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LET THE SEX GAMES BEGIN.

JENNIFER ANUSTON GOHARD FUCKHER
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HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. We do suggest since Jennifer Aniston and Gerard Butler have allegedly been linked as a couple, she should loosen up a bit. The former wife of Brad Pitt and ex-girlfriend of John Mayer and Vince Vaughn might want to try a little bit of bondage in the bedroom to keep her man around this time. DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Jennifer Aniston and Gerard Butler exists. 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. Duh.

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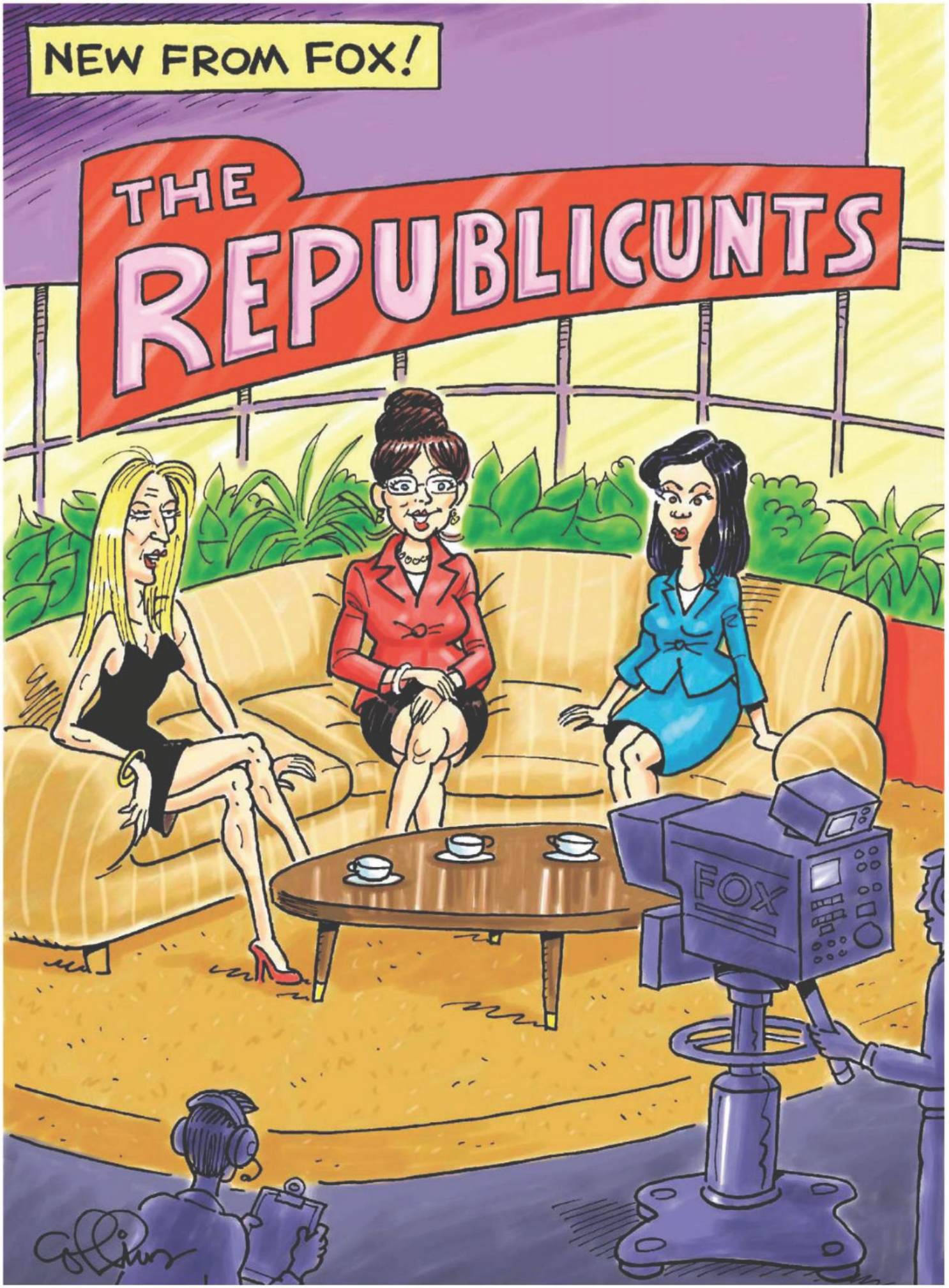

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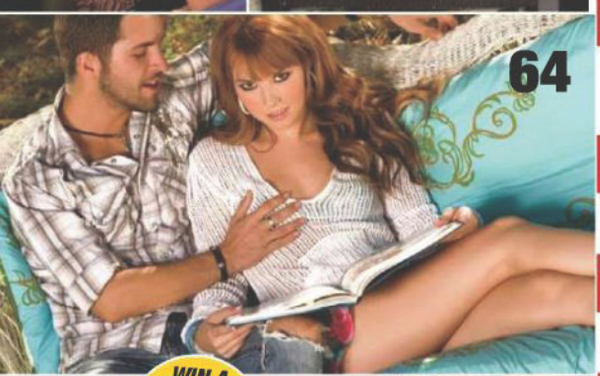

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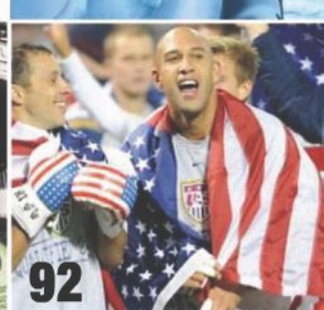

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IS IT TIME FOR A REVOLUTION?

When the government turns against the people, it is time for the people to turn against their government. So you must ask yourself: Is the government of the United States of America representing you? Or is it representing the corporations that fund the politicians' election campaigns?

To date, the government has taken your money to bail out the banks, sent your jobs overseas to support Big Business and made your ability to vote a meaningless exercise. (See Brad Friedman's article *The End of Democracy*, beginning on page 72 of this issue.)

The American Revolution was sparked by a tax on tea. What will it take for us to (peacefully) storm the barricades?

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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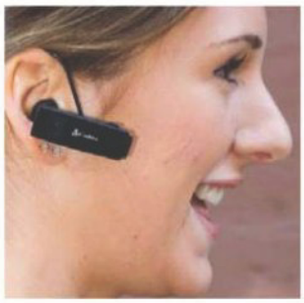

BLUETOOTH, NOT BLUE BALLS

Hey, dummy…not you, the guy driving behind you with a cell phone in his hand. Doesn't he realize that chatting while at the wheel is not only dangerous but also illegal in most states? To ensure a safer journey, he needs a wireless Bluetooth headset, and you should pick one up yourself. The **Cobra BTH2** is a premium headset that combines style and functionality into one sleek in-ear calling unit. Its touch-of-a-button control and voice-activated technology provide up to 150 hours of hands-free use on a single charge. The **Cobra BTH2** works with all Bluetooth-enabled phones, iPods and PDAs.

Available at ***Cobra.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.99.

HEAD GAMES

There are gaming headsets, and then there is the ultimate: Creative's new **Sound Blaster *World of Warcraft*** wireless headset. Seriously, this set makes all other gaming earpiece peripherals seem like crappy Sony Walkman headphones from 1985. Thanks to THX TruStudio PC technology, the advanced, uncompressed ***World of Warcraft*** headset delivers the fullest audio experience ever created. It also features a pair of lenses with 16 million (seriously) LEDs, so you can play as either the Horde or the Alliance.

Not a *WOW* player? You can still use the headset to play all your favorite games (*Call of Duty* sounds awesome!), or even listen to music and watch movies. The cushioned earpads and flexible headband are so comfortable, you'll forget you're wearing them during the most intense battles.

The best part is we have a set to give away!

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

THE REALLY BIG PICTURE

The 15-inch **Viewsonic VFM1530-11** is bigger than most digital picture frames out there, plus it boasts 1024 X 768 resolution for a crisp, vibrant presentation. There's also 256 MB of internal memory, allowing you to load 50-plus of your favorite images via a USB connection. Or simply plug in an SD card to display hundreds of additional pics with lifelike quality. You can use the slide show mode to set transition effects and the speed that your images will be displayed. Besides a built-in speaker (to add sound to your slide show), the **VFM1530-11** features an alarm, clock, calendar and remote control.

Just do us a favor: Don't load the thing up with porn. Seriously, your mom may stop by to visit.

Available at ***Viewsonic.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

SLIM SHADY

Yes, they are cool-looking sunglasses, and that should be enough for you to want to buy a pair. But the **Vuzix Wrap 920AR** is so much more than a shield for ultraviolet rays. These high-tech specs are the world's first consumer video eyewear providing a 67-inch display as seen from ten feet (three meters) and a stereo camera that "looks" into the world. They bring both reality and augmented reality to life. Simply hook them to your computer or video iPod to watch your video content at eye-popping 752 X 480 resolution at 60 fps. The shades also deliver a single 1504 X 480 side-by-side image that can be viewed in 3-D stereoscopic video.

You really have to strap on a pair to see how cool they are. On top of all that, the **Vuzix Wrap 920AR** will make you look cool. Will they get you laid? Probably not.

Available at ***Vuzix.com***. Suggested retail price: $349.95.

GET FREE HEAD (PHONES)

Game on! Gear up your head with a free **Sound Blaster *World of Warcraft*** headset. For your chance to win, 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: WOW Headset 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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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

GODDAMN!

God of War III

Sony

PS3

The final chapter has been written; the final battle begins! Created exclusively for the PS3, the third and last installment in the mega-popular *God of War* saga brings the most epic action to date. The clashes are more intense, the graphics more stunning. And hero Kratos is more pissed off than ever as he scales Mount Olympus and delves the depths of Hell seeking bloody revenge upon all who have betrayed him. Unlike most thirds, ***God of War III*** is the best of the bunch! As a bonus, Sony has also just repackaged *GOW* and *GOW II* into sold-separately, low-priced offerings.

TOTALLY EFFECTIVE

Mass Effect 2

EA

Xbox 360

The first *Mass Effect* game was like a big-budget sci-fi blockbuster come to life. Its sequel has no equal. It's *The Empire Strikes Back* as a video game. Once again you are Commander Shepard, leading a ragtag crew of dangerous (and questionable) operatives on a suicide mission in the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Fast-paced and intense, ***Mass Effect 2*** is cinematic genius.

HEAVY METAL

Metal Gear Solid: Peace Walker

Konami

PSP

Finally a game that pushes the limits of the PSP! This full-scale sequel to *Metal Gear Solid 3*, designed with the PSP in mind, is easily the best thing to hit the handheld portable system since its creation. ***Metal Gear Solid: Peace Walker*** melds incredible visuals and thrilling action into a new story by legendary gaming mastermind Hideo Kojima. Give this mercenary mission a spin. Your PSP will thank you for it.

WORLD AT WAR

Modern Warfare 2

Activision

Xbox 360

There are first-person shooters, and then there's *Modern Warfare*, the best-selling first-person shooter of all time. The follow-up, ***Modern Warfare 2***, is a full-on, blood-soaked, bullet-buzzing, immersive experience. Things really kick in when you take along a buddy in the two-player cooperative Special Ops mode. If you make the big bucks (and can find one), you should spring for the deluxe "Prestige Edition," which includes an actual pair of working night-vision goggles.

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LAME BILL FROM A LAME DUCK

CONGRESS MAY TRY TO REIN IN WALL STREET, BUT THE BANKERS WILL CONTINUE TO THREATEN OUR WAY OF LIFE.

If the healthcare-reform battle has been an unsatisfying test of the government's ability to deal with our pressing problems, brace yourself for bigger disappointment in its attempt to bridle Wall Street. This is where the true heavies go to work, and—as opposed to the medical-industry lobby—the moneychangers fear not the wrath of their clients or, as Scripture tells, any higher power.

Certainly not that of Congress or the President, whose powers it has so confidently purchased. That is how we got into this mess. The bankers wrote the rules of the road that allowed them to exceed all reasonable limits when Democrat Bill Clinton was in the White House. And when the crash came, it was the Republican George W. Bush who made their problems go away.

Having survived that disaster of their own creation, they are not about to let anyone make them change their ways. It will definitely take more than the likes of Connecticut's lame-duck Senator Christopher Dodd, a likely candidate for more lucrative employment in the financial sector that the Democrat has served so faithfully.

Dodd, who chairs the Senate Banking Committee, made a big show of introducing legislation to rein in Wall Street, having failed to elicit a single Republican vote after months of caving in. He has abandoned his earlier proposal for a truly independent regulatory agency that would challenge the Fed, which got us into this jam. His bill rejects a public audit of the Fed, where he would house what remains of the President's proposed consumer-protection agency.

There is only a nod in the direction of a return to the Glass-Steagall Act's separation of investment and banking firms, a regulation that Dodd, along with New York Democrat Charles Schumer, helped kill a decade ago.

As the *New York Times* reported on October 23, 1999: "Dodd, whose state is home to the nation's largest insurance companies, and Schumer, with strong ties to Wall Street, have long sought legislation to repeal the Glass-Steagall Act."

That's what legally made possible the too-big-to-fail mergers of insurance giants like Travelers and AIG with banking companies. As Peter Eavis pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal* in March 2010, Dodd's proposed bill "still flunks the AIG test," in that "if the Senate bill became law, it looks like the government could still find itself making the sort of payments it made to AIG counterparties." And that's before the lobbyists go to work.

The most glaring failure of Senator Dodd's proposal is to fully come to grips with the enduring threat of unregulated derivatives.

The most glaring failure of Senator Dodd's proposal is to fully come to grips with the enduring threat of unregulated derivatives. In this area the bill's text is an unparalleled exemplar of the use of the run-on sentence in the pursuit of obfuscation. But what is clear is that the out-of-control derivatives market, which Dodd helped engineer ten years ago when he supported the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, will be at best tempered somewhat.

Obviously aware that his current bill provides no serious answer to this most pressing of our financial-industry problems, Dodd holds up the wan hope that "Senator Jack Reed [D-Rhode Island] and Judd Gregg [R-New Hampshire] are working on a substitute amendment to this title that may be offered in full committee."

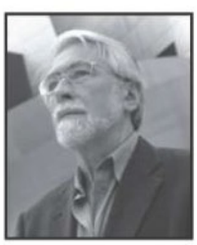
Yes, we know what such bipartisan efforts bring, and it does not bode well for getting a grip on a derivatives market that threatens to do us all in.

Warren Buffett wasn't kidding when he called them "financial weapons of mass destruction," and by now most Americans are aware that the innocuous-sounding derivatives that he was referring to have done great damage to our way of life. It extends from foreclosed homes in Florida that are collected in collateralized debt obligations to credit default swaps on Greek airport revenue and, as the *New York Times* reported, massive corporate collateralized loan obligations that are "a potential financial doomsday."

The dubious security bundles are as vast as they are obscure, and their notational value is staggering. As Dodd's committee's fact sheet stated, "The over-the-counter derivatives market has exploded—from $91 trillion in 1998 to $592 trillion in 2008." The current figure is $605 trillion and still growing.

As Dodd's press release put it, "Because the derivatives market was considered too big and too interconnected to fail, taxpayers had to foot the bill for Wall Street's bad bets."

Now he tells us. But let's hope there's more to this bill than meets my eye and that the lobbyists don't get to gut it further. As this issue goes to press, it is still a work in progress with some good points, the House bill is better, and it is time that Congress hears much more from the suffering public.



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

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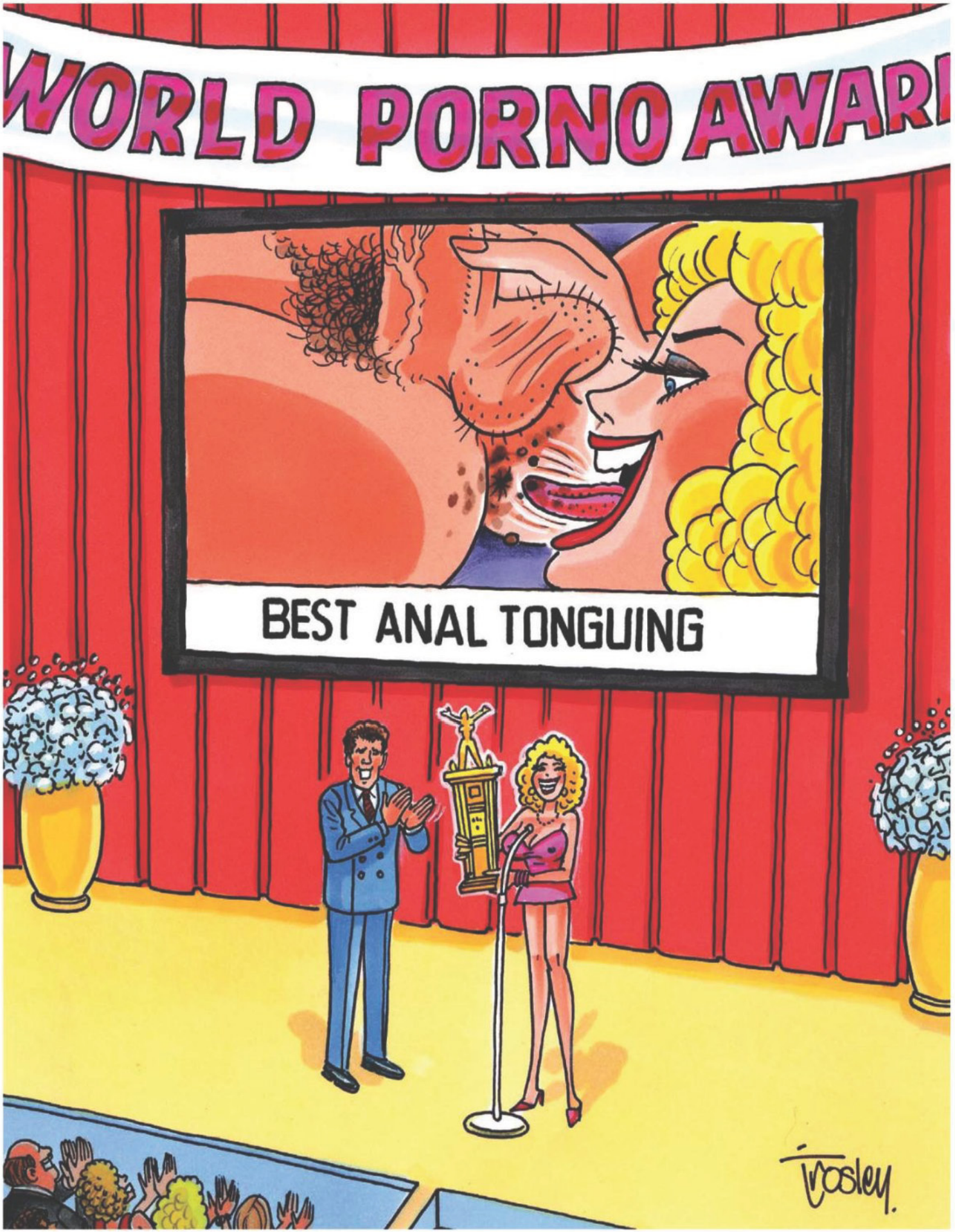

"I want to thank God and my personal savior, Jesus Christ, for giving me the strength, courage and will to win this award!"

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WHITEWASHING BUSH TORTURE CZAR JOHN YOO

THE WAR ON TERROR CONTINUES TO GIVE THE PRESIDENT UNBRIDLED POWERS THAT TURN THE RULE OF LAW UPSIDE DOWN.

Authored by John Yoo in the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel in 2002, the infamous "torture memos" gave the Bush-Cheney Administration precisely what it demanded: legal cover for the unbounded "coercive interrogation" of suspected terrorists at Abu Ghraib and the CIA's secret prisons ("black sites"), as well as for "renditions," whereby other such suspects were whisked off to countries known for torturing their prisoners.

This shameful U.S. "torture policy" led to deep resentment from our allies and a unanimous, bipartisan Senate Intelligence Committee report in 2008, which declared that these "coercive interrogations" provided al-Qaeda and other terrorist groups a powerful recruiting tool.

Accordingly, there was keen anticipation in this country and abroad when the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility embarked on a four-year investigation of the possible lawlessness of John Yoo and his accomplice in the Office of Legal Counsel, Jay Bybee.

The CIA was very worried that its interrogators might be in danger of being prosecuted, and Yoo had urgently asked for an Office of Legal Counsel get-out-of-jail pass.

Before the final version of the OPR report was released, leaks revealed that the investigation initially found that then-Deputy Attorney General Yoo had "committed intentional professional misconduct when he violated his duty to exercise independent legal judgment and render thorough, objective and candid legal advice." (Bybee was similarly censured.)

This ruling, once issued and sent to the bar associations in the states where Yoo and Bybee were licensed, could have led to their disbarment and possible prosecution. But suddenly both were spared punishment by an edict from David Margolis, a longtime high-level associate deputy attorney general. He is a Justice Department expert in—I kid you not—"legal ethics."

Margolis countermanded the OPR investigators, concluding that Yoo and Bybee (the latter promoted in 2003 to a federal judgeship) had used just "poor judgment." Naughty, naughty.

Then and now, Yoo's go-ahead on torture was based on his conviction that the President—commander in chief in the war against terrorism—had limitless power to keep us safe. For instance, when an OPR investigator asked Yoo if the President could order the extermination of "a village of civilians," his answer was "Sure."

There is much more in this extensive Office of Professional Responsibility report than references to Yoo and Bybee. It makes, in detail, a powerful case for a necessary Congressional—or independent—investigation on the highest accountability for the torture policy all the way up the chain of command to the White House.

Dick Cheney, the proponent as Vice President of what he called "the dark side" of our survival battle against terrorism, actually said to an ABC News interviewer on February 14 of this year—as he defended John Yoo—"I thought it was important…to stand up and defend those people who'd done what we asked them to do."

Yoo and Bybee were indeed acting on orders from on high. OPR investigators were told by John Bellinger—who was a lawyer at the National Security Council while Yoo was at the Justice Department—that Yoo was under tremendous pressure to come up with an answer that would justify continuing the interrogation program. As I've previously reported, the CIA was very worried that its interrogators might be in danger of being prosecuted, and Yoo had urgently asked for an Office of Legal Counsel get-out-of-jail pass.

Great pressures on Yoo had also come from Dick Cheney's insistently hardline legal counsel, David Addington. Testifying before the House Judiciary Committee in 2008, Addington—defending Yoo—said significantly, "This is what his client asked him to do."

Yoo's client was George W. Bush, along with those he commanded in the executive branch, including then-Attorney General John Ashcroft.

Now that we and the world know who was ultimately responsible for violating our own Torture Act, the international Covenant Against Torture, the Geneva Conventions, etc., shouldn't we know whether any of them will be investigated to show that we are indeed a nation of laws, not men? As of this writing, there have been pledges of investigations by chairmen of the Democratically controlled House and Senate Judiciary Committees, but nothing has started. And President Obama, who has continued some of the Bush-Cheney practices, is opposed to looking back lest he be tracked.

As for the Republicans, the influential Senator John Cornyn of Texas, an active member of the Judiciary Committee, said that Yoo and Bybee deserve "the thanks of a grateful nation for their service." Huh? Cornyn is only angry at "the irreparable damage to their reputations." How about *our* reputations?

The triumphant John Yoo, in a prominent *Wall Street Journal* article titled "My Gift to President Obama," exulted: "Barack Obama may not realize it, but I may have just helped save his Presidency. How? By winning a drawn-out fight to protect his powers as commander in chief to wage war and keep Americans safe. … I did not do this to win any popularity contests. … I did it to help our President—President Obama, not Bush." I expect President Obama is grateful.

After leaving the Oval Office, Richard Nixon said: "When the President does it, that means that it is not illegal." Nixon ultimately had to resign for what he did. But if Obama and future Presidents continue to operate under the Bush-Cheney-Yoo doctrine that there are no boundaries to what our commanders in chief can unilaterally do to preserve our safety and our values, Nixon's assurances that future Presidents are impregnably above the law will be validated as long as there are threats from terrorism.

With the Constitution's separation of powers discarded as obsolete, our individual liberties are being imperiled, not only due to terrorists but also at the hands of our own leaders. Will this still be America?

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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"With all the stupid shit that Sarah Palin says, why isn't she a blonde, like Ann Coulter?"

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THE WORD FOR TODAY IS *RETARD*

DID SARAH PALIN GO ON THE WARPATH WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING TO SEE IF THERE WERE ANY ARROWS IN HER QUIVER?

Hell froze over a while back: Rush Limbaugh said something I agreed with. Can the apocalypse be far off?

Limbaugh was talking about Sarah Palin's snit over a comment made privately by White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel. The ever-mouthy Emanuel had said Dems who disagreed with him were "fucking retarded." Palin, who will use anything to get publicity—including the Down's syndrome issue from her already-overworked womb—demanded Emanuel be fired and that the word *retarded* be banned from usage.

Limbaugh, presumed to be in the Palin camp, took her to task with a rant about political correctness. During his tirade he used the word *retard* over and over again. I was astonished. Was the most hated enemy of liberals correct? Were Palin's remarks just another instance of political correctness out of control? Of course they were!

So which is worse: Emanuel's evisceration of some Democrats or the way Palin uses that poor kid of hers? Armed with information the child would be born with Down's syndrome, she chose to have it anyway, citing her religious beliefs. Palin did this after already giving birth to a litter of four. And despite breaking water in Texas, the "mother of the year" still got on a plane to Alaska, thereby putting the fetus in danger. (Some believe she actually wanted it to die.)

I believe the real reason Palin didn't get an abortion was because it would look bad to her base. This outweighed the reality that the kid, who'd never have a normal life, would become the responsibility of her other children after she was gone.

As for Palin's motherhood credentials, they're not great. Her daughter Bristol got knocked up. Where was the birth-control discussion that should have taken place when it was apparent she was coming into sexual maturity? There was none.

Any other unwed girl her age (17) might very well have gotten an abortion, but not poor Bristol. Mommy was running for Vice President, and it just wouldn't look good. So Bristol had the baby to keep Mom's career intact. Then there are the rumors surrounding her son Track's enlistment into the armed forces. Some say it was a court-ordered choice in an alleged case of school vandalism. The record is muddied because, it's believed, Palin used her position as governor to cover things up.

Meanwhile, Trig—the Down's syndrome baby—was schlepped around the country so his mom could hold him up at every campaign stop like Simba in *The Lion King*. She used the kid's handicap as a prop. This is the woman who finds Rahm Emanuel in bad taste? Somebody should call Child Protective Services.

A few weeks after her tirade against the White House staffer, Palin targeted Seth MacFarlane and his blissful creation, *Family Guy*. She was reacting to the episode in which the Griffins' son Chris becomes enamored of a girl at school with Down's syndrome. The fact that Chris loved the girl in spite of her condition was lost on Palin. She was livid because, when asked by Chris what her family did, the girl replied, "My dad is an accountant, and my mom is the former governor of Alaska."

Surprisingly, voice actress Andrea Fay Friedman—who like the character she portrayed on *Family Guy* was born with Down's syndrome—came forward to blast Palin for exploiting people with the condition. Friedman scoffed, "My mother did not carry me around under her arm like a loaf of French bread the way former Governor Palin carries her son Trig around looking for sympathy and votes."

Even more perplexing was how Palin excused Limbaugh's statements. She claimed they were satire. I've got news for you, Sarah: Rush wasn't using satire; he was using commentary. *Family Guy* was using satire. I guess Palin just didn't want to piss off the right-wing's number-one megaphone.

So why all this political correctness over a perfectly legitimate word? Even medical dictionaries describe Down's syndrome as "mental retardation." Yet we're no longer able to use the word? Now we're supposed to say "developmentally challenged." People are no longer "handicapped," they're "handicapable." I ask you: How much of this is politically correct, and how much is pure condescension and mock sympathy?

Rahm Emanuel's only sin was that he didn't get the memo, and Sarah Palin's biggest problem is that she epitomizes the *C* word: CRAZY!

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.

"Maybe you Tea Party folks should be more concerned with better public education, particularly since it obviously failed you."

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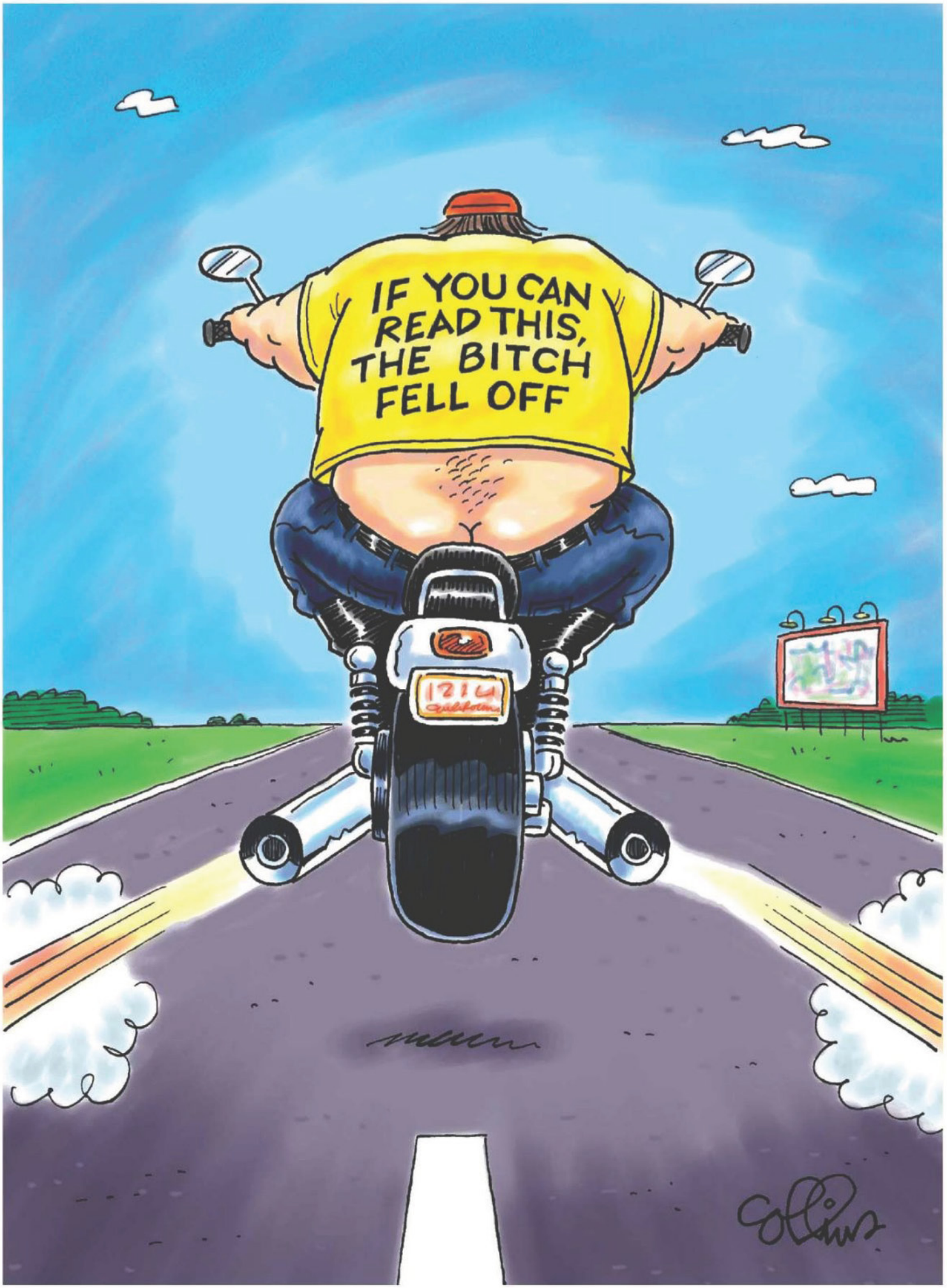

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PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

GUYS AND THEIR DICKS

IF MOST OF YOUR THINKING TAKES PLACE BELOW THE BELT, YOU MIGHT WANT TO READ THESE CAUTIONARY WORDS OF WISDOM.

Once again, as the lone girl in this all-boy locker room, it falls upon me to address a delicate subject that guys will not talk about. It takes a woman to speak the truth: Man's best friend is not the dog; it is the Penis.

Don't laugh. Think about the time and money spent on the Penis. I'm not just talking about Viagra and other erectile-dysfunction drugs, although they are everywhere, representing billions in profits for pharmaceutical companies, tens of millions in advertising revenue for the television networks and a major percentage of the junk e-mail in our spam filters. The Penis is courted in advertisements for beer, automobiles, clothing, food, shaving products, sporting goods and anything else that might be used by a man.

You could say that the Penis is a major industry, providing jobs for countless workers, even a column for your humble narrator in the pages of this estimable magazine, which is dedicated to the amusement of the Penis. In fact, some of you may have just come (so to speak) from being entertained by one or more of the nubile young ladies within these pages.

Mind you, this is not meant as a criticism. There is much to be said for the Penis. In the course of my career as a so-called sex symbol, I have entertained many, and I have been entertained by a number of them as well.

But, boys, look at the trouble the Penis can get you into. There are scores of STDs you can catch—and, HUSTLER, *please* don't show me those pictures again! There is AIDS, no laughing matter here and around the world. And there are the dual examples of John Edwards and Tiger Woods.

John Edwards is the poster boy for how much guys are ruled by the Penis. The former Presidential candidate is a man so engrossed with his own dick that he blatantly cheated on his ailing wife, kept on smiling, impregnated the woman he was cheating with, denied, denied, denied, still kept on smiling, begged his mistress to take responsibility for the pregnancy and, ultimately, destroyed his marriage and national political career. All for the Penis.

Golfer Tiger Woods was a one-man billion-dollar industry until his wife found out he was having not one, not two, not even three, but more than a dozen affairs. This is a guy who takes the Penis way too seriously. Not content with an occasional affair, or even a steady one, he gathered up a dizzying assortment of hos to keep the Penis happy while the wife was home raising the kids. Of course, when Mrs. Tiger figured it all out, she apparently chased him around the house with a golf club. Wrecking the family Escalade in your front yard tends to make things get very public.

These are extreme cases, but it's a safe bet many of you out there are saying, "Been there, done that." One day you're living the American Dream with the wife, the kids and the house in the 'burbs. The next day there's a new secretary at the office, and the Penis rears its head. Then it's divorce court, alimony, child-custody battles, the ex gets the house, and you find yourself buying cheap furniture at Ikea for a lonely studio apartment. All because the Penis did your thinking.

What totally amazes me is that John Edwards and Tiger Woods (as well as Gary Hart, Bill Clinton and all the others) thought they could get away with their infidelity. Why does it never occur to these guys that once you schtup that young lady, she owns you? Oh, she might promise to never tell a soul, but you can bet your next alimony payment she'll share the secret with her girlfriend or mother or Twitter followers. And once that happens, sugar, you are fucked.

Another odd thing is that you never hear much about scandals of female politicians or athletes. Where's the dirt on Hillary Clinton or Maggie Thatcher or Danica Patrick? Are women just better at this stuff?

The cautionary tale, boys, is give the Penis the attention it requires, but try hard to rein it in a little. There are consequences beyond your imagining when the Penis seizes control. And for those of you who refuse to listen to my warning—you know who you are—hide your golf clubs and find a good lawyer.

Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com.

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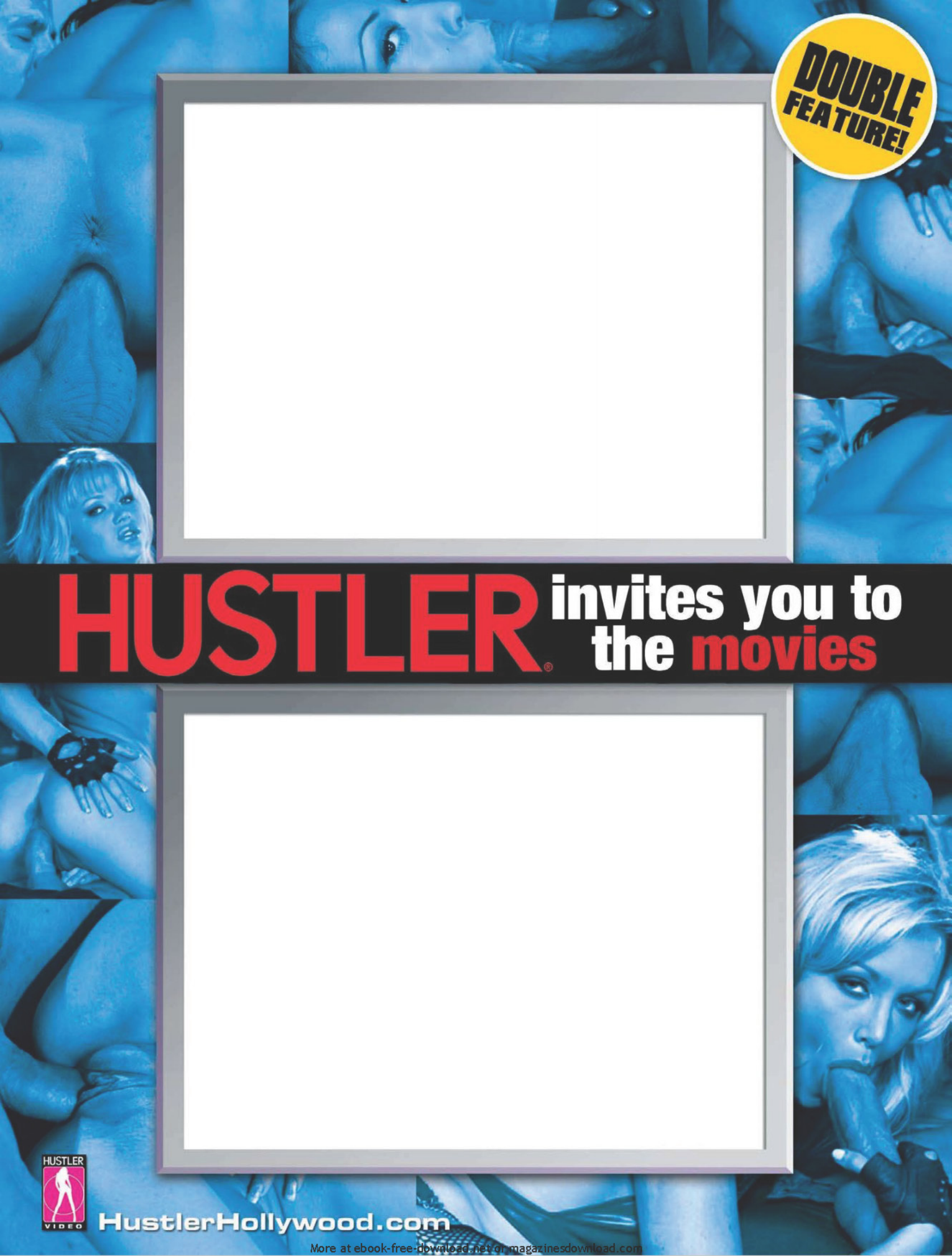

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Double Bind

Thanks for the great article by Russ Baker [*What Obama Is Up Against*, May '10]. I agree with everything Mr. Baker said.

The crux of the matter is the financial-intelligence complex, which came into existence when the Wall Streeters created the American intelligence establishment during World War II to coordinate their individual interests. Today, with the majority of the American intel community privatized, the deal has been sealed. The financial elements behind the big con that peddle debt-based junk paper nationally and globally to enrich themselves—and screw the rest of us—have assumed almost complete control.

Still, that doesn't excuse President Obama from appointing the most antiworker and antiunion people imaginable to fill the ranks of his administration. **—J.W.**

Seattle, Washington

Hidden Treasure

The only thing that saddens me about your (our) magazine is that bombshell-turned-HUSTLER-columnist Mamie Van Doren apparently no longer desires to show off her magnificent body. It would be wonderful if our sexy MILF goddess would flash a little more in her column pictures—and possibly even do a spread.

I would also like to extend my greatest appreciation for your consideration of naturally bushed ladies. Some of us are still old-school and consider a full bush a beautiful thing. Kudos and thank you again. **—Rick Lockeby**

St. Louis, Missouri

High Five

It's a damn shame that public life in this country is so full of sadistic assholes, they're hogging all of HUSTLER's page space. In the June '10 issue, on three successive pages, you had Glenn Beck, Dick Armey and Dick Cheney. Those fuckers made me so sick, I threw the magazine out the window. (Then had to go find it again when I remembered Lupe Fuentes was also in it.)

I know you guys are all about slamming the pricks who deserve it, and that's cool. But it would be nice to celebrate the heroes sometimes too. So in the interest of balance, here are a few nominees for *anti*-Assholes of the Year so far:

Al Franken is doing a great job as senator. (Search YouTube to see him smack down his opponents.) Dennis Kucinich, who made clear he was voting for the inadequate healthcare bill under protest, is still a valuable voice. Finally, there's Jodie Evans, the Code Pink activist who tried to slap the cuffs on Karl Rove and called him a traitor to his face. Go, Jodie!

Let's all accentuate the positive, ignore the attack ads and keep the good guys in office this November! **—J.M.**

Albion, New York

Bargain Rehab

Back in January '07 you published my letter, in which I praised you guys for not pussing out like other XXX mags and for continuing to show full hard-core penetration. I'm a longtime loyal subscriber and recently upgraded to the mag/DVD package deal.

This is important because I'm a recovering addict (four years clean last March). Today, instead of drugs, I can afford this luxury. With a clean mind, I can enjoy your beautiful girls even more now. Thanks for giving me another reason to stay clean.

To my fellow addicts out there: Instead of paying for your next fix, buy yourself a HUSTLER Magazine or DVD. It will make you feel good, and you'll still have it for tomorrow! **—Richard Guzman**

Redlands, California

Sexy furnace Lupe Fuentes helped get HUSTLER readers through the winter.

Perfect Payoff

After seeing Lupe Fuentes in your April '10 *Erotic Entertainment* section, I was ecstatic that you followed it up with a full layout in the May '10 issue. She looked even better the second time! In the dictionary, next to *hot little piece of ass*, is her picture. Little Lupe kept me warm through a couple of Midwestern cold snaps.

I would complain that Señorita Fuentes wasn't on the cover, but I also happen to be a devoted follower of covergirl Audrey Bitoni. (Yes, I watch too much porn.)

—L.W.

Green Bay, Wisconsin

Hang Time

Thanks for your article about Dr. James Elist [*The Things We Do for Love*, May '10]. Although I have no plans to get my dick sliced open, I enjoyed reading a serious, informative article regarding a subject that we mostly hear about in bullshit "extension" commercials on late-night TV. **—E.T.**

Big Horn, New Mexico

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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TOYOTA

We American Now

Herro, it's me, Akio Toyoda, president of Toyota Motors. You call me "American Cowboy Joe." That's right, everybody at Toyota now American as apple pie. Which explains our recent problems and recall.

Just like companies in the United States, we cut corners, use shoddy workmanship and cover up problems. And just like Americans, we minimize blame. Sure, some people were injured and even killed due to our efforts to be like you. As Americans, we realize that it far more cost-effective to settle few wrongful death lawsuits than make dramatic changes in how we manufacture our cars. So 56 people died. Why you complaining? We killed more people at Pearl Harbor.

Regarding allegation that we knew about problems with the electronics in our cars as early as 2005, we deny this. Denying is very American. That's what other American car companies like GM do all the time. And we just like them. We Americans!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is political commentary on how the Japanese automaker ignored the warning signs about unexpected acceleration in its cars for over five years now. This was a grievous decision that led to hundreds of accidents, 56 deaths and wrongful imprisonments. Toyota put massive profits over public safety. For more info, check out **CorpWatch.org**. 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.

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VIRGINIA THOMAS

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. In your case that would be your husband, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas. (Yes, Santa is an angry black man!) And you must have been very nice indeed to get such a great Christmas present: your very own conservative lobbying group, Liberty Central Inc., which will cater to the Tea Party movement.

"I adore all the new citizen patriots who are rising up across the country," you announced at the 2010 Conservative Political Action Conference. "I have felt called to the front lines with...my fellow citizens, to preserve what made America great."

Of course, the gift didn't come directly from Clarence. You are getting donations from those big ol' corporations that the Supreme Court ruled could spend as much as they want influencing election campaigns. The potentially limitless influx of money, which we imagine will provide you a hefty salary, is just their way of saying thank you to your husband.

It's a pretty safe investment, Virginia. The corporations can have no doubt that both you and your husband know where your bread is buttered. And as long as they keep bankrolling Liberty Central, they can be pretty damn certain Clarence will continue his activism from the bench. Can you say *conflict of interest*? Can you say *recuse*? More importantly, can your husband?

The belated Christmas gift was the Supreme Court's January 21, 2010, decision in *Citizens United* v. *Federal Election Commission*, which effectively left chunks of coal in the stockings of most Americans. Thanks to that decision, there's no way in hell—if there ever was—that the average citizen can match the fat cats' dollars when it comes to supporting a politician or a political issue. In effect, a Republican Santa has allowed huge corporations to buy any election they want, which will pretty much be all of them. It's as if your Santa, Virginia, has taken a shit down everyone else's chimney. (For an overview of the High Court's landmark ruling, see *The End of Democracy*, beginning on page 72.)

By attaching yourself to the Tea Party, a right-wing-financed front group, you have—with your husband's help—shredded whatever was left of the notion that the judges of our highest court are impartial arbiters of the law. Clearly, the majority of them—like you—have an extreme right-wing agenda.

Let's look at your politics. You worked for Republican Dick Armey when he was a congressman. (Armey now heads FreedomWorks, a major backer of the Tea Party.) And you were a consultant for the ultraconservative think tank Heritage Foundation. More recently you've stated that it's time to "get the Constitution back to a place where it means something" and that it's time to fight against "tyranny."

How odd. Your husband and his right-wing cohorts have controlled the Supreme Court since at least 2000, if not earlier. Everything threatening our way of life today is the result of their decisions: the erosion of the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth and 14th Amendments; the loss of habeas corpus; and an economy on life support. This has all happened because of the stupidity you and your husband embrace.

And what's with this "tyranny" crap? You think President Barack Obama is a tyrant? Well then, what about George W. Bush? After all, Obama is just following in W's footsteps. Regrettably, he's done little to undo Bush-era policies. As for Obama's so-called lurching to the left, get real! His healthcare reform, by way of just one example, bears no resemblance to socialism; it is a windfall bonanza for the health insurance industry.

Regarding Liberty Central, you are collecting "scorecards" for candidates running this November so you'll know whom to raise funds for and whom to oppose—all legal, naturally. Despite your claims of being nonpartisan, you're not fooling anyone.

Back in 2000, even as your husband was conspiring with his fellow right-wing justices to steal the election from Presidential candidate Al Gore, you were vetting staff for the George W. Bush Administration. It's almost as if you already knew what the Supreme Court's decision was going to be. (As everyone found out a year later, Gore had won in Florida.)

Finally, you named Leonard Leo director of Liberty Central. As a top gun at the Federalist Society for Law and Public Policy Studies—a notoriously conservative advocacy group—Leo helped shepherd Supreme Court nominees John Roberts and Samuel Alito through their Senate confirmations.

So yes, Virginia, there is a Republican Santa. He exists as certainly as selfishness, greed and predatory capitalism exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, not so much for most everyone else in this country. For them there is no poetry, no joy and, most importantly, no jobs.

But you don't have to worry about that, Virginia. Now, as a member of the ruling class, you're well taken care of. Screw everyone else! Let them fend for themselves! You've got your own private Santa.

FARTS IN THE WIND

REPRESENTATIVE BART STUPAK (D-Michigan) attempted to torpedo the healthcare-reform bill, lying that it provided federal funding for abortions. When this pathetic move backfired, the Blue Dog Democrat accused fellow Dems of being anti-baby only to later cast a yes vote for the healthcare bill! Antiabortionist Stupak was then treated to the ultimate insult (in his mind) when Texas Republican Randy Neugebauer yelled "baby killer" at him. Ain't hypocrisy a bitch? Stupak is a member of Washington, D.C., religious frat house the Fellowship (a/k/a the Family), where his rent was subsidized by the Christians who run the secretive foundation. Stupak has outright lied that he doesn't have anything to do with the Family, even though it has been well established that he had resided in its C Street mansion for years.

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"It's amazing we can do all of this without the influence of pornography and TV violence throughout our formative years!"

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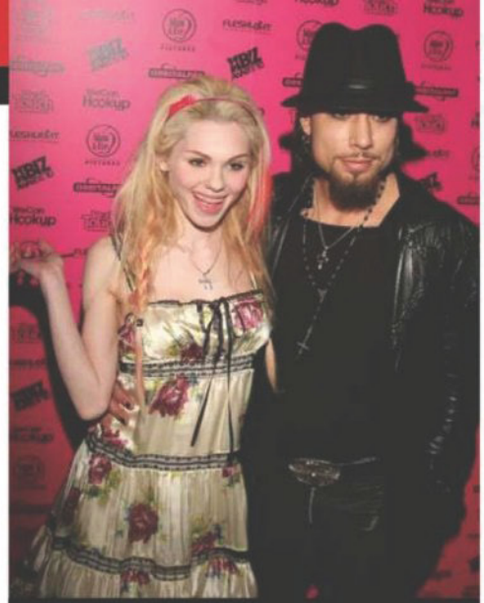
SKIN BIZ

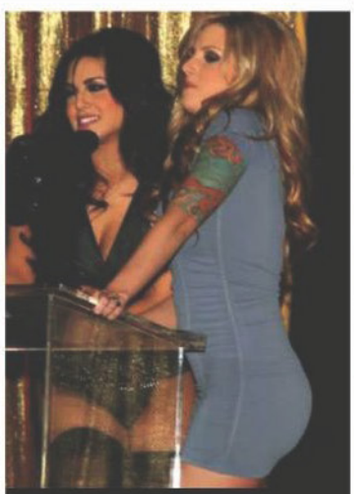
Once again the XBIZ Awards took over Hollywood for a night of debauchery and celebration. Hosted this year by XXX superstars Sunny Leone and Teagan Presley, the annual event honors the adult industry's top talents. Winners included Kagney Linn Karter (New Starlet), Tori Black (Female Performer) and Eva Angelina (Porn Web site). Our own Theresa Flynt was also on hand to present a coveted XBIZ trophy.



Jayme Langford and Dave Navarro.

Evan Seinfeld loves the ladies.

Kagney Linn Karter and friends.



Hosts Sunny Leone and Teagan Presley.

Theresa Flynt

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

PORN FROM THE PAST

She's hot. She's sexy. And by now chances are she's dead. Thanks to R.H. of Rochester, New York, 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.

"Were kisses all the joys in bed, one woman would another wed." —WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PLAYWRIGHT

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CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Lindsey Vonn* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

We loved watching the Olympic downhill skier go for the gold, but we prefer Vonn going down on a guy even more. Talk about a medal-worthy performance!

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Lindsey Vonn exists. Trust us, we searched all over the Olympic Village for one. 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.

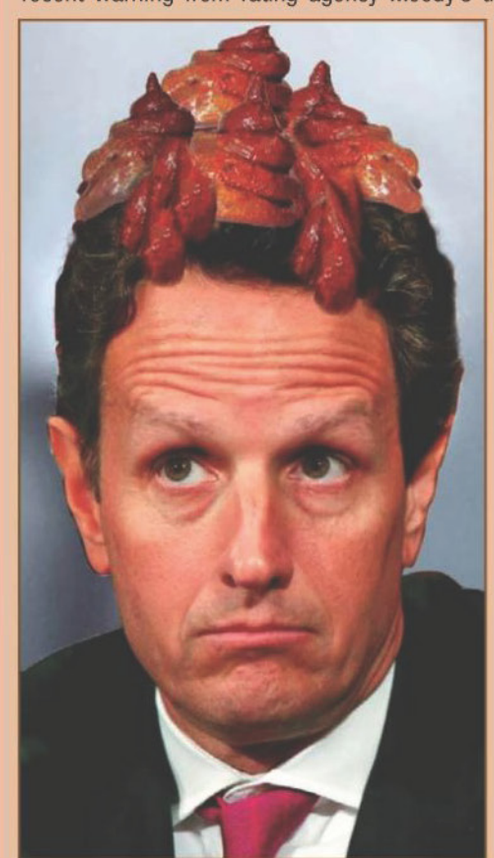
FIT TO BE TIED

There's something special about a beautiful woman bound and gagged. Check out our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO for page after page of the hottest chicks in the most extreme situations. Bondage, playful torture and watersports are all featured, not to mention some stuff you've got to see to believe.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #6

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

The walking financial meltdown known as Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner continues to curse America with incompetence. Reacting to a recent warning from rating agency Moody's that U.S. bonds could be downgraded from their AAA status, he said there was "no chance" that would happen, without giving any good reason why it wouldn't.



Keep in mind that Geithner is the same liar who helped hide the massive insolvency at Lehman Brothers and brokered an insider deal to make sure his Wall Street cronies got full value on their toxic AIG assets. Now he's claiming that a bipartisan miracle will make America solvent again. When Geithner says everything's okay, run!

We'll keep "honoring" him with another monthly turd until he's fired or resigns.

"From the moment I was six I felt sexy. And let me tell you, it was hell, sheer hell, waiting to do something about it."—BETTE DAVIS, ACTRESS

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NEWSBITES

What a Heel!

Sure, a chick looks good in high heels, but watch out! A 33-year-old Brit was arrested recently after gouging one of her boyfriend's eyes with a stiletto heel. Police in West Yorkshire said the couple were quarreling in the back of a cab when the battle apparently got so heated the gal kicked the bloke's face, driving the elongated heel of her shoe into his eyeball. That's what you get for sharing a cab—or is it from buying a dame expensive shoes? Either way.

Mother of the Year?

There are bad moms, and then there's the samurai mama from Memphis, Tennessee. Brandishing a sword and drunk as a skunk (having reportedly guzzled a 40-ounce malt liquor), the hellcat showed up at an elementary school to confront the parents of a student who had been in a fight with her kid the previous day. At press time the woman is facing charges of aggravated assault and carrying a weapon on school property. And for being a crazy bitch!

Love on the Rocks

Champagne is the perfect beverage to mark a joyous occasion. It's also the perfect fuel for an attempted homicide. Let us explain: Two lovebirds got hitched at Barnstable Town Hall in Hyannis, Massachusetts, and split a bottle of champagne to celebrate. Less than an hour after saying "I do," the newlyweds climbed into their car and were subsequently arrested on charges that really take the cake: The bride allegedly tried to run down the groom's ex-girlfriend and her son in a restaurant parking lot. The couple spent their wedding night behind bars (in separate cells), which is good training since marriage can be a little like prison.

Naked Down Under

About 5,200 people recently gathered on the steps of Australia's iconic Sydney Opera House to have their picture taken. Not so odd…except everyone was naked! It seems the crowd showed up at the behest of installation artist Spencer Tunick, who has traveled around the world to photograph groups of nude subjects in well-known public places. Getting an eyeful of over 5,000 people in the buff sounds like a great idea, if not for the fact that a good portion of the assemblage was man-butt.

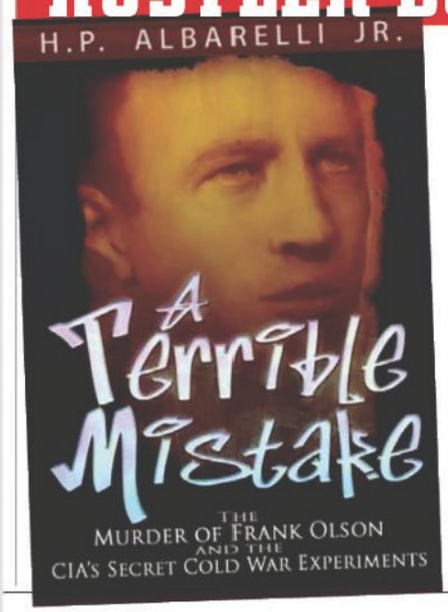
HARD TO SWALLOW

We've always been told to eat our vegetables. Sorry, but there is no way we're gonna eat a squash shaped like our cock.

SNOW JOB

A New Jersey family found a great way to have fun in the snow by crafting this frosty Venus de Milo on their front lawn. Sadly, some uptight neighbors complained to the police, who ordered the creators to cloak the nude sculpture. Covering up art? Man, that's just cold.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Frank Olson was an Army biochemist secretly working with the CIA when he fell to his death from a New York City hotel window in 1953. Was it suicide, a tragic accident or something much more sinister?

H.P. Albarelli Jr. spent ten years working on *A Terrible Mistake: The Murder of Frank Olson and the CIA's Secret Cold War Experiments*. Rivaling anything ever written by novelist Tom Clancy, this biting exposé is laced with LSD mind-control programs, conspiracy and assassins. The only difference: Albarelli's story is true. Learn why the U.S. government killed Olson.

A Terrible Mistake is available at bookstores now.

"I never miss a chance to have sex or appear on television." —GORE VIDAL, WRITER

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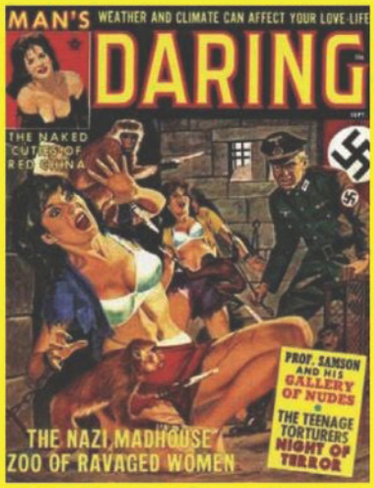
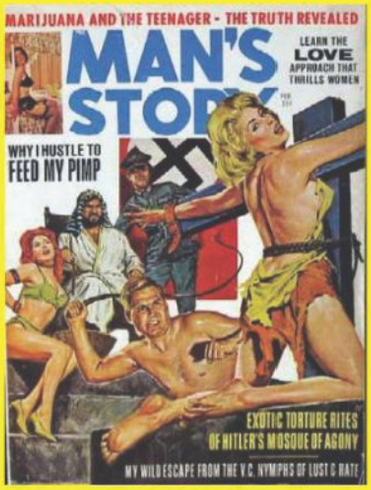




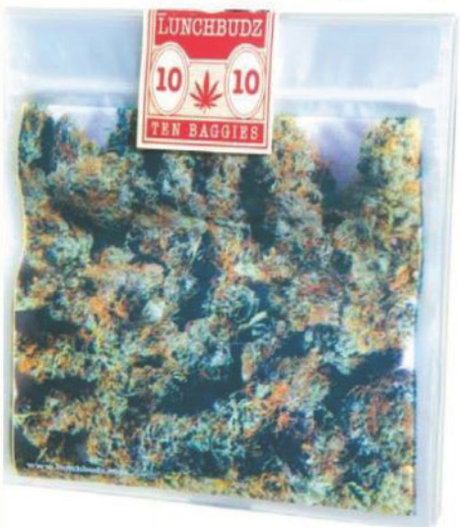
WEB OF WONDER

Surfing the Internet, we are constantly on the prowl for cool Web sites—and not just those offering porn. **SwapSale.com** is all about sci-fi, animation, classic TV and pinups—plus a ton of toys, other collectibles and DVDs you can't buy anywhere else. It's a treasure trove of geektastic stuff! Our favorites were these sexy pulp magazine covers from the 1950s.

Drop on by. There's something for just about everybody at **SwapSale.com**.

BAG IT!

Looking for a legal way to liven up your midday meal? Lunchbudz baggies transform that boring bologna sandwich into a weedtastic treat. Not really, but they do make your lunch *look* like a bag of pot.



These novelty sacks are a perfect conversation starter. Just don't send your kids off to school with them. Or use the baggies to store your marijuana stash.

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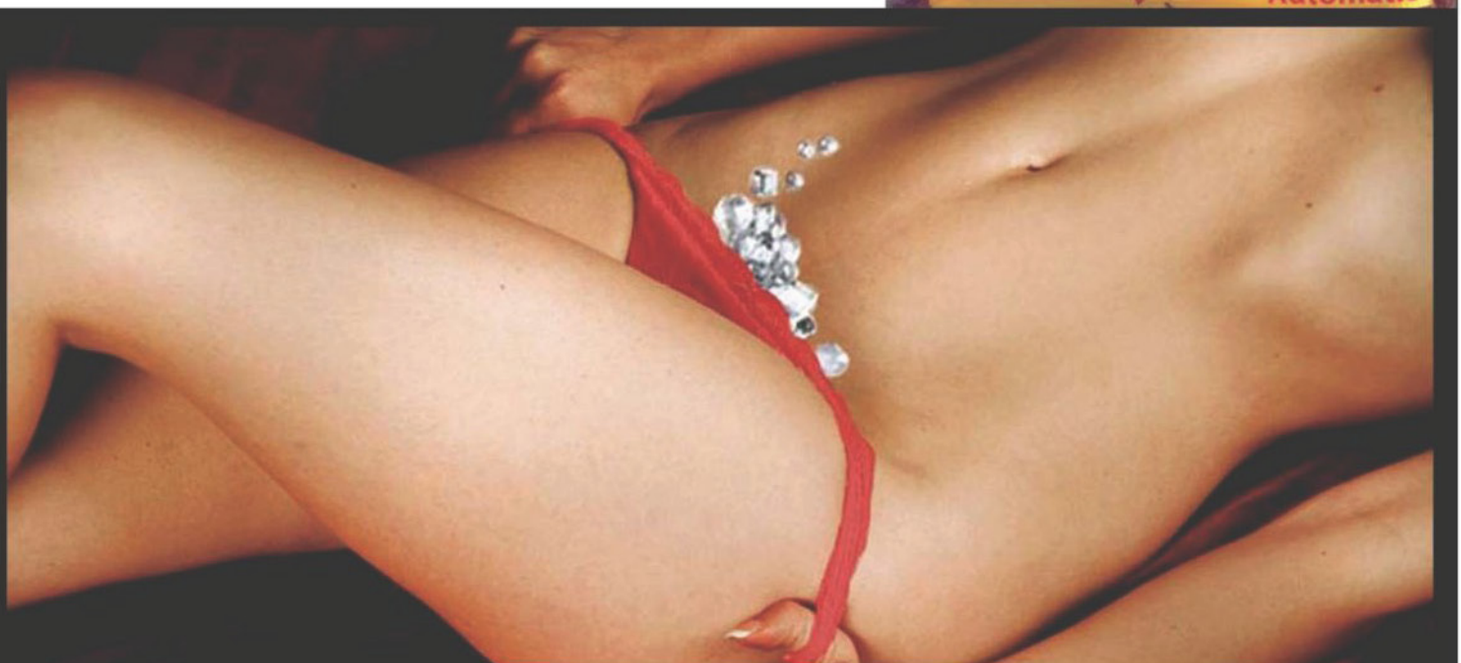
SIGN OF THE TIMES

That's funny, because a quickie always makes us feel dirtier. Thanks to C.F. of Mendon, Illinois, for this photo.

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



A TWINKLE IN HER THIGHS

The Cocktail Wax salon in Los Angeles has come up with an innovative way to add some sparkle to your chick's private parts. For less than a hundred bucks she can have a Brazilian bikini wax embellished with Swarovski crystals in the color and design of her choice. Called "Vagazzling," the procedure is painless and takes less than an hour. To check it out further or to book an appointment for your lady, go to **CocktailWax.com**.

"Is sex dirty? Only if it's done right." —WOODY ALLEN, COMIC/DIRECTOR

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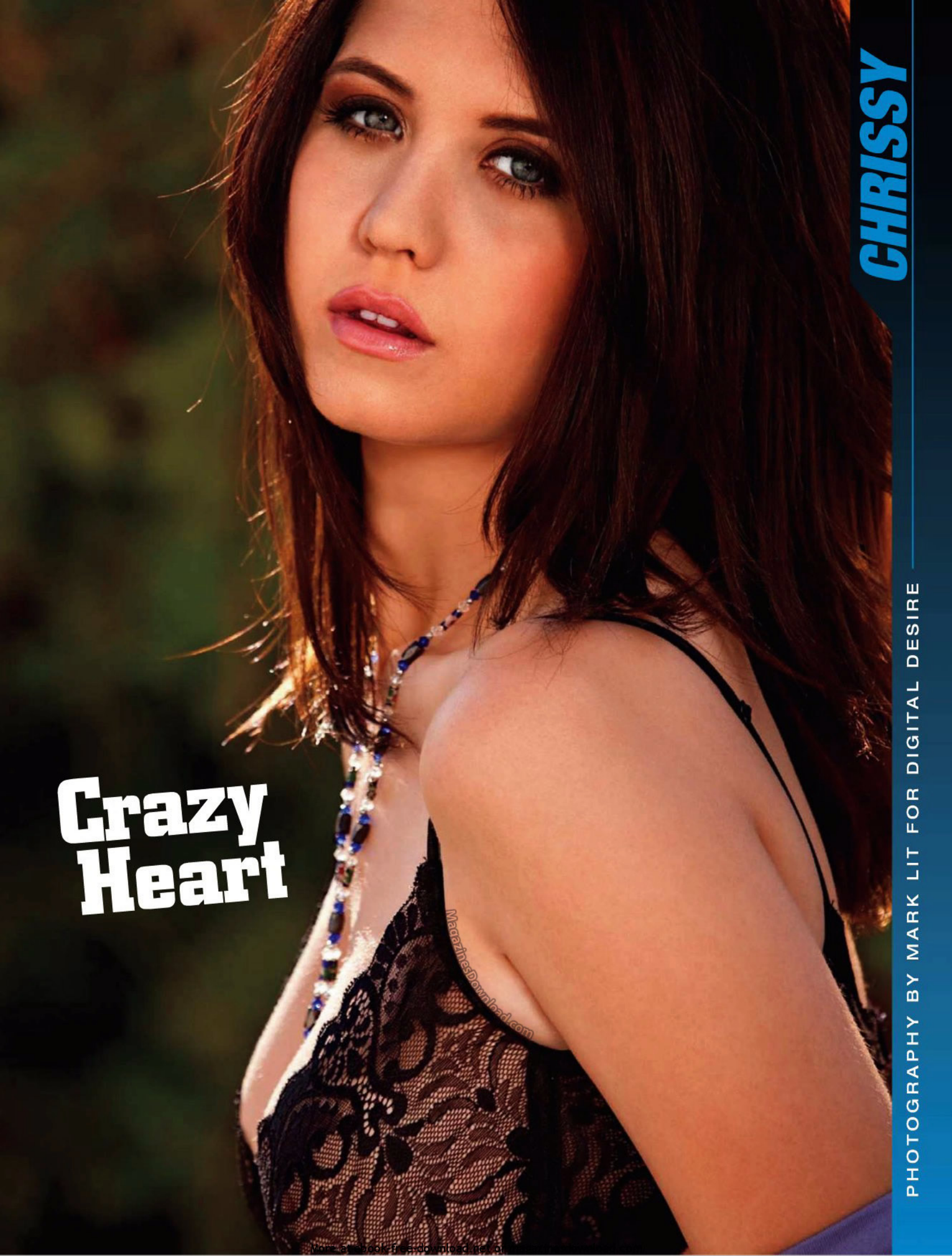

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I'm so sick of little boys who pretend to be men," pouts a frustrated **Chrissy**. "They act all macho and experienced, but the minute you get them in bed, they don't know what to do. I hate that!"

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Okay, at the risk of getting yelled at, what should we do? "Foreplay!" **Chrissy** exclaims. "I can't tell you how important that is to a girl. I mean, it's nice if you have a big dick, but that should be the closer, not the whole show! When a guy knows how to go down on me, I can come three or four times before we even get to the screwing."

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Maybe **Chrissy** should try being with other girls. "I've tried threesomes, and it can be fun," she admits. "But girls also get jealous, and things often turn catty pretty quickly. Besides, nothing beats the smell and taste of a man."

Chrissy sums it all up: "I guess I'm a little intense, and that may scare some people. I'm just very focused on what I want in love and in life. I love with all my heart. If that makes me a tad crazy, so be it. I'm crazy heart—like that movie!"

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CHRISSY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Marcos, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 130

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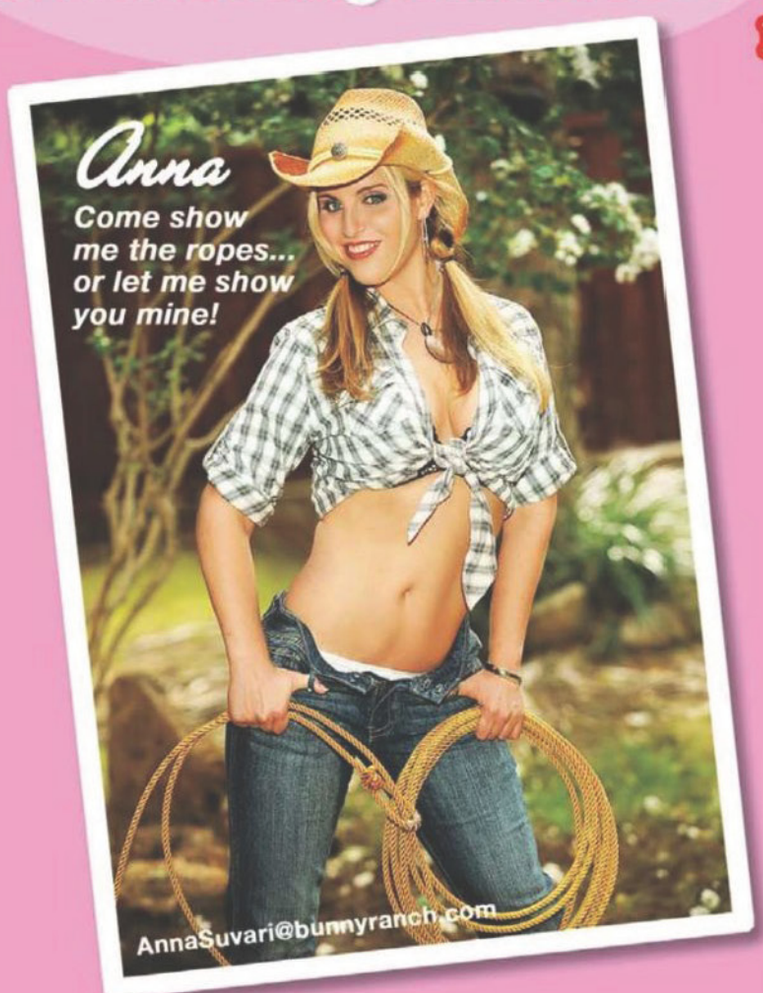

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DO YOU MIND IF WE COME ON YOUR DATE?

The second the band went on break, we snuck under the pier and broke out a flask of whiskey. Giggling, we passed it back and forth till it was drained, and I started feeling tipsy. I really, really wanted Hank to like me. We'd worked at the same restaurant for months. I had been interested from day one, but it took him a little longer to notice me. And now, after much teasing and flirting, we were finally on our first date, a Thursday night twilight dance at the pier.

We'd started with some arcade skee ball, then moved on to the reggae concert. And while the band played, he fed me pink and blue cotton candy. I sucked his fingers clean suggestively, and he got the idea quick enough. Which led us to our spot beneath the wooden pier.

As soon as the flask was empty, I dropped to my knees in the sand. Hank glanced around nervously. There were a few other people close by, but it appeared they were all busy making out, toking or talking. Once I had his cock in my hand, Hank forgot about anyone or anything else.

I pride myself on my oral skills, and I was determined to impress my date. I wanted him to become my boyfriend. So I gave this blowjob my all, nibbling on his crown and tongue-slapping his shaft for minutes before slowly sucking him back to my throat. Hank had a nice dick—eight thick inches. I knew, if I just concentrated, I could take it all.

I was halfway down his hammer when he started groaning. His fingers twined through my hair and pressed on my head, encouraging me to suck faster. But no, I was the one who was setting the pace here. Inch by inch my lips moved closer to his base. My cheeks hollowed with suction. I cradled his fat nuts in my hand and started massaging.

Out of the corner of one eye I noticed a couple of twentysomething boys walking, then stopping a few feet from us. We had an audience. A tingle of excitement ran down my spine. I had never done anything sexual in public before. My pussy pulsed.

Two more inches to go. I managed to pull my top up so I could rub my bare tatas against Hank's ball sac while I sucked. Then his pubic hair was tickling my nose, and I was done. I had his slammer in a total deep-throat! It took everything I had not to gag, but I focused on relaxing my throat muscles.

I heard appreciative murmurs from our audience. Hank tightened his grip on my skull, and this time I let him take control. He started slowly moving my head back and forth on his meat. Then he picked up speed till he was truly dicking my mouth, jamming in his entire length with every stroke. I tried my damnedest to keep up. Saliva spilled down my chin and onto my titties.

When I glanced at our spectators again, I saw that the young men were fisting their fucksticks. And all because of me! Talk about an intense rush. I felt powerful, sexy. Slipping a hand into my shorts and panties, I started jacking my clit between my fingers.

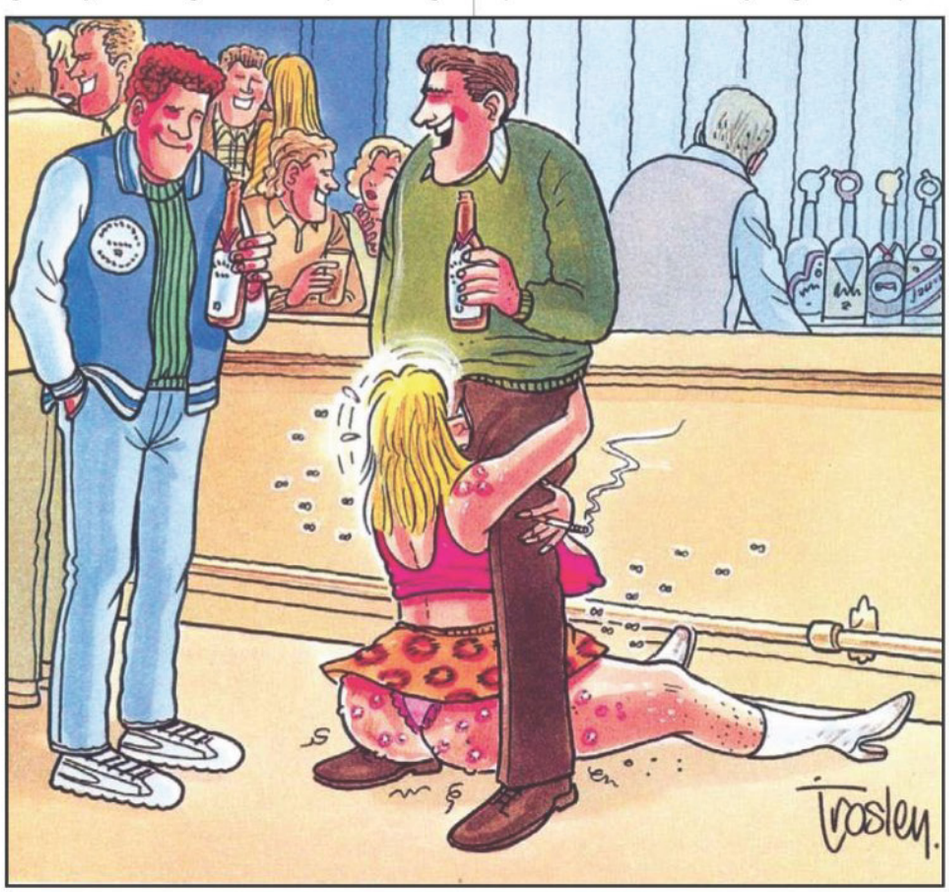
I could tell Hank was getting close. Now he was grunting with every lunge. He called out my name a few times and then gasped, "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" One last thrust, and he shot his jism straight down to my tummy. Amazing! But still I hadn't come.

So as soon as Hank pulled back, I turned to the two lanky studs jerking off and invited them to spray me. Hank was amazed. Hell, I surprised myself. I urged our audience on with a little smut talk, told them how big and beautiful their cocks were. Suddenly streams of spunk rained down on my face and boobs. I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue, trying to catch a line or two of cum. As the boys hit the target, a climax crashed through my trembling body. It was fuckin' glorious!

I fell to the sand, and a last spurt or two of jizz caught my titties and my legs. My honeypot was gushing. When I finally stopped shaking, I licked Hank clean and nuzzled his nut sac. By the time I was done, the other guys had vanished. Hank and I pulled ourselves together and climbed the stairs to the pier for a beer and the last set of music.

This morning, when I got to work, as usual I trudged back to the locker room to change into my waitress uniform—and found a dozen long-stem roses waiting for me. Life is good.

—A.T.
Santa Monica, California



"I decided to stop looking for Miss Right and settle for Miss Blowjob Any Time I Want."

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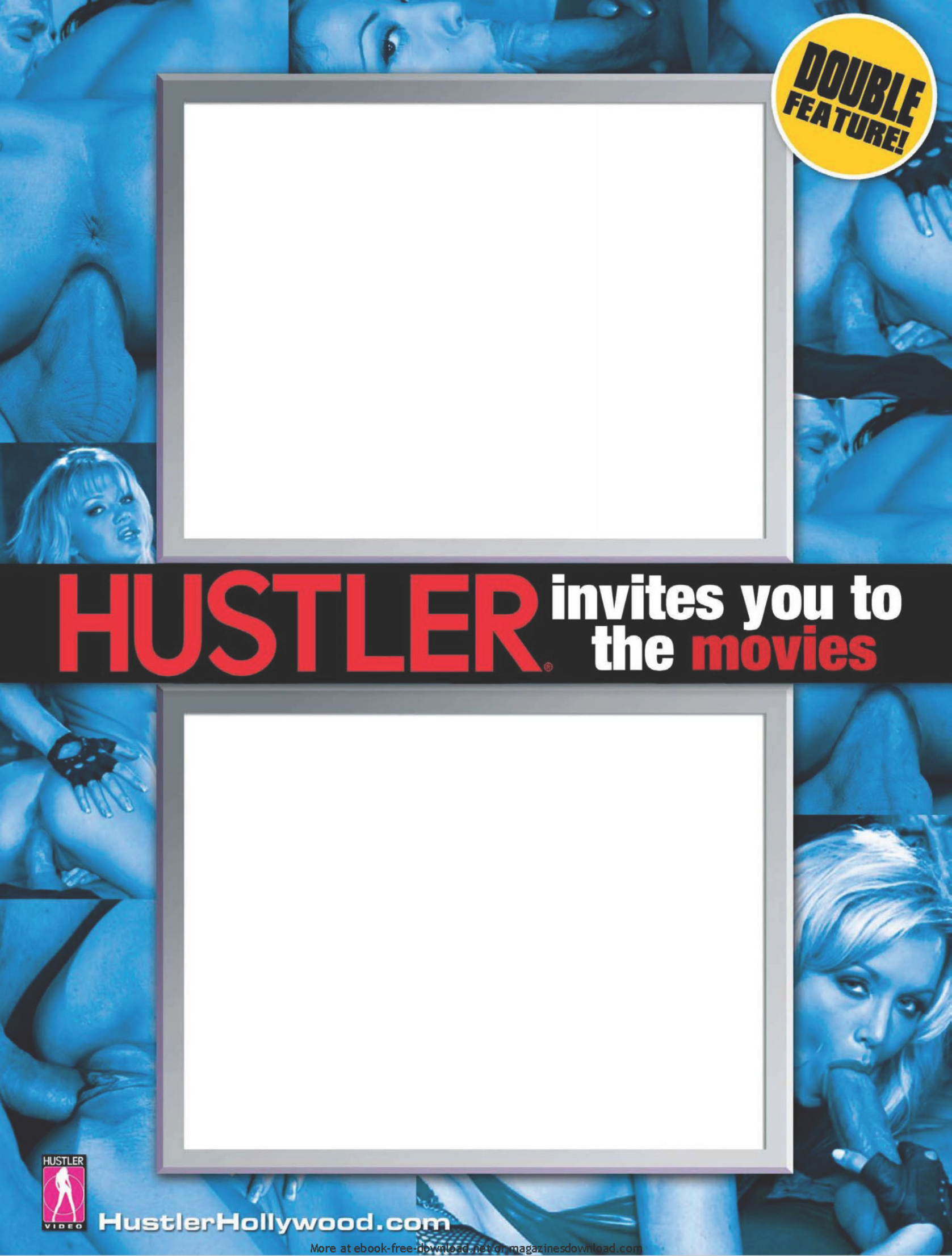

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STORMY OPENS UP

FRESH FROM THE SLAMMER (ON A BUM RAP) AND MAYBE BOUND FOR CAPITOL HILL, THIS DAZZLING PORN QUEEN HAS BECOME A NEWSMAKER EXTRAORDINAIRE

For the past nine years Stormy Daniels has lit the porn world on fire with her passionate performances and classy presence. Since stepping behind the camera, the Wicked Pictures contract girl has become an award-winning director to boot. Looking to distinguish herself even further, Stormy is tempted to grab the U.S. Senate seat currently held by Louisiana's David Vitter. (Remember him? He's the philandering Republican whose affairs with the D.C. Madam's hookers were exposed by Larry Flynt in 2007.)

This possible career switch seems to have triggered a maelstrom of trouble in the normally ultra-private porn star's life: Her political adviser's car was mysteriously blown up, and Stormy was arrested on false charges. In our exclusive interview, the first she's given since her ordeal, the Southern belle comes clean about running for office, alleged domestic abuse and the discrimination she endures as an adult actress.

HUSTLER: How did you get into porn?

STORMY: The same way that everybody does: I started as a dancer at a club, and then I went into feature dancing. From there I posed for pretty much all of the magazines. I had a girlfriend who was coming to L.A. to be in a porn movie, and

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

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DANIELS

she was really nervous about going all the way from Florida by herself. So she said, "I'll buy you a plane ticket if you come along with me for moral support."

The very first day she was here she was working for Wicked Pictures, which coincidentally just so happened to be the company that made my favorite porn movie, *Dream Quest*. I was really excited about going to the set with her. I ended up being a nonsex extra in the film.

The next day the actress who was supposed to do a girl-on-girl scene with my friend didn't show up. My friend asked me if I would do the scene. I thought, *Why not?* I had already been with her [sexually] anyway. We were supposed to stay in L.A. for five days. Five days later my friend got on the plane and went back home. But I never left.

What would you have done if you hadn't gotten into porn?

I wanted to be the best feature dancer possible. I was going to take the money I earned from that and work with horses, which is my other passion.

What is the best part of being a porn star?

The best part is it allows me the freedom to do things that I enjoy doing. I don't think I could ever handle a 9-to-5 job. I would get so bored. In porn, every day is different.

And the worst?

The discrimination, the stigma that comes with it. The more popular you get, the more you're faced with that. It's gotten really ugly for me in the last year or so.

What kind of discrimination?

People assume I'm an idiot. The blond hair and big tits don't help. Or they think I must be too stupid to do anything else. That's why I'm doing porn. Or they say I'm a degenerate spreading disease and that I'm going to rape their children.

As I mentioned before, I love horses. I was just kicked out of the Flintridge Riding Club because they found out what I did. I paid an $8,000 membership fee and $1,200 a month to have my horses there. I dressed very proper when I was there. They said, "You have to leave. We don't want you here."

I said, "Why am I getting kicked out? I didn't break any rules."

They said, "Google is a nasty thing, isn't it?"

I said, "If you knew to Google the name Stormy Daniels, it's because you watch my films. If it's okay for you to watch my movies and jerk off to me, why isn't it okay for me to make them?"

What is your advice for girls starting out in the business?

A few years ago I'd say make sure your agent is legit and don't sign anything without a lawyer. Now my best advice is don't do it. Yeah, it's great, and you can make a lot of money, and it's fun if you keep your head on straight. But for every one of your fans there are ten people who think you're better off dead. And they're not too shy to tell you.

How do you keep *your* head on straight?

I got in when I was 22, which is extremely young. I spent the four years in between 18 and 22 shoveling horseshit for a living. I didn't come straight out of high school and suddenly start making $30,000 a month and lose my mind. I don't drink. I never did drugs. And I've always been kind of a bitch. Honestly, I've never been afraid to tell a director or producer, "Fuck you! I'm not doing that. I'm leaving."

I've never had a manager or an agent. So I didn't have anybody pushing me, telling me I'd make more money if I did things I didn't want to do. There is a reason why I've been working successfully and constantly in the adult business without having ever done a scene that I'm ashamed of. I still haven't done anal. Talk about pacing yourself.

I've also always been good about business. I knew that the only way to be really

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successful in this industry, since we do not receive royalties, was to become a brand name. I own the trademarks of Stormy and Stormy Daniels. I have a mainstream calendar, a poster line at Spencer's and my own toy and greeting card lines. I went after all these niche markets, and that creates staying power.

Now that you've done some mainstream movies, do you plan to do more?

I certainly don't think that I can use porn as a stepping-stone to become the next Julia Roberts. First of all, I'm not that good of an actress. If someone offers me another mainstream role, I will gladly take it. I actually get a lot out of hanging around the set and learning what to do as a director. I want to be a mainstream director. I've done a couple of music videos and am set to direct a mainstream horror movie named *Black Bayou*. Long-term I want to be behind the camera.

Are you really going to run for David Vitter's Senate seat?

I still have to decide. It was not my idea at first to do this. I had no real political aspirations. Other than reading the paper and keeping up with current events and lobbying for free speech, I wasn't that politically involved. I've said it before that I think politics is a much dirtier job than the one I'm in. When I first heard about the Web site Draft Stormy, I was pissed off. I own my own name, and I sue people who try to make money off me. I called the guy who started it up and yelled at him. Then my publicist at the time said, "Even if you don't want to do this, you've been handed this opportunity."

Is this just a PR stunt?

No! I clearly said from the beginning that I don't want to make a circus out of the government. I don't want to be accused of doing a whole Mary Carey thing. [Porn star Carey was a California gubernatorial candidate in 2003, finishing 10th.] I don't want to be accused of using this to further my adult career. My publicist said, "Then just be very adamant about this. Don't mention your movies or your Web site. Even if you don't want to run, use it to talk about the issues that you care about."

Which are?

Sex education, free speech and harsher laws for child pornography are all things I care about. And even though people are still accusing me of using [a Senate bid] to further my career, you can't find one single interview where I've mentioned anything adult. I just finished a listening tour where I met voters. I expected to be booed off the stage. But the more brutally honest I was, the more people loved me. As I got more involved, I got a tremendous education. The guy who is in office [David Vitter] is so horrible.

Do you think you could win?

No, but I hope that I can knock him [Vitter] out and let someone else win. But if I did win, I would do my best. People are excited for me and want me to win because I don't have a hidden agenda. I don't have an Ivy League education or come from money. I grew up in the poorest section of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and people relate to me. I'd give the average person a voice.

What changes would you make?

I think most politicians are very self-serving. I really want to be the voice of the people. I won't make any decisions that aren't their decisions. I won't make promises I can't keep. When I say I'm going to do something, come hell or high water, I'm going to do it. I'm exactly the opposite of everything David Vitter is. I'm pro-sex education, I'm pro-choice—not pro-abortion. I'm pro-condom. I want to help out New Orleans. There are people still in trailers. Do I know how to fix the problem? No. I wish I had the easy answers, but I want to try to fix it. *(continued on page 44)*

STILLS COURTESY WICKED PICTURES

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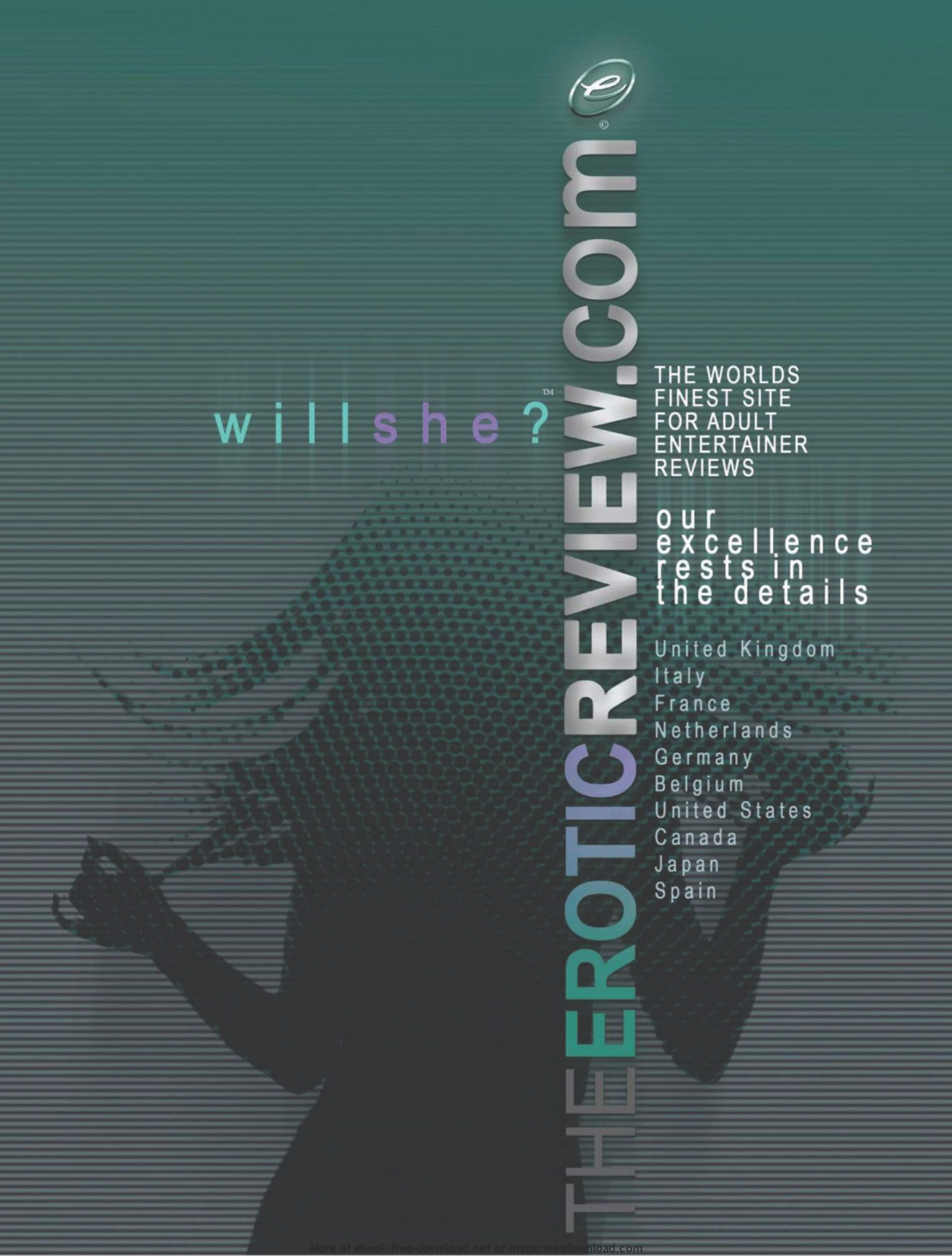

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SEX IN

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ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR LITERARY GENRES HARBORED SOME DIRTY SECRETS IN ITS EARLY DAYS.

In the decade preceding World War II a Depression-weary America escaped into fantasy. When not in use as "Hoover blankets," newspapers filled the demand for distraction with black-and-white illustrations of hard-boiled detectives like Dick Tracy and science fiction adventurers like *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century A.D.*

Popeye, the gruffly indefatigable sailor man with a yen for spinach, proved one of the most durably popular characters of the era. Few of his regular readers knew that Popeye, when not vanquishing bullies, was also moonlighting in unauthorized dirty books. Passed around in school yards and barber shops—or sold for a buck from behind the counter in seedy corner stores—these eight-page pamphlets were filled with crude illustrations of explicit sexual escapades. The stories featured movie stars (Cary Grant in *Who's a Fairy?*), cartoon characters (*Dagwood*, *Popeye*, etc.) and political figures. Due to their tawdry nature and easy availability at towns along the U.S.-Mexican border, these comics came to be called Tijuana Bibles.

Very little is known about their anonymous artists. However, it was recently revealed that in the 1950s Joe Shuster illustrated a similarly styled sadomasochistic comic book titled *Night of Horror.* You might remember Shuster's most famous creation: Superman.

Tijuana Bibles offer an ideal glimpse into a time when explicit sexuality couldn't be portrayed in any form, let alone in the way that a magazine such as HUSTLER does. In many ways American media is still prudish, but we've come a long way since you had to go south of the border to get your kicks.

COMICS

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"Nothing special to report today. The sun came up; Sarah Palin said something really stupid; the sun went down. Good night!"

(continued from page 40) **When will you decide if you're going to run?**

I had pretty much decided that I was not going to run because I had some shitty personal things happen to me. I thought, *There goes any chance of that.* Someone set out to completely ruin me. I was down in the dumps for a little while, but then I thought, *Fuck that! If I back down, I would be letting my ex-husband win.* Now I'm starting to really feel it out. I still have some time to decide. I'm curious to see what the reaction to this interview is going to be because HUSTLER is the first interview I've done since my arrest.

Let's talk about that shitty personal turmoil. First your political adviser's car was firebombed in New Orleans.

It was one of two things: Either a very bizarre coincidence or someone was trying to send a message. The police have no leads, no clues, no nothing. I'm sorry about my adviser Brian [Welch] losing his car, but in a weird way I took the bombing as a compliment. Somebody is so worried about little porno me that they're going to blow up a car?!

Conspiracy theorists suggest that David Vitter may have been involved.

That's what everybody says. It would be really foolish for him to have done that because all it did was bring me more attention. Any press is good press.

Except the press coverage of your domestic violence charges. What happened there?

It was a complete fabrication! Talk about poor journalism. That's the fucked-up thing. No one called me to get my side of the story. No one. Why? Because the truth is not that exciting. The actual charges weren't dropped—they were never even filed! There is a huge difference.

When charges are dropped, that means someone decides not to press them. They weren't filed because the cops decided it was a complete fabrication on the part of my jealous ex-husband. Did you read that anywhere? No. Because a porn star beating up her husband is exciting—but *not* the truth.

You didn't assault your now-ex-husband?

No. We were already split up and still living together. We still had some business together. He was acting as my publicist for some store signing I had. We got into a huge fight, and I was crying. I said, "I'm going for a walk for 15 minutes. When I come back, please don't be here. I need two hours to get ready for the signing tonight."

I left, and when I came back, there were six police cars at my house. I actually rushed in thinking he might be hurt. But no, my ex had called the cops on me. The cops were there to arrest me. They said, "Did you guys have an argument? What was it about?!" *(continued on page 89)*

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An Education

SUMMER TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

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I've got a thing for older men," admits hot-as-hell **Summer Taylor**. "I've always been into being with someone who can teach me a thing or two. That's not to say I haven't been the instructor at times."

As you can see, Ms. **Taylor** has learned how to be a fine nude model, but it took some time for the once-shy gal to get the hang of it. "The idea of posing naked was so foreign to the way I was raised," **Summer** relates. "I never really thought I could do it. Then after my first shoot all those nerves and inhibitions melted away. I couldn't wait to do it again and again."

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But Summer will wait (maybe forever) to take the next big step in the skin biz: XXX movies. "I would like to keep some things sacred and personal," she explains. "Sex to me is like a religious experience. If a guy does me right, I will see God. Or at least scream out his name!"

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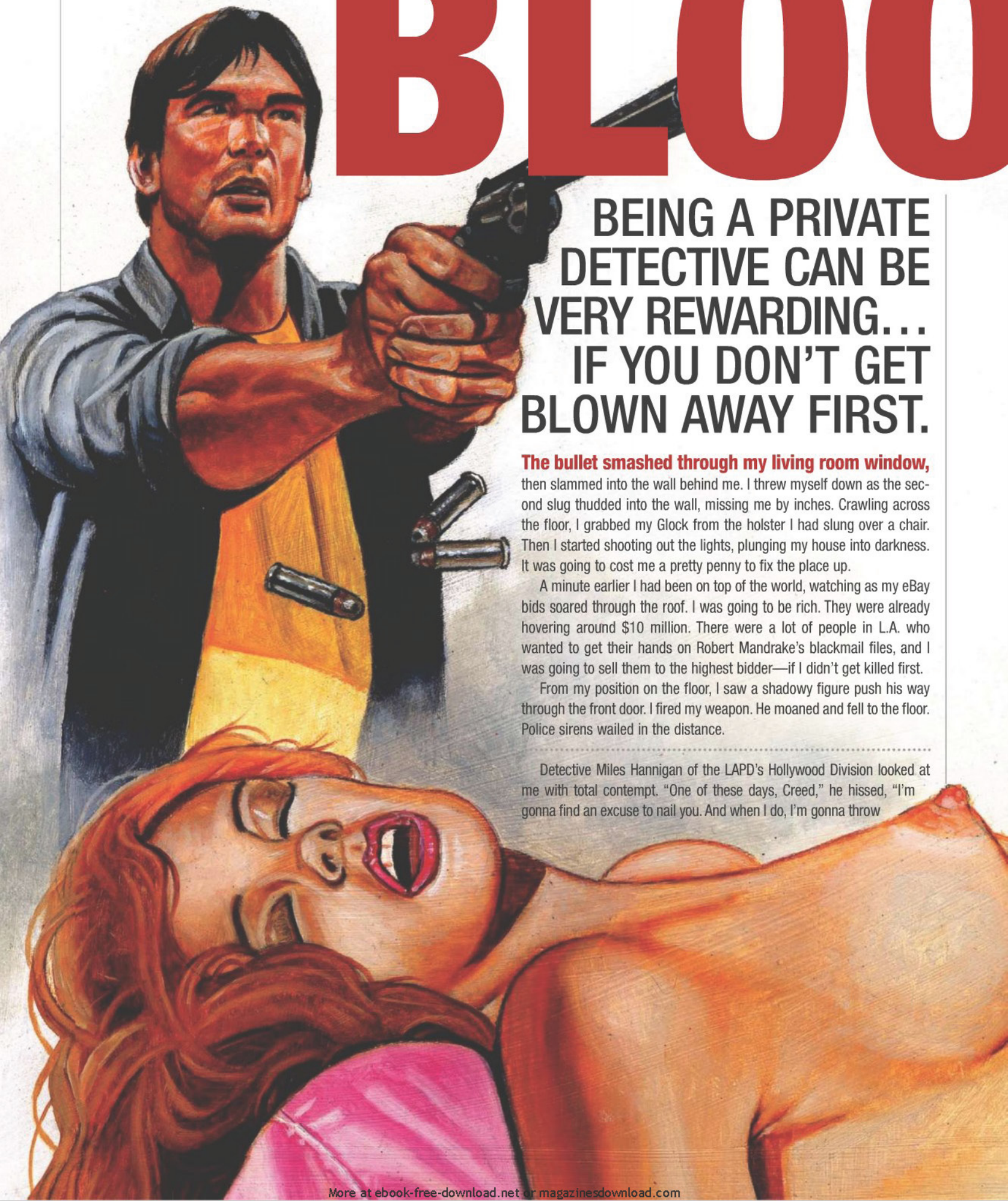

BEING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE CAN BE VERY REWARDING... IF YOU DON'T GET BLOWN AWAY FIRST.

The bullet smashed through my living room window, then slammed into the wall behind me. I threw myself down as the second slug thudded into the wall, missing me by inches. Crawling across the floor, I grabbed my Glock from the holster I had slung over a chair. Then I started shooting out the lights, plunging my house into darkness. It was going to cost me a pretty penny to fix the place up.

A minute earlier I had been on top of the world, watching as my eBay bids soared through the roof. I was going to be rich. They were already hovering around $10 million. There were a lot of people in L.A. who wanted to get their hands on Robert Mandrake's blackmail files, and I was going to sell them to the highest bidder—if I didn't get killed first.

From my position on the floor, I saw a shadowy figure push his way through the front door. I fired my weapon. He moaned and fell to the floor. Police sirens wailed in the distance.

Detective Miles Hannigan of the LAPD's Hollywood Division looked at me with total contempt. "One of these days, Creed," he hissed, "I'm gonna find an excuse to nail you. And when I do, I'm gonna throw

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ODBATH

away the key." I was desperate for a cigarette, but the cops had confiscated my smokes when they brought me to the station.

"It's not my fault," I answered. "I can't help it if people are shooting at me."

"Trouble follows you," Hannigan spat, slamming his fist down on the metal table between us. "Why is that, Creed?"

"My sexy build?" I answered. Hannigan sneered. Guess he didn't think I was funny. I decided to change tactics: "Did you get anything on the thug who shot at me?"

"He arrived at Cedars-Sinai DOA. We're still running his prints, but I can already tell you he's probably from out of town." Hannigan paused, looked me up and down, then asked the $64,000 question: "You know any reason why someone might want you dead?"

I smiled back, saying, "So many people, so many reasons."

Hannigan signaled to the two-way mirror. A moment later one of his flunkies entered. "Book him!" Hannigan ordered.

I was stunned. "What the hell?! You can't book me! I'm the victim."

Smiling, Hannigan muttered, "Maybe, but right now we have you on suspicion of homicide."

"You are one dumb shit, Mike," Carol Steel opined as we sat in her Mercedes parked in front of the Hollywood police station. I would have smacked her, but she'd just posted my bail. That and, well, she just looked so goddamned hot in that miniskirt and tight-fitting sweater. Besides, it was still dark out; I didn't want to have to walk home.

"What the fuck did you think you were doing putting Mandrake's files up on eBay?" Carol demanded as she turned on the ignition and put the car in gear. A moment later we were headed for Sunset Boulevard. I couldn't help but fixate on her legs as she worked the clutch and brake. "Didn't it occur to you that you were making yourself a target?" she sneered.

"No," I replied. "I made sure everyone knew if something happened to me, copies of the documents would go to every newspaper in town." I figured that would shut her up. No such luck.

"Did it even cross that small, fetid mind of yours that maybe there were people out there who actually *wanted* the documents published?" She had me there. Still, I thought "small and fetid" was a bit unnecessary. "Where are the documents?" Carol asked as we stopped at a traffic light.

"Why would I tell you?"

"Because I've got a buyer for them. He'll pay 25 million." That more than doubled the highest eBay bid before someone decided to shoot at me.

Carol was a private detective like me. Well, not exactly like me. She had great tits and flowing hips, not to mention perfect legs and a face that could only have been designed by Satan to turn men stupid. She was also more successful at her trade than I'd been, maybe because of the package she presented. I didn't doubt for a moment she had a buyer.

I'd gotten the blackmail files from Mandrake's dead wife. Somehow she had arranged to have them sent to me posthumously. They had gotten her killed. They had gotten Mandrake killed as well. In fact, I had killed the media mogul after he'd shot Carol. Now someone was trying to kill me.

"Why should I stop at 25 million?" I protested. "Who knows what the bidding is now?"

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM SIMONTON

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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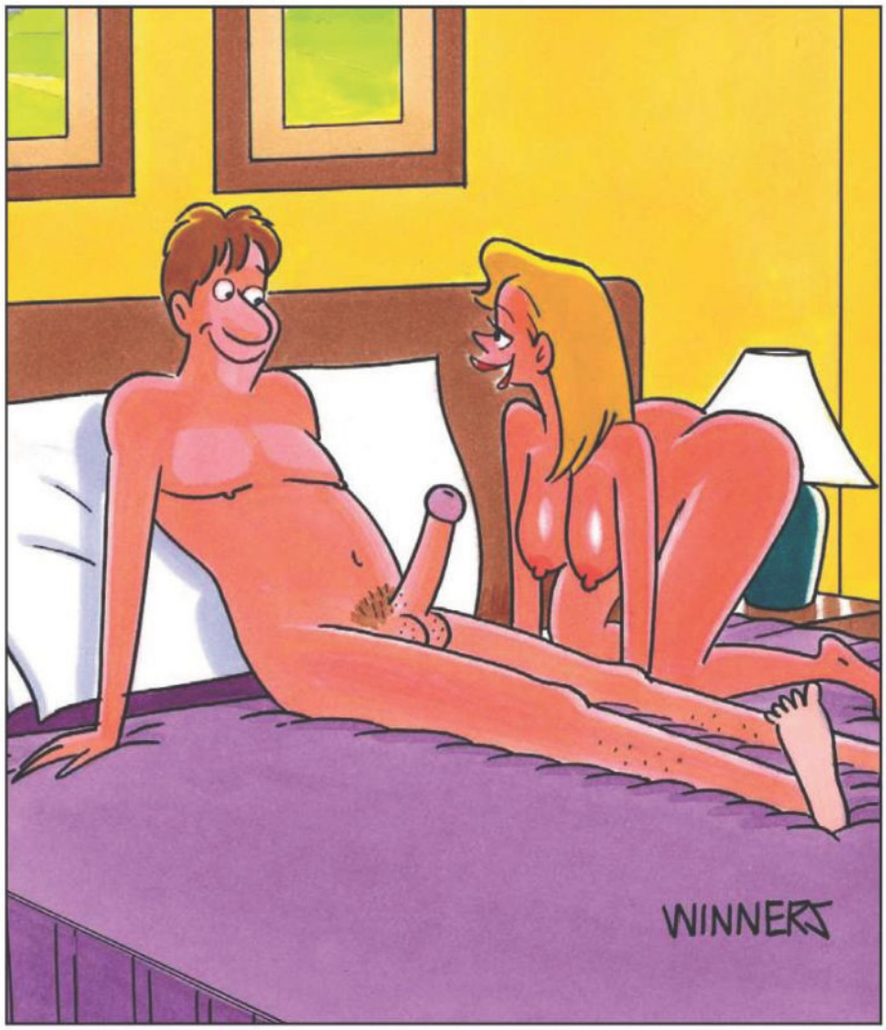
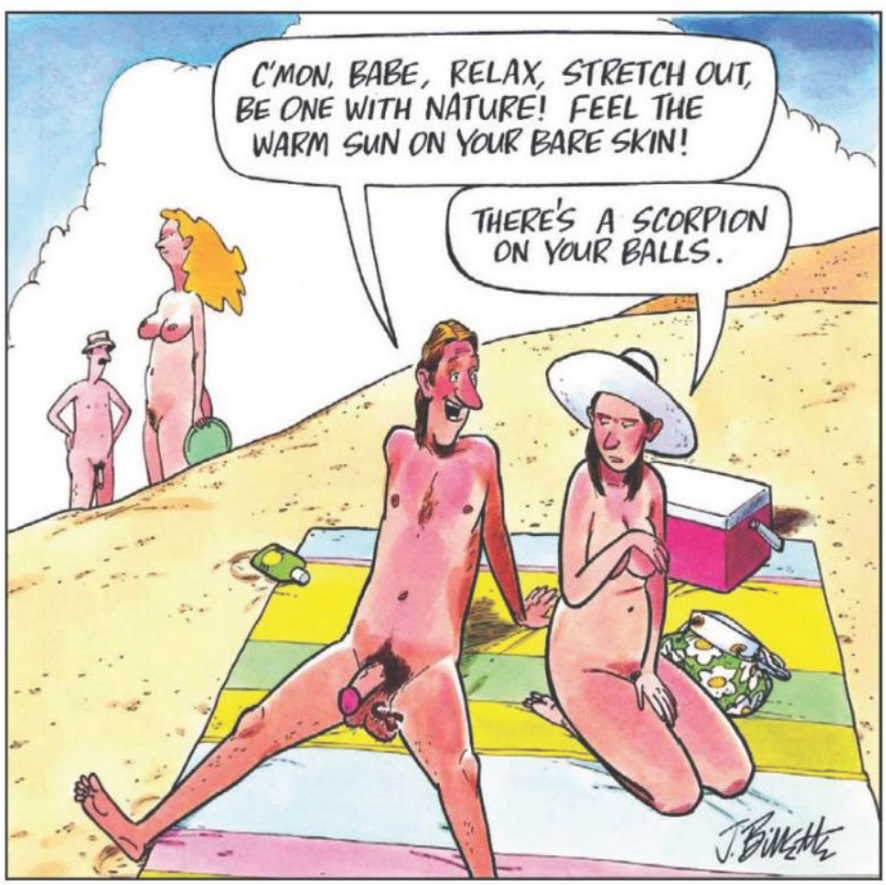


"Nice girls do the same things bad girls do. We just do them nicer."



"eBay has delisted you," she informed me, putting the car back into gear as the light changed. "Your auction's been taken down."

"I hate eBay," I responded.

"If you partner with me," Carol proposed, "you'll get a fast sale, and maybe people will stop shooting at you."

That's when the driver-side window blew out. Someone in the car on Carol's left was firing at us. "Point taken," I said, brushing pieces of glass from my hair and face.

Carol veered into a corner gas station at full speed, clipping a guard post along the way. "Shit!" she spat. "I just bought this car."

A few more shots were fired as Carol, handling the Mercedes like an Indy 500 driver, gunned the engine, rocketing out of the station and up a side street into the Hollywood Hills. I heard the bullets thud into the trunk. Then the back window blew out. "Damn!" Carol screamed. "I don't think my insurance covers bullet holes."

I fired five shots back through the shattered rear window as our assailants gave chase. The shots went straight into the pursuing car's radiator. That slowed them down; they were just a dim receding headlight as we screeched our way into early morning.

Carol and I were at my office on Fairfax. Neither one of us had gotten any sleep. We were both somewhat bedraggled, but on Carol the look seemed chic. "Where are the documents?" she demanded.

"Hold it," I responded. "Shouldn't we discuss what percentage you get?"

She didn't hesitate. "What's to discuss? I get 50 percent."

"Fuck that!" I rejoined. "You get a finder's fee—five percent, baby." Carol looked indignant. "My brand-new car was riddled with bullets, I was almost killed, and you have the nerve to say five percent?! Stuff it." When she put it that way….

"Now where would I hide the Mandrake files if I were a dimwit like you?" she said, looking around my office. Spotting my desk, Carol sighed, "Ah-ah," then crossed to it.

"How stupid do you think I am?" I asked. "Who would leave valuable documents like that in a desk?"

Carol stepped behind the desk as I spoke, then bent down to open the bottom drawer. My heart sank. She couldn't possibly know about the false bottom, could she? A moment later she stood up, a big smile on her face as she waved the Mandrake documents at me. "I have a desk just like this," she smirked, stuffing the file into her purse.

I was about to respond when we heard a sound at the door. Someone was forcing the lock. It snapped with a soft popping sound. As the door slowly opened, Carol dropped down behind the desk, while I stepped back against the wall, allowing the opened door to shield me.

Two men entered. Neither appeared armed. I couldn't see their faces, but I could *(continued on page 58)*

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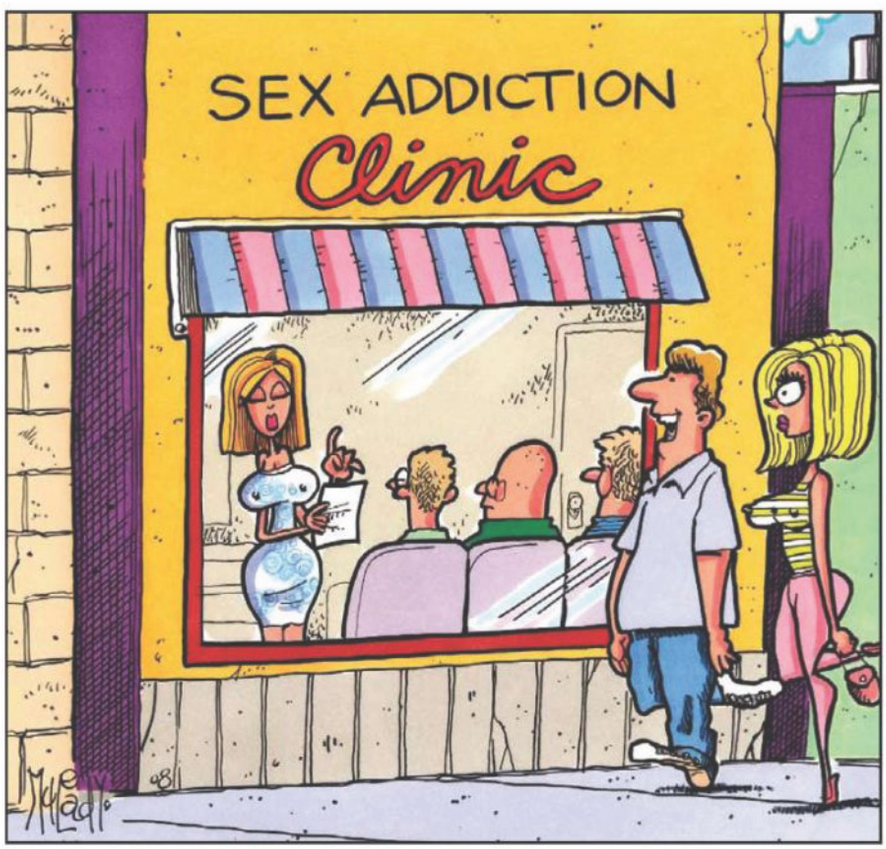
"I fled England to seek religious freedom and the opportunity to run a stable of high-class hos."



"Sexual addiction therapy: Now there's a wagon I wouldn't mind falling off!"

(continued from page 56) tell they were big. Maybe 300 pounds each. Built like wrestlers. Pulling my Glock from its holster, I prepared to step forward. But even before I made a move, Carol popped up from behind the desk, a big smile on her face. To my surprise she had pulled up her sweater to reveal her perfect, naked tits. "Hi, guys," she purred. The intruders stared, transfixed.

That was my cue. Stepping forward, I smashed the closest guy on the back of his head with the butt of my gun. To my shock, he didn't fall, but he didn't turn around either. I had the impression he was trying to figure out why he suddenly had a headache. I hit him again as hard as I could. This time he sank slowly to the floor, but by now his sidekick was on top of me. I fell backward with the goon straddling me.

We struggled for control of the gun I was clutching. I was getting the worst of it even before he grabbed my throat with a big, beefy hand, squeezing tightly. That's when Carol came up from behind to smash him on the head with a lamp. "That's for my car!" she yelled as he lapsed into unconsciousness. A beat later she was heading for the door.

"Hey, wait for me!" I shouted. But by the time I got the thug off me Carol was long gone—with Mandrake's files.

Alexis knew how to cheer me up. The fortysomething was straddling me cowgirl-style, her favorite position, riding my dick up and down like someone on a bucking bull. She was a pro, literally. Alexis ran a high-end escort service—a lady of ill repute, as my dad used to say. We were friends from way back, and I had helped her out on more than a few occasions. Now it was her turn to help me. The way her pussy clutched at my cock almost made me forget I had just been screwed out of 25 million smackers.

I should have known better than to trust Carol. Of course, I would eventually have to track the bitch down and kill her. At least that was my thinking at that moment.

"I want you to come on my face," Alexis begged, dismounting me, then kneeling between my legs. "I'm doing this for you, Mike," she said as she popped my dick into her mouth. I knew that was true. It was a fetish of mine.

Her lips were sliding up and down the shaft, bringing me closer and closer to orgasm when my cell phone started to ring. At first I thought it was all in my head; angels ringing in the best blowjob a guy ever had. When I finally realized it was my phone, I couldn't dismiss the notion that maybe Carol was calling because she'd had a change of heart. My efforts to stay focused on the awesome BJ were less than successful.

Alexis spat my throbbing dick from her mouth. "Oh, hell," she muttered. "Just answer it!"

I plucked the phone from my jacket on the floor. "Creed, here," I said.

"Mike!" Carol shrieked. "I'm in trouble! I need your help!" I could hear gunshots in the background.

Continued next month.

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BY AARON WARNER

ENTER THE HUSTLER WORLD OF AVATARD

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

COUGARS UNLEASHED #18

ROBBIN YOUNG

AGE: 55

LOCATION: LAS VEGAS

SEE HER AT: ROBBINYOUNG.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.

Growing up in Florida, Robbin Young never imagined one day making her way to Hollywood. The Southern Baptist thought of herself as an ugly duckling in high school and didn't lose her virginity until the age of 21.

But four years later, Robbin landed a small speaking part in the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*, followed by roles in a smattering of films and TV shows. Besides launching acting and modeling careers, Robbin co-owned a pair of very successful ski lodges with her husband. She also got an early start as a professional Polynesian dancer, and dancing continues to help maintain her 36DD-26-36 figure.

Now divorced, Robbin says she loves being single. "I'm not sure I want to be married again," the 5-foot-6 eye-catcher discloses. "I love being able to do whatever I want whenever I want—like coming three times a day with my vibrator!"

Although the self-professed "nympho" has an appetite for both sexes, she definitely has a "weakness" for men between the ages of 18 and 36. "I call them cougar prey," Robbin tells us. "It's about chemistry too. I enjoy being in the driver's seat with men."

Robbin admits that being with her prey may sometimes involve teaching, but her insatiable sex drive is always welcomed. "I love being a fantasy woman," she exults. "Anyone who dates me never knows what to expect. I love passionate kisses, cuddling, sensuous foreplay and hot sex. And I love cum—it's one of my favorite things."

When Robbin isn't on the hunt for conquests, she can often be found turning heads ringside at a Vegas boxing match or at the local speedway for an auto race. The shapely 55-year-old, who also finds time for charity events, is currently pursuing her latest dream: becoming a motivational speaker.

"I feel very proud that I'm an attractive and sensuous woman who's desired by both men and women," Robbin says. "My goal is to motivate women of all ages to get off their butts and live life to the fullest. If a woman my age can enjoy passionate sex with hot cougar prey, then there's hope for any woman who takes care of herself and has a positive, fun and playful attitude. This is not a dress rehearsal; make every moment count!"

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*.

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL PETERSEN

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

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Just look at that nasty little redhead. You can tell by the look in her eyes that she's probably a dirty little slut up for anything. We mean *anything*. Imagine if you were lucky enough to get her to fuck you. Seriously, it could happen. Look, this doofus got to pound that.

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Yeah, imagine if you started hanging with the dirty darling on a regular basis, and she started making all your fantasies come true again and again. Night after night. Maybe she'd even bring a few of her lascivious girlfriends around for a threesome or two. That would be awesome! Until you blow the whole deal by getting jealous and possessive.

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Now you're calling her at all hours of the night, leaving messages that start out sad and go straight to pathetic. You beg for another shot while she's moved on to bigger and better things. (Admit it, you're small.) The only time you'll ever see her naked again is when she's fucking some guy in a movie or magazine. And here we are.

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PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE RICHARDI

THE END OF DEMO

Amid the billowing smoke and carnage in the oil-slicked waters of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the damage wrought by a Japanese surprise attack was devastatingly clear. The same was true when we watched in horror as the smoldering twin towers of the World Trade Center collapsed on September 11, 2001.

Like those two pivotal events, January 21, 2010, is also "a date which will live in infamy," yet you probably didn't even notice. But you will.

If you thought the U.S. Supreme Court's 1857 *Dred Scott* ruling was bad, and its 2001 *Bush* v. *Gore* decision awarding the White House to Dubya stunk, hold onto your hats. The highest court in the land has outdone itself with *Citizens United* v. *Federal Election Commission*.

Whereas *Dred Scott* deemed that blacks weren't people and therefore not entitled to the rights guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution, early this year the five Republican appointees on the Supreme Court of the United States, in a 5-4 decision, decided that corporations can spend unlimited sums on political advertising to elect a preferred candi-

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date—or to ensure that anybody they don't like doesn't get elected.

So, next election, it will be your "free speech" versus Walmart's. Your "free speech" versus ExxonMobil's. Your "free speech" versus AIG's or Halliburton's or Citibank's or Monsanto's or Lockheed Martin's or Pfizer's or the entire for-profit health insurance industry. Who do you suppose is going to win such a contest?

Corporations, which spent more to influence Congress last year than ever before, already had too much control of both Republican and Democratic candidates. And it's about to get much, much worse.

Justice John Paul Stevens, in his scathing dissent to the *Citizens United* decision, wrote: "While American democracy is imperfect, few outside the majority of this Court would have thought its flaws included a dearth of corporate money in politics." But the five Reagan/Bush I/Bush II-appointed justices—Roberts, Alito, Thomas, Scalia and Kennedy—won the day.

Former Federal Elections Commission attorney Lawrence M. Noble concisely explained what any lobbyist or any corporation may now say to any member of Congress: "We have got a million we can spend advertising for you or against you—whichever one you want." Noble's "million" is an exceedingly conservative number. He might as well have said 10 million or 100 million. It's all legal now, any amount.

Writing for the majority, Justice Anthony Kennedy said, "The Court has recognized that First Amendment protection extends to corporations," while Chief Justice John Roberts worried that "First Amendment rights could be confined to individuals, subverting the vibrant public discourse that is at the foundation of our democracy."

Free speech "confined to individuals"?! Oh, the horror. We'd hate to interrupt the "vibrant public discourse" that currently takes place every day between you the reader and Bank of America. How's that "vibrant discourse" going, by the way?

Justice Antonin Scalia added, with a presumably straight face: "We should celebrate rather than condemn the addition of this speech to the public debate."

Even a Ronald Reagan appointee, former conservative Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, wasn't celebrating the decision: "The [Supreme Court] majority in *Citizens United* has signaled that the problem of campaign contributions in…elections might get considerably worse and quite soon." As the previous swing vote on the High Court, O'Connor wrote the majority opinion supporting legislative restrictions on corporate campaign spending in the bipartisan McCain-Feingold Campaign Reform Act, which was gutted by the *Citizens United* decision.

As if that weren't enough, legal scholars say the decision also applies to corporations with majority ownership by foreign countries. China and Saudi Arabia can now spend as much as they want to influence American elections.

And worse, it can all be done in secret! No disclosure is necessary.

Republicans Celebrate "Activist Judges Legislating From the Bench"

It didn't have to happen, but Chief Justice Roberts wanted it to. Citizens United, a wealthy right-wing group with a documentary called *Hillary: The Movie*, wanted to advertise the hit piece on television in the days prior to 2008's New Hampshire primary. That would have violated the McCain-Feingold Act's restrictions on corporate spending in the 30 days prior to elections.

Lower courts barred Citizens United from advertising the movie. Roberts granted the case a hearing, but rather than decide on that very narrow issue, Dubya's appointee asked Citizens United to return later to argue a larger question that it hadn't even asked: whether there should be *any* limits on corporate campaign spending.

There was little doubt that the highly unusual move was made to allow Roberts and his right-wing majority on the Court the opportunity to decide in favor of corporations. The activist Republican justices clearly went out of their way to decimate a century of established campaign-finance law limiting corporate spending.

Republicans used to call that sort of thing "legislating from the bench" back when they were against judges creating law and overriding the will of the people's elected legislatures. As with most claims by the modern Republican Party, *(continued on page 96)*

CRACY

IT'S OFFICIAL: THE SUPREME COURT HAS DECIDED WE ARE NOW THE CORPORATE STATES OF AMERICA.

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Precious

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

HUSTLER is once again giving you a chance to win an all-expenses-paid trip to the world-famous Moonlite BunnyRanch in Nevada. That's the legal bordello whose eager-to-please working girls—including this month's centerfold, Cami Parker—are featured on HBO's long-running reality series *Cathouse*. Now let's meet your dream date, the smart, sassy and sexy-as-hell Cami Parker.

HUSTLER: How did you end up working as a legal prostitute at the BunnyRanch?

CAMI: I was always the horniest girl in the world. Seriously, I couldn't get enough sex. I was living in New York and going to NYU when I saw Daddy D [BunnyRanch impresario Dennis Hof] on *The Tyra Banks Show*. I thought he was so sexy and strong. Every time Tyra got mad and tried to paint him in a negative light, Dennis was cool as could be.

I couldn't believe that a place like the BunnyRanch actually existed. It seemed like the magical fantasyland I had long lusted for. Right then I decided I had to go there. I called Dennis, and a few months later I started working here. It truly is a dream-come-true for a horny gal like me.

What does your family think about your chosen profession?

I grew up in Canada, and we're kind of hippies. My parents love and support me in everything I do. They don't judge. They're happy for me as long as I'm happy, and they can see that I'm *very* happy.

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Tell us about your first day.

It was so crazy. My first customers were these virgin twin brothers from Sweden. I was in the lineup, and one of the brothers picked me. It was thrilling to be picked in my first lineup. Then the other brother didn't pick a girl. He said, "We do everything together, and we do everything the same. We both have you."

It was crazy hot. Not only had they never had sex together, they had never had sex at all. When it started, they were both watching the other nervously to see what to do. Finally, I just jumped on top of one, and away we went. It was a perfect way to start. I came here to experience new things. I'm a sexual adventurer.

How do you feel about breaking in first-timers?

I love virgins! It's such a special milestone for someone to lose his virginity. The fact that they come to me to do that is so precious. I don't just want them to pop and leave. I think of myself as not only providing them a service, but also helping out the women they will date in the future.

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How many guys do you "service" on an average day?

Some days none, some days two or three. I'm into quality, not quantity. I try to see only one guy a day. That way I can focus all my energy and sexuality on him. I put a lot of thought and effort into a date. I want it to be a happy and memorable moment for both of us.

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What characteristics turn you on?

A strong personality and good conversation are the best foreplay. I can see a guy who's not outwardly physically attractive to me, but we can talk for ten minutes, and I'm all turned on. If you can't stimulate my mind, there's no way you can stimulate my body—although I'll let you try. (*Laughs.*) I also like men with a sense of humor.

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What do you and the other ladies like doing in your spare time?

We have so much fun. My girlfriends and I will go in the hot tub or, if we get horny, we'll play together. We go to the gift shop here and buy new sex toys to see who can come the fastest. You know, normal girl stuff.

Are you excited about getting to have a date with a lucky HUSTLER reader?

Yes, I'm so excited! I was reading HUSTLER before I was allowed to. I used to sneak peeks, and when I did, I saw all these sexy girls. To me they were beautiful, naked Barbies. I would look at them and say, "I wanna be like her!"

What can the winner expect when you venture off on your date?

Mmm…anything and everything his heart desires. The only limitation is his imagination. I guarantee that he'll have the time of his life.

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CAMI PARKER'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Vancouver, Canada | AGE: 23 | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 117

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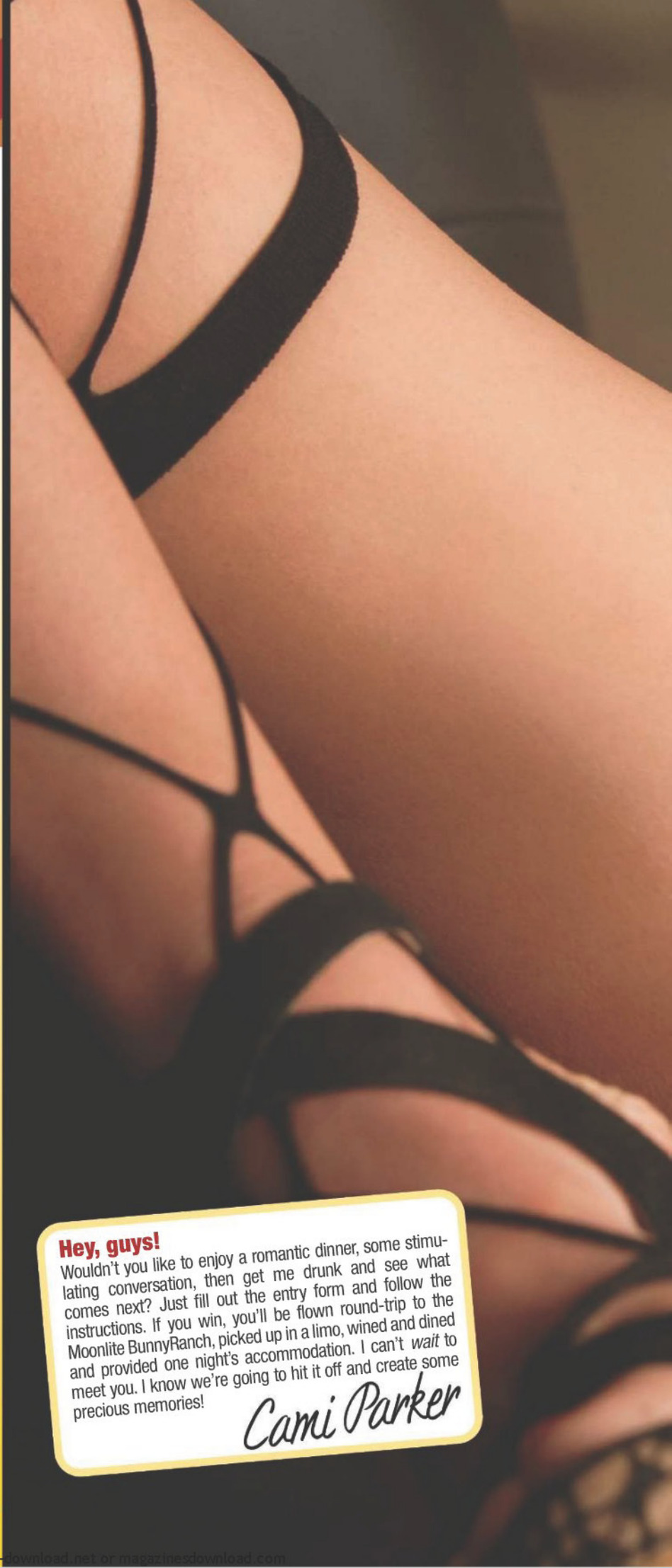
WIN A DATE

WITH *CATHOUSE* STAR

CAMI PARKER



For your chance to win a date with Cami Parker, 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: Win a Date Contest, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail the info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Subscriber (check one) ❍ YES ❍ NO

WHO DO YOU THINK IS THE HOTTEST GIRL THIS MONTH?

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

❍ Cartoons ❍ Articles ❍ Video Reviews

❍ Bits & Pieces ❍ Music Section ❍ Celebrity Section

❍ Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 21 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by August 10, 2010. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by applicable law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. Upon request, the winner shall sign a personal release for such use, and a certification of age eligibility and residence in the continental U.S. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. LFP will contact the winner at his/her address specified in the entry form and provide the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Neither the sponsor (Moonlite BunnyRanch) nor LFP Publishing Group, LLC will be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. In the event that the stated prize cannot be provided, the winner will receive a prize of equivalent value. The drawing is open to anyone over 21 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

Hey, guys!

Wouldn't you like to enjoy a romantic dinner, some stimulating conversation, then get me drunk and see what comes next? Just fill out the entry form and follow the instructions. If you win, you'll be flown round-trip to the Moonlite BunnyRanch, picked up in a limo, wined and dined and provided one night's accommodation. I can't *wait* to meet you. I know we're going to hit it off and create some precious memories!

Cami Parker

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xoxo,
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SCREEN NAME:

Annie Fuckin Cruz

AGE: 25

STATUS: DIVORCED BUT UNAVAILABLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 12,000 +

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES

URL: MYSPACE.COM/ANNIECRUZXXX

Although Annie Cruz had a typically religious upbringing thanks to her Filipino family, the Bay Area native is extremely liberal and open-minded. After receiving a scholarship to a Catholic college, Annie set out on a reckless voyage to explore her sexuality. "My mother knew I had a sex problem," she confides. "I was almost 19 when I started doing porn, and both my parents found out a few months after. Now, six years later, they're extremely supportive."

Annie's collegiate years were a whirlwind of one-night stands and gang-bangs. In fact, she admits having had a serious sex addiction that led to her being tagged "campus slut." No wonder the vivacious vixen recalls, "I rarely had sex with the same person more than once; rather I was constantly seeking new partners."

These days Annie's carnal desires have subsided somewhat, but her yen for freedom remains unflinching. That leaves zero room for monogamy: "There shouldn't be any availability status on dick and pussy. You should be able to do anything you want with them."

Regardless of gender, Annie's perfect partner must be adventurous, intelligent and hygienic. Moreover, she points out, "I need a man or a woman who can handle my sexual appetite—three to five times a day—and who has a little bit of kink. I love submissive men and women."

The self-described computer nerd and video game junkie is currently working on a bevy of mainstream projects, notably photo-shoots and small independent films. As for the future, Annie muses, "I'd like to retire in Europe, perhaps open my own dungeon in Amsterdam and allow people from all over the world to worship at my feet."

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BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #43

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 CHI RUE 99 PHOTOGRAPHY AND LEDEUX ART

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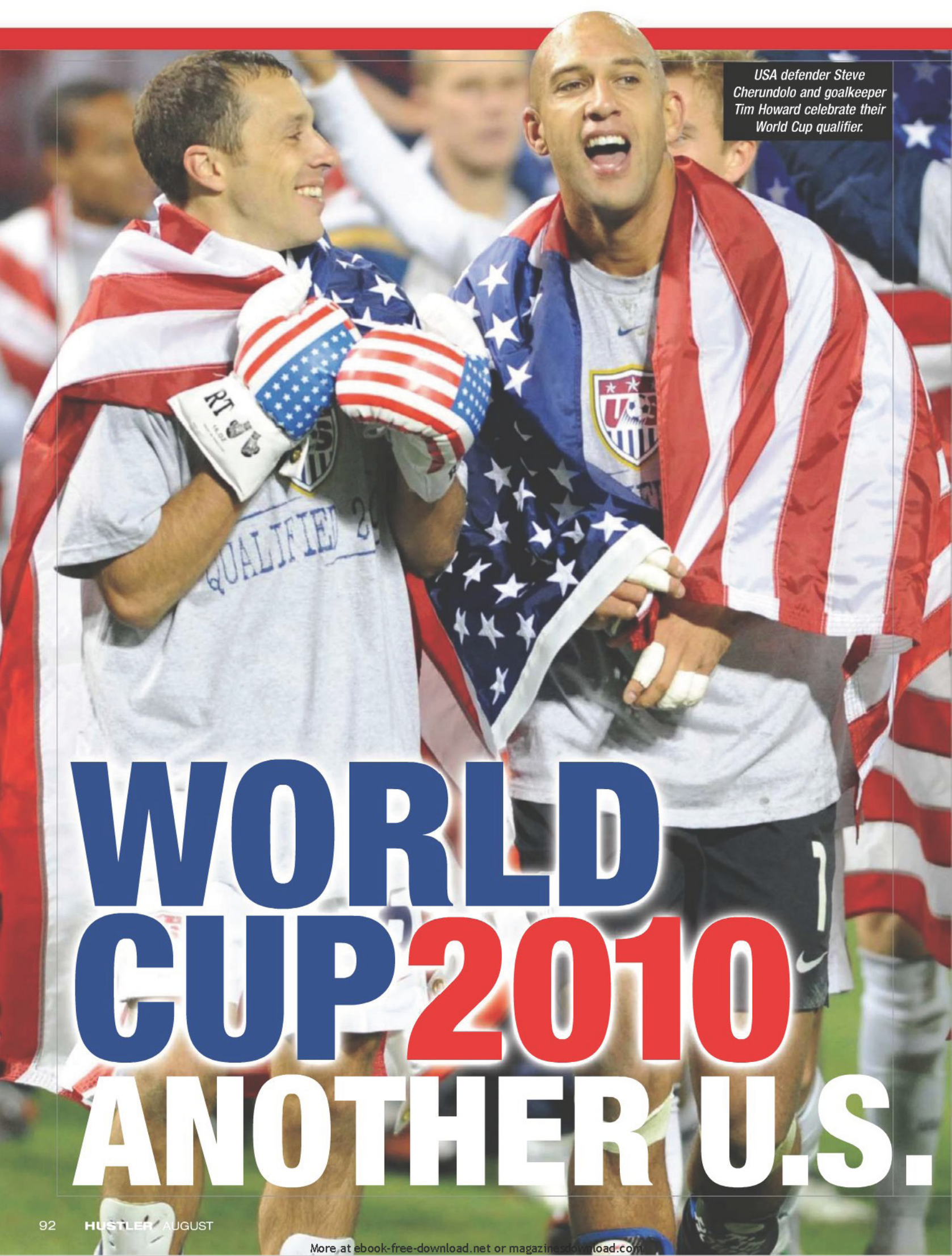

USA defender Steve Cherundolo and goalkeeper Tim Howard celebrate their World Cup qualifier.

WORLD CUP 2010 ANOTHER U.S.

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WHY AMERICA IS DESTINED TO BECOME A SOCCER POWER.

MIRACLE?

LET'S CUT TO THE CHASE: The United States men's soccer team *is* going to win the World Cup. Probably not in South Africa this summer, or even at the 2014 tourney in Brazil, but it's inevitable that the USA will someday conquer the most popular sport on the planet.

That's because in all things athletic, America rules. Sports like basketball and baseball were invented in this country, which continues to crank out the world's greatest players. As long as guys like Kobe Bryant and LeBron James don "USA" jerseys, our national basketball team cannot be beat, repeatedly bringing home Olympic golds and world championship trophies. And, sure, Japan may have won the inaugural two World Baseball Classics, but it was victorious only because American professionals basically treat the event as glorified spring training.

On the tennis court the USA has not only won the most Davis Cup titles, but also produced the sport's most compelling superstars: John McEnroe, Andre Agassi and Pete Sampras. (Reigning king Roger Federer's achievements are overshadowed by the Swiss phenom's tendency to weep after matches.) Meanwhile, golf has been defined by the successive eras of American legends Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Tiger Woods. Tiger, in particular, has vanquished the links with an iron fist, not only crushing the rest of the world's pros in terms of tournament victories and earnings, but also by getting *waaaay* more pussy.

Despite widespread indifference, the USA has even become a force in hockey. Forty years ago you could count on one hand the number of American-born players in the NHL; today they make up 20% of the league's rosters. The U.S. national team is always in contention at major tourneys, winning silver medals at the 2010 Vancouver and 2002 Salt Lake City Winter Olympics, not to mention shinier golds at Squaw Valley in 1960 and Lake Placid in 1980.

That's when a bunch of upstart college kids defeated the seemingly invincible Russian professionals in what is known as the "Miracle on Ice." The outcome was so unfathomable, it could only have happened in America, where big dreams thrive.

Mexico's Gerraro Torrado fights for the ball with USA player Clint Dempsey (right). Below: USA striker Landon Donovan.

The U.S. men's soccer team has one such upset on its résumé too. Sporting cowboy hats and smoking cigars, a ragtag crew of American amateurs showed up at the 1950 World Cup and proceeded to knock off mighty England 1-0 before being eliminated. Given that victory—later dubbed the "Miracle on Grass"—as well as a century of overall athletic hegemony, the United States is destined to finally win the most prestigious title of them all: the FIFA World Cup. (Rarely spelled out, the sport's global governing body is Fédération Internationale de Football Association.)

A SOCCER RENAISSANCE

For a long time the United States was a forgotten nation on soccer's world stage. Besides failing to sustain a quality professional league during most of the 20th century, the 1950 upset of England became ancient history. It took the Americans 40 years to again qualify for a World Cup tourney. However, starting in 1990, the U.S. national team has qualified for every reprisal—and is getting increasingly more competitive.

Upon its long-awaited return to the World Cup, the U.S. traveled to Italy only to be shut out in all three preliminary matches. That's why the

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Americans were a big surprise in 1994. Hosting the event, they advanced to the knockout round, beating pre-tourney favorite Colombia along the way. Then the team battled vaunted Brazil toe to toe, losing 1-0 to the eventual champions in front of 100,000 fans at the Rose Bowl. The gritty defeat earned the Americans a considerable measure of international respect.

Some of that esteem was frittered away at the 1998 tournament in France, when the U.S. lost all three of its matches, including a 2-1 defeat to lowly—and psycho?—Iran. Fortunately, the memory of that disappointing performance has since been supplanted by the Americans' best World Cup showing ever. In the preliminary round of the 2002 tournament, cohosted by Japan and South Korea, the young American squad first shocked Portugal 3-2 and then tied South Korea 1-1 (thanks to a sweet goal by mohawked sniper Clint Mathis). Advancing to the knockout phase, the U.S. blanked archrival Mexico 2-0 and moved on to the round of eight.

Led by Landon Donovan, the Americans outplayed perennial power Germany in their quarterfinal tilt. (Shades of World War II, right?) Only the brilliance of goalie Oliver Kahn—and a blind referee—kept the Americans from scoring. The 1-0 loss was even more heartbreaking because a Deutschland defender illegally used his hand to block a sure U.S. goal.

With Germany hosting the 2006 World Cup, the Americans lost a pair of preliminary matches and didn't even make it to the knockout round. However, that team played eventual champion Italy to a hard-fought 1-1 draw, signaling that a matchup with the United States could spell trouble for any team.

SOUTH AFRICA 2010

Currently ranked #18 in the FIFA world rankings, the United States is a longshot to win this year's World Cup, but its chances look better

CONTENDERS & PRETENDERS

SPAIN: As reigning European champion and the #1 ranked team in the world, Spain is the odds-on favorite to take the 2010 World Cup crown. Leading the way are some of the sport's best players, notably goalie Iker Casillas, midfielder Xavi and strikers Fernando "El Nino" Torres and David Villa. The smart money says Spain will raise this year's trophy.

BRAZIL: The Samba Kings have garnered five World Cups, and as usual they'll be a favorite in 2010. Staunch defenders Maicon and Dani Alves help goalie Júlio César keep the ball out of their net, while midfielder Kaká and striker Adriano can be counted on to score. Brazil is so strong this year, it may not even bring former FIFA Players of the Year Ronaldo or Ronaldinho to South Africa even though both have expressed a desire to play. The Brazilian squad has only one discernible shortcoming: Its best player (Kaká) seems to have been named after human poop.

ENGLAND: Filled with world-renowned superstars, the Three Lions should vie for this year's crown. Bulldog Wayne Rooney is in scintillating goal-scoring form, while midfielders Steven Gerrard and Frank Lampard are two of the world's best. Even so, England's Achilles' heel may be its defense. The team doesn't have a great goalkeeper and lost a reliable reserve thanks to a domestic dispute worthy of a soap opera. Wayne Bridge isn't going to South Africa because, as insiders hint, he refuses to be on the same field with center fullback John Terry, who allegedly was shagging Bridge's former fiancée.

ITALY: A four-time winner of the World Cup and defending champs, the Azurri are always a threat to hoist the trophy. That being said, the Italians are famous for a defensive brand of soccer so boring that only patriotic countrymen can root for the team. Fans of the "beautiful game" can't stand the Italians, a dislike that is further fostered by the melodramatic fops' tendency to carry on like teenage girls when they actually score a goal, crying and kissing each other as if Robert Pattinson just showed up onscreen. *Mama mia*, not the Italians again!

GERMANY: Regardless of who takes the field, this country has an inclination to win. Germany has seized three World Cups and the same number of European championships, and in recent years it has finished third and second at World Cups. There is always a possibility Deutschland will win a major soccer tournament. Wars are another story.

IVORY COAST: World-class players such as Didier Drogba, Emmanuel Eboué and Salomon Kalou bolster the Elephants' roster, making this the most probable African team to win it all. Blessed with a unique combination of speed and strength, Drogba always seems to rise to the biggest occasions. Even though the Chelsea striker wears his hair in a jerri-curled ponytail, he is still an iconic figure. Drogba just might lead Côte d'Ivoire on a deep run.

FRANCE: The only reason France is back in 2010 is because that slippery frog Thierry Henry cheated against the plucky Irish in a qualification playoff game. Karma demands the damned French fail ignominiously in South Africa.

NETHERLANDS: The Dutch soccer team is a wee bit like the country's iconic painter, Vincent van Gogh. The boys in orange and blue will either produce a masterpiece or cut off one of their own body parts. Until they prove differently, however, the Flying Dutchmen can always be counted on to not live up to their potential.

PORTUGAL: The Portuguese team is captained by Cristiano Ronaldo, who many argue is the world's best player. The striker possesses lightning speed, a powerful shot and an uncanny understanding of the game, all of which helped him score a staggering 42 goals for Manchester United a couple of seasons back. Still, Ronaldo seems to be wearing eyeliner most every game, so don't expect Portugal to win its first World Cup this year.

ARGENTINA: Infamous for not living up to its potential, La Albiceleste again comes to the World Cup with a multitalented but perhaps confused team. It boasts 2009 FIFA World Player of the Year Lionel "The Flea" Messi, Carlos Tévez and Javier Mascherano. But Argentina's manager is Diego Maradona, who just may be out of his friggin' mind. Although Maradona had one of the most storied careers in soccer history, since retirement he has gotten fat, snorted piles of coke and touted the leadership skills of one Fidel Castro. Not exactly the man you want put in charge of anything, much less your country's World Cup chances. Expect another big flameout by Argentina.

UNITED STATES: Hardly anyone is predicting the Americans will win this year's World Cup, but then again, don't be surprised if it happens.

ALGERIA: Beware! Algeria's best chance to make a splash at the 2010 World Cup involves suicide bombers, not its soccer players.

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than ever. Big strides were made during the 2009 Confederations Cup, when the U.S. national team nearly won its first major international competition.

Needing a three-goal differential over Egypt to advance to the semifinals, manager Bob Bradley's squad thrashed the African champions 3-0. Their next opponent was Spain, a team ranked #1 in the world and in the midst of a record-breaking 35-game winning streak. Stunning the soccer world, the Americans defeated the Red Fury two goals to nil. In the tournament's final match the U.S. roared to a 2-0 lead against Brazil before ultimately giving up three unanswered goals and losing to the always-dangerous Samba Kings. Nevertheless, the Americans reemphasized that they were pushovers no more.

In part, that's because for the past 15 years Major League Soccer franchises have been flourishing from coast to coast. MLS may not be the best league in the world, but it allows young American players to hone their skills and is an attractive enough option to lure such foreign superstars as David Beckham and Juan Pablo Angel.

Conversely, while the idea of Yanks playing "football" abroad once seemed a pipe dream, they're now sought out by professional teams worldwide. American standouts are heading to Greece, Scandinavia, France, Italy, Scotland and especially England, which boasts U.S. national team stalwarts Landon Donovan, Tim Howard, Clint Dempsey, Stuart Holden and Jonathan Spector.

Donovan exemplified the soccer prowess Americans now possess when the U.S. national team's all-time leading scorer joined Everton of the English Premier League late in 2009. On loan from the MLS's Los Angeles Galaxy, Donovan quickly became a fan favorite as he turned his new team's fortunes around with unexpected victories over powerhouses Chelsea and Manchester United.

As he speeds down the soccer pitch with the ball seemingly glued to his feet, fearlessly attacking the world's best defenders, Donovan sends a clear-cut message: Americans refuse to be stopped.

Does that mean the United States will win the World Cup in 2010? Probably not. But with preliminary matches against tiny Slovenia and 31st-ranked Algeria, the team should advance to the knockout round. At that point anything can happen, which is often a good thing for the USA. Just ask those Limeys from 1950, the Russkies from 1980 and the shocked Spaniards from 2009.

Mark these words: Our time will come!

After wasting a decade and a half of his life in a foolish career, Todd Farley became a freelance journalist. Today he lives in New York City and writes about sports, sex and standardized testing.

"Nothing seems to ease the terrible pain of my divorce. Not booze, not drugs, not work or my shrink. Well, blowjobs help a little."

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(continued from page 73) they didn't actually mean it.

Senate Minority Leader Mitch McConnell (R-Kentucky) praised the decision: "For too long, some in this country have been deprived of full participation in the political process. ... [T]he Supreme Court took an important step in the direction of restoring the First Amendment rights of these groups...to express themselves about political candidates and issues up until Election Day."

Congressman John Boehner (R-Ohio), House Republican Leader, concurred: "I think the Supreme Court decisions today are a big win for the First Amendment and a step in the right direction."

Senator John Cornyn (R-Texas), National Republican Senatorial Committee chairman, said: "I am pleased that the Supreme Court has acted to protect the Constitution's First Amendment rights of free speech and association."

So, next election, it will be your "free speech" versus Walmart's. Your "free speech" versus ExxonMobil's.

Of course, the "free speech" of corporations comes first for Cornyn and friends. Unless, like ExxonMobil, you also have $45.2 billion in profits available to pump into political campaigns—as the oil giant had in 2008.

Most of the immediate Democratic responses were timid, but some Dems were fighting mad. Florida's firebrand freshman Representative Alan Grayson said the decision "legalizes bribery on the largest scale imaginable. ... Corporations will be able to reward politicians that play ball with them, and they will be able to beat to death the politicians that don't."

Democratic Senator Russ Feingold of Wisconsin, coauthor of the McCain-Feingold Act, called the decision "a terrible mistake" in which the Court ignored "important principles of judicial restraint and respect for precedent." He added, "Presented with a relatively narrow legal issue, the Supreme Court chose to roll back laws that have limited the role of corporate money in federal elections since Teddy Roosevelt was President."

Stare (pronounced star-ay) decisis refers to established law or precedent, the idea that judges should defer to the decisions of their predecessors, particularly after those decisions have had sufficient time to become "settled law." The concept is generally raised during the confirmation protocol to determine whether or not potential Supreme Court justices will honor long-established decisions, such as abortion rights.

Both Chief Justice Roberts and Justice Alito gave lip service to their support of stare decisis during their respective confirmation hearings, although Roberts showed his hand a bit more than Alito did. While claiming an interest in "promoting the stability of the legal system," Roberts hedged. "Obviously, if the decision is wrong, it should be overruled," he qualified. "That's not activism. That's applying the law correctly."

Despite considerable pressure from progressives to filibuster the nomination, 22 spineless Senate Democrats—including the otherwise-tenacious Feingold—voted to confirm John Roberts in 2005. They might as well have been voting themselves out of Congress—unless, of course, they prove willing to toe the corporate line.

Alito was less honest about respecting precedent. "It is not true, in my judgment, that the Supreme Court is free to do anything that it wants," Alito stated during his 2006 confirmation. "It has to follow the Constitution, and it has to follow the laws. Stare decisis...is an important limitation on what the Supreme Court does. And although the Supreme Court has the power to overrule a prior precedent, it uses that power sparingly, and rightfully so."

Apparently Alito was just kidding when he said he was "in favor of not trying to do too much, not trying to decide questions that are too broad, not trying to decide questions that don't have to be decided and not going to broader grounds for a decision when a narrower ground is available."

Just four Senate Democrats voted to confirm Alito—enough to ensure the longevity of the right-wing coup initiated by the High Court's Florida 2000 decision.

The Only Real Solution Is a Constitutional Amendment

Outraged yet? If not, you're not paying attention. Or you believe that our Founders, after giving no explicit rights to corporations in the Constitution, actually intended that fictional entities—which don't breathe, go to jail, die or even have an actual mouth—should be entitled to "free speech" guaranteed by the First Amendment.

In his dissenting opinion, Stevens stated the obvious: "Although they make enormous contributions to our society, corporations are not actually members of it. They cannot vote or run for office. Because they may be managed and controlled by nonresidents, their interests may conflict in fundamental respects with the interests of eligible voters."

Normally, one might fight a bad law by taking it all the way up to the Supreme Court. But this law was *written* by the Supreme Court. So we are largely fucked. (I'll take this opportunity to thank John Kerry for that—for not fighting in 2004 to make sure every vote was counted accurately and publicly in the state of Ohio, where he might have received more votes than Bush.)

As this issue goes to press, members of Congress—largely Democrats—plan to introduce legislation that could result in some restrictions on corporate campaign spending. But any new legislation can now be opposed by the power of unlimited corporate cash before passage.

Alan Grayson has introduced a package of six bills with names like the "Business Should Mind Its Own Business Act," the "End Political Kickbacks Act," the "Corporate Propaganda Sunshine Act" and the "Ending Corporate Collusion Act." At **SaveDemocracy.net**, Grayson posted a simple petition in support of the package, stating: "We cannot have a government that is bought and paid for by huge multinational corporations. We need a government of the people, by the people and for the people." A crazy leftist idea.

Senator Chuck Schumer (D-New York) and Representative Chris Van Hollen (D-Maryland) hope to fast-track bills banning donations from foreign-influenced companies and from companies that have received taxpayer assistance, such as 2009's bank bailouts (at least until that money is paid back). Such bills would mandate immediate public disclosure of campaign spending by corporations, approval from shareholders or "I approve this ad" announcements by company CEOs.

As yet no Republicans are cosponsoring those bills. Of (continued on page 103)

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GENITORTURERS

SEX, SEX & ROCK 'N' ROLL

Forget Madonna and Britney Spears, who merely mix simulated sex with their music. The Genitorturers are the real deal. Their live shows combine rocking industrial music with bondage, genital piercing and horror theatrics.

Lead singer Gen caught up with us to discuss the Humbler, creating cum junkies and the challenges of getting through airport security.

HUSTLER: When and why did you start the band?

GEN: I moved from a very artistic, cool, artsy scene in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Rollins College in Orlando, Florida, the home of Mickey Mouse. Is there a more plastic place than that? (*Laughs.*) For me it was a huge culture shock. The college was kind of snobby and called the "Harvard of the South." I was there in premed and felt like I needed to bring a little culture to the area. I started the Genitorturers. I came up with the name when I went to this gay bar called the Parliament House.

I found this plastic card that said, "Know your hot hanky colors." It tells you what color and what side you should wear your hanky on, depending on what you're into. Purple hanky stands for "genital torture." My name is Gen, and I was into genital piercing at the time, so that's where I got the [band's] name.

Your live shows are known for their over-the-top sexuality and genital piercing. What's the craziest thing that has ever happened?

The craziest thing? I don't know. So much has happened. I've had instances where audience members just jump out of the crowd and mount my strap-on. I was holding it in my hand singing a song and looking the other way; next thing I know, there is a chick riding up and down on it. We have a lot of elements in our show that deal with religion mixed with power, control and the rule of women. We've done crucifixions, sewn peoples' mouths shut and sewn Bible pages to them. We've also done mock castrations where we've sewn testicles up over the penis. All sorts of fun things.

Have you or any of your bandmates ever been arrested for your onstage antics?

We have narrowly escaped arrest many times. The only true arrest was when we played Lollapalooza. One of my performers decided he was going to do the Mayan Penis-Piercing Ritual onstage. He ended up putting this thing of wire through his penis, and that wasn't really something that the Orlando Police Department thought was cool.

Do you plan what's going to happen at a given show?

Over time, over the history of the band, there have been more elements of choreography. The show is very cohesive now. When we first started, the show was sort of disjointed and more spontaneous. However, because we interact with our audience members, there is always room for spontaneity in the show. We have different nights where we look for people who want to be in the show.

We have this open-door policy with our fans. People will show up and say, "Okay, I gotta be in the show, and I brought my friend. This is her huge rubber fist, and she wants to get this onstage during the show." We're like, "Well, that's in the show tonight."

Has anything ever happened that shocked you?

Absolutely. We were in Auckland, New Zealand, and this completely pierced woman shows up in this harness. We get her onstage, and one of my performers is dressed in this creepy judge mask. We do some play piercing of her genitals, which is fine. What I didn't anticipate was looking over and seeing the judge's forearm up in her all the way to his elbow. She really took one for the team that night.

Is there anything you won't do during a show?

I won't do anything that exploits somebody else—anything that's against somebody's will. The people that are coming to participate in our shows are coming to have a good time and explore their boundaries. But they're in control of what is going on. Except one time we had a radio DJ that said, "Hey, I'm ready for anything goes. Just go crazy." So we peed on his head.

And he was a little pissed off. He stopped playing our records. He said, "I thought it was fake." But he *said* we could pee on his head on the radio. He acted like a tough guy on air, but once he got onstage, he was freaked out. Sorry, dude, it's not fake!

When you're on tour, how do you get all your props and devices through airport security?

Our tour manager, who was also in the show at the time, was reading the first Harry Potter book at the time we were in Seattle. It was after a night of insanity and all-night partying and orgies. She goes through airport security with nothing on except an overcoat, a wig and some glasses. So she already looks suspicious as shit.

She checks in the bags, and as we're walking to the gate, we hear her being paged to return to the security checkpoint. Before she could even turn around, there are six cops on either side of her. They take her down to the bowels of the Seattle airport and say, "Can you

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

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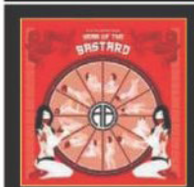
THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

THE LIVING SISTERS
Love to Live

This "new group" is composed of three well-established female powerhouse vocalists: Inara George (Bird and the Bee), Becky Stark (Lavender Diamond) and Eleni Mandell. The trio blends their vocals into a beautiful harmony that recalls the Mamas and the Papas minus the dudes.

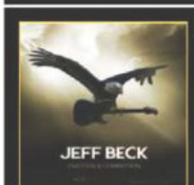


THE ROTTEN BASTARDS
Year of the Bastard

You need this CD (also on vinyl) if only for the cover. The music is dirty, gritty and vomit-soaked, like the best parties are and like rock 'n' roll should be. *Year of the Bastard* reminds us of early Guns N' Roses, with their singer even out-Axling Axl Rose on some tracks.

BETTIE SERVEERT
Pharmacy of Love

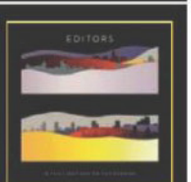
These Dutch rockers (does Holland even have any other rockers?) have been kicking around the college scene for almost 20 years without fully breaking through. Bettie Serveert finally show their full potential and hit their stride with this impeccable album. Now channeling her inner Chrissie Hynde, lead singer Carol van Dyk helps make this the group's best CD ever.



JEFF BECK
Emotion & Commotion

Guitar god Jeff Beck roars back with his tightest and most cohesive effort to date. Not a fan of the awesome ax-slinger? Then check out his cover of "I Put a Spell on You," featuring vocalist Joss Stone.

EDITORS
In This Light and on This Evening



The Editors owe a lot to the dark wave bands of the 1980s. That is not to say their sound isn't original, but it does borrow heavily from Joy Division and the Cure. That retro mix with a modern sensibility makes for a refreshing release.

BUZZCOCKS
Another Music in a Different Kitchen*, *A Different Kind of Tension and ***Love Bites***

Beyond the Sex Pistols and the Clash, the Buzzcocks were punk's most important British import. The groundbreaking group's best albums get the remastered and expanded treatment. Each of the three adds a disc of rarities, including live tracks, B-sides and more. These CDs are the perfect refresher course as to why music matters.

tell us about the book in your bag?" This was right when the Harry Potter book had come out and there was all this hoopla about it being satanic.

She is panicked and says, "Um, it's this book about a wizard. It's *Harry Potter*." She's freaking out. They say no. And they put on the gloves and open the bag of props we use onstage. They open it up, and on top is a bloody sign that says, "Whore." Then there are multiple insertable items still covered in DNA and such. They dig down and pull up this book.

Our manager says, "Oh, that's the exploding Bible. It's a stage prop!" But it's a book full of wires, and it has a switch. It looks like a bomb. Then one cop says, "Well, who are you people?" She says, "We're the band the Genitorturers." Luckily one of the cops standing there was a big fan and told the other cops everything was cool. She got escorted right onto the plane.

Under all the sexual theatrics you're still a band. How do you make sure the music doesn't get lost?

You write a damn good record, which we feel like we've done with this new CD, *Blackheart Revolution*.

One track is called "Cum Junkie." Are you a cum junkie?

The person that I'm bringing along for the ride in the song I turn into a cum junkie. I create cum junkies because that's what the Genitorturers do.

Are there rules at a Genitorturers show?

There is one backstage rule: "Never put anything in your mouth." You learn that quickly. We had this new keyboard player, and we were playing in Holland of all places. He was backstage with this can of whipped cream and didn't know that the whipped cream had seen some action that night based on where it was inserted. I looked at him, and he's got it in his mouth. It felt like I was running in slow motion screaming, "Noooooo!"

Besides mounting your strap-on or getting fisted, what's the craziest thing a fan has ever done?

When I first started the band, I had finished my premed and was going into medical school. That's the time the band first got signed, and I had to decide if I was going into medicine or rock 'n' roll. At the time I was doing a lot of transplant retrieval. I would perform the surgery and take eyes or bone marrow.

I had this fan who found out I did this. He gave me a drink after one of my shows with his eyeball in it. It's okay because it was a glass eye. He said, "I just want a picture of you with my eyeball in your mouth." I said, "Okay, I can do that."

Oh, there was this one guy who named himself "Balls of Steel" and would show up at our shows. All he wanted was to be kicked in the balls really, really hard. I was like, "I don't know that it's safe and how I feel about that. How hard are we talking?" He said, "As hard as you can. I'm searching for the most intense ball kick. I'll know it when I feel it."

Okay, so we get him onstage, and I do what I thought was a very formidable kung fu-style kick. *Bam!* He didn't flinch. I said, "All right, get his ass backstage and put him in the Humbler. It's this cool device someone had made for us on tour.

The Humbler is essentially two pieces of wood that are like a vise. You bend the guy over a hole in the middle, where you pull the balls in between the two pieces of wood and screw the clamps down. The reason they are "humbled" is that they are bent forward, and their balls are pulled back behind them. They can't stand up, or they will rip their balls off.

They take him backstage, put him in the device, and I do a running, NFL, Super Bowl kick. *Bam!* I break the Humbler in half. The hard wood goes flying, and the guy, he just drops. I thought, *Omigod, what have I done?! I've killed him.* I crouch down near him, and he says, "That was the best fucking goddamn kick. That was it! That was nirvana!"

"All right, dude, glad to be of service." ■

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SHOOTER JENNINGS
ROCKIN' THE COUNTRY

Shooter Jennings was literally born into the music business. As the son of outlaw country legend Waylon Jennings and singer Jessi Colter, he spent his formative years living on a tour bus. He stopped by HUSTLER to talk about his groundbreaking new concept album, *Black Ribbons*, life on the road and his hot fiancée (actress Drea De Matteo of *The Sopranos* and *Desperate Housewives*).

HUSTLER: *Black Ribbons* isn't what people expect from a country boy who rocks.

SHOOTER: It was definitely an experiment to begin with. All my other records, which I'm proud of and love, had a certain method to them. To use a surfing metaphor, I felt like I was kind of catching a wave and trying to stay with it. I didn't stop for five years straight.

When it came to the end of the last record's touring cycle, I left the label and management that I was at in Nashville and really wanted to make a change. To use another surfing analogy, I felt washed up on the rocks to some degree.

When I went in to do this record it was a "got nothing left to lose" situation. I really wanted to go and tuck myself in a hole for six months. It was very organic, not contrived in any way. I'm so happy with the way it turned out that it lit me up creativewise.

There is a certain kind of people that have been there for this person they think I am. Not to say that I haven't flown the rebel flag by supporting the kind of music my dad did and trying to bring a little life (and rock) into country music. Which I did and still believe can be done, but there is only so far I can run with that and be happy.

Is that the danger of being labeled "outlaw country"?

Labels have been set up by people who want to try and make money off of art. The idea of being an artist and making music is bucking those labels anyway. People who are happy to settle into what they are expected to do are boring. Art for art's sake and art for money's sake are two different things. I don't believe that people ever thought I was "Mr. Pure Country" from day one. They wouldn't even play me on country radio because I was too out there and too rock. I'm never gonna catch a break where everybody is going to be happy. I know that for sure.

***Black Ribbons* is a concept album. Tell us about the concept.**

It's the last night of *The Last Light*, which is a fictional radio talk show hosted by Will O' the Wisp, a kind of social commentary beatnik-type late-night DJ, the kind of which they don't have anymore. He's being shut down at midnight because the world has become kind of a police state, and the government has deemed that all things creative, including radio, have to be approved by the government—a scenario that, sadly, we're not real far off from in the real world today.

Will O' is going to go down because he doesn't like the government very much. In the last hour of his last show he decides to play this band with a history of being anti-imperialistic. At the root of it I think that this is a concept record about truth. I think that's the best way to describe it. The overall theme is about truth and love and the importance of the people in your life, not the box society puts you in or how much money you make.

How did you convince Stephen King to be the narrator?

I'm the luckiest motherfucker alive.

We know you're lucky; you're engaged to Drea De Matteo.

Yeah, man. Thanks. I *am* lucky there. If it

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

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MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

RINGO STARR
Y Not

Who would have thought that Ringo Starr, the drummer, would be the most prolific of the four lads from Liverpool? The guy has been putting out new material every couple of years for decades. His latest hearkens back to the glory days of the Beatles while sounding as current as anything out there.

THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION
Dirty Shirt Rock 'n' Roll: The First Ten Years

In their heyday the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's manic blend of trashy garage rock was something to behold. The first decade of that impressive body of work is collected here. The CD is either the great introduction to the uninformed or a reminder to fans of what was greatness.

MONSTER MOVIE
Everyone Is a Ghost

Sometimes you can tell a book by its cover. Or at least a CD by its cover. This Monster Movie disc looks to be haunting and beautiful, and it is. Spooky never sounded so good.

FREEWAY & JAKE ONE
The Stimulus Package

They say you can judge a man by the company he keeps. Case in point: rapper Freeway. The longtime associate of Jay-Z drops his dopest disc to date. The Philly phenom's collaboration with Jake One showcases his effortless flow over funky beats.

THESE NEW PURITANS
Hidden

TNP are the coolest kids at the party—the ones hanging in the back of the room, smoking imported cigarettes and talking about "cinema." Don't hate them for being hip. This is the smartest and most interesting release of 2010.

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
Live at Hollywood High

Rocker Elvis Costello has had a vast assortment of interesting bands in his three decades of making music, but he was never better than when backed by the original Attractions. Captured live in the intimate setting of Hollywood High in the late 1970s, this rare concert release is living proof.

weren't for her, I'd be up shit's creek a long time ago.

Back to Stephen King.

I had the idea to have the record strung together by a DJ. I've always been a fan of late-night radio talk shows like *Coast to Coast With Art Bell*. I knew that Stephen King was a fan because he had written some great things about my music in *EW* [*Entertainment Weekly*]. It struck me that it should be him. I knew what his voice sounded like. I thought he would be perfect. It took me a long time because I didn't know how to get ahold of him.

Someone finally forwarded a note on to him, and he wrote me back immediately. At that point I thought, *Oh, shit! What did I do? I reached out to Stephen King, and he reached back.* We started talking online, and I sent him the music. He liked it, and next thing I knew he had done it. The day I got it and listened to it, I was like, "Holy shit! He got it done!"

Is it true that you have never met King in person?

To this day, even with the CD done, we've never met or even spoken on the phone. He said to me [via e-mail], "When you're out on the road playing, maybe you'll look out in the audience and see me." He's the most incredibly cool, generous and wonderful dude. I'm lucky and honored to have him be on the record.

Do you think it's ballsy to release an album, in the traditional sense, during a time of disposable singles?

I fucking hate the people that say, "The album is dead." I just feel that artists that are not doing well or just selling a ton of one song or two don't make albums because they can't make good albums anymore. There are some great albums out now. The Dead Weather, the Avett Brothers. An album is a journey. You make music to take people somewhere. Albums are absolutely *not* dead.

What was it like growing up as the son of two country legends?

I'm really lucky that I was in a world like that growing up. I was traveling on the road at a young age and got to see a lot of things. My parents and I were very close and cool. We never had any bad times or fallouts. They had such a focus on the importance of music that it made it so easy and natural for me to go into music. My parents were very supportive. Growing up in a situation like that, sure, there are things you miss out on not being a "regular kid," but the pros far outweighed the cons.

What was the best advice your dad ever gave you?

He said, "Don't ever try to be like anybody else because you're not going to be." And "You're never gonna be one of the guys. Don't try." It took me a long time to actually understand what that meant.

As a kid, was it cool that your dad was the voice on *The Dukes of Hazzard*?

It was cool, but to me I knew it was my dad's thing. All my friends would come over, and we'd watch the show all the time. But I also knew it was my dad's job. In retrospect it's so funny to listen to. The best thing is now I'll be on the road, and these guys will play me tapes. My dad used to just find studios to cut the voiceovers from when he toured. Guys play me tapes, and my dad is cussing while doing the overdubs for the show. Great outtakes. It's crazy that my dad was part of this iconic show.

Hank Williams III seems to have a problem with you. What's the beef?

I would love for him to do an interview and not bring my name up. Look, I love Hank 3's music. I thought he was great and never had a beef with him from day one. I don't know what his deal is. I don't know if he wants attention. Maybe he's pissed off 'cause he's not the only one who's doing something different.

I met him once at the Viper Room [an L.A. club] years ago, and he was really nice. Then when I put my first record out, it was called *Put the O Back in Country*, which had nothing to do with his "put the dick back in Dixie" thing. I wasn't aware of his record.

All of a sudden he said I ripped him off. Six albums later he's still pissed off. We could have toured and done things together. It would have been fun.

Is it true that you almost ended up as the lead singer of Velvet Revolver?

Basically before Velvet Revolver was officially put together, I did a couple of shows with them. One was in L.A. and one at Sundance. It was the first time they were together since Guns N' Roses. I love those dudes. Both times I played with them it was like playing with the most ultimate rock 'n' roll machine of tightness and glory. I can't believe it even happened.

Got any groupie tales?

We've had a couple of girls try to climb into windows and whatnot, but they're usually for my guitar players. They usually stay far away from me. I don't leave the bus because for every one groupie that would be trying to find me, there are 15 giant dudes who are ten times more excited and will climb in the window ten times quicker to meet me. ■

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Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BITCH SLAP
Unrated

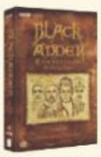
Long before porn became so readily available you would have to search out B-movies like grindhouse tribute *Bitch Slap* for spank bank material. This sexploitation flick is packed with slow-motion catfights, chicks firing huge guns and explosions galore. While it may not take home an Oscar, *Bitch Slap* wins a place on our DVD shelf.

BLACK DYNAMITE

Showing that all 'sploitation films are welcome here, we also recommend this laugh-out-loud funny blaxploitation film. Michael Jai White, Tommy Davidson and Arsenio Hall star in the funky-assed spoof that follows the exploits of a '70s private dick. Think *Shaft* with a laugh track.

BROTHERS

The all-grown-up (and hot as hell) Natalie Portman plays a conflicted woman caught between two men (Tobey Maguire and Jake Gyllenhaal) in this outstanding drama. Don't believe us? The best part is we have five copies to give away. See details below.



BLACK ADDER
The Ultimate Edition

We have to admit, sometimes we watch PBS. Years back, one of our favorite shows from that network was this funny BBC import. The complete series is collected here. You should watch *Black Adder* if only for the fact that it stars the dude who became Mr. Bean, Rowan Atkinson.

EMINEM
Live From New York City

Guess who's back. Shady's back! This classic Eminem NYC concert, finally on Blu-ray, shows the white rapper from a few years back ripping through his impressive catalog of hits in high-definition.

THE JERRY LEWIS SHOW COLLECTION

As hard as it is to believe, Jerry Lewis used to be funny—and not just to the French. Yes, that bloated and greasy telethon guy was once a master of slapstick. After the breakup of one of the most popular comedy teams in history (Martin & Lewis), Jerry filmed this variety show, which hasn't been seen since it originally aired on TV.

GAMER

Imagine a future world where video gaming and entertainment have evolved into a real-life murderous hybrid. That is the terrifying vision of *Gamer*. Gerard Butler of *300* fame stars alongside Michael C. Hall (*Dexter*) and rapper Ludacris in this fast-paced thriller.

BAD GIRLS OF FILM NOIR VOLUMES 1 & 2

Who doesn't love a bad girl? We're talking about dames with great gams in glorious black-and-white. These DVD releases are packed with classic noir flicks. We daresay some of the best ever made. If you want to travel back to a time when men were men and women were scared, check these out.

CRAZY HEART

Jeff Bridges shows why he deserved the Academy Award for his portrayal of an alcoholic country singer. It doesn't hurt that the always-interesting Maggie Gyllenhaal is along for the ride in this brilliant motion picture.

DVD GIVEAWAY

HEY, HEY

To celebrate the 20th season of the longest-running animated series on television we're giving away *The Simpsons: Season 20* DVDs and Blu-ray discs. Or you could take home the sexy Natalie Portman flick *Brothers*. 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 Great Big DVD Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

THE SIMPSONS & BROTHERS GIVEAWAY

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

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

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by August 10, 2010. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winners will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestants' names, likenesses and images, and that the names of the winners will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners and ship the winners their prize at no cost to the winners. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winners. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

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(continued from page 96) course, any new bill will face Supreme Court scrutiny. Good luck with that.

Activists at **PeaceTeam.net** have launched a petition calling for the impeachment of the "Supreme Court 5." Good luck with that too.

The only permanent and reasonable option to unwind this madness is a Constitutional amendment clarifying what every logical and/or non-Republican person in the country likely understands: The First Amendment right to free speech is meant to apply to humans, not fictional business entities.

Representative Donna Edwards (D-Maryland) has proposed a resolution calling for an amendment to the Constitution. It reads: "Congress and the States may regulate the expenditure of funds for political speech by any corporation, limited liability company or other corporate entity. Nothing contained in this Article shall be construed to abridge the freedom of the press." If passed, it would then require ratification by two-thirds of the state legislatures.

Constitutional attorney John Bonifaz, legal director of **FreeSpeechForPeople.org**, supports Edwards's initiative, noting our nation's history of enacting amendments "to correct egregiously wrong decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court directly impacting the democratic process."

The group's general counsel, Jeffrey Clements, calls such action necessary because, he says, the *Citizens United* "decision is devastating to our democracy, which is already dominated to a dangerous degree by corporate interest money."

Adding a new amendment to the Constitution is an onerous process that takes years, but other options are limited. Yes, this is *that* bad.

MoveToAmend.org also has a petition in support of an amendment to "firmly establish that money is not speech, and that human beings, not corporations, are persons entitled to Constitutional rights."

As Move to Amend strives to craft language that may gain broad support—even from Republicans, who would be needed to ratify such an amendment—John Wilkens, a reader of my own blog, wrote elegantly simple Constitutional language for such an amendment: "The rights, responsibilities and privileges granted to citizens of the United States as enumerated in this Constitution, its amendments and extended through case law are exclusively reserved for human beings."

Now there's an—apparently—novel idea!

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

"Meet Monica Lewinsky, honey. Not all the bad shit I inherited when I became President was from George W. Bush."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

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Up in the Air

I was born for porn," declares Eurobabe **Diana Doll**. "The best part about being in this business is that you get to do everything and anything you've ever dreamed of without anyone passing judgment or thinking you're too freaky. Nobody judges me, and I like that."

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Diana also likes being in guys' sexual fantasies, but she has one of her own: "It's a bit extreme. You know those people who jump out of airplanes with an instructor strapped to their backs? They call it tandem jumping. I would love to do that but with a guy fucking me from behind as we plummet toward the ground. Then right as he pulls the ripcord, I would come. That would be the hottest thing ever! I just need to find a daring guy who's willing to make the leap with me."

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Whether fantasizing or getting it on, **Diana** digs take-charge gents. "I need a real man's man with strong hands and a stronger back," she insists, "someone who knows how to handle me and maybe toss me around in bed. But I also like romance. Flowers, wine, dinner and what I always love—a good, hard fuck!"

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DIANA DOLL'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Liptovsky Mikulas, Slovakia | AGE: 33 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 110

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HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

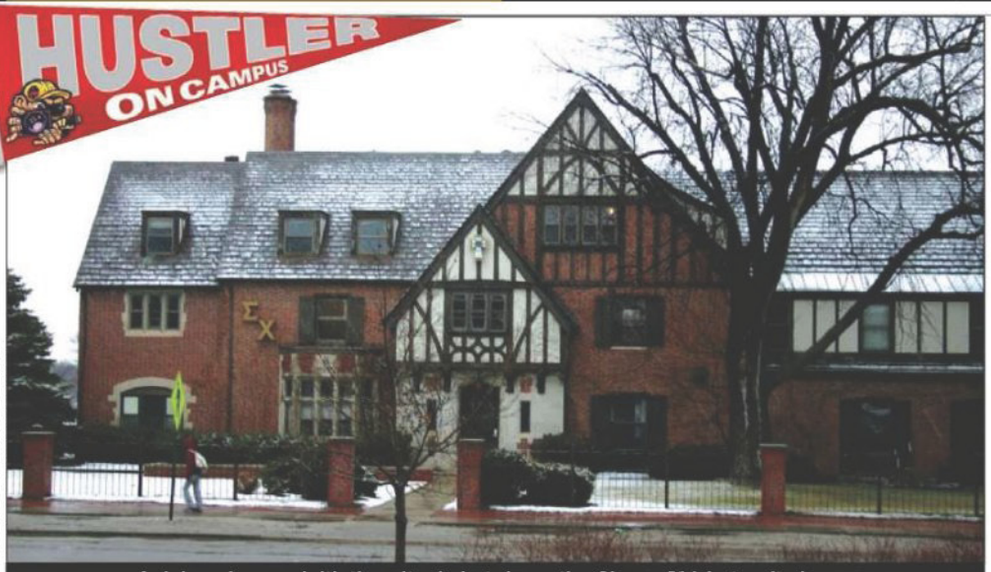

PHOTO BY SAM SULLIVAN

A debaucherous initiation ritual shut down the Sigma Chi fraternity house.

TO LIVE AND LOVE IN LINCOLN

WRESTLING WITH OLD-SCHOOL MORALITY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

The University of Nebraska-Lincoln is more than a renowned educational center in the Midwest. Like institutions of higher learning from sea to shining sea, UNL is also a place where the young at heart and eager of mind can strike back at the rigid morality of their forefathers. Two sterling examples: a pair of UNL wrestlers opting to model in the buff for a gay Web site and a Sigma Chi fraternity pledge literally putting his ass on the line.

"When you cleave the meat off the bones of the Midwest, the bones are just as hard," says Micah Persell, a UNL political science major. Oddly profound wisdom.

Is the University of Nebraska-Lincoln especially depraved? No. But the common conservative vision of the Midwest as a wholesome utopia, free from the burdens of coastal sin, hardly stands up under the evidence. Beneath the illusion of freshly pressed-and-starched piety lies the same kind of sexual indiscretions found in any of the demonized big cities far from Lincoln. Here in the supposedly squeaky-clean capital of Nebraska, a pickup truck has come to be a double entendre, and one of the most popular hangouts for UNL students (especially coeds) is The Q, a gay bar on Ninth Street.

The University of Nebraska-Lincoln has another interesting distinction: the Scarlet Project, a Web site dedicated to digging up the school's proverbial dirt. While more like a traditional lowbrow gossip rag, the Scarlet Project broke the gay-porn scandal, which was further sensationalized by the *Lincoln Journal Star* and ESPN. It turns out that FratmenTV.com paid cold, hard (pun intended) cash to two UNL wrestlers, who were booted off the team after it was revealed they had individually modeled nude for the gay Web site. (It's worth noting that over the years a litany of Cornhusker jocks have engaged in far more egregious activities without facing dire consequences.)

Regarding the aforementioned Sigma Chi incident, it's no secret that things often get out of control when fraternities and sororities recruit prospective members and later welcome them into the fold. But there's something unique about what earned the UNL chapter of Sigma Chi a suspension: hiring a stripper who allegedly used a vibrator to anally penetrate a rush pledge during an initiation ceremony. Yes, those Greeks sure know how to have fun.

Perhaps a modern-day Sinclair Lewis from Nebraska will write a heartwarming tome about the joys of frat house buggery. And maybe, in due time, a political candidate will follow in the footsteps of John McCain and Sarah Palin, vowing to bring the heartland's cherished values to the rest of America, including free subscriptions to FratmenTV.com.

The Midwest, it might be said, is only depraved by the standards of cultural relativity: A given transgression looks worse because this part of the country is perceived as a bastion of virtue. Helping fortify that notion is neocon Glenn Beck's *The Real America: Messages From the Heart and Heartland*. But taking the book as gospel, which many appear to have done, makes it easy to overlook that transgressions abound nationwide, even in the cornfields of the Midwest.

Finally, the University of Nebraska-Lincoln campus is adorned with religious outposts meant in part to bolster the faith of students who, living away from home for the first time, might be tempted to stray from their family-values upbringing. A dual world emerges, one where the bones of the university are laden with meat, and another where they are picked dry not by ravenous vultures but something more insidious: cold, hard facts. While the Midwest is reputed to be the "real America" because of its inhabitants' virtues, perhaps it deserves that designation because of its inhabitants' faults.

Sam Sullivan is a University of Nebraska-Lincoln sophomore majoring in general studies with an interest in criminal justice and journalism. In his spare time the Hebron native, who aspires to be a full-time writer, is a "dedicated muckraker" and YouTube contributor.

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 form on page 141 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

VICTORIA

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

"I'm all about not stressing," reveals Victoria, 22, a WSU sophomore from Spokane, Washington. "Life is a big roller coaster ride, but it's too short to waste time being upset. Hard as things may be sometimes, I always manage to sit back and thank God for my being here." Of course, the "soul-searching" psychology major (with a minor in English literature) is referring to her existence, but we're thankful that the 5-foot-5 Apple Stater is undressing for us here.

"I love HUSTLER, and I fit right in," Victoria raves. "I'm outgoing, fun, adventurous, curious, bad and good! I think it would be a sin not to show off this body of mine, coochie and all. I love porn; it turns me on."

So do Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Lil Wayne—"He's so-o-o-o sexy!"—and TV's *Weeds*, *South Park* and *Tool Academy*. "Ha!" Victoria huffs. "Those guys are so messed up, but it shows how guys really are."

Asked to disclose her fave pastime, the bi gal shows how well-schooled she is: "Sex, sex and more sex! First off, I love to be aggressive and am way too good at giving head! I also love having my partners talk dirty and pull my hair or just pick me up and slam me against a wall. When they're rough with me, I can't help getting so turned on, I get a little crazy sometimes." But there's no need to bring in a shrink, just a little lube. "I like anal a lot," Victoria acknowledges, "but I have to be in the right mood and eased into it."

Treat Victoria with reverence and she'll be Mrs. Right in a heartbeat: "I'm a great companion if you respect me," she confides. "I've never been married, but I will be a wonderful wife. My man or woman will get the best sex every day—anywhere and anytime."

"I want a strong man to pick me up and slam me hard while I'm hanging over a balcony."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KICKBACK PRODUCTIONS

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Fly Girls *Jesse Jane, Riley Steele and Katsuni (below) keep things in an upright position.*

Fly Girls

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, RILEY STEELE, RAVEN ALEXIS, JANIE SUMMERS, KATSUNI, JENNA HAZE, SASHA GREY, LISA ANN, NIKKI BENZ, ALANAH RAE, JAYDEN COLE, YURIZAN BELTRAN, DIAMOND FOX, EVAN STONE, MARCO BANDERAS, MICK BLUE, ERIK EVERHARD & FRANK BUKKWYD.

Any guy who has ever flown in a plane has wanted to grab the stewardess as she brushes past and then fuck her brains out. (It must be the uniforms.) Digital Playground's latest contract-girl showcase is a sleek, sexy machine with plenty of short skirts and first-class service. Portraying themselves, the babes sneak onto a plane and pose as flight attendants for a XXX reality show. Jesse Jane is as electric as ever, but all of the talent and fuck scenes are first-rate, with a horny Jenna Haze ("Please, passenger 5B, fuck my ass!") managing to make a seat in coach look comfortable. This flick takes your own stewardess fantasy and outstrips it. Very well-shot, performed with fun and verve (Evan Stone keeps the comedy karma flowing) and hot as a tarmac in the sun, *Fly Girls* is the best thing to happen to air travel since the Mile High Club. Take it onboard for your own in-flight movie. If the plane goes down, at least you'll die happy. ***—M.J.***

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Sadie West, Ryder Skye (below left) and Marie Luv (below right) lead **Charmed** lives.

This Ain't Charmed XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ANGELINA VALENTINE, SADIE WEST, CHAYSE EVANS, RYDER SKYE, MARIE LUV, JENNY HENDRIX, TYLER KNIGHT, ALAN STAFFORD, ALEC KNIGHT, CHRIS JOHNSON & CYRUS KING.

Remember that show your Wiccan girlfriend watched and you TiVoed to whack off to later? Sure, you had to use a little imagination. (Then again, the chicks were Alyssa Milano and Shannen Doherty.) Well now you don't have to use TiVo or your dirty mind! That's progress. The mostly magical sex scenes in this quick and dirty parody are strung together with some plot about an evil demon dude who wants a ring or some shit. Who the hell knows? The important thing is husky-voiced Sadie West has a bewitching ass and could out-fuck Shannen Doherty without even trying. Taking the Alyssa Milano role, Chayse Evans scores the most spirited scene. Talk about charm! Until Milano starts doing porn (we tried potions, prayer, everything, but no luck), you'll have to settle for this snake charmer. If you want *This Ain't Charmed XXX* to magically appear in your mailbox, turn to page 142. **—M.J.**

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Sucks in a good way: Ashlynn Brooke, Vanessa Naughty (below left) and Misty Stone (below right) ring ***Tru****.*

Tru: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: ASHLYNN BROOKE, GRACIE GLAM, MISTY STONE, VANESSA NAUGHTY, LANA VIOLET, SHAY SIGHTS, LINDY LANE, JAMES DEEN, LEVI CASH, JOHNNY CASTLE & BILL BAILEY.

Having a porn spoof made of your show has become a badge of honor in Hollywood, and the folks at *True Blood* got the deluxe treatment. This fleshed-out take on HBO's sweaty vamp-sploitation hit puts plenty of cash on the screen, with shimmering production values and an earnest attempt to make *True Blood*'s devoted fans feel at home. (Yes, they do the fang-popping trick.) Top-billed Ashlynn Brooke (a die-hard fan) wrote the script as a possible episode, meaning she doesn't waste time on backstory, but plunges viewers straight into a sweaty bayou of sex, blood and campy melodrama. Sure, Anna Paquin gets her tits out in the real show, but are they any match for Ashlynn's fang-banging huge knockers? Vanessa Naughty as the malevolent orgy queen Marianne and Misty Stone as black temptress Tara are arguably the standouts, with steamy scenes that will get your blood pumping. *True Blood* is a great tease, but *Tru* puts out. ***—M.J.***

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***Jersey** girls Veronica Rayne, Dylan Ryder and Taryn Thomas (below) grapple with some hard choices.*

Jersey Shore XXX

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM ENRIGHT. STARRING: TARYN THOMAS, ANGELA ASPEN, DYLAN RYDER, VERONICA RAYNE, JOHNNY CASTLE, JOHN ESPIZEDO, TJ CUMMINGS & MEMPHIS BLAKE.

Yo, it's the guidos and guidettes in a freakin' porno! If you've never watched *Jersey Shore*, don't. If you have, you're already fucked up enough to buy this parody and like it. Director Jim Enright managed to deliver something even trashier than an MTV show people in dirty Jersey find offensive. Remember Snooki, the guidette who got socked in a bar? Well now reprised by the lusciously slutty Taryn Thomas, she gets more than a fist in the face. As they say at the Shore, "Get laid, get paid, get sprayed." Poof-haired Snooki is the queen of the guidettes, but the rest of the bulbous talent is just as worthy of your fist pump, especially Veronica Rayne as Wow J, who joins Taryn for a threeway. You'll feel like you need a shower after creeping on *Jersey Shore XXX*, but you probably needed one anyway. **—M.J.**

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Cheaters *Amy Brooke, Madison Ivy (below left) and Rachel Roxxx (below right) get a reality check.*

This Ain't Cheaters XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: SLAIN WAYNE. STARRING: RACHEL ROXXX, BRIDGETTE B., NATASHA NICE, MADISON IVY, AMY BROOKE, BILL BAILEY, TEE REEL, OTTO BAUER, ALEC KNIGHT, DANE CROSS, RALPH LONG & DIRTY HARRY.

What's more pathetically trashy—and funny—than butting into people's private lives for profit? Faking it for a porn parody! (Hey, the real *Cheaters* fakes it occasionally too. Watch for our upcoming article.) Otto Bauer does a great job as sleazy "investigator" Joey Greco (not too much of a stretch for Otto), leading us into a seedy world of cheaters and revenge fuckers. The trashy lineup includes a lesbian lover cheating with a black dude, and an old Peeping Tom who gets off on his twentysomething bride's slutty behavior. Like the TV show, the *This Ain't* version looks amateurish (on purpose), which gives the fuck scenes a nice raw edge. (Sometimes you want your smut to look crappy and illicit—like that video of your wife fucking your best friend.) This movie gets more fluid-soaked and filthy as it goes on. Once Bridgette B. takes it between her plump ass cheeks, it only makes sense that victim Amy Brooke gets consoled with a double-penetration gang-bang. To get yours, turn to the order form on page 142.

—M.J.

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*Not easily **Scared**: AJ Bailey, Charley Chase and Misty Stone disarm their intruders.*

Scared Sexy

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: AJ BAILEY, MISTY STONE, CHARLEY CHASE, VANESSA LEON, KRISSY LYNN, JAMES DEEN, TEE REEL, MR. PETE, MARK WOOD & MR. MARCUS.

Horror porn is one of those things that keeps coming back, like Freddy and Jason. But since your fantasy may well include chasing a topless chick through the woods in a creepy mask, you'll love *Scared Sexy*. (And if you're an interracial stalker, this spoof will keep you out of the woods for a while.) Sweet 'n' tight Latina Vanessa Leon gets so scared by her prank stalker, she needs to fuck him to calm down. Pretty AJ Bailey has victim fantasies too, which makes for a good Peeping Tom prelude to a decent couch cruncher. (If you find yourself in a similar situation, don't take off the ski mask.) Krissy Lynn and Charley Chase get punked and fucked by their hung black lovers, but it's all just tease compared with the climactic payoff featuring AJ and Misty Stone. It's fun enough watching them watch a horror flick, then end up on *America's Scariest Home Videos*, but the fuck scene is what you came for, and come you will. Full of low-angle, ass-heavy stalking shots and shivering flesh, *Scared Sexy* is a good watch—until the cops catch up with you. ***—M.J.***

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*New **Rule**: Lavish Styles lays down the law for Brittany Angel.*

Barely Legal: Girlz Rule

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ERICA McLEAN. STARRING: DAHLIA DENYLE, VICTORIA SHAY, SUMMER BAILEY, RILEY RAY, LAVISH STYLES, BRITTANY ANGEL, DAISY STRONG, CAMERON LOVE, PRISCILLA MILAN & AUDRIANNA ANGEL.

As long as there are schools and girls, we'll keep making money with the schoolgirl fantasy. And thanks to arrested development and raging hormones, you'll keep falling for it. Everybody wins! In this *Barely Legal* special installment our young ladies learn how to have fun in a dickless world, maybe in case all men suddenly disappear. It could happen. In which case "girlz" would indeed rule. Lesson one: Strap-ons ain't dicks, but they'll do. We also learn that in the post-male world, girlz—especially cute ones—will still shop and soak in Jacuzzis, which will eventually lead to all kinds of vaginal penetration. Interestingly, fingers, tongues and dildos all turn out to be acceptable replacements for dicks. *Girlz Rule* settles the age-old debate: All you need a dick for is to jack off to porn. If you don't believe it, watch *Girlz Rule*. Order it on page 142 of this magazine. **—M.J.**

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*Chastity Lynn earns some pocket money in **Barely Legal Babysitters #2**.*

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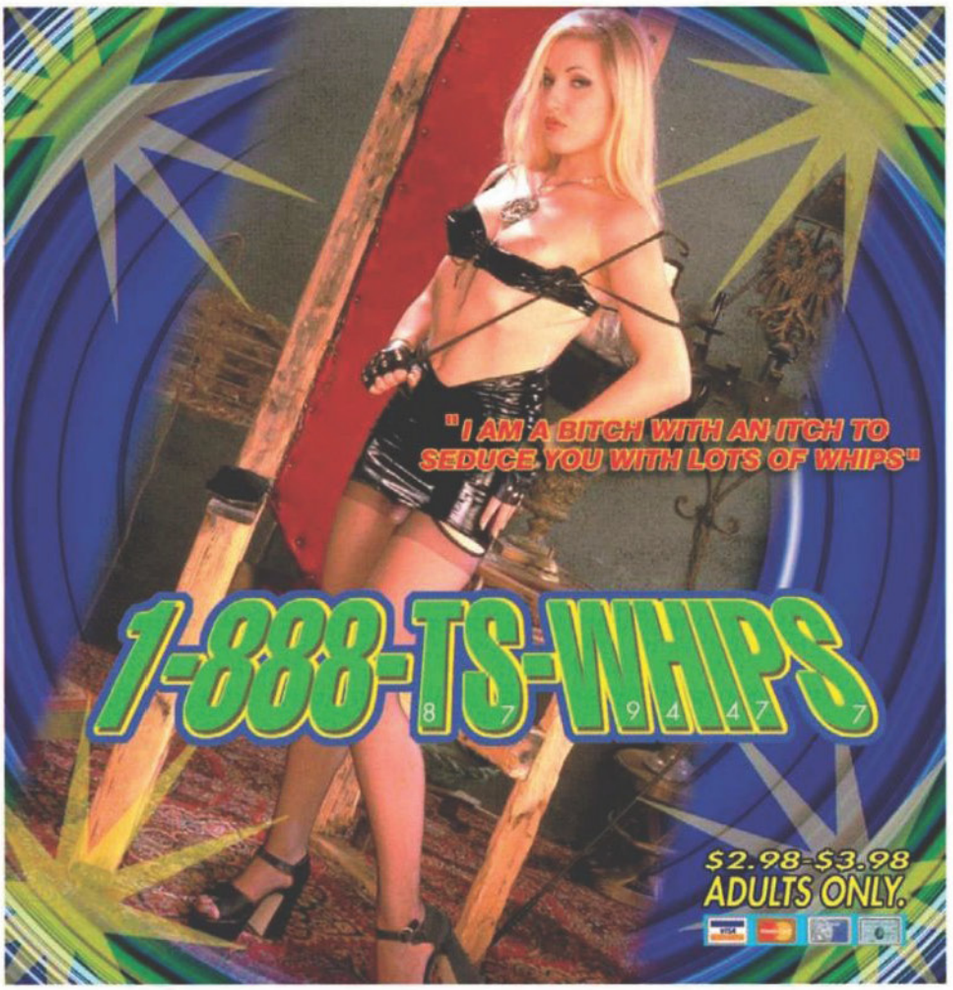

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THIS AIN'T HAPPY DAYS

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XXX #2: FONZIE LUVS PINKY

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We know you're going to enjoy these shots from the hard-core sequel to *This Ain't Happy Days XXX*. Besides bringing back **Tommy Gunn** as Fonzie, this no-holds-barred flick stars supersexy **Kiera King** as the red-hot redhead Pinky Tuscadero, who loves to "sit on it."

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The rest of your favorite characters from the iconic '50s sitcom get in on the action. Potsie (**Anthony Rosano**) borrows Fonzie's leather jacket and then pounds two smokin' blondes (**Jessica Lynn** and **Krissy Lynn**), while Richie (**Alan Stafford**) finally gets to bone his dreamgirl, Lori Beth (**Brooke Lee Adams**).

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Our favorite scene features Pinky's little sister Leather (**Nicole Ray**) getting really nasty as she double-teams the Fonz and his nephew Chachi (**Kris Slater**). Happy days, indeed.

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This Ain't' Happy Days XXX #2: Fonzie Luvs Pinky is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 142 to order by mail.

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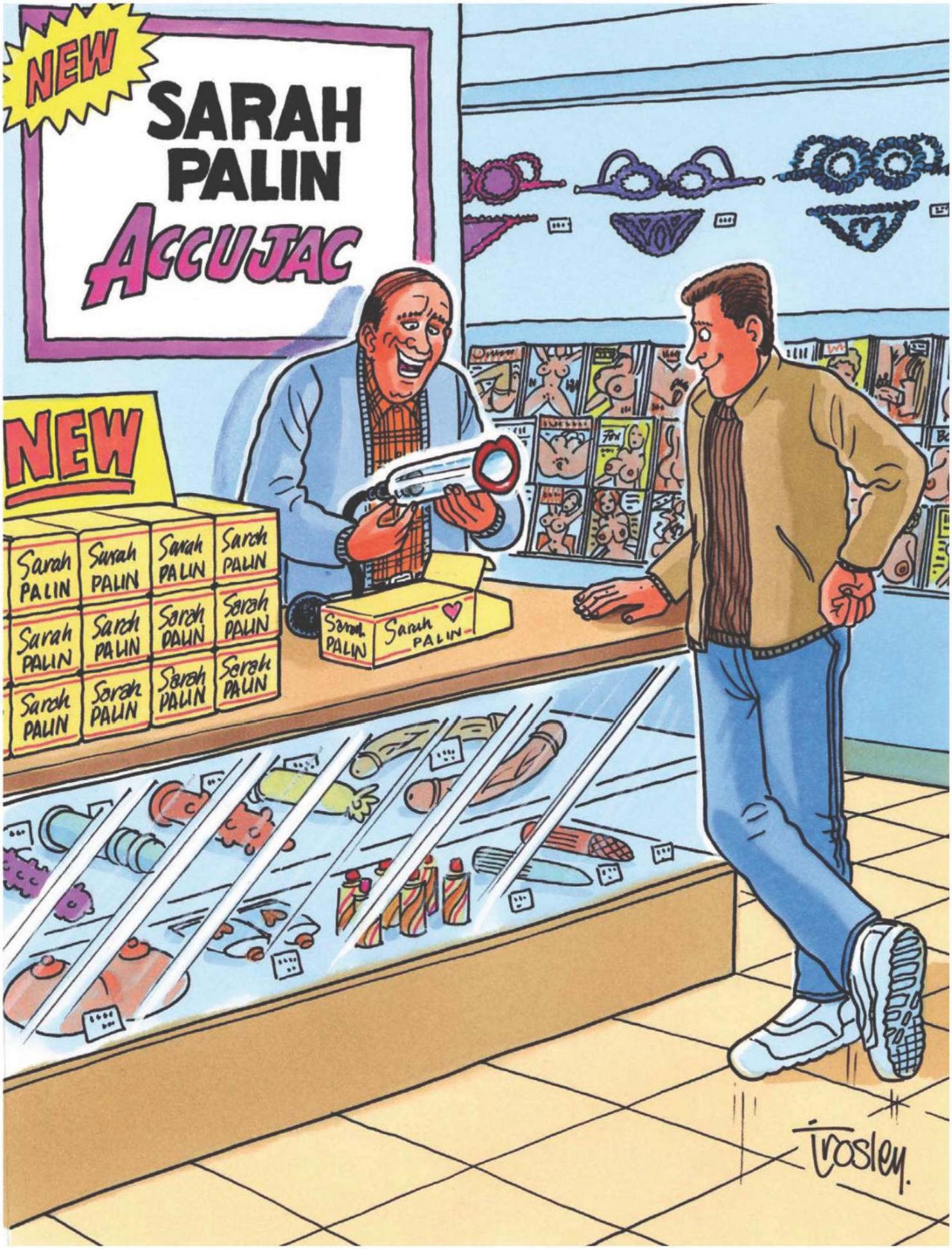

"It works for a little while...then quits!"

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LEAH

"I'm frisky, energetic, personable, spontaneous and a little daring all rolled up into one," loquacious Leah begins, shedding light on her livelihood (private exotic dancer) and amorous pursuits ("one-on-ones, couples and the right girl"). Being gorgeous, naked and on the verge of blowing out 26 birthday candles in August, the denizen of El Cajon, California, is the right girl to open this month's roundup. "I've been known to flash guys from a moving car or at a party," Leah lays on us. "The next time I visit New York City, I'd love to get naked in the middle of Grand Central Station." But modeling seems more appealing to the 5-foot-5 centerfold hopeful: "I have always really liked HUSTLER and thought it would be great to appear in it." Besides "going to the gym, running and riding my beach cruiser on the boardwalk" (at San Diego's Mission Beach), the anal-friendly hottie is always up for lascivious missions, especially those outside the bedroom. Leah shares her most unforgettable odyssey—at least for now: "Visiting Hawaii, me and my partner at the time had sex in a lava cave on Maui in the middle of a rainstorm." Drifting to the labial cave that *Beaver Hunt* idolizes, Leah divulges, "I shave my vagina to make it extra-smooth and soft. I prefer men to shave also. I wonder if any parents ever named their daughter Vagina. It's a really nice word." —Photos by Friend

"I like to move around a lot, so most all positions feel great. But cowgirl-style gets me off the quickest."

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

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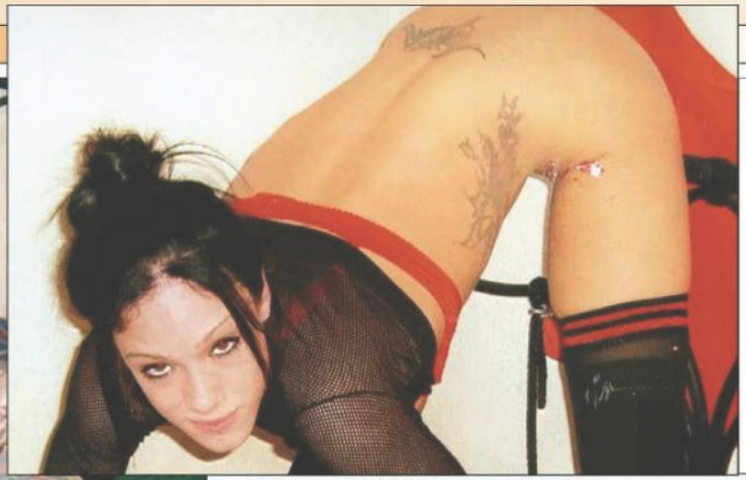

"I'll do some fucked-up shit when my inner slut comes out."

BREANNA

"Being naked in HUSTLER was on my list of things to do before I die," toots Breanna, 26, a "reckless and mischievous dancer/mother/slut" from South Bend, Indiana. Befitting an "ex-tomboy," the 5-foot-4 Hoosier lists her hobbies as "glassblowing, partying, fishing and, last but not least, getting greasy and dirty working on old Chevys." But getting down and dirty is bisexual Breanna's über-pastime: "I can't go a day without my man's cock fucking my face, pounding my ass or slamming my pussy. Like most women, I enjoy slow, passionate lovemaking, but my inner slut begs for rough, violent stuff. Being tied up, whipped or spanked is always nice. Trying to deep-throat my boyfriend's cock and getting gagged is a personal favorite, along with choking. Passing out isn't bad!" Breanna, whose musical tastes range from "Insane Clown Posse to mainstream," has the hots for songbird Gwen Stefani and actress Fairuza Balk. She also dreams of "working in a garage and getting fucked by a dude in a wife beater shirt and torn jeans, then adding a girl for a threeway." —Photos by Boyfriend

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ENVII & MICHELLE

"I will take off my clothes almost anywhere in a heartbeat," avows blue boogie boarder Envii, 20, a "passionate free spirit" hailing from Mobile, Alabama, and studying in Hawaii. "I kinda like the idea of people seeing me naked." But the 5-foot-7 motocross and skinny-dipping enthusiast transcends being phenomenal eye candy: "I've always been flirtatious, promiscuous and sexually active." Meanwhile, 25-year-old Michelle—a "proud new mom" and hiatus-taking collegian from Moscow, Idaho—professes, "I love hiking, camping and modeling nude." As you can see, Michelle also likes "hanging out with fun people." While vacationing in Maui, her "home away from home," the 5-foot-10 devotee of "doggy-style fucking, strap-ons and pussy-eating" crosses paths with hedonistic Envii, and the rest is history. —Photos by Friend

After joyously riding the waves, Envii and Michelle take turns pulverizing each other's little man in the boat. Orgasmic waves radiate splendiferously.

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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

NICKY

Tickled pink to be making a curtain call is this "very outgoing and adventurous" secretary, aspiring actress and "social butterfly" by way of Canton, Ohio. (Nicky, 26, debuted as a March '10 Beaver adorned with dollops of whipped cream.) "A lot of my friends told me I had a good look for modeling," the 5-foot-3 doll points out, "but I've surprised a few by doing it nude. Sure, I've worked hard to have a damn fine body—pushing myself to run another mile—but I think my best feature is my eyes; people tell me they are catlike." To say the least, Nicky is a well-rounded feline. The "ambitious" Buckeye Stater digs Johnny Depp, social networking, music (Avril Lavigne, Kate Voegele, Michael Bublé), choreographing songs, writing, the boob tube (*Gossip Girl*, *Weeds*, *Family Guy*, *The Vampire Diaries*), football, basketball and "good old blow-me-up action movies." Nicky, whose bi tendencies have been on hold of late, is also an erotic mind-blower. "I get off on the thrill of *almost* getting caught," she exults. "I've had sex in a park during the daytime, while my guy and I were driving, under a roller coaster and at a porn store. I may have to go back there when my HUSTLER comes out." There's bound to be a really long line. —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

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"My fantasy is to dress up like a '50s pinup and have sex on the kitchen counter."

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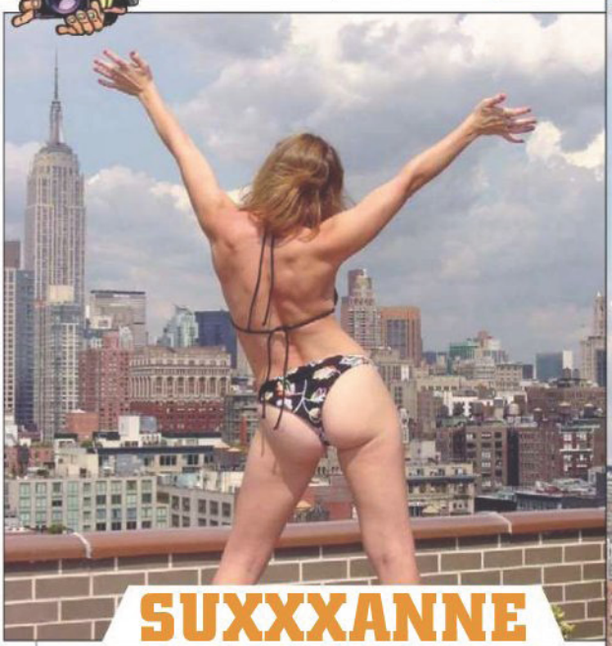
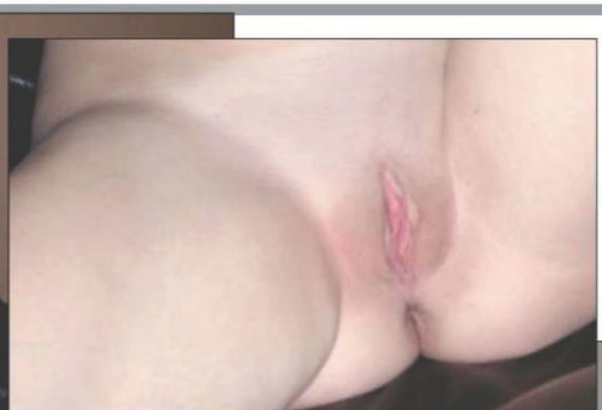


SUXXXANNE

"Thanks for welcoming me back," says this "constantly horny hausfrau," who was born in August '69 and is as mobile as she is unbashful. Once an Ohioan, Minnesotan and brief Floridian, Suxxxanne (pronounced *soo-zan*) now resides in Texas, where the 5-foot-1 *Beaver Hunt* legacy endures "the sticky, humid weather of Houston." But her marital mantra—"I love to give hubby blowjobs, sit on his face and be the perfect mate"—has been bolstered. "I'm really into rough domination," asserts zesty Suxxxanne, whose hobbies are sewing, swimming, social networking and playing piano. ("Nude!" the keyboard virtuoso bellows.) Always eager to expand her erotic portfolio—which now includes a Big Apple gallery—and push the envelope, Suxxxanne predicts, "Someday my husband and I are going to ride together naked on a carousel, having sex while the animals are moving up and down." —Photos by Suxxxanne



REVY

"I would describe myself as very outgoing, fun, down-to-earth and crazy at times but with good intentions," declares Revy, an "unattached" resident of Tucson, Arizona, with unbridled immodesty and a 22nd birthday coming in August. "I love flashing the bands every year at Rockfest," trumpets the Slipknot and Apocalyptica acolyte. "It's badass!" So's Revy, a onetime stripper whose pastimes include drawing ("I'm a huge artist," boasts the 5-foot-3 sprite), playing tennis, watching *Bones* ("I have a huge crush on Agent Booth"), social networking and "getting down for awesome sex." On that note, she marvels, "My fave position is definitely me on top." However, despite her covetous keister, the ardent craver of cheeseburgers and chocolate ice cream has no desire to be cornholed. "I see my ass as an exit, not an entrance," Revy emphasizes. "Sorry, guys." But that doesn't mean the "cooter only" chick, who hankers "to finally have sex at Rockfest," isn't kinky: "I love tattoos, and I can't wait to be covered in 'em like Kat Von D; she's still hot with all that ink. I'd sure love to meet her and take it from there." —Photos by Friend

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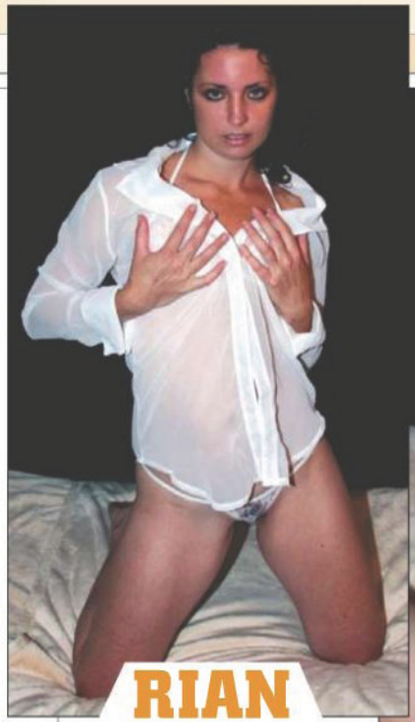
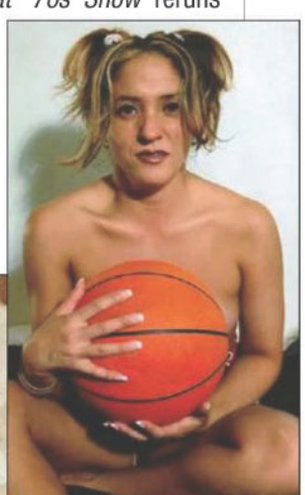


RIAN

"I'm daring, outgoing, sexy and unafraid!" raves Rian, 33, a cosmetologist out of Round Rock, Texas. Specializing in nails and hoping to have her own salon one day, the 5-foot-11 tyro has nailed down all the criteria for admittance to the Beaver colony. The softball, water sports and traveling aficionada also scores points for sporting a landing strip. "I think it's sexy to have just a little puff above my vag," explains Rian, who also relishes classic rock, blues and "great Italian food"—a perpetual reminder of her most memorable sexual adventure: "I had a fling with a hot Italian guy when I went to Europe. I canceled two other trips to stay more with him. We had sex everywhere we could!" Remarkably candid, Rian fesses up, "I'm very open, sensual and submissive. Throw me over the couch doggy-style, kiss my neck, spank my ass and rub my clit to get me hot before we fuck! I'm totally single and loving it!" Rounding out her résumé, Rian vows "to have more threesomes, more experiments with women and sex on an airplane." Bon voyage! —Photos by Friend

DE-PARIS

"I wanted to be in *Beaver Hunt* because I like attention," purrs De-Paris (pronounced *day-paree*), 42, a caregiver from Albuquerque, New Mexico. That craving also applies to her personal life. Admittedly "looking for a good man," the 5-foot-2 modeling ingenue acknowledges, "Sex is something to enjoy with the right person, but I like a guy to take care of me. Having him go down on me is really nice. I don't like boring, unimaginative sex, and I have absolutely no interest in women." But De-Paris, who'll host an "orgy party" on occasion, has a load of other spirited interests: "I like shooting baskets, tennis, swimming, running around naked at home, watching *That '70s Show* reruns before the soaps come on and taking bubble baths." Truly imaginative, De-Paris fantasizes about "lying nude on a tropical beach under the moonlight while I wait for the dark-and-shiny armor man to mate with me." —Photos by Friend



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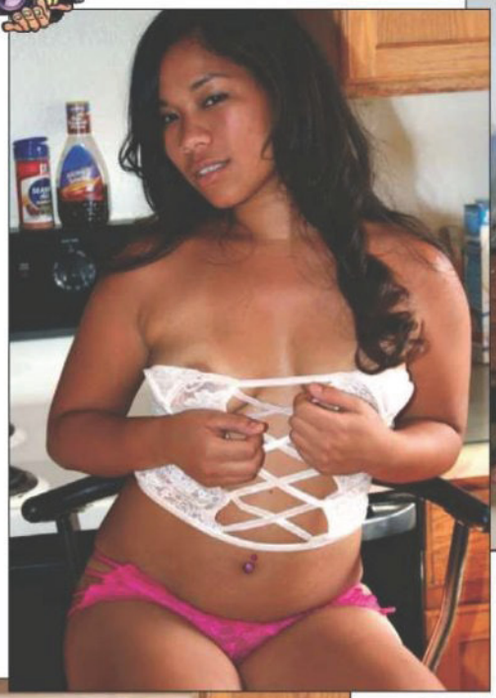
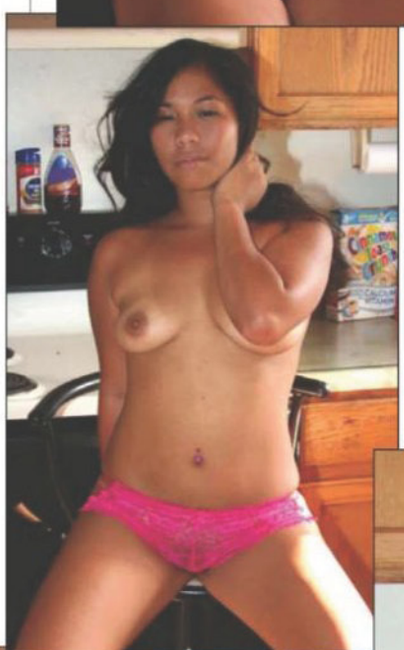


"I love doggy-style lays!"

CELEINE

"I like to feel sexy," coos Celeine, 20, a "faithful and trustworthy" skin-mag rookie by way of Wailuku, Hawaii. "It was really fun dressing up in sexy clothes and then taking them all off so I could be seen in HUSTLER Magazine. I guess I'm not as shy as I used to be, but I've always been very, very flirtatious. I'm a food server, and I love my job. I meet all kinds of people on Maui and eat for free!" Taking us from the kitchen to a comfy couch, the 5-foot-2 Tahitian and hula dancing buff adds, "I love to chill and watch TV after dinner. My fave shows are *House* and *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*. I also love listening to Jay-Z and 50 Cent at bedtime." Slowly getting bolder, mouthwatering Celeine discloses her boudoir tastes: "I like to be seduced. I'm pretty passive and romantic, but the first night I slept with my boyfriend, we tore each other apart." After dismissing any anal inklings with an adamant "Hell no!," the curvy doggy-style fancier fires back, "The best way to make me come is by rubbing my clit." Wrapping up, Celeine—whose top must-meet celeb is Oprah—muses, "My fantasy is to make love on a bed covered in rose petals. Maybe use chocolate syrup too. I have rice with almost every meal…but never during sex!" —Photos by Friend



"I think a shaved pussy looks better."

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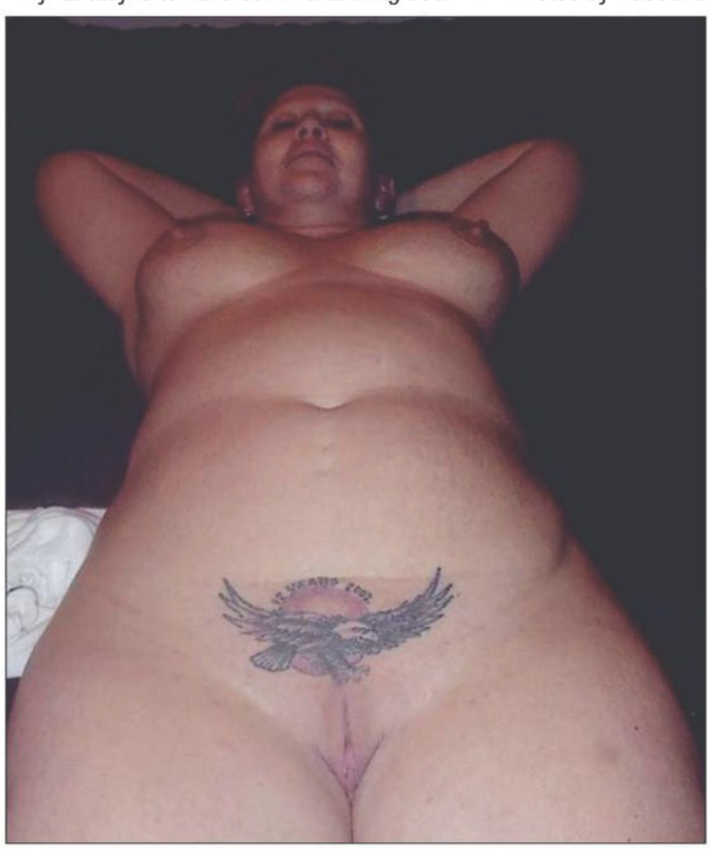
BARBARA

"My husband thought it would be neat to see his wife in *Beaver Hunt*," announces this diminutive receptionist and August candle-blower from Little Rock, Arkansas. "He has a huge collection of HUSTLERs." And a spunky mate with a "wild urge" to let it all hang out as her 54th birthday approaches. "No one in my family has any idea what I'm doing!" Barbara howls. "I wonder why I waited so long." Big on "Elvis, sunbathing nude while my husband goes fishing, *CSI*, cookouts and fucking," the 11-time granny relates, "Sex is better when you get older. With no kids living at home anymore, we can try new places, like on the kitchen table and in the computer room." Now bodacious Barbara wants to turn up the heat with a toasty desire: "My fantasy is to have sex in a tanning bed." —Photos by Husband



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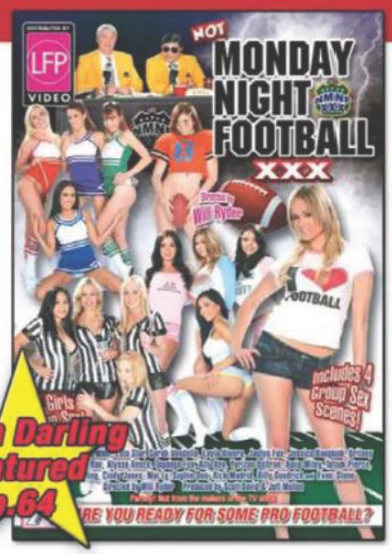

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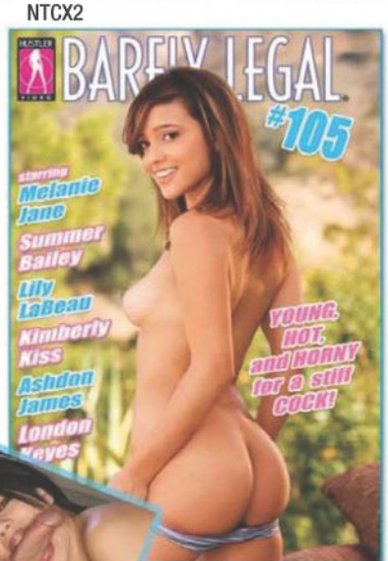

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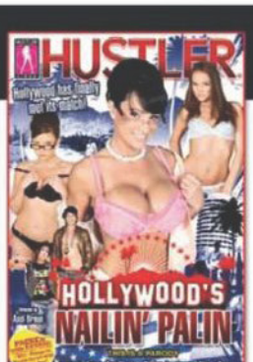

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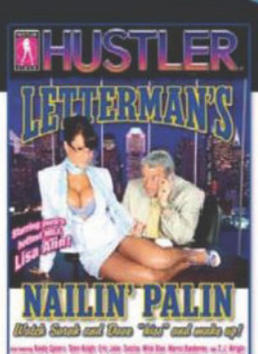

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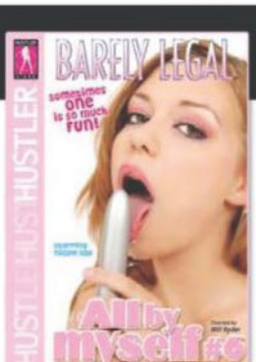

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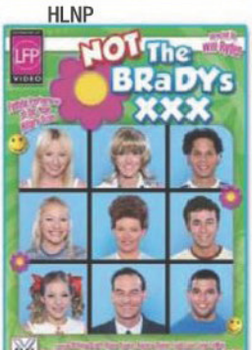

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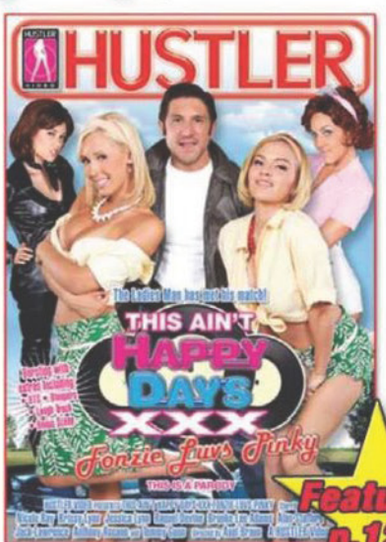

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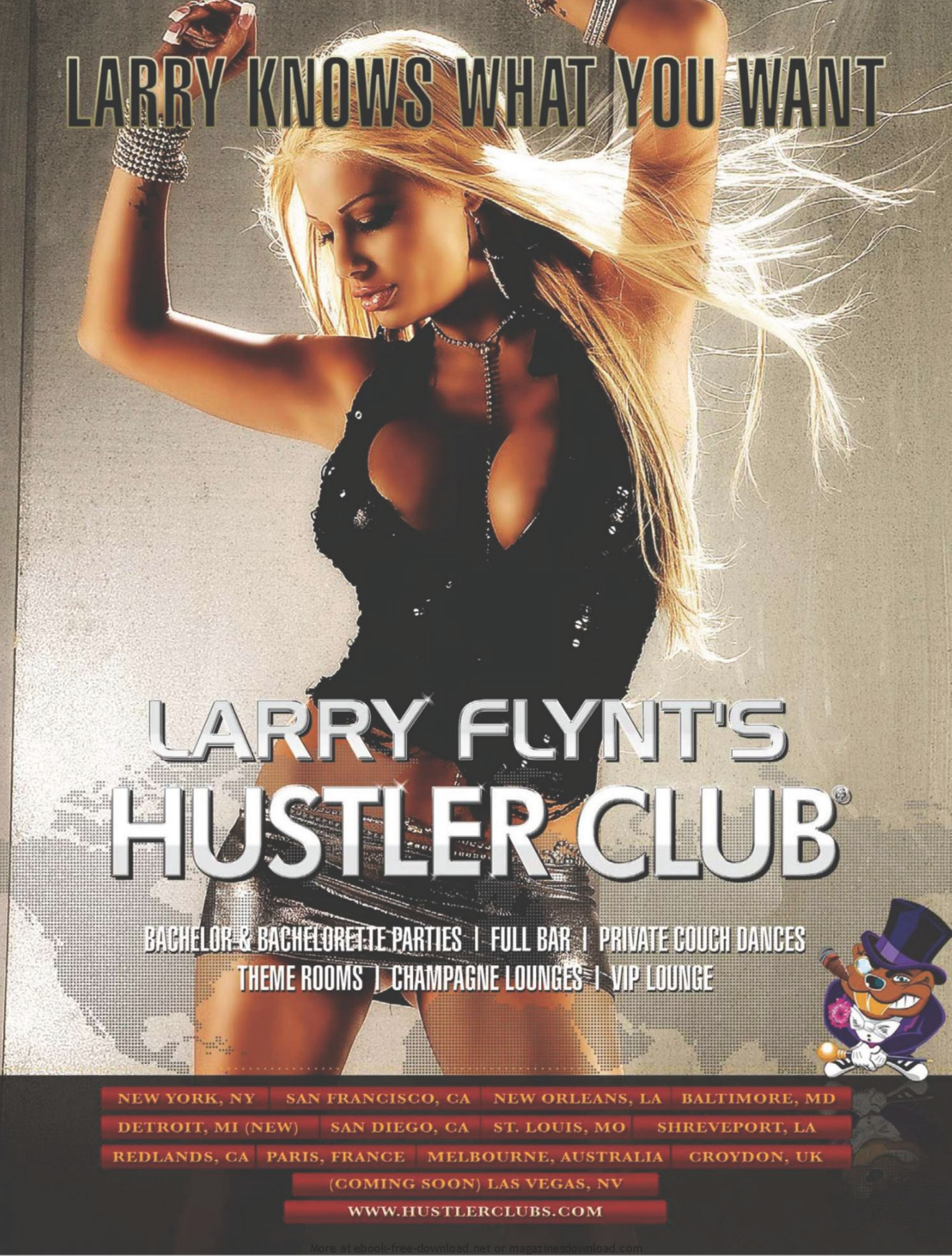

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Sabrina's desires are simple and straightforward: She likes to seduce men. That should be an easy task for this beautiful, 24-year-old advertising secretary, but surprisingly it's not always so.

"I like to make it tough on myself," she says. "I only go after guys who aren't coming on to me. It's the challenge that gets me off." Even in this liberated age some men are suspicious when a gorgeous woman pops up out of nowhere to make the first move. But when they discover what Sabrina has to offer, they're quick to realize that sex is a two-way street.

"I love to see one of my 'conquests' experience an aggressive woman for the first time," the lusty temptress says. "I please him with my body in ways he's never dreamed of. When I'm done, he knows what sex is really all about."

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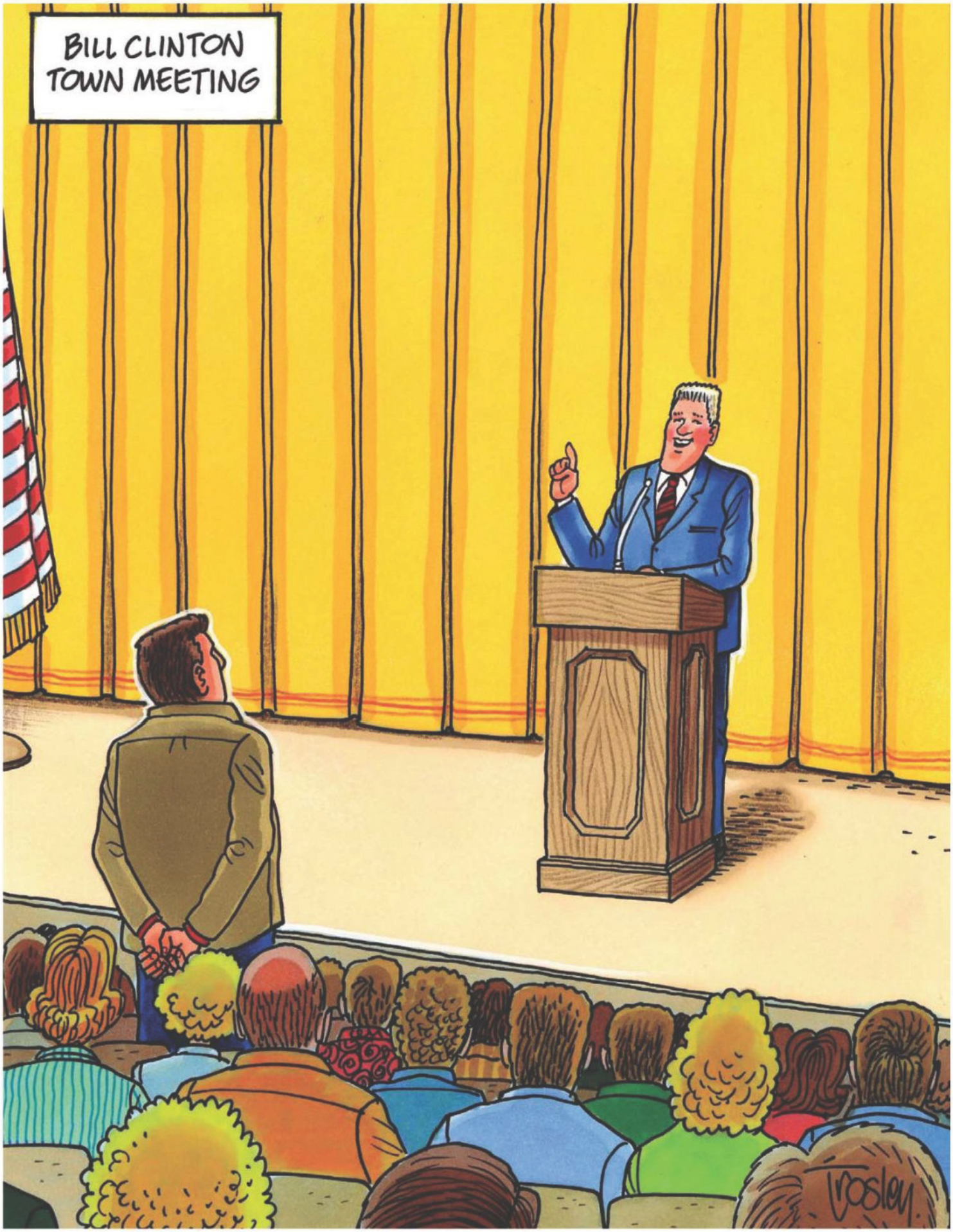

"My favorite sexual position? Me on the bottom, the woman on top and Hillary in the Middle East."

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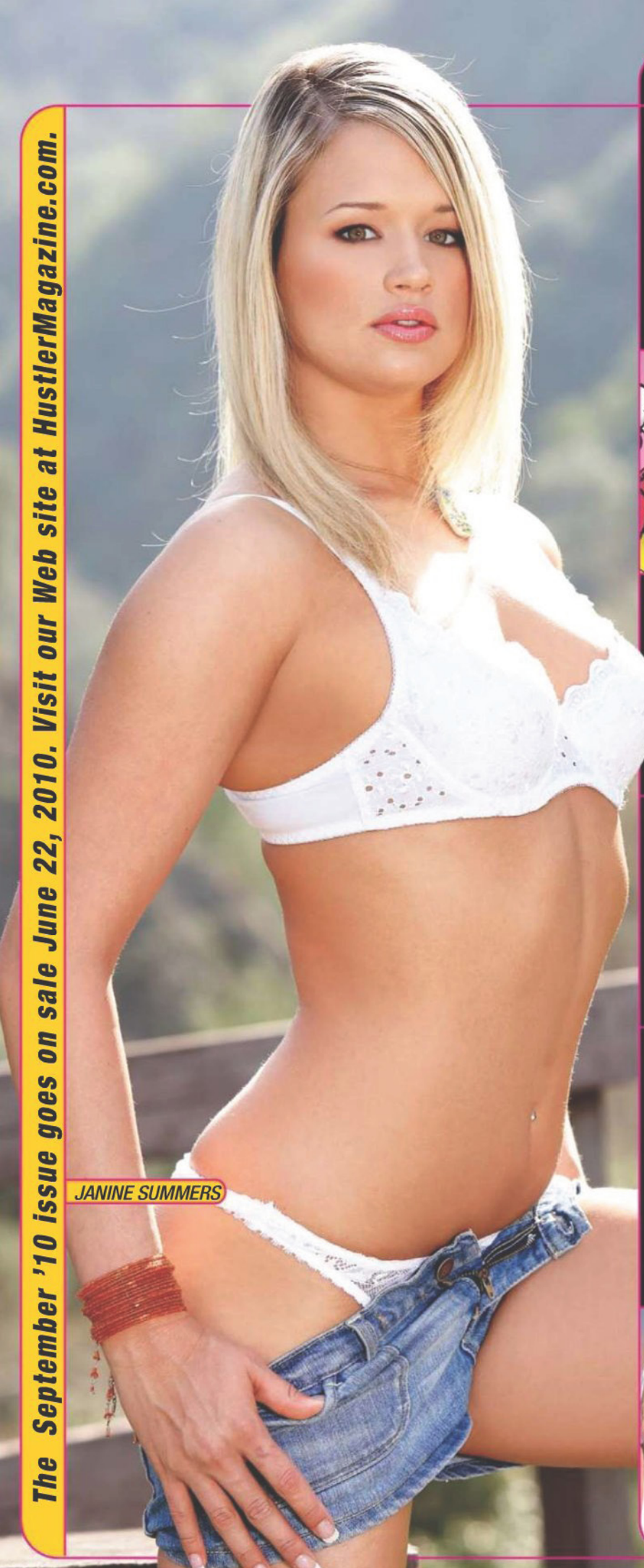


JANINE SUMMERS

The September '10 issue goes on sale June 22, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

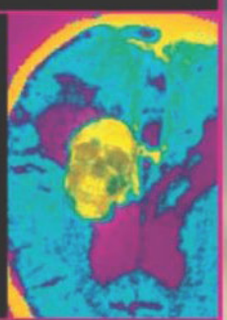
BELLADONNA: THE PORN STAR WITH NO TABOOS

Belladonna has raised many an eyebrow, not to mention many a vital organ, during her illustrious career. The tattooed tempest has done it all, from a breaking-into-the-biz gang-bang to extreme fetish flicks. But as writer Michael Kaplan discovers while gallivanting with Belladonna, she's also partial to saunas, massages and heartfelt hugs. Feel the heat as her inside story unfolds.

BLOCKBUSTER PARODY: *IRON BALLS TOO!*

It's time to marvel at the latest handiwork of cartoonist Noel Anderson, who takes aim at the sequel to *Iron Man.* You'll laugh your ass off as a ridiculously costumed superhero and Hollywood's crass commercialism get lambasted by our famed movie spoofster.

ARE CELL PHONES BAD NEWS?



You are being zapped by radiation, but don't blame plutonium or a distant hostile planet. The culprit, used by billions of people worldwide, is the cell phone. As investigative journalist Christopher Ketcham reports, the telecom industry and the military downplay research linking mobile devices to hyperactivity, dementia, birth defects, sterility and even brain tumors.

HEADLIGHTS & HEADLINERS HIGHTAIL IT TO SIN CITY

Where can you catch dozens of awesome bands, a spectacular burlesque show *and* 800 classic cars all under one umbrella? Viva Las Vegas Rockabilly Weekender, whose 13th installment boasted living legend Chuck Berry ("Maybelline," "Roll Over Beethoven") and G-string diva Dita Von Teese. Don't miss HUSTLER staffer Celeste Gonzalez's photo-laced coverage.

EVAN STONE: KEEPING UP THE GOOD WORK

Skin-biz veteran Evan Stone has a dream job: getting more pussy than probably any other guy on the planet. During a Q&A with Craig Modderno the dependable cocksman talks about portraying Captain Kirk in HUSTLER Video's *This Ain't Star Trek XXX* parodies, his secrets to success and sage advice for newbies.

MIKE CREED CLIFFHANGER: *BLOODBATH PART 2*

The body count rises as Mike Creed comes to the rescue of the wily babe who tried to fuck him over in this issue's action-packed adventure. Everyone wants to get their hands on a millionaire's secret files, but the savvy private eye knows how to handle thugs and temptresses. Fiction by Bruce David.

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