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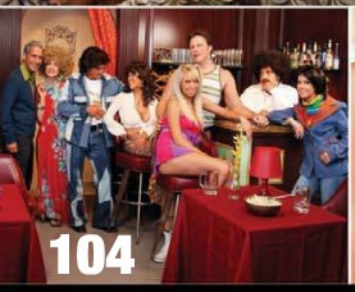
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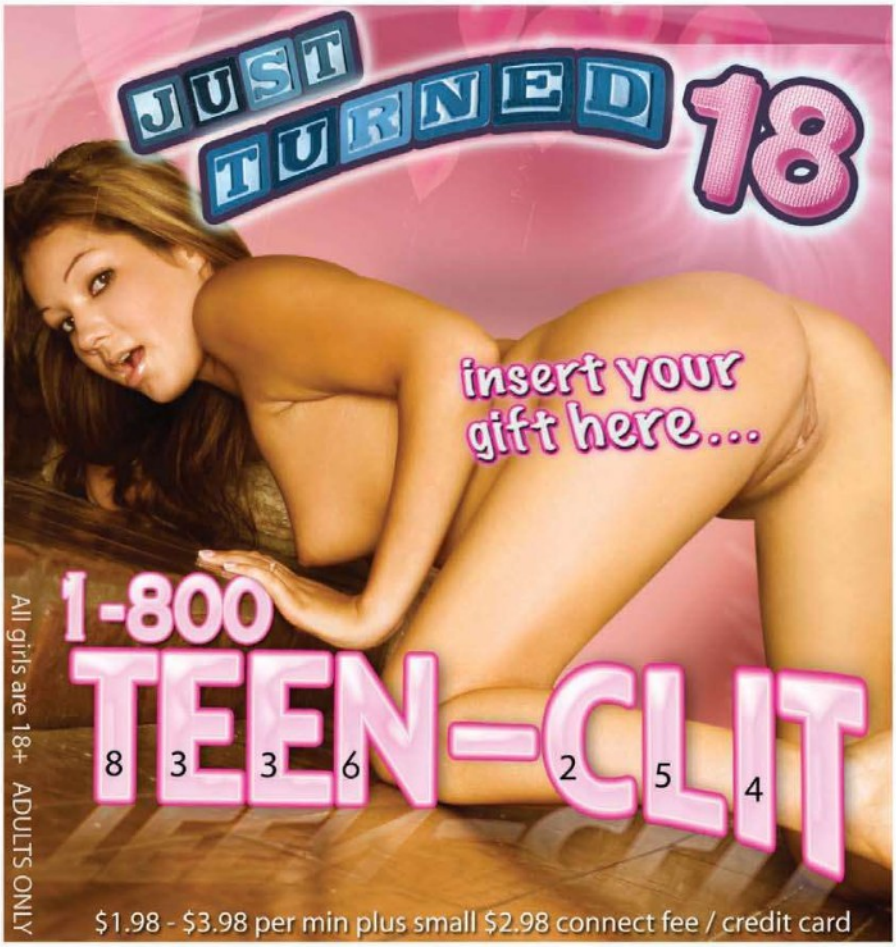
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WHO RULES AMERICA?

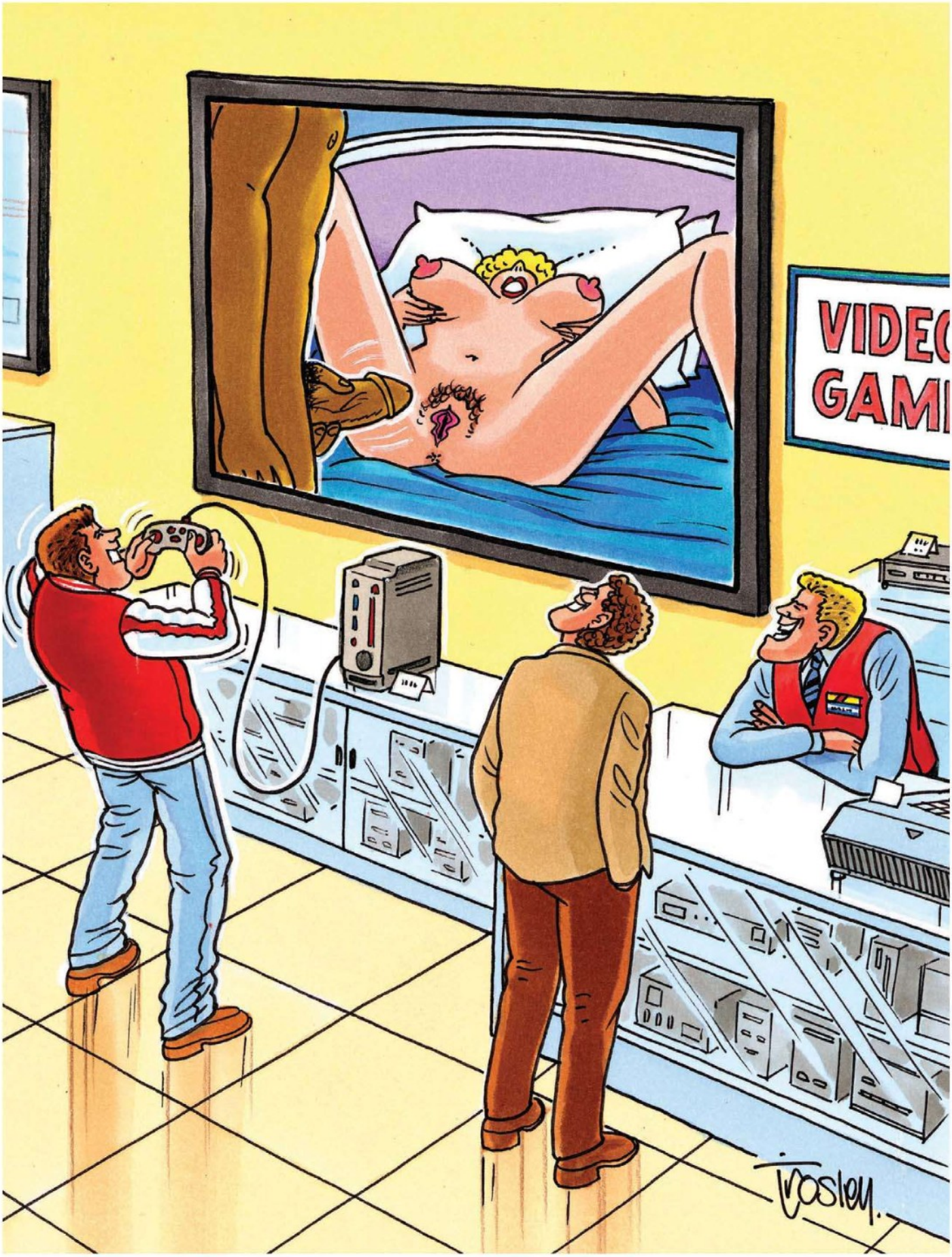
Over the past year it has become more than apparent that our government is being held hostage by a small group of incredibly powerful people: Wall Street, multinational corporations and the military-industrial complex. How else can you explain President Obama's complete betrayal of his campaign pledges? He's sold out real healthcare reform, escalated America's wars, maintained Bush-era surveillance and torture—and that's just for starters.

Obama has discovered that there are two realities—running for President and *being* President—and that they are not always compatible. If Obama wants to win a second term, he must stand up to the bankers, CEOs and generals.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

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"They've updated the Tiger Woods video game."

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BOOM KING

There are boom boxes, and then there's the **Mix Digital Boombox** from Altec Lansing. More than a speaker system, it is the heart of the party. This sleek and powerful unit features crystal-clear, high-end, slamming bass, a high-contrast LCD screen, plus a clip-on remote, a digital FM radio with four presets and a dual AUX-in jack to plug in other devices.

The **Mix Boombox**, which runs on either AC power or eight D batteries, is the universal charging dock to hook up any of your iPods or iPhones. The best part is you can let your friends jump in by connecting up to three sound sources, allowing you to mix and match everyone's tunes into a pumping party mix. The combo of power, sound quality and style makes this one impressive boom box!

Available at ***AltecLansing.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.95.

SOUND SENSATION

Originally designed by a sound tech for several major rock luminaries, **Ultimate Ears Earphones** are now the industry's standard. Up to 75% of most touring musicians—including Green Day, the Killers and Fall Out Boy—use these top-notch earphones to provide superior sound quality and comfort. Ultimate Ears' line of consumer earphones boasts the same technology as their pro sets at an affordable price point.



The **UE700 Noise Isolating Earphones** are the latest creation to hit the market. They feature a custom-tuned, dual-armature separation that splits the broad frequency into two high-fidelity channels per ear. Translation: You haven't heard your music till it's passed through a pair of **UE700**s.

Available at ***UltimateEars.com***. Suggested retail price: $229.99.

TINY BOOB TUBE

You'll never have to miss your favorite program again thanks to the **7-Inch Portable Digital TV** from Eviant. This baby has a 480 X 234 resolution with a 16:9 widescreen aspect ratio for a ridiculously clear picture. An extra external antenna allows you to pick up free digital TV channels wherever you are—even in remote areas. The Eviant 7-incher also has a built-in tuner, premium stereo speakers (for superior sound) and rechargeable battery. The set's compact size and light weight (1.39 pounds) make it the perfect thing to sneak into those shitty events your girlfriend makes you go to.



Available at ***Eviant.com***. Suggested retail price: $179.99.

NICE CLOCK

Finally, someone who will listen to you. The **Moshi Voice Control (VC) Alarm Clock** is more than just a talking alarm clock; it is the world's first "listening clock." You can ask for the time, set the alarm or turn it off, as well as find the day, date and temperature. The high-tech, interactive timepiece will tell you everything, all without ever having to press a button or do any annoying programming. Just speak and Moshi listens. It even features a built-in night light. The **Moshi VC** will do pretty much whatever you say. Well, not everything.

Now tell us you want one for free. Okay, then. See details below on how you could win a **Moshi Voice Control (VC) Alarm Clock**.

Available at ***SNSinternational.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.



EVERYONE WANTS A BIGGER CLOCK

WE SAID CLOCK, YOU FREAK!

For your chance to win a **Moshi Voice Control (VC) Alarm Clock** just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Moshi Clock Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT





DRAKE IS BACK

Uncharted 2: Among Thieves
Sony CEA
PS3

Created exclusively for the PS3, this first-person action/adventure game sequel is without equal. You are once again Nathan Drake, an adventurer (think Indiana Jones) trying to solve a historical mystery involving Marco Polo's doomed voyage from China in 1292 and finding a mystical artifact before evil treasure hunter/war criminal Zoran Lazarevic. The action plays out more like a big-screen blockbuster than a video game. Is it too bold to say that ***Uncharted 2: Among Thieves*** is the reason PlayStation 3 was invented? Probably. But it may be the reason you need to put away your Xbox.



RUN FOR THE BORDER!

Borderlands
2K Games
PS3, Xbox 360

On a desolate planet a quartet of ragtag mercenaries is in a *Mad Max*-esque race to reach "The Vault," a fabled alien structure said to be packed with treasures and unimaginable powers. Too bad you're not alone. To get to that loot you'll have to fight a cutthroat stream of mutants, lone wolves and rogue warriors to the bloody death. Which is fine, because ***Borderlands'*** revolutionary content-generation system lets you use a seemingly endless cache of weapons. (Seriously, there are thousands to choose from!)



FANTASY FEMALES

MagnaCarta 2
Namco Bandai
Xbox 360

Sexy *Magna* chicks! Sexy *Magna* chicks! Did we mention this non-stop, high-voltage, first-player action game is packed with some of the most stunning female fighters to ever grace your Xbox console? ***MagnaCarta 2*** also boasts a rich storyline driven by love, politics, sacrifice and a boy with no memory of his past trying to end the kingdom of Lanzheim's bloody civil war. Plus those sexy *Magna* chicks!



HIP-HOP HOORAY!

DJ Hero
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360

When *Guitar Hero* was released, it revolutionized the world of video games, turning a generation of gaming geeks into would-be rock stars. Now the hip-hop generation can put its own "spin" on being wannabes. ***DJ Hero*** features an authentic turntable controller that lets you cut and scratch over 90 exclusive mixes from a who's who of rap and rock luminaries, including Jay-Z, Grandmaster Flash, the Beastie Boys, Public Enemy, Rick James, Foo Fighters, Daft Punk, the Killers, Rihanna and dozens more. Yo, DJ, spin that wheel!

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OBAMA WAS SNOOKERED BY WALL STREET PATSIES

WHERE WAS THE BLUE-COLLAR COMMUNITY ORGANIZER WHEN TIMOTHY GEITHNER TOLD HIM TO TRUST THE BANKS?

What's up with Barack Obama? I thought this guy had some tough, everyday smarts and, having witnessed life a bit on the mean streets of Chicago, would stand up to the Wall Street big shots who've made life so miserable for the little people back in the blue collar communities he once tried to organize. Instead, he got bamboozled by the banking bandits big time and may have fatally sunk his own legacy in the process.

Sure, the President inherited the banking mess rather than helping to create it. That distinction goes to his Republican predecessor George the Second, who fiddled while the financial markets burned. And while the fires raged through the mortgage market, destroying the savings of 15 million families whose homes were suddenly "under water" and in danger of foreclosure, it was Bush who decided to save the bankers and not those they had swindled.

JPMorgan Chase garnered $11.7 billion but didn't put it into lowering the terms for distressed homeowners.

Yet it was Obama who decided to blindly follow Bush's example and turned to the Democrat toadies of Wall Street who had cooperated in that scam to be his point men on the economy.

One was Timothy Geithner, who was picked by Obama to replace Henry Paulson as Treasury secretary in the obvious but erroneous belief that more of the same—mindlessly throwing money at Wall Street—was the way to go.

Indeed, Geithner was, from jump street, even more enthusiastic than his Republican predecessor in doing just that: In June 2008, while president of the New York Federal Reserve branch, he shocked even Paulson and other GOP bankers in a crisis meeting by proposing they ask "Congress to give the President broad power to guarantee all the debt in the banking system," according to two participants cited by a *New York Times* report.

Incurring what could be many trillions of dollars in bad debt was too rich for even that crowd. Later, though, in the White House, Geithner was able to maneuver Obama aggressively down that road. The fantasy was that if the banks, who had sunk themselves with high-risk behavior, were made more liquid with government welfare, they, in turn, would bail out beleaguered homeowners.

Of course they did nothing of the sort, as the 15 million families whose homes are under water—real value now falling below the mortgage value—and subject to foreclosure could tell you.

The smoking gun here, the incident that tells you all you need to know about what went wrong with the Geithner plan to help homeowners by bribing the banks, was reported by Joe Nocera in the *New York Times* back on October 25, 2008, a few weeks before Obama's victory. An intrepid reporter covering Wall Street, Nocera managed to get in on a conference call of heavyweights at JPMorgan Chase, a bank that was given $25 billion by Bush that it apparently didn't even need.

"Twenty-five billion dollars is obviously going to help the folks who are struggling more than Chase," one of the top bankers on the call said, according to the *Times*, gloating over the fact that his bank was not in as much trouble as some of the others. But JPMorgan Chase was going to take the money and run—not in the direction of helping families stay in their homes but in locking up profits in other distressed banking properties. "What we do think it will help us do is perhaps be a little more active on the acquisition side or opportunistic side for some banks who are still struggling," the aforementioned banker added.

That strategy, the same as the one employed by Goldman Sachs and the others who got more money from the Feds than they needed, paid off super-big. By the end of Obama's first year in office the banks reported an all-time record of $145 billion in payouts to their top executives. JPMorgan Chase garnered $11.7 billion but didn't put it into lowering the terms for distressed homeowners.

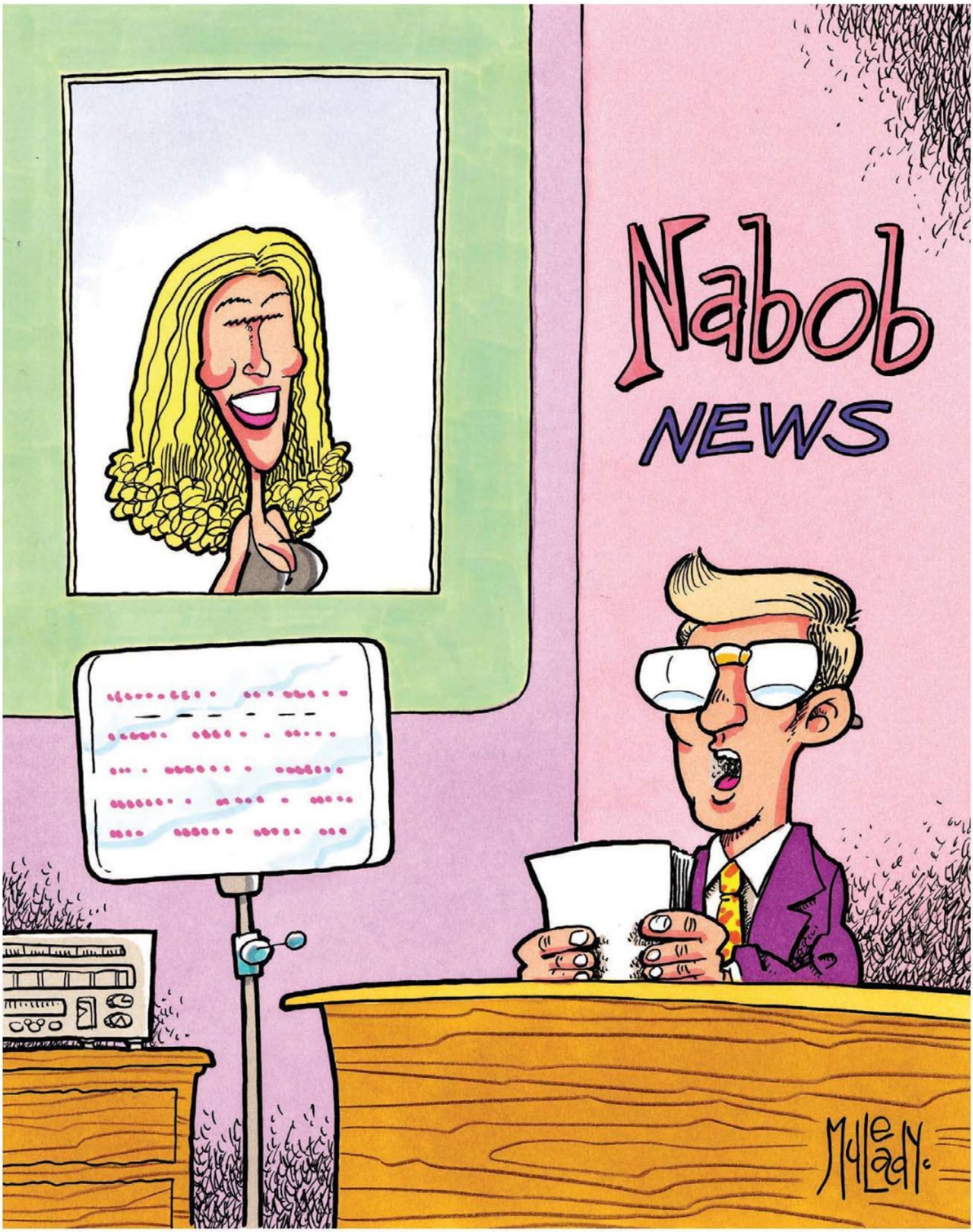
As the guy on the call had correctly predicted in what was supposed to be a secret conference call 14 months earlier, "We would think that loan volume will continue to go down as we continue to tighten credit."

The dismal results of the misplaced trust the United States put in these banks have been reflected in Obama's falling poll numbers as homeowners, the unemployed and stressed small businesses feel the pain of that tight credit market. Folks have turned against the President who had promised so earnestly to represent the little guy but who sold out so totally to Wall Street.



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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"And in other news, *Guinness Book of World Records* has identified the world's stupidest woman. On July 2, 2010, Kathryn Rogers will become Rush Limbaugh's fourth wife."

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MANUFACTURING

"POLITICALLY CORRECT" PROFESSORS

THE FEAR OF OFFENDING CERTAIN GROUPS HAS GIVEN THE THOUGHT POLICE LICENSE TO SUBVERT HIGHER EDUCATION.

Long ago, when I was a student at Northeastern University in Boston, a sociology professor—a white guy from South Africa—glared at us as he handed back our essay exams he had just graded. "You're just giving me back," he charged, "only what I said in my lectures! When are you going to start thinking for yourselves?"

Never having heard that from a teacher, I thought it was a helluva good teaching moment, and I was ashamed that I'd left out most of my disagreements with him in my paper. But that therapeutic explosion took place before the virus of "political correctness" had infected—and still does—so many of our colleges and universities.

"No official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion."

Whether liberal or conservative (a minority among the professoriate), there are professors who insist on the validity of only their views on politics, religion or irreligion, sexual proclivities, patriotism and the very meaning of life. As a member of the advisory board of FIRE (the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education), I get to continually see complaints across the country from out-of-step students and even out-of-step professors who, as Henry David Thoreau put it, always "hear a different drummer."

They are punished for not being politically correct, sometimes suspended or expelled until FIRE roars in and turns the media spotlight on the school's administrators or, if necessary, hauls them into court.

I keep being surprised at this broken "higher education" system costing ever-higher tuition. Before me is a report from FIRE that could have come from Iran, if FIRE had an extension there.

In Minneapolis, the College of Education at the University of Minnesota-Twin Cities is mandating that its students achieve "cultural competence" and the necessary "dispositions" to teach their future students politically correct beliefs and values to bring about "social justice." To graduate from this institution, aspiring teachers must, for example, demonstrate knowledge of their own "white privilege" (if that's their color) and develop a "cultural identity and intelligence" to ascribe to a "model of intercultural sensitivity." Meaning: Watch your language so you don't offend certain groups.

These students, and later the ones they teach, will be judged and graded by how effectively they develop their own stereotypes—only very positive stereotypes—of people on the basis of their color, race, gender, transgender, past oppression, etc. This is affirmative action-style "social justice."

So much for any eventual postracial society or, as Count Basie used to say when he was auditioning musicians, "every tub on its own bottom!" He wanted individual improvisers.

Any student at the "Minnesota College of Exclusionary Education" who deviates from this gospel will be dismissed. Moreover, applicants for admittance to the Twin Cities' generator of future teachers will themselves be screened to see if they can be subjected to this degree of indoctrination.

In a letter, Adam Kissel—director of FIRE's Individual Rights Defense Program—reminded University of Minnesota-Twin Cities President Robert H. Bruininks of a U.S. Supreme Court decision that, more than any other, gloriously defines the very essence of Americanism. The 1943 case *West Virginia State Board of Education* v. *Barnette* came about after children of Jehovah's Witnesses were expelled from that state's school system for refusing to salute the American flag. Their religion forbade their bowing to any "images." The kids could return to public school only if they obeyed the Board of Education's requirement that they be truly patriotic by saluting the Stars and Stripes. (To them an "image.") Moreover, if they did not dutifully return to school, their parents could be prosecuted for complicity in their juvenile delinquency.

The thought police at the University of Minnesota-Twin Cities don't seem to grasp the ruling of Justice Robert Jackson, later chief prosecutor at the Nuremburg war crimes trials of the Nazi hierarchy: "Freedom to differ is not limited to things that do not matter much.... The test of its substance is the right to differ as to things that touch the heart of the existing order. If there is any fixed star in our Constitution, it is that [author's emphasis] *no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion.*"

The alleged educators at the aforementioned Minnesota university should also be reminded that in *Sweezey* v. *New Hampshire* (1957) the Supreme Court declared: "Teachers and students must always remain free to inquire, to study and to evaluate to gain new maturity and understanding, *otherwise our civilization will stagnate and die.*"

As I have often stressed in this column, far too many students and adults are uneducated in why they are Americans. As Thomas Jefferson reminded all of us in the Constitution: "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, it expects what never has and never will be!"

Thanks to Bush-Cheney and now Obama disabling the Constitution—along with politically correct institutions of higher learning—more of us don't know who and why we are.



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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"And this part is pure genius: 'life, liberty and the pursuit of fresh pussy'!"

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BREAKING NEWS: *THERE IS NO NEWS*

WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME I TURN ON CNN, FOX NEWS OR MSNBC, THEY'RE ALWAYS CLAIMING TO BE ON TO SOMETHING BIG?

While I'm doing my radio show on Sirius XM, we usually have a TV tuned to CNN. More often than not, when I look over at it, there's a graphic announcing "Breaking News." But the story it heralds is usually very inane. That's one of many things wrong with TV news. Because of their need to fill the airwaves 24/7, producers take a small news item and make it into something big. Breaking News: Obama Pardons a Turkey; Breaking News: Balloon Boy Speaks; Breaking News: Dr. Sanjay Gupta Has H1N1.

I often feel like a dog chasing a ball that my master only pretended to throw. I see "Breaking News" and jump to attention. Ninety-nine times out of 100 it amounts to nothing. Television news is becoming a kid who cries "Breaking news!" The words *news* and *breaking* have been cheapened. As a result, real news gets obscured.

The "Breaking News!" tag should be reserved for blood, carnage or Joe Lieberman caught in a tryst with a young boy. It should signal an event that impacts my life, not another car chase down the Santa Monica Freeway.

Am I complaining about nothing? Am I turning into Andy Rooney? I'm concerned that when there is something really important, it's going to be difficult for us to fully grasp. One minute the "breaking news" is that H1N1 is a horrible killer; the next minute it's just a bad cold. Mammograms are useless before 40; five minutes later they're vital. I never hear the "breaking news" I really want: "Men should check all women's breasts for lumps—self-exams found useless."

The so-called news we're being fed is trivial. The "Balloon Boy" hoax is a perfect example. This event would have had no traction if it weren't for the networks' 24/7 news addiction. First, the networks followed the dramatic saga of a six-year-old who may have stowed away in a balloon that became airborne. Never mind that the balloon was so small and flimsy, it almost certainly couldn't carry the additional weight.

The networks wanted to believe the tall tale so they'd have something to report. It was only after the hoax was revealed that the story had any real news value. Although headlines blared that the parents were charged with filing a false report and other offenses, the people who actually should have been prosecuted were the network honchos who turned an obvious publicity stunt into a major story.

Another case in point: the news media's obsession with Sarah Palin. This woman of dubious distinction was a city councilwoman and then mayor of Wasilla, the meth capital of Alaska. Next she became chairman of the Alaska Oil and Gas Commission only to quit after a year. Somehow Palin became governor, then had a stint as the Republican V.P. running mate of John McCain. Shortly after losing that race, she returned to the governor's job and, true to form, resigned (amid rumors of malfeasance) after only two years in office.

Then this piece of Alaskan trailer trash writes a book. Her ability as an author makes Dan Brown look like Tom Wolfe, yet the news people are fish to the bait. Remember, she is now nothing—not a governor, not a congresswoman or senator. Palin's only distinction is that McCain made the worst mistake of his life by choosing her as his running mate.

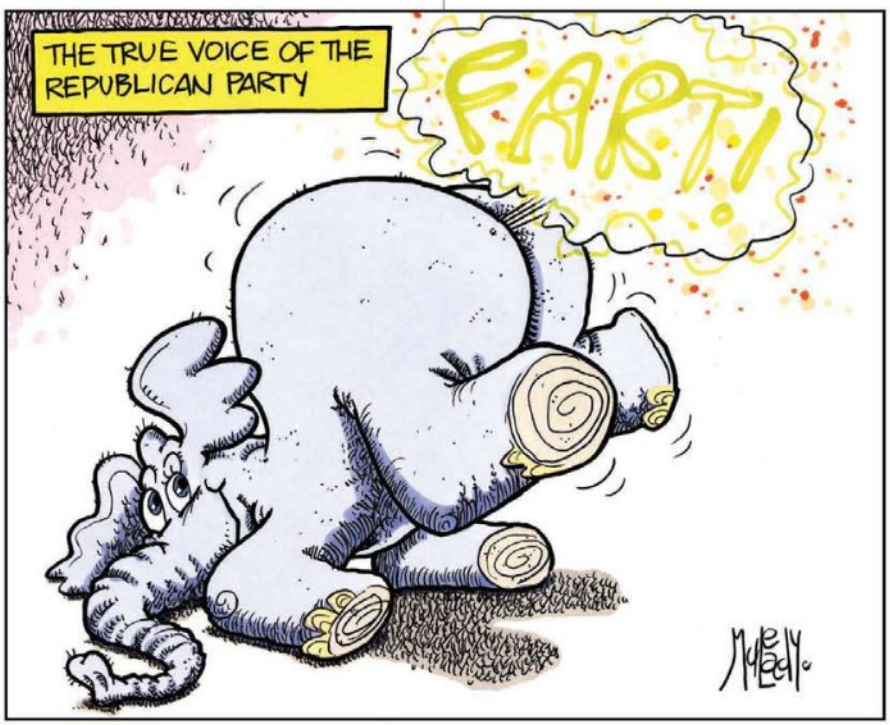
Even so, reporters flock to Palin like flies on shit. During the ex-gov's recent book tour, they followed her bus around the country. At every stop she'd get off the bus, hold up Trig (her Down syndrome baby) like he was the Lion King, then get interviewed for local news shows. So-called journalists treated Palin as if she actually mattered—vaulting her to a status she scarcely deserved—while she was just using them to sell books. Reality was again superseded by the big distortion.

Apparently news is not news unless the news sources say it is. "Balloon Boy," which had no effect in any way on your life, became news because it would get eyes. Meanwhile, a financial collapse in Dubai, which does actually impact your life, gets very little attention because it's not a ratings magnet.

The bottom line is that the 24/7 news networks present only the illusion of news. Unfortunately, for most of us it's the only news we get. Americans are not stupid; they're just uninformed.



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.



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PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

SINGING A NEW SONG

THERE'LL BE A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER, A CHANGE IN THE SEA; THERE'S GONNA BE A BRAND-NEW CHANGE IN ME!

The sun was coming up over the Hollywood Sign as we trooped out of the Capitol Records building. Frank Sinatra, myself and Ray Anthony (my husband at the time) followed orchestra leader Billy May, a gang of bleary-eyed musicians, A&R men and recording engineers out onto Vine Street.

Late nights were Frank's preferred time to record, a holdover from his days as a saloon singer. Inside the cavernous, bunker-like Studio B there had been a big buffet of Italian food from the Villa Capri and plenty of booze to loosen up the most stylish and recognizable vocal chords in the music business.

Frank kibitzed with the guests while the orchestra waited patiently. He was casual with everyone, never betraying the weight of this session; the time and money and the prestige of Capitol's worldwide corporate presence rode on his shoulders. He was the king and acted the part with ease—smiling, joking, sipping a drink and smoking an ever-present cigarette.

When Frank was ready to record, the studio lights dimmed, and he eased onto a bar stool in front of a big Telefunken microphone. Flicking ash off his smoke, he took a last sip of his drink, then nodded to Billy May. Tape rolled, and the orchestra played, while Frank—with almost no visible effort—sang music that would become legend.

The album Sinatra recorded that night, *Come Fly With Me*, would become one of his best-sellers, spending many weeks atop the album charts.

Ray and I were invited to that evening's session because he and Frank, having recorded an album together previously, were friends. That friendship would end years later after Ray and I were divorced.

Frank, infamous as a consoler of newly divorced ladies, called me soon after Ray and I split. Ray was furious with him even though it was never in the cards for Frank and me. I dated him once or twice and was at his home a few times, but Sinatra's charm, for me at least, was in the grooves of those vinyl discs. His unforced delivery, matchless phrasing and rich vocalizing were the stuff that dreams are made of.

Ray told me I should pursue a career as a recording artist along with my career as an actress. After we married, he helped me get a contract with Capitol, but juggling child-raising, movie roles and a recording career at the same time was just too hard. I was making a movie every couple of months, and the schedule was brutal.

I recalled all this as I took my place in front of a Telefunken microphone in a recording studio 50-some years later. There was no buffet or booze, and it was ten o'clock on a cold December morning. I was there to reinvent the concept of "Mamie Van Doren." I am not known as a recording artist, after all. I am known as a sometimes-offbeat hybrid of movie star, glamour girl, pinup icon and sex goddess. Not a bad list for your résumé, I think, but there are still other things I want to do.

I grew up with a grandfather who played the fiddle on Saturday nights and sang the loudest in church every Sunday. It was music from the country.

Those roots and a love of country music brought me to record that morning with some really fine musicians. On the other side of the studio window my producer, Larry Ferguson, looked on as the engineer set the levels for a big Telefunken microphone—a holdover, like me, from an era of tube amplifiers and tape.

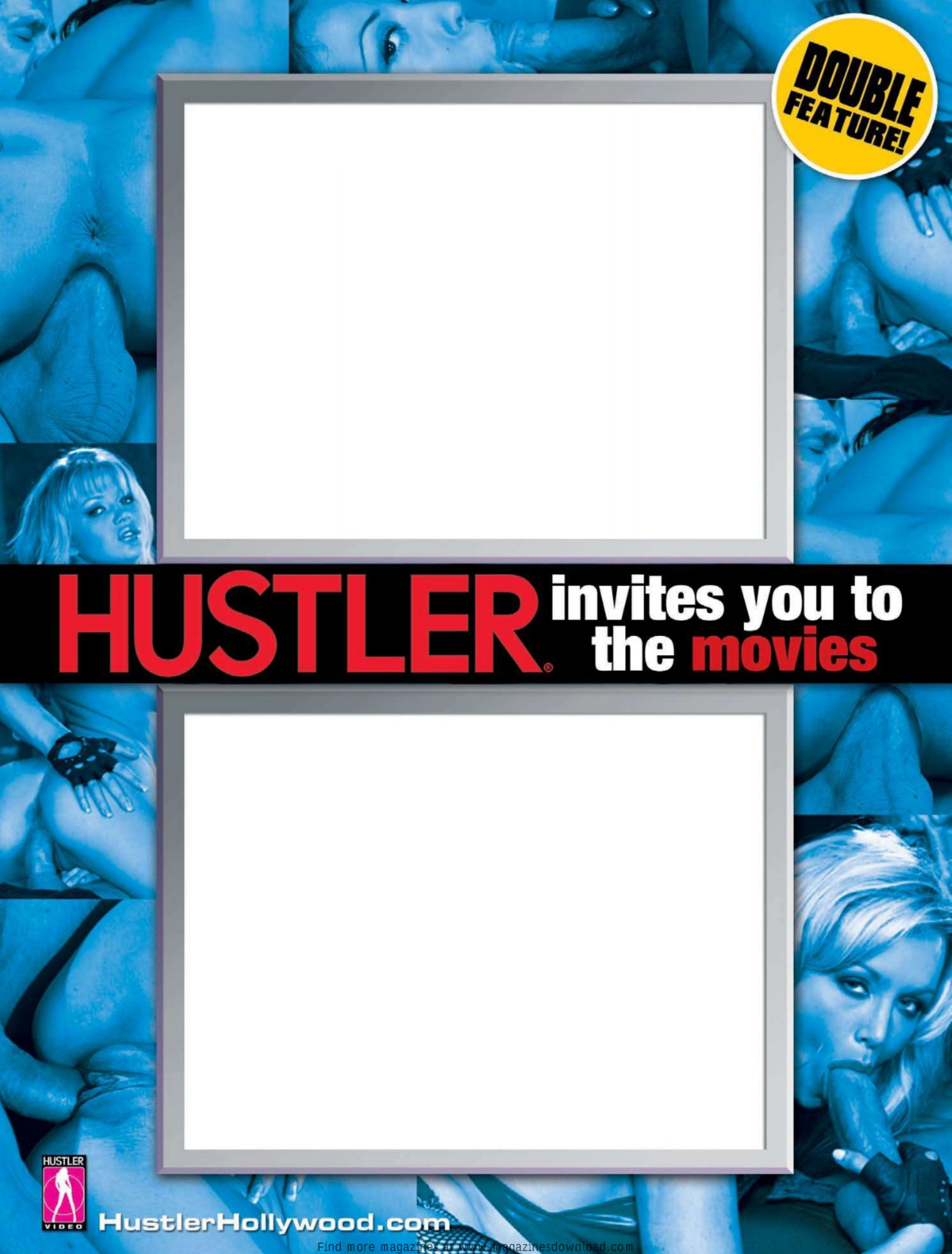
I had sweaty palms and a new appreciation for the talent of Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole and Ella Fitzgerald, all of whom I knew well and watched perform many times. Those giants could go into a recording studio and lay down tracks that would live as long as there are ears to hear them.

I don't aspire to immortality with this project—only a really listenable, fun collection of songs. An homage perhaps to some country artists who inspired me. And it will be yet another iteration of Mamie—one that might surprise a few people, one that might even surprise me.



Mamie Van Doren's as-yet-untitled country album will be released in the spring of 2010. For a breathtaking photo gallery and much more, visit **MamieVanDoren.com**.

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Cash Advance

I had to read your interview with Ellen Brown [*The Q&A*, February 2010] a couple of times because I couldn't believe it! Banks really do create money out of thin air. No wonder we're in deep shit. I've since been asking people if they know how banks really work, and nine times out of ten they don't.

Ms. Brown is a real visionary doing a valuable service by asking the obvious question no one else dares to: If private banks can do it, why can't public banks?

I'd be happy to see more of her writing in HUSTLER. **—M.L.**

Pawtucket, Rhode Island

Kickback County

I enjoyed the *Keeping It Up for the Kard-ASS-ians* spread [February 2010]! Especially Veronica Rayne as Kim. Very hot.

I'm sorry to hear about Janine going to jail [*Janine & Vanity: Getting Fucked by the Legal System*, October '09]. It's a joke when attorneys pretend the legal system is fair.

I was arrested for DUI, but the court didn't allow the police dashcam video because it showed that I wasn't drunk. The judge ended up being indicted on felony counts for something else, and I won the case!

I was also beaten by a local drug dealer, and the cops said I couldn't file charges against him. I later heard the dealer offered them a pound of pot each, and they took it.

There is no Lady Justice in our local courthouse. I now sleep with a loaded gun. **—Tracy Edlin**

Big Sandy, Tennessee

Call of the Wild

Thanks for the Portland [Oregon] strippers guide in your All Sex Issue. I didn't know that town was such a drunken beaver-lover's paradise.

I've been looking for a nice place to live and get away from smog and backwards thinking. Thanks to your article, I took a serious look at Portland. It's considered the greenest (environmentally speaking) city in the country and has the most microbreweries. Who can argue with good beer? Plus it appears to foster all kinds of radical subculture. Sounds like my kind of place.

I've always said HUSTLER changed my life. Now it literally has. I'm off to P-Town! I sure hope Rocket is still polishing the pole.

—G.N.

Fontana, California

Immortal

I'm not sure how big a Mamie Van Doren fan I am, but I have to admit her survivability is impressive considering the list of fallen goddesses she writes about in her article [*Sex Goddesses: An Endangered Species*, All Sex Issue].

Mae West made it to 87, so maybe the secret is having enough smarts to go with your looks. Then again, maybe it's just dumb luck.

Viva, Mamie! **—G.Y.**

St. Louis, Missouri

Cuckold Alert

I admire voluptuous amateur Ashley Cinn's openness [*Beaver Hunt,* September '09]. In one of her photos she had "Slut for Black Cock" written above her pussy.

As it happens, I am an eligible black gentleman. I'm well endowed and occasionally like to enjoy myself in the company of other men's wives. I'm finding that some women can't take an aggressive fucking. It sounds to me like Ashley can. I'd sure love to find out if she'd like to be a slut for my black cock.

—C.W.

Urbana, Illinois

Easy Answer

Does anybody think showing murdered model Jasmine Fiore's titties [February '10] is actually all right? Fuck you, HUSTLER! Have you no shame? **—Jake Jurgen**

Denver, Colorado



Mexican-born beauty Janelle Priego ignited reader acclaim in our most recent All Sex Issue.

Spicy Dish

Thanks for the layout of Janelle Priego in the All Sex Issue. The pages burst into flame when I opened them! I read that she's a south-of-the-border beauty chasing fame in Vegas. Sure hope she doesn't get eaten alive there. (Unless I'm doing the eating!) **—J.D.**

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Truth Will Out

Thank you for your story about Sibel Edmonds [*The Traitors Among Us*, March '10]. It's a crime the mainstream press ignored her, but not a surprise. They are too invested in the official myths about national security to do any real investigating.

In reality, individuals in our government and intelligence services are for sale. Traitors have their fingerprints on every war and major event in our recent history. Just as Turkish and Israeli agents identified people in our government who were vulnerable to bribes, CIA agents are everywhere funding and fostering rogues in other countries. Was 9/11 a manipulated attack or blowback? We may never know, but thanks to people like Edmonds we can get closer to the truth.

Something that wasn't mentioned in your article is that Edmonds has founded the National Security Whistleblowers Coalition to help others break the silence. NSWC is now backing Russ Tice, who suffered intimidation after talking about the NSA's black ops and wiretaps.

Without whistleblowers, which used to be called "sources" back when we had real reporting, we wouldn't have a chance of knowing how the world really works. **—I.L.**

St. Petersburg, Florida

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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GLENN BECK: I'M NOT BATSHIT CRAZY

Sure, I called President Obama a racist. I'm often seen ranting about healthcare and how the liberal media is trying to destroy America. And now and again I do break down into tears, babbling like a mental patient for no good reason, but that doesn't make me crazy; it makes me conservative.

FOX NEWS
We'll hire any crazy asshole.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or photograph of Glenn Beck. It is political commentary on how the Fox News commentator is mentally ill. Don't believe us? Tune into *The Glenn Beck Program* on any given night. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



DICK ARMEY

What can you say about Dick Armey? Here's a piece-of-shit Republican who probably flushed his soul down a toilet bowl when he was still a kid in North Dakota. Did he do it for money? Or was he always the kind of cynical son of a bitch who didn't give a rat's ass about anyone but himself?

Money, it seems, has always been a prime motivator for Armey. After earning a Ph.D in economics from the University of Oklahoma, he took a professorship at what is now the University of North Texas. But teaching economics is really no substitute for actually going out into the world and stealing—uh, making—money for yourself. *So how might this best be done?* Armey must have asked himself.

The obvious answer: politics! Given the level of corruption in government, a young man with no conscience could easily pluck the low-hanging fruit and maybe even plant a few money trees of his own.

Armey was elected to the House of Representatives in 1984 as part of the Reagan Revolution. By 1995 he was House Majority Leader, using that position to throw his friend and benefactor Newt Gingrich under the bus. Way to go, Dick. Have no loyalty. Honor no commitments.

Armey went on to show his utter contempt for the American people and the democratic process. In 2000, for example, he spearheaded the GOP's attempt to ridicule Al Gore during his Presidential bid. This smear campaign even claimed Gore said he'd invented the Internet, an outright lie that, unfortunately, many Americans bought into.

Armey was also a notorious lackey of Big Tobacco, and he pushed for the privatization of Social Security. Given the crash of 2008, that would have been a disaster. Bad enough that 401(k)'s took such a hit. Armey's economics students should get a refund.

But the foregoing was just a warmup for his post-Congressional hijinks. As head of the activist group FreedomWorks, Armey is currently working overtime to clog the gears of the political process with his right-wing shit. By financing fake grassroots activism, notably the Tea Party movement, Armey upended any possibility of true political dialogue last summer when Congress went home to talk to their constituents about healthcare reform.

Under his control, Tea Party members—loaded down with disinformation—were directed to disrupt all Democratic attempts to explain their position on the subject. (As also evidenced by his support of Big Tobacco, Armey is clearly not concerned with how many Americans die thanks to his deceit and influence.)

Additionally, Armey's FreedomWorks propagated the lie that Obama was trying to "socialize medicine." Socialized medicine? Give us a break! The President has been sucking the teat of the healthcare and pharmaceutical industries since day one.

Here's why money may be part and parcel of Armey's antics: In 2008 the propagandist received $555,000 from the nonprofit FreedomWorks. (Nonprofit for FreedomWorks, but plenty profitable for Armey.) And that doesn't count the 25 grand a pop he gets in speaking fees and the additional hefty sums he receives as a presumed lobbyist for pharmaceutical giant Bristol-Myers Squibb, Metropolitan Health Networks and other healthcare companies. Armey may not be much of an economist when it comes to helping the American people, but he's awfully good at taking care of his own economic situation.

Armey defended his position on healthcare by saying: "We are a wealthy nation, and there is not much reason that I can justify for anybody who lives within our borders doing without essential healthcare." He's right! There's only one reason: the GOP. And there is no justification for it at all.

Armey went on to say: "I'm happy to tell you that very few people do [lack health insurance]." Armey apparently thinks 45 million people is "very few." We don't ask a lot from our economics professors these days, but they should at least be able to calculate percentages.

Here's another Armey gem: "The largest empirical problem we have in healthcare today is too many people are too overinsured." There's that numbers thing again. How, exactly, does being overinsured hurt anybody, Dickie? And who are these overinsured people anyway? Oh, it's the fat cat politicians. (From our point of view, the real problem in America is there are too many overcompensated politicos.)

Of course, Armey's shaky grasp of economics can easily be traced to his expressed belief in the Milton Friedman school of economics. You may know Friedman's philosophy as "trickle-down economics" or, as George H.W. Bush put it, "voodoo economics." (One of the few times Bush Senior was right about anything.) It's a theory that's been shunned by all but the filthy rich, who still benefit (at the expense of the working poor) from its implementation.

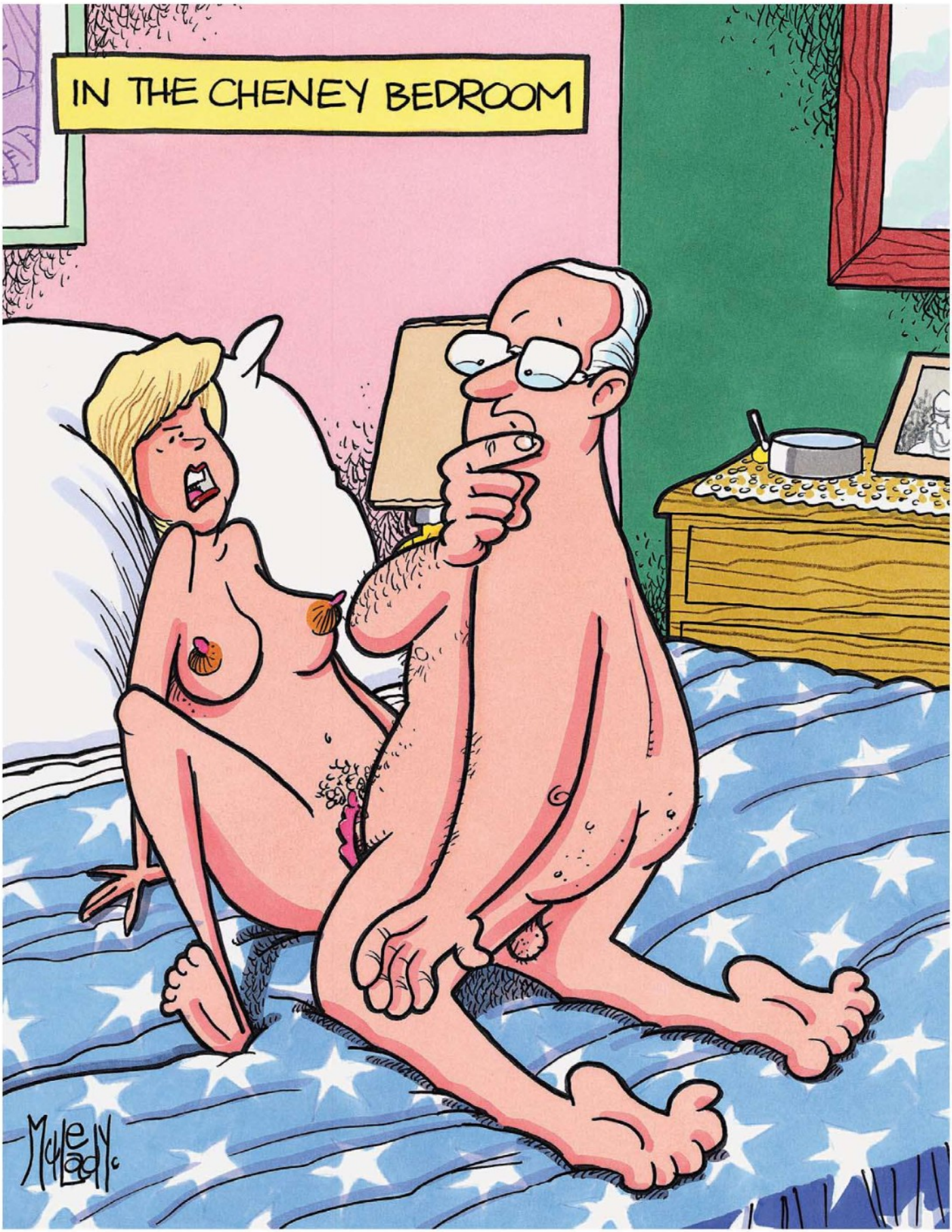
However, what really gets us about Armey is his stoking fear and hatred of our government, saying things like: "Nearly every important office in Washington, D.C., today is occupied by someone with an aggressive dislike for our heritage, our freedom, our history and our Constitution." He means, of course, that anyone who contradicts *his* pro-corporate vision of government is anti-American.

Apparently Dickie Boy has forgotten that the political process is all about debating different positions, or he just doesn't respect the democratic process itself. We bet it's the latter.

So what turned Armey into such an amoral prick? Was he the victim of child abuse? We suppose that getting fucked up the ass by a relative could easily account for his cold and dispassionate attitude. Or maybe he actually made a deal with the devil. It certainly seems as if he's sold his soul.

Listen up, Dick: As a former economist, you're supposed to be good with figures. Well, here's one you should focus on: Most Americans have your number. You're a big, fat zero. Fuck you, Asshole!

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"This is just like you and dumbass George dithering in Afghanistan for eight years! Get in, get the job done, and get out, for Christ's sake!"

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Ladies love Larry: Nina Hartley, Bobbi Starr, The Man, Angelina Armani and Sunny Lane.

FREEDOM ROCKS

The Free Speech Coalition's Bada-Bing Bailout Bash was held recently at the Skirball Cultural Center in Los Angeles. The event honored pioneers in the world of adult entertainment and free speech (duh!).

Winners of the coveted FSC Award were director John Stagliano, adult film stars Stormy Daniels and Ron Jeremy, and our own Larry Flynt. On hand for the festivities was a flock of fuckable females led by Sunny Lane, Kayden Kross, Bobbi Starr and Jessica Drake.



Darryl Hanah, Ron Jeremy, Sunny Lane and Nina Hartley



Jessica Drake & Kayden Kross



Director John Stagliano & Joanna Angel

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

GOT WOOD?



We know you like to play the back nine, but next time you take out your 9-iron for a little hole in one, you might want to wrap your driver in one of these new Tiger (Woods) Condoms. They'll keep your balls out of traps or the rough. Man, we could putter like this all day. Actually, we can't, since we just ran out of double entendre golf puns. Tiger Woods rubbers are available at **TigerCondoms.com**.



BELOW THE BELT

Top Rope Belts lets you live out your fantasy of being a winning boxer, wrestler or mixed martial arts fighter without ever having to step into the ring. Seriously, you'd get your ass kicked. The outfit designs high-quality professional belts for a variety of clients, including MMA, universities, pro teams, fantasy leagues, poker tournaments, motorcycle clubs and more. The best part is you can design your own custom belt. Get belted at **TopRopeBelts.com**.

"The only thing wrong with being an atheist is that there's nobody to talk to during an orgasm." —JOAN RIVERS, COMIC

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CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Erin Andrews* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Why are we Photoshopping a dick in EPSN reporter Erin Andrews's mouth? Maybe it's because she looks like a blond Cindy Crawford in her prime. Or maybe just because she's hot. Actually, it's because we know that secretly videotaping someone is wrong.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Erin Andrews actually exists. Trust us: It doesn't. Our lawyers want to make that perfectly clear. 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.







STRIPPERS ON THE STRIP

Las Vegas literally overflowed with eye candy when the annual Gentlemen's Club Owners Expo & Tradeshow invaded Mandalay Bay. Conspicuous in their presence were your usual mix of exotic dancers (Destiny B. Wilde, Eva Lauren, Barbie Baja), porn stars (Lisa Ann, Ashlynn Brooke, Kagney Linn Karter) and even NFL legend Ed "Too Tall" Jones.

The blowout climaxed with a gala awards show recognizing the best in the biz. Winners included Rachelle Laree (Entertainer of the Year), Teagan Presley (Adult Movie Feature of the Year) and the Shreveport, Louisiana, HUSTLER Club (Club of the Year/Central).

Now get back to work, ladies. The poles are getting cold.



PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"In the sex field you can be totally stupid and still make money." —AL GOLDSTEIN, LEGENDARY PORNOGRAPHER

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NEWSBITES

Sex Study

Researchers in Canada had to drastically revamp a study on male behavior recently. Seems they were looking for men in their 20s to be part of a control group that had never watched porn. After an extensive search, the analysts were forced to narrow their research to the behavior of young males who *did* watch it. We can guess the study's conclusion: Dudes really like porn.

Holy Shit

Churchgoing folks would like you to believe that a Christian bookstore is the perfect place to find God. But one such store in Simi Valley, California, was hell-bent on offering amateur Peeping Tom videos until a pious patron found a hidden camera in the bathroom. A clerk was subsequently arrested, which makes us ask, "What would Jesus do?" Get a good lawyer, perhaps?

Bugs Bunny Boner

We're all for stem cell research, especially if it means getting a bigger dick. A breakthrough has occurred at Wake Forest University, where a team engineered artificially grown transplants for rabbits whose "mating carrots" had been damaged. The scientists hope that this technology will someday be able to be used in humans to help regenerate livers and other body parts. As for the once-impotent critters, we imagine they're thrilled that they can finally fuck like wabbits again.

Mascots Need Love Too

We hear that athletes get a ton of groupie pussy thrown their way. Apparently that doesn't hold true for team mascots. During an undercover sex sting in Rhode Island, one of the guys who dresses up as Pat the Patriot at New England Patriots football games was arrested for allegedly soliciting a prostitute via Craigslist. The offense is punishable by a $1,000 fine, possible jail time and the Pats taking it in the ass in the AFC Wild Card Game.

PORN FROM THE PAST



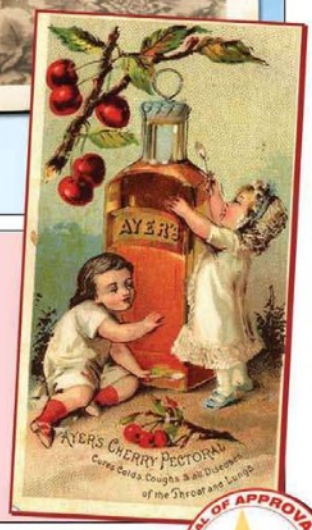
Once upon a time this woman was considered young and sexy. Decades later? Probably not so much. Thanks to R.M. of Homeland, California, for this photo.



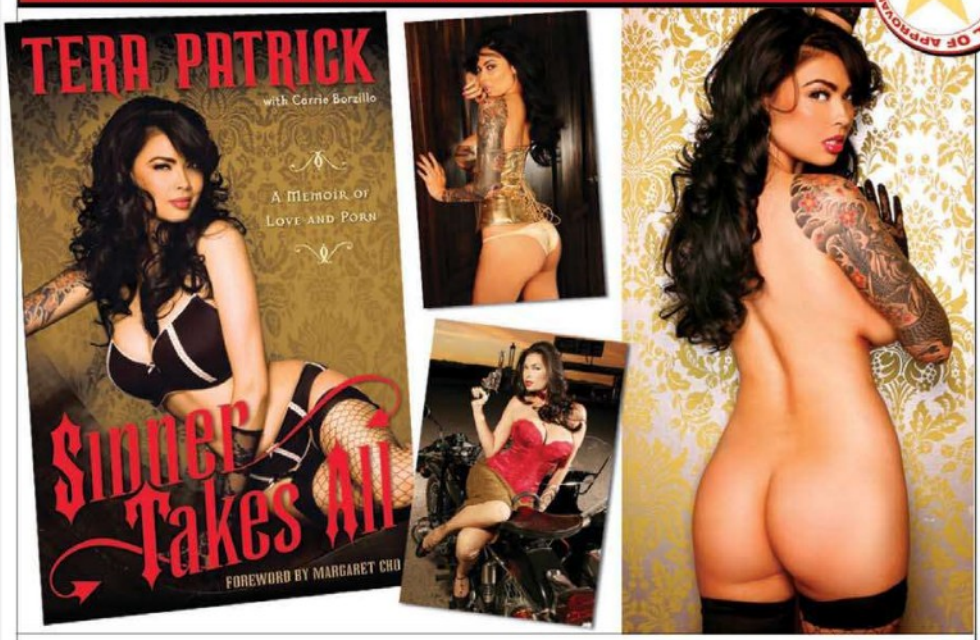
Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

COUGH IT UP!

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral claimed to "cure colds, coughs and all diseases of the throat and lungs." And judging by the photo, it also got kids really stoned. That makes sense, since this remedy from the early 1900s was laced with morphine.



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Tera Patrick's *Sinner Takes All: A Memoir of Love and Porn* is a scintillating tale of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. It chronicles how the Montana native overcame a broken home, clinical depression, drinking problems and a string of bad relationships to become one of porn's biggest success stories. Rounding out the page-turner are a hundred full-color photos of the ravishing beauty in all her glory.

Sinner Takes All: A Memoir of Love and Porn by Tera Patrick with Carrie Borzillo is available at bookstores now.

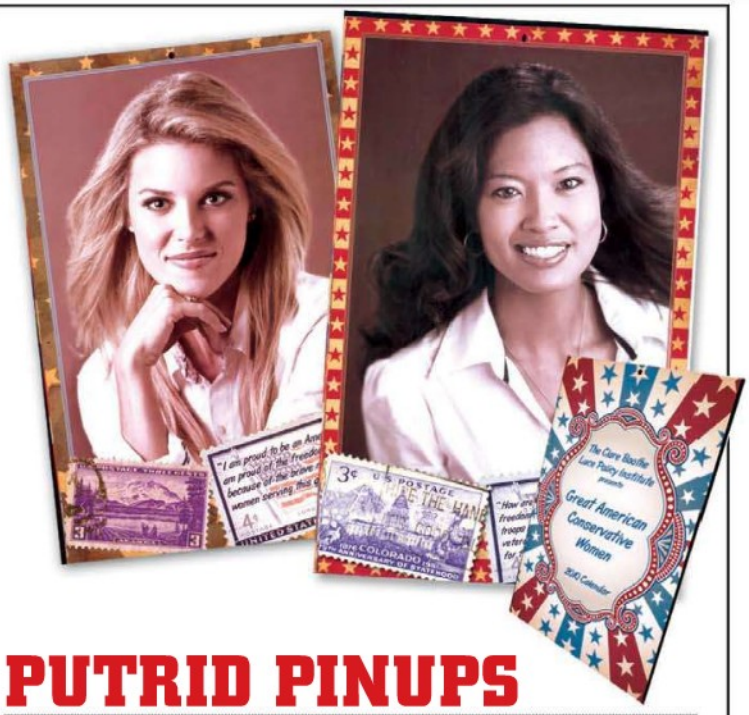
"I love sex. It's free and doesn't require special shoes." —WOODY ALLEN, COMIC

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"Sex is God's joke on human beings." —BETTE DAVIS, ACTRESS

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON





PUTRID PINUPS

Looking for a calendar with a dozen sexy ladies in provocative poses? Well, the *2010 Great American Conservative Women Calendar* ain't it! This one's packed with some of the most unappealing, uptight bitches on the planet, including Ann Coulter, Carrie Prejean, Michelle Malkin and Michele Bachmann. We guarantee that this calendar will not get you hard. Okay, maybe Carrie Prejean will trigger a semi-chubby.

THE INCONVENIENT TRUTH

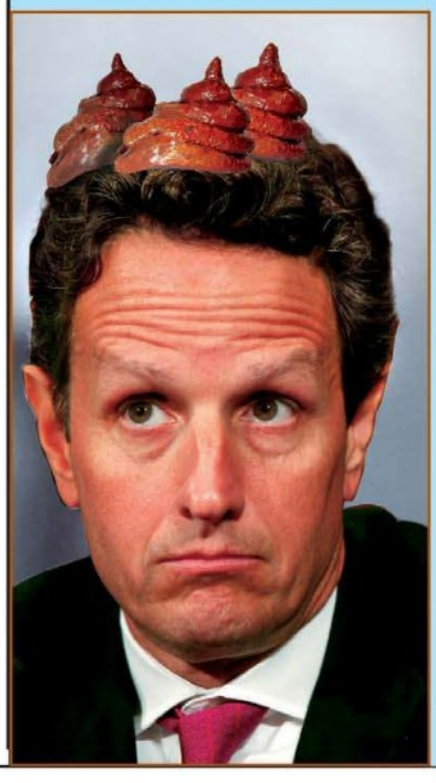
Mike Ruppert has never been afraid to shine a light on the dirty secrets of government and Big Business. Now Chris Smith's documentary *Collapse* captures the ex-cop sitting alone in a dark room and recounting his career as an investigative journalist. More importantly, Ruppert spells out the crises he sees looming on the horizon, notably the collapse of the U.S. economy. If you care about your future, you must see this film. But be warned: It may already be too late.



Look for *Collapse* on DVD. Also check out Ruppert's latest book, *Confronting Collapse*, on sale at **Chelsea Green.com/Bookstore** and other bookselling Web sites.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #3

TIMOTHY GEITHNER



As this issue went to press, Timothy Geithner was still "serving" as U.S. Treasury secretary, so we've plopped another piece of shit on his head. Geithner is the scumbag who handed more than $700 billion to his bankster buddies on Wall Street so they could continue plundering our economy. Meanwhile, the staunch opponent of financial regulation refuses to rein in his crooked cronies, who are pocketing obscene profits with their stock market shenanigans rather than creating jobs for unemployed Americans. Every month we will put another turd on Geithner's head until he resigns or is shitcanned. Hey, Mr. President, fire Geithner!

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Super-busty beauty **Audrey Bitoni** is known as one of the nicest girls in the adult-entertainment industry. “There is so much nastiness in the world,” she says, “I don’t see a reason not to be nice. My philosophy has always been to kill people with kindness. A little honey draws more bees. I’m nice to both men and women, and they’re nice to me. I like it that way.”

Of course, as an open-minded young woman, **Audrey** takes liberties with being nice: “During sex I like to get a little dirty. I love to rub my big breasts all over a guy. That’s even more fun when they’re covered in oil. I also love to be drenched in his cum when the deed is done. With girls I love to go down on them and lick away. I’m up for everything—spanking, hair-pulling and more as long as it feels good.”

No wonder the world-class beauty is ecstatic about getting into porn. “I love what I do. Every aspect of the business is exciting. The sex, of course! The crew watching. Fans greeting me at autograph signings with that lustful look in their eyes. My fans are the best! Winning an award at *AVN*. I love it all! You should love what you do. Do what you love and you’ll live a long, happy and satisfying life.”



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AUDREY BITONI'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Pasadena, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 108

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Distance Runner Gets a Lurid Boost

Two more miles to go. Fuck! There was no way I could make it home without stopping. My legs were aching. My lungs were burning. What the hell had I been thinking, trying to train for a marathon? Stupid drunken New Year's resolution.

Every muscle in my body was begging me to stop. So I finally gave in and fell against a tree just off the sidewalk. That's when I saw them. Two girls, one guy, laughing and drinking and dancing behind a huge bay window in the house directly in front of me. They had the bass turned up so loud I could feel it.

I had just about caught my breath and was set to move on when the tall blonde lifted her top up over her head and dropped it to the floor. Wow! Her boobies were smaller than mine, but absolutely perfect—pert B cups with long, hard tit buds.

Laughing, the brunette followed suit, stripping off her T-shirt. And then the girls were dancing again, their titties pressed together. The day was starting to get a whole lot more interesting. I slipped farther out of sight behind the tree.

The sun was already setting, the lights were on in the house, and I could make out every tantalizing detail as the beauties kissed and squeezed each other's butt cheeks. The guy had settled back on the couch to watch, and pretty soon his hand started moving across the bulge in his jeans.

The whole scene was mesmerizing. My nipples tightened into hard points, and I could feel my clit rubbing against my spandex shorts. I'd never really been into porn, and I'd had no idea watching could be so erotic, so hot. I couldn't wait for them to get on with it!

Like they could read my mind, the babes, still somehow swaying to the beat, stepped out of their jeans and panties. Now they were completely naked. Both had full mounds of pubic curls, lush and thick, and it made me think about growing mine out.

The tall blonde quickly dropped to her knees and started playing with her friend's pussy bush, tugging at those curls with her teeth. Nice! When she crawled behind the brunette and parted firm, round butt cheeks, I held my breath in anticipation. I could see her tongue disappear into that ass crevice, and then, well, I couldn't see much.

Now my imagination took over, and my own rosebud pulsed as I imagined a tongue dicking deep into my poop chute. I closed my eyes for a second and brushed my tit buds against the rough bark on the tree. My hand slipped into my shorts and between smooth twat lips already slick with pussy jizz.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was outside, masturbating, for the whole world to see. My eyes blinked open and darted around, but other than a stray dog, the street was quiet.

By the time I returned my attention to the window, the girls were kneeling to either side of that lucky stud, clawing his pants down. His dick looked to be thick and delicious. Two long tongues lapped at his shaft. Then the brunette sucked in his prick cap while the blonde nursed on his fat balls. The brunette's dark hair was hampering my view, and I was wishing I could reach out and tuck it behind her ear when the man did it for me.

As I looked up at his face, my heart jumped into my throat. He was looking right at me, smiling. My cunt clutched around my fingers.

Up and down the brunette's head bobbed. I could see her cheeks cave in with suction. Now she was taking his pecker all the way into her throat. The blonde had slipped her hand under his ass, and it looked like she was tickling his prostate.

The guy threw back his head. His hips bucked off the couch. I knew he was coming even before the girls pulled back to let his spunk splatter all over their faces and titties. He sank into the couch, and I watched the beauties start licking each other clean, and that's when I orgasmed. Three fingers in my snizz, thumb on my clit, I fell to the grass. A powerful climax shook me to the core. It took me a minute to recover. Then I sprang to my feet and sprinted all the way home.

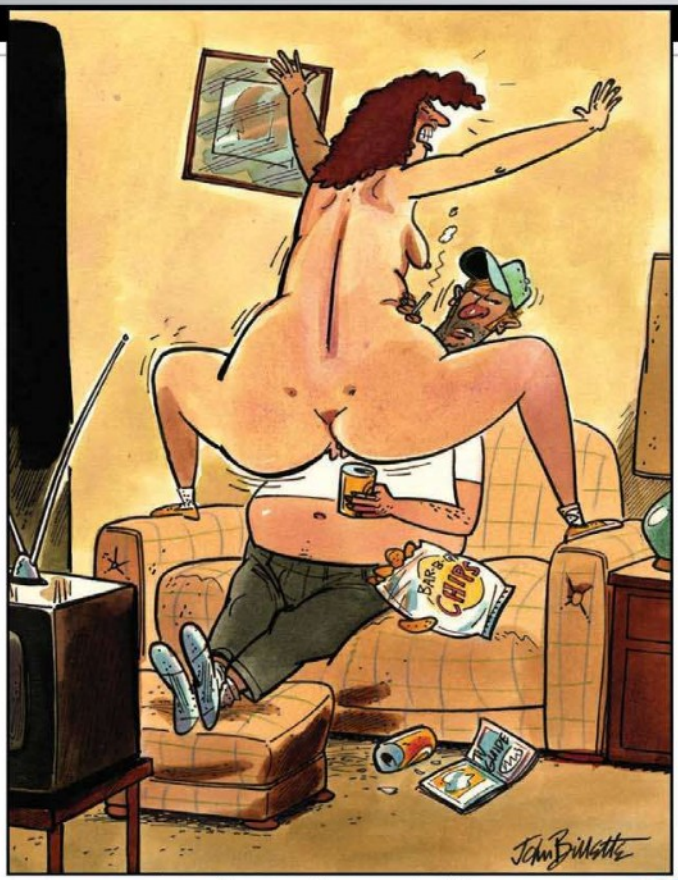
Since then training has become so much easier, knowing there might be a reward close to the end of my run. It's been a month since that first show, and twice I've caught girl/girl action, and twice a threeway. The marathon's this Saturday, and thanks to that bay window, I'm in the best shape of my life!

—L.D.
Santa Fe, New Mexico

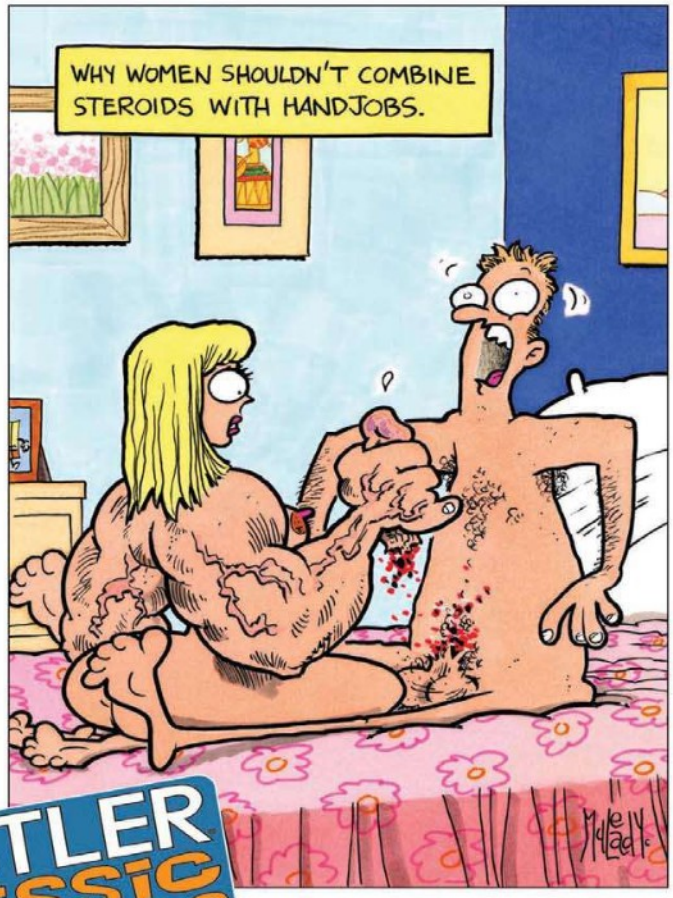


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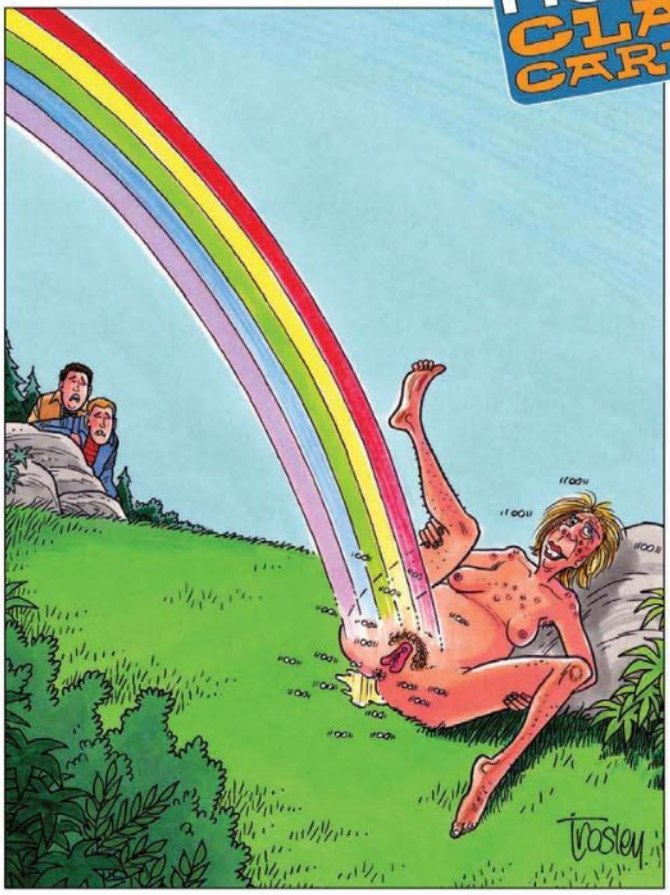
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"Doris, do you mind?!
The bases are loaded!"



HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Must be the wrong end of the rainbow!"

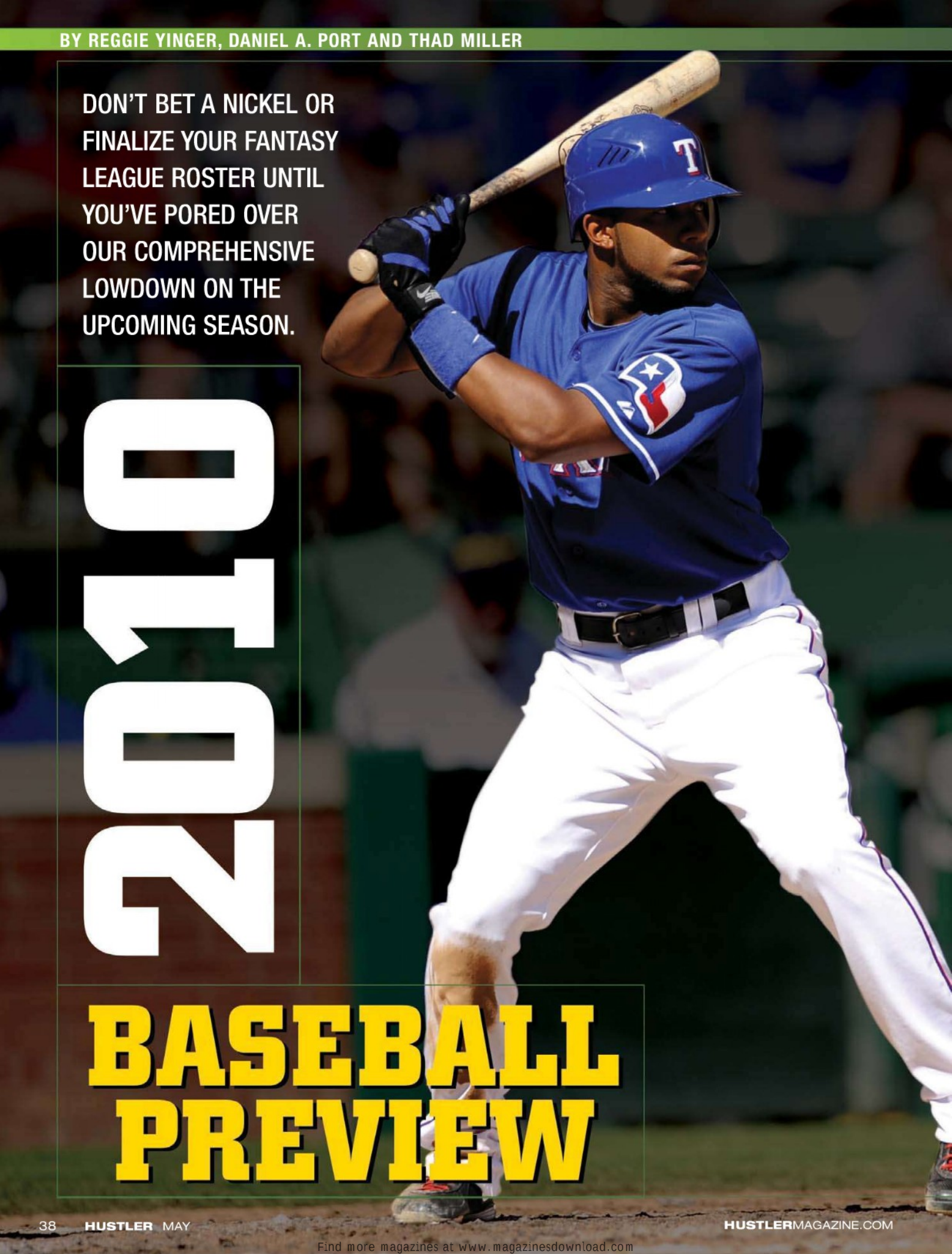


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BY REGGIE YINGER, DANIEL A. PORT AND THAD MILLER

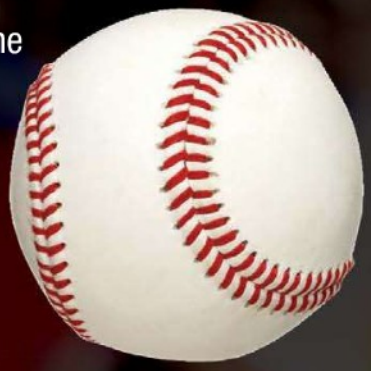
DON'T BET A NICKEL OR FINALIZE YOUR FANTASY LEAGUE ROSTER UNTIL YOU'VE PORED OVER OUR COMPREHENSIVE LOWDOWN ON THE UPCOMING SEASON.

2010 BASEBALL PREVIEW



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Year in and year out, from the cry of "Play ball!" on Opening Day to the final out of the World Series, Major League Baseball delivers thrills and surprises. With a new season right around the corner, HUSTLER has invited the **BaseballPress.com** crew to pinpoint which teams and emerging superstars will excel in 2010. Whether you're a casual fan of the national pastime, a fanatic or somewhere in between, our three-pack of sportswriters has all the bases covered.



TEAMS THAT WILL SURPRISE IN 2010

Texas Rangers

The Rangers traditionally rely on hitting, but last season the team focused on defense and pitching. Rich Harden and Scott Feldman will be the aces of the mostly young pitching staff. Meanwhile, second baseman Ian Kinsler (31 home runs, 31 stolen bases) and outfielders Nelson Cruz (33 HR, 76 RBI) and Julio Borbon will set the table for sluggers Josh Hamilton and newly acquired designated hitter Vladimir Guerrero. Leading a solid defense are shortstop Elvis Andrus and third baseman Michael Young.

San Francisco Giants

Since being called up from the minors in 2008, Pablo "Kung Fu Panda" Sandoval has quickly become one of baseball's most prolific hitters. In '09 the stout third baseman was the Giants' only dependable offensive threat (.330 BA, 25 HR, 90 RBI) behind great pitching from Tim Lincecum (who took home his second Cy Young Award) and 14-game winner Matt Cain. Veteran second baseman Freddy Sanchez and rookie catcher Buster Posey will help the stellar pitching staff push the Giants into serious playoff contention in 2010.

Florida Marlins

The Fish have the offense to contend with any team in the National League East, but their ultimate success will be decided by pitching. Anchored by young stud shortstop Hanley Ramirez (.342 BA, 24 HR, 106 RBI), the lineup also boasts second baseman Dan Uggla (.243 BA, 31 HR, 90 RBI) and outfielder Chris Coghlan (.321 BA, 9 HR, 47 RBI), the 2009 NL Rookie of the Year. But to capture a division title, pitchers Josh Johnson, Ricky Nolasco and Chris Volstad need to pick up their game.

Seattle Mariners

During what folks would refer to as a "rebuilding year," the M's finished third in the American League West at 85-77, which is pretty good for a team full of overpaid fixer-uppers and injury-prone players. Last season's solid pitching (overall 3.87 ERA) and excellent defense should lead to further success in 2010 for manager Don Wakamatsu's squad.

Baltimore Orioles

The team suffered through another lackluster season in '09, but fans glimpsed some promising young talent. Much-hyped catcher Matt Wieters will look to build on the success he had as a rookie, especially after the All-Star break. Hurlers Brian Matusz and Chris Tillman also made their big-league debuts last season, giving hope to an organization hungry to turn things around. Also look for outfielders Adam Jones, Nick Markakis and Nolan Reimold to be a productive trio at the plate.

Chicago Cubs

It seems that as soon as things are going good for the Wrigley faithful, the vengeful baseball gods intercede. Nevertheless, expect another big year from slugging first baseman Derrek Lee (.306 BA, 35 HR, 111 RBI) and crafty left-handed starting pitcher Ted Lilly (12-9, 3.10 ERA). With additions to the bullpen, the Cubbies may surpass the 90-win mark this season. Lou Piniella's outfit has the talent, but can he get every player on the same page and make the playoffs?

Arizona Diamondbacks

Dealt a crushing blow with the season-ending injury to starting pitcher Brandon Webb, the D-backs were forced to rely heavily on Dan Haren and Doug Davis in '09. With a healthy Webb back in the rotation, Arizona has an excellent one-two punch. Look for emerging third baseman Mark Reynolds (44 HR,102 RBI) to lead the offensive assault, with assistance from outfielder Justin Upton, catcher Miguel Montero and shortstop Stephen Drew.

Tampa Bay Rays

After reaching the World Series in 2008, last season was a disaster for the Rays. Early hitting slumps and a questionable bullpen dug an immediate hole, and the team never recovered. But make no mistake, with outfielder B.J. Upton looking to rebound from a poor '09 and a dynamic corner duo of third baseman Evan Longoria and first baseman Carlos Pena, the Rays are for real and can again compete with any team in the American League.

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PLAYERS WHO WILL SURPRISE IN 2010

Every season a handful of newcomers emerge from obscurity and have breakthrough seasons. Here's our list of budding superstars.

Elvis Andrus

(Texas Rangers)

Already acclaimed for his defensive skills, the young shortstop (pictured on page 38) had a solid rookie season in '09, scoring 72 runs and stealing 33 bases. Improvements at the plate need to be made, but Andrus seems up to the task. He should be a big part of a potent Rangers lineup in 2010.

Clayton Kershaw

(Los Angeles Dodgers)

Thanks to a curveball that gives hitters fits, this southpaw's potential has never been doubted. In 2009, however, Kershaw had trouble throwing strikes and keeping his pitch counts low, prompting early exits. He finished the season with an 8-8 win-loss record despite posting a 2.79 ERA and the lowest rate of hits allowed per nine innings. He appears set to become one of the elite pitchers in the game.



Matt Wieters

(Baltimore Orioles)

One can't really recall a more ballyhooed prospect than catcher Matt Wieters. While the switch-hitter didn't live up to expectations in his '09 rookie season, he still showed skill behind the plate while hitting .288 with 9 home runs and 43 RBI in 96 games. A .343 hitter in his minor-league career, Wieters is a prime candidate to post excellent numbers in 2010.



Howie Kendrick

(Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim)

The Halos' second baseman is a capable defensive infielder and can post double digits in home runs and stolen bases, but Kendrick's calling card is a high batting average. Thus it was very surprising when he hit just .231 in his first 51 games last season and was briefly sent to the minors to regroup. It worked, with Kendrick hitting .351 in his last 54 games. If he keeps swinging the bat like that in 2010, Kendrick could compete for the AL batting title.





Tommy Hanson

(Atlanta Braves)

One of the few bright spots for the Braves in '09 was young right-hander Tommy Hanson, who was promoted after 11 starts at AAA and made an immediate impact. His 11-4 record and 2.89 ERA in 21 starts are harbingers of what should be an excellent major-league career.

Andrew McCutchen

(Pittsburgh Pirates)

Centerfielder Andrew McCutchen's promotion last season was highly anticipated, and the 11th overall pick in the 2005 amateur draft didn't disappoint. Covering a vast amount of territory in PNC Park, McCutchen makes spectacular plays on a regular basis. He also hit 12 homers and swiped 22 bases in 27 attempts, making him one of the most dynamic young players to watch in 2010.



PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

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J.A. Happ
(Philadelphia Phillies)

Overcoming struggles by staff ace Cole Hamels and their bullpen, the Phillies made it to the World Series for a second straight season in 2009. Left-hander J.A. Happ played a big part, posting an 11-4 mark and 2.93 ERA. Although his 119 strikeouts don't rival other young pitchers, he has amazing control (just 56 walks in '09).

Stephen Strasberg
(Washington Nationals)

The abysmal Nationals don't have many things to look forward to in 2010, but fireballer Stephen Strasberg's debut is one of them. Already legendary at San Diego State, Strasberg ended 2009 in the Arizona Fall League, where his fastball still managed to make hitters look silly. It's unclear how much of an impact Strasberg will make this season, however, as he's recovering from a dislocated kneecap.



2010 MLB FORECAST

The season is long, and only the strongest teams make the playoffs. We take a look at the chase for the postseason and project how things will end up come October.

American League

East: New York Yankees

Putting the free-spending team's motto "We don't rebuild, we reload" on hold this offseason, the Yankees didn't sign a lot of big names but should have the most talent in the difficult AL East. Lacking top-notch pitchers, Boston and Tampa Bay will struggle to hang in with the Bronx Bombers in 2010.

Central: Minnesota Twins

The Twinkies always seem to come out on top in this tough division. Last year they came from behind to overtake the Detroit Tigers on the last day of the season, forcing a one-game playoff. With key acquisitions and a healthy lineup of stars, the Twins take the AL Central easily.

West: Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim

One could flip a coin to determine where the A's and Mariners finish, but as usual, the AL West belongs to the Angels this year. Despite losing some *(continued on page 89)*

FANTASY BASEBALL TIPS

Fantasy baseball can be a difficult challenge for even the most savvy fan. Here are some pointers to help you stay ahead of the competition in your league this season.

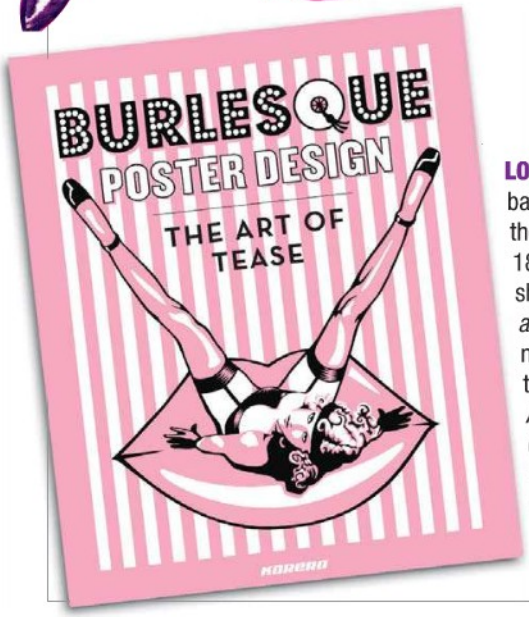
- **DON'T INVEST HEAVILY IN STARTING PITCHERS.** Each season, dozens of starters emerge and have surprising success. Many can be acquired fairly easily on the fantasy waiver wire.
- **NOTE TENDENCIES.** Some pitchers are more effective at home. Some good hitters don't get going until after the All-Star break. Some players can't hit left-handed pitching. Be aware of these kinds of tendencies when you set your fantasy lineup.
- **DON'T GIVE UP ON PROVEN PLAYERS.** Veterans who slump early in the season usually work themselves out of it eventually. Don't dump players who have good career numbers and are simply running cold. You can then outwit other fantasy managers who aren't as patient.
- **GRAB AN ELITE CLOSER.** Saves are probably the toughest fantasy stat to find on the waiver wire. Be sure you lock down a top-notch closer to carry your team in this category.
- **ADD AN ELITE BASE-STEALER.** Few players are capable of stealing 50 or more bases in a season. Having one of these speed demons on your fantasy team can allow you to focus on other needs.
- **DON'T OVERLOOK MIDDLE RELIEVERS.** They won't rack up many saves, but elite middle relievers can help lower your team's ERA and WHIP numbers; they might even scoop up some wins.
- **MAKE CAREFUL TRADES.** Every fantasy league seems to have a few guys who make trades just for the heck of it. Take advantage of this by only making deals that improve your team.
- **WATCH THE NUMBERS, NOT THE NAME.** Don't trust players simply on name recognition or star power. Finding a lesser-known player who can post similar numbers will allow you to improve other parts of your fantasy team.
- **DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE.** If a player you've never heard of hits like Ty Cobb his first week, don't be duped. Never cut a veteran for a probable flash in the pan.

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TAKE IT OFF!







THE GRAPHIC ART OF BURLESQUE

LONG BEFORE PORN, PEEP SHOWS, TITTY bars, gentlemen's clubs and jack shacks there was burlesque. Dating back to the 1880s, this risqué offshoot of the variety show featured exotic dancers—striptease *artists* who emphasized charm and tease, not depravity. Now the exciting new coffee table book *Burlesque Poster Design: The Art of Tease* takes an in-depth look at the cultural phenomenon from its birth at the Folies Bergère in France to today's neo-burlesque revival.

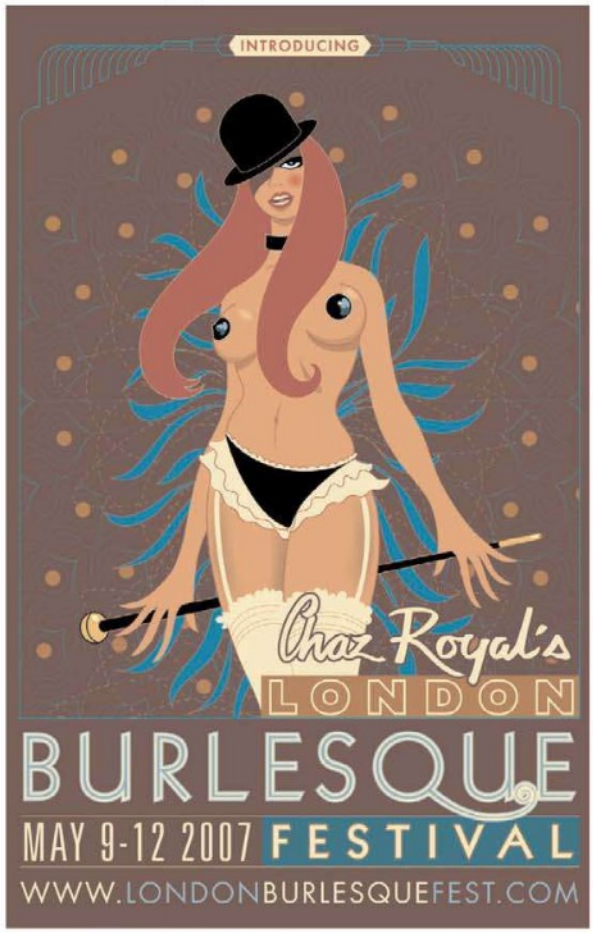
The titillating tome contains more than 150 eye-popping advertisements and flyers from burlesque venues around the world. It also includes posters drawn by today's top illustrators, most notably Derek Yaniger and Vince Ray. Rounding out the comprehensive chronicle are photos of such legendary bump-and-grinders as Josephine Baker, Tempest Storm, Bettie Page, Lili St. Cyr and Kitten Natividad, as well as modern-day temptress Dita Von Teese.

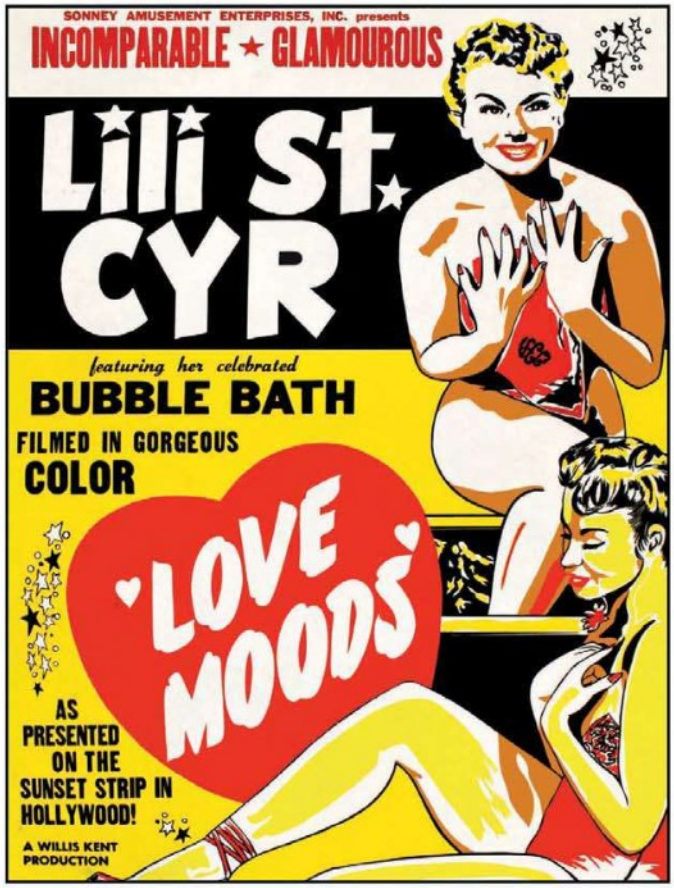
This colorful volume will make a sexy addition to your bookshelf and may give that normally frigid girlfriend of yours some ideas. Look for *Burlesque Poster Design: The Art of Tease* at bookstores or **IPGbook.com**.

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BY CAMILLE CHANEL

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

MAIDEN VOYAGE

ROOKIE QUICKLY GETS UP TO SPEED.

My very first night, an older gentleman, Henry, came in and ordered a drink at the bar. Of course he was there for more than a strong drink. Eventually he started talking to me, and we went back to my room.

Once there, Henry admitted that he wasn't sure if he was there for sex. While I undressed for him, he also mentioned that he was getting on in years and that, honestly, he was having a hard time getting aroused lately. But as I helped him take his clothes off, I could feel a heartbeat, so something still worked.

Soon enough, Henry was panting, but before we got down to business, he said he wanted two girls. I quickly put on a robe and ran down the hall and found Amy.

We returned to my room and put on a show for Henry. It began with me licking Amy's nipples as she rubbed my clit and played with my tight little pussy. Of course by now it was obvious that Henry had decided he wanted to do more than watch: He wanted to play too.



And play he did. Before long, Henry and Amy were interconnected in ways even a porn aficionado could only imagine. The old guy was riding her hard from behind while she gasped and moaned with his every thrust. This from a man who had earlier told me he was having a hard time getting it up lately.

In the meantime I was rubbing my DDD boobs on him, providing the ultimate cushion for each time he reared back and thrust again into Amy. He was having the time of his life, and the look of pure delight on his face showed it.

By now I was getting so aroused that I reached down between my legs and began stroking my clit, first gently and then furiously. Soon my love juices were flowing like there was no end to them. Wanting more, I found a vibrator and eased it into me, finally thrusting as deep as I could go, moaning and arching my back as I watched Amy take every inch of the customer's cock.

Finally Henry exploded, crying out so loud that I was certain everyone in the house could hear him, but I was pretty sure my own cries and Amy's were breaking through the walls as well. We all lay back, stroking each other, spent and satisfied.

Yes, I was going to like working at the Moonlite BunnyRanch. And it was clear that those who were fortunate enough to come here were going to like me.

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



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.

PHOTOS BY MARTY JOSEPH

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12 QUESTIONS FOR A PORN STAR

LUPE FUENTES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

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Lupe Fuentes, who was born in Colombia and raised in Spain, is a rare find in the adult-entertainment business: a perfect combination of beauty, brains and a body for sin. No wonder XXX superstar Tera Patrick signed **Lupe** to an exclusive contract as a Teravision girl. At the start of what promises to be a huge career, we caught up with the pocket-sized Latina—she's a wee 4-foot-11—to ask her a dozen questions.

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How did you come up with your porn name? It's my real name! (*Laughs.*) No, it was a nickname some old friends gave me when I was a teenager. I'm tiny, so they called me Little Lupe.

Why get into porn? Why not? Every girl should try it. Free sex. Free money! Nice work if you can get it.

Tell us about your first time with a guy. It was fast, furious and hurt a lot. The second time was much better. And the third. And the fourth….

Are you bi? Yes, I do like girls as well. Variety is yummy.

First time with a girl? I was very nervous, drunk and clumsy. All I remember is she tasted like honey vanilla ice cream.

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Favorite music? I love hip-hop, dance and salsa—music that moves me.

Favorite food? *Chili rellenos* and anything Spanish and spicy.

Favorite position? That's easy: doggy-style.

Favorite movie? Anything directed by Pedro Almodóvar.

Anal: yes or no? An option depending on the man and the circumstances.

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How is sex at home different from on film? It's slower and quieter, but just as hot.



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Plans for the future?
Tera Patrick has really given me such a great opportunity to do anything and everything. I hope to build a career half as successful as hers, then retire to a little beach shack someplace warm.



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LUPE FUENTES'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Madrid, Spain | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 4-11 | WEIGHT: 95

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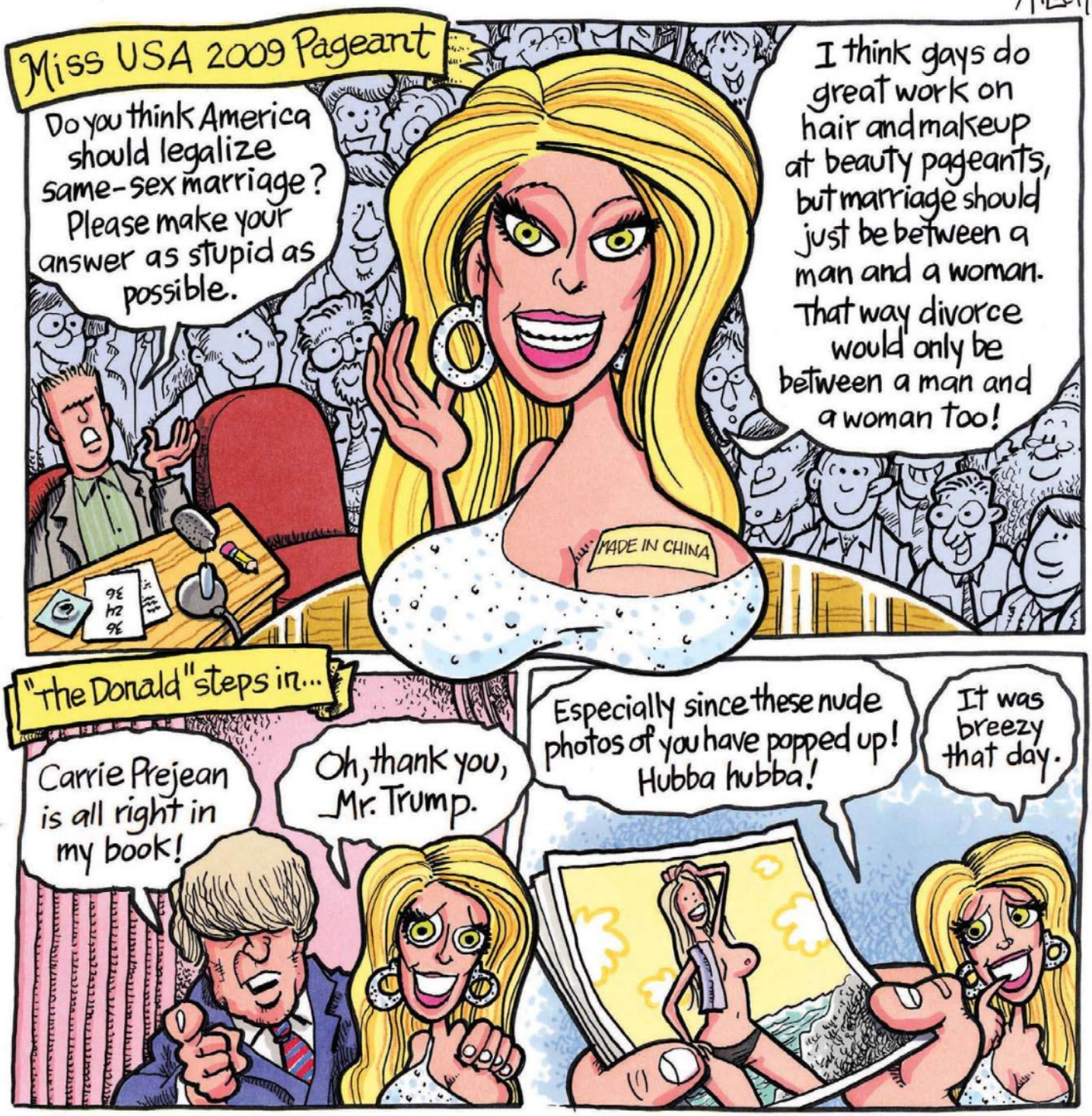
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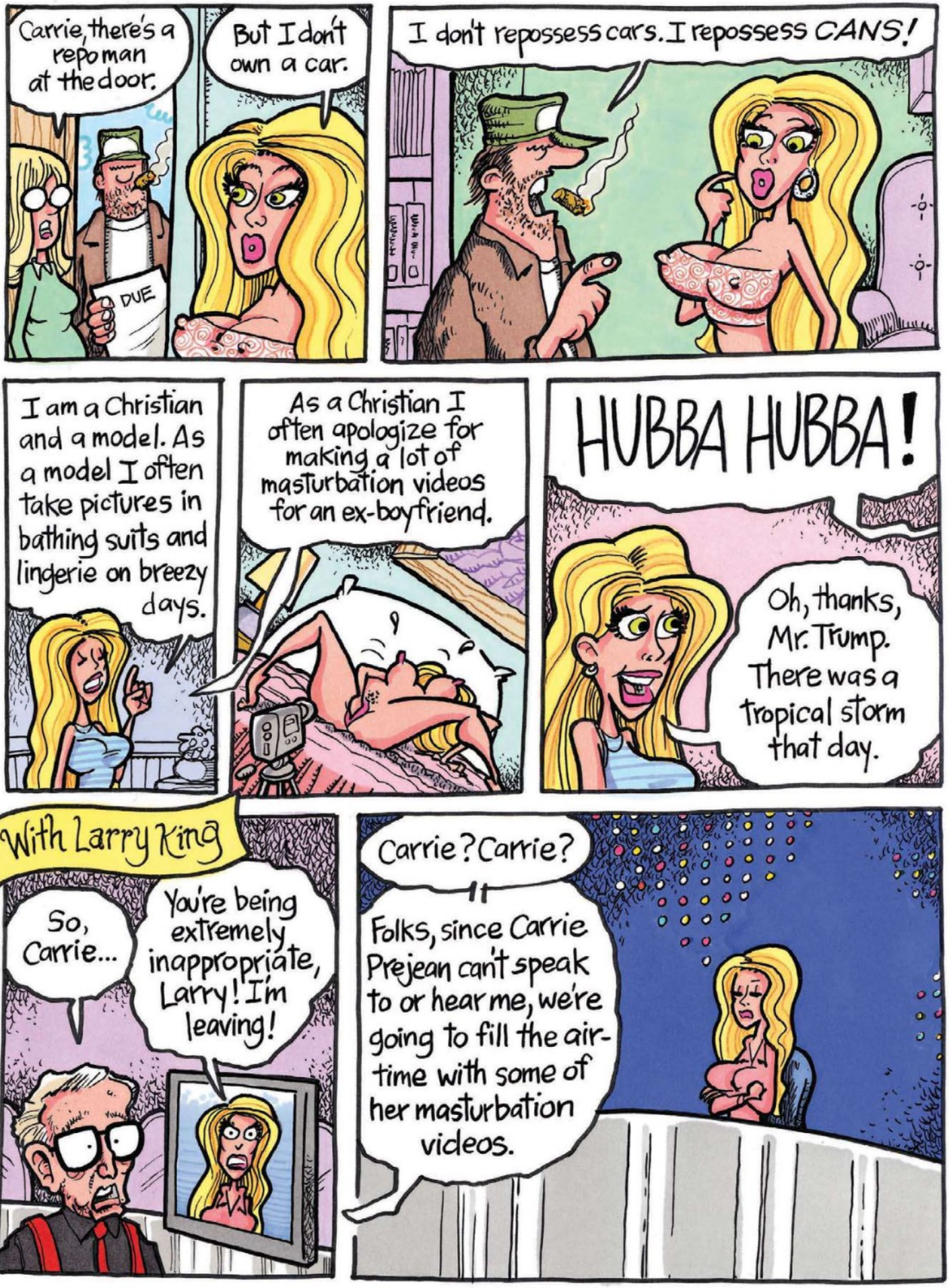
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The Incredible Career (so far) of CARRIE PREJEAN— BEAUTY CONTESTANT



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KATS

A Day in the Life

THE EURASIAN XXX SUPERSTAR PROVES THAT IT'S EASY TO BE FILTHY AND CLASSY AT THE SAME TIME



IT'S A TOUGH INTERVIEW. The guest is squirming, but the show's buxom cohosts press on, probing relentlessly. The windup. The pitch…and there it is. The question on everyone's mind, now hanging in midair, waiting for a response: "What's the biggest thing that's ever been up your ass?"

Welcome to *Night Calls*, a long-running adult talk show with a definite "this was shocking in 1982" vibe. Produced by Sirius XM 99 and Playboy Radio, the program is currently hosted by Christy Canyon and Nicki Hunter. In their hot seat tonight: international porn star Katsuni.

My assignment is to spend some time in the company of this exotic French-Vietnamese beauty. Katsuni had recently traveled to Los Angeles from her home in Paris to shoot some fresh, steamy con-

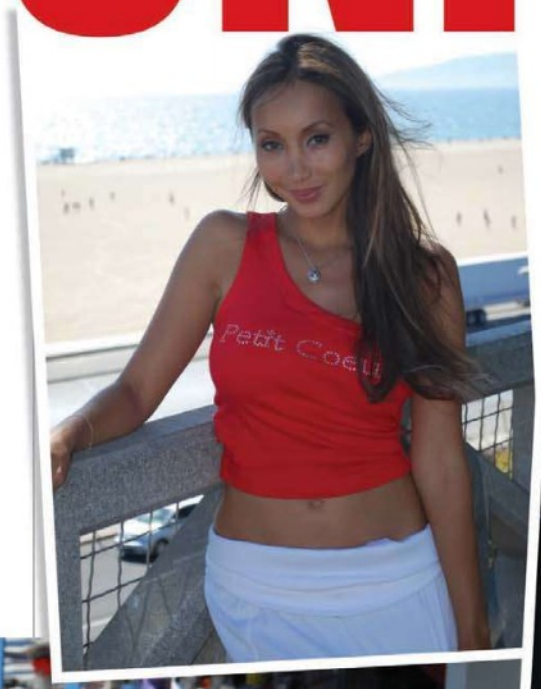
PHOTO FROM *TEACHERS* COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

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UNI











tent for mega-studio Digital Playground, as well as to promote her new, personally designed line of lingerie for the American market.

After several moments of reflection, Katsuni comes through. "I would have to say Mandingo," she replies demurely, referring to the porn actor who packs a Thanksgiving parade float in his pants. "He is…like my arm."

Christy and Nicki nod sympathetically. You can tell by their expressions that they too had done their share of field research in pursuing love down the Hershey Highway. But being savvy entertainers, they also know this is no time to lose focus. What's called for is the right follow-up question.

"What's the best cock you've ever had in the industry?" Nicki asks.

"That's a very difficult question," Katsuni answers diplomatically. "But I'd have to say [veteran French performer] Manuel Ferrara." Christy and Nicki seem a bit disappointed that American cock came in second. Who knows, maybe they still order Freedom Fries.

Although the two cohosts want to talk about ass cracks and titties, their stunning guest insists on raising the level of elocution.

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*Katsuni in **Katsuni: Minx**, **Is He There?** and **Video Nasty #4** (with Stoya).*

PHOTOS COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

Katsuni answers every question politely, of course, but she does it almost shyly, speaking in general terms about "liking many things" and "expressing myself openly." Talking dirty isn't this lady's thing. But wow, do her actions speak louder than her words.

Katsuni's cinematic work is, in a word, filthy. She's as bad a bad girl as a XXX fan could want. The star of movies like *Anal Worship* and *Cumfucius* is up for anything when the director says "Action!" Threeways, double penetration, bondage and relentlessly rough, pounding sex—often bordering on felonious assault—are all hallmarks of Katsuni's repertoire.

It all seems incongruous. The well-spoken, reserved woman talking about "feelings and emotion" is also one of the biggest cock-hungry sluts in the adult industry. So after her radio interview we sit down and try to get to the bottom of…well, why so many things end up in Katsuni's alluring bottom.

"When it comes to sex, I have no limits," Katsuni explains in her glorious, breathy French accent. (Guys could masturbate to this chick reading from a phone book.) "For me to have sex is a great way to be free. My brain is always working except for when I have sex. Then my brain is off. I just want to feel. When I make love, I always do it like it's for the first time or the last time."

My romantic poetry teacher in college wasn't half as eloquent.

Katsuni started out in the porn business as a classic libertine (think female Marquis de Sade) who is devoid of any restraints and who doesn't concern herself with society's accepted morals. "I considered the world a playground," she recalls. "It was like I was in front of a buffet and couldn't stop eating. I didn't want to think about the future. I only wanted to feel pleasure."



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Sometimes girls just want to have fun, which Katsuni most certainly did, appearing in 300 adult films. But then one day, much to the dismay of her patron saint—the ol' Marquis de Horny—this drippingly hot vessel of pleasure had an epiphany. She was getting older.

"I loved doing porn," Katsuni continues, "but before long I knew I would be 30 years old. When you do porn, you don't have to be responsible; you just want gratification. I realized it was time for me to use my brain."

Luckily, in Katsuni's case, fucking her brains out proved to be only an expression. She launched an extremely successful personal Web site, **ClubKatsuni.com**, then began producing and directing for her own adult video company, Katsuni LLC. She did a series of highly successful live dance performances, first in France and Italy, then the U.S. She also created her own lingerie line, hosted a sex advice cable show in Paris and shot documentaries about the adult industry for French television.

Oh, and one more thing: Katsuni fell in love. For the past three years she's been in an exclusive relationship with a French TV director, Franck Gregory. (No misprint. Leave it to the French to throw in an extra *c*.) Anyway, Katsuni and Franck with the superfluous consonant are crazy about each other, and both work hard to cope with the stressful complications of their various jobs—his involving long hours and travel, hers getting ass-fucked constantly.

"I know it's not natural to be with another man when you're in love, but I love what I do," Katsuni tells me the next day as I accompany her, Franck and several of their friends on a sightseeing tour of Santa Monica, California. "Franck didn't make me choose between him and my job. But I knew if I loved this man, I had to start thinking for two."

In other words it was time to feather the nest. Katsuni and Franck moved into a place together in Paris, settling down to simple domestic bliss. "We don't go to clubs," she says. "I go to enough clubs for my work. We like to relax at small neighborhood restaurants, either with friends or just the two of us. We don't like the famous international tourist places."

Domestic goddess, international porn star and successful businesswoman. The lady's come a long way from the shy, innocent Parisian teen who first started watching porn out of curiosity and insecurity.

"It's funny," Katsuni confesses. "I never wanted to be a porn star. Porn was a secret, a fantasy, an experiment. The girls in porn seemed so powerful to me back then. They could satisfy two or three men, and I was worried I couldn't satisfy one."

Who's got the power now?

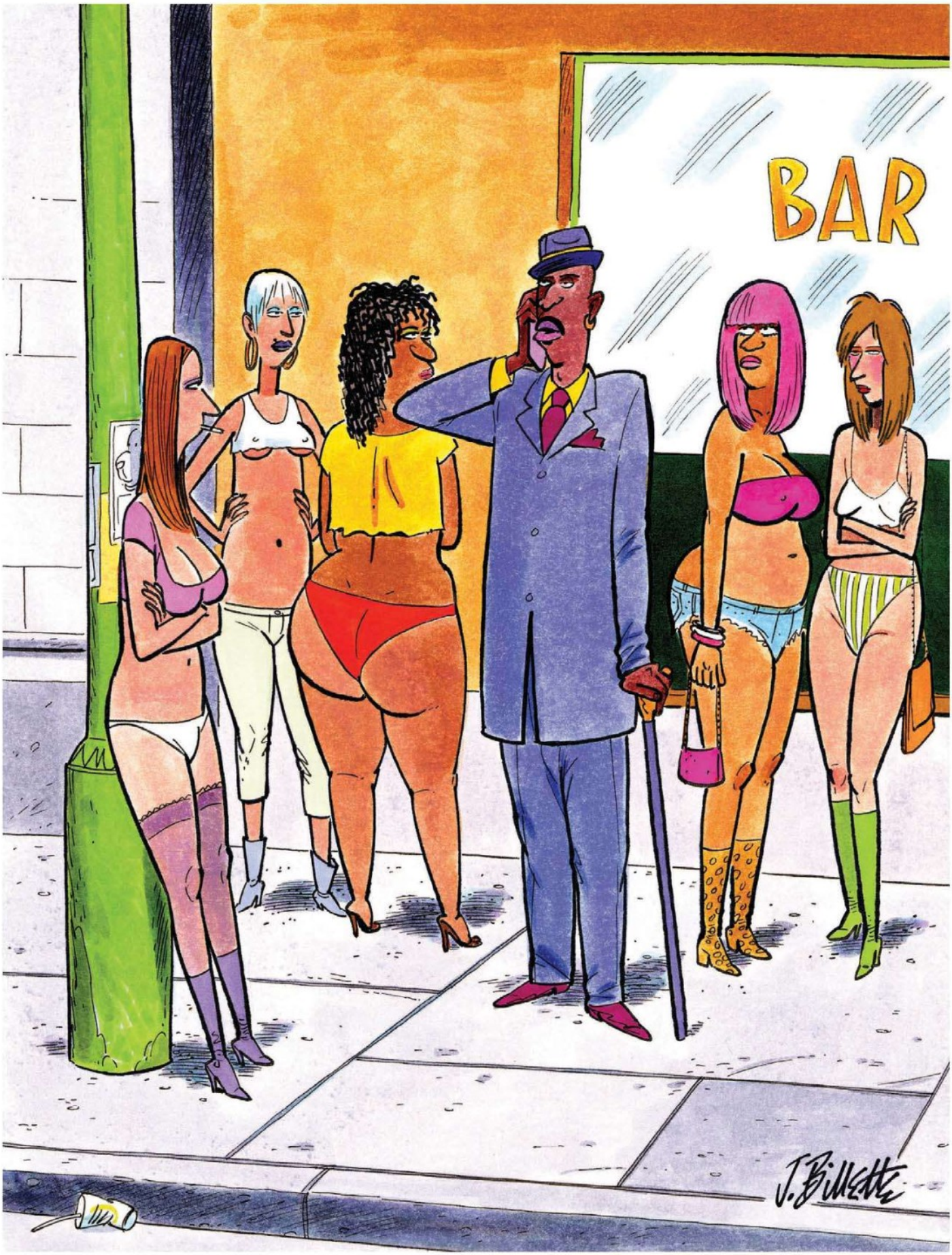


Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.





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"Hos 'R' Us, Leon speaking."

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Look at these smoking-hot gals going at it. It's the perfect pairing. The only thing missing here is you. That's right, we said it: you. Sure, the babes have sex toys, but don't you think, given the chance, they'd be up for a threesome? These horny chicks look like they'll do anything.

Besides, threeways are more popular than ever. Hell, Britney Spears just released a song called "3," in which she begs for two cocks. It's true. Don't you listen to lyrics anymore? Anyway, these dirty little sluts are definitely game for some man-meat.

So how are you going to make this magical sex session happen? We have no idea. That's your job. We're writers, not pimps.

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BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

COUGARS UNLEASHED #15

SIENNA

THIS MONTH: Sienna Brookes / AGE: 49 / LOCATION: Baltimore
STATUS: Single / SEE HER AT: **SiennaBrookes.com**

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



"I'm an exhibitionist at heart," announces Sienna, a "pretty easygoing" Webmistress with a "bubbly personality" and a workout-toned bod that is rarely concealed. "Being naked in *Cougars Unleashed*, my favorite part of HUSTLER, is a fantasy-come-true. I love to tease others. There is no greater pleasure than the anticipation of bliss yet to be fulfilled."

Truly untamable, Sienna reveals, "I love having sex in public, meaning many of my encounters are adventures! But no matter where I may be, I'm open to everything from being alone with a man or a woman to full-blown orgies."

The 4-foot-11 Maryland resident even gets to relive some of her amorous hijinks. "I make my own sex tapes and watch them," Sienna explains. "They are far more erotic than any staged porn you can buy!" Except for HBO's *Carnivale*, bread-and-butter television fare also doesn't cut the mustard for the onetime graphic artist. "If I do watch TV with you," she cautions, "my mouth will be busy doing something other than speaking!"

Sienna, who says her "biggest claim to fame is firing lotion ten feet out of my pussy," wraps up with a blanket assessment: "My Web fans constantly remind me that I am aged to perfection."



PHOTOS BY FRIEND

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





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BY ERICH "MANCOW" MULLER

THE BATAAN WEDDING MARCH

AS THE GROOM WALKS DOWN THE AISLE, IS THE BRIDE PRESSING A BAYONET INTO HIS BACK?

"TAKE MY WIFE...PLEASE." That was comedian Henny Youngman on one of my father's vinyl records, delivering one-liners as a Catskills crowd went batshit. I didn't get the joke back in my childhood, but I do now. Why? I'm married.

Fast-forward to a hilarious comedian, Robert Schimmel, calling home from the road to hear moaning on his young wife's end of the line. "What's that?" he asked. "Oh, the television's on," she assured him breathlessly. Minutes later his daughter called to whisper, "She's got a man in there." Ouch! And, Schimmel told me, he never saw it coming.

Cell phone records confirmed the nightmare's startling reality: up to 55 texts on some days illuminating his wife's side action. When Schimmel questioned her, she became livid, blurting out, "You're not the boss of me!"

Women are like Jedis when it comes to turning an argument around on you. They'll complain that you raised your voice or cursed,

or they'll invoke some other random item that is amazingly and totally beside the point.

I believe the Adam Sandler movie *Funny People* was based on my friend Robert Schimmel. When I asked him what was worse, his almost dying from cancer or the heartbreak of that relationship, his answer confirmed the worst: "I really loved her.

"When I met her in Arizona," Schimmel recalled, "she thought I was a superstar like Jim Carrey. I moved her out to a mansion in L.A., where there are, unfortunately, real Jim Carreys everywhere."

Comedian Bill Bellamy (the man who created the term *booty call*) adds, "That's the problem! Women are always trying to trade up."

Women are the only reason men assume so much soul-crushing responsibility in life. Men have no choice but to mature in order to get what they crave from the opposite sex. We leave behind our childish ways, taking on jobs, mortgages, high credit card debt, impossible vows and other obligations—all for them!

Then we spend the remainder of our lives missing those last few years before the "icky girls" are transformed into the all-powerful objects of our obsession. Look around today at any guy's cubicle, man cave or den, and you'll see items from (or inspired by) their pre-pubes era. What do adult men covet and collect? Everything they loved from their childhood. Eden for males is the age of 12!

Masculinity is under attack. Self-actualized, man-hating lesbian teachers and others with more ulterior motives hate manly men. Almost from birth, male offspring are denigrated while their female counterparts are exalted, treasured and emboldened. "Boys are made of puppy dog tails" and worse. In the education of the sexes, it's a case of all ships sink as males with leadership skills drown.

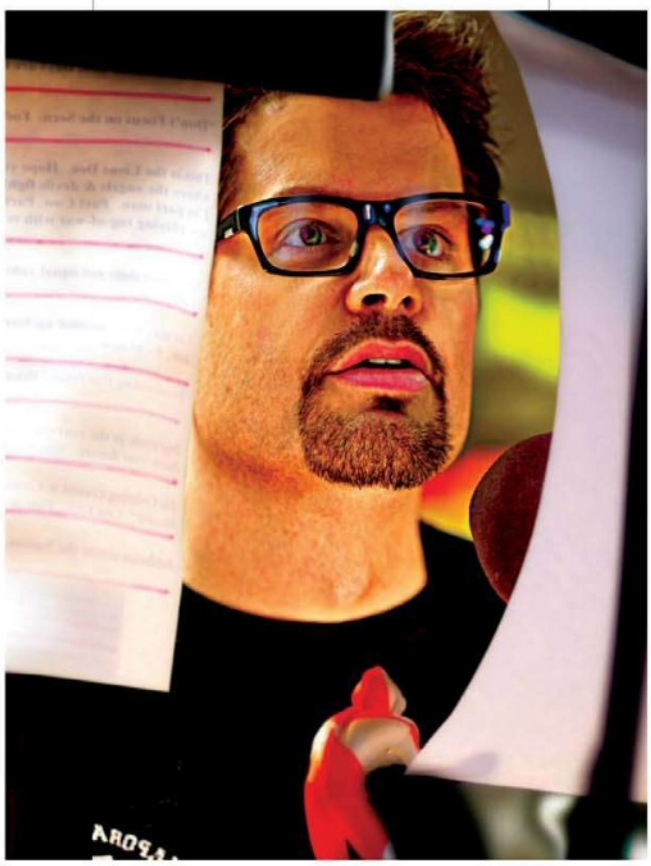
Remember the recent feminist celebration that more women have jobs now than men? Isn't that great? Glass ceiling? My hairy, white butt! However, despite having surpassed men in the workforce, women still expect *us* to pay for everything.

It's a shocking revelation when a male realizes his mother is a woman. I loved mine, mostly because she always said yes. Dad would ground me for getting poor grades equal to that of the short busers. Then, after he left for work, Mom would unground me and send me out to play. *Yippee!* I thought at the time. Yet now, looking back, I can't help thinking Mommy Dearest usurped Dad's leadership at every turn.

Having had the opportunity to interview many great people since the late '80s, let me extol some learned truths about love in the "change for the sake of change" generation. Jeffrey Leving, writer of the mega-best-seller *Father's Rights*, will tell you husbands get the smelly end of the proverbial stick when it comes to divorce. How many men do you know who are paying for a house with their ex-wife, kids and her boyfriend tucked comfortably inside? Why does this happen? Men move out.

The common sense solution: Don't ever leave! It's *your* house! Don't go! If she tells you to leave, laugh at her! Maritime captains are taught to never give up the ship. American husbands must learn to never give up the domicile.

Long before Chevy Chase played dumb-ass daddy Clark Griswold in those *Vacation* movies, the degradation of men had already begun. Single men, husbands and fathers are the never-miss-target of the much-hated mainstream media. Husbands are presented as buffoons whom women should get as much money from as possible. Their authority is to be circumvented at every opportunity. The soul-crushing is all fun and games until a guy kills his wife.



"Women are need machines, and I'm not going to spend the rest of my life in servitude," Bill Maher confided to me. These words turned out to be more prophetic than anything Nostradamus ever quatrained. Through courtship and into marriage, I had jumped through hoops until I reached a state of exhaustion.

Do this? Okay. Fix that. Done. Buy me this. *Ka-ching*. I was an ATM made of flesh. My wife delighted in all the wishes she was granted at any given time. I was like Aladdin's lamp, only better, because there was no three-wish minimum. That is until I learned a magically powerful word long thought forgotten by modern man.

No is the word that unplugs the "need machines" and saves families. Learn to say *no!* more often, and it will set you free. It's not chauvinism; it's survival.

Since 54 percent of the approximately 100 million single people in America are female, you don't ever have to settle.

"There are boundaries to marriage," the legendary Dick Van Dyke said to me. "You can view it as either a prison or Disneyland." I just don't want to be a worker at Disneyland.

Probably the most precious jewel of wisdom I can impart begins with a query: What do you do when you are finished with a project? Women move on.

And that, my friends, is the number-one excuse I hear from women who are unfaithful or divorced: "He bored me" or "He became predictable."

Women are born tinkerers. They view men

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Collector Mancow relives an age before women.

as projects. Their natural state is to complain. So learn to tune out their static. Don't let them fix you like the dog. Don't change, don't comply, be yourself, and you'll be married forever.

I strongly believe that rapists and child molesters should be executed. It's called "Mancow's Law." I also hold no respect for wife-beaters. Never lay a brutal finger on a woman! Having said that, isn't it amazing that the most abusive, jobless, drugged-up loser can always keep a woman? Why? Women can't resist a challenge. So learn what those men know: Never let a woman mold you into what she wants. To thine own self be true.

"Being a fornicator is a physical condition similar to that of a morphine addict," wrote Tolstoy. He also warned men of "the illusion that beauty is the same as goodness." Be careful with which head you think because that girlish little cutie you love could rip your world asunder. Pay attention to signs that she may actually be a "shifter" with a reptilian underbelly.

Are her parents divorced? Was she raised by a man-bashing mommy? Dust her! Has she been divorced? Lose her! Does she have children with past baby-daddies? Run! Does she never want to have your children? There is no reason to marry! You hate her parents? *Hasta la vista!* Women really do become their mothers. Aren't clichés always true?

Since 54 percent of the approximately 100 million single people in America are female, you don't ever have to settle. Choose wisely, grasshopper.

My then-future wife's prenup lawyer wanted a parachute of money for her if I ever dared to step out of line. "You are taking her away from her career," he informed me. Hilarious! I laughed in his face! She had been my intern, and she still lived at home. I wouldn't stand for it.

I got up and left the lawyer's office. I canceled the wedding. They eventually got their wits about them, becoming more reasonable. The cute Beatle, Paul McCartney, wasn't smart enough to get a prenup with that one-legged hag. It cost him millions, a daughter and his pride. Sir Paul learned the hard way: Always get a prenup!

Huckster, barker and P.T. Barnum channeler Dennis Hof of the Moonlite BunnyRanch (the whorehouse that put Carson City, Nevada, on the map) believes that every man will cheat if he has the chance. "Just don't bring a disease home or get caught," Hof advises. "Be discreet in honor of your family."

My preacher once told me the biggest mistake every religion has made since the clock's first tick is to underestimate the sex drive of man. My wife is from Italy. There a man is expected to have side action. As far as you know, I've avoided it. But if to lust in the heart is to sin, as former President Jimmy Carter famously said, then I cheat on my wife every time I'm pantless watching the señoritas on Telemundo with the sound turned down.

Finally, if you do screw up, don't be too hard on yourself. You are not alone. Half of marriages end in divorce. Would you accept those odds in Russian roulette? Samson, Hef and O.J. all blew it with women.

If yours comes to you and says, "I need time to think," suck it up and end it right there. When a woman says she "needs time to think" it means she's found someone else. You bore her, you're predictable, she's done with you, and she wants to see how things are going to work out with the new, exciting guy she's been under recently.

"Time to think" means it's already over. Don't let the other shoe drop. There is no "time to think," and she is welcome to leave. Even though you feel like your insides are being run through a shredder, it's over. As Professor Harold Hill said in America's finest musical, *The Music Man*, women are tricky and "spin webs no spider ever knew."

Don't waste your life trying to figure them out. Just be the best you can be.

P.S. Is Wagner's wedding march repeating "Dum dum dum dum" or "Dumb dumb dumb dumb"?



Broadcast in more than two dozen markets, Chicago-based talk jock Erich "Mancow" Muller describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses. For the total picture, visit Mancow.com.

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THE DRUG WAR FIASCO

WITH THE HIGHEST INCARCERATION RATE IN THE WORLD, AMERICA HAS STILL MANAGED TO LOSE THE WAR ON DRUGS, DESTROY MILLIONS OF INNOCENT LIVES, RIP FAMILIES APART, WASTE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND BUILD A RACIST CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM SECOND TO NONE.

In April 1993, 23-year-old Clinton Matthew was staying at a friend's house in Norfolk, Virginia, with his girlfriend when the police burst in. A small amount of drugs, belonging to others, was discovered in the house, and Matthew ultimately received a sentence of life with no chance of parole even though he basically was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Under a federal law passed in the 1980s, dealers' friends, lovers and family members who possessed little or no illegal substances could be charged with "conspiracy," potentially a life sentence.

To establish conspiracy for Matthew, the police paid known criminals to testify against him, according to court records. For some reason (probably a previous bust that pissed off the police because he'd been found not guilty), police decided Matthew was the "kingpin" even though he couldn't afford a lawyer. One paid snitch was allegedly Bernard Vick, a close relative of Michael Vick, the pro football player busted for running dog fights. Others got better deals if they named Matthew, although some refused and were deported. He will turn 40 in prison this year. Under his sentence, he'll die behind bars.

"When I was young, I was an angry kid trying to find my way," he says. "I got into some minor trouble before the bust. But I've grown out of my anger. Sitting in this place all these years has made me learn to value the small things. Still, it seems shameful that so many men are locked away like this."

Matthew continues, "I've been sent to so many different penitentiaries, places where you walk a straight line and give people the highest respect because if you don't, it may cost you your life. Predators prey on the weak. The strong survive, and the weak lay down and die. I've lost my mother, my grandmother, my grandfather and countless friends while I've been here. And every time, a part of me is ripped out."

Matthew's father, a veteran who lives in Florida, tries to stay positive. "I can't believe my son is going to spend his entire life in jail," he says. Every request for an appeal has been refused. Because "the kingpin" had to rely on a public defender, he's had basically no hope from day one.

A GROWING INDUSTRY

Matthew is just one of a million or so Americans wasting away in jails for victimless, nonviolent drug violations. Since the 1970s the number of imprisoned drug offenders has increased 1,200%! America jails five times more people—most of them for drugs—than any other country.

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Clinton Matthew (right) at brother Ian's college graduation in May 1992. One year later he would receive a life sentence with no chance of parole.

Annually, about 800,000 people are arrested for marijuana crimes alone. Four out of five are for possession. There are 2 million drug busts in the U.S. each year.

What's behind the madness? "In the '80s, President Reagan and the Republican Congress were trying to prove who could be the toughest on drugs," says Bill Piper, director of national affairs for the Drug Policy Alliance. The result was more busts, longer sentences and mandatory minimum drug sentencing laws. Now about half a million men and women are wasting away in prisons for drug-only crimes. No guns, no violence or other crimes—just drugs. The number doubles when you include those in jail for violating parole by failing or refusing drug tests. In Alabama, for example, about half the prison population falls into this latter category.

The cost of arresting, prosecuting and incarcerating a million or so drug offenders each year is huge, with taxpayers footing the bill. California (a groundbreaking state in drug-policy reform) saved more than $1.5 billion in a year by softening its drug policy.

"There's a lot of money involved," says Piper. "Grass is the bread and butter for lots of law officers and prison workers." Some of the main supporters for mandatory minimum sentencing are the prison guard unions. They are also some of the largest donators to lawmakers who want to ensure that prisons stay filled to the bursting point.

RACISM AND REPUBLICANS

Every war has casualties, and this one hits the poor, the young, and blacks and Latinos the hardest. Although blacks, for example, make up only 12% of the population and use only slightly more drugs than whites, 75% of all drug sentences are handed out to minorities. "All the offenders busted in my case were black," Matthew says, "and it was well known on the street that the town was trying to clear us out of that area of Norfolk."

"It was the rise of crack and its racial undertones that bred mandatory minimum drug sentences," says Monica Pratt Raffanel, communications director for Families Against Mandatory Minimums. (When you're black, it's crack; when you're white, it's coke. The difference can mean life in prison.)

These new sentencing laws took all discretion away from the courts. "The judges and parole officers often express their horror at the cruel sentences," says Pratt Raffanel. One judge commented he wished the defendant standing before him had been a congressman; he was forced by law to sentence a 23-year-old man to 20 years for possessing cocaine and an unloaded rifle under his bed. Another judge said it was with a heavy heart that he sentenced a 22-year-old man to 20 years for coke possession. Neither defendant was white.

"There should be consequences for offenders, but the punishment should fit the crime," says Pratt Raffanel. "Mandatory laws require a five-year sentence for 5 grams of coke. In Indiana one man with a minor prior record was sentenced to life in prison for marijuana possession," she says. "The lower-level offenders get the highest sentences because they have no information to trade with the police."

Piper agrees: "The high-ups avoid possessing the drug by using low-level couriers."

LEGALIZE IT!

Given the growing inequality that borders on ethnic cleansing and apartheid, the time has come to stop this national disgrace. Surveys show that 65% to 75% of Americans oppose jail time for pot. And President Obama almost immediately stopped the raids on medical marijuana dispensaries in states where they are legal, such as California. His predecessor, George W. Bush, aggressively busted legal medical marijuana stores.

Obama also called for a repeal of the federal syringe exchange ban to control AIDS and other diseases, and he has requested changes in the disparity between crack and powder cocaine sentencing. Additionally, the President named Seattle police chief Gil Kerlikowske, a cop who has a fairly liberal record on drug policy, as the drug czar. Kerlikowske declared that the war on drugs is over.

Like California, Washington state has been at the cutting edge of drug policy reform, legalizing medical marijuana in 1998. (Today, 13 states have legalized marijuana or medical marijuana.)

Senator Jim Webb (D-Virginia) has told the Senate that this country is locking up far too many people who do not belong in jail. "Drug offenders are swamping our prisons," according to the senator, who introduced the National Criminal Justice Commission Act of 2009. It calls for an 18-month commission to review the entire criminal justice system and offer real reform recommendations, not just a laundry list of wrongs. The act is supported by President Obama, Supreme Court Justice Anthony M. Kennedy, Attorney General Eric Holder and many lawmakers.

"The commission is a good idea, but it will take years to bring real change," says Piper. "The federal government should be expending its resources on arresting violent gang members."

In the meantime, those who would probably go free under Senator Webb's legislation remain caged—missing their children and families—while costing millions when they could be contributing to society.



Debbie Epstein is an award-winning healthcare and science author who lives in Ringwood, New Jersey, with husband David, Wilbur the cat and Joe the Yorkie.

MAKE YOUR COMPUTER ARMY-STRONG!

Ending the war on drugs demands a lethal political weapon—your keyboard. Shoestring online organizations have already moved mountains. So log on, tune in and drop the bottom out of America's inhumane drug policies.

★ National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (**NORML.org**).

★ Drug Policy Alliance (**DrugPolicy.org**), a superpower weapon whose Web site posts critical, up-to-date news and simple, muscle-bound strategies.

★ Families Against Mandatory Minimums (**FAMM.org**), a force in the fight against mandatory minimum drug sentences.

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I don't like to have sex in bed," comments the straight-to-the-point **Alison Star**. "I think it's the least sexy place to get it on. Your parents have sex there. I'd rather have sex everywhere else: the couch, the kitchen table, on the floor of some dance club with a guy I just met. Just not in a bed."

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Alison is so mobile and motivated, she just had to head our way. "I came to America with specific goals," the chesty babe asserts, "and in less than two years I've accomplished them. I wanted to become a nude model and a star in pornographic movies. I hope to be the biggest thing to come out of Hungary since goulash. Seriously, when people think of my homeland, all that comes to mind is our famous beef-and-noodle dish. I hope to be known as Hungary's greatest export."

ALISON STAR'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Budapest, Hungary | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-0 | WEIGHT: 110

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When not modeling or having sex in various locations, saucy Miss **Star** admits to being a bit of a computer geek. "I spend a lot of my free time on the Internet," she tells us, "working on my Web site and surfing around. I've learned a lot of different programs. That way, if my porn career doesn't pan out, I can get a job as an IT [information technologies] girl—and I'll make naked house calls!"

Good idea, **Alison**. We'll let you fix our hard drive anytime.

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With a big shit-eating grin on his face, the ugliest guy in town stepped into a bar and ordered a tall cold one. "What are you so happy about, pal?" the barkeeper inquired.

"Well," the eyesore began, "I was walking past the railroad station yesterday and noticed this woman tied to the tracks just like in the movies. I cut her free and took her to my place, and we screwed all night long in every position imaginable!"

"You lucky bastard!" the barkeeper yelped. "Was she pretty?"

"I don't know," the butt-ugly Romeo owned up. "I never did find her head."

One day a little boy asked his mother, "How come I'm black and you're white?"

"Never ask me that again!" the flustered mom cried out. "From what I remember about that party, you're lucky you don't bark!"

Coming from opposite directions, two men pushing shopping carts around a big chain store had a bone-jarring collision. One was around 60, the other in his 20s. "I'm so sorry," the older gentleman whimpered. "I'm looking for my wife and wasn't paying attention."

"Don't worry about it," the younger dude shot back. "I'm looking for my wife too. Maybe we can help each other out. My wife is 24 years old, tall, has blond hair, blue eyes and big boobs, and she's wearing tight white shorts with a halter top and no bra. What does your wife look like?"

"To hell with my wife!" the older guy howled. "Let's look for yours!"

A butchy lesbian came storming into a straight hangout, took a stool and brazenly boasted, "My dildo can do anything a man can do!"

From the far end of the bar a drunk-as-a-skunk fella howled, "Oh, yeah, bitch? Let's see your fuckin' dildo get up and order a round of drinks!"

HUSTLER History: Serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer never ate kids from Beverly Hills because they were spoiled.

Thanks to their next-door neighbors' barking dog, a blonde and her husband couldn't fall asleep for hours. Finally the blonde jumped out of bed. "I've had it!" she huffed, rushing out of the bedroom.

Several minutes later the blonde returned, but the canine was still yapping away. "Gee, honey," the husband grumbled, "what did you do?"

The blonde replied, "I put the damn dog in our yard. Let's see how *they* like it!"

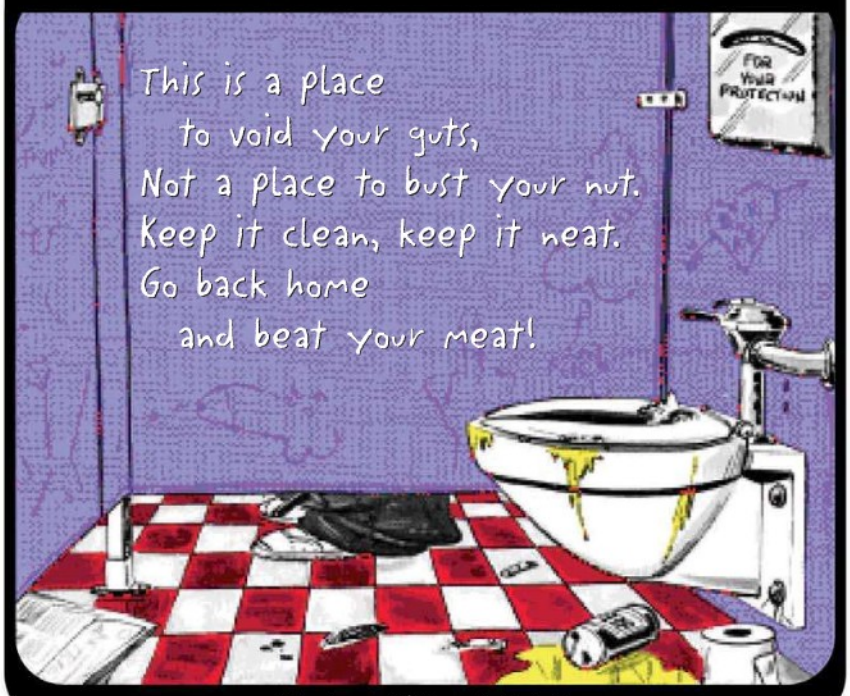
In an era of equal opportunity the CIA decided to hire its first female assassin. After passing the training phase with flying colors, the recruit was ready for her final test. She was taken to a closed door, where the instructor handed her a pistol and said: "We must be sure you will follow any orders no matter what the circumstances. Inside that room you will find your husband sitting in a chair. You must kill him."

The woman stepped into the room and closed the door. Six shots rang out, followed by screaming and a series of loud thuds. After a minute or so there was stone-cold silence. Finally the door opened slowly, and the trainee emerged, covered in blood and wiping sweat from her brow.

"Good Lord, what happened?!" the confused instructor asked.

"The friggin' gun was loaded with blanks," the fledgling assassin muttered. "So then I had to beat him to death with the chair!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Cody D.

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

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(continued from page 41) vital pieces, they can still find wins via an explosive batting order and excellent defense. The starting rotation might raise some eyebrows, but look for a revitalized bullpen to keep them in games.

AL Wild Card: Texas Rangers
The Red Sox haven't been the same since Manny Ramirez's departure, and their starting rotation could cost them games during tough divisional play. By piecing together a pitching staff of veterans and youngsters to bolster their always-potent batsmen, the Rangers will mash their way to the AL Wild Card.

National League

East: Philadelphia Phillies
The 2009 NL pennant winner will again take the top spot in this division, due mostly to sluggers Ryan Howard and Chase Utley (76 combined homers in '09) and standout starting pitchers. Even if last season's bullpen woes persist, the Phillies should still dominate the young Marlins and underachieving Mets.

Central: Chicago Cubs
After a disappointing 2009, the Cubs have the talent (and the payroll) to bounce back this season. If the team can stay healthy, there's no reason to think they won't be among the NL's best teams. The Cardinals will regress, and the Brewers will improve, but neither will be able to match the Cubs throughout the season.

West: Los Angeles Dodgers
Like last year, the Dodgers will rely heavily on talented outfielders Matt Kemp and Andre Ethier to put runs on the board. Combine this with a pair of young starting pitchers (Clayton Kershaw and Chad Billingsley) and one of the best bullpens in baseball, and the Dodgers secure another playoff berth in 2010.

NL Wild Card: Colorado Rockies
The Rockies may not have the high payroll of some other playoff teams, but several good young players are reaching their prime. Expect productive seasons from shortstop Troy Tulowitzski and outfielder Carlos Gonzalez and solid contributions from pitchers Ubaldo Jimenez and Jorge De La Rosa to lead Colorado's return to the playoffs.

Avid sports fans Reggie Yinger, Daniel A. Port and Thad Miller teamed up to launch **BaseballPress.com**, which features interactive player rankings and statistics, opinion columns, fantasy league pointers and transaction updates. "Helping us get off to a good start," says Port, "were mentions by the Web sites *of USA Today* and the *New York Daily News*."





"Okay, so I knocked you up. Next time I promise to be more careful."

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WHAT OB

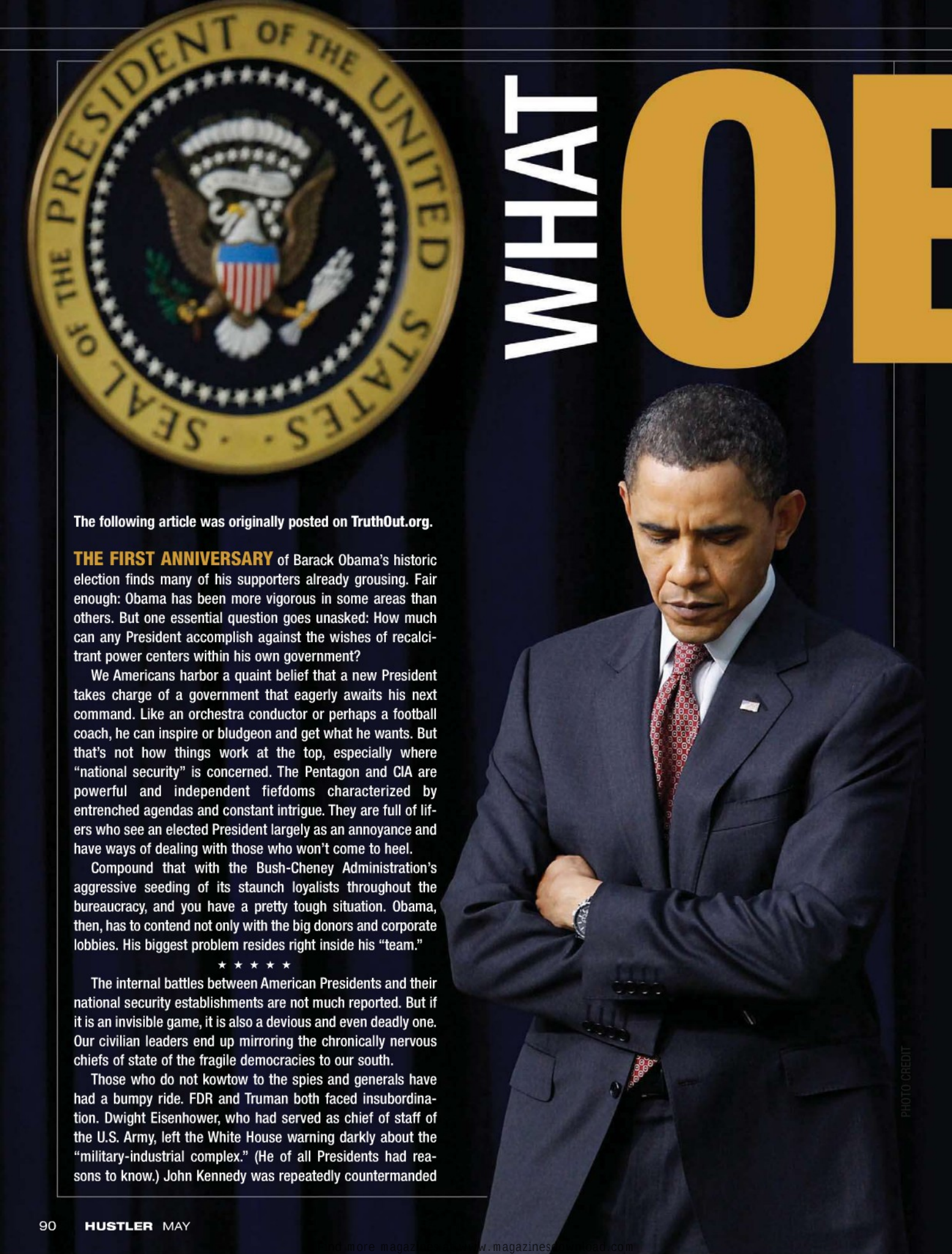


PHOTO CREDIT

The following article was originally posted on TruthOut.org.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY of Barack Obama's historic election finds many of his supporters already grousing. Fair enough: Obama has been more vigorous in some areas than others. But one essential question goes unasked: How much can any President accomplish against the wishes of recalcitrant power centers within his own government?

We Americans harbor a quaint belief that a new President takes charge of a government that eagerly awaits his next command. Like an orchestra conductor or perhaps a football coach, he can inspire or bludgeon and get what he wants. But that's not how things work at the top, especially where "national security" is concerned. The Pentagon and CIA are powerful and independent fiefdoms characterized by entrenched agendas and constant intrigue. They are full of lifers who see an elected President largely as an annoyance and have ways of dealing with those who won't come to heel.

Compound that with the Bush-Cheney Administration's aggressive seeding of its staunch loyalists throughout the bureaucracy, and you have a pretty tough situation. Obama, then, has to contend not only with the big donors and corporate lobbies. His biggest problem resides right inside his "team."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The internal battles between American Presidents and their national security establishments are not much reported. But if it is an invisible game, it is also a devious and even deadly one. Our civilian leaders end up mirroring the chronically nervous chiefs of state of the fragile democracies to our south.

Those who do not kowtow to the spies and generals have had a bumpy ride. FDR and Truman both faced insubordination. Dwight Eisenhower, who had served as chief of staff of the U.S. Army, left the White House warning darkly about the "military-industrial complex." (He of all Presidents had reasons to know.) John Kennedy was repeatedly countermanded

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BAMA IS UP AGAINST

and double-crossed by his own supposed subordinates. The Joint Chiefs baited him; Allen Dulles despised him (more so after JFK fired him over the Bay of Pigs fiasco); and Henry Cabot Lodge, his ambassador to South Vietnam, deliberately undermined Kennedy's agenda. Kennedy called the trigger-happy generals "mad" and spoke angrily to aides of "scattering the CIA to the wind." The evidence is growing that he suffered the consequences.

In the 1950s the late Colonel L. Fletcher Prouty, a high-ranking Pentagon official, was assigned by CIA Director Allen Dulles to help place Dulles's officers under military cover throughout the federal government. As a result, Dulles not only knew what was happening before the President did, but had essentially infiltrated every corner of the President's domain. One Nixon-era Republican Party official told me that in the early 1970s there were intelligence officers everywhere, including the White House. Nixon was unaware of the true background of many of his trusted aides, particularly those who helped drive him from office. Remember Alexander Butterfield, the so-called military liaison, who told Congress about the White House taping system? Years later, Butterfield admitted to CIA connections.

In December 1971 Nixon learned of a military spy ring, the so-called Moorer-Radford operation, that was piping White House documents back to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Chiefs were wary of secret negotiations the President and Henry Kissinger were conducting with America's enemies, including North Vietnam, China and the USSR, and decided to keep tabs on this intrusion upon their domain. Jimmy Carter came into office as revelations of CIA abuses made headlines. He tried to dismantle the agency's dirty tricks office but wound up instead a victim of it—and a one-term President.

Those who avoided problems—Johnson, Reagan, Bush Sr. and Jr.—were chief executives that made no problems for the Pentagon and intelligence chiefs. All embraced military and covert operations, expanded wars or launched their own. The agile Bill Clinton was a special case: No babe in the woods, he focused on domestic gains and pretty much steered clear of the hornet's nest.

As for the Bushes, their ascension represented a seizure of power by the national security state itself. Their family had profited from arms manufacturing for decades. The patriarch, Prescott Bush, monitored U.S. assassination plots against foreign leaders as a senator, and records indicate that the elder George Bush had been a secret agency operative for decades before he became CIA director and then, 12 years later, President.

Obama seems to understand his narrow range of movement and to be carefully picking his fights. He retained many of Bush's top military brass—even Bush's Defense secretary, Robert Gates, who himself had served as a CIA director for Bush's father. Obama has trod very carefully with the spy agency and has declined to aggressively investigate Bush Administration wrongdoing on torture and wiretapping. Obama's campaign rhetoric

AN AWARD-WINNING INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST CHRONICLES HOW U.S. PRESIDENTS HAVE CONTINUALLY BUCKLED UNDER TO THE PENTAGON AND CIA.

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about disengaging from Iraq seems a long time ago, and the war in Afghanistan is taking on the hues of permanency.

The old boys' network is very much in place, and it is hard at work to force Obama's hand, à la Vietnam. Witness the leaking of General Stanley McChrystal's supposedly "confidential report" calling for escalation in Afghanistan. The leak was, not surprisingly, to the reliable Bob Woodward. The reporter was himself in Naval intelligence shortly before he went to work at the *Washington Post*, where he soon built a career around leaks from the military and spy establishment. The White House was furious at the McChrystal release, but what could it do? Presidents come and go, and the security folks have ways to hasten the latter.

Covert alliances and payments to corrupt foreign allies continue, making creative diplomacy more difficult. In late October 2009 came a front-page story that the brother of Afghan President Hamid Karzai, suspected of being a major figure in that country's opium trade, has been on the CIA's payroll for eight years. Anyone who finds this shocking should go back and read about the CIA and the drug trade in Southeast Asia.

Throughout its six-decade history the CIA has resisted accountability, with even some of its own nonspook directors kept in the dark about the agency's most troubling activities. As for the public's elected representatives, Nancy Pelosi is the most recent in a long line of legislators to accuse the CIA of deliberately misleading Congressional overseers.

None of this is likely to change soon, and not without a huge fight. Half a century after Ike's famous admonition, conflict and intrigue remain the engine of our economy, and everyone from private equity firms to missile makers to car and truck manufacturers count on that to continue. The homeland security industry, the most recent head to grow on this hydra, is now seeking permanency.

So Barack Obama is boxed in. But so are the American people, and so, really, is democracy itself. Bringing this inconvenient truth out in the open is the essential first step toward taking back control of our government—and our future. For all the reasons laid out here, Obama will need help. He may, in the rote formulation, hold "the most powerful office in the world." However, the extent to which he controls the government he heads is another matter.



Russ Baker is an investigative journalist and founder of the nonprofit reporting Web site **WhoWhatWhy.com**. His latest book is *Family of Secrets: The Bush Dynasty, America's Invisible Government, and the Hidden History of the Last Fifty Years* (**FamilyofSecrets.com**). Now available in paperback, Gore Vidal calls it "one of the most important books of the past ten years."

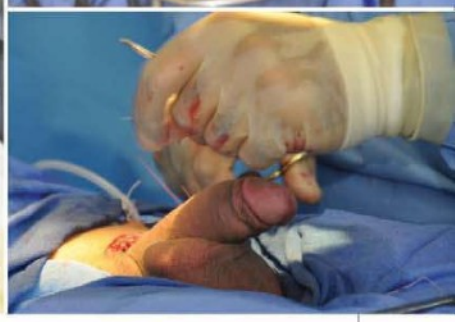
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GEORGIOU









THE THINGS WE DO

FOR LOVE



DICK TOO SMALL? TOO THIN? TOO LUMPY? DR. JAMES ELIST HAS THE FIX FOR YOU.

"ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL," at least according to our Founding Fathers, who stated unequivocally in the Declaration of Independence that all men are equally "endowed by their Creator."

Unfortunately, when it comes to male endowment, that's not always the case. The Almighty has made some penises way too small, others too narrow. He's given some men grossly misshapen testicles; others birth defects that have made their manly equipment so unsightly, it rivals an extraterrestrial from a horror movie.

Up until a few decades ago a guy with a deformed or nonfunctioning penis had just two choices: Live with it or go the Ernest Hemingway route. It was rumored that the literary poster boy for machismo blew himself away with a 12-gauge shotgun after discovering that his joy daddy had permanently gone limp.

For many men, sex is life. Period. Which is why for some guys, Dr. James Elist has been a genuine lifesaver.

"I felt like a giant weight was on me all the time," sums up one patient. "I couldn't function sexually. I couldn't be normal. I started to think that maybe I couldn't go on anymore."

Such was the case with "Paolo," 25, a tall, well-built Brazilian blessed with soap opera good looks. Meeting the advertising executive, you'd assume he's on top of the world, as well as regularly on top of a parade of hot women. But Paolo has a terrible secret.

"My penis has always been of normal length," he explained candidly. "My problem has been abnormally small girth. I knew something was wrong as soon as I hit puberty."

"Pencil dick" is a taunt boys may hear around seventh grade. But poor Paolo was actually born with one, making his teen life a living hell. As an adult, he had to deal with girls saying things to him like, "This is the smallest penis I've ever seen." Or worse, just plain laughing in his face.

Paolo stopped trying to date. Instead, he began looking for a solu-

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

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tion. Scouring the Brazilian medical community, all he found was a variety of options that sounded like modern-day snake oil: fat injections directly into the penis, painful stretching exercises, weird skin grafts. Ultimately, Paolo's years of futility led him to realize that no doctor in Brazil could help him.

Thank God for American ingenuity! Nowadays we're not just building better cars and trucks; we're at the forefront of penis-enlargement and penis-enhancement technology, primarily due to the work of one man.

A near-suicidal Paolo learned about Dr. James Elist while surfing the Web. On one site he found postings from grateful patients with stories similar to his.

Paolo flew to California and had his case reviewed by Dr. Elist, a Beverly Hills urologist who specializes in infertility, impotency and genital reconstructive surgery. Although he continues to treat patients with traditional disorders, most of his practice is devoted to penis enhancement, an area of expertise in which he accidentally became a pioneer.



When Elist was a student in the late 1970s, the mainstream medical community primarily focused on the physical factors causing impotence: namely diabetes, alcohol or drug abuse, vascular disease, surgery or injury affecting the pelvic area or spinal cord, birth defects and a variety of chronic medical conditions. Treatment fell into two major categories: medical intervention and surgical intervention. The first category was often about diet, exercise, drug therapy or medications; the second, penile implants.

"It was relatively new, and my medical professor actually discouraged the implant procedure," Dr. Elist remembered. "He didn't think the inability to have sex was that traumatic."

But Dr. Elist did. He observed time and time again that a penile prosthesis (now available either in a permanent, semirigid, bendable form or a deluxe inflatable model) not only fixed the sexual function issue, it markedly improved a patient's entire outlook. In his words: "After the procedure, even the way they walked into the office was different."

When Elist became a licensed urologist, he had the wherewithal to help a lot of people—but far from everyone. Many birth defects and vascular issues couldn't be sufficiently corrected.

Then there was the separate issue of patients with body dysmorphic syndrome, an anxiety disorder triggered by excessive concern about a perceived defect in one's physical features. *Perceived*. And that's where it gets tricky.

Take Paolo's case. His lanky baloney pony wasn't killing him. From a medical point of view, it was 100% functional, meaning the dude could live to be a hundred with a pencil dick and father as many kids as he saw fit. But Paolo and plenty of men like him were genuinely miserable because of what they perceived to be a bodily defect.

As a knowledgeable and compassionate healer, Dr. Elist wanted to help. Collaborating with plastic surgeons, he focused on dermal grafts and fat injections only to encounter the same complications as others who had already gone down this path: scar tissue, transplant rejection and overall nonpermanent, unimpressive results.

Cut to the year 2000. After years of controversy, silicone breast implants were on the verge of a comeback. Studies indicated that two manufacturers' new-and-improved gel-filled implants were free of health or safety issues.

That's when Dr. Elist had a brainstorm. If the material was finally safe for breast augmentation, it might work for the penis as well. He devised a semisoft dermal silicone graft (even safer than a gel because this stuff couldn't possibly leak), did some animal research and cadaver studies, then submitted his plans to the FDA for approval. The Elist Silicone Block was okayed in 2002 and is the only implant of its type to be green-lighted by the FDA. (The regulatory agency also approved the aforementioned gel-filled silicone breast implants in 2006.)

Dr. Elist could now significantly increase the girth and length of a penis with a permanent, totally safe, FDA-approved prosthesis that takes less than an hour to insert. Needless to say, the response from patients was positive.

"It's the best investment a guy can make," said "James," a 47-year-old dentist from Portland, Oregon, who had a length-and-girth-enhancement procedure about a year ago. "For me, it wasn't about being able to satisfy my girlfriend. I had it done because of my own perception [there's that dysmorphia again], my own insecurity. Now it feels good. My function is better, and my confidence is much better."



Confidence. I spoke to several of Dr. Elist's patients, and the word came up every single time. Before the procedure, to varying degrees, they basically shared the same sentiment: *I just didn't feel good about myself*. And after the procedure they all had the same response: *Life is much better*. As James pointed out to me, "Dr. Elist goes to great pains to make sure his patients understand that the surgery doesn't create a magical transformation."

The doctor insists that all his enhancement patients undergo an extensive psychological evaluation before any procedure. He explained that "if a patient is unhappy to begin with—

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troubled with other issues—he's still going to be unhappy after the surgery. I actively discourage surgery if it isn't necessary."

Although Dr. Elist isn't interested in creating an army of overly endowed Frankenschlongs, nothing makes him happier than treating an appropriate candidate. The urologist's face beamed with pride as he described his life's work: "My patients love it. It's like they have a million-dollar line of credit in the bank." It's amazingly gratifying for him to watch someone who, after years of suffering, suddenly has, in his words, "no limitations."

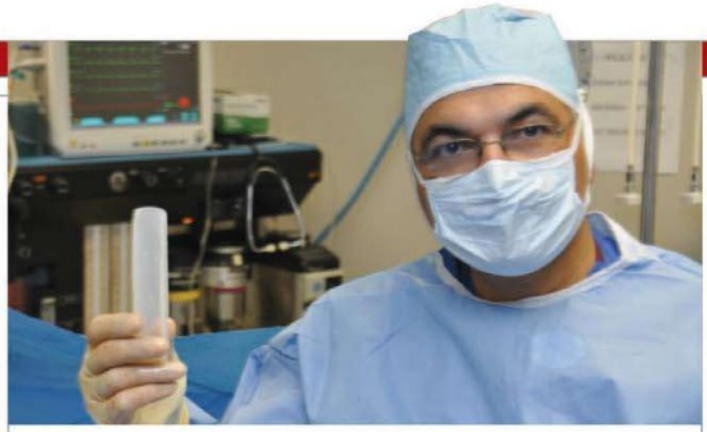
So there's really one question left. The *big* question, of course. To demonstrate exactly what he could install under the ol' manhood, Dr. Elist invited me to observe an upcoming surgical procedure.

Three days later I was looking at "George," a guy in his mid-30s. I didn't officially meet him just then, because he was lying unconscious on an operating table with a sheet covering his face. I was only introduced to the patient's penis, which was exposed and prepped for surgery.

I'm no connoisseur of the male organ, but over the years (strictly in a manly, heterosexual context), I've seen my share. George's pecker looked okay to me. I wouldn't have thought he was a porn star, but I also wouldn't have imagined he'd be afraid to let it all hang out at the appropriate moment.

Dr. Elist explained that George's story was somewhat complicated. Upon closer (and mildly homophobic) examination, I saw some bumps on his member and a strange scar above his pubic hair line. It turns out that George had undergone a potpourri of penis-enhancement procedures over the years. He had received fat injections and a dermal graft, and a surgeon had cut the suspensory ligament in an attempt to make his penis stick out farther. As a result, it was now a mess.

A nurse called out the exact moment the first incision was made: "11:45 cutting time." I assumed it was for some legal reason, although



the announcement only made me want to hurl my breakfast into my surgical mask. I'm the kind of guy who squirms when I even hear a story about someone getting kicked in the groin. To watch someone get his penis sliced open like a pickle on a deli tray was one of the most disturbing events I've ever witnessed, and I've worked for HUSTLER for a while.

But science trumped squeamishness. The operation was just plain amazing. Dr. Elist started off by peeling back the skin and deftly removing what looked like a gooey, bloody mass about the size of a half dollar—"scar tissue" from previous surgeries. Then he spent the next half hour repairing internal vascular damage. Once that was done, the doctor called for the pièce de résistance, his patented Elist Silicone Block.

The implant looks like two unremarkable white strips of silicone, each about as thick as three strands of cooked spaghetti (although not as pliable), which the doctor quickly attached to each side of the penis's interior. Next, the skin of the organ was stitched back up—on the inside so as not to leave any visible scarring—then carefully stretched over the flaccid, now-in-place implant.

Voilà. There it was. A pretty damn cool-looking penis, I must admit (again slightly homophobically), with virtually no discernible scars or stitches. "Beautiful," the anesthesiologist remarked. Everyone else on the operating team nodded their heads in agreement while Dr. Elist measured his handiwork with a tape measure. "Nearly two inches instantly more in girth," he proudly announced. "With time he should gain over an inch in length as well. Maybe more." He put down the tape measure and asked,"What do you think?"

"I think," I replied with utter certainty, "that when he wakes up, he's going to be one happy guy."

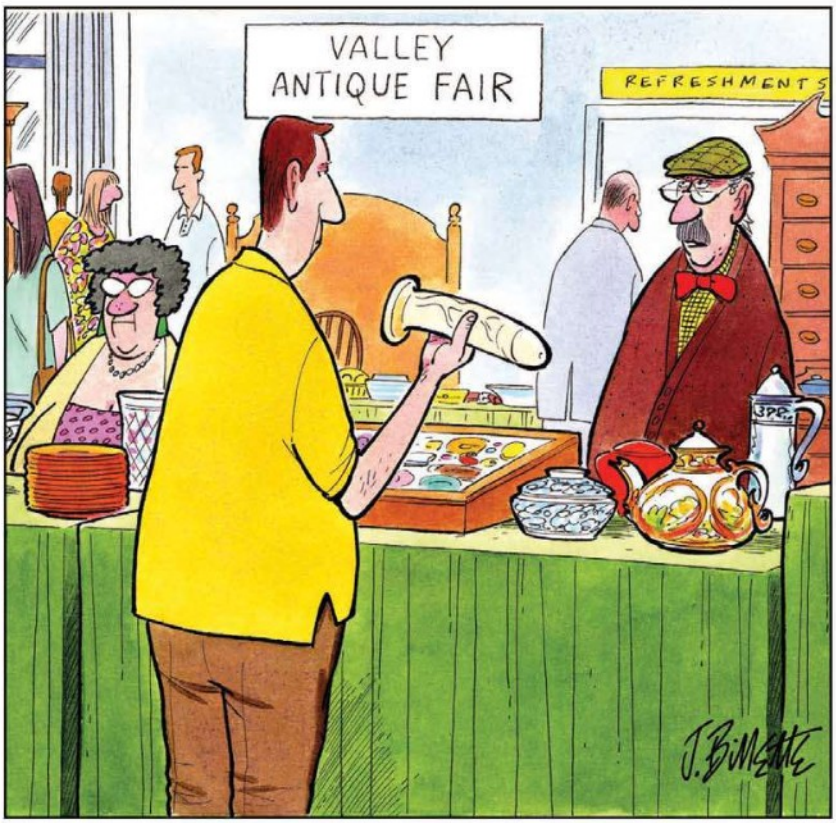
Depending on what you want done, prices start under $10,000. The patient goes home within a few hours, is on painkillers for a couple of days and must take it easy for six to eight weeks. (Translation: no pussy or choking the chicken.) Then he's good to go. And go. And go. No additional maintenance required.

I asked Paolo if he was nervous about his upcoming operation. "Absolutely not," he replied without any hesitation. "I've waited a long time for this. I'm anxious to move forward with the rest of my life."

When Paolo wakes up, I'm sure he's going to be one happy guy as well.

For more information on Dr. James Elist's various groundbreaking procedures and the Beverly Hills Male Enhancement Center, visit Surgeon4men.com.

Disclaimer: The ideas expressed in this article are strictly those of the author, are for information and entertainment purposes only and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.



"That carved dildo was used by Nina Hartley in the first 'talkie' porno done in 1928!"

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NAME:

CAITLIN RUMMEL

SCREEN NAME: MISS CATE
AGE: 22
LOCATION: JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
STATUS: ENGAGED
URL: MySpace.com/MissCate101

Given the opportunity to date anyone on the planet, Caitlin Rummel a/k/a Miss Cate says without a doubt it would be Lindsay Lohan. "I think she is gorgeous," our latest MySpace discovery asserts, "and I am actually much more attracted to a woman's body than a man's. Women have curves, and as far as the bed, they know exactly what they're doing."

Meeting up with her dreamgirl may not be out of the question, since this administrative assistant just took a leave of absence to focus on her budding modeling career. "I'm a city girl at heart," Caitlin continues. "I love nightclubs and a good party, but I'm sad to say that where I live, clubs and good parties do not exist. That's why I'm so attracted to L.A."

Sure, her status says "engaged," but don't be daunted: Caitlin is also interested in older men with manners and a dominant disposition. She loves art, dancing and good wine. Oh, and you should probably have a healthy flair for adventure. "Okay, I will admit that I am a freak in the sheets," Caitlin says coyly. "I like to spice things up. My favorite toy is my red furry handcuffs, and I want to buy one of those portable stripper poles for my bedroom."

Coming from a strict Catholic background, Caitlin is picky about who gets to share her bod. She never gives it up right away; men must earn the privilege. But once they do, there's no holding her back.

"I like it when the man takes charge and just grabs me and has his way with me," Caitlin confides. "Dirty talk is also a big turn-on, but not everyone can do it. If you're a man who knows exactly what to say, you will drive me crazy."





THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #41

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY



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

PHOTOS BY DAVID/DWOLFF PHOTOGRAPHY



STEVE VAI Guitar God

Six-string superhero Steve Vai stopped by HUSTLER recently to talk about his record label Favored Nations, playing with Frank Zappa and David Lee Roth, plus life as a beekeeper. We're not kidding.

HUSTLER: Rumor has it you're a fan of our magazine.

STEVE VAI: (*Laughs.*) Well, I remember Larry Flynt introduced me at the Surround Music Awards. Frank Zappa was being honored after he had passed away. Larry spoke, and then he introduced me. I remember thanking him for helping me to discover my favorite pastime. Guys that enjoy jerking off to photos of beautiful women should know that I have a new DVD [*What the Wild Things Are*]. Geez, that makes up 90% of my audience.

Speaking of Zappa, what was it like playing with him?

Frank was probably the most extraordinary man I knew. He had so many gifts besides the fact that he was inspired musically. He knew what he wanted and made his music in the face of every kind of adversity. He didn't take shit from anybody. I was 18 years old when I first started working for Frank, and you can only imagine what it was like being that young and exposed to that kind of thing. Basically I was just holding on the best I could.

It wasn't until later in life I looked back and saw what an opportunity that was and how brilliant Frank was. Then I was exposed to the business, making my way. I had to create my music, and I saw what his challenges were and how he really moved forward. He was an honest guy.

Do you consider yourself a guitar god?

In the sense of the word I would suppose so. I've been revered around the world as this guitar virtuoso for a long-enough period where I've passed into that status. But I don't wake up in the morning, look in the mirror and say, "Hey, you guitar god."

Who are your favorite guitarists?

Oddly enough I don't sit and listen to very many. There are certain guitar players that I like. I like great acoustic players. There is this one guy, Tommy Emmanuel, who is on my record label Favored Nations. He's fascinating to watch.

Is it true that to become a proficient guitarist you have to lock yourself in your room and play constantly?

That was my childhood. Absolutely. I played the guitar constantly. I was a 13-year-old kid who maybe had issues in his life that were real challenging. When you find something and can all of a sudden work at it and get results, it's like instant gratification.

For me, when I discovered that I could put my time and focus into something I could do well and enjoy, the world went away. That becomes addictive. When I wasn't playing the guitar, I was in pain. Whenever I would even see or look at a guitar, even to this day,

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED



KID SISTER
Ultraviolet
Damn near a year ago we discovered this hip-hop queen via her "Pro Nails" video on YouTube. She finally drops her funky debut disc, which features guest spots from Estelle, Cee-Lo and Kanye West. But don't hold that against Kid Sister.



FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS
I Told You I Was Freaky
The second disc of tunes from the New Zealand duo behind the hilarious HBO series is the funniest comedy record since Steve Martin's *A Wild and Crazy Guy*. Not only do Jemaine and Bret know how to make funny music (or is it music funny?), they do it while hopscotching through dozens of genres.



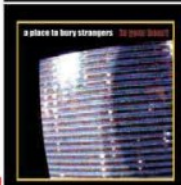
JANUS
Red Right Return
You know the phrase "You can't judge a book by its cover"? That rings true with Janus's epic and powerful disc. We almost threw it away! Then we listened as the awesome quartet unleashed a barrage of Mötley Crüe-meets-My Chemical Romance tracks, and we were pleased.



THE SLITS
Trapped Animal
After a 30-year wait the female punk rock pioneers come crashing back with an angry, sexy and just plain dirty selection of punk rock/reggae/fuck music. Original members Ari Up and Tessa Pollitt are joined by three new chicks, including Hollie Cook (daughter of the Sex Pistols's Paul Cook).



BAD LIEUTENANT
Never Cry Another Tear
Bad Lieutenant could be called Half of New Order/Joy Division, as it features Bernard Sumner and Stephen Morris from those groundbreaking bands. But that would draw attention from the brilliant collaborations with newcomer Jake Evans, who shares vocal and guitar duties with Sumner. The disc is an homage to their past without sounding retro.



A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS
In Your Heart
Fans of the Jesus and Mary Chain will note that this group sounds a lot like the best moments in the Reid brothers' career. For those who don't know JMC, that's sad. Goth damn, A Place to Bury Strangers are good!

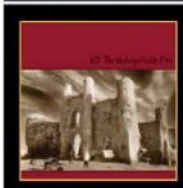
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MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

NORAH JONES
The Fall



This is Norah Jones's most naked disc to date. Relax, pervert, we're talking about her music here! Instead of relying on her usual bandmates and instruments (there are even some tracks without piano!), the songbird offers her best and freshest collection of heartfelt pop gems to date.



U2
The Unforgettable Fire Deluxe Edition

While most fans regard *The Joshua Tree* as the pinnacle of U2's monster career, this CD is their true moment of perfection. Remastered and expanded with a ton of bonus material, *Unforgettable Fire* captures Bono and the boys at the exact second they went from cool college band to rock gods.

EUGENE MIRMAN
God Is a Twelve Year Old Boy With Asperger's



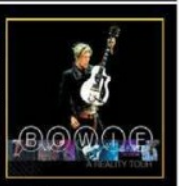
Oddball Eugene Mirman is funny in several ways. His latest CD carries on the comedic traditions of Andy Kaufman, Steven Wright and Emo Philips. Mirman's rant "The Airline That Can't Be Named" perfectly articulates the frustrations of anyone who has ever boarded a plane.



SWOLLEN MEMBERS
Armed to the Teeth

The hard-core hip-hop rappers make an unexpected comeback (seriously, we thought they were dead) after battling drug addiction and legal issues. This, their strongest effort to date, features "Crossfire" (with Talib Kweli).

DAVID BOWIE
A Reality Tour



Most legendary rockers don't age well, and live performances later in their careers tend to leave fans yearning for what once was. (Sorry, Rolling Stones. Sorry, Billy Joel. It's true.) That's not the case, however, with David Bowie! This two-CD set captures the onetime Ziggy Stardust/Thin White Duke ripping through such career highlights as "Rebel Rebel" and "Fame."



KRISTINA TRAIN
Spilt Milk

Neo-soul divas Amy Winehouse and Duffy have reason to worry. This smoky-voiced singer's debut CD is better than what both of them have accomplished. There are times when you swear Kristina Train is channeling Dusty Springfield.

I get a jittery feeling. I'm like a kid on Christmas.

How many guitars do you own?

I don't know. I don't find any value in collecting guitars. I used to give a lot of them away if I wasn't using them. I stopped giving them away because I see them for sale for tens of thousands of dollars online. That's not fair. I maybe have 60 or 70 now. Maybe a hundred.

What do you think of the *Guitar Hero* video game?

Statically, *Guitar Hero* encourages kids to pick up a real guitar. I think that's great. It's funny because my kids have that game, and I can't play it. I play them on that game on my songs. And they kick my ass.

What was it like working with David Lee Roth?

It was like being a rock star overnight. It was a shock in a sense. With Frank Zappa it was about music, the notes, trying to get enough sleep. All of a sudden I'm in an environment where virtually any kind of vice that you crave was at your disposal. Any kind of drug you're interested in taking or any kind of sex you want to partake in. It was amazing. It was shocking. At least three times a week there would be strippers dancing on our tables while we were eating.

The thing is, I knew while going through all of that that it was like a show—all just kind of fodder for the imagination. I was always a gentleman. I never indulged in anything. I was with the same woman for 30 years. As far as drugs go, I never did them. The reason why drugs are so bad is because they're so good. I'm like everybody else: You give me something, and I'm gonna like it. Drugs just rob you. For me the most compelling thing in life is hearing, seeing and imagining music and making it real. Anything that disturbs that clarity has to be done away with.

Why did you start Favored Nations?

I'm very protective of my intellectual property, and when I realized how the music industry worked, there was no way I was going to let myself be taken advantage of. Plus, I wasn't so attached emotionally to the idea of being famous. I was 23, shopping around my first record, when I read the contract. I said there is no way I'm signing this deal. I did the research. How does it work? You sell your record to a label and basically they own it and pay you some meager amount, like 25¢ a record after they recoup all the costs. You end up paying for everything, and they own your product.

I thought, *What the fuck is wrong with this picture?* I looked and saw that the label basically distributes to distributors. So I went directly to them, and instead of 25¢ a record they gave me $4.10 a record.

Then when CDs came along, I was getting $7.50 a CD. I sold 400,000. It was a lot of good timing with good luck. I've kept the label active over the years, and there has always been an audience for true musician-based artists.

Fill us in on your latest releases.

My next-to-last CD was a double live disc that I did in Holland with the Metropol Orchestra. It was an intensive project. I wrote, composed and rehearsed the material and then recorded it over five shows. After that we had to edit and mix it. That took a long time. When I was finished, I didn't want to go into the studio and make another record.

So I put this great band together and did a little tour. I filmed one of the shows, and that's what the latest CD and DVD is [*What the Wild Things Are*]. I try to put the kind of show together that I'd like to see when I go to a show.

Are you really a beekeeper in your spare time?

Yes. It's quite simple: I bought this house with two acres that was vacant for ten years. My wife wanted to plant all these gardens, and I wanted fruit trees. So I did a little research and found out that honeybees are a great way to pollinate. I saw people keeping bees, so why couldn't I do it? I read about it, and it was totally easy. You get a wild swarm, put it in a hive and check them every month for about an hour. That one hive turned into two because the queen leaves and takes a swarm, and you have to capture that swarm.

Have you ever been stung?

I've captured many swarms. One time there was a swarm in a tree above my studio. I climbed up onto the roof and saw it was a giant swarm. I had a giant computer box and was trying to capture the swarm. Every time I lifted my head, my beekeeper veil got in the way. So I took it off. Then I accidentally hit the swarm. A basketball-size ball of bees flew down my back. Stung the piss out of me. I was on that studio roof with all my clothes off in four seconds. Other than that, it's a very relaxing hobby. I know more about bees than I know about my guitars.

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Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS



ANDY KAUFMAN
My Breakfast With Blassie

Kaufman's life was one big oddball act of performance art before anyone knew what performance art really was. This hilarious DVD, which holds up 25 years after the comic's death (if you're sure he's dead), features his classic meeting with wrestling legend "Classy" Freddie Blassie.



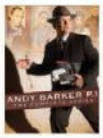
THIRTYSOMETHING
The Complete First Season

Remember yuppies? The upwardly mobile suburban types dealing with life's problems and responsibilities in the late 1980s? Well, you will when you check out the well-loved soap-opera-esque series available for the first time on DVD. You gotta buy something for your mom or that cougar you're dating.



AC/DC
Backtracks

Whole lotta rockin'! This set's DVD is the long-awaited *Family Jewels Disc 3*, while two CDs are loaded with rare and unreleased live tracks and B-sides. The standard collection is awesome! If you've got the extra cash, then check out the super deluxe edition, which also features reproduced promotional material and comes housed in a working AC/DC amplifier.



ANDY BARKER P.I.
The Complete Series

Comedy gold. It's what happens when Andy Richter and Conan O'Brien get together. The late-night pair created this super-short-lived series (only six episodes…really?) about an accidental detective that's laugh-out-loud funny and worth a second (or in most cases first) look.



HISTORY ON MY ARMS

Ramones bassist Dee Dee Ramone was a ramshackle rock 'n' roll mess. How appropriate it is that this DVD (and bonus CD) have that same barely-holding-it-together feel. It features several interviews with the late rocker. The most fascinating one traces his life on the edge through his tattoos, and along the way he tells great stories about drugs, debauchery and his famous friends.



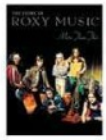
HOGAN'S HEROES
THE KOMPLETE SERIES
Kommandant's Kollection

Of all the sitcoms to ever take place in a prisoner of war camp, this is the best. Well, *Hogan's Heroes* is the only one. Seriously though, the classic TV show still holds up despite its obviously dated premise. You can now own the complete series thanks to this DVD set, which features a ton of bonus material.



INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS

Need more Nazi humor? Check out Quentin Tarantino's blood-soaked and head-smashingly good tale about some Nazi-hunters starring Brad Pitt. If you're expecting the director's next *Pulp Fiction*, you'll be disappointed. But if you want to see a film slightly better than *Kill Bill Volume 2*, then check it out!



MORE THAN THIS
The Story of Roxy Music

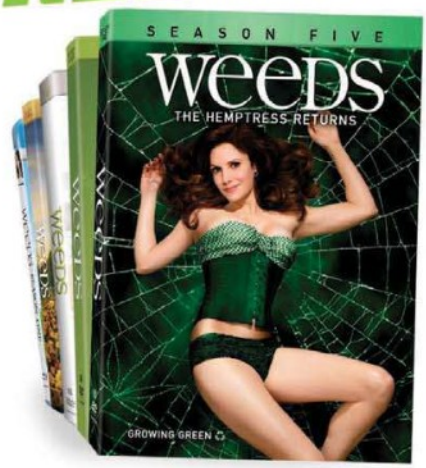
Here's a well-produced behind-the-scenes look at the artful British rockers that's as comprehensive as it gets. The disc features vintage footage intercut with recent interviews with all Roxy members (including singer Bryan Ferry) and the artists they influenced (John Taylor of Duran Duran, Steve Jones of Sex Pistols and Siouxsie Sioux). It paints a fascinating picture of the band that invented the 1980s New Wave sound.



Bonanza
The Official First Season Vols. 1 & 2

There have been several unauthorized versions of the most manly TV show ever on DVD. However, none boasted the cleaned-up picture and superior sound of this official release. It stars Lorne Greene, Michael Landon, Dan Blocker and Pernell Roberts.

FREE WEED!



We've got your stash right here!

Relax, DEA, we're just talking about the hit Showtime series *Weeds*, starring Mary-Louise Parker. To celebrate the DVD release of Season 5, we are giving away sets of all five seasons to a pair of lucky readers. For your chance to win, just fill out the form (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to *Weeds* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

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MOVIE Mammaries

ANNA FARIS
Box Office Bunny

Funny lady **Anna Faris** is a rare thing in the world of comedy. Not only is she hilarious; she's also hot! The Maryland native shot to fame starring in the horror spoof *Scary Movie* (2000). Her awesome ass was on full display during the laugh-out-loud scene in which she is blown across the room by her boyfriend's earth-shattering orgasm. (Anna claims the bare bottom belonged to a body double, but the director insists it was hers. Guess whom we're believing.)

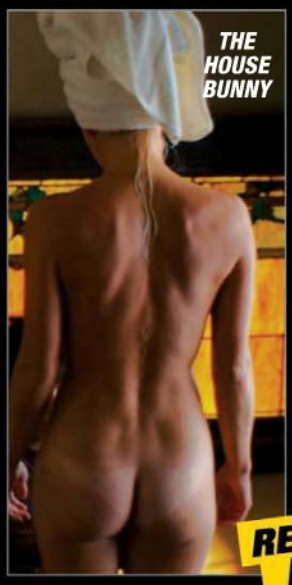
Faris returned in the sequel *Scary Movie 2*, prancing about in some very revealing lingerie. Following these breakthrough performances the leggy lass was cast opposite *Saturday Night Live* alumnus **Rob Schneider** in *The Hot Chick* (2002). Despite never showing any heavy-duty skin, Anna still oozes sex appeal.

Demonstrating she was capable of doing drama as well as comedy, Faris went on to play a bloodthirsty lesbian vampire in the gore-and-guts horrorfest *May* (2002). Nothing shows the world an actress's greatness better than several scenes in which she makes out with other sexy ladies. Give this girl an Oscar!

Anna returned to her roots (pun fully intended) by letting her hair go back to natural blond in the stoner flick *Smiley Face* (2007). This movie is worth renting if only for the fleeting moment when her ass crack comes out to say hello.

While all of the above films are worth checking out, the highlight of Faris's risqué résumé has to be the sorority laugh riot *The House Bunny* (2008). This one has it all: an unintentional nip slip, long shots of the cutie's unclothed backside and tight cotton shorts offering up finer cameltoe than a trip to Egypt.

Sadly, Faris's latest release fails to deliver what we and her die-hard fans really want: that oh-so-elusive full-frontal nudity. (C'mon, Anna, we've waited long enough!) Nevertheless, the comedy *Observe and Report* (2009) captures the leading lady's beautiful bouncing boobs during an extremely convincing backseat screw. That will have to hold us over until scrumptious Anna Faris finally portrays a character whose nude scenes are "tasteful and imperative to the plot."





RENT THESE NOW!







Remember, HUSTLER Magazine 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***.



AMY WINEHOUSE
BRAND-NEW BOOBS

New album. New life. And a new set of huge fake tits! That's what's on deck for Amy Winehouse. Best known for her hit, "Rehab," the troubled British songbird is gearing up for a massive career comeback—and she's doing everything right.

First Winehouse filed for divorce from her jailed junkie husband Blake Fielder-Civil. She's also putting the finishing touches on an album of allegedly soulful and heart-wrenching retro tunes. And finally, she's popping up (and out) in public thanks to a string of well-placed "wardrobe malfunctions."

The beehived bombshell was captured leaving the Gaucho restaurant in London with her surgically enhanced lungs on full display. The redone rack was obviously too much for the confines of her tight top. Welcome back, Amy!

Got any photos of rich and famous (or rich and infamous) females letting it all hang out in public? If so, fire off an e-mail to ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***. We may be able to buy those pics and publish them for the whole world to see.



NOT THREE'S

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY X-PLAY/LFP VIDEO

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COMPANY XXX

You remember the sitcom's theme song: "Come and knock on our door. We've been waiting for you. Where the kisses are hers and hers and his. Three's company too."

Well, the cast of *Not Three's Company XXX* share more than just kisses in X-Play/ LFP Video's latest porn parody. Reprising the trio of roommates, Brynn Tyler (as blond bimbo Chrissy), Penny Flame (a dead ringer for Janet) and Van Damage (as affable Jack Tripper) get extra-cozy in a series of fuck-filled escapades.

Rounding out the cast of '70s swingers are Tommy Gunn (horny neighbor Larry), Scott Lyons (Mr. Furley) and hotties Jenny Hendrix, Sienna West, Allyssa Hall and Madison Scott. During one particularly funny scene even the Ropers (Nina Hartley and Dino Bravo) get in on the act.

Watching this XXX spoof will have you singing a whole different tune: "You see that life is for balling, and passion is calling for you. A hard-core rendezvous. *Not Three's Company XXX* too!"

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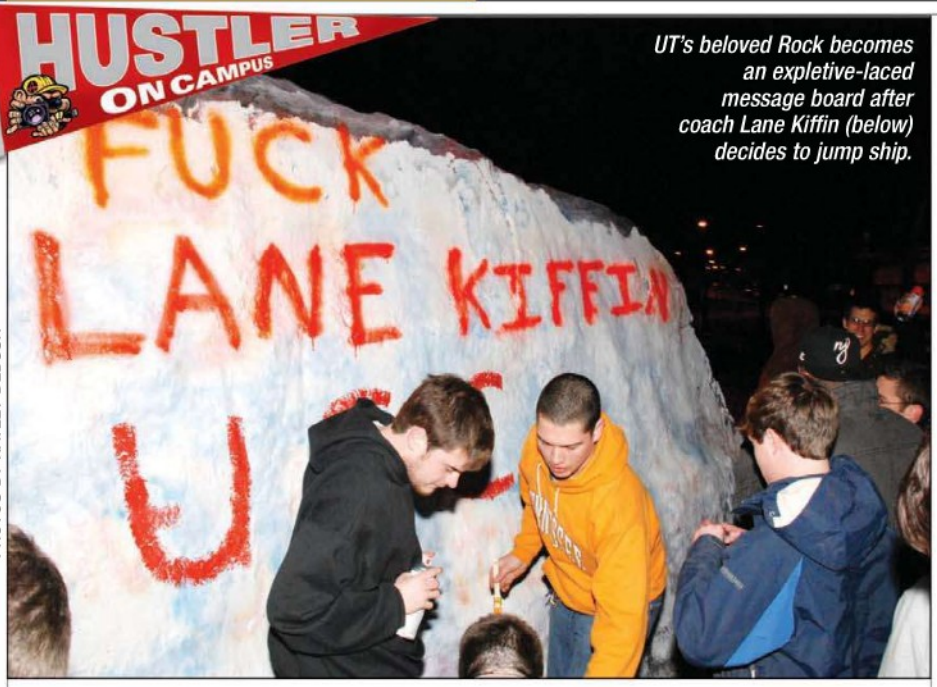
Not Three's Company XXX is available now. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 120 to order by mail.





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HUSTLER ON CAMPUS



UT's beloved Rock becomes an expletive-laced message board after coach Lane Kiffin (below) decides to jump ship.

PHOTOS BY HAYLEY DEBUSK

Football Fans' Fury

STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE GIVE DEPARTING HEAD COACH LANE KIFFIN A RIOTOUS SEND-OFF.

Lane Kiffin's surprise resignation showed those outside Knoxville just how serious the Big Orange Nation takes its football. As soon as ESPN spread the news he would be succeeding Pete Carroll at the University of Southern California, around 1,000 enraged UT students quickly took to the streets.

Some torched Kiffin's promotional "It's Time" T-shirts, and a mattress was set ablaze. The legendary Tennessee Rock was defaced with "Fuck Lane Kiffin" and other derisive slogans. Cops donning riot gear and firefighters rolled in, but campus police—many of whom are Vols fans—had little intention of stopping the mayhem. After his impromptu farewell press conference, Knoxville's new public enemy number one had to be escorted by lawmen through the heckling crowd gathered outside the Neyland-Thompson Sports Complex.



In the meantime a group of UT football players began to lash out against their former coach. They were understandably angry, in shock and looking for answers. Most of all they were defiant. Tennessee football is a proud program, one steeped in tradition, and players scoffed at the notion that Kiffin was the key to its revival.

There were shockwaves at USC as well. Many wondered why a program that enjoyed one of the greatest runs in college football history would hire a head coach whose combined record over the past three years with the NFL's Oakland Raiders and UT was 12-21. They understood the interest on Kiffin's part. After all, he's a West Coast guy with a West Coast wife, but why, they wondered, would USC bring back Carroll's former protégé when so many proven candidates were available?

The answer is likely the same as when UT hired the guy: bloodlines. With Kiffin as a young, brash figurehead, USC gets two key members of his UT staff: defensive guru Monte Kiffin (Lane's father) and recruiting ace Ed Orgeron. That type of package deal will always land an underqualified coach a big-time job.

Vols fans hope they have the last laugh. They see Kiffin as little more than a snake in the grass and a program wrecking ball. With USC facing possible NCAA sanctions, the UT faithful would like to see Kiffin get his comeuppance. At the very least they're taking solace in the fact that as Kiffin slithers his way toward the glitz and glamour of Hollywood, he's doing so with an infant son named Knox.

Which takes us to UT athletic director Mike Hamilton, who figuratively wet the bed. Two days after announcing he was seeking a proven national recruiter to replace Kiffin, the A.D. hired Louisiana Tech's Derek Dooley. In his first head-coaching job, he chalked up a three-year mark of 17-20.

So now an inexperienced coach who couldn't secure a winning record in the Western Athletic Conference has what it takes to revive Tennessee's program in the powerhouse Southeastern Conference? Of course Dooley had a sterling reputation as a recruiter at LSU, but got it by representing Nick Saban, not himself.

With a need for the Vols to recruit nationally, Dooley seemingly doesn't have the name recognition to walk into a promising player's home and beat out SEC heavyweights. When word came out that he'd be running the show, the general sentiment of the Big Orange Nation was: Who's that guy? Is he related to Georgia's old coach?

By hiring Lane Kiffin for one mediocre season and replacing him with Derek Dooley, Mike Hamilton has effectively set the Tennessee program back for years to come. The only answer now is to scrap the whole thing and start over, new athletic director and all.

Bradley Merritt, a senior majoring in English with a concentration in creative writing, is sports editor of the University of Tennessee's student newspaper, the *Daily Beacon*. The onetime collegiate football and baseball player is a chief contributor to FireMikeHamiltonNow.com and has also written for ESPN.com.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

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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 135 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

RUBY

Guilford College

"I really love taking pictures, and I've been known to run around naked," raves "outgoing, persistent and sweet" Ruby, 21, a junior at Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina. "I thought it would be fun to model nude for HUSTLER."

Never heard of Guilford? You should have. Founded in 1837 by Quakers, it's the Southeast's oldest coeducational institution of higher learning. Alumni of the liberal arts school include *Huffington Post* political gossip columnist Mary Ann Akers, best-selling author William Queen, Baseball Hall of Famer Rick Ferrell and pitcher Ernie Shore, a teammate of Babe Ruth.

Nevertheless, Ruby—an art and photography major—acknowledges, "I'm not into sports at all. I love good mellow rock music like Kings of Leon and Blind Melon, watching *Gossip Girl* and *The Hills* on TV and all kinds of dancing. It's how I stay fit since I have a weakness for fried food."

Apparently the 5-foot-1 Tar Heel Stater from Asheville is no stranger to gossip. "I went to a college party one night with this guy I really wanted to hook up with," Ruby explains. "We wanted each other so bad, we didn't even say hello to our friends. We just found a room upstairs right away and had sex all night long. No one even knew we came to the party until the next day, as we had to do the walk of shame!"

But Ruby is actually shameless albeit, she admits, very ticklish: "I love to go with the flow and try out different positions. My new favorite is to fuck standing up. I also like to be spanked, and sometimes I like rough sex. But all in all I have the best orgasms with my trusty vibrator!"



PHOTOS BY FRIEND

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON





Sarah (Lisa Ann) gets shafted by show business in ***Hollywood's Nailin' Palin.***



***Hollywood** fuckdoll: Female Performer of the Year Tori Black*

Hollywood's Nailin' Palin

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: LISA ANN, TORI BLACK, SINDEE JENNINGS, NICOLE RAY, ANTHONY ROSANO, ALAN STAFFORD, OTTO BAUER & SEAN MICHAELS.

Have we done this gimmick to death yet? Hell no, not until Lisa Ann has fucked everyone on the planet! In this entry the horny ex-gov launches a Hollywood career the old-fashioned way. Her first casting couch encounter: Tina Fey. Sindee Jennings doesn't look like Tina, but use your imagination until her clothes come off and Lisa sits on her face. It's a good warmup to the TV spoofs that follow: Tori Black plays a horny *CSI* chick, and Lisa Ann fucks a bungling Criss Angel before finally landing in porn with a huge black dick in her Alaska pipeline. This *Nailin' Palin* installment is the slickest one so far—the dialogue is clever, the acting has that goofy old porn-comedy vibe, the sex scenes are above adequate, and Lisa Ann's boobs are still humongous. Welcome to Hollywood, Sarah. Just stay the fuck out of politics. Support the pornification of Palin by turning to page 120 to order this disc now. **—M.J.**

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*Jenny Hendrix spoils the spoiled in **This Ain't Beverly Hills 90210 XXX**.*



*Unzip code: Tiffany Star, Mackenzee Pierce and Alexis Texas move into **90210**.*



This Ain't Beverly Hills 90210 XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: MADISON IVY, ALEXIS TEXAS, JENNY HENDRIX, TIFFANY STAR, MACKENZEE PIERCE, CHRIS JOHNSON, JOEY BRASS, BRAD HARDY, ERIC JOHN & ALAN STAFFORD.

Welcome back to the Peach Pit. You should be ashamed to know that reference! Since it's impossible to make anything as boring and inane as the original show, this spoof is an improvement even before the fucking starts. Alexis Texas mostly phones in the first sex scene, but her great looks and amazing ass do the heavy lifting, so it frankly wouldn't matter if she were in a trance. Jenny Hendrix nails the wooden delivery of Tori Spelling's character. Speaking of wood, her scene will make you forget how dreadful the '90s were. Just when you were wondering whether the rich brats of HUSTLER's home base do anal, Mackenzee Pierce offers up her tender tush, single-assedly proving the "white shorts theory." If you want to know what the hell that means, go to page 120 and order the movie now.

—M.J.

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C.J. and Jasmine Black do the heavy lifting in **Puppet Master #6**.





Rocco: Puppet Master #6

EVIL ANGEL. DIRECTOR: ROCCO SIFFREDI. STARRING: C.J., JASMINE BLACK, DEFRANCESCA GALLARDO, CHERRY JUL, NIKITA, LIZ, SORANA, CRISTIAN DEVIL, DENIS MART, KID JAMAICA & OMAR GALANTI.

You can't argue with a flick that starts with a construction dude who runs amok and drives around with a trussed-up sexpot dangling from his mini loader. Italian stallion Rocco Siffredi's latest *Puppet Master* installment is stocked with a bunch of crazy European talent and his usual taste for slightly abusive perversion. C.J., a lithe beauty with a shaved head, opens the fuck gates with a steamy desktop screw. Curvy Defrancesca Gallardo follows up with a complaint that "everyone wants to fuck my ass," which gives you an idea where her scene's headed. She whines but doesn't seem to mind. The fucking and moaning are standard, but hold out for a decent girl/girl anal scene with Cherry Jul and Nikita. If you like tacky Eurosluts with thick accents and a penchant for getting their butts plugged, Rocco will be happy to play tour guide. ***—M.J.***

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*Supertramp Andy San Dimas gives **WKRP** a boost.*



***Cincinnati** desk job: Ashlynn Brooke is the perfect receptionist.*



***WKRP's** Bailey (Holly Heart) takes on new job duties.*

WKRP in Cincinnati

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: ASHLYNN BROOKE, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, HOLLY HEART, JANET MASON, JACKIE DANIELS, FAYE REAGAN, ANDY SAN DIMAS, RYAN McLANE, SCOTT LYONS, ROD FONTANA, EVAN STONE, TEE REEL & RALPH LONG.

Baby, if you've ever wondered whatever became of me, I'm in L.A. doin' porn! Just the words "Ashlynn Brooke as Loni Anderson" are enough to grow a decent erection. But you also get to watch a cast of porn stars make mincemeat out of one of TV's funniest sitcoms! It's Supertramp Day at the station, which is a good excuse to bring in some real supertramps to service Johnny Fever (a funny-as-usual Evan Stone). The hard-core standout is Herb finally getting his dream: banging Jennifer (played by Ashlynn in a ridiculous platinum wig) on her own desk. The world's worst sales manager turns Jennifer's ass crack into a veritable Ohio River of bodily fluids. An homage to Burt and Loni? Another fine reason to check this one out is Holly Heart, who makes for a very watchable Bailey. If you're a huge fan of the original show, just keep telling yourself, "It's only a porn parody…." ***—M.J***

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Flight Attendants *Kayden Kross and Sunny Lane lobby for AVN's Best Comedy award.*

Flight Attendants

X-PLAY/ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: KAYDEN KROSS, HILLARY SCOTT, TEAGAN PRESLEY, SHYLA STYLEZ, EVA ANGELINA, SUNNY LANE, MISTY STONE, KACEY JORDAN, LEXI LOVE, MICHELLE MAYLENE, KENZI MARIE, CALI COUTURE, CHASTITY LYNN, EVAN STONE, JAMES BARTHOLET, JACK LAWRENCE, ERIC JOHN, BRAD HARDY, ERIC SWISS, DINO BRAVO, BARRY SCOTT, SCOTT LYONS, THOMAS WARD & RANDY SPEARS.

This is supposed to be porn's answer to *Airplane*, so the jokes are a helluva lot cornier and the girls, thank Christ, are hornier. A crash-prone airline is trying to get more asses in the seats by hiring sexpots for the cabin crew—with predictable results. In one of the better fuck scenes, Kayden Kross gets over her fear of flying. But before that happens you'll have to fast-forward through a bunch of stupid gags, nasty stereotypes and awkward attempts at comedy. Did the cliché gay guy really have to be a main character? On the plus side, butt-fuck princess Hillary Scott makes a welcome rubber-assed return, and we'll board any plane with Eva Angelina on it, even if it's headed for a nosedive that not even Captain Sully could save.

—M.J.

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Audrianna Angel brings up the rear in ***Barely Legal 18 & Easy #4.***

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Gape artists: Ashley Blue and Adrianna Nicole in **Ass Wide Open**.



Ass Wide Open

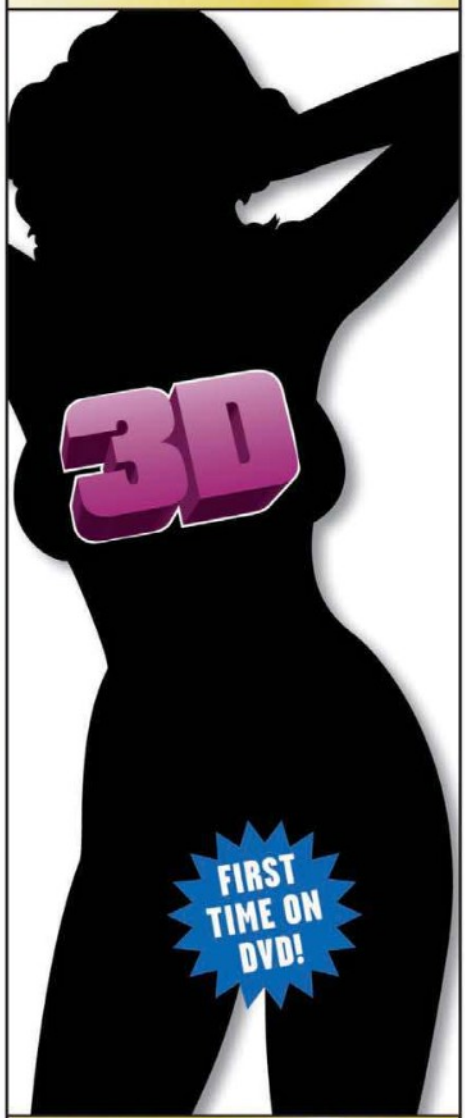
DEADLY NIGHTSHADE PRODUCTIONS/EVIL ANGEL. DIRECTOR: AIDEN RILEY. STARRING: ADRIANNA NICOLE, ASHLEY BLUE, BOBBI STARR, CHARLOTTE VALE, HARMONY, LUSCIOUS LOPEZ, JOHN STRONG, MARK ASHLEY, MARK WOOD & MICK BLUE.

There are few things more satisfying than watching an anal scene with Adrianna Nicole. She always fucks like every performance is being recorded for a space probe to show the aliens why humans should be saved. Plus, she's one of the most photogenic ladies in the business. Adrianna leads a lusty lineup in this meaty flick. Coproduced by Belladonna (still butt-fucking queen of the universe), *Ass Wide Open* isn't kidding about its title. A bushy Bobbi Starr and the always-raunchy Luscious Lopez make slick showings. Along with Adrianna, Luscious is one of the XXX stars we recently named America's Nastiest. Cute Charlotte Vale gets a backdoor reaming that literally makes her toes curl, and it's a delight to see authentic MILF Ashley Blue still hittin' it hard. Spunky Ashley is one of porn's true originals and turns in a tit-slapping good scene. *Ass Wide Open* isn't fancy, just filthy. Since it's unlikely that you'll be cornholing Adrianna Nicole in the near future, this movie is your next best shot at true happiness. **—M.J.**

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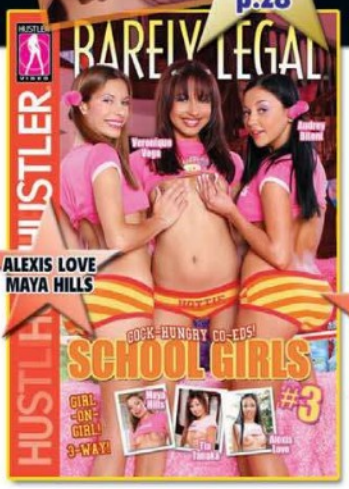


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"It's so crazy that I did my first nude photoshoot for HUSTLER," lovely **Sara Liz** recollects with a laugh. "Because your magazine is responsible for me losing my virginity."

WHAT?! "When I was much younger," **Sara Liz** explains, "I found a copy of my older brother's HUSTLER stuffed under his mattress. I stole it, locked myself in the bathroom and looked inside. I couldn't believe my eyes. There were these naked girls with the same parts as me but doing things I'd never thought of—like slipping fingers inside their pussies. So I did too. Once I started fingering myself, I couldn't stop."

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Don't stop now, **Sara Liz**! "Then one day I was with my first boyfriend," she continues. "I showed him the HUSTLER and said, 'I want you to do that to me.' He was thrilled, and maybe a bit shocked, but he was more than willing to go for it. It was great! I know most girls say their first time hurts a little, but not mine. Maybe it was because my pussy was so wet. My boyfriend's fingers and dick really felt good in there."

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Does **Sara Liz** still have that HUSTLER? "No, but I kept it in a drawer for a long time," she gasps. "My poor brother probably wondered where it went."

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The modeling newbie has also kept something else. “I love having a little hair down there for guys to run their fingers through,” **Sara Liz** marvels. “Too hairy can be scary, but a bit of bush is hot. At least that’s what all my bedmates tell me.”



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"By the way, your name came up in my therapy session today."

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MORGAN

"I love getting naked and being a tease or a man's sexual fantasy," proclaims Morgan Storm, 19, a "very happy-go-lucky" dancer from Bossier City, Louisiana. "It's just those guys don't get to hit it. Terrible thing, I know. *I'd* hit it." Sure to be a hit here, the 5-foot-3 pixie explains why she's come our way: "Hey, it's every girl's dream. You only live once." Morgan ain't shorting herself: "I love football; I'm a big Saints and LSU fan. I also love dirt biking, four-wheeling, singing, movies and TV. I'm a *Nip/Tuck* girl all the way. I love drama—just not in my life—but I have a problem. While watching TV with a guy, I grope, kiss and just plain-out tease. But I'm a terrible tease away from work. I always give it up. Yes, I'm a nympho. I love getting my kitty kat licked on, and I love sucking dick; 69 is a *must-do* activity; so's riding a dick and being in control." Sounds like "strictly dickly" Morgan fits her assessment of why most dudes find Dixie chicks so enticing: "Our accents are to kill for, and bitches from down south are fun, crazy and an all-out good time." Seeming tailor-made for porn, "bi-curious" Morgan exults, "A guy was doing me doggy-style in a dressing room once while a salesgirl watched and played with herself. Now my dream is to have sex in a nightclub, kind of a memorable one-night-stand adventure. I don't know why I get so wet when people watch." —Photos by Friend





"I'd love to go nympho with my dream guy, Orlando Bloom."



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BECKI

"I love HUSTLER," trumpets this "exciting and loves to laugh" lifeguard from Nassau, Bahamas. "It's sexy, hip and raw." So's Becki, who bills herself as "straight, very sexual, submissive and ready for new things at any time." Such as nude modeling, which the 5-foot-6 thirty-something has now added to her non-whistle-blowing sidelines: dancing, cardio exercising, watching TV (*Oprah*, *Cheaters*, *Dr. Phil*) and Las Vegas jaunts. "I love having a good time, and not just sexually," Becki avows. "But the right guy—preferably a real gentleman over 40—will find out soon enough what I can do with my long tongue and hot pussy." He may also be in for a surprise. Becki's fantasies include "asking a new boyfriend to have sex with another girl so I can watch." —Photos by Friend







ANNA

"I love it when my boyfriend brings a new HUSTLER home," marvels Anna, 25, an "easy-going" package delivery driver from St. Cloud, Florida. "I like flipping through the pages and pleasuring myself to all the hot ladies." Now lanky Anna's package can be ogled too. "I figured I'd give it a shot," she spouts. "If those other amateurs could make it, why not me? I wanted to be in a raunchy, dirty magazine that doesn't leave anything to the imagination." That also describes the 5-foot-9 Pantera and *Family Guy* follower: "Anytime I can get sex, I'm up, but first you gotta take care of the man if you want him to take care of you. I'm always trying new stuff, but I have two favorites. I love 69 with guys or girls because I get pleasure while giving it. I love doggy-style because it turns me on when a man grabs my hips from behind and shows me who the fuckin' boss is." Anna, an anal aficionada who back when she was single "had sex with a random stranger in the woods," delivers dual fantasies: "I'd like to try double penetration and have another threesome with a girl." —Photos by Boyfriend



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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT



"During sex I'm determined to make my partners smile!"

RAYN

"I run around my house naked, I've been naked in the jungle more times than I can count, and I sleep naked every night," announces this aspiring songbird from Honolulu. "Why not be naked in HUSTLER too? It doesn't bother me that men will be looking at my pictures." Rayn—a 5-foot-5 eye-catcher who's big on "sex, hula dancing and hanging out at the beach"—couldn't have picked a better time for basking in her sunny birthday suit. The "fun and bi" Hawaiian will be blowing out 25 candles in May. Giving horndogs even more to drool over, Rayn spills out, "I really love doggy-style and receiving oral sex. I'm usually a one-partner-at-a-time girl, but I did two guys together at a party. That was wild! I also masturbate a lot. I'm always horny." And being in public won't kill the urge. Rayn has been laid on a beach; now she yearns "to have someone do me on a pool table." —Photos by Friend







"Being eaten out makes my kitty sing!"

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"He who hesitates is not only lost, but miles from the next exit."





CHELICA

This "sweet, seductive natural redhead" from Cleveland has forsaken one of her "interesting" maxims: "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow." Chelica, who'll turn 20 in May, couldn't wait to send us nude pics. "I hope modeling will be a steppingstone to other things, like acting," coos the 5-foot-5, "always on the move" Ohioan, whose interests include painting, sports (soccer, basketball, tennis), music (Three Days Grace, Gwen Stefani), TV (*Family Guy*, *Robot Chicken*) and motion pictures (all-time faves: *The Island*, *Star Wars, Life as a House*). As for sex, Chelica notes, "I'm bi-curious but plan to stick with men. I can be aggressive—I'll bite and give hickies—but mostly I encourage a male to take control, and I'm very open to new ideas. I can be a freak in bed." Besides "dying to meet Edward from *Twilight*" (actor Robert Pattinson), Chelica dreams of "wearing only heels and body paint to a party." —Photos by Friend







VEGAS

"I like being naked where lots of people can see me," asserts Vegas, 31, a "fun all-around" stripper by way of Waco, Texas. The 5-foot-7 vixen is also keen on boating, fishing, sitcoms, Dave Chappelle's show, music (Toni Braxton, Journey, Dierks Bentley), football and, of course, hanky-panky. Detailing her ribald side, Vegas volunteers, "I'm spontaneous and aggressive, like the day I had my man pull off the road so's I could give him a blowjob. We were listening to AC/DC, and when his favorite song came on, he exploded in my mouth. I just loved it. When we're fucking, I'm always up for doggy-style 'cause I love the way my booty bounces. And if I have myself ready, I love the intense feeling of anal penetration. Besides, I like to be punished." Vegas, whose must-meet dudes are country crooner Bentley and QB Donovan McNabb, has a meteorological fantasy: "It would be so cool to have sex on the Gulf Coast before a hurricane hits." —Photos by Friend

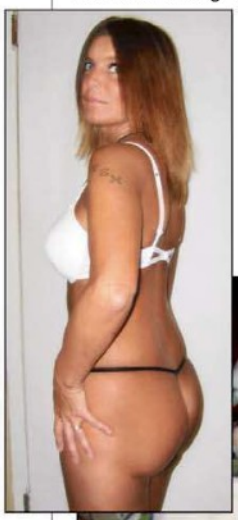
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SHERI KAY

"Being from the Show-Me State, Missouri, I want to show everyone what a healthy regimen of sexual exercise can do for a body," expresses Sheri Kay, 39, a bartender, "HUSTLER fanatic" and mother of two from St. Louis. "I really have a good time trying different things and places, but my favorite is when my husband eats me out. At 5-3, I seem to be the perfect height for him to explore my whole body with his hands while he goes down on me. I also like getting finger-fucked and pounded hard. One time, out in our shed, my ass went right through a wall." For less harrowing delights, Sheri Kay relishes "tanning, going to water parks, being hosed down while I'm nude in the backyard and watching television." The "outgoing, friendly and fun" neophyte, who sometimes likes "to be the boss in the bedroom," hankers "to meet the crew of my favorite TV show, *Army Wives*."

—Photos by Husband







SAMARA MAE

"I try to be more than eye candy and a place to put a dick," professes Samara Mae, 22, a spunky pizza delivery girl from Federal Way, Washington. Here in *Beaver Hunt* those attributes are hard to overlook, and a little candor doesn't hurt. "I'm a virtual vegan," the 5-foot-2 Apple Stater divulges, "but I love man-meat and hot pussy. I have no gag reflex, so I can deep-throat. I've done extensive research on ejaculating penises and tasting cum. (Samara Mae also has a zesty appetite for drawing, pole-dancing, social networking, *Guitar Hero* and *True Blood*.) "I'm a switch who loves gore," she gushes. "I can be submissive or dominant. I randomly go with the flow. One of my fantasies is fucking a guy in the ass with a strap-on. I'm all for taking it in the ass too, so it goes both ways. I love rough, wet sex while being tied up like your little bitch." Sweet. —Photos by Friend





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BAYLEE



"I've been known to flash my boobs when taunted," admits Baylee, 32, an "unpredictable" stay-at-home mom from Grand Island, Nebraska. "Guess I was just warming up to show off *everything* in your magazine." By now doing so, the 4-foot-11 painting, drawing and swimming buff has shortened the gap between her hometown and the Cornhusker State's Beaver City. We kid you not. It lies near the Kansas line. Meanwhile, since Baylee has peeled in a kitchen, we'll mention that the vegan Virgo fancies "light pastas, garlic and carrots." However, the ex-waitress's "totally straight" boudoir menu is meatier: "I like to be led and told nice things during sex. I also like toys and biting. I have a sensitive clit and come easily." But Baylee isn't into cornholing…yet. "I've never tried anal because it kinda grosses me out," she relates. "Then again, I wonder what my fiancé would do if I spread my ass cheeks and smiled."—Photos by Friend



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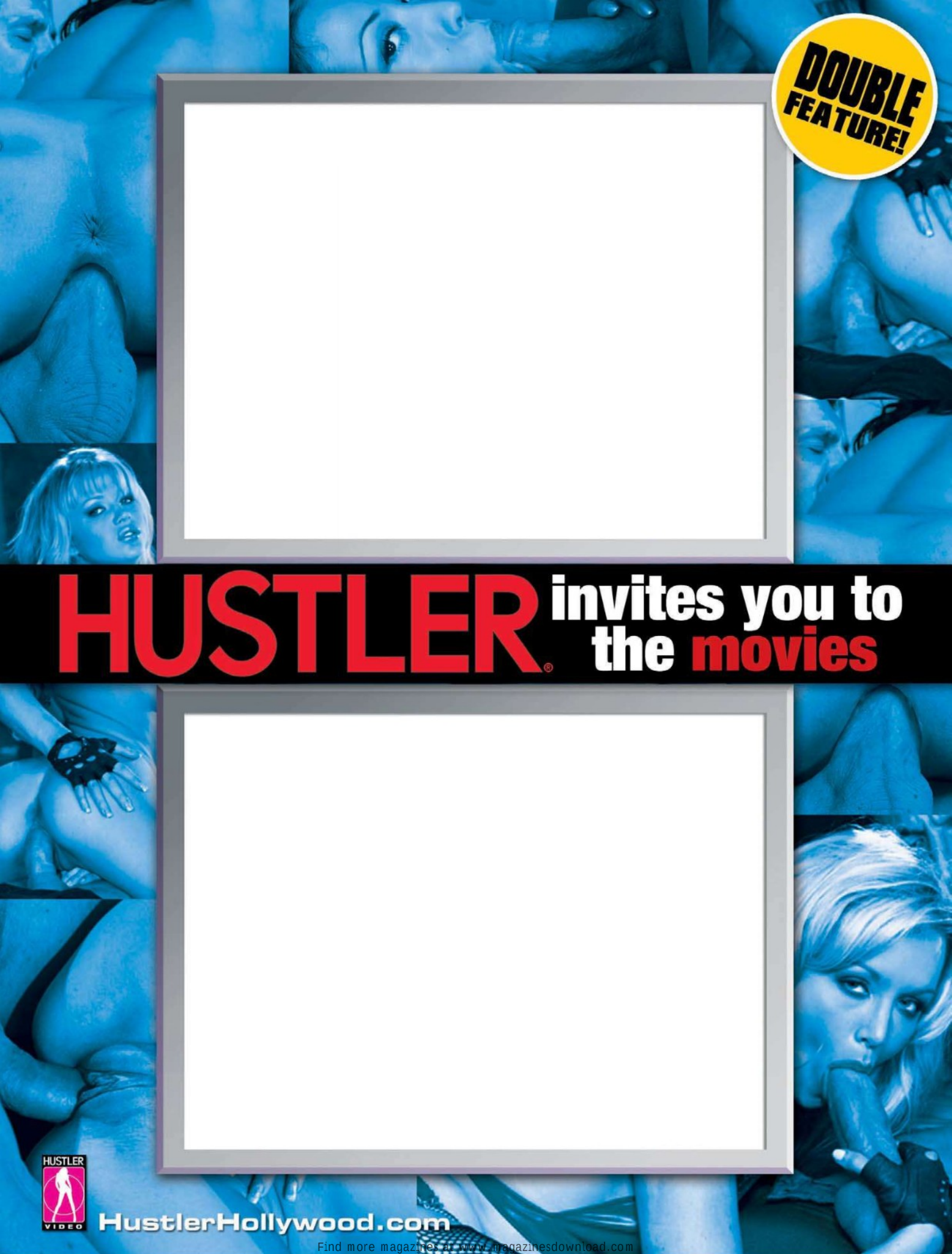
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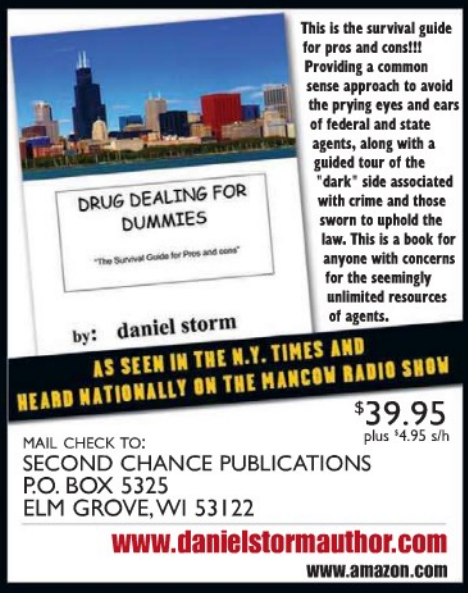


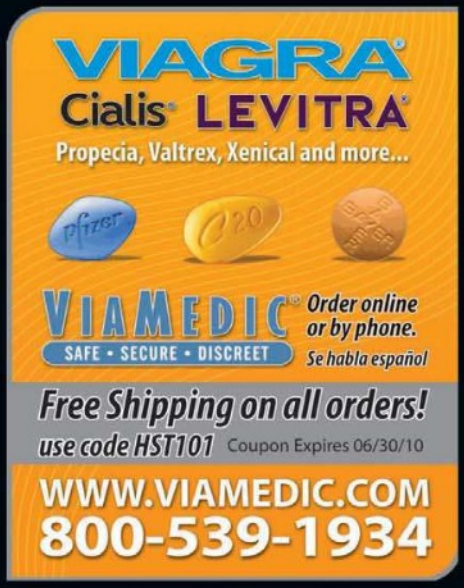
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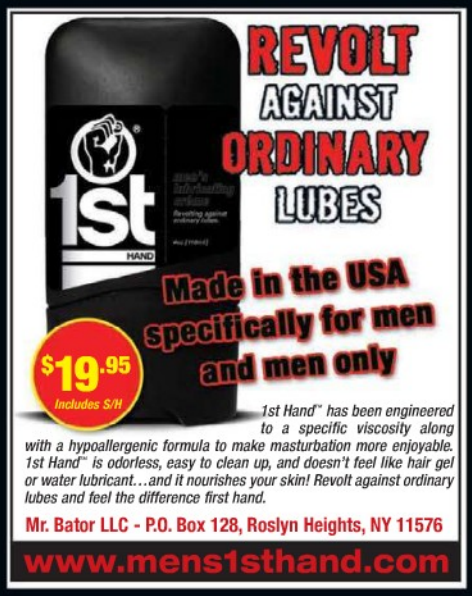
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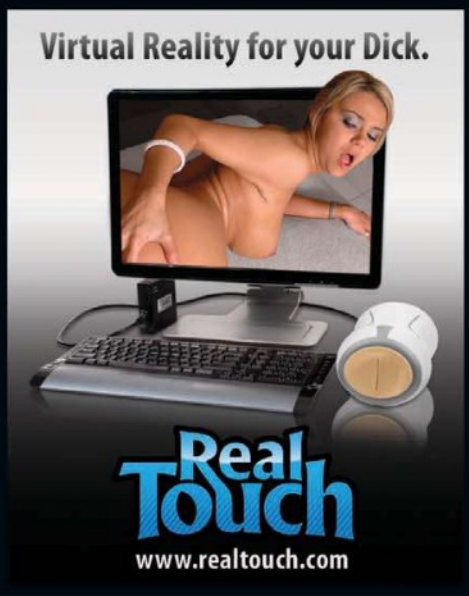
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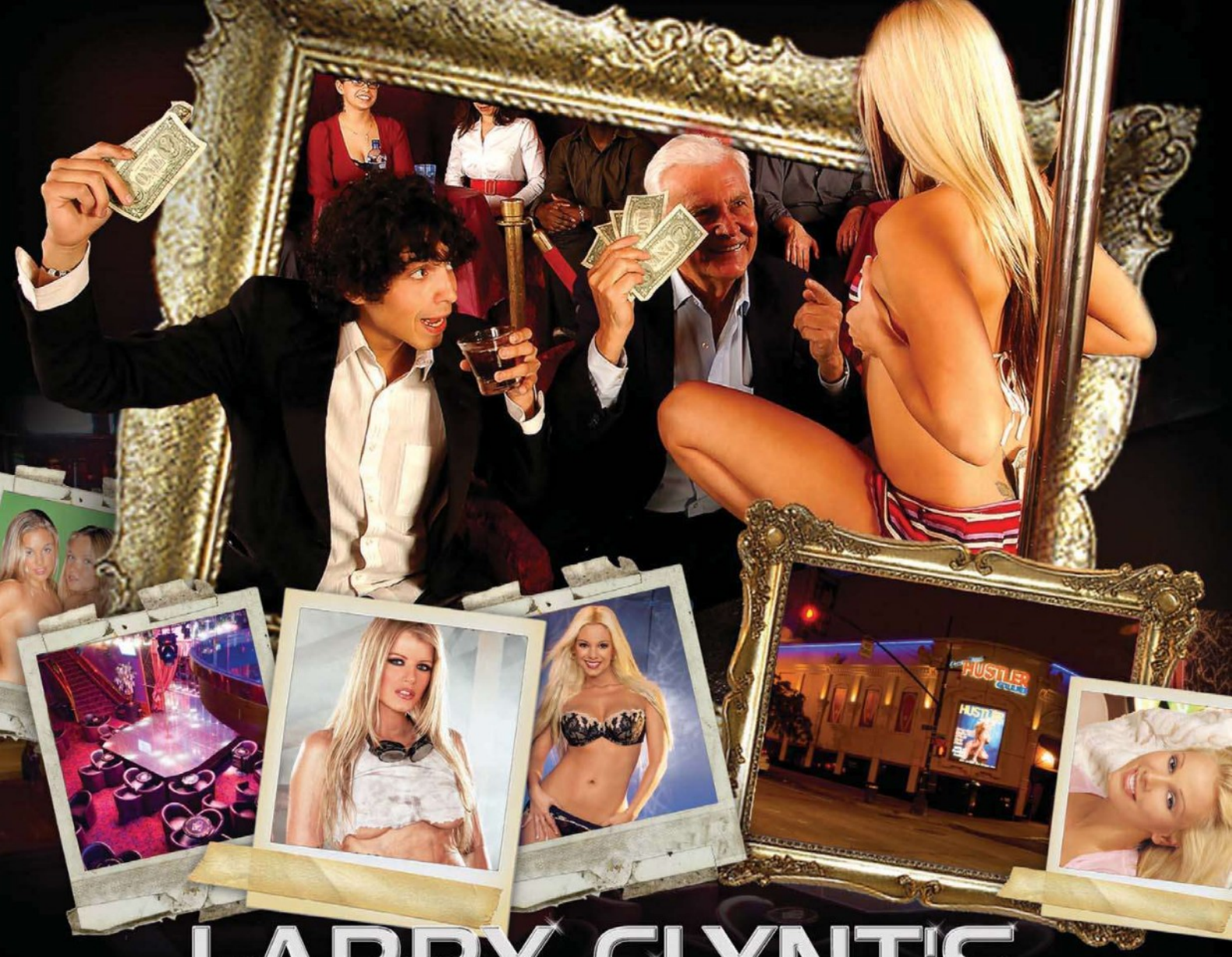


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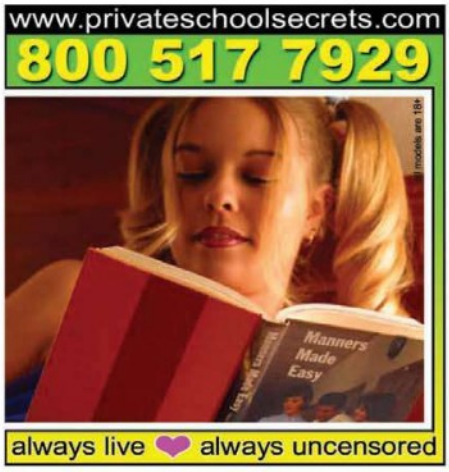


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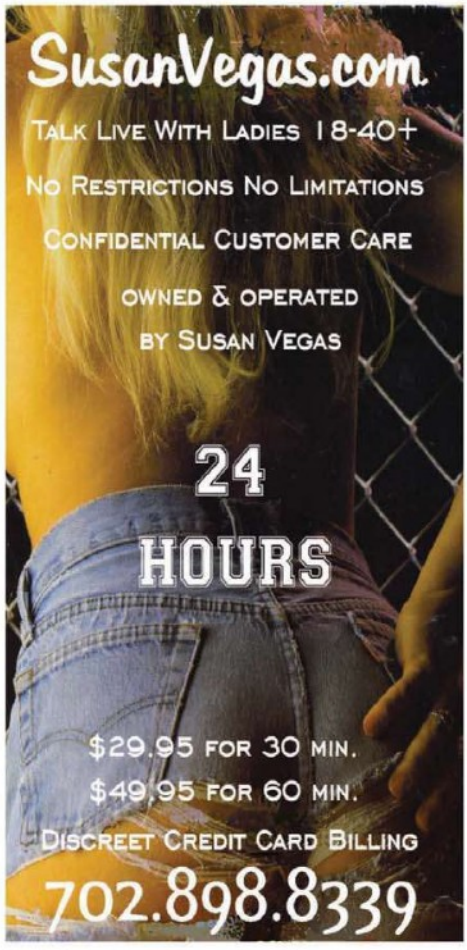














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If you're fortunate enough to take a Pacific Ocean cruise someday, you should search fore and aft for a crewman named **Blue**. "The sea turns me on," remarks the 19-year-old lass, whose name comes from the color of the ocean she loves so much. "And nothing beats the thrill of riding ocean crests in a boat while a strong man is riding me."

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It shouldn't be surprising then that **Blue**'s favorite fantasy involves "another chick and me kidnapping four or five men, taking them out to sea and blowing them away." **Blue**'s hobbies include cooking and horseback riding, and her career goal is to work with animals.

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The sea is just one of nature's many settings that are fitting for a woman who likes to let her natural urges take over. Those urges come out easiest for **Blue** during a whipped-cream party—or in smaller gatherings, such as when there are just "two men and little ol' me."

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Any man who sets out to sea with **Blue** is likely to get his lap wet, since she admits, "I love to go down on men!" To get onboard with **Blue**, a man should be "tall, short, blond—well, just a man. I love men, and I can't wait to meet more and check out their style of lovemaking. I'm a crazy lady. I love it!"

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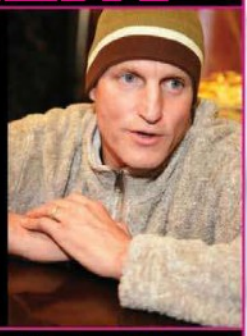


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COMING NEXT

NATURAL-BORN TALKERS: WOODY HARRELSON & LARRY FLYNT



Woody Harrelson, the actor who deftly portrayed our publisher in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, joins the man himself to discuss a variety of compelling subjects. From eco-minded Woody scaling the Golden Gate Bridge to Larry defiantly courting Lady Luck, the two mutual admirers let loose a salvo of anecdotes and observations.



THE REAL ALEXIS TEXAS

"I'm still a normal person," professes Alexis Texas, which may sound strange coming from an Air Force brat who launched her XXX career while in college and has gained further notoriety as Buttwoman. Wanting fans to see the "real me" during a "sanity break," Alexis invites writer M. Allen Nathan to hang around as she banters on her speedy *ascent* to porn's A-list.

THE YES MEN: IT'S TIME TO GET BUSTED!



Andy Bichlbaum and Mike Bonanno are mild-mannered professors who lead double lives as anticorporate superheroes—the Yes Men. Saying yes to a HUSTLER powwow, the imaginative pranksters bring up punking the WTO, inventing the SurvivaBall and saving the planet by any means necessary.



BACHELOR PARTY MAESTRO

With a close friend heading toward the altar, former HUSTLER staffer Scott Fayner becomes more important than a wedding planner. He has to book strippers who will not only lewdly entertain the groom and his buds, but also climb onboard a rickety plane bound for Nantucket Island. Fayner's blow-by-blow account of the floozies' unabashed hijinks takes gonzo journalism to new depths.

JORDAN MATTER'S BIG APPLE SHOOTING GROUND



Eager to confront a cultural taboo, Jordan Matter spent six years rounding up female volunteers willing to pose bare-breasted—not in his New York City studio but in various public places. Displaying (and expressing) their unbridled joy of feeling free, Matter's subjects make *Uncovered: Women in Word and Image* a must-have coffee table book.



CARTOON SPOOF: BLOODSUCKERS, BEWARE!

Vampires have become the rage of late, both on television and the big screen. Strangely, Count Dracula's modern-day counterparts are far from scary. In fact, they're closer to wusses. That horrific shortcoming inspired cartoonist Noel Anderson to take revenge by scripting *HUSTLER's Ultimate Vampire Movie!*

BRIANA BLAIR

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