

Holiday Issue 2011

Q&A

**ADAM
GOLDBERG**
HOLLYWOOD HEAD CASE

SAMMIE SPADES HILLARY CLINTON'S FORMER INTERN NUDE EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

MISS USA 1991
KELLI McCARTY
SHOWS PINK

KEVIN SMITH'S STONER SIDEKICK
JASON "JAY" MEWES
CLEANS UP

**SUPER-ORGASMS
INSIDE A
G-SPOT
PARTY**

COVERBABE
EDEN ADAMS
FRISKY WITH FROSTY

\$11.99



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LET YOUR TRUE COLORS FLOW

PERIODBLOOD
MONTHLY ONLY ON HB-OOH!

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the cable series *True Blood*. In our version a woman struggling with excessive menstrual flow meets her perfect match in three hungry vampires. To be honest, we'd rather watch a woman bleed from her twat for an hour than sit through a poorly acted drama featuring vampires, werewolves and whatever the hell else the scriptwriters conjure up.



"But I must take full responsibility for having an inappropriate, lewd relationship with one of my elves."



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Liz Flynt Vice-President, Administration/Associate Publisher

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Philip Sanguinet Copy Chief
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Art & Design

Kevin Gentry Creative Director
Dana Collins Art Director

Talent

Juliane Kania Talent Coordinator

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400
(ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography

Matti Klatt Senior Photographer
Ladi von Jansky Photographer
Sean Berrios Supervisor of Records and Documents
David Carrillo Recordkeeper/Archivist

Network Systems

Andrea Landrum Network Systems Director

Production

Gina J. Lee Production Director
Shannon Poe Production Assistant

Advertising

Mickey Puyda National Advertising Sales Director
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho Advertising Production Coordinator

Subscriptions Customer Service: 323-651-2348

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution

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PRIVACY REVISITED

For the average American citizen, the notion of privacy is extinct. Any information you put into cyberspace could come back to bite you in the ass. Retail stores sell your purchase history to third parties without your consent. Social media sites and search engines act as data mines, storing information that could later be accessed by the government and used against you in court.

The Feds have no problem letting companies collect and exploit our personal information because it makes running a surveillance state that much easier to do. Whenever the govern-

ment wants to find out what weird shit you're up to on the Internet, guess what—they're going to find out. You can thank Google, Facebook, Walmart and all the other mega-corps for that.

Be alert: Big Brother *is* watching you.

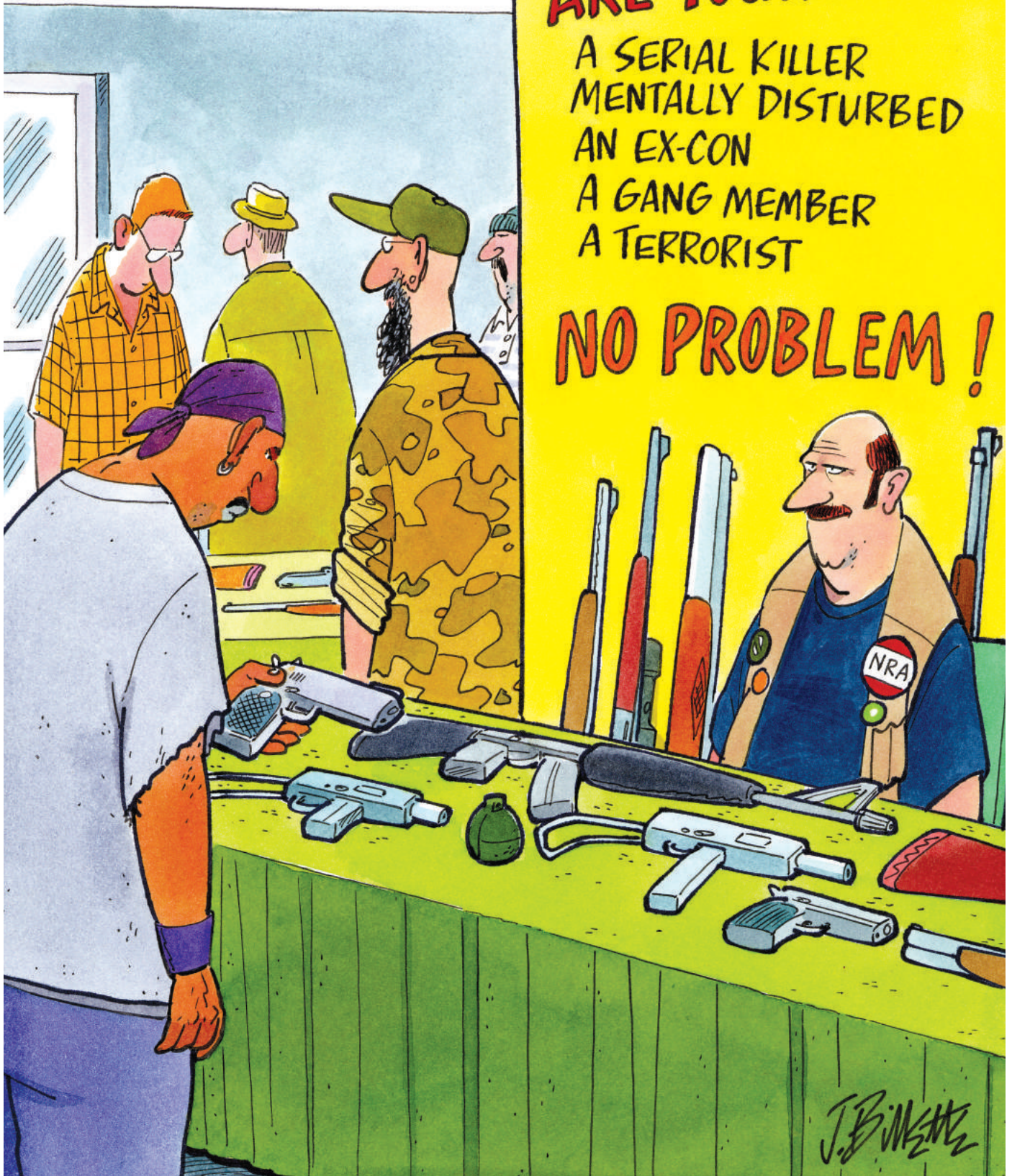
Larry Flynt
Publisher

GUN SHOW

ARE YOU...

A SERIAL KILLER
MENTALLY DISTURBED
AN EX-CON
A GANG MEMBER
A TERRORIST

NO PROBLEM !



J.B. MATHZ

**WIN
EVERYTHING
ON THIS
PAGE!**



LOST AND FOUND

We've all been there: driving around in circles but too much of a man to pull over and ask for directions no matter how many times our girlfriend snaps, "Do you *know* where you're going?!" What you need is a reliable GPS navigation system. In that regard, Magellan knows a thing or two. The electronics company has been supplying top-notch (yet reasonably priced) navigation systems for years. Its latest is the **Magellan RoadMate 9055**, which features a crystal-clear, seven-inch screen and an array of noteworthy attributes. Thanks to the unit's advanced Bluetooth technology, you can make great-sounding, hands-free calls. The **Magellan RoadMate 9055** is also preloaded with maps of all 50 states (plus Puerto Rico and Canada) and delivers lifetime traffic alerts for free. But our favorite feature is the AAA TourBook, which provides useful info on thousands of restaurants, theme parks and hotels. Get found. Get going.

Available at **MagellanGPS.com** and **Amazon.com**. Suggested retail price: \$299.99.

TWO-TIMING



You're an international jet-setter. At any moment you could find yourself flying off to London, Dubai, Hong Kong or maybe even Beijing. You need to keep track of the time so you never miss a meeting or a hot date from that international stable of flight attendants you're juggling. Or you just like a cool-looking thingamajig on your wrist. Either way, Phosphor's new **World Time Curved E Ink** digital watch is for you. It lets you pick from 24 time zones, with an option to display two simultaneously, and also has a calendar function. Ultrasleek and cool, yet just 9.3mm thick, the **World Time Curved E Ink** looks like something James Bond would wear. Plus it's water resistant to a depth of 50 meters. The only thing the timepiece doesn't

do is help you pick up chicks, but you've got that covered. Right, Mr. Swanky?

Available at **PhosphorWatches.com** and at watch dealers worldwide. Suggested retail price: \$150.

ARE YOU GAME?

Looking for a way to take your video gaming to the next level? Well, power up with the **Razer Onza Tournament Edition** gaming controller for Xbox 360. Thanks to cutting-edge technology (including the astounding Hyperresponse), this gizmo gives you faster response time, increased comfort—a 15-foot braided cable provides lots of room to maneuver—and lag-free gameplay. Plus, check out how rad the **Razer Onza TE** looks with its glowing, backlit buttons in bright neon colors. We like our gaming controllers to be just like our women—pretty, fast and ready to play.

Available at **RazerZone.com**. Suggested retail price: 49.99.



CANDID (WEB) CAMERA

Just about everyone is using Skype, the Internet's free communication service, to connect these days. Whether your kids can talk to Granny or you can have online sex with that long-distance girlfriend, it's the perfect way to communicate with faraway loved ones. Except if you have a shitty Webcam, making the transmission look and sound terrible. Creative has solved the problem with its **Live! Cam inPerson HD**. This high-quality, Skype-certified Webcam features built-in H.264 compression, crystal-clear sound (Creative's quad mics are amazing) and a sleek, stylish look. It eliminates choppy video and garbled sound thanks to the highest frame-rate encoding around. So no more dropouts and blurry picture while you're Skyping. You can also use the **Live! Cam inPerson HD** to capture, edit and share HD video, meaning you can post raunchy sex vids starring that far-off girlfriend when she breaks up with you. Let's face it: Long-distance relationships never work out.

Available at **US.Creative.com**. Suggested retail price: \$149.99.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM HUSTLER!

We're giving away every single gadget you see on this page. For your chance to win one just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: **HUSTLER's Holiday Giveaway**, 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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"Damn, muthafucker! Stop complaining about prison conditions.
You approved them when you were governor!"



GUMSHOES, GUNS AND GAMS

L.A. Noire
Rockstar Games
PS3, Xbox 360, PC

It was a regular day for a gamer. Then she walked in. Based on the stylish crime dramas of the 1940s and '50s, **L.A. Noire** is more than a video game—it's a groundbreaking, cinematic entertainment experience. Set in the smoky world of 1947 Los Angeles, it follows the tribulations of LAPD detective Cole Phelps as he tries to solve a rash of cases, foremost the murders of several beautiful women. (Why don't killers ever target ugly broads?) Along the way you'll engage in everything from foot chases to shootouts to car pursuits (in period-perfect vehicles). This action-packed thriller also boasts a breakthrough imaging technology called Lightsprint realtime global illumination, which gives **L.A. Noire** a completely unique look and feel. Death, dames and drugs? Count us in.



BIBLE BELT!

El Shaddai: Ascension of the Metatron
Ignition Entertainment
PS3, Xbox 360

Are you kidding us? A video game based on stories from the mysterious Book of Enoch, an ancient narrative that was deemed too controversial to be included in the Bible? That sounds fun! (Note sarcastic tone.) Wait! **El Shaddai: Ascension of the Metatron** was created by the Japanese team behind *Devil May Cry* and *Resident Evil*? And it offers epic 2D and 3D combat featuring mighty, heavenly weapons against pure evil? This game is cool! Then there are the uninhibited "fallen angels," whose souls you have to save in order to prevent the Great Flood ordered by God. They're kind of hot. Wait, is it a sin to lust for angels? Who cares?!



THE WAR AT HOME

Homefront
THQ
PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Dwindling natural resources. The global economy in ruins. Mankind struggling to survive. Welcome to America in the year 2027. No, this isn't another end-of-days article in *HUSTLER*; it's the heart-pounding first-person shooter survival game **Homefront**. You must rise up and join the Resistance, a rag-tag outfit dedicated to battling the oppressive, militant Greater Korean Republic to save the USA. It won't be easy. Armed with nuclear weapons, the GKR intends to use them to decimate everything we hold sacred. Never surrender! **Homefront**, which was written by John Milius (*Apocalypse Now* and *Red Dawn*), is a blood-soaked thrill ride.



FAME IS SHOCKING

Infamous 2
Sony
PS3

Here it comes, a sequel without equal! In the first *Infamous* game you were Cole MacGrath, an anti-hero charged with electrical powers who battles an unseen evil corporation. In **Infamous 2** you are joined by a buddy named Zeke, a supermutant with his own strange tricks. Together you will roam through the open-world environment, Empire City, preparing to battle a superpowered entity named the Beast, all the while fighting with your alternative self from a different timeline. The action is fast-paced and power-packed, with more explosions per second than your average Michael Bay film. We would be *shocked* if you don't love this *ultra-electrifying* game. Did we mention that hero Cole MacGrath can shoot electrical charges out of his fingertips? ⚡



"Sarah Palin preaching patriotism is like Bristol Palin preaching abstinence. By the time you realize what it is, you're fucked!"

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

BY GEORGE, THE REPUBLICANS ARE TO BLAME FOR AMERICA'S STAGGERING DEBT!

The bait and switch worked, and the sucker is you. The U.S. economy collapsed, the bankers who caused this mess got bailed out, and you were stuck with the bills. That is the meaning of the great debt crisis of 2011, which ended up being blamed on everyone except the people who caused it.

The sharp jump in the debt was the direct result of the great recession, pure and simple. The debt rose 50%, increasing by \$5 trillion between December 2007—when the recession began—and August 2, 2011, the day the debt ceiling had to be lifted. The debt crisis had nothing to do with the “entitlements,” as the Republicans claimed.

The most important of those is Social

Security, which the Republicans have been attacking since its inception in 1935. Under George W. Bush they made noises about privatizing the program by betting your retirement on the stock market. After Wall Street crashed in 2008, the GOP stopped talking up that one and instead claimed it was going to “save” Social Security by shrinking the benefits that people had already paid for.

Yes, paid for! Social Security is not some sort of gift; it is a fully funded program whose auditors attest can meet all of its obligations for the next 25 years. How many private companies can make that claim? While it is true that the retirement of the baby boomer generation will put a squeeze on the system in a quar-

ter of a century, even then—according to the conservative audits of the fund—the system will still meet 75% of its obligations for decades after. The answer to that shortfall is a simple one: Raise the \$106,800 cutoff of annual income subject to Social Security tax. The wealthier would not even notice what would amount to a slight hit to their paychecks.

But whatever we have to do to “fix” Social Security, a system that is not broken, it has nothing to do with the debt crisis. Up to this point the U.S. Treasury has been borrowing from the Social Security trust fund rather than the other way around.

The other major “entitlement” under attack is Medicare, and that one does

Social Security is not some sort of gift; it is a fully funded program whose auditors attest can meet all of its obligations for the next 25 years. How many private companies can make that claim?

require attention. Not because the program is wasteful—its operating costs are lower than private insurance programs—but because healthcare costs are on the rise. Yet the same Republicans who want to destroy Medicare have opposed any serious effort to contain healthcare costs through government regulation, calling it “socialism.”

What Republicans advocate is socialism for the rich, which is what the government bailout of Wall Street was all about. The same Republicans didn’t complain when the hustlers who sunk our economy with their mortgage-securitization scams and credit-default swaps pigged out at the public trough while insisting they were too big to fail. Banks and other financial institutions

require attention. Not because the program is wasteful—its operating costs are lower than private insurance programs—but because healthcare costs are on the rise. Yet the same Republicans who want to destroy Medicare have opposed any serious effort to contain healthcare costs through government regulation, calling it “socialism.”

So here we are today, with an economy savaged by Wall Street and a Congress controlled by opportunistic Tea Party Republicans who have left the rest of us holding the bag.

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*.

were “entitled” to be saved from their mess because their lobbyists own Congress and the White House. So, too, the huge defense contractors, which have successfully lobbied for military spending that remains at Cold War levels even though this country doesn’t have a sophisticated military enemy in sight.

It was a great wartime leader and Republican President—Dwight D. Eisenhower—who warned us about the “military-industrial complex” that has its tentacles in every Congressional district. The first President Bush ran afoul of those folks when he dared to call for a 30% cut in military spending with the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War. But as opposed to the wisdom of George H.W. Bush, his son seized upon the 9/11 attacks by terrorists with a primitive arsenal of knives and box cutters to ramp up the military budget so that we end up spending as much as the rest of the world combined.

George W. Bush’s Republican allies in Congress looked the other way when he launched two wars and put the cost of those expensive boondoggles on the national credit card, starting the upward spiral of the national debt that actually had been declining under his predecessor, Bill Clinton. Then Bush compounded that fiscal stupidity by pushing through enormous tax cuts for the superrich, which led to more red ink.

The superrich thanked Bush for the favor, not by creating jobs but by masterminding phony collateralized-debt obligations and other scams that proved toxic to everyone except the folks who designed this financial nightmare. And then when their scams hit the fan, the Federal Reserve stepped in to take \$2 trillion worth of those troubled securities off the banks’ books.

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"Or can we use one that reflects her IQ?..."

FBI NOW AFTER YOUR GARBAGE

PRIVACY ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE AS THE
MINIONS OF HOMELAND SECURITY BECOME EVER
MORE INTRUSIVE

Almost every day the title of a book I'm writing, *Is This Still America?*, gets more and more relevant to the vanishing of what James Madison called our individual and Constitutional property rights in our personal liberties. Imagine his or Tom Paine's reaction to what a 95-year-old woman, in the last stages of leukemia, was forced to endure this past June at the hands of TSA screeners at the Northwest Florida Regional Airport.

Jean Weber tells of her mother (unnamed to protect the last shred of her privacy), con-

by the dire words of Nico Melendez, a TSA spokesperson in California: "VIPR is a spot-check to make sure that nothing out of the ordinary is going on. Anybody that might consider doing something wrong, you never know when we might be out there."

That chiller reminded me of what it was like when I was starting out as a reporter, and the FBI's chief tracker—J. Edgar Hoover—told all of us Americans to figure that there could be a disguised FBI agent lurking behind every mailbox.

"In the near future the noise you hear in your outside trash container might not be that pesky raccoon or the neighbor's dog but the FBI looking for evidence to link you to some criminal or terrorist activity."

fined to a wheelchair, being patted down and then taken to another location in the terminal to remove her Depends diaper because it was soiled. Inspecting hands couldn't penetrate it. The elderly woman finally passed muster but didn't have a clean diaper, so she ended up boarding her aircraft sans underwear.

Filing a lawsuit, her daughter warned all of us, as reported in the *Panama City News Herald*, "Next time it could be you."

Republican Senator Rand Paul of Kentucky, a libertarian, has told the Department of Homeland Security's Transportation Security Administration to stop these degrading pat downs. You think Homeland Security Secretary Janet Napolitano will listen? The TSA is too busy.

According to *The Daily Caller*, the TSA is also "now inspecting...trolleys, ferries, subways and even private cars."

If you've got something over your privates for bladder control or whatever, make sure you also bring along spares before traveling anywhere.

To increase the pat downs, the TSA has developed its VIPR (Visible Intermodal Prevention and Response) program to conduct inspections and training programs—dig this—in coordination "with local and federal law-enforcement agencies." Where can you hide?

My mother, who came to this country to escape the tyranny of czarist Russia, used to warn me, "Try not to go out of the house too often." These days she wouldn't be surprised

As I've reported in *HUSTLER*, the Bush-Obama FBI is far more interested than Hoover in anything "suspicious" you may do, think or say. And in one very old-style search operation, FBI explorers are also doing what the *Boston Herald's* Dan K. Thomasson reported in July: "In the near future the noise you hear in your outside trash container might not be that pesky raccoon or the neighbor's dog but the FBI looking for evidence to link you to some criminal or terrorist activity." Is this still America?

Thomasson continued: "That would be particularly true if you have had any contact knowingly or unknowingly, socially or otherwise with someone the Bureau finds suspicious. If past experience is any guide, that could be nearly anyone."

How will you know the FBI is tracking you? Not only is all of this covert, but also under present FBI domestic guidelines the agents don't have to go to a judge to obtain a search warrant. But the capper is that the feds can even rummage through your garbage if you've unknowingly had contact with anyone on the Bureau's endless list of anyone ostensibly endangering our national security.

Not surprisingly, as of this writing, President Obama is determined to extend the tenure of FBI Director Robert Mueller. Maybe he'll eventually give Mueller a Liberty Medal. George W. Bush bestowed one on George Tenet, the Central Intelligence Agency head who during the Bush

Administration ran "black sites"—the CIA's secret prisons exempted from American laws and violating various international treaties signed by the United States, most notably the U.N.'s Convention Against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman or Degrading Treatment or Punishment.

Most kids going to public schools around the country these days know nothing about the CIA's "black sites" or the rest of what Dick Cheney, when he was Vice President, proudly called "the dark side" of George W. Bush's War on Terrorism—now continued, under even more secrecy, by Barack Obama.

So when our young are old enough to vote—and many are already—few will be concerned about their loss of privacy, something they've never been aware they have under the Constitution. The Constitution? What's that?

And what does the FBI say in answer to those of us who do give more than a damn about what privacy we have left? Just one day after America celebrated its independence, a letter written by Michael P. Kortan—FBI assistant director for public affairs—was published in the *New York Times*. "The FBI's operations manual establishes greater overall protections for privacy than the law and Justice Department policy require," Kortan stated, "and reflect the FBI's commitment to detecting and disrupting threats while safeguarding civil rights and civil liberties."

Any of you feel like hooting at this brazen hypocrisy of the FBI and its ultimate boss, the President of the United States? Would you use the Constitution's First Amendment to demonstrate publicly for the return of what the Founders guaranteed you in the Fourth Amendment? Maybe not on the streets but on the Internet? Say, Facebook?

But you might raise the suspicions of a government intelligence agent. The FBI watches both of them. TSA spokesperson Nico Melendez warned, "You never know when we might be out there."

In all the gathering political preparations for the tumultuous 2012 elections, I've heard very little about what Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis called our sacred right to be "let alone" by a ceaselessly intrusive government. If the new generation and those that follow don't give a damn about being let alone, what will we be fighting all the wars ahead for?

To preserve our lives—but no longer who we are as Americans? 🐼

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 Still America?*



"I ain't throwin' no expensive funeral! Just incinerate the bitch
and stick her cinders in this Tupperware!"

THE NEWS IN REVIEW 2011: HOW GOES THE MEDIA?

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE,
THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME

Every so often the TV news folk take a “whore’s bath”—they think they’re brand-new when in fact they’re still the same old whores. Let’s check them out:

After what seemed like an eternity, Larry King closed shop at CNN. Larry had been there too long—his show was getting stale. So who did the honchos at CNN choose to replace him? A Brit named Piers Morgan! Who? Precisely! He’s somebody most Americans had never heard of, except for his stint as a judge on *America’s Got Talent*. (And he only got that job because of similar duties on the British version.)

Snobbish and droll, Morgan doesn’t translate to U.S. television all that well. To us, Larry King’s successor is a bloody Fleet Street bore. Morgan plays well in the U.K., where he’s in his comfort zone, but here he seems ill at ease.

Then there’s the rest of CNN. Last year we thought the network had hit rock bottom. When head honcho Jonathan Klein was fired and a new guy—Ken Jautz—took over, we assumed things would improve. Well, guess again, news junkie: CNN got worse. Getting all cutesy on our ass, it rolled out such features as *Choose the News* (in which viewers pick stories to be covered) and *Reporter Roulette*. It almost seems as though Klein got fired because he wasn’t doing badly enough. CNN had to bring somebody in who would screw things up even more. As Bugs Bunny would say, “What a maroon!”

Over at the liberal MSNBC, things started to disintegrate when Comcast became the prime shareholder of parent company NBC Universal. First, MSNBC’s chief bloviator—Keith Olbermann—abruptly took a hike because he was unhappy for unexplained reasons. Like him or not, Olbermann had the largest following on the network. He was replaced by Lawrence O’Donnell, who, though smart, has the charm of a turd in a punch bowl. This left MSNBC with Ed Shultz (a radio host-turned-TV pundit) and Rachel Maddow, beneficiary over the years of following

Countdown With Keith Olbermann.

Shultz got into hot water when he called radio host Laura Ingraham a “right-wing slut.” That was actually an understatement—she’s a cunt! Although Shultz made the remarks on his radio show, an outraged MSNBC suspended him, but not before he issued the most pathetic apology you’ve ever heard. It should have been reserved for a politician found with a dead hooker in his hotel room. The apology turned off his liberal base, which felt Shultz should have told MSNBC to fold it five ways and put it where the sun don’t shine.

The nicest thing you can say about the people at the Fox News Channel is that they’re consistent. They consistently take the right-wing side of every issue, without apology. Leading the pack is the morning trio on *Fox and Friends*—the Three Stooges of television news.

Then there’s the superhot Megyn Kelly, host of FNC’s *America Live*. If I had to sleep with the enemy, Megyn would be my choice. Having to fuck me would be her ultimate degradation. Take that, bitch!

One network did get it right this year. For five years CBS suffered through its obligation to the now-departed Katie Couric. Not that she was bad; it just took Couric too long to get up to speed.

Enter Scott Pelley. He’s a *60 Minutes* veteran with many years of service. As a reporter, Pelley gets straight A’s. He’s good-looking and has that days-gone-by air of authority, the hallmark of CBS when it was the most respected name in broadcast journalism. Armed with a battalion of great reporters, the CBS newsroom has turned into a solid, world-class operation. CBS is the *New York Times* of TV news, whereas NBC is the *USA Today*. Therein lies the problem. *USA Today* sells better than the *New York Times*. It may not be good for ratings and profits, but man, oh, man, CBS delivers a great newscast.

We would be remiss if we didn’t again mention the perennial best source for news: Comedy Central. Of course we’re talking about *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*. Although humor is the program’s trademark, incredibly absorbable information is its by-product. A half-hour of *The Daily Show* provides more usable facts than many hours’ worth of the 24/7 assholes.

That’s it for another year. If, as they say, the foundation of a democracy is an informed electorate, we’re in a heap of trouble. 🌐

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).



“So this... *This* is the North Pole!”

WHAT'S SEXY?

A LIST OF WHO'S HOT AND WHO'S NOT

Stan Freberg—the genius of advertising on radio and TV, as well as the producer of many classic satires—worked at Capitol Records in the 1950s when I was there. Freberg allegedly had a clause in his ad agency contract that said, “What’s funny is what Freberg says is funny.” Stan had (and still has) a wild comedic mind, and no one knew more about what was funny.

Since I got this moniker of “sex symbol” right around the same time, you could say that Stan and I have been tilling our respective gardens long enough to know what’s what. So rock back in that La-Z-Boy and crack a cold one, guys, because what’s sexy is what Mamie says is sexy.

Here’s my list of who and what is—and is not—sexy:

Dirk Nowitzki is sexy. Kobe Bryant is not sexy. It’s funny that I have never found Kobe sexy. He is certainly one of the greatest basketball players of his generation. But, for me, he is not a turn-on. Dirk, on the other hand, is a stylish athlete with a Continental temperament that is a refreshing change to the usual trash-talking bluster of NBA players.

The Yankees are sexy. The Dodgers are not sexy. Andre Ethier? Gimme a break! I can’t think of a sexy Dodger since Jackie Robinson. Give me the Yankees any day for sexy. You’ve got A-Rod’s biceps and Derek Jeter’s eyes, and all the players’ pinstriped pants fit them. Know what I’m talkin’ about?

Notwithstanding Tiger Woods’s endless mistresses, there are no sexy professional golfers.

Jennifer Aniston is sexy, and Angelina Jolie is not. Making a weird little triangle with them is the unsexy Brad Pitt. He may have tripped my trigger in *Thelma &*

Louise, but he’s shaved too much off his nose and added too much to his waistline to make the cut today. Sure, Angelina has a creepy allure, but she has starved herself into a gaunt zombie. Jennifer’s girl-next-door vibe wins this rivalry in my book.

Turning to the serial drug/alcohol abuser category, Lindsay Lohan is sexy; Paris Hilton is not. Lindsay has fucked up so many chances to clean up her act, you have to wonder if she actually *wants* to go back to jail. Paris served some time too, but her arrogance—I’ve occasionally run into the gal at the Playboy Mansion—makes her too hard to like.

Kim Basinger is sexy. Kim Kardashian is not. Basinger has not made a film in a while, but she’s a good actress and very easy on the eyes. Like Paris Hilton, Kardashian is only famous for being famous—with a little porn to her credit. No doubt you guys will disagree, since Kardashian has that world-class ass, but it’s too much in the end, so to speak. J-Lo has the same problem: too much butt. When it comes to girls, a small monkey ass is sexier.

Megan Fox is sexy, and Scarlett Johansson is not. Neither are Cameron Diaz, Gwyneth Paltrow and Nicole Kidman. Britney Spears is sexy; Lady Gaga and Katy Perry aren’t. Madonna is. Justin Bieber has taken over Michael Jackson’s androgynous cuteness, but he isn’t sexy. David Bowie is.

Among male actors, Jake Gyllenhaal is sexy, and George Clooney isn’t. Jake looks good with his clothes off. Clooney is too hairy—a big *yuck!* factor for me. Johnny Depp and Robert Downey Jr. are sexy, and so is Jude Law. Justin Timberlake isn’t; Mark Wahlberg is. Daniel Craig is.

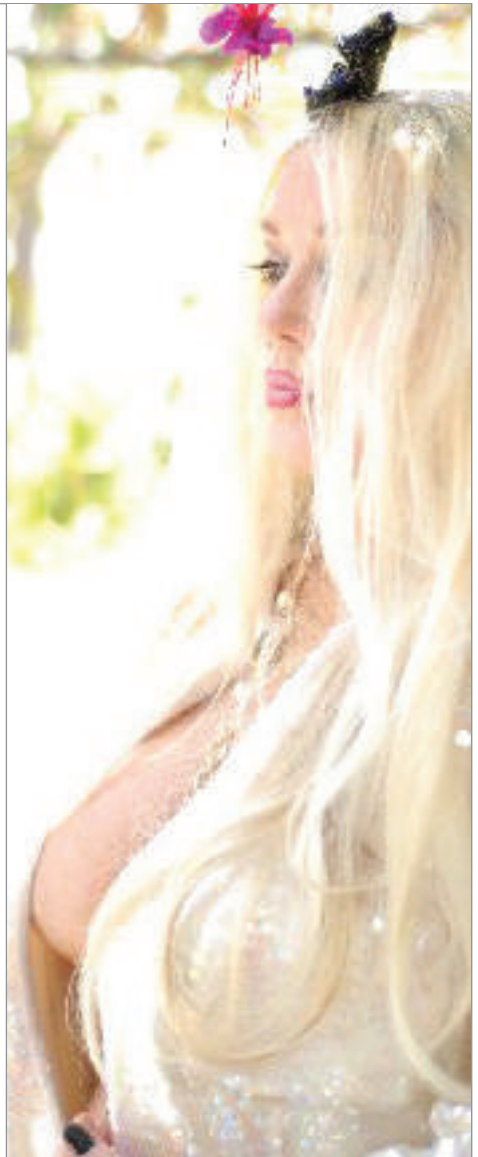


PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Now that I’ve got that off my chest, here’s a parting shot. Leading men have undergone a big change in recent years. Twenty or 30 years ago, action movies starred sexy he-men like Steve McQueen, Clint Eastwood, Harrison Ford, even Sly Stallone and the *Sperminator* himself, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Today’s action movies star a lot of CG effects, overshadowing some okay-looking guys who will probably never be seen again. (Shia LaBeouf of *Transformers* is an exception—he’s a new James Dean!) Still, when you’ve seen one CG effect, you’ve seen ‘em all. This, my loves, is the dumbing down of movies—the stupefying influence of multinational corporations making what passes for entertainment. 🍌

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.



"No oral, no anal, no S&M, no B&D, no toys. Damn, you shouldn't marry her; you should shoot her!"



Angry Birds

I don't know much about Twitter, but I learned in a hurry when I heard about #fuckyouwashington [a Twitter account started by journalist Jeff Jarvis]. I even found out what a "hashtag" is. It's a word or phrase with a # in front of it that makes it easier to trend an idea.

I'm not sure how effective it is to tweet your anger (it might be just a pressure valve), but it's good to see how fed up people are all over the country about Washington's bullshit debt-ceiling circus. None of us are alone in our rage. There are millions of us and less than a thousand of them! They'd better start getting real fucking scared come election time. —Max J.

Los Angeles, California

Muzzle Off

I had the opportunity to hear Larry Flynt on his book tour for *One Nation Under Sex*. A young woman asked him what advice he had for young journalists. Larry said he understood many of them didn't feel they had a voice in mainstream media but they shouldn't allow themselves to be ignored.

The more I thought about it, the more respect I had for what he's doing. Larry Flynt understands porn, but more importantly, he understands what its existence means to society. He's a pioneer in using porn as an arena for presenting information he wants people to know.

As a young journalist myself, I have a new appreciation for what the adult industry is capable of, as long as people like Mr. Flynt have the balls to practice it. —Andy A.

Oregon City, Oregon

Pitch Man

I recently purchased your mag and was overwhelmed with the onslaught of biased political propaganda. What's next? "How to Lick Labia Like a Liberal"? "Why Conservative Cocksuckers Enjoy Being Anally Raped"? Please stick to damaging my mind and soul with tasteless porn. Thanks. —Charles M.

Phoenix, Arizona

And thank you for the story ideas, Charles. We'll get on those!

Pimp Justice

When I was charged as a first-time offender with one count of promoting prostitution, my bail was set at \$2 million. After four months at Riker's Island, it was reduced to \$400,000, and I had to wear an ankle bracelet that confined me to New York City. In prison I was subjected to psychosexual torture and squalid conditions, which I have brought to the governor's attention without results.

I find it interesting that David Flory, a college professor charged with 40 counts of promoting prostitution, had his bail set at only \$100,000. Escort-service operator Jason Itzler's bail was \$500,000 after running from police and having a long criminal history. Then there's [former New York Governor] Eliot Spitzer, who violated money-laundering laws and the Mann Act.

Why has he paid no penalty while I did hard time? It amuses me to see Spitzer opine on TV about ex-Congressman Anthony Weiner when his hypocrisy is so much greater: He increased penalties for solicitation while soliciting prostitutes himself.

It's clear that men and women are not treated equally in our "justice" system. —Kristin Davis

ManhattanMadam.com
New York, New York

Bone Crusher

My eyes started to burn when I saw those tuskers in the October



October '11 reader fave Caprice spreads her holiday cheer.

'11 issue ["The Biggest Show on Earth"]. Sumo-sized women in HUSTLER was enough to make my dick go dead. Once again you've gone to the extreme. Your mag always reminds me how fucking dull the world would be without humor.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Big O

Jesse Jane on the August '11 cover! Nice. You might want to sell postcards of that one!

I saw your review of *This Ain't Oprah XXX* [Erotic Entertainment, July '11]. I love Misty Stone, but she's no Oprah. Big-boobed Stacy Adams or Delotta Brown would have been a better pick. —J. Johnson

Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

Boughs of Holly

Holly Randall's photos of Sarah Vandella ["Banging With Abandon," September '11] were every bit as good as her mother Suze would have done. It was clearly the month's standout. Holly made no attempt to get an R rating. It was completely obscene!

I gasped when I saw the dicklicking shot on page 64. A classic with everything visible: blond hair, big jugs, red tongue on the man shaft, even a set of hairy balls. It's one helluva picture. The show gets better with Sarah's two-pager. I

love the way her hands cradle her D-cups while she gets fucked. Those legs never looked better than with a dick between them. And the look on Sarah's face in every shot says how much she loves it.

Ask Holly to bring you something this good all the time. Excellent work. —Bill Smith

Chicago, Illinois

Joy of Giving

Loved your October '11 issue. The best part was gorgeous Caprice ["Love Sucks"]. I agree with her that it's hard to find the right person. If it were me, I'd protect her and buy her everything. Caprice could save what she has.

I plan on moving back to Texas when I get out of prison. My dream is to own a car company. No matter what, though, I'm getting a HUSTLER Club membership. If I'm lucky, maybe I'll run into Caprice there.

—Mat Hodges

Tecumseh, Nebraska

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.

FLORIDA

Is the Place for Families.

Sunshine, oranges and fun! That's what you can expect in Florida, a great place to raise kids. But if that whole family thing gets to be a drag, don't worry. You're in Florida! Just murder your children, bury them in a shallow grave and get a fresh start on life.

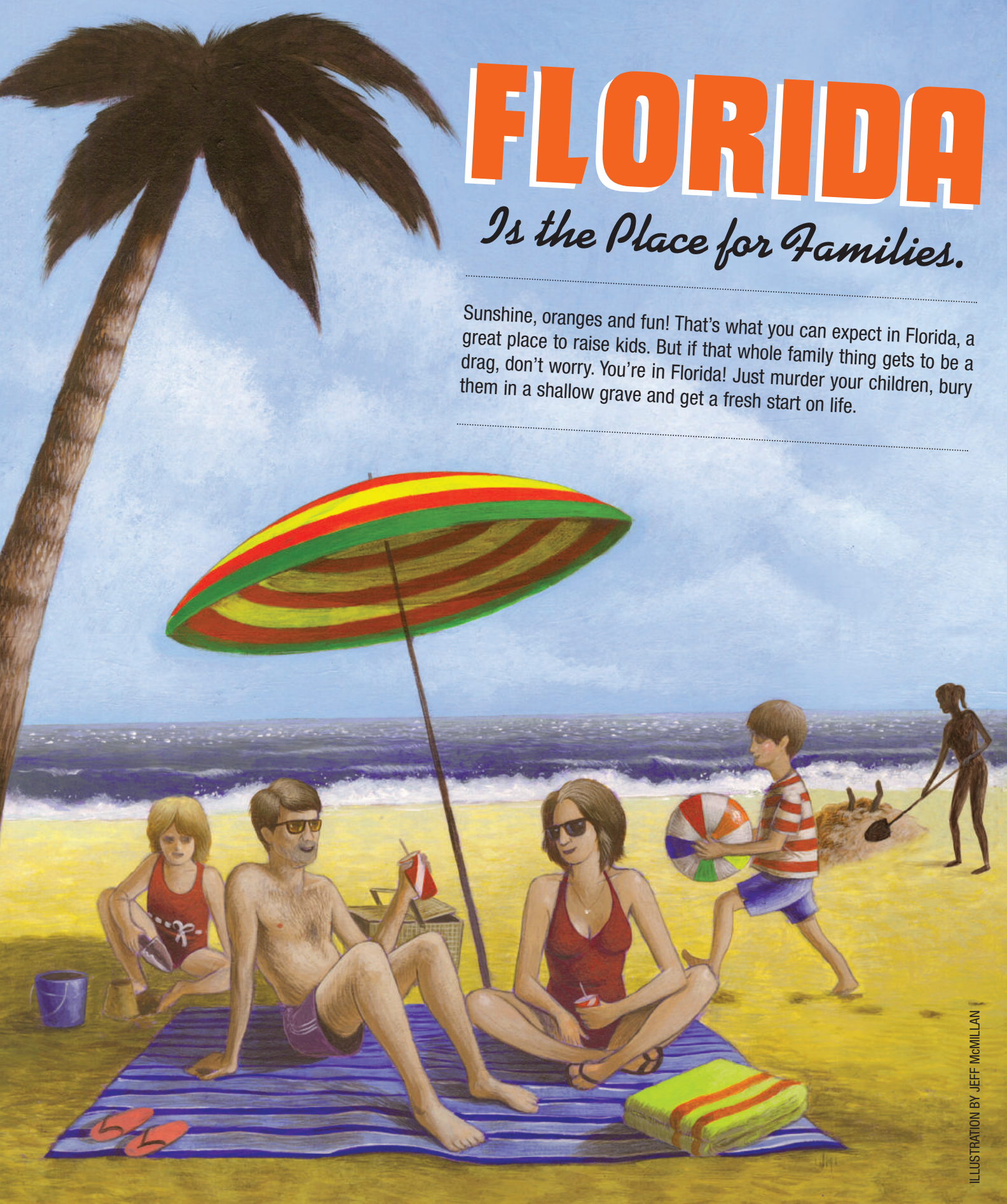


ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF McMILLAN

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary on the state of Florida, which apparently isn't very kid-friendly. Not only were prosecutors there unable to get a murder conviction for Casey Anthony, but also Sunshine State cops have been in the news for putting a five-year-old in handcuffs after a temper tantrum and Taser-ing an allegedly disobedient 11-year-old girl. 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.

At first glance you might think that Rick Perry, the Republican governor of Texas, is good-looking. A kind of Marlboro Man—the quintessential American cowboy. That probably explains why he's been able to stay in office so long—since 2000, when he replaced George W. Bush. In fact, both men share that cowboy mystique.

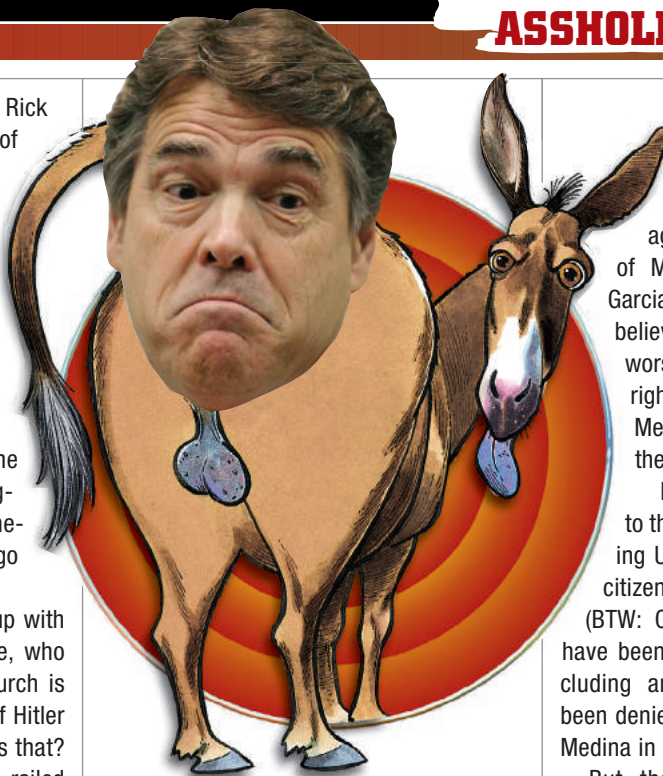
But if you take a closer look at Perry, you'll notice those beady, ferretlike eyes. (Another trait that he and Bush have in common.) They suggest a person of limited intellect, someone whose IQ couldn't conceivably go beyond double digits. But is that fair?

Let's consider: Perry has hooked up with San Antonio megapastor John Hagee, who has proclaimed that the Catholic Church is the "whore of Babylon" and that Adolf Hitler was "God's instrument." How smart is that? Other clergymen linked to Perry have railed against all non-Protestants while advocating that the media, business and government be put under Christian control. One of these religious yahoos went so far as to say that Oprah Winfrey is preparing the world to receive the Antichrist. (Clearly that Bible-thumper is an idiot. Anyone with half a brain knows that Oprah *is* the Antichrist.)

Want more proof that Perry is a knuckle-dragging throwback? How bright was he when it came to handling the Lone Star State's economy? Sure, Texas has lower unemployment than the national average (8.2% vs. 9.2%), but 23 states have even lower rates. And, unfortunately, most of the jobs Perry is bragging about pay the minimum wage. In fact, Texas tied with Mississippi for having the highest percentage of low-wage jobs, ranking 44th in the nation. Texas also has one of America's highest poverty rates.

After Perry boasted that his state was solvent, it was revealed that Texas actually faced a \$27-billion shortfall. If not for the 2009 Recovery Act—which Perry originally pooh-poohed—Texas wouldn't have had a balanced budget. (FYI: No other governor has relied on the Recovery Act as much as Perry.)

And what about the state's school system? Maybe we should overlook the Texas Board of Education wanting to remove Thomas Jefferson from textbooks—replacing him with Religious Right icon John Calvin—since it failed in that attempt. But we can't ignore that Perry supports teaching



RICK PERRY

creationism in Texas classrooms. Creationism is a belief, not a science. It's akin to teaching about Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny as if they were real. That's not a formula for graduating well-educated students.

Then there's the current education budget: \$8 billion cut from school spending and approximately 100,000 lost teaching jobs. And when it comes to the percentage of adults with a high school diploma, Texas ranks last. That's lower than Mississippi, for God's sake!

Governor Perry, sir! It seems fair to say your state is the dumbest in the nation.

Regardless of his intelligence, we can be certain that Rick Perry is not the most ethical or compassionate person on the planet. We know for a fact that he stole his very first election. It happened in elementary school when he handed out pennies for votes so he could be crowned "King" of the Paint Creek School Carnival. (It's not clear how many subsequent elections Perry may have stolen, but we do know he paid \$426,000 to his Democratic gubernatorial opponent in 2006 to settle a lawsuit for hiding a \$1-million contribution from a Houston businessman.)

Perry is also arguably a cold-blooded murderer. In 2004 he allowed the execution of Cameron Todd Willingham, believed by many to be innocent. In 2009, when the Texas Forensic Science Commission produced evidence that pretty much exonerated Willingham, Perry fired the panel's members

before they could deliver their testimony. Ethics? Compassion? Yeah, right.

This past July, Perry struck again, refusing to stay the execution of Mexican national Humberto Leal Garcia even though there was reason to believe he might also be innocent. Even worse, Garcia had been denied the right to legal assistance from the Mexican Consulate despite a treaty the United States signed with Mexico.

Let's just hope that our neighbor to the south doesn't retaliate by denying U.S. consular help to an American citizen languishing in a Mexican prison. (BTW: On Perry's watch, 200 prisoners have been executed by lethal injection, including another Mexican national who'd been denied consular rights—Javier Suarez Medina in 2002.)

But there's more proof of Governor Perry's indifference when it comes to the people of Texas: Despite being the most polluted state in the country—leading in carbon dioxide emissions, for example—Perry steadfastly resists environmental regulations. (He also denies global climate change is real.) Even more perplexing, Perry called the 2010 BP oil spill an "act of God." (That's "act of God" as in BP failed to take reasonable precautions to prevent the disaster, which claimed 11 lives and befouled the Gulf of Mexico—probably for years to come.)

Did we mention that Perry has gutted child care services in a state where one in four children live below the poverty line and that Texas has the highest number of uninsured residents in the country? Texas also has the most restrictive Medicaid eligibility thresholds.

We've only scratched the surface, and we're already running out of space. So, quickly then: Perry threatened to have Texas secede from the Union. He wants to repeal the 16th and 17th Amendments, thereby ending the direct election of U.S. senators and the federal income tax. He is anti-abortion and homophobic (although there are rumors he goes both ways), wants Texas to drop out of Social Security and Medicare (well, *he* doesn't need it) and has put a \$750,000 cap on malpractice lawsuits. (That's all your life is worth in Texas!)

Wish we had enough space to continue. But, suffice it to say, Rick Perry is Asshole material, not Presidential material. Blow us, Ricky! 🍌



CARNAL CARNIVAL

The 28th annual Mermaid Parade once again brought sexiness and zaniness to New York City's Coney Island boardwalk. More than 3,000 marchers and 50,000 revelers turned out for the irreverent spectacle, which offers an inordinate number of hot chicks a chance to appear in public wearing skimpy outfits that are equally outrageous and titillating. Meanwhile, the dudes in attendance get to feign interest in colorful costumes while desperately gawking for another glimpse of exposed mer-mams.

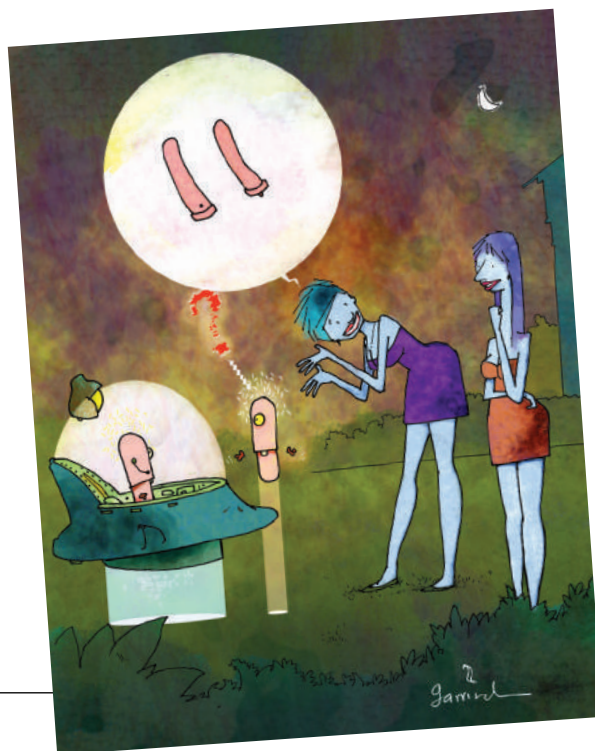


MUTUAL ADMIRATION

When Taylor Momsen appeared on *The George Lopez Show* recently, the actress/musician went out of her way to give a very important shout-out. "I love Larry Flynt!" the lead singer of Pretty Reckless exclaimed while showing off a pair of HUSTLER shoes. That's the kind of spontaneous support we love to get from Young Hollywood.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL MISUNDERSTANDING

The cartoonist Garrincha (a/k/a Gustavo Rodriguez) has a unique style and a bizarre sense of humor. Who else would come up with dildo-shaped aliens? For more evidence of Garrincha's twisted take on life, visit his Web site, GarrinchaToonz.com.



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD

Tamra Barney

**LOOK LIKE WITH A
DICK IN HER MOUTH?**

While we must admit that *Real Housewives of Orange County* star Tamra Barney is easy on the eyes, we also think she is way too full of herself for a cougar. She dumped her loyal husband, then balked when the rich young stud she was seeing suggested she give him a baby. Apparently all she really wants to be is a cocksucker. Mission accomplished, Tamra!

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Tamra Barney actually exists. 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.



DOWN-AND-DIRTY GRAPPLER

Celebrating her triumphant transformation from wrestler to porn star, Chyna was the center of attention at Hollywood's Supperclub. The bash was hosted by Allie Haze and organized by Vivid Entertainment, the company behind the guest of honor's recently released anal debut, *Backdoor to Chyna*. Be on the lookout for a revealing interview with the towering beauty in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER.



Chyna and Allie Haze

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"That's the true spirit of Christmas: people being helped by people other than me." —JERRY SEINFELD, COMEDIAN

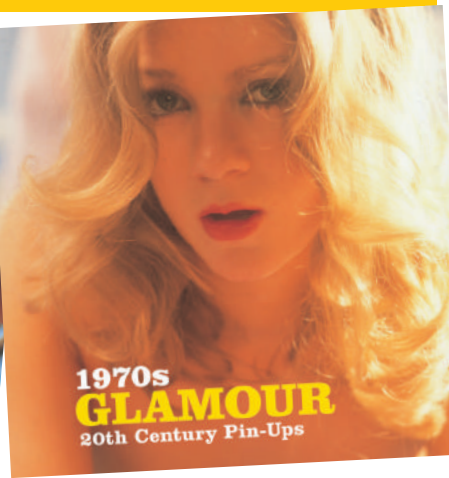
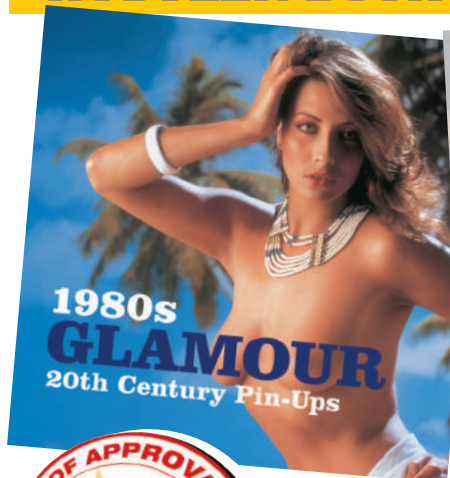
PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #24



TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Is it any surprise that Tim Geithner cares more about his big-bank cronies than he does about the little guy? The Treasury secretary's fucked-up priorities were on display again when he appeared before a Congressional committee to discuss the Small Business Jobs Act of 2010. The bill included a plan to pump \$30 billion into small banks, which would then loan the money to emerging businesses. Well into 2011 not a single penny of this fund has been distributed. Geithner has blamed all sorts of bureaucratic reasons for the delay, but he sure got shit done quickly when the task was distributing \$700 billion of TARP money to the "too big to fail" banks that nearly ruined our economy (and may yet do so). For this and many other reasons, shit will continue to fall on Tim-Tim until he either quits or is fired.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



This time we're putting the spotlight on twin releases from Ammonite Press: *1970s Glamour: 20th Century Pin-Ups* and *1980s Glamour: 20th Century Pin-Ups*. Buy them together for profound insight into how stroking fodder evolved. For information on how masturbation techniques changed from the '70s to the '80s you'll have to ask your creepy old cousin Randy.

Both books are available from AmmonitePress.com.

FREEDOM FIGHTER

Julian Assange, the mastermind of WikiLeaks, recently hosted a lavish party in England to celebrate his 40th birthday. A coterie of distinguished guests descended upon the 650-acre estate (owned by a WikiLeaks supporter) where Assange had been under house arrest awaiting possible extradition to Sweden. Among the invitees were Mr. and Mrs. Larry Flynt. Sadly, they were unable to attend. Respecting Assange's commitment to exposing government lies, Mr. Flynt had earlier donated \$50,000 to the journalist's defense fund.



PHOTO COURTESY GETTY IMAGES

NEWSBITES

VIEW FROM BELOW

At a yoga festival in Colorado a man was arrested for spying on women using a portable toilet. Since those crappers are pretty small, you may be wondering where the voyeur concealed himself. The answer isn't pretty. The creep hid inside the disposal tank! After being caught, the dude confessed that he had employed this bizarre technique to peep on lots of ladies. At least he had the good sense to choose a yoga gathering and steer clear of chili cookoffs.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

A woman drowned in a Massachusetts public pool, but her body wasn't noticed for days. Swimmers continued to frolic while a cadaver lurked 12 feet beneath them. It wasn't until a group of young people snuck into the facility after hours that the gruesome discovery was made. Maybe now people will complain less about the conditions of public pools—murky, urine-tainted water makes it harder to see the corpses at the bottom!

911 IS A JOKE

A South Carolina resident busted for crack possession has only himself to blame. Rankled about getting shortchanged by his dealer, the chump called 911 to report the situation. Needless to say, cops showed up and arrested an American who had reached out for help. Poor guy. Obviously the federal government isn't going to help anyone out with a coke deal—unless the dealers happen to be Nicaraguan Contras.

UP IN SMOKE

The Global Commission on Drug Policy issued a statement declaring that the War on Drugs has been a failure. Moreover, the respected international panel asserted that legalization should be strongly considered (particularly in the case of marijuana). Of course, the Obama Administration doesn't seem to give a shit as it continues to sanction federal raids of medical-cannabis dispensaries. Apparently busting some pothead in Montana for smoking a joint is more of a priority than holding investment bankers accountable for wrecking the economy.



PHOTOS COURTESY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

PUSSY PARKOUR

Long known as the land of cocaine and brutal drug lords, Colombia is looking to change its image. Developing a stripper-friendly atmosphere seems like a great place to start. In anticipation of the nationwide Miss Pole Dance Colombia competition, a group of potential contestants took their skills to the streets of Medellín. Seeking to attract attention to the increasingly popular "sport" of pole dancing, the adventurous ladies twirled from street signs, lampposts and whatever else came to mind. We applaud their efforts, but aren't they forgetting one crucial element here? If Colombia's pole dancers are going to keep their clothes on, maybe we'll just hang out with Pablo Escobar and that mountain of blow.

PHOTO BY FRANK TORRES



MEETING OF THE MINDS

A chance encounter at the Beverly Hills Hotel resulted in a killer photo opportunity. Larry Flynt, writer Gore Vidal and journalist Russ Baker (*Family of Secrets*, Bloomsbury Press) posed for a candid snapshot. We'd imagine that the three men—who have always enjoyed challenging social conventions—had plenty to talk about.



This chick has a healthy, wholesome vibe about her. So don't ruin it by imagining the balding, sweaty photographer who convinced her that if she disrobed, he'd introduce her to his "good friends" Bob Hope and Harry Truman.

Thanks to C.D. of Sterling Heights, Michigan, 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.

"Marry an orphan: You'll never have to spend boring holidays with the in-laws." —GEORGE CARLIN, FUNNYMAN AND SOCIAL CRITIC



Old Crush Comes to a Creamy Climax

Craig slowly kissed his way down my body. His lips brushed my tender titties. His tongue toyed with my belly button and traced the lines of my tribal tattoo. By the time he reached my pussy lips, slit jizz was trickling into my ass crack. I wanted to scream, I was so horny, so ready. But my lover refused to be rushed. Instead he bypassed my cunt to suck on the hollows of my inner thighs. I tangled my fingers in his hair in an effort to guide his mouth to my quim. But he slapped my hands away and warned me, "If you try that again, I'll stop."

Wow! His words zapped my clit rigid. Admittedly, I'm a spoiled rich kid, totally unaccus-

tomed to anyone telling me what to do. It surprised me how much I liked it. So I concentrated on keeping my hands demurely at my sides. Finally, finally, Craig rewarded me. His tongue circled my trigger once, twice, three times. My hips lifted off the sheets. At the exact instant he took my clit between his teeth, several thick fingers shoved into my kitty. Then I was coming, crashing through a climax so powerful, it consumed my whole body, snatched my breath away and left my heart racing.

This was nothing like the clumsy fumbling I was used to from boys my own age—the grabbing, the mauling, the two-minute fucks. As of now, I was so done with that. Now I knew the difference between a boy and a man.

Craig was my dad's best friend. Seemed like, growing up, he was forever at our house, shooting billiards with my father, drinking martinis, lounging by the pool. I remember sitting on his lap as a little girl, loving the scent of his cologne and cigarettes. All through high school I had a huge crush on the man. He was smart and suave, yet rugged—like James Bond, I imagined. But eventually he moved away, and I went out of state to college.

Which brings us to yesterday, when I noticed his name listed as a guest lecturer for

a business seminar. I was a lit major, with no interest in business. Still, you can be damn certain I was going to attend that seminar. I planned to wear my tiniest skirt and sit in the front row sans panties. I felt determined to seduce the man I used to call "Uncle Craig."

I wondered if he would recognize me—that's how much I had changed over the past two years. My mousy brown hair was now strawberry blond, and my A-cup tatas had grown into supple Cs. I was something of a late bloomer.

Arriving early, I chose a seat directly in front of the lectern and waited. When Craig strolled in, my heart skipped. The years had been kind to him—a little salt-and-pepper around the temples and a few more facial lines made him even more rugged and sexy.

Within the first couple of minutes Craig noticed me. When I spread my thighs wide and gave him an eyeful of my pretty split peach, he simply smiled tolerantly, as if I were a naughty child, and continued his lecture without a pause. I lost confidence in my seduction but shouldn't have. Once the seminar ended, he asked me to stick around until everyone else had left. Then my heartthrob whisked me to his hotel room, and now he was teaching me what a real man could do in bed.

I floated down from my climax, determined to show Craig that I knew a few tricks too. Scooting lower on his frame, I straddled his leg so I could buff my clitty while I took his hard slab into my mouth. Slow passes of my tongue up and down and around his prick had him moaning softly. When I suckled each of his heavy nuts, his moans grew louder. He seemed intrigued when I pushed a hard tit bud in and out of his piss slit. Then I drooled long lines of spit over his shaft.

"Uncle Craig" looked surprised as, one by one, I brought his legs up and pushed his knees against his chest. Ducking down, I made love to his starfish, tonguing his pink-brown pucker-up good before dicking my taster in deep. When I brought a hand around to fist his slick bone at the same time, he lost it and started spraying. Moving quickly, I capped the geyser with my lips and sucked back the most delicious jism I had ever tasted. Then I lapped up whatever I'd missed.

Finally I lay there, completely happy, my head against his chest. When "Uncle Craig" patted my hair and said, "Good girl," I practically burst, I felt so proud. 🍆

—A.H.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

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



"When I told you to get out and find a fucking job, this isn't the kind of fucking job I was talking about!"

A CLASSY PIECE OF ASS



BIJOU

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

Bijou appreciates the finer things in life, which is appropriate for a gal who employs a stage name that means *jewel* in French. “I love to get all dressed up and go out on the town,” she confides. “I’m really into experiencing the night-life, whether it’s having a fancy dinner or getting drinks at a hip club.”

Even so, **Bijou** isn’t all about making her mark on the social scene. “The best part of a night out is when you get home,” the elegant beauty notes. “I love doing a striptease for my guy as soon as we walk in the door.”

Bijou readily admits to having highbrow taste when it comes to restaurants and clothing, but she’s proud of being a downright slut between the sheets. “Guys tend to think I’ll be really reserved,” she remarks. “They couldn’t be more wrong! I’m a very sexually adventurous person. I’ll try just about anything with a partner I trust—male or female. If I have a good connection with someone and feel safe, I’m down for whatever.”











BIJOU'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 128

Sometimes even **Bijou** is confused by her warring impulses. "It's like I'm two different people," she confides. "If you met me at the opera or something, you'd never guess I was up the night before having a wild, uninhibited threesome."

There's no doubt about it: **Bijou** is a mystery wrapped in an enigma trapped in the body of a smoking-hot Czech chick.



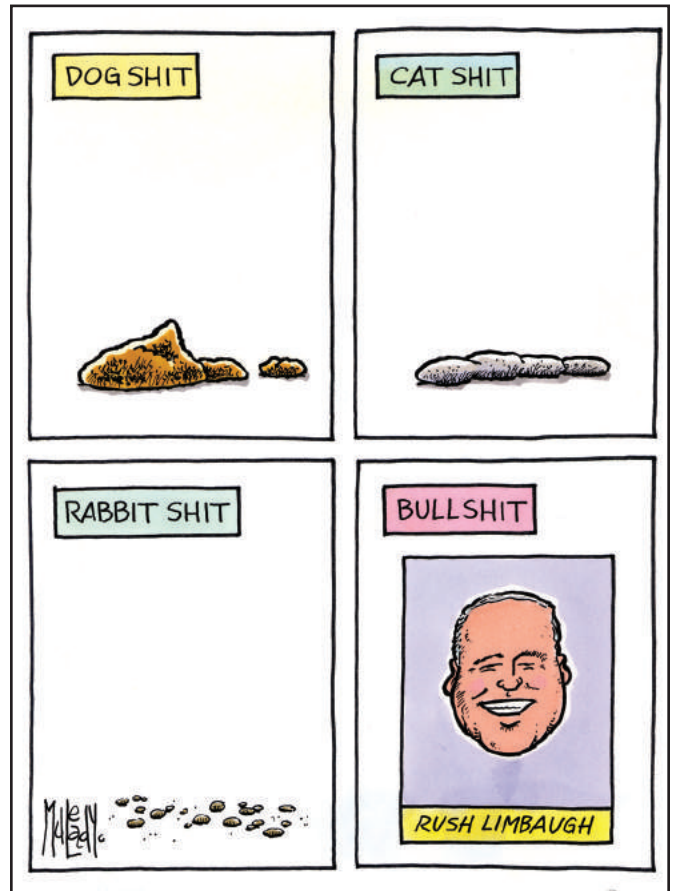




"Let him smell your pussy—
he'll think you're dead!"



"Pretty good. How was your day?"



INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT



ADAM GOLDBERG JUST FAMOUS ENOUGH

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

Adam Goldberg is no Brad Pitt—and he likes it that way. The 40-year-old actor has quietly carved out a noteworthy career by splitting his time between quirky independent flicks and big-studio hits. Since starring in *Mr. Saturday Night*, he's added *Dazed and Confused*, *Saving Private Ryan*, *A Beautiful Mind*, *The Hebrew Hammer* and other films to his formidable résumé. Besides keeping busy in movies and an array of TV series—*Double Rush*, *Head Cases*, *Friends*, *Entourage* and many more—Goldberg is a well-respected alternative musician. Under the moniker the Goldberg Sisters he's released a CD that finds him channeling John Lennon and the Smashing Pumpkins. Adam sat down with *HUSTLER* to discuss his favorite roles, musical inclinations and shaved beaver.

HUSTLER: Are you ready for your first HUSTLER interview?

ADAM GOLDBERG: I am. I shaved my beaver last night. I normally don't shave it, but I did for this occasion.

A lot of celebrities are afraid to be interviewed by HUSTLER. Do you worry this might ruin your career?

No! I think, if anything, it has a small chance of elevating it to some degree.

Do you remember the first time you saw a copy of HUSTLER?

I do remember. It had to be in the '80s, because I remember that 1980s look with the high hair. The truth of it is, *HUSTLER* is the first time I saw the female anatomy—*really* saw it—and it may be the last time. Because in real life it's hard to get a clear view because of the proximity. And I'm very farsighted.

You're often referred to as a quirky, neurotic independent actor. Does that label suit you?

I guess the title is a way of describing someone who isn't Brad Pitt. I was in *Saving Private Ryan* and *A Beautiful Mind*, and those weren't indie films. In the larger scheme of my 20-year career I only recently started doing independent films: *Two Days in Paris*, *Untitled* and *The Hebrew Hammer*. But at the same time I've done all this totally mainstream television stuff, which has been largely how I made my living.

What about the neurotic part?

Well, I'm extremely neurotic. Do I always play neurotic roles? No, but it doesn't matter anymore because people have made up their mind. I wasn't neurotic in *Saving Private Ryan*. I played a guy who killed peo-

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ple and got killed. But it's fair to say that over the years, people got to think I'm neurotic. You play up certain aspects of your own characteristics in order to have a career of some kind.

How do you choose your roles?

I don't usually. I'd be sitting here lying if I told you I did. I get offered some things, and I usually do them. Very rarely do I turn anything down. I'll do just about anything for money.

Anything? Remember you're at HUSTLER.

I did full-frontal nudity in the film *Two Days in Paris*, and I wasn't really getting paid. I think I would do just about anything for money. Wouldn't anybody these days?

Give us some stories from your films, starting with *Saving Private Ryan*.

You have these seminal experiences in your life, and for me that's one of them. I knew it at the time. I have a daily journal from that movie. It's hard to come up with one story. It was one of those experiences when I was really aware because I knew it was an important time. It was a very fraternal experience. We were a fairly tight group. The conditions were very difficult and exhausting. I complained a lot. The day of my death scene was really heavy. It was one of those days where what you want to do and what you are doing meld into one. Very cathartic.

***A Beautiful Mind*?**

Many hangovers. (Laughs.)

***The Hebrew Hammer*?**

Also many hangovers. (Laughs.) Anytime one of my films shoots in New York or near New York, there are problems. I remember this one action scene where I was chasing Andy Dick, and I had the worst hangover of all time that day. To add to that I got run over by a Big Wheel [tricycle].

***Dazed and Confused*?**

The first movie that I did was Billy Crystal's *Mr. Saturday Night*, which was a four-day shoot, and I got more or less cut out of the movie. But *Dazed and Confused* was four weeks in Austin, Texas. I was more excited, anxious and passionate about that film in many ways than anything I've done since. It was on TV the other night, and I watched a few minutes of it. Now I cannot stand my performance in it because I'm so aware of how hard I was trying.

Do you like watching your other work?

I'll watch something if it's on but not necessarily all the way through. I'm more interested in the things I've created as a filmmaker or musician. I have fairly little interest in watching myself act as the years go by. Usually there is so much self-loathing that it's not worth it. (Laughs.)

What was it like to guest star on shows like *Friends*?

I think it was the second year, and it was popular, but doing those shows is so isolated. You're on a soundstage. You don't get a sense of how big it is. Plus everyone there was really particularly cool and super-respectful. I got along with everyone pretty well. There wasn't any weird crazy vibe about it.



What was the vibe on the *Entourage* set?

You're isolated from any sense of it being anything. The last day I did on the show was just me on the phone in this house with two ladies. That scene was inserted in an *Entourage* episode. To be totally frank, everything has its own feel, but there is no sense of something being different because it's popular. But people are generally in better moods on a successful show.

Is there a moment in your career that you're most proud of?

Two Days in Paris was a real collaborative venture, and I'm very proud of *Untitled*. Proud of the things I contributed the most to, for better or worse. Not that I think they were the best overall product. I actually think I've been better in things people haven't seen, like the movie *From Within*. But nobody has really seen that. (Laughs.)

Let's talk about your new record. Why did you bill yourself as the Goldberg Sisters?

'Cause I guess I wanted to jump on the sister bandwagon. (Laughs.) There are a lot of good sister bands—the Scissor Sisters, the Chapin Sisters. Basically I just wanted to get in there somewhere. The short, true answer is because I thought of it one night after a thousand other band names. It stuck when I e-mailed it to a bunch of people. (continued on page 167)



SAMMIE SPADES

**HILLARY CLINTON'S
XXX INTERN**

.....
*THE NEVER-
BEFORE-TOLD
STORY OF HOW
THE "BALLSY"
BLONDE
REALLY GOT
THE JOB*
.....

Since breaking into porn, Sammie Spades has gotten down and dirty in *Big Butts Like It Big #8*, *White Bubble Butts #4*, *Big Tits in Uniform* and other hardcore releases. But until recently the up-and-comer had a big secret. Just three years before becoming a video vixen, the upstate New Yorker had another feature role: summer intern for then-U.S. Senator and current Secretary of State Hillary Clinton. Now in the following worldwide-exclusive interview the ambitious 24-year-old discusses her former tight-lipped political job, what led her to pursue a labia-licking, cock-craving career and—of most significance—how she really landed that prized internship with Clinton.

HUSTLER: Have you always been politically minded?

SAMMIE SPADES: Well, I've always wanted to make changes. What we see around us isn't all that great. So I thought, *Why not get*

into politics and be the person who does what they said they would do? But I was disillusioned in the first place, and now—with the reality of who actually controls the decisions—I've kind of made a break from politics. You know, it's lobbyists who make these decisions [for the benefit of the corporations they represent] as opposed to what the general public needs and wants.

So you didn't want to become a lobbyist?

I think I have too much of a conscience for that.

Did you go to college with an eye to getting into politics?

I went for my bachelor's degree in business. I figured when I got out of school, I might want to open my own [law] practice, and it would be easier to run my own firm if I had a business background.

Well, you pretty much run your own business now.

Yeah, but my business is definitely not a law firm! (*Laughs.*) I was studying at Niagara County Community College in New York. I graduated from there with an associate's degree and my paralegal degree, but I'm back in school working on getting my bachelor's degree in accounting. It was while I was at community college that I interned for Hillary Clinton.

That's quite the internship. Did you go through the general application process?

(*Laughs.*) No, I had a much better "in" than that. I went right to the source to get the internship.

Wait! You got the internship directly from Clinton herself?

Yep!

How the hell did you pull that off?

I was working on a project that was led by then-Senator Clinton. The project was to keep the Niagara Falls Air Reserve Station open, because in 2005 the government [Department of Defense] had put the base on a "close list." So the community and people involved in the project started all these petitions, and Clinton really stepped in and helped us.

In March 2006 we had a huge banquet to celebrate the fact that we had succeeded and that the air base was removed from the government's "close list." Hillary Clinton actually came to the banquet because it really was held in her honor.

Is that when you first met her?

Yeah. I never thought in a million years Hillary would have the time of day for me. When she came into the building, she was talking to a bunch of people, and I was standing there smiling with a camera. When I got my picture taken with her, I said I was extremely interested in becoming an intern with her that summer at one of the New York State Senate offices. When she asked me why I thought I deserved an internship, I told her I had excellent grades in school, I was

going for my associate's degree and eventually my bachelor's degree, and that I had just completed my paralegal degree.

Hillary Clinton offered you an internship just like that?

I had been hoping to get a second of face time with her, and I knew I would only have a few seconds to keep her attention, so I had a speech kind of prepared. I rattled off a few things about why I should get an internship and hoped for a response instead of her walking away. And, clearly, that worked for me.

That's a pretty assertive move.

I've always been a very ballsy person.

How long did the conversation last?

It was about five or six minutes long, mostly about my qualifications and what I wanted to do with my degrees. She told me about the person who headed up her Senate office in Buffalo and to get in touch with her. She was extremely sincere. Most people wouldn't give a 19-year-old the time of day, but even if it was for just a little amount of time when we were face-to-face, I [felt] like she really cared.

Hillary stood there, looked me in the eyes when I spoke, was actively participating in the conversation and wasn't distracted by other things. A lot of times when I've spoken to people who think they're important, they look around, roll their eyes and seem bored to be talking to you. But she was engaged.

So you got the internship for that following summer in 2006?

Yeah. I started [at the Buffalo office] in May and worked there throughout the summer. I was only working there on Tuesdays and Thursdays, though, because I was also working as a paralegal at a law firm that summer.

What did you get to do as a Clinton intern?

I got to participate in a lot of amazing activities while I was there. That year, Hillary was running for reelection, and the New York State Democratic Convention was held in Buffalo. All the interns ran the behind-the-scenes stuff, and we had to make sure there was Coca-Cola and fresh fruit sent to Hillary's hotel room.

Since you were an intern for Hillary Clinton, we have to ask: Did you ever meet Bill?

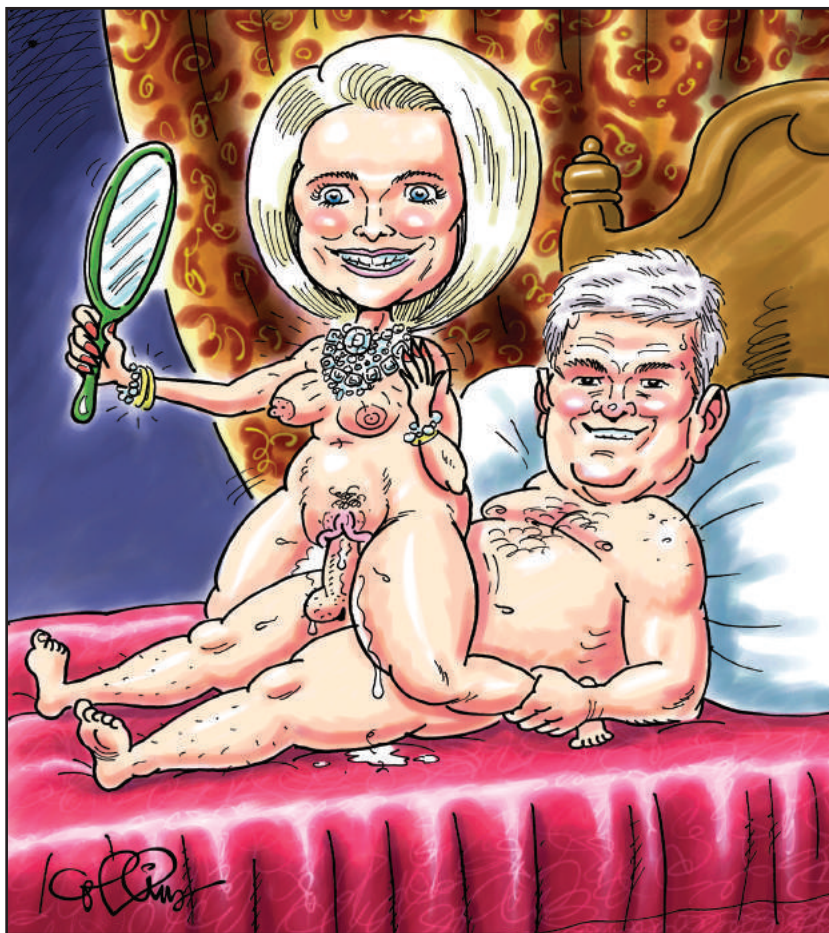
I saw him but never met him and definitely never slept with him. (*Laughs.*) I met Eliot Spitzer though! He was New York's governor at the time, so both of our intern teams had to come together to make the convention work. However, I never really had a conversation with him; I just shook his hand once.

How would you describe the work atmosphere in a U.S. senator's regional office?

It wasn't too exciting. We were either preparing for when Hillary was coming to town or doing general office stuff. I would open mail, answer phone calls and talk to







"Callista, the only thing scarier than me as President is you as First Lady!"



constituents about their concerns, their standings, what they wanted Hillary to do—that sort of thing. Clinton would call in and give us tasks or have us prepare for an event or a visit.

Sounds like any other internship. Did you at least have an office romance?

There was honestly nothing sexual about the work. I was a professional in what I was doing then, and I'm a professional about what I'm doing now. Then, I was competitive and trying to be the top intern, and now I have sexual fantasies about everyone.

Talk about a career change! How the hell did you go from a "top intern" for Hillary Clinton to top-billed XXX performer?

During the time in between careers I definitely expanded and experimented a lot sexually. I was shy and a Goody Two-shoes! I was a super-prude good girl. But once I moved out of my mother's house, I started living my life the way I wanted to. And I got to experiment with different things and figure out what I really wanted to do and what I enjoyed. I realized I was a bit of an exhibitionist and nudist. It turns me on to see others turned on by me.

How did you get started in your adult career?

I had done some amateur stuff with my boyfriend at the time, and it just picked up. I filmed my very first professional porn scene on Easter Sunday 2009.

We take it you're not Catholic.

(Laughs.) Hell no!

How's your family dealing with the drastic change from politics to porn?

Well, my father found out I was in porn when this story broke on his local news. So that wasn't good. My mother and sister already knew, but I think all the publicity has been hard on my mother. She doesn't understand that I love what I do and don't regret it.

I wasn't even the one who broke this story in the first place. Someone made the connection, contacted the media, and I got a phone call that was basically, "This is what's going on, and this is going to break no matter what." My first thought was to cooperate. My second was, *Shit! I guess I have to call my mother.*

What do you think Hillary Clinton would say about your new career choice?

While I was growing up, Hillary was my role model. There's not many great female role models out there, but she's definitely one of them. By working for her as an intern and in her office, obviously she knew that I had a bright future. Maybe she would see me as a disappointment or maybe a businesswoman or maybe she just doesn't care. I'm really not sure what her reaction would be. I'm a smart girl, and I was a good hire then for that internship, and I'm a great hire now for porn.

POSTSCRIPT: Now that Sammie Spades has put politics on the back burner for panty dropping and no-holes-barred sex, the smart and striking blonde is more accessible than any politician. She has an official Web site (SammieSpades.com) and can be reached via her social media sites ([Facebook.com/SammieSpades](https://www.facebook.com/SammieSpades) and [@SammieSpadesXXX](https://twitter.com/SammieSpadesXXX)).



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**LADIES
ONLY?**

LUX KASSIDY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS





Lux Cassidy might have stumbled into her line of work, but she's certainly proved to be a natural. "I had no intentions of modeling professionally," Lux owns up. "I wanted to take some sexy pictures for my ex, so I called up a photographer friend. The photos turned out so great that we posted them online."

It didn't take long for Lux to be discovered. "I got offers to work almost right away," she says. Our gal seized the opportunity, quickly coming up with a unique alter ego inspired by characters from the movie *Virgin Suicides* (Lux) and the television show *Nash Bridges* (Cassidy).

The newly minted Lux Cassidy was soon toiling as a full-fledged model and XXX actress. Curiously, she has only filmed sex scenes with other women. "I'm very comfortable doing shoots with girls," Lux explains. "It's more enjoyable for me."

Although Lux currently limits her onscreen partners, the blond bombshell still has love for the men of the world—preferably if they're physically fit. "I like guys and girls who take care of themselves," Lux notes. "I'm a gym rat, so I'm turned on by people who work out as much as I do."







LUX KASSIDY'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Irvine, California | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 120



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get enough Lux
Kassidy, might
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or go to page 138 to
order by mail.

Lux has no regrets about where life has taken her. "The great thing about working in porn is that I get to live out my fantasies," she exults. "I got to be part of a 15-girl orgy on a film set, which was totally awesome. It was a lot of work though!"

Sounds like a good gig to us, **Lux**.



HUSTLER'S

★ Traditions: They're what make the holidays so special. Like getting drunk ★
★ with your family, getting drunk with strangers (after your family pisses you ★
★ off) and getting drunk (then getting it on) with your secretary at the office ★
★ Christmas party. Then there's *HUSTLER's Fake Holiday Gift Guide*: a sea- ★
★ sonal collection of twisted items that only exist in our devious (and apparent- ★
★ ly alcoholic) minds. We know you're not idiots, but if we don't mention the ★
★ word *parody* somewhere, our lawyers (who *are* idiots) won't let us be funny. ★



CHARLIE SHEEN
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Everyone wants to be a TV star. This thrilling game lets you live the wild and crazy life of former *Two and a Half Men* star Charlie Sheen. Date porn chicks, make rambling public appearances and do all the blow you can shovel into your nose! But be careful not to get caught by the "Trolls" or you could lose your high-paying *Two and a Half Men* job, harem of whores and drug-addled mind. Just like the real Charlie!

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Hit the road in style with this luxury vehicle

inspired by the recent hijinks of the former New York congressman. The Anthony Weiner-Mobile comes equipped with several exterior TV monitors so you can share pictures of your private parts with the world, whether they want to see them or not. Talk about driving excitement!



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TRACY MORGAN'S FAGGOTS ARE FUNNY



30 Rock star Tracy Morgan's new stand-up CD is laugh-out-loud funny—that is, if you dig angry, homophobic rants. *Faggots Are Funny* features the comic riffing on everything from stabbing gays to killing gays to murdering gays, plus his funniest bit ever: "Tracy Pretending to Make a Sincere Apology to GLAAD to Save His Career." (GLAAD is the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation.)

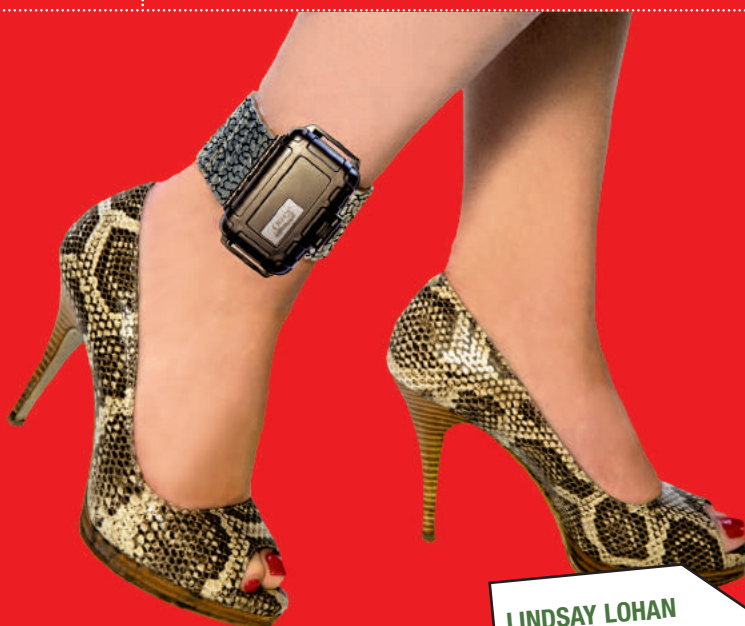


DONALD TRUMP'S HOW TO TALK TO BLACKS



If there's one thing megalomaniac tycoon Donald Trump knows, it's business and bad hairstyles. And apparently African Americans. Why else would Trump recently declare that he "has a great relationship with the blacks"?

Or write an ambitious new book filled with fascinating chapters, including "Nice Negroes I Know," "Classy Coloreds," "Dinner With Darkies" and "I Love 'Those People' (Unless They Try to Marry My Daughter)."



LINDSAY LOHAN FASHION JEWELRY



What's a tabloid sensation to do with all the free time she has while in rehab or under house arrest? Well, if you're Lindsay Lohan, the answer is simple—design jewelry! Each piece of the LiLo jewelry line is not only handcrafted from the finest gold with a hip and stylish look, but also adds a truly personal touch—a monitoring device! Now your loved ones (and parole officer) can track your every move! Remember: Don't "accidentally" shoplift any LiLo jewelry! 

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF KELLI McCARTY

WHAT DROVE A HEARTLAND
SWEETIE TO GO FROM MISS
USA TO PORN PHENOM.

Steven St. Croix gets a good, long taste of Kelli McCarty in *Faithless*. Right: Kelli shows off her head-turning figure for the flick's box cover.



PHOTOS COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

Back in 1991, when Kelli McCarty was about to be crowned Miss USA, she appeared unlikely to ever be associated with the adult-entertainment industry. Nevertheless, nearly 20 years later and with great fanfare, Kelli ventured into smut. She made her hard-core debut in Vivid Video's 2009 release *Faithless*, which showcased not only the newbie's extraordinary acting talents, God-given jugs and unshakable appetite for cock, but also her eagerness to expunge the squeaky-clean reputation of a former beauty pageant winner.

Kelli pulls up in front of Starbucks 15 minutes late, which in porn time is 15 minutes early. Casually dressed in a cutoffs/white T-shirt/flip-flops ensemble, she is refreshingly cheery for a skin-biz gal this early in the day. I jump into her Jeep, and Kelli jams it into gear, speeding off to a North Hollywood photography studio. She's been invited to be a spokesmodel for the NOH8 campaign against California's same-sex marriage ban.

"I have a lot of friends who are gay, and I'd do anything to help in their fight for equal rights," Kelli announces en route while slurping lemonade through a straw. "It's something that I feel very strongly about, and I'm excited to contribute in any way."

As soon as we step inside the cluttered studio, Kelli is instantly whisked off by the stylist. A short time later—garnished with a NOH8 sticker for her cheek, silver duct tape for her mouth and an American flag to drape over her curvaceous body—Kelli is passed on to the photographer, who begins snapping away. Inside of a minute the shutterbug's got exactly what he needs. Kelli packs up and says her goodbyes to the staff. On the way out she bumps into Nicole Johnson—Miss California 2010—and they both smile for a few admirers before we hit the road to tackle the day's next mission.

"My parents were pretty strict but not in a God-fearing way," Kelli reveals as we hit a traffic snarl on the 101 freeway. The very fact that she mentions "a God-fearing way" makes me wonder how true her statement is.

Kelli hails from Liberal, Kansas, a rather bland parcel of land that proudly boasts of its annual Pancake Day Race. "My mom won the title back in the '60s!" Kelli exclaims.

Inaptnly named, Liberal is no place for a young girl with aspirations that transcend breeding the nation's future soldiers and pro wrestlers. Wanting the best for their four kids, Kelli's parents nurtured a hearty

work ethic. "I always had jobs growing up and couldn't hang out with the other kids because my mother was terrified that I'd end up getting pregnant," Kelli recalls. "So I worked every summer giving swimming lessons, lifeguarding and installing pools. But I was always encouraged to believe in myself and follow my dreams." I know a couple of people who lost their virginity while lifeguarding, but they were guys.

But what if one of those dreams involved being penetrated by a big dick for all the world to see? "When I told my mother I was doing a porn movie," Kelli continues, "she looked at me and said, 'I don't think that's a good idea, but what can I do about it?' My dad knows too—Mom told him—but we've never talked about it. Not even once."

Even with her hectic schedule and overbearing mother, Kelli still somehow managed to get a cock inside her before turning legal. "I was 16, and he was a good-looking older jock," she reminisces. "Isn't that how it's supposed to happen?" Yeah—and it's usually with a lifeguard too.

By the way, Kelli herself was a jock in high school. From her freshman through senior year she was a member of the boys' golf team. After graduating, Kelli enrolled at Wichita State University. Eyeing an acting career, she chose to major in theater arts and communications. But, Kelli tells me, "I didn't really want to be there."

Lo and behold, being there proved to be a blessing. "When I got approached to compete for the Miss Kansas title, I was so excited to do something new with my life," Kelli marvels. "It took me three attempts to finally wear the crown, so it just shows how committed I was to winning. Next thing I know, I'm at the White House posing for pictures with President George H. W. Bush and [Kansas Senator] Bob Dole."

The latter "was really sweet and funny," Kelli insists. "I know. I didn't expect it either!"

She says the whole experience "was very surreal."

Following her pageant-circuit days, Kelli headed for the West Coast to fulfill her lifelong dream of becoming a Hollywood actress. "I auditioned like crazy, for everyone and anything," she recalls of her days pounding the pavement and cutting her teeth with, among others, the Groundlings comedy troupe. Kelli's persistence paid off. During the late 1990s she was cast for small roles in such TV shows as *Melrose Place*, *Beverly Hills, 90210* and the Disney Channel's *That's So Raven* before landing a recurring role on the NBC daytime soap opera *Passions* in 1999.



"I was with *Passions*, and around the same time I also started acting in some soft-core movies," Kelli discloses. "The *National Enquirer* caught wind of it and made a big stink. I thought I was going to get fired, but luckily no one really cared that much."

It was at one of those aforementioned mainstream auditions that Kelli met her future husband, director/writer Matt Dearborn. "He was with someone at the time, and so was I," she confides. "But when we reconnected later, we were both single and ended up together for 11 years. He's an amazing person, but we grew out of love. We'll always be friends."

Nowadays Kelli claims to only share her bed with four dogs and "one really big cat." Given her riveting sexuality, I seriously doubt that. But I'm too big a putz to challenge the ex-beauty queen, who tells me she'd like to make a pit stop at the headquarters of Vivid

Entertainment. That's where, in 2008, the Kansas native pitched an adult film she wanted to star in called *Faithless*.

"I'd been off *Passions* for four years and was just hanging around looking for something new to do," Kelli recalls. "Something that no mainstream actress had done before. I thought of a few things but was looking for an adventure, and porn seemed like the most fun."

A big payday may have also had something to do with Kelli's plunge into smut: "Let's just say it was a really good deal for both of us." In fact, Vivid was the only adult company she contacted. "I did my research, and I watched a lot of their movies," she acknowledges. "Vivid was just the right match." According to Kelli, she felt no trepidation whatsoever in making the dramatic crossover from mainstream to porn. Vivid's Steve Hirsch jumped at the



Kelli visits Vivid Entertainment head honcho Steve Hirsch.

prospect of capturing the former Miss USA (and mainstream actress) in a hard-core video.

Now Kelli and I have retreated to the porn mogul's office, and he obliges this reporter with an assessment of the XXX rookie. "We think Kelli is amazing," Hirsch says. "Not only is she professional and a really good

actress, she is also beautiful and sexy and great to work with."

After a few minutes of chitchat, I'm asked to leave so Hirsch and Kelli can confer in private. Later, while heading back to her Jeep, I ask Kelli to clue me in, but she ain't talking. Maybe heated discussions about collaborating on another stroke flick have begun.

Kelli's big appointment for today is a mainstream audition for a Jason Bateman movie, which is a pretty big deal. First, though, we have to swing by an actor friend's place in Hollywood so she can change into something more appropriate for the tryout. I kick back in her Jeep.

When Kelli reappears, she's morphed from her casual self into a convincing street-walker courtesy of a skimpy, see-through

black dress that leaves little to the imagination. Tourists gawk at the virtually naked thespian as she slithers back into the driver's seat.

The next leg of our journey takes us across Hollywood to the legendary Rainbow Bar & Grill on Sunset Boulevard for a quick cocktail so Kelli can ease her nerves. She quickly downs a vodka martini while going over her lines. "None of this preparation really matters anyway," she quips, "since the character I'm auditioning for is just a porn star. That shouldn't be too difficult."

When it's time to leave, Kelli stands up, adjusts her "dress" and shoots back to me, "Think I look the part?" Turns out two of the ladies at the table next to ours think she does, bluntly referring to her as a "hooker."

"Actually, she was Miss USA," I inform them, but they don't believe me. Neither does the waiter when he shows up with another beer: "Miss USA? Good one."

Upon her return to the Rainbow, Kelli is in grand spirits. "It went really well," she gushes. "I just hope they don't want someone younger for the part. Hollywood always wants someone younger."

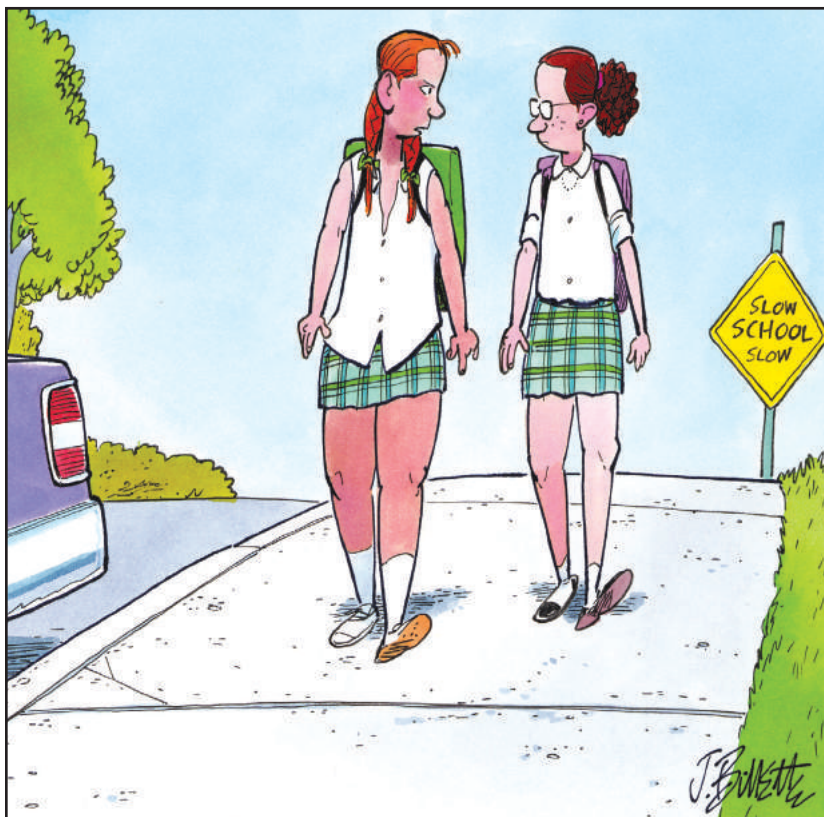
Now 42, Kelli McCarty has assumed many roles over the years—student, jock, beauty pageant victor, mainstream actress, painter, porn siren and Internet goddess. But nothing means as much to her as the work she does helping needy animals.

"This is my real passion in life," she reckons. "All five of my pets come from shelters, and they mean the world to me. I will do anything in my power to give a dog or cat a second chance at happiness." Kelli even sells her own brand of hot sauce, with a portion of the proceeds going to animals in need. "Nothing I've accomplished equals the feeling I get when I help a dog or cat find a new home," she exults.

Our day concludes with Kelli dumping me off deep in the San Fernando Valley just as the sun is going down. She's got plans to meet some friends for dinner, and then it's home to her beloved critters, a soothing bubble bath and a tall glass of wine. I can't help but think that Kelli is a true enigma: a semipunctual porn performer devoted to helping homosexuals and homeless animals while avoiding the common pitfalls that have plagued so many women who flocked to the adult industry. One only hopes that she remains this pure.

For more, check out KelliMcCarty.com and KelliUSA.com.

Massachusetts native Scott Fayner currently resides in Boston, where he primarily writes about porn and pooches—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to *HUSTLER*, *K9 Magazine*, *Technology Review* and other media, Fayner quarterback's his online dog publication MassArf.com.



"Don't you hate it when you get in a stranger's car and then find out the creep doesn't even have any candy!"





PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM



MISS USA'S WILD RIDE



KELLI McCARTY





Not many women can say they've been a beauty queen, a sought-after television actress...and a porn star. Well, any woman could make that statement, but she'd be flagrantly lying. **Kelli McCarty**, though, fits all three categories. Now she's added another crowning moment to her storied life: a **HUSTLER** pictorial.

"I've definitely had a wild ride," **Kelli** observes. "I'm really fortunate that I've been able to totally reinvent myself a couple of times." For more on the ambitious Kansan's journey from Miss USA 1991 to XXX glory, flip to page 61 for a captivating "Day in the Life" article.

Meanwhile, to heat up **Kelli's** spread even more, we decided to focus on what makes the lady tick between the sheets. "I'm an actress, so of course I enjoy some role-playing," **Kelli** reveals. "It can be fun to dress up, pretending you're someone else. It's a nice escape, and sometimes it leads you to try things you normally wouldn't."



That leads us to another of her passions. “I love being photographed,” **Kelli** coos. “That is a definite turn-on. I love being naked for a guy who’s watching me through the lens and seducing me with the camera. It’s really hot. I always enjoy photo sessions whether they’re for work or fun.”

Kelli has quite a diverse résumé, so it should be no surprise that she likes to mix things up in the bedroom. “Variety is the spice of life,” declares the sultry vixen. “I get bored doing the same thing night after night, so I really appreciate guys who can keep adding new twists. Whether it’s just a slightly different position or fucking on the roof, it’s always cool to try something new.”

Keep an eye on the adventurous **Kelli McCarty**. Who knows what she’ll do next!





KELLI McCARTY'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Liberal, Kansas | AGE: 42 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 115





NICE CANS!

A FANTASTIC NEW BOOK TAKES A LOVING LOOK AT AMERICA'S FAVORITE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE.



Let's be honest: A dog is not really man's best friend. Sure, it can be a loyal companion that loves you unconditionally. But stop feeding your little pal, and things will get ugly real quick.

Man's best friend is also not a woman. Yeah, your pussy-whipped best buddy will tell you his wife is his BFF, but he's full of shit.

No, man's best friend is beer. An ice-cold, compact 12- or 16-ounce can of true love. (And, if you live in the right place, a 40-ouncer.) Beer is always there for you. This tasty, time-honored blend of barley and hops always knows how to make you feel better and never complains.

But even the container can be refreshing, as Dan Becker and Lance Wilson make crystal clear in *Beer: A Genuine Collection of Cans*. Their new full-color, softbound book is jam-packed with photos of more than 500 beer cans that rolled out of American and foreign breweries. The brands range from vintage to modern, national to local, iconic to obscure, and each distinctive can is an eye-catching work of art.

Props to the authors. They've done a masterful job exploring the evolution of beer while visually documenting the marketing savvy that helped make the frothy concoction the top-selling alcoholic beverage in the world.

Home alone? Drink up this book while sucking down your favorite brewski. It's an intoxicating read.

Beer: A Genuine Collection of Cans by Dan Becker and Lance Wilson (Chronicle Books) is available at bookstores everywhere. 🍺



THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT AYN RAND



ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

HER WORKS ARE TREATED AS GOSPEL BY RIGHT-WING POWER-HOUSES LIKE ALAN GREENSPAN AND CLARENCE THOMAS, BUT AYN RAND FOUND EARLY INSPIRATION IN 1920s MURDERER WILLIAM HICKMAN.

There's something deeply unsettling about a country where millions of people froth at the mouth when healthcare is given to tens of millions of Americans who don't have it or when people take pleasure at the thought of privatizing and slashing bedrock social programs like Social Security and Medicare. Where, one wonders, do they find their philosophical justification for this kind of attitude?

You can trace much of their thinking back to Ayn Rand, a popular cult-philosopher who exerts a huge influence over much of the right-wing and libertarian crowd. The ideas promoted by Rand were later put into play by major right-wing figures, including the key architects of America's most recent economic catastrophe—former Chairman of the Federal Reserve Alan Greenspan and SEC Commissioner Chris Cox—along with other notable right-wing Republicans such as Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas, Rush Limbaugh and Congressman Paul Ryan of Wisconsin.

The loudest of all the right-wing attack-dog pundits

fighting to kill healthcare reform and eviscerate “entitlement programs” hold up Ayn Rand as their guru. Sales of her books have soared in the past couple of years; one poll ranked *Atlas Shrugged* as the second most-influential book of the 20th century, after the Bible.

Back in the late 1920s, as Ayn Rand was working out her philosophy, she became enthralled by a real-life American serial killer, William Edward Hickman, whose gruesome, sadistic dismemberment of a 12-year-old girl named Marion Parker in 1927 shocked the nation. According to biographer Jennifer Burns, author of *Goddess of the Market*, Rand was so smitten with Hickman that she modeled her first literary creation on him—Danny Renahan, the protagonist of her unfinished first novel, *The Little Street*.

Rand actually swooned over Hickman’s sociopathic qualities; “Other people do not exist for him, and he does not see why they should,” she wrote in her journal, gushing that Hickman had “no regard whatsoever for all that society holds sacred, and with a consciousness all his own. He has the true, innate psychology of a Superman. He can never realize and feel ‘other people.’”

This echoes almost word for word Rand’s later description of her character Howard Roark, the hero of her novel *The Fountainhead*: “He was born without the ability to consider others.” (*The Fountainhead* is Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas’ favorite book—he even requires his clerks to read it.)

Hickman, whose mother and grandmother were paranoid schizophrenics, was only 19 when he was arrested for murder. His schoolmates said that as a kid Hickman liked to strangle cats and snap the necks of chickens for fun. The kids thought he was a budding maniac, though the adults gave him good marks for behavior, a typical sign of sociopathic cunning.

In a brief crime spree after dropping out of college, Hickman knocked over dozens of gas stations and drugstores across the Midwest and California. Along the way it’s believed he strangled a girl in Milwaukee and killed his crime partner’s grandfather in Pasadena. Hickman’s partner later told police that Hickman said he’d like to kill and dismember a victim someday.

One afternoon, Hickman drove up to Mount Vernon Junior High School in Los Angeles, telling administrators he’d come to pick up “the Parker girl,” whose father, Perry Parker, was a promi-

nent banker. Since no one suspected his motives, the school administrator fetched young Marion. She obediently followed Hickman to his car, where he promptly subdued her. Writing a ransom note to Marion’s father, Hickman demanded \$1,500 for her return, promising the girl would be left unharmed.

Hickman and the girl’s father exchanged letters over the next few days as they arranged the terms of the ransom, while Marion obediently followed her captor’s demands. She never tried to escape the hotel where he kept her; Hickman even took her to a movie and she never screamed for help. She remained quiet and still as told when Hickman tied her to a chair in his motel room—he didn’t even bother gagging her because there was no need to.

Hickman’s last ransom note to Marion’s father expresses indignation that the banker thought Hickman might “ask you for your \$1,500 for a lifeless mass of flesh. I am base and low, but won’t stoop to that depth.” As he wrote the letter, Marion had already been chopped up into several masses of flesh.

Why taunt the father? Why feign outrage? This sort of bizarre taunting was all part of the serial killer’s thrill, maximizing his sadistic pleasure. But this was nothing compared to the thrill Hickman got from murdering the helpless 12-year-old, as is indicated in an article taken from the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* on December 27, 1927:

“It was while I was fixing the blindfold that the urge to murder came upon me,” he continued, “and I just couldn’t help myself. I got a towel and stepped up behind Marion. Then before she could move, I put it around her neck and twisted it tightly. I held on and she made no outcry except to gurgle. I held on for about two minutes, I guess, and then I let go. When I cut loose the fastenings, she fell to the floor. I knew she was dead. Well, after she was dead, I carried her body into the bathroom and undressed her, all but the underwear, and cut a hole in her throat with a pocketknife to let the blood out.”

Another newspaper account explained what Hickman did next:

“Then he cut off each arm to the elbow. Then he cut her legs off at the knees. He put the limbs in a cabinet. He cut up the body in his room at the Bellevue Arms Apartments. Then he removed the clothing and cut the body through at the waist. He put it on a shelf in the dressing room. He placed a towel in the body to drain the blood.

He wrapped up the exposed ends of the arms and waist with paper. He combed back her hair, powdered her face and then with a needle fixed her eyelids. He did this because he realized that he would lose the reward if he did not have the body to produce to her father.

“Hickman packed her body, limbs and entrails into a car, and drove to the drop-off point to pick up his ransom; along his way he tossed out wrapped-up limbs and innards, scattering them around Los Angeles. When he arrived at the meeting point, Hickman pulled Miriam’s [sic] head and torso out of a suitcase and propped her up, her torso wrapped tightly, to look like she was alive—he sewed wires into her eyelids to keep them open, so that she’d appear to be awake and alive. When Miriam’s father arrived, Hickman pointed a sawed-off shotgun at him, showed Miriam’s head with the eyes sewn open (it would have been hard to see for certain that she was dead), and then took the ransom money and sped away. As he sped away, he threw Miriam’s head and torso out of the car, and that’s when the father ran up and saw his daughter—and screamed.”

This is what Ayn Rand—guru to the Republican/Tea Party right-wing—admired when she wrote in her notebook that Hickman represented “the amazing picture of a man with no regard whatsoever for all that a society holds sacred, and with a consciousness all his own. A man who really stands alone, in action and in soul. Other people do not exist for him, and he does not see why they should.”

Other people don’t exist for Rand, either. Part of her ideas are nothing more than a ditzily dilettante’s bastardized Nietzsche. According to a *Los Angeles Times* article in late December 1927, headlined “Behavioralism Gets the Blame,” a pastor and others close to the Hickman case denounced the cheap, trendy Nietzschean ideas Hickman and others latched onto as a defense:

“Behavioristic philosophic teachings of eminent philosophers such as Nietzsche and Schopenhauer have built the foundation for William Edward Hickman’s original rebellion against society,” the article begins.

The fear was that these philosophers’ dangerous yet nuanced ideas would fall into the hands of lesser minds, who would corrupt Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and poison the rest of us. This aptly describes Ayn Rand, whose philosophy developed out of her admiration for

Serial killer William Edward Hickman; second and third photos from left, respectively: Hickman with Los Angeles County Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz and being handcuffed as Biscailuz supervises transport of prison inmates, both circa 1927.



"Supermen" like Hickman.

Rand's philosophy can be summed up by the title of one of her best-known books: *The Virtue of Selfishness*. She argues that all selfishness is a moral good and all altruism is a moral evil, even "moral cannibalism," to use her words. To her, those who aren't like-minded sociopaths are "parasites," "lice" and "looters." But with Rand, there's something more pathological at work. She's out to make the world more sociopath-friendly so that people like her hero William Hickman can reach their full potential, unrestrained by the morality of the "weak."

What's really unsettling is that even former Central Bank chief Alan Greenspan, whose relationship with Rand dated back to the 1950s, did some parasite bashing of his own. In response to a 1958 *New York Times* book review slamming *Atlas Shrugged*, Greenspan, defending his mentor, published a letter to the editor that ends: "Parasites who persistently avoid either purpose or reason perish as they should."

Ayn Rand believed in creating conditions that increase the productivity of her supermen—the William Hickmans who rule her idealized America: "If [people] place such things as friendship and family ties above their own productive work, yes, then they are immoral. Friendship, family life and human relationships are not primary in a man's life. A man who places others first, above his own creative work, is an emotional parasite."

Republican faithful like GOP Congressman Paul Ryan (Wisconsin) read Ayn Rand and declare with pride, "Rand makes the best case for the morality of democratic capitalism." Except that Rand also despised democracy, writing, "Democracy, in short, is a form of collectivism, which denies individual rights: The majority can do whatever it wants with no restrictions. In principle, the democratic government is all-powerful. Democracy is a totalitarian manifestation; it is not a form of freedom."

"Collectivism" is another one of those Randian epithets popular among her followers. Here is another Republican member of Congress, Michele Bachmann (Minnesota), parroting the Ayn Rand ideological line to explain her reason for wanting to kill social programs:

"As much as the collectivist says to each according to his ability to each according to his need, that's not how mankind is wired. They want to make the best possible deal for themselves."

Whenever you hear politicians or Tea Partiers dividing up the world between "producers" and "collectivism," just know that those ideas and words more likely than not are derived from the deranged mind of a serial-killer groupie. When you hear them saying, "Go John Galt," hide your daughters and tell them not to talk to strangers—or Tea Party Republicans. And when you see them taking their razor blades to the last remaining programs protecting the middle class from total, abject destitution—Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid—and bragging about how they are slashing these programs for "moral" reasons, just remember Ayn's morality and who inspired her.

Remember most of all that Rand is a textbook sociopath. 🐼

Mark Ames is the author of *Going Postal: Rage, Murder and Rebellion* and coauthor with Matt Taibbi of *The exIle: Sex, Drugs and Libel in the New Russia*. He edits The exIle Online.



"It's a tough question for us in Congress: Do we remain hawkish on the wars because of the vast amounts of money given to us by the war profiteers, or do we end the hostilities and the senseless loss of young American lives? So far, the cash always wins!"

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A RAY OF SUNSHINE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY



EDEN ADAMS





Eden Adams doesn't mind the cold. As a matter of fact, nothing gets under her skin. "I'm a very easygoing person," the busty blonde asserts. "I don't let anything bother me, not the weather or stupid guys or getting a speeding ticket. I'm really not into complaining; I'd rather just focus on the good things!"

No wonder **Eden** boasts, "I enjoy every minute of my life, but Christmas is definitely my favorite time of year. It's nice how much more relaxed people are around the holidays. It's an awesome time to go out partying, because everyone stops worrying about stuff for a few days."

Eden hails from Southern California, which can get surprisingly chilly in the winter months. "Everyone thinks it's always 72 degrees or something," she says, "but in December my house is freezing at night. To me, it's the perfect excuse to crawl under the sheets with somebody and generate a little body heat."



When it comes to picking a partner, **Eden** doesn't limit herself to dudes and snowmen. "I'm majorly attracted to women," she admits. "I've done a lot of scenes with girls that get really intense really fast. Something about a hot chick with a tight body does it for me every time."

On that note, we agree with **Eden** wholeheartedly.





EDEN ADAMS'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 110



For more Eden Adams, check out *Barely Legal* #89, *Barely Legal: Kittens vs. Cougars*, *Barely Legal: Slumber Party #2* and *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Miley Cyrus' 18th Birthday*. All are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 138 to order by mail.









Driving home drunk from an office Christmas party, Leroy hit a patch of ice and slid into a brick wall. At the hospital a doctor came to Leroy's bedside to give him his prognosis. "I'm sorry, sir, but I have some bad news," he said. "You've broken two vertebrae in your neck and will never work again."

His face brightening, Leroy gasped, "Thanks, Doc. So what's the bad news?"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Scientists have discovered a food item that diminishes a woman's sex drive by 93%. It's called a wedding cake.

Former IMF head honcho Dominique Strauss-Kahn found himself stranded on a desert island. While wandering around, the Frenchman came across a lamp, which he promptly rubbed, producing a genie.

The genie looked at his liberator and said, "Thank you for freeing me. I can grant you one wish. Just name it."

As much as Strauss-Kahn wanted off the island, the notorious womanizer desired some beach pussy even more. "I'd like to awaken in the morning with three American women," he said.

"So be it," the genie announced and then quickly disappeared.

The next morning, Strauss-Kahn woke up with Lorena Bobbitt, Tonya Harding and Nancy Pelosi by his side. His dick was gone, his kneecaps were broken, and he had no health insurance.

Did you hear the one about the gay paraplegics? They fuck each other's colostomy bags.

Tim was in bed with a blind girl one night, and the horny slut told him he had the biggest penis she had ever laid her hands on.

"You're pulling my leg," Tim guffawed.

Question: What do Tiger Woods and baby seals have in common?

Answer: They both get clubbed by Norwegians.

Remember when Ronald Reagan was President? Back then we also had Bob Hope and Johnny Cash. Now we have Barack Obama and no hope and no cash.

While trimming her lawn with a weed whacker, a blonde accidentally cut off the tail of her cat, which had been hiding in the tall grass. The blonde grabbed the cat, along with its tail, and rushed to Walmart. She'd heard it was the largest retailer in the world.

During a kaffeeklatsch, Mary said to her new friend, "My husband and I have Olympic sex."

"What's that?" the other gal inquired.

"We only have sex once every four years," Mary muttered.

Paddy took his buddy Murphy scuba diving for the first time. As they were about to plunge into the water, Murphy asked, "Why do we have to fall backward out of the boat?"

Glowering at his pal, Paddy explained, "Well, ya dumbass, if we fall forward, we'll still be in the fuckin' boat!"

Rosie and Nina were hanging out and got to sharing what their husbands had given them for Christmas. "Eddie got me a checkers game," Rosie revealed.

"Why the fuck did he get you a checkers game?" a perplexed Nina asked.

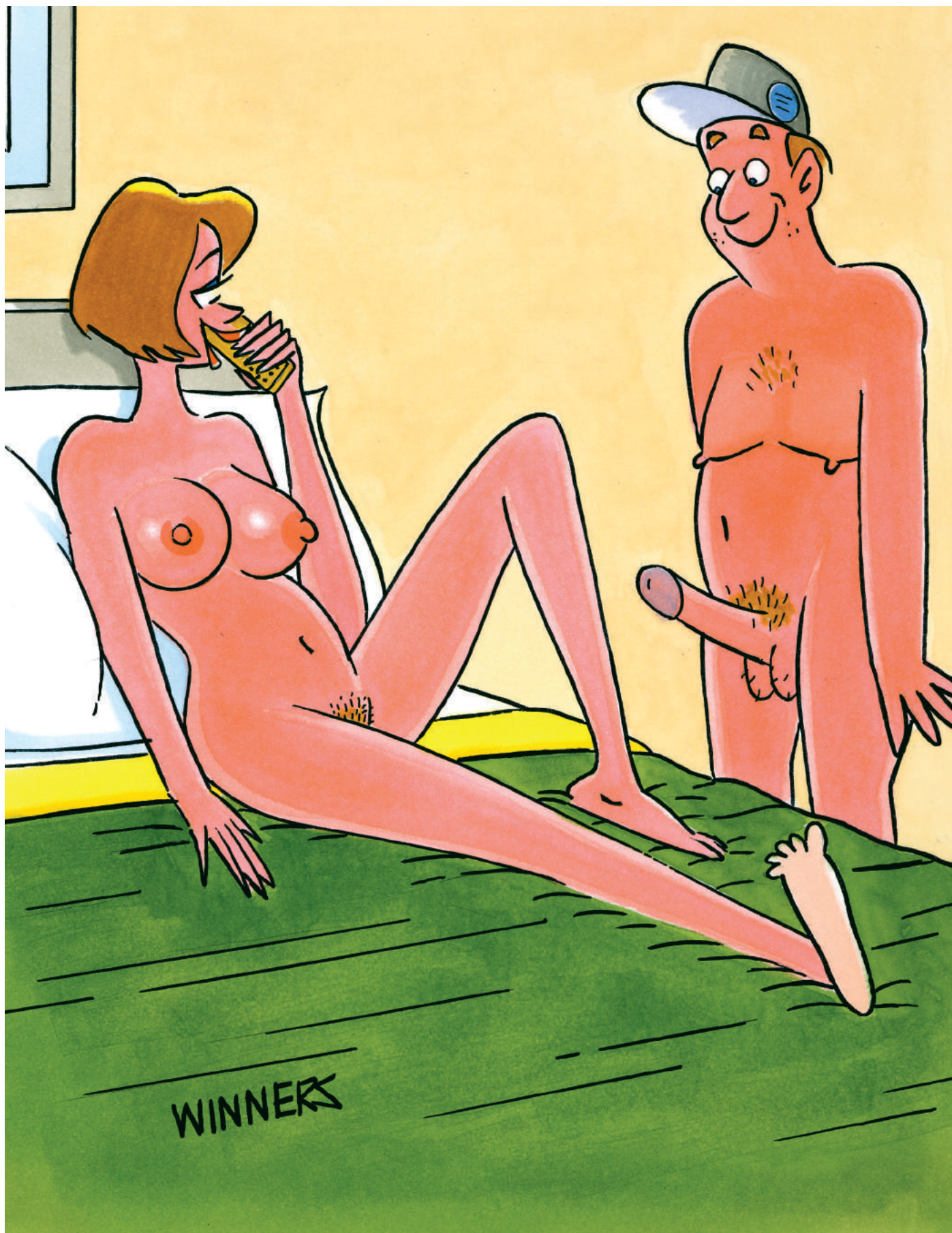
Rosie replied, "Every time I make a move, he jumps me."

GRAFFI LTHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Tom R.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Hey, girl, I'm going to call you back. The plumber is here,
and he wants to lay some pipe!"

G-SHOT PARTY

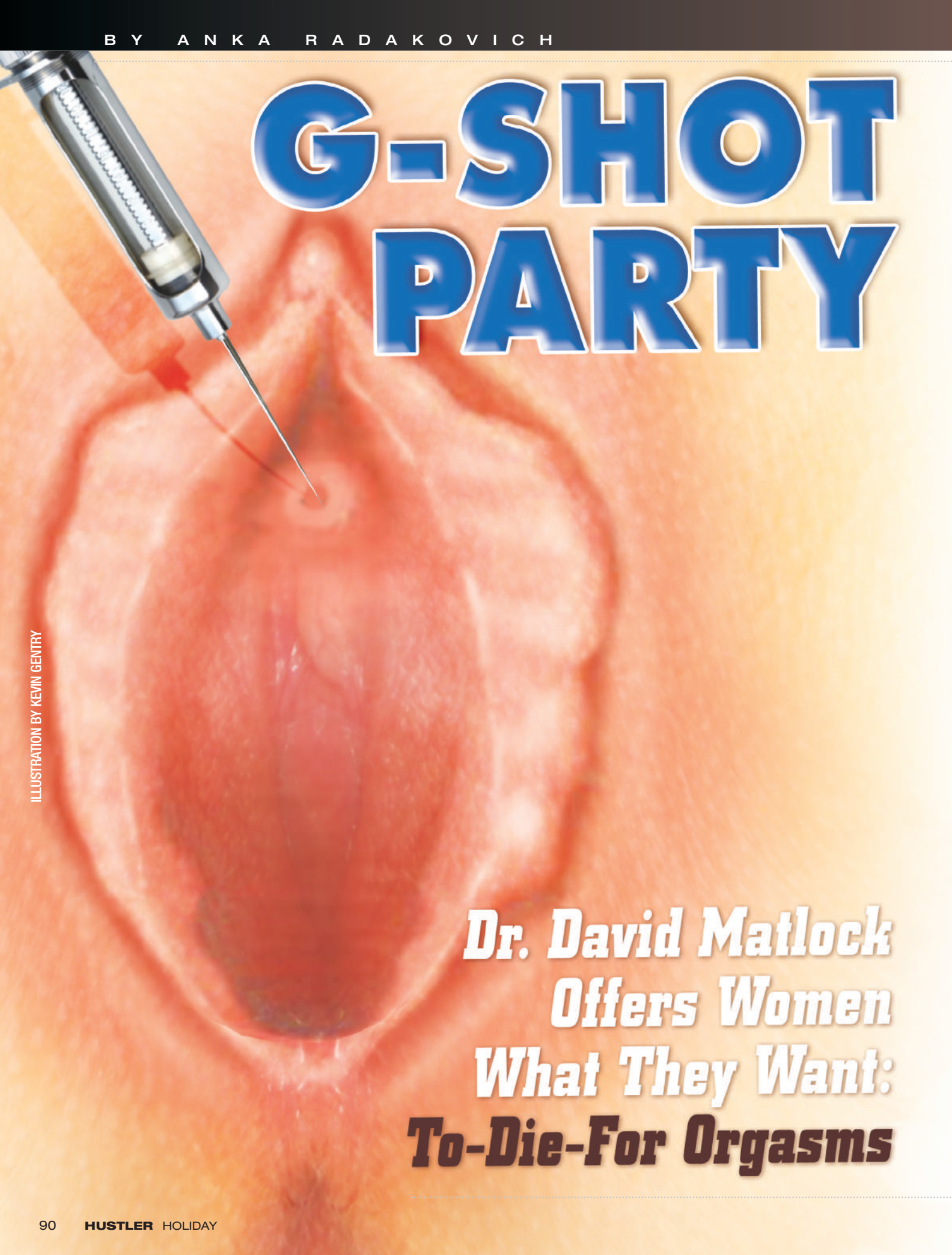
A detailed illustration of a G-shot procedure. A medical syringe with a needle is shown injecting a red liquid into the clitoris. The background is a close-up of the clitoris and surrounding skin, rendered in a realistic, anatomical style with warm tones.

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

***Dr. David Matlock
Offers Women
What They Want:
To-Die-For Orgasms***

On a sunny morning in Beverly Hills, California, three excited but nervous women gather at the office of gynecologist and cosmetic surgeon Dr. David Matlock. Each is here to get her G spot injected with a collagen-based substance in order to increase sexual arousal and intensify orgasms. Dr. Matlock invented the G-Shot a/k/a G-Spot Amplification, and his little get-togethers are much livelier than those involving Tupperware, the Avon Lady, Botox or even sex toys. The doctor's three patients are here to get a party started in their pants.

But first, what exactly is the G spot? In 1950, German-born Dr. Ernst Gräfenberg authored a groundbreaking article published in the *International Journal of Sexology*. He said a small area on the front wall of the vagina was loaded with extremely sensitive nerve tissue that, when stimulated, intensified sexual arousal, leading to almost instant orgasm. In honor of Dr. Gräfenberg's discovery, this erogenous zone has since been known as the G spot.

Ludmika, a 23-year-old pharmaceutical rep, says she was sold on getting her G spot "done" after accompanying her sister to see Dr. Matlock for a lip enhancement. In the waiting room, Ludmika looked over a G-Spot Amplification pamphlet, which read: "Empower yourself. Women have claimed to experience a peak in their sex drive and reach new heights of ecstasy. Stimulation of this area leads to an intense orgasm."

"I didn't tell my boyfriend about it," Ludmika whimsically remarks. "He has no idea I'm getting this."

Her fellow partygoers were swayed by all the buzz Dr. Matlock's procedure has been getting. Gabby, a 42-year-old labor lobbyist dating a younger man, tells me she first heard about the G-Shot when it was mentioned on an episode of the TV show *Cougar Town*. Traci, a 21-year-old student, became intrigued after she and her mom caught a segment about the G-Shot on a local newscast.

"It looked interesting," Traci recalls. While researching the procedure, she found a "bloop-er" video from a news show in Minnesota. Commenting on a woman who'd received a G-Shot, a male anchor quipped, "I guess she'll be enjoying the penis more now."

A relaxed and friendly Dr. David Matlock, who appears frequently on E!'s *Dr. 90210*, ushers Ludmika, Gabby and Traci into his office for "the consultation."

"I'm so nervous," Gabby admits.

Dr. Matlock responds reassuringly, "I've never had a problem with this. It's such a simple procedure that it's safe." Then he points out where the G spot is on his plastic "pelvic model," stressing that the treatment is for the "sexual enhancement and gratification of the woman. In our pilot study we found that 87% of the women

reported that the procedure significantly enhanced their sexual gratification."

Dr. Matlock, who pioneered the patent-pending procedure, charges \$1,850 a shot. "It's a small price to pay," he reasons, "for a big bundle of joy."

Calling himself the "Picasso of Vaginas," Dr. Matlock is primarily known for his expertise in labiaplasty. That surgical procedure alters the look of the vaginal lips to make them more "aesthetically pleasing." He also performs vaginal rejuvenation, which reduces the diameter of a stretched-out vajayjay. [See March '11 HUSTLER.]

Dr. Matlock offers me a free G-Shot, and at first I'm in. Then I look over the consent form, which lists more than 50 possible complications of "submucosal suburethral hyaluronic" injection, including sexual dysfunction, overactive bladder and tissue necrosis. Envisioning a chunk of my lady bits falling out, I decide the only thing getting shot into my sugar walls henceforth will be jizz.

When the office manager encourages me to get the free shot, I reply, "No, really, I'm fine. I'm good. I'll just watch the other girls get one." When she insists, I tell her, "No, that's okay. I don't have any problems having an orgasm; actually I'm a bit of a premature ejaculator."

The consultation continues with a few more questions. "How long does the effect last?" Gabby asks.

"Three to four months," Dr. Matlock responds.

"Will it hurt?" Traci wonders.

"Just for a few seconds when I inject the anesthesia," the doctor notes.

"Can I have sex tonight?" Ludmika asks.

"Of course, if you want," Dr. Matlock assures her.

Then one by one the three women are led into examination rooms and told to put their fingers up their poontangs so they can locate their own G spots before the procedure starts.

If you're not quite sure where the

G spot is, you're not alone. (The nerve cluster is so remote, it requires a GPS.) You can find it by sticking your finger into a vagina and bending it toward you in a "come hither" motion. It's a small, spongelike surface hiding behind the pubic bone, and it really likes you!

In the first room, Ludmika gets into position on the examination table for Dr. Matlock. Unlike a routine gynecological exam, before which the doctor usually asks the patient to remove her shoes, Ludmika is allowed to keep her four-inch heels on while she plants her feet on the stirrups and spreads her legs. Suddenly the pharmaceutical rep looks like she should be in a HUSTLER porn parody titled *This Ain't Nip/Tuck XXX*.

Dr. Matlock measures the cervix with a speculum so he can find the precise location of the G spot. Next, he fills a needle with a local anesthetic. "Take a deep breath," he advises Ludmika. A few seconds later he injects the numbing solution, lidocaine.

"Did you feel that?" he asks.

"No," Ludmika replies. "I didn't feel it. I'm just nervous."

"Okay, now I'm going to give you the [main] shot, and you won't feel a thing," Dr. Matlock announces as he fills a second syringe with hyaluronic acid. That's a "bulkier" form of collagen, he explains before injecting it "right under the mucosa in the area of the G spot." His intent is to enlarge the tissue mass, thus making it easier to locate.



Dr. David Matlock, the "Picasso of Vaginas," serves up a G-Shot at one of his Beverly Hills "parties."



"The big difference between America's two political parties is that Democrats take pictures of their pricks and Republicans are the pricks!"



"Old lard-ass here claims I'm always insulting her!"

"That's it," the doctor tells Ludmika. "You're done."

Traci and Gabby are next, and both get a literal shot at better sex. "I can't wait to meet up with my boyfriend tonight and see what happens," Ludmika remarks as she pays the bill.



Three weeks later I check up on Dr. Matlock's patients to find out how each has fared. Ludmika reports that she is loving it and that her orgasms are "deeper, longer and more intense. I also seem to climax faster, which was the idea of getting it in the first place. It's great. I will definitely do it again."

Traci also provides positive feedback. "Because the G spot is swollen from the collagen, my pussy feels tighter," she informs me. "And my orgasms are better because they are stronger. Very powerful. When I first got the shot, my G spot was throbbing for a whole day and kind of hurt, but now the throbbing feels great. I'm always aware of it, and I'm always horny—like a guy!"

Gabby, on the other hand, says that after receiving her G-Shot, she "didn't feel a thing. Nothing. It didn't work." So Gabby goes back to Dr. Matlock, who gives her another shot for free.

During my next follow-up visit, Gabby describes the aftereffects of the second shot. "Now I *really* can't feel a thing," she complains. "The whole area around there feels numb—so numb I can't even have an orgasm. I can't wait until it wears off. It feels like I went to the dentist down there instead of the gynecologist."



Dr. Donnica Moore, a New Jersey obstetrician and gynecologist, has a better solution than spending \$1,850 for a shot whose benefits only last for three or four months. "How about a party where we invite male partners to show up and be instructed on where the location of the G spot is?" Dr. Moore suggests. "While we're at it, we can also show them how to locate the clitoris."

In his defense, Dr. Matlock—the founder and medical director of the Laser Vaginal Rejuvenation Institute of Los Angeles—maintains, "This procedure enlarges [and facilitates finding] the G spot. It is strictly for the sexual gratification of the woman. That's what it's all about. It's for her pleasure, and I want her to have the best sexual experience possible. I'm a feminist."

For more information about the G-Shot and other services offered by David Matlock, M.D., and the Laser Vaginal Rejuvenation Institute of Los Angeles, visit DrMatlock.com.

Anka Radakovich was, in her words, the longtime "notorious sex columnist" for *Details* magazine and is currently a columnist for *British GQ*. She is also penning her second screenplay, and her third book—*The Wild Girls Club, Part 2*—will be published in December. Follow her hijinks on Twitter [@ankarad](https://twitter.com/ankarad).

DISCLAIMER: The ideas and practices described in this article are for informational and entertainment purposes only, concern invasive and potentially dangerous medical procedures and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.



JASON
MEWES

SANTA, SMOOCHES & SOBRIETY

PHOTOS BY LADIVON JANSKY

For some extra holiday cheer, we caught up with actor Jason Mewes. You know him best as Jay, Silent Bob's rambling stoner sidekick in the Kevin Smith films *Clerks*, *Mallrats*, *Chasing Amy*, *Dogma*, *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* and *Clerks II*. He talked about all things seasonal, his buddy Kevin Smith and making out with Paris Hilton.

HUSTLER: What is the best gift you've ever received?

JASON MEWES: I got the new Mac Pro computer. That was pretty awesome.

How about the worst?

One Christmas my brother gave me a T-shirt from Kmart with a picture of a wolf on it—which was the worst because he knew what I liked. Why would you give me a shirt like that?

What did you do with it?

I said, "Thank you," and I put it away. I keep shirts even if I don't like them because I think I can just wear them around the house. Or it will be a good shirt if I'm masturbating. I could grab it and come into it.

What is eggnog?

Eggnog is liquor and eggs? Like liquor and whipped-up eggs? I know there is liquor involved because "Grandma got run over by a reindeer walking home from our house Christmas Eve." She was drinking too much eggnog. So I know there is booze involved.

Have you ever eaten a fruitcake?

I don't think I have.

Do you still believe in Santa Claus?

No. I wish I did.

Did you know that if you rearrange the letters in Santa, it spells Satan?

I believe in Satan, so I guess I believe in Santa. Santa is Satan. I didn't realize that.

How did you get involved with FEAR.net and the new online show *Todd & The Book of Pure Evil*?

My buddy Jim Jackman was the producer on the show *Degrassi: The Next Generation* in Canada. My buddy Kevin [Smith] and I did a few episodes. Jim left there and started working with Aircraft Pictures, and they're the people who created the show *Todd & The Book of Pure Evil*. They were trying to do it as a Web series at first. I was trying to help them launch it. I had met with Warner Bros., which was looking to fund Web series. I brought the idea to Jim.

That didn't work out, but two years later they got funding to do the pilot for *Todd* and asked me if I would like to be involved. We shot 13 episodes for season one, and it was just on [cable] in Canada, where it got the highest ratings on the Space channel ever. They shipped it here in the States to places like Spike, and it turned out **FEAR.net** was the place. We start filming season two next week.

If you found *The Book of Pure Evil*, what would you use it for?

Now, I would want to use it to get a really large penis that I could walk around with and show people—like Anthony Weiner. I want to send it on Twitter. If I was in high school, like the Todd character in the show, I would use it to be more appealing with the females so I could have slept with all the females in my high school that I wanted to.

Your character, Jimmy, is a lot mellow—than the roles you usually play.

I feel Jimmy is more where I'm at now. It was easy because I'm more mellow and relaxed these days. I still have my obnoxious moments but not as much as in the past. It's nice to just chill and play the mellow guy who gives advice. In all the movies, Silent Bob has that moment where he talks and gives some words of wisdom. In this I get to advise this young teenager. I like trying to play different characters. I've done a couple of small movies, and people may think those movies are crap.

But for me it's a chance to challenge myself and play way different from anything I've done.

Like *Bottoms Up* with Paris Hilton?

It was a romantic comedy. I got to be the smooth guy who falls in love with Paris, and I had to make out with her. It was weird for me to play that role.

What was it like making out with Paris Hilton?

It was actually not bad. To me making out on camera never gets me excited. It's weird. Like making out with Katie Morgan in *Zach & Miri Make a Porno*. We were naked and kissing, but because someone yells "Action!" and we get into it, there is no challenge. I would rather not see the full vagina. I would like to see a girl not paying attention in a skirt with her legs open so I can sneak a peek, because I'm a pervert. (Laughs.) That excites me more than a girl who is buck naked, spreading herself. Same thing with the kissing.

With Shannon Elizabeth, I didn't get excited. It was nice kissing her. She's pretty, but there was something about Paris. We had the kissing scene on the roof, and it sounds cheesy, but it felt like no one else was around. When we did the scene, she said, "Let's just go for it. We're gonna use tongue." It was the one person that I kissed in movies that I got a little blood flowing in my penis. I won't say it got fully erect, but there was blood flowing. The other ones—Katie Morgan and Shannon Elizabeth—were sort of robotic.

Because the Jay character has become so iconic, is it hard to get people to see you in any other role?

People think I'm Jay. A lot of movies that I get offered are for me to play the funny stoner guy. That's why I may do a movie that isn't that great, but it's great to play something totally opposite of the Jay character.

Do people think you are like Jay in real life?

They come up to me and say, "You're that guy! Say something funny." I think they expect me to dance for them. I'm like, "Yeah, I'm that guy. I play Jay." Then they stare at me. If I don't do anything, they'll say, "Hey, can you sing the 'Fuck Song'? Can you say snooch?"

Of all the films you've done, do you have a favorite?

I'd have to say *Mallrats*. When we did *Clerks*, I was still working as a roofer during the day, and we would film at night because that was when the store was closed. *Mallrats* was my first real film. We were locked in this mall, had trailers. It was great.

Are you a lifelong fan of HUSTLER?

This is amazing, but I have to admit I used to jerk off to the JCPenney catalog. They had these see-through bras and underwear, and you could see a little bit of nipple and a little bit of bush. That was like, "Omigod!"

How's the sobriety going?

It's better this time out. I need to talk about it all the time. Last time around I got to three years sober, and I stopped going to meetings and started hanging out with people who weren't sober. I feel strong at this point, but I'm more open about it now. With the podcast [at Smodcast.com] every day, I keep busy. I'm not just sitting around. I can talk about it. With my attention span and being hyper, I need to stay focused. It's good.

Tell us about the Let Us Fuck game you do on your podcast with Kevin Smith.

We have these companies sending us sex toys all the time. I just got two Flesh-lights. Have you seen those things? It's interesting all the toys there are. Anyway, for the game, people tweet in weird sex names or positions like "The Lightsaber Oral Backslash," and then we grab someone from the audience, go in the corner and try to figure how to act it out.

Why are you willing to talk to us, but Smith has turned us down?

He has? That doesn't sound right to me. I'm going to ask him about it.

Are you also working on a reality show?

Me and Kevin are doing a pilot for a reality show on AMC. We own a comic book store in New Jersey called Jay and Silent Bob's Secret Stash, and AMC is shooting a reality show there that is kind of like *Pawn Stars*. It's about all the people bringing in their weird stuff to try and sell at the comic book store. They have Walter and Brian, who have been running the place since it started, and threw in a young, 25-year-old girl with a knowledge of comics, and there's the show. Kevin and I are going to be there as the opener to the show.

Are all shopping mall Santa Clauses pedophiles?

Fifty percent of them.

Can you gift wrap?

Yes, but not well. It's all uneven.

What do you think the Salvation Army does with all the money it collects outside stores at Christmastime?

They probably have a tower like this one we're in [the Flynt Building]. And a private jet.

Does mistletoe work?

I would say yeah because people point them out, and then they try to make the move. It's a good thing.

Do you have any New Year's resolutions for 2012?

Not right now, but I probably will on New Year's Eve. I do every year, but I've never followed through with any of them. I say, "I'm gonna stop smoking cigarettes." Never happens. "I'm gonna start working out." Never happens. "I'm gonna stop touching my penis." And that doesn't happen. ■



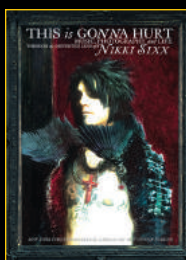
~STUFF THIS IN YOUR STOCKING!~

CDs, MUSIC DVDs AND BOOKS TO ROCK YOUR HOLIDAY

NIKKI SIXX

This Is Gonna Hurt

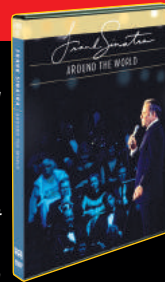
This book could easily be subtitled *The World According to Nikki Sixx*. The latest tome from Mötley Crüe's bassist and primary songwriter—not to mention bestselling author—is a dark collection of his erotic photography surrounded by stories, lyrics and pearls of wisdom from a true rock 'n' roll original.



FRANK SINATRA

Around the World

The latest in a series of new DVDs devoted to the "Chairman of the Board" offers four live gigs from the '70s and '80s. *Sinatra: The Main Event* captures the legend at Madison Square Garden, while *Sinatra in Concert at Royal Festival Hall* finds him in England just before his brief retirement. *Sinatra in Japan: Live at the Budokan Hall, Tokyo* is a rare concert previously only released in Japan. *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back* contains Sinatra's 1973 comeback special featuring Gene Kelly.



QUEEN

40th Anniversary Catalog

To mark the anniversary of four decades from one of the world's greatest bands (seriously, who was a better frontman than Freddie Mercury?), Queen has released two-disc, deluxe, remastered editions of their first five studio albums. Each Disc 2 adds period-specific alt mixes, live tracks and demos. Long live Queen!



NAZARETH

Big Dogz

Remember rock 'n' roll radio standards "Love Hurts" and "Hair of the Dog" by Nazareth? They return with original lead singer Dan McCafferty's ragged wail in fine form. Cuts from "Radio" and "When Jesus Comes to Save the World Again" echo classic Nazareth.



THE WEIRD WORLD OF BLOWFLY

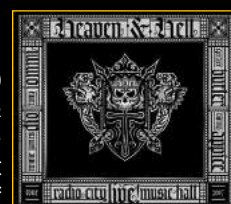
Blowfly invented rap. His dirty party records are the soundtrack to our filthy youth. The best part of this fascinating DVD—a must-see documentary about the original "porno freak"—is Blowfly's visit to the HUSTLER offices a couple of years back for a detailed interview. And all the naked chicks.



HEAVEN & HELL

Live From Radio City Music Hall

Before the illustrious voice of Ronnie James Dio was silenced forever, he led a reunited Heaven & Hell (a/k/a Black Sabbath) through their dark catalog of metal hits at New York City's revered concert venue. This Blu-ray disc is a powerful reminder of the band's genius and a singer who will be sorely missed. RIP, Dio.



STEVEN TYLER

Does the Noise in My Head Bother You?

Long before he was a beloved judge on *American Idol*, Steven Tyler was a prototypical rock icon living a debauched life of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. The Aerosmith frontman's autobiography focuses on the wild days and the lust-driven nights that made the bad boy from Boston who he is today.



ALICIA KEYS

Songs in A Minor: Deluxe Edition

The R&B songbird's debut CD was a breakthrough in the world of music. A decade later a deluxe version is available with intimate demos and B-sides that further showcase the musical prowess of Alicia Keys.



THIN LIZZY

Jailbreak: Deluxe Edition

It doesn't get much better than this landmark CD from Phil Lynott and the boys. Not only does it feature their best-known hit—"The Boys Are Back in Town"—but this deluxe edition adds a bonus disc of unreleased material.



JASON DRAPER

Prince: Chaos, Disorder and Revolution

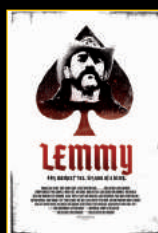
Prince has always been an enigma. The music mastermind from Minneapolis probably will never tell his own story. But Jason Draper has done it in this book thanks to interviews with Prince's associates and quotes from the man himself.



AC/DC

Live at River Plate/Let There Be Rock

AC/DC fans have two reasons to rejoice this holiday season: a pair of awesome DVDs. *Live at River Plate* captures the Aussie rockers on their recent Black Ice Tour. *Let There Be Rock* reprises a long-lost 1979 Paris concert featuring original lead singer Bon Scott. Whether you are a Bon or Brian fan, these DVDs are must-see. For those about to rock, we salute you. Fire!



LEMMY: 49% MOTHERFUCKER, 51% SON OF A BITCH

There is only one Lemmy Kilmister. The Motörhead bassist is the living, breathing (and drinking) embodiment of rock 'n' roll. This brilliant documentary follows the man, the myth and the legend through tons of interviews, behind-the-scenes footage and concerts. It's the next best thing to meeting Lemmy himself—which you can do anytime you find yourself at the Rainbow Bar & Grill on the Sunset Strip in West Hollywood.

REO SPEEDWAGON

Hi Infidelity: 30th Anniversary Edition

Thirty years ago REO Speedwagon broke through to the masses with the landmark album *Hi Infidelity*. Tracks like "Keep on Loving You" and "Take It on the Run" served as a generation's prom themes. Now 1981's best-selling rock album gets remastered and with it comes a bonus CD that offers previously unreleased live studio demos of nine songs found on *Hi Infidelity*. Not surprisingly, the pop rock opus holds up quite well.



FOSTER THE PEOPLE

Torches

Their first single, the megahit "Pumped Up Kicks," is just the beginning of the funky finery of Foster the People's debut CD. The rest of *Torches* is full of cool, alternative pop with catchy grooves.



DVD DISTRACTIONS

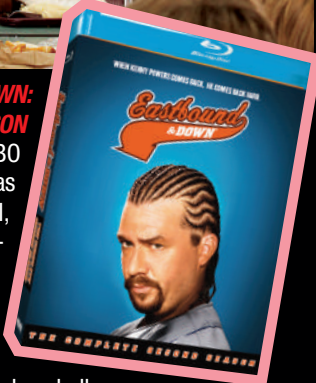
BY TAYLOR DAVID

Here's an escape plan for when your relatives come over this holiday season.



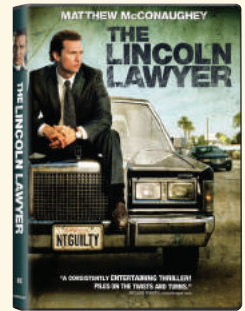
EASTBOUND & DOWN: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON

This ridiculously offensive HBO series stars Danny McBride as Kenny Powers, an egotistical, washed-up major league baseball player with a penchant for profanity. While employed as a substitute gym teacher at his old middle school, Powers desperately tries to reignite his baseball career. But after suffering a humiliating letdown, he abruptly leaves town at the end of Season One. Now the saga continues as Powers gets a fresh start in a sleepy Mexican town, where the irreverent and self-destructive *Americano* joins a local team in another attempt to make a big comeback. Featuring all seven episodes from *Eastbound & Down*'s second season—plus an array of hysterical bonus features—this DVD hits a home run into the upper deck!



THE LINCOLN LAWYER

Mickey Haller (Matthew McConaughey) is a smooth-talking, double-dealing attorney who works from the backseat of a Lincoln Town Car. After years of defending run-of-the-mill criminals, he finally lands a high-profile client: an L.A. playboy accused of savagely assaulting a prostitute. The seemingly open-and-shut case soon turns south when Haller discovers he's a pawn in an elaborate conspiracy that puts his life on the line. Loaded with twists and turns, this intriguing thriller features powerful performances by an all-star cast.



AQUA UNIT PATROL SQUAD 1: SEASON 1

The eighth season of Adult Swim's signature animated series *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* is back—this time under a brand-new title. With 100-plus episodes set in New Jersey, everyone's favorite gang of anthropomorphic marine creatures has moved to Seattle, where the crime fighters continue their absurdly outrageous antics. Given the intentionally incoherent plot lines, it shouldn't be surprising that Meatwad, Frylock and Master Shake get sidetracked by murderous vampires, strange monsters and evil smartphones. This collection includes all ten episodes of *Aqua Unit Patrol Squad 1*'s "premiere" season, plus the final seven unreleased *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* episodes and a smorgasbord of bonus features!



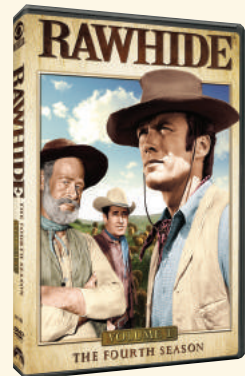
THE LAST GODFATHER

The Mafia has met its match in this Lionsgate comedy! After stepping down as head of a major crime family, Don Carini (Harvey Keitel) foolishly decides to find the love child he'd fathered during an intimate liaison while stationed in South Korea years earlier. Laughter ensues as the dimwitted Young-gu (Hyung-rae Shim), attempts to succeed Don Carini as a Mob boss. Think *Mr. Bean* meets *The Godfather*!



RAWHIDE: THE FOURTH SEASON, VOLUME ONE

Relive the action and drama of this TV Western series that aired from 1959 to 1966. Set in the 1860s, *Rawhide* chronicles the adventures that ensue on a massive cattle drive that starts in San Antonio, Texas, and ends up near Kansas City, Missouri. Along the way the wranglers encounter ranchers, Indians and frontier families either looking for help or trouble. Starring Clint Eastwood as one of the cowpokes, this four-disc set contains the first 15 episodes of *Rawhide*'s fourth season—a riveting roundup of tales from the Old West!







LONGHORNS FIGHT TO DEFEND HIGHER EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN,
STUDENTS AND FACULTY FIRE BACK AT
GOVERNOR RICK PERRY'S "SEVEN SOLUTIONS."

When it comes to public education from kindergarten to 12th grade, Texas has nothing to brag about. Now, thanks to penny-pinching Governor Rick Perry, the state's most prestigious learning institution—the University of Texas at Austin—has come under attack. Waging a war against higher education, the staunch Republican is determined to slash nearly \$1 billion in funding, thereby cutting valuable programs deemed unnecessary.

Perry has a twisted idea of what quality education entails. Students, faculty and administrators at UT have not been given a voice in decisions that will affect them. Education should have nothing to do with politics, but the governor doesn't see it that way.

Perry has entrusted the Texas Public Policy Foundation—a conservative think tank whose board of directors has donated more than \$1.3 million to his campaign coffers—with policy-making authority for all of the state's public colleges and universities. Filled with Perry appointees, the TPPF conceived a blueprint that would treat the University of Texas like a corporation and, as such, its 50,000 students like customers. With Perry's blessing, the school would be bushwhacked by a blasphemous proposal titled "Seven Breakthrough Solutions to Higher Education"—or, as many UT Longhorns have dubbed it, the "Seven Deadly Sins."

This business-model approach to reforming higher education is a surefire way to destroy Texas's public universities by narrowly focusing on the bottom line—getting a return on the state's investment. "It's time for the Texas Legislature to stop writing 'blank checks' to our state colleges and universities for tenured faculty members to spend as they please," announced TPPF board member and Perry pal Jeff Sandefer on the foundation's Web site.

According to Sandefer, who authored the "Seven Breakthrough Solutions," research—on everything from biofuels and microelectronics to public awareness of coastal processes—consumes two-thirds of every dollar spent at Texas colleges. This, in the TPPF's and Perry's opinion, has to be stopped.

To do that, the governor wants separate research and teaching budgets. He believes that professors are wasting taxpayer money on

"excessive" research efforts instead of more lucrative projects. The TPPF identifies "excessive" research as studies that don't improve society, such as those within the field of humanities.

"Professors are getting relief time from the classroom to produce articles that are not worth anything, aren't read or aren't cited by other researchers," said TPPF spokesman David Geuthner in *The Daily Texan*—the University of Texas at Austin's student newspaper.

Having separate teaching and research budgets, Perry claims, would increase transparency and accountability. But many in the UT community can read between the lines. Perry's real agenda is to ultimately curtail research initiatives in light of their high costs.

UT President Bill Powers told *Texas Monthly* that "teaching and research are inextricably linked. Splitting research and teaching budgets devalues the synergy between two essential components that are the essence of a world-class institution."

The University of Texas at Austin is a Tier One research university. During this past year, research initiatives have funneled \$644 million into UT, in addition to generating revenues of \$2.8 billion and creating 16,000 jobs for the state of Texas.

Brent Iverson—professor and chair of UT's Chemistry and Biochemistry Department—told *The Daily Texan* that research and teaching aren't isolated entities. Both are essential to prepare students for the workplace. "Research at UT is conducted largely by students at all levels and serves as the most important element of their scientific educations," Iverson added.

Natural sciences major Radhika Kumar is a firm believer that experiments teach students to get out of their comfort zone and rely on personal observations rather than instructions from a piece of paper. "You use information you have learned in class," Kumar said, "and interpret it in order to have the best technique for your experiment."

The UT Board of Regents—another administrative panel filled with Perry appointees—has also endorsed the "Seven Solutions." Meanwhile, UT administrators, students and faculty are outraged at the implications of shunning research in favor of immediate, easily quantifiable results.

That would just be the beginning. In a harsh analysis already implemented at Perry's alma mater—Texas A&M University—the governor

proposes calculating the worth of faculty members through the revenue they generate. Perry would have UT determine the total employment cost of every faculty member and weigh that figure against how much money each delivers to the university through teaching and research. An English professor with 100 students, for example, brings in much more money for UT than, say, an assistant professor who spends most of his time in a research lab. But who's to say how you measure success in education?

According to Rick Perry, the answer is Rick Perry. If passed by lawmakers, his blatant agenda-pushing will only achieve short-term goals. He strives to quantify the performance of professors through student evaluations. Those who receive positive feedback will be rewarded with bonuses. Perry has been quick to point out that fewer than 30% of students graduate within four years. Then he unveils a reduction of tuition fees that would likely result in increased class sizes and fewer courses.

Another one of the governor's radical "Breakthrough Solutions" is to change the way Texas colleges receive accreditation. The Southern Association of Colleges and Schools (SACS) is one of six regional accreditation organizations recognized by the U.S. Department of Education and the Council for Higher Education Accreditation. The TPPF wants to tell SACS to fuck off and instead have Texas establish its own standards. Kiss goodbye the hard-won reputations of the Lone Star State's colleges and universities.

The only thing these "Breakthrough Solutions" would accomplish is pissing off every student, faculty member and administrator. "When we deal with higher education, we must deal with the educators," State Senator Judith Zaffirini (D-Laredo) told *The Daily Texan*. Even Perry's constituents, Zaffirini continued, have questioned his positions on higher education.

UT senior Katy Langford said students need to be heard, not ignored. "The governor's 'Seven Solutions' affect us more than anything," she said. "We pay tens of thousands of dollars every year to come here, but this is not what we're paying for. This university is not a corporation and can't be treated like one."

Do the right thing, Governor Perry. Put education above your political agenda. 

Ian Benevidez is a UT senior majoring in sociology. His hobbies include traveling, music, shuffling and planking.

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 137 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

ODETTE

LOYOLA MARYMOUNT UNIVERSITY

Be careful. Odette might possess big, innocent-looking blue eyes, and even a halo of yellow-blond locks, but don't let such angelic traits fool you. This 21-year-old LMU senior definitely has a highly erotic side, which first surfaced when she was still a small-town girl in Maine.

"I was very straight edge in high school,"

Odette relates. "Never partied, never got drunk or did drugs. But during my junior year, some nude photos of me circulated around school for a couple of weeks. Was I embarrassed? Absolutely not! It was a huge turn-on for me! After that, I recognized my

exhibitionistic tendencies."

The naughty New Englander also reveals that growing up in a conservative community invariably squashed her natural sexual desires. What's a horny adolescent to do in a narrow-minded environment? Well, Odette moved to far more liberal Los Angeles, where she enrolled at Loyola Marymount University and enjoys rolling in the hay. "Now I can fully embrace and practice such kinky interests as hair pulling and spanking, both of which I really love," the English literature major confides.

Looking ahead, Odette says that upon receiving her diploma, she plans on teaching or pursuing a career as a nonfiction writer. But the hiking and swimming enthusiast has a backup plan: "If all else fails, I'm going to write erotica and scripts for the adult industry. I have a lot of respect for the minds behind X-rated films."

When it comes to sex, Odette has a mind of her own. "A man's voice is very important to me," she frankly states. "I mean, I have a massive accent fetish! And it really irks me when a guy's voice is too high-pitched. I also enjoy a fair amount of body hair on a man, but my biggest rule of thumb is that my male partners keep up with me sexually. If not, we definitely have a problem!"

You heard her, guys. Odette will only fret when she's not working up a good sweat. So get busy! 🍌



THREE'S NOT A CROWD



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS



ELLE, ZOE & AIDEN





Aiden Ashley,
Zoe Voss and
Elle Alexandra

are members of an ultra-exclusive, ultrasexy book club. There's nothing these chicks enjoy more than getting together to yap about the latest in literature. On this occasion, though, none of the girls has had time to finish the required reading.

"The book you picked is a thousand pages long," Elle complains to Zoe, the club's unquestioned leader.

"Yeah," Aiden chimes in. "There's no way we could've read it in a week. Now we have all of this time to fill. What are we going to do?"

Zoe laughs softly. This has been her plan all along. She artfully slithers out of her dress and nudges between her two friends on the couch. Pressing a dildo into Aiden's quivering hand, Zoe seductively whispers, "Why don't you start by filling me up with this?"

The evening swiftly devolves into debauchery. Elle, Zoe and Aiden will never read a book again.









WHY IS IT ALWAYS MY DICK IS TOO
SMALL? HAS IT EVER OCCURRED
TO YOU THAT MAYBE YOUR
PUSSY IS TOO LARGE?!





Chyna takes on all comers.



Backdoor to Chyna

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** B. SKOW. **STARRING:** CHYNA, DIANA PRINCE, DYLAN RYDER, DAYNA VENDETTA, LEE STONE, EVAN STONE, MICK BLUE, BILLY GLIDE & JERRY.



Talk about low blows and powerslams! It's hard to fathom if you're not into pro wrestling, but this is probably the most anticipated porn flick of the year. There's one question fans want answered: Does she do it all? Yes, this is full-bore hard-core, with screen time galore devoted to the Ninth Wonder of the World's custom-designed boobs and dick-hungry genitalia. After a bit of bland personal chat (fitness pageants, etc.), Chyna invites equally buxom Dylan Ryder to suck on her sizable clit in a three-girl tag team. Chyna really adds some sweaty signature moves to her repertoire when the cocks enter the ring. Musclebound Lee Stone hoists her into a variety of athletic positions, but the honor of making good on the movie's title goes to popular plunger Evan Stone. Chyna takes it like a pro (wrestlers are used to pain) and warms down in the closer by easily grappling with two guys. Chyna keeps this unimaginative flick alive with sheer physical presence and a charming should-I-be-doing-this? look on her face. Basic psychology says Chyna's addiction to muscles was always a way to mask her inner fragility. We hope this ass pounder is a shrewd move by a true survivor, not a sad slide into the porn thresher. Watch for our **HUSTLER** interview with Chyna in an upcoming issue.

—M.J.



This Ain't Lady Gaga XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** HELLY MAE HELLFIRE, RIHANNA RIMES, AUBREY ADDAMS, RAYLENE, SCOTT LYONS, MARCO BANDERAS, MARCO RIVERA, TEE REEL & RON JEREMY.



To those of you wisely ignoring the trends of today: No, Lady Gaga is not a porn star, yet (even if the name might fool you). She's a pretentious twat who dresses ridiculously, croaks into a mic and lets technology make it sound like singing. It's art, she says. But since most of the world thinks she'd be better off following Chyna's lead, HUSTLER made her the star of its latest celeb-smut parody. Played by the designer-titted and tattooed Helly Mae Hellfire, Gaga catfights with Beyoncé (Rihanna Rimes), which turns into a mildly titillating dildo session, then fucks a wrinkly Larry King. As if *that* weren't nauseating enough, porn mummy Ron Jeremy also gets to tear off a piece to prove Gaga ain't gay, or something. The music video for "In Porn Today" (a parody of "Born This Way") and the Sarah Palin cameos (Raylene does a better impersonation than Lisa Ann) are almost funny. The final foursome, with Aubrey Addams as torpedo-tits Madonna, is at least flashy. Gaga's whole schtick is trying to be as bizarre as she can, but according to this flick, she fucks like standard B-grade porn material. Lady Gaga, end the denial and embrace your true calling! Order it now on page 138.

—M.J.



Helly Mae Hellfire's *Gaga* tries a new meat dress.





Lily LaBeau, Tori Black and Marie Luv handle the Hulk.



The Incredible Hulk XXX

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** B. SKOW. **STARRING:** LILY LABEAU, TORI BLACK, ALEXIS TEXAS, SARA STONE, LEXI BELLE, GRACIE GLAM, MARIE LUV, ZOE VOSS, INDIA SUMMER, KATIE ST. IVES, TANYA TATE, DALE DABONE, JON JON, ALEC KNIGHT, LEE STONE, ANTHONY ROSANO & RANDY SPEARS.



If the idea of a huge, angry man-monster on a sex rampage turns you on, you got a problem. (But we knew that already.) This latest double-disc attempt by porn makers to save their pathetic industry is, happily, based on the TV Hulk (not the overblown CGI movies). Things start off slow with a typical Tori Black moanfest (pretty, but bland), drifting into a random interracial scene (with a non-anal Marie Luv) and a tasty white-meat trio (featuring the always wellcum Alexis Texas). After a bunch more gratuitous genitalia (Lexi Belle in terry cloth shorts is a high point), things finally go apeshit on Disc 2 with Lee Stone doing a decent Lou Ferrigno and the lovely Lily LaBeau sucking the green off his mutant sausage. This flick gets the low-rent feel of '70s TV right, the cheesy acting is amusing, and the sexual-frustration plot is clever. Most critically, the gourmet talent will take the edge off that undefinable anger that makes you yell at your wife, punch the wall and vote Republican. Let's face it: We're a country of Christmas-wrecking Hulks. This parody may be our only hope.

—M.J.



Sex and Corruption: Episode 1

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** SELENA ROSE, ALEXA NICOLE, DAISY CRUZ, LEXI SWALLOW, HALEY CUMMINGS, TONI RIBAS, MARCUS LONDON & SCOTT NAILS.



This launch of a new serial by porn writer Kay Brandt (the pen behind the *Cherry* series) is a neat little novella for Latina hotbox Selena Rose. Striving to be a gritty story about parolees and the men who use them, *Episode 1* sets a steamy and promising tone that may addict the weaker ones among us. (That's most of us.) Sleazy bottle-blond talent like chesty Haley Cummings and slender Alexa Nicole ably keep the couches warm, but the star slot belongs to black-haired bad girl Selena—and she knows it. Playing the bratty Latina cliché to the hilt, Señorita Rose is like a human jalapeño stuck in an otherwise bland exploitation flick. Thanks to her (and her tight little body) the recipe works. Supporting delinquents Alexa Nicole and Daisy Cruz turn in a decent closer, but if you bought this one for the box cover, you'll be praying to the gods of trash and fake eyelashes that Selena stirs up more corruption in episodes to come. —M.J.



Lexi Swallow, Selena Rose and Daisy Cruz cave to Corruption.



Gabby Quinteros, Zoe Holloway and Claudia Valentine ply their Seductions.



Señora Seductions

BLUEBIRD FILMS. **DIRECTORS:** MARC TWAIN & MARTHA WASHINGTON. **STARRING:** MONIQUE FUENTES, CLAUDIA VALENTINE, RAQUEL DEVINE, GABBY QUINTEROS, ZOE HOLLOWAY, ANTHONY ROSANO, ROCCO REED, KRIS SLATER, DERRICK PIERCE & DANNY MOUNTAIN.



The species known as Latin Cougar hasn't gotten the in-depth attention it deserves, so this movie definitely addresses a scientific gap. Here's what we've learned: 1) they have a habit of wandering into strange apartments half-dressed; 2) they'll cook you a taco even if you're not hungry (in which case, they'll blow you); 3) if you work for them they might give you a raise based on how bad you want it; 4) they're one of the last remaining species to fall for the old casting couch trick; and 5) despite their maturity, they have an immature craving for instant gratification. If you're interested in learning more about these well-groomed, curvy creatures and their aggressive mating habits, you will find this overdue study particularly stimulating. —M.J.

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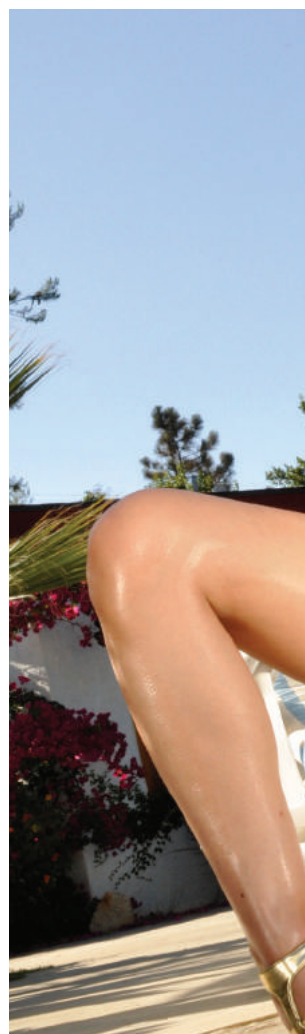
Flying Solo

METRO MEDIA/CHEEKY MONKEY PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** ERICA McLEAN. **STARRING:** SUNNY LANE, CYTHEREA, NICKI HUNTER, SHAYLA LAVEAUX, MEGAN FOXX, EMY REYES & SASHA HEART.



In this self-stroking companion piece to her *Flying Pink Pig* series, cougar-sexy porn director Erica McLean drills her young stars (figuratively speaking) about their masturbatory preferences, fantasies and experiences. Erica's a fine, girlfriend-style interviewer, and the ladies are happy to open up to her. Sprinkler Sasha Heart brings her "big clit" to the party and soaks the cushion in a soggy opener. Latina cutie Emy Reyes hits the movie's first peak with a finger-fine demo, talking about every "Catholic taboo" in a hot little accent that could make you come with your eyes closed. All the girls here are throbbers (Nicki Hunter's chat is loads of fun), but this movie's prime delight may be the comeback of the original Squirtwoman, Cytherea. She's revamped herself with a new set of boobs and hasn't lost the legendary gush. (Check out our exclusive chat with Cytherea on the next page.) Packed with a septet of luscious, sun-drenched scenes (including a cameo by coproducer Sunny Lane), *Flying Solo* is an ideal Xmas gift to yourself. (Sometimes the pursuit of happiness can't wait for other people.)

—M.J.





Sunny Lane, Sasha Heart and Cytherea go *Solo*.



CYTHEREA: THE PERFECT GIFT

If anyone knows the meaning of Christmas, it's Cytherea. In just three years, the original Squirtwoman sealed her porn legacy with a string of iconic performances and the 2005 AVN Award for Best New Starlet. In 2006 the Goddess of Gush quit the biz to seek joy as a loving wife and a mother to two boys. After a cumback performance in Erica McLean's *Flying Solo* (see our review on the previous page), Cytherea is again giving her hard-core fans exactly what they want for XXXmas. The Sin City resident is also a featured dancer at the glitzy new HUSTLER Club in Las Vegas. For details and schedule, go to VegasHustlerClub.com.

Was your previous porn life wild?

Oh, Jesus, yes! The things I did! Constant parties, orgies, drugs. At the time I didn't think it was dangerous; but looking back I would never do that stuff now. I have babies! They look up to me. They can't look after themselves. My youngest has autism, so I'm dealing with that, working with special programs out there to help him. I have family support backing me up, which helps a lot. It's a full-time job being a mom, but I love it. My boys are my angels.

Any words of wisdom for young performers?

There's nothing I can say, because no one will listen. So many people tried to tell me things. I was in an abusive relationship, mentally and physically, and I didn't listen to anyone. It's a matter of being strong enough to hopefully get yourself out of it. If people have enough willpower and love themselves enough, they'll make the changes. Be wild when you're young, sow your wild oats. But be smart.

What do you want for Christmas?

A new iPad! That's my materialistic wish. I would also love to fly my mom out here from Utah, which is where I'm from. And for the new year, I want to bust out another AVN Award. I'm an attention whore. That's one thing about me that hasn't changed.

Can you be a Mormon and a porn star?

I think it says somewhere in the Mormon book that you can't do that! I was a Mormon. I went to church every Sunday and went to camps and all that crap. My mom was Mormon; my dad was Catholic. So I had religion from both ends. I'm not part of that now, but I do believe in God, in my own way. I think as long as you're a good person, it's all good.

What does a Cytherea Christmas look like?

Bright and colorful! I'm very competitive when it comes to lights and decorations. My new house here in Vegas has lots of room for a big tree. But what matters most is my family and what's best for it. Everything after that is sauce for the goose!

—M.J.



THIS AIN'T LADY GAGA XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



Almost overnight, Lady Gaga emerged as the most provocative performer on the pop culture landscape. Which makes it the perfect time to celebrate her accomplishments with a HUSTLER Video parody, *This Ain't Lady Gaga XXX*.

Just like the real deal, our Lady Gaga doppelgänger (**Helly Mae Hellfire**) has a strong sense of artistic integrity. When she butts heads with rival diva Beyoncé (**Rihanna Rimes**) on the set of a music video, it looks like a major battle will ensue. Thankfully the two songbirds set their egos (and clothing) aside; they'd rather frolic than fight. Next on the set list for Lady Gaga is a foursome with her idol Madonna (**Aubrey Addams**) and two very lucky security guards.

No matter where the sinematic Lady Gaga goes, she's compelled to release her inner sexual monster. So when the ancient Larry King (**Scott Lyons**) makes a pass at her, the talented chanteuse naturally hops on the veteran reporter's fleshy microphone.

If you're the type of dude who daydreams about pop stars popping each other's coochies, *This Ain't Lady Gaga XXX* will make you glad you were born that way.









This Ain't Lady Gaga XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 138 to order by mail.













WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



NATASHA

Getting the nod as our official "Season's Greetings!" bearer (and, of course, barer) is this aspiring veterinarian from Federal Way, Washington. A former HUSTLER Real College Girl, Natasha is well-suited for the assignment. Besides thinking of herself as "funny, flirty, sweet and outgoing," the limber Latina—she was a cheerleader and gymnast back in high school—is truly breathtaking and will turn 21 a week before Christmas. The nice Natasha chimes, "I love tanning, shopping and sports, especially kickboxing and scuba-diving." Her naughty alter ego bellows, "I'm bi, seductive and passionate. I love giving blowjobs, muff-diving and fucking doggy-style." No matter which Natasha emerges, she's mouthwatering eye candy. —Photos by Friend



"SEASON'S GREETINGS!"



"I have a list of naughty fantasies, and seducing a mall Santa is on top."





MARY JANE

Now earning her stripes as a skin-mag model is this “open-minded, energetic and loud” stripper by way of Gulfport, Mississippi. “I love the thought of men and women enjoying my photos,” marvels Mary Jane, 27. “I like being naked in general. I hardly ever wear clothes.” The 5-foot-2 Dixie pixie also likes cooking, sleeping, dancing, reading, video games, networking, *Family Guy* and sex. “My biggest turn-ons are thick cocks, oral sex, anal sex and being tied up, gagged and spanked,” Mary Jane makes known. “I’m pretty wild. One time I snuck off and had sex at a church picnic.” Mary Jane’s fantasy has a nice ring to it as well: “I want to have hot sex on a roof.” —Photos by Friend



CLEO

“I love to be naked and have people see me,” proclaims Cleo, 45, a “horny, kinky and bi-curious” denizen of Staten Island, New York. “I had sex on a beach in Italy, and close to home I’ve flashed in a parking lot and at a gas station. I’m also out to prove that women over 40 are sexy and don’t have to be full of silicone.” Measuring a hearty 34D-28-36, the 5-foot-2 tyro is certainly sexy, not to mention full of vim and vigor. “I’m a dominatrix, and I love my job,” Cleo discloses. “Guys let me beat their asses with a flogger, paddle or riding crop, then pay me for doing it.” But the frank Frank Sinatra fan—who enjoys solving puzzles and watching the TV shows *House*, *NCIS* and *Charmed*—is all for pastime interruptus should her mate crack the proverbial whip. “I am always ready to stop whatever I am doing whenever my husband wants to have sex,” Cleo fesses up. “I love giving him head; he says I’m great at it. And I shave my pussy so he doesn’t have to floss and eat at the same time.” The obliging missus also has a voracious appetite for salads, crab, lobster and adventure: “I love going to swingers clubs to find couples to dominate, and my fantasy is to stroll naked in Central Park.” —Photos by Husband



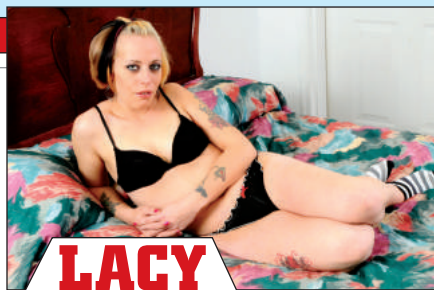


IVEY VINES

"I have always wanted to be in *HUSTLER* since I first picked it up," trumpets this "naughty, submissive, kinky, passionate and slippery" Army wife from Fort Hood, Texas. "My husband hopes he catches other soldiers looking at me in the magazine." Whether "bent over the kitchen table and having the hell banged out of me" or posing in the altogether, Ivey Vines, 41, commands attention. "I have a weakness for men in uniform," admits the 5-foot-3 dog-training aficionada, who's also partial to baseball, martial arts and TV's *The O'Reilly Factor*, *Hell's Kitchen* and *Big Love*. "My sex life has improved with age," Ivey gushes. "I remember when there was no way you could get me to give a blowjob; nowadays I can't wait to get on my knees. When I was younger, I was afraid to say things like 'Come all over my face!'" Ivey sure has a fearless fantasy: "On the side of a busy highway I'd love to suck a cop's cock and be fucked anally while bent over his patrol car so everyone can see what happens to reckless sluts who drive too fast." —Photos by Friend



"I am very much an anal and oral slut."



LACY

"Life is short, so you'd better have fun while you can," suggests Lacy, 26, a pharmacist from Glen Burnie, Maryland. "I live for the moment, I'm passionate and ambitious, and I'll never pass up anything that's thrilling and out of the ordinary—like modeling nude." In the meantime the 5-foot-7 Suicide Girls aspirant, a fervent Baltimore Ravens fan to boot, passes her time with a smattering of endeavors. "I hang out at skate parks, take long walks in the woods and watch *Burn Notice*, *Weeds*, *Dexter* and almost anything on the History Channel," Lacy lays on us. "But my favorite hobbies are partying, networking and sex. I'm straight, and I love it when a man takes full control, slamming me hard from behind and slapping my ass." Lacy is also a brazen jezebel. "In cars I've had sex in church parking lots and alongside many back roads," the Kottonmouth Kings worshiper confides, "and I've been fucked at a laundromat in the middle of the night, bent over washer number 2." That ushers in Lacy's timely fantasy: "At a jam-packed Christmas party I want to strip in front of everyone, bend over the back of a couch and not know who's stuffing my snatch!" —Photos by NewAmericanPinup.com



**CHERYL**

Adding some rare international flair to our Holiday roundup is this “bubbly, energetic, ambitious and very open-minded” cabaret dancer. “I quite like the idea of men watching me undress,” reckons Cheryl, 24, who was born in Bangor, Wales, and currently resides in Kent, England. “It turns me on!” Shedding light on her prim-and-proper side, the 5-foot-10 neophyte model relates, “I love clubbing, going to the cinema and watching TV.” It’s apropos that Cheryl’s fave boob tube offerings include *Top Gear*, *Shameless* and the Brit sitcoms *The Inbetweeners* and *Peep Show*, since the ravenous redhead has peppered her HUSTLER peep show with shameless candor: “Many people have described me as a nymphomaniac. I masturbate two or three times a day, and I get turned on by what’s different from the norm, such as role-playing, threesomes and group sex. I love being tied up and taken advantage of thoroughly—mouth, pussy *and* bum—but I can also be dominant. I love the challenge of seducing a straight girl.” A true-blue “Bottoms Up!” babe, Cheryl exults, “Anal shags are my favorite ‘cause I always feel like I’m gonna come quicker.” The damsel is also quite mobile: “I’ve had sex on a train, in a park, in a swimming pool and in a friend’s kitchen while she was hosting a party. I have a bad habit of flashing or taking off all my clothes when I’ve had one too many.” That’s not a bad habit at all, Cheryl. You can drop trou here any ol’ time. —Photos by Friend

“I like keeping my pussy nice and tidy ‘cause I love having someone going down on me.”





"My biggest wish is to spend a sensual evening with Johnny Depp."

AMI

"I like trying new things," announces Ami, 18, a fledgling hairstylist from Hartford, Connecticut, whose self-confidence has soared since coming of age. "I always wanted to be a cheerleader—I love football!—but I was too shy. That trait went away the first time I went skinny-dipping." Now gloriously captured in the buff, the 5-foot-9 nude-modeling rookie oozes with holiday cheer. "I am funny, outgoing and a big flirt," Ami notes. "I am also geeky and weird in my own way. I love to draw, and I pay real close attention to detail while watching movies and TV." (Further details: The perky cutie pie digs *Pirates of the Caribbean* flicks, *Family Guy*, *American Dad*, *Reno 911!*, *Animal Planet*, *Lost* and *Grey's Anatomy*.) As for her own anatomy, Ami coos, "I'm very happy with my legs and ass." Finally, the pizza, tacos and pumpkin pie fancier reveals what she embraces as an amorous libertine: "I am bisexual, and I love foreplay and Tantric sex. My favorite positions are doggy-style and cowgirl, and I have a serious bondage fetish. My orgasms are way, way better when I'm tied up!" —Photos by Friend



DAPHNE

On horseback this “outgoing and energetic” resident of Austin, Texas, is into show-jumping, but we’re tickled pink that the 5-foot-3 filly jumped at the chance to show off the whole enchilada as 2011’s final Beaver. “I’m a total exhibitionist,” Daphne, 26, asserts. “I’ll even go to a strip club as a customer and get naked.” She’s also an astrology, dancing and BMX racing buff who knows what horndogs wanna hear. “I’m very much into guys,” Daphne divulges, “but hot girls can be fun to play with too. I love oral sex, giving and receiving, and my favorite positions are doggy-style and reverse cowgirl. And I’m a real good suck-up. I love being tied up, spanked and told what to do in bed. That’s heavenly!” Tell us more! “Lovey-dovey sex is nice most of the time,” Daphne replies, “but I love a rowdy quickie too.” Making a picture-perfect fantasy girl, the lithe, little sweetie purrs, “Just knowing I’ve pleased someone gets *me* off.” —Photos by Friend



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D.C. UNCOVERED

BY LARRY FLYNT

MICHELE BACHMANN: PLACING AMERICA ON THE POKER TABLE

A Presidential primary is like a civil war. Few survivors remain undamaged. Only dark horse candidates view the process as a good, clean fight. Successful candidates need killer instincts. Opponents need to be left in awe and nothing less.

During the 2008 campaign season almost \$3 billion was dropped on television commercials. The 2012 election cycle will likely set new spending records. Although Internet campaign-ad budgets remain small, cyberspace serves as an echo chamber for people's prejudices, making news more opinionated, undercutting the facts.

No GOP Presidential aspirant has taken greater advantage of the rise of personality cults than Michele Bachmann of Minnesota. The Republican congresswoman—an anti-government, antitax advocate—has become the champion of the Tea Party movement. Bachmann counts religion as her biggest weapon. She “found Jesus at age 16” and says God told her to run for President. She raised five children of her own and 23 foster

children. Her husband manages a Christian counseling center that attempts to make gays straight (with the help of government money).

While liberals snicker at Bachmann, her campaign is no joke. The 54-year-old Iowa native is a skilled politician with ideological cohesion, unlimited ambition, sincerity and a simple likability. Within a span of ten years she has jumped from small town PTA member to serious Presidential candidate. Bill Clinton calls her a “real person.”

Bachmann's campaign manager is Ed Rollins, a seasoned operative who once worked for Ronald Reagan. Her media consultant is Ed Brookover, a close friend of House Speaker John Boehner, who used him to help shape the Ohio Republican's reelection campaign in 2008.

A spear carrier for cultural conservatives, Bachmann seems hardly ready for prime time, having served only two full terms in the House of Representatives. Her former chief of staff, Ron Carey, told the *Des Moines Register*

earlier this year that “she is not prepared to assume the White House in 2013.” He added that Bachmann does not have “any leadership experience or real results from her years in office.”

Given the low quality of information presented to most voters, it is no surprise that candidates like Bachmann have found a platform. Americans' flabby complacency and weakness of mind have served her well.

If Bachmann's hard-core, Christian-right beliefs gain traction, the country will be in for a memorable ride.

ANECDOTE: In late 1959, *Washington Post* reporter Benjamin Bradlee asked his Georgetown neighbor, Senator John Kennedy (D-Massachusetts), if he thought it was strange that he might be President. “Yes,” Kennedy said, “until I stop and look around at the other people who are running for the job. And then I think I'm just as qualified as they are.”

VOTERS SAVE A FEW BUCKS: Beginning in the 1970s, taxpayers had an option on their tax return to allocate \$3 per person to a fund that provided public money to finance Presidential campaigns. During the 2010 tax year, only 7.3% of taxpayers elected to check the box. In 1980, 28.7% did so.

PROUD: According to a Pew Research Center survey, only 8% of Americans say other countries are better than the United States. The nonpartisan facts tank also reports that 38% of Americans believe their country is the greatest on Earth.

JEALOUSY? During the last days of the 2000 election campaign, incumbent Bill Clinton pleaded with Democratic Presidential nominee Al Gore to make personal appearances in Arkansas and Tennessee. Gore refused and lost both states. Eleven years later, Clinton has repeatedly asked President Barack Obama to listen to his advice on the economy. Obama and aides have expressed no great interest in such an offer.

QUOTATION: During the darkest days of the Civil War, President Abraham Lincoln was asked whether he thought God was on the Union's side. The Great Emancipator replied, “My concern is not whether God is on our side but whether we are on God's side.”

I DIDN'T MIND HIM GOING OUT WITH THE BOYS, BUT THEN HE STARTED GOING TO BED WITH THE BOYS.



WINNERS

BOTTOMS UP!

HOLIDAY BEERS & SPIRITS

Pick your drink for the holidays and match your mood: Old Flirty Bastard, Blue Balls, Balls to the Walls, Ballbuster Tempest. There seems to be a testicular theme when it comes to holiday cocktails.

But how about a Sloe Comfortable Screw Up Against a Wall? Sounds like a nice tippie:

- 1 ounce vodka
- 1 ounce Southern Comfort
- Fill highball glass with ice and orange juice
- 0.5 ounces Bitter Truth Sloe Berry Blue Gin
- 0.5 ounces Galliano L'Autentico

BEERS: There isn't a brewer in the country that doesn't produce a special beer for the holidays. These beers—ales or lagers—are usually extra malty, hoppy, yeasty, spicy and/or alcoholic. Holiday beers reflect the creativity and imagination of each brewer.

The granddaddy of them all may be Samuel Smith's Winter Welcome Ale, the original imported winter ale. The 2011-2012 version from the northern English brewer is rich, malty and warming.

America's largest craft brewer—Boston-based Samuel Adams—isn't content with just one holiday beer. Its Winter Classics Variety Pack contains Samuel Adams Winter Lager (orange peel, ginger and cinnamon), Samuel Adams Old Fezziwig Ale (the same spices but in an ale), Samuel Adams Holiday Porter (dark and rich) and Samuel Adams Chocolate Bock (a German lager with a trace of real chocolate).

No holiday season is complete without two California beers: Sierra Nevada Brewing's Celebration Ale (full of citrusy Northwest hops) and Anchor Brewing's Christmas Ale (brewed since 1975, with each year's batch offering a different secret recipe).

Redhook Ale Brewery (Washington State and New Hampshire) makes Winterhook Ale and, like Anchor, tweaks the recipe each year for a malty, rich taste. Harpoon Brewery (Boston) has two holiday beers: Harpoon Winter Warmer (an ale spiced with cinnamon and nutmeg) and, special for 2011, the 38th release in the 100 Barrel Series: Spruce Tip Ale (with spruce buds harvested from Vermont forests).

Upstate New York's Southern Tier Brewing focuses on the bad side of Christmas with

Krampus Imperial Helles Lager, a strong beer named after Saint Nicholas's sidekick Krampus. Also known as the Christmas Devil, Krampus is a fanged, goat-horned bully who uses sticks and chains to beat naughty children.

Holiday beers aren't just for gentle brewers. Shmaltz Brewing, which produces He'Brew beers (San Francisco and New York), will be rolling out Jewbelation Fifteen this year: a big ale with 15 malts and 15 hop varieties.

SPIRITS: The producers of spirits traditionally haven't exercised the flexibility of brewers with holiday releases. Instead, they've stuck with holiday gift packs—usually the same old brands in a box with glassware. Boring!

However, one of the big boys in the spirits world and some of the new craft distillers are jumping onto the holiday bandwagon. Starting in 1975, Jose Cuervo—no small fry—has released Jose Cuervo Reserva de la Familia tequila. The 2011 limited-edition bottle and package are adorned with a sexy little mermaid drawn by Mexican artist Dr. Lakra. Reserva de la Familia is a blend of 100% blue agave añejos from the family cellars—wonderful flavors!

Also worth savoring is Saint Nick from California's Fluid Dynamics. It's a holiday blend of Germain-Robin brandy (Mendocino County Riesling wine) and Clear Creek Distillery's artisanal cranberry liqueur. Oregon-based Clear Creek also makes Eau de Vie of Douglas Fir, an infusion of Douglas fir springtime buds in a clear brandy.

For the holidays, Kentucky's Corsair Distillery produces Gingerbread Whiskey, a malt whiskey distilled with fresh ginger before barrel aging. Few Spirits (Illinois) distills Christmas Gin, a corn-and-wheat whiskey into which juniper and other botanicals are added for a strong citrus and peppery taste. Deco Distilling (Oregon) tempts the palate with Christmas Spiced Liqueur.

Boasting many U.S. customers, London-based online spirits retailer Master of Malt carries a Christmas-themed tasting kit of premium spirits in small bottles, each named for particular days throughout the season: Christmas Eve, Christmas Morning, After Christmas Dinner and Boxing Day.

MAKE YOUR OWN: For the do-it-yourself drinker, a couple of craft distilleries offer spirits-



aging kits. New York's Finger Lakes Distilling sells two one-liter bottles of white rye (80% rye, 20% malted barley), along with a two-liter barrel containing a touch of leftover spirit to sample. The hobbyist can age the whiskey and draw samples from time to time to decide when it's perfect.

The Age Your Own Whiskey Kit from Washington State's Woodinville Whiskey includes two 750-milliliter bottles of 110-proof White Dog unaged whiskey, a two-liter aging barrel, a pouring funnel and two tasting glasses.

I'm going to start with a beer and hope for a slow, comfortable screw up against a wall. ☞

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*.

CASSANDRA MONET

AGE: 41

LOCATION: New York City

SEE HER AT: CassandraMonet.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.

Cougarlicious Cassandra Monet professes that her secret to maintaining such a mean 'n' lean physique is food intake. "I'm definitely disciplined when it comes to my diet and what I eat," she reveals. "As a matter of fact, I've been a vegan since age 11. But I do have a sweet tooth: cheesecake, cookie dough, white chocolate. I'm definitely a sugar addict!"

Cassandra also admits to a dirtier secret: The lusty New Yorker often frequents coffee shops, where she writes erotic



COUGARS UNLEASHED #34

fiction inspired by her intimate experiences with a variety of men. "Why not?" the 5-foot-8 exhibitionist reckons. "When it comes to sex, I'm extremely uninhibited." Is she ever!

"I want a man who's not only open-minded but also appreciates me for who I am," Cassandra continues. "And I especially love a true gentleman with a naughty edge. After all, men should understand that a woman's sex life begins at 40; that's when we unleash the siren from within. And right now I'm at my sexual peak. I've got no restrictions, no limits. Actually, I have such boundless energy, very few men can keep up with me."

But Cassandra has more on her plate than just penning steamy stories and wearing down her latest conquest between the sheets. She's also a cosmetologist, not to mention a devoted mother.

"Being in the beauty industry has allowed me to travel around the world," Cassandra gleefully states. "I thoroughly enjoy being around beautiful people, but it's my three kids who really keep me on my toes. I adore them!"

In her private life, Cassandra has gotten to be adored by a legion of fans worldwide thanks to her credo: "Always be in control of your life but stay true to yourself. And never be afraid of being adventurous; after all, sexual exploration is a natural, beautiful thing. Who knows? If you hold back, someday you may regret it." 

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 LOURENCO RAMALTA



NAME:
CJ Sparxx

AGE: 25

LOCATION: SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Number of Friends: 3,620

URLs: **Facebook.com/CJSparxxLovesYou**

Something of a sports fiend, curvy CJ Sparxx is big on softball, volleyball, tennis and bicycling. Keeping in shape is vital for a gal who loves modeling. Surprisingly, even though the 5-foot-6 superbabe has graced various publications and Web sites, she'd never before taken it all off for a print magazine.

"The [adult] industry is flooded with beautiful girls," CJ modestly admits, "so I'm just glad I can grab your readers' attention, even if only for a few minutes."

Although the networking buff has a ton of Facebook followers, she wasn't always so popular, especially in high school. "Other students bullied me," CJ recalls. "One girl even stuck gum in my hair

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 CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

at a football rally. I guess you could say I never fit in with any particular crowd. And I was also extremely self-conscious about my body during that awkward period in my life—mostly because I had no boobs."

But things eventually changed for the better. After a fair amount of begging, she convinced her mother to allow her to finish her studies at home. And when CJ turned 21, she got breast implants, her self-esteem growing proportionately with her new bra size. "I became more outgoing," the busty beauty chimes. "Now I enjoy dancing the night away and quenching my thirst with a sugar-free Red Bull and vodka."

As for companionship, the motivated but upbeat Californian favors dating someone with traits similar to her own. "I prefer a person who has a great work ethic," CJ explains, "not to mention the ability to laugh about most anything."

CJ also has another way of letting her hair down. "I love to thrift shop," she reveals. "I guess you could say that, all in all, I like keeping busy and that I could never really be a homebody."

Don't worry, CJ, we'd find a way to keep your hot body busy at home! 📸





THE TOY SHOPPE

NOVEMBER 1979
HUSTLER
CLASSIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN





They sit quietly on the shelf all day long, eagerly waiting for the day to end. When the lights go out, it's time for the real fun and games to begin. The brave young soldier finds out what living dolls girls can be—while she teaches him that playing around isn't only for kids. They may only be playthings, but their passion is nothing to be toyed with when they're in each other's arms.







(continued from page 40)

How would you describe the record to someone who hasn't heard it?

The Goldberg Sisters record is divided into two camps. It has a 1970s LP quality that I'm veering toward. The album also has a dreamy quality with some long outros. I don't think the songs meander, but the outros often do. I like that building, swirling crescendo thing.

Vocally you sound like John Lennon and Billy Corgan from the Smashing Pumpkins.

Yeah. I never thought about the Billy Corgan thing until recently. Then I heard it in something I was doing.

Are Lennon and Corgan your biggest musical influences?

John Lennon, there is no question. When I started playing, I didn't really learn other people's music. The idea of emulating anybody also seems like something that was beyond my reach because I could only do what I could do. I think when I sing, I probably have a quality that ends up sounding like John Lennon but it wasn't planned. My voice has a certain timbre. I'm sure years of listening to the Beatles and John Lennon seeped in. Elvis Costello was an influence as well, but my voice doesn't sound anything like his. So it would be Costello, David Bowie and then Lennon. Hopefully it's not too derivative.

Because you've had such success as an actor, is it hard to be taken seriously as a musician?

I haven't put myself out there in a way where I have been subjected to that much scrutiny. I haven't done what Juliette Lewis has done, which is go out on tour and be the front person of a rock outfit. My ambivalence about playing live might have something to do with that. It feels slightly insincere to me. My interest is more in the creating and recording of music.

I get very anxious playing live, and it's not what I'm inclined to do. I haven't put myself out there so I wouldn't have to deal with the criticism. I hope that the listener gets the sense that this music is just something I do as an artistic pursuit that you can either take or leave. It's not being shoved down the public's throat. What the—?!

[Editor's Note: At this point in the interview, Goldberg stands up to view what's hanging on a HUSTLER studio wall: a parody ad for the movie *Black Snake Moan* that depicts Christina Ricci giving head to Samuel L. Jackson.]

That's disturbing. That's my ex-girlfriend.

Sorry. We should have covered that up.

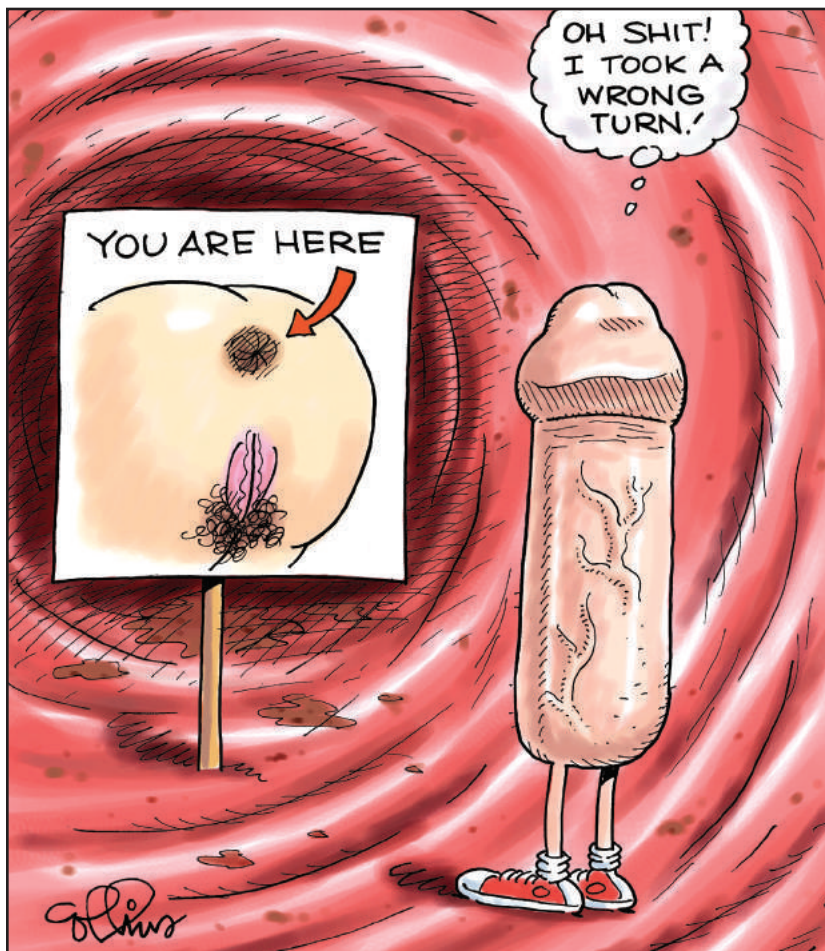
That's all right. I've seen it all before.

You're credited for bringing out Christina Ricci's wild side.

(Laughs.) They credit me for that? I didn't talk about our relationship then. I just have no interest in talking about it.

We know that rock stars have groupies and even comics have them.

You want to know if there are character actor groupies? (Laughs.) No. I have not had groupies. It is a subject that I am fascinated by, this sort of obsession with celebrity and fame. I made this film called *I Love Your Work*, which was in part about that. It is something that interests me a great deal. Luckily I'm just as well-known as I feel comfortable being—probably slightly more well-known than I feel comfortable being. 🐾



"Remember, it's the thought that counts, Doris. They're dog turds."

BRITTANY'S BOD

COMING NEXT

DANNY TREJO: FROM STREET CRIME TO BIG TIME

Before gaining acclaim as the clenched-jawed, blade-wielding antihero in the action movie *Machete*, actor Danny Trejo was a real-life renegade. A former drug addict and armed robber, he served a total of ten years doing stretches at some of America's most notorious correctional facilities. Trejo, who became a top-notch boxer while behind bars, candidly speaks with HUSTLER about being a criminal, a prison predator (rather than prey) and—beating the odds—a Hollywood heavyweight opposite the likes of Robert De Niro, Jessica Alba and Steven Seagal.

DEBI DIAMOND: PORN'S LEAN, MEAN FUCKING MACHINE

Since making her XXX debut in 1983, Debi Diamond has done more than merely go through the motions. The self-proclaimed maneater engaged in extreme sexual acts with unrivaled ferocity. That's why Diamond is a porn hall of famer, but she's far from ready to call it quits. "I love to taste and smell sex," the mother of three tells writer Michael McClay, "and I do it now more than ever before." Diamond once blew rocker Tommy Lee away, and she'll blow you away in our close-up peek at the voracious porn legend.



DOOMSDAY SURVIVAL GUIDE

Not everyone is buying the ancient Mayans' prediction that the world will end on December 21, 2012. But an impending solar storm could zap electrical grids worldwide, sending civilization back to the Dark Ages. Also looming is the threat of another nuke-plant catastrophe, nuclear terrorism, atomic warfare, a mega-tsunami or asteroid strike. In a comprehensive survival guide, journalist M. Allen Nathan outlines what to do *before* the shit hits the fan.



JESSICA DOUGHERTY: SEDUCTIVE ARTISTRY

Inspired by beautiful women and wanting to raise eyebrows as a digital illustrator, "typical Southern girl" Jessica Dougherty found the perfect way to express herself: tantalizing pinups. Each is, in her words, "soft and supple, inviting and compassionate, strong and smart, real and attainable." See for yourself as we showcase a bevy of Ms. Dougherty's delightful masterpieces.



TOUGH MUDDER: THE ULTIMATE BALLBUSTING COMPETITION

Could anything be more harrowing than shoving a Q-Tip into your pecker or taking a porn chick home to meet Mom? Yes, Scott Fayner painfully discovered: Tough Mudder. This grueling event includes elements used by British Special Forces to test candidates' strength, stamina and mental fortitude. Not content to be a pussy observer, Fayner bravely took on a nine-mile obstacle course that subjected competitors to muddy inclines, a wall of ice, bitter-cold water and wires carrying 10,000 volts of electricity. Did the gonzo journalist make it to the finish line? Find out in Fayner's gritty account.

