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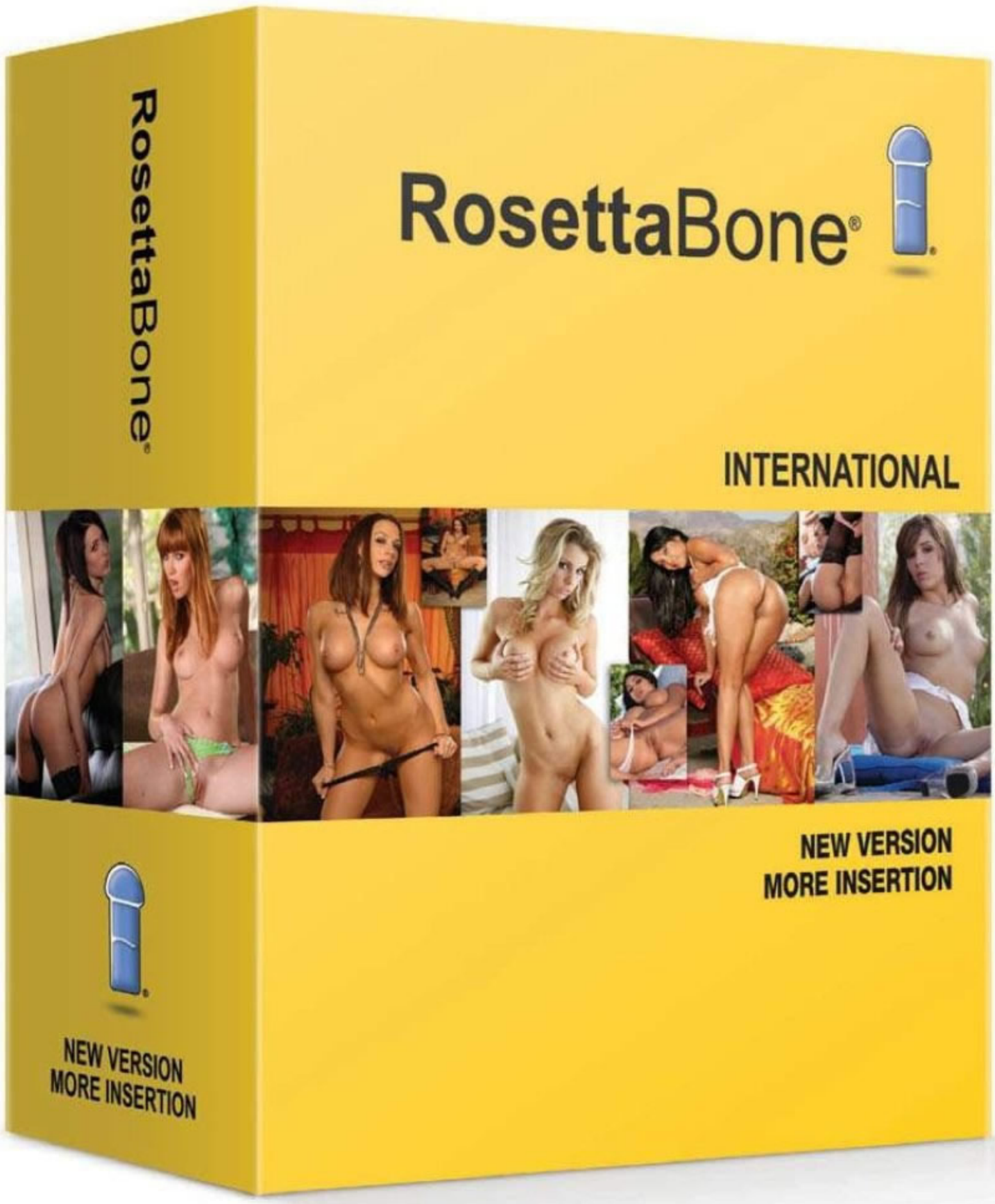

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MR. FLYNT, THESE ARE PURPORTED TO BE ACTUAL PHOTOS OF CONGRESSWOMAN MICHELE BACHMANN GETTING IT ON WITH A ROTTWEILER!

THEY APPEAR GENUINE, BUT I'LL PASS... WHY RUIN A GOOD DOG'S REPUTATION!

J. Bissette

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LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

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PRESIDENT OBAMA: YOU ARE TOAST

The people who supported you in 2008 wanted someone who would fight for them. They wanted real healthcare reform, real banking reform, an end to the expensive wars we're waging and the restoration of our civil liberties.

On issue after issue you've caved. Renewing the Bush tax cuts for the wealthy is the final straw. This was a fight you could have won without suffering any collateral damage—and you didn't even throw a punch.

I was delighted when you were elected. Now, like many other Americans, all I see is an ineffectual wimp. If you want a second term in office, you must win back the respect of the American people. From my vantage point it's hard to see how you can do that.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"I'm not a witch, but I am a bitch! What else do you call a bat-shit-crazy, religious wacko who doesn't masturbate?"

COSMIC CARPET

One of our favorite new Web sites for things you don't need but totally have to have, Think Geek, has outdone itself yet again. The home of the *Star Trek* Pizza Cutter and dissembled C3PO backpack is now selling an intergalactic take on the classic bearskin rug. The ultracool ***Star Wars* Wampa Rug** will look perfect in your nerdrific bachelor pad. The lifelike novelty looks just like the scary snow beast from *The Empire Strikes Back*, complete with a plush pillow head. Pick up a **Wampa Rug** today, but note: Hot chick dressed as slave girl Princess Leia not included!

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

(TRI)POD PEOPLE

At first glance the **DigiDude** from Quirky looks like a funny, brightly colored key chain. But unscrew the head, extend the retractable legs to the desired height and you have a sturdy mount for your portable camera. No more blurry pictures or lugging around a heavy tripod. The **DigiDude**, which can be used with most point-and-shoot cameras and flip cams, comes in four brightly colored motifs: Pinky Scorsese, Snot Buster, iChomp and BoltBot. Did we mention it's lightweight, portable and cool-looking? Man, you need a **DigiDude**.

Available at ***Quirky.com***. Suggested retail price: $20.

SKULL SOUNDS

Adorned with metallic skulls, the **Wicked Empire Bones Noise-Isolating Stereo Earbuds** look way cool. Plus they work great, thanks to state-of-the-art technology that delivers the highest-possible sound quality without distortion while providing users with the ultimate in inner-ear comfort. **Wicked Empire Bones** are gonna be the niftiest things you've ever had in your ears. And yes, we know the kind of weird stuff you've stuck in there.

Available at ***WickedHeadphones.com*** and ***Amazon.com***. Suggested retail price: $29.99.

LOVE AT FIRST STING

What is the **Scorpion**? It's a digital AM/FM radio tuner with an NOAA weather band. (You know, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.)

The **Scorpion** is also a high-powered LED flashlight and a USB cell phone charger. Plus, it can get you laid! Okay, that last part is a lie. But the **Scorpion** is an awesome multifunctional device that can be powered in three ways (solar, hand crank and AC adapter). This rugged gizmo is the perfect addition to your camping trip or disaster-preparedness kit.

The best part is we have a **Scorpion** to give away! See details below.

Available at ***EtonCorp.com***. Suggested retail price: $50.

WIN A SCORPION!

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 Scorpion Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

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

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

WHICH WITCH IS WHICH?

Knights Contract
Namco Bandai
PS3, Xbox 360

It's a blast of medieval madness! You're Heinrich the Executioner, a bloodthirsty killing machine cursed with immortality. If that isn't bad enough, you're living in the time of the Black Death. But in ***Knights Contract*** you have another plague to deal with: a coven of horrific witches trying to make your life even more miserable. Man, you hate witches! This gory, story-driven hack-and-slash will really heat up your gaming console.

MOUSETRAP

Epic Mickey
Disney Interactive Studios
Wii

Designed exclusively for the Wii console, this title really lives up to its name. In ***Epic Mickey*** you are everyone's favorite corporate cartoon rodent, racing and chasing through classic Disney settings (inspired by Mickey Mouse films and shorts) on a whirlwind adventure. Use paint and thinner to transform the animated universe and shape the story on your path to victory. So much more than a kids game, ***Epic Mickey*** offers hours of epic entertainment.

IT TAKES TWO

DJ Hero 2
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360, Wii

You have two turntables and a microphone. The follow-up to 2009's vastly popular disc jockey game is ready to rock your party. ***DJ Hero 2*** boasts 83 brand-new original mashups from the biggest names in pop, rock and hip-hop, including Lady Gaga, Dr. Dre and Kanye West. Cut, scratch and cross-fade on your realistic turntable controllers. For more fun take the party online in multiplayer mode to challenge other wannabe DJs. It's time to hit the wheels of steel in colossal turntable battles.

DRIVING EXCITEMENT

F1 2010
Codemasters
Xbox 360, PS3, PC

There are racing games, and then there is ***F1 2010***, the official game of Formula One. Featuring all of the drivers, teams and circuits from the 2010 season, this fast-paced, highly realistic game takes you into the pits and behind the wheel of racing's most advanced cars. The designers worked overtime to replicate the full-throttle experience of burning up the track at over 200 mph. Get ***F1 2010*** and get drivin'!

FOSTERING BILL CLINTON'S FOLLY

EVEN THE PRESIDENT WHO PAVED THE WAY FOR FINANCIAL CRISIS IS NOW AN OBAMA SIDEKICK.

It should come as no surprise that the blowjob President who managed to blame his young White House intern for the semen that somehow landed on her blue dress should also manage to avoid his far more serious failure in messing up the entire U.S. economy.

But it's truly depressing that Barack Obama, whose own legacy has been subverted by inheriting an economy put into deep recession by Bill Clinton's radical deregulation of the financial industry, should have turned over his own economic policy to the very hacks left over from the Clinton White House. They're led by Timothy Geithner, Obama's pick for Treasury secretary, and Lawrence Summers, who failed in that job when he worked for Clinton but served as Obama's top economic adviser for almost two years before stepping down. Even more depressing is Obama's sucking up to Clinton after the Democrats' devastating defeat in the midterm elections to bail out his Presidency.

The sight of Bill Clinton back at the White House podium defending tax cuts for the superrich was more a sick joke than a serious amplification of economic policy. How desperate is the current President that he would turn to the great triangulator, who opened the floodgates to Wall Street's greed, for validation of the sorry opportunistic hodgepodge that passes for his own administration's economic policy? Mind you, a policy designed and implemented by the same Clinton-era holdovers whose radical deregulation of the financial industry created this mess in the first place.

As a candidate running against Hillary Clinton, Obama quite accurately excoriated the economic policies of the Clinton years when that Democratic President united with Congressional Republicans—led by Senate Banking Committee Chairman Phil Gramm—to obliterate sensible regulations of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal.

The result, as candidate Obama noted in March 2008, has been chaos: "Unfortunately, instead of establishing a 21st-century regulatory framework, we simply dismantled the old one—aided by a legal but corrupt bargain in which campaign money all too often shaped policy and watered down oversight. In doing so, we encouraged a winner-take-all, anything-goes environment that helped foster devastating dislocations in our economy."

These "dislocations" were authorized in 1999 when Clinton signed off on the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act, which reversed the Glass-Steagall Act's separation between the high-rollers of investment banking and the properly conservative, insured and regulated activities of commercial banks entrusted with the life savings of ordinary folks. With a stroke of a pen that he then presented as a gift to Citigroup CEO Sandy Weill, Clinton opened the door to the "too big to fail" monstrosities that have caused so much misery.

With a stroke of a pen that he then presented as a gift to Citigroup CEO Sandy Weill, Clinton opened the door to the "too big to fail" monstrosities that have caused so much misery.

Despite being warned of the coming financial instability, foreshadowed by the collapse of the hedge fund Long-Term Capital Management, Clinton was giddy in signing the bill: "Over the past seven years we have tried to modernize the economy," he enthused. "And today what we are doing is modernizing the financial services industry, tearing down those antiquated laws and granting banks significant new authority."

A year later Clinton signed off on the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, advanced most fiercely by his Treasury secretary, Lawrence Summers, who until recently was the dominant personality setting economic policy for Obama. Titles 3 and 4 of that act summarily exempted from the surveillance of any existing regulatory agency or laws all of the newfangled financial gimmicks—most notably, collateralized debt obligations and credit default swaps—that have proved so toxic to the jobs and homes of tens of millions of Americans.

In his rambling and somewhat incoherent comments on the economy at the White House in December 2010, Clinton attempted to explain away the failure of the banks to use the money that the government has made available to them to shore up housing and create jobs. As an aside, in commenting on community banks, Clinton touched on the mortgage-security mess that his law enabled, but he still doesn't seem to get his connection with the problem: "Even though some of them may have a few mortgage issues unresolved, most of that mortgage debt has been off-loaded to Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac or has vanished into cybersphere with those securitized subprime mortgages. I don't like the securities, but they happened."

What gibberish. The mortgage-backed securities didn't just happen. Clinton signed legislation freeing those debt obligations from any effective government regulation. Most Americans' homes, which represented their dreams and savings, were turned into gambling chips in the Wall Street casino on a scale unknown—and indeed unthinkable—before the Clinton Presidency. What has vanished is the equity of homeowners. As for the off-loading to Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, that represents at least a $700 billion burden on taxpayers who have had to bail out those government-sponsored agencies, which became totally corrupt on Clinton's watch.

As a candidate, Obama laid responsibility for the meltdown on the bipartisan deregulation of the Clinton years: "Under Republican and Democratic administrations, we failed to guard against practices that all too often rewarded financial manipulation instead of productivity and sound business practices. We let the special interests put their thumbs on the economic scales."

So why is Obama now following Clinton's lead in taking us down that same disastrous bipartisan path of catering to Wall Street while screwing the rest of America?

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.*

"The Republicans drove it into the ditch, kept you from fixing it, stole back the keys and now they're taking shits and giving each other handjobs in the backseat."

STILL PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN?

HOW IRONIC AND DEPLORABLE: AIR TRAVELERS ARE BEING HUMILIATED BY SECURITY PERSONNEL TO KEEP US SAFE.

Every day an estimated 2 million Americans travel by air, but before being allowed to board a plane, they must now endure the invasion of what used to be known as their "private parts." In this Land of the Free and Home of the Brave, according to the *New York Post*, a three-year-old girl was screaming "Stop touching me!" as she was patted down to keep us safe. And in Manhattan—where I reside—I heard a father say that, time-consuming as it was, he was going to drive rather than subject his teenage daughter to having a stranger's gloved hand linger over and around her genitals.

For a while I hoped that at last there would be a rising rebellion in the streets against so overreaching and underreaching a federal government. But on the much-ballyhooed Thanksgiving National Opt-Out Day, reported the *Washington Post*, protesters showed up at airports "in ones and twos." At Washington, D.C.'s Dulles International Airport, 62-year-old Estelle Rogers was "shocked" by the tranquility.

The citizenry may indeed mobilize against the actual diseases and disabilities that could impact airline passengers thanks to TSA officers not changing gloves after many explorations of their sex organs.

Since passage of the Constitution-abandoning PATRIOT Act, I've been warning that commanders in chief George W. Bush and Barack Obama would accustom more and more of us to passively giving the government total powers against America's terrorist enemies at all costs, including our liberties. But not to the point of such random forced intimacy as the invasion of our bodies.

On September 12, 2001—the day after 9/11—President Bush assured us: "We will not allow the enemy to win the war by changing our way of life or restricting our freedoms." Waiting around the corner as he spoke was VP Dick Cheney.

Although the Obama Administration says it will quiet the continuing passive grumbling—about our being stripped of our dignity—by slightly modifying the pat-downs and the radiation during full-body screenings, I don't believe a word. The government has no reason to soothe us when our security is at stake.

However, in time, the citizenry may indeed mobilize against the actual diseases and disabilities that could impact airline passengers thanks to TSA officers not changing gloves after many explorations of their sex organs. In "Doctor's Sound TSA Germ Alert" (**WorldNetDaily.com**), Bob Unruh reported "the definite possibility that passengers will be able to catch whatever someone in front of them in line was suffering from via the latex gloves TSA workers use."

Said Dr. Thomas Warner of Wisconsin: "There is no doubt that bacteria (staph, strep, v. cholerae, etc.) and viruses (noro, enteroviruses, herpes, hepatitis A and papilloma viruses) can be spread by contaminated vinyl or latex gloves." And "if a traveler has diarrhea and is soiled, as can and does happen, the causative agent can be spread by this method since bacteria and viruses in moist environments have greater viability."

As for the full-body scanners, Dr. Russell Blaylock—in a **NewsmaxHealth.com** article—warns that "the concentrated radiation on the skin poses a serious cancer risk, especially to your eyes, testes and blood cells."

Such hazards are yet another consequence of the imperious federal government's contempt for your bodily privacy in the vacuum-cleaner sweep of Constitutional protections. This is a further subversion of a broader and deeper foundation of who we are as Americans.

A truly grim report comes from Douglas J. Hagmann, director of the Northeast Intelligence Network, author of *Tactical Surveillance* and a member of the International Counter-Terrorism Officers Association. He has also offered assistance to federal law enforcement and a number of police departments.

In "DHS & TSA: Making a List, Checking It Twice" (**CanadaFreePress.com**), Hagmann cites a source inside the Department of Homeland Security. The person is unnamed, and you'll see why. The anonymous source was "troubled by the terminology and content of an internal memo" by DHS Secretary Janet Napolitano.

Hagmann continued, "The document cannot be posted or published," but "the more salient points" can be revealed: "The memo, which actually takes the form of an administrative directive…officially addresses those who are opposed to, or engaged in the disruption of, the implementation of the enhanced airport screening procedures as 'domestic extremists.'" This includes "any person, group or alternative media source."

If I were still an air traveler, that would include me.

Accordingly, DHS administrators are "instructed to identify and collect information about the persons or entities, and submit such information…electronically to the Homeland Environment Threat Analysis Division, the Extremism and Radicalization branch of the Office of Intelligence Analysis (IA) division of the Department of Homeland Security."

Three days after this posting, Hagmann admitted there have been "skepticism and denials" that this DHS memo exists. But as I and other reporters revealed in 2009 (**FreedomMedium.com**), Janet Napolitano released a list of "domestic terrorists" that expansively and recklessly designated as supporters of our enemies "animal rights activists, tea partiers, environmentalists" and right- and left-wingers (as boundlessly described by Ms. Napolitano and her staff).

So there is indeed a precedent for her continuing the legacy of J. Edgar Hoover and Senator Joseph McCarthy. As Hagmann all too accurately says about the airport pat-downs: "The American people are being carefully and deliberately conditioned to accept the stripping away of our Constitutional rights. … Just look at how many people are willing to be groped, fondled…and subjected to other forms of degrading tactics by agents of the federal government for the mere illusion of security."

How long are we going to take this? Is this still America? If there is indeed a Republican administration in 2012, will its airport personnel be groping us too?

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?*

OBAMA IS HITLER
OBAMA IS A COMMUNIST
BUT I'LL BET HE'S HUNG LIKE A FUCKIN' HORSE!
Trosley.

FEAR OF FLYING 2011

HOW I GOT FINGERED BY THE TSA!

Traveling is bad enough with the tension of getting everything packed and making sure your tickets and passport are ready to go. But then, making matters worse, at the airport you find yourself plunged into a long security checkpoint line with a nasty TSA officer barking at you.

This is where I found myself removing my shoes, belt, watch and keys (not to mention any last vestige of dignity), all of which I poured into a basket. As I approached the scanning machine, I silently repeated the traveler's prayer, "God, don't let me beep." On this occasion prayers didn't help. I beeped. In one fell swoop I had just gone from a happy traveler to a terrorist suspect all because of that fucking machine.

I began the process of removing everything that might be causing this unholy sound. "Try again," the overweight and overbearing TSA officer stridently demanded. Again I beeped. More stuff got removed and still more beeping. Now the screener was even more suspicious of me. Even I was beginning to suspect I was a sleeper agent.

Next came the final blow to my dignity: the full-body search. "I am going to go down your body, then I'm going to feel into your groin and buttocks," the TSA officer informed me, and he started doing this in plain sight of everyone else in the line. They watched as if it were some form of entertainment. You have to pay $300 for something like this uptown.

I asked the screener if he'd ever caught anyone this way. "Oh, yes," he replied. "I've caught people with knives and drugs." I said I didn't think it was TSA's job to intercept drugs. He countered, "We're just trying to protect you." Funny, I didn't feel protected by the process—just violated.

The screener asked if I had any metal in my body. I didn't think I had until he mentioned the word *implant*. Then I remembered the titanium implant in my mouth. "Oh, that's probably it," he said, waving me on my way. Indignity and embarrassment should not be the penalty for a lifetime of bad oral hygiene; the $5,000 implant was punishment enough.

What makes my story really interesting is that all you have read so far was written on a plane during a 13-hour flight to China. At the time, I was just venting over the indignity I had faced at the hands of the TSA. However, by the time I got back to the States, the TSA's new inspection protocol had become a national controversy. The whole country was up in arms over it.

Do you know the "Belling the Cat" fable? It's about a mouse that wants to be king. He convinces the other mice there is a cat lurking outside the mouse hole, and he tells them that he will put a bell around the cat's neck so it will ring whenever he's around. In return the other mice must agree to make him king. When they accept his offer, he goes out with the bell. It rings wildly, and he runs back proclaiming success. Of course there is no cat; he just rang the bell himself.

That's what's happening to us. The cat in this case is al-Qaeda, a group that is estimated by our own government experts to be made up of only about 100 key people in Afghanistan. In return for our imagined safety we have the Homeland Security Act, and by giving up our rights, we get the airport grope!

With all these security measures and the millions of people who have been subjected to them, you have to ask just one question: Have any potential terrorists been caught? Absolutely not. Oh, wait a minute! They stopped Cat Stevens—an English singer who was popular in the 1970s and later converted to Islam—from entering the country. Boy, do I feel safe!

While in China, I flew to various cities within the country. At Chinese airport security posts I was processed fast (no shoe removal) and with courtesy and dignity. This happened in a fucking communist country notorious for its human rights violations. What's our problem?

The problem is, we are pussies. We've become so frightened of our imagined enemies that we've taken precious little time to identify the real ones. They are the power brokers who are cashing in on our fears and gobbling up— like so many peanuts—what few freedoms we have left.

There are a hundredfold more members in America's right-wing militias with their cache of arms and munitions than there are in al-Qaeda. These homegrown terrorists have struck before in Oklahoma City and Atlanta's Olympic Park, and they will strike again. Those are the dudes I'm worried about!

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).

"Your wife is in an irreversible coma as a result of the crash. Because you have no insurance, the constant care she'll require will no doubt bankrupt you and...hey, I'm just fucking with you—she's dead!"

GRAMMA, WHEN YOU WERE MY AGE, DID YOU THINK BOYS' PENISES WERE JUST FASCINATING AND WONDERFUL?!

DEAR, YOUR GRANDPA ALWAYS DID ME IN THE DARK. I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN ONE.

J. Billette

A SLICE OF LIFE

COSMETIC SURGERY HAS BECOME A FAD, BUT IS IT A HARMLESS ONE?

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

I was recently at a Hollywood gathering attended by many of my contemporaries. I'm talking ladies and gentlemen of a *certain age*, you understand. I have known many of these people for 50 or more years. Some are younger than I am and some older, but it was difficult to recognize a lot of them. I know that growing older changes a person's looks, but cosmetic surgery changes them even more dramatically.

By way of full disclosure, I have had two minor lifts, and I didn't have the first one until I was 60. No forehead lift, no implants in my face, no breast implants, no Botox and no liposuction. Nothing compared to the work that some folks half my age have had.

Lately, nearly every woman's lips look like they've just given a really intense blowjob. I see women all the time who can barely talk through those bubble-lips.

I am not putting down people who have had cosmetic surgery, and I will not name any names. Everyone should look as good as possible for as long as possible, and I will fight to the death for the right to plumped lips, enlarged tits and a reshaped ass. But beware: There are some villainous, unskilled and unprincipled hacks out there passing themselves off as surgeons.

I know it is no great revelation that actors and actresses try to appear younger by quoting their ages in dog years and by subjecting themselves to cosmetic surgery. It is by no means a new thing. Mae West kept herself well-nipped-and-tucked over the years. West was in her 80s when she made her last film, and her face was pulled into a taught wedge. Marlene Dietrich was cut and pasted over the years. When I met Joan Crawford in the 1950s, she was so pulled that her mouth stretched from ear to ear. Marilyn Monroe had her nose and chin done.

When I was under contract at Universal, countless girls had their noses nipped. In the 1960s, Las Vegas became the epicenter of breast augmentation. Every showgirl had to have larger ones than the next. Those were the really bad days, when silicone was injected directly into the breast tissue. It was a prescription for disaster, from solidified silicone breast nodules to cancer. A close friend of mine who did it suffered for years from silicone that spontaneously oozed out of her skin to cover her entire body.

Today's cosmetic procedures are supposedly safer, although the jury is still out on some. And of course, you're always dependent on the surgeon's skill. It is frightening how uneven some work is. Several times at the Hollywood event I mentioned, a person I've known for ages was only recognizable by a familiar voice coming out of a face that looked like a member of the Na'vi tribe from Pandora.

The most attention-getting cosmetic procedure is breast augmentation because, as you guys always say, tits rule. If you are a reader of this esteemed magazine, you have seen more than a few enhanced breasts. There are some men out there who admire small breasts—and believe me, aesthetically speaking, I am on your side—but a significant percentage of the guys I meet love 'em large.

Then there's the fat-lip fad. Who started that? Angelina Jolie comes to mind, but Kim Basinger is probably closer to being the Lip-Zero Girl. And, of course, her lips were real. Whenever it started, the look caught on. Lately, nearly every woman's lips look like they've just given a really intense blowjob. I see women all the time who can barely talk through those bubble-lips.

The scariest procedure is liposuction. If patients saw a demo video beforehand, they would never have it done. Essentially, you're put to sleep, and a vacuum cleaner hose is rammed into your gut.

The most disturbing trend in cosmetic surgery is that younger people are having it done. If people start getting peeled and nipped-and-tucked in their 20s and 30s, where will they go from there? Will a generation become so ravaged by eyejobs, chin implants and rhinoplasty as to be unrecognizable to their own parents?

Our 21st-century pop culture requires nothing less than perfection. If you don't have it, the cosmetic surgery industry holds out the promise that with a little slicing and dicing, perfection is obtainable.

I keep thinking about that controversial HUSTLER cover from the 1970s that showed a woman being fed into a meat grinder. It caused a storm of angry protests, most people missing the satirical intent behind it. The cosmetic surgery industry has become a meat grinder of its own, chopping up people who are grasping at perfection and charging an arm and a leg in the process.

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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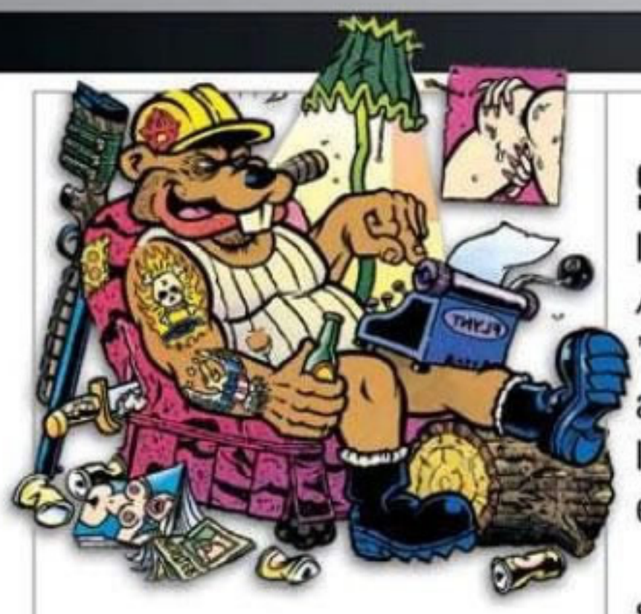

Firepower

I read your excellent article *Confessions of a Liberal Gun Nut* [February '11]. It reminded me of another article I enjoyed in the January '94 issue [*Crossfire: Anti-gun Fanatics Blast the Second Amendment*], and the July '96 HUSTLER had a broad on the cover holding an AK-47.

One more blast from the past: Check out the August '94 item *Bucky Hits the Bull's-eye*. Guess who purchased the CRPA [California Rifle and Pistol Association] membership for Bucky? Me!

Anyhow, I'm one-quarter Jewish, which probably ain't enough to get into Jew heaven, but it probably would have been enough to get me gassed. I am a lifetime member of the National Rifle Association, and I voted yes on California's (failed) Proposition 19 to legalize pot.

I also live in Nevada County, California, the county with the highest rate of gun ownership in the state and also one of the lowest crime rates. Go figure!

—Steve Swartz
Grass Valley, California

Straight Shooter

Thank you very much for the article by Travis Kelly [*Confessions of a Liberal Gun Nut*, February '11]. It is difficult for most conservative Americans to realize that there are Democratic gun owners. Just like Republicans who read HUSTLER, liberal Democrats who believe in the Second Amendment do exist. We just don't walk around with blinders on regarding the world around us. **—W.W.**
Lawrenceville, New Jersey

Special Effect

I am writing in reference to your *Avatard* cartoon feature [August '10]. Who played the main character? The model's feet are nearly perfect! I'd like to know what else she may have appeared in.

The rest of the magazine is superbly done as well, and I enjoy it thoroughly.

—Anthony Brenner
New Castle, Delaware

The *Avatard* model is the lovely Candie Lovett, who can be seen in all her glory in the November '10 pictorial *Who's Your Mummy?*

Stand Tall

I have been away from HUSTLER for over 20 years, but now I'm back! In those years, you have become even more disgusting and perverted than before! I for one love it! Thanks for having the balls to publish what you do. Never mind those limp-dick magazines like *Maxim* and *Playboy*.

Every time I think of HUSTLER, I get a hard-on. Speaking of which, let's see more of your December '10 covergirl, Riley Steele. **—L.J. Richards**
Reno, Nevada

Touchy Subject

I am in agreement with Larry Flynt's emphasis on equal rights for women and his call to bring back the Equal Rights Amendment [*Publisher's Statement*, February '11]. However, in the very same issue, I can't agree with Albert Pierce's views [*The Golden Age of Advertising*] which basically state the opposite of Larry's editorial.

In spite of women's liberation and political correctness, there have always been and always will be women who take pride and pleasure in pleasing the man or men in their lives. That doesn't mean their rightful place in society is to be subservient to men. I am thankful that your *Asshole of the Month* column skewers men and women equally.

—Rosco Roberts
Huron, South Dakota

Did the sight of celebrity porn starlet Montana Fishburne in our February '11 issue whet your appetite for more beautiful blackness? Feast your eyes on the stunning Nyomi Banxxx, seen here in Metro's ***Desperate Blackwives #6****.*

Dark Thoughts

Is being the daughter of a famous actor what it takes for a black woman to get into HUSTLER? Don't get me wrong: I enjoyed Montana Fishburne's openness [*Montana Rising*, February '11]. And, yes, I admit, I have seen some chocolate goodness once in a while in your pages, but I want more!

You should have at least one black-girl pictorial every month. And while you're at it, let's have more Asians and Latinas too. Seriously, it's the 21st century.

—T.A.
Joliet, Illinois

Hots for Earth

I thought Gwynne Dyer's views [*Global Warming: We're Out of Time*, February '11] were fascinating. I'm glad he's trying to educate people that this is an industrial problem, not a matter of changing light bulbs.

However, I'm not sure I can embrace his solution: geoengineering. I'm sure those "experiments" are already underway, but I also suspect it's going to cause problems we haven't imagined yet. Humans cannot improve on nature; the idea is ridiculous.

As I write, extreme weather is ravaging the globe, and its power is awesome. May nature prevail!

—George M.
Buffalo, New York

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.

BRAWNY

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- *Subsidize museum exhibits that covertly promote our message: Human-caused global warming is a myth.*

- *Finance efforts to obscure the mounting scientific evidence that formaldehyde causes cancer in humans.*

- *Continue lobbying to severely limit corporate oversight and regulations.*

Thank you sincerely for supporting our pro-business, antihuman agenda.

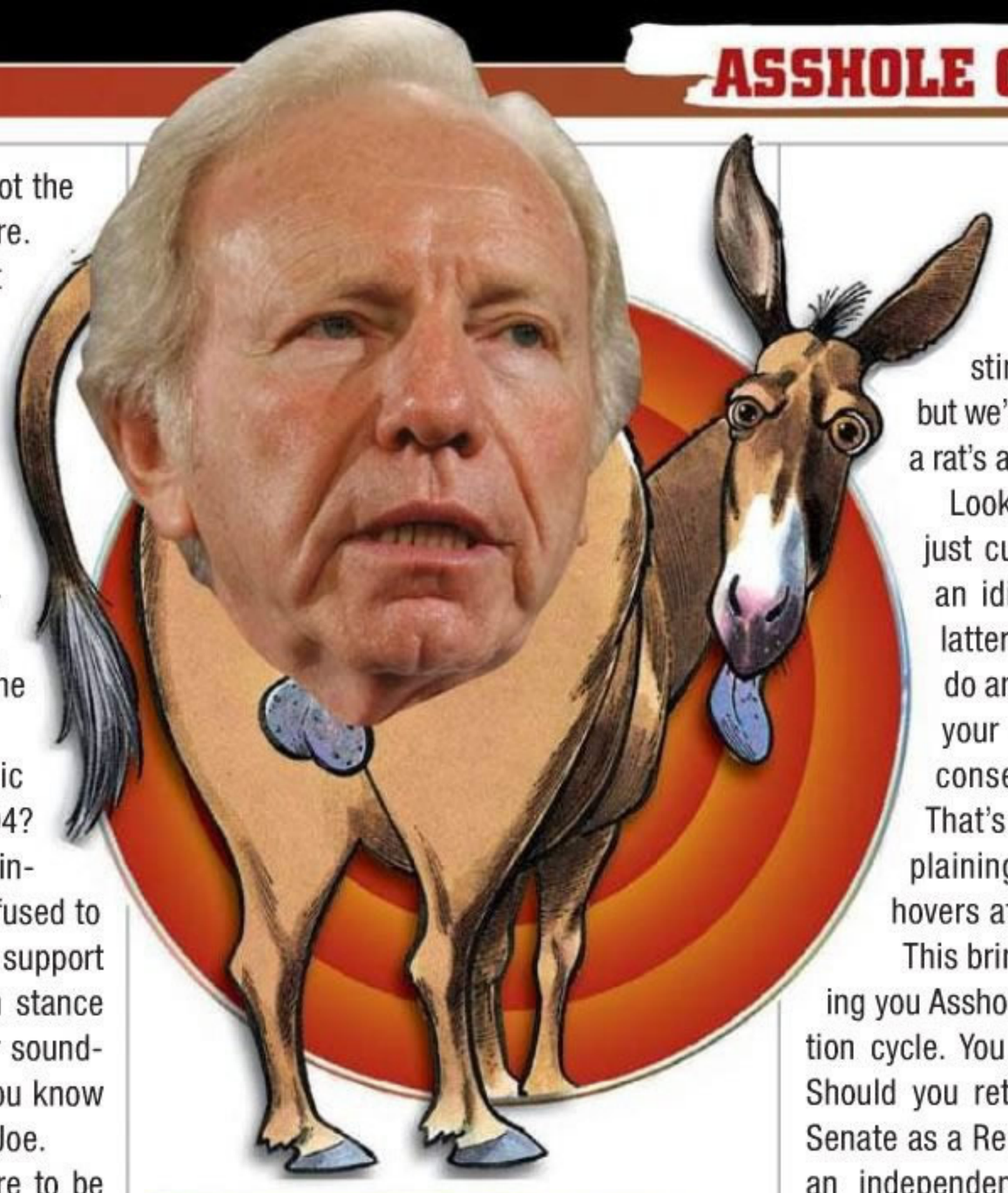
Yours truly,

Charles and David Koch
Koch Industries, Inc.

BRAWNY

ART BY TOM SIMONTON

HUSTLER PARODY: This is not a real ad. This is a parody and a commentary designed to call attention to the actions of Charles and David Koch, who own dozens of companies, including Brawny paper towels. For more information about the Koch brothers, check out **NewYorker.com/reporting/2010/08/30/100830fa_fact_mayer.** 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



SEN. JOE LIEBERMAN

Say it ain't so, Joe! Tell us you're not the putrid scumsucker we think you are. Or just fess up and admit we've got you dead to rights.

Where do we start? How about the notion that you cost Al Gore the Presidential election in 2000? You remember that political contest, don't you, Joe? You had the Vice President slot on the Democratic ticket. But during your debate with Dick Cheney, the Republican VP nominee, he cleaned your clock.

And what about your pathetic attempt to run for President in 2004? You withdrew from the race without winning a single primary. Even Al Gore refused to support you, and that lack of public support wasn't just because of your hawkish stance on Iraq. A lot of it had to do with your sounding like a nebbish when you speak. You know that, don't you? You're kinda creepy, Joe.

Then in 2006 there was your failure to be renominated as the Democratic Party's candidate for the U.S. Senate, where you'd represented Connecticut since 1989. You were forced to run as an independent. Sure, you retained your Senate seat for another six years, but it was just barely and only because it was a threeway race.

Although you were no longer a Democrat, the Democratic Party decided to let you retain your chairmanship of the powerful Senate Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs. You repaid them by campaigning for Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) instead of Barack Obama during their 2008 Presidential runs.

Let's consider that for a minute: Throughout most of the campaign, McCain seemed, well, confused and befuddled. Some thought he was suffering from senility. And there you were, Joe, whispering corrections in his ear. How do you think that made you look? Only a moron would support a senile candidate for the highest office in the land.

McCain lost, and still the Democrats refused to strip you of your chairmanship. We guess you could say that makes them assholes too, especially after you threatened to filibuster Obama's healthcare package if it contained the highly popular public option. (Indeed, you failed to support the healthcare bill even after the public option was removed.)

Coming from the state of Connecticut, where so many health insurance companies are headquartered (and bankroll your campaigns), your decision was a safe one even though you had previously supported similar healthcare reform. But that was back when it didn't have a chance of passing. It's easy to be for the right thing when you don't actually have to put your ass on the line. (By the way, 60% of your constituents were for the public option, and—unlike the claim you made at the time—it would not have raised premiums and added to the country's debt.)

Then there's the rest of your dismal voting record: You voted against a bill that would have encouraged companies to bring their jobs back to the U.S.; against eliminating the tax loopholes of big oil and gas companies; against every effort to reduce U.S. troop presence overseas; against "too big to fail" legislation designed to impose limits on the size of financial companies; and you voted for a bill (McCain's) that struck the "Buy American" provision from Obama's stimulus package. There's more, but we've made our point. You don't give a rat's ass about the American people.

Look, Joe, we could go on, but let's just cut to the chase: You are either an idiot or a douchebag. If it's the latter, that means you're willing to do and say anything just to advance your own interests regardless of the consequences for others. (FYI: That's how most people see you, explaining why your approval rating hovers at 33%.)

This brings us to the real point of naming you Asshole of the Month: the 2012 election cycle. You had a decision to make, sir! Should you retire or should you run for the Senate as a Republican? Your ability to run as an independent under the Connecticut for Lieberman Party banner has been usurped by your detractors who took over that vehicle after the 2006 election.

Given your approval rating in Connecticut, Joe, you certainly weren't going to secure the Democratic nomination. So that just left the Republican Party, and even with them your approval rating was only at 48%. So thank you for finally looking reality in the face. You've decided to give the rest of us a fucking break by not running for the Senate in 2012. Yes, you've done enough damage. It's time for you and Hadassah to go off into the sunset together. Goodbye and good riddance.

(Editor's Note: This is not the first time we have made Joe Lieberman our Asshole of the Month. He garnered that honor in the February '09 and April '10 issues as well. However, it's worth mentioning that nothing here repeats all the other reasons he's been considered worthy of that award. We've just added to his long list of "achievements" as a major league Asshole. Thanks to her decades of lobbying for pharmaceutical and healthcare firms, Joe's wife—Hadassah Lieberman—was an April '10 Fart in the Wind.)

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**Boyd K. Packer** is president of the Mormon Church's Quorum of Twelve Apostles and apparently a narrow-minded bigot. In a sermon titled "Cleansing the Inner Vessel" he condemned homosexuality and "spiritually fatal" pornography: "Same-sex attraction can be overcome, and any type of union other than marriage between a man and woman is morally wrong," the blowhard pontificated. "...The dreadful influence of pornography is like unto a plague sweeping across the world, infecting one here and one there, relentlessly trying to invade every home." The self-righteous stinker—who advocates that Mormon historians practice "selective teaching," omitting parts of history that don't promote Mormonism—has also denounced interracial marriage.

"You said you got a tattoo of me. Where is it?!"

FANS PICK THEIR FAVES

Each year, FAME (Fans of Adult Media and Entertainment) offers an opportunity for the general public to vote online for their favorite XXX stars. Here's how the 2010 FAME Awards shaped up: *2040* was named best movie, and Teagan Presley was acknowledged to have the hottest body. Alexis Texas has the favorite ass in the biz, Sunny Leone was honored for her breasts, and Lexi Belle was decreed the most underrated star. Sasha Grey's oral accomplishments were also celebrated, while Jenna Haze took the backdoor route to recognition as 2010's top anal performer.

Alexis Texas with Belladonna

Unfairly underrated Lexi Belle

Jenna Haze accepts her award.

Event hosts Sunny Leone and jessica drake

PHOTOS BY J. R. REYNOLDS

"You may never get to touch the master, but you can tickle his creatures." —THOMAS PYNCHON, WRITER

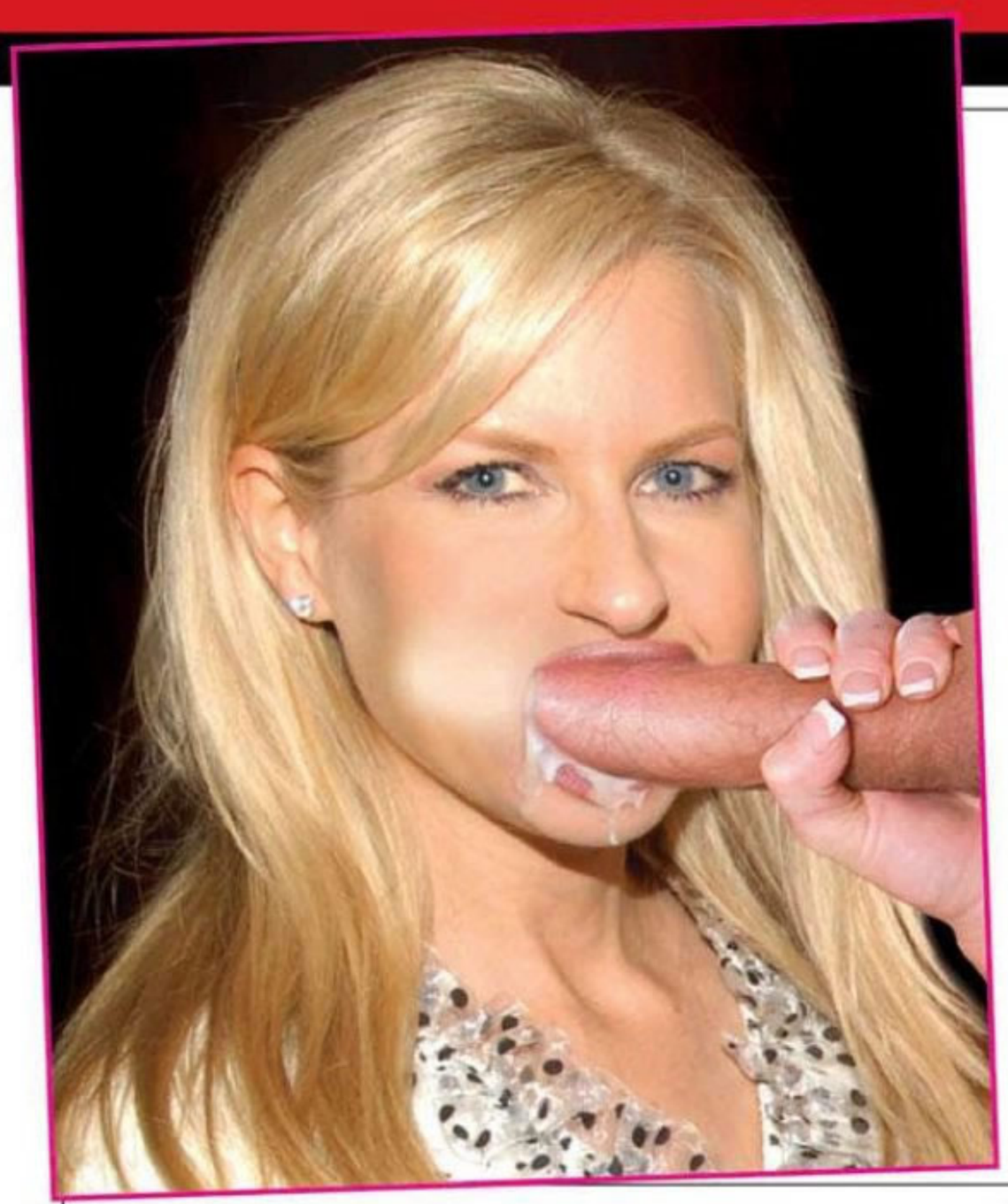
PORN FROM THE PAST

We wonder if, decades later, this sexually liberated trio is still ménage-à-trois-ing it in the cozy confines of a retirement home? Our small hearts hope that they are. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo.

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

THIS ARTIST SUCKS

Camille Crimson's stunning Web site resides at the intersection of sleaze and art. The subject matter—Camille giving a blowjob to her very lucky boyfriend—never changes, but stylish photography and unique concepts keep the material fresh and appealing. This is do-it-yourself porn at its best: intimate, sensual and sophisticated. Plus, Camille is easy on the eyes. See for yourself at **TheArtOfBlowjob.com**.



CELEBRITY FANTASY

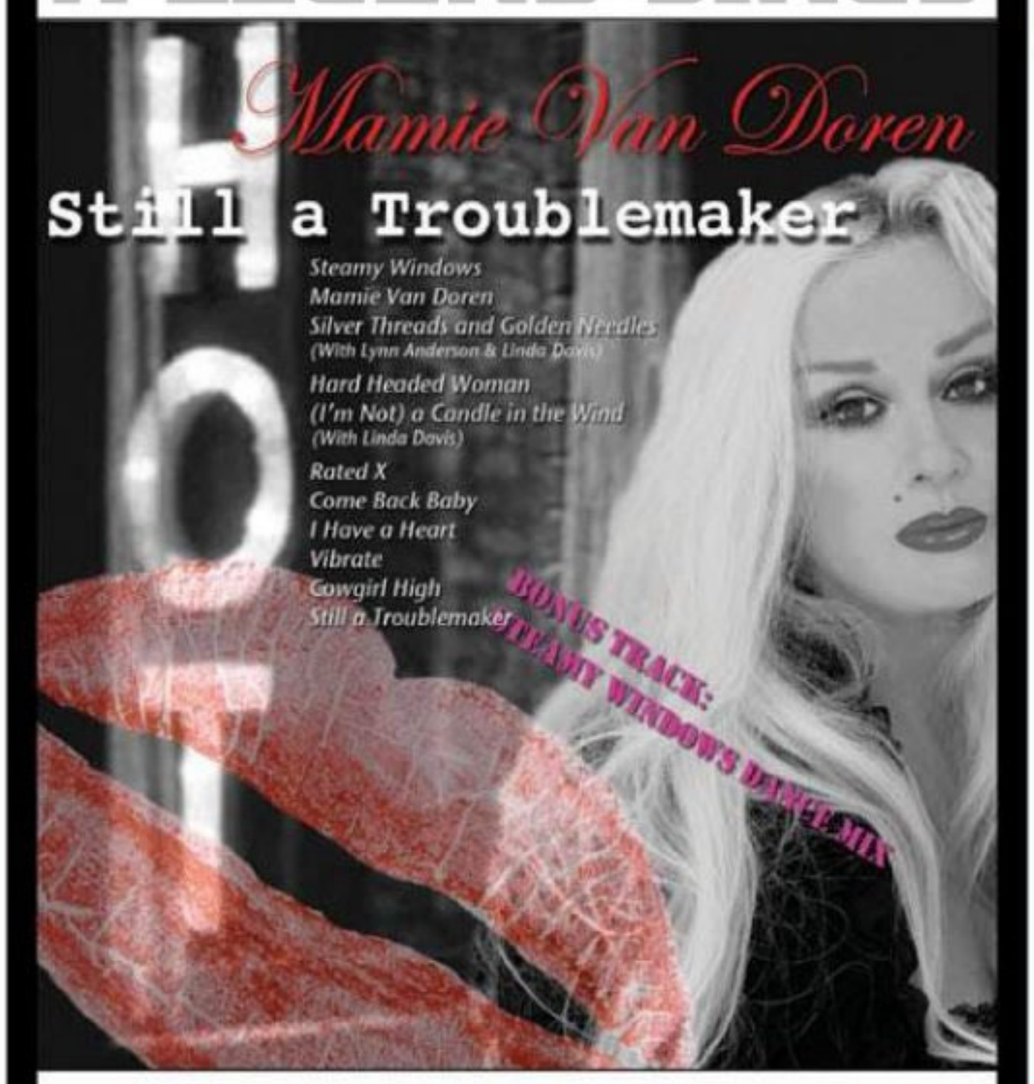
WHAT WOULD *Monica Crowley* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

As a commentator on Fox News and *The McLaughlin Group*, Monica Crowley has become accustomed to having large amounts of shit in her mouth. We thought it'd be fun to mix it up a little and place a dick in there instead.

DISCLAIMER: Parody: No such picture of Monica Crowley actually exists. Rupert Murdoch would never allow it. 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.

"Women need a reason for sex. Men just need a place." —BILLY CRYSTAL, COMIC/ACTOR

A LEGEND SINGS



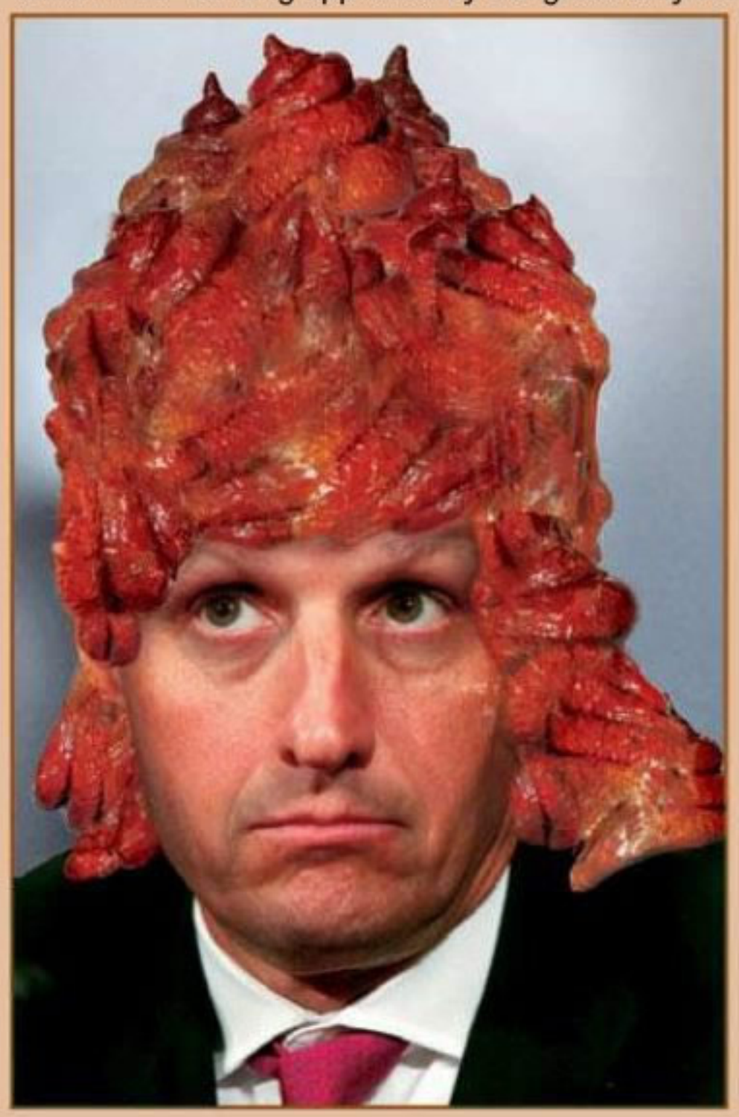
Mamie Van Doren, iconic sex symbol and HUSTLER columnist, continues to amaze us with her versatile talents. The eightysomething's latest accomplishment is *Still a Troublemaker*, an album of country tunes that will surely delight her own fans and those of the genre. It might also trigger memories of an earlier effort from Ms. Van Doren, who starred in the hilarious country-themed 1966 movie *The Las Vegas Hillbillys*, now a cult classic.

Still a Troublemaker is available from iTunes and Napster. For more information, visit **MamieCountry.com**.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #16

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner once claimed that the final cost of the Troubled Asset Relief Program (TARP) to taxpayers would be no more than $50 billion. But a recent Federal Reserve document dump pulled the curtain back on Timmy's bullshit: The Fed—with Geithner as its leader—doled out no less than $3.3 trillion in loans at virtually 0% interest not only to Tim's banker buddies, but also to large corporations like GE and Verizon. The $700 billion TARP funding approved by Congress only served as a small down payment on the secretive $3.3 trillion "backdoor bailout." In other words, Geithner took a multitrillion dollar risk with U.S. taxpayers' money. What's worse is that hundreds of billions of it went to foreign banks! Meanwhile, the American people got shit in return because according to the documents, "the Fed failed to require loan recipients to invest in rebuilding our economy and protect the needs of ordinary Americans." Fed Chairman Ben Bernanke said most of the loans have been repaid, but without transparency, he can say whatever he wants.



NEWSBITES

Fucking Americans

A recent, comprehensive study indicates that our country is definitely getting kinkier. The National Survey of Sexual Health and Behavior found that more Americans are engaging in oral sex, anal sex, masturbation and other formerly "deviant" acts than ever before. Or possibly the survey just reveals that loads of people are finally willing to admit they've been perverts all along.

Teenage Wasteland

A 13-year-old Utah girl has been ensnared in a bizarre legal scenario. After having consensual sex with her 12-year-old boyfriend, she was charged with engaging in unlawful intercourse with a minor. Her boyfriend was also similarly charged, making the chick both victim and perpetrator of the same criminal act. Silly Utah girl. Why didn't she just marry a 50-year-old polygamist like all of her friends?

Sexual Transmission

A police officer in Washington State has been suspended for leaving his two-way radio on while apparently engaging in a sexual act. Dispatchers reported hearing a woman moan for ten seconds before the transmission cut out. Geez, we thought cops just beat up stoners, minorities and the homeless to get their cocks hard.

Heavy Texting, Heavy Petting

A recent study has revealed that teens who send over 120 texts a day are 3.5 times as likely to have had sex than their less tech-savvy peers and that they are 90% more likely to have had at least four sexual partners. This information seems most useful to mall-lurking pedophiles, who've now been given a useful tool for assessing the relative sluttiness of their prey: "How many texts you send today, sugar? My van gets great reception."

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

This attention-grabbing billboard is an advertisement for clothing company Halé Bob, which—thankfully—is well aware that sex sells.

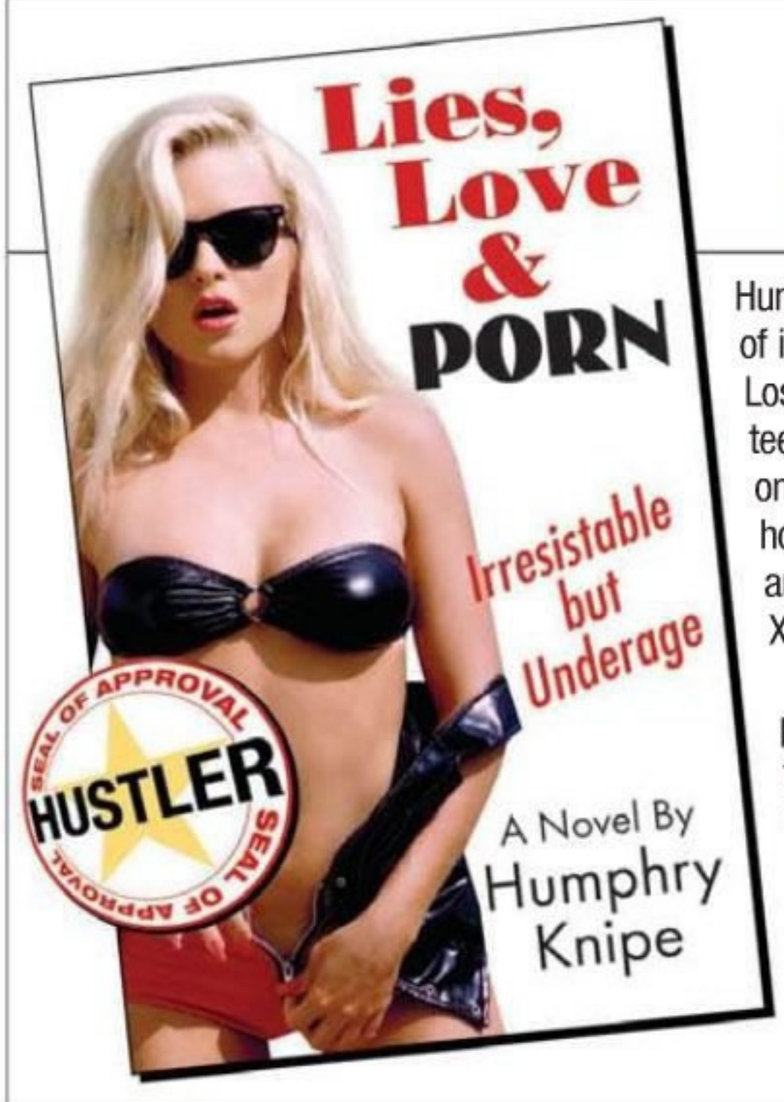
SIGN OF THE TIMES

PHOTO COURTESY OF *THE SPOKESMAN-REVIEW*

This bird-flipping crosswalk sign in Spokane, Washington, has taken an antagonistic approach to its job, telling pedestrians, "Go ahead and try to cross this icy street, but I'm only giving you one second, and you can go fuck yourself while you're at it." We've always known that the machines secretly resent us. Thanks to *The Spokesman-Review* 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



Humphry Knipe's *Lies, Love & Porn* is a fascinating story of innocence lost and redemption gained. Set in 1980s Los Angeles, the novel follows an ambitious, enigmatic teenager named Blue, a porn newcomer who's intent on eventually making it as a mainstream actress. Blue, however, has no idea what she's gotten herself into and is soon forced to confront the seedy realities of the XXX biz.

On her way down the rabbit hole, Blue crosses paths with a string of intriguing and bizarre characters. Ultimately a faded porn star and washed-up cult director become Blue's only hope for navigating and surviving the adult scene's titillating, perplexing and sometimes violent subculture. Knipe's novel is worth the read for anyone interested in one of the most turbulent times in the history of pornography.

Lies, Love & Porn is available now at **Amazon.com**.

"Remember, if you smoke after sex, you're doing it too fast." —WOODY ALLEN, DIRECTOR

SUCKER FOR A SEXY VAMPIRE?

Vampires are ubiquitous. *Twilight*, *True Blood*, Dick Cheney's triumphant stint as Vice President of the United States.... These days, bloodsuckers are everywhere!

Maybe it's time to summon Vampirella, a fanged beauty who's not afraid to battle her own kind, to thin the herd. Created by Forrest J Ackerman in 1969, Vampirella has been on a quest to rid the planet of evil vampires ever since, and she remains an immensely popular comic book heroine. It might have something to do with her outfit.

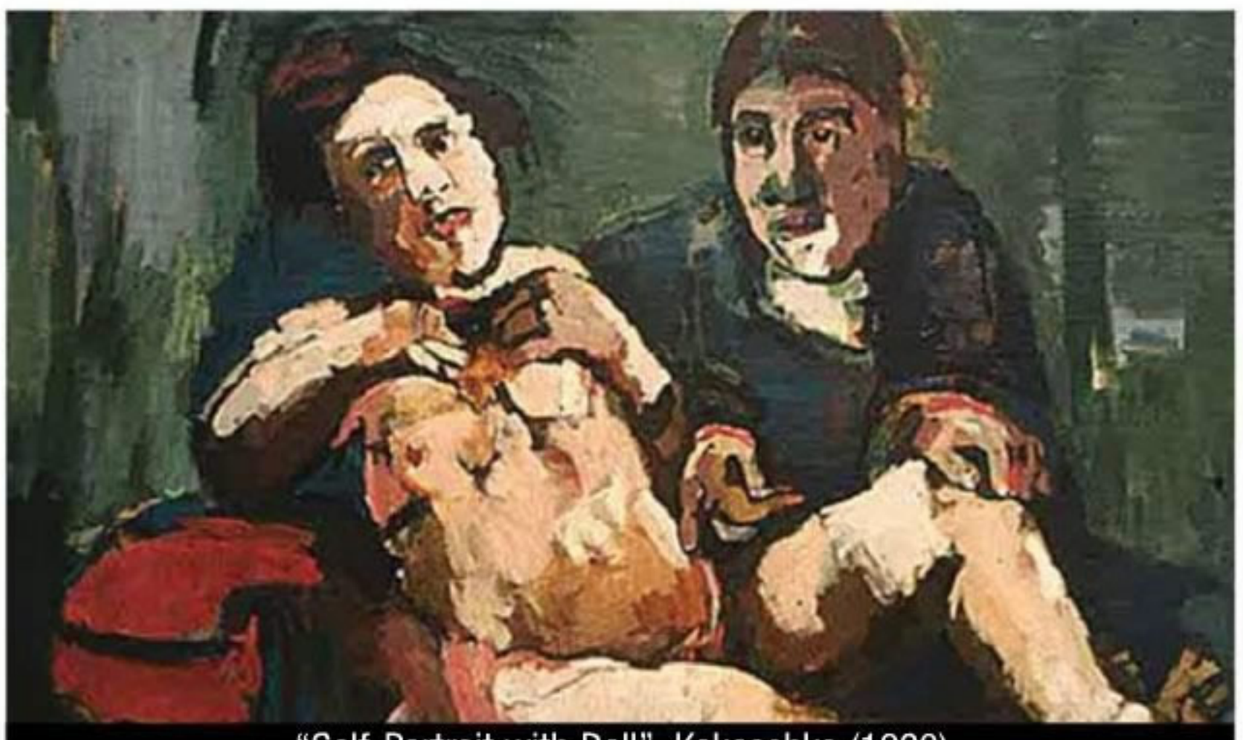
Sideshow Collectibles' new Vampirella statuettes—available for purchase at **SideshowCollectibles.com**—definitely capture the sexy spirit of the character. Each is handcrafted and unique, so no two Vampirellas are alike. We tip our hats to the artists for their stroke-worthy attention to detail.

PHOTOS BY GINNY GUZMAN

"America is a melting pot. The people at the bottom get burned while all the scum floats to the top." —CHARLIE KING, POLITICIAN

OLD-SCHOOL PERVERT

OSKAR AND THE REAL GIRL



"Self-Portrait with Doll", Kokoschka (1920)

In today's culture, nothing moves the needle like a good sex scandal. But aren't there enough publications chronicling the missteps of modern-day celebrity perverts?

Let's break some new ground by going old-school. It's time to fire up the HUSTLER time machine, journey back to 1919 and take a look at the strange tale of eccentric Austrian painter Oskar Kokoschka.

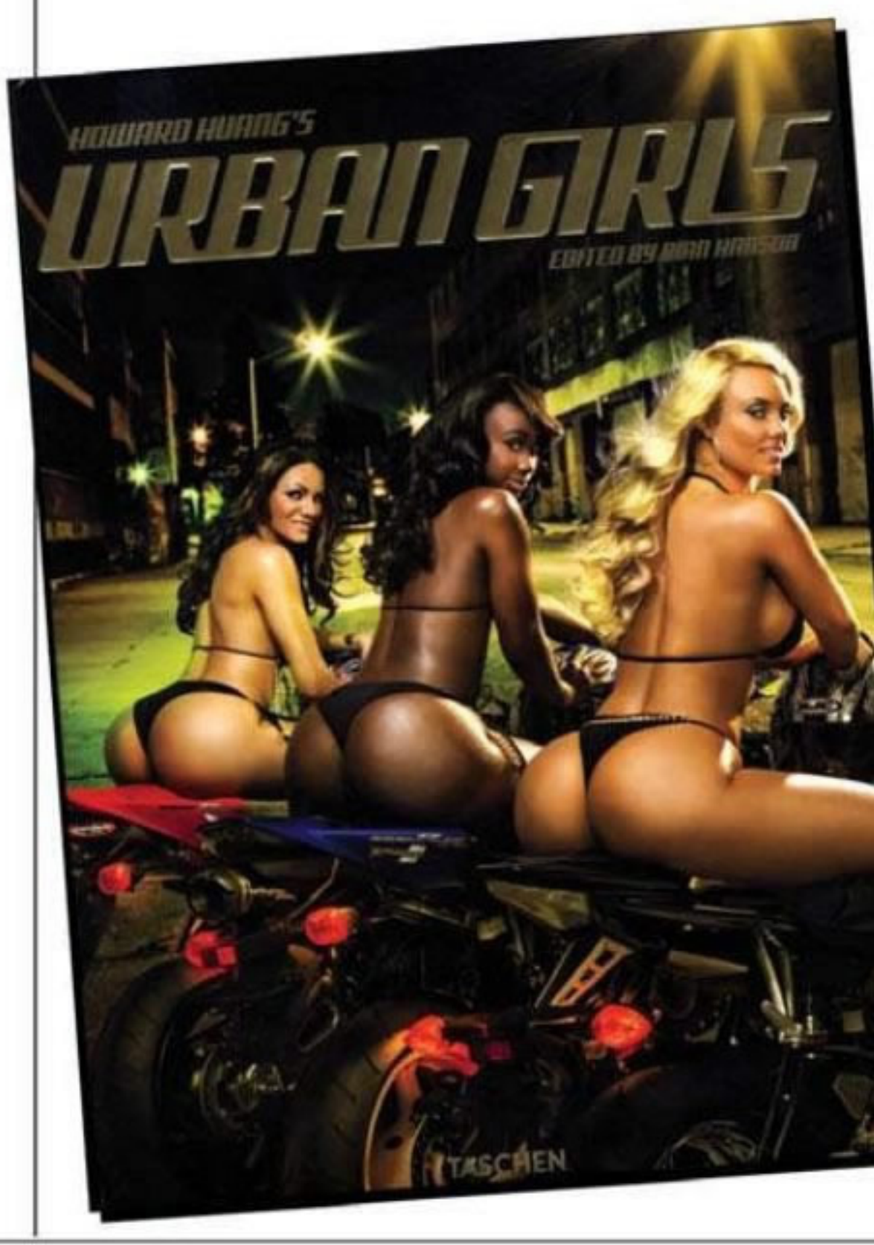
Oskar's troubles began when he fell in love with Alma Mahler, the most beautiful woman in Vienna. When she ended their turbulent relationship, Oskar was devastated. So he did what any love-blinded, half-mad artist would do: He hired a dollmaker to create a life-sized replica of the woman who'd rejected him.

Oskar was disappointed with the finished product. He particularly disliked the doll's texture, which felt nothing like skin. The forlorn fellow tried to make the best of it, buying his companion stylish French underwear and clothing. Oskar was even rumored to have taken Alma's substitute on carriage rides and opera visits.

But this courtship wasn't the real thing, so Oskar's relationship with the doll was doomed. At the culmination of a rowdy party, Oskar—drunk as a skunk—bid his final farewell and beheaded the ersatz Alma Mahler.

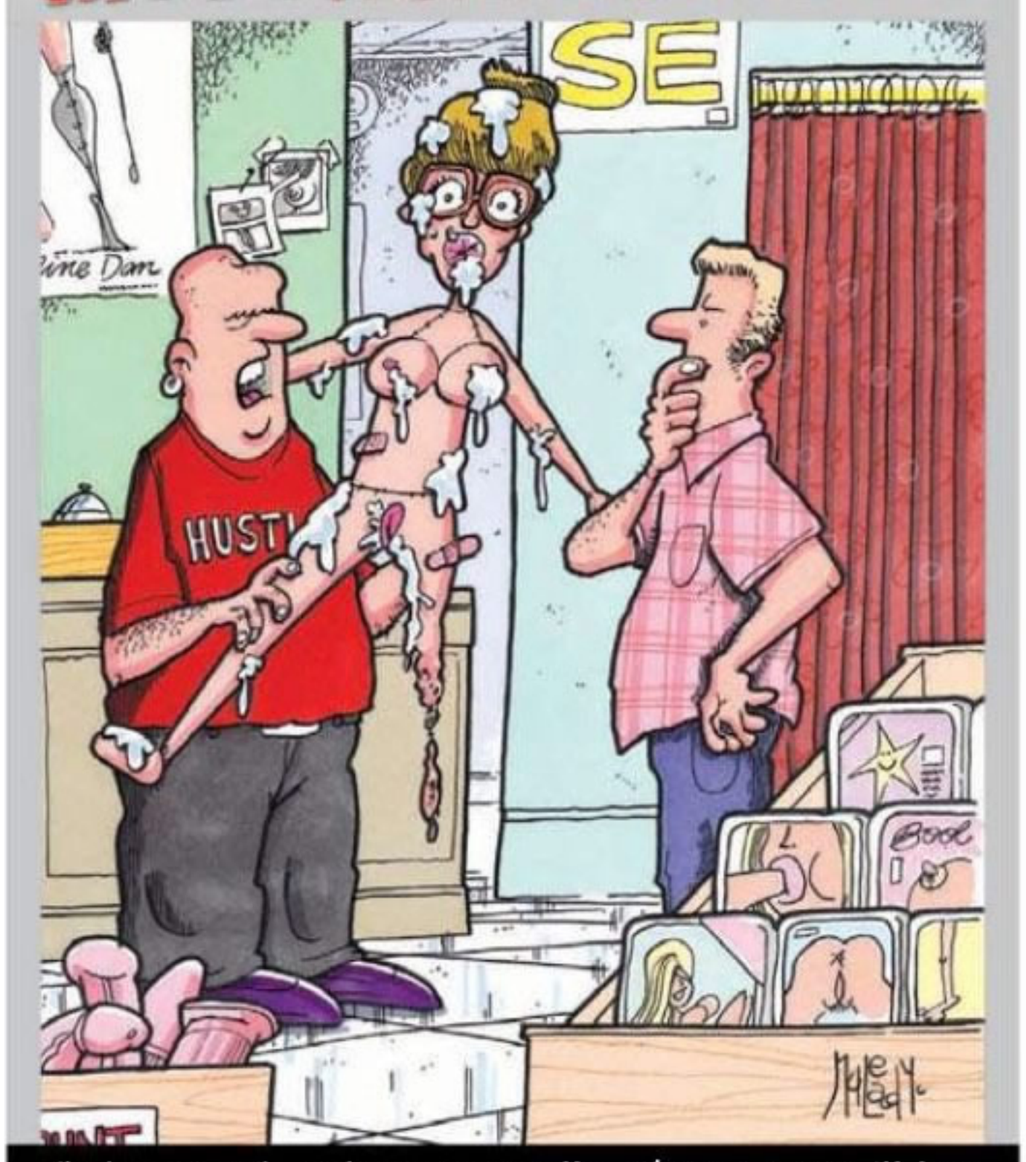
"Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet." —ROBIN WILLIAMS, COMIC/ACTOR

BOOK OF BOOTY



Taiwanese photographer Howard Huang's new book *Urban Girls* doesn't have much going on in the word department, but who needs narrative when you have stunning images? Inside you'll find almost 250 pages of photos celebrating the beauty of Latina and African-American bikini models in highly stylized, sometimes absurd settings. Howard Huang's *Urban Girls* is available at **Taschen.com**.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"The Sarah Palin Love Doll is $100, but I'll let you have the floor model for five bucks."

Barfly's Stiff Remedy for Excess Boozing

The blond guy had my stiff nipple trapped between his teeth, and he was gently nibbling. Another guy, this one with brownish hair, worked over my right titty. I ran my hands through their hair and held the young men tight to my breasts. It was my first threeway, and it was pure bliss.

I tried to remember their names again. *Ted and Alan maybe? Tom and Aaron? Something with a T, definitely, and some name with an A, maybe…*

Blondie started lapping his way down my belly, and I couldn't think anymore. I spread my legs for him, but he skirted around my quim, tickling and teasing. I lifted my hips off the sheets, but he ignored me and continued to my knees, my calves, my feet. He nursed on each little piggy while the other guy—we'll just call him Tee—stood and stripped off his jeans to proudly display his hard pecker. It was smooth, long and thick and looked fuckin' delicious.

When I opened my mouth, Tee pushed his throbber between my lips. He moved slowly, allowing me to savor his meat. I took full advantage, swirling my tongue around his shaft and exploring his piss slit. I hard-sucked his mushroom cap.

Then Blondie licked a quick line all the way from my feet to my snizz and pushed everything to the next level. All of a sudden I wanted to feel Tee's dick head in my throat. Grabbing on to his ass, I pulled Tee in deep. Blondie was tongue-dicking my quim now, keeping his taster rigid and pressing his whole face against my snatch. With two lovers, the sex was amazing—I hit sensory overload. I started trembling seconds after I tasted Tee's jism. *Wow!* My climax came complete with flashing lights—fireworks actually. It shook me to the core.

I orgasmed for what felt like minutes, then fell back, limp, against the sheets. *This is exactly what I needed. In fact, I could easily make this a habit.* I had to laugh at the thought. You see, last week my friends told me I already had a habit. They held a kind of intervention and swore I was an alcoholic. They handed me a pamphlet with 20 questions and then proceeded to answer them for me, You know, questions like "Do you ever drink alone?" or "Have you ever missed work because of a hangover?" There was some question about blackouts or memory loss—I can't exactly remember.

Anyway, my friends convinced me to consider the possibility that I had a problem and to do something about it. The first two days had been easy—super boring but easy. However, I definitely wanted a drink on Day 3. I felt nervous and edgy, a little shaky even. I made it to work, but with 5:30 behind me I was leaning across the bar at the closest pub, preparing to order a vodka on the rocks.

I was impatiently waiting for the bartender to hurry the hell up and take my order when Blondie and Tee hit on me. They were ballsy—I'll give them that. Came right out and asked if I was woman enough to take them both on. Like a challenge. I was about to tell them to go fuck themselves when it occurred to me that sex might take my mind off the booze. So I answered, "Let's go. But it's got to be right now!"

Within minutes we were back at my place. And you know, it was working, because I wasn't thinking about a drink anymore. I was thinking about a big, fat dick in my pussy and another in my pooper. The boys were agreeable, and soon I was stuffed full to bursting with cock meat. It was obvious Blondie and Tee had done this before, the way they fell into a rhythm, the prick in my janey pushing in as the shooter in my asshole withdrew and vice versa. Holy fuck, it felt good!

The sex was all-consuming! My orgasm started in my pussy and spread through my whole body. Then my climax turned multiple. It was unlike any high I had ever experienced before. By the time my lovers started filling me with hot jism, I was delirious. I think I blacked out for a minute.

That was last Wednesday. So now I've made it to Day 9 of sobriety, and I'm starting to think I can kick the drink—as long as I get a threesome every night. In fact, I'm jonesing for one right now.

—L.D.
Portland, Oregon

"Relax, I'm just here for one testicle."

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

WOMAN OF MYSTERY

BRITTANY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Brittany materialized fresh out of the ether, appearing before our photographer's lens clad only in stockings and a smile. Offering no hints of her past, and little insight into her present or future, the lovely creature responds coyly to questions about her background.

Where did she come from? "What does it matter?" she gasps. "I'm not a secret agent, and no, I don't have a dragon tattoo or anything. I'm not that secretive, really."

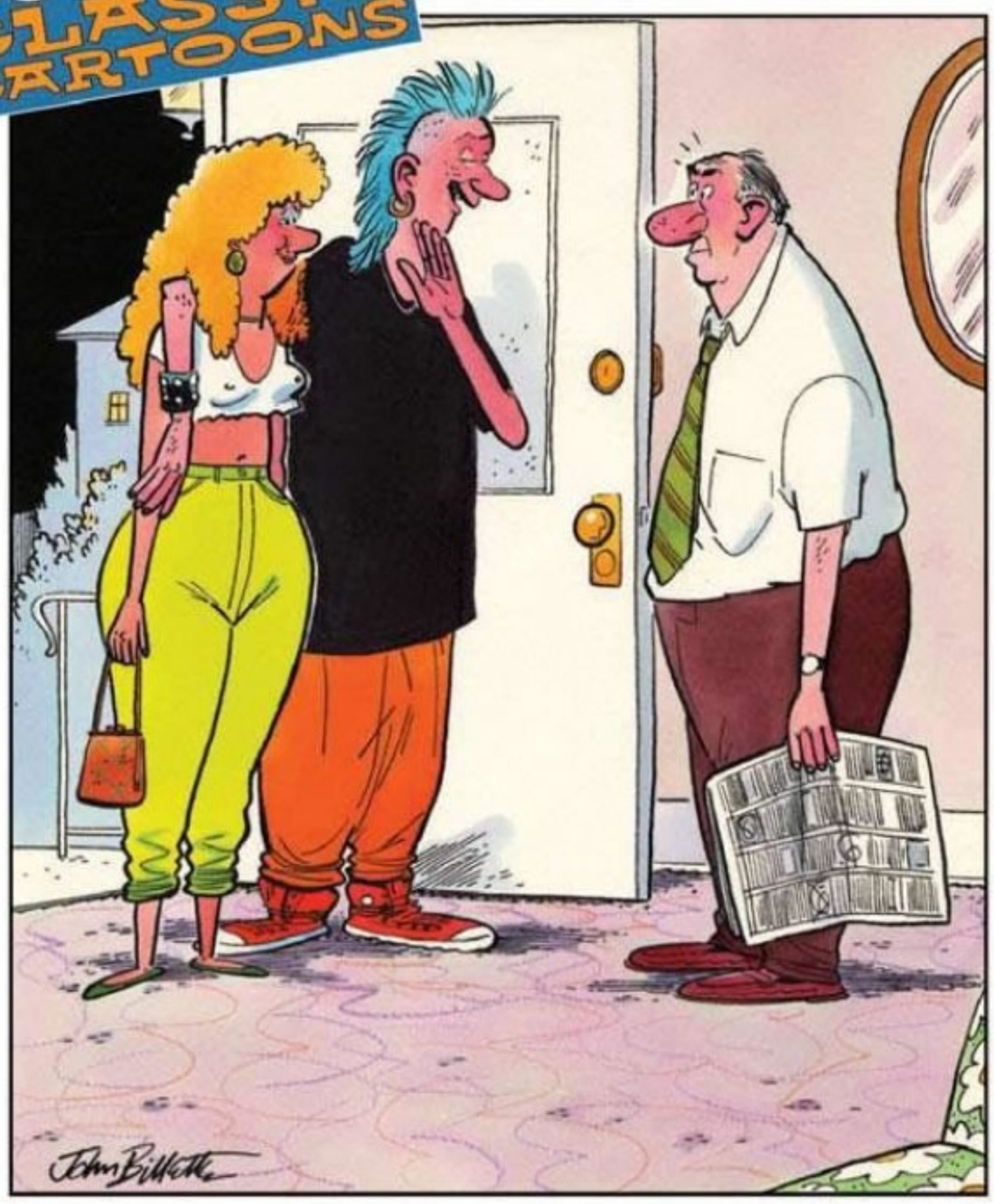
We beg to differ. With no last name (she could have adopted the moniker Foxx, all the rage these days) and a Czech passport as her only luggage, we think **Brittany** is definitely cultivating a mysterious vibe. And we like it.

Where was she born? "I sprang from the skull of Athena," **Brittany** responds without a trace of a smile. Is she dating anyone? "Possibly. He might be an astronaut." What's her ideal man? "He would be strong, rugged and tall," **Brittany** spells out. "He should be able to cook, play the glockenspiel and speak fluent Farsi. Ideally, he would possess the prime minister of Norway's general bone structure. I'm very specific."

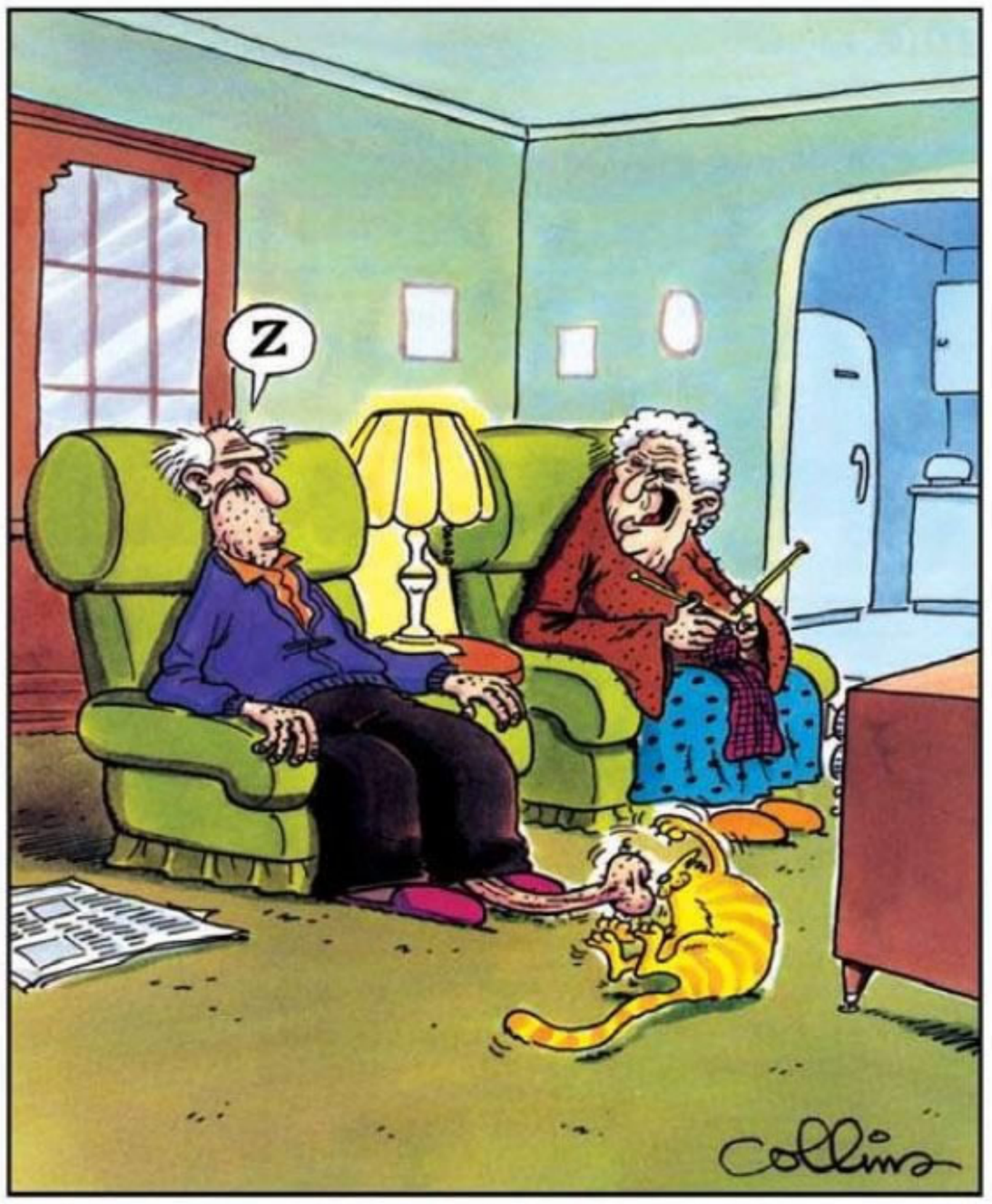
Any sexcapades in particular to brag about? "I'd rather not speak much about it here," **Brittany** murmurs, "but I did participate in a wild orgy that's mentioned in the footnotes of a recent WikiLeaks release. Let's just say I know how to have a good time, and I also know how to keep things hush-hush."

BRITTANY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 120

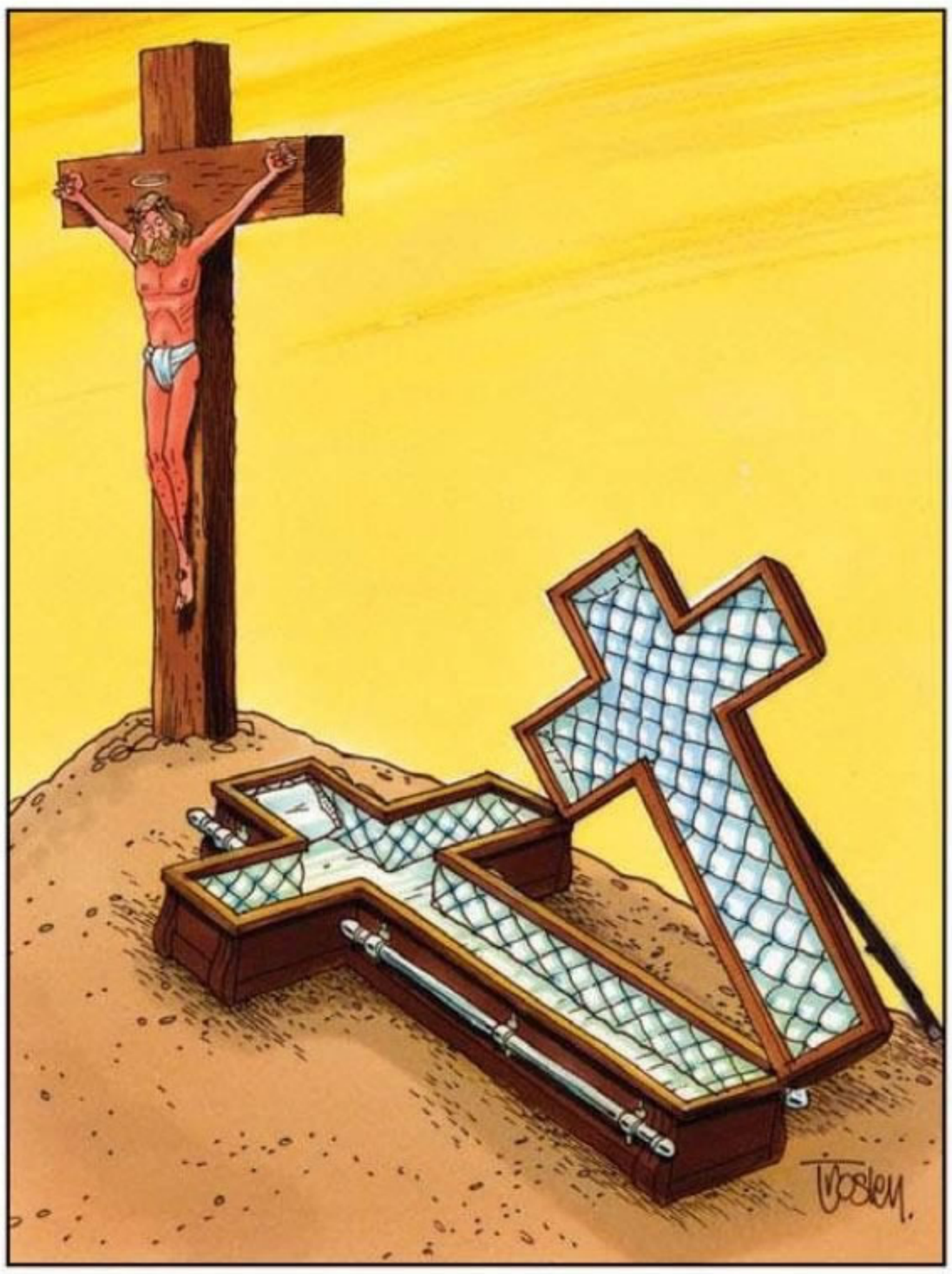
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

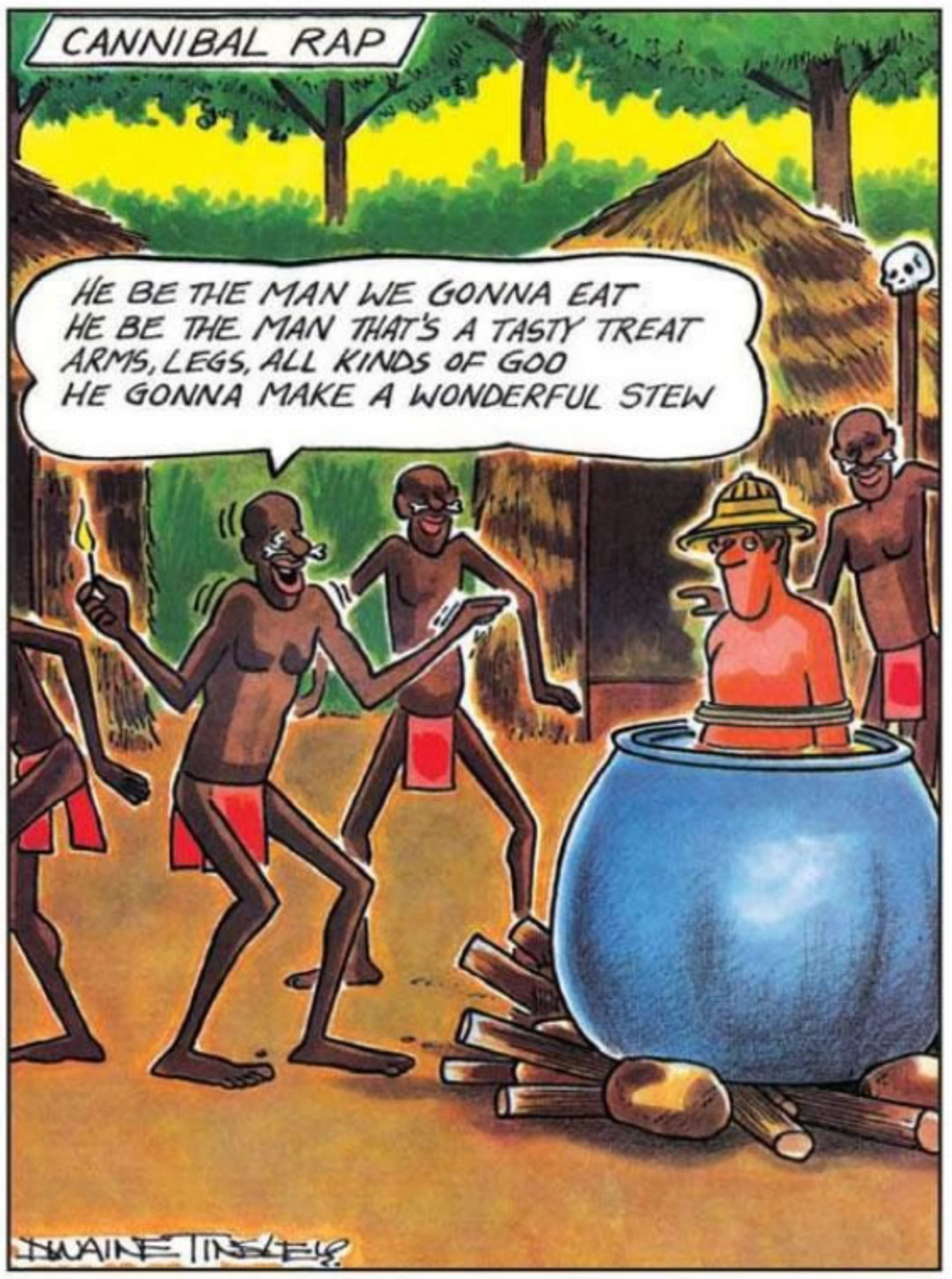


"Dude, your daughter gets, like, super wet. Can I borrow a coupla towels for my van?"



"Ed, wake up! The cat's got your balls again!"





BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

Michelle Maylene

A Day in the Life

THE SPUNKY ACTRESS IS ONLY 24, AND SHE'S ALREADY GOT A HELLUVA LIFE STORY.

Once upon a time, about 25 years ago, a lonely, homesick U.S. serviceman stationed in the Philippines went to a strip joint. There he met a local dancer, a woman of great beauty. Instantly smitten, the serviceman became a regular patron. Love followed, and ultimately the American proposed marriage. The gorgeous dancer accepted; the newlyweds headed back to the States, and—settling down on a military base in Southern California—they had a child.

(At left) Michelle Maylene in *Barely Legal Corrupted #6*, courtesy HUSTLER Video; (at right) candid photos by M. Allen Nathan.

Unfortunately, Michelle Maylene's parents soon split up. Her mother married a guy who owned a club featuring male exotic dancers à la Chippendales. The co-parenting plan was for young Michelle to shuttle back and forth between the strip club and Edwards Air Force Base. Attention Kmart shoppers: It once seemed a safe bet that Michelle was destined to be a lifetime cashier, but nothing's ever certain.

Flash-forward: Michelle Maylene, all grown up, is now a regular on Cinemax's smash hit *Co-Ed Confidential*, a well-reviewed, sex-saturated sitcom loosely based on the movie *Animal House*. The R-rated series just finished its fourth season of production, and Michelle's been lead character Karen since episode one.

"I have fans all over the world," Michelle tells me proudly. "Not a day goes by where I don't get recognized in a restaurant, a grocery story or someplace. And to be honest, every time it happens, it still shocks me."

No wonder. "I didn't grow up in an environment where I had the benefit of supportive parents," Michelle recalls. "As a kid, I never thought I could be an entertainer. Coming from my background, it was inconceivable."

How did the product of a broken home—the blue-collar child of a Filipina stripper and a U.S. serviceman—end up a rising star with such a bright future? She owes it all to fucking.

"I discovered sex early in high school," Michelle reveals with a sly smile. "I was basically unsupervised since 15, so I was pretty wild. As a junior in high school, I had a 27-year-old boyfriend who was a male dancer and also in the porn business. That's how I got the idea to get into porn."

The original plan was to only do sex scenes with her boyfriend, and he would faithfully do the same. (Ah, the innocence of youth.)

The boyfriend introduced Michelle to the right people, and shortly after her 18th birthday—while still a senior in high school—she started working in the adult industry.

"I used to sign myself out of classes early and go to porn shoots," Michelle confides. "I told all my friends what I was doing, and they were really excited for me. But before I knew it, everybody in the school found out what I was up to." Michelle chuckles at the memory of neighborhood guys, mainly servicemen, coming to the school and asking her to autograph the box covers of porn flicks featuring the ribald student.

Yes, Michelle has the unique distinction of being the first—if not only—class president of her high school to also be a XXX performer. "I was making my speech at graduation," she recalls with a laugh. "I was in the middle of talking about growing up and becoming responsible when someone shouted out, 'She's a porn star! Show us your tits!' "

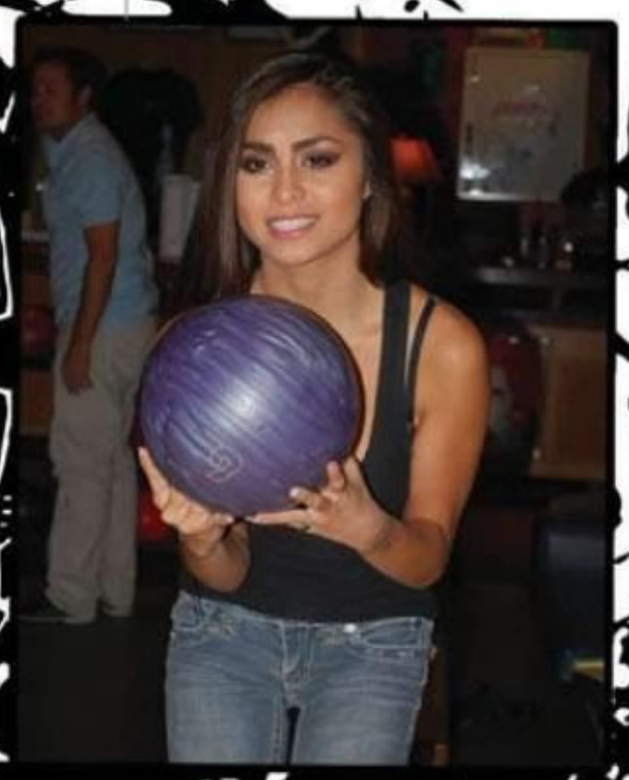
Michelle mentions that her "free-spirited" mom was pleased when she discovered her daughter was an adult performer. And the petite hottie brags about how fantastic it was to have all that extra cash back when she was in the 12th grade.

Does Michelle want me to believe it was wonderful to be a teenager from a small town, on her own, barely out of high school, with no family paying any attention to her as she sucked off her male-stripper boyfriend on camera to put food on the table? "I can't believe you weren't a bit freaked out about how your life was going," I say gently.

Busted! At least that's how I read the expression on Michelle's face as she reacts to my comment. But I'm not her shrink. There certainly isn't any need to share deep psychological scars with a virtual stranger.

"It took me a while to take in what was going on in my life," Michelle continues, choosing her words carefully. "Things were happening so fast."

Like her porn boyfriend lying to her about being faithful. Like the ensuing break-up and Michelle's decision to have multiple sex partners, on- and off-camera. Like doing 90 hard-core movies, one after another, seriously filthy stuff that included *Teen Fuck Holes #5* and *Young Asian Cookies Dripping Cum #6*. Like crossing the line from neighborhood bad girl to world-famous slut who gets pummeled by more cocks in a month



than most women could imagine in a lifetime.

Michelle managed to find a way to release some of the stress in her life: bowling. That's right. Bowling. (It certainly wouldn't be intercourse. At least until *Co-Ed Confidential* came along, that was her day job.) The actress absolutely adores the sport, swearing by its therapeutic effects.

"I was never a very good bowler as a kid," she admits. "I rediscovered it as an adult while on a shoot in a bowling alley. One of the guys on the crew gave me some lessons, and I was a natural. I try to go every week. It really, really relaxes me."

I accompany Michelle to the Lucky Strike Lanes in Hollywood for a couple of games. In between frames she tells me about the man who changed her life's direction: soap opera actor Marcus Patrick.

"I thought I was going to be a porn actress full time," Michelle explains as she prepares to roll her first ball. "And then Marcus and I started to go out. I would always run lines with him for his soap opera, and he used to say to me, 'I think you're really good. You can do more.'"

Marcus introduced Michelle to his agent, who thought she had a naturally comedic quality. Before long, Michelle was heading to her first mainstream audition—for the role of Karen in *Co-Ed Confidential*.

"I booked the lead!" Michelle exclaims, still relishing the accomplishment. "I was lucky that the character was very much like me. She loves boys, loves sex and has a dominant personality. But

(Immediate right and above) Maylene with Van Damage in *Taboo #8: Full Tilt Fetish*; (far right and below) getting drilled and doused in *Barely Legal Corrupted #6*; all photos courtesy HUSTLER Video.

I'm definitely not as mean as her."

Michelle and Marcus eventually parted company—she doesn't date actors anymore, finding the competitive business too stressful on a relationship—but she is forever grateful. Thanks to *Co-Ed Confidential*, she's making good money, and there's a lot less wear and tear on her body. But most importantly, Michelle has learned something about herself: "I discovered that I could entertain without having actual sex. I started to have more confidence in my skills as an actress."

Those skills are paying off in a big way. Michelle works so well with her fellow actors that the producers let her direct an episode. And her eminently fuckable, genuinely funny and endearing TV character has led to lots of personal appearance gigs, ad work and a steady stream of mainstream auditions.

I roll a ball, which steadily drifts to the right as it scoots down the alley. "The movie roles I get offered still require some nudity, and the TV roles are small guest spots in sitcoms," Michelle explains, shaking her head sympathetically as my ball drops into the gutter. "But I'm fine with that. I just want an opportunity to show people what I can do. And of course, I still love getting naked!"

That provokes the question. Will Michelle Maylene resume doing hard-core porn?

Another long pause from Michelle, who clearly wants to field this question delicately. "I would never totally turn my back on porn," she says. "If the right offer came along, I'd have to consider it. The point is, I'm open. I'm into directing and acting, and I'd like to get into producing as well. Maybe more soft-core, maybe a hit TV show on a network. I'm not opposed to doing it all."

In the meantime Michelle once again grabs her bowling ball and sends it expertly down the alley. As the pins fly, she turns to me with a devilish grin. She's just picked up what I had assumed was an impossible spare.

If anybody can do it all, I say to myself, *this girl has a shot.*

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

"I wanna try something tonight. Let's see if we can get through an entire meal without anyone using foul language... or is that just too fucking much to ask?!"

"Thanks for dropping a house on Christine O'Donnell, the Wicked Witch of the Northeast, Mr. Coons. If you have another house, I'd like to talk to you about another wicked witch: Ann Coulter."

BY TYLER DOWNEY

THE WALL STREET

SOCIALISM FOR THE RICH,

HOW PRESIDENT FRANKLIN THE ROBBER BARONS AND

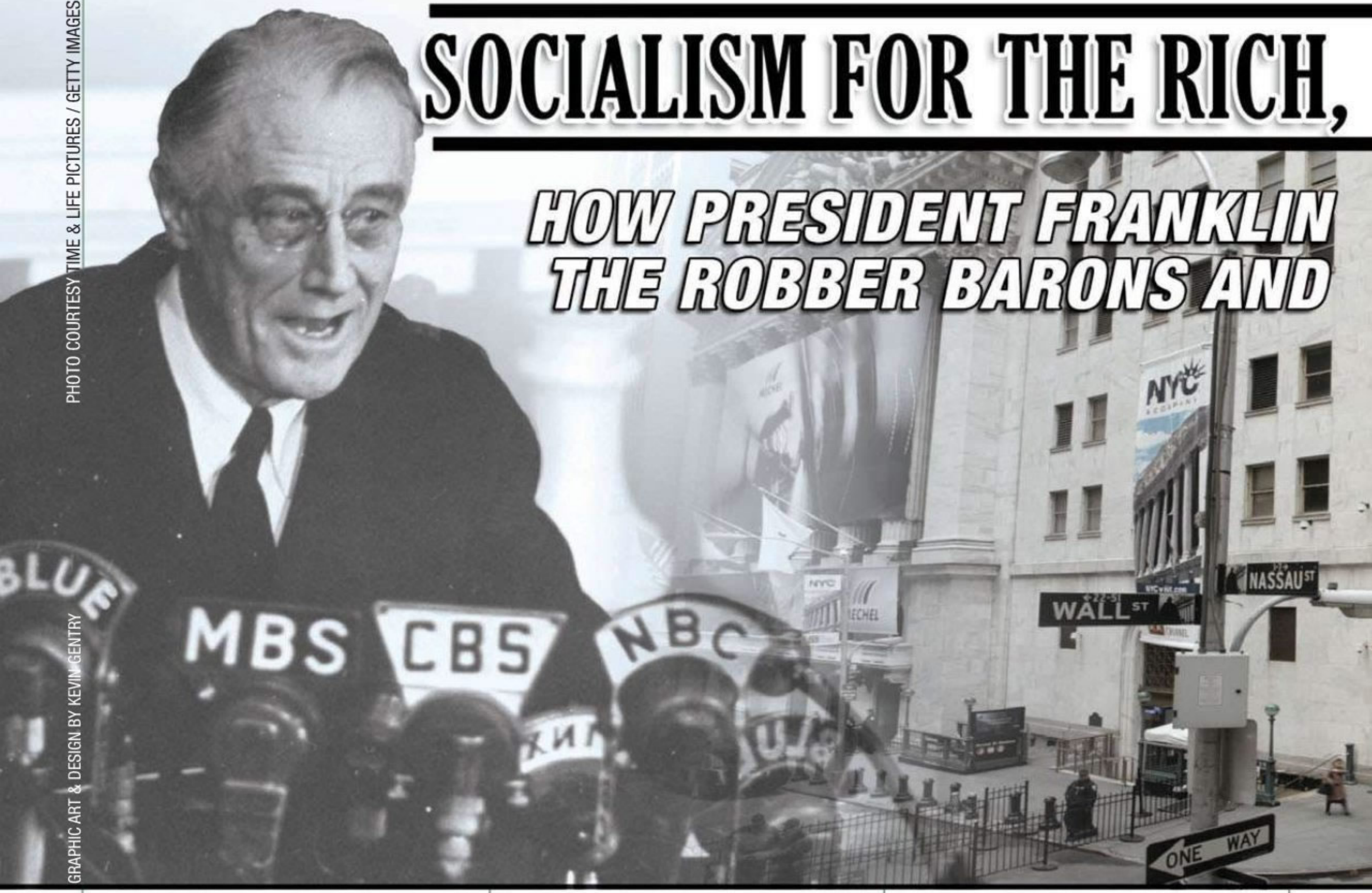


PHOTO COURTESY TIME & LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY

"It is well enough that the people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system for, if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning."

—Henry Ford

Financial catastrophe. Double-digit unemployment. Home foreclosures. An ever-widening gulf between the extremely rich and the rest of us. Control of government and media in the hands of a select group of elites. Wall Street destroying the middle class. Are these the harsh realities that face Americans today? Absolutely.

But they've always been offshoots of crony capitalism, which has a long history of wreaking havoc on this country. Whether it was the railroad bubble of 1893, the rampant financial malfeasance of the Roaring Twenties that led to the Great Depression, the dot-com crash of the late 1990s or the current real estate-driven mess we find ourselves in now, Wall Street speculation and corruption have been at the heart of America's economic crises.

It takes an extremely courageous and patriotic leader to stand up to the Wall Street banking cartels. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was such a man. When he was elected President in 1932, America was beset by the worst financial crisis it had ever known. Despite assurances from the bankers that the Federal Reserve System (formed in 1913) would forever prevent the panics and economic upheaval that had previously struck the country, the Great Depression of the 1930s nearly wiped out the American middle class.

Seeing the damage inflicted by an out-of-control Wall Street, FDR took drastic steps to curb the bankers' influence. "We had to struggle with the old enemies of peace—business and financial monopoly, speculation, reckless banking, class antagonism, sectionalism, war profiteering," he declared during a campaign speech at New York City's Madison Square Garden in 1936. "They had begun to consider the Government of the United States as a mere appendage to their own affairs. We know now that Government by organized money is just as dangerous as Government by organized mob. Never before in all our history have these forces been so united

BANKSTERS

CAPITALISM FOR EVERYONE ELSE

F.D. ROOSEVELT STOOD UP TO WHY BARACK OBAMA WON'T

PHOTO COURTESY ASSOCIATED PRESS

PHOTO COURTESY AFP / GETTY IMAGES

against one candidate as they stand today. They are unanimous in their hate for me—and I welcome their hatred."

The robber barons certainly didn't want Roosevelt, a Democrat, reelected. Once FDR took office in 1933, chief counsel Ferdinand Pecora—a former New York City prosecutor—was given the green light to rev up the Senate Banking Committee's investigation into the practices that had triggered the Stock Market Crash of 1929.

Pecora ultimately concluded: "Had there been full disclosure of what was being done in furtherance of these schemes, they could not long have survived the fierce light of publicity and criticism. Legal chicanery and pitch darkness were the banker's stoutest allies."

Pecora uncovered stock offerings at discounted prices to politicians, the selling of bad loans to unsuspecting investors and the fact that J.P. Morgan Jr. and his partners had paid no income taxes in 1931 and 1932. The president of Citigroup was forced to resign. As Ron Chernow explained in a 2009 *New York Times* article, it was Pecora's inquiry that paved the way for the legislation that followed.

Franklin D. Roosevelt first ordered the Treasury Department to close all banks that had been reckless with people's money. There would be no bailout for them. He then signed into law the Banking Act of 1933, better known as the Glass-Steagall Act, which separated investment and commercial banking. No longer could banks speculate with money that customers had deposited into their private accounts.

FDR also pushed legislation making it much harder for banks to repossess family homes and farms. He instituted the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which safeguarded depositors' accounts and thus restored public confidence in the nation's banks. FDR introduced regulation into nearly every sector of the economy—energy, labor, trade—to ensure that the middle class was protected from the predations of crony capitalism.

In his 1944 State of the Union address, Roosevelt even proposed an Economic Bill of Rights. "To assure us equality in the pursuit of happiness," it basically stipulated that no citizen should be denied employment (with a living wage), "a decent home," "adequate medical care," "a good education" and social security. It also called for an end to monopolies and cartels. Unfortunately, FDR died before this great goal could be realized, but his bold actions led to an unprecedented 50 years of prosperity for the American middle class.

Of course, Wall Street would fight back.

will she?
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Abetted by massive campaign donations, media consolidation and good old-fashioned corruption, the robber barons have waged a 75-year war on the policies of FDR.

The tide turned in Wall Street's favor with the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980. It was his administration that first allowed financiers to write laws that their servants on Capitol Hill enacted. How did the politicians become captives of the ruling class? Since 1990 the financial sector has spent over $2.5 billion on campaign donations alone, not including the astronomical amount spent on lobbying.

This is far and away the most money donated by a single industry—and it's going to Republicans *and* Democrats! That's why it's impossible to differentiate between Ronald Reagan's "deregulation" policies and those of Democrat Bill Clinton. Both Presidents were bought and paid for by Wall Street bankers.

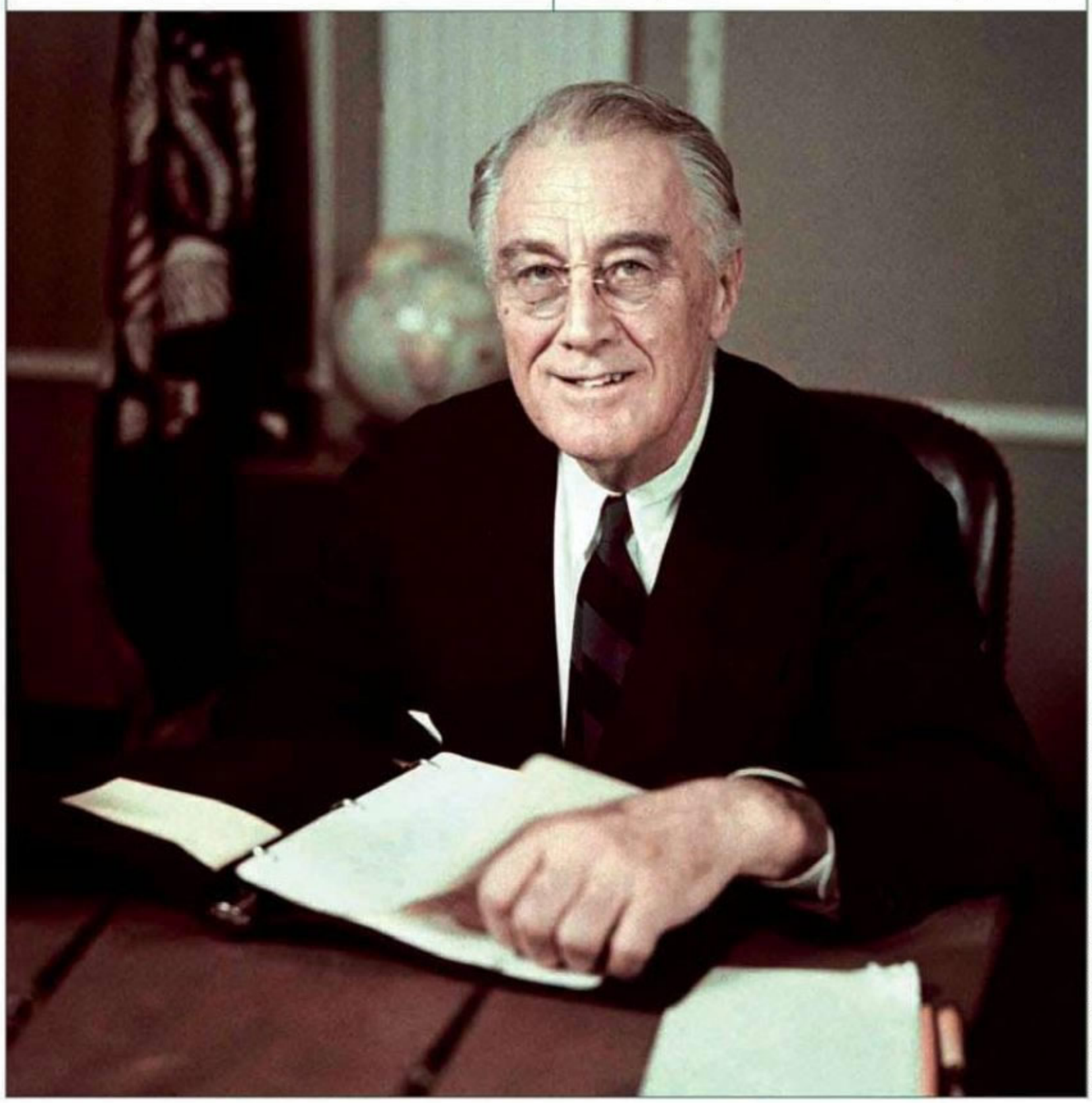
According to bestselling author Charles Geisst, the culmination of this silent war against the legacy of FDR was the repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act in 1999. Thanks to Clinton, the robber barons came back in full force, and it took less than ten years to see the result of those efforts.

The Federal Reserve's record-low interest rates had spawned a colossal real estate bubble. Freed from the regulations of FDR, Wall Street investment firms issued riskier and riskier loans. By 2008 the corrupt system became untenable. Ordinary Americans lost $17 trillion in retirement savings, announced Treasury Department chief economist Alan Krueger. When it all came crashing down, the bankers threatened to destroy the entire financial system if they didn't get paid off.

Democrat Barack Obama was elected with a mandate to again make government work for the people, not Wall Street. However, his campaign received nearly $40 million in contributions from Wall Street entities. It appears that despite his promises and speeches, Obama is just another politician bought and paid for by the financial industry.

Even after securing his party's Presidential candidacy in 2008, Obama supported President George W. Bush's decision to hand over $700 billion of American taxpayer money—with no claw-backs, no oversight and no controls—to bail out Goldman Sachs, Citigroup, Bank of America, AIG and other firms. The recipients then spent about $114 million of *our* tax money in campaign donations in 2008 alone. They also planned to dole out roughly $14 billion in bonuses to executives.

One part of the *(continued on page 106)*



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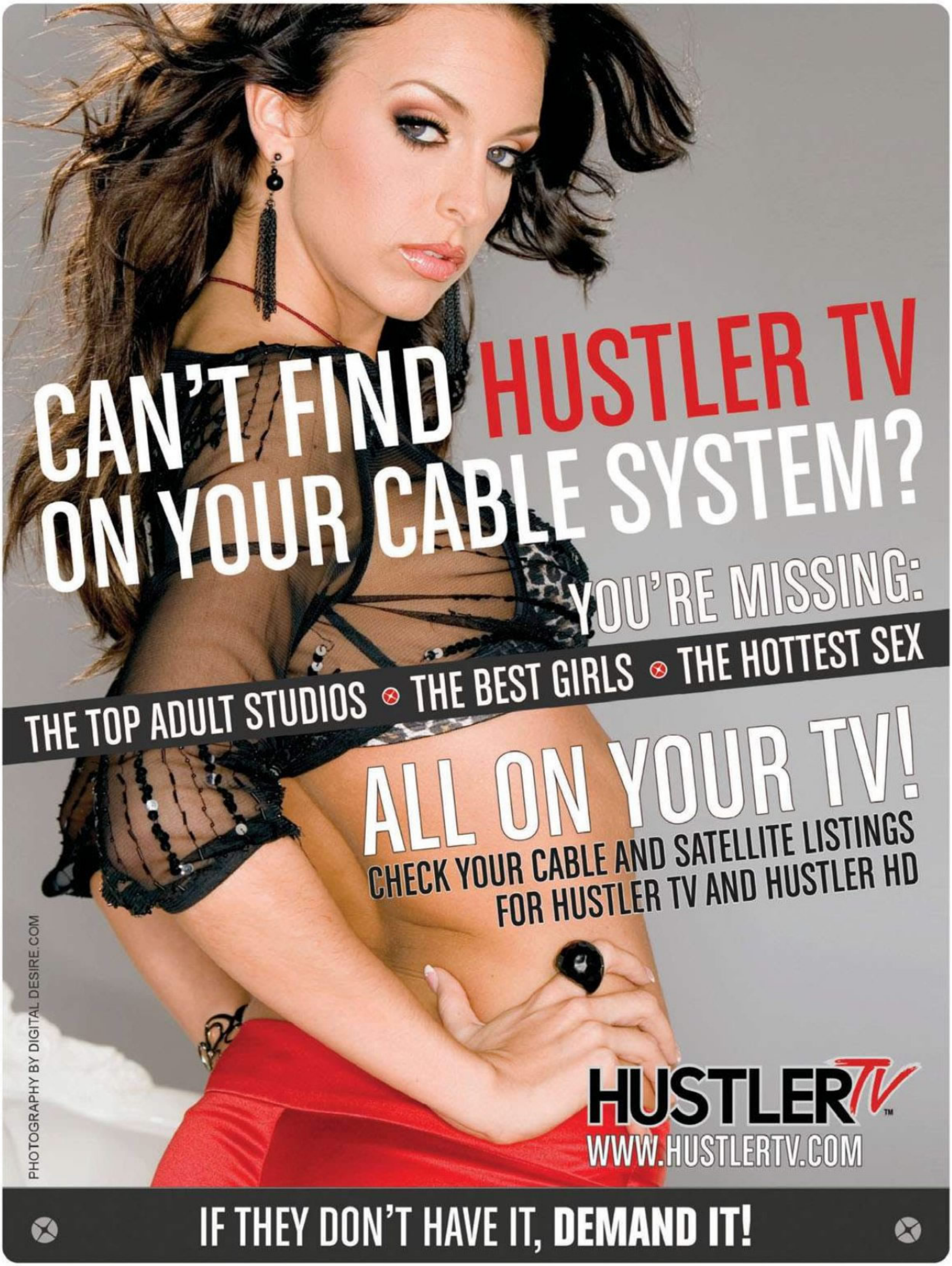
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CONSTANT CONTACT

TEAGAN PRESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER.COM

The beautiful **Teagan Presley** is one of the most celebrated performers in the adult industry. In addition to being recognized at the most recent FAME Awards for having the "Hottest Body," she's won numerous *AVN*, XRCO and XBIZ honors.

Being well-known can be a blessing and a curse. Now that she's no longer shrouded in mystery, how does **Teagan** continue to titillate and intrigue her fan base? "Staying in contact with my fans is very important to me," she says. "I love Twitter for that reason."

Teagan tweets frequently throughout the day to her followers. She lets them know what she's up to, whether it's waiting for a tow truck, watching an episode of *30 Rock* or getting filled up by Five Guys (the burger joint). There's even a link to her wish list in case you'd like to buy **Teagan** some lingerie.

We're impressed that **Teagan** never leaves her fans hanging. If she tweets "not sure what to make for dinner," be sure to check back later. You're bound to find out what the little hottie prepared. (Right after doing this photo-shoot, she decided on spicy beef stir-fry with brown rice.)

Teagan doesn't want people to know everything about her personal life or show up wherever she goes. Nevertheless, the porn superstar enjoys staying in constant contact with her fans and giving them a nonintrusive window into her day-to-day routine.

TEAGAN PRESLEY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Mission Viejo, California | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 102

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Diana Dors

BRITAIN'S BLOND BOMBSHELL

A Look Back at the Lusty Life and Films of the 1950s' Forgotten Sex Symbol

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY

Marilyn Monroe. Mamie Van Doren. Jayne Mansfield. They were the three blond 'n' busty beauties of American cinema in the 1950s. But what about actress Diana Dors?

Just as blond and vivacious as "the Three Ms," Dors has become, relatively speaking, strangely lost in the mists of time. The British performer is, in fact, a beloved icon in her native country. So why never in America? Poor management, negative publicity, just plain bad luck; all may be contributing factors.

Yet Dors is still a star worth mentioning. And viewing! Indeed, her underrated skills and unquestionable beauty are well captured in many entertaining dramas and comedies, while her tumultuous private life and intense lust for men would make a fantastic film!

Born Diana Mary Fluck on October 23, 1931, Dors grew up in Swindon, an industrial city in southwest England. Her father was a railway clerk and part-time pianist, her mother a trained singer, so the entertainment bug ran in the family. When Diana was 14, she began attending the prestigious London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art (LAMDA). To make ends meet, the young student modeled for amateur photographers at a camera club, where—with her parents' consent—she eventually posed nude. Rapidly showing great promise, Diana appeared in her first movie, *The Shop at Sly Corner* (1947), at age 15.

"[But] I wasn't going to be left, through my father's insistence, with Diana Fluck flickering dangerously in the lights," she humorously recalled in her 1981 autobiography *Dors by Diana*. So she took on her grandmother's maiden name.

Things moved fast for the up-and-coming actress. Through LAMDA, she was awarded the London Films Cup for being "the girl most likely to succeed in British films." Soon she was cast as Charlotte, the "sluttish maid in the coffin-maker's shop," in director David Lean's now-classic *Oliver Twist* (1948).

After losing her virginity at age 16 while on location in the Yorkshire dales, Dors had numerous lovers, including *Oliver Twist* costar Anthony Newley. Then she met bit player Dennis Hamilton, who became her "svengali." Following the couple's marriage in 1951, Hamilton rigidly controlled his wife's business affairs and money while insisting she accept more titillating movie roles. *Lady Godiva Rides Again* (a/k/a *Bikini Baby*) (1951) is, for the most part, noteworthy for Dors's delectable swimsuit figure, but *Man Bait* (1952)—in which the bombshell deftly played a fetching clerk involved in blackmail—better showcases her acting prowess.

When Marilyn Monroe became Hollywood's hot property, Hamilton focused on making Diana Dors the British Monroe. She played along but resented it.

Dors relished her first "serious role," portraying a murderess sentenced to hang for a crime of passion in *Yield to the Night* (1956). Also titled *Blonde Sinner*, the film had similarities to the real-life story of Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be executed in England. And how's this for a coincidence? Ellis was an uncredited extra in

Dors in publicity shots from *The Unholy Wife* and *Yield to the Night* (a/k/a *Blonde Sinner*).

Lady Godiva Rides Again!

The actress eventually discovered that while she was off working in front of the camera, her husband was busy bedding countless women. When Dors confronted him, the wildly explosive Hamilton promptly punched her in the face.

Hamilton was in even more over-the-top form one evening when the couple was hosting a party. Exhausted from a long day's work, Dors eventually retired upstairs to her bed. Later, two newspapermen arrived to get an interview with the movie star. Always a glutton for publicity, Hamilton shouted to Dors—now sound asleep—that she should come down and talk to the reporters.

"I called out that I saw no one at midnight," Dors vividly remembered in her autobiography, "especially when they arrived unexpectedly! What sounded like a raging whirlwind ascended the stairs, and there at my bedroom door stood Dennis, white with temper.

"'You'll do as I say and come down to see the press,' he shouted, grabbing my arm and propelling me towards the landing. I struggled without success to free myself, and at the top of the stairs he gave me a violent push, which sent me tumbling to the hall floor, where I lay motionless. The dressing-gown I wore spread open, displaying my naked body to the aghast pressmen."

"'Now fucking interview her!' ordered the man who created a myth known as Diana Dors."

Thanks to this monumental flare-up, the marriage continued in name only.

However troubled the actress's personal life, *Yield to the Night* did pave her way to Hollywood. RKO Studios immediately cast Dors in the comedy *I Married a Woman* (filmed in 1956 but released in 1958), having her portray a ditzy blonde, which inevitably landed her the title "Britain's Answer to Marilyn Monroe."

"It was a label I grew to detest," she frankly stated in *Dors by Diana*.

Meanwhile, trouble was brewing in paradise. During a big party at Dors's Hollywood mansion, Hamilton beat a reporter unconscious after the newshound had pushed Dors and him into the swimming pool to whip up a sensational story.

"GO HOME, DIANA, AND TAKE MR. DORS WITH YOU!" read one newspaper headline, while other articles accused the two Brits of being publicity-seeking degenerates hosting nothing less than drunken orgies.

To further complicate matters, Dors had a reckless affair with costar Rod Steiger while filming the melodrama *The Unholy Wife* (1957). Hoping Hamilton would agree to a divorce, she eventually confessed her infidelity. Instead, Hamilton arrived at RKO the next day brandishing a shotgun. Luckily for Steiger, the actor wasn't working that day. Yet Dors's stature at RKO was now permanently damaged.

After finally separating from Hamilton in the late '50s, Dors stuck to British productions, many of them gritty and sordid. Most memorable were turns as a femme fatale in the dark heist film *Tread Softly Stranger* (1958) and, later that year, as a stunning streetwalker in the white slavery flick *Room 43* (a/k/a *Passport to Shame*).

Taking her nightclub act on the road in 1959, Dors fell in love with comedian Richard Dawson, who proposed to her soon after Dennis Hamilton's untimely death. Along the way came two children, Mark and Gary. But otherwise her marriage to Dawson—best known as a POW in the sitcom *Hogan's Heroes* and as the smooching host of the

At right, Dors with Rod Steiger and, at left, Tom Tryon in *The Unholy Wife*; above, with comedian George Gobel in *I Married a Woman* and, upper left, publicity shot from same movie.

game show *Family Feud*—was far from idyllic.

"Inevitably," Dors recalled, "when a man treats a woman with disdain and contempt—especially when and because she's paying the bills—another man will come along to give her the love and attention she needs." Many torrid affairs followed.

During the '60s, Dors—also an accomplished singer—was appearing in tacky venues loaded with raucous, beer-swilling patrons. "I was now prostituting my talent; peddling a screen name that had once been big; enduring shouts of 'Get 'em off!' or 'Show us your tits!'" she recounted in *Dors by Diana*. "It seemed the only way left to earn a living."

A pleasant surprise for Dors in this otherwise depressing period was her appearance on the cover of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album—a full-body Madame Tussaud waxwork photo prominently displayed to the right of John, Paul, George and Ringo.

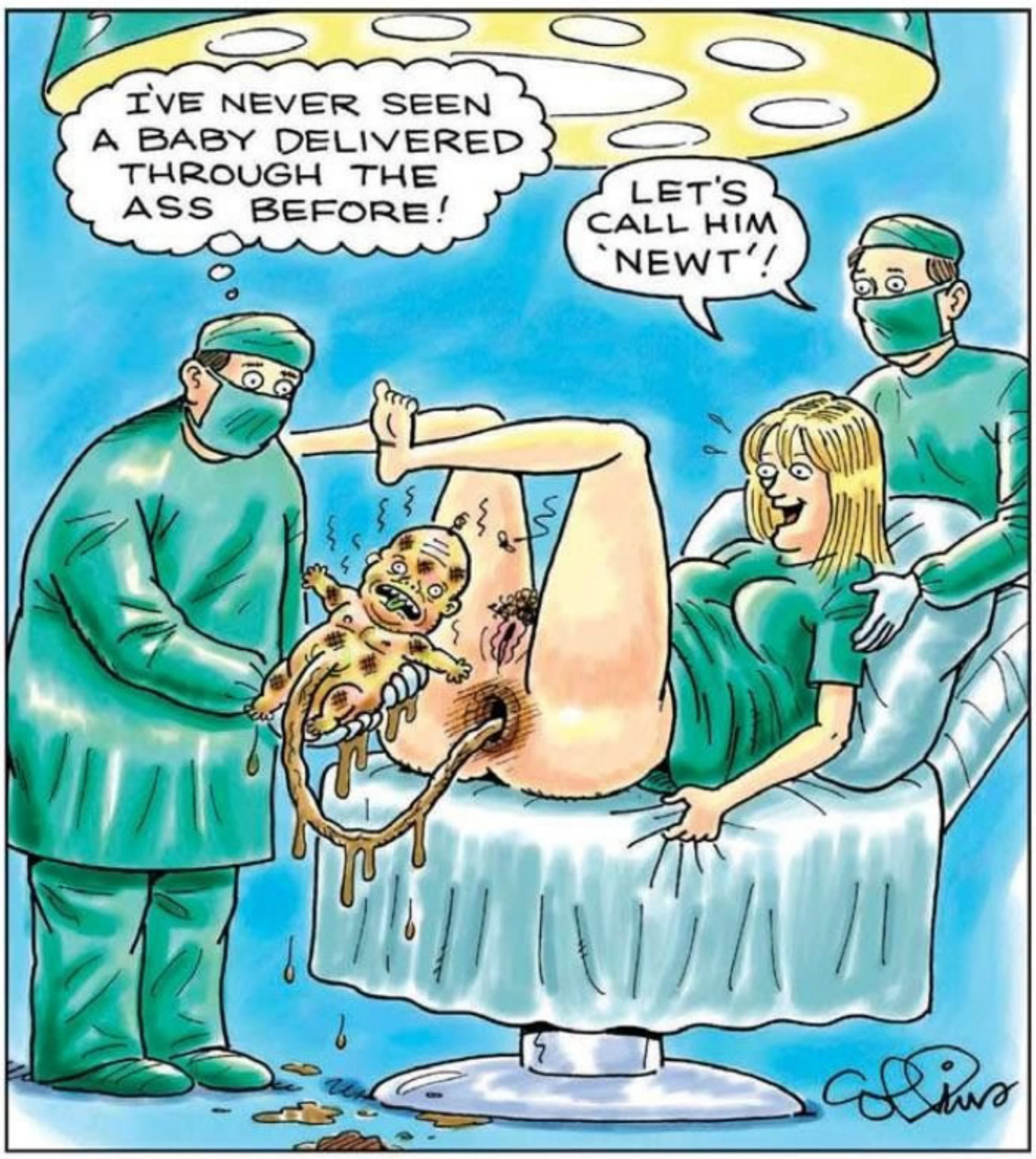
After divorcing Dawson, Dors met the love of her life, Alan Lake, back in Britain. Even though Lake was ten years younger than she, the union would prove her most enduring. "Here, at last," Dors remembered, "was someone with whom I had everything in common; an actor who loved his work and whose sense of humor was the same as mine."

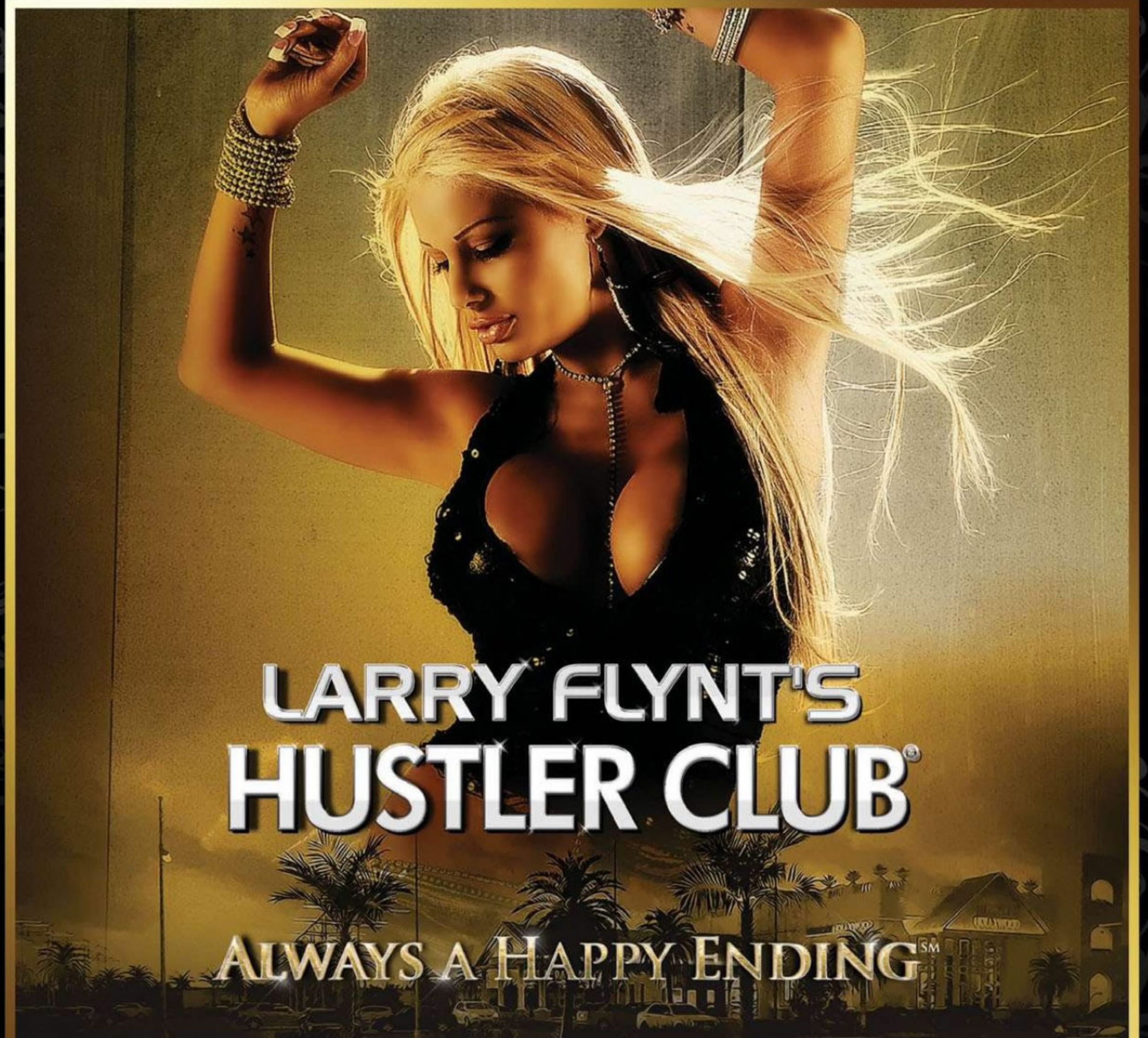
Dors and Lake married in 1968, soon producing a son, Jason. Unfortunately, Lake sometimes drank quite heavily. In 1970 he received an 18-month prison sentence for participating in a pub brawl. "Not realizing the seriousness of Alan's alcohol problem," Dors recollected, "on every visit, I would take a small flask of orange juice mixed with vodka to help his spirits a little in that ghastly place." After Lake's release, Dors joined a campaign to allow prisoners conjugal visits from their spouses.

Hitting 40, Dors gained weight, but her talents still gave her clout. She became an outstanding character actress equally adept at playing housewives (usually the henpecking kind), madams or nymphomaniacs. She was particularly superb as foul-mouthed, sadistic housekeeper Mrs. Wickens in the Victorian-era fantasy *The Amazing Mr. Blunden* (1972). Dors also sparkled in sex comedies, notably *The Amorous Milkman* (1975) and *Adventures of a Taxi Driver* (1976).

In the early 1980s, after helping Lake conquer his alcohol problem, Dors was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. She died on May 4, 1984, at age 52. Several months later her grieving husband took his own life.

In *Dors by Diana* the actress succinctly summed up her fast-paced, turbulent history: "God knows I have made more than my fair share of mistakes.... But mainly there were wonderful moments to recapture, for I have had a good life, successful and exciting."





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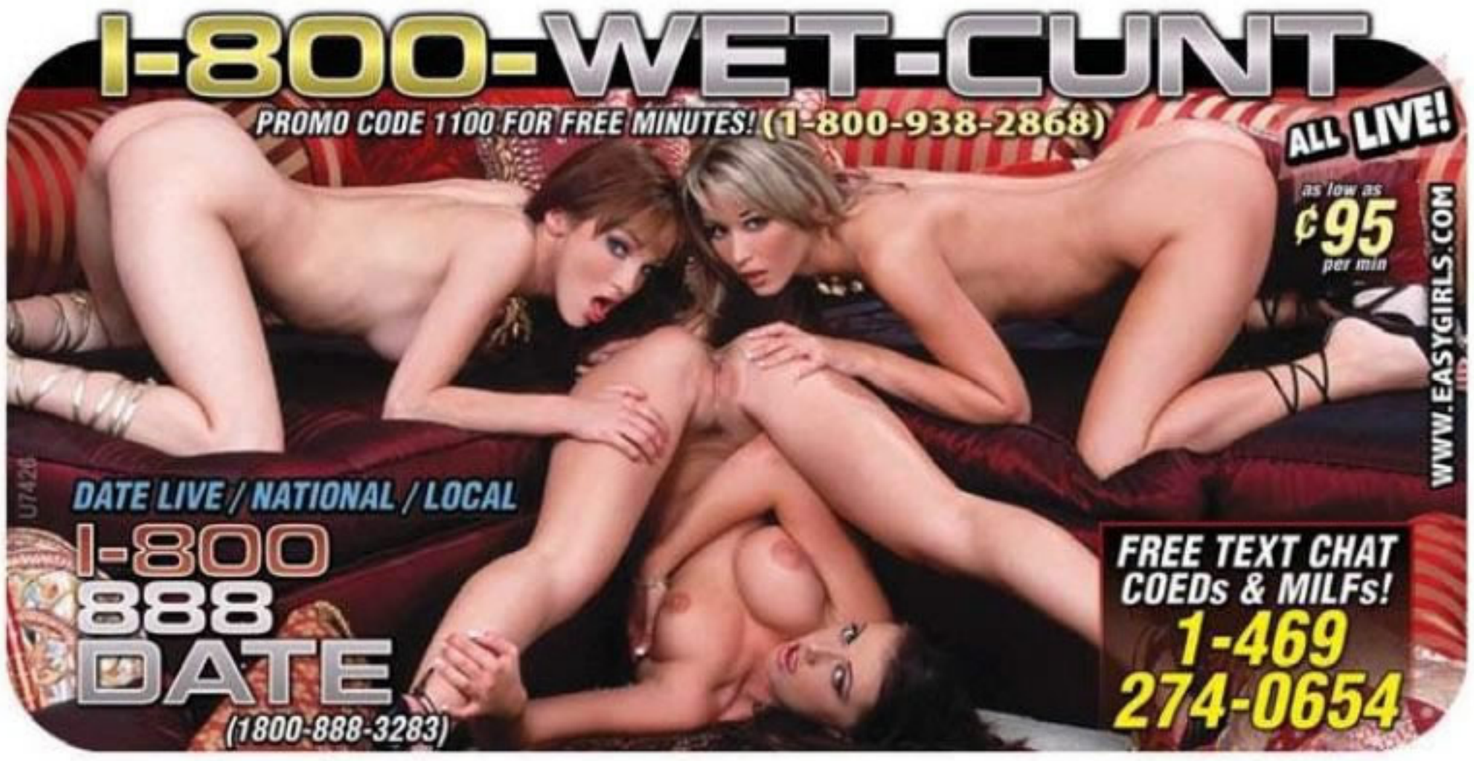
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SORAYAMA

The Art of Future Sex

BY K.K. LE ROQUE

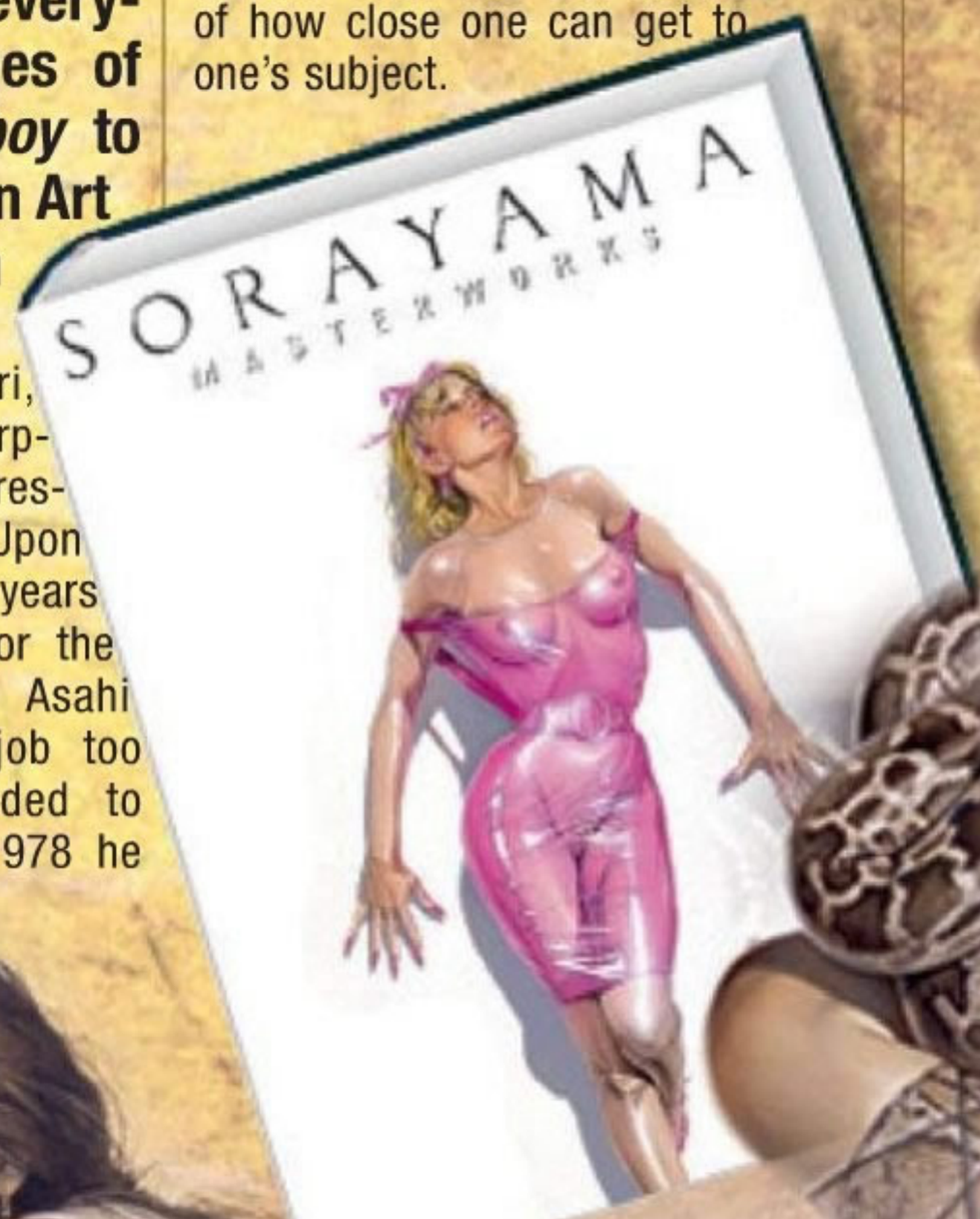
A Sexy New Book Collects Art From A Modern Erotic Pin-Up Master: Sorayama.

Hajime Sorayama is world-renowned for his futuristic illustrations of sexy Space Age women. His extraordinary, highly detailed work has been displayed everywhere from the pages of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* to the Museum of Modern Art and the Smithsonian Institution.

Born in 1947 in Imabari, Japan, Sorayama first sharpened his talents at Japan's prestigious Chuo Art School. Upon graduating, he spent a few years as an in-house illustrator for the Tokyo advertising firm Asahi Tsushin-sha. Finding the job too restrictive, Sorayama decided to strike out on his own. In 1978 he drew his first robot and soon began making a name for himself around the world.

Reflecting on his artistic vision, the self-proclaimed "futuristic dadaist" says: "It comes from a kind of tenacity, an insistence upon asserting your own originality. By contrast, superrealism deals with the technical issue of how close one can get to one's subject.

"Unlike art, illustration is not a matter of emotion or hatred, but an experience coming naturally through logical thinking."



Sci-fi fans have long been familiar with Sorayama's airbrush portrayals of futuristic women and sexy robots. He provided original art for *Terminator 3* as well as characters for the film *Spawn*. Sorayama also designed the first generation of Sony's AIBO robotic pets.

At long last comes the prolific illustrator's magnum opus: an impressive collection titled *Sorayama Masterworks*. Spanning his entire career, the book is packed with almost 1,000 of Sorayama's wondrously imaginative creations.

If you like sci-fi, hot chicks and great art, you need this book.

The artist Sorayama in his studio.

Published by Edition Skylight, *Sorayama Masterworks* (ISBN 978-3-03766-599-2) is available at finer bookstores everywhere or directly from **IPGbook.com**.

BREAKDOWN

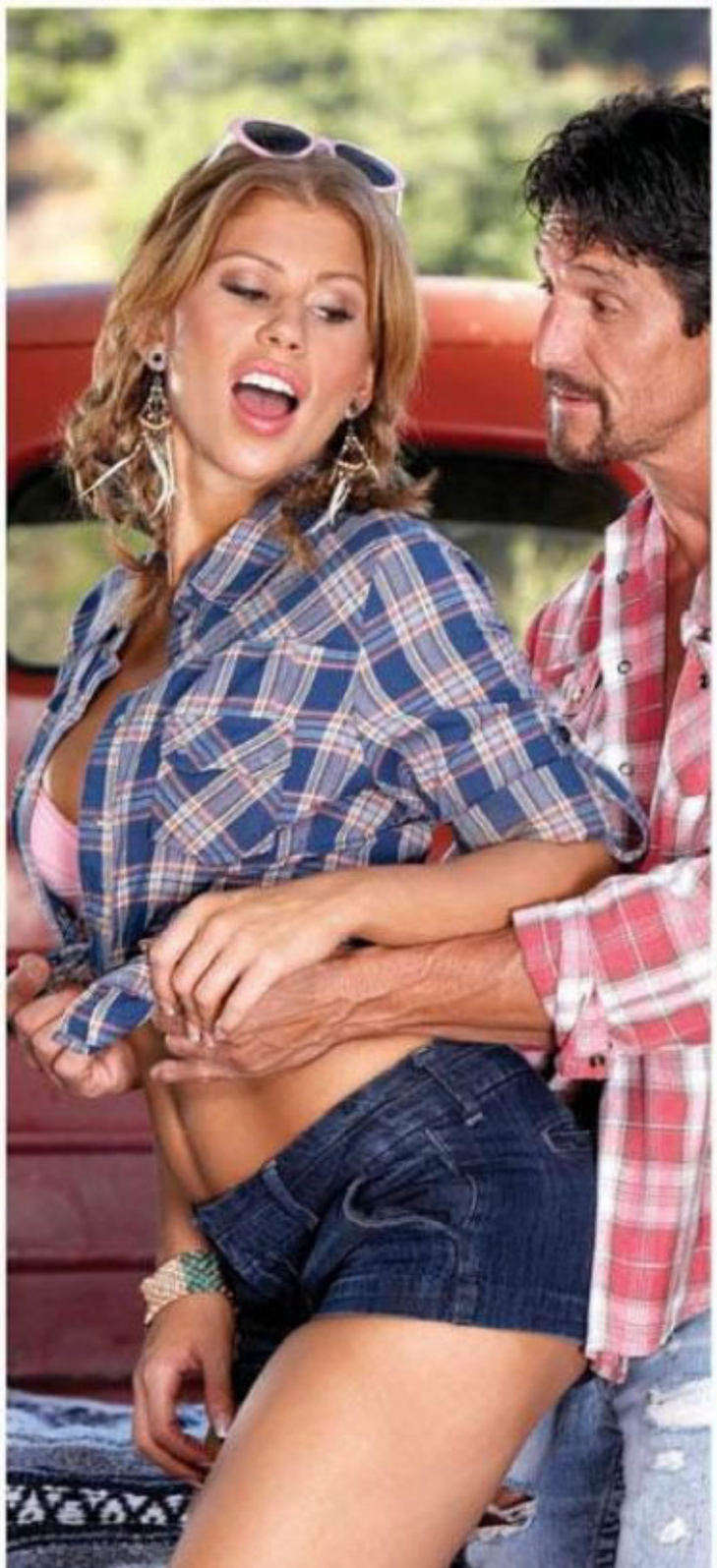
BROOKLYN LEE & TOMMY GUNN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE.NET

Inspired by the spirit of novelist Jack Kerouac, Abby (**Brooklyn Lee**) and Pete (**Tommy Gunn**) decide to hit the open road in search of America. But when their truck breaks down just outside of town, the stranded motorists embark on a more intimate journey of self-discovery.

They begin to explore each other—tenderly, sensually and poetically. Pete's appreciation for Abby's "dharma bum" has no limits. Hours slip away with our beatnik lovers lost in a celebration of their mutual lust.

Ultimately, Abby and Pete learn a lesson that the good Mr. Kerouac himself likely learned back in the '50s and '60s. Why journey forth to destinations unknown, when the greatest mysteries and pleasures in life might be hidden inside a pair of tight denim shorts right in front of you?



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BY KIMBERLY CHENG

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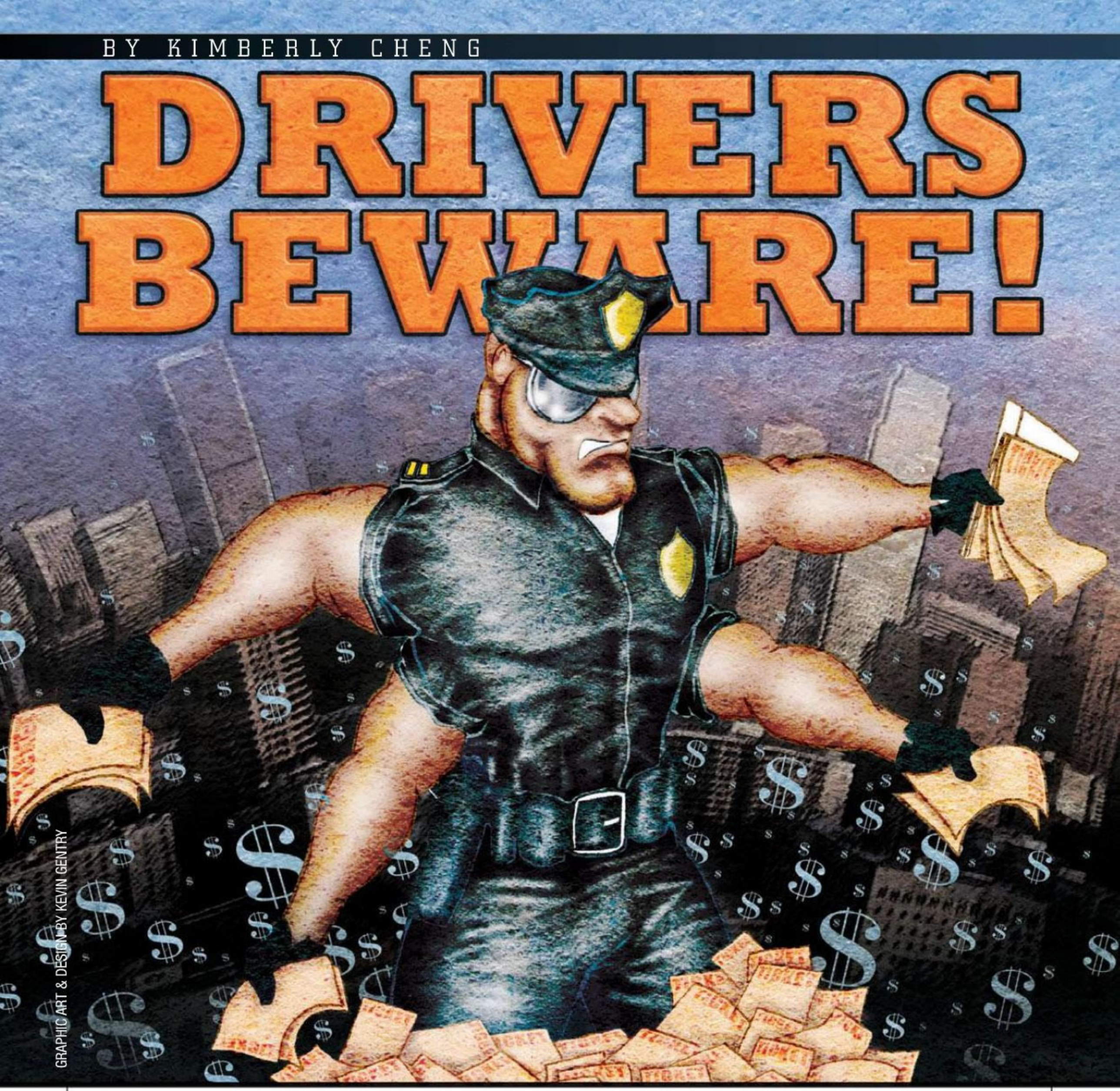

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY

CASH-STRAPPED STATES ARE SCREWING CITIZENS TO REPLENISH THEIR COFFERS.

Have you gotten a ticket lately? Chances are you're one of many drivers getting ripped off because cops are now handing out tickets left and right—even for the most minor of infractions. Municipalities, counties and states need to offset growing deficits and dwindling revenues somehow, and they're doing it by raping the little guys and pillaging our bank accounts.

An estimated 25 million to 50 million traffic citations are issued every year in this country. That number is increasing alarmingly, and it has almost nothing to do with safety. Beefing up enforcement has become a multibillion-dollar industry.

It's all about maximizing income, and not just for municipalities, counties and states, all of which receive about 20%, 30% and 50%, respectively, of ticket revenue. Insurance companies make billions of dollars in pure profit. They also don't care about safety. There is no direct correlation between getting a traffic ticket and the likelihood of being in an accident, so there is absolutely no reason

someone should pay more for auto insurance because he or she exceeded the speed limit by a few miles per hour. But more tickets allow the insurance companies to raise rates, explaining why they donate millions of dollars worth of red-light cameras and speed detectors to law enforcement agencies.

One irate motorist said he was pulled over for making a right turn on a red light without coming to a complete stop. Only thing was the traffic signal had turned green by the time he reached the intersection, and the motorcycle cop was watching from hundreds of feet away. But it's the cop's word against his.

Another driver said he was recently cited for speeding in a 35 mph zone in rush-hour traffic while following the stream of vehicles in front of him. All were traveling at the same speed, yet he was the only driver the officer pulled over. Of course, when you point that out to the cop, he'll say you were the only one he'd seen. And what can you do but bend over and take it?

A recent report published on **CantonRep.com** revealed that in the first six months of 2010 the police department in Canton, Ohio, issued 9,031 citations—4,925 of which were for speeding. In the first six months of 2009, only 2,955 tickets had been issued. That's a shocking 205% increase. The extra revenue helped prevent 18 police officer layoffs. Similarly, the San Francisco Police Department issued 12,000 more citations in the first four months of 2010 than in the first four months of 2008, bringing roughly an additional $1.2 million to the city's treasury, according to the SFPD and the city's Office of the Controller.

Want more salt for your wounds? We're not only seeing an increase in the number of traffic citations—traffic fines themselves are also ballooning.

The cost of a "fix-it ticket" (broken headlight, tinted windows, etc.) in California nearly tripled during the beginning of 2010. Drivers now pay up to $100 for an infraction that didn't even warrant a citation a few years ago. The state also raised surcharges on regular traffic tickets by $35, and courts began charging $25 more for drivers to attend traffic school.

If you park in front of a fire hydrant or a fire lane in Pensacola, Florida, these days, you'll be paying $100 instead of $10. Speeding? That's $10 extra, plus $25 if you were going 15 to 29 mph faster than the posted limit.

"It's been no secret that municipalities have always tried to fill their coffers from traffic citations," said Bonnie Sesolak, development director of the National Motorists Association, in a Fox News report. "Once that money starts flowing in, it's really hard to cut if off. They're making lawbreakers out of people who normally aren't. Their manpower could be better spent in other areas."

Instead, jurisdictions are using egregious, below-the-belt tactics for *their* benefit, not ours. One officer, who recently graduated from the Los Angeles Police Academy, confessed his starting salary—as a rookie—falls around $70,000 annually. And that, he says, is the average for new cops.

In February 2009, Federal Reserve Bank Assistant Vice President Thomas Garrett and Gary Wagner, a University of Arkansas at Little Rock economics professor, conducted a study that examined revenue and traffic citation data in 96 North Carolina counties. Titled "Red Ink in the Rearview Mirror: Local Fiscal Conditions and the Issuance of Traffic Tickets" and published in the *Journal of Law and Economics*, the study showed that when a county's revenue declined, the number of tickets increased.

"THEY'RE MAKING LAWBREAKERS OUT OF PEOPLE WHO NORMALLY AREN'T. THEIR MANPOWER COULD BE BETTER SPENT IN OTHER AREAS."

Garrett called traffic citations a "hidden tax," a levy shamelessly being shouldered by motorists. "When times are tough, it's often harder to increase revenue through traditional means like increasing sales and property taxes," Garrett said in the aforementioned Fox News report. "And traffic tickets certainly fit that bill."

But unlike property taxes, traffic fines are fixed, and low-income drivers are the ones getting shafted. The construction worker going 80 mph in a '92 Ford pickup pays the same fine as a Wall Street banker doing 80 in a brand-new Ferrari.

"We don't know that someone's actually been told to go out and issue tickets for revenue, but if police are incentivized to step up enforcement, that naturally results in more tickets," Wagner noted in the Fox News report. "The incentives aren't just in North Carolina; it could apply anywhere. The results pretty much speak for themselves."

Most jurisdictions nationwide explicitly prohibit ticket quotas. But a September 10, 2010, *New York Times* article points to a "secret recording" allegedly of Brooklyn police supervisors being told that each of their officers should write 20 citations per week.

"You, as bosses, have to demand this and have to count it," New York Police Captain Alex Perez was quoted as saying. The lawman added that he didn't mind "firing people" who disobeyed.

Another case in point: Police Chief Kenneth Coye pressured officers in the Boston suburb of Malden, Massachusetts, to bring in revenue for the cash-strapped community by writing at least one parking or traffic ticket per shift. "We need to increase enforcement in areas that create revenue," Coye told officers in a memo obtained by the *Boston Herald*. Coye also stated in the memo that tickets are vital in order to maintain the quality of life.

But at what cost? Times are tough for everyone. Drivers should not be attacked with unnecessary citations to benefit city budgets and insurance companies.

A recent article published by the *Los Angeles Times* only adds insult to injury. According to an internal memo sent by top LAPD officials, police officers will possibly face discipline if they can't remember the details of an alleged infraction, thereby forcing a judge to dismiss the case. Sounds like a slippery slope into police-approved perjury.

"Officers shouldn't be put in a position where they are trying to force these [tickets] through," Paul Weber, president of the L.A. Police Protective League, said in the article. "It doesn't matter what they wrote on the ticket. What matters is their ability to articulate what they saw and why the driver broke the law. People have a right to confront their accuser, even in traffic court, and we have to be able to put on a case. If we can't do that because we don't remember, then that person should be let go. That's the way our system is built."

But that's not the way it works. The system can't be fair and ethical when its financial welfare depends so heavily on traffic fines. After all, it's a multibillion-dollar industry. Protecting and serving the public takes on a whole new meaning when traffic tickets become big business.

For more information on the increasing number of traffic tickets, how to fight your ticket or how to become an activist, visit the National Motorists Association at **Motorists.org**.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

COMFORTABLE IN HER SKIN

JASMINE FOXX

To the great delight of our readers, **Jasmine Foxx** has always felt perfectly at home in the nude. "I'm so petite that it's hard to find clothes that fit me well," she reckons, "so I'm pretty comfortable without any on at all. I'm proud of my body, but it takes a lot of hard work—eating right, working out—for me to be able to do this with confidence. I've never thought modeling nude was weird. I enjoy doing it!"

Jasmine also enjoys professional basketball. "I keep track of all the rookies on the team," says the die-hard fan of her hometown San Antonio Spurs, "but Timmy [Duncan] has always been a favorite of mine. I try to go to as many games as I can."

Although **Jasmine** is proud to have been born and raised in the Lone Star State, she does have an undeniable wanderlust. "I'll always have a home in Texas," she explains, "but I'd like to travel and experience more of the nation and the world eventually."

Jasmine lists Australia and Spain as desired destinations, noting that a nude beach in either country sounds like a great spot for an amorous adventure. "I'm really turned on by new places and exotic locations," she marvels.

Role-playing is another turn-on for the darling Texan, who fondly recalls the time she dressed up to assume the role of an uninhibited secretary. "It was really, really fun to finally get a chance to be naughty with the boss. Girls always want to do that, but role-playing gave me the chance to live out the fantasy."

JASMINE FOXX'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Antonio, Texas | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 109

Make
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BY SCOTT FAYNER

GOOGLE

THE ULTIMATE COCKBLOCKER

I thought it was going pretty well for a first date until...

PHOTO BY MIKE PECCI

Staci laughed at all my jokes. During dinner at Abe & Louie's in Boston's Back Bay district, she fed me salmon from her fork and didn't run off screaming when I told her I made a living as a freelance writer. *Good start*, I remember thinking as I excused myself to take a leak. But when I returned, I was no longer the semifamous word scribbler Staci had pictured me to be. I was now a monster. "Who is Taylor Rain?!" she demanded.

I thought long and hard before answering: "The porn star Taylor Rain?" Game over. Again!

You'd never believe how many times my debauched past has come back to bite me in the ass. One Google search is all it takes. And since we're on friendly terms, I'll spare you the click: I used to write for the porn industry.

Look, I never really asked to become a celebrated porn "journalist," whose "job" consisted of consuming narcotics with half-naked, barely legal girls and then writing about it. It all just kind of happened.

In August 2000, after pacing in my dingy Los Angeles apartment for three weeks waiting for *The Simpsons* to call and offer me a staff-writing gig, I took an editing job at HUSTLER. Now it's ten years later, and according to Google there are 90,000 reasons you should stay the hell away from me. What the fuck did I ever do to deserve this lubeless anal raping Google calls a "search result"?

Okay, Google, you got me: Once upon a time I was romantically linked to a female sex starlet named Taylor Rain. A porn star, yes. And we weren't just romantically linked. Technically, we were married. But it was really no big deal and lasted about as long as a menstrual cycle.

As for my career? There was a time when the first thing tens of thousands of upstanding citizens would do when they woke up every morning was go online to see what I had to say about their favorite perversion. And sure, I wasn't changing the world like, say, Matt Drudge does with his political gossip—**DrudgeReport.com** broke the Monica Lewinsky scandal—but I knew that at the end of the day we were pretty much the same beast. Aside from the fact that I was literally immersed in more than one semen-soaked dress.

Except, well, try telling that to your dinner date after she Googles your sorry ass and comes up with the article you wrote (and co-starred in) comparing porn star Jewel De'Nyle's vagina to her mass-produced signature pocket pussy.

It takes a few weeks to get the results back on a convenience store DNA swab kit. For background-search purposes, Google is approximately a gazillion times quicker, and you don't have to wait until your target is passed out drunk to shove a Q-tip in his mouth. Nope: Enter name, wait 0.44 seconds and an entire library's worth of your history is available to anyone in the world who gives a shit. And while social media sites like Facebook give the option of blocking nonfriends from pulling their pud to your drunken cleavage pictures from Spring Break '94, Google is receptive and nonjudgmental. The search engine welcomes all colors, sexes and races to freely manhandle its elephantlike memory.

Removing your name from Google searches is an option for some, though not for me. I've been blogging since 2002, and there are thousands of links to my repellent ramblings that would take a decade to track down.

Who's doing the searching? The guy you're hoping will offer you that perfect job. The mortgage broker who holds the keys to your dream house. Or maybe, I dunno, it's the nice quiet gal from the suburbs who has just figured out that the man who asked her to dinner tonight was, just seven years ago, hitched to the star of *Ski Bitch*, *Look What's Up My Ass* and *Teen Handjobs*. This is what happens when your Urban Dictionary entry comes up before your Facebook page.

A modern woman will Google a guy's name the second she decides he's sponge-worthy, maybe sooner. And, it should be noted, for good reason. True story: Two of my female friends recently met a guy whom both judged to be perfectly harmless. He had a unique name, and later that night the gals Googled him—just for fun, they told me—and discovered that their new acquaintance had recently been accused of attempted murder and intimidation of a witness.

Clearly, this privacy thing is a two-way street. But where does that leave a guy like me? My reputation—my cyberspace watermark, which might as well be a face tattoo that says "unemployable douchebag"—is in shambles. And for what? I didn't kill anyone, although I did come close to single-handedly taking down the *Sex and the City* franchise when, in 2008, I illegally posted to my Web site some pictures of Kristin Davis with a dick in her mouth. That site is now defunct. But Google "Kristin Davis blowjob" and you'll have them instantly.

I feel her pain; I really do. It's okay though. I've got a plan—for all of us.

I thought I could get out of porn by leaving California. Google had other ideas. It turns out that trying to make it as a writer in Boston with HUSTLER on your résumé is like trying to make it in Hollywood with *Howard the Duck* on your IMDb page.

It isn't just a dating problem. If you were a business and came across a guy whose Wikipedia entry includes the phrase "drug enthusiast," you wouldn't touch him with a 12-foot pole. But you don't have to be a scumbag for Google to fuck you: In one recent study conducted for Microsoft, 70% of hiring managers surveyed claimed they rejected candidates because of shit they'd found on the Internet. Worse, a single defaming blog post can turn even an upstanding person's life upside down.

Ex-boyfriends are notorious for online revenge stunts; so are disgruntled employees. Here's what I'm trying to say—and you might want to sit down for this: Not everything inscribed on the Internet is true. Hell, forget about the falsehoods I've written about other people online—I'm even responsible for spreading lies about myself. The laws regulating what people can and can't write on the Internet are flimsy and unenforceable. Don't think so? Try suing the anonymous dipshit who edited your Wikipedia page.

Once I realized I could never fully expunge my feral reputation by simply packing up my life and coming home to Boston, I had a decision to make. I could leave my past out there, in the Googleable wilds, and resign myself to a life of torrid infamy. Or I could try to learn how to downplay certain credentials beforehand—at least when I knew someone would be looking at them.

There's a growing industry in de-Googling yourself; for about $100 per year, sites like **ReputationDefender.com** claim to be able to "control the message people see when they Google you" and to push "undesirable content down in search results." For those with just a few brutal mistakes to live down, it's

(continued on page 166)

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

JENNY HAMILTON

AGE: 43

LOCATION: Clearwater, Florida

Bethany [illegible] the rural Washington

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.

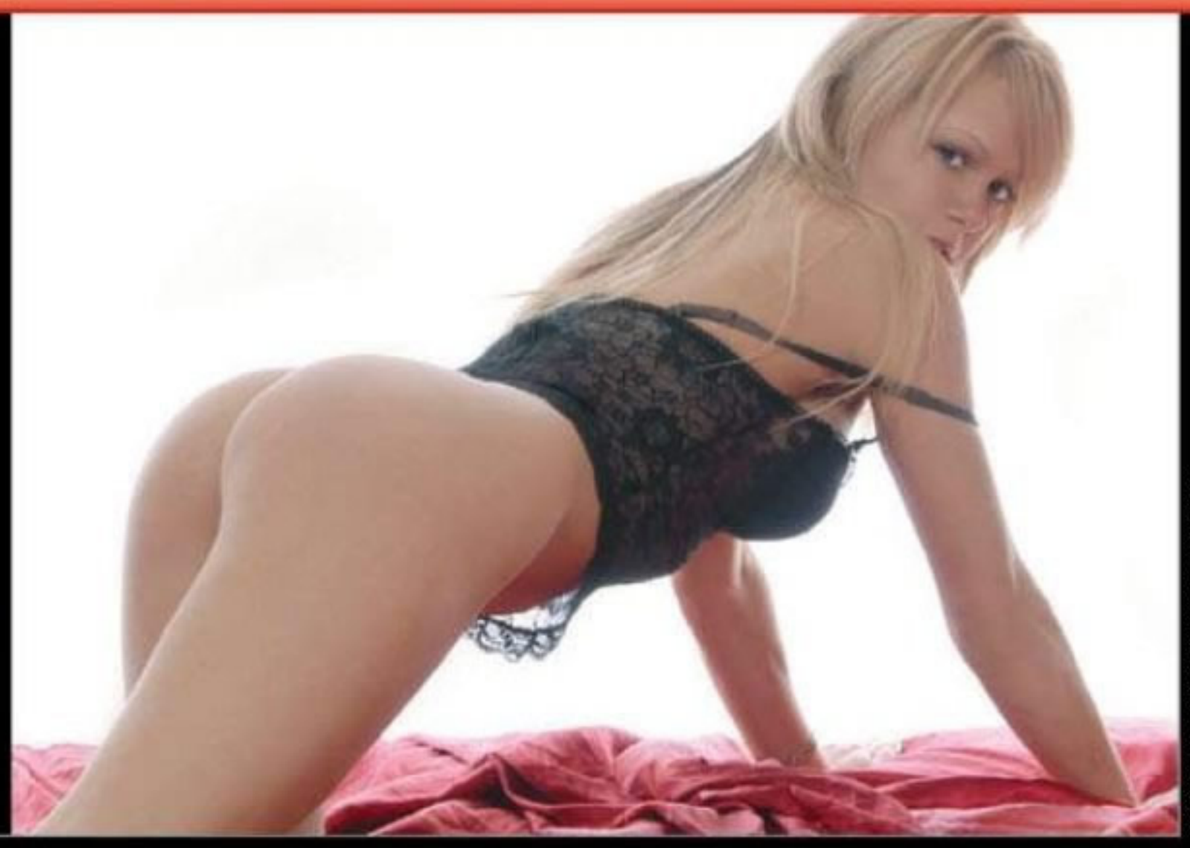
When it comes to playing the role of a cougar, Jenny easily slips into the part—and freely offers her wisdom on the subject. "I believe what makes older women desirable to men is our confidence in sexuality," she asserts. "We know what we want and aren't afraid to say so. Being 43 for me is actually far more enjoyable and exciting than being 20. I'm looking forward to 50!"

It's hard to fathom that this brazen blonde with sun-kissed skin and a robust, ready-for-action rear was once a marching-band geek while growing up in the Midwest. "Yep, I was a flag girl," Jenny recalls. "But I did party on the weekends. Drinking on the lake was part of the routine."

As a military brat, she inevitably inherited a taste for travel, with stops in California, Oklahoma and Missouri. Consequently, it's not surprising that these days Jenny spends a great deal of time satisfying her wanderlust.

"So far, I've been to Italy, Switzerland, Austria and Honduras, to name a few countries," she says. "And since I'm semiretired and pretty much free to do as I please, tropical islands have also been key destinations of mine. So far I've chalked up Curaçao, Maui, Aruba and the Caymans."

But why simply stop at balmy, exotic locales? Indeed, Jenny harbors a deep yen for what's known as "traveling around the world" in a sexual context. "When I was younger, I was more reserved and hated anal," she tells us. "Now I love it! Over the years, I've also come to learn what especially pleases my male partners, so I don't mind admitting that I *thoroughly* enjoy sucking dick. And, hey, no one's complaining about my oral prowess, so what can I say? Practice definitely makes perfect!"



PHOTOS BY ARDEN DITTMER

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.*

COUGARS UNLEASHED #26

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

PAPA ROACH
ANNIHILATION TIME

WITH OVER 10 MILLION ALBUMS SOLD WORLDWIDE, CALIFORNIA METAL ROCKERS PAPA ROACH REMAIN A VITAL FORCE IN ROCK 'N' ROLL. WE SAT DOWN WITH SINGER JACOBY SHADDIX TO DISCUSS THE BAND'S LATEST CD, SKYPE-SEX AND COCKROACH SANDWICHES.

HUSTLER: How did you guys come up with the title of the new CD, *Time for Annihilation*?

JACOBY SHADDIX: We didn't know what to title the record because it's half live and half studio tracks. At first the band came up with *Live Plus Five*. But we thought, *No, that's really fucking corny*. So we put the question out on Twitter and asked the fans what to call it. The response was, "You should call it *Live Plus Five*." No! Then someone hit us up with *Time for Annihilation*, and that stuck because that's the last thing we say in our huddle before we go onstage. It seemed really fitting because we rip shit up—demolish the old and in with the new!

That goes for record companies too?

We just left the major labels, and now we're with an independent record company, which for us is a fresh start and a reinvigorating thing. Dealing with a major record company that wasn't that focused on rock music in particular was not good for a rock 'n' roll band. I feel bad for the young bands that are signing 360 deals, where the record companies are getting a piece of their merchandise, their touring, their first-born child. It's rough. We were fortunate to be one of the last bands who got the great record deals. There was always adversity, but our passion toward writing music and performing led to our maintaining our relevance, credibility and the strong connections with our fans.

Do you have a preshow ritual?

I have a warm-up room. I go in there to pace in circles. I drink a couple of Red Bulls and warm up my voice for about 45 minutes. Then I stretch out because we're a highly physical band that likes to go off onstage. Tony [Palermo] and Tobin [Esperance] kick back a couple of shots before the show—to loosen up a bit. We usually listen to a heavy dose of metal right before we go onstage.

What bands do you listen to?

We've been listening to a new Swedish

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

A-HA
Hunting High and Low (Deluxe Edition)

Remember a-ha, the '80s pop band with the cartoon video "Take on Me"? To mark the Norwegian group's farewell tour, Rhino has reissued a-ha's megahit debut album as a two-CD set packed with a ton of demos and live tracks. Also available is a two-disc deluxe edition of a-ha's equally solid second CD, *Scoundrel Days*.

BLACK VEIL BRIDES
We Stitch These Wounds

Why do goth chicks who shop at Hot Topic love Black Veil Brides? The band rocks as hard as Avenged Sevenfold while looking as cool as My Chemical Romance. But you may need to smear on some black eyeliner to buy *We Stitch These Wounds* since the disc is available only at Hot Topic.

SANTANA
Guitar Heaven: The Greatest Guitar Classics of All Time

Two words sum up the secret of Carlos Santana's success: guest stars. This time, instead of crafting originals with his famous pals, the axslinger covers some of rock's greatest tunes. Highlights include "Back in Black" (with Nas) and "Photograph" (featuring Chris Daughtry).

DICK DALE
Guitar Legend: The Very Best of Dick Dale

There are thousands of guitarists, but there is only one King of Surf Guitar: Dick Dale. All of his breakthrough cuts are here, including "Miserlou," which most people know as "the song from *Pulp Fiction*."

THE CHARLATANS
Who We Touch

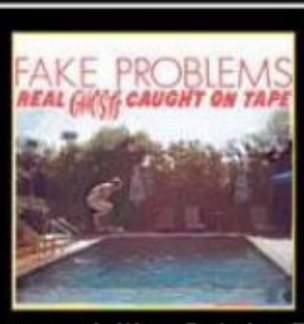
Unlike the other Brit pop bands—Blur, the Stone Roses, Oasis—this quintet never went away. Instead, the Charlatans have quietly released a slew of top-notch discs. Their latest is nearly perfect.

MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS INTL.
Record Collection

Instead of churning out another disc of the neo-soul that he reintroduced to the world through his production on Amy Winehouse's *Back to Black*, Mark Ronson flashes back to the '80s for this dance-heavy release.

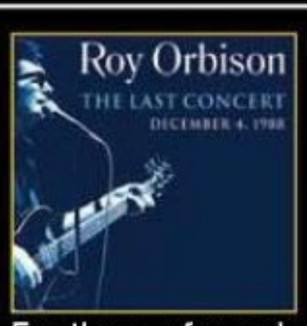
DOZEN

CRADLE OF FILTH
Darkly, Darkly, Venus Aversa
Cradle of Filth crawl back from the deepest recesses of Hell with a blast of sonic evil that is sure to shake your soul. Their latest disc seamlessly blends screamo, industrial rock and heavy metal with bloodcurdling results. You need to cover yourself in the Filth! (Wait, that came out wrong.)



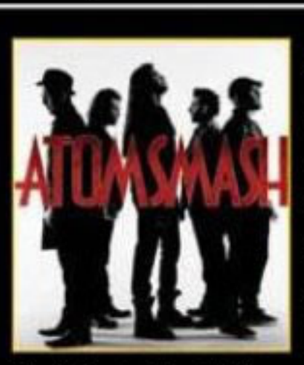
FAKE PROBLEMS
Real Ghosts Caught on Tape
Fake Problems may just be your favorite new alternative rock band. Produced by the guy behind the Gaslight Anthem, they sound like Bright Eyes but without the twang. Fake Problems' retro-sounding harmonies and revved-up, energy-packed guitars are for real.

Nellie McKay
Home Sweet Mobile Home
Quirky: That's the word most commonly used to describe the piano pop of singer Nellie McKay. Her latest CD offers a complex blend of styles, including '50s rock, Creole tunes, smoky jazz, Brazilian pop and reggae.



ROY ORBISON
The Last Concert
There was no denying the unparalleled talents of Roy Orbison. The legendary crooner had one of the purest voices to ever sing a note. For those of us who weren't lucky enough to see him perform, this CD (also available on DVD) captures Orbison's last live show. Highlights include "Oh, Pretty Woman" and "Crying."

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Generosity Water Project
Some of the biggest names in the R&B community, including Queen Latifah and Sheila E, get together for a good cause. The result is a solid, funky groove of jazzy covers, all to help raise money to bring H2O to underdeveloped countries.



ATOM SMASH
Love is in the Missile
Every once in a while a band's debut album changes the face of rock 'n' roll—think Pearl Jam's *Ten*—and it's about to happen with Atom Smash's. Need proof? Check out this lyric from their first CD: "She can make love, fuck like a hooker."

BY KEITH VALCOURT

metal band I just discovered called Soilwork. They fucking rip! So do Lamb of God and Refused. Slipknot and Social Distortion are some of the mainstays we listen to to get us amped up. Then five minutes before stage time I strap on the In Ears [headphones] and go to the huddle behind the stage with all of the road crew and the band. I ask Tobin for any words of wisdom because he's always got some zany shit to say. It's a laugh before we go onstage. Then we chant, "Protons and electrons always cause explosions! One, two, three, four—time for annihilation!" That's it!

How's sobriety working out?

I got five months sober again a couple of days ago, which is fucking cool. I'm stoked about that. It's a constant battle for me. Before now I've never been to Europe and made it through a whole tour sober. I would end up going on a bender, whereas this time I made it through and had a really great time. My relationship with my band is great now. I'm also at a point again where I can look in the mirror and say, "Okay, I can at least deal with you today," and not fucking hate myself. That's the kind of stuff that happens when I get fucked up. I am my own worst enemy.

What is the one essential thing you need on the road?

I would say my computer. I'm not really the tech-savvy guy, but I have all my entertainment on there—my music and lots of family photos. Plus I can handle my business and surf the Web. Skype has been really cool for my relationship with my family. I'll put on Skype on a day off and leave it on for a couple of hours to just hang with my kids. I'll read to them, and we draw pictures, show them to each other. One time, after about 30 minutes of it, my son said, "It's like we're hanging out, Dad." I need that, especially being away on tour for so long. I'm still trying to convince my lady to do the Skype-sex thing with me. She's not going for it yet. She says, "Somebody will hack into your computer and be able to watch that." I'm like, "So what's wrong with that? You're fucking hot!" (*Laughs.*)

Once it's out there, you can't take it back.

Exactly. We had a wild night in Vegas and shot our own little fucking sex tape. I watched it a couple of times. She didn't want to watch it. Then I deleted it. I'd rather that shit not be out there. I don't need my kids to stumble on that. Watching your own parents fuck is not cool. I walked in on my parents once, and that was devastating.

The cool thing is now that both of our kids go to school all day, it's been great for our sex life. I call it "Hang Time-Bang Time." Drop the kids off at school, go to the gym, shower, then fuck. Or "make love." Sometimes we fuck. It all depends on what mood we're in. I've been married for 13 years, and I joke that I've got a wife, a girlfriend and a mistress. My wife is when I'm with my lady at home, my girlfriend is when my wife comes out on the road with me, and my mistress is when she gets hammered.

What is the sickest thing your fans have done to meet you?

There was a radio contest where the fan who ate the most dead cockroach-and-peanut butter sandwiches got to meet the band. I don't know where they got these dead roaches. Each had three or four dead cockroaches in there. It wasn't just one person eating cockroach sandwiches—it was five or six people. The winner downed four sandwiches! That was fucking gnarly.

Is there any band that you would be willing to eat a cockroach sandwich to meet?

Fuck no! There is nobody in the world I would eat a cockroach sandwich to meet. I'm cool. ■

PHOTO COURTESY UME / UNIVERSAL MUSIC

LEVEL 42

LIVING IT UP

IN A DECADE OF STYLE OVER SUBSTANCE (A/K/A THE 1980S) SEVERAL BANDS WENT TO THE TOP THANKS TO THEIR GLITZY VIDEOS AND TRENDY HAIRCUTS INSTEAD OF MUSICAL TALENT. THEN THERE WAS LEVEL 42, THE JAZZY BRITISH FUNK OUTFIT THAT BROKE THROUGH WITH THE MEGAHIT "SOMETHING ABOUT YOU." DURING THE GROUP'S 30TH-ANNIVERSARY TOUR (LEVEL 42'S FIRST U.S. GIGS IN OVER TWO DECADES), WE CAUGHT UP WITH CORE MEMBERS MARK KING (BASSIST/VOCALIST) AND MIKE LINDUP (KEYBOARDIST/VOCALIST) TO DISCUSS THE BAND'S LONG RUN, OPENING UP FOR MADONNA AND THE NEW FOUR-CD BOX SET, *LIVING IT UP*.

HUSTLER: When was the last time you toured in America?

Mike Lindup: 1987 was our last tour here.

Mark King: Twenty-three years ago.

Why did you stay away so long?

Mark: No real reason apart from promoters not bringing us over here. I did push the booking agent this year [2010] and asked if we could get some shows in America. There was a lot of feedback coming through our Web site with people asking, "How come you guys never come to America?" That inspired me. Plus it's the 30th anniversary of the band. I asked, and the booking agent said, "Yeah, sure." It was that easy. I guess I should have asked earlier. (*Laughs.*)

How would you describe your American audiences' reactions?

Mike: Absolutely fabulous! It's been a bit of a homecoming. People have been waiting. It's blown us all away.

Mark: Better than we could have hoped. People have been traveling around to see us. People have flown in from all over—Canada, Brazil and even Australia. I'm touched by the response.

You guys broke through during the 1980s, when fashion was often more important than musicianship. Being exceptionally talented, was it frustrating for you?

Mike: There was a lot about the '80s which was only about the style, but there was also some great pop songwriting. Inevitably in pop music there is going to be a certain percentage that is all about the hype and the flavor of the month, but I think in retrospect the era stands up quite well in terms of the musicianship.

Are there any pictures from the 1980s that you look at now and say, "What the hell was I wearing?"

Mike: If ever we've forgot about them, fans are posting them all over Facebook. (*Laughs.*)

Mark: And gentlemen like yourself keep dragging them up. (*Laughs.*) Funny thing is, we were all doing it. An idiot never knows he's an idiot because we were all idiots.

At some point in the 1980s you opened for Madonna. What was that like, and did she hit on either of you?

Mark: I'll tell you who she did hit on: my cousin, Andrew Bell, from New Zealand. He came along on the U.S. tour. We had a day off—I think in Austin, Texas. We threw a party. Madonna showed up, and she ended up dancing with him. He was necking with her all night while we stood on the sidelines watching.

Mike: The tour was great to do because we were breaking in America at the time. To be offered the opening slot on the Madonna tour at the height of her pop success was great. "Something About You" was probably the only song of ours that the audience recognized, but it was a great opportunity to play in front of those people. Some of the fans that are coming today saw us on that tour and say that's what turned them on to Level 42.

Other band members have come and gone, but the two of you have worked together for 30 years. What's your secret?

Mike: We enjoy the music. We've got really good chemistry. It's something that has never gone away. It's hard to explain, but it's just something that works.

Mark: The band has always been just about the music. That's it. We still work with original guitarist Boon [Gould] as a lyricist. We don't work with the original drummer, Phil [Gould], but Gary Husband came in 1987 as our drummer, and we've been working with him ever since.

Would you ever consider getting the original lineup together to do something?

Mark: I think it's extremely unlikely. Things have moved on, and I just can't see that sort of situation happening. However, I don't know everything.

How did the box set come about?

Mark: It occurred to me just before Christmas [2009] to do something when I lost my dad. It was a period of intense pain, and I needed something to focus on. I thought, *The next year [is] the 30th anniversary, so let's start.*

Mike: The box set's fourth CD grew out of this idea of doing acoustic reinterpretations.

That CD features acoustic versions of your songs. What did you discover once you stripped them down?

Mike: We recorded and produced the songs a certain way originally, so inevitably in your head you associate the song with the original arrangements. When you take that away, you see they actually stand up with just voice and guitar.

Mark: The launching point for the acoustic CD came in 2006 when we were doing radio shows and promotional appearances for our last studio CD, *Retroglide*. Radio stations asked us to come in and play unplugged. At first we said, "No, we're a jazz combo." But we wanted to do the promo. I brought the guitar on, and we played one song. Then they'd say, "Can you play another?" The feedback was so fantastic, we decided to do a full CD.

Are there plans for a new album?

Mike: We've started it already. Whether it ends up being a new album or an EP or downloadable tracks, we'll see.

Mark: I reckon that an EP is the way to go. What has happened with the whole downloadable music thing is people start to cherry-pick and are only taking four or five of their favorite tracks. They treat the rest of the tracks as fillers. I figure we can just give them five tracks—of fillers. (*Laughs.*) It could be good.

Have you ever had any crazy fans?

Mike: There was this one girl in Germany who came to see us in the '80s. People would often throw things onstage. This thing arrived onstage that we picked up and took back to the dressing room. We used to do a song from the *Standing in the Light* album called "I Want Eyes." This little box had a note that said, "I would give my eyes for you." We opened it up. The girl had put a pair of sheep's eyes in it.

Mark: That's pretty damn weird because

PHOTO BY TODD VALCOURT

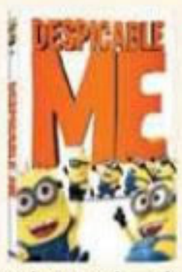
your mind starts going, *Where did she get these?* Did she think we'd find this attractive and say, "Security, could you go and get the girl with no eyes—the one with the bleeding eye sockets? Bring her in." Then there was a female bodybuilder in Salt Lake City, [Utah]. We'd better not mention her. Didn't work out. Too strong. (*Laughs.*)

DVD DISTRACTIONS

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

ROBIN HOOD

We thought we had seen it all when it came to the story of the Sherwood Forest denizen who stole from the rich to give to the poor. Then director Ridley Scott and actor Russell Crowe blew us away with this tale of Robin Hood's early days. All is good with this Hood.

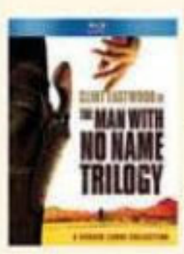


DESPICABLE ME

Steve Carell headlines this animated flick about a supervillain who changes his ways for the love of three adopted children. Although the ending borders on hokey, *Despicable Me* features some very funny moments courtesy of Carell's evil character, Gru.

SCREAM DREAM

Here's a B-movie that revolves around a psychotic killer hell-bent on... Wait! Do you really care what the plot is? Or even who stars in this boob-packed bloodfest? That's right, we mentioned that this slasher flick features a heaping helping of blood and boobs.

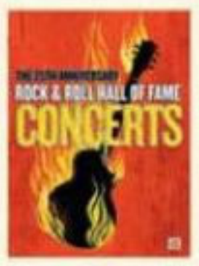


THE MAN WITH NO NAME TRILOGY

The three greatest spaghetti westerns ever—*A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few Dollars More* and *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*—are packaged in this impressive Blu-ray box set. The combination of director Sergio Leone with actor Clint Eastwood is as good as it gets.

PSYCHO: 50TH ANNIVERSARY BLU-RAY

Motelkeeper Norman Bates. His mother. The naked blonde (Janet Leigh) in the shower. Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* is the greatest horror movie ever! Half a decade later it still scares the hell out of us. The seminal classic finally arrives on Blu-ray.



THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY: ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FAME CONCERTS

The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame knows how to throw a party. Its annual extravaganzas feature once-in-a-lifetime performances by legendary musicians. But the shrine's 25th-anniversary gala was extra-noteworthy: Rock die-hards were treated to two nights of superstar-studded concerts at New York City's Madison Square Garden. Capturing what originally aired on HBO, this DVD set is your front-row ticket to pairings that include Black Eyed Peas songbird Fergie with Mick Jagger and U2; Bruce Springsteen and Billy Joel; Tom Morello and John Fogerty; plus Ozzy rocking Black Sabbath numbers with Metallica backing him up.

The Art of ARMANDO HUERTA

Armando-Huerta.com

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Nesha

AGE: 26

LOCATION: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 100

URL: FACEBOOK.COM/PAGES/SEXY-NESHA/108621549178112

Sexy Nesha may hold a desk job in the corporate world, but she leads a double life. During the evening you'll find her attending a variety of high-profile parties as she strives to advance her modeling career, which thankfully embraces posing in the nude.

"I'm very comfortable being naked," admits the ardent networker, who left northern California to pursue her dreams in Las Vegas. "Besides that, I also enjoy being a tease."

We can easily see why Nesha drives men and women crazy! With striking features that reflect her Filipino, Spanish and Creole heritage, the uninhibited model and aspiring actress is absolutely irresistible.

So is her cooking. Whoever drops by Nesha's place is in for a treat. "I love to cook and, of course, eat!" she exclaims. "I just have a hard time deciding whether it'll be Mexican, Italian or Thai food! One of my favorite things is having members of my family over and cooking for them."

Nesha has other highly varied interests, which range from the mundane to the profane. "I'm really into landmarks and history," she says. "But on a more basic level, I love the beach and just hanging out, soaking up the sun. In terms of the sexes, I like men who smell good and are not only spontaneous but also great conversationalists. Womenwise, I'm really into a sexy pair of lips, a choice butt and nice boobs."

When it comes to getting down and dirty, Nesha has an even heartier appetite than she does at mealtime. "Sixty-nine is my favorite," the hottie emphatically informs us. "But I also like to have sex standing up."

Well, you've certainly got *us* standing at attention, Nesha!

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 THOMAS SPARKS

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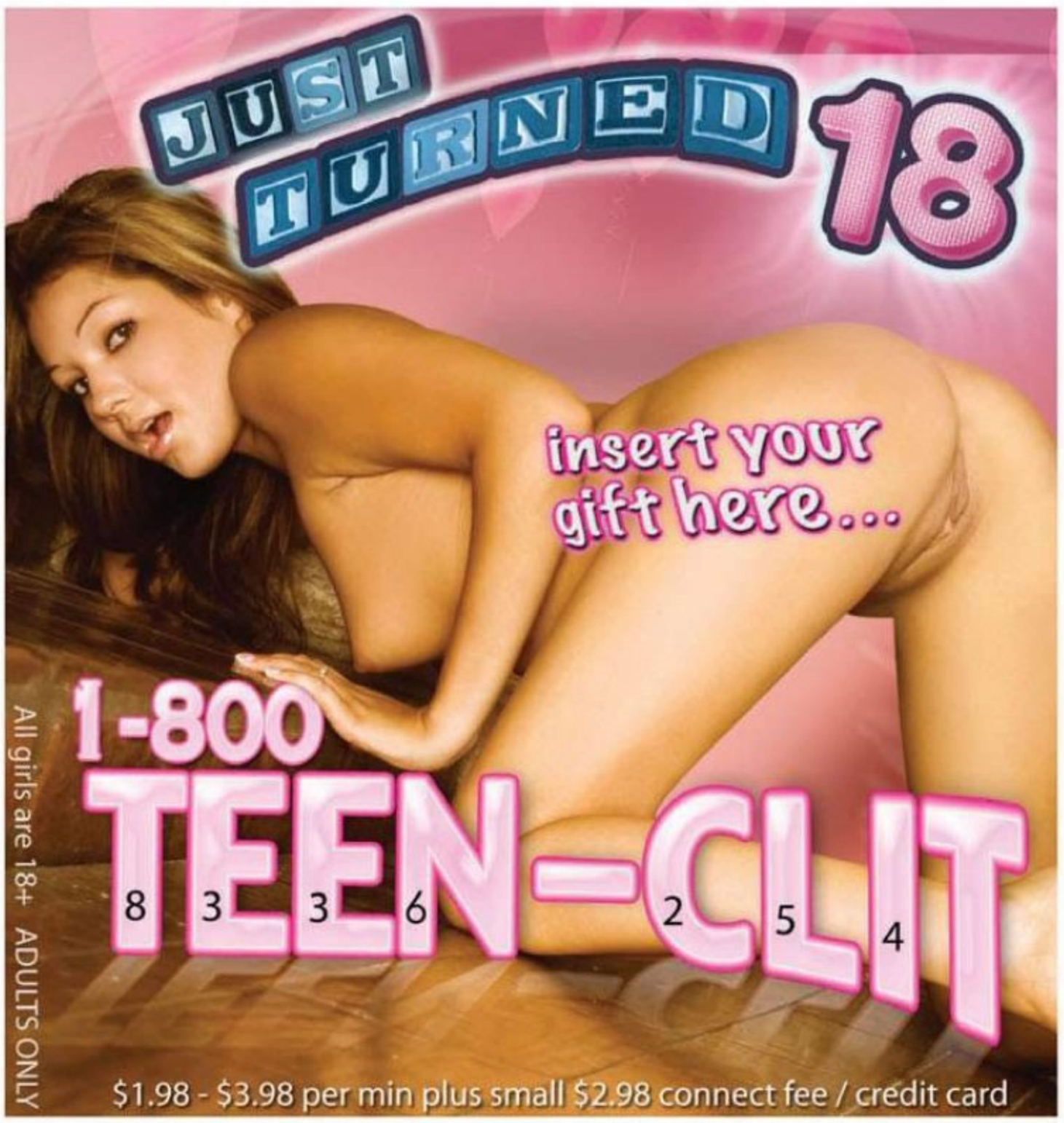
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BY JOEY BERUMEN

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

WILL DREAMS BE DASHED?

A HISPANIC STUDENT HOLDS A LEADERSHIP POSITION AT **FRESNO STATE**, JUST NOT THE PROPER PAPERWORK.

The student body president at California State University, Fresno recently made an announcement that was met with mixed emotions on campus and generated newspaper headlines nationwide. Thanks to an anonymous tip sent to *The Collegian*—the school's newspaper—Pedro Ramirez, 22, admitted that he is an undocumented immigrant.

Born in Mexico, Ramirez has resided in the United States since entering the country with his family as a toddler. The Fresno State senior said he didn't know his immigration status until after graduating from high school, when his parents informed him. Seeking to further his education, Ramirez enrolled at Fresno State in accordance with Assembly Bill 540. This controversial law allows illegal immigrants who have attended a California high school for at least three years to pay in-state tuition at public colleges.

"For me, it's an emotional issue," Ramirez said in an interview with *The Collegian*. "Not a lot of people know that I am undocumented. A lot of people I go to class with—students, faculty, staff and staff administrators—think I'm a normal student."

Following his election as president of Associated Students Inc., the political science and agricultural economics major reportedly told campus administrators that he was concerned about going public with his secret and did not want to be untruthful on documents. He therefore agreed to accept the position but waived the $9,000-a-year pay.

While aware of the precarious situation he is in, Ramirez has no intention of stepping down or letting his immigration status keep him from doing his job.

Meanwhile, his startling confession has led to a surge of debate and demonstrations. While supporters have branded Ramirez as a living example of the American Dream, opponents are scratching their heads, wondering if allowing an undocumented student to retain his position as ASI president is the best decision and how this happened at all.

"All I know is that this illegal-immigrant issue is getting out of control, and I'm Hispanic," scoffed Fresno State student Alex Ferreira. "I think Pedro needs to be sent back to his original country. It's not personal, but if we grant [Ramirez] an exception, then we have to grant [an exception to] every other person who's been lucky enough to evade the authorities for a long time as well. I think Pedro's case is staggering. It shows how lax our schools can be when it comes to verifying who we say we are."

Christopher Chavez, president of the California State Student Association, believes the issue is not Ramirez himself—whom he fervently supports—but immigration legislation altogether. "Pedro's situation underscores the need for Congress to pass the DREAM Act [Development, Relief and Education for Alien Minors Act]," Chavez declared. "These residents have grown to become responsible, educated and productive members of our communities. We cannot afford to reject bright individuals who possess the drive to become the teachers, doctors and engineers needed for this 21st-century economy."

If passed by Congress, the DREAM Act would give immigrants who entered the United States illegally as minors the opportunity to earn their citizenship in two ways. If they have been in the country for more than five years, they must either complete two years of military service or two years at a four-year institution of higher learning.

Brian Felix, a student worker at Fresno State's Communications Office, backs Ramirez and wants a call to action. "If [immigrants] have the initiative to do well in high school, graduate and even get into college or even want to enlist in the military," Felix commented, "why can't they? Life, especially higher education, is a competition, so if you snooze, you lose."

In the wake of Ramirez's confession, many other students have decided to come out with secrets of their own. One of the most prominent is University of California, Santa Barbara student Aurea Martinez, the UCSB Student Association's campus organizing director. "I am illegal," Martinez admitted, "and Pedro is really inspiring. His story makes us believe we can do anything. People still don't get it—we can do so much given the opportunity."

With an estimated 4 million children born to illegal immigrants on U.S. soil, according to the Pew Hispanic Center, it seems as if it is only a matter of time before the DREAM Act passes. If it doesn't, for many undocumented immigrants—perhaps even a student leader like Pedro Martinez—the American Dream will become a shattered dream.

These residents have grown to become responsible, educated and productive members of our communities. We cannot afford to reject bright individuals who possess the drive to become the teachers, doctors and engineers needed for this 21st-century economy

Joey Berumen of Whittier, California, is editor in chief of the Cerritos College student newspaper *Talon Marks.* The second-year journalism major is also a contributing writer for *Hollywood Scriptwriter* magazine.

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.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

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.

DANIELLE

FLORIDA ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY

When Danielle Sabrina isn't preoccupied with her studies, you may find her basking on a beach or having lots of "dirty, sexy sex." As you can see, the FAU senior—who's majoring in graphic design and fashion with minors in communications and journalism—also favors posing nude.

"I don't have too many boundaries," the 25-year-old admits. "I think that says a lot about me. I'm super kinky, but I'll let your mind wander around with that."

Looking back, she recalls, "High school was a bit of a blur. Seriously, who thought it would be a good idea to teach essential information for life at 7 a.m.?"

But even as a teenager, Danielle had no intent to become a slacker or apathetic American. Instead, she learned all about being a humanitarian. "I'm big on volunteering," Danielle tells us. "One of the organizations I work with is the [United Nations] World Food Programme, which fights global hunger."

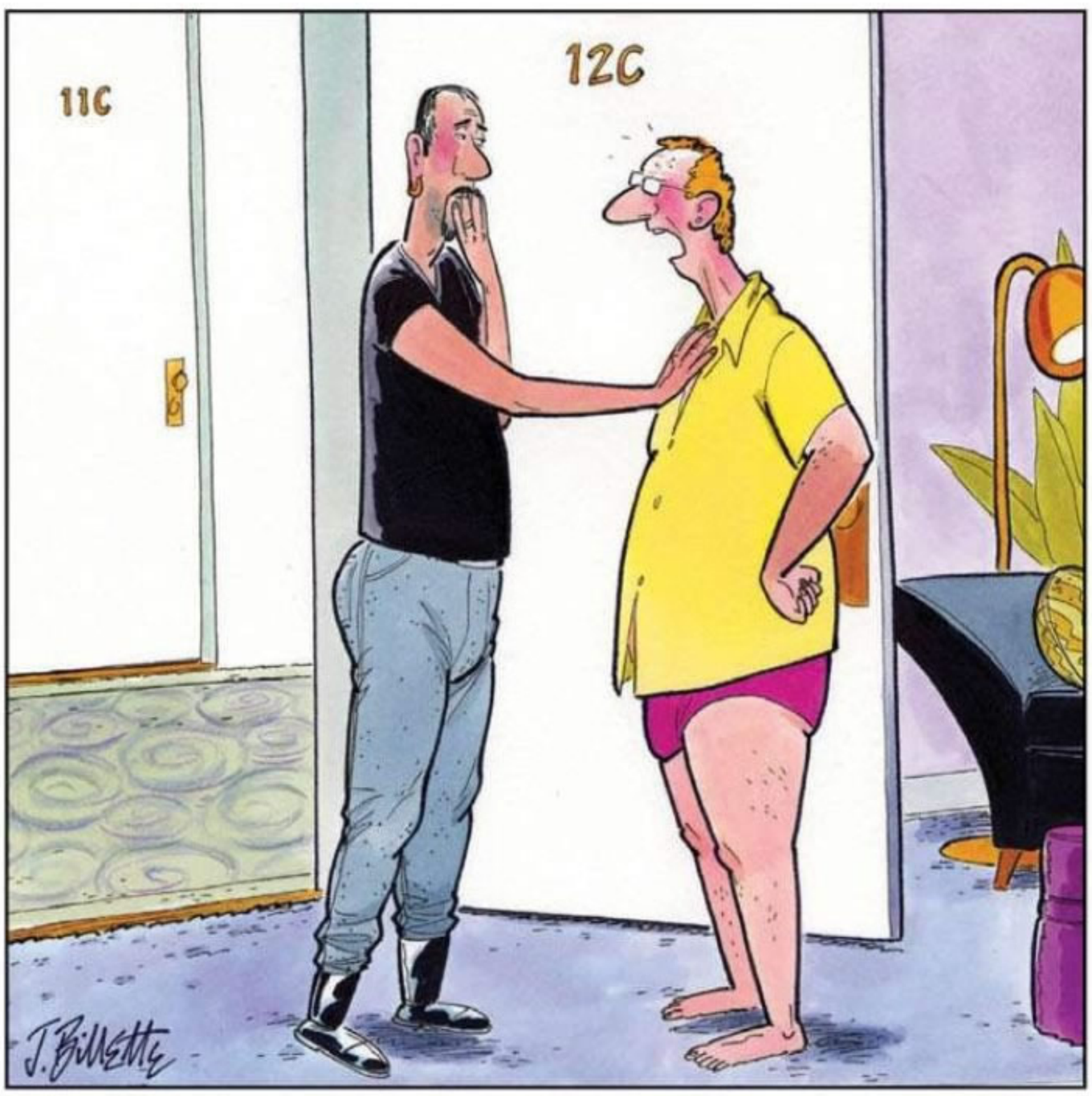
However, charitable causes are just one facet of the compassionate coed's extracurricular activities. "My interests are many. I love reading, writing, cooking, eating, playing video games, sports and designing. I'm grateful for everything in my life."

Of course, there's also sex. "I like more exotic looks," Danielle specifies. "And you have to be huggable. When it comes to personality, funny, sweet and secure works for me."

And don't forget kinky! "My significant other made me his sex slave for a day recently," Danielle confides. "We played with latex, ropes, whips and other fun stuff. It was amazing." So is Danielle Sabrina.

PHOTOS BY ANDREW EINHORN AND LESTER SPRINGSTUN

"I have a Second Amendment remedy for a wife who won't give blowjobs."



"We haven't been married three months and you come home with butthole on your breath!"

(continued from page 44)

bailout was to buy toxic assets weighing down banks' balance sheets. On February 5, 2009, Elizabeth Warren—chairperson of the Congressional Oversight Panel—told the Senate Banking Committee that our government had paid over $250 billion for $175 billion worth of assets. Nothing like taking a sucker for over $75 billion.

When it was Obama's turn to dispense bailout money, he recruited two pivotal figures. To direct the National Economic Council, he named Larry Summers, who, while serving as Clinton's Treasury secretary, was instrumental in getting Glass-Steagall revoked. Obama's choice for Treasury secretary was Timothy Geithner. The one-time Summers protégé previously headed the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which was in the thick of the action even before the bailout plan was enacted. Summers and Geithner were never going to allow their Wall Street friends to fend for themselves.

President Obama's "heroic stand" against the banks with his Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act was nothing more than a publicity stunt. With the anger of the American people at a boil, Obama the Politician needed to make people think he was taking the necessary steps to ensure that this country would never again experience an economic meltdown. Obama had to make people think he was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

As Matt Taibbi explained in the August 6, 2010, edition of *Rolling Stone*, the Reform and Consumer Protection Act doesn't even address the main problems that were created with the repeal of Glass-Steagall. Commercial banks and investment banks are still tied together, the firms are still "too big to fail," the Wall Street cartel wasn't dismantled, and political power remains in the hands of the financial elite. So when the corporate media crow at this "great" achievement—Obama's Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act—just realize you're being fed the same bullshit they have been shoveling since this country was founded.

Perennial Presidential hopeful Ralph Nader was right when he opined in 2008, "There's only one thing different about Barack Obama when it comes to being a Democratic Presidential candidate. He's half African-American." In dire times, true men of character are needed. Franklin D. Roosevelt was one. Barack Obama isn't.

Despite the overwhelming difficulty for middle-class Americans, most Wall Street firms made record profits in 2009. Business as usual.

After attending the University of Missouri, Tyler Downey moved to Los Angeles to follow his dream of becoming a journalist. During a stint at HUSTLER he wrote articles on the Bankruptcy Bill, Obama Girl and other topics. Now back home in the Show-Me State, Downey—a big football fan and brand-new father—continues to write while "waiting hopefully for Dick Cheney's final, fatal heart attack."

HUSTLER EXCLUSIVE

LORENNA FOXX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIDKPHOTO.COM

BEAVER HUNT DISCOVERY

I am the happiest girl in America to have this opportunity," proclaims **Lorenna Foxx**, an Ohio waitress who made our January '11 *Beaver Hunt* roundup even more appetizing. "I spent my teenage years having my sister and close friends take all kinds of pictures of me. Mind you, I never got naked, but I was constantly thinking, *When am I gonna be a star, and how will I ever get there?* Now I'm a full-fledged model in my absolute favorite magazine!"

Lorenna is sure to be a HUSTLER fave and not just because she's so scrumptious and lives in the same state where Larry Flynt got the idea to display women's genitalia. "I am a sexy country gal with a hungry hot pocket," she chirps. "That's what I call my vagina. My clitoris is so sensitive, I have a sex attack every time it gets turned on. I wish I could have that feeling for every sec of my life. It blows me away."

Lorenna will blow you away when she spouts, "My biggest pleasure is 69. I have an amazing talent. I can take a huge cock all the way in my throat without gagging, and I love swallowing every drop that shoots out."

Yes, **Lorenna** has the bravura of a porn star, but deep inside she's just a homespun, albeit bisexual, girl next door. "I'm very goofy, and I love to make people laugh. I eat healthy, I run a lot to stay in shape, and when it comes to relationships, I am very loyal. I won't ever cheat or lie."

Those are common themes in **Lorenna**'s favorite brand of music, country. "I really adore Taylor Swift," the sweetheart coos. But she also digs a male crooner who triggered one of her most precious memories: "I saw Brad Paisley in concert and had a blast. Bought his shirt, took it home and wore it when I did the dirty."

LORENNA FOXX'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Ashtabula, Ohio | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 100

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Girls in the **Hood**: Kristina Rose (above) and Lexi Belle grow up fast.*

Red Riding Hood XXX

MILE HIGH/TRIPLE X PARODY. DIRECTOR: ASHLYNN BROOKE. STARRING: LEXI BELLE, JUELZ VENTURA, CAROLYN REESE, KRISTINA ROSE, MAGDALENE ST. MICHAELS, ANTHONY ROSANO, JAMES FRANKO & DANNY MOUNTAIN.

"Little Red Riding Hood" was always more than just a fairy tale about a little girl and a scary wolf. Leave it to Ashlynn Brooke to make the story's sexual metaphors as literal as humanly possible. Before you start stroking at the mere mention of the bosomy Oklahoman, we should tell you this is her directorial debut. That means Ashlynn is *behind* the camera, but the darling Lexi Belle in the title role—so sweet you'll want to eat her—adequately makes up for Ms. Brooke's absence. This little slice of costume porn is alternately cute and creepy as Lexi runs into the horny wolf and his sadistic assistant (Juelz Ventura) in a real forest. (Gotta love adventure sex.) Next, Juelz heads off to Red's grandmother (fiery cougar Magdalene St. Michaels) and uses her wiles to tickle the old gal's inner lesbian. It's a great scene, but Lexi tops it by taming the wolf in Grandma's bed. As if that weren't enough, director Brooke tacks on a generous coda featuring Kristina Rose as the sexually awakened Slutty Red Riding Hood. Sweet dreams. ***—M.J.***

Dangerous *when wet: Chanel Preston, Jenaveve Jolie and Abella Anderson get their brakes stuck.*

Dangerous Curves

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: CHANEL PRESTON, ABELLA ANDERSON, JENAVEVE JOLIE, RACHEL STARR, GINA LYNN, TONI RIBAS, MARCO BANDERAS, BEN ENGLISH, JAMES DEEN & JULES JORDAN.

Once you get over the fact that this is not a movie about a typical Saturday night on the Hollywood Freeway, you'll settle for something that ends a lot more happily: Chanel Preston getting it in the tailpipe in her first on-screen ass-fucking. Chanel has the kind of tight ass perched on a pair of long slender legs that you can hear begging for cock. (That voice is just your imagination, of course, but porn does not judge.) This disc's second-best reason to throttle your stick shift is miniature Cuban cutie Abella Anderson, who gets reamed by company honcho Jules Jordan himself in a suite high over Miami Beach. This scene perfectly illustrates why you should have put that 401(k) money into starting your own porn outfit. You'll be pumped dry after watching Abella and Chanel, but next time you rev up, save some gas for the even-curvier models: Rachel Starr and Gina Lynn boast fine engineering, and Mexican doll Jenaveve Jolie comes equipped with upholstery and air bags that will make you want to take her out to the country and really open her up. Live fast, even if you're too old to die young.

—M.J.

*Sarah Shevon and Lily LeBeau (below) feed their inner **Pervert**.*

Pervert

LFP VIDEO/PARIS ON THE PRAIRIE. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: LILY LEBEAU, SAMANTHA RYAN, KRISSY LYNN, SARAH SHEVON, BOBBI STARR, OTTO BAUER, DERRICK PIERCE, ERIC SWISS & ANTHONY ROSANO.

Pervert starts out with an old chestnut that dates back to the stag flicks of the silent-movie era: a Peeping Tom spying on a girl (updated to include the peeper's new friend, the iPhone). It's an appropriate beginning to Paul Thomas's murky exploration of the age-old kinks in human behavior. His hero is a regular middle-class guy (played by Otto Bauer) living a life of submission. The guy's dom wife forces a girl to run on a treadmill as she blows her hubby, then forces him into a DP ass-to-mouth session with herself and the girl. Marriages are like that sometimes. By the way, that mayhem was just for starters. This disc features plenty of creepy, fetishy fun with torn stockings, obligatory orgies and steamy psychoanalysis. Freud was right: People *are* fucked up when it comes to sex. Thomas's films get weirder as they go along, so expect plenty of sweaty flesh and a mysterious ending that'll have you rewinding to figure out what the hell it all means. **—M.J.**

***Tit** for tat: Mason Moore, Angelina Valentine, London Keyes and Amber Ashlee (below) play dirty.*

Big Tit Perverts

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT/SUNLUST PICTURES. DIRECTOR: SUNNY LEONE. STARRING: TORY LANE, MASON MOORE, LONDON KEYES, AMBER ASHLEE, CHARLEY CHASE, PHOENIX MARIE, ANGELINA VALENTINE, MARCUS LONDON, TOMMY GUNN, ALEC KNIGHT, TONY DE SERGIO & EVAN STONE.

Is it just us, or are porn titles losing their mystery? To its credit, *Big Tit Perverts* doesn't promise anything that it can't deliver (as long as your definition of *pervert* is fucking anyone who walks into the room). Porn beauty Sunny Leone directed this disc and, unfortunately, she's learned the churn-'em-out motto: Keep it easy, keep it sleazy. But what this one lacks in originality, it makes up for in plenty of cum-catching boobflesh. (Charley Chase's chest might even be real, but we've been fooled before.) Tory Lane gets our standout vote for no particular reason other than personal preference. (That's called honest reviewing.) We'd also be happy to watch Asian sweetheart London Keyes finger herself any day of the week. Again, personal preference. Your results may vary. And Sunny, if you're reading this, you're right: Who are *we* calling sleazy? ***—M.J.***

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV

*Fuck 'er, Danno: Nicole Ray gets strip-searched in **This Ain't Hawaii Five-0 XXX**.*

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

*Who's **Stranger**? Angelica Raven lubes up (above) while Savanna Samson conquers Kimberly Kane (right).*

Beautiful Stranger

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: KIMBERLY KANE. STARRING: SAVANNA SAMSON, KIMBERLY KANE, KRISTINA ROSE, BOBBI STARR, ANGELICA RAVEN, AIDEN STARR, ANTHONY ROSANO, DENIS MARTI, ALEC KNIGHT & MR. PETE.

Kimberly Kane's directorial debut for Vivid is like a manifesto for what used to be called alt-porn: Keep it bleak, trashy and narcissistic—and full of sex in cold, uncomfortable places. *Beautiful Stranger*, a blend of character study and desperate fuck flick, is above average for the genre. Playing a voyeur obsessed with a local street hooker (Savanna Samson), the lanky, lovely Kane spies on her beloved as the hussy plies her trade in cars, basements and the occasional staircase. Kane's thoughts stray to other girls as well: giving us a peek at Kristina Rose in an eat-out session with Bobbi Starr and a prime bout of anal theatrics with a lipsticky Angelica Raven. (True to the spirit of self-obsession, the latter scene starts on a mirror.) The unhinged tale wraps up with a great self-fingering scene as Kane conjures her pussy-on-pussy fantasy with Samson. Director Kane injects her movie with a personal vision without forfeiting its raw-smut potential, and the lady has mastered the art of rolling back her eyes as she comes. Kimberly Kane's our kind of creepy chick. ***—M.J.***

Introducing the Russo Twins

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: TATI RUSSO, TAYLOR RUSSO, HALIE JAMES, CELESTE STAR, BILL BAILEY, BARRY SCOTT, TOMMY GUNN, JOHNNY SINS & JERRY.

Identical twins are on every guy's to-do-before-I-die list, but the odds of it actually happening are probably longer than winning Lotto. Lucky for you, the odds of born-alikes going into porn are a lot better, especially when (as the interview segments reveal) the bad one talks the good one into it. (Anything's better than leading separate lives, apparently.) The two Russian-Americans have loads of girlish charm and a beguiling, knowing look in their eyes. (Murky past, anyone?) The Russos' debut fuck-flick (which is a little cheesier than it needed to be) features Tati and Taylor sexing it up in stereo, with the occasional hand-holding and cuddling. They're not allowed to kiss or lick identical pussies, in deference to incest laws, but the threesome scene features the siblings blurring the boundaries pretty effectively. The Russos make a charming combo, with a nice mix of slutty abandon and awkward nervousness (especially in the all-girl scene, since they claim they're not bisexual). Watch this movie, cross twin sex off your list and move on to hitting Lotto.

—M.J.

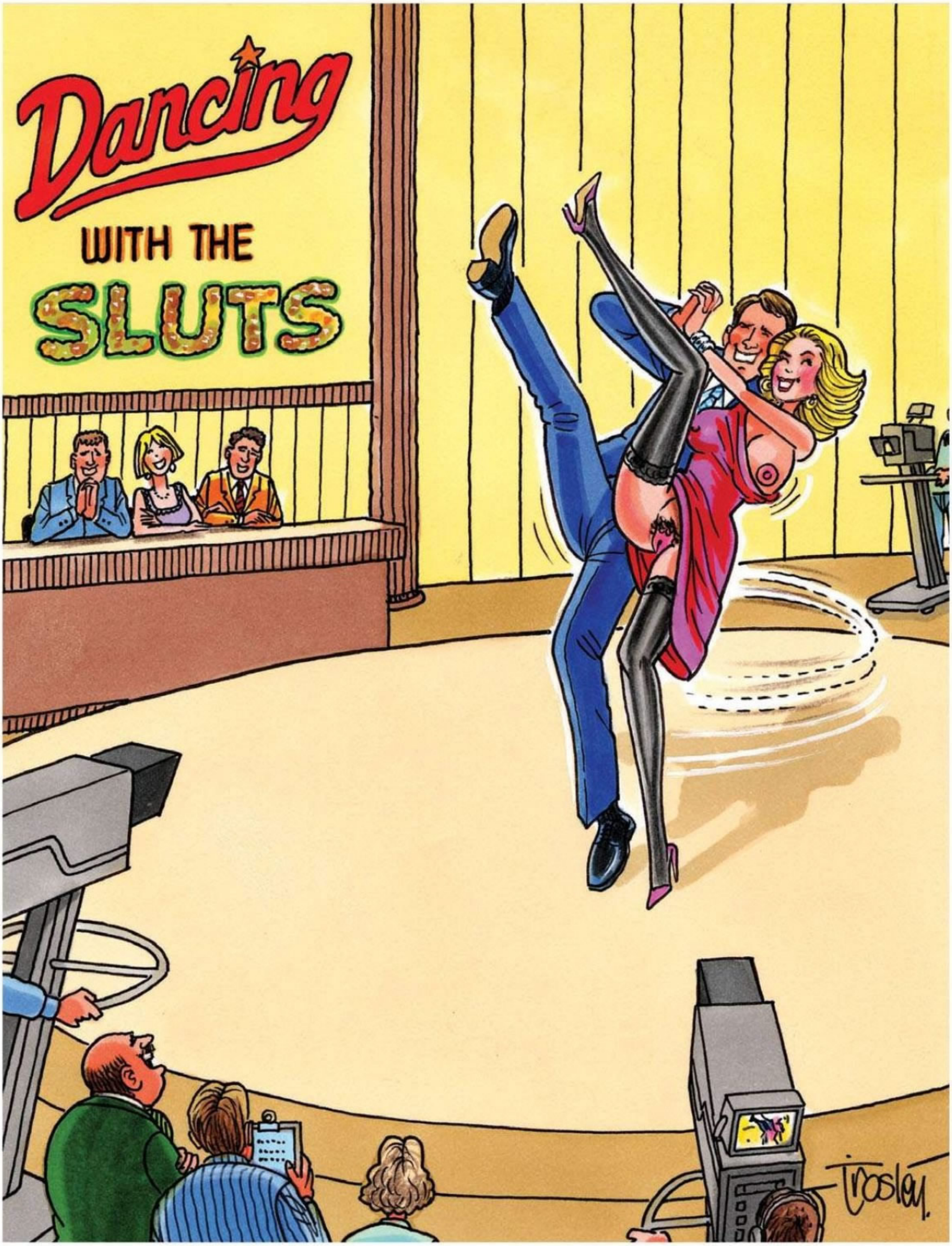
Alexis Texas *gets* ***Superstar*** *support from Misty Stone and Andy San Dimas.*

Alexis Texas Superstar

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ALEXIS TEXAS, ANDY SAN DIMAS, MISTY STONE, MR. PETE, ALEC KNIGHT & JAMES DEEN.

This is the second installment of HUSTLER's new showcase of hard-core's A-list. Alexis Texas is famous for having one of the greatest asses in porn, and scene one begins with the beautiful, coffee-colored Misty Stone licking it. We could end our review right here and hand out a fully erect rating, but in case you're not sold yet, read on. After the opener's great booty-off, the superstar filly gets ridden hard and put away wet for three more scenes, including a threesome with tramp-stamp brunette Andy San Dimas that allows Alexis to show her lingual proficiency. After that, she offers up those luxury cushions of hers for a construction-job fantasy (the gal's a fan of the working man) and a pounding in the kitchen (she's a traditional girl at heart too). This whackfest isn't all that inventive or classy, and Alexis doesn't even get fucked in the ass, but she banks on the classic must-give-her-my-seed look that most of us ball carriers are somehow programmed to drool over. It's hard to argue with nature, so don't. Order *Alexis Texas Superstar* on page 140.

—M.J.



"Brilliant fuckin' concept!"

NOT MARRIED WITH CHILDREN XXX 2

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY ALL MEDIA PLAY

In the ’80s and ’90s, America couldn’t get enough of the Bundy family. Each week on ***Married With Children*** perpetually grumpy Al, his curvaceous wife Peg, their aimless son Bud and their sexually adventurous daughter Kelly amused us with their antics.

Now LFP has released a second parody of life in the Bundy house. As with the previous installment (*Not Married With Children XXX*, 2009), the latest edition offers a lot more hard-core sex than you’ll ever see on the Fox network. In this episode, our sexually depraved Bundy doppelgängers have won the lottery, and their good fortune ignites a suburban sextravaganza.

Peg (**Brittany O’Connell**) still can’t entice Al (**Eric Swiss**) into the bedroom, so she has to satisfy herself, and years of practice have made her a virtuoso performer.

Having some cash in his pocket for the first time helps Bud (**Dane Cross**) lure a hot chick (**Faye Reagan**) onto the family couch, while Kelly (**Kagney Linn Karter**), who doesn’t even *need* coin to attract guys, sneaks a dude up to her bedroom for a secret fuck session.

Just the smell of money next door gets neighbor Marcy (**India Summer**) whipped into a sexual frenzy, and her husband Steve (**Dino Bravo**) reaps the benefits. Meanwhile, shoe salesman Al, having slipped a size 6 heel onto a hot customer (**Madelyn Marie**) at the store, has a wild fantasy about slipping her a little something more.

The Bundys may end up broke again, but when there’s this much smoldering action to go around, does money really matter?

Not Married With Children XXX #2 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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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

ASHLYNN

Ada, Oklahoma, is the birthplace of evangelist Oral Roberts, but that's not the reason we've allotted this denizen the opening berth of HUSTLER's longest-running amateur showcase. AshLynn is an adorable Native American who commands attention in every sense of the word, plus she'll be turning 21 in May. "I'm wild, freaky and into trying new thangs," the 5-foot-3 dancing, country music and hip-hop worshiper fesses up in a Sooner State twang that can win an hombre's heart even before she shucks her duds. "I'm a stripper, so adding nude modeling to my to-do list was a piece of cake." As a piece of ass, AshLynn sparkles: "First I'm down for some oral, then either riding a dick or fucking doggy-style or while lying on my side." But she does draw the line: "I've never tried anal, but I love having my back hole licked and gently fingered. And I'll let guys pop a load on me. I wanna know the sex was good for them too." Now y'all know why AshLynn came first this month. —Photos by Friend

KUSH

"I can't believe that I got approved to be in your magazine," marvels this 20-year-old topless dancer from Waco, Texas, who apparently hasn't faced a mirror lately. But having sent us nude pics "so lots of people could see what I'm not allowed to show at work," Kush is most obliging when asked to talk about herself. "I'm confident, clever and honest," the 5-foot-7 single gal touts. "I have a good sense of humor, and I'm down-to-earth. I enjoy playing softball, listening to all kinds of music and watching TV. My favorite shows are *The Oblongs*, *Squidbillies*, *CSI* and anything on Spike or the Discovery Channel." And now for risqué disclosures. "I'm a straight and passionate lover," Kush avows. "I make sure *all* areas are covered. I love having my pussy ate out, and my favorite positions are from behind and with my legs on the guy's shoulders." With a mane cascading far below *her* shoulders, it's no surprise that the Rapunzelesque sweetie also points out, "I think my best feature is my hair." As for her erogenous follicles, the "occasional wanker" scoffs, "I do not shave my pussy all the time because I hate razor bumps." Not to mention coitus interruptus. "I've had sex in a few parks and a lot of cars," Kush explains, "but the first time sucked. Some people saw me and my dude in the act and started rocking the car." Now that she's been welcomed here, Kush is getting bolder: "I've never streaked, but I'd like to be naked at a beach in the Bahamas. And I want to have sex on an airplane." TSA screeners will be clawing each other to pat down Kush when she reaches the security checkpoint. —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"My most down-to-earth sexual fantasy is to have me a romantic night with roses, candles, whipped cream, foreplay and a lot of great sex."

ANGEL ROXX

"I have the most amazing orgasms when a guy sticks a finger up my ass."

"There is nothing better to show off than your own body, so why not do it for the top magazine?" reckons this 36-year-old out of Akron, Ohio, who designs Web sites for rock bands and clubs. Angel Roxx is just as keen on revealing her pastimes. "Besides modeling, I love shopping, social networking, rock concerts, going to strip clubs to watch hot girls and sports, especially football. I'm a tomboy at heart, but I can also be a diva and a freak. I have a gay porn fetish; I love watching hot guys together; it totally turns me on." The 5-foot-9 Cincinnati Bengals fan—whose fave bands are Creed, Papa Roach, Shinedown, Daughtry and Seether—continues, "After an 11-year marriage I feel I am only now discovering my sexuality and power over men, especially younger ones. I am straight but bi-curious. I tend to be aggressive but at the same time sensual and seductive. If a guy and I are platonic friends and I want him, I just need to get naked and turn it on. Now we're friends with benefits." Angel Roxx, who fancies meeting Bengals receiver Chad Ochocinco and illusionist Criss Angel, has even nastier sexual fantasies: "I'd love to have DP action with two men—preferably porn stars Ricky Sinz and Wolf Hudson—and I'd also like to try pegging. You know, butt-fucking a guy with a strap-on!" —Photos by Friend

"I'm very upfront and always horny!"

AYLA

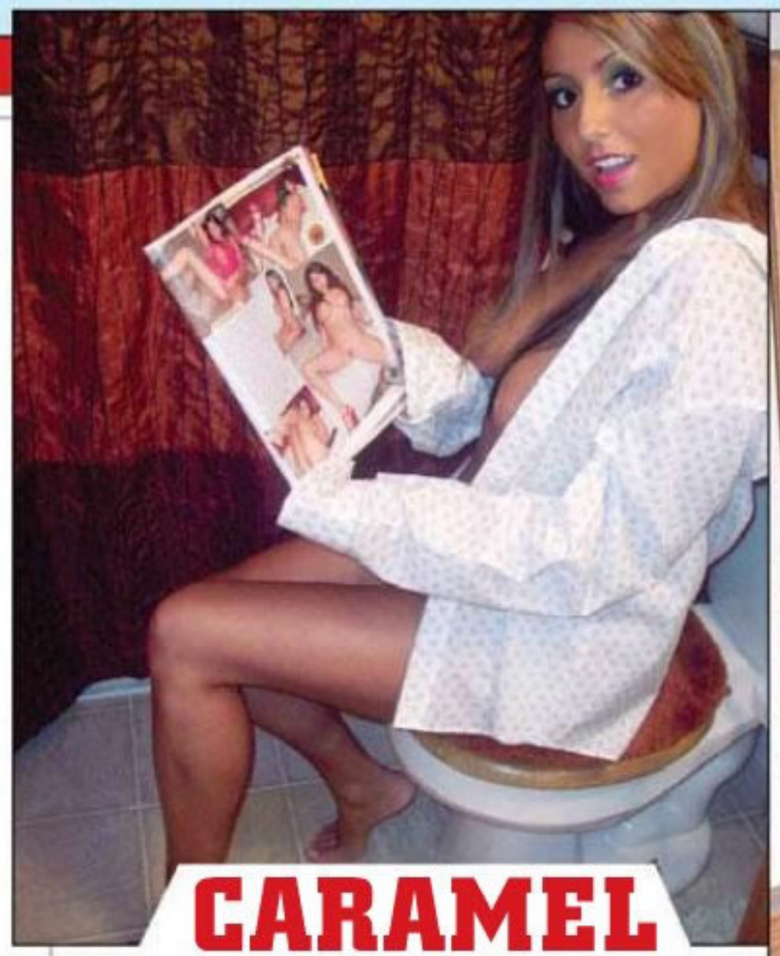
"I have *always* wanted to appear nude in HUSTLER," asserts Ayla, 27, an "outgoing, trustworthy, passionate, opinionated, playful and flirtatious" bartender from Kelowna, Canada. "I have a lot of respect for women who model nude; it shows a huge level of comfort within one's self." The 5-foot-6 British Columbian digs "taking long walks, exercising, pole dancing, rollerblading, camping and watching TV" (primarily *CSI*, *Criminal Minds*, animal programs and MMA donnybrooks), but that's not why her own comfort level is off the charts. "I'm bi-curious and highly sexually active," Ayla confides. "I love to swap positions—I'm quite flexible—but doggy-style and 69 are my favorites. I'm good at deep-throating, and I love having my pussy eaten before getting fucked. Even though I'm usually aggressive, I also like being handcuffed, tied down and thoroughly manhandled. My bedmates often hear 'Choke me, spank me and pull my hair while you come on my face!' I used to do Webcam shows with a guy." No wonder the chesty Canuck's fantasy is so restrained: "I'd love to meet Larry Flynt. We both have the same birthday, November 1." Ayla is awesome, eh? —Photos by Friend

MIA

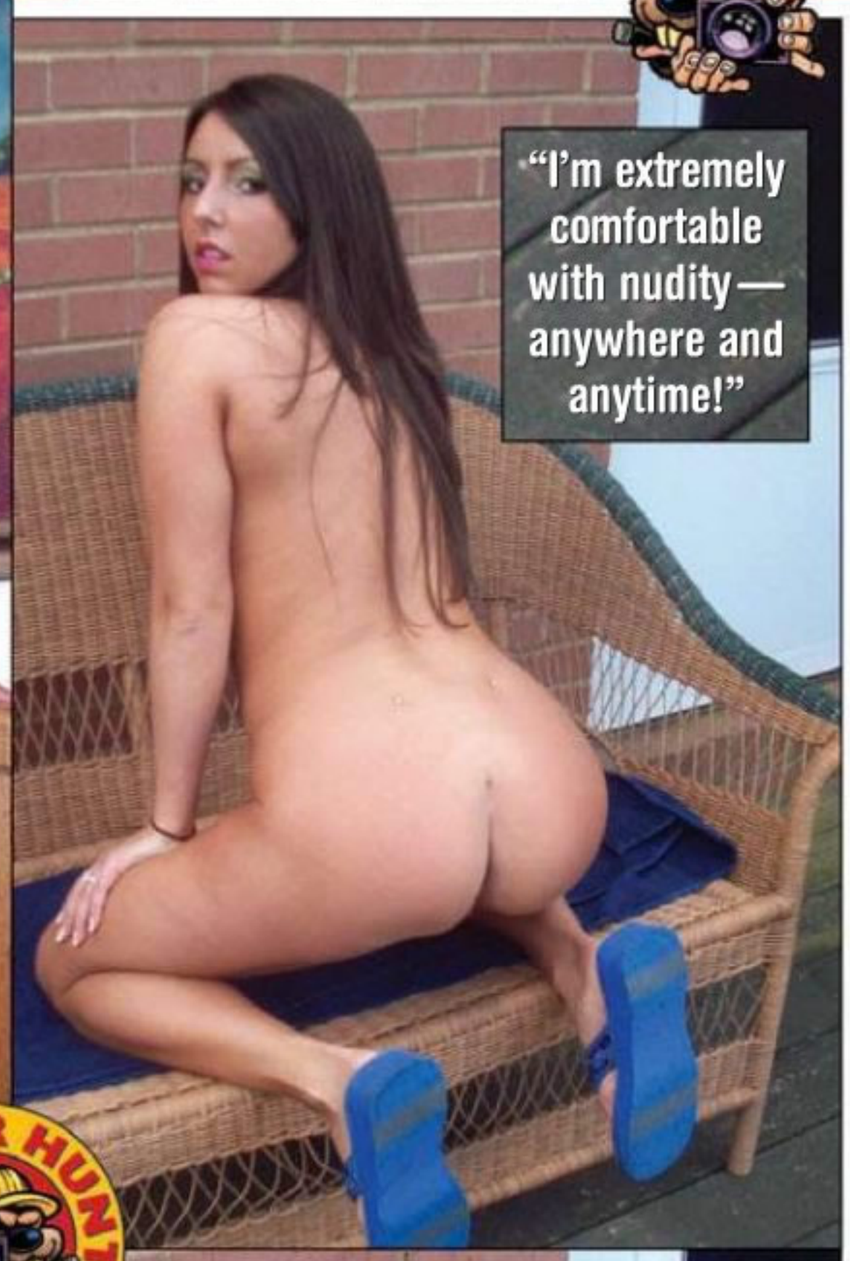
"Lots of people only hear my voice on the phone and probably wonder what I look like," announces Mia, 20, a "very confident" online reservationist from Hilo, Hawaii. "So I thought I'd come out of the woodwork and pose nude for your magazine." Talk about a wonder to behold—and hold! In her spare time the 5-foot-1 Big Islander is an avid beachgoer and shopper, but the fetching feline is also a fantastic amorous companion. "I'm straight, wild and—from what I hear—pretty damn good in bed," Mia exults. "I give great head, but I like getting some before a guy finds out how tight my pussy is." The petite coquette, whose preferred position is doggy-style, is pretty damn kinky too: "I like being tied up and having my hair pulled when I'm fucking, and I liked anal sex the one time I tried it." Mia's ready to try something else: "My fantasy is to have sex on Mauna Loa. I just hope I don't cause an eruption." We assume she means activating the famed volcano. It's inevitable that Mia will induce a flow of hot jism. —Photos by Friend

JOCELYN

"For 20 years I've dreamed about being in *Beaver Hunt*," waxes Jocelyn, 39, a "fun and caring" retail clerk by way of Prattsville, Alabama. "Now that the kids are grown and gone, it's time to catch up on things." Up for a pedal-to-the-metal jezebel? "I've had plenty of threesomes," the 5-foot-1 auto-racing die-hard pipes. "Girls kiss and eat pussy better than a man, but I love me some dick too!" Being behind the wheel is another turn-on: "I love to drive fast. My bumper sticker says, 'Life Starts at 200.' I wish *my* car could do that. Still, I'll race anybody who's game." But Jocelyn always wins when she's on all fours: "I love being fucked from behind so the guy can pull my hair and smack the hell out of my ass while he bangs his cock in and out. If my ass ain't red with handprints, he didn't do a good enough job. And I like to have sex in places other than just the bedroom. It's extra exciting." So is having a slot on this page: "The thought that maybe a few fellas will jerk off to my pictures gets me wet and makes me wanna take a stiff one."—Photos by Ex-Husband



CARAMEL



"I'll try anything once, twice if I like it" is how this "seductive temptress" from Lexington, Kentucky, feels about sprucing up her sex life, but it also applies to Caramel's modeling bent. The "adventurous, unpredictable and hilarious" 23-year-old has shared a second batch of sizzling pics. "I really got off seeing myself in [the Holiday '09] *Beaver Hunt*," coos the curvy 5-footer, whose kicks include partying, singing and boxing. "But I no longer sell cars. I'm working for an overnight shipping company, and just like I do when I'm having sex, I handle small and big packages with care!" Wrapping things up, Caramel adds, "I never got to tell George W. Bush he was a fucking idiot, so here's my new fantasy: having mad sex on a New York street corner during rush hour." Sweet! —Photos by Husband

"I'm extremely comfortable with nudity—anywhere and anytime!"

"Call me the perfect guy's girl. I'm straight, I love sex, I have a tight pussy, and I used to be a cheerleader. I'm very flexible."

MARGIE

"I love hanging at home with nothing on but music," reveals this yummy topless dancer, cosmetologist and "self-confident optimist" from Killeen, Texas. "Downsiid, Nirvana, Linkin Park, Korn and Godsmack are just a smattering of my favorite bands." But Margie, who'll be blowing out 29 birthday candles in May, has a host of other interests: family, friends, movies (*300*, *The Lion King*, *Titanic*), TV (*King of the Hill*, *Robot Chicken*, *All My Children*), shopping, clubbing and "being the life of the party." After seeing her in the altogether and hearing what she toots next, it's hard to believe that the 5-foot-4 Taurus was a tomboy while growing up—just as Larry Flynt himself did—back in Kentucky: "I'm bisexual. I love exploring other women's bodies, but I can't go too long without having a man in my bed. It's empty now—okay, not *every* night—but I have faith that I will finally meet that perfect gentleman who wants just me without any question." Really, could any sane fellow find fault with Margie's self-assessment? "My pussy is very tight, I'm very seductive in bed, I also like rough sex, and I've never had a bad encounter." —Photos by Friend

"When I'm out in public, I love being the girl who turns everyone's head. When I'm nude, I love making guys' peckers stand at attention."

GIANNA

"I love to do new things," hoots Gianna, 22, a salesclerk from Hialeah, Florida, who knows how to properly say hi: wearing zilch. "I just had to show off my big, natural boobs and kitty kat in HUSTLER." Besides "pigging out on pizza," the 5-foot-10 neophyte savors "horseback riding, quad riding and paddling." That last pastime involves a wobbly boat, but there's no denying that Gianna's ass begs to be spanked and that we're introducing a ravenous creature. "I'm straight, and I love sex," Gianna bellows, "especially giving and getting head. My blowjobs are to die for. I also love doggy-style because I have the best orgasms when a cock hits my G spot." Also hitting the spot are these ribald revelations: "On a dare I stripped in a theater during a scary movie, and I'm usually naked when I watch TV. If a guy's with me, I'll give him a slow handjob so I can keep my eyes on the screen." Sporty Gianna, whose fave shows are *Family Guy* and *King of the Hill*, envisions a reverse *Three's Company*: "I want to have sex with two guys at once!" —Photos by Friend

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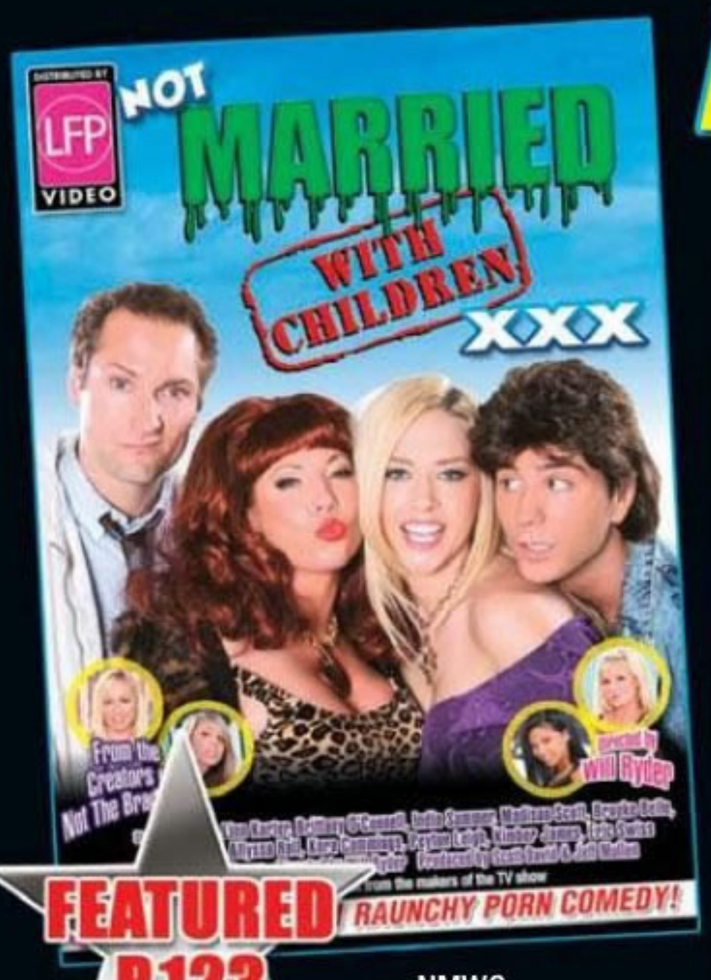

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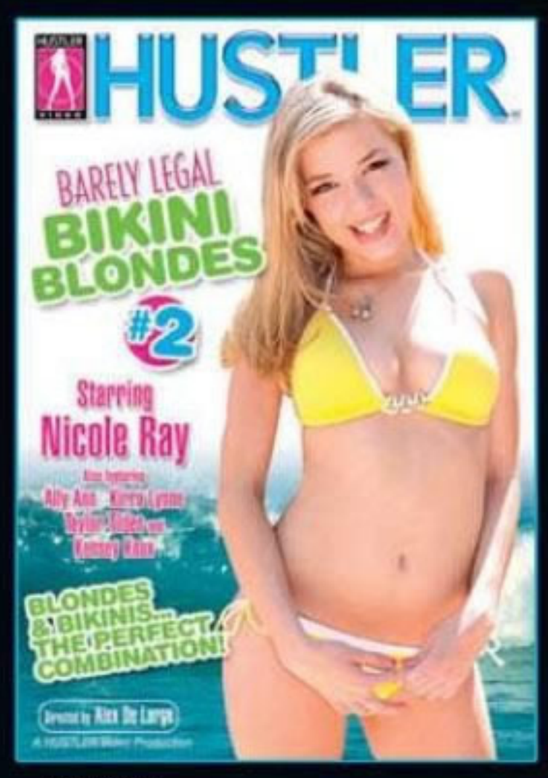

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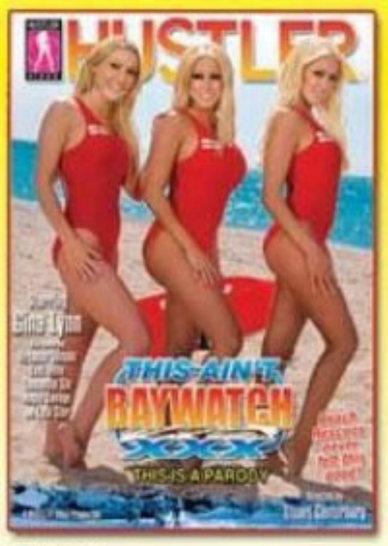

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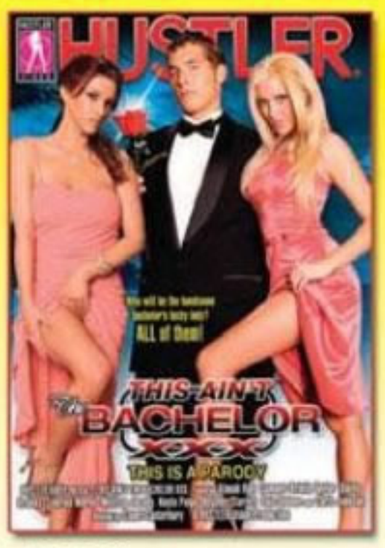

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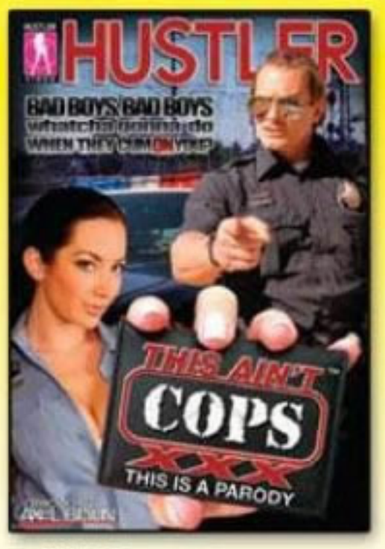

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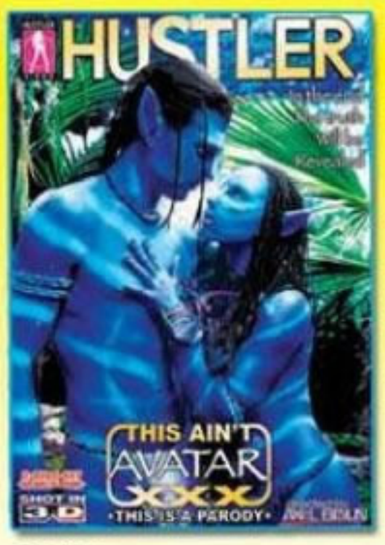

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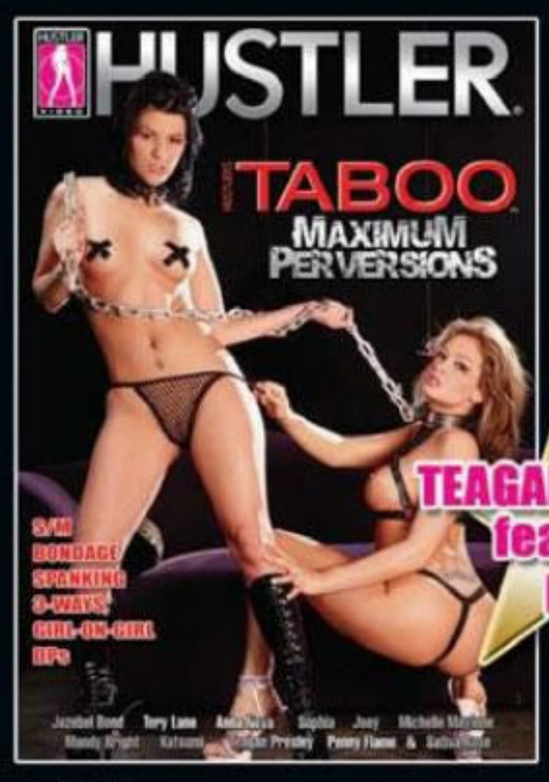

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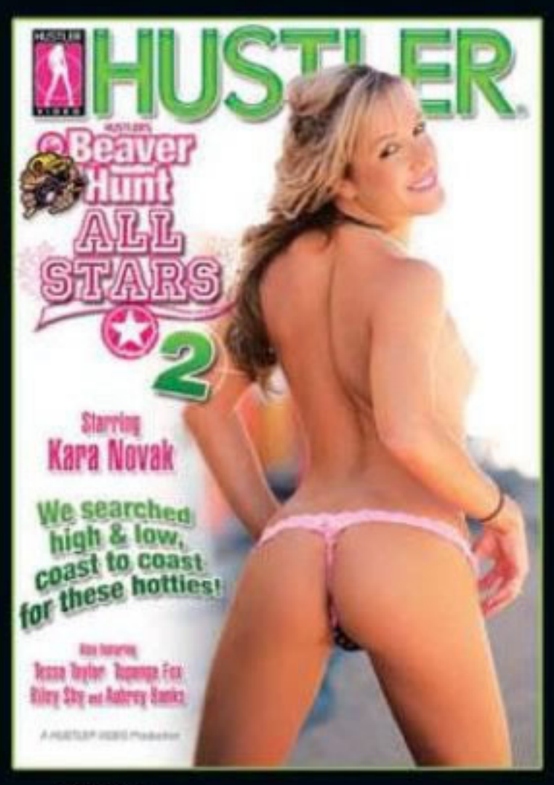

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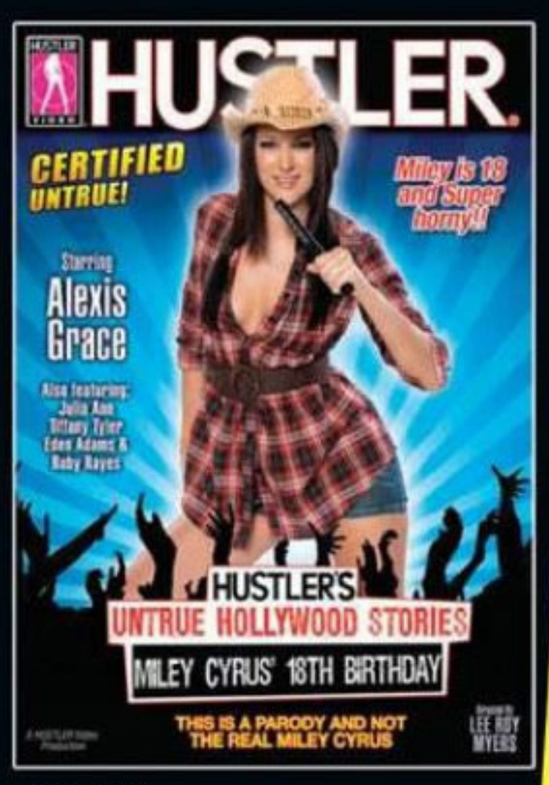

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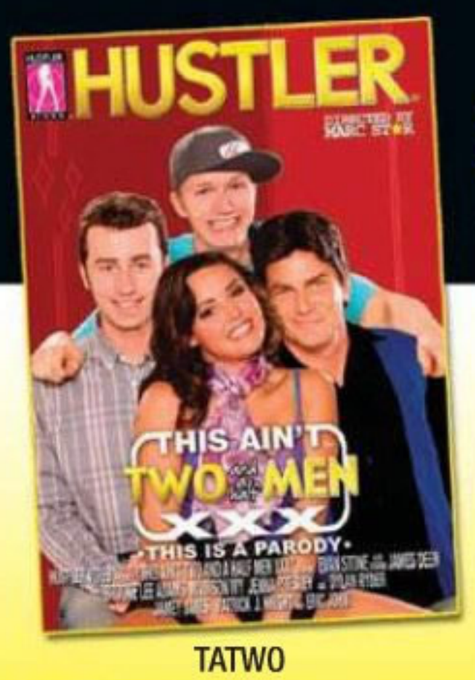

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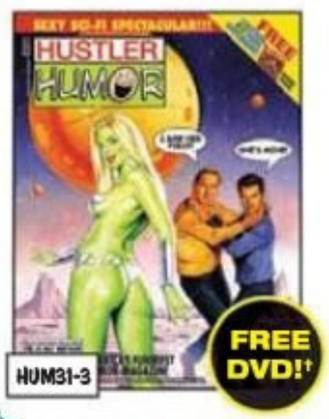

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SOMETHING SWEET

CYNDI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT KLATT

JUNE 1983

HUSTLER CLASSIC

Cyndi's appearance on a recent HUSTLER cover drew such an enthusiastic response from our readers that we couldn't refuse the countless requests to see more of her. But unlike many girls in **Cyndi**'s enviable position, she didn't let the news of her incredible popularity go to her head.

"It's like a dream come true!" exclaimed the 19-year-old legal secretary when we told her she'd been chosen for our centerfold. "I always wanted to be a model, but I didn't think I was the right type."

What is her idea of the "right" type? "I thought models had to be skinny little things who look like they haven't eaten in two weeks," **Cyndi** laughed. If our readers are any indication, **Cyndi** is more than the right type—she's perfect. And **Cyndi**'s honestly sensual personality is a true bonus. In fact, she's as sweet on the inside as what you see on the outside.

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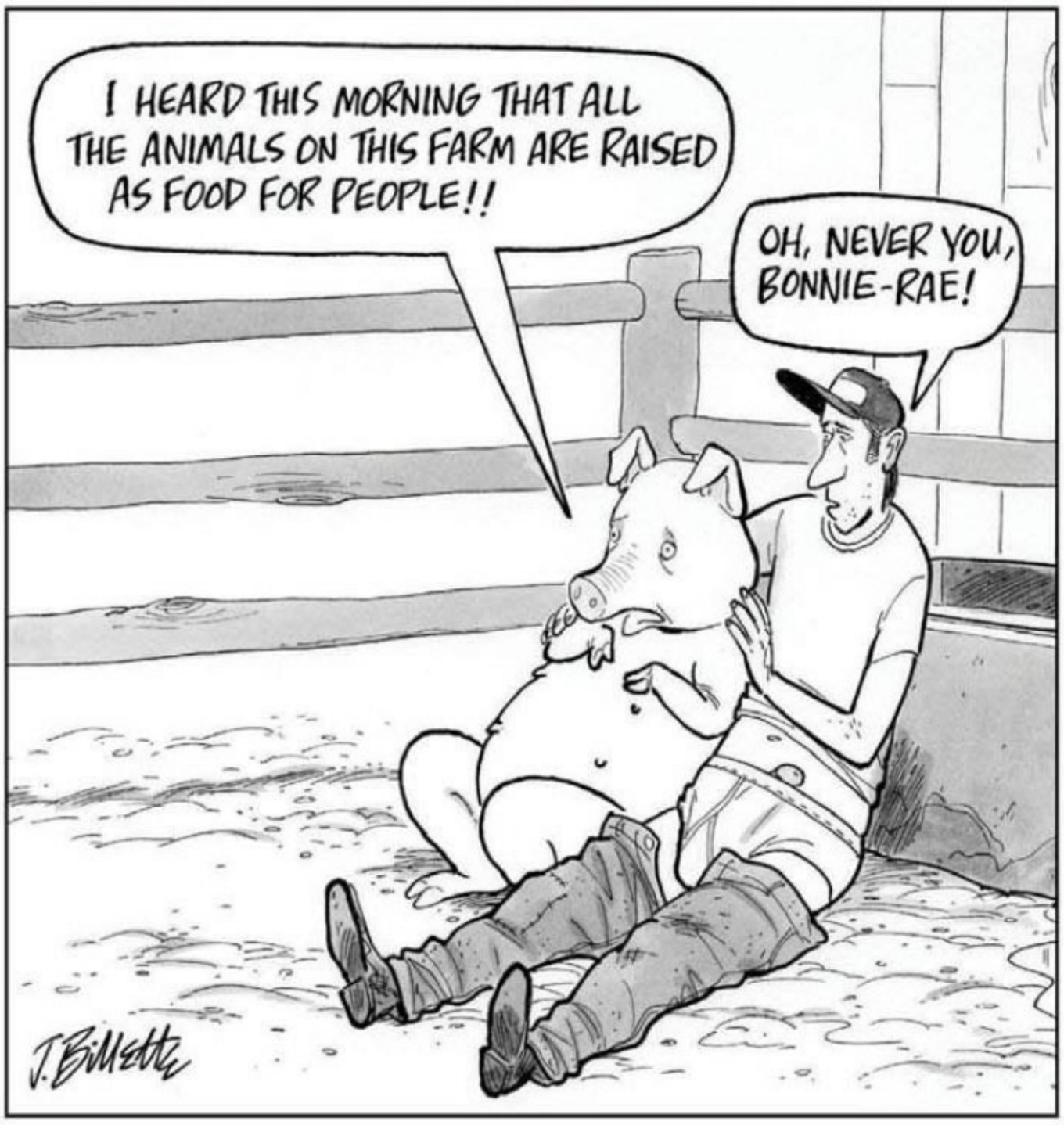

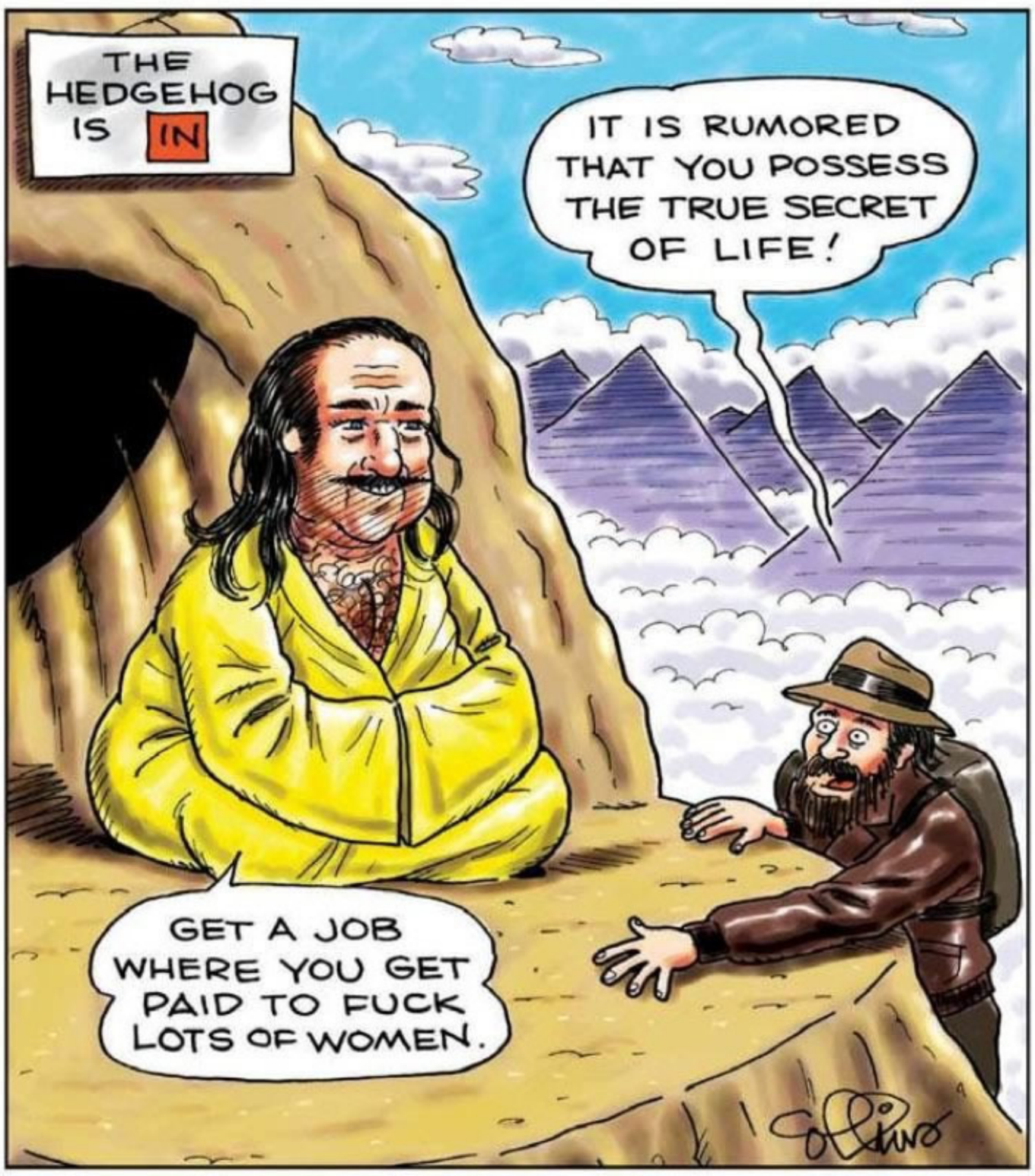

(continued from page 91)

worth it. But this doesn't always work: Legitimate news sites won't remove an old story just because it embarrasses you, and good luck trying to get a porn-tube site to stop streaming your amateur sex tape. (News flash: Letting someone video your wild escapades might not be the best idea if you're planning on becoming a U.S. senator someday.)

Removing your name from Google searches is an option for some, though not for me. I've been blogging since 2002, and there are thousands of links to my repellent ramblings that would take a decade to track down. My only hope against Google, the experts tell me, is to replace the ugly stuff at the top of my search listings with new and positive endeavors, like my year-old online canine magazine **MassArf.com**.

You may think I'm kidding, but the links from celebrity gossip sites that used to point to Kristin Davis blowjob pics now redirect you to a page that celebrates the "Top Shelter Dogs" and offers a slide show of New England Patriots cheerleaders soaping up pups in a benefit for the MSPCA—you know, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It's the start of my very long, very slow battle against the Internet—one, regrettably, I may never win.

When there's a potage of juicy tidbits about you swimming free in cyberspace, learning to fight it becomes second nature. In the meantime a suggestion: Preemptively announce a brief, carefully plotted—yet honest!—rundown of your mishaps to any prospective love interest or employer. It probably won't steer them away from digging deeper into your past than you'd like, but it beats the "You were married to a what?" look when you return from the pisser.

And don't be shocked to find that your search results are permanent deal killers. That article about your scandalous run-in with a transsexual is a tough one to hide from Google's ever-prying eye no matter how much money you have or how many posts you contribute to Jesus Web sites.

So here's my second suggestion: Never use your real name. Ever. Problem solved!

Massachusetts native Scott Fayner currently resides in Boston, where he writes about porn and pooches—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to HUSTLER, *K9 Magazine*, *Technology Review* and other media, Fayner tends to his favorite pet project: the online dog publication **MassArf.com**. The preceding article was originally published in the *Boston Phoenix*.

"I love the way your eyes sparkle, the way your coat is so shiny, the way your ass smells like dog shit!"

JELENA JENSEN

The June '11 issue goes on sale April 12, 2011. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

TEENA MARIE, R.I.P.

Shortly before her untimely death, Teena Marie visited HUSTLER headquarters for a heartfelt interview with Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt. Dubbed the Ivory Queen of Soul, she delivered 13 albums and a string of hits, most notably "I'm a Sucker for Your Love," "Square Biz" and "Lovergirl." Listen in as Teena Marie reminisces on her brilliant career and intimate relationship with funk legend Rick James, who played a pivotal role in the singer's ascent to Motown stardom in the late 1970s.

HYAPATIA LEE: PORN LEGEND UPDATE

Back in the 1970s a gifted young actress was determined to conquer Broadway. Then the Indiana native decided to give adult entertainment a whirl as Hyapatia Lee. Don't miss Mike McClay's gripping profile, in which Hyapatia discusses what shaped her *AVN* Hall of Fame career—most notably a severe multiple personality disorder!

CARTOON PARODY: DR. MUNCHER AND THE CHEWY CHEERLEADER

Presented in full-color Perv-O-Vision, this deliciously dark spoof on everything from materialism to out-and-out cannibalism is the perfect way to toast the seemingly endless (did someone say it's actually over?!) recession. You're sure to marvel at Dr. Muncher's tasty system for basic survival and drool over the ridiculously sexy college cutie he has his eyes (and mouth) on.

PRIVATE MAGAZINE, 1980–1989: A DECADE OF DECADENCE

Established in Sweden, *Private* was Europe's first all-color magazine to feature hard-core sex. And the female models within its glossy pages? Drop-dead gorgeous *and* wildly exhibitionistic. Join us as we look back at some of the best XXX action ever put on film.

WEBSTER G. TARPLEY'S BLUEPRINT FOR SAVING THE ECONOMY

Journalist, author and lecturer Webster Griffin Tarpley's latest book is titled *Surviving the Cataclysm: Your Guide Through the Greatest Financial Crisis in Human History*. In an exclusive HUSTLER interview the outspoken critic of U.S. foreign and domestic policy lambastes Barack Obama, spells out the true causes of the economic meltdown and calls for a radical solution to make America strong again.

THE PULPS' BLARING TRADEMARK: SEXY DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

Pulp magazines were the rage in the 1930s and '40s. Hyping the sex and violence within, their covers typically depicted scantily clad hotties in the clutches of gorilla-faced thugs, bug-eyed monsters and other menaces. Now, thanks to our review of an awesome book, you can marvel at garish covers churned out by master illustrator Norman Saunders.

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