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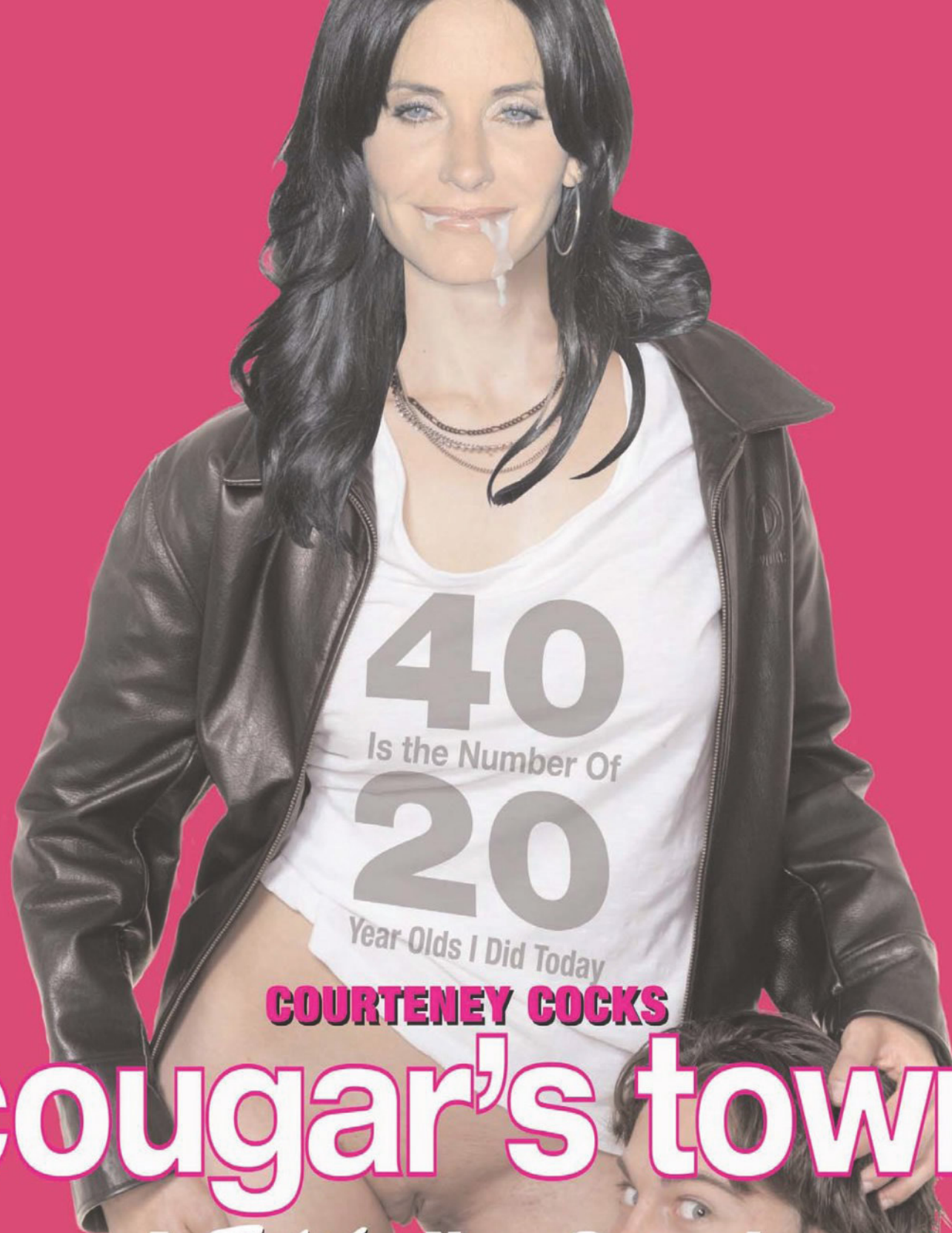
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"What do you mean what happened to all the moderate Republicans?
Those are moderate Republicans!"



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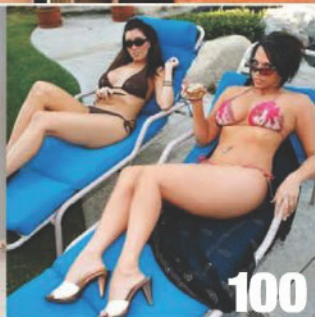
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BARACK OBAMA'S BIGGEST PROBLEM

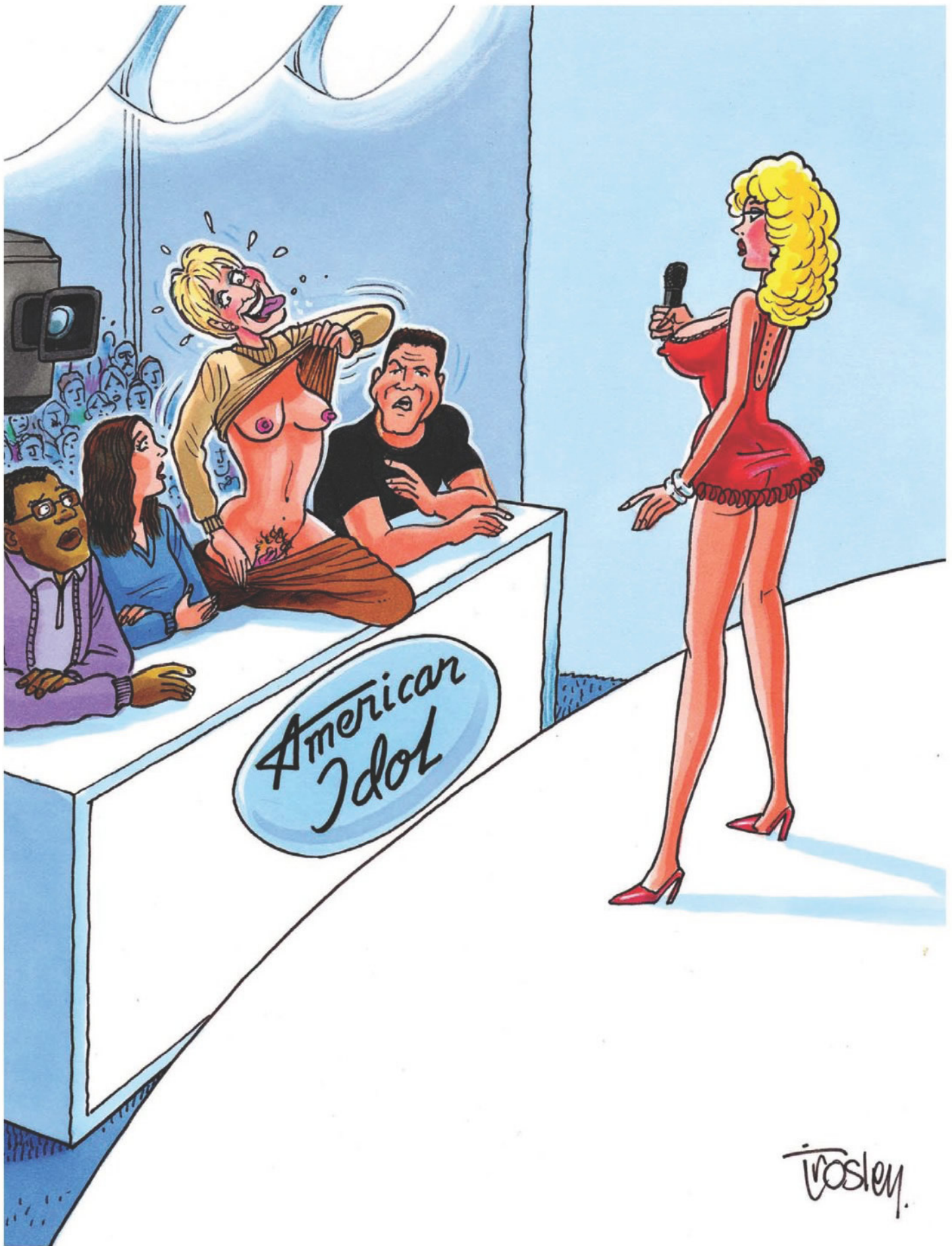
We all know President Obama is a great campaigner. His eloquent and inspirational speeches, along with his easy grace, are what propelled him into office. The speeches were, in fact, so well delivered, it was easy to overlook that they were of little substance.

Obama's biggest problem today is that he's still relying on the same campaign-style rhetoric. He's too vague and too laid back. If Obama wants to get his agenda through

Congress, he must come out swinging.

We need to see some well-focused anger and substance, not another warmed-over speech. It's time to fight back, Mr. President.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



Trosley.

"For Christ's sake, Ellen, she hasn't even sung yet!"

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FOR GAMERS ONLY

You call yourself a serious gamer? Sure, you have the best PC around, a sleek wireless keyboard and mouse, but you're still using that cheap-ass headset you got at Radio Shack. You need to step up and get the new **Razer Megalodon 7.1** gaming headset. These high-end precision phones provide complete immersion with 7.1 surround sound and the tactical advantage of 360-degree positional audio. They are the first to utilize a dedicated onboard audio processor, delivering true-to-life surround. These things make everything sound awesome! Get in the game. Get Razer's **Megalodon 7.1**.

Available at **RazerZone.com**. Suggested retail price: \$149.99.

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The new **Samson Go Mic Portable USB Condenser Microphone** goes wherever you go. It clips right onto a laptop, making it the ideal portable recording mic, or can be placed on a desk. You can capture everything from meetings and conferences to podcasts, music and online chats with amazing clarity and studio quality. The **Go Mic**—which features a built-in headphone output, mini-USB connector and Cakewalk Recording Software—can be used with Mac OS or Windows for the PC without having to download any special drivers. It also includes USB cable, cable clip, mic stand adapter and zippered carrying pouch. What you record is up to you.

Available at **SamsonTech.com**. Suggested retail price: \$49.



PHOTO FINISH

You take a lot of digital pictures (mostly of your girlfriend naked), but they never seem to leave your camera or computer. The new **Viewsonic VFD 720-12** allows you to display them for everyone to see on a 7-inch frame. With 2GBs of memory, it can store up to 200 photos, which can be easily updated via a built-in 2.0 port. Plus an SD card slot lets you display additional images. Thanks to its unheard-of, ultra-high 800x600 resolution, the **VFD 720-12** showcases your photos in sharp and crisp detail. That may be a bad idea when it

comes to those shots of your girl. Seriously, man, she's kind of a pig. Available at **Viewsonic.com**. Suggested retail price: \$69.99.

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

For over 60 years the folks at Klipsch have been manufacturing high-quality audio accessories at reasonable prices. Their latest headphones, the **Image S2m**, continue that tradition while solving a dilemma. We all like to listen to music on high-tech headphones but end up fumbling with a button when a telephone call comes in. This top-of-the-line, in-ear headset not only delivers superior sound, but also boasts a single-button mic that puts phone calls right at your fingertips. And the **Image S2m** is one of the most comfortable sets on the market. Flexible oval tips naturally fit the contours of your ear canals, providing comfort for long-term wear. You can use them with any phone/iPod with a 3.5mm headphone jack. Convenient, cool-looking and affordable. You need these headphones. The best part is you have a chance to get an **Image S2m** set for free! See details below.

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KICKASS CHICKS

Tekken 6

Namco Bandai
PS3, Xbox 360

The latest installment in the ultrapopular fighting series really takes it up a notch. The action in the cult classic update is fiercer, the moves are slicker, and the female fighters are hotter. So much hotter! Playing **Tekken 6**, you can choose from up to 40 different fighters, including many old favorites and some new surprise warriors. We suggest you stick to the ladies.

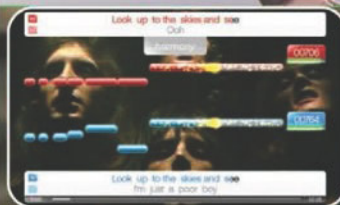


GO JOE!

G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra
EA

Format: Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, DS, PSP

The action-packed game is based on the movie based on the animated series based on the doll based on a U.S. Army soldier. This review is based on the fact that the new **G.I. Joe** third-person arcade shooter rules. It features an all-new storyline that draws from the over-45-year history of the action figure. Choose from 16 characters, then battle over 20 levels to stop the evil Cobra. Yo, Joe!



RADIO GA GA

SingStar Queen

Sony
PS3, PS2

Ever wished you could sing "Bohemian Rhapsody" like Freddie Mercury? You know you have. Now with the latest **SingStar** game you can! That's just one of the classic Queen tracks here. There are 20 in all, including the unforgettable "Another One Bites the Dust," "We Will Rock You," "Under Pressure" and "We Are the Champions." Microphones from previous **SingStar** games are all you need to rock out. Freddie's freaky mustache not included.



CARTOON VIOLENCE

Fairytale Fights

Playlogic
PS3, Xbox 360, PC

On the surface this looks like a typical family-friendly kids game. Then the blood starts to spill. **Fairytale Fights** is anything but family fun. It's an all-out hack-and-slash adventure with a horde of familiar characters—including a twisted Little Red Riding Hood, a mentally ill Snow White and a naked emperor who bears a disturbing resemblance to porn star Ron Jeremy. Decapitate, debone and destroy everything and everyone in your path. **Fairytale Fights** is a bloody good time! 🩸

Geithner's Real Bosses Keep Calling

WALL STREET'S MOST INFLUENTIAL CEOs HAVE OBAMA'S TREASURY SECRETARY ON SPEED DIAL, AND IT PAYS.

When Timothy Geithner headed the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, he was very good at mealtime, particularly with the Wall Street fat cats he was supposed to be governing. The details of his endless private dining with the likes of Sanford Weill, Robert Rubin and other big bankers responsible for the economic meltdown only came out after President Obama named him Treasury Secretary—and in

exclusive group of Wall Street executives since taking the helm at Treasury, speaking most often with top officials from Goldman Sachs Group Inc., J.P. Morgan Chase Co., Citigroup Inc. and BlackRock Inc.” And, in fact, he logged far more time talking with Lloyd Blankfein, the CEO of Sachs, than he did with Barney Frank and Chris Dodd, the two leaders of Congress to whom he was supposed to be reporting.

You would have thought that the embarrassing disclosures of how tight this guy was with the banking bandits would have led him to change his social habits—and it has.

response to a Freedom of Information lawsuit.

“An examination of Mr. Geithner's five years as president of the New York Fed, an era of unbridled and ultimately disastrous risk-taking by the financial industry, shows that he forged unusually close relationships with executives of Wall Street's giant financial institutions,” the *New York Times* reported. “His actions, as a regulator and later a bailout king, often aligned with the industry's interests and desires, according to interviews with financiers, regulators and analysts and a review of Federal Reserve records.”

You would have thought that the embarrassing disclosures of how tight this guy was with the banking bandits would have led him to change his social habits—and it has: Instead of private dining encounters, he now schmoozes the bankers during incessant phone calls. Of course, we only learned this when the *Wall Street Journal* and other news organizations forced the information public through another FOIA lawsuit.

Under the headline “Wall Street on Geithner's Speed Dial,” the *WSJ* reported that “Geithner has kept frequent contact with an

The bigger concern is not the frequency of Geithner's calls, however, but which end of the call is setting the tone. Representative Brad Sherman (D-California), who has been pushing for tougher regulation of financial institutions, complained: “I don't mind that he's talking to Wall Street. The problem is that he appears to be listening.”

Blankfein's Goldman Sachs bears as much responsibility for the banking meltdown as any other firm and was one of the main beneficiaries of the government's subsequent heaving of trillions into the gullets of culpable financial institutions that had gambled themselves to the brink of bankruptcy.

Remember, it was former Goldman head Robert Rubin who, as treasury secretary in the Clinton Administration, had pushed through the radical deregulation that allowed Wall Street to spin out of control. And it was another Goldman honcho, Henry Paulson, who served as treasury secretary to George W. Bush and ignored the ballooning problem, then led the government bailout that saved the very companies, like Goldman, that deserved to fail.

Thanks to Paulson, Goldman was allowed to reconstitute itself as a commercial bank and therefore became eligible for \$10 billion in TARP bailout funds, as well as massive additional support from the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve. But the daisy chain doesn't end there.

After leaving the government, Rubin became a top leader of Citigroup, a company allowed to grow too big to fail by the deregulation he had pushed through. He made over \$100 million looking the other way while Citigroup sank close to the point of oblivion. It was prevented from total collapse when Geithner, a Rubin protégé in the Treasury Department who had become New York Fed chairman thanks to Rubin's influence—joined Paulson in bailing out Citigroup. The bank was given \$45 billion outright and a federal guarantee for \$300 billion of its toxic assets.

Treasury Secretary Geithner, who took office in January 2009, had frequent phone conversations with the leaders of Citigroup, which might be acceptable if he had gained some concessions on its part. Instead, Citigroup was actively lobbying against any serious efforts to rein in this and other high-flying banks. Even though we taxpayers are supposed to own 34% of Citigroup, there is no evidence that this has translated into making the bank's policies more transparent or accountable.

In contrast, Geithner did not care to hear from the executives of the auto companies that were being saved, at far lower cost, from disaster. As the *Wall Street Journal* reported, “Mr. Geithner appears to have had no contact with officials at General Motors Co. and just one call with a Chrysler Group LLC official.”

Apparently the grittier types in Detroit don't rate solicitous calls from Wall Street CEOs' obedient lackey, Obama appointee Timothy Geithner.



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*. 



"That's the money I could have saved had I not fucked you 25 years ago."

Are We Still Exporting Torture?

OBAMA PLEDGES THAT SUSPECTED TERRORISTS WILL BE TREATED IN ACCORDANCE WITH AMERICAN VALUES, BUT WE'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE.

One of President Obama's first executive orders closed the CIA's secret prisons ("black sites"). But we still have no confirmed reports of deaths that took place there during interrogations—and where "missing" prisoners are. Their families would like to know.

Another move by Obama to show his desire to "reform" past Bush-Cheney violations of the U.S. Torture Law, the Geneva Conventions and the International Covenant Against Torture was his appointment of a multi-agency High Value Interrogation Unit within the FBI (marginalizing CIA interrogators). This team must adhere to the Army Field Manual's interrogation stan-

2007 issue of *Foreign Affairs*: "To build a better free world, we must first behave in ways that reflect the decency and aspirations of the American people. This means ending the practices of shipping away prisoners in the dead of night to be tortured in far-off countries [and] of detaining thousands without charge or trial." Whatever happened to that Obama?

But to be skeptically fair, Obama claims that his renditions of kidnapped suspects will only be to nations that pledge these suspects will not be tortured. In August 2009, State Department spokesman Ian Kelly announced that the Obama Administration would "estab-

Aziz Huq, a lawyer who has represented terrorist detainees and currently is an assistant professor at the University of Chicago, told the naked truth to the *Washington Times* (August 26, 2009): "These assurances, as a matter of law and fact, are worth slightly less than the paper they are written on."


In this country the first news break of the actual treatment inflicted on rendered terrorism suspects was a front-page exposé by Dana Priest and Barton Gellman in the December 26, 2002, *Washington Post*. As I quoted from their report in my 2004 book, *The War on the Bill of Rights and the Gathering Resistance* (Seven Stories Press): "The alleged terrorists [at the U.S. detention facility in Bagram, Afghanistan] are commonly blindfolded and thrown into walls, bound in painful positions...after they have often been softened up by MPs and U.S. Army Special Forces troops who beat them up and confine them in the tiny rooms.... Medication to alleviate pain is withheld."

And dig this! In 2002, just as will happen during the Obama renditions, Priest and Gellman quoted an American official with knowledge of these exported CIA-style "enhanced interrogations": "If we're not there in the room," said the informed official, "who is to say [what happened there]?"

But what if an Obama monitor actually got into a prison we rented overseas and asked a suspect if he had been tortured? One of Bush's rendered prisoners, Maher Arar—whose case became known around the world—said that when he was finally released, he was too scared to tell the monitor, who would soon be gone.

And, in view of his far-from-transparent Presidency so far, do you believe that Barack Obama will even once seriously check to find out if a suspect he has rendered was tortured? And think about this: Why does the President continue to send suspects to be interrogated in other countries? For what other purpose than to have alleged information extracted by any means necessary. The Dick Cheney legacy continues.



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?* 

"These assurances, as a matter of law and fact, are worth slightly less than the paper they are written on."

dards, which purportedly outlaw physical force.

What about Low Value suspects? What standards for them?

However, as George Hunsinger of Princeton Theological Seminary and founder of the National Religious Campaign Against Torture reminded the President, even the Army Field Manual "allows for certain abusive techniques that are tantamount to torture—sleep deprivation, partial sensory deprivations, stress positions" that sometimes can be used in combination to ensure the cruel, inhuman, degrading treatment that can qualify as war crimes.

What most startled me in this humane President's new directions is the continuation of "renditions," the abduction of terrorism suspects anywhere who are then sent to other countries to be interrogated. In the Bush Administration, to be thus rendered outside our laws was to be tortured, as hundreds most cruelly were.

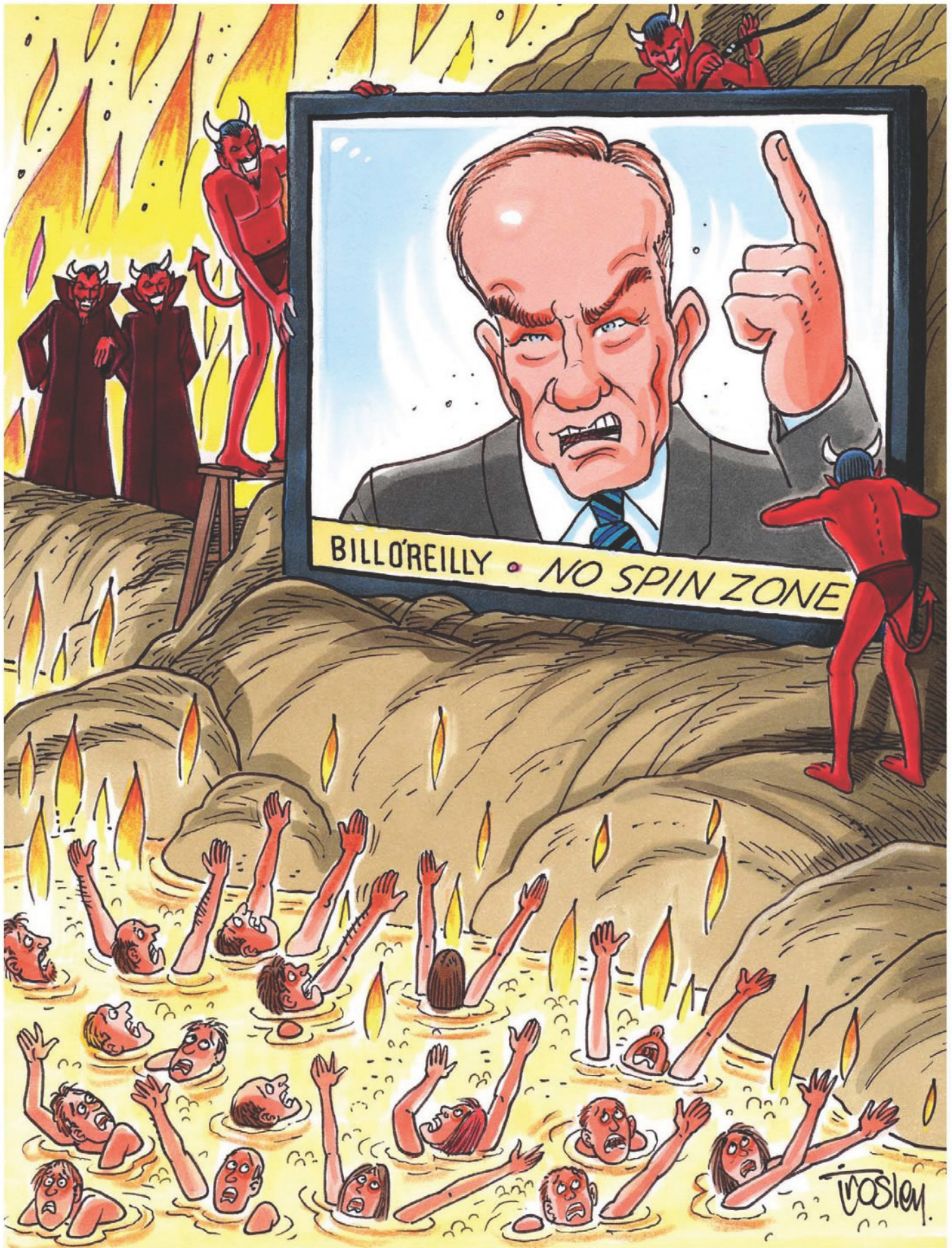
While planning his candidacy for the Presidency to bring us "Change We Can Believe In!" then-Senator Obama wrote in the Summer

lish a kind of monitoring mechanism that allows us to make sure...the prisoners...are not being abused. The details of this will have to be worked out."

Maybe, the State Department flack added, officials from the American consulate or a private contractor will do the monitoring. (Some of the private contractors on assignment in Iraq and Afghanistan have become notorious for their own skills at cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment of suspects.)

However, this pledge of "assurances" that our shackled, rendered prisoners will be treated in accordance with American values was intoned, ritualistically, for years by President George W. Bush, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice and other caring officials of the Defense and Justice departments.

These raw official lies have been vividly skewered in the 2004 report by the CIA's former Inspector General, John Helgeson; Dana Priest of the *Washington Post* and scores more U.S. and foreign reporters; Jane Mayer of *The New Yorker*; and starkly documented books.



"We're always looking for new ways to increase the suffering..."

America Lost

ONCE WE WERE THE GOOD GUYS. WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO CHANGE THAT?

A few months back I was watching one of those contentious town hall meetings. I can't remember the congressman who was holding it, but I can remember the endless parade of mindless assholes reciting what they had heard on right-wing radio and TV talk shows. All I could think was, *Where is the exit to this country?*

I grew up in the '40s and '50s. My life was that of a suburban kid with a mom and pop, a cat, a dog and a bike that wheeled me around my naive and cloistered world. America had just come out of the Great Depression, and that made the nation more conscious of another person's plight. Americans had witnessed suffering every time they passed a bread line or saw a homeless person on the street. Most Americans of that era knew they were just a paycheck away from being in the same boat.

Then came the Second World War. I remember seeing those Gold Stars in windows, signaling that the family had lost a son or daughter. People in the neighborhood would do what they could to honor and comfort them. We understood the need for individual sacrifice to protect the nation as a whole.

Even so, segregation prevailed beyond the walls of my pretty and neat world, and the House Un-American Activities Committee was taking aim at imaginary Communists.

I was luckier than most. My parents were very hip. Dad was a musician, and both he and Mom were bohemians. Some of the people who came into our home were the very people Congress wanted put away. My parents weren't Communists, just real lefties. Yet the conservatives of that time would probably have called me a "Red Diaper Baby."

I remember my father taking me down to City Hall when the House Un-American Activities Committee held hearings in San Francisco. We were standing out front with other good Americans to protest the idea of our country being overrun by jackbooted witch-hunters. One time I snuck into the hearing and watched as one of my favorite radio personalities, a guy who told charming stories about San Francisco, had his life ruined with one simple question: "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" The next morning I turned on the radio, but he wasn't

there. I was 15, and it was indelibly etched in my brain forever: They took him off the air!

I think this is when we started to lose our cherry. We were becoming paranoid, looking for evildoers in every shadow.

The Korean War wasn't exactly the most ignoble of conflicts, but by the time we got to Vietnam, our imperialist impulses were in full flower. The only saving grace: Some Americans were vehemently opposing the war. There was still hope that good would triumph as people used their voices and bodies to protest the conflict in Southeast Asia. Eventually they chased a President from office. Once again we could look at the world with a sense of pride.

But even as we were patting ourselves on the back, a former die-hard leftist—who was mobbed up, had cheated on his first wife, ratted on his friends and, worst of all, was an actor—became President of the United States. Ronald Reagan created a supreme culture of selfishness and nationalism masquerading as conservatism. Since then, it's been all downhill. Even the Clinton years didn't stop the greed and dirty tricks that gained even more momentum under the Bushies.

All of a sudden, America was believing the poison spewed by right-wing radio talk show hosts. The Big Lie became the Big Truth. America had dumbed down. Oh, I know what you're saying: "We elected Obama, didn't we?" Sure, we did, because we succumbed to another Big Lie. He was going to change things, right? So what, exactly, has changed? Each passing day he stabs us in the back.

Look at us. We have become a country of selfish people. People who couldn't care less about their neighbors. People who have long forgotten what right and wrong are. We have become a nation hypnotized by the media to believe whatever they tell us.

Worst of all, we live under the mistaken impression that America is the greatest country in the world when in fact that ended years ago. Today we are falling apart at the seams. Capitalism is devouring itself and our humanity. Morality has vanished.

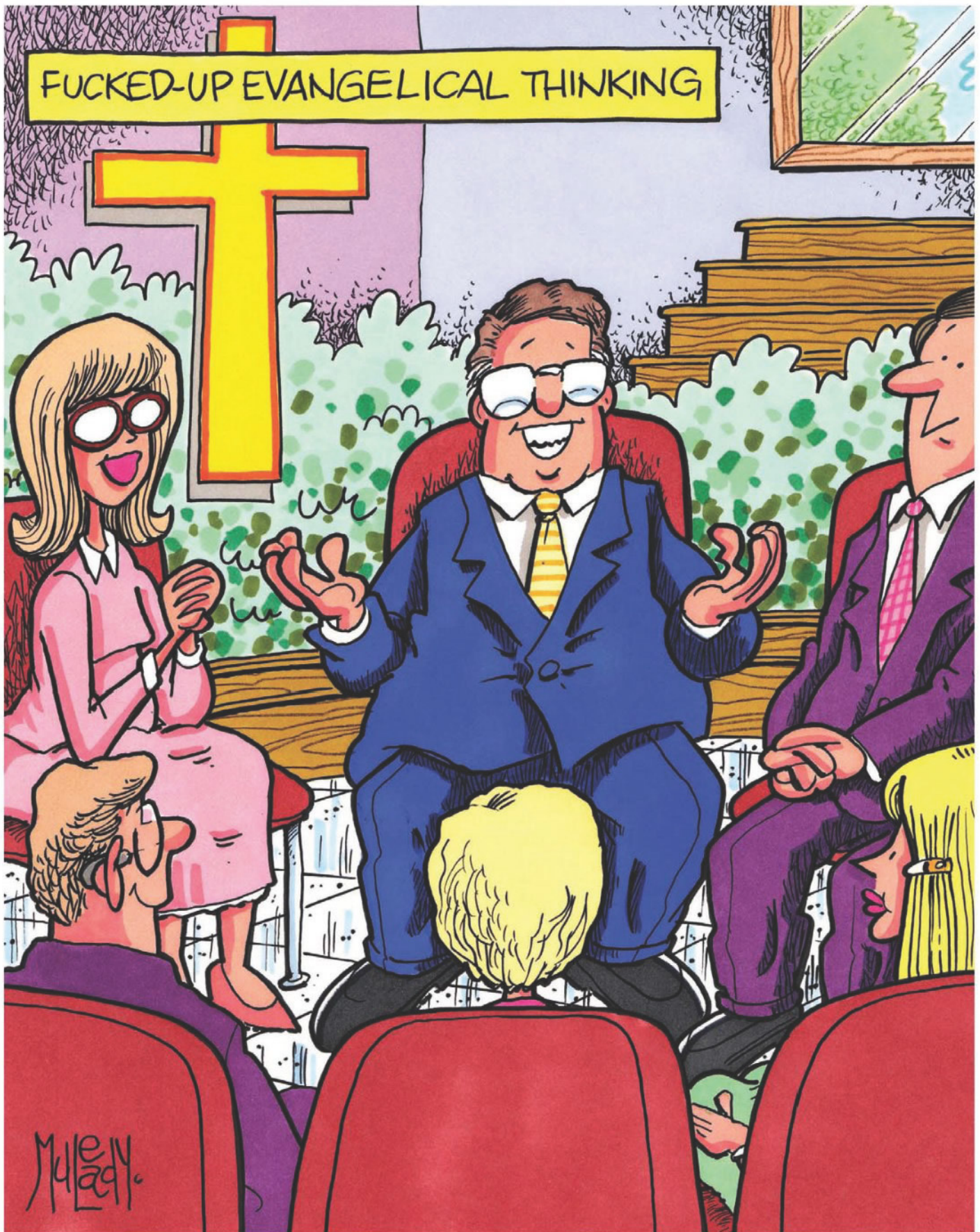
How can we put the brakes on this downward slide to oblivion? I don't know. Back in the days of my youth we were the good guys. Am I being too old-fashioned to want that back?



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. 📻



"This is a picture of my son, the banker.
The prick foreclosed on our house last week!"



"So this staunch, God-fearing Christian kidnapped an 11-year-old girl, imprisoned her for 18 years, fucked her and produced two more God-fearing Christian daughters. Praise the Lord!"

Americans: Serfs Ruled by Oligarchs

THE GAPING DIVIDE BETWEEN THE RICH AND POOR CAN NO LONGER BE IGNORED; IT'S TIME TO IDENTIFY THE REAL ENEMY.

Americans think that they have "freedom and democracy" and that politicians are held accountable by elections. The fact of the matter is that the U.S. is ruled by powerful interest groups that control politicians with campaign contributions. Our real rulers are an oligarchy of financial and military/security interests and the lobbying group AIPAC, which influences U.S. foreign policy for the benefit of Israel.

Have a look at economic policy. It is being run for the benefit of large financial concerns such as Goldman Sachs.

It was the banks—not the millions of Americans who have lost homes, jobs, health insurance and pensions—that received \$700 billion in TARP funds. The banks used this gift of capital to make more profits. In the middle of the worst economic downturn since the Great Depression, Goldman Sachs announced record second-quarter profits and large six-figure bonuses for its upper-echelon executives.

The Federal Reserve's low-interest-rate policy is another gift to the banks. It lowers their cost of borrowing funds and thereby increases profits. With the repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act in 1999, banks became high-risk investment houses that trade financial instruments such as interest rate derivatives and mortgage-backed securities. With abundant funds supplied virtually free by the Federal Reserve [in the form of low-interest loans], banks are paying depositors virtually nothing on their savings.

Despite the Federal Reserve's low-interest-rate policy, banks are raising the annual percentage rate (APR) on credit card purchases and cash advances and on balances that have a penalty rate because of late payment. Banks are also raising late fees. In the midst of the worst economy since the 1930s, heavily indebted Americans—who are losing their jobs and their homes—are to be bled into bankruptcy by the very banks that are

being subsidized with TARP funds—our bailout tax dollars—and low interest rates.

What we are experiencing is a massive redistribution of income from the American public to the financial sector. And this is occurring during a Democratic administration headed by America's first black President, with a Democratic majority in the House and Senate. Is there a government anywhere that less represents its citizens than the U.S. government?

Consider America's wars. As of this writing, the out-of-pocket cost of America's wars in Iraq and Afghanistan is \$900 billion. Then add in the already-incurred future costs of veterans benefits, interest on the debt, the failure to use resources for productive purposes and such other costs as computed by Nobel economist Joseph Stiglitz and Harvard University budget expert Linda Bilmes. In all, "our" government has wasted \$3 trillion on two wars that have no benefit whatsoever for any American whose income does not derive from the military/industrial complex—about which five-star general President Eisenhower warned us.

No one else benefited. Iraq was a threat to no one, and finding Saddam Hussein and executing him after a kangaroo trial had no effect whatsoever on ending the war or preventing the start of others.

The cost of America's wars is a huge burden on a bankrupt country, but the cost incurred by veterans might be even higher. Homelessness is a prevalent condition of veterans, as is post-traumatic stress disorder. American soldiers—who naively fought for the munitions industry's wars, for high CEO compensation and for dividends and capital gains for shareholders—paid not only with lives and lost limbs, but also with broken marriages, ruined careers, psychiatric disorders and prison sentences for failing to make child support payments.

What did Americans gain from an unaffordable war in Iraq that lasted far longer

than World War II and that put into power Shiites allied with Iran? The answer is obvious: nothing whatsoever.

What did the armaments industry gain? Billions of dollars in profits.

What about President Obama? "A corporate marketing creation," sums up the distinguished British journalist John Pilger.

Obama is the Presidential candidate who promised to end the war in Iraq. He hasn't. But he has escalated the war in Afghanistan, started a new war in Pakistan and appears determined to start a war in South America. Why does any American care who rules Afghanistan? The country has nothing to do with us.


Did the armed services committees of the House and Senate calculate the risk of destabilizing nuclear-armed Pakistan when they acquiesced to Obama's new war there, a war that has already displaced two million Pakistanis? No, of course not. The whores took their orders from the same military/security oligarchy that instructed Obama.

The great American superpower and its 300 million people are being driven straight into the ground by the narrow interests of the big banks and the munitions industry. People, and not only Americans, are losing their sons, husbands, brothers and fathers for no other reason than the profits of U.S. armaments corporations, and the gullible American people seem proud of it. Those ribbon decals on their cars, SUVs and monster trucks proclaim their naive loyalty to the armaments industries and to the whores in Washington who promote wars.

Will Americans, smashed and destroyed by "their" government's policies, which always put Americans last, ever understand who their real enemies are? Will Americans realize that they are not ruled by elected representatives but by an oligarchy that owns the Washington whorehouse? Will Americans ever understand that they are impotent serfs?

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Paul Craig Roberts is a former assistant secretary of the U.S. Treasury and onetime associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. The syndicated columnist's books include *The War of the Worlds: How the Economy Was Lost* and *The Tyranny of Good Intentions*. 

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SOMEWHERE
IN
SOUTH CAROLINA

OBAMA WILL KILL
YA GRANNY, BRAIN-
WASH YA CHILLUNS,
RAPE YA WIMMEN FOLK,
STEAL YA CHICKENS AND
RAID YA WATERMELON
PATCH!





PacifiCare

We're Number 1!

(In Rejected Claims)

Look at this happy family. They are thrilled because they just got insurance coverage from us.

They're happy in knowing we will stand behind them. They can count on it...until one of them gets sick. Then they're screwed. We're number 1 in claim denials in California. As a matter of fact, we have the highest denial rate on record: 39.69%. That's better than some of our competitors, whose denial rates are only around 22% or less. Pussies.

So be like this happy couple and sign up with PacifiCare today! If you can't have real coverage, at least you can have the illusion of it.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody about an insurance company that has been charged with over 133,000 claim violations and paid \$3.5 million in fines. The California Attorney General is investigating PacifiCare for its obscenely high denial rate. For more information check out ConsumerWatchdog.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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You lie!" shouted South Carolina's Joe Wilson as President Barack Obama addressed a joint session of Congress. The liar, however, was Representative Wilson. As Obama had claimed seconds before being heckled by the GOP lawmaker, nothing in the healthcare-reform legislation suggests illegal immigrants would be eligible.

It takes colossal gall to insult a sitting President—in the halls of Congress, no less. But ya know what? We don't give a rat's ass about that. We just think it's too bad the spineless Democrats didn't treat George W. Bush with as much abject contempt as the Republicans treat Obama. Bush deserved such treatment.

What bothers us about Wilson's outburst is its apparent underlying racism, especially since nothing like this ever happened before. Consider the following: Wilson is a member of Sons of Confederate Veterans, an organization said to be riddled with radical neo-Confederates who advocate secession and defend slavery.

Beyond that, Wilson served as an aide to Senator Strom Thurmond, a notorious segregationist and racist. In fact, Wilson was so enthralled with Thurmond's ugly philosophy that he castigated Essie Mae Washington when she came forward to reveal she was Thurmond's illegitimate biracial daughter. At first, Wilson said Washington was lying, but when Thurmond admitted to being the woman's father, he called her remarks a "smear." And, lest we forget, in 2000—as a state senator—Wilson was one of seven Republicans who voted to keep the Confederate flag flying over South Carolina's State House. The measure was soundly defeated.

Even if Wilson were a staunch supporter of the NAACP and a member of Jesse Jackson's Rainbow PUSH Coalition and perhaps even black himself, he'd still be an Asshole. Eligible for military service during the Vietnam War, Wilson hid behind deferment after deferment. Then, after graduating from the University of South Carolina School of Law, he miraculously snagged a highly sought-after spot in the Army Reserve. No



Joe Wilson

way was he going to risk his neck for his country. Since Wilson voted in support of the Iraq War, that makes him just another Republican chickenhawk.

Wilson's hostile position toward the Obama healthcare-reform package probably has less to do with any true philosophical beliefs than it does with hard-nosed political pragmatism: The Congressman has received \$414,000 from the health sector since taking his seat in 2001. That might also explain why Wilson voted against healthcare for veterans 11 times, including cuts to the Veterans Administration and TRICARE4.

To an outsider looking in, it would appear that the healthcare industry owns Joe Wilson. Actually, if you think about it, that's kinda like owning Baltimore Avenue when playing Monopoly.

Wilson's hostility toward healthcare reform and Obama is so obsessive that he supported Bates Motel-crazy Glenn Beck's 9/12 march on Washington. Remember, it was Beck who made the ludicrous charge that Obama is a "racist."

Wilson's encounter with the President is

not the first time he's had such extreme outbursts. According to the *Washington Post*, Wilson attacked Representative Bob Filner (D-California) while appearing on C-SPAN's *Washington Journal*. The reason? Filner had accurately stated that the United States once supplied Saddam Hussein with materials for nuclear and biological weapons. Once again we see that presenting Wilson with the facts does nothing but inflame him. He has contempt for the truth. By extension, it follows he has contempt for the American people. And why shouldn't he? His distortions and lies have worked for him so far.

You must be contemptuous to say black is white, as it were. Or up is down. Or America has the best healthcare in the world. (We rank 37 in effective treatment and outcomes.) Even though he was demonstrably wrong in asserting that the President was lying, Wilson issued only a perfunctory apology before retreating to a pseudo-populist position by stating he would not "be muzzled."

Then he started lying again: "Liberals who want to give healthcare to illegals are using my opposition as a distraction.... They want to silence anyone who's against [the government's healthcare plan]." Just as aggravating, Wilson continues to call the plan "government run" when that's patently untrue. Obama's plan would only have the government as the payer—as opposed to the insurance companies—for those using the public option.

What's really disturbing is that Wilson's kids are poised to follow in Daddy's footsteps. His oldest son, Alan McCrory Wilson—a lawyer—has his eye on the South Carolina state attorney general's seat.

Here's what we can do to nip this nascent dipshit dynasty in the bud: Make a donation to Rob Miller, Joe Wilson's Democratic opponent in the 2010 elections. (Miller's Web site is RobMillerForCongress.com.)

Finally, there's this: Joe Wilson is *not* really Joe Wilson. The Asshole's legal name is Addison Graves Wilson Sr. Perhaps it's a small point, but it does underscore the fact that it's Wilson who is a liar.

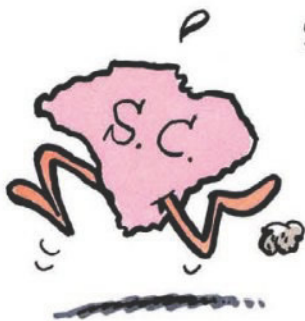
FARTS IN THE WIND

• **U.S. SENATOR JOHN ENSIGN** (R-Nevada) was recently caught paying a piece of ass on his campaign staff a wad of cash to keep their dalliances secret. The *New York Times* then revealed that Ensign was also keeping the cuckolded husband quiet with a cushy job and favors. Ensign, by the way, is a good buddy of Senator Tom Coburn (R-Okla.), our January '10 Asshole of the Month. Both lawmakers are conservative Christians, of course, who apparently follow the commandment to sin as much as you can now because you sure as hell can't do it in heaven.

• **JAMES O'KEEFE** is the video prankster who posed as a pimp with a phony prostitute to trap ACORN community workers into giving him illegal advice. Why? To kill federal funding for an organization that, despite having a few bad apples, helps register moderate-income and poor people to vote (mostly Democrats). O'Keefe, who pulled a similar stunt on Planned Parenthood a few years back, claims he doesn't have a political agenda. But in his college days, O'Keefe was known as a conservative "godfather" on a rampage against "liberal" professors and anything that wasn't white, right and tight-assed. 🐷

WHAT THE **FUCK** IS WRONG WITH

SOUTH CAROLINA?



First state to secede from the Union before the Civil War...

YOU LIE!

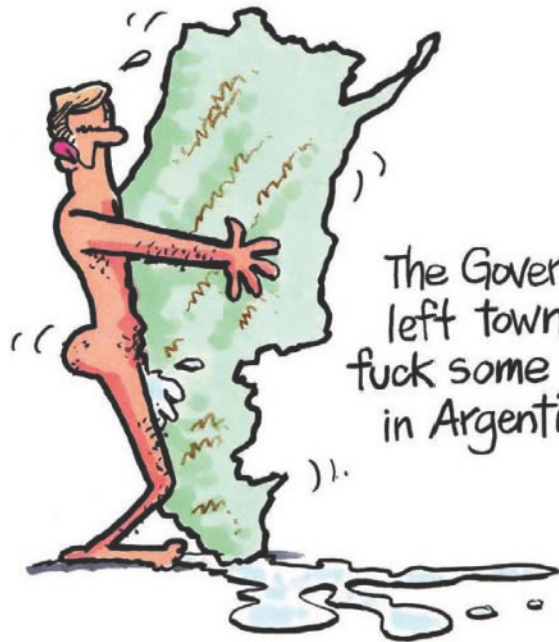
Joe Wilson becomes the first congressman to heckle a President during his speech...



America's kids can't find maps.



Miss South Carolina showed why Southern girls should just suck dicks when they open their mouths...



The Governor left town to fuck some bitch in Argentina...

Governor Mark Sanford also did not want to accept any of the government's stimulus package money, so South Carolina wins the award for "Most Fucked-up State in the Union."

CONGRATULATIONS!



PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

HUSTLER in the house:
First daughter Theresa
Flynt grabs the mic.



PHOTO BY RICH STEPHENS

**Best buds David
Faustino &
Angelina Armani**



PHOTO BY RICH STEPHENS

**Buttafuoco and
babe Nikki Hunter**



PHOTO BY RICH STEPHENS



PHOTO BY RICH STEPHENS

A perfect pair of perfect pairs: Sasha Grey & Kayden Kross; Nina Hartley & Jessica Drake

LET FREEDOM RING!

HUSTLER Hollywood sponsored the Free Speech Coalition's inaugural "Sex, Drinks & Rock N' Roll Freedomfest" benefit at the Whiskey a Go Go in West Hollywood. On hand for the fun were dozens of adult actresses—including Sasha Grey, Kayden Kross, Sunny Lane and Nikki Hunter—as well as porn fans Joey Buttafuoco and the dude who played Bud Bundy on *Married With Children*. The event raised more than \$8,000 in the fight for your right to enjoy adult entertainment. For more info or to make a donation, go to FreeSpeechCoalition.com.

PORN FROM THE PAST



Five topless dames. Chances are they're all dead by now! Thanks to R.H. of Rochester, New York, for this vintage photo.

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

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Check out this vintage ad for a turn-of-the-century toothache remedy. Everybody knows a little cocaine helps take away the pain.

COCAINE

Is the new anesthetic now used so extensively throughout Europe and this country by Physicians, Surgeons and Dentists.

Cocaine Toothache Drops.
(REGISTERED, MARCH, 1885.)

This preparation of Toothache Drops contains Cocaine, and its wonderful properties are fully demonstrated by the many recommendations it is daily receiving. Take no other except Cocaine Toothache Drops.

For sale by all druggists.

PREPARED BY THE
Lloyd Manufacturing Co.,
219 HUDSON AVENUE,
ALBANY, N. Y.

**COCAINE
TOOTHACHE DROPS**

Instantaneous Cure!
PRICE 15 CENTS.
Prepared by the
LLOYD MANUFACTURING CO.
219 HUDSON AVE., ALBANY, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.
(Registered March 1885.) See other side.

"I require three things in a man: He must be handsome, ruthless and stupid." —DOROTHY PARKER, AUTHOR



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD

Kate Gosselin

LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Between starring in the dreadful reality show *Jon & Kate Plus 8*, getting divorced and raising eight kids, Kate doesn't have time to enjoy life's simple pleasures. That's why we gave her a mouthful.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Kate Gosselin actually exists. If it did, maybe Jon would have stuck around. 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. Jon couldn't seem to shut up Kate, so we did it for him.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Drug Dealing for Dummies

The Survival Guide for Pros and Cons | By Daniel Storm



DRUG DEALING FOR DUMMIES

"The Survival Guide for Pros and cons"

by: **daniel storm**

www.danielstormauthor.com

Dummies is available at DanielStormAuthor.com.

Daniel Storm isn't afraid to shine a light on the dark underbelly of society. His latest independently published book, *Drug Dealing for Dummies: The Survival Guide for Pros and Cons*, lays out a no-nonsense plan on how to avoid the prying eyes and ears of federal and state agents. Written in raw, earthy language, Storm's compelling book also provides a fascinating tour through the criminal underworld. *Drug Dealing for*

KING OF POP Burn in Hell!



Michael Jackson is dead. What better way to remember the weirdo, and make a buck off him, than a votive candle? A San Francisco-based company is selling this burnable Jackson effigy along with candles featuring Barack and Michelle Obama as religious icons. They sell for \$10 each. Available at NewVisionWorks.com.



NEWSBITES

Pray for Sex

You have to love the Roman Catholic Church for its sense of humor. The Catholic Truth Society has just published a comical 64-page book of prayers that married couples are encouraged to recite before engaging in sex. Funny! Wait. The Church was serious? Look, here's the deal. You don't tell people how to fuck, and we won't start a HUSTLER religion any time soon. Besides, we already pray before sex. We pray that the chick is a three-input fan and that the condom won't break.

Assload of Contraband

We've all heard the horror stories of air travelers claiming they were profiled by screeners solely on their race but never on ass size. However, security personnel at an airport in Barcelona, Spain, pulled a man aside because his butt looked suspicious. After a strip search they discovered he was smuggling seven kilos of cocaine stuffed into specially made underpants. It's good to see that the Spanish authorities got to the bottom of things. (Yes, it's a bad pun.) After hearing about this incident, we wonder if Kirstie Alley will ever be able to fly again.

Un-Amusement Park

A theme park in Surrey, England, has come up with a way to battle its visitors' body odor. On hot days, roller coaster riders are prohibited from raising their hands in the air, and to get the message across the park has erected "Say No to BO" signs. Here's our tip to smelly amusement park enthusiasts: First go on the log flume, get drenched, and then hit the coasters. It's like a free bath!

Shared Workload

There are many things you can share with a coworker: a computer, a stapler, maybe even lunch. But a spouse? Two factory workers in China were shocked to learn they were both married to the same man. The two-timing hubby—the aptly named Wang Na—has been charged with bigamy and sentenced to three months in jail. Wang Na—what a dick!

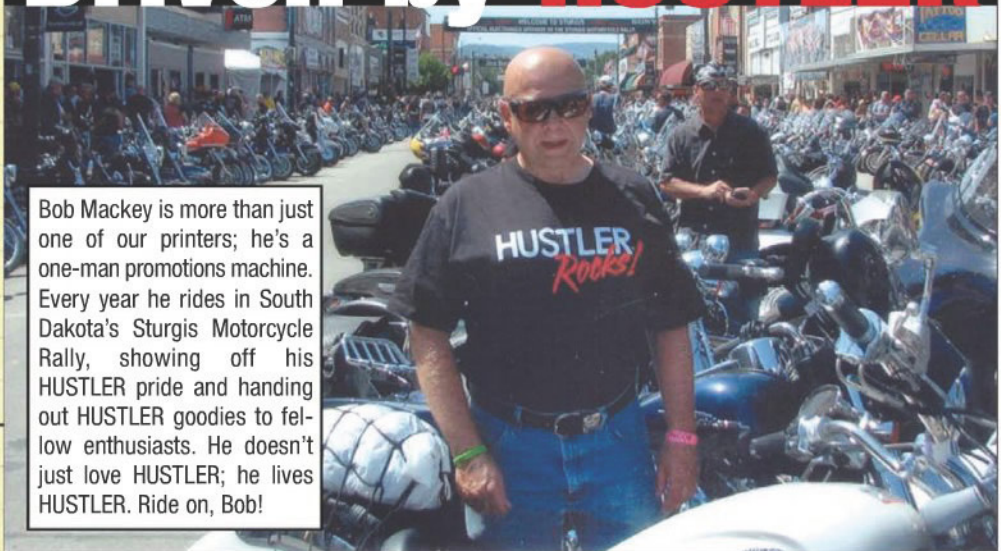


SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

We love Joe's Jeans. No, not for the overpriced denim pants! For always supplying us with unexpected porn via its suggestive billboards. Funny, but none of them ever feature jeans. Thanks, Joe's!

And is it just us, or does that rug sign look like a penis? It's probably just us.

Driven by HUSTLER



Bob Mackey is more than just one of our printers; he's a one-man promotions machine. Every year he rides in South Dakota's Sturgis Motorcycle Rally, showing off his HUSTLER pride and handing out HUSTLER goodies to fellow enthusiasts. He doesn't just love HUSTLER; he lives HUSTLER. Ride on, Bob!

Sign of The Times

Don't feel bad, Mutach. Nobody beats our meat either. That's why we love HUSTLER so much. Thanks to T.R. of Chesterland, Ohio, for sharing this photo.

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



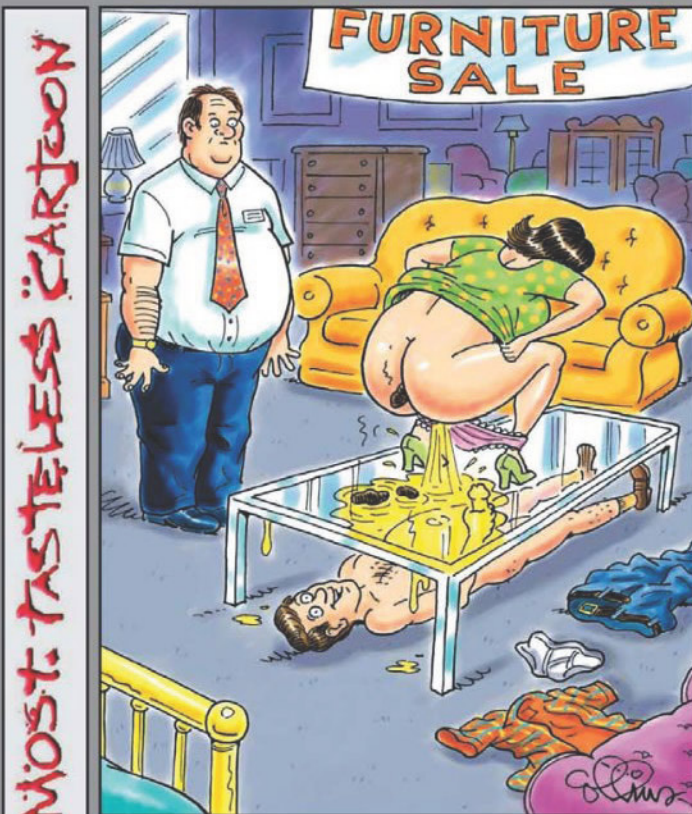
"I have to be physically attracted to someone, but I can't be with someone just because it's great sex. Because orgasms don't last long enough." —COURTNEY COX, ACTRESS



OUR FAVORITE DOLLS

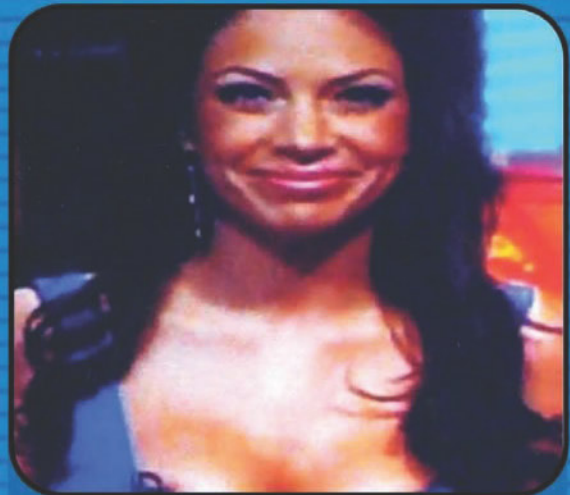
Ah, the Barbi Twins, icons of eternal beauty. How do we love thee? Let us count the ways. One, two. Well, there are two sets of two. Since the lovely ladies are too busy fighting for animal rights to model anymore, we decided to run these hot shots of Sia and Shane from the HUSTLER archives. Check out more of the perfect pair at TheBarbiTwins.net.

"Having sex is like playing bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand." —WOODY ALLEN, FILMMAKER



"We'll take it!"

NEWS BABES



Watching busty beauty Jill Nicolini deliver her morning traffic reports on CW Channel 11 in New York City will cause your engine to overheat. Thanks to M.B. of Highland, New York, for an extraordinary submission.

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

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.



I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, increase your size." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would increase his size. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human pro-hormone and is the pro-hormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-647-1833. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*



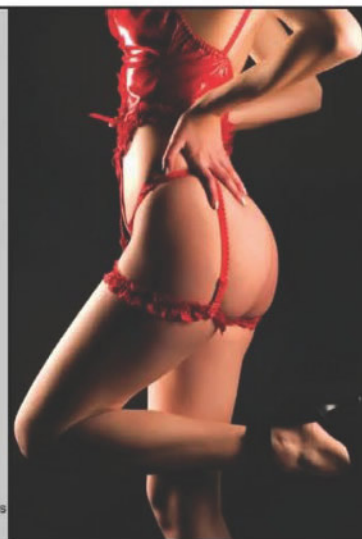
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Tie-Dyed Temptress

CHLOE


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I think I was born too late," captivating **Chloe** reflects. "I wish I could have lived in the 1960s. That time to me was so much cooler than today. The music, the fashion and all the 'free love.' In the '60s you could fuck anyone you want and not worry about people thinking you were a slut. Plus, there were no worries about killer diseases. Imagine just walking up to someone that looked good and wandering off somewhere to fuck? Then after you got off, you could just walk away and find somebody else. That sounds so awesome. Since I can't do that in the 2000s, I had to do porn!"









Chloe isn't complaining, mind you. "Porn is a pretty good job if you enjoy sex and need to make a living. Let's face it, we all need to make money to survive. Why not do something you love while making a buck? I could be a barista at Starbucks, but what benefits are there in that? Free coffee? No thanks. I'll take the free wood and orgasms over that any day."



CHLOE'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Ione, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 105

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Lesbo Show for Hubby

Her touch soothed my nerves. It was a gentle caress along the curve of my cheek, followed by a kiss, soft and sensual. Debbie's lips lingered on mine for a full second before moving down to the hollow of my neck. She planted small, feather-light kisses, her lips brushing over my skin. I closed my eyes to enjoy the sensations—and to block out the view of my husband watching.

Adam was sitting in a chair in the corner of our bedroom, elbows on knees, intent on the fantasy playing out before him. We had been married for two years—two very rocky years. I loved the man—I truly did—but he complained about absolutely everything. Everything! Lately he'd been harping nonstop on how "vanilla" our

sex life was. So I'd arranged this lesbian scene to try to please him.

I had never actually done girl/girl before. Not that I had anything against it. What with marrying Adam fresh out of high school, I'd never really had the opportunity to experiment. But there was something about the way my neighbor Debbie always looked at me—a slow up-and-down glance, like a man's—that let me know she'd agree to a little sapphic action.

And now the lush brunette was easing the black lace lingerie from my body—first my panties, then my bra. Debbie kept whispering how beautiful I was. I opened my eyes to watch her suckle at my long, fat titty buds—gently at first, then urgently. She made me tremble.

I had expected to simply put on a show for my demanding husband. I had no idea I would get so turned on. No idea I *could* get so turned on! Pussy jizz seeped from my slit. By the time Debbie had tongued a path to my mound, the bed was soaked beneath me.

I spread my thighs wide in anticipation of her tongue, but the girl had other plans. Instead, she nipped a circle around my quim, then continued planting tiny sucking kisses all the way down my legs to my feet. Tonguing my soles and nursing on each little

piggy, my lover discovered erogenous zones I'd never known existed! I started to jack my clit and finger my twat, but she slapped my hands away. Debbie warned me to be patient. She said if I touched myself again, she'd stop. Fuck, she couldn't stop! Not yet! She made it very clear who was in charge here.

A glance to the side confirmed that Adam was naked and fisting his log. He was jerking his dick with one hand, massaging his nuts with the other, and literally panting. His face was flushed beet-red, and sweat dripped from his chin onto his beer belly. Not a pretty sight. I let my husband fade into the background and concentrated on my gorgeous lesbian lover.

Her talented tongue had finally traced a line back up to my cunt. I was so damn eager that I lifted my hips off the bed. Cupping my butt cheeks in her hands, Debbie literally feasted on my snatch. Her tongue zeroed in on my G spot and then kept tapping it over and over. Fingers slid into my ass crack to play with my rosebud.

My juices were flowing, my climax building to heights I'd never, ever felt before. I knew I wasn't supposed to touch myself. I couldn't help it. I started pinching my tight nipples. When Debbie moved up to my clit and attacked it with her teeth and sucking lips, I was done. A powerful orgasm crashed through my body, followed by a wonderful warmth washing over me in waves. I was trembling, shaking. Then I went completely limp. Wow!

When I looked down, there was Debbie smiling up at me from the foot of the bed, her face glazed with my cum. "We're not done yet, sweetie," my sexy neighbor told me as she rolled me over. Firm hands spread my buttocks, and a hot tongue pierced my rosebud. Holy fuck! The woman was tongue-dicking my butt! I pressed my clit into the mattress. She jabbed my tush faster, and I was coming again. I had no idea sex could be this good.

Happy and tired, I looked over at my husband, who had obviously jacked himself to completion. His dick was limp, and there were globs of jism on his chest and belly. "That was great, honey," Adam said smugly. Then, almost without pausing for breath, he went on to whine, "But if only you had asked me to join in. If only I could see better. You know, next time..."

I got up, threw on a robe and left with Debbie to spend the night at her place.

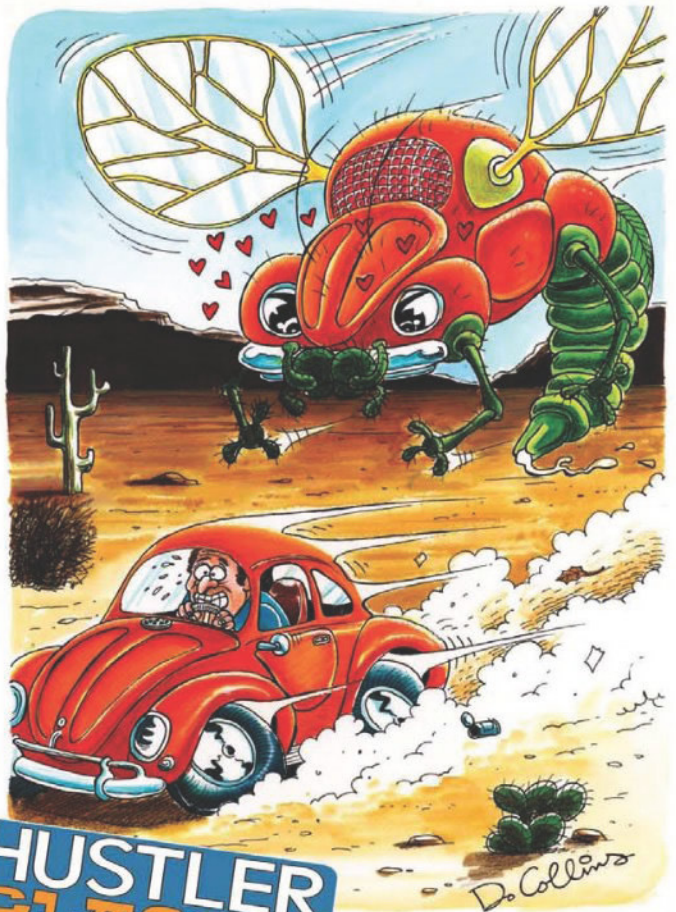
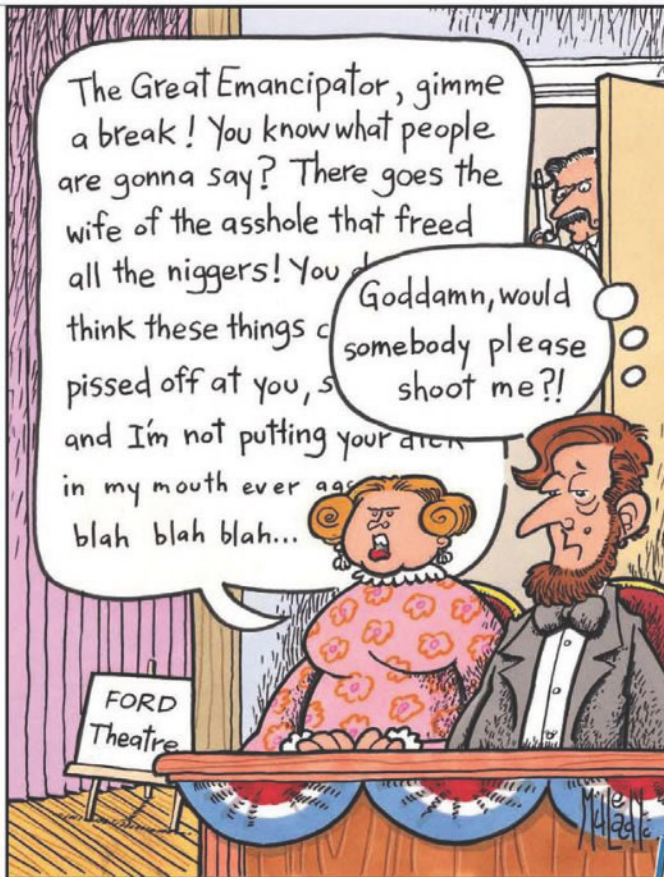
—B.F.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania



"This is our first time trying anal, honey, so my cock will prob'ly feel a little bit bigger!"

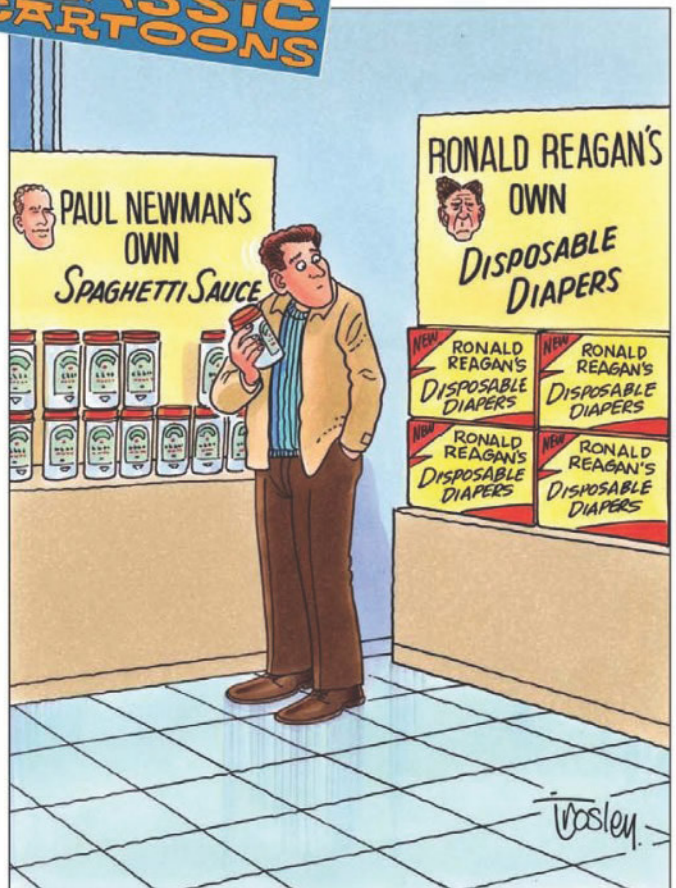
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HUSTLER'S girls of facebook

When it comes to finding beautiful women on the Internet, you can't go wrong with Facebook. Here then, to inaugurate our new semiregular feature, are four examples why.



Andrea Sullivan

LOCATION: Miami

AGE: 27

URL: <http://tinyurl.com/lo4ko2>

PHOTOS: Joel Alvarez

While Andrea loves to be treated like a lady, the saucy Miamian has a weakness for men who boss her around and pull her hair in bed. And when she's into a guy, there's no need to waste time with small talk. As a matter of fact, Andrea once had sex on the side of an expressway a couple of hours after meeting someone. "I'm an athlete 24/7, and the bed is no exception!" she proudly announces. "I always have good sex because I know I am good. I may have a woman's look, feel and smell, but I have the sexual appetite of a man. I also think my bizarre flexibility makes for a good time."





Ashley AnneMarie

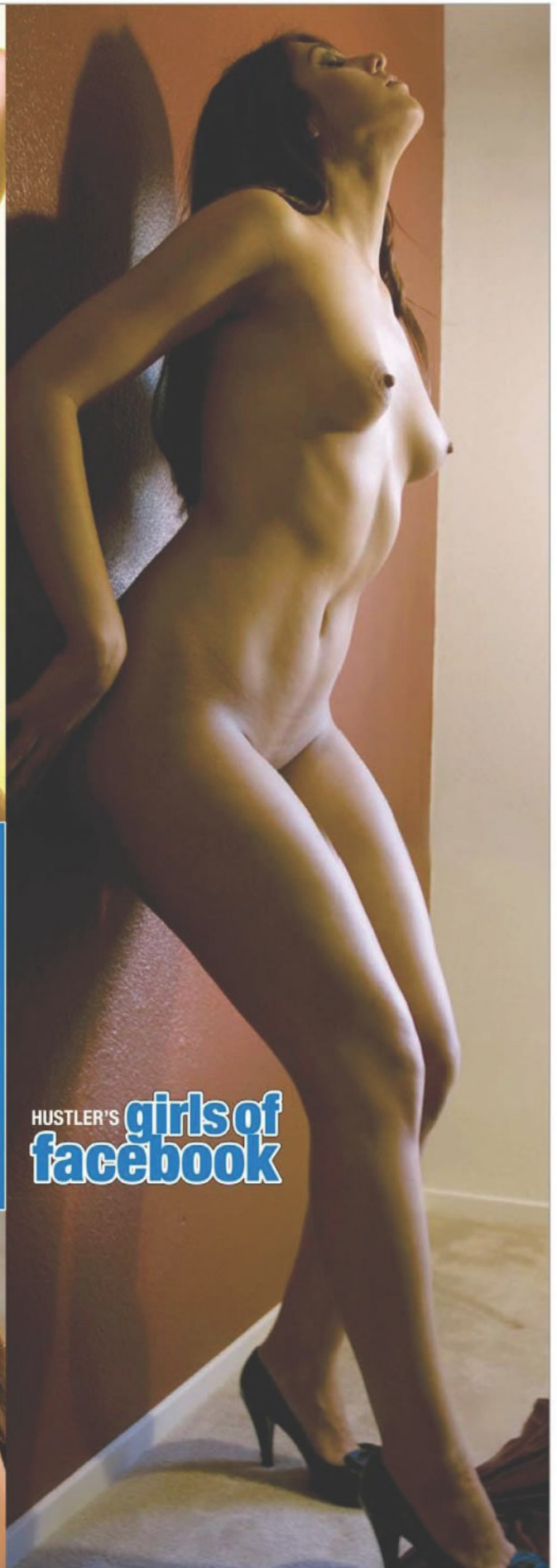
LOCATION: Inland Empire, California

AGE: 20

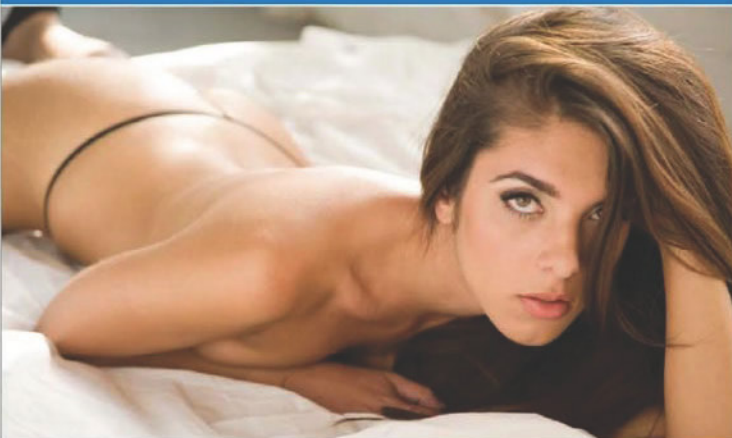
URL: [Facebook.com/aannemarie](https://www.facebook.com/aannemarie)

PHOTOS: Mark Wilkins

A self-proclaimed sexual deviant, Ashley loves foreplay. Although attracted to both sexes, the beach babe has yet to try her hand with women. "Let's just say I currently love the penis," Ashley confides, "but it's fun to daydream." This bi-curious daredevil has risked her life in the pursuit of pleasure and even went at it once on a moving dirt bike. "My biggest turn-on is the way guys or girls you're flirting with give you 'the look,'" Ashley relates. "It's the 'Come get me now and fuck my brains out!' type of deal. I get it a lot."



HUSTLER'S **girls of facebook**





Lilly Ryder

LOCATION: Bristol, Rhode Island

AGE: 21

URL: <http://tinyurl.com/y9uu66e>

PHOTOS: Bob Bullard

Lilly gets hot when a man comes home from work all dirty. In fact, she doesn't mind getting dirty with him. Never one to turn down a drink, Lilly admits she can become an exhibitionist once the libations start flowing. "I went with my friends to a bar and met this random guy," she recalls fondly. "I was so-o-o drunk, I started making out with him. Then because we were so horny, we went outside and rolled around on the grass—alongside a main road—and did it." Sexually adventurous and always ready to try new things, Lilly is searching for a man who can make her laugh. "He has to be good in bed too," she specifies, "or it will never work."





Crystal Rayne

LOCATION: Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

AGE: 26

URL: <http://tinyurl.com/mn24a2>

PHOTOS: Peter Baratti

"I screwed a girl in the ass with a strap-on during a picnic," admits Crystal Rayne, recalling her raunchiest sexual experience. "It was hot!" Needless to say, this wild child loves picnicking with both men and women, since each side of the fence has its strong points: "Men are great for the thrusting part, and women are great with their tongues." Originally from Brimfield, Massachusetts, Crystal isn't ashamed to disclose her deep love of back-sides. Traits she looks for in a mate include a good personality, a nice smile and, most importantly, something she can grab onto. "I love ass," the aspiring nude model exclaims, "and I want to just bite them all...grrrrr!"



Tempest Storm



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WITH ELVIS AND JFK.

By all normative standards,

Tempest Storm should be living in an old-age community, trading recipes and memories with blue-haired women who brag about their adorable grandchildren. Instead, wearing a leopard-print dress melded to her hourglass figure, the octogenarian opens the door to her tidy Las Vegas condo. The zipper is undone on both ends, revealing a hint of uplifted double-D cleavage and legs that taper down into red stilettos. Heavy makeup adorning her alabaster face, brassy red hair sprayed and curled, Storm sits provocatively on a



white plush couch in a room plastered with pictures chronicling her 50 years as an exotic dancer.

No one should tell the world's oldest stripper that her time has passed. "I hear women complain at age 40 that they are old," says Storm, who will soon turn 82. "But I think a woman becomes old only when she gives up."

Storm is not giving up. Not after being one of the 1950s' most famous burlesque queens, not after having love affairs with mega-celebrities like Elvis Presley and John F. Kennedy. Once known as "the girl with the two biggest props in Hollywood," she doesn't care that strippers today are 18, not 80. "When I go onstage, the energy's still there," Storm insists.

"I feel 25 years old, sometimes 18. My act is still the real thing—a classic."

"I feel 25 years old, sometimes 18. My act is still the real thing—a classic."

Now that crotch shots are de rigueur for showbiz A-listers like Lindsay Lohan and Britney Spears (never mind strippers and porn stars), Storm defends a bygone era. "The problem with striptease today," she grouses, "is that they took out the tease from the strip."

Storm walks over to the VCR, descends gracefully on her knees and pushes the tape inside: It's 1996, and onstage Storm is a youthful 68, wearing a feather boa, a mesh bra with pom-pom tassels and a miniskirt. Slowly, seductively, she removes the bra, then the skirt. She is left in a tiny G-string. Smiling lovingly at the audience, she joyfully swings her breasts from side to side, toying

with the snap on her G-string. But will she undo the scanty garment?

She won't, and that's what differentiated Tempest Storm from her counterparts. "I refused to go all the way and take off all my clothes," she says. "It put me in a different league, like Sinatra or Marilyn Monroe. I'm very proud of that."

Meanwhile, the videotape continues to play: Two men in tuxedos slowly remove Storm's stockings. The entire act goes on for about seven minutes—the time it would take a modern-day stripper to remove all her clothes, give a lap dance and get a drink on a patron's tab.

"Stripping used to be an art form," Storm observes. "Today it's closer to porn."

this cabaret where they're getting rid of all their professional dancers now, recruiting new girls and teaching them the profession."

"What profession?" Annie asked.

"Striptease," the customer said.

"What's striptease?" she asked innocently.

After he explained it, the proper Southern belle went off on him. "Never!" Annie shouted. "I am never taking my clothes off in public!" Nevertheless, the man convinced her to try out for the non-stripping chorus line.

Clothes intact and calling herself Blanche, she was hired as a \$40-a-week chorus girl. A few months later the cabaret offered to increase her salary to \$60 a week if she would become an exotic dancer. The once-bashful girl from Georgia agreed, becoming

an instant sensation.

"The crowd was ecstatic," Storm recounts. "All this time

I'm thinking, *Dear*

God, I'm a stripper now. What does it say about my life? Where do I go from here? That night I decided if this is going to be my career, I'm going to do it my way. I'm going to call the shots and set the boundaries."

Taking the stage name Tempest Storm, she did more than that. The radiant burlesque queen performed in shows whose lineups included Bettie Page, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in Vegas, Reno, London and New York City's Carnegie Hall.

One night Elvis Presley was in the audience. Afterward he came to Storm's table, went down on his knees and asked, "May I join you?"

"I melted right there in front of everyone," she recalls. Storm (*continued on page 92*)

.....

Annie Blanche Banks was born on February 29, 1928, in Eastman, Georgia. She never met her real father and was at odds with her sharecropper stepfather. Annie was even more at odds with her prematurely burgeoning body. "I was very shy about my breasts," recalls Storm, who dropped out of school in the seventh grade. "Kids would make fun of me because I was well-endowed. I wanted to get away from this small-town mentality and from my breasts."

By age 20, Annie was twice-divorced. Moving to Los Angeles, she got a job as a cocktail waitress. One day a customer told her she should be in show business: "I know

will she?™



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JAZELLA MOORE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Controversial Cougar

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Last month in our *Cougars Unleashed* showcase we introduced you to sexy **Jazella Moore**. The hotter-than-hell blonde gained national attention after her husband—a town manager in Fort Myers Beach—was fired because he was married to the adult actress. We loved the cougar/MILF/porn star so much, we had to shoot a full set showing off more of Ms. **Moore**.

“I’m amazed with all the attention and press I have been getting due to the controversy,” **Jazella** says. “It has been a huge boost in my porn career, as well as my husband’s future possibilities. You’d be surprised to see that 90% of the people we talk to have been nothing but supportive.”

Why did **Jazella** decide to get into porn later in life? “You have to use what you’ve got. I’m a firm believer in that. Fifteen years ago I had triplets, and no one would give me a job that allowed me to earn a living and still raise my kids. Then I discovered adult entertainment and realized that it was the perfect business for me to be in. I don’t have to be stuck behind a desk for 40 hours a week, and the money is real good.”





How do **Jazella**'s children feel about her sexy career?
"I had to sit them down and explain it because one of my son's friends showed him a film I was in. At first he was freaked out, but after we talked, he got it. I try to teach my kids that sex is not a bad thing. I was brought up Catholic, and it took a lot of years for me to realize that what they were teaching wasn't right. Sexuality should be celebrated, not shamed. I celebrate every day!"







JAZELLA MOORE'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Fort Myers Beach, Florida | **AGE:** 45 | **BIRTH SIGN:** Sagittarius | **HEIGHT:** 5-5 | **WEIGHT:** 124

COUGARS UNLEASHED #13!

Ashley Jolie

THIS MONTH: Ashley Jolie / AGE: 38

LOCATION: Dallas

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

"Young men hit their prime early," Ashley Jolie proclaims, "and they never tell you they're too tired. Most men have the fantasy of being with an older woman, and I have no problem with that." But don't expect this zesty Cougar to take care of you like your mommy. "Younger men are great," the icy-blue-eyed Texan reckons, "but I want someone to be able to take care of me."

Ashley wasn't always as feisty as she sounds: "I used to be too embarrassed or shy about what I wanted. Over the years, I learned that it's okay to say 'This is what I like.'"

What exactly does Ashley like? Variety. She's not the kind of person to stick to any particular sexual position but, when pressed, will admit, "If I had to choose, I'd be on top. But I'm very versatile."

When not on the prowl for her next amorous apprentice, Ashley hits the gym with her personal trainer to ensure she looks "damn good in a bikini." The onetime foot model, who kept everything hidden at her old job as a legal secretary, loves waterskiing. Ashley also loves to hang out at a local bar with her girlfriends and have the "occasional beer," especially if someone is offering.

Asked why she gets hit on a lot, Ashley makes clear, "I'm a completely nice person and approachable. That's why the men come to me instead of younger girls who try to play mind games. I'm not into that." And what kind of man is Ashley looking for? With a big smile she replies, "I like a guy with a nice smile and good hair, meaning he has all of it."

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

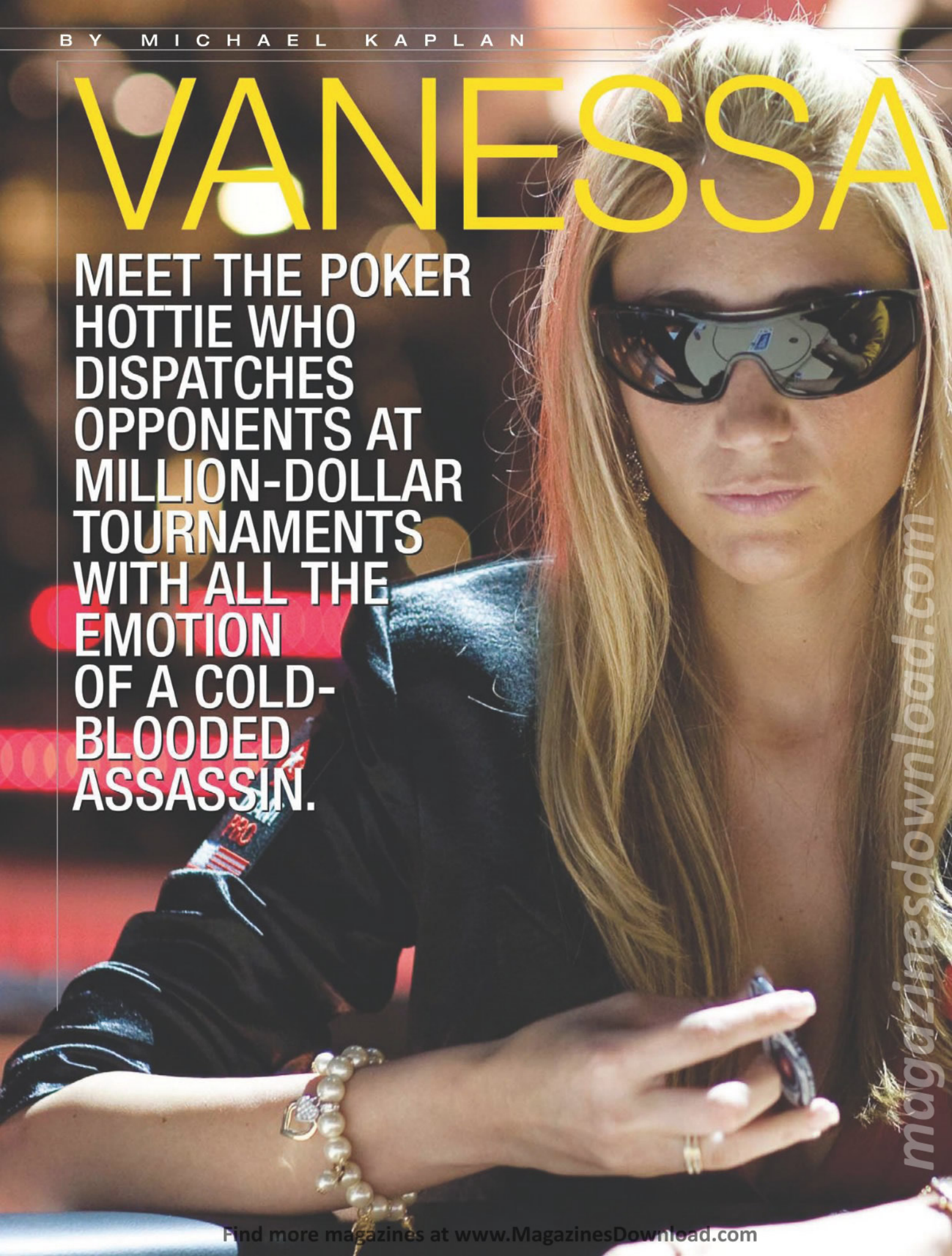
**FEATURING
THE WORLD'S
HOTTEST
OLDER
WOMEN!**

PHOTOS BY TREY OVERIDES

BY MICHAEL KAPLAN

VANESSA

MEET THE POKER
HOTTIE WHO
DISPATCHES
OPPONENTS AT
MILLION-DOLLAR
TOURNAMENTS
WITH ALL THE
EMOTION
OF A COLD-
BLOODED
ASSASSIN.



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ROUSSO

Playing For Keeps

Vanessa Rousso is a maneater— at least when it comes to poker. Over the past four years she has raked in more than \$3 million to emerge as one of the game's most feared players. At the 2009 National Heads-Up Poker Championship, televised by NBC, Team PokerStars Pro Rousso resembled a pinup version of the Terminator. She showed up in skinny jeans, a form-fitting leather jacket and a pair of designer sunglasses

that covered half her face. However, the striking blonde wasn't on hand to be gratuitous eye candy. Rousso finished second, pulling down \$250,000 for her trouble and vanquishing Texas hold 'em superstars Doyle Brunson and Phil Ivey.

But that wasn't her biggest payday. This past May, putting a \$25,000 entry fee on the line, Rousso won almost \$950,000 by finishing first in the PokerStars European Poker Tour (EPT) in Monte Carlo, outfoxing a murderers' row of poker greats. Her financial wherewithal exploding, she is contemplating her first big splurge: a Bentley or Ferrari for casino jaunts around Las Vegas.

"I'm the luckiest girl on Earth," Rousso says just a few days before the 2009 World Series of Poker gets underway. "I play games for a living, I make my own hours, I travel the world, and I continually go after perfection. It's an elusive thing, perfection in poker, but I'm enjoying the chase."

To a casual viewer, high-stakes poker appears to be a game of luck, guts and intuition. While all of those elements are requisites for success, Rousso prefers to rely on things that are a little more concrete. "I see poker as a battle of wits and a battle of logic," she explains, "and I have always been hyper-logical."

PHOTO BY MARC SEROTA



After pointing out that she can do a Rubik's Cube in about five minutes, Vanessa continues, "Ever since I was young, I have been able to quickly break down logical problems. My brain allows me to do many things at once. At the poker table, I continually do math, analyze the behavior of my opponents, consider my own behavior and factor in the signals

Poker
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PHOTO COURTESY POKERSTARS

I send out. I'm also measuring chip stacks and thinking about time left in the blind levels." (Known as blinds, the minimum opening bets in Texas hold 'em increase incrementally during a tournament.)

There's a lot going on behind those tell-obscuring sunglasses.

she showed up and hustling to snag the seat immediately to her left. She insists it was because they wanted her money, not a date.

"That's the biggest sign of disrespect," Rousso says, explaining that opponents angled to make their decisions after she did, so they could jump into hands against her regardless of their cards. "They assumed I was so naive, so unsure of myself, that they could continually outplay me."

Rousso encouraged that erroneous notion. "I don't arm people," she continues. "I like to keep them *disarmed*. I'd keep playing my game, and over the course of the

and her buds were also taking flying lessons. Looking to combine their two favorite avocations, they eventually spent weekends piloting small planes to tournaments around the southeastern United States. Racking up more than air miles, Rousso managed to build her bankroll from zero to \$40,000—pretty good for a grad student playing cards as a lark. Then, as she puts it, "I got a harebrained idea."

Rousso decided to try her skills against the best poker players in the world by buying into a high-stakes Las Vegas tournament. She set her sights on the 2006 World Poker Tour Championship at the Bellagio, which boasted a first prize of nearly \$4 million. Just one problem: The entry fee was

\$25,000, and Rousso was unwilling to risk more than half of the bankroll that she had worked so hard to cobble together. "So I sold shares of myself, raising \$15,000, and put up \$10,000 of my own money," Rousso recalls.

For people who knew her well—as most of the investors did—it wasn't as much of a flyer as it appears.

"Whenever I take a shot," she says, "it seems to work out. I have really good timing."

True to form, Rousso played some of the best poker of her life during the weeklong tournament. On the penultimate day she was one of the 18 players who still had chips. While showering that morning, Rousso remembers, "I had a weird feeling that something major was going to happen."

That night she made the final table, getting to play on the World Poker Tour TV show. "I teared up," Rousso confides. "Poker players aren't supposed to cry—especially girls who want to look tough—but it was a big moment for me."

Finishing seventh, she took home \$263,000 in prize money, received a sponsorship deal from PokerStars (PokerStars.net) and made her investors very happy. (Each share returned more than ten times its original value.)



Vanessa with friendly rivals Joe Hachem and Daniel Negreanu.

PHOTO COURTESY POKERSTARS

PHOTO BY NEIL STODART



Until a few years ago

the notion of making a living by playing cards hadn't even crossed Rousso's mind. The former high school valedictorian, who lived in France until she was ten, earned a bachelor's degree in economics from Duke University in just two-and-a-half years. By 2004, at the age of 21, she was attending law school at the University of Miami, anticipating a career on Wall Street.

Then, just as a diversion, Rousso and a few male friends—"I've always been a one-of-the-guys kind of girl"—began messing around with low-stakes poker at the Seminole Hard Rock Hotel and Casino in Hollywood, Florida. Quickly putting her analytical mind to work, she began to win.

Since poker players are primarily male, Rousso was initially underestimated. She remembers guys rushing to her table when

night I'd usually wind up with more money than I started with. If they perceived it as a lucky night for me, all the better." She hesitates for a beat before acknowledging, "I don't get away with that the way I used to."

While playing for moderate stakes, Rousso

Other big wins followed: \$60,000 at the 2006 World Series of Poker and a World Poker Tour first-place finish at the Borgata casino in Atlantic City, which was good for \$300,000.

Improbably, poker paid a lot better than an entry-level law gig on Wall Street. "Suddenly the game became a career option," says Rousso, who's also known as Lady Maverick in poker circles. "I worked harder and harder, my wins got bigger and better, and it all contributed to making me increasingly successful."

As evidenced by her recent acing of the EPT High Rollers tournament in Monte Carlo, Rousso doesn't suffer from altitude sickness when large sums of money are at stake. In fact, she says, "I do better against tougher opponents in high buy-in situations. All of my best results are against really tough fields. In Monte Carlo just about everyone was well known. I played for long periods of time with [top pros] Barry Greenstein and Chris Ferguson. Then, as soon as it ended, I was too tired to go out. I went straight to bed. But the next day, Chad and I celebrated by going to Venice."

Rousso's husband, Chad Brown, is a highly respected poker pro. Fittingly, he and Rousso met while playing against one another at the World Poker Tour Championship. He noticed that certain things tended to put her on tilt—poker lingo for getting rattled and then playing below optimal levels.

"He offered [during a dinner break] to give me tips for not tilting," Rousso remembers, "and I told him that it would be helpful." But they didn't hook up just then. "Chad was asking me out on a date, and I didn't even realize it. I didn't see him for a month after that. Then we ran into one another in the Las Vegas airport and traded phone numbers."

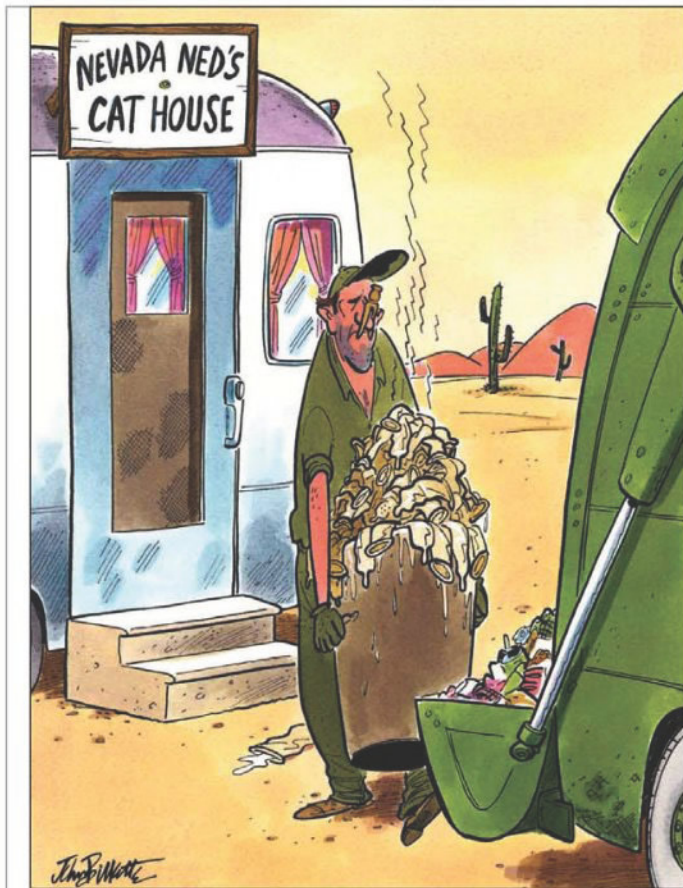
These are heady days for Vanessa Rousso. She has love, money, success and a sweet pad in Vegas, a city that she's come to love. "You can go to a different restaurant every night and not have a bad meal," she says. "I never cook. I eat out three times a day and try to keep moving forward in all areas of my life. When I'm not playing poker, I like educating myself about different things. Two months ago I learned how to program my Web site [VanessaRousso.com]. Now I'm teaching myself to speak Italian. And I recently went to the Cannes Film Festival, where I hosted a poker show for French TV. Next up is karate. There are a million things I want to do in my life. My goal is to continue getting better at everything."



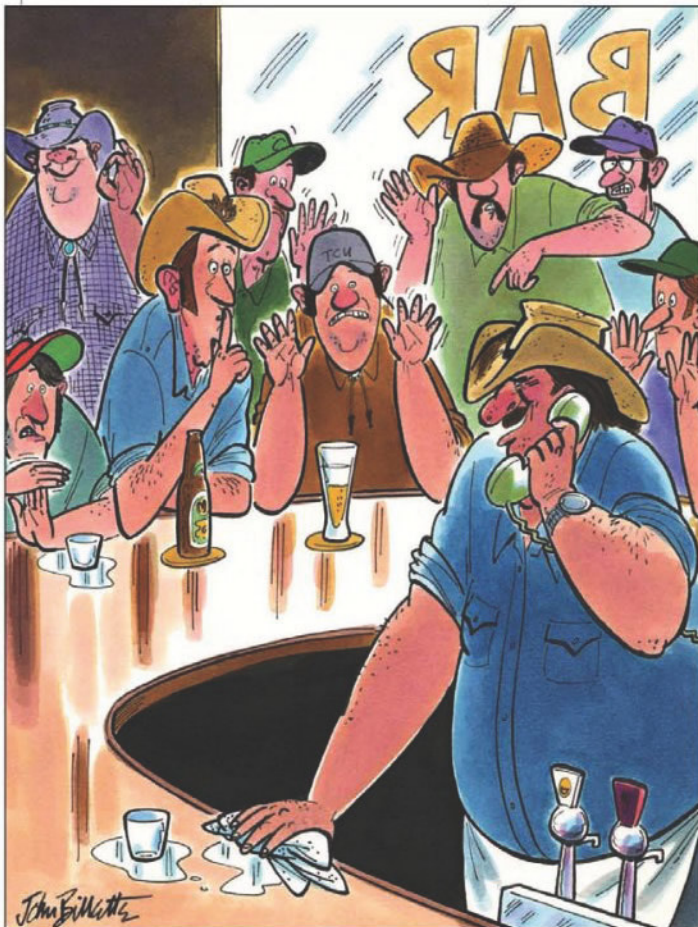
Michael Kaplan is a New York City-based journalist who writes extensively about gambling. He's the U.S. correspondent for the British magazine *Poker Player* and is coauthor of *Aces and Kings: Inside Stories* and *Million-Dollar Strategies From Poker's Greatest Players*. 



"Dan will be OK. I just pop in the disc and he'll watch it for hours."



"Carmen, honey, you're overselling."



"Hold on, ma'am. Let me see if he's here."



"Geez, I hate it when Mom's on the rag."

John Billette

GETTING THE LAST LAUGH

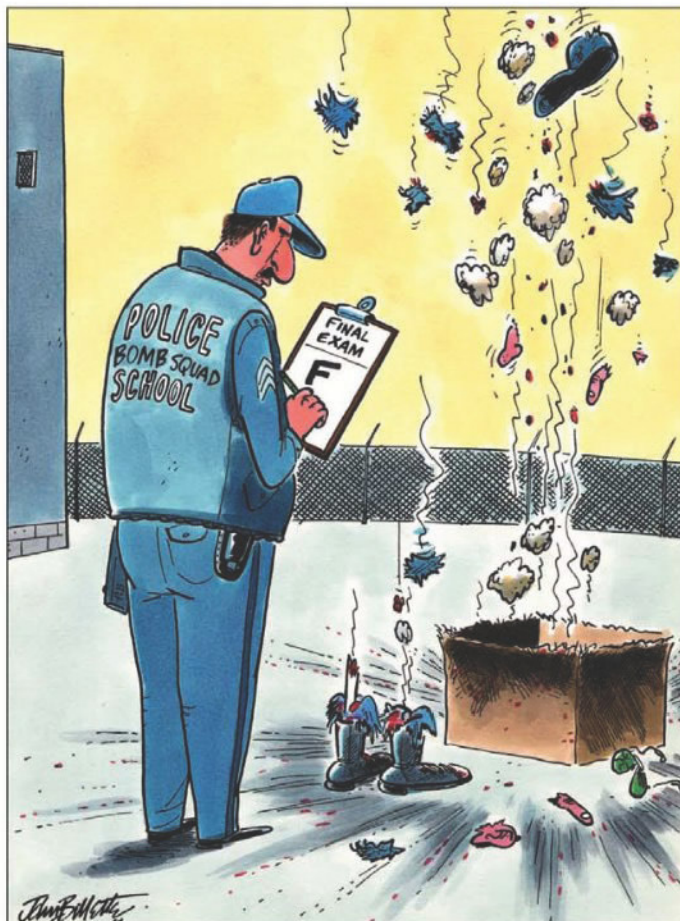
HE GETS PAID TO SIT AT HOME DRAWING DIRTY PICTURES. HOW GREAT IS THAT?

Anatomy of a HUSTLER cartoonist:

1. Go to art school. 2. Get a degree. 3. Piss away the next 32 years drawing sexually offensive and politically charged cartoons that no art school could ever hope to prepare you for.

Welcome to John Billette's world. Yes, for nearly one-third of a century (damn!), John has been churning out cartoons for the world's most notorious porn magazine and doing a pretty good job of it.

Describing his distinctive style, John says, "It has evolved over the years, like anyone else's. I think I can draw humans pretty well—and animals." Then he quips, "Somebody should buy [fellow cartoonist] George Trosley a nature book!"



Once John decided to make a living from his artistic talents, the northern Michigan native hit the streets of Chicago, selling mostly to men's magazines. "HUSTLER wasn't a big cheese back then," he recalls. But by 1977 we were. That's when Larry Flynt and then-Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley brought Billette onboard, and the rest—as they say—is history.

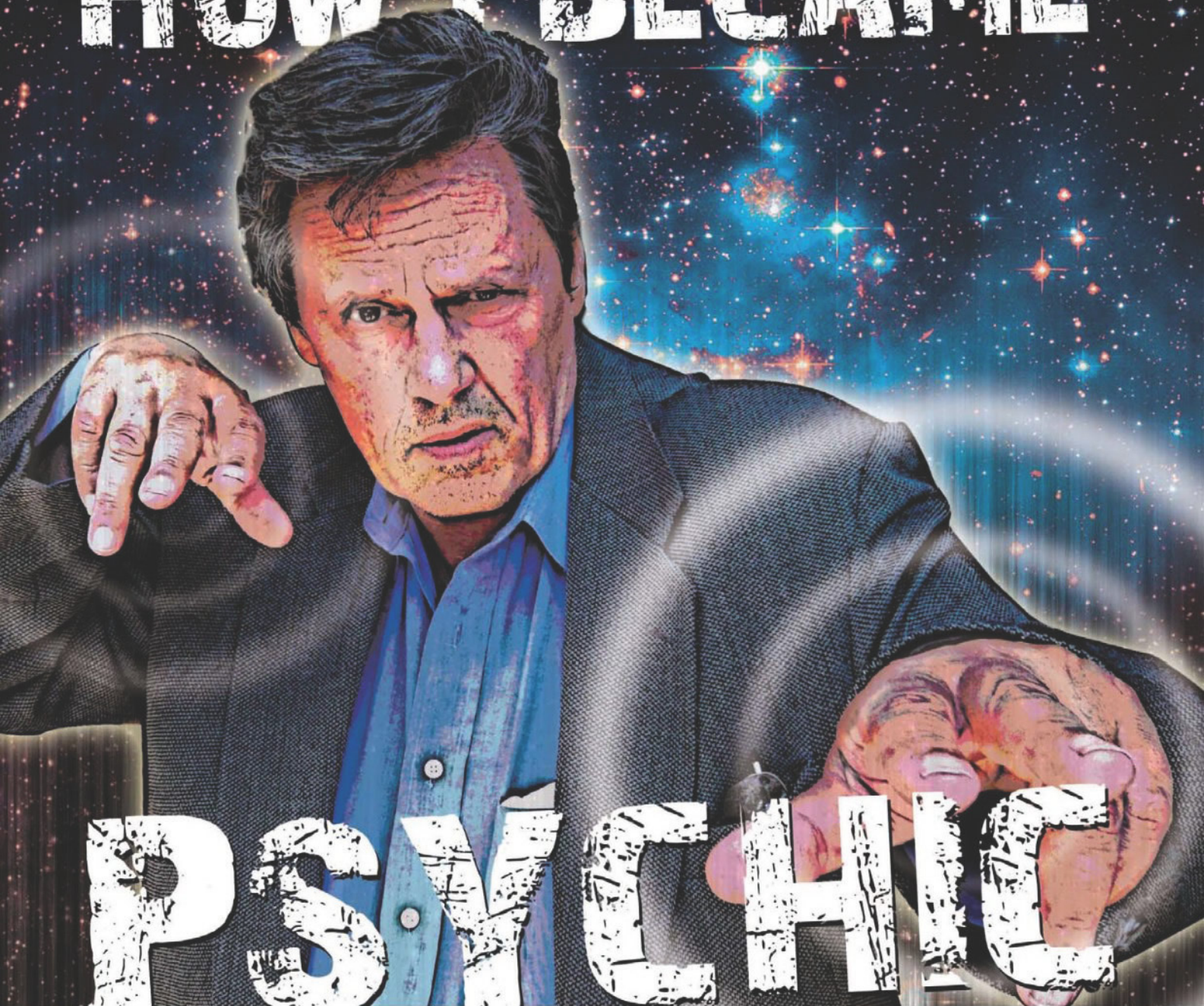
John says his cartoons are inspired by his life experiences, which include a stint in Vietnam, art school, marriage, fathering four lovely daughters, divorce and a fair amount of booze. "After cartooning for so long, a mind-set develops," John acknowledges, "and you get adept at putting odd pieces together into one idea." He also keeps abreast of current events, which is crucial when it comes to cartooning for Larry Flynt. Whether it's sexually wayward politicians or giant-dildo-banging lesbians, John has covered them all to our readers' twisted delight!

When not sitting at his easel, the HUSTLER veteran continues to work on "the worst golf game east of the Pacific and west of the Atlantic." Asked if he has any unfulfilled goals, John tells us, "I dream of the day I can meet private citizen George W. Bush and give him a giant wedgie."



Southern California denizen Bob Muleady has been cartooning and editing for HUSTLER Magazine since 1989 and, in his own words, "is just basically weird." We concur.

HOW I BECAME



WITH THE RIGHT INFORMATION AND A LITTLE PRACTICE ANYONE CAN BE PSYCHIC, CLAIMS OUR VERY OWN EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.

I took the Silva course in 1982.

It promised that after 40 hours of instruction I'd be able to project my mind to "any point or place on this planet" and accurately diagnose something that is medically wrong with a person I had never met. When the course was over, I did just that. And so did all 15 of the other

students in the class.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

While growing up in New Jersey, I came to accept that my dad was psychic. It wasn't because he was always catching me when I was up to no good, although that did factor in. I remember hitchhiking on

PHOTO BY G. LEE

Route 46 when I was 16—thumbing rides was common back then—as some kid pulled up in his car. Jumping out, he screamed that I was trying to steal his girlfriend—news to me—and suddenly I was getting the shit kicked out of me.

Since this was happening a good seven miles from my hometown, I was shocked seconds later when my old man pulled up in his 1958 Oldsmobile to rescue me. To this day I can't think of any reason for him to have been there, and he never gave me a straight answer when I asked about it.

As a junior in high school, I started experimenting with ESP. Sitting in home room one day, I impulsively asked my buddy Jim to think of a number from one to ten without telling me what it was. I guessed the correct number. He thought of another number, and I correctly guessed that one too. Then the next one and the next.

Jim wanted to see how he would do. He guessed the number I was thinking and every subsequent number I came up with. Trying to shake things up, we switched to guessing uncle, aunt, sister, brother, mother, father. Again we battled 100% between us. For the entire day—from home room to art class to study hall.

The next day, however, was like it had never happened. I don't think Jim and I even mentioned it—ever.

I'm still in high school when I wake up in bed screaming. I'd dreamt I was in a military barracks, sitting on a foot locker at the end of a bunk bed, midway along two rows of bunk beds and lockers that formed a corridor leading to the exit. Blocking the exit was a red-faced, screaming training instructor wearing heavily starched fatigues. Behind him stood another guy similarly attired, this one younger, with a sardonic, twisted smile on his face. It was the smile of a person taking pleasure in someone else's discomfort. If anything, I found the grinning soldier even more disturbing than the screaming instructor. All the time I'm thinking, *Omigod! I've joined the military! What a horrible mistake!*

Looking around my bedroom, I sigh in relief. I remember actually thinking, *I'm still in high school. It was only a dream.* What I didn't realize at the time was that it was a warning dream. A year later I was actually at the Air Force basic training base in Lackland, Texas, sitting on the same locker I'd been sitting on in my dream, getting yelled at by the same training instructor. And

there, just behind the screaming instructor was the guy with the twisted, sardonic smile—a recruit like myself, I now realized, only one further ahead in his training. He'd already experienced the dread and shock felt by brand-new recruits.

I was eventually stationed in Germany. Bored one night at the Airman's Club, I did the kind of card trick I'd learned from my father. Fanning the cards out so the person opposite me couldn't see the face cards, I'd tell him to pick, say, the queen of hearts while looking into my eyes—not at the deck. Nine out of ten times they'd get the right card no matter where I placed it in the spread.

I was an instant hit. So much so that I kept the act going for a couple of weeks. But

eyes closed.

When my partner called the next morning, his first words were, "You're never gonna guess what they said." I didn't respond. "They told me to dump you and come in under their umbrella." Of course, he assured me he'd rejected the offer.

Strangely, I wasn't upset by my partner's words. Instead, I was impressed with myself. Hell, I figured, if I got these results from the book, what would I get if I took the Silva course I knew was available. Plunking down my money, I signed up.

The course consists mostly of meditation exercises designed to excite the mind's imaging skills. "Visualize a steel cylinder," the instructor intoned as we went into our

We were at a restaurant when, over dinner, I mentioned that I could, in effect, see through walls. My wife broke into mocking laughter. "Prove it," she challenged.

then one day while walking into the club, I saw some people turn around to point at me. "That's him," they seemed to say. It creeped me out; I resolved to end my little show business career.

It wasn't until my early 40s, when I stumbled onto the book *Silva Mind Control Method* (now titled *The Silva Method*), that I once again got serious about ESP. Practicing the exercises in José Silva's book, which promised to make you psychic, it didn't take long for me to get some mind-blowing results.

I had just put together a film deal with a major corporation known more for its food products than making movies. It was my idea and my money that financed the venture. But when the corporation's executives came to Los Angeles to set up a production company, they'd only deal with my frontman, who had made a few low-budget films.

They were having a small dinner party for the guy when I decided to use the Silva Method to project my mind to the gathering. "Dump your partner and come under our umbrella with a six-figure salary," I imagined one exec saying as I lay on my couch,

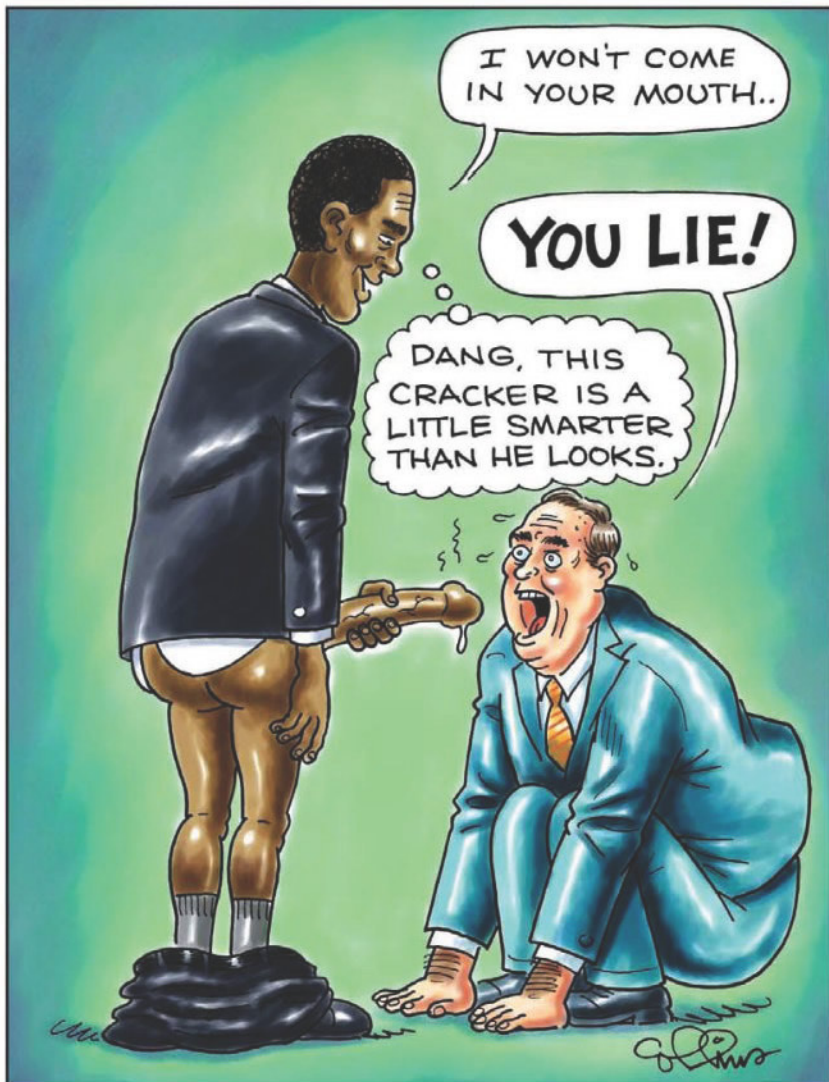
"level," or meditative state. "Now project your mind into the steel cylinder. What do you see? What do you smell? Reach out and hit the steel cylinder with your fist. What kind of sound does it make?" Ditto copper, lead, nickel. Even leaves. Just try doing that for a couple of minutes if you really want to frustrate yourself.

On the final day of class, students are paired off to undertake their first true psychic exercises. The girl I was paired with went to her meditation level first. I gave her the name and location of my 82-year-old father. She ticked off every single one of his medical problems. That was impressive! Then I gave her my sister's name and location. She correctly identified each of her medical issues as well. She even got something I had totally forgotten. "Do I see a missing ovary?" the girl asked. Wow!

Now it was my turn. I was panicking. My classmate had hit two home runs. I couldn't match that, I figured. But I did! In fact, the final case zoomed in like a Polaroid. I could see this four-year-old kid just as clearly as if I were looking at a photograph. "He's mentally handicapped," I said.



"Carla, are you coming to the town hall meeting to help support my closet racism or not?!"



"That's a hit," my classmate answered. I was stunned.

Now a Silva "graduate," I went on to use my reawakened psychic skills to great effect. For example, my partner in the movie project and I were locked in a death struggle. At issue was the deal he had made with the corporation funding us. I'd had to rely on him to protect me since he was the front-man, but somehow the deal he'd made worked out better for him than for me.

As things went downhill, I realized my partner was planning to lock me out of our office on the studio lot. So it became imperative I photocopy certain financial records that would help me in court, if it came to that. But the job could only be done when no one else was around.

I went to the office that coming weekend. The records were in a locked file cabinet. I have no skills at picking locks, but—feeling more than a little foolish—I straightened out a paper clip and projected my mind into the lock. Seeing (in my mind) what I took to be the lock's trip mechanism, I stuck one end of the paper clip into the keyhole. When I saw it was lined up just right, I pushed. The lock popped open. The files were mine!

Then there was the business with my dad. I had moved to L.A., and he still lived in New Jersey. I had awakened at two in the morning and couldn't get back to sleep. So I decided to do a Silva exercise. Since I knew my dad was in the hospital—I had been told it was routine, nothing to worry about—I projected my mind to him in an effort to send some healing energy. When I was done with the energy part of the exercise, my dad and I talked about ESP and my belief that it suggested a reality beyond death. Then, as we spoke, I watched him die.

My eyes popped open. Still in bed, I berated myself for making up such a negative meditation. What the fuck was wrong with me?! But early that morning my phone rang. I learned my dad had passed away at the exact time of my experience. I've always felt that I was with him at the time of his death.

When I finally got married, I used the Silva Method to program for twin boys. Of course, it worked. Ultimately, my wife and I bought a nice house on the top of a mountain in Southern California to raise the twins. But getting married and having a family is not a good move if you want to be psychic. Simply stated, you no longer have the time to keep your skills polished. Wives and kids demand a lot of attention.

It didn't help that my wife was skeptical of my psychic ability. From time to time I'd give her a demonstration, but that would only annoy her. Like the time when the twins were six.

We were at a restaurant when, over dinner, I mentioned that I could, in (continued on page 97)

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

One for the Road

It's never too late for a guy to score.

I had just finished getting ready to retire for the night—my last at Dennis Hof's World Famous BunnyRanch before a three-week hiatus—when a familiar voice came over the intercom. It was a fitting end to an extended stay that had been equal parts exhilarating and exhausting. There was the delicious threesome with attractive newlyweds from Texas, the romantic out-date to Lake Tahoe with a middle-aged man celebrating his divorce and the submissive Wall Street broker who wanted nothing more than to satiate me with his talented, relentless tongue.

So when an office assistant informed me that a gentleman had requested my presence in the parlor, I wasn't sure my legs would stop quaking long enough to take me there. And if they did, what a sight I'd be: a walking snooze button wearing nothing more than a football jersey (thanks to old boyfriends, I have a huge collection), no makeup and a frazzled head of hair. Nonetheless, I slipped my aching feet into the nearest pair of heels, soldiered to the door and stumbled down the hallway.

A good-looking young man was standing at the bar, and when he saw me, a nervous smile pierced his lips. He was anything but deterred by my zombie-like state. Rather, he explained, it conjured memories of sleepovers he'd had as a teenager. While playing video games in the den with a friend, his buddy's older sister would emerge from her bedroom sleepy-eyed, scantily clad and undeniably fuckable, begging them to keep their voices down.



Featuring
Anna Suvari

**TRUE
EROTIC
ADVENTURES**

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

Now an Ivy League graduate who had spent his early 20s getting ahead, the gentleman said he wanted to make up for lost time. Sure, his friend's flirtatious sister gave him a glorious handjob one day after school, and he advanced as far as third base in college. Any way you look at it, the guy was still a virgin.

An hour or so into his 25th birthday, that changed. First-timers awaken something primal in me, and I felt my inner thighs moisten as I led him by the hand to my spacious suite.

As soon as we stepped inside, I expertly freed the gentleman's rigid shaft from his slacks. We kissed passionately, eyes locked, and his excited gasps made it clear that foreplay would have to become afterplay. I whirled, arched my back and hastily yanked my football jersey over my head, hearing a soft whimper as my latest virgin inserted his cock and felt a woman's heavenly clasp for the first time. Five frantic thrusts later the birthday boy blew out his candle, venting a lifetime's worth of sexual frustration inside me. Touchdown!

Thankfully, I wasn't the only one who stayed up that night!

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



MARLIE MOORE, JANA JORDAN & CHARLIE LYNN

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Sung to the melody of "Three
Times a Lady" by Lionel Richie

Triple the porn gals
Means three times the sex.
The numbers you just can't deny.
They're horny and blond,
All willing to please.
They get off without a guy.

Look, there's once, twice,
Three times the ladies.
And they love you.
Look, there's once, twice,
Three times the ladies.
Now shoot your goo.

See them together,
The scene is so hot,
You know you won't last very long.
The touching, the licking,
The lovely pink parts
Is why we sing this bad song.

Look, there's once, twice,
Three times the ladies.
And they love you.
Look, there's once, twice,
Three times the ladies.
Now shoot your goo.



Three Times the Ladies

















ELLEN BROWN

A NOTED COLUMNIST
ARE TURNING YOU IN
PEOPLE CAN TAKE BA

In 1933, President Roosevelt summed up the truth about power in America: "A financial element in the large centers has owned the Government ever since the days of Andrew Jackson." That financial element was—and still is—the banking system, headed by a private cartel known as the U.S. Federal Reserve. Over the years Roosevelt's truth has been echoed many times by politicians and scholars trying to break the bankers' stranglehold. Now, as the Obama Administration continues to bail out the banks, we may be facing the economic endgame.

In her eye-opening new book *The Web of Debt*, attorney Ellen Brown zeros in on the fraudulent core of our imploding economy: Banks have been using accounting tricks to create money out of thin air, charging interest on it and siphoning off the profits. Brown stresses that the only feasible way to rein in the private banking cartel is to set up a competitive system of public banks, owned by the people, that act in the common interest. This would be the first step toward giving We the People back the power to create our own money.

HUSTLER: How is our money currently created?

ELLEN BROWN: All of our money is created as a debt to private banks. We have no actual money in our monetary system except for coins, which are created by the government. Coins compose a tiny

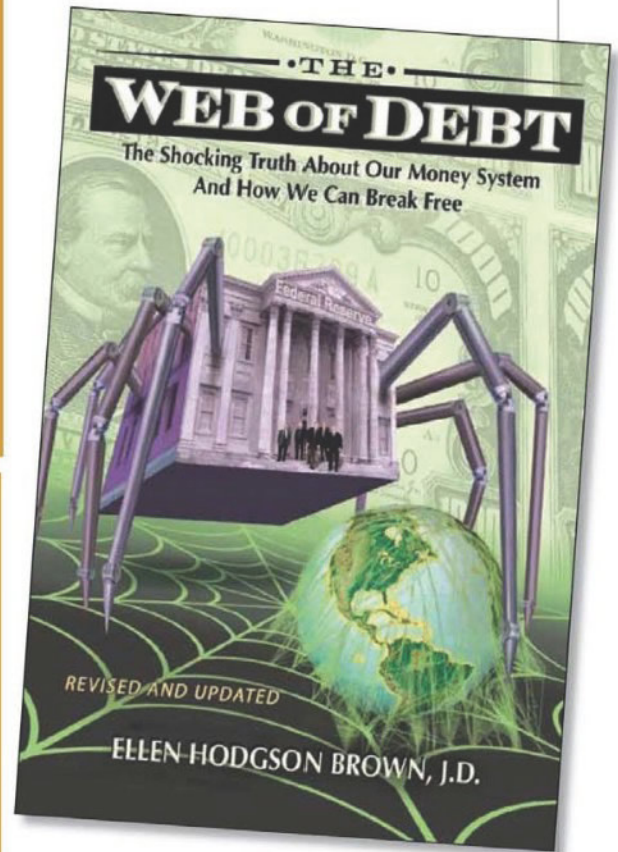
fraction of the money supply. The rest is created by banks in the form of loans. That includes paper dollar bills or Federal Reserve Notes, which compose about 3% of the money supply. Federal Reserve Notes are created by the Federal Reserve, a privately owned banking corporation, and lent to the government and to other banks. But 97% of all money exists only in ledgers, not as actual circulating currency.

When I go into a bank and ask for \$100,000 to buy a house, where does that money come from?

They will write your mortgage up on one side of their books as an asset to themselves because you will pay them money over time. Then they will write the same sum on the other side of their books as a liability because that amount becomes your account that you write checks on. This is called double-entry bookkeeping. They have created a plus \$100,000 and a minus \$100,000, which comes out to zero. They'll say that their books balance.

The bookkeeping entries on the liability side are what circulate in the economy as "money." Money has actually been added to the money supply. And that money creation is at interest, so there is always more money owed back than is put out. The money that banks lend is not from pre-existing deposits. It is new money that did not exist until it was lent.

LEND DOWN



AND AUTHOR DETAILS HOW THE BANKS
TO A DEBT SLAVE AND HOW THE AMERICAN
CK THE POWER OF CREATING MONEY.

But if I write a check to the mortgage company, someone is taking that out as cash somewhere along the line.

The bank can pay out money because it operates under what's called a reserve requirement. Banks are supposed to keep 10% of their assets in the form of cash reserves. Let's say they have \$1 million in outstanding loans; they should have \$100,000 in actual money that they could pay out immediately.

Long ago, when we were on the gold standard, it was discovered that people came for their gold only 10% of the time. Our reserve requirement still reflects the fact that 90% of the people won't come for their money. The 10% kept in reserve comes from depositors. This money is not lent out. The banks use it to create loans under the system of "fractional reserve banking."

Say they start with \$10,000 in bank assets. They're allowed to lend 90% of that, so they lend \$9,000. It'll go into another bank somewhere, and that bank is allowed to lend 90% on top of that and so on. The deposit keeps multiplying until the original \$10,000 is turned into \$100,000 or more, distributed among several banks. It's like a mirror trick. The problem is if you get rid of the first dollar, the whole mirror effect collapses.

Banks need to generate debt to create money?

Yes, essentially all of our money comes from loans. Our current private banking system is a pyramid scheme. Banks have to continually suck new borrowers in because they never put as much money out as they want back. They put out ten; they take back 11. They put out 11; they take back 12½. So in order to create that extra money, you always have to find somebody else who will borrow.

They're scrambling to find debtors. This is the scheme they use for everything from mortgages to credit cards. Our central bank, the Federal Reserve, authorizes the activity of creating money out of nothing.

Is the Fed part of the private banking system?

The Federal Reserve is not actually federal. It is composed of 12 branches, which are private corporations owned by a consortium of banks. We, the public, do not own one share of stock in the Federal Reserve. Our President appoints the head of the Federal Reserve, but once appointed, he's pretty much on his own.

The only leverage Congress really has is to modify or eliminate the Federal Reserve Act. The question is, can this secretive private cartel be trusted with so much unregulated power? It would be cheaper and safer to give the power to create dollars to Congress itself, with full



accountability and disclosure to the public. The power to create money is given to Congress in the Constitution.

When does the Fed decide to print more money?

They print money when the banks need it to meet the banks' cash reserve requirements. Most people think the government prints the money. The government owns the machinery that prints the dollars, but it's the Federal Reserve that commissions them to print the dollars.

That's where the deception is. The Fed tells our printers to print it, and the Fed pays the cost of printing. So they get it for pennies on the dollar, then lend it to us at full face value. The income tax was originally set up to pay the interest on the debt incurred to the Federal Reserve. Very little of the interest now actually goes to the Federal Reserve. But when it was first set up, that was the intent of the bankers that got the law passed. The government passed both laws the same year, 1913: the 16th Amendment for the income tax and the Federal Reserve Act.

The Federal Reserve Act initiated the current system of creating money?

That's when it was formalized, but we've had banker-created money all of our formal existence. In 1791, Alexander Hamilton—our first Treasury Secretary—started the first U.S. bank. It was originally 80% privately owned, and then the government sold the other 20%, so it wound up being 100% privately owned.

Thomas Jefferson was opposed to the idea. He considered Hamilton's plan traitorous and unconstitutional. For a hundred years before that, Americans had money issued by the colonial governments. It worked really well. We flourished all through the colonial period at a time when the British were suffering from the ravages of the Industrial Revolution.

The bank of Pennsylvania—in Benjamin Franklin's province—was the ideal colonial model. Franklin was considered the father of paper money. He raved about it and said it was responsible for the abundance in the colonies. The government would issue a certain amount of money and then lend it to the farmers at 5% interest.

The government would also issue a little extra and spend it on public works, like building roads. Then they had enough money in the system to cover principal and interest as

the loan money went out and came back, without having to inflate the system. During that time the Pennsylvania colonists paid no taxes, had no government debt, and there was no price inflation—a brilliant, self-contained, sustainable system.

A major factor that led to the American Revolution was that King George told us we could no longer print new issues of our own money. The worst part was we had to pay our taxes in gold to England. That was why the colonists were so upset about the taxes.

It wasn't just that there was a tax on tea. It was that we had to pay this tax in gold, which we didn't have. The farmers had to borrow it from the British bankers. The colonists wound up in foreclosure. They were losing their farms. So they just went back to printing their own money because they had to. They needed a money supply. It was an act of rebellion. Tom Paine called this government-issued paper money "a cornerstone of the Revolution."



Was that money backed by gold or silver?

No. It was backed by the full faith and credit of the government. The system was started in 1691 when the governor of Massachusetts, who didn't have gold or silver, gave out government receipts to his soldiers, saying, "Go and trade with this; it will be honored for your service to the community." That worked. The colonies paid for the Revolutionary War with paper money. Unfortunately, it was easily counterfeited. The British were sitting in the harbor with printing presses on ships, madly running their presses.

After the war, even if the government had tried to issue paper dollars, nobody would have accepted them because they were so heavily devalued during the war. So Hamilton resorted to a ruse where he took the gold

that the government had—which wasn't that much—and put it in the bank and started issuing paper bank notes, saying that they were redeemable in gold. That was the so-called gold standard.

The bankers knew people would only come 10% of the time for their gold, so they could issue ten times as many notes as they had gold. Suddenly they had ten times more money. The problem was that the banknotes were lent to the government by private bankers, putting us into this whole debt syndrome we're in now.

Lincoln also printed "greenbacks" to finance the Civil War. What happened to that idea?

Lincoln tapped into the same cornerstone that had gotten the impoverished colonists through the Revolution: He authorized the government to issue its own paper money. But private bankers sought to eliminate Lincoln's "greenbacks" since they weren't under their control. Lincoln was shot, and the bankers pressured Congress to pass the National Banking Act, which allowed them to replace the "greenbacks" with their own privately issued currency.

What would be the most workable reform of the banking system?

We need state-owned banks. With a public, state-owned bank, your profits go back to the community. You don't have a parasite pulling profits out the way you do with private banks. The whole point of a corporation is to make money for the stockholders and management.

If you're a public entity, you don't have to worry about profits to your shareholders, and your shareholders and customers don't have to be nervous about losing their money because you've got a huge pool backed by the state. You can create many times your deposits in loans, to fund government projects, helping the community, and all the profits go back to the center—the state bank.

Any sort of public entity can own a bank. A university like UCLA could own a bank. They could take all their revenues, put them in their bank, create many times that sum in loans and build a stadium. The profits from the stadium would go back and pay off the loan. They could do it interest-free.

Why don't they?

I don't think they know they can do it; we've been kept in ignorance for so long. In the 1890s, people actually knew the banks were

creating money because there was no Federal Reserve. It was obvious that when you went to the bank, they were giving you a bank note supposedly backed by their own gold. You knew that it was privately issued money. Today we've been led to believe the government issues the money and that they're the problem. We've been sucked into supporting the banking beast when we could walk away and form our own credit system.

Has this idea of public banking been tested?

It has. One state owns its own bank: North Dakota. It's also one of only two states that are currently able to meet their budgets. The Bank of North Dakota was set up during a populist movement in 1919. By law, all of the state's revenues go into its own state-owned bank. These then serve as the deposit base for many times that sum in loans, and the excess profits go back to the state.

They don't publicly say they're creating credit out of nothing on their books, but that's how all banks work; many authorities have said so. North Dakota now has the lowest unemployment rate in the country, it has plenty of money for things like student loans and sustainable energy development, and it's generally not feeling the pinch of the credit crisis at all.

What's preventing a system like that from being instituted nationwide?

Corruption and multimillion-dollar salaries. You can't change the system until it collapses. But that's the point we're at now. It has collapsed.

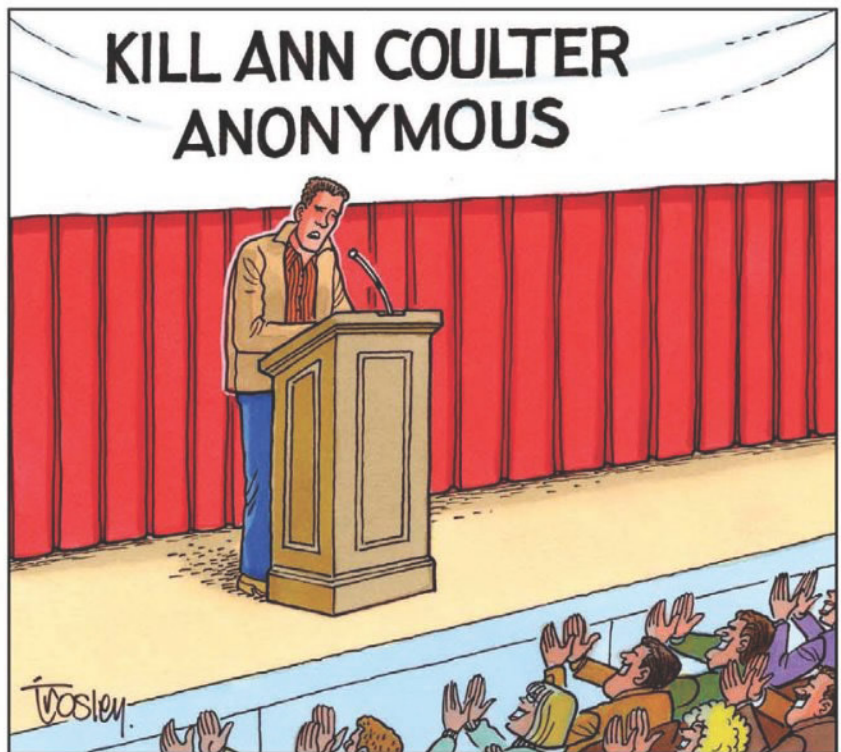
Would a public banking system still be competitive enough on an international scale?

A public banking system could be more competitive than private banks. Banks create credit on their books, and a government bank could do exactly the same thing—without all the toxic assets that are preventing the banks from making loans now, and without having all the profits going out to a parasitic banking elite.

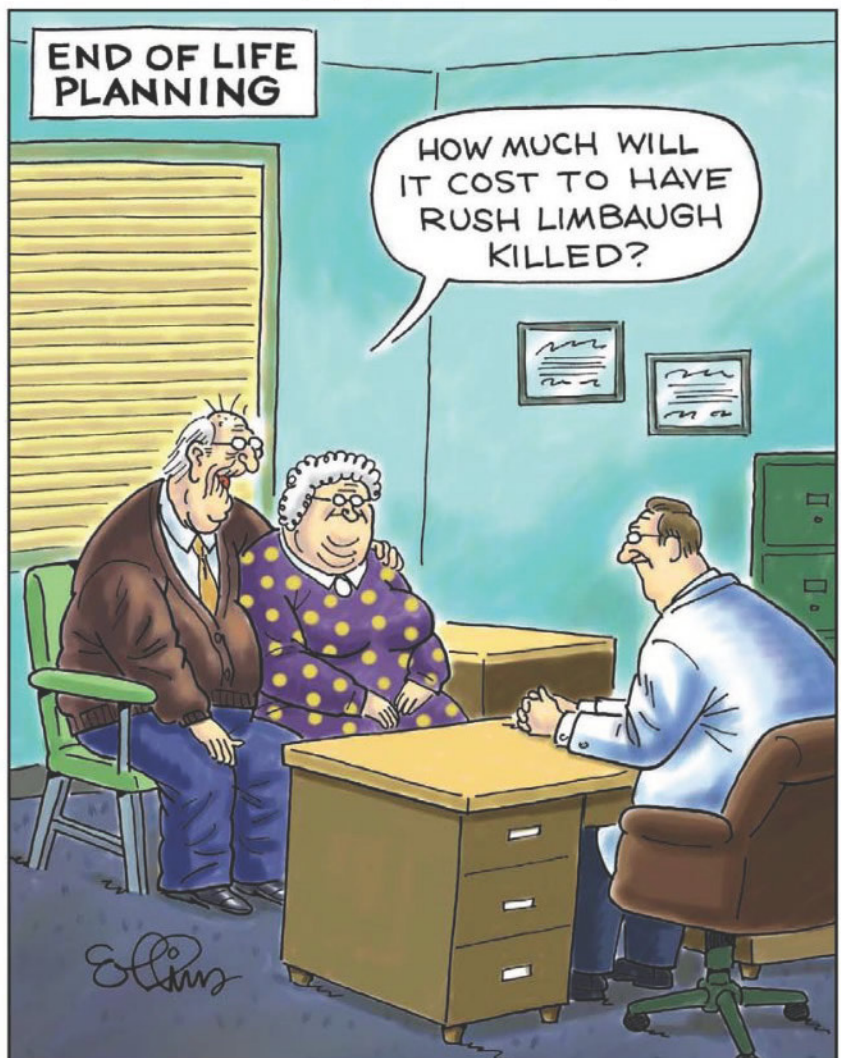
You could set up a public banking system that could start fresh. You could still let the private banks operate. They do that in India. It used to be that the private Indian banks were preferred because they were profit-generating, but now suddenly everybody's rushing to the public banks because they're more secure.

Aren't the people who are making money off the current private banking system going to fight a public system tooth and nail?

Sure, but what can they say if we're playing by *their* rules? We just want to join in the game. We could just set up public banks to fund infrastructure, to fund the stimulus program. Let the private banking system alone. Don't try to prop it up and don't try to bring it down. Just see which one works better. I'll place a wager that it's going to be the public system and that everyone's going to rush to the public system when they see how well it works. 🌐



"Hi, my name is Ron, and I've gone eight days without emptying a firearm into my TV."



You Gotta Have Hope



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE
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CINDY HOPE

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I'm the ultimate optimist," huffs chipper **Cindy Hope**.

"I wake up every morning knowing the day will be full of fun and fucking. I guess I live my name. Even on my worst day I feel lucky to be alive."

Does Miss **Hope** see the glass as half-empty or half-full? "Depends on what's in it!" **Cindy** replies with a laugh. "If it's a high-end champagne or a fine wine, then it's quickly empty once I start sipping. Unfortunately, when I drink, I get into a little trouble."

What kind of trouble? "The good kind," **Cindy** fesses up. "Sex in the bathroom of a club with a guy or gal I just met. Or public displays of nudity in inappropriate places. Back when I was still living in Hungary, I once ended up topless at a harvest festival. It's all fun though."



Future plans? "No one gets into porn for life," **Cindy** acknowledges. "It's really a short period of time that you are hot enough to do this. There is nothing sadder than a girl who has been in the business for too long and looks all road-worn and used. I'm going to do this for a few years—control how much I do and then move on. I just worry that when I leave, I'll have to find another way to work off all my sexual energy. But I'm sure I can find an outlet for that."







CINDY HOPE'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Budapest, Hungary | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 117





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I Hope You're Re





HUSTLER HUMOR



HUSTLER Philosophy: If you had sex 365 times in one year and melted the rubbers down to make a tire, that would be a fucking Goodyear.

One day a Jewish girl came home and told her mother she'd fallen in love with an Arab who'd asked her to marry him. The mom had a shit-fit and lambasted her daughter until she mentioned that the Arab was a wealthy sheikh and that they would live in luxury for the rest of their lives. The mom finally gave her consent.

Six months later the daughter came home and whined, "All my husband wants to do is fuck my ass day and night, Mom! He never stops! I swear, when we got married, my asshole was the size of a dime. Now it's the size of a silver dollar!"

Her mother quickly retorted, "So for 90 cents you're gonna make trouble?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *blond intelligence* as a peroximoron.

The woman in black had recently lost her husband, had him cremated and brought the ashes home. After emptying his urn on the back patio table, she ran her fingers through the dusty remains and spoke to her late spouse: "You know that dishwasher you promised me? I bought it with the insurance money. Remember that car and diamond ring you promised me? I bought them with the insurance money too."

As the widow sat there, still tracing her fingers through the pile of ashes, she sighed, "Remember that blowjob I promised you?"

After banging a gorgeous prostitute all night, the senator pulled \$500 out of his wallet and laid it on the bureau. The rent-a-slut thanked the philandering politician but said she was only charging him \$20.

"Twenty bucks for all that licking, sucking, fucking and ass-banging?" the concerned public servant bellowed. "You can't make a living like that!"

"Don't worry about me, sir," the working girl replied. "I do a little blackmail on the side."

Question: What do a rattlesnake and a soft penis have in common?

Answer: You can't fuck with either one.

There's just no pleasing my wife. She has an electric blender, an electric toaster and an electric bread maker in the kitchen, then complained that there was nowhere to sit down! So I went out and bought her

As a couple in their 40s climbed into bed, the husband took off his eye glasses. The wife looked over and remarked, "You know, darling, without your specs, you look like the same handsome young man I married 15 years ago."

The husband squinted at his wife and muttered, "Shucks, without my specs on, you look halfway fucking decent too."

Jake was summoned to the boss's office, where the guy in charge announced, "I've got good news and bad news. Which do you want first?"

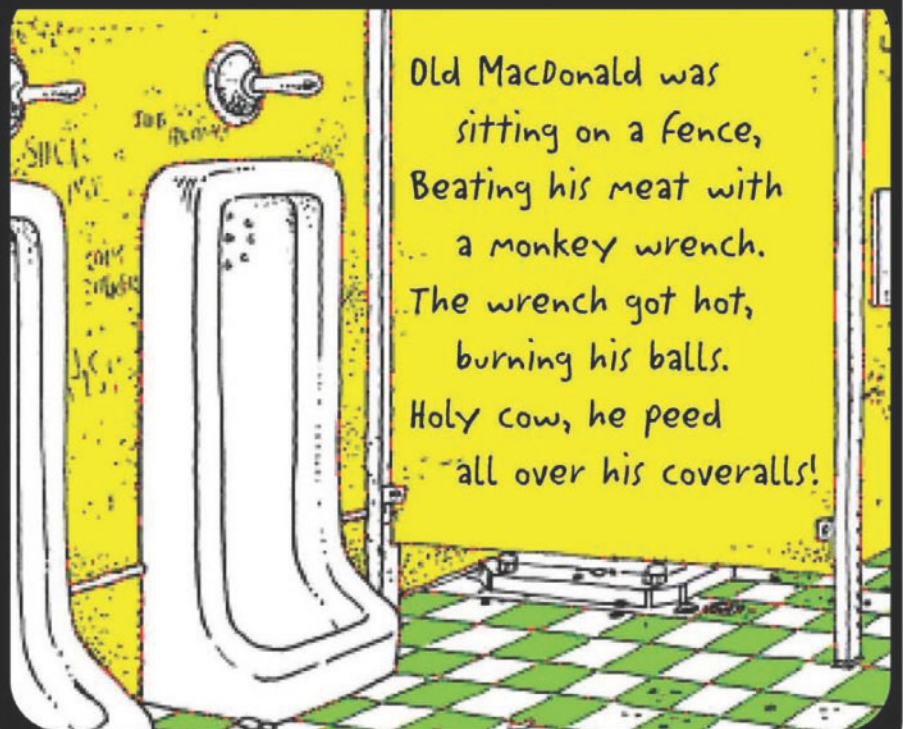
"Shit!" Jake exclaimed. "I reckon I'll take the bad news first."

"I'm gonna have to fire you," the boss snorted. "Go clean out your desk!"

"Dammit!" Jake cried. "I had a feeling you'd say that. So what's the good news?"

"You know that hot little redhead in accounting that always wears those real short skirts?" the boss beamed. "She said she'd give me the best blowjob of my life if I gave her your office."

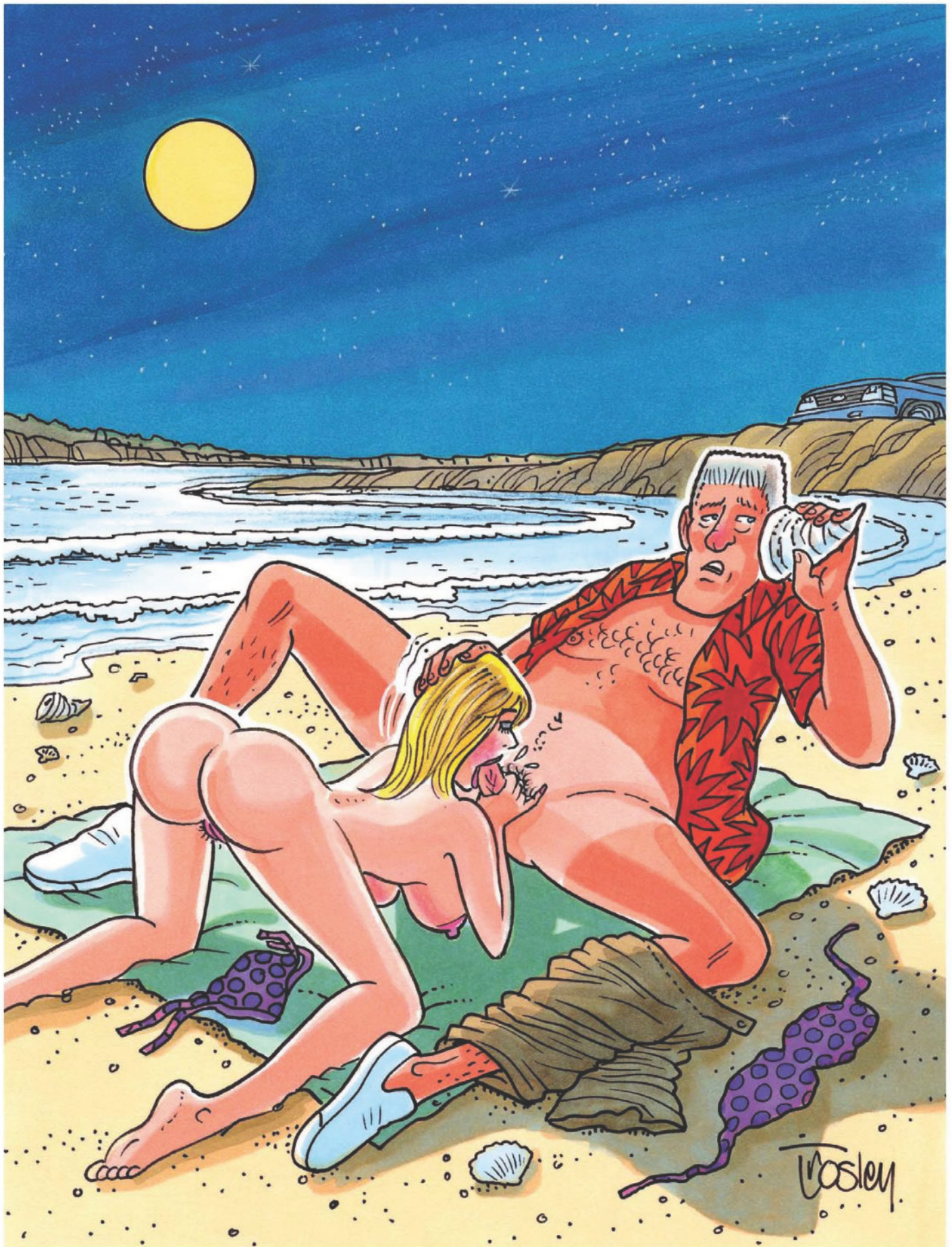
GRAFFiLTHY



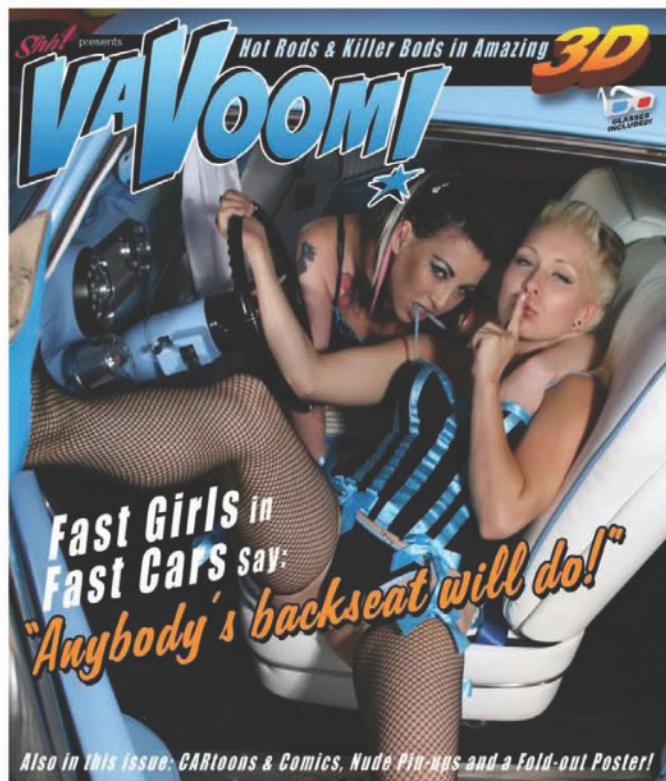
Thanks and \$50 go to Margie P.

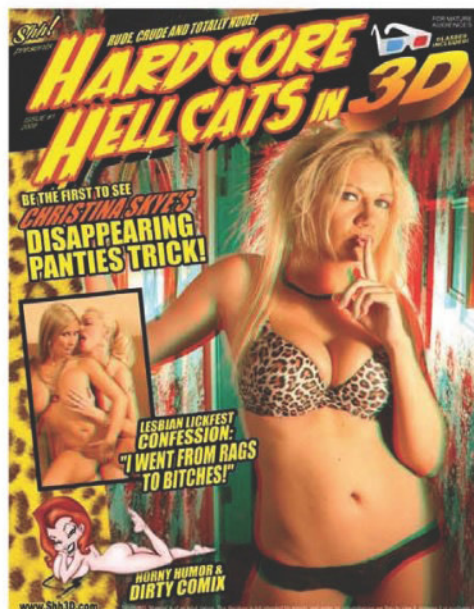
HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item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

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"Christ, Hillary, how did you find me? This isn't even a phone!"





Double Ds in 3-D!

FOR EYE-POPPING PINUPS AND COMICS, JUST SAY "SHH!"

For years now we have wanted to put out a 3-D edition of HUSTLER Magazine. Unfortunately the tightwad bean counters in accounting have prevented us from doing it. Bastards! Thank God someone finally had the vision and wherewithal to launch a Web site dedicated to 3-D erotica.

Shh3D.com features adult cartoons and comics, not to mention hundreds of beautiful girls. These images are reminiscent of vintage pinup magazines with a whopping difference: a ton of nudity and hard-core sex in amazing, high-quality anaglyph and stereo 3-D! If you want humongous tits in your face, this is the place.

Created by occasional HUSTLER contributor Aaron Warner of Cartoon Studios, the site offers most of the above-mentioned fare for free. Once your appetite is whetted, you can purchase all sorts of exclusive items, including magazines, books, portfolios and other unique 3-D products.

Just slap on a pair of red-and-blue glasses (which are provided for free) and you can jump into the hot, raunchy and sometimes-hilarious 3-D action. The images are so vivid, it seems like you can reach out and actually touch the enticing women. You can't, but you can always touch yourself while gawking at them.

Take our advice: Go to **Shh3D.com**.



"FOR SOME REASON 3-D PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE THE ONLY GUYS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN ME."

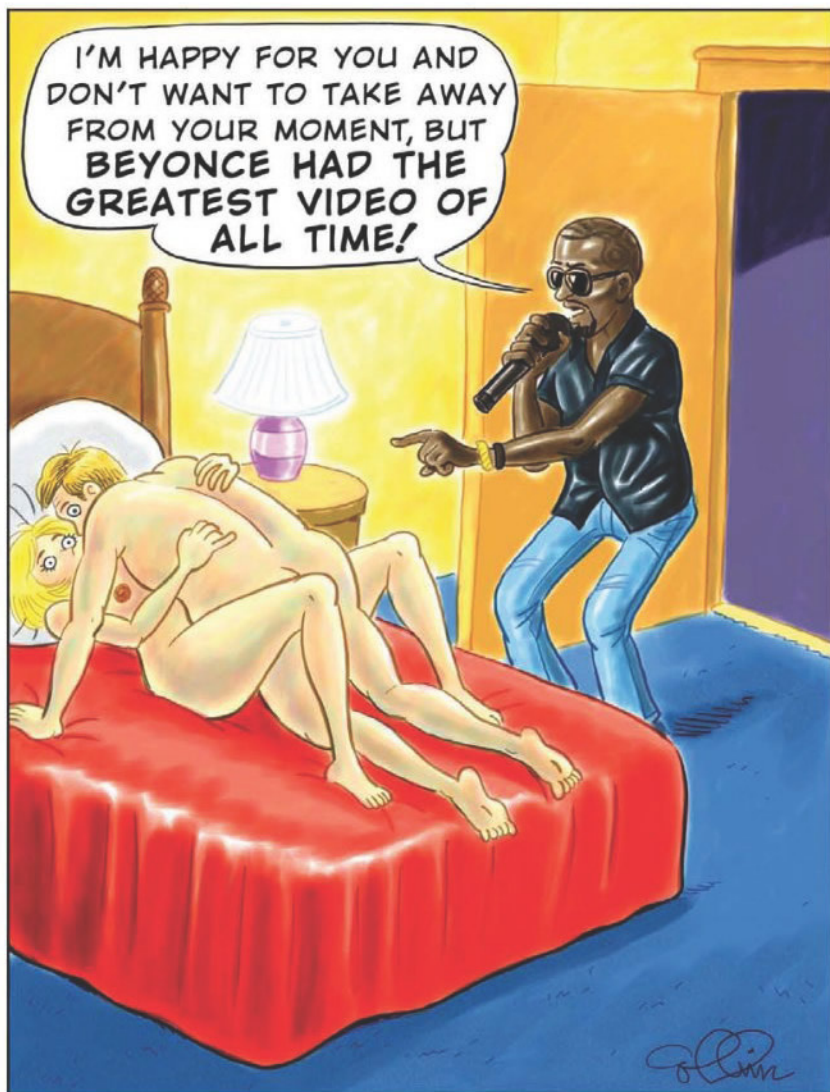
Tits and Giggles

by Aaron Warner





"Do they call it 'pussy' because it smells like cat food?"



(continued from page 43) thought perhaps at some point their year-long affair could have turned into something serious, but she was very focused on her career. "I wanted to be a superstar."

A few years later one of John F. Kennedy's men approached after a show and asked if the then-senator could take her for dinner. "What about his wife?" Storm asked.

"Oh, it's not a problem," Kennedy's flack replied. "This marriage is not a happy one, anyway."

According to Storm, she and JFK dated on and off for a year. "He was wonderful," she says. "Always a gentleman. The press hardly paid attention. Today an affair with a stripper would have killed a political career." Back in the good old days it all passed quietly under the radar, save for a New York tabloid article.

The liaisons had already ended when JFK was elected President in 1960, but Storm had the ultimate reason to be elated. "Wow!" she said to herself at the time. "I had an affair with the President of the United States. How much higher can you get?"

When burlesque finally began to fade, Storm was still pulling in tens of thousands of dollars a week. "The era was ending," she says, "but the audience still wanted what I had to offer—a classy, artsy type of show." Steadfastly refusing to take off every stitch, "I made up for it onstage with my dancing, performing and making eye contact with the audience. I would smile at my audience, and they'd fall in love with me."

That's why her age doesn't faze her. "Being a good stripper is not just about the body," Storm asserts. "It's facial expressions too, personality and good rapport with the audience."

From the very beginning—as now—she took care of her appearance and health while other strippers killed themselves with their vices. "I refused to drink alcohol, do drugs or even smoke cigarettes," Storm declares.

But you can't fight Father Time. Despite Storm's eagerness to perform, bookings have mostly dried up. Until recently she appeared a few times a year at a San Francisco club as part of an evening of nostalgia. After the establishment closed, the only remaining venue was the annual burlesque reunion in Las Vegas.

While awaiting the next one, she's been writing her autobiography, *Tempest Storm: The Queen of Burlesque Unzipped*. "I'll be an exotic dancer for many more years," she vows. "I have a long life ahead of me. I made a deal with God to let me live forever."

E-mail Tempest Storm at TempestStormUnzipped@yahoo.com.

Avner Hofstein is the West Coast Bureau Chief of *Yediot Aharonot*, Israel's largest daily newspaper. Amy Klein is a freelance journalist whose articles have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Chicago Sun-Times* and *Jerusalem Post*.



Great White



Out of the Ashes

Rock me: Jack, Mark, Michael, Audie

VERY FEW bands in history have had the highs and lows of Great White. The multiplatinum rockers scored big in the late 1980s with a string of hits topped by "Once Bitten... Twice Shy" and "Rock Me." As years passed and popularity waned, the group seemed to fade into obscurity.

A ragtag version of Great White reentered the public's consciousness under the worst of circumstances in 2003. During a gig at The Station nightclub in West Warwick, Rhode Island, pyrotechnics triggered a devastating fire. One hundred people died in the tragedy (including guitarist Ty Longley), and dozens more were permanently scarred. Lawsuits, rehab and a breakup followed.

In 2007, original members Jack Russell, Mark Kendall, Michael Lardie and Audie Desbrow unexpectedly reunited for an album and a tour. On the concert trail ever since, Great White released a second new studio CD—*Rising*—in 2009, bringing us to today....

What are some of your favorite memories of 1980s excess?

MICHAEL: Where do you wanna go? Pick an area. Pick a time.

JACK: Give him a date.

MICHAEL: There was something excessive going on all the time. Okay, I remember when we found out a record went gold. We were playing in Minneapolis at the Orpheum with Twisted Sister. The local guy from our label, Capitol, came down and told us. It was debauchery from that moment on. We got on the plane at eight o'clock the next morning. We had taken some of our "rider" with us.

JACK: A small bottle of Stoli vodka.

MICHAEL: A small bottle. About this big. (*Indicates a height of two feet.*)

JACK: With wheels.

MICHAEL: We got on the plane. I remember Audie, myself and our bassist at the time, Tony, were tired. We didn't really want to stay up, but Jack and Mark were still very elevated and excited. They took out the bottle of Stoli and told everyone to order orange juice because Jack was going to be bartender. They kept filling up everybody's drinks. The flight attendants were pretty cool with that for a while until Jack started busting out the dirty limericks.

JACK: "There once was an old lady named Dot, who lived on pig shit and snot. When she couldn't get these, she'd eat the green trees she scraped off the sides of her twat."

MICHAEL: The flight attendants had a problem with that. Then the captain, a 6-foot-6 Nordic guy, came out and gave Jack a Spock death grip.

JACK: I hadn't left my seat the whole flight. I got to the bathroom, and I'm about five feet away from my seat. All of a sudden I felt this Vulcan death grip on me. He said, "You've been up and down in your seat the whole time. I will have you arrested."

I said, "Do you know how many fucking times I've heard that? Give it your best shot, pal."

MICHAEL: Then [Mark] Kendall called one of the flight attendants the C word. All bets were off at that point.

JACK: As we're landing we hear, "Ladies and gentlemen, could you please let the officers of

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

BROKENCYDE

I'm Not a Fan, But the Kids Like It!

If AFI and Lil Jon had unprotected drunken sex in an alley and later had a kid (addicted to cough medicine), it would be BrokenCyde. Their fucked-up debut disc is a brilliant mix of crunk and screamo perfect for you and your bastard kids.



AMANDA BLANK

I Love You

Look out, Peaches! Another horny electro chick is taking over! Amanda Blank's flawless dance disc is a sexed-up mix of computer-driven beats, New Wave rhythms and vintage funk that is sure to get your ass sweating.



EXENE CERVENKA

Somewhere Gone

As lead singer of L.A. punk rock outfit X, Exene is a legendary music pioneer. The woman can do no wrong in our eyes. Her newest solo disc (her first since 1991) is a dreamy (yet edgy), heartfelt, country-tinged affair with moments of bliss and brilliance.



LA COKA NOSTRA

A Brand You Can Trust

Hip-hop is back, motherfuckers! Raw, rough and ready, the debut CD from this L.A. collective is the best thing to come out of rap since Dr. Dre's *The Chronic*. The group is made up of House of Pain (Everlast, Danny Boy and DJ Lethal) with guests Ill Bill, Slaine and Snoop Dogg.



ANVIL

This Is Thirteen

The hapless stars of the greatest heavy metal documentary of all time return! Their most-even studio CD to date is a solid blast of hard rock packed with slamming drums and crunchy guitars.



DENNIS DIKEN
BELL SOUND



DENNIS DIKEN WITH BELL SOUND

Late Music

The drummer of New Jersey rockers the Smithereens was born too late. He really should have been part of the '60s. Diken's love of '60s rock, the Beach Boys and Spector's Wall of Sound permeates his solo disc with Bell Sound. *Late Music* features harmonies, hooks and guests Jason Faulkner and the Honeys.

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

GWAR

Lust in Space

Need a kick-your-teeth-in blast of raunch 'n' roll? You know that you do! Luckily Gwar, who are never ones for subtlety, are back with a hard-core aural assault of cartoon violence and heavy metal madness. Highlights include "Metal Metal Land" and "Make a Child Cry."



INTO THE PRESENCE

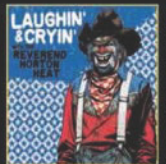
Into the Presence

The drummer has played with both Primus and A Perfect Circle. The singer/guitarist is a respected sessions player with an otherworldly falsetto that will chill you to the bone. The combination is a scary-good blend of progressive rock.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Closer to the Bone

Country legend. Master storyteller. American songwriting genius. Coolest guy in the room. That's Kris Kristofferson. Stripped down and intense, this disc is packed with country folk tales all filtered through his well-worn voice. Some things get better with age.



REVEREND HORTON HEAT

Laughin' & Cryin'

Rockabilly redneck rockers don't release CDs; they put out testimony of booze-soaked misadventures full of party and puke tunes. Shot glass not included.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Ciao My Shining Star: The Songs of Mark Mulcahy

Miracle Legion/Polaris frontman Mark Mulcahy has influenced everyone from Radiohead's Thom York to Vic Chesnutt. This tribute disc—which features the aforementioned artists as well as Josh Rouse, Juliana Hatfield, Frank Black and dozens more—helps Mulcahy raise his twin three-year-olds following the sudden death of his wife.



ROSANNE CASH

The List

In 1973, Rosanne Cash's father handed her a list of vital American songs she should know. No big deal, except her dad was the legendary "Man in Black," Johnny Cash. This disc draws from that list and features guest vocalists Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Costello and Jeff Tweedy. The miraculous result would make her dad proud.

the FBI escort some passengers off the plane that have been causing problems."

MICHAEL: Jack and Mark got arrested. Just one of the days.

How did you guys end up together again?

AUDIE: I got a call from our previous bass player, and he asked me if I would ever consider doing a tour and an album. Jack and I had a falling out a while back due to our heads being in the wrong spot. Everything was blurred up. We put all that aside. Then Jack called me and asked, "Do you really want to do this?" I thought it would be fun. That was 2007. I thought that would be cool to do for a year. Here it is 2009, and we are doing another record and another tour. I never knew it would go this far.

JACK: Amazing. These guys I grew up with my whole life. They are closer than my brothers and closer than a wife will ever be.

MICHAEL: They say the two things that break up a band are publishing and women. (Laughs.)

JACK: We love this band and love making music together more than we love anything else.

What about the groupie stories?

MICHAEL: Audie has a great one from Florida.

AUDIE: Oh, with the three girls?

JACK: Wasn't that illegal?

AUDIE: We were in Orlando. I don't know how many years ago that was. We went to a strip bar after the show. These girls were sitting in our laps and feeding us. I hooked up with this one girl. We had a few dates in Florida, so she followed us around. She had a couple other of her dancer friends that were hanging around. This one night we played, I got us a room. She said, "Well, my other two friends don't have anywhere to stay."

I said, "That's cool. I'll just get a room with two beds, and we can all hang out." We were getting ready to crash. I was with the one girl in one bed, and the lights went out. She tells her friends, "You guys are welcome to come and join us." I had this mini-orgy with me and the three girls. The next morning I cracked out the video camera so they could do a play-by-play recap of who did what and who swallowed what. I played it on the bus afterwards.

MARK: There was this one chick at the hotel front desk.

AUDIE: We were checking into this hotel at like three in the morning, and the bar was closing. This girl was at the bar, and she sees us. She follows us up to our room, saying, "Can I get an autograph? Can I get an autograph?" Next thing you know we're touching her, and Mark starts doing her from behind. He shouts, "Suck his dick!" We're doing her, and we say, "Let's switch." So we switch. She's all filled up. She got her autograph and a few other things.

JACK: I've got one. The box story. This happened a lot. Guys come up to you and say, "My wife has a fantasy. She wants to blow you with me watching." I'm like, all right, whatever. The wife blows me while the guy just sits there. I keep my eyes closed and don't think about it.

One time this couple says, "We got a hotel room. Let's go there." I think that's cool. We go to the room, and this hotel is in the middle of a move. There are boxes everywhere. I move a box in between the guy's face and my face. His wife starts at it, and it's cool. Suddenly I hear, "Oh, yeah! That's it, honey. Suck his dick!" This idiot thought he was Howard Cosell.

MICHAEL: Good things come in threes. One time in Houston I had three gals in the back lounge of the bus. One was doing the shaft. One was doing the balls. The other was doing the ass. That was kind of nirvana—the unholy trinity.

MARK: We had some crazy stories, but those days are over.

JACK: Not for us single guys. Michael and I are both newly single.

We have to talk about The Station tragedy.

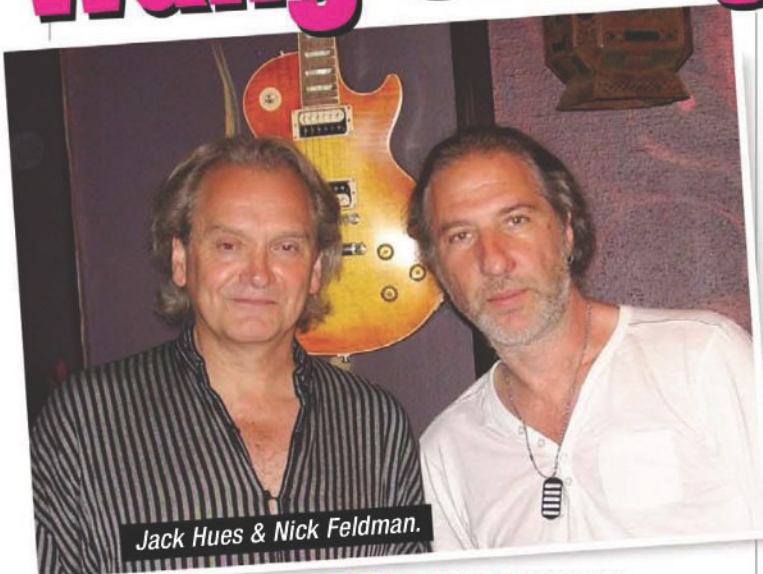
JACK: I'll keep this short and sweet because I've been asked to not talk about it too much by the survivors and victims' family members, so out of respect for them.... This scab has been pulled off this wound too many times, but I understand you're a journalist. (Long pause.) It never gets any better. That night still haunts me. I wake up every morning and see a sunrise that I know a hundred of my friends will never see. It always brings a tear to my eye. Yet I know I can't live in that same day the rest of my life. That does them a disservice, and it's also a disservice to me. Nor am I trying to write an album about it. I think that's a disservice as well.

God gives you what He gives you. You pick yourself up, dust yourself off and rock on. That may seem trite, but that's what it is. This is the hand we were given. We do the best we can with it. When we are asked to help, we help. When we're not, we just keep doing our own thing. We thank God we're alive. There must be a bigger picture why we were spared. I don't know what that is yet, and whether I'll ever know remains to be seen. Right now I'm just damn glad to be here playing with my friends and making new records. Hopefully, this can help some of the healing.

Is it true that for two years afterward you donated all touring profits?

MARK: We're always creating awareness for The Station Family Fund. Still today. I'm really good friends with the folks that started the fund for the families of victims and the surviving victims. All you can really do is create awareness so that the victims and their families can get help.

Wang Chung



LOVE IT OR HATE IT

"Everybody Have Fun Tonight (Everybody Wang Chung Tonight)" was one of the 1980s' catchiest pop gems. Behind that megahit, the band delivered some of the decade's most interesting and complex albums. After more than 20 years apart, Jack Hues and Nick Feldman have reunited for a string of live shows and a long-overdue CD. We caught up with the Brit New Wavers backstage when the Regeneration Tour came to L.A.

HUSTLER: Where did the name Wang Chung come from, and what does it mean?

NICK: Jack was reading this book about [Karlheinz] Stockhausen, the German electronic composer. He sort of sheepishly suggested it to me as an idea for the name of the band. I didn't know what it meant, but it sort of appealed to me.

JACK: *Huang Chung* literally translated means "yellow bell." A yellow bell [in Chinese folklore] rings at the center of the universe and creates this frequency. The job of music is to mesh with that and harmonize. I thought that sounded pretty good. Obviously when you are being interviewed on *The Morning Zoo*, you can't get that deep. So we said it was the sound a guitar makes.

NICK: In a way that reflects the two sides of what we do. There is this quite poppy, easily accessible front end of what we do. Then there is a depth there as well. You can take your pick as to how far you want to go.

Why did you change Huang to Wang?

NICK: That was David Geffen telling us. We wanted to change the name because people kept mispronouncing it. They called us Hung Chung and Wayne Chandler. Geffen loved the name so much, he suggested we change the spelling so it would be much easier.

Is it hard to balance the depth and the pop?

JACK: We both have that pop sensibility. Nick has the stronger pop sensibility, and I want things to be more arty.

NICK: But we both have perfect pitch. (Laughs.)

JACK: At best we sort of balance each other out—in a good way. At our worst we pull apart to ridiculous places. We were lucky in the '80s to be in a place where the music business was kind of open. It was okay to have a band like us that was slightly enigmatic. We were a bit of this and a bit of that. Each album that we did sort of reflected a different part of our persona in many ways. We felt quite comfortable in that. The record company point of view was difficult because they had to keep

going back to the drawing board on how to market us.

Was having such a huge hit with "Everybody Have Fun Tonight" a blessing or a curse?

JACK: Definitely a blessing. Never a curse. It elevated us to household-name status. It ignited the continuing drama around the name. It gets used in all these TV shows.

NICK: We are the punch line in an Austin Powers film. What more could you want? (Laughs.)

JACK: Our next ambition is to be in the dictionary. (Laughs.)

After *Warmer Side of Cool* you guys went away. What did you do in those 20 non-Wang Chung years?

NICK: I had a couple of different projects, one of which was called Promised Land with Jon Moss of Culture Club. Had a couple of other bands, then I got into A&R for about ten years at Warner Brothers, Sony and then Song BMG. I signed Bullet for My Valentine, who have done pretty well. Then I went into band management. I managed a new band called Little Fish, who are being produced by Linda Perry as we speak.

JACK: When we first left Wang Chung, I made a solo album for Columbia, which never came out. I did another movie soundtrack for Billy Friedkin for his film *The Guardian*. It was great to write a proper soundtrack for orchestral instruments. Through the '90s I produced a bunch of stuff, including the band Definition of Sound, and I did the Strictly Inc. project with Tony Banks of Genesis.

Is a new Wang Chung album in the works?

NICK: True rumor. We are pretty much done. We've recorded a bunch of stuff—more than we need in a way. We have to go through it and decide what will constitute the album. Finish off a few bits and pieces here and there.

JACK: The album is going to be called *Abducted by the '80s*.

What does the new music sound like?

NICK: It's an eclectic mixed bunch of stuff. We have some quite poppy stuff, and we've got some long, drawn-out atmospheric stuff.

JACK: We had to think about what a Wang Chung record in 2010 should sound like. We used synthesizers and guitars with elements of pop. We both listen to a certain amount of modern music, so we are aware of what a Radiohead record sounds like. That kind of influenced the thinking.

NICK: We wanted to make the album as un-gratuitous as possible. There was a creative reason for making it. I think it has a lot of integrity and energy, as opposed to a Spinal Tap getting back together to do a Japanese tour kind of thing.

What can you say about touring with other '80s artists on the Regeneration Tour?

NICK: It's great. I think we were both quite nervous about it before we got here because we hadn't done it in so long. It all came together very quickly. Now that we're here, it's real fun. There is so much warmth out there for us that you can't help but enjoy it.

JACK: There is a real camaraderie. We all watch each other's sets. It's really cool. Everyone wants to give the audience a good time. With that in mind, we have to be the best that we can.

What are your favorite memories of '80s excess?

JACK: It didn't happen a lot, but I remember coming out of a concert, and there was this group of improperly hysterical fans. That was quite scary. Maybe not scary, shocking. We were pushed into a limo and sped off.

NICK: I remember a bizarre scenario of us having a day off in New York. We were at the Metropolitan Museum.

JACK: Museum. That's the kind of guys we are. (Laughs.)

NICK: We were sitting in the museum's café and were recognized by a few people. Very quickly there was a huge queue [line] of people queuing up for autographs. We did an in-store at the Metropolitan Museum. That was very typical Wang Chung. We are the mild men of pop. 🐼

(continued from page 62) effect, see through walls. My wife broke into mocking laughter. "Prove it," she challenged. With my kids looking at me expectantly, I turned to a wall and began describing, in great detail, the kitchen behind it: "There's the sink. To the left the dishes, to the right a large stove and over to the center an island with pots and pans hanging down, a phone on the left wall..."

"How are we going to know if you're right?" my wife demanded. The problem was solved moments later when a waiter approached our table. His description of the kitchen matched mine perfectly. I was redeemed in front of my kids, but my wife was furious.

A couple of months ago my boys turned 18. It was time, I decided, for them to take the Silva course. I drove them, kicking and screaming, to the class. "We don't believe this stuff," they complained.

"I'm paying \$500 for each one of you," I countered. "Would I be shelling out that kind of money if it didn't work?"

The course is only 20 hours long now—one weekend. Honestly, it's not as good. You need 40 hours to get the right hemisphere of your brain—the portion associated with creativity and intuition—really humming. In the old days you'd see the biggest yahoos humbled by their experience on the final day of class, when their new skills were put to the test. I remember one guy—cow-boy shirt, jeans, boots and huge belt buckle—bellyaching, "This is nonsense! I'm only here because my wife forced me to come." However, at the end of the 40 hours, the guy had the same pasty-faced expression that I'm sure I had when I first completed the course. Like I mentioned earlier, it can be a mind-blowing experience.

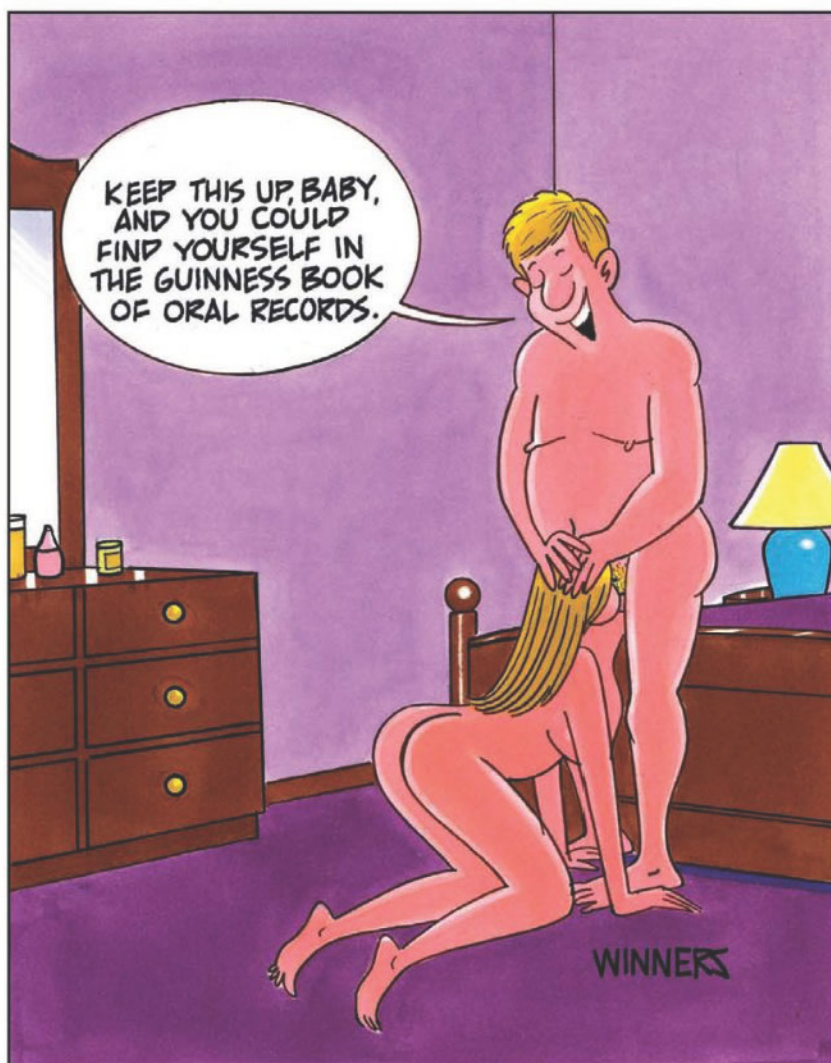
This time I didn't see any of that. After the final exercise some of the students were confused and needed reassurance even though, for the most part, they did okay. My kids were in that category.

"I just guessed," Jordan said, explaining why his hits didn't count.

"It always seems like you're guessing," I told him. "But given all the possible things that can go wrong with the human body, all the diseases and problems you can have, you have to ask yourself, 'How did I guess so well?'"

Taylor, on the other hand, seemed more accepting. That evening when we got home, he used the Silva three-finger technique to find his cell phone, which had been missing for an entire month. Fingers pressed together, he walked straight to it. (It had been buried under a chair's pillow.) Even so, he has not pursued his newfound skills. Guess Taylor's like his dad. Maybe when he's 40.

Epilogue: As this issue went to press, it appears the course will once again take two weekends to complete. For more info, go to SilvaMethod.com.



MOVIE Mammaries

ALI LARTER'S HEROIC HOOTERS!

ALI LARTER is our favorite kind of Hollywood actress—a sexy woman who desperately wants to perform au naturel. You can see it in her eyes when she wears a skimpy outfit on NBC's *Heroes*. But we are more stoked about Larter's movie work, as the blond beauty has offered brief glimpses of her knockout body in various states of undress—some nude, some not, all worth a second look.

We first spotted the babe in the Kevin Smith comic book caper *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* (2001). Cast as jewel thief "Chrissy," Miss Larter runs around in a skintight Catwoman suit. That was just a warm-up for Ali's first big-screen blast of nudity. The indie film *3-Way* (2004) is a must-see for all her fans if only for the scene in which we get to watch the hottie's majestic ass in action. It gets repeatedly attacked during simulated doggy-style sex. This flick is definitely worthy of rental, and Larter should have been considered for an Oscar.

The super-corny *National Lampoon's Stoned Age* (2007) showcases Ali dressed as a cavewoman in a fur bikini bottom and coconut shell bra. They don't come off, but she'll make you hornier than a woolly mammoth. That leads us to our favorite movie in her risqué résumé, the hard-to-find *Crazy* (2007).



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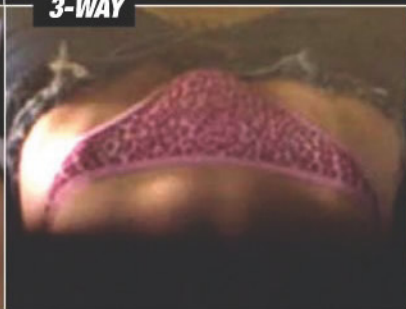
HEROES



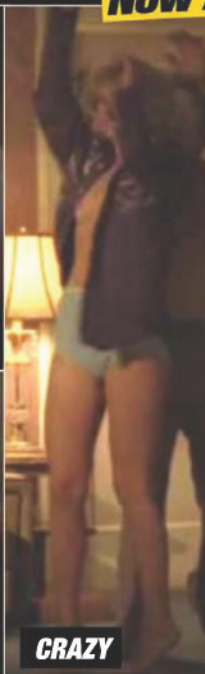
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3-WAY



CRAZY



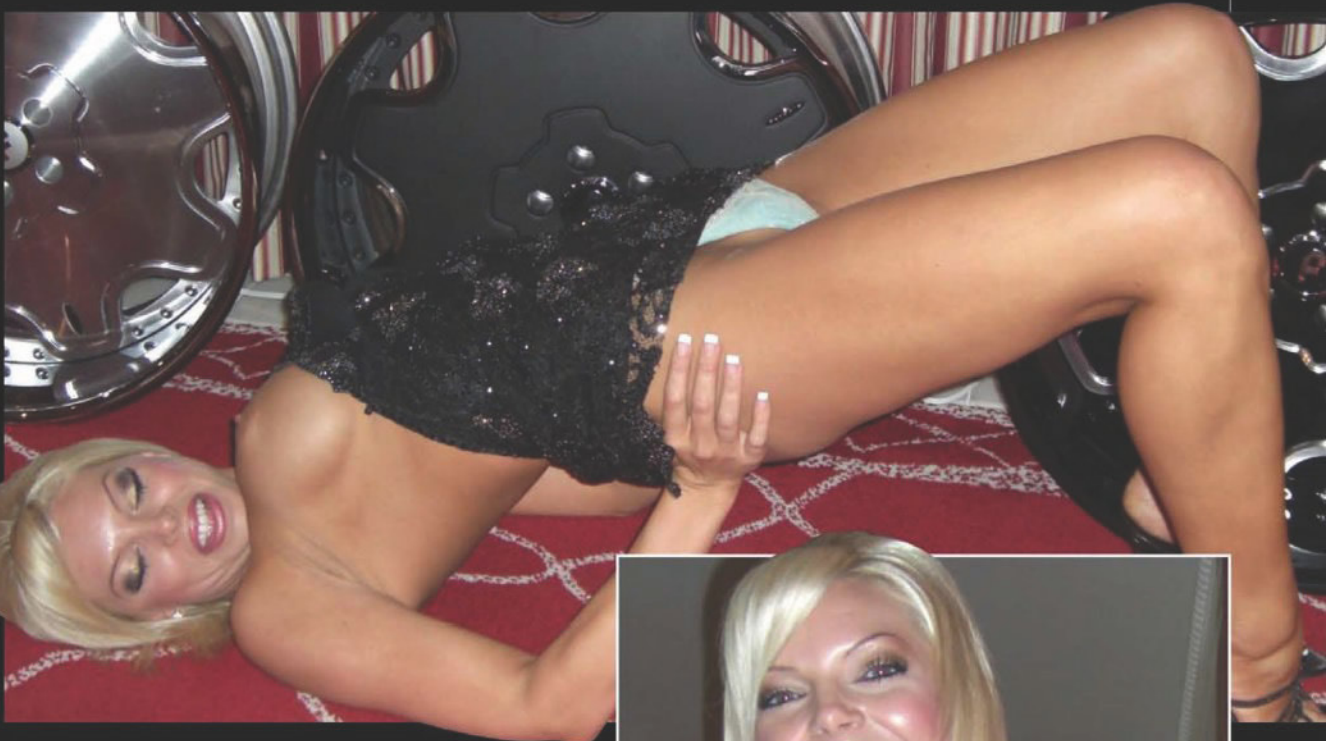
Seeing Larter's breasts uncovered in all their glory is guaranteed to drive you a little nuts.

Her latest effort, *Obsessed* (2009), should have been the breakthrough skinfest we've been waiting for. Sadly, although Larter plays a loony bitch just begging for some interracial loving, there's no nudity! How is that possible?! *Obsessed*'s only saving grace is Ali just begging for it while dressed in some sexy lingerie. The catfight scene on the stairs is also pretty hot. As Beyoncé kicks her ass, Larter's well-toned backside looks very inviting even in tight black panties.

Tinseltown can be a place that prevents people from fulfilling their dreams. Nevertheless, we hope that 2010 is the year Ali Larter decides to make full-frontal nudity on the silver screen a dream-come-true for herself and us!

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

JASMINE FIORE MURDERED MODEL



Death is never kind, especially when it comes to a beautiful woman taken before her time. Such is the sad case of Las Vegas-based swimsuit model Jasmine Fiore. The 28-year-old stunner who longed for fame made the national news recently under the most horrible of circumstances: Fiore's savagely beaten and mutilated body (all her teeth had been knocked out and fingers cut off, apparently to deter identification) was discovered stuffed inside a blood-soaked suitcase in a trash receptacle in Buena Park, California, just miles from the bright lights of Hollywood.

Naming him "a person of interest," police launched an extensive manhunt for Fiore's ex-husband, Ryan Jenkins. The wealthy real estate developer, who appeared as a contestant on the VH1 reality show *Megan Wants a Millionaire*, had a long domestic abuse rap sheet regarding former female acquaintances. Tracking Jenkins to his native Canada, police found him dead in a British Columbia motel room. Apparently the fugitive hanged himself in order to avoid prosecution.

Sadly, we'll never know how Jasmine Fiore may have charmed the world. We might have even been lucky enough to have her pose nude for HUSTLER. All we have to remember her by are these recently unearthed shots from happier times. Taken in 2007 after a Las Vegas car show, they reveal



a fun-loving Fiore blowing off a little steam after a tough day of modeling. That beautiful face and fantastic body—gone much too soon.

Got any photos of the rich and famous getting down and dirty? Get in touch with us by e-mailing NakedCelebs@LFP.com. We may be able to buy those pics and publish them for the whole world to see. ☺





Keeping it up for the Kard-ASS-ians

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

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How do you keep up with the hottest reality show on TV? By making a XXX parody, of course. HUSTLER Video's latest in a string of successful sex spoofs takes on the comings and goings (mostly comings) of the famously horny Kardashian sisters—Kim (Veronica Rayne), Kloe (Dylan Ryder) and Kourtney (Missy Stone)—and their cougaresque mom, Kris (Nicki Hunter). If you thought Kim's real-life sex tape with Ray J was hot, you'll love all the explicit action packed into this porn parody.











Keeping It Up for the Kard-ASS-ians
is available from HUSTLER Video.
Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464, visit
HustlerHollywood.com or, to order
by mail, go to page 135.







Who Really Owns That Brainstorm?

The next Thomas Edison at the **University of New Hampshire** just might not prosper from his or her ingenuity.

I imagine this: You're a business student working on a class project in the McConnell computer cluster at the University of New Hampshire, and your idea is a remote-control microwave. You hand in your project, hoping for at least a C.

Sometime later you see a television commercial hyping the world's first remote-control microwave. You get infuriated. You came up with that idea but never thought to take it further. How could that happen? Did your school rip you off?

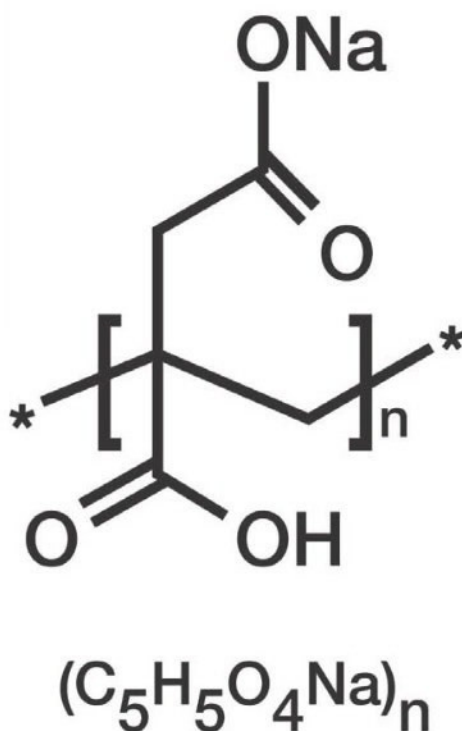
It turns out that if a student creates something at the University of New Hampshire on its time, using its equipment—even for a class project—UNH automatically assumes ownership and is free to do whatever it wants with the innovation. It is a standard case of intellectual property and who deserves the right to it.

Taking the upper hand, the University of New Hampshire in November 2000 established what is now the Office for Research Partnerships and Commercialization “to oversee the protection of property rights, to encourage invention and innovation and to support the university’s research mission.” Ultimately a protocol was stipulated in Part VIII (“Research Policies”), Section 7 of the University System of New Hampshire Online Policy Manual.

What it boils down to is that “undergraduate students shall own any Intellectual Property that they make, discover or create in the course of research unless the student performed the research while receiving financial support from the University in the form of wages, salary, stipend or grant funds.” The student also is denied ownership if his or her research involves making use of “university resources (including university-administered funds, facilities or equipment).”

Ownership of intellectual property at UNH is

also restricted if the “research was funded by a sponsor pursuant to a grant or Sponsored Research Agreement or is subject to a Material Transfer Agreement, Confidential Disclosure Agreement or other legal obligation. ... In such



instances, undergraduate students will make Assignment to the University and will share in the distribution of royalties.”

Robert Dalton, Director of the Office for Research Partnerships and Commercialization, and UNH President Mark Huddleston champion the university’s “commitment to sustainability and to having the creative efforts of its talented faculty and students brought into public use.” A prime example is Ming Cao, a second-year master’s student in materials science, who in the spring of 2008 gained the attention of an outside firm that brings pioneering prod-

ucts and services to the marketplace.

“[Professor] Yvon Durant and his graduate student Ming Cao presented their innovation at the Holloway Prize Competition,” Dalton stated. “Following this, they formed a company, Itaconix LLC, with one of the attendees, John Shaw [president of Kensington Research Inc.], and they are aggressively pursuing commercialization of the technology. Any royalties UNH receives will be distributed per the IP Policy. Professor Durant and Ming have also agreed on their sharing of the 30% for inventors.”

Dalton also noted that UNH filed for a patent on the technology—a new generation of environmentally friendly polymers capable of replacing petroleum-based chemicals in detergents, diapers, feminine pads and other applications—and have licensed the innovation to Itaconix LLC.

Nicole Cadorette, a sophomore business administration major with a focus in finance, has strong feelings about UNH’s intellectual property policy. “I don’t think the university should be given credit if it’s your idea,” she said. “Sure, the university could get some recognition for assisting, but I don’t think they should be the ones making the profit. Maybe a fraction of the profit because they helped contribute, but they definitely shouldn’t be able to commercialize the idea themselves. The majority of the profit and any commercial activity should be left up to the person who originally came up with the idea.”

Preston Kinney, a sophomore majoring in business administration, specified, “Since we are using their [UNH] resources, and they are making sure the idea comes to life, they should get some profits, but not all.”

Several professors in UNH’s Whittemore School of Business & Economics were asked for responses but declined to comment. Intellectual property is a touchy subject.

Samer Kalaf is a junior majoring in journalism at the University of New Hampshire. His extracurricular pursuits include writing for *The New Hampshire* (UNH’s student newspaper), indoor soccer and “making great sandwiches.”

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at Features@LFP.com.

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

Real College Girls

Tina Ann: California State University, San Bernardino

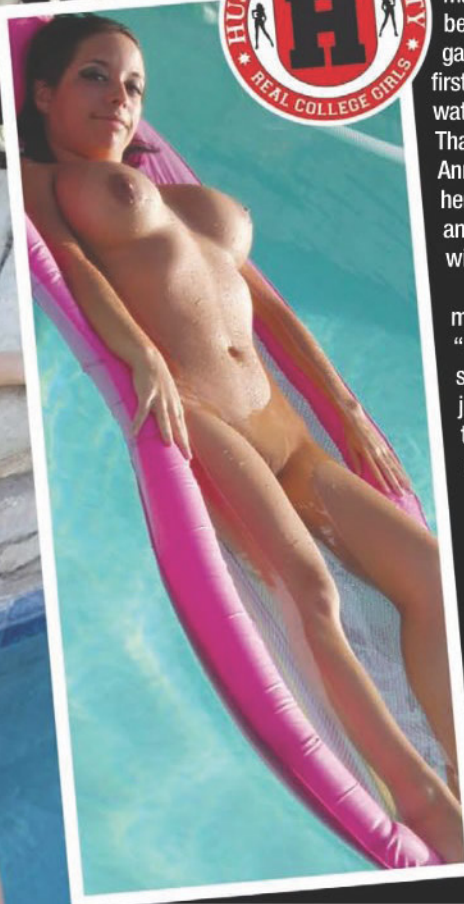
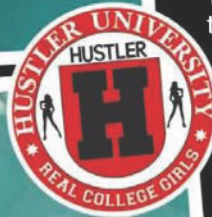
"People would be very surprised to find out I'm in HUSTLER," says this unabashed CSUSB junior, "because I'm a shy, reserved person and pretty hush-hush about my naughty business!" Nonetheless, Tina Ann's tight little body is just too good a secret to keep under wraps.

When the 4-foot-11 psychology major wants to take her mind off schoolwork, such as writing a term paper on Sigmund Freud, she may go for a swim. But mostly she loves to be challenged. "I'm addicted to video games!" Tina Ann exclaims. "Especially first-person shooters like *Left 4 Dead*. So watch out! You might be my next target!" Thanks to a vast cookbook collection, Tina Ann also enjoys trying out new recipes, but her two favorite dishes are cheeseburgers and pizza. "That's why I exercise every day without fail," she tells us.

Meanwhile, Tina Ann aspires to be more than a HUSTLER Real College Girl. "I hope to develop a career in porn," she discloses. "It combines the biggest joys of my life. I love to have fun, I love to entertain, and I *really* love sex. I mean, doesn't everyone want to be a porn star?" Maybe. But how many students want to continue working in the adult industry after becoming a professor? That's the uninhibited coed's ultimate goal.

When asked about her amorous talents, Tina Ann replies, "First of all, I like the way my ass bounces when I'm in the doggy-style position." *Grrrr!* Then the busty brunette licks her lips and confides, "I give great head. I can start off by stroking hard and fast or soft and slow. *Mmmm!* And I like to finish things off with titty sex!"

PHOTOS BY NICOLAS BRACE



BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



Puckered Up: Maxi gives Amber Rayne a hand.



Michelle Avanti gets **Puckered**.

Puckered Up

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICHARD DE MONTFORT. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, DAISY STRONG, AMBER RAYNE, MAXI, MICHELE AVANTI, MISSY STONE, TRINITY POST, JAY LASSITER, SHORTY MAC, STEVEN STEELBERG, NATHAN THREAT & CHRIS CHARMING.

I As the title suggests, this cheerful little tunnel tour features a buttload of ass-pounding, gaping and subsequent puckering—when a big helping of man-meat is pulled out of a lady's well-trained asshole, whereupon she daintily squeezes her sphincter together like a backward kiss. In large-screen close-up, it looks like the squid that ate Japan. *Puckered Up* kicks off with a dildo competition between bushy-tailed Maxi and a trash-talking Amber Rayne, with extra points for ass-to-mouth. Of course, Ms. Rayne wins. In this game show, every prize is more rectal ramming. The scene with Amber shoving a rubber hand into her exit hatch is sheer surrealism. The finale features a fine dildo dalliance with darling-of-the-moment Sasha Grey, but for our money Amber and the voracious Missy Stone deliver the real goods. This tasteless, ultragenital experience is one of late director Richard de Montfort's final gifts to smut fans—and a filthy reminder of how much he'll be missed. Order *Puckered Up* now by turning to page 135.

—M.J.



The game is **Up:** Trinity Post blows it.

Teachers pets Jesse Jane and Riley Steele persuade the faculty.


Riley and **Teacher** Katsuni study the universal language.

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Hot for **Teachers**: Stoya and Jenna Haze earn some extra credit.

Teachers

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** JESSE JANE, RILEY STEELE, STOYA, KATSUNI, ANGELINA ARMANI, JENNA HAZE, ANGELINA VALENTINE, MASON MOORE, LISA ANN, TOMMY GUNN, SCOTT NAILS, ERIC EVERHARD, EVAN STONE, JAMES DEEN, MICK BLUE & BEN ENGLISH.

 Robby D. gets an A+ for effort with this sex-ed crash course. Following hard on the success of *Babysitters*, *Cheerleaders* and *Nurses*, *Teachers* sends Digital Playground's cumsucking honor roll back to high school. Jesse Jane, Riley Steele and Stoya as slutty schoolgirls make for a triple hard-on, but Asian pussycat Katsuni (as a spank-happy, anal-ready French teacher) nearly upstages them all. The simple story is highly functional: Riley loses her "BFF" diary detailing her clique's extra-credit exploits, leading to juicy flashbacks and plenty of genital maneuvers with the faculty to get the diary back. At one point, Evan Stone gives Stoya and Jenna Haze a condom demo, then sends the wrong message by fucking them bareback. WTF? Overall, the sets and lighting are excellent, the performances are fun, and the girls are all eye candy. Jesse's bubble boobs almost pop off of her scrawny body, while Riley and Stoya look as pretty as ever. It all ends with a school bus orgy that will take you back to the glory days you never had. No pussy left behind!

—M.J.



Sadie West learns what it means to be **Racially Motivated**.

Racially Motivated

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** MIKE JOHN. **STARRING:** MISTY STONE, KATIE ST. IVES, ANDY SAN DIMAS, VANESSA LEON, ALIX AMILION, SADIE WEST, MR. PETE, SEAN MICHAELS, MR. MARCUS & STEVE FRENCH.

 If it weren't for some of the seriously bangable talent in this interracial jam-boree, we'd say it was typical fucking-on-couches smut. But the fact is, milk-chocolate delicacy Misty Stone and her incessant "Oh, shit!" moans could elevate even your uncle's vacation videos to greatness. We have yet to see any of Misty's lucky stiff's treat her like a routine fuck. She's a tough act to beat, but *Racially Motivated*—which alternates between white chicks on black dick and white dicks in black chicks (tongue-twister of the month)—has some nice surprises. Katie St. Ives finds a big black dildo in her pool, then rubs it until it turns into the equine Sean Michaels. Hipster chick Andy San Dimas lays down a spirited show of her own, and cute-as-sin Vanessa sets a record for utterances of "Omigod!" while the Latina accommodates a length of dark meat that's almost as big as she is. Then there's Sadie West and her great tush. In what she alleges is her very first time with a black guy, sexy Sadie makes the title of this flick come alive.

—M.J.

Misty Stone and Vanessa Leon are always **Motivated**.





Alexis Texas joins the titular Lisa Ann in *You're Nailin' Palin*



You're Nailin' Palin: Interactive

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: LISA ANN, ALEXIS TEXAS, CHRIS CHARMING & JAY LASSITER.



HUSTLER's latest Palin spoof is billed as the "Interactive Adventures of a Hockey MILF," meaning that it's all shot POV-style and—even though Palin's "not pro-choice"—you can jump to the body parts and actions you want to see: titty-fuck, foot-job, doggy-style, anal, etc. Back in the title role, Lisa Ann still hasn't gotten any coaching from Tina Fey, but what the hell? She resembles the batty Alaskan and has pumped-up knockers and what looks like a well-rounded, rebuilt butt. The script is full of dirty double entendres, and interacting with the half-wit lets you clarify and expand on every one of your political positions. In the second half, gay-bashing beauty queen Carrie Prejean (ass majesty Alexis Texas) drops in for a one-on-one values summit featuring the welcome option "Watch me fuck Miss California." Hypocrisy ain't all bad! This might be your only opportunity to screw California and mess with Texas at the same time! Turn to page 135 and order this movie now. Otherwise the liberals win.

—M.J.

MILF-mania: Vivid Girl
Raylene scores a cumback.



Raylene's Dirty Work

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** B. SKOW. **STARRING:** RAYLENE, GIANNA MICHAELS, CHARLEY CHASE, KYLEE REESE, EVIE DELATOSSO, MICK BLUE, JERRY, JAMES DEEN, MR. PETE & ANTHONY ROSANO.

I Welcome back, Raylene! This is the raven-haired Vivid Girl's first fuck flick in eight years, and she proves porn's just like riding a bike—or in this case, ironing clothes. The now-authentic MILF has been raising a family, and housework is in her blood. So naturally, this movie has Raylene fighting grime wherever it lurks. Apparently favoring organic cleaning products, she uses mostly saliva and semen to battle those tough stains, and nothing's better than a tongue to really get into those rectal crevices. Any mom can tell you that you can never get everything clean before it all gets filthy again. And who can get the ironing done without getting good and starched by two guys? Raylene invites in a couple of welcome helpers for good measure, including stroker faves Gianna Michaels and Kylee Reese, as well as cute Evie Delatosso, who delivers the fine metaphor of frying bacon. Fucking any one of those gals would be like winning a year's supply of detergent, but this is really Raylene's show. As sultry and gorgeous as ever, she rounds out the workday with a cock deep in her trash bin. Even if you're not a neat freak, Raylene will make you want to polish until you gleam.

—M.J.

Evie Delatosso and Charley Chase do Raylene's Dirty Work.



IN SEARCH OF "SEXUAL HEAT"

Vivid Honcho Steven Hirsch Eyes the Future
Interview by Craig Modderno

Meet the guy who is living your life. Steven Hirsch cofounded Vivid Entertainment in 1984 and built it into a porn powerhouse with marketing savvy and a roster of A-list talent he dubbed the Vivid Girls. Celebrating 25 years of industry leadership, Hirsch says the game is changing, but the key factor remains the same: It's all about the girl.

HUSTLER: What is the state of the adult industry right now?

STEVEN HIRSCH: We're dealing with a perfect storm. The Internet, which started out as a friend of this industry, is now its enemy. We're dealing with an immense amount of stolen and free content on the Web. Some of it is connecting people to other sites, like dating services, and porn clips are the bait. DVD sales are down 30% from a year ago. The downward economy has forced people to cut back on all forms of paid entertainment. You put all these things together and you see the challenge to make money in porn is immense.

Why haven't you ventured into mainstream films with your Vivid Girls?

It's very difficult to do. There will always be a stigma attached to the adult business, both as a businessperson like myself and for the girls as performers. I'm looking out my window, and I can see Universal Studios. But realistically, it's as close to me [in terms of making a movie there] as China. I suspect someday soon there will be an R-rated studio film about our industry, and it will be very successful.

Has creating a porn star become more difficult?

In the past, when our primary needs were video and TV, it was much easier. Now with the Internet and the tens of thousands of Web sites out there, it's difficult but not impossible to get a large audience to just focus on one girl. In the past we knew how to make that happen from advertising in *AVN* to creating promotions to introduce our next star to the public. Now you're competing with amateur sites, Facebook and other easy-to-access Internet destinations featuring pretty, uninhibited women who look at that as their shot at fame.

Does it upset you when a Vivid Girl works as an escort?

I can't control what my girls do with the rest of their lives outside of what business we ask them to do. I don't think a porn actress working as an escort impacts the business one way or the other.

What do you look for when a new girl walks into Vivid?

When she comes in the room, she has to have something, whether it's the way she looks, how she does her makeup or the sexual heat coming from her. Then I have our photographer shoot her. She has to have the ability to act a little bit and to be able to interact with the public via promotions, Internet chats, personal appearances, etc. We get all those things out of the way, then we shoot a scene with her just to see how hot the girl really is. If the sex is good, and she oozes a pure—not fake—sexuality, we consider signing the girl. It's a simple formula, yet you'd be surprised how rare it is to find a girl with all these potential elements for stardom.

Vivid Girl Monique Alexander ignites In Black & White (review on next page).

Sasha Grey stars in Vivid's big 2009 release Throat.



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Color me hot: Lisa Belize, Monique Alexander and Kelly Wells *In Black & White*.

In Black & White

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: MONIQUE ALEXANDER, LISA BELIZE, KELLY WELLS, MR. MARCUS & VOODOO.



No, this one isn't actually in black-and-white. The clever title is a play on its interracial theme. Skinny Vivid Girl Monique Alexander and her husband have a habit of picking up loose pussy at the local swingers bar. The problem is, Monique also has a habit of going post-coitally ballistic after somebody fucks her man. Basically, she's the world's worst swinger. Enter black hottie Lisa Belize and her stud, who are into all kinds of sex games. The scene with Lisa and Monique slowly warming each other up for a fourway fuck heats up this flick nicely. Newcummer Lisa looks great, even if she hangs onto the shy act too long rather than really ripping into her scenes. But since she's hot stuff and fresh off the bus, we'll blame that on the director. Get what enjoyment you can before Monique snaps into a jealousy fit and starts calling Lisa Belize a "bitch" and a "whore." Talk about bait and switch! If you want to see if anyone finally smacks the nasty little Monique for being such a whackjob, you'll be glad to know this movie ends with an enticing "To be continued." Look out, Monique. Payback's the real bitch!

—M.J.

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I have two philosophies in life," barks tough-as-nails **Chayse Evans**. "Live on the edge and don't take any shit. I do what I want, when I want—and all with no regrets. I've been known to get lit and then fuck someone in the middle of a club, right there on the dance floor. All the clubgoers watching me only makes me come quicker. I don't care what other girls think. If they're haters, then they're just jealous. Everybody wants a piece of me, and because I'm bisexual, I'm more than happy to do them too."

As for **Chayse's** second rigid philosophy, she trumpets, "Not taking any shit comes from my training when I was in the Marines. They teach you to be motivated and driven. Whatever I do in life, I do with all the passion I can. That's why my career in porn is off to such a great start. I work hard, and I play hard."

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CHAYSE EVANS'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Baltimore | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 120





"There are big things to come in my future," **Chayse** asserts. "I just filmed some really hot scenes for upcoming movies that will make my fans very happy. I also have a special message for my brothers and sisters still serving in the Marines: I respect and honor every one of you! Semper Fi!"



"I only did this to make you jealous, and it worked!"

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SUMMER DAZE



■ "I am very open about my body and would love to show the world what I have," expresses Summer Daze, 24, an "outgoing, likable girl-next-door and tease" from Warren, Ohio. "Once when I was like 17, a group of us ran through this small town butt naked at three o'clock in the morning. It was great! I would prefer to live in a nudist colony." But not for the volleyball. "I'm into football—go Steelers!—basketball and soccer," discloses Summer, whose "most interesting job" was working as a shot girl. "I also like to sew, clean cars and swim." As for sowing her wild oats, the 4-foot-11 darling dishes out, "I have been bi for ten years. I am very passionate and at the same time aggressive. I really enjoy using toys—they give me my best orgasms—and handcuffs." Why not? Summer's fave television shows are *CSI* and *Dance Your Ass Off*. On that note the "ardent devourer of hotdogs, turkey and chili" confides, "It takes some getting used to, and a little lube, but I've found anal sex to be rather enjoyable. I like to enjoy the finer things in life and live life to the fullest." Summer, thanks much for giving *Beaver Hunt* a shot. —Photos by Friend

"Boy, do I love gettin' it from behind!"

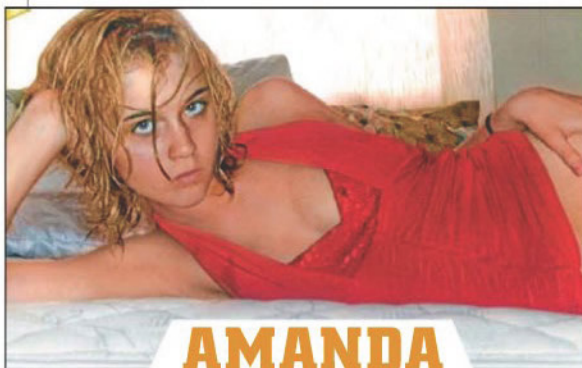


"My biggest fantasy is to meet Mariah Carey and introduce her to Kitty Kat."





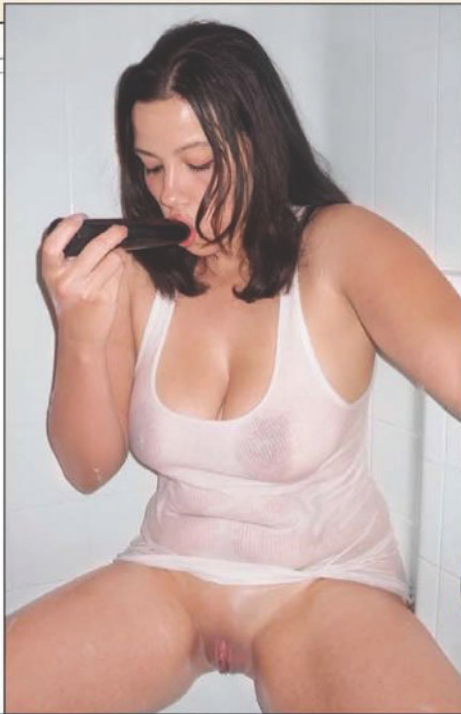
■ "I like the thought of men (and women) looking at me," announces "your friendly neighborhood liquor store clerk" from Amelia, Ohio. "I only wear clothes when I have to due to the damn law!" Renie, 32, resonates with uncanny candor. "I'm a bisexual swinger, aggressive nymphomaniac and exhibitionist," the 5-foot-11 novice model spells out. "Dancing naked around a fire on a solstice or sabbat [Wiccan festival] is enough to get me dripping wet." Truly bewitching, Renie—a sci-fi and Adult Swim fan—advises, "If we're watching TV together, you might wanna turn your head and watch me fingering my pussy and playing with my go-button nipples instead." She also points out, "I've had sex in an elevator and a cemetery, and one time I went 24 hours straight. I have a great guy, but he lets me find new fuck buddies on the Internet. Nothing beats having a cock in my mouth and a cock pounding me from behind!" Besides hoping to "hang out with Cheech & Chong," Renie lusts for "Rob Zombie and his hottie lil' wife—and not just to watch *Robot Chicken*!" —Photos by Boyfriend



AMANDA



■ "I've wanted to do *Beaver Hunt* for a while," chirps this "fun-loving and energetic" 18-year-old from Hotchkiss, Colorado. "Once my husband said it was okay to do, I was on it." Amanda may be a stay-at-home mom, but the 5-foot-8 string bean does more than just cook, clean and pay the bills. "My hobbies are riding horses, tanning naked, skinny-dipping in our beautiful lakes and having tons of sex," she details. "The kinkier the better. I really like hair-pulling and spanking. I'm also into barrel racing, photography, cherry cheesecake, reading (I love Ayn Rand books and the *Twilight* series), comedies (laughing is a big turn-on for me), horror movies, *Lost*, Nickelback and, once again, sex. I'm horny all the time. I love doggy-style, my vibrator (a lot) and anal sex once in a while." Amanda, whose hijinks are topped by "intercourse while driving down the road," fantasizes, "I would love to have a threesome, with the third person being a woman. I've never tried it before, but it sounds so fun." —Photos by Amanda



"I'm excited to be in the magazine. Can you tell?"



HONEY CHINNO

■ "My boyfriend always wants to show me off and let people see me naked," hoots Honey Chinno, 22, a loan officer from Clarksville, Tennessee. "Now it's on a larger scale." But being eye candy is just a hint of what the "I don't bullshit around" vixen has to offer. "My hobbies are shopping and watching *Deal or No Deal*, *Cheaters* and *The Newlywed Game*," Honey continues. "But my favorite thing to do is have sex. Threesomes and foursomes too. Since my guy and I have a unique relationship, I've been with lots of men and women. I counted the number recently, and I think it's possible I'll hit triple digits before I'm 30." Honey is a wee 5-foot-0, but her fervor is towering. "I'm great at everything sex-related," she notes, "but I really love fucking doggy-style, giving head and eating pussy. I've never had a complaint. I aim to please because I like to hear moans and see squirting. That means I've done my job well. I'd love to do porn. I'm already doing the same type of stuff for free, so why not get paid big money for it?" Honey, who once "stripped naked and got frisky in a Jack in the Box drive-thru a little after midnight" and did likewise while her guy was driving on an interstate, muses, "I'd love to fuck Taye Diggs and Tyson Beckford, sleep with Tila Tequila and win that professional spread y'all have." —Photos by Boyfriend





A.J.

"I'm from Utah! Who would think?! We have this big religious reputation. You know what? If they don't like what I'm doing, screw 'em!"



■ "I have never been happier with my body, and I'm proud to show it off," rejoices A.J., 33, a collections administrator from West Valley City, Utah. "I also want to be an inspiration for women like myself suffering from fibromyalgia, a chronic pain condition. They don't need to give up their lives to despair." A.J. sure hasn't. For starters the aspiring guitarist relishes scuba diving, fishing and hiking in her home state's "amazing" mountains. The 4-foot-11 tyro is pretty amazing herself. "I love cock," A.J. trumpets. "I could suckle one for hours. I love when I can fit an entire penis in my mouth before it rises and gets hard. That and the pre-cum taste turn me on. I like my partner to be ready for a long ride before we have intercourse." A.J., who fondly recalls being "bent over and fucked on the balcony of a hotel room in Jamaica while a boat full of locals watched from about 100 feet away," has a travel bug's fantasy: "I want to scuba dive and have sex in [the western Pacific's] Truk Lagoon." —Photos by Friend

"I love coming home from work and making my husband horny."



LYNN



■ "I just had to be in my favorite part of my favorite magazine," asserts this "mischievous and kinky" factory worker from Des Moines, Iowa. "I can relate to the amateurs. They're more real than the models. I'm not the modeling type, but my 38DDD boobs do get a lot of attention." Lynn, who'll turn 39 in February, is keen on photography, swimming and the TV show *NCIS*, but she diverts much of her spare time to being a good wife. "I satisfy my husband very well," the 5-foot-3 newcomer makes known. "I'll do whatever works: oral, missionary, doggy-style, anal. Most of all, I love being tied up. Loss of control turns me on. I feel like hubby gets more pleasure when I'm held captive." But Lynn gets fulfilled in other ways. "I like something in both holes," she remarks, "my husband and a toy. I haven't been brave enough to invite someone else over, but a threesome sounds like a pretty good fantasy." —Photos by Husband





WANDA

■ "I've never modeled nude before, but I enjoy showing off my body," declares this "friendly" clerical worker from Kaunakakai, Hawaii. "I've stripped at nighttime beach parties." Wanda, 29, may be a newbie, but she'll cross the proverbial line in the sand. "I like the idea that guys may be getting hard-ons looking at me," coos the 5-foot-0 hula dancing and horseback riding aficionada. Wanda, who's of Chinese-Hawaiian ancestry, helps the cause by laying out her amorous yearnings: "I'm soft and sensual. I like being seduced. Start slow. Kiss me all over. Make me hunger to give you head and ride your dick. I also like women but haven't had many opportunities. My fantasy is to be with a guy and a girl on the rim of Mauna Kea." Because of the spectacular setting or all those astronomical telescopes? "Both!" wanton Wanda howls. "I love volcanoes and being observed." —Photos by Friend



MICHELLE

■ "I'm a very unique and outgoing person, and I love to hang out with fun people," marvels Michelle, 25, a "proud new mom" by way of Colstrip, Montana. "I think a good sense of humor is a virtue." As you can see, the 5-foot-10 camping and hiking buff has an even finer virtue of her own: letting it all hang out for HUSTLER readers. "I love being photographed," Michelle maintains, "but when I'm naked, I feel liberated like a hippie, empowered and very naughty. I hope guys and girls



fantasize about me in lurid detail." While certainly not coy, Michelle has a slew of low-key interests, namely movies (headed by *Ice Age* and *Princess Bride*), music (hip-hop, rap, Beyoncé, Johnny Cash), TV (*Family Guy*, *Seinfeld*) and comedian/country crooner Rodney Carrington. However, befitting a provocative dreamgirl, Michelle admits, "I love eating pussy and being fucked doggy-style—that's awesome no matter who's back there. The inventor of the strap-on dildo should have won a Nobel Prize." —Photos by Friend



"I'm a big girl with a huge sexual appetite. Lucky me! Lucky them!"



**RHYZZA**

■ "I want to make guys happy by letting them see me naked and raring to fuck," proclaims this nubile nurse's aide from Kahului, Hawaii. "I hope they get as hard as the rocks in my new pictures and erupt like a volcano!" Rhyzza, who'll be blowing out 28 candles in

February, disdains clothing even when she isn't modeling for a pal. "I'm naked at home all the time!" the 4-foot-11 Filipina fesses up. At work, Rhyzza "takes care of old people." At playtime the beach, tennis and sex devotee takes bone in assorted ways: "I love doggy-style and being on top!" After her aloha a year ago the babe from Maui had admirers clamoring for more. You can see why. —Photos by Friend



"I love climbing on a man and being spun around as I slide up and down his big, hard cock. Muah!"

BUNNY



■ "I'm kinda shy, but my wild side comes out at times," reveals Bunny, 36, a homemaker from Murray, Kentucky, with a perpetual urge to "be nude outdoors." Hopping to our confessional booth, the 5-foot-1 Bluegrass Stater avows, "My hobbies are sex, sex and sex. Giving head to my boyfriend really turns me on, especially during 69. I love a good tongue between my legs. I usually take charge, but I'd rather be told what to do." Bunny, whose do-list includes facials and anal, adds, "What I love the most is sex in public. Knowing that people might be watching makes me come twice as hard. The last time, my boyfriend socked it to me on a picnic table in broad daylight. I didn't see any people around, but I wasn't looking. Maybe there were some." Turning to her domestic viewing habits, Bunny divulges, "I mostly watch professional bull riding—I love those cowboys!—and porn. I like to masturbate whenever I can. I have lots of cool toys." And a hearty sexual fantasy: "I want to have a threesome with my boyfriend and another woman." —Photos by Boyfriend



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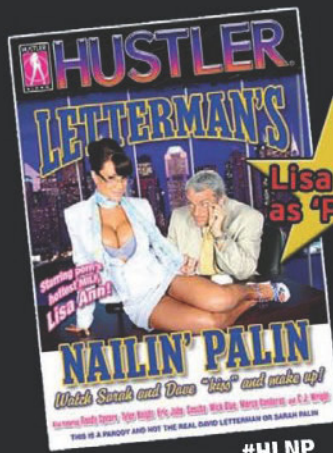


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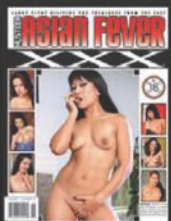
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Her heart races as she feels the boa's muscles contracting around her, muscles that could crush the life from her yet cradle her almost lovingly. Isn't this the fulfillment of every woman's fantasy: to be swaddled in the power of the serpent?

That was a portion of the text accompanying an April 1983 pictorial titled *Shana: Snake Charmer*. Little did we know at the time that our model, who danced topless at L.A. strip joints, was an aspiring actress who'd ultimately fulfill her fantasy of stardom on the silver screen.





Originally from the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, **Jewel Shepard** briefly bared her mon-eymakers in *Zapped!* (Embassy Pictures) and *My Tutor* (Crown International Pictures), then in *Christina* spent most of the 90-minute European film au naturel, even freezing her ass off in front of the Eiffel Tower. Ooh-la-la!





Next came a string of B-movies, notably *Hollywood Hot Tubs*, *Return of the Living Dead*, *Party Camp* (in which she momentarily found herself immersed in pig poop), *The Underachievers* and *Going Undercover*. For 1994's *Caged Heat 2: Stripped of Freedom*, legendary producer Roger Corman shipped **Jewel** to the Philippines to portray yet another damsel in distress.





By then **Jewel** was already a published writer. She interviewed more than a dozen of her fellow scream queens for *Invasion of the B-Girls*, which sold like hotcakes, and followed that up in 1996 with her autobiography, *If I'm So Famous, How Come Nobody's Ever Heard of Me?*

Now that we've dug up this incredible layout from our archives, **Jewel Shepard**'s huge cult following will only grow larger.

JANNELLE PRIEGO

COMING NEXT

SHOCKING EXPOSÉ: TRAITORS AMONG US

Former FBI translator Sibel Edmonds has amassed a laundry list of high-ranking figures she believes have committed what amounts to acts of treason. As investigative journalist Brad Friedman reports, the mainstream media and the government refuse to open up a Pandora's box. But HUSTLER has the guts to name the traitors.



UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH SEXXX GODDESS SUNNY LEONE

Heading toward a nursing career, Sunny Leone switched gears in favor of porn and the temptation of unbridled promiscuity. But something extraordinary happened: Sunny met a Prince Charming. Learn all about her epic love story and secret talents as writer M. Allen Nathan spends a day with the Indian (think Taj Mahal) beauty.



SEXTING TEENS: BRANDED FOR LIFE?

Using cell phones, underaged girls from coast to coast are sending risqué photos of themselves to their boyfriends or other pals. Just a little innocent fun, right? Not according to the overzealous prosecutors who insist that sexting—the fad's catchy moniker—is child pornography. However, lawyer Clay Calvert argues that throwing the book at young sexting buffs might be a more horrific crime.



TED RALL: HIJINKS OF A DESPERATE ROMEO

Before launching his career as a controversial cartoonist, commentator and writer Ted Rall was booted out of college and left homeless. To survive, the savvy New Yorker shackled up with women willing to provide food and shelter in exchange for sex. Rall chronicled his erotic exploits in the recently published *The Year of Loving Dangerously*, which we just had to excerpt. You'll be enthralled by his illustrated memoir.



KINKY IN SUBURBIA

Devotees of bondage, discipline and sado-masochism can now be found almost anywhere, even a suburban community in New Jersey. That's where reporter Lisa Rose came across "master" Ed and his wife/slave Karen. Besides raising a typical American family, the captivating couple takes sanctuary in a secret dungeon to act out their kinky and lusty desires.



"THE LITTLE MERMAID" ALL GROWN UP

Once upon a time, Edward Reed was a struggling artist affixing sexy female figures onto T-shirts for tourists. It was backbreaking work, but Reed's dedication and prowess have paid off with an amazing collection of pinups and portraits, highlighted by mermaids that fairy tale writer Hans Christian Andersen never dreamed of.



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