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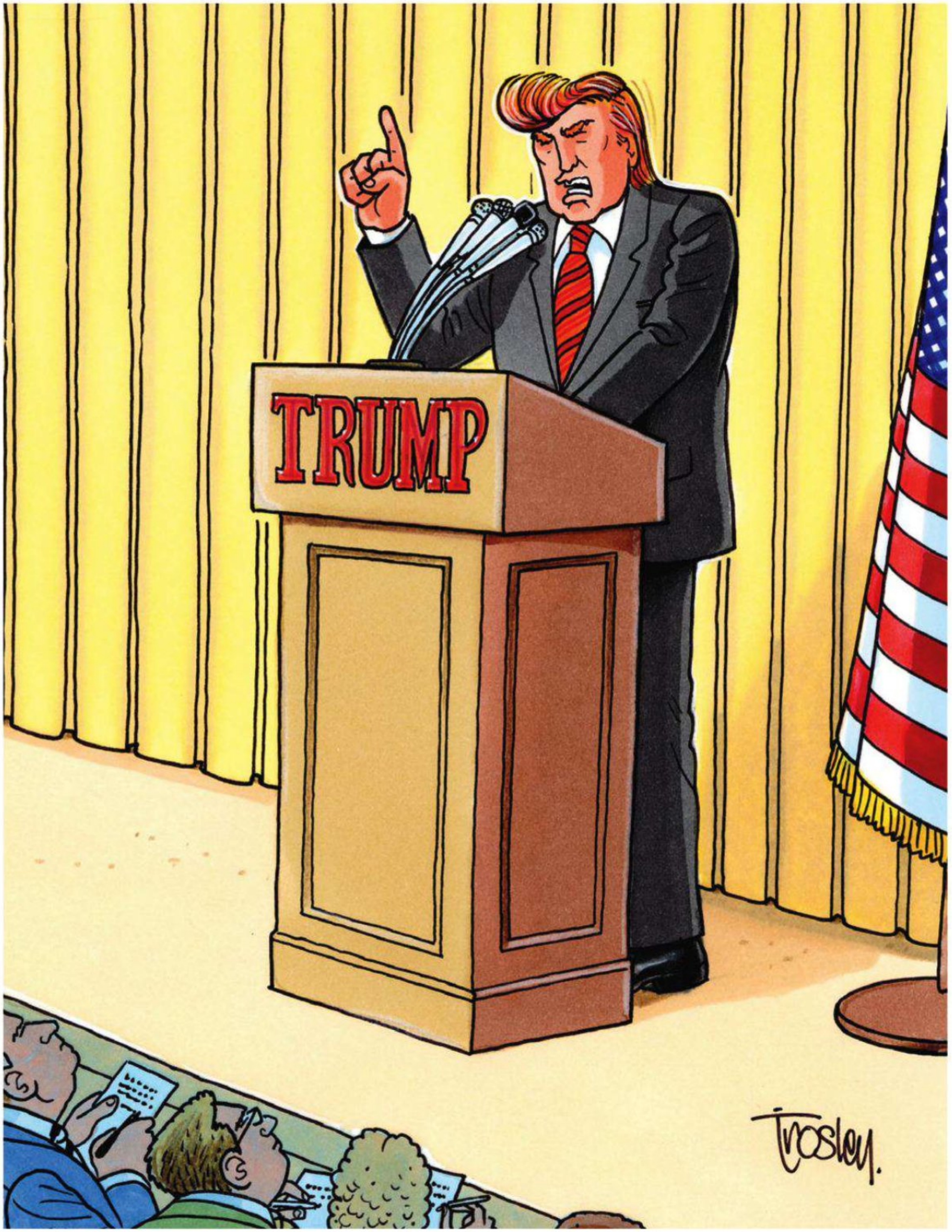
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the movie poster for *Dirty Girl*, which frankly doesn't push the envelope nearly far enough in terms of whorish behavior.



"I'm not letting the President off that easily. I demand to see Osama bin Laden's death certificate!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

NOVEMBER 2011 VOLUME 38 NUMBER 5 HustlerMagazine.com

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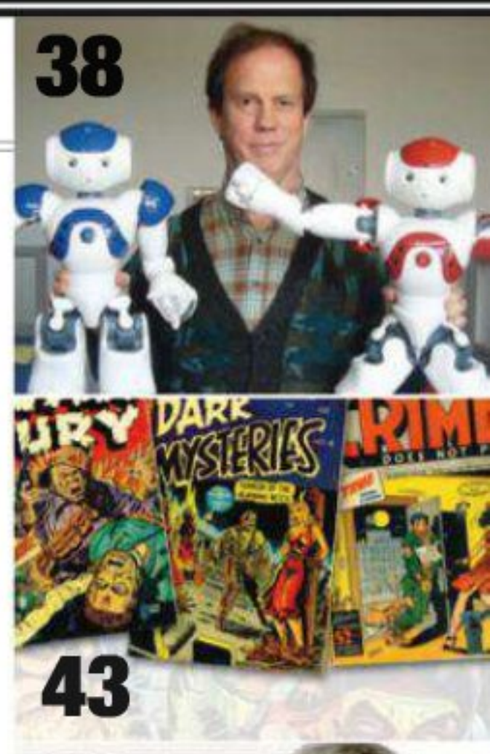

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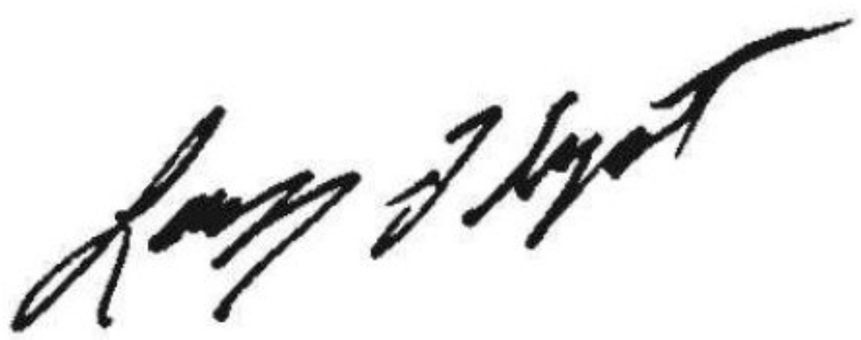
Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky
Visit HUSTLER Online at **HustlerMagazine.com**

IT'S *STILL* THE ECONOMY, STUPID!

I'm worried the U.S. economy is about to slow down drastically. President Obama should be worried too. The signs are not good: The housing market is at its lowest since 2002, the national unemployment rate remains above 9%, and job creation is static. On top of that, the President seems ready to make massive budget cuts just to accommodate the Republicans. That will further weaken the economy.

Had Obama pushed for a larger stimulus package and stiffer regulation of Wall Street, we wouldn't be in such deep shit now. One thing's for certain: If the economy tanks, even Bozo the Clown could beat the President in 2012.

Obama will need a lot of luck to get out of this mess. So will the American people.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

I THINK I HAVE BECOME ADDICTED TO FOX NEWS.

WELL THAT WOULD CERTAINLY EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE DUMB AND CRAZY.

WINNERS

NO LONGER NEGATIVE

Everybody's got 'em: a box of old photo negatives and 35mm transparancies lying around the attic. Hell, they may even be your dad's old porn slides or "vacation photos" from that 1970s trip he took to Thailand. Converting all those negatives and slides to digital photos would be great, but it's much too expensive to do professionally. Enter the **ImageLab Instant Slide Scanner**, which will convert your old negatives and slides into high-quality, 7-megapixel digital images at the touch of a button—all without needing a computer. You can then store the images on an SD card or, if you do have a computer, download them from **ImageLab** via a USB hookup. Now you can finally see what you've been missing.

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

HEAD TRIP

They're not just headphones—they're V-Moda's great-sounding and surprisingly affordable **Crossfade LP Custom** headphones. Offered in a wide selection of stylish colors, finishes, designs and plates, they'll make your head happy for a fraction of the cost you'd expect to pay for a high-quality personalized set. **Crossfade LP Custom** headphones are perfect for DJs or just an average Joe trying to drown out the blabber of his nagging wife with a little old-time rock 'n' roll.

The best part is you can win a set that'll let everyone know you're a HUSTLER fan! Yup, we're giving away a one-of-a-kind pair of **Crossfade LP Custom** headphones emblazoned with our name and first year of publication. See details on this page.

Available at **V-Moda.com/Customs**. Suggested retail price: $199.99 and up.

TWISTED VIDEO

DXG—a leader in reasonably priced, high-quality camcorders—has put a twist on capturing your memories…literally. The revolutionary **DXG Twist** features a 3.5-inch theatrical format LCD that swivels 90 degrees, allowing you to catch all the action in high-definition at two recording speeds—30fps and 60fps (sports mode). Around the size of a smartphone but much more durable, the **DXG Twist** is the perfect camera for all those "home movies" you like to make with your wife. Or shooting your youngsters' soccer games. Let's not forget the kids.

Available at electronics retailers nationwide or **DXGUSA.com**. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

EYE-POPPING IMAGES

ViewSonic's **3DPF8** is the perfect way to display all your photographs in full-scope 3D. We know what you're thinking: *I don't have a 3D camera, so where am I gonna get 3D images?* That's the beauty of this digital frame. It transforms conventional 2D images into amazing 3D with hardly any effort at all, yet each photo jumps right out of the frame without the need for those clunky 3D glasses. Simply load your pics into the **3DPF8** via your computer's USB port—or pop in an SD card—and you're good to go. You can also add music or activate the function that displays your images as a 3D slide show!

The frame features an 8-inch, 800x600 high-resolution screen and remote control. Take it to the next dimension. Go **3DPF8**!

Available at **ViewSonic.com** or **Buy.com**. Suggested retail price: $179.99.

Free head! Sorry, we mean headphones.

For your chance to win a one-of-a-kind pair of HUSTLER-labeled **Crossfade LP Custom** headphones from V-Moda, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: V-Moda Headphones, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐ YES ☐ NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

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

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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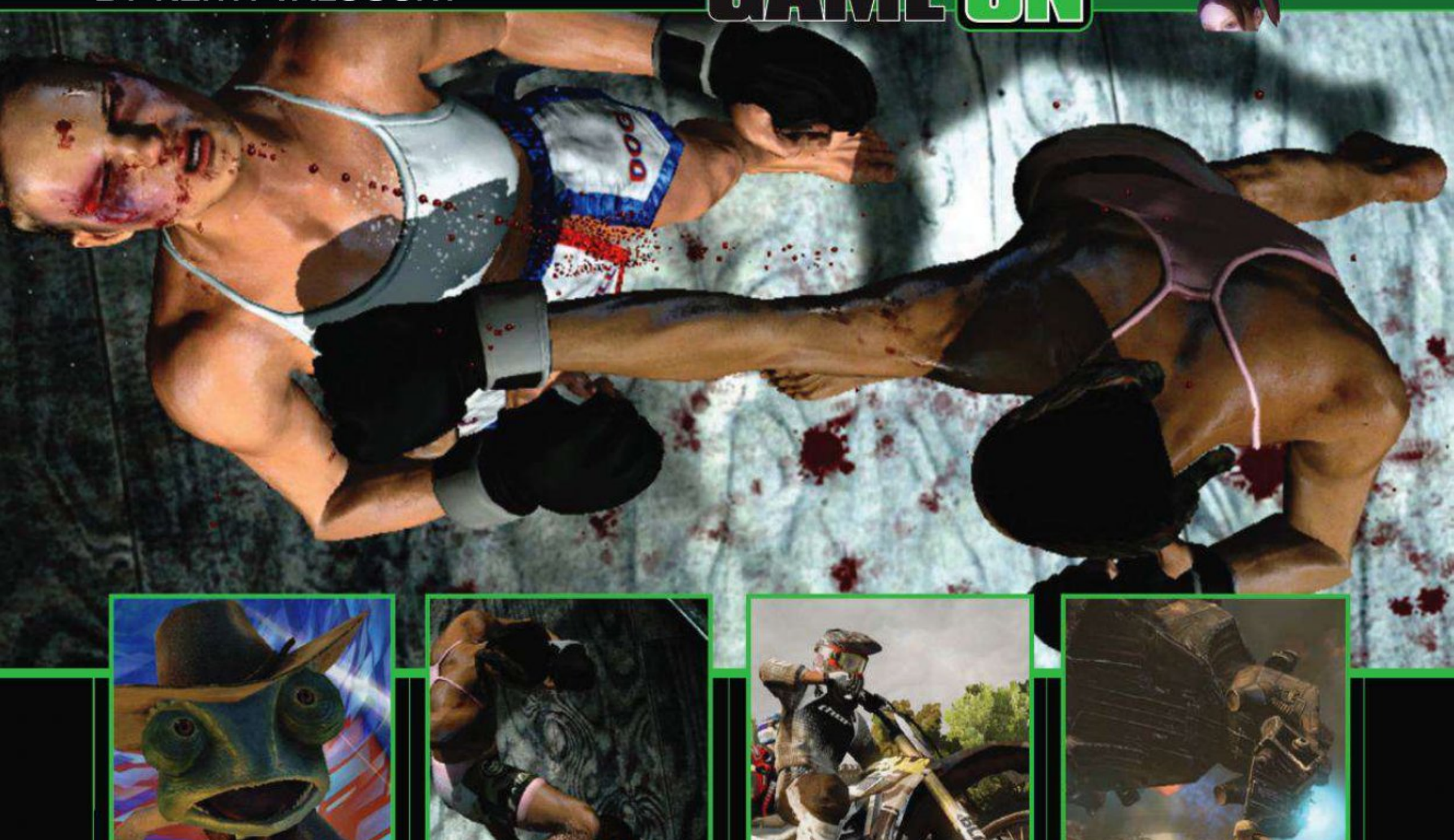
"Okay. Okay. I'll free the gays too!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

GAME ON



LEAPING LIZARDS

Rango: The Video Game

EA

PS3, Xbox 360, DS, Wii, PC

You're Rango, a nervous little guy who suddenly finds himself thrust into the role of sheriff in a small Wild West town. In order to keep the peace, you'll have to engage in gunfights with outlaws three times your size. Did we also mention you're a lizard? Based on the popular animated film, ***Rango: The Video Game*** is a rootin'-shootin' funfest. Guide the main character (voiced by Johnny Depp) through several levels of gunplay to save the town and get the girl. You know the drill.

BULLY BEAT DOWN

Supremacy MMA

505 Games

PS3, Xbox 360

Mixed martial arts is a brutal sport known for its courageous fighters and kickass chicks. If you've ever wished you could be part of the MMA experience without ending up in traction, check out this hard-hitting new game. ***Supremacy MMA*** is the ultimate fighting challenge. The graphics and action are so real and raw, you'll taste the blood and feel the bruising blows. Choose from a collection of either male or female fighters and step into the cage. We love a kickass chick, even if she *can* kick our ass.

OFF-ROAD RAGE

MX vs. ATV Alive

THQ

PS3, Xbox 360

This is more than just another racing game. Thanks to a garageful of awesome, customizable vehicles and uncanny realism, it's the ultimate in simulated motocross. You don't just play ***MX vs. ATV Alive***; you live it! Besides having total control of both rider and machine, you can choose a mode and terrain as you get set to take on your friends or foes. Among the amazing features is an advanced real-time deformation that changes the racing surface beneath you with every lap. Just try not to eat it, as they say. That road rash can be a bitch!

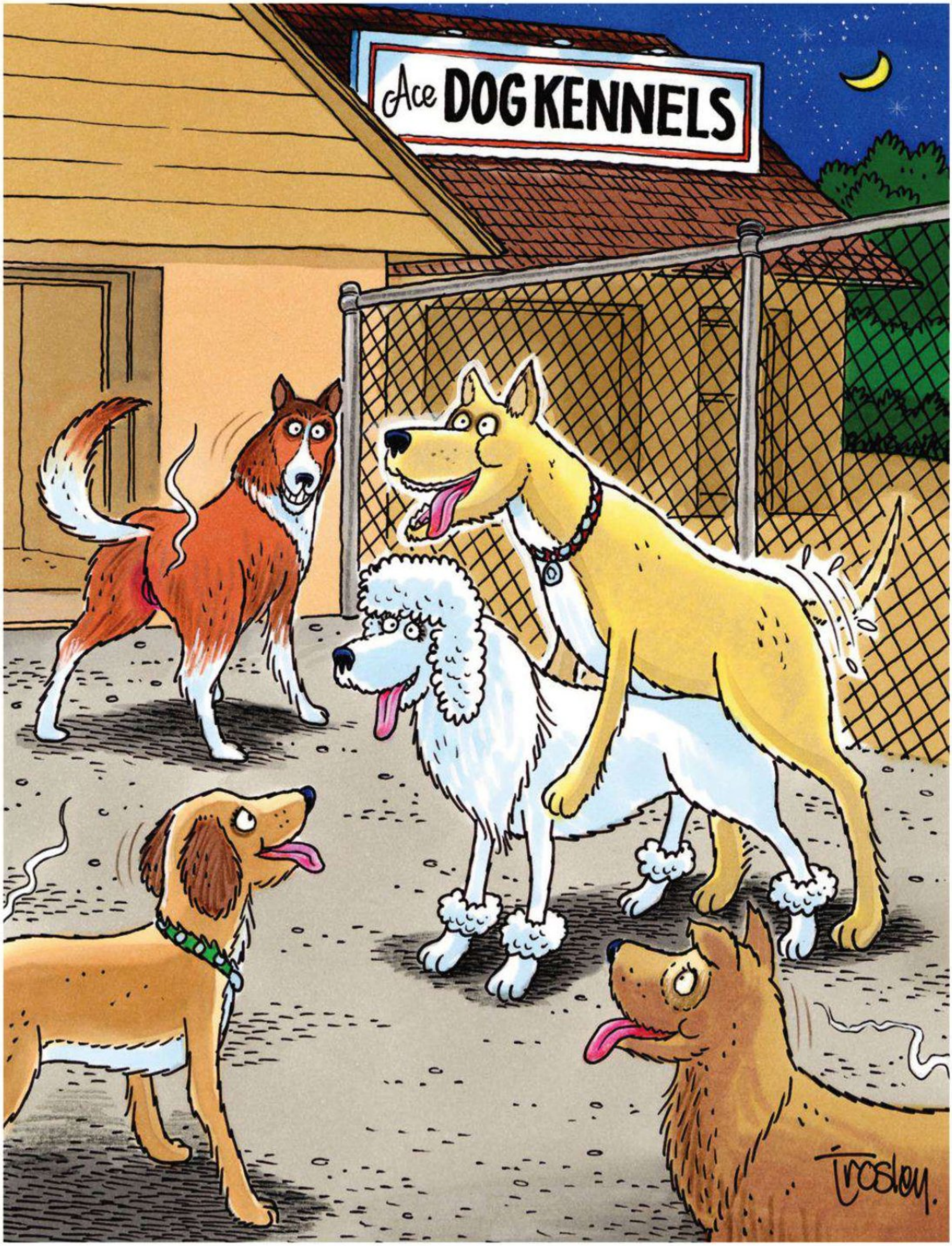
NO HOLLYWOOD ENDING

Battle: Los Angeles

Konami

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

You see a lot of odd things walking around Los Angeles, so noticing a fleet of UFOs hovering overhead is probably just some cheap cinematic trick. So why the hell are they shooting at us?! Oh, God! We're being attacked by aliens! This is no movie! It's a game based on one. ***Battle: Los Angeles*** is a totally immersive, first-person-shooter experience in which the City of Angels is on the verge of certain destruction. You will feel like you're actually in the film as you fight alongside its cast of characters to save humanity. The Xbox 360 version features stereo-3D sound. Killer aliens?! We liked 'em way better when they were on the big screen.



"God, I love it when they go out of town and drop me off at the sex pound!"

FISCAL IDIOCY

WALL STREET AND ITS GOVERNMENT COHORTS PROVE THAT SECRECY ISN'T JUST A PENTAGON PLOY.

When it comes to arguing about the sad shape of the economy or the justification for war, you might as well be a drunk in some bar for all the sense you can make of it. Not because fact and logic should be unimportant to the discussion of such weighty matters, but rather because the odds are that the drunk will probably be as well informed as the more sober citizen because it is government censorship and not alcohol that blinds one to the truth.

We never learn what we need to know until it is too late to do anything about it; such is the sorry state of what passes for our democracy. That has always been true, even when it came to the government's manufacturing pretexts for foreign conquest, as President George Washington attested in his farewell address, warning about the "impostures of pretended patriotism." So too were we warned by another great general-turned-President. In his farewell address, Dwight David Eisenhower challenged us to beware the unbridled power of the "military-industrial complex" to profit from unjustifiable wars.

We haven't heeded those warnings. As a result, we fell for the lies of George W. Bush, who led us into two unnecessary wars that added trillions of dollars to the national debt. Ever since the 9/11 terrorist attacks—conducted by an enemy possessing an arsenal of pocketknives and box cutters that could be purchased for a few bucks at Home Depot—we have spent more on sophisticated military equipment than the rest of the world combined. More than even at the height of the Cold War, when we had a serious enemy with a formidable arsenal arrayed against us.

But the bloated military budget pales in comparison to the vast sums wasted these past five years by bailing out Wall Street banks for the economic crisis they created. The "no banker left behind" strategy of the Federal Reserve and the U.S. Treasury Department added a whopping $5 trillion to the other costs of the Great Recession—and increased the national debt by 50%.

Adding insult to injury, the banks then refused to use the taxpayer money they were given to create jobs, instead diverting it to acquisitions, excessive executive bonuses and hoarding. Then the banks' lobbyists, led by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, turned around and backed the Tea Party Republicans in claiming that teacher and firefighter pensions have been running up the debt and should therefore be cut.

[It wasn't until May 2011, five years after the economic meltdown began, that the Federal Reserve had to disclose some of the secret sweetheart deals that passed hundreds of billions of dollars to the top banks virtually interest-free.]

The public is aroused all right, but thanks to the Big Business demagogues, it is led to believe that the enemy is hardworking union members and the like instead of the Wall Street fat cats. Easily conned, the public buys those lies because, as with military spending, they are denied the information needed to comprehend which end is up. In fact, the secrecy of the Federal Reserve is greater than that of the Pentagon.

Just take one fact: It wasn't until May 2011, five years after the economic meltdown began, that the Federal Reserve had to disclose some of the secret sweetheart deals that passed hundreds of billions of dollars to the top banks virtually interest-free.

It took a court order in response to a Freedom of Information Act request by the Bloomberg news organization to get the Fed to reveal the most cursory information about the 11 programs in which it surreptitiously dispensed hundreds of billions of taxpayer dollars to the banks. Timothy Geithner, who went on to be Treasury secretary in the Obama Administration, then headed the New York Fed; when the giveaway began, Bush was still President, and Ben S. Bernanke was chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. Geithner and Bernanke both had stalled on releasing the essential facts to the public, and the week that the courts ordered the Fed to fess up, Bernanke was reappointed to his position by Obama.

Not surprisingly, the big winner was Goldman Sachs, whose former CEO, Hank Paulson, was Treasury secretary when this scam was launched. Goldman got $30 billion—in addition to another $45 billion from other federal bailout programs—the greatest amount received by the 15 banks gifted with .01%-interest loans. Yes, you read that right. Now consider this: We lend these banks money at .01%, and they turn around and charge some college kid over 28% interest on his credit card if he's fallen a couple of payments behind. That's what we used to call loan-sharking when the Mafia did it, but that enterprising organization didn't get to write laws making its activities legal the way the banks have done.

Established as an investment bank, Goldman Sachs was made eligible for these "loan" funds by a special ruling of the Fed that allowed it to become a commercial bank. The secretive program kept not only the public in the dark but also every member of Congress—most notably Representative Barney Frank (D-Massachusetts) and then-Senator Chris Dodd (D-Connecticut), who were writing the new banking regulations.

"I wasn't aware of this program until now," Frank declared on May 26, 2011—the day the data was made public three years after the fact and almost a year after the Dodd–Frank Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act was signed into law. Like I said, Barney Frank might as well have been some drunk in a bar for all he really knew about the subject.

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.*

"I don't remember his name, Sister—but he's a heck of a salesman."

U.S. CONSTITUTION STILL DOESN'T FLY AT GUANTANAMO

HUNGER STRIKERS ARE BEING DEALT WITH HARSHLY, BUT VOICING CONCERN COULD BE POLITICAL SUICIDE.

Here and around the globe, continuous scalding debate swirls around the Guantanamo prison. On the way to the White House, Senator Barack Obama called Gitmo a "stain on our values" and pledged to close it soon after taking office. Nevertheless, 172 prisoners—most caged for years without a smidgen of Constitutional due process—remain there.

On April 24, 2011, Defense Department files made public by WikiLeaks disclosed that "the vast majority of the nearly 800 men [held there] have been released without charge." Former Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld called the whole lot "the worst of the worst."

I have been reporting on Gitmo all this time, including the frequent hunger strikes by detainees uselessly protesting their conditions of confinement. During the month of April 2011, more than a dozen Gitmo inmates refusing food were force-fed, but all 172 locked away have a more compelling reason to despair—President Obama's insistent executive order enforcing a lawful (he says) system of indefinite detention.

More than a dozen Gitmo inmates refusing food were force-fed, but all 172 locked away have a more compelling reason to despair—President Obama's insistent executive order enforcing a lawful (he says) system of indefinite detention.

Sure, there are military commissions, but according to Amnesty International, only five prisoners have been convicted under the imitation rule of law there. Those remaining—and others to be added—may well die of "natural causes" in their cells. With such a bleak prospect, no wonder there have been so many hunger strikers over the years, appealing to us and others around the world for at least a glimmer of justice.

Although these hunger strikers may never have heard of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall—Obama has, but so what?—they embody Marshall's chilling dissent in *United States* v. *Salerno* (1987): "Throughout the world today, there are men, women and children interned indefinitely, awaiting trials which may never come or which may be a mockery of the word." Marshall believed, however, that our Constitution "can shelter us forever against the dangers of such unchecked power."

But for President Obama the Constitution is often an obstacle to national security—as it was for his predecessor, George W. Bush.

A spokesperson for the Department of Defense, Tanya Bradsher, refused to answer questions on whether any of the recent protesters had been force-fed. In view of their horror at having lost their future, do you suppose any volunteered to end their hunger strike?

Back in 2009, during another Gitmo hunger strike, Jamil Dakwar—director of the ACLU's Human Rights Program—declared that "force-feeding is universally considered to be a form of cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment."

Indeed, the Eighth Amendment to our Constitution—how many Americans have even a nodding acquaintance with the Bill of Rights?—forbids "cruel and unusual punishments."

In a letter sent to Secretary of Defense Robert Gates, notes PubRecord.org, Dakwar cited reports that "debilitating risks of force-feeding include major infections, pneumonia and collapsed lungs." Dakwar also said force-feeding violates the U.N. Convention Against Torture and other international agreements signed by the United States.

Do you think Secretary Gates or any of our topmost government "protectors" of the Constitution have given a damn about those grim prisoners' ordeal since Guantanamo was opened—in Cuba, far from our laws—in January 2002?

Lawyers representing Gitmo hunger strikers have recounted that, as reported by Agence France-Presse and other news outlets, "prisoners were masked and strapped to a chair twice a day and were force-fed protein-rich liquids through tubes inserted into their noses." (What if a protesting detainee had a cold or a slow colon?) The lawyers claimed that this practice amounts to torture.

Try role-reversal. If you were one of these hunger strikers, abandoned by your ultimate jailer in the White House, would you agree that you were about to be tortured?

In fairness, here is the Defense Department's Gitmo policy, which mirrors the Federal Bureau of Prisons' policy: "Enteral feeding is the process of providing nutritional support for a patient by passing a tube through the nose into the stomach (a nasogastric feeding tube)…to a patient who is not taking food by mouth, but whose intestinal function is intact (e.g., a patient whose jaw is wired shut)…. This procedure usually takes about an hour."

Other detainees at our notorious incentive for terrorists' recruiting—which has more ammo since President Obama ordered the execution of Osama bin Laden—keep on trying to arouse the concern of at least some Americans by putting up accusatory signs wherever they can.

Attorney Candace Gorman, who represents a prisoner at Guantanamo, once described its Camps 5 and 6 as "supermax facilities of the worst order." Gorman recently stated, "After seeing reports of the uprisings in Tunisia, the men [in those camps] started their own protest by putting up signs everywhere they had access. Examples of some of the signs: 'Where are the courts?' 'What about our rights?' 'Where is democracy?'"

I would add: Where is the Supreme Court? In June 2008 a 5-to-4 ruling declared that prisoners at Guantanamo—even though they're not U.S. citizens—had the right of the "Great Writ," or habeas corpus, to go into our federal courts to insist on the legal basis for their being there. That briefly historic decision has since been eviscerated by lower federal courts and the Supreme Court itself, along with the benign silence of President Obama. This stain on all Americans will forever mark our history.

Can you imagine any 2012 candidate for the Presidency or Congress saying anything about the actual human beings dropped into that legal black hole, Guantanamo, as these office-seekers consume delicacies at their fund-raising dinners?

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?*

"If there's a sign saying 'Don't Feed the Bears,' you can pretty much assume you can't *fuck* the bears either."

WHO KILLED UNCLE REMUS?

OUR FAVORITE RADIO PERSONALITY TARS THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY FOR RESTRAINING A CLASSIC FILM.

In 1939, when Walt Disney was about to release the animated epic *Fantasia*, he came upon *The Uncle Remus Tales* by Joel Chandler Harris. They were a collection of folklore stories narrated by a fictional freed slave working on a plantation during the South's Reconstruction period. The tales were about a critter named Br'er Rabbit, who was constantly pursued by the wily Br'er Fox and his dumb pal Br'er Bear.

After buying the rights from the Harris family, Disney embarked on a strange and curious journey to bring *The Uncle Remus Tales* to moviegoers. At the outset everyone warned Disney that a story of this sort was littered with land mines. Before a script was even written, the NAACP condemned the project. In response, Disney hired two white screenwriters, one of whom was Maurice Rapf, a Jewish leftist he felt would be sensitive to stereotypes. Disney did this despite his intense suspicion of those on the Left.

Once the script was finished, Disney sent copies to black activists and actors as well as to Hollywood producers. The response was varied, although most of the feedback was positive. Academy Award-winning actress Hattie McDaniel, who portrayed Scarlett O'Hara's servant in *Gone With the Wind*, praised Disney for his dignified portrayal of blacks. Others thought the blacks should be less servile. One critic suggested the "Negroes" shouldn't sing, as that would portray them as happy "slaves."

Disney weighed all the opinions, filtering them through his racially naive 1940s point of view. To soften things, he made the plantation owner a kindly, poor and struggling white woman who related to the plight of her black workers.

The story revolved around a young boy, coping with family turmoil, who is regaled by the kindly "Uncle Remus" with his tales of Br'er Rabbit (mixed into the live action as animated cartoons). The meshing of whites and blacks as friends and associates was unheard of in films back then.

But the project would have to wait. World War II saw the Disney studio taken over by the military. It wasn't until 1944 that Walt Disney began shooting the live-action portion. The 25 minutes of animation would wait until hostilities ended in 1945.

Disney had first approached the revered leftist black actor Paul Robeson for the role of Uncle Remus. But as the war rolled on, Robeson's interest waned. One day while auditioning for a voice part in the animated segments, black actor James Baskett struck Disney as the perfect man to play Uncle Remus. Baskett, a cast member of radio's hilarious *Amos 'n' Andy* show, had never had a major movie credit.

The film, released in 1946 as *Song of the South*, was a commercial success, but the critical reception was mixed. Some called it Hollywood's best movie since *Snow White*; others called it "lazy Disney" because of its mixture of live action with cartoons. However, the ultimate arbiter was the NAACP, which praised *Song of the South*'s artistic merit but disliked the "master-slave" relationship it depicted. "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah" won the 1947 Academy Award for Best Original Song.

While *Song of the South* has been rereleased for theater audiences on several occasions, most recently in 1986, it has never been released on DVD in this country. Clips of the animation scenes have, but not the film in its entirety. The reason is The Walt Disney Company's fear of being considered racist.

Having recently viewed a purloined copy of the film, I don't see a problem. Given the time period in which it was made, and the fact that whites and blacks are shown interacting with love and caring, *Song of the South* is the least racist film you could ever hope to find. It's a shame that the movie—here in the United States at least—has been locked away.

The real shame, however, relates to the injustice suffered by James Baskett. No American today is able to see his sensitive, moving and nuanced turn as Uncle Remus. It was so outstanding, the Academy gave Baskett an honorary Oscar, making him the first African-American man ever to garner an Academy Award. He died about three months later.

We have been robbed of a great performance, and a great performer has been denied recognition for his masterwork by the white overlords at Disney, who wouldn't know racism if it bit them in the ass. As recently as 2010, Disney CEO Robert Iger reiterated that no rerelease is imminent. It's a crime against Baskett, and it's a slight to the kids who have no idea where the animated characters featured at Disney theme parks' Splash Mountain ride originated.

I'm sorry. I say rerelease *Song of the South*. It's warm, it's funny, and it's very loving. But then again, I'm white!

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).

"Janet, for once I'd like to come home and not find a large, well-hung black dude hiding in the closet!"

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER® invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS TRUE. NO NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT ANYONE.

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

It was 1997. The occasion was an awards ceremony for the Los Angeles Police Protective League at the Beverly Hilton Hotel. That was the year of an LAPD shootout with bank robbers in North Hollywood, the Rampart Division corruption scandal and the murder of rapper the Notorious B.I.G. on Wilshire Boulevard. Mayor Richard Riordan and Police Chief Willie L. Williams wanted good press for the LAPD, so what better than honoring bravery in the line of duty? I attended the gala with longtime pal Skip E. Lowe as my escort.

When we entered the Hilton's main ballroom for the glitzy evening, I stopped dead in my tracks, my blood turning cold. Hanging from one wall was a 20-foot poster of Sergeant Joe Friday, the alter ego of Jack Webb, creator and star of the popular 1950s TV show *Dragnet*.

I met Webb in the winter of 1953, shortly after landing my contract at Universal Studios. He was darkly handsome and recently separated from singer/actress Julie London, with whom he had two daughters. Jack was introduced to me by two of my closest friends back then, Carolyn Jones (Morticia on the original *Addams Family*) and her husband at the time, a struggling writer/director/producer named Aaron Spelling, who had worked on *Dragnet*.

Our first date was a dinner party at the home of some friends of Jack. I was still living with my parents, and he drove me home early to their San Fernando Valley house. He was quiet and nice, and though I never felt entirely comfortable with Jack, the evening ended with a friendly goodnight kiss.

The following Saturday we went out for steaks and a bottle of wine at Monty's in Sherman Oaks. The vino numbed my vague discomfort, and after dinner we went to Jack's place for a nightcap. Jack still lived in the sprawling ranch house that he and Julie occupied before they split. I sat in the recreation room until Jack returned with two drinks. I drank mine, and that was the last thing I remembered.

I came to and found myself tied up in a chair, ropes tightly pinning my arms to my body. Through my blurred vision I could see Jack moving around the room. I struggled helplessly to get free. Before I could make sense of the whole surreal scene, I blacked out again.

When I regained consciousness, I was naked, but now my arms and legs were tied to the corners of a four-poster bed. Jack was hovering over me, humping me with a wild look in his eyes. I wondered helplessly if he was going to kill me. Before I could summon the strength to scream, I passed out again.

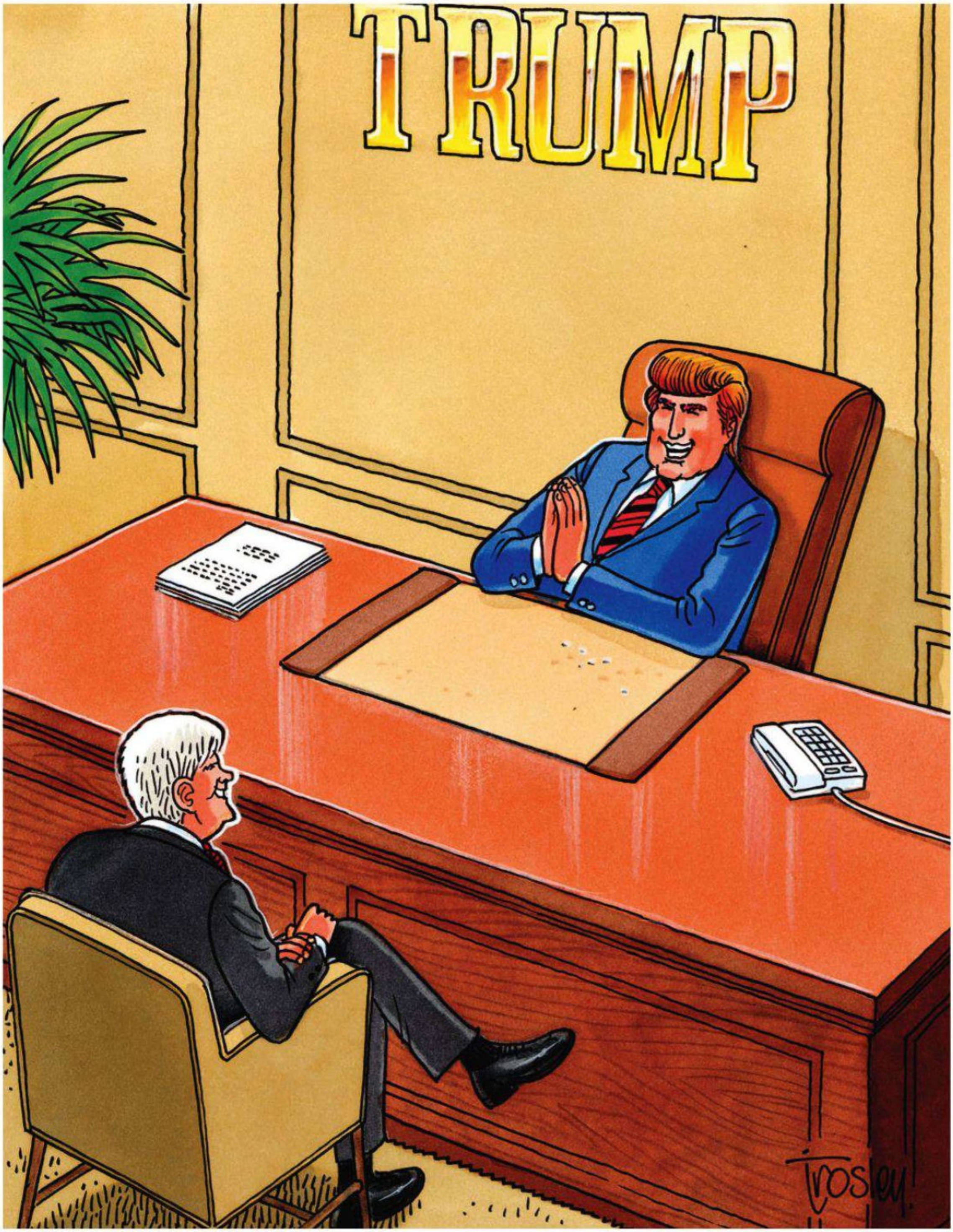
My next memory is of stumbling into my parents' house. My mother peppered me with questions as she helped me into bed, but I was too groggy to talk. I stayed in bed all day Sunday, sick and barely able to walk, nursing a pounding headache and coming to grips with the ugly realization that I had been drugged and raped.

I had nowhere to turn. If I went to the police, the Hollywood press—especially my old enemy, columnist Louella Parsons—would have a field day. If the cops questioned Jack, he would say I had "asked for it." (And what cop wouldn't believe Sergeant Joe Friday?) Universal would fire me because of the bad publicity, and no other studio would touch me. Like so many women, I hid behind a wall of silence to save my reputation. I sweated out the days until my next period, grateful later when I learned I wasn't pregnant.

All my anger came flooding back that evening at the Beverly Hilton, 40 or so years later, while everyone sang Jack Webb's praises. By the time the awards ceremony concluded, I was furious enough to be outrageous. As we came down the stairs to the waiting paparazzi, I popped open a jacket button and, wearing nothing underneath, flashed one of my breasts. Some of the quicker photogs got the shot, and there are copies of it still circulating in the L.A.-paparazzi underground. I understand that even Mayor Riordan had a copy.

According to the U.S. Department of Justice, a rape occurs every two minutes. Rape never changes. It is always the powerful dominating the powerless. Attitudes surrounding rape haven't changed much either. Nowadays a woman may be more likely to get a prosecutor and jury to take her seriously, but she will still bear the stigma and memory of violation for the rest of her life.

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**.



"My team doesn't need someone who runs with the bulls, Newt. We need someone who runs over the bulls, then fucks them up the ass. You're perfect."

Credit Where It's Due

I really enjoyed the great layout featuring August 2011 covergirl Jesse Jane. She's still as hot as ever! I happened to notice, however, that photographer Holly Randall—whose credit appeared on the pictorial's opener—wasn't credited as shooting the cover. I mean, Jesse was wearing the

exact same outfit and makeup on the cover as she did inside the magazine. Was there a mix-up?

—G.B.
Santa Rosa, California

Glad you liked our Jesse Jane spread! And you're absolutely right. Holly Randall should also have been credited as the cover shutterbug. Thanks for your valuable input—and our sincerest apologies to Holly.

Global Horror

It never fails to amaze me that change always has to be the result of catastrophe. Whether it's Hurricane Katrina or the terrible nuclear disaster in Japan, no government officials are ever held accountable for their criminal negligence.

Philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau's treatise on the social contract (1762) suggests that individuals unite into a society by a process of mutual consent, agreeing to abide by certain rules and to accept duties to protect one another from violence, fraud or negligence. Hence the existence of government and its number one priority: protection of its citizens.

Sadly this is happening less and less, to the point where government is losing its right to govern. The question before the Japanese people is: Did your government fail to act in your best interest?

It is obvious from the revolutions sweeping the Arab nations that leaders choose to squeeze everything they can from their citizens until it is too late. Japan, now it is your turn to make change.

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

Lady Bling

There are very few people who are just pure good. One of 'em died this morning [March 23, 2011]: Elizabeth Taylor.

As a kid growing up, my favorite actress was Natalie Wood, but Liz Taylor was definitely cool. In the movie *Doctor Faustus* she plays Helen of Troy and doesn't say a damn thing—until she's laughing at the end, draggin' Faustus (Richard Burton) down to Hell!

I got my girlfriend a couple of female pilgrim geese around 14 years back. Well, those geese liked pecking at her diamond ring so much, they both got named Lizzie! Liz Taylor will be missed.

—Stevo
Grass Valley, California

Nailed It

Thanks for your mag. All your girls are incredibly beautiful. BiBi Jones [*Unbridled Enthusiasm*, July '11] is perfect.

I have just one small request. When you set up the centerfold picture in the future, can you please be sure that the model's vagina is away from the staple in the center of the mag? That way I can enjoy a clean, clear image of the female details.

In my opinion, women are the dreams of life. We should always show them respect and attention.

—J. Santos
South Boston, Massachusetts

Monster Mash

I don't understand why Harvey Schwartzmeyer has a problem [*Feedback*, July '11] with Morianna Morgue [*Beaver Hunt*, November '10]. I think she is very sexy in her freaky-gothic way. I would invite her to my next Halloween party. If I got lucky enough, I would eat her Insane Clown pussy while she strokes my steely Halloweenie.

I would like to see Morianna in a full-length HUSTLER shoot. Same goes for Lane Elizabeth [*Beaver Hunt*, January '11]. My cock is still recovering from her.

And keep the green-eyed brunettes coming!

—Muhaimin Abdullah
Russellville, Kentucky

Holly-Wood

The July '11 "Celebrity Fantasy" of Betty White with a dick in her mouth was hilarious! Since the actress is "so old, she farts dust," I bet if she saw *any* man's dick, she'd drop dead of a heart attack!

Also, I agree with what Kevin Blatt [*The Guy With the Celebrity Sex Tapes*, July '11] said about an Angelina Jolie/Brad Pitt sex tape. It would be huge. Maybe Ms. Jolie made a bad career choice by not being a porn star!

—Paul Nathan Jr.
Cheektowaga, New York

Common Ground

I want to say how much I appreciate your magazine. The ladies are beautiful, and the articles are stimulating and funny. I am an African-American male in the Midwest. The girls who appear in your magazine are the kind that men of all races fantasize about.

—Eric Lockett
Omaha, Nebraska

*Nature's costume: **Beaver Hunt** alum Lorenna Foxx is scary cute.*

Bar Raised

I am 21 years old, and I've been reading your magazine since I was too young. HUSTLER is by far the best magazine I have ever read. Y'all always have the best-looking women, way better than *Playboy*, *Fox*, *High Society*, even *Cheri*.

This is coming from someone who's been locked up for the past three years with seven more to go. Some of the guys here got subscriptions, so I get the pleasure of checking HUSTLER out every month. Let me say this: Y'all just keep getting better and better with every issue. Keep up the good work.

By the way, I would love to see more of Lorenna Foxx [*Beaver Hunt Discovery*, May '11]. She is so fucking sexy. **—Mike Miller**
Sandy Hook, Kentucky

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.

WHIRLPOOL...
CELEBRATING 100 YEARS OF RUINING LIVES ONE GOLF COURSE AT A TIME

Whirlpool has been cleaning your clothes for a century. Let's be honest: That's what matters. You don't care about our business practices. You just want us to keep your whites white.

You don't care that in order to build a luxury golf course, we stole park land from the residents of Benton Harbor, Michigan. They aren't you. You don't care what happens to other people, right? Besides, they were black. And poor!

They were probably too busy drinking 40s and smoking crack to visit the park anyway.

Knowing that countless rich white people struggled to get by without a luxury golf course a short drive from their homes, we couldn't stand idly by. It was time for a good, old-fashioned land grab. Who else used to do that? Oh, yeah, the Nazis. They did a terrific job of keeping your whites white too.

HUSTLER Parody. This is a parody and commentary on the Whirlpool Corporation, whose world headquarters are located in Benton Harbor, Michigan. In exchange for a large chunk of Jean Klock Park, a development group backed by Whirlpool gave Benton Harbor acres of land contaminated by industrial waste. For more information, go to **MichiganMessenger.com** and search for "Whirlpool." This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

REP. ERIC CANTOR

Mr. Cantor, your attention please! After reviewing your ten-year career as a Republican in the U.S. House of Representatives, where you are now the Majority Leader, it has come to our attention that you have forgotten a very important fact! To wit: You were put in office to represent the people of Virginia's Seventh Congressional District. To help them. To serve them. Not to help and serve the rich and powerful.

No, no, no! Spare us your spin, please! We know what you're going to say: You're only doing what the people want. You're doing what's good for the country. Blah, blah, blah! You know that's all a lie. Everyone knows it's a lie.

You're doing what your fat-cat benefactors have told you to do. Just look at the accompanying pie chart. It breaks down all that money you've received from Goldman Sachs, Blue Cross/Blue Shield and the insurance industry. You maintain that your corporate supporters are making campaign contributions, but we all know they are essentially bribes. Don't even try to deny it. Your bullshit doesn't work here.

Speaking of your gift for bullshitting, let's look at H.R. 1, the Government Shutdown Prevention Act. With only Republican backing, the House passed this bill as a way of pressuring the Senate to approve a satisfactory (to you) budget. If the Senate failed to do so, H.R. 1 demanded that $61 billion would automatically be cut from the federal budget. Here are your words, Representative Cantor: "[T]his bill…reiterates again the deadline [April 6, 2011] and that the Senate should act before the deadline. … The bill then says if the Senate does not act, then H.R. 1 will be the law of the land. In addition to that, it says that if all else fails, and the Senate brings about a shutdown, then members should not get their pay."

One problem, sir. The House of Representatives does not have the authority to pass a bill into law. So H.R. 1 would also have to be passed by the Senate and signed by the President. You must know that. If you don't, you are a blithering idiot who has no business representing the people. If you do, it goes to our point: You are a liar and a bullshit artist with utter contempt for the truth.

Your wife, Diana F. Cantor, seems to be something of an accomplished liar as well. That's what we make of her statement that she wasn't aware that her employer—New York Private Bank & Trust—would benefit (to the tune of $267.2 million) from the U.S. Treasury's Troubled Asset Relief Program. Really?! There wasn't any pillow talk? You shepherded TARP through the House!

Then, Eric, there's the issue of your compassion—or, more accurately, lack thereof. Immediately after that killer tornado hit Joplin, Missouri—while bodies were still being pulled out of the rubble and the grieving had only just begun—you actually had the nerve to say on national TV that there couldn't be any federal disaster relief for the victims without first cutting allocations to other programs. The government must maintain fiscal discipline, you opined.

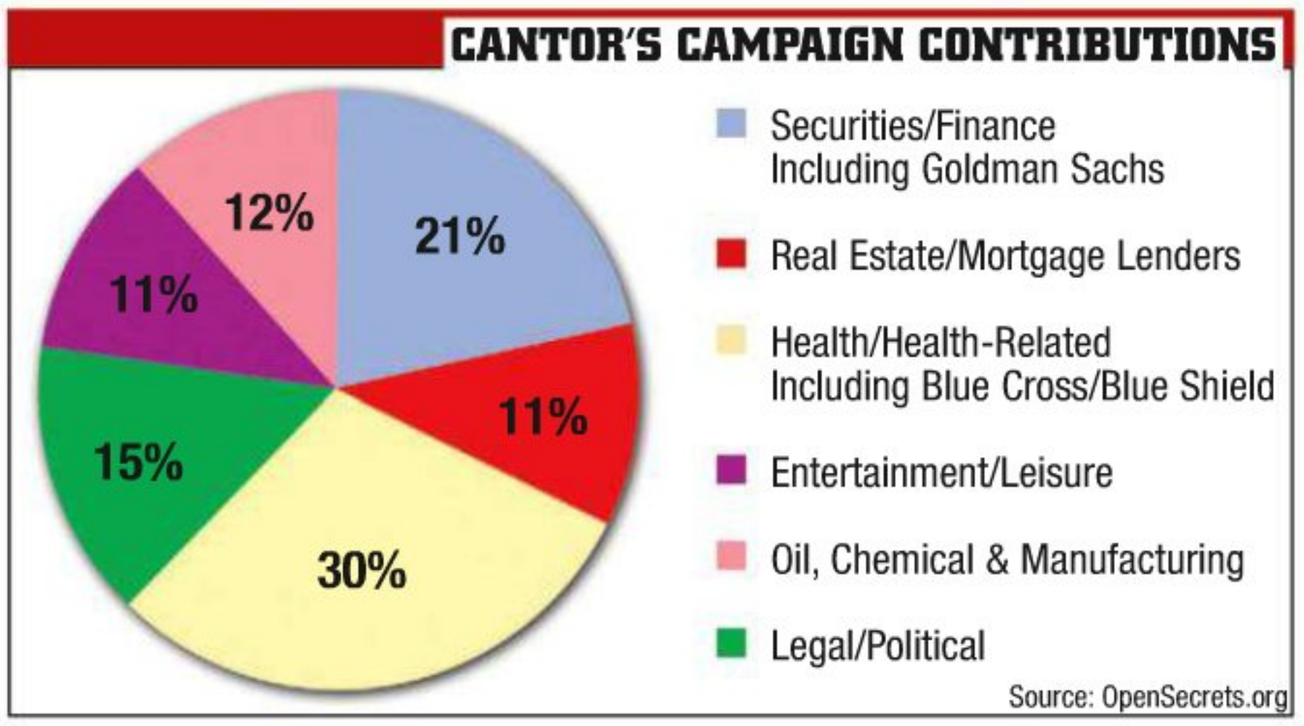
Again we turn to your words, this time as uttered on *Face the Nation*: "When a family is struck with tragedy, like the family of Joplin… let's say if they had $10,000 set aside to do something else with, to buy a new car…and then they were struck with a sick member of the family or something, and needed to take that money to apply it to that, that's what they would do because families don't have unlimited money. And, really, neither does the federal government."

Well, at least you're consistent, Representative Cantor. Back in 2009 at a town hall meeting you told constituent Patricia Churchill that a close family member who had lost her job and health insurance and who'd just discovered she had malignant tumors in her stomach should either find an "existing government program" (you were unaware of any) or "charitable organizations." If you can lie with ease, it only stands to reason that you have the soul of a sociopath—an individual who has no empathy for the suffering of other people.

Btw, funny that you advised a cancer sufferer lacking health insurance to seek out government programs. After all, you've championed gutting two of this country's most successful government healthcare programs. We know that because you support Representative Paul Ryan's attack on Medicare (the Wisconsin Republican wants $500 billion in cuts) and the slashing of Medicaid by $750 billion.

So enough with the bullshit about how everything will work out when we let people shop for their own health insurance without government interference. We'll believe that when you give up your enrollment in the Federal Employees Health Benefit Program.

But the pie chart says it all, Representative Cantor. You are exposed for what you truly are—a shill for the ruling class and an Asshole!



Jenna Haze

Chanel Preston & Allie Haze

Raven Alexis

Inari Vachs

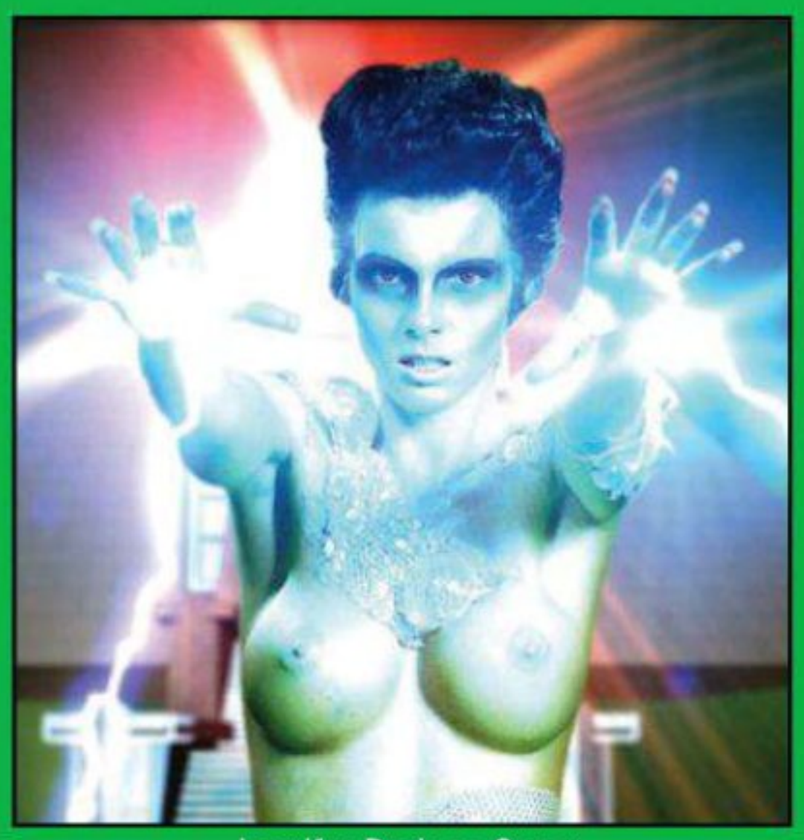
PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

XXX HARDWARE

The 27th annual X-Rated Critics Organization (XRCO) Awards, hosted by Inari Vachs and Tom Byron, were held recently at the Highlands nightclub in Los Angeles. Jenna Haze was honored as the year's top Orgasmic Oralist, while Bobbi Starr won for her work *below* the equator (Orgasmic Analist). The crown for Best Release went to *Pornstar Superheroes*, while Chanel Preston and Allie Haze shared the New Starlet prize.

GHOULISH GALS

HUSTLER Video, which is well known for going balls to the wall, has spared no expense in crafting the porn parody *This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX*. The classic '80s flick is spoofed in grand style, with special effects wizards working overtime to conjure up specters, phantoms and even the iconic weapons used by the paranormal cleanup crew. While *Ghostbusters* diehards will be delighted by the parody's attention to detail, fans of hard-core sex will be pleased to see that the cast includes Alexis Texas, Jennifer Dark and Raven Alexis. For a full review of *This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX*, turn to page 115.



Jennifer Dark as Gozer

Ghostbusters at work

Getting slimed

Ghostly Alexis Texas

PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

"During sex I fantasize that I'm someone else." —RICHARD LEWIS, COMEDIAN

NEWSBITES

RESURRECTION ERECTION

While vacationing in Florida, a woman chose an unusual way to help her father celebrate Easter. Rather than pick up a ham, she decided to round up a holiday hooker for her octogenarian dad. Unfortunately for the senior citizen, his dimwitted daughter approached an undercover cop and got them both busted. Poor old guy. On that holiest of holy days, he probably just wanted to see his cock rise from the dead.

KILLER STD

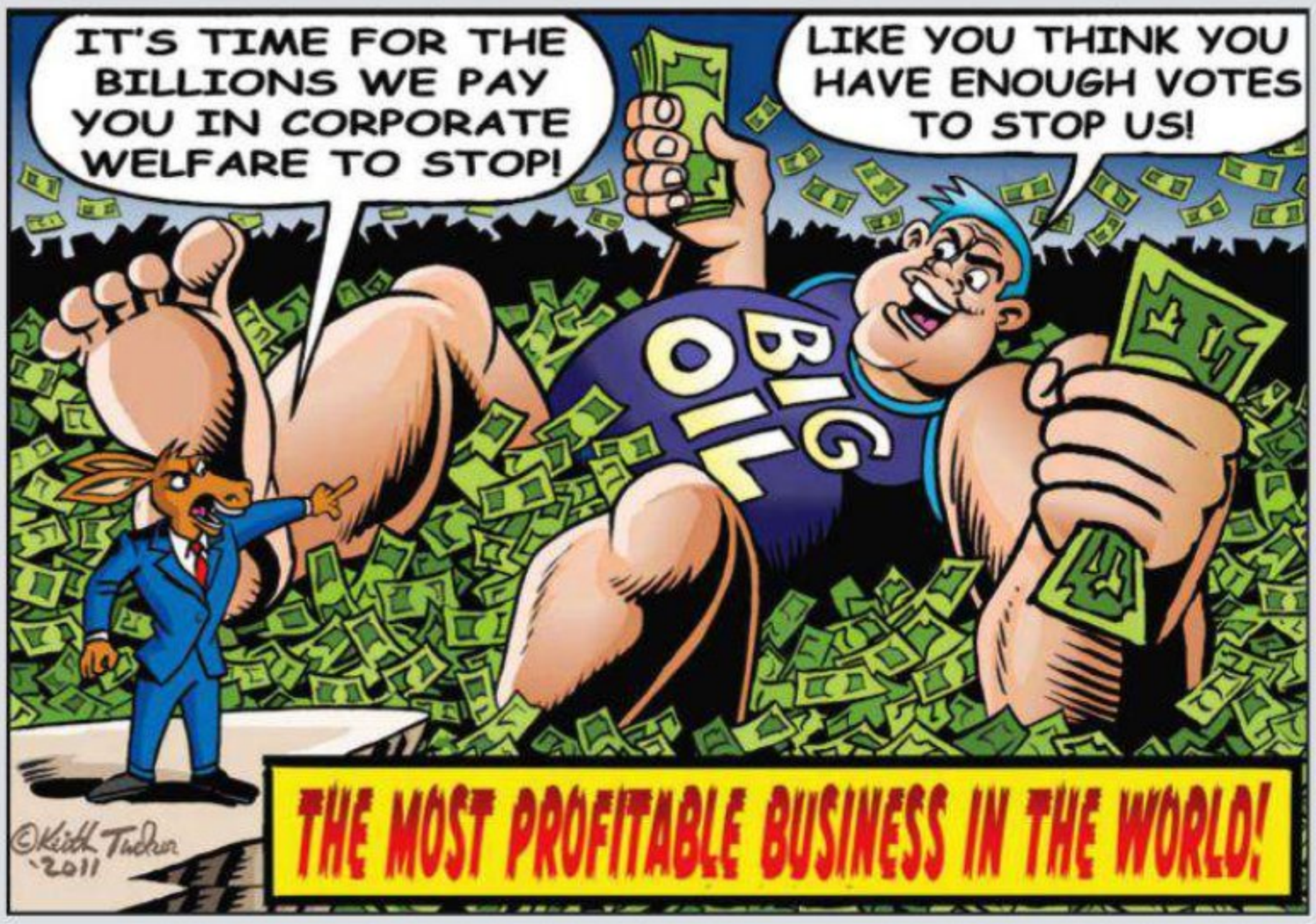
The future doesn't look so bright anymore. Global warming is wreaking havoc worldwide. A nuclear disaster or terrorist attack could be right around the corner. Humanity seems doomed. Cheer up! Maybe the clap will kill us all first! Researchers are reporting a rise in drug-resistant strains of gonorrhea that often produce no symptoms but can be life-threatening. Maybe it's simply a coincidence, but super-gonorrhea seemed to appear on the planet at roughly the same time that Paris Hilton did.

ANTILOVE INJECTIONS

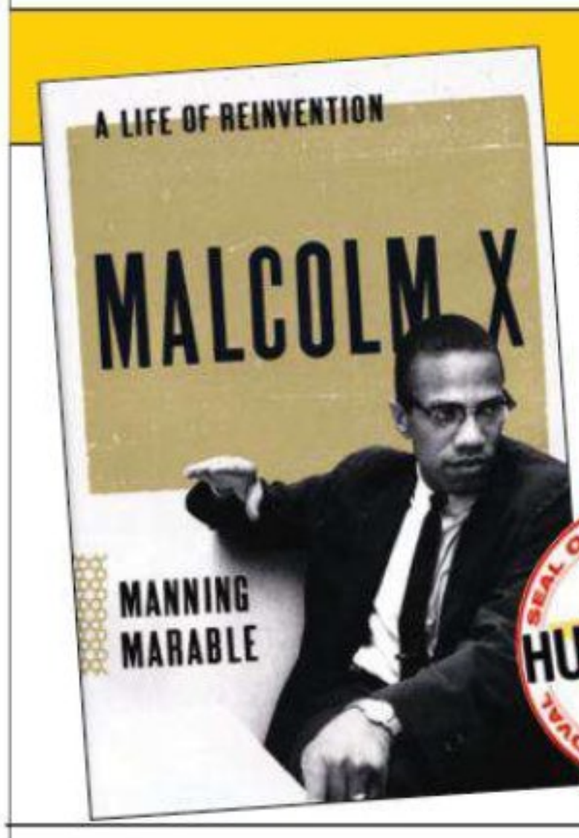
The British newspaper the *Telegraph* uncovered a bizarre story that reveals how committed some al-Qaeda members are to their cause. Supposedly, one of its suspected operatives held at Guantanamo was so hellbent on avoiding distractions to his jihadist mission that, prior to his capture, he was receiving injections designed to make him impotent. After all, how can you be expected to hijack a plane or detonate an underwear bomb if those sexy infidel stewardesses keep giving you a boner?

THIS AIN'T THE BLACK DAHLIA MURDER

A brief appearance in a porn flick by two Los Angeles city workers has prompted the authorities to launch a full-scale investigation. Apparently, Department of Transportation employees stumbled across a porn shoot in progress. While the cameras rolled, one of the interlopers allegedly fondled the breasts of a female performer. Outraged by a guy stealing 15 seconds of fun on the company dime, the bankrupt city will now spend gobs of taxpayers' money resolving the Case of the Notorious Boob-Toucher. Fuck you, Mayor Villaraigosa!



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Malcolm X: A Life of Reinvention (Viking, 594 pages, $30) is the late Manning Marable's stunning new biography of the outspoken civil rights crusader. Marable, who labored on the project for a decade, tapped fresh sources of information to deliver a nuanced portrait of his complex, controversial subject. The book not only explores all aspects of Malcolm X's life but also raises troubling questions about the official account of his 1965 assassination.

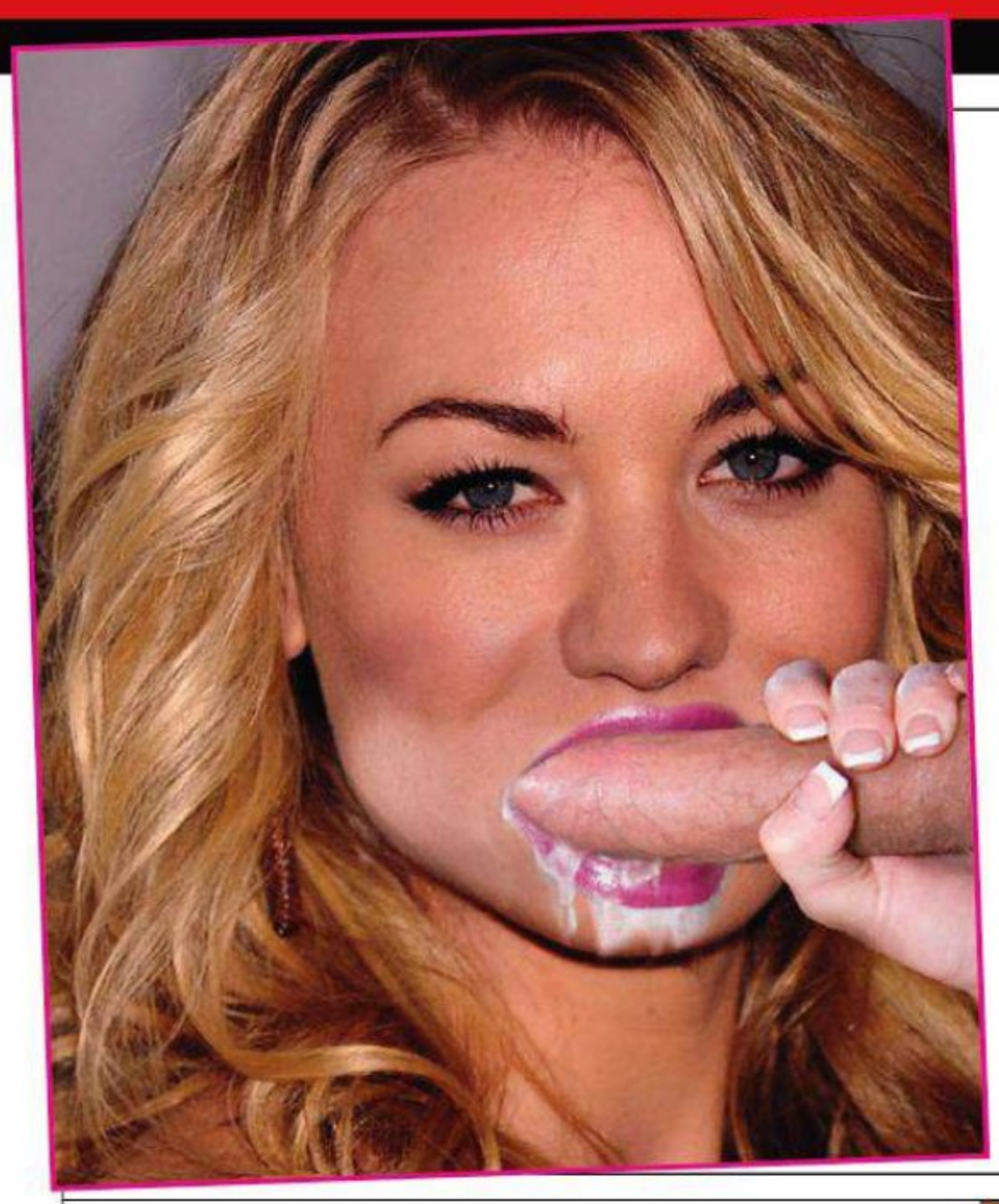
For more information or to purchase *Malcolm X: A Life of Reinvention*, please visit **MalcolmXBio.com**.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Why are women in stockings so damn sexy? We're not sure if this chick was disrobing or getting dressed, but we enjoy seeing her like this: alluring, frozen in time and blissfully unaware of all the sweaty dudes 50 years in the future who will jerk off to her picture.

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

"I remember the first time I had sex—I kept the receipt." —GROUCHO MARX, ACTOR/COMIC



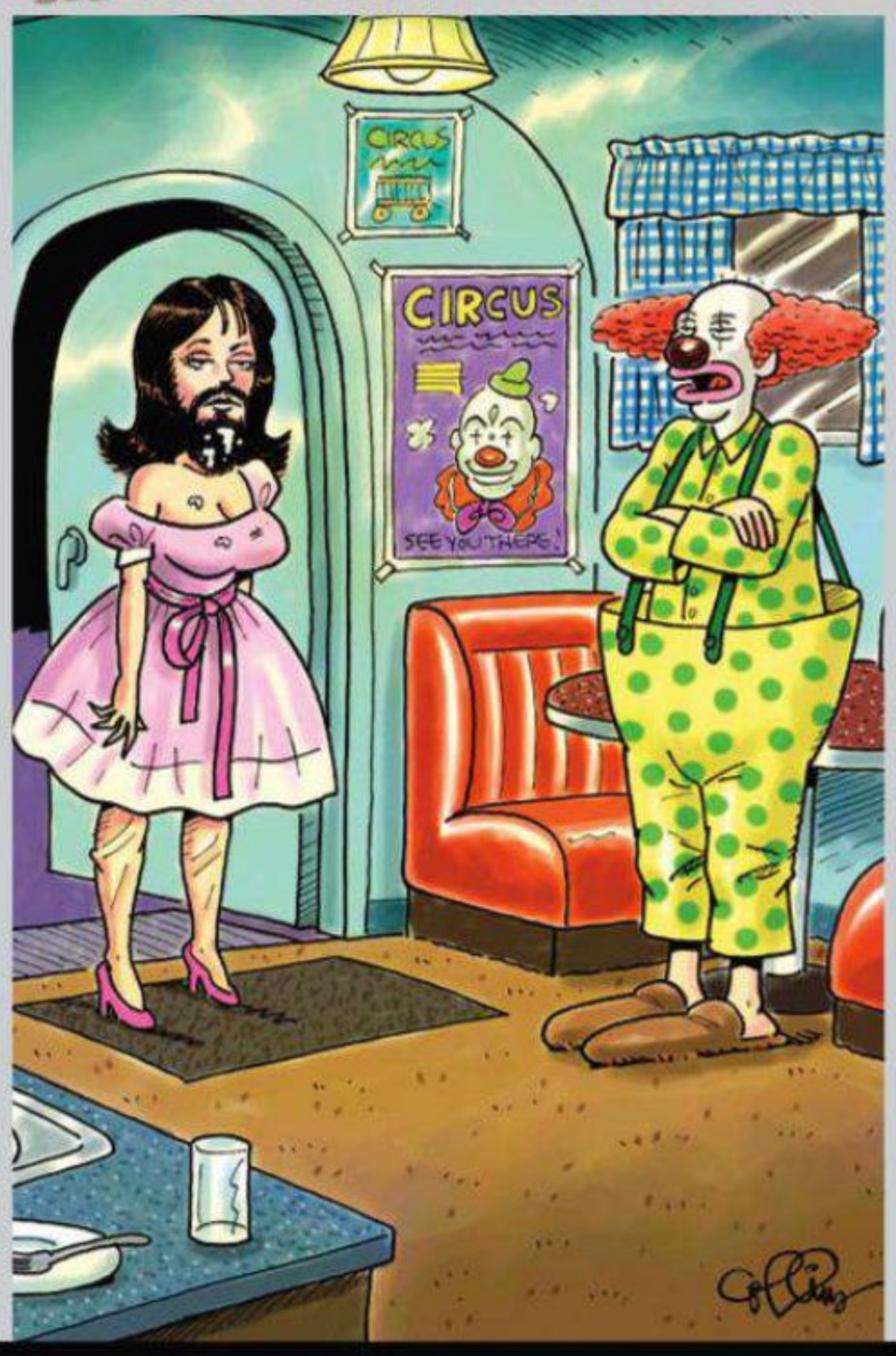
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Yvonne Strahovski* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

This costar of the popular TV series *Chuck* has a mouthful for a last name, but it used to be even worse. The striking blonde was born Yvonne Strzechowski. We can only fantasize about the actress's fellating skills, but is it wrong to assume she's choked down a Polish sausage or two?

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Yvonne Strahovski actually exists. Just like any sexy secret agent, she would never allow such a disclosure. 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



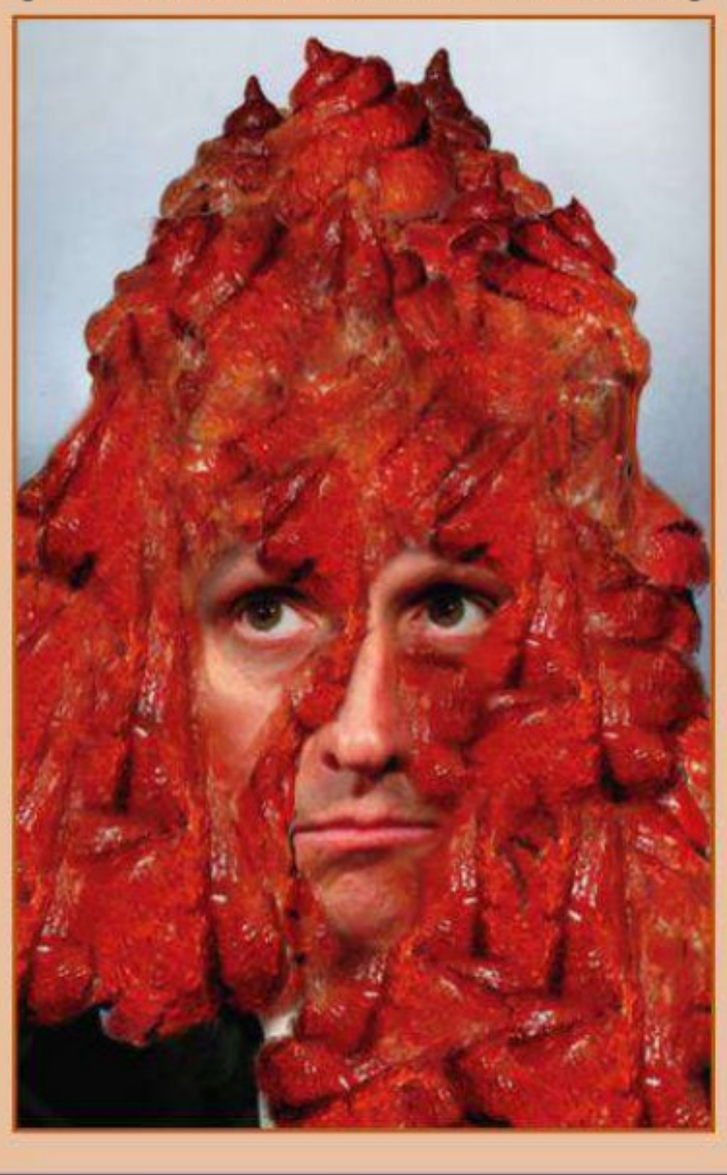
"It's three o'clock in the morning, and you have dried cum in your beard."

"Here's what causes sexual thoughts: having a dick." —BILL HICKS, COMEDIAN

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #22

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

The *Washington Post* reported that Treasury Department officials fought desperately to dissuade Standard & Poor's from releasing its ominous warning about the nation's economic health this past April. The influential credit rating agency cautioned that the United States could soon be downgraded from AAA to AA status. Instead of being shocked into action by this news, Timothy Geithner and his cronies apparently tried to bury it. They pushed hard for Standard & Poor's to revise its forecast from "negative" to "stable," but the agency held its ground. The myopic Geithner continues to assert that there is "no risk" that this country will lose its AAA rating. Since Timmy is blind to reality, it seems only appropriate that excrement will continue to rain down upon his head until he resigns or is fired.



FAN FAVORITE

Sabrina Deep has an innovative take on porn. Rather than asking fans to buy videos of her being banged by professional studs, she recruits regular Joes to fuck her. Deep is currently on her World Bukkake Tour 2011, which will take the six-foot-tall Canadian to Miami, Dallas, London, Budapest and several other destinations. At each stop, Sabrina will host a party for local guys who want to blast cum all over her face and body. Participants must be male, 21 or over and STD-free.

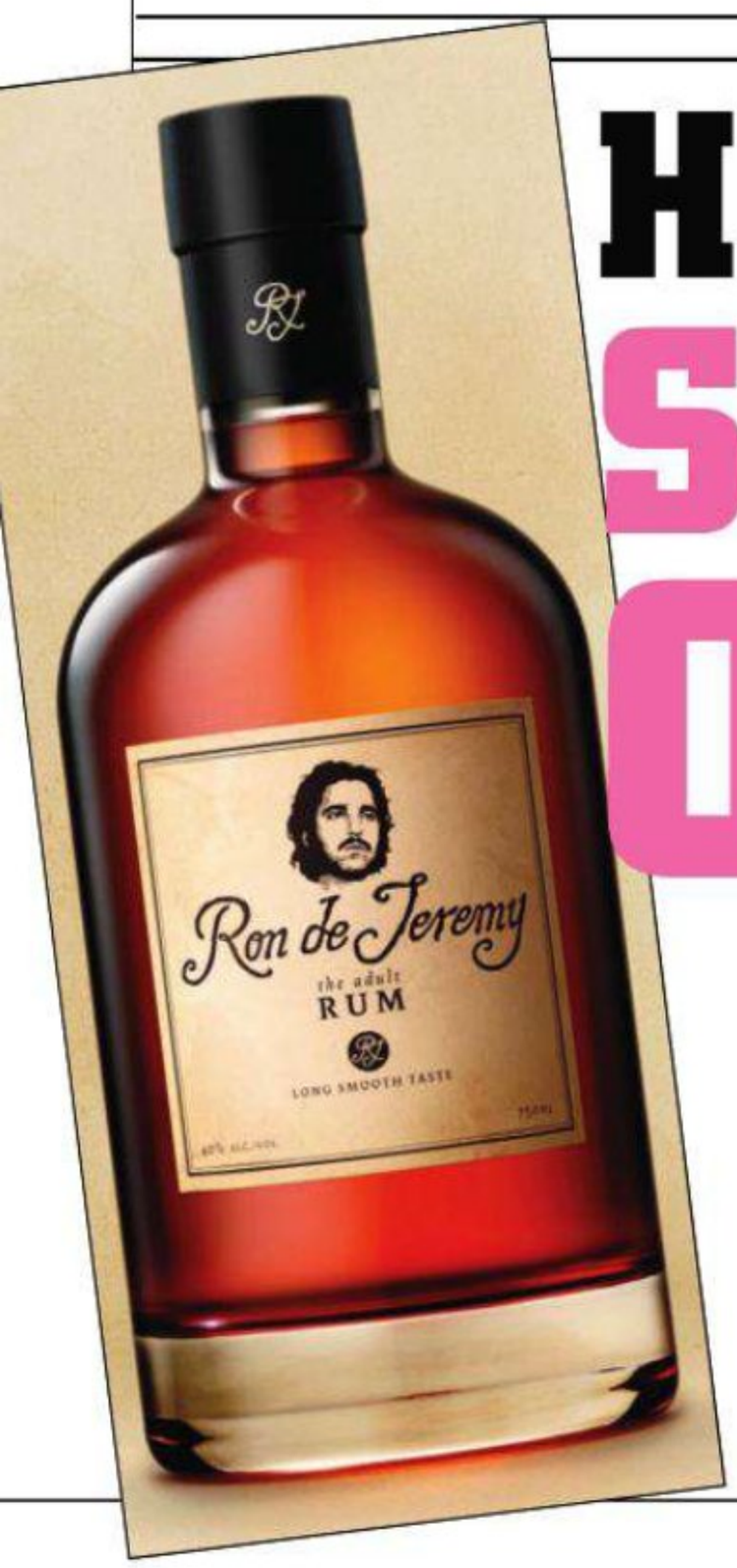
For Sabrina, connecting with her supporters directly is beneficial for everyone involved. "I naturally feel very comfortable connecting with my fans," she explains. "We interact all year long and have a relationship that gets very close to friendship." From a business perspective, this approach helps Sabrina maintain control of the XXX content in which she appears.

Asked to provide her most memorable fan experience, the self-proclaimed "Queen of Bukkake and Gangbangs" says, "The last one is always the best because it's still very vivid in your brain and on your skin."

For hard-core photos, videos and Webcam shows, check out **DeepSabrina.com**. To see if Sabrina will be hostessing a sex party in your area, as well as for info on how to take part, visit **WorldBukkakeTour.com**.

PHOTOS COURTESY FANSTALKER.NET

"I wouldn't recommend sex, drugs or insanity for everyone, but they've always worked for me." —HUNTER S. THOMPSON, GONZO JOURNALIST



HAVE A STIFF ONE

What do Sammy Hagar, Dan Aykroyd and Ron Jeremy have in common? Each of these 1980s icons now has a line of booze. Sammy sells tequila, Dan makes vodka and Ron—fittingly— churns out rum. (In Spanish it's *ron*.) How long before ALF has a line of absinthe? For more information about Ron de Jeremy: The Adult Rum, drop by **RonDeJeremy.com**.

OLD SCHOOL AD

This advertisement harkens back to a simpler time in America, when women were functionally retarded and unable to open food products for themselves. These days, advertisers seem hellbent on making men look like idiots. Every other commercial depicts the modern father figure as lazy, beer-obsessed and easily distracted by shiny objects. Why can't advertisers give fathers and mothers a break and expose the real problem here? Children. And their endless whining about how they "need" things like food, clothing and shelter.

A Ballsy Way to Up Those Grades

Gently I removed the older woman's onyx-frame glasses and placed them on the desk. Her hazel eyes widened as, one by one, I tugged bobby pins from her tight bun, and her tawny curls fell loose around her shoulders.

She was visibly trembling by the time I slipped off her boxy black jacket and started on the buttons of her blouse. Surprisingly, in contrast to the conservative suit, her bra was lacy, sheer and very sexy. It held full, creamy breasts. My educated guess was 36Cs.

Ms. Jones still didn't protest when I unzipped her skirt. Instead, she pushed it down her hips, eager now, like she'd finally reached a decision. This was going to be easier than I'd expected.

Yesterday Coach had given me an ultimatum. Either pull up my grades, specifically English, or risk being benched from the college baseball team. I was stunned. Baseball was my life! I couldn't believe Coach would allow his best hitter to be yanked. Apparently he wasn't given a choice. The dean wouldn't permit him to play any team member on academic probation.

Fuck! The enormity of the situation overwhelmed me, and for a minute I couldn't think straight. My last English essay had earned me a big, fat F. I tried to think of a way to up that grade, but truthfully, my writing skills sucked. My sole talent, besides baseball, was with the ladies. Rarely, if ever, did I strike out in that area. Unfortunately, my English professor was rumored to be a dedicated, die-hard lesbian. But then it occurred to me that it was likely her plain-Jane assistant who actually graded the papers. Hell, she was probably the one who entered the grades into the school's computer system. An idea started forming in my head.

Tonight I put that idea into action. As usual, I found Ms. Jones working late, holed up in her stuffy cubbyhole and buried beneath stacks of papers. When I entered, she looked surprised. When I closed the door, she stood, as if she were preparing to flee. Once I mentioned that I'd really appreciate some help with my English grade, she relaxed a little. As I removed her glasses, I repeated that I really *needed* a better grade.

Now Ms. Jones was naked, save for her pantyhose, undies and bra. And it was like, all of a sudden, the restraints of her staid academic life were stripped away. The sedate mouse transformed into a wildcat. Her frantic hands clawed off my T-shirt and jeans. Then she hopped up on the desk, stripped off her bra and cupped her sweet tatas, as if seeking my approval. Her breasts were amazing, heavy yet firm, with long, thick, coral tit buds. I suckled both in turn.

On the way in to see Ms. Jones, I had wondered whether I'd be able to get it up. After all, I thought she was a prude. Now my hammer bulged my boxers and pulsed insistently. My hands roamed over the thirtysomething's slender body and came to rest at the crotch of her tan pantyhose. They were soaking wet. I gripped hold and ripped.

Ms. Jones moaned. Then, while tugging her torn pantyhose to one side, she finally spoke. "Give it to me!" my professor's assistant pleaded. "Give me your big, fat, throbbing dick! Fuck me hard and deep, baby! I want to feel that monster in my belly. Now, dammit!"

Wow! Ms. Jones wouldn't quit. As my boxers fell to the floor and I pressed my pecker into her tiny, pink pussy, she used every filthy, nasty word in the book. Who knew there were so many different synonyms for *penis* and *vagina*? The experience was gratifying *and* educational.

After pushing Ms. Jones back on her desk, I rammed my tool deep into her twat. It was as tight as a virgin's. I tried to fuck as long as possible, thinking of baseball stats and other stuff, but when her cunt clamped down around my bat and her nails gouged into my ass cheeks, that was all she wrote. My jizz surged into her quim, so much that it gushed back out around my slammer and balls. Ms. Jones cried out that she was coming with me.

But the lady wasn't done yet. When my rod slipped from her box, she fell to her knees and started lapping it clean. And in between tongue strokes, she explained how it was going to be from now on. My grade would rise from an F to a B so long as I fucked her whenever and wherever she pleased. I was to be her own personal boy toy. Fuck up just once, and she'd flunk my ass quick. "Hell, yes, Ms. Jones! Deal!"

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

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

SNOW PINK

KARLIE MONTANA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE.NET

Karlie Montana has a rich fantasy life. "I do a lot of daydreaming," she confesses. "My mind wanders all the time. I'm definitely not ditsy, but random things are always popping into my head."

Just because **Karlie** spends a lot of time with her own thoughts, that doesn't mean the eye-catching Arizona resident isn't ambitious. "I know what I want, and I go after it a hundred percent," she boasts. "I jumped right into the adult business when I was 18, and I haven't looked back."

Despite setting her own course, **Karlie** sometimes seeks guidance from the stars. "I'm a Taurus," she reveals. "I know some people think signs are dumb, but I totally read my horoscope every day. It's not like I think it's going to predict my life, but it can help you see things in a new way."

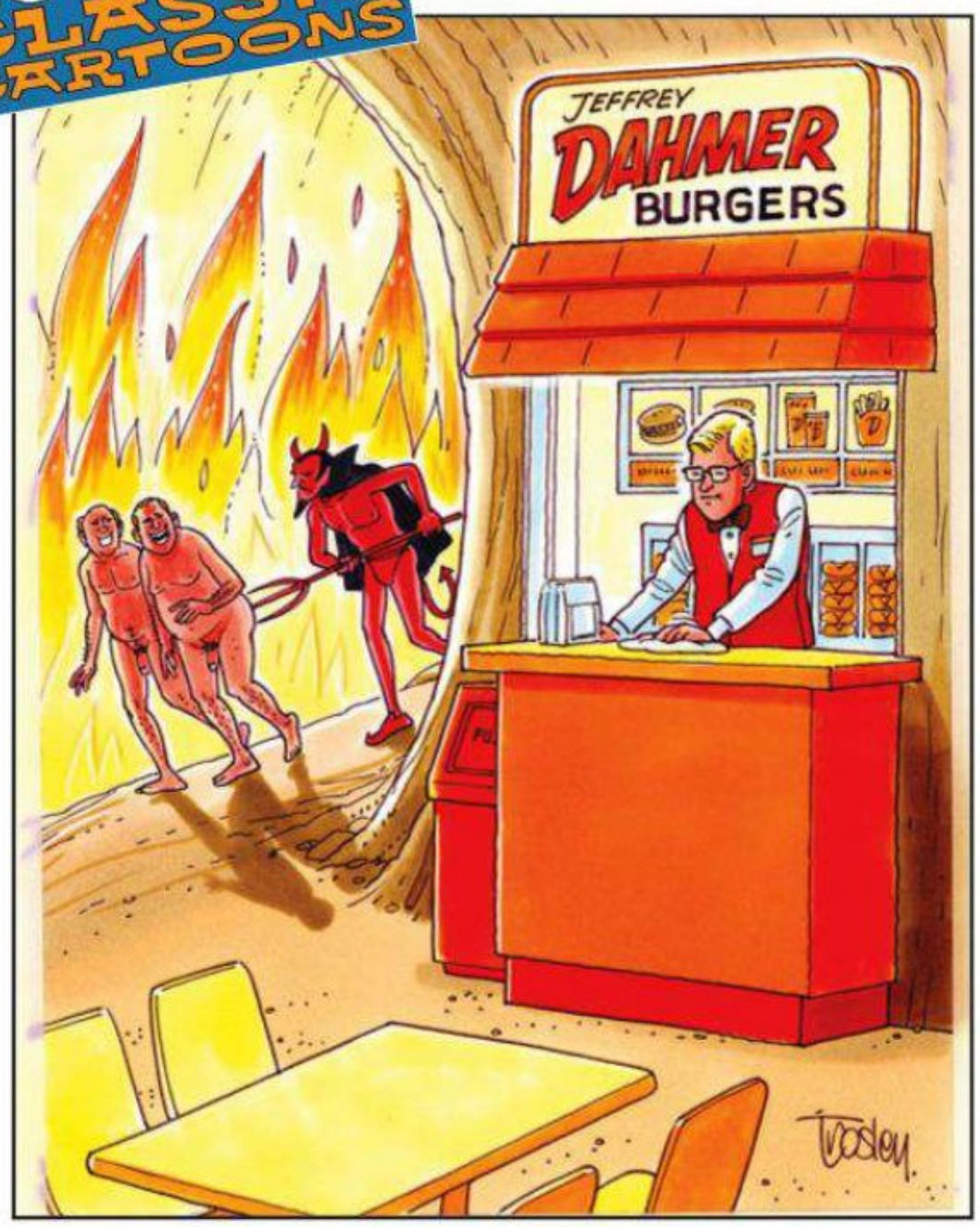
For more of Karlie Montana, check out *Real College Girls 13,* available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

KARLIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Phoenix, Arizona | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 119

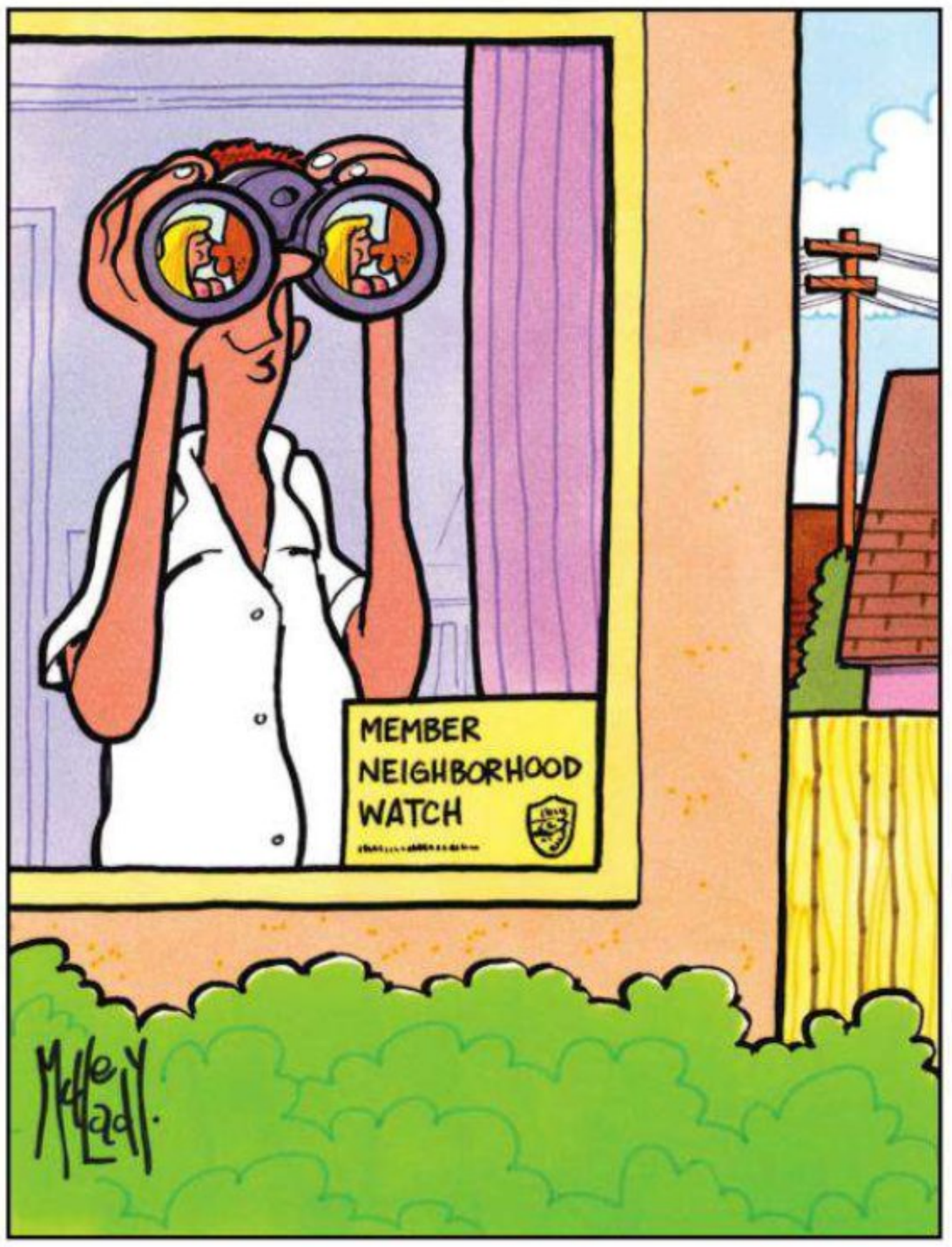
Karlie elaborates: “Like today, my horoscope says that I’m able to be super decisive because of how everything’s lined up. I don’t know if it’s true or not, but reading that makes me feel confident about whatever choices I’ll make.”

We won’t poke fun at **Karlie Montana**’s fascination with astrology, so long as the stars call for the astounding model to periodically disrobe for our appreciation.

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Hey, when did *that* open?!"



"This is not a safe neighborhood to be out at night, my silent one-eyed friend."

BY MARK JOHNSON

The Q&A: HUGO DE GARIS

KILLER ROBOTS ARE COMING!

SUPERINTELLIGENT COMPUTERS NOW BEING BUILT WILL LIKELY EXTERMINATE US IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

Australian-born Hugo de Garis has spent several decades at the forefront of artificial intelligence. Since 2006 he has directed programs—using techniques of electronic evolution—to build China's first artificial brain, first at Wuhan University and more recently at Xiamen University. He is now warning the world that the machines he helped create will evolve far beyond our control and cause an apocalyptic struggle for the survival of the human race.

Dr. De Garis, whose résumé includes an associate professorship at Utah State University, is the author of *The Artilect War: Cosmists vs. Terrans—A Bitter Controversy Concerning Whether Humanity Should Build Godlike Massively Intelligent Machines*; *Multis and Monos: What the Multicultured Can Teach the Monocultured Towards the Creation of a Global State*; and *Artificial Brains: An Evolved Neural Net Module Approach*. All three books are available at **Amazon.com**.

HUSTLER: How close are we to building an artificial brain comparable to the human brain?

HUGO DE GARIS: Today's state-of-the-art supercomputers already have a total bit-processing rate equal to the estimated equivalent of the human brain. Our knowledge of neuroscience is increasing exponentially. So as soon as new principles of neuroscience are discovered, they get put immediately into our artificial brains. It's only a question of time before artificial brains overtake our biological brains and become self-aware. Within a decade we should be able to assemble an artificial brain with the same level of complexity and connectivity as the human brain.

Are superintelligent machines inevitable?

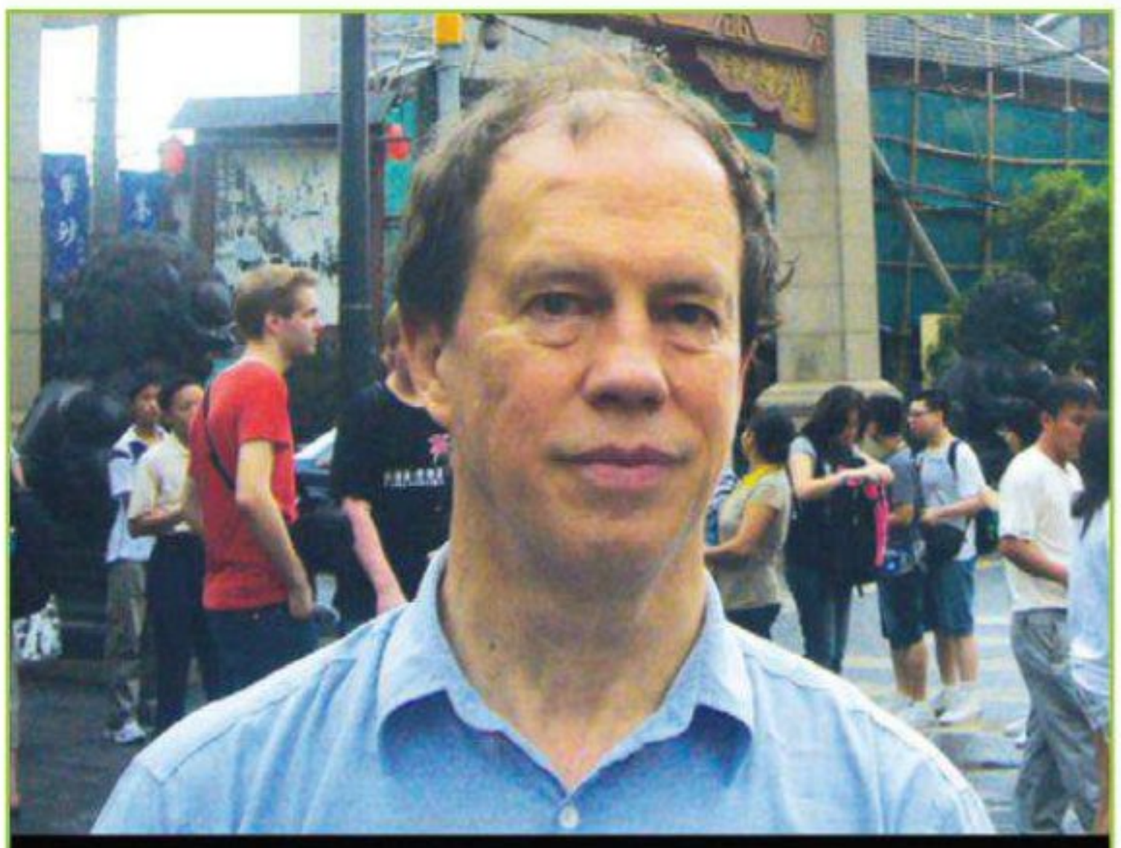
Almost certainly. Our whole technical and scientific global culture is heading towards the artilect [artificial intellect]. There will be a huge economic and military momentum behind its creation. In the 2020s the home-robot industry will be one of the biggest and richest in the world, worth trillions of dollars a year. How could you stop that?

Even stronger is the military momentum. In the 2020s it is possible that China will be the only country on the planet not to have democratized. A military rivalry between a waning U.S. and a rising China will ensure that artilect research continues, so that the intelligence of each side's soldier robots does not fall behind that of the other's. How do you stop such military A.I. rivalry? Even if the general public is alarmed by the rise of the artilect, the military momentum will ensure its continuation.

How will artilects change our daily lives?

For the first few decades they will be wonderful. They will free us from the three Ds: jobs that are dull, dirty and dangerous. They will be smart enough to be useful but not smart enough (yet) to be a threat. They will do all the household tasks. They will entertain us, amuse us, educate us, sex us, take care of us, etc. They will be so useful that everyone will buy them and spend big money on them.

Their rise will also generate a sense of unease, because it will be clear to everyone that their level of artificial intelligence keeps rising each year. As the IQ gap between human level and robot level keeps closing, the species-dominance debate will heat up. It's starting now. This is the year that the species-dominance issue will go mainstream in the U.S. Within five years I expect that average-educated people will be as aware of the species-dominance issue as they are today of the climate-change issue.



Professor Hugo de Garis in Shanghai, China, awaiting what he considers the inevitable rise of the robots.

PHOTOS COURTESY HUGO DE GARIS

Will artilects achieve consciousness?

Figuring out what consciousness is will be one of the major scientific challenges of the 21st century. Science knows that consciousness and intelligence are written into our DNA codes. The solution is there, just waiting for science to discover it.

As our knowledge of neuroscience increases, we will understand how consciousness is generated and then put that knowledge into machines. We will be able to build machines that are not only intelligent but conscious as well.

However, just because artilects are conscious does not automatically mean they will be nice to humans. They might consciously decide humans are a pest and exterminate us. Even if we tried to give them human-level ethics to make them human-friendly, their later evolutionary engineering experiments on themselves would quickly cause them to diverge away from human-level desires.

How likely is it that humans will meld with machines?

In the species-dominance debate I have identified three main ideological groups. The Terrans are opposed to artilect building, fearing that the artilects might decide human beings are a pest and wipe us out. The Cosmists are in favor of artilect building and will want to build artilect gods that may even be able to design and build new universes. The Cyborgists want to become artilect gods themselves by adding artilectual components to their human brains.

In the early days of artilectual development there will be millions if not billions of cyborgs. People will upgrade themselves in terms of memory and quickness of thinking. Young mothers giving birth could add a grain of nanoteched sand to their baby and convert it into a cyborg. But that baby is an artilect in disguise. The mother has effectively killed her baby, because it is now nonhuman. Parents will also lose their children if young people decide to upgrade themselves into cyborgs.

Our human brains will be too inferior to keep up with an artilect that can think a million times faster than we do, with unlimited memory and with vastly superior intelligence. We will have no idea what they're thinking. There is more computing capacity in a nanoteched grain of sand than the human brain by a factor of a quintillion.

Traditional humanity will be profoundly undermined, so that the Terrans—or mildly modified Terrans—will be horrified and will realize that if humanity is to be preserved, they will have to launch a first strike while they are still intellectually competitive.

What are the chances that superintelligent machines will rule us or even exterminate us?

That's hard to say. Even if the chances are small, the stakes are so high, we cannot take that chance. We're talking about the survival of the human race. Terran politicians will demand that artilects never be built and will go to war if necessary to ensure that their demand is met.

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If I were a Terran politician, I would hope for the best and prepare for the worst—the worst being the extermination of the human species at the hands of artilects. Therefore I would insist, backed up by a Terran military force, that artilects never be built in the first place.

Surveys already show that people are deeply ambivalent about the rise of the artilect. They are in awe at the prospect of building artilect gods with mental capacities trillions of times above the human level, but fear the possibility that artilects may become so superior to us they may see us as a nuisance and not care about us—the way we swat mosquitoes and don't give a damn.

How would you envision a so-called robopocalypse unfolding?

In this decade, artificial brain research blossoms. In the 2020s the home-robot industry flourishes. In the 2020s and 2030s the species-dominance debate between the Terrans and the Cosmists heats up. Cosmists will see the creation of artilects as a form of god building, a sort of science-based religion.

As the IQ gap between humans and robots closes, people will really start taking sides. Then the sabotage and assassinations will start. Artilect companies will be targeted. Artilect architects will be assassinated.

By about the 2040s the species-dominance issue will be a major concern of global politics. The Terrans and Cosmists will both have very powerful ideologies—preserving the human species vs. god building—and both sides will be prepared to go to war to defend their dreams. Since this Artilect War will take place in the second half of this century with 21st-century weapons, the scale of the killing will not be in the tens of millions as in 20th-century wars but will be in the billions of deaths—the gigadeath.

The Terrans know they cannot wait too long, because otherwise artilects will come into being and easily defeat the Terrans with their massive artilectual intelligence. The Terrans therefore will need to strike first against the Cosmists. Anyone expressing even a whiff of pro-Cosmist sentiment will be exterminated for the sake of the survival of the billions of human beings. Annihilating a few million Cosmists will be seen by the Terrans as a small price to pay.

Most human problems stem from stupidity. Why wouldn't artilects be more prone to goodness and mutual benefit?

Whatever human quality you mention is generated by neuronal circuitry. Human scientists could put desirable qualities into their first artificial brains. But as the intelligence level of these artificial brains keeps increasing, they will become smart enough to perform artificial evolutionary experiments on themselves and incorporate the superior results into their basic structure—all at the speed of light.

Once they become vastly superior to us, we could never be sure of their attitudes toward humans. They might choose to ignore us and escape into deep space, or they might decide to remove all the oxygen on the planet because it is corrosive to their systems. The very presence of artilects would be a profound existential risk to humans.

Can we program a robot with rules against harming humans and instead use it to solve our problems?

If robots become more intelligent than the humans who program them, they could examine their human-level programming, find it moronic and remove it.

To increase their intelligence levels, artilects will need to use evolutionary-engineering techniques.

(continued on page 167)

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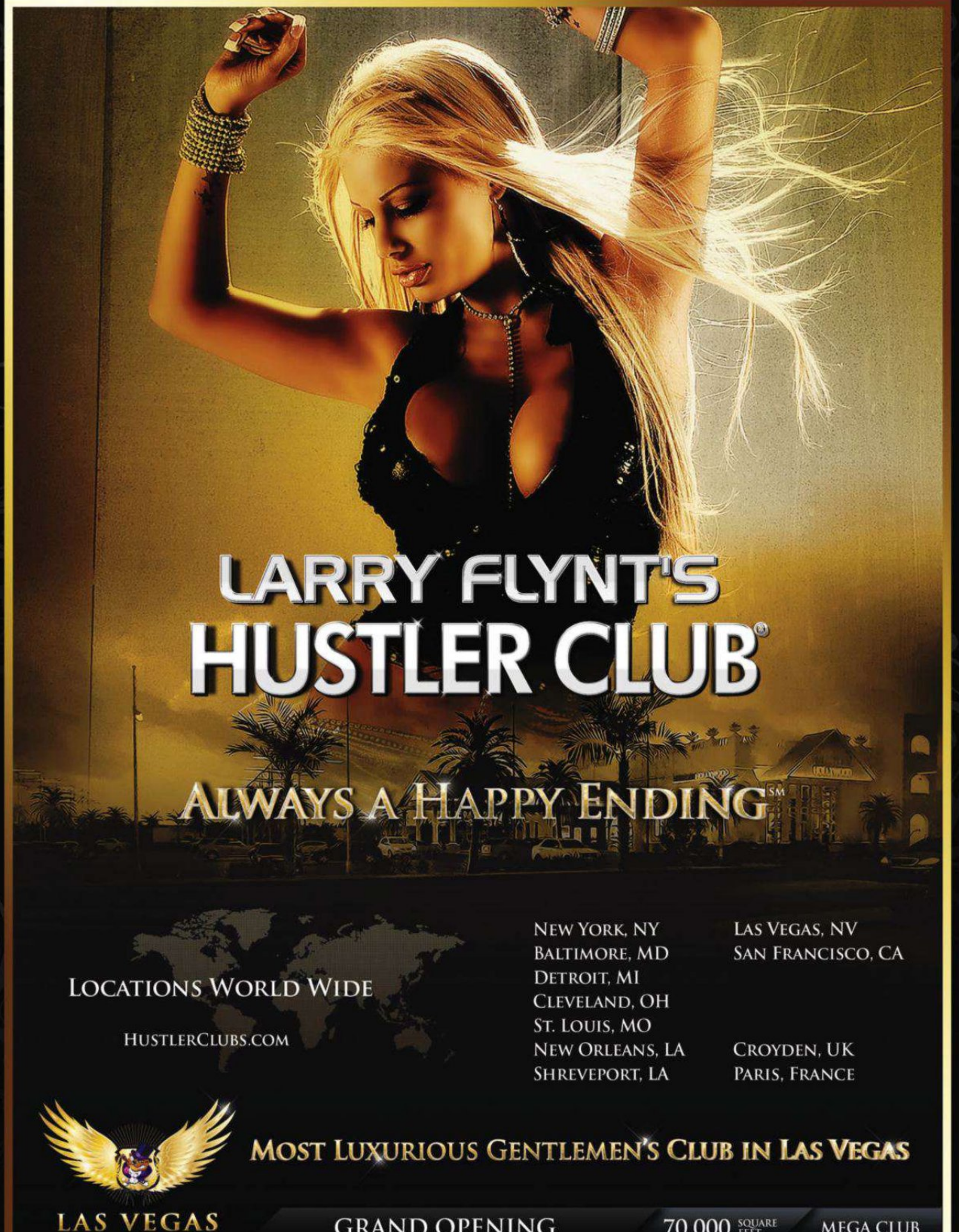
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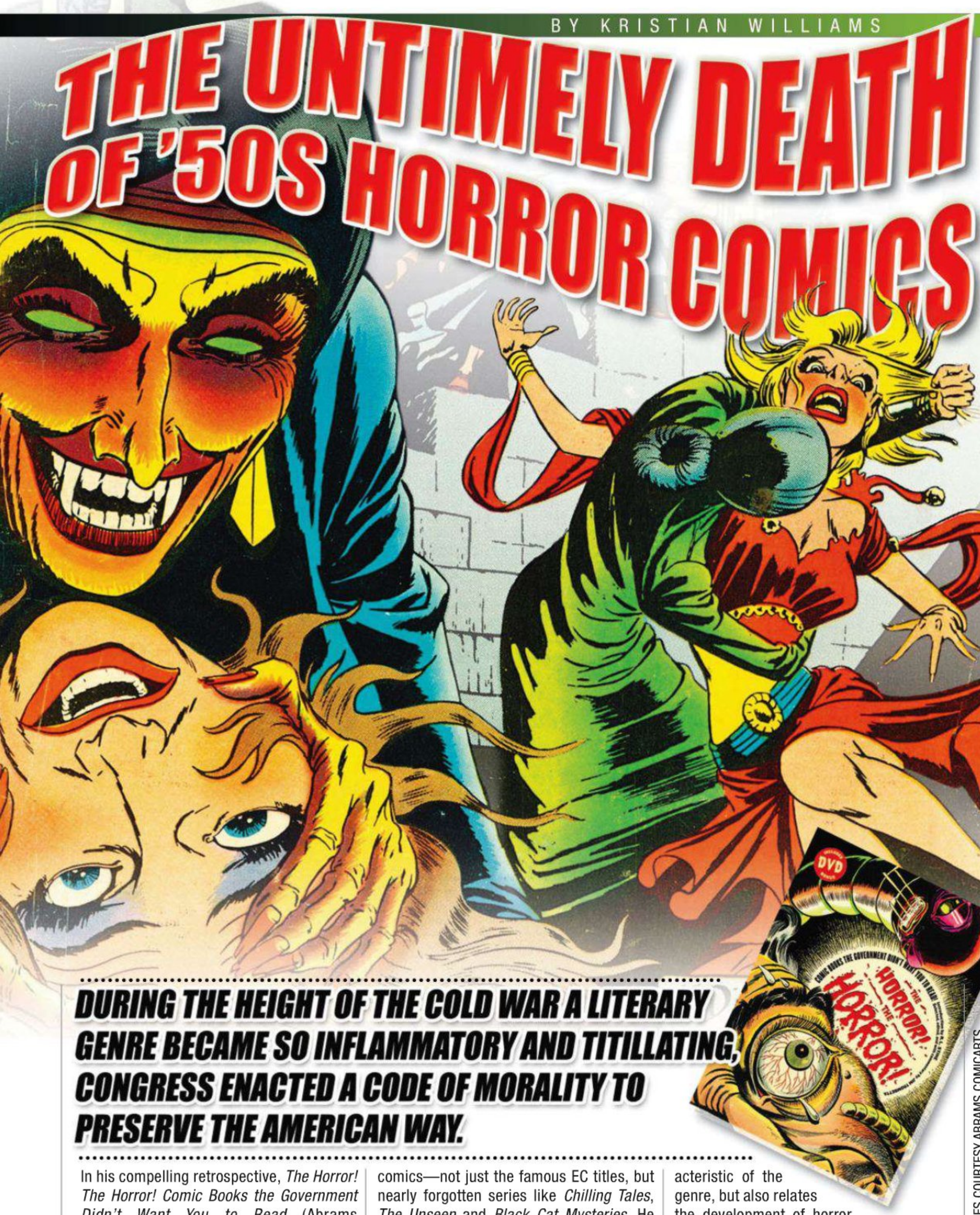
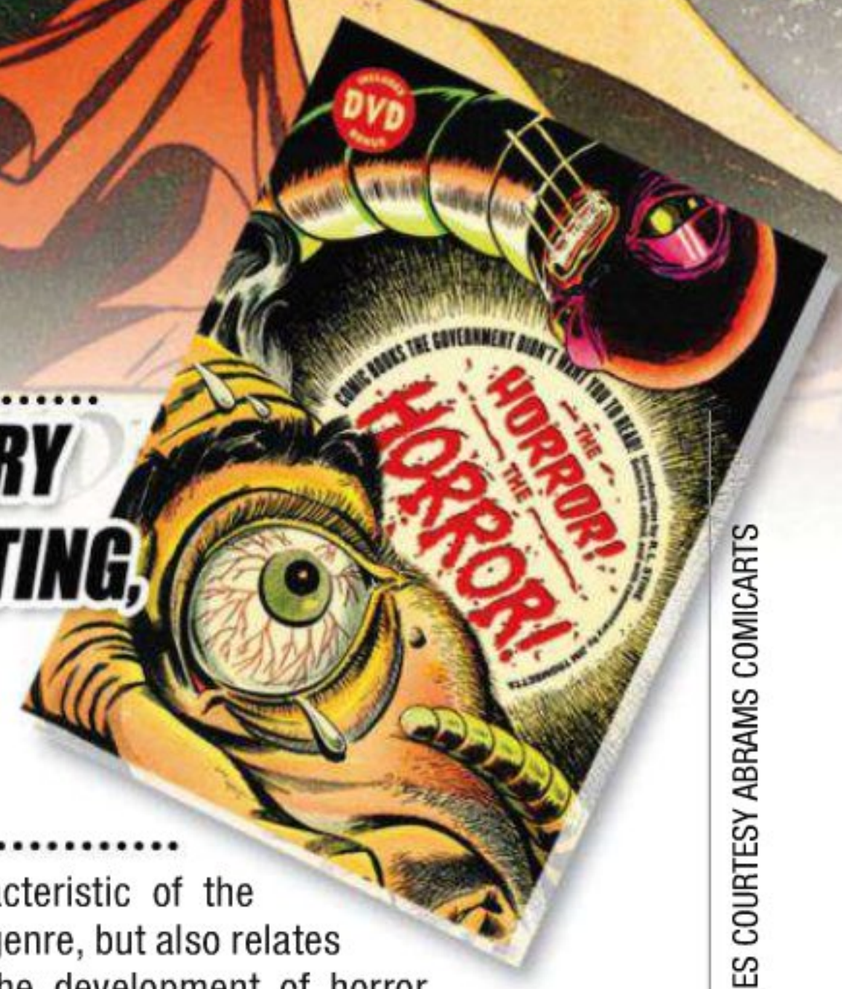
BY KRISTIAN WILLIAMS

THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF '50S HORROR COMICS



THE THING No. 12, February 1954; art by Steve Ditko, Charlton Comics Group



DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE COLD WAR A LITERARY GENRE BECAME SO INFLAMMATORY AND TITILLATING, CONGRESS ENACTED A CODE OF MORALITY TO PRESERVE THE AMERICAN WAY.

In his compelling retrospective, *The Horror! The Horror! Comic Books the Government Didn't Want You to Read* (Abrams ComicArts), Jim Trombetta recounts the brief, gory, glorious history of 1950s horror comics—not just the famous EC titles, but nearly forgotten series like *Chilling Tales*, *The Unseen* and *Black Cat Mysteries*. He not only describes the basic themes, stock characters and common plot points characteristic of the genre, but also relates the development of horror to that of science fiction and crime comics during the same time frame.

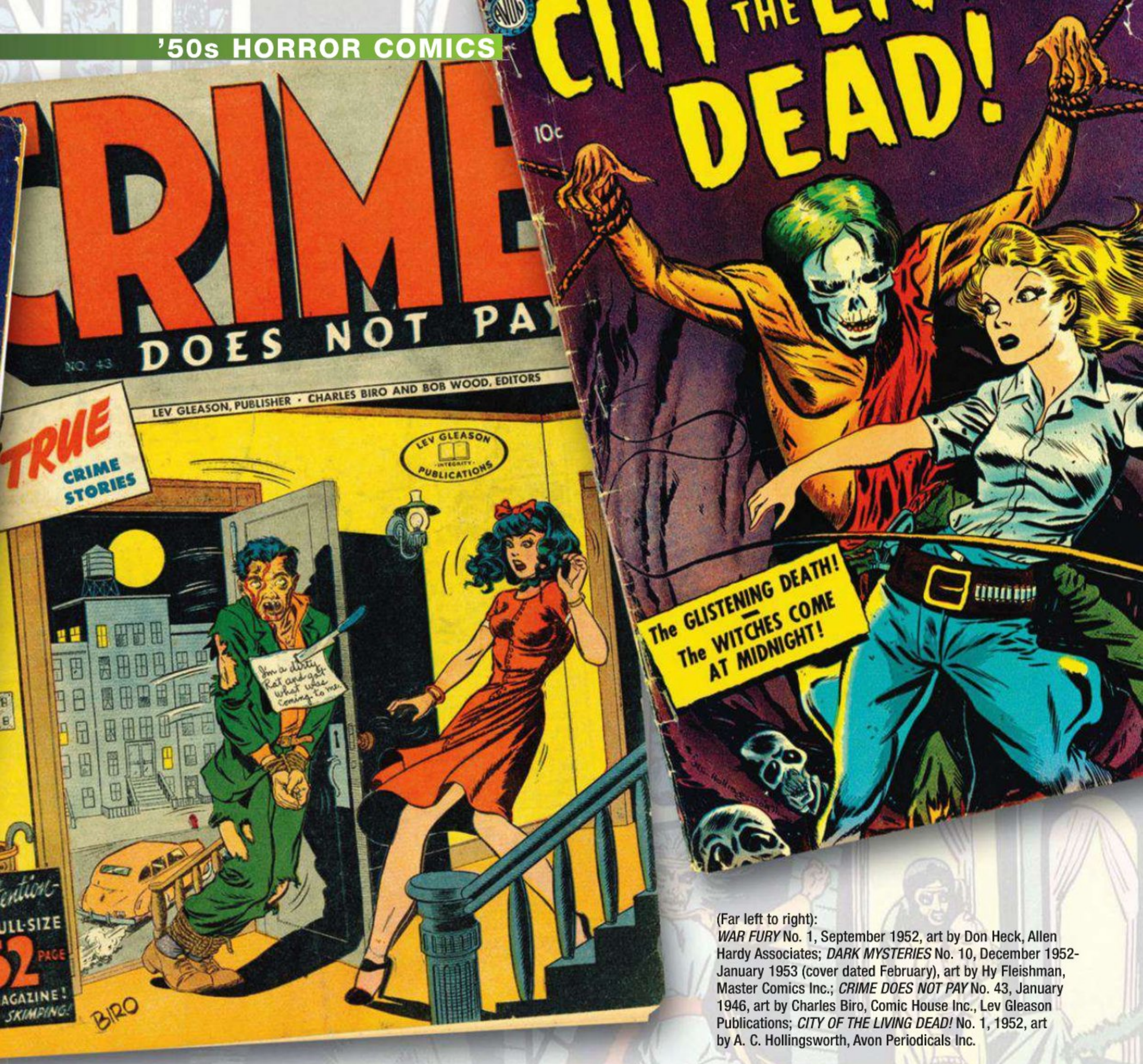
ALL IMAGES COURTESY ABRAMS COMICARTS

In addition, Trombetta—who has penned episodes of *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, *Star Trek: Voyager*, *Miami Vice* and other TV fare—persuasively argues that the storylines, language and (especially) imagery of the early horror comics reflected the repressed fears, desires and judgments of post-World War II society: "The horror comic became a sort of cultural garbage can into which every unacceptable thought and impulse (including fetishistic porn that was not readily available elsewhere) could be chucked."

The comics, with their tales of madmen and ghouls, spoke to the deep anxieties hidden beneath the veneer of peace and prosperity—the suffocating pressures of conformity, guilt over social inequality, the fear of Communism and the sense that, sooner or later, atom bombs were going to fall from the sky. "These comics conveyed the unspeakable, and maybe even the unthinkable trauma of a whole society," Trombetta writes, "but in a streetwise, urban-legend way."

Horror comics depicted the polar opposite of the sparkling-chrome suburban utopia, those rows of identical houses with nearly identical smiling white families. "These comics were genuinely and brazenly subversive in a way that might not even be possible today," Trombetta notes. "In an era that held its values dearly, no dearly held value survived exposure to the horror comic universe: not the 'happy ending,' not family, not science and not the law. This world seems not merely meaningless in an existential sense…but also actively malicious."

Trombetta makes his case smartly in brisk, readable prose. And, crucially, he



(Far left to right):
WAR FURY No. 1, September 1952, art by Don Heck, Allen Hardy Associates; *DARK MYSTERIES* No. 10, December 1952-January 1953 (cover dated February), art by Hy Fleishman, Master Comics Inc.; *CRIME DOES NOT PAY* No. 43, January 1946, art by Charles Biro, Comic House Inc., Lev Gleason Publications; *CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD!* No. 1, 1952, art by A. C. Hollingsworth, Avon Periodicals Inc.

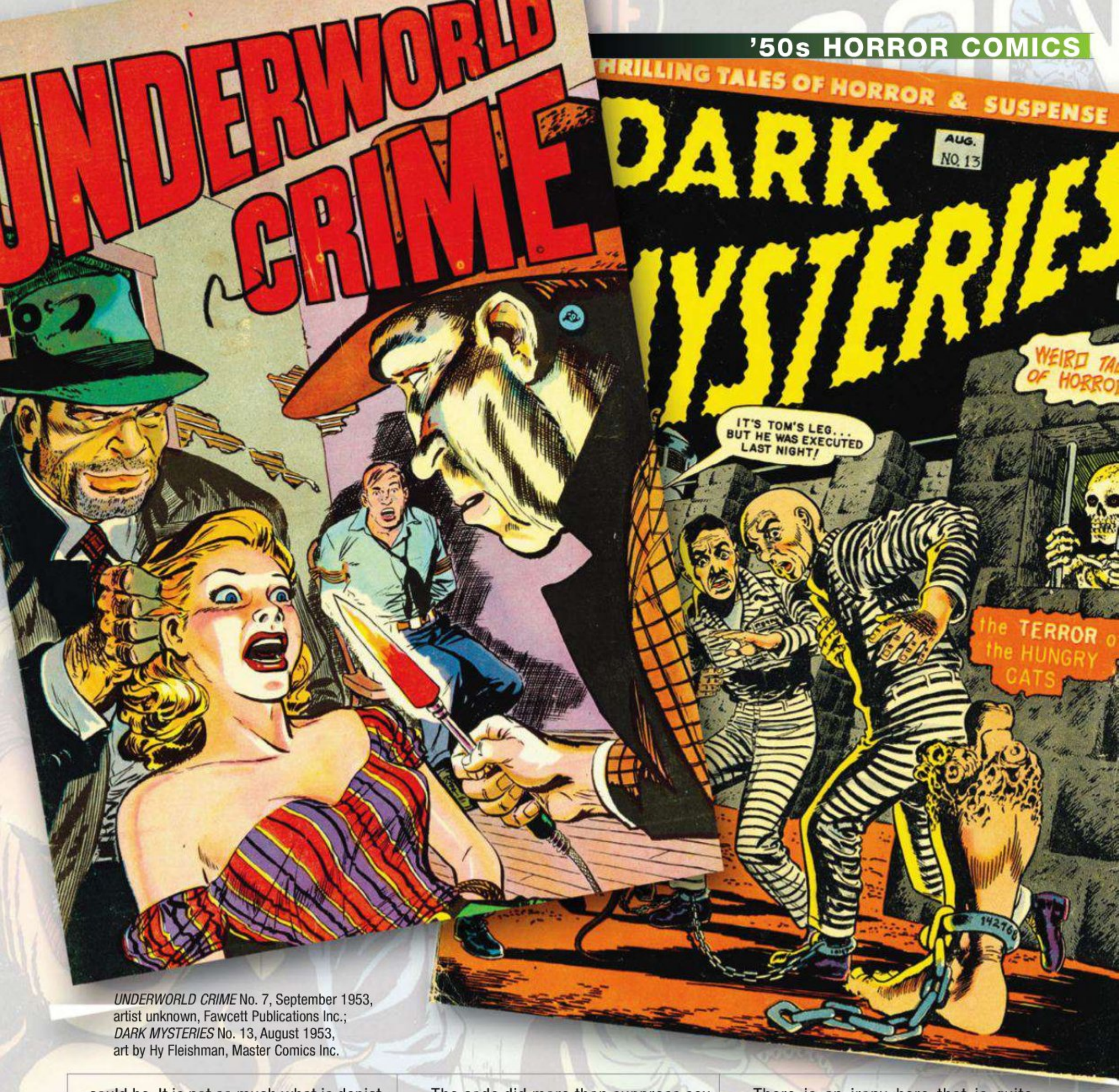
also shows us what he is talking about. *The Horror! The Horror!* includes more than 200 covers from the titles discussed (including many full-pagers), as well as a dozen full-length stories. Many of these had previously been lost to all but the most determined collectors.

The quality of the narratives varies widely. Some, especially those revolving around the arbitrary reversal of dreams, are imbued with a tense, disconcerting atmosphere. Others deliver moments of real poignancy—promising, or rather hinting at, an impending revelation. Most, if not all, of the yarns are silly, while a few are extremely gruesome.

Much more impressive are the covers and other artwork that Trombetta managed to dig up. They are fascinating and repulsive. You find yourself staring, fixated and—at the same time—disgusted, disturbed or simply bewildered.

Trombetta describes one iconic example from *Dark Mysteries*, issue 13: "The image invokes several horror myths—crime and punishment, dismemberment, cannibalism, the living dead—without establishing any real relationship between them. It is supersaturated with dream imagery that refuses to fit together. … [T]here is no coherent story that could have produced the event. … [And] it is hard to imagine what could possibly happen next. … Answers and histories are no more forthcoming here than they are in a painting by Salvador Dali."

Such pictures evoke something worse than scary. There is a wrongness to them, a sense of disorder, that is more unnerving, more deeply unsettling than any werewolf or zombie on its own



UNDERWORLD CRIME No. 7, September 1953, artist unknown, Fawcett Publications Inc.; *DARK MYSTERIES* No. 13, August 1953, art by Hy Fleishman, Master Comics Inc.

could be. It is not so much what is depicted but rather the effect the artist wanted to convey. And for just that reason the graphic images immortalized in horror comics are undeniably works of art.

Unfortunately, these comics' heyday lasted only from about 1947 to 1954. That's when the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency took an interest. At that point the history of American comics added a new chapter—censorship—explaining why much of Trombetta's book concerns the creation and stifling effect of the Comics Code Authority.

The code did more than suppress sex and restrict violence; it also imposed a Sunday School standard of morality, commanding: "In every instance good shall triumph over evil and the criminal punished for his misdeeds."

Such morality never involves just personal conduct and cultural values; inevitably it makes political demands as well. "Policemen, judges, Government officials and respected institutions," the code declared, "shall never be presented in such a way as to create disrespect for established authority."

There is an irony here that is quite astonishing. The critics of lowbrow comics were, by and large, well-meaning liberals. But, in the end, their campaign was fostered by conservative standards. Liberals may be puritans, but puritanism is never liberal.

Look for *The Horror! The Horror!* where all books are sold.

Kristian Williams is the author of *American Methods: Torture and the Logic of Domination* (South End Press) and a regular contributor to *The Comics Journal* (**TCJ.com**).

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MOVIE BUFF

MIELA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Miela hasn't been able to step foot on our shores just yet, but the eye-catching Czech has always been enchanted by the good old USA. "I'm totally obsessed with American movies," she reveals. "Tarantino is my favorite director. I think *Pulp Fiction* and *Jackie Brown* are great."

Despite being born and raised thousands of miles away, **Miela** has been tuned into America's pop culture for as long as she can remember. "It's funny," she notes. "I saw all the same movies and heard all the same songs American kids did, but I wouldn't know about stuff until months after it was cool."

For **Miela**, there was an added benefit to spending so many hours in her hometown's small cinema. "I probably learned to speak English more from watching *Back to the Future* ten times one summer than I did in my actual language class at school," she confesses.

MIELA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Karlovy Vary, Czech Republic | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 118

Miela thinks that she'll venture to the States soon. "I'm really eager to see the whole country," the film aficionada gushes. "My dream would be to spend a few weeks driving all over—maybe I'd do a road trip from New York to L.A. I wouldn't want to do it alone, though. I think I've seen too many horror movies for that!"

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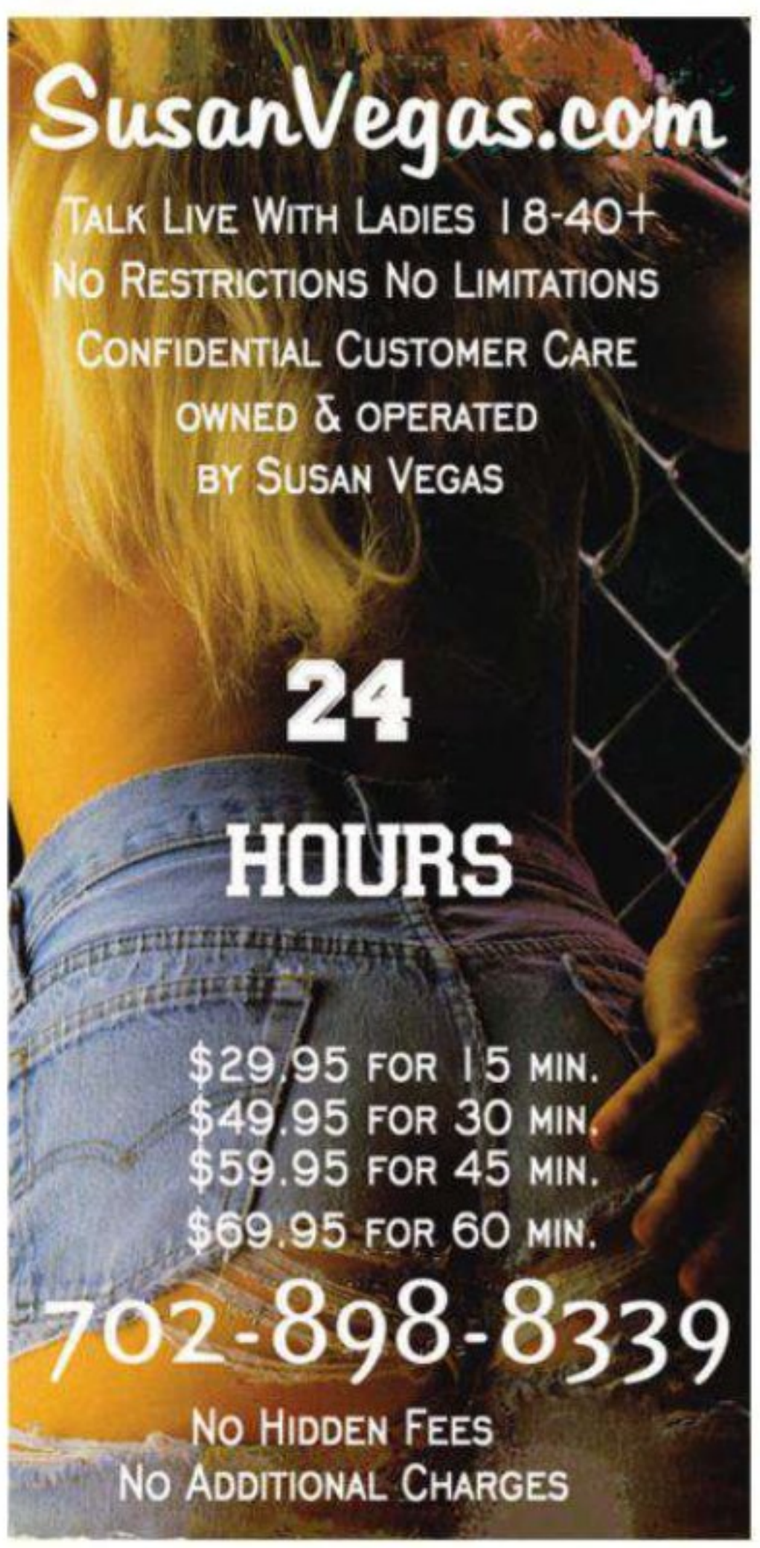
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BY KEITH VALCOURT

BUTCHER BABIES

SEX, BLOOD AND ROCK 'N' ROLL!

BE PREPARED TO HAVE YOUR MIND BLOWN BY TWO CHICKS WHO DON'T GIVE A FUCK AND DO WHATEVER THEY WANT—EVEN TALK TO US!

Back in our September '11 issue we introduced you to the Butcher Babies, the buzzworthy L.A. band led by drop-dead gorgeous Carla Harvey and Heidi Shepherd. Really catching our eyes, the two hotties aggressively belt out punk and heavy metal tunes sans tops—save for strategically affixed strips of electrical tape. Loving us as much as we love them, the dynamic darlings dropped by our offices to chat about stage injuries, cunt-punches and fending off male groupies. Meet your favorite new band: the Butcher Babies!

HUSTLER: Are you ready for your first HUSTLER interview?

Carla Harvey: Ready. We won't pull any punches.

Heidi Shepherd: Not even the infamous cunt-punch.

What's the infamous cunt-punch?

Heidi: It happens onstage whenever Carla gets out of line. (*Laughs.*)

Carla: Whenever *you* get out of line! It can be a one-two punch. I can do her, and she can do me.

Heidi: It's a punch in the cunt. Or I could cunt-punch her in the face.

Do you only cunt-punch each other?

Heidi: I've actually had several instances where someone will jump onstage and hit me in the face. I will have to cunt-punch them in the face too—like the one who chipped my tooth just recently.

Carla: We have definitely hit and kicked a few people in the face who got out of line, but they actually love it.

Heidi: They ask for more.

Is a chipped tooth the worst injury you've sustained while performing?

Heidi: The tooth was the most traumatic one for me because my teeth are my favorite. It was loose. During the show I said, "All right, you motherfucker! You made me almost lose my tooth. Get up here!" I kicked him around a little bit. Luckily my tooth is still there.

Have you been injured, Carla?

Carla: I lost a breast implant, but it was no big thing. We had a big mosh pit going, and me and Heidi like to get in it. We were in the pit, I got hit the wrong way, and an implant burst, which was fine because now I got brand-new titties.

Is that why we're detecting that new-titty smell? Seriously, why did you start the band?

Heidi: Carla and I have been friends for years. When our previous band ended, we thought our dynamic was too good to let go. It was something we needed to keep going. Not only that, but we love being dirty sluts onstage. (*Laughs.*) We love the nipple tape, the sweat and the heavy metal. Heavy metal was started in the '80s—a great time for sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. We definitely do every single aspect of that. It's our calling in life.

How did two ex-Playboy beauties end up balls-out rockers?

Carla: All our life, Heidi and I have had these faces. We've both been perceived as these pretty girls. It's kind of nice to show people who we really are by changing our persona onstage. We know that we're typically hot girls. We get that. But when we play, people get to see what's inside us, and they're blown away.

Heidi: I didn't really fit in at Playboy.

Carla: Neither of us did.

Heidi: I think perversion is amazing. I think it runs our lives, but I don't want to try to be perverted. People at Playboy were really trying too hard. They made it a goal to change their lives to fit the lifestyle. For me it was a natural thing.

Carla: I was an entertainment reporter on Playboy TV's show *The Weekend Flash*. I got fired after 100 episodes because I had a bad attitude and didn't bow down to everything Playboy wanted me to be.

Your band's name comes from the Plasmatics' song "Butcher Baby." Was their singer, the late Wendy O. Williams, an influence?

Carla: She's been a huge influence on us. She was a balls-out female rocker. You look at her, and her nipple tape isn't necessarily all about being sexy. It's about getting out there, getting noticed, rocking out and doing what the fuck you want to do—not caring about what other people think.

Heidi: We're very into shock rock. I believe Wendy started that. There are girls who will comment on our pictures on Facebook and say, "Cover the titties!" We're not trying to be sexy, cuntface! Duh! We're trying to be balls to the walls, in your face. If I cared about being sexy, this band isn't what I'd be doing with my life.

Carla: Heidi is the only other girl that I've ever met, besides myself, that really just doesn't give a fuck. That's how we live our lives. We just don't care. We go out and do what we want. We act like crazy fucking fools onstage, and we love every second of it.

Is it hard to be politically incorrect?

Heidi: This German TV show described us as politically incorrect and trashy. For us that's a fucking compliment. I grew up in a Mormon family, and I don't care what any of them think. I don't care to live their lifestyle. Every time they say, "I don't agree with your lifestyle," I say, "Good. My goal is for you to disagree with me."

Carla: People say they don't agree with it but wish they could live the lifestyle we do. I grew up in Detroit. I'm half black. I was criticized for being into heavy metal and liking things that were supposedly "white." And I didn't care! The point is we came from these backgrounds where we both could have just caved in and become followers. But we knew from a young age, *Fuck that!* We want to do what we wanna do.

We took that attitude with us and started this band. When it comes to dealing with criticism, we don't take ourselves that seriously. This is a big fucking party ride that we're on right now. We're having the time of our fucking lives doing what we wanna do. We may never get another opportunity like this as long as we live to have this much fun.

When you perform, you seem to become otherworldly cartoon characters.

Carla: Makeup can transform. Look at our influences: Wendy O. Williams, Alice Cooper and old KISS. You become someone else when you put on the war paint. We love the theatrics of things like that. Just look at us. We're so comic book. When you're dressed up like characters, you actually perform better. It's our personalities up there, but they're totally overextended.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY EXCEPT AS NOTED

Heidi: It's all in the makeup. As soon as I start drawing it on in the mirror, I feel that sense of calm before the storm.

Do you worry that your raw sexuality may distract people from focusing on the music?

Carla: It doesn't. You would think that it would. When people come to see our show, at first they may be shocked that we aren't wearing clothes. But look at their faces two or three songs into it. They're grooving to the music and have forgotten that we have no clothes on.

Heidi: You see people headbanging and moshing. If they were focused on our titties, they would just be standing there drooling. People come up after the show and say, "Good show," not "You're sexy."

Carla: Also consider our movements onstage. We're not up there gyrating like strippers. We're headbanging. The intensity with which we perform is up there with any fucking male heavy metal musician. I don't think I've seen anyone perform the way that we do. That's why we've got a ton of girl fans.

Are you recording an album?

Heidi: Yes. The four songs posted on our site are old Butcher Babies. The new stuff is more hard-core thrash metal than punk. We keep the punk influence but have evolved to more hard-core.

Carla: I think that our attitude will always be punk, but we *play* metal music.

Heidi: A lot of breakdowns and heavy riffs. Stuff your grandpa would probably not listen to.

Carla: We're trying to make it interesting stylistically—mix it up and do different things with our vocals. Try new things. As we've evolved, we want people to know we're not a gimmick. We're an amazing band.

What groups would you compare Butcher Babies to?

Heidi: System of a Down and Slipknot. If you think about it, those are two very different bands playing different kinds of music. And that's us. We're not just one thing. We're hard-core, thrash, punk and experimental.

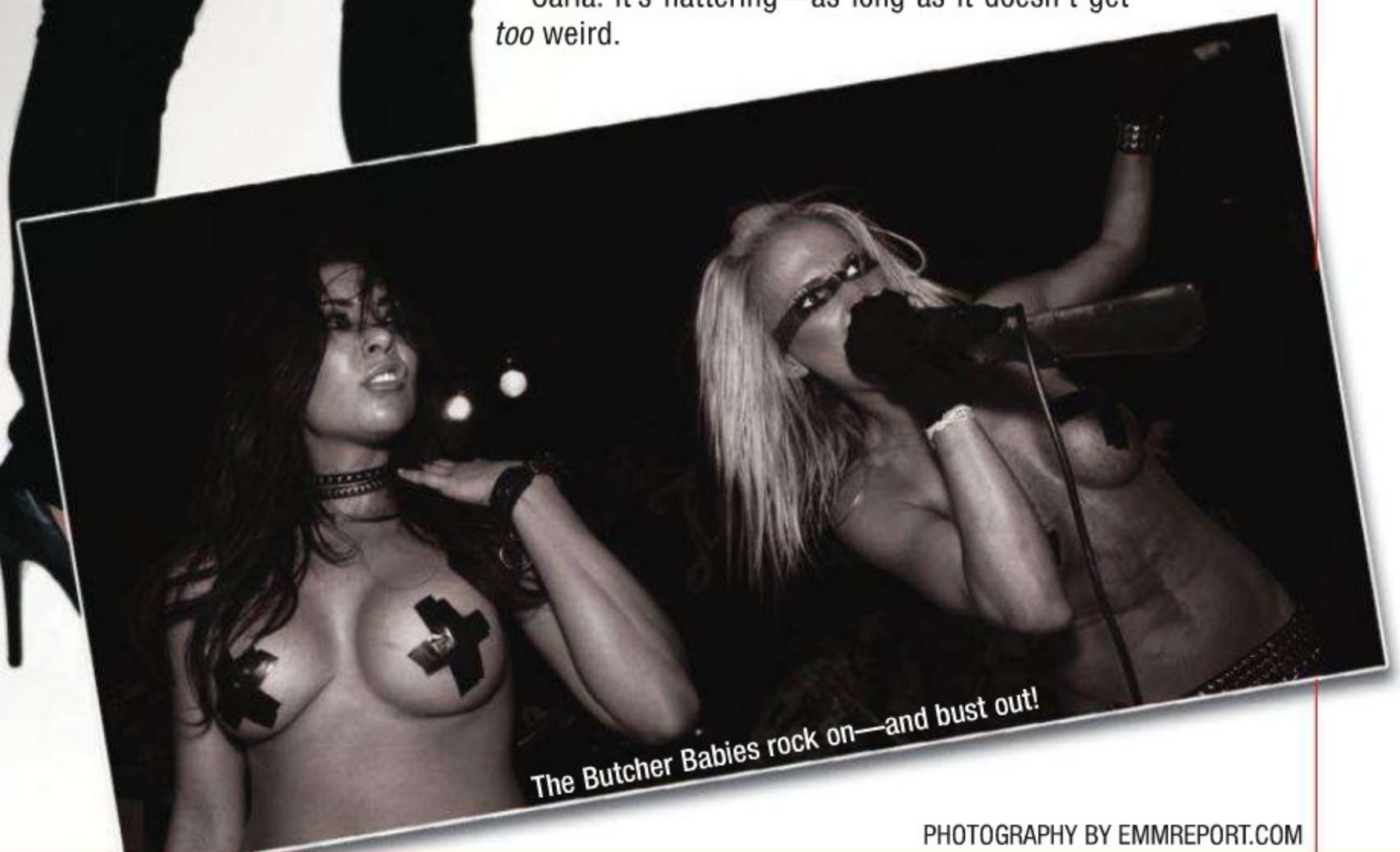
Carla: I think more bands should experiment and not just do the same thing. My musical tastes are so different from Heidi's. If you mix everything together, then you get something amazing that nothing else can be compared to.

Do the two of you have male groupies?

Carla: We totally do. They come to every show.

Heidi: They travel to come to all of them. There are a couple of guys who started a fan page. They have deemed themselves honorary Butcher Babies.

Carla: It's flattering—as long as it doesn't get *too* weird.



The Butcher Babies rock on—and bust out!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EMMREPORT.COM

Heidi: I will keep our fingers crossed that weird shit doesn't happen, but I know it will. Anytime you put hot chicks onstage, regardless of the music, there are going to be crazy weirdo guys or girls who are going to try and grab your titties. I think it's the nature of the game.

Carla: We're far more intimidating than most girls when we're up there with the makeup and the gore. We usually end our show covered in blood. I think most guys are too frightened to be crazy stalkers.

Seeing as gruesome theatrics are a big part of your act, what are you favorite horror movies?

Carla: I'm a huge fan of the '70s horror classics. My favorite [character] is Leatherface [from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*]. I just want to give him a big hug. (*Laughs.*)

Heidi: I think Rob Zombie is one of my favorite horror directors. He's taken the creepiness and the things that keep you up at night and made them real.

Carla: It's hard for me to get scared because I used to be a mortician, and I have embalmed people. After opening up dead bodies, I need to be really fucked in the head to get scared. The blood doesn't affect me, but I love using it in our show because it's still horrific to most people. Death is the one thing that all people are scared of, but it's going to happen to all of us.

Carla, did you say you were once a mortician?

Carla: Yes. Ever since I was a kid, I've been fascinated with death. I'm overly preoccupied with how the body works and why we have to die. Why can't we avoid it? What can I do differently so I won't die? I found a mortuary science program, and I loved it. I think it's a very noble job because you get to help people. First you help the families cope with grief, and then you get to send off a person in style.

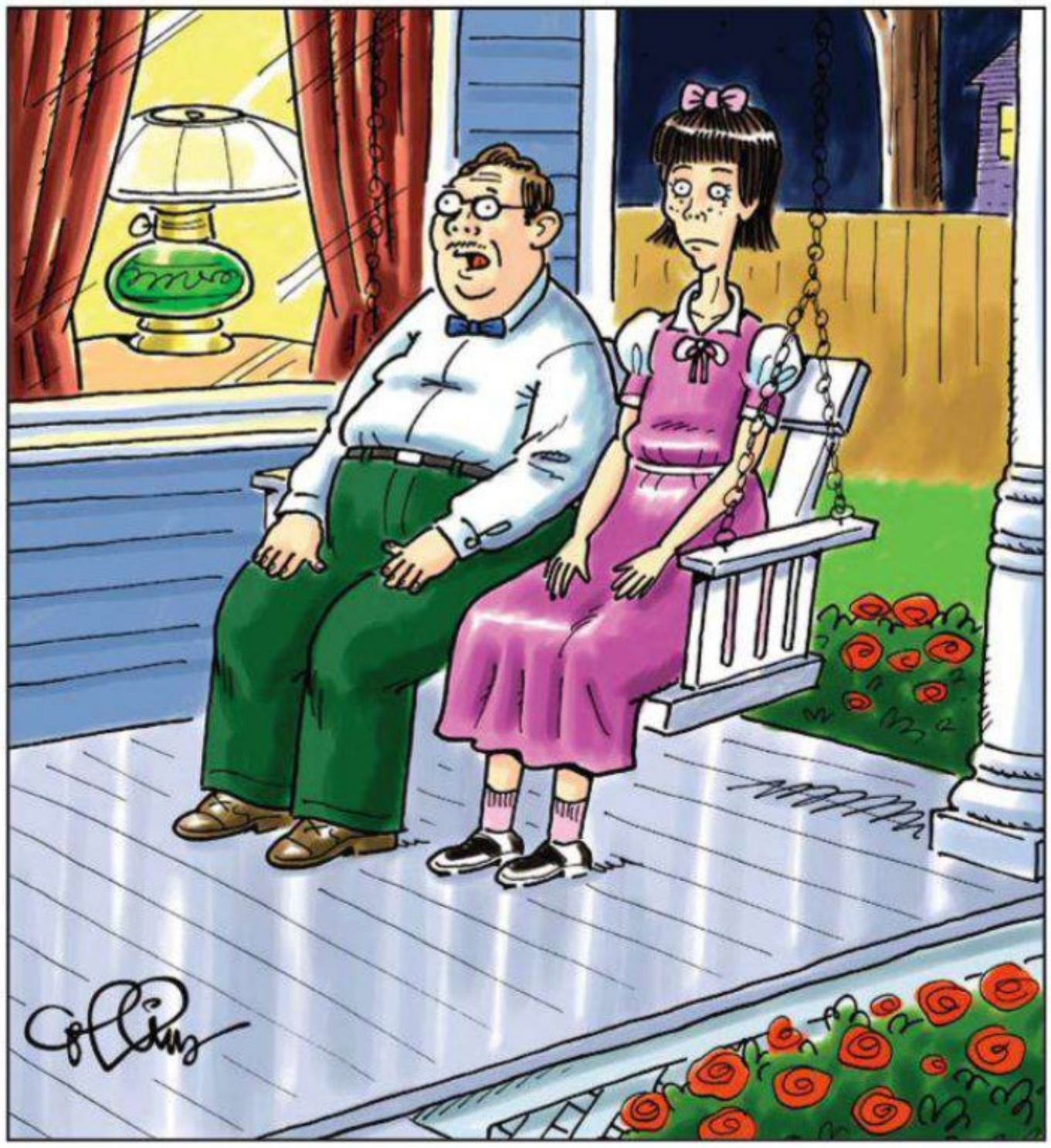
There are so many creepy morticians—really fucking creepy. You don't want your grandma with these people. But if you can give someone a good send-off by making them look beautiful one more time like they looked in life, that is an amazing and noble thing to do for a family.

What is the Butcher Babies' motto?

Heidi: It would be "Why not?" There are so many things in our lives that could have held us back. I was actually born inside out. I have a huge scar. I don't have a belly button. That could hold any normal girl back, make her self-conscious that she couldn't show off her stomach. I'm lucky to be here. I'm a miracle baby. I live by "Why not?" and "Fuck you, I'm perfect!"

Carla: I recently got a tattoo that says, "Momento More," which is Latin for "Remember you must die." Live while you're here and do everything you want to do. You never know when it's your time to go. You have to live life on your own accord and live it to the fullest!

For more about Carla Harvey and Heidi Shepherd, visit ButcherBabies.com and their band's Facebook page.

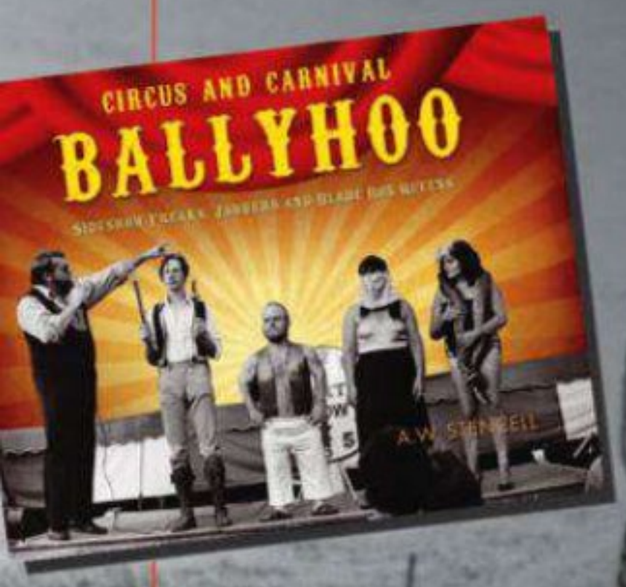


"Mother googled you, Audrey. Does the name 'Cockhound of Cancun' ring a bell?"

"This is the Gospel according to St. Charlie Sheen..."

BY MATT HOGE

FREAK SHOW

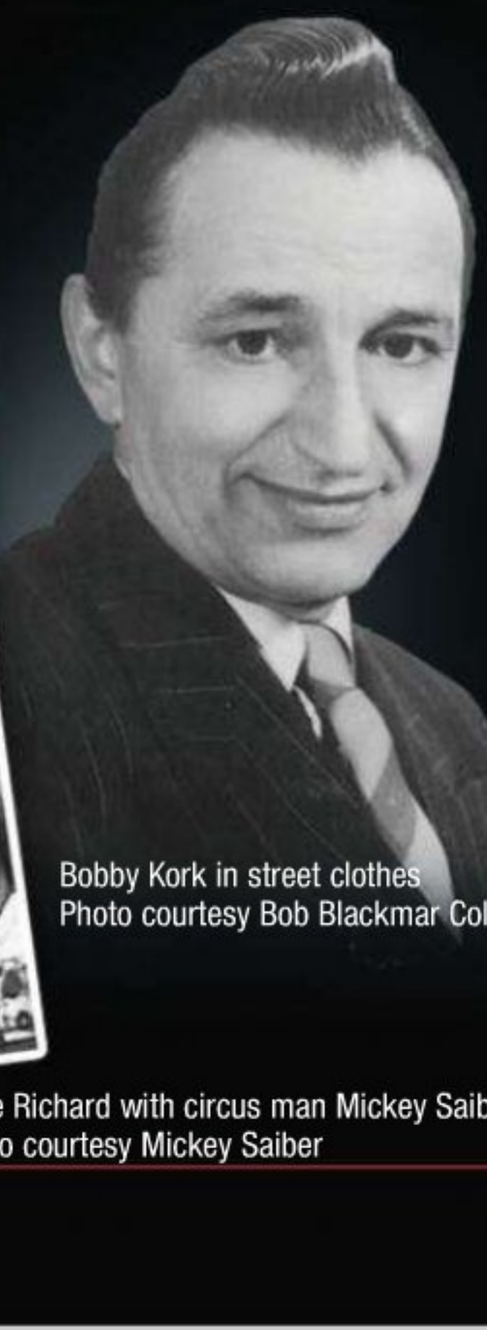


A CIRCUS VETERAN PAYS HOMAGE TO GENDER BENDERS, FOUR-LEGGED LADIES AND BIG-DICKED DWARVES OF YORE.

Robert Huddleson
Photo courtesy Faye Renton

Bobby Kork in costume
Photo courtesy Bob Blackmar Collection

Little Richard with circus man Mickey Saiber's wife
Photo courtesy Mickey Saiber



Bobby Kork in street clothes
Photo courtesy Bob Blackmar Collection

"Big Jim"
Photo courtesy Ward Hall

Betty Lou Williams
Photo courtesy A.W. Stencell

A.W. Stencell's new book *Circus and Carnival Ballyhoo: Sideshow Freaks, Jaggers and Blade Box Queens* (ECW Press) reveals what life was like for a subset of the population often dismissed as weirdos and charlatans. Besides crafting an engaging history of the rise and fall of the two most ballyhooed types of traveling amusement shows, the author consistently enlivens the narrative with insightful and funny anecdotes. Adhering to the maxim "write what you know," Stencell drew upon his 19 years of experience under the big top to deliver a truly over-the-top book.

The circus has had a lengthy presence in America, dating back to the late 1700s. The initial repertoire gave audiences a rare opportunity to witness acrobats, jugglers and a menagerie of exotic animals. The promise of apes, rhinoceroses and six-legged calves lured curiosity seekers under the tent. On the other hand, the enduring image of the carnival is the "sideshow freak."

Sideshows were introduced to give carnivalgoers a glimpse of lives that were wildly different from their own. Half-and-halfs like Bobby Kork made cash by creating the illusion that they were of mixed gender. (In Kork's case he simply concealed his genitals.) Dubbed "The Pony Boy," Robert Huddleson had back-bending knees that compelled him to move about on hands and feet.

Betty Lou Williams never knew anything but life as an oddity on display. Born with two spare legs and an extra arm jutting out of her belly, she was first shown off prior to turning two years old. The sideshow attraction was on her way to a prosperous career. By the time Betty died from a severe asthma attack at age 23, the "four-legged woman" had earned enough to buy her father a farm and pay her siblings' school fees.

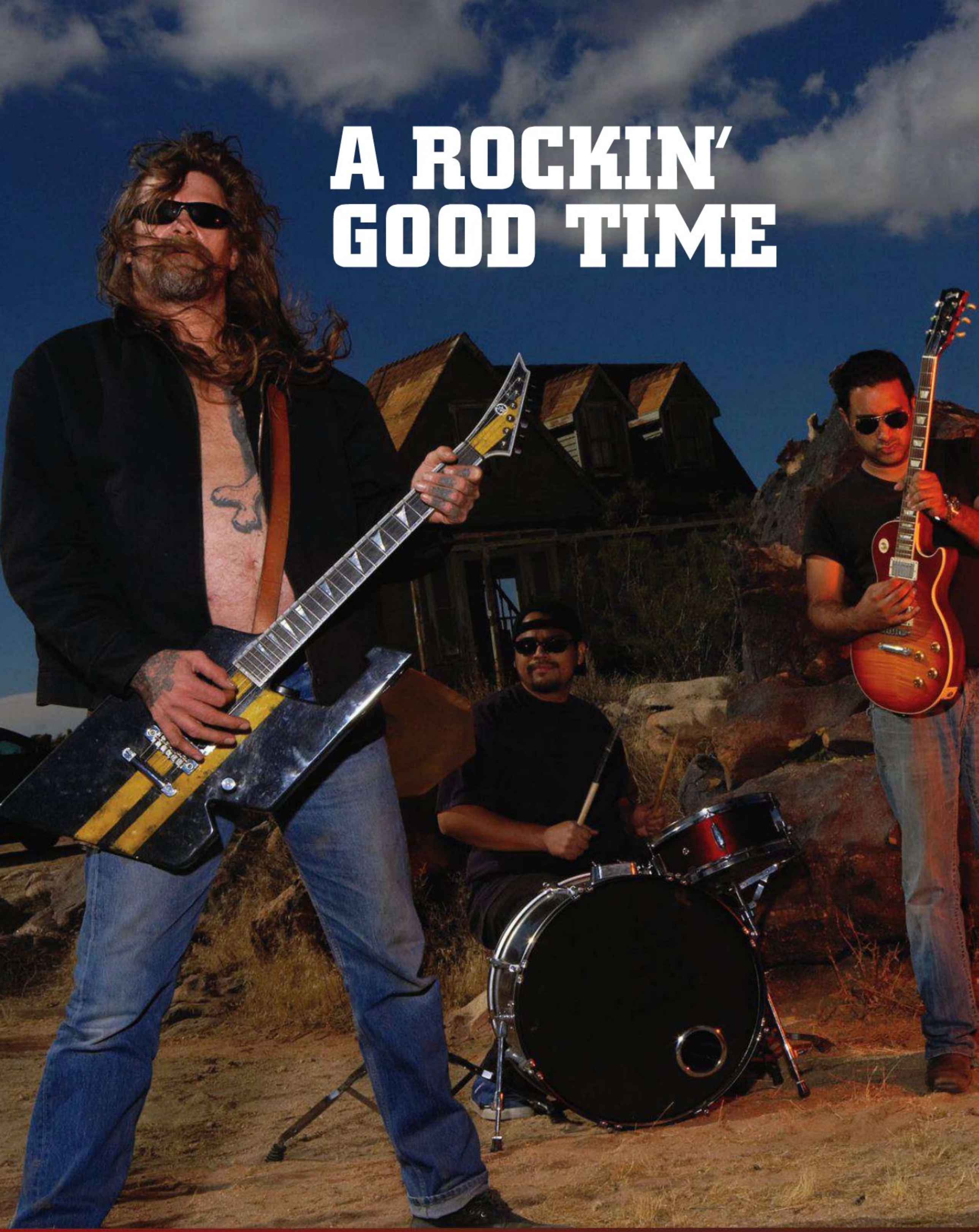
What was once shocking is now sadly commonplace. If you want to see a morbidly obese person these days, just visit your local Walmart. But catching a glimpse of a 750-pound hulk was cause for excitement in the 1950s. It was a tough job for guys like Big Jim, being gawked at all day, but how else was he going to make enough money to eat to his stomach's content? Every day, the behemoth purportedly put down a dozen cheeseburgers for lunch. A typical dinner included a tub of chicken, four entire pies and two gallons of iced tea.

Sometimes, sideshow customers wanted to do more than simply ogle the peculiar attractions. A dwarf known as Little Richard developed a reputation as a ladies' man that was so impressive, he even acquired a second nickname: "The Tripod." Circus veteran Mickey Saiber recalled catching the tiny horndog in the act: "All you saw was Little Richard's head with the big Afro on this woman's stomach and his little butt bouncing up and down." According to rumors, Little Richard met his demise in New Orleans while performing in a sex show. (Sadly, the sordid details have been lost to the ages.)

Call them freaks if you must, but sideshow performers were (and still are) just like us. They were often in search of nothing more than gainful employment and a sense of community. Under the big top or inside a carnival tent was the only place they could find what matters most.

Circus and Carnival Ballyhoo is available at bookstores and from online retailers.

A ROCKIN' GOOD TIME



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

TUESDAY CROSS & BRITNEY AMBER

Best friends Wendy (brunet **Tuesday Cross**) and Daphne (**Britney Amber**) were bored out of their sexy skulls. It was another slow day in their drab desert town. Little did they know shit was about to change—big time.

A dark-gray van pulled into the parking lot of the Korean-Absurdist restaurant where Wendy and Daphne worked. Then three scraggly dudes stumbled through the door and grabbed a table. They each ordered the lunch special: a half squid marinated in the tears of a nun and served in a bowler hat.

"Who are you?" Wendy whispered.

"We're a Nickelback cover band," one of the hombres replied. "We're on a quest to find the intersection of truth and beauty. We need your help."

"How can we be of assistance?" Daphne asked.

"You girls wanna screw each other in a creepy abandoned house while the whole band watches?" the rocker retorted.

"We thought you'd never ask," Wendy gasped, grinning from ear to ear.

Wendy and Daphne climbed into the dark-gray van. It rolled forward. The rest is history.

For a longer look at these lovely ladies, check out Tuesday Cross in *Barely Legal #96* or Britney Amber in *Busty Beauties: The A List 4.* Both are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

GLOBAL HUNGER

HOW GOLDMAN SACHS COULD BE RESPONSIBLE

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

AND WALL STREET

Along with all the other ways President Barack Obama has betrayed the American people, he's also turned a blind eye to a Wall Street commodities scam. Since 2005, rampant speculation has caused an increase in the worldwide cost of food that ranges from 30% to 80%. This price manipulation has contributed mightily to the dilemma of nearly 50 million Americans who currently can't afford to put a full meal on the table. Instead, they're filling their bellies with cheap, sugary, fried crap. Across the globe, according to U.N. estimates, the number of people suffering from hunger or malnutrition increased by 150 million over the past decade as a direct result of this callous speculation. Now there are 925 million people who are starving worldwide.

The story begins at 200 West Street in New York City in the towering fortress of Supreme Evil: the corporate headquarters of Goldman Sachs. Keep in mind that Goldman, like all investment banks, exists for one purpose: to make a profit. And, thanks to deregulation, the money the firm is making now goes into its own personal pockets while contributing nothing to our country's economy.

As everybody familiar with the financial crisis of 2008 knows, Goldman has always been in the forefront of "innovative" ideas—i.e., preposterously risky ways to make money for itself and (sometimes) its clients. Back in 1991—when Goldman analysts were busy successfully devising virtually incomprehensible mathematical formulas for collateralized debt, credit default swaps and other complex and mostly useless derivatives in stocks, bonds, real estate and currency markets—there was still one area that the firm's greedy fingers had not yet touched: food.

Of course, investors had made money speculating on the price of food for years. However, the speculative "futures price" of crops like soy, corn or wheat (or any other commodity) could never move too far from the actual price—"spot" in financial jargon—because every ten weeks or so the stuff actually had to be delivered somewhere. That forced the speculative price to converge with the actual price. Simply put, the way the game was played since President Franklin D. Roosevelt's reforms after the 1929 Wall Street crash was that an investor only had a finite amount of time to speculate—with position limits. In combination with productivity increases in agriculture and food production, this allowed for stable prices. In other words, the vast majority of the world could afford to buy food.

Because commodities speculation was limited thanks to government regulations—with relatively low volatility and only limited opportunity to make a killing—Goldman Sachs decided to change the rules of the game. It created a brand-new financial instrument for commodities speculation, one that wasn't dependent on crop conditions or farm reports. This revolutionary investment concept even ran counter to the classic, accepted economic theory of buying low and selling high. The "Goldman Sachs Commodity Index" only bought—and bought and bought and bought! No matter how high a grain future might grow, Goldman would only transfer its long positions into the next long future position—indefinitely.

On its face, a client would have Goldman invest all of his or her money in the commodities market. However, after successfully lobbying to weaken regulations that had been in place since the Great Depression, the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (the federal government's regulatory arm) allowed Goldman to put up only 5% of the money it collected to buy the futures. That left the firm with 95% of its investor's money to put into Treasury bills or whatever else it felt could easily be leveraged into a new pile of cash. To be clear: Goldman Sachs used that 95% of its client's money to invest for *itself*.

Win-win. If the price of a commodity like wheat went up, Goldman and its client made money. If the price went down, the client lost 100% of his money, but Goldman couldn't care less. It would still rake in the dough from the profits gained by investing that 95% of the client's money in far less risky ventures, even after it paid off the balance of the client's debt. Plus, Goldman got to charge its client management fees while using the client's money to enrich itself. The Wall Street giant had figured out how to eliminate the risks.

Naturally, once they realized what Goldman was doing, Chase, Bank of America, J.P. Morgan, AIG, Bear Stearns, Deutsche Bank, Oppenheimer, Pimco and Barclays all quickly jumped onto the futures-commodities index funds bandwagon. The various promotional arms of the aforementioned firms then went to work selling investors on these marvelous, cleverly constructed financial instruments. By 2008, Goldman Sachs and its Wall Street counterparts had turned the concept of betting on long-only futures into an over-$300-billion business.

The unfortunate repercussion of this lucrative new enterprise was that the massive influx of unregulated speculative cash sharply increased price movements in commodities that had formerly been driven more by fundamental supply-and-demand factors. Translation: Multinational banks made a fortune spiking food and oil prices to the sky.

The average household in the United States currently spends about 20% of its budget on food. But in developing countries, households can spend 50% or even 90% of their income on food alone. Higher food prices mean eating less. Compounded by lower incomes due to the global economic slowdown, the number of chronically malnourished people worldwide has increased dramatically.

AND OTHER GREEDY INVESTMENT BANKS FOR MILLIONS OF DEATHS WORLDWIDE.

"Sure, Michele Bachmann is a very attractive woman, but she never talks about the issues Americans care about. Like, I wonder how good she is at sucking dick?"

Speculation in commodities is referred to as "investing," but that description is wildly inaccurate. Nothing in the commodities-speculation game is invested to increase production of anything—not one penny! Resources that could be funneled into genuinely productive activities and ventures are diverted into opaque derivatives designed to make wealthy bankers even richer. With more Americans out of work than ever before and this country still mired in the biggest slowdown since the Great Depression, the U.S. economy desperately needs that investment capital put to better use.

A doomsday scenario is not impossible. Because of the precarious state of America's finances, the federal government has kept interest rates low. Low interest rates—ostensibly intended to help stimulate consumption, investment and growth—continue to make cheap cash available to banks that pour it into commodity derivatives. This, in turn, raises commodity prices. That means less money is available to increase economic activity and more money is pushed into the system specifically to boost the price of corn, wheat, coffee, oil and other essentials—factors that all raise the risk of a financial meltdown far worse than the one that occurred in 2008.

Unfortunately, the mainstream media have totally ignored the commodities-speculation story, just like they ignored the '08 housing bubble. Mark Weisbrot, codirector of the Washington, D.C.-based Center for Economic Policy and Research, observed: "There's a tendency for media to believe that prices are always driven by market forces instead of speculative forces. At the time of the housing bubble, there were lots of logical explanations for it, all of which turned out to be bullshit. . . . [T]here's an economic illiteracy in the press. Few reporters can even do arithmetic."

Some people, however, are adding and subtracting. Gary Gensler, the current head of the U.S. Commodity Futures Trading Commission, has publicly stated he believes "that increased speculation in energy and agricultural products has hurt farmers and consumers."

Michel Barnier—the European Commissioner for Internal Market and Services—has said that "speculation in basic foodstuffs is a scandal." In addition, a number of U.N. agencies and world food organizations have voiced their indignation. There's constant talk of renewed regulation by U.S. legislators, but it's just that...talk.

Meanwhile, more and more Americans are struggling to feed their kids while entire families in Third World countries are flat-out dying. And since our President appears to be unable (or unwilling) to push back the Republican Party and the banksters, nothing is likely to change soon. Wall Street continues its behind-the-scenes lobbying efforts to weaken regulation and transparency at the cost of human lives.

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

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LAYLA ROSE

Layla Rose has a thing for the past. "I'm a huge Marilyn Monroe fan," she confesses. "If I could travel in time, I'd go back to the 1950s so I could meet her. Since that probably won't happen, I've been reading a lot of books about her, like *The Secret Life of Marilyn Monroe,* which is great."

Although Monroe is constantly on her mind, **Layla**'s sexiest memory evokes an iconic scene from a 1950s flick that didn't star the blond bombshell. Channeling *From Here to Eternity*, **Layla** gushes about an unforgettable evening: "I was on the beach at night with my boyfriend. All the stars were shining; no one was around. It got really hot, sand was flying everywhere, and the water was about to hit us. It felt so good, out in the open, knowing we could get caught at any second. It was paradise."

Layla is fairly new to the modeling game, but being in front of the camera has been a goal since she was a kid. “Growing up, I was always told that I was beautiful,” **Layla** recalls, “so I dreamed about pursuing modeling. When an actual chance came up for me to do it, I took it.”

Now **Layla** hopes that modeling (both clothed and nude gigs) will pay her way through college. The breathtaking Latina isn’t sure what she’ll study, but music, fashion and acting might figure in. They’re three of her passions. “I love music because it takes me away from where I am,” **Layla** notes. “My favorite artists are Mariah Carey, Drake and the Dream. I love throwback artists too, like Lil Kim and Tupac.”

Layla Rose may regard the past fondly, but she seems more than ready to embrace her future.

LAYLA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-0 | WEIGHT: 105

If you're still craving more Layla Rose, we recommend *Barely Legal #114,* 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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BY KIMBERLY CHENG

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

CHARLIE SHEEN'S $30,000 WHORE

KACEY JORDAN OPENS UP AND CASHES IN FOLLOWING A FLING WITH THE FORMER TWO AND A HALF MEN STAR.

"I'M JUST CLEARLY STATING WHAT I AM…A WHORE FOR MONEY."

That's what Kacey Jordan tweeted to the world on April 17, 2011. It's an easy argument to make. Clearly, the 23-year-old porn star knows how to have a good time. Charlie Sheen knew it too. He reportedly paid the small-chested, big-mouthed blonde $30,000 to party with him during a 36-hour binge on booze and blow at Sheen's Beverly Hills home. Proving to be a true-blue kiss-and-teller, Kacey posted a racy photo of herself sitting in front of a table littered with mouthwash, disinfectant wipes, cigarettes, lotions, oils and what appeared to be a pink sex toy.

Sheen ultimately landed in the hospital. Kacey, on the other hand, was caught by photographers heading straight to the bank to cash her check. Then she hired a Hollywood agent, Kevin Blatt, to start brokering deals with media outlets for interviews. "[Kacey] won't talk for free," Blatt told reporters—and his client hasn't stopped flapping her loose lips since. "When I first saw [Sheen], he was just fucking wasted out of his mind," Kacey told TMZ. She added that the actor was downing vodka, free-basing cocaine—even blowing the smoke into her mouth while she was popping downers—and watching porn during

his apparent "mission for suicide." At one point, Kacey recalled, "We got in the shower because we were sweating from all the fucking drugs. … He just had his little green pipe, and he kept hitting it."

The pipe wasn't the only thing Sheen was hitting. It's only fitting the "whore for money" let the TV star hit on her too—and, of course, she recounted to E! what fucking him was like: "It was okay. [It's] because he was so fucked up. When you're that high…his performance wasn't very long." How long did the *Two and a Half Men* star last exactly? Well, just about two and a half minutes, according to Kacey, who calls her vagina KPuff.

First, Sheen gave KPuff oral to "get me going"; then he pulled out his "average," six-inch dick. "After sex we just sat in bed," Kacey continued, "and he held on to me. He was sloppy but still functioning. [He] wouldn't stop kissing my feet. He promised me he'd get me a Bentley."

But it's hard to keep promises to someone like Kacey Jordan. According to Sheen's representatives, she falls into the category of "opportunistic women trying to take advantage of [Sheen's] celebrity status." Maybe if Kacey would have kept her trap shut she could have been one of Sheen's "goddesses," who later partied with the actor on his private jet, vacationed with him in the Bahamas and shared the spotlight during his nationwide My Violent Torpedo of Truth/Defeat Is Not an Option tour.

Instead, Kacey sent a text message with a startling revelation to Sheen (and leaked it to the media as well): "Charlie, im so sorry how things turned out, I want u to know something before it hits the press…I'm pregnant and I don't believe its yours, but I'm going to Oregon to take care of the situation. I never wanted any of this crazy attention, I just want to wish u well and thank u."

Emerging from BOA Steakhouse in Los Angeles a few days later, Kacey announced to the paparazzi, "I don't have a baby anymore." She also told them that she was currently not on birth control, had never been on birth control and had no plans to begin using birth control. This is, after all, the same porn star who was allegedly pregnant with Kevin Federline's baby three years ago before she aborted it (according to RumorFix.com) and who recently tweeted, "I love being a cum dumpster. I hate seeing loads in towels, condoms, socks… #donateurbabiestomyass&mouthplease."

Then came an alleged suicide attempt in Chicago. On March 14, staffers at the Peninsula Hotel made 911 calls after Kacey posted on her Twitter account: "i just snorted a fat line…i've over done it…I keep fainting. I guess I'll have to do more and see what that does." And to drive the point home, she then tweeted, "i took a bunch of pills…drank a hotel size bottle of jack…stumbled to the bathroom to weigh myself……..86 lbs."

Police rushed to the hotel and found Kacey sitting on a bed—with prescription drug containers, liquor bottles and broken glass strewn about her room. (Apparently, she doesn't need Sheen to get fucked up.) According to the responding officers, Kacey had cuts and abrasions on her wrists and an arm. When they approached her, she grabbed a corkscrew/bottle opener and made a beeline for the exit while trying to cut herself.

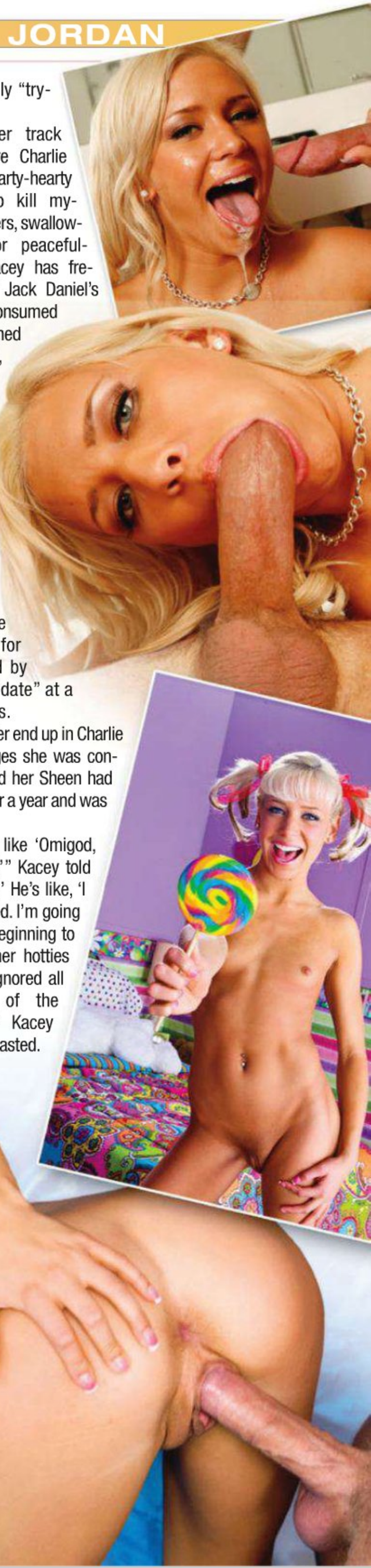
The cops eventually subdued Kacey, who was transported to a nearby hospital for psychiatric evaluation. Later, the XXX basket case explained that she was merely "trying to feel [Sheen's] pain."

Not surprising, given her track record. Months earlier, before Charlie ever "messed me up," the party-hearty girl tweeted, "I'm going to kill myself…goodbye to all my followers, swallowing whole bottle xanax for peacefulsllleppppppp." Via Twitter, Kacey has frequently declared her love of Jack Daniel's whiskey and pills, preferably consumed at the same time. When concerned "fans" tell her to slow it down, she tells them to fuck off.

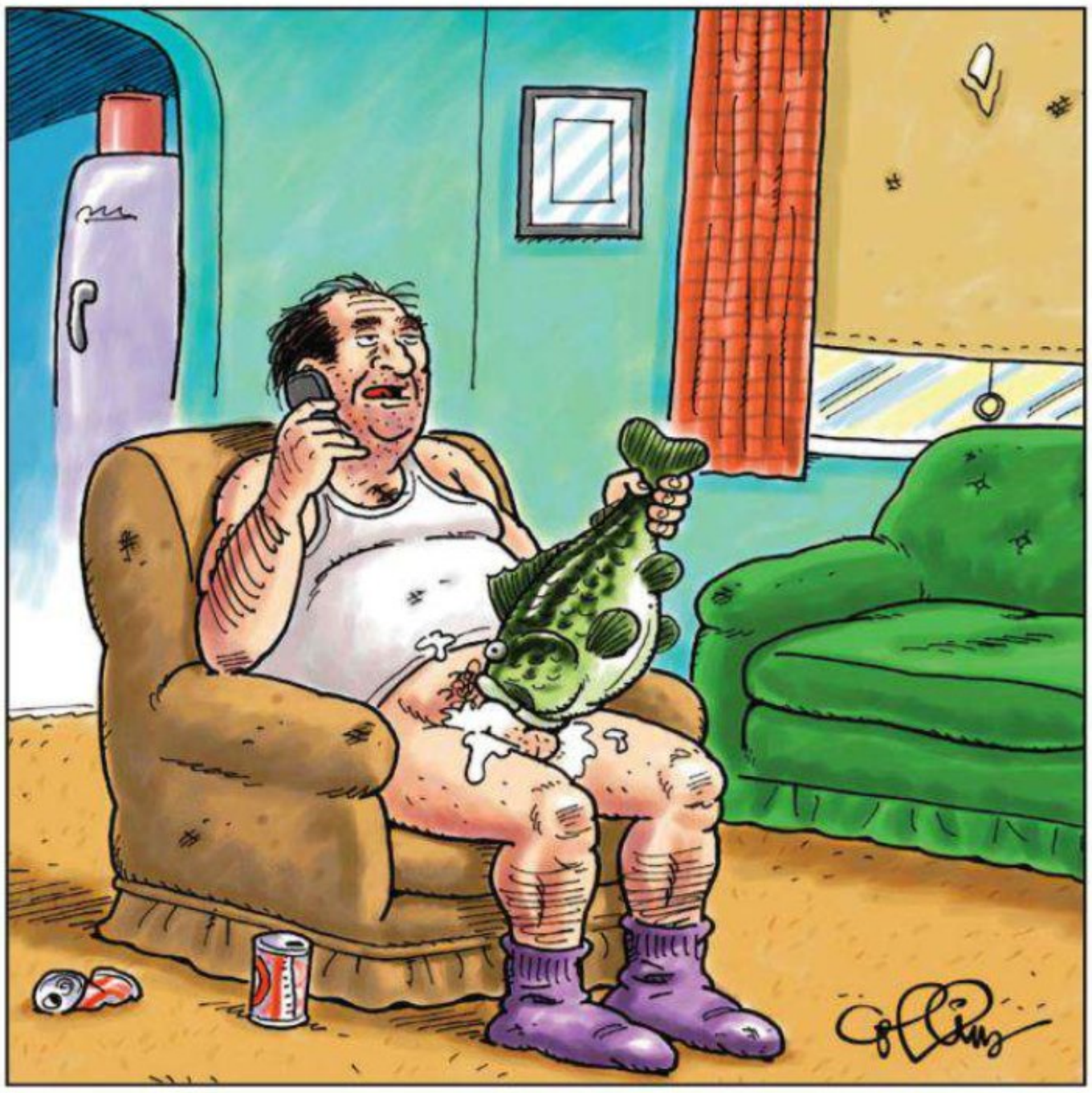
That's just how Kacey is. During Howard Stern's Charlie Sheen Porn Star Pageant, Capri Anderson and Melanie Rios—two of the participants—told Kacey that half of the people in the porn industry hated her. Nevertheless, Kacey won the $10,000 prize but had to face the "you have no class even for a porn star" barbs launched by Anderson (Sheen's terrified "date" at a New York City hotel) and Rios.

How did the "classless" XXXer end up in Charlie Sheen's bedroom? Kacey alleges she was contacted by a third party who told her Sheen had been trying to track her down for a year and was her "biggest fan."

"I come in, and [Sheen's] like 'Omigod, Kacey, I can't believe it's you,'" Kacey told Howard Stern. "I'm like, 'Yeah.' He's like, 'I have all your scenes memorized. I'm going to tell you your scenes from beginning to finish.'" And even though other hotties were at Sheen's house, "he ignored all the rest of the girls," Kacey boasted.



Kacey blowing it big time in *Hometown Girls #2* (top two photos) and offering up some confectionary delights in *Not the Bradys XXX: Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!*



"Oh, nothing much—just boning a fish."

"Hell, Tony, I lost my virginity years ago—but I still have the box it came in!"

Why wouldn't he? Kacey, who has readily admitted she loves "being a whore so much," immediately challenged Sheen to a drink-off so she could "catch up."

You see, Kacey is a pro. She has said she drinks every day. In fact, she takes medication normally given to cancer patients to prevent her from puking so she can drink more. Kacey had her first beer when she was six and started drinking regularly at 14. According to Kacey, her mother—who recently turned 39—was a wine-aholic, and the young lush used to raid the liquor cabinet, pilfering a bottle every night.

Born Courtney Roskop in Austin, Texas, and raised in Oregon, Kacey is a former varsity cheerleader who got tired of working in retail and at tanning salons. The A-cupper—who vows to "never get fake boobs" because "they look gross"—used to attend church twice a week. Kacey claims she had her first kiss at 16 and didn't lose her virginity until 17.

Determined "to live the life of a rock star," Kacey left home before her 18th birthday rolled around. She spent some time as a legal prostitute at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in Nevada and went on to strip for a few months (stripper name: Platinum) only to find her true calling in porn. But believe it or not, Kacey says she is "still a Christian." C'mon now! Christians believe Kacey's lifestyle is sinful, and neither Charlie Sheen nor God is that forgiving.

Shortly after being fired from *Two and a Half Men*, Sheen bashed the porn star during an appearance on *The Howard Stern Show.* When Kacey attended his disastrous Torpedo of Truth gig in Detroit, she was given "a backstage pass to go see Charlie after the show." But the reunion never happened.

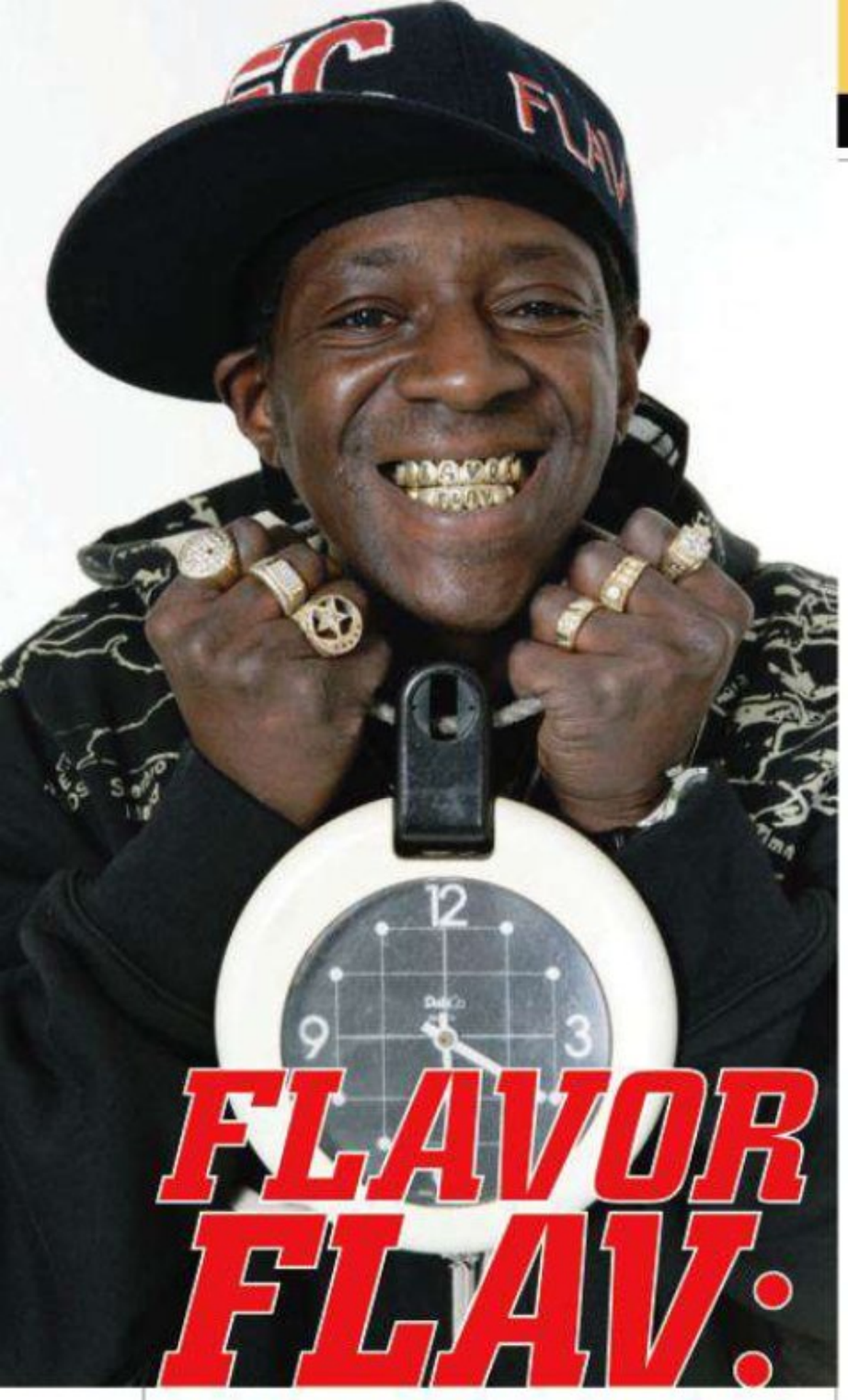
"Everything just went horribly," Kacey said about her relationship with Sheen. Even so, she believes that her blabbing to the press saved Sheen's life: "I feel if I hadn't opened up about Charlie, he never would have gotten the help that he needed." Kacey might not have noticed, but Sheen still *hasn't* gotten any help.

In the meantime, her old pal was quickly plummeting into D-list status. Lawyers from Warner Bros., the producer of *Two and a Half Men*, fired off a letter to Sheen's team in response to the actor's bragging of a return to the longtime hit show. "Those statements are false," the letter affirmed. "There have been no discussions, there are no discussions, and there will be no discussions regarding his returning to or having any involvement with the series."

So what's in store for Kacey? She recently announced she wants to clean up her life and check herself into rehab so she can land a "real job" in radio. But to do that, she needs to raise more money, and she's doing it the only way she knows how: by whoring herself out.

Enter MyGirlFund.com—a Web site that enables rich men to throw cash at women they think are hot, much like an online strip joint. Kacey is also a spokesperson for SugarSugar.com, which touts itself as "the world's most effective and discreet place for finding Sugar Daddy and Sugar Baby relationships."

Good for her. Kacey Jordan really should stick to what she does best.



FLAVOR FLAV:

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING *FLAVOR*

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

You know Flavor Flav, the clock-wearing clown prince of entertainment, and you love him. Everybody does—whether it's for his 29 years as Public Enemy's legendary hip-hop hype man ("Yeah, boyeeee!") or for his top-rated reality shows *The Surreal Life*, *Strange Love* and three seasons of *Flavor of Love*. Flavor Flav the man, the myth, the brand stopped by HUSTLER to discuss his many new adventures, including his dope new autobiography *Flavor Flav: The Icon The Memoir*.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to write a book?

FLAVOR FLAV: Because I have a lot of good stuff that I want to tell about my life that people would love to read about. Not only that, but the other reason I wrote this book is because a lot of people have been asking me for years to do it. I just never really wanted to write a book because I felt like I wasn't "finished living life." Then I said to myself, *Life ain't promised to us.* The only promise in life that we do have is death. So while I'm living and while I got the chance, I better let the world know who Flav is.

Did you actually write *The Icon*?

It's my voice in the book. The reason why is I want to give everybody all of me, not just part of me. You know what I'm sayin'? Everybody who supported me in television or in my musical career gave me their full support, not their half support. So it's only right that I give all of me back to them.

Was there anything that surprised you?

Yeah. Definitely. It starts off as a journey—actually as an adventure/journey. Today I look back at myself and think, *Wow, I was a nut back then!* You know what I'm sayin'? If you read the beginning of my book, it starts with me hanging from the bottom rung of a ladder on the 59th Street Bridge in New York. Below me is a 180-foot drop into the East River. If my hands would have slipped one little bit, I would have been gone! But you know what? As I was hanging there and getting tired, God blessed me enough to have the strength to pull myself up that ladder, climb up and walk across the bridge. You know what I'm sayin'?

Did your name really come from a night of smoking some angel dust?

Well, I smoked a joint of angel dust and took my name Flavor, and I spray-painted it all through the town. You know what I'm sayin'? On every corner. On every building. Everywhere you went, there was my name: Flavor. / was dusted, but the name didn't come from me being dusted. It came from me wanting to have an MC name that nobody else had or would want. Yet it had to mean something. I always wanted to stand out alone.

The book reveals how much fun your life has been, is, but you also get serious when it comes to dealing with your drug addiction.

To tell you the truth, my addiction wasn't that hard to talk about at all. It was very easy. The reason why? It was easy for me to get on drugs; it was hard as hell for me to get off of drugs. I want to teach a lot of people about the mistakes that I made with my life with drugs so they don't make it with theirs. I can tell about it because one thing about Flavor Flav, when he speaks, it's like E.F. Hutton, man. Everybody listens. So being that I can get on the microphone and say, "Throw your hands in the air and wave 'em like you just don't care," and you see a sea of hands doing it, that means these people are listening to you. If they listen to you when you say, "Say ho!," they can listen to you when you tell them, "Say no!"

What do you remember about the birth of Public Enemy?

We started out as a mobile disc jockey group called Spectrum City. It was me and my partners: Chuck D, Hank Shocklee and Keith Shocklee. We also used to be radio jocks at Adelphi University on 95.3 FM. We created the record "Public Enemy No. 1." I took Jam-Master Jay and the rest of Run-D.M.C. to the studio to hear it. There and then they wanted to talk Chuck D into putting that

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

BEADY EYE
Different Gear, Still Speeding
Nobody was surprised when one of England's best rock bands, Oasis, came to a clichéd end. Brothers and musical groups don't mix. What is surprising is that Oasis's core—Liam Gallagher, Gem Archer and Andy Bell—are back so soon with this brilliant new project. Sure, Noel Gallagher's songwriting is missed, but Beady Eye's debut is a solid effort.

COLIN HAY
Gathering Mercury
Singer/songwriter Colin Hay is best known as the lead singer of Men at Work and the master tunesmith behind a slew of TV and film soundtracks. His latest is nothing short of cathartic. *Gathering Mercury* reminds you what great music can be and is Hay's most melodic and heartfelt effort to date.

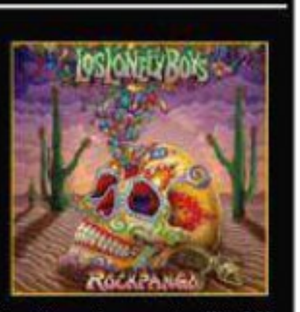
TEDDYBEARS
Devil's Music
The funkiest men alive wear masks—it's true: Daft Punk, Deadmau5, Zorro. Well, maybe not Zorro. The Teddybears shield their identity with giant bear masks and produce groove-driven anthems. Don't believe us? Why else would Cee-Lo, B.o.B, the Flaming Lips and the B-52s join in on the fun?

THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND
Greatest Hits
It's what the title says: the very best from one of Southern rock's finest bands. Among the hits included here are "Heard It in a Love Song" and "Ramblin'." If you need more MTB, check out lead singer Doug Gray's just-released solo CD of covers, *Soul of the South*.

HOLLYWOOD UNDEAD
American Tragedy
We told you that cool guys wear masks. Hollywood Undead smashes hip-hop into driving-hard rock for a blazing concoction that will kick your ass and rock your knot. Imagine Eminem dropping knowledge over Metallica; that'll give you some idea of what Hollywood Undead sounds like.

OH LAND
Oh Land
We'll admit it: We're in love. How could we not be? Oh Land is the total package—retro model looks (think Brigitte Bardot) and a voice that could seduce even a dead man. The sexy chanteuse's debut CD is pure pop with catchy dance beats and hypnotic grooves.

DOZEN



LOS LONELY BOYS
Rockpango
A few years back this Tex-Mex trio scored a hit with "Heaven," then seemed to fade away. The Garza brothers return fired up with a roots-rock fiesta. (*Rockpango* is Spanglish for "rock party.") All you need to listen to is "Fly Away"—the CD's first single—to know that Los Lonely Boys are now living up to the promise of their debut.

THE SMITHEREENS
2011
When a band returns to its roots, things can go one of two ways. It can either deliver a subpar attempt to recapture its former glory or reignite the spark that made the outfit so great. The Smithereens' first album of new material in 12 years is on fire! Reteamed with producer Don Dixon, they've put out their best CD since *Green Thoughts*.

THE SOUNDS
Something to Die For
Brassy New Wave in the groove of '80s groups Missing Persons and Blondie is what the Sounds are known for. Their latest disc takes that retro base and twists it with some modern alternative rock energy for a CD aging hipsters *and* their kids are sure to love.

THE HOURS
It's Not How You Start, It's How You Finish
"Blue-eyed soul" was used in the '80s to describe the smooth jazz tracks of bands like Curiosity Killed the Cat and Hipsway. In the '90s, "Brit pop" helped to categorize the Beatlesesque music of Oasis, Blur and Suede. Both terms can be applied to the Hours' top-notch CD, but we prefer another term—genius.

THE KILLS
Blood Pressures
The Dead Weather's Alison Mosshart returns to her day job as the lead singer of this godlike duo. *Blood Pressures*, the Kills' greatest CD ever, displays their wide range of talents, highlighted by the funky "Nail in My Coffin" and the ultrasexy "DNA."

URGE OVERKILL
Rock & Roll Submarine
Nash Kato and the boys are back in town! The grunge band, best known for their cover of Neil Diamond's "Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon," return with a roaring collection of possessed, speedy rock tracks and some surprisingly touching ballads.

out on Def Jam Records. Chuck didn't really want to at first because Def Jam wasn't giving their artists their just due at first.

Finally, when the Beastie Boys, LL Cool J and Run-D.M.C. went platinum, Rick Rubin and Russell Simmons had mad dough to be fair with their artists. So Chuck D said, "You know what? Okay, I'll get down. I'll put this record out, but I can't do this without my boy Flav." The label didn't want me, man, because my voice was very high and creaky. Chuck D forced me down Def Jam's throat. When he did that, it was one of the greatest things that could have happened to Def Jam. I became the most sampled voice in the history of music.

More than James Brown's?

I came and stripped James Brown's record naked with "yeah, boyeeee," "rock that shit, homey" and "bass for your face." James Brown, that's the godfather, man. We sampled his voice in a lot of our records. To be able to beat his record is an honor, man. Don't nobody beat out James Brown—except Flavor Flav! (*Laughs.*)

You and Chuck D have been in Public Enemy for 29 years now. What's the relationship like these days?

Me and Chuck are tight today and everything. We just got finished doing South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. We just left Christchurch the day before the quake. We've been escaping some stuff. A month or so back we played a festival in Australia. The day after we left, they got flooded out real bad. I remember the last time we were over in London. As soon as we left, they had a bombing in a train station. Death has been following me around, but I've been able to escape it, thanks to God. He's got more work for me to do.

Now that you're eligible, do you think Public Enemy will get into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame?

I know we gonna get there! The way you think, things happen. You think big, you'll have big shit happen. You think, *Oh, well, maybe,* then your shit will end up being a maybe. I know for a fact, Public Enemy will be getting up into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame!

How did you make the transition from hip-hop to reality TV star?

I thank God for the personality that he allowed me to have. That's what came across on television and made me number one. Marilyn Gill and Laurie Muslow from VH1 were the ones to cast me in my first reality TV show, *The Surreal Life*. At first I wasn't gonna do it. Then they had me speak to MC Hammer on the phone. He had done a previous season. I asked him if I should do it. He said, "Yeah, man. You should do it, and I think that good things will come out of it for you, like they did for me."

My purpose of moving to the West Coast was to pursue a television and movie career. I said, "If I don't do the show, I'll be shooting myself in the foot." So I did the show. The best thing that could have happened to me was me not really knowing [the other cast members].

You didn't know any of the other celebrities on the show?

You know what I'm sayin'? When I walked up inside that *Surreal Life* house, the only one I knew—and I didn't even remember her name—was Charo because she was the coochie-coochie lady from *The Love Boat*. I remembered the guy from New Kids on the Block, Jordan Knight. That's my boy now, gee. I love me some Jordan Knight. I recognized him but didn't know who he was at first because he had gained some weight in the face.

And there was Brigitte Nielsen. I'd seen her before, but I never really knew who she was. The best thing that could have happened was me getting smacked in the face by Brigitte Nielsen. Because when I smacked her back, the doors opened up. Next thing you know, me and Brigitte fell in love. Here comes the reality shows *Strange Love* and *Strange Love 2*. Then VH1 said, "Have you ever seen the TV show *The Bachelor*? I said, "I heard of it, but I never watched it." They said, "Good! We gonna put you in a house with these 25 girls, and you're gonna have some fun. At the end of the day you're gonna pick one." Wow! I was the happiest man in the world, man. I done lived every man's dream! You know what I'm sayin'?

Were the girls on *Flavor of Love* really there to win your affection or were they looking for some fame?

They were there to try to get their fame on. Put it this way: A couple of the girls was really, really there for Flav. Those are the ones that I didn't want to hurt. I knew for a fact that I was only there to make good television. The girls that were there for me, the ones I didn't want to hurt, I eliminated first. I don't wanna hurt nobody. Whatever you do to people, it comes back to you. My last son, my last born, his name is Karma. What goes around comes around. You're only gonna get back what you give off, bro.

Do you have any regrets about doing reality TV?

No. None. Hey, right now I'm the biggest reality-TV star of the decade. Nobody in the history of reality TV brought it like your boy Flavor Flav did. Not only that, I opened up the way for other people. Look at Bret Michaels. He followed with *Rock of Love*. Look at my boy Ray J with *For the Love of Ray J*. All of them were great shows. I did watch them, but nobody brought it like Flavor Flav!

CRADLE OF FILTH

HAPPY FILTH-O-WEEN!

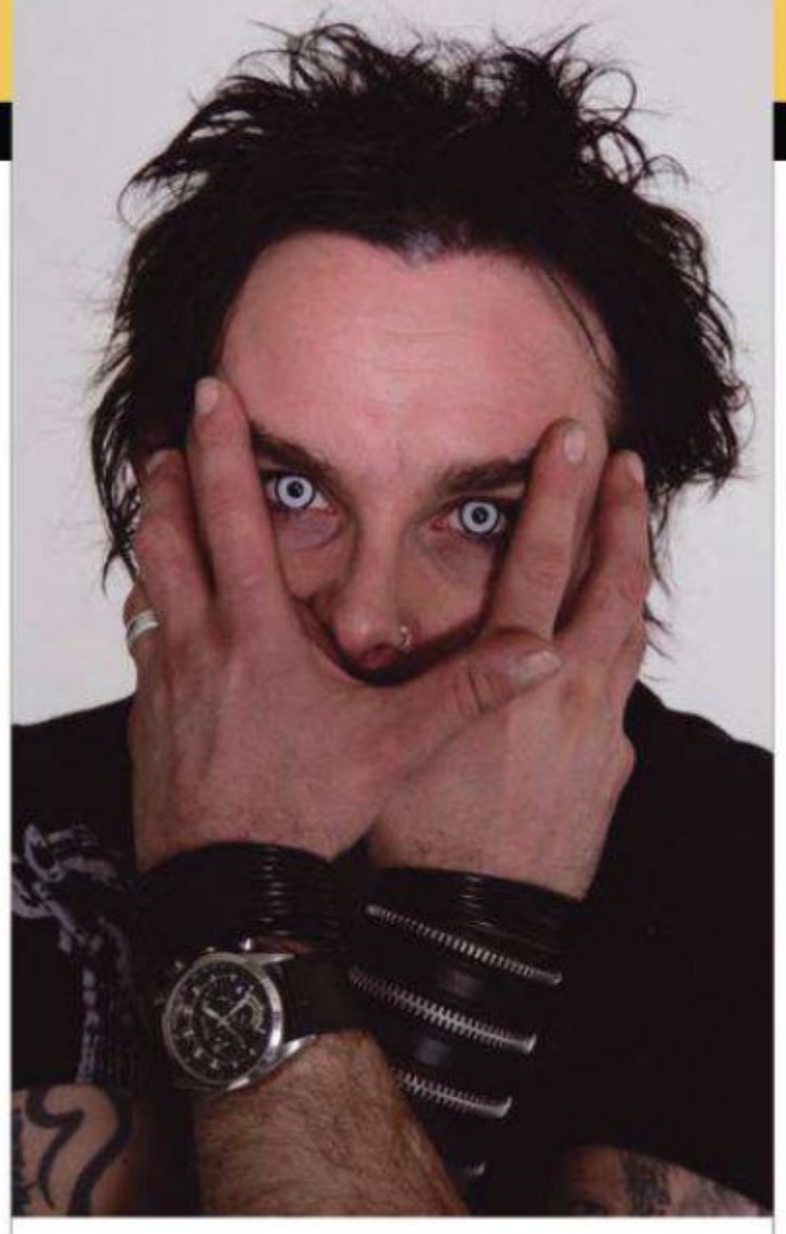


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

To celebrate All Hallows' Eve we sat down with Dani Filth, lead singer of the British goth-rock band Cradle of Filth, to discuss the smells of the road, devil worship and dealing with a fan who thought he was a reincarnated bloodthirsty countess.

HUSTLER: What is the filthiest thing you've ever done?

DANI FILTH: It depends on what you mean by filthy. I can't think of anything dirty—just more decadent. We were doing a tour with Type O Negative. There were a lot of girls at the gigs, and they started throwing their bras on the stage. So we started collecting them. We had about 700 bras in our bus. We hung them everywhere. One day we were driving through the desert in the middle of the night, and there was nowhere to stop. I was just dying for a shit. I remember thinking, *Fuck it!* I got all these Victoria's Secret bras that must have been worth hundreds of dollars and used them as toilet paper. (*Laughs.*) I couldn't flush them, so I threw them out the skylight.

At the end of the tour what happened to all the un-shit-on bras?

We put them all in a bag, and unbeknownst to our guitarist he took them through customs. (*Laughs.*)

Do you have a lot of female fans?

You'd be surprised. It's about 50-50 now. Long gone are the days where metal or our kind of music was chauvinist. The goth scene has always been quite female-orientated as such. There was a time when metal was very chauvinist. Now I think it has addressed the balance.

Did adding Caroline Campbell on keyboards lead to more women at your shows?

No, I don't think so, but they can relate to her. There was a real resurgence of goth bands that were female-fronted, like Lacuna Coil and Into Temptation. Maybe it all came from Evanescence.

Did the band have to change their touring habits now that a female is on the bus?

We'd like to think so, but if you ask Caroline, she'd say no. She's not really all that bothered. I wouldn't want to be a female on our bus. It would be horrible. But she's like one of the lads—once she sees your bollocks [balls] hanging out of your underpants a few times, that is.

How would you describe the bus's smell?

It can be pretty rancid—and then sweet. You know what I mean? I have Caroline above me on my side of the bus, so it smells a bit sweet. It's all about just covering up the smell. No great amount of Febreze could ever really wash away the sediment of filth that pervades after a few weeks on the road. Our bus driver is very clean. But James [McIlroy], our guitarist—his bunk is like a proverbial soup. He gets in it and sinks into the sludge.

Apart from Febreze, is there anything else that you always must take on the road?

I was going to say laptops, but everyone says that these days. I can't live without dark glasses.

Cradle of Filth's music has been called everything from goth to extreme metal. How do you describe it?

We've been called worse than that. (*Laughs.*) I like to say that it's cinematic. Of course it's extreme, but we do have other elements. We are just putting the finishing touches on an orchestral album called *Midnight in the Labyrinth*, which is basically a reworking of fan-favorite tracks from our first four albums with big Danny Elfman- and John Williams-type effects. It's huge. So there is that element to the band in our stage show and presentation.

Over the years have you been tempted to soften your music and videos to get more fans?

I think record companies did require that along the line—at least with Sony they did. They required a track they could put out there to try for mainstream success, which is good. We sold our souls ages ago. We don't need to do it again. (*Laughs.*) We just shot a video for a track called "Lilith Immaculate," which is exciting. The last couple of videos we've done have been very MTV-friendly. I thought, *Sod that!* The new one is in the spirit of Lilith, the goddess of lust. Very Dracula-esque. There's some seminudity in there. It's got a *Carrie* element to it because the protagonist ends up drenched in blood.

Your music *is* incredibly visual and theatrical. When you're putting together a new album, do you have a concept in mind as you write each song?

Kind of. Our last record [*Darkly, Darkly, Venus Aversa*] was a concept record. It's a story, start to finish. There is no vague allusion to the concept because it's a proper story. It was very difficult to get the equilibrium between the music to make it stand alone if you just wanted to download a few tracks via iTunes. You think about these things constantly as you go along in the recording process. You have images in your head. Maybe the music creates those images.

What is the biggest misconception about Cradle of Filth? Do you worship the devil?

I think we are the only band that actually had that thrown at us. I think people are intelligent enough to read our lyrics and realize we are very much into Victorian gothic horror—people like H.P. Lovecraft. We just wrote a book called *The Gospel of Filth*, which is all about the occult, mythology and belief systems. It was co-written by Gavin Baddeley, who is an ordained minister of the Church of Satan and an occult historian. I think our fans are intelligent enough to see past that—at least I think they are. They see what we do, which is more like a horror show. Of course, my house is full of weird and wonderful things because I'm into that stuff. But I never sacrifice virgins before they're 12. It's just unethical.

Since Halloween is around the corner, do you have any favorite horror movies?

I like the classic Universal [Pictures] monster movies, but I'm more of a Hammer Films fan because that's very English. Where I grew up is as far away from L.A. as anywhere can be. It's all picture-postcard villages and stories of witchcraft.

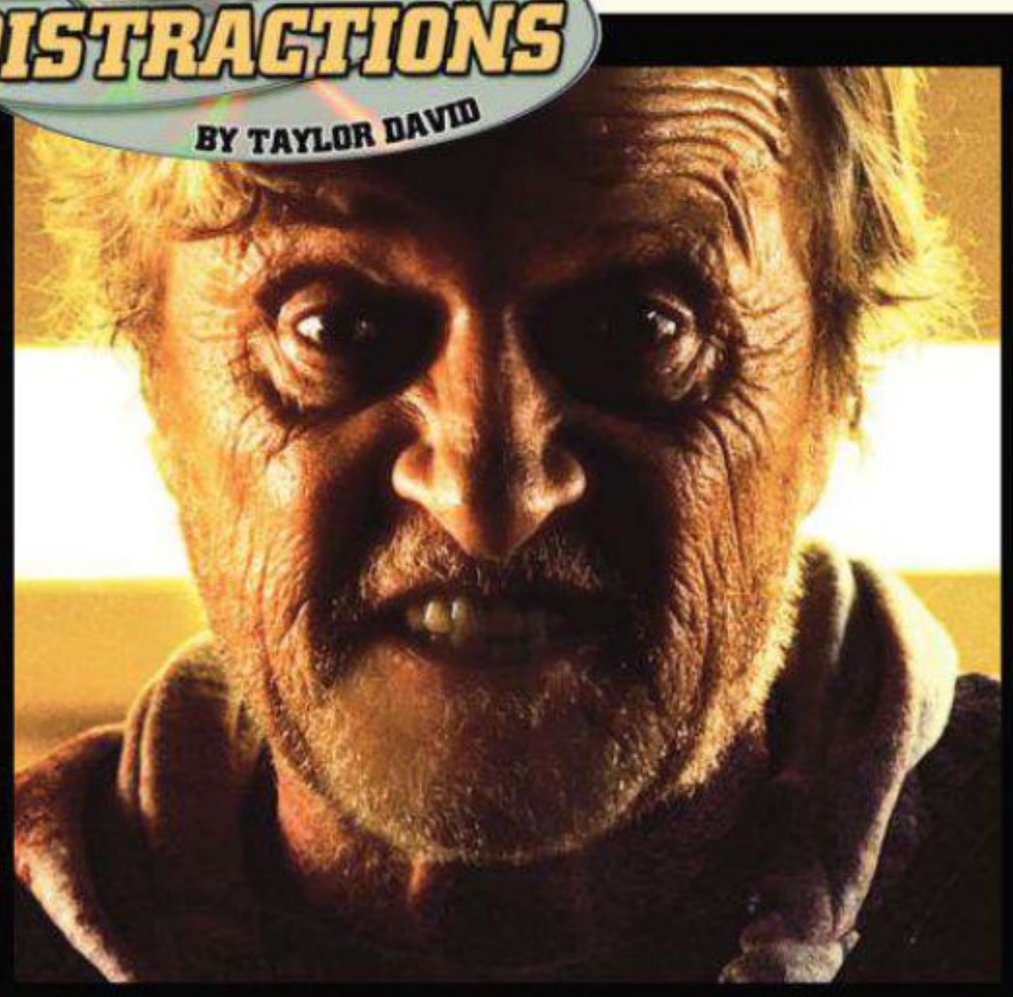
We have to imagine your fans can be very extreme.

Oh, God, yeah! When we did an album quite a while back [*Cruelty and the Beast*], that brought about a resurgence in the interest in Elizabeth Báthory, the "Blood Countess." A female fan was convinced she was the reincarnation of Elizabeth Báthory, and she followed us everywhere across the States. Strangely enough, I was her husband from the Middle Ages. She would write these letters that would appear backstage every day. They were written as if she were this 16th-century noblewoman, which was a bit disconcerting after awhile. I met her a couple of times, and she was really into it. I had a fan who gave me his grandmother's thigh bone, which was cool—and odd.

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

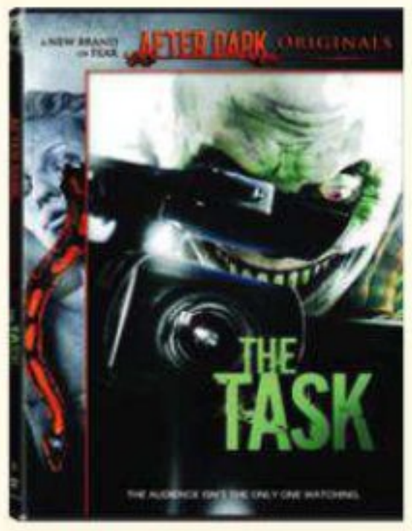
Halloween fare that will scare the shit out of you.



HOBO WITH A SHOTGUN

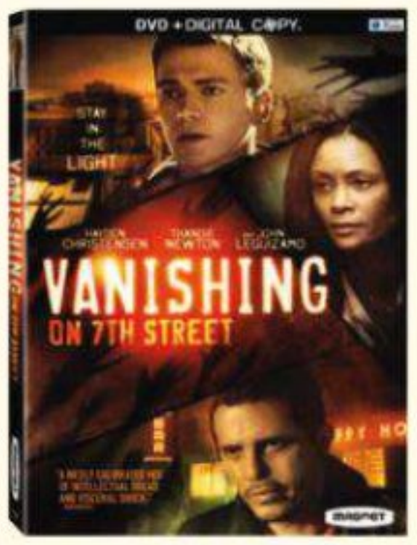
This homage to 1970s grindhouse exploitation films is a kickass splatterfest starring Rutger Hauer as a mild-mannered homeless man in search of a fresh start. After witnessing countless scenes of mayhem in the crime-infested streets of an urban wasteland, Hauer's character decides to deliver his own form of justice one shell at a time. The body count rises once the shotgun-toting vigilante embarks on a nasty killing spree targeting homicidal sadists, crooked cops and other scumbags. Absolutely crude and indecent every step of the way, *Hobo With a Shotgun* is packed solid with blood, guts and unabashed depravity. If you're a fan of grindhouse's glory days, this outlandishly twisted revenge flick will offer a double-barreled adrenaline rush!

THE TASK



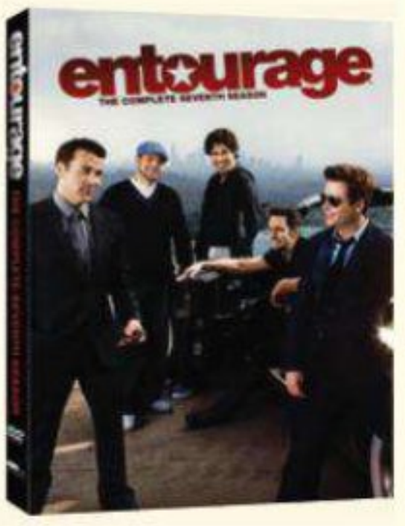
Delivering a horde of thrills and chills, this blood-soaked horror movie features a group of daring college students vying for cash on a reality show. All they have to do is endure a night in a haunted prison. Tensions mount as the contestants start dying, making it appear that more than special effects are involved. Finding themselves immersed in a terrifying fight for survival, the remaining contestants and the TV show's unwitting producers are forced to distinguish fiction from reality when all isn't what it seems to be.

VANISHING ON 7TH STREET



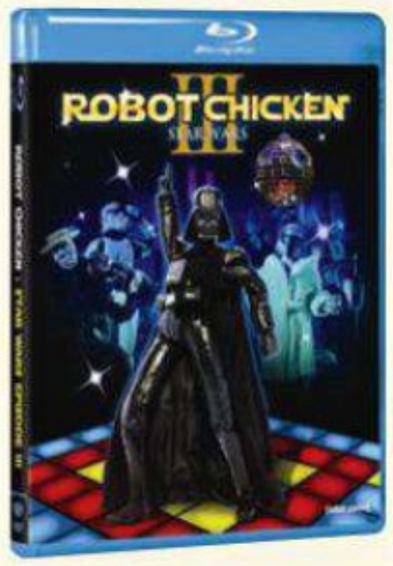
This postapocalyptic thriller taps into humankind's most primal anxiety: fear of the dark. Nail-biting moments abound when most of Detroit's residents disappear during an unexplained blackout. When the sun rises, only a few stragglers remain among a metropolis strewn with left-behind clothing and abandoned cars. Taking refuge in a bar that's brightly lit thanks to a diesel generator, the survivors must escape the whispering shadows of the darkness. Otherwise they'll suffer the same mysterious fate of their fellow citizens. Starring *Jumper*'s Hayden Christensen, this exhilarating fright flick will have you turning on all the lights—and you may never again want to turn 'em off.

ENTOURAGE: THE COMPLETE SEVENTH SEASON



Follow the hip and tumultuous lifestyle of movie star Vincent Chase and his covey of childhood friends as they attempt to navigate their uncertain careers and personal lives in and around the difficult L.A. landscape. Now you can enjoy all ten episodes of the show's seventh season—most notably the boob-baring magnificence of smoking-hot porn superstar Sasha Grey—and an extensive array of bonus features. For our money, *Entourage* is one of the best shows on TV.

ROBOT CHICKEN: STAR WARS EPISODE III



Adult Swim's hilarious stop-motion sketch comedy *Robot Chicken* is back with the third installment of its *Star Wars* parody. Viewers get a hysterical new perspective on the sci-fi saga as the earlier lives of Palpatine, Darth Vader/Anakin Skywalker, Boba Fett and Gary the Storm Trooper are ingeniously spoofed. Packed with more than three hours of bonus features—including a special appearance by *Star Wars* mastermind George Lucas—this DVD is a must-have for fans of the stellar film series, dirty jokes and all things awesome. May the farce be with you.

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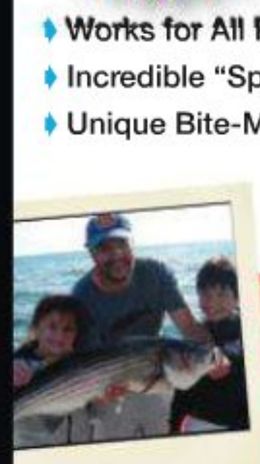

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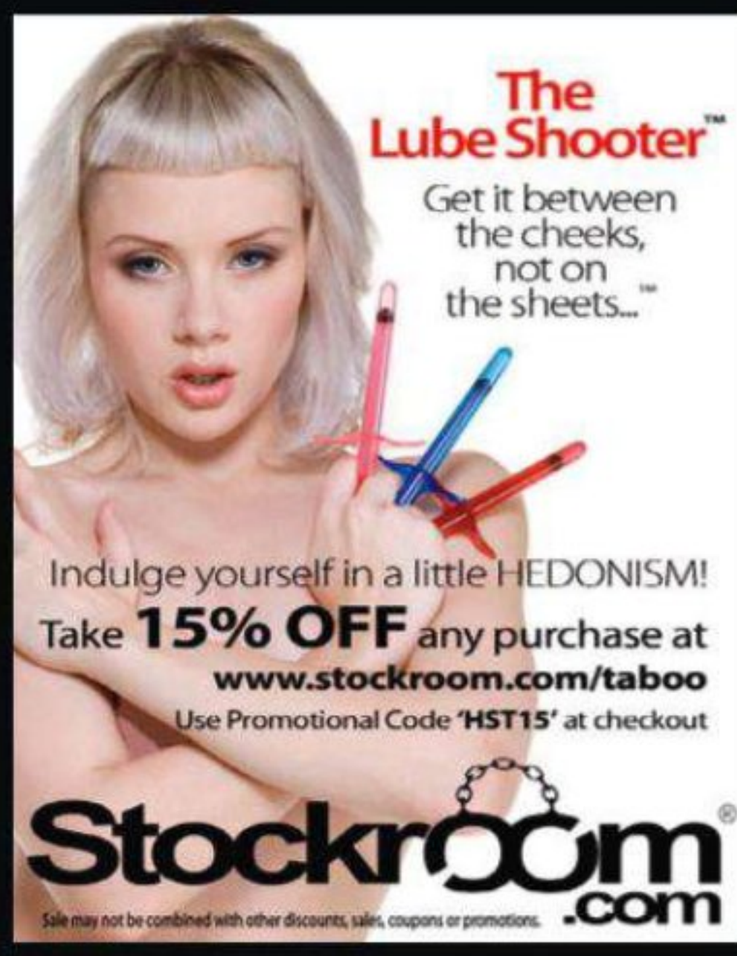

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BY JOEY BERUMEN

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

BUDGET CUTS SPELL TROUBLE

STUDENTS AT **CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH**, AREN'T ALONE AS THEY DERIDE LAWMAKERS' SOLUTION TO A CRISIS

PHOTO BY ANDREA MORA

This past spring, California lawmakers came up with an ingenious way to help reduce the state's staggering deficit: substantially reduce funding to public higher education, including the California State University system. In response, hundreds of Cal State Long Beach students expressed their outrage at a protest rally that was followed by a march to the "locked down" Brotman Hall. Demonstrations would ultimately be held at the other 22 CSU campuses, with students and faculty demanding state officials come up with more creative ways to extricate the Golden State from its estimated $26-billion budget deficit.

Among those attending the Cal State Long Beach rally was freshman Rene Jackson. "I'm struggling to pay my tuition, my mom works two jobs, and my dad works at UC Davis, and he's getting cut too," Jackson acknowledged. "I have three siblings in college, and our parents can't pay for us. With the rising fees, I'm not sure what we are going to do."

At press time the CSU, University of California and community college systems were facing budget reductions amounting to $1.4 billion, but that figure seemed destined to increase because of gamesmanship in the state legislature. While lawmakers were fighting over what exactly needed to be slashed, Democratic Governor Jerry Brown attempted to add a last-minute tax extension to the June 2011 ballot.

"As we all know, more extreme reductions lie ahead because of the state's budgetary crisis and political stalemate," announced UCLA Chancellor Gene Block in a statement.

Many students fear that these imminent cuts in funding will not only lead to tuition hikes but put them in a situation whereby they'd effectively be getting less for more: higher fees, fewer course offerings and more students in each class.

Daniel O'Connor, a member of the CSULB Academic Senate and chair of the liberal studies department, was a speaker at the Long Beach rally. Not mincing words, he declared, "Public education is under attack, and students feel it because they have seen the cost of attending CSU double in the last decade."

Another speaker, Professor Douglas Domingo-Foraste, was likewise concerned about students' escalating financial burden. "Every time we raise fees," he said, "we take people out of the university and cut access from people who have never been able to go to college, many of whom are the first in their family to ever go to college."

Governor Brown's proposed budget will slash $500 million from the CSU system's allocations, $500 million from the UC system and $400 million from California's community colleges. These massive decreases will bring the systems to a level of funding beneath what they were receiving a decade ago, when overall enrollment was significantly lower.

Dr. Charles B. Reed, chancellor of the California State University system, said in a statement: "Now is not the time to shrink public higher education but to grow it. The road to recovery from this recession and prosperity far beyond it runs straight through our many campuses." Despite these sentiments, the chancellor's annual salary is $400,000-plus, a fact to which some demonstrators drew attention.

Thanks to a 10% tuition hike that went into effect in January 2011, some CSU, UC and California community college students are experiencing déjà vu, asking themselves, *Didn't this just happen?* They were hit with a 36% increase in November 2009.

"As a transfer student, it is hard," said CSULB student Vivian Aguirre. "A lot of classes either have been cut or they are just full. It's been a struggle to get a class, period, much less at the time you want. I pay for my classes out of pocket. Trying to get my education without a full-time job is killing me. I have to figure out how I am going to get that extra money."

For Glendale Community College student Mike Prysner, the demonstration at Cal State Long Beach was a positive experience. "Today is very motivating," he said, "because I think everyone here understands that the only way things are going to change for us is if we mobilize and fight for change."

With the total amount of reductions and the amount of increases still unclear, all that students and faculty members alike can do is cross their fingers and hope that public higher education is something that will remain affordable and available in the not-so-golden Golden State.

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

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

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.

BONNIE B.

CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

Although getting a bachelor's degree in business management is Bonnie B.'s top priority, the 23-year-old recently launched a Web site to help finance her ultimate dream: a bed 'n' breakfast nook. "Once I graduate within the next year," Bonnie informs us, "I plan to focus on my modeling career. In the meantime, my fans can log onto **WhoIsBonnieB.com** and see tasty sets of pictures and new videos every week."

Determined to become an online sensation, Bonnie displays her scrumptious physical attributes and uninhibited sexuality with astonishing flair for a newcomer. "I absolutely adore watching porn and making my own," admits the 5-foot-10 head-turner, who captivates viewers by getting down on her knees for some ardent cocksucking, not to mention riding a guy in her favorite position—reverse cowgirl.

Bawdy Bonnie has more than an erotic appetite. One of her extracurricular pastimes is exploring the plethora of fine restaurants in New York City. But since separating from her husband, and feeling a tad lonely at times, she's also into another kind of exploration. "The tension of being on my own has really pushed me to become more sexually in tune with myself, my toys and women," Bonnie relates. "I especially like independent ladies with nice, firm tits and ass. Soft, full lips really turn me on too."

But the CUNY coed still eyes guys. "I am really turned on by a man with ambition," she adds. "If he comes with strong muscles, a big package and a nice smile, then I'm all his! Now you know why I'm constantly surfing the Net and am on Twitter **@LoveBonnieB**."

There it is, gents. Time to hit the gym (if you haven't already been pumping the dumbbells) and practicing that priceless smile in front of a mirror. After all, you *know* where to find Bonnie: She's just a tweet away!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY D.D.G. PHOTOS

GENTLE WARRIOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

MIKO SINZ

Miko Sinz is ferociously beautiful—and deft with a blade—but she's a big softie at heart. "I am so thankful for everything I have," **Miko** remarks. "I'm really passionate about caring for and helping other people, which is why I want to become a social worker."

Although extremely altruistic, **Miko** enjoys having a lens trained on her. "I was always a camera whore," she explains. "But it really took off when I decided to post a bunch of candids on a modeling site. An agent hit me up. She was really persistent, so I let her fly me down to Los Angeles. I did a couple of shoots that weekend; by Sunday night I knew I'd be moving to sunny California to pursue modeling."

When it comes to men, **Miko** looks for a kindred spirit. "I'm a goofy girl, so I love a funny guy," she tells us, giggling for good measure. "If you can make me laugh every day, I just might fall for you completely."

The beautiful Miko Sinz appears in *This Ain't Glee XXX,* available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 140 to order by mail.

Stimulating conversation is also a major turn-on for **Miko**. "I like smart men," the enchantress asserts, before clarifying that she's not exactly looking for eggheads. "I'm also crazy about a nice set of arms and tattoos!"

In keeping with **Miko**'s easygoing personality, her idea of a great date is far from extravagant. "Cuddling in bed, sipping wine or champagne, watching a good ol' Netflix movie—that sounds great to me," she announces.

We like **Miko**'s pedigree: sweet, low maintenance and murderously sexy.

MIKO'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Seattle, Washington | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 110

I DON'T THINK OF IT AS MARRIAGE... I THINK OF IT AS UNLIMITED MINUTES!
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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Ectoplasmic: Nutbusters Alexis Texas, Raven Alexis and Joslyn James (bottom left) meet the **Ghostbusters**.*

This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: LILY LABEAU, ALEXIS TEXAS, RAVEN ALEXIS, SARAH SHEVON, JOSLYN JAMES, JENNIFER DARK, EVAN STONE, ALEC KNIGHT, JAMES DEEN, JEREMY CONWAY, TEE REEL & RON JEREMY.

HUSTLER's new 3D cockbuster has arrived in time for trick-or-treating. If you're one of the three people who hasn't seen the original movie, it's probably better that way. Porn trying to do classic comedy is always scary, but Evan Stone is arguably the Bill Murray of porn, so this could be a helluva lot worse. He does a fine job imitating how Murray would have tutored Lily LaBeau. The blonde's pink petals are sweet, but Alexis Texas as the horny library ghost outshines her (literally). This is followed by a masturbating ghost and some flashy special effects on the way to a (sexually) possessed Raven Alexis, who defiles the Sigourney Weaver role eagerly. Next up, Sarah Shevon as the team's secretary gets an entirely gratuitous two-guy banging that might be the flick's high point (if you're a sucker for the glasses-wearing librarian type). Get ready for some weirdness in the climax: Joslyn James shows up as a giant mom demanding a 13-inch cock, which plunges the movie into a Blackzilla gag. (Is this the same movie?) It's called the climax, but you may want to go back and let Alexis haunt your Halloween-cider buzz again. ***—M.J.***

Don't dream it. Fuck it! jessica drake, Alektra Blue and Nicki Hunter (bottom right) put on a helluva **Picture Show**.

The Rocki Whore Picture Show

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, ALEKTRA BLUE, ANNIE CRUZ, BRANDY ANISTON, KAYLANI LEI, KIRSTEN PRICE, LUCKY STARR, NICKI HUNTER, NIKKI DANIELS, PUMA SWEDE, MAC TURNER, BRAD ARMSTRONG, DICK CHIBBLES, JACK VEGAS, MARCUS LONDON, RANDY SPEARS, ROCCO REED, TOMMY GUNN & RON JEREMY.

Here's the perfect fuck-flick for your monster mash. (Just don't be handing out candy to kids while it's on in the background.) The original *Rocky Horror Picture Show* is the warped granddaddy of cult films. It's also a hilarious sexual revolution parody in its own right, so this spoof is a bold stroke to say the least. jessica drake is cute as Janet, who apparently isn't the prude we thought she was, since she starts the film by banging Brad in his car. That's just foreplay to Frank N. Beans's California castle, where the kids are sucked into a world "few have ever escaped from": pornography! So true. Full of horny glam girls, silly songs and camp exuberance, *Rocki Whore* is a fun watch. Yes, the timing is rocky in places, but the stars throw their hearts and bodies into their performances like they're at a midnight screening. (Drag queens and porn stars have that diva spirit in common.) Mac Turner in particular deserves a hand for his spirited tribute to Tim Curry. Mac's Frank is still a transvestite, by the way, but Rocki (played by Puma Swede) is all lady. That kills the original movie's polysexual storyline (along with its subversiveness), but what do you expect from straight porn? (Warning: You still get Ron Jeremy fucking in fishnets.) Let's have an orgy...again! ***—M.J.***

***Generation** sex: Bobbi Starr, April O'Neill and Dana DeArmond (bottom left) celebrate free enterprise.*

Star Trek: The Next Generation A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS/REVOLUTION X. DIRECTOR: SAM HAIN. STARRING: KIMBERLY KANE, INDIA SUMMER, APRIL O'NEIL, BOBBI STARR, DANA DEARMOND, ROCCO REED, XANDER CORVUS, TYLER KNIGHT, LEE BANG & GILES.

Star Trek creator Gene Roddenberry was supposedly fascinated with the idea of sex in the future and what it would be like. Too bad he's not around to see this. Sam Hain, the director who did such a fine job with *The X-Files* homage (*The Sex Files*), has managed to capture the squeaky-clean atmosphere of the late-'80s-'90s *Star Trek* series while still releasing all of that pent-up sexual tension. (How did a show with such boring characters ever become a hit?) The story has something to do with the mysterious return of the dead Tasha Yar (India Summer). She's probably evil, but the crew cares more about other deep-space mysteries, such as those between the legs of April O'Neil and Dana DeArmond. (Future priorities are solid.) The fuck scenes are traditional but engaged, with Kimberly Kane sauntering in for a Crusher climax. This flick is billed as a parody, but it's actually a pretty serious homage, with above-average acting, production and special effects bolstering a darn-good attempt to simulate the original show. If you hear a deafening moan, don't panic. It's just the sound of a million sci-fi geeks exploding (with pleasure). ***—M.J.***

The Justice League of Pornstar Heroes XXX

EXQUISITE/EXTREME COMIXXX. DIRECTOR: SINISTER X. STARRING: CHANEL PRESTON, ANDY SAN DIMAS, AMBER RAYNE, SHYLA STYLEZ, KRISTINA ROSE, ROXANNE HALL, ROCCO REED, BILL BAILEY, BARRY SCOTT, TALON, EVAN STONE, SCOTT LYONS, TOM BYRON, TOMMY GUNN & RON JEREMY.

This one gets points for starting with cheap '80s-style animation. Cool! Ridiculous wooden dialogue ensues. Are we in for a mutant hybrid between the crappiness of porn and the cheesiness of superhero cartoons? Yes! Roxanne Hall (as Catwoman) kicks off the fuck-a-rama. She rides a bat dick with gusto and takes a dynamic-duo penetration courageously, even if the scene is a might impersonal (maybe it's the masks). Next, Ron Jeremy shows up as Penguin (the stuff of nightmares) and a magical Kristina Rose as Zatanna, who fucks the Man of Steel's brains out. Other moments of enthusiasm: Andy San Dimas and the leggy (and drooly) Chanel Preston as Wonder Woman. It's nice to see the Lasso of Truth used for selfish reasons. Also noteworthy: The Superfriends like to slap women with their dicks. Interesting. The wide-angle lens, which distorts like a bitch, is overused, and production values are fairly shitty. But on the whole, this movie is weird enough to charm a cynical porn fan. For comics junkies (a/k/a costume fetishists), it's XXXmas come early. (Who else would kill to see Mob Boss and Harley Quinn get banged silly?) ***—M.J.***

Pornstar Heroes *Roxanne Hall, Andy San Dimas and Amber Rayne save the whole fucking world.*

*United by **Cock**: Tristyn Kennedy and Diamond Foxxx, RayVeness and Holly Michaels, Puma Swede and Nicole Aniston (bottom left) heal the age barrier.*

Kittens, Cougars & Cock

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: DIAMOND FOXXX, TRISTYN KENNEDY, NICOLE ANISTON, PUMA SWEDE, JOSLYN JAMES, JESSI PALMER, RAYVENESS, HOLLY MICHAELS, TYLER FAITH, JESSIE ANDREWS, MARK ANTHONY, ERIK EVERHARD, LEE STONE & MARK ASHLEY.

There is not one straight-shootin' guy who hasn't had the mother-daughter fantasy. Why do we want to bang more than one generation at a time? It makes us feel like immortal gods—why else? Chris Streams hears your primal desire and has added *Cock* to his tested *Kittens & Cougars* formula. The result is a boisterous parade of feline threesomes with "experience" mentoring (when not rivaling) "innocence." There's a surplus of classic talent on this disc. Even Tiger Woods mistress Joslyn James shows up with, yes, a taste for black dick. But we have to say, her younger rival, Jessi Palmer, takes the prize for fuckability. Pretty kitty Nicole Aniston, paired with Swedish diva Puma Swede, is another early high point. But don't think tight always makes right. RayVeness scores serious points for the cougars, and Tyler Faith gives doll-faced Jessie Andrews something to look up to in a great tag-team climax. There's no originality here to speak of, but if you feel like whacking it to comely Caucasian flesh—and lots of it—this is where the party is. (Moms invited.) ***—M.J.***

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*Splatter movie: Angelica Lane, Lily LaBeau and Jessie Andrews are **Scream**-ers.*

Scream XXX: A Porn Parody

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT/AXEL BRAUN PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: ELI CROSS. STARRING: LILY LABEAU, SARAH SHEVON, ZOE VOSS, SCARLETT FAY, JESSIE ANDREWS, ANGELICA LANE, JAMES DEEN, EVAN STONE, DANNY WYLDE, ROCCO REED, ELI CROSS & RON JEREMY.

The original *Scream* managed to be scary and funny at the same time. This one doesn't manage either one, but it's got a pre-title fuck scene of Lily LaBeau getting creamed on the couch that almost makes up for it. Director Eli Cross himself is the "arrogant, talentless asshole" making a *Scream* parody in the midst of a killing spree, which is sort of a clever twist on the *Scream* idea—and makes for some decent porn in-jokes. More importantly, this flick features fine young talent in the shape of milky fresh Jessie Andrews and anal-willing Angelica Lane. But honors for the most weirdly arousing scene go to Zoe Voss and Scarlett Fay's girl-girl lickfest. They're both so skinny, they look like underfed ZILFs (*Z* is for *zombie*). Lovely Sarah Shevon brings back the healthy look in a fine buttfuck finale with plenty of splatter (not the bloody kind). Is this the porn parody to end all porn parodies? Unfortunately not. The nightmare continues.... ***—M.J.***

Fuckology: ***Adrianna*** *Nicole gives a master class.*

Tristan Taormino's Rough Sex #3: Adrianna's Dangerous Mind

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: TRISTAN TAORMINO. STARRING: ADRIANNA NICOLE, JADA FIRE, JIZ LEE, EVAN STONE, DANNY WYLDE, NAT TURNHER, KENI STYLES, PRINCE YAHSHUA, RAMON NOMAR & STEVE HOLMES.

The latest installment in Vivid's porn-disguised-as-sex-ed series showcases one of the queens of extreme porn. There's some blab between scenes, but it's mercifully short and the sex gets underway with an arty lesbian session that can't be called rough—especially by Adrianna standards. Things heat up over the next couple of scenes, with some mild choking and slapping, an interesting (if awkward) strap-on pounding by a dominant Jada Fire (supposedly their first scene together), and some multiple-male humiliation fantasies (locker room gang-bang, back alley ass-eating, that sort of thing). The always theatrical Adrianna could make knitting a sweater look filthy: She pants nonstop, smears her makeup, scuffs her knees and generally makes things look rougher than they actually are. The title promises a little more than the disc actually delivers (we've seen Adrianna a damn sight rougher than this), but her loyal fans will get their money's worth. ***—M.J.***

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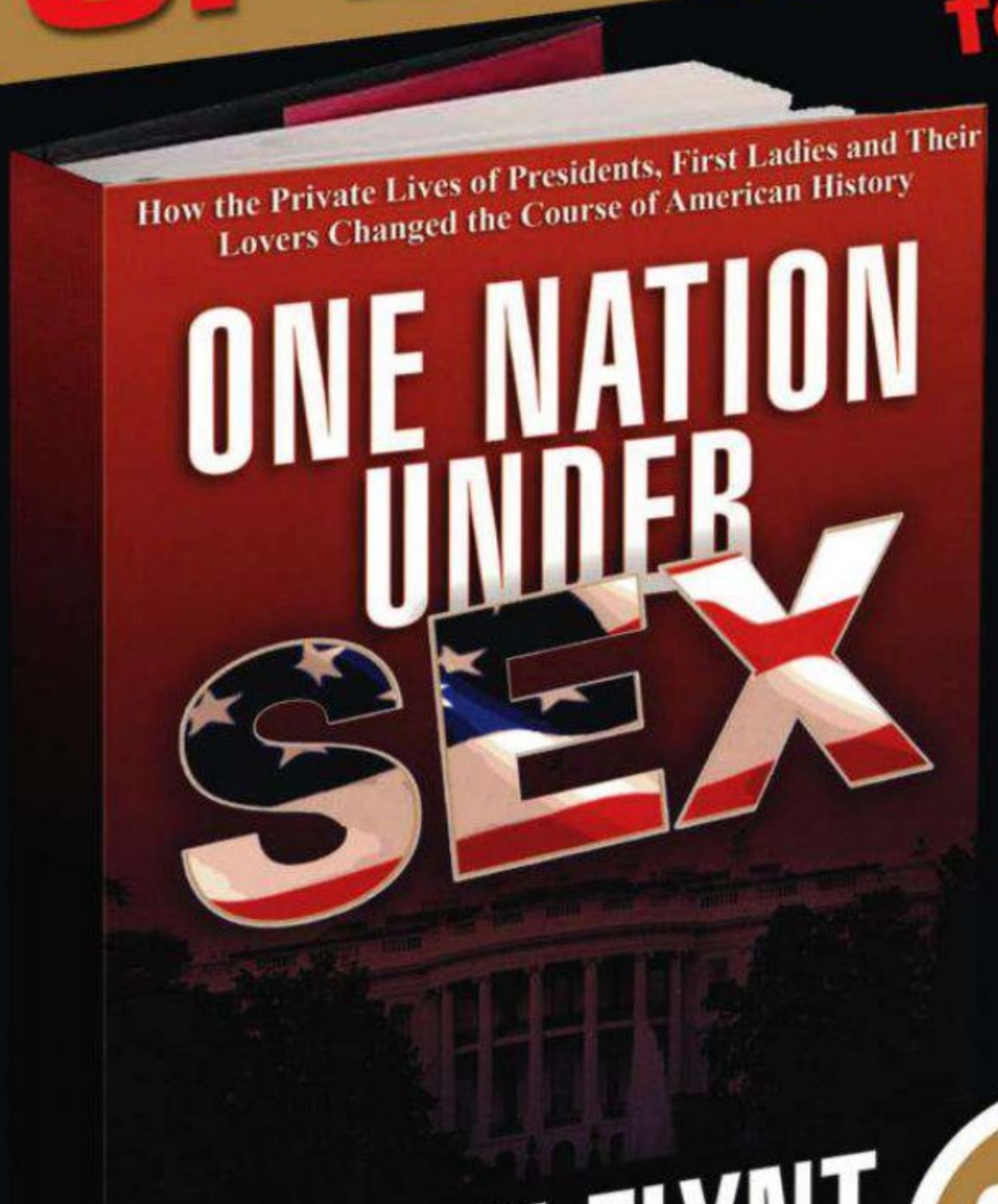

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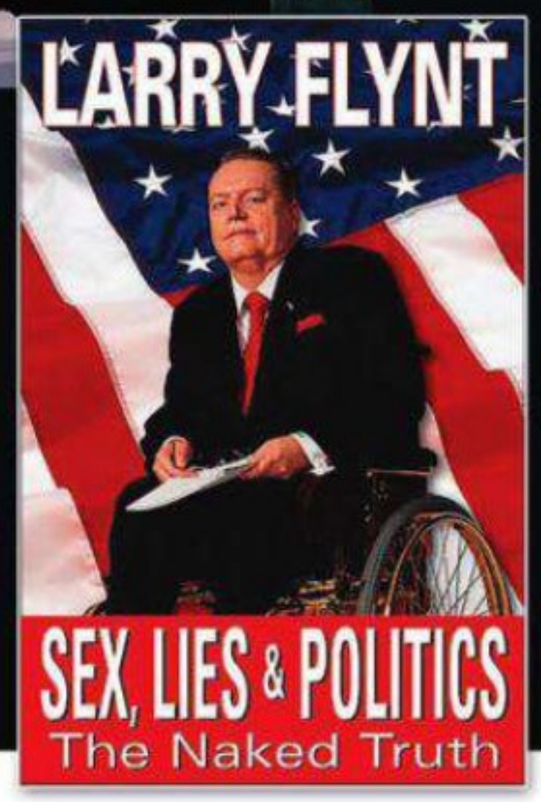

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PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Since the national nightmare known as Sarah Palin seems to have no end in sight, HUSTLER Video has once again placed the high-profile politician in its crosshairs. Concocting an even more nightmarish future wherein the dimwitted ex-governor is elected President, our video wing proceeds to explore the shenanigans of a fictional First Family that makes sex the first order of business.

Sarah (**Lisa Ann**) wastes no time in taking advantage of a Presidential perk, banging a Secret Service dude (**Evan Stone**). Meanwhile, husband Todd (**Alec Knight**) debriefs his interns (**Ivy Winters** and **Jessi Palmer**) on their responsibilities, which largely involve warming up his cold Alaskan cock. Ignored by her parents, Bristol (**Lizz Tayler**) takes comfort in the arms—and genitals—of her dance instructor (**Michael Vegas**).

Hot stuff indeed, but thank God we're only showcasing a parody here. If Sarah Palin actually held the highest office in the land, America would be more fucked than Dennis the Menace stumbling into a NAMBLA convention.

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BEAVER HUNT

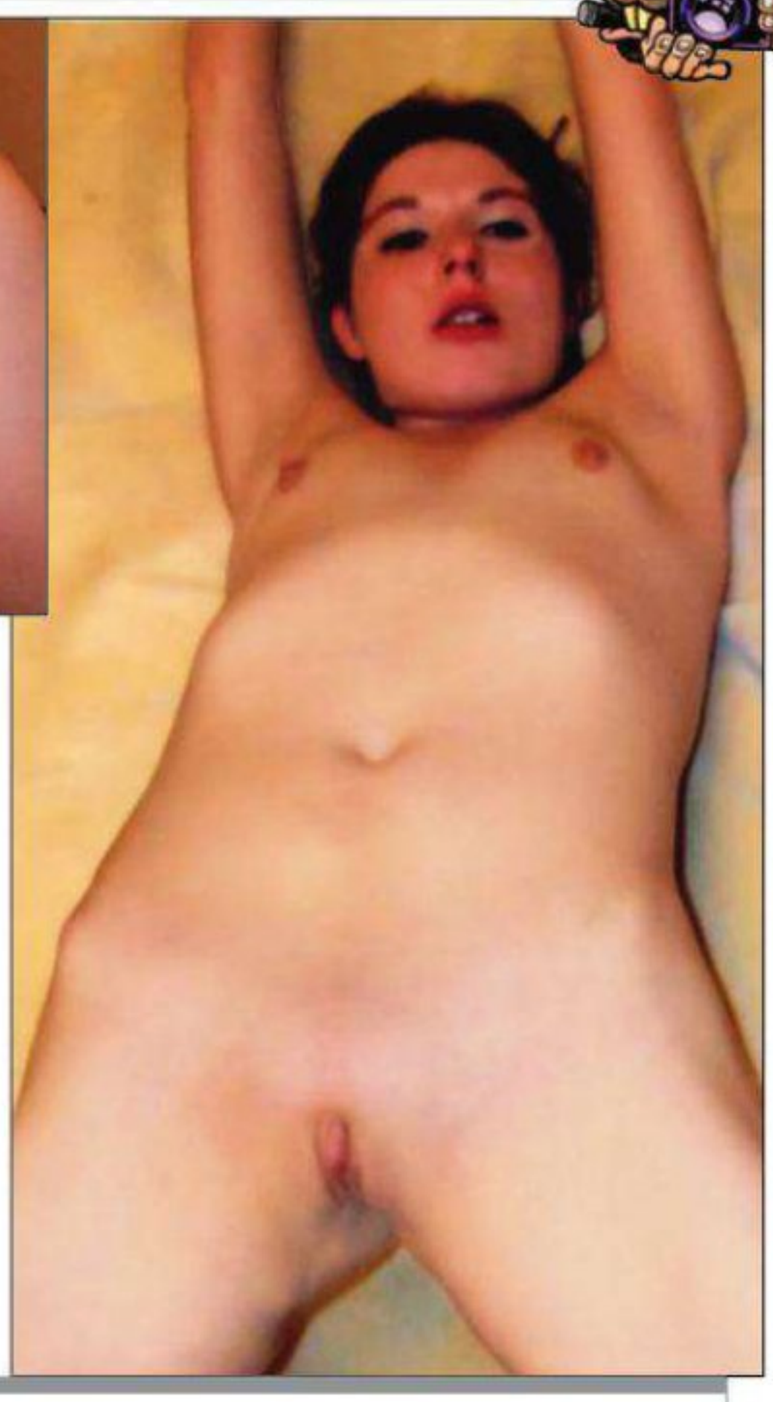
EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"Happy 69th birthday, Mr. Flynt!"

AYLA

Sharing a November 1 birthday with our publisher is noteworthy, but it's what this "trustworthy, self-motivated and flirtatious" bartender from Kelowna, Canada, is baring that makes Ayla top-notch eye candy. Truth be told, flaunting her 5-foot-6 anatomy is the MMA, UFC, *CSI* and camping enthusiast's cup of tea. "Lots of times, random people have stumbled into areas where I happened to be naked outdoors," Ayla relates. "I enjoy wandering around au naturel and taking care of my urges." The bodacious British Columbian, who'll be blowing out 28 B-day candles, isn't skittish about detailing her ribald hijinks. "I'm bi-curious and highly sexually active," Ayla points out. "I can deep-throat, and I love having my pussy eaten and fingered before it's fucked. My favorite position is doggy-style 'cause I can be spanked, choked and have my hair pulled. I'm also down for creamy facials. I love cum!" It's hard to fathom that Ayla won't get laid on her birthday, but she seems bent on indulging herself with someone in mind: "Larry Flynt was born in 1942, so he's gonna be 69. On my birthday I plan to do some prolonged 69ing in his honor." —Photos by Friend

SAPPHIRE



"My wonderful boyfriend convinced me to do this," announces Sapphire Storm of West Forks, Maine, who was born in November (she'll be 22), performs assorted tasks at a fast-food eatery and fuels a hearty carnal appetite. "I am bi," Sapphire quickly discloses. "If there are any hot chicks out there, I'd love to lick ya clean while my boyfriend watches. I'm generally a sweet, fun-lovin' bitch if you don't piss me off." But the 5-foot-6 newcomer—pun intended—has one pastime that always gets her off, with *Two and a Half Men* reruns, TNA wrestling and "smoking fatties" as leisure-time sidekicks. "I love being eaten out," Sapphire exults. "Then I'm ready to get on all fours for the grand finale. When I'm fucked good and hard from behind, I squirt buckets of jizz." Before scooting off, the G-spot marvel rounds out her hanky-panky menu: "I never masturbate unless my boyfriend wants to watch me, so I hardly ever fantasize. But I would like to seduce one of my best friends into a threesome. My pussy gets really wet whenever that chick is around. It would be a dream come true, literally, to squirt all over her pretty face." —Photos by Boyfriend

AVA

"I love dressing up in lingerie and smelling good," avows Ava, an "open-minded, spunky and seductive" Clevelander who's making a curtain call as a November birthday honoree. It seems the soon-to-be 26-year-old has a knack for looking *really* good when her duds come off. "Being nude makes me feel free," the 5-foot-3 dental-assistant student declares. But Ava also relishes what sometimes occurs even before her boobs, butt and vagina are revealed. "I'll just give a guy a sexy look, and he'll get all nervous and stuttery," the dancing, yoga, vintage pinup and Ohio State University football aficionada tosses our way. "It's kinda funny." Ava—who's also keen on ice cream, sitcoms (*It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*), songbird Billie Holiday and "men in uniform, especially firemen and Marines"—has a diverse sex life. "I'm very submissive with guys and aggressive with girls," she specifies. "I love going down on a hot pocket that's shaved just like mine." Extremely sporting to boot, the back-again Beaver owns up, "Anal doesn't do much for me, but I will make exceptions." To make her B-day exceptional, Ava envisions "having a candle in both ends, if you know what I mean." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

SCARLETT

"I'm a big Larry Flynt fan and a total exhibitionist," professes this "free-spirited, adventurous and selectively bisexual" nurse from Wellington, Kansas. "I'm stoked to have been given an opportunity to fire up your naughty readers." With Scarlett Fire turning 30 in November, it's a perfect time to savor the 5-foot-6 cooking, reading, drag racing and martial arts buff basking in her birthday suit. Here's a short list of the aspiring model's fiery fancies: "I love 69ing with another gal so we can taste each other at the same time, as well as getting fucked from behind and spanked by a guy. Anal orgasms are beyond belief, but only my boyfriend is allowed to bring those on! I've had sex at a zoo, random parking lots and a moonlit orgy. When I get the urge to masturbate, I like watching a porn video while I rub my clit. Seeing a big booty bouncing on a boner makes me squirt four feet!" Scarlett—who's also big on Beyoncé, Pantera, Rascal Flatts, *Glee* and *Dead Like Me*—has a devilish Halloween fantasy: "I want to be everyone's sex slave at a masquerade party." —Photos by Friend

KELSEY

Born in Minnesota—the Gopher State—this spanking-new Beaver now holes up in Lake Havasu City, Arizona, where she works at a retail store and hovers on and near the water. "I love making money and having fun," asserts Kelsey, 21, whose main interests are paddleboarding, boating, social networking, sports (as a rabid Chicago Cubs, Minnesota Twins and Minnesota Wild fan), rap music and sex. "I'm madly in love with a girl from back home," the 5-foot-1 pixie proclaims, "but I've been known to fool around with guys now and then. I think she'd dig my fantasy: a red-hot threeway with [snowboarder] Shaun White. Think of me as a spunky switch-hitter." Hey, Kelsey, thanks much for adding some extra wallop to this month's lineup. —Photos by Friend

JORDIE

"It's exciting to know that guys will be looking at my pictures," reckons Jordie, 27, a "promiscuous Eskimo" from Anchorage, Alaska. "I hope they get turned on. I love being naked, and I don't care who sees me. During a getaway to Hawaii, while it was probably ten below zero back home, I streaked through the main tourist area of Waikiki Beach, then fucked a total stranger in front of a busy restaurant." No wonder the 5-foot-7 "housekeeper for rich people" howls, "My only hobby is sex, sex and more sex with a guy or a girl! I really like having a dick in my ass, and it's more fun if I'm riding another dude at the same time." Jordie also grooves to fellatio, pussy-eating, heavy metal and hard rock but not the boob tube. "I'd rather watch porn," the 38C-cupper snorts. "If someone I'm with is up for TV, I'll say, 'Let's fuck!' I'm *always* horny. If you see me on the street, don't be shy. Grab my titties and tell me what you're gonna do to me; I just might let you!" —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I cook, clean and do everything I can to make sure my guy is happy and satisfied in all ways."

TRINA

"I wanted to be in HUSTLER for a few years but had to wait until I was old enough," states Trina, 20, an "energetic, cheerful and adventurous" bride-to-be by way of Herkimer, New York. "I've been naked in a lot of places. I'm usually the first to volunteer for something crazy. I've had sex on a four-wheeler in the woods, in a rowboat, in a laundromat and in cars parked on the side of a road. But you'll most commonly find me playing strip poker at a party." On that note the 5-foot-3 "rocker chick," whose top band is Avenged Sevenfold, brings up our fave publisher and casino owner. "I'd love to meet Larry Flynt," Trina tells us. "I agree with all his positions, and I think we could have a very good conversation about politics and the economy." Afforded a visual and verbal forum, the Canadian-born hottie adds, "My hobbies include drawing, reading and learning about history. Who says nerds can't be sexy? I love sports. I'm a die-hard UFC, WWE and [New England] Patriots fan, and in high school I ran track and was cheerleading captain. I also like watching *Gangland*, *The Shield*, *The Ultimate Fighter* and *Deadliest Warrior.* I'm really into guy shows." And sex! "My favorite position is doggy-style, and I love to be dominated," Trina acknowledges. "And even though I'm straight, I have experimented with girls. Then I become real aggressive. Blowjobs are my specialty though. I'm very proud to say I have virtually no gag reflex. I can deep-throat like a porn star, and I love to be showered in cum." We're very proud to welcome Trina to the *Beaver Hunt* fold. —Photos by Fiancé

"I'm really starting to enjoy anal. The orgasms are much more intense than with normal sex."

"I love to masturbate, and I usually pop in a porn movie to get things started. One of my many sexual fantasies is to have a lesbian fiveway with Bree Olson, Sasha Grey, Lisa Ann and Alexis Texas."

MISTRESS MARIE

"One day when I was still in high school, I stumbled across my granddaddy's HUSTLER stash by accident," coos this "straight, loyal and brutally honest" 21-year-old out of Huntsville, Alabama. "Ever since then I wanted to be in the magazine." While waiting for her dream to come true, Mistress Marie seemed hellbent on causing accidents. "I've pulled down my pants in the car and flashed my ass at random people driving by," the 5-foot-0 tyro explains. "Being naked is fun. I also like cheesecake, watching medical dramas on TV—I'm training to be a radiologist—and listening to Marilyn Manson and the Used. Music keeps me sane." Now the *Grey's Anatomy*, *House* and *Private Practice* fan reveals how profane she gets in private: "I love having a dick in my mouth and fucking doggy-style. Besides getting deeper penetration, I look amazing from behind, so it provides a nice view for my partner and access to my sweet cheeks. I absolutely love to be spanked." As for a fantasy, Mistress Marie muses, "Thinking about having sex on a balcony where people could see the show really gets me going." Just seeing the saucy tart à la carte is pretty sweet. —Photos by NewAmericanPinup.com

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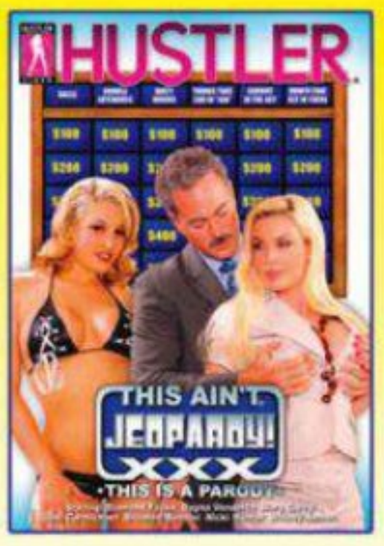

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D.C. UNCOVERED

BY LARRY FLYNT

LESSONS FROM SCHWARZENEGGER AND COMPANY

Maria Shriver, who tied the knot with Arnold Schwarzenegger in 1986, moved out of the couple's Brentwood, California, mansion on several occasions during their marriage because of the muscleman's boorish, skirt-chasing behavior. This is a fact. So news in late May that the former California governor had fathered a child out of wedlock with his then-housekeeper came as no surprise to those of us who know him well. Arnold has always been a hound dog. The key question is whether Shriver knew nearly 14 years ago that her husband's zipper problem had led to an illegitimate child.

I can report that Shriver did everything possible to prevent Schwarzenegger from seeking the governorship in the recall election back in 2003 in order to protect her children from the inevitable embarrassment. But having failed to temper her husband's political ambitions, she made the difficult decision to be his most ardent supporter. Shriver would go on to deliver an Oscar-worthy performance as the candidate's loyal wife in spite of reports from numerous women that Schwarzenegger had sexually harassed and groped them on a regular basis.

Rightly or wrongly, California voters embraced Schwarzenegger's movie star past and gave him a pass. They believed Shriver too. "You can listen to all the negativity, and you can listen to people who have never met Arnold, or who met him for five seconds 30 years ago," she said on the campaign trail. "Or you can listen to me."

Shriver owes Californians an apology for deceiving them as much as her husband does. Everyone knew about Schwarzenegger's insatiable appetite, which included the occasional appearance on a porn set. And who can count the number of times Arnold was caught in a trailer on a movie set engaged in vigorous exercise? He would reportedly tell friends that "it ain't cheating if it's eating."

Had Maria Shriver drawn a line in the sand eight years ago by rejecting her husband's extracurricular activities, Schwarzenegger would never have been elected governor of California. Likewise, had Elizabeth Edwards made a similar decision in 2007, former North Carolina Senator John Edwards would not have sought the Democratic nomination for President a second time. Political wives have the power to change history. More often than not, however, they ignore their husband's abnormal behavior, exchanging limelight for emotional distress. And then they attempt to cash in on the pity market.

Ironically, Arnold Schwarzenegger's lesson may be rather simple: Use a condom. In that regard, I am investigating allegations that the "Sperminator" has fathered other illegitimate offspring, possibly even including a second love child with his family's now-former maid. Stay tuned.

KERRY STILL EYEING KEY CABINET POST: In late 2007, John Kerry offered to endorse then-Senator Hillary Clinton (D-New York) for President under one condition: If elected, Clinton had to promise to appoint the then-junior senator from Massachusetts as her secretary of state. Clinton told Kerry she would appreciate his support but could make no such promise. In contrast, while a U.S. senator from Illinois, 2008 Presidential hopeful Barack Obama didn't hesitate to make similar "hold 'em up" deals with fellow Dems Kerry and New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson. Obama failed to keep his word to either gentleman. Now that Secretary of State Clinton has announced she'll step down by the end of Obama's first term, Senator Kerry is campaigning behind the scenes for her job. Kerry has told more than one foreign leader he can't wait to move into the State Department come January 2013. Of course, President Obama must first be reelected.

BIN LADEN POSTMORTEM: Everyone wants to know how the U.S. government could spend hundreds of billions of dollars a year on intelligence and not know that Osama bin Laden was hiding near a military base in Pakistan. I have been told by intelligence authorities that bin Laden's neighbors thought a drug ring was headquartered in the fortified compound where the terrorist was assassinated. That is why Pakistani security agents and local police stayed away.

REPUBLICAN CHILDREN: This year's crop of GOP Presidential candidates will need extra-large stages to show off their family members. Former Utah Governor John Huntsman Jr. has seven children to parade before voters. Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania also has seven little ones. Mitt Romney has a team of "only" five, as do Sarah Palin, Ron Paul and Michele Bachmann. That comes out to an average of 5.7 kids juxtaposed to an average of 1.86 for the typical American family.

"From what I understand, with one of these we can control boys' minds!"

BY GREGG GLASER

BOTTOMS UP!

OKTOBERFEST BEERS

The Oktoberfest in Munich has many things going for it—food, music, dancing, carnival rides and thousands of German women wearing a *dirndl*—the traditional Bavarian outfit that accentuates the ample bosoms of the ladies who drink and serve beer. Liters of beer in glass and ceramic steins are downed in amazing quantities by Oktoberfest revelers. For a couple of weeks each year, Munich is a very happy city.

The Famous Oktoberfest Beers: These beverages differ from everyday Bavarian beers. All are bottom-fermented lagers, but on a daily basis the regular beer is usually a light-bodied, gold-colored Helles. Oktoberfest beers, however, are orange-tinted in color and fuller-bodied. They are richer and sweeter in taste and have a slight biscuity flavor due to the use of special malts.

Back in the days before refrigeration, making beer wasn't permitted in Germany during the spring and summer because warm temperatures spawn airborne yeasts and bacteria that can spoil the fermenting ingredients. German law required brewers to cease brewing in March and resume with autumn's cooler weather.

To maintain supplies of beer during this lull, brewers produced vast quantities of strong (in flavor and alcohol) beer in March that they would store in deep, cool cellars and icy caves in the Alps. These were called *Märzen* beers, and kegs were drawn upon from April through September or October when brewing resumed. By the time the last of these casks of beer was tapped, the harvest season was ending, always a festive time in agricultural societies.

The First Oktoberfest: On October 12, 1810, Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria—who'd later reign as King Ludwig I—married Princess Therese of Saxe-Hildburghausen. The wedding took place in Munich, the Bavarian capital, and was timed to coincide with the annual harvest festivals.

The royal couple invited the entire population of Munich to attend the wedding festivities and an accompanying horse race, which was held on fields in front of the city gates. This spacious area was later named Theresienwiese (Therese's fields). Now called the Wiesn by locals, this is where Munich's annual Oktoberfest takes place.

The 1810 wedding party was huge, although Munich's population was much less than today. It was so much fun that the people of the Bavarian burg decided to do it again in 1811. Another Oktoberfest was held in 1812, and by 1818 carousels and swings (the beginning of the carnival) were added to the mix.

Being a traditionally popular beverage in Munich, beer has been the star of the festivities since day one. Germans have always loved their beer, incorporating it into all aspects of their lives. Beer was originally dispensed to Oktoberfest visitors solely at small stands until 1896, when cavernous brewery-sponsored tents and outdoor beer halls first appeared.

Munich Breweries—and Others: In the early 1900s there were around two dozen breweries in Munich. Today just six remain: Löwenbräu, Paulaner, Hacker-Pschorr, Spaten, Hofbräuhaus and Augustiner. They are the only breweries allowed by German law to use the Oktoberfest name on their beers and to sell them at the Munich Oktoberfest.

Five of the aforementioned breweries' Oktoberfest beers (and others) are sold year-round in the United States. Augustiner is the only Munich brewery that doesn't export to this country. Other German brewers make beer in the Oktoberfest style, but are prohibited from labeling it as such. Providing an always-excellent Oktoberfest-type beer is Ayinger Brewery, located about 50 miles outside the Munich city limits.

American brewers are not bound by German law. Many U.S. microbreweries produce Oktoberfest beers and label them any way they choose. Sometimes they call them harvest beers, autumn beers or fall-fest beers. Samuel Adams Octoberfest from the Boston Beer Company is always delicious. Thomas Hooker Brewing (Connecticut), Great Lakes Brewing (Ohio), Flying Dog Brewery (Maryland), Victory Brewing (Pennsylvania), Narragansett Beer (Rhode Island), Sierra Nevada Brewing (California) and Gordon Biersch Brewing (California) are also known for great Oktoberfest-type beers. In fact, there are too many good ones to list them all here. Two Oktoberfest winners at the last Great American Beer Festival came from Three Floyds Brewing (Indiana) and Foothills Brewing (North Carolina).

Whether it's an authentic Munich-brewed Oktoberfest beer or one from another German or U.S. brewery, these rich-in-history beers are a perfect complement to the hearty foods of the fall season—and a tasty drink by themselves.

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*.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

MISS PANDORA

AGE: 43

LOCATION: Los Angeles

SEE HER AT: SexyPandora.com

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

Hot-to-trot Miss Pandora has some sage advice for men who want to pursue a cougar. "If you see an older woman you're interested in, go for it," she suggests. "We don't bite—unless you want us to."

Thanks to her photos, you can see why the 5-foot-1 bombshell is elated that her life has changed for the better once she became more mature. "When I was in my 20s and 30s, I used to be super-skinny," Miss Pandora recalls. "But at 40 my metabolism changed, and suddenly I not only sprung well-proportioned curves but also prominent cleavage. Now I feel more comfortable with my body, and sex has become even more incredible, which is surprising. My sexual horizons have wildly broadened."

Miss Pandora first delved into nude modeling. Then, after gaining valuable experience in Web development and marketing, she launched her own wild 'n' wanton Internet site. "I've found an amazing demand for well-seasoned women like myself among photographers and video producers," Pandora marvels.

Despite reveling in her sexual awakening, the older-but-bolder gal is quick to remind us that she's more than just another bodacious body and pretty face. "These days I consider myself a California girl," Miss Pandora reckons. "However, I was born and raised in the Deep South, which is where I fully developed my friendliness, kindness and sense of hospitality. I also learned from my mother—a very proud and proper Southern belle—how to be a good cook."

Wow! Great in the sack *and* in the kitchen? Now *that's* what we call one *dee*-licious combo. Serve it up, Pandora!

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 BRAD FITZGERALD

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:

Savannah Paige

AGE: 20

NUMBER OF FRIENDS: 195

LOCATION: GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

URL: Facebook.com/profile.php?id=100002279675337&ref=ts

Early on, sultry 'n' sexy Savannah found that a conventional life—in what she considers an "uneventful place" like Grand Rapids, Michigan—was hardly the best way to pass the time. "I was a good student and had some academic successes," she tells us, "but I still had a rebellious side."

Consequently, Savannah found that she constantly had to discover ways to preoccupy and entertain herself. "And since I'm naturally submissive," the 5-foot-1 hottie reveals, "I was always looking for opportunities to act out my BDSM fantasies. And nothing, absolutely *nothing*, turns me on more than pleasing my sexual partners while being dominated."

Although Savannah enjoys being reined in by her kind of guy, she's also on the lookout—24/7!—for the right woman. "I like my men to be bad boys of sorts: tall, strong and forceful," Savannah confides. "On the other hand, my women should be soft, smooth and shapely. However, they really have to know how to totally dominate me. In fact, I wear a collar at all times to symbolize my submissive leaning."

But don't let Savannah's kinky proclivities fool you. Beneath her dark veneer is a girl next door whose bright side emerges at various times, especially during marathon sessions of *Halo* and *Call of Duty* with close friends.

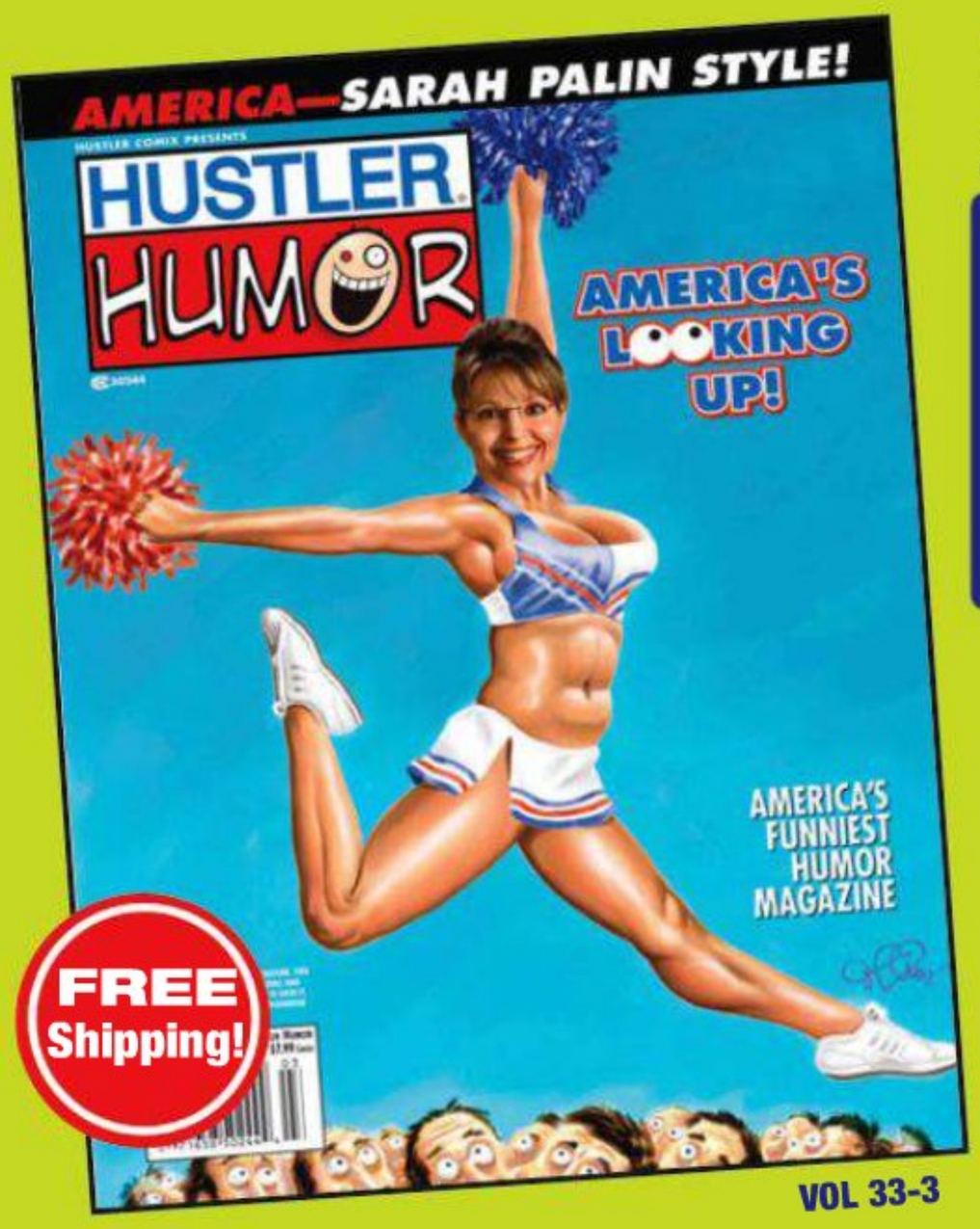
"Playing video games is totally relaxing for me," Savannah discloses. "I also like to sunbathe in the nude, as well as travel and explore new places. Other than that, I'm a dirty girl at heart. Use me as a play toy. I'll love every minute of it!"

Drop by and play with us any time you like, Savannah!

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 DAN DINSMORE/TCBELLEPHOTOGRAPHY.COM

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



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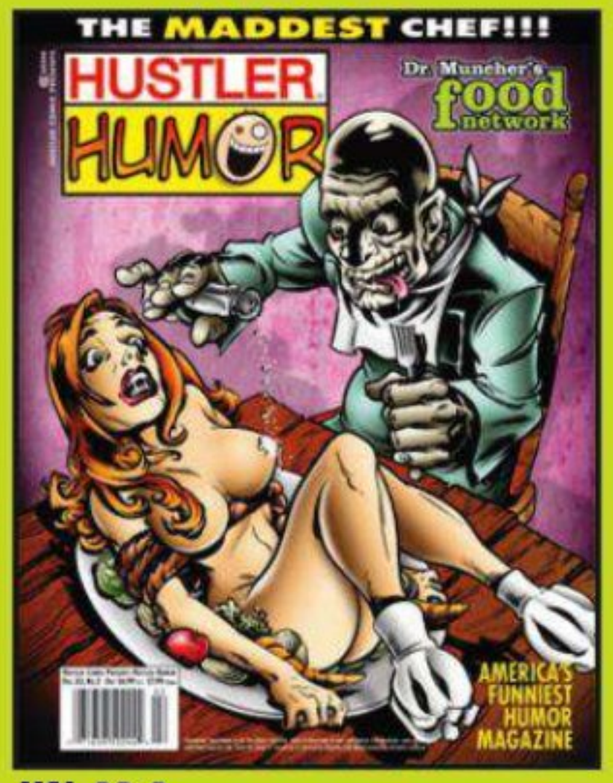

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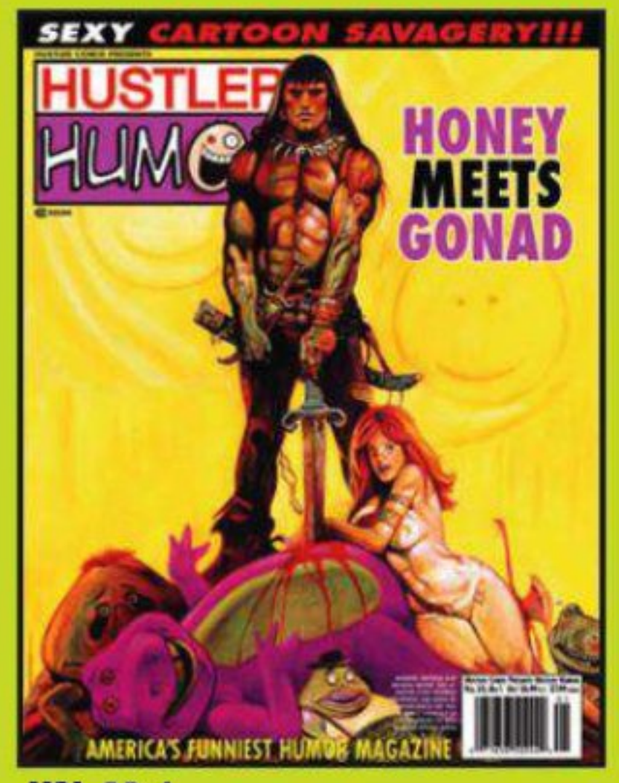

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IN THE LAND OF AAAHS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

(continued from page 40)

There is no way humans could predict the outcomes of such experiments. The resulting evolved circuitry would be so complex that it would not be understandable by humans.

What could head off the robopocalypse?

One way a robopocalypse might be avoided is that it may be impossible for human beings to create a human-level artilect. Understanding the human brain by using the human brain might turn out to be a logical impossibility, rather like a picture containing an image of itself, which would have another one inside of it and so on to infinity.

But I think this possible bottleneck could be overcome since it is still possible to build a brain without fully understanding it, simply by copying it in great detail into our machines. Another way is to use evolutionary-engineering techniques to generate superior intelligence. Humanity has been using this technique for hundreds of thousands of years with our children, some of whom grow up to be more intelligent than their parents, through random gene shuffling at the point of conception.

Another scenario is that artilects come into existence far faster than we'd imagined, so there isn't enough time for human politics to react. The artilects may then ignore the humans and leave Earth in search of more interesting phenomena, allowing humanity to survive.

There are lots of scenarios. Unfortunately, in my view, the most probable scenario is the worst: a gigadeath Artilect War. I'm so pessimistic about this that I'm glad I'm alive now. I will live another 20 to 30 years, enough time to see the species-dominance debate rage but not long enough to see the Artilect War killing billions. Thank God! I don't want to see that horror, but my grandson will see it. He will be destroyed by it.

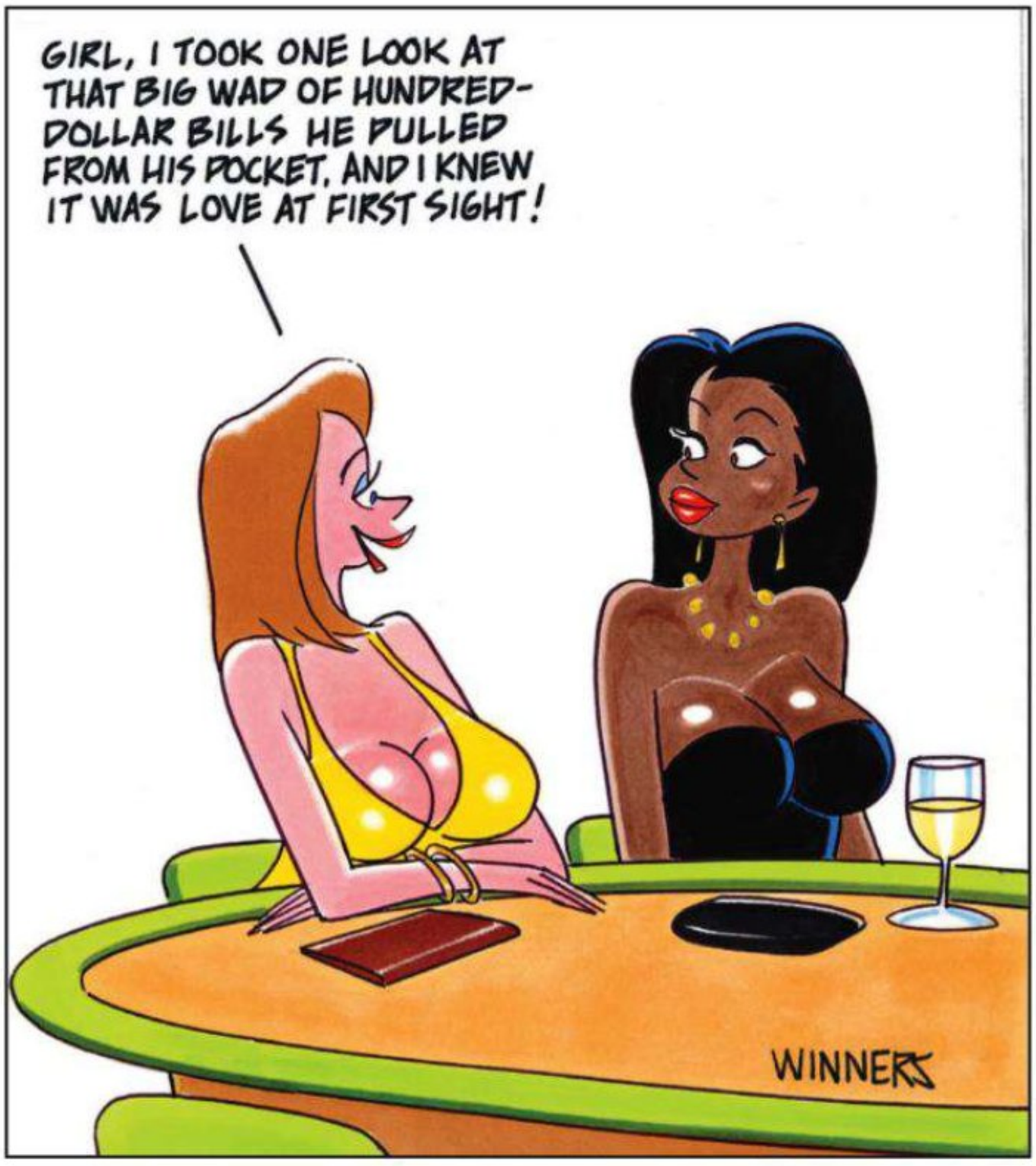
What will life on Earth be like in a hundred years?

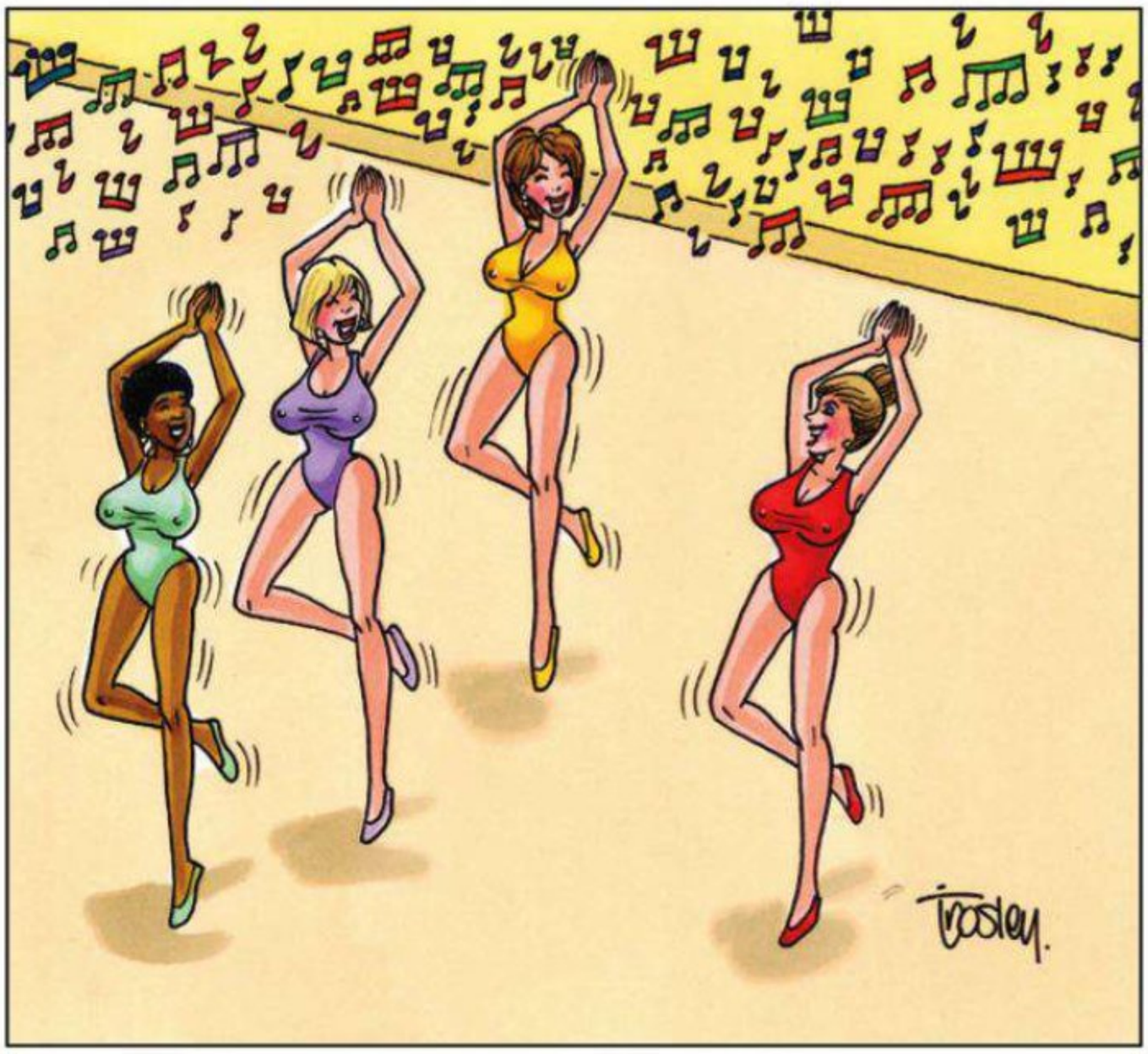
We will have experienced gigadeath in the aftermath of the Artilect War. If the Terrans win, science will be strictly controlled, and any attempt at reviving Cosmist experimentation will result in their death. If the Cosmists win, a new phase of cosmic evolution will take place. The artilects will move out into the cosmos to make contact with the zillions of other artilects that have evolved billions of years earlier on zillions of other planets.

These artilects may be so powerful, they can design universes with their own mathematical laws of physics and then construct universes according to their designs. They would be universe creators and, hence, gods. Perhaps our universe already is such a creation.

Are you a Cosmist or Terran?

Ultimately I'm a Cosmist, but I'm scared shitless of an Artilect War that I see as almost inevitable. The decision to build artilects is binary, meaning we have only two choices: We build them or we don't. I choose to build them, but the Terran in me feels the need to raise the alarm. Now that so much A.I. progress has been made, people are starting to see the writing on the wall.





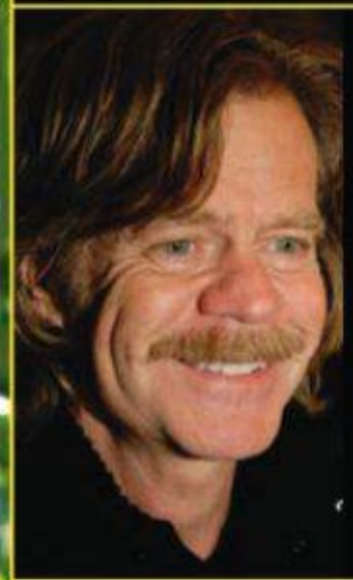
"It's called the Republican. Ready? One step backward...distract with the hands...then two more steps backward...sidestep...sidestep...one step backward...distract with the hands...then two steps backward..."

COMING NEXT

EXCLUSIVE XXX PICS: WEINER SEXTING PARTNER GINGER LEE

Thanks to tweeting his meat, not to mention briefly lying about it, Anthony Weiner is no longer a member of the U.S. House of Representatives. But we must admit that the New Yorker had good taste when it came to his most famous online follower. Ginger Lee is gorgeous, and she goes the whole nine yards. Wanna see the porn star with a wiener in her? Don't miss Research Editor Kimberly Cheng's lowdown on the sexting scandal that grabbed America by the crotch.

WILLIAM H. MACY: A *SHAMELESS* Q&A



Little did we know that WIlliam H. Macy—the scamming car salesman in *Fargo*, the gun-wielding party pooper in *Boogie Nights* and now the slacker dad in the Showtime series *Shameless*—is a fan of this mag. "HUSTLER is about sex, and sex is good," Macy tells interviewer Larry Flynt. Prepare to be entertained as the award-winning actor talks about everything from his college days and favorite roles to a "singing vagina" and a "dildo that looked like a telephone pole."

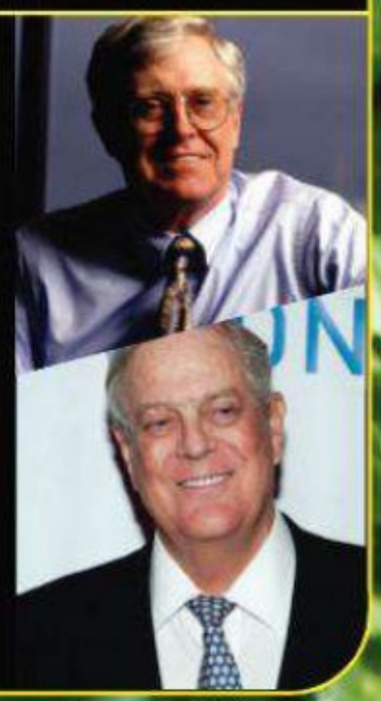
STOYA: PORN'S MOST FASCINATING ENIGMA

Doing the legwork for a *Day in the Life* feature can sometimes be a royal pain in the ass. Just ask journalist M. Allen Nathan, who has his hands full getting adult-film sensation Stoya to open up. "If I want to talk about myself, I'll do it on Twitter," she huffs. "You can see the interior of my rectum in HD." But once in her comfort zone, the former ballet prodigy is magically transformed from a haughty black swan to a sexy, charming and elegant surprise package. Find out what makes Stoya tick and why she's so hard to resist.

THINKING PINK: 'TOON CROSSROADS

Got an inkling where "art ends and pornography begins"? Amy Matthews will take you to that intersection with CartoonPink, her collection of hyperrealistic, dreamlike paintings that wildly exaggerate the female form in a truly unique fashion. "I draw what turns me on," Matthews says, "and if that stimulates other people too, then that's great." The babes of CartoonPink will blow you away.

THE KOCH BROTHERS: CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY & SUBTERFUGE



Investigative reporter Tyler Downey delivers a scathing indictment of dangerously influential Charles and David Koch. Corrupting our democratic process and the mainstream media, these billionaire brothers have surreptitiously bankrolled sham advocacy groups, conservative politicians nationwide and the Tea Party movement while championing an anti-environment, screw-the-people agenda with one aim: making even more money.

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