were happy. No one likes to feel left out. If you're really into it, you can do a whole roomful of guys, and everyone will get off. I'd like to try that sometime!"









Riley Evans is our kind of gal: "Pleasing a man is my number one goal in life. That's why I was put on this planet. All you bitches out there who think you don't need to suck your guy off every day should rethink that. Give a man head every single day. Really make him happy, then he'll give you whatever you want."







CARS THAT ELECTRIFY

IN THE RACE TO PRODUCE ECO-FRIENDLY VEHICLES, AUTOMAKERS ARE UTILIZING STATE-OF-THE-ART TECHNOLOGY AND MIND-BLOWING FUTURISTIC DESIGNS.



Zap Alias

WHEN IT COMES TO DESIGNING an efficient electric car for the future, size matters. Engineers need to cut the aerodynamic drag, drop a lot of weight and, on occasion, think outside the four-wheeled box to get around expensive U.S. crash-test requirements. On top of that, given consumers' appetite for massive vehicles with loads of horsepower, designers must figure out a way to make small sexy.

Move over, Tesla. While many electric models coming to market look like your typical conventional car (until you check under the hood), some automakers broke the mold, went back to the drawing board and reinvented their wheels. What they came up with may lack the horsepower and cylinders to impress muscle car fanatics, but their futuristic shapes and unconventional designs are causing whiplash. A few even deliver enough torque to get die-hard gearheads' engines humming.

More pragmatically, range is getting longer, and charging times are being reduced.

Aptera 2e

MSRP: starting at \$25,000

Production status: October 2009 in California

Vehicle classification: motorcycle

Weight: 1,700 pounds

Range: 100 miles

Speed: 0-60 m.p.h. in under 10 seconds; top speed: 90 m.p.h.

Charging time: 8 hours

Forgoing the typical passenger-centric sedan design in favor of the highly aerodynamic teardrop shape, Aptera engineers constructed a three-wheeled, electric two-seater with a coefficient drag of just 0.15. It makes the Prius, with its coefficient drag of .25, seem like a box on wheels. Made out of impact-resistant space-age composite materials with winged doors, the curvy Aptera 2e looks like a low-flying aircraft. It also has all the conveniences of a car, including airbags, cup holders, solar-assisted cli-

PHOTO COURTESY ZAP



Aptera 2e



PHOTOS COURTESY APTERA MOTORS

mate control, optional navigation and premium stereo systems. A proprietary lithium ion battery powers the 75-kilowatt motor.

Courrèges Zooop

Production status: prototype

Vehicle classification: passenger car

Range: 4.5 hours/280 miles

Top speed: 115 m.p.h.

This electric car is designed for a three-some, although the domed glass roof doesn't afford much privacy. But what else would you expect from the fashion design house of Maison de Courrèges, which introduced the provocative miniskirt in 1964? Coqueline Courrèges' anti-car design centers around its

clamshell roof, which drivers use to enter and exit the vehicle. Its three-seater bench provides total visibility and a 360-degree view. It's Courrèges' third version of the Zooop, and additional prototypes are in development with improvements on technology and efficiency, not just style.



Courrèges Zooop

PHOTOS COURTESY COURRÈGES



ITRI LEV

ITRI LEV (Light Electric Vehicle)

Production status: concept

Vehicle classification: to be determined

Range: 60 miles

Top speed: 40 m.p.h.

This sleek, little personal transporter from Taiwan's Industrial Technology Research Institute blurs the line between car and scooter. What makes the LEV unique isn't its electric powertrain, fully encased shell, navigation system, rear-view camera and wireless technology; it's that it won't tip over, thanks to its auto-tilting system. Plus, the LEV uses a patented four-wheeled, diamond-shaped chassis that basically turns in place. But rather than building it, ITRI is shopping the technology to various manufacturers that will undoubtedly change the specs. Whatever it ends up looking like, the LEV probably won't be found in this country—any vehicle with four wheels must comply with rigorous U.S. crash-test standards.

Nissan Pivo 2

Production status: concept

Vehicle classification: passenger vehicle (backseat driver included)

The future may center on wires, technology and robots, but it doesn't have to be scary. The Pivo 2 is Nissan's cute solution to an increasingly automated automotive world

of tomorrow. It features a bilingual robot equipped with mood-detecting sensors to provide driving assistance and to engage the driver so that he/she will stay in a good mood. (Drive aggressively and the robot suggests you calm down.) But automated nagging isn't the vehicle's only advancement. In the future there will be no need for a reverse gear: The cabin swivels 360 degrees, and the 90-degree pivoting wheels enable the Pivo 2 to drive sideways.

Nissan Pivo 2

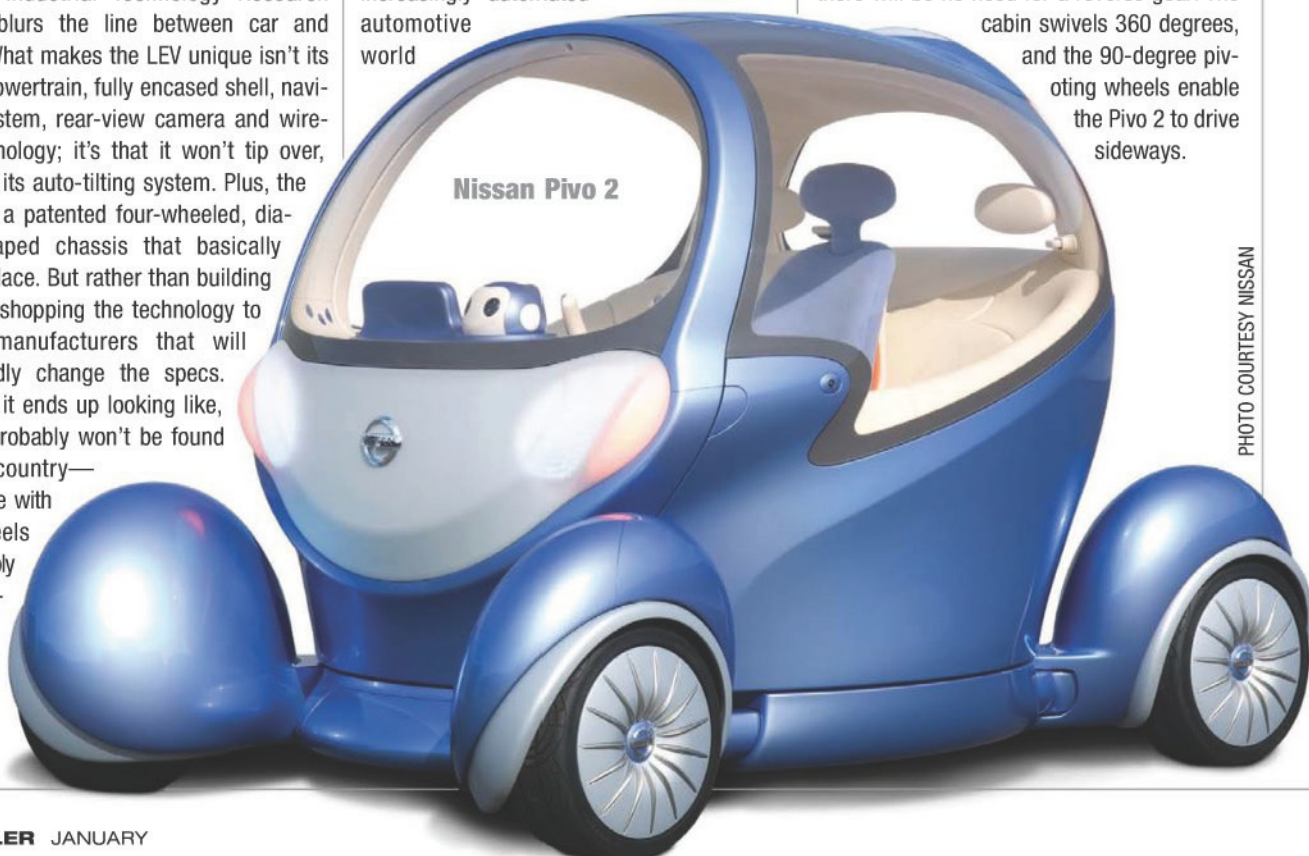


PHOTO COURTESY NISSAN

**BPG Uno****MSRP:** \$5,000-\$7,000**Production status:** fall 2009**Vehicle classification:** electric motorcycle**Range:** 35 miles**Speed:** electronically controlled top speed of 35 m.p.h.**Weight:** 120 pounds

Recently named invention of the year by *Popular Science* magazine, the fully electric BPG Uno is the brainchild of 19-year-old Ben Gulak, who came up with it after visiting smog-plagued cities in China. Half the size of a conventional motorcycle, the Uno is powered by a silent, zero-emissions electric motor, allowing it to be wheeled indoors. Like the Segway, the Uno uses gyroscopes and other sensors to control its balance point and maintain a center of gravity. Lean forward to accelerate and lean back to slow down. But unlike the Segway, you won't look like a tool riding it.

Zap Alias**MSRP:** \$35,000**Production status:** preproduction prototype (fall 2010)**Vehicle classification:** motorcycle**Powertrain:** electric**Range:** 100+ miles**Speed:** 0-60 m.p.h. in 7.8 seconds; top speed: 75 m.p.h.**Charging time:** 110-volt: 6-7 hours; 220-volt: 3 hours; FastCharge 440-volt: 45 minutes

A dark horse in the running, the company better known for slow Neighborhood Electric Vehicles may beat many veteran manufacturers to the marketplace with its fully electric, 100-mile-range Alias. Zap worked with Lotus Engineering to develop the chassis and core mechanical design for its three-wheeled two-seater, which is equipped with regenerative braking and a fast-charging lithium ion battery pack.

But this fully enclosed motorcycle-class vehicle boasts all the creature comforts of a sedan, including a navigation system, back-up camera and a Wi-Fi hot spot. A 216-volt motor reveals the soul of a roadster.

While spec sheets list its top speed at only 75 m.p.h., insiders claim the Alias's performance is much faster.



Based in San Francisco, Liane Yvkoff left a good-paying job in technology to report on cars, sex and alcohol. She has written for CNN.com, CNET.com and "a few men's magazines for which you must show ID to purchase." 🍷

**Zap Alias**

PHOTOS COURTESY BEN GULAK

PHOTOS COURTESY ZAP

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Free-Wheelin'

Who needs a doctor when there's a compassionate chick in the house?

A lot of gentlemen visit the BunnyRanch for pleasure or for sport, but others come in out of necessity. We certainly cater to the party boys, but we also bend over backward for the guys who really need the services provided here.

I recently had a former construction worker come to see me who'd been in a pretty bad accident and had been confined to a wheelchair for the past two years. I guess being disabled had been pretty rough on him. His wife had left him over it.

This poor gentleman hadn't had sex since falling off a scaffold and didn't even know if he could do it or not. So he came back to my room, and I helped him get undressed. Then once I got naked—boy, did his eyes light up—we did it as he sat in his wheelchair: over, under, sideways, down.

Of course, he had the wheels locked, so we weren't rolling all over the room, but you'd be surprised how many positions you can assume in one of those things. I know I was. He was too. But most important, he was really happy.

He didn't think he'd ever be able to have sex again and was afraid to try to find out if that was really true. When he showed up in the parlor that night, he seemed really depressed. When he left an hour later, he was the happiest man in the world.

It made me feel good to know that I had made this guy feel a lot more confident about himself and a little better about life in general. Fucking a woman might not seem like such a big deal to most people, but those people don't have to deal with physical adversity.

For men unable to have sex, or who just think they can't, getting laid is a big deal. So coming in here was a big step for that disabled construction worker. It was almost like therapy. Of course, I don't think his insurance company would see it that way.



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.

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

TRUE
EROTIC
ADVENTURES



(continued from page 45) aficionado fetches a couple of drinks before agreeing to show me something. Unsnapping the top of his black trousers, he pulls them down to reveal his penis, encased in curved plastic. Locked down in a male chastity device, known as the CB 3000, the head and shaft appear uncomfortably crammed. There is a hole through which he can urinate, though it is impossible for him to enjoy sexual stimulation. This ensures that infidelity will be only one-way.

At its top is a small, silver lock. Pearl keeps its key on a chain around her neck. Richard sometimes wears the device for a week at a time. "I actually feel comfortable with the CB 3000 when I have it on," he admits, pulling up his pants. "You'd think I'd be superdetermined to take it off, but, strangely, it's not like that."

Richard mutes a rerun of *30 Rock* on a flat-screen TV and concentrates on the sound of Tom fucking Pearl in the master bedroom upstairs. In fact, Richard walks to a corner of the dining room, where he can hear her most clearly. By every indication, Pearl is enjoying herself tremendously.

All this begs a question: Besides a serious case of blue balls, what does Richard derive from being cuckolded? "I'm not getting the obvious thing that she is getting," he allows. "There is something about honoring female sexuality that excites me. The crux of it is this: It makes me hard to know my wife is having sex with other guys. When another man satisfies Pearl, I feel gratified. The guy is like a surrogate. I am up there, with them, in spirit. I know that if not for me, the guy wouldn't be getting it, and neither would Pearl."

After an hour or so, Pearl and Tom stroll downstairs. She's cocooned in a maroon-colored, terrycloth robe. Tom, fully dressed, sits down on the edge of a comfy chair, looking ready to move on. But maybe that would be bad form. He sticks around, making small talk.

"Go to your happy place," Pearl condescendingly tells her husband.

Tom smirks: "I was just in your happy place, and it was pretty good."

"Yeah," adds Pearl, cozying up to Tom, knowing that her husband is loving every horrible second of this. "You ought to try having sex with me sometime. The guys all tell me I'm pretty hot."

Finally, Pearl announces that Richard will be babysitting tomorrow night. She's seeing another one of her boyfriends. "When it rains, it pours," Pearl says blithely.

Twenty minutes later, Richard is in the minivan, driving Tom to his car back at the strip mall. After stopping at a gas station, he will return home to cuddle with his sleeping, sexually satisfied wife, who's not yet decided when to let her husband out of chastity.



First-time HUSTLER contributor Michael Kaplan is a journalist residing in New York City. The "faithful husband" has also written for *Playboy*, *Maxim* and *Bizarre*.



"So if I don't pay the full ransom immediately, you will send me one of my wife's ears. Why not the entire head?"



"Disaster...doom...injustice...persecution. C'mon, can't we talk about something other than our marriage?"

A full-page photograph of Mackenzie Pierce. She is a young woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a strapless bikini top with horizontal stripes in shades of blue, green, and yellow, and matching green bikini bottoms with blue and yellow ties. She is holding a large, orange-handled sponge in her right hand, which is covered in white soap suds. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her skin is wet and glistening with water. She is standing next to a silver car, which is also covered in water droplets. The background is a lush green forest. The word "Wet" is written in large, white, bold letters in the top right corner. The name "MACKENZEE PIERCE" is written in blue, bold letters at the bottom.

Wet

MACKENZEE PIERCE

for You



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

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I like to have nice things,” says tantalizing Mackenzie Pierce. “After all, being a woman, that’s what I deserve. My old boyfriend bought me this Jaguar. I believe that a man should spoil a woman with expensive gifts, and in return she should satisfy his every sexual desire. I gave him a ton of rides for my ride. I think that’s why he left. I kind of wore him out with my constant need for sex. That’s the problem with older guys—they can’t always keep up. Then again, most young guys are inexperienced douchebags. I miss my old boyfriend, but at least I have this car to remember him by. We used to love fucking in it.”

Waxing nostalgic, Mackenzie coos, “There is something extra-dirty about doing it in a car. I don’t know if it’s because I lost my virginity in one or if trying to get it on in a car inspires me to be flexible and creative. Or maybe it’s the thrill of possibly getting caught. Either way, that kind of sex always gets me *very* wet.”













MACKENZEE PIERCE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 116



After visiting a casting agency, two struggling actresses—a blonde and a brunette—got into an elevator in a high-rise office building. Two floors later the door opened, and a hunk with bad dandruff stepped into the car. As the elevator descended, the broads exchanged glances indicating that they both thought the guy was a piece of ass!

When the flaky-haired fellow exited, the brunette howled, "God, he was great-looking, but someone ought to give him some Head & Shoulders!"

The dazed-and-confused blonde asked her pal, "How do you give shoulders?"

President Obama is going to impose a 60% tax on aspirin, because it's white and it works.

Sporting a see-through top and no bra, a teenager rushed downstairs one Friday evening and headed toward the front door. Her grandmother had a shit-fit, telling the girl not to go out dressed like that.

"Loosen up, Granny!" the precocious babe retorted. "These are modern times. You gotta let your rosebuds show!"

The next morning the teen noticed her grandmother sitting on the front porch, topless, with her floppy tits hanging down to the first step. Hysterical, the young bitch yelled, "I have friends coming over! Get inside and put something on! You are totally indecent!"

The biddy just smiled and snapped, "Loosen up, sweetie! If you can show off your rosebuds, then I can display my hanging baskets!"

Itching to get laid, a twenty-something nerd picked up a streetwalker and took her to a cheap motel. As the tart stripped off her clothes, the guy just stared dumbfounded. "What's wrong, honey?" the naked whore asked. "Is this the first pussy you've seen since you crawled out of one?"

"Nah," the geek huffed, "but it's the first one I've seen big enough to crawl back into!"

Juan and Pepé were begging on opposite sides of a freeway off-ramp one morning. After about an hour of watching Pepé hustle a bundle of \$10 bills, while he got jack-shit, Juan stormed across the pavement and asked his amigo how he was doing it. "What does your sign say?" Pepé asked.

Juan replied, "It says, 'I have no work, a wife and six kids to feed. Please help.'"

"Well, that's the fuckin' problem," Pepé muttered. "My sign says, 'I only need another \$10 to get back to Mexico.'"

Question: What categorizes a tough lesbian bar?

Answer: Even the joint's pool table has no balls.

Elroy marched up to the window at the welfare office and announced, "I hate drawing these checks. I'd rather have a job."

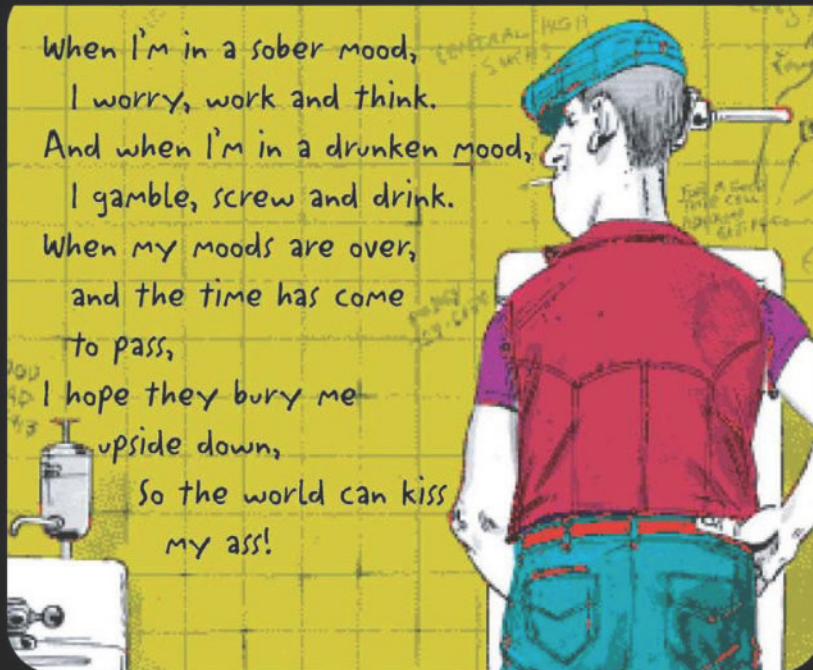
"Your timing is excellent!" the clerk exclaimed. "A wealthy gent wants a chauffeur and bodyguard for his gorgeous bikini model daughter. You'll escort her on assignments, and your clothes and meals will be provided. The lady is in her early 20s and has a strong sex drive, so you'll be expected to satisfy her urges. The two of you will share a luxury condo with a flat-screen TV and stereo system, and your salary will be \$200,000 a year. When can you start?"

Flabbergasted, Elroy yelled, "You gotta be bullshittin' me!"

"Yeah," the welfare dude snorted, "but you started it, mister!"

GRAFFiLTHY

When I'm in a sober mood,
I worry, work and think.
And when I'm in a drunken mood,
I gamble, screw and drink.
When my moods are over,
and the time has come
to pass,
I hope they bury me
upside down,
So the world can kiss
my ass!



Thanks and \$50 go to Roger L.

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.

J. B. M. M.



"I think I could identify the voice of my rapist. Could you have each of them say, 'Jesus Christ, your cunt stinks!'"



THE PNEUMATIC
POSTER GIRL OF
THE '40s AND
'50s RANKLED
THE CENSORS,
BUT SHE HAD
THE LAST
LAUGH.

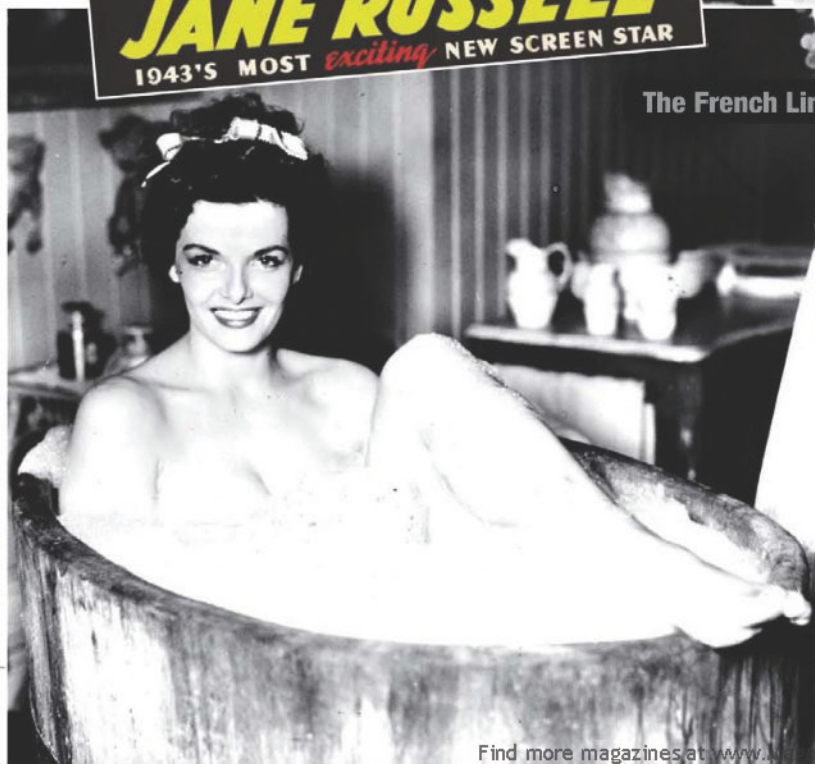
The Outlaw (1943)

*Bombshells
From the Past*

JANE RUSSELL



The French Line (1953)



No movie star radiated earthy sex more than Jane Russell, and the brunette was upfront about her two biggest assets. Her screen persona was a tough broad who'd been around the block, a wisecrack on her pouting lips. Her eyes dared you to make a move.

Never mind that Russell's real life was scandal-free, that she raised millions for orphans and read the Bible every day. We're talking about that fantasy babe with the squeeze-me chest.



"You is a cheatin' motherfucker, Antoine.
But I just can't stay mad at you!"



"We've found a legal precedent that may help you, Mr. Rove:
Pharaoh v. Moses in 1283 B.C."

At 18, Russell was signed by Howard Hughes, who cast her as Rio, Billy the Kid's hot tamale, in *The Outlaw*. He promoted the film with posters of Russell seductively lying in hay, ready to roll. Admiring one such ad, playwright George S. Kaufman commented, "They ought to call it *A Sale of Two Titties*." Unaffected by the hoopla, Russell married football star Bob Waterfield.

During filming of *The Outlaw*, Hughes designed a cantilever brassiere to enhance Jane's all-natural 38Ds. "He was trying to get a seamless bra," she recalled in 1980. "It was a ridiculous contraption. I never wore it. The wardrobe girl had a fit: 'I'm gonna get fired!' I said, 'Forget it. They'll never know the difference.' We did it, and he never knew."

Censor Joseph Breen snorted, "I have never seen anything quite so unacceptable as the shot of the breasts of the character of Rio"—exactly what Hughes wanted. *Life* magazine razed that Russell "showed hardly enough talent to rate a walk-on in a high school play." Jane had the last laugh: She became a star.

In Bob Hope's *The Paleface*, Russell hit a bull's-eye with her cowgirl sauciness. Hughes cast her with Groucho Marx and Frank Sinatra in *It's Only Money*, retitling it to remind viewers who they came to see: *Double Dynamite*. Her pairings with Robert Mitchum in *His Kind of Woman* and *Macao* showed the actors to be perfectly matched: cool, smart-ass, sexy without even trying. In *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* she managed not to be overshadowed by Marilyn Monroe—no easy feat.

Russell's staggering figure was made for 3-D: *Underwater!* and *The French Line* dived deep into her cleavage. "You only heard about bikinis in the south of France where naughty girls wore them," she reminisced. "In *The French Line*, Howard wanted me to do a dance number in a bikini. I said, 'No way!' Instead, I wore a one-piece suit, then they [the censors] had a fit about that."

In the 1970s, TV ads for Playtex's "Cross Your Heart" bra brought renewed prominence to Jane's bosom as she hawked the garment "made for us full-figure gals."

Jane Russell's breasts were a joke stretching over three decades and 30 films, but Jane was always in on the joke: "Those catch lines like 'Want to tussle with Russell?' and—oh, I can't remember them all—they were as corny as can be. Publicity can be terrible, but only if you don't have any."



Actor and freelance journalist Ted Newsom, cowriter of the original *Spider-Man* screenplay, has directed several video documentaries, notably *Flesh and Blood: The Hammer Heritage of Horror* and *Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora*. 🍷

COUGARS UNLEASHED #72!

Jazella Moore

THIS MONTH: Jazella Moore / AGE: 45

LOCATION: San Fernando Valley, California

SEE HER AT: JazellaMoore.com

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Growing up in Portugal, Jazella Moore never bought into her Catholic schoolgirl teachings that the body is sinful and therefore should be forsaken. "I didn't belong to that world," she sincerely states. Boasting a 34-24-34 figure, Jazella would consider it sacrilege to deny others the right to appreciate her tight physique. She looks better than most women half her age.

Jazella believes sexuality should be openly celebrated, not restricted. What better place to demonstrate that than the porn industry? "There were no employers who were willing to put up with me and the fact that I have triplets," Jazella recalls. "I got into the business to support my kids but also for the sheer thrill of it."

So far she has been featured in such hard-core films as *MILF Mania #3* and *Fuck My Mom and Me #5*. She vows to continue her provocative career even if some conservative family members disagree. "My family is divided over my actions," Jazella admits. "Some think I'm crazy, but I don't feel ashamed of what I do, and I am completely happy."

As a fervent cougar, Jazella has no complexes about her age: "As you get older, you know your body and the positions that give you an orgasm. You know when and how to get there."

One person who knows Jazella's pleasure spots very well is her second husband, who has no qualms about her profession. "I was upfront with him with what I do," she reveals. "I don't justify myself to anyone, and I say be who you are."

Being who she is sometimes comes at a price. Her husband, formerly a local city manager, was dismissed from his position due to Jazella's occupation.

The couple decided to leave Florida and move to California, where people embrace the idea of a gorgeous older woman taking her clothes off and engaging in sex for all to see.

For more revealing photos and the full story of the political scandal involving Jazella and her husband, see next month's *HUSTLER*.

If you are interested in being featured in *Cougars Unleashed*, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

PHOTOS BY BILL FISHER



**FEATURING
THE WORLD'S
HOTTEST
OLDER
WOMEN!**



Backstage With....



CHICKENFOOT

Chickenfoot is a supergroup comprising guitar god Joe Satriani, Red Hot Chili Peppers drummer Chad Smith, former Van Halen bassist Michael Anthony and "The Red Rocker"—Sammy Hagar. But you already knew that. We snuck backstage at *The Tonight Show With Conan O'Brien* to sit down with Joe and Chad to discuss this unique collaboration.

HUSTLER: How did you guys hook up?

CHAD: The band came together through eHarmony. You know, the dating service? Not Match.com. We put in our profiles: "Late-'60s hard blues English rock music and early-'70s porn and (beeping noises) Joe Satriani's name came up. Amazing. All those old porn soundtracks. I'm not sure, but maybe that was Joe. His name popped up, and we said, "This is it. This is our guy." Mike, Sammy and I had played together down in Cabo. We really needed to find the missing link.

JOE: The missing link.

CHAD: Here he is. Knuckles dragging. The missing link is right here, folks!

JOE: The hormone shots are working.

When did you know it was a band as opposed to a group of guys just jamming?

JOE: Vegas, I guess.

CHAD: Vegas, baby! What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

JOE: The thing is we took it out of Vegas.

CHAD: We did. We were going to open for Siegfried & Roy, but Joe has a thing about tigers.

JOE: And keeping my arms! Vegas was where it really started. For me I was just going to a crazy-fun Sammy party jam in Vegas. We had such a great jam that we said, "Let's do something about it. This is too good to pass up." The chemistry was there.

Where did the name Chickenfoot come from?

JOE: I've heard a story that Sam improvised that name when he was about to take the stage with his first rock band when he was 17. They didn't have a name or even thought about getting one, and the announcer said, "What are you guys called?" and Sam said, "Chickenfoot." It's been this funny name that he gives to every crazy little project he does.

Michael Anthony told us at the formation of the band that it was Chickenfoot for Now but that it was just a code name.

CHAD: We felt that Chickenfoot for Now was too long. So we shortened it. (Laughs.)

JOE: CFN sounds like some sort of strange network. If we were an emo band, we would call ourselves For Now, Chickenfoot.

CHAD: The first time we used the name was when Sammy's wife threw a '70s disco-type party in Cabo. Mike, Sammy and I played with the disco band that was playing, and we needed a name. The three guys and the three talons, so it was Chickenfoot. I remember thinking, *Chickenfoot, that's ridiculous. That will never work.*

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

THE DEAD WEATHER *Horehound*

Even if Jack White spends most of the time on his latest side project—which features Allison Mosshart (the Kills), Dean Fertita (Queens of the Stone Age) and Little Jack Lawrence (the Raconteurs) drumming and singing background vocals—it still is the most innovative rock record you'll hear all year.



TERRI NUNN & BERLIN *All the Way In*

There are several bands from the 1980s still touring live: Blondie, the Motels, the Go-Gos. But none of their singers is still as hot as Berlin's Terri Nunn. Captured live in 2009, this CD and DVD set showcases a woman at the height of her powers.



311 *Uplifter*

There is no mistaking a 311 record. The patented blend of distinctive vocals with catchy reggae guitars and singalong choruses helps create a one-of-a-kind sound. If you're a fan, you'll love their latest. If not? Go fuck yourself!



WILLIE NELSON *American Classic*

"The Red-Headed Stranger" gets orchestrated on his first disc of standards in 30 years. Sure, we'd rather have a CD of straight-up country barnburners, but Willie does what he wants. Right now he wants to croon.



BIG STAR

Keep an Eye on the Sky Box Set

Who are Big Star, and why are they so cool that the coolest band ever, the Replacements, once wrote a song about them? Pick up this box set from the Memphis power pop cult heroes and all your questions will be answered. This monstrous four-CD collection features key album tracks, unreleased demos, live tracks and a slew of alternate takes.



FELIX DA HOUSECAT *He Was King*

Electro/dance/house pioneer Felix Da Housecat gets his pop on with this, his most mainstream effort to date. The funky Brit wants to be Michael Jackson and Prince. Hell, he even has a song here called "We All Wanna Be Prince." How right you are, Felix.



JOE: You know, secretly I always thought it was a great name.

CHAD: Liar! He hates it.

JOE: Because nobody else would ever use it. Very often in band meetings someone throws out a name everyone naturally hates. It's what you're supposed to say. After seeing it for a couple of months and going on the Internet, and you see people talking about this band Chickenfoot that you're in, you think, *That's not a bad name.*

CHAD: People remember it. Red Hot Chili Peppers is a ridiculous name, but we're okay. We're a good group. People associate it with something positive and cool that they like. Led Zeppelin? What kind of name is that?

Is the band a supergroup?

JOE: It's not a supergroup because a supergroup records songs that simply showcase what each of the members do individually in their solo careers or other famous bands.

CHAD: Is that right?

JOE: Because their managers and record companies are all in there saying, "I heard in song three my guy didn't get to do his thing."

CHAD: "He didn't get his thing in there."

JOE: "Make sure you go back and tell the producer to get his thing in there." You can imagine what a disaster that would be if you think about what we're all famous for.

CHAD: I tried to make every song a funk song. Every one. "Come on! Don't you know I'm funky?!" (*Laughs.*) That's an interesting analogy.

JOE: I thought about that after we had done most of the record. I was in the studio with Andy Johns putting finishing touches on every song. Filling in all the spaces. That would come up. Andy would say, "Well, maybe they want you to do your thing. They

wanna hear Joe Satriani with the Wa Wa WEEEE!" We weren't gonna do that.

If it were a supergroup, you would hear the Cabo/Van Halen Sammy, the Red Hot Chili Peppers Chad, the Van Halen Mike and me doing the Sat thing all over the place. It would have been horrible because the album wouldn't have had its own identity, and we would have killed the songs.

How long are you planning on working together?

CHAD: Might not last till tomorrow. (*Smirks.*)

JOE: We're lucky to get through tonight's Conan show.

CHAD: I fucked it up in rehearsal, and it was almost over. "Next! Get the other guy in here."

JOE: "This guy is making me look bad!"

CHAD: "Max [Weinberg], get over here. You're good; you can play."

JOE: We're just having so much fun and enjoying playing this music with each other. We've done just ten shows so far, and it's been going the right way.

CHAD: We're a new band. We're feeling each other out, and it feels right. Joe's so big. Sound. Big sound.

JOE: Thanks for clarifying that.

CHAD: It's a fresh thing. I've been in my group [RHCP] for 20 years, and I love my band. It's like you're married for 20 years, then you get this hot mistress. These guys are hot.

JOE: Hot. I like being the hot mistress.

CHAD: I feel really lucky to find guys that wanna do what we do. We're having a great time, and that comes across on our record and when we play live. We've played a bunch of small shows and getting that immediate reaction. We are playing our whole new record just torturing these poor fans for an hour-and-a-half's worth of music they never heard, and they are digging it. The one complaint is not a lot of ladies come to the Chickenfoot show.

How do you plan to get more women out to your shows?

JOE: Well, TV is gonna help.

CHAD: Yeah, because we're so damn handsome.

JOE: (*in British accent*) Once they see the armadillos in our trousers, they'll be coming to all our shows.

CHAD: Literally—coming all over the place!



Here he is folks...the Missing Link.

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

GORDON GANO & THE RYANS

Under the Sun

Violent Femmes' lead singer Gordon Gano has never come across as the happiest guy in the world. Why then does his latest effort, a collaboration with the Ryans, sound like a celebration? Gano's unmistakable snarl can be heard on a blend of sounds that recall everyone from Talking Heads to They Might Be Giants.



LA ROUX

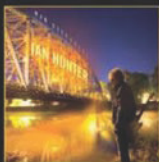
La Roux

La Roux's debut CD is full of over-the-top catchy synth pop with danceable beats. The British babe with the carrottop is ready to give Lady Ga Ga a run for her money.

IAN HUNTER

Man Overboard

Living legend is an apt title for Ian Hunter. As the leader of Mott the Hoople, he created genius tracks, including the anthem "All the Young Dudes" (a hit for David Bowie). As a solo artist, lightning again struck with his "Once Bitten Twice Shy" (a hit for Great White). Hopefully, this time out he'll have a hit for himself.



THE POSTMARKS

Memoirs at the End of the World

The Postmarks' very female singer with the boy's name Tim Yehezkely will mesmerize and enchant you with her dark and sultry vocals and whip-smart lyrics. Don't worry, falling in love with someone named Tim will not make you gay...as long as Tim is a girl.

OUR LADY PEACE

Burn Burn

Expanding their mid-'90s post-grunge sound with more melody than ever, Canada's greatest export since hockey and Molson beer returns. Their first effort in two years (and seventh overall) is a perfect blend of driving rock with heartbreaking ballads.



TWISTA

Category F5

Chicago's platinum-plus and Grammy-nominated rapper shows no signs of slowing down on this, his sixth studio disc. Twista is still spitting mad rhymes over otherworldly beats. Just check out the first single, "Wetter," to see for yourself.

Holy men: Marty Wilson-Piper, Steve Kilbey, Tim Powles, Peter Dinklage

The Church

In 1988 The Church broke through with the megahit "Under the Milky Way." But the four Australians have been delivering brilliant records packed with insightful and unique pop rock ever since they formed the group eight years earlier. We sat down with Marty Wilson-Piper (guitar/vocals), Steve Kilbey (vocals/bass), Peter Dinklage (guitars) and Tim Powles (drums) during a break on the Church's recent U.S. tour to promote their latest CD, *Untitled 23*.

HUSTLER: The band just released a full CD plus two EPs, and Marty and Steve also released solo discs. Why have you suddenly become so prolific?

STEVE: Because the year before it nothing came out.

MARTY: Nothing at all.

STEVE: We were all backed up, so we shot our wad all at once.

MARTY: To coin a phrase. *(Laughs.)* I can't believe that was your first answer for HUSTLER Magazine.

STEVE: Well, if we were doing an interview for a fishing magazine, I'd say, "We hooked some, and then we cooked them."

MARTY: What would you say if it were a mountaineering magazine?

STEVE: Well, I like mountaineering. I'd say, "We ascended the peak."

Marty, your solo stuff tends to be more upbeat while Steve's is dark. Are you the pop-driven McCartney to his acerbic Lennon?

MARTY: It's just that he's evil, and I'm good. Peter bridges the two of us. *(Laughs.)*

Does his evil ever seep into your good?

MARTY: Of course.

STEVE: There isn't really a clear delineation. The players in the Church all have their own role to play. That's what really makes the band. Tim, the drummer, is very angry. Peter is in some ways the most accomplished musician in the band. Marty is wild, impetuous and intuitive on the guitar. And I'm the lyricist with that dark side. Because of that, we all pull in different directions, and in the middle of where we all pull is the Church.

Is your music "dream pop"?

MARTY: Labels go out of date, don't they? People used to call music "groovy."

PETER: I like "psychedelic rock pop."

STEVE: I think what they are trying to get at it is the dream bit. I don't think we are pop by any means, but the dream is certainly something the Church is interested in. We are trying to conjure up a dream state. When the audience comes to see us, I like to think we put them into kind of a reverie.

MARTY: But we're a bit more aggressive rather than dreamy.

PETER: The dream is more the lyrical imagery. Maybe the music helps.

MARTY: Dreamy is kind of a funny thing, isn't it?

STEVE: It's the pop that bothers me. It's hard to describe us.

MARTY: I think a lot of bands who feel that they're creative don't like to say what they're doing. That's hard.

Was it a blessing or a curse that "Under the Milky Way" was a hit?

STEVE: Both. The blessing bit was it got us well known, but then people only concentrated on that one song. Luckily, it was a good song.

MARTY: I actually think it's a blessing because it allowed us to be an interesting group with a song that people would

always come to see us play. People ended up getting interested in the band because they were aware of something that just became popular.

How is life on the road different these days?

STEVE: Computers, iPhone, iPod and all that stuff. Makes it easier to communicate with the wife back in Australia.

MARTY: We used to have packets of quarters and go to pay telephones outside of venues. My girlfriend used to live in Sweden, so I would be putting 25 cents in every five seconds.

TIM: The band used to tour in coaches [buses]. The first America tour that I did in 1997 we flew. Pre-September 11 we were flying all the time, so you never got to see America. We would spend every day in an airport and then gig.

MARTY: We do small vehicles now. We sort of have a good balance of personalities between the logistical members of the band. Some of us are both left- and right-brained while others are just right-brained.

STEVE: What about the ones whose brains have left? *(Laughs.)*

Do you guys have any crazy fan stories?

STEVE: The Church was playing a show in Sydney, Australia, and it was sold out. This young man couldn't get in, so he climbed up on the roof, and he fell down into an elevator shaft. He broke his arms, legs and a few ribs. The next day I went to visit this guy in the hospital. He was lying there with all his limbs in casts and said, "It was a great fucking show! It sounded great down where I was. I could hear everything!" He was totally plastered up in casts, but he didn't want to talk about his injuries at all.

MARTY: He was happy to have been lying in an elevator shaft with all his bones broken, digging the show.

STEVE: That's a fucked-up fan!

MARTY: Then there was the girl with the eye.

The eye?

MARTY: After a university show in Athens, Ohio, a girl came backstage and walked up to us saying what a big fan she was.

STEVE: She said to me, "Close your eyes and open your hand."

MARTY: Then she went *(mimics popping out an eyeball)* Pop! And she placed her eye in Steve's open palm. Steve said, "Um, Gobstopper." *(Laughs.)*

STEVE: Rather large babble. Most importantly, there were all these other pretty girls around that she barged past to do it. She took the eye off me and popped it back in her socket, turned to these other girls and said, "Hah!"



(continued from page 56) Instead of handing over our money, we're going to take some of it and run our own candidates against Democratic incumbents." You can do that with a minor percentage of the vote if you're willing to take on the big party and say we've had enough.

One guy I know is warning the Democrats that they're going to have a political train wreck in the Congressional elections if they go ahead with the idea of taxing health benefits. One of the guys talking this up is Max Baucus, senator from Montana and chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Must be a Republican, right? No, he's a Democrat! His position goes against what Obama said during the campaign. It goes against basic fairness.

Anybody in a union knows they traded wage increases for better benefits. Along comes the government and pretends they're getting this stuff for free. We have to say to the Democratic Party, "Don't go down that road. If you do, you're going to wind up where you did in 1994, when the Republicans took back the House of Representatives after 50 years."

Ordinary people, both nonunion and union, can begin to provoke this. They can say to the unions [and other groups], "You come around and ask for money every year, but you won't threaten the Democrats or members of Congress with retribution when they sell you out." Nothing moves opinion in the Congress more reliably than members seeing a couple of their colleagues cut down out of the blue by something they didn't take seriously.

People are always screaming about how influential the NRA [National Rifle Association] is. The NRA is influential because they play hardball. Every member of Congress, whether they're far left or far right, understands that. The NRA will not forget when they're crossed, and they're effective. You don't have to be a political party, you don't have to be a labor union to play that kind of politics. I envision lots of what I call "independent formations." Not political parties, not issue groups. They're people together exercising their rights as citizens. It's like guerrilla warfare. Guerrilla warfare works not because the fighters are bigger or stronger, but because they pick their spots. They're willing to shoot for the kneecaps.

What can the average person do in terms of forcing change?

Above all, trust your guts. Have faith in your basic convictions and tune out the propaganda that's meant to manipulate your mind. I have a lot of faith in the capacity of Americans, regardless of their status, to think for themselves. They've been pushed around for so many years. Yes, they're cynical; they don't know who to trust; and so forth. The first step is for them to uncover that good stuff in themselves. As they do that, they don't have to ask me or anyone else what to do. They'll figure that out for themselves. I believe that deeply. 🐕



"Yeah, I've seen Obama's Hawaiian birth certificate, but I have a Constitutional right not to believe my own fucking eyes if I don't want to, asshole!"



MOVIE Mammaries

HEAVENLY BODIES

Remembering Farrah Fawcett & Natasha Richardson

In 2009 the world of entertainment lost two of its most beautiful and talented stars. Although they left us far too soon, we are thankful both of these lovely ladies left behind risqué résumés packed with nude work.

Farrah Fawcett was more than just an actress. She was a 1970s cultural icon. You know you had her bathing suit poster on your bedroom wall. Before she broke through as Jill Munroe, everyone's favorite detective on the first season of *Charlie's Angels* (1976), Farrah starred in the hard-to-find comedy *Myra Breckinridge* (1970). This bomb is worth hunting down *only* because one of the knockout's well-tanned tits slips out of her lacy negligee during a torrid lesbian lip lock. *Saturn 3* (1980), costarring Kirk Douglas, is a completely laughable sci-fi romp full of overacting, but it is the best thing the ex-wife of Lee Majors ever did. Why? Because *Saturn 3* is the only flick in which Fawcett goes completely topless.

During her "serious actress phase," Farrah worked hard to show off more than her looks by portraying battered women who fought back. Starring in *The Burning Bed* (1984) and *Extremities* (1986), she turned in a pair of critically acclaimed performances. The latter is worth checking out for some accidental peeks at Fawcett's nipples. Never afraid to take chances and challenge perceptions, the blond beauty took it all off for the cameras at the advanced age of 53 in *Dr. T and the Women* (2000). She stripped down for a full-frontal dance through a public fountain.

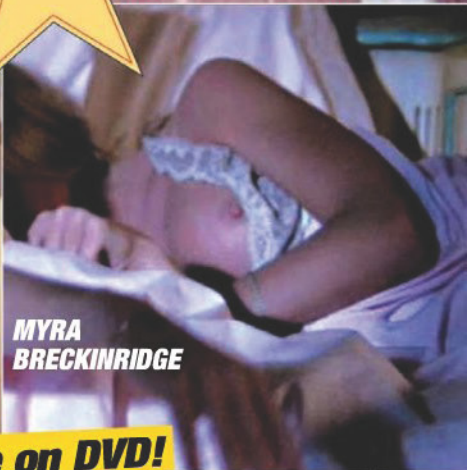


SATURN 3

Farrah Fawcett

DR. T AND THE WOMEN

CHARLIE'S ANGELS



MYRA BRECKINRIDGE

Now Available on DVD!

British babe **Natasha Richardson** was literally born into show business. The daughter of Vanessa Redgrave and director Tony Richardson started her career at the tender age of four and went on to an impressive stage career in London's West End. We are more interested in the work Natasha did decades later, when she was hungry to make a transition from serious theatrical thespian to movie star.

Natasha offered a one-two punch of topless turns in 1990. First, *The Handmaid's Tale* finds her spending some time shirtless and sweaty, basking in the moonlight's glow. Then in *The Comfort of Strangers*, her bouncing B-cups are on display for several scenes.

Past Midnight (1991) will have you "up" till the wee hours of the morning watching Richardson in an extremely convincing simulated sex scene. She really was an exceptional talent. We love a crazy chick, and Natasha acts crazy as hell playing a mental patient in *Asylum* (2005). This film is packed with powerhouse performances and nudity. Lots and lots of nudity.

Sadly, both of these adorable actresses died too young (Farrah of cancer and Natasha from a head injury), leaving us wondering what might have been. Thanks, ladies, for the mammaries, and rest in peace.

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's a sexy actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing NakedCelebs@LFP.com.



PAST MIDNIGHT



ASYLUM



THE HANDMAID'S TALE

MIRANDA KERR

VICTORIA'S SECRET EXPOSED



We hate Orlando Bloom, the fey actor who costarred in all of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* movies. He's rich, famous and always seems to get what he wants. Case in point: his superhot girlfriend, Miranda Kerr.

The Victoria's Secret model with the rock-hard bikini body and beautiful face is a fantasy come to life. Add the fact that she's not afraid to be topless in public, and Miranda Kerr is nothing short of perfect. Sadly, Orlando Bloom gets to have sex with her.

Since we'll never get Miranda in bed, we have to settle for these amazing photographs. They were captured by a quick-thinking paparazzo as Kerr paraded topless in the Caribbean (really!) during a break from a recent shoot for the famous lingerie chain.

Thankfully, we can show off the beach babe and her bouncing boobs in all their glory to the world. We plan on masturbating all over these pictures. Take that, Orlando!

Got any photos of famous lingerie catalog models who just can't stand wearing clothes? Get in touch with us at NakedCelebs@LFP.com. We may be able to buy those pics and publish them for the whole planet to see. 🌐







not THE COSBYS xxx

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY X-PLAY / LFP VIDEO





You're thinking, no they didn't! They did *not* make a porn film about everyone's favorite 1980s family sitcom! Oh, yes, we did! The latest porn parody from HUSTLER Video features the Huxtables in ways you've never expected but often fantasized about.

The cast of this outrageous fuckfest is a who's who of today's hottest African-American adult actresses, including Monica Foster as Claire (opposite page) and mouth-watering Misty Stone as the household's most desirable daughter, Denise. We get to enjoy the normally prissy miss as she pleasures her pussy again and again. Hungry for more, Denise even loses her "virginity" during a furious pounding from Scott Lyons.











Not the Cosbys XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.





Losing Faith

As more and more Americans renounce organized religion, **Boise State University** students take center stage with a debaptism ceremony.

No white lacy garments required this time around, but a developed sense of humor wouldn't hurt. With just a quick spritz from the spray bottle of "Unholy H2O" and a nice blowjob from the hair dryer labeled "Reason & Inquiry," the debaptism of Boise State University freshman Mitch Brinton concluded. Wishing to undo a ritual he'd experienced at the ripe old age of eight, Brinton decided to take part in the debaptisms performed on campus by members of the Secular Student Alliance (SSA).

What led him there had been simmering since he was 16. Brinton's girlfriend of five months called off their relationship, taking his passion and faith with her. Just like any other fine, young Mormon boy, Mitch had planned on going on his mission. But these newfound romantic feelings and the growing doubt about his faith led him, like so many others, to pick up the pieces of his smashed dreams, dust off his thinking cap and enroll in college.

Brinton recalled, "Nothing could save me but myself." From this realization came his dream to one day attend graduate school to study evolutionary psychology or neuroscience.

Brinton's debaptism was performed by Alicia Clegg, the "Fund Master" of Boise State's SSA chapter. Proudly wearing an upside-down missionary badge and handing

out "Get Out of Hell Free" cards, Clegg remembered the closeness and community her former church provided. "I miss the events and the people," Clegg lamented.

The following evening, SSA members gathered at a spaghetti dinner honoring the Flying Spaghetti Monster. (Embraced by nonbelievers, the fictional deity spoofs organized religion and creationism.) Of course, the main topic of discussion was the debaptism ceremony. Rebecca Ames, Clegg's girlfriend and a fellow SSA member, was almost giddy with excitement about the "throngs of people who weren't afraid to say something."

The large turnout at Boise State University isn't surprising. The Secular Student Alliance national organization reports over 160 currently affiliated groups—up from 100 in 2008 and only 80 in 2007. In addition, the American Religious Identification Survey (ARIS)—evaluating almost 55,000 people—shows the decline of Christian Americans from 86% in 1990 to 76% today. This statistic might come as a shock to those who consider the United States to be a Christian nation.

Meanwhile, an Internet campaign in Argentina called *No en Mi Nombre: Apostasia Colectiva* (Not in My Name: Collective Apostasy) has been compiling names of people wishing to renounce their faith. Baptized as infants and

children, they now consider themselves to be Roman Catholics in name only. The problem in Argentina is that these individuals are included in membership figures the Church uses to lobby for favorable legislation.

In a *Time* magazine article, Terry Sanderson—president of Britain's National Secular Society—described why debaptisms and secularism in general have become so popular. "Churches have become so reactionary, so politically active that people actually want to make a protest against them now. They're not just indifferent anymore. They're actively hostile."

According to the ARIS, "the challenge to Christianity in the U.S. does not come from other religions but rather from a rejection of all forms of organized religion." This trend was confirmed when the survey reported: "The 'Nones' (no stated religious preference, atheist or agnostic) continue to grow, though at a much slower pace than in the 1990s, from 8.2% in 1990 to 14.1% in 2001 to 15% in 2008."

Luke Galen of Grand Valley State University and the Center for Inquiry cooperated for a follow-up study to analyze the characteristics of this population. It found that "among these characteristics, the demographic factor that most distinguished the nonreligious from the U.S. population as a whole was a high level of education."

Nonreligious people want to be taken seriously, and they're going about it with humor rather than violence. Smart, funny people seem to be pretty well liked, and the surveys all agree that atheism, agnosticism, humanism, secularism and free thinking are on the rise.

The growing number of well-educated nonbelievers in this country should be a sign to the Religious Right that the silence of science is over. Bring out the hot gothic ladies and let's worship the Internet!



Paige Thomas is a BSU sophomore majoring in secondary education. An "avid hip-hop fan, nerd, mommy, reader, joker, midnight toker and dog owner," Thomas reckons, "I'm perhaps a bit of an iconoclast, my heart's in a bind, and my laptop is attached to my fingertips."

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.

BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 133 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

April: University of Idaho

"My biggest fantasy is to be fucked by my cowboy on the swinging bridge overlooking Kootenai Falls while people are watching!"



"Being naked in a men's magazine is a total turn-on," marvels April, 20, a Minnesota community college grad who's trekked westward to earn a bachelor's degree. "No matter where I am or who's around, I love being nude." The head-turning six-footer is majestic in her own right, but we'll bestow extra accolades for posing au naturel at Montana's Kootenai Falls.

"For centuries, Native Americans have come to this beautiful place to commune with spiritual forces," April imparts, "and I can relate to that. I have so much respect for the great outdoors, I'm majoring in fisheries resources and natural resources. I may end up becoming a game warden, a/k/a a 'fish cop,' as some conservation officers are called."

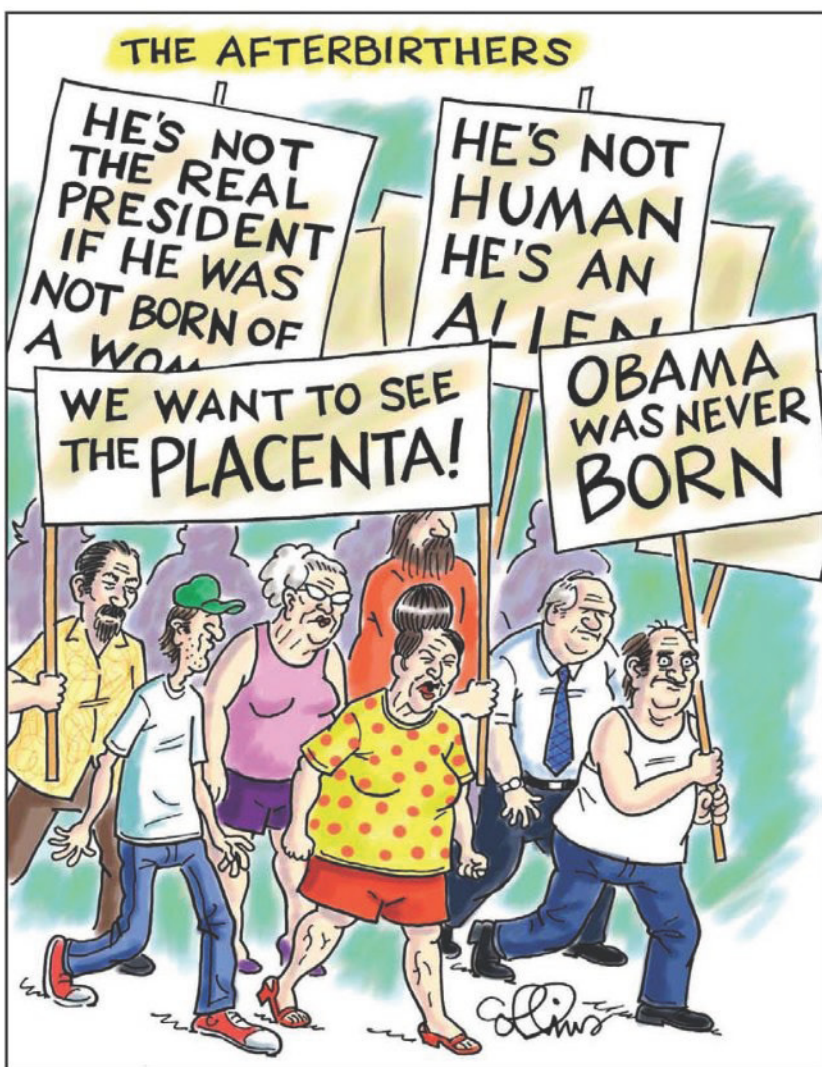
Despite having what it takes to twirl around a brass pole or lead a collegiate pep squad, the rock and country music buff reveals, "I love fishing, especially ice; it's the best. I also dig hunting, mudding, rodeos and drinking beer with my buds. Ya know, guy things. I've damn near always been a tomboy. Not only that but I'm a pure fuckin' rebel and Dixie chick at heart even though I'm from the North."

Have no fear. April can be very ladylike, just not in the word's refined context. "I've been told I'm a wild and crazy lover," she confides, "and the rougher the better. I prefer girls, but cowboys with hot butts can take me any way they want—even in mine!" Game and licentious, April is a keeper. —Photos by Boyfriend





"There, there, sweetheart. We know breaking up with a boyfriend is hard, but you're such an easy fuck, another boy will come along!"



(continued from page 60) As the clerk backs away from the angry, neck-rolling black woman, he asks if we'd like to speak with the manager. Marie's getting more agitated. Speaking loudly, she asserts the store policy is stupid. Finally, the manager, James, shows up and snarkily exclaims, "Yes, our store policy is you can't take pictures." Marie doesn't give a fuck.

"I'm Marie Luv!" she howls. "I'm working on a story with HUSTLER Magazine, chronicling a day in the life with me." I sigh, wondering how much uglier this is going to get. James, having had enough, turns to walk away. Marie flips him off. Unexpectedly, James turns back, perhaps sensing he's being disrespected. "The door is over there," he says. "You're free to leave anytime."

We stand around in shock, realizing, for all intents and purposes, we've just been kicked out of The Pleasure Chest. Fuming, mom and daughter announce their new destination—HUSTLER Hollywood—and defiantly offer a last fuck-you to the manager by taking pictures of the store with their phones as they exit.

During the ten-minute drive, Marie finds some therapeutic release tweeting about her unpleasant trip to The Pleasure Chest. By the time we enter HUSTLER Hollywood, around 50 of her Twitter followers want to know more about the incident. Ever the businesswoman, Marie teasingly tweets back, "You'll have to pick up HUSTLER to find out."

To make sure there's no repeat controversy, I immediately seek out the store manager. Wouldn't you know it? HUSTLER Hollywood also has a no-photographs policy. Marie looks on in disbelief; she still can't get any pictures taken of her shopping for a strap-on. I address the manager: "You're telling me I can't take pictures of a porn star holding a HUSTLER product in a HUSTLER store to be used in HUSTLER Magazine?" The manager, Jenny, decides to call corporate to get permission. Success at last! We'll be allowed to take whatever pictures we need as long as no customer is in the shot.

Marie's eyes light up when Mom points out a video box with her daughter on the cover: HUSTLER's *Coffee 'N' Cream*. "Oh, yeah, I remember that shoot," the porn star coos. "I had fun that day."

Ultimately, no strap-ons are purchased. Instead, Marie heads home with a red, heart-themed, two-piece lingerie set. I'm a little disappointed that I didn't get to see her try it on, but she promises me behind-the-scenes access to her directorial debut in the coming weeks. I can't wait.



Los Angeles resident Anthony Kennedy brought his curious interest in the adult industry to HUSTLER after breaking into journalism covering the hip-hop scene and video gaming industries for *The Source* magazine, the Spike network and UGO.com. 

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Like daughter, like mother: Kagney Linn Karter and Brittany O'Connell (below) embody TV gold in *Not Married With Children XXX*.

Not Married With Children XXX

X-PLAY/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: KAGNEY LINN KARTER, BRITTANY O'CONNELL, INDIA SUMMER, MADISON SCOTT, BROOKE BELLE, EMY REYES, ALYSSA HALL, KORA CUMMINGS, PEYTON LEIGH, KIMBER JAMES, ERIC SWISS & DANE CROSS.

i *Married With Children* always did seem like a porn flick that cut to commercial before the fucking. Millions of miserable men identified with wife-hating everyman Al Bundy, but it was his busty spouse and slutty daughter who racked up the ratings. In this version, bulbous-titted Kagney Linn Karter is Kelly, the chick every couch potato had a hard-on for in the '90s. She warms things up by buzzing her fleshy little pussy with a toy before heading out to indulge her steady diet of white trash bikers and escaped convicts. The movie is full of the kind of lowbrow banter, silly dream sequences and bimbo antics that made the TV show hilarious for all us knuckledraggers—plus it has more bulging udders than a dairy farm. Brittany O'Connell is solid as body-suited cougar Peg, and Madison Scott's guest spot as a horny shoe store customer is a ball-drainer. But for our money, squealing, tasteless fuckdoll Kagney Linn Karter owns this flick. That couch will never be the same. To order your copy, go to page 135. —M.J.

The 8th Day: Kayden Kross prepares to get nailed in more ways than one.



Tori Black enforces The 8th commandment: Thou shalt eat pussy.



Scorcher: Violet Marcell and Darryl Hanah have an apocalyptic Day.



The 8th Day

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** REN SAVANT. **STARRING:** KAYDEN KROSS, AMBER RAYNE, BREE OLSON, KYLIE IRELAND, JANDI LIN, POPPY MORGAN, TORI BLACK, DARRYL HANAH, VIOLET MARCELL, KRISSY LEIGH, TRINITY POST, TOMMY GUNN, EVAN STONE, TYLER KNIGHT, AARON WILCOXXX, DERRICK PIERCE, CHEYNE COLLINS, SLEDGE HAMMER, CHRIS CANNON, JERRY & AMEATABH BACHAN.



This four-and-a-half-hour postapocalyptic epic is like an unfunny version of *Idiocracy* (which is hilarious). Flavor of the month Kayden Kross wakes up naked from suspended animation to a video of her dad droning on about the end of the world. He froze her, apparently knowing people in the future would still want to bang his hot daughter. Naturally, she starts obliging everyone in sight, eventually hooking up with survivalist Amber Rayne. They end up in a cult run by some prick they call the Prince, who preaches against DVDs and the "Internets" for causing "The Big Burn" and encourages everyone to fuck as many holes as possible. Future chicks, of course, love being raped, especially Amber Rayne, whose DP purging scene is a big burn of its own. *The 8th Day* tries to craft an actual plot and features the too-pretty-for-porn Ms. Kross fucking like her survival depends on it—which it does. *The 8th Day* is a truly cautionary tale: The apocalypse is coming, the stupid will inherit the Earth, and the whole world will turn into a cheesy porn flick. Stock up on condoms!

—M.J.



*Resistance is futile: Veronica Rayne (left), Missy Stone and Riley Evans (below) in **Your Ass Is Mine**.*



Your Ass Is Mine

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ANTON SLAYER.
STARRING: MISSY STONE, RILEY EVANS, PARIS GABLES, VERONICA RAYNE, AMBER RAYNE, MICK BLUE, MIKE ADRIANO, JACK VEGAS & LEE STONE.



Just when you thought it was safe to go back to vagina!

HUSTLER's latest crack attack defies the claim that the anal trend is over by filling this disc with nonstop tailpipe action. Make no mistake: This flick ain't arty or elegant—just a string of raunchy scenes shot with plenty of light and a wide-angle lens and featuring the likes of longtime XXXtreme butt stars Veronica Rayne and Paris Gables. Those two gapers alone have been responsible for more spilled seed than a burst silo, but some viewers may prefer the less-jaded ATM machines in the cast. As long as porn stars have that tight second vagina, and as long as most civilian chicks won't let you near it, the third X is here to stay! Just remember to wipe off the TV screen afterwards or you'll go straight to hell. What, your mother never told you that? If you want to order this flick right now—and we know you do—go to page 135.

—M.J.



Babycakes, Aryanna Starr (bottom left) and Misty Stone (bottom right) give Ms. Banxxx plenty to write about in *Nyomi's Diary*.



Nyomi's Diary

NBX PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** NYOMI BANXXX. **STARRING:** NYOMI BANXXX, CHYANNE JACOBS, MISTY STONE, JORDIN SKYE, BABYCAKES & ARYANNA STARR.



If you're into black ladies, this film is a feast. If you're not, it will give you the hunger. The inaugural disc from Nyomi Banxxx's own label, NBX, is a series of gorgeous vignettes showcasing the bombshell in girl/girl scenes with five of the loveliest morsels in the business. Drenching her film with honey-warm lighting with rich textures, Nyomi leads us into a world of hotel room encounters as she discovers her desire for the flavor of female. The opener has Nyomi and cutie pie Babycakes sinking into a sudsy bath and setting a decadent, spoil-yourself tone for the entire film. Nyomi rubs and carresses an entire eye-candy sampler—from medium-thick beauty Chyanne Jacobs and Jamaican cocktail Aryanna Starr to light-brown firecracker Misty Stone and leggy lovely Jordin Skye. You'll feel like you fell into a vat at the chocolate factory. A classy, hypnotic alternative to porn's glut of ghetto-girl flicks, *Nyomi's Diary* combines elegant ladies, unhurried sex and just enough pussy play and high arousal to keep everyone satisfied. "Always keeping it sexy" is Nyomi's company motto, and she delivers 110%. Check out our interview on the next page.

—M.J.



Nyomi Banxxx

The Sensual Side

Accomplished performer and entrepreneur Nyomi Banxxx is giving black hard-core a shot of sheer sophistication. The statuesque Chicago native has been told she's too pretty for porn. That hasn't stopped her from proving she's serious about those three Xs in her name, recently adding anal to her high-level skill set. Just three years into it, Ms. Banxxx makes bank.

Now Nyomi has launched her own company, NBX Productions, to create a classier showcase for ebony talent. (See our review of her debut DVD, *Nyomi's Diary*, on the opposite page.) She also continues to build her crossover appeal in self-produced independent productions under the name Amanda Dee. Look for her recent romantic thriller *Caught in the Game* on Amazon.com. For the hard-core Nyomi go to NyomiBanxxx.com.

HUSTLER: *Nyomi's Diary* has a very different feel compared with most black porn.

NYOMI BANXXX: It's what I've wanted to do ever since I got into the industry—something more intimate and sensual. When I started, I saw that glamorous females were missing in the ebony sector. So I knew I could make that my niche: glamour porn.

Are you planning to cross over into mainstream?

I've always done mainstream work. I've now been in the porn industry for three years. There is no going back. Those films are out there. Why not brand yourself and make money off of that? Porn is becoming mainstream anyway. I'm now able to use my Nyomi identity to promote my other work. People say mainstream will shy away from projects with me because of the porn, but I'm the kind of person who likes to prove people wrong.

What's the best thing about doing porn as a black performer?

You can brand and market yourself better as a particular type. In mainstream you're lumped into a pool with a thousand other girls. It's harder to make an individual impression. There are also opportunities now to act more in black porn, in bigger-budget projects. I recently did *Black Fatal Attraction* and *Beauty Shop XXX* and had a great time.

What's the worst thing about it?

The stereotypes. I don't have any problems with the fans. But in the business—not only the white side, but in black porn too—if you don't fit the stereotype of the black booty girl, you can't shoot with certain people. And if you don't fit the European model enough, you can't shoot with other companies. Luckily I've been able to shoot in both areas.

What's your target market?

The European and white American market, because my look appeals to white men. They love to see me in interracial movies. I honestly don't know why I'm not as popular with the black audience. Maybe it's because I don't seem as approachable as the booty-girl type, or I seem snooty—even though I'm not! As black women, we can be glamorous and sensual too. We don't all have to have big booties and gunshot wounds.

Your girl/girl scenes seem very sincere. Do you prefer working with women?

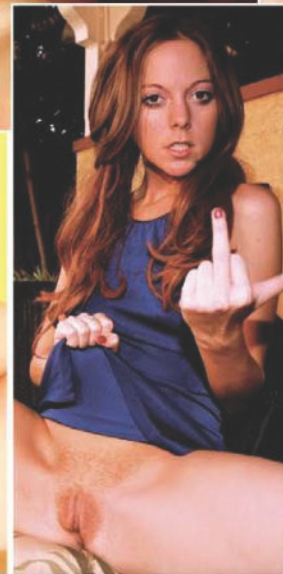
The very first time I had a woman experience was in porn. It's good, but I do love men. I have a strong sex drive. I like to fuck back. It's also important to me that directors cast me with someone I'm attracted to so it will be more real for the audience. To be honest, my "no list" isn't very long. I've been blessed to work with a lot of great talent—white and black. As long as they can bring it, I see no color.

—M.J.





Scarlett Fay leads the celeb-tard pack in *Untrue Hollywood Stories*: Lindsay Lohan, with Eden Adams (right) as Paris.



Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Lohan

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JIMMY DIGIORGIO. STARRING: SCARLETT FAY, NICOLE RAY, SADIE SWEDE, EDEN ADAMS, DYLAN RYAN, RALPH LONG, CHRIS CHARMING, ROCCO REED & JAY LASSITER.

Fascinated by the downward spiral of celeb-tard white trash? If you said yes, you're as brainwashed as the rest of this great country, which is why you'll love our latest spoof line! Scarlett Fay plays everyone's favorite Hollywood embarrassment as she boozes and bones her way from one pathetic cry for help to another. Fay doesn't really have the rack for the role, but she looks like Lohan and does a great job of tapping into the brat's gaping void of personality. The lonely rehab scenes are especially creepy, with Lohan talking to her rubber ducky—the only one who understands her—and masturbating as if it were a prelude to suicide. Meanwhile, gal pals Paris and Sam rag on her behind her back. One of the flick's funniest gags is when Paris spits out a mouthful of cum after Stavros calls her Lindsay. We must say the girls are lazy screws—exactly like bored, spoiled white chicks. The sex may not be the hottest you've ever seen, but it's right for this movie and raunchy enough (the Sam & Lindsay lesbian scene is particularly strokable). Until an actual Lohan fuck tape comes out—which will probably be unwatchable anyway—have fun with this chunk of desperate, guilty pleasure.

—M.J.

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Pure gold! Princess and Katie Michaels
celebrate the 100th *Barely Legal*.



Jordan Kingsley, Vanessa Naughty and Kayla Paige take their *Friends*-ship to a new level.



How you doin'? Joe meets Russ and Moanica's XXX mom.

Friends: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. **DIRECTOR:** LEE ROY MYERS. **STARRING:** JORDAN KINGSLEY, VANESSA NAUGHTY, KAYLA PAIGE, ISIS TAYLOR, RILEY EVANS, BRITTANY O'CONNELL, EVAN STONE, ROCCO REED, CRISS STROKES & ANTHONY ROSANO.



Remember back in the '90s when you used to watch *Friends* and yell at the screen, "Get a room already, you repressed, spoiled brats!" Well, somebody finally heard you and let the *Friends* characters work off all that sexual tension for your pleasure. Just don't set your standards too high. (Not that they were that high anyway.) In between "Sandler" banging "Moanica," "Joe" popping jumbo-titted "Freebie," and "Russ" scoring a threesome with his lesbian ex and her girlfriend, the guys get wind of Moanica's bachelorette party and mount a little bash of their own. This flick has all the lame punchlines and doofy anxiety of the TV show, with the talent doing passable imitations. After all, there isn't much of a stretch between a porn star and the likes of Jennifer Aniston. On that note, "Rachelle" finally gets banged in a three-girl pileup on "Naked Guy" Evan Stone, which bumps the sex scenes up a notch (thanks to Kayla Paige bearing an uncanny resemblance to the show's hottest property). *Friends* may always be there for you, but these porn versions last only as long as a good stroke—which is more than enough.

—M.J.

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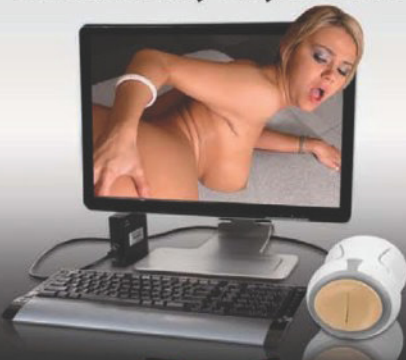
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Foreign Affair

ANASTASIA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



The young European woman with cascading brown hair is a vision of beauty as the sun sets behind a quaint village. You're on vacation in an unfamiliar land and think perhaps those lunchtime drinks may be playing games with your mind. Why else would a goddess be staring at you?

The gorgeous brunette smiles as she approaches and says something in a breathy language you don't understand. As you struggle to figure out what is happening, she grabs your hand and pulls you off the bustling cobblestone street into a dark alley. Your heart races as you wonder, *Am I gonna get laid, or is she luring me into a trap so someone can knock me out and take my kidneys?*











All those negative thoughts vanish as the babe drops to her knees and quickly unzips your pants. Within seconds she takes your throbbing cock into her mouth. Slurping sounds echo in the deserted alley. You're sure someone must be watching but don't care because this is the greatest blowjob of your life. Wait. You ask yourself, *Is this maybe a guy?!*

ANASTASIA'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Kladrno, Czech Republic | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 109





You reach under the cocksucker's skirt and thankfully find a soaking-wet pussy. Phew! Seconds later you explode into her hot mouth. She moans, "Mmmmmm," happily swallowing your load. Rising to her feet, the dreamgirl smiles, leaving you spent, ecstatic and bewildered as she slips into the night.

We would like to say this happened with **Anastasia**, but it didn't. She's just another sexy Czech chick who let us take naked photos of her in exchange for an envelope full of cash.



"Happy New Year!"

TORI



■ "I love attention, and I want everyone to look at me," states Tori, 18, a retail clerk from Albuquerque, New Mexico. "I'm going to do everything in my power to be famous, and this isn't the last you will see or hear of me." Although being a porn star isn't on her agenda, the 5-foot-10 hottie sure emulates one. "I'm single and always ready to have crazy, wild sex," Tori declares. "I've been bent over a sign on the side of a highway, and I've had sex in a cabana, an elevator and on top of a cable box. I've been told I give the best head because I have no gag reflex. I'm a pleaser all the way, and I have a big heart, so if a guy wants and deserves to fuck me in the ass, I'm down." No wonder Tori, who's got a homemade sex tape under her belt, ruminates, "I get turned on when I'm riding a fella reverse cowgirl, and I hear him moan that he's never had a girl like me." Yes, this may not be the last we see or hear of Tori! —Photos by Friend



EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

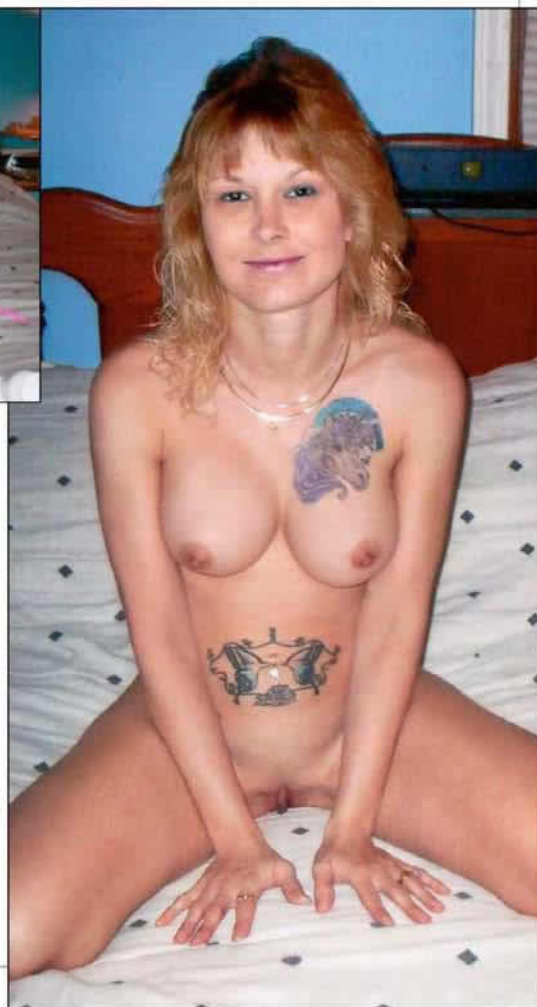


■ "I love getting naked for men and women," announces this "aggressive, dominant and bisexual" Webmistress from Greenfield, Ohio. "I can't wait to get my face and sexy body out there even more and be in many, many adult videos." Naudia Rose, 25, just might be the wildest housewife in the Midwest, if not the whole United States. (That she has two nicknames for her pussy, Hello Kitty and My Baby, is just icing on the cake.) "I love getting eaten out or sucking a big cock," the 5-foot-6 skin-mag rookie lays on us. "I'm pretty talented at everything I do sexually. My husband can't get enough of me. And when it comes to fucking, basically hold on and enjoy the ride! I also love sex in all public places, my latest being a hospital room right before a doctor came in. The idea of getting caught turns me on." So does the idea of being kinkier than ever. Naudia, whose fave TV show is *Sex and the City*, hankers "to be gang-banged by five guys or girls." —Photos by Husband



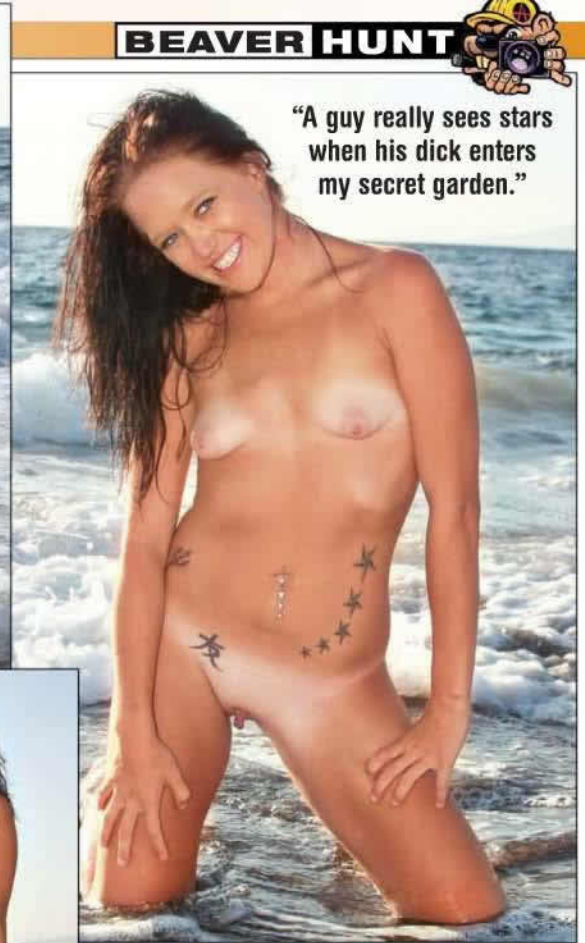
BRIANNE

■ "I want to share my gorgeous body with the world," professes this "very bisexual and adventurous" housewife from New Castle, Indiana. Sharing her favorite outside-the-bedroom pastimes, Brianne, 35, informs us, "I love riding roller coasters, roller-skating, swimming, watching *Scrubs* and going for long country drives. Life is great, and I want to enjoy everything I can." That motto assuredly applies to the 4-foot-10, 90-pound Hoosier's pursuit of pleasure. "My husband and I have a wonderful open marriage," Brianne owns up. "I love to keep him happy. We've had threesomes with another woman, but two guys is even more awesome. I love getting the shit fucked out of me! My biggest fantasy is to have an orgy with men and women both. I would love to be completely filled up and soaked with hot cum." —Photos by Husband



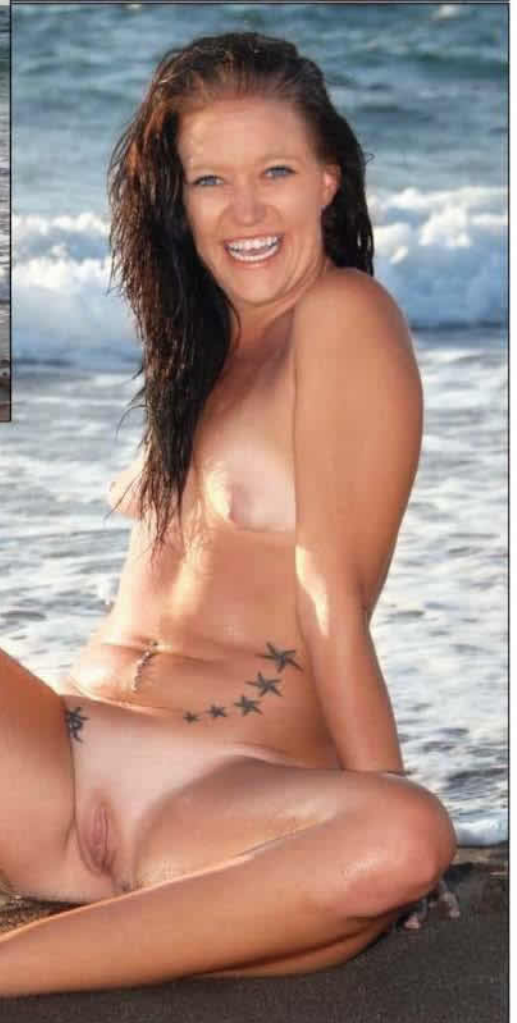


STARLETTE



"A guy really sees stars when his dick enters my secret garden."

■ Here's a "sexy devil" from Rapid City, South Dakota, who couldn't wait to be photographed in the buff during a hop to Hawaii. "The opportunity came up, and I went for it," Starlette, 20, recalls. "I'm all about trying new, fun things." As for less-risque endeavors, the 5-foot-6 waitress rattles off, "I like volleyball, swimming, hip-hop, techno music, Wii bowling, Jim Carrey movies and *Charm School*, that silly reality show." Starlette, who has a Chinese character meaning "Unity" just inches from her "secret garden," embodies the concept in all sorts of ways. "I'm mostly into guys," she explains, "but I've experimented with girls. My favorite position is doggy-style, and I've been known to try anal sometimes. It depends on the guy. If his dick is too big, I'll say no." But terrain and weather are never factors. "I've had sex by a river and out in the snow," Starlette chirps. "It was quick but satisfying—a cool experience. Just like being naked in *HUSTLER*." —Photos by Friend



"Before heading back to South Dakota, I want to go sailing and have sex night and day on the high seas."





LEGACY

■ "I love your magazine, and I'm not a shy person," proclaims Legacy, 27, a personal trainer who hails from the British Virgin Islands and now resides in Pembroke Pines, Florida. "So I was like, 'Hey, why not send in some pics?!' I'm very outgoing, and photography is my passion." So is sex. "I love foreplay and role-playing," the 5-foot-3 siren asserts, "and I got a ring in my tongue for a reason. At times I like to get it on with a girl, and I'm going to say one thing: Girls *do* know how to eat it right. Hey, guys, I'm not saying you don't, but I got to give my girls their props." Addressing her hetero preferences, "very flexible" Legacy divulges, "I give magical blowjobs, and I love some freaky anal sex 'cause it feels good—my best orgasms by far. But the guy can't be too big." Also keen on networking and "just watching a movie or *Family Guy*," Legacy fantasizes, "I'd love to have a threesome with my fiancé and Beyoncé." —Photos by Fiancé



BON-BON

■ "I love being naked, and I got to try something new," beams this buxom 20-year-old from Bellaire, Ohio. "I hate clothes; I really do. I waitress at a normal establishment, but I wish I could work naked. They should make that a rule." Obliging our tell-us-about-yourself edict, Bon-Bon discloses, "My hobbies are singing, dancing, shooting pool (I'm not that good yet), shuffleboard and darts. I'm very adventurous, energetic and spontane-



ous. I love having sex in public; I can get pretty naughty." The 5-foot-5 Buckeye Stater, whose latest spur-of-the-moment screw was on a boat, gushes, "I spoil my boyfriend to death. He's the captain and usually gets good head before giving it to me nice and hard. I love, love, love to be on top!" Proud of her all-natural 38DDD and "very tight and juicy-wet" pussy, Bon-Bon muses, "I want to find a nice, sexy woman and have a threesome." —Photos by Boyfriend

"I may not sink a lot of balls, but I'm a fun girl to play pool with."





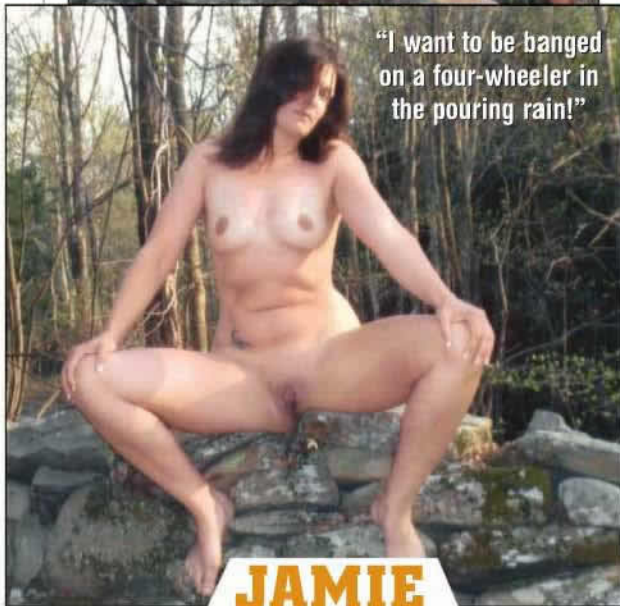
EMILY

■ “Thanks for asking me back,” purrs this “rebellious and frisky” MILF from Menominee, Michigan, who popped her Beaver cherry in November ’08. “It’s an honor to be in your mag. Just thinking of all those guys jerking off to my pics is making me wet. Hang on a minute. I have to get out my vibrator, Buzz. I love Buzz. He can get me off ten to 15 times. Don’t get me wrong, I love the feel of a guy’s or girl’s tongue on my clit. I also love to lick my girlfriend’s pussy. It’s so sweet.” Emily, who’ll be turning 24 in January, doesn’t miss a beat as she wanks and reminisces: “I had my first threesome with two guys. I was curious about what it would be like to have a cock in my pussy and ass at the same time. It was great even though the dudes had big dicks, and I’m just a tiny girl. The neatest

part was they both came on me together. I love having hot, sticky cum all over my naked bod.” Catching her breath, the lithe five-footer adds, “I also made my first amateur video. It was hot and intense—one hour of hard fucking. Now I want to do more!” How about a kick-butt birthday wish, Emily? “Having an orgy with my girlfriend, two other bi chicks and three men,” the Bone Thugs-n-Harmony acolyte gasps. Sweet! —Photos by Friend



“I love being eaten out and then fucked from behind.”



JAMIE

■ After a bone-chilling jaunt in bra and panties, this “fun-loving” denizen of Hurleyville, New York, takes it all off during a springtime redux. “I live out in the country,” reveals Jamie, a single mom (and grandmother!) who’ll be hitting the 39 plateau in January. “You can get a lot freakier than in the city.” Befitting a nature gal, her pastimes include horseback riding, four-wheeling and gardening. But the 5-foot-6 tyro has a much bigger kick. “My sex drive is always in overdrive,” Jamie admits. “I really enjoy hanging out by a campfire and sucking on my man’s hard dick. I love the way it throbs as I swallow his nut. At that moment I know I made him happy.” And talk about an early riser! “There’s nothing like fucking, then getting up and making breakfast,” Jamie exults. “I also like to be fucked outside, bent over a picnic table or hood of a car. One of my fantasies is to have the entire Kiwanis Club do me around a campfire; it would be a charitable fun-raiser!” —Photos by Sister



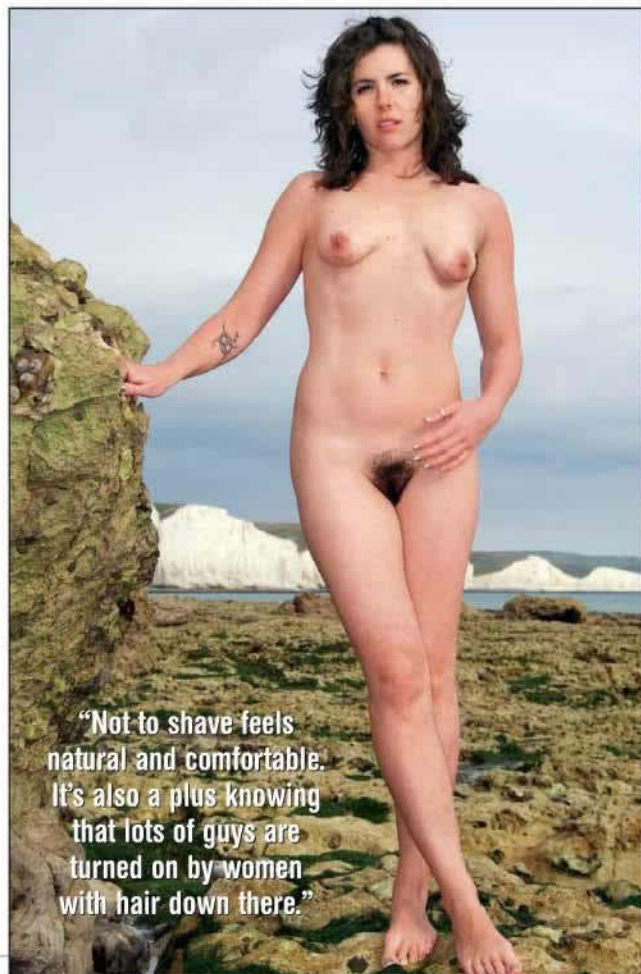


EVA

■ Matthew Arnold's classic poem

"Dover Beach" immortalized the phrase "where ignorant armies clash by night." A trove of modern-day tunes have also mentioned the famed white cliffs of Dover, notably Jimmy Cliff's "Many Rivers to Cross," the Decemberists' "We Both Go Down Together" and Pink's "Humble Neighborhoods." But leave it to the pervs at HUSTLER to present a gal cavorting au naturel—and showing pink no less—at one of England's most picturesque landmarks. "I've never had so much fun posing nude," raves Eva, 27, an administrative assistant who resides in nearby Tunbridge Wells and labels herself as a "spontaneous, bi-curious and very passionate fox." Nevertheless, the 5-foot-8 "fan of Pilates, a healthy lifestyle and Tori Amos"

is reading *How to Be a Great Lover* by Lou Paget. "In bed or wherever I'm dallying," trumpets avid anal devotee Eva, "I want to blow my partner's mind." Tally-ho! —Photos by Boyfriend



"Not to shave feels natural and comfortable. It's also a plus knowing that lots of guys are turned on by women with hair down there."



SHELBY SWIFT



■ "I've always wanted to be somewhat of a star and be coveted by others," reckons this "friendly and honest" real estate broker from Henderson, Texas. Shelby, who'll be blowing out 28 birthday candles in January, has come to the ideal place to unveil her voluptuous bod, personal interests—"fast cars, pool, country music, gambling"—and ribald deeds. "I'm straight, curious and at times a freak," the 5-foot-4 filly confides. "I love giving oral sex, and I'm always down for anal. It feels better than the other way." Ms. Swift is also getting more brazen: "I recently had hot-and-dirty sex for the first time in public. Doing the nasty in a store's dressing room was amazing. There were people outside, and I'm sure they heard every moan!" Flipping over her hole card, the bodacious *Friends* and *E.R.* fan coos, "My fantasy is to play strip poker with three guys, and they can go all in!" —Photos by Friend



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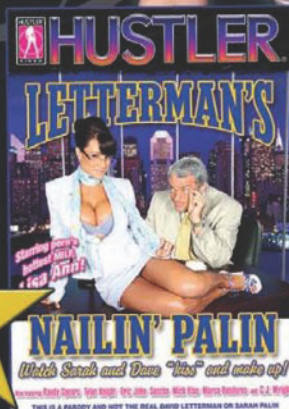


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as "Lindsay"
See Review
pg. 116



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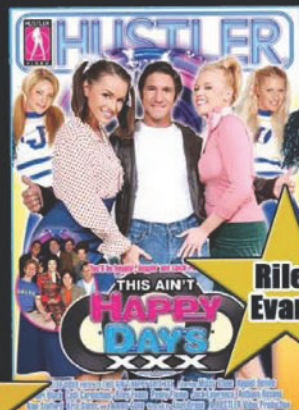


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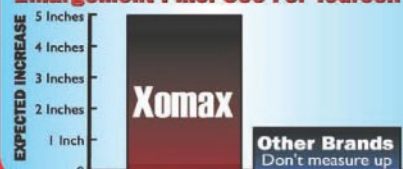


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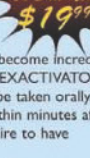
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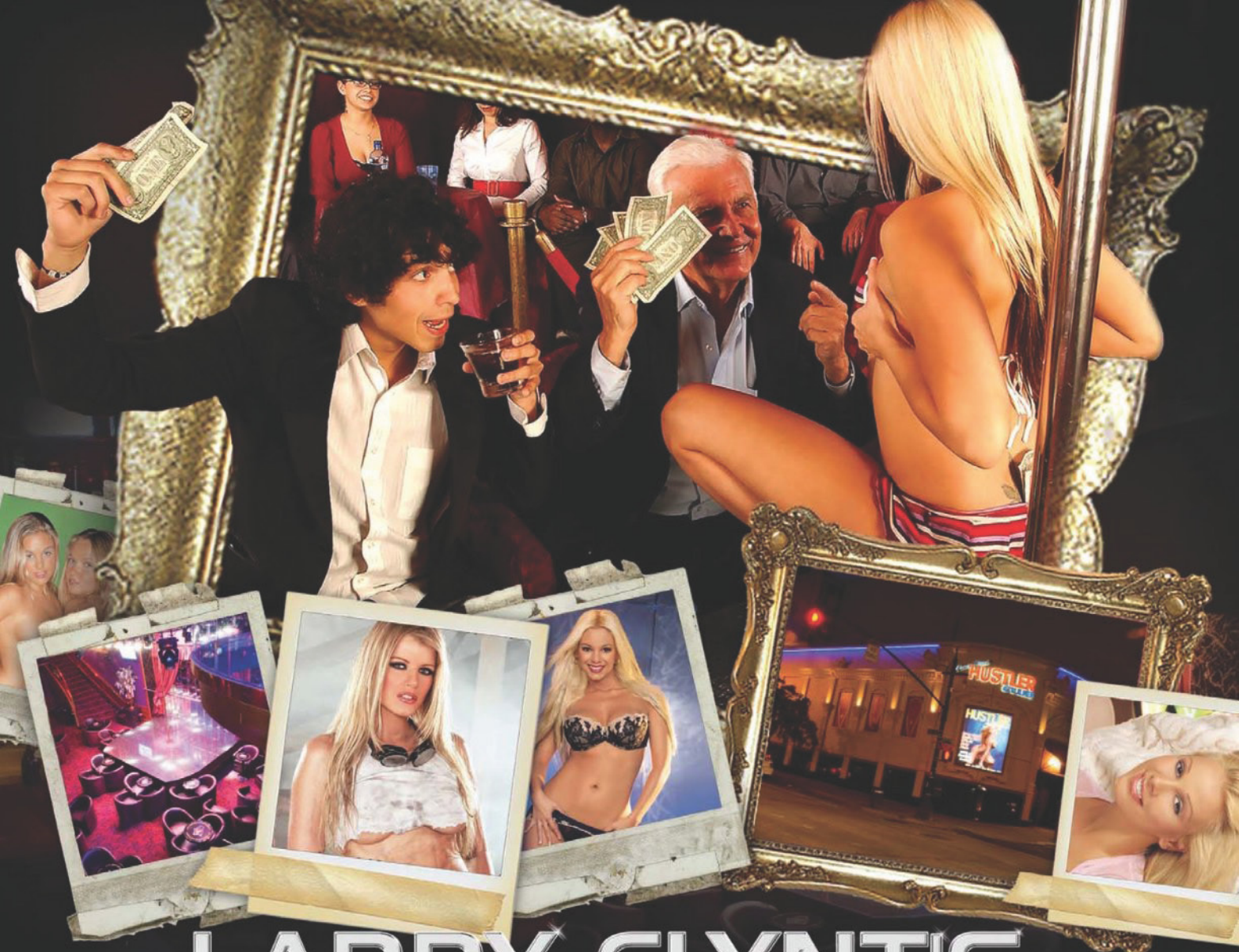
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SOPHIE

When it comes to sex, **Sophie** doesn't mind if you call her passive. "I get off just laying back and being taken advantage of," says the 22-year-old dancer. "Sex is more enjoyable when I let my partner do whatever he wants."



Sophie's passive approach came about after a very special encounter. "I wanted this guy so much, I was shaking," she recalls. "But instead of thrusting inside me right away, he spent the longest time fondling my breasts, caressing my feet and legs, turning me onto my stomach and exploring my ass with his tongue. It drove me to a height of lust I've never felt before. When he finally entered me, I climaxed incredibly fast."







Do **Sophie's** partners ever want her to take a more active role? "Oh, I'm very active in my own way," she smiles. "All my men have come back for more...once they've regained their strength."

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CINDY HOPE

COMING NEXT

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

The social networking site Facebook.com is teeming with beautiful young women who want to show off more than is permitted on their profiles. Getting the ball rolling, our first Facebook discoveries are gorgeous, tantalizing and totally uninhibited.



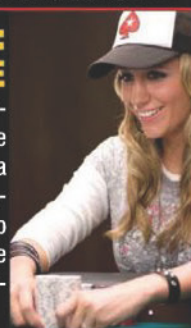
3-D PORN

At long last someone had the vision and wherewithal to launch a Web site offering adults-only fare in three dimensions. The brainchild of HUSTLER contributor Aaron Warner, Shh3D.com is packed with bawdy cartoons and comics, not to mention hundreds of curvaceous pinups—all in eye-popping 3-D!



VANESSA ROUSSO: POKER'S SAVVY HOTTIE

An honors student throughout high school and college, Vanessa Rousso was pursuing a law degree when she started playing low-stakes poker as a "hare-brained" diversion. Bad news for her predominantly male opponents. Since graduating to big-money tournaments, Rousso has taken home more than \$3 million. Michael Kaplan has the skinny on the fetching (and feared!) poker phenom.



BURLESQUE IMMORTAL TEMPEST STORM

Besides being one of the most famous burlesque queens in history, Tempest Storm is without a doubt the most enduring. As Avner Hofstein and Amy Klein report, the flamboyant redhead—now 81—has no desire to call it quits. Meet the remarkable G-string diva, who recalls the good ol' days with Elvis Presley and then-Senator John F. Kennedy.



ELLEN BROWN: REINVENTING OUR MONETARY SYSTEM

Privately owned banks create money out of thin air, charge interest on it and siphon off the profits. In an exclusive Q&A, banking expert Ellen Brown details an idea that the Founding Fathers favored: establishing public banks to give the power of creating money back to the people.



THE SIXTH SENSE: HOW I BECAME PSYCHIC

Anyone can be psychic—an individual bestowed with extrasensory perception. Mind projection! Telekinetic! Remote viewing! According to one longtime believer in the phenomena—HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David—all it takes is the right information, serious determination and a little practice.



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