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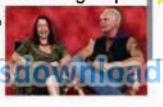
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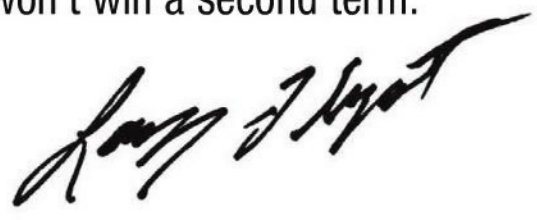


LOOKING FOR HEROES

America is obsessed with heroes. The Old West had Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok. Later came President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, General George S. Patton, President John F. Kennedy, astronaut Neil Armstrong and, most recently, airline pilot Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger.

Heroes are resilient, unflappable and, most of all, masculine. If someone doesn't appear to be strong, Americans will back away. We tend to dislike people who are weak.

Barack Obama was elected President because he was seen as a hero. Now he has to build on that. If he can't, he won't win a second term.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

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"Your insurance company won't pay for your treatment,
but they will rent you a gun and buy a bullet."

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WET BEHIND THE EARS

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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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WIN THIS



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Available at ***TheShredSled.com***. Suggested retail price: $119.99.

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT



AWESOME ASSASSIN

Wet

Bethesda

Xbox 360, PS3

Even if all the main character Rubi Malone did in ***Wet*** was read from a phone book, it would be the most exciting third-person game to come along in a while. Voiced by überbabe Eliza Dushku, the sexy killing machine shoots, stabs and kicks her way through a fast-paced quest to complete a mission gone awry. Leaving a massive pile of dead bodies in her wake? A body count *and* a body that won't quit? We're already wet!

HERO WORSHIP

Guitar Hero 5

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360, Wii

At first the thought of yet another ***Guitar Hero*** game made us think, *So what?* After all, the play hasn't changed much from the original version. But then we saw the track list, which includes a who's who of rock luminaries and some cool-looking renderings of Kurt Cobain (first time in a game), Johnny Cash and super-vixen Shirley Manson of Garbage. Add the new "Party Play" mode, allowing you to jump in and out of the game, and we were sold. ***Guitar Hero 5*** rocks!

NAZI ZOMBIE BEACH PARTY

Wolfenstein

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Take an intense, story-driven, combat first-person shooter, mix in some Nazis who transform into an army of undead zombies, and ***Wolfenstein*** will become your favorite new military-themed shoot-'em-up. Choose from an impressive arsenal of vintage-looking weapons, including the MO43 automatic rifle and a Flammenwerfer (flamethrower), to help the Resistance battle the evil Axis. Or play as Nazi bastards hell-bent on conquest and destruction. Your call.

BET ON THE BAT

Batman: Arkham Asylum

Eidos/WB/DC/Rocksteady

PS3, Xbox 360

The folks behind the new Batman game did everything right. Everything! They created a realistic environment, full-detailed gritty graphics and thrilling challenges, and then they hired a top-notch voice talent (Mark Hamill as the Joker) for the greatest superhero video game ever! You are the Dark Night trapped inside Gotham City's loony bin, trying to recapture the Joker as he runs amok. Along the way you'll fight Scarecrow, Harlequin and the rest of Batman's most sinister adversaries. Did we mention that ***Batman: Arkham Asylum*** is the greatest superhero video game ever?!

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Banking Bandits: Business as Usual?

A LAWMAKER DEMANDS AN AUDIT OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK, BUT OBAMA AND HIS BRAIN TRUST REFUSE TO MAKE THE FINANCIAL INDUSTRY "NERVOUS."

You don't have to salute every time Ron Paul raises the libertarian flag, and personally I don't like leaving education, health and Social Security to the tender mercies of the inevitably rapacious capitalist markets. But the Republican congressman from Texas is on target with his bill demanding a full public audit of the Federal Reserve, the government monster that has a power over the economy that many dictators would envy and operates under a cloak of secrecy that even the CIA rarely attains.

It was the Federal Reserve, under the leadership of the once exuberantly honored but now disgraced Alan Greenspan, that got us into this banking mess. The Fed looked the other way while the finaglers of Wall Street packaged and sold those mysterious Collateralized Debt Obligations and Credit Default Swaps that brought the economy to near death when they exploded with a destructive force and then were covered by trillions of taxpayer dollars.

The Federal Reserve—more than any other institution, public or private—deserves blame for shoving the world economy into the huge financial hole it now inhabits.

The Federal Reserve—more than any other institution, public or private—deserves blame for shoving the world economy into the huge financial hole it now inhabits. The Fed, most definitely including the New York Federal Reserve Bank—headed for the five years prior to the Wall Street meltdown by Timothy Geithner until Obama named him Treasury secretary—miserably failed in its regulatory obligations while the bankers looted the banks. But where the libertarians and Ron Paul are wrong is to resist any meaningful regulation, and where Obama is equally wrong is his belief that we can get it from the Fed.

Despite Obama's sorry record of enabling Wall Street greed, choosing Geithner to run the Treasury Department may be his biggest mistake. And it is not only Geithner but also every other major appointment of those who formulate economic policy—notably deferring to the Fed—that demonstrates the President's fawning response to the financial hustlers.

Take key White House economic adviser Lawrence Summers, who during his tenure as Clinton's Treasury secretary pushed through the deregulation of mortgages and other derivatives that made the housing collapse inevitable. After the collapse it was the Federal Reserve that orchestrated a bailout package under George W. Bush and continued under Obama to save—indeed reward—the "too big to fail bankers" whose destructive greed the Fed had promoted.

Paul is right with his legislation, which as of this writing had the support of hundreds of lawmakers but had already been gutted by Democrats on the key House Banking Committee in response to signals from the White House. Not only was the administration opposed to transparency for the Federal Reserve to check its unbridled power, but Obama also compounded the error by advocating an even larger role for the Fed in new legislation designed ostensibly to prevent another banking meltdown.

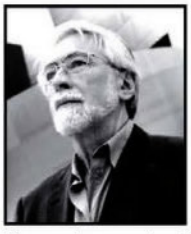
When Chris Dodd (D-Connecticut), chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, proposed to take major banking oversight power away from the Fed and put it in the hands of a new agency to regulate *all* federally chartered financial institutions, the Obama Administration treated it as a dangerously subversive proposal. In the words of White House economic adviser Austan Goolsbee, it would cause financial industry "nervousness."

Isn't that what we ordinary folk want? Shouldn't the banking bandits with their proven record of chicanery be made just the least bit nervous when they cook up their next series of scams? Not so, in the view of Neal Wolin, Obama's choice as deputy Treasury secretary. Despite massive evidence to the contrary, Wolin insisted that the Federal Reserve "is the agency best equipped for the task of supervising the largest, most complex firms."

Consider the source: Wolin, as the Treasury's top lawyer during the Clinton years, drafted the language of the infamous Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act, which allowed the merger of investment and commercial banks with insurance companies to create the too-large-to-fail monstrosities like Citigroup, with which the taxpayers are now saddled.

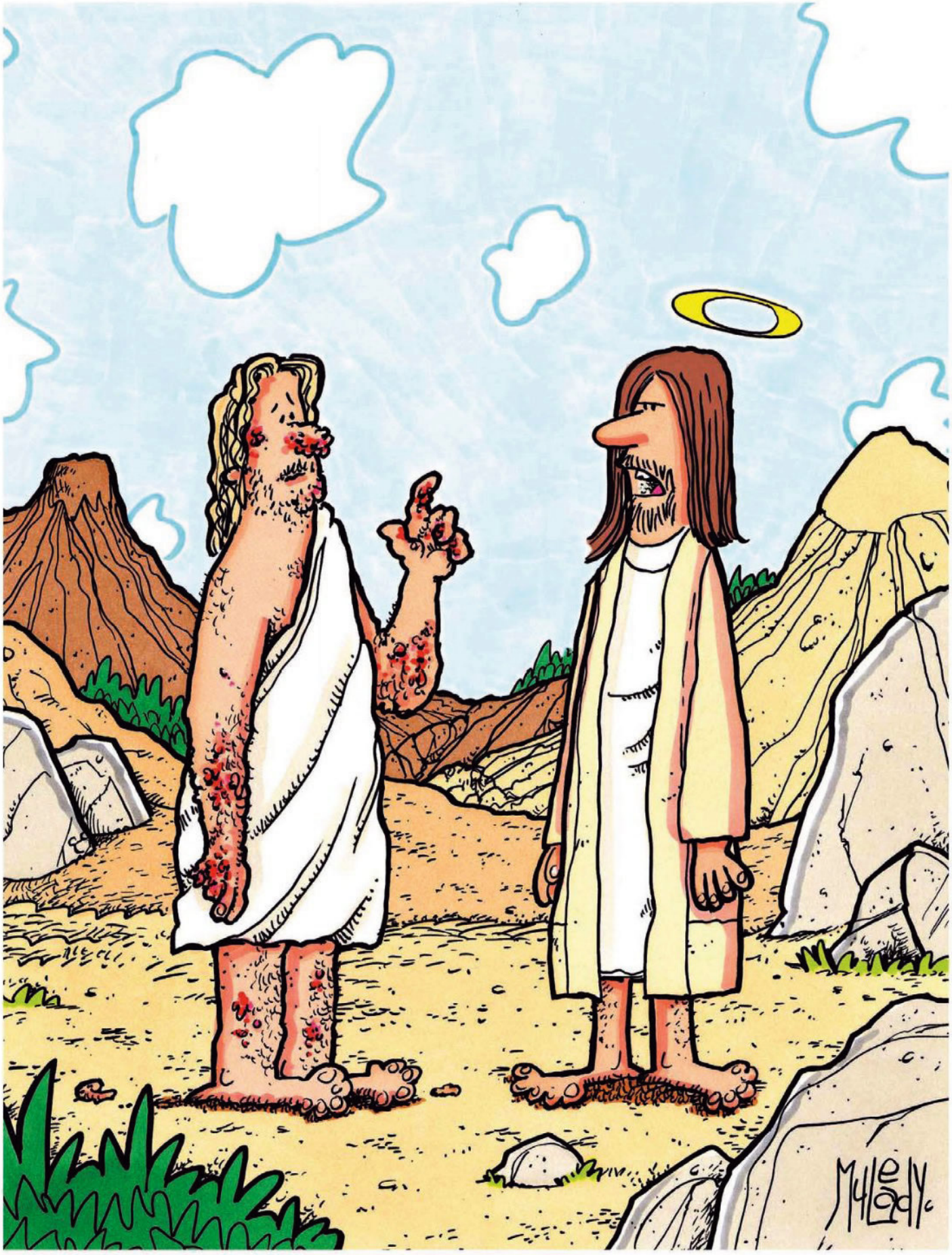
Between his government stints under Clinton and now Obama, Wolin benefited from those breakthrough mergers. He served as general counsel at The Hartford insurance company, which—thanks to the deregulatory legislation Wolin had helped draft—was allowed to buy up troubled banks and qualify for federal TARP funds.

Even the conservative *Washington Times* voiced skepticism in an editorial on Wolin: "Revolving doors between industry and the administration and fat-cat political contributors getting bailed out at taxpayer expense sound like business as usual. This certainly isn't change we can believe in." Painful as it is to admit, the Right got that right.



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.*

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"I'd cure your leprosy, but it's a preexisting condition."

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Senator Al Franken: Constitutional Con Man

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA BRAZENLY QUESTIONS THE GOVERNMENT'S SURVEILLANCE SUBTERFUGE BUT CAVES AT CRUNCH TIME.

I was not a fan of Al Franken's comic turns, much preferring those instigators who went deeper into our hypocrisies, namely Lenny Bruce, Dick Gregory and Richard Pryor. But Franken has suddenly begun his career in the U.S. Senate as a mentor on the Constitution's rule of law—a dim memory, if that, for many of his colleagues.

To his surprise, and mine, Franken won a seat on the Senate Judiciary Committee even though he is not a lawyer. But unlike many lawyers in the Senate, Franken has deeply researched the largely un-American USA PATRIOT Act. Rushed into law soon after 9/11 before most members of Congress had a chance to even read it all, its draconian provisos remain almost entirely intact.

When the Justice Department's David Kris was telling the Senate Judiciary Committee how vital these roving tools against terrorism are, Franken startled him and, I expect, most of the rest of the committee. The freshman senator announced that after taking his seat, he was given a copy of the Constitution—and by gum he actually read it!

Franken then read aloud the actual Fourth Amendment to the Justice Department official who had been extolling roving wiretaps: "No warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Looking at this representative of our Justice Department, Franken said, "That's pretty explicit language." So how can roving wiretaps be within the rule of law if they don't particularly name the targeted suspect or the particular place to be tapped?

Neither President Obama nor his attorney general, Eric Holder, has expressed any objection to this torpedoing of the Fourth Amendment.

On September 29, 2009, David Kris—assistant attorney general of the Justice Department's National Security Division—appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Kris was pitching to renew a section of the PATRIOT Act that permits the FBI to obtain a warrant from the secret Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, which does not allow appeals from us mere citizens, thus totally repealing the Fourth Amendment in the Bill of Rights.

These are "John Doe" warrants that do not denote the suspect's name, nor the specific location of the phone, e-mail or any other device the suspect may use. It could also be a pay phone in any neighborhood.

If this unnamed suspect uses a phone in your office, a bar you frequent or a social club or nearby pay phone, the FBI tap on those phones will pick up all conversations, including yours. And these are national wiretaps; the FBI doesn't have to get a warrant from any city or state jurisdiction. We're all immediately covered. Neither President Obama nor his attorney general, Eric Holder, has expressed any objection to this torpedoing of the Fourth Amendment.

Assistant Attorney General David Kris fumbled and sputtered, "This is surreal."

It sure is! How many times since the Bill of Rights was ratified in 1791 has a member of Congress, an attorney general or a President asked a law-enforcement agent or a prosecutor to define any part of the Bill of Rights and then justify a law that turns the Founders' language upside down?

Senator Franken's target, the man from the National Security Division, finally said that the courts had ruled that even if the FBI didn't name the suspect or the particular place for the wiretap, a description of the target would satisfy the Constitution.

Think about that. Just a description? How many people resemble you in a general way? Height, hair color, posture, gait, skin color, age as far as can be guessed, attire, facial characteristics?

Franken's question that seemed so "surreal" to government lawyer Kris has deep roots in our history as a precipitating cause of the American Revolution. The Founding Fathers gave us the Fourth Amendment because King George III's officers in the American colonies used what they called "a general search warrant" to invade homes and offices without going to any court. The British king's men wrote those warrants themselves.

When Samuel Adams and the Sons of Liberty sent details of the brutal abuses of these "general warrants" around the colonies through the Committees of Correspondence (the Internet of the time), the cumulative outrage was a significant factor in igniting the American Revolution.

But little American history is now being taught in our schools, and there have been no rallies or marches in the streets by outraged citizens protesting roving wiretaps. Congress may eventually tweak roving wiretaps a trifle if a patriotic senator has taught American values to enough of his or her colleagues. But anyway, watch what you say on the phone or on the Internet.

But why doesn't Washington's elite press corps ask President Obama, who purportedly once taught Constitutional law, about using wiretaps and to define the stark differences between his disregard for the separation of powers, due process, torture practices, etc., and the commands of the Bill of Rights and the rest of the Constitution?

I'd suggest you write such questions directly to the President, but affixing your name to such critical messages comes with a caveat. You might well be put in a database the FBI employs to search for "patterns," possibly making you a "person of interest" not only to the FBI but also to Homeland Security and state and local police. After all, we continue to live in an ever-expanding surveillance society.

But now, guess what? Al Franken finally voted to keep roving wiretaps unchanged in the PATRIOT Act bill that the Senate Judiciary Committee recently sent to the floor for further debate. So much for Franken's Fourth Amendment principles! Whom can we believe these days?



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?*

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Throw the Bastards Out!

OUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES ON CAPITOL HILL HAVE SCREWED US RIGHT AND LEFT. IT'S TIME TO SEND A POWERFUL MESSAGE.

The other day I saw an interview with that enemy of the people, Glenn Beck. I've always believed the adage that even a stopped clock is right twice a day, and Beck proved me right when he said, "Everybody is mad at Washington."

The people who disgusted me at those televised town hall meetings and at the March on Washington—yelling and screaming their nonsense while clutching badly spelled signs—were angry at the body politic. Well, so am I.

Have I become one of them? My politics are different, but my ire is just as rich. I too share a hatred for that fools confederation in the legislative and administrative branches of government that makes our lives a living hell. I differ, however, in how I see the country moving forward.

Politicians! Day after day, week after week, year after year, they sit around playing a stupid little game using their dicks (and some vaginas) as swords to see who has the power. At the same time, We the People sit with our dicks in our hands doing nothing while getting screwed. The worst part is we put up with it thinking that eventually these jerks will fix the economy. In fact, they keep playing their games, and we keep suffering.

Once a U.S. senator gets elected, he stays in office for six years. When it's time for reelection, he has accrued enough power (read: money from lobbyists) to retain his seat. This cycle repeats itself until one day the senator drops dead of old age—an age achieved due to a great healthcare plan paid for by us.

In the meantime lobbyists bought him lunches and dinners, paid for his trips to exotic lands and gave him who knows how many other perks that will allow his family to inherit millions. All that time he lived off the public dole while using his influence to wheel and deal. What do we get? An early grave and the debt we leave our loved ones.

These guys are a bunch of worthless fucks, and even the best of them doesn't make up for the rest. It gets worse each year. The games get nastier, and less gets done. As of now this country is at a standstill, paralyzed by the greed and stupidity that is called Washington politics.

Are you getting the idea I'm pissed? Well, I'll bet you are too—even if your politics are the polar opposite of mine. What we have in common is that we're sick of the way business is being done in our name. Our politicians have ceased to care about us. It doesn't matter whether they're Democrats or Republicans.

Happily, we're still able to fight back. Forget those well-intentioned letters to your representatives, and enough already with demonstrations and those cute placards with catchy phrases—they're a waste of time. The good ol' boys don't care what you think. They're way past that. What we need to do is vote the bastards out!

Our supposed two-party system is an illusion. The Democratic and Republican parties have almost finished their merge into a single, pro-corporate entity. The fighting between them is a charade designed to keep us thinking there is a difference. It's time for a third party that responds to the needs of 21st-century Americans.

I wish that some of the other political parties—for example, the Green Party, the Labor Party—were viable, but they just aren't. Ross Perot managed to catch that lightning in a bottle until he went off the rails. People responded to Perot because he was articulating the public's frustrations.

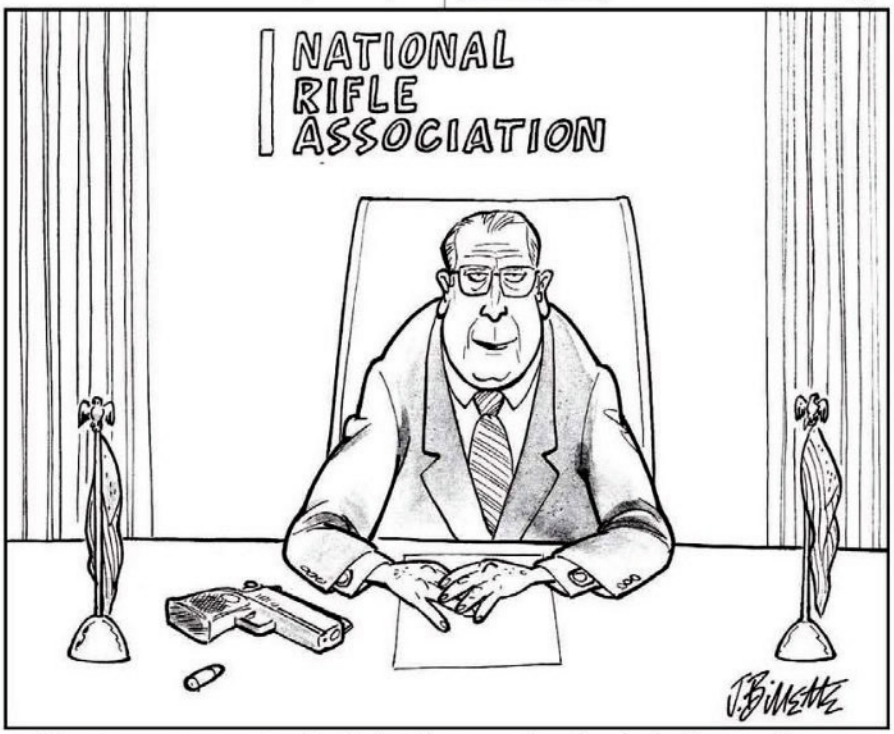
Creating a powerful third party, and even a fourth or fifth party, would be a daunting task that might take many years. So what can we do in the meantime? I say we scare the shit out of them!

Let's send a message to every incumbent in Washington, even if they're doing a good job, by not voting for him or her. Vote for a challenger no matter who it is. That doesn't mean Democrats have to vote Republican or vice versa. There are always other candidates, some of whom might not be that bad once you listen to them.

The message has to be sent to our representatives. We're their employer, and they'd better shape up. Otherwise they'll wind up on the same unemployment line with everyone else—the unemployment line created by the politicians. If we kick the bastards out in large enough numbers, they just might pay attention.



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.



"Contrary to popular belief, this organization is in favor of very strict gun control. We feel only white Republicans should own guns."

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"I heard that turd ex-boyfriend of yours will be appearing in *Playgirl* magazine. If you really want to get even, you could pose for me in HUSTLER."

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Black or White

SLAVERY AND SEGREGATION WERE ABOLISHED IN AMERICA, BUT PREJUDICES, MISCONCEPTIONS AND RACIALLY MOTIVATED HATRED PERSIST.

You may have noticed there hasn't been a race-relations renaissance in America since our first nonwhite President took office. On the contrary, fearful white politicians and power brokers have unleashed a steady stream of racial double entendres. Right-wing pundits and talk show hosts are whipping their audiences into a rat-crazed frenzy of hate.

The Republicans, led by Fox News halfwit Glenn Beck, were in a tizzy because Obama's green jobs adviser, Van Jones, once signed an online petition demanding an investigation into the Bush Administration's possible involvement in the 9/11 tragedies. Beck also hyperventilated because Jones had called the Republicans in Congress "assholes" a few years ago. Now who could criticize that? You don't need glasses to notice the House and Senate are full of assholes.

Speaking of assholes, there was über-redneck Congressman Joe Wilson (R-South Carolina) shouting "You lie!" during Obama's Congressional address on the healthcare bill. Former President Jimmy Carter pointed out that no white President had ever been subjected to that kind of humiliating outburst while addressing Congress. Old Joe proves some folks haven't made much progress since desegregation.

Of course, racism knows no color. Recall the Kanye West debacle during the MTV Video Music Awards. The rapper bounded onto the stage as 19-year-old country artist Taylor Swift gave her acceptance speech after winning Best Female Video. Snatching the microphone, West began ranting to a shocked audience that Beyoncé should have won. Of course, no one knows what was in West's head (though it was most likely the better part of a bottle of Hennessy), but you have to wonder: If Taylor Swift were black, would West have kept his mouth shut?

Having grown up in post-World War II Los Angeles, I often frequented the jazz clubs of the era—like The Oasis and Club Alabam'—in the company of black boyfriends. All the great performers worked those clubs: Count Basie, Billie Holiday and Lionel Hampton, to name a few. I got acquainted with Quincy Jones, a trumpet player in Hampton's orchestra, and we dated for a while.

I also went out with a really handsome, well-educated black man named Bill Miller, a javelin thrower who later earned a silver medal at the 1952 Helsinki Olympic Games. One night Bill took me to dinner at a nice restaurant called The Point in Malibu. We had barely looked at our menus when a heavyset white man came to our table and growled, "We don't serve Negroes here."

Bill, whose features were more Caucasian than African, pleasantly said, "Oh, I'm not a Negro."

"Lemme see your driver's license," the white man huffed. Bill produced his license, and our visitor eyed it carefully. "You're a West Indian, not a Negro?"

"That's correct, sir," Bill politely replied with a smile.

"Well, all right then," the man grunted, handing back Bill's license and stomping away.

"Are you really West Indian?" I whispered.

"Heck no!" Bill exclaimed. "It's a fake license."

Later that night my mother saw Bill escort me to the door. Once I stepped inside, she said, "That was a nice-looking young man, but isn't he a Negro?"

"No, Mom. He's a West Indian."

For me, dating a black man seemed like a natural thing to do. But in the racist climate of the time, if Universal Studios had known, they would never have given me a contract.

Today a confrontation like that in a restaurant would be unheard of. But our country still has its racial biases. The way we describe a person as "black" or "African-American" has its origins in the days of Southern slavery.



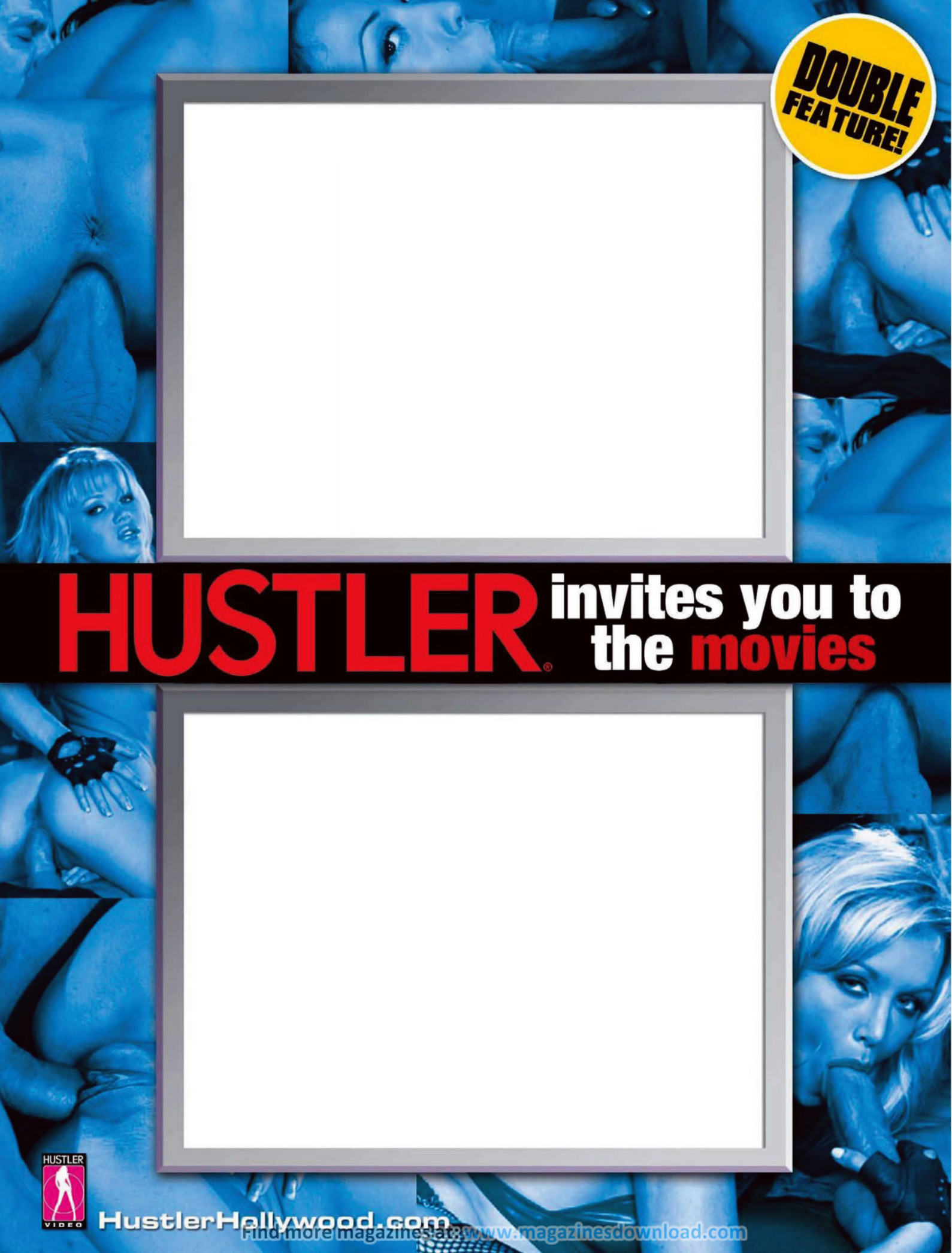
PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Though President Obama's mother was white, he has been categorized by his African heritage. I can't recall hearing the Kennedys called Irish except perhaps on St. Patrick's Day. I've got more than a little Sioux in my ancestry, but no one calls me a Native American. One wonders if we will last long enough to deal with our private and public contradictions, prejudices and hatreds.

India's traditional greeting is *Namaste*. The word acknowledges that individuals each have distinctive roles in the drama of life, but the spirit behind the masks of race, gender, religion, politics and personalities is identical and deserving of reverence. In short, it's not that we don't have differences; it's simply that those differences don't matter.

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**.

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Larry's Rebellion

I'd like to comment on Larry Flynt's reflections regarding a man I know has always been one of his heroes, Daniel Shays, leader of the Shays' Rebellion [*Common Sense 2009*, January '10].

Hooray for Shays, I say, and hooray for Larry for bringing him to mind in such a timely fashion.

Also, I have not seen Matthew Arnold's poem "Dover Beach" quoted more appropriately than it was in the January '10 *Beaver Hunt*.

I think Larry ought to consider another run at elected office. With Jerry Brown and Carly Fiorina as the likely opponents in November, Larry should throw his hat into the ring for governor of California. This time he could win. (If he does, I'd like a government job with full healthcare and substantial kickbacks.)

—Lee Quarnstrom
Los Angeles, California

In It to Win It

Last week I received a digital videocamera as a result of my entering a drawing in the October '09 HUSTLER. That was the second prize I've won from your fantastic free speech magazine. The first one was a sophisticated tracking device.

Being generously rewarded like this as a loyal reader to the only publication that informs me of what Utah and U.S. news leave out is why I am going to resubscribe. You have earned my hard-earned dollar.

—Don Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Good Bush

Bring back bush (not George). The Holiday '09 centerfold, Bobbi Starr, along with the recent HUSTLER classic layouts have me crying for bush. With all the landing strips and bald beavers in recent years, I've forgotten how beautiful a woman can be with a full bush. It has been a nice change of pace to see women the way God created them.

—Dennis S.
Cleveland, Ohio

I just wanted to say how great it is to see vintage photo-spreads from decades ago. I enjoy seeing women with hair on their genitalia, something that is sadly lacking in most modern photo-spreads. Keep up the great work!

—Mike Pace
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Bimbos in Limbo

The January '10 issue was great. See? You don't need all those blond bimbos. One per issue is enough. The only thing missing was a hot Asian. Even Kayla Hart admits she dyed her hair black because she didn't want to be a blond bimbo! **—A.O.**

Succasunna, New Jersey

Unfit to Print?

I've been getting HUSTLER Magazine for many years. I just noticed that the wrapper is printed in Canada. With the economic mess we have here, why did Canadians get to print it? There must be someone here in the USA that can print a magazine wrapper.

I'm disappointed in Mr. Flynt after all the preaching he does. Maybe he should spread the word to his readers: Printed in Canada.

—R.W.K.
Huntington Beach, California

Our masthead discloses that HUSTLER is printed north of the border. The majority of adult titles are printed in Canada because 99% of U.S. printers will not allow explicit sexual material in their plants.



Thanks to our screwup, you get another gawk at lovely Kayla Hart. In our January 2010 issue we should have credited the eye-popping photography to Holly Randall. Sorry, Holly!

The Hole Truth

What happened? I'm disappointed in the Holiday '09 issue. You're getting more and more like *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. You're showing less pink, and the models aren't spreading their assholes like they used to. Either have the photographers tell the models to show more pink and wide-open buttholes or I'm going to cancel you! **—H. Flint**

Hawthorne, California

Skin-Deep

I can't believe letter writer Mike Turner [*Feedback*, January '10] is that clueless about beauty queen Carrie Prejean, your November '09 Asshole of the Month. Imagine if she had been asked about interracial marriage and said she thought it was wrong (like some evangelicals do). Never mind that if it were up to them, there would be no HUSTLER or any porn for that matter.

Mike doesn't realize that once fanatics attack a particular group, they don't stop there. Milos Forman said that one reason he directed *The People Vs. Larry Flynt* was because when the Nazis invaded his homeland of Czechoslovakia, some of the first groups they went after were pornographers and the gay community. Eventually, the Nazis' quest to destroy what they didn't like led to millions of people, including Forman's parents, being murdered.

I hope Mike realizes some day that religious hypocrites like Carrie Prejean (now in a sex-tape scandal) aren't harmless. They have a very disturbing agenda.

—A.K.
Rockford, Illinois

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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TRENT FRANKS BOBBY JINDAL JOE WILSON JOHN BOEHNER MAX BAUCUS AND MICHELE BACHMANN



"THIS HEALTHCARE REFORM IS A GOVERNMENT TAKEOVER."



"OBAMA IS AFRAID TO SHOW HIS BIRTH CERTIFICATE."



"OBAMACARE WILL CREATE DEATH PANELS."

IN A TOWN WHERE NO ONE TELLS THE TRUTH...

THE INTENTION OF LYING

...THEY'RE THE BIGGEST LIARS OF ALL



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www.HeyAren'tThesePricksWorkingForUs.org

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Michele Bachmann

God, she's stupid! There are breadsticks with a higher IQ than Congresswoman Michele Bachmann (R-Minnesota). But, honestly, if you're into older women, she is very fuckable. Not warm and fuzzy "I love you" fuckable. More like bound-gagged-and-hooked-up-to-an-Accu-Jack fuckable. And ya know, Michele probably needs a good fuck because her husband certainly doesn't look up to the task. We're not saying Dr. Marcus Bachmann is gay, but he sure comes across as a flaming queen. Poor Michele.

Lack of sex could explain why she is so totally and completely head-banging-against-the-wall crazy. Spend your entire life thinking sex is only for procreation, and we guarantee you'll hear God talking to you too.

You know about that God thing, right? Bachmann claims that Jehovah told her to run for the U.S. Congress. She also suggested that the swine flu is some kind of Democratic conspiracy, that Obama wants to destroy America and that the people of Minnesota should be "armed and dangerous on the issue of the energy tax." If you can say things like that, you almost have to be hearing voices in your head.

But let's step back and consider Michele Bachmann on the merits. Wait! There are no merits! Only a string of ignorant and/or insane positions going all the way back to 1993, when she and other parents established the New Heights Charter School in Stillwater, Minnesota.

Bachmann very well might have been hearing voices back then too. At the publicly funded school she supported the teaching of Creationism (a belief system that disregards scientific facts). Guess Bachmann didn't think it important to maintain the separation of Church and State. Thankfully, the taxpayers did, and she was pressured to resign from the charter school's board of directors.

More dustups with reality followed. In 2003, while serving as a state senator, Bachmann proposed a Constitutional amendment banning same-sex marriage. (It was defeated then and again when it resurfaced in 2004 and 2005.) Her church, part of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod, apparently believes that the Catholic pope is the antichrist. And Bachmann herself has accused fellow lawmakers of being anti-American.

Here are her exact words: "I wish the American media would take a great look at the views of the people in Congress and find out, are they pro-American or anti-American?"

You understand, of course, that when Bachmann says "anti-American," she's referring to people who do not share her rabid, Bible-thumping, empty-headed, extreme right-wing point of view. Those people include Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi, Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid and even President Barack Obama.

Let us point something out to this befuddled religious zealot: Attacking policies of a previous administration—say George W. Bush's, for example—does not mean you are anti-American. It means you oppose invading a country for no justified reason (Iraq) and trashing our Constitutional safeguards (the USA PATRIOT Act). Actually, if you get right down to it, what could be more anti-American than gutting the Constitution?

Meanwhile, Bachmann has declared war on sanity. When she suggested that the citizens of Minnesota should be "armed and dangerous," she also mentioned: "Thomas Jefferson told us, 'Having a revolution every now and then is a good thing' and the people—We the People—are going to have to fight back hard if we're not going to lose our country."

Oops! Guess we've answered the question about what could be more anti-American than gutting the Constitution: calling for armed revolution against our government! That is exactly what Bachmann is advocating.

Here's what Bachmann's right-wing followers must understand: She may start out with a basic fact, something that is happening and should be of concern. Then, after compressing it down to its most simplistic form, she throws some wacky, double-think spin on it.

Take healthcare reform. Bachmann called the public option "a government takeover of healthcare" that would "squeeze out private insurance." In reality, only a small percentage of people would be eligible for a public option, and private insurers have nothing to fear. Obama's reform package is actually a financial bonanza for the healthcare industry.

Bachmann is apparently too stupid or too confused to grasp what's going on, much less figure out any subtlety. Or the congresswoman is intentionally misleading her constituents. Either way, she needs an intervention. You shouldn't yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater. And you shouldn't yell "Revolution!" without just cause. Those who do such things need to be hospitalized, educated or taken off the stage—in Bachmann's case, by the voters.

As part of Michele's desperately needed treatment, maybe her husband could step up to the plate. Your wife needs a good pounding, Marcus! Clear out her tubes so she can start to think clearly. We know it'll take time for Michele to regain her reasoning skills, but with help and compassion she might eventually be able to dress herself and utter a coherent thought.

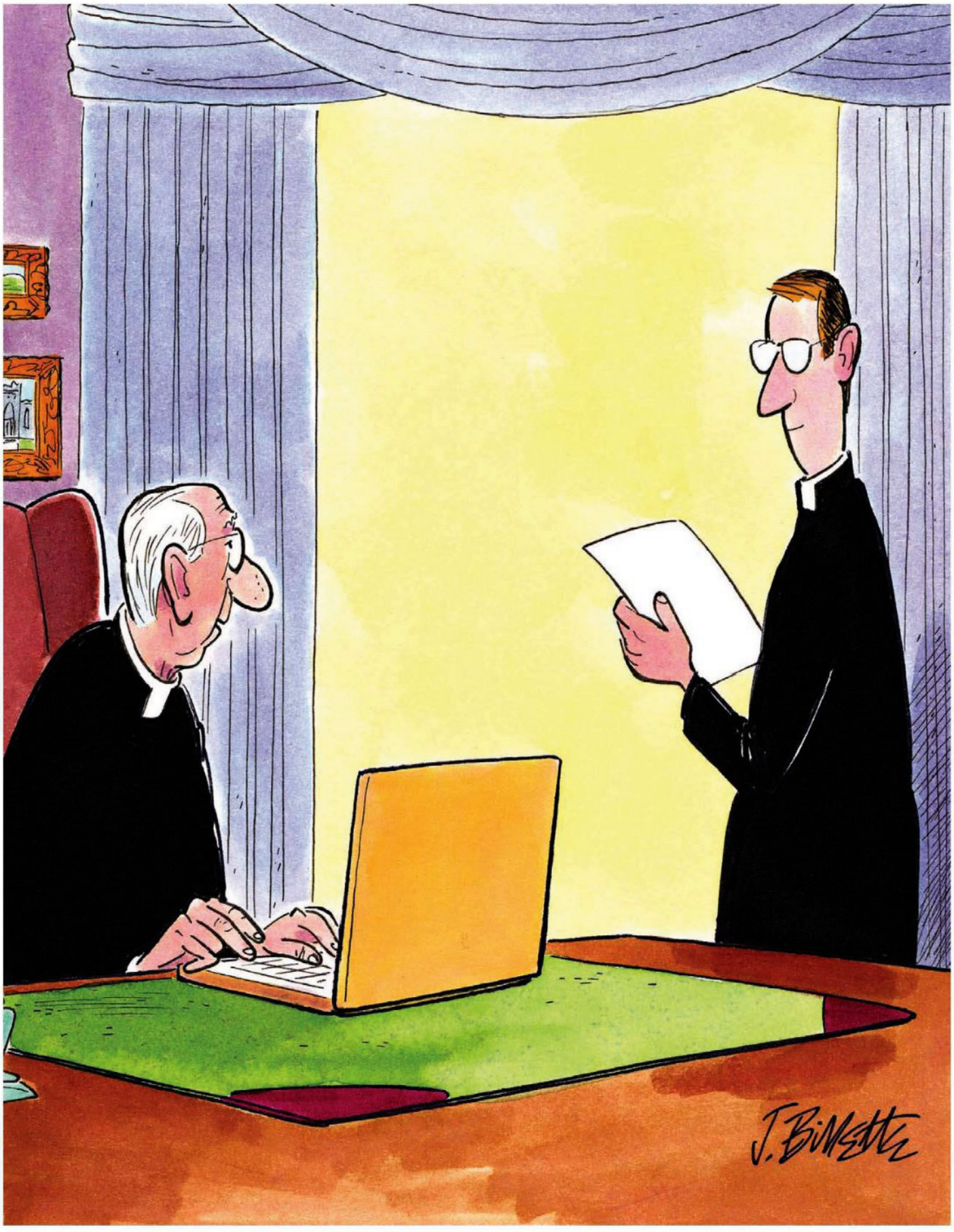
Until then, the people of Minnesota are represented by an Asshole who is spreading her poisonous lies throughout the country.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**SENATOR THAD COCHRAN** (R-Mississippi) blocked Senate passage of the Credit Card Rate Freeze Act. Connecticut Democrat Christopher Dodd's bill would have prevented credit card companies from raising customers' interest rates, fees and finance charges on existing balances until the Credit Card Accountability, Responsibility and Disclosure Act takes full effect.

•**ROGER GOODELL**, commissioner of the National Football League, has been derided as presiding over the No Fun League. He has routinely leveled fines for a bevy of on- and off-field transgressions. But Mr. Goody Two-Shoes, who once docked three Miami Dolphins for a choreographed touchdown celebration, has added a pair of recent rulings to his stinky résumé. He fined the Cincinnati Bengals' Chad Ochocinco 20 grand for handing a ref a $1 bill while a play was under review. Was the flaky receiver really offering a bribe? We always thought sports should be entertaining. Equally entertaining was 86-year-old owner Bud Adams flipping the bird while his Tennessee Titans were trashing the hometown Buffalo Bills. The commish, who was at the game, later fined the old coot a quarter-million bucks! Ouch! Since Goodell also thwarted blowhard Rush Limbaugh's bid to own part of the St. Louis Rams, we can imagine what he'd do if Larry Flynt wanted to be the guy who brought pro football back to Los Angeles.

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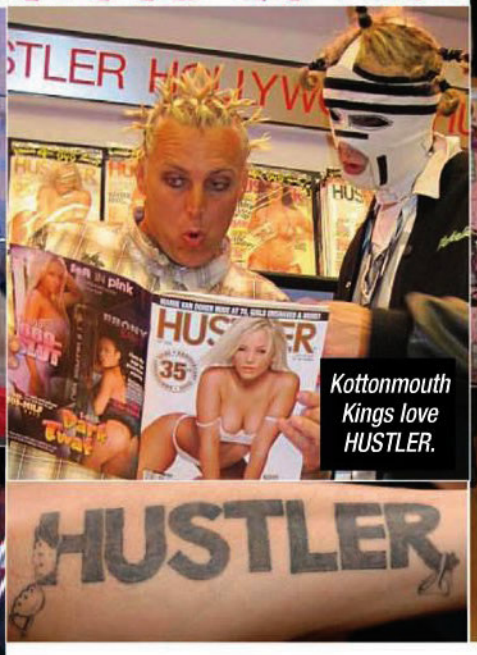
"You're much better at this technical stuff, Father Tim.
How do I transfer all my kiddie porn to a disc?"

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HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD ROCKS!


Korn rocks!


Triple-X trio



Kottonmouth Kings love HUSTLER.


PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

The Sunset Strip Music Festival was the ultimate street party. Thousands attended the two-day extravaganza, which featured live performances by dozens of acts, including Kottonmouth Kings, Korn and Ozzy Osbourne. Adding to the fun, sponsor HUSTLER Hollywood contributed a trio of porn beauties—Eden Adams, Scarlett Fay and Lindsey Meadows—to greet and grope the fans. Rock stars and porn stars—now *that's* a party!

"Looking for sex can lead to misfortune, and if you get 'lucky' and find it, it can leave you maimed, infected or dead. Other than that, it's swell." —EDNA BUCHANAN, AUTHOR

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #1:
TIMOTHY GEITHNER



U.S. Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner is the onetime Wall Street insider responsible for handing over $700 billion in bailout money to his pals in the banking industry, with no requirement to pay it back or prove how it is being spent. Under Geithner's "financial stability" plan, rich investors are getting government subsidies to scoop up so-called toxic assets at a discount. They pocket the potential profits, and we the taxpayers shoulder the risk. A win-win for them; a lose-lose for us. Talk about a fox in the henhouse.

Geithner is the same guy who spends the bulk of his time on the phone with his buddies at Goldman Sachs and other Wall Street wheeler-dealers instead of fixing America's economy.

For these reasons and others, each month we will put another piece of shit on Geithner's head until he resigns or is shitcanned.

PORN FROM THE PAST



Yee-haw! We sure do love a naked cowgirl. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this rowdy photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

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CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Marie Osmond* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Doesn't matter if you're a little bit country or a little bit rock 'n' roll. Seeing the '70s icon-turned-diet spokesmodel with a dick in her mouth is hot.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Marie Osmond actually exists. Does it, Donny? 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.

SAVING IS A GAS

Do you need a novelty bank that makes fart sounds when you put coins in its ass crack? Of course not. Then again, you didn't need that singing fish plaque either. The hilarious Fanny Bank lets one rip every time you save. Available at PrankPlace.com.



NEWS BABES



Wait! Is that Jennifer Garner delivering the news on WFMY Channel 2 in Greensboro, North Carolina? Nope, it's Rosemary Plybon, who bears an eerie resemblance to the famous actress. Plybon anchors the early a.m. newscast, providing the perfect use for your morning wood. Thanks to A.H. of Ararat, Virginia, for an incredible submission.

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

BROKE-ASS BARBIE

When we heard that Mattel was putting out a homeless Barbie doll, we were stoked that the toy company was trying to be hip and creative. Of course, it turned out to be a hoax. No surprise. We know some of the folks at Mattel, and none of them are hip or creative.



"The pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous and the expense damnable." —LORD CHESTERFIELD, STATESMAN

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NEWSBITES

Conjugal Consequence

A pregnant woman has filed paternity claims against six men. No, she isn't some lunatic from *The Jerry Springer Show*, just a concerned mom-to-be in Romania. The kicker is all the potential papas are inmates at the prison where the prego worked. The expectant lady has said, "I want to know which one is the father of my child so we can bring up the child together." On visitation days, of course.

Booze & Tattoos

We've long heard that a night of drinking can lead to an unfortunate morning, especially if the boozer wanders into a tattoo parlor. A 27-year-old Swede learned this the hard way when he woke up with a six-inch penis inked onto his thigh, just below his crotch. The goof is now desperate to have the tattoo removed, claiming it's larger than his own cock. He should have had a battleship tattooed onto his chest; they're always smaller than an actual naval vessel.

Nonlesbian Lesbians

We love lesbians! But there are some sour grapes out there who don't. Three residents of the Greek island Lesbos want the world to know that its inhabitants, who are known as Lesbians, aren't a bunch of pussy-eating women. They have gone so far as to ask a court to prevent a major gay rights organization from using the word *lesbian* in its name. Wait! So Lesbos isn't full of horny girl-on-girl action? Cancel our trip!

Well-Built

Construction workers are known for yelling and whistling at hot women passing by. But have you ever wondered if a hottie actually took the hammerheads up on their catcalls? A crew in Vienna, Austria, had their chance recently when a lady disrobed and headed their way screaming, "Who wants me?!" None of the hardhats volunteered (what, were they gay?!), and police eventually arrested the woman. If a hysterical chick showed up at HUSTLER naked, one of us would gladly use our favorite tool to nail her.



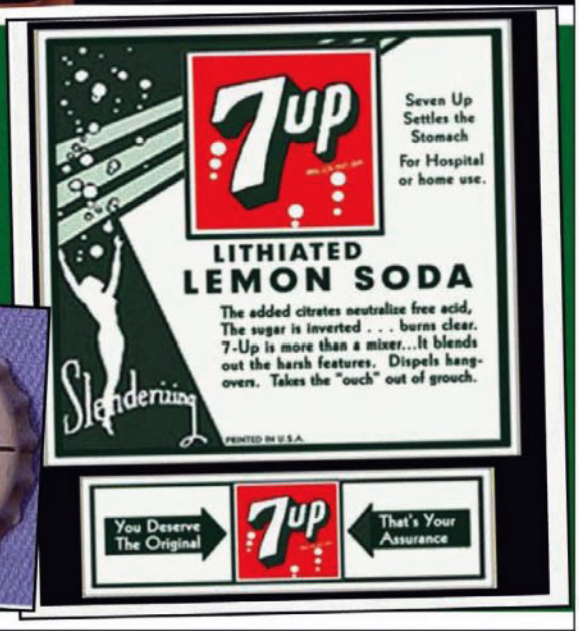
SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

We love a girl who knows what she wants. Thanks to Armani Express (which we think is some clothing) for this month's found porn.

IT'S AN UP THING

Nothing gets you up like the crisp taste of 7-UP. Especially back in the 1930s, when the soft drink was packed with lithium. Until the mid-1940s it was legal to put the mind-altering drug into beverages. No wonder they call them "the good old days."





"I need sex for a clear complexion, but I'd rather do it for love." —JOAN CRAWFORD, ACTRESS



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Bigger Damner Book of Sheer Manliness

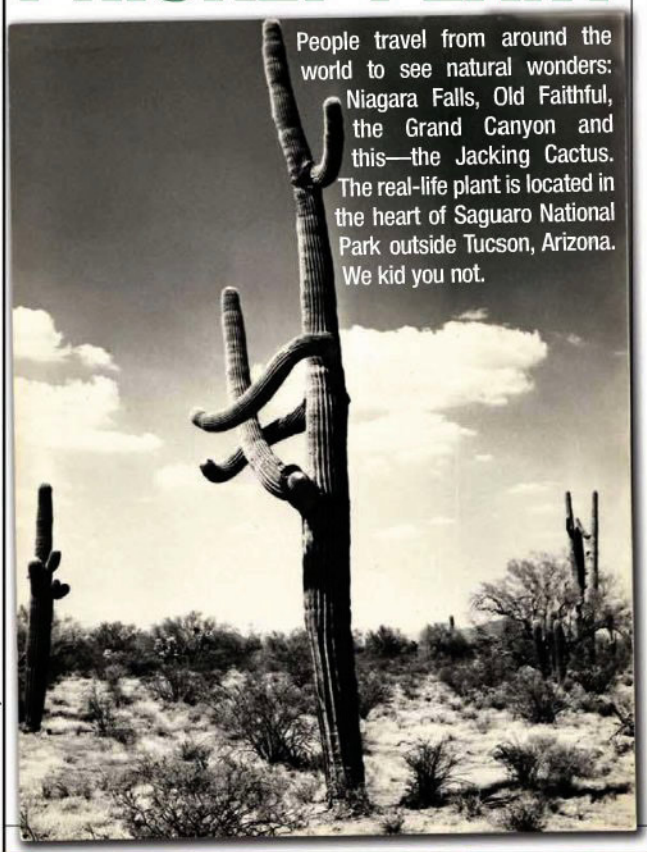
SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

by the Von Hoffmann Brothers

Forget quiche. Forget metrosexuals. Man up! The testosterone-fueled *Bigger Damner Book of Sheer Manliness* is a refresher course in what it's like to be a man. Authored by the Von Hoffmann Brothers, the tome is packed with laugh-out-loud observations and photos of all things manly. *Bigger Damner Book of Sheer Manliness* is available at bookstores now.

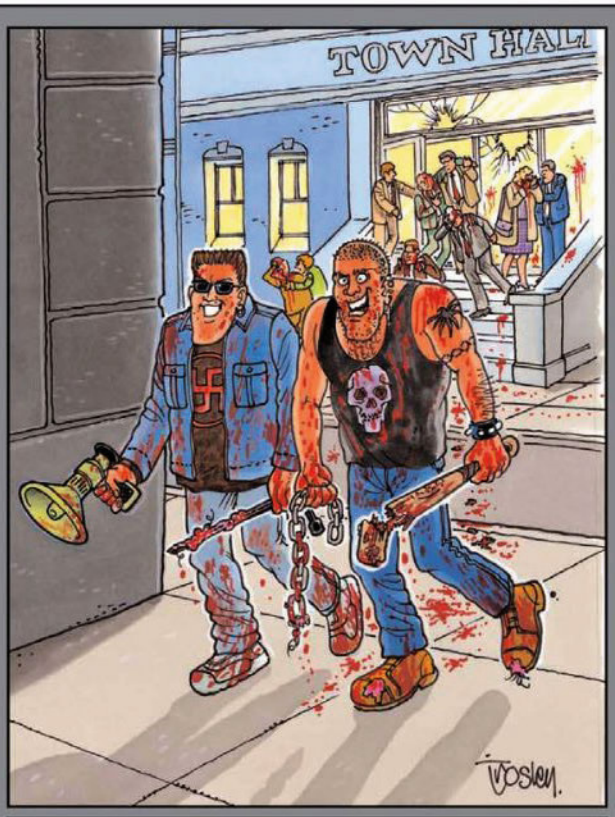
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PRICKLY PLANT



People travel from around the world to see natural wonders: Niagara Falls, Old Faithful, the Grand Canyon and this—the Jacking Cactus. The real-life plant is located in the heart of Saguaro National Park outside Tucson, Arizona. We kid you not.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Man, these town hall meetings have really gotten me into this politics stuff!"

"Sex is like snow: You never know how many inches you're going to get or how long it will last." —PHYLLIS DILLER, COMIC

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS



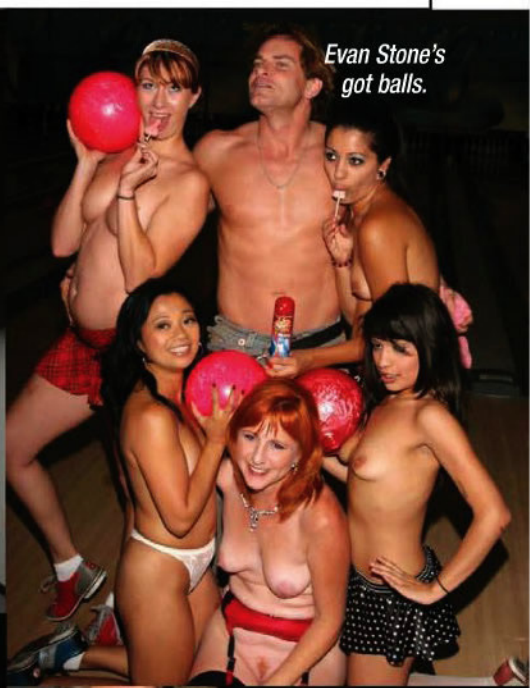
7-10 split!

ALLEY CATS

Here's an event that's right up our alley. Once again free speech advocate Bill Margold invited his horny porn pals and their fans out for a night of Bare Bowling to raise money for the PAW Foundation, which helps improve the lives of people in the adult industry. On hand for the latest charitable get-together were dozens of performers, including Anita Blue, Anita Cannibal, Evan Stone and the ever-present Ron Jeremy.



Raquel Sieb



Evan Stone's got balls.



Anita Cannibal



Bill Margold in his league.

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Bedding Her Down



SAMANTHA RYAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

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Is it odd," porn star **Samantha Ryan** asks us, "for a girl to have an inanimate object as her best friend? You see, right now my favorite vibrator is my best friend. Think about it: He's always there for me and never lets me down. I can't say the same thing for some of the guys I've known."

Does "he" have a name? "My vibrator?" **Samantha** shoots back. "Yeah, I call him 'the Man' because after I come, I scream, 'You the Man!'"

Has the tiny-titted temptress from Kansas ever considered getting a boob job? "Hell, no!" **Samantha** howls. "I like my cute little boobies, and no one I've been with has ever complained. When I started out, all kinds of people told me I'd never make it in this business unless I had big tits. But here I am still going strong. I refused to conform to that stereotypical vision of a porn girl, and I'm convinced that's the secret to my success."

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Does sexy **Samantha** have any other secrets? "To be appealing to men, you should keep some things private," she asserts. "Yes, I have secrets, but I'm not telling you."



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Catch **Samantha Ryan** going hard-core in *Memphis Does Hollywood*, *HUSTLER's Real College Girls #13* and *HUSTLER's Real College Girls: Lesbian Stories #2* from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 Ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 117 to order by mail.

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Spanks for Blowing the Job

He was out celebrating with his friends: drinking, carousing, ordering rounds every few minutes from me, their waitress. The whole table was guzzling beer and shots like water. From the snatches of conversation I caught, his divorce papers had, at long last, become final.

Throwing money around like confetti, he was an easy mark if I ever saw one—a suit-and-tie, Wall Street type. Handsome even, if you went for that straight look.

So I started flirting. Leaning over to flash considerable cleavage, I let him know exactly what time I got off work. And come 2 a.m., Matt was waiting for me in the parking lot in his Mercedes.

It's amazing we didn't get pulled over driving to his place, the way he swerved. But once inside his high-end pad, Matt seemed to sober up a bit. He slipped off his jacket and tie, I unbuttoned his shirt, and we kissed and caressed on his Italian leather couch. He was a surprisingly good kisser, and his touch was incredibly sensual, the way he brushed his fingers along the curve of my breasts and gently stroked the nape of my neck. By the time I slipped to my knees in front of him, my pussy was actually wet! That usually doesn't happen on my hustling adventures.

I used my teeth to tug down Matt's zipper as I gazed into his steel-gray eyes. Drunk or not, that man had no problem getting it up. His cock was as hard as a fuckin' tire iron. When I slipped my tongue into his piss slit to lap up some pre-cum, Matt groaned. I swirled my tongue over his cap, then down the shaft to his ball sac. There I nursed on each heavy nut for minutes while I jacked his prod. I wanted his orgasm to build until it was so intense, he'd simply crash from exhaustion. So I played with the guy until I could feel his dick pulse against my thumb.

Then I returned to the tip and hoovered that fuckstick whole. His crown bumped against the back of my throat, and still I pushed lower till his pubes tickled my lips. I swallowed two or three times so he could feel my throat muscles clutch around his cock, then I moved up to nibble the fat ridge.

Matt's hand landed on my head, and he moaned, "Please, dammit!" Now I had the man right where I wanted him.

I applied pressure with my lips and slowly, inch by inch, sucked him down to the base of his prick. This time I stayed there, swallowing over and over, working his slammer with my throat. My tongue slipped out to slap his balls, and Matt was done. Streams of jism blasted down my gullet. I eased back so I could taste him. His cum was rich, creamy, salty—delicious! I was happy to take all he could give me.

When he was finally drained, I let him fall from my lips and looked up to see his eyes closed. Nice. All it had taken was a simple blowjob, and my mark was asleep. I had gotten off easy.

Now where was his wallet? I found it the first place I looked, in an inside jacket pocket. Two hundred and sixty-three dollars—not bad, but still not quite what I had hoped for. I glanced around the apartment—big-screen, high-def TV, huge speakers. Unfortunately, not much that was portable enough for me to haul to the pawn shop. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of Matt's Rolex on his left wrist. Why not? I was quitting the stupid waitress gig anyway. He'd never find me.

The wristband was a little snug. Still, I had the jeweled timepiece almost all the way off when a hand clamped down on the back of my neck. Fuck!

I looked up. Matt's eyes were wide open, and he was smiling a cruel little smile as he explained my options. I could sit tight while he called the cops, or I could take my punishment right then and there. The last thing I needed was another arrest, so I stripped completely naked, at his order, and bent over his lap.

Whack! Without warning, his hand crashed down on my backside. Holy fuck, that hurt! *Whack, whack, whack!* My ass felt blistering hot. His spanking was relentless.

As one hand tired, he switched to the other, and after a few minutes I noticed an aching in my snatch. My clit started tingling. My girl jizz started trickling onto his thighs. I spread my legs as best I could. Matt took the hint and aimed every third blow directly onto my quim. Soon I started coming, but still he kept hitting my ass, my twat, till my climax turned multiple.

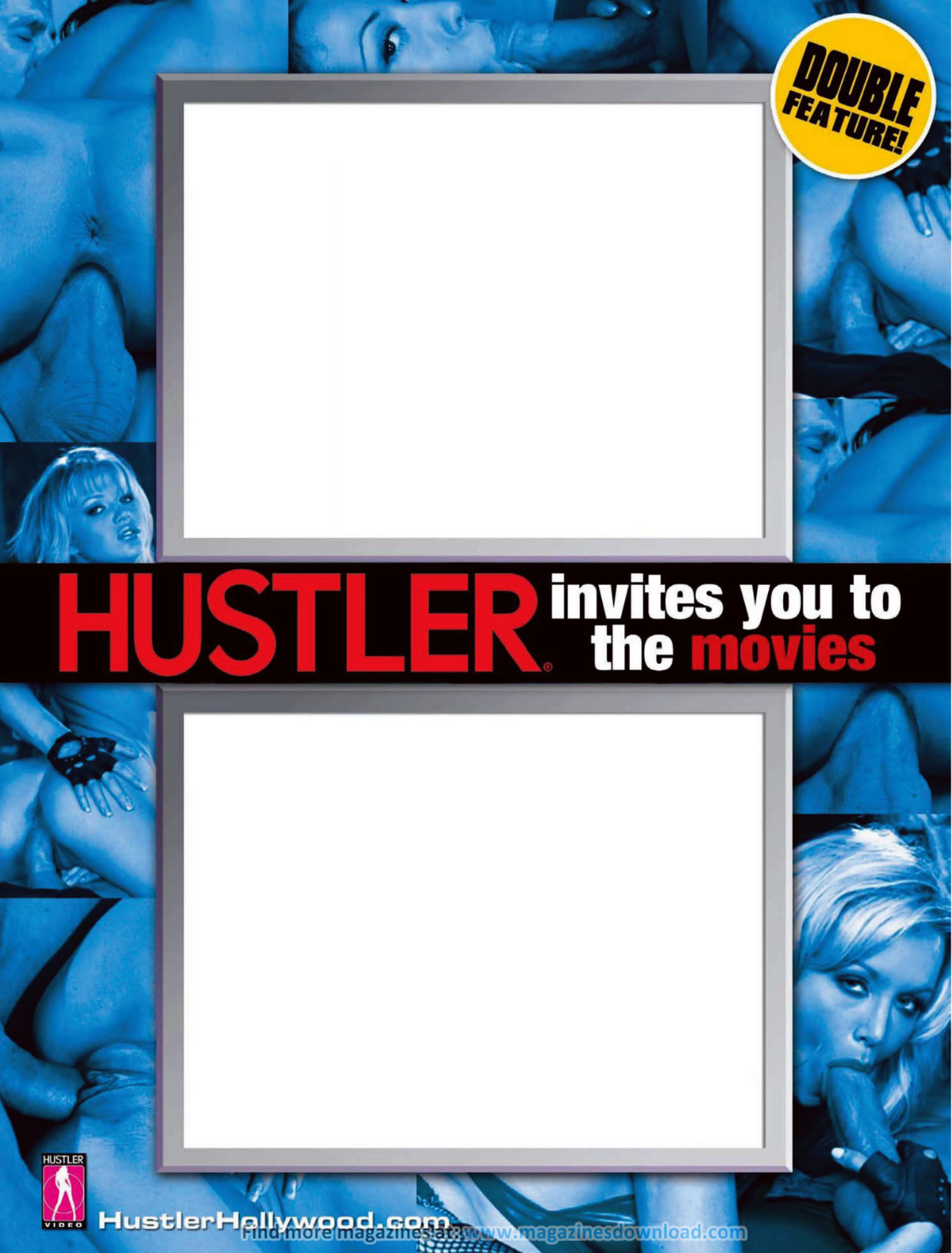
When I finally stopped shaking, he let me tumble to the floor and asked if I had learned my lesson. "No!" I told him. "School me again!"

—P.Y.
New York, New York



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

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THE TRAITOR

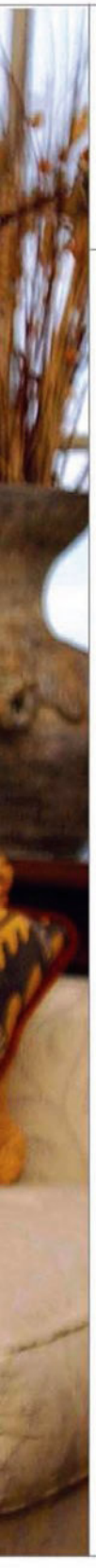


Former FBI translator Sibel Edmonds at her home in Alexandria, Virginia.

PHOTOS BY GETTY IMAGES

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S AMONG US



SIBEL EDMONDS HAS NAMED NAMES. WHY ISN'T THE MEDIA REPORTING THE STORY?

SIBEL EDMONDS, a former FBI translator, claims that the following government officials have committed what amount to acts of treason. They are lawmakers Dennis Hastert, Bob Livingston, Dan Burton, Roy Blunt, Stephen Solarz and Tom Lantos, as well as at least three members of George W. Bush's inner circle: Douglas Feith, Paul Wolfowitz and Marc Grossman. But is Sibel Edmonds credible?

"Absolutely, she's credible," Senator Chuck Grassley (R-Iowa) told CBS's *60 Minutes* when he was asked about her in 2002. "The reason I feel she's very credible is because people within the FBI have corroborated a lot of her story."

Edmonds's remarkable allegations of bribery, blackmail, infiltration of the U.S. government and the theft of nuclear secrets by foreign allies and enemies alike rocked the Bush Administration. In fact, Bush and company actually prevented Edmonds from telling the American people what she knew—up until now.

John M. Cole, an 18-year veteran of the FBI's Counterintelligence and Counterespionage departments, revealed the panic of upper-echelon officials when Edmonds originally started talking back in 2002. "Well, the Bureau is gonna have to try to work something out with Sibel," Cole said an FBI executive assistant told him at the time, "because they don't want this to go out and become public."

But they couldn't "work something out with Sibel" because, it seems, she wasn't looking to make a deal. Edmonds says she was looking to expose what she believed to be the ugly truth about the infiltration of the U.S. government by foreign spies. They were enabled, Edmonds claimed, by high-ranking U.S. officials and insider moles planted at nuclear weapons facilities around the nation.

"Everybody at headquarters level at the Bureau knew what she was saying was extremely accurate," Cole said recently. "They were trying to figure out ways of keeping this whole thing quiet because they didn't want Sibel to come out."

Her under-oath testimony for the Ohio Election Commission, given in a recent videotaped deposition, is both shocking and horrifying. (Edmonds was the star witness for Congressional candidate David Krikorian in connection with a formal complaint initiated by Representative Jean Schmidt [R-Ohio]. Challenging her in 2008, a Krikorian flyer had accused Schmidt of accepting "blood money" from Turkish interests to help block a House bill recognizing Turkey's genocide of Armenians in 1915.) The deposition was allowed to proceed by the Obama Administration, which chose *not* to invoke the draconian and little-known "State Secrets Privilege" to gag her, as the previous administration had done, twice.

Edmonds testified that Congressman Dennis Hastert (R-Illinois), a former Speaker of the House, was involved in "several categories" of corruption on behalf of Turkish agents, according to information she claims to have heard while translating and analyzing FBI counterintelligence wiretaps recorded from 1996 through 2002. She mentioned his "acceptance of large sums of bribery in forms of cash or laundered cash" coupled with the ability "to do certain favors…make certain things happen for… [the] Turkish government's interest."

Edmonds also alleged, on the public record, Hastert's use of a "townhouse that was not his residence for certain not very morally accepted activities" and said that "foreign entities knew about this. In fact, they sometimes participated in some of those…activities in that particular townhouse."

The allegations against Hastert include accepting some half-million dollars in bribes. While several FBI sources have corroborated Edmonds's account, the best Hastert's attorneys could do was offer a nondenial denial to the charges.



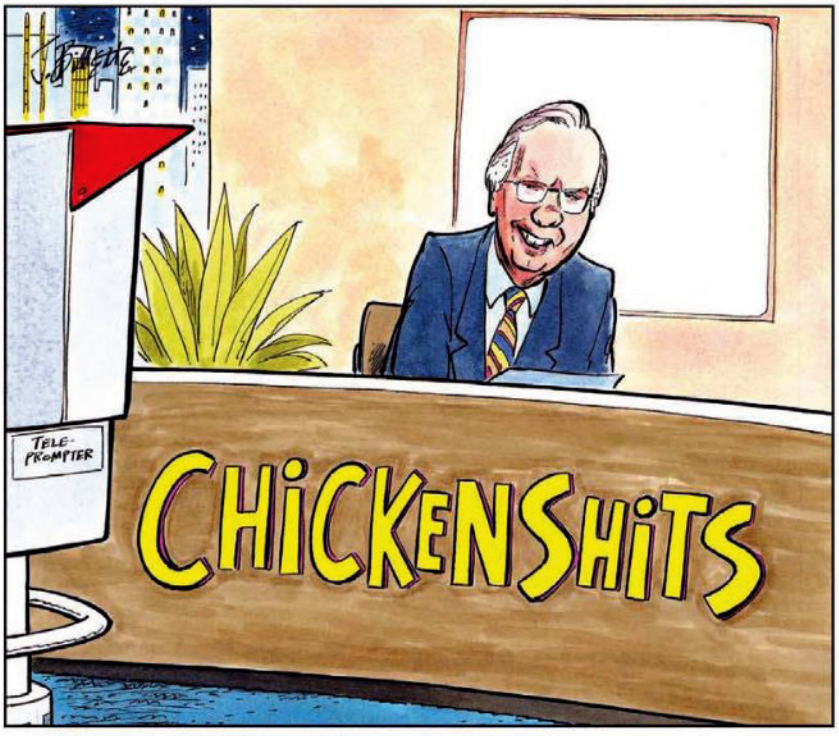
Accompanied by her lawyer, Sibel Edmonds speaks out at a Washington, D.C, news conference.

But the proof, as they say, may be in the post-Congressional pudding. As Edmonds had predicted years earlier, Hastert—who left Congress in 2007—now makes $35,000 a month lobbying his old colleagues as a registered foreign agent for the Turkish government.

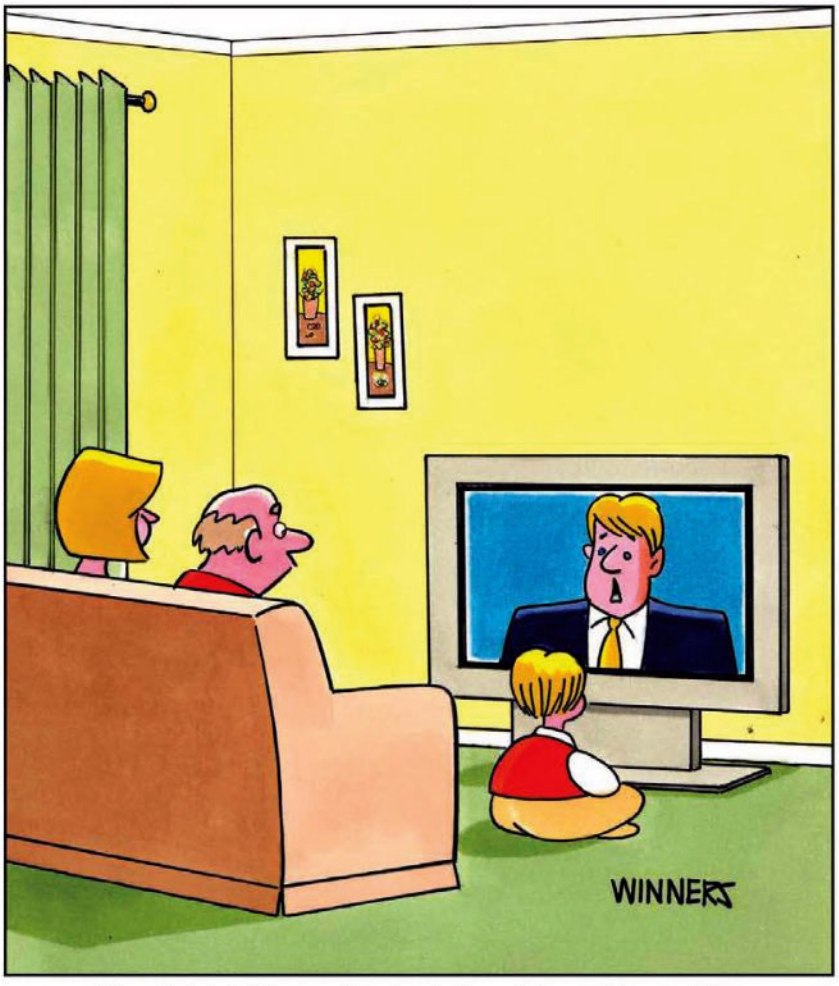
Former Congressman Bob Livingston (R-Louisiana), who was set to become Speaker prior to Hastert until evidence of a sexual affair was revealed by Larry Flynt, was described in Edmonds's deposition as having participated in "not very legal activities on behalf of foreign interests" before leaving office in 1999. Afterward, she said, Livingston acted "as a conduit to…further foreign interests, both overtly and covertly," and also became both a lobbyist and "an operative" representing Turkish interests.

According to Edmonds, Representative Roy Blunt (R-Missouri)—likely to run for a U.S. Senate seat in 2010—was "the recipient of both legally and illegally raised…campaign donations from…Turkish entities." Edmonds also claimed that hard-right Representative

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"President Obama is about to address the nation on education. So all white parents might want to have your kids leave the room."

Dan Burton (R-Indiana), who was instrumental in the impeachment of President Bill Clinton, carried out "extremely illegal activities" and covert operations that were "against the United States citizens" and "against the United States' interests."

Edmonds named allegedly traitorous Democrats too. She said that former New York Congressman Stephen Solarz, now also a lobbyist, "acted as conduit to deliver or launder contributions and other bribe[s, including blackmail] to certain members of Congress." And, according to Edmonds, the late Congressman Tom Lantos (D-California) was said to have been involved in "not only…bribe[ry], but also…disclosing [the] highest level protected U.S. intelligence and weapons technology information both to Israel and to Turkey [and] other very serious criminal conduct."

The most overtly salacious of the allegations involved Representative Jan Schakowsky (D-Illinois), who is "married with…grown children, but she is bisexual," according to Edmonds. The FBI whistleblower described how Schakowsky was "hooked" by Turkish agents into having a lesbian "sexual relationship with one of their spies," and "the entire episodes of their sexual conduct was being filmed because the entire house…was bugged…to be used for certain things that they wanted to request."

Edmonds noted, however, that she didn't "know if she [Schakowsky] did anything illegal afterwards" since Edmonds was fired by the FBI before learning what came of that particular setup. The Turks, she said, intended to get at Schakowsky's husband, lobbyist Robert Creamer, who in April 2006 began serving five months in prison (and 11 months of house arrest) for check-kiting and failing to collect withholding tax.

Schakowsky's office has vehemently denied the allegations. As head of the U.S. House Intelligence Committee's Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigation, Schakowsky might be expected to hold hearings on any of the former FBI employee's revelations but she has not. She has also refused Edmonds's challenge to take a polygraph test and has not yet sued her for libel, as the whistleblower has challenged her to do.

Edmonds's most disturbing allegations, however, may be against high-ranking *appointed* officials in the Bush Administration. Elaborating on testimony she laid out in her sworn deposition, Edmonds told *American Conservative* magazine's Phil Giraldi—a 17-year CIA counterterrorism officer—very specific details of alleged traitorous schemes perpetrated by top State and Defense Department officials. As already noted, these included Douglas Feith, Paul Wolfowitz and, perhaps most notably, former Deputy Undersecretary of State Marc Grossman, the third-highest-ranking official in the Bush State Department.

Edmonds said that Feith and Wolfowitz were involved in plans to break Iraq into U.S. and British protectorates months *prior* to 9/11. She also claimed that the duo shared information *(continued on page 74)*

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SCREEN NAME:

Aylin Tempest

AGE: 26

STATUS: IN A RELATIONSHIP

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: NOT LISTED

LOCATION: QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/WONTGOEASY

Hailing from Australia's Gold Coast, alternative fetish model Aylin Tempest has found herself in all manner of compromising positions—whether it's for work or pleasure. "I love getting tied up, and I love spanking men," Aylin asserts. "There are DVDs out there of me kicking and trampling a guy for foot fetish lovers."

Although the music aficionada is currently in a straight relationship, that doesn't mean total exclusivity. Aylin is allowed to have female playmates—but not because her mate is inept when going down under. "In the past, women had been better at oral, but I enjoy a good pounding after," Aylin confides. "My partner does both real well. Give him a cherry stem or a lolly snake [a rubbery candy], and he'll tie it into a knot using just his tongue."

To say the least, Aylin is spunky, fearless and adventurous when she's "in the mood." The Aussie MySpacer has been down for escapades in peep show booths, on soccer fields and in random driveways at night. But one notch on her tempest belt has yet to be etched. "I haven't had sex with multiple partners," Aylin reveals with a glint of optimism. "I've never been that lucky—yet."

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY



HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #39

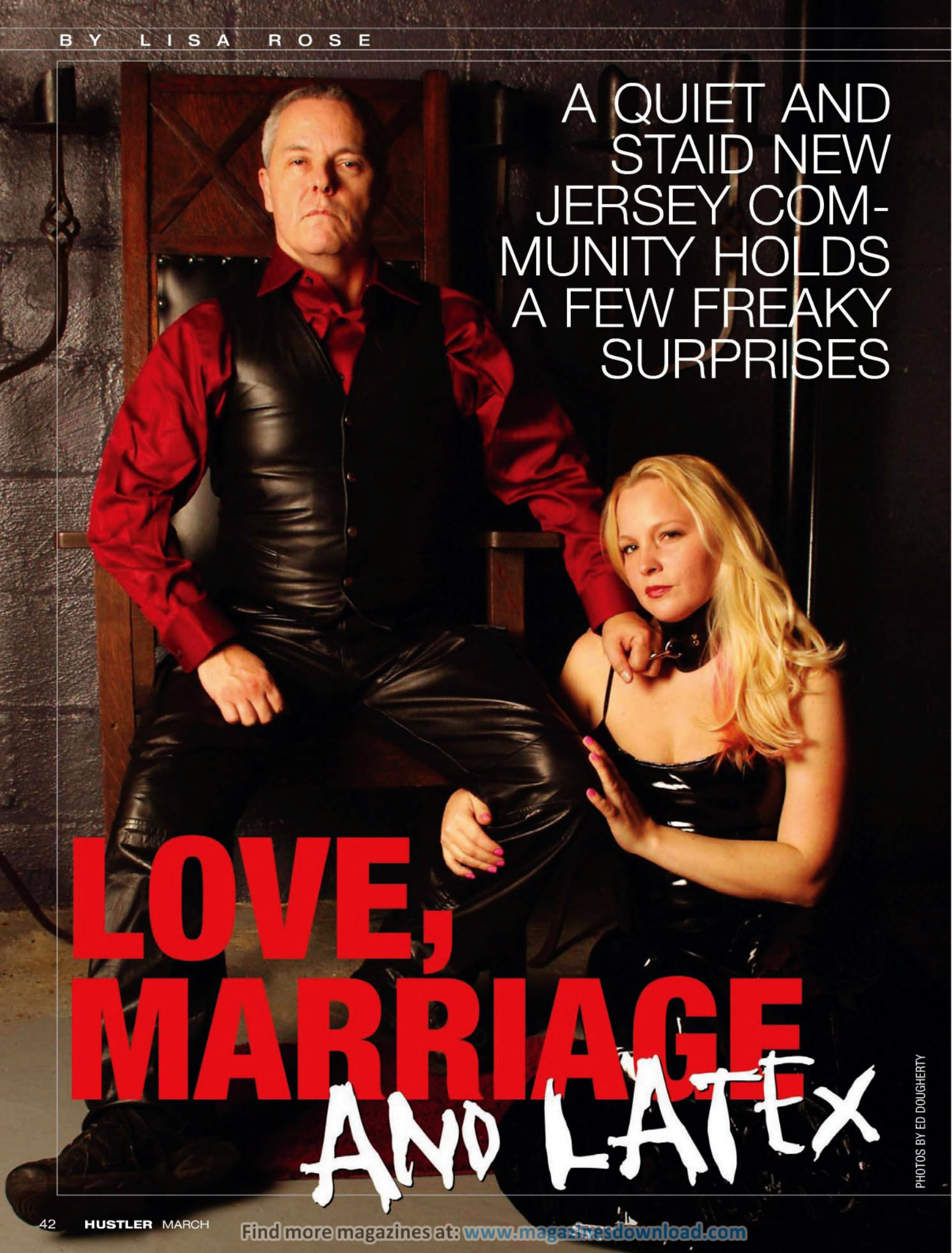


OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or e-mail ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY TONY HUNTER

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BY LISA ROSE



A QUIET AND STAID NEW JERSEY COMMUNITY HOLDS A FEW FREAKY SURPRISES

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND LATEX

PHOTOS BY ED DOUGHERTY

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FOCUSED LIKE AN ARTIST at an easel, Ed Dougherty is coating his wife Karen's breasts with liquid latex. Karen stands, arms out, mouth curled *Mona Lisa*-style, as Ed dips the applicator in a jar of goop. The former graphic designer leans in, eyes level with her pale shoulders while he paints her black. Karen, 30, studied journalism in college but dropped out to start modeling after having her first child at 18, two years before she met Ed.

Known as Master Ed and Duchess, the Doughertys are teaching Liquid Latex 101 in their members-only dungeon, sunk beneath a New Jersey storefront. They are surrounded by observers in dog collars, corsets and unforgiving shoes.

Ed and Karen are leaders in the Garden State fetish community, mentors for those experimenting with dominance and submission—or BDSM (bondage & discipline, dominance & submission, sadomasochism). They are living their American dream, selling whips and handcuffs, leather and chainmail online and at a Montclair boutique called Dressing for Pleasure (DFP.com).

The couple also run the Crawlspace, an underground retreat where people escape the workaday "vanilla" world to explore their primal selves. Because the dungeon is a private club, members can legally engage in "consensual kink." That translates into lots of ritual—spanking, flogging, suspension rope—but no sexual penetration. Not within view at least.

"It's not so much about perverted sex," explains Ed, 50. "It's a lifestyle choice. A lot of people are interested in it, but they will not act on it because they're afraid of being associated with the negative stereotypes that are so prevalent. On TV and in movies, when you see someone who is into BDSM, they are portrayed as some sort of criminal."

Thanks to the evolution of the Internet and changing tides in pop culture, fetishism has become more mainstream. Plus it seems bleak reality has boosted the allure of erotic fantasy. While the daydream may be slinky young women bound and blindfolded, in actuality the scene encompasses all ages, body types and sexual orientations. As the community grows, so does the need to educate novices, which is where Ed and Karen come in, preaching the mantra "Safe, sane and consensual."





Ed says, "We want to provide the support, the education, the resources and a way for people to get to know each other, to understand that there's nothing wrong with you because you like this. Lots of people do."

Ed and Karen met a decade ago as photographer and model, doing a topless shoot on the roof of a Hoboken building. After discovering the BDSM scene, they developed a dominant-submissive dynamic, finding release from the rules of suburban conformity and political correctness. Karen follows Ed's command inside and outside the bedroom. He "owns" her as his slave.

"It's a magnification of a standard relationship," says Ed, who was once an Army officer. "Everything is more intense, more demanding and also more rewarding. It's a much deeper psychological involvement because we're playing with things that we are conditioned to keep secret."

Karen says that slaves can be empowered. She doubles as a dominatrix called the Duchess whenever Ed isn't in the dungeon. Prowling the dark in a gown, she'll whip men lined up along the walls, scolding them as they shudder and groan. In BDSM terminology, she is a "switch."

"It's only through being a slave that I've learned to be confident and reach my dominant side," Karen states. "Master educated me about conscious power exchange…and ordered me to stand up for myself and demand that others treat me with the respect I deserve."

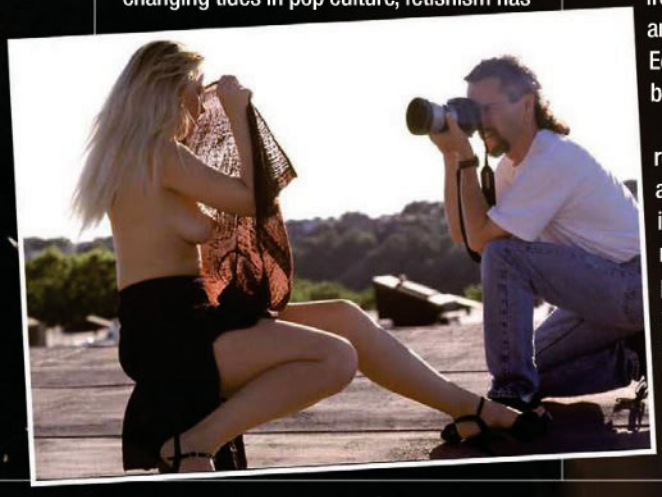
On dungeon nights a baby-sitter watches the couple's five kids. The youngest was born last year, and the eldest is 11. The Dougherty home is a 30-minute minivan drive away from the dungeon. The children know that their parents are different even though Karen is careful not to say "Master" in front of them.

"We're clear, especially to the girls," Karen explains. "We tell them most of their friends, the parents, might have a relationship that's more equal, and that's okay. It's also okay if the woman is the head of the household. I don't want to prejudice them one way or the other."

All of the couple's bondage gear is locked away in a secret spot so that their home essentially resembles a flashback to the *Father Knows Best* 1950s.

According to the *Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex*, 5-10% of people in the U.S. have dabbled in some form of sadomasochism. "Anyone who's ever given love bites or scratched someone or held somebody down, you're exchanging power, and that's the basis of what BDSM is," says Susan Wright, spokeswoman for the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom.

When Ed proposed to Karen, it was an order to obey, not a question to answer. The wedding ceremony took place at an Episcopal church in *(continued on page 98)*



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Awesome Aussie



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY HUNTER

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AYVA

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I moved to America to try something new," audacious **Ayva** begins, "but I didn't expect to become a nude model. I was only here for a month when the offer to be in HUSTLER came up, and I thought, *Why not?*"

What does **Ayva**'s family back in Australia think about her gracing the pages of HUSTLER? "Oddly enough, the idea of my posing naked in a men's magazine isn't a big deal," **Ayva** insists. "It may surprise you, but my family is very proud that I've grown into a beautiful woman who isn't afraid to show off what she has to the world."



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Before leaving Australia, **Ayva** was a compassionate nurse. "It's part of my nature to take care of people," she confides. "Even in my personal life I usually go for guys with problems. It doesn't matter if the blokes are unemployed, drug addicts or drunks. If they can fuck me hard, I'll keep them around. That's bad, isn't it?"



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A Day in the Life of Sunny Leone

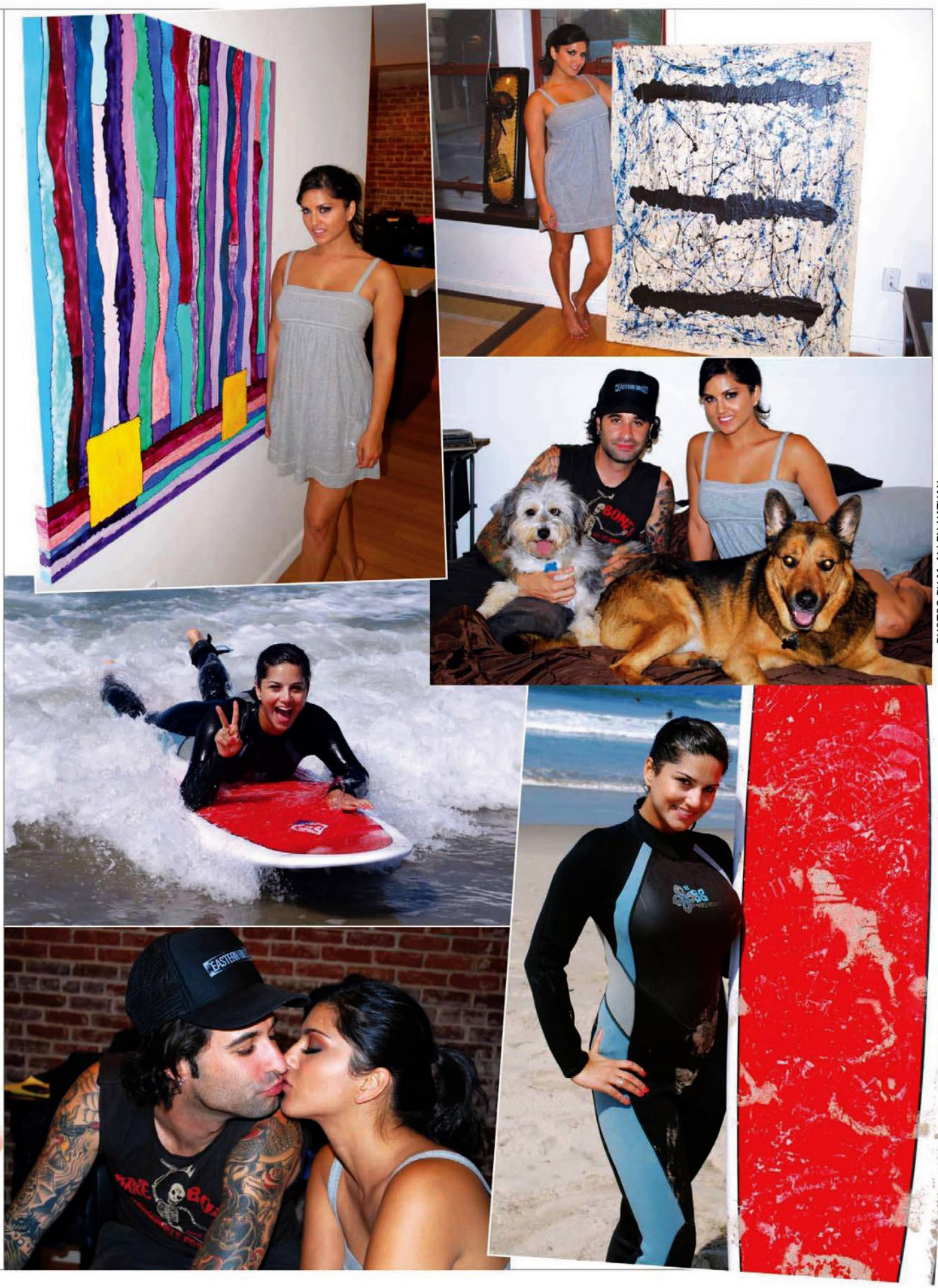
ONE OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN PORN SURPRISES OUR WRITER WITH HER EPIC LOVE STORY, ARTISTIC TALENT AND WIT.

YOU CAN TELL WHEN SHOWBIZ COUPLES ARE IN LOVE FOR REAL. Bogart and Bacall. Hepburn and Tracy. Brad and Angelina. *Grey's Anatomy* star Katherine Heigl and her ego. The genuine affection oozes from the screen in every one of these examples, and audiences lap it up.

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PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

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Cashing In

HOW SUNNY LEONE IS TURNING FAME INTO FORTUNE

"Take control of me online, and I'll do whatever you want," Sunny Leone purrs seductively into the camera. "Take me or one of my sexy friends for a live chat and have your way with us."

Clad in a black see-through negligee that would make its manufacturer proud, Ms. Leone is showcasing her awe- and erection-inspiring body, seductively reciting a string of promos for **ImLive.com**. Hugely successful, the global Internet site urges people to use the Web camera feature of their home computers for its optimally designed function: online interactive chatting with porn stars.

A machine-to-machine encounter arranged by these cyber matchmakers costs anywhere from $7.99 to $14.99 a minute, depending on how big the star is and the corner of the world the customer resides in. (Point of interest: It's cheaper to jerk off in Albania than Atlanta, should anyone be thinking of relocating.)

In any event, ImLive links hordes of horny customers with Sunny's own Web site, **SunnyLeone.com**. In return, she's doing promos for the company with seemingly endless erotic energy.

Sunny is blessed with both a fashion model's face and a voluptuous body. In other words, she's built for lovin'. When she wets her lips and says breathlessly, "Stop watching and start chatting," it triggers a Pavlovian response in me to reach for my credit card.

"There's nothing more real than live action," Sunny suddenly chortles. "Chat live with your penis in your hand! Chat with my boobs! Chat with your finger up your butt!"

The director cracks up. "Five minutes!" he shouts. It's time for a break. A long afternoon of selling cybersex under the hot lights has caused Sunny to come down with a serious case of the giggles.

"She's great, isn't she?" the director remarks, shaking his head in admiration as Sunny wanders off to grab a mineral water. "She's got it all."

He's right. That's why the trajectory of Sunny Leone's career keeps skyrocketing. Her latest XXX release is *Sunny's Slumber Party*, which she costarred in and produced, along with the perpetually smiling Daniel Weber. The film not only has the requisite amount of steamy, Rubik's Cube combinations of sexual acrobatics, but it's also genuinely funny.

In addition, Sunny recently completed a yet-untitled mainstream comedy. She plays a comically heightened version of herself being stalked by an obsessive young male fan. And get this: The movie was produced by no less an eye for up-and-coming talent than Mr. Will Ferrell. Sunny also has a mainstream adventure film in the can, *Pirates Blood*, which was recently purchased for distribution by Paramount. Finally, a distribution contract with Vivid Entertainment allows Sunny and Daniel to develop a slate of new adult projects under their Sunlust Pictures banner. Life is fast, profitable and getting more high-profile by the day for porn goddess Sunny Leone.

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

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Why? Nobody knows. But since the art of storytelling began, everybody loves a love story. And that's what this tender tale is about: the XXX love story of Sunny Leone and Daniel Weber—two attractive young people who have eyes only for each other and fuck on camera for money.

But Sunny Leone wasn't always the outgoing, super-sultry woman of countless men's tent-pitching dreams. As impossible as it seems, the same person who now markets the Sunny Leone Exciter Vibrator used to be shy.

Sunny's parents were born in India, where pornography is illegal to this day. When the couple migrated to this country, they brought their homeland's traditional values with them. Keeping an extremely watchful eye on their young daughter, they enrolled her in a strict Catholic school. "My parents were really conservative when I was growing up," Sunny reminisced over lunch with Daniel and me. "They were always sheltering me. I think that's why I'm so extroverted now."

Sunny's rebellion was slow in coming. She was studying nursing when a classmate—a part-time exotic dancer—introduced her to a modeling agent. He, in turn, introduced Sunny to a photographer for *Penthouse*, who offered her a nude-modeling job.

"I was a nervous wreck," Sunny recalled with a laugh. "I loved the idea of being in the entertainment business, but I was 18 years old. Up until this point I had never even seen an adult magazine."

Despite being scared, Sunny followed her instincts and began baring it all for the camera. In 2001 she graced *Penthouse* and HUSTLER. Things happened quickly after that: tons of magazine modeling, then a transition into film, first with women only and later boy/girl scenes exclusively with her fiancé at the time, Matt Erikson.

But things weren't meant to work out happily ever after with Erikson. "We were having all these [offscreen] threesomes," Sunny recalled. "It destroyed the dynamic of the relationship." The couple parted company.

Tired of pursuing true romance, Sunny decided to chart a new course. She was a porn star for chrissakes. Performers in the biz often have as many sexual partners as a respectable Tetris score. Up until this point, Sunny had been with only one onscreen guy. It was time to go crazy, she reckoned. Time to live a fast-paced, self-indulgent, hedonistic lifestyle. *(continued on page 95)*



"Booze made me lose my job, my home and my wife. I hated my job, that house and that cunt. Fuck you people!"



"I've got a female dog at home. He's probably picking up her scent on me."

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BY CELESTE GONZALEZ



PHOTO BY JOHN IRWIN



PHOTO BY ANDREW OLIVER



PHOTO BY JOHN IRWIN

COUGARS UNLEASHED #14:

Fiona De'Angelo

THIS MONTH: Fiona De'Angelo / AGE: 47

LOCATION: Van Nuys, California

SEE HER AT: FionaDeAngeloXXX.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.

With an array of tattoos and piercings in both nipples and her clit, it is safe to say there is nothing prudent about this 5-foot-2 stunner. Fiona, a force to be reckoned with, holds nothing back when it comes to expressing her opinions. When asked what she thinks of America's new fascination with cougars, she quickly answers, "Let's see. Older woman, younger man. Do you really need to ask?"

Besides an exercise regimen, Fiona says she keeps her rock-hard body in shape by having sex with her trainer. This includes hanging herself upside down as she sucks him off. Regarding her voracious sexual appetite, Fiona is open to all suggestions. For now her personal favorite fetish involves ropes and ball gags.

Fiona admits to feeling a lot sexier now than she did 20 years ago. "In attaining this confidence," she explains, "not only do I find myself attracting more men but women too! Lots of them! I'm 47 going on 30!"

Recently, Fiona has taken her unabashed love for sex to the next level by performing in the video *Amateur Swinger Party* and by launching her own hard-core Web site. Fans can even order custom-made videos of the uninhibited cougar acting out their wildest fantasies.

Up for just about anything, Fiona proudly admits, "The wildest place I've had sex was in a confessional booth. I achieve orgasm by being one nasty little slut." Amen!

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

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SEXTING 101

TEENS BARE ALL ON CELL PHONES

IT MAY JUST BE HARMLESS FUN AS FAR AS THE KIDS ARE CONCERNED, BUT PROSECUTORS ARE CHARGING THEM WITH DISTRIBUTING AND POSSESSING CHILD PORNOGRAHY.

WHAT HAPPENS when you combine hormone-raging teens with cell phone technology in a culture where Britney Spears flaunts her sexuality, and seemingly everyone wants to be a reality-TV star? You get a widespread and growing exhibitionist phenomenon called "sexting," which has some parents and prosecutors in a state of panic.

Sexting is a cool and catchy moniker for a risqué, skin-baring blend of sex and texting. The National Campaign to Prevent Teen and Unplanned Pregnancy recently released the results of a survey that queried more than 650 teens, ages 13 through 19. The survey revealed that 22% of teen girls (including 11% of girls ages 13 to 16) had sent or posted nude or semi-nude pictures or video of themselves. Teen boys also "sext," but the percentage is lower.

The self-snapped images vary widely and wildly in nature. They may be mere topless shots of a girl standing alone in front of a bathroom mirror. Or they may be more explicit, such as a close-up shot of the vagina or even a

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girl fingering herself. This gives rise to the somewhat-startling possibility that children today are becoming their own child pornographers. And that, unfortunately, is how some overzealous prosecutors are viewing sexting photos.

Pennsylvania's *Tribune-Review* reported in January 2009 that three high-school girls from Greensburg "who allegedly sent nude or semi-nude photographs of themselves via their cell phones and three male students who received the photos are facing pornography charges." The article elaborated that local police filed petitions with juvenile authorities, "charging the three high school girls with manufacturing, disseminating or possessing child pornography. The three high school boys are charged with possession of child pornography." The girls involved were 14 and 15 years old, and the boys were 16 and 17.

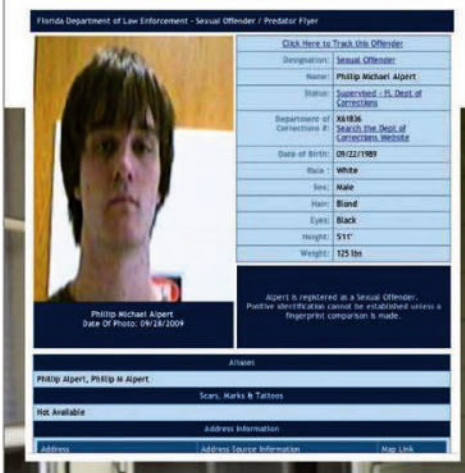
The irony should be clear: Child pornography laws were meant to *protect* minors, not *prosecute* them. Suddenly we're attempting to convict our children for acting like, well, children. We're making a crime of their immaturity and lack of modesty.

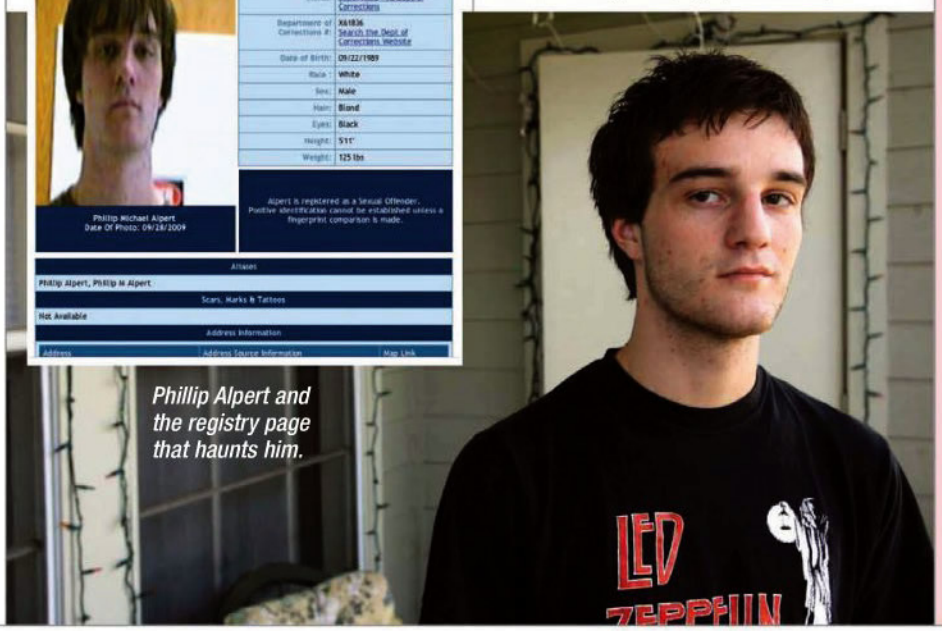
IN 2008 a young man named Phillip Alpert was convicted on child pornography charges for forwarding to others a nude photo of his then-16-year-old girlfriend, who had originally sent it to him. He was 18 at the time.

Alpert is now branded, at least until the age of 43, as a registered sex offender in Florida. He cannot leave Orange County, Florida, without the permission of his probation office and must attend regular counseling sessions with hardened criminals who actually have raped kids. He stands as an equal with them under Florida law—all 125 pounds, five feet, 11 inches of him. Don't believe it? Alpert's record is posted online, replete with his picture, courtesy of the Florida Department of Law Enforcement Registration & Compliance Unit's directory of Sexual Offenders and Predators.

Lawrence Walters, a First Amendment attorney now representing Alpert, decries how law enforcement has dealt with sexting: "Given all the *real* child pornography that is not prosecuted these days," he recently told me, "it seems charging youngsters as sex offenders for what has become commonplace teenage behavior is an obscene misuse of prosecutorial resources. In light of the economic reality we currently face, law enforcement dollars are being stretched thinner and thinner."

Walters added that teens "are not being protected by locking up other teenagers and





Phillip Alpert and the registry page that haunts him.

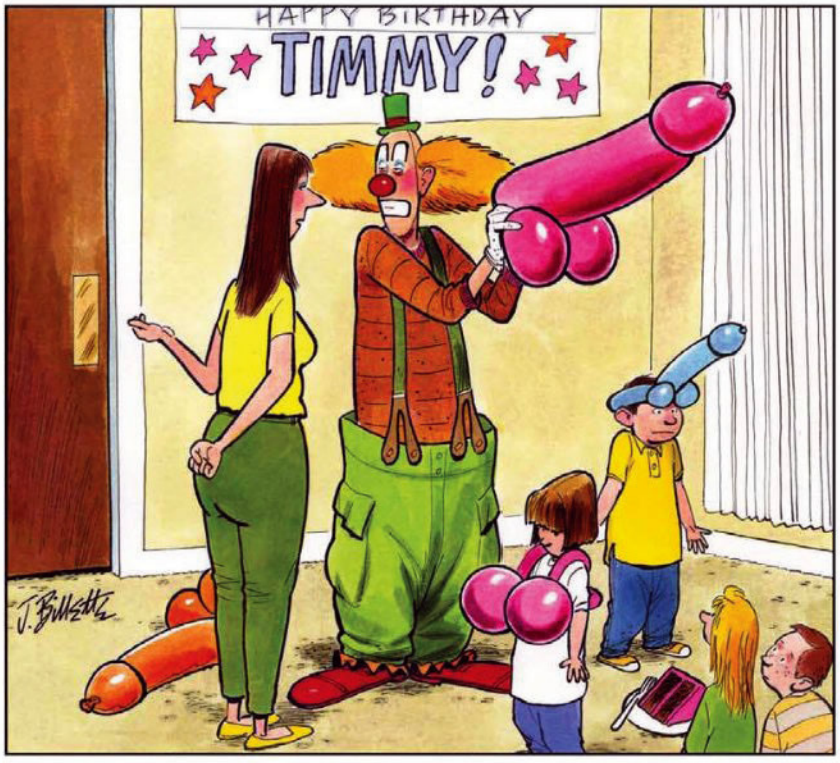


NO KIDDING

- The *Washington Post* recently reported: "Jessica Logan, then an 18-year-old senior at Sycamore High School in Ohio, sent a nude photo of herself to her boyfriend's cellphone [in 2008]. The picture was forwarded to hundreds of students, and the harassment she suffered in public and via phone calls and text messages led to her suicide." Call it, for want of a better phrase, death by sexting.

- Self-taken photos of singing sensation Miley Cyrus, 15 at the time, ended up on the Internet after someone hacked into the memory account of her phone. The *Hannah Montana* star wasn't nude, but in one shot she was wearing panties while suggestively hiking up her T-shirt to show off more than a little of her taut teen tummy. Another photo depicted Cyrus in a shower. The photos weren't intended for public consumption, just for her boyfriend.

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"Excuse me, Mr. Clown. May I speak to you in the kitchen, please?!"



"...then I noticed a rash on my genitals and a yellowish fluid dripping from my penis!"

labeling them sex offenders. Those teens will never lead normal lives, will probably never go to college and will remain unproductive members of society for decades. That result, when combined with the tremendous expense of a typical child pornography prosecution, illustrates the absurdity of pursuing sexting cases as child pornography."

During an interview at Walters's offices in Altamonte Springs, Florida, Alpert thought that sexting may be a passing fad. "It's going to lose its luster," he said. "As our generation gets older, the next generation is going to see that it's been done before. The kids of the next generation are going to find ways to do new things. When I have kids, my kids are not going to want to take pictures and send them to each other because that's what their dad did. That's not cool."

But for now, the bottom line appears to be that technology and teens have simply outstripped, as it were, the law.

Child pornography made and produced by adults who exploit minors is reprehensible, and adults who exploit such minors should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. That's why the United States Supreme Court has ruled that child pornography is one of the very few types of speech that are not protected by the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of expression.

But sexting needs to be differentiated. Except in rare instances (see sidebar), the minor who produces it is not being harmed, either physically or emotionally, when she takes a sexually seductive image of herself and then transmits it to a boyfriend. No mean male is forcing the girl to take the photos; there may be peer pressure to do so, but peer pressure and teens have always gone hand in hand.

The answer, if one believes there really is a problem with teen sexting, is not criminal prosecution but informing kids about potential consequences. New Jersey Assemblywoman Pamela Lampitt understands that. In July 2009 the *Gloucester County Times* reported on Lampitt's "proposed legislation that would encourage education, not prosecution, for teenagers who send nude photos of themselves via cell phone and the Internet."

Certainly treating sexting as a felony under current child pornography laws is prosecutorial overkill. Let parents take away their kids' cell phones and keep prosecutors out of it. There are plenty of real crimes to worry about.



Clay Calvert, J.D., Ph.D., is the Brechner Eminent Scholar in Mass Communication at the University of Florida's College of Journalism and Communications. He is the author of *Voyeur Nation: Media, Privacy and Peering in Modern Culture* (Westview, 2004).

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Two for the Load



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

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SHYLA JENNINGS & NIKKI BROOKS

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Shyla (white bra): I'm into guys in my personal life, but that doesn't mean I won't occasionally experiment with girls. There's something extra-hot about going down on a girl every once in a while. It's especially steamy if my boyfriend is watching.

Nikki (blue bra): Guys can learn a lot about eating pussy from watching two women going at it. It's all about building to a climax. Start slowly, then lick all around the perimeter. Gently work a finger into her pussy and start sucking on her clit. That will get a girl off every time.



Shyla: If you can get a woman to come, she will be your sex slave. Seriously, I'm willing to do anything for a guy who gives me the big O. Anything! Even anal, which I didn't like at first. Now it's a regular option.

Nikki: Agreed. Nothing is off limits to a guy who can give as good as he gets. I love to give, but I really love to get!

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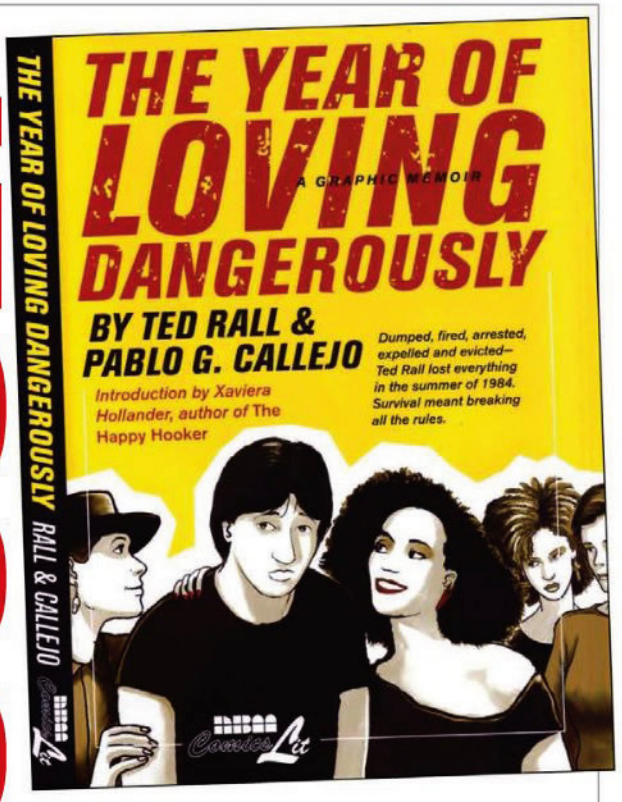


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THE YEAR OF LOVING DANGEROUSLY



AN ILLUSTRATED LOOK AT TED RALL'S LIFE AS A NEW YORK CITY "RENT BOY"

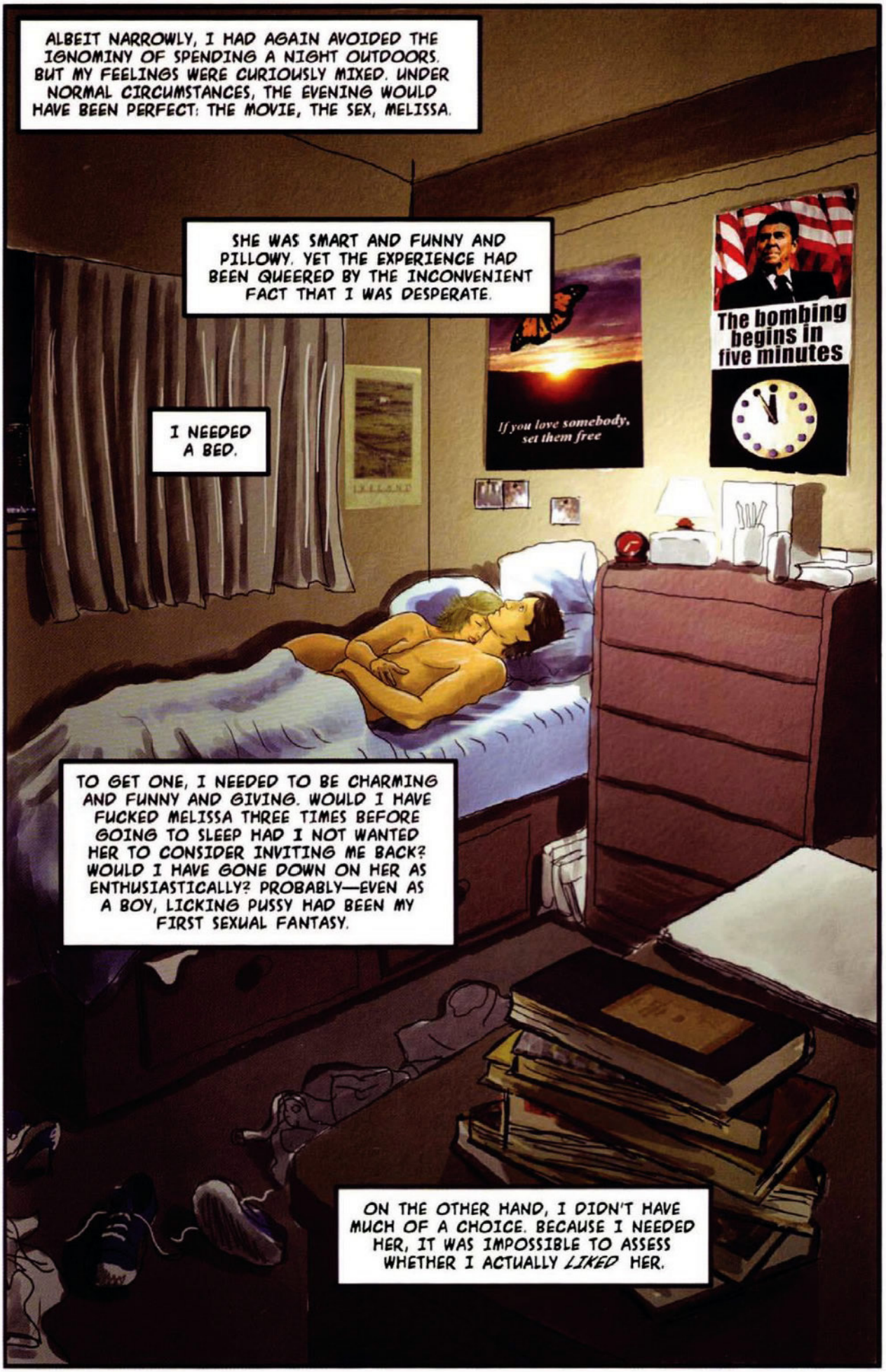
IN THE SUMMER OF 1984—before he became a controversial cartoonist, commentator and writer—Ted Rall was just another unfocused college kid living in New York City. Ultimately, lack of focus, a medical emergency and an inability to get it together led to his being thrown out of NYU. That dismissal, coupled with a pair of unsympathetic parents who refused to take him in, left Rall homeless and suicidal in Manhattan.

Rall found a clever way to survive in the rough streets of the Big Apple. Picking up unsuspecting women, he had sex with them in exchange for food and shelter. While this seems like a sweet deal, life as a so-called rent boy comes with a price.

To recount his fascinating experiences in a graphic memoir, Rall teamed up with acclaimed artist Pablo G. Callejo (of *Bluesman* and *The Castaways* fame). Their brilliant collaboration is titled *The Year of Loving Dangerously*, and it's sure to be a best-seller. We loved this funny and disturbing true story so much, we decided to run a three-page excerpt.

The Year of Loving Dangerously, written by Ted Rall with art by Pablo G. Callejo and an introduction by Xaviera Hollander, is available at **Amazon.com**.

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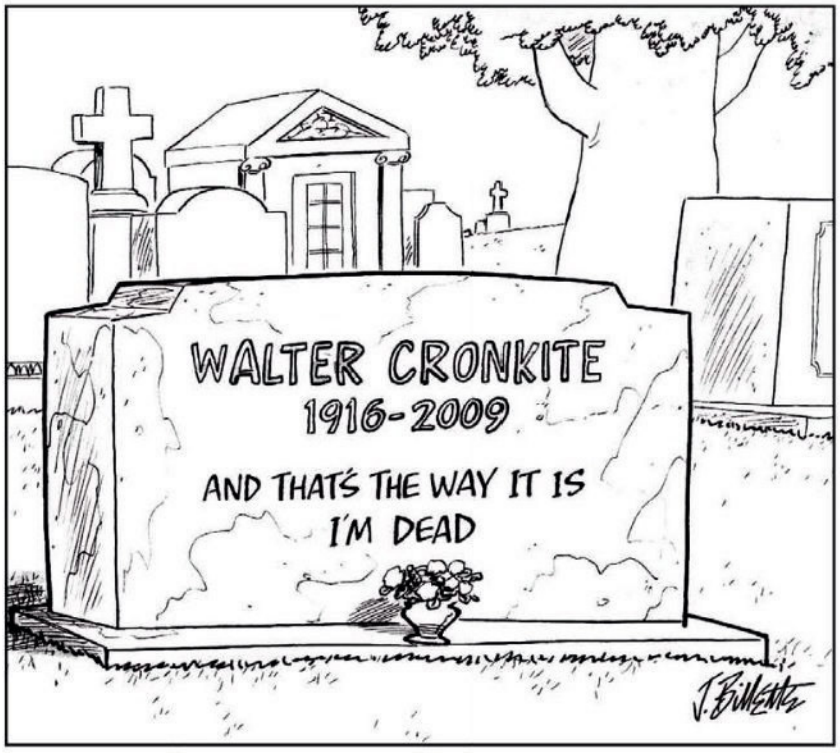
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(continued from page 40) with Grossman on how to blackmail various officials and that Grossman had accepted cash to help procure and sell nuclear weapons technology to Israel and Turkey—and, from there, on to the foreign black market. There the technology would be purchased by the highest bidder, such as Pakistan, Iran, Libya, North Korea or possibly even al-Qaeda.

Additionally, Edmonds claimed that Grossman, the U.S. Ambassador to Turkey before taking his State Department post, had tipped off Turkish diplomats to the true identity of covert CIA operative Valerie Plame Wilson's front company, Brewster Jennings & Associates, a full three years prior to their being publicly outed by columnist Robert Novak. That in itself, according to George H.W. Bush, would be an act of treason carried out by "the most insidious of traitors."

Former CIA counterterrorism officer Giraldi summed up Edmonds's disclosures to me in blunt terms: "This was a massive coordinated espionage effort directed against United States nuclear secrets engineered by foreign agents who successfully corrupted senior government officials and legislators in our Congress. It's that simple."

According to a declassified version of a 2005 Department of Justice Inspector General's report, Sibel Edmonds's allegations are "credible," "serious" and "warrant a thorough and careful review by the FBI."

Perhaps more damningly, the FBI's John Cole recently confirmed a key element of Edmonds's claims when he revealed the existence of "the FBI's decade-long investigation" of the State Department's Grossman. Edmonds claimed that Grossman was perhaps the top U.S. ringleader for the entire foreign espionage scheme. The probe, Cole added, "ultimately was buried and covered up."

Cole, who now works as an intelligence contractor for the Air Force, not only finds Edmonds "very credible," but also confirms the "ongoing and detailed effort by Turkey to develop influence in the United States" through a number of illegal means.

"Turkish individuals would ask for favors—ya know, 'You help me out, and I'll help you out'—and basically what would happen is the elected official would either receive money or some kind of gift," Cole explained. "Or, if it was a government employee, I've seen it where after they retired, they get these very lucrative positions with a Turkish company, or whatever the country may be."

As noted, Hastert now works for Turkey, and Grossman now works for a Turkish company and as a lobbyist—no doubt raking in a pretty penny from both. Hastert and Grossman repeatedly ignored requests to comment on these charges.

The mainstream U.S. media, however, apparently remain uninterested in investigating any of it. Not even after Cole himself called for a "Special Counsel" to investigate and prosecute.

So what the hell is going *(continued on page 89)*

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Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Hose Me Down!

Never judge a book, or a bordello patron, by the cover.

This is the story of one of my really fun parties. Well, actually, all of my parties at the BunnyRanch are fun, but this one really stands out. (Pun intended, my friends.)

This older gentleman, whom I'll call Richard, came in, and he was kind of shy. Once we were back in my room, I told him to relax. Richard looked up at me and asked, "Is it okay if I'm not that big?"

"Sure," I replied. "Size doesn't matter at all around here. Let's just have us some fun, okay?"

Richard smiled, then unzipped his pants and pulled out about the biggest cock I had ever seen. I mean, this thing was massive! Absolutely huge! It turned out he was into hose—and not the garden variety. You know, nylon stockings and pantyhose.

So I got out some of my favorites and started teasing that huge schlong of his. First I lightly dangled a single stocking over the shaft, then held both ends as I buffed his boner like a shoeshine girl.

But Richard wanted things a little rougher than that. Using a hodgepodge of nylons, I tied his arms and feet to the bedposts. Now that he was helpless, I knotted a stocking around his nuts and twisted the rest around the shaft of his cock just under the tip. Then, back and forth, I'd pull the knot tighter and let go for a few seconds.

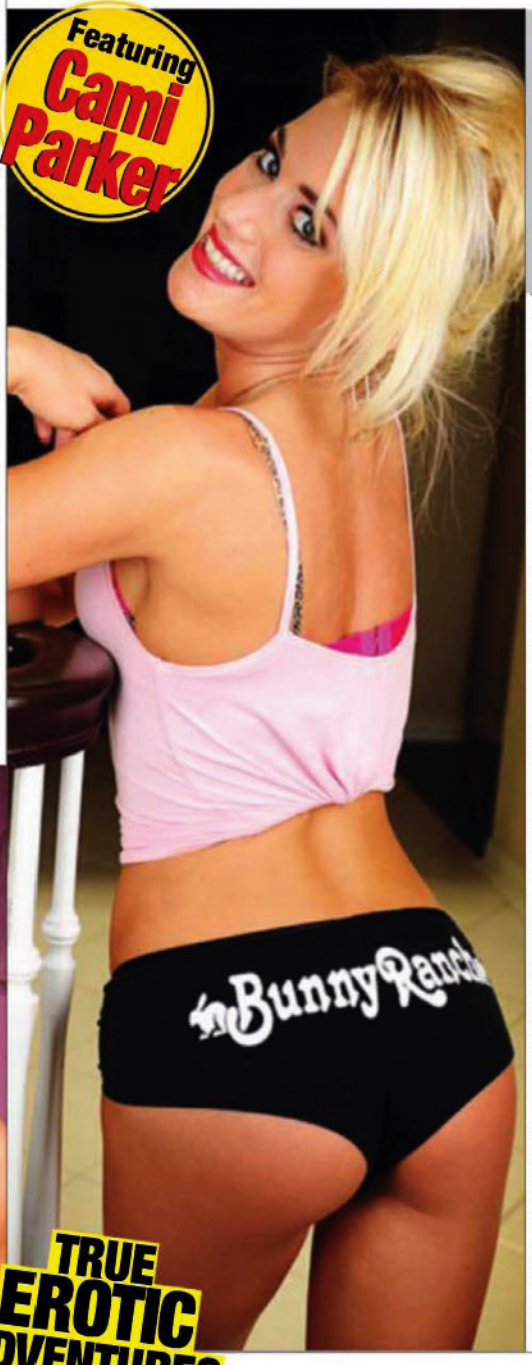
Sometimes I'd pull the knot so tight and for so long, the helmet would turn a dark purple. Eventually I started teasing Richard's dick with my swirling tongue.

I didn't realize how excited Richard was until I barely touched him with the tip of my tongue, and his dick just spat out a white rocket of cum that splashed all over my cheek. I looked up and could tell he was trying to hold back, but to no avail.

I loosened the stocking I'd wrapped around his cock, and Richard just exploded. Cum was flying everywhere, and the guy was groaning like he was dying. By the time he was through, my nylons were drenched. I'd never seen a guy shoot so much jizz. Richard must have been dehydrated for a week after that, but he left my room happy and satisfied. And he no longer seemed very shy.

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





PHOTOS BY MARTY GAST

TRUE EROTIC ADVENTURES

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.

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JULIETTE BARDOT

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Kickass Chick



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

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I don't take any shit from anyone," says tough-as-nails **Juliette Bardot**. "All my life people have said, You can't do this, and you can't do that. My attitude is fuck it! I can do whatever I want." That's why I started modeling. My old boyfriend said I wasn't hot enough, but here I am in HUSTLER! So I guess he can go suck it!"

Of course, tough-talking Miss **Bardot** doesn't mind a little rough stuff in the bedroom. "I enjoy some hair-pulling, spanking and nipple-pinching," she admits, "but I'm not into bondage or anything extreme. The one thing I definitely need is to be on top. A lot of men are selfish lovers and finish much too quick. If I'm riding a guy's cock, I can be sure to come first. I know a lot of people think of me as a bitchy tomboy, but I really am a girlie-girl at heart. I like romance. I just like it on my terms."



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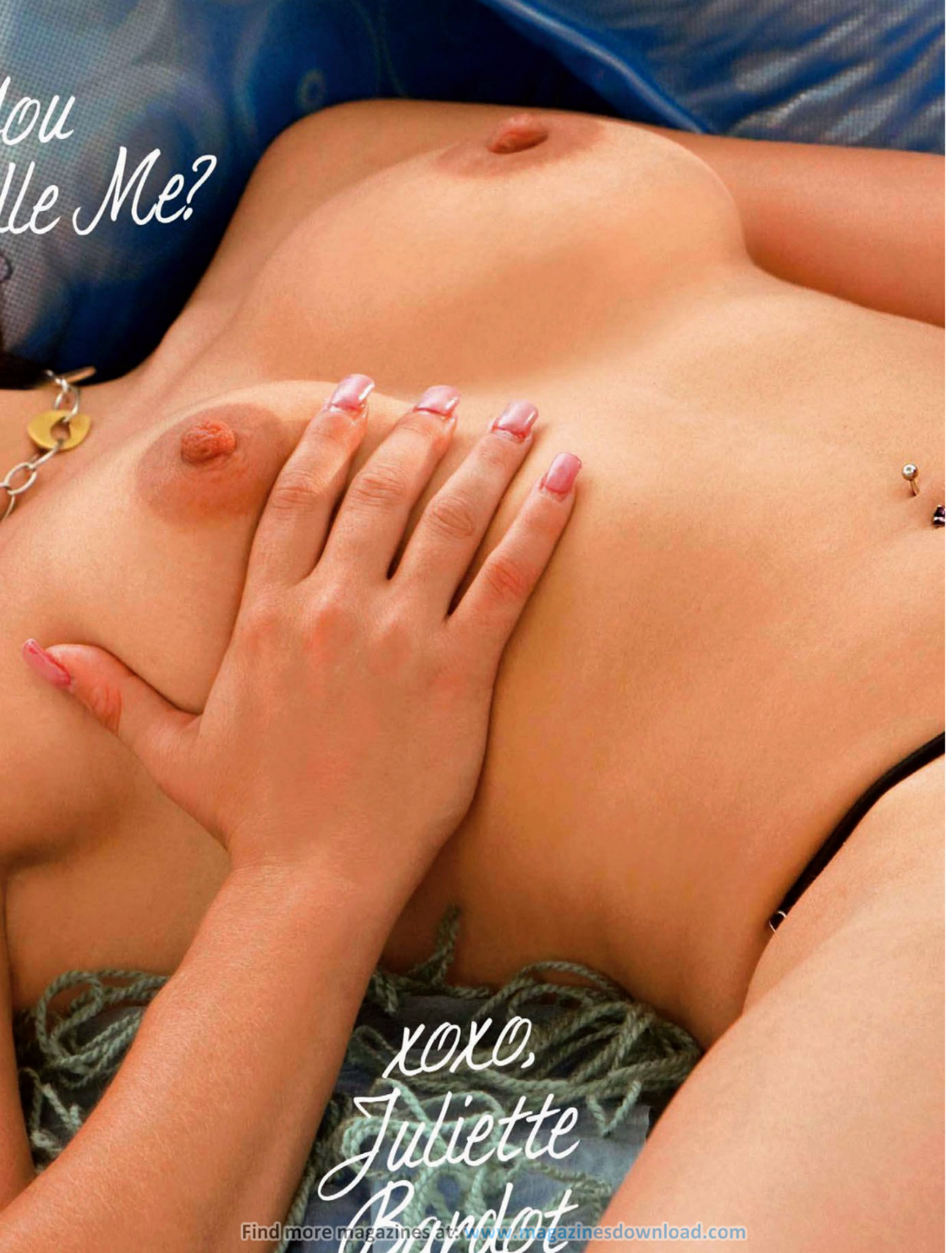
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About to start her new job, a stupendously hot bimbo was asked by the company's computer technician to come up with a password. She started typing, and a minute or so later the tech asked for the password so he could verify it.

"My password is MickeyMinnieGoofyPlutoSneezyBalooDonaldGrumpy," the new secretary rattled off.

"Why the fuck did you choose *that* as a password?" the dumbfounded computer guy wanted to know.

"Gee whiz," the ditz huffed. "You told me to pick eight characters."

After 28 years on the job the White House gardener was recently shitcanned after walking past the Oval Office and asking if anyone had seen the spade and the hoe.

HUSTLER Wisdom: Life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

Those fucking hot lesbians living next door asked me what I wanted more than anything. I was quite surprised when they gave me a Rolex. It was very nice of them, but I think the lesbos misunderstood me. What I'd said was "I wanna *watch!*"

Panties colors and what each one means:

White: calm.
Red: wild.
Blue: romantic.
Pink: sweet
Black: sexy.

Rush Limbaugh received a call from a charity asking him to donate some of his clothes to starving Africans. "Fuck off!" the blowhard yelled back. "Anybody who can fit into *my* clothes isn't starving!"

HUSTLER Advice: If you marry Miss Right, make sure her first name isn't Always.

Pastor Theo wondered if his Sunday school class grasped the concept of going to heaven. "So, children," he beseeched, "if I sold my house and car and gave all the money to the church, then cleaned the church and mowed the lawn for ten years and was kind to animals and gave candy to all the kids and loved my wife for the rest of my life, would that get me into heaven?"

All the Sunday schoolers responded with an ear-splitting "NO!"

"Very good, children," the proud pastor retorted. "So how *can* I get into heaven?"

From the back of the classroom, little Johnny yelled, "Ya gotta be fucking dead!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Beauty is in the eye of the beer-holder.

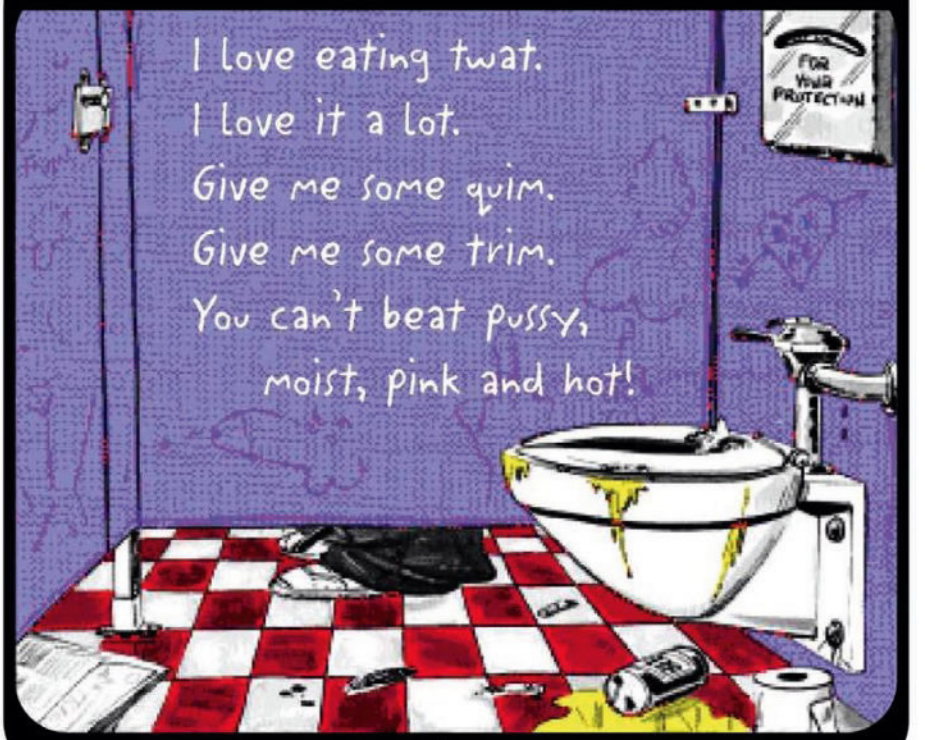
The newest frozen dessert to hit stores is Barocky Road. It's a blend of half-vanilla and half-chocolate ice cream, surrounded by nuts and flakes.

For a birthday gift, Joseph requested a ten-speed bicycle. "Son, we'd love to give you one," his father blabbered, "but the mortgage on our house is $280,000, and your mother just lost her job. There's just no way we can afford it."

The next morning Joseph's dad noticed the 12-year-old heading toward the front door with a suitcase. "Son, where are you going?" the puzzled pop inquired.

Joseph replied, "I was walking by your bedroom last night and heard you telling Mom you were pulling out. Then I heard her tell you to wait because she was coming too. Well, I'll be damned if I'm staying here by myself with a $280,000 mortgage and no fucking bike!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Tom G.

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

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(continued from page 74) on here?

Giraldi believes that, as with companies such as AIG and GM becoming "too big to fail," the size and success of this massive national security espionage scandal has simply become too big to bust.

He told me, "You have to look at Marc Grossman being part of a much bigger operation in terms of the Israelis and the Turks obtaining influence over our legislators and over a number of senior government officials at the Pentagon and State Department. Because this thing was so big, and it affected both Democrats and Republicans, I think the U.S. government is terrified of opening up this Pandora's box."

Giraldi added, "The people in Congress and in the Justice Department who should be investigating this…and also in the media—because the media is tied hand and foot to government—this is all part of one big, you know, conspiracy, if you want to look at it this way. And, essentially, this is a story that they don't want to get out."

So why, exactly, isn't the media covering Sibel Edmonds, whom the ACLU once described as "the most gagged person in the history of the U.S.," now that she is finally able to tell her story? It's a story, after all, that the legendary 1970s whistleblower Daniel Ellsberg has deemed "far more explosive than the Pentagon Papers."

"If we had an effective mainstream media that was going after this story, that would make it come out," Giraldi noted. "But we don't have an effective media." He then pointed out one more reason for the media's reluctance to dig into this story: "According to Sibel, Grossman actually bragged that he would get from the Turks the information that they wanted to appear in an article. He would write it up, and he would fax it over to the *New York Times*, and they would print it just as he had written it under somebody else's byline."

Guess we won't expect any coverage of this scandal from the *New York Times*, "the paper of record," any time soon. And if a story isn't covered by the *Times*, and thereafter picked up by everybody else, did it really happen? Given the complicity of the media with regard to Sibel Edmonds, it would appear the government never even needed to invoke the "State Secrets Privilege" in the first place.

As of this writing, HUSTLER stands to be the largest, most "corporate" U.S. outlet in which these startling, now-public, on-the-record disclosures have been reported. The moral: Pull off a large enough crime, and it becomes too big to do anything about.



Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist and political commentator. Besides cohosting radio's nationally syndicated "Green News Report," he is the executive editor and publisher of The Brad Blog (**BradBlog.com**).





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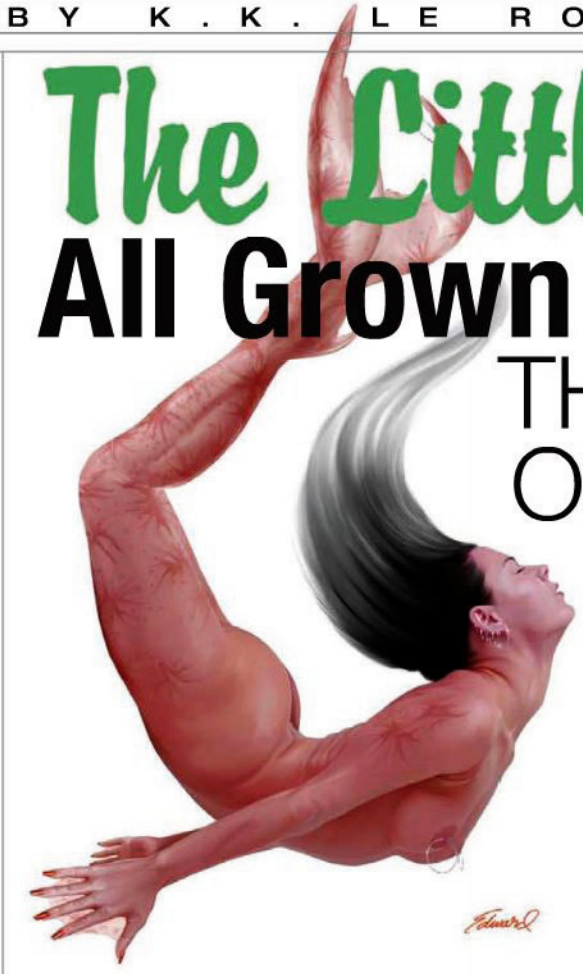


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The Little Mermaid

All Grown Up and Naked

THE SPLASHY ART OF EDWARD REED



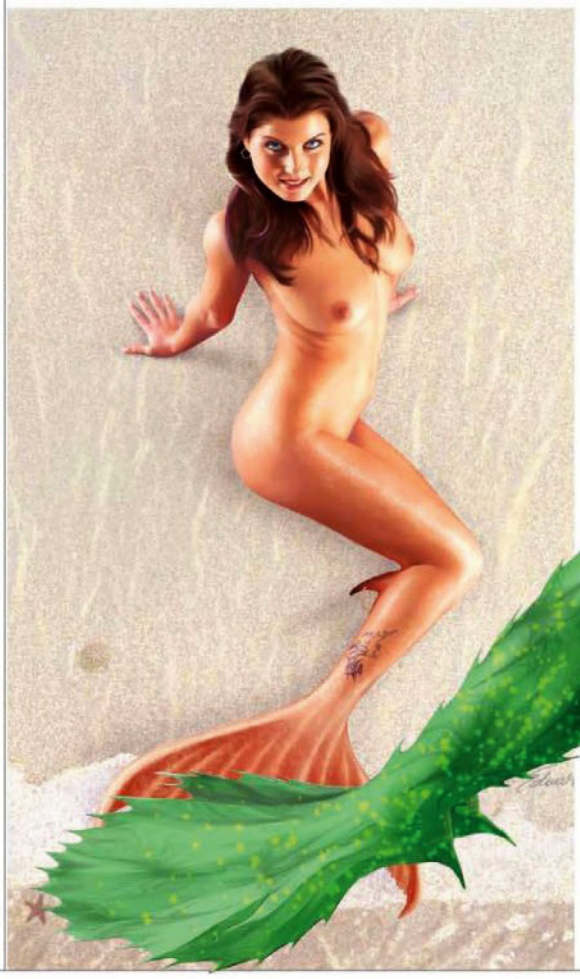
A LOT OF GRAPHIC ARTISTS out there use computer trickery to transform existing photographs into original creations. Not Edward Reed. He painstakingly creates each of his sexy portraits from scratch.

Reed launched his career in 1987 by airbrushing provocative T-shirts in Panama City Beach, Florida. During the tourist season he cranked out art "on demand," up to 15 grueling hours a day, seven days a week. This commercial venture led Reed to create pinup girls and sexy mermaids as therapy during the off-season. The artist left the T-shirt trade behind in 1993 when his stunning creations attracted serious interest.

Insiders consider Reed an authority on the art of airbrushing. Besides writing numerous instructional articles on the subject for *Airbrush Action*, *Art Scene International*, *Airbrush Magazine* and *Airbrush Art + Action*, he is one of nine featured artists in Frank Season's book *How to Airbrush Pin-Ups* from ArtKulture/Wolfgang Publications.

In 1997 the Artool Products Company commissioned Reed to design a special airbrush tool that has become an industry standard: the signature FH-10 Freehand Pinup Shield. From 1998 to 2003 he was an editorial assistant and contributing editor at *Airbrush Art + Action*, then moved on to *Art Scene International*, where he's an editorial adviser and contributing editor. The South Carolina resident also illustrates pinup book covers for SQP publishing.

The airbrush master's first amazing collection, *The Art of Edward Reed: Portraits & Pin-Ups*, is available at **SQPinc.com** and **Amazon.com**. Reed is currently hard at work on a second book that will feature several sexy mermaids. News on his art, books and prints can be found at **EdwardReed.com**.





Find more magazines at: www.magazinesdownload.com



Pamela & Michael Des Barres GROUPIE LOVE

Pamela Des Barres was the queen of the groupie movement. As part of the legendary girl collective GTOs (Girls Together Outrageous), she bedded a who's who of rock luminaries, notably Keith Moon and Jimmy Page. Have you seen the film *Almost Famous*? The lead female character is based on her. Ask Cameron Crowe. In recent years Pamela has penned four heartfelt and detailed books, including the recently updated *Take Another Little Piece of My Heart: A Groupie Grows Up*.

Michael Des Barres is an actor-turned-singer-turned-actor who has appeared in dozens of TV shows and films. But he is most famous for his glam rock vocals with the bands Silverhead, Detective, Chequered Past and (as replacement frontman) The Power Station. He cowrote one of the '80s' biggest songs, "Obsession," which became a hit for the group Animotion.

Although Michael and Pamela are now divorced, the two are closer than ever. That was apparent when they recently visited HUSTLER headquarters for the following interview.

HUSTLER: Pamela, why did you decide to rerelease *Take Another Little Piece of My Heart*?

PAMELA: It's my favorite book of the four I have written. Because it goes further than my other book *I'm With the Band. A Groupie Grows Up* is the subtitle. This book has more to it for me. There's the death of my father and the birth of our son. It's heavier. It's no-holds-Des-Barred, as I like to say. (*Laughs.*) What's so cool is that I pretty much exposed him [Michael], and he was okay with it. He didn't even have me change one word, which is really brave and awesome of him.

Michael, the book exposed your addiction and infidelity. How did you feel about your personal relationship and info being out there?

MICHAEL: Two things. One, it's her life. She can do with it what she will because I unconditionally love her. Secondly, I get laid a lot.

PAMELA: (*Laughs.*) That is very true. We've been separated now longer than we were married. We feel like we have really gained a sibling in a way. Our love is so unconditional. We are like blood relatives at this point.

What do you remember about the first time you met?

MICHAEL: Well, in my case, it's in the foreword of the book. What happened was there was this Warhol-esque movie Pamela was in, and they cast Keith Moon. And Keith Moon was "not available." For whatever reasons.

PAMELA: He didn't show up. (*Laughs.*)

MICHAEL: I think they went down a list. I happened to be in New York. I was an actor. I came in and saw Miss Pamela from behind. To this day she has the best ass that I've ever seen. So I was terribly intrigued. And she turned around. I fell in love with her right there, right that second.

I know that falling in love at first sight is possible because I've experienced that. It was a combination of so many things. She was so beautiful—is so beautiful—but certainly then was so pretty. But she also represented a lot to me. Rock 'n' rollers in those days really knew the pedigree of the GTOs.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

KISS
Sonic Boom



You wanted the best?! You've got the best! Seriously. It is the best thing KISS has done since their late 1970s glory days. *Sonic Boom* blends the elements of *Destroyer* and *Love Gun* for a rocking, retro time. The bad news is you'll have to go to Wal-Mart to buy this exclusive three-disc set.



MICHELLE BRANCH
Everything Comes and Goes

Part early Dixie Chicks. Part Loretta Lynn. All for your checking out. Recorded in Nashville, her first CD in six years is a country-tinged affair that borders on perfection full of twangy goodness.

CALVIN HARRIS
Ready for the Weekend



Scotland's funkiest export returns with a nonstop dance assault. His sophomore disc is so funky, it will make your distant cousins sweat. Not sure what that means? Then you have to check out this CD.



VARIOUS ARTISTS
Jennifer's Body Soundtrack

The film that was written by former stripper-turned-Oscar winner Diablo Cody stars mega-hottie Megan Fox. The soundtrack features a who's who of today's alt-rock rising stars, including Panic! at the Disco and Hayley Williams from Paramore.

IMOGEN HEAP
Ellipse



You have heard the music of Imogen Heap even if you don't know it. The towering Brit's songs have been placed in dozens of TV shows and films. Her latest release is packed with hypnotic vocals and brilliant instrumentation that may trick chicks into thinking you have a sensitive side.



GENESIS
Genesis Live 1973-2007

God bless the folks at Rhino Records. The geniuses behind the Genesis CD catalog upgrade in three lavish box sets have done it again! This, the fourth Genesis box set, gathers a wealth of the band's recorded live output and is impressive in both scope and design. There are eight CDs and three DVDs!

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MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS



KATE EARL
Melody
Once a year a pop princess breaks to a wider audience: Sara Bareilles, Katy Perry, Leaonna Ness. Now in 2010 comes the beautiful Alaskan singer Kate Earl. This disc is so good, we may even forgive Alaska for Jewel and Sarah Palin. Okay, maybe just for Jewel then.



THE USED
Artwork
Straight outta Utah! These angry-as-hell rockers know how to turn a heaping dose of self-loathing into poetic rock creations. Singer Bert McCracken's haunted emo crooning with big-ass chorus soars on a collection of inspired cuts.



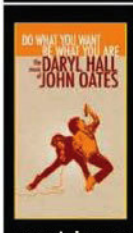
BRENDAN BENSON
My Old, Familiar Friend
Jack White picks his coconspirators very carefully. That's why he chose Benson to be the lead singer of his side band the Raconteurs. Benson's fourth solo album is a heavenly slice of pure pop perfection worthy of being called "Beatles-esque."



FIVE FINGER DEATH PUNCH
War Is the Answer
"Hard to See," the first single from FFDP's sophomore CD, is a sonic assault that will pummel you into submission. And you'll like it so much, you'll beg for more. Remember when metal was metal and not hair metal or pop metal? Five Finger Death Punch does.



VARIOUS ARTISTS
7 Worlds Collide: The Sun Came Out
Former Crowded House/Split Enz frontman Neil Finn gathered up a ton of his relatives, including brother Tim and nephew Liam, along with friends Johnny Marr, Jeff Tweedy and Ed & Phil (Radiohead) for this awesome two-CD benefit disc full of original material.



HALL & OATES
Do What You Want, Be What You Are
Hall & Oates, kings of 1980s white boy soul, were never hip. How could they be with John Oates's cheesy mustache and those goofy videos? Love 'em or hate 'em, you can't deny the hits. While most box sets are ego-driven affairs packed with filler, this four-CD box set is packed with early career rarities, dozens of sing-along favorites and live stuff.

Robert [Plant] and Jimmy [Page] I knew personally. There was an absolute fascination with the pedigree that the GTOs had, and I was absolutely dazzled by her history and rock 'n' roll lineage.

I fell in love with her, and we did lots of coke. Then I vigorously pursued her. I knew for sure that I loved her right away.

PAMELA: Michael proposed the day we met. I was going steady with a big cowboy and I wasn't looking for anybody. I was on the set actually—a little disappointed Keith Moon didn't show up. He was one of my lovers and a friend of mine. Then Michael showed up. Right away I took to him because he was so *there*. We had such a blast. I loved the idea of being pursued and adored, so it didn't take him very long to convince me that he was better for me.

Pamela's sexual past didn't freak you out?

MICHAEL: Well, put it this way: I did get to sleep with Jimmy Page without having to sleep with Jimmy Page. Freaked out? I don't think that way. I just was so proud to be part of the extraordinary experiences she had. You see? Dig this: This is the thing for your readers to really comprehend about the whole groupie phenomenon. Pamela and the other girls, most of whom are gone now, loved music. A sexual act in the late '60s was not what it is today. It was belief and joy in the soul of music.

They, [the groupies] were making love to the great icons of that wonderful rock movement that changed the world. Pamela being part of that was a progenitor of the new feminism. All of this was going through my fevered, cocaine-addled brain and put all together. So the fact that she fucked Jim Morrison and Jimmy Page didn't occur to me.

PAMELA: He liked it. He thought it was the coolest thing in the world that I had all these experiences, which validated me in another kind of way because I was used to being perceived as kind of slutty and loose. A lot of men were afraid to approach me; I was strange and scary.

Were the two of you the quintessential rock star-and-groupie couple?

MICHAEL: We never really thought of it in those terms.

PAMELA: We didn't think that way.

MICHAEL: It's only journalists who did. It was a time when there wasn't the same kind of easy categorization. It was new.

PAMELA: We were just living our lives.

MICHAEL: We were just doing it. We were so in our own wonderful myopic vacuum of music and drugs and velvet. The velvet was very important. (*Laughs.*) We were so into each other in the scene that we never were conscious of personifying it.

Michael, do you think that without the drugs the marriage would have lasted?

MICHAEL: It's an impossible question to answer because we only deal with what is. I was destined to be addicted.



PAMELA: He started late, actually. He was an actor before he got in rock 'n' roll and didn't take drugs or drink until he was 25, until he started really getting out of it then by, what, 31?

MICHAEL: Thirty-three. So to answer your question would be impossible. In rock 'n' roll—and people can do with this what they like—I think it's important to take drugs, as shocking as that might sound.

PAMELA: Even now?

MICHAEL: I think that you've got to experience something before you can turn away from it. I'm not talking about bestiality and fucking your mom. I'm talking about the mythology of self-destruction. You have to understand what that mythology is to be able to walk away from it. For me I had to experiment with everything, especially in the '60s. There was no psychosis, no AIDS. We didn't know anything about addiction. I don't advise it, kiddies.

How would you define your relationship now?

PAMELA: We are one of the closest divorced couples ever. Our significant others have to deal with it.

MICHAEL: It's an amazing thing because a lot of young people who were not part of that era came up to us after a recent reading of the book, and they all said, "God, how incredibly refreshing to see. My parents are divorced, and they don't speak to one another. And to see that you two support each other is great." That's very special.

PAMELA: We've become some sort of couple that people look up to for that reason. I think if you spend a lot of time with someone, why just never see them again? Even if there's some bad blood under the bridge. You've got to clear it out and remain close.

MICHAEL: It has been an amazing journey, and like all journeys, the most wonderful part is when you turn the corner and don't know what to expect. ■

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PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY



Erika Jayne

Pretty Mess

Forget Madonna, Britney and Lady Ga Ga. Erika Jayne is our new favorite pop princess. The statuesque beauty stopped by our offices to talk about her debut CD, collaborating with Sheila E and what a Lady Ga Ga beatdown may be like.

HUSTLER: What steered you toward dance music?

ERIKA JAYNE: I've always been a fan of dance music. I'm always the one standing by the DJ booth jumping around.

Is Madonna your biggest influence?

My first concert was a Madonna show, and that's where I fell in love with music. I'm an MTV kid. That's what I was brought up on.

Why did you cover "Sex Shooter"?

I'm a big fan of Prince and the film *Purple Rain*. When I first saw Appollonia perform that, it was special to me. Plus it's a great, provocative song. It was fun to do.

How did you get Sheila E to guest on the disc?

We were recording in the same studio, and she was down the hall. I said to my producer, "I'm a huge fan of Sheila's. I love her song 'The Glamorous Life'; it's my personal anthem." He said, "Let's go talk to her and see if she'll do something." She's the nicest person. I'm tickled to have her on the record.



What would your dream collaboration be?

Obviously if Madonna called, I wouldn't hang up the phone. I would love for Prince to write a song for me. I think that would be great and that I could pull it off. I am working with Will.i.am [from Black Eyed Peas] on three new songs for my next CD.

Who would win in a catfight: you or Lady Ga Ga?

I've been boxing lately, so I think I might have to knock Ga Ga out. No, I'm just kidding. (*Laughs.*) I'm a big fan of Lady Ga Ga. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

Is your CD titled *Pretty Mess* because you're a pretty mess?

Sure. Aren't we all? I don't know a woman who isn't complicated.

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS



MONSTERS INC. & CARS: *Blu-ray*



Some movies really do look better on Blu-ray. These two Disney-Pixar films (sold separately) are a perfect example of that. *Cars* is a funny, fast-paced race featuring Owen Wilson, George Carlin and Paul Newman where the action looks like it's ready to fly out of your TV, while *Monsters Inc.* features the comic genius of Billy Crystal and John Goodman. Buy them for your kids. Or pretend you have kids and buy them for yourself.

SECRET DIARY OF A CALL GIRL: *Season Two*



Billie Piper is back as Belle, a high-end call girl who actually loves the sex, in the second helping of Showtime's sultry series. Belle's world is rocked when she breaks the cardinal rule of being a prostitute: "Don't fall in love."



SONS OF ANARCHY: *Season One*

The virgin season of 2008's best-reviewed drama is something you have to see. First: The motorcycle gang saga was created by the guy behind *The Shield*. Second: The gritty drama is full of Emmy-worthy performances from veteran actors Ron Perlman, Drea de Matteo and Katey Sagal. Third: Bikers are always cooler than any of us.

FAMILY GUY: *Volume Seven*



Freakin' sweet! While most long-running series seem to run out of gas after just a few years, *Family Guy* continues to churn out cutting-edge hilarity. This three-disc set features one of its most biting episodes ever: "Family Gay."



BROTHERHOOD: *The Final Season*

In our humble opinion, *Brotherhood* was the most underrated series to hit TV in the past five years. The third (and sadly final) season of this crime drama about two Rhode Island brothers on opposite sides of the Irish Mob is nothing short of perfect.

X-MEN ORIGINS: WOLVERINE



Sure, you watched the whole film for free on the Internet, but that was the version without all the special effects. The DVD is worth checking out for all the claws-out action and over-the-top special effects.



HOMEBOY

Before he was "The Wrestler," Mickey Rourke was Homeboy, a down-on-his-luck boxer climbing back into the ring for one last shot at redemption. Available for the first time on DVD, *Homeboy* also features the always-great Christopher Walken and a score by Eric Clapton.

SAVING GRACE: *Season Two*



Holly Hunter must be a witch. How else can we explain our obsession with her new cop show? Oh, sure, it could be the clever writing, well-shot images or solid acting. But we'd prefer to blame the still-hot-as-hell cougar.



THE CLEANER: *The First Season*

Drug addiction is not pretty. While this recovery drama may not boast the down-and-dirty aspects of *In Treatment* or *Intervention*, it does showcase the onetime luckiest guy in the world, Benjamin Bratt (he had Julia Roberts), in a career-making role.

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(continued from page 55) But, alas, this is a love story, and the young lady's plans for an extended sex party on- and off-camera with multiple male partners wasn't meant to be. Sunny had hardly dipped a toe (not to mention a few other more alluring body parts) into serious promiscuity when she met Spyderz guitarist Daniel Weber at a party one night. (The band was formed by Tera Patrick's husband, Evan Seinfeld, a respected musician who has performed with Biohazard and Damnocracy, among others.)

Porn and rock 'n' roll. As Prince Charmings often are in these fables, Daniel was instantly smitten. However, Sunny still wanted to "go crazy," or so she thought. Over the next few weeks she turned down the guitarist's repeated requests for a date.

Eventually Sunny changed her mind and agreed to go out for dinner. "We barely ate," Sunny remembered. "We talked for like five hours." The chemistry was undeniable, and the two have basically been together ever since. Although Daniel still plays music, it's not his number-one priority.

"Sunny is my girlfriend, my partner in life," Daniel explained. "I don't look at myself as a performer. I just want to be with her. I'm really more into the business. I thrive on production."

With Daniel as her ultimate guitar hero, Sunny is the happiest she's ever been. The lovebirds work and play hard together almost 24/7. Surfing is their latest offscreen passion, and when they're not riding a wave or fornicating for fun and profit, they blissfully chill out with their two dogs in a stylish, restored Hollywood high-rise, which is also the perfect environment for Sunny to paint.

That's right: to paint. This wanton pleasure machine is not only a virtuoso with a bone daddy at full salute, but she's also pretty good with a brush and colors.

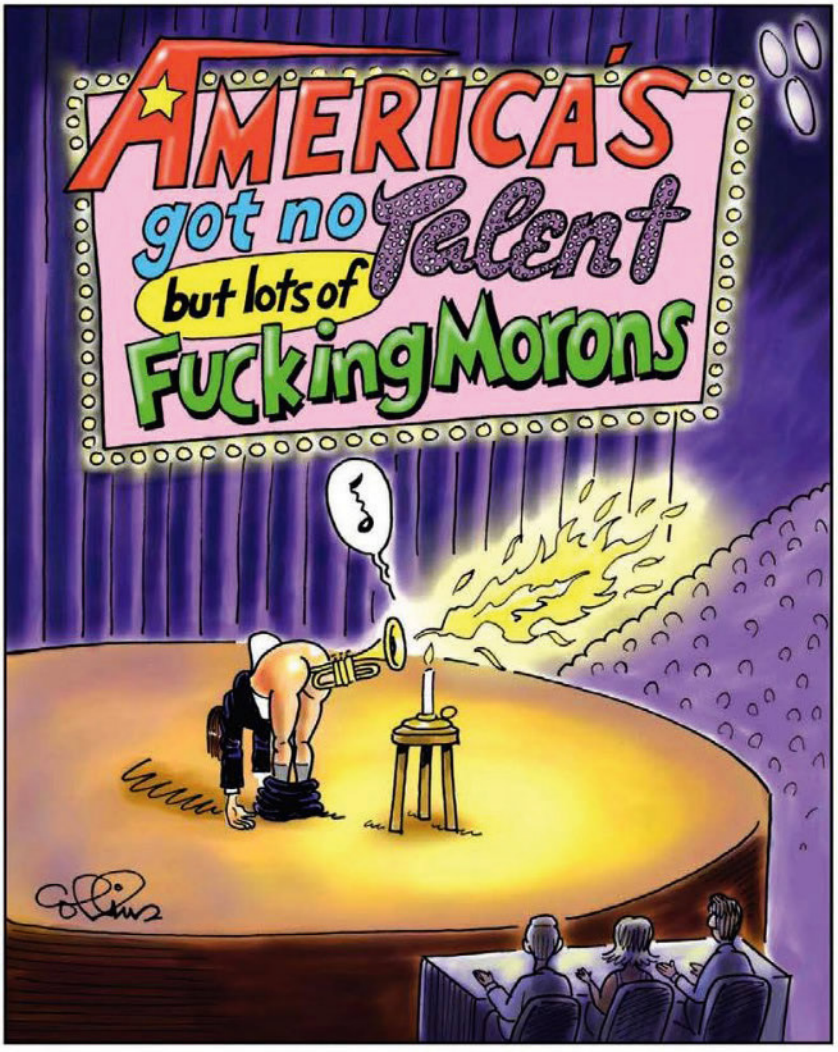
Standing proudly next to a painting that looked as good to my eye as anything Jackson Pollock ever attempted, Sunny confided, "I like to paint abstract art and work in weird gel mediums. I don't have a lot of self-confidence in my art yet, but one day, who knows? A show might be interesting."

Sunny Leone: the story of a beautiful, timid girl who was able to find true love, overcome her shyness and vanquish the porn industry. "Who knows?" is right. With soul mate Daniel Weber's support, the art world just might be her next conquest.



Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.





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Movie Mammaries

THE TEMPTING WOMEN OF TRUE BLOOD











Now we know why television is called the "boob tube"! HBO's vampire drama *True Blood* offers an impressive array of nudity and simulated sex from nearly all of its female cast members. This series has almost as many tits, asses and nipples per frame as your average porn movie. Award-winning creator **Alan Ball** is a master at getting young actresses naked—for "art's sake."

Ball gained fame for writing *American Beauty*, the film that introduced **Mena Suvari** and **Thora Birch** topless. He also created the highly successful and somewhat-nudity-packed *Six Feet Under* for HBO. The man is a genius!

Ball's triumphant return to cable is set in rural Louisiana, where a group of sexy vampires has found acceptance from the local mortals, provided they agree not to suck blood. But enough about the storyline. Let's get to the real reason we watch *True Blood*—the tits!

Former child star **Anna Paquin** (*The Piano*) is the main attraction. She plays a psychic barmaid aptly named Sookie Stackhouse who has a passionate love affair with a vampire named Bill. Several episodes feature Anna's awesome mammaries on full display. This girl may be the greatest actress ever! Our favorite Sookie episodes include "Nothing but the Blood" and "I Will Rise Up."

Now Available on DVD!

Not to be outdone by the top-heavy top liner, several of Paquin's costars have turned in impressive (and topless) turns. Among our favorites are super-busty beauty **Jennifer Wenger** for her pool party nudity in the episode "Scratches" and screamer **Lynn Collins** for a convincing orgasm in "Mine" that will send shivers down your spine (and penis).

Also worth a look is blond **Danielle James**, who takes a unique ride to victory in the episode "Cold Ground." Finally, there's the stunning **Lizzy Caplan** in her breakout role as Amy Burley. The unbashful looker's perfect pair is featured in six episodes! Any way you look at it, week after week, the gorgeous goth girls of *True Blood* don't suck.

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*.

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EVE HIP-HOP HOTTIE

It's been quite a while since we've heard from sexy rapper Eve. The once-hot property who brought the world cuts like "Let Me Blow Ya Mind," "Gangsta Lovin'" and "Gangsta Bitches" has been absent from the music scene since the 2002 release of her less-than-successful album *Eve-Olution*.

Hoping to restart her stillborn career, Eve has been making a lot of high-profile red carpet appearances lately. Like this one at the Toronto Film Festival for the premiere of the **Drew Barrymore/Ellen Page** roller derby comedy *Whip It*.

Even though the venue was packed with luminaries from the worlds of film and music, Eve was the big attraction. Actually, make that her left boob when it "accidentally" popped out to greet the awaiting paparazzi.

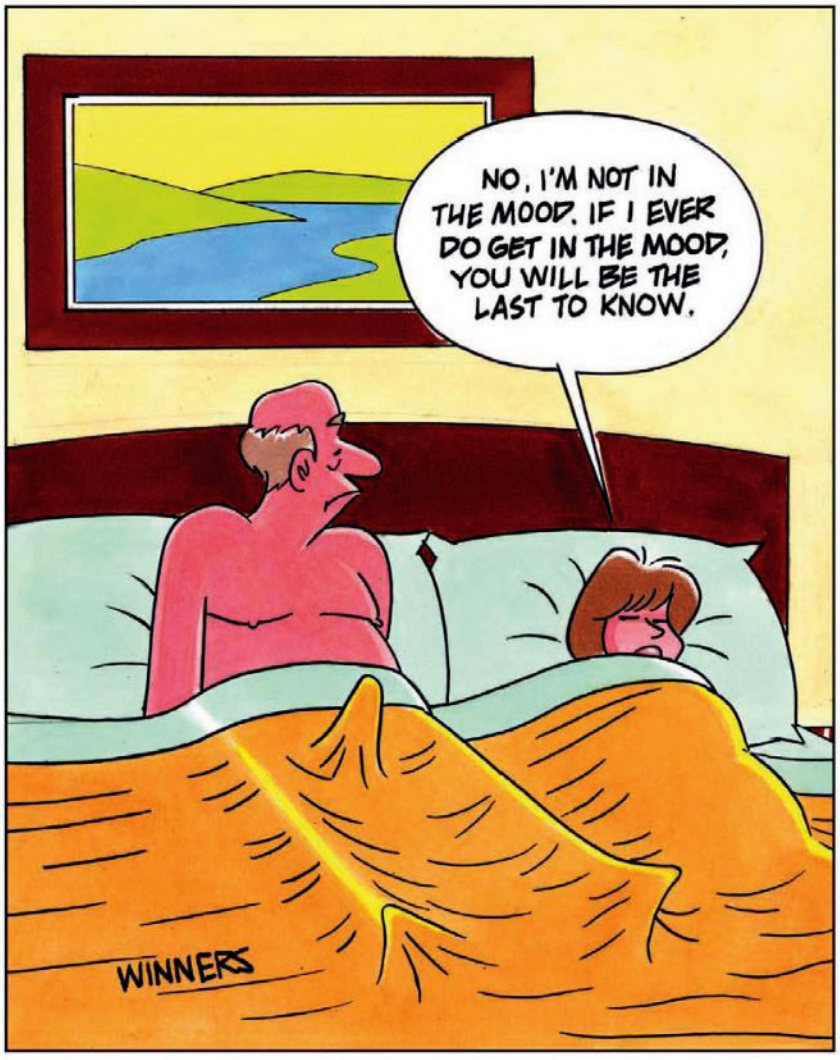
Nice work, Eve. Nothing recaptures the public's fading interest in a once-famous woman more than a well-placed nip slip.

Got any photos of music divas donning revealing attire? Get in touch with us by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may be able to buy those pics and publish them for the whole world to see.



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(continued from page 91) 2002. Three years later they took the plunge and bought Dressing for Pleasure, where the couple had been shoppers since 1999. The boutique was originally a modest showroom in an office complex behind a cheese shop.

"You had to get buzzed in," Ed recalls. "I looked around and was amazed at the variety of whips and floggers. Now everything is online. You can find stuff very quickly. Back then the information was nowhere near as readily available."

The Doughertys eventually moved the business across town to a larger space in a strip of stores. The dungeon is a separate entity in an undisclosed location. Members must pay a $50 fee and sign a consent form to join.

Nearly every weekend there are themed gatherings in the subterranean lair, which features a foot worship throne, an interrogation chamber, a mock doctor's office, a holding cell and heavy metal mood music. Each "play party" culminates with an object lesson in imaginative torment from Master and slave. Latex body painting is tame compared with other rituals.

Usually Ed punishes Karen, pushing her pain threshold with whips, canes, crops, clamps and electric wands. Call it performance art; call it a safety demo; call it anything but role-playing.

"Even though there's an audience, it's not acting," Karen insists. "It's part of who we really are. Not everyone has a reason. Not everyone was abused as a child. Maybe it's in our genes. Some people are 'wet-wired' for it. There are very high-powered executives who want their wives to whip them and take charge in the bedroom. That's relaxation for them."

"It's based on personality types," Ed says. "I was a high school sports captain. I've always been a natural leader. I don't take orders well at all, but I give them easily. My wife is the opposite. She is very comfortable being controlled. Her life is essentially laid out for her."

Between raising the family and running the store, Ed and Karen are often apart tending to various responsibilities. They do, however, carve out quality time every day. "After the kids are asleep and after all the work is done, we still have two or three hours a night together where we work on our relationship," Karen confides.

Unwinding at a diner after a session in the dungeon, they reminisce about the day they met on that Hoboken rooftop. "Remember the first time I saw you?" Ed asks.

"I was on my knees," Karen replies.

Smiling, Ed waxes, "If that's not a harbinger, I don't know what is."



Lisa Rose began her career at age 12, delivering newspapers and baby-sitting on Long Island. Now the strict vegetarian with no hobbies is a writer, photographer and recluse in New Jersey.

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HUSTLER'S UNTRUE HOLLYWOOD STORIES: PARIS

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



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Ah, Paris. We never get tired of the heiress who is famous for being famous for being famous for doing nothing but taping a few of her "sexploits."

Our video department has now just released its take on the celubtard's well-documented sex life. Titled ***HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Paris***, the hard-core extravaganza stars breathtaking **Eden Adams** as the pouty princess. Along the way she gets it on with her oversexed friends, including Nicole Richie (**Lexi Love**), Kimberly Stewart (**Krissy Lynn**) and the Greek Tycoon (**Randy Spears**).

The best part is that the outrageous spoof wasn't shot through an annoying night-vision filter. Unlike the jet-setter's real sex tapes, there's no greenish hue, and Paris doesn't look like a cocksucking raccoon.

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HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Paris is available from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 Ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 117 to order by mail.





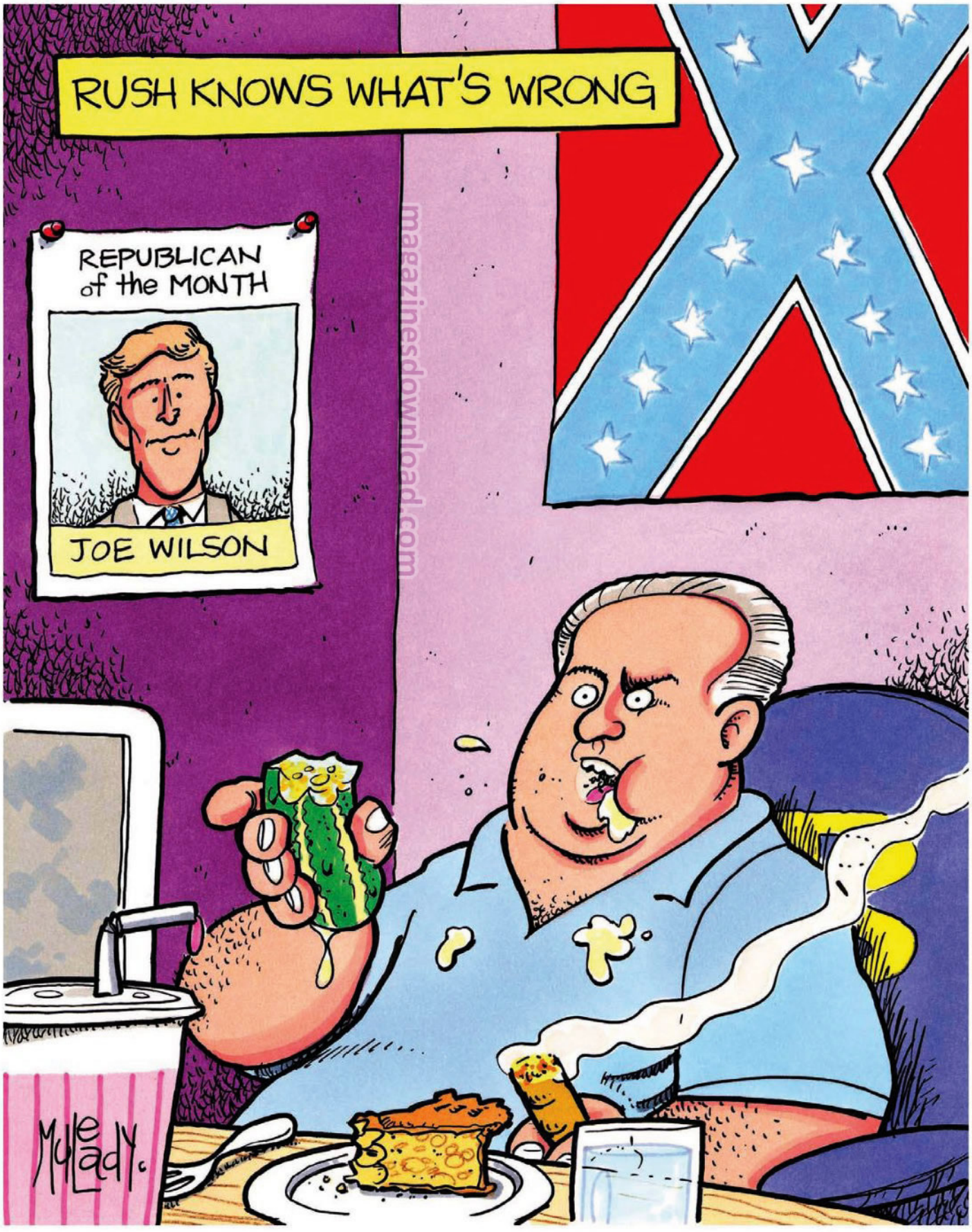
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"It's all Obama's fault! If he hadn't won the Presidency, we'd be discussing the issues now instead of the lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing nigger that's in the White House, my friends!"

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HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

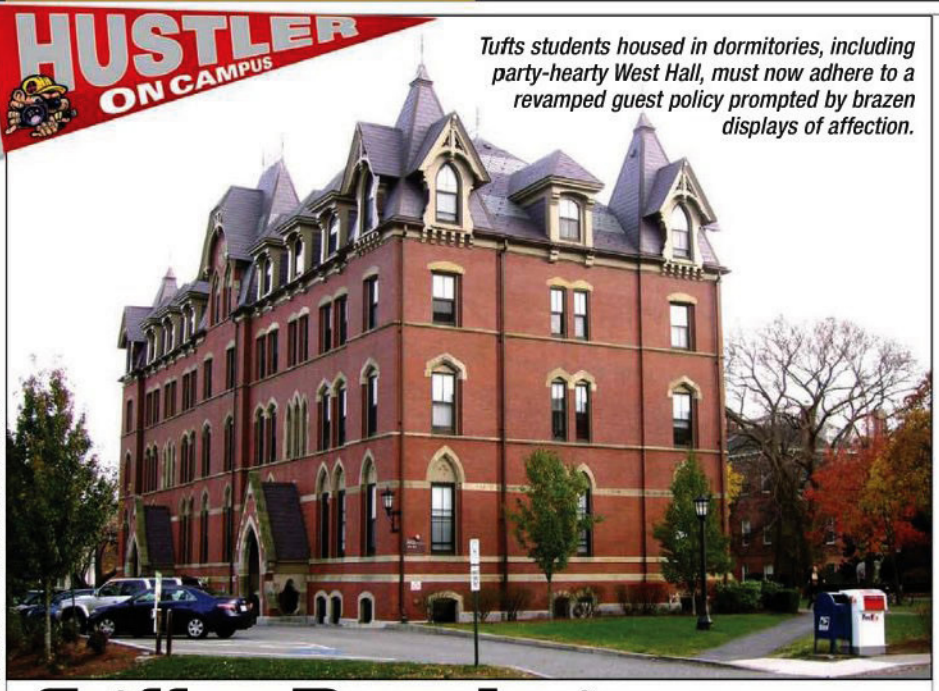


PHOTO BY GIOVANNI RUSSONELLO

Tufts students housed in dormitories, including party-hearty West Hall, must now adhere to a revamped guest policy prompted by brazen displays of affection.

Stiffer Regulations Arouse the Newshounds

Roommates, raunch and reporting run amok at **Tufts University** in Medford, Massachusetts.

Early in the 2009 fall semester, journalists from around the country contacted Tufts University's student newspaper. The *New Yorker*, *Washington Post* and other publications insisted they were chasing a story, but what they were really after was a three-letter word: *sex*.

The media went into a feeding frenzy when the *Tufts Daily* reported on the university's new dormitory policy. It basically banned engaging in sex while a roommate is around and stated that sexual activity shouldn't deprive a roomie of privacy or disrupt studies or sleep.

Within a week, hundreds of articles had been written by the mainstream media. Guess what made the number-one story on **CNN.com**'s most-read list? Conan, Leno, Kimmel, even the ladies on *The View* were all cracking wise about the university's new sex rules.

To us, the editors at the *Daily*, it hadn't seemed like that big a deal. We tossed around some jokes in the office, considered writing an editorial on the policy and then realized there just wasn't that much to say. So we forgot about it. But apparently we'd also forgotten how well sex sells.

We knew the administration hadn't instituted the policy so a SWAT team could break down doors and uncover foul play. The school wasn't going to launch secret interrogations to get students to rat out roommates for their romps. And the policy hadn't been imposed because some torrential free-love revival had suddenly struck Tufts, with student after student shoving pencils, papers and his own roommate aside so he could bang his latest conquest on a desk.

Loads of stories cast the university's policy as a questionable attempt to dictate students' sex lives. As it turns out, they were missing the point.

The Office of Residential Life and Learning said it wrote this rule after receiving close to a dozen complaints about sex-related issues. ResLife wanted something codified so it could back up students housed in dorms. "We hope that our guest policy will facilitate communication," announced Tufts spokesperson Kim Thurler, "and serve as a catalyst to empower roommates to initiate conversation."

A lot of Tufts kids see the logic. "For people who have issues talking to their roommates, it makes sense," senior Hena Kapadia told the *Daily*.

In an editorial on the news media's obsession with Tufts' guest policy, the *Daily* pointed out, "The new regulation might involve the word *sex*, but it seems to have really been intended more as a safety net than as an excuse for the university to investigate students' private lives. That point of view is not featured in most of the articles that Google News turns up."

Tufts' new policy on sex with a roommate present is there for the few who need it—those dealing with roomies who come back in the dark of night and, 12 drinks in, succumb to the heat of the moment with their girlfriend, boyfriend or new pal from Alpha Phi. If the roused can't work things out with the aroused through dialogue, now there's something concrete to cite.

Of course, not everyone agrees. Some maintain that this isn't the school's problem and that university bureaucrats are underestimating students' level of maturity. "They just don't treat us like adults," senior Mike Riess complained. "They have this attitude like they need to mother the student body, and it's just unnecessary and embarrassing."

No matter what your point of view, this story was surely blown out of proportion. For one, CNN reported: "The Massachusetts university's formal rule also bars so-called sexiling—exiling a roommate from the room so the other roommate can engage in sexual activity."

This isn't true, but the language in the policy saying that your sex life shouldn't get in the way of your roommate's lifestyle could surely apply at times. Say a wimpy law school-bound lad living with a linebacker finds a "Do Not Enter!" sock on his door for the sixth night in a row, and he has no idea how to deal with it. But, again, the regulation is just a tool for handling awkward situations, if and when they come about.

In the end this was a funny story. We all laughed. But what with the hundreds of articles, overwrought analyses and, in the case of CNN, apocryphal accounts, it looks like the media got a bit, well, overstimulated.



Giovanni Russonello, a senior majoring in history at Tufts University, is editor in chief of the *Tufts Daily*. Says the Washington, D.C., native: "I don't have a roommate, which makes things much easier."

AUTHOR PHOTO BY ANNE WERMIEL

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*.

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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



Krissi: Macomb Community College

Macomb Community College in Warren, Michigan, is a trend-setting institution. Most notably, it was the first C.C. to offer bachelor's degrees. This past summer the school gained additional cred when Barack Obama dropped by to deliver a speech on the American Graduate Initiative. Like the Prez, we cherish young people's desire to pursue an affordable education, but earning our highest praise are coeds willing to bare their bods.

A Macomber taking the initiative to share risqué pics is Krissi, a sophomore psychology major celebrating her 26th birthday in March. "I'm always flashing—even on the freeway," the "huge flirt" exults, "but sex in public rocks! 'Anywhere, anytime' is my motto! I've fucked in cars, parks, bar bathrooms and mall dressing rooms. I don't care if I get caught; that just makes it better!"

Also making Krissi's life better is the world of sports, namely basketball, football and hockey. "When you live near Detroit," the 5-foot-3 "Pistons and Red Wings fanatic" declares, "you have to be a fan! I can talk about the teams and players with the guys! I was a cheerleader from second grade throughout high school! I am *very* flexible."

Not to mention seductive, bi and nymphomaniacal. "My biggest hobby, besides networking and being a 4.0 party animal, is sex, sex and more sex," Krissi confides. "In bed I'm a freak. My tongue has superpowers—I love sucking a dude dry—but I also appreciate some nice pussy-licking before turning around and getting fucked from the rear!"

Looking ahead, the fan of Nickelback, Taylor Swift, *Family Guy* and *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew* muses, "I'm dying to seduce my favorite professor before or after class. He's *so-o-o-o* hot. When I see someone I want, I always score!" As for her career aspirations, naughty Krissi announces, "I'm looking to be a sex psychologist just like Dr. Drew."



PHOTOS BY ROBERT L.

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



Ally Ann ditches in ***This Ain't Saved by the Bell XXX.***



***XXX** pupils Missy Stone and Misty Stone give ol' Bayside a boost.*



This Ain't Saved by the Bell XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ASHLYNN RAE, MISSY STONE, MISTY STONE, NICOLE RAY, APRIL O'NEIL, ALLY ANN, RALPH LONG, MIKEY BUTDERS, ERIC JOHN & SCOTT STONE.

Welcome back to Bayside High. Things have changed a little since you were here last. Remember how good girl Kelly would never give Zack the occasional cafeteria blowjob or fuck his brains out with her sneakers on? That's different. And remember how prissy Lisa would never let Screech come all over her face, much less let it drip into her hair? That's different now too. Very different. Even if you were locked in detention during the '80s and never watched the original show, you'll want to see this spoof. Porn stars seem strangely good at playing vacuous, sex-obsessed pupils for some reason. And the sex scenes will bring back your stickiest high-school fantasies, like tag-teaming the biggest slut (Ally Ann) with your best buddy or secretly porking the stuck-up black girl (Misty Stone). Time in! If you're a sitcum completist you'll want this one. To order by mail, go to page 117. ***—M.J.***

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*Alektra Blue is **2040**'s sex machine.*



*System overload: **2040**'s Alexis Texas.*



*Kirsten Price still looks great in **2040**.*

2040

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: ALEKTRA BLUE, JESSICA DRAKE, KAYLANI LEI, MIKAYLA MENDEZ, KIRSTEN PRICE, ALEXIS TEXAS, BRAD ARMSTRONG, RANDY SPEARS & MARCUS LONDON.

Director Brad Armstrong's latest big-budget smutacular is a glossy sci-fi flick about fuckbots and the porn pricks who love them. Thirty years from now the world is a sexless place where everyone whacks off to avoid fatal viruses and porn studios have become megacorporations. This movie—no surprise—has all the warmth of a morgue. But it has its moments, such as when "anibots" get flummoxed by a mirror or shut down in the middle of a sex scene. Enter Alektra Blue, the most realistic anibot ever made. She's so real, even XXX veteran Randy Spears can fuck some feeling into her. Can true love and a little espionage defeat the corporate evildoers? You may or may not care, but you'll appreciate that Wicked called in its entire flesh-and-blood line-up to spread their wings and warm up this cold future. If you like your hard-core self-important and desperate to be loved—or you're just addicted to your RealDoll—you'll feel right at home in *2040*. ***—M.J.***

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*Relax, it's just cherry juice. Summer Haze sweetens her **Bouncy Bouncy Biggens**.*



*Sara Stone and Selena Castro keep the legend of **Biggens** alive.*



Bouncy Bouncy Biggens

POWERSVILLE/JM PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: SARA STONE, JESSICA MOORE, SELENA CASTRO, SUMMER HAZE, JOEY BRASS, CHRIS CHARMING, JENNER & LEE STONE.

We know what you're thinking: Is there any chance this movie features lots of bouncy, bouncy biggens? Wouldn't you know it, it does! And even better, these are guaranteed organic, free-range titties. No silicone ever! Nature's bounty gets hosed down, slicked up, bounced around, titty-fucked and creamed on until kingdom come. Looking slutty, bulbous Jessica Moore wanders down Hollywood Boulevard until a German guy shows up, drools over her *schoene Titten*, then reams her shitpipe while her funbags jiggle like propellers. Pudgy-cute Selena Castro busts out a can of whipped cream on her huge puppies, and Summer Haze adds chocolate and cherries to turn her rack into a double-droop sundae. Yep, this is exactly the kind of smut *Big 'Uns* fan Al Bundy would eat up. So don't think you're too good for it. **—M.J.**

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Priya Rai and Stacy Adams bust out their best in ***Jack's Big Tit Show #9****.*





Tit *queen Gianna Michaels takes it easy.*

Jack's Big Tit Show #9

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: GIANNA MICHAELS, PRIYA RAI, ANGELINA ASH, ALEXIS SILVER, STACY ADAMS, JAMES DEEN, CHRIS CHARMING, DERRICK PIERCE, JOHNNY SINS & DANNY MOUNTAIN.

We're putting this review and *Bouncy Bouncy Biggens* side by side so you can decide which boobflesh you like better: Darwin-made or man-made. Tough call, ain't it? Actually, the top-heavy talent in the latest *Jack's* tit show has some of the best augmentations in the biz, bearing out the theory that the secret to a great boob job is to have a big rack to start with. Gianna Michaels, for instance, is famous for her pendulous wonders and always brings plenty of fun to her fuck scenes. We're dubbing Indian beauty Priya Rai the looker on this disc. The only thing more hypnotic than those gorgeous eyes is watching her tits try to bust out of her fishnet bodystocking. Alexis Silver, who appears to be gloriously all-natural, apparently prefers to take it in the ass before any other orifice. Finally, a chick who understands us. Jack's movies are big award winners, and his tit flicks are top sellers. So if boobs give you that drooler's stare, make your life easy and go with the herd. ***—M.J.***

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Scully (Kimberly Kane) gives Mulder one for **The Sex Files**.

The Sex Files

REVOLUTION X/DIGITAL SIN. DIRECTOR: SAM HAIN. STARRING: KIMBERLY KANE, ASHLYNN BROOKE, AUDREY BITONI, AURORA SNOW, GRACIE GLAM, JACKIE DANIELS, TORY LANE, TAYLOR VIXEN, ANGELICA RAVEN, CHARLEY CHASE, ANTHONY ROSANO, ROD FONTANA, EVAN STONE, TYLER KNIGHT & PIKE NELSON.

If you "want to believe" as hard as we do, you'll hope they didn't fuck this one up. They didn't. The folks at New Sensations and Digital Sin are turning out some of the best porn parodies around (next to HUSTLER, of course), and *The Sex Files* might be their masterstroke. Mulder (Anthony Rosano) and Scully—played by alt-porn darling Kimberly Kane, a Gillian Anderson look-alike if there ever was one—get mixed up with a sex magic cult. The plot provides for plenty of otherworldly, orgiastic screwing and long-winded theorizing. (Not the usual porn flick babble, that's for sure.) An unhurried spoof with a straight face, *The Sex Files* is full of surprises, like wrinkly old Skinner banging his secretary, Ashlynn Brooke going brunette to play the evil Lilith, autopsied Evan Stone on a slab, not to mention an earnest attempt to pay tribute to the original show. (The budget was supposedly the highest ever for a parody flick.) Sure, there are uneven moments, but you have to admire that the director aims for big romance when our agents finally release all that sexual tension. Full of warmth and respect, it's the best scene in the movie. The truth is still out there, but it can wait. **—M.J.**





Ashlynn Brooke embodies **Sex Files** femme fatale Lilith.

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I WANNA DO BAD THINGS WITH YOU

Ashlynn Brooke and Misty Stone scorch the set of New Sensations's *True Blood* parody.

"WE TOOK THE SHOW and made it hotter," enthuses Ashlynn Brooke, writer and star of New Sensations's *Tru*, a hard-core sendup of the TV hit *True Blood*. Presumably, she's talking about sex.

"Oh, we forgot the sex scenes!" interjects director Lee Roy Myers, staring in mock shock at his leading lady, who giggles. Ashlynn plays *Tru*'s vampire magnet Sookie, a Southern belle with a heart of gold.

Lounging on location at L.A.'s rustic Bigfoot Lodge, she's clearly excited about her first produced screenplay. While Misty Stone—cast as bayou babe Tara—bangs out a scene in the background, Ms. Brooke babbles happily: "It's cool to see what you write actually be there in front of you. I'm a huge fan, so this version is somewhere between homage and parody. I combined elements of the show and the original books. Then we bumped everything up a notch."

It sounds like hype, but New Sensations has been pumping real effort—and loads of cash—into its XXX spoofs. This one will be studded with supernatural effects. Think shapeshifting and sprouting fangs.

"We're working hard to make it look and feel like the show," Myers boasts. "A couple days ago we were shooting in the Angeles National Forest. We had record-high winds that day. The trees were swaying; it was wild—very atmospheric. The performers have been great. Some serious acting. We were shooting a scene in which the character Lafayette dies. Intense. I look at Misty during the scene. There are tears in her eyes."

Ashlynn settles into the makeup chair for her transformation into Sookie. Before the night is through, she'll throw her body and soul into the role. Anna Paquin, eat your heart out.

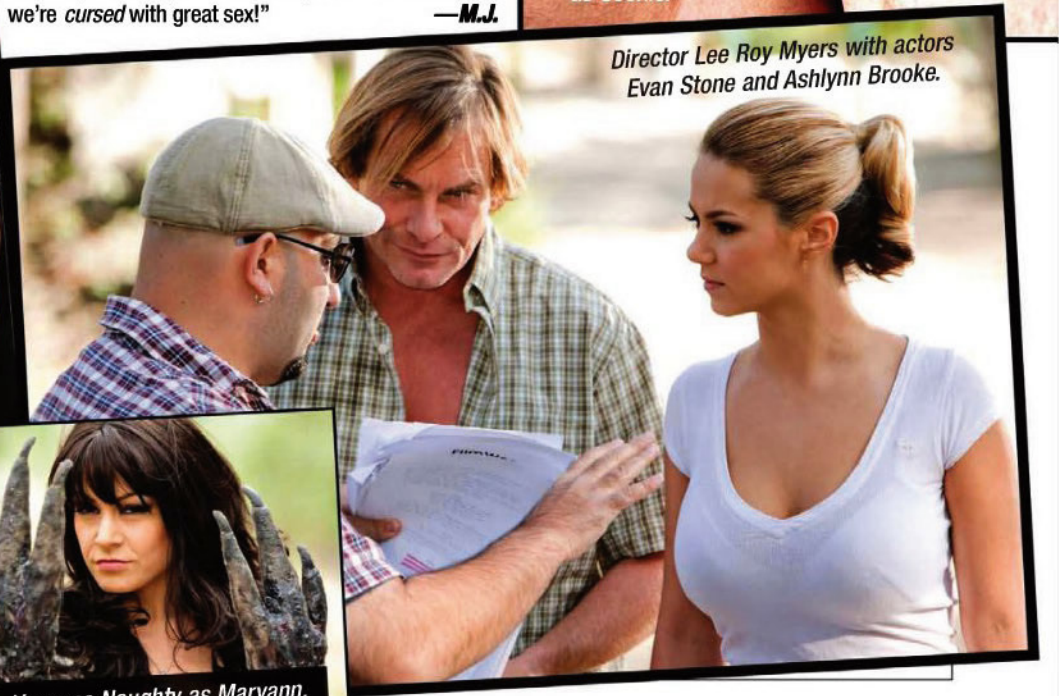
Myers tosses out a ready-to-print quote as he heads off to capture Misty Stone's money shot: "You could say we're *cursed* with great sex!" —**M.J.**



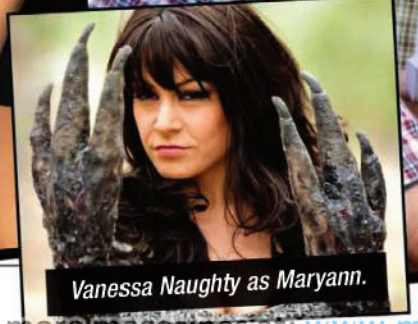
Ashlynn Brooke as Sookie.



Misty Stone as Tara.



Director Lee Roy Myers with actors Evan Stone and Ashlynn Brooke.



Vanessa Naughty as Maryann.

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HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD

WANNA GET LUCKY?



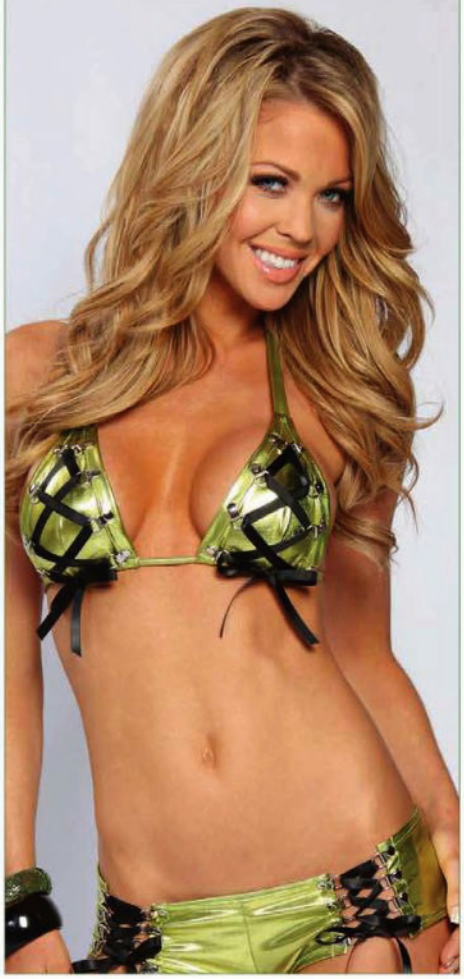
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*Kristina Rose turns tail in **Barely Legal Bubble Butts**.*

Barely Legal Bubble Butts

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: VAN STYLES. STARRING: JENNY HENDRIX, ALEXIS TEXAS, RACHEL MILAN, KRISTINA ROSE, AUBREY ADDAMS, MR. PETE, SASCHA, JAMES DEEN & MARK WOOD.

What about the title *Barely Legal Bubble Butts* doesn't holler instant erection? As you may have guessed, there's a theme here: pert little teenie boobs up top; tight, round rear upholstery below. Jenny Hendrix kicks off this color guard of cute with a standard dick-pumper that suddenly veers into anal. Holy premature climax! Tough act to beat, but Kristina Rose does it. You may remember the relative newbie as "Elaina" in New Sensations's *Seinfeld* parody. With passion to match her looks, Kristina is becoming a fine porn star. Doe-eyed brunette Rachel Milan may be the cutest piece of ass on offer—maybe—but finale girl Alexis Texas has a way of clearing the memory banks. No doubt poems are being penned about her bubble butt right now. Here's ours: If there's one thing you should see before you die, it's Alexis Texas squeezing out a tasty creampie! To get your fill, turn to page 117 and order now. **—M.J.**

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*Rachel Roxxx and Sadie West lick and make up in **Untrue Hollywood Stories: Angelina Jolie & Jennifer Aniston**.*

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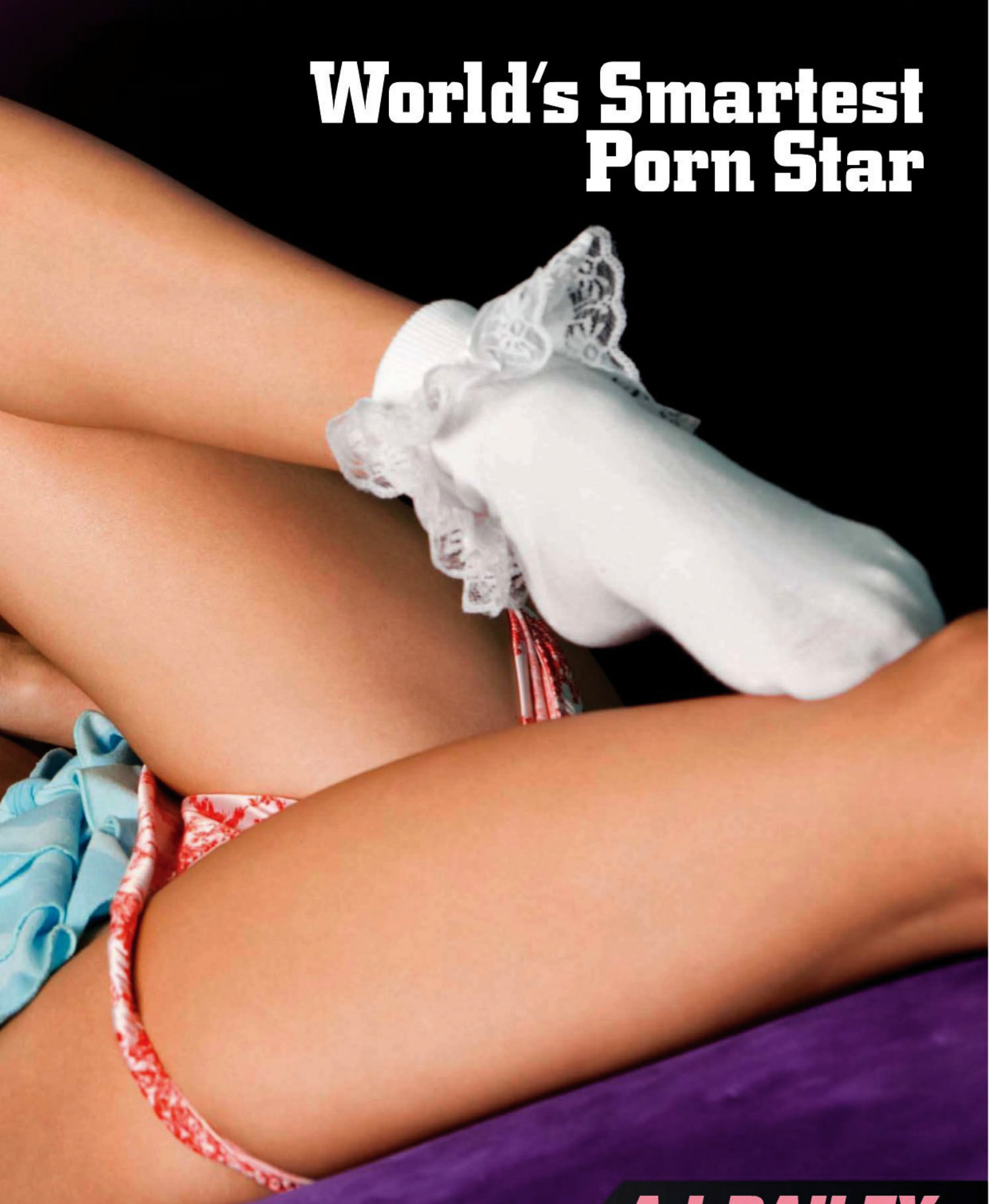
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World's Smartest Porn Star



AJ BAILEY

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AJ Bailey has it all: beauty, brains and a body that just won't quit.

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Beauty: "You really have to work at being beautiful," the Vivid contract girl declares. "It's not something that comes naturally. I think the sexiest people I know are sexy because of the way they carry themselves. Their positive attitude and wit interest me more than anything else."

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"I was definitely a late bloomer. You know, one of those dorky girls who spent all her time in libraries and museums. I didn't lose my virginity until college. But once I bloomed, I bloomed a lot!"

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Brains: "People assume if you are a girl working in porn that you had no other options," **AJ** asserts. "They think you must be stupid. I'm obviously not that stereotype. Although I did drop out of high school, I soon realized I'd be going nowhere without an education. I went back and graduated from high school, college and even got a master's degree in anthropology from St. Andrews University in Scotland."

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"Getting into the adult world was a business choice I made based on what was best for me. So far it has worked out great on several levels."



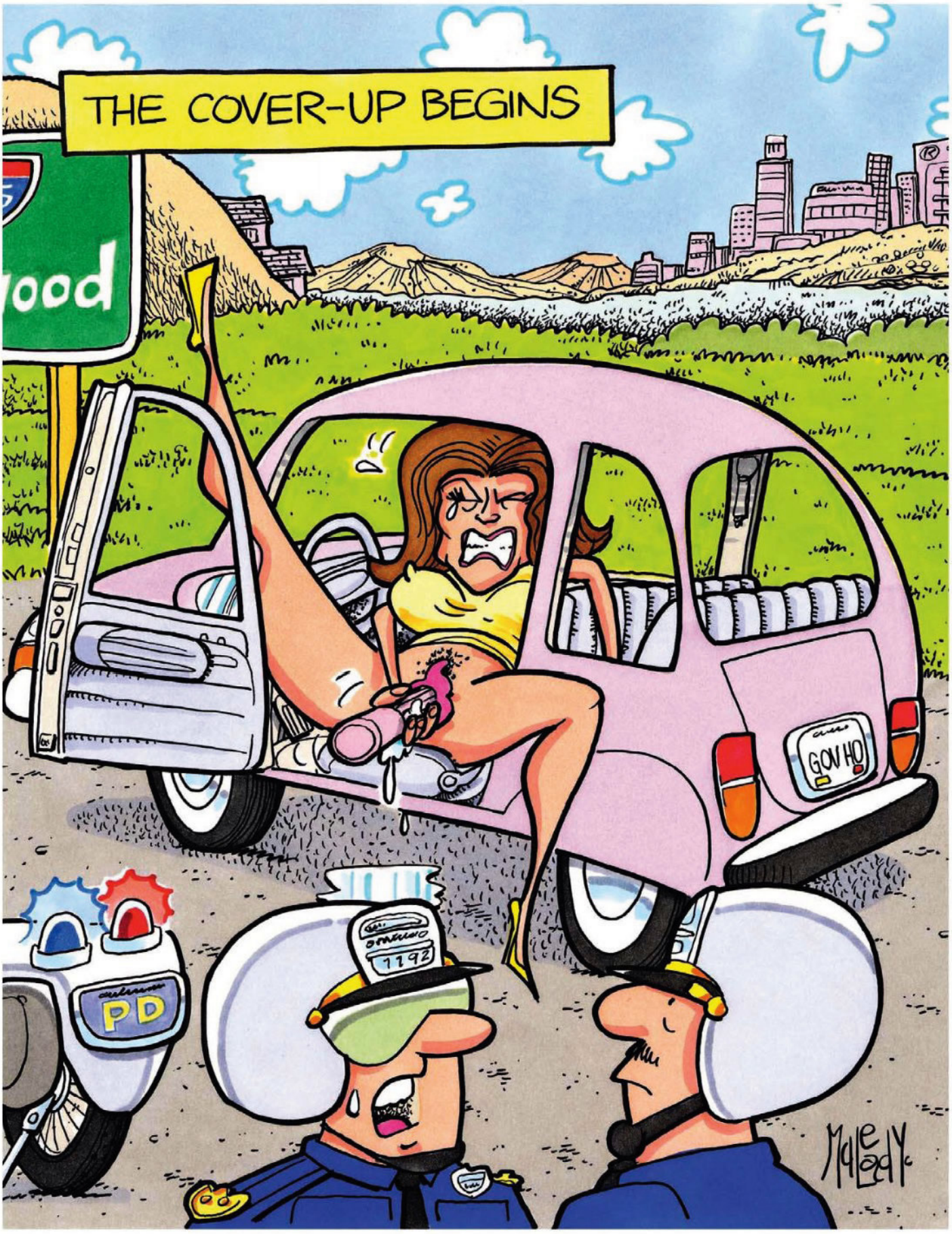
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Body: "I like dressing up in creative outfits for sex," Ms. **Bailey** professes. "Something about that really turns me on. Whether it's a naughty schoolgirl or dirty cheerleader or this Little Bo Peep outfit I'm wearing for the shoot, dressing up makes sex fun. That's what it should be. Being in porn is the most amazing and fun thing I've ever done. I can't believe how lucky I am."

AJ BAILEY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: St. Louis | AGE: 29 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 119

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"If we tell Arnold Schwarzenegger we arrested his wife for driving while using a dildo, he'll terminate us. Better tell him it was a cell phone!"

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For months we've wondered what these twins from the Heartland would cook up next. How about a serving of the "inseparable" sweeties side by side in all their glory?

AMBER & ANGELA

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

Our October '09 lineup introduced Amber, 23, a "bi, seductive, kinky and flexible" poet from Morgantown, Indiana. Lo and behold, Amber's "fun, loving, kind, unique and bi" twin sister Angela, an artist, followed in her footsteps a month later. Born first (by nine minutes) and the first to lose her virginity (waiting until she was 18), Amber reiterates, "Angela and I wanted to be a part of our fave men's magazine. We both love HUSTLER, being naked and sex!" So who couldn't love these uninhibited, 5-foot-5 siblings?!

"We have the ultimate sister bond," Amber relates. "Our closeness is inseparable. We shower with each other, we share our boyfriends and girlfriends, and we really enjoy experiencing new things together."

"We're crazy, sexy, adventurous and wild best friends!" Angela interjects. "We even sleep together—but just to feel close and keep warm."



"Although we might masturbate," Amber sheepishly acknowledges. "I guess some folk probably wonder if we do more than that. Anyway, being exposed in one of the world's greatest magazines was exhilarating! Posing nude with my twin sister was even more fun. Maybe Angela and I will make a career out of this! It's been a wonderful journey, so we will definitely be *coming* up with hot new pics for the world to see. Watch out!"

"Seeing myself in HUSTLER was sweet," Angela recalls, "but posing naked with Amber was even more exciting. Heck, we even went outside and did it again! I hope your readers enjoy lusting for us together! Remember, we're double the fun, double the pleasure and double the twat! Twin twats at that! Enjoy!" —Photos by Mother & "Angela's Boy Toy"



EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

MAY LIN

"I know I have a sexy body, and I wanted everyone to see it, not just my boyfriend," exults this "outgoing, out of the ordinary, fabulous and unique" 19-year-old from Anchorage, Alaska. May Lin seems qualified for her fave TV show, *America's Next Top Model*, but the 5-foot Filipina has given us first dibs, meaning the shopping, partying and hip-hop dancing aficionada can ditch that bitchin' bikini to liven up the show. May Lin also watches *16 and Pregnant*, *Room Raiders 2.0* and the Food Network. "I love pizza, mac and cheese, Hamburger Helper, hot dogs, Beyoncé, Jay-Z and T-Pain," the delish dish fills us in before getting to the juicy stuff. "I like girls," the skin-mag virgin discloses, "but I gotta have the dick! The first time was in the gym during school, and it hurt like hell. The guy didn't know what he was doing, and it was the shortest time ever. He came within seconds of putting it in me." Well, the hottie's first public exposure may again cause premature ejaculation, testimony to her youth and exotic charms. May Lin rocks! —Photos by Friend



"I give great head, but I can't wait to climb on top of a guy and fuck!"





"I shave my coochie all the time. I like it really soft and smooth down there."



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SAM

"Being in HUSTLER is really cool," purrs this "fun-loving" MILF from Waycross, Georgia. "I hope your readers enjoy looking at me. I love modeling nude." Sam, 23, quickly dispenses with her straitlaced joys. "I like to swim, work out, read, shop, play on the Internet and hang with friends," she tells us. Now the nitty-gritty! "I wear only a thong when I go outside to check the mail, and I walk around my house and answer doors naked," the 5-foot-6 jezebel reveals. "I am a wonderful wife because I do everything I should the right way, especially when it comes to the bedroom. I'm straight, bi-curious sometimes and always horny. I love giving and receiving head, I love bouncing my ass when I'm on your cock, and I love being tied up so you can have your way with me." Sam's on a roll. "I'll have sex any time, any place," she insists. "It's much more exciting when you might be seen. So far I've had some in a movie theater, on a dirt road and on a swing." Get ready to titillate your neighbors, sugar. Mr. Flynt's check is in the mail. —Photos by Sam





"My fantasy is for y'all to get woodies looking at my pictures!"





MONICA

"Getting into HUSTLER was something I wanted to try," announces Monica, 21, a massage therapy student and bride-to-be from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. "I don't have a problem with people seeing me naked. I used to work at a strip club." For conversational foreplay, nimble-fingered Monica rattles off some of her personal heavy-hitters: "I like rock music, especially Creed and Styx, R&B and some country once in a blue moon. My favorite TV shows are *Maury* and *Cops*, I root for the New York Yankees and Pittsburgh Steelers, and I love chowing down on pizza and chicken wings." But not poontang. "I'm straight," the 5-foot-6 modeling ingenue asserts, "and I do absolutely everything! I'm not a picky person. But I must say I like being tied up to a bed and getting fucked really hard while I'm playing with my pussy." Monica, who once had sex in a park, bares a provocative fantasy: "I'd love to be nude at a crowded nonnude beach." —Photos by Fiancé





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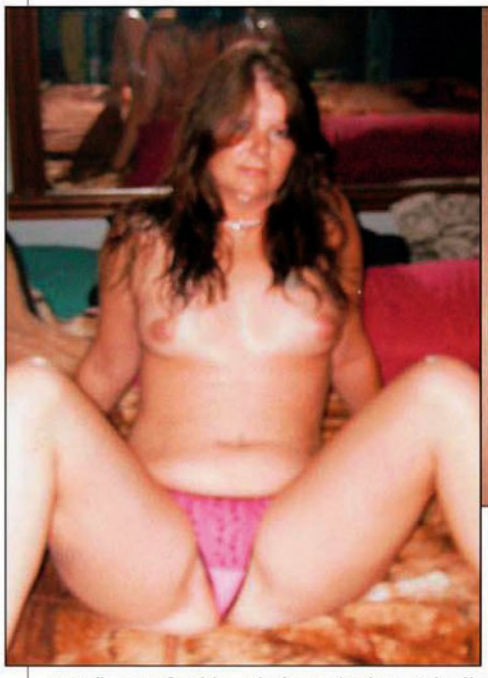


"That people are seeing me naked brings a smile to my face."



MIA JEM

"I just wanted to do something new," reckons this "fun and very flirty" sales rep from Lake Village, Arkansas. Mia Jem, who'll be turning 32 in March, has a portfolio of fun stuff: singing, music (her fave songbird being Loretta Lynn), traveling, arts, *CSI*, *The Girls Next Door* and "shopping for sexy shoes and lingerie." Yet to say "I do," the 5-foot-6 looker is also searching for her Mr. Right—preferably "a great kisser with manners, a good job and an awesome personality." What's in store for him is a "daring, spontaneous, experimental" bedmate. "I'll do anything," Mia Jem avows, "but I most love rubbing a large cock and the reverse-cowgirl position. I'm reaching my peak." With "sex in the belfry of a church" under her belt, the "straight-but-I-should-have-been-bi" gal hankers for "wild, steamy sex on a bed of money." —Photos by Friend







COOKIE

Bedecking our latest cavalcade as a March birthday celebrant is this uninhibited homemaker from Vicksburg, Mississippi. "Just thinking about being in *Beaver Hunt* makes my pussy so wet," coos Cookie, who's up for brazenly displaying her goodies and expressing what she digs as her 41st milestone approaches. (Yes, she was born in '69.) "I've always been into everything from cocksucking and anal to girls, strap-ons and threesomes," notes the 5-foot-6 libertine, whose fave rock band is, fittingly, AC/DC. "But I finally had my first foursome. It was so different and so much fun. There were two cocks and a pussy to play with. I was in heaven! Honestly, my sex life is extreme. I can't wait to see what's thrown at me next. Right now I'm fixin' to invite three or four couples over for my wildest and raunchiest birthday party ever." Cheers, Cookie! —Photos by Boyfriend

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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT



MERCY

"I love anal sex. It's simple: No pain, no gain!"

"I have an ass you dream about, a pretty pussy and the sexiest titties you can imagine," proclaims this "sweet, sassy, motivated, open-minded and a little conceited" certified nurse's assistant by way of Waco, Texas. "I'm the reason you made HUSTLER!" Mercy is tailor-made for our March roundup, as the Lone Star State celebrates its independence, while Mercy—a onetime cheerleader—will be blowing out 20 candles on her birthday cake. As a carnal free spirit, the 5-foot-2 Latina takes the cake. "I'm bisexual and very seductive," Mercy owns up. "I love gettin' licked from the back, from ass to clit. Damn, that's one hell of an orgasm! Now you know why I shave. The less hair down there, the better the tongue can work its magic. Of course, my favorite position is me on all fours, gettin' fucked from behind. It feels *so-o-o* good!" But the "big fan of Mariah Carey, Eminem and *The L Word*" has more ribald assertions: "I'm also very adventurous. An ex-girlfriend can verify that. I let her finger me and fuck me with a strap-on dildo in a movie theater. Sex in public turns me on. My fantasy is getting caught having a threesome in a church." For righteous parting words, Mercy bellows, "I'm a nymphomaniac!" —Photos by Friend





"I have a boyfriend and a girlfriend. They love my body, and I love showing it off."

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NICKY

"My guy is in Iraq, and he couldn't be more thrilled," raves this secretary and aspiring actress out of Canton, Ohio. "He never holds me back from something I want to do, even being naked in HUSTLER." Or screwing around in public places. "I get off on the thrill of *almost* getting caught," admits "very outgoing and adventurous" Nicky, 25. "I've had sex in a park during the daytime, while my guy and I were driving, under a roller coaster and at a porn store." Meanwhile, for less harrowing interests the 5-foot-3 tyro has social networking, music (Avril Lavigne, Kate Voegele, Michael Bublé), choreographing songs, writing and the boob tube (*Gossip Girl*, *Family Guy*, *South Park*, *Weeds*, *The Vampire Diaries*). "I'm a great person to watch TV with because I have the girly-girl tendencies," Nicky adds, "but I also can be a guy's girl and watch some basketball or football or a good old blow-me-up action movie." Before bidding adieu, the shaved—"It makes my pussy feel cleaner"—pizza, pasta and cereal lover whips up dessert: "I like being tied up, and my favorite positions are doggy-style and, for the best orgasms, on top. I haven't been with a woman in a while, but I love to know there's always cake, and I can eat it too!" As for Nicky's top fantasy, she muses, "I'd love to meet Johnny Depp someday; he's the most amazing actor ever!" —Photos by Friend





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NAOMI



"I'm up for new and exciting things," professes this "tough" cook from San Juan, Puerto Rico, whose age may blow your mind. "While on vacation in Hawaii, I met a guy who asked me to pose for *Barely Legal* magazine, and I told him I was 27. You should have seen the look on his face." Instead, to *Beaver Hunt* fans' delight, we're showcasing cute-as-a-button Naomi's countenance and all the rest of her tantalizing, 4-foot-11 bod. Plus some pastimes: "basketball, volleyball, R&B music and cooking naked at home." As for being the main course, it seems single gal Naomi is more than a modeling newbie. "I don't have that much sexual experience," she confides. "I started with girls, I like fucking in every position, and I'm always horny, but I've never given a guy a blowjob. I want to learn." Naomi, willing subjects shouldn't be hard to find. —Photos by Friend



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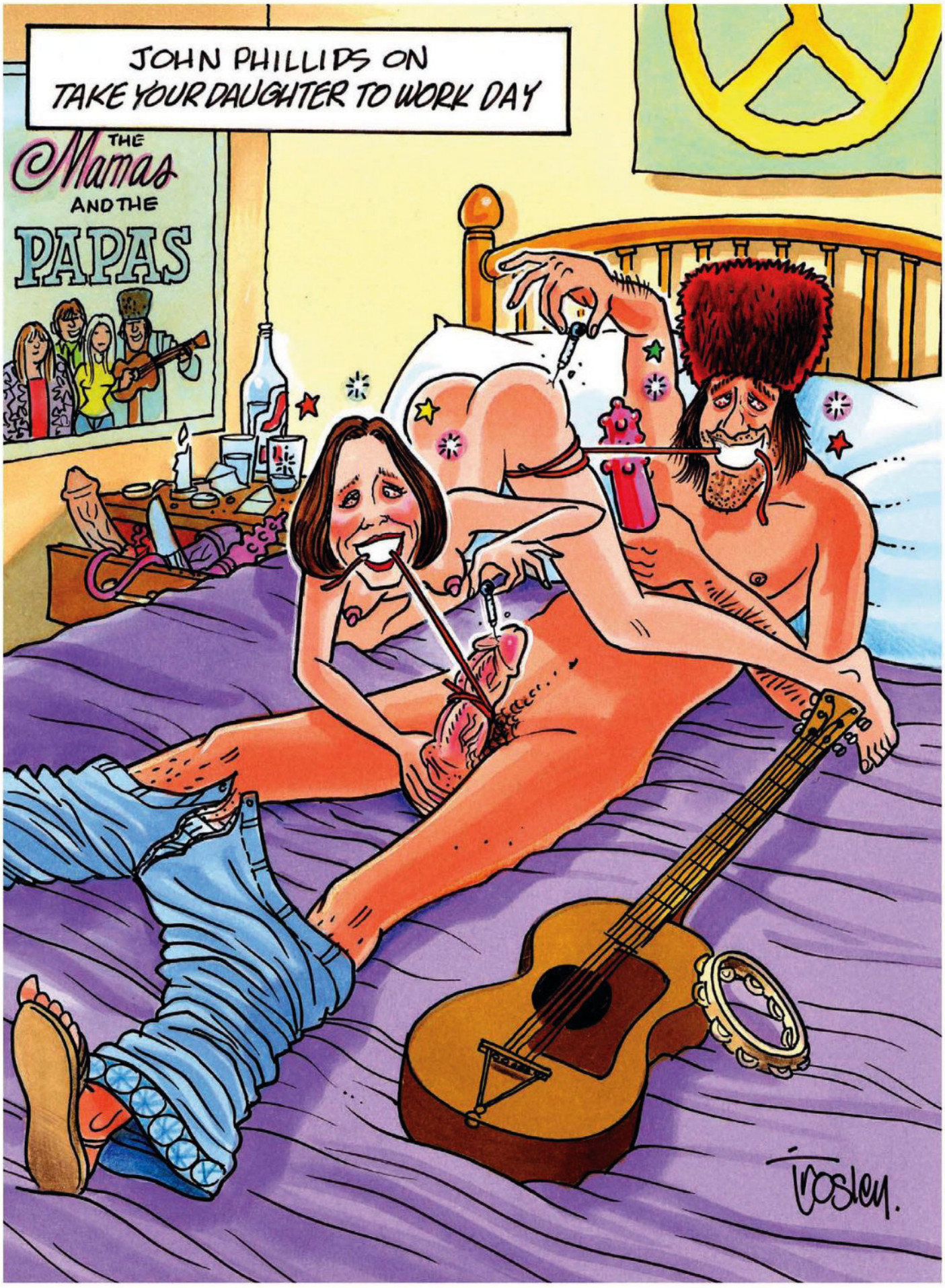
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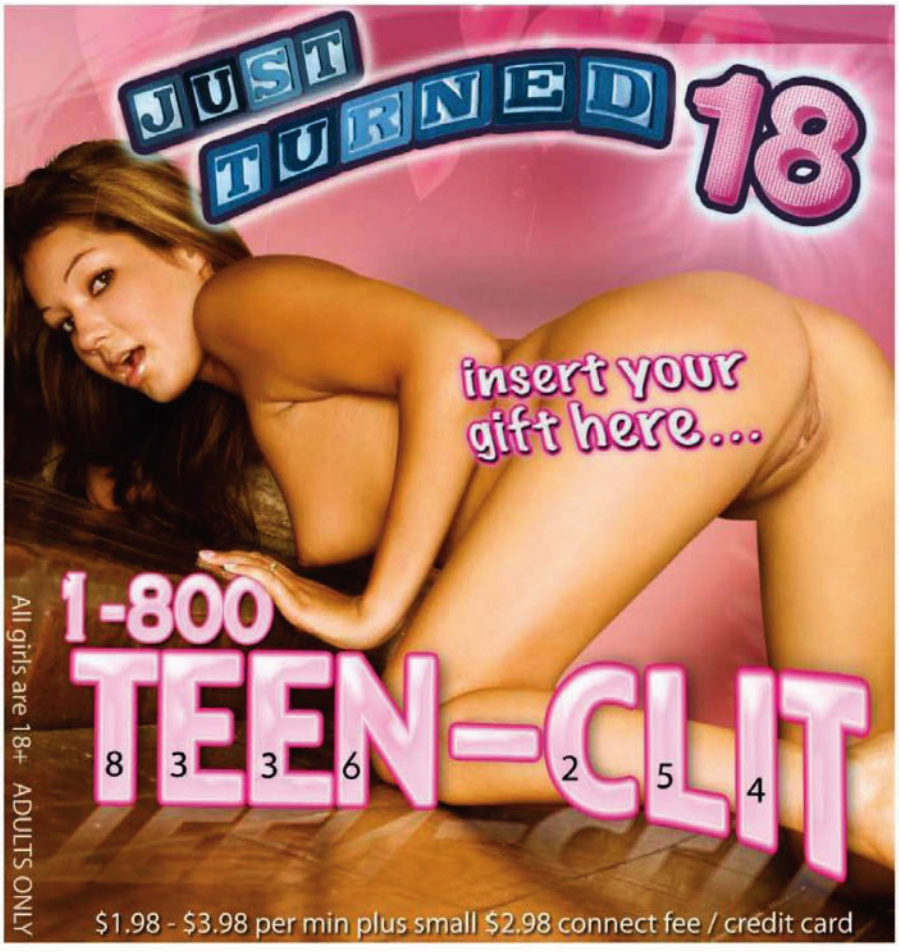








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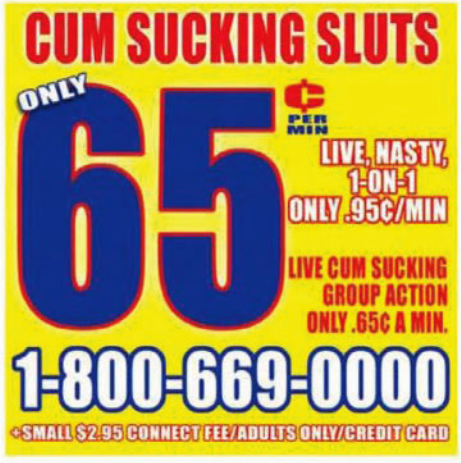










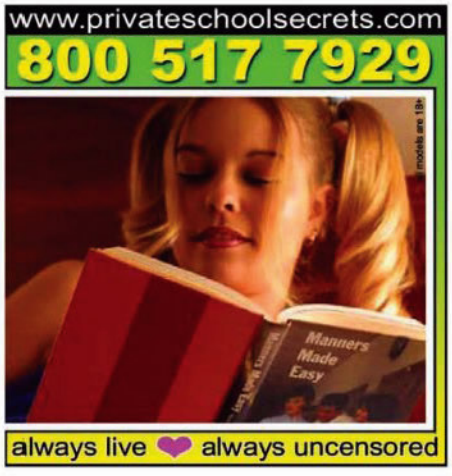


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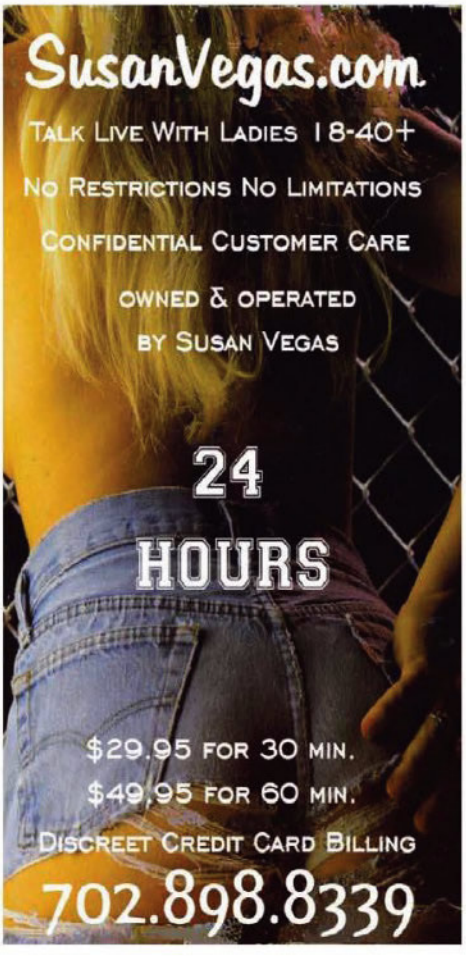


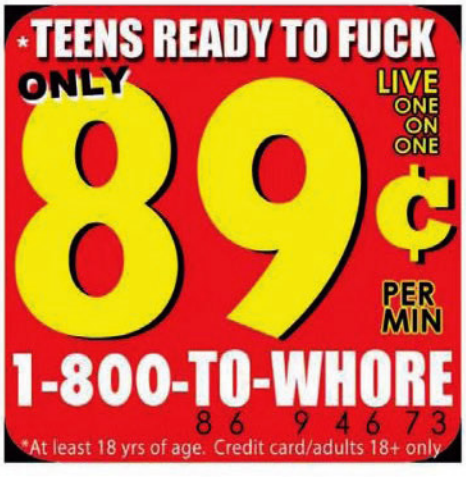






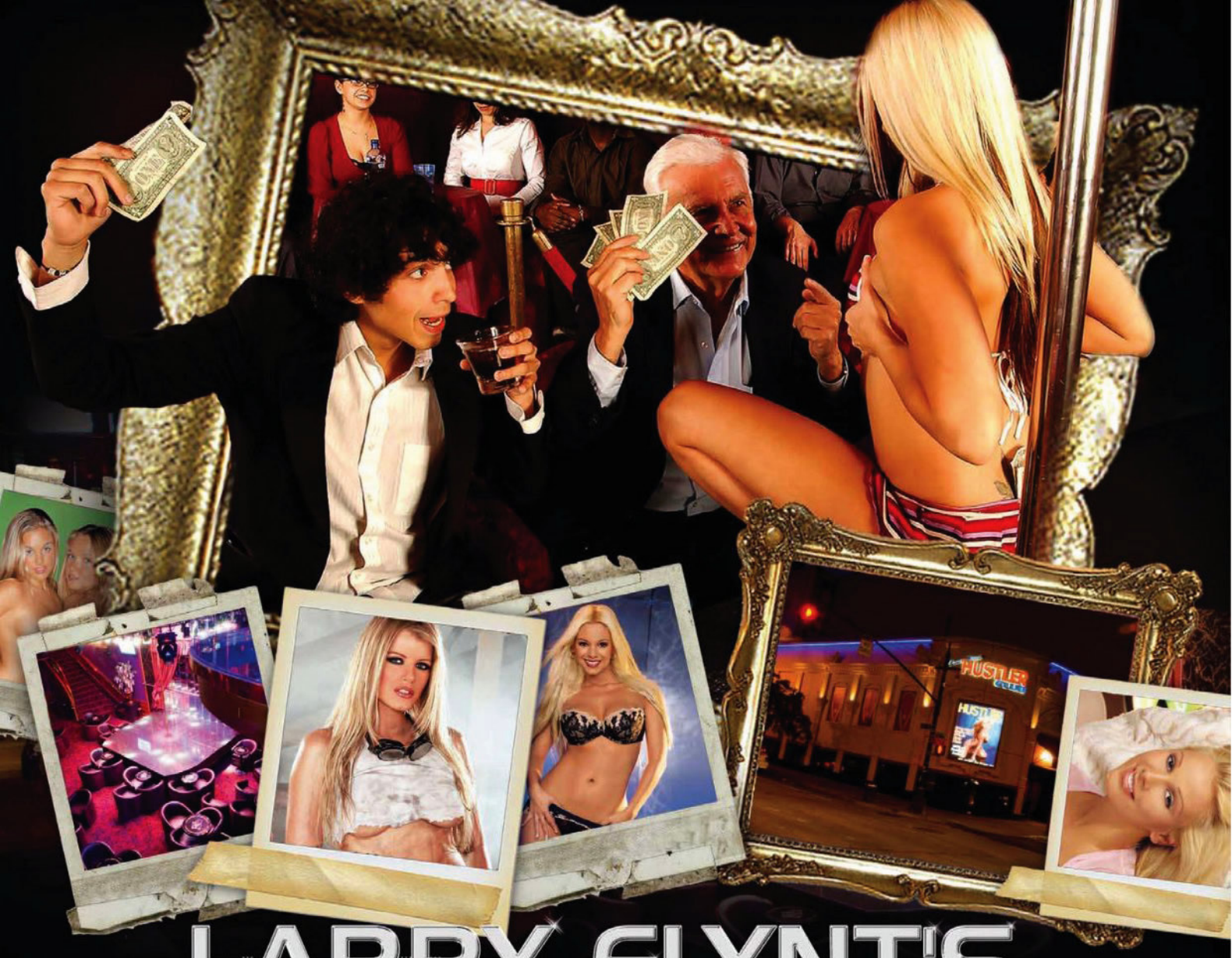








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There's a good reason why fit and foxy **Shayla** has a figure that won't quit. A serious gymnast who hopes to compete in the 1988 Olympics, she works out thoroughly every day. "My body is my most precious possession," **Shayla** explains. "It's important that I keep it in the best possible condition." But her physical conditioning comes in handy in other places as well, particularly the bedroom.

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"I'm a real athlete. I need a powerful man in bed because some of my lovers have complained that I hurt them. I don't mean to—it's just that when I'm coming, I kind of lose control. I've been known to knock men to the floor just arching my back, and once I nearly crushed a poor guy's head between my thighs!"

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Still, a roll in the hay with Shayla seems like a risk well worth taking. We wish her the best of luck in the Olympic trials. How can she fail to win a gold medal when she's already a perfect 10?

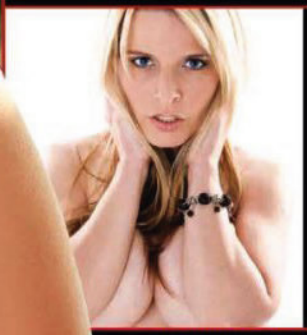
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COMING NEXT

ED NORTON *MANO A MANO* WITH LARRY FLYNT



Listen in as Larry Flynt asks actor/director Ed Norton to discuss his new documentary *By the People: The Election of Barack Obama*. Other topics include the environment, healthcare, America's economic meltdown, actress Salma Hayek and the biopic *The People vs. Larry Flynt* (in which Norton played our publisher's valiant attorney).

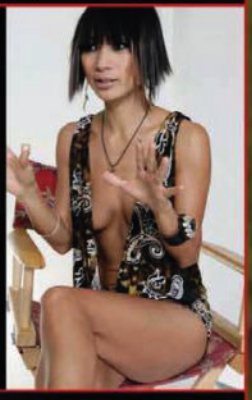


MILFS: OVER 30 BUT NOT OVER THE HILL

Since mothers I'd like (to) fuck have become a major skin-biz attraction, we're launching a new eye candy feature. Getting the ball rolling is MILF Rachel Gunn, who's often mistaken as the older sister of her two kids. Eager to bare it all, this boadcious 35-year-old can still hold her own when it comes to being sexy and driving men wild.

IS MOVIE STAR BAI LING REALLY CRAZY?

Bai Ling, who portrayed Richard Gere's barrister in *Red Corner*, continues to light up the big screen with her exotic allure and daredevil antics. During a visit with Keith Valcourt, Bai Ling—who insists she was born on the moon—talks about "exciting gentlemen" and "unleashing my extreme side" in such films as *The Crow* and *Crank 2: High Voltage*.





WEBMASTER XXXTRAORDINAIRE

Porn chicks are raking in big bucks with their dot-coms. Helping take many of them to the bank is Brian Gage a/k/a Rodeo Danger. Kayden Kross and Lisa Ann are just two of the XXX stars who shine online thanks to his knack for orchestrating heavy-duty erotica mixed with funny stuff. Going behind the scenes, awestruck writer M. Allen Nathan scopes out a working stiff's perfect gig.

THE ULTIMATE MIND FUCK

The psychedelic brew ayahuasca has long been venerated by Amazonian tribes for spiritual and medicinal purposes. It's also used in rituals of several South American-based religions with branches in the U.S. that allow devotees to legally experience mind-boggling trips. As journalist Justin Hampton warns, ayahuasca isn't for everybody, but it could be an effective tool in addiction treatment and psychotherapy.





LENS PHENOM HOLLY RANDALL'S NUDE DELIGHTS

Holly Randall, the daughter of legendary shutterbug Suze Randall, has provided us with a steady stream of top-notch nude layouts and eye-catching cover photos. So we are proud to announce that Holly has chronicled her masterful work in a dazzling new book. Don't miss our exclusive sneak peek at *Erotic Dream Girls*.

ANGEL KISS

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