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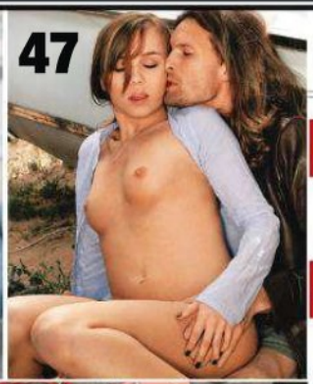
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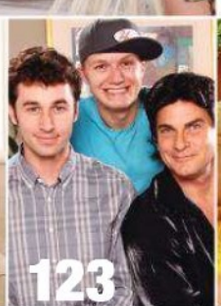














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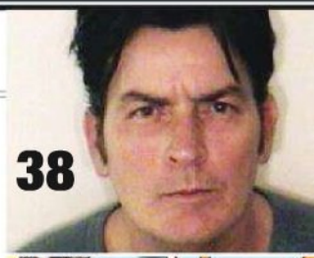
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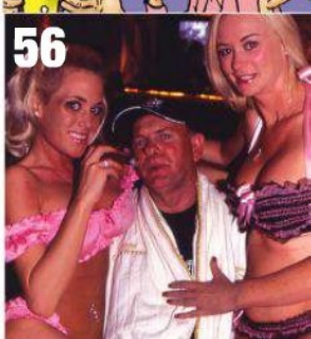
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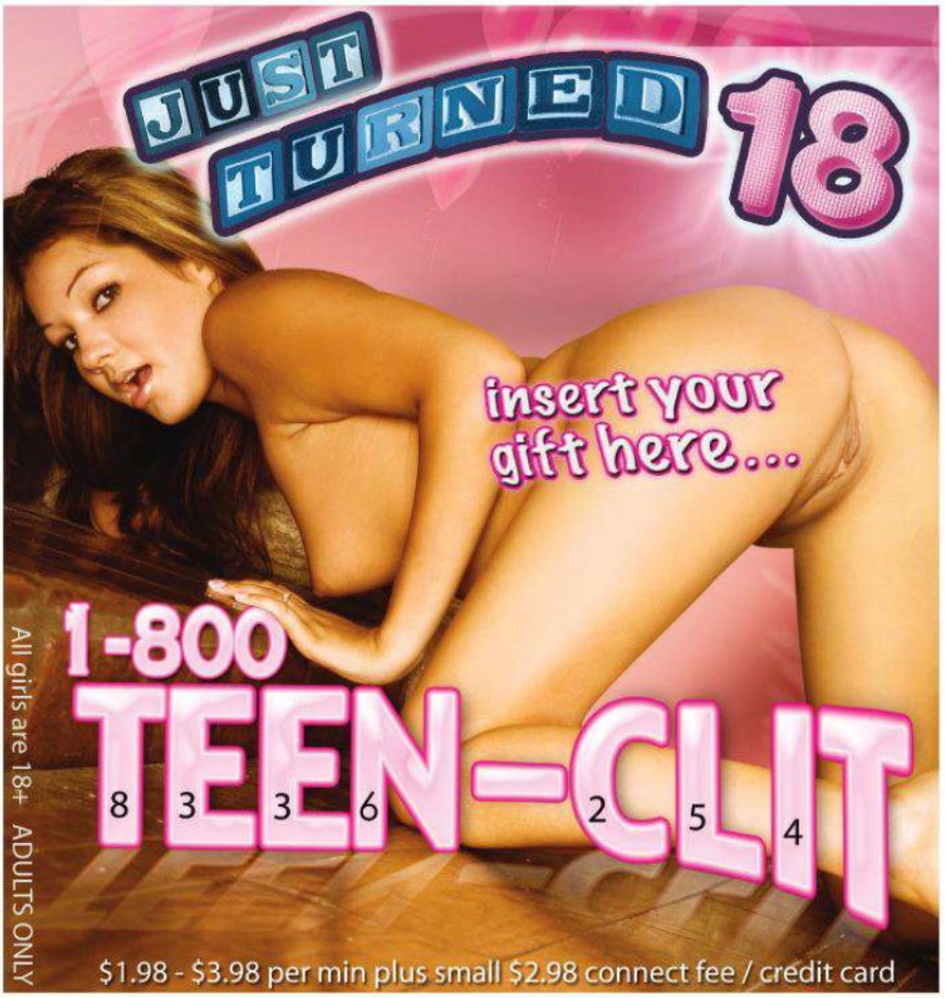
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A WARNING FOR BARACK OBAMA

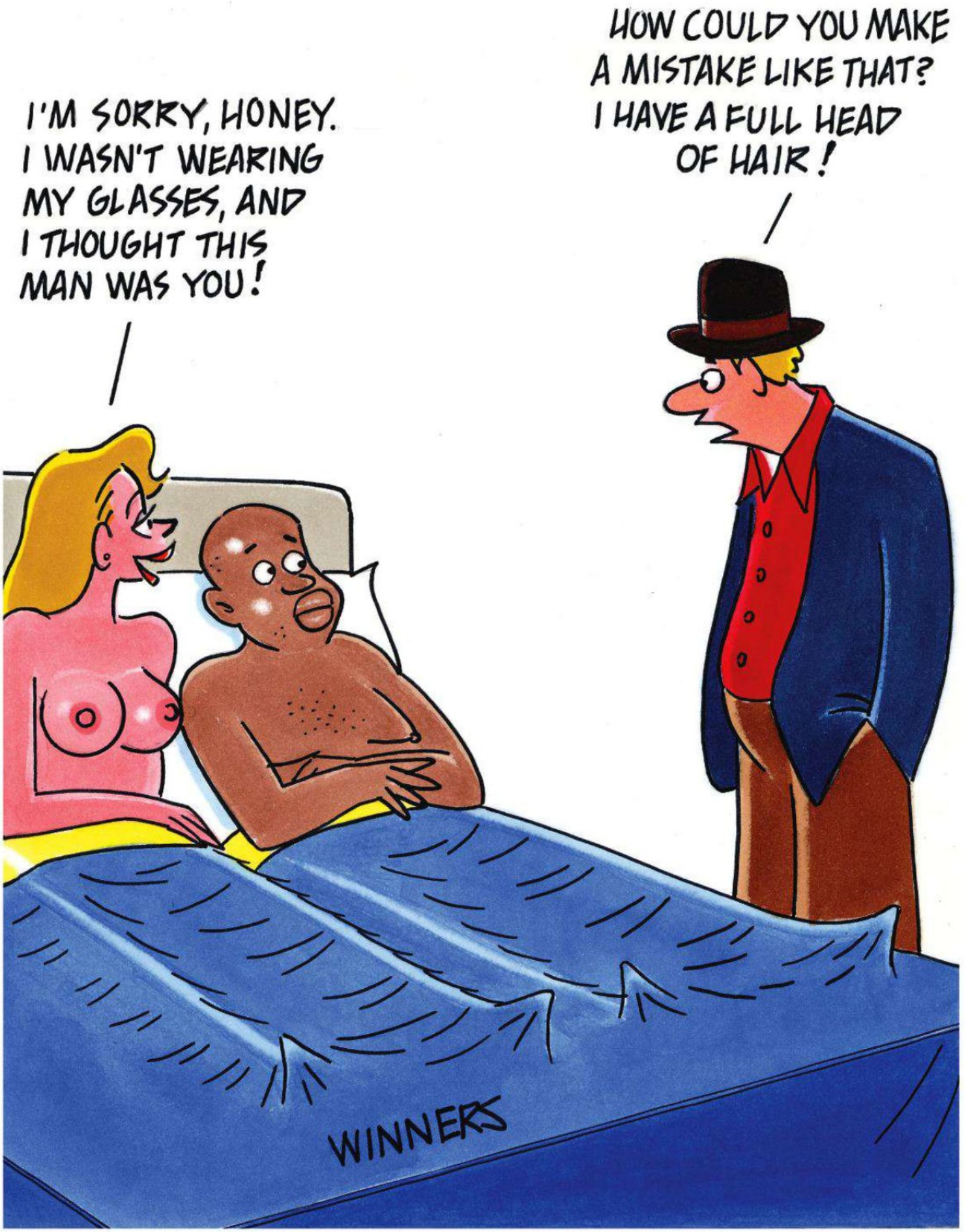
You are in danger of becoming a one-term President! Your attempt to reach across the aisle these past two years—in the face of ongoing contempt and ridicule from the Republican Party—has made you seem weak and foolish. It cost you a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives this past November, and it will cost you far more in 2012 if you persist in trying to meet the opposition party halfway.

It's true that you have been weakened politically, but you still have the veto. Use it to stand your ground. No compromise. You have compromised away far too much already.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

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I'M SORRY, HONEY. I WASN'T WEARING MY GLASSES, AND I THOUGHT THIS MAN WAS YOU!
HOW COULD YOU MAKE A MISTAKE LIKE THAT? I HAVE A FULL HEAD OF HAIR!
WINNERS

SPIN CITY



The **Crosley Revolution Portable Turntable** is tailor-made for those on the go. The manufacturer's first battery-operated turntable, this lightweight unit lets you hear your records through the **Revolution**'s headphone jack or built-in full-range speaker, or you can pair it with any FM radio for clear, wireless sound. Also, thanks to an easy-to-use USB cord, you can effortlessly transfer your analog vinyl tunes to digital MP3s. The two-speed turntable (33 1/3 and 45 RPM), which runs on six AA batteries, is perfect for taking along to vinyl record shows or just pillaging your best friend's vinyl collection.

Available at ***CrosleyRadio.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.95.

GEEK OUT!

Pizza...the final frontier. These are the voyages of the ultimate, supercool kitchen accessory. ThinkGeek's **Star Trek Enterprise Pizza Cutter** is a fully functional gadget shaped like the starship from the classic TV show. Constructed from sturdy metal with a four-inch diameter zinc-alloy chromium blade, the licensed collectible is 8.5 inches long and weighs just 9.75 ounces. You can use the **Star Trek Enterprise** to slice up your pizza or simply put it on a shelf next to your collection of man dolls. Sorry, we mean action figures!



Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $24.99 (pizza not included).

GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME

There are gaming headsets, and then there's the **Psyko 5.1 PC Gaming Headset**. The ultimate accessory, this breakthrough set creates a fully immersive 3D sound experience the same way a home studio system does by strategically placing its subwoofer and five high-fidelity speakers in various locations around the headset, not just in the ear cups. This results in highly dynamic audio completely free of compression brought on by digital signal processing (DSP). Plus these headsets look cool! Get in the game: Get **Psyko**!



Available at ***PsykoAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

THIS ROCK ROCKS!



At first glance you see a plain chunk of stone, but looks can be deceiving: This rock is actually a powerful wireless speaker ready to get your backyard barbecue rockin'. Creative's **Sound Blaster Wireless Rock Speaker** is the perfect way to unleash your music without the trouble of wires or having to drag a boom box outside. All you have to do is plug the **Sound Blaster**'s wireless transmitter (sold separately) into your computer's USB slot, turn on iTunes (or any other music site), and the party is on! The high-quality stereo speaker is encased in a granitelike exterior, so it will spruce up your landscape. Plus it's designed to withstand moderate weather conditions. The rock is powered by a removable rechargeable battery that delivers up to six hours of nonstop playback. The best part is we're giving one away! See details below.

Available at ***UScreative.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99 (plus $99.99 for USB transmitter).

TIME TO ROCK! WIN A CREATIVE SOUND BLASTER WIRELESS ROCK SPEAKER!

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

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

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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 _____

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT





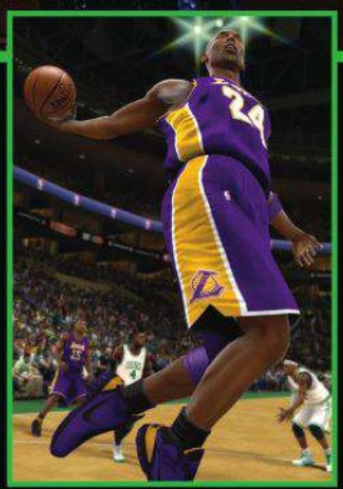
WICKED WEBSLINGING

Spider-Man: Shattered Dimensions

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360, DS, Wii, PC

Four different Spider-Mans, one kickass game! The new ***Spider-Man: Shattered Dimensions*** pulls from all of the legendary web-slinger's lore, allowing you to play as one of the quartet of separate Spider-Mans (Amazing, Noir, Ultimate and Futuristic). Each is armed with a distinct set of skills and strengths. Battle classic foes like Doctor Octopus and The Goblin in exciting new locations. This game is a fast-paced thrill ride.



HOOP IT UP

NBA 2K11

2K Sports

Xbox 360, Wii, PC, PSP, PS2, PS3

The folks at 2K Sports have really stepped up their game in the latest installment of this popular basketball series. Not only is the action faster and the graphics more realistic, but also the roster of legendary players has been expanded in ***NBA 2K11***. Kobe, LeBron and Garnett are all here, as well as the greatest NBA baller ever—the Chicago Bulls' Michael Jordan!



PAINT IT BLACK

Greg Hastings Paintball 2

Majesco

PS3, Wii, Xbox 360

Paintball is one of the fastest-growing sports in America. Nothing beats the thrill of hunting down the opposing team. If you're looking for that same adrenaline-pumping experience without having to leave your couch, then this game is for you! Created by one of the founding fathers of the sport, ***Greg Hastings Paintball 2*** has the look and feel of the real deal thanks to 62 unique paintball playing fields and a cache of customizable weapons. It's splat-tastic!



SLICE & DICE

Swords

Majesco

Wii

Designed exclusively for the Wii, ***Swords*** is an epic fighting game that pits you against history's best swordsmen. Utilizing the Wii remote for free-form range of motion, you'll train with a master and work your way up through a series of blood-soaked duels, all leading up to the ultimate test of your sword-wielding prowess—the Final Showdown. Will you be victorious or will you get handed your decapitated head? Remember, he who lives by the sword dies by the sword. Don't die.

PEACE PRESIDENT? NOT YET!

BARACK OBAMA'S AFGHAN WAR POLICY IS A FAR CRY FROM HIS CAMPAIGN PROMISES.

Barack Obama should give back his Nobel Peace Prize. It's the least he can do, given his commitment to the endless war in Afghanistan. He received the honor simply because during his Presidential campaign he talked such a good game about opposing George W. Bush's needless wars, but his practice since taking office has continuously mocked his promise to be a peace President.

If that were not the case, U.S. troops would be coming home from Afghanistan this July, as the President promised when he initiated his 30,000-troop surge in December 2009. At that time he pledged that the United States would "begin the transfer of our forces out of Afghanistan in July of 2011." What a liar!

Obama has followed the failed Bush strategy that he once derided of waging a conventional and very costly military campaign against a local insurrection that no longer has any significant connection to international terrorism.

Instead of honoring that commitment, Obama has consistently ratcheted up the U.S. presence. In November 2010—at a historic NATO meeting that he attended along with our totally corrupt Afghan puppet, Hamid Karzai—the withdrawal date was abruptly changed. It was announced that there would be a *partial* phasing out of U.S. and other foreign troops by the end of 2014. But even that timeframe for initiating a withdrawal was made a cruel joke from the moment of its announcement when, as the *New York Times* reported, U.S. and other NATO leaders "acknowledged that allied forces would remain in Afghanistan, at least in a support role, well beyond that date."

In other words, they have made a commitment without end to dominate a country that has as its only significant historic achievement a totally successful record of refusing to submit to any foreign domination. We Americans should know that well, since our government supported Afghanistan's successful Islamic revolt against the Soviet-backed secular government in Kabul.

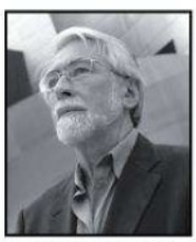
The victory of the Muslim fundamentalists we financed resulted in the seizure of power by the Taliban, a local Afghan phenomenon, which is now our sworn enemy. Those same homegrown religious fanatics then teamed up with their fundamentalist cousins from the Arab world—whom the CIA had recruited to go to Afghanistan to fight the Russian invaders—and formed the core of the al-Qaeda movement that attacked us on 9/11. The irony is that the Taliban has become the central preoccupation of American policy while the al-Qaeda terrorists, their leader Osama bin Laden included, have moved their bases of operation to other countries.

The absurdity of this entire sick adventure in imperial nation-building is that both Presidents Bush and Obama have used the presence of those al-Qaeda terrorists we recruited to go to Afghanistan in the first place as an excuse for entering into a local quagmire of civil war based on incredibly complex religious and ethnic battles that have nothing to do with our national security. Even the Obama Administration's top security experts have conceded that there are fewer than 100 al-Qaeda members in Afghanistan and that they are incapable of presenting any sort of threat to us. What remains of al-Qaeda functions far more effectively out of cells in Pakistan, Germany, England and the Arab world.

Instead of pursuing the solid police work necessary to combating terrorists in their hiding places throughout the world, Obama has followed the failed Bush strategy that he once derided of waging a conventional and very costly military campaign against a local insurrection that no longer has any significant connection to international terrorism. Rather than paying a lot of smart detectives to run around the world ferreting out what Bush used to call the "evildoers," the United States is spending $1.1 million per soldier per year stationed in the muck of Afghanistan—using sophisticated and very expensive weaponry—to fight a shadow insurgent army hiding among a local populace increasingly alienated from the foreigners who bomb them.

The cost of continuing the Afghan War until 2014 is $476.5 billion, as authoritatively estimated by Anthony Cordesman of the Center for Strategic and International Studies. How can such an expense be justified at a time when we are struggling to bring down the national debt, run up by the trillions of dollars already spent on the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, as well as a bloated budget for the weapons industry that maintains Cold War spending levels despite the end of that ideological confrontation two decades ago?

Our government's war policy is a hoax in which defense contractors profit mightily, politicians get to grandstand as superpatriots, and the carnage affecting the lives of Afghan civilians and U.S. and foreign soldiers goes largely unnoticed. Without a military draft, most Americans can go about their lives without noticing the blood cost of the war, and the dollar costs are ignored by politicians of both parties who posture as protectors of our security while they pocket campaign contributions from the "military-industrial complex" the great general-turned-President Dwight D. Eisenhower warned us about. Now *there's* a U.S. President who deserved a Nobel Peace Prize—but didn't get one.



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

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THANKS FOR YOUR CALL, BOB... YOU'VE REACHED YOUR WIFE. TO FIND OUT WHAT'S FOR DINNER, PRESS ONE. TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF MOOD I'M IN, PRESS TWO. TO BEG FOR SOME PUSSY TONIGHT, PRESS THREE.
Trosley.

GEORGE W. BUSH NOW ADMITS A WAR CRIME?

BUT DON'T EXPECT TO SEE THE EX-PRESIDENT OR ANY OF HIS BRUTAL INQUISITORS PUT ON TRIAL

All forms of media were awash in charges and rebuttals before and after the 2010 midterm elections, but one issue was wholly missing: U.S. torture. That, as President Barack Obama insists, is in the past, and we must look forward. Nevertheless, torture has again reared up in the news, here and abroad.

In his predecessor's new memoir, *Decision Points*, George W. Bush reveals that when the CIA in 2003 asked him if it was all right to start waterboarding Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, the self-admitted master planner of 9/11, Bush replied, "Damn right." And the ex-President says he would make the same decision now to save lives.

However, in covering this admission by Bush, a *Washington Post* report stated, "President Obama and Attorney General Eric H. Holder Jr. have both said waterboarding is an act of torture proscribed by international law."

[Every nation signing this Convention Against Torture must prosecute anyone, including its officials, involved in "complicity or participation in torture."]

The precise international law is the Convention Against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman or Degrading Treatment or Punishment, which the United States ratified in 1994. It requires that "no exceptional circumstances whatsoever, whether a state of war or a threat of war…or any other public emergency, may be invoked as a justification of torture."

And every nation signing this Convention Against Torture must prosecute anyone, including its officials, involved in "complicity or participation in torture." Nonetheless, Tom Malinowski of Human Rights Watch—an organization long actively investigating U.S. torture—said of the Bush memoir disclosure: "The fact that none of us expect any serious consequences from this admission is what is most interesting."

Even more interesting is this Agence France-Presse report from Geneva, Switzerland: "U.S. still investigating waterboarding torture." Harold Koh, legal adviser to the U.S. State Department, is quoted in the dispatch as saying that this form of very coercive interrogation, clearly outlawed as torture, is being investigated to see if those who ordered such a practice could be prosecuted.

Well, we now unquestionably know one person who ordered torture: our commander in chief in 2003 and during the rest of his Presidency. But in his new book, without regretting for an instant his waterboarding decision, Bush repeats what he said a week before leaving the White House: "I firmly reject the word *torture*."

Would this rejection of the word be a defense if, however unlikely, Bush were to be prosecuted? It is already part of a persistent defense against punishing any American who actually did the torturing in a secret CIA "black site"—or anywhere—and those who authorized it. The claim is that practitioners of "enhanced interrogation techniques" were acting with clear legal approval of the Justice Department during those years, particularly in the notorious, world-famous "Torture Memos" from John Yoo, then part of the department's Office of Legal Counsel.

This unyielding opposition to prosecuting Americans for waterboarding—or any form of torture that violates Common Article 3 of the Geneva Conventions (which we signed) and our War Crimes Act of 1996—continues to be made by the CIA, former Vice President Dick Cheney ("I was a big supporter of waterboarding"), certain members of Congress of both parties and, at times, current Attorney General Eric Holder.

But the Convention Against Torture unmistakably states: "An order from a superior officer or a public authority may not be invoked as a justification of torture."

Backed by the Department of Justice, John Yoo was a public authority—as was the then-President of the United States.

On February 12, 2009, a *USA Today* Gallup poll showed that punishing torture was a lively issue in this nation. That same day the Center for Constitutional Rights (**CCRJustice.org**) announced: "Two-thirds of Americans say they want investigations into the role of Bush Administration officials in torture and warrantless wiretapping, and 40% want to see prosecutions."

However, disappearing jobs, merciless foreclosures and other turbulences—very much including Obama's frightening health-care rationing—have removed torture from public consciousness.

Also, on his second day in office, President Obama banned torture—or so it was reported. He added that the previous actual torturers would not be prosecuted because they had acted under legal justification while defending this country. And Obama has shown no interest whatever in prosecuting those officials, all the way up, who authorized torture.

So at least we don't torture anymore? Don't be too sure. Reports from the BBC and other news sources have disclosed that at the U.S. Bagram Airbase prison in Afghanistan, in a secret "Black Hole" (as the inmates call it), prisoners are being abused by "enhanced interrogations" cited in the international covenant against torture.

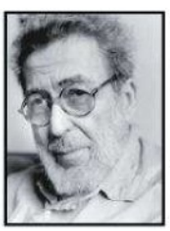
The U.S. military denies the existence of such a contemporary black site, but can we believe the Obama Administration any more than the CIA denials of torture in its secret prisons under President Bush? The ACLU has been trying to pierce that darkness, but on October 26, 2010, Federal District Judge Barbara Jones summarily rejected an ACLU lawsuit calling for access to factual information in the aforementioned "Black Hole."

The Obama Administration, the judge ruled, is entitled to keep that information secret from we the people—and the rest of the world. (See "What Are They Hiding? Obama Administration Defending Black Site Prison at Bagram Airbase" at **PubRecord.org/world**.)

Has President Obama, like his predecessor, violated the Convention Against Torture? How many American voters will be asking that question in 2012? Will you? Prisoners interviewed by the BBC at Bagram said a light was on all the time in their tiny concrete cells. Meanwhile, we here remain in darkness about America's distant prison, where Obama says the inmates have no rights at all.

When will we have a President whose word we can trust?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



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"Not tonight, baby. You're gonna have a headache."

IT'S FUCKIN' SERIOUS, EVERYBODY

...BUT I DON'T WANT TO PANIC YOU.

Here's something you'll never see: Keith Olbermann, the liberal darling on MSNBC, saying, "Listen, there's no news to panic you with tonight, so for the next full hour we're going to run Three Stooges shorts." Olbermann won't say that because he has to find 60 fear-stoked minutes to fill the air with; otherwise he won't get viewers, MSNBC won't make money, and then Keith won't have a job. He has to raise your blood pressure and be a merchant of paranoia for the full hour.

Olbermann isn't the only one. This peddling of fear is a common denominator of almost all the radio and TV talk shows and even news programs. All of them want to get you into a lather, hoping you won't tune out.

In the midst of all this fear-stoking, when something that really should be of concern appears on the news, it's surrounded by so much unimportant clutter—and delivered with the same earnestness as the crap—that it gets obliterated in the process.

Who is to blame for this? The networks? The commentators? Not really. They are just whores doing someone else's bidding—and that someone else is you! It's your insatiable thirst for drama they're catering to. We're all gossipy little old ladies chattering over a back fence.

These talkmeisters have to give you something to get riled up about. It's become a national sport. Everything is a conspiracy and everybody a crook. It becomes one big blur, and the real issues are just a minimal part of it.

Without wanting to sound like one of the fearmongers, let me say that there are real problems and that there's a wolf at the door; in fact, a pack of wolves is at the door. But what are you doing about it? Oh, yeah, I forgot: You're listening to talk shows and saying "Right on," figuring you gave it your ten cents' worth. Basically, however, you're doing nothing. It's just a game, and they've got you playing. The net result? Nothing changes.

A few months back the French government decided to raise the retirement age from 60 to 62. The country went bat-shit. There were strikes. Airports and gas stations were closed, and nothing moved. There were riots. Tear gas filled the air. It wasn't just old people who were pissed but young people as well. They realized the change would make it harder for them to get jobs because old people would work two more years before retiring. No one called or listened to a talk show to express their ire. The French took to the streets and raised hell.

Here in America the Teabaggers and Republicans are also talking about raising the retirement age from 67 (set just last year) to 69 or 70. If they try, our reaction will be as different as night and day. Some people will watch as Olbermann complains and instills paranoia. Still others will watch Sean Hannity as he champions it with his own convoluted logic, and yet others will call a talk show to bitch.

Then they'll all sit back feeling they've done their bit, while out in the streets traffic will roll by unimpeded. We are a country of bitchers, moaners and gossipers, but that's where our activism ends. We don't do anything that brings about change.

Here are a few ideas: Do you hate the corporate thugs? Then don't buy their shit. More than that, don't invest in their stock. Hurt them where they feel it. Oh, wait a minute—Google has become evil, but you just have to use its search engine, and God forbid being forced to live without your Droid. General Electric—a war profiteer—revolts you, but you still watch the GE-owned MSNBC.

Do you get what I'm saying? *You* are the problem. You encourage them. You allow them to push placebos in the news that distract from the serious stuff. You have to stop yourself before you can stop them.

The only news you should care about is that which affects you—not stories about where a given politician stuck his dick or which rehab center a Hollywood nobody has entered. Who cares what dress Michelle Obama wore today or how well *Sarah Palin's Alaska* did in the ratings?

When you wake up tomorrow morning, open your window and shout out for all the world to hear: "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore!" The phrase may be from a movie, but it fits. Hey, people, it's fuckin' serious!



Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).



"I remember when they used to call them banks..."

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"Oh, Mother, I'm so happy! Just think...all that cocksucking is over with!"

THE BIG STUDIOS REMEMBERED

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF BEING A MOVIE STAR IN CINEMA'S GOLDEN AGE.



PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

I recently saw an old *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* clip with Lana Turner on YouTube. The actress looked thin and frail because she was battling cancer, but she was very upbeat and cheerful, having found religion after almost dying from a lung infection. Host Robin Leach tossed her questions in that "cheerio" tone of his, while Lana chattered about God having more work for her to do. (Robin once interviewed me for *Lifestyles* too. He loved to make everyone sound like they had a billion dollars.) Watching Lana, I realized what a *total* product she was of the big-studio system during the Golden Age of Movies.

During that time, films were written, directed, acted, produced and promoted by large companies whose sole business was motion pictures. Many of the names are still familiar: Paramount, Universal, MGM, RKO, Warner Bros., 20th Century Fox and Columbia. Producing hundreds of movies each year, they determined what Americans saw in theaters—many of which, being studio-owned, showed their releases exclusively.

Regardless of how easy it may look, acting in movies is hard work. You are up early and often work late. There is very little about it you could call glamorous.

The men who ran these movie factories—and back then they were run exclusively by men—realized that people don't just go to the theater to see movies: They go to see movie stars. So it became their business to create them.

Regardless of how easy it may look, acting in movies is hard work. You are up early and often work late. There is very little about it you could call glamorous. The work itself is mentally and physically demanding. Rarely could someone just fall off the turnip truck and immediately become a competent actor, much less a star.

If the acting part is hard work, the movie star part is harder. Movie stars are never *not* movie stars. How could they be? If Brad Pitt puts on a little paunch, or if Jennifer Aniston walks the dog wearing old sweats, it's bound to end up in the tabloids and Web sites like Dlisted. Being a movie star is a 24/7 job, and the faint of heart need not apply.

In a way, it was easier for those created under the old studio system than for today's stars. Back then, studio-created stars—though locked into a sort of indentured servitude—at least had publicity departments to cover the blemishes in their personal lives, while writing and production departments supplied movies that were suitable for their talents. The studio was your home base, and when the gates shut on the outside world, you were safe. There was a sense of belonging and community at the studio, and many thrived under the system.

I was fortunate to be signed by Universal in 1953, a twilight year of the big studios. Antitrust action had weakened the studios' stranglehold on exhibitors, and television had made inroads into movie attendance. But Universal was still going strong.

Of all the studios, Universal had the most structured talent school. There were classes in diction, horseback riding, fencing, dance, singing and acting. Fellow Universal contract players Clint Eastwood, David Janssen, Rock Hudson and I took acting classes taught by Marlon Brando, as well as by visiting profs from UCLA and USC.

If you grew up on a farm on the South Dakota prairies like I did, it didn't get any better. I had gotten a crick in my nine-year-old neck watching Lana Turner and Joan Crawford from the front row of the theater in Sioux Falls. Finding myself a decade later as a studio contract player was a thrill beyond belief.

But for all the despotic benevolence of the studio system, there was a serious downside to it as well. The studio heads were merciless in their quest to present a perfect product. Louis B. Mayer called Crawford into his office at MGM and fired her after saying point-blank that she was too old to be on the screen. Angry and distraught, Crawford had sweet revenge. She signed with Warner Bros. to star in *Mildred Pierce*, a tour-de-force performance for which she won an Oscar.

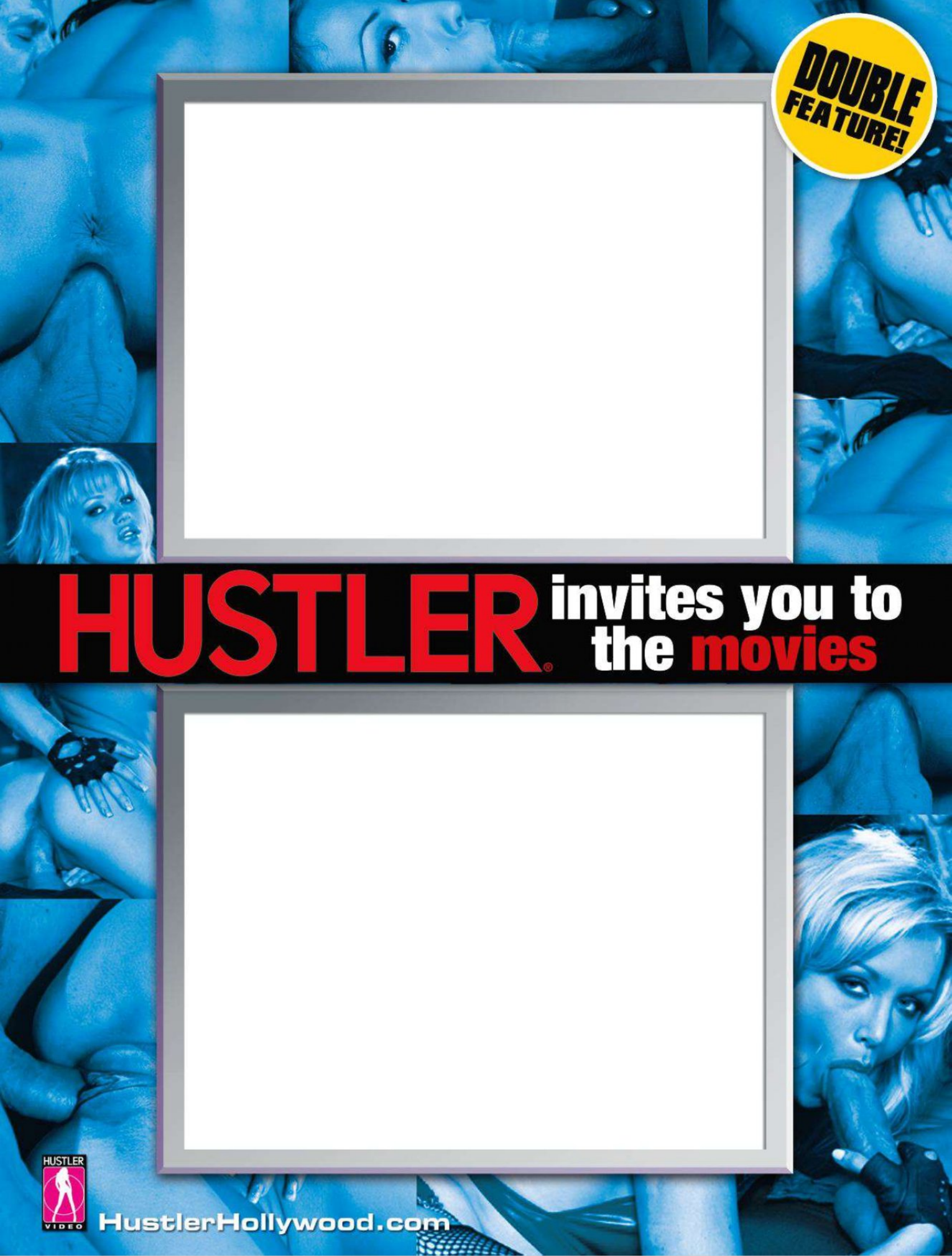
I was a casualty of big-studio ruthlessness myself. Pregnant with my son Perry, I was hospitalized because my doctor thought I was having a miscarriage. Though the emergency proved to be a false alarm, I was visited in the hospital by the only woman holding an executive position at Universal. The news she gave me was devastating: Universal would not be picking up my contract the following January. "Mamie," she told me bluntly, "sex symbols don't have babies."

As it turned out, like Joan Crawford, I had sweet revenge on the studio execs too. I got a terrific son out of it, and I have enjoyed half a century of career longevity as a so-called sex symbol. That's much longer than the studio system lasted.



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

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DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com



Shape-shifters

Politics is just an in-depth study of lies: the art of being full of shit. The Republicans have a new trick up their sleeves here in Wisconsin and elsewhere in the heartland. All of a sudden they have become independents and Tea Partiers to hide the fact that they put the country in the shitter for eight years.

A wolf in sheep's clothing can't become a sheep; it's still a wolf. Sarah Palin is the best they've got, but if we're lucky, not all voters will be retarded enough to believe her ditzy ass.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Clones Win!

I read your article on sci-fi burlesque [*Star Warz: G-String Sequel*, December '10]. First off, I'd like to say to writer Eric Althoff: You kick fucking ass, my friend! Thank you for a glimpse into so many people's minds who have wondered over the years what some of these characters would be like if they were hot, gorgeous females.

Secondly, thanks to HUSTLER for allowing this guy to do a piece on something that a lot of people think is only for fucking geeks or guys who still live with their moms and have never been laid: *Star Wars*! I'm nowhere near being a fucking geek. As a matter of fact, I've been married for six years and have been laid many, many times. My wife thought the article was pretty fucking cool herself.

Anyway, the female Stormtrooper blew me away. Thanks once again for allowing some old-school imagination to be brought alive in a modern way. Keep up the good work, guys!

—Joel Pettit
Jonesboro, Arkansas

Wifely Wisdom

What does Obama give us? High-sounding words and pompous speech. He uses words to exalt himself, instead of using common words to instruct the nation.

People of the United States, let us not twist the truth of words but tell the truth at all times. Wrong words can cause us to jump to conclusions or rash judgments. Do not judge according to appearance. Do not judge too quickly based on what you see or hear. Treat lightly first impressions; misunderstandings multiply without the right information.

Let us pray to be discerning and not let others lead us astray with their falsehoods. Remember, there are always two sides to every story. Judge not lest you be judged. **—Holly Pettit**
Jonesboro, Arkansas

Sole Mates

In your January '11 issue, you had two hot divas: Monica Mayhem and Syren Sexton. My wife thought they were hot. She wants to know where they got their shoes, so she can dress as sexy as they do. Love your magazine. Keep up the good work.

—Paul Barrett
Indianapolis, Indiana

By press time we were unable to reach Monica and Syren to find out where they'd purchased their shoes, but Googling "sexy footwear" turned up Frederick's of Hollywood (Fredericks.com) and numerous online purveyors.

Porn Pros

Your layout of Monica Mayhem was 100% pornographic, showing her doing something equally lewd in each photo. The one on page 31, a totally classic porno pose, left me breathless. Monica's clearly a multitasker, licking her dildo, rubbing her pussy, spreading her cunt lips, sucking on her fingers.



Here's to a good year, boys: Australian XXX legend Monica Mayhem got readers on the right track in our January '11 issue.

Photographer Ladi von Jansky brilliantly used gray and black backgrounds to contrast Monica's perfectly tanned body. I give this layout my highest rating. I'm going to lay small pictures of my girlfriends around Monica's and jerk off to all of them at the same time.

Since I love nothing more than blond bombshells, I also have to rave about Holly Randall's pictorial of Syren Sexton. She is awesome! This set is the kind of shit we have cum to expect from HUSTLER over the years. Every photo rates a solid XXX. **—Stephen Bahnsen**
Chicago, Illinois

Twice Shy

Your February '11 issue was really steamy, and I have to admit that HUSTLER Honey Randy Moore was an unexpected turn-on. But she hit my off switch when she talked about liking bondage and S&M. Randy should have stopped at garter belts. With her preferences, maybe she's better suited to HUSTLER'S TABOO Magazine than HUSTLER. I don't know about other men, but it's scary to me.

You see, someone in my family was involved in catching a New York City killer we call the Buzz Saw Butcher. That's why I don't like S&M; it reminds me of that person. I guess it's like being bitten by a dog. You don't hate dogs; you just don't like them very much. **—Mike Rindos**
Chula Vista, California

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

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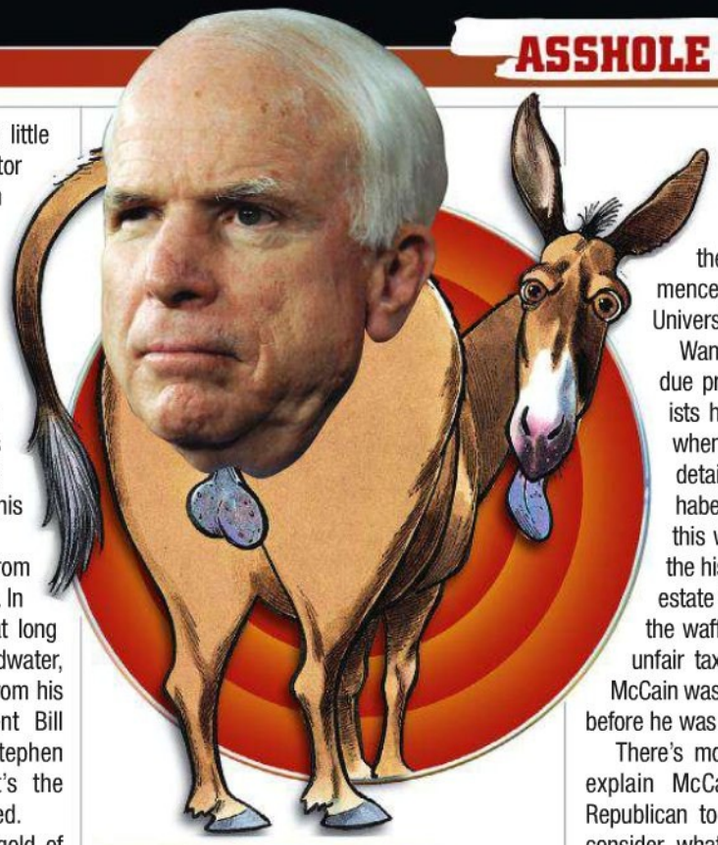
JOIN THE TEA PARTY



OUR FIRST STEP TO POWER!

OUT WITH DEMOCRACY AND IN WITH CORPTOCRACY!
BECOME A TEA PARTY MEMBER TODAY!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a political commentary on the whacked-out ideas of some of the Tea Party's most prominent members. We realize Tea Partiers don't all agree on every issue, but at least two of them agreed on assaulting a female activist from the liberal organization **MoveOn.org** who wanted to have her photo taken with Kentucky senatorial candidate Rand Paul while she held a satirical sign regarding his close relationship to Big Business. For more information, search Lauren Valle at **HuffingtonPost.com**. This parody ad 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.



SEN. JOHN McCAIN

Whatever happened to this pathetic little prick? Back in 2000—when Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) was vying with George W. Bush for the Republican Presidential nomination—he had the respect of the American people, even those of us on the Left. We probably wouldn't have voted for McCain, but we thought he was a reasonable, honest person committed to helping all Americans. Now we know better; he's clearly only out to help himself at the expense of the American people...and his own self-respect. What an Asshole!

Let's take a look at McCain's journey from "maverick" crusader to obsequious lackey. In the 1990s, after winning the Senate seat long occupied by archconservative Barry Goldwater, McCain—disregarding fierce opposition from his own party—supported two of President Bill Clinton's Supreme Court nominees, Stephen Breyer and Ruth Bader Ginsberg. "It's the President's call to make," McCain explained.

In 1994 he and Democrat Russ Feingold of Wisconsin sponsored a Senate bill aimed at limiting "soft money" campaign donations and "electioneering communications." This was a particularly heroic act on McCain's part because, despite the compelling need to keep bribe money out of politics, powerful financial interests were aligned against the bill. Even so, McCain persisted, and a watered-down McCain-Feingold Act ultimately passed in 2002. (Ruling on the landmark case *Citizens United* v. *the FCC*, the Supreme Court in January 2010 basically emasculated the campaign-reform legislation.)

When McCain announced his 2000 run for the Presidency, specifying that he wanted to "take our government back from the power brokers," it had the ring of sincerity. But George W. Bush kicked his ass in the Republican primary by, among other things, spreading lies about the McCain family—the senator's adopted black daughter in particular. And McCain just lay down and took it. Big pussy.

The transformation of John McCain was slow but dramatic. The maverick was turning into one of those scavenger fish that attach themselves to a stronger host—a shark, for example. In this case the shark was George W. Bush, the man who had humiliated him and his family. We'd bet money that this was when McCain's wife, Cindy, first began hating him. (Of course she hates the guy! Haven't you seen her TV ad supporting same-sex marriages?)

By 2004, McCain was actively campaigning for Bush's reelection, claiming the end of the Iraq War was "very much in sight." The following year he supported Dubya's Supreme Court nominees John Roberts and Samuel Alito, later saying they were "two of the finest justices ever appointed." In fact, Roberts and Alito may well be the two *worst* justices ever named to the high court.

We could go into McCain's embarrassing 2008 Presidential campaign. "Highlights" included picking a totally unqualified Sarah Palin for the VP slot, using Joe the Plumber, labeling opponent Barack Obama a socialist (not true at all) and Senator Joe Lieberman (I-Connecticut) repeatedly whispering in McCain's ear to remind him where he was.

But we primarily want to concentrate on McCain flip-flops from the past decade. In 1999, during his first Presidential bid, McCain supported the national moratorium on drilling for oil and gas, but in 2008 the senator wanted to lift it. In the early days of the Bush Administration he voted against Dubya's tax cuts, saying they favored the rich. Now McCain wants to make them permanent even though they will increase the budget deficit by $700 billion over ten years. In 2000, McCain stood squarely against such right-wing religious zealots as Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, calling them "agents of intolerance." By 2006 he was sucking at their tit and even delivered a commencement address at Falwell's Liberty University.

Want more? In 2003, McCain argued for due process regarding suspected terrorists held at Guantanamo Bay. However, when the Supreme Court ruled that the detainees must be availed the right of habeas corpus, McCain screamed that this was "one of the worst decisions in the history of the country." Regarding the estate tax, which he supported for years, the waffler now says it's "one of the most unfair tax laws on the books." And finally, McCain was for repealing "Don't ask, don't tell" before he was against repealing it.

There's more, of course, but in an effort to explain McCain's transition from moderate Republican to right-wing Asshole, let's stop to consider what we've already documented. On appearances, at least, the senator was willing to sell out his personal beliefs—not to mention his family—in an effort to curry favor with the Bush Administration and secure his ambition to be the Republicans' 2008 Presidential candidate. In the process he lost the respect of the American people, his family (we suspect) and his fellow politicos. Actually, McCain sold out his own values and the country to boot.

Then again, maybe McCain has never had any beliefs of his own. It's possible that his entire political career has been nothing but tacking to the wind, changing his positions with each shift of the political breeze. Either way, he's an empty gasbag not fit to hold public office.

We suppose that once you've trashed your career and self-respect like that, it's a short step to Blithering Idiotsville. If you don't think that John McCain has taken up residence there, how do you explain these ludicrous remarks? "U.S. troops could be in Iraq for a...million years...[and] that would be fine with me," and "I am also disappointed that the bill [Department of Homeland Security Appropriations Act of 2005] contains a ...'Buy America' requirement." Sure, John. Let's send those jobs overseas.

There! We're done! And we got through the whole thing without ever mentioning McCain's resemblance to a giant chipmunk. (Oh, fuck!)

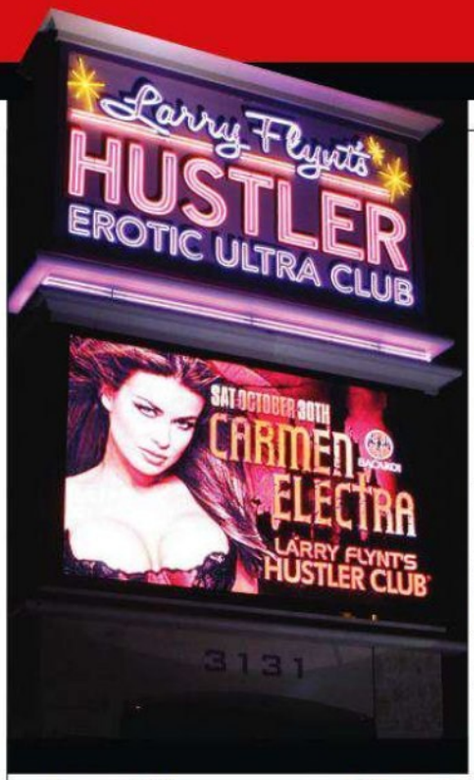
FARTS IN THE WIND

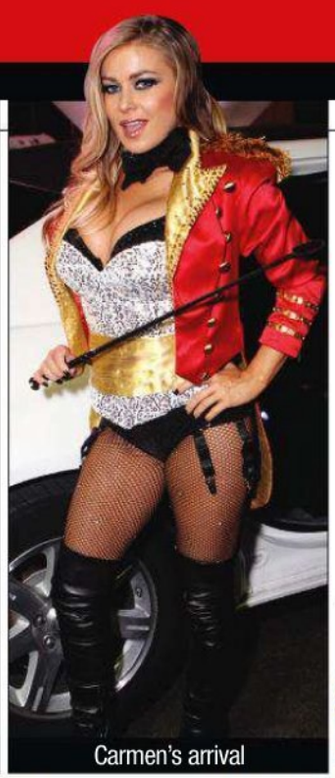
•TIM PROFITT is the now-shitcanned campaign volunteer who gave the Tea Party one more figurative black eye thanks to an ugly, well-publicized encounter with Lauren Valle in Lexington, Kentucky. (See opposite page.) She's the progressive activist who, while attempting to get within camera range of then-senatorial candidate Rand Paul, was wrestled to the ground by one or more thugs. At that point, Profitt also came to the Republican's "rescue" and—as he later admitted to reporters—stepped on Valle's head. As a result, the much smaller woman suffered a concussion and other injuries. Later, facing possible assault charges, Profitt told local news station WKYT, "I couldn't bend over because I have issues with my back." Asked if he would apologize to the victim, "I don't think it's that big of a deal," Profitt defiantly replied. "I would like for her to apologize to me to be honest with you." And to think, we thought Tea Partiers heralded taking full responsibility. Paul, who quickly distanced himself from Profitt but refused to return his four-figure donation, was ultimately elected to fill former Asshole of the Month Jim Bunning's Senate seat.

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"Did you hear that, honey?! Fox News was sold to Iran! Yeah, some Iranian spokesman said they're looking forward to assisting the network in destroying America from within!"





Carmen's arrival

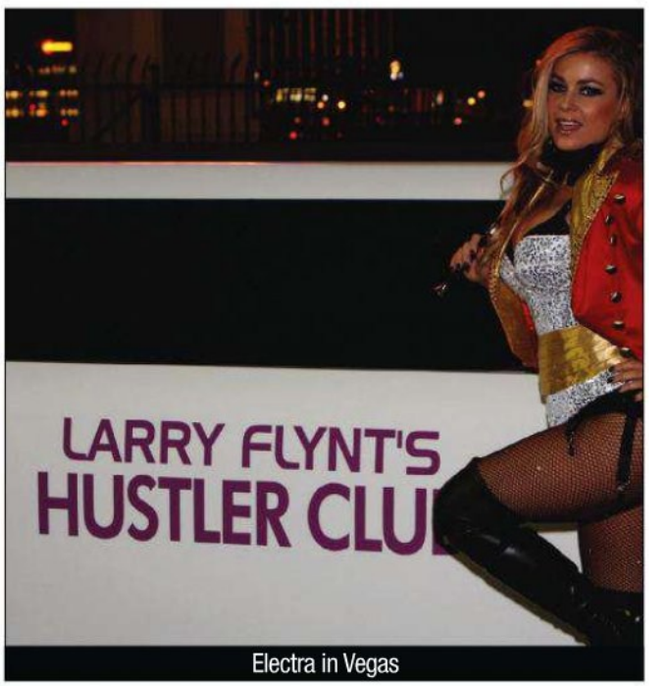
CARMEN
ELECTRA-FYING NIGHT!

We love a former stripper dressed like a cross between a dominatrix and a circus ringmaster, especially if she turns out to be superstar Carmen Electra! The onetime Mrs. Dennis Rodman popped in at the newly opened Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Las Vegas recently to hang with the boss man himself. The still unbelievably hot Electra signed autographs and hung with fans who were lucky/smart enough to be there.

PHOTOS BY RICH STEPHENS

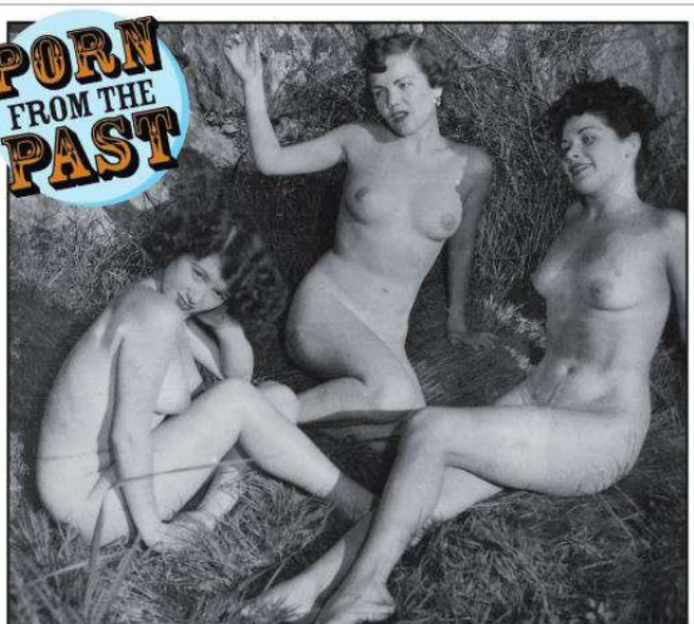


Ms. Electra and Mr. Flynt



Electra in Vegas

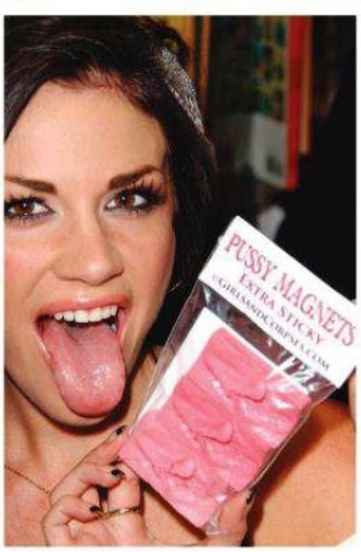
PORN FROM THE PAST



Summer's approaching! It's time to break out the beach balls! Nice job, old or dead broads. Thanks to R.H. of Rochester, New York, for this photo.

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

WHO WANTS SOME PUSSY (MAGNETS)?



The friendly degenerates at *Girls and Corpses* magazine sent us a pack of Pussy Magnets to display on our office refrigerator. As is the case with the real-life vaginas waiting for us at home, we figured we'd eventually get tired of looking at them and just go straight for the beer. But then we realized there are three valuable uses for Pussy Magnets: 1) They remind us to clean out the fridge regularly to avoid rancid odors; 2) They remind us to call Mom; 3) They remind us to eat more fish to maintain a healthy diet filled with protein, vitamins and essential omega-3 fatty acids to protect our hearts.

You can buy your own Pussy Magnets at **GirlsAndCorpses.com**.

"If a June night could talk, it would probably boast it invented romance." —BERN WILLIAMS, WRITER

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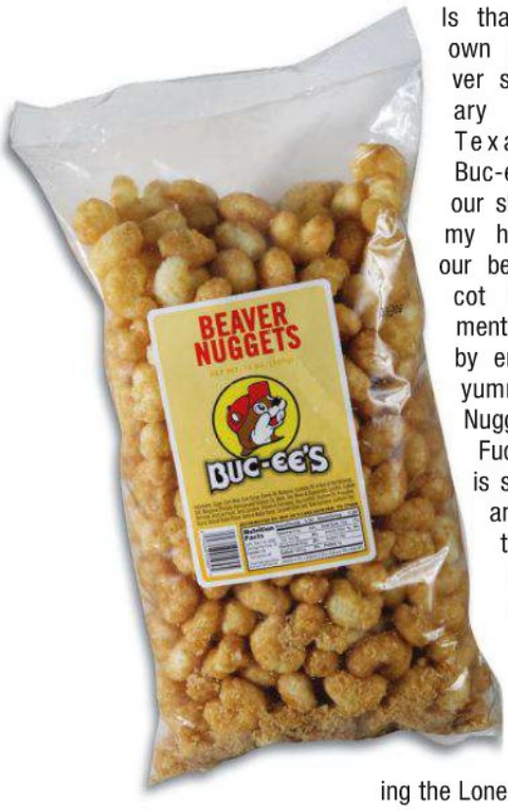
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Meghan McCain* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

There are several reasons why we might fill this "progressive" Republican's perfect pout with a prick. Maybe it's because she wrote a book called *Dirty Sexy Politics*, which is neither dirty nor sexy. Or maybe because this picture will piss off her dad, former Presidential candidate John McCain. Then again, maybe it's just because Meghan is kinda hot. Let's go with that.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Meghan McCain actually exists. Not yet anyway, but we can dream, can't we? 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.

WHOSE BEAVER IS THAT?



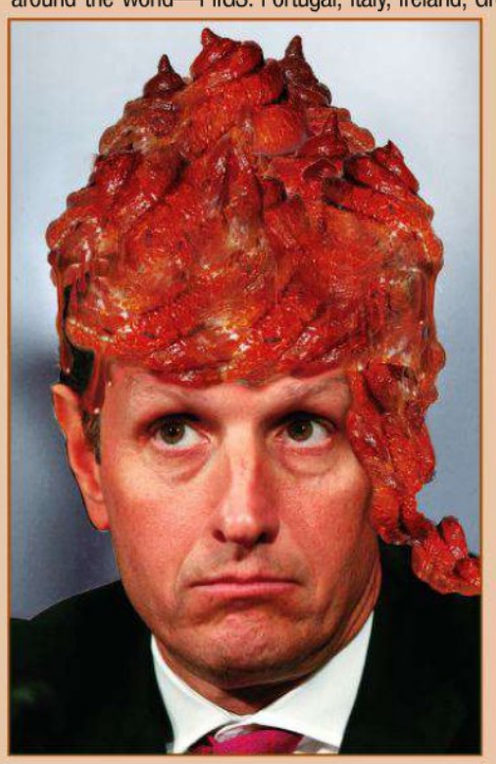
Is that our very own Bucky Beaver shilling sugary treats for Texas-based Buc-ee's? Could our shitty economy have forced our beloved mascot to supplement his income by endorsing its yummy Beaver Nuggets?

Fuck no! Bucky is still shooting amateur hotties for our *Beaver Hunt* showcase. But from what we hear, Buc-ee's is becoming the Lone Star State's premier chain of gas station-convenience stores, offering patrons everything from tasty grub and spotless toilets to souvenir shirts and stickers. Get the full scoop at **Bucees.com** and on Facebook.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #15

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

While American workers are still trying to claw their way out of this recession, U.S. Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner's Wall Street banker buddies will once again receive record bonuses. That's $144 billion, to be exact, in compensation and benefits, a 4% increase from the $139 billion paid out in 2009. This is money scraped off the backs of taxpayers and governments around the world—PIIGS: Portugal, Italy, Ireland, Greece and Spain—all of which are in a state of collapse. Wall Street bankers will continue to spend as they watch America burn, and you can thank Timmy for paying his pals $700 billion of taxpayer money for toxic assets to dig them out of the hole. Meanwhile, hedge funds are ganging up on weak countries (i.e., the U.S., PIIGS), earning billions in profits by placing bearish bets against their economies. And if destroying their currencies means destroying their governments, then so be it. We are witnessing a prelude to a global economic depression.



"Ah, summer, what power you have to make us suffer and like it." —RUSSELL BAKER, JOURNALIST

NEWSBITES

Dead Sexy

They say that sex sells, but can it sell coffins? Lindner, a Polish manufacturer, sure hopes so. The company produced a calendar that showcases its high-quality caskets with drop-dead gorgeous models donning sexy lingerie in re-created scenes from memorable films like *The Godfather* and *Reservoir Dogs*. One particularly noteworthy month has a thong-clad gal wielding a gun while a couple is making love on a coffin behind her. The advertising gimmick has sparked a major controversy in the normally conservative (i.e., Catholic) Poland. Some people are clamoring that a calendar featuring caskets and barely dressed women is tasteless, but we'd say they're dead wrong.

Sexual Assault

Violent crimes aren't usually funny, but this one is hilarious! It started when a 56-year-old woman in Gurnee, Illinois, allegedly ran out of a local seafood restaurant without paying her tab. When a cop went to the suspect's home to question her about the complaint, the gal purportedly walloped him with "a rigid feminine pleasure device." She was eventually taken into custody and charged with aggravated assault on a police officer. The unidentified sex toy remains at large.

Love on the Run

Through the years, men have struggled to come up with creative ways to propose, but this one takes the cake. A California Romeo painted "Will You Marry Me?" on the back of his car and drove off to see his girlfriend. When the chick saw the proposal-bearing vehicle, she said no. Such a bitch! After that the would-be groom did what any guy who'd just been rejected and humiliated by the girl of his dreams would do. He allegedly tried to run her over with his mobile message board. The dude ended up in jail while his intended filed a restraining order. Ain't love grand?

Get That Dick Back

You almost forget that Australia used to be a prison colony, that is until you read stories like this. A 25-year-old from Queensland asked a friend, an amateur tattoo artist, to put a yin and yang symbol and a dragon onto his back. During the prep stage the two blokes had an argument with drastic consequences. Instead of a mythical creature, the tattoo depicted a 16-inch penis and a misspelled gay slur. Police have charged the inker with two counts of assault causing grievous bodily harm and an offense related to the Public Safety Act. It will cost the mortified victim between $600 and $2,000 to remove the etched wang and derisive words from his back. Add tattoo artists to the list of people you should never piss off, right next to waiters, barbers and psycho girlfriends with gun collections.

INFLATABLE THREEWAY







A Florida man was arrested for hosting a wild mini-orgy in his Lincoln Town Car. It sounds hot—until you find out that both of his female companions were of the inflatable variety. No one's altogether sure why the fellow decided that a local parking lot was the best venue for such an erotic endeavor, but perhaps his plastic paramours are exhibitionists.

PHOTOS COURTESY CITY OF CAPE CORAL

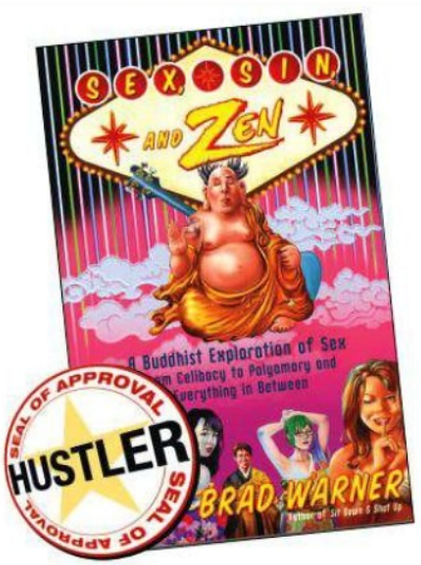
SIGN OF THE TIMES



We're not really sure if this is the message a church should send in the wake of all the pedophile priest lawsuits. Thanks to M.W. from Warren, Michigan, for laying this pic on us!

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

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Sex and Buddhism: Sounds like an odd match. Sex is nothing but desire, and Buddhism teaches us that desire is to be eliminated. So what's a good Buddhist to do?

Brad Warner explores this central tension in his new book *Sex, Sin, and Zen*. Warner, a bestselling author and Soto Zen priest, doesn't approach the subject matter in an abstract or theoretical way. Instead, he writes in a plainspoken style about how Buddhist concepts apply to people from all walks of life. Warner discusses such issues as pornography, prostitution and masturbation from a unique, Zen-infused perspective that will undoubtedly challenge your ideas about his central subjects.

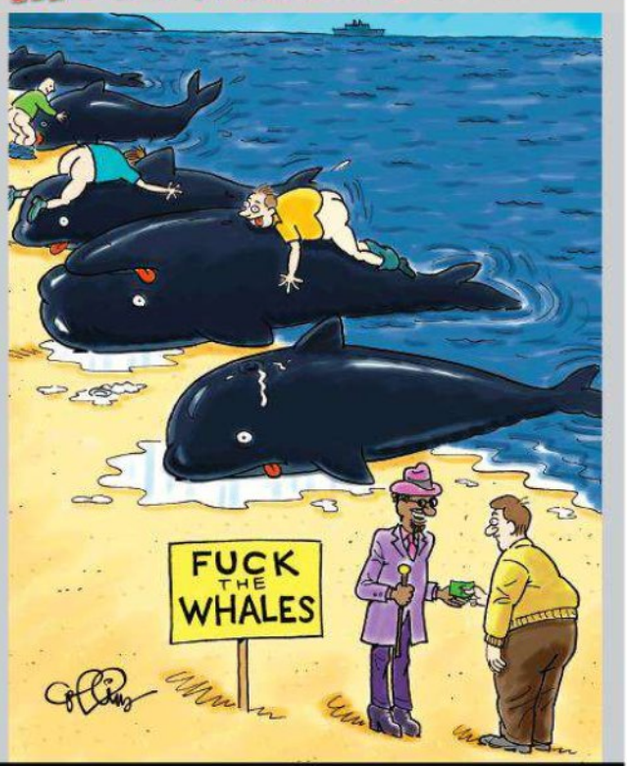
Sex, Sin, and Zen by Brad Warner is available now from **NewWorldLibrary.com**.

"Don't knock masturbation—it's sex with someone I love." —WOODY ALLEN, DIRECTOR

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"When a man talks dirty to a woman, it's sexual harassment. When a woman talks dirty to a man, it's $3.95 a minute." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMIC

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Blowhole is extra!"

FIB ROCK



PHOTO BY FRANK MICELOTTA / GETTY IMAGES

Kid Rock



PHOTO COURTESY HEWBURNEY.COM

The impersonator

Our sincere apologies to HUSTLER favorite Kid Rock, who was wrongly identified as appearing in a photo taken at the opening of the Las Vegas HUSTLER Club and published in our Holiday 2010 issue. The man pictured was, in fact, a Kid Rock impersonator. The real Kid Rock is understandably dismayed to know that doppelgängers are exploiting his image, and we apologize for contributing to the confusion.

PRESS THE FLESH



Sunny Leone



Danica Dillon



Jade Starr

There was a time, not so long ago, when the chance of you meeting the porn star of your dreams was slim to none. That was unless you hung out at the Rainbow in Los Angeles, and your favorite XXX performer happened to be Ron Jeremy. Well, the *AVN* convention in Las Vegas changed all that. Imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, and now there are literally hundreds of conventions around the country where fans can meet and greet (and grope!) their favorite porn stars.

One such gathering in Southern California is Adultcon. On hand for the most recent revival were Sunny Leone and a bevy of lesser-known starlets. The lovely ladies were more than willing to sign autographs and pose for pictures in exchange for as much of your hard-earned cash as they could charm out of you.



Lupe Fuentes



Taylor Stevens



Monique Alexander



Loni Evans



Sophie Dee

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

















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How to Pick Up Women (Really!)

Angela knew me as Ethan, the campaign manager for a politician seeking a seat in the state legislature. The girl was wholly enamored with the world of politics. I'd learned that much before we'd ordered our second drink at the lounge. And so I became exactly what Angela wanted me to be. In pretending to play a leading role in politics, I fulfilled her favorite fantasy, and now that we were back in my hotel room, she was fulfilling mine.

Kneeling behind me, Angela lapped at my nut sac with slow passes of her tongue. She mouthed each ball individually, tugging with her full lips, before licking my taint, rimming my asshole and jabbing her taster in deep. Fuck! Angela was 20, maybe 21, a junior in college, but I'll tell you what—her sex education was definitely complete.

I could feel her big titties rubbing against the back of my thighs. Now one hand came around, and her fingers played lightly over my shooter, which by now was like granite. I looked over my shoulder to see the young, voluptuous blonde tongue-dicking my poop chute, and I thought to myself, *Life is good.*

Two years ago I was your basic traveling salesman, moving from town to town, accumulating more air miles in a week than most people do their whole lives. But sometimes I felt so damn lonely, I paid for outcall just to talk to women. Then one day I discovered a secret.

I was sitting in an empty bar in downtown Chicago, nursing a scotch, when all of a sudden dozens of young beauties rushed through the doors, clamoring for booze. I arched an eyebrow at the bartender, who grumbled something about a rock concert letting out down the street. Then I simply enjoyed the view for a bit—all those long legs and perky titties and barely covered young flesh—till a particularly stunning brunette mistook me for the band's record producer. I guess I really should have told her my true identity, but soon I had her and two blondes hanging onto my every word—and buying *me* drinks!

But that wasn't the best part. The best part came later, when all three incredible babes followed me back to my hotel room to give their "favorite record producer ever!" anything—literally fuckin' anything—his heart desired: spit-drenched blowjobs, supertight pussy, ball-busting anal. After three amazing orgasms, when my dick was finally too tired to rise, the girls performed an awesome lesbian daisy chain at my direction. I'd never seen anything so hot in my life!

That's when I had an epiphany. I realized then that role-playing was the way to go. Find out what a woman's truly into—whether it's music or politics, fashion or Wall Street—and become a major player in that world for one night. Of course, it's better to pick a figure behind the footlights, like a producer or a campaign manager, someone whose image isn't splashed all over the Internet and the boob tube. In fact, your mark will screw you all the harder to get to her main goal, the actual musician, politician, etc.

Okay, now that I've told you my secret, let's get back to Angela, the gorgeous Tea Party Republican rimming my bunghole so eagerly. I couldn't help myself. I had to fuck this conservative beauty up the ass. As a Democrat, it somehow seemed appropriate. I merely mentioned my desire, and there she was on all fours, her face pressed to the floor and her full, round tush raised skyward. Spreading her globes, I let saliva drizzle from my lips to her butt crack. Then I smeared it around her starfish with my prick cap and pushed.

It was slow going. I had a feeling Angela was an anal virgin, that's how tight her dirt chute was. Inch by pulsing inch I drove home, with the blonde moaning, "Jesus!" and then "More!"

With my nuts pressed against her buns, I started jacking her clitty button. Because, really, I'm not an asshole. I like my lovers to come first before I take my own pleasure. Angela was soon screaming my pretend name as she trembled through a very real orgasm. Her pooper squeezed, released and squeezed my prick, and I was coming hard, filling her bung with so much jism, it seeped back out around my cock.

The next day found me on a plane, flying off to the next city, and I wondered what new role awaited me there. These days I love my job.

—W.L.
Evansville, Indiana



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

ITCHING TO TRY



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MADISON IVY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS





As hard as it may be to believe, I was a bit of a late bloomer," coos the sultry and seductive Madison Ivy. "I didn't start having sex until I was almost 18. I don't know what I was waiting for. I think it was the combination of my strict upbringing combined with wanting a man. I was only surrounded by clumsy boys."

Asked to reveal the lucky guy who got to take her precious virginity, Madison exclaims, "That's private! But I will say that he was much older. He taught me the ins and outs of sex—literally. He taught me that pleasure is the ultimate gift and that in order to get it you must give it. I guess that makes me a giver."

How the once-uptight gal ended up in the skin biz began with a personal shortcoming. "The one thing I hated about myself while growing up was my tiny, almost-nonexistent boobs," Madison explains. "I saved all my tips from working at Applebee's to get a boobjob. It's funny because before I had them done, I applied at Hooters, and they said I couldn't fill the position. After I got the bigger boobs, people started to take notice. I met this producer, and long story short: I'm in porn! And I couldn't be happier. The money is better than at Applebee's, and I have all the sex I want."

Regarding what's on the horizon, Madison adds, "I'm open to anything and itching to try it all. I feel like when it comes to living, I'm making up for lost time. I regret all those years I spent being the shy wallflower. I want to do it all on- and off-screen. And at the end of the day, I guess, I want to find someone who loves me. Isn't that what we all want?"



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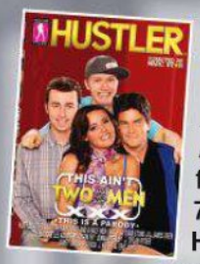
MADISON IVY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Roseville, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 4-11 | WEIGHT: 102











Madison Ivy shines in ***This Ain't Two and a Half Men XXX***, ***This Ain't Beverly Hills 90210 XXX***, ***This Ain't Cheaters XXX***, ***This Ain't Curb Your Enthusiasm XXX***, ***Scary Big Dicks #6*** and ***Barely Legal School Girls #5*** from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.



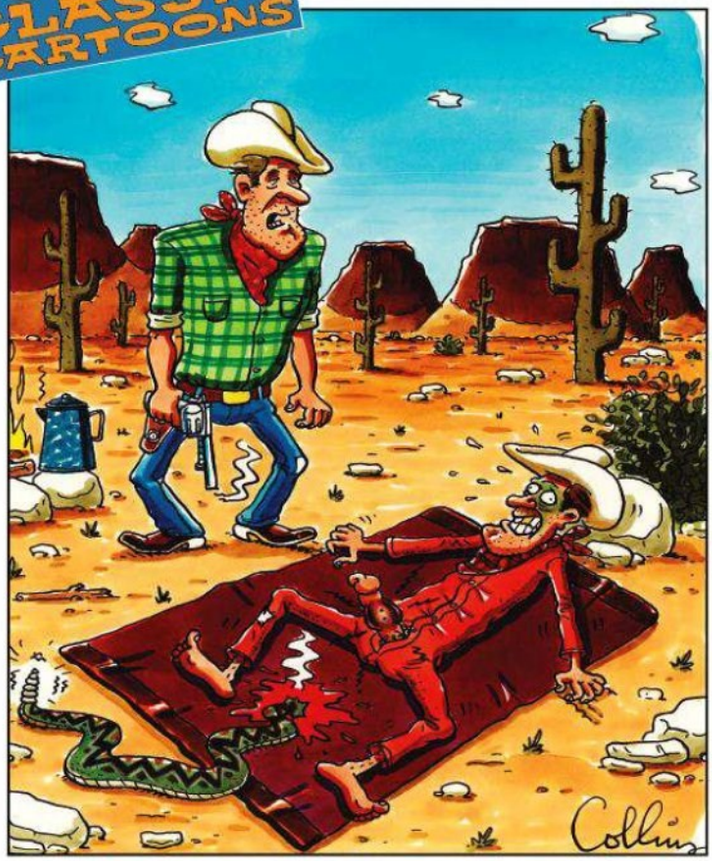




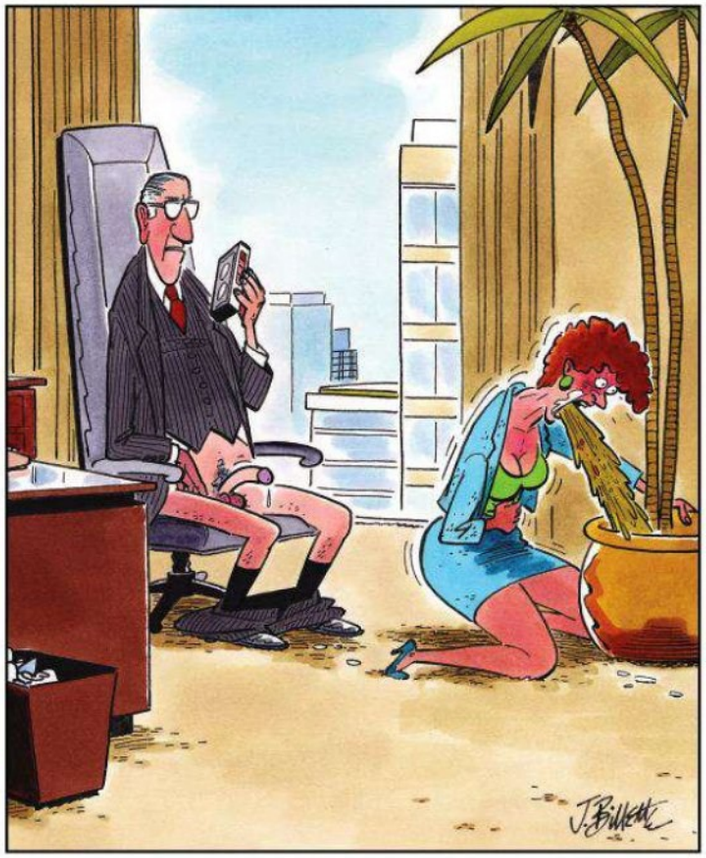
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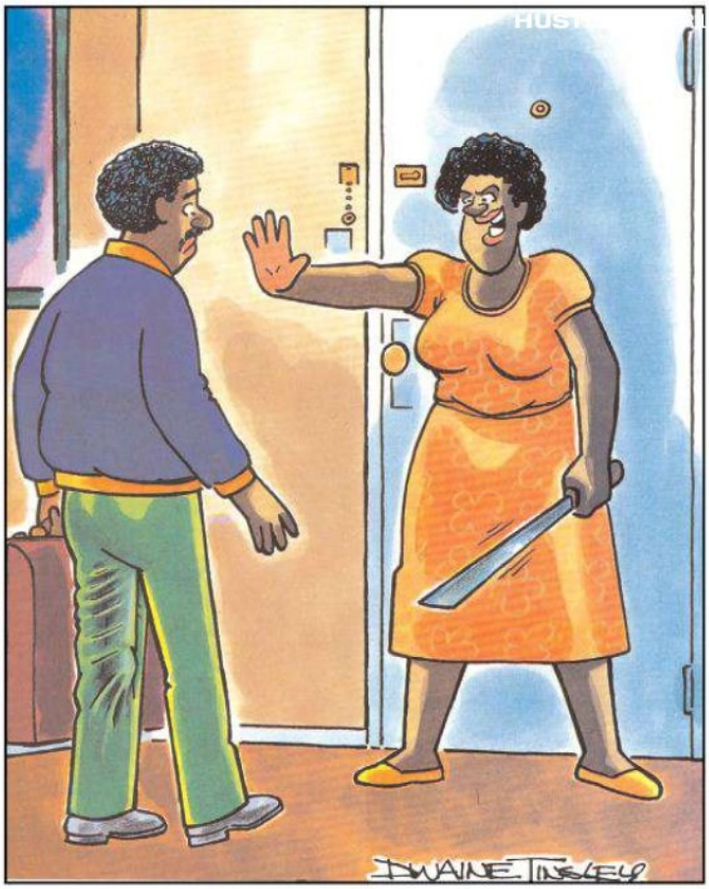
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Sorry, Tex, but there ain't no way in hell I'm gonna suck out the poison!"



"Note to self: Fire secretary. Hire temp who swallows and can keep it down."



"Whoa, mister, *you* can leave, but the dick stays *here!*"



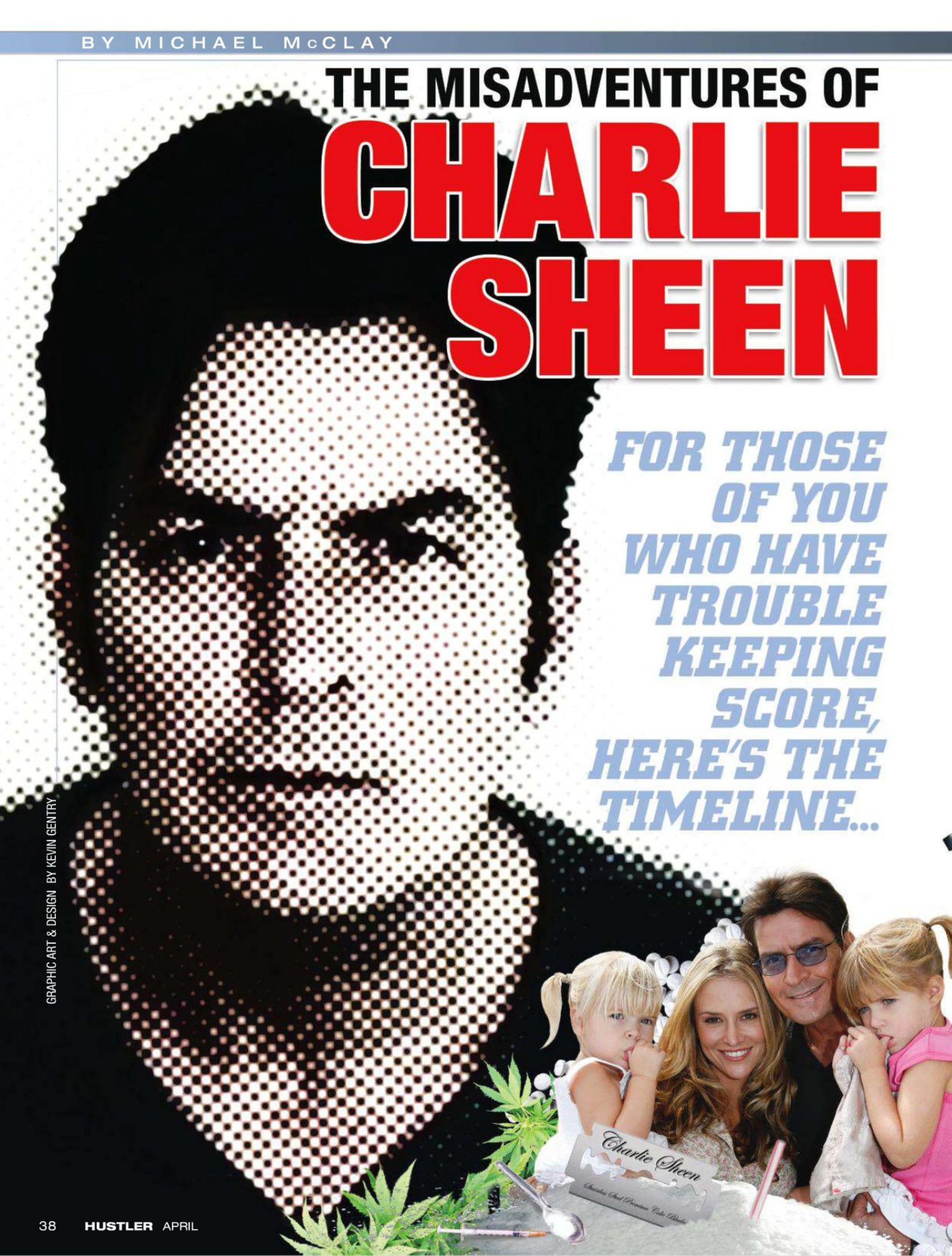
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BY MICHAEL McCLAY

THE MISADVENTURES OF CHARLIE SHEEN

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE TROUBLE KEEPING SCORE, HERE'S THE TIMELINE...

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY



For one unforgettable night just before this past Halloween, Charlie Sheen—only two months out of rehab and just a week away from the end of his felony domestic violence probation—unleashed his private demons yet again. Apparently drunk, drugged up, naked and infuriated, the Hollywood superstar was throwing furniture and smashing chandeliers in a room at New York City's tony Plaza Hotel.

Media sources variously reported Sheen was either looking for his missing cell phone, wallet or a $100,000 watch. The actor also might have been pissed because he was allegedly on the hook for 12 grand to the frightened and naked porn star, Capri Anderson, who'd locked herself in the bathroom. To top it all, only a door away, ex-wife Denise Richards was with the couple's two sleeping daughters.

Still raving and naked when the NYPD showed up at 2 a.m., Sheen barked at the cops, and they barked back: either free room and board in the slammer or a hospital. He chose New York Presbyterian. This latest brouhaha eclipsed all other Sheen capers. Even the most jaded celebrity watchers were aghast.

Landmark films such as *Platoon*, *Wall Street*, *Major League* and *Hot Shots!*, plus more recently CBS's hit sitcom *Two and a Half Men*, have made Charlie Sheen one of the highest-paid actors in the business. On the flip side, no one has ever been more notorious for his personal peccadilloes. Sheen's life has been a carnival ride fueled by booze, cocaine, high-priced prostitutes and a string of arrests for domestic abuse.

The following track record constitutes the most publicized incidents in Sheen's personal résumé:

Although Charlie excelled at acting and baseball at Southern California's Santa Monica High, his academic record was abysmal. Thanks to a dreadful GPA and poor attendance, the school's star pitcher was expelled just before graduation. An arrest for credit card fraud and marijuana possession and the fact that he'd already fathered a child with then-17-year-old girlfriend Paula Profit didn't help.

As Sheen's showbiz career took off, his off-and-on relationship with porn superstar Ginger Lynn was widely covered, raising eyebrows and fueling tabloid fodder. Sheen's love affair with guns led to a 1990 shooting incident when he accidentally hit fiancée Kelly Preston in the arm. Needless to say, that ended the engagement; the actress is now married to John Travolta.

With Sheen's mounting drug issues, his family staged a major intervention in August 1990. He agreed to enter a rehab facility and came out vowing to stay sober for exactly 366 days. Sheen achieved his goal, but on the 367th day he was at it again.

When the Heidi Fleiss scandal erupted in 1995, Sheen's name came up as one of the notorious Hollywood madam's clients. No one was surprised. He confessed spending in excess of $50,000 for services rendered from 27 different prostitutes. That same year he married model Donna Peele, but the union lasted only six months. "I couldn't breathe," the actor



(Left to right) Mug shot of Charlie Sheen taken on December 25, 2009, when accused of domestic violence against estranged wife Brooke Mueller; Sheen with Mueller in August 2007 with daughters Lola and Sam from his previous marriage with actress Denise Richards (photo courtesy Wirelmage); with Richards in September 2003 (photo courtesy Wirelmage); Good Time Charlie's recent porn star pal Capri Anderson, as seen in hardcore video *Barely Legal #96* (photos courtesy HUSTLER Video).

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complained. "I like breathing too much, and I had to come up for air."

Sheen was also involved for a time with porn actresses Heather Hunter, Brittany Ashland and others. In 1996 he was arrested for allegedly assaulting Ashland. Pleading no contest to a reduced charge of battery, Sheen received a suspended sentence and two years probation.

In 1998 the movie star tried injecting cocaine and overdosed. Although Sheen had to be hospitalized, his stay was short. In the meantime, actor Martin Sheen issued a public appeal for fans to pray for his son, but Dad also showed tough love, reporting him for a parole violation. An arrest warrant was issued, forcing Charlie back into rehab.

Sheen married actress Denise Richards in June 2002, and by all outward appearances the couple settled into domestic bliss. The marriage produced two daughters, Sam and Lola Rose. On the professional side, Sheen's sagging career got a major boost with the incredible success of *Two and a Half Men*. No doubt, it wasn't a reach for Sheen to portray a swinging, irresponsible womanizer.

Despite this, the old demons reemerged. In March 2005, while still pregnant with Lola, Richards filed for divorce, accusing Sheen of drug and alcohol abuse and threatened violence. The divorce became official on November 30, 2006, and a custody dispute erupted. The couple eventually made peace "for the sake of the children," Sheen avowed.

In 2008 he tried marriage again, this time to real estate investor Brooke Mueller. The couple's twins, Bob and Max, were born on March 14, 2009. Then their father went on another rampage.

On Christmas Day 2009, Mueller had her husband arrested for domestic violence. Six weeks later, Sheen was formally charged with felony menacing and third-degree assault and criminal mischief (both misdemeanors). After pleading guilty to misdemeanor assault—the other charges were dismissed—Sheen was sentenced to 30 days in a rehabilitation center, 30 days of probation and 36 hours of anger management.

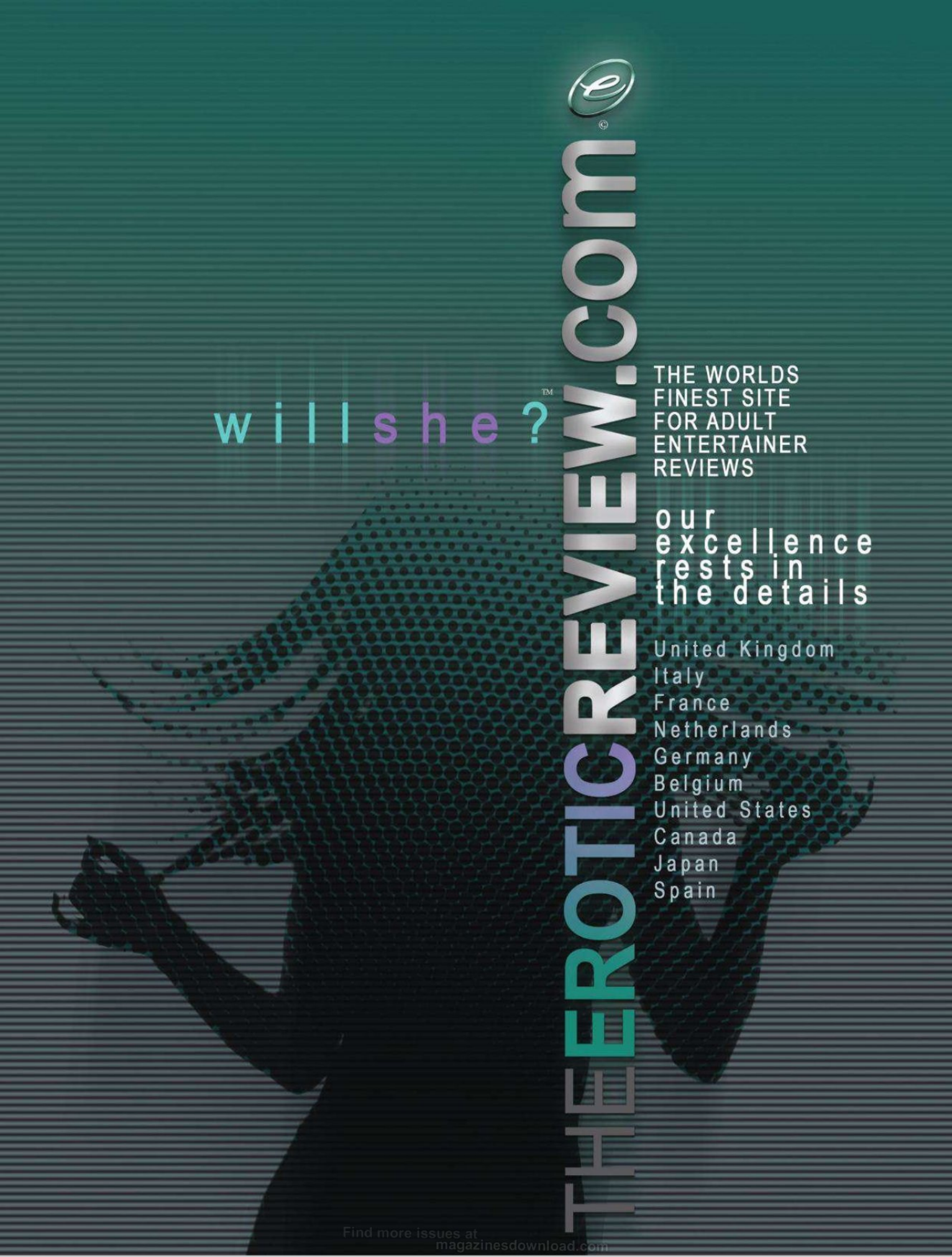
Taking a break from *Two and a Half Men*, he entered a rehab facility. In April 2010, Sheen returned to work and soon signed a whopping $1.88 million-per-episode contract for two additional seasons.

On June 15, 2010, Sheen's Mercedes was reported stolen and eventually discovered at the bottom of a cliff in the Hollywood Hills. According to the online edition of *People* magazine, this was the second time in four months that a Sheen vehicle had apparently been heisted and dumped into a ravine.

Of course, that could happen to anyone. Still, we'd like to make the following suggestion to Charlie Sheen: Slow down! You are too close to the edge. And remember, it's HUSTLER giving you this advice.

Michael McClay is a 30-year veteran editor, publicist, journalist and creative consultant to numerous entertainment companies "from G-rated to adults-only." He is currently writing "the complete picture history of X-rated entertainment."





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A HUSTLER Television Parody

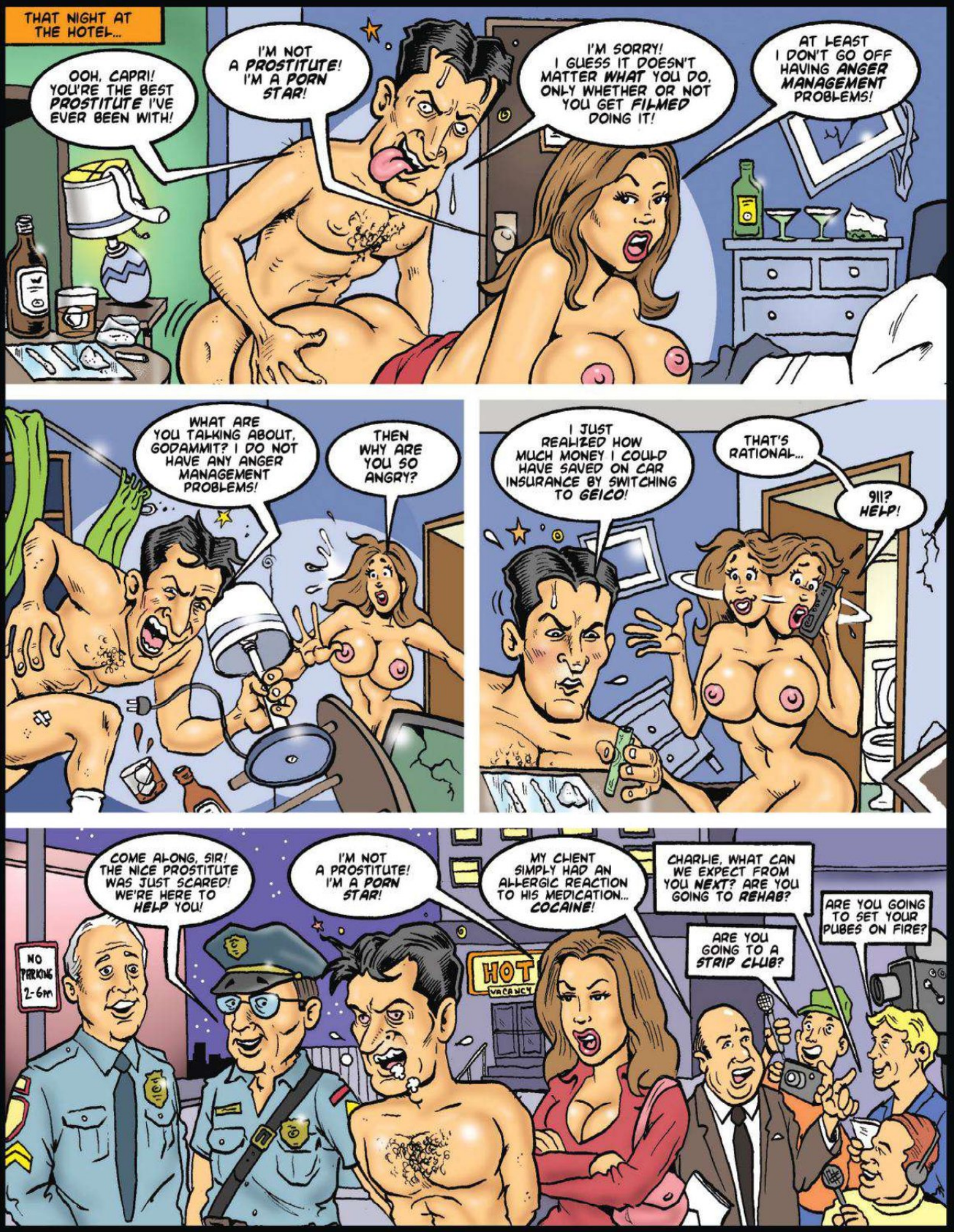
TWO AND A HALF GRAMS

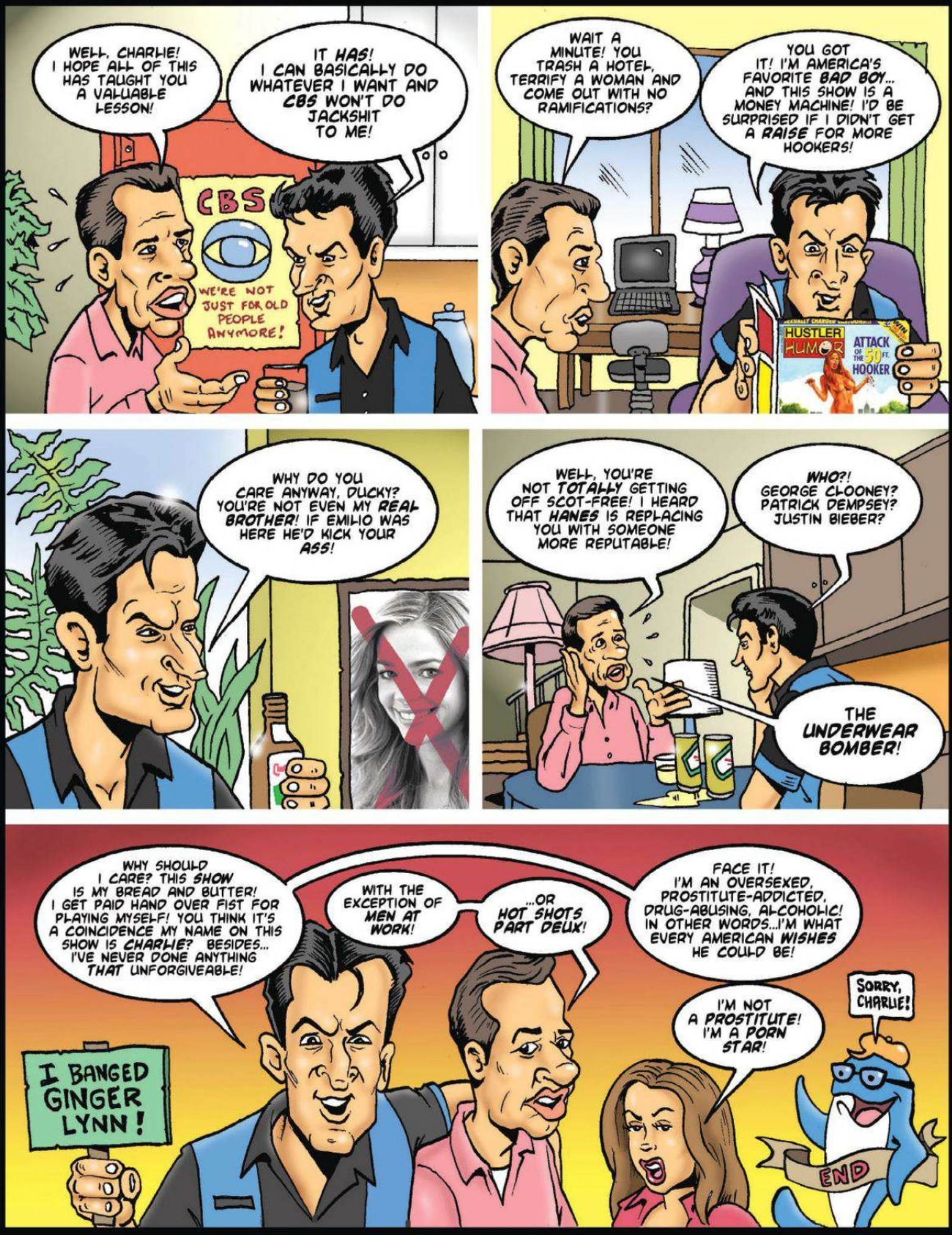
Written and drawn by Noel "Scotch" Anderson





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THAT NIGHT AT THE HOTEL...
OOH, CAPRI! YOU'RE THE BEST PROSTITUTE I'VE EVER BEEN WITH!
I'M NOT A PROSTITUTE! I'M A PORN STAR!
I'M SORRY! I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DO, ONLY WHETHER OR NOT YOU GET FILMED DOING IT!
AT LEAST I DON'T GO OFF HAVING ANGER MANAGEMENT PROBLEMS!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, GODAMMIT? I DO NOT HAVE ANY ANGER MANAGEMENT PROBLEMS!
THEN WHY ARE YOU SO ANGRY?
I JUST REALIZED HOW MUCH MONEY I COULD HAVE SAVED ON CAR INSURANCE BY SWITCHING TO GEICO!
THAT'S RATIONAL...
911? HELP!
COME ALONG, SIR! THE NICE PROSTITUTE WAS JUST SCARED! WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU!
I'M NOT A PROSTITUTE! I'M A PORN STAR!
MY CLIENT SIMPLY HAD AN ALLERGIC REACTION TO HIS MEDICATION... COCAINE!
CHARLIE, WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM YOU NEXT? ARE YOU GOING TO REHAB?
ARE YOU GOING TO A STRIP CLUB?
ARE YOU GOING TO SET YOUR PUBES ON FIRE?
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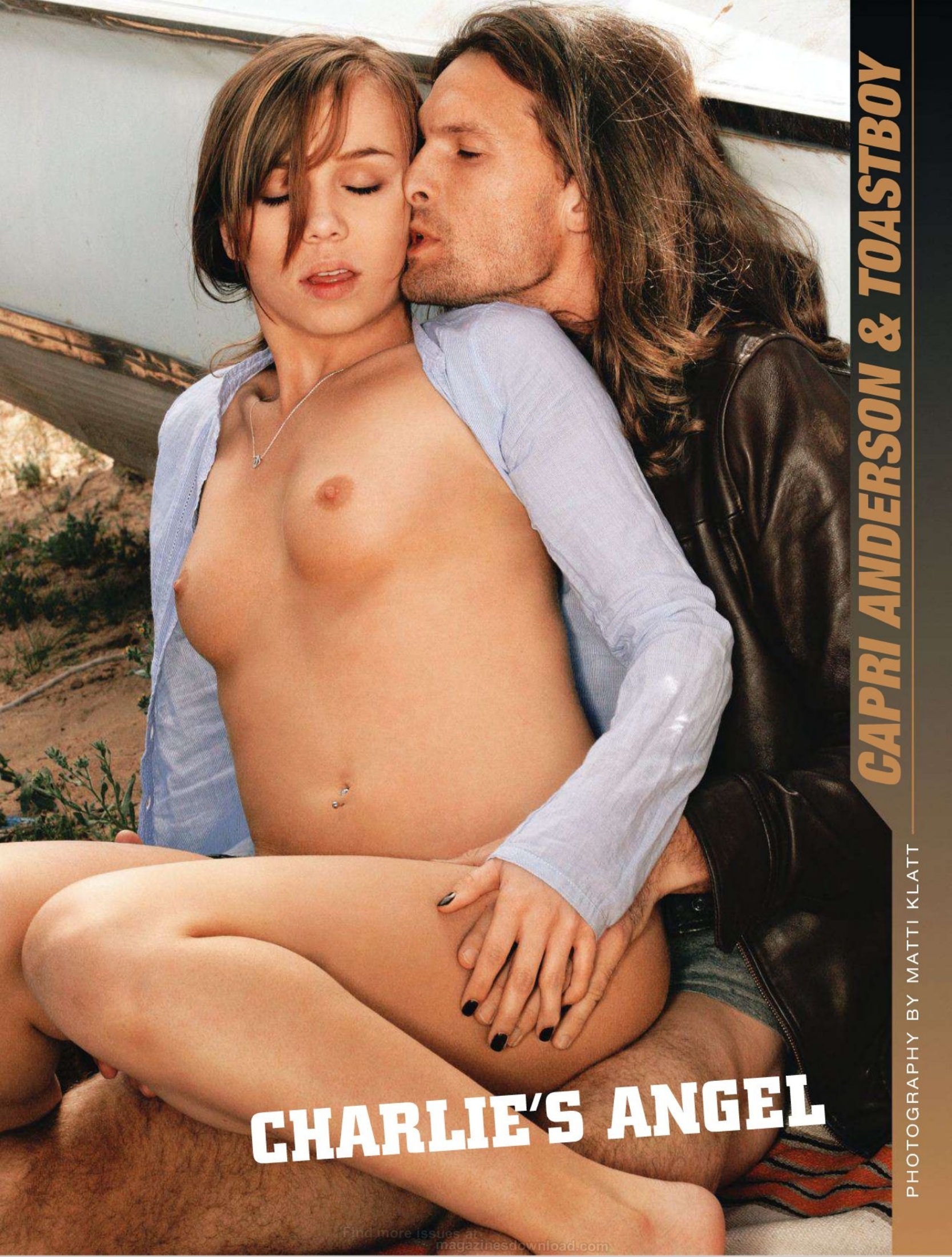
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CHARLIE'S ANGEL

CAPRI ANDERSON & TOASTBOY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

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Before being identified as the "naked girl locked in the hotel bathroom" at the center of Charlie Sheen's latest tabloid exploits, **Capri Anderson** was already a big name. The native New Yorker has spent the past two years setting the skin biz ablaze with heart-stopping performances in such hardcore flicks as *Barely Legal #96*, Jenna Haze's *Meow!*, *GirlZtown* and *Molly's Life #5*.

Although **Capri** has always openly admitted that her main goal in life is to "make lots of money," the 22-year-old is not—as some overzealous publications have labeled her—a prostitute. She is merely a porn star who loves what she does and does what she loves.

Capri once remarked, "I'm having a wonderful time in this business. I love it. My favorite thing about modeling is that it builds your confidence! To have all of you drinking me in and (hopefully) salivating—it's a massive ego boost! I'm adventurous, unpredictable and wild! So I'm in the right business."

How lucky we are to get to see the auburn-haired hottie fucking and sucking with zest in this steamy boy/girl set with some dude named **Toastboy**. (That's his porn name. Don't blame us; we didn't pick it.) One look at **Capri Anderson** "hard at work" and we can see why the highest-paid actor in television would lose his mind over her.








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Capri Anderson didn't have to hide from Charlie Sheen in ***Barely Legal #96*** from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.



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- The 3 "Orgasmic Triggers" – Touch these spots *before sex* to get her *begging to have you inside of her*, then DURING to give her *quivering multiple orgasms*
- How to keep sex EXCITING long after the initial "thrill" has past (Do just these 3 little things and SHE'LL start initiating sex with you... even if you've always been the one to have to get things started before)
- A secret technique lesbians use to give a woman *multiple orgasms* that works even better when done by a man

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BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

Bunny Ranch

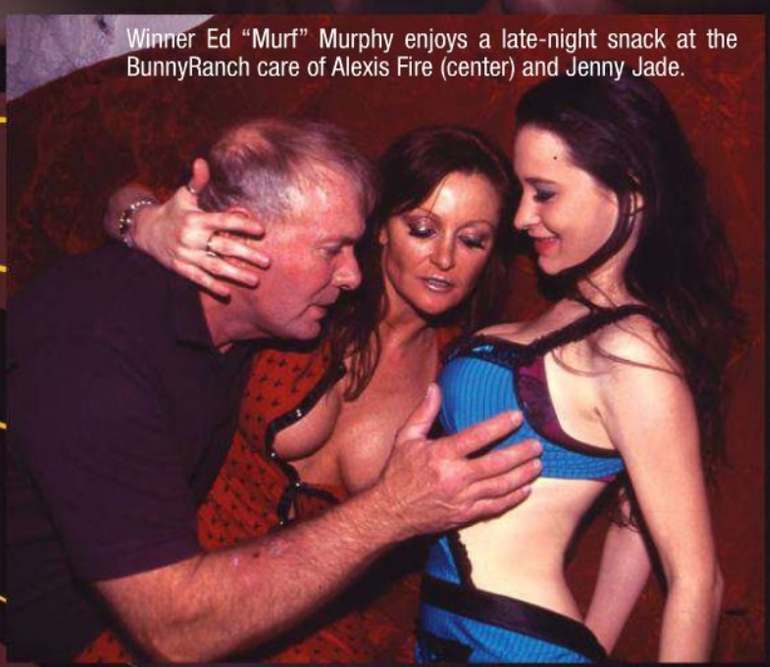
CONTEST WINNER



King for a Day

ONE LUCKY READER GETS THE ROYAL TREATMENT (AND HER RAVENOUS SIDEKICKS) AT THE





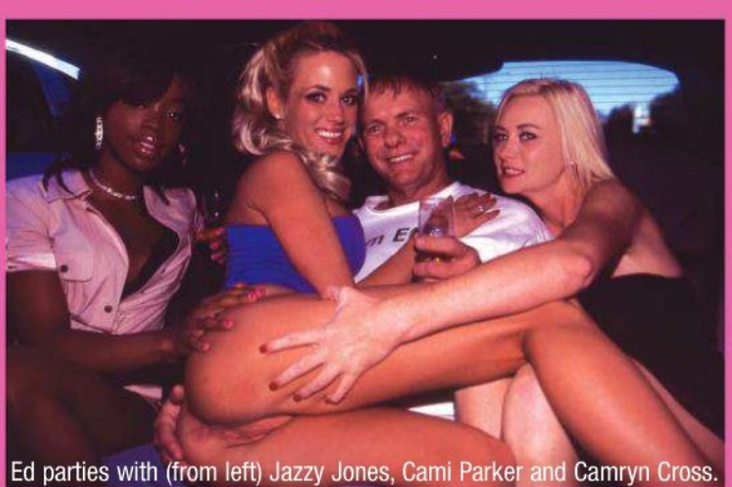
Winner Ed "Murf" Murphy enjoys a late-night snack at the BunnyRanch care of Alexis Fire (center) and Jenny Jade.



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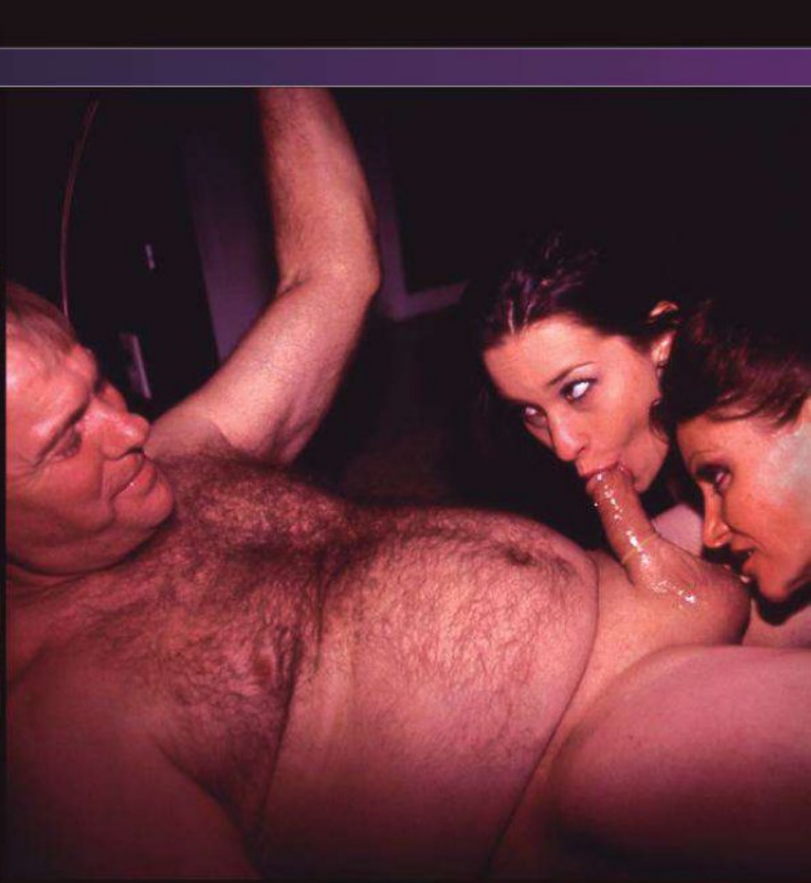
Ed parties with (from left) Jazzy Jones, Cami Parker and Camryn Cross.



FROM HUSTLER COVERGIRL CAMI PARKER WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CATHOUSE!

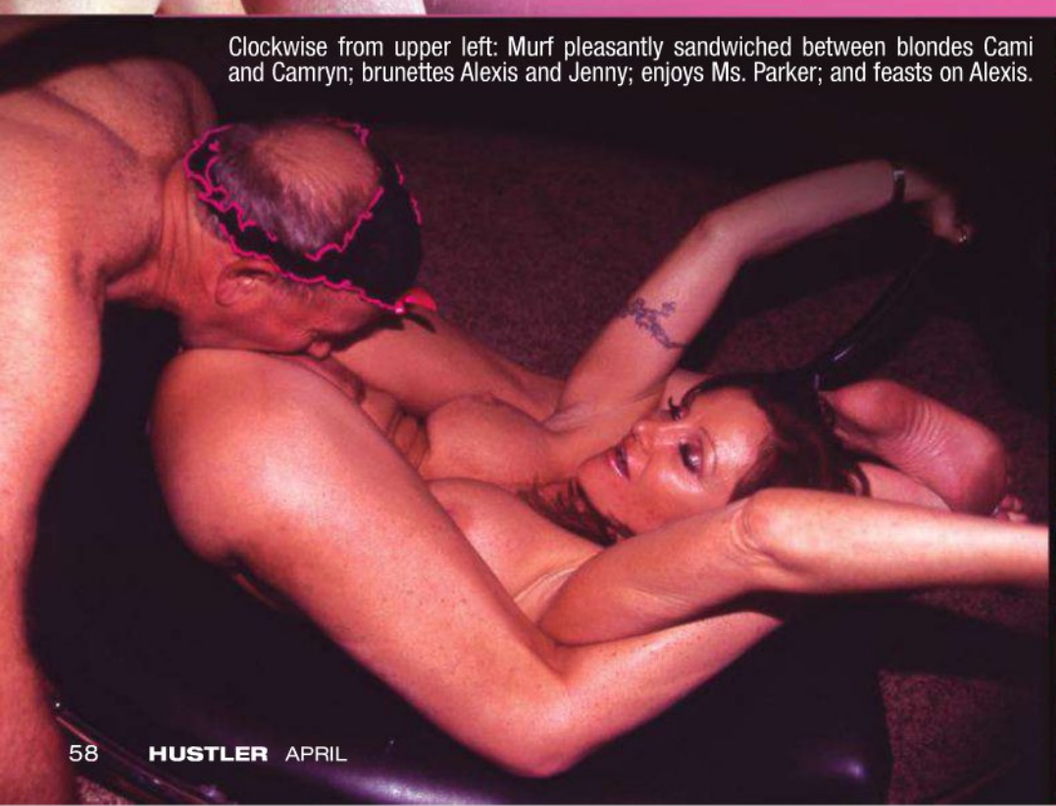
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"The sun shines on a dog's ass every now and then," quipped an impressively humble Ed "Murf" Murphy regarding his good fortune this past October: Out of a staggering number of entrants, the concrete worker from Omaha, Nebraska, (and happy-go-lucky bachelor after 24 years of marriage) was the randomly chosen winner of a date with HUSTLER Honey Cami Parker. Much to his amazement, the 53-year-old everyman was flown to Reno, Nevada, and treated like nobility down the road apiece at Dennis Hof's world-famous Moonlite BunnyRanch. Of course, all expenses were paid, but what Murf experienced during the next 24 hours was absolutely priceless.

Clockwise from upper left: Murf pleasantly sandwiched between blondes Cami and Camryn; brunettes Alexis and Jenny; enjoys Ms. Parker; and feasts on Alexis.





After being met at the airport by Cami and two of her gal pals—Camryn Cross and Jazzy Jones—Murf got his first taste of hospitality. He and the sexy ladies cozied up in the back of a stretch limo, sipping champagne until they stopped along the way for a memorable dinner at a local Red Lobster.

Next came the winner's gala arrival at the BunnyRanch, where Murf was shown to his own personal bungalow—with three bedrooms, a big screen TV and fireplace! The weary traveler refreshed himself with a hot shower, then hit the bordello's bar for cocktails and a cigar. But just as he was really settling in, two sultry Bunnies—Jenny Jade and Alexis Fire—whisked Murf off to a plush private room. According to the lucky stiff, he was "raped"—and lovin' every minute of it.

"Oh, yeah!" Murf fondly recalled. "They fucked the hell out of me. I had one doin' my cock while I was eatin' the other one—and the two girls would continually switch positions. The good Lord let me go about 45 minutes to an hour. Hell, even if I wanted to tell the [BunnyRanch] photographer, 'No pictures,' I couldn't because I had a mouth fulla pussy!"

After a good night's rest—we can't imagine why he slept so well—Murf enjoyed a late deluxe breakfast before hooking up with Cami Parker and Camryn Cross at the cathouse's swimming pool. Immersed in the heated—soon-to-be-scalding!—waters, our winning contestant once again donned his stud cap.

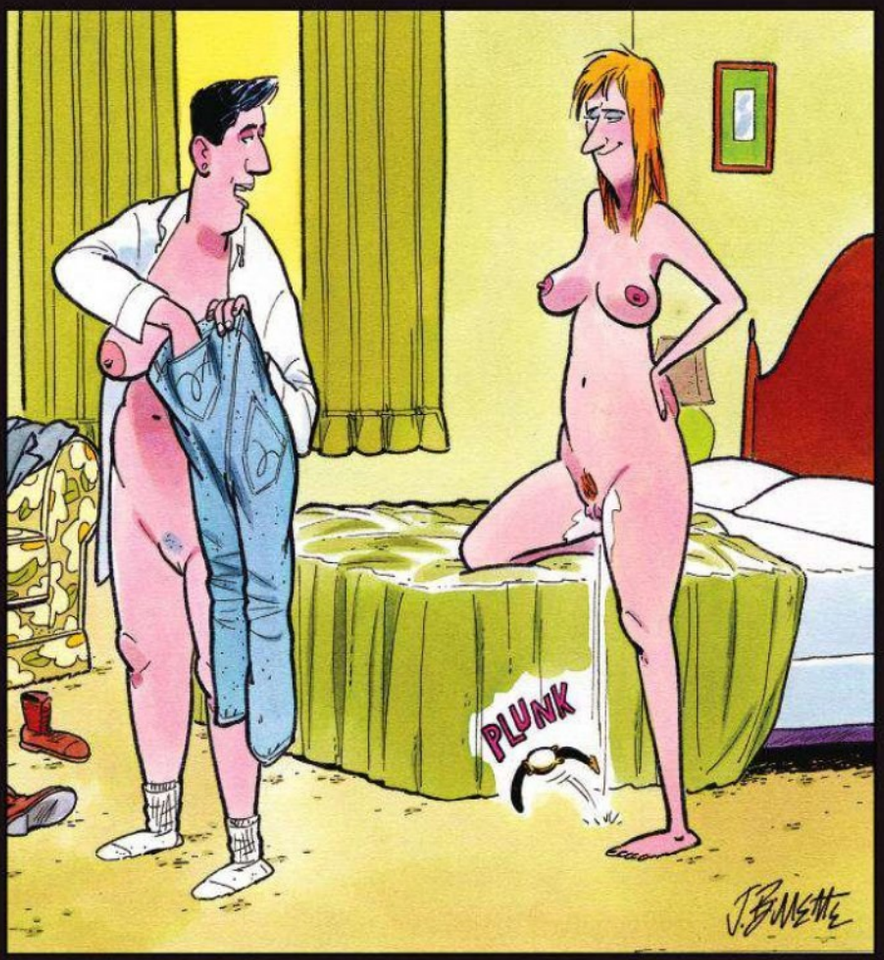
"I did Camryn at the pool while she was eating Cami," Murf revealed. "Afterwards I stepped into one of the smaller houses with Cami, and we just went at it. I ate that pussy for probably 40 to 45 minutes, and we fucked for about 20 minutes. Oh, man! Before I left Omaha, I told everybody, 'Ya don't just fuck something *that* good. That's eatin' material, man!'"

And what did Ms. Parker, who graced our August '10 issue, have to say about her randy rendezvous? "Ed was soooo nice," she told us. "We had lots of fun—and great sex. He really eats great pussy. He made me come, like, eight times!"

So, all in all, did Ed Murphy's date with Cami truly meet all of his sexpectations? "It was everything I thought it would be—plus!" he elatedly proclaimed. "Thank you, HUSTLER, Dennis, Cami and the girls at the BunnyRanch. Hell, I wanna go back! In fact, I'm gonna bring a shitload of guys with me next time. Maybe we'll charter a bus or something. And, hey, if you guys run another contest like this, you *know* I'm gonna enter again."

Here's wishing you the best of luck, Ed! Cheers!

For more info, including how to make an "appointment," visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call 1-888-BUNNYRANCH. To contact Ed Murphy's dreamgirl, shoot an e-mail to *CamiParker@BunnyRanch.com*.



"Fisting you was hot, babe! ... Hmm, I can't find my watch."

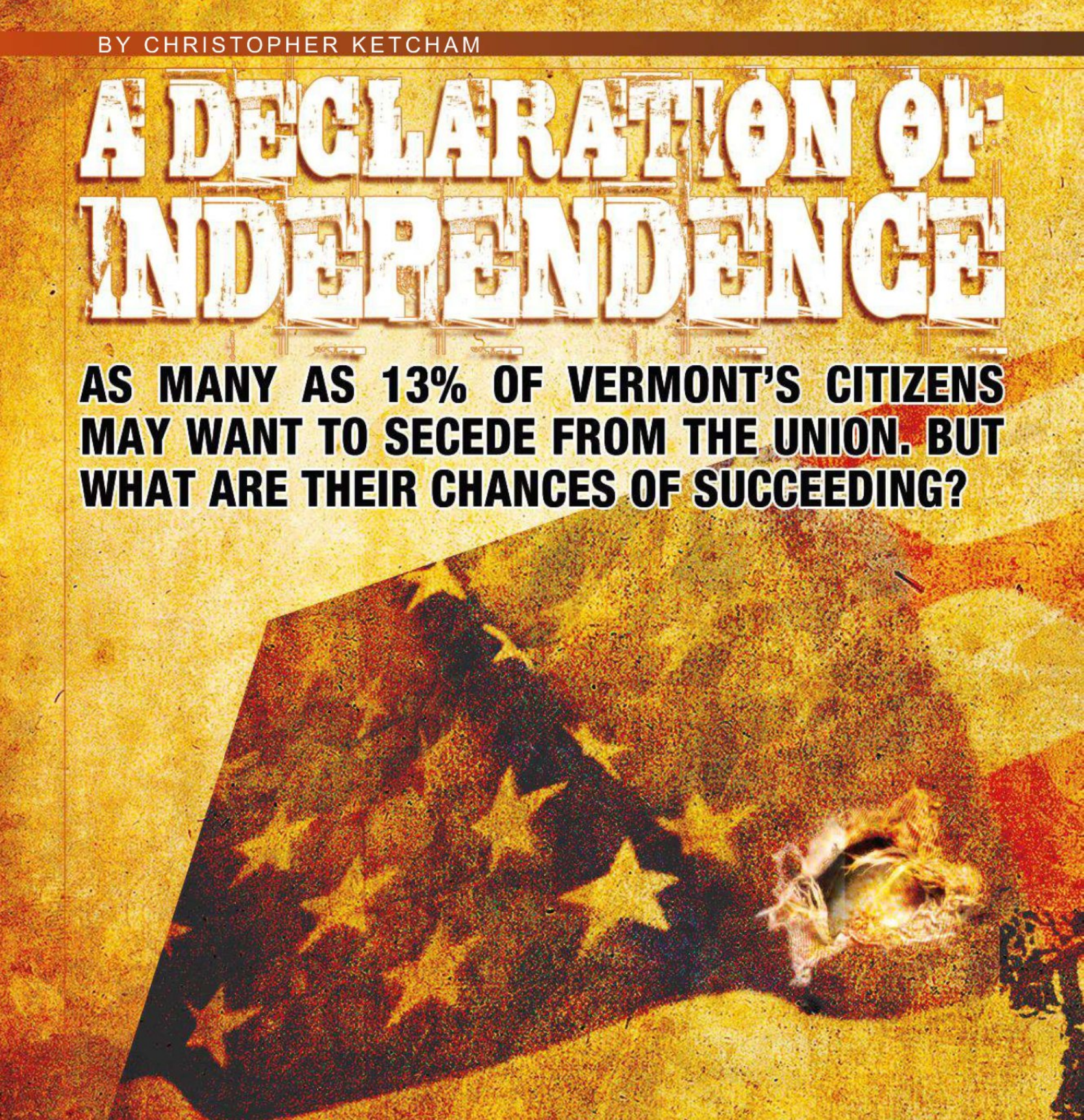


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BY CHRISTOPHER KETCHAM

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

AS MANY AS 13% OF VERMONT'S CITIZENS MAY WANT TO SECEDE FROM THE UNION. BUT WHAT ARE THEIR CHANCES OF SUCCEEDING?



On the matter of the beheading of King Charles I in 1649 and the establishment of a commonwealth in England—the first in the series of republican revolts to which we are heir in this country—historian Christopher Hill asked, "How did men get the nerve to do such unheard of things?" They had a "cognitive liberation," Hill explained. They had overcome "respect for authority and fear of independent reason" and instead embraced new ideas about how to govern.

It's about time we heirs of English revolt had a cognitive liberation regarding the U.S. government, particularly when it comes to the corporate, imperial plutocracy that basically runs this country. In other words, some serious head-chopping is needed, but with peaceful protest, confrontation and resistance—namely words, not guns.

The activists who are arguably at the vanguard in preparing and planning for such a revolt are in Vermont. They call themselves secessionists. Their goal is simple: the separation of their state from the Union and the formation of an independent republic.

They want out of the United States because, they say, U.S. policy has become "intolerable," its injustices seeming to have "no solution in the current framework." Illegal warfare; illegal detentions; illegal occupation of foreign countries; brutal torture in defiance of all international accords; the gulag archipelago of Guantanamo, Abu Ghraib and CIA black sites; "targeted" assassination; the random bombing of women and children; war profiteering; corporate insiders in high office; revolving-door federal regulators; the infringements of the PATRIOT Act and the Homeland Security and Military Commissions Acts; illegal surveillance; tax cuts for the rich; bank bailouts; healthcare legislation to benefit insurers; corporate control of elections; political and corporate corruption; lobbyists writing our laws; government agencies bankrolled by taxpayers but shrouded in secrecy and unaccountability: The shame of being an American, of watching the republic fall into the hands of the worst elements, appears to have reached critical mass for many Vermonters.

They see the federal government as a tool of the rich—that is, a government that caters to the interests of a minority, the 10% who own as much as 90% of all corporate stocks and bonds, as much as 70% of all wealth—the same 10% who most profit from corporate control of government.

To disgruntled Vermonters, our leaders have no vision for the future other than more of the same. The election of Barack Obama, they argue, changed nothing. (He was elected with money from the 10-percenters and has acted accordingly in office.) Obama only sealed a sense of hopelessness. In its own way, this is good news. Obama is not the problem; George W. Bush was not the problem. It's the system itself that's the problem, perhaps explaining why Vermont's secessionist movement—with support from as much as 13% of its voters—cuts across the lines of class and party.

Activists include college professors, lumberjacks, progressives and conservatives, Democrats and Republicans, truck drivers, schoolteachers, waitresses, students, artists, musicians, poets, farmers and woolly-haired woodsmen. They are at once antiwar but pro-gun; anti-Big Business but pro-entrepreneur; anticonsumerist but pro-capitalist; anti-Big Government but for a strong state that answers to the needs of citizens and the needs of place. Favoring the local over the global, the polis over the imperium, the human scale over the superscaled, the Second Vermont Republic movement offers a new paradigm in American politics: a populist revolt that defies the norms of the perceived left-right partition.

The group's founder, Thomas Naylor—a professor emeritus of economics at Duke University—published *The Vermont Manifesto: The Second Vermont Republic.* More recently he drafted a Vermont Declaration of Independence, which borrows the language of Thomas Jefferson's original, except that the British monarch's "abuses and usurpations" are now the work of the royalty running Washington, D.C.

"We are enmeshed in a global system of conquest and destruction in which Corporate America and the United States government manipulate and control the lives of millions of ostensibly free individuals," Naylor declares. How many people, he asks, "are prepared to die to make the world safe for McDonald's, Walmart, 747s, gas-guzzling SUVs, the Internet, Bill Gates and the rest of the Forbes 400 richest Americans?"

By comparison, the vaunted Tea Partiers—who also embrace the rhetoric of revolutionary America—have the intellectual and moral weight of a junkyard puppet show. They masquerade as "populist" when they've been co-opted by the GOP machine, getting funded in the tens of millions of dollars by wealthy political investors who sit astride that Forbes 400 list. Not a word about predatory corporate power from the Tea Partiers.

This is a historical irony: Recall that the original Tea Party revolutionaries, who in 1773 dumped 342 chests of tea into Boston Harbor, were engaged in a direct-action assault on the most powerful corporation of their time. Control of the American colonies' political economy lay in the hands of a distant, unresponsive government—the British crown—that had been captured by, among other business interests, the British East India Company.

The company sought monopoly control over colonial markets, particularly the market for tea, which—thanks to a tax exemption—it could offer at lower prices to undersell mom-and-pop merchants in America. Hence



GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY

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the Tea Party revolt—the colonists didn't want the British East India Company's cheap tea. They wanted open markets free of monopoly control.

If anyone is taking up the banner of the Boston Tea Party, it's the Vermonters—you might call them the Green Tea Party. The monopoly power wielded by the British East India Company, its co-corruption with Britain's Parliament and its crafting of imperial policies detrimental to the colonies all bear direct comparison to the machinations of corporate power today in Vermont (and indeed across the world). The East India Company is now everywhere: It's Monsanto, Walmart, Boeing, Big Oil, Big Pharma, Wall Street.

Unlike the revolutionaries of 1776, however, the Vermonters—peaceniks, all—are unwilling to pursue their cause by force of arms. They are waging a campaign of ideas for other forms of revolt that might be achieved short of the trauma of secession. They oppose the privatizing of common natural assets, predatory finance and monopoly corporate control over the food supply.

Let's take a look at how the revolution starts without a shot being fired:

AGRICULTURAL REVOLT: Working with a coalition of farmers, entrepreneurs and agronomists, the secessionists hope to establish a degree of "food sovereignty" by producing, with tens of thousands of new jobs, up to 75% of all food in-state. (Although one of the most agriculturally rich states, Vermont currently imports 96% of its food.)

Among the novel concepts: Eliminate financial pressure on Vermont agriculture by removing the tax incentives and subsidies currently extended to those who speculate on agricultural land—speculation that drives up land values and tax assessments, forcing farmers to increase productivity and/or raise prices to their customers; lift federal regulations that place costly burdens and legal barriers on small-scale dairy farms and meat producers; invest in regional centers for food processing and distribution, as well as composting; pass legislation to make producers of genetically modified seeds liable for damage caused to Vermont farmers when GM seeds from neighboring farms accidentally seep into their crops.

None of it, advocates say, can happen under current federal regulations, too many of which are written by corporate lobbyists. When the Vermont legislature sought to outlaw genetically modified seeds—a direct assault on Monsanto, the world's GM seed monopolist—the U.S. Department of Agriculture stepped in and made it impossible to enforce the edict. State lawmakers sought to legalize industrial hemp production, but again the Feds stepped in and effectively killed the measure.

Vermont wanted to enact restrictions on corporate personhood, specifically with regard to the power of Big Age. The Interstate Commerce Clause in the U.S. Constitution nixed that one. "Monsanto and the USDA exploit Vermont by keeping us in a Third World position," says Gaelan Brown, an executive with the solar energy company GroSolar and a secession activist. "They have our agricultural resources tied up, dependent on petrochemical and GM seed inputs, which makes it impossible for the state to become food independent, much less sustainable or organic."

REVOLT AGAINST THE BANKS: The Vermont secessionists want a nearly interest-free banking and credit system to fund transformative initiatives like food sovereignty. They're lobbying for the creation of a state-owned bank along the lines of North Dakota's, which was established in 1919 to fend off out-of-state predatory lenders. The Bank of North Dakota continues to promote agriculture, commerce and industry in the state. Further, unlike privately owned banks, the interest the BND earns from loans goes back into the state's coffers.

The chief benefit of a state-owned bank, as the Vermonters see it, is "to provide low-interest capital to citizens" while "breaking the monopoly on credit by private usurious lenders," writes Adrian Kuzminski, author and research scholar at New York's Hartwick College. Kuzminski, an advocate of secessionist banking proposals, suggests an ideal interest rate of 1.1%. That figure, he explains, "fairly redistributes capital and is a sustainable rate." Higher interest rates demand a level of productivity beyond the capacity of people to fulfill. The result: debt peonage.

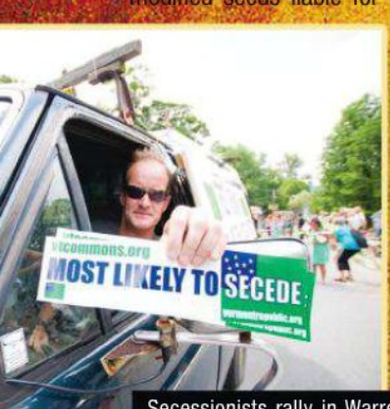
Kuzminski sees the current centralized interest banking system as unjust and unsustainable because it benefits "creditors and sophisticated borrowers who can leverage their debts, leaving all others impoverished." Kuzminski and other like-minded economists hope to establish in Vermont a new financial order "explicitly outlawing usury within its borders."

REVOLT AGAINST THE PRIVATIZING OF THE COMMONS: No labor or capital went into the creation of land and natural resources; therefore, they cannot be property. What's come to be known as "the commons" can be defined as land and everything else that was not made by man, such as oil, natural gas, minerals, timber, water, the air, even the electromagnetic spectrum, as well as, say, the genetic codes of all biota on Earth.

Gary Flomenhoft, a professor of energy and technology policy at the University of Vermont, notes that companies like Coca-Cola and Nestlé currently make off with $671 million each year in untaxed groundwater for their lucrative water-bottling operations. Flomenhoft has calculated that resource rent—i.e., taxes—from the state's commons could total as much as $1.2 billion a year.

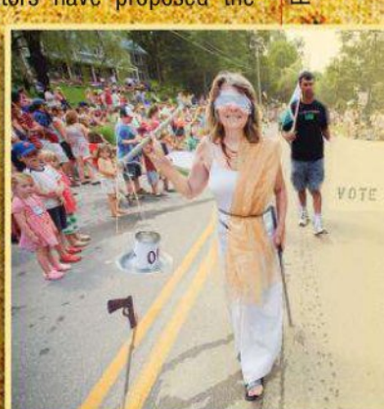
Vermont legislators have proposed the

PHOTOS BY CURTIS SAVARD (CURTISSAVARDPHOTOGRAPHY.COM).









Secessionists rally in Warren, Vermont; wielding bumper sticker is *Vermont Commons* publisher Rob Williams; greeting the crowd is gubernatorial candidate Dennis Steele; top right: farmer/historian/activist Jim Hogue.

creation of a common assets sovereign fund to collect these taxes, with state residents expected to receive from the fund a check worth thousands of dollars annually. Says secessionist Rob Williams, publisher of the news journal *Vermont Commons: Voices of Independence*: "We assess the fair market value for the monetized worth of Vermont's commons, and we charge rent to corporate business players, ending the subsidies to out-of-state business interests who get away with free use of commonly held [publicly owned] resources. We put cash back into the pockets of working Vermonters whose asses are being kicked, and generate much needed revenue for state government. Talk about economic stimulus."

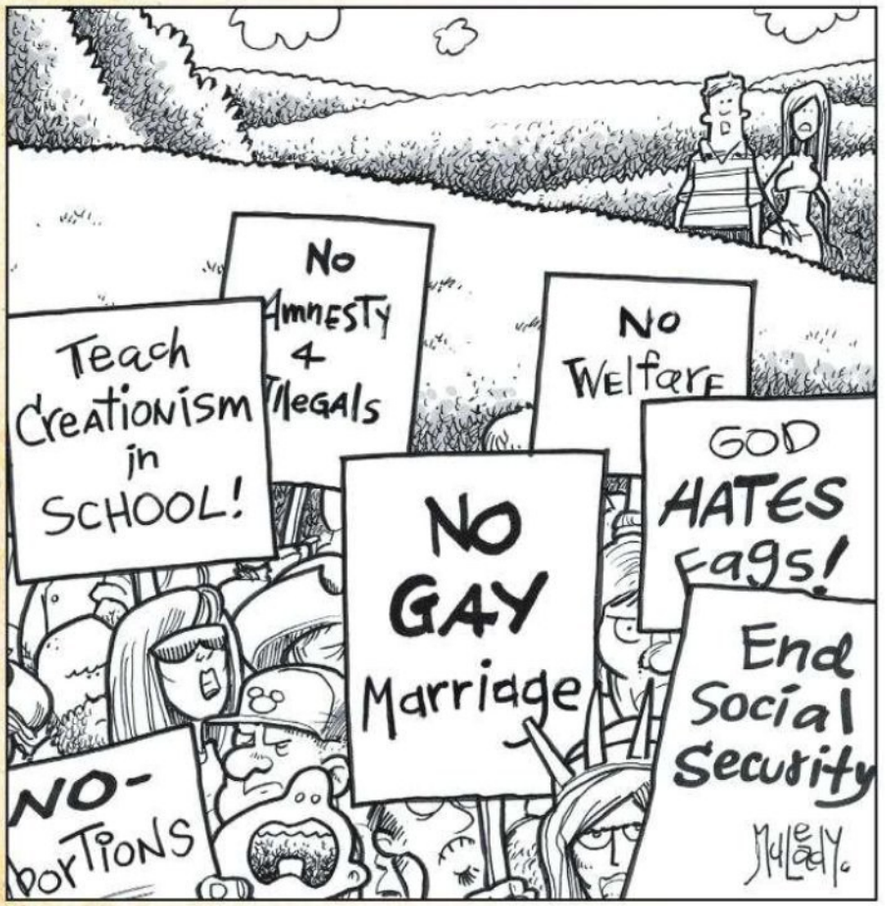
For proposing such radical ideas—and placing them in the context of an unabashed separation from the U.S.—advocates of Vermont sovereignty are derided, dismissed as quixotic fools, demonized as lunatics from the "fringe Left" or, worse, as traitors to be arrested and hanged. I think we should hail them as a revitalizing force in self-governance and experimenters in democratic renewal from the ground up, the avant-garde in a cognitive liberation movement that has embraced an idea enshrined in no less a document than America's Declaration of Independence: "[W]henever any Form of Government becomes destructive, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government."

Establishing a second Vermont republic, however, faces huge impediments etched in historical, cultural and political stone. A full-on severance would need to happen peacefully, with friends on all sides. It would happen either through a legislative vote in Vermont, a popular referendum or a constitutional convention. The governor would then be empowered to present Vermont's exit declaration to the U.S. secretary of state. No telling what would happen next.

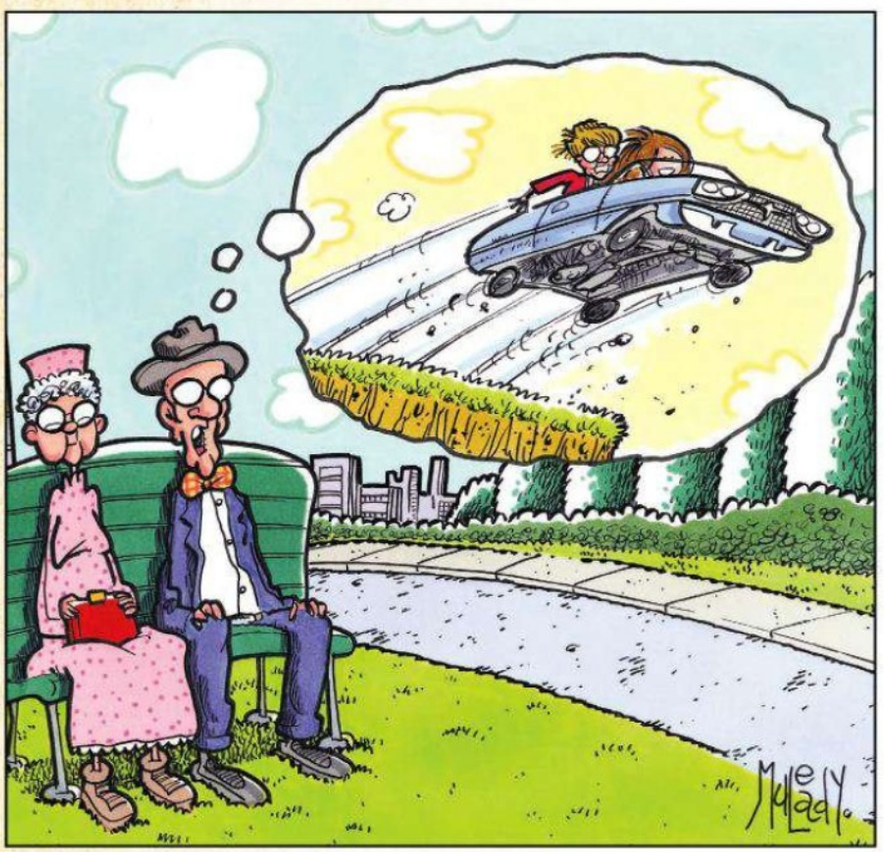
But one thing is certain: It would send a message that some citizens are deadly serious in their refusal to go along for the ride as America is flushed down the toilet for the benefit of a wealthy minority. It may even serve to scare the elite enough to change the political paradigm, to move this country in a direction worth taking.

So imagine, if you will, sometime in the near future, the citizens of this little state, Vermont, in peaceful rebellion against the USA. I like to imagine the Vermonters pulling it off, birthing a new nation out of the ashes of the old. And should they fail, we'd do well to remember the words of radical journalist I.F. Stone: "The only kinds of fights worth fighting are those you are going to lose, because somebody has to fight them and lose and lose and lose until someday, somebody who believes as you do wins."

Christopher Ketcham has written for *Harper's, Vanity Fair, GQ*, Salon.com and many other publications and Web sites. He is currently working on a book about the Vermont secession movement.



"For a group that doesn't think the government should tell people what to do, the Tea Party sure has a lot of ideas about what people should do."



"I've heard people compare Sarah Palin and Christine O'Donnell to Thelma and Louise. Now, if we could just get the two dumb cunts to drive off a cliff!"

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ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY



COURTNEY PAGE

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This is so F'ing cool," marvels **Courtney Page**. "You know how most girls dream of their wedding day? Not me. I have dreamed about being naked in a real men's magazine. And HUSTLER is as F'ing real as it gets. Plus during the shoot I got to pretend to be a rocker chick. Who doesn't want to be a rock star? Or at least a groupie?"

Has **Courtney** ever experienced any groupie love? "I wish," she replies, "but I've never been able to get backstage. I just don't have the connections, and I'm just not that bold. I would love to make some 'backstage passes' at rock stars."

Any in particular? "Maybe if I could go back in time and fuck a young Mick Jagger," **Courtney** muses. "And maybe Keith [Richards] too. As for rockers now, I think the guys from the Black Crowes are sexy, and Pharrell from N.E.R.D. is so hot. And I know it's wrong, but I would also like to fuck Justin Bieber. Just to say I did it. He pretends to be all shy and innocent, but I bet secretly he's a freak. He hangs with Usher, so he has to be. If not, it would be great to show Justin the ropes, and I'd play some loud rock music while doing it."

By the way, that's always the soundtrack to **Courtney**'s sexcapades. "I love listening to loud and hard rock while I'm having sex," the hottie purrs. "I find that if you play wimpy shit, the guy gets all soft and feminine on you. And that doesn't get me off. But if you play some Korn or Led Zeppelin or Eminem, it gets him riled up, and he starts to really let me have it. That music makes the guy and me a bit angry, and angry sex is the best sex!"






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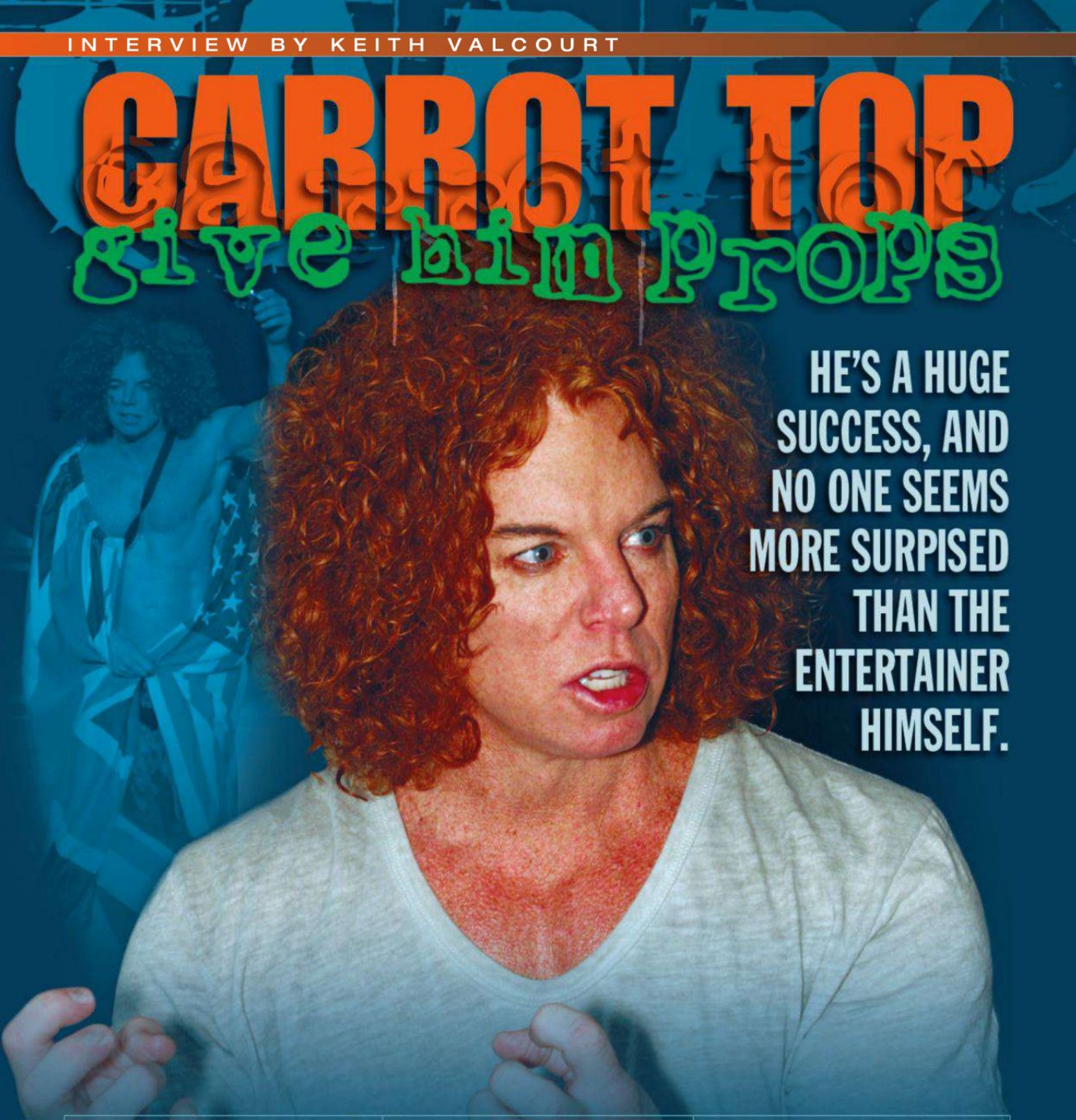
COURTNEY PAGE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Aurora, Colorado | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110

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INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

CARROT TOP

give him props



HE'S A HUGE SUCCESS, AND NO ONE SEEMS MORE SURPISED THAN THE ENTERTAINER HIMSELF.

Onstage, Scott Thompson (a/k/a Carrot Top) is a one-man multimedia comedy whirlwind of props, jokes, impersonations and rock 'n' roll. More than just a "prop comic," he's an entertainer in the purest sense of the word. Holding nothing back, the showbiz sensation has a singular mission: to wow his audience, and the sold-out crowds love him for it. We caught up with Carrot Top to talk about his first exposure to HUSTLER, the rumors, comedy groupies and being pictured on Las Vegas billboards.

HUSTLER: We heard you are really excited to be in HUSTLER.

Carrot Top: To be in HUSTLER is kind of crazy. Pinch me.

Do you remember the first time you saw a HUSTLER?

Yeah. I was in a hurry because I was trying to hide it. My dad was coming in. He had a lot of magazines, and I remember looking through the different ones and loving HUSTLER because it was more risqué. I didn't put it back in the same place, and my dad found out. My dad is very anal, and everything has to be in exactly the right place. He found the misplaced HUSTLER and said, "You looking in my magazines again?" I said, "No." He said, "I know you did because you put it back in a different stack, out of order. But it's okay because you picked a good one. You've got good taste, son."

Were your dad's mags organized chronologically or alphabetically?

Probably in whatever order his cum-shot

desired. I don't know how he had it, but I screwed it up.

Isn't it a little early in the interview to talk about your dad's cum-shot?

It's never too early to talk about that.

How long have you been doing comedy?

I started in 1986. I didn't come from a showbiz family. My dad worked for NASA, and my brother was an Air Force pilot. I was always kind of the class clown. I went to college [at Florida Atlantic University] to get a degree in marketing. They had an open mic night at the college, and my roommate said, "We should go to that thing, and you should be in it. You're funny." I went up and told old knock-knock jokes. It was well received.

The energy of being onstage telling jokes in front of my friends was kind of fun. I was always telling jokes at tailgate parties and campfires, but the stage was different. They had that open mic every semester, and I would go up every time. Eventually I started to make it more me. I'd make jokes about my appearance or about school. Local jokes. There was a street called Butts Road. I said, "I was driving down Butts Road. It's where all the assholes live." Stupid jokes like that. My act evolved.

When did you add the props?

The props came into play when I went down to the local comedy club. They said, "You can't just do jokes about college. That's not going to work with a general crowd. Maybe Butts Road is funny in Boca [Raton, Florida] but not here." I started adding signs that I stole. I had one of those "Slow: Children at Play" signs. The act became observational things that I discovered and stole.

When did you transition from stealing props to making them?

One day I was driving behind this old lady whose head you couldn't see above the steering wheel. Based on that, I made this hat with an old woman's head on top of it on a spring. I said it was for old people to wear so you could see their heads above the steering wheel. That was the first prop I ever made. It killed onstage because 20-plus years ago no one worked with props. Everyone in the audience laughed because it was something they saw every day. After that I made a cowboy boot with a kickstand on it so you won't fall down when you're drunk. And I started thinking of more and more props.

How did your folks take it when you told them you were going to be a comic?

My parents knew I was kind of funny, but when I went off to college, they didn't think I'd come back a comedian. My dad said, "A comedian? What do you mean?" I told him, "I'm telling jokes, and they're paying me." He said, "Paying you? How much? And who are these people that are paying you?"

I called my dad the first time I was going to do *The Tonight Show*. He said, "You're going to watch *The Tonight Show*?" I said, "No. You have to watch it because I'm on it." He said, "You're on *The Tonight Show*? Yeah, right."

A lot of comics say their material comes out of personal sadness or tragedy, but you seem pretty happy.

I think it's a cliché that every clown is sad. I think to a degree there is a struggle or roadblock or something that happened when you were younger that makes you become a comic. If you go way back into their childhood, they were the ones that didn't fit into the group. I was picked on as a kid, but it wasn't that bad. You learn right away the art of self-deprecation. You're going to make fun of me? Well, I'll make fun of myself. Then I get the laugh, and I got you.

You're billed as a prop comic. Do you find that label a bit restricting?

It *is* restricting. But someone like yourself who follows comedy understands that. The general public doesn't know the difference. It's a way to tell people what you do in as few words as possible. If you see my show, it's a whole variety of genres in one. There are props, but there is also stand-up and some old-school schtick complete with rim-shots with some impersonations and video clips thrown in.

Does it bother you that some people criticize your use of props?

It *absolutely* bothers me. As you go further in your life, you learn how to deal with different obstacles. That was one of them. There were clubs in the South that wouldn't book me because I was a prop comic. In Atlanta this one snooty club would never book me just because I had some props and a strobe light in my act.

Years later I ended up playing the Fox Theater in Atlanta, and I sold out 6,000 seats. On a Wednesday! I wasn't allowed to play the 200-seat Punchline, but I could sell out the Fox Theater. Being kept from doing something just because you're perceived a different way would bother anybody.

What is life like for you in Las Vegas?

It's great. It's a good community to be in. I've been here for a long time, and I get a lot of local support and a lot of local love. My face is everywhere, so you'd think people would be tired of seeing me, but they're not. They even tell me how much they love my new billboards.

What is the biggest misconception people have about you?

That I'm just a stupid, wacky prop guy. After the live show, people come up to me all the time. They don't intend to be mean, but they say, "Wow! That show was way better than I thought it would be." A lady walked up to me and said, "Your show was the best show we went to that we didn't want to go to." I find that flattering. The biggest thing is that people think of you a certain way without actually taking the time to investigate.

Do you still get nervous before a show?

You get that anxious blast of adrenaline because it's a new beginning every night. The night before you could have killed and gotten a standing ovation. Then the next night you're there putting your mic on going, *I have to fucking do that all over again?* You can't say, "You should have seen me last night. I fucking killed."

What was your worst gig ever?

I was playing at the bar of a ski resort. There were all these skiers and snowboarders, and they were plastered—as drunk as they could be. I did my act, and everything was wrong. The room sucked. The sound didn't work, and the heat was blasting. It was horrible.

At the end of my show I'm only dressed in my Mick Jagger outfit, which is shirtless with bike shorts. I walked right off the stage, directly out into the snow and down the highway all the way back to my hotel two miles away, cursing and muttering "Fucking, fuck, fucker!" to myself the whole way.

PHOTOS BY BRIAN UPTGRAFT



Best gig?

I did a stadium gig for 82,000 people at the University of Florida. I was a Gator my whole life. I used to go to all the games there. I loved the University of Florida. The weirdest part was the delay. I said, "Go Gators!" and heard it go out there a few seconds later like an echo. Then the reaction came back in a wave. It took me a few minutes to figure out the timing of the sound. But I killed.

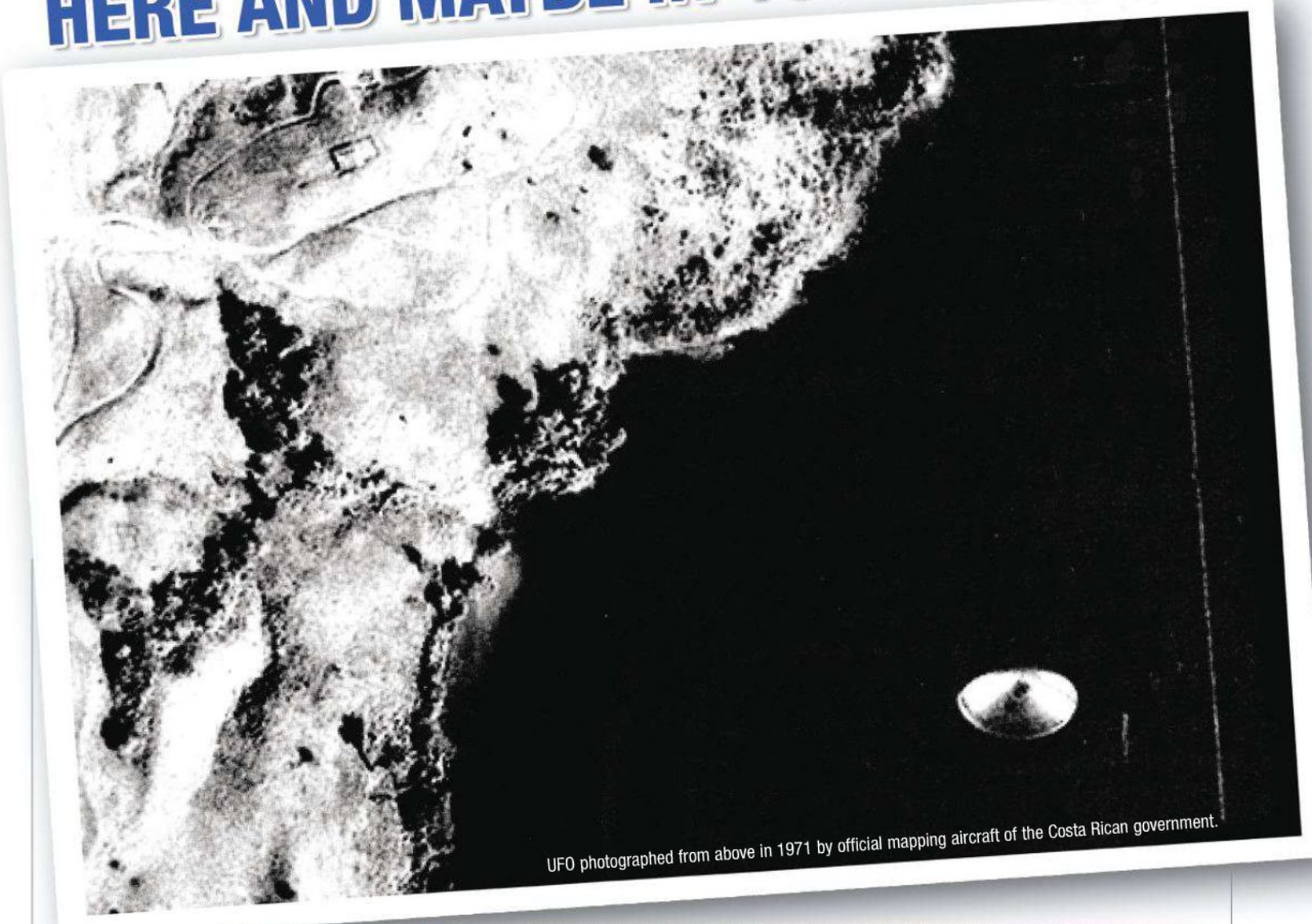
Both you and Criss Angel headline at the Luxor. Is there a competition between the two of you? And who would win in a fight?

(continued on page 106)

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UFOs?

HERE AND MAYBE IN YOUR GARDEN!



UFO photographed from above in 1971 by official mapping aircraft of the Costa Rican government.

Leslie Kean's extremely credible book chronicles one of mankind's biggest mysteries.

UFOs: Generals, Pilots, and Government Officials Go on the Record by Leslie Kean (Harmony Books, an imprint of The Crown Publishing Group)

A stunning 70,000 UFO sightings a year are reported. Unidentified flying objects in a wide range of sizes, shapes, colors and behaviors have been photographed in both conventional and infrared formats and observed on radar. In addition to saucerlike disks, UFOs have been described as cigar-shaped and delta-winged (lately the most frequent), as well as circles, squares, triangles and shape-shifters.

Encounters suggest UFOs are not hostile or aggressive, even if approached by military jetfighters. When facing imminent attack, they have demonstrated an ability to temporarily disable weapons systems on responding aircraft and may even have (for a short time) disabled nuclear

missiles stored in hardened silos.

It's all spelled out in Leslie Kean's comprehensive book. The author is no wing nut. Kean is an established investigative journalist with a long list of impressive mainstream credits.

Kean presents numerous UFO events worldwide, especially those involving aviators, public figures, respected scientists and large groups of civilians—in essence, extremely credible eyewitnesses. Moreover, *UFOs* boasts a foreword by John Podesta, President Bill Clinton's chief of staff and former member of the National Security Council, as well as cochair of President Barack Obama's transition team. His overview of the book adds major credibility.

"The time to pull the curtain back on this subject is long overdue," Podesta writes. "UFOs: Generals, Pilots, and Government Officials Go on the Record involves just such an effort, and it appeals to open-minded people such as myself. Presenting the facts, the book includes statements from only the most credible sources."

As Kean reports, UFOs are diverse and strange. They can be as small as a yard in diameter, such as the one that showed up in a French scientist's yard. The object hovered a couple of feet above the ground for around 20 minutes, in daylight, while the scientist carefully observed it at close range, taking notes. Then it shot straight up in a whoosh, "as if yanked by a strong suction," momentarily straightening the blades of grass underneath.

Or a UFO can be a mile or so long, such as the one observed in 2007 by commercial pilot Ray Bowyer, who was at the controls of a plane bound for the Channel Islands between England and France. The sighting was confirmed by ground radar and also witnessed by some of Bowyer's passengers.

A chapter by Jean-Jacques Velasco, head of the French government's UFO agency for more than 20 years, notes the frequent presence of UFOs near nuclear weapons storage facilities. Velasco suggests the relationship between the two is so apparent, it cannot be coincidental. Employing decades of experience, Velasco speculates that UFOs might be monitoring nuclear weapons during periods of heightened alert. He suggests UFOs may be able to interfere with missile launches, citing an incident on March 16, 1967, during which 20 nuclear missiles were temporarily "shut down" in Montana while UFOs were observed nearby.

In 1966, at an Air Force base in North Dakota, operations in a Minuteman missile system were "adversely impacted" while UFOs were sighted for over three hours by multiple observers. Two UFOs were tracked on radar. Later that day security alarms went off, and an inspection team discovered a 20-ton concrete silo door had been opened. But there were no tire tracks or other physical evidence to explain why that had happened.

At the conclusion of the chapter "France and the UFO Question," Velasco states: "The UFO phenomenon is definitely related to something controlled and intelligent. … If they are artificial probes they cannot be of terrestrial origin…."

UFOs have even been observed by politicians, most notably former President Jimmy Carter, Congressman Dennis Kucinich (D-Ohio) and Fife Symington.

While governor of Arizona, Symington was one of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people who reportedly observed a massive, delta-shaped UFO that appeared in the sky above Phoenix and surrounding areas. That mysterious illuminated object was described as bigger than multiple football fields and perhaps a mile long.

In a chapter Symington contributed to *UFOs*, his recollections include: "A solid structure rather than an apparition, it was dramatically large, with a distinctive leading edge embedded with lights. … As a pilot and a former Air Force officer, I can say with certainty that this craft did not resemble any man-made object I had ever seen."

Another highly publicized UFO encounter occurred at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport in 2006. There, a disk estimated to be between 22 and 88 feet in diameter hovered over the United Airlines terminal for more than five minutes before zooming away, leaving a remarkably distinct hole in the cloud cover. The disk not only was observed by many highly credible witnesses, but also was discussed on ground crew radios and may have been photographed—with the photo later suppressed. Kean reports that witnesses elect to remain anonymous because they fear losing their jobs if they come forward.

In her book, Kean covers so many fascinating events, it is tempting to retell them all. One more, however, will have to suffice. In the chapter "The Extraordinary Incident at Rendlesham Forest," she turns to Sergeant James Penniston and Colonel Charles I. Halt of the U.S. Air Force. The event took place around Christmas 1980 at a joint British-U.S. air base in England.

Here's the short version: Penniston, who at the time had top-secret U.S. and NATO security clearance, and two other airmen go into the forest in the early-morning darkness to investigate a suspected plane crash. In the woods Penniston spots a bright light emanating from a triangular craft—roughly nine feet long, 6.5 feet high and fully intact—sitting on the ground.

Penniston and his colleagues step closer. He circles the UFO, touches it, takes pictures and makes sketches (including, as depicted in Kean's book, an attempt to reproduce symbols etched into the craft). Forty-five minutes later, lights from the UFO intensify, and it takes off, without noise or air disturbance.

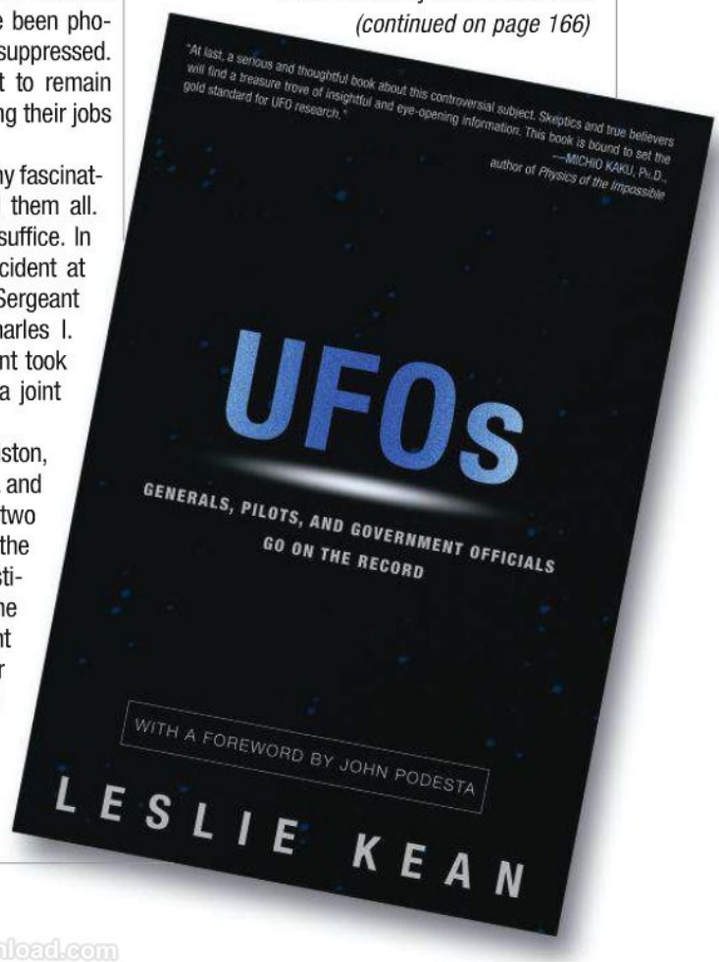
Two days later other UFOs are sighted in the same place. Colonel Halt investigates with others, and they see a red-orange oval with a black center that bursts into five white lights. More objects arrive, and one of them sends down a white beam. Similar beams are seen near weapons storage areas in the distance. Eventually the UFOs take off, leaving behind a large number of very rattled airmen.

The Office of Special Investigations secretly looked into the event, interviewing some young witnesses "harshly" with the use of the "truth serum" sodium pentathol, Halt writes. All were told not to talk about UFOs or there would be consequences. Now retired, Halt claims some of the witnesses remain deeply disturbed by the UFO encounters and their subsequent interrogations.

In a chapter titled "Government Cover-up: Policy or Myth?" the late Barry Goldwater—a staunch conservative, longtime Arizona senator and 1964 Republican nominee for President—is quoted on UFOs: "I think the government *does* know. I can't back that up, but I think that at [Ohio's] Wright-Patterson field, if you could get into certain places, you'd find out what the Air Force and the government knows about UFOs."

If UFOs turn out to be from other worlds or dimensions beyond those we are

(continued on page 166)



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NO, EMMA WILL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM



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It's a sad story that we've heard before: "I can't tell you how many nights I've sat at home dateless because guys find me too intimidating," says yummy **Emma Mae**. "They think that I'm too aggressive or that I must be taken. Not to sound bitchy, but I'm a little sick of being alone while fat, ugly chicks have boyfriends. It's true that I get to have sex when I'm on a movie set, but I want more than that."

The good thing is, the XXX newbie knows how to make the most of her solitude. "Masturbation is my main form of sexual release," **Emma Mae** confides.





"At first I thought I felt bad about having to pleasure myself all the time, but then I learned to really enjoy it. I had one of my friends buy me some sex toys because I was too shy to. Now I have a great time by myself. Sometimes my girlfriends will stop by, and we'll play, but nothing beats a real man."

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And get this. **Emma Mae** isn't as intimidating as she seems: "I want to say to guys that unless you're repulsive or a total douchebag, you probably have a shot at me. That's not to say if you pick me up in a club, I'm going to fuck you in a bathroom stall.







But if you romance me a little and make me laugh, then a couple of dates down the line, you'll get me good. You also have to be secure and self-confident and let me be me. I know every guy thinks he can handle having a porn star for a girlfriend, but it takes a special guy to really be able to hang."

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EMMA MAE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Wilmington, North Carolina | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 116



Look for **Emma Mae** in ***Barely Legal #111*** from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

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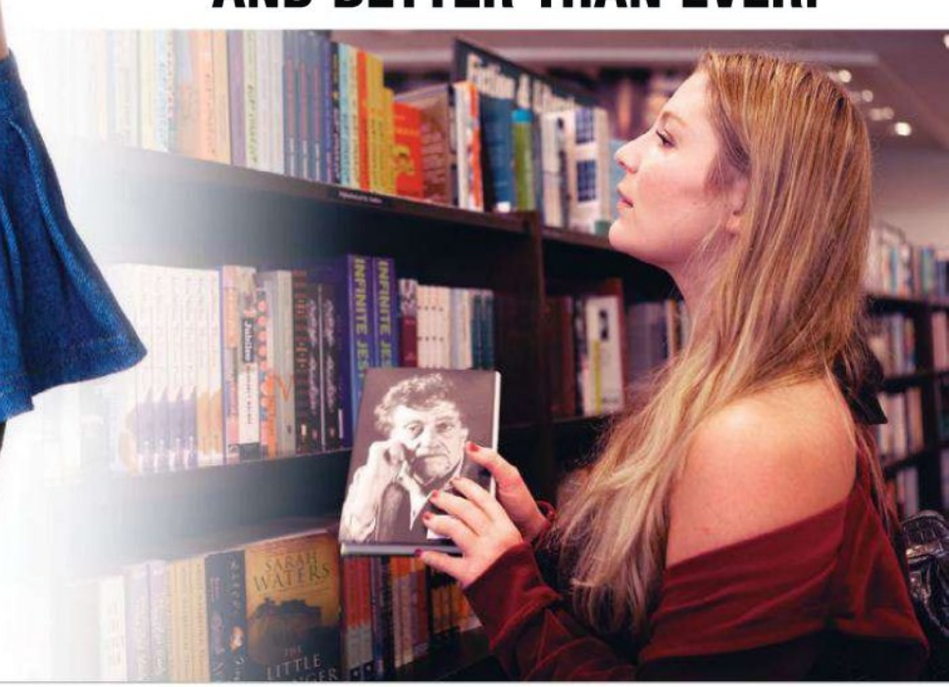
BY HOLLY RANDALL

A Day In The Life Of

AURORA SNOW

A TRAGIC ACCIDENT CHANGED THIS PORN STAR'S LIFE. NOW SHE'S COMING BACK BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.





CANDID PHOTOS BY HOLLY RANDALL

GLAMOUR PHOTOS FROM *GAPED CRUSADERS 3*, COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

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Aurora Snow is a passionate woman. When she talks about something that's important to her, the corners of her mouth twist up into a half smile, à la Drew Barrymore. It's as if Aurora is contemplating a private joke, and if you pay close enough attention, she just might let you in on it.

After spending two days with Aurora, I think I might know something about her amusing little secret. Amid an exploding population of carbon-copy porn stars—each with bigger, faker boobs, Aurora is a different type of girl altogether. The most obvious differences: modest, natural boobs; unbleached, dirty-blond hair; and short, neatly filed nails free of the usual acrylic daggers. But what really sets Aurora apart isn't going to reveal itself right away.

My journey starts with a drive to the cozy town of Santa Maria, California, snuggled in the mountains just north of Santa Barbara and east of Pismo Beach. Aurora grew up here, and much of her family has stayed in the area. Originally a farming community, Santa Maria calls itself "a growing city with a hometown outlook." That "hometown outlook" can be found in Aurora as well: An absentee father made her mother, four brothers and Aurora a more closely knit unit. Unsurprisingly, as the only daughter, Aurora grew up learning to play rough and defend herself.

"My brother Keith and I used to beat the crap out of each other," she laughs. I have picked Aurora up from her brother's home, and we are making the 15-minute drive down to Shell Beach. "I mean, we used to hit each other with blocks of wood—really anything we could find. I can't believe we never broke any bones."

When we arrive at the beach, the tide is too high to venture out, so we stand atop the bluffs, taking in the view. As Aurora points out the various tide pools and caves she used to explore with her brothers, it becomes clear this is a place of fond childhood memories. I suspect it is important for Aurora to show me how close she is to her family, so that I might understand the full impact of her brother's motorcycle accident almost two years ago.

Aurora's voice softens considerably as she recounts the story: "February of last year [2009] I'm half asleep, and I get a phone call from my mom. She tells me that I need to come to the hospital—that my brother Keith has been in an accident. She sounds surprisingly calm on the phone, and she won't tell me much, except that I need to come right away."

Aurora gazes out at the ocean horizon, twists a lock of hair around her fingers and continues: "I get to the hospital, and I see my [comatose] brother. I will never forget the way he looked. His head was huge and shaped like a football; his right eye was as big as a baseball, blue and purple. I could kind of tell it was my brother, but his whole face was fractured.

"The doctors had told everyone we needed to say our goodbyes, wrap it up, and in two days they would pull the plug on his life support. They were sure that my brother would never be able to breathe on his own, he would never speak, and he would be a vegetable for the rest of his life. They did a Glasgow brain test on him, and he registered as a three. If you're a three, you're considered brain-dead."

Aurora's family had given up hope, but Aurora couldn't accept what the doctors were saying. Aurora begged and pleaded with her mother not to cut off Keith's life support, and though her family sat her down and told her she needed to "let Keith go," Aurora was adamant.

"I fought so hard," she recalls, her fists clenched, "because I knew—I just knew he wasn't gone. I don't know why I was so convinced, but in the back of my mind I was thinking about his little boys, and I knew how much they needed him. He's their sole parent, and without him I didn't know what would happen to them."

Aurora prevented the doctors from pulling the plug, and as it turned out, she was right about Keith's condition. A week later he came out of the coma. "The doctors are telling me that now I've got this brain-dead vegetable on my hands and that he'll never be able to take care of himself. That he's never going to be able to think for himself, that he'll never be the same person he was before the accident."

But this wasn't the case. With his family rallying around him, Keith slowly began





Aurora and brother Keith







GLAMOUR PHOTO FROM *GAPED CRUSADERS 3*; HARD-CORE SHOTS FROM *THIS AIN'T STAR TREK XXX*; COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

to improve. Now he is nothing short of a miracle. Although Keith is a quadriplegic, he is able to talk and shows little to no signs of brain damage. There have even been small, but promising, improvements with his limbs—such as being able to lift his arms.

Shaking her head in amazement, Aurora remarks, "A few days ago he asked me if I would go skydiving with him. Can you believe it? I have never wanted to go skydiving in my life, but I look at Keith—and his desire to still live life to the fullest—and how can I say no?"

Aurora claims that Keith's accident has changed her for the better. "I realized that I was taking my whole life for granted," she explains. "I didn't appreciate what I had; I didn't appreciate that I could scratch my nose or feed myself or go for a walk. My brother is stuck. I may have thought I was stuck in the past, but I've never been stuck like he is. I've always had options—options my brother no longer has. And seeing him like that made me want to live my life differently."

During the early stages of Keith's recovery, Aurora took a break from porn. Now the A-lister is making a comeback, but is well aware she will not be a XXX actress forever. Looking toward the future, Aurora is aiming for law school. For those who might scoff at the idea of a porn-star-turned-lawyer, they should know she is an avid reader (her favorite author is Kurt Vonnegut) and writes prolifically. Whether the subject matter is light (frequent blog updates regarding her ongoing war with the spiders that infiltrate her home) or a little more reflective (such as her grievances on suddenly being categorized as a MILF at age 28), her intelligence shines through in every word.

Aurora is also about to tackle yet another medium: mainstream acting. She recently performed in Las Vegas as a guest in Matt Donnelly's "Executive Monkeys" improv comedy show to rave reviews. A second performance is already planned. Aurora has also landed the lead in an independent movie about a woman who explores the world of S&M and the havoc it wreaks upon her marriage and psyche. It may be a role designed for a porn star, but it's a crossover opportunity many in the adult industry only dream of. And it requires real acting.

Indeed a paradox, Aurora flits easily from hard-core exhibitionist to sister and caretaker to serious actress to aspiring lawyer. But despite her many talents and promising future, Aurora is first and foremost—says her paralyzed brother—"loving." Keith marvels, "She's always been there for me. And humble—she's just a great girl." He trails off, then looks at me, a little embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I'm not very good with words."

There is no need for words, just that twitching at the corners of his beloved sister's mouth as it curls up into a private little smile. The joke is most definitely not on her, but it's clear that after everything she's been through, Aurora Snow has come out smiling.

Postscript: To keep up with the compassionate sex goddess, go to **AuroraSnow.com**. For DVDs, memorabilia, clothing and novelties, check out **AuroraSnowStore.com**.

Besides being one of the adult industry's most acclaimed photographers, Holly Randall has a writing bug she wishes to explore further. For more about her work behind the camera, visit **HollyRandall.com**. For a collection of Holly's nude photos, pick up *Erotic Dream Girls*.

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PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

ZAKK WYLDE

MR. BEZERKER'S WILD RIDE

OZZY OSBOURNE DOES NOT CHOOSE GUITARISTS LIGHTLY, EXPLAINING WHY ZAKK WYLDE HAS SPENT 19 YEARS AS HIS AXMAN COCONSPIRATOR. WYLDE NOT ONLY RECORDED AND PLAYED LIVE ALONGSIDE THE "PRINCE OF DARKNESS" BUT HELPED CRAFT SOME OF THE MOST ROCKING TUNES IN OZZY'S CAREER. HE STOPPED BY HUSTLER TO DISCUSS HIS RECENT SEX CHANGE (HE'S KIDDING, RIGHT?), LIFE ON THE ROAD WITH OZZY AND *ORDER OF THE BLACK*—THE LATEST CD FROM WYLDE'S SIDE GROUP, BLACK LABEL SOCIETY.

HUSTLER: Are you the dictionary definition of what a rock star should be?

ZAKK WYLDE: Oh, of course. I have my ABBA background, so I'm also a dancing queen. I'm the epitome of it all. I would say I'm a Renaissance man. And now with my sex-change operation, I encompass everything: male and female, the whole nine yards. (*Laughs.*)

So we have the exclusive that you're becoming a woman?

Yes. I think it helps with the vocals, especially the high range. It's amazing I can sit down right now because that operation was a doozy. (*Laughs.*) More stitches than I anticipated. (*Laughs.*)

You've got the look, the style and at times—from what we've heard—the overpowering smell of rock 'n' roll.

Yes, the *smell* of rock 'n' roll.

Did you really go 71 days without showering or brushing your teeth?

Nope, it was 77 days. Each one of those days counts, man. (*Laughs.*) It was 77 days,

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BILL HICKS
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Comic Bill Hicks didn't live long enough to become a household name—and we're thankful for that. Instead the acerbic genius left behind a body of work influencing generations of stand-up comedians. This four-CD set captures the best of the best.



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Jane Birkin/Serge Gainsbourg

Easily one of the sexiest CDs ever, this classic album paired breathy English beauty Birkin with France's answer to Sinatra (Gainsbourg) for an audio orgasm. Move this reissue to the top of your seduction soundtrack playlist.

IRON MAIDEN
The Final Frontier



Metal is back and bigger than ever! Need proof? Full of the long-standing English rockers' trademark combo of massive guitars, driving rhythms and top-notch vocals, this new Maiden CD is sure to make you bang your fucking head!



UNDERWORLD
Barking

Not your average dance disc full of repetitive beats and never-ending loops, this brilliant pop record from the electrodance pioneers is sure to get your girl to dance. Highlights include "Scribble."

JAMES
The Morning After the Night Before



Best known for their megahit "Laid," '90s rockers James return with an ambitious new double-disc release. Split into two separate sides titled "The Morning After" and "The Night Before," it showcases the prowess and prose of one of rock's most underrated bands.



DIVE INDEX
The Surface We Divide

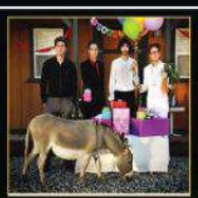
Shimmering pop rock with shades of Radiohead and Carole King fill this great CD. Joining the band are a ton of A-list guest vocalists, including Cat Martino and Ride's Mark Gardener.

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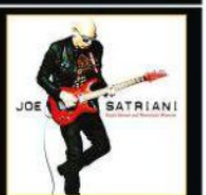
DOZEN



JENNY AND JOHNNY
I'm Having Fun Now
Alternative rock goddess Jenny Lewis could easily just be content to lead her band Rilo Kiley. Instead she uses the period in between R.K.'s CDs to release brilliant side projects, most notably this folky, sun-soaked, Mamas & Papas-esque collaboration with Johnathan Rice.



THE 88
The 88
Fresh from touring as the backup band for Kinks guitarist Dave Davies, L.A.'s band of hipsters release their best CD to date. It's full of good, old-fashioned, hook-laden classic rock (a lot like the Kinks).



Joe Satriani
Black Swans and Wormhole Wizards
Guitar wizard Satriani never sleeps. How can he? When not rocking with Chickenfoot or touring the planet, he puts out masterpiece after masterpiece. His latest sees the six-string superhero traveling the world on his fretboard, doing everything from straight-ahead rock to a bit of Indian Bhangra.



AMERICAN BANG
American Bang
Real rock 'n' roll comes from the heart. American Bang's debut is packed with a ton of heart, not to mention superb songwriting and killer riffs. Highlights include the raucous "Wild and Young."



ED HARCOURT
Lustre
You've been trying to get that smart-looking girl at Starbucks to think you're cool. Try playing her the new release from master singer/songwriter Ed Harcourt. His latest is loaded with smooth, piano-driven ballads that are sure to get the lady to swoon.



NO SECOND THOUGHT
Monster
If Nickelback didn't suck, they might be No Second Thought. The Hollywood-based indie trio's CD *Monster*, which is available on iTunes, is full of dark, catchy and trippy-as-hell tunes. Funky!

and then on the 78th day that was when the warden—my wife—was coming out, and I had to hit the showers. If not, I wasn't getting lucky that night.

A Black Label Society show is a male-dominated crowd; not a lot of women in the audience.

It's like Folsom State Prison, bro'. Rahway Prison. Either or. It's awesome. (*Laughs.*) The chicks at our gigs, they've got humps in the back, not in the front. (*Laughs.*) Basically if you're in Black Label Society, you've got to be into bestiality.

Is Black Label a band or a gang who just happen to play instruments?

No, it's the biggest gang in the world. It's a Catholic organization that raises money for St. Jude's but without the benefit of the altar boys. (*Laughs.*)

When did you start playing guitar?

I started when I was like eight, but back then I was completely into Elton John and Top 40 stuff. Later I had a cousin who turned me on to the Stones, Zeppelin and Black Sabbath. At that age I just wanted to play and hang out with my buddies, especially during the summer. I remember my guitar teacher told my parents that I wasn't ready yet. And I wasn't. I wasn't willing to put the time in.

Then I turned 14. I was at my football coach's house, and he was trying to convince me to put weight on and be a linebacker. I met his son, Leroy. He was the first guy I ever saw with long hair. He had on a Harley-Davidson hat and a beer in his hand. He just sat down outside and started playing Black Sabbath, Zeppelin and Hendrix songs for me on his Les Paul guitar. I was com-

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

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Goodbye, Jermaine. Goodbye, Bret. We so enjoyed the quirky show about New Zealand's fourth-most-popular folk parody duo. Sadly, after only two seasons the show based on the band is no more. This box set is a must-have for fans. The bonus DVD is only available here, featuring the live 2005 HBO special that launched it all.



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FRANK SINATRA: CONCERT COLLECTION
There was only one Sinatra. This seven-DVD box set is a treasure trove of rarely seen live concerts and TV specials from Ol' Blue Eyes. The best is an ultrarare 1985 performance in Japan that is now on DVD for the very first time.



pletely blown away.

Playing guitar looked like the coolest thing in the world you could do. Watching his hands do the motions, I was like, *Wow!* Right there and then I knew that's what I wanted to do with my life. I was like the coolest kid in the neighborhood because I knew how to play that stuff. I tell everybody that you can solve all the problems in the world on that fretboard.

When did you know that you had actually succeeded as a musician?

It would be great to sell platinum records and have nice things, but as a musician, I always say that if you're playing music for a living, even if you're a wedding band and a cover band on the side, if you're making dough and you're paying the bills with that band, then to me, you've won.

How did you hook up with Ozzy, and how hard was it filling Randy Rhoads's shoes?

The running joke I used to tell people was that I was Ozzy's drug dealer at the time, and he saw me playing guitar and said, "Do you want to audition? That way you don't have to charge me for the drugs." Truth is this guy Dave Fell heard that Ozzy was looking for a guitar player. So I ended up putting something together, a tape with some pictures of myself. And it's funny because Ozzy says that out of all the shit he had—boxes and boxes of audition tapes—he says he saw mine and right away was like, "Ah, look at this little kid; he must love Randy Rhoads." And the rest is history.

Were you nervous going into that audition?

Of course I was nervous because Ozzy was my fucking hero. I loved Black Sabbath. It was like a part of my life growing up, unlike a lot of the other guys who were auditioning. These guys auditioning didn't give a fuck about Black Sabbath or Ozzy's history with Randy Rhoads. The walls of my bedroom were filled with posters and pictures of them. That audition was unbelievable. Ozzy was supercool. He walked in and said, "Zakk, just play with your heart, man." We played "Crazy Train" and "Suicide Solution." I shit my pants. At the end, Ozzy was like, "Hey man, that was cool. Now go change your fucking pants." To be Ozzy's guitar player is the most coveted guitar spot on the planet, because Randy set the bar so high. It was an honor.

You're still friendly with Ozzy, but why aren't you playing with him anymore?

Well, the sex-change operation was a big deal for me. (*Laughs.*) No, I had been doing Black Label since like '98; I needed that creative outlet. I love the whole production end of it: the artwork, the songs, the writing—the whole fucking nine yards. With Ozzy, I had no part in the design; I can't write the lyrics. I was just the music department. With Black Label, I can be chairman of the board and run the show.

How did you get the nickname "Bezerker"?

When we first started, it was like *Animal House* on steroids. It was fucking Delta, man. Everyone in the band was fucking nuts—puking, pissing, fighting all the time. Severe comedy, dude. When we were on the road for one Ozzfest, we were out for a month and a half, and my wife calls me up and says, "Tell the fucking bezerkers you gotta slow down." I said, "What's the problem?" She said, "I just got back from the accountant's office and saw the booze bill."

I thought, *How bad could it be?* It was only a month and a half, and there were only ten of us between the band and the crew. How bad could it be? Ten grand? Fifteen grand? Twenty-five? It was 44-fucking-thousand dollars! That's just in alcohol. That was just in sauce. (*Laughs.*) And that was just the first bill. The grand total for that one tour was right at 100 grand.

What's the best hangover cure you recommend?

Just another fucking six-pack. That one's real simple.

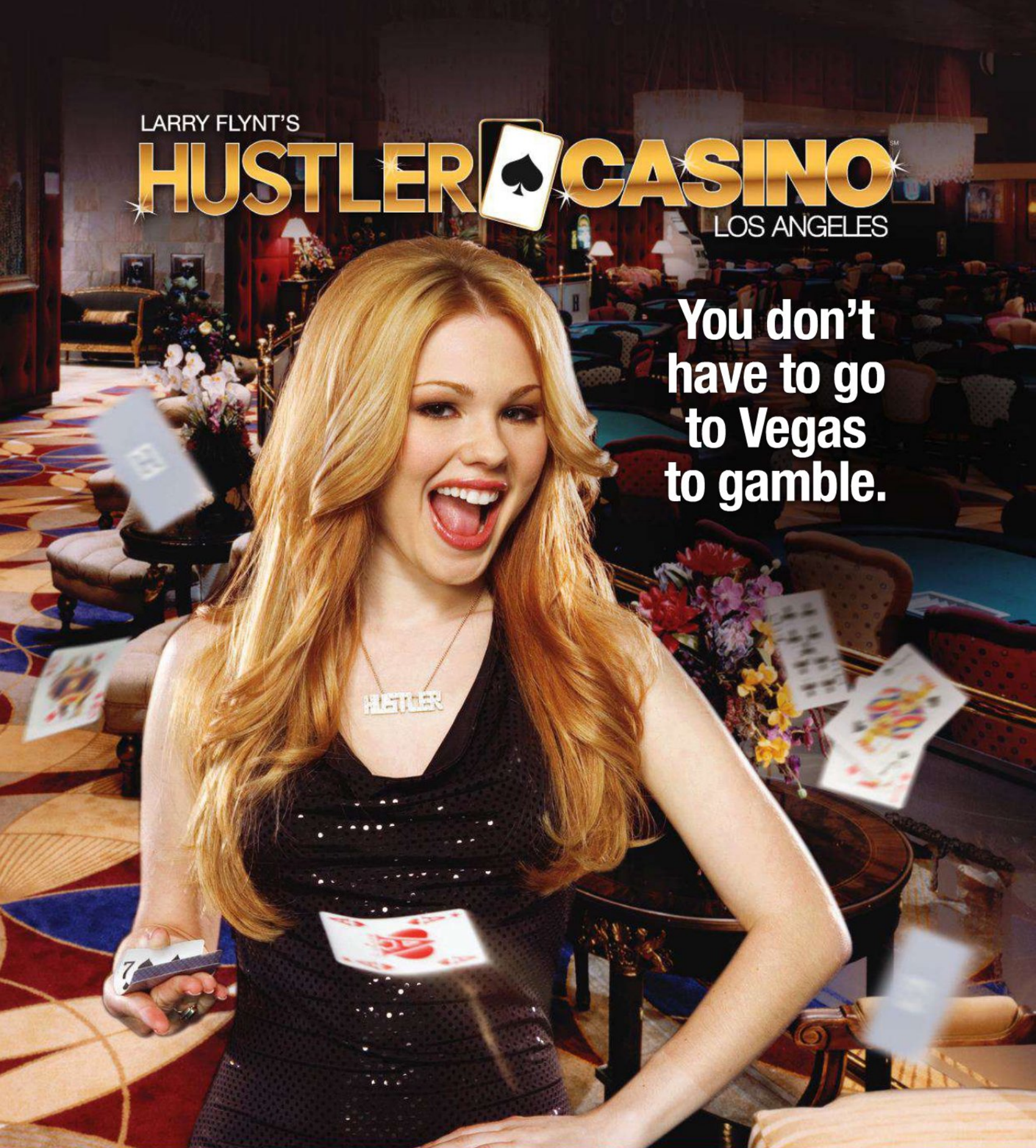
What is the greatest extent a fan has ever gone to in order to get to you?

I remember this one fucking nutjob in Texas. He said that Ozzy was God and that I was Jesus, the Son of God. He said we were gonna die together on a crucifix. I remember Ozzy trying to keep him from coming down to see us, and I was like, "I have fucking guns; I'll blow his fucking head off if he comes anywhere near me. Tell him to come down." I wasn't afraid of him, and I wasn't fucking around. I said, "If he wants to meet God, then I'll set up the fucking meeting for him. Easy." He didn't come down.

What's your motto or creed?

Black Label's is SDMF: Strength, Determination, Merciless Forever—without a doubt. Oh, and don't cheat on your wife, try to be a good dad and make sure you work so you can fucking feed your kids. And don't get a sex change. (*Laughs.*)

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

CALLISTE

AGE: 52

LOCATION: Las Vegas

FIND HER AT: BadGirlINVegas.com

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



How does a fetish and bondage model in her 50s keep fit? "I have a Jack Russell terrier that keeps me pretty busy," Calliste responds. "Oh, and I fuck a lot!"

Yet while growing up in Southern California, the leggy redhead of Greek and Welsh ancestry was anything but kinky and promiscuous. In fact, Calliste—who only began modeling professionally at age 46—was deeply shy and totally clueless when it came to the opposite sex. "I actually sat home alone on prom night because no one asked me to go with them," she recalls.

But her demure teenager's outlook and self-esteem have most certainly improved over the years. Calliste now intensely relishes the power her looks and charm have over men—especially younger ones!

"I've had men as young as 19 hit on me," our ravenous cougar proudly states. "Most think I'm in my 30s, and when I tell them my true age, they never believe me. I just love watching them make complete fools of themselves to get me to notice them."

COUGARS UNLEASHED #25

Calliste further reveals that her hunger for playmates has become more "wildly insatiable" than ever of late, with sex—especially as an older woman—being the best it's ever been.

"Ten years ago I would have never even considered being in a polygamous relationship," she admits. "Now I can't imagine *not* being in one. Someone who has a strong sexual appetite for variety that matches mine is essential. That said, it especially turns me on that my boyfriend fucks other women and then we talk about it later. It makes the sex we have even hotter, and I plan on having multiple younger lovers indefinitely."

Hey, guys, don't walk—*run* to grab a place in line!

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



PHOTOS BY WILLIAM JAY

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



SCREEN NAME:
Jessica Lynn Bailey

AGE: 23

LOCATION: HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 202

URL:
FACEBOOK.COM/PROFILE.PHP?ID=100000548281425

It's hard to believe that a steady diet of beer and In-N-Out burgers is the norm for tantalizingly taut Jessica Lynn Bailey. What undoubtedly helps the hottie maintain her outstanding figure are frequent treks to Star Garden, a classy North Hollywood strip club. Not to work as a waitress or bartender, mind you, but as a topless entertainer.

"I started dancing when I was 19," Jessica proudly states, "and it *never* seemed strange to me to get onstage and perform naked. It's a lot of fun. And it really *is* one of the only ways I stay in shape."

Hey, we're believers! Indeed, the tattooed minx—who stands just 5-foot-4—boasts gravity-defying measurements of 32D-26-36, while her lengthy golden locks and piercing blue-green eyes complement her intensely sexy presence. Her erotic magnetism has, in fact, garnered the attention of **SuicideGirls.com**, where viewers can now gobble up sizzling nude pinup photos of Ms. Bailey and many other lovely "alternative" vixens.

Since her job demands constantly being in front of an audience, Jessica typically spends nights home alone. She primarily enjoys being a cute little couch potato, watching movies or one of her favorite old-school TV shows, *South Park*.

Looking ahead, this oddly introverted extrovert is decidedly undecided in terms of long-term ambitions. Short-term ones, however, are a whole 'nother story. Actually, Jessica's most immediate goal is weighing quite heavily on her mind. "I just moved into a new apartment," she explains, "and I'd *really* like to have sex on my roof."

Hmmm. For all interested males out there, Jessica tells us she's *especially* attracted to "manly men" who can "fix and build stuff." In that case, bring a ladder along with your toolbox, gents!



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

PHOTOS BY T.J. YUN



HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

FALLING IN LINE

A RIO HONDO COLLEGE STUDENT HAS A WHOLE NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE AFTER SERVING HIS COUNTRY IN AFGHANISTAN.

I served five years of active service in the Marine Corps, deploying to Iraq in 2006 and to Afghanistan in 2009. The reason for my recent return to the States was more heartbreaking than heroic, a bittersweet journey from beginning to end. My mother had been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and given only months to live. And I would soon learn that what I had endured overseas would also serve as preparation for what I would face once I stepped back onto U.S. soil.



Tim Orendain is flanked by his two Marine Corps comrades in Marjeh, Afghanistan.

While in Afghanistan, I was part of teams entrusted to maintain a secure perimeter. We had to ensure that other Marines could do their jobs without worrying about what was going on around them. What I went through during these operations is nothing like what you see in movies. It's not glorious, and it doesn't feel heroic. I saw close friends die; people who stood by my side one day were gone the next. No images on a movie screen or words on paper can adequately convey what that's like. There were moments that ripped apart my tough-man exterior, making me feel two inches tall.

My deployment to Iraq wasn't necessarily brutally combative. It was more like testing the waters. Determined to come home a more distinguished Marine, I acted with confidence and extreme alert. But when I realized the enemy was only courageous enough to fight with roadside bombs, my entire mentality changed. I focused solely on getting home without a glitch.

Afghanistan was much different. At first, things were very slow. Then we began to sink our boots in sand where no American combat troops had been before, and there was definitely a sense of internal fire. We lost many Marines during this tour, several of whom were my close friends. It shook me. I can't explain what it's like to lose so many people around you all at once.

I realized this was nothing like my tour in Iraq. This one changed me in a more meaningful way. I felt a purpose in being there. The locals in most of the villages we passed through were grateful for our presence, and that made me feel much more confident in fulfilling my duties.

I started to shine as a Marine because my skills were finally being put to use in combat. And when the bullets were flying, adrenaline kicked in, and I was at the peak of my game. Our mission was to invade Marjeh, a city well-stocked with our enemies. Unlike those in Iraq, they actually possessed the capability to fight back. But we had strong, small-unit leadership. The mission was intended to last a week; we were successful within three days.

I was in a victorious haze when I received an unexpected Red Cross message. I was to be sent home. Immediately. My mother was sick, and within a week I was Stateside with her. The Marine Corps terminated the remainder of my active duty contract, and I was given the opportunity to stay close to my family and return to school. I enrolled at Rio Hondo College in Whittier, California. A few months later my mother passed away.

Readjusting was difficult, to say the least. It was sort of a reverse culture shock. Just months before, I was writing in my journal, wondering when I wouldn't have to carry an M4 carbine anymore. Or when I'd be able to eat an In-N-Out burger again. Or when I could see my family or speak to them without a five-second phone delay. The worst part was probably not being around women. Now all these things were readily accessible. But my mind had been jaded, and that became clear to me as I started interacting again with other students.

I've become the asshole in class I used to despise. When people speak out of turn, I tell them to shut up. The way I see it, I didn't pay for these classes to hear irrelevant, unnecessary gossip. If you can't peel your face away from texting to listen to the lecture, then I have nothing in common with you.

Needless to say, I've gravitated toward the older crowd at Rio Hondo. I know how to stay focused because I now appreciate every breath I take. Like in combat, certain opportunities only come around once. And I'm going to take it when they do. The Marine Corps only pays for three years of college—I intend on milking it for every dime.

Tim Orendain served as a Staff Sergeant in the U.S. Marine Corps. The 25-year-old hopes to transfer to the University of Southern California, majoring in writing for television and film. He would love to travel the world one day to gain inspiration for his writing.

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

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Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

ANGELIQUE

NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY





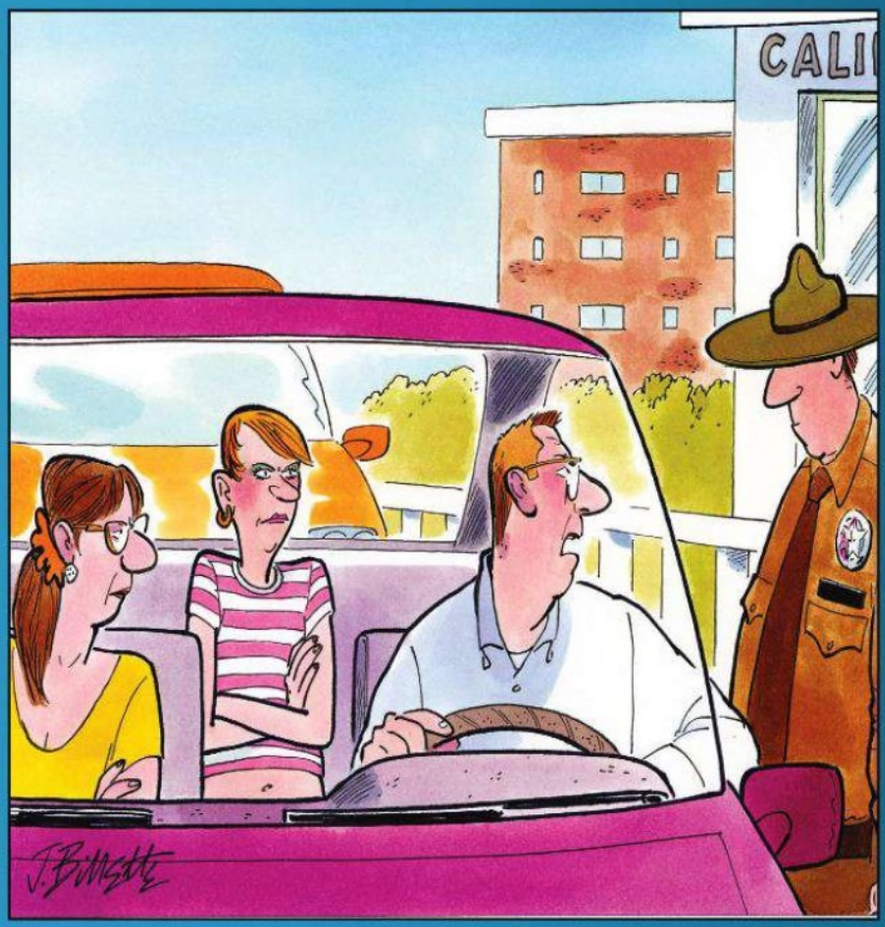
"Censorship sucks! Boobies are awesome!" proclaims Angelique Kithos, 25, an English major focusing on technical writing and editing at NC State. Having already gotten her feet wet as a scantily clad model, the 5-foot-11 eye-catcher jumped at the chance to appear naked in HUSTLER. "I've done interviews before for some nonnude men's magazines," Angelique reveals, "but not having to censor myself is pretty fucking awesome!"

Part Native American and part Eastern European, Angelique grew up in a pious Mormon household, but she's managed to become an uninhibited free spirit. The bodacious bookworm from Cary, North Carolina, has no qualms about expressing herself in the bedroom and has even adopted a cavalier attitude when it comes to sex. "I'm kind of a dirtbag," Angelique admits. "I just want to have my fun and then send them on their way."

As for her preferred conquests, the "cheerful, pleasant, charismatic and goofy" coed adds, "To be honest, I really prefer older men. I just don't have the patience for the games that young people play. Most younger guys get obsessed after sex and turn really needy."

Angelique can get down with the boys outside the bedroom too. She's an avid hockey and football fan who'll suck down ice-cold beers when it's time to party. "I'm a feminine tomboy, if that makes any sense," she declares. "Like a hot chick who wears lipstick and high heels who can still be your buddy." Sounds good to us.

PHOTOS BY TED MICHAELS



"We don't have any vegetables, but there is my son, the fruit, in the backseat!"



(continued from page 73)

I would kick the shit out of him in a fight. We're good friends, and their isn't a competitiveness because we both have completely different acts.

Do you have any comedy groupies?

Not to the extent that rock 'n' roll guys get. I'm friends with Vince Neil of Mötley Crüe, and when I go hang with them, it's completely different.

What are *your* groupies like?

They come in all shapes and sizes. The other night we had this screaming girl with my Carrot Top logo tattooed on her leg.

Do they bring their own props?

(*Laughs.*) They should!

There have been a lot of rumors about you, such as "Carrot Top is on drugs" and "He's had a ton of plastic surgery."

I was sick one time. Just food poisoning or a stomach virus or something. I couldn't stop throwing up. I got up at 6:30 in the morning. I got in the car and drove toward the hospital. I kept throwing up at every stoplight along the way. I was bad sick. The next day Perez Hilton said I checked into the hospital for an unknown drug problem. I guess I've really made it when guys like him and TMZ are reporting I'm in the hospital for drug abuse when it was a stomach virus. That shit drives me nuts.

The plastic surgery rumor is retarded. It came from a Comedy Central roast. Greg Giraldo—God rest his soul—said on the roast, "Jesus Christ. Fucking Carrot Top. Fucking look at you." Everybody was laughing, and he said, "How much more plastic surgery are you going to get?" That was just a rip on me. I thought, *What does that mean? I look good or I look bad?* No one knew.

That's where the rumors came from. I always say, "If I did have plastic surgery, I'd look a lot fucking better, wouldn't I?"

You sure have bulked up. Did you use steroids?

No steroids. I'm actually not that big. I'm 160 or something. On stage and TV you look huge. I think people just took notice because I was 140 and have a little frame. People think I'm like 220 and jacked up.

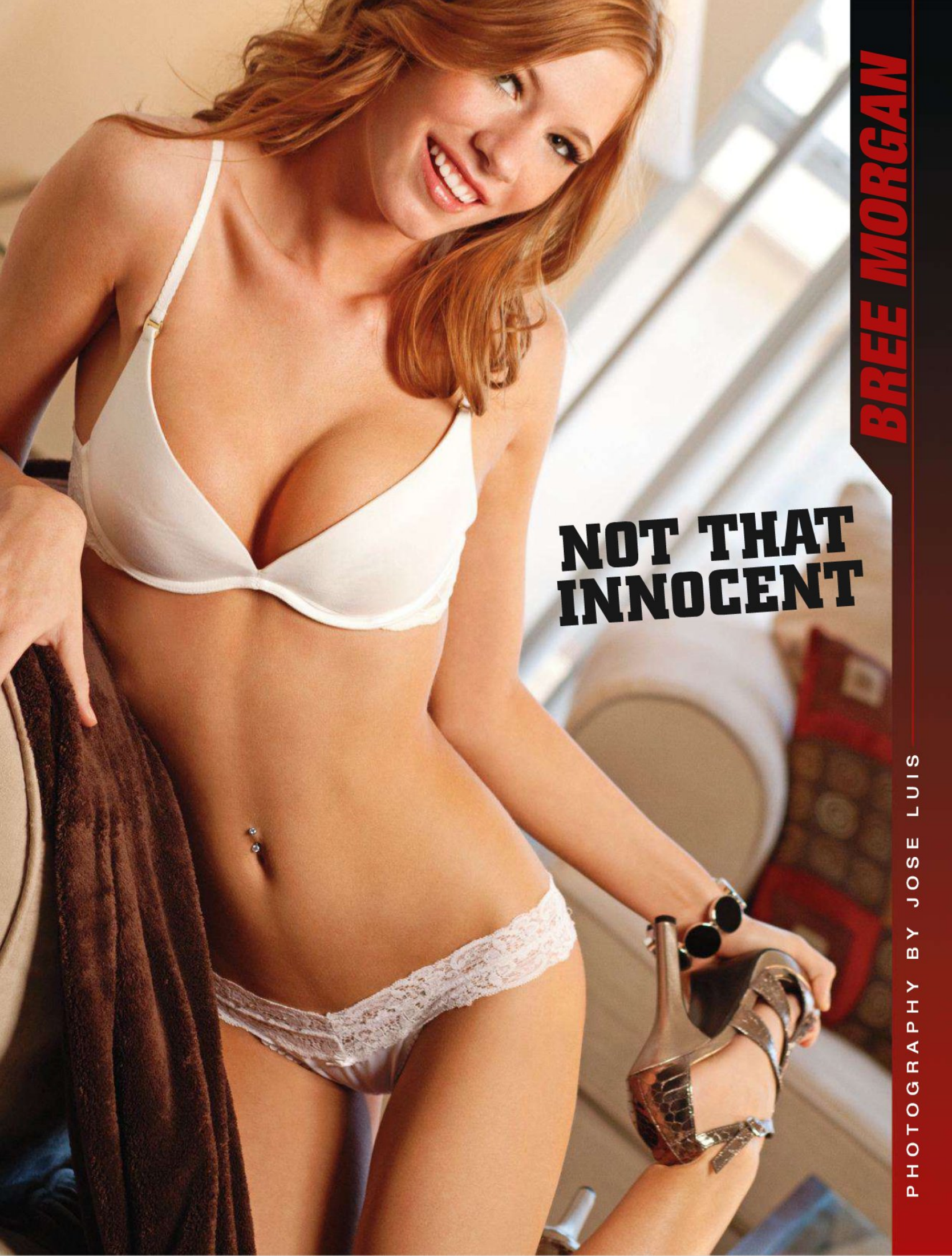
Do you hope to be performing for years to come?

Fuck yeah! All my showbiz heroes have gone until they've died. George Carlin, one of my favorites, went on till the end. [Bill] Cosby is still going. [Don] Rickles is still doing it. Buddy Hackett did it until the day he died. I might have to do it at a slower pace, and I'd have to say, "What's the next prop? Bring it to me." The show has evolved so it won't be all *Bam! Bam! Props!* We're talking about doing a special called *Carrot Top: Propless.* It would be me for the first time onstage without props.



Keith Valcourt is a Los Angeles-based actor, writer and comedian who learned comedy from a who's who of legends, including Buddy Hackett, Don Rickles, George Carlin, Joan Rivers, Norm Crosby, Red Buttons, Phyllis Diller, Sid Caesar and his mentor/friend Joey Bishop. There are photos. For more, go to **KeithValcourt.com**.

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BREE MORGAN

NOT THAT INNOCENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

Bree Morgan looks innocent. On the surface she seems like the perfect virginal girl-next-door. But as you get to know her, you will soon realize that looks can be deceiving.

"When I was young, most guys wouldn't even look at me twice," **Bree** reflects. "I was sort of clumsy and gangly. I had one jock tell me that I looked asexual. The dumb stud didn't know that I was super-horny and had been watching porn for years. I was ready to have sex and knew what to do. My first boyfriend cried for weeks when I broke up with him. He knew he'd never have it that good again."



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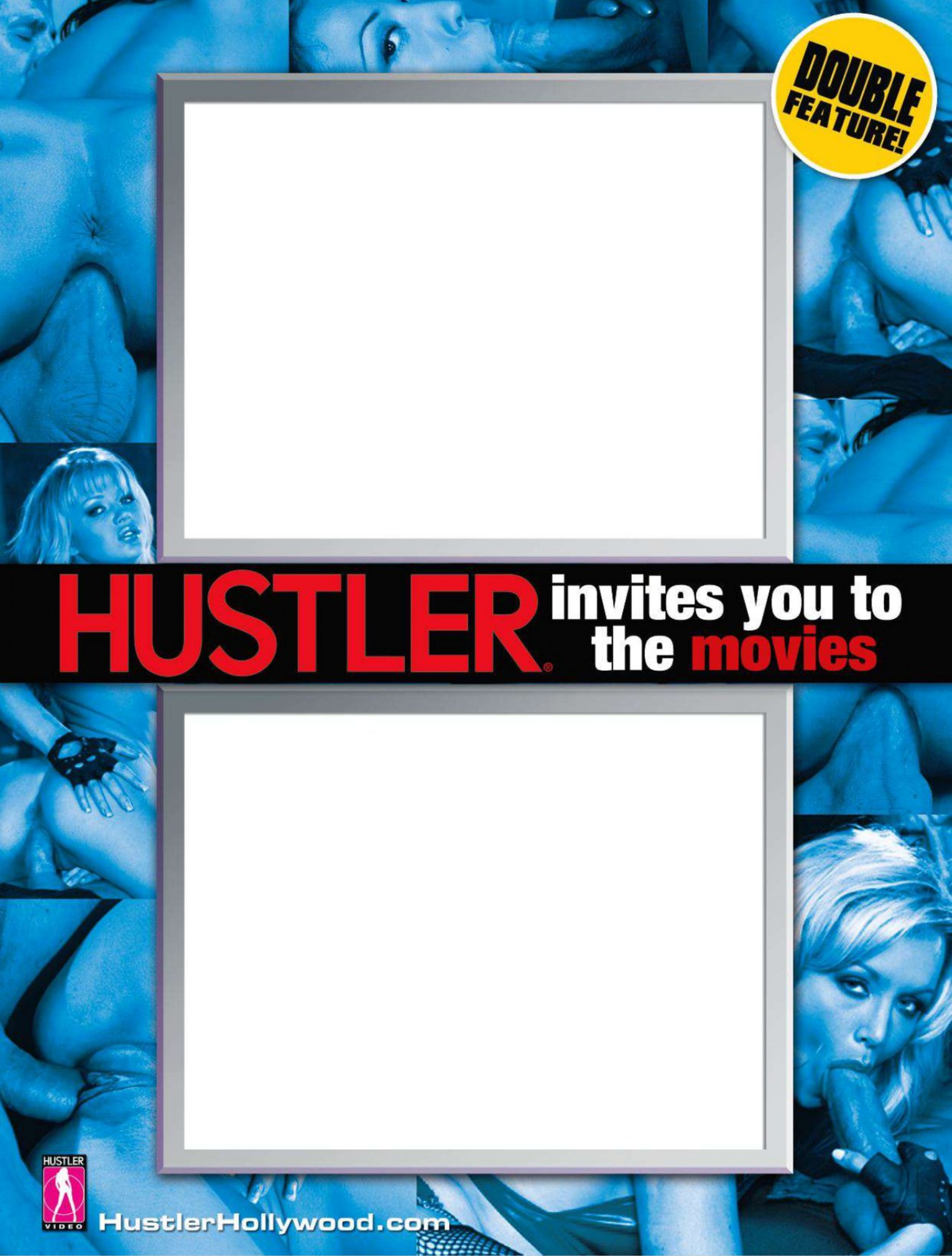
BREE MORGAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Moore, Oklahoma | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4

Now that **Bree** is all grown up, we inquire if men hit on her all the time. "You would think so, right?" she replies. "But no, I don't have a lot of dates, and the guys who do ask me out tend to be a little dumb. Maybe I'm too picky. Don't get me wrong. A buff body is nice, but I need a guy to stimulate me all over. That includes my mind. I would rather sit at home and play with my pussy than deal with a dumbass."



How often does **Bree** masturbate? “Seriously?!” she exclaims. “Three or four times a day. When the sun comes up, I masturbate, and that gets me going. Then I shower and maybe play with myself some more before I get dressed. Depending on where I am that day, I’ll try to sneak in a little action at lunch. And at bedtime I settle in with my vibrator for some sweet dreams. I’m an orgasm addict. If you have to be addicted to something, it might as well be that.”

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DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON



*Hayden Winters, Misty Stone and Brooke Lee Adams get prehistoric in **The Flintstones**.*





The Flintstones: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: HILLARY SCOTT, BROOKE LEE ADAMS, MISTY STONE, HAYDEN WINTERS, ANTHONY ROSANO, ROD FONTANA, DALE DABONE, SETH GAMBLE & PETER O'TOOL.

Porn's a fairly primitive business, so a *Flintstones* parody isn't a stretch. Luckily, this one has the high-end aspirations of New Sensations behind it; Bedrock's big hair and skimpy dresses never looked better. In the hot opener, Fred daydreams about Wilma (Hillary Scott) and Betty (a perfectly cast Brooke Lee Adams, complete with goofy giggle and generous curves) getting prehistoric at home. (*That's* what they did all day!) In Will Ryder's porn parodies the child characters are just as fuck-happy as everyone else. (A little disturbing, but no doubt a draw for you sickos.) This time, it's (barely legal) Pebbles who plunges into perversity—with Bam-Bam, of course. Newcummer Hayden Winters is pretty, but more importantly, she keeps that bone in her hair while getting boned. And, taking dick-tation from Mr. Slate, the gorgeous Misty Stone (cast for more than her name) proves that Bedrock always was way too white. With solid sets, music and acting, this spoof rocks more than most, so it should take your mind off being laid off from the quarry. Our favorite line: "This economy has gone to the pterodactyls!"

—M.J.

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*Flavor is everything: Nicki Hunter, Emy Reyes and Megan Foxx cook up the **Flying Pink Pig**'s secret ingredient.*

The Flying Pink Pig

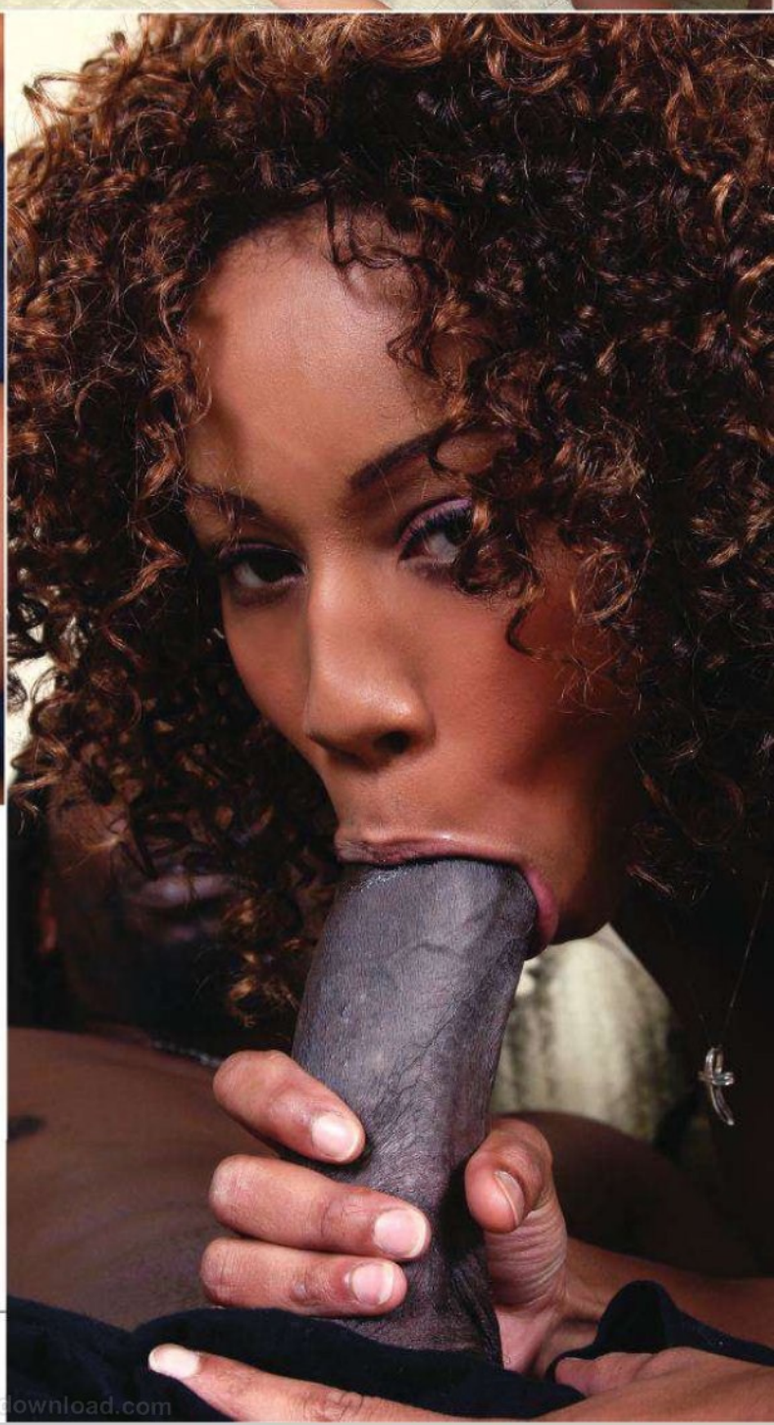
LFP VIDEO/CHEEKY MONKEY. DIRECTOR: ERICA McLEAN. STARRING: SUNNY LANE, NICKI HUNTER, MEGAN FOXX, SASHA HEART, SHAYLA LaVEAUX, EMY REYES, TESSA TAYLOR, TOMMY GUNN, MICHAEL VEGA, LEE STONE, NICK MANNING & NIKKO.

Sick of taking your porn too seriously? XXX auteur Erica McLean has just the recipe! Tapping the latest culinary trend, she's come up with a silly romp that could be happening right in front of your workplace. Nicki Hunter and her girls have found a special ingredient that will make their food truck the most popular set of wheels in town. Veteran dick Ron Jeremy (will he ever go away?) is her nemesis, disrupting the fun by being a general asshole. Just fast-forward past him and stick to the menu: trashy-cute Valley girls with extra pink. Standout items are Nicki Hunter's ass-fucking special (how did that get past the health department?) and spunky Latina doll Emy Reyes's spicy spread on a catering table. By the way, the Flying Pig is an actual food truck cruising the streets of L.A. Its cooks may have a little trouble meeting the expectations raised by this movie, but their pork sandwiches are delicious! ***—M.J.***



Melody Nakai and Misty Stone put the suga in ***Honey Bunches of Hos.***





Honey Bunches of Hos

BLACK MARKET. STARRING: LUSCIOUS LOUIS, COFFEY BROWN, MISTY STONE, SYDNEE CAPRI, MELODY NAKAI, ENVY, JAYCEE, OSHUN BREEZE, SHORTY MAC, JON Q, JON JON, J STROKES, ACE, BYRON LONG & D SNOOP.

Not even breakfast cereals are safe from the porn-parody onslaught! Even with its irresistible title this is not the kind of movie that is likely to get the NAACP's seal of approval. But what it lacks in racial sensitivity, it makes up for in raw, filthy action. The nine-scene lineup (that's value) ranges from chicks most of you never heard of to some of the biggest names in black porn. After some decent warm-up scenes, Luscious Louis trots out her legendary booty, arguing a helluva case for "thick makes a happy dick." Misty Stone finally pairs up with fellow stoner Byron Long, which seems to genuinely put her in another place. It's always nice to see a sweet lady getting what she deserves. Never one to disappoint, Sydnee Capri brings her ample experience (and ass) to a great anal creampie finale. If your idea of the perfect breakfast is pouring your milk on a bowlful of delicious chocolate, you need to get this. ***—M.J.***

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***This Ain't Baywatch**, but it's close: Breanne Benson, Lexi Belle and Samantha Sin may save your life.*





This Ain't Baywatch XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: GINA LYNN, BREANNE BENSON, LEXI BELLE, SAMANTHA SIN, ANGIE SAVAGE, LELA STAR, BILL BAILEY, ALEC KNIGHT, JACK LAWRENCE & OTTO BAUER.

No, we couldn't get Pamela Anderson to play herself for this one, but top-heavy Gina Lynn fills out a red one-piece just as adequately. Surfer girl Lexi Belle loses her top the fastest in a sunny warm-up scene to get your riptide raging before the squad girls start their own mouth-to-mouth. It's hard to imagine any dude who got hard in the '90s watching sun-fried bleach-blondes not loving this spoof, which is nearly indistinguishable from the TV show—except for the cum-shots and Otto Bauer being a better actor than David Hasselhoff. (Maybe Bauer's just not as drunk.) And like the original, this one is educational: Hot lifeguards think with their heavily augmented boobs, just as you think with your dick, so they get them out a lot. Also, semen is a perfectly acceptable substitute for suntan lotion, so keep that in mind the next time you go to the beach. One last appeal to your wallet: This movie is vastly better lit and shot than any of Pammy's cheesy sex tapes. (And the sex is better too!) Order it on page 140.

—M.J.

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Two and a Half Men *are not enough: Dylan Ryder, Madison Ivy and Jenna Presley rehearse for Charlie Sheen's next party.*





This Ain't Two and a Half Men XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARC STAR. STARRING: BROOKE LEE ADAMS, MADISON IVY, JENNA PRESLEY, JAMEY JANES, DYLAN RYDER, EVAN STONE, JAMES DEEN, PATRICK J. KNIGHT & ERIC JOHN.

Charlie Sheen's hard-drinking man-whore on one of TV's most popular sitcoms is like the patron saint of HUSTLER readers, so this spoof is more like a trashy tribute. Don't expect it to be as hilarious as *Two and a Half Men* (if it were, the writers would be making a lot more money at CBS), but do expect to see all the wet and nasty action the show only hints at in punch lines. Evan Stone and James Deen do a passable job as the mismatched brothers (even if bits of dialogue get lost to bad sound work), but the real draw is the sleazy supply of ladies who support Charlie's habit. Blond, booby Madison Ivy is tail number one in a scene so frenetic, she and Charlie seem to be fucking for their lives. (Maybe *that's* his secret.) Brooke Lee Adams, who's aptly weird and fleshy as loony stalker Rose, sparks a threesome with her girlfriend Jamey Janes. Sex with Rose would be wild, so Brooke has a lot to measure up to—but she's a trouper! Alan gets his own voluptuous piece of ass (Jenna Presley) as well, but this time, apparently, the parody gods said no to the kid getting laid. Sorry, Jake, looks like you'll have to grow up first. Order it on page 140. ***—M.J.***

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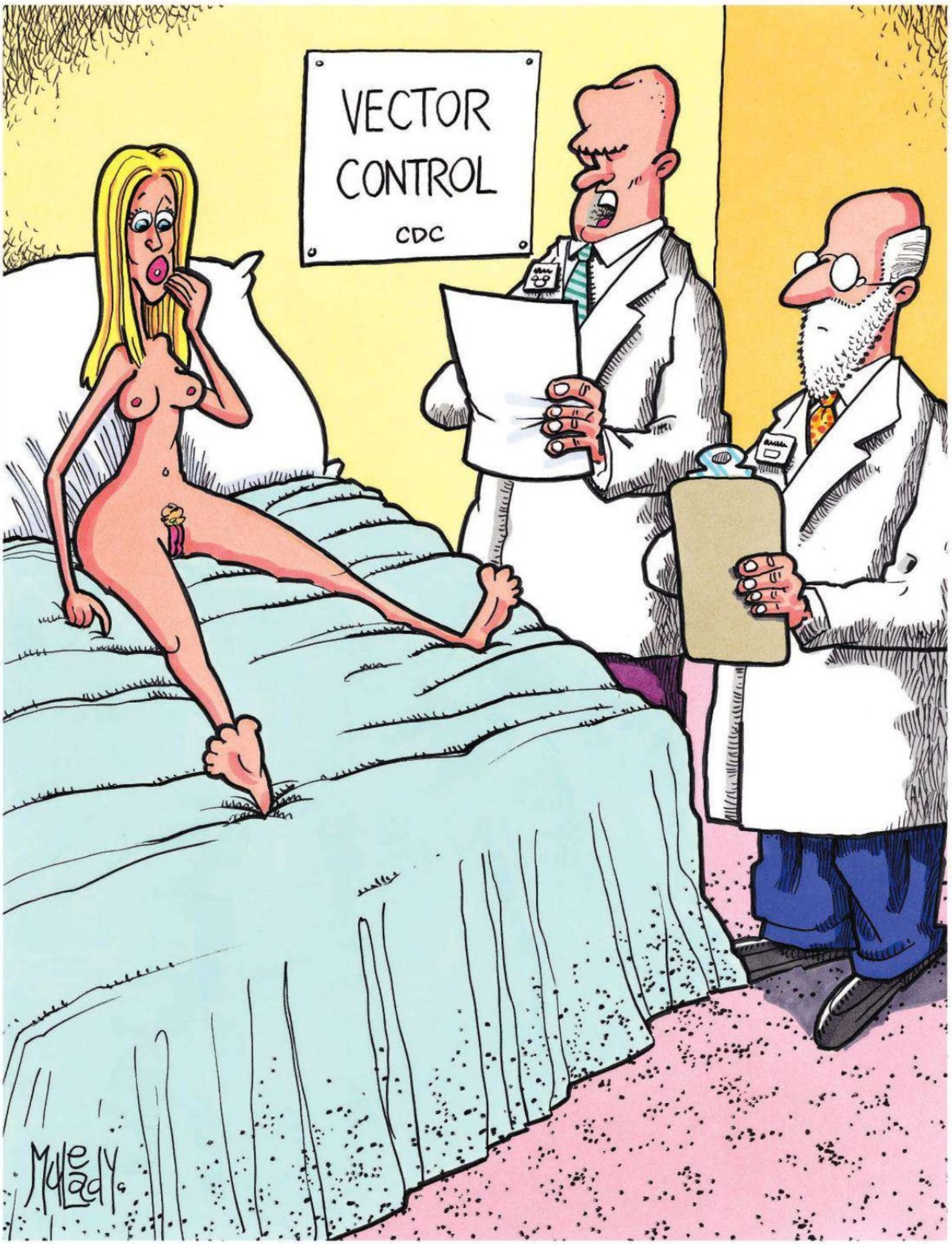
Jessica Bangkok, Asa Akira and Naomi Lee offer the perfect travel package in ***Jack's Asian Adventure.***



Jack's Asian Adventure #4

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: SHAY JORDAN, LANA VIOLET, NAOMI LEE, JESSICA BANGKOK, ASA AKIRA, SCOTT NAILS, MANUEL FERRARA, MICK BLUE & MARCO BANDERAS.

This disc isn't particularly original or unusual, but it gives us a great excuse to print pictures of slammin' Asian girls. As it happens, the cast boasts some of the hottest in hard-core. Asa Akira opens the exploits with a POV scene that will have you fucking your TV. (Wear a condom.) Every scene is worth investing your time and bodily fluids, especially if your tastes are exotic, but don't miss cute, tiny-titted Naomi Lee overcoming her shyness in nothing but a fishnet body stocking. (Let's pray the look catches on.) Longtime Digital Playground contract beauty Shay Jordan also gets to indulge her Asian side (she's half Filipina), which adds that something extra to this luxury adventure. As we said, it ain't original, but it is a delicious buffet that will have you prowling your local Asian neighborhood. If you strike out, you'll always have this to come home to. ***—M.J.***



"The worldwide bedbug infestation is occurring everywhere—except Ann Coulter's bed. Who would've thought bedbugs had such high standards?"

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THIS AIN'T **TWO AND A HALF MEN** XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO







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HUSTLER Video's latest porn parody comes fresh on the heels of *Two and a Half Men* star Charlie Sheen's naked (and allegedly drunken) sexcapades in a New York City hotel with porn princess Capri Anderson.

This Ain't Two and a Half Men XXX features Sheen's character, "Charlie" (played by **Evan Stone**), fucking everything in sight (just like the real guy). At his disposal is a bevy of beauties that includes **Brooke Lee Adams**, **Jamey Janes** and **Madison Ivy**.

Even Charlie's geeky brother Alan (**James Deen**) gets things going with his ex-girlfriend Kandi (**Jenna Presley**), but only after Kandi gets licked all over in a steamy lesbian romp with Alan's ex-wife (**Dylan Ryder**).

We're sending Sheen a DVD of the sexy, hilarious spoof in hopes that the troubled actor will stay home and watch it. That might keep him from getting into any more hot water.





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This Ain't Two and a Half Men XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.











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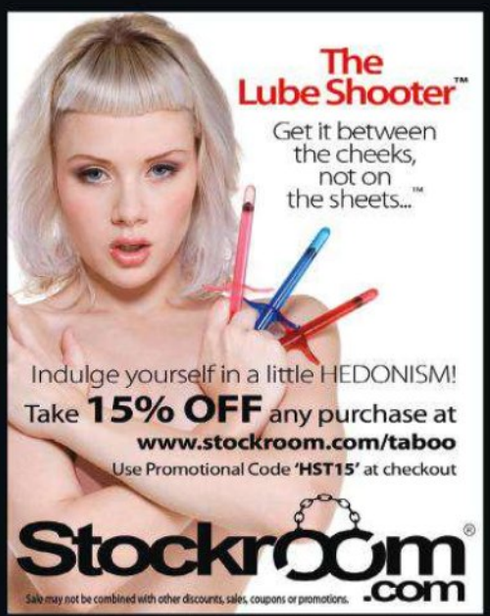


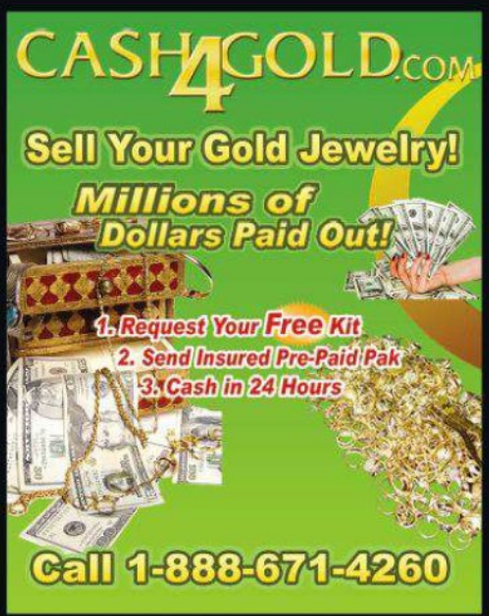


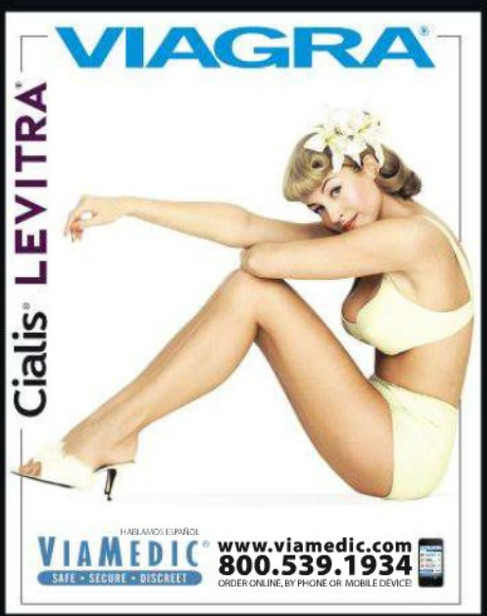
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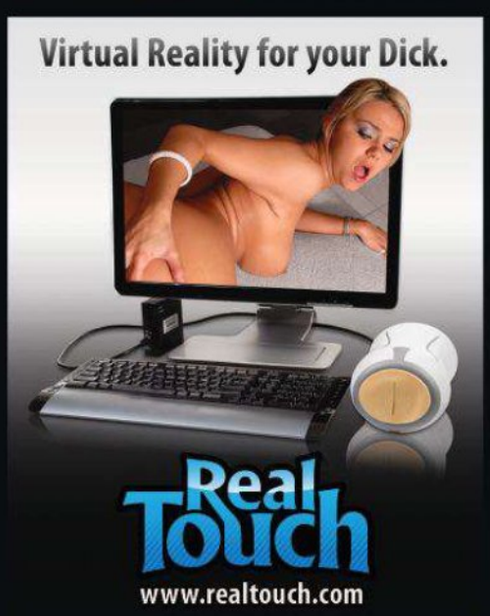
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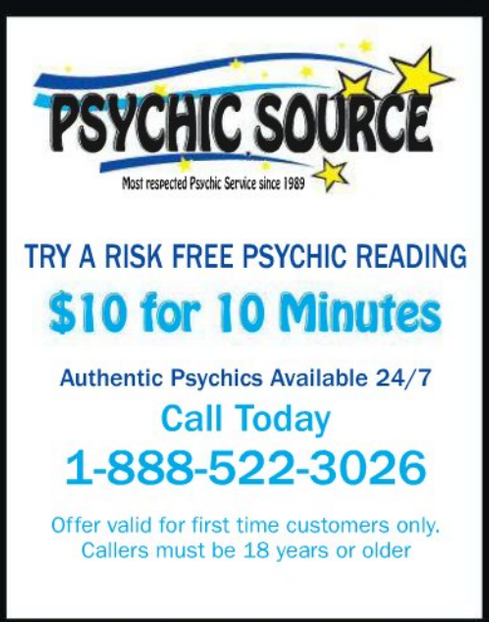
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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN









BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SIERRA

We kid you not. This whip-wielding babe is from Painesville, Ohio, has restraints on her bedposts and goes both ways in the spanking department. "I had to be in HUSTLER," states Sierra, 19, a onetime actress at a haunted house ("I love scary stuff!") and now a customer service rep at a grocery store. "It's full of sexy women, plus I'm nude more than half the time anyways. So why not? I used to streak down my neighborhood street with my friends when we played Truth or Dare." Baring more personal truths, the fancier of fruit, ice cream and music ("Everything except polka and opera!") pipes, "I'm pretty goofy. I like to have fun and joke around a lot. I'm like a 5-foot-8 Coke bottle—nice ass and not top-heavy! I never take life too seriously because time goes by so quickly." Thus, Sierra isn't short on serious hobbies. "I'm into shopping, scrapbooking, clubbing, hanging out with friends, watching *House* and networking," she discloses. "I prefer MySpace. I hate how everything you post on Facebook is automatically sent to all your friends. People don't care about what you're doing at the moment, such as 'I'm peeing right now. Text me!' Piss on that!" But Sierra, who digs being on top ("I like to be in control!"), could write a textbook on her wily sexcapades: "I'm playful, seductive and straight unless things get a little frisky with girls. I've had sex in numerous backseats, on a rooftop, in a field in the middle of nowhere, near a bonfire in front of other partiers and in a boyfriend's truck while we were going through a car wash. That time I was afraid people would know what we were doing, plus I was worried I'd be late for work. Now I want to have blood-rushing sex in a clothing store's dressing room—on one of my days off!" —Photos by Friend



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SHAN

"I am very fun to be around, I love to be the life of the party, and I am pretty funny as well," reckons Shan, an aspiring mainstream actress from Dearborn, Michigan. Besides fulfilling her dream to be naked in HUSTLER, the April birthday celebrant—who'll be hitting 23—can detail just how fun she is. "I like to read, make jewelry, watch *Intervention*, Chelsea Handler's show and movies on TV, and play with myself if I get bored or horny," Shan fesses up. "I also love to watch men jack off." It's as obvious as her "amazingly big and real" boobs that the 5-foot-7 fan of the band Muse and rock icon Jim Morrison boasts a jacked-up résumé: "I am straight, sensual, seductive and a giver. I love to please my men! I can deep-throat like a champ. Every guy I have ever given head to is 100% satisfied. My favorite foods are pizza, chow mein and a man's cum!" Also big on doggy-style fucking and G spot orgasms, Shan trumpets, "Once a man is inside me, he keeps coming back for more." But one, an actor no less, has still eluded her adoration: "I am in *love* with Owen Wilson. He's hilarious and gorgeous. My two sexual fantasies are to pleasure Owen Wilson and to pleasure him again!" —Photos by Friend











SARAH

"I've always wanted to have sex on a football field," proclaims Sarah, 39, a "nature girl, NFL lover and nymphomaniac" from Columbus, Ohio, who works at a high-end pet store and certainly puts on a better halftime show than any marching band. As the first Beaver in history to show off her pussy on a 50-yard line, Sarah deserves kudos, but we're also tickled pink that the 5-foot-4 horseback riding, hiking and cooking buff has shared these pics with us instead of texting them to an unrequited heartthrob. Sarah, however, is the ideal heartthrob: "If someone asks me to have sex, I never say no. I prefer men, but I've been with a lot of women as well. I like my phat—P-H-A-T—pussy eaten by someone who makes me squirt, and I'm also keen on giving head, doggy-style and anal—as long as I'm the boss!" Yes, Sarah knows how to find the end zone. TOUCHDOWN! —Photos by Friend

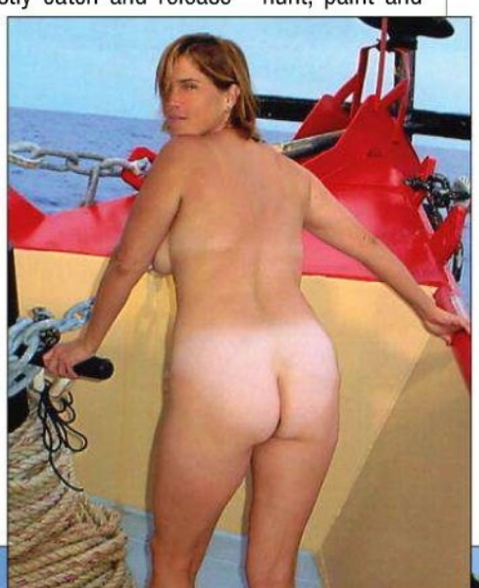


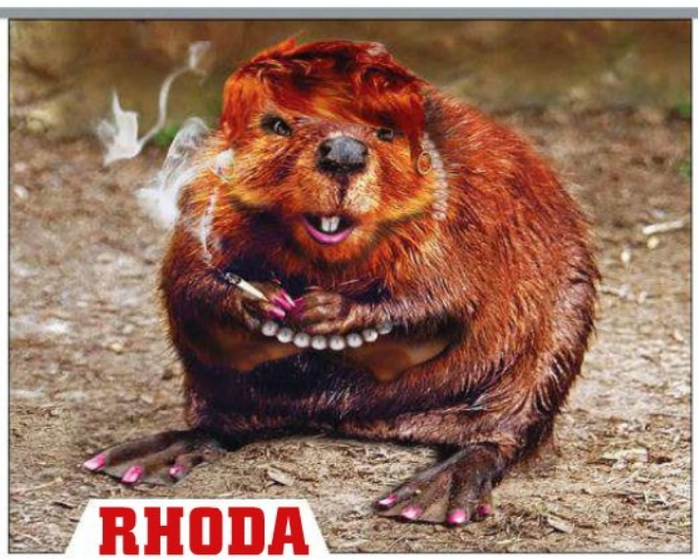




KDW

Here's an unchaste house renovator from Green Pond, South Carolina, who cuts to the chase: "I'm a 39-year-young, 5-foot-5, free-spirited nude of nature. I love to fish, but I really love to fish naked. My boyfriend is a commercial longliner who is out to sea often. I took up finding out about my body with his being gone. He loves me nude, so I figured catching fish nude would do me good. It's fun and adventurous. In the meantime I think of him coming home so I can run my clam neck nipples up his shank and wish for his cock to pop out so I can put it down my throat. Then I'd want him to fuck me from behind while his balls are slapping my clit. I love to fish—mostly catch and release—hunt, paint and draw, but I especially love to suck on cock." KDW adds, "I'm sitting here wet as can be waiting for the mag to come out. I always enjoy the beautiful pics in HUSTLER, and it will definitely be a shocker to my guy and all the East Coast longline captains and crew members when they're out on the ocean and see me. Thanks a trillion!" —Photos by Boyfriend





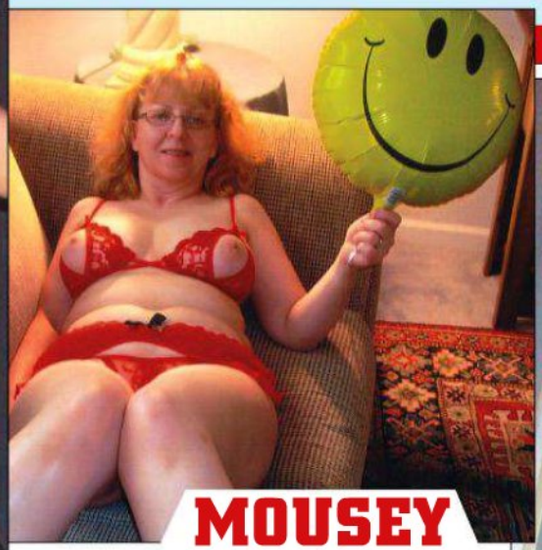
RHODA

Back when most female genitalia sported pelts, an ingenious slangster coined the term *beaver*, and we've glorified the metaphor for decades. Bestowed a special distinction here are greenhorn models from Oregon a/k/a the Beaver State. So why wouldn't we welcome web-footed Rhoda, whose habitat is the Powder River in Baker City, to *our* Beaver colony? She's smokin' and very gnaw-ty! —Photo by Human Friend



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"My pussy and pooper are off-limits to anyone except my fiancé, but who knows what could happen if I have too many margaritas?"

MOUSEY

Proffering a few funny photos for our April Fool's gashfest isn't the sole reason we're again showcasing this Lancaster, Pennsylvania, cashier. Once "modest, self-conscious and introverted," Mousey, 55, abruptly ditched her Mennonite upbringing (but not the signature bonnet) a few years back. "I went cuckoo," the 5-foot-3 "one-man woman" asserts. "Now I'm extroverted. I lose count of the guys who hit on me when I go to a bar." Even before showing off her bubble butt, the bosomy flirt was a hit with readers. "Just got my October '10 issue," a Floridian wrote us. "Mousey the Beaver is one of the hottest I've ever seen. I've always fantasized about having sex with a Mennonite or Amish woman." A Philadelphian chimed in, "Tell Mousey that I want to be the one to help fulfill her two-cock fantasy. Every white-bonnet Mennonite I ever saw had all her clothes on. Until now!" Retorts Mousey, "I have a new fantasy: being fucked from behind by my man while I suck off a line of HUSTLER readers who worship me." Amen. —Photos by Fiancé







MYKALLA FOXX

This Little Bo Peep hasn't lost her sheep, but she will give us a big, bold peek. Meet Mykalla Foxx, 28, a "very open-minded" interior decorator by way of Corpus Christi, Texas. "Dressing up," the 5-foot-7 sweetie says, "gives me a chance to become a totally different person in each of my costumes." Once upon a time, Mykalla was a spirited cheerleader and spunky barrel racer, but now she's a lascivious libertine: "I love threesomes, swinging with my husband and pleasing women. I've had sex on a friend's boat out on the Gulf and in the same room with three other couples. That's as close to an orgy as I've come, but I bet I could handle a larger group." Mykalla, who's fascinated by bald men and action movies like *Die Hard* and *Ocean's Eleven*, yearns "to show off my naughtier talents in a homemade sex video." Who wouldn't want to be behind this eye-pleasing missus when she wags her tail? —Photos by Husband



"A fantasy of mine is to visit a nudist resort in Jamaica, taking only clothes to wear on the plane."







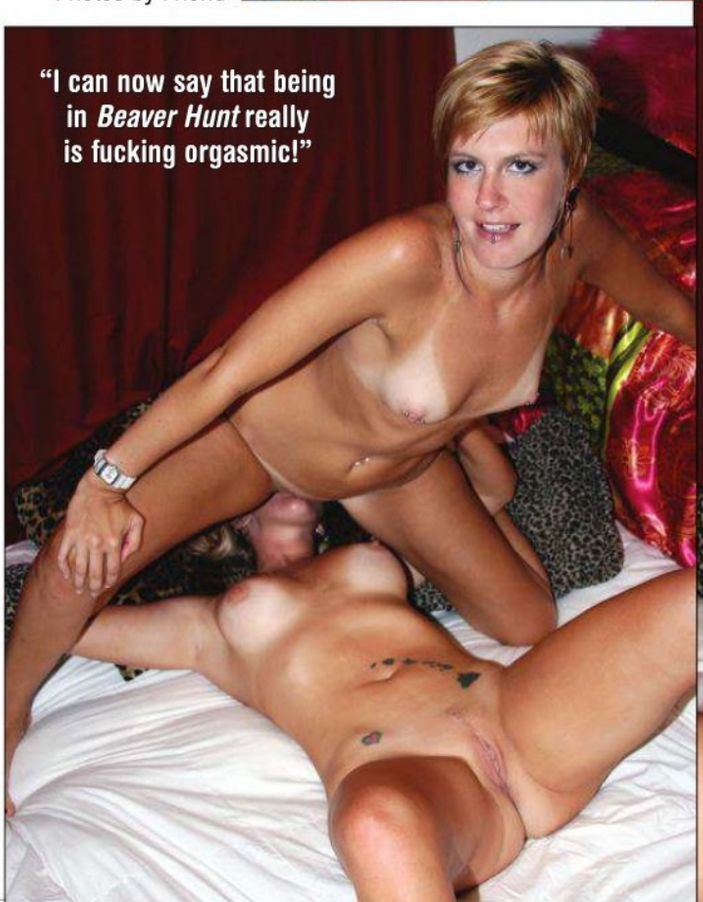
OCEAN & MOANIKE

Where this randy duo comes from is only crucial for census takers, but we'll mention that shorter-tressed Ocean, 29, resides in Pacific Palisades, California, and that Moanike holes up down the coast in Hermosa Beach. What's more pivotal is where the 5-foot-7 gals are going…facefirst. "I'm always willing to try new things and new girls," store manager Ocean professes. "I'm very bi, aggressive and adventurous." Her equally camera-hungry paramour is turning 29 to boot in April, and one of Moanike's wishes will be granted. "I like having someone make me moan," the nightclub shutterbug purrs, "and Ocean is on top of my list. We've been pals for a long time." But not as slit-lapping Beavers. "We *came* to the conclusion that HUSTLER guys would like it," right-on Ocean gushes.

—Photos by Friend





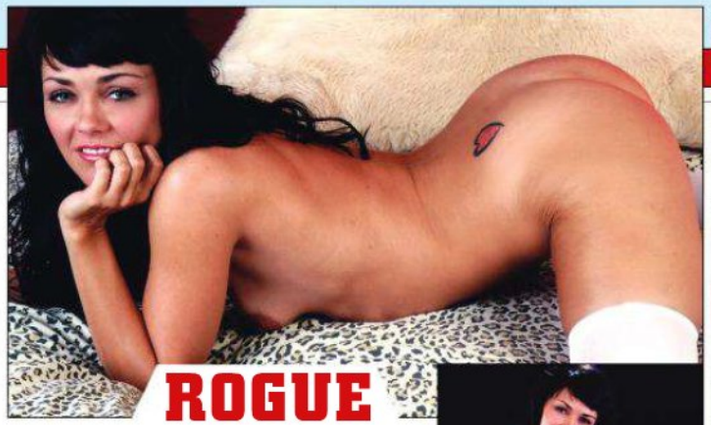


"I can now say that being in *Beaver Hunt* really is fucking orgasmic!"



"Ocean and I had a blast, but another one would be a nice birthday gift!"

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ROGUE



Hailing from Waco, this 28-year-old Texan announces, "I love football, but in my school days I was too much a tomboy to be a cheerleader. Lo and behold, I became an exotic dancer. I love getting to turn on a crowd when I put on a sexy show." Looking for "something new and exciting," Rogue has now come our way with some snazzy pics, fave clothes-on pastime ("going out for a good time"), top TV shows (*Ghost Adventures*, *CSI*, *The Walking Dead*, *Cheaters*), main diversion ("sex") and a new anatomical term. "I call my vagina Coody-Coo," coos the 5-foot-5 newbie, who's just warming up. "I love to give a good BJ, get fucked from behind and ride my man," Rogue confides. "But I have the best orgasms when I drape my legs over his shoulders while he pounds me." Dissing anal, Rogue asks, "Why would they put a playground by a sewer plant?" But same-sex hanky-panky is never frowned on. "I'd love to meet Megan Fox because she is fucking hot," Rogue muses. "And if she wants me to fuck her with a strap-on, all the better!" —Photos by Friend



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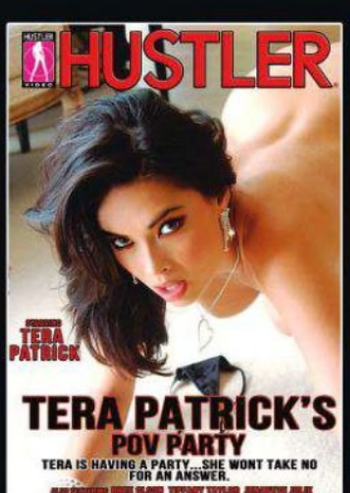
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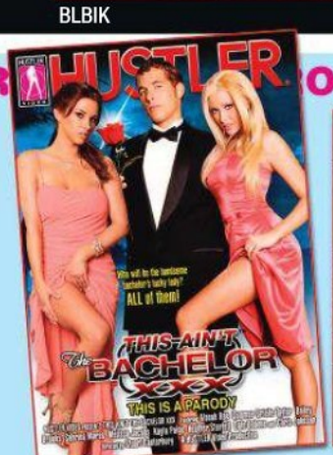


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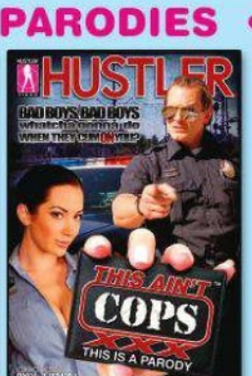
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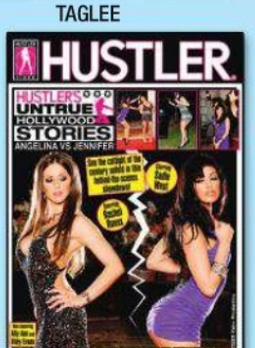
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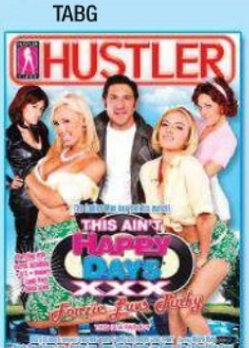
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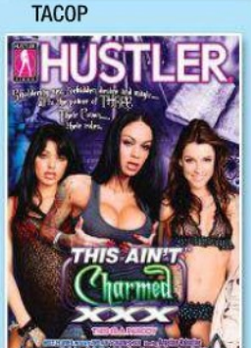
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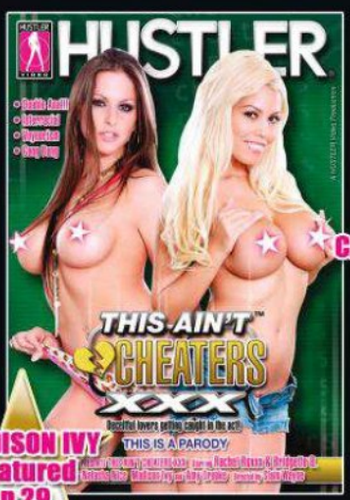
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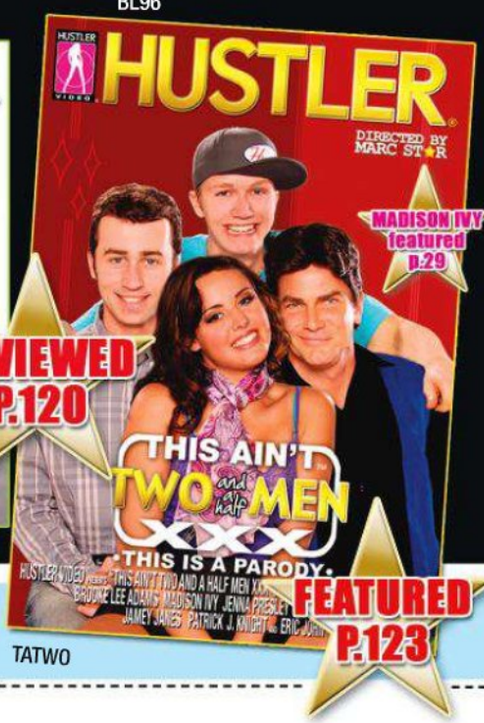
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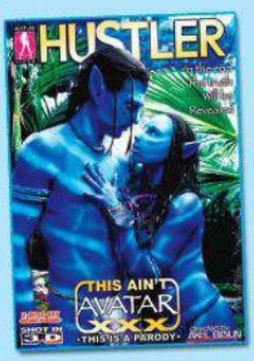
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I know it sounds crazy," says **Paula**, "but I think curling up with a good book is incredibly sexy." That's why the luscious 20-year-old asked to be photographed in the room where she does all her studying.

"It's really a den, but I consider it my private study," she says. "I like to hole up here all by myself and enjoy a little fantasizing. With a book I can be anyone I want, anytime and anyplace I want." Moving from a cool leather chair to the soft fur rug on the floor, she adds: "Books are kind of like sexual time machines for me." But there is more to **Paula**'s life than just reading. "I'm keeping my eyes open for a real man," she confides. "But he doesn't have to be a bookworm to satisfy me."



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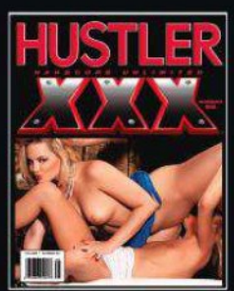

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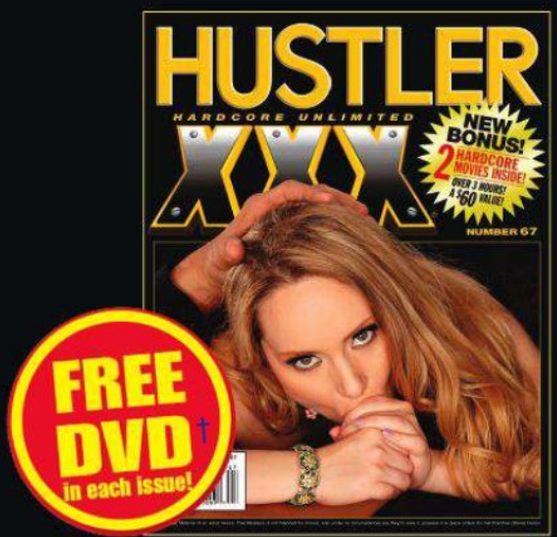
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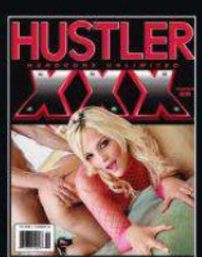


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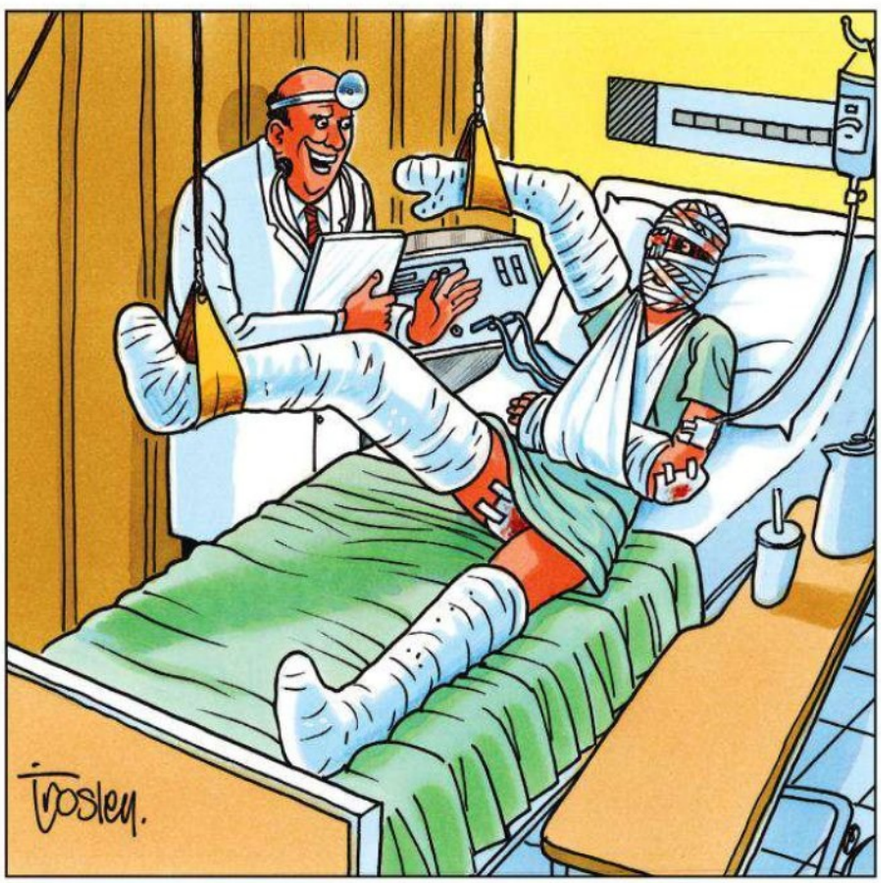
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"The plan is to move our entire operation overseas! Research has shown that Pakistani agents could terrorize the American taxpayer just as well and a helluva lot cheaper!"



"Don't worry. We'll have you up and fucking some other guy's wife in no time!"

(continued from page 75)



Unidentified craft emitting multicolored lights, photographed in 1987 by state police officer over Route I-84 near Waterbury, Connecticut.

PHOTO COURTESY COLLECTION OF PHIL IMBROGNO

currently aware of, or even from another time, this would be one of the most important revelations in the history of mankind. It could upset every segment of our civilizations and our most fundamental definitions of who we are. Perhaps it would also cause economic and political ruin, at least for those who benefit from our current social systems. However advanced the extraterrestrials are, their technology would certainly replace ours if they chose to share it. What happens to ExxonMobil if all fuel is free? And just what is the nature of that "curtain" Podesta says should finally be pulled back?

In the United States, UFO sightings elicit little attention. Government officials, the scientific community and mainstream publications ignore them or question the credibility of eyewitnesses. The naysayers then offer ludicrous explanations, suggesting the observed objects were Venus, Jupiter, helicopters, airplanes, weather balloons or the hilariously oft-cited swamp gas of decades ago.

Concerned that discussion of the UFO phenomenon is being undermined, Leslie Kean counters with a chapter titled "Militant Agnosticism and the UFO Taboo." It's written by the distinguished scholars Dr. Alexander Wendt and Dr. Raymond Duvall, who essentially smash each argument offered by skeptics—such as "They Can't Get Here," "They Would Land on the White House Lawn" and "We Would Know if They Were Here."

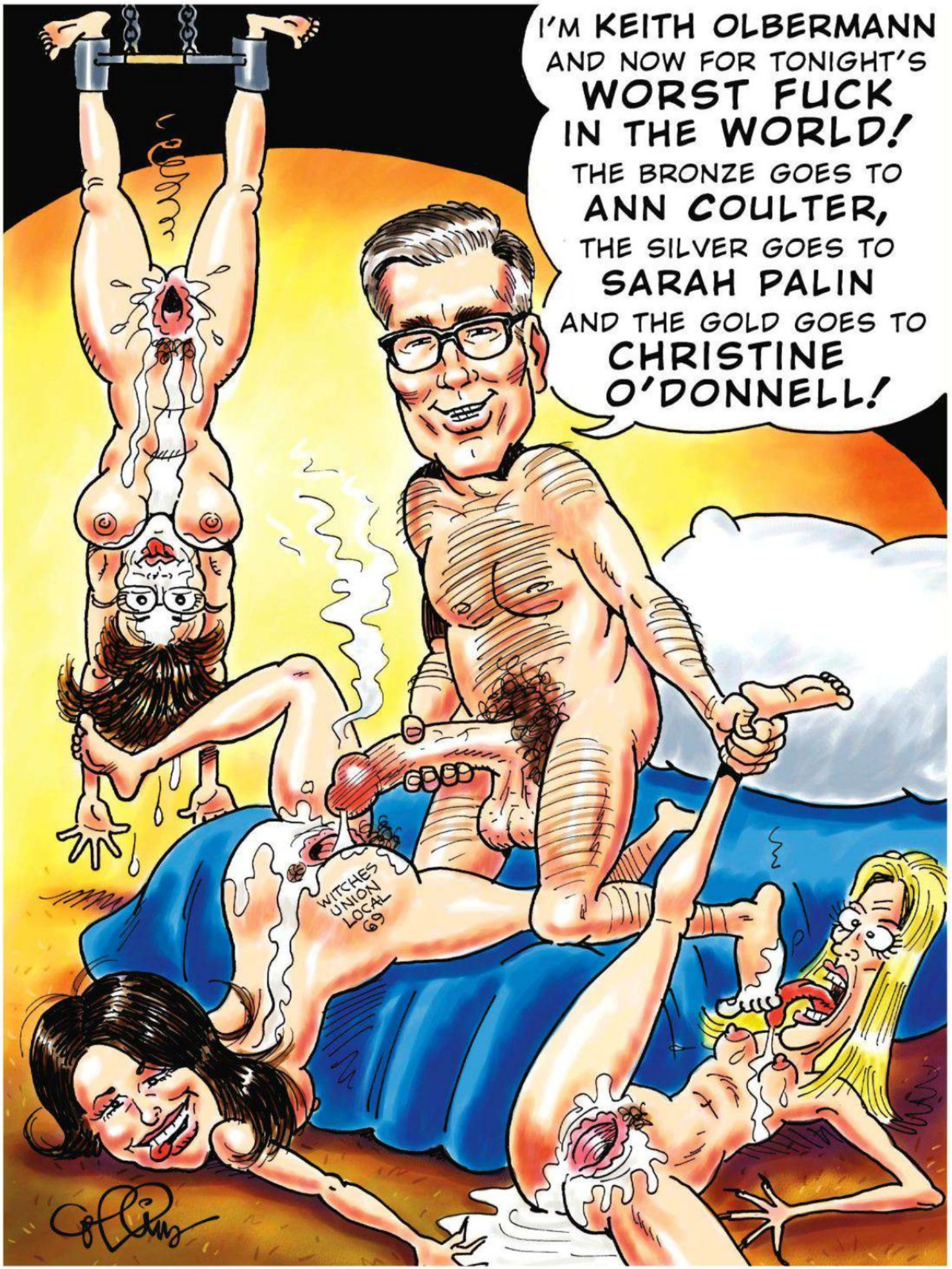
This skepticism, in part, is what Kean is looking to confront and change, thereby clearing the way for more witnesses to come out of the closet. It would be wonderful if the evidence in her book moves the government to tell us what it knows about UFOs. But don't hold your breath. If a giant object materializing over Phoenix doesn't open things up, what will?

Leslie Kean's *UFOs: Generals, Pilots, and Government Officials Go on the Record* is available at **Amazon.com**. For more info, go to **UFOsOnTheRecord.com**.



Harry Walsh writes about technology and an assortment of topics, usually offbeat. The onetime oceangoing tugboat captain, who has taught English at two universities and a college, lives in the woods of Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania, with a gorgeous wife and three big dogs.

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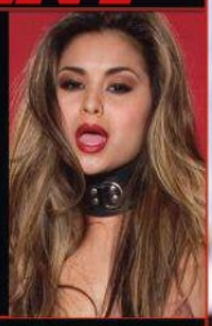

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COMING NEXT

CINEMAX HOTTIE MICHELLE MAYLENE



There's more to Michelle Maylene than playing Karen on Cinemax's soft-core sitcom *Co-Ed Confidential*, but here's a quick preview. Admittedly "wild and unsupervised," Michelle was still in high school when she broke into porn. "I just wanted an opportunity to show people what I can do," she told writer M. Allen Nathan, who spent a day with the spunky actress. Michelle has a backstory that will bowl you over.



GOOGLE: THE ULTIMATE COCKBLOCKER

"You'd never believe how many times my debauched past has come back to bite me in the ass," rails former skin-biz blogger Scott Fayner. The culprit is Google, whose search engine keeps tabs on just about everyone, even a guy on a first date with a curious chick. In addition to hilariously recounting why potential conquests shun him, Fayner offers advice on how to outwit the frighteningly invasive Google.

PRESIDENT OBAMA: WALL STREET'S SUBSERVIENT ALLY



In the 1930s, President Franklin D. Roosevelt stood up to Wall Street's robber barons, responsible for the Great Depression. But as freelance journalist Tyler Downey notes, FDR's successors repealed his regulatory measures that revitalized the economy. The inevitable meltdown ensued, propelling Barack Obama into the White House. Unfortunately, our "change" President may talk the talk, but he's actually catering to the banksters who helped get him elected.



DIANA DORS: BRITAIN'S BLOND BOMBSHELL

A contemporary of Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors also firmly established herself as a world-famous movie star and sex symbol. The Brit's lust for life—and men!—in many ways mirrored the smoky sirens she portrayed in numerous dramas and exploitation flicks. Associate Editor Anthony Petkovich takes a closer peek at this strangely overlooked icon.

SORAYAMA: EXALTED SCI-FI ARTIST



Japan's Hajime Sorayama provided original art for *Terminator 3* as well as characters for the film *Spawn*. The airbrush master is also renowned for his pinups of futuristic women and sexy robots, a bevy of which will be showcased in our review of the smashing new book *Sorayama Masterworks*.



WHO ARE THE POLICE REALLY PROTECTING AND SERVING?

Ever been issued a traffic ticket even though you hadn't violated any law or were maybe one friggin' mile per hour over the speed limit? These days, who hasn't? The powers-that-be may claim that beefed-up enforcement and stiffer fines are intended to make our roads safer, but that's hogwash. As Research Editor Kimberly Cheng discloses, a growing number of cash-strapped states, counties and municipalities have found an easy way to generate revenue: ticketing drivers for bogus infractions.

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