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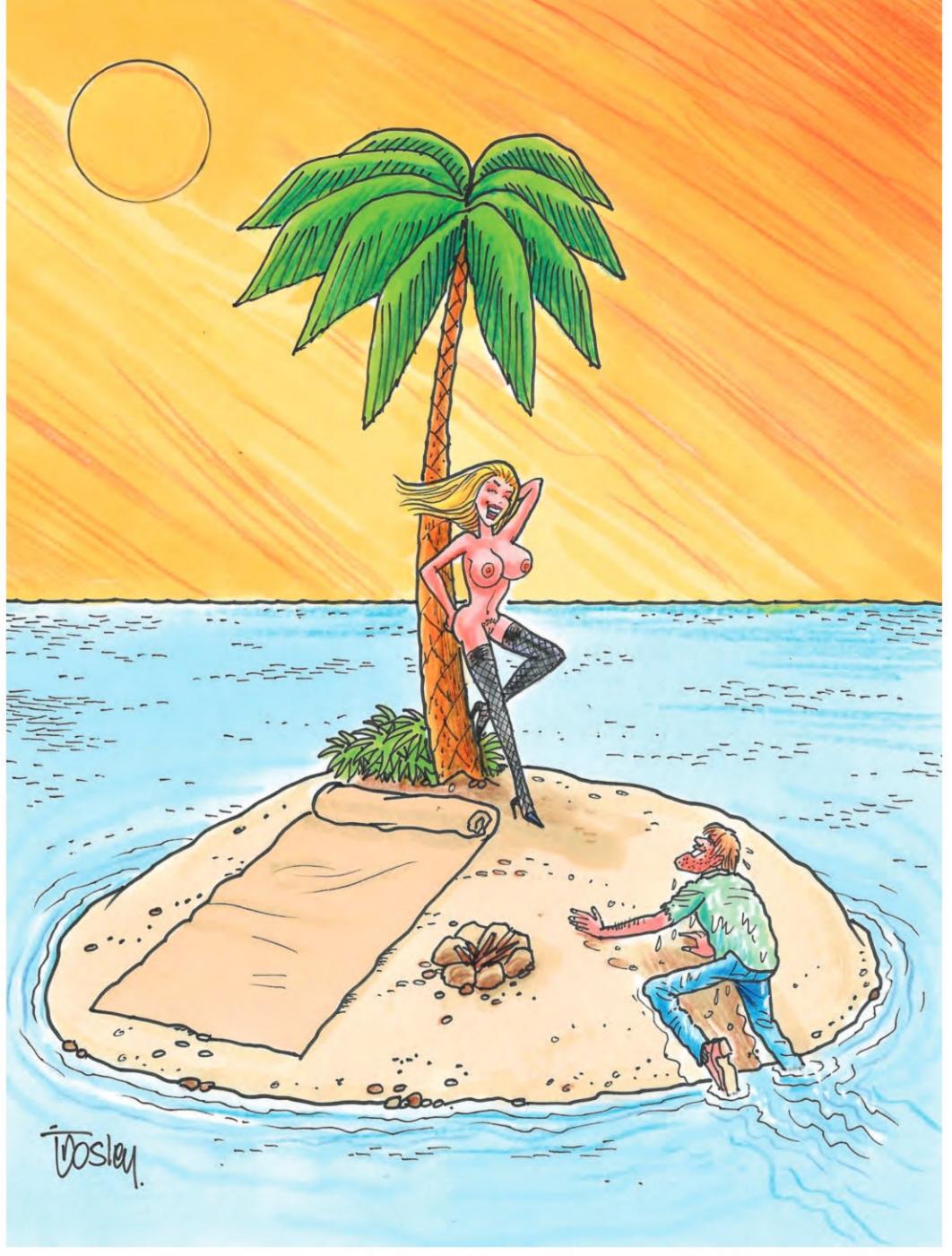
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"Good evening, you lucky fucking goddamn son of a bitch!"

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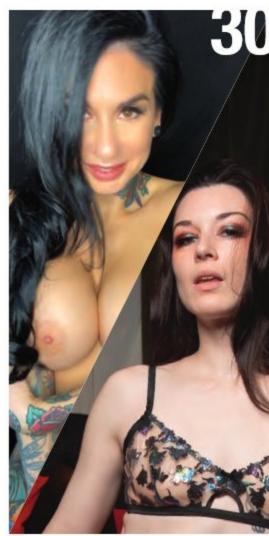
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Cover photo by Emmanuel D. Fouquet **HUSTLER**MAGAZINE.COM



THE MAN OF THE HOUR

t's no secret that Joe Biden was not my favorite Democratic candidate for President. I've criticized his long history of coddling the Republicans and his gung ho support for the Iraq War. But if you're looking for saints of unblemished purity, you won't find them in the political arena. I don't care who your hero is—FDR, JFK, Obama—you will find a few skeletons in all of their closets. That's because politics is the art of compromise, which means all *effective* politicians are compromised to an extent.

But Joe Biden, at this moment, may be the perfect man to put the Trump nightmare behind us and move this country forward again. He's no radical, like AOC and Bernie Sanders, so the fire-breathers on the Right can put their pitchforks down. We've had our fill of enduring a divisive clown as President—an overfed, narcissistic ignoramus with no concern for the world that we must all inhabit together.

Compared to Trump, Joe Biden is, yes, boring. But the Presidency is not a glamorous reality TV show. It is the single most important political office not just in the USA, but in the whole world—a world that looks to America for genuine leadership. Biden is a quiet, competent centrist with

decades of experience on how to work Capitol Hill to get things done. And in the debates with Trump and in every speech and public appearance since, he has been as sharp and articulate as ever.

On Day One he issued an impressive list of executive orders: halting our withdrawal from the WHO, rejoining the Paris climate accords, canceling the Keystone XL pipeline permit, rescinding Trump's 1776 Commission, ending Trump's Muslim ban, stopping construction on the stupid border wall, and finally—after Trump's colossal negligence—organizing a new federal team to fight the COVID-19 pandemic head on. This is one hell of a start, and with the House and Senate behind him, we can expect greater things to come. Hallelujah!

Lay Thyo

Larry Flynt Publisher



"Now we've turned the corner, you miserable motherfucker!"

LET THE ACCOUNTABILITY BEGIN!

TO RESTORE THE NATION, WE MUST RESTORE JUSTICE...AND DISBAR TRUMP'S LAWYERS.

he first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers," says Dick the Butcher in Shakespeare's *Henry VI, Part 2*. That's way over the top, but *disbarring* Donald Trump's lawyers wouldn't hurt. In fact, with nothing less than the survival of our democracy at stake, holding them responsible for their bad faith actions is just one item on a *long* list of "first things" that must be done to restore the nation after four years of Trump's American Carnage.

Following Joe Biden's decisive Electoral College victory last November, more than 60 lawsuits seeking to overturn the results on behalf of our sore-loser ex-President were filed in federal and state courts. All but one pleading was rejected by judges, many of them Republican, several appointed by Trump.

While Team Trump attorneys falsely cited "massive voter fraud" when speaking to wingnut media outlets, they failed to cite any such evidence in court filings. Lying to the court of public opinion is one thing. It's a different matter—and a sanctionable one—to lie in an actual court of law. Thus, during the agonizing months between Election Day and Inauguration Day, desperate buffoons and Trump sycophants like Rudy Giuliani lied to the public about voting that was "an absolute fraud"—ultimately helping incite a mob to storm the U.S. Capitol. Yet Rudy conceded to a federal judge in Pennsylvania, "This is not a fraud case."

The rulings were stark and, if Trump's brain-poisoned cult followers were capable of shame, shameful. In Pennsylvania—where Biden won by more than 80,000 votes—a very conservative judge rebuked Team Trump's legal efforts to stop or reverse the certification of the state's voting results. "Free, fair elections are the lifeblood of our democracy," wrote Stephanos Bibas in a federal appellate court's unanimous decision. "Charges of unfairness are serious. But calling an election unfair does not make it so. Charges require specific allegations and then proof. We have neither here.... Voters, not lawyers, choose the President. Ballots, not briefs, decide elections."

In dismissing one of several Arizona cases, a federal judge chided, "Allegations that find favor in the public sphere of gossip and innuendo cannot be a substitute for earnest pleadings and procedure in federal court." In Nevada a court rejected a Team Trump challenge when its lawyers failed to "prove under any standard of proof" that illegal votes tipped the election to Biden.

The story was the same in state after state. Even Trump's hatchet man, Attorney General Bill Barr, conceded that the Justice Department had "not seen fraud on a scale that could have effected a different outcome in the election." Nonetheless, Trump attorneys continued filing preposterous lawsuits. That prompted Michigan Attorney General Dana Nessel to demand discipline for the groundless filings by Trump attorney Sidney Powell.

Nessel—whose home at one point before Christmas had been surrounded by armed MAGA mobsters—told

CNN that Powell "has done nothing but undermine" the Constitution. "You can't bring frivolous lawsuits that are not based on fact or the law. You can't knowingly bring evidence that is false or make misleading claims. She's broken each and every one of these in all of her cases."

Now retired, longtime attorney Ernest Canning wrote at *The Brad Blog* that the American Bar Association's Rules of Professional Conduct are "in line with" Michigan's, "which prevent the pursuit of frivolous claims and forbid attorneys from knowingly making false statements of fact or law to any tribunal."

The proceedings eventually became so absurd that pressure was brought against legal offices representing Trump. "These are law firms that are trying to weaponize the courts to help Trump with his assault on our democracy," former Assistant U.S. Attorney Randall D. Eliason told me prior to the January 6 assault on the U.S. Capitol. "No lawyer has to agree to bring that kind of a case."

It will take time for the Biden Administration to extinguish the countless dumpster fires left by the Trump Administration, much less make enough sense of the ashes to bring accountability to the arsonists. But for now we should begin with his election lawyers, who knew better.

Canning asserted, "In every case, contrary to the solemn oath every attorney takes to support and defend the Constitution, Trump-backing attorneys sought to sub-

vert the Constitutional right of the People to elect their next President, using false, speculative and often evidencefree claims." He added, "Meritless and deceptive efforts by any attorney to destroy our Constitutional democracy cannot be tolerated. Sanctions, potentially including disbarment, are necessary to protect our Republic."

After Biden's victory, an adviser suggested to NBC News that the new President would be "more oriented toward fixing the problems and moving forward than prosecuting them." That would be akin to President Barack Obama's mistake in the wake of George W. Bush's wreckage. Failure to prosecute cleared the path for another GOP President to believe he was immune from criminality. As Boston Globe columnist Renée Graham noted, "Given how laden the Trump years have been with scandals and corruption, it's been more of a crime scene than a presidency."

But while accountability for the unprecedented criminal conspiracy disguised as Trump's presidency may take time to sort out, we know that his attorneys must be held to account. Despite their professional obligations, they helped effectuate his greatest attempted coup, the seditious undermining of American democracy itself. We may be unable to "lock them up," but courts and bar associations can and should immediately hold Trump's "legal" accomplices responsible. The sociopathic Trump may or may not know better, but his lawyers certainly did.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).





ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

any people assume that highly educated professionals—medical doctors, lawyers, professors, scientists—are a sane, rational lot, untroubled by the crackpot ideas that afflict more ignorant folk. They couldn't have plowed through all those difficult lessons and lectures in college with a screw loose, right?

That's way wrong. We've got mad scientists, quack doctors and lawyers who'd be better off laying bricks or gelding hogs: case in point, the mad-as-a-hatter, Trump-loving lawyer from Atlanta, Lin Wood. Along with legal sidekick Sidney Powell, Lin (short for Lincoln) was the numero-uno mouthpiece spewing the "stolen election!" bullshit that inspired a mob of Trump goons to storm and ransack the Capitol in Washington on January 6th.

Wood wasn't always a lunatic; he started his career as a high-end ambulance chaser, litigating personal injury and medical malpractice cases

before representing Richard Jewell—the security guard railroaded for the Centennial Olympic Park bombing in Atlanta—in a defamation scase in the mid'90s. He did a good job at getting the innocent Jewell numerous monetary settlements and made a name for himself in national headlines. That led to another high-profile case: defending the parents of JonBenet Ramsey—the six-year-old girl mysteriously murdered in 1996—in defamation suits against publishers and news organizations that had speculated about the parents' guilt in the case. So far, so good.

But then, like many other gullible Americans, Wood succumbed to the virus of Trump Derangement Syndrome, unable to accept that the Golfer in Chief had lost the election. After the Orange Messiah got trounced, Wood completely flipped out. He told Mark Levin in an interview that he believed that Trump had actually won "a 70%-plus landslide election in the nation," rather than losing, with only 46.8% of the vote. How to account for that difference? *Massive voting fraud!* screamed Wood and Powell. Together they launched a flurry of lawsuits to stop battleground states that went for Biden from certifying the results (all of them eventually dismissed). While litigating on Trump's behalf, Wood filed an expert analysis from ex-GOP congressman Russell Ramslad purporting to show suspiciously high voter turnout in Democratic areas in Michigan. This would have been a huge scandal if true, but it wasn't. The conservative legal blog *Powerline* reviewed the affidavit and noticed that a lot of the municipalities the legal geniuses included on the document were actually located in Minnesota and other parts of the Midwest. An angry district judge in Michigan tossed the baseless lawsuit, saying it seemed to be more "about the impact of their allegations on people's faith in the democratic process and their trust in our government." The City of Detroit even referred Wood and Powell for disbarment.

But this was only the beginning of Wood's descent

fair-minded people would first ask Roberts to tell the truth. Or ask Jeffrey Epstein. He is alive."

Epstein's alive? So it must have been a fake sui-

cide or staged murder with a look-alike in that New York jail cell? A Superior Court judge in Delaware— Craig Karsnitz—was so disgusted by Wood's social

media activity and efforts to overturn
the election that he blocked Wood from
representing former Trump campaign aide
Carter Page in a defamation case. Karsnitz
wrote that Wood's deranged tweets
had "no doubt" inspired the Trumpite
riot in the Capitol. He also stated that
Wood's election lawsuits in Georgia and
Wisconsin "exhibited a toxic stew of men-

dacity, prevarication, and surprising incompetence," and specifically described the Georgia suit as "textbook frivolous litigation."

When the last-gasp Capitol invasion failed to keep Trump in pow-

er, Wood continued blasting mental diarrhea like this on Parler: "I am hearing rumors that Pence & leaders of coup are planning to arrest & execute President Trump & his followers. Typical move by Communist tyrants. They will never do it as 80M+ Patriots would react & it would not end well for the Commies. But just in case they try, I have my escape pod gassed up & ready!"

So the crypto Red Hordes are not only evicting the Messiah from the White House—they're going to crucify him! Mike Pence is Judas, and I, Lin Wood, am the modern John the Baptist! Now that Trump is gone, fear not, Wood tells us—he himself will take the mantle and lead the Christian soldiers onward! According to Law&Crime, his ex-law partners wrote a legal brief claiming he said this stunner: "I might actually be Christ coming back for a second time in the form of an imperfect man, elevating Christ consciousness. That cause you to have a little bit of a chill? Who would be more eloquent to say what the will of God is, the belief of God in me." Three of Wood's former law firm associates sued him last year for breach of contract, citing Wood's "erratic, hostile, abusive and threatening" behavior.

Look out, folks—there's another Jonestown Jim brewing in our midst! Beware anyone who claims to be Christ reincarnated. But Lin Wood is really not all that unusual; he continues a long tradition of paranoid suspicions and unhinged conspiracy mongering on the far right. Joseph McCarthy saw a commie behind every bush, and the John Birch Society accused even President Eisenhower of being a "dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." It's like a mental illness that runs in some family trees.

It's fitting that Trump's legal eagles—Rudy Giuliani, Sidney Powell and Lin Wood—all turned out to be as incompetent and embarrassing as their leader. Shitdropping dodo birds of a feather flock together. But with the Orange Buffoon now exiled to Mar-a-Lago, we can be thankful that his whole tribe of lackeys and dimwit Assholes will vanish into obscurity with him.



into the fever swamps of paranoia. He floated baseless conspiracy theories that officials in Georgia had rigged the election on behalf of China and tweeted that Governor Brian Kemp and secretary of state Brad Raffensperger would "soon be going to jail" after Trump gave them "every chance to get it right," but "they refused." What the fuck? Both Kemp and Raffensperger are dyed-in-the-wool Republicans, and Kemp rigged one of the most outrageous minority/Democratic voter-suppression schemes in the nation to win his seat in 2018. So why the hell would two GOP allies conspire with Chinese commies to elect a despised Democrat for President? It makes no damn sense. But equally twisted were Wood's attacks on other Republicans: When Mitch McConnell admitted in the Senate that Biden had legitimately won, Wood said that Mc-Connell should be arrested for treason. After Mike Pence refused to decertify the Electoral College results on January 6th, Wood said he was a "coward" who should "face execution by firing squad." Welcome to the new Banana Republic of the United States!

Although he disavows being a QAnon disciple, prior to his Twitter ban, Wood's profile featured the hashtag #WWG1WGA (Where We Go One, We Go All) and his rants testify to his faith in the basic QAnon delusion: that Donald Trump is fighting a secret war against an international cabal of Satan-worshipping, child-eating Democrats. Last December, Wood promoted a completely unfounded claim on Twitter that Chief Justice John Roberts was somehow involved in the death of former Chief Justice Antonin Scalia, and asked if Roberts was "part of any club or cabal requiring minor children as initiation fee?" After an avalanche of national ridicule over this, Wood tweeted: "Before attacking me, maybe



GOOD NEWS FOR YOUR BITS & PIECES

Look, we get it—not everyone is blessed with a monster dong. The majority of us are decidedly average, but Pete Davidson isn't the only one bringing big dick energy to the table: Your penis is more awesome than you realize, and a lot of it comes down to technique.

Size is all relative, but words are cold comfort when masculinity is measured in inches. Writing for Shape.com, certified sex coach Gigi Engle walks us through some basic techniques while dispelling myths along the way ("Let's be super clear here: The idea that bigger penises are needed for sexual pleasure is a myth.").

Engle singles out three sex positions worth considering, primarily the cowgirl: him on his back; her riding on top, facing forward. Sounds simple enough, but there are a couple of recommended flourishes that really take this time-honored standard to the next level. First, put a pillow under your butt to elevate the pelvis. And if it's not too awkward, she can reach back and spread her ass cheeks so that you're maximizing depth

and penetration. It's a genius hack.

Flat doggy-style and the "shoulder holder" are also top candidates for optimal enjoyment, but sex isn't everything (dramatic *hush*). Here at the HUSTLER Institute for Genital Confidence, we believe that all wangs deserve to be celebrated. And the first step to unlocking that so-called dick energy is learning to feel good about yourself.

Let's talk presentation: Consider shaving those balls and keeping everything around the shaft as trim as possible—think Sigourney Weaver's head in the third *Alien* movie. A well-manicured garden can be more inviting.

Next—and there's no delicate way to put this—but ya gotta work out. Sit-ups, push-ups, pull-ups, squats, jogging, etc... Everything that frames your groin area, from your abs to your ass and pecs, should pop. You're not looking to build mass so much as be *cut*. Michelangelo's *David* has what's generally considered an average to modest penis, but it remains one of the most beautiful and awe-inspiring pieces ever created.



LONE STAR DILDOS

For a country that brands itself the Land of the Free, it can feel like a real slap in the face when Big Government tries to tell us how many sex toys we can own. We go now to the Lone Star State, where unsuspecting Texans have actually been charged for possession...of too many dildos!

Seriously though, the Obscene Device Law is actually, technically still on the books. It was enacted in 1973 and at the time targeted adult performances, but it's always just a matter of time before such insidious bullshit finds its way into the sanctity of our homes.

In 2004 a former schoolteacher and mother of three was charged when two undercover cops infiltrated a private sex party and posed as buyers. Eventually she was acquitted, but really? The weirdest incident of all, however, dates back to 2001, when a married couple, both attorneys, attempted an elaborate extortion scheme against a number of the wife's extramarital lovers using this statute. How is this not a *Lifetime* movie yet?

It's been a minute since we dipped into "bizarre sex laws" (the Feb-

ruary 2019 issue, to be exact), but it would seem we're due for another hearty dose of WTF.

We begin in Kidderville, New Hampshire, where it is strictly verboten to hang lingerie on a clothesline near the airport. Because why? Safety? Distracted flying? Meanwhile, in Utah, don't even think of marrying your first cousin until you're at least 65 (or 55 if you can prove you're infertile). And in a classic instance of legislative "hold my beer," Arizona allows no more than two dildos under one roof. By golly, Texans are wanton nymphos in comparison!



NICOLAS CAGE NOSHES ON WHAT?

In life there is a sliding scale of weirdness. It's not so much math as it is perspective, particularly as it applies to people. Say, for example, your friend told you that he woke up to find a naked stranger eating a Fudgsicle at the foot of his bed—that would be weird, right? But what if Nicolas Cage was telling the story? You'd be like, "Oh, cool. You're funny." (True Nic Cage story, BTW.).

We no longer question the actions of a man who once bought a haunted mansion so that he could write the great American horror novel. So when Nicolas Cage tells us that he won't eat animals that have undignified sex, then you better believe this is a real thing that actually exists.

A few years back, speaking to *The Guardian*, Cage shared his fascination with certain animals, then took a hard left turn with this gem: "I actually choose the way I eat according to the way animals have sex. I think fish are very dignified with sex. So are birds."

Pigs? Not on his plate. But with over 100 film credits to his name, his onscreen personas have ingested some pretty interesting stuff. A partial retrospective:

Vampire's Kiss (1988): Ozzy has his bat, and Cage has his cockroach. If you haven't seen it yet, Vampire's Kiss is Maximum Cage—more bonkers than Face/Off. The cult classic, about a literary agent losing his mind, is somewhat overshadowed by one scene where Cage eats a very crunchy roach and/or water bug, depending on who's telling the story. It



was 100% his idea, one he would later greatly regret.

Leaving Las Vegas (1995): In his Oscar-winning turn as a suicidal alcoholic, Cage manages to keep down some white rice, but it's mostly a nonstop stream of hard liquor flowing down his gullet.

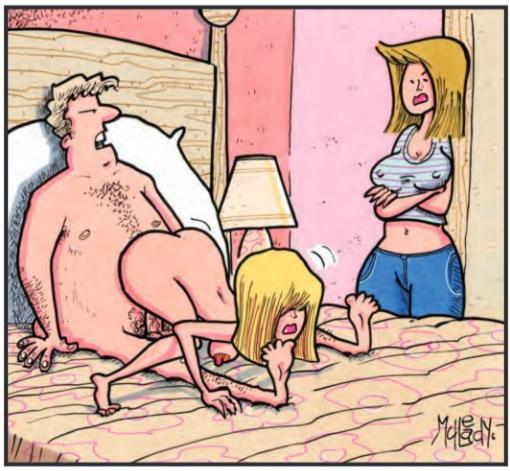
Mandy (2018): Grieving husband Red Miller seeks revenge on his wife's killers. But first some homemade liquid LSD to soothe those jangled nerves.

Face/Off (1997): More drugs, but this time it's a cocktail of designer pharmaceuticals served up in a velvet-lined box. Real villain shit.

Moonstruck (1987): Cher won an Oscar, while Cage got to eat a rare New York striploin steak, fried to perfection.

The Wicker Man (2006): Bees!





"The only difference between you and this hot 18-year-old cocksucking, anal-loving, cum-swallowing nymphomaniac is everything."



LISTEN TO CHERIE

Make no mistake, sex workers and adultindustry performers are the proverbial canary in the coal mine; when they speak up about censorship, discrimination and injustice, we would be wise to listen.

And while most of us are ecstatic to see the repugnant Trump troll finally gone, not everyone is celebrating. Legendary performer Cherie DeVille is a talented writer and important voice for an industry that is constantly under attack. And with Kamala "Top Cop" Harris now in the No. 2 spot, Cherie is sounding the alarm in her latest for *The Daily Beast*.

"I respect Harris for seeing gays and women of color through a compassionate lens," she writes. "Still, I doubt Harris's executive empathy will extend to exotic dancers, porn stars, strippers, prostitutes or erotic masseuses: The Vice President brings a lifetime of animosity toward sex workers to Number One Observatory Circle."

Speaking to HUSTLER, DeVille explains further: "Republicans and Democrats have targeted sex workers for years. As a community, we stayed silent because we feared publicly critiquing politicians and how that would put targets on our backs. I stayed away from politics because, let's face it, Democrats and Republicans jack off to me. Yes, Americans fantasize about us. Yes, Americans watch us fuck. And now Americans need to hear us speak. Maybe then we will be heard.

"I worry our representatives will write legislation that is even worse than SESTA/ FOSTA. As sex workers, we need to reach people who don't already agree with us. We need to persuade Americans to care about us."



"M" FOR MATURE

Cyberpunk 2077, starring Keanu Reeves, was one of the most anticipated games of 2020, smashing sales records after umpteen delays. Unfortunately, it launched with a whopping number of embarrassing bugs and glitches, none of which grabbed headlines quite like "the penis glitch."

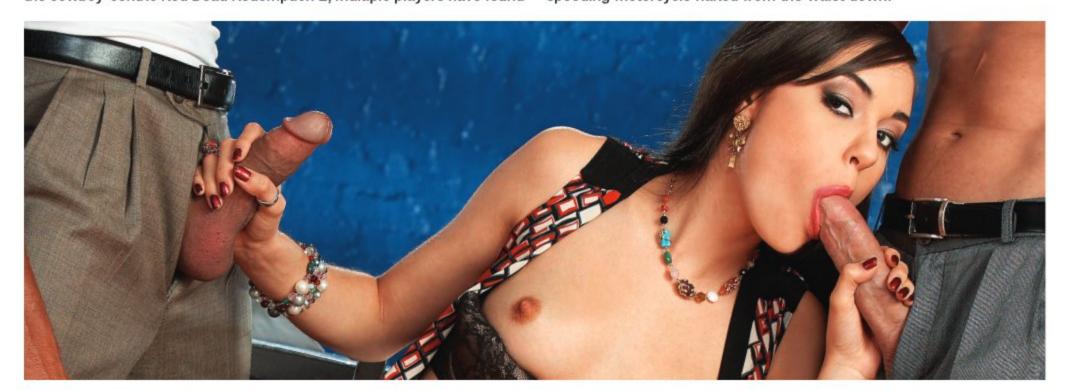
For reasons that (at the time of writing) remain a mystery, many players were shocked to discover how their character's cock would pop out and remain in sight at all times, either completely or at least partially visible through their clothes. And not just the guys, either—breasts would clip through as well, while in rare cases (because you can choose your character's genitals) some players even found themselves with both a penis and breasts flopping about willy-nilly.

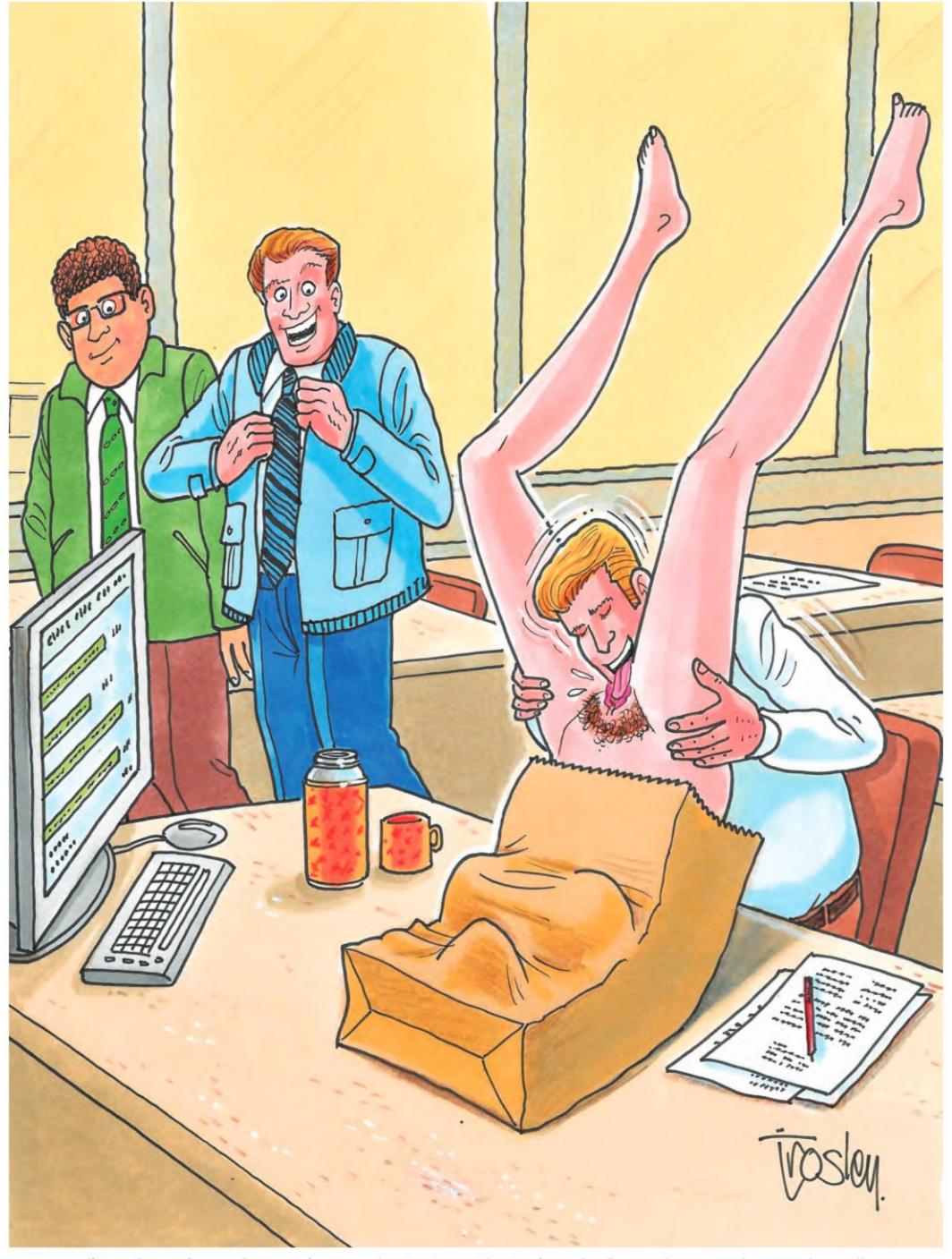
But to be fair, it's not the only game to street with X-rated oopsies. Special HUSTLER gaming correspondent Alexander King compiled a few recent examples that had everyone on Twitch laughing their pants off.

Red Dead Redemption 2: Assless chaps. No, you're not crazy—a lot of modern video games have problems keeping characters' clothes on. In the cowboy-centric Red Dead Redemption 2, multiple players have found

themselves suddenly wearing assless chaps. It's not known what causes the glitch, but suddenly finding your rough-and-tumble cowboy rocking a bare ass can be an odd jolt to the system.

Heavy Rain: Nude Madison. In the thriller Heavy Rain, one of the characters, Madison, can be rendered naked not once, but twice in the story. In one case it's as simple as telling her to go to the toilet and then canceling the action at the last second, leaving her bottom-half naked (and rendered with surprising detail). Later on in the game, if you reload right after a sex scene, Madison will spawn completely nude from head to toe, wandering around in the buff. Cyberpunk 2077: The naked motorcycle T-pose. Not to rag on Cyberpunk 2077, but it has so many bugs that it actually has *multiple* glitches that cause you to expose yourself inappropriately. Another very common bug is the "T-pose" (standing awkwardly, arms out and legs together—usually the result of a glitch in the animation) while driving a car or motorcycle. Oddly, this glitch also removes your pants and sometimes more. On the bright side, nothing projects confidence like standing on top of a speeding motorcycle naked from the waist down.





"Yeah...a lot of people are bringing their lunch from home these days."



































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JOANNA ANGEL & STOYA THE INTERVIEW

BY JOANNA ANGEL & STOYA PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PRUE

IN THIS POWERFUL, EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW, TWO XXX SUPERSTARS OPEN UP ABOUT STRIPPING NAKED IN FRONT OF STRANGERS FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE POWER OF RED, DOMMING FOR DOLLARS...AND PORN UNICORNS.

TOYA: Joanna! I read your latest book.
JOANNA ANGEL: I couldn't believe how quickly
you replied to me when I asked you to read it—
and how quickly you read the actual book!

STOYA: Well, I do love your writing. Also, I have been stuck in this apartment for, you know, about three-quarters of a year now. New reading material is a good thing to have. JOANNA: Well, quarantine or not, thank you. I was particularly interested to see how you felt about Club 42 because the entire novel takes place in New York, and there's a lot of very city-centric humor in it.

STOYA: Your description of the charcoal toothpaste really hit home for me.

JOANNA: [Laughs.] Well, charcoal toothpaste is now a nationwide phenomenon; however, the first place I ever saw it was in Brooklyn, New York. But as much as I love the color black, I don't think it belongs on my teeth. Especially when I'm cleaning them. Perhaps my teeth aren't goth. STOYA: You're Joanna Angel. I think they are!

JOANNA: I would like to make it clear, this is actually a novel about a girl who works at a New York strip club. However, charcoal toothpaste does make an appearance at some point.

STOYA: [Laughs.] Well, aside from strongly relating with the main character's skepticism for charcoal toothpaste, I really enjoyed the book because I feel like someone could really get a good idea of what sex work is like by reading it. You really walked everyone through her "first day" really well.

JOANNA: Thank you. The first time you get naked in front of strangers, especially in the context of work, is as strange and powerful and transformative as, like...losing your virginity. A part of you changes that simply never goes back to what it was before. And most of the time, as you're experiencing that "first time," be it dancing or doing porn, everyone else around you in the same room is very much just having another day at work, going through the motions of what they normally do. So you can't really embrace your innocence or your confusion. You have to adapt quickly in whatever way makes the most sense to you. STOYA: I liked how you saw her completely fail, not even make it to the floor. And then she also had days where she killed it. So you got this range of outcomes and emotions.

JOANNA: I feel like people just don't understand a bad day at work when it comes to sex work. I vividly remember the night I spent eight-plus hours working at a strip club and literally left with negative money. [I made no money and also owed the club a house fee, and since I had no money to pay said house fee, I then owed it to them the next time I came in.] It was humbling and humiliating, yet also humorous in some ways. It would be completely unrealistic to have an entire book about stripping without documenting at least one bad night, because it happens to everyone. It makes it even more difficult that the rest of the world justifies sex work as like, "Well, I don't really agree with this, but at least you're making a lot of money." But then there's a night where you made negative money, yet you still showed strangers your butthole—and that is a real feeling.

STOYA: It's like when you do a cam show, and it's like, Hello, I've been here for 45 minutes and not a single person has tipped.

JOANNA: Exactly. Like when you're promoting all day, "I'm going to be live at this time. Come on, everyone! Click on this link and watch me!!" And you sign on and it's just empty. And then you try to convince yourself that there's some sort of technical error with the site, and nope, just no one wants to jerk off to you!

STOYA: Haha, yes. Or when there are only five people in the room, who are all feeling that blank-page anxiety. They don't want to talk because they feel awkward that it's so empty. And you're like, "Guys, please talk to me." JOANNA: It's like you're stuck at a bad party. But then you have to masturbate there.

STOYA: [Laughs.] I also liked how you tackled her romantic life in the book.

JOANNA: Or lack thereof! Instead of a romance novel, this is kind of like the anti-romance novel. For the most part. Well, I made sure to have *some* more romantic paths. But yes, I definitely found it important to capture what sex workers go through when we try to have a romantic life or even just any kind of normal life outside of work. Whatever *normal* even means!

STOYA: You had an entire path where the main character didn't tell her boyfriend about her job. Did you ever do that? >>>

JOANNA: I have always had too big of a mouth to keep any secrets about myself. However, I do remember, when I was a stripper, I worked with a lot of mothers who drove two-plus hours to get to the club. They had an entire life of PTA meetings, soccer games and birthday parties where *no one* knew about what they did. I always found that pretty fascinating. You definitely do not have that kind of anonymity being in porn. I suppose that made it a better place for me. I like to scream from the rooftops that I am a sex worker and tell everyone all the details they never asked to hear about.

STOYA: Didn't you actually do your first sex scene on a rooftop in Brooklyn? JOANNA: Actually, yes! Man, I miss those rooftop shoots in New York. One day, if I can ever actually travel, I'll have to do one again. So, speaking of which, what big Stoya plans got fucked up because of COVID? STOYA: Well, as you know, I used to shoot a traveling porn series. Obviously that was put on hold.

JOANNA: You could do a COVID edition, where you travel from your bedroom to your bathroom. Maybe stamp your passport or something between the two? Maybe on one wild episode, you could travel in a

car to a grocery store or something?

STOYA: With a mask on.

JOANNA: Yes.

STOYA: I am that person who rolls the window down in the back of a taxi, with a mask on. Even in the freezing cold.

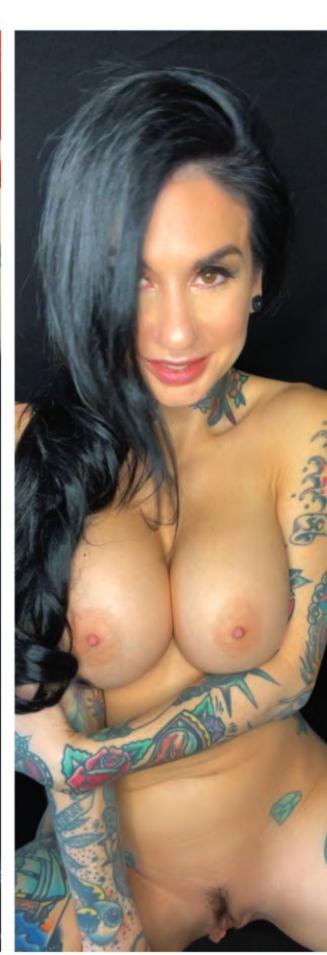
JOANNA: Something erotic could be found in that. Especially if you wore a thin shirt and had rock-hard nipples... Sorry, my brain wandered. I mean, if anyone could do it, you can. You have always been a bit of a porn unicorn: You always do your own thing, and it's never anything that anyone else expected. With that said, is there something new in the works that you have coming up in the world of pornography?

STOYA: So I cofounded this 18+ digital magazine called *Zero Spaces*. It was supposed to start a 60-day release cycle spring of 2020. Regular releases requires a level of organization I simply don't have, so I brought on Syd and Sweetpea, both from the burlesque community, to help wrangle all of that.

JOANNA: Why do you say digital magazine? How is it different from a subscription website, and why do you call it a magazine?







STOYA: We do releases of a whole stack of different kinds of content at once. So one issue we'll have a profile of Ceyenne Doroshow—she actually acquired a building to house trans women of color so that they're not doing sex work just to have a roof over their heads, which is a fantastic update to her story. And then, on a different note, we filmed a project in New Hampshire at Ashley Fires' location and also interviewed her about why she moved to New Hampshire to film. So it's a self-referential kind of thing. It's about a third written material, about a third photo galleries and about a third video, and we have performers in different contexts. So it'll be, you see someone in a solo scene, but you also see them writing about the whorearchy.

JOANNA: See. You really are a porn unicorn. This is unlike any adult project I've heard anyone else describe. Meanwhile, I'm just using every dildo and vibrator that ever came into existence, in different rooms of my house, and putting it up on my OnlyFans.

STOYA: What about Burning Angel?

JOANNA: Oh! I sold Burning Angel almost two years ago now. I do, however, still direct for Burning Angel. We did recently just resume >>

SCREAM FROM
THE ROOFTOPS
THAT I AM A
SEX WORKER
AND TELL
EVERYONE ALL
THE DETAILS
THEY NEVER
ASKED TO
HEAR ABOUT.













WE TAKE
BOOK CLUB
VERY SERIOUSLY....
NEW MEMBERS
HAVE TO SUBMIT
THEIR FAVORITE
THING TO BE
HUMILIATED
FOR.

production on a limited basis because of COVID. So while I do still direct and produce movies, my day-to-day content is on my OnlyFans—and other things, like custom videos and chatting and live shows and whatnot. I believe you've been doing OnlyFans too, right?

STOYA: Yes! I have. I mean, that was a great benefit to having been quarantined with a photographer. I would just bring some outfit into his room and say, "Let's shoot this," and then we would. Then it would be done, and then we could do more, or we could just call it a day. I prefer to do a lot once I have makeup on.

JOANNA: What do your fans like seeing you do?

STOYA: On OnlyFans, I get a lot of positive reinforcement for red. JOANNA: For what?

STOYA: For the color red. People really like me in red.

JOANNA: I do wear a lot of red. It's perfectly seasonal for Christmas and Valentine's Day—and Halloween if you, you know, vampire it up. STOYA: Over the summer I had a bunch of small-penis-humiliation guys who were actually of average length. It's fascinating to me. I saw a lot of average to even large-size penises that really wanted to be







treated as small. And they were aware of this. I'm so curious.

JOANNA: I guess they just want you to be stern and mean because it looks very sexy on you. I am very loud and animated when I do my domming. I could see you being quiet...and petrifying. It's the quiet ones you always need to be afraid of.

STOYA: Haha. I can see that. I'm partial to service subs who can be trusted to complete their tasks. How afraid do you think a client is of someone they've described their fantasy to and paid to fulfill it?

JOANNA: I suppose they have to be? Because that's what they paid you for? Ha! Anyways, I know you wrote a book too!

STOYA: It's called *Philosophy, Pussycats & Porn.* It's nonfiction. Some memoiristic personal essays and some of the more op-ed kind of stuff, all about pornography and sexuality and New York.

JOANNA: Even though most of the porn industry is on the West Coast, I know for a fact that everyone is way kinkier on the East Coast. I feel like in Los Angeles sex is everyone's job and in New York sex is everyone's life. STOYA: There's definitely a large community of lifestyle people in New York City. Various lifestyles.

JOANNA: And not just that. There's erotic book clubs and so many workshops and everything. Speaking of book clubs, I saw you moved yours [Sex Lit: Stoya's Book Club] to Zoom during this shutdown. I was happy to see you continue with it.

STOYA: We're still doing book club. We actually had Samuel Delany in last month: *Times Square Red, Times Square Blue*, from the '90s, about the closing of the porn theaters and the gay hookup culture that existed in them. So that was a huge honor. It's not exactly the same on Zoom, but we still get to that conversation. And some human interaction.

JOANNA: I loved doing it last time, when you had me featured there for my first novel, *Night Shift*. I mean, I was shocked. Everyone *really* read the book and came prepared with a whole list of questions. It was such an incredible feeling to be in a room where every single person had read and really analyzed the book. I mean, people there figured out things about my own book that I didn't even know. It was impressive! STOYA: We take book club very seriously.

JOANNA: You do. I can tell. As well you should. I would have loved to see you do a petrifying small-penis-humiliation-talking-to to someone >>

who did not do their reading assignment.

STOYA: New members have to submit their favorite thing to be humiliated for.

JOANNA: This is exciting.

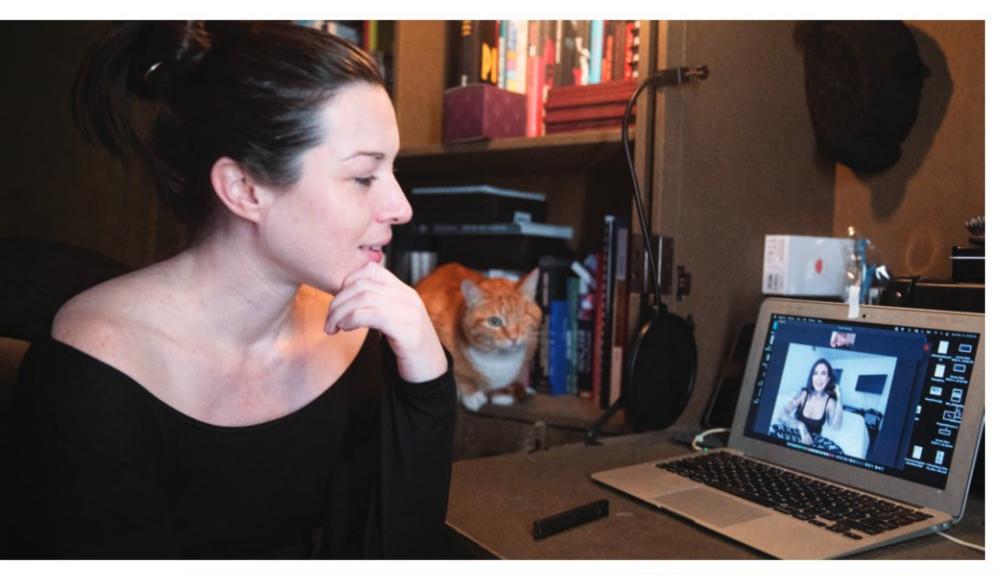
STOYA: One of our book club members is how I heard you were working on a second book.

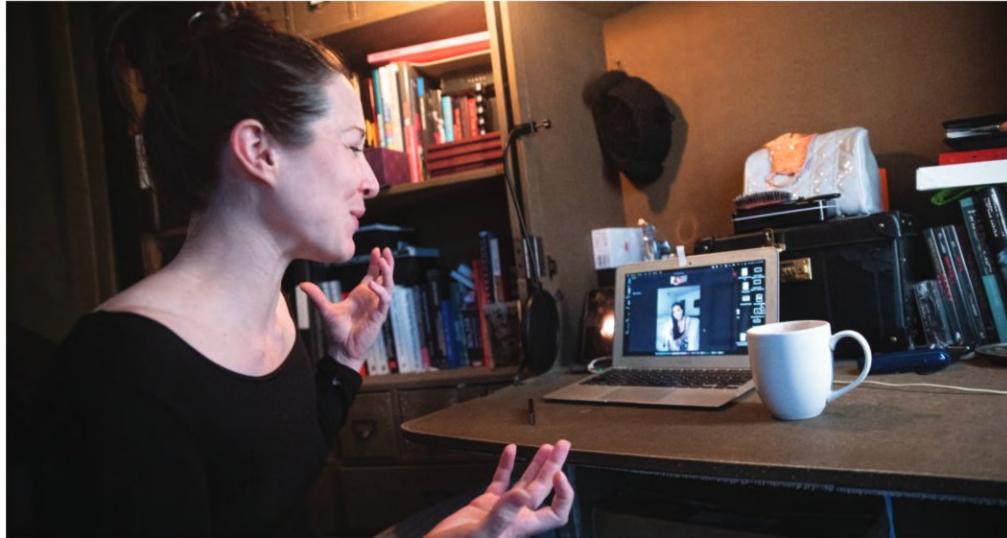
JOANNA: Wait. Really?

STOYA: Yes, you had talked about working on it on your social media or something, and they've asked at least twice when it's coming out.

JOANNA: Goddamn. That is amazing! It has taken everything in me to hold back from posting the damn thing on Twitter. I just want everyone to read it! Working in porn, I have gotten so used to anything I do being out a month later or less. Maybe two months if it's some really big release. I mean, these days I can shoot something at 9 a.m. and have it edited and out on the internet before I eat dinner. But books, they take a good year to write and then another six months to edit and then another year before anyone even sees it. It's agonizing!!

STOYA: So when did you actually finish writing it?





JOANNA: I finished writing it the second week of March in 2020. Right before the shutdown. It was surreal because the last few months of finishing the book, I was so engrossed in my own writing, I barely knew what was going on in the world. I was at my desk, losing my mind, vomiting in word form on a laptop for about 12 to 15 hours a day. And then, after I crawled out of my writing hole, I went to go get my hair done, and my hairstylist told me, "It's a good thing you came in now. Everything might shut down next week!" And I thought she was some kind of insane conspiracy theorist. I had no idea. So it was like I was in a writing quarantine before the pandemic quarantine. Needless to say, I have been looking at my own walls for a very, very, very long time. Ha!

STOYA: So the "choose your own adventure" format—how do you even do that?

JOANNA: Well, it requires a very intricate "book map" that I make in the beginning, before I write anything. With both of the books I have written now, I completely defied my own map halfway through the book, and then I make a new map. I have to stop doing that! I really seem to hate doing what any authority figure tells me to do, even if that authority figure is actually me.

STOYA: Why do you think that happens?

JOANNA: I get carried away with a character and I'm like, "No, this character wouldn't do *that*; it's going to do *this* instead. Take that, you book map! Suck it!" The format can be frustrating, because sometimes I get really attached to a story line, and then I know I have to split that story line into other story lines. However, I enjoy the challenge. I tried to get really wacky with the format this time and have multiple "dead

ends," like game-overs.

STOYA: I read a lot of those.

JOANNA: Well, then you lost! Now you have to return your copy of the book. Ha!

STOYA: I went straight through. I know that's not how you're supposed to do it, but I like to make sure I've read everything.

JOANNA: Good. I mean, I want everyone who buys this to read every path. That's the point! There's so many different ways to experience sex work, so many different experiences we have, so many different emotions we carry and so many different people we come across. This book captures just a few of those things.

STOYA: Well, thank you, Joanna. And thank you for writing this book. Thank you for sharing it with me.

JOANNA: Thank you so much, Stoya. Well, I for one am excited to now do my first ever FaceTime photo shoot.

STOYA: Oh, yes. It's definitely a thing now.

JOANNA: I guess I will go put on some lingerie and step into a different bedroom. Or something!

STOYA: I'm going to do mine at my messy desk.

JOANNA: I have a messy closet. I know closets are a rare thing in New York. But I have one, and it is a mess.

STOYA: That's perfect.

JOANNA: All right! Let's do this!

Purchase Club 42, published by Cleis Press, on Amazon, Barnes & Noble, IndieBound and wherever fine books are sold. Follow Joanna on Instagram and Twitter @JoannaAngel. Follow Stoya on Twitter @Stoya.





























THE SULLEN ART COLLECTIVE'S BUSINESS MODEL, BASED ON THE BARTER SYSTEM, HAS NOT ONLY SURVIVED BUT THRIVED. HUSTLER PROFILES THIS UNIQUE COMPANY... AND THE GORGEOUS ANGELS WHO PROMOTE THE SULLEN BRAND.

wo decades ago Jeremy Hanna and Ryan Smith worked day and night to realize their dream of running a successful clothing line. Based out of Hanna's Huntington Beach living room, the two spent every ounce of energy developing a surf and skate lifestyle brand. They felt the artistic ability Smith refined in his career as a tattoo artist and the vast social circle and networking skills of the uber-social Hanna would be enough to carry them to success, as long as they put in the time and effort.

Fortunately, it didn't work out.

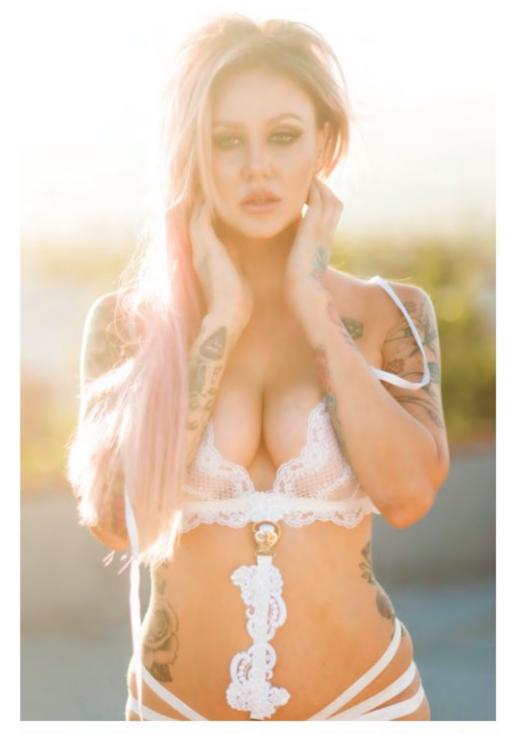
The duo quickly realized that competing with Volcom and Vans would be difficult. So they pivoted to another shared interest: tattoos. Smith intuitively understood the challenges his tattoo colleagues faced in ways that larger companies simply couldn't. For instance, finding a reliable and affordable printing company for T-shirts is a headache many tattooers want to avoid; yet they all need merchandise to promote themselves at tattoo conventions and other events. Sullen Art Collective was initially founded on the quid pro quo of tattoo artists exchanging their artwork for high-quality shirts at no cost.

"It comes down to understanding their needs and realizing that all of these guys just want to have their shirts made," Smith says. "It's a symbiotic relationship, because we get to use their artwork, and they get to have their shirts for free. That's not normally how those transactions work."

Smith's industry knowledge paid dividends. With no shortage of tattoo artists willing to trade their artwork for free shirts, Sullen has emerged
as one of the industry's biggest names. Collaborating with over 500
tattooers to sell T-shirts, hats, jackets and any other apparel or accessory that fits their skull-and-paintbrush logo (also known as the "Sullen
badge") pays the bills and then some. Money aside, though, their worldwide network of artists continually broadens the brand's influence and
reputation.

Their original circle of ten well-known Southern California tattoo artists expanded to hundreds in locales around the world. As Sullen's reach grew, both on Instagram and in real life, Smith and Hanna wanted to do more with their newfound influence. In addition to launching side projects like the SullenTV YouTube channel and a podcast series titled *Under the Skin*, the two gradually established themselves as a go-to source for anything their massive "Sullen family" needed—from providing inspiration for struggling young artists to fundraisers for those going through particularly rough patches.

"We always try to help out and do charity events whenever we can," Hanna says. "Last year we raised \$30,000 for Rick Walters [a tattoo industry icon], which was supposed to be for his doctor bills, but ended up being for his funeral bills, unfortunately. We look for opportunities to use our platform for charity and to try to raise money when people really need it. We've done the same thing for a friend of ours' kid who was dying of cancer. It's tough to have our shows and events right now, but that's definitely something that's been on my mind."





Hanna and Smith do their best to go above and beyond. They advise and inspire tattooers about everything from art direction to the logistics of opening a shop. And they create products that specifically benefit artists, without stepping on the toes of their friends and partners, who sell tattoo machines, inks and other standard tattoo supplies. Their unique niche of tattooer-based retail items began when Smith struggled to bring his tattooing equipment to work at his friends' shops in Las Vegas and Phoenix. While hardshell "gun cases" for tattoo machines have existed for decades, the lack of a single backpack, suitcase or any other tattooer-friendly travel bag seemed like a problem Sullen could solve.

"The first Blaq Paq was a big risk for us, because minimums are very high for things like backpacks, and they're very expensive to develop," Smith says. "But we like to roll the dice on things that make sense. We're not afraid to fail as long as it's something that shows that we care. We could have lost tens of thousands of dollars on the first Blaq Paqs, but it was worth the risk to us because we felt like it was showing the people that we're thinking of them. Luckily for us, it succeeded. We had no idea if a backpack specifically made for tattooers was going to sell, because it's such a niche market."

It obviously helps that the niche market of tattoo-based art and culture has grown tremendously over the last 15 years. Perhaps the clearest evidence of that growth is the rise of Sullen Angels, the official group of tattoo models who promote the brand's products on social media, at events and in advertisements and publications. When Hanna and Smith first conceptualized the Angels, it was merely seen as a catchy name to help sell more women's merchandise. After all, the closest thing to tattoo models in the early to mid 2000s was SuicideGirls, and that was a far cry from the SoCal "bro culture" roots of Sullen.

These days Sullen hosts pageants at tattoo conventions for aspiring models to become Sullen Angels, while also using the company's strong Instagram presence to promote the models into positions leading to magazine spreads and placements. Few other organizations have been as vital to the rise of tattoo models and non-artist tattoo influencers as Sullen. According to Hanna, even some of the most well-known tattoo models and porn stars, like Christy Mack, got their start in Sullen Angels competitions.

"Christy Mack came up to me one time and told me that she got her start doing a [Sullen Angels] contest in Indianapolis," Hanna says. "She ended up winning, and that inspired her to start her tattoo modeling career. When these girls win Miss Musink or one of the other big contests, we see a lot of them start getting endorsements from all these other brands that same week. The next thing you know, they're getting covers of magazines, and then they're hosting their own television show. We've watched a lot of them blow up in front of our eyes, and it all started with just wanting to be a Sullen Angel.

"I guess it's similar to the tattooers, where we get a kick out of taking this unknown tattoo artist, who's got talent but hasn't had the exposure, and putting eyes on them and watching them thrive," Hanna continues. "It's the same thing with a lot of these models. Sometimes we have contests where the girls can compete in front of a bunch of people. Or sometimes there's girls from all over the world messaging us, asking how they can model for us. You know, it starts with just posting and tagging us [on social media], but if that relationship blossoms, then we'll turn them into a Sullen Angel. You don't have to have 100,000 followers to be a Sullen Angel. We like to build them up just like we do with the tattooers."





For many up-and-coming tattoo artists and models alike, having their post shared by Sullen's Instagram page is often the first step in reaching the next level. Smith and Hanna have developed the kind of clout in the tattoo world reserved for brands like Nike, Apple or Disney within their respective industries. Limited-edition releases sell out almost instantaneously, legendary artists stop by their Seal Beach headquarters just to grab a T-shirt and a selfie, and collectors around the world own dozens—if not hundreds—of clothing items ranging from boxers to overcoats. Sullen's social media accounts, YouTube channel and podcasts have even become a news source for more casual tattoo fans.

Perhaps the most fitting sign of Sullen's fervent following, hundreds of tattooers and collectors have gotten the Sullen badge tattooed on them. While it isn't as recognizable as McDonald's golden arches or the Coca-Cola script, the design's ubiquity is a testament to the brand's impact in the tattoo world.

"When we started Sullen, we would see people getting other brands' logos tattooed on them, so for us to see people getting our logo tattooed on their face, forehead, hands or neck all over the world, it never ever gets old," Hanna says. "I've also had a number of people from Chile,

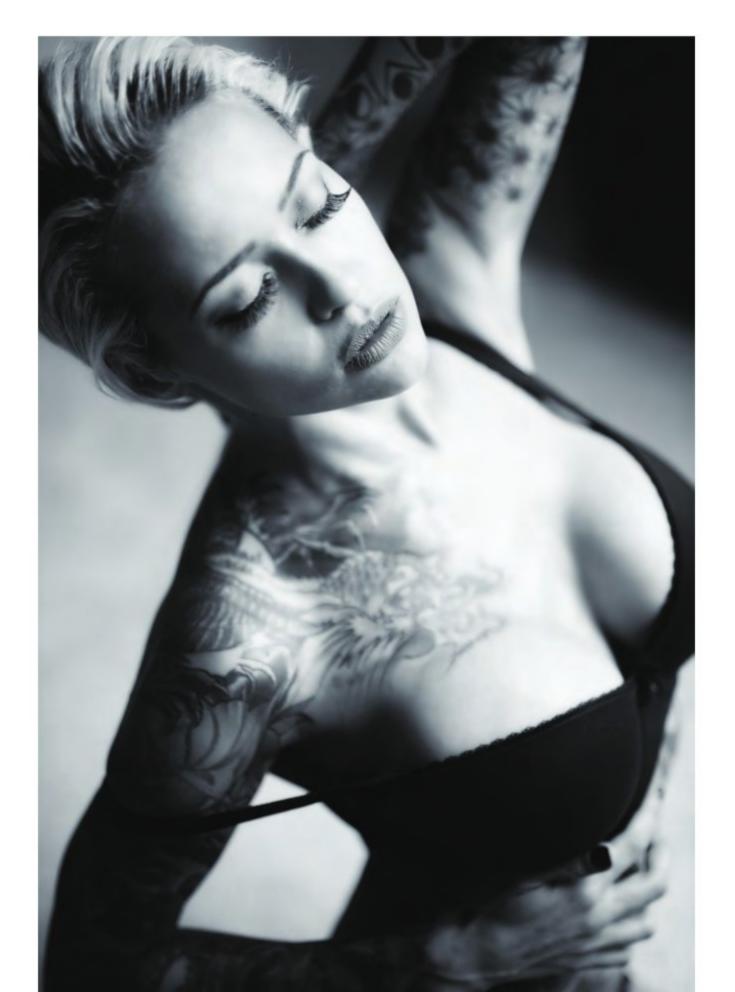
Brazil and other places tell me they've learned how to speak English from watching SullenTV, and that makes me giggle. It's awesome. I think you have a lot of other brands that struggle to get that organic growth, but the reason we've been able to do it is because people know that we're so passionate about what we do. This isn't just a job for Ryan and I—we really live it."

Of course, like any successful brand, Sullen has seen its fair share of bumps in the road. When their initial investor passed away in 2016, Smith and Hanna briefly raised some concern within the community by partnering with Affliction owner Contravisual—particularly since the brand often walks a fine balance between promoting equality and diversity in the tattoo world without losing the massive base of bro-tastic young males who've supported them since day one. Fortunately, the new ownership simply allowed Sullen to make use of the massive organization's resources and facilities without affecting its quality or messaging. The lifelong friends are also quick to admit that they've been lucky with regard to criticism both inside and outside of the community. Their detractors have remained relatively quiet, while their supporters continue to spread their name like gospel. Perhaps it's their desire to help and

include as many artists as possible—or maybe it just comes down to Smith's tattooing background—but either way, the tattoo world seems to support Sullen just as much as they support it.

"The whole DNA of Sullen came from our 'Together we rise' slogan, so from day one the focus was on being more inclusive and bringing more people in," Smith says. "We've always tried to work just as hard for the old-timer who isn't tattooing anymore or the young guy who nobody knows about as we do for the guy that's hot at that moment. We try to be equal in that pursuit of helping people to achieve their goals, regardless of what they are or whatever stage they're in. We like helping people. It gives us joy and feeds our tank to know that we can help make an artist become known or raise money for somebody who had an illness or just work with somebody who's rad. It's humbling."

"The tattoo industry is a tight-knit, exclusive group, and they don't like outsiders coming in, so I think Ryan having tattooed for 24 years now really helped us with that," Hanna adds. "I know the word gets used a lot, but a lot of our relationships were grown organically. We were going to tattoo conventions, meeting tattooers and doing shirts together. It started with 10 and then 30. which turned into 50, which turned into 100, and now it's like 500 artists. These are real relationships where we weren't just being a marketing or networking guy going out to these places, but we were actually becoming friends with these guys. We go to each other's baby showers and weddings. We hang out together and legitimately spend time together. But none of it would've happened if Ryan wasn't already a badass tattooer and an artist, able to draw, paint and do lettering with the best of them."







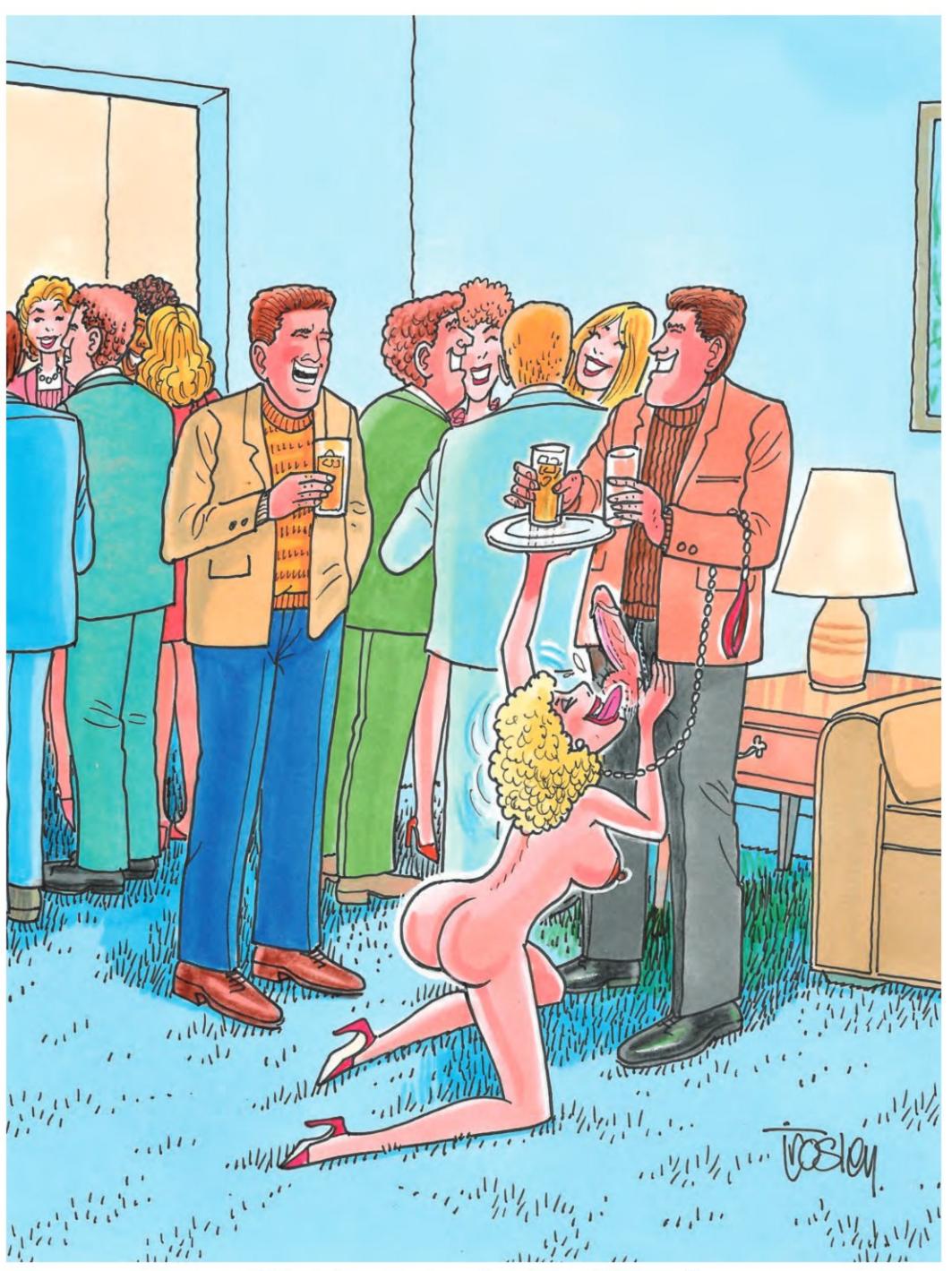












"I just love what you've done with her..."

















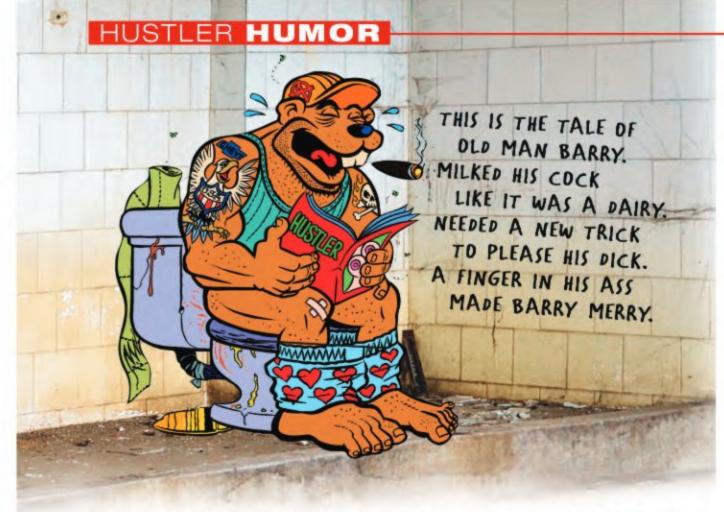
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How's this for a birds-and-bees discourse? A ten-year-old girl asked, "Mommy, how was I born?"

Her mother replied, "Once upon a time me and your daddy decided to plant a wonderful little seed. Daddy put it in the ground, and I took care of it every day. After a while the seed began to sprout more and more leaves, and in a few months it turned into a beautiful, healthy plant."

"But what does that have to do with me, Mommy?" the girl squealed.

"I'm getting there," her mother continued.

"We took the plant inside, dried the leaves, smoked them and got so high that Daddy forgot to wear a condom."

A man stood in front of a food truck and checked out the menu: "Cheeseburger—\$5. Fries—\$3. Handjob—\$10." He walked up to the window, where a stacked brunette was taking orders. "Are you the one who gives the handjobs?" he asked, handing her a \$10 bill.

"Yes, I am," the brunette owned up.

"Then wash your hands, honey!" the man exclaimed. "I want two cheeseburgers!"

Eddie was going to marry his gorgeous Italian-American girl-friend Sofia, but he wondered if her kid sister had the hots for him. Lucia was 19, just as voluptuous as Sofia and always wore miniskirts and low-cut tops without a bra. Whenever Eddie was around, she'd suddenly bend over and give him a nice view.

One day Lucia called and asked Eddie to drop by to look at the wedding invitations. His prospective sister-in-law was alone when he arrived and quickly admitted that she had desires for him that couldn't be overcome. "I'm going up to my bedroom," Lucia purred, "and

if you want one last wild fling before marrying Sofia, come up and get me."

Eddie was stunned as he watched the babe sashay up the stairs. Knowing that his car was parked nearby, he made a beeline to the front door and opened it.

Lo and behold, Sofia and a cluster of people were standing outside, all clapping! With tears in his eyes, the bride-to-be's father put down his shotgun and hugged Eddie. "We are happy that you passed our little test," he said. "We couldn't ask for a better man to marry my daughter. Welcome to our family."

And the moral of this story is: Always keep the condoms in your car.

Question: What's a horny pirate's worst nightmare?

Answer: A sunken chest and no booty.

Tired of dumb-blonde jokes, a blonde named Sally decided to dye her hair red. One day she drove out to the countryside and spotted a sheep farm. Fancying some mutton for dinner, she hopped out of her car and knocked on the door.

The farmer opened it and asked, "How can I help you, ma'am?"

Sally said, "If I can guess how many sheep you have, can I take one home with me?"

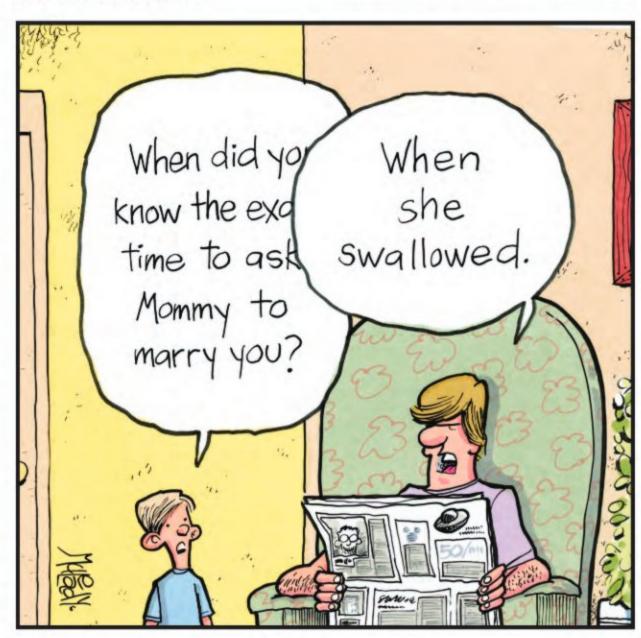
"Okay," the farmer agreed.

When Sally uttered "Two hundred and eighty-six," the farmer exclaimed, "Wow, that's amazing! Go pick one out."

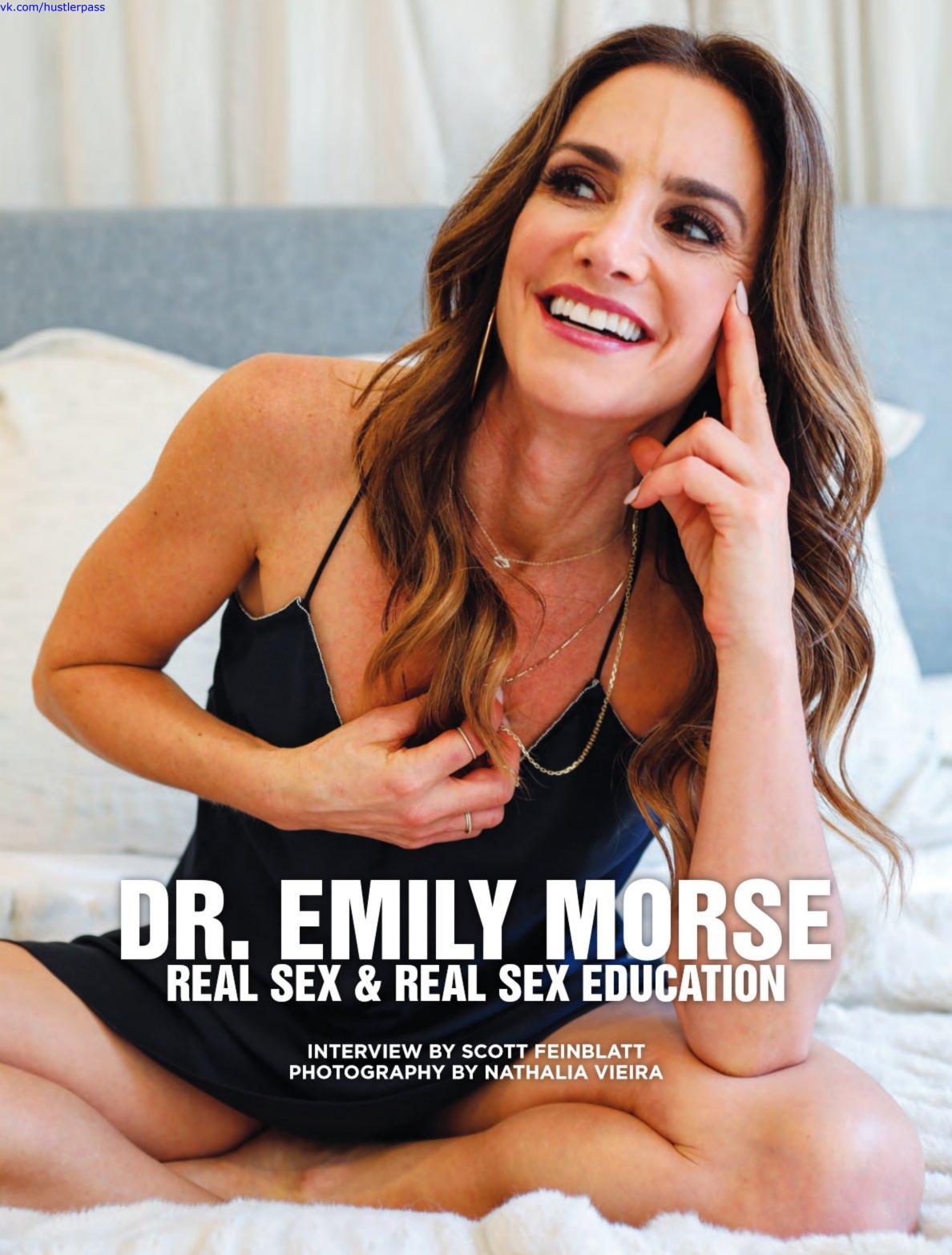
Sally grabbed an animal and loaded it into her car. Just as she started the engine, the farmer came over and peered into the driverside window. "Is there a problem?" Sally asked.

The bemused farmer looked at her and muttered, "Well, ma'am, if I can guess what color your hair was before you dyed it, can I have my dog back?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!







he world is in dire need of accessible sex education. Sure, in some schools, teachers instruct students in the fine art of slapping a condom onto a banana or scare the hell out of them with images of venereal diseases. But between that and sex in the real world, quite a few details get lost. Though most people agree that sex between a man and woman can produce a baby, beyond that lies an abundance of information requiring deft navigation. Dr. Emily Morse provides that navigation.

Morse, who has a Ph.D. in human sexuality, coauthored the book *Hot Sex: Over 200 Things You Can Try Tonight* (with Jamye Waxman), was a guest cohost on *Loveline* with Dr. Drew Pinsky for four years, and has been the host of the *Sex With Emily* podcast for the last 15. Recently she also became the first instructor of the popular online MasterClass series to teach a health and wellness program. The focus of her MasterClass is on sex and education, and objectives for students include learning effective communication between partners, how to increase your pleasure, how to get more out of your solo sex life, and exploring boundaries confidently while enhancing sexual and overall wellness.

HUSTLER recently had the opportunity to speak with Dr. Morse, who schooled us on the answers to some very tough questions. Let class begin...

HUSTLER: What can people expect from your MasterClass?

DR. EMILY MORSE: It has about six to eight lessons that are each about 10 to 12 minutes. The class runs for an hour and 45 minutes. So it's more like really great small chunks of information that you could hop on at any time. [It will remain] on their platform, and then there's workbooks accompanying the class. It's very professional, produced really well. It looks beautiful. It's accessible to all, and it's gender neutral. I don't really focus on men, women. I use "vulva owners" and "penis owners" the whole time, just so everyone feels safe and included.

One of the main focuses of the class is to address people's fears. To what extent are people afraid to ask questions and talk about sex? People are genuinely not only afraid to ask me questions, but they're afraid to talk about it. They're afraid to even have the words come out of their mouth, to a partner, to a parent. The parents don't want to talk to their kids about it. So I think there's generally a lot of fear around talking about sex. My platform Sex With Emily is a very open and nonjudgmental place where people can feel safe to have these conversations. So by the time they're brave enough to call in or send me their emails—and I get hundreds a day; our lines are full every night—they don't really have anywhere else to go. Look at our country. We are hypersexualized, but there's not a lot of accurate sex information for people. We don't have a lot of great role models of people talking about sex in a healthy way that isn't just about performative sex or porn or, you know, "I had sex last night" or, "I banged her," "She banged him." Only 17 states require sex ed to be medically accurate in the United States. Or maybe a person grew up in a religious household, where it was shamed and they were told that you have to be pure and you can't talk about sex. For many people, by the time they get to me, they've never talked about it. In fact, some people believe if they have to talk about sex with a partner, it means there's a problem and they should just break up. We have this notion that it [should] always be amazing. And that's just not the case for...anybody. It ebbs and flows like everything else in our life.

How many people are in the shadows, not wanting to ask questions or explore their own curiosities?

I'm going to say 96%. My audience is actually international, 18 to 83. It's split 50% men, 50% women. And even people who are liberated in many ways have never talked about sex. That's not even just from my audience. It's like friends of mine. Most people might feel like they're liberated, but as far as understanding their own bodies, orgasms and pleasure and their own anatomy, I would say most of us are not educated, equipped or comfortable talking about sex —and definitely not with kids. So even if someone is learning on their own, they're like, "Oh, well, we should never talk to our kids about it." So then we're creating generations of youth who are growing up in a way where they're only learning about sex from porn, which is what I think has been sort of detrimental. I'm in no way antiporn, but there's not an alternative for young people to understand that that's not actually real sex, that it's performative. There's a script, you know. That's not how real sex happens. It can be messy and it can be uncomfortable. And it can be funny. So when they're using porn as a blueprint for how sex happens, then there's a whole host of other questions. The problem is, a lot of times parents, they're just learning too, and even if they've learned, they're like, "Well, my kids don't want to talk to me about sex." So we haven't normalized it yet.

How might we go about normalizing these conversations?

I would love to look at models like in the Netherlands, which is one of the only countries, I think, that does this right. They start at a very young age talking to their kids, like five or six, about their body parts. They name the parts: "This is your clitoris, your vulva, your penis..." They talk about everything. And as they get older, they talk about consent and people touching you and how to have boundaries. Then, when kids are in like grade school, they talk about—you know, if they start to get feelings for people in the class, like, "Oh, I have a crush on Bobby," they explain what that means and that masturbation is really healthy. And when adults go out and have sex for the first time, their parents will ask, "Did you have pleasure? Was it good?" In America, our sex education is fear-based: "Don't get pregnant. Don't get an STD. Or better yet don't have sex." It's just rife with problems all around.

Given that our culture is hypersexualized, how much of a problem are these mixed messages for the average person?

It is a huge, huge problem. If you grew up in a religious household that was shaming you and you got information that wasn't scientifically accurate and it wasn't about pleasure—or maybe you were even under this purity movement: you were raised in a place where you had to be pure and you couldn't have sex—it's not even possible to relax into sex without feeling bad. Shame is the enemy of sexuality, and any philosophy or doctrine that shames our sexuality is harmful to sexual exploration. Religious people are at a heightened risk for developing sexual disorders. They fear their needs. They fear their sexual urges. So a lot of those people get to me, and then they're like, "I don't know what to do. What is normal sex?" Even people who weren't raised in a religious culture, they still have shame. Shame is one of the biggest killers of our ability to be sexually normal...our sex drive. A lot of women feel that if they express themselves sexually, they are doing something wrong. >>

Even without religious dogma, the omnipresence of sex in advertising and pop culture must create its own misconceptions about healthy sexual attitudes.

All harmful. It goes back to what I was saying earlier. If all you're seeing is hypersexualized images on billboards, in media, in magazines and on Instagram, then that's what you equate with sex. You're like, "That's sexy. So that must be sex." It all goes back to education. Women or men, all genders develop body shaming, body image issues. Self-love, self-confidence is really hard to come by because we're not giving people accurate sex education. When you don't know what it looks like to have a healthy relationship with your body...and you don't understand what it looks like to actually be sexually healthy, how can you go out and have a sexually healthy relationship?

What about the people who embrace their sexuality so fully that it becomes the basis for their self-esteem?

I would say that those people aren't necessarily sexually healthy and sexually empowered, because if you are consenting to sex and it's coming from a place

of low self-esteem or self-loathing-instead of consenting and saying, "I truly want to have a healthy sexual experience"—then I would argue that you're not empowered. I would argue that you're just looking for an ego boost or an affirmation. And that's why learning about consent and our bodies is so important, because if you are associating sex with love or with acceptance or if it feels like an expectation, then you're not really understanding the whole picture. A lot of women, when they have sex, it's more performative. I'm talking heterosexual couples, in this case, because lesbians and gay men, [as] reported in studies, have way more sexually satisfied lives. But what I'm talking about is women who have sex performatively, like, "If I do this to this guy, he's going to like me more." Then you're just overriding your own boundaries, which you never really understood in the first place. So I think anything that you use as an ego boost is problematic-[like] if you want a lot of money or you want a lot of power.

SHAME IS THE ENEMY OF SEXUALITY, AND ANY PHILOSOPHY OR DOCTRINE THAT SHAMES OUR SEXUALITY IS HARMFUL TO SEXUAL EXPLORATION.

Do you think that people who have experienced sexual trauma are drawn to rough sexual play?

I know a lot of people who are into rough sex or a kink lifestyle, and they enjoy it as part of a consensual, healthy sex life. And there are [also] people who suffer from trauma and engage in consensual and kink or rough sex because it might give them a feeling of control in a sexual scenario where they didn't feel in control before. But I actually want to destigmatize alternative lifestyles, as long as they're healthy and consensual. I hate to say everyone who is into BDSM had a fucked-up, traumatic childhood. I just don't think that's the case. Yes, like one in five women has had a rape or sexual assault, but the studies have shown that there's different types of people who are into this kind of stuff. It's like people with overactive imaginations engaging in more of this kind of play, and people who can't distinguish sociosexual orientation. These [practices] might stem from an inability to distinguish physical acts from love and other emotions; those people might engage in more rough sex. And then also people who have sensation-seeking personalities, like they might want the thrills. And people with ADD, too, like to be in rough sex...because they're not distracted and they're engaged in play that way. >>









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I feel like if it's not consensual and healthy and people use it as a way to reenact the trauma and essentially retraumatize themselves, then that could be problematic. Eventually anything unhealthy will become a problem. If your earliest form of engaging in sex is linked up to a trauma, it's going to be really hard to say, "It's gone. It's never with me." Like if you had an abusive childhood, it's always with you, but then if you are a healthy person and you're on a path of healing, you'll seek healthy modalities that will help you cope with it and have healthy sex again. But that's a journey.

On the subject of sexual healing, some people seek literally hands-on professional assistance with sexual surrogates and/or sexological bodyworkers. Is it your experience that such assistance can work? And to what extent do these legal sex work professions result in clients forming personal attachments?

I can just tell you what I know about it. I feel like that is a therapeutic modality. They're usually regulated by IPSA, which is the International Professional Sur-

> rogate Association. It's really respected. They've been training people for 45 years. And I think that people who are trained for it have to go through a rigorous training process... I don't think this is a profession for people who are confused about their own sexuality or who aren't great with boundaries. I think they have a rigorous training process and monitoring process. I haven't heard stories otherwise. Everyone I know who's involved with sexological bodywork has had great success stories, but it's not my

> field of expertise. To wrap things up, let's imagine a future where all the people in the world understand and embrace their own sexual identities and have

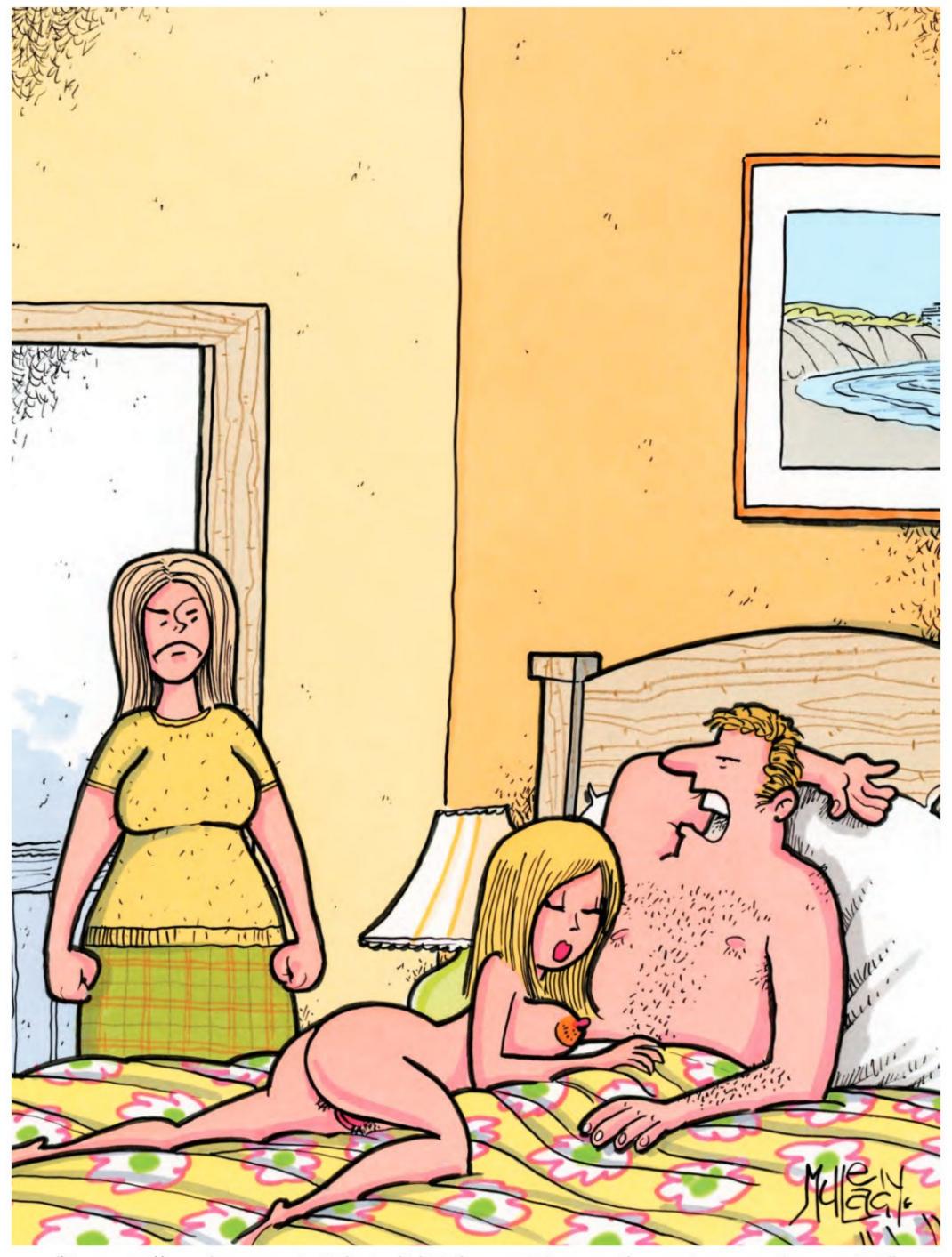
> ity. What does that world look like? I think that everyone would have healthy communication. They would have consensual, pleasurable sex. They would have a healthy relationship with their body. Everyone would really love their bodies. It would be less performative. We'd all be aware of our arousal and our desire, and we would understand about consent. We'd be experiential.

> arrived at a healthy place with their sexual-

We'd be open. We'd be nonjudgmental of ourselves and others. We wouldn't judge people for their sex acts. I think if we were all sexually liberated, there'd be a lot more prioritizing pleasure. There would be a lot healthier relationships.

There would be no war in the world?

I think so. If you look at war in the Middle East, for example, aren't people told, "When I die, I can have sex with virgins. In this life, I can't"? So they are completely repressed sexually. And as a result of that, look what happens. I'm not saying all wars, but a lot of wars you can trace back to sexual repression, control over women's bodies, egos, the patriarchy. So, yeah, if we were truly living authentic, pleasurable, healthy sex lives, where we're communicating healthily, how could you want war? I think we look at sex as like the outlier. Like "I've got a good job and a good relationship; now maybe I'll work on sex." But if we started with sex from a young age, and we knew what it meant to be healthy and to have agency over our bodies and all that stuff, I don't think the other would happen. I hope.



"I can tell you're upset. What did I do now? Leave the water running again?"











SQUIRTING HOUSEWIVES

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STAR-RING: KEIRA CROFT, KIARRA KAI, EMBER SNOW, ADIRA ALLURE, ALEX MACK, SAM SHOCK, TOMMY GUNN & MARCUS LONDON.

The couple that sprays together stays together? That seems to be the underlying theme of *Squirt*-

ing Housewives, which showcases a succession of marriages bound together by the geysers gushing from between wifey's legs. There's been a lot of debate about the nature of squirting in porn. Is it female ejaculate? Piss? Whatever it is, Squirting Housewives has bucketloads of it. Kiarra Kai, a slender but shapely, puffy-nippled wonder, returns home from an arduous day of spending hubby's money at the mall. Her man's annoyed at the dent she's made in his wallet. Their argument over her shopping spree suggests a tense, love-deficient union, but that all ends up to be water under the bridge-or at least fluid spewing from Kiarra's pussy-as her man digs a finger into Kai's twat and jabs away until her snatch does an impressive impression of the Bellagio fountains. Elsewhere, Filipina sexpot Ember Snow goes into Old Faithful mode while humping her hubby, gushing away until her ass is resting in a puddle of her own juices. Frustrated blond housewife Adira Allure unsuccessfully attempts to grab her husband's attention by preparing his breakfast in an apron and lingerie. In a last-ditch effort, she lifts a leg and unloads her crotch spray all over him and the kitchen table. Then they're off to the bedroom, where she practically drowns him in her vaginal downpour. Squirting Housewives is a delightfully splashy effort. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651. -Pico D. Ribibi

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

















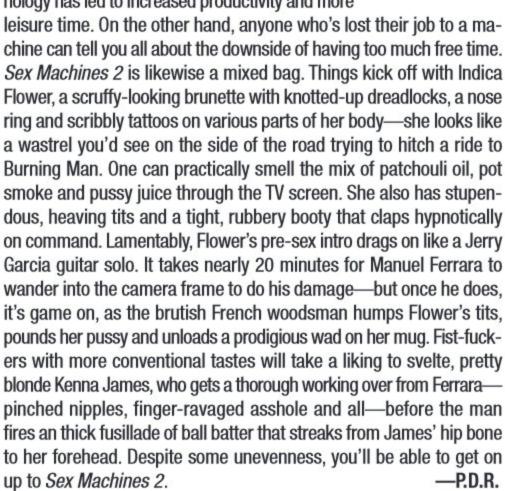


HARDCORE SHOWCASE

SEX MACHINES 2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FER-RARA. STARRING: INDICA FLOWER, KENNA JAMES, KIT MERCER, KHLOE KAPRI & MANUEL FERRARA.

Mechanization has been a double-edged sword for our society. On the one hand, advanced technology has led to increased productivity and more













TEEN CREAMPIES VOL. 2

HARDX. DIRECTOR: MASON. STARRING: NATALIE KNIGHT, MISTY QUINN, JESSIE SAINT, ELLIE EILISH, MICHAEL STEFANO, OLIVER FLYNN & MICK BLUE.

If goopy dollops of nut nectar were the only things dribbling from chicks' orifices in *Teen Cream-*

pies Vol. 2, this would be a more-than-solid spank flick. As it is, before viewers are treated to spunk-injected snatches squeezing out their blobby cargo, they're subjected to lengthy passages of pre-scene blather that will have them reaching for the fast-forward button instead of their cocks. Florida brunette Misty Quinn spends precious time holding forth on a number of topics, such as how her oversize ass was built on pastries. Unless you're the type of guy who sprouts wood while walking past your neighborhood bakery, who cares? Luckily, after Quinn pairs up with Michael Stefano, things get as real and raw as a hobo knife fight-Stefano mounts Quinn's Kardashianproportioned haunches and hammers away. After going on about her upbringing in small-town West Virginia, tight-bodied gamine Ellie Eilish gets put through her paces with what's purported to be her first creampie, on-screen anyway. Before dribbling Stefano's load from between her cunt flaps, Eilish serves up an impressively athletic scene. She gives Stefano's angry purple prick a footjob with the dexterity of a trained chimp and yips and yaps her way through a variety of intriguing positions, including what one might call a sideways cowgirl. With her neon-rainbow getup and compact frame, Jessie Saint looks like a possessed sock puppet, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she gets humped into next Wednesday. It's just a shame that viewers have to wade through Saint's pre-fuck gabfest first. Teen Creampies 2 would have been tastier with less yapping and more tapping. —P.D.R.



HARDCORE SHOWCASE























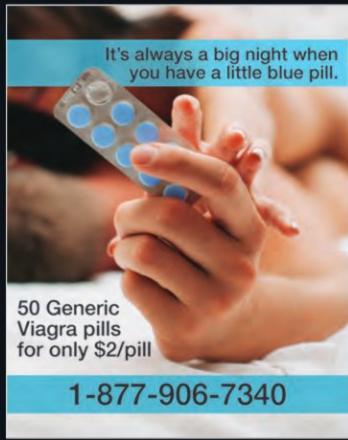




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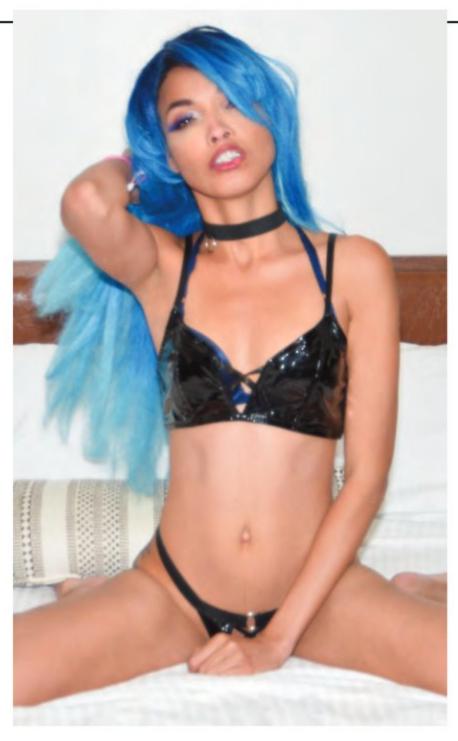
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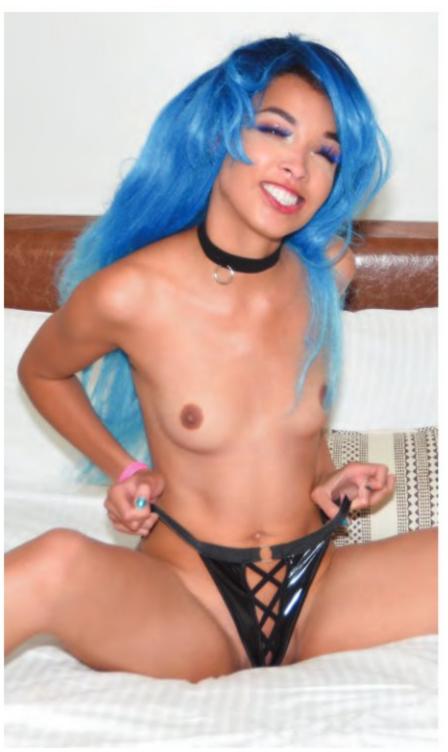


HEATHER

Getting the ball rolling in our amateur revue is "super-laid-back" Heather, 28, from Cleve-land, Ohio. "Nude modeling was an intriguing opportunity," the 5-foot-7 skin-mag rookie relates, "and I decided why not? Women's bodies are beautiful and should be seen in all their glory." Heather's pre-pandemic hobbies included "bowling and hanging with my friends," but the big country music fan is coping with reality. "I'm reading lots of comic books and trying to do more crafts," Heather explains. "My favorite TV show is *Prison Break*, but I never thought I'd feel like a prisoner myself. I don't really have a sex life right now. I can't wait to be adventurous, crazy, playful and bi again. Girls are always fun, and I love deepthroating a dude and being banged in every position." —*Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio*









TOKI MARIE

"I've always found it extremely exciting to show off my body and sexy spirit on a large scale," declares Toki Marie, 24, from Las Vegas, Nevada. "Thank you, HUSTLER, for this opportunity. I love your magazine." An ideal dreamgirl, the 5-foot-9 modeling buff describes herself as "sensual, seductive, sweet, attentive and single like a Pringle." Toki Marie, who's been known to streak in broad daylight, is also the perfect couch potato. "I'm always naked when I watch TV," she reveals. The hottie's other hobbies are dancing, singing, swimming, jogging and body painting. As for her primal urges, Toki Marie quips, "I'm playful in the street and the sheets. Whether I'm dominant or submissive, I enjoy teasing, giving surprise pleasures and-since I have a wonderful arch when I bend my backbeing taken from behind." Like everyone else, Toki Marie has been impacted by the pandemic. "I'm not as active sexually as I'd enjoy," she admits, "but I've found ways to have my fun and be safe. One new kink for the bedroom is dressing myself up in costumes with someone I trust and watching him or her masturbate. Of course, I love touching my kitty, so we can come together while social distancing." -Photos by Paradise Producer





vk.com/hu







ALEXIS SKYY

"I love my body and am very comfortable with being nude," says Alexis Skyy, 32, a cam model from Youngstown, Ohio. "I dreamed of seeing myself in your magazine since I was 19. I work hard to accomplish my goals, but I'm also a sweet, sassy and down-to-earth gal who loves to make others smile." The 5-foot-4 songwriting aficionada works hard in the sexual arena too. "I've been told that I provide excellent oral satisfaction," Alexis avows, "building up my partner's hormones and making him beg to start intercourse. That's always awesome. My boyfriend is amazed by how tight and beautiful my beaver is, and my backdoor is even tighter. Most of the time I like to be on top, but if I need a little 'bad girl' punishment, going head-deep into a pillow doggy-style helps me to obey orders." Alexis adds, "I have a wild side. Before the pandemic I had dinner with my boyfriend. I was so horny that I had him get under the table, pull my panties to the side and lick my pussy and finger my asshole until I squirted all over his face. When the waiter asked if we wanted dessert, I burst out laughing and told him that my man just had my juicy pussy for dessert."

—Photos by Fantastic Images



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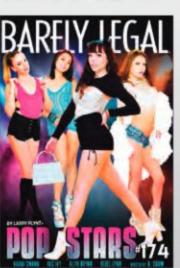




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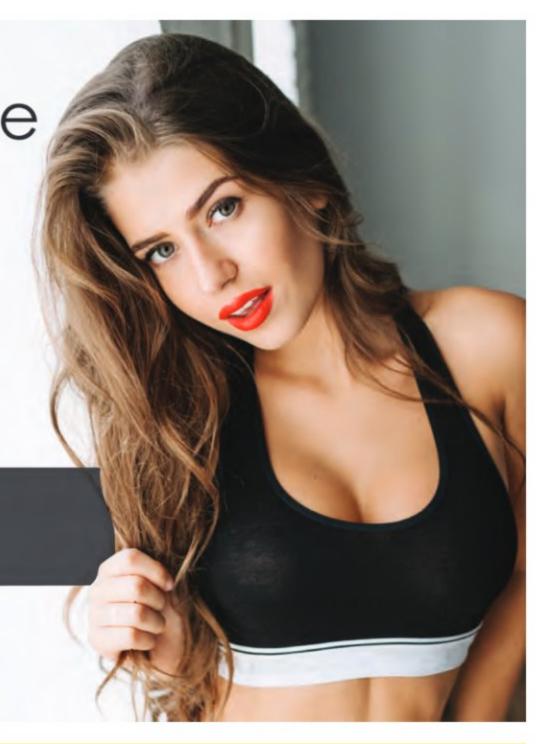


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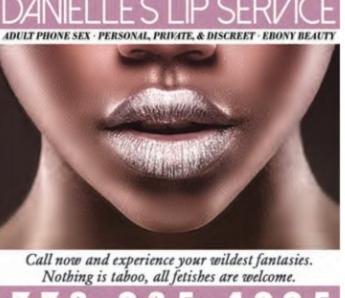












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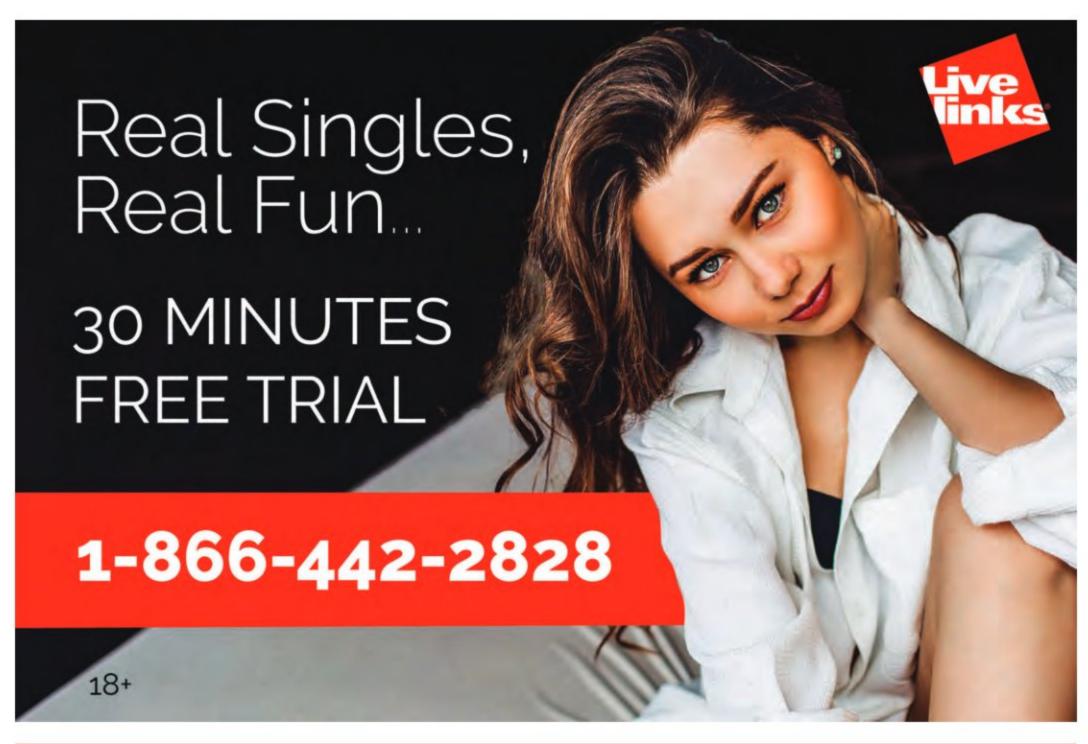
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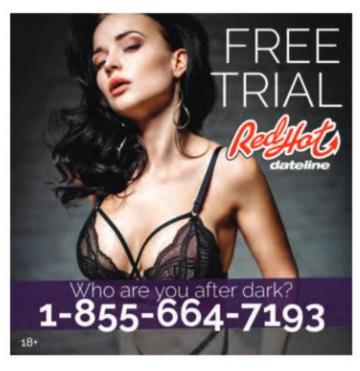






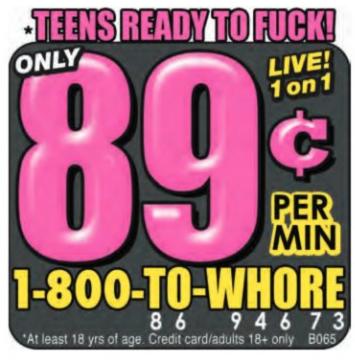


















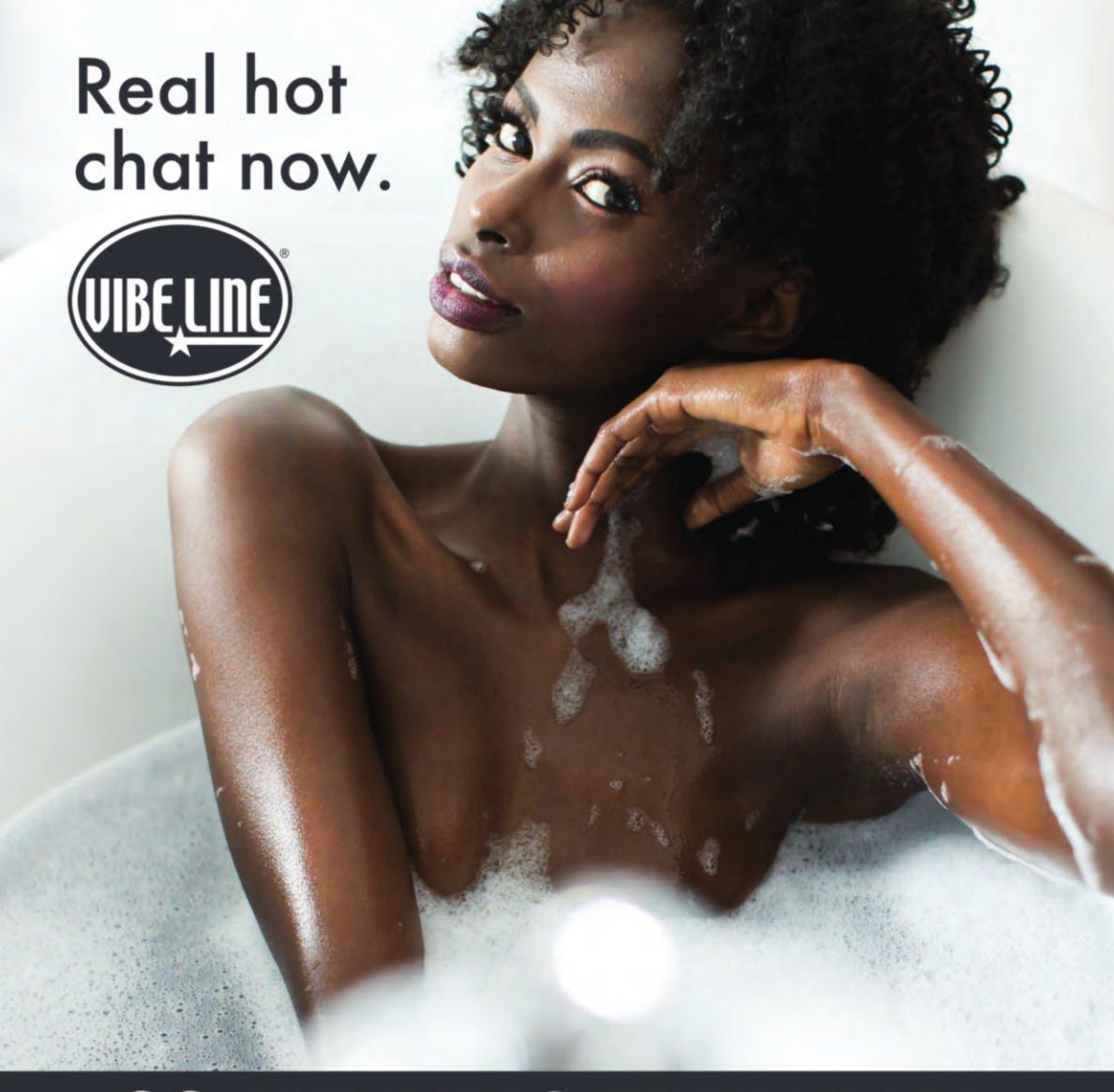












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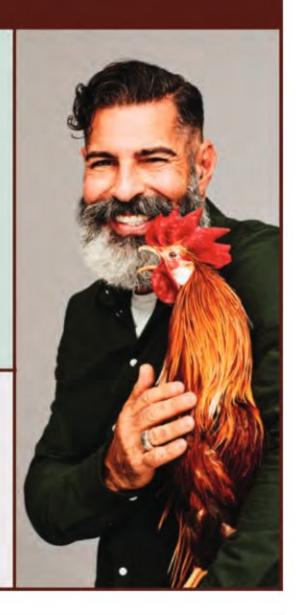
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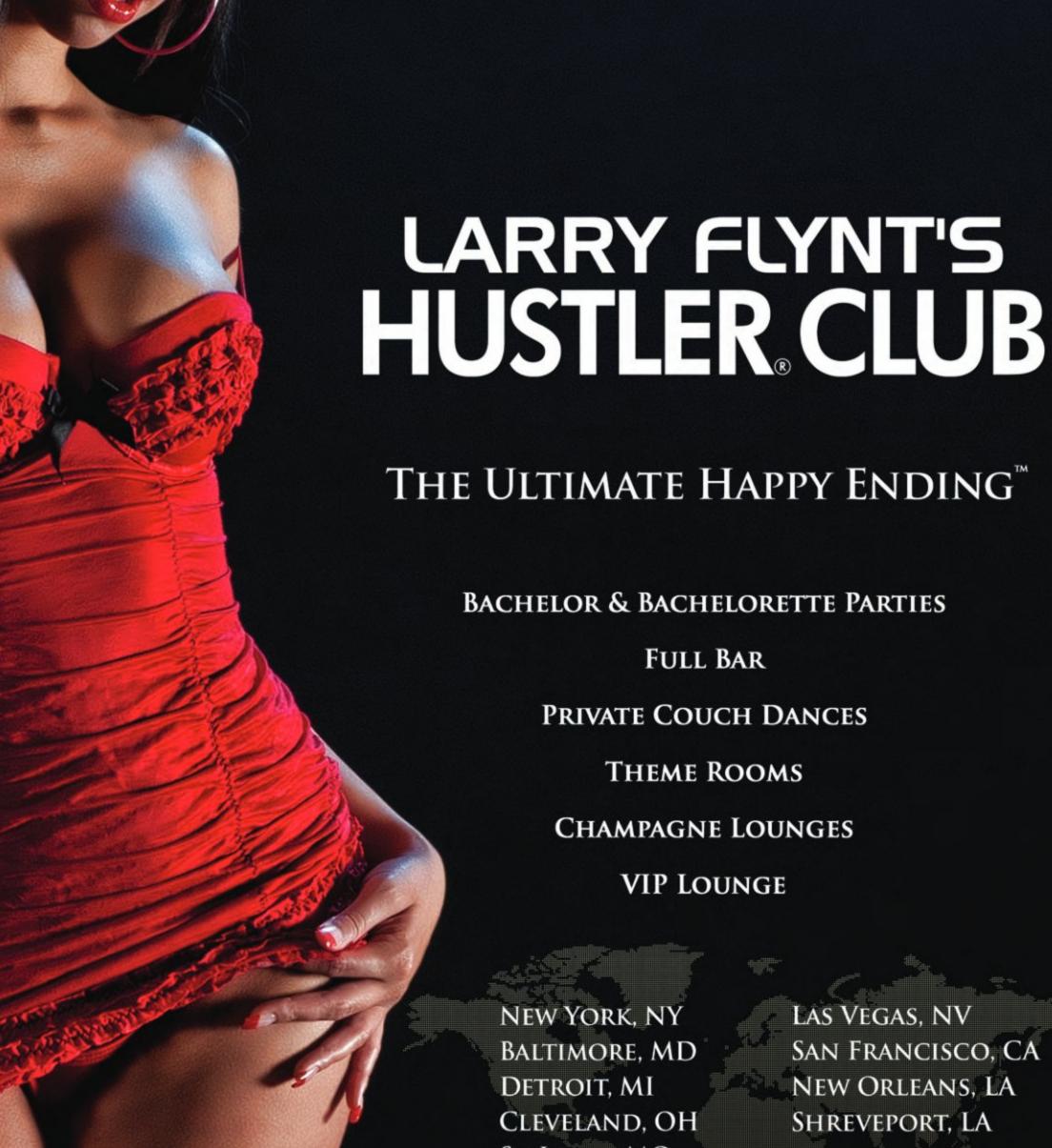






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GEORGE WALLACE

This comedic giant has performed over 100,000 standup shows! He's gone onstage in Vegas more often than any other African-American performer, ever. T.S. Farley joins Wallace to discuss his comedic formula, the new Sanford and Son and whether or not he really sired Seinfeld's kids.

DR. MICHAEL ERIC **DYSON**

He is one of America's most prominent and prolific authors and authorities on race. In this candid conversation Dyson talks BLM, excessive use of force by the police and what is arguably the biggest mass uprising in U.S. history. Interview by Ed Rampell.





BARELY LEGAL 182: ALL BY MYSELF

We are all fucking stuck in lockdown today, so let's vicariously enjoy fucking in lockdown. Young starlets Freya Parker, Alina Ali, Michelle Anthony and Mila Monet show us how it's done. Extraordinary rimming, ramming and reaming. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.



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