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WIN AN
INSTANT
SPEAKER TOWER

HUSSEY

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

SEPTEMBER 2008

BY THE BALLS

SPORTS STARS

AND THE WOMEN WHO RUINED THEM

HOT TUBS! STRIPPERS! ORGIES!

LIVE THE LIFE OF A **SEX TOY** MILLIONAIRE!

ALEX BENNETT

POLITICS & THE MEDIA CIRCUS

GOP OPERATIVE

SPILLS THE BEANS

HOW TO RIG AN ELECTION

BUNNY RANCH

THE NAKED TRUTH

TEST YOUR SKILLS

CELEBRITY MATCH THE SNATCH

EVERLAST

WHY MTV SUCKS

IS ANN COULTER A MAN?

COVERGIRL SHAWNA LENEÉ TAKES THE PLUNGE

SEPTEMBER 2008 \$11.99



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YOUR DAD HAD GROUPIES

He rocked. People paid to see him. He drank anything he could get his hands on, including shots of cheap whiskey guzzled off the naked bodies of willing fans. He fucked hundreds of women. Oh, sure, he may have caught crabs from time to time, but who didn't? Then the one time he forgot to wear a rubber, he knocked up some slut (your mom) who decided to keep the baby. That forced the poor guy to leave rock 'n' roll and get a job as an accountant, which is probably why he killed himself.

DAMN RIGHT YOU FUCKED UP YOUR DAD'S LIFE.



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, but it is a real shame that most guys have to give up their dreams and wind up in dead-end jobs they hate simply because they got some whore pregnant. Do yourself a favor: Always wear a condom!

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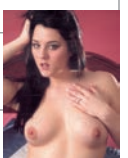
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Cover photo by Mark Lit/HicksPhoto.com



IT'S JUST SEX

Back in 2003, Joanne Webb of Burleson, Texas, hosted a sex toy party, a get-together modeled after the more well-known Tupperware party. Just a bunch of women sitting around, snacking on hors d'oeuvres, gossiping and perhaps laughing uncomfortably as the functions of various vibrators and other items were explained to them. For this, Webb got busted.

This past February a federal appeals court struck down the Texas statute that allowed Webb to be arrested and prosecuted. It is now legal to sell sex toys in the Lone Star State largely because the adult industry banded together to fight a ridiculous law

that should never have been on the books in the first place.

This should serve as a lesson to all of us: When open-minded citizens stand together, the theocrats and other moralists can be brought to their knees.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

Better living through gadgets.

DON'T BE A TOOL

Being trapped in your car after an accident is everyone's nightmare. With the **Safety Stick** you may be able to free yourself without anyone's assistance. This perfect four-in-one tool features a seat belt cutter, glass-breaking hammer, a powerful flashlight and an LED beacon with nine flashing lights. Sturdy and waterproof, the **Safety Stick** runs on two AA batteries and also features a strong magnet that easily attaches to any metallic surface. Be prepared. Get on the Stick!

Available at SafetyBright.com. Suggested retail price: \$14.95.



MOW ME DOWN

Keeping up with the Joneses takes you away from doing the things you want to do in life. For instance, if you can't afford a gardener, you have to mow your own lawn—but not anymore! The **Lawnbott** is a gas-free robot that uses a flat blade to mulch your grass as it cuts. Programmable in six languages, the innovative unit lets you set up three zones for mowing, can operate for up to four hours on a single charge and automatically returns to its home to recharge once the job is done. The **Lawnbott** comes in three models (with the top of the line featuring Bluetooth capabilities) and is sure to make your neighbors envious.

Available at Lawnbott.com. Suggested retail price: \$1,299 to \$3,290.



DOGGY-STYLE

Just about everybody wants to have a pet, but who wants to clean up piles of shit? That's why **Wrex the Dawg** may truly be man's best friend. The mischievous robot is the king of the junkyard dogs. The remote-controlled canine runs wild like a real pooch and has three modes (happy, angry and crazy), plus an expressive set of "slot machine" eyes. Part security system, part trusty companion, all fun! Get Wrexed.

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



SOUND COMPUTING

It's a computer speaker! It's a Webcam! It's a dessert topping! Okay, so it's not a dessert topping, but it is a computer speaker and Webcam. Boynq's **Alibi** is an advanced unit with a unidirectional microphone and a 1.3-pixel Webcam, which can be tilted 25 degrees and rotated 300 degrees. Optimal audio clarity is provided by an enhanced 5W RMS full-range driver. Plus, VoIP software is included, so you can use the **Alibi** to make free online long-distance calls anywhere. The futuristic-looking device is offered in a variety of colors, our faves being "fire" and "water." You could always use an **Alibi**.

Available at **Boynq.com**. Suggested retail price: \$69.

WIN THIS SPEAKER SYSTEM

TOWER OF SOUND

There are plenty of speaker systems that let you free the music on your iPod. But the **mStation 2.1 Tower** does more than that. It turns your tunes into the centerpiece of your abode. Made of extruded aluminum, the sleek floor-standing unit packs a powerful 100 watts of booming sound and comes complete with a dedicated subwoofer and ten-key remote. This speaker system will easily be the coolest-looking thing you'll ever have in your pad.

Think you can't afford it? (Man, you're cheap!) Then try to win one below.

Available at **mStation.com**. Suggested retail price: \$299.95.



SPEAKER SYSTEM CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Want your sound to sound cool? Win this towering speaker system! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Speaker Tower Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) YES NO

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

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

Bits & Pieces Music Section Celebrity Section Other: _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by September 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

VOTE THEFT FOR IDIOTS

Lesson 2

Worrying that they'll steal the 2008 election? Don't. As journalist GREG PALAST explains, they already have.

THE GRANDDADDY OF VOTER PURGES, THE TRIED-AND-TRUE METHOD FIRST GIVEN A ROAD TEST BY KATHERINE HARRIS IN FLORIDA 2000, IS THE PURGE OF "FELONS."



IN THE 2008 ELECTION, THE DICE ARE LOADED AGAINST VOTERS WHO ARE HISPANIC, POOR OR "ITINERANT" (I.E., STUDENTS).

IN JUNE 2006, GEORGIA'S SECRETARY OF STATE CATHY COX [SIC] PURGED 80,000 VOTERS AS CONVICTED FELONS.

PALAST DISCOVERED COMPUTER FILES PURGING BADASS VOTERS LIKE BERNICE KINES, CONVICTED IN 2009 (!) OF AN UNKNOWN FUTURE CRIME.

THEY WEREN'T REALLY FELONS—REAL FELONS WOULDN'T RISK MORE JAIL TIME BY ILLEGALLY REGISTERING TO VOTE.

THEY HAD THE SAME NAME AS REAL FELONS. ONE LEGACY OF SLAVERY IS THAT MANY AFRICAN AMERICANS HAVE SIMILAR NAMES.

FELONS WHO VOTE ARE COMMITTING ANOTHER FELONY. YET COX DIDN'T ARREST A SINGLE ONE OF THESE 80,000 EVILDOERS/VOTERS.

THE REAL TAX & SPEND THIEVES

WHAT JOHN Q. PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE FISCAL FANTASIES OF REPUBLICANS.

Hey, sucker! Yeah, you—the so-called average male, the guy those pollsters tell us favors the Republicans because you want to end “wasteful” government spending. Wake the hell up, buddy!

(Now, if you aren’t one of those foolish enough to want more of what George W. Bush has given us—the most bloated federal government ever—pass this on to someone who needs to read it. Thanks.)

Sorry, but it ticks me off that so many people I run into—mostly guys—still *believe* this crap about how “liberals” rip off our tax dollars. The reality is it’s not the folks who collect Social Security and Medicare checks who benefit from government chari-

ty. These people *paid* for their so-called entitlements.

...they saw the “War on Terror” as a perfect replacement for the now-defunct Cold War, a way to keep a wartime economy running for another 50 years.

ty. These people *paid* for their so-called entitlements.

No, when it comes to the “discretionary” federal budget items that can be controlled, the big pigs at the trough are the military and corporate war profiteers—what President Eisenhower termed “the military-industrial complex.” They gobble up more than half the slop. Without missing a beat, they saw the “War on Terror” as a perfect replacement for the now-defunct Cold War, a way to keep a wartime economy running for another 50 years.

After a terrorist attack that used no weapon more sophisticated than a \$2 box cutter, the current administration and a GOP-led Congress lavished the profiteers with a plethora of contracts to build futuristic and astoundingly expensive weapons systems—at least 72 of them in all. Never mind that

they are designed to fight a superpower enemy that does not exist.

For example, while al Qaeda sits in the desert with not even a dinghy to its name, we are now committed to spending \$85 billion for a new Virginia Class submarine fleet. That is hardly relevant in a war against cave dwellers. But hey, those subs’ll look good in the recruitment commercials, and that means more Appalachian boys to walk those deadly beats in Baghdad.

According to official statistics of the Government Accountability Office, since 2000 the Department of Defense (DOD) has roughly doubled its planned investment in new systems from \$790 billion to \$1.6 *trillion* in 2007. Compare that to the \$4 billion allotted to pro-

vide medical insurance to uninsured children, funds that George Bush vetoed as wasteful.

We’re like a man in a midlife crisis who decides to spend his children’s college money on a Ferrari. Only we spend it on things like the troubled Joint Strike Fighter plane that Lockheed Martin is building for a projected \$240 billion.

Do you hear any of those right-wing talk-show jocks mention that if we decided to stick with our reliable old subs and jets—of which we have more than the rest of the world combined—we could give every American child full health coverage for decades *and* have hundreds of billions left over? No, you won’t hear that, but you can’t scan the AM dial without encountering some blowhard raging about how the government wastes money providing emergency room care to illegal immigrants or complaining about high taxes.

This is the ultimate in misdirection. Whatever you think about such “bleeding heart” social programs, you need to remember the total expenditure on such programs is chump change dwarfed by what the Feds are spending on useless war toys. In fact, John Q. Public has been brainwashed into believing the lie that liberal programs are a significant part of our budget—and deficits—ever since the so-called Reagan Revolution.

Despite slashing social programs for the poor, President Reagan ran up the biggest debt this nation has ever incurred, bigger than the combined total of all his predecessors in the White House. He threw trillions in tax breaks and federal contracts at corporations that hardly needed a handout, especially those in the defense industry.


The end of the Cold War threatened this river of money. How could we justify spending trillions building weapons designed to defeat an enemy that no longer existed? Under the first President Bush and Bill Clinton some modest steps were taken to cut the most outrageous pork-barrel weapons systems.

Then came the 2001 attack by a score of well-prepared and highly coordinated men armed with...razor blades? Suddenly, illogically, insanely—yet predictably—all those massive Cold War projects were revived from their crypts.

It might come as a shock to some, given his pro-military spending rhetoric in the current Presidential campaign, that John McCain was one of the few Republicans to challenge the absurdity of military spending after the fall of the Berlin Wall. That was *then*, however. *Now* he has to appeal to the yahoos in what’s called the GOP “base.”

In other words, McCain has to pretend to be ignorant. But you don’t...and now you’re not!



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 *Thinking Tuna Fish*, *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush* and his latest, *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America*. 

Fuck the FCC!

BIG BROTHER CLAMPS DOWN ON FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION, ONE DIRTY WORD AT A TIME.

In 2002, during Fox's live broadcast of the Billboard Music Awards, Cher answered critics who for years had been saying she was through. "So fuck 'em!" the singer/actress exclaimed triumphantly. The next year, on the same Fox program, honoree Nicole Richie asked rhetorically, "Have you ever tried to get cowshit out of a Prada purse? It's not so fuckin' simple."

On March 17, 2008, the U.S. Supreme Court announced that it will rule in its next term whether or not the Federal Communications Commission has the authority to levy fines on Fox for violating the government's indecency standards. For the first time since its historic act of censorship in the notorious "Seven Dirty Words" case in 1978, the High Court will decide what words we will be allowed to hear over the airwaves.

Thirty years ago, on the Pacifica Foundation radio network, George Carlin had listed—mocking the silliness of the FCC's prudery—"the original seven words you couldn't say on the

tan standards of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—means the FCC could go on to purify cable and satellite television and radio. And after that, why not the Internet?

The contagious nature of government censorship—particularly when "family values" are at stake—was evident to me when I did not see one mainstream newspaper or magazine or a publication devoted to the law itself (*Legal Times* in Washington being the sole exception) use the word *fuck* in reporting on the Supreme Court's taking on *FCC v. Fox Television Stations*. But the print media are not licensed by the government. That's why we have a First Amendment.

As Harvey Silvergate—a Constitutional lawyer, a veteran and a formidable defender of free speech in the courts and his writings—said in Boston's *Phoenix Weekly*: "[A]ny newspaper that voluntarily keeps out vital information—something that the broadcast networks are fighting not to have to do—

The FCC could go on to purify cable and satellite television and radio. And after that, why not the Internet?

public airwaves: *shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker and tits.*"

The verbatim transcript of Carlin's hilarious (but also sharply serious) assault on the FCC's contempt for free speech is an appendix, for all to read, to the Supreme Court's decision in *FCC v. Pacifica Foundation*.

The Supreme Court plans a new probe into whether "fleeting" indecency is permitted (as with the spontaneous Cher and Nicole Richie comments). If the law is interpreted on the restrictive side, an offending station or network could be fined, by the current FCC gag rule rates, up to \$350,000.

It is likely that the current Roberts-Alito-Scalia Supreme Court will agree with the FCC that the children of America must not be exposed to such shockingly coarse language on the public airwaves. Such a ruling—especially if the next President fills vacancies on the Court with other upholders of the 17th-century Puri-

tan standards of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—means the FCC could go on to purify cable and satellite television and radio. And after that, why not the Internet?

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of government into a field which in this Nation has been reserved for individuals."

I quoted Douglas's ringing of the Liberty Bell in my 1980 book *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* (Dell). Douglas was no longer here when cable, satellite radio and the Internet began to abound, but I have no doubt he would have included them.

In its coverage of the Supreme Court's ominous intention to rule on *FCC v. Fox Television Stations*, the *New York Times* did not dare tell its readers that Cher and Nicole Richie had committed the speech crime of saying "fuck."

Dissenting in the 1978 "Seven Dirty Words" case, Justice William Brennan accused the majority of his brethren of a misguided intention "to impose its notions of propriety on the whole of the American people... [violating] the broadcaster's right to send, and the right of those interested to receive, a message entitled to full First Amendment protection."

However, writing for the Court in upholding the FCC and exiling George Carlin's right to swear forbidden words on the public airwaves was Justice John Paul Stevens, for years since a leader of the so-called liberal wing of the Supreme Court. But as for those "dirty words," Stevens in 1978 brushed off the First Amendment: "To say that one may avoid further offense by turning off the radio when he hears indecent language is like saying that the remedy for an assault is to run away after the first blow. One may hang up on an indecent phone call, but that option does not give the caller a Constitutional immunity or avoid a harm that has already taken place."

The "harm" inflicted by the FCC is to the core of what differentiates us—if the Constitution is alive—from all other countries. John Paul Stevens still sits on the Supreme Court of the United States. Will he repent? And as you would expect, the Bush Administration is enthusiastically supporting the FCC.



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice*, the *Washington Times*, the United Media Newspaper Syndicate and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; *Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee*; *The War on the Bill of Rights—And the Gathering Resistance*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?* 🐼



Mind Games

Thom Hartmann's article on GOP mythology [*Cracking the Code*, June '08] was a good intro to how party propaganda works. I recently read a commentary that said Republicans are masters at hypnosis. They stare straight into the eyes of the public and say black is white, war is peace, and a weak dollar is a strong economy.

Repeating nonsense to "catalyze the propaganda," as Bush once admitted, works because most people raised on TV culture are wide open to manipulation. The only hope is if people start thinking for themselves again.

Speaking of which, I noticed that Hartmann's appearance in your magazine generated some spirited exchanges on his Web site, **ThomHartmann.com**. One person wrote, "Even if you're offended by porn, the reality is that this magazine has become a major progressive voice and is reaching a lot of men who used to be called 'Reagan Democrats' and are now becoming 'progressive Democrats' because of Larry's heavy progressive editorial content." Let's hope they become "thinking Democrats" as well. —**Stephen M. Brattleboro, Vermont**

Killer Conspiracy

Your article by Robert J. Groden on the JFK coverup [*The Assassinations Committee and Me*, May '08] hit home hard. My great-aunt admitted President Kennedy to the hospital after he was shot. She wrote a letter to my mother later that same day, describing what she'd seen in detail. Her findings were much the same as Mr. Gro-

den's. She said right away that JFK had been shot in the face, with the bullet exiting out the back of his head.

But there is more to the story: Certain individuals tried to kill my great-aunt with some sort of shot that they said she had to take. She tried to refuse, but they said she'd have to take it, even if they had to come to her house to do it. It left her partially paralyzed and in great pain, unable to walk for the rest of her life.

Her son got her out of Texas, a good move that may have saved her life. Doctors never found out what the injection was.

I personally think the JFK assassination was a conspiracy involving La Cosa Nostra, which is what killed Bobby Kennedy as well. Regrettably, my mother did not keep the letter from my great-aunt, so her evidence is unfortunately lost to history. —**R.J. Atchison, Kansas**

Lay Off the Beef

I really must take exception to your article on female bodybuilders [*Seriously Female*, June '08]. I buy HUSTLER because it contains layouts of some of the most beautiful, amazing women on the planet. Imagine my surprise when I opened the magazine and discovered pictures of those Neanderthals.

If I wanted to see the Hulk or the Thing, I'd buy comic books! Do these women really belong in the same pages with feminine wonders like Meggan and Shay Laren? Please warn me the next time you plan to print bodybuilder pics, so I have time to spit out my dinner before it comes up involuntarily. —**L.T. Albuquerque, New Mexico**

Stroke the Muscle

It's about time we finally got to see some real women in the pages of HUSTLER. I'm talking about the female bodybuilders you profiled in the June '08 issue. I would kill to caress those hard bodies and kill



again to pump them as hard as they can handle—and I'm sure they can handle plenty.

Apart from the raw sex appeal, I have nothing but admiration for their accomplishments and discipline. I got no problem with porn, but I know for a fact that most of the models in mags like yours are lazy brats with zero self-esteem. Thanks for putting some confident, respectable and powerful women in your pages. You should do it more often. —**"Jersey Joe" Bogota, New Jersey**

Perfect Nuptials

June '08 covergirl Meggan is in a rare class of her own. Perfect face, perfect ass and perfect legs. And tits like my wife's! I rank Meggan at No. 3 after my very hot 6-foot-tall wife and the stunning Briana Banks. I would love to have a threesome with Meggan and my wife—but only with my dearest's approval, of course! —**K.L. Shelby, Michigan**


Old School

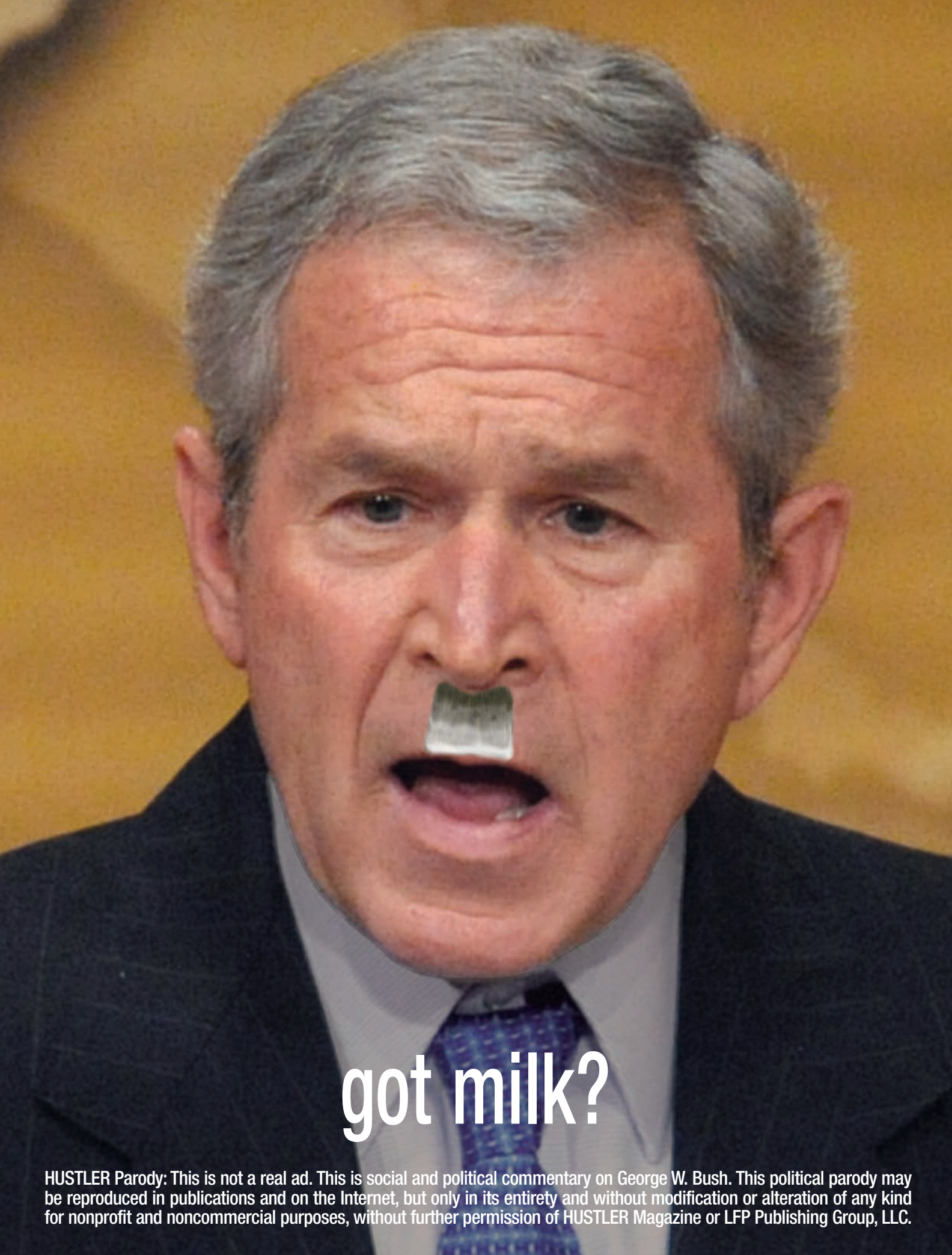
As one who enjoys '70s and '80s

porn, I was very happy to see the "Vintage Smut Spotlight" in your June '08 issue. For those who may consider purchasing older porn, I recommend two places that are well-stocked and reasonably priced: **AlphaBlueArchives.com** (telephone: 510-547-8559) and **VCX.com** (telephone: 917-575-9148). Both offer free catalogs.

—**Gerald Christensen Lincoln, Nebraska**

We also recommend checking out VCA's new Gold Classics series at **HustlerHollywood.com** or calling (toll-free) 877-325-6464. Watch our pages for more high-quality vintage videos.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion. 



got milk?

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social and political commentary on George W. Bush. 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.

Ben Stein passes snide pomposity off as witty intelligence. Weekly, Fox's investment show *Bulls & Bears* hauls out the whining bore to pontificate, and his opinions are remarkable—remarkably wrong-headed. But since Stein has made a living as a pundit for so long, most people assume he must know something. That's like assuming Sylvester Stallone is a real commando, or Ann Coulter is a real woman.

Audiences were introduced to Stein's annoying nasal drone when he played the dry-as-dust economics teacher in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. ("Bueller? ...Bueller?") Stein parlayed that into a run as the bland spokesperson for Murine Clear Eyes and as host of *Win Ben Stein's Money*, on which he played himself, a petulantly tight-fisted know-it-all.

Stein recently hosted *Expelled: No Intelligence Allowed*, a crude "documentary" defending so-called intelligent design, the idiotic notion that nothing but a personified intelligence could have created the universe. The film's producers chose Stein because this allegedly educated man does not believe in evolution. So an erudite Jew whores out on a personal level, championing to replace science in schools with a fundamentalist Christian crusade. Isn't that as crazy as "Jews for Hitler"?

Expelled is only the latest in Stein's lifelong attempt to undermine his own credibility. He was, after all, a speechwriter for Richard Nixon. When Larry "Wide Stance" Craig was busted for solicitation in a Minneapolis airport men's room, Fox TV called upon Stein for his "expert" opinion. (Apparently, Fox knows something we don't about Stein's bathroom habits.) He referred to the airport police as "Gestapo," claiming Craig did nothing but tap his foot. Unaccountably, Stein went on to blame the White House for harassing Craig.

Hey, Ben! The Idaho Republican supported every repressive motion Bush crammed through the GOP Congress. As for airport trolling, he confessed.

"Big Oil can't gouge us," Stein has claimed re-



Ben Stein

peatedly. "It's just the free market. They're being watched like hawks every minute by the free market and the Federal Trade Commission. The price of oil is fluctuating like mad lately because there've been a lot of refineries that have been shut down."

Ben, refineries have not been shut en masse since the 1990s. Oil prices don't "fluctuate"; they go *up!* And petroleum companies are sucking record profits, underwritten by huge tax breaks and the public financing of oil exploration. Shouldn't some of that loot come back to the American consumer who pays for it all through taxes and at the pump? Hey, Ben, you've written for the *Wall Street Journal* and *New York Times*. Do you ever fucking read the papers?

Despite his credentials as a lawyer, historian and economist, Stein's punditry smacks of hot air at best, or conflict of interest at worst. On shows

like *Bulls & Bears*, *Cavuto on Business*, etc., Stein and his fellow "pundits" make pronouncements on stocks that are frequently illogical, mistaken or downright uninformed. Nattering about sub-prime loans, Stein dismissed any potential problem—that is, before the debacle sent thousands into foreclosure. As stockholders, these "experts" are often in the gray area of pushing investors to buy stocks that will make the talking heads themselves rich.

As for *Expelled*, it suggests that "liberals" prevent Intelligent Design proponents from speaking their minds. Stein, who has said he would have titled the movie *From Darwin to Hitler*, considers Darwinism "a painful, bloody chapter in the history of ideologies" and bizarrely considers evolutionary theory the inspiration for the Holocaust. Why? Because the Nazis twisted the theory into anti-Semitic rhetoric and offered myth as "science," exactly what Fundamentalist Christians want to do with creationism in U.S. schools.

Expelled claims those dreadful "liberals" are identical to Nazis and Communists because they won't allow intelligent design into science classes. Hey, Benjy, it's religion, metaphysics, fairy tales. Call it what you will, but it is NOT SCIENCE! Last year, more than 130 faculty members at Iowa State University signed a statement declaring that supernatural explanations "are not within the scope or abilities of science."

"When I talk to people who are Darwinists or evolutionists and say 'How did life begin?'" Stein smugly pronounced, "they have an answer, but it's a bullshit answer that wouldn't make sense to a small child." So does this mean you prefer a bullshit answer that would make sense to a small child—like a white-bearded father creating everything in six days?

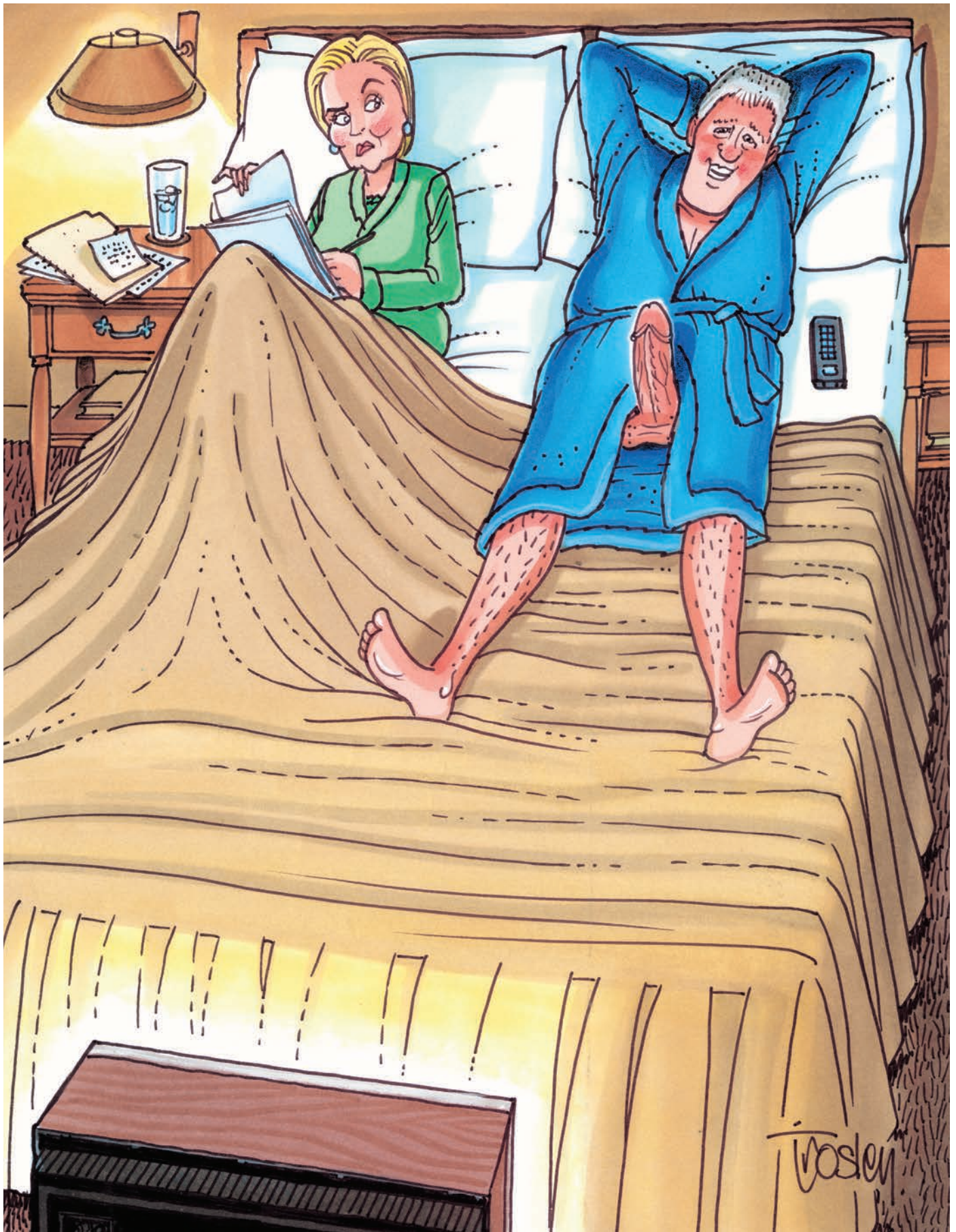
Given his bone-headed position on evolution, next time Ben Stein's supercilious face appears on TV, ask yourself: Would you take a stock tip from this babbling idiot?

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**ALAN GREENSPAN**, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve, is seeing his monolithic failures coming home to roost. As a result of his loose-as-a-goose fiscal policies and whorish promotion of sub-prime loans and adjustable-lending practices, homeowners face a mortgage crisis that's just the tip of the iceberg of America's economic meltdown. A disciple of the Milton Friedman school of economics, Greenspan waited until the money bubble burst before warning banks to rein in their bait-and-switch lending rates to unqualified borrowers. Fun fact: Alan Greenspan's name is an anagram for "anal angers pen."

•**REPRESENTATIVE DOUGLAS BRUCE**, during a legislative debate on

Mexican migrant workers, proclaimed, "I would like to have the opportunity to state at the microphone why I don't think we need 5,000 more illiterate peasants in Colorado." Ordered to leave the podium, the lawmaker defended his slur: "I don't think these people who are planning to come over here and pick potatoes or peaches are likely to have much of a formal education. I looked up the word *peasant*. The word *peasant* means a person who works in agricultural fields." Democrats and Bruce's fellow GOP reps alike condemned the remarks. Douglas Bruce was previously best known for kicking a photographer who wanted to shoot a picture of the politician as he was praying in a church. 🇺🇸



"Hillary, could you do something about this erection?
It's blocking my view of Obama's wife!"



JOIN US!

The Club

Manufacturer: Sega
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Welcome to the Club, a secret society of killers, mercenaries and psychopaths assembled to battle each other in a shady tournament for the pleasure of the world's rich and famous. Featuring radically redesigned explosive action, not to mention eight merciless and unique characters to choose from, this first-person shooter creates a whole new level of play dished out at breakneck speed. *The Club* is packed with blood, guts and bullets. Talk about a killer game!

THE FINAL FRONTIER

Space Ace

Manufacturer: Digital Leisure

Created by Don Bluth (*An American Tail*, *The Land Before Time*), this fun animated game offers a cutting-edge, high-definition Blu-ray experience. That's right—you don't need a game console. Just use your Blu-ray player and remote to blast into action. Come on, Ace! It's time to grab your laser gun, rescue the girl, defeat the evil villain and save Earth! After all, as a superhero, that's what you do.

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Lost Odyssey

Manufacturer: Microsoft
Format: Xbox 360

You are the immortal Kaim embarking on an epic journey through a magical fantasy world on the verge of a "mystical industrial revolution." With no memory of your past, you join a ragtag crew of oddballs to fight monsters and unlock secrets. Thanks to stunning graphics and an emotional, heroic storyline, *Lost Odyssey* plays out like a Hollywood blockbuster.

—Taylor David

GET LOST!

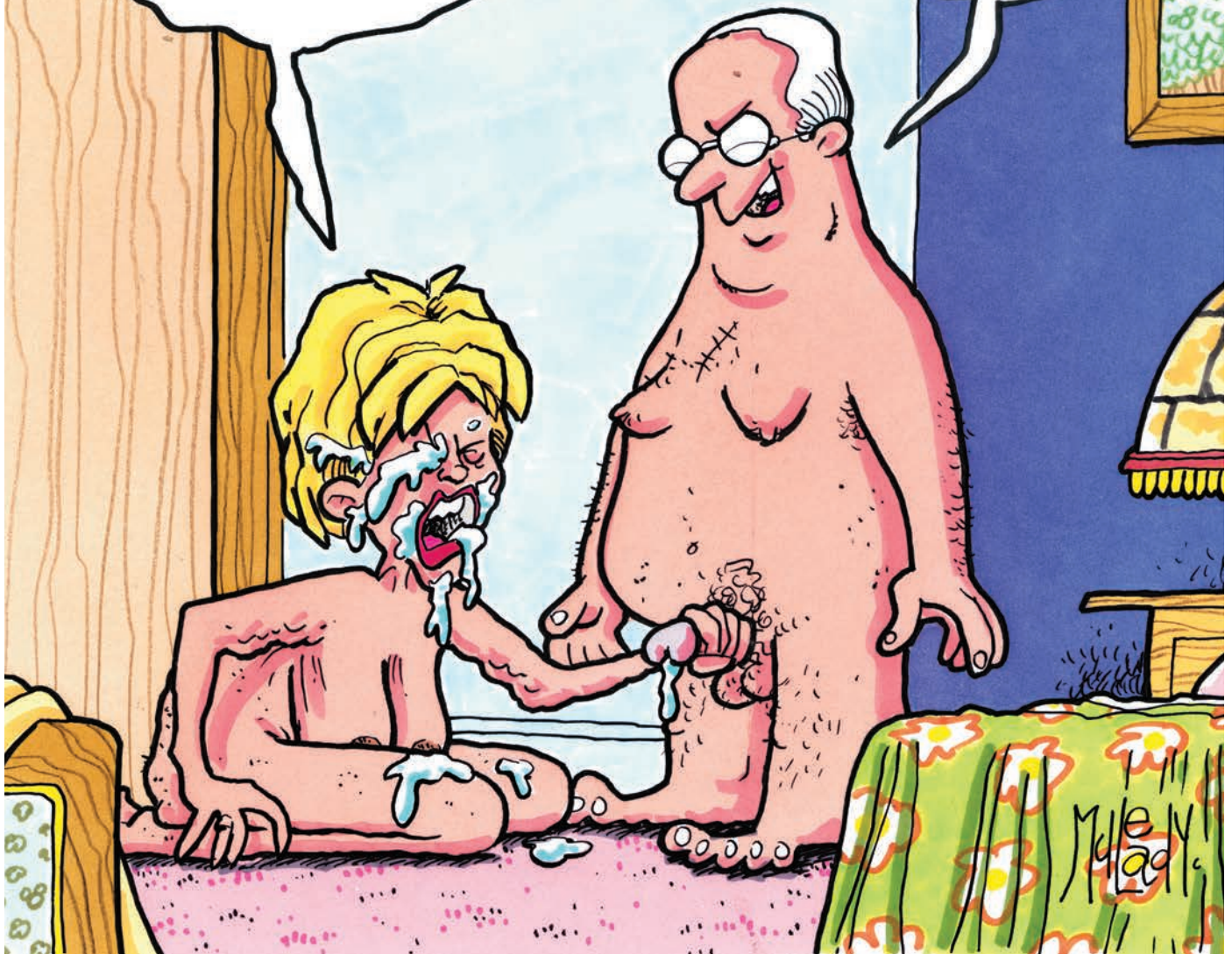
Lost: Via Domus

Manufacturer: Ubisoft
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

In this exciting game based on the ultrapopular TV show, you are a plane-crash survivor on a desolate island. Trying to find your way home, you interact with popular characters from the series while uncovering the island's secrets, battling its dark forces and searching for answers. You also learn the never-before-told story of a previously unseen survivor of Flight 815. Find your redemption. 🌐

GODDAMMIT, DICK!
For 44 years
you say you won't
come in my mouth,
then you do it
anyway!

So?



PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS



Legends of lust:
Nina Hartley &
Amber Lynn.



First daughter
Theresa Flynt.



Hot piece of glass:
Sunny Leone.



A look
of Tera.



Blondes have
more fun.



Tasty threesome: Sasha Grey, Jesse Jane and Nautica Thorn.

X MARKS THE SPOT

The little award show that could held its second annual gala at The Highlands nightclub in Hollywood. Jesse Jane hosted the 2008 Xbiz Awards, which featured a parade of porn stars (including Tera Patrick, Sunny Leone, Sasha Grey and Nautica Thorn), our own Theresa Flynt, plus rapper Lil Jon and the ever-present Dave Navarro.

PHOTOS BY CARY RADCLIFF

ANIMAL MAGNETISM



CHECK OUT THIS SEXY ad from PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) featuring Jenna Jameson urging us to discover the pleasure of pleather (artificial leather). Dressed up like '50s pinup queen Bettie Page, the former porn star looks surprisingly hot. While we probably aren't going to give up meat or cowhide belts any time soon, we *can* get behind the cause of women in lingerie.



TALK ABOUT "POLE POSITION"! Thanks and \$100 go to L.S. of Reno, Nevada, for this photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Anyone who said gratuitous sex is no substitute for gratuitous violence obviously hasn't had gratuitous sex." —GEOFF SPEAR, AUTHOR

WHAT WOULD Summer Glau

LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

ONE LOOK AT the cyborg babe from TV's *Terminator: The Sarah Connor Chronicles* with a cock in her mouth and you'll be ready to download. Anything less does not compute.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Summer Glau actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Don't masturbate to it...if you want to live.



"Sex and golf are the two things you can enjoy even if you're not good at them." —KEVIN COSTNER, ACTOR

NEWS BABES



THIS MONTH'S PICK is rosy-cheeked Jennifer Seeker from KDRV Channel 12 in Medford, Oregon. The blue-eyed babe can make even a story about a plane crash seem sexy. Thanks to D.V. for submitting this talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, 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.

Panties, bras, socks and more.

American Apparel®

**SOFT-CORE
PORN
OF THE MONTH**

GOD BLESS the fine folks at American Apparel. We may not shop at their stores much, but we sure do like jerking off to their eye-catching ads.

PHOTO BY JOE DUNAVAN

NEWSBITES

Best Seat in the House

We like a good long shit as much as anybody, but two years? That's how long a Kansas woman spent on the bowl of her boyfriend's bathroom. Paramedics finally had to remove the thirtysomething, whose ass skin had grown around the toilet seat. At press time the victim is said to be recovering fine, but the welfare of the toilet seat is still in question.

Officer Down

Talk about your "dream police"! A policewoman in Hungary lost her gig recently due to inappropriate behavior. No, she didn't plant evidence or abuse a suspect. The felonious female was busted for portraying a dominatrix in an explicit porn video. The kicker? She was dressed in her official uniform while using a truncheon as a sex toy. The lawless lady was fired, but will face no further charges. What, no hard time for hard-core?

Fucking Flock

Here's a great way to get people to go back to church. A pastor in Florida is preaching the importance of frequent screwing. In a recent sermon he challenged married members of his congregation to have sex every day for a month. That shouldn't be a problem—unless the clergyman wants them to have sex solely with their spouses. Then that won't work. Right, Eliot Spitzer?!

Marriage Up in Smoke

Seriously, smoking weed is grounds for divorce? Apparently it is in Italy. A woman in Naples won a ten-year battle to get her nuptials dissolved after she caught the groom getting stoned on the couple's wedding night. This story doesn't surprise us because we have always felt that you have to be high to get married.

Sign of the Times

THAT KARL sure knows how to make a custom wood cabinet. Even if he is a fucker.

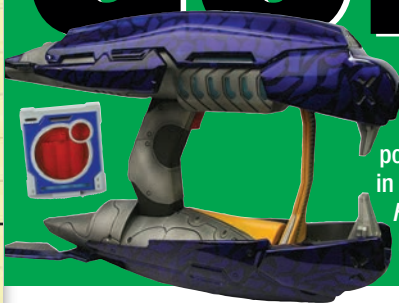
Thanks to J.P. of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, for this submission. Have you seen a funny sign? If so, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, Sign of the Times, c/o Bits & Pieces, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50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



FUCKING FUNGUS

THIS UNALTERED photo was sent in by one of our readers. Why? We aren't quite sure. We *are* sure that we won't be eating mushrooms any time soon.

GUN IT!



WANT TO FEEL like you are really in the most popular video game in history? These cool Halo 3 laser tag "big kid" toys are a must.



The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



The not-so-closeted racist talking about Barack Obama's wife:

I don't want to go on a lynching party against Michelle Obama unless there's evidence—hard facts that say this is how the woman really feels. If that's how she feels, that America is a bad country or a flawed nation [or] whatever, then that's legit. We'll track it down.

So, Bill, if people express their opinion on how they really feel, then they should be hanged? Especially if they're black?!

"Science is a lot like sex. Sometimes something useful comes of it, but that's not the reason we're doing it." —RICHARD FEYNMAN, PHYSICIST



Down-and-dirty Midori makes her mark.



Ron Jeremy sports wood!



It's Brittany, bitch!



Blue-movie goddesses Minka, Mimi Miyagi, Midori & Brittany Andrews.



Mimi on the mike.

CEMENTING THEIR FAME

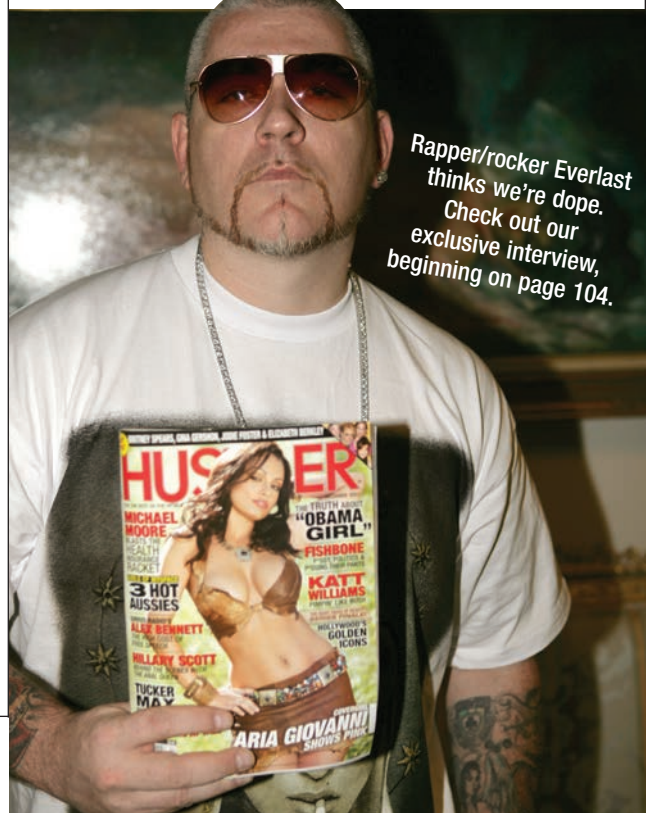
EVERY YEAR, Las Vegas's ShowGirl Video emporium presents a monumental event. With porn historian Bill Margold presiding, a handful of adult-entertainment luminaries are inducted into The Legends of Erotica hall of fame. Leaving their imprints in wet cement at the 2008 ceremony were Kitten Natividad, Brittany Andrews, Debi Diamond, Mimi Miyagi, Midori and Ron Jeremy.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"Nothing makes you forget about love like sex." —STACI BEASLEY, WRITER



EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER



Rapper/rocker Everlast thinks we're dope. Check out our exclusive interview, beginning on page 104.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY



Sunshine Matinee

SHAWNA LENEÉ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE



In this crazy world we live in," says Shawna Leneé, "I believe it is most important to take care of your family and take things slow. People these days try to rush all the way to the top at once."

As a nude model, there's no loftier perch than a HUSTLER showcase, but the Ohio native took her sweet ol' time. "I got into the industry as soon as I turned 18," she explains, "so I could continue taking acting lessons and go to Web-design school. Sorry, but my parents are blue-collar workers, and I've always felt I should pay my own way."





Away from the camera, Shawna indulges in a bevy of personal interests. "I'm a homebody who'd rather read than watch a movie," the scintillating pixie reveals. "My favorite types of books are sci-fi and supernatural. Now that I'm mostly living in California, I also love going to the beach, and I'm thinking about taking surfing lessons this summer for a great workout! Dancing is another one of my favorite things to do! Put on some music, and I'll jam to whatever you like!"

And talk about the perfect neighbor! "I once had sex on top of my apartment building next to a major highway in Los Angeles," Shawna recalls. "I'm sure everyone could see!" For a gal who's gone all the way as a cyber-seductress, Shawna is rather even-keeled.

"I'm actually very conservative," she admits. "Maybe I like to give men and women a chase. I used to be a crazy sex nymph, but that seems to be out of my system now. Don't get me wrong. I still enjoy sex and coming like crazy every time. It's just that I've now learned to connect love with it."







Having recently celebrated her milestone 21st birthday on three occasions, and remembering only one of them—“But I’m sure I had a great time!”—Shawna Leneé offers this sage advice: “It’s great to party, have fun and indulge. Just exercise moderation and don’t lose control!”





SHAWNNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Cleveland, Ohio | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 105 | MEASUREMENTS: 32D-24-34



GETTING SPENT ON THE BOSS MAN'S DIME

Angela's lips played over my skin flute. Her teeth tugged at my pubes, and her tongue slapped my ball sac. Damn, she was good! I was already harder than an 18-year-old boy on prom night. Then Jenny went to work on my ass.

The brunette painted a sloppy line of saliva down my butt crack, circling my dirt chute and nipping at my taint before turning her attention—and considerable talents—to my anus. Her taster dicked into my puckered browneye just as Angela swallowed my fat crown.

The girls fell into a rhythm—Jenny's tongue probed deeper and deeper as my cock pushed to the back of Angela's throat. All of a sudden, they pulled back so quickly, it made me gasp. And then they started all over again. Rimming, sucking, sucking, rimming.

I had never had two girls before. I had never been able to afford it. But a few days ago I went

online and saw that my \$600 economic rebate, courtesy of our fine government, had been deposited into my checking account. Yippee! I briefly considered paying down one of my credit cards or opening a savings account. Then I decided absolutely not! As a loyal American, it was my job to *stimulate* the economy.

So this was my second day of debauchery. Yesterday I drove around till I found a hooker to my liking—a slender black thing strolling the sidewalk practically naked. I picked her up, we parked in a trash-strewn alley, and we climbed into the backseat. For a 19-year-old, the fox sure knew what she was doing. She let me suck her pert titties and talked so damn nasty that by the time I got my prick in her tiny twat, I lasted all of three minutes. Three glorious

I tried to think of baseball statistics, my ex-wife, the news—fuck, anything to keep from coming too quickly!

minutes, mind you, but I was quickly down \$150.

Lesson learned. I masturbated to my favorite HUSTLER babe—Hanna Hilton, June '08—before going on the prowl. I imagined slipping my dick between Hanna's huge, beautiful tits, and I sprayed long and hard.

So now, having climaxed once, I was truly getting my money's worth from Angela and Jenny. I'd found the lezzies necking under a Hollywood Boulevard streetlight—both scantily clad, busty

and irresistible. And a bargain at \$400 an hour for the pair, plus 50 bucks for the hotel room. I was flat broke, but very, very happy—and stimulated!

Rimming and sucking, sucking and rimming. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sounds and sensations of two beauties devoted solely to my pleasure. Jenny replaced her tongue with two fingers to tickle my prostate as Angela sealed her lips around the base of my cock. I opened my eyes to the sight of her cheeks hollowing with suction. The way these girls were going at it, I think they expected me to jizz any second. But thanks to my earlier "date" with Hanna, I didn't.

As if in mutual agreement, Angela and Jenny stopped, stood up and gave each other a meaningful look. I could tell they hadn't anticipated me lasting even ten minutes, let alone the full

hour. Together they turned toward me, determined to finish me off.

Angela ordered me to lie on my back on the lumpy hotel mattress and immediately pounced on my face. Suddenly I was smothered by pussy. The blonde had an aroma that was musky and sexy, and the taste—wow! It was sweeter than any twat juice I'd ever had. I couldn't get enough.

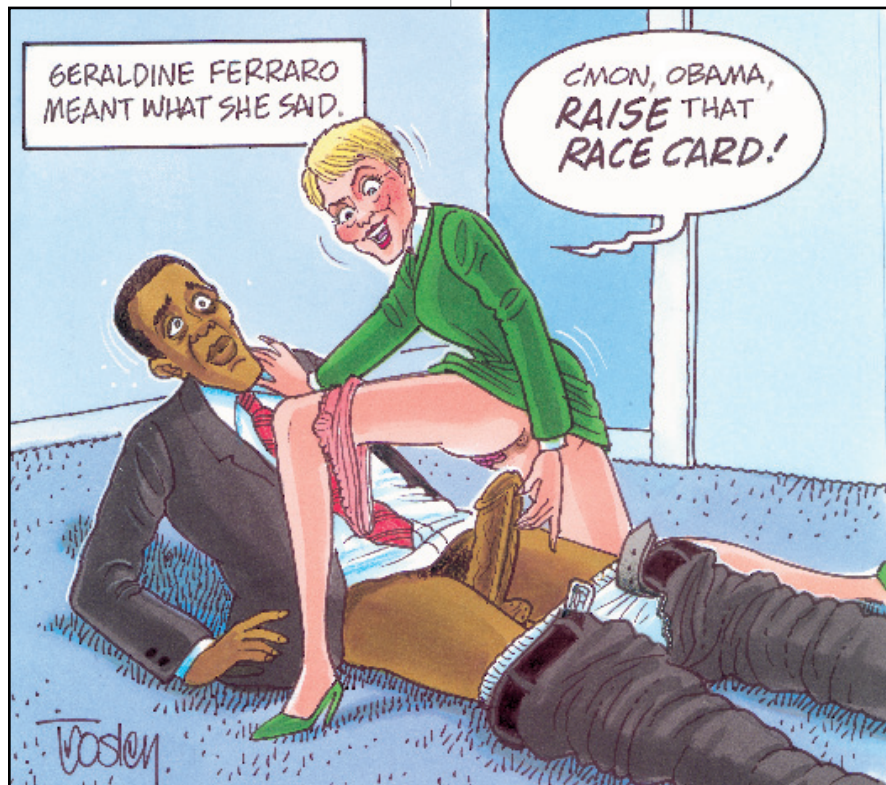
Meanwhile, Jenny straddled my hips and slowly lowered her hot, dripping cunt onto my throbbler, inch by inch, her love muscles massaging and clutching the whole while. When every millimeter of fuck meat was buried deep, the ladies started bouncing together.

I tried to think of baseball statistics, my ex-wife, the news—fuck, anything to keep from coming too quickly! My tongue was jabbing into Angela's sweet box. My prick was slamming into Jenny's tight snatch. I could feel the nympho's hot cream trickling over my nut sac.

Finally, I just said fuck it! This was too good to think about anything else. I threw my mind and body into the sex, and I was climaxing in about 20 seconds. It was, without doubt, the best, most intense orgasm of my life. It felt like I sprayed for a good five minutes.

The hookers, of course, left in a heartbeat, but I just lay on the bed for a while, reliving the experience. Pussy for my mouth. Pussy for my cock. Thank you, President Bush!

—B.M.
Los Angeles, California



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



"Look, you got yer family values; we got ours!"



HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Why, yes, my last boyfriend was black. How did you know?"



"Divorce?! But, Helen, what about the children?!"



FORGET DISNEYLAND! DENNIS HOF'S MOONLITE BUNNY

THE P.T. BARNUM OF BOOTY

There's a little slice of heaven just outside Reno, Nevada, and it ain't picturesque Lake Tahoe. The Moonlite BunnyRanch, dubbed "America's Cathouse" by no less an authority than Larry Flynt, has been servicing horndogs 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, since 1955.

And if you want a peek at what's going on, check out *Cathouse: Come to the Party!*, the latest iteration of HBO's hit reality series. Now in its fifth season, *Cathouse* meticulously documents all the fetishes, orgy negotiations and behind-the-scenes drama. As viewers, our cup runneth over. Thanks, HBO! Way to keep pay cable dirty!

Some 500 ladies are licensed to serve you at the BunnyRanch, including *Cathouse* regulars like Brooke Taylor and Air Force Amy. Quite a few adult film stars show up for "parties" (a/k/a intimate encounters) as well.

In fact, it's entirely possible to scope out a hottie in a *Barely Legal* DVD, locate her page on the Ranch's Web site, book an appointment and turn fantasy into reality faster than you can say "next flight to Reno, my good man."

Naturally, Nevada being Nevada, all this is perfectly legal. Or to put it another way: Prostitution is not illegal in counties with a population below 400,000. (Translation: Counties that don't include Reno or Las Vegas.) The girls are independent contractors licensed by the state, and they undergo regular medical checks to make sure things are squeaky clean down south.

The BunnyRanch's gregarious proprietor, Dennis Hof, is forever devising new ways to grab free publicity. In late 2007 the tireless ham endorsed Republican Presidential candidate Ron Paul, running a two-for-one special for anybody who came in and announced, "I'm pimpin' for Paul."

Hof recently offered Paris Hilton and Britney Spears jobs at the Ranch. ("It's not like they need the money, but my girls could train them to act like real ladies," he quips.) Following the Eliot Spitzer prostitution scandal, Hof did 60 radio interviews in two days, then offered the disgraced New York governor a lifetime "Ass Pass" to the Ranch.

"I get out there, and I beat the BunnyRanch drum," Hof declares. "I'm the P.T. Barnum of booty."

Thanks to the HBO series and relentless stumping by Hof, the Ranch is now enjoying its media moment. Diane Sawyer lived there for a few days and shot an hour-long special for ABC. Major outlets are constantly calling. Hof is a regular on Fox News, Howard Stern, you name it.

The brains behind this successful media strategy? Larry Flynt, of course. Back when Hof bought the business, it was Mr. Flynt who told him to put his face out there and speak his mind. "You're gonna take



some hits," Flynt warned his friend, "but if you think you're doing the right thing, go out and tell the world. Everything you do will come back fivefold in five years."

That was 16 years ago. Now that *Cathouse* is the highest-rated nonfiction series in HBO's history, Hof and the girls get treated like rock stars wherever they go.

SEX AT THE BUNNYRANCH will run you anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars, depending on the girl in question, how much time you need to do your business and what your particular fantasy may be. "If it's basic things, then it's not going to be as expensive as double backflips and anal," Hof explains.

Just about everything you could possibly imagine is on the menu. And yep, the establishment has an actual printed menu, with tantalizing listings like "Swinger Parties," "Tantric Sex," "Asian Wet Room" and "The Porn Star Experience."

BDSM? Check. Threesomes? Damn skippy! Strap-ons? Why not?

Pardon? What's that you say? You want to fuck a little person? Why, you randy little devil. Alas, porn star Bridget "the Midget" Powers is no longer on the Ranch's roster of working girls: She got pregnant. But according to Hof, whenever Bridget was on the premises, she "had a nice little clientele. Usually it was couples that liked her—looking to do something fun, you know, something unique."

Hof adds, "I never partied with Bridget. She wanted to serve it up to me a few times, but I always backed off. I said, 'Bridget, I'm 6-4; you're 3-9. What happens if we have sex, and it's the best I ever had? What am I gonna do? I'm gonna haul you around the rest of my life? I'm not taking the chance.'"

It appears the only item not on the BunnyRanch menu is a transsex-

PHOTOS COURTESY BUNNYRANCH.COM

RANCH IS THE REAL HAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH.



The BunnyRanch girls celebrate St. Paddy's Day.

ual. If you're into trannies, you're probably reading the wrong magazine anyway, although when asked about the strangest fetish request he's ever gotten, Hof tells a show-stopping anecdote: "A guy who looked like my P.E. coach in high school, wearing a nun's outfit and smoking a cigarette, came in through the front door. That's when you know you're gonna have a good day."

EVERYBODY 18 AND UP is welcome at the Ranch, including the disabled. Credit cards are accepted, and my oh my, heavens to Betsy, there's even a full-service bar—just the thing to soothe the nerves of novice sex tourists or to take the edge off that seven-hour drive from Vegas.

Hof recommends that first-timers visit the bordello's spiffy Web site before dropping by. They can meet a girl on the message boards and perhaps set up an appointment. That way, a friendly face will be waiting when they roll in.

Of course, many visitors to the Ranch prefer to peruse a "lineup" of all the girls on duty at any given time, à la *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, before making a selection. For Hof's more discreet patrons, private entrances and appointments are available. Celebrity visitors include Flavor Flav, Colin Quinn, Dan "Grizzly Adams" Haggerty and Ron Jeremy, and those are just the ones we know about.

CATHOUSE OFTEN FOCUSES on male virgins who head to the Ranch to ditch their V cards. This has created a brisk deflowering business, prompting Hof to christen his establishment the "devirginizing capital of America," among many other self-bestowed honorariums.

"Used to be a virgin would come in, and the girl wouldn't find out about it until it was over with," Hof explains. "But because of

Cathouse, mothers are bringing 'em in—or uncles, dads, their best buddy. They'll get their first credit card and drive from Kansas City to the BunnyRanch, and whatever's left on the card they'll blow it on sex."

On a somewhat more somber note, the Ranch regularly offers free ass to our men in uniform. Sex for soldiers was gratis between Thanksgiving and Christmas in 2004 and 2006, back when the shitty situation in Iraq was at its shittiest (or so we hope).

Hof recalls incredible stories from that era: guys who knew they were going to Iraq and didn't want to die virgins; lady Marines from Camp Pendleton who came in to get their cherries popped by some eager bunnies.

"We love our military," Hof says. "They defended our country, and they're fighting a terrible war. We did the right thing."

At the Ranch, booty discounts and freebies (including drinks and autographed T-shirts) are still standard issue for military personnel. Ask your bunny, fellas, and Semper Fi.



AND ON AND ON it goes for Dennis Hof: Ten virgins a week coming in, 20 couples a week, more media engagements, more PR shenanigans. Hof's fellow brothel owners would rather he follow tradition and be less visible—"lay low in the sagebrush," as "America's Pimp" puts it—but that is simply not his style.

"They're all haters," Hof huffs. "They're not sharp enough to stand in front of a TV camera, and so they hate on me for doing it. I have a license to do what I do, sanctioned by the state of Nevada. I'm proud of it, and I think that legalization is the right way to remove exploitation, disease, criminal activity and money going into underground societies."

Hof also practices what he preaches. He only dates working girls. "I am never gonna sleep with a civilian again," he says. "They don't know how to make love. Let's look at it this way. If you're a race car, do you want an experienced driver that's won the Indy 500, or do you want to go down to the Los Angeles School of Driving and find a kid who just got his driver's license? When a girl is with a lot of partners, and she tries different things, then she gets real good at it!"


So in other words, Hof wants a qualified professional? "A qualified *ho*-fessional," he corrects me. "I've got some very serious equipment that I'm proud of, and I want a *ho*-fessional to be handling it."

Hof is on a roll now. "Our society is really fucked up," he continues. "We put a value on lack of experience. Virginity? I'm gonna puke the next time somebody tells me, 'My girlfriend was only with one guy before me.' I'm gonna tell him, 'Guess what, dude? You've got a bum fuck on your hands.'"

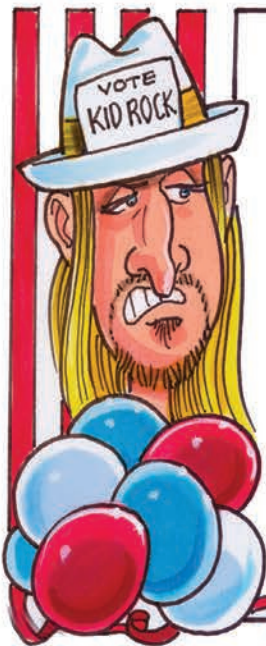
What are you waiting for, boys? No bum fucks here at the Moonlite BunnyRanch. All you have to do is walk in the door and let Dennis Hof's qualified *ho*-professionals take care of the rest.

The famed cathouse is located off of Red Rock Road on U.S. Highway 50, four miles east of Highway 395 as it slices through Carson City, Nevada. For more info or to make an appointment, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call 888-BUNNYRANCH or 775-246-FUCK.



First-time HUSTLER contributor T.R. McAlister is a Los Angeles-based screenwriter and freelance journalist. 

OTHER AMERICANS WHO SHOULD RUN FOR PRESIDENT

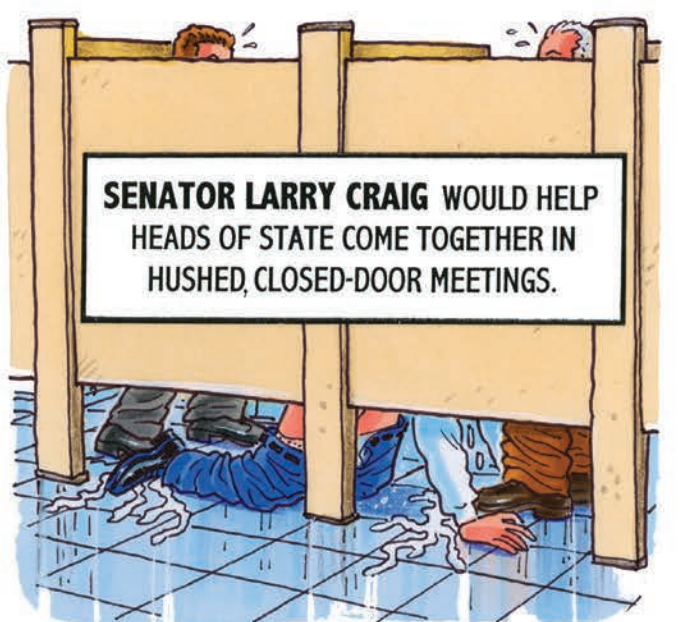


SNOOP DOGG:
HE'D BRING THE TROOPS HOME AND HELP THEM "CHILL."

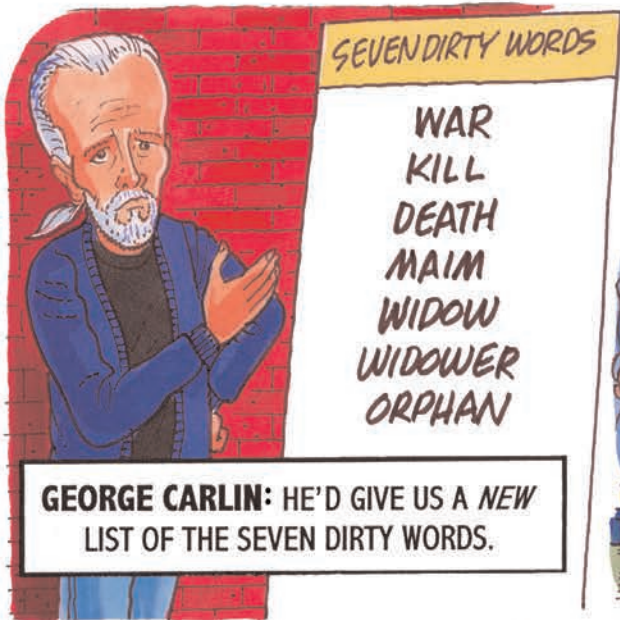
LINDSAY LOHAN:
SHE WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO DO ANYTHING, SO SHE'D DO DRUGS, DRINK AND STRIP FOR FOUR YEARS.



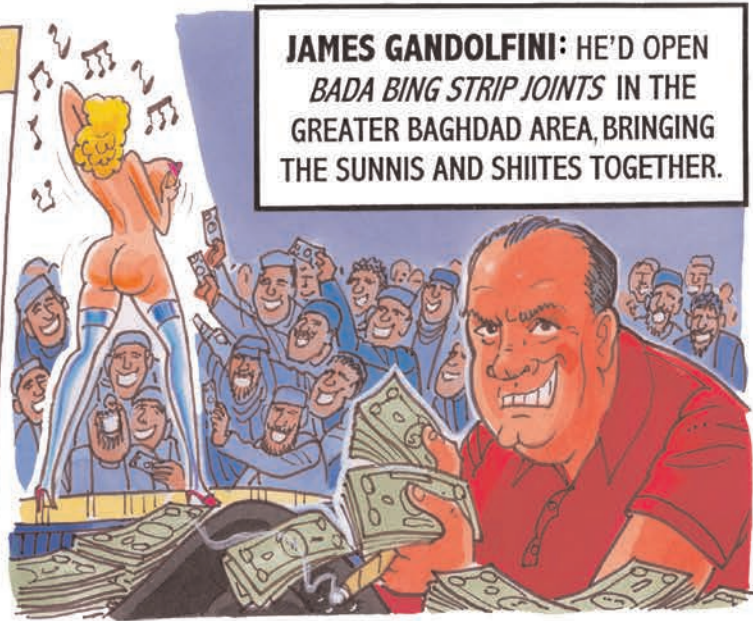
BRAD PITT: JUST THINK OF ALL THE LONG-LENS PHOTOS OF THE FIRST LADY THERE'D BE!



SENATOR LARRY CRAIG WOULD HELP HEADS OF STATE COME TOGETHER IN HUSHED, CLOSED-DOOR MEETINGS.



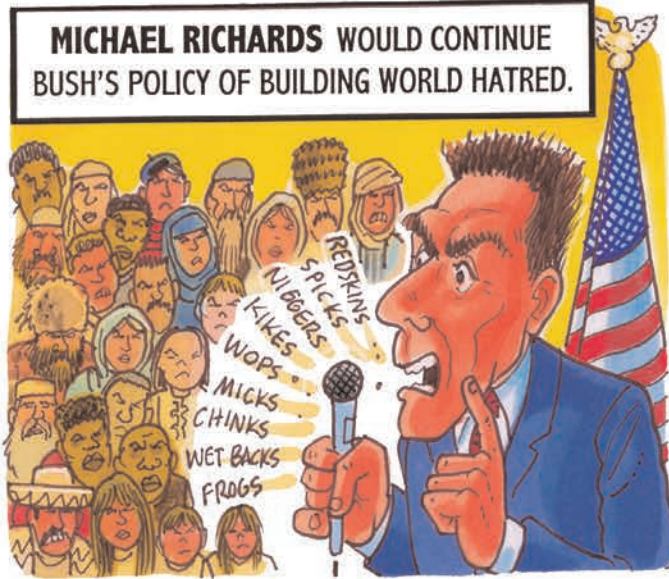
GEORGE CARLIN: HE'D GIVE US A NEW LIST OF THE SEVEN DIRTY WORDS.



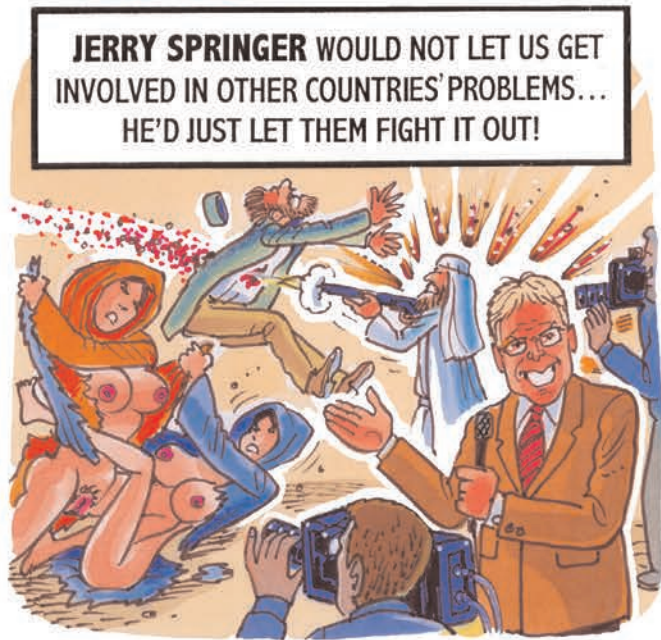
JAMES GANDOLFINI: HE'D OPEN BADA BING STRIP JOINTS IN THE GREATER BAGHDAD AREA, BRINGING THE SUNNIS AND SHIITES TOGETHER.



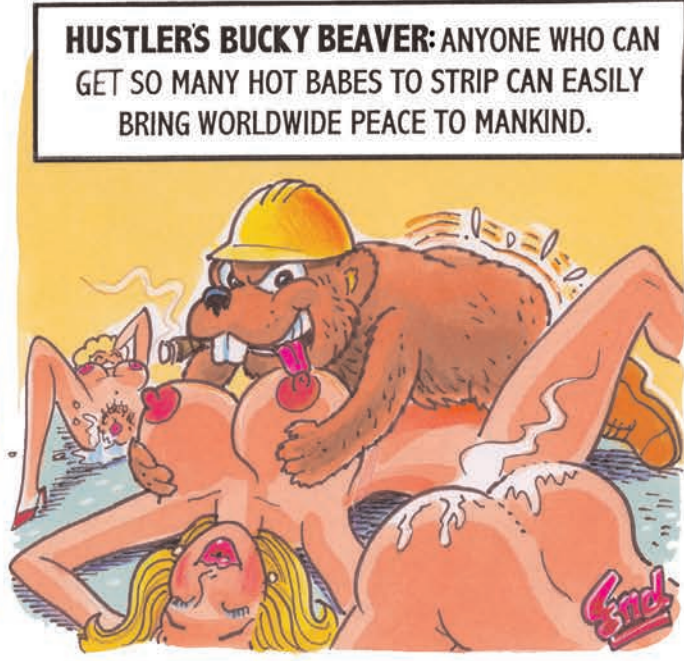
BRITNEY SPEARS: SHE'D HAVE AN OPEN AGENDA FOR WHATEVER.



MICHAEL RICHARDS WOULD CONTINUE BUSH'S POLICY OF BUILDING WORLD HATRED.



JERRY SPRINGER WOULD NOT LET US GET INVOLVED IN OTHER COUNTRIES' PROBLEMS... HE'D JUST LET THEM FIGHT IT OUT!



HUSTLER'S BUCKY BEAVER: ANYONE WHO CAN GET SO MANY HOT BABES TO STRIP CAN EASILY BRING WORLDWIDE PEACE TO MANKIND.



THE POLITICAL CAGE MATCH

Sirius Satellite Radio host **Alex Bennett** explains why our media has utterly failed the American people.

Once upon a time broadcast news was nothing more than rewritten copy from the newspapers. Most newscasts ended with the admonishment “for up-to-the-minute details, consult your local newspaper.” Sure, there were a few bona fide news commentators, but actual proactive coverage was scarce.

It wasn't until World War II that radio news came into its own, thanks to a renegade reporter named Edward R. Murrow. His vivid reports from London rooftops during air raids put radio reporting on the map. Murrow and his team of CBS reporters defined what we now call “broadcast journalism.”

After the war, the “Murrow Boys” helped shape television news, giving CBS its “Tiffany Network” reputation. Broadcast news was finally being taken seriously by everyone except the network “bean-counters,” who couldn't understand why their bosses allowed it to run at a loss. The bosses simply wanted something positive to point to

when people complained about the *Beverly Hillbillies*. But that was then, and this is now.

The downfall of broadcast news can be traced to the arrival of CNN in 1980. Not that CNN wasn't a great concept. Disturbed by what he saw as the bias of Dan Rather—who'd inject his views into newscasts—Ted Turner decided to create a nonbiased, 24/7 news service. Now, for the first time, the news had to be profitable. Too bad money and good journalism don't mix...unless you compromise your product.

For years, CNN just barely kept afloat. Then, in 1991, its coverage of the Gulf War changed everything. CNN was the only news organization with a live feed during the bombing of Baghdad. The network's subsequent war coverage not only gave cable news credibility, but also large numbers. With numbers came profit.

Broadcast news had become big money just as the grizzled and aging old guard reporters were falling by the wayside. They were

replaced by “journalists” who had a new agenda: fame, glory, lucrative salary and perfect hair. Journalistic credibility quickly eroded. By the time we got to the Iraq War, the bar had been significantly lowered.

Smelling profits, other organizations entered the cable news fray. With a right-wing bias, Fox not only gave CNN a run for its money, but eventually pulled in more viewers. CNN responded by making its reporting more conservative. Just as bad, General Electric—a major war contractor—seized ownership of NBC and its cable news outlets.

During the Iraq War a Bush Administration

the events of 9/11. The news also pushed the notion of Saddam Hussein’s weapons of mass destruction despite the lack of evidence. Bush and his boys played the press like a finely tuned violin.

A few alternative news sources protested, but they were not widely accessible. It wasn’t that the public was stupid, just too trusting of their mainstream sources. Mainstream news had betrayed them.

Rather than carry out genuine investigative work, broadcast news got lazy, accepting press handouts

a Coded Message” Williams. And he said it during a Democratic Presidential debate!

Imagine interrupting a possible leader of the free world, in midsentence no less, to break for a commercial. Since when did debates of this kind even have commercials? Since broadcast news went into the dumper, that’s when!

What’s wrong with running commercials, you might ask? On commercial programs, ad costs are based on the size of the audience. How do you get a large audience? You create



Tim Russert yucks it up with NBC reporter Andrea Mitchell and her husband, former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan.



CNN’s Wolf Blitzer

genius came up with the idea of embedding journalists in with the military. Under the guise of freedom of the press, “embedding” reporters became a way to keep them in line. When you’re out covering a war with the troops, the last thing you want is to piss them off. The fear of being cut from access or, worse, getting yourself killed made the press more compliant and, ultimately, a willing tool of the Bush machine.



A dying breed? Edward R. Murrow set the standard for fearlessly critical reporting.

Reporters became a cheering squad for the Iraq War, presenting coverage that was little more than a squalid reality show. Reliable access to vital information was cut off. Sometimes facts were even falsified.

As the disinformation grew, so did support for the war. At one point, 75% of the American public believed Iraq helped perpetrate

that wasn’t bad enough, the way the networks have handled the 2008 Presidential race is even worse.

“Hold that thought right there, Senator Clinton, but as you know, we have to go to a commercial break.” Who do you think made that statement? David Letterman? Larry King? It was NBC News anchor Brian “My Eyes Blink So Much It Looks Like I’m Sending



Tim Russert and Brian Williams hosting a Democratic Presidential debate.

from the “Bushies” without question. America was sold a bill of goods, and the salesmen were the press. As if all

drama. So if your political debates are part of your commercial programming, you treat them as you would a reality show.

“Let’s promote the good-looking black guy against the white woman.” That had to be going through their heads. Likewise: “Forget John Edwards. There’s no tension there. Besides, he hates corporations, and we are one.”

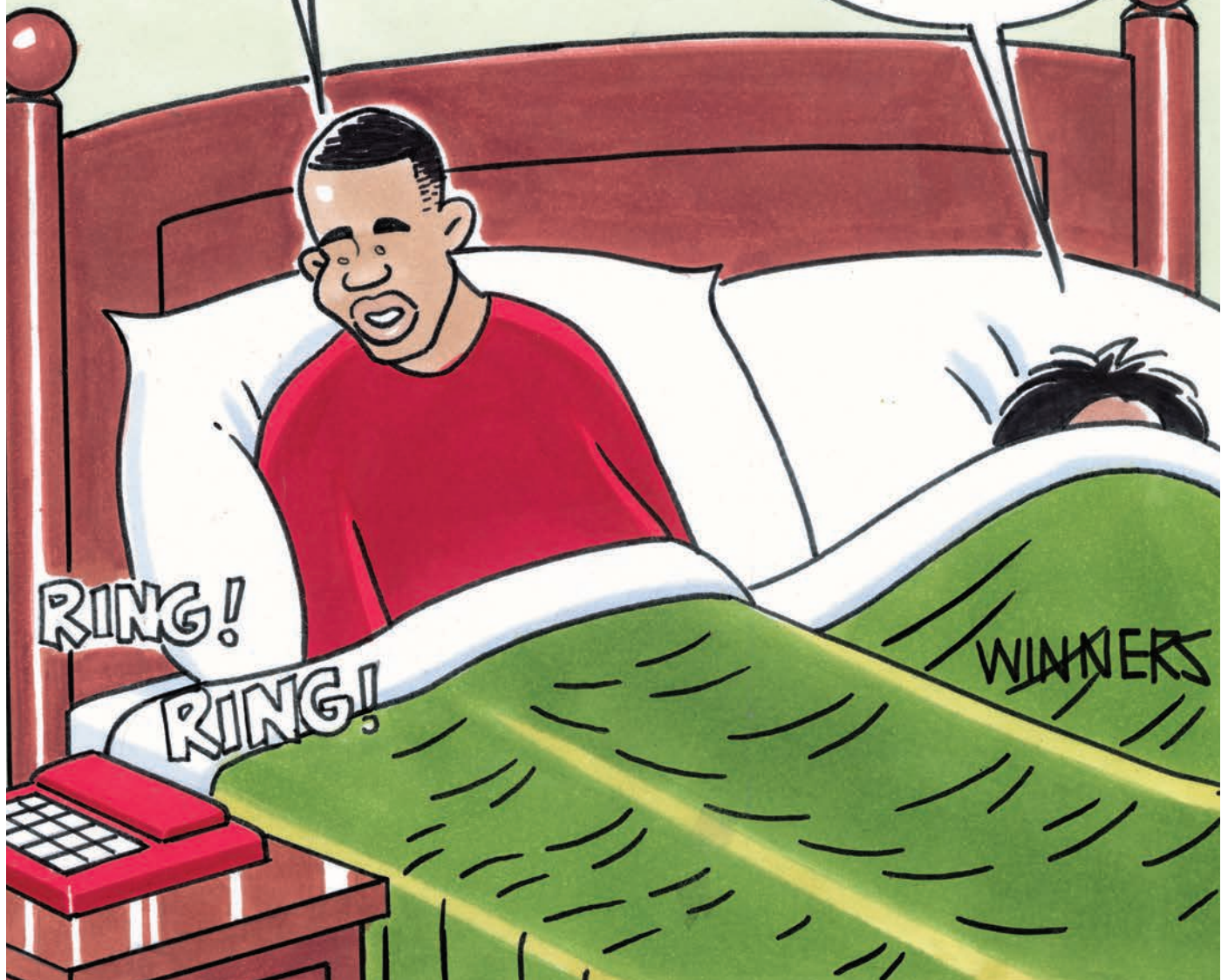
The candidates who didn’t fit the networks’ scenarios were cast as losers, making it impossible for them to get traction. The networks weren’t promoting a debate as much as they were a “cage match.” Not only did they pick the players, but they also created tension.

The worst culprit is (continued on page 98)

IT'S THE OBAMAS' FIRST NIGHT IN THE WHITE HOUSE:
THE TELEPHONE RINGS AT 3 A.M.

NOW WHO THE
FUCK COULD BE
CALLING HERE AT
THIS HOUR?

DON'T ANSWER
IT! IT'S PROBABLY
THAT CRAZY-ASS
HILLARY CLINTON.



RING!

RING!

WINNERS

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU



You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get **PERSONAL**
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE
↓

Passport to Pleasure



PHOTOGRAPHY



SIMI

BY CHARLES LIGHTFOOT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE





I'm glad you called me now and not 15 minutes ago," **Simi** gushes, "because I never answer the phone when I'm screwing!"

Asked to talk about her sex life, the Czech newbie admits, "I'm a lot like a guy: I need it all the time. The best day I ever had was when this amazing guy did me again and again, and I came eight times in a row!"

Being this horny does have a downside. "Guys just can't seem to keep up with me," **Simi** sighs. "It takes a special man to satisfy me. Sadly, most of the men I meet don't last or stick around. Maybe that's why I'm always looking for a boyfriend. It's okay. I'd rather masturbate than have sex with a two-minute man."



How did the busty brunette end up in our magazine? **Simi** chuckles, then exclaims, "I have no idea! But I love having the opportunity to model in America part-time. It's very exciting to fly into Los Angeles and do photo-shoots. I feel like a real jet-setter! Growing up, I was a bit of an ugly duckling, all gangly, clumsy and shy. Then a few years ago I realized I looked good naked and wanted to share that with the world. Things move so fast here. One day I'm answering an ad in a newspaper, and now I'm in HUSTLER! I can't wait to see what's next!"









SIMI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Korycany, Czech Republic | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-6



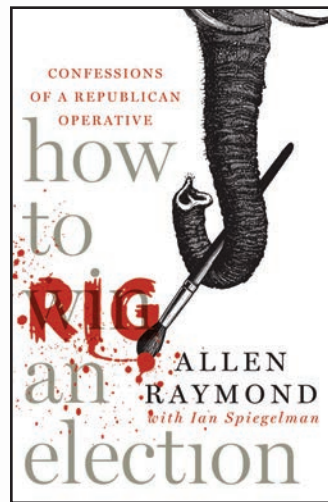


HOW TO **Rig** an Election



PHOTO BY LIZ RAYMOND/COURTESY SIMON & SCHUSTER

Convicted felon **Allen Raymond** explains the GOP's dirty tricks—and warns about what to expect between now and November.



In *How to Rig an Election*: *Confessions of a Republican Operative*, Allen Raymond recalls his life as a liar and a cheat. He was a campaigner for the Republican Party, sucking up to the GOP for one reason: a lot of money. After earning a master's degree in political science, Raymond created an independent consulting firm, selling his insider's experience and

knowledge of political manipulation.

In 2000 a former colleague named James Tobin—then the Regional Political Director of the Republican

National Committee—hired Allen Raymond to conduct some political sabotage. Not surprisingly, his employers disavowed any knowledge of Raymond's black ops once he was exposed.

HUSTLER: Tell us about the dirty trick you carried out in New Hampshire in 2000.

ALLEN RAYMOND: My job was to make sure that the Democratic Party's phone operation on Election Day got shut down, so no calls could go out or in, which we did.

You jammed the phone lines?

Yes. You call in for information. "Where do I vote?" "What time do the polls close?" Or even "Can I

get a ride to the polls?" It got shut down, so no calls could go out or in. We did this for an hour-and-a-half, then the operation got shut down by the client, who got nervous.

I didn't think that much of it until the FBI showed up, and it became a criminal investigation. I told them everything I knew—which led to my conviction and three months imprisonment.

And you were the one who was sacrificed?

Yes, they threw me under the bus—then blamed me for getting run over. It was clear they wanted me to be the scapegoat. The Republican National Committee spent \$3 million defending my co-conspirator, the guy who originally gave me a call about the thing.

You are convinced that this went to the highest levels of government—approved from very high up.

I had worked at the Republican National Committee as a Regional Political Director, which was the same job my coconspirator, Jim Tobin, had when he called me to do the work. I understand how the RNC works. Something like this never sees the light of day unless it's been vetted by an attorney. Now, when you have the same political party in the White House, the White House therefore controls the committee. Melman, Martinez, all these guys get appointed by the President.

Is it fair to speculate that Karl Rove would have been involved in this?

"You'll see efforts to polarize voters along gender or race. There's always someone in the Republican Party who's up to no good."

I got the sense that this was kind of a beta test: "Go get a vendor, a subcontractor, who is disposable, and if it works, great; maybe we wheel it out in other places. And if a criminal investigation ensues, there's plausible deniability, and you cut the guy loose." As far as it going directly to Rove, I've got no evidence of that.

I asked the Executive Director at the New Hampshire Republican State Committee how he came up with the idea, and he said, "I used to be in the military. They taught us [about] disrupting lines of communication."

Let's be clear on "jamming the phone lines." Were you actually interfering with a person's ability to vote?

Not exactly. The statute I was charged under was

"phone harassment"—calling someone with the intent to annoy or harass.

My coconspirator went in front of a jury, pled not guilty, got ten months. The First District Court reversed the decision. They said, "It's evident that he was involved...however, the statute doesn't fit the crime. Nowhere have you proven the defendant had an intent to annoy or harass anybody."

So it may be there is no statute that covers what we did. It's not an election law violation, not a civil rights violation. We're talking shades of gray. We didn't call anybody's house, so I didn't call Jane Smith, a Democratic voter in Ward One in Manchester.

Your barrage of phone calls to the Democratic headquarters prevented anyone from calling out or receiving other calls, right?

Yes. Of people who are registered, less than half actually vote. You've got to remind them, because you look for every advantage. Parties allocate millions doing what's

called "Get out the vote"—GOTV. It's to remind people, "Tuesday's the election; you've got to vote." If you shut down a phone bank for ten hours, you could have an effect of several thousand votes not getting cast.

Since the RNC defended your co-conspirator, why didn't they defend you as well?

I never asked them to, so it might be as simple as that political rule, you know, "Don't ask; don't get."

When the police contacted me, I called my coconspirator and said, "I just got a call from law enforcement about the phone program I did for you."

His response was, "What are you talking about?"

So they were hanging you out to dry?

Their first reaction was, "We don't know who this company is. We've never heard of them." Later it was, "He's a rogue; we hired him to do something else." And then later still: "He stole our money; we want our money back." So they went from calling me nonexistent to a rogue to a liar to a thief.

My speculation would be—since the guy later became the New England Chairman of the Bush-Cheney reelection campaign of 2004—he knew a lot of

stuff that they didn't want him telling the Feds.

You're talking about Jim Tobin?

Correct. So he served seven months in jail, but now he's back working for the Republican Party.

Can you talk about your dealings with Karl Rove?

There are two instances. I was working for Mitch McConnell at the National Republican Senatorial Committee. Rove was their direct-mail vendor. I didn't know that at the time when I went in with a

MCCAIN BRAINSTORMS WITH HIS CAMPAIGN ADVISERS



direct-mail plan. It was like some animal instinct.

I laid this plan on the table. He immediately walked in, looked at the plan, took it. I continued my conversation with the candidate. Rove typed on his laptop, turned it around and said, "The direct-mail plan is going to look something like this," then took my plan and stuck it in his pocket.

He got up, and his body language was, "Now you get the fuck out of here 'cause this is my meal ticket."

The other interaction was when I went down to the Austin headquarters in 2000 for the Bush-Cheney campaign. I went to this office floor filled with cubicles, and in the middle was this room encased in glass. It was Rove with all these monitors and headphones and computers, the

place aglow.

I thought, *This guy knows where every resource of his campaign is, and he's orchestrating it.*

What other types of election rigging are you personally aware of?

There's two types of rigging an election. One type is like the phone-jamming. I'll give you another example. You've seen it in the [2008] Presidential campaign.

Say your candidate has taken a contribution from a questionable source. With most people, the reaction is either you give the money back and suffer the consequences or keep the money and suffer the consequences.

But there's a third way: get that same questionable donor to give a donation to your opponent—small enough to go unnoticed by his campaign, but big enough to get disclosed in a Federal Election Commission Campaign Disclosure Report. When the attack comes, and your opponent says, "You took money from a dirty source," you say, "So did you. What's the point?" It muddles the whole thing, derails the attack and makes the issue go away.

Another example is manipulating bigotry. You saw it in South Carolina in the Democratic primary and over the years in Republican primaries. Whether it's John McCain's adopted daughter—who was from Bangladesh—being attacked as black or Bill Clinton saying that "Reverend Jackson did well in South Carolina in '84" and trying to reduce Obama to "the black candidate"—which by the way, has other implications, like conjuring up memories of Jackson's "Hymietown" quote.

Race is a hot-button (*continued on page 102*)



"Tonight the EZ Shop at Home Network would like to offer something new..."

KARL ROVE'S NEW JOB



"Psst, vote Republican. Do you really want a nigger in the White House?"



SCREEN NAME:

Precious Lili

AGE: 27

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 3,622

LOCATION: California

URL: MySpace.com/PreciousLili

Precious Lili is a real-life Tijuana dreamgirl. Originally from a small town outside Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, the señorita followed her family to T.J. Once it was time to fend for herself and find adventure, Lili began strutting her stuff at the hot strip clubs of the infamous border town.

Lili buttons up when asked to talk about her personal life, but she readily admits to having dance fever. Night after night she energetically works the crowd at Amnesia, a huge, upscale gentlemen's club with a multinational clientele. And for a change of pace she'll head down the street to Cocobongo, shaking her booty to *banda* and reggaeton.

Lili loves turning men on, flirting with them as they promise her cars and houses. Giggling innocently, she recalls what happened while performing for a tomcatting patron: "This guy paid for a private dance, then as I ground my hot pussy against him, he came in his pants only seconds before his wife stormed in and hauled him out, screaming and hollering."

On another occasion, Lili found out how hot it was to entertain a couple, practically finger-fucking the girl while her boyfriend watched, jaw agape. The mouthwatering Mexican fleshes the story out, so to speak, on her new Web site, PreciousLili.com, where she posts diaries, pictures and video clips.

PHOTOS BY PRECIOUS X MEDIA



THE GIRLS OF MYS

BY JOSH
STEICHMANN



HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE

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



PAGE: PRECIOUS LILI





SEXTOY DAVE



LIVING THE HIGH LIFE



A savvy entrepreneur soaks up good vibes as an Internet kingpin.



Dave Levine, a/k/a Sextoy Dave, is the reigning champ of online pleasure toys. In 1995 the Boston native started out by selling everything from watches to art to T-shirts on his Web site. But soon he decided to become strictly a one-category player. "My best sales and my best traffic were in my sex toy store, so I decided to focus on sex toys," says Levine, who works out of his Southern California home.

Levine launched his site with almost no capital, putting his nose to the grindstone and working from six in the morning until midnight, sometimes seven days a week. What gave him an edge was specialization. "No one was really paying attention to toys because they're a lot smaller [market] than video porn," Levine explains. "But I wanted to be the king of something small rather than just another player in a bigger, crowded market."

That entrepreneurial spirit paid off. In addition to his own Web site, Levine increased his income several-fold by building custom stores for other online retailers. He processes those clients' orders and ships the merchandise directly to the consumer, at which point the affiliate gets a commission on the sale. Under a separate wholesale program, Levine ships sex toys directly to his clients, who then resell the items to individual customers.

Although Levine is hardly the only online retailer peddling sex toys, he has a unique busi-



ness model. "Most of my competitors have a big warehouse, but since we don't have that, the only cost is time and data entry salary rather than inventory," he says. "We can add expensive items to our Web site as well as large items that another dealer would not want taking up space and capital. If someone orders from California, we ship directly from our California supplier. If someone orders from New York, we ship from our New Jersey supplier. Our competitors are probably spending more on warehouse managers and inventory investment. We focus 100% on improving the customer's Web experience."

In 2004, Levine left Beantown and bought a house in the posh Hollywood Hills, where he threw outlandish parties every Saturday night. Along with his newfound fortune came notoriety: Soon he was called the king of Saturday night fever. As door prizes, Levine would give away sex toys to revelers, which led to his rechristening as "Sextoy Dave."

"Basically, when I started doing [the parties], I didn't know that many people, so there wasn't even a guest list," he recalls. "I just created this even-ratio-at-the-door rule at every party. Once there are more guys than girls, the vibe goes down. If a guy had at least one girl, he could get in. If it was two guys, they had to have two girls. And it's Hollywood, so of course everybody is good-looking."

In addition to the staples of any Hollywood party—booze, drugs and gorgeous women—Sextoy Dave took it to the next level, installing a stripper pole in his living room. "When I had parties, the girls would kind of play on my pole," Dave says, "and then I come over and get on the pole too. It makes people feel more comfortable. I'm not going to say that no one has ever been naked on the pole, but it's really not about that." With a laugh he adds, "It's just a dance tool, and it's fun."

One of Sextoy Dave's more memorable

bashes was a themed lap dance soiree featuring a "strip aerobics" instructor who taught female guests some of her patented moves. "She lined 15 chairs around the room, guys in each chair, and 15 girls in front," Dave explains. "The teacher would show lap dance moves and then put on music, and the girls would do the moves on the guy, then stop and move down one. Then she'd teach another move. Nobody was taking any clothes off; it was good and safe and everything."

With a hitch. "But then everyone gets in the hot tub, and it was fun," he clucks.

Celebrities started rolling in. Dave claims that among his guests were Lindsay Lohan and Chris Rock, both of whom allegedly did drugs in his bathroom. At yet another shindig, professional wrestler/movie star Dwayne "the Rock" Johnson waited outside the party animal's front gate. "There were five guys outside, and one of them is the Rock!" Dave recalls, "and I'm like, oh, that's pretty cool!"

While tempted to admit the 6-foot-3 hulk, he opted to stick by his own rules. "There are so many bullshitters in this town, so maybe this guy just looks like him, and he's pretending," Dave continues. "So I said, 'All right, do the eyebrow thing.' So he does it, and then I ask him if he'll say [the wrestler's signature line] 'Can you smell what the Rock's cooking?'"

"He looks at me and says, 'Are you serious?' And I say, 'Dude, seriously, I need you to do it because I can't let five guys in.' He turns his head to the side and acts like he's at Madison Square Garden and just says, 'Can you...?' And I just (continued on page 112)

SEXTOY DAVE'S TOP SELLERS

Some of Dave's best-selling products include a vibrating bullet, a rabbit vibrator and dildos, some of which fetch up to \$100 a pop. "Women can be very specific about a color," he says of his line of ersatz dicks. "[They'll say] 'I don't want green inside me!'"

Some of his more unusual products include casts of various porn stars' private parts. The standouts in this subcategory include a Peter North dildo, a John Holmes cock and the simulated vaginas of Carmen Luvana (yours for only \$111) and Jenna Jameson.

Also available are assorted fetish paraphernalia, vibrating cock rings and even an ejaculating dildo! To check out the goods, visit SexToyDave.com and SexToy.com.

—Eric Althoff



PHOTOS COURTESY DAVE LEVINE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY



Backstage Passes

ROXY DEVILLE & KATARINA KAT



SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT"

The blonde with her pants falling down.
Or the dance of hot lust and romance.
Or the scene with fingers jammed in between.
That's entertainment.

The lights on their pussies so tight.
Or the whore as she's begging for more.
And the chick giving pink snatch a lick.
That's entertainment.

The plot could be hot, simply teeming with sex.
A couple of lesbians who know what comes next.
A large dildo that they're starting to flex,
driving deep in their pussies, the sound sweet and squishy.

The lick that is doing the trick.
These two chicks not in need of a dick.
Hear the hum as they're starting to come.
The girls are so hot, your load you just shot, for entertainment!











See blond Katarina Kat (a onetime trapeze artist) teamed up in *Hustler's Real College Girls #13* and Roxy DeVille at her foxiest in *Taboo: Taking Control*, *She's Got It Cumming*, *Kill Jill Volume #2*, *Inception*, *Hustler's Beaver Hunt #3*, *Hot Showers #17* and *Cum Stain Girls* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



CHUMP JOCKS

Dallas Cowboys QB Tony Romo came under media scrutiny after Jessica Simpson became his No. 1 fan.

**AND THE
WOMEN
WHO
DRAINED
THEM**





A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREATEST PUSSY-WHIPPED ATHLETES IN PRO SPORTS

At the conclusion of the 2007 NFL regular season the Dallas Cowboys were an impressive 13-3. “America’s Team” seemed headed toward a ninth trip to the Super Bowl, possibly even a sixth NFL championship. Their next victim on the chopping block: the New York Giants. Quarterback **TONY ROMO** faced the biggest challenge of his pro career.

So how did the second-year starter decide to prepare for a must-win divisional playoff game? He spent a week in Mexico with Jessica Simpson.

Smiling, rested and relaxed, Romo returned to the Big D. He then led the Cowboys to a stunning 21-17 loss.

Does the phrase “thinking with your dick” come to mind? It did for legions of Cowboys fans, who specifically blamed Simpson for convincing Romo to practice his best moves with her instead of with his teammates.

Just a few weeks earlier, when the heavily favored Cowboys played the Philadelphia Eagles, the big screen’s Daisy Duke showed up to bounce for her brand-new boyfriend in her adorable No. 9 jersey. And what happened? The Cowboys lost 10-6, and Romo had the worst game of his career.

To be fair, maybe Tony Romo’s love life had nothing at all to do with his dickless performance on the field. Maybe the idea of an athlete bringing bad mojo upon himself

by lusting after vajayjay is merely another urban myth.

Or maybe, just maybe, this myth has a long history for a reason.

Let’s turn the sports clock back to the beginning—444 B.C. Legendary pentathlon champion Ikkos of Tarentum was training for the Olympic Games. Ikkos had devised an athletic regimen for himself that’s remained the gold standard for world-class athletes to this day: He loaded up on carbs and protein, did

weight training for strength, jogged through the forest for stamina and practiced javelin throwing and long jumps for agility. Ikkos even coated his body with olive oil because he liked the way it made his ripped torso gleam.

However, the most noteworthy aspect of Ikkos’s regimen was that he abstained from sex. This was big news to the Greeks. When they weren’t inventing democracy, mathematics and philosophy, the Greeks loved to party. Sure, Ikkos enjoyed a few laughs at the bathhouse like everyone else, but never before a competition.

The esteemed Plato—who picked up extra money as a sports reporter when he wasn’t philosophizing—wrote that Ikkos believed “abstinence before competition was essential for preserving athletic vigor.” And guess who kicked ass that year at the pentathlon? Right: Mr. Semen Up to His Eyeballs himself, Ikkos of Tarentum.

Modern science seems to support the theory that sex and sports are not an unreasonable combination. A study on the subject by Dr. Ian Shrier, a professor of epidemiology at McGill University in Montreal and former president of the Canadian Academy of Sports Medicine, was published in 2000 in the *Clinical Journal of Sports Medicine*. The report rejected the notion that sex the night before competition physiologically affects an athlete’s performance. However, Dr. Shrier acknowledged—and this is key—that the psychological effect of sex on sports has yet to be studied.

Take the case of wide receiver **ANDRE “BAD MOON” RISON**. He began his NFL career in 1989 as a first-round draft pick of the Indianapolis Colts, had a respectable rookie season, then went on to play spectacularly for the Atlanta Falcons. For four years, Rison finished near the top of most receiving categories and led all NFL players with 15 receiving touchdowns in 1993.



Till death do us part: Deidra Lane remains behind bars after fatally shooting her husband, NFL running back Fred Lane (right).



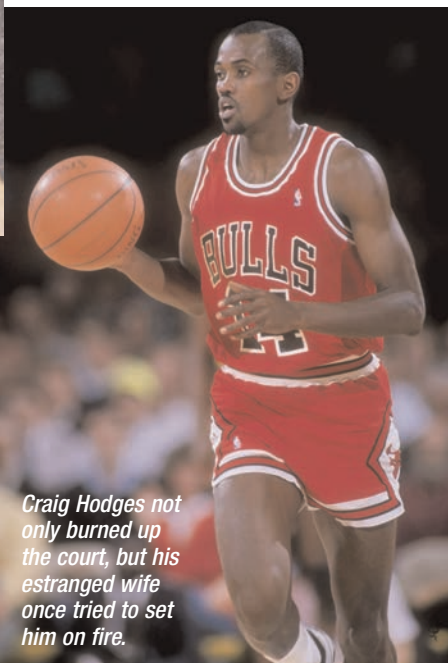
Then he started dating Lisa “Left Eye” Lopes of the rap group TLC. She also was extremely volatile—“volatile” being about as politely as one can describe a person who eventually burned down her boyfriend’s house. Rison broke up with Zippo-happy Lisa soon after this little spat—nothing cools the flames of love like actual flames—but he couldn’t



Rapper Lisa Lopes lit up more than football star Andre Rison’s personal life.

85) and finished his ten-year career with 107.5 sacks, a team record that stands to this day. In 1986, Gastineau sustained a painful groin injury, played only ten games and got just two sacks the entire season. He also had the secondary groin injury of meeting the ex-wife of Sylvester Stallone, Scandinavian schlock actress and gold digger extraordinaire Brigitte Nielsen.

In 1987, while things heated up with the *Rocky IV* costar (who could forget her “Ludmilla Drago?”), they went to hell for Gastineau. Showing remarkably poor judgment, he crossed the picket line during that year’s players’ strike, prompting teammates to spit on his car as he drove through their ranks. Gastineau’s



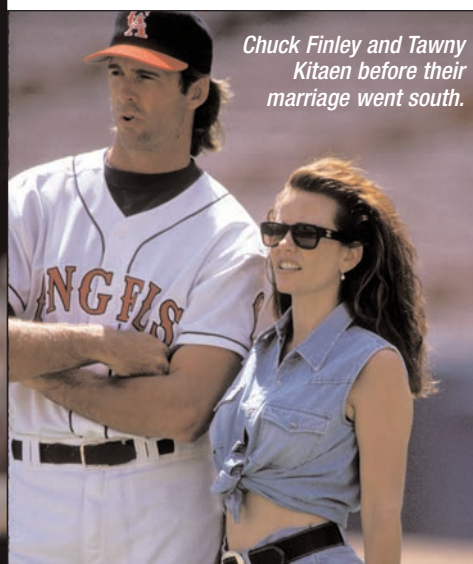
Craig Hodges not only burned up the court, but his estranged wife once tried to set him on fire.

cal abuse, the couple busted up.

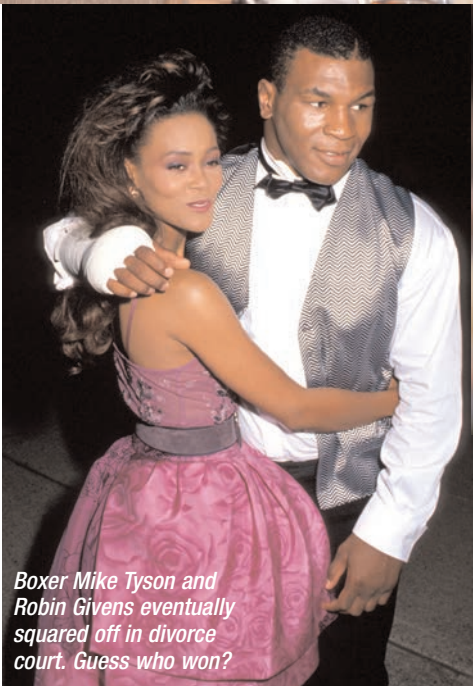
Gastineau’s football career never recovered. In 1990 he made a brief comeback in the Canadian Football League, but the British Columbia Lions cut the injured Gastineau after only four games.

With bills piling up, the lifelong jock abruptly decided to become a professional boxer despite having no background in the sport. Gastineau fought until 1996, compiling a 15-2 record, which became less noteworthy when it was reported that some of his bouts had been fixed.

After leaving the ring, Gastineau continued throwing punches, this time at the women in his life. He was arrested several times on domestic violence charges; after violating



Chuck Finley and Tawny Kitaen before their marriage went south.



Boxer Mike Tyson and Robin Givens eventually squared off in divorce court. Guess who won?

shake her from his life. The couple continued to date, even got engaged once and finally broke it off for good in 2001. Less than a year later, Lopes was killed in a car crash in Honduras.

Rison’s bright football career fizzled soon after he met the troubled singer. He left the Falcons and signed with the Cleveland Browns, where he was a tremendous disappointment. He then bounced around the NFL for five years, playing for the Jaguars, Packers, Chiefs and Raiders.

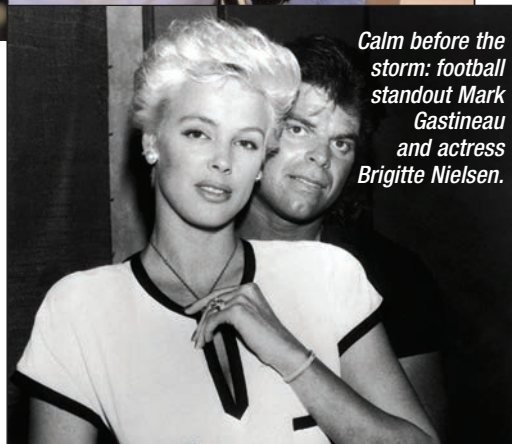
Then there was New York Jets defensive end **MARK GASTINEAU**, the “Sack Monster.” He made the Pro Bowl five straight seasons (1981-

performance on the gridiron was equally spit-worthy. He finished the strike-shortened 15-game schedule with a paltry 4.5 sacks, but was unperturbed. That season, everything was grand to Gastineau. The big lug was in love.

The fairy tale romance came to an end quickly. Just seven weeks into the 1988 season, as Gastineau led the AFC with seven sacks, he shocked the Jets by announcing he would retire. Gastineau held a press conference, explaining that Nielsen was suffering from uterine cancer and that he wanted to spend as much time as possible at the side of the woman he adored.

Heartbreakingly noble, right?

The truth was the blond Great Dane was just fine. Nielsen had had only minor surgery and pressured Gastineau to quit. Predictably, the Sack Monster—never known for his mild temper—flew into a Super Bowl of rage with his soul mate. Amid public charges of physi-



Calm before the storm: football standout Mark Gastineau and actress Brigitte Nielsen.

probation, he spent 11 months on Rikers Island. One can only wonder if, while he was smacking around some unlucky paramour, he visualized the face of ice queen Brigitte Nielsen at the end of his fist.

Of course, if you’re going to talk about bad choices, the one who set the “stupidity bar” is boxer **MIKE TYSON**. The shambles of his life all started around the time he met Robin Givens,

then just a minor television performer, in 1987. What she saw in Iron Mike is anyone's guess—beyond the fact that he was a lunkheaded, rich, international celebrity, and she wasn't.

Love clearly works in mysterious ways because in 1988 Tyson and Givens tied the knot. Soon after, to make the nest extra cozy for the newlyweds, Givens and her mother both moved into Tyson's New Jersey mansion. Twelve punch-filled months later, Robin and Mom moved out, heading directly to divorce court. Ultimately, Iron Mike had to cut his ex a check for a reported \$10 million.

As the world knows, Mike Tyson's troubles had just begun. In 1990 he lost the heavyweight championship to challenger Buster Douglas. In 1991 he met Desiree Washington at a beauty pageant rehearsal in Indianapolis. A pattern of jail sentences, drug abuse and self-destructive behavior continues to this day.

The list of sports stars getting themselves into über-aggravating hook-ups is far from over.

While pro golfer **JOHN DALY** slept one off in his bedroom, his wife, Sherrie, attacked him with a steak knife. The Ginzu-toting Mrs. Daly subsequently went to federal prison for five months on charges involving a drug ring and an illegal gaming operation. No surprise: Daly's performance on the links has been erratic ever since.

Carlita Hodges, the estranged wife of former Chicago Bulls guard **CRAIG HODGES**, doused her husband with gasoline and attempted to light him on fire moments after he dropped off their two young sons at an elementary school.

NFL running back **FRED LANE** was shot to death by his wife Deidra during a domestic dispute.

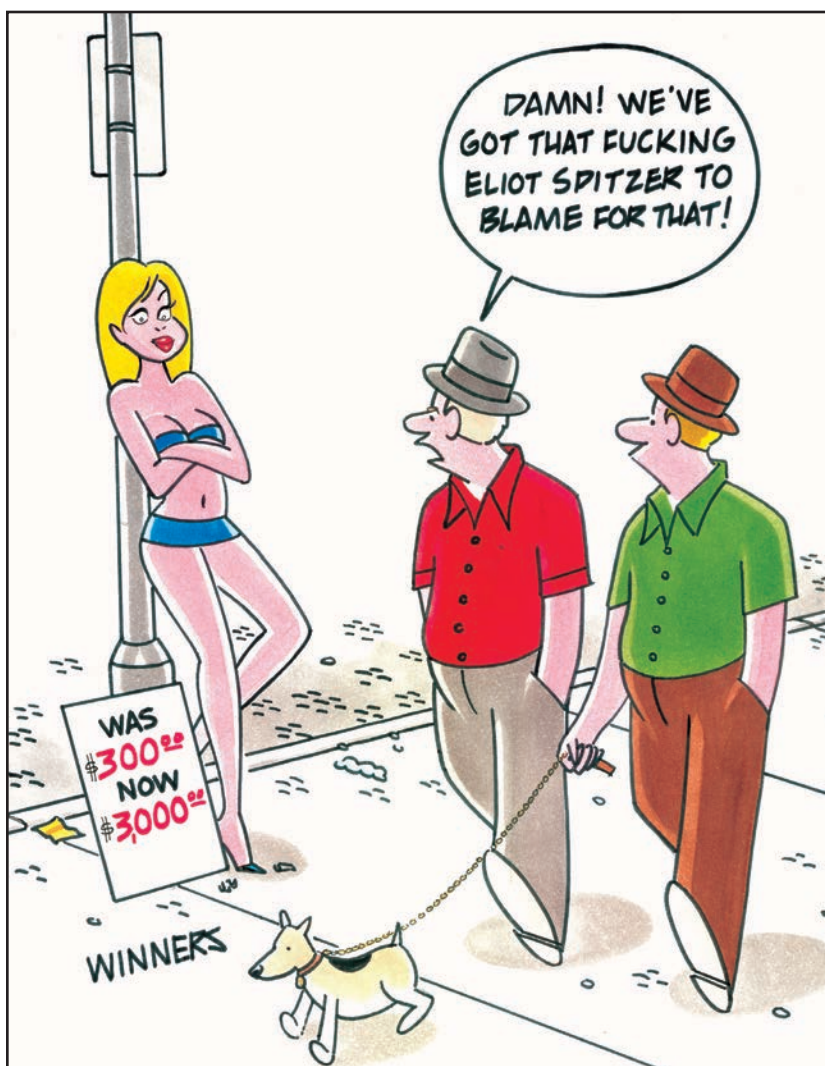
Tammi Anderson, ex-wife of **KENNY ANDERSON**, creamed the NBA sharpshooter in a brutal divorce and then proceeded to drive around town in a Hummer with the custom license plate HISCASH.

And pseudo-actress/rock star squeeze Tawny Kitaen, wife of former journeyman pitcher **CHUCK FINLEY**, was served with divorce papers by her black-and-blue spouse three days after she was arrested and charged with committing domestic violence against him by beating the southpaw with a stiletto heel. The suit did not specify if the pump in question was one of the pair she'd worn while grinding her gash on the hood of a car in a Whitesnake music video.

Clearly, a disciplined athlete like Ikkos of Tarentum wouldn't have made any of these disastrous hookups. However, history does not tell us how hot those Greek women were. Just maybe a Tawny Kitaen lookalike in a see-through toga might have made Ikkos come up with a more creative use for his olive oil.



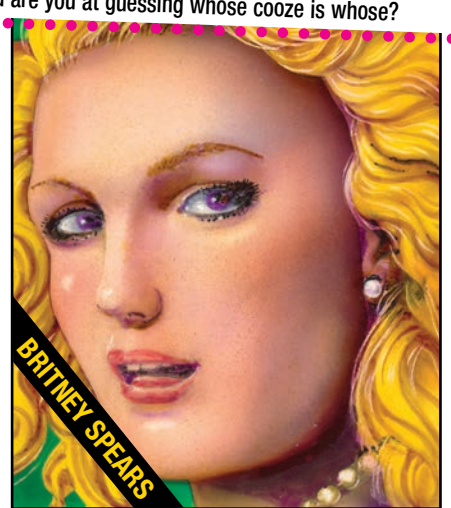
Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan, an avid sports enthusiast, is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films. 🌐



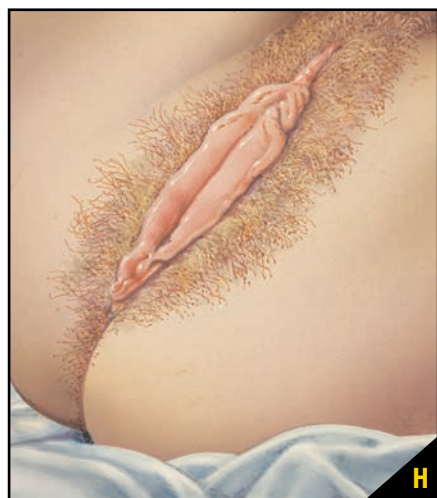
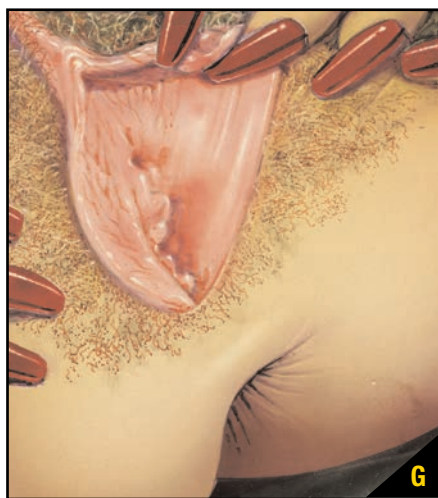
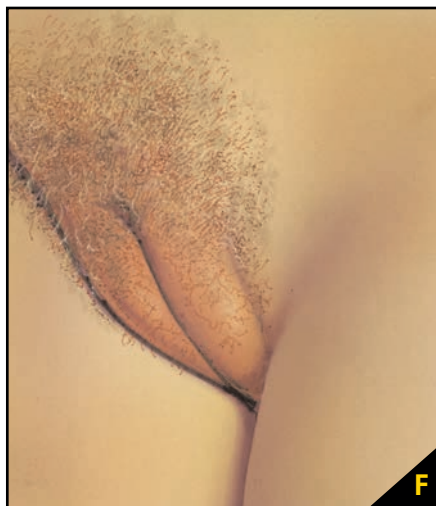
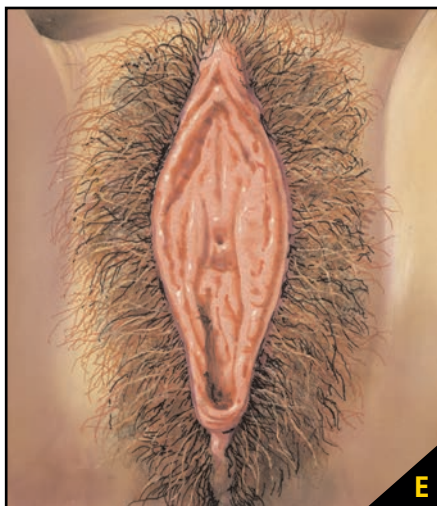
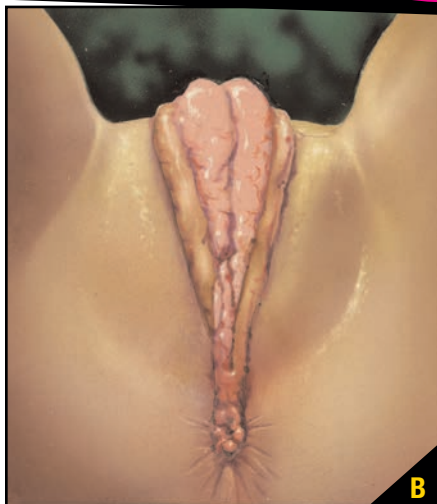
MATCH THE

How well do you know your celebri-pussy? If you've been paying attention to HUSTLER's *Famous Flesh* and *Movie Mammaries* sections, you may already have all these ladies' labias down pat from clit to taint. Otherwise you'll have to find a way to link a famous face with the cor-

rect mystery muff. Is there something about those vaginal lips that would look good sideways? Those eyebrows and the landing strip—hmmm, are we talking collars and cuffs, or just a big, hairy coincidence? With illustrious Alex Ebel rendering the "scene of the crime" from a gynecologist's point of view, how good are you at guessing whose cooze is whose?



SNATCH!



ANSWERS A: Britney Spears. B: Laura Bush. (The 'r'hoids are a dead giveaway!) C: Ashley Simpson. D: Lindsay Lohan. E: Angelina Jolie. F: Charize Theron. G: Jessica Simpson. H: Paris Hilton. (You thought she was a real blonde?!) I: Nicole Richie.



HEATHER VANDEVEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK L

Natural Beauty



have always been very comfortable hanging out all alone," **Heather** asserts. "That's why posing nude seemed like a cool thing to try. So far, so good. My self-confidence has also made me realize that I don't need to be with a man just to feel good about myself. I want one, but only a good one."



What kind of fella gets Heather hotter than hell? "I tend to go for the nerdy, artistic type," she tells us. "For the longest time I had a crush on [actor] Jeff Goldblum. Pretty boys tend to be too into themselves for my taste. A geeky guy will try harder to please, and I love to be pleased!"

Getting more specific, **Ms. Vandeven** adds, "I like a guy who's kind and sweet. It also helps if he's romantic and willing to wine and dine me. I love to go out to dinner. Take me out for Thai food and a couple of Kingfisher beers, and you may just get some!"







Not one to sleep in, **Heather** hoots, “I love to go hiking early in the morning with my dogs. As the sun is rising, the world always looks much brighter and full of beauty. Plus, you can’t beat spending time in nature.”

Heather certainly enjoys modeling nude, but the adorable Californian has other ambitions. “Secretly, I want to be a singer like Ann Wilson from Heart,” she confides. “I love classic rock, and it would be great to rock out in front of thousands of fans. Who knows? My life is good and always will be.”













HEATHER'S VITAL FACTS | HOMETOWN: Santa Rosa, California | AGE: 27 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 125





Preacher Bert delivered one of his trademark fire-and-brimstone sermons, then asked the congregation if anybody needed a special prayer. Standing in the first pew, Leroy humbly asked the evangelist to pray for his hearing.

The flamboyant preacher walked up to the fella and stuck his left index finger in Leroy's right ear and his right hand on the hick's head and began praying passionately. A few minutes later he removed both hands, lifted them high in the air and asked Leroy how his hearing was. "I don't know, Reverend. It's not until next Wednesday."

Heading home at two in the morning, a horndog named Dan was pulled over by the Highway Patrol. An officer walked up and asked if he'd been drinking.

"Yeah, I had a few margaritas tonight," Dan admitted. "Was I driving that bad?"

"No, sir, you were driving perfectly fine," the lawman muttered. "It was the fat, ugly broad riding shotgun that gave you away."

Question: What's the difference between males and government bonds?

Answer: Government bonds mature.

Little Billy told his spinsterish teacher he'd found a dead cat while walking to school. "How did you know it was dead?" she inquired.

"Because I pissed in the cat's ear, and it didn't move," the third-grader replied.

"You did what?!" the teacher howled.

"You know," the tyke explained, "I leaned over and went *psst*, and it didn't move."

Lester was lying in bed as his new mail-order bride from Bangkok seemed content to merely stroke his teeny pecker. "Gee, do you like my dick that much?" Lester marveled.

"Not really," the Thai handjobber hissed. "I'm just missing mine!"

After a long, grueling day at work, Joe went home, sat in his favorite chair, turned on some NASCAR and said to his wife, "Quick, Mary, bring me a beer before it starts!"

Knowing that the bricklayer had worked hard all day, Mary brought him a cold beer, which he immediately guzzled down. "Quick, bring me another one!" he then implored. "It's gonna start!"

Mary blew her stack. "You bastard! You waltz in here, plop your fat ass down, don't even say hi to me and expect me to run around like your slave! Don't you realize that I cook, clean, wash and iron all day long?"

Joe just sighed, "Christ, it started!"

Question: What's the quickest way to turn a fox into a cow?

Answer: Marry her!

Three buddies were hanging out in a bar when a drunken coot staggered up to them and snorted, "I've fucked yer mother!" Not looking for a fight, they just kept sipping their beers.

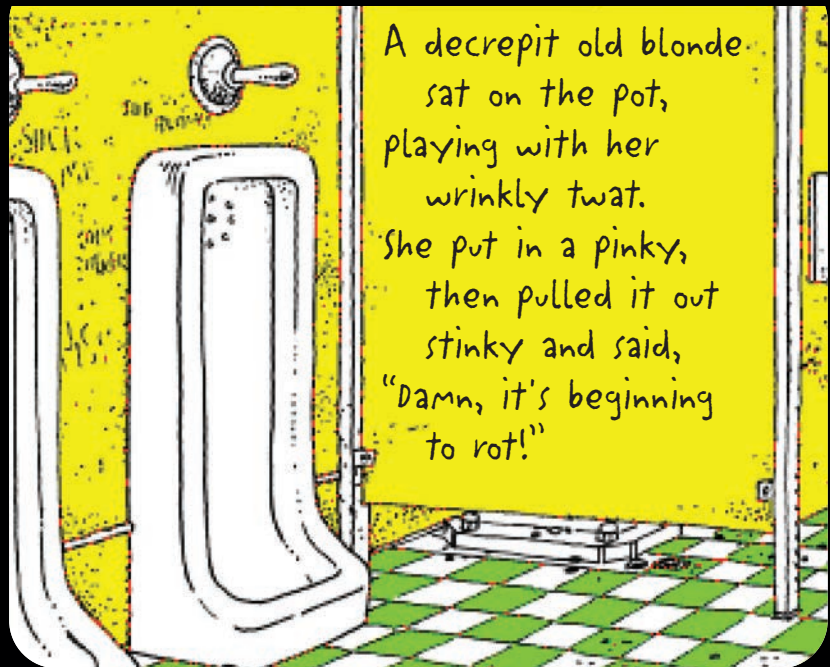
Angry at being dissed, the loudmouth yelled, "Yer mother sucks my dick!" Again, the three pals ignored the sot, who blabbered, "I've also boned her up the ass!"

Having taken enough abuse, the fellow sitting in the middle stood up and snapped, "Dad, you're fucking drunk! Go home!"

Feeling frisky, Bubba told his old lady he wanted to pop a load in her ear. "Hell no!" the reluctant bitch hollered. "I might go deaf!"

"Shit!" Bubba crowed. "I've been coming in your mouth going on ten years, and you ain't shut up yet!"

GRAFFI L THY

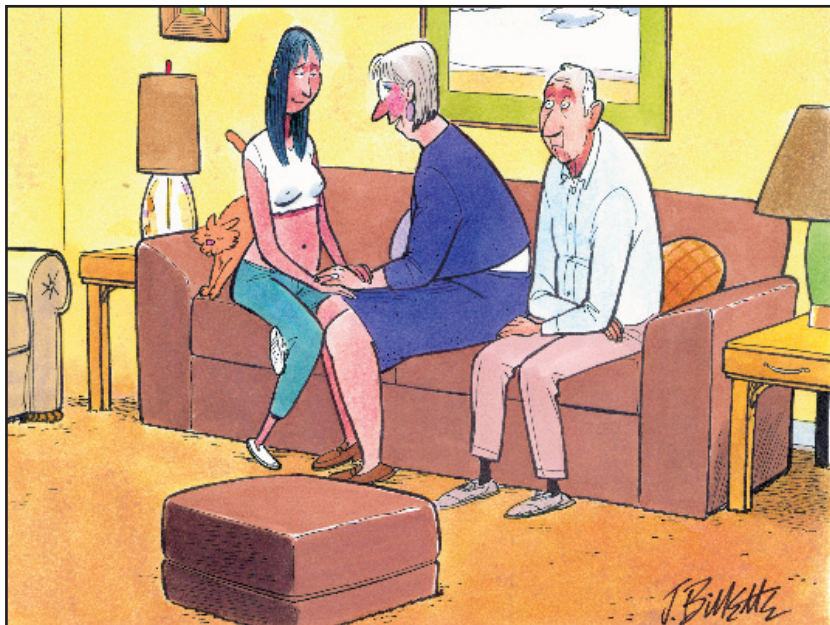


A decrepit old blonde
sat on the pot,
playing with her
wrinkly twat.
She put in a pinky,
then pulled it out
stinky and said,
"Damn, it's beginning
to rot!"

Thanks and \$50 go to Joseph B.

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.



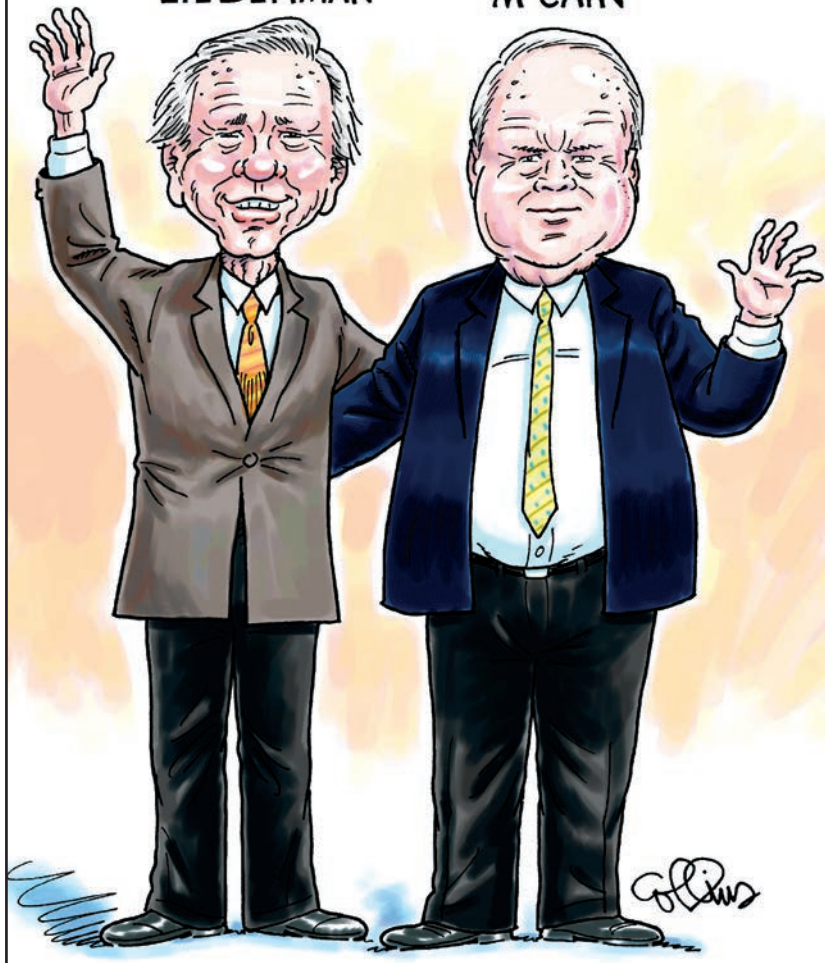


"Oh, sweetheart, you shouldn't have worried about telling us you're a lesbian. Heck, dear, I used to eat a mean pussy in my day!"

ANOTHER CAREER POLITICIAN IS LINKED TO A WASHINGTON, D.C., WHORE

LIEBERMAN

MCCAIN



(continued from page 45) Tim Russert, the pudgy, annoying chief of NBC's Washington bureau and moderator of *Meet the Press*. (The show should be renamed *Meet the Russert* since he monopolizes every discussion.) At one point during a debate he shouted at Hillary Clinton, then argued with her. Hey, Tim, please look up the definition of *moderator*!

Russert also trotted out endless poll numbers that pitted black voters against white voters. On one occasion he even made the blanket statement that Hispanic people don't like black people.

What is the point of setting one group against another if not to jazz up the "cage match." Thanks, Tim, for a hot, heaping pile of undermined race relations.

On the sillier side, NBC reporter Andrea Mitchell swooned over Senator Barack Obama. Sliding off the tracks entirely, Mitchell (whose husband is former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan) announced, "He has a lot of young supporters like Maria Shriver." Maria Shriver? Young? Maybe to Mrs. Greenspan, who is just a facelift away from looking like Norman Bates's mother.

And now back to CNN. When Senator Christopher Dodd was still seeking the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination, he would publish (on his Web site) the amount of debate time the candidates would get to state their various positions. Obama and Clinton usually got the lion's share. However, CNN's old Wolf Blitzer spoke more than either of them. Shut up, Wolf!

The Democratic debate in Cleveland was the biggest draw up to that time. Eight million people watched it, and NBC cleaned up in advertising revenue. Creating this newest reality show by choosing the cast and selling it to America had made the "cage match" a major hit.

Am I suggesting that news people be censored? No! I'm saying they should get back to the moral principals that guided broadcast journalism in its golden age. The networks should treat news as if it were a wildlife sanctuary. Just sit in the brush, film the action and let nature take its course. Don't disturb the order of things. If you don't make money, run it as a loss and figure that's your penance for running *Deal or No Deal*.

If you ever watched *Star Trek*, you're familiar with the "Prime Directive." Interfering in the natural evolution of a civilization was the only crime that carried the death penalty. Am I suggesting that these news creeps be executed for trying to meddle with the natural course of our lives? Of course not!

Well, maybe. Sure, why not? They're useless anyway.



Alex Bennett, a two-time Emmy winner who has been in broadcasting since age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home. 🎧

A VERY MEMORABLE DAY AT
LT. GOVERNOR PATERSON'S HOME



"Darling, Spitzer has resigned. You're the new governor of New York!"

ANN COULTER

ANN, ANDY OR ANDROGYNOUS?



Ted Newsom looks at our “favorite” neocon from a medical vantage point.

What the fuck is Ann Coulter?!

Okay, motormouth pinup girl for the forces of evil? Sure. Braying, soulless ice queen? Yes, yes. Devious toady for the repressive Right? Yeah, we can agree on that too. But is this lanky creature a woman? A man? A transvestite, a transsexual, an odd variation thereof, or is the high-profile blonde what old-time carnival barkers called freaks like Zip the Pinhead: “Whatzis”?

Many opponents place the commentator’s sexuality at the mutant end of the spectrum. Before we toss these insults into the wastebasket, remember that sexual definition is a bell curve, with extreme male and female examples on either end...and a lot of combinations in between.

The dictionary defines *hermaphrodite* as a being—animal or human—with the genitalia of both genders. Putting aside for a moment whether or not Ann Coulter can be classified as a “human being,” many observers wonder if her chromosomes are arranged in the right order. That would make her more guy than girl—intersexed, to be precise, the new catchall term for unfortunately with scrambled sex genes.

Another strange hormone malfunction is Androgen Insensitivity Syndrome (AIS). To put it simply, people with this screwed-up chromosome combination look like women, but on their basic, chemical level are men, with the XY chromosome rather than XX, like 100% of women. Let's go through the medical diagnosis and see if Ann Coulter looks like a good candidate.

AIS sufferers typically have a female appearance and genitalia. They are usually, notes a medical report on the condition, “larger in all body measurements, although with a tendency to a slim body.” Another report cites “slight masculinization of the skeleton, with proportionally longer legs and arms, and larger hands and feet than the average XX woman.”

Standing around six feet tall, Coulter is as skinny as Karen Carpenter after an Auschwitz vacation, with spidery hands that could spread across five octaves of a piano. It sounds like we're on a roll.

One study reported that AIS women were often found “in occupations that pay high salaries for attractive female appearance such as modeling, acting or prostitution.” Looks like another hit: Coulter whores out to the tune of \$25,000 per appearance to vomit her chunky-style invective.

Although AIS women have a vagina, they're missing ovaries, a cervix and a uterus; the standard female innards just aren't there. Instead of ovaries, the AIS person has undescended or partly descended testicles. Translation: They literally have balls.

Of course, it's not as if the lack of a womb makes a woman useless. The “drawbacks” of AIS sometimes turn out to be benefits. California ob/gyn Vikki Huffnagel studied the history of the condition, stating, “In the old West, women with AIS were reportedly popular among the ranks of prostitutes. ... They were tall, lean...and couldn't get pregnant.” So, because of the hormone imbalance, AIS victims were as barren as burros, but well suited for screwing dusty saddle tramps upstairs in a frontier saloon.

Coulter gives various conflicting birth dates, but she's definitely fortyish, has never been married and has never had children. This is looking solid.

Then there's that pesky Adam's apple. Okay, any emaciated wretch has sharp corners in places most women have curves, and it could be that the frog-sized lump in Coulter's throat might well disappear if the annoying neocon actually ate more than twice a week without throwing it all up.

In any event, the presence of an Adam's apple on a woman is usually a clue to what lies below. If you've ever been bar-crawling,



The rare photos of the blabbermouth in slacks often reveal a suspicious bulge, and it ain't your mother's cameltoe.

had too many drinks and reached down to get an unwanted surprise, you know what I mean.

There is another, more radical school of thought: Ann Coulter may indeed have a cock. The rare photos of the blabbermouth in slacks often reveal a suspicious bulge, and it ain't your mother's cameltoe.

A true hermaphrodite has a penis and a vagina, although neither tend to be fully developed. In adults, the vestigial dick might pass for a *really* engorged clit if you don't look too closely. But intersexuals usually have their life-role decided by the doctors who get a gander at their 50/50 genitalia. A quick surgical procedure and *presto!* Denise becomes Dennis for the rest of his/her life, or Charlie becomes Charlene.

The problem is that sexuality is not deter-

mined by plumbing, but by hormones. It's hormones that cause individuals to feel and think like men, or like women or something in between. That men and women think differently is a biochemical fact. For example, the male hormone testosterone is linked with aggressive behavior. Even if a well-meaning surgeon goes along with Mom and Dad's decision to snip the extra mini-dick off an intersexed baby, and even if the parents raise the “girl” with pink chiffon, Barbie dolls and cookie-baking, the child's chemistry will inevitably scream, “Hey, folks, I'm a boy!”

All this can lead to gender identity confusion: You don't know what you are, so you're pissed at the world. Quoting colleagues of his, George A. Reekers, Ph.D. (a professor of neuropsychiatry and behavioral science at the University of South Carolina School of Medicine and an expert on sex behavior patterns) describes a gender-puzzled child as “belligerent...uncontrolled and simultaneously lacking gentle and socially sensitive behaviors.” He also uses the term *hyper-masculine*—a cartoon version of being male. Sounds a lot like our grown-up Annie.

Sure, Dr. Reekers is a Christian academic with right-wing tendencies, but that doesn't make him a quack. He's authored nine books and more than 120 articles on sexually confused kids. The doctor from Coulter's own ideological camp further explains, “In pathological cases...[these] children deviate from the normal pattern of exploring masculine and feminine behaviors and develop an inflexible, compulsive, persistent and rigidly stereotyped pattern.” Inflexible? Compulsive and persistent? Rigidly stereotyped? Annie? Hello? Are you listening?

Another study of intersexed women focused on a predisposition to sexual dysfunction—the inability to have good sex because of their “shorter-than-average vaginas, an inability to respond to androgens, and anxieties or concerns about their condition, which could impact on self-esteem, body image, sensuality and sexual function.” To put it bluntly, intersexed women—prone to “difficulty with vaginal penetration, [sexual] infrequency and non-communication”—simply can't handle getting laid.

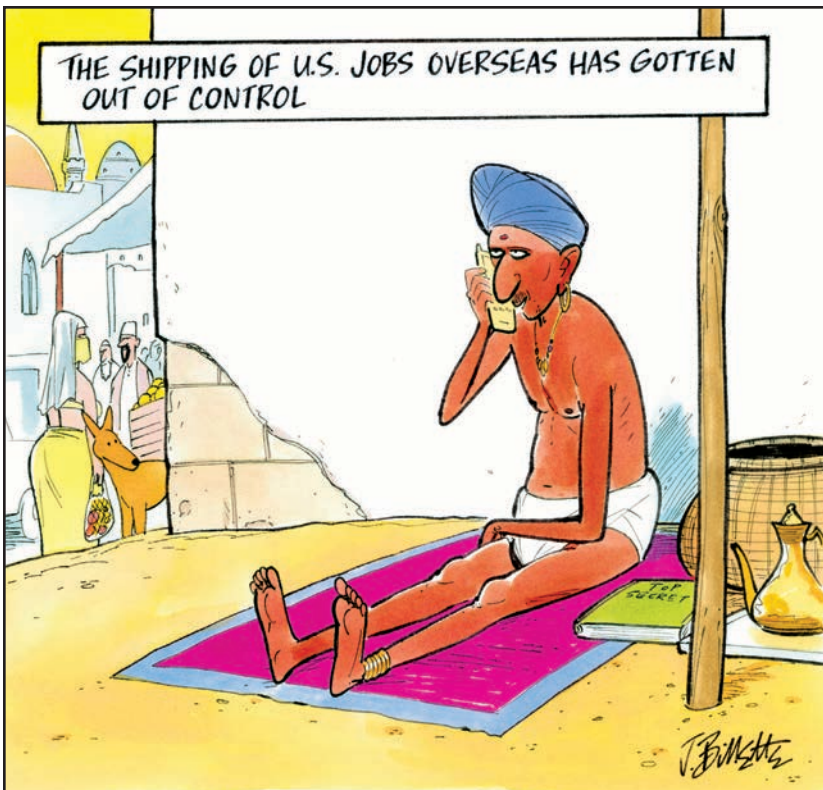
If it's true that Ann Coulter is an intersexual, it would almost be sad. The solution to the right-winger's self-loathing anger is a good fuck, and she just can't get it. 🍆

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Headquarters



"Not one serious assassination attempt in eight years! What's happened to America's self-motivated, unbalanced, seriously disturbed loners?!"



"This is the Pentagon. May I help you, please?!"

(continued from page 58) issue. I pressed that button, calling white Democratic households with a stereotypical urban-accented black male voice, a "scary black man," to dissuade them from voting for their Democratic candidate. You're tapping into whatever bigotry is in that household.

It could be a white candidate; the race doesn't matter. If you call a white household, particularly a white Democratic household, with a recorded voice saying, "Don't forget that the Democratic candidate is great," or whatever, what you say doesn't matter; it's how you say it. If you say it with an intimidating black voice, you're going to trigger a bigoted reaction so that voter says, "I'm not voting for that guy. He's got a scary black guy working for him, and I don't like it that he called my house."

Are there other variations?

Republicans are good at financing Green Party candidates through contributions. Then you call Demo-

cratic households and say, "Vote Green, vote your convictions, 'cause you're an environmentalist."

So you're siphoning the Democratic vote?

Right. Their money makes the Green candidate think he's viable. I have no proof there's Republican money funneled into campaigns like Ralph Nader's, but that's a perfect opportunity.

Do you consider yourself Republican?

I was a moderate. When I went to work at the RNC, Haley Barber was chairman, so I adopted their worldview. Now I won't affiliate with a political party.

What can we expect to see as we lead up to the November elections?

The one rumor to watch is this idea that Senator Obama is a Manchurian candidate—Muslim, Madrassa-educated cell—this idea that he's a Muslim fundamentalist. Plenty of people believe that. I'd be fascinated to find out how many. That'll keep going right up to Election Day. You'll see efforts to polarize voters along gender or race. There's always someone in the Republican Party who's up to no good.

Anybody from the Democratic Party trying to enlist your services, for good or evil?

My answer to that is 1) no one's ever going to hire me; and 2) why would I work for anybody who would? My book started as a vindictive rant. I hope it's more than that now, more of a public service, just like that quote by Justice Brandeis: "Sunlight is the best disinfectant." ☺

WELL, DON'T
JUST STAND THERE!
AIN'T YOU GONNA
TALK ME OUT
OF THIS?

HELL, NAH! YOU
NEVER LISTEN TO A
DAMN THING I TELL
YOU ANYWAY.



WINNERS

EVERLAST

SAD STATE OF HIP-HOP



As the leader of House of Pain, Everlast taught a whole generation of folks how to “jump around.” His subsequent solo CDs, while still funky, are packed with introspective and thoughtful acoustic-flavored rock jams. Everlast stopped by the HUSTLER offices to talk about his latest projects, why MTV is done, the sad state of hip-hop and the even sadder state of Ms. Britney Spears.

HUSTLER: When was the last time you felt the urge to “jump around”?

EVERLAST: Shit, I jumped around like a week and a half ago, man. *(Laughs.)* I was doing a show in Vegas with my new rap group La Coka Nostra, and we pulled out a whole bunch of House of Pain stuff, stuff I can't necessarily do live when I'm playing with my full band. Know what I mean?

Did it ever bother you that your DJ Lethal went on to work with Limp Bizkit?

Nah. I'll be perfectly honest, man: When I first met [Limp Bizkit founder] Fred Durst, I thought he was a great dude. My opinion of him changed over time. That's just 'cause Hollywood got to him. I haven't seen him in so long, he could very much be back to himself. I don't know. Hollywood turns people out, man. Know what I mean? Hos and stars, it turns 'em out.

How did you make the transition from hip-hop to adding guitars and acoustic instruments?

It was kind of accidental. Even during the old House of Pain days I always had a guitar around me and played it when I was bored. Wrote little songs for fun. Know what I mean? After the House of Pain breakup, my full intention with the first solo CD was to make a hip-hop record. My producer heard me fooling around on the guitar one night and was like, “Why don't you do some of that?” So we went ahead. First song we recorded was “What It's Like.” So the rest just kind of fell into place.

What is the state of hip-hop today?

They're doing absolutely nothing with it! Let me say that again: They're doing absolutely NOTHING WITH IT! They are all cookie-cutter. It's disgusting to me the state of hip-hop right now.

Are there any rappers you dig?

There's maybe one or two. I'm a fan of Fifty [50 Cent], and I like what he does. I like the new stuff I've heard. That “I Get Money” is a banging hip-hop song. I think what Kanye [West] does is some real good, innovative stuff. Everything after that is kinda cookie-cutter.

Everything I hear on the radio is the same song. Know what I mean? Trying to be either Jay-Z or Fifty or Kanye.

Now you're going to have a whole offspring of the Commons now that he has broken through. That's what's sickening. Back when I was coming up, every group was different. From your EPMD to PE [Public Enemy] to KMD. They all had letters for names for some reason, but they were all different groups. KMD, BDP. All that stuff was different. Nobody was trying to be like the next dude. Now it just seems that's all they're trying to do. It's “Oh, that's what's selling. I'll do *that*.”

With the music biz being as fucked up as it is these days, how

hard is it to get a new CD out there?

The getting-it-out-there is the hard part without just making it free. It's free anyways. It's a tough game, you know? The state of music is shitty because people don't care enough to buy good music, you know? The people who are smart enough to understand good music are also smart enough to run these machines [computers], and for some reason they have no moral boundaries about stealing music.

To them it's not stealing, but it *is* stealing. It costs hundreds of thousands of dollars to make these albums. When you take a song for free, you're robbing me. There's nothing you can really do about it. They are working on it, and maybe someday they'll fix it. But as soon as they do, there'll be some 14-year-old kid who cracks it. The deal is you have to get the people to understand that the more you do that, the shit-tier the music is gonna get.

The state of music is bad. Look at Britney's [Spears] big comeback on the MTV awards. I never saw a more tortured person in my life. That person didn't want to be on that stage. That person is trapped in hell, bad-music hell. Not only is her life a disaster, but the music and the dancing, know what I mean? That gets over. That's what opens the MTV Music Awards—not because it was great music, but because MTV knew it would be great television.

It's not about music. MTV has nothing to do with music. They were never about music. They were about TV. The minute the video slipped as a fucking rating thing next to a jerkoff from fucking Iowa who's going to make an ass out of himself for five bucks on *The Real World*, it's a wrap!

Music is done as far as MTV is concerned. Talking like this can get you in trouble, but I don't care. I'm calling 'em out. You're not about music, MTV. Take the fucking word out of your title. Don't even call it music television ever again. Just keep MTV; that's yours. You can keep that. But music? You can't have that no more.

Would you fuck Britney Spears?

You know what it is, man? I got too much heart and soul, dude. I see the per-

son in her desperately crying out for help right now. I was sad watching her. I didn't enjoy it like some of the people around me. I was like, "Wow, that girl is mad sad!" I fear for that girl's life, to be perfectly honest.

Are you political?

The first song on my new album is called "Kill the Emperor." Does that answer the question? I think we should kill him and all emperors that follow him. I'm on some real "power to the people" shit lately, whether that is anarchistic or whatever. I'm not into parties or sects. One for all and all for one, and the government is just...*(Pauses.)*

I'll tell you how I feel about the state of things. I've been the most pro-American dude as much as I disagree with some of the things my country does. Along the lines I'd be like, "Fuck that! Don't you talk no shit about America! I will, but don't let me catch one of you foreign motherfuckers talking shit about America!"

Now I go to Europe and look around and think, *I could live here. It's really nice.* I was in Switzerland, one of the most beautiful countries in the world, and they seem to have their shit together. They don't get into anybody's business. Nobody gets in theirs. Know what I mean? If you wanna hide your money there, they are cool with it. Italy is cool.

It seems to me the freer things get over there, the more locked down they become here. I start to wonder why do I feel freer in Europe than I do in America? It's a sad state of affairs, but America is not a country anymore; it's a corporation. We all know this. It has been bought and paid for.

Tell us about your new CD *Love, War and the Ghost of Whitey Ford*.

It's an evolution and a progression of the last couple of records. Some acoustic on it, but I kinda tried to move away from the acoustic sound because I felt like it was getting branded on me a little bit. The minute you can start pigeonholing what I do, I gotta change what I do. Most of the changes are sonic: different instruments, a lot of old Moogs and keyboards with guitars and beats. It's kinda like Marvin Gaye and the Bomb Squad getting drunk with Neil Young. Know what I mean? And a little Pink Floyd in there.

Had any groupie experiences?

I ain't got no fucking Led Zeppelin mud shark stories, dog. That kind of thing's hard to beat. I'll just end it with a quote from my man Mel Brooks from the film *History of the World, Part 1*: "It's good to be the king." ■

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

KATE NASH

Made of Bricks

Once a year we are introduced to a sassy, smart-assed female singer from England who is sure to be the next big thing. Last year it was Lilly Allen. In 2008 it's Kate Nash. Unlike the waif Allen, Nash is one helluva songwriter. Her debut is the definition of the word *catchy*. Highlights include "Foundations" and "Dickhead."



P.O.D.

When Angels & Serpents Dance

Stronger. Faster. Better. Featuring the reunited original lineup, the new P.O.D. disc proves that they are still a rock force to be reckoned with. Guests include Helmet's Paige Hamilton and Mike Muir from Suicidal Tendencies.



THE SOUND OF PHILADELPHIA

Gamble & Huff's Greatest Hits

Ain't no stopping the smooth, sweet sounds of Philly soul. This compilation features the cream of the crop from songwriting geniuses Gamble & Huff performed by the R&B superstars who made them famous, notably the Ojays, Lou Rawls and Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes.



THE LOST SOUL OF PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL

Conquer the World

This companion piece to the above-mentioned Gamble & Huff best-of looks at some of the lesser-known (but equally funky) Philly soul. Choice cuts that will have your girl shaking her groove thing.



GRAN RONDE

Secret Rooms

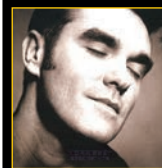
A nice shot of epic and majestic arena rock with more guitars than the Gibson warehouse or a yard sale at Jimmy Page's house. This disc is reminiscent of early U2 and the Killers' debut.



MORRISSEY

Greatest Hits

He is still human and needs to be loved, but at least the former Smiths frontman has found piece in his misery. This compilation contains Morrissey's best output from the past four years or so. Highlights include "I Have Forgiven Jesus," "First of the Gang to Die" and two brand-new tracks.



(continued on page 106)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

A FINE FRENZY

One Cell in the Sea

It was another insomnia-packed night when I got out of bed and caught A Fine Frenzy on the David Letterman show. The lead singer, Alison Sudol, appeared surreal and angelic as she graced my TV screen. She floated like a prettier Tori Amos (without the male bashing) with a dash of Sarah McLachlan. I fell in love. Don't tell my wife. Highlights include "Come on, Come Out" and "Almost Lover."



THE BANGKOK FIVE

We Love What Kills Us

Sure, there's a naked lady on the cover, but that's not why we like this CD. We dig it because the Bangkok Five's sophomore release shows the band growing some serious balls and kicking out the jams. That and there's a naked woman on the cover.

WILLIE NELSON

One Hell of a Ride

The redheaded stranger's career gets the full once-over retrospective treatment on this comprehensive four-CD box set. It serves as the perfect documentation of the now-75-year-old Nelson's genius.



BLIND MELON

Wishing Well

One of the better homegrown rock 'n' roll bands to come out of the 1990s, Blind Melon was forever overshadowed by their hit "No Rain." Damn you, Bee Girl! Singer Shannon Hoon's death seemed to close the door forever...until now! The four original surviving members are back with a new singer to breathe new life into the Blind Melon legacy.

KELIS

The Hits

Perhaps the most underrated voice in R&B, singer Kelis can sang. Not sing. SANG! This comp features the mega-jam "Milkshake" and hot collabos with N.E.R.D., Andre 3000, Too Short and Ol' Dirty Bastard on "Got Your Money."



JIM WHITE

Transnormal Skiperoo

The oddball king of alternative country returns with another slice of lonesome-cowboy blues from Mars. These tunes would make both Chet Atkins and Chet Baker proud.

FLASHBACK FAVES

Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

NAKED EYES:

Always Something There to Remind Me



Then: As one of the original synthpop groups, Britain's Naked Eyes (singer Peter Byrne and instrumentalist Rob Fisher) scored international success with the huge hits "Promises, Promises" and "Always Something There to Remind Me." Now: Byrne continues the duo's legacy with a CD of acoustic covers titled, appropriately enough, *Fumbling With the Covers*.

HUSTLER: What were the 1980s like for you?

PETER BYRNE: They were great because Rob and I got to do a lot of traveling in America. We were from Bath, England, and to get to go to New York and Los Angeles was fantastic. The first person I ever ran into in L.A. was Prince in an elevator. It was cool.

Do you have any groupie stories?

The funniest ones that I can remember were not really groupies but just crazy fans sneaking into the hotels, putting notes under our doors and following us everywhere. In Lisbon [Portugal] these girls were really crazy and would do anything to get at you. One day I walked into the hotel, and one of them grabbed hold of my leg and wouldn't let go. (Laughs.) So I was dragging her across the lobby, still talking to somebody as if this happened all the time.

How did you come to record the Burt Bacharach/Hal David song "Always Something There to Remind Me"?

We were just recording as normal and working pretty hard doing 12-hour days of recording our own stuff and wanted to do something else to break up the routine. So we thought of a number of things to record, and that was one of them. Turned out to be a fortuitous choice. Later my song "Promises, Promises" was a hit, but I didn't know at the time that Burt and Hal had also written a song called "Promises, Promises." We

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY



are sort of linked there.

Were you and Rob Fisher still working together when he died in 1999?

We had already written most of what will be the third Naked Eyes album. There is another studio album, which I'm working on right now. Half are songs that I wrote with Rob, but obviously I'm redoing the tracks because I don't have the originals. They were just demos basically. I'm taking those tracks and making them more contemporary and not just the '80s sound. It's all about songs, really. "Always Something There to Remind Me" can be and has been recorded in a million different ways. It sounds great whatever way you do it. I think a lot of the bands in the 1980s like ABC and Human League wrote good pop songs like they did back in the '60s.

Why didn't Naked Eyes tour much?

We were always asked to go out and do shows, but the technology wasn't there. We used synthesizers, and you couldn't go onstage and do it. We tried it a few times, but it always sounded like a rock band playing Naked Eyes songs. Now the technology is there, so we can do a show with a band, and the computers can do it. They run all the sequences and synths and everything. It sounds just like Naked Eyes should have sounded like then.

Tell us about the new acoustic CD.

I decided to do something really personal with *Fumbling With the Covers*. I wanted to make an album of music and songs by the artists I really loved.

What's the craziest thing you've ever seen with your "naked eyes"?

Oh, man. (Laughs.) I once saw a lady relieving herself on Hollywood Boulevard in the middle of the day. That was pretty crazy. ■



Because You Can't Watch Just Porn.

DVD Distractions



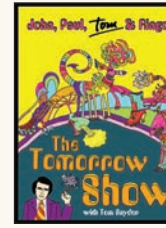
LARS AND THE REAL GIRL

Lars is sad, lonely and withdrawn from society. He lives in the garage of his family's home and is awkward around people (especially women). Then he meets the girl of his dreams on the Internet. Bianca is her name, and she's a real doll—but not figuratively. Lars's beloved is an anatomically correct sex doll he'd bought online. This odd-ball indie flick traces the hapless loser as Bianca lights up his life. It's kind of like our life, except we would have fucked the thing the second we got it out of the box!

JUNO



What is not to love about a comedy that deals with teen pregnancy and was written by a former stripper named Diablo? This quirky and hilarious film captured an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay. Remember, teen pregnancy is not a laughing matter unless it involves the daughter of your asshole neighbor. Then it's really, really funny!



JOHN, PAUL, TOM & RINGO: THE TOMORROW SHOW WITH TOM SNYDER

Sure, Tom Snyder was a bore and a blowhard, but this DVD features the talk-show host (who passed away in 2007) chatting candidly with three of the Beatles. There's even John Lennon's final televised interview!

THE MOD SQUAD: SEASON ONE VOLUME ONE

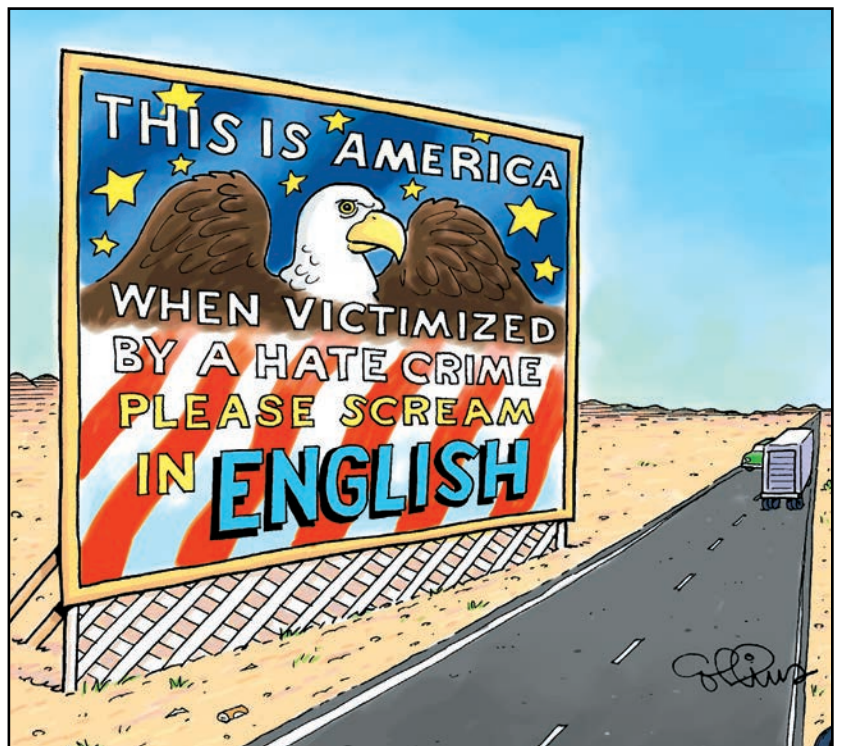


Looking for a retro blast from the late '60s and early 1970s? Then check out this just-released first season of TV's grooviest cop drama. Step deep inside the drug culture with superhot Peggy Lipton as Julie and Clarence Williams III as supercool Linc.



BEOWULF: DIRECTOR'S CUT

Pairing ultramodern animation techniques with raw, nonstop action, this epic masterpiece is a thrill ride from start to finish. Plus, Angelina Jolie is sexier than ever as an evil vision. True, she is only in the movie for about eight minutes, but it's not like you need more time that that to get the job done. 🌐



MOVIE Mammaries

ACADEMY AWARD-WINNING NUDITY

Every year, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences hands out gold statuettes called Oscars for films no one sees. If you missed this year's ceremony (of course you did), here's a look at two of the hottest winners.

MARION COTILLARD

Multitalented thespian/songbird Marion Cotillard garnered Best Actress honors for her turn as France's beloved pop singer Edith Piaf in *La vie en rose*. However, no heterosexual American male is likely to have caught her acclaimed performance because the 2007 movie is in French with subtitles, for Chrissakes! Fortunately, there are several other Cotillard films that are well worth watching—not for her acting skill, but because they showcase the nubile Parisian au naturel.

In 1996's *My Sex Life... Or How I Got Into an Argument*, the young and perky starlet flounces around in a pair of tight panties and nothing more. Mademoiselle Marion

MY SEX LIFE...OR HOW I GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT



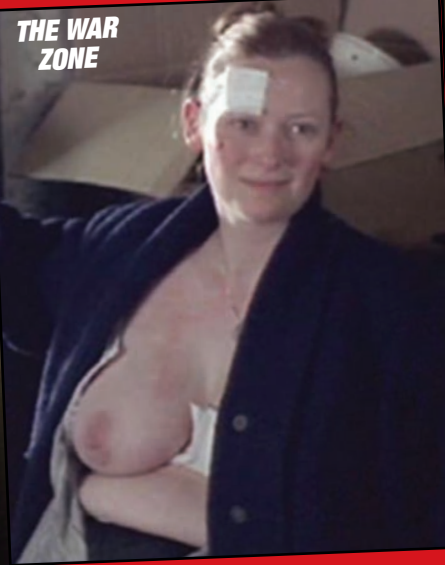
TAXI

Rent These NOW!

FEMALE PERVERSIONS



THE WAR ZONE



YOUNG ADAM





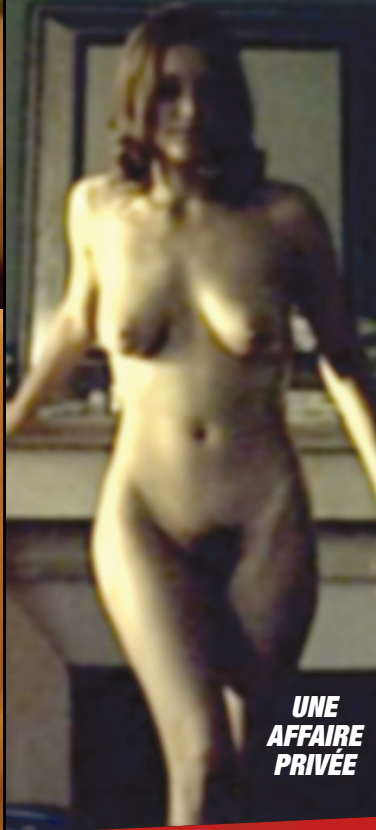
FURIA



LOVE ME IF YOU DARE



LES JOLIES CHOSES



UNE AFFAIRE PRIVÉE

next flaunted her shapely body in *Taxi* (1998), one of the most popular films in the history of French cinema. After gazing at the hottie's simulated sex scenes, complete with bountiful bush, you'll understand why. *Furia* (2000) offers a whole lot of additional full-frontal nudity.

Cotillard's exhibitionist highlight came in the 2001 drama *Les jolies choses*, which provides a series of prolonged looks at the foxy feline's fine physique. The next year, in *Une affaire privée*, the immodest damsel proudly displays her "true talents" by repeatedly stripping down. Also unleashing Cotillard's casabas are *Love Me If You Dare* (2003), *Mary* (2005) and her final flesh-packed flick, *Toi et moi* (2006), in which the leading lady takes a delightful bath.

Note that most of the aforementioned foreign films should be watched with the sound off. Muted or not, they're guaranteed to harden your baguette!



YOUNG ADAM

TILDA SWINTON

The fiery redhead with porcelain skin captured Best Supporting Actress kudos for her role in *Michael Clayton* (2007). While we are aware that Swinton's performance was phenomenal, there's no way we're going to watch another film starring **George Clooney**. We will, however, gladly check out naked highlights from Tilda's titillating body of work.

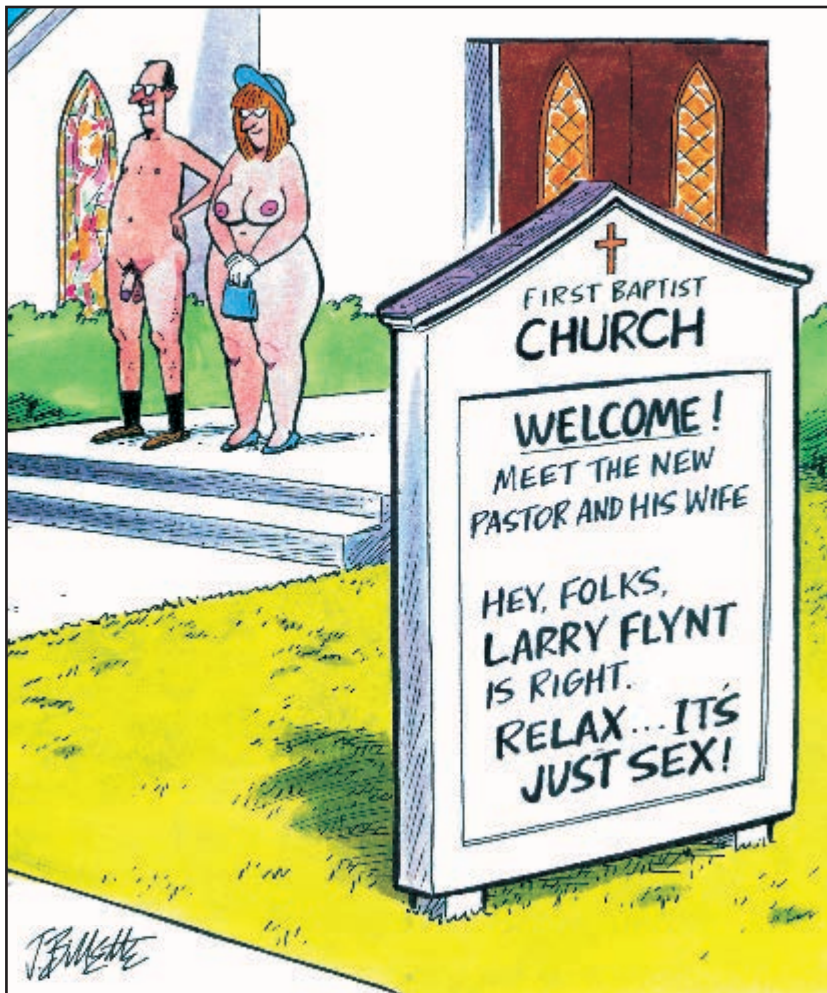
The oddball period piece *Orlando* (1992) tells the far-fetched story of an English nobleman who suddenly becomes a woman. We know it doesn't make any sense, but the post-transformation nude scene is well worth the movie's rental fee. Living up to its title, *Female Peraversions* (1996) also showcases the bug-eyed miss's muff on several steamy occasions. To answer your question: Yes, the lady is a natural redhead!

In *The War Zone* (1999), Swinton stretched the boundaries of her acting skills (and her diminutive frame) by pack-

ing on the pounds to play a fatty in need. We don't really like seeing the normally rail-thin actress that bloated, but a chubby chaser might. By the time she was cast in *Young Adam* (2003), the sexy siren was not only skinny again, but also obliged viewers with sweaty bedroom trysts that put this film at the pinnacle of the Brit's illustrious career.

We're sure there is more cinematic simulated sex in Tilda Swinton's future. After all, the quirky lass always does whatever the hell she wants, onscreen and off. In her personal life she lives platonically with an older artist who (when he was getting some) fathered her kids. At the same time, she's openly involved in an intimate relationship with a younger male painter. Yes, we should have gone to art school!

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing NakedCelebs@LFP.com. 🍷



(continued from page 66) said, "Okay, that's fine!"

With Sextoy Dave's reputation as a basher firmly cemented, it is little wonder that young hotties gravitate to him. "It's pretty amazing for me, a 39-year-old guy who couldn't get cute girls when I was young, never mind old," Dave relates. "There were girls who came to my parties every week because they love the guy with the big house."

Humbling himself somewhat, he adds, "I like to think I'm a nice guy, so once they meet me, they're probably attracted. But if I didn't have this [business and party scene] going on, there are some girls I'm sure wouldn't be chasing me."

Thousands move to L.A. every day with dreams of becoming the biggest partier in a city notorious for its debauchery. "If I'd moved to Hollywood when I was 20, I don't know that I would've made it," Levine says of his success. "When I moved here, I had a business going, I was already making good money, I kind of knew who I was, had already learned about the effects of drugs. You kind of get your shit together first before you plunge into the party scene."

"Maybe a really hot girl uses me for my house, and I'm using her because I want a hot girl in my house! As long as I know that, and I'm not being fooled into believing she really loves me, then it's not bad. [Some people say] having fun, being crazy in Hollywood, partying with a bunch of cute little girls is a waste of time. To me it's just like, have fun!"

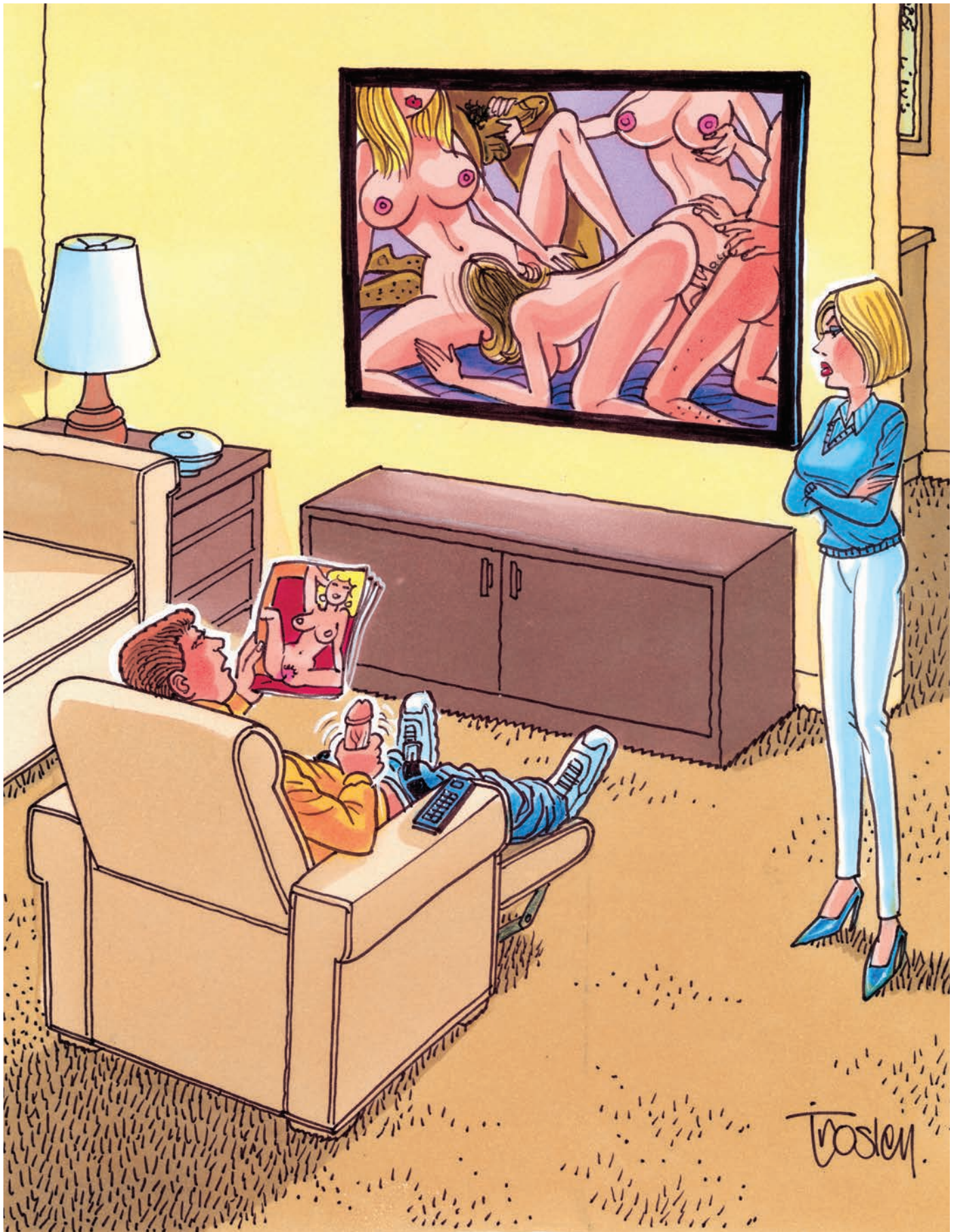
Dave claims that he's trying somewhat to curb his decadent ways. "My parties are just too big and out of control. Also, I'm kind of at that point where I'd like to have a real girlfriend, [but one] who is kind of into having all these cute little girls coming in and out of our lives. A few times I've tried having a relationship with a 20-year-old groupie, and it just doesn't work. Hopefully someday I'll really learn that lesson." With a laugh he remarks, "I think I learned it when I broke up with the latest 22-year-old."

Dave emphasizes that a little bit of confidence goes a long way toward being a bona fide swinger—but it also takes practice and patience.

"I was *never* at the cool table my entire life," he claims. "When I was in Boston, I kind of thought that I had social problems. I went out, but I really wasn't having fun, and I was thinking, *Geez, I could be home working right now. I'm not good at meeting people.* Then I moved to Hollywood, and I was like, *Omigod!* So I think you just gotta find where you fit in and where your place is."

Dave continues, "When I would say to people in Boston that I own **SexToy.com**, the response was always negative. When I moved to Hollywood, people acted like it's basically cool. Suddenly, the people back home changed their minds: If I'm cool in Hollywood, then I must be cool."

Judging by the photos accompanying this article, the guy must be doing something right. 🍆



"Why can't you understand? You have your Martha Stewart and her TV show and magazine. I've got my Larry Flynt..."



Built for Ridding



NINA MERCEDEZ

What else would I
be doing if I
wasn't in porn?"

coos naughty Nina. "I hate
to even think about that!
I have a body that is built
for the adult-entertainment
business. Plus, what other
job pays this well and lets
you fuck all day? None!"





In her younger days, Nina was a track star, but once she turned 18, the uninhibited Texan dashed to far bigger fame as eye candy and then by riding buckaroos roughshod in a string of videos. "I started off as a Budweiser gal and calendar model," Nina recalls, "and naturally progressed from dancing at local clubs to featuring to hard-core movies."

Proud of her Spanish, Mexican and Aztec ancestry, Nina relishes her role as an erotic goddess. "I've run into all kinds of cool and interesting people," says Nina, whose biggest passion besides sex is professional wrestling. "When I signed autographs at AVN for HUSTLER, I got to meet thousands of my fans. They're the nicest guys in the world, and knowing that what I do makes them feel good gets me off."



NINA'S VITAL FACTS

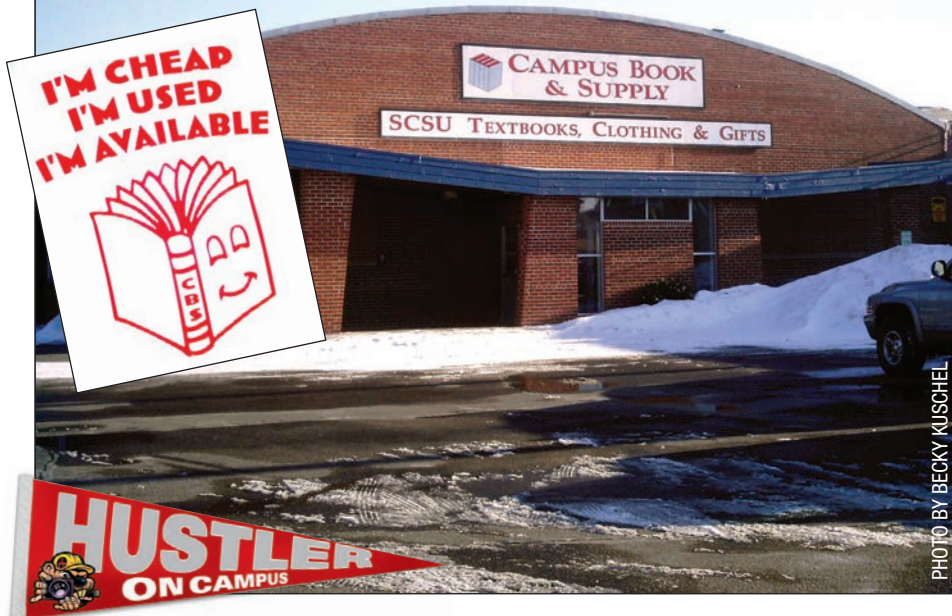
HOMETOWN: Corpus Christi, Texas | AGE: 30 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-6 | MEASUREMENTS: 34DD-25-34





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Tempest in a T-Shirt

A **St. Cloud State University** off-campus bookstore tries to boost sales—and ends up precipitating a major censorship dust-up. Making herself available to cover the story is student Becky Kuschel.

A seemingly innocuous article of clothing caused a major uproar on the campus of Minnesota's St. Cloud State University. During the first week of fall classes, Campus Book & Supply gave customers a free T-shirt bearing a message that touted the establishment's inventory of used texts at affordable prices. Rankling some students and women's organizations were the three lines of text emblazoned on the front of the white cotton shirt: "I'M CHEAP/I'M USED/I'M AVAILABLE."

Although the words were positioned directly above the image of a book, the meaning seemed to vary among beholders. "It's talking about the person wearing it," insisted Kira Nelson, a senior marketing major. "It's disgusting!"

Jared Fossum, also a marketing major, said his reaction when he first saw the shirt was that the message was "not what they're intending."

Both Nelson and Fossum claimed they would never wear the bookstore's shirt.

Not sharing those sentiments was Derek Lossing, a graduate business student who also holds down a job as director of sales and marketing for a private company. "I would wear the shirt," he said with a grin.

"It's a T-shirt marketing a bookstore. There is only a problem with the shirt if you're looking for a problem." Lossing added that he did not feel the T-shirt would say anything about him personally were he to wear

"It's a T-shirt marketing a bookstore. There is only a problem with the shirt if you're looking for a problem."

it, and he did not find it derogatory toward men or women. As Lossing pointed out, "The bookstore was giving them to everyone shopping there, not just a specific demographic."

The Women's Center, along with Women's Action and similar groups, quickly reacted to the message on the shirt. "We did generate a petition and gathered signatures, which we will mail to Campus Book & Supply," admitted Women's Center Director Jane Olsen.

In the meantime she also expressed the center's views in a letter to Campus Book & Supply: "I'm cheap, I'm used, I'm available" sends the message that women and men are available for sex any time and with anyone. It's demeaning to both women and men."

Olsen, who doesn't feel the Women's Center petition infringes on First Amendment rights, stated, "Just as Campus Book & Supply had the right to produce and distribute the T-shirt, others who found the T-shirt offensive have the right to express their disagreement with the message on the shirt."

Mark Zsoter, the regional manager for Matthews Book Company—the operator of Campus Book & Supply—had only heard positive reactions from students. He said he was unaware that the context of the shirt was taken by some to mean gender instead of books. The wording, Zsoter explained, was taken from another store that had used the message as a slogan for its books. Zsoter said the T-shirt is no longer available.

To help challenge sexist advertising, Olsen urged students to get involved in organizations like Women's Action or Students for Sexual Consent. The Women's Center, she said, is "talking with students [and] in classes about the harm coming from advertising and media messages such as this."

"This shirt is a marketing tool being used by an off-campus business," Lossing observed. "It has, from an outside perspective, been effective in marketing that particular bookstore. Of course, people are going to see a double meaning in the T-

shirt. If they weren't supposed to, Campus Book & Supply would have handed out shirts that said, 'I'm highlighted, I have bent corners, and you can purchase me on Division Street!' Would this be as effective a marketing tool as the current shirt? Probably not."

Becky Kuschel is a mass communications major at St. Cloud State University. She also plays a mean violin.

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.



Real College Girls

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner \$350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in entry form on page 143 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Bridget: University of Hawaii

Sexy sophomore Bridget already knows what it's like to be seen naked. Last year, after a bit of late-night hanky-panky, poor Bridget figured there'd be no one in the halls of the coed dormitory. Grabbing a towel, she prepared to jog back to her room.

But towels don't have pockets, and Bridget didn't have her key. So after a long mad dash, it was back to her boyfriend's room. Unfortunately, he had already fallen asleep and wasn't answering Bridget's insistent knocking.

The dental science major returned to her own room, hoping she could rouse her roommate. Instead, Bridget aroused the attention of campus security. Then—no pockets in a towel, remember—she was stuck having to prove that she was a UH student and dorm resident. Finally, after frantic phoning, the scantily clad 23-year-old was able to reach her roomie, who came down and vouched for Bridget.

An outdoors girl, Bridget would much rather run around off campus. Besides camping in the rainforests of the Big Island or a volcanic crater, she digs heading to a breathtaking beach to swim, surf or work on her tan.

Posing naked for the first time was a piece of cake, but the spunky amateur model isn't ready to be totally upfront about the experience. "I think I may tell my mom about the photos," Bridget says, "but never my dad. He just wouldn't understand."






"Stop that behavior immediately! Love is a drug, and it's about time the government started regulating it!"

Latin Seduction
starts with
Paola Rey.



Latin Seduction

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ANDRE MADNESS. STARRING: PAOLA REY, ALEXIS LOVE, CASSANDRA CRUZ, TRISTAN, SATIVA ROSE, MARCO BANDERAS, JERRY, JAY LASSITER, STEVEN ST. CROIX & CHARLES DERA.

 Despite the title, there's not a lot of seduction here. So if you were hoping for the kind of shy Latinas you see coming out of the *iglesia* in the morning, you'll be disappointed. However, if you were on the hunt for fuck-ready *cholas* with black hair and tacky blue eye shadow who will stick a finger up their *culo* while getting plowed, then welcome! This ain't the ultimate Latina fuck flick by a long shot, but the awkward banging manages to be at least mildly arousing. (Does the gangly Alexis Love ever look comfortable?) Who knows, maybe this movie is trying to dispel the idea that Latinas are firecrackers in the sack. Luckily, with her cum-absorbent cuteness and squealing gusto, Sativa Rose saves it in the climax. Now there's a girl who knows how to fake it!

—M.J.

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



Cassandra Cruz displays her Latin hospitality.



Latina Sativa Rose loves a spicy sausage.



Barely Legal
biker broad
Kacey Jordan
grinds her gears.

FIRST
Barely Legal
ON BLU-RAY!



Blu-ray movie:
BL80's Tristan
trashes her
good-girl image.

Barely Legal #80

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ERICA MCLEAN. STARRING: KACEY JORDAN, CHLOE CHANEL, TRISTAN KINGSLEY, CHAYSE EVANS, COURTNEY JAMES, DERRICK PIERCE, CHARLES DERA, LEE STONE, ANTHONY HARDWOOD & ANTHONY ROSANO.



Dear *Barely Legal*: I am a serious and discerning film viewer, so I tried to be as critical as possible while viewing #80. I could see right away that this one was going to follow the old formula: Find cute girls who look 18 and really want to suck seed in life. But I have to confess I loosened my standards when doll-faced sketch artist Courtney James decided to blow her art model. Then a horny Chayse Evans had the audacity to seduce a handyman. "To hell with originality!" I hollered. Being partial to brunettes, I should have fallen for covergirl Tristan Kingsley, but for some reason Chloe Chanel's portrayal of a motorcycle mechanic who fucks like a biker broad got to me. I mean the blond mini-bombshell looks like she walked out of *High School Musical*, fer Chrissakes! After the blood started returning to my brain, I naturally realized that Chloe was a passing infatuation. I also vowed to be more critical during future viewings. After all, I *am* very serious about cinema.

—M.J.



Perils of Paulina's shy star cures her anaphobia.



MILF Trainer: Nina Hartley shows off her antiaging secret.



New Series

MILF Trainer: Nina Hartley

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: NINA HARTLEY, PAYTON LEIGH, KAYLA QUINN, DEBBIE DIAL, SCOTT LYONS, JAY LASSITER, JACK FOUNTAIN, DANE CROSS & JAY TAYLOR.



Finally a flick that isn't trying to peddle tight-bodied thirtysomethings as MILFs. This one is the real deal: mature ladies whose bodies are starting to give up the fight against gravity, but are still more than ready to lube up for young cock. The most dick-stiffening reason to watch this movie is porn legend and sexpert Nina Hartley, who opens the seminar with a blowjob lesson and turns in a finale that will make you glad you fast-forwarded. The 49-year-old Hartley uses her allure of experience and smarts to put today's barely legal fuck bunnies to shame. Now *that's* a real woman! As for the rest of the cast, they may make you recall that time you ordered a hooker sight unseen and ended up fucking some gal who had your mom's wrinkly abdomen. But admit it: Even that was money well spent.

—M.J.



The Perils of Paulina

SEX Z PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ELI CROSS. STARRING: PAULINA JAMES, KIMBERLY KANE, HARMONY, ALINE, ADRIANNA, ANNETTE SCHWARZ, JENNER, MARCO BANDERAS, DERRICK PIERCE, MARK DAVIS & EVAN STONE.



The ridiculously cute Paulina James recently announced a hiatus from the biz to become a mom, so this flick is one of the last opportunities to see the pre-MILF pop tart do her thing. But if you were hoping for two hours of our heroine being imperiled and impaled by villainous cock, forget it. Believe it or not, this movie is about Paulina watching a bunch of blondes getting banged and being afraid to do her own anal scene! She finally gets her wimp ass popped in the climax, so there's a decent payoff. But to be honest, the blondes (especially anal overachiever Annette Schwarz) steal the show. *Perils* is something of a letdown, but we're giving a dicks-up just to make sure Paulina makes a cumback next year!

—M.J.



Taking Memphis:
Alexis Silver gorges
on the local cuisine.




Misti Love is Taking
whatever she wants.



Taking Memphis

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: VANESSA BLUE. STARRING: ALEXIS SILVER, ALANA EVANS, TRINA MICHAELS, PENNA PIERERRA, MISTI LOVE, MIKEY BUTDERS, DERRICK PIERCE, CHRIS CANNON, ALEC KNIGHT, CLAUDIO MELONI, GUY DASILVA & LT.

 This flick got our attention when we noticed the director was buxom fem/dom mesmerizer Vanessa Blue. (Check out VanessaBlue.com to see what we mean!) Apparently aimed at couples, *Taking Memphis* hangs its low-intensity sex on a flimsy storyline about a lady cop (Alana Evans) hunting a thief who heists the tackiest art you've ever seen. Yes, the acting is lame but worth suffering through once the detective's girlfriend shows up. Alexis Silver is a Jamaican-Italian wonder with a pair of awesome button-busters. Before she gets those out, though, brown bunny Penna Piererra hops in for a warmup act. The cutie is worth your pop-off, but stick around to see Alexis catch a double dose of cream on that pendulous rack, followed by a drool-worthy turn from Misti Love and her perfect tatas. *Taking Memphis* starts out a little limp, but turns into a boobalicious buffet of pure milk chocolate. Let's pray that directress Vanessa adds herself to a sequel.

—M.J.




Penna oozes
Memphis
soul.

Five tickets to *Teradise*: Brittney Skye, Lucy Lee, Tera Patrick, Alexis Amore and Nikki Benz.



Teradise Island #2

TERAVISION/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** SPYDER JONEZ. **STARRING:** TERA PATRICK, BRITTNEY SKYE, ALEXIS AMORE, LUCY LEE, NIKKI BENZ, TOMMY GUNN, KRIS KNIGHT, JERRY & SPYDER JONEZ.

 This long-awaited sequel to the smash hit *Teradise Island* was actually shot two years ago with the same cast. What a coincidence! We're not saying this is just extra footage that didn't make it into the first flick, but anything's possible. At any rate, Tera Patrick fans will rub themselves raw over it. Like the original, *T12* is full of glistening, bulbous-titted tarts perched on rocks, rolling around in the waves and taking penetration in standard fashion. Nikki Benz handles most of the serious anal action, but director Jonez had the decency to fuck his wife, Tera, in the ass at least briefly for our pleasure. This one's a tame affair, but as Hawaiian vacation videos go, we've seen worse. —M.J.



Alexis finds Teradise beach a little crowded.

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Island gal Alexis conquers her fear of flying.



Nikki Benz earns her Island getaway.



Tera makes friends with an Island-er.



Girls outnumber guys in Teradise, but that doesn't stop Brittney and Tera.



THE ADULT CONNECTIONS MARKETPLACE

For advertising information: adinfo@mpccs.com



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TEEN DATELINE: 1-800-999-MEET (6338)



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10 BUCK FUCK
1-800-922-1910
HOT - LIVE 24/7

ALL MODELS 18+

U5708



NIKKI KANE & ALAN STAFFORD

Another HOT BLONDE Fucking Some Guy With Tattoos



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY



What is it gonna take to get one of these hot porn chicks to fuck us for a change? Seriously, every month we're forced to look at an explicit pictorial of them getting it on with some other dude covered in tattoos and then write a compelling story about it to boot. This time it's 20-year-old XXX starlet **Nikki Kane**. Much to our dismay, the girl of our dreams is sucking and



fucking a guy who resembles a wimpy version of "Marky" Mark Wahlberg.

You have to wonder if porn babes ever long for a regular working stiff when they're blowing a girlie guy for cash. Check out **Nikki** gazing out at us. You know she isn't really into it and would much rather be with us...or you. That's what we'd like to think.



So listen, **Nikki**, why not call us up here at HUSTLER? We're willing to show you a really good time. Then after we're done, maybe you can hook up with some of our loyal subscribers. You know you want to.













See **Nikki Kane** go at it in *Barely Legal #78* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.





CARMEN

■ "I like being different from everybody else," professes this 28-year-old from Haiku, Hawaii, a biologist by trade and bi in terms of her sexual orientation. "No matter what I'm doing, I want to be out there!" Carmen—who lists her hobbies as "belly dancing, fire dancing, camping, writing poetry, chilling out and sex"—has come to the right place to be out there *and* leave nothing to the imagination. "I'm very wild and crazy, I'm a control-type person, and I like spontaneity," admits the lithe, 5-foot-3 System of a Down fan. "I like playing around with my boyfriend out in the open where people can see. I love going down on him. Yes, I'm more into giving than receiving." That fine trait will be overridden if Carmen, whose wildest romp was "an all-girl threesome in a park at sunset," fulfills her desire "to be dominated by a woman!"

—Photos by Friend



ANTONIA

■ "Being in *Beaver Hunt* has been a fantasy of mine for years," coos this exotic entertainer from Loganville, Georgia. "I would love to have my pussy all over your pages!" Antonia, 35, attributes her exhibitionistic bent to having been an attention-craving only child growing up in puritanical New England. Although re-

locating to Dixie was prompted by a loathing of snow, the 5-foot-3 jezebel still enjoys figure skating, as well as fencing, drawing and writing. But Antonia's favorite pastime is cultivating a "diverse" sex life that ranges from simply "making love and being romantic" to lesbianism and bondage. "I like it everywhere and every way," she extols. "Doggy, oral, anal—it's all good. My next fantasy to bite the dust will be a threesome with my husband and another woman." The perfect mate, Antonia asserts, "I'd take a bullet for my man and pose naked too! This is exciting and awesome!" —Photos by Husband



"I love my pussy and having huge orgasms!"





NIKKI

■ “Everyone told me I had a good body,” declares this perky stripper from Decatur, Georgia, explaining her presence in our midst. “I might as well do something with it since I won’t be 22 forever.” In fact, the “very sexual” aficionada of “anything freaky, weird, dark and unusual” is adding a year in September, and the 5-foot-2 Libra has come exceptionally prepared.



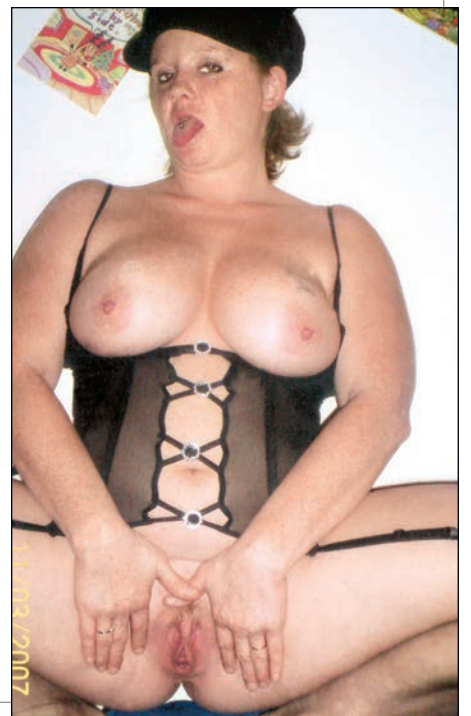
“I masturbate four times a day and still want to do my boyfriend all night!”

“I like to make other people feel good,” reckons Nikki, whose personal interests include “online networking, my cats, Tarot cards, horror movies, the band Darkbloom, vibrators, blowjobs and rough doggy-style sex.” Preferring older bedmates to “immature dudes” and no longer an anal virgin, Nikki confides, “Since I’ve fulfilled my fantasy of sucking my boyfriend’s cock while a chick ate my pussy, I guess the next step is being with two guys. But I have to admit I’m a little scared.” We have to admit that little Nikki is a veritable enchantress. “I’ll soon be starring in a *Harry Potter* homemade porn film,” she announces in a syrupy drawl. Happy birthday, sweetheart! —Photos by Friend



FREAKSHOW

■ Our second September candle-blower, who’ll be 29, hails from Livermore, Kentucky, and the 5-foot-2 mag rookie is a die-hard member of “the more the merrier” crowd. Proclaims the unabashed doggy-style, threesomes and foursomes enthusiast, “I had my nipples and tongue pierced to make me and my sex life better. I like big cocks in my pussy and sometimes in my ass. People call me Freakshow because I’m wild. I like to dance around my house with no clothes on while listening to loud music. I really get into sex with R&B playing. I shake everything!” Living up to her name, Freakshow will also venture to off-the-wall locations to get down and dirty. “One rainy night my boyfriend and I went to a cemetery,” the 38D-copper recalls, “and had sex on top of a freshly dug grave.” Less macabre is Freakshow’s idyllic fantasy: “I want to have sex with a small group of women and men on a beach when the sun is going down, and the waves are rolling over our bodies. That would be hot!” —Photos by Boyfriend





CHASTITY

■ With stars in her eyes and two more caressing her tummy, this yummy 20-year-old out of Knoxville, Tennessee, has finally fulfilled a lingering fantasy. "I wanted to get into modeling for a long time," the 5-foot-2 stay-at-home mom tells us, "but something always seemed to come up." Now that Chastity has been granted an opportunity to sparkle in all her glory, the athletic (as in volleyball, soccer and softball) 3 Doors Down fan can also lay down just how unchaste she can be: "I love sex, doggy-style is my favorite way, and I always try to please my husband in bed. I'm straight, but we've had a threesome with a girlfriend of mine, and I'm sure it won't be the last. Girls are pretty, and I sure like looking at



them. That's why I stripped for a spell." Looking at Chastity in the buff is sure to cast a spell and get something up. "I'd like that a lot," the tantalizing newbie chirps. —Photos by Friend



"Everyone loves my ass."



"I'd love to go to a fair and ride a Ferris wheel naked!"



CHRISTINA SKYE

■ Wrapping up the shortest *Beaver Hunt* roundup in ages—please don't blame the department's longtime anonymous maestro—is one of its tallest entrants. Detroit's Christina Skye, 29, stands almost 5-foot-11, and there's very little she doesn't stand for. "I'm kindhearted, open-minded, outgoing, outspoken, adventurous and friendlier than ever," avows the alluring bachelor-party girl and mud wrestler, who's also studying hard to be an interpreter for the deaf. "I'm having sex with more and more girls, and for the first time ever I had a thumb in my butt! That was so exciting, I came instantly. I believe there's a first time for everything, so just take it, embrace it and love every minute of it." Who wouldn't love every *second* embracing and taking butt-naked Christina? —Photos by Friend



"Sixty-nine with another girl rocks my boat!"

WIN BIG BUCKS!



ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets \$350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth \$2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket \$250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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Please Print

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Note: Prize money sent to model only.



LUCKY

Wanna Get Lucky?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





I guess my name says it all," reckons master lensman Matti Klatt's latest discovery. "I've been very lucky. I live relatively stress-free back home in the Czech Republic, working only when I want to. Since I have a high metabolism, I can eat whatever I want without worrying about getting fat, and I don't have to exercise all that much. Of course, I love burning off calories having sex!"

Lucky eagerly recounts the first time she got lucky in the sack: "It was absolutely perfect. I was just 16, and I gave myself to an older man who made me feel so special even though I was very nervous. He taught me how to do all the things that a man loves. Now that I know my way around the bedroom, I can be with a guy my age or younger. That way I can teach *him* a few things."






LUCKY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-4





Like what? "That eating pussy is the greatest thing you can do for a woman," Lucky replies. "If you lick her right, she'll be your love slave and return the favor tenfold."

Meanwhile, Lucky marvels at her good fortune. "Being a nude model makes me very happy," but what lies ahead is still in the dark. "I have no personal plans except to live life to the fullest and have some really great sex with my closest friends. What more do you need? Yes, I really am lucky!"



See Lucky get lucky in *Hustler XXX #18* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



The October '08 HUSTLER goes on sale July 22, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

Brooke Taylor

COMING NEXT MONTH

WIN A DATE WITH *CATHOUSE* STAR BROOKE TAYLOR!

Our most astounding contest! You've fantasized about her laugh, her hair, her skin, her...ahem...but here's your chance to spend private time with the long-legged eye-catcher of HBO's hit series *Cathouse*. Brooke reveals all in a superspectacular 12-page spread, her most candid pictorial ever. Plus, find out about Brooke's life at the outrageous Moonlite BunnyRanch, her secret desires and what you need to do to win a date with her!



WINTER SOLDIERS

Hear the uncensored words of America's real patriots—combatants who are brave enough to speak out on the Iraq War. Dahr Jamail details these veterans' fight for peace and truth.

MANCOW MULLER AT LARGE

Radio's bad boy speaks out on pretentious Starbucks waitresses, an economy on the skids and the high cost of everything.



UNREAL SEX DOUBLEHEADER

Love & Sex With Robots

Will we be screwing or even marrying amorous androids? English correspondent John Stoker interviews artificial intelligence expert Dr. David Levy, who says YES! You'll even get a peek at today's lifelike fem-bots!



Living Dolls

Intricate near-robot playmates, even better than the real thing. They're beautiful, willing and pliable, and they never get a headache!



SPICY DETECTIVE STORIES

When pulp magazines ruled newsstands, scantily clad dames, gun-clutching heroes and sadistic archfiends splashed across their covers month after month. Take a nostalgic look at the good old days of sex, violence and 25-cent adventure!



WIN A DATE WITH
Brooke Taylor