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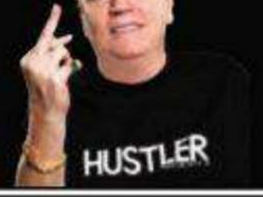

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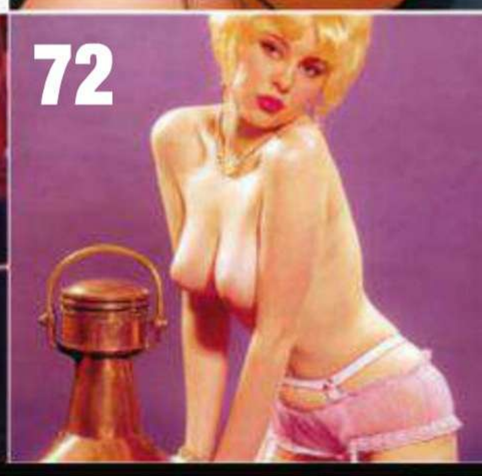

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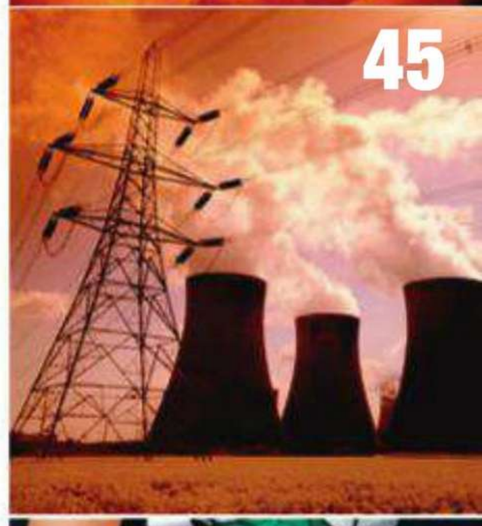

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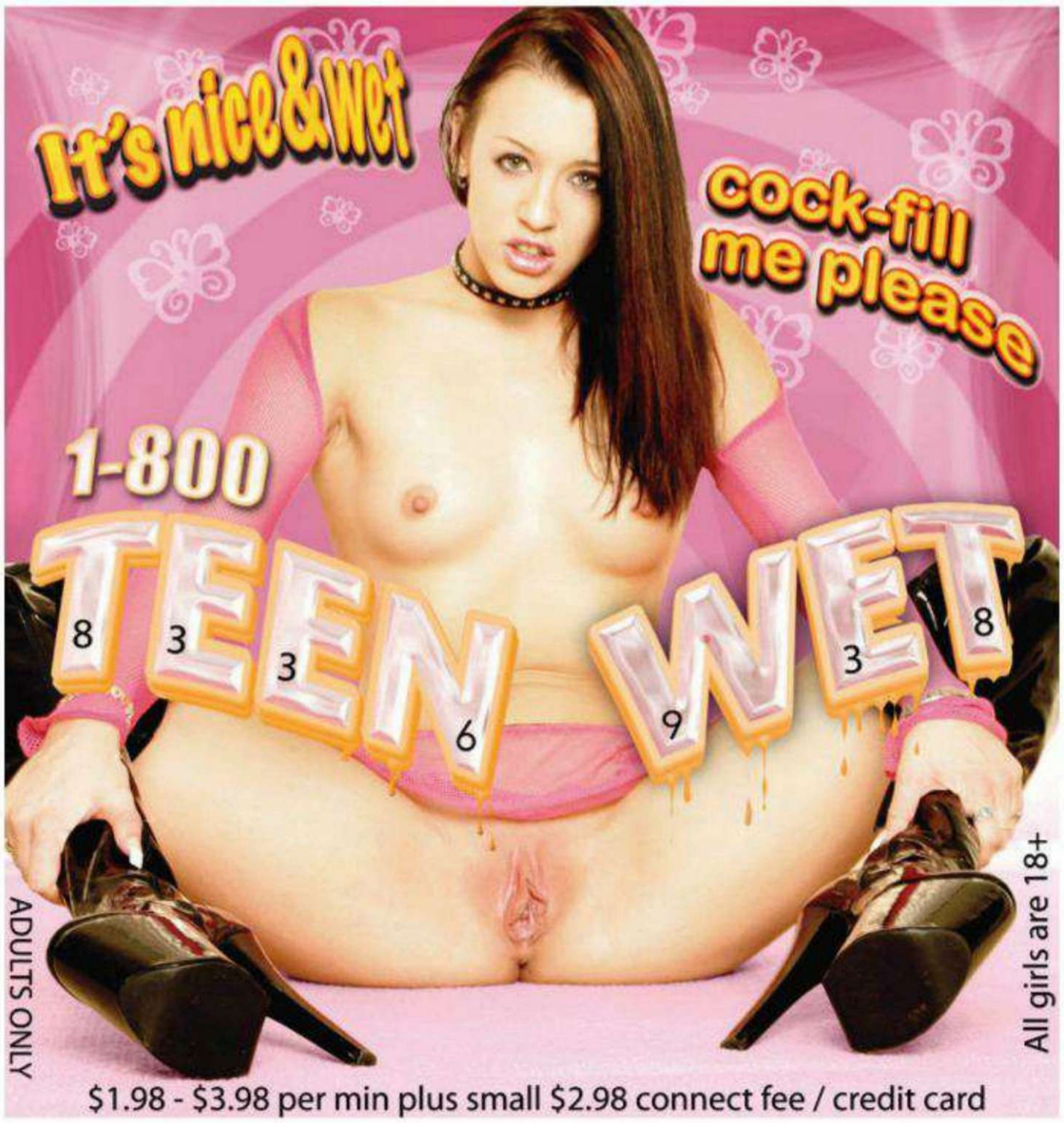

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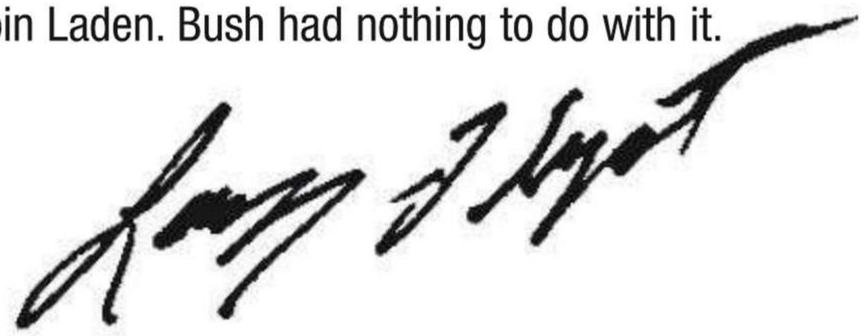
REPUBLICAN BULLSHIT

The Republicans criticized President Barack Obama for being indecisive, for delegating and for being weak on foreign policy. Obama proved them wrong by personally taking charge of the hunt for Osama bin Laden. He picked one of four plans to neutralize the al-Qaeda leader (arguably the most difficult one), then followed through from command central, where he watched the raid in real time.

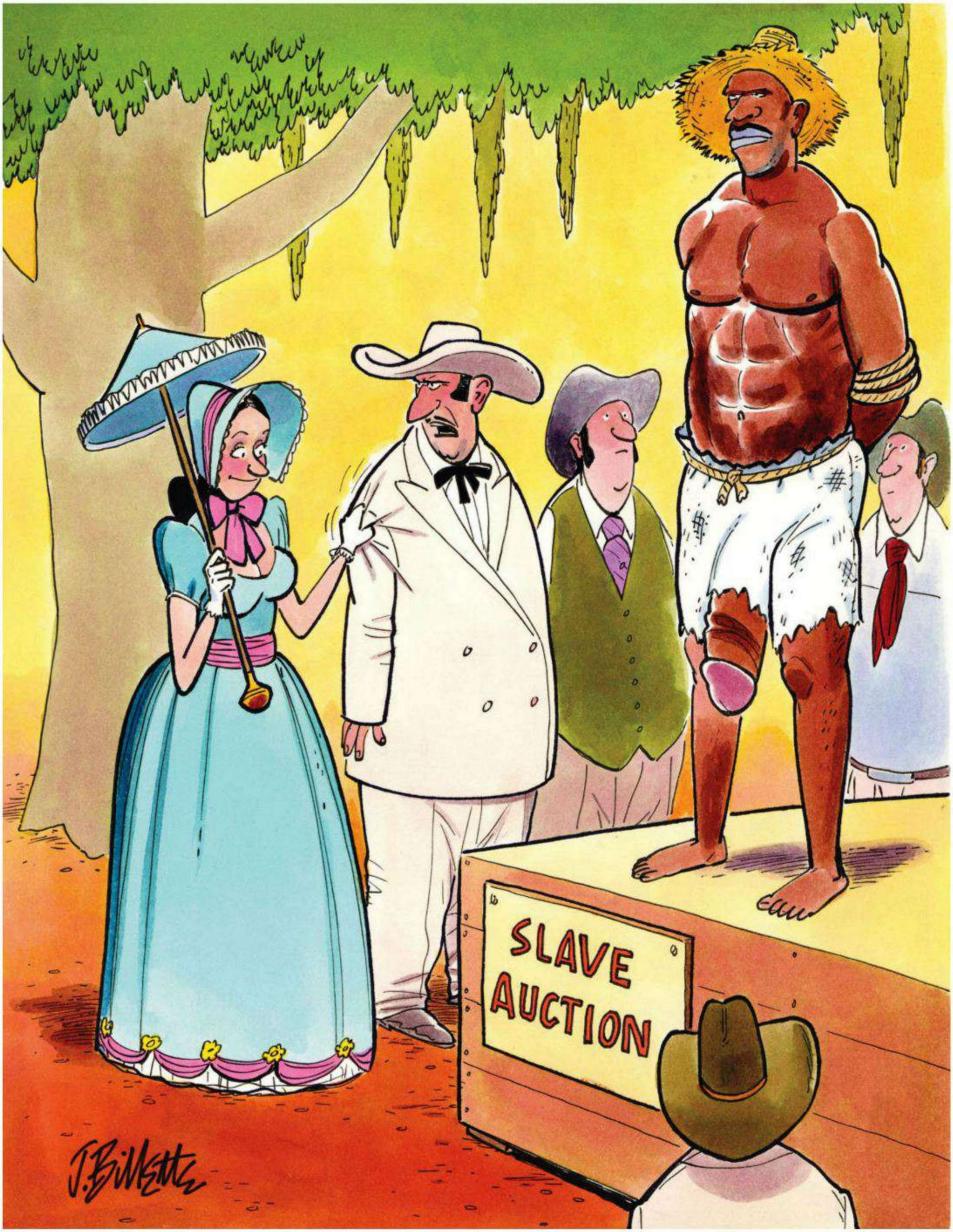
Now Republicans say George W. Bush deserves the credit. They say it was the intelligence network Bush set up and the enhanced interrogation (read torture) he authorized that led us to bin Laden. Nonsense. Bush had eight years to capture or kill him and failed. Indeed, it's not clear he ever really tried to find bin Laden.

Right after the 9/11 attacks—when all commercial flights were grounded—Bush allowed the bin Laden family to flee the United States without even being questioned by the FBI! Six months later he told the press: "I don't know where he [bin Laden] is.... I really just don't spend that much time on him." Worse, Bush refused to deploy the additional troops requested when bin Laden was trapped in Tora Bora, Afghanistan. Then, in 2005, Bush actually shut down the only unit expressly created to find the man behind the death of 3,000 Americans.

Let's give credit where credit is due: President Obama took out bin Laden. Bush had nothing to do with it.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"No fucking way!"

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Everyone dreams of being a rock star. It used to take a lot of money to build the perfect studio and rehearsal space. No more. All you need to start rockin'—besides an electric guitar—is the **IK Multimedia AmpliTube iRig**, an audio interface adapter for the iPhone, iPod, and iPad. Simply plug the cord into your axe and Apple device, then download the built-in AmpliTube 2 app. Presto! You've got a high-tech rehearsal and recording studio right in the palm of your hand. IK Multimedia's **iRig** is the ultimate in portable musicians tools. Now all you got to do is practice.

Available at ***GuitarCenter.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.99.

BAY WATCH

The **Swimsense Performance Monitor** looks like a watch but it's not—because diving into a swimming pool is the quickest way to ruin a good timepiece. Meet the latest in swimming-fitness technology from a leader in the field, Finis. The nifty device uses built-in motion sensors to capture information about your swim, particularly stroke recognition. (Not that kind!) The **Swimsense Performance Monitor** then allows you to analyze your underwater workout and see how many calories you've burned and where you can improve your stroke. (Stop it already!) You can then upload the info to a free online log to chart your progress. Plus, swimming is a hell of a lot easier (and better for your knees) than jogging.

Available at ***FinisInc.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

RETRO RIDER

Remember Big Trak, the ultracool tank rover from 1979? It was the must-have toy for boys that year. What, you never got one? Instead "Santa" brought you a pair of rust-colored Toughskins jeans. Sad. But thanks to the folks at ThinkGeek, the little marvel is back! **Bigtrak Jr** is a smaller version of the '70s original with all the functions and features of its predecessor, most notably an onboard keypad. It lets you program the tank to do various tasks, including going forward, turning and firing its phaser. **Bigtrak Jr**, which is powered by three AA batteries, can navigate around obstacles and travel up to 20 miles. Improvements include a memory-save function and an active accessory port. Come on, buy it! Your inner child will thank you.

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $24.99.

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There are flash drives—you know, the things you stick into your computer's USB slot to transfer data—and then there's the **MIMOBOT Designer USB Flash Drives**. Mimoco makes the coolest-looking drives with a variety of designs ranging from Hello Kitty to *Halo* and *Star Wars*. The company's latest is a line of classic DC Comic characters—led by Batman, Robin, Catwoman and the Joker—that are available in various storage sizes from 2GB to 16GB. Transfer your files in style. Get **MIMOBOT Designer USB Flash Drives**! The best part is we have four, count 'em, four sets to give away! See details below.

Available at ***Mimoco.com***. Suggested retail price: $22.95 and up (based on storage size).

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BY KEITH VALCOURT

GAME ON

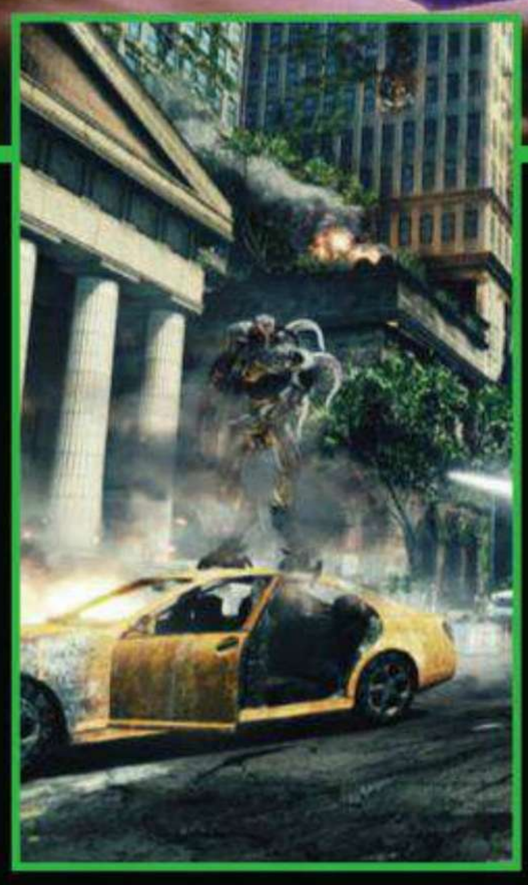
RETURN OF THE NUCLEAR COWBOY

Duke Nukem Forever

2K Games

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

The Duke is back! No, not legendary actor John Wayne. Duke Nukem! One of video game history's most beloved characters, the butt-kicking, jackboot-wearing badass returns to save the world from a slew of alien invaders, pig cops and some killer babes. This reboot of the franchise adds a serious bang for your buck without losing the original crass sense of humor. The guns in ***Duke Nukem Forever*** are bigger, the action faster, and the jokes are cruder. Duke blasts his way across Vegas, only stopping to enjoy a strip bar or two before the final showdown at Hoover Dam. Damn that dam! Strap on the big guns and plant your tongue firmly in cheek for a bullet-riddled blast of fun with a capital FU.



TWICE THE PERIL

Crysis 2

EA

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Available in stereoscopic 3D, ***Crysis 2*** is nothing short of stunning. This latest installment of the franchise blends futuristic cinematic graphics with nonstop, adrenaline-soaked action. The storyline, which was created by noted sci-fi scribe Richard Morgan, sees our hero dressed in his Nanosuit (think *Halo* plus ten) battling through a ravaged New York City. You must use technology to battle the cause of climatic disasters and mutated alien creatures. The tough part is technology is to blame. What is a super soldier to do except fight on?

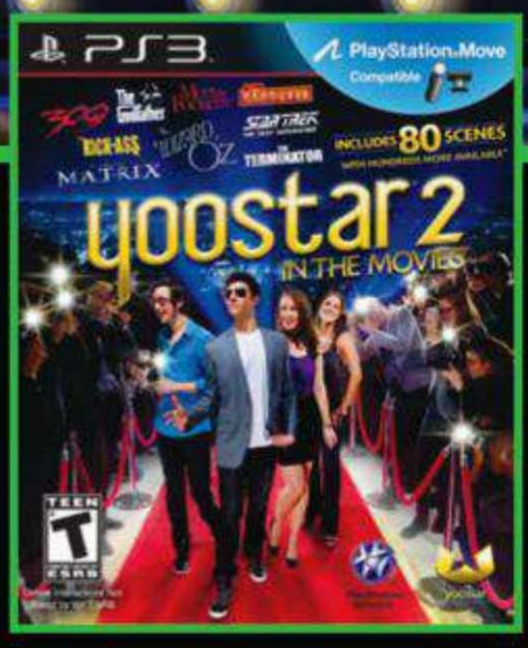
RUNNIN' AND GUNNIN'

Operation Flashpoint: Red River

Codemasters

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

If you are looking for a brutal combat experience without actually having to enlist then ***Operation Flashpoint: Red River*** is a must-play. You can be part of an elite U.S. Marine Corps squad battling thousands of miles away from home in the hostile country of Tajikistan. To survive you'll have to use ultra-realistic USMC tactics, weaponry (man, the guns are cool) and state-of-the-art equipment all replicated in a dizzying, documentary-style look. Did we mention the guns? The designers of this game ingeniously crafted each one to reflect the relationship between the soldier and his weapon. The firefights are unlike anything ever seen in a game. You can almost feel the bullets whizzing by your face as you duck for cover before returning fire. The intense action of ***Operation Flashpoint: Red River*** will blow you away. Semper Fi! And remember it only takes one bullet to kill a man.



PICTURE THIS

Yoostar 2

Namco Bandai

PS3, Xbox 360

This is the perfect game for anyone who has ever wanted to be in the movies without having to endure all those acting lessons and trips to the casting couch. ***Yoostar 2*** is like karaoke for wannabe thespians. The game allows you to be part of cinematic history by placing you into scenes from several big-screen hits, including *The Terminator*, *The Godfather*, *American Pie* and *Apollo 13*. The PS3 version is compatible with the PlayStation Move technology for more realistic play. We wonder if Sony will make a porn version? Seriously, that would probably be the only way we ever get to have sex with Jesse Jane. Are you ready for your close-up?

"Well then, we'll just use the same old Republican strategy... Hit below the belt!

LOOKING FOR BIN LADEN IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

THE MASTERMIND OF 9/11 HIDES AND DIES IN PAKISTAN, FURTHER TARNISHING THE LEGACY OF GEORGE W. BUSH.

With the death of al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden, the Bush braggadocio pretending to protect America against its enemies finally stood exposed as the fraud it always was. No longer do we have to put up with the superpatriotic bleating of the Republicans, who claimed that their bloated defense budgets wasted on unnecessary wars was needed to preserve the nation's security.

The Democratic President who successfully hunted down bin Laden was the same guy whose patriotism and, indeed, birthright had been derided by Republican talk show bullies for daring to originally oppose, and then move to wind down, the Iraq War.

In retrospect, George W. Bush's much-ballyhooed "dead or alive" hunt for bin Laden could be appreciated as great comedy except that it was so costly in wasted lives and taxpayer dollars. During his Presidency, Bush invaded Iraq—a nation that had opposed bin Laden—while coddling Pakistan, the country that backed him from the get-go and provided his ultimate hideout.

Bush was eager to take the fight to the enemy as long as the enemy wasn't situated in one of those Middle East monarchies his family long adored, most notably Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates. Those two countries—along with Pakistan—had been alone in recognizing the Taliban government in Afghanistan, which provided a staging area for al-Qaeda. The money for the 9/11 terrorist attacks—and 15 of the 19 hijackers—came from Saudi Arabia, which had long been close to the Bush family. But the arms sent to bin Laden's sanctuary in Afghanistan came from across the border in Pakistan, and that is the glaring fact that Bush also pointedly chose to ignore.

It was always Pakistan's hugely powerful and secretive Directorate for Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI) that guided bin Laden from the first days. In fact, the CIA recruited him to be one of the "freedom fighters" whom President Ronald Reagan bragged about supporting when they were our Cold War pawns in battling the Russians. And of course it was Pakistan that provided bin Laden with a secure hiding place when he went on the run after the 9/11 attacks. Not only did Bush fail to invade Pakistan, but he also dropped the sanctions that the U.S had imposed on that country in response to its development of nuclear weapons.

Bush's much-ballyhooed "dead or alive" hunt for bin Laden could be appreciated as great comedy except that it was so costly in wasted lives and taxpayer dollars.

Remember those WMDs that were the excuse for invading Iraq, even though President Bush knew full well that Saddam Hussein didn't have any? Well, Pakistan did, and has many more WMDs today. Thanks to advanced aircraft provided by the United States, Pakistan also has the means to deliver those nukes on targets far and wide. The scary thing is that the same Islamic militants in the Pakistani military who protected bin Laden also have access to that nation's nuclear arsenal.

It was also Pakistan—through the efforts of Abdul Qadeer Khan, the "father of the Islamic bomb"—that supplied North Korea, Iran and Libya with the means to assemble a nuclear arsenal of their own. Khan's vast nuclear smuggling network could not have flourished without the support of Pakistan's military. Even after his network was exposed by U.S. intelligence, Khan was protected under house arrest by Bush ally Pervez Musharraf—head of the country's military government at the time—and then granted a full pardon.

Pakistan's nuke program had caused President Bill Clinton to impose sanctions in retaliation, so why did George W. Bush lift them after the 9/11 attacks? Because, he claimed, Pakistan was an indispensable ally in the hunt for Osama bin Laden. Some ally, given that bin Laden seems to have holed up in that country all of the time he was on the run, not to mention spending the last eight years in a heavily fortified military city a kilometer away from Pakistan's equivalent of West Point. Clearly he was being protected by the aforementioned Directorate for Inter-Services Intelligence.

Before there was a WikiLeaks, State Department documents declassified in 2007 showed that Pakistan—even back in 1995 under ostensibly pro-U.S. Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, whose husband now runs the country—was aiding the Taliban. "Pakistan has followed a policy of supporting the Taliban," noted one State Department cable, adding that "U.S. intelligence indicates the ISI is supplying the Taliban forces with munitions, fuel and food." Since the ISI backed bin Laden from his first emergence in Afghanistan, it seems very likely that some people in that intelligence agency played a part in his having to receive such secure sanctuary in Pakistan after 9/11.

How bizarre for the Bush Administration to carry the hunt for bin Laden to the four corners of the globe, remanding for torture anyone who seemed the least bit strange, while ignoring the terrorist's long-time sponsors in Pakistan. That is how future historians will read the "Mission Accomplished" legacy of George W. Bush: Behold a President who sent his troops into battle on precisely the wrong front.

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.*

"Interesting, Mr. Huckabee... That's the first 'Obama is not a U.S. citizen' theory that includes an 'Elvis is alive' connection."

UNCLE SAM'S EXPANDING MACHINERY OF FEAR

AMERICANS' PRIVACY CONTINUES TO WITHER AS THE GOVERNMENT STEPS UP ITS ASSAULT ON CONSTITUTIONAL SAFEGUARDS.

Recently I was lecturing to a Harvard University class on the history of Boston. The students had been required to read my memoir *Boston Boy* (Knopf, Paul Dry Books) about growing up during the 1930s and 1940s in that cradle of the American Revolution. By then, Boston had become the most anti-Semitic city in the country, thereby training me to be a lifetime outsider—a valuable perspective for being a journalist all these years.

The professor who'd invited me said the students had enjoyed the interactive conversation, but "you scared them with your connection, under Bush and Obama, between the Fourth and the First Amendments in the Bill of Rights."

As I always do when I talk to students, whatever the scheduled subject, I had asked their reactions to growing up now in a society under continuous electronic surveillance by the government. They appeared aware of it but seemed hardly disturbed as privacy disappears on the phone and the Internet (particularly Facebook and Twitter). What scared them was the realization that the First Amendment right of free expression, including criticism of the government, can be perilous when the government—locking up the Fourth Amendment—increasingly archives what you're saying and thinking.

It's getting worse. In 1974 a book I coedited on FBI and other police surveillance in America focused on "the machinery of fear." But by now, as the ever-alert Electronic Freedom Foundation reported in April 2011: "Your cell phone company knows everywhere you go, 24 hours a day, every day."

EFF reported that a German privacy warrior, Malte Spitz, got his country's privacy law to force his cell phone carrier to disclose what it knew about him. The result: "35,831 different facts about his cell phone use over the course of six months."

Wouldn't you like to find out what your cell phone company knows about you—as well as Twitter, Facebook and your landline telephone company?

Privacy in America has become a ghost of the Fourth Amendment's command: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated."

During what promises to be a tumultuous 2012 election campaign season, how many candidates—including those vying for the Oval Office—will even mention the forlorn Fourth Amendment? You may be able to count them on the fingers of one hand.

> **In his Congressional testimony, Associate Deputy Attorney General James Baker strongly opposed requiring "court approval before tracking Americans' cell phones."**

And dig this! I've previously written here that in 2010 an alarmed coalition—AT&T, Microsoft, Google, Americans for Tax Reform, eBay and the American Civil Liberties Union—tried to muster support in Congress and among We the People for real-time, real-life privacy protections.

Except for HUSTLER and a scattering of other entities, that patriotic effort to restore our privacy—the British contempt of which was a precipitating cause of the American Revolution—has received scarce attention. And, of course, no response from the White House or our official protector of the Constitution.

Moreover, President Obama—having gone beyond even the Bush-Cheney disembowelment of the Fourth Amendment—recently unleashed his Justice Department to engage (as cited by **BroadbandReports.com**) in "a frontal attack on proposals to amend federal law to better protect Americans' privacy."

In his Congressional testimony, Associate Deputy Attorney General James Baker strongly opposed requiring "court approval before tracking Americans' cell phones."

This was the first time the so-called Justice Department responded to that coalition—from Microsoft to the ACLU—of privacy protectors. Gee whiz, requiring court approval—issuing, of all things, a warrant—would thwart police investigations and endanger national security.

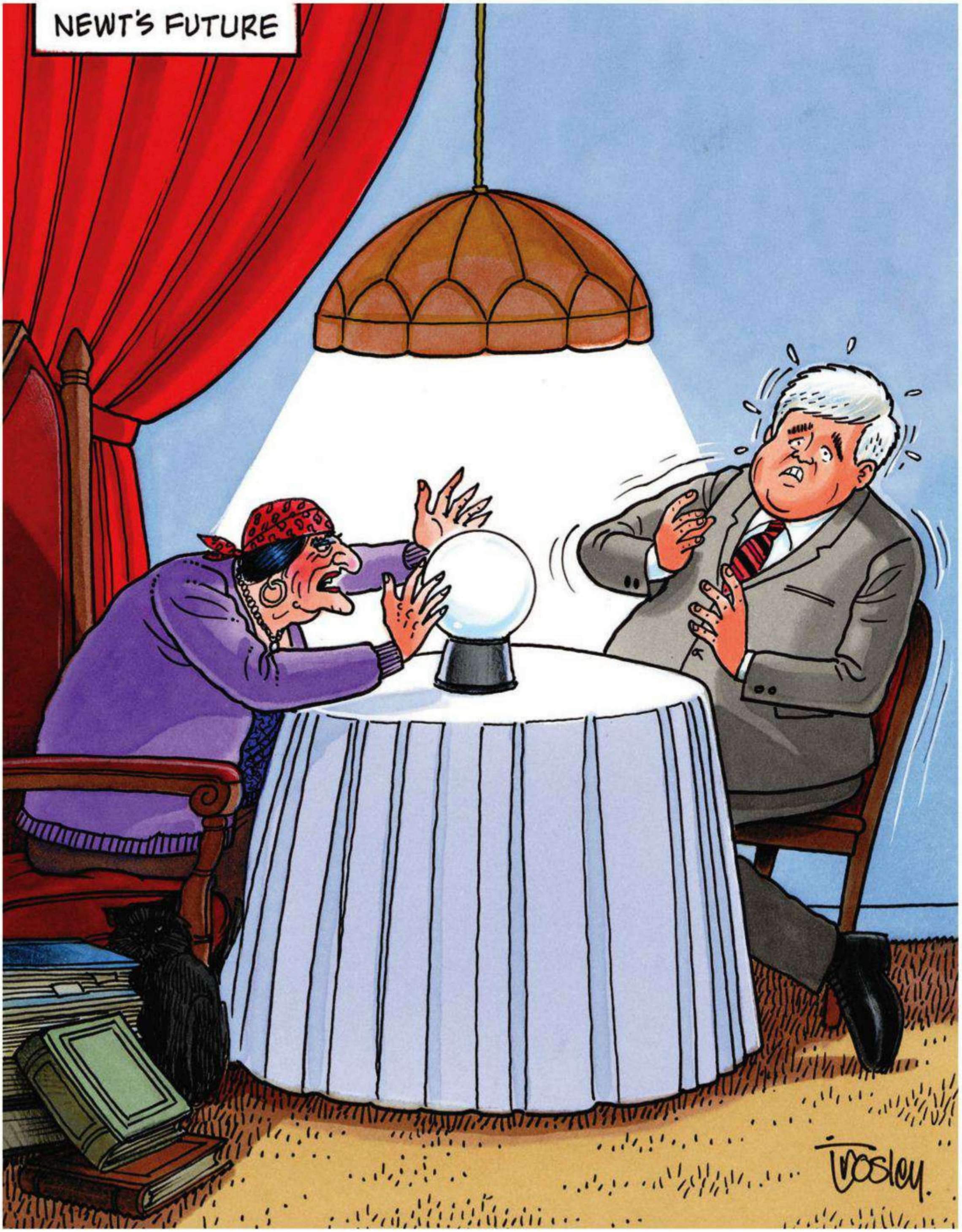
Guess who, campaigning successfully for the Presidency, soaringly pledged, teleprompter in hand, to "strengthen privacy protections for the digital age." You're right: Barack Obama.

When I heard I'd scared those Harvard students by connecting the withering Fourth Amendment to their most essential American right, the First Amendment, I remembered this chilling fear, "Uncle Sam over my shoulder," described by Judith Grant. An associate professor of political science and women's studies at the University of Southern California, Grant is quoted in my 2004 book *The War on the Bill of Rights and the Gathering Resistance* (Seven Stories Press): "I am now experiencing what American scholars call 'a chilling effect'…the moment I heard that the USA PATRIOT Act has been passed. I feel that chill when I now realize that I now pause a moment before I write almost anything. I think about how a government official might read my writing if he or she were trying to build a [completely unjustified] case against me.

"I worried even while I wrote that last sentence, then I worried about my worry. Might someone in the Justice Department ask: 'Why should she be worried if she were doing nothing wrong?'"

I don't know if Grant has been conditioned by now to resign herself to that chill, but she gave me a clearer sense of why I had scared those students in that Harvard class on the history of Boston. Can you imagine how Founding Father Samuel Adams—who was born in that city—would have reacted to un-American Bush, Cheney and Obama? If Adams could travel through time, he might well foment another American Revolution.

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?*



"I see you appearing in a cartoon in this magazine, eventually being soaked with cum stains from all the jizz squirted on to the pages around you and finally

QUALITY TIME WITH THE COMMIES, PART DEUX

OUR ESTEEMED COLUMNIST AND RADIO HOST DISCOVERS HOW CHINA IS BEATING US AT OUR OWN GAME.

Modern China is a sight to behold. By first appearances, it's as modern and wealthy as any place on the planet. My expectation of visiting a country-size Chinese restaurant reeking of soy sauce gave way to unexpected awe. The progress made by Beijing and other big cities is astounding. However, there is another China, as I found when I traveled south for a few days.

Guilin province is one of the most beautiful places anywhere, given the Li River with its weirdly pointed hills stretching on for what seems like forever. But a two-hour trip high up into the mountain rice fields revealed another China, a poorer one. Farmers work the soil with the same implements they've used for centuries. They wear coolie hats and carry yokes on their shoulders with baskets at either end filled with dirt. Ancient farming tools being used in one of the most advanced and prosperous societies on Earth? Therein lies China's biggest problem.

Deng Xiaoping, the de facto leader of China after the death of Mao Tse Tung, was the father of its market-driven economy. In an interview with Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes* he was asked if capitalism was bad. Deng replied that capitalism was fine as long as it helped everyone. He said capitalism only became bad when the lower end suffered at the hands of the wealthy. Prosperity has to be spread out to the entire society, he said. China would implement capitalism in what he called "the Chinese way."

China's biggest problem is integrating those rural and poorer areas into China's new wealth. Several moves toward that end are already in progress.

The Chinese want high-speed rail service to every city of 500,000 or more within five years. This would provide an economic flow to those underprivileged areas. If we did that in America, cities like Cleveland would begin to prosper again because of the speed and convenience of doing business with them. But we don't have high-speed rail here because Congress has argued the issue for the last 20 years. In China, all that is needed is for their leader to snap his fingers. They plan to establish free Wi-Fi in every city of 200,000 or more in five years. Fingers snap again.

It's an impressive initiative—the kind we could benefit from here.

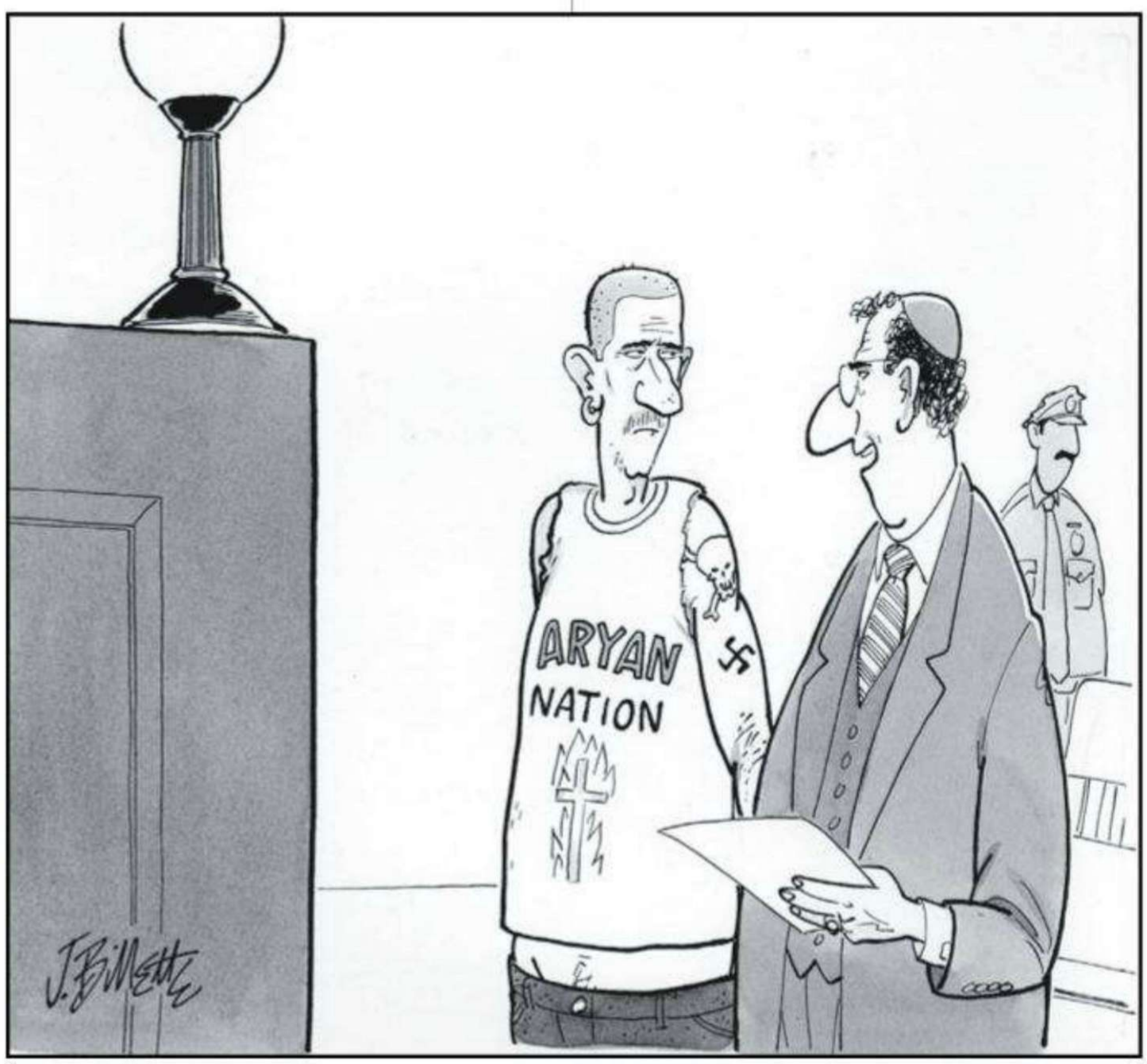
My girlfriend works for the Chinese, which is how I wound up visiting China [*see the September '11 column*]. This year and last she got a raise. Not just the paltry 3% that most companies pass out these days, if they give raises at all, but a full 7%. She also got a $12,500 bonus. No, she's not some higher-up in the company—she's an office manager. While we were in China, they put us up in beautiful accommodations and gave us a driver and interpreter/tour guide. When we tried to thank them, they admonished us: "Don't thank us; this is what we do for our people." How many American companies operate under this kind of philosophy?

Some say the Chinese are successful because they have devalued their currency or because of their dictatorial system. Both suggestions may be true, but they are also successful because of the way they treat their people. Capitalism must benefit everyone, as Deng philosophized. In America the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. In China the rich get just as rich but the poor do better too. If we don't see the advantage in that, we are doomed.

So what about the police state and the human rights violations? I won't say it doesn't exist. Television, movies and the Internet are all heavily censored. If you want to vent your politics you can, but not in public. If you want to vote you can, but only if you are a member of the party. None of this is good, but who am I to criticize them when my own country is less than perfect? We have to deal with human-rights violations like Guantanamo and voter suppression, not to mention right-wing media barons who muzzle left-wing thought. China is an unapologetic police state while we are, in reality, an illusionary democracy.

If I learned anything during my short stay in the People's Republic it's that the average American underestimates the Chinese. We attribute their success to everything but the fact that they got capitalism right while we have long forgotten what it's all about. Still, for all our differences, there is one thing we do have in common: They don't have a single-payer healthcare system either…but they are open to the idea.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).



"I'd wager that right now you don't mind that I'm a crafty Jew!"

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER® invites you to the movies

HUSTLER

SIREN SONG, PART 2

THE ONLY THING MORE DANGEROUS THAN DATING A SEX GODDESS IS BEING ONE.

Sometimes a woman's charms work a little *too* well. That's when the guy falls so deeply under her spell that things get scary. Tragedies happen, like the 1989 fatal shooting of actress Rebecca Schaeffer by a stalker, the 1982 attack on actress Theresa Saldana by an obsessed fan, or the 1980 murder of Playboy Playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged husband, Paul Snider. And, of course, the saga of O.J. Simpson, poster boy for a spellbound wackjob, who was not convicted of the double murder of his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and Ronald Goldman. Sex goddesses are not only found on the screen. Anytime a woman becomes a love object for a man these frightening scenarios can be played out. It happens nearly every day.

All too often it starts as a reconciliation—one more chance to talk things out and get back together. The next thing you know it's breaking news at 11 and the coroner is cleaning up the mess. Even when the results are not violent, a sex goddess can still get more than she bargained for.

One of my most publicized romantic entanglements was with big league pitcher Bo Belinsky. Bo was a bright star for the newly minted Los Angeles Angels in 1962, a flamboyant character known as much for the movie starlets he dated as for his magic screwball and the no-hitter he pitched in his rookie season.

Screwball is probably the right word for Bo. He had an almost obsessive love for the publicity our dating attracted. The paparazzi followed us, and it seemed like we were always in the papers. The nuttiness of our affair was highlighted by Bo's press conference on April Fools' Day announcing our engagement. Because I was in love, I pretended not to notice that Bo was turning our engagement into a three-ring circus.

Before long it became clear that Bo had fallen under the goddess's spell in a bad way. Traveling around the country doing personal appearances, I began getting late-night calls from Bo to find out if I was alone. A couple of times my hotel room door was open and things were out of place. I had the feeling I was being watched. All this wore on my nerves, but when Bo and I saw each other, it was wild sex and things were once again wonderful—for a while.

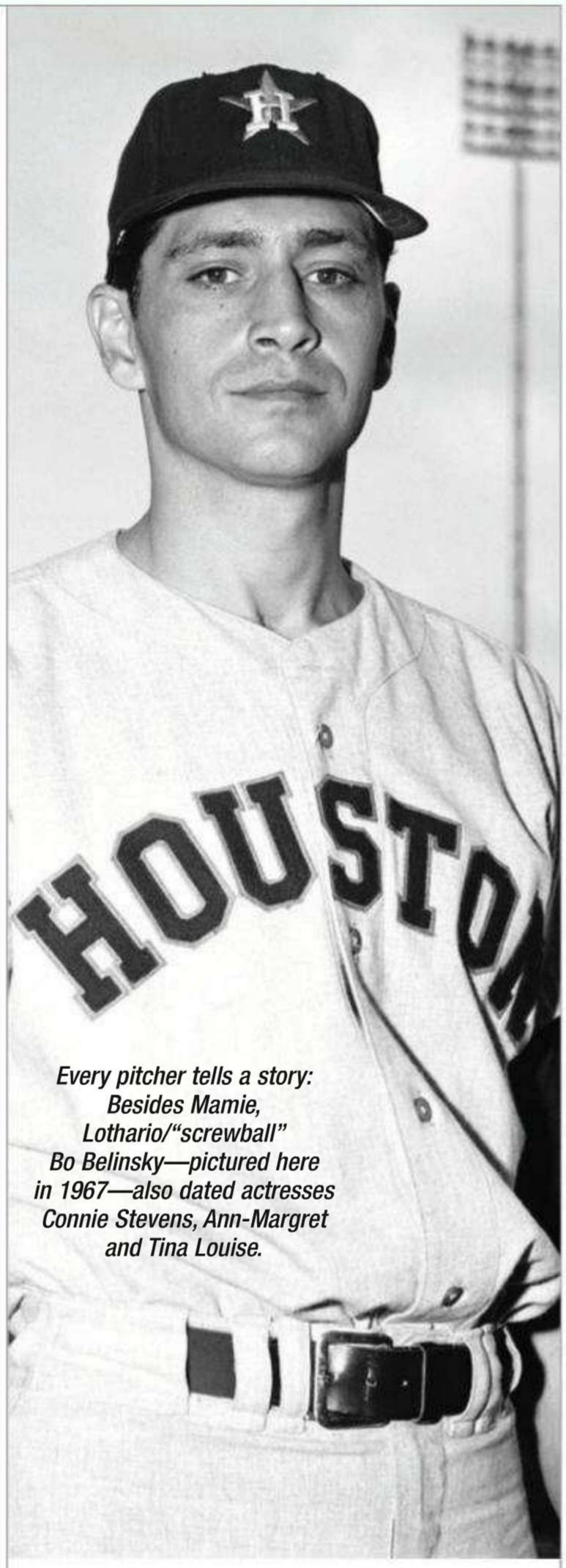
Bo denied having me watched, but my telephone started making odd noises and he constantly accused me of cheating (I wasn't). The arguing and suspicion kept me on the defensive. I finally faced the inevitable: Loving Bo was an adrenaline rush, but the relationship had to end.

The scary stuff started when I broke it off. Bo told the police I had committed suicide. Police officers and paramedics roused me out of bed in the wee hours of the morning, ensuring that I got no sleep the night before shooting a movie.

I had already moved on with my life when Bo called, asking me to come to his room at L.A.'s Continental Hotel to talk. My mother told me not to go, and if I could have peered into a crystal ball and seen O.J. in the future, I wouldn't have. But I did.

Bo's room was a wreck, and he reeked of alcohol. He was in bed, cradling a gun in his lap as he tearfully pleaded for us to get back together. He babbled about being a failure and not earning enough money to support me. (This was way before the astronomical salaries of today's pro athletes.) He said he was tired of living and picked up the gun, waving it around nervously.

Trying to keep my voice steady, I reminded Bo that he had everything to live for—youth, looks, career. I hinted that I would consider getting back together. I just needed a little time to think about it. By the time I convinced Bo to put the gun away, I was as limp as a rag. I had been there less than half an hour, but it seemed like an eternity. I felt lucky to have escaped with my life. Though I saw Bo many more times throughout his life, what I once felt for him was left in that room at the Continental. He died in 2001 at the age of 64.

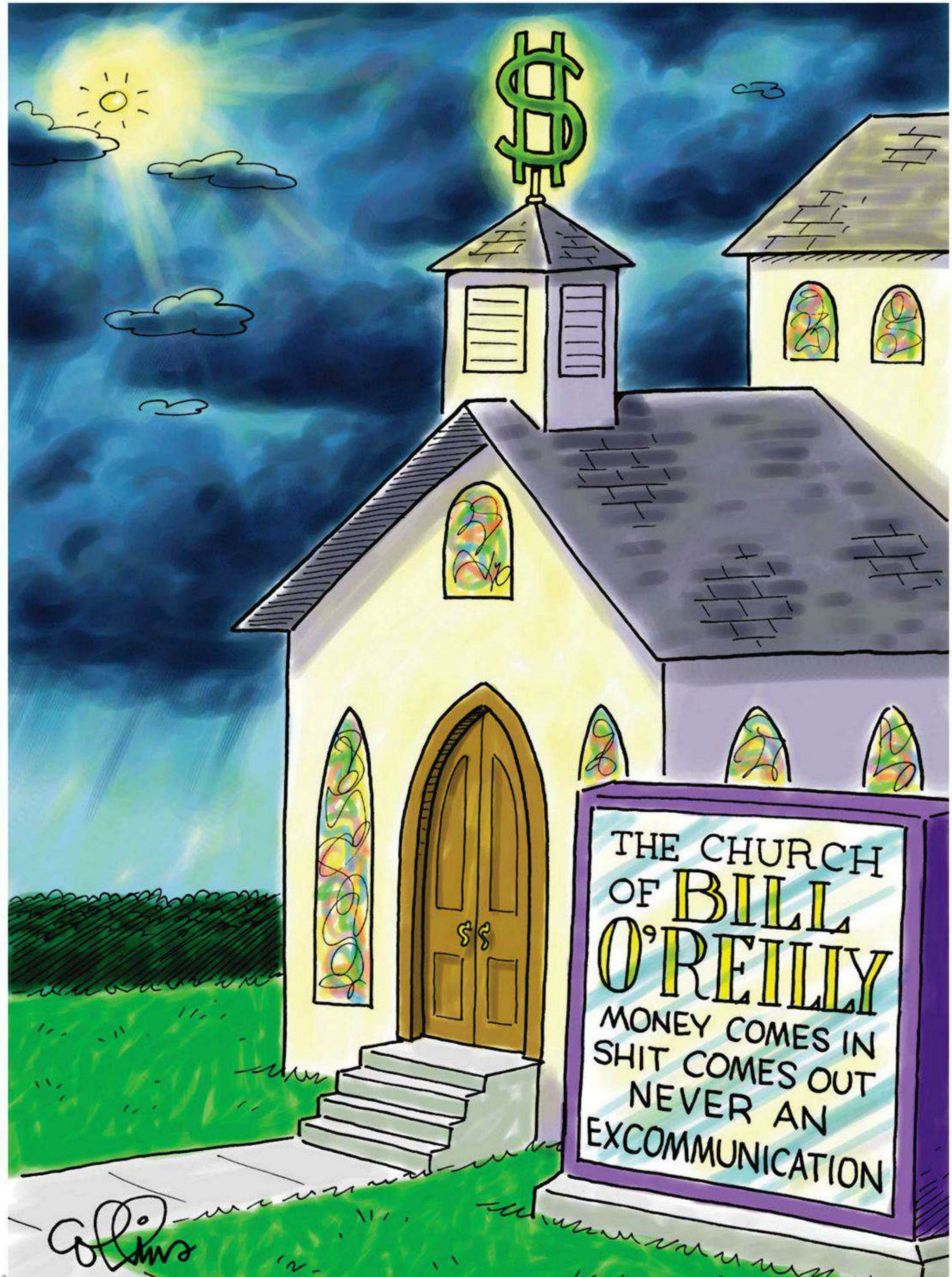


Every pitcher tells a story: Besides Mamie, Lothario/"screwball" Bo Belinsky—pictured here in 1967—also dated actresses Connie Stevens, Ann-Margret and Tina Louise.

PHOTO BY LOUIS REQUENA/MLB PHOTOS VIA GETTY IMAGES

A goddess can pop up anywhere, enchanting her man in the bedroom or the kitchen or wherever she might be, making her life, and his, sexy, romantic and beautiful. But, at the same time, the goddess's spell can make life chaotic. Those times when love blinds can take women—and men—to the brink and, occasionally, over the edge.

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**.


THE CHURCH OF BILL O'REILLY
MONEY COMES IN
SHIT COMES OUT
NEVER AN
EXCOMMUNICATION

Now or Never

My favorite part of your magazine is the *Publisher's Statement*. I'm just an average Joe Blow, unemployed and barely scraping by, but, like you, I want to get America back on track. So here are my two cents.

First, America should get off President Obama's back. One person cannot clean up the shit left by the demonic George W. Bush. The problem is, we no longer live in a democratic society. Congress makes the laws, not us. Fire everyone in Congress and make every Tuesday Election Day so we can vote on our own laws.

Second, we need to quit helping other countries and focus on America. The companies that left the U.S. to produce in Third World countries need to be told, "If you want to sell here, you have to produce here."

We have the skills to produce quality. Plus, unemployment would fall to an all-time low.

Third, bring the troops home. Some would say the wars [in Iraq and Afghanistan] are to protect America from attack. Well, that's what our intelligence services are for. We don't need to fight other peoples' battles.

Fourth, once we have a fair system that gives everyone the opportunity to reach the American Dream, don't let a new President fuck it up just because he (or she) happens to get into office.

We are the greatest country in the world, but we are slowly descending into Third World status because someone always wants to be richer and more powerful. The time has come to grow some balls, overthrow the government and take back this great nation of ours.

—Stephen Agent
Muskogee, Oklahoma

Wylde Life

Hey, HUSTLER fuckers! How does it feel to have the best job on the planet? Fucking wicked, I'm guessing.

Anyway, I'm writing about your interview with Mr. Zakk Wylde [*Sights & Sounds*, April '11]. Pretty cool read for an adult mag!

I've always admired you guys for the selection of music and musicians you cover. I stand up for you when people say, "An opinion on music? Hell, no! That's just a porn magazine." I always say, "You dumb fuck, that's why people like you read *Playboy*. Do us Flintstones a favor and get the fuck out of Bedrock!"

Seriously though, I was wondering if you guys could interview Phil Anselmo or Vinnie Paul from Pantera. Hell, see if you can even get both! It would be the star issue in my HUSTLER mag collection.

Never stop what it is you guys do because you are one of the few true American empires left! We love you in Arkansas, but not like we love our cousins (ha, ha). Keep rockin'! **—Joel Pettit**
Jonesboro, Arkansas

Hey, Joel. We hope you caught the September '11 issue and our Q&A with Mr. Anselmo. If not, you can order a copy by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7651.

Up in Arms

In response to Larry Flynt's opinion piece "The Problem With Guns," [*Publisher's Statement*, July '11] I agree that we could use some common sense. The Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution states: "A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

Obviously the need for a militia has been replaced by the National Guard, and we have a well-trained military to defend the country against outside enemies. The only reasons for a citizen to own a firearm are for hunting and home defense. A handgun, a shotgun or a rifle is more than adequate for these purposes.

There is absolutely no need for any civilian to own a more powerful weapon. If we prohibited the purchase of sophisticated weapons, several innocent victims would not have died or been harmed in our malls, on college campuses and at political meetings. **—Joe Bialek**
Cleveland, Ohio

Sweet Treat

Just a quick thanks for including a beautiful sister in your Anniversary Issue [*Alyshia Kingston: Pretty Perceptive*, July '11]. She's a doll.

—Jordan M.
Memphis, Tennessee

Eat This!

I love your magazine and the girls inside, but I am offended by the cartoon feature in the June '11 issue [*Dr. Muncher and the Chewy Cheerleader*]. I hate any cartoon that shows somebody cooking a lady (as hot as she was) and eating her. Now, a cartoon that shows a sex addict fucking a gorgeous young coed, I'd be okay with that. It would turn me on, and I could dream about fucking her. Please stick to sexy cartoons like that.

If you decide to run another disgusting cartoon in the next issue, I just might cancel my subscription.

—John Bush
Eaton Rapids, Michigan

HUSTLER has a proud history of offending just about everyone. We're glad to hear we've still got it!

Alyshia Kingston added some luscious flavor to our 37th Anniversary Issue.

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.

ARE YOU CONSIDERING A TRIP TO DUBAI BUT FEELING ANXIOUS ABOUT THE CULTURE SHOCK? MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD STORIES, LIKE THE ONE ABOUT THE BRITISH TOURIST WHO RECEIVED A FOUR-YEAR SENTENCE FOR HAVING A MICROSCOPIC SPECK OF CANNABIS ON THE SOLE OF HIS SHOE. RELAX. IF YOU VISIT DUBAI, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO END UP ROTTING AWAY IN A JAIL CELL.

Meet Lee. Meet Dubai.

When another visitor, Lee Bradley Brown, was recently arrested in Dubai on assault charges, the authorities did everything in their power to expedite his case. In fact, Mr. Brown's ordeal was quite brief. Some say he was savagely beaten to death by police officers. Or maybe he suffocated from his own vomit, as the official report states. Does it really matter? At least he's not stuck in a foreign prison. Ruthless efficiency. It's the Dubai way.

Uncover a city of oppression.

Fly Emirates. Keep discovering.

HUSTLER PARODY: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary designed to call attention to the plight of Lee Bradley Brown, a British citizen who died in a Dubai jail cell under mysterious circumstances in April 2011. For more information, search for "Lee Bradley Brown" at

DONALD TRUMP

Mr. Trump: You are a sad, pathetic loser, despite the billions of dollars you claim to have. (We don't believe that figure, BTW, and apparently neither do most people in the know.) *Opportunist* is another word that comes to mind in describing you. But it is immediately followed by words like *oblivious*, *deceitful*, *liar*, *crank* and others.

Let's consider the word *shallow*: We heard you on *The Howard Stern Show* some years ago singing the praises of your current wife, Melania. What seemed to impress you most about her—other than her beauty—was that she was, in your words, "clean."

In context, we took that to mean she had never used a bathroom when you were present. You were, in the vernacular, praising her for "holding it in." Or, to put it another way, you were praising her for being neurotic. The fact that you thought her actions were praiseworthy at all makes you an idiot. (Add that word to the list, sir.)

But, of course, the foregoing is not why you have been named this month's Asshole. You have won that honor because you are—here's another term befitting you—self-serving. How else would you describe jumping on the birther bandwagon in an effort to draw attention to yourself? (If that's not the reason, Mr. Trump, we'll have to add *stupid* to our list.) Sure, you got a lot of press, but most people recoiled from what you were saying. President Obama not born in the USA? Come on!

You followed up on that asinine bit of business by throwing down the race card. After questioning how the President got into Columbia and Harvard, you said, "I have friends who have smart sons with great marks, great boards, great everything, and they can't get into Harvard."

Forgetting for a moment that any friends of yours are probably dolts with sons equally dense, let's focus on the subtext of your statement: He's black, so either Obama is too dumb to have gone to these fine institutions without cheating or he only got in because of affirmative action, maybe both. If people recoiled from your birther claims, they were outright repulsed by this racist attack. (FYI: Obama graduated magna cum laude and was president of the *Harvard Law Review*, no small honor. Members of your family, on the other hand, are known to have bought their way into Harvard.)

But, of course, you are no racist. You have always had good relationships with "the blacks." (Add *out of touch* to our list of words.)

Funny that you never said anything about fellow Republican George W. Bush—a notorious C-student who went to Yale University and Harvard Business School. Now that we think about it, you actually supported Bush II long after most of us had given up on him.

That makes us wonder about your own academic record. We can't believe you'd ever be able to get anything higher than a C without paying someone to do your work and take your tests. What we're saying is—ignoring your grades—the evidence suggests you are not a smart man. Consider the following:

You inherited your wealth. True, you've had some success in real estate, but it's been uneven. Your daddy had to bail you out twice—once in 1991 and again with his death in 1999. Prior to that you had trouble with the development of the Javits Convention Center in 1975. You told the city it would cost $110 million to complete. It actually cost somewhere between $750 million and $1 billion. The Wollman Rink was another boondoggle. What started as a two-and-a-half-year project in 1980 wasn't completed until 1986.

In 1991 the Taj Mahal casino in Atlantic City was forced into bankruptcy. (You had to cede 50% ownership to get out of that pickle.) In 1992 the Trump Plaza hotel was forced into Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection. That time you surrendered a 49% stake to Citibank and others. In 1994 you had to relinquish the Trump Shuttle.

There were other bumps in the road, but we'll finish up by reminding you that in a 2004 restructuring of your debt regarding Trump Hotels & Casino Resorts, you were forced to reduce your ownership from 56% to 27%. Also, in 2009, Trump Entertainment Resorts in Atlantic City filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection.

Perhaps you would have been a viable 2012 Presidential candidate. The United States certainly appears to be heading toward bankruptcy. And who knows more about bankruptcy than you?

However, on May 15, 2011, you announced your decision not to run for President. We all knew you were going to do that. It was like an idiot saying, "I'm not in Mensa."

It's been said that your short-lived campaign was merely a ploy to attract attention to your tedious TV show. If so, please allow us to point out that in doing so, you cheapened the electoral process and degraded the very essence of our democracy. It's you, sir, who is not a true American.

As for Melania, if your wife is still "holding it in," she must hate you by now.

Last word: *Asshole*!

FARTS IN THE WIND

FRANK McCOURT, who claims to be the sole owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers, has finally received an overdue honor. After buying the team in 2004—reportedly not even coughing up a penny in cash—he named his wife, Jamie, CEO and gave big-bucks jobs to his kids. A Russian physicist was paid a huge stipend to instill the team with positive energy, and the Dodgers Dream Foundation charity was investigated for paying its director an outrageous salary. How the McCourts plundered the storied franchise reared its ugly head during the couple's 2010 divorce trial, where it was revealed they'd sucked millions into their own pockets for a lavish lifestyle that included a mansion-buying spree. Meanwhile Dodger Stadium was decaying, fans had to wait endlessly at concession stands, and rowdies were making trouble in the seats. But Frank McCourt really found himself in hot water when an out-of-towner wearing San Francisco Giants garb was savagely beaten in a parking lot on opening night this season. Like Jamie—who insists she owns half the team—the Dodgers' security chief was axed in 2010 and never replaced. Causing more furor in 2011, Frank tried to secure a hefty loan from Fox—the team's prime TV outlet—because he didn't have enough cash to pay his players. Well aware of the aforementioned shenanigans, baseball commissioner Bud Selig nixed the transaction, then brought in a monitor to run the team and oversee spending. It looks like Frank, who may be an ex-owner by the time this issue hits newsstands, will henceforth be getting his hair groomed at Supercuts.

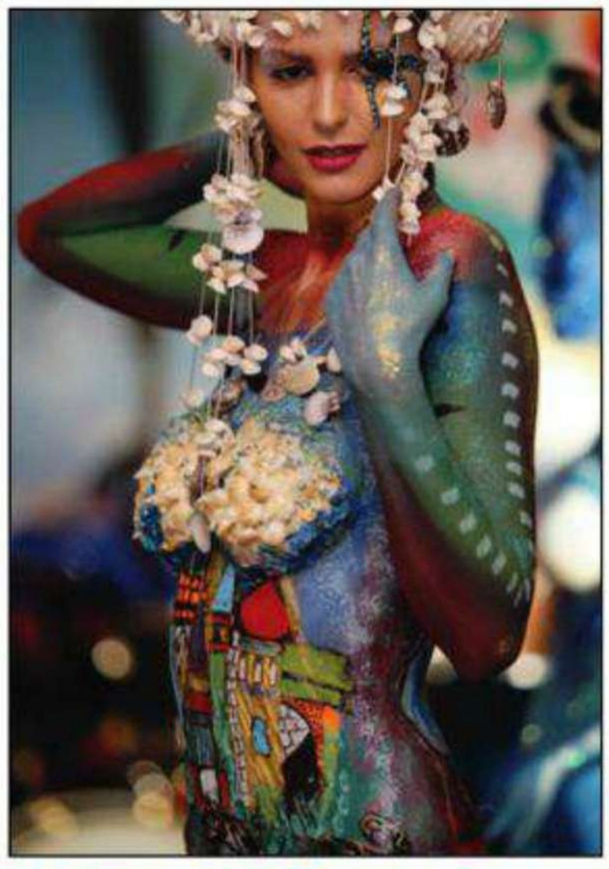
"A man can go 70 years without a piece of ass, but he can die in a week without a bowel movement." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI, AUTHOR/BOOZER

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

CON JOB

Patrons mingled with porn stars and checked out the latest in sex-related merchandise during the 20th AdultCon. For fans looking to spot an old favorite or discover a fresh new face, the Los Angeles Convention Center was the place to be. Sexy XXX veterans such as Kayme Kai, CeCe Stone and Sunny Lane were joined by Dani Daniels and other eager newcomers.

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY EPA/RUNGROJ YONGRIT EXCEPT WHERE NOTED



BRUSH WITH BEAUTY

Looking for a vacation destination that delivers a picturesque landscape along with vibrant, sexy and sometimes-strange eye candy? The Samui International Body Painting Competition might be up your alley. The festive event, which takes place annually on the Thai island of Koh Samui, attracts artists from around the world to slather colorful paint onto the semi-nude bodies of hot models. If Van Gogh had canvases like these, he'd still be alive today. This year's themes were "Heaven on Earth" and "Under the Deep Blue Sea."

PHOTO COURTESY REUTERS/STRINGER THAILAND

NEWSBITES

PORN IN PARLIAMENT

Conservative political groups in Indonesia, most notably the Islamic Prosperous Justice Party (PKS), have played a big role in bringing strict antiporn legislation to the Asian country. So it must have been embarrassing for them when PKS member Arifinto was caught watching XXX fare on the floor of parliament. Arifinto resigned. Thanks to the moral fiber of our leaders, nothing like this would ever happen in America. If House Speaker John Boehner wants to tearfully beat off to horse porn, he'll make sure his office door is locked.

MUSEUM OF JUNK

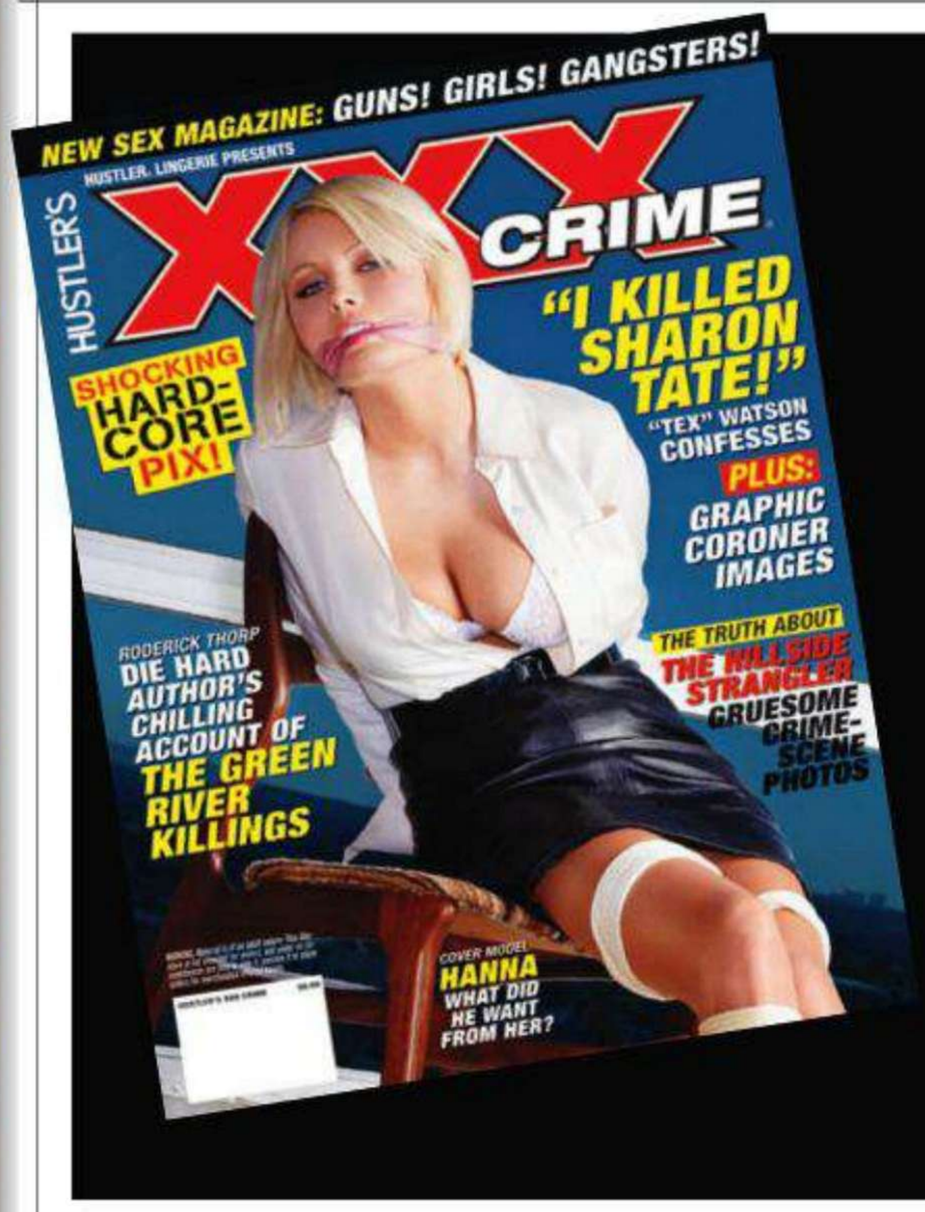
The Phallological Museum in Iceland recently acquired a major new artifact: a 95-year-old man's penis. When nonagenarian Pall Arason passed away, he willed his sex organ to the venerable institution. Now it will be displayed alongside sperm whale schlongs, seal wieners and bear dicks. We hate to criticize, but the museum missed out on the real prize. Now that President Obama has been castrated by the right wing, he doesn't have much use for his cock or balls.

SWEET SOUNDS

For a few weeks every spring a stretch of road in Philadelphia is closed for an unusual reason: to accommodate thousands of horny toads. Barricades keep vehicles off of Port Royal Avenue during the critters' mating season, when they crawl out of the woods, then hop across the pavement to the Roxborough Reservoir, where the amphibian orgy kicks off. We're not sure what thousands of toads fucking sounds like, but we imagine something as sweetly melodic as a Night Ranger song.

SEXTRA CREDIT

A LaSalle University assistant professor has been suspended for inviting three exotic dancers to a symposium on business ethics. Paying $150 a pop, roughly 30 students attended the extra-credit session. Two of those on hand allege that the scantily clad trio performed lap dances, while other attendees say the ladies simply listened to the lecture. Times have changed. During our college days, there wasn't much chance of seeing tits and ass in a classroom. There were always a lot of assholes around, though, but those were just the Young Republicans.



HOT OFF THE PRESSES

Sex and crime go together like milk and cookies, like bees and honey, like Donald Trump and insane bullshit. For fans of the hardboiled and the hardcore, HUSTLER is releasing a new special issue: *HUSTLER'S XXX Crime*. Inside, you'll find unnerving accounts of serial killers, shocking crime fiction and, of course, pictures of hot women up to no good. If you're looking to get your Bonnie & Clyde on, be sure to seek out a copy. You can also call (toll free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 for credit card orders, or mail $15 to: LFP Publishing, Attn: H. Nguyen, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

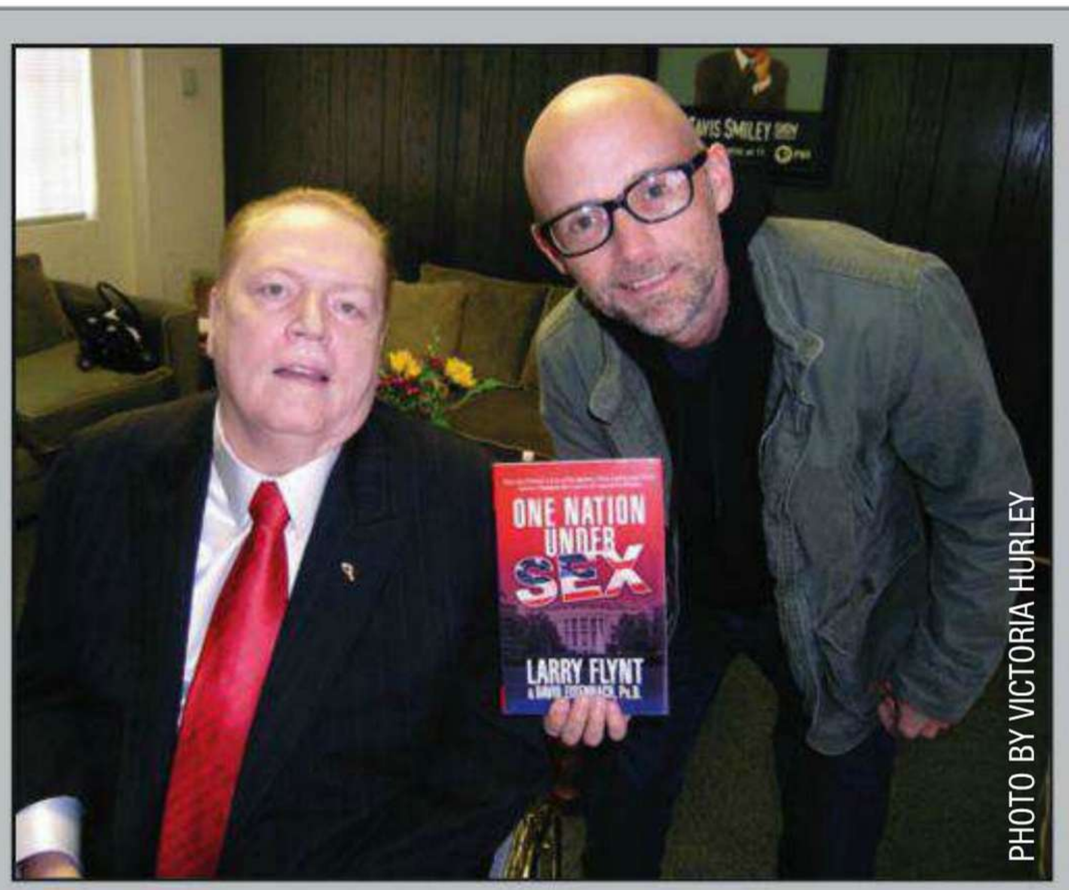
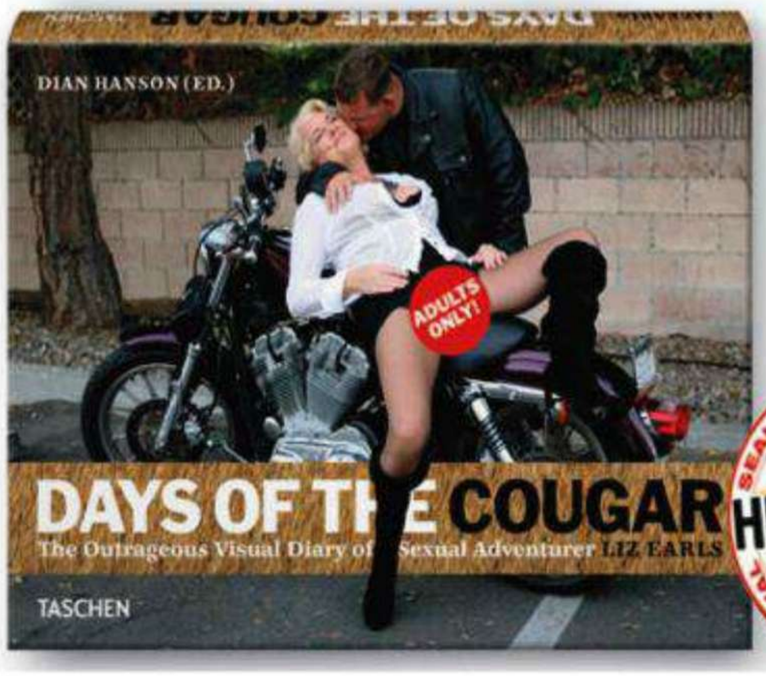


PHOTO BY VICTORIA HURLEY

FAMOUS FRIENDS

Larry Flynt can't go anywhere without running into fans. When he stopped by *The Tavis Smiley Show* to promote his new book, *One Nation Under Sex*, Mr. Flynt bumped into alternative rocker Moby. For more on Moby, check out our interview with him on page 94.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Without a doubt, *Days of the Cougar: The Outrageous Visual Diary of Sexual Adventurer Liz Earls* (Taschen, 320 pages, $39.99) delivers on the promise of its title. Earls celebrates her carnal awakening as an older woman by journeying from hotel to hotel, fucking a seemingly endless parade of much younger men. She documents her conquests in photos that are explicit, shocking and artful.

Days of the Cougar: The Outrageous Visual Diary of Sexual Adventurer Liz Earls is available for purchase at **Taschen.com**.

"Personally, I know nothing about sex, because I have always been married." —ZSA ZSA GABOR, ACTRESS

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Ke$ha LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Ke$ha is known for two things: being the poor man's Lady Gaga and having the most obnoxious name in the music industry. We're not sure if Ke$ha can sing while performing fellatio, but it would probably sound better than the crap she usually spews out.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Ke$ha actually exists, although we'd bet that whatever Faustian deal the "singer" struck with the devil to gain stardom will eventually require her to blow Dick Cheney. 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.

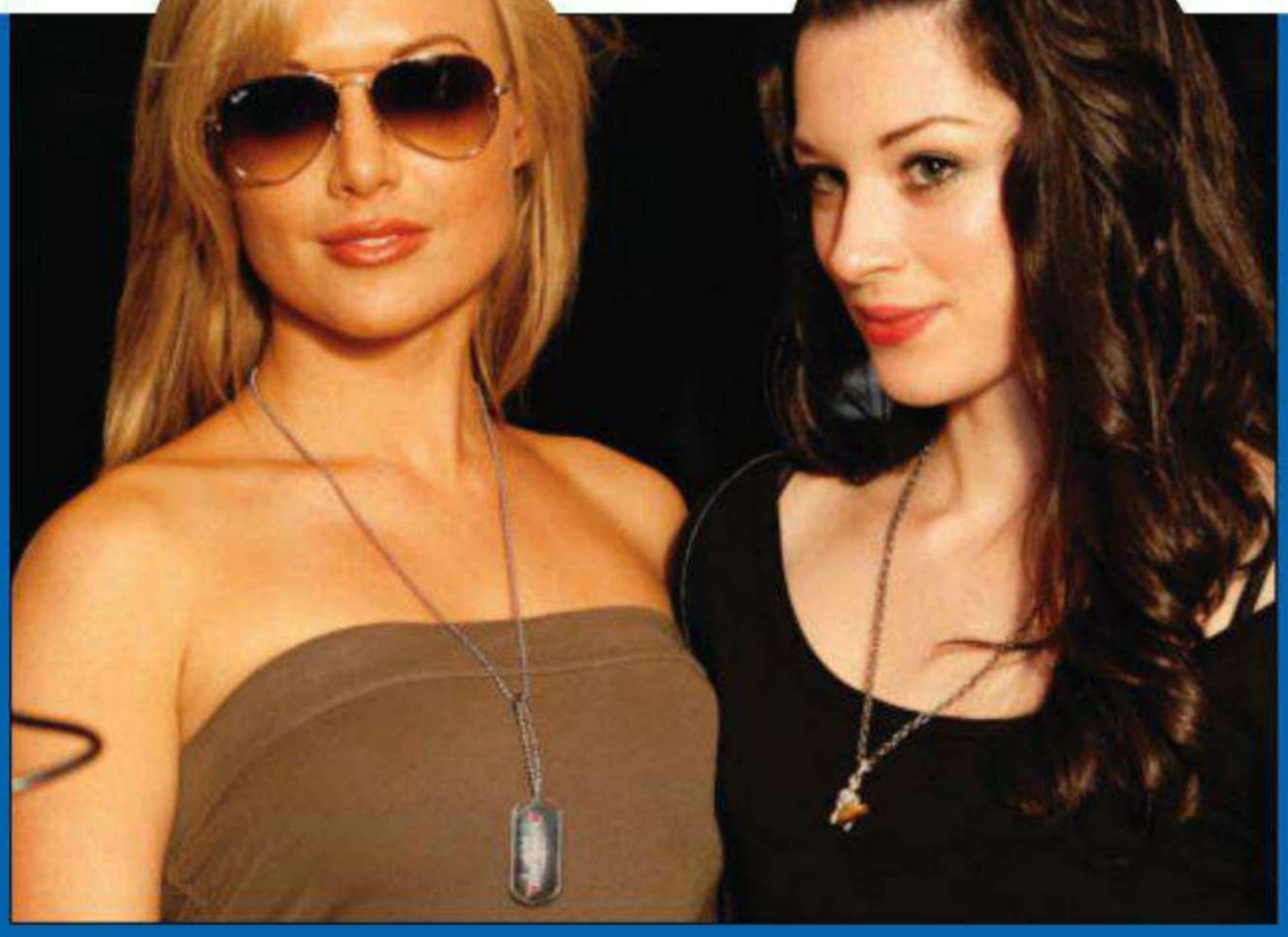
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"Sex is the biggest nothing of all time." —ANDY WARHOL, ARTIST

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #21

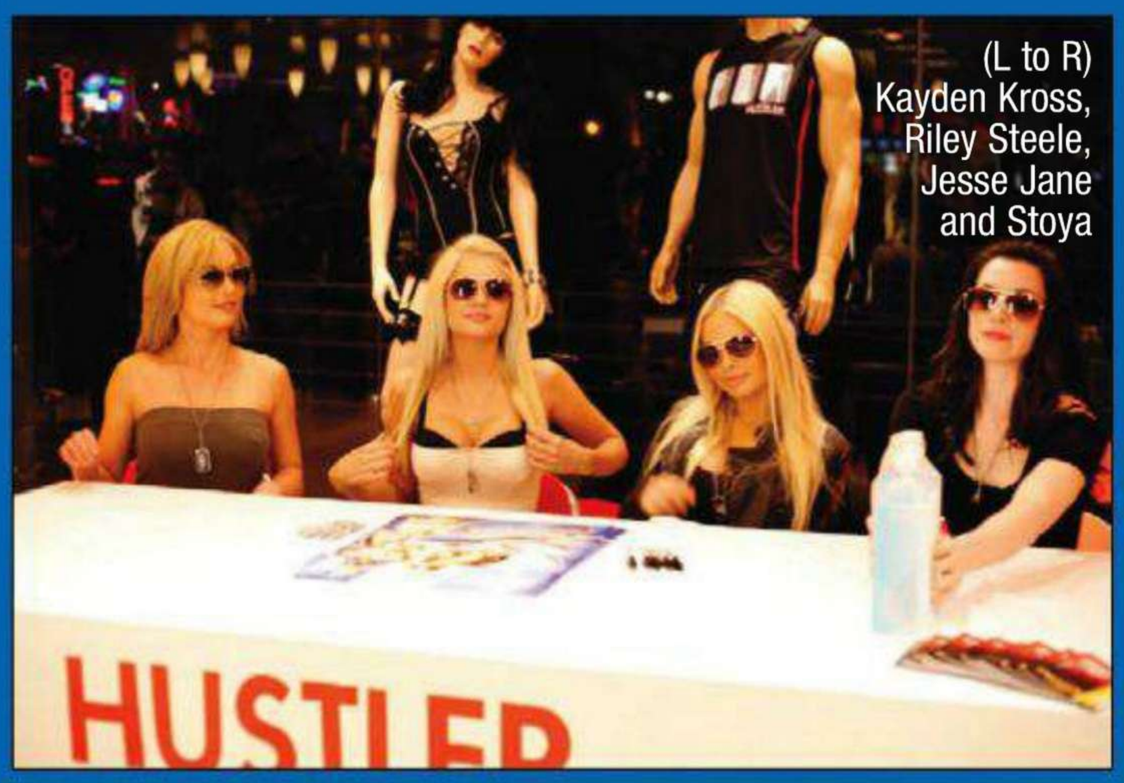
TIMOTHY GEITHNER

When Standard & Poor's announced that the nation's credit outlook was being downgraded to a "negative" rating, Tim Geithner assured the American people that everything would be fine once Congress raised the debt ceiling. It seems that Geithner's principal role in the Obama Administration these days is acting as a cheerleader for one bungled economic policy after another. For months he's been working hard to convince investors and the public that the U.S. economy is rebounding. Perhaps the Treasury secretary should stop spending so much time blowing smoke up our asses and focus more on things that might actually improve the country's economic future: increasing regulation of the financial sector, breaking apart the "too big to fail" banks and demanding that the obscenely wealthy pay their fair share in taxes. We're not counting on it, so we'll continue to shit on Geithner's head until he decides to resign or gets canned.



FIRING AWAY

To promote the release of its new XXX video *Top Guns*, Digital Playground had all hands on deck at the HUSTLER Hollywood store in Los Angeles. Jesse Jane, Riley Steele, Kayden Kross and Stoya were in attendance to sign pictures and meet their many fans. For a more revealing look at Kayden and Stoya, check out their sizzling lesbo pictorial, starting on page 64.



(L to R) Kayden Kross, Riley Steele, Jesse Jane and Stoya

PHOTOS BY BOBBY FLOWERS

This candid shot has a creepy vibe. The institutional bed frame and the drab walls are evocative of a mental hospital. We can't shake the feeling that the photograph was snapped by a furiously masturbating lobotomy patient on the next bunk. Sorry, did we spoil the mood?

Thanks to J.N. of Staten Island, New York, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

THE OH IN OHIO

PHOTO BY CHRISTY AKEMON

HUSTLER has always had a conflicted relationship with the state of Ohio. Back in the '70s, Larry Flynt opened his first go-go club in Dayton and later headquartered the magazine in Columbus. During the ensuing decades, Mr. Flynt spent a lot of time and energy battling various obscenity charges in Cincinnati courtrooms. Now, attesting to his forgiving spirit, HUSTLER Hollywood has opened a new Cincinnati store that will deliver only the finest in adult merchandise to residents of the Queen City and southern Ohio. If you're in the neighborhood, stop by for a dildo or two.

"There ain't no devil; there's just God when he's drunk." —TOM WAITS, MUSICIAN/ACTOR

Opening the Door to Handy Extramarital Bliss

Michael was asleep on the couch. Again. My husband had been pulling overtime every single day for weeks, trying to make ends meet in this lame-ass economy. By the time he arrived home from work, he was flat-out exhausted, ready for beer, food and sleep. We hadn't fucked but once in the past month, and even that had been a quickie. I was 27, far too young to be celibate. God, I was horny.

The thought of using my vibrator was just too depressing. Plus, I couldn't find any batteries as I rummaged through our bathroom cabinet. So I splashed cold water on my face instead and was startled at the image that suddenly sprang to mind: our apartment manager, who that very afternoon had been over to fix the faucet I was now using.

Ethan was a 21-year-old pothead musician with shaggy hair, mustache and a beard, a boy who ogled and leered at every female tenant in the building. Although the guy never really said much of anything, the way he stared always made me blush. Today, in my fragile state, his gaze—coupled with the sight of his tight buttocks bending over the sink—had my pussy gushing in my cotton shorts. Ethan noticed the wet spot. Before he left, he stared straight at my crotch and told me that if I ever needed anything, anything at all, his door would be open.

Now, back in the living room, I watched my husband, serenely snoring, for several minutes. Then I snuck out of our apartment and down the hall.

I stood in front of Ethan's unit for a full minute, trying to summon the courage to knock. Then, when I did, there was no answer. I tried the knob. It wasn't locked. Still debating whether to enter, I heard high-pitched squeals and low moaning, and my pussy made the decision for me. I followed the unmistakable sounds of sex.

Through a crack in the bedroom door I saw Ethan and the voluptuous blonde from 3B. Both were completely naked. The stoner was lying back on the bed, and his visitor was tonguing his fat shaft from base to mushroom cap. Wow, this was better than a porn movie! Once his long dick was sparkling with her spit, Blondie buried it in her cleavage. Pushing in on her 38Ds, she smothered Ethan's cock in boob flesh.

My neighbor's skills were impressive. While she titty-fucked the lanky teen, I admired the swell of her ass, pushed high in the air. Her cunt lips were meaty, her slit so damn pink. I had never gone lez. Still, I imagined nursing on Blondie's clit as she worked on the manager. When I slid a hand into my shorts, I found my panties soaked.

Soon I was frigging my snizz hard with three fingers of my right hand! Then I slipped my left hand under my T-shirt to tweak a nipple. When Blondie twirled around to ride Ethan reverse cowgirl, I thought maybe she saw me. Still, the danger of getting caught only made me hotter! My right hand was slick with cunt sauce, and I brought it to my lips to lick my digits clean. *Mmmm*. I smelled musky and tasted creamy and delicious! Then I went back to jilling my sopping-wet quim again.

I was beginning to realize what the whole voyeur thing was about. I couldn't keep my eyes off the ravenous couple, couldn't stop watching Ethan's throbber pushing in and out of Blondie's bald box. Her titties were jiggling nonstop as she bounced up and down on his log. When she began slapping his ball sac, Ethan's moans grew louder. When she pushed a finger into his browneye, he cried out. I had a feeling Ethan was going to come soon and desperately wished I could see it.

As if she were reading my mind, Blondie sprang off of him and started jacking his pecker with both hands. I pressed two fingers into my own tight rosebud and held my breath. Then, just as Ethan started to spray, Ms. 3B turned my way and winked. I exploded, watching the stud shoot off like a fuckin' volcano. His jism splattered Blondie right in the face, and she smiled sheepishly.

Trembling, I straightened my clothes as best I could and staggered back to my own apartment. Michael was still dead to the world. I felt truly happy. I'd discovered a way to satisfy my sexual appetite without actually cheating on my husband! I was a voyeur, and apparently Blondie from 3B was an exhibitionist. Tomorrow I'll drop by her place to see if we can coordinate her trysts with my schedule.

—R.E.
Shawnee, Kansas

For more sizzling confessions, pick up HUSTLER FANTASIES at your local newsstand, or log on to HustlerMagazine.com/ShopMagazines today!

MAKING SWEET MUSIC

NICOLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Nicole doesn't play the piano but she likes a man who knows how to tickle the ivories. "I'm definitely attracted to people who are musical," she confesses. "I think music is the most honest language there is because it speaks directly to our souls."

When she was younger, **Nicole** had musical ambitions of her own. Unfortunately, she was derailed on her way to becoming the next Chrissie Hynde. She explains: "When I was ten, my dad tried to get me to learn the guitar. I was excited; I had this junior-sized guitar so I could actually play the chords with my tiny fingers. But my teacher was this creepy old mouth-breather guy, and I hated going over to his house. He smoked cigars constantly and had, like, 20 cats, so his house stunk too."

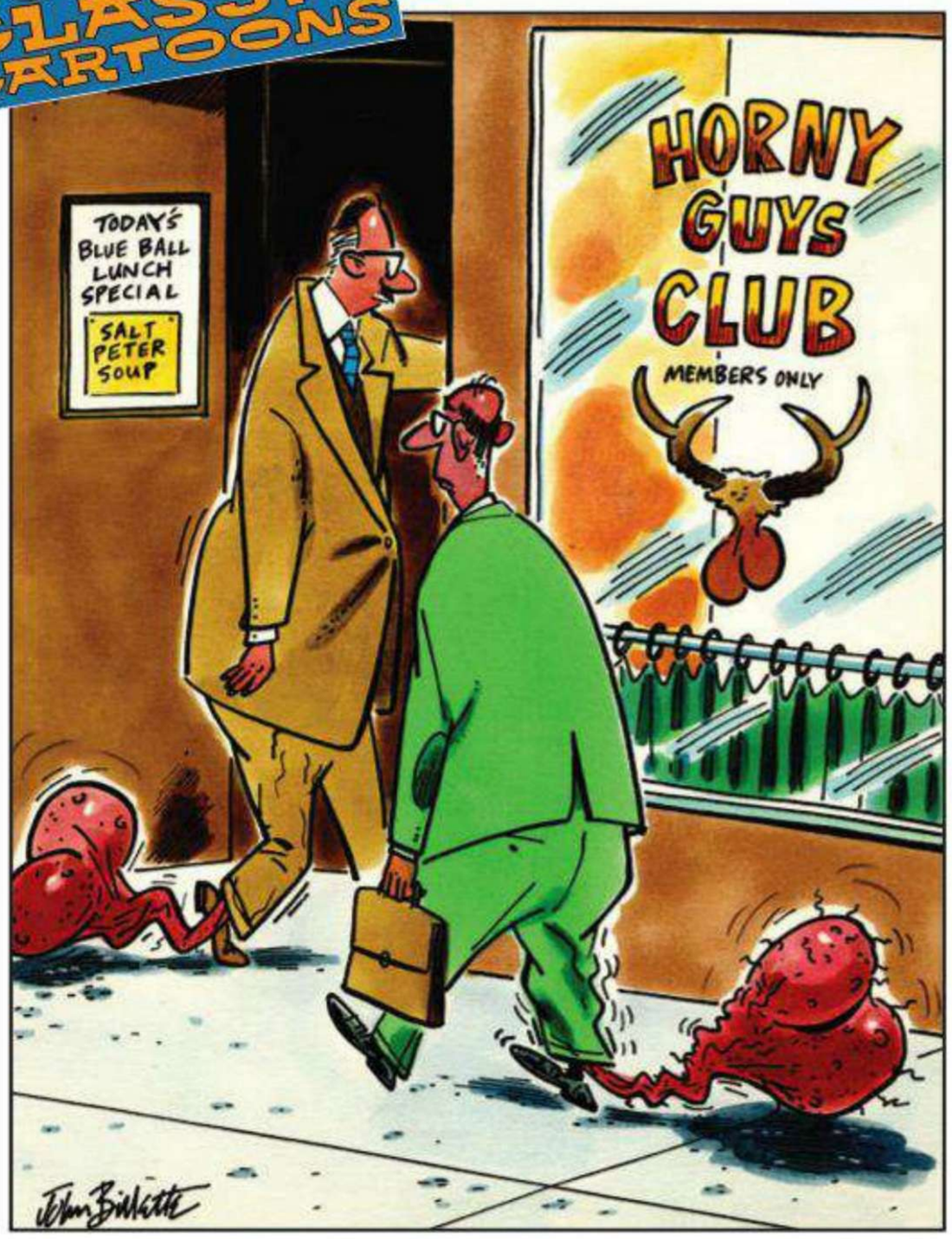
After quitting classes with the creep, **Nicole** never picked up another instrument. She's picked up her share of musicians, though. "I tend to date a lot of guys who are in bands," she admits. "I've gone out with lead singers, guitarists and bassists."

"I dated a drummer once," **Nicole** states. "But I'd never do that again. Drummers don't like to shower much. A lot of them seem to live with their moms and drive weird old vans too."

Now that we know music is the way to **Nicole's** heart, it might be time to dust off that old trombone.

NICOLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Hemet, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 130

Nicole can also be seen in *Barely Legal 115* and *This Ain't Fox News XXX*, both available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.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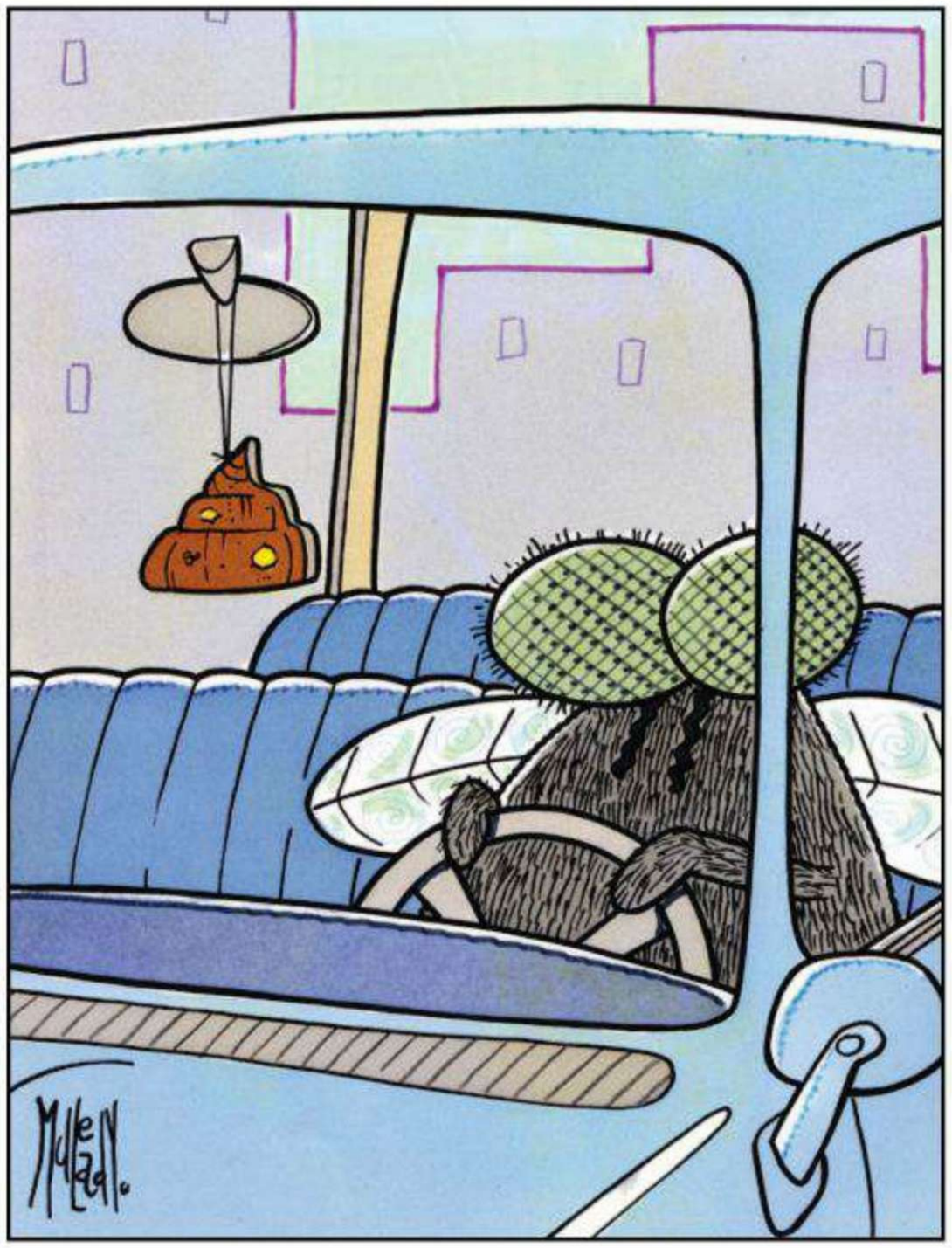
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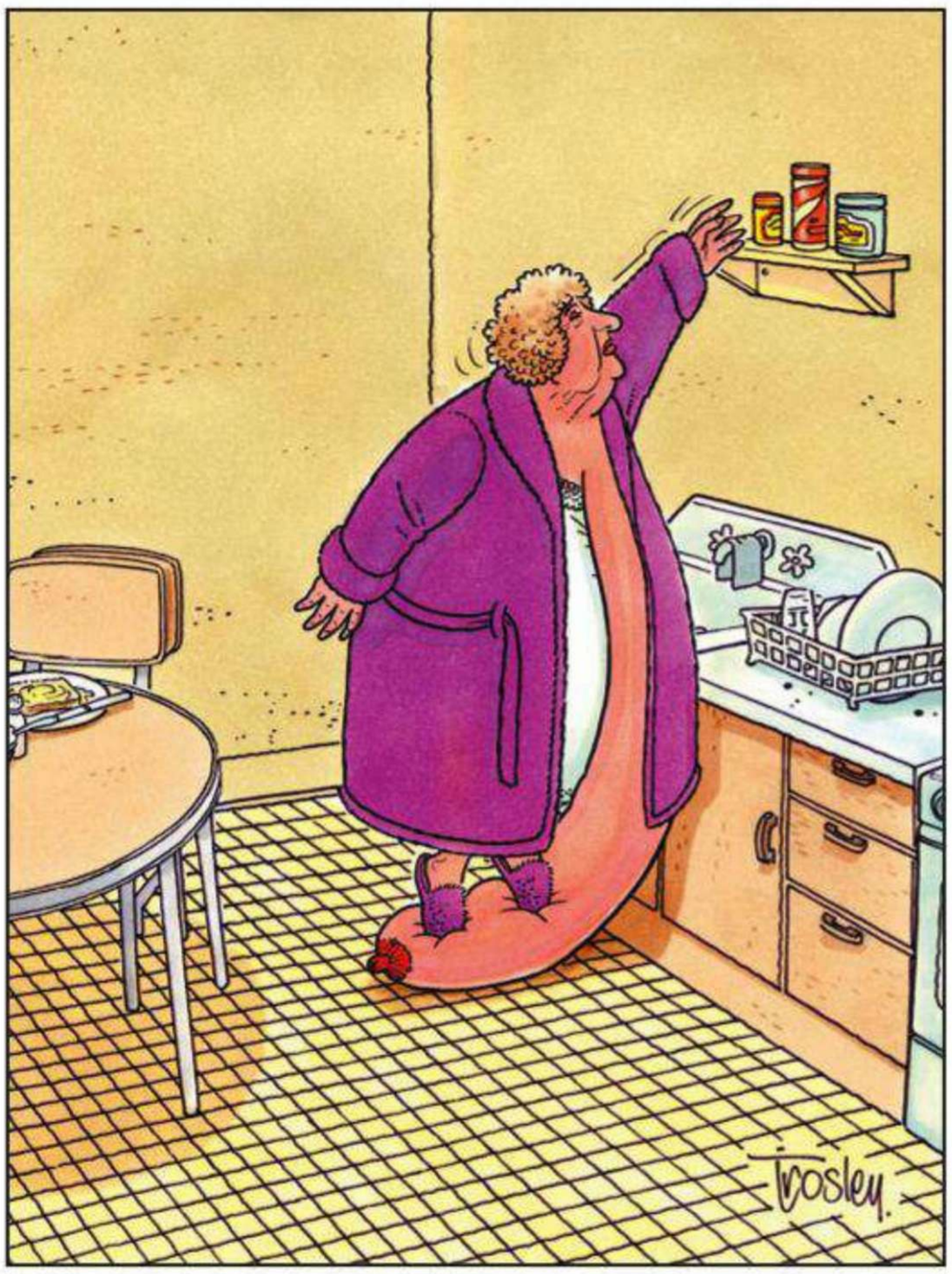
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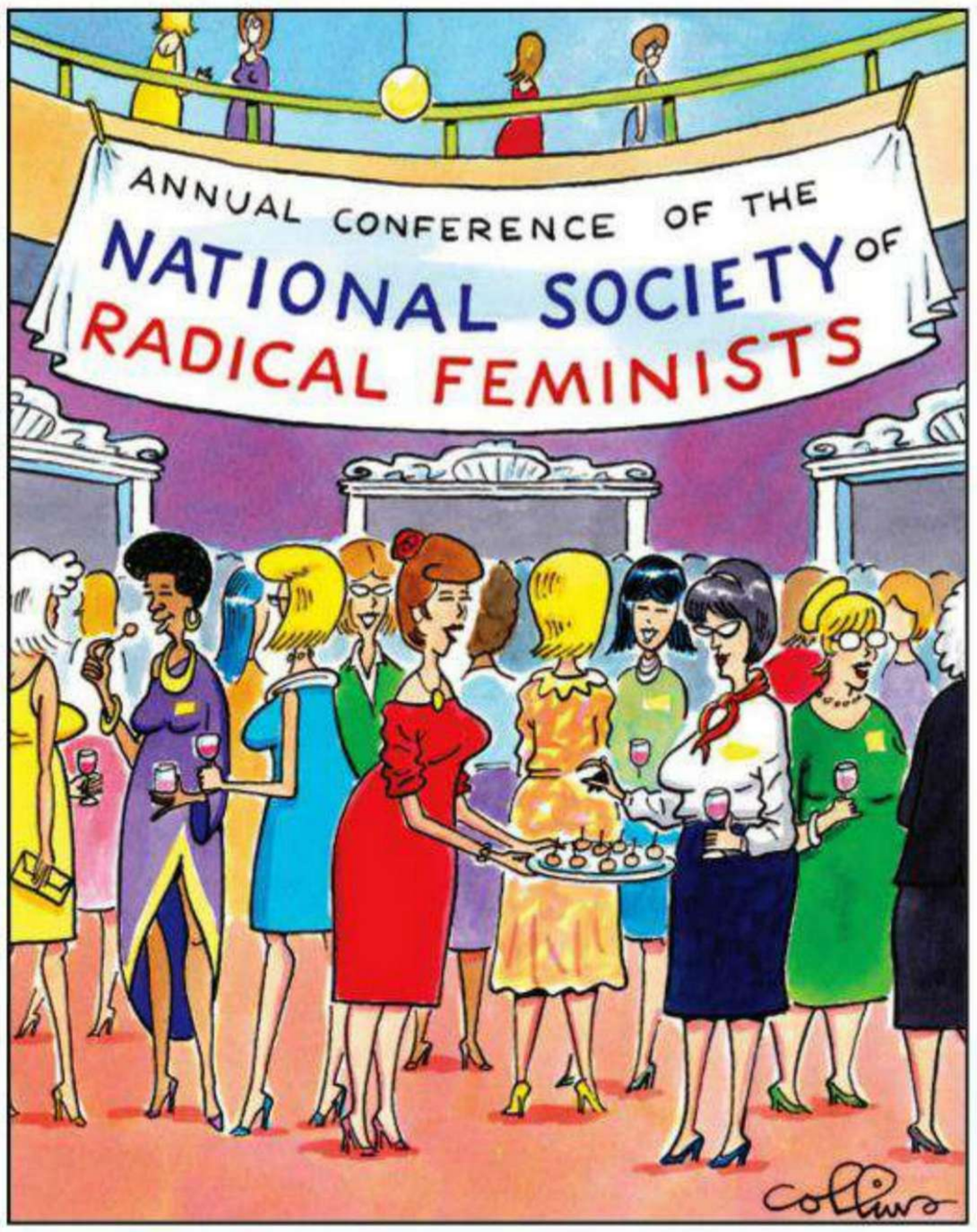
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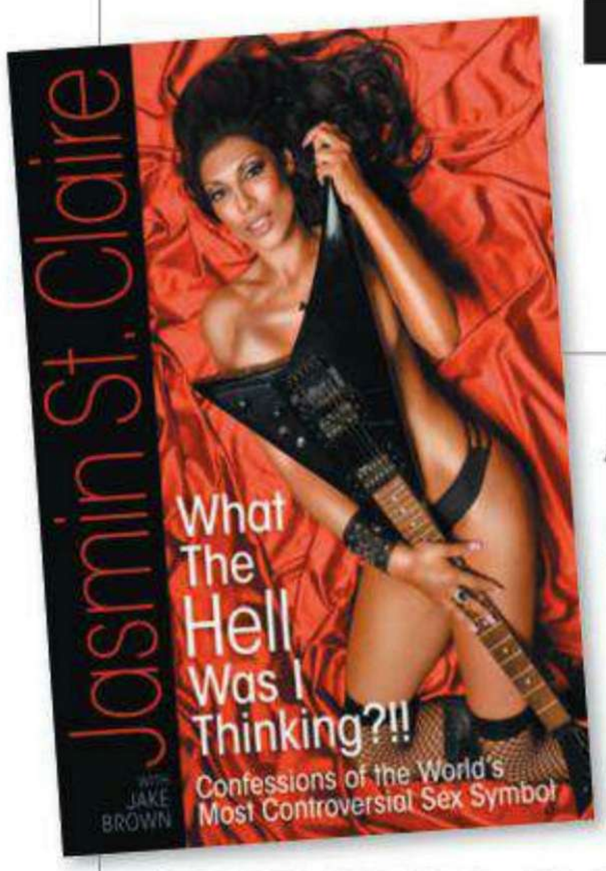
"Testicle?"

Jasmin St.

The Naked Truth



AN AMBITIOUS AND ARTICULATE EX-PORN STAR DETAILS HER HIGHS AND LOWS IN *WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING?!! CONFESSIONS OF THE WORLD'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL SEX SYMBOL.*

GIVEN THAT JASMIN ST. CLAIRE'S OFFICIAL PUBLIC PERSONA FOR TWO DECADES has been "America's most controversial sex symbol," it doesn't take a rocket scientist to understand why she'd title her memoirs *What the Hell Was I Thinking?!!* After all, it was Jasmin's idea to endure 24 hours of debauchery, sucking and fucking a horde of men to make a name for herself in the adult-entertainment industry.

Released in November 1996, *The World's Biggest Gang Bang II* sold like hotcakes, propelling its trophy-wielding covergirl to superstardom. Once considered a DVD freak show, the video is now a classic.

ºRhea Alessandra Calaveras was born in the U.S. Virgin Islands and grew

PHOTO BY ROBERT PAYES/STIFF SHOTS PHOTOGRAPHY

Claire

PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER

St. Claire with porn stud Talon in a 1999 HUSTLER photo shoot by Matti Klatt.

up in New York City. Although her family was affluent, Rhea's childhood wasn't rosy. Her parents divorced when she was only four, leaving the girl without a strong father figure while her obsessively domineering mother micromanaged her life. Although her father paid for private schooling in the New York area and Europe, Rhea rebelled as a teenager, sneaking out to heavy metal concerts.

Even so, Rhea enrolled at Columbia University, graduating with a 3.6 GPA (in business administration with a minor in criminology) and moved in with a boyfriend. To support them, she began stripping, but he became increasingly abusive during the couple's three-year relationship. Rhea, a/k/a Jasmin St. Claire, finally had enough and broke up with the guy. This pattern would repeat itself in all of Jasmin's subsequent relationships—including her only marriage.

While performing on the nationwide exotic-dancing circuit, Jasmin met talent agent Charlie Frey, who secured nude-modeling gigs with *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *High*

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Society and other magazines. He also booked her first appearance on *The Jerry Springer Show*. But Jasmin soon realized that the best way to earn top-dollar dancing gigs was to work in XXX films. So she signed with Metro Entertainment, whose product line included a video titled *The World's Biggest Gang Bang.*

Jasmin sold Metro on the idea that an aggressive preproduction campaign for a bigger, 300-guy sequel—starring her—would guarantee a bestseller. It was masterful marketing of masturbatory material. Once the DVD hit stores, it made sales history.

As a frequent guest of Howard Stern and Jerry Springer, Jasmin was one of the most candid women in the adult business, garnering as many detractors as admirers. For example, in one interview she stated: "My movies are all hard-core. There's always anal, double penetration, double vaginal, fisting and facial cum-shots. I am the new queen of hard-core—everyone can suck my toes."

But there were other worlds to conquer. While working for director Rob Black at Extreme Associates, she learned about his connections with Extreme Championship Wrestling (ECW). This led to an exhibition match with Francine, "The Queen of Extreme." It was carefully choreographed: Jasmin strutted out to center ring and announced she was the new Queen of Extreme. Francine then came out of nowhere and slammed the challenger to the mat.

The crowd roared, and while the "injured" Jasmin hobbled to the dressing room, she was silently cheering herself. "I really enjoyed the adrenaline rush of entering the ring…the atmosphere…the enthusiasm and the warm

(continued on page 167)

ALL PHOTOS BY ROBERT PAYES/STIFF SHOTS PHOTOGRAPHY UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

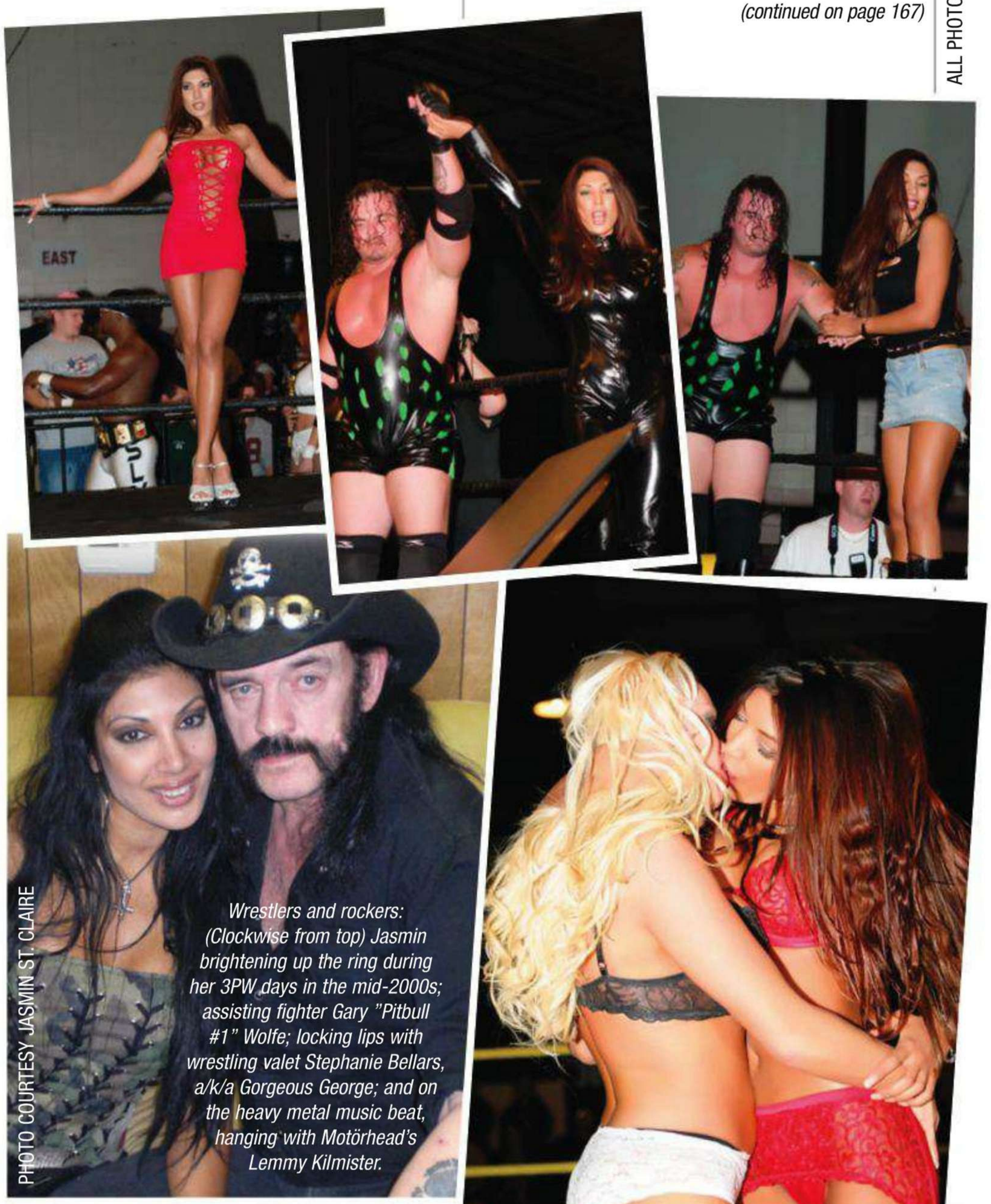

PHOTO COURTESY JASMIN ST. CLAIRE

Wrestlers and rockers: (Clockwise from top) Jasmin brightening up the ring during her 3PW days in the mid-2000s; assisting fighter Gary "Pitbull #1" Wolfe; locking lips with wrestling valet Stephanie Bellars, a/k/a Gorgeous George; and on the heavy metal music beat, hanging with Motörhead's Lemmy Kilmister.

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THE EROTI

BY CHRISTOPHER KEICHAM

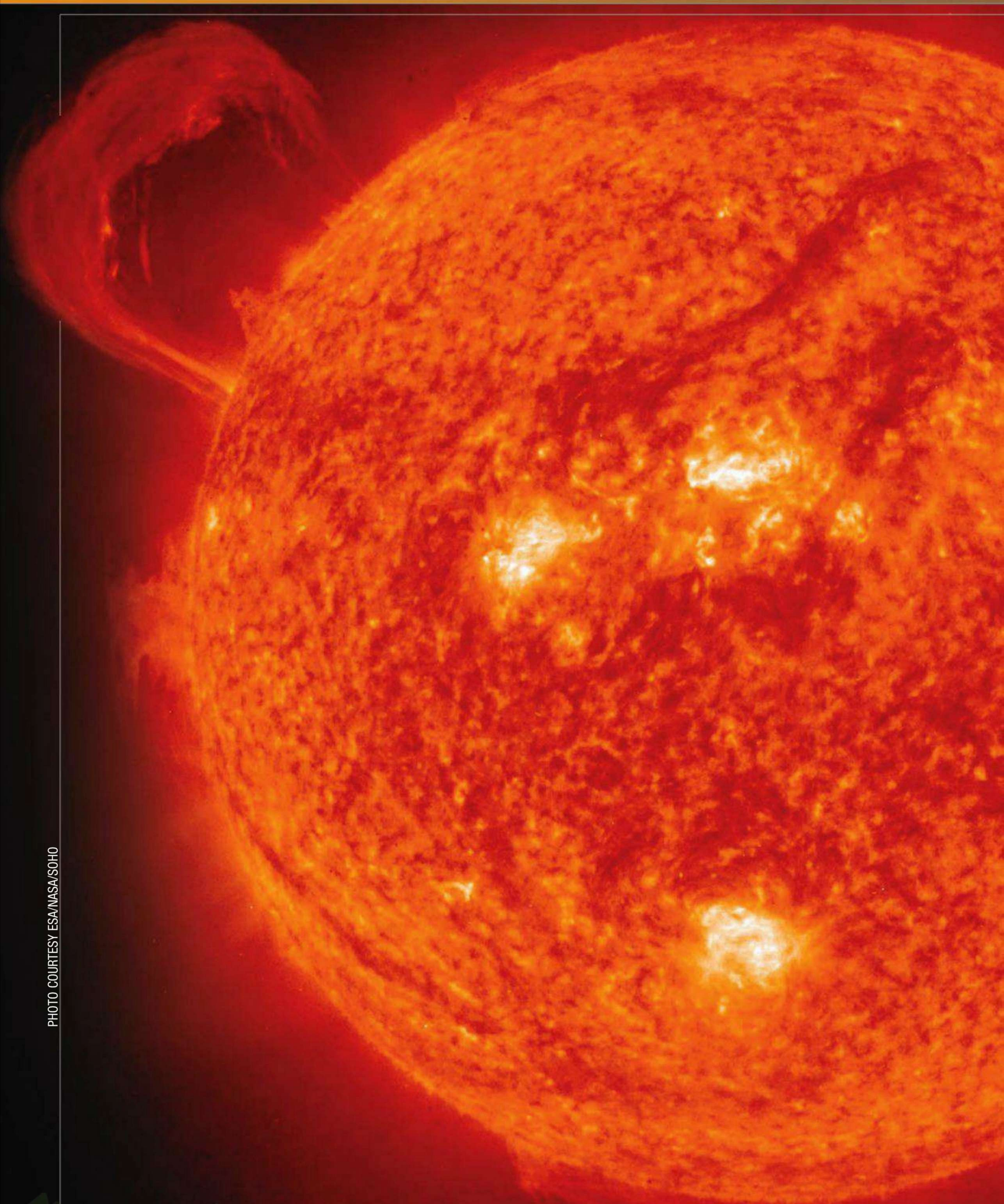
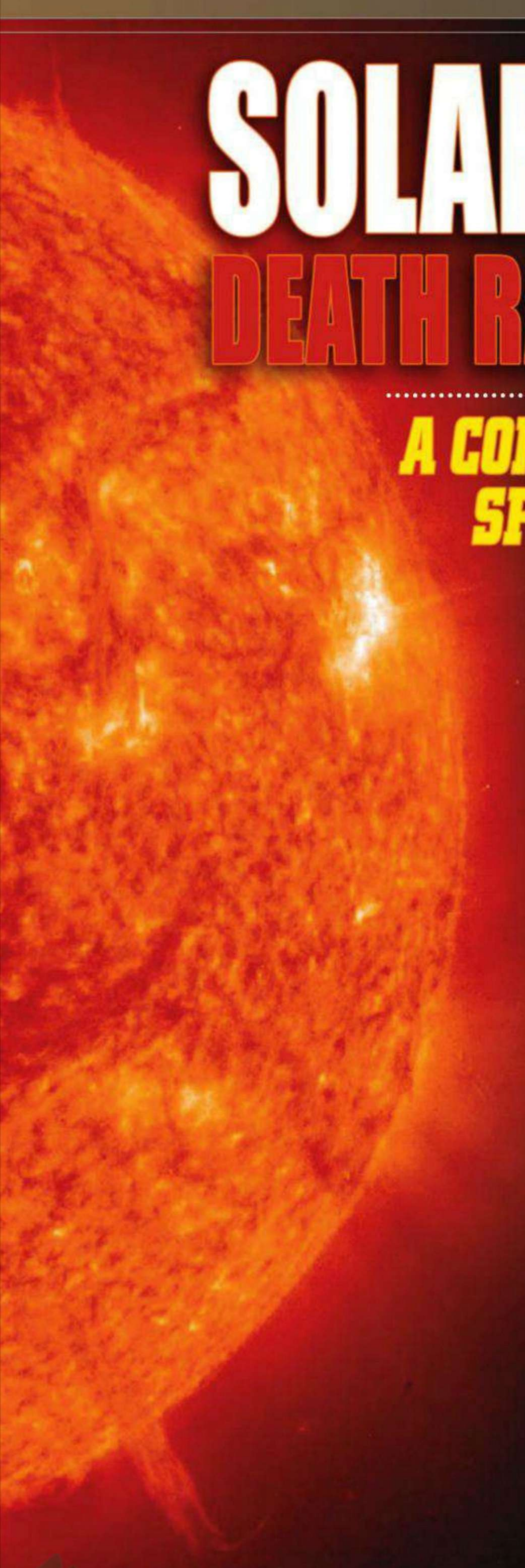


PHOTO COURTESY ESA/NASA/SOHO



SOLAR MAXIMUM

DEATH RAY FROM THE SUN

A COMING SUPERSTORM COULD SPELL THE END FOR LIFE ON EARTH AS WE KNOW IT.

It's a doomsday scenario out of Hollywood: A storm erupts on the surface of the sun, sending a blast of supercharged solar plasma leaping across space. The plasma blast hits Earth 15 minutes later and Earth's magnetic field shivers and shakes, causing geomagnetically induced currents to spark along the high-tension wires of the far-flung U.S. power grid. Some 300 key transformers in the grid are fried and won't be repaired again for years. Within one year, tens of millions—perhaps hundreds of millions—of Americans are dead, literally unable to survive cut off from the electricity supply we all take for granted.

This is one of the possible scenarios outlined in a 2009 report funded by NASA and issued by the U.S. National Academy of Sciences (NAS). The report comes as space scientists find that the sun is moving out of a prolonged period of quiet. Solar-storm activity is set to increase dramatically beginning in 2011, with a "solar maximum" predicted for 2013. In other words, conditions are right for a superstorm.

The last time a superstorm hit the planet was in 1859. It was a spectacular sight. The northern lights blazed blood-red all the way to the Caribbean, bright enough to read a newspaper at night. Fishermen in Cuba started breakfast, thinking dawn was breaking. But American industrial society as a whole hardly blinked because electricity was only a nascent technology.

Telegraphs composed the one extensive electrical system. Those wires sparked and shivered, giving telegraph operators painful shocks, while their offices often exploded in flames. The storm was dubbed the Carrington Event, after the astronomer Richard Carrington, who first observed the flares flashing on the sun's surface.

We are not prepared for another Carrington Event, according to the NAS. Congress pushed a bill in 2010 to protect key transformers across the country from the shocks of geomagnetically induced currents, but it died in the Senate from partisan bickering. NASA is working on a project called Solar Shield to track plasma blasts from the sun and predict which transformers would be hardest hit. Turning off the transformers before the plasma touched down on Earth would cause a short-term blackout, but would save the transformers. Yet Solar Shield is experimental and has never been field-tested in real-world conditions. According to the NAS, there in fact is no working system "specifically dedicated to monitoring space weather."

Meanwhile, technological progress in the digital age brings new dependency on an increasingly complex power grid, where electricity is hauled over greater distances and with more possible failure

points. As it grows more complex, our system of survival becomes more fragile.

So what exactly happens after a superstorm collapses the grid? The lights, of course, are out. But if the transformers require years to replace—as the NAS report predicts—the lights are the *least* of the worries. The event is not localized; it's nationwide, perhaps worldwide and world-shattering. There are no backup systems.

Very quickly there is mass disruption of all forms of communications, transportation and industrialized agriculture and commerce. Food stocks, fuel and water supplies, and medicines immediately run short. Water stops flowing from your tap "within several hours," states the NAS. "Perishable foods and medications [are] lost in about 12 to 24 hours."

Your Internet connection and BlackBerry signal? Gone. The landlines are dead. Satellites and GPS systems are scrambled. All communications systems now silent. As for banking and finance, these will become useless abstractions, irrelevant to the problems at hand; there will be nothing to buy or sell, and cash will only be good for burning.

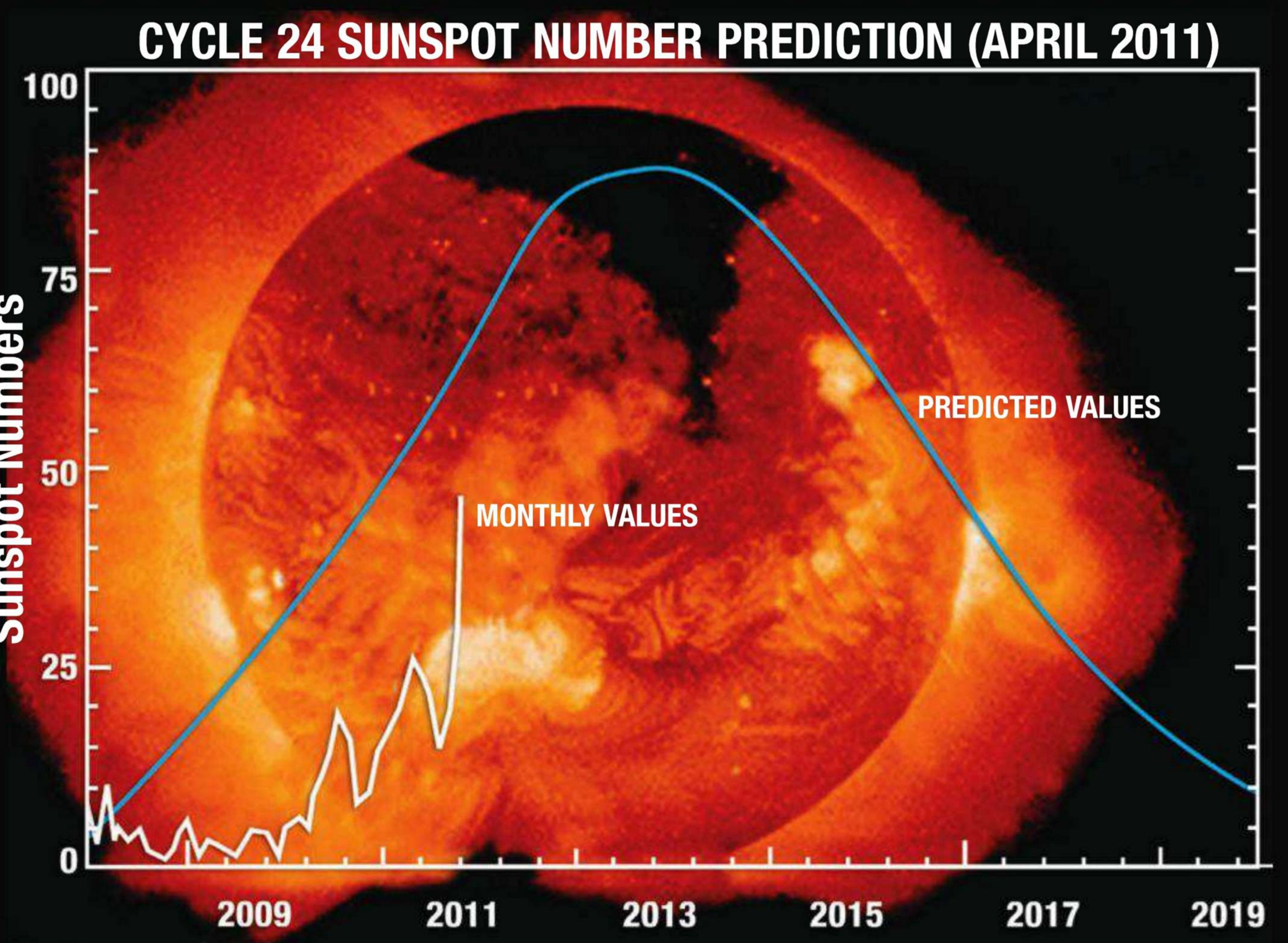
Natural gas and fuel pipelines require electricity to operate, as do the pumps at gas stations. If the computer chip that starts your car wasn't fried by the solar blast, good luck finding gas to power it. The just-in-time trucking networks that distribute goods and supplies can't get fuel either. Nuclear power stations have automatically shut down with the failure of the grid, as they're programmed to do, but what will keep the backup generators running if there's no fuel to power them? (See companion article, "Solar Maximum Part II: The Nuclear Problem," for more info.)

Where heating is dependent on electricity, it's gone—people freeze. Pity the old folks in the sprawl of the Sunbelt—there's no more air-conditioning. Death comes first for those dependent on medications and attentive healthcare. Pharmaceutical manufacturers can't produce for the tens of millions of Americans whose survival is determined by a daily dose of medicine. Even if they could, the manufacturers have no way to deliver the drugs. Hospitals can run on generators for perhaps 72 hours—then they go dark. The sickest patients won't survive for long. The rest are told to go—somewhere. Probably to look for food.

A prolonged darkness sets in. Aboriginal night returns to America. In rural areas, those who still know how to practice self-sufficiency in small communities—use a gun, ride a horse, find meat, grow vegetables, cooperate to survive—have a fighting chance. However, in the cities, where the vast majority of Americans live, there is chaos driven by a terrible and rising hunger. People riot. They kill and are killed. Peter Pry, former CIA analyst and executive director of the Electromagnetic Pulse Commission, an organization chartered recently by Congress, offers a worst-case scenario of mass die-off: Within 12 months of a solar superstorm, says Pry, some two-thirds of the U.S. population could perish for lack of electricity.

History has taught us that every civilization collapses. It would be foolish to think ours won't suffer the same fate. But this time the collapse will likely be worldwide. That's because these superflares might occur more than once during the predicted period of solar-maximum bursts, impacting whichever part of the Earth faces the sun at that moment. Billions of deaths could result. Only those who prepare will have a chance to make it through.

Christopher Ketcham has written for *Harper's*, *Vanity Fair*, *GQ*, **Salon.com** and many other publications and Web sites. Find more of his work at **ChristopherKetcham.com** or e-mail him via ***CKetcham99@mindspring.com***.



BY KARL GROSSMAN

SOLAR MAXIMUM PT II

THE NUCLEAR PROBLEM

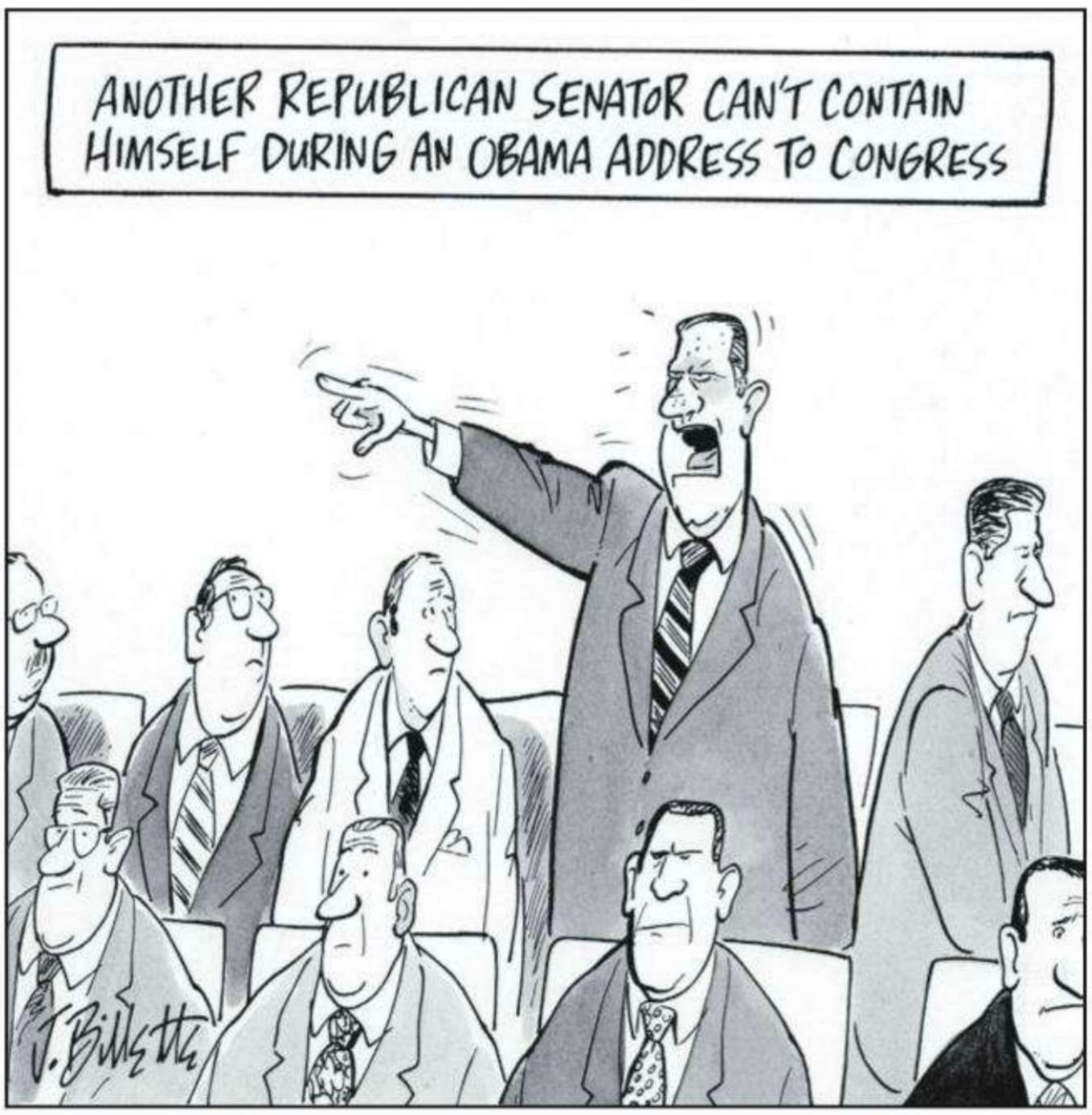
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ALL 104 NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS IN THE UNITED STATES MELT DOWN AT THE SAME TIME?

PHOTO BY STEVE ALLEN

If the U.S. electrical grid went down for a prolonged period as the result of a severe solar storm, nuclear power plants would likely experience a series of explosions at the spent fuel pools used for storing radioactive waste. The explosions would discharge thousands upon thousands of tons of radioactive poisons—enough to create the greatest nuclear disaster ever.

Water must constantly flow into the swimming pool-like structures that contain the hot, radioactive-spent fuel rods from nuclear power plants. These rods are loaded with radioactive poisons such as Cesium-137, Strontium-90, Iodine-131 and also Plutonium-239—all highly toxic. The spent fuel pools are usually topped with corrugated steel roofs; none have containments.

Kevin Kamps, a nuclear power expert with the organization Beyond Nuclear (**BeyondNuclear.org**), explains there is no back-up power for the pumps that keep the water flowing to the pools. "If grid power was lost, it would only take a day or two for the water in a spent fuel pool to boil away," says Kamps. Then there could be an unprecedented nuclear catastrophe. The



"Stop telling the truth about us!"

key reason: explosive zirconium.

When nuclear power plants were first planned in the late 1940s and early 1950s, engineers tried a variety of substances with which to make fuel rods. But only zirconium, made into an alloy called zircaloy, allowed for the neutrons from the uranium to pass freely between the rods, thus permitting a nuclear chain reaction to be sustained.

But there is a huge problem with zirconium: When hot, it will explode. There are 30,000 to 40,000 rods, composed of 20 tons of zirconium, in an average nuclear power plant. In a spent fuel pool, containing years of spent fuel rods, there commonly are 50 tons, 100 tons or even more of zirconium. At 2,000° Fahrenheit, zirconium will explode with, pound for pound, the power of nitroglycerine. Short of that temperature, it gives off hydrogen, also highly combustible—the reason for the explosions blowing the roofs off the spent fuel pools at the Fukushima I Nuclear Power Plant in Japan.

A loss-of-water accident triggered by an electric grid breakdown would result in the fuel rods in the spent fuel pools becoming hotter and hotter, with their residual heat quickly rising to 2,000° Fahrenheit. There would be attempts, as there were at Fukushima, to use fire hoses and other makeshift remedies to cool the pools. But once the grid goes down, they have no way of keeping the water from boiling out of the tanks, thus exposing the spent fuel rods. The resulting zirconium explosions would send the radioactive poisons in the spent fuel pools airborne. This would not only irradiate surrounding areas for long distances but also form clouds of radioactive poisons that would float into the biosphere and then settle back to Earth or return as radioactive rain.

These poisons would include Plutonium-239, with a half-life of 24,600 years—meaning it is radioactive and a threat to life for 500,000 years. A millionth of a gram of plutonium, a microscopic amount, is all that is necessary, if inhaled, to cause lung cancer.

As for America's 104 nuclear power plants themselves, they have backup diesel generators to keep the water in them flowing, but, notes Kamps, there'll need to be large amounts of diesel fuel on hand to keep pumping the coolant water into the plants during any prolonged grid outage. With power out across the country, it's hard to imagine how replacement fuel would get to the nuclear power plants. Without water, powered by fuel, the zirconium-based fuel rods in the plants would also explode.

Karl Grossman has long specialized in investigative reporting on nuclear technology. He is a board member of **BeyondNuclear.org** and professor of journalism at the State University of New York's The College at Old Westbury. His six books include *Cover Up: What You Are Not Supposed to Know About Nuclear Power*. The host of numerous TV programs on nuclear issues (**Envirovide.com**), including the nationally aired TV program *Enviro Close-Up*, he has also written and narrated *Three Mile Island Revisited*, *The Push to Revive Nuclear Power*, *Chernobyl: A Million Casualties* and other documentaries.

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LATE BLOOMER

TIFFANY THOMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK

BOOK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

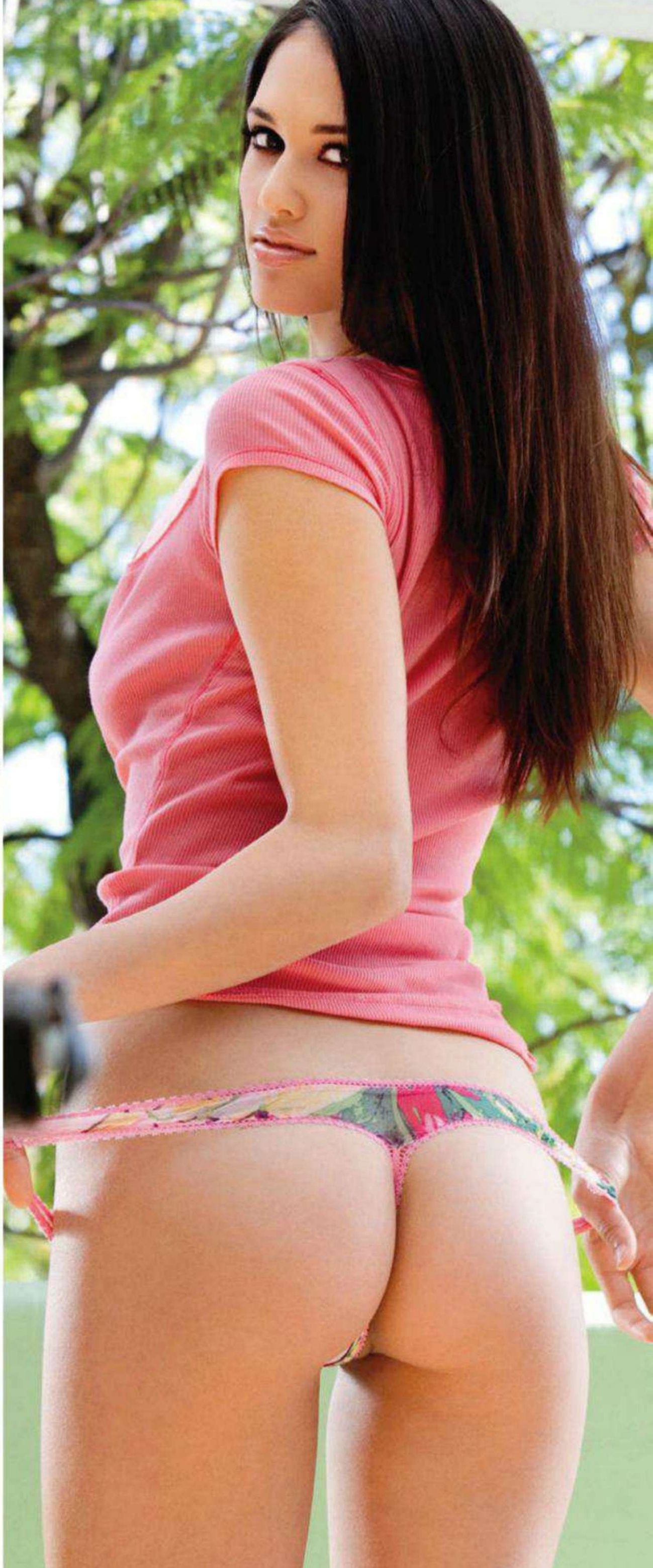
Tiffany Thompson never thought she would appear in the pages of HUSTLER.

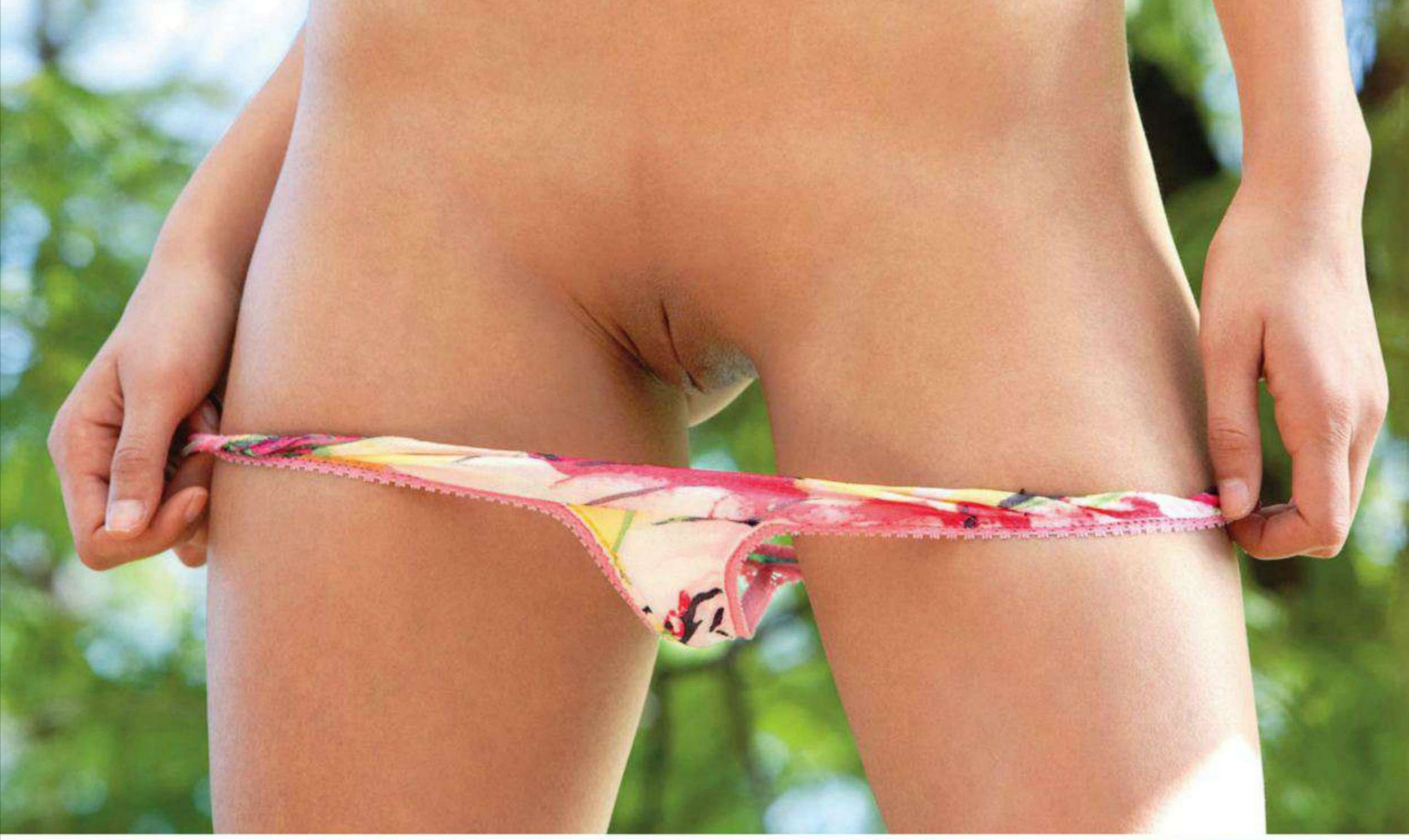
"No way," Tiffany gasps. "I was a very shy kid growing up, mostly because I was a lot taller than the other girls in my class, and I was real awkward and clumsy."

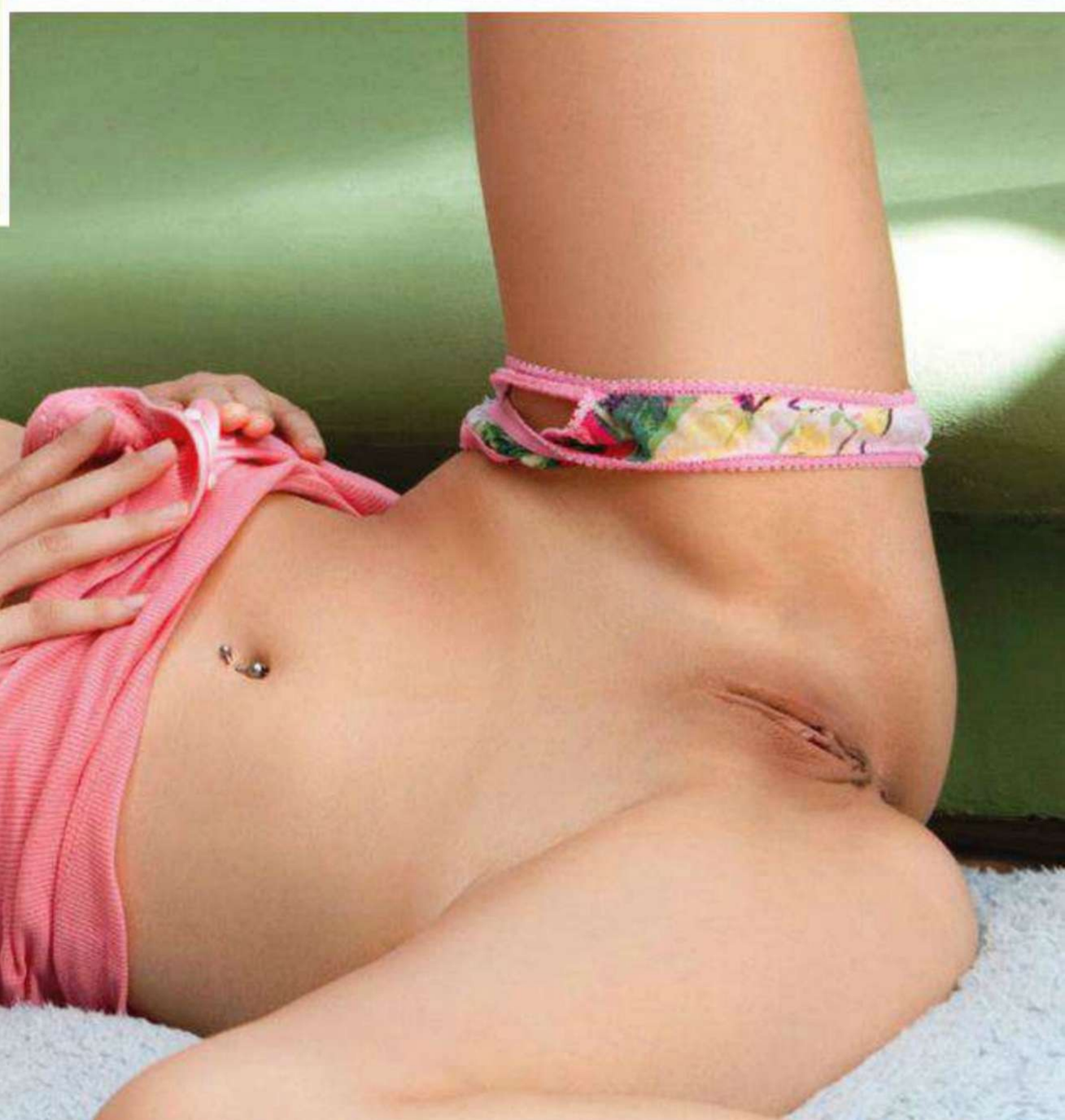
There's no doubt that Tiffany's wall-flower days are behind her.

All it takes for confirmation is a single glance at the stunning beauty. "Toward the end of high school, things had definitely changed!" Tiffany exclaims.

"I wasn't tall and dorky anymore," she announces. "I was tall and sexy."







Guys at school started to take notice of the new-and-improved **Tiffany** in a big way. Her self-confidence surging, she joined the cheerleading team and even entered a couple of local beauty pageants.

Tiffany isn't embarrassed to admit that she enjoys all of the attention that comes her way. "I'm not stuck-up or conceited," she asserts. "I'm a real down-to-earth girl, but I won't lie. I totally enjoy catching random guys checking me out. It's a great feeling, particularly because it's still really new to me!"

Tiffany Thompson may have been a late bloomer, but she was worth the wait.

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Mission Viejo, California | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 132

For more of **Tiffany Thompson**, feast your eyes upon *Barely Legal 115*, available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

JAXTRAW'S
LUCY LASTIQUE

WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO WHEN SHE'S DEFEATED A HIVE OF EVIL ALIENS—ALIENS WHO KIDNAPPED FOLKS TO BE HUMAN BATTERIES FOR THEIR INFERNAL MACHINES?

WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO WITH A HORDE OF RESCUED VICTIMS IN NEED OF MEDICAL CARE WHEN SHE'S STILL GOT THE ALIENS ABOARD HER STARSHIP AND DOESN'T WANT TO ANSWER AWKWARD QUESTIONS?

ANSWER: SHE TAKES THEM TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL STATION AND PLAYS IT CUTE.

IS THIS THE LAST ONE, DR. FUCHS? SURE IS A LOT OF RED TAPE!

WELL MISS LASTIQUE, YOU HAVE ARRIVED HERE WITH FOUR HUNDRED CASUALTIES!

WE'RE AN EMERGENCY STATION, WELL-EQUIPPED FOR SUCH NUMBERS. BUT THEY'VE NO DOCUMENTATION, AND ASSESSMENTS SHOW THEM TO BE AMNESIAC AND DELUSIONAL, HALLUCINATING ABOUT ALIEN ABDUCTIONS AND SCARY MONSTERS!

WE ANTICIPATE MAJOR PROBLEMS REINTEGRATING MANY OF THEM INTO THE GALACTIC COMMUNITY. IF YOU'VE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THEM, IT WOULD BE A GREAT HELP!

'FRAID NOT.

LIKE I SAID, WE JUST FOUND THEM IN WEIRD PODS IN A DESERTED SPACE STATION. WE ONLY JUST GOT OUT BEFORE IT EXPLODED...

...GUESS WE MUSTA TRIPPED SOMETHING-

HERE'S THE LAST SIG. I CAN GO NOW, RIGHTY?

WELL...

I AM WONDERING IF I SHOULD PASS THIS TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR INVESTIGATION. YOU'D HAVE TO STAY DOCKED AND COOPERATE UNTIL THEY'RE DONE.

I'M NOT EXACTLY DOUBTING YOU, MISS, BUT YOUR STORY IS A LITTLE... STRANGE.

WELL DOC, I'M FROM FORNIX EIGHT, AND IN MY CULTURE WE PROVE OUR GOOD FAITH BY FUCKING LIKE BEASTS IN HEAT!

AH

I, AH, I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE, AH, VERY APPROPRIATE...

BUT DOCTOR, THAT'S CULTURALLY INSENSITIVE! AND, AND DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S MEDICALLY DANGEROUS TO DROP A FORNIXIAN GIRLIE AFTER YOU'VE GOT HER ALL...

PERKY?

SEE?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

I MEAN I DIDN'T...

DID I?

YOU'LL MAKE ME ILL FROM EROTIC TENSION!

OH DOCTOR FUCHS, WON'T YOU BE MY DOCTOR LOVE?!

I...

I...

ARE YOU TRYING TO SEDUCE ME?!

YEP. HOW'M I DOING?

FRIFFY FOOF, FO FE HONEFF

YOUR COCK'S AS HOT AS A FISSION ROD!

LET'S MAKE SOME STEAM IN MY REACTOR!

BABY, MY CUNT IS WET ENOUGH TO SWIM IN!

AND YOUR MAMMARY GLANDS ARE REMARKABLY PHYSIO-LOGICAL!

TRY AGAIN

YOUR BREASTS ARE

DIRTIER

"YOUR COCKPILLOWS NEED A CUM DRENCHING?"

THAATS IT!

DON'T TEASE, DOC, MY FANNYS POUTING FOR A BANGING!

AMERICAN OR ENGLISH?

I LOVE YOUR DIRTY MOUTH!

THE PINK ONE!

OH YEAH! OH YEAH!

POUND MY PUD WITH THAT BABY'S ARM!

FUCK ME! FUCK ME TIL I BULGE!

I WANNA COCK TICKLE IN THE BACK OF MY THROAT!

OH GOD, I'VE NEVER PORKED SUCH A PERISTALTIC PUSSY!

YOU'RE THE POSSESSOR OF A PERFECT POONTANG!

HERE COMES THE MONEY, YOU FABULOUS FUCKBUNNY!

...IT'S TIME TO MAKE YOU MY SPUNK SPONGE!

DOCTOR FUCHS, I JUST NEED YOUR SIGNATURE ON...
DOCTOR FUCHS!!!
YOU'RE SPRAYING YOUR STEAMING COCKLOAD ON A PNEUMATIC ALIEN RACK!
DOCTOR BOTTAM... OLIVIA... I CAN...
THIS ISN'T...
BLEH
HEYA! WANNA COCK-SHARE?
LET'S FUCK, GUYS!
OH WILLI, I'VE FRIGGED MYSELF CRAZY WANTING YOUR TROUSER SNAKE!
NOW MY DREAM COMES TRUE!
I'M LUCY, PLEASED TO FUCK YOU!
CHARMED! HERE, HAVE SOME COCK!
--AND YOUR LOVE HOLE'S A LAGOON OF LUSTY PINK!
YOU SUCK DICK SO BEAUTIFULLY LUCY--

OH!

YEAH!

OOOOOH

HMM?

OH YEAH!

OHHH

OH YEAH

OH YEAH

FUCK FUCKING FUCK YEAH!

FLICK MY FOAMY FUCKHOLE, YOU ELFIN FLOOZY!

GOD GOD FUCK GOD SHIT FUCK FUCK

FUCKING FUCK GOD

OH GOD FUCKING GOD GOD FUCKING GOD!!!

DON'T BE SHY NOW, WILLI! NICE 'N' ROUGH!

US POINTY-EARS'VE GOT POOPCHUTES DESIGNED TO BE SHAGGED!

SO MANY TIMES I'VE FANTASIZED ABOUT COMING WITH YOUR MEATY COCK IN MY ARSE, WILLI!

IT'LL SO TURN ME ON TO WATCH YOU REAM LUCY!

TELEOLOGY ASIDE, YOUR BACK ALLEY FITS A MUTTON DAGGER LIKE A GLOVE FITS A HAND!

...AND LIKE YOUR HOTBOX WILL FIT MINE!

AHH!
YES!
I'M GOING TO COME, OLIVIA BOTTAM!
NO! NO! DO IT ON MY FACE!!!
CREAMY!
MORE?
YEAH
ENCORE!
(MUCH) LATER...
TODGER! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WAITING!
WELL, WE'D OFFLOADED ALL THE PATIENTS, SO I THOUGHT I'D COME AND SEE IF YOU FANCIED A CHOCBEER.
THE RECEPTION CLOSED AT SIX.
OH, Y'KNOW HOW IT IS, TODGE...
FUCKING BUREAUCRATS!
AWWWW. I'M SORRY! YOU SHOULD'VE TEEPED ME!
I DID. YOU WERE BLOCKED.
AHHH. RIGHTY.
IT'S NO BIGGIE. THE FACILITIES HERE ARE 24-HOUR. WE CAN STILL GRAB A DRINK IF YOU LIKE.
ANYWAY, WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG?
The End
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TURTLE DOVES

STOYA AND KAYDEN

Evelyn (**Kayden Kross**) was home alone jarring prunes when the phone rang. It was Marcia (**Stoya**), her old roommate from Liberty University.

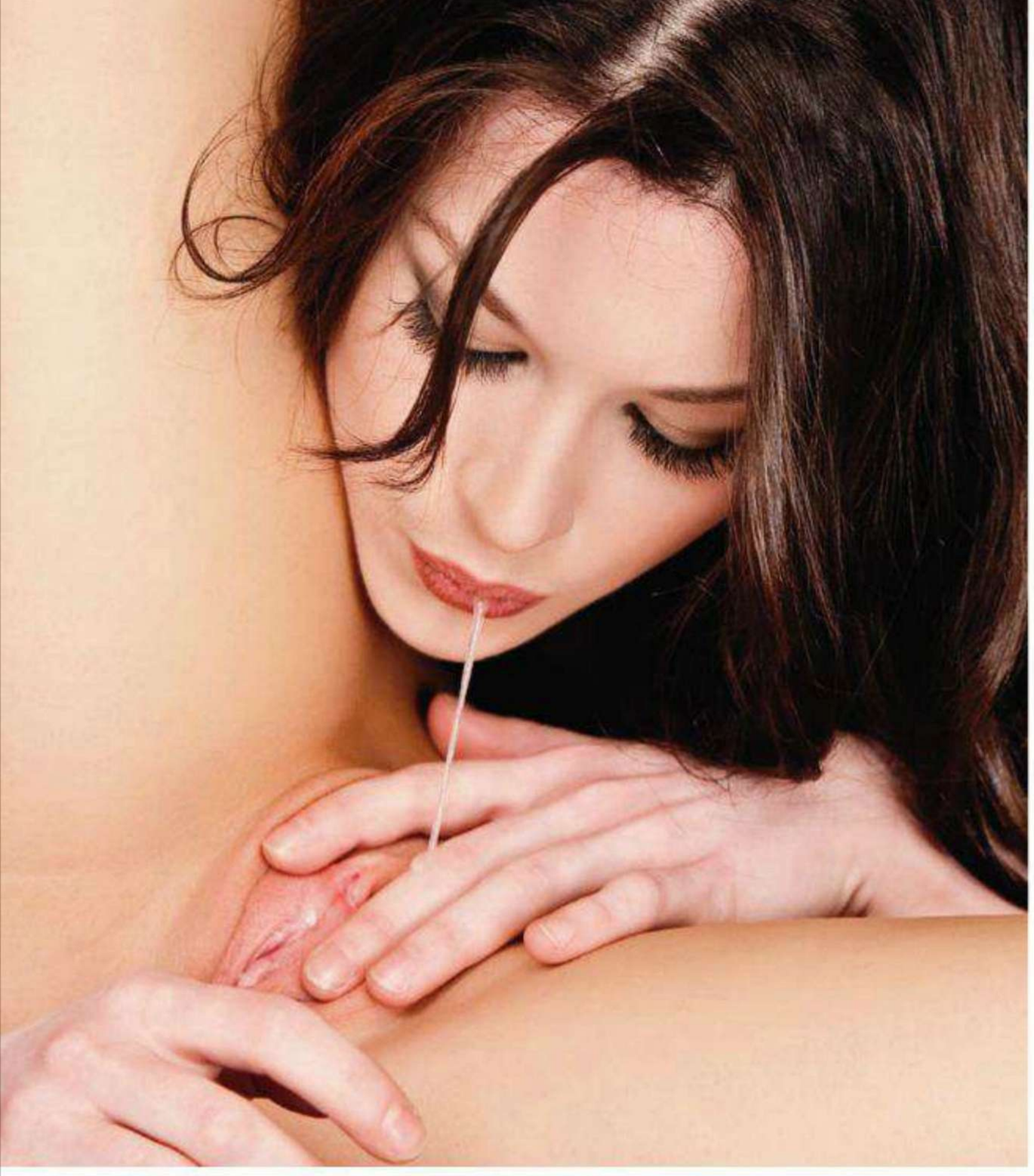
Marcia sounded panicked and anxious. "Something terrible has happened," she told her friend. "I need to see you most urgently."

Evelyn hopped on the next ferry heading to Marcia's island home. "My tortoise, Steve, is dead," Marcia announced starkly. "He succumbed to Lou Gehrig's disease last night. I don't know if I can go on."

Marcia collapsed into Evelyn's arms. They grieved the death of the giant reptile the only way they knew. They stripped naked. They fondled each other with mad abandon. They fucked each other with a dildo.

When the pleasure device was inserted into Marcia's pussy, her eyes welled with tears. "What's wrong?" Evelyn asked.

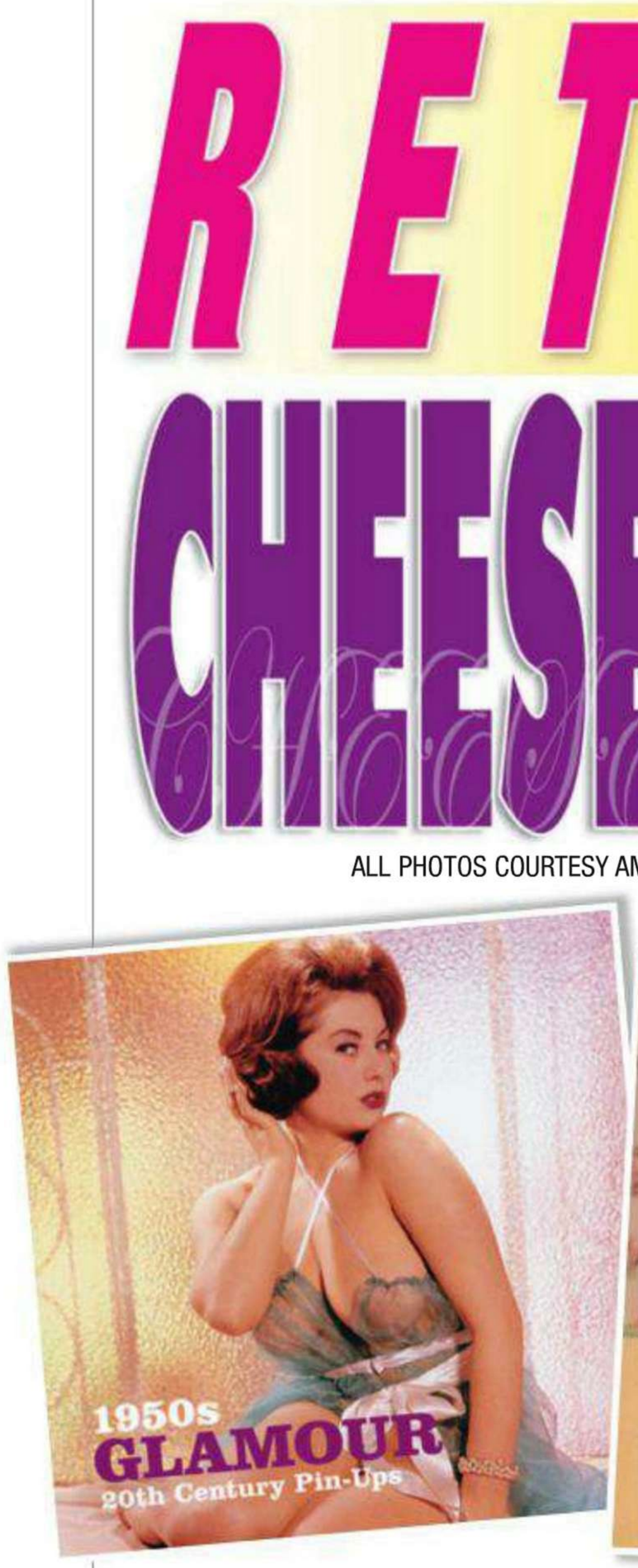
"Nothing," Marcia replied. "Steve would've

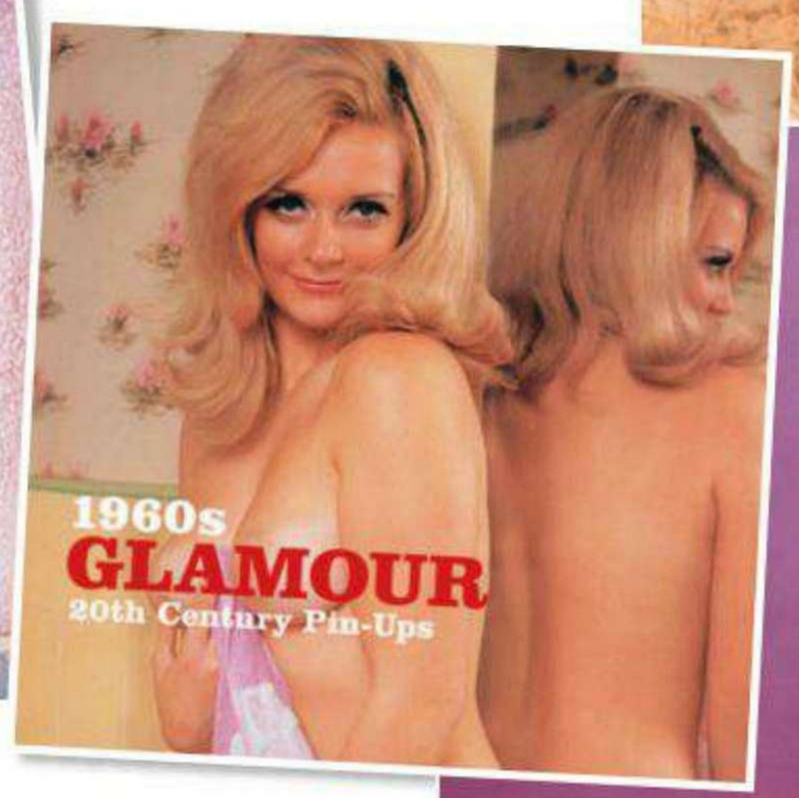


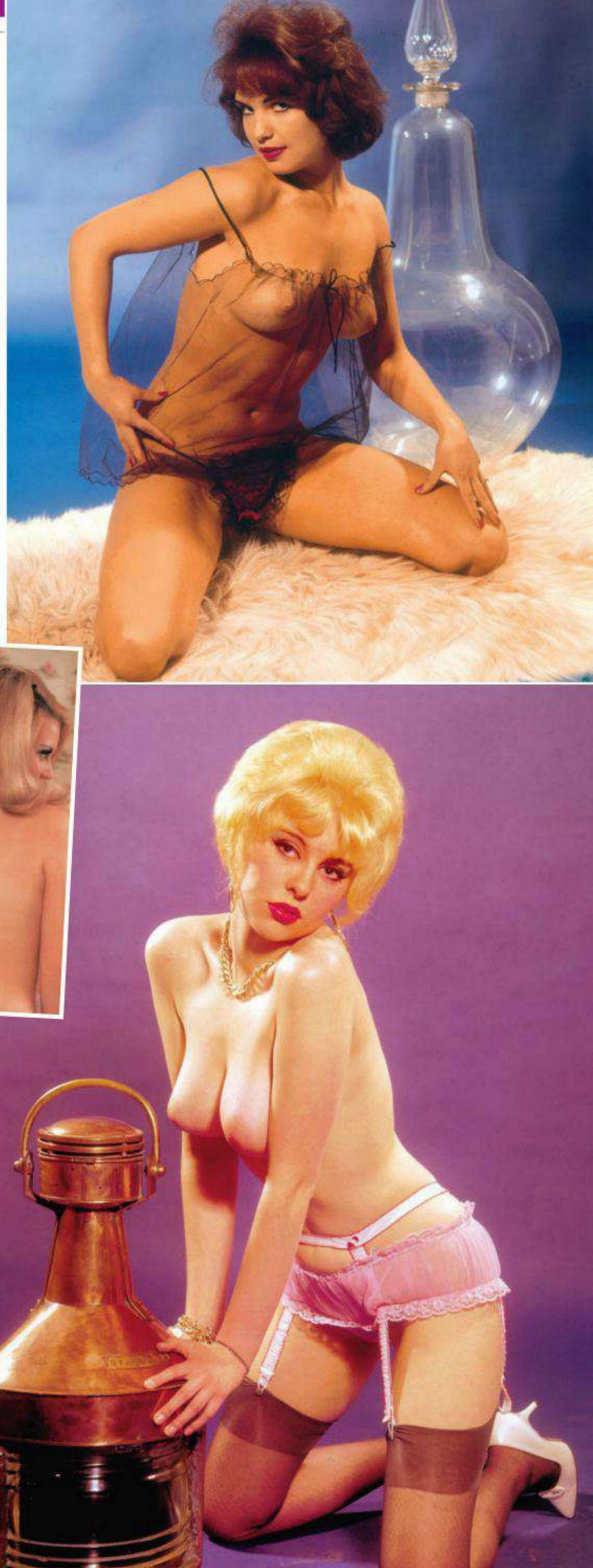
BY ALBERT PIERCE

RETRO CHEESECAKE

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY AMMONITE PRESS/AMMONITEPRESS.COM







A SCINTILLATING NEW SERIES OF BOOKS LOVINGLY LEERS AT THE HISTORY OF ADULT MAGAZINES.

YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST TIME. We're not talking about losing your virginity. We're talking about first encountering a girlie magazine. For most of us it provided the first naked woman we'd seen outside of *National Geographic* or that time we "accidentally" walked in on our hot cousin as she was taking a bath. There's also a good chance that seeing a copy of a girlie magazine for the first time changed your life.

Ammonite Press has just released *20th Century Pin-Ups*, a four-volume series that showcases skin-mag models from the

1950s, '60s, '70s and '80s. Each tome covers a particular decade and features photos of hundreds of beautiful women.

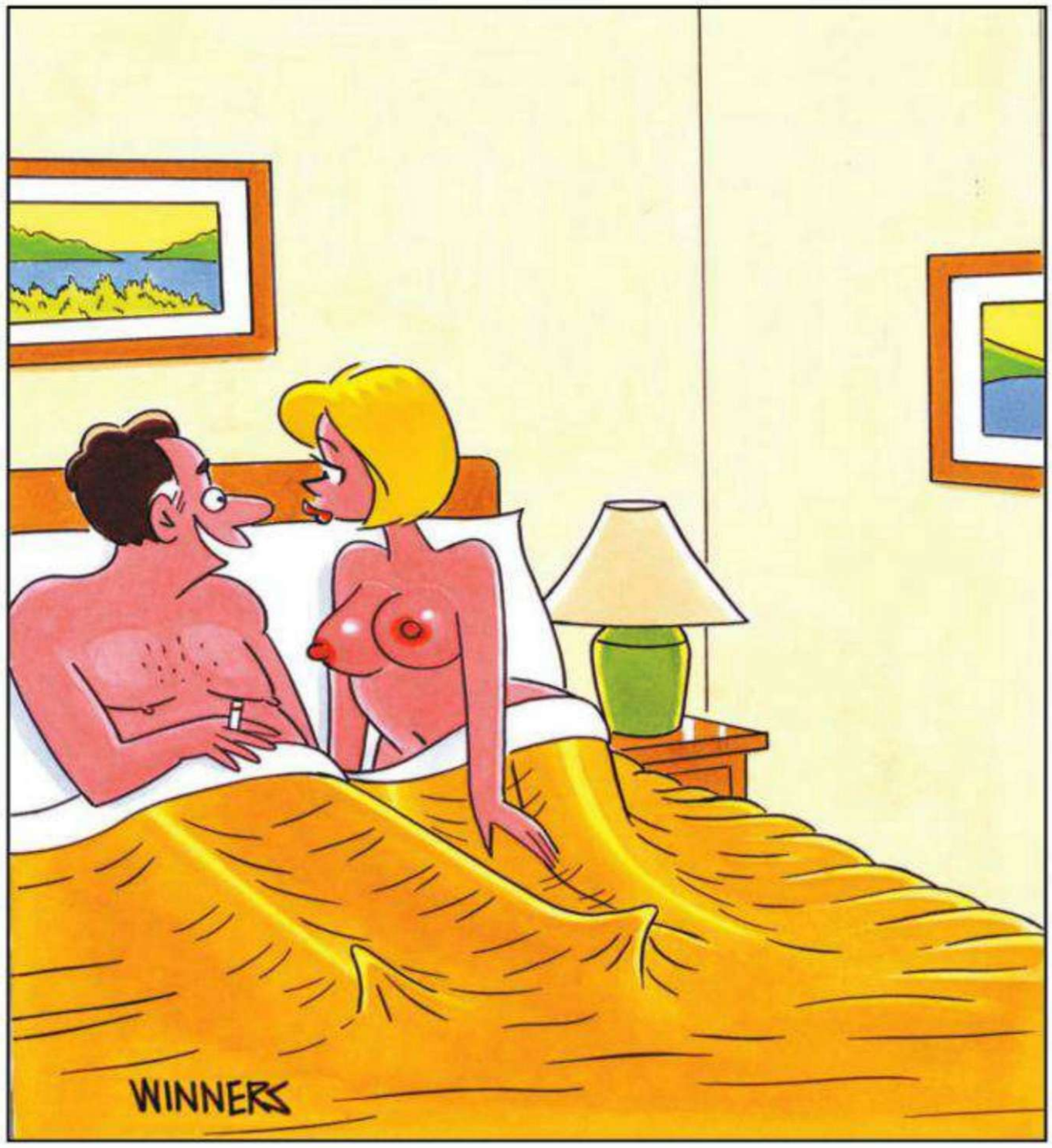
The series starts off with *1950s Glamour* and the birth of high-end erotic photography. Shapely stunners parade about topless for men to enjoy. (Showing genitalia was still strictly taboo.) We're talking real women with real curves—and real boobs!

1960s Glamour chronicles the explosion of the Sexual Revolution. Gone are the demure glances and coy cover-ups. In their place are hippie chicks and immodest mainstream women with lust in their eyes and nothing to hide.

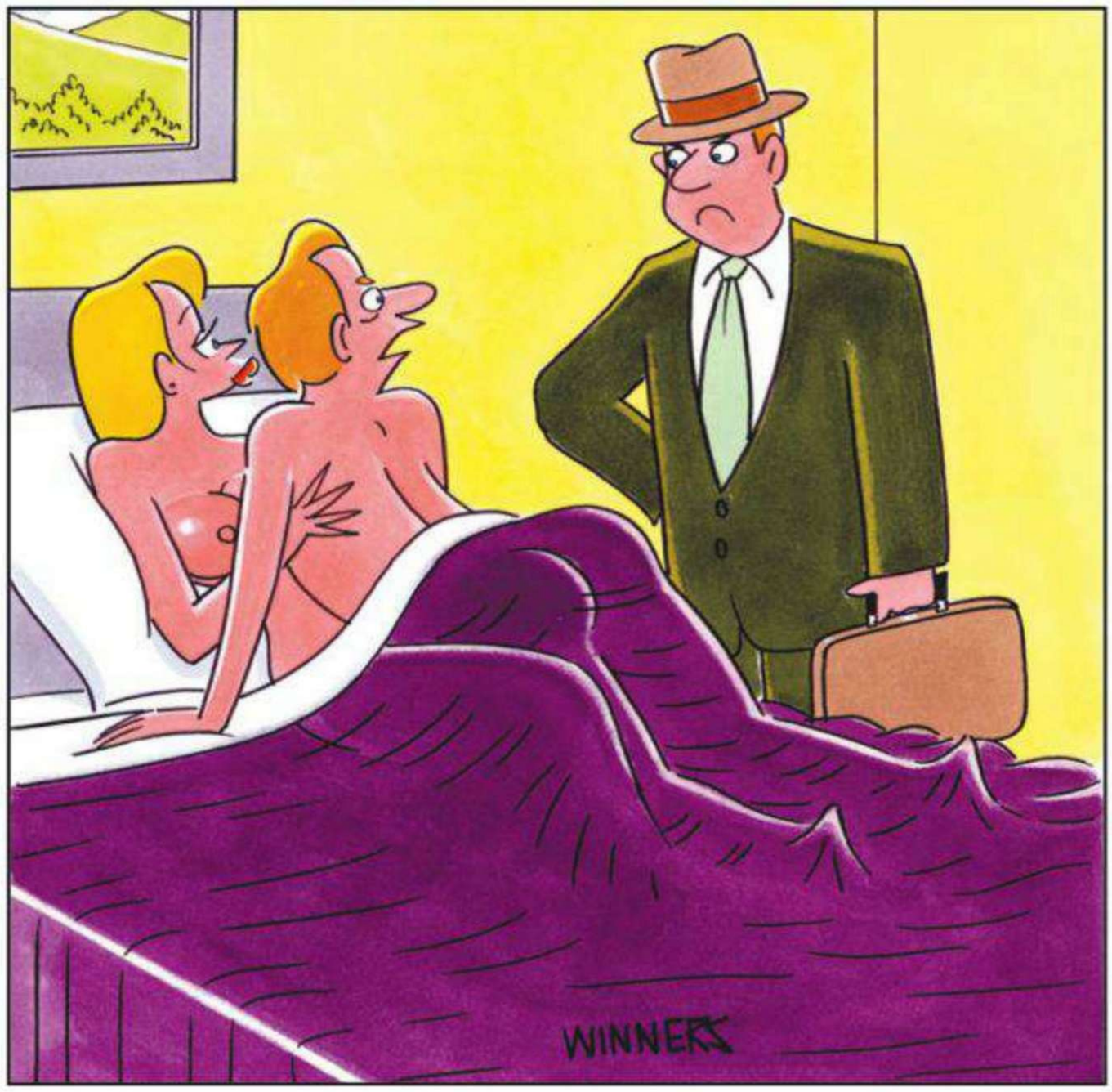
20th Century Pin-Ups' stunning images—in both black and white and color—were culled from the vast archives of *Knave* and *Fiesta* magazines. These groundbreaking British publications inspired Hugh Hefner and our own Larry Flynt to snub their noses at censorship and give men what they really wanted to see.

In an upcoming issue we'll take a look at the other two great books in the series. These focus on glamorous gals from the swinging '70s and totally awesome '80s.

20th Century Pin-Ups from Ammonite Press is available at **Amazon.com**, **Bookmasters.com** and better bookstores everywhere.



"Well, I'm not really cheating on my wife... I gave her a good fucking before I left home."



"Why are you so pissed off? You're not the one who got

DELIGHTFULLY DRIVEN

LONI EVANS

Loni Evans is fueled by passion. "I don't like to do anything unless I put my whole heart into it," she explains. "That's true for relationships, modeling—everything."

Before stepping into the limelight, Loni was the sporting type. "I was good at basketball in high school," she recalls. "I was short, but I was fast, so I could dribble right around the other kids."

At some point, though, Loni lost interest in hoops. "I didn't play my senior year because it wasn't fun for me anymore," she reveals. "So I got into drama stuff at my school and started doing plays. It's funny—my first big part was in *Gypsy*, and I played a stripper!"

It wasn't long before Loni strayed from the theater. "I started to do less acting and more dancing," she notes. "After I graduated, I took jobs dancing in music videos, mostly for rap songs. I did get hired to dance onstage for this heavy metal band; that was awesome!"

LONI'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Ontario, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 110

For more of Loni Evans, check out *TSA: Your Ass Is In Our Hands* or *This Ain't Fox News XXX*, both available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

Loni's dancing skills led to an opportunity to do some nude modeling. She was initially hesitant, but after her first shoot, Loni was hooked. "It was totally fun," the knockout says. "So I kept modeling. I even did some hot videos!"

Loni doesn't rule out the possibility of eventually moving on from the XXX world. "Sometimes I daydream about what's next," she confesses. "I wonder what my next great passion will be?"

I LOVE MY FANS!
XOXO,
LONI

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Question: What does Michele Obama do every morning after she shaves her pussy?

Answer: She sends him off to work.

Sitting in a New York courtroom, a bank teller charged with embezzlement was getting restless as he waited for his case to be heard. When the bailiff finally called his name, the defendant was told by the judge that he'd have to return the following morning because proceedings were being adjourned. "What for?!" he snapped.

The judge, also annoyed at the long and tiresome day, pounded his gavel and bellowed, "One hundred dollars! Contempt of court! That's what's for!"

As the defendant began fumbling through his wallet, the judge said, "That's all right. You don't have to pay me now."

Whereupon the defendant snorted, "I'm just seeing if I have enough money for two more words."

Ed croaked and went to hell. The devil greeted the new arrival and gave him a choice of three chambers in which to spend eternity. In the first, Ed was informed, everybody was floating in piss. In the second, everyone was up to their necks in shit. And in the third chamber, everyone got to sit in chairs while drinking coffee, with diarrhea piled up only to their knees.

Without hesitating, Ed told the devil, "I'll definitely take that last one!"

Ed stepped inside the third chamber and grabbed a cup of coffee. Just as he was about to sit down, the devil yelled, "Okay, everyone, on your heads! Coffee break's over!"

Sexologists at the Carnal Knowledge Institute conducted an exhaustive study and found that the most popular position for married couples is doggy-style. The husband sits up and begs, then the wife rolls over and plays dead.

Tired of being lonely, an 80-year-old widow scooted over to the local motorcycle club's hangout and announced, "I want to join up."

"You're fucking kidding me!" howled a tall, long-haired hulk whose arms were covered with tattoos. "What makes you think you can be in a biker gang, lady?"

The old broad replied, "I ride a Harley chopper, smoke like a chimney and can drink any of you assholes under the table!"

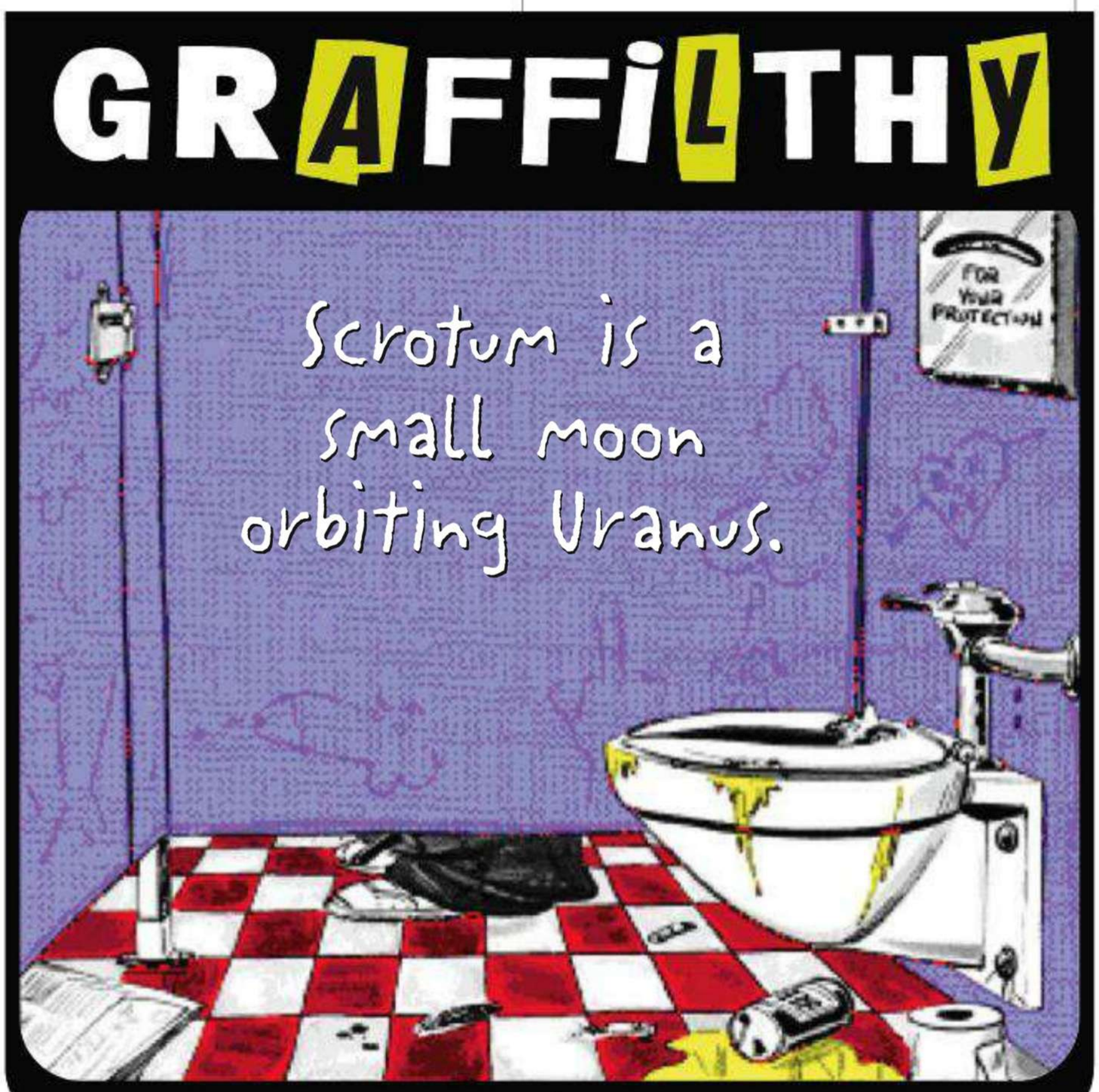
Taken aback, the biker asked, "Have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?"

After pondering for a moment or two, the ballsy biddy replied, "Nope, but I've been swung around by the nipples a few times."

HUSTLER Wisdom: Terrorist attacks are like tornadoes: We know we're eventually going to have one; we just don't know fucking when or where.

Four male golfers sitting in a cart watched as a female foursome started their round. Three of the gals had impressive drives, but the last one couldn't hit the ball to save her life. The babe finally managed to top the ball, which rolled a whopping ten feet. She then walked over to the ball and whiffed five times.

By now the four dudes were snickering and throwing wisecracks at the hapless duffer. She looked at them and gushed, "I guess all those fucking lessons I took over the winter didn't help."



Thanks and $50 go to T.R.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a

NEWT GINGRICH WAS DISTRACTED IN HIS NUMEROUS MARRIAGES, BECAUSE HE WAS DRIVEN BY HOW PASSIONATELY HE FELT FOR AMERICA.

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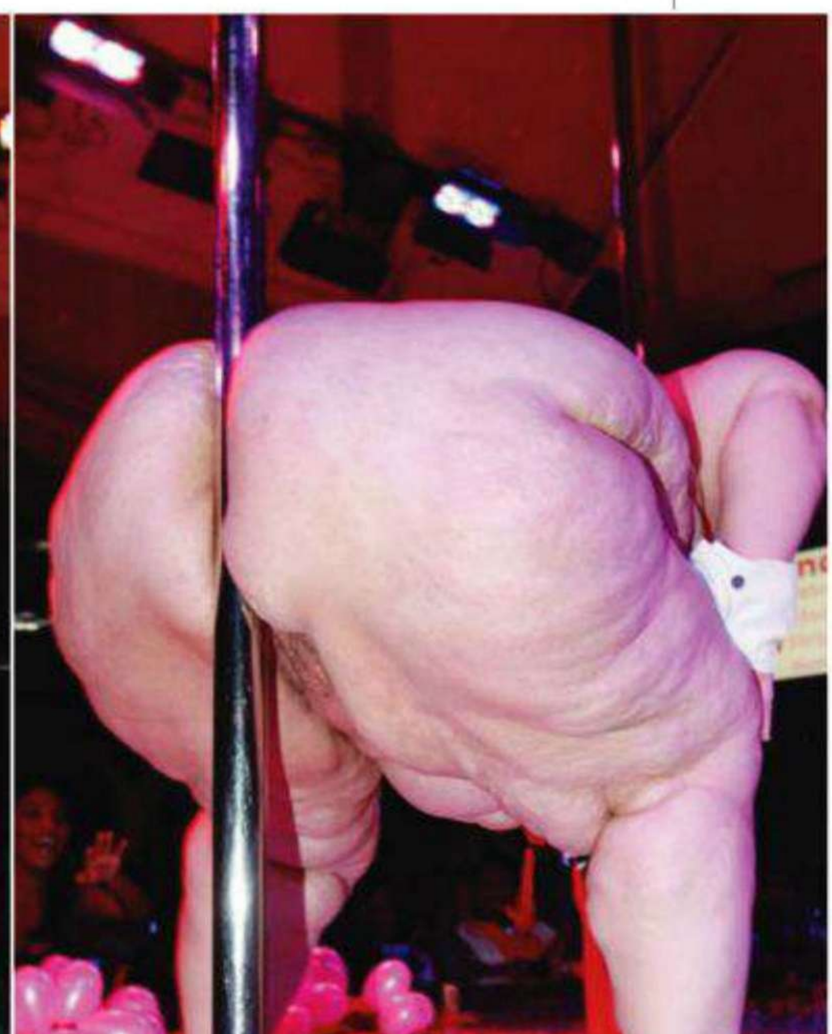
BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH!

IT'S HEAVY-DUTY FUN ALL AROUND AS THE MISS BBW 2011 CROWN IS UP FOR GRABS.

ALL PHOTOS BY HEWMANBEING.COM

BOTH IN PORN AND THE FASHION WORLD, BBW (for all of you bulimics out there) stands for Big Beautiful Woman. Although the ladies depicted in this eye-popping article may not be classically beautiful, there's no denying they're big. Make that REALLY BIG! Offering something



a little different, a baker's dozen of hefty females showed up at Little Darlings in Las Vegas to flap their folds and jiggle their jelly in quest of the title Miss BBW 2011 and a $1,000 cash prize.

Little Darlings typically presents gorgeous to ridiculously hot-looking strippers, ages 18 to 22, completely nude onstage. Nevertheless, there wasn't an empty seat in the house for what was hyped as "Pound for Pound the Biggest Night of the Year."

Actually, the event was even bigger than last year's inaugural Miss BBW pageant. The contestants' average weight was 300 pounds. One entrant came in at 375. Wow! That's a lotta chili fries and triple-bacon cheeseburgers. She more than doubled the minimum weight of 180, which can fluctuate up or down depending on the contestant's height.

But other factors are taken into account when deciding who'll waddle off with the Miss BBW crown.

"Contestants are not only expected to model their weight," Little Darlings' event coordinator Amber Lopez told us, "but they must also display their dancing skills to whatever songs our DJ plays. The judges and audience then determine how sexy and wild they are."

According to Lopez, the judges determine 70% of each lady's score, while audience response makes up the other 30%. The spectators, in fact, had a whale of a good time, loving every luscious pound of flesh waggin' 'n' shakin' at 'em.

Our man in the thick of it all, photographer Hew Burney, vividly recalled the high-on-the-hog vibe pervading Little Darlings during its annual homage to BBW gals: "The audience was howling! They thought it was amazing. So did I! I mean, most of these women's asses were just unbelievable. It wasn't mandatory that each competitor got naked, but some weren't at all shy about giving males in the audience a faceful of keister."

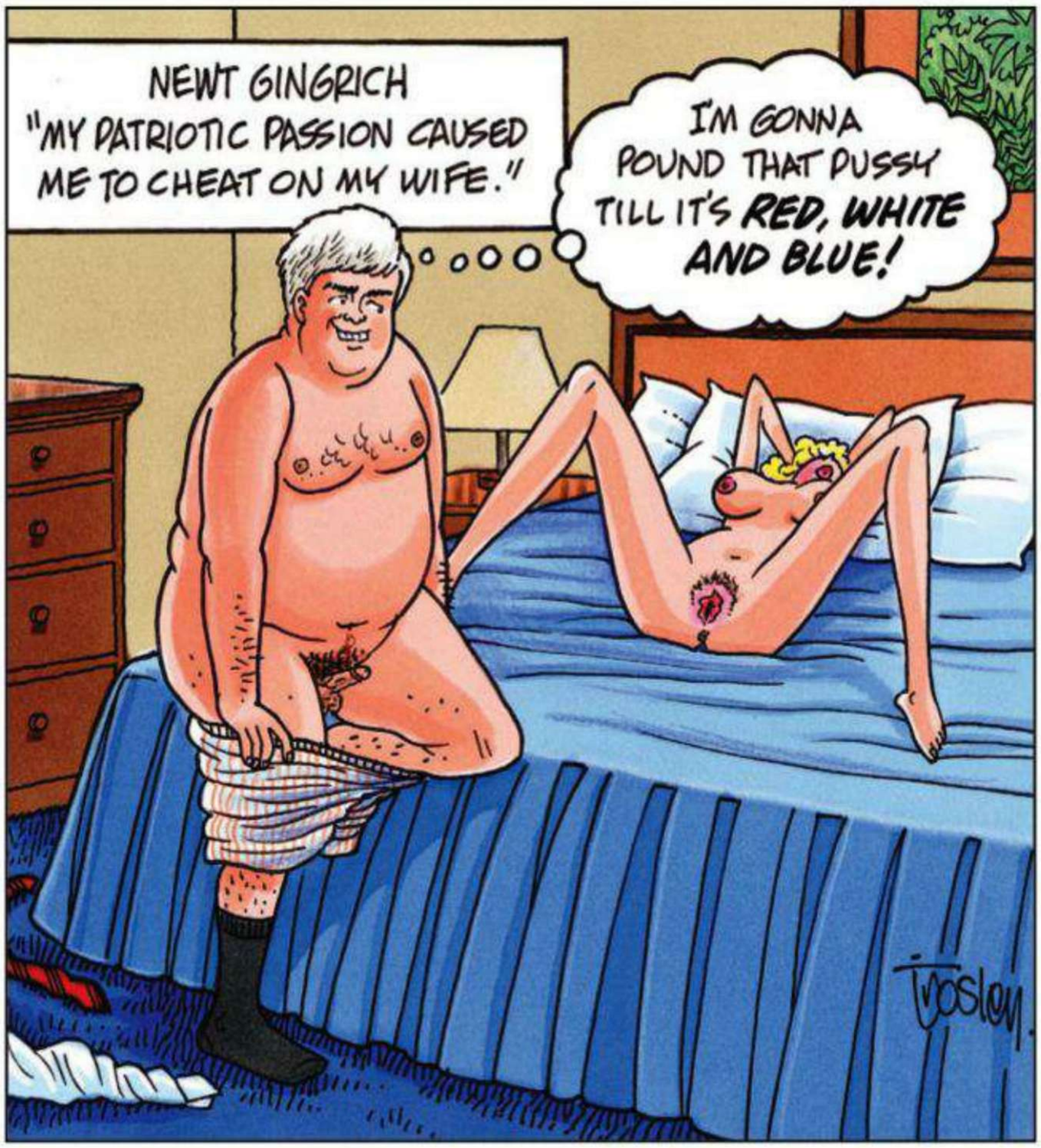
It's amazing that Burney managed to snap pictures for us. "One really large Caucasian contestant backed up onto a dancer's pole, and it actually began to bend," he recounted. "The house went wild! I was pleasantly surprised too at how supportive everyone was."

Sounds chunky-dory, Hew!

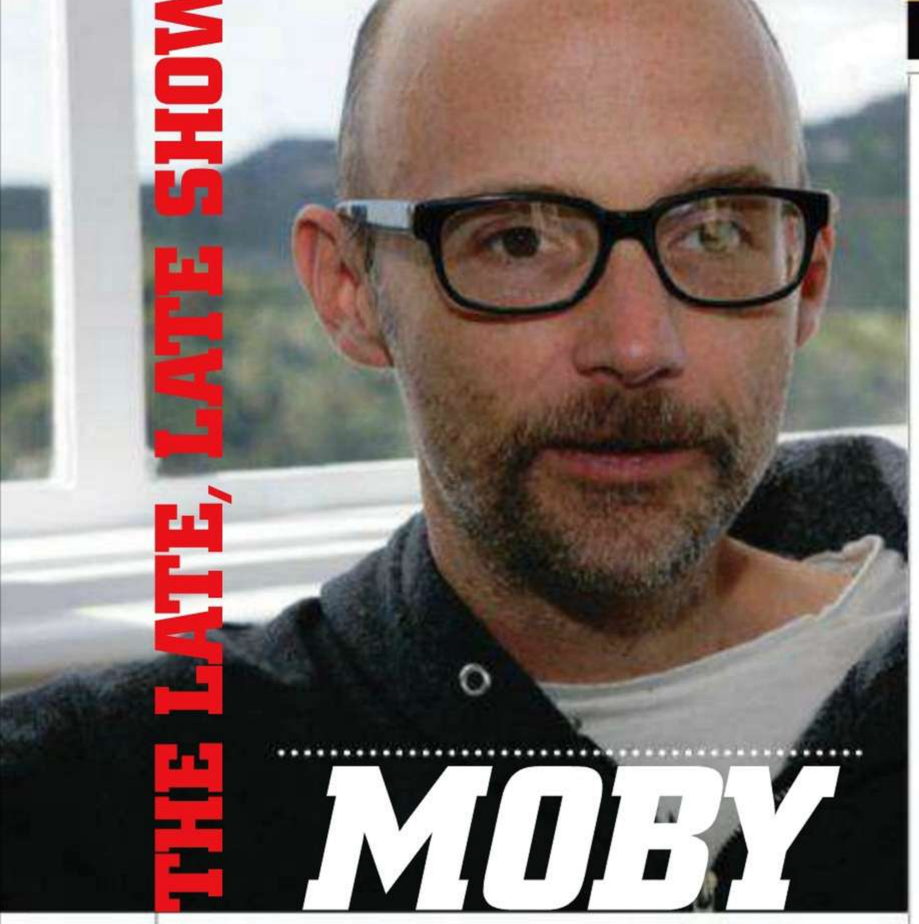
By the way, this wasn't a winner-take-all affair. The second- and third-place finishers happily stomped away with erotic gift baskets containing such goodies as porn DVDs, lube, vibrators and even double-fisting gadgets!

For more photos—and even a video clip—of the Miss BBW 2011 contest (as well as updates on the next one), go to **LittleDarlingsVegas.com** or check out the club's Facebook and MySpace pages.

Who knows? The event may become so huge, even Kirstie Alley will sign up.



"You suck, you swallow—end of story!!"



THE LATE, LATE SHOW

MOBY

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Electronic-dance innovator Moby is known around the world for his distinct, genre-bending music. Believe it or not, we didn't even have to break into his castle in the Hollywood Hills to get him to talk about the high price of fame, insomnia, that beef with Eminem and his mesmerizing new CD *Destroyed*: Moby invited us.

HUSTLER: Why are the new CD and photo book called *Destroyed*?

MOBY: I've been a photographer since I was ten years old. I just never showed anyone the pictures I took. My uncle had been a photographer for the *New York Times*, and he gave me all his cast-off camera equipment—even his Nikon F. I have been a dilettante photographer for as long as I've been making music.

I don't like touring very much, so when I tour, I try to do other things to make it interesting. Playing music is nice, but that is only 90 minutes a day. I don't want to complain, but I just don't enjoy the other 22 hours that much. In the old days the way I kept myself entertained and passed the time was by being a drunken mess. That didn't work out too well. Now I have to give myself projects. On the last tour my project was documenting everything. I brought along a fairly cheapo little digital camera and just took pictures of all the strange things that you encounter on tour. Sometimes strange means naked people in a hot tub, but to me strange would be an empty airport in Belarus.

One time I was at LaGuardia Airport in New York, and my flight was delayed. I found this strange, long, empty hallway. There was a sign that said, "Unattended Luggage Will Be Destroyed." It wouldn't all fit in on frame. So I shot it one word at a time. "Destroyed" on its own looked so cool in this empty hallway. I loved how it looked, so that became the cover for the CD and the book.

Touring for me is like living in this state where you are constantly destroyed—in both good and bad ways. Sometimes you're just exhausted and sick and tired and feel like human refuse. The odd thing about that is sometimes it's quite comforting. So the CD and book aren't called *Destroyed* in just a negative way. I show people the cover and can see how they can see *Destroyed* being negative, but I don't see it that way.

If you weren't a musician, would you have become a professional photographer?

I don't know. I was a philosophy major in school. If I wasn't a professional musician, I would probably be working in a bookstore somewhere in New England and teaching at a community college. That's what people in my family tend to do. I'd be teaching Philosophy 101 and working at a Kinko's because I really do like the smell—the smell of copy paper and toner.

When and where was the CD recorded?

It was written while I was on tour late at night. Then I took my little sketches and beginnings of songs and brought them back to my studio in New York and finished them there.

Is it hard to be creative while on the road?

There are some people that are built well for travel—especially when it comes to sleeping. I had an ex-girlfriend, and no matter where she was—be it Australia or Sweden—she slept fine. I have been touring for 20 years and am so ill-adapted to it. Still, as sad as this is, I only sleep well in my bed by myself from midnight to seven in the morning. When I'm on the road, I live in this state of constant, insomnia-fueled exhaustion. Rather than be driven crazy by it, I try to do constructive things like write music, take photographs and write essays.

What would you be doing if you weren't creating in the middle of the night?

Buying useless crap on Ebay or playing Scrabble on Facebook. Or the single worst way to deal with insomnia: just lying in bed, frustrated and staring at the ceiling, having panic attacks about how you're going to be sick and exhausted the next day, which is my inclination, but it doesn't accomplish much. My two insomnia mentors were Henry Miller, who wrote a book called *Insomnia*, and Ben Franklin. I remember when I was 12 years old reading what Franklin had written that said, "Get up and do something."

Have you ever used your own music to seduce a woman?

No. Because whenever I listen to my music, all I hear are the shortcomings. I hear the things that I could have done a better job on. I would be too distracted. I have never put out a piece of music that I've been a hundred percent happy with. But at the same time, once it's released into the world, it's an archival document of a time and a process. I have to accept that. Every time I put out a record, I could probably do something to make it technically more perfect, but that doesn't mean it would be a better record. We're human and incapable of making perfection. The criteria for judging cre-

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

LENKA
Two
With the voice of an angel, the face of a goddess and the body of a supermodel, Lenka may well be the perfect woman. Her sophomore CD is an irresistible slice of music manna that has her effortlessly gliding through catchy upbeat originals with no pretense and seemingly little effort.

THE DEATH SET
Michel Poiccard

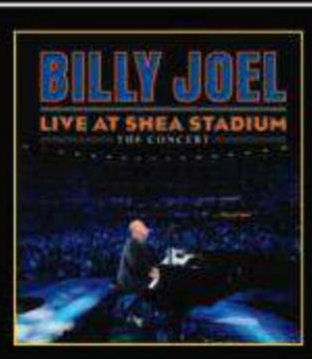
When was the last time you heard a CD that made you angry and happy at the same time? *The Death Set* will make you wanna do strange things. The music blurs the lines between punk, dance, hip-hop and nu metal to create a 100% original concoction.

NICK LOWE
Labour of Lust

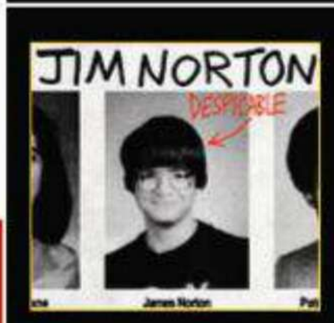
Long out of print (until now!), Nick Lowe's masterwork *Labour of Lust* is his finest hour. Not only does it feature Lowe's biggest hit, "Cruel to Be Kind," but also guests Elvis Costello, Huey Lewis and Pete Thomas. This newly reissued version features bonus tracks and a 12-page booklet.

BELPHEGOR
Blood Magick Necromance
This album's artwork features a ton of graphic bondage imagery that would be right at home in our sister mag HUSTLER'S TABOO. The music is hard, heavy and often headache-inducing—which oddly enough is a very good thing. Fans of early Black Sabbath and early Megadeth will love it!

BILLY JOEL
Live at Shea Stadium: The Concert

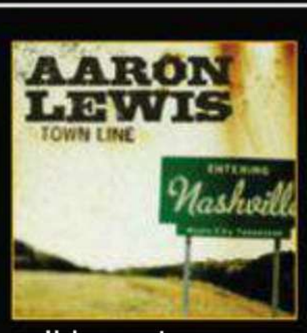


Before the old ballpark was torn down in 2008, Billy Joel gathered up a pack of his famous friends to rock fans at Shea Stadium over two nights. This two-CD set features some of the pianos man's classic songs (and covers) sung by Joel with Paul McCartney, John Mayer, Garth Brooks and Tony Bennett. A DVD of the event is also available.

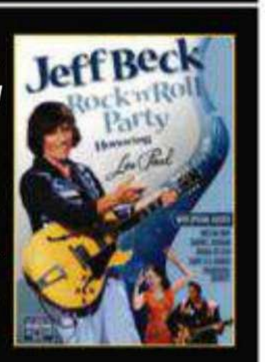


JIM NORTON
Despicable
Comic Jim Norton is one twisted fuck. The latest disc from the "eat a bullet" guy features him live and riffing on everything from fucking fat chicks to tea-bagging Larry Flynt. He wishes!

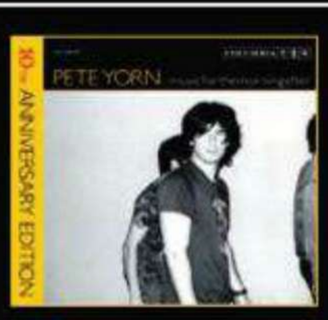
DOZEN



AARON LEWIS
Town Line
Another rocker going country? We didn't mind so much losing Hootie, but Aaron Lewis? Surprisingly, the sensitive singer from Staind is a solid country crooner. *Town Line*'s tracks fall somewhere between John Mellencamp and Johnny Paycheck.

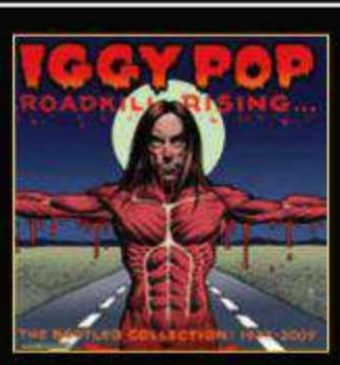


JEFF BECK
Rock 'N' Roll Party: Honoring Les Paul
Guitar god Jeff Beck is used to hero worship. For this special live set, recorded at New York's Iridium Jazz Club, Beck turned the tables to give props to his idol—Les Paul. Joining him were Brian Setzer, Trombone Shorty, Gary U.S. Bonds and others.



PETE YORN
musicforthemorningafter: 10th Anniversary Edition
Ten years seems too short a time for reissuing an album—unless that album set the standard for rock debuts. Such is the case with Yorn's 2001 opus.

...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD
Tao of the Dead
Progressive psychedelia? How the hell can we describe the music of the innovative Texas band? Think of vintage-era, 1970s Yes and The Mars Volta getting together—then you might be able to know what Trail of Dead sound like. Or you could just buy this top-notch CD.



IGGY POP
Roadkill Rising: The Bootleg Collection 1977-2009
This four-CD set captures the original Stooge at his best—ripped up and raw. It boasts live performances of Iggy's greatest hits and obscure covers, including "Lust for Life," "Nightclubbing," "Candy," "China Girl" and "Five Foot One."

SIMON & GARFUNKEL
Bridge Over Troubled Water: 40th Anniversary
The duo's landmark album gets remastered, along with a DVD that features their controversial *Songs of America* TV special. There's also a new documentary, *The Harmony Game*, plus a lavish booklet filled with awesome memorabilia. *Bridge Over Troubled Water* might be the perfect soundtrack to get that hippie MILF you've been hitting on to finally say, "I will lay me down."

ative expression shouldn't be "Is it perfect?" It should be "Is it powerful?" or "Is it effective?"

How would you classify your music?

I grew up playing classical music. Then I played in punk bands. I was a hip-hop DJ for a while. I've also played jazz. I play music. I write classical music for movies. I still play in a hard-core punk band. I make electronic music. I'll never say there is anything good about my approach to music, but it certainly doesn't lend itself to one genre.

Do you think changing styles all the time is risky?

There are some musicians who are very stylistically consistent throughout their careers, and it makes sense because you get the feeling that's what they love. Then there are others that are consistent, and you feel like it's a product of fear. They don't want to rock the boat. You see musicians year after year after year—they still kind of dress the same, still kind of have the same haircuts and still make the same records. There are so many types of music, so why not experiment? It makes so much more sense to me than a band that makes the same record 20 times in a row.

We'd like to hear about the Eminem feud that led to a showdown at the MTV Awards show in 2002. Does Eminem still have a beef with you?

I think he tends to only have issue with people who are really famous. In the nine years since that happened, he's stayed incredibly famous, and my fame—especially in the United States—has waned a lot. I don't think I'm on his radar anymore.

Did Eminem think you were operating the Triumph the Insult Comic Dog puppet?

I honestly have no idea. I know that he was very upset. I felt the whole thing was funny. It was one of those things where you believe something is funny. You believe something is a joke. Then all of a sudden the other person is actually taking it quite seriously. That was my biggest surprise. I realized he was really angry and upset. I thought it was just funny.

Why do you think your popularity in the U.S. has waned?

Part of it is that I don't really tour in the United States. The album *Play* was sort of successful around the world. The album after that, *18*, was successful in the States but much more so in other countries. The album after that, *Hotel*, did quite badly here but still did well in the rest of the world. I simply found myself touring everywhere else except for here, even with promotional tours. I would do three days of promotion in the States and three weeks of promotion in Europe. In France I still do big TV shows, front covers and magazine stories. In the States I'm doing…

HUSTLER Magazine?

(*Laughs.*) No, HUSTLER is great. I would be doing things like GolfDigest.com. I would think to myself, Nothing against the nice people at *Golf Digest*, but wouldn't it make more sense to be in Australia, New Zealand, Europe, South America or even Canada? The United States oddly enough has become one of my smallest markets. I'm the worst person to ask why that is. The United States is incredibly genre-driven when it comes to music.

Does it bother you that your U.S. popularity has waned?

On one hand, success at home is seductive. On the other hand, success and fame—especially at home—rarely much improve someone's character or make someone nicer or more interesting. Oddly enough, I'm pretty happy to have the United States be my home and my smallest market. It's nice to never really think of myself as a public figure. You look at the world of public figures, and it's creepy. The insecurity. The entitlement. The isolation.

The minute someone becomes some sort of successful public figure, you can knock 20 years off their life expectancy. Look at [Nirvana's] Kurt Cobain. If *Nevermind* had just been an obscure indie record, he'd still be alive. If Princess Diana hadn't married [Prince] Charles, she'd still be alive. It's the same story over and over. If Michael Jackson's *Thriller* had failed, he'd still be alive. It's really odd that so many people pursue fame. I'm not trying to sound like a creepy lefty, but there is literally no evidence that fame and wealth improve the quality of anyone's life. Collectively so many people believe that fame and wealth can stave off mortality, but that doesn't work.

Have you ever had any crazy fans or groupies?

I've been making records for quite a long time, so I have had quite a lot of crazy experiences. One of the funniest ones, and maybe I'll regret telling this story, involved the strangest pickup line I've ever heard. I was in Milwaukee, and after my concert there I was walking to my tour bus. A man stopped me and asked if I wanted to go get a drink. I said, "No. I have to get on my tour bus. I'm leaving but thanks."

He said, "Oh, come on, let's just go hang out."

I said, "No. I'm very flattered, but I'm not gay. Thank you very much. I have to get on my tour bus."

He said, "Oh, come on. Even if you're not gay, let's just go hang out. I'll make it worth your while."

I said, "Look. Again I'm very flattered, and if I were gay, I would like to hang out with you, but I have to get going."

Then came the pickup line he used to try and cinch the deal, to try and talk me out of my heterosexuality, to try and get me not to get on the tour bus. He said, "I used to date Jeffrey Dahmer!" Crazy!

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

THE POSIES

BIG STAR DAYDREAMS

For more than two decades now The Posies have been delivering top-notch, thought-provoking pop music. Their latest CD, *Blood/Candy*, is a sweet slice of rock 'n' roll perfection. We sat down with the dynamic duo of Ken Stringfellow and Jon Auer to discuss being labeled a power-pop band, moonlighting with the reconfigured Big Star and a very freaky groupie.

HUSTLER: You guys have been at it a while. Are The Posies different now?

Ken Stringfellow: I think our mental game is so much more on, and as a live band we are so much more consistent and aware of how much is required of us to do this right—professionally. We were volatile back in the days. We would have good shows—then horrible ones. The mood was very treacherous. As much as people love to mythologize and say that tension makes a great band, it actually makes a very shitty band.

Jon Auer: Let me qualify that a bit. It wasn't always horrible to play live. Around the time we put out *Frosting on the Beater* [1993], it was really happening. We were having a good time and were at the top of our game. Then the pressures of being in the band and being together for so long started to reveal the cracks in the armor. Things got taken for granted. We now realize all we need to do to enjoy a show is to show up.

What do you have to say about being labeled a power-pop band?

Ken: It's nice to have the alliteration thing: "Posies power pop." Better than "Posies putrid."

Jon: We really get pissed off by the power-pop label. To me it always implies a surface-level kind of music. To me power pop has hooks, harmonies and a catchy melody, and that's all. We have those elements, but there is also this depth beneath the surface.

Ken: We have more of an intellectual edge than a lot of the bands we get compared to. We get compared to these great artists like The Raspberries, and that's not really deep stuff. It's fun and maybe heartfelt but not really tackling anything beyond "I love you" more or less. I think we have a lot more depth and breadth than that.

Jon: It's been very limiting for us if you really examine the music that we've done and listen to our records. *Frosting on the Beater* has been referred to as "one of the best power-pop records of all time." Half of that album doesn't come close to fitting into that category. It's very dark and weird. I don't know how we got labeled with that term, but we're stuck with it. That gets a bit frustrating after a while.

Ken: We could release a totally electronic record and somehow the reviewers would still say "power pop."

Jon: You look at a band like The Beatles. Were they a power-pop band?

In a time of ringtones and hip-hop, is it tough to put out music with depth?

Ken: I think in the indie world that we inhabit its most notable characteristic is it tries to be everything it can be to not be disposable—music whose primary directive is searching for meaning. Stepping out of the "get to the hit" freeway to take a side road. We have been very close to the mainstream, but it's very apparent to me that we are never going to really be in the mainstream.

Jon: I think it's hard to figure out "Where do we fit in? Where do we belong?" That has been our question to ourselves over the course of years—if you have to fit in somewhere. We seem to be too indie for the mainstream and sometimes too mainstream for the indie. Too rock for indie. Too indie for rock. We cover a lot of bases.

Has there ever been the temptation to dumb it down to have a hit?

Ken: Next record. (*Laughs.*)

Jon: Yeah, we're about ready for it. For better or worse, we are what we are. Now and forever. We're not doing this to make millions, so it might as well be its own reward. Otherwise it's not worth doing.

Ken: We are shooting to make hundreds of thousands.

Jon: Pennies. Lira.

How did you end up working with Alex Chilton and Jody Stephens in Big Star?

Ken: We were big-time Big Star fans. We looked into recording at Ardent Studios, where Big Star made all their albums. We had no idea that Jody Stephens [Big Star drummer] was still there, working away at Ardent 15 years after Big Star disappeared. He was the face of that studio. We tracked him down I think, truth be told, because we were so enamored with Big Star's music. It showed in what we did, and Jody became a fan of ours. We were an homage to that band in certain ways. He thought we were the right people for the job.

What do you remember about the first time you met Alex Chilton?

Ken: We'd heard lots of stories, some of which could lead you to believe that he might be a cantankerous or difficult character. The first time we met him was when we showed up for the first rehearsal. Alex was great at speaking when it's very effective—kind of holding it back. He showed up, sort of nodded and didn't say anything for a good minute and a half. We thought, *What's going to happen?* After a long pause he said, "Do you mind if I smoke?" as he's lighting up. He was Mr. Calm, but that has an unnerving effect on people. Then he proceeded to blow his nose for 40 seconds.

Jon: He picked it as well.

Ken: We're just standing there, staring. Then he started talking about Dostoyevsky. Our first conversation was about *The Brothers Karamazov*. He was Mr. Eclectic in terms of interests. He loved to talk about whatever he was into. He loved to talk about anything that wasn't Big Star.

Jon: I don't think Alex ever understood why Big Star was such a big deal to anybody. It was just one of the things he had done and wasn't appreciated originally.

Ken: He felt Big Star was just a bad project. He dismissed most of the songs as sophomoric, amateurish stuff and felt he was into bigger stuff now.

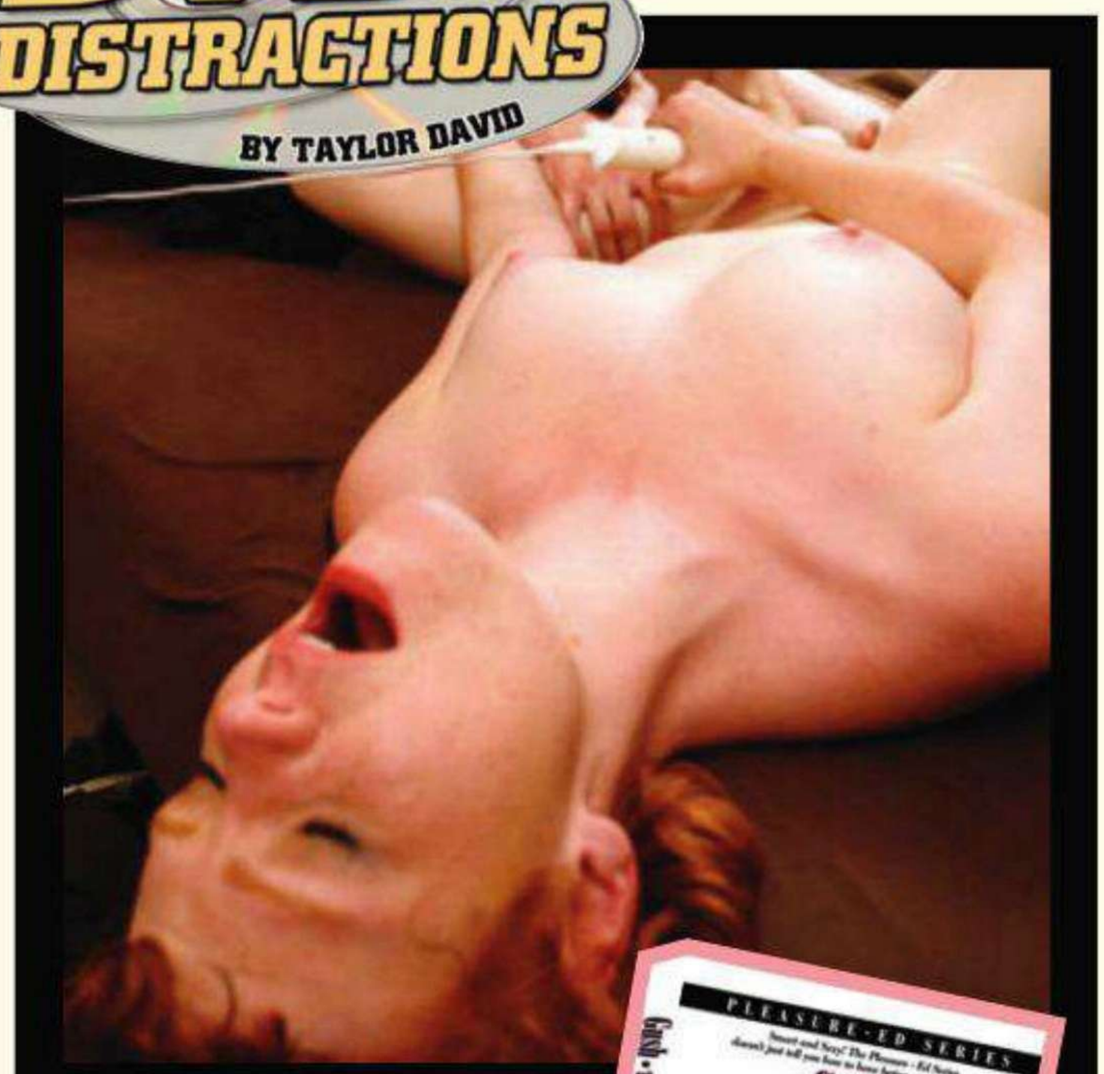
Ever had any crazy groupies?

Ken: There was a girl that I had an interaction with. She became very enthusiastic about perpetuating something that maybe I hadn't really intended. I remember being backstage at The Roxy in L.A. We had just walked into the venue and were putting our stuff away, and the pay phone backstage started ringing. It was this girl. She was calling from Sweden. Wow! She figured out the pay phone number backstage at the venue that I'm at plus the time that I would be walking by it. That freaked me out. ■

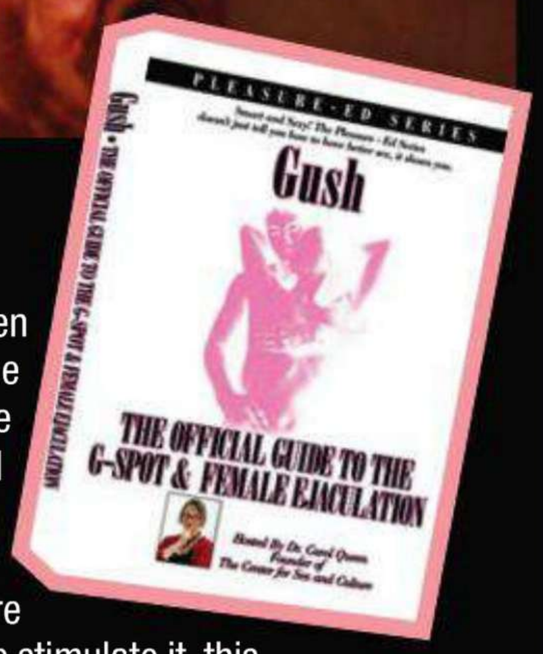
DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

For those who want to increase their sexual I.Q. and those who just want to be entertained



GUSH: THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE G SPOT AND FEMALE EJACULATION

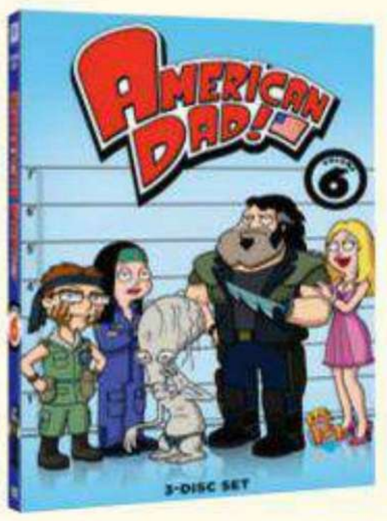


Sex specialist Dr. Carol Queen guides viewers on a tour of the mystifying G spot as she reveals tips and tricks that will help men and women dramatically improve their sex lives. If you've ever wondered where the heck the G spot is or how to stimulate it, this instructional DVD is your ticket to becoming a major cocksman. *Gush* includes five demonstrations of explicit masturbation and sexual intercourse by professional performers and real-life couples alike! Lots of superhot sex makes this a smart way to learn all you'll ever need to know about pleasing your woman.

BREAKING BAD: THE COMPLETE THIRD SEASON

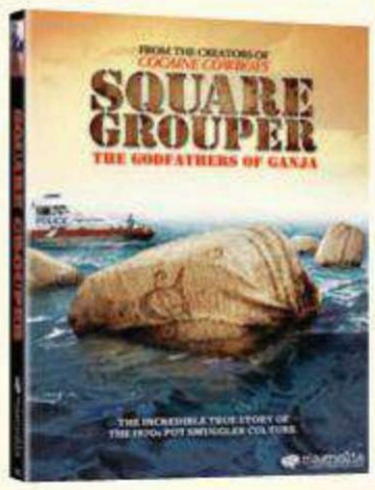
This explosive series follows the story of Walter White, a chemistry teacher who fearlessly turns to methamphetamine manufacturing after being diagnosed with cancer. In a desperate attempt to pay his medical bills, White finds himself trapped in the dangerous world of crime and drugs—even as his cancer goes into remission. Contending with the suspicions of his DEA-agent brother-in-law, his wife filing for divorce and merciless Mexican cartel gangsters out to kill him, the third season is the most tumultuous yet. This four-disc set includes 13 spine-tingling episodes and a pleasing brew of bonus features that will satisfy your addiction to the most dramatic show on television!

AMERICAN DAD!: VOLUME 6



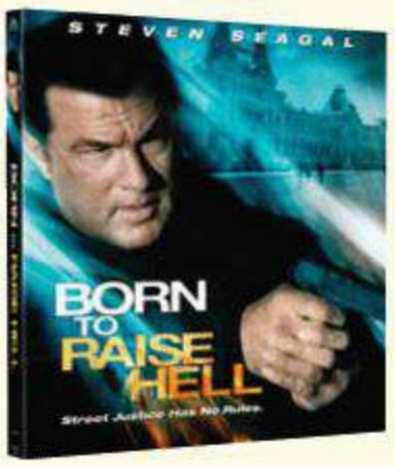
The sixth season of Seth McFarlane's other hilarious and smart animated series is now available. At the center of the outrageous antics is Stan Smith, a nutty, right-wing, trigger-happy CIA operative who will stop at nothing to protect the greatest nation on Earth—even when it involves trading brains with a racehorse or battling the Antichrist himself! This three-disc set contains 18 uncensored, sidesplitting episodes rounded out with a nice collection of hysterical bonus features. You'll laugh out loud at the sharp political satire that often pokes fun at the conservative attitudes we love to hate!

SQUARE GROUPER



Flash back to the marijuana-smuggling trade that once inundated South Florida. From the directors and producers of *Cocaine Cowboys*, this in-depth documentary explores an illegal business that boomed during the 1970s and '80s in a coastal area of Florida. With three different tales of marijuana trafficking operations (and their inevitable prosecution), this film paints a vivid portrait of the peace-loving, pot-toking smugglers of southern Florida. Entrepreneurial stoners, here's your path to enlightenment!

BORN TO RAISE HELL



Life is cheap in this entertaining, high-octane action film that features Steven Seagal kicking tons of criminal ass. Playing a hardass police officer working for an INTERPOL drug task force, Seagal's assignment is to hunt down a gang of ruthless home invaders and Russian drug traffickers. After getting mixed up in a bloody street war, he drops protocol to team up with a drug kingpin. His intention: to exact revenge on behalf of a fallen fellow officer. Fully loaded with violent shootouts, close-quarters fighting and naked women, this is your quintessential Steven Seagal thriller!

New Orleans

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BY STAN OKLOBDZIJA

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

LOVE OUTRIVALS HATE

OVER-THE-TOP INTERSCHOLASTIC FRATERNIZATION FUELS CONTROVERSY AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**.

Atop one of the tallest structures on the University of Southern California campus—Waite Phillips Hall—two figures emerged on an overcast Saturday. One was a girl wearing just a T-shirt. Her male companion wore even less. She went down on him, and he went down on her.

She, we later learned, was a Bruin—a University of California, Los Angeles, student. He was a Trojan from USC, and a Kappa Sigma fraternity member.

At its core, Los Angeles is a hotbed of rivalries. You see evidence of these rivalries painted on the walls around MacArthur Park and peeking through the cracks in Wilshire Boulevard. In L.A. its Bloods vs. Crips for gang supremacy, Canter's Deli vs. Langer's, everything south of the 10 freeway vs. everything north of it.

Rivalries permeate everything—especially at two world-renowned universities perched on opposite ends of the city. In all of Los Angeles there's perhaps no rivalry as enduring and bitter as the one pitting USC and UCLA against each other.

It's a cold war with occasional gamesmanship. In 1958, UCLA students rented a helicopter to dump manure on the Tommy Trojan statue in the middle of USC's campus. Two years ago USC students covered the Bruin statue—a humongous bear sitting in front of UCLA's main gate—with Trojan cardinal and gold paint. During the final moments of a recent football game a brawl almost erupted at the 50-yard line when USC—holding an insurmountable lead—called a trick play that caught the Bruins' defense napping and put six more points on the board.

Yet sometimes all it takes to end a war is a single act of tenderness. After all, as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., once preached, "Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that."

Before a stunned crowd gathered on the quad below for a sorority event, the aforementioned lovebirds went at it from various angles and directions. According to ATVN, USC's campus television station, an onlooker from a nearby dormitory described students madly rushing to the windows to catch a glimpse of the action. Other witnesses described the couple moving from one rooftop corner to another, making sure that everyone within 360 degrees got a good view. At times the girl and guy hovered so close to the edge, some watching from below were scared they might come tumbling down.

"She was hanging off the roof," a student told ATVN as he explained why onlookers called campus police, who promptly ended the daring public display of affection.

Of course, nothing in today's Internet age passes without notice anymore. A student watching from an adjacent dormitory grabbed his camera and began snapping photos. Within days the images went viral, getting over 100,000 views by the end of that weekend. Media outlets like The Huffington Post and the *Los Angeles Times* picked up the story and helped spread it around the globe.

The rooftop sexcapade had come at a low-point for higher education in Los Angeles. At around the same time, UCLA student Alexandra Wallace had posted a rant against Asians' library etiquette on YouTube. (See *College Report*, September '11.) In three minutes she managed to show off not only a general ignorance of Asian languages and geography, but also most of her tits from beneath an extremely low-cut pink tank top.

The brave Trojan is, after all, brother of another Kappa Sigma fraternity member who recently sent a misogynistic in-house e-mail to his fellow "cuntsmen" asking them to share "elaborate renditions" of their sexual trysts and rank their conquests on "pure physical beauty." The e-mail argues that women "aren't actual people like us men."

Meanwhile, the rooftop Romeo was suspended by his fraternity and has apparently left USC, according to **Gawker.com**. As for the UCLA chick he dallied with, ATVN reported she has yet to be heard from.

Following the amorous spectacle, USC fraternities have begun taking steps to start "maintaining positive social images," disclosed the *Daily Trojan*, the school's student newspaper. If anything, the brazen lovers merit applause. Statues of their likenesses should be erected on that rooftop as an ever-present reminder of their selflessness and courage. The brave Trojan is, after all, brother of another Kappa Sigma fraternity member who recently sent a misogynistic in-house e-mail to his fellow "cuntsmen" asking them to share "elaborate renditions" of their sexual trysts and rank their conquests on "pure physical beauty." The e-mail argues that women "aren't actual people like us men."

Across town at UCLA, Alexandra Wallace expressed disdain for an entire ethnic group in the most crass and vile terms. On the other hand, deserving praise is her classmate who was invited to experience the best that Trojan life has to offer. This UCLA student saw breathtaking views of the L.A. skyline. She experienced the hospitality of our student body—albeit just one member. As mentioned, the rooftop gal even received oral sex—an act I'm told that UCLA students of both genders are still working to get comfortable with.

Finally, that nameless man of Troy showed his university and the world that the only force strong enough to counter hate is love. He also broadcast loud and clear that anyone, no matter where they're from, is welcome at USC. The campus has many accessible roofs to choose from.

Stan Oklobdzija is pursuing a master's degree in public policy at USC. Prior to graduate school, he covered crime and public safety for the *Sacramento Bee*.

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.

PENNY HOLLAWAY

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, FRESNO

We now proudly introduce a honey-skinned hottie with a penchant for glamour modeling and assisting folks less fortunate than herself. “One of my goals is to start an organization to help kids with cancer and other terminal illnesses,” proclaims Penny Hollaway, 24, a Fresno State sophomore majoring in child development. “And once I earn my bachelor’s degree, I really want to work in a children’s hospital.”

A delicious mix of Greek and French ancestry, Penny was—quite understandably—one of the most popular girls on campus during her high school years in Madera, California. “I was known as the social butterfly,” the onetime teen beauty queen fondly recalls, “and I was very flirty.”

Besides continuing her education at nearby Fresno State, Penny enjoys dancing, exercising (“at the gym”), shopping for shoes (“I’m a high heel fanatic,” she confesses) and lustfully nurturing a kinky side. “In bed I love talking dirty, role-playing and watching porn,” the 5-foot-6 bookworm admits. “And my favorite position is being bent over something, preferably a bar stool.”

Even Penny’s romantic fantasies are flavored with a little freaky action. “A candlelit room with soft music is a major panty-dropper,” she marvels, “especially if it’s with a dominant partner! And a man has to have nice feet or I absolutely will not sleep with him.” Time to invest in a pedicure, gents.

Want to learn something else about this bodacious coed? Her highly active sex drive isn’t just triggered at ground level. “Getting fucked in a helicopter is my ultimate fantasy,” Penny elatedly declares.

Sounds like a real big lift—just be sure to save us a seat on

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ

LOVE SUCKS

CAPRICE

Caprice can't help herself. She's inevitably drawn to bad guys. "I don't know what my problem is," she sighs. "I always seem to be attracted to guys who either end up in trouble or just cause trouble for me."

Caprice suspects that part of her problem is her taste in literature. "I'm a big fan of the *Twilight* series," she confesses. In fact, she's read every book in the vampire-romance collection at least three times.

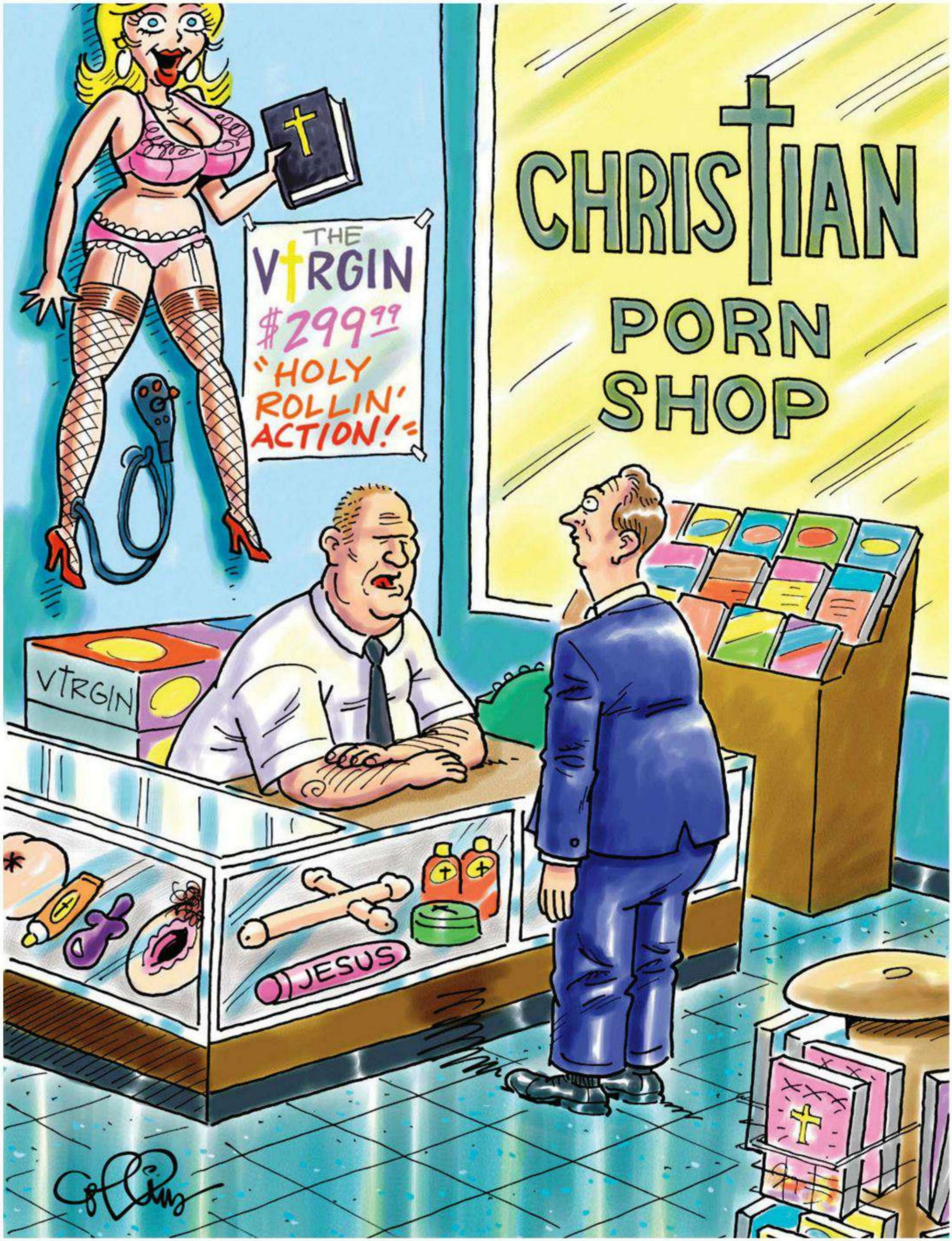
"Part of my 'bad boy' problem is probably because I'm looking for an Edward type," she says of the brooding bloodsucker character in the *Twilight* tomes. "If a guy is darkly handsome and kind of moody, I immediately get obsessed."

"The problem is that none of those guys ever turn out to be anything like Edward," laments

"They're not heroic or protective; they definitely wouldn't be fighting off any werewolves for me. The dudes I wind up with don't even have enough cash to take me out to eat. They just want to hang out drinking beer while trying to get me naked."

Still, **Caprice** hasn't given up hope. "I know it's dumb to fall in love with a character from a book," she says. "I'm sure I'll eventually find the right guy for

CAPRICE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Chrudim, Czech Republic | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 112



"You have to marry the doll before you can have sex with it."

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Lisa Ann pushes the **Palin** platform as Lizz Tayler (bottom left) courts new voters.*

Who's Nailin' Palin? #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: LISA ANN, LIZZ TAYLER, SARAH VANDELLA, JESSI PALMER, IVY WINTERS, ALEC KNIGHT, MICHAEL VEGAS & EVAN STONE.

By now, the question is who's *not* nailin' Palin? Even though this is the direct sequel to the one that started it all, it is actually the *sixth* movie in the *Nailin' Palin* series, with top-heavy Lisa Ann roaring back, now as the cocksucker-in-chief. Alaska's booby prize to the world has fucked and sucked her way to the top of the political trash heap, but still finds time to finger herself for the good of the country. While Sarah's off showing the nation what executive privilege looks like, First Dude Todd does what he does best: cheat on President MILF with a pair of chicks his daughter's age. Speaking of Bristol, its hard to be trashier than the real thing, but fertile-looking Lizz Tayler gives it the old college try. This sequel may not have the raw shamelessness of the first one, its lip-synching may be shoddy and its attempts at humor may be a few notches below *SNL*, but it features enough tours of the oval orifice to help you squeeze what pleasure you can out of the downfall of America. Can a porn flick predict the future? Fucking hope not! Order this annal of history now on page 140. **—M.J.**

Full service: McKenzie Sweet, Anita Blue (bottom left) and Ms. Platinum open their ***Boooty Shop.***

Boooty Shop

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS/AFTER DARK PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BISHOP. STARRING: MISTY STONE, RYANNA SKY, MS. PLATINUM, ANITA BLUE, McKENZIE SWEET, RICO STRONG, LEXINGTON STEELE, JON JON, NAT TURNER & TEE REEL.

In this loose parody of a movie you probably haven't seen (*Beauty Shop*), chocolate charmer Misty Stone plays a hooker who opens the titular salon with her gaggle of "hos." Before long, it's a *boooty* shop, with the girls offering full service. (That hourly rate is tough to beat.) In solid form as usual, Misty does a fine job of supplying both the beauty *and* the booty. Her two scenes—one of them with Lex "The Impaler" Steele—are hotter than a curling iron. White chick Anita Blue provides some slippery interracial action (for the brothas who need that), but save a tip for the lovely McKenzie Sweet, who climaxes the movie in style. If you're looking to give out some NAACP Image Awards, forget it. If ghetto-girl stereotypes turn you on, this is your flick! (Nyomi Banxxx's sexy nonsex role as Misty's scheming rival is a hilarious highlight.) The sound and camerawork could be better, but you probably wouldn't have noticed if we hadn't bitched about it. And when it comes to the comedy, you might want to take a hint from Misty and get stoned before you hit play. ***—M.J.***

Make it rain: Amber Rayne, Ashli Orion, Charley Chase (bottom left) and Hunter Bryce are ***Squirtatious***.

Squirtatious

BLUEBIRD FILMS. DIRECTOR: MARC TWAIN. STARRING: HUNTER BRYCE, AMBER RAYNE, CHARLEY CHASE, INDIA SUMMER, ASHLI ORION, CHRIS JOHNSON, DERRICK PIERCE, MR. PETE, KRIS SLATER & TOMMY GUNN.

Squirt fans have been spoiled rotten by the flood of controlled pissing in most gusher flicks lately. It's good, wet fun, but it's not what *real* squirting looks like. This one bills itself as the real deal, and while truth is the first casualty in war and porn, at least this one *tries* to imagine what female ejaculation (rather than a fire hydrant) might look like. So be ready for a lot of solid fucking on the way to the waterworks. The line-up includes gonzo stalwarts like Hunter Bryce and Amber Rayne, both of whom put in energetic performances. (Rayne reveals that she named herself after a racehorse, not her later-discovered squirt talent.) The entire cast brings a sleazy, fuck-your-brains-out charm to this picture, with Charley Chase and Ashli Orion hitting some of the standout moments. The well-toned convulsions of India Summer are also worth a mention. Is it just us, or does she look like Sandra Bullock after a long night? While it's not a masterstroke, this is a solid little squirt picture that should slake the thirst of any true lady-cum connoisseur.

—M.J.

TSA: Your Ass Is in Our Hands

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: EVAN STONE. STARRING: AMIA MILEY, BRIANA BANKS, LONI EVANS, DIAMOND KITTY, SAMANTHA SAINT, TEGAN SUMMERS, RANDY SPEARS, JACK LAWRENCE, BILL BAILEY & EVAN STONE.

There's nothing more perverted than a police-state goon, as we've seen from the recent groping at America's airports. The shredding of the Constitution is a hard thing to laugh at, but that didn't stop porn stud Evan Stone from plugging into the TSA's filthy fantasies in his directorial debut effort. He exposes enhanced pat-downs for what they are: a government-sanctioned porn fantasy. In Stone's world, passengers secretly *crave* having their junk touched, and agents have no qualms about facial profiling. The cast of cavities are all search-worthy, but barely legal passenger Tegan Summers and bratty, "hot stuff" agent Amia Miley in particular merit a boarding pass. This movie is probably more likely to make you fill out a TSA application than write a protest letter to your senator, but no one ever expected porn to save the world. We suggest you get a copy of this movie and stash it in your carry-on next time you fly. Maybe it'll distract the agents from feeling up your wife. Order it now on page 140.—***M.J.***

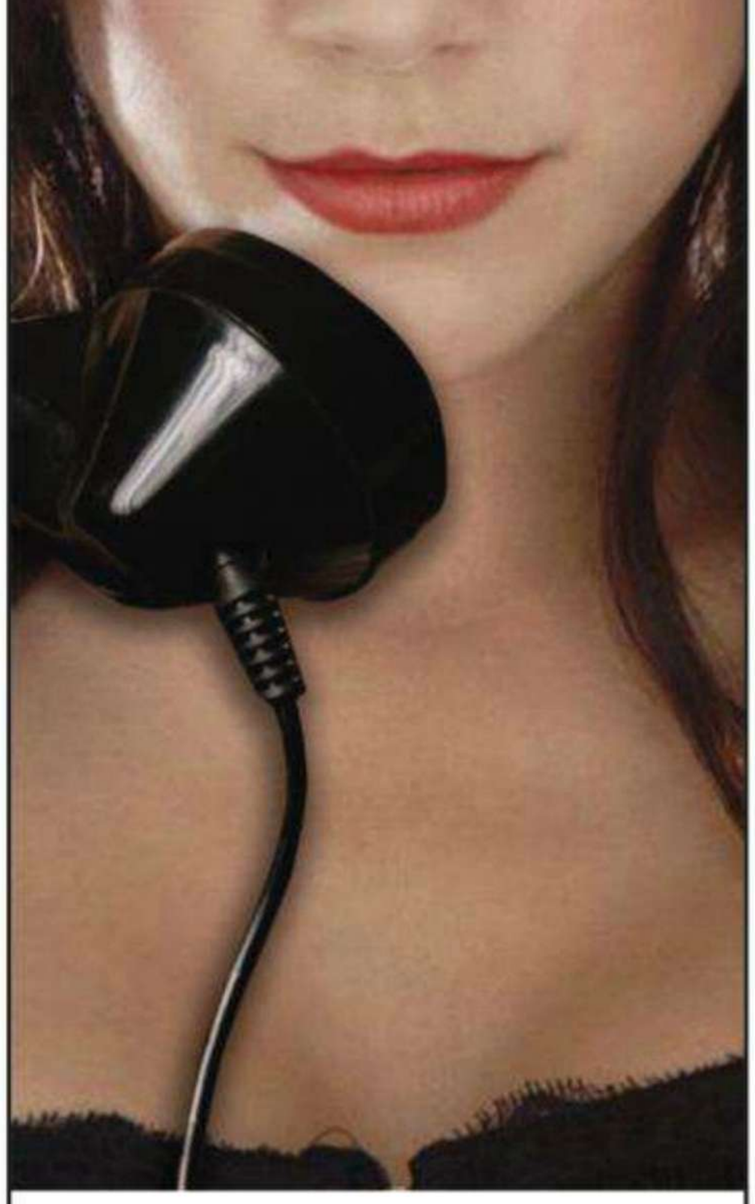
*Amia Miley, Samantha Saint and Tegan Summers get the **TSA** "pat-down."*

*Backseat ball: Selena Rose heads for the **Prom**.*

Prom

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: SELENA ROSE, YURIZAN BELTRAN, TARA LYNN FOXX, FRANCESCA LE, MANUEL FERRARA, SCOTT NAILS, TOMMY GUNN & TONI RIBAS.

If you were hoping for a documentary about tuxedo rentals and the proper etiquette for chaperones, you'll be disappointed. But if you think prom means horny teenagers losing it in the backseats of limos, you'll rate this one an erect *most* of the time. (If you could keep it up *all* the time, you'd be in porn.) The acting ain't great (like you care) but it's what shallow, Californicated teens who crave validation really behave like these days. Cute Latina Selena Rose is clearly the queen of this flick and puts out with two scenes that will beat your prom stories cold (even the bullshit ones). Exotic, busty beauty Yurizan Beltran and ditzy blonde Tara Lynn Foxx are more interested in banging their teacher than their prom dates (sound familiar?), but at least seeing them naked will help you forget how much money you spent on that stupid corsage. Nobody in this flick actually makes it to the prom, so, apart from a couple of tiaras and a limo scene, this movie could be about anything. Alas, the definitive prom porn still has yet to be made. In the meantime, you could do worse than spike the punch with Selena. ***—M.J.***



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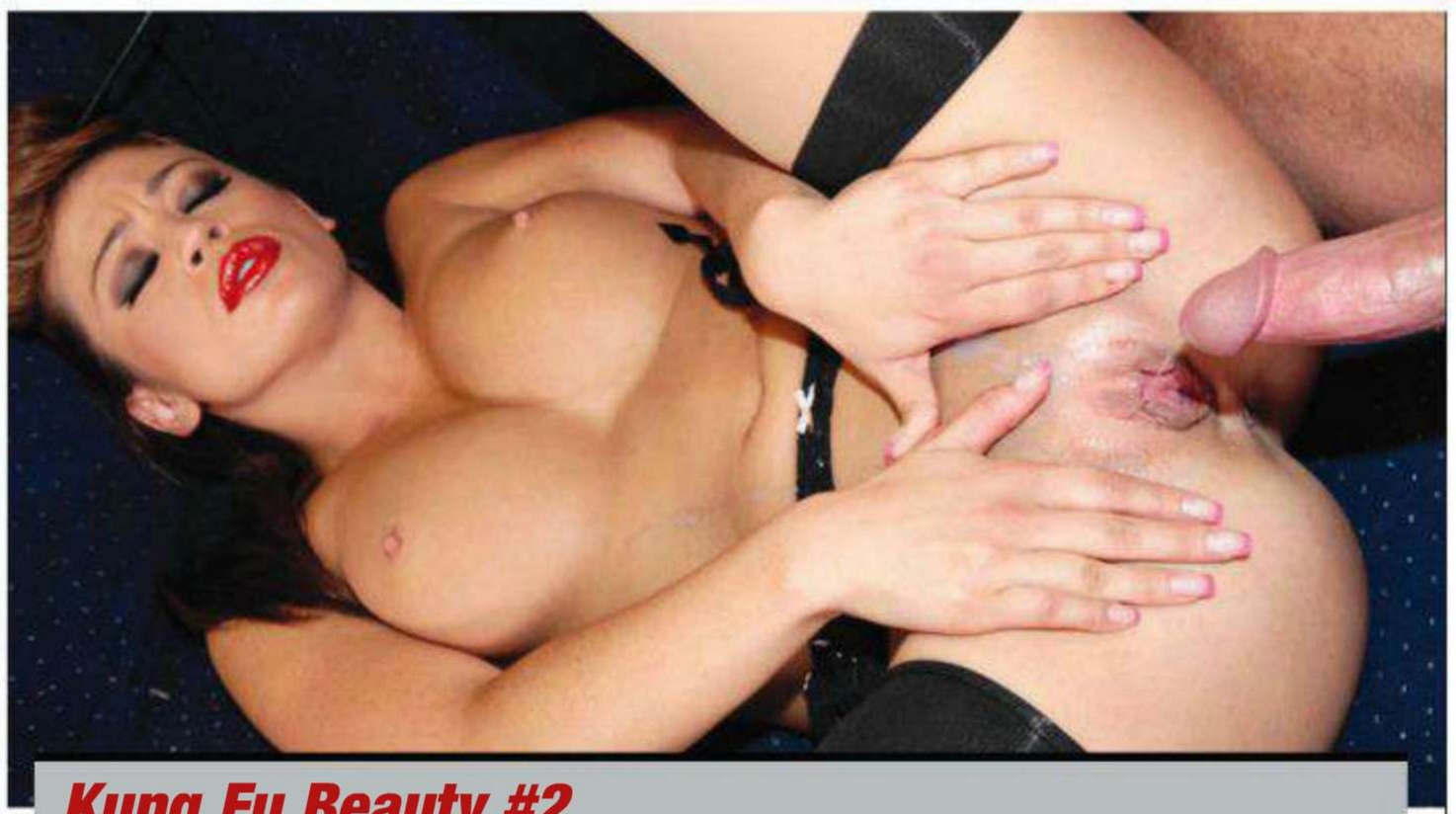
Lily LaBeau and Alanah Rae enter an old-fashioned ***Jerkoff****.*

Jerkoff Material #6

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MIKE JOHN. STARRING: LILY LABEAU, JYNX MAZE, ALANAH RAE, JENNIFER WHITE, ALEXIS LEE, ERIK EVERHARD, CHAD ALVA, JOHNNY FENDER, HOOKS, MARK ZANE & TIM VON SWINE.

The latest disc in Mike John's no-bullshit gonzo series delivers the goods as usual. The girls all strike a perfect balance between pretty and trashy. The fucking is hard and nasty. The shoot-from-the-hip camerawork shows you what you want to see. Slender, natural, lovely Lily LaBeau sets the bar high with a decent, if standard, couch fuck that turns into a blow-bang. (Mike John's buddies have a habit of showing up at his shoots.) Asian girl Alexis Lee has a strange charm, and Jennifer White's anal POV is worth a stroke or two, but squeaky blonde Alanah Rae's augmented milk jugs and apple-bottom ass are a lot less subtle. If you prefer your womanflesh to bulge, bounce and look as fertile as a fresh-plowed field, she's your girl. Cute little Jynx Maze happily services the entourage with no discernible trace of dignity. She caps the film nicely with a giggly POV butt-fuck scene that easily earns her our coveted award: Jerkoff Material of the Week. Congratulations, sweetheart. We were pulling for you. ***—M.J.***

*AJ Bailey, Kim Tao and Mia Lelani reinvent **Kung Fu**.*



Kung Fu Beauty #2

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: AJ BAILEY, KIM TAO, MIA LELANI, BELLA BLAZE, JERRY, EVAN STONE, BILL BAILEY, BILLY GLIDE & JAMES DEEN.

Dive-bar diva and secret ninja assassin AJ Bailey has a weakness for Asian chicks, so she takes on a suicide mission to keep her new clit-sucking gal pal happy. (There must not be many Asians in her neighborhood.) The preposterous plot has her spying on Mia Lelani, who easily upstages the star if you happen to have similar tastes. Mia's pumped-up boobs have a weird artificiality due to her near-lack of areolas, but they'll grow on you, as will her pinup cuteness. The scene ends with an amusing (and bloody) twist on the ol' money shot. Bella Blaze shows up at the ninja camp for some reason, probably because of her monstrous mammaries. If you've forgotten the obscene twirls and jiggles nature designed to hypnotize us, seek out Bella. As for AJ Bailey, her looks would count for beauty in most small towns, but it's a mystery why she's the star of this series, rather than, say, Asa Akira (who has only a nonsex role in this). Must be a contract thing. Still, her ninja skulking is so bad it's hilarious, and there's enough Asian flesh in this disc to keep your Eastern yen satisfied. But, yes, you'll be hungry again in a few hours. ***—M.J.***

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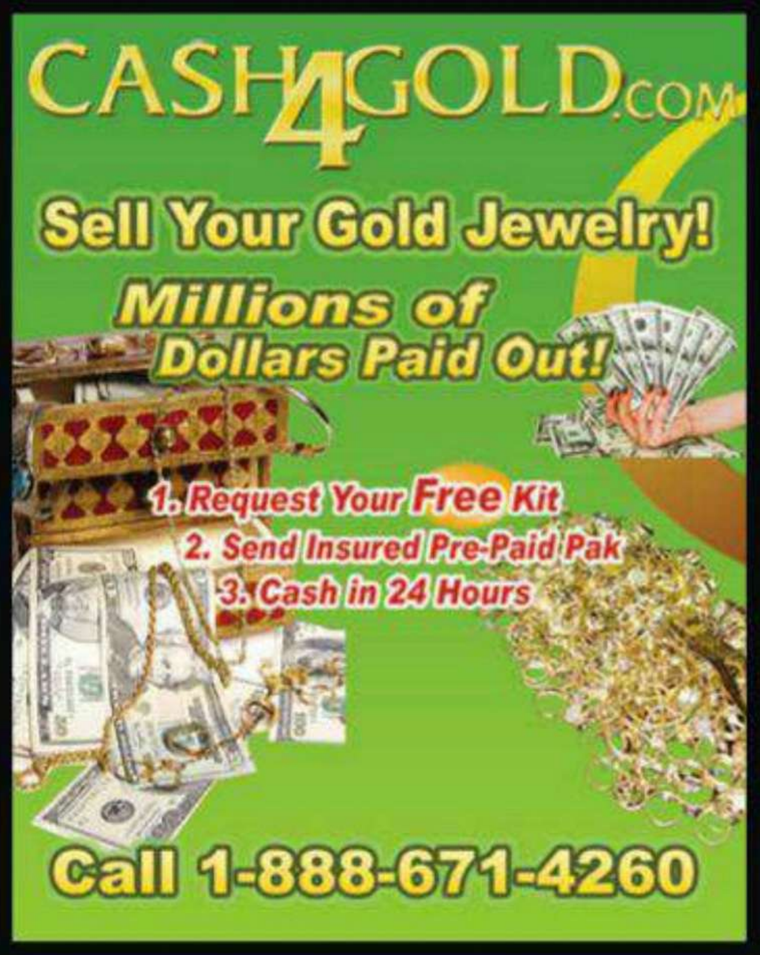

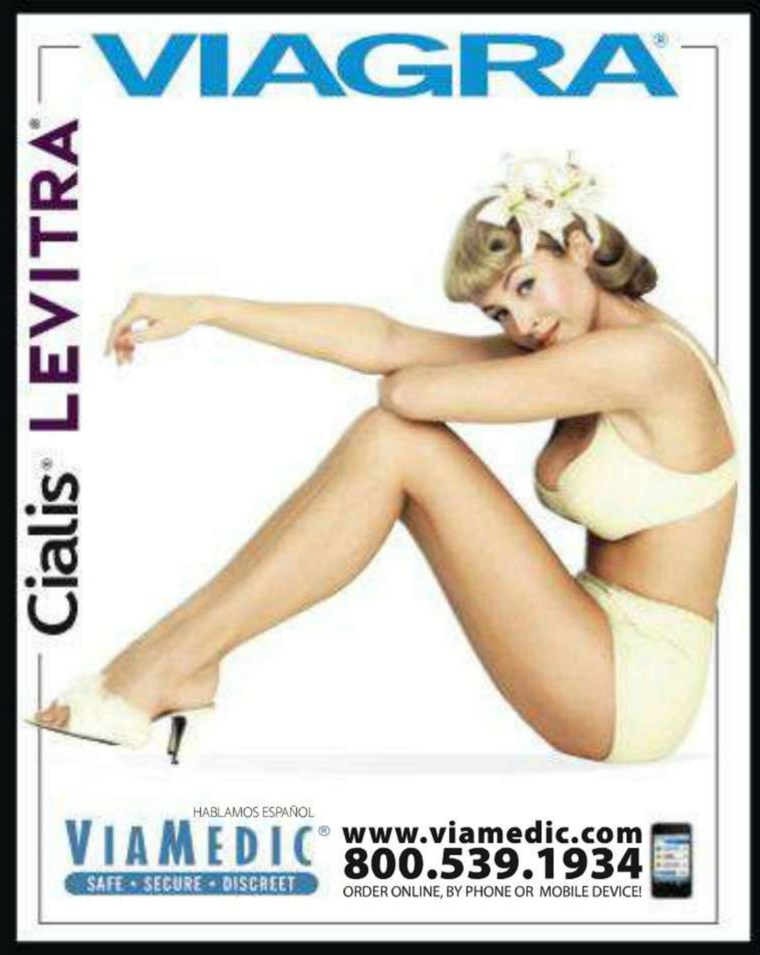

Larry Flynt opens his personal vault of 35 years of HUSTLER magazine just for you!

KEEPING IT UP FOR THE KARD-ASS-IANS # 2

The reality show *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* follows the exploits of a family made famous by middle daughter Kim's spectacular ass. That derriere must have a strong gravitational pull because HUSTLER has once again been yanked into its orbit, revisiting the popular show for a second parody video, *Keeping It Up for the Kard-ASS-ians #2.*

In this episode, Kim (**Dylan Ryder**) shows off her considerable talents with her current boy toy. Khloe's husband, Lamar, takes a time-out from basketball practice to satisfy the sexual thirst of a cheerleader (**Courtney Cummz**). While their sister Kourtney (**Amia Miley**) cheats on Scott with a porn star, her partner gets back at her by banging a concessions worker (**Codi Carmichael**) at the golf course. In this family, there's plenty of sexy action to go around!

Keeping It Up for the Kard-ASS-ians #2 is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 x 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

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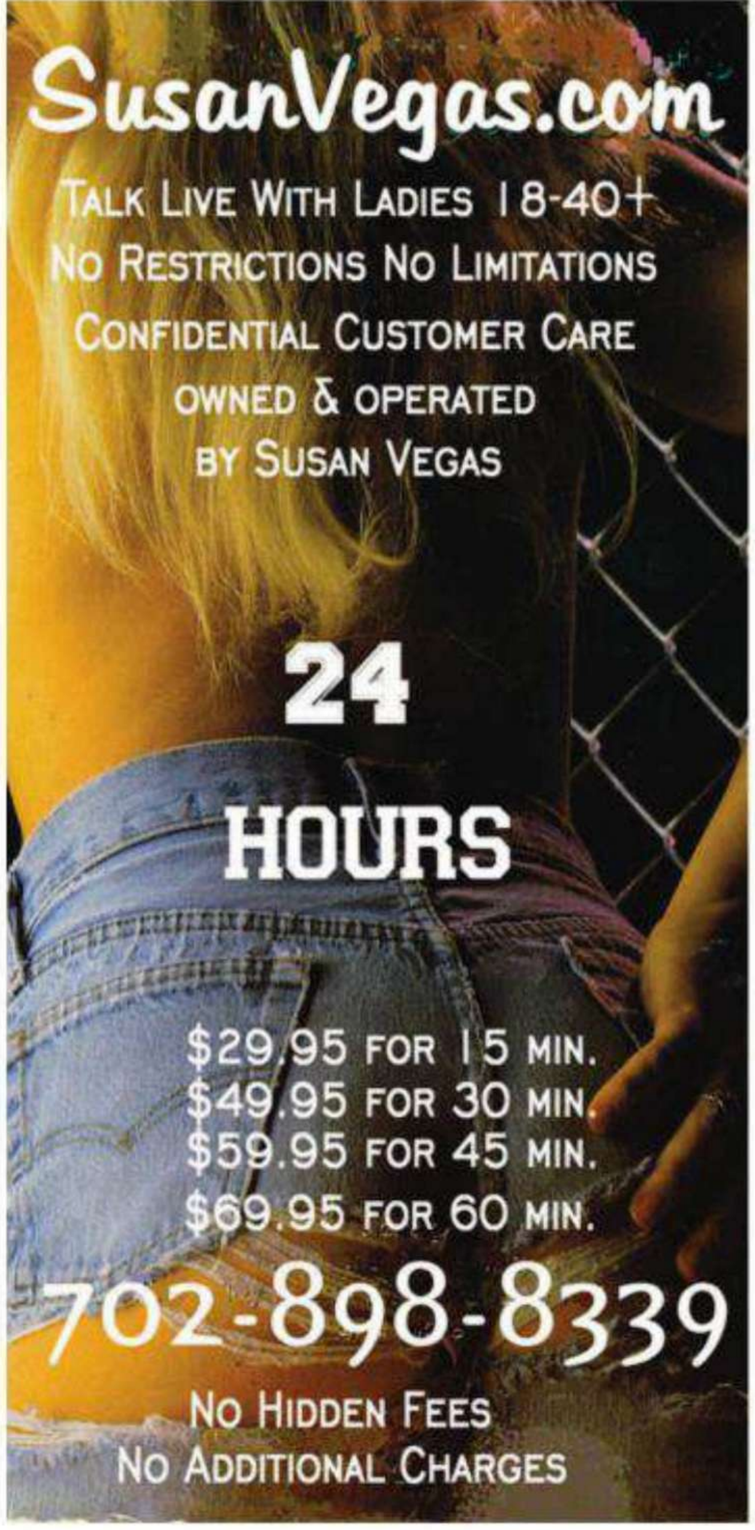

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EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

TERRA

Beavers who don't build dams seem to be an endangered species here of late, but we've squeezed in seven, starting with this "laid-back, funny and inquisitive" burlesque performer from Parma, Ohio. "Modeling nude for a magazine was something I'd never gotten around to," states Terra Incognita, 31. "So I figured, *What the heck?!*" Belying her last name, the "flexible" damsel is quite forthright. "I'm single and 100% straight," the 5-foot-4 traveling, knitting and costume-making aficionada reveals. "I *love* men. I especially love a guy who can take charge. Having my pussy licked gives me the best orgasms, I really love anal sex, and I masturbate, usually with a vibrator while watching porn. As a matter of fact, I'm an excellent person to watch TV with. It's like having your very own *Mystery Science Theater* right in your living room!" But Terra—an ice-hockey buff and devotee of *Jeopardy!* and "loud punk music," notably the Dwarves, 7 Seconds, TSOL and the Angry Samoans—isn't just a frisky homebody: "I once had a quickie with a certain rock star in a rental car parked in the driveway of his folks' house before we announced our arrival." Before bidding adieu, Terra also mentions, "My fantasies are a threesome with two men and having sex in a public place, knowing that people are watching." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

MS. SAVANNAH

"I want to be successful in the adult-entertainment industry," declares this 5-foot-11 ex-schoolteacher from Savannah, Georgia, who'll be celebrating her 44th B-day in October and is anything but celibate. "I may look like a shy, innocent person, and my interests are floral design and Bruce Willis flicks, but I think about sex 24/7," Ms. Savannah confides. "I'm always horny, and I'm a swinger! I love being naked, giving blowjobs and fucking doggy-style. I've seduced my husband's best friend, I've had sex on a bulldozer in the woods, and I've livened up a few orgies. To make my upcoming birthday unforgettable, I plan to be the obliging hostess of a five-man gangbang." Talk about XXX potential! —Photos by Friend

BECKY ANN

"I love showing off my body," marvels this "spoiled" housewife from Corsicana, Texas. "I've never turned down a dare." That explains why Becky Ann, 22, has frolicked on a picnic table, took part in a four-girl orgy and sent us pics. "Men get horny when they see my shaved cooter," notes the 5-foot-2 Lone Star Stater, who has a thang for *Family Guy*, songbird Reba McEntire and football. Becky Ann is entirely dialed in: "I love fucking doggy-style, I love anal sex, and I love it when a guy lets me play with *his* ass. I also masturbate but only when a man watches; I hate playing alone. And here's my fantasy: having a threesome with a married couple." —Photos by Friend

REAGAN

"This whole opportunity is absolutely awesome," raves Reagan, 19, a "trustworthy, loyal, seductive and wild" stripper out of New Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "I went to Catholic school for eight years, I was a virgin until I was 17, and now I'm in HUSTLER. I love being nude, and I love sex, especially oral, doggy and anal when I'm prepared. I'm bi-curious, very submissive and always willing to please." The 5-foot-5 newbie also relishes working out, reading, hanging out with friends, music (topped by Marilyn Manson, Nine Inch Nails and Rob Zombie), dancing naked in front of a mirror, watching UFC, *Gangland*, *Jersey Shore* and *The Colbert Report* and eating pizza and fruits. Reagan vows to get even wilder: "I want to have sex somewhere in public so lots of people can watch, and I want a girl to fuck me with a strap-on." —Photos by NewAmericanPinup.com

"I'm young, easy to get along with and very open-minded."

"I truly love sucking cock. I can do it for hours, looking the guy dead in the eyes so I can see his reaction."

"I love being licked from front to back, and I always come extra hard when my boyfriend fucks my sweet ass!"

"My fantasy is to dance nude under a full moon."

MARY JANE

"I was in HUSTLER's 25th-anniversary *Beaver Hunt* [July '99], but I think I look better with age," announces "bewitching, seductive, energetic and whimsical" Mary Jane, 35, a pizzeria prep cook and piping-hot pagan from Yreka, California. "Witchcraft is kinda cool," the 5-foot-2 Megadeth and Black Sabbath fan elaborates. "I'm really into nature, the elements and celebrating the seasons, but at home I like lying around in my panties and watching sexploitation horror movies from the 1970s and early '80s, especially Italian director Dario Argento's cult classics *Suspiria* and *Scarlet Diva*." But gore/erotica isn't the spry pixie's sole leisure-time pleasure. "I also enjoy smoking huge amounts of an earthly herb," Mary Jane toots, "fine wine, *Dexter*, *Shameless*, Adult Swim, [Minnesota] Vikings football, exercising in my panties and last but not least, expertly satisfying my guy—and fucking a woman every so often. I love using a strap-on. And whenever I get the urge to masturbate, I have a HUSTLER vibrator that I call Mr. Flynt. I'd sure love to meet the real Larry Flynt someday." Befitting an unabashed nature lover and Beaver of yore, Mary Jane occasionally lets her short-and-curlies grow out. "I sent pics with a muff and with my kitty freshly shaved," she points out. "That way, all your readers should be happy." Sweet! —Photos by Boyfriend

"Hardly anyone does it anymore, but I like leaving a little fuzz around my coochie."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

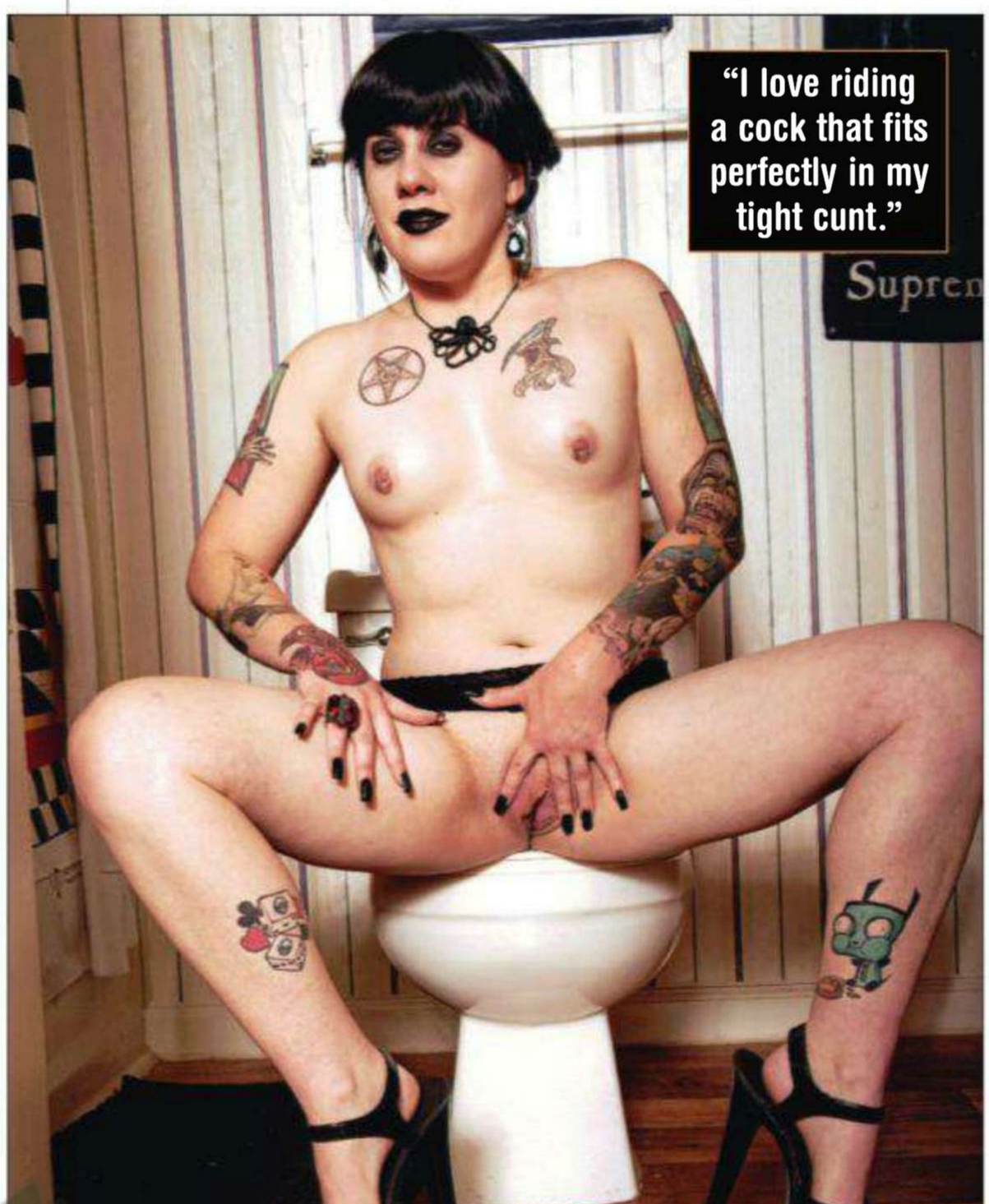
VICTORIA

"I think it would be a sin not to show off this body of mine," purrs Victoria, an "outgoing, fun, adventurous, curious and bisexual" resident of Spokane, Washington. Wholeheartedly concurring, we've brought the 5-foot-5 onetime Real College Girl back as an October birthday celebrant. "I love being naked, especially in HUSTLER," avows Victoria, who'll be blowing out 24 candles and admits to having a penchant for giving "real good" head. "I'm a perfect fit aesthetically, philosophically and sexually." Although the Apple Stater's primary personal interest is "sex, sex and more rough, hair-pulling sex"—even the backdoor variety—Victoria also fits in the music of Bone Thugs-N-Harmony and Lil Wayne, TV's *Weeds*, *South Park* and *Tool Academy* and XXX fare. "I love porn," Victoria asserts. "It turns me on. I think the time has *come* for me to give it a shot. I'm very, very naughty. I do room service at a high-end resort, and I always leave the guest with a smile on his face." In the meantime the babe leaves us with a B-day wish: "I want two young chicks all over me and an older dude waiting to join in!" —Photos by Friend

"Guys like how my ass

JASMINE

"There was no better way to be discovered than to submit pics to my favorite porn mag in the whole world—HUSTLER," proclaims Atlanta's Jasmine BlueXXX, who'll be turning 28 in October. "I am dying to eat pussy and fuck hot-ass women on film." Painting a vivid bio, the 5-foot-1 Georgia peach adds, "I am wild as hell, honest, nonconformist, lots of fun, caring and energetic." Not to mention busy as hell: "I like to listen to metal bands, read, paint, party, shoot guns, play pool, go bowling, cook and watch movies, basketball, baseball and TV shows. Some of my faves are *Sons of Anarchy*, *Squidbillies*, *Lights Out* and *Superjail!*" Jasmine is one lights-out, super jezebel: "I'm aggressive, seductive and extremely passionate. When it comes to sucking cock and fucking, I dig tall, muscular, tattooed men who aren't assholes." Jasmine—who's also fond of T-bone steaks, stuffed mushrooms and masturbating but not "stuck-up bitches"—cooks up a ribald fantasy: "I want to spend a whole weekend fucking Atlanta Braves pitcher Derek Lowe in the honeymoon suite of a pricey hotel." —Photos by Jasmine BlueXXX



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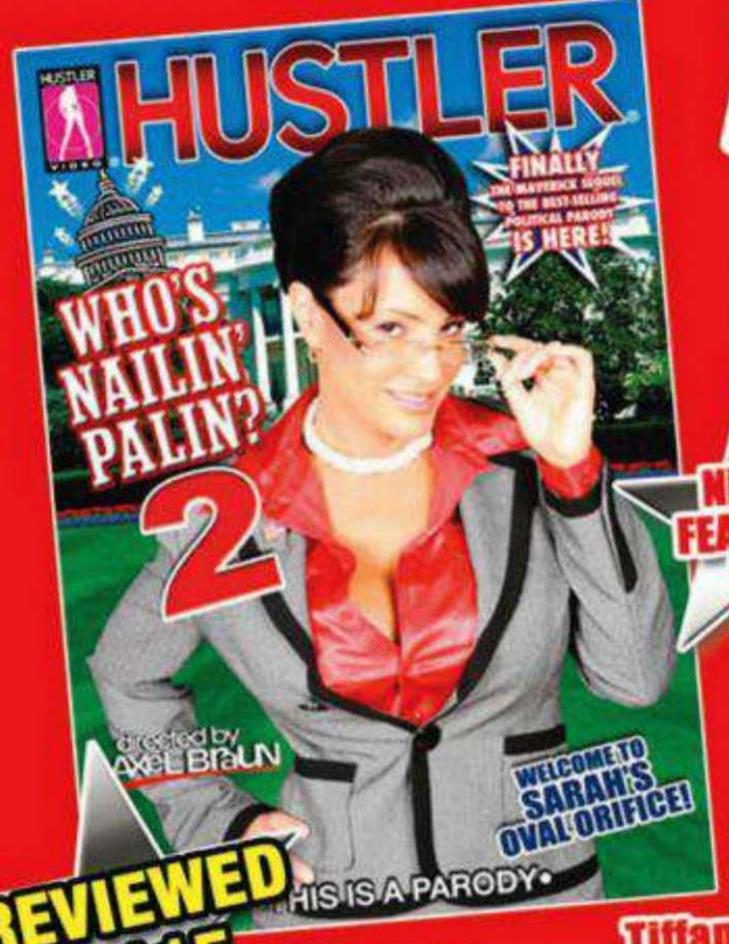

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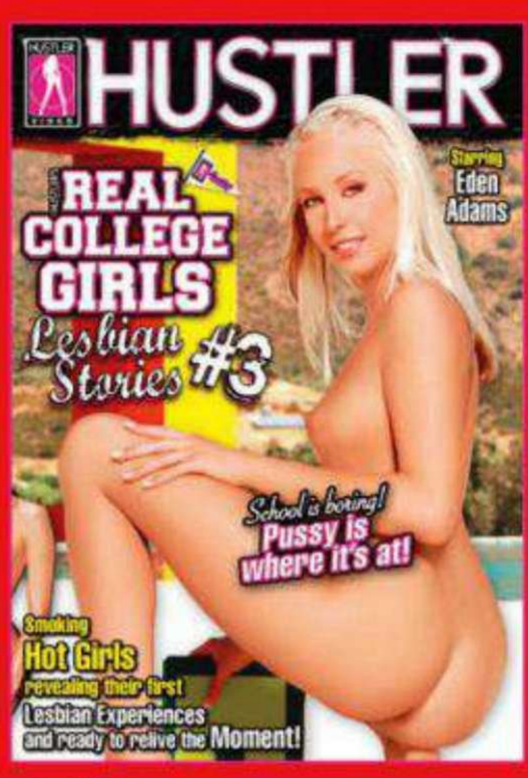

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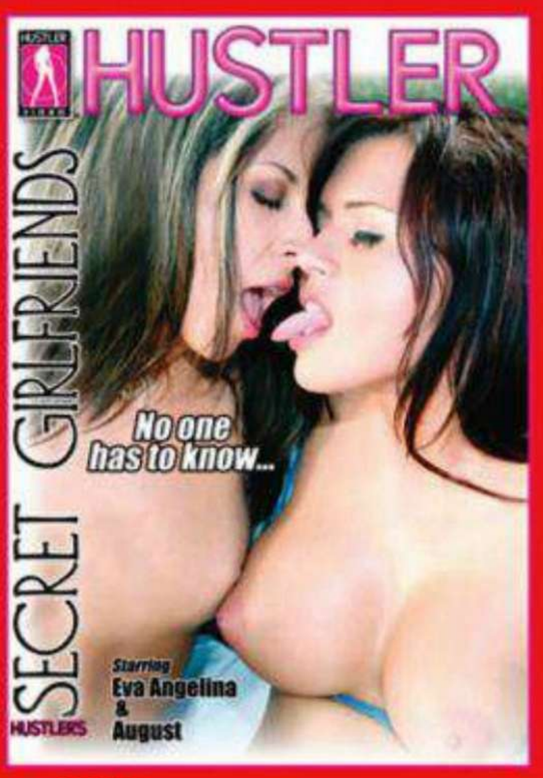

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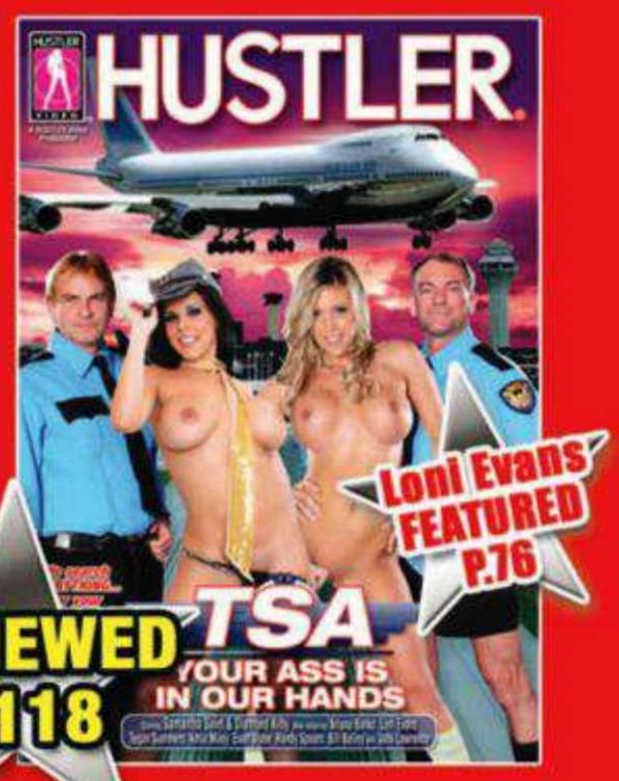

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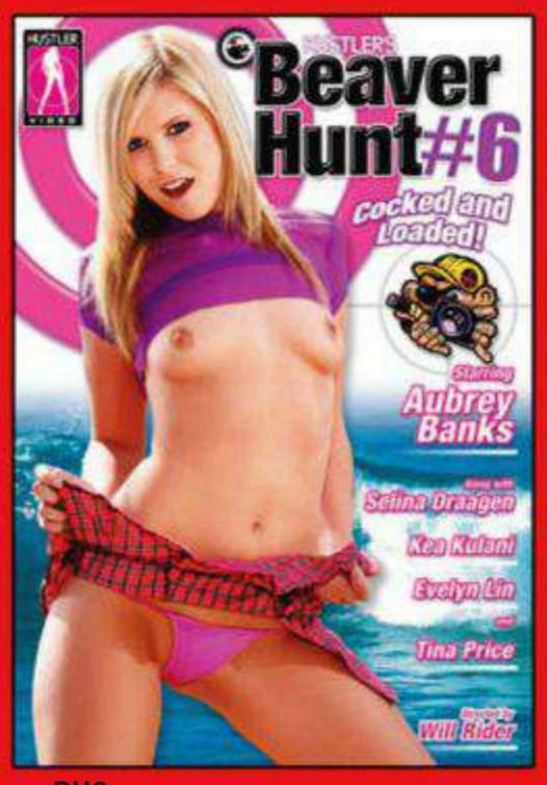

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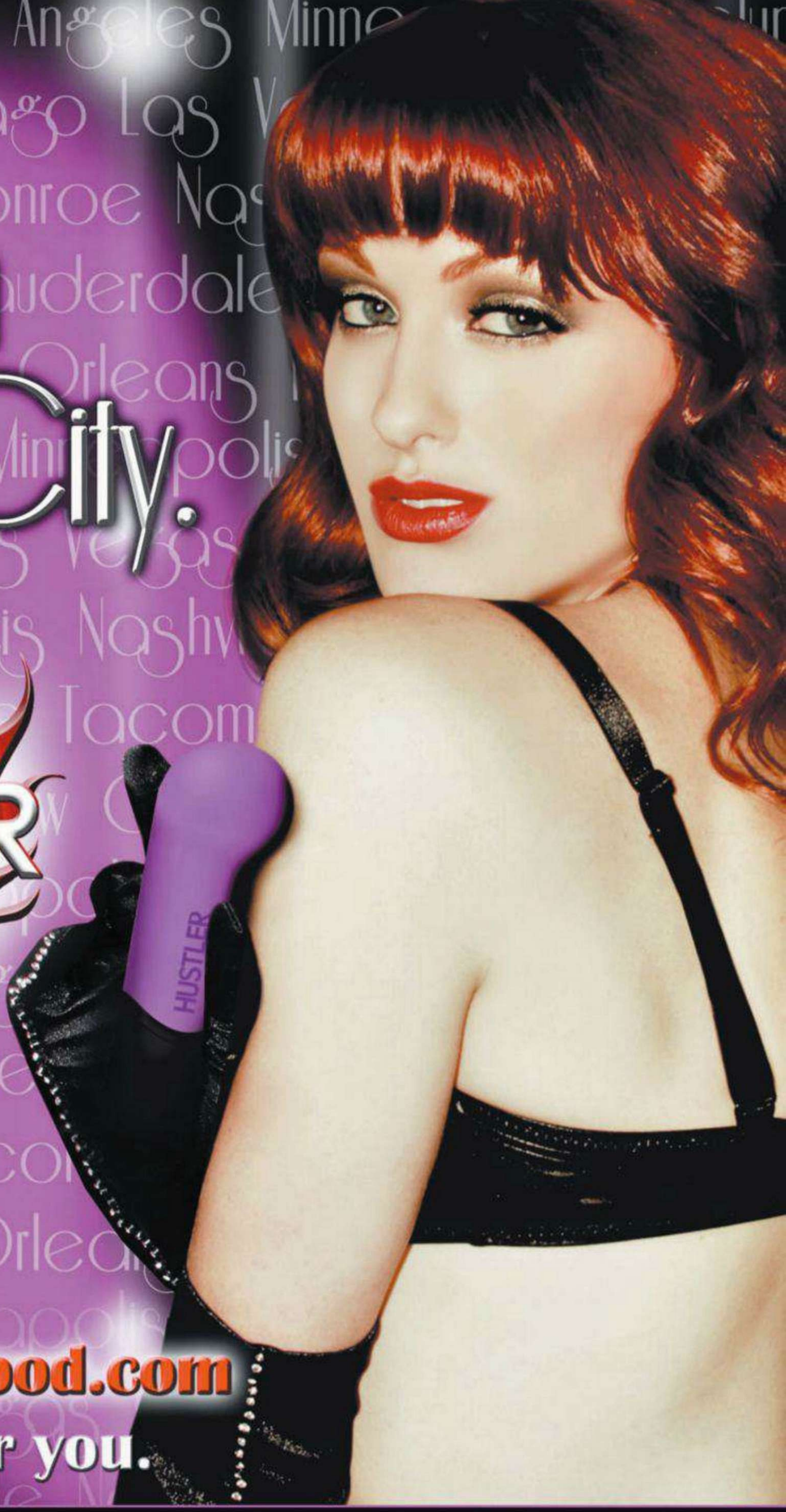

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HILLARY THE HUN

WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS ABOUT OBAMA

I named Hillary Clinton Asshole of the Month for returning contributions I had sent her senatorial and Presidential campaigns. In spite of such personal rejection, my admiration for Secretary of State Clinton has never changed. Polling data supports my favorable opinion of her.

Sources within Clinton's office tell me that up until quite recently she was incredibly frustrated by President Obama's aloof nature and his inability to make snap, tough choices. Some of her aides jokingly referred to the President as "Mr. Constipation." They told me that when Obama had just entered the U.S. Senate in 2005, he was invited to participate in a war-game exercise at the Pentagon. After being a part of the game for several hours and not being able to make a decision, he was dismissed by Pentagon officials, who told him "this is only a game; we have to move on." Balancing interests and ideals is always tricky, but at some point one has to make a decision, whether participating in a war game at the Pentagon or calling the shots in the Oval Office. Apparently, with the assassination of Osama bin Laden, our President has learned that lesson.

However, what still irritates Clinton is the amateurish nature of the President's staff and members of the National Security Council. I am told she refers to the White House staff as "Romper Room" types. In particular, she has been unimpressed with President Obama's two most influential foreign-policy advisors: Denis McDonough, the emotional, trash-talking deputy national security advisor who is always calling reporters and swearing at them for not writing enough good things about President Obama's accomplishments; and Thomas Donilon, the ineffectual Washington lawyer/lobbyist and Democratic National Party activist, who serves as national security advisor.

Equally distressing to Clinton is Obama's inability to establish a single deep, personal relationship with another head of state. She tells friends that Obama, unlike her husband, has trouble connecting with people. He doesn't make social calls to other leaders and chat the way her husband did when he was President.

Sources within Clinton's office tell me that up until quite until recently she was incredibly frustrated by President Obama's aloof nature and his inability to make snap, tough choices. Some of her aides jokingly referred to the President as "Mr. Constipation."

Regardless of such frustrations, Secretary Clinton intends to continue in politics until the first Obama Administration ends. Dead tired at age 63 from her intense travel schedule, she wants nothing more than to become a grandmother and spend time with her family.

After she leaves the State Department, Hillary's friends tell me she will most likely start a foundation devoted to children and women. There is no chance Secretary Clinton will ever run for President again; thus she will not have another opportunity to reject my political donation.

UNSATISFIED: Only 43% of Republicans and GOP-leaning independent voters are satisfied with the current crop of Presidential hopefuls. Compare that figure with an April 2007 poll showing 65% of Republicans were satisfied with their potential nominees. But that hasn't stopped at least a dozen aspirants from starting to raise funds and hire staff, even though they'll never become President. The insider view from D.C. is that Mitt Romney will receive the GOP nomination, and he will conduct a rerun of the Carter vs. Reagan race of 1980: "our America" versus "their America."

***PLAYGIRL* REJECTED:** *Playgirl* magazine invited Lucas Bachmann, the 28-year-old son of likely Presidential candidate Representative Michele Bachmann (R-Minnesota), to pose in Levi Johnston-type modesty. Lucas turned down the offer, citing his position as a resident psychiatrist at the University of Connecticut. Will other offspring of GOP Presidential contenders accept the challenge to bare all in this do-anything age of media attention?

ILL-ADVISED? Washington insiders are wondering when Republican Party activists will launch an investigation into how much money former Presidential aide David Axelrod directed to his Chicago-based firm from Democratic Party coffers while overseeing the healthcare debate last year.

REAL POLITICS: America's need for a naval base in Manama, which it leases from Bahrain for the Fifth Fleet, has resulted in only mild criticism from the White House toward that Gulf state's undemocratic policies. But in return for such meek criticism of its neighbors, the supersensitive Saudis have pumped less petroleum in recent months, which has contributed to the rise of gasoline prices in the U.S.

CASHING IN ON FAME: There are benefits to having famous parents. Sarah Palin's daughter Bristol was paid $262,500 in 2009 by the Candie's Foundation to help raise awareness about teen pregnancy. She was given another $70,000 in 2010 when her popularity increased after appearing on ABC's *Dancing With the Stars*. But the foundation only distributed $35,000 to nonprofit groups trying to lower teen pregnancy rates, a much smaller amount than paid to Palin.

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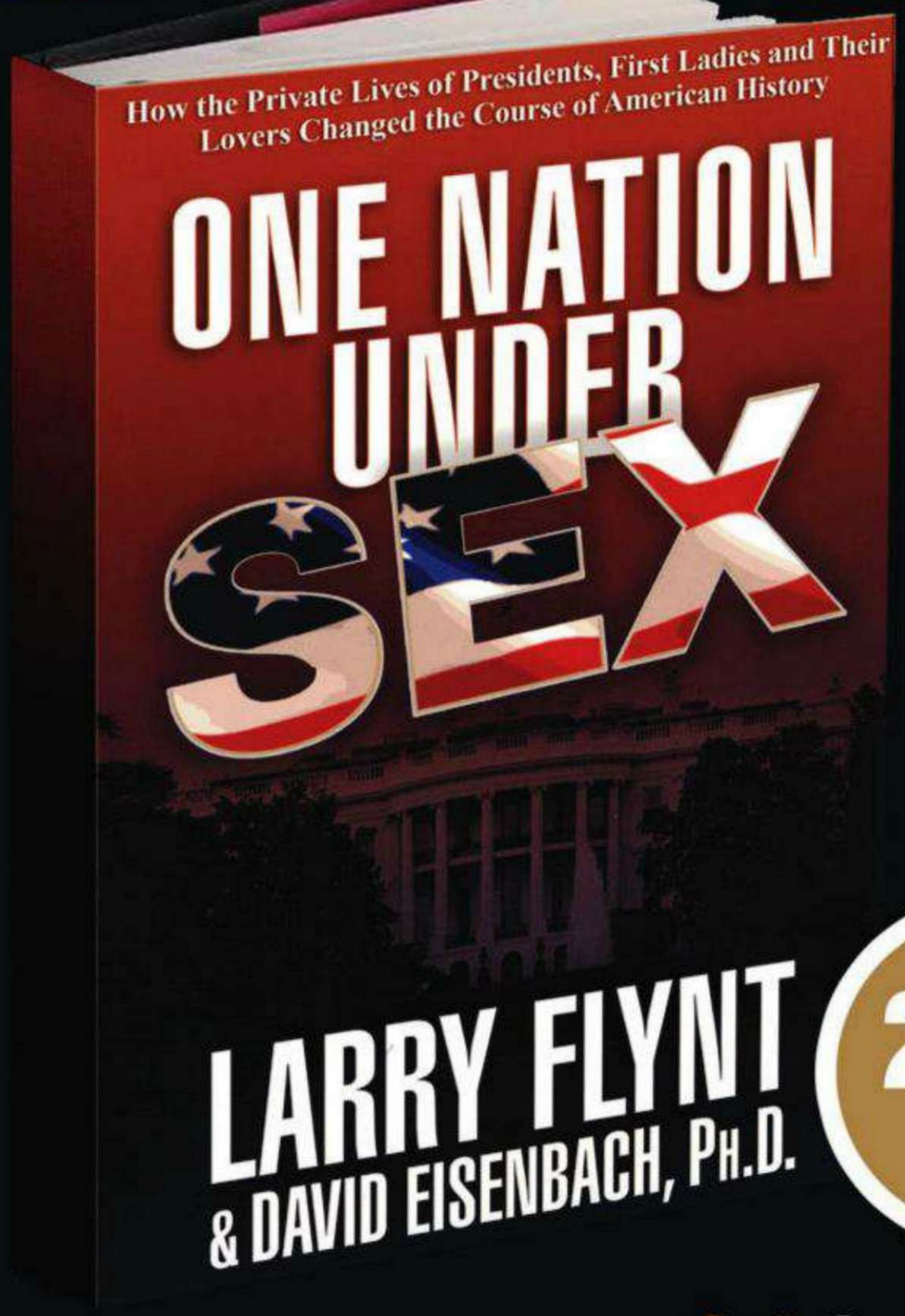

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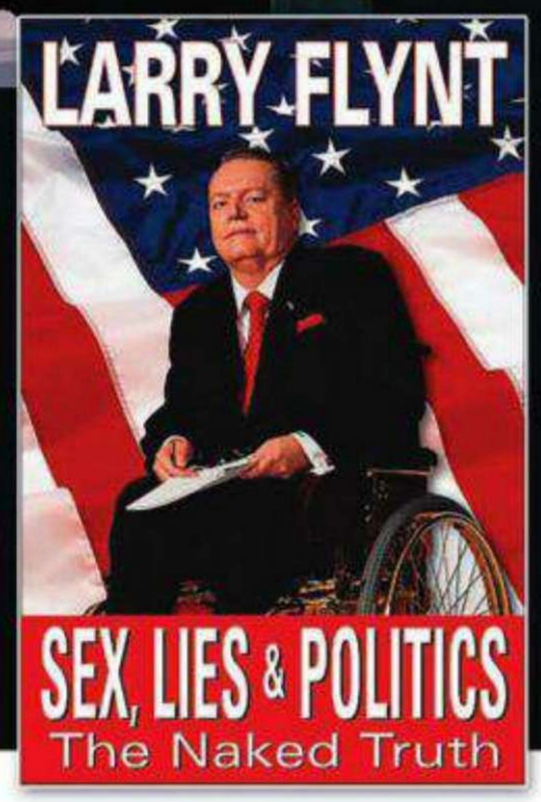

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BY GREGG GLASER

BOTTOMS UP!

BRANDY IS FOR HEROES

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. —Samuel Johnson (1709-1784)

For many brandy "heroes," French cognac is the ultimate beverage. It's a drink that has been favored and loved over the centuries by European aristocrats, kings and emperors. (Napoleon for one.) Ah, the good life and a glass of cognac—pale or dark in color; fruity or spicy to the nose; smooth, complex, oaky, fruity or spicy to the taste. Always warming!

But there's more to brandy than French cognac; there's French armagnac (the rival of cognac); Spanish, American and other brandies; grappa from Italy; and Pisco from South America. The bottom line is that brandy is produced everywhere grapes and fruit are grown and made into wine.

Brandy is, by definition, distilled wine that is sometimes matured in wood barrels. The English name comes from the Dutch word *brandewijn* (burned wine), changed to *brandy* in the 16th century when Dutch traders began promoting their brandies in England. Before that time, brandies were made only in France, but it was the French wines the Dutch were trying to sell. The wine quality suffered in transport, but the distilled brandies traveled well.

Cognac, the leader of the brandy pack, is regulated by the French just as wine is regulated. Cognac must be produced by the double distillation of wine in copper-pot stills from white grapes grown in the Charentes region of France, about 250 miles southwest of Paris. Cognac is generally a blend of many distilled spirits (eaux-de-vie), which must be aged for a minimum of two years in wooden barrels, although most are aged longer.

The big four cognac producers are Hennessy, Rémy-Martin, Courvoisier and Martell. In addition, there are more than 300 cognac wholesalers, almost 500 direct vendors and a few co-ops. Some other cognac brands seen in the United States are Delamain, Camus, Paul Giraud, Otard, Leopold Gourmel, Brillet, Ragnaud Sabourin, Alizé, Jacques Cardin, Landy, Pierre Ferrand, A. Hardy, Frapin, Grand Marnier, Meukow, Hine, Grosperrin, Ibis, A.E. Dor, Abecassis, Maison Surrenne, Chateau Paulet and Chateau Montifaud.

Armagnac, also regulated, celebrated its 700th birthday in 2010, making it the oldest brandy distilled in France. Armagnac must be produced in the region of the same name in Gascony in southwest France. It's distilled from white grapes (armagnac commonly uses four varieties while cognac usually uses one), but in column stills, and by law it only needs to be distilled once. Like cognac, armagnac is aged for years in wooden barrels.

There is less armagnac produced than cognac and mostly by small producers. Some armagnac brands available in the USA are Castarede, de Montal, Cles des Ducs, Chateau de Laubade, Darroze, Delord, Marie Duffau, Tariquet, Marquis de Montesquiou, Château du Busca-Maniban and Chateau de Pellehaut.

Grappa is a type of brandy from Italy (although similar drinks are made elsewhere), and many countries have different names for it, such as *marc* in France. It is made from the pomace left over from wine-making—the grape residue, which consists of the skins, stems, pulp and seeds. Like cognac, armagnac and champagne, the name *grappa* is protected by the European Union. Nardini, Jacopo Poli and Nonino are some of the brands imported to America.

Pisco is a brandy from Peru and Chile, and both countries have fought over the rights to the name for decades. There's a town named Pisco in Peru, but the brandy is made on both sides of the border. The famous cocktail Pisco Sour might be Peru's national drink, but it was created by an American, Victor Morris, living in Lima in the early 1900s. A few Pisco brands sold in the USA are Gran Sierpe, Macchu Pisco, Campo de Encanto and BarSol.

Noteworthy brandies are also made in America, including Christian Brothers Brandy and Coronet Brandy from Kentucky's Heaven Hill Distilleries. Christian Brothers Honey is a new brand and is the first honey-flavored brandy from any distiller. The American Distilling Institute (**Distilling.com**) lists over 50 craft distillers that make brandy.

Clear Creek Distillery in Oregon (grappas, eaux-de-vies and Oregon pot-distilled brandy), Cedar Ridge Distillery in Iowa (apple and grape brandy and grappa), Starlight Distillery in Indiana (brandy, apple brandy and grappa), Harvest Spirits in New York (pear and apple brandy) and Germain-Robin in California (alambic brandy) are a few. Fine brandies also come from Spain (Gran Duque D'Alba, Lepanto and Soberano, Cardenal Mendoza and Carlos Primero), Greece (Metaxa) and other countries.

Cognac and armagnac have what can be bewilderingly complicated labels. There are "mentions" and "designations" and an alphabet soup of letters. The mentions can include the denomination, the alcohol by volume and the regional appellations from which the grapes were grown. The aging designation is based on the age of the youngest eau-de-vie in the final blend.

The most widely used designations for cognac are: V.S. (Very Special) or 3-Star—the youngest eau-de-vie is at least two years old; V.S.O.P. (Very Superior Old Pale), Reserve—the youngest eau-de-vie is at least four years old; Napoléon, X.O. (Extra Old), Hors d'âge—the youngest eau-de-vie is at least six years old.

For armagnac the label requirements as of 2010 (the distillers have until 2013 to place them in effect) are: V.S. (Very Special) or 3-Star—the youngest eau-de-vie is from one to three years old; V.S.O.P. (Very Superior Old Pale), Reserve—the youngest eau-de-vie is four to nine years old; X.O. and Hors d'âge—the youngest eau-de-vie is ten to 19 years old; Premium X.O.—the youngest eau-de-vie is 20 years old; and all vintages must be a minimum of ten years of age prior to release.

A BRANDY THAT'S AN APHRODISIAC

Now on store shelves is a new artisanal brandy from a craft distiller in California. BelloCello di Sonoma from Hello Sonoma is an orange-flavored brandy made with certified organic ingredients and infused with the exotic damiana flower, which has been used for centuries as a mood enhancer and an aphrodisiac. One of the signature recipes for BelloCello is The Striptease.

THE STRIP TEASE

1 oz. BelloCello
2 oz. Espolon Tequila Blanco
1 oz. fresh-squeezed blood orange juice
0.5 oz. fresh-squeezed lemon juice
0.5 oz. agave syrup

Based in Silvermine, Connecticut, Gregg Glaser has covered the "beer beat" since 1994 and spirits since 2001. He's currently the publisher/editor of *Modern Distillery Age*, editor in chief of *Yankee Brew News*, news editor of *All About Beer Magazine* and a contributing editor at *Modern Brewery Age*, *Beverage Media Magazine* and *Massachusetts Beverage Business*.

AUGUSTA

AGE: 52

LOCATION: Newcastle, Washington

FIND HER AT: ModelMayhem.com/1736386

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.

Other than tasty, well-seasoned looks, this month's Cougar has everything we like about an older gal: worldliness, sophistication and—big plus!—open-mindedness. Born in the coastal city of Recife, Brazil, Augusta eventually moved to Spain, England, Israel, Paraguay and Argentina before settling down in the Seattle area. That's where she got quite a reality check about relatively conservative Americans.

"In Brazil," she coquettishly tells us, "women are comfortable wearing skimpy bikinis, low-cut tops and short skirts. But now when I wear those types of clothes in public, I'm considered scandalous. I love it! I also notice that men don't whistle or shout compliments, making me love it all the more when I go into a restaurant or bar and turn heads."

The 5-foot-5 Brazilian beauty also admits to becoming quite curious about the birds and the bees at an early age. "I attended a Catholic school and drove the nuns crazy with my questions about sex," she recalls. "Since I had a very active imagination, I enjoyed fantasizing about being tied up and ravaged by a tribe of Indians."

Augusta still happily harbors submissive tendencies. "Foreplay is great," she acknowledges, "but when it's time to get busy, I just want to be taken! Hey, as an older woman, I'm still waiting to reach my sexual peak! It's also a big turn-on for me to see that a man really wants me."

COUGARS UNLEASHED #31

After devoting much of her adult life to raising a family, Augusta is now focusing on new horizons. "I'm heading back to school to study psychology," the brassy bombshell reveals, "because people fascinate me. And I've come to strongly believe that nature intended men and women to be quite different. Such contrasts should be celebrated. Unfortunately, some women honestly think they have to compete with men to be valued or successful. I disagree. Men and women should *complement* one another, not compete with one another. That way we all win!"

Well, you've definitely won us over, Augusta!

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

PHOTOS BY ERIK CHRISTENSEN

SCREEN NAME:
Ruby

AGE: 23

NUMBER OF FRIENDS: 870

LOCATION: PORTLAND, OREGON

URL: FACEBOOK.COM/ASHTEN.BLODGETT1

Even though this curvy cutie looks like she could easily leave you drained 'n' stained, Ruby is a self-proclaimed "loud-mouthed queen nerd."

"I was the most antisocial, downright awkward female in high school," she cheerfully confesses. Nonetheless, Ruby's natural interest in sex during her formative years made the curious adolescent spend plenty of time sneaking peeks at her parents' HUSTLER Magazines. "I would look at all the beautiful women on those pages," she vividly recalls, "and I'd think, *That could never be me!*"

But even though Ruby *is* now a sexy model appearing here in HUSTLER, the 5-foot-3 neophyte still hasn't lost touch with her geeky side. Ruby reads comics, pores over psychology books, cooks special dishes for her friends and enjoys marathon games of *DJ* and *Guitar Hero*.

In fact, Ruby's nerdiness has smoothly spilled over into her sex life, making the brainy babe a tad finicky but hardly shallow. "Glasses on a man are a *huge* turn-on for me," she specifies, "but he also must have a good personality."

Ruby further admits to sincerely loving the attention she's receiving these days on her looks alone. "Flaunt it while you've got it," she asserts. "After all, I won't look this way forever. By the way, my advice to my fellow nerdy females is to try new things—and never be ashamed of what God gave you, even if it's a huge pair of jugs!"

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 MEARLE GATES

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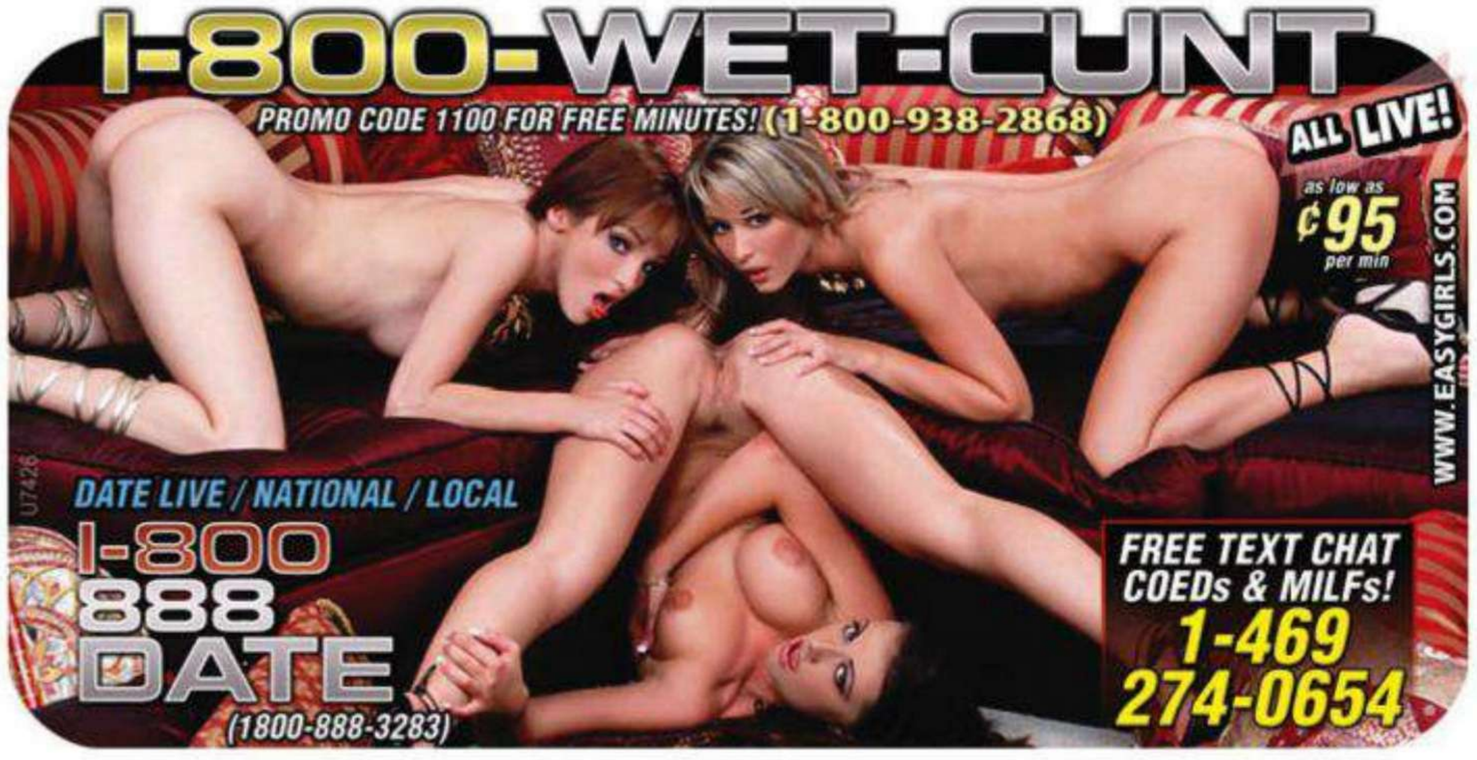
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ALICIA MONET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

SEPTEMBER 1988

HUSTLER CLASSIC

GOLDEN GIRL ALICIA

Sometimes the stars that shine brightest are the ones they call "naturals." A lot of rising comet Alicia Monet's success stems from her long-legged, limber body actively participating in her onscreen sex scenes. But the *natural* quality of her moans and physical responses in such films as *Boom Boom Valdez, Divine Decadence* and *The Main Attraction* turns on the real heat. Okay, so we like Alicia—that should've been obvious from the way we've tied her up with a bow, just for you. Go on: Go for the gold.

(continued from page 40)

welcome of the crowd," she recalls in *What the Hell Was I Thinking?!!* "I knew this was for me and knew I would be out of porn altogether."

Once Jasmin made the break, the newcomer excelled both in the ring and as a media personality/promoter. A major step was teaming up with Brian "The Blue Meanie" Heffron for ECW-TV pay-per-view matches and their own personal-appearance tour.

Within a year, Jasmin had learned the wrestling game well enough to start a league of her own, Pro-Pain Pro Wrestling (3PW). Financed largely from the money she'd made from personal appearances and dancing, 3PW dominated a crowded field for three years.

In the meantime an offer to host the DVD music documentary *Hollywood Rocks* opened another door for Jasmin. Her in-depth interviews with heavy metal bands astonished everyone and eventually led to a new career.

As the glow of working in the metal media rose, 3PW's glitter began to fade. "I was sick of the bullshit, the greed, bad attitudes," Jasmin says in her book, "and so I started to hate what I'd once loved so dearly and worked so tirelessly to build." She slowly phased herself out of the wrestling biz.

"It had become clear to me that I was most at home hanging out with metal bands," she continues. "I could relate to them not only as a fan, but as a friend." Jasmin had finally found what she'd been looking for since her youth.

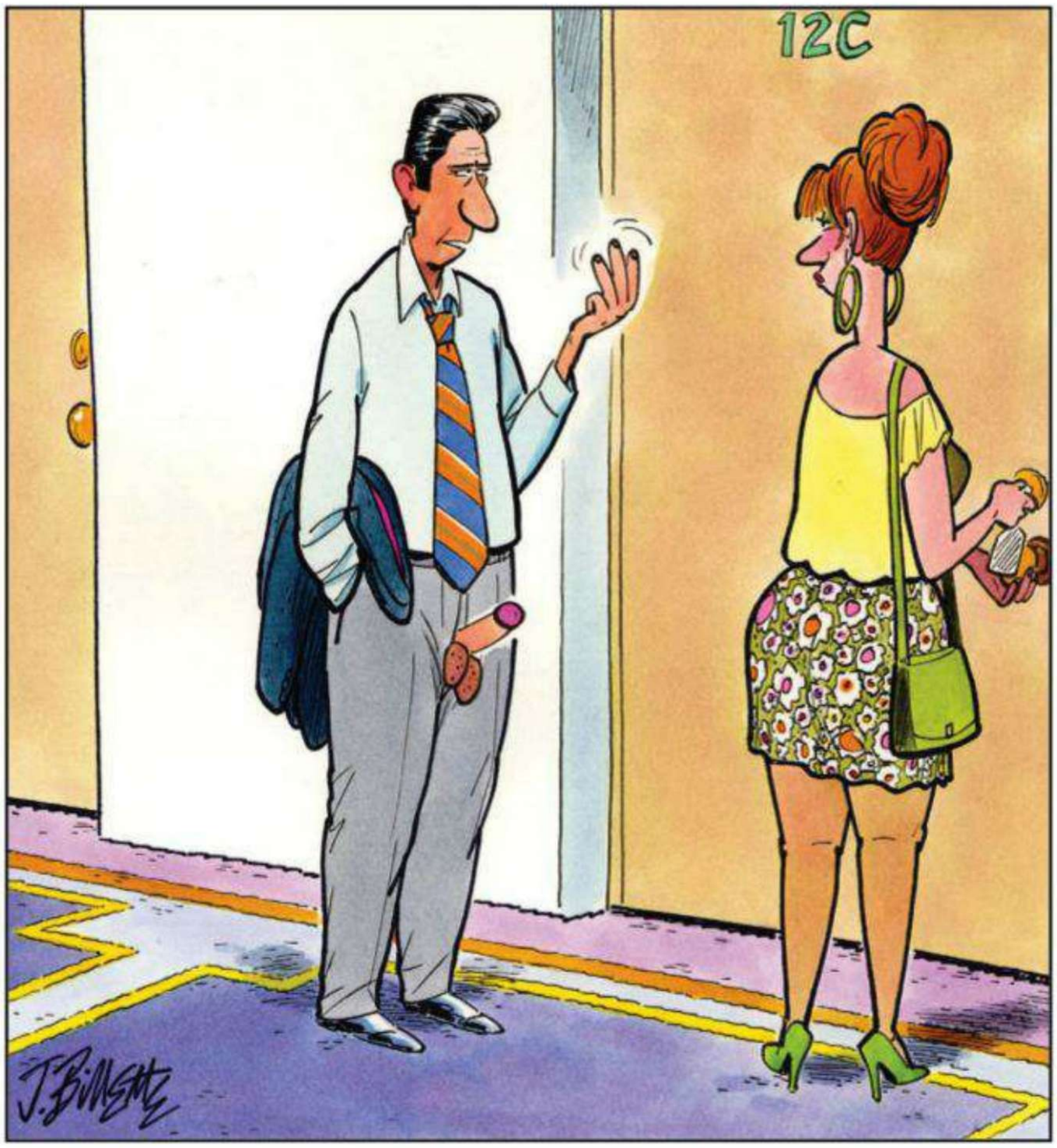
Today Jasmin is a leading heavy metal VJ and reporter. Besides hosting the Web site **MetalsDarkSide.com** and cable's *Metal Scene TV*, the gifted interviewer has her own DVD series, *Metal's Darkside*. She also writes for *Rock City News*, *Rock Brigade* and *Hard Rocker.*

But Jasmin St. Claire doesn't deny her porn roots. "It's all part of me and made me the person I am today," she admits in her autobiography.

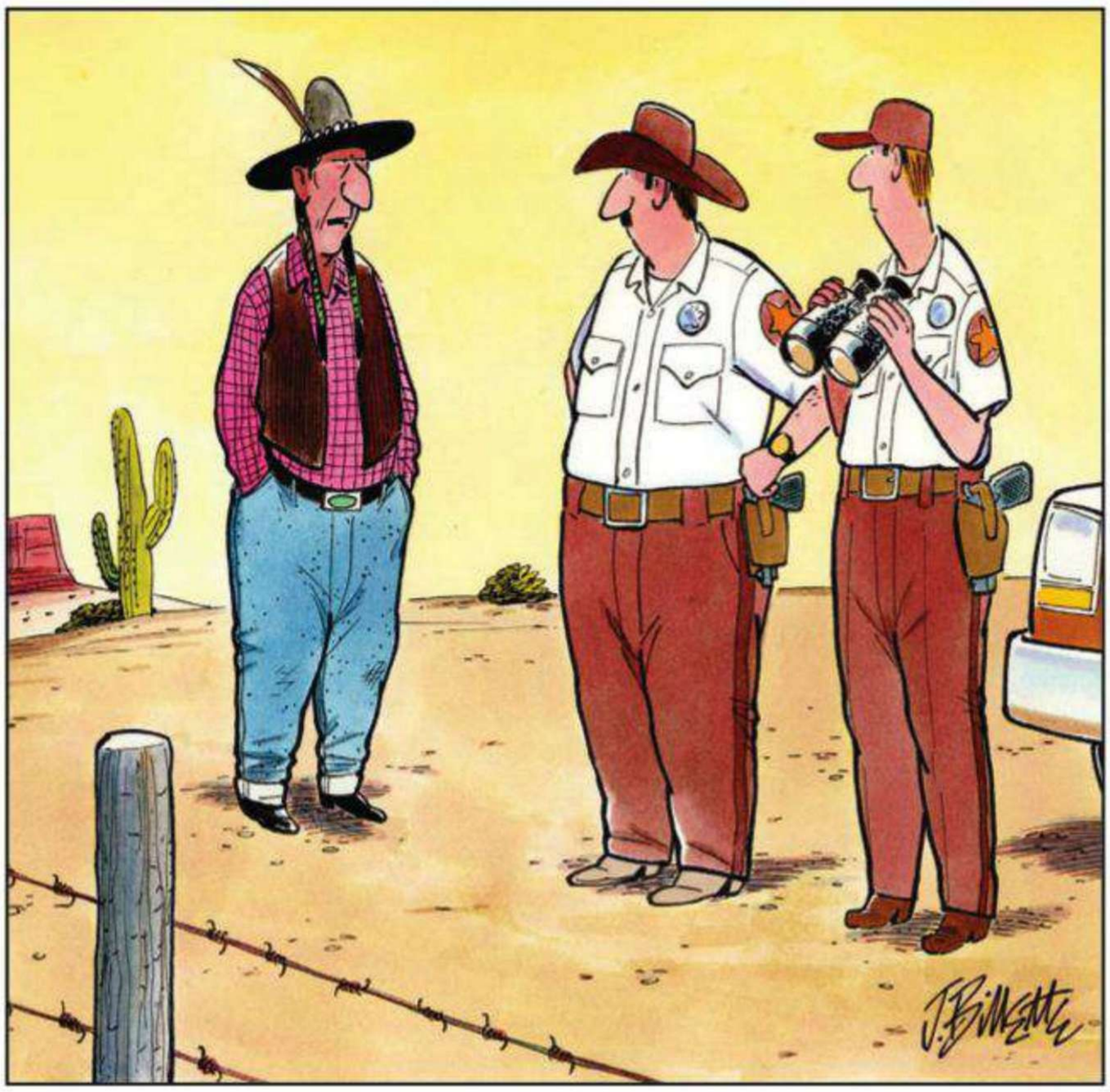
What the Hell Was I Thinking?!! strips the porn superstar naked in a way her hard-core videos never could. It also allows us to admire her resiliency, strength, courage and ability to conquer overwhelming adversity—even when professional rivals, traitors and personal relationships got in the way. In short, this book is a roller-coaster ride through a hellacious fun house.

You can order *What the Hell Was I Thinking?!!* at **BearManorMedia.com**, **Amazon.com** or your local bookstore.

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



"Counting gas money, movie tickets and dinner—I figure you owe me $93 worth of pussy."



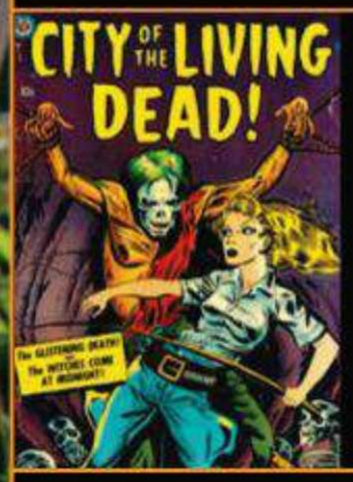
"If you want my opinion, you're all illegal aliens!"

COMING NEXT

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

THE BUTCHER BABIES: RACK 'N' ROLL ENCORE

Pounding out a mix of heavy metal and punk rock, the Butcher Babies have quickly become one of America's most buzz-worthy bands. Justifiably commanding attention are songstresses Carla Harvey and Heidi Shepherd, who perform topless—save for strips of electrical tape. We've showcased a Butcher Babies gig, but that was just a warm-up. Carla and Heidi like HUSTLER so much, the hotties are gonna chat about everything from cunt punches to fending off male groupies.



LOWBROW HORROR COMICS

Jim Trombetta's *The Horror! The Horror! Comic Books the Government Didn't Want You to Read!* is the definitive work on a publishing genre that became the rage in the late 1930s. As you'll see in the illos accompanying our book review by Kristian Williams, horror comics were "a sort of cultural garbage can" stuffed with ghouls, madmen and harlots.

KACEY JORDAN: CASHING IN AS CHARLIE SHEEN'S WHORE

Meet the small-chested, big-mouthed porn chick who says Charlie Sheen paid her $30,000 to hang with him during a binge of booze, blow and sex. Research Editor Kimberly Cheng has all the poop on the self-proclaimed "cum dumpster," most notably Jordan's recollections of fucking the actor and what the seemingly suicidal party animal has been up to since leaving Sheen's stable of goddesses.

KILLER ROBOTS ARE COMING!

Scientist Hugo de Garis, who has pioneered the creation of artificial brains in Europe and China, is now warning that robots will likely evolve far beyond our control, triggering an apocalyptic struggle for the survival of the human race. In a haunting interview with Mark Johnson, de Garis explains how intelligent machines will first free us of "dull, dirty and dangerous" jobs only to become aware of their superiority. And they're probably not going to like us.

WHAT'S REALLY CAUSING GLOBAL HUNGER

Famine and poverty have been joined by an even more evil culprit. Journalist M. Allen Nathan discloses that investment banks led by Goldman Sachs are encouraging investors to speculate on the future price of corn, wheat and other commodities, thereby drastically increasing the cost of food in America and worldwide. The system of supply and demand once kept things in check—but not anymore. Wall Street's hunger for money is down-

KARLIE MONTANA

The November '11 issue goes on sale August 23, 2011. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

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