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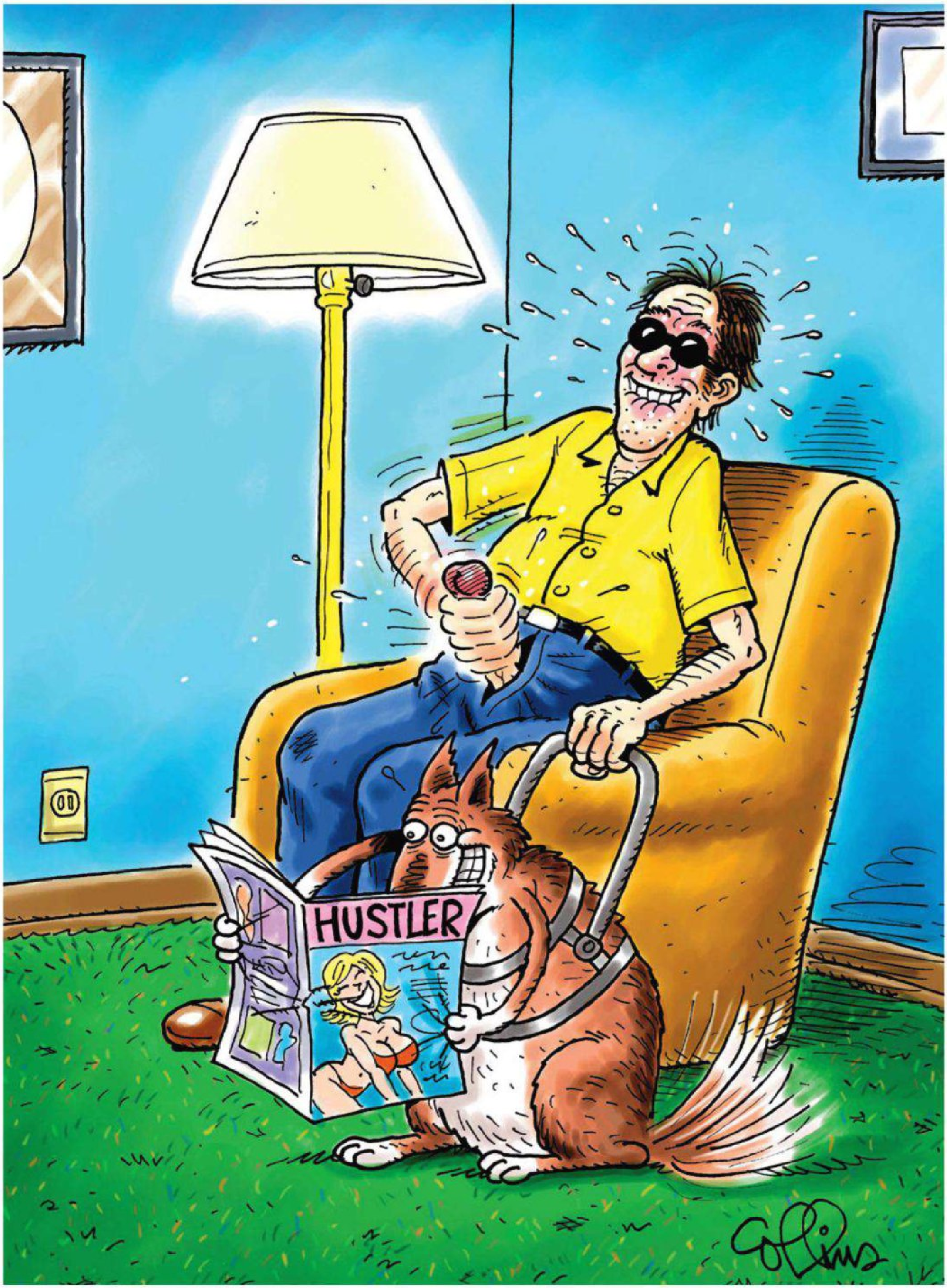

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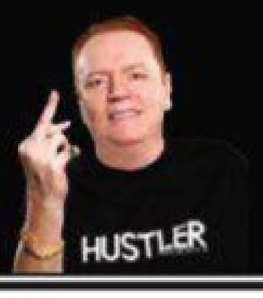

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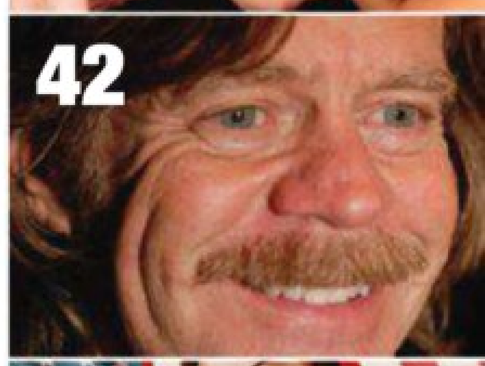

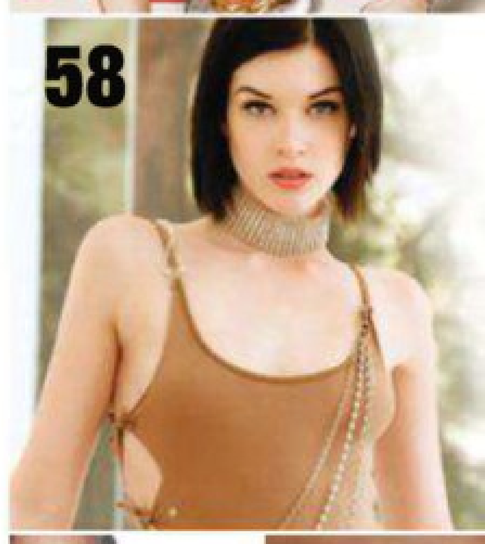

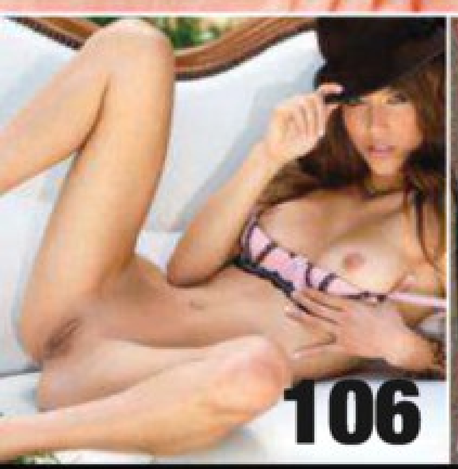

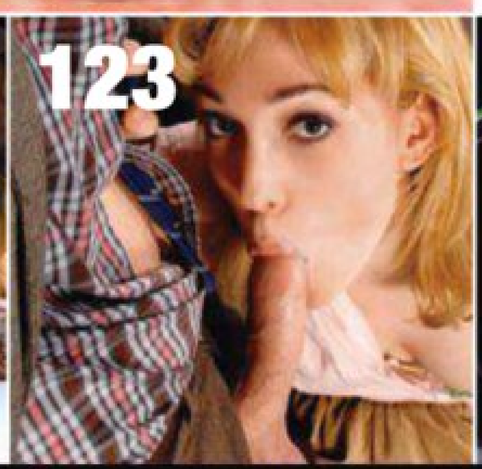

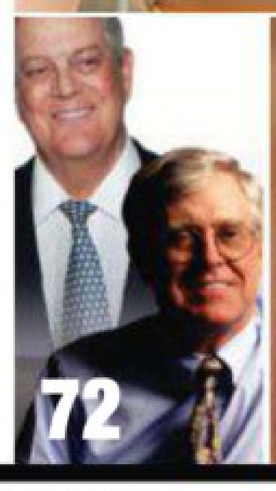

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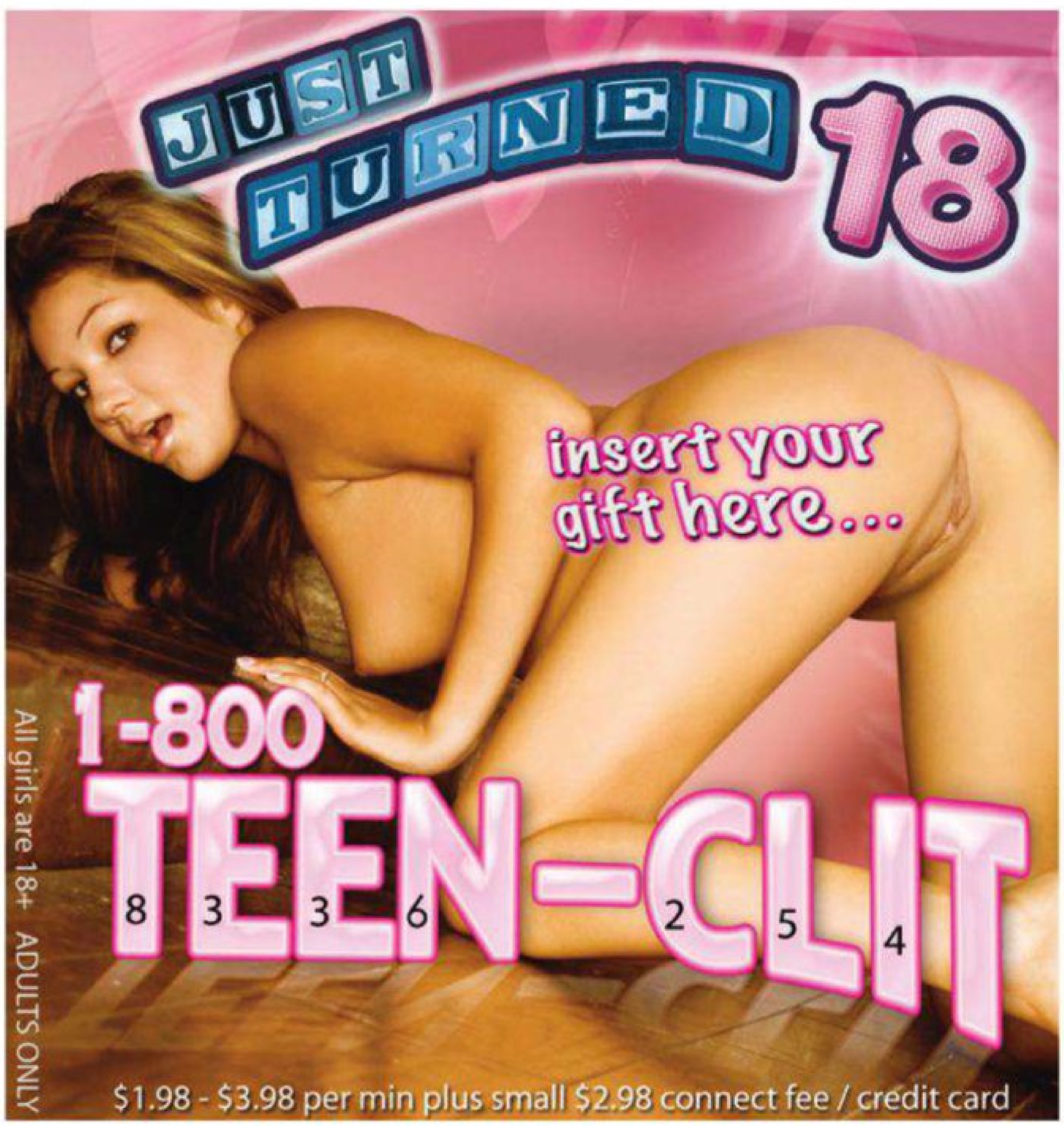

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 38, No. 6, December 2011. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except February, and twice in June and December, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2011 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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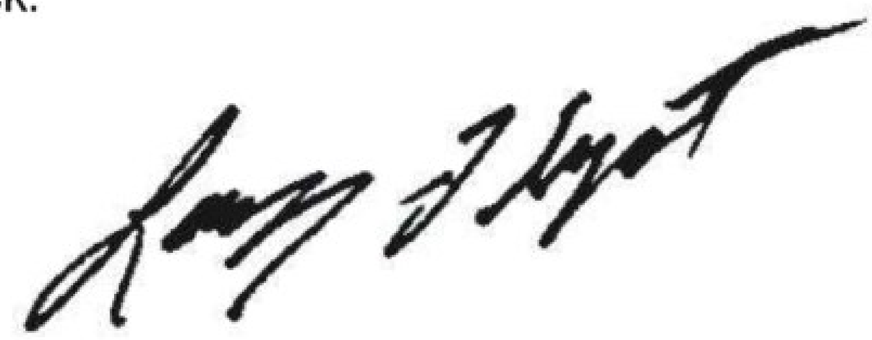
A WARNING FROM THOMAS JEFFERSON

When it came to setting up our government, Thomas Jefferson had three concerns: tyranny of kings, tyranny of theocrats and tyranny of the wealthy. For the time being we seem to be safe from kings and theocrats. We are not, however, safe from the superrich.

Here's what Jefferson said: "I believe the banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. If the American people ever allow banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around [the banks] will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their Fathers conquered."

The bankers and corporations have bought and paid for our politicians, both on the Left and the Right. That's why our elected representatives stand mute when it comes to defending the rights of working-class Americans.

It's time to heed Jefferson's words. It's time to fight back.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

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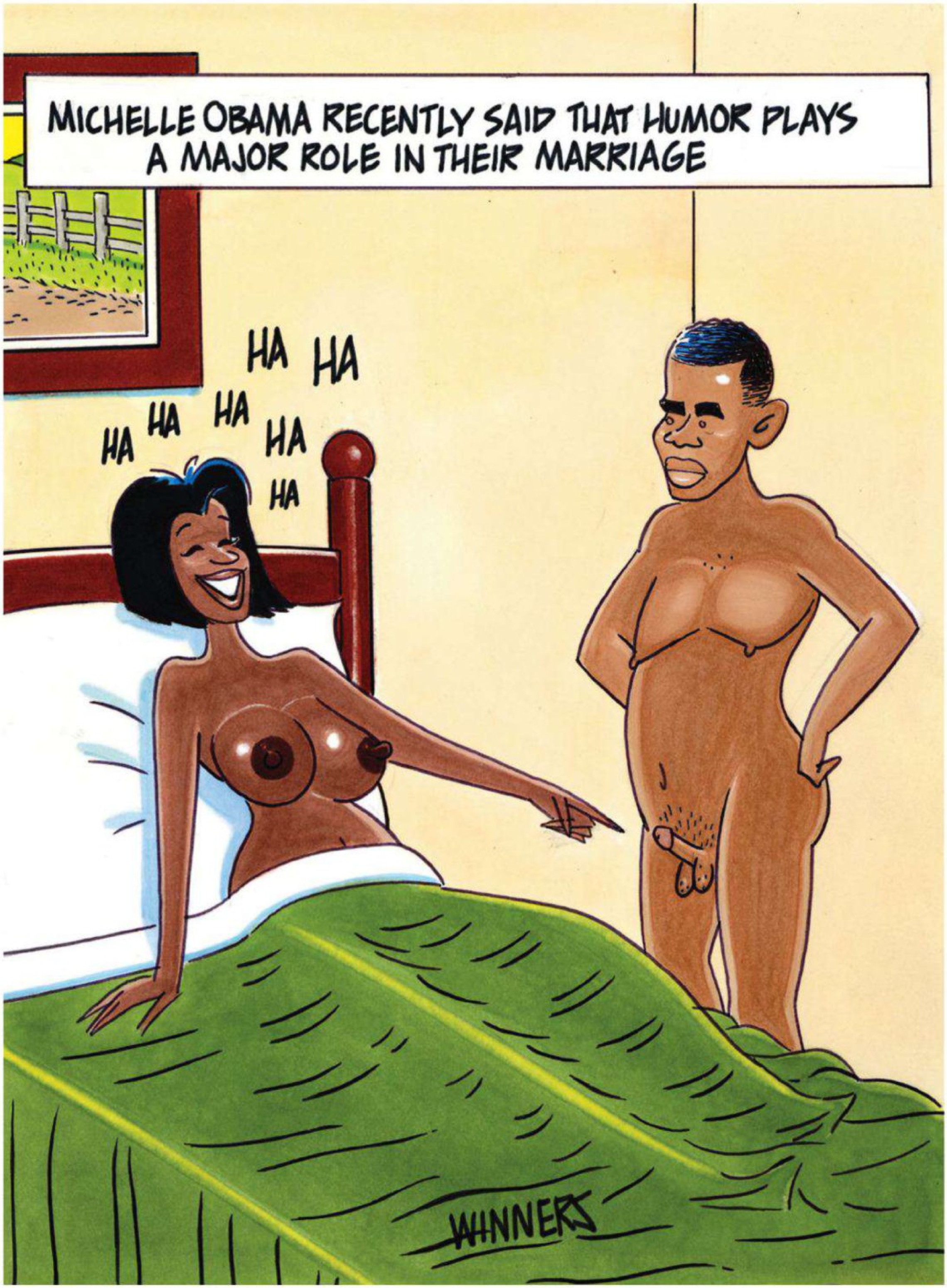

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PRIVATE SCREENING

Let's face it: We all like to view movies on our portable digital players wherever we go, but screen glare makes that difficult. That's why someone came up with **TV Hat**, a revolutionary and durable accessory that works with iPod, iPhone, Droid, Zune and most other portable viewing and gaming devices. It provides a full-on motion picture experience anywhere. Slip your player inside, put in your earbuds, slide down the custom magnification lens, and it's showtime! **TV Hat** is offered in two styles (hat or visor) and five colors (red, white, blue, camouflage or khaki). Sure, the contraption is a bit funny-looking, but just imagine what you can watch in the privacy of your own **TV Hat**. Well, we guess you don't *have* to imagine. Load up some porn! We're giving away a couple. See details below.

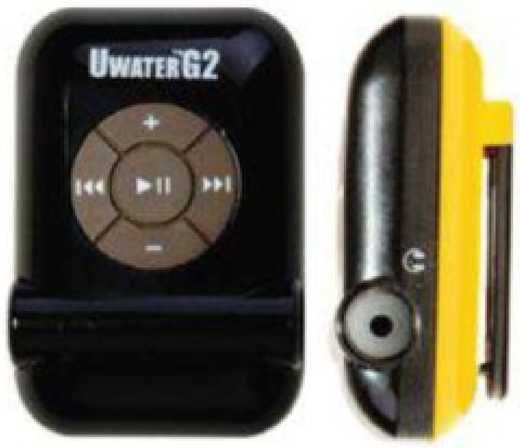
Available at ***TheTVHat.com***. Suggested retail price: $29.95.

HANDS OFF

The law (in many states) is pretty clear: Get caught talking on your cell phone while driving, and you'll get a ticket costing you perhaps hundreds of dollars. The **K100 Bluetooth Speakerphone** from Plantronics broadcasts your mobile calls, GPS navigation and music from your mobile device at the press of a button. The lightweight unit clips easily to your car's visor and can be taken with you to continue a call after reaching your destination. The **K100** also guarantees clear sound thanks to dual microphones equipped with echo-canceling DSP technology. Easily recharged through a computer's USB, the **K100** provides 17 hours of talk time and 15 days of standby time on a single charge. Hands-free chat while you enjoy our magazine. Wait! Best not to do that while you drive.

Available at ***Plantronics.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

MINUSCULE MP3



Everyone wants to listen to music while exercising, which is easy to do while running, hitting the gym or bicycling. But swimming? Yup, with the **UWATERG2** waterproof MP3 player you're good to go even when fully submerged to a depth of ten feet. The gizmo is also the world's smallest MP3 player, making it easy to store. You can either clip it to your goggles or hide it in your swimsuit before hitting the pool. Besides various memory capacities (2GB, 4GB, 8GB) that play both MP3 and WMA files, the **UWATERG2** comes in five color combinations and functions for up to eight hours when its Li-ion battery is fully charged. Dive in and start rocking!

Available at ***FitnessTechUSA.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.95.

KEYED UP

The new **Reflex ErgoMotion** from Smartfish may be the most intelligent PC keyboard ever. Developed in association with doctors from the prestigious Hospital for Special Surgery in New York City, the **Reflex ErgoMotion** is designed to make subtle, antifatigue adjustments in your keystrokes. This creates a comfortable computing experience. In plain English, the **Reflex ErgoMotion** relaxes your wrist from the normally rigid position of typing, allowing you to say goodbye to pain and to prevent long-term damage like carpal tunnel syndrome. And because HUSTLER knows you need to preserve your wrists for other things (yup, we went there), we're giving away one of these sleek **Reflex ErgoMotion** keyboards. See details below.

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

WIN! WIN! WIN! COOL STUFF!

For your chance to win either a **TV Hat** or **Smartfish Reflex Compact Keyboard with Ergomotion**, 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: **Two-Timing Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to: **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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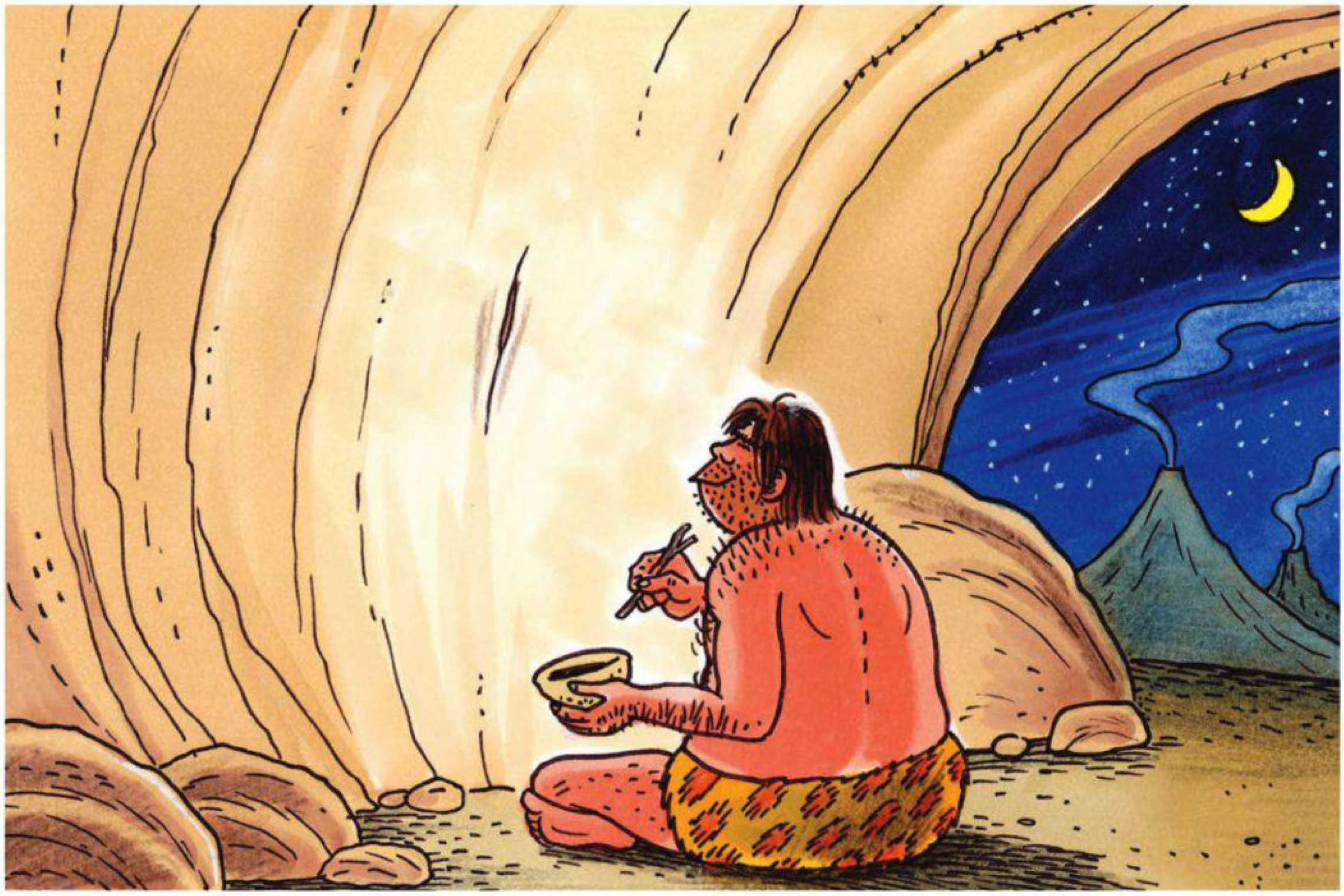

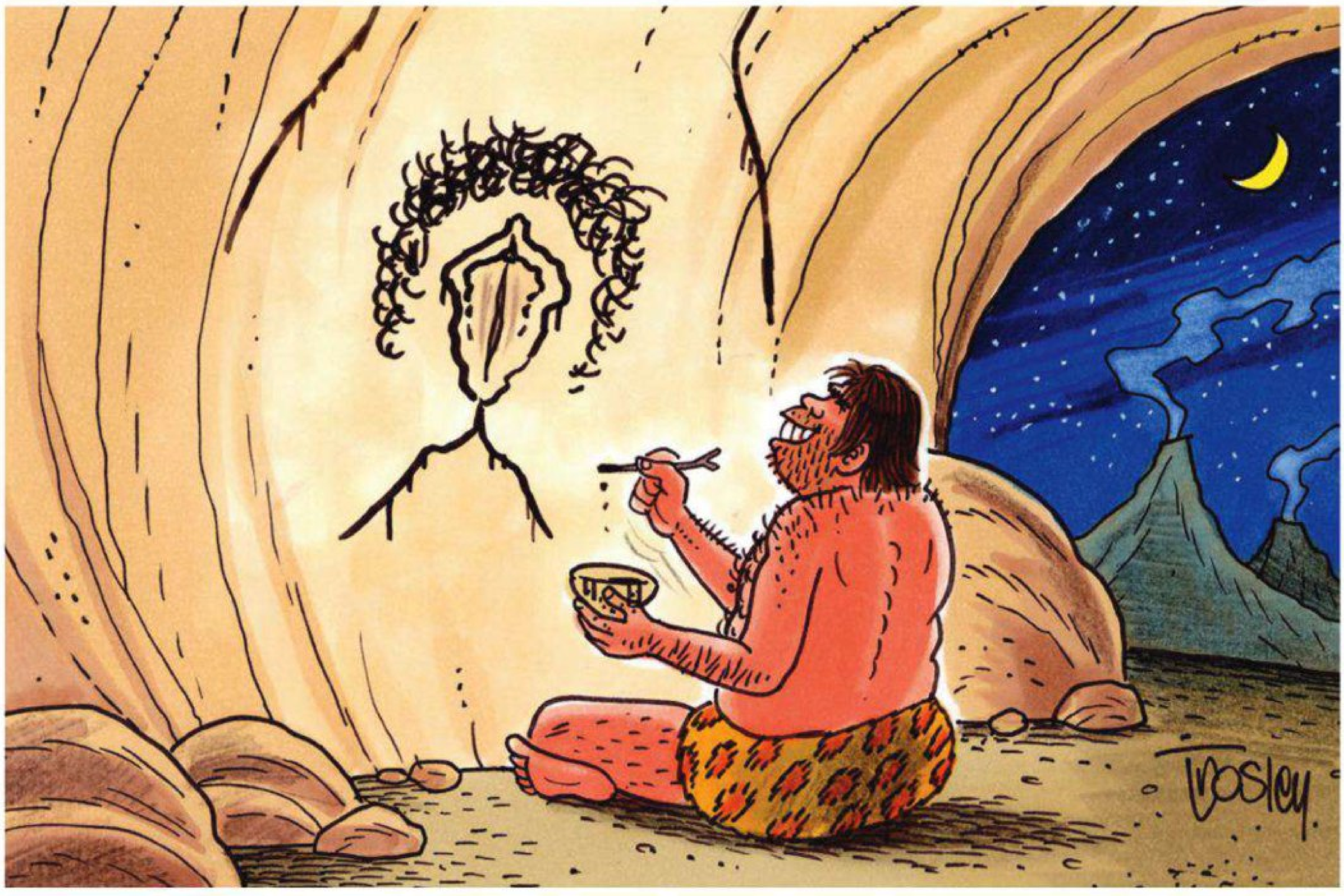

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MAN VS. MACHINE

Portal 2
Valve
PS3, Xbox 360, PC, Mac

Creating a game that combines exciting action with a sense of humor isn't an easy task, but this sarcastic sequel pulls it off effortlessly. ***Portal 2*** sees you once again as Chell, captured and imprisoned at the rusty facility known as Aperture. There you encounter the sarcastic spherical robot Wheatley (voiced by Stephen Merchant of *The Ricky Gervais Show*), who will help you escape. Just remember that every other robot within the Aperture is programmed to terminate but one target—you! This challenging game is packed with stunning visuals, adrenaline-rushing play and laugh-out-loud hilarity, not to mention a female robot that disgusts and titillates us at the same time. We're gonna go out on a limb here and say that ***Portal 2*** is our pick for the best game of 2011.

ONE HELLUVA GAME!

Shadows of the Damned
EA
PS3, Xbox 360

Created by the iconic Japanese team behind such foreboding games as *No More Heroes*, *Resident Evil* and *Silent Hill*, this gorefest is a psychological *Grindhouse*-style horror movie come to life. In it you'll embark on a terrifying, blood-soaked trip into the darkest, deepest depths of Hell in your role as demon hunter Garcia Hotspur. To rescue the love of your life, you'll be forced to attack an army of twisted demons, mutants and devils. ***Shadows of the Damned*** features more heart-pounding action and epic boss battles per minute than any other game out there.

OPTIMUS PRIME TIME

Transformers: Dark of the Moon
Activision
PS3, Xbox 360, DS, 3DS, Wii

Based on the third in the series of cars-that-morph-into-gigantic-robots movies, the latest ***Transformers*** game is as big and brash as the blockbuster film itself. The action in ***Dark of the Moon*** is huge, and the sound and graphics are ultrarealistic—well, as realistic as imposing alien robots can be. What's more, the new game allows you to play in whatever transformation mode you want with your arsenal of weapons in tow. Tear through High Moon's versions of Earth-based locations like Siberia and Detroit and save the world! Again! Can't a car/robot ever get a day off?

BETTER RED THAN DEAD

Red Faction: Armageddon
THQ, Syfy Games
PS3, XBox 360, PC

The last *Red Faction* game was a damn-near-perfect explosive battle of good versus evil. The new ***Red Faction: Armageddon*** blows that one away. The action is fever-pitched, the weapons are awesome, and the battle epic! Fifty years after the rebel force Red Faction has overthrown the greedy EDF corporation, you are back at a dusty mining community on Mars. But sadly, peace only lasts so long. You must once again reassemble your troops (that include the superhot Kara) and fight for freedom against the oppressors—not to mention an infestation of mutant aliens. The good news is your arsenal includes a plasma beam, magnet gun, charge launcher and Nanoforge, which turns you into a bionic killing machine. That should impress Kara.

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"Senator, your wife and children are waiting in the limo. You're scheduled to give your family values speech at 11:30."

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SEX STILL GETS THE SHAFT

THE U.S. SUPREME COURT RULES THAT GRAPHIC VIOLENCE, EVEN FOR MINORS, IS MORE TOLERABLE THAN NONVIOLENT EROTICA.

He almost had me. As I read Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia's majority decision defending the free speech rights of minors to have access to violent video games, I began to think I might actually have to write a column celebrating the man. But it was not to be.

As one who believes the Founding Fathers intended a totally unfettered right to free speech, some of Scalia's language was breathtaking in its clarity and vision. But as I read and reread the decision striking down a California law banning the sale of violent video games to minors, I realized it had a fatal flaw—the same one that not only the Court but also puritanical America in general has always had: Violence is good; sex is bad.

Ironically, if sexual depiction is placed in the context of violence, then it becomes somehow acceptable, as with some of the graphically violent video games that Scalia and the Supreme Court now say represent Constitutionally protected speech. But sex on its own—simply as a matter of erotic excitement, solely to appeal to what the court considers "prurient interest"—is still judged obscene and not protected.

Erotic material only enjoys a measure of First Amendment protection when it is shown, as a whole, to have some redeeming social, artistic or political value. Thanks to this "Miller Standard"—adopted by the Supreme Court in its landmark *Miller* v. *California* decision back in the early 1970s—adults can read James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence and Anaïs Nin without fear of getting busted.

California legislators had sought to impose the Miller restraint on violent video games marketed to minors by permitting only those that had redeeming artistic or social value. But in its final ruling of the spring 2011 session, the U.S. Supreme Court decreed that while sex, even for adults, still needed to meet the Miller requirement to avoid being banned, violent video games—which California noted "includes killing, maiming, dismembering, or sexually assaulting an image of a human being"—could be subject to no such restraint.

Ironically, if sexual depiction is placed in the context of violence, then it becomes somehow acceptable, as with some of the graphically violent video games that Scalia and the Supreme Court now say represent Constitutionally protected speech.

So a video depiction of a graphically violent, bloody, sexual attack against a woman is protected speech, but graphic sexual activity that is nonviolent and consensual is not. In the wisdom of the Supreme Court, when it's violent, anything goes.

In Scalia's prevailing argument that says "yes" to violence and "no" to sex, violence possesses deep cultural roots going back to our favorite fairy tales. Arguing that "violence is not part of the obscenity that the Constitution permits to be regulated," Scalia made clear that the problem is with the sex and not the violent or misogynist behavior that some critics argue will result from material the court defines as obscene: "Because speech about violence is not obscene, it is of no consequence that California's statute mimics the New York statute regulating obscenity for minors that we upheld in *Ginsberg* v. *New York*. That case approved a prohibition on the sale to minors of *sexual* material that would be obscene from the perspective of a child."

Scalia's opinion is actually quite thrilling in enunciating an extremely broad definition of the free speech rights of minors. But it is simply bizarre in dismissing the claimed harmful effects of violent depictions while still insisting on the strictest puritanical view of the dangers of sexual imagery.

"California has tried to make violent-speech regulation look like obscenity regulation by appending a saving clause required for the latter," Justice Scalia wrote in the court's 7-2 majority opinion. "That does not suffice. Our cases have been clear that the obscenity exception to the First Amendment does not cover whatever a legislature finds shocking, but only depictions of 'sexual conduct.'"

What Scalia misses is the point of Larry Flynt's well-documented book *One Nation Under Sex*: Like many prominent American political figures, the Founders were a randy bunch, and the last thing in the world that they would want to proscribe was sexual expression. After all, it was Ben Franklin—the most respected of the Founders—who penned a pamphlet on the proper way to select a mistress. And it was Franklin who was picked by his fellow Founders to be the American representative to France because he embraced the libertine ways of that country, which had provided vital support to the colonists during the war for independence from Britain.

The Founders who gave us the Constitution were not shocked by sex, for which they indulged a quite voracious appetite. Thus, while they might have been willing to extend First Amendment freedoms to violent video games—if they could have imagined such a farfetched thing—it is absurd to suggest that they would have given violent imagery Constitutional preference over erotic expression.

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

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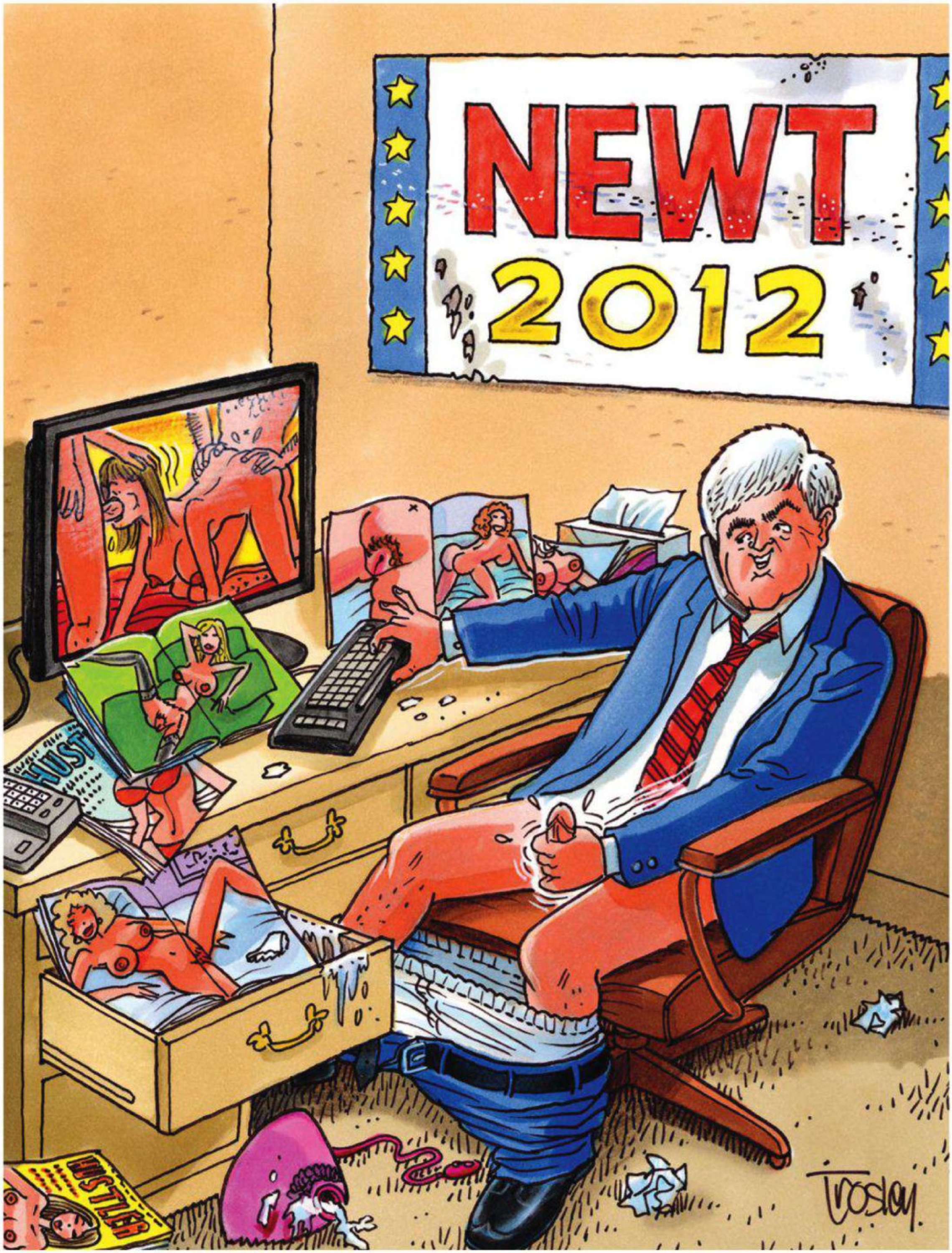

"Forget Bin Laden's death photos. I want to see that muthafucker's porn collection!"

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"DEMOCRACY IS A VERB"

AN INNOVATIVE PROGRAM OPENS THE DOOR FOR CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS TO BECOME COMMUNITY-ACTIVE CITIZENS.

For years I've been criticizing education reformers for not enabling students—on the way to becoming voters—on how to be active citizens in this self-governing republic. Instead, public school classes in civics have all but disappeared, and most kids are locked into a regimen of testing for standardized tests that'll make their teachers and principal look good.

But in Chicago, since 1997, the Mikva Challenge has actually been doing what would have cheered Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. Its mission as a nonpartisan organization is to develop "the next generation of civic leaders, activists and policy-makers. We do this by providing young people with opportunities to actively participate in the political process because we believe that the best way to learn leadership and to learn democracy is to experience both."

The Mikva Challenge has a rallying cry unknown in most schools: "Democracy is a verb!"

According to the pioneering organization, "Hundreds of Chicago and suburban high school students worked [on opposite sides] for candidates competing in gubernatorial, senatorial and Cook County Board President primaries. … One student group helped pass a bill in Springfield for pedestrian safety, another created a new youth center, and other students created workshops around teen dating violence."

In May 2011, Mikva Challenge launched a task force "to discuss institutionalizing Citywide Youth Councils into city government structures."

Eureka! Members of the New Generation can actually be heard outside their classrooms as they learn real-life civics.

The Mikva Challenge was founded by Abner Mikva and his wife, longtime education activist Zoe. Both have taken the Constitution off the pages and into the lives of students. Abner Mikva has been a congressman, chief justice of the influential D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, White House counsel for Bill Clinton and an inspirational professor of Constitutional law.

Among Mikva Challenge lessons in participatory democracy, the Dear Mayor Web site was launched to get young people's concerns heard by the mayoral candidates. Mikva Challenge has also hosted the Ninth Annual Civics Fair, where "over 60 student groups present their action projects on issues facing the Chicago community."

During my six years at the Boston Latin School, the nation's oldest public school (founded in 1635), there was nothing like "each election cycle, Mikva Challenge recruits, trains and places 1,500 to 2,500 high school students to serve as election judges [at polling places]. We find that young people are much more likely to vote after this experience and that their service motivates family and friends to vote."

> **"These youth tell us that they feel they have a 'voice' now and report having a greater desire to vote, campaign, organize, lobby and even run for office."**

In addition, "Our [2011] summer internship program"—paying for students to help out in the offices of city, county, state and federal lawmakers—"is in huge demand. There are more students seeking internships and more elected officials seeking interns than we have funds to support."

Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis warned that a severe danger to the actual Constitutional functioning of our democracy is "an inert people." That's why I am greatly cheered when Mikva Challenge reports: "These youth tell us that they feel they have a 'voice' now and report having a greater desire to vote, campaign, organize, lobby and even run for office. Perhaps most importantly, these Mikva youth now believe that Chicago is their city and that they have the power, knowledge and skills to make it a more just and equitable place—both now and in the future."

Brian Brady, Mikva Challenge's executive director, emphasizes: "Adolescence is a time of searching for a positive identity and establishing a core-value system. Action Civics helps youth move from a self-centered focus to a community focus. It is particularly empowering for youth who are low-income and coming from communities that experience the toughest of social problems."

Brady adds, "It allows a young person to take challenging (and stressful) issues like teen pregnancy or gang violence and begin to explore the root causes and potential solutions to these issues. It provides a platform for young people to speak out on these difficult problems and share their wisdom with the wider world."

By contrast, Sam Chaltain—long actively involved in making civics education come compellingly alive in our schools—says accurately: "Too many children attend school each day without a sense of their own unique voices—and perhaps even with a horrible certainty of their own invisibility."

Indeed, Mikva Challenge students are very visible. In my *Daily Caller* article "Teaching the New Generation Why They Are Americans" (October 25, 2010), Karmyn Stewart said that the Mikva Challenge taught her "to allow my voice to be heard and allow myself to hear others."

Former Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor passionately continues in her mission to awaken the New Generation to make American history come off the pages and into their very lives: "Barely one-third of Americans can even name the three branches of government, much less say what they do. Less than one-fifth of high school seniors can explain how civic participation benefits our government. Less than that can say what the Declaration of Independence is, and it's right there in the title."

Thankfully, Mikva Challenge students make their lives energize the Declaration of Independence in action!

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

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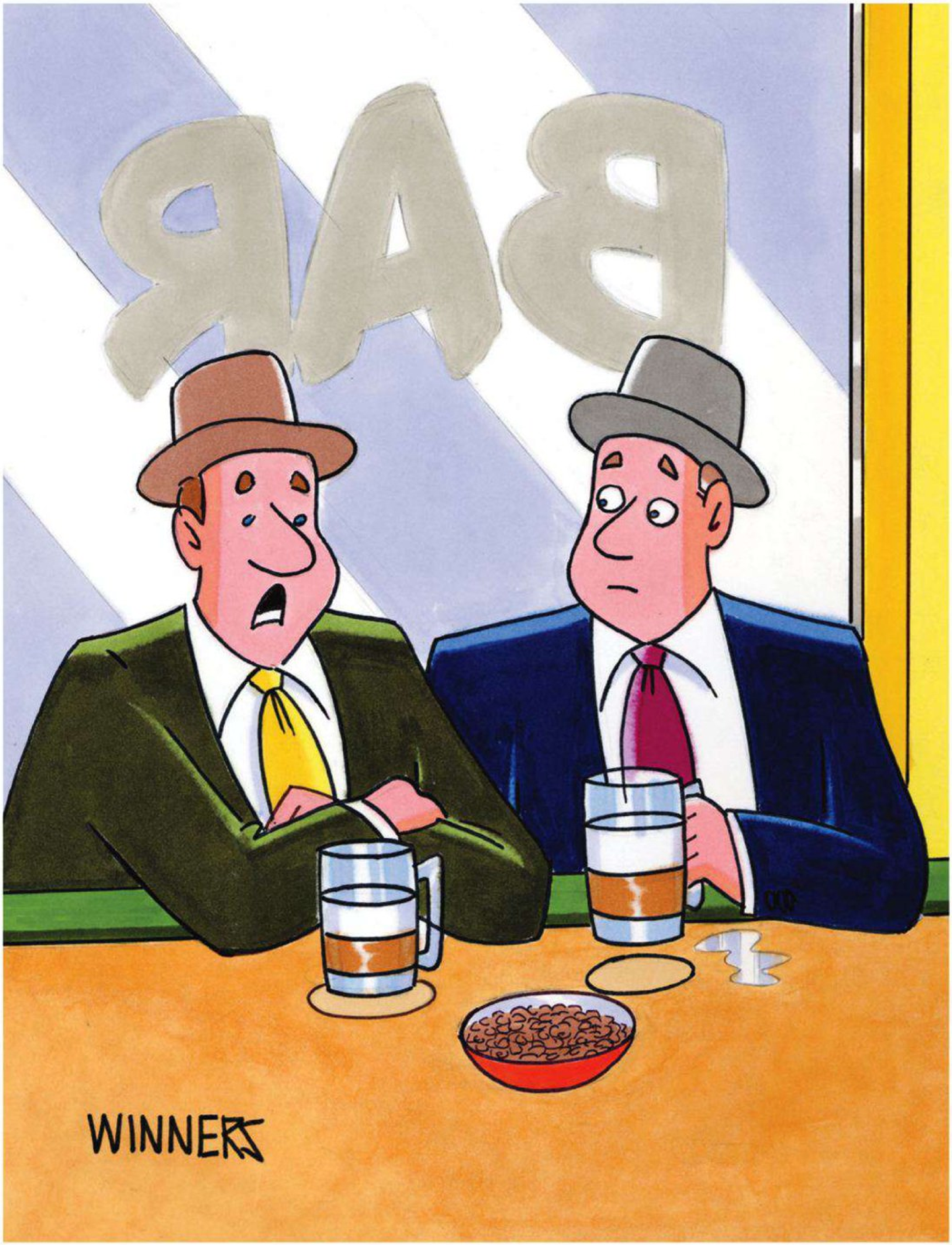

"My wife has nothing but respect for me: no affection, no pussy, just respect."

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THE BEST TELEVISON IN THE WORLD

WHAT THE BRITISH KNOW THAT WE DON'T

When it comes to watching television, it's a blessing to be stupid. If you're smart, you turn on your TV, and there is literally nothing to watch. If you're dumb, you don't know what to watch first.

Your best potential refuge are the premium cable channels like HBO and Showtime with their higher production values. Knowing who their audience is, the producers of every show seem to have formulated a quota of bare tits and full-frontal nudity. I love *True Blood* and *Californication*, but let's face it—they're still crap.

The only truly great show is *Treme*. Set in New Orleans and dealing with the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, the HBO series is filled with all the charms of this amazing city: its food, music and fascinating characters. Most importantly, *Treme* makes a statement about the mess we have left those people with. It may be the best show produced in America.

The most consistently satisfying programming on cable comes from BBC America, a subsidiary of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The BBC delivers the best television in the world, and BBC America features the very best of BBC's shows plus fare from commercial British channels.

Over the past Memorial Day weekend I sat glued to my TV for an endless marathon of BBC America's most popular shows. There was no need to go elsewhere. I never changed channels.

What makes British television so good? To watch TV throughout the United Kingdom, you must pay a yearly license fee for each set you own. This money goes to the BBC—that's why it has no commercials. No advertisers equals no need to please sponsors and, hence, no pressure to get ratings. However, the Conservative-led coalition government—with the support of media mogul Rupert Murdoch, who deplores state-run television—has drastically cut BBC funding. Murdoch is a major stockholder of BBC competitor Sky TV, the United Kingdom's biggest pay-television company, and is seeking a complete takeover.

Meanwhile, the most popular TV show in the world—seen in over 100 countries—is BBC's *Top Gear*. I never thought I could love a program about automobiles, yet *Top Gear*—hosted by three guys bent on destroying an assortment of cars and each other—is a solid hour of ridiculous fun. Nevertheless, when the show features expensive vehicles, they're showcased with the care and attention worthy of a *Vogue* model. It's almost impossible to say just how entertaining *Top Gear* is.

Since 1963 *Doctor Who* has been an iconic television presence on the BBC. I first visited England years ago and still remember the whole country stopping on Saturday afternoons to watch this program about a humanoid alien known as the Doctor who travels through time and space in a machine, called the TARDIS, that looks exactly like a London police call box. This low-budget show remained on the air until 1989 and then returned in 2005—with the BBC increasing its budget substantially.

Eleven actors have played the Doctor, a feat accomplished by having him die and regenerate into a different body. Every Doctor has had a female companion and an occasional male sidekick as well. His latest adventure-sharing mates are a married couple.

To my way of thinking, the current *Doctor Who* is the best television series on the planet. Its movie-quality production values are impressive; the time taken to shoot each episode—three weeks—far surpasses American shows' paltry nine-day efforts, and the musical score is provided by a symphony-size orchestra. All this lavishness is only possible due to the BBC's extensive in-house facilities. In our country all the shows run up huge tabs because they're shopped out to third parties.

The BBC's financial clout has impacted the other, poorer British networks, which struggle to compete with simpler but still quality programs. The most critically acclaimed of these is *Downton Abbey*, a full-on period drama that is evocative of *Upstairs Downstairs* and, like its predecessor, is broadcast in America on PBS. None of this is to say that the U.K. doesn't have its share of crap, but even the Brits' crap is well produced.

For years U.S. networks have been producing their own versions of British shows. The most notable of these are *American Idol*, *Dancing With the Stars* and the poorly adapted *The Office*. Sometimes we just steal without credit, as was the case with the recently canceled *Outsourced*. About a call center in India, that show delighted the British as *Mumbai Calling*.

When will we create shows with such quality? Probably never. That would require Americans to raise their expectations.

Gotta go now. *Mob Wives* is on.

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).

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BEFORE THE APOCALYPSE COMES

THE MAYANS MAY HAVE CALCULATED WHEN THE WORLD WILL END, BUT IT'S PRETTY CERTAIN THEY WERE NEVER MEMBERS OF THE MILE-HIGH CLUB.

Since 2012 is just around the corner—promising geomagnetic reversals, alien invasions and comets spewing out of the Oort Cloud—it seems appropriate to ask the important questions: Like where was the most unusual place *you* have had sex?

I'm not talking about the *Newlywed Game*, during which host Bob Eubanks asked that question of a young married couple, and the wife blurted out, "In the ass, Bob!" No, I'm talking about the most unusual *geographical location* in which you, as Eubanks used to say, "got the urge to make whoopee." On a roof or in an airplane; in a coal mine or a diving bell. Face it, guys, when the urge strikes, some folks will jump on that thing even if they're in a car wash.

You can Google the question and find a sampling of far-out places to come before the apocalypse does. Interestingly, women are about twice as willing as men to confess they have had sex in some strange setting.

Guys: In a sewer; on a snowman.

Girls: In the backseat of an on-duty police car; mutual digital stimulation on the dance floor in a gay nightclub with a blind man; on the roof of a mental institution; in a room crowded with friends.

I confess to have done the nasty in some unusual locales and circumstances—maybe not as weird as a sewer or as edgy as a police car, but places outside the normal bedroom environment.

One time was in Jack Palance's car. He was filming *Sign of the Pagan* at Universal, and I was filming *Yankee Pasha* with Jeff Chandler and Rhonda Fleming. I was sashaying around the makeup department in my harem outfit one morning when Jack slipped me a note: "What's your phone number, harem girl?"

Of course, it was a prescription for disaster. I was a newly minted starlet, and Jack was married with two children. If my sworn enemy, that bitch goddess of Hollywood columnists, Louella Parsons, got wind of that kind of affair, my career would have been toast. But Jack was very sexy in that Attila the Hun outfit. What else could a harem girl do?

We went to dinner at a nice restaurant near the studio, then sat at the piano bar afterward for drinks. Jack fancied himself a romantic and a poet, and he loved to play that against his tough-guy image. Sitting at the piano bar, he asked for some moody background music to accompany his recital of "Annabelle Lee."

Before he finished the poem—in a soft, raspy voice—I decided that I would do him. The big question was where? History lesson: This was 1953, and even in Hollywood a couple could not easily register in a motel without a marriage license. Besides, while I was still a relative unknown, Jack Palance would have been easily recognized.

Scurrying back to Jack's car in a distant corner of the parking lot, we hardly noticed that the weather had turned cold and that rain had begun to fall. Slipping out of as many clothes as we needed to, we did it Attila the Hun-style across the front seat. Thank God, bucket seats were not yet standard equipment in American cars!

Another risqué caper involved Rock Hudson, my first "arranged" date when I became a starlet at Universal. When Rock took me back to my parents' house after the 1953 Golden Globe Awards, I invited him in for coffee. Before long, we were rolling around on the kitchen floor, the beads on my crinoline skirt popping off and skidding across the linoleum. Rock was definitely not gay that night.

The last time I had sex with Steve Cochran—my sexy costar in *The Big Operator* and *The Beat Generation*—we were standing up in my shower. Slippery, to be sure, but very satisfying. Just don't let go of the towel rack! The following morning, Steve and 12 female companions headed off to Central America on his yacht. During the voyage a storm wreaked havoc, and Steve died of heart failure while struggling to secure the vessel.

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

An informal poll of my own friends uncovered sex in airplanes, at truck stops, through glory holes, in airport and train station restrooms and on the "gay trail" in L.A.'s Griffith Park. The prize winner, however, was schtupping on a diving board, bouncing off when the lovebirds' climax came and nearly drowning.

For those of us in the Mile-High Club, and for other curious souls, what about sex in space? We need to know who the first astronauts were to bounce off the walls in zero-G ecstasy. Given NASA's mixed-sex crews, it must have happened by now. And, after all, it was our tax dollars that paid for their out-of-this-world encounter.

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

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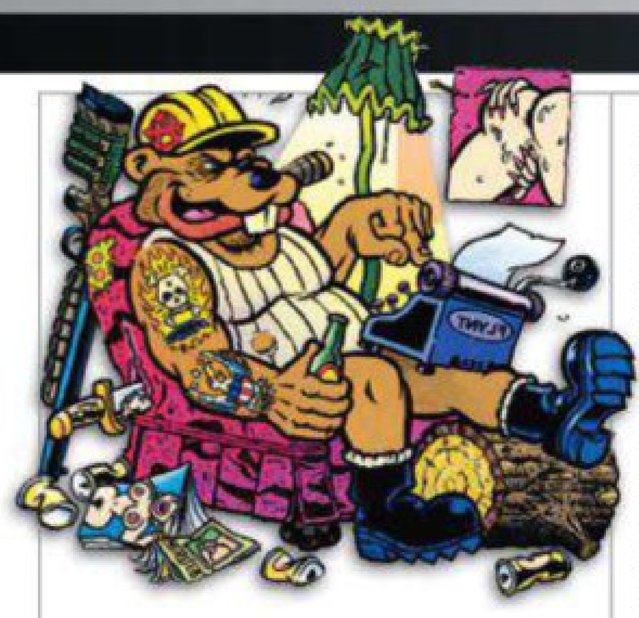

Safety On

I agree with Mr. Flynt's views on gun control [*Publisher's Statement*; July '11]. Mentally unstable men or women should not be allowed to buy or own guns.

By the way, I enjoyed everything about the July issue, especially every naked part of cover babe BiBi Jones. Looking forward to the next one!

—Mike Breedlove
McLeansville, North Carolina

Gun Crazy

It's easy to say that the mentally ill shouldn't have guns, but who gets to define mentally ill? A lot of people would say I'm unstable because I still have questions about 9/11.

Here's the dilemma: Mental health is defined by whoever has the power to define society and its norms overall. That means our untrustworthy government, our corrupt healthcare industry and the corporate drug firms that heavily influence both.

If everyone who wanted to buy a gun had to undergo a mandatory mental health exam, I bet most would fail. Just because you think and perceive the world differently, doesn't mean you're on the verge of a killing spree. **—J. S.**
Syracuse, New York

Common Cents

I would like as many people as possible to know that this country needs senior citizen discounts for gas and electricity. The older and less wealthy pay the same for utilities as our more affluent citizens. I've pointed that fact out in letters I've written to everyone from the utilities providers to the governor of Kansas and the U.S. President. (His office responded with some standard babble, but no one else even replied.) If we had just a little bit left over, we could buy a pair of socks now and then and at least help the economy in some small way. Maybe if enough people take note, we can get the right thing done. **—William Shanks**
Kansas City, Kansas

Right Stuff

The People vs. Larry Flynt is one of my favorite movies. Thank you, Larry, for sticking up for our rights and freedom. I think your case was probably the most important Supreme Court decision made in my lifetime.

We need more guys with guts in this country. Or maybe we need to figure out a way to get enough money to the guys who have the guts to make a difference.

—Greg Gottsacker
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Million Bucks

I really enjoy Mamie Van Doren's monthly articles with the pictures of her at the top. I can't help but continue to be amazed by her ageless beauty and sexual stature. I would love to see her do a full spread to remind us of her timeless sexiness. **—Rick Lockeby**
St. Louis, Missouri

Never Die

I've been a fan of your magazine since 1978, and I have a suggestion: Since you do flashback pictorials, maybe you could add a flashback bonus DVD of porn stars from the '80s and '90s. Christy Canyon, Vanessa Del Rio and Amber Lynn are some of my favorites. The hairy bush years were fantastic.

—S. Ramirez
Dallas, Georgia

Undergrowth

Hair's another one! I just received the August '11 issue and will be renewing my subscription. What a great present for my August 10th birthday.

***Beaver Hunt** starlet Mikayla Lee had strokers grabbing for their fountain pens.*

Thanks for including ladies with some hair down there. Dalia Dayze ["Dazed But Not Confused"] has a beautiful little patch, but *Beaver Hunt* girl Mikayla Lee is nothing but awesome with her immodest muff. Now that's the kind of Texas pussy I'd love to come home to. I hope to see her in a centerfold someday.

—K.P.
Somerset, Kentucky

Mondo Mikayla

In my opinion (and in the opinion of two of my lady friends), the extremely captivating Mikayla Lee is one of the most attractive women ever to be featured in the *Beaver Hunt* section. She's built, as they say, like a brick shithouse.

I'm in my late 30s and have a healthy sex life. I can tell you, Mikayla has the kind of erotic appeal that sparks kinky, passionate fantasies in both men and women. Not only do I dream about her diamond in the bush, but my two lady friends also think her proud muff is a huge turn-on. One can only hope Mikayla's sex life is as exciting and extreme as she wants it to be.

The Madison area has several lakes, ponds and quarries. Given Mikayla's love of skinny-dipping, she's more than welcome to visit us! We hope to see her in a feature pictorial soon, diving naked into a pool, with water dripping off her tremendous body and perky tits. Until then, it's cold showers for the rest of us!

—J. From the Dairy State
Madison, Wisconsin

Earth Angel

I know this is going back a ways, but I wanted to say the August '09 issue just about knocked my socks off, especially the photo feature "We Saw Her First!" Miss Brianna Cox is the most stunning model I ever saw! Like the saying goes, I thought I died and went to heaven. I hope that when my time does come, she'll tell someone to keep the gates open! **—Bob Kowal**
Norwich, Connecticut

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

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MEXICAN TUNA
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In these tough economic times the Mexican tuna industry believes that what matters most is offering the consumer an affordable product. If we have to kill a few dolphins to do that, it's no sweat off our balls.

However, many American seafood companies were so proud of themselves for using fishing methods that don't harm dolphins that they started slapping a "dolphin safe" label on each can of tuna. This desperate appeal to the tree-hugging crowd was harming our sales, so we put a stop to it.

By treaty, the rules and regulations of the World Trade Organization supersede American laws. So with the help of the WTO, we're preventing any tuna processor from affixing a "dolphin safe" label on its products (even those that actually are dolphin-safe). Consumers will have no clue which companies kill dolphins and which don't. For that, we say thanks to the WTO. Your government doesn't count anymore. We are in control.

Fuck you, flipper-loving Americans!

Sincerely,
The Mexican Tuna Industry

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Okay, we admit it: Paris Hilton is deliciously fuckable. It's not that the tabloid favorite is beautiful; there's that serious problem with her nose, which can only get worse with time. Still, it's hard to imagine anyone rejecting Hilton as a sex partner. We'll give her that.

But she is also incredibly shallow. And while we wouldn't call her stupid, with a lot of studying she might reach that level someday. "What's a soup kitchen?" Hilton once asked. She's also uttered, "Walmart…do they, like, make walls there?" and "I don't really think; I just walk." There are more celebutard quotes, of course, but suffice it to say that, with Paris Hilton, scratch the surface and you come out the other side.

But let's step back and consider her rise to fame. Unless we're mistaken, it all started when Hilton stuck Rick Salomon's dick in her mouth while a video camera recorded her virtuoso performance. Until that footage went public in 2003, few people outside the snobby, upper-class club scene had a clue as to who the cocksucker was.

And here's the funny thing: Hilton actually okayed the release of the infamous sex tape. It was all a desperate attempt to get attention. It was Hilton announcing to the world, "Look at how hot I am." (We think she's motivated to seek such reassurance because of the problem with her nose.)

Of course Hilton pretends that the sex tape was released against her will. Earlier this year, on *Piers Morgan Tonight*, she complained that ex-boyfriend Salomon had taken away her chance to be like Princess Diana. However, *1 Night in Paris* could not have been released if Hilton hadn't signed off on it. Even her PR flack, Kevin Blatt—the guy who put the tape out for her—has admitted to that fact. And by the way, to this very day, Hilton collects royalties on the video. As for her having been denied the opportunity to be the next Princess Diana—please!!! That's delusional.

Despite the problem with her nose, Hilton has no equal when it comes to vanity. There has never been a mirror or even a reflection in a store window she hasn't stopped to look at. It's

PARIS HILTON

an absolute statement of fact that she has her own private photographer following her around to snap pictures. Hilton's dream, we suspect, is to have her own TV channel so she can be watched 24/7. Or so she can watch herself 24/7.

Meanwhile, Hilton will have to settle for *The World According to Paris* on the Oxygen channel—if her new show doesn't get canceled due to poor ratings. (Only 400,000 viewers reportedly caught the premiere.) The rest of you didn't miss anything, unless you like watching someone repeatedly embarrass herself: "I'm known as a party girl, and I'm really trying to change my image," Hilton proclaimed in a voice-over while seen dancing at a nightclub.

Here's a girl born with a silver dildo in her twat. Hilton has never had to work for anything. She went to the best private schools. (Despite that, we suspect she needs a calculator to count to two.) She's been pampered all her life. As a child, she lived at the tony Waldorf-Astoria hotel in Manhattan (we'll bet the room service staff wanted her dead), and the spoiled brat even had limos ferrying her from party to party while she was still in high school.

From what we gather, nothing in Hilton's past has taught her anything about the world at large. Human suffering? Starvation in Africa? None of that matters to the high-profile party animal and her coterie of rich, protected friends. Suffering is something that happens to other people. Hilton's only suffering is having been born with brown eyes—a "travesty" she has surmounted with blue contact lenses—and that problem with her proboscis.

Now Hilton has declared that she wants to do charity work and help female prisoners. However, when confronted by Barbara Walters on *The View*, the airhead was unable to cite any examples beyond her court-ordered community service following a DUI incident in 2006. For that, the press tells us, she showed up in stiletto heels, then complained when told she had to paint over graffiti-covered walls.

What are the chances Hilton will jump in on the fight to end toxic pollution? (She could help just by burning all her panties.) Or how about ending world hunger? She might send a sandwich to Africa. (Hey, it'll be from the best deli in L.A.) But come on: Life's a party. Why should she be inconvenienced by the suffering of people she doesn't even know?

And here's a reality flash: Hilton turned 30 this year! For some people, that's not hot—it's old. In Hollywood you can legally move into a geriatric facility at age 29. In just ten more years Hilton will be doing ads for postmenopausal treatments like Amberin and Boniva. She may not have realized this, but the party is over—the music has stopped.

Who is going to buy clothes or perfume from an over-the-hill, talentless know-nothing? Soon enough, all Hilton will have is her mirrors, which she can stare into for endless hours while asking herself the most pressing question left to ponder: "What on earth is happening to my nose?"

Paris Hilton really is an Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**GANNETT COMPANY INC.** is a Virginia-based conglomerate whose assets include 23 TV stations and 82 newspapers, most notably *USA Today* and the *Detroit Free Press*. Early in 2011, Gannett's employees (numbering about 32,000) were notified that for the third consecutive year they would not be receiving pay raises and would have to take an unpaid week furlough. To soothe the rank and file's pain, the self-proclaimed "media and marketing solutions company" came up with a clever solution: Board Chairman/CEO Craig Dubow and Chief Operating Officer Gracia Martore would take a commensurate cut in their salaries. But a few months later, bonuses totaling $3 million were quietly bestowed on Dubow and Martore. Gannett's two highest-ranking execs also were awarded stock options and deferred income cumulatively worth as much as $17 million. Once again the working class pays the price.

•**TRANSPORTATION SAFETY ADMINISTRATION** screening protocol really caused a stink (and nationwide outrage) when a 95-year-old woman suffering from leukemia was ordered to remove her wet diaper at a Florida airport so she could be patted down by a security agent. "While every person and item must be screened before entering the secure boarding area, TSA works with passengers to resolve security alarms in a respectful and sensitive manner," a TSA spokesperson later announced. "We have reviewed the circumstances involving this screening and determined that our officers acted professionally and according to proper procedure." And, not packing a spare diaper, a little old lady had to fly to Detroit without a dependable undergarment.

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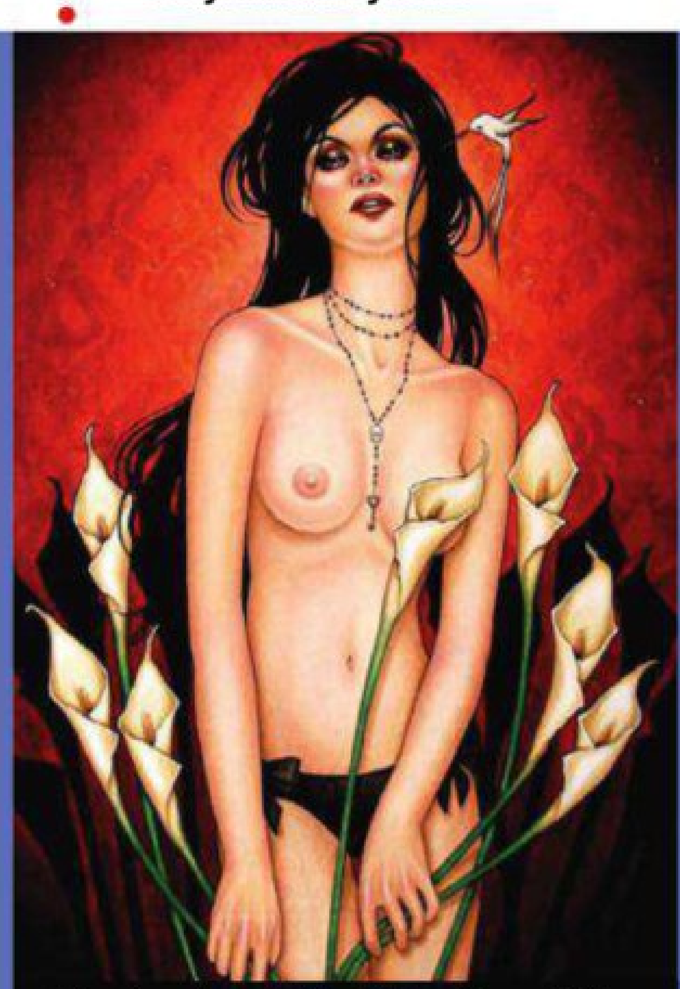
MOST WANTED

Sports fans and nostalgia lovers will enjoy *Got 'Em, Got 'Em, Need 'Em: A Fan's Guide to Collecting the Top 100 Sports Cards of All Time* (ECW Press, 291 pages, $16.95). Penned by Stephen Laroche and Jon Waldman, the book offers insight into what transforms a run-of-the-mill trading card into a coveted collectible. The prowess of the athlete doesn't always determine a card's worth. The 1911 Ty Cobb Turkey Red is valued for its watercolor-painted image. Bill Ripken wasn't a great baseball player, but writing "Fuck Face" on the knob of his bat guaranteed that the infielder's 1989 trading card would go down in infamy.

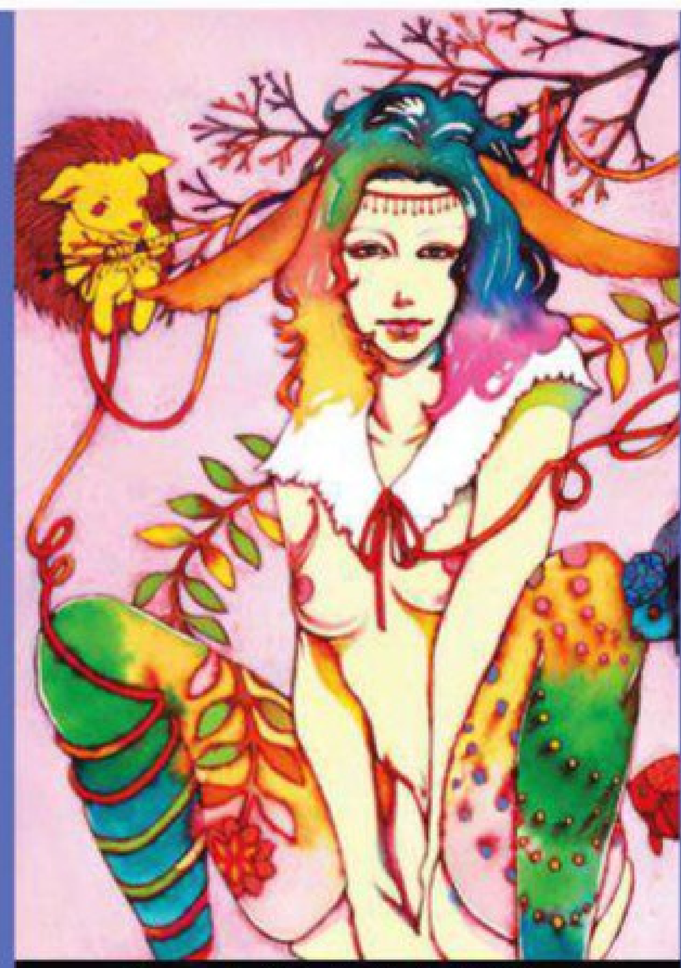
Got 'Em, Got 'Em, Need 'Em can be purchased at **ECWPress.com** and is also available at bookstores and online retailers.

SAINT SLUT

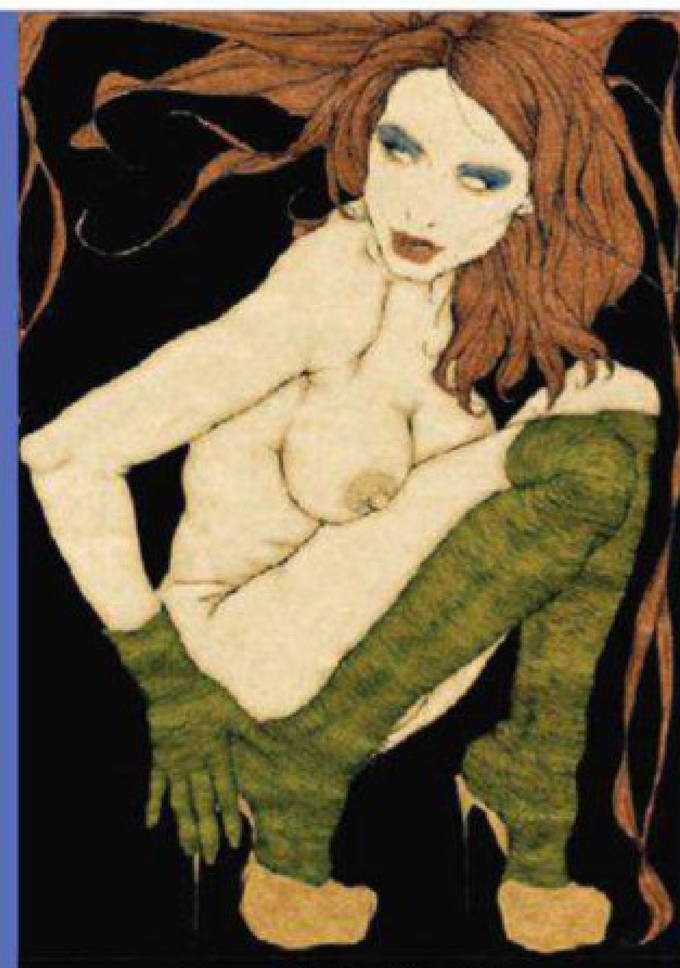
Now that the Netherlands has banned foreign tourists from its cannabis shops, visitors to Amsterdam will be in search of new ways to have fun. So consider a jaunt to the Sexy Art Gallery. The venue's most recent exhibition, an international extravaganza titled "Pornsaints," featured erotic art based on the premise that XXX stars may be sanctified by their work in front of the camera. For those who might find the graphic canonization of porn performers to be sacrilegious, ask yourself: In your darkest hour would you rather pray to Rita of Cascia (the patron saint of loneliness) or pop in a Jesse Jane DVD? For much more, visit **SexyArtGallery.com**.



The Banshee in the Lilies, Glenn Arthur



Pornsaint Panic, Natsuki Otani



Darenzia, Jan Van Rijn

"Question with boldness even the existence of a god." —THOMAS JEFFERSON, FOUNDING FATHER (IN A LETTER TO HIS NEPHEW)

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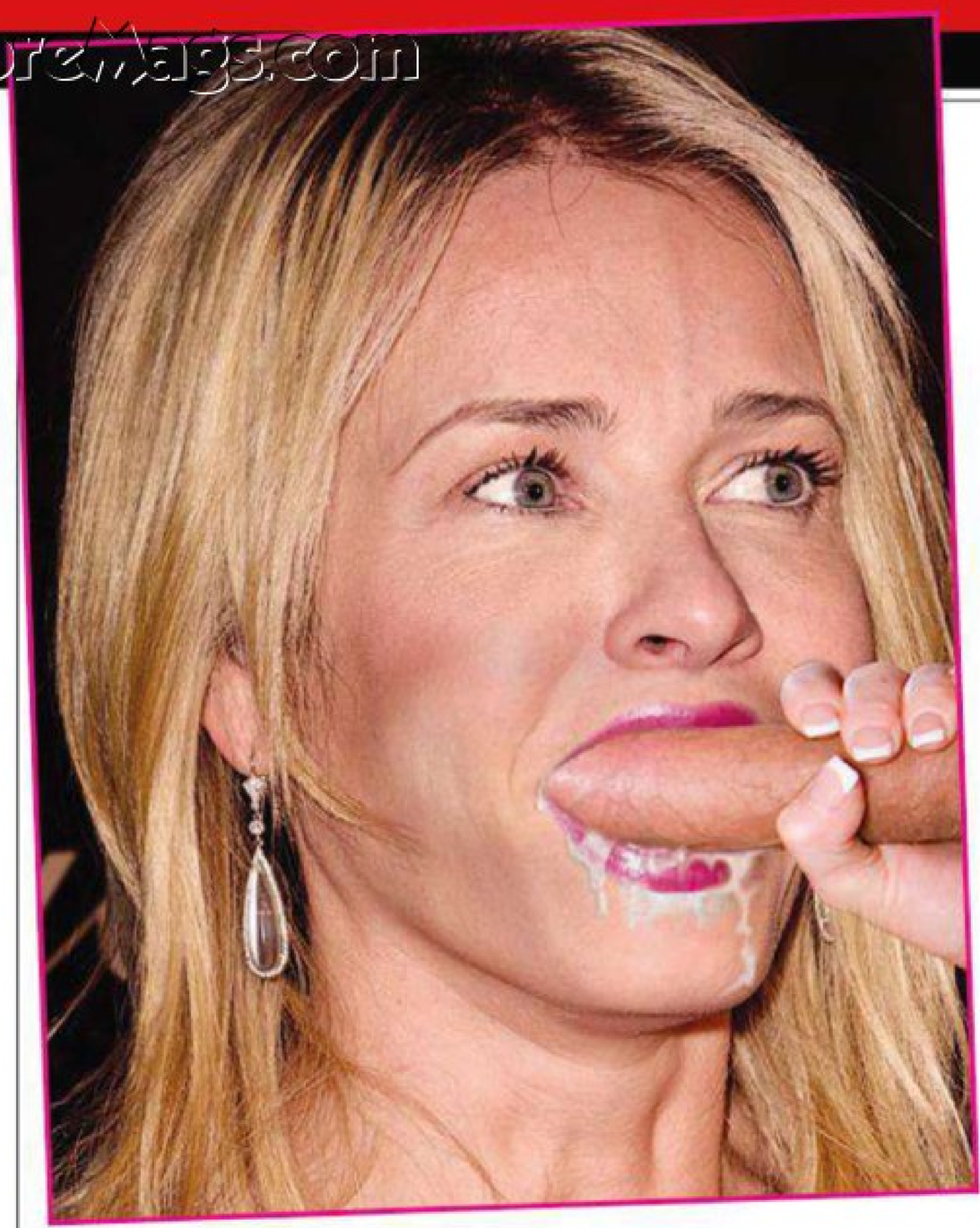


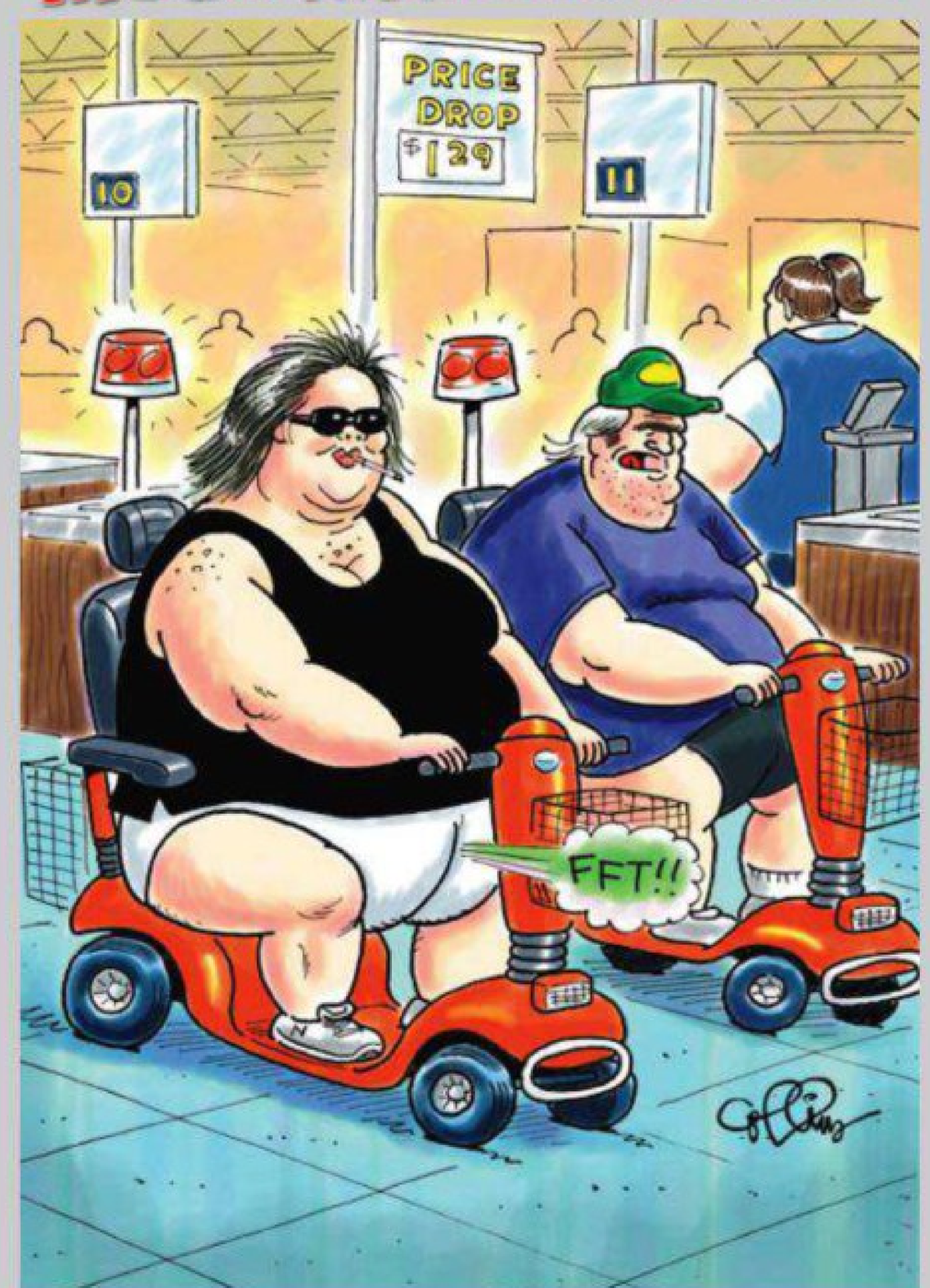
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Chelsea Handler LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

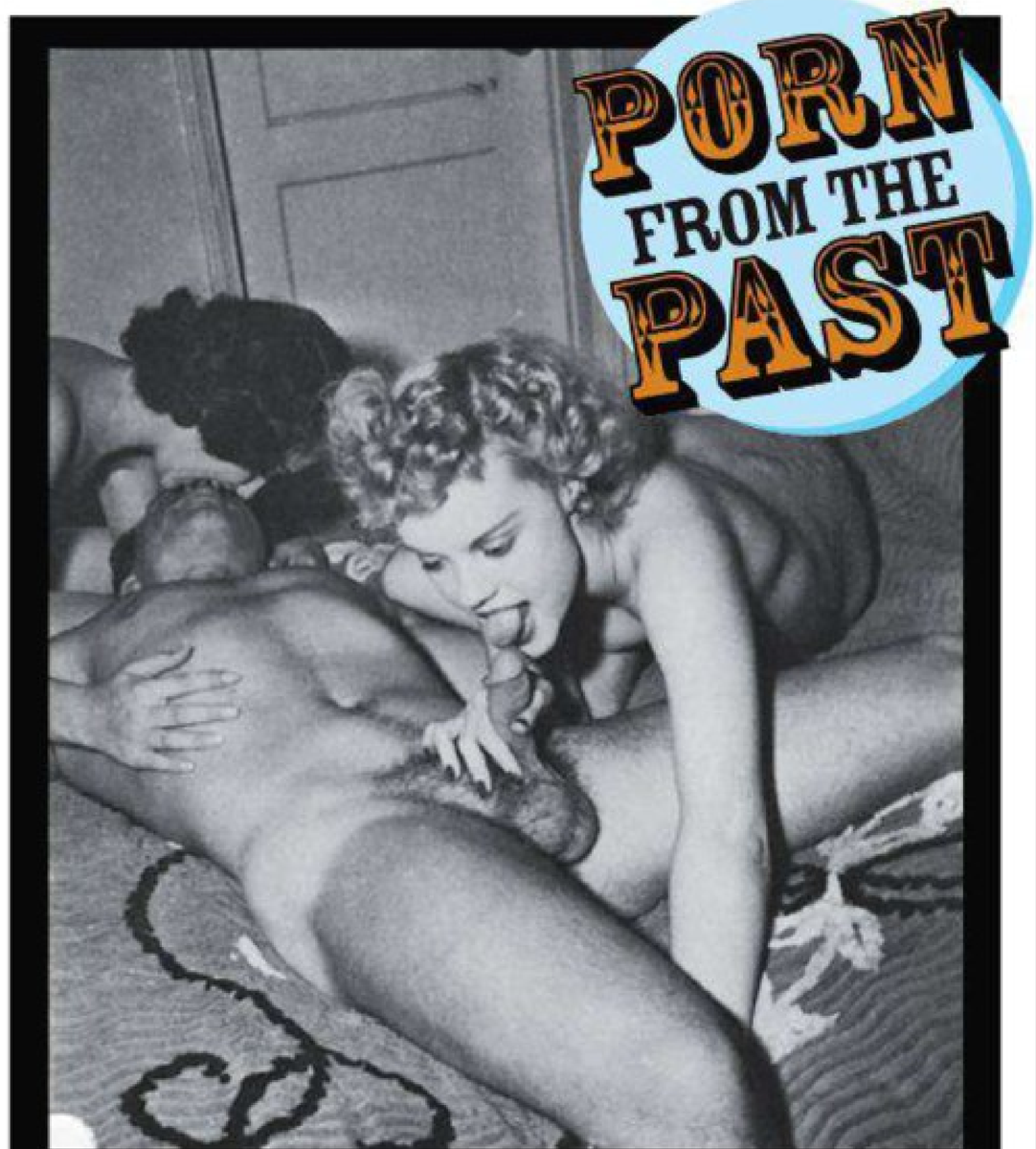
Here at HUSTLER we've always been big fans of Chelsea Handler (even if she keeps turning down our requests for an interview). In fact, the old guy at the end of the hall is so smitten with the acerbically funny beauty that he claims if he were 20 years younger, he'd romance the hell out of Chelsea. (Make that 50 years younger and substitute *stalk* for *romance*.)

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Chelsea Handler 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.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Damn, woman. Having a front butt is one thing, but when'd you start farting with it?"



Here we see a primitive CPR method in practice: One woman breathes into the patient's mouth while the second gal licks his cock. Maybe this wasn't an official procedure, but it's how our creepy Uncle Pete taught student nurses to revive him. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"[I was] sent to Earth to poke Catholics in the ass with saws, knock blunt ashes into their caskets and laugh it off." —EARL SWEATSHIRT, RAPPER/ENIGMA

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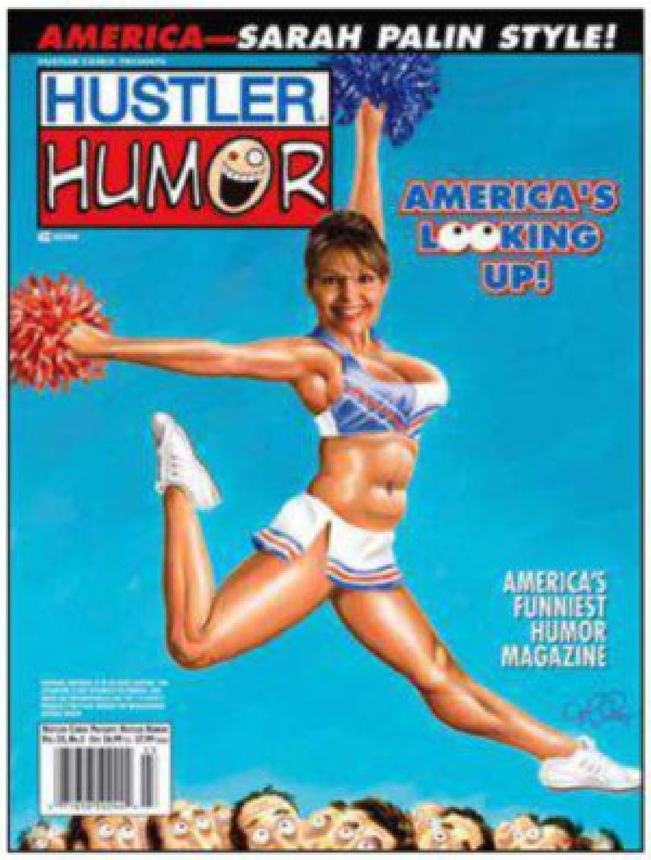
RIDICULOUS RUBBERS

This curious condom came to us all the way from Latvia. A Soviet relic from the Cold War, the prophylactic was discreetly labeled Rubber Product No. 2. (Product No. 1 was reportedly a gas mask manufactured by the same company.) If you wanted to rock out with your cock out in the old USSR, this is what you relied on to keep another dirty Communist from being born.

Send us the strangest (unused, for the love of God!) condom you've come across (or a picture of it). Mail your submission to *Ridiculous Rubbers*, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we feature it in the mag, you will garner a free HUSTLER T-shirt. (Please indicate your size.)



HOT OFF THE PRESSES

The folks at HUSTLER HUMOR have labored long hours in the fun factory to churn out another outrageous issue. If you don't seek out a copy, the terrorists win. So fight the good fight: Go to page 154 and order yours now!

NEWSBITES

AMISH CUNT-RY

Sexting is officially a national epidemic. Why? Because even the damn Amish are doing it. A 21-year-old Amish lad was recently busted for allegedly sending more than 600 text messages—many of them explicit in nature—to a 12-year-old girl. According to police, the suspect planned to bugger the lass in his horse-drawn buggy but was apprehended in an undercover sting before he could churn his prey's butter.

WILD RIDE

A rising star in the Republican Party chose an unusual way to screw up his political career. Idaho state Senator John McGee allegedly poured several drinks down his gullet, stole a parked SUV (with a travel trailer attached), drove around until the trailer jackknifed, then fell asleep. McGee was charged with driving under the influence and grand theft, but his lawyer claimed that there were "medical explanations" for the behavior. Does being a Republican douchebag count as a medical problem?

BREAKING BADDER

A physics professor was busted recently for running a Web site that matched prostitutes in the Albuquerque, New Mexico, area with clients. The online pimp, who claims he never made a dollar on the venture and ran it as a public service, teaches at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey but maintains a second residence in New Mexico. The Web site offered a list of hookers and their rates, as well as tips on how to avoid being arrested. Apparently the prof didn't spend enough time on that section. He was charged with 40 felony counts.

HARDENED CRIMINAL

With graduation approaching, an Indiana high school senior decided to leave a blow-up doll in a girls' bathroom as a class prank. The humorless school officials and local cops were not amused. Now the kid is facing eight years behind bars for felony criminal mischief. What a country! Maybe the student's prank should have involved dressing up as a Wall Street investment banker, defrauding the American people and destroying the U.S. economy because, apparently, no one ever goes to prison for that shit.

"When I think of all the harm the Bible has done, I despair of ever writing anything equal to it." —OSCAR WILDE, WORDSMITH

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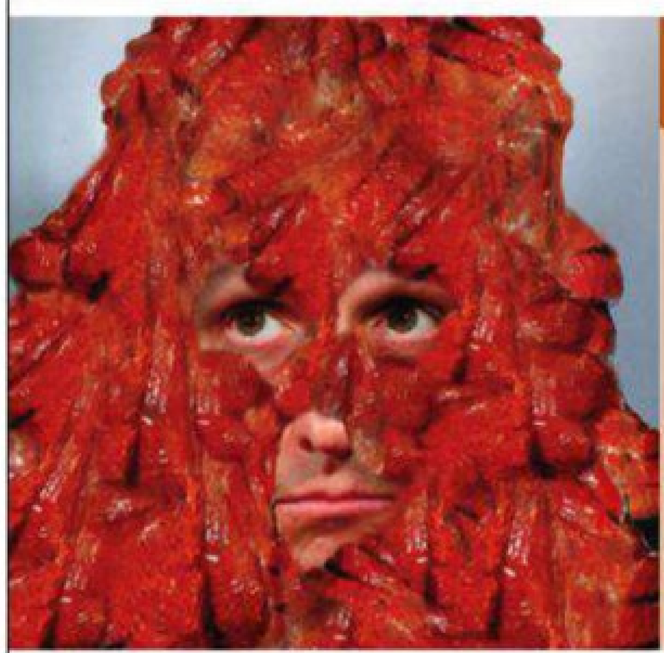
PHOTOS COURTESY ASSOCIATED PRESS

BURNING DESIRE

In response to a police crackdown on sex workers, hundreds of prostitutes recently took to the streets of Seoul, South Korea, in protest. Wearing nothing more than underwear and swatches of red paint, a handful of demonstrators were prepared to die for the cause. Thankfully, after dousing themselves with gasoline, the despairing hookers were unable to get their cigarette lighter to produce a flame. Or, perhaps, self-immolation was just an empty threat. Regardless, we admire any woman willing to fight for her right to give a blowjob and other essential services.



PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #23

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Tim Geithner is probably feeling pretty good about himself. Not only has the Treasury secretary managed to stay in office despite being both incompetent and apparently corrupt, but now he's also been immortalized in the HBO film *Too Big to Fail*—with Billy Crudup portraying him. Geithner may be sitting on top of the financial world, but don't forget that he's one of the clowns who almost ruined the economy. While heading up the New York Federal Reserve, Geithner oversaw the Bear Stearns bailout. Later, as Treasury secretary, he funneled billions of TARP money to his investment-banking cronies (without any givebacks) while the working class saw their lives fall apart. For these and many other reasons, shit will fall on Timmy's head until he quits or is fired.

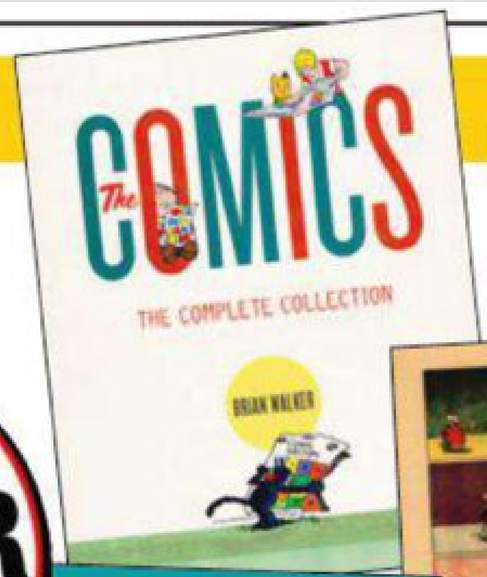
"You're basically killing each other to see who's got the better imaginary friend." —RICHARD JENI, COMEDIAN

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

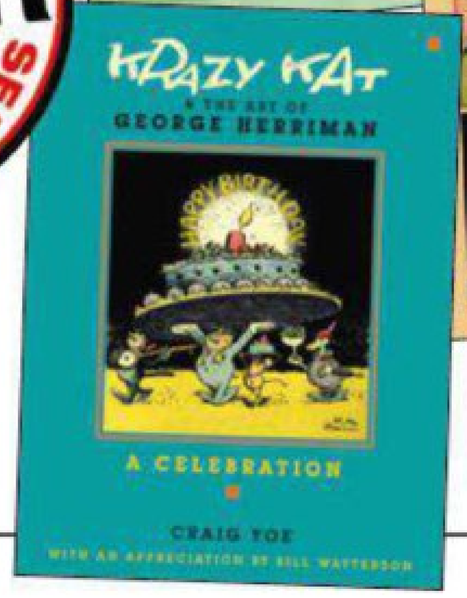
This month we're taking a double-barreled approach with twin comic-themed selections. First up is *The Comics: The Complete Collection*. Beginning with *The Yellow Kid* in 1894, Brian Walker's astonishingly thorough book chronicles decades of newspapers' funny pages. There's something for everyone, from fans of old-school comic strips (*Tarzan*, *Li'l Abner*, *Dick Tracy*, etc.) to those more interested in contemporary fare, led by *Doonesbury* and *The Boondocks*.

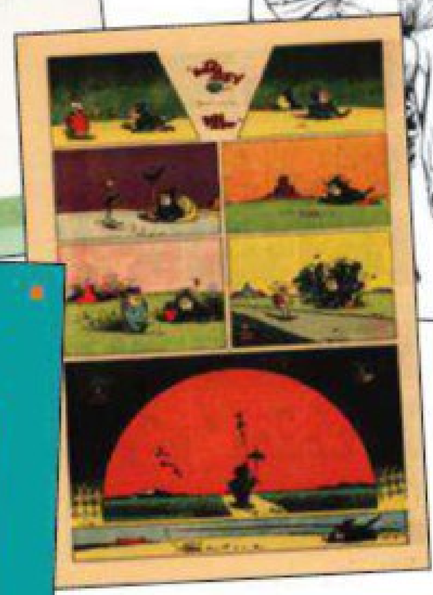
Krazy Kat & the Art of George Herriman: A Celebration has a more narrow focus, but the subject is certainly compelling. Craig Yoe explores the pioneering illustrator behind *Krazy Kat*, one of the most beloved comic strips of all time. And props to the author for including some of Herriman's previously unpublished creations.

The Comics: The Complete Collection and *Krazy Kat & the Art of George Herriman: A Celebration*, both published by Abrams ComicArts, are available wherever books are sold.



THE SPIRIT splash page by Will Eisner. Copyright © December 1, 1940, 1974 by Will Eisner. Courtesy Denis Kitchen.





December 27, 1942.
KRAZY KAT™ Hearst Holdings Inc.
Courtesy of Craig Yoe's collection of Herriman art.

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Step by Step: Birth of a Foot Fetish

They were perfect. Velvety soft soles. Smoothly curved arches. Delicate ankles. Incredible toes, artfully formed, adorned with a simple French pedicure.

I held one in my hand for a full minute, delighting in its weight. They were, by far, the most beautiful peds I had ever encountered. Lowering my head, I lightly kissed each toe, all the while massaging her sole with both thumbs. When I started nursing on her piggies, Lana started moaning. Yes, she was into this! Encouraged, I took my time, suckling on her digits individually and tonguing the valleys between, before stuffing all five toes into my mouth at once. My cheeks hollowed with suction.

For me, this was absolute heaven. I realize that might sound strange, kinky even, to your readers. Hey, I'd have thought the same when I was 20. Then, in my junior year of college, my folks lost their business, and I began working part time at a shoe store to make ends meet. It was a high-end boutique with a wide variety of sandals, pumps and boots.

I still remember the day Mrs. S.—dressed in an impeccable Chanel suit, black stockings and Prada pumps—sashayed through the door and took a seat. Mrs. S. was 40 maybe but a very well-kept, refined 40. I thought I detected a smirk when she asked for her feet to be measured. Coupled with my inexperience, that smirk unnerved me. It was only my second week employed at the store. Still, I went about the task and sat before her on a stool, slipped off her spike-heeled shoe. That's when the aroma hit me—the subtle, earthy, wonderful scent of feet that had been smothered in leather for hours. I felt my cock twitch.

I was trying to guide Mrs. S.'s foot into the measuring apparatus—the Brannock Device, as it's called in the shoe business. Instead, her tootsie slipped right over the top and onto my crotch. My cheeks flushed, and my young prick turned steel-hard in an instant. Thank God we were alone in the store!

"Oops!" Mrs. S. yelped, but her stepper stayed on my boner. When I lifted my eyes to hers, she was smirking again. Then her sole pressed down on my cock—a firm, gentle pressure. Her toes started moving, caressing my shaft through my pants. I wasn't sure what to do, so I did nothing. Closing my eyes, I concentrated on her arousing ped perfume, the pressure of her instep against my log. Her talented digits tickled my dick cap. When she added her other traipser to the footjob and began nudging my nut sac, I lost it. Jizz blasted from my shooter into my boxers. By the time I opened my eyes, Mrs. S. had slipped back into her Prada pumps and was headed for the door.

That was the day my foot fetish was born, a fetish Mrs. S. fostered once or twice a month throughout my part-time shoe-store-clerk career. By the time I graduated college, I was completely hooked. Although I can't say it was the only thing that got me off, it was definitely what got me off best.

Today I work as a corporate consultant, flying around the country, saving companies. Still, nothing catches my eye like a finely turned ankle, a high instep or a perfect pedicure. Lana's feet captured my attention this afternoon by the hotel pool, and now we were naked up in my room, and I was kissing them.

The girl seemed to truly understand my kink. Flat on her back, she was content to play with her pussy, while I made love to her peds. When every centimeter of her steppers was slick with my saliva, she told me to lie back on the bed. I swear, my heartbeat was thumping like a bass drum as she lay opposite me. She positioned her dainties to either side of my granite prick and then trapped it between them. Holy fuck!

Up and down her feet jacked, from base to dick cap. The sensations were intense. I watched this angel masturbate my cock with her crushing insoles. Every now and then her piggies would poke my balls. When her big toe pushed against my asshole, I was done. As soon as I started spraying, Lana moved her feet above my slit to catch my streams of jism. Then she brought her amazing tootsies to my lips to lap clean. I think I'm in love.

—N.L.
Miami, Florida

Somewhere in Crawford, Texas

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

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ALL WET

EUFRAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

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To say the least, **Eufrat** is an unusual moniker, but it's fitting. "I wanted to pick a stage name that no one else would possibly have," the unorthodox beauty admits. "I like the idea of being one of a kind."

How **Eufrat** coined her offbeat appellation is unique in itself. "I came up with it when I was on vacation in Turkey," she explains. "My friend and I traveled down the Euphrates, so I took that and shortened it to Eufrat. It makes sense that I'm named after a river because we're both wet most of the time!"

Even though **Eufrat** is all business while on a modeling shoot, lurking behind her professional veneer is a fiercely sexual creature. "They say that guys think about sex every seven seconds," she notes. "I feel like it's constantly on my mind. I'm always wondering what it'd be like to be with some guy (or girl) I pass on the street."

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EUFRAT'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Orlova, Czech Republic | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 118

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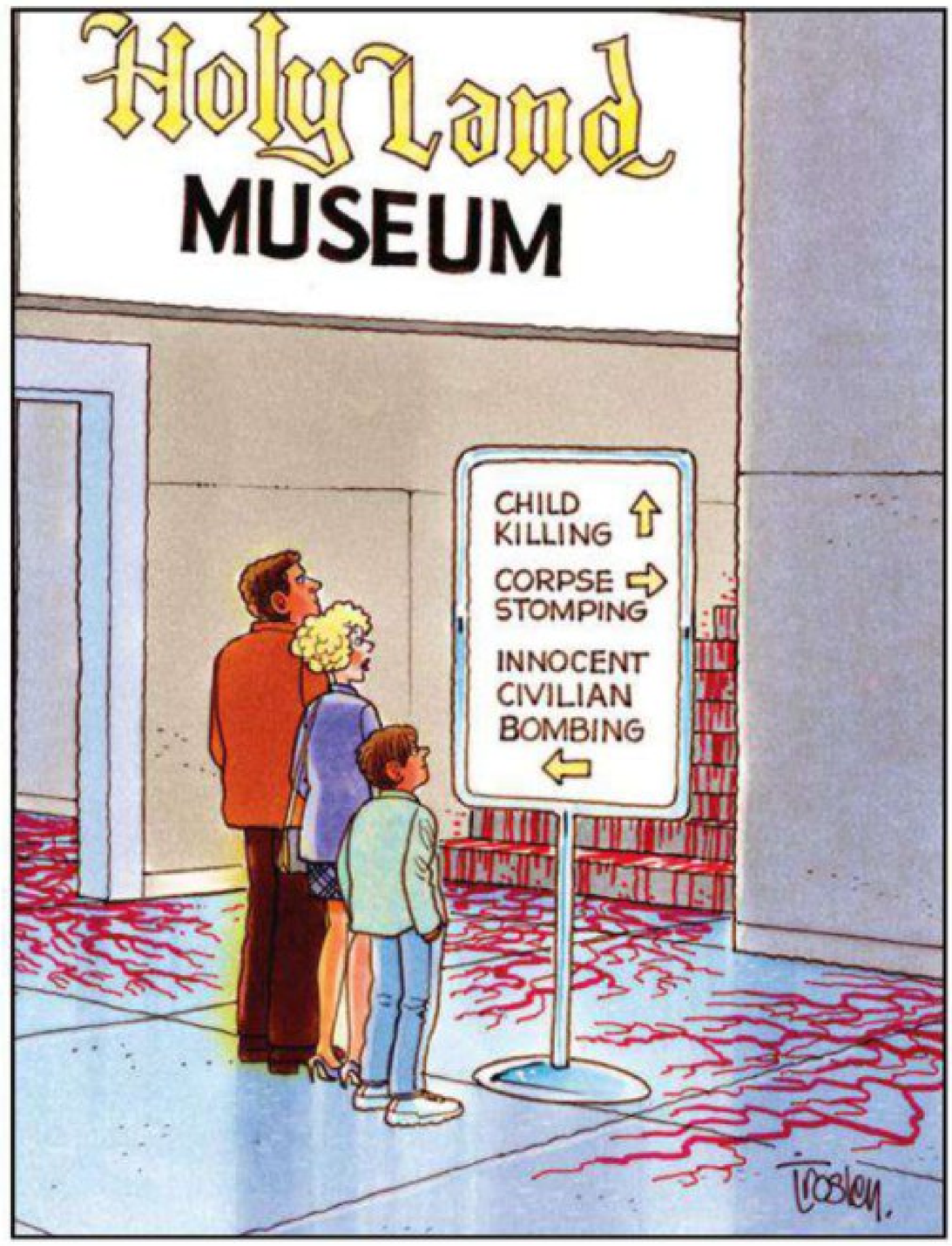
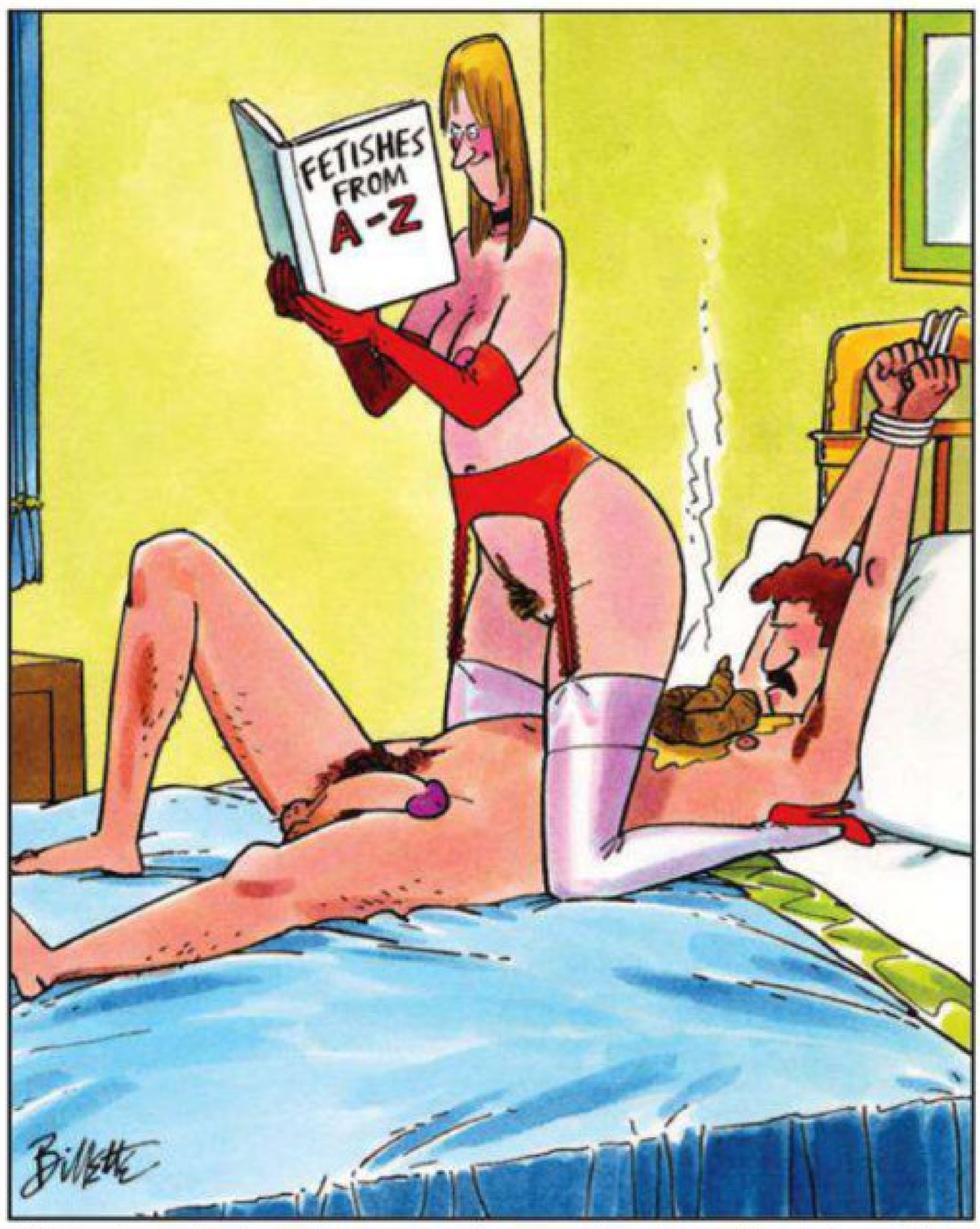
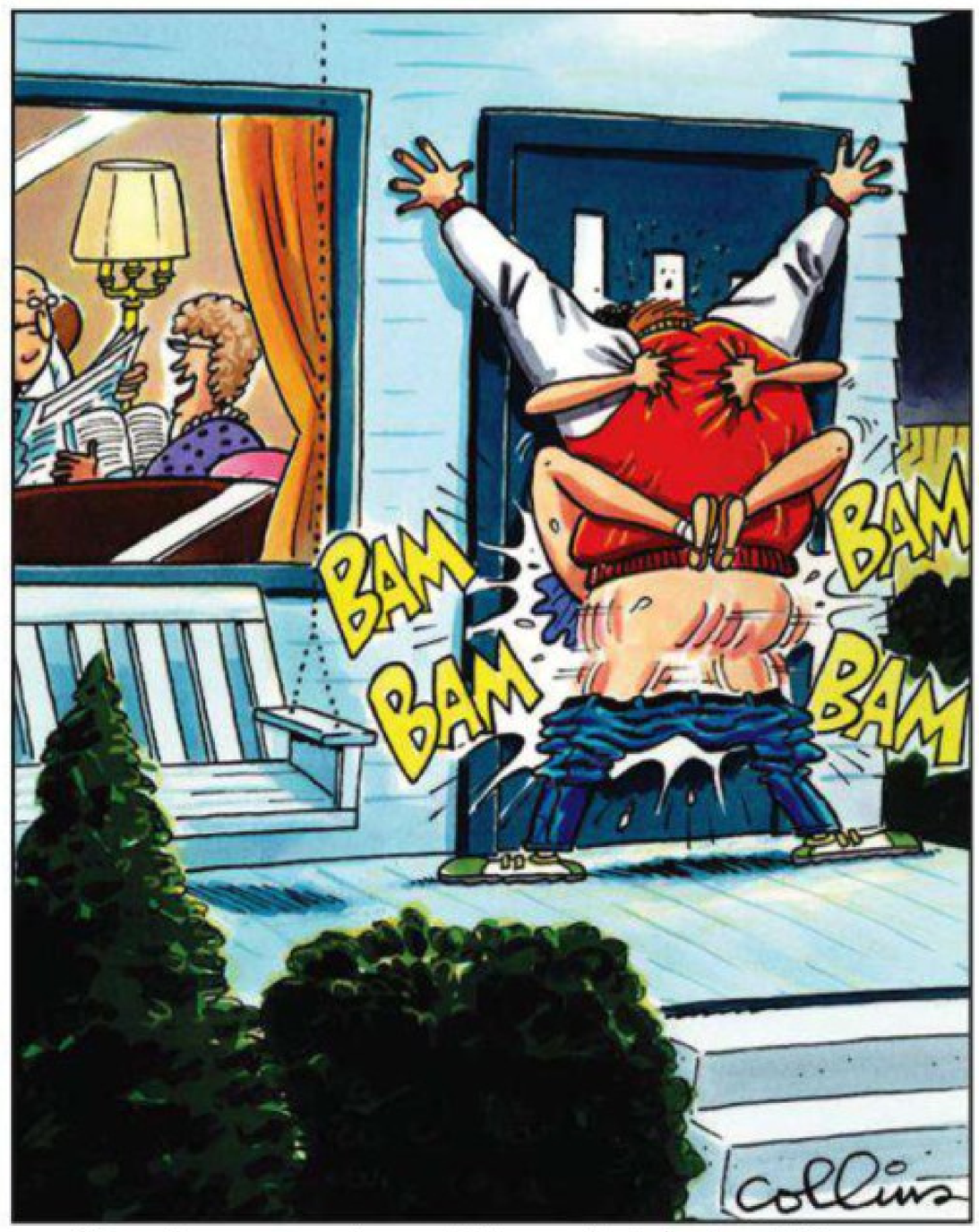
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Period, shmeriod!"





"I'm beginning to regret ever buying that book."



"Don't worry, dear. It's probably just Nancy saying good night to her date."

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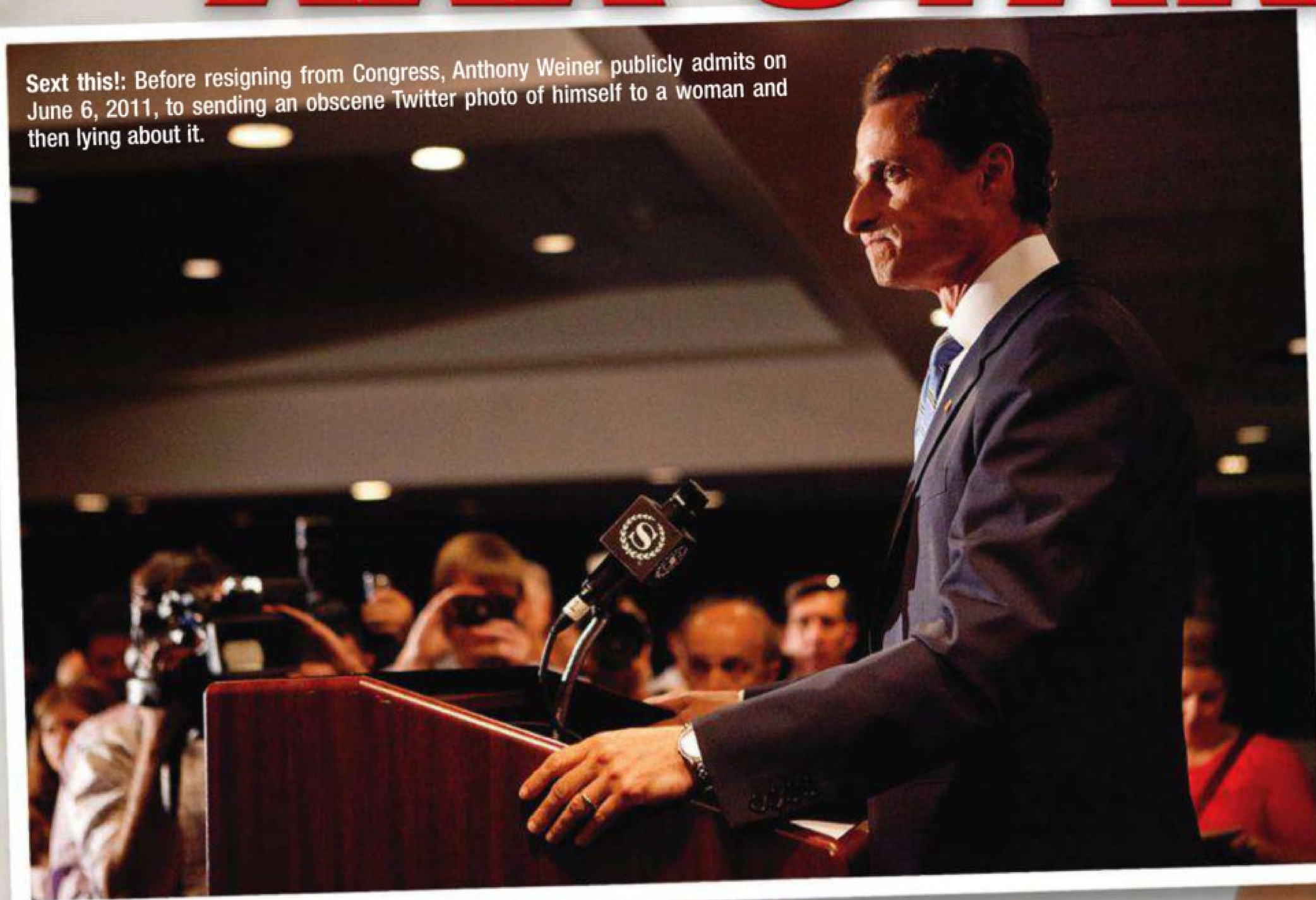
BY KIMBERLY CHENG

The XXX STAR of



Sext this!: Before resigning from Congress, Anthony Weiner publicly admits on June 6, 2011, to sending an obscene Twitter photo of himself to a woman and then lying about it.

PHOTO COURTESY GETTY IMAGES

THE COMPLETE LOWDOWN ON SEXTING SCANDAL CENTERPIECE GINGER LEE

Ginger Lee is a liar. She lied about her age. (Her Model Mayhem profile denotes 24; she's 28.) She lied to herself, insisting during a press conference that she's not a stripper but a "featured dancer." And she lied to the public when she denied participating in former Congressman Anthony Weiner's sexting and social media relationships with six women.

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WEINERGATE

Your wiener here: Ginger Lee opens up for her public in *All New Beaver Hunt #3*.

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

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Lee riding high in *Beaver Hunt #4* and (below) putting her mouth to good use in *Barely Legal Innocence #5.*

"I did not sext Anthony Weiner," Lee declared after Weinergate exploded. "I did not send photos to him or receive photos from him. Any time he would take conversations in a sexual direction, I would not reciprocate."

Bullshit! Long before the New York lawmaker snapped a photo of his dick and tweeted it to the world, the onetime adult-film actress professed her "love of Weiner" online: "I want to have sexual relations with Anthony Weiner. I can't help it. … He can get buck wild anytime I'm around."

Lee never got her wish, only a slew of steamy e-mails and Twitter messages from Weiner, the husband of Huma Abedin, an aide to Secretary of State Hillary Clinton. However, Lee did get her 15 minutes of fame—and she's been milking every second of it.

"When the scandal broke, and people started e-mailing me, I did not know what to do," Lee announced. "So I e-mailed Anthony Weiner."

On June 2, 2011, Lee told the crotch-centric politician, "Just tell me what to do or say. This stuff is so far out of my league I can't even pretend to know what to do." Weiner called Lee, assuring her the story would die if she said nothing to the media. It didn't.

Clearly experienced in deflecting hot-button questions, the congressman started coaching Lee on how to mitigate the scandal: "The key is to have a short, thought-out statement that tackles the top line questions and then refer people back to it. Have a couple of iterations of: 'This is silly. Like so many others, I follow Rep. Weiner on Twitter. I don't know him and have never met him. He briefly followed me and sent me a DM [direct message] saying thank you for the follow. That's it.' " Weiner then tossed in a joke to lighten the mood. "Btw, I'm sponsoring a line of twitpic-ready undies," he wrote. "I need a name."

Lee—who, two months earlier, had called Weiner her perfect "trifecta" (cute, sweet and awesome)—quickly changed her tune. Mounting her moral high horse, Lee told reporters she felt uncomfortable lying about her electronic relationship with the congressman and, like a true hypocrite, advised the peter tweeter to resign because "he lied to the public and the press for more than a week."

Lee then hooked up with celebrity attorney Gloria Allred, whose lowbrow clients have included Rachel Uchitel and Joslyn James (of Tiger Woods fame). As one *Huffington Post* reader put it: "If you have to hire Gloria Allred, then maybe [Lee] is lying."

Allred and Lee began releasing some of the e-mails Weiner had sent the former porn star. "I have wardrobe demands too," one allegedly read. "I need to highlight my package."

In another message, Weiner purportedly stated, "Alright, my package and I are not going to beg. We both see the hazard of going down the path of comparative sexiness. … You aren't giving my package due credit."

Lee and Weiner—according to Allred—exchanged about 100 e-mails starting in March 2011 and ending right around the time the shit hit the fan in early June. Lee then went underground to dodge the crossfire, claiming the scandal was causing her emotional distress and lost wages.

More bullshit! In fact, thanks to her newfound fame, offers started pouring in. Lee even asked Weiner for advice on how to deal with adult-entertainment clubs that wanted to hire the "stripper of Weinergate" or—as she called herself in the exchange—"the most famous stripper in America right now."

Lee wasted no time cashing in. Hours after dropping the bomb on Weinergate by releasing private e-mails, the Nashville resident dropped her panties during a two-night engagement at the Pink Pony in Atlanta. Besides paying Lee three times her normal appearance rate, the club added supersized wieners to its menu. But even "the most famous strip-

PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Mediaboom.biz

per in America" couldn't draw a packed house. The few people who actually caught the first of her four 20-minute, "all nude" performances reportedly weren't impressed. According to TMZ, the applause was "weak."

But that comes as no surprise. Lee should be accustomed to lackluster reviews, whether on camera or onstage. Judging from her track record, you can see why she might be itching for attention. Ginger Lee never made a name for herself in porn. The willowy blonde was fucked in 50-plus adult movies between 2004 and 2010—including *Barely Legal #61*—yet many of her male partners have said they don't remember who she is.

Dan Miller, managing editor of *XBIZ*, told the *Daily Beast* he hardly knew of Lee before Weinergate. "The big-name girls do 50 DVD titles in a matter of months," he said. "Lee would fall in with the majority of talent in this industry that comes and goes, and will not make a lasting impact and have recognition."

But thanks to Anthony Weiner, Lee can now join the ranks of hookers and whores (think Ashley Dupré and Capri Anderson) who screwed—or in Lee's case, e-screwed—their way to the spotlight.

Ginger Lee was born Candice Raines Sparkman on November 25, 1982, in Macon, Georgia. She spent most of her life in Tennessee and speaks with a thick Southern drawl. Not much is known of her upbringing or what her pre-porn life was like. We do know Lee suffers from lupus, an autoimmune disease known as the "great imitator," a condition she frequently blogs about on her Web site, **MissGingerLee.com**.

When news of Weinergate broke, Lee said her lupus was flaring and had reached "critical mass." She needed money—that's why she started yapping to the press.

By airing Weiner's dirty laundry (most notably, his telling Lee to lie about their communications), Lee put herself at the forefront of an investigation by the House Ethics Committee into the congressman's online activities.

"[Lee] stands ready to cooperate with that investigation if asked to do so," Allred said during a press conference. "If asked to testify, she will testify truthfully. And she will provide all of her communications to and from the congressman to the committee."

Lee is studying to become a real estate agent, Allred disclosed, and wants nothing more than to "go on with my life." Hopefully this time, Lee will get her wish.

Weiner, whose wife is reportedly pregnant with the couple's first child and feels "hopelessly trapped" in the marriage, etched a permanent digital trail. As a result, the man who was once dubbed "an ascendant force in New York politics" and named one of the 50 most influential Jewish Americans officially resigned on June 16, 2011, apparently ending his 20-year political career.

"I have a great relationship with the blacks!"

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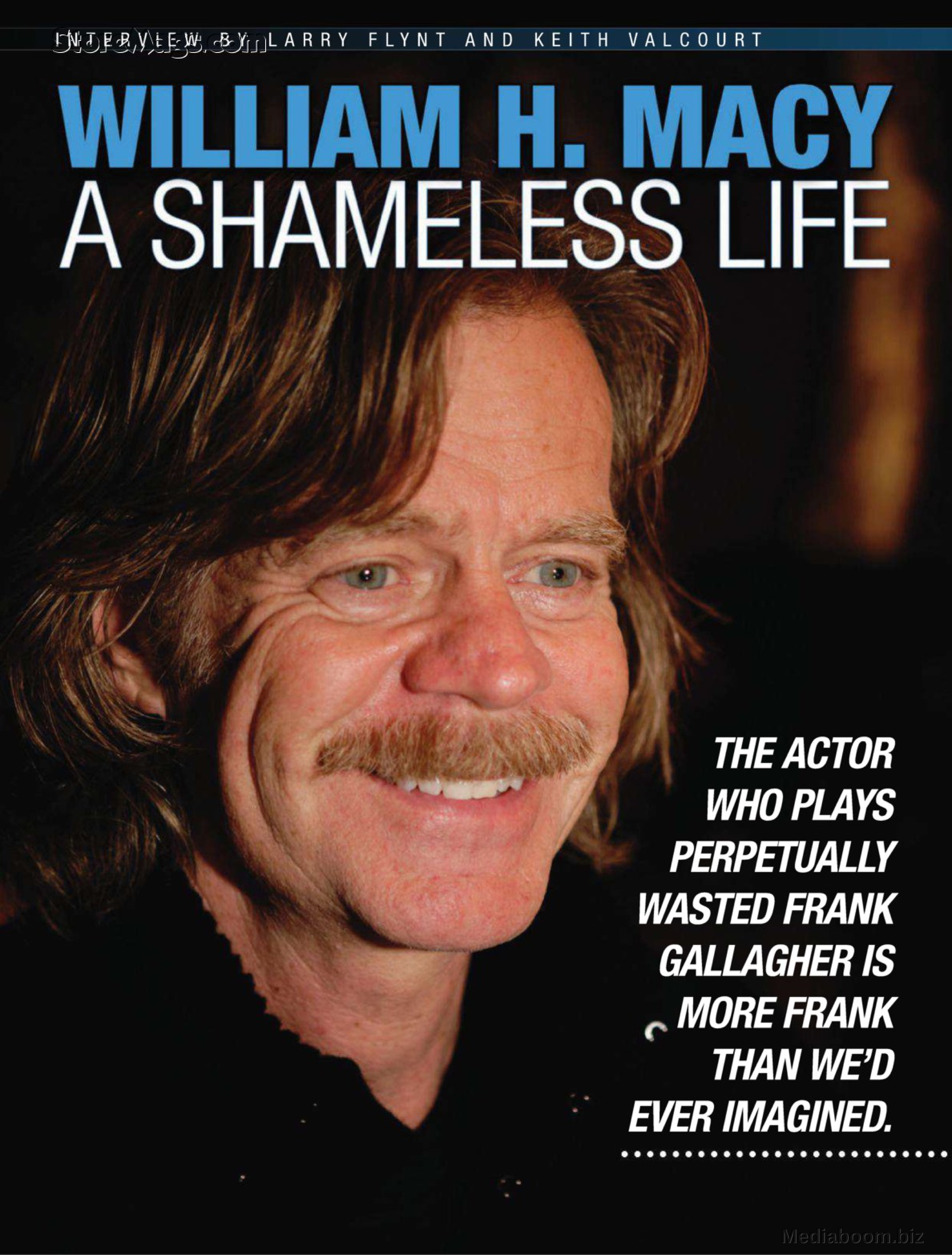
DVD Review.com

INTERVIEW BY LARRY FLYNT AND KEITH VALCOURT

WILLIAM H. MACY
A SHAMELESS LIFE



THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS PERPETUALLY WASTED FRANK GALLAGHER IS MORE FRANK THAN WE'D EVER IMAGINED.

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William H. Macy is a powerhouse who has appeared in dozens of movies. Some good (*Pleasantville*, *Magnolia*), some bad (*Jurassic Park III*, *Mystery Men*, *Wild Hogs*) and some absolutely incredible (*Fargo*, *Boogie Nights*, *The Cooler*). The veteran film and TV actor stopped by HUSTLER to discuss everything from his college days and enduring relationship with *Desperate Housewives* star Felicity Huffman to visiting a porn set and, most recently, portraying Frank Gallagher on the brilliant Showtime series *Shameless*.

HUSTLER: Do you read our magazine?

WILLIAM H. MACY: I do. I don't subscribe, but I pick it up once in a while. I'm a fan of the whole organization. I love the slogan, "For the Rest of the World." I love that in the HUSTLER [Hollywood] store here in L.A. the wall says, "Relax…it's just sex." That speaks directly to me. I love the jokes in the magazine. I love how it pushes the concept of what is "dirty" in people's faces. They should have made you President for that, Larry.

During the Clinton Presidency, when everyone was trying to impeach him for his infidelity, I was wildly supportive that you put out the million-dollar reward for someone to expose Republican hypocrites. And I particularly loved when you rescinded it after exposing that Republican senator [David Vitter of Louisiana]. It wrecked his family, and he lost his job. It made fools out of the Republicans, and it scared the shit out of the entire Congress. But, Larry, I thought it was a stand-up thing to say, "I kind of wish I hadn't done that because it ruined the guy's life."

Do you remember the first time you ever saw HUSTLER?

It had to be in my teens. I know it was shocking because everyone had gotten used to their dad's *Playboys* at that point. Then you saw HUSTLER had gone pink. Is that still the term?

It's "Think Pink."

Great!

When did you start acting?

I acted a little bit in high school, then went on to a little liberal arts college and acted in a bunch of plays there. Then I ultimately ended up at a school in northern Vermont called Goddard College, where I took acting seriously. I started pursuing it because I didn't fail at it as bad as I failed at other things. That's where I met David Mamet, the writer and playwright. He was my teacher at Goddard.

You mentioned you failed at everything but acting.

I had illusions of being a doctor and then a veterinarian, but I discovered you had to go to school to do all the things I wanted to do. So that wasn't going to work.

You've played a lot of losers. Do you feel like they're losers? And do you ever feel bad for them?

It's sort of a rule of acting that you are in dangerous territory if you characterize the character you're playing. He's the smart guy, or he's the asshole, or he's the loser. You don't want to characterize it because you want to keep yourself from "acting the words" or acting clichés as much as you can. You want to do the character's bidding. The biggest assholes out there don't know they are assholes. Do I ever feel sorry for them? Yeah! (*Laughs.*) When it's all said and done, I've played some guys that were pretty unfortunate—the most famous being Jerry Lundegaard in *Fargo*. What a schmuck!

Have you ever gotten lost in a role?

Not lost. It's occurred to me in the last couple of years that I should perhaps dig deeper. I think in the beginning of my acting career I was a bit glib about not taking the "living the role" nonsense very seriously. In retrospect I could have done myself some good by thinking a little harder and going a little deeper. One tends to do what one does naturally, and I'm a little bit glib. That hasn't served my characters well. On the other hand, I've worked with actors who get into character and stay in character all day. I just can't tell you how boring they are. It's so awful—awful for the crew, awful for their fellow actors, and it does not help their acting.

Do you prefer working in independent films over big Hollywood-studio productions?

You have to be cautious in the indie world. Sometimes they're so low-budget, it's really brutal. The big-studio pictures are seductive because nobody in the world does them better than Hollywood. Some of them are really good—all the special effects. Being an actor on a big movie is a really pleasant way to spend your day. I like big trailers better than little trailers. I like big checks better than little checks.

The indie world is appealing because they don't have to tell a story that appeals to millions of people. They can tell a story and be successful if that story only appeals to about a million people. If you can find them all and get them to buy a ticket, you can tell smaller stories that are somehow more true without worrying about who you're going to offend.

Do you have any favorite roles?

Jerry Lundegaard, of course. I did a thing called *Happy, Texas*. My guy's name was Chappy Dent. I loved him. He was a gay sheriff. I did a Mamet movie called *State and Main*. I really loved that script and playing that character. I did a movie of the week called *Door to Door* about this great salesman called Bill Porter. That was a great role. In all honesty, with Frank Gallagher on *Shameless*, I've got the best role of anyone in Hollywood right now.

Are there any roles you regret turning down?

Not really. On a regular basis I'll go to my agent and start screaming at him because I don't have good work. He very calmly sits at his desk and then prints something out. He puts this piece of paper in front of me and says, "These are the roles you turned down." I look at the roles that I turned down and say, "Oh, never mind." Then I leave. We do that about twice a year.

How do you choose your roles?

I used to ask, "What's the through line, and how does this speak to the human condition?" Now I ask, "Do I have to get wet?" If I have to get wet, they gotta pay me more. I also ask, "Do I have to take my clothes off?" I don't know why, but recently people are requiring me to do nudity. Why now? I kept myself in really good shape all through my 20s and 30s. Why did they wait until I was 45 or 50 to ask me to drop my knickers?

Is nudity tough for you to handle?

It's not great. You should try it sometime. Gather together about a dozen Teamsters and take your clothes off. You have to book them in advance.

How much did you know about the porn industry before being cast in the 1997 film *Boogie Nights*?

Nothing—except as a consumer. I rarely do any research in advance for my roles, but with *Boogie Nights* I did. Some of the cast went to a porn shoot, which I found astounding. There were these three women in a hot tub who were just stupidly good-looking. They were having a party with this dildo that looked like a telephone pole. It frightened me. Just like with pornography, I was incredibly aroused and then sort of amused and then bored.

It was an eye-opener to go to that shoot. The crew was a lot bigger than I thought it was going to be. The director looked like any director of any film I'd ever seen. She was running around, harried, looking at the clock and trying to think ahead. The cars in the parking lot weren't brand-new. Most of them were five years old. Tells you a lot about who's making money.

What was it like having porn star Nina Hartley as your onscreen wife?

Omigod, she's funny! She's smart as a whip and very entrepreneurial. When I walked into the trailer on her first day, it was full of people. There was Nina shaving her la-la with her legs up on the table. She said, "I'm Nina!" I thought, *Wow. Are we gonna get along!* I have this movie I wanna do about strip clubs, and she knows a lot about them. Since *Boogie Nights* I've met with Nina a

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

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bunch of times to ask her the ins and outs of that life. She's a good friend.

Most Hollywood marriages last only two or three years, but you've been with actress/producer Felicity Huffman for 14 years. What's the secret?

Her. I'm the luckiest palooka. I wish I had a secret. I don't. I just married well.

Did it freak you out when your wife portrayed a transgender person in *Transamerica*?

Not the transgender part, but that movie freaked me out. I know that woman [Felicity Huffman] and have known her forever and ever. We go back a lot farther than the time we've been married. I knew her since she was 22 years old, but where she went to find that character stunned me. It shocked me. I didn't know how to look at her for a long time. To see such a work of genius from someone you've grown so accustomed to put me off a bit.

Are you really an avid ukulele player?

That's true. I love the ukulele. I've been known to play it publicly. Some people have lobbied to stop me from ever playing publicly again. My wife was the mistress of ceremonies at the NARAL Pro-Choice America luncheon celebrating *Roe* v. *Wade* in Washington a few months back. She asked me to write one of my little ukulele songs. I came up with a song from the point of view of a singing vagina. I played it for my wife, and she said, "Congressmen, senators, Washington lunch. Singing vagina? No. I don't think so. Go back to the drawing board." So I wrote another one. It's about choice from the point of view of a young Republican girl. It's pretty funny. You can Google it. I rhymed "utopian roots" with "fallopian tubes."

Is portraying Frank Gallagher on *Shameless* the most fun you've ever had as an actor?

Most fun. Outrageous. Shameless.

Have the producers imposed any restrictions when it comes to playing Frank?

We haven't found them. God willing, I'm going to write one of the episodes this season. We were in the writers' room, and somebody pitched this idea for Frank. I noticed that all of the writers were covering some parts of their faces when they contemplated what we were thinking of having Frank do. [Executive producer] John Wells said, "Okay. That's in. If you have to cover your face when you think about it, that's our territory."

Earlier you mentioned going deeper into a role and not being so glib. How do you go deeper with Frank Gallagher, who is such a train wreck?

That's a great question. It occurred to me last season that if this character is going to have legs, I have to make sure that the story doesn't stop while Frank does something funny. I looked at some of the work I did in Season One and thought I should investigate why Frank is the way he is. I'd never thought of this before. I think we can take it as self-evident that a fellow who needs to self-medicate from morning to night is running away from some serious dragons. Maybe in Season Two I can find some of those dragons.

Some people think being interviewed by HUSTLER is pretty shameless.

I don't understand that. Why? Because there are naked women in it? I'm fascinated by America's whole attitude toward sex. I find it endlessly upsetting and worrisome. We've got this heavy dose of Calvinism and repression that comes out in ugly, ugly ways. I think *Cigar Aficionado* [magazine] is probably more questionable than HUSTLER. HUSTLER is about sex, and sex is good. Even bad sex is pretty good, but smoking cigars will kill you!

Macy and the man.

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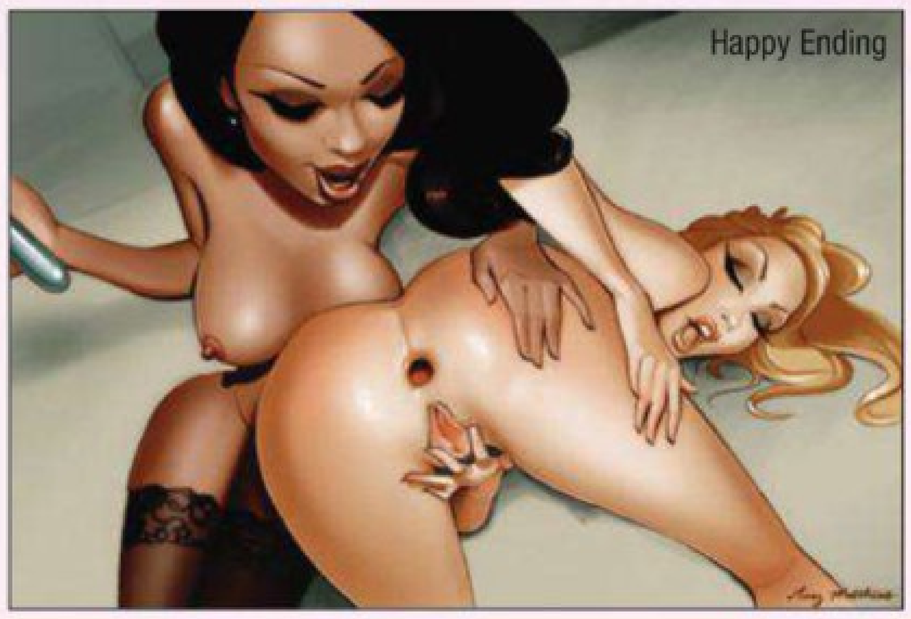
BY T. LEE TYSON

THINKING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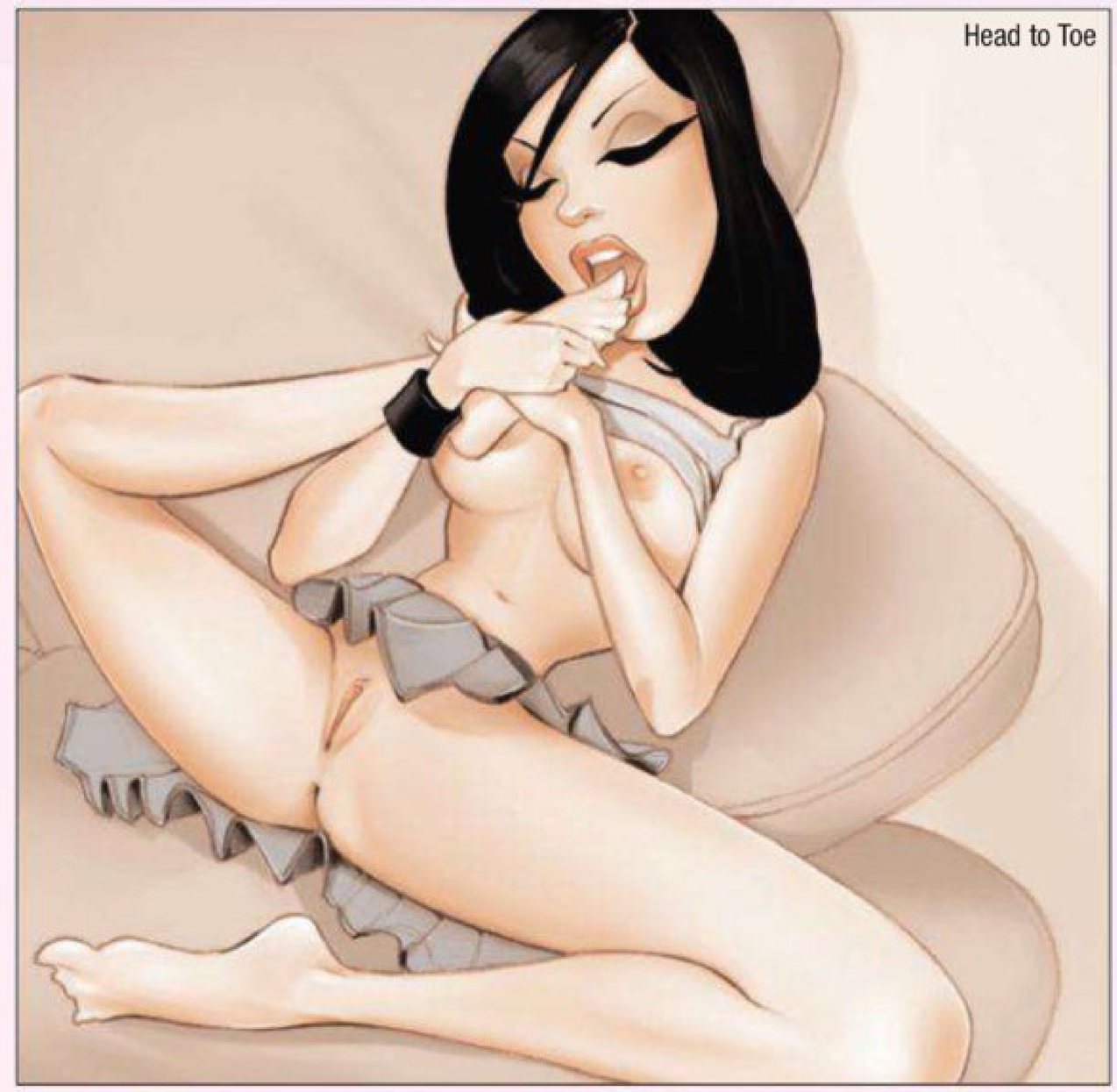
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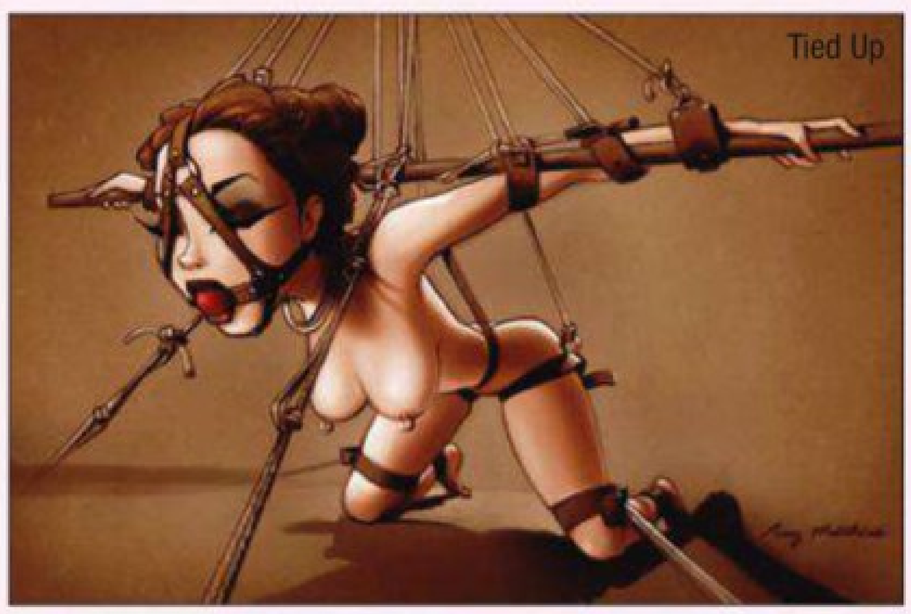
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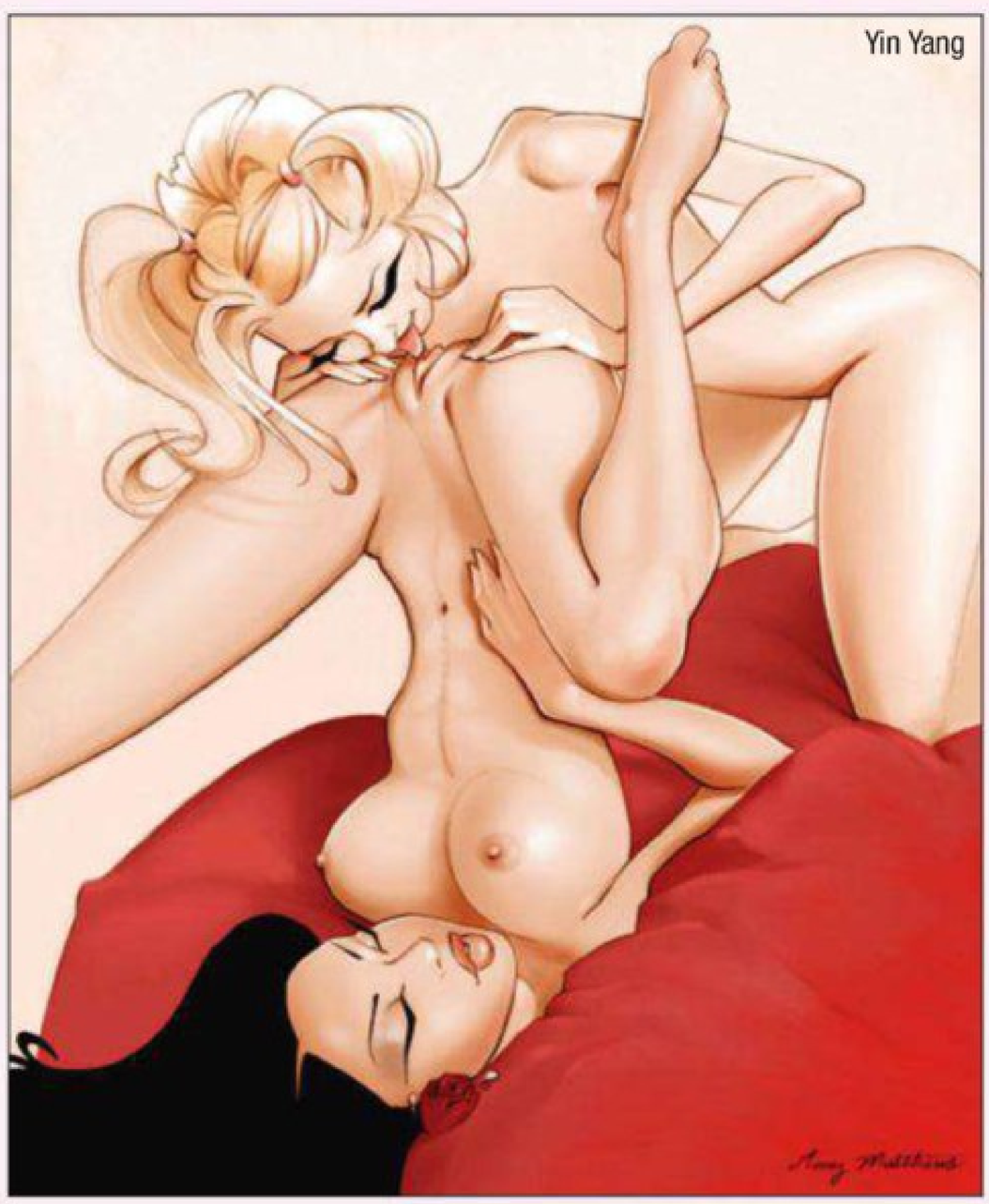
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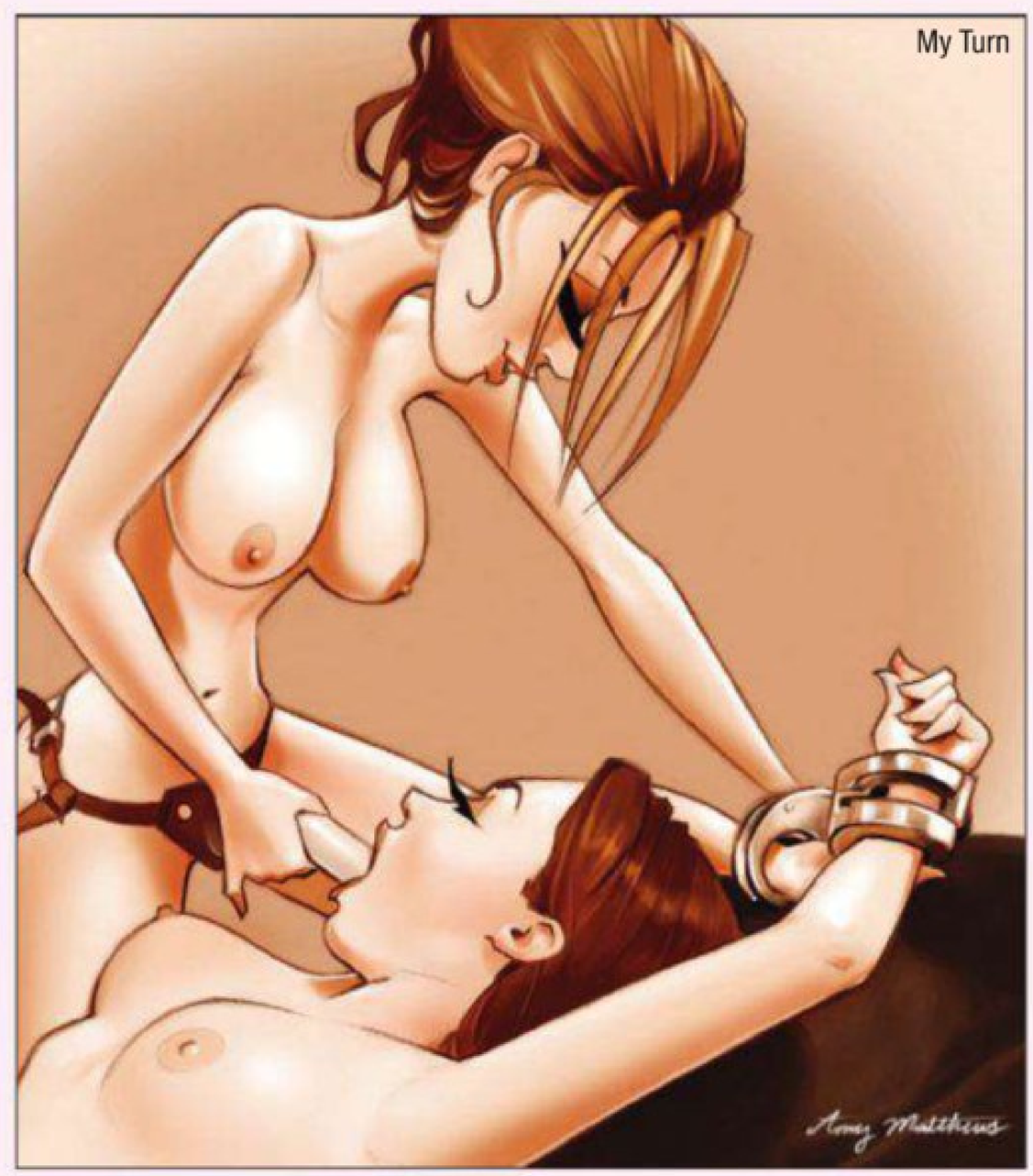
My Turn

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PINK

AMY MATTHEWS RENDERS HARD-CORE PORN'S SOFTER SIDE IN HER AMAZING COLLECTION OF DIGITAL PAINTINGS.

Apple Pie

Bath Time

One look at the erotic paintings of Amy Matthews and it's clear that cartoons aren't just for Saturday mornings anymore. "My goal is to celebrate sexual images and interpret them in a way that I find interesting," says Matthews, whose latest collection, CartoonPink, explores—in her words—the place "where art ends and pornography begins."

Although some artists might be uncomfortable residing at the intersection of those two worlds, Matthews relishes the duality. "To be honest, I don't mind my work being classified as either one," admits the "disenchanted" freelance mainstream artist based in Southern California. "It's been both art and porn which have inspired me to develop this project. Basically, I draw what turns me on, and if that stimulates other people too, then that's great."

As Matthews points out, these unique digital paintings offer a variation to the manga-style characters that dominate much of the cartoon-porn milieu. "From the beginning, I really wanted to maintain a sweetness to CartoonPink, no matter how explicit the images were," says Matthews, who believes that the female-only nature of the collection best achieves this tone.

"I like keeping the color palettes soft and creating warm, almost dreamlike scenes," Matthews explains. Indeed, despite the unabashed licking, twisting, sucking and gushing depicted, the paintings convey an exaggerated, ethereal, outside-of-time quality.

Why wouldn't they? The scenes taking shape in CartoonPink were inspired by the artist's dreams and real people. Most notably, the portraits of porn stars Sasha Grey and Annie Cruz provide a taste of the dazzling illustrations Matthews conceived for Digital Playground's 2010 and 2011 contract-girls calendars.

Thanks to her distinctively provocative artistry, Matthews is starting to make a name for herself in Europe. CartoonPink paintings have been displayed at galleries in Germany and the Netherlands, and prints are currently for sale at **SexyArtGallery.com**, headquartered in Amsterdam.

In the meantime, Matthews foresees further collaboration with Digital Playground and other developments for CartoonPink. This might include selling the original renderings, but the artist is reluctant to relinquish details, revealing only that she is "looking forward" to the future. Like the subjects in her magnificent digital paintings, Matthews is teasing us about good things to come.

See more of CartoonPink's lascivious ladies—and get info on commissioning a custom-made Amy Matthews painting—at **Facebook.com/CartoonPink**.

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ABELLA ANDERSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

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Abella Anderson doesn't know what she wants. "I definitely don't have my future planned out," the Cuban beauty begins. "I'm a really motivated person, but I need spontaneity and surprises in my life."

As restless as she is attractive, Abella likes to mix things up to ward off boredom. "I don't know if I prefer a certain type of guy," the petite señorita discloses. "All of my boyfriends have been pretty different. I dated a super-tall guy and I've gone out with short dudes. Some of my exes are athletic, some aren't, some are funny and some are serious."

Abella adds, "Probably the one thing my old boyfriends have in common is that they knew how to treat a woman. I don't have time for jerks. I'm interested in guys who can be confident but not arrogant."

Although Abella covets respectful gentlemen, they'd better be able to perform in the bedroom.

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ABELLA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Havana, Cuba | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-0 | WEIGHT: 118

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"I'm pretty wild," she admits. "Sometimes it's hard for me to find guys who are capable of keeping up." Although the luscious vixen may not have everything mapped out, she does possess a healthy list of sexual fantasies. "There's a lot of stuff—like having sex on an airplane—that I haven't been able to do yet," Abella dishes out. "I hope I get a chance someday!"

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STO

A Day in The Life

THE ENIGMATIC **XXX STAR** CAN TRIGGER AN ERECTION AND AN ULCER AT THE SAME TIME.

"I HOPE I DIDN'T GIVE YOU TOO MUCH TROUBLE," Stoya remarks as she shakes my hand at the end of our day together. "I know sometimes I can be a bit combative."

What a coincidence, I think. I had been thinking of a C-word to describe her too.

"No problem," I respond, part of me actually meaning it. (I'm incredibly forgiving of beautiful women, and Stoya is flat-out gorgeous.)

"I really enjoyed meeting you," I add. I mean that too, although not entirely the way she might have thought. That morning I believed there was a 50-50 chance I'd kill her before the assignment's end. However, by the time we part ways, Stoya has at least won my grudging respect.

VIDEO NASTY #3, PHOTO COURTESY DIGITALPLAYGROUND.COM

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OYA

"I hate L.A. It makes my flesh crawl. I can't wait to get out of here from the moment I land." These are the first words that Stoya, who lives in New York, says to me when I meet her outside the Los Angeles Fashion Institute. I am supposed to accompany her while she looks at an exhibit on fashion in Hollywood films, and I have just made the mistake of uttering the incendiary sentence "Good morning—welcome to Los Angeles."

Stoya's attention returns to the giant Starbucks coffee in her hand and a morning cigarette. *Okay*, I say to myself. *Stay calm. Everyone has their moments. Maybe she's jet-lagged. Maybe she hasn't been properly caffeinated yet. Maybe she suffers from bad PMS. Who the fuck knows?! She'll warm up.*

"So," I say brightly, "where in New York do you live?"

"I won't tell you."

"Pardon?"

"I said I won't tell you what part of town I live in. It's private information. If I want to talk about myself, I'll do it on Twitter. I can control the content."

And with that helpful illumination out of the way, Stoya strides into the Fashion Institute.

I check my notes. There couldn't be some kind of cultural misunderstanding. The porn moniker *Stoya* might sound foreign and mysterious, but it's just the modified last name of a 25-year-old born and raised in Wilmington, North Carolina, whose father is of Serbian descent.

"You like fashion," I persist, following a few prudent steps behind, slightly concerned about the hot Starbucks as a potential projectile. "I hear you design clothes."

"Yeah," Stoya grunts with a wary tone implying that this topic is also verboten. But I have a job to do.

"How did you get into designing?" I ask gently, one eye still on the Starbucks cup.

"When I got into the adult business, I discovered that they only make sexy clothes for girls with big boobs," Stoya replies evenly. "Altering stuff that was ready-to-wear cost too much. My grandma taught me how to sew when I was little. The rest was trial and error."

Now we're getting somewhere. The caffeine's clearly kicked in. A simple question followed by a simple answer. Smooth sailing, here we come.

"What kind of clothes do you like to design?" I inquire, preparing to take notes as Stoya—like all budding fashionistas—waxes eloquently about her aspirations.

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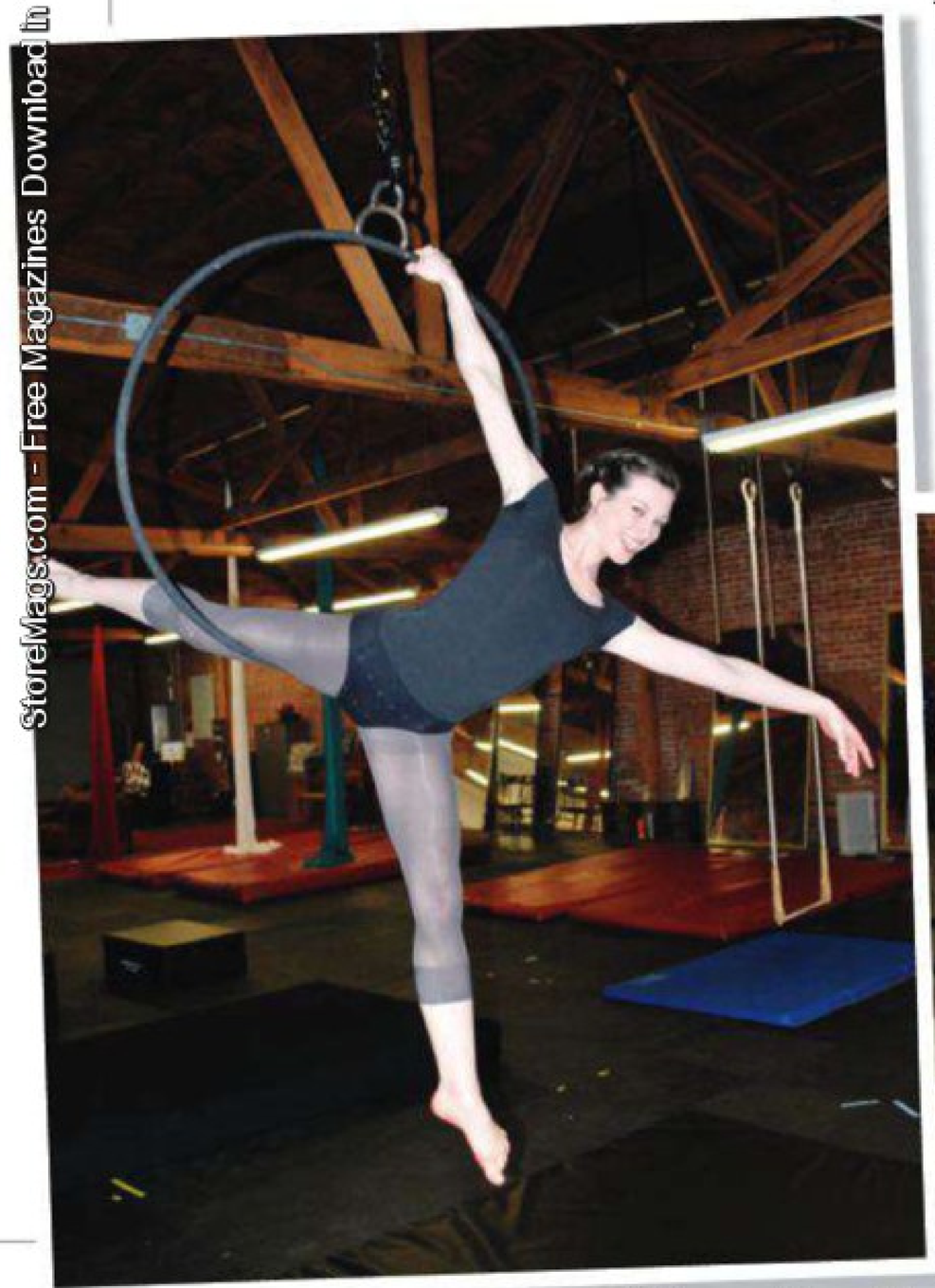

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"I'd rather not talk about it," she informs me. So much for predictability.

"Because?"

"Because my clothes aren't ready. I don't believe in overhyping things. Marketing starts with having a good product. Build a good product, show it, and then people will talk about it."

Seeing as the interview was set up for her benefit (i.e., publicity), it would have made sense for Stoya to discuss what she's designing, her fashion influences, even the kind of clothes she thinks work best for her when she's playing a character in one of her smokin'-hot movies. But Stoya doesn't want to talk about anything related to fashion. *Nada.*

What makes me feel even more frustrated is that I'd heard Stoya has used duct tape and latex to create fetish outfits that she's worn in public, even for a run to her favorite supermarket. I want to know what that was about. Street theater? A happening? It certainly wasn't about maintaining her privacy.

At lunch, Stoya starts to talk (hesitantly, to be sure) about her past. When she was a toddler, Stoya wanted to be a professional ballerina. This wasn't a simple childhood fantasy: It was virtually a spiritual calling. She begged her parents to enroll her in a class, and the aspiring ballerina proceeded to practice diligently, never losing focus from preschool through high school—or more accurately, through her homeschooling.

Stoya attended a special dance school. Her friends were all dancers, and all her extracurricular activities were dance-related. With time, the hard work appeared to be paying off. Teenage Stoya had a covergirl face and a classic dancer's body. She moved with elegance and grace beyond her years. Teachers and colleagues had high expectations.

But like many promising young dancers and athletes Stoya suffered a debilitating injury in pursuit of her dream. The doctors sat her down for the Big Talk: "You can lead a normal life, but your body can no longer take the stress of professional ballet. Move on."

So the little girl who dreamed of ballet stardom ended up doing some modeling. Eventually she met some people, and they made her an offer. Or, as Stoya puts it with a hardened edge in her voice, "Digital Playground called to ask me if I wanted to stick my tongue in a hot girl's twat."

I decide to ask a few standard porn star questions. "Are you more attracted to males or females?"

"If it's of legal age, it's interesting. I'm pan-sexual."

"What do your parents think of your porn career?"

"I have a right as a human being to do what I want with my body. That's how I was raised."

None of Stoya's responses are particularly revealing. But then, much to my surprise, everything changes. The black swan relaxes. She becomes funny, charming, elegant, sexy, ethereally beautiful. Suddenly everything about this woman is compelling.

It turns out that Stoya is developing a traveling erotic stage show. One key segment will feature aerial acrobatics (think Cirque du Soleil), a physical activity that focuses on upper-body and core strength without the brutal repetitive motion that punishes a dancer's feet. Stoya's plan is to use her ballet training and the sensuality she's fine-tuned as a porn actress to create something unique for adults-only establishments—an environment where the performers usually just get naked and swing in different directions from a standard brass pole. (Not that there's anything wrong with that.)

After lunch I accompany Stoya to Cirque School Los Angeles to watch her work on some routines. Clad in skintight leotards, warming up and then gliding in front of the studio mirrors the same way she's done since taking baby steps as a tiny ballerina, Stoya is mesmerizing. When she climbs onto an aerial ring to be hoisted above the gym, her taut, well-toned body looks like a sculpture in motion. Effortlessly going through a series of graceful poses, she takes my breath away.

When Stoya is done, I tell her she has amazed me. I feel like I had been watching an erotic Batwoman in flight. I ask if dancing has benefited her as a XXX performer. "Most dancers have been driven by their sexuality," she explains. "Dance in itself is erotic. During a sex scene I usually turn the control over to the man. I let him take the lead, like dancing."

TOP LEFT: *DEEPER #11*; BOTTOM: *BAD GIRLS #5*; PHOTOS COURTESY DIGITALPLAYGROUND.COM

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"Tell me more about the stage show," I request.

"Well, I'm not going to pull midgets out of my vagina," Stoya quips with a laugh. "It's a work in progress. I have to finish it and see what it is."

Like the woman herself, I think. Stoya, I've learned, is a complicated individual. Driven by sexual and artistic energy, the talented performer is going full steam simultaneously in different directions but not quite sure which path she's best suited for. One thing's certain: Stoya is smart. She taught herself DOS at age three and got her high school diploma before turning 16. A stint at Delaware College of Art & Design ended because of her problem with authority.

"Stoya is as energetic, spunky and intelligent as she is attractive—a good catch for marriage," marvels porn legend Ron Jeremy, who knows Stoya socially (i.e., he's never fucked her).

Mick Blue, Stoya's partner in more than a dozen XXX films, adds that "she's one of the most special girls in the industry. Unique. In her own way, very funny and passionate about everything she enjoys doing."

Translation: When Stoya is in her comfort zone, she's terrific. (I don't know about marriage, but hanging with her and then banging her extensively would definitely be heaven.) However, question the lady about sensitive subjects and, well, prepare to jump for cover.

So while sitting next to Stoya, who's still relaxed and in good spirits, I think I'll again try delving into her personal life. "Dating anyone special?" I ask.

"No comment," Stoya instantly replies. "You can see the interior of my rectum in HD. That's personal enough."

Uh-oh. There went that C-word popping into my head. Stoya had an affair with Marilyn Manson in 2009, and the rock musician claimed that he styled her pubic hair, at one point actually sculpting a swastika. I had hoped to ease into talking to Stoya about it, but—based on her brusque rectum retort—I know I'll be wasting my breath.

So what is the deal with this haughty porn princess? Stoya is brilliant, creative and motivated; we expect eccentricities from people like that. Also, she was cheated out of a career as a professional ballerina and ultimately landed in porn. That frustration might fuel her demeanor too. On the other hand, given her drop-dead good looks, maybe Stoya acts the way she does simply because she can.

Whatever the reason, this complex mixture of good girl/bad girl elements makes Stoya a fascinating, exotic creature—one who's very hard to resist. God help any man she meets.

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

"Actually, I don't do anything. People pay me not to park in front of their house!"

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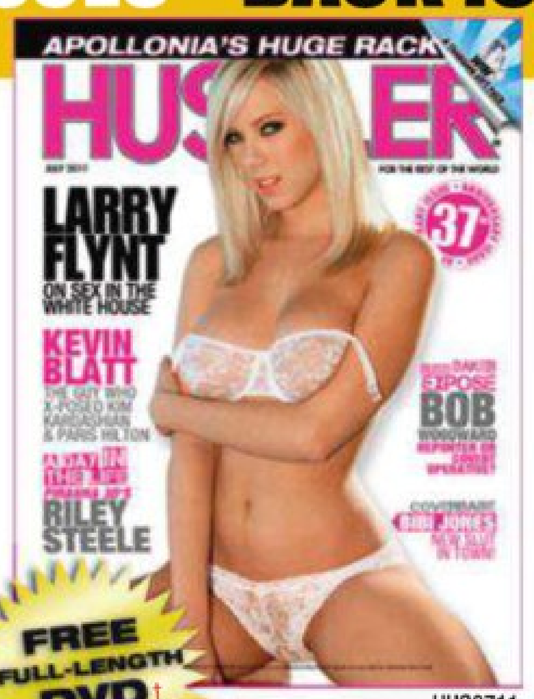

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REBEL WITH A DILDO

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Mrs. V (Victoria) is determined to set Carla (Sandy) on the path toward success. She invites the wayward student to join her for a series of intense one-on-one sessions. "I'm just not much for book learning," Carla mumbles. "I reckon I ain't smart enough."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. V huffs in response as she removes Carla's skirt. "You simply haven't had the right teacher yet."

Opening her dildo cabinet, Mrs. V purrs, "Carla, my dear, you need someone who can pound knowledge into you. You're desperate for a mentor who can penetrate your tough-girl exterior and lubricate your mind with thrilling ideas and concepts."

"Maybe you're right," Carla acquiesces as the pervy professor sits beside her on the couch.

"Of course I am," Mrs. V replies sternly. "Now spread those ass cheeks a little wider."

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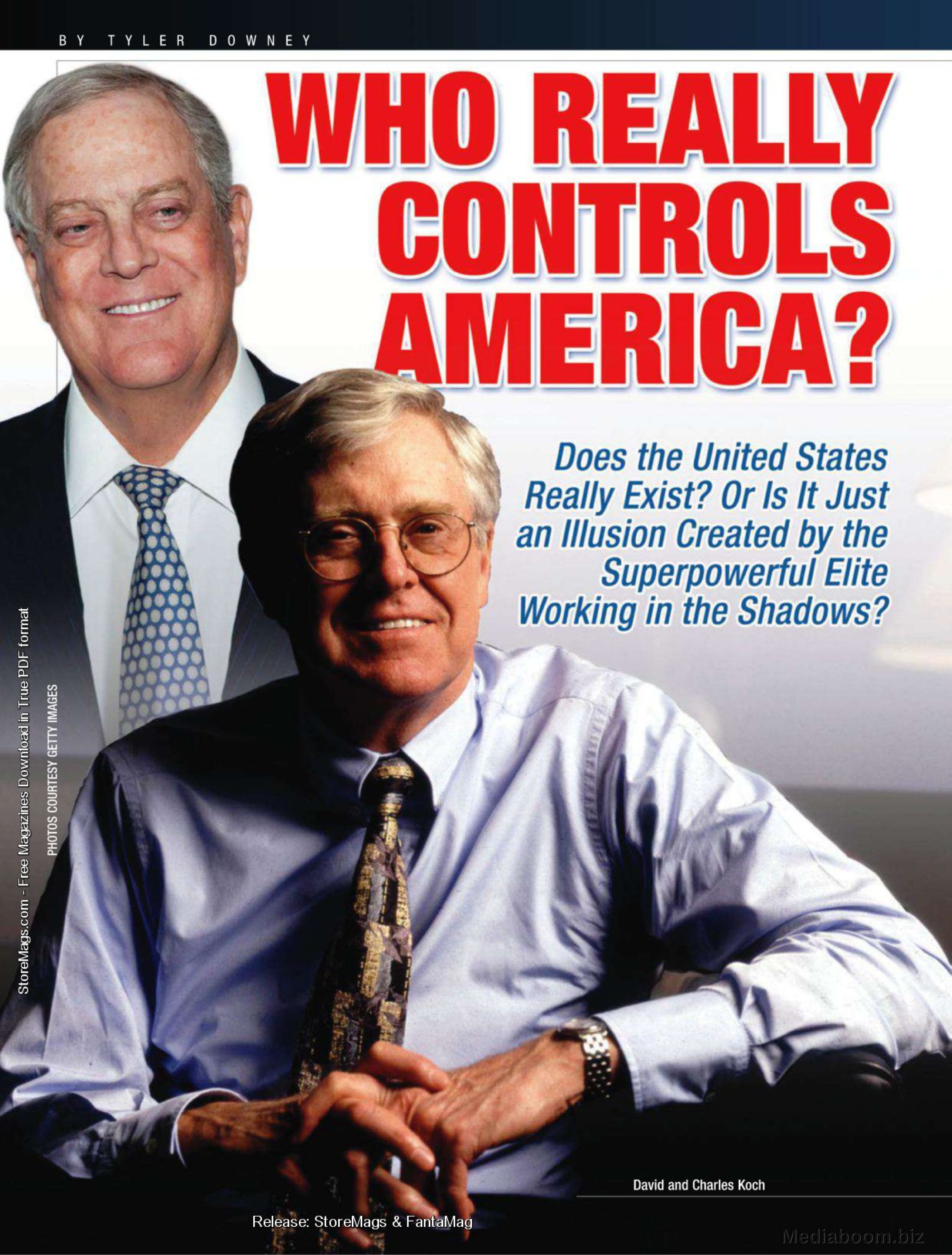
BY TYLER DOWNEY

WHO REALLY CONTROLS AMERICA?

Does the United States Really Exist? Or Is It Just an Illusion Created by the Superpowerful Elite Working in the Shadows?



David and Charles Koch

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America is supposed to be a country whose government is by, for and of the people. Congress is supposed to fight for and protect the people it represents. And our news media, guaranteed its independence by the Bill of Rights, is supposed to act as a watchdog over the nation by reporting abuses and falsehoods our government is guilty of. Sadly this is not the way things work in modern America.

Today a few powerful oligarchs control the government, the press and us. These hidden masters—fronted by think tanks and sham political groups—pull the strings by corrupting our institutions with vast sums of money, secretly (and not so secretly) buying influence, politicians and media coverage. With the recent Citizens United v. the FEC decision of our radically conservative Supreme Court, corporations now have the right to spend unlimited amounts of money to secure the election of their chosen puppet politicians.

The protections that had been in place to keep billionaires and corporations from unduly influencing our voting process are gone. And our corporate media, often owned by these same billionaires, has no interest in putting them back in place. They would much rather parrot the pro-corporate talking points the conservative think tanks supply them. It's a disgusting cycle where the powerful few control the information, the votes and the law.

It's time to pull back the curtain on these billionaire parasites.

THE KOCH BROTHERS

No one is more powerful or funds more lies than Charles and David Koch (pronounced "coke"). "The Kochs are on a whole different level," says Charles Lewis, the founder of the Center for Public Integrity. "There's no one else who has spent this much money. The sheer dimension of it is what sets them apart. They have a pattern of lawbreaking, political manipulation and obfuscation. I've been in Washington since Watergate, and I've never seen anything like it."

The Koch brothers, like most billionaire puppet masters who favor gutting social services for ordinary Americans, made their money the old-fashioned way: They inherited it. Their father, Fred Koch, was not only the founder of what is known today as Koch Industries, but also a founding member of the radical right-wing John Birch Society. In their youth, Charles and David were indoctrinated in both the family business and their father's extremist views.

Koch Industries started off in oil refinement but soon expanded to include pipelines, chemicals and energy. Today it is the second-largest privately owned company in the U.S., according to *Forbes* magazine. Its subsidiaries include the manufacturing, refining and distribution of petroleum, chemicals, energy, fiber, intermediates and polymers, minerals, fertilizers, pulp and paper, chemical-technology equipment, ranching, finance and commodities trading. Each Koch brother is worth over $20 billion.

In 1980 David Koch was the Vice Presidential candidate for the Libertarian Party. He advocated doing away with the FBI and the CIA as well as all federal regulatory agencies, such as the Securities and Exchange Commission, and the Department of Energy. He also wanted to end Social Security, the minimum wage, gun control and all personal and corporate income taxes.

He lost. But this failure led to a change in tactics for the brothers. No longer would they run openly for office. From that point on, they began a secret campaign of influence and propaganda, funding think tanks and advocacy groups in an effort to slowly change the views of the American people. With enough money and effort, and support from the corporate media, they planned on transforming Washington from the outside. They've been more successful than even they could have imagined.

As Jane Mayer writes in her shocking exposé of the Kochs for *The New Yorker*, "By giving money to 'educate,' fund and organize Tea Party protesters, they have helped turn their [the Kochs'] private agenda into a mass movement." Through tax records, Mayer discovered that the Kochs have spent nearly $200 million funding and promoting conservative think tanks since 1998. With the election of Barack Obama, the brothers have been on a secret mission to do everything in their power to discredit and destroy his Presidency. Much of the vitriol plaguing Washington the last few years can be directly traced back to the "Kochtopus" and their minions.

Their contempt for the American people can be seen in the way David Koch bought his way onto the National Cancer Advisory Board while at the same time having his companies and organizations lobby to keep formaldehyde from being labeled as a known carcinogen. Studies have shown that the deadly chemical causes leukemia, but that doesn't matter to Koch Industries, which produces 2.2 billion pounds a year of the stuff.

The only true belief the Koch brothers have is greed. All their donations and all their political power goes to support causes that will help their bank accounts. That includes lobbying the government for business contracts; Media Matters reports that Koch Industries and its

A SMALL SAMPLE OF THE ORGANIZATIONS FUNDED BY THE KOCH BROTHERS

• Cato Institute—Ranked as the fifth most-influential think tank in the world in a study by the University of Pennsylvania in 2010. Libertarian in nature, it advocates, among other things, complete privatization of Social Security. It also produces research casting doubt on global warming. Most of that research is conducted by Patrick Michaels, a former professor of environmental sciences at the University of Virginia, a Senior Fellow at the Cato Institute and an outspoken global warming skeptic. The fact that Mr. Michaels runs a P.R. firm whose largest clients are energy companies doesn't seem to bother the Cato Institute or the Koch brothers, who funded his research to the tune of $250,000.

• Americans for Prosperity—An advocacy group founded by David Koch. They are dedicated to government deregulation, Republican politics and anticlimate research. They have funded attack ads against Democratic candidates in North Carolina and Virginia, as well as ads attacking the stimulus bill and healthcare bill. They are one of the leading organizations behind the Tea Party conferences and right-wing protests around the country. They support a splinter group, Patients United Now, which organized over 300 rallies against healthcare reform. Those were the same people who shouted down and intimidated Democratic members of Congress while carrying signs comparing President Obama to Hitler.

• FreedomWorks—A conservative advocacy group aligned with Dick Armey and Glenn Beck. In their own words, FreedomWorks was created to be a "powerful answer to the challenge presented by the Left and groups like America Coming Together (ACT), **MoveOn.org** and the Media Fund." They have been heavily involved in orchestrating the Tea Party movement and have created the illusion of grassroots opposition to healthcare, clean-climate initiatives and Social Security. They do this by organizing rallies, creating fake voter groups like **AngryRenter.com** (which opposed the government helping out homeowners with their mortgages), and by publishing misleading information through their media allies. They are known for their enormous conflicts of interest, particularly advocating for companies that donate to their organization.

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subsidiaries have benefited from over $100 million in government contracts since 2000.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates their willingness to sell out the American people in exchange for big bucks than the brothers' total war against the environment. Koch Industries has a long history of pollution. From illegally dumping ammonia into the Mississippi River in 1999 to the 3 million gallons of crude oil spilled in six states from 1990 to 1997, Koch Industries has more than earned its ranking—by the Political Economic Research Institute at the University of Massachusetts Amherst—as the tenth-worst U.S. corporate air polluter. But that is just the tip of the melting, proverbial iceberg.

As one of the largest oil and energy companies in the world, Koch Industries stands to lose a great deal of money should the United States ever get serious about curbing carbon dioxide emissions to stop global warming. To keep that from happening, the Koch brothers have spent an astronomical $33 million between 2008 and 2009 lobbying to defeat climate legislation. According to Greenpeace, "Koch Industries has become a financial kingpin of climate science denial and clean energy opposition." Working anonymously through their many organizations, they fund research by scientists who will ignore the overwhelming scientific evidence for a piece of the Koch pie. This research can then be used by politicians and talking heads to argue that global warming is a myth. Taking a page out of big tobacco's playbook, the Koch brothers believe if they can create enough doubt in the American people about the effects of global warming, there will be no new regulations to cut into their profits. So far they have been right.

Not content with just poisoning our environment and our airwaves, the Koch brothers spread their influence in other more direct ways. They are the masters of the tried and true method of legal bribery—campaign donations and lobbying.

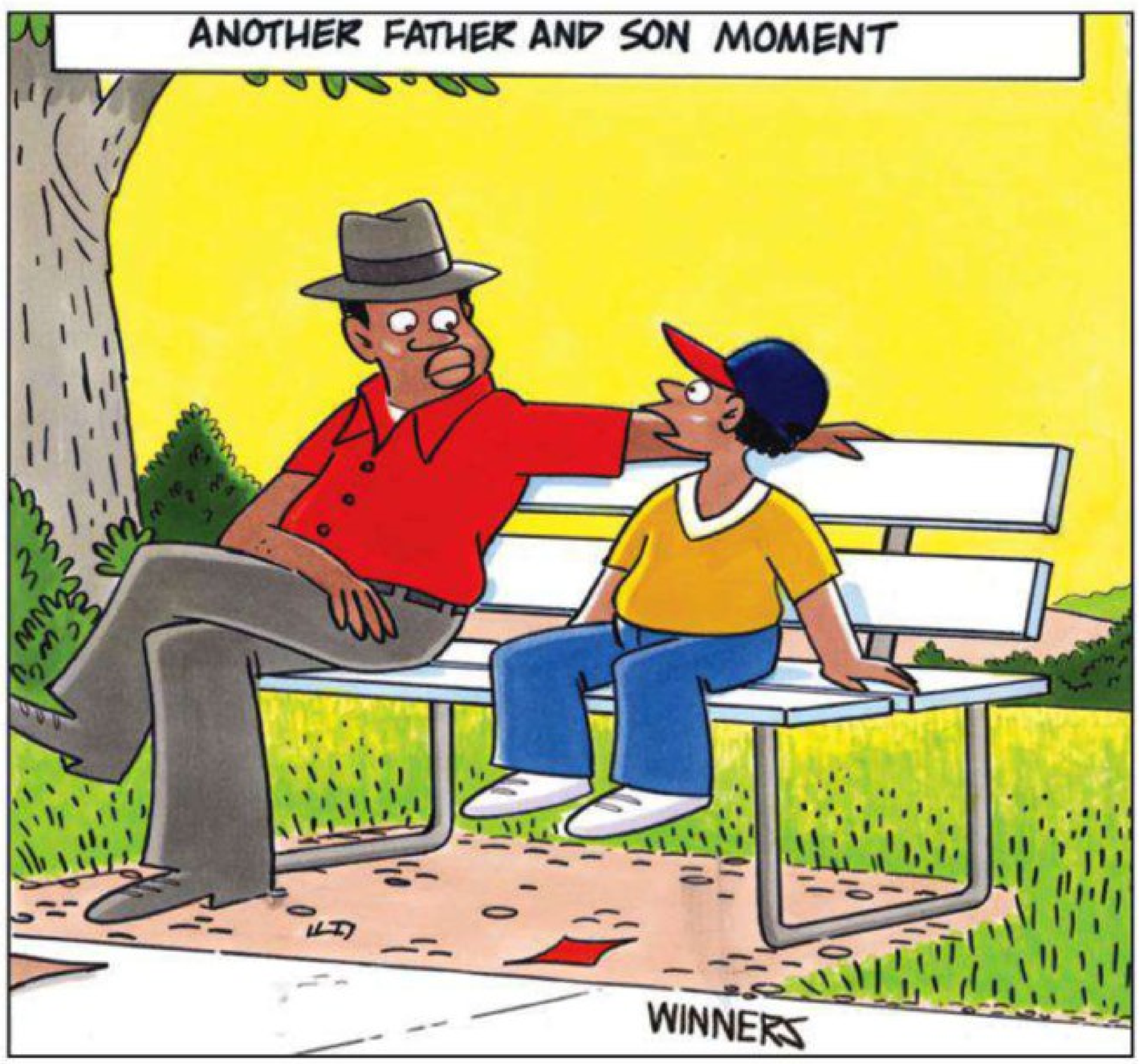
Since 1989, the Koch brothers or their organizations have donated over $11 million directly to conservative candidates. That kind of payoff gets you a lot of influence in the halls of Congress.

But it is not just at the federal level where the Kochs' money is corrupting our government. In keeping with their strategy of grassroots influence, the Kochs have made huge donations to local candidates from California to Florida. Such candidates include Ken Cuccinelli, Virginia's Republican attorney general, and Bobby Jindal, when he was running for governor of Louisiana. They also gave over a million dollars to support a California ballot measure that sought to overturn state limits on greenhouse-gas emissions, although it failed at the ballot box despite their money. Since 2005 nearly a thousand different politicians have received direct campaign contributions from the Kochs, who embrace the concept of limited government—at least when it suits their agenda.

However, when there are short-term profits to be made, these limited-government crusaders quickly jettison their supposed beliefs. For example, they had their politician allies in Minnesota use eminent domain to force over 1,000 homeowners to surrender their property so that Koch Industries could construct a pipeline. So your rights, as a little-guy homeowner, don't count for diddly. Nor are your tax dollars safe from the Koch brothers: They receive massive government subsidies for their ranching, logging and paper companies. Please don't try and tell us they didn't buy these governmental bennies.

By buying politicians and spreading lies through their think tanks and media allies, the greed-driven Koch brothers corrupt our democratic process. Yet almost no one in America knows who they are. The mainstream media seem unable to shine a spotlight on these billionaire puppet masters, even though that's the only way we have of curbing their corrupting influence on our government.

The Koch brothers are not the only ones guilty of turning our democracy into a corptocracy, and they may not even be the worst. But they are among the worst.



"Hey, Dad, if we're all God's children, how does he get away with not paying child support?"

With the recent Republican takeover of the House of Representatives, the Koch brothers' power and influence has dramatically increased. In a devastating story, the Los Angeles Times *reports the Koch brothers' hidden influence is felt nowhere as strongly as the new makeup of the House Energy and Commerce Committee. New Committee members include: Mike Pompeo, who represents the Koch brothers' home district of Wichita, Kansas; a Congressman who has hired a Koch Industries lawyer as his chief of staff; and newly elected member Morgan Griffith, who was given a quarter of a million dollars in campaign donations by the Koch brothers' political-advocacy group. All told, Koch Industries is the single-largest donor to the committee's members, spending over $300,000 to get these minions elected. The money was well spent. Instead of protecting the American public from major energy polluters, like Koch Industries, the committee now has a different priority—gutting the power of the Environmental Protection Agency at the behest of its shadow puppet masters, the Koch brothers.*

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A TOUCH OF LEOPARD

MONICCA

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If you're looking to unravel the enigma of Monicca, a good place to start might be her music collection. "I have totally unpredictable taste," the blond bombshell notes. "One day I'm banging Jay-Z or Eminem, then the next morning all I want to hear is Arcade Fire or jazz or something."

No wonder Monicca is always plugged into her iPod. "I'm constantly listening to something," she reveals. "When I'm working out, walking around and especially when I'm having sex. There's no way I could screw in silence!"

Monicca admits she doesn't have a favorite album for the bedroom, but the curvaceous Czech feels drawn to headbanging classics. "I like something intense when I'm having sex," she specifies. "Metallica, Anthrax, Megadeth—something like that, where the music has a real drive, and it's like pushing you to go harder and harder."

For Monicca, intimacy isn't just about physical gratification. "My favorite thing is getting lost in sex," she explains. "Just forgetting everything else about your life, being totally in the moment, not thinking about anything. A good fuck can be cleansing; it's like my version of yoga."

Supercharged, supersexy Monicca certainly lives life to the fullest. "I don't want to have any regrets at all," she concludes. "When it's all said and done, I want to be able to say I did everything I ever wanted to do."

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MONICCA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 115

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Two months after entering a convent, a novice nun realized that abstinence was becoming a serious problem. The 19-year-old confessed to the Mother Superior that going without sex was unhealthy and that she was getting very horny.

"Comfort yourself with a candle," the matronly Mother Superior advised.

"I've tried that," the novice nun lamented, "but I'm getting tired of the same old thing, wick in and wick out."

Catching up with a speeding convertible, a highway patrolman was astounded to see a gorgeous blonde knitting as she sat in the driver's seat. Since the siren and flashing lights hadn't gotten her attention, the lawman grabbed his bullhorn and ordered, "Pull over!"

Finally looking up, the blonde yelled back, "No, it's a scarf!"

Outside the Pearly Gates two men started talking about how they'd died. The younger one said, "I froze to death. It's fuckin' cold at first, but then you get all numb and just sort of fall asleep."

The older fellow recollected, "I had a massive heart attack. I thought my wife was having an affair, so I came home early one day and found her vacuuming the living room while wearing only a bathrobe. I ran all over the house looking for the cheating asshole but collapsed and died before I could find him!"

The first dude howled, "Damn! If you had only looked in the freezer right away, we'd both still be alive!"

As a bartender was shutting down for the night, he heard a knock at the door leading to the alley. He opened it, and there stood a bum, who asked for a toothpick. The bartender found one and gave it him. About a minute later another beggar was at the door. When he asked for a toothpick, the bartender got him one too.

Soon a third down-on-his-luck guy knocked on the door, but this one wanted a straw. "Why not a toothpick?" the bewildered bartender muttered.

"Someone threw up in the alley," the derelict replied, "and all of the good stuff is gone already."

Dumb Dora's husband was fed up with her fucking around behind his back. One night he flat-out told her she'd better say something to make him happy or he'd kick her ass out on the street.

Without blinking an eye, the ditzy dame said, "You have the biggest dick of all your friends!"

During supper a little boy asked, "Mommy, how come I'm black and you're white?"

"Don't even go there!" the single mother snapped. "From what I remember about that party, you're damn lucky you don't bark!"

Question: Why doesn't Smokey Bear have any kids?

Answer: Because every time his wife gets hot, he covers her with dirt and beats her with a shovel.

Bubba walked into a doctor's office and told the receptionist he had shingles. After filling out forms, a nurse's aide ordered Bubba to remove his duds and put on a gown. Then a nurse stuck a thermometer in his mouth while she checked his blood pressure. Finally, the doctor showed up and asked, "Where do you have these shingles?"

"Outside on the truck," Bubba replied. "Where do you want me to unload 'em?"

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Roger B.

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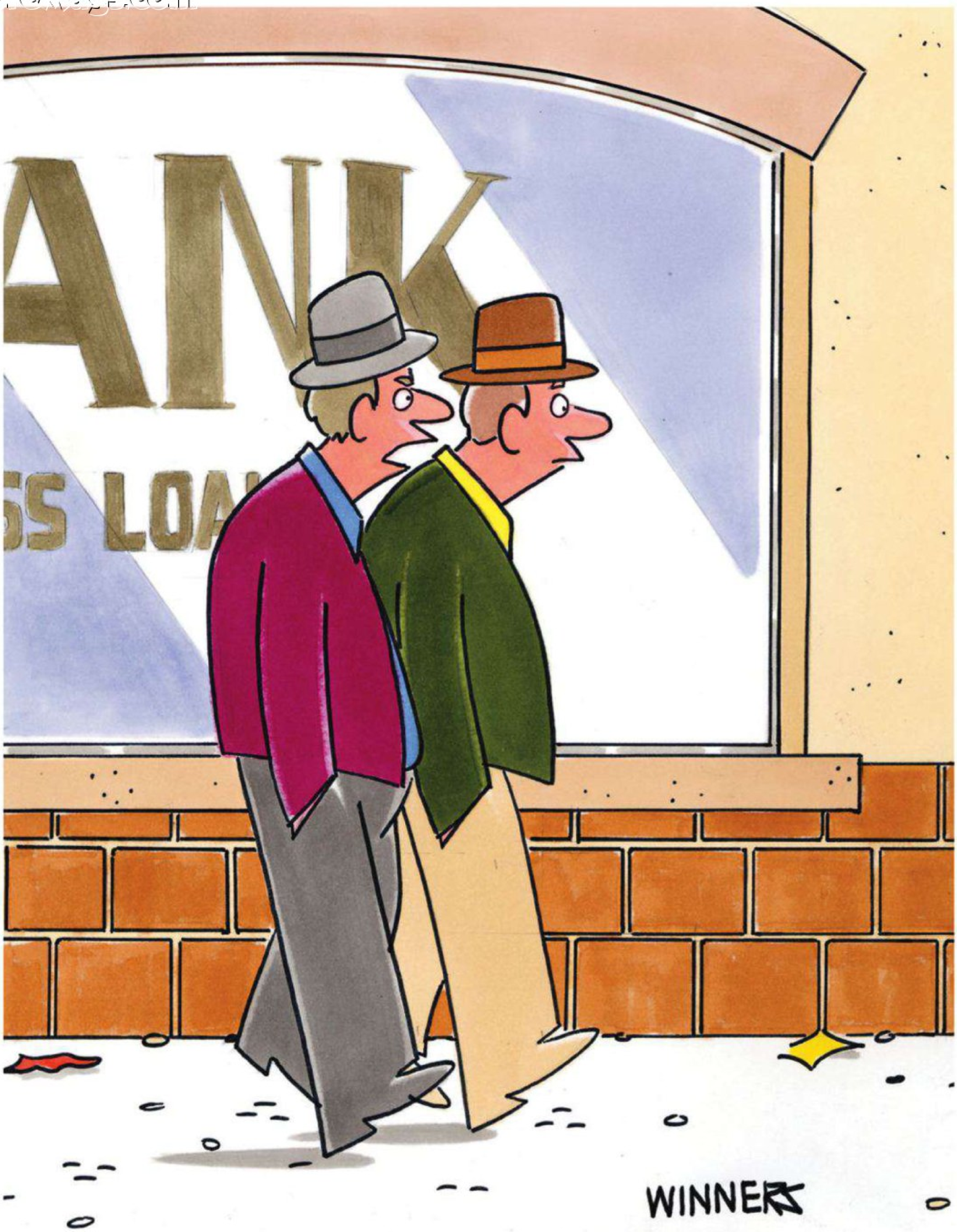

"Just when you think Republicans can't possibly get any dumber, along comes Michele Bachmann and up pops Donald Trump!"

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BY DR. JOEL ARONOWITZ WITH M. ALLEN NATHAN

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT BREAST

The Connoisseur's Guide

A PROMINENT LOS ANGELES PLASTIC SURGEON SHARES HIS INSIGHTS ABOUT THE FEMALE FORM.

The beautiful breast profile: Note the gentle slope to a well-formed nipple that projects forward. Also, below the nipple the breast is curved in a shallow cup and barely touches the skin below.

I am a connoisseur of breasts. I know everything about them. I've seen tens of thousands of pairs, felt them, studied them—and created them. I'm a plastic surgeon that specializes in advanced female-breast surgery. Whether a woman has breasts that were just formed imperfectly or ones that have become imperfect as a result of age, childbirth, poorly planned plastic surgery or breast cancer, it's my job to help her feel beautiful—not necessarily to attract men, although that's generally an important part of it. A woman with a surgical or medical issue comes to me with the same basic need as a woman who wants a simple, cosmetic

BOTTOMED-OUT IMPLANTS

When an implant is placed below the normal fold of the breast, the nipples may bizarrely point upwards.

After corrective surgery the nipples no longer have a "rising sun" effect but, pointing forward, look natural.

ENLARGEMENT

A 21-year-old woman with "bee sting" breasts, whose volume is inadequate for her small frame.

After augmentation the upper breast is full but not too round; scars are well hidden at the edge of the areola.

NIPPLE REDUCTION

Not only are the areolas too large here, but the implants drift too far toward the sides.

After areola diameter is reduced and the implants are repositioned, the breasts are more visually appealing.

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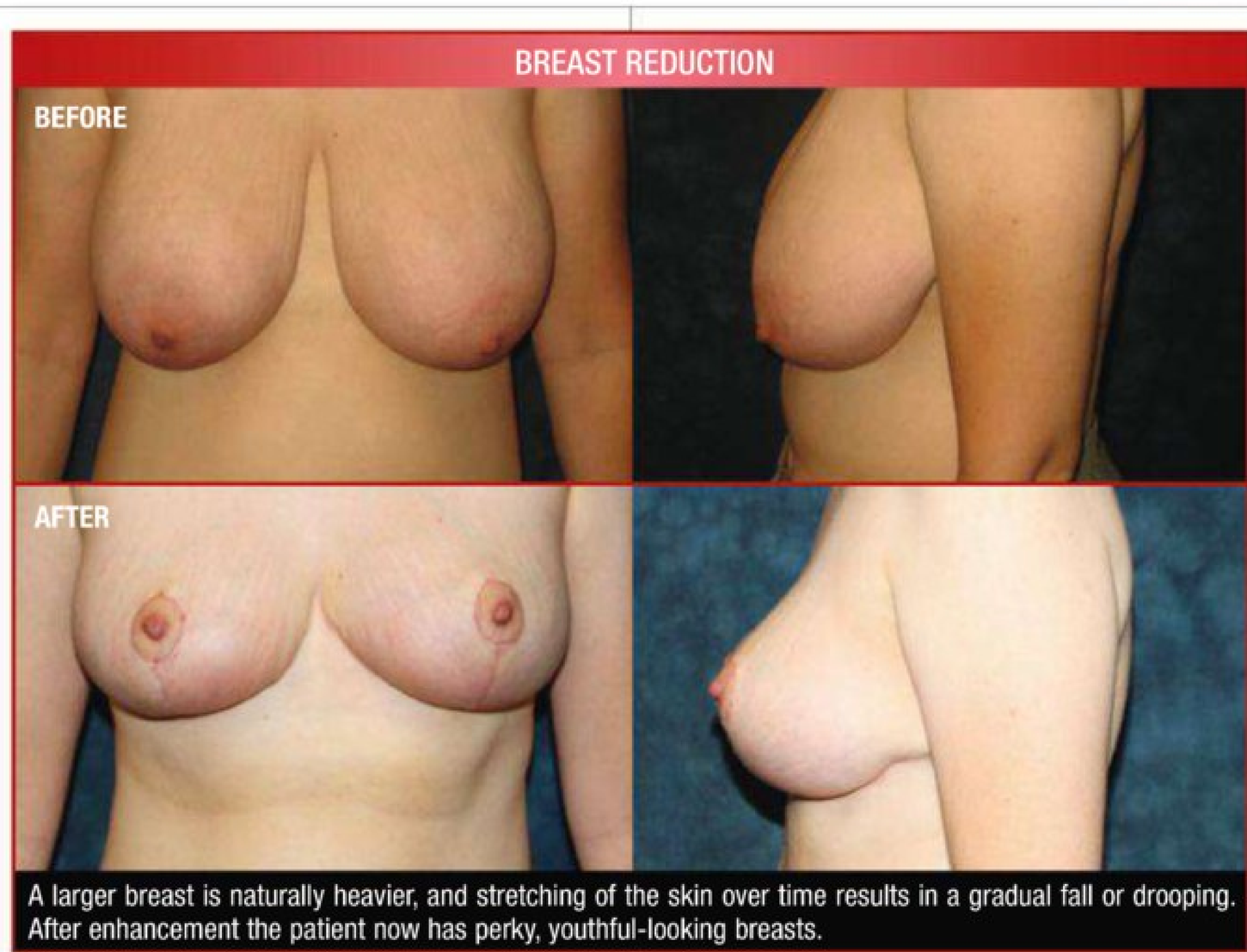
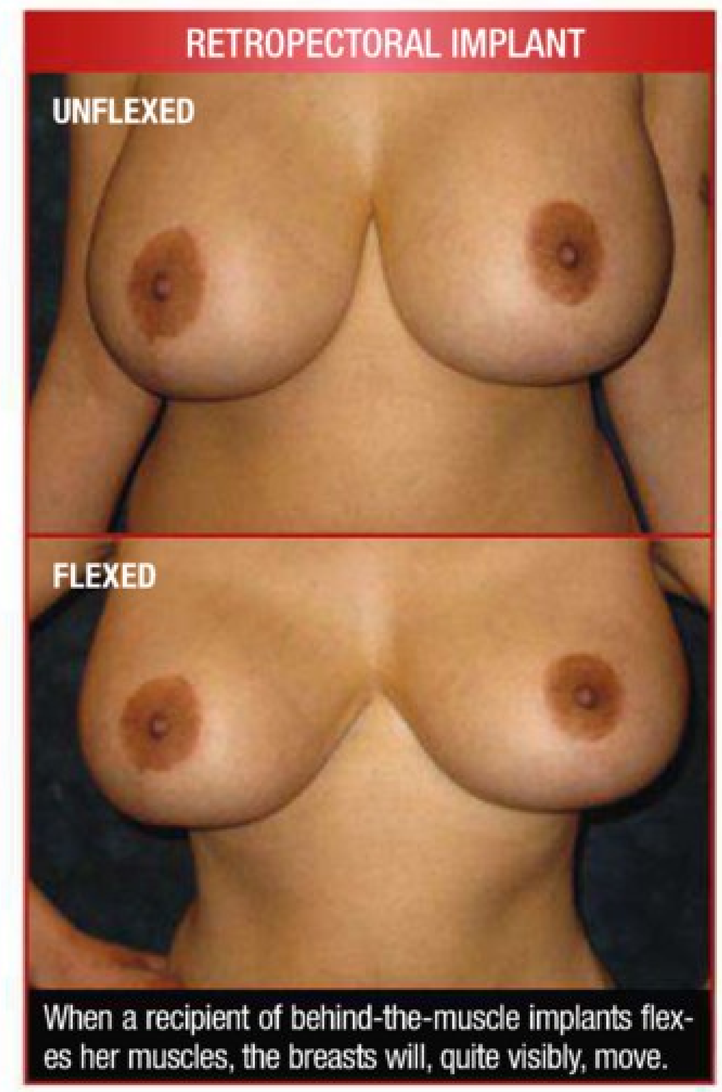


A larger breast is naturally heavier, and stretching of the skin over time results in a gradual fall or drooping. After enhancement the patient now has perky, youthful-looking breasts.



When a recipient of behind-the-muscle implants flexes her muscles, the breasts will, quite visibly, move.

breast enhancement procedure. They all want to feel prettier—which is not the same thing as a wish to be more sexually desirable.

But exactly what size and shape breast will make a woman—and, in turn, her mate—the happiest? Even though I'm a connoisseur, it's not a simple answer. Beautiful breasts have to be finely balanced in relation to the female frame, with the tissue tension precisely matching the shape and weight. Breasts should have both a pleasing form and a sense of fluid mobility.

To begin with, size matters. Let's face it; too small *is* a problem. While a very small breast with a perfect perky shape may look great in the buff, the appeal is lost in clothes. Even in a skimpy bikini or bustier, the tiny breast looks flat and unfulfilled. What then is the minimum volume needed to look good in or out of clothes? Typically about 250cc, roughly an eight-ounce soda can worth of volume. But no one wants a droopy, sloppy-looking breast, regardless of the size.

Whether the size of the breast is sleek or full, in order to look best, volume must be proportionate to the frame.

The outer border of the breast needn't extend much toward the side of the chest wall. A narrow-chested woman with huge breasts that are larger than her frame just doesn't look her best aesthetically. (My apologies to a lot of strippers out there.) Those breasts are not only uncomfortable, they just aren't pretty. Another problem with big breasts is, if they're too large, that often means they're too close together, which gives the effect of the breasts looking like…well, once again, with all due respect, jugs.

The next criterion is shape. The aesthetic beauty of a well-formed breast is undeniable. Our brains are hard-wired to admire the lovely profile of a breast, gradually rising from a flat—but not bony—chest wall, coming to a climax at a bravely projecting nipple placed just at the apex, while the lower, rounded part fits the cup of a man's hand with uncanny perfection.

Unfortunately, *ptosis*, or degree of droop, is a fact of life, although the rate at which a woman develops ptosis depends on many factors, such as pregnancy, weight gain or loss, and breast size in relationship to age. Basically two factors cause the breast to droop: too much skin or too little volume. An 18-year-old girl with terrific-looking natural breasts that are bigger than a B cup regrettably will not have those breasts in the same place on her body when she's in her 40s. Over time, the weight of the breasts will stretch the skin even if the volume stays exactly the same, which means, bottom line, "perky breasts" isn't a term that one associates with older women—unless they've been to a surgeon.

The breast descends in a predictable pattern, with most of the skin stretch happening below the nipple. As the skin stretches, the breast heads for the floor. As if natural drooping isn't bad enough, a large implant placed too far below the fold by the surgeon can cause the lower breast skin to stretch too much. Initially the shape would resemble a scoop of ice cream with a cherry on top more than a breast, and over time, as the implant falls below the fold, the nipple would begin to ride so high it would peek out of a bra like the rising sun. This bizarre but too common post-surgical problem is appropriately named "bottoming out."

So, with those shape and size variables in mind, ideally a breast should be large enough to balance the hips and the size of the frame. The skin envelope needs to have the nipple at the apex, facing forward, not toward the floor—or even worse, pointing up. And if you think that's being too analytical—that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder"—believe me, you're wrong. I've seen more breasts than you. Remember, I'm the connoisseur. There are things that are pretty and things that are not.

Which leads me to the nipple and the colored, circular area of skin surrounding it known as the areola. The nipple can be too big in terms of diameter or projection. That is not only aesthetically undesirable when a woman is naked, but it also poses a problem when she's dressed because the nipple is too visible through her clothing. From nature's point of view, the nipple is the whole reason there *is* a breast, so it makes sense that it's the focus and the only part that becomes erect.

The perfect nipple becomes firm with the sensation of touch, temperature or emotion. Some nipples are inverted and can be coaxed out with stimulation; other times that particular issue can only be fixed surgically. Aesthetically a nipple that's protruding is better than one that's inverted. No one likes a breast that looks like it's blinking. (There's a reason you don't see inverted nipples with

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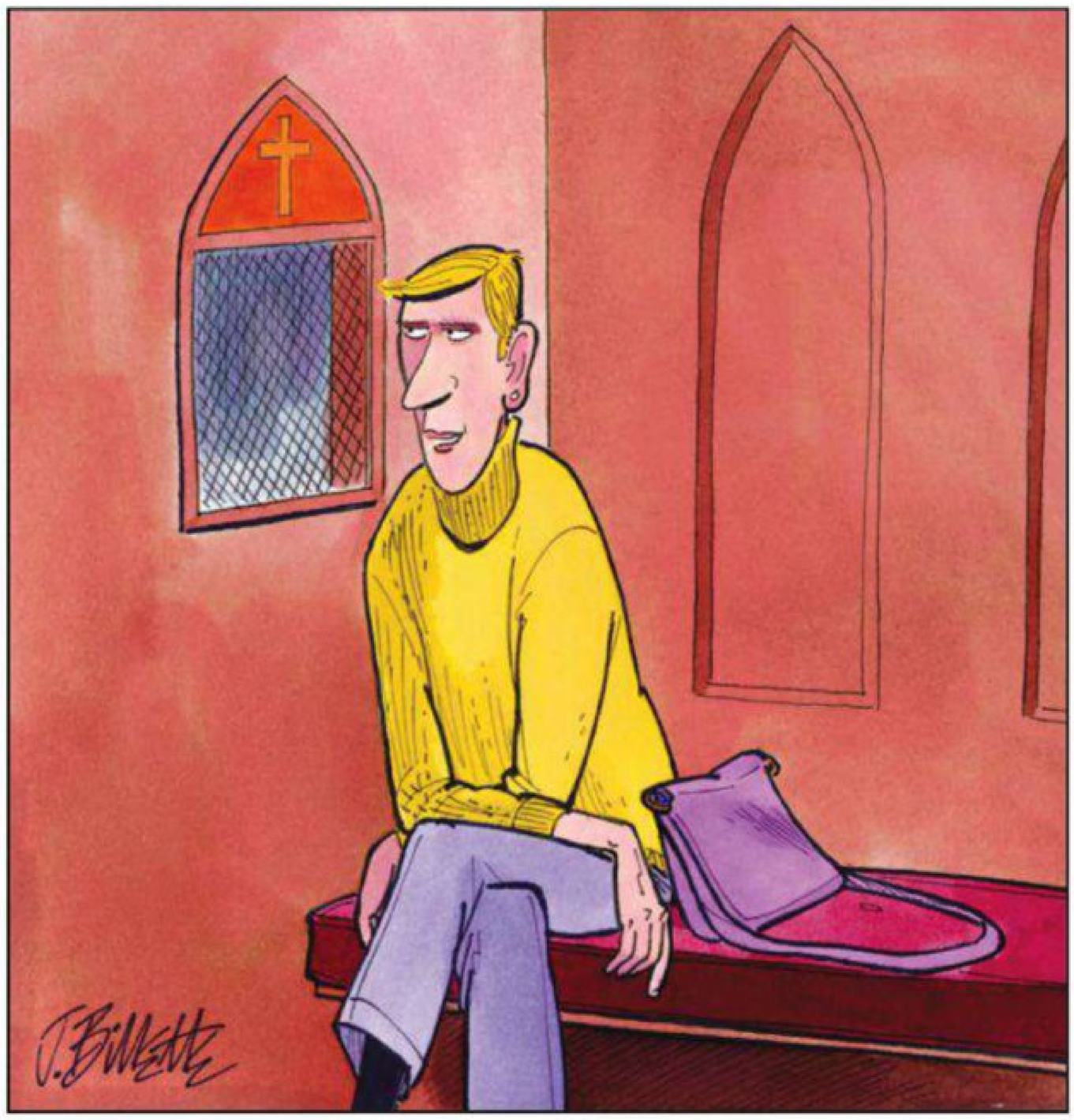

"I confess that I'm gay, Father. So any chance you'd share some of those divine altar boys?!"

"Remember, there are two sides to every divorce: yours and the raging cunt's."

puffy areolas on Greek statues.)

The diameter of the areola varies as well. Once again there's no perfect size, but a woman optimally should have an areola diameter that's neither too big, nor too small—about 38-42mm, for those curious enough to take out a tape measure during a moment of passion. Typically, smaller looks prettier, and slightly full is better than too puffy. Just touch an areola that's too puffy and you'll see for yourself how much better the breast looks when the areola magically constricts.

But here's where the "great-work-of-art" analogy ends. Breasts *aren't* just designed to be admired. To state the obvious, a big part of the male attraction to mammary glands is tactile. Guys have an overwhelming desire to touch breasts, to feel their warm softness as the nipples spring to attention in response to their caresses.

There are many different textures we can feel in a woman's breast. This is where fondling beats groping every time. The very soft, supple breast is usually due to fatty tissue found in women before childbearing. After childbirth, a natural breast can feel hard or lumpy. The lumpiness is breast tissue left behind after the soft fat disappears. (Beware: A solitary lump that is hard and painless is suspicious for breast cancer. I've seen several breast cancers in young women discovered by a perceptive man's hand.)

A saline breast implant can also feel quite hard or unnatural, depending on its surgical placement. I call it the water balloon effect. If the implant is placed behind the chest muscle, it looks and feels more natural, but the downside, at least from the female perspective, is that it's a more painful medical procedure.

If you're not sure you're staring at factory-original equipment, here's how to tell—probably. When the woman flexes her pect muscles like a bodybuilder, if the implant is under the muscle, the breasts will move. If the breasts just stay happily in place, as natural breasts would, there is either no implant or it's over the muscle—in which case you just might never know. Most saline implants are placed under the muscle, while silicone is soft enough to place over the muscle in a more exposed location.

The most common miracle of modern medicine a guy might cuddle up to is the silicone breast implant. The silicone implant, arguably one of the best things to come out of the '60s, was designed to mimic the same soft feel as the more fat-filled breast. It's much softer and more natural feeling than saline. But with either silicone or saline, in one in 20 women, natural scar tissue can tighten around the implant, causing it to feel too firm as well. *(continued on page 167)*

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PHOTO BY MATTI KLATT

BOBBY BROWN

BAD BOY GOES GOOD?

Bobby Brown is a legendary figure in the world of R&B. At the tender age of 13 he burst onto the music scene as the lead singer for New Edition. After leaving the group, his solo albums helped change the face of the genre by inventing a style known as new jack swing. Then came the dark years: a rocky marriage to Whitney Houston that led to hundreds of tabloid cover stories detailing drug abuse, domestic violence and out-of-hand behavior. But that was then. Today Bobby Brown arrives at HUSTLER happy, sober and bright-eyed with his beautiful new fiancée and baby son in tow to discuss his troubled past, reality TV and his new CD, the humbly titled *The Masterpiece*.

HUSTLER: Are you the ultimate hustler?

BOBBY BROWN: No. I used to be. I thought I was back in the day. I've grown out of my hustling days. I've changed the way that I used to carry myself and the way that I used to roll. I think, yeah, it's time to pull back, raise my kids and be a man.

Does that mean your bad-boy-from-Boston days are behind you?

I wouldn't say *all* those days are behind me, but they are on the back burner. There was a certain bad boy that got taken out of context. That was the performer. As long as I'm the bad-boy performer, I can be that.

What do you think is the biggest misconception people have about you?

I don't know. The things they said about me and the things that happened in my life made me look like I'm ignorant or stupid—or something like that. Call me what you want, but I'm still here.

Have you learned from your mistakes?

I feel I'm better because of what I went through.

Does it frustrate you at all that people primarily focus on the controversy and not your music?

That frustrates me a lot—because I feel that everything I've done musically has been great. I base that in the audiences at every concert I do. The people at the shows speak louder than what the press does, and in their eyes I'm appreciated. I appreciate the people that appreciate me. I'm just going to move forward. When I play live, I look forward to busting that ass. If you know me, and it's not just for the bullshit, you know me for the live show.

Tell us about getting started with New Edition.

I was 13 when New Edition started. I started the band by asking two friends of mine, Michael Bivins and Ricardo Bell—Ricky Bell—if they wanted to be part of a group. They agreed, but Ricky was already in a group with Ralph Tresvant, so I asked him to join also. From that moment I knew that I was going to be an entertainer. I did talent shows all through my teen life before forming the group.

The group sure blew up big quick.

All of a sudden it just happened. We did a couple of talent shows and performances locally, and next thing we knew we were in the studio. Then we had a record on the radio. We were all jumping for joy. Started touring everywhere. Playing five shows a night in New York City. We went from zero to 60 in what felt like two seconds.

What is your favorite memory from those early days?

When we did *Soul Train* and *American Bandstand*. That was something. I felt like we made it. Soon after that I felt like we reached the top and I was ready to go solo. (*Laughs.*)

Several artists who started as young as you did complain about not having a childhood. Do you regret growing up in the public eye?

Hell, no! My childhood was exactly what I wanted it to be. It was me touring around the world and getting to see and know all the things I was reading about in the books at school. I wasn't the best student, but once I read about things, I wanted to see them.

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

SIXX:A.M.
This Is Gonna Hurt

To call Sixx:A.M. simply a side project of Mötley Crüe bassist Nikki Sixx would be a crime because it would understate the genius and talents of the trio's other members. Guitarist DJ Ashba and vocalist/everything-else-guy James Michael are two of the best musicians working today. *This Is Gonna Hurt*, the band's sophomore release, is rock 'n' roll perfection.

BEDOUIN SOUNDCLASH
Light the Horizon

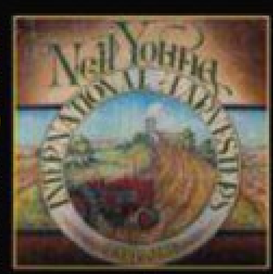
The term "world music" scares some people. They imagine tribal beats and weird languages. Bedouin Soundclash is out to change that. This multicultural collective blends reggae, funk and pop into a unique catchy sound. Their latest CD is as smooth as Sade and as punk as the Police.

THE BLACK LIPS
Arabia Mountain

The garage band's latest CD is a foot-stomping, barn-burning, old-school rock party. This one should help raise the group's status in the eyes of music fans to at least as high as the other outfits with *black* in their name. *Arabia Mountain* is the best thing you've ever had in your ear. And, yes, we know the kind of weird shit you've put in there.

BOB SCHNEIDER
A Perfect Day

Bob Schneider is pals with our friend Howard, which wouldn't have been a good-enough reason to review *A Perfect Day* if it wasn't so solid. The master singer/songwriter's new disc is a departure from his normal troubadour leanings. It features Schneider's brilliant lyrics over more grooves and beats than your average R&B record.



NEIL YOUNG & THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTERS
A Treasure

This recently unearthed, aptly titled live album captures Neil Young at his country-rock greatest in 1984 and '85. It showcases 12 cuts of the master at work with a supertight backup band.

BOOTSY COLLINS
Tha Funk Capital of the World

It's Bootsy, baby! The legendary bassist who helped both James Brown and Parliament-Funkadelic define the word funk here mixes up a guest-heavy gumbo with Ice Cube, Snoop Dogg, Chuck D, Samuel L. Jackson and dozens more joining in. Ain't no party like a Bootsy party!

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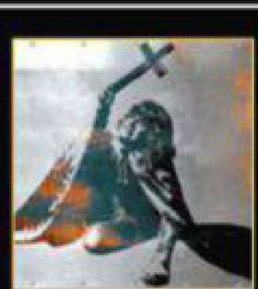
DOZEN

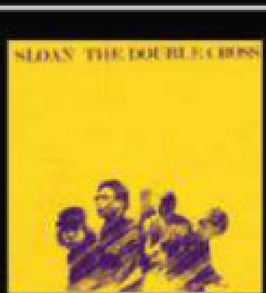
CROSSFADE
We All Bleed
Music, if done right, should not fade into the background. It should grip you by the balls and make you want to rise up and take action. This new album by Crossfade is a fist-pounding, headbanging, nonstop aural assault that is sure to have you breaking shit. And smiling!

SADE
The Ultimate Collection
No one sings about love, lust and heartbreak like Sade. Her soulful voice oozes sexuality. This two-CD, reconfigured best-of contains all of Sade's hits, plus three new tracks—including one featuring Jay-Z. *The Ultimate Collection* is the perfect soundtrack for your next seduction or breakup.



OZZY OSBOURNE
Blizzard of Ozz / Diary of a Madman
All aboard…ha, ha, ha! Again. The first two post-Black Sabbath albums from the "Prince of Darkness" get remastered and restored. Available individually or as a deluxe collector's box, these groundbreaking releases showcase the revolutionary partnership between Ozzy and the late guitarist Randy Rhoads.

SHE WANTS REVENGE
Valleyheart
The darkly textured soundscapes that we expect from She Wants Revenge—and that recall Depeche Mode—give way to brightness and joy on the Los Angeles duo's latest CD. A kinder, happier SWR? Yup. Time to wipe off that black mascara and smile. It's okay.



SLOAN
The Double Cross
Indie pop gods Sloan may be Canada's best-kept secret. For 20 years now they have delivered album after album of hook-riddled pop nirvana. For their 12th studio effort the quartet delivers another example of why fans of bands like Cheap Trick and the Posies should worship at the altar of Sloan.

TRAVIS WHITELAW
SEXARKANA!
We have to believe that foul-mouthed country comic Travis Whitelaw recorded this CD just for HUSTLER readers. Who else would appreciate the subtle beauty of songs like "Reel Cowboys (Like Pussy)," "Tits or Tires" and "Assman"? Funny and filthy, that's the way we like our women—and our comedy CDs!

Being in New Edition allowed me to be there. Being able to do that was just amazing. My childhood was fucking excellent.

Why were you the first New Edition member to go solo?

I was solo *before* we started the group, doing talent shows and performing around Boston. I stopped feeling like a child really early in my life, and I wanted to perform what I wanted to perform. I wanted to be sexy onstage. I wanted to pump and grind the floor. I wanted to do things that you couldn't do in New Edition because we were a bubblegum-pop group. I just wanted to do things that came to my heart and spirit when I was performing. Thank God I was able to pull it off. As a solo artist, I had more freedom and control. It wasn't difficult to leave New Edition because we had done everything we set out to do.

How would you describe your relationship with your New Edition bandmates these days?

Right now my relationship with New Edition is really, really deep. We have a conference call every Sunday. We're putting it back together. I think the thing that was missing with us was prayer—us being able to pray together and understand our differences. I think that is what made us fight so much. But now we're working hard to get past that part. Our friendship was lost once the business of being in the band exploded. We're now working at becoming friends again and getting back together next year for a tour and an album. And maybe a television show. A reality show. A movie.

Why is your new CD titled *The Masterpiece*? And *is it* your masterpiece?

From everything that I've been through I believe the music that I'm doing now is my masterpiece. I'm trying to paint a better picture of myself and what I want to accomplish with my life from now on. This album explains what I've been through, where I'm going and what I want in life. It *is* my masterpiece.

What does the new CD sound like?

It's the evolution of new jack swing. We mix everything up. Lots of soul, gospel, pop, rock and whatever we can put in the pot. I'm going to call it gumbo from now on. It's layers of music that you need a band to play.

What advice have you given your kids about breaking into the music business?

I support them because I know they're capable of going into music, but music is not the business. Music is just music. I support them going into music and loving music the way I love music. As far as the business is concerned, it's a different business from when and how I came up. I think they're smart enough to understand it, and I tell them to take their time. Grow your talent. Don't fabricate it.

Did Britney Spears ask if she could cover your signature song "My Prerogative," and what did you think of her version?

She actually asked Teddy Riley, who produced it. He called me, and it was a big check. (*Laughs.*) I was like, "All right, let's do it!" I didn't like her cover of it, but I loved the video. She killed it in the video.

Other than that, "Prerogative" should be left alone. It's my anthem. You gotta do it justice—you can't fix what ain't broke. But I respected and I thanked her for doing it because I was able to pay a lot of child support and bills thanks to that. Thank you, Britney. Love ya!

Was your reality TV show really real?

My reality TV show *Being Bobby Brown* was probably the realest reality TV show that was ever on because I filmed it myself. There was no script. Just cameras on, and you followed me. Wherever I went my cameras went. At times, because I was leaving the house, my wife at the time [Whitney Houston] wanted to go wherever I was because I was leaving the house, and she didn't trust me. Well, she still don't—but, you know? Every day they would follow me, and I would do things with my family. That was the realism of *Being Bobby Brown*. Nowadays you see things on reality TV and think, *That shit couldn't happen*. Because it's so set up.

What was it like having a camera constantly on you?

I like being looked at like that. I got a little percentage of conceit in my body where I think I'm the shit. People were talking about me so bad. Reality TV is definitely part of my life. I love it because it lets people know who you are, and they don't have to assume things. It lets me be me and lets them see I'm not the bad boy. At least not always.

What is the one thing about you that people would be shocked to discover?

That I'm a low-key, shy guy. I'm not a fighter—unless you push my buttons. If you do, I can turn on you. What they don't know is I'm insecure and shy.

Have you ever had any crazy fans go to great lengths to get to you?

I was in London, and I had a female fan crawl up a wall on the outside of the Mayfair Hotel five floors up. I had to pull her in the room because she was going to fucking fall. Then security came and took her away. That was probably the craziest thing. I never call them fans though. I call them friends because if you buy my record, then you're a friend of mine. After doing this for 29 years, I appreciate all I have.

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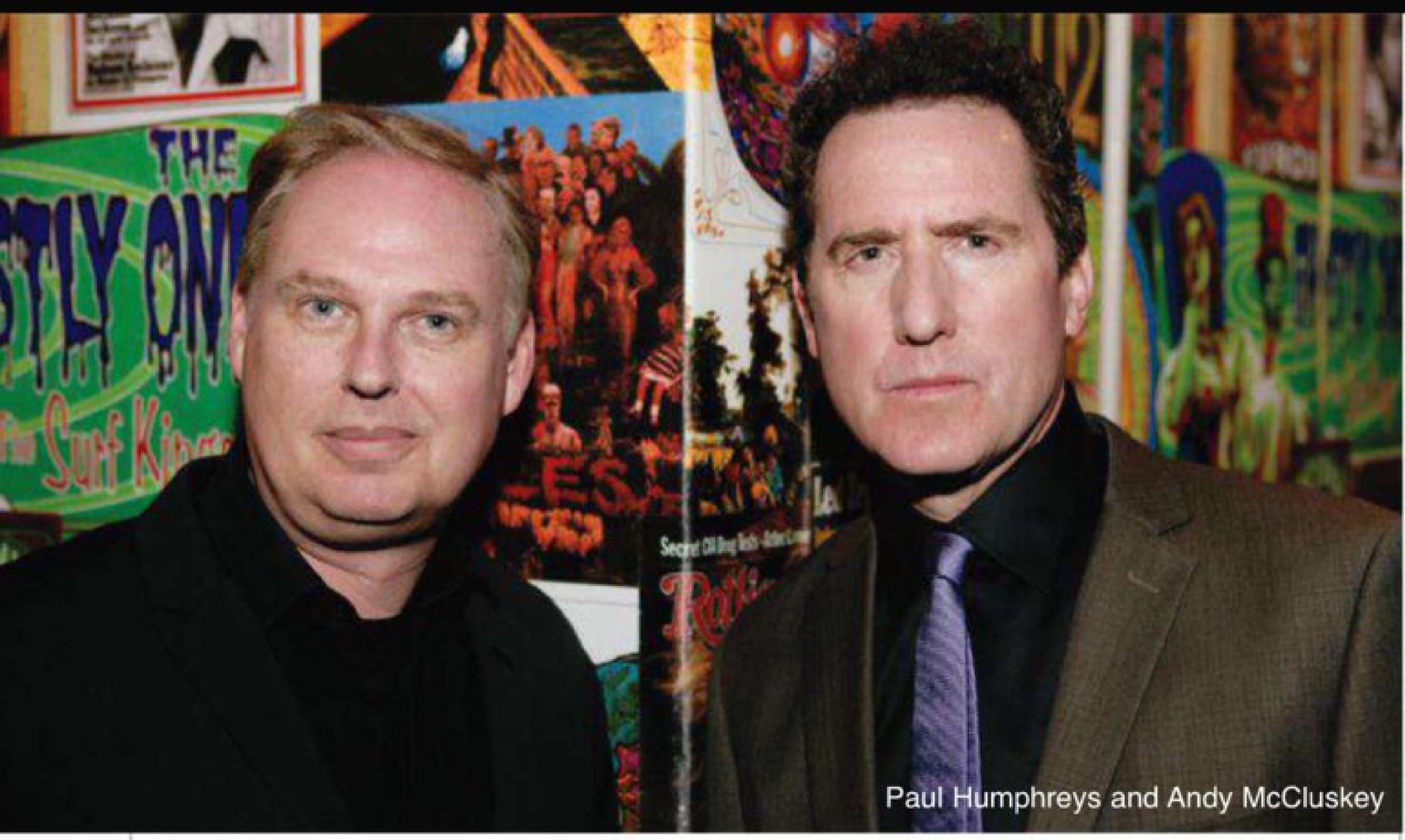

Paul Humphreys and Andy McCluskey

OMD HISTORY OF MODERN

Synth-pop pioneers Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark (a/k/a OMD) are back! The British band behind the '80s megahits "So in Love," "Forever Live and Die," "Electricity" and "If You Leave" (probably your prom theme) return with the original lineup for a totally sold-out U.S. tour—their first outing here in more than two decades. During the group's L.A. stop we sat down with singer/keyboardist Paul Humphreys, who discusses the OMD reunion, rigors of touring and really crazy fans.

HUSTLER: How did the reunion come about?

PAUL HUMPHREYS: We kind of discussed getting back together for a while. We all live in different places these days. I live in London. Martin [Cooper] is in Germany, and Andy [McCluskey] lives in Liverpool. I went up to see Andy in 2000, and we discussed the possibility. But it wasn't quite the right time.

Around 2004/2005 there was so much interest in electronic music again, a real resurgence. The climate was changing. Lots of people were citing us as influences. We started to get lots and lots of offers. We kept saying no to everything until Andy got a phone call from a German TV show. I don't know if he was bored or just wanted a weekend away from his wife and kids, but he phoned me up and said, "Hey, how about a weekend away in Germany?" The four of us hadn't been together in the same room for ages.

We went to Cologne to do this TV show and have fun as a band again. We hatched a plan to put nine shows on sale to see what happened. Those nine shows sold out like that! (*Snaps fingers.*) Then those nine became 40 shows, and all of a sudden we're doing it again. (*Laughs.*)

There was no bitterness to get over?

No. We all got fed up with each other on tour in the '80s, but we never really had a falling out. We just stopped the band. We all kept in touch over the years. What happened at the end of OMD was another climate change. At the end of the '80s, going into the '90s, things changed. When Andy and I formed the band at school in the mid-'70s, we saw electronic music as the future. Then we got to the early '90s, and what we had considered the future became the past.

Has touring changed since OMD started?

It's a little bit harder now—because we're older. (*Laughs.*) No more sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. The only drugs are the sleeping pills to help us sleep on the bus.

What OMD songs do you prefer playing live: the new, romantic ballads or the dark, synth stuff?

Both really, because I love seeing people's faces when we do these dark, weird songs. With the pop stuff, people go nuts, and it's fantastic to see a whole room full of people dancing. There have always been the two sides to the band, and we try to strike a balance when we play live. On the European touring we've done, we have struck quite a balance between the dark and the light. With this U.S. tour, because it's the first time we've been here in 23 years, we're being a tiny bit conservative and safe. Next time it would be great. Play *Architecture* here or *Dazzle Ships*.

In a lot of ways we are a better live band than we ever were. I think we've come back for the right reasons. We're not doing it because we need the money or miss the lifestyle or the touring.

Focusing on the two sides of the band, was there a decision to go from electronic music to more mainstream pop at some point, or was that the way things just evolved?

For the first four albums, Andy and I wrote whatever the hell we wanted to write about in whatever style we fancied. To our amazement, every album got bigger and bigger—until we put out *Dazzle Ships*, and we fell off a cliff commercially. (*Laughs.*) We went from an album that sold 4 million to one that sold 300,000. The record company was scared.

The band at that time had become a business. We had all these financial obligations with people dependent on us. We got scared and thought for our next album, *Junk Culture*, we'd better write some hits. We kind of took a path that wasn't necessarily the right path for us artistically. Commercially it worked.

Your latest CD, *History of Modern*, sounds a lot like the early OMD albums.

We decided to take a sound palette and influence from our first four albums. We spent a long time looking at our band's whole history before making the new record. We decided the prime influence should be ourselves. Those first four albums are the quintessential OMD sound. We were also careful not to do a pastiche of ourselves and make a nostalgic record. We wanted it to sound like an album that was made in 2011.

Do you have any fond memories of '80s excess?

There was so much excess, I can't remember. (*Laughs.*) That was another thing that affected our records. We would be on the road for nine months. Then we would get off the road, and the record company would say, "Right. Is the new record ready?" Those nine-month tours got so tiring that excess would start to happen, and I think that was when the band would start falling apart.

What's next?

There is no end in sight. We finish the tour and in a few weeks I'm going to Andy's studio to flesh out some new ideas. We're fully doing it.

Have you ever had any crazy fans?

Andy had one crazy fan who flew all the way from America and showed up at his mother's house in England and said that Andy had agreed to marry her. Luckily Andy wasn't there at the time. In the early days they would have to use a private investigator to find someone. Now you can find anyone on the Internet. I don't even have a Facebook page because the minute I did, it was overrun by crazy people. Okay, delete it, delete it, delete it. (*Laughs.*) ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

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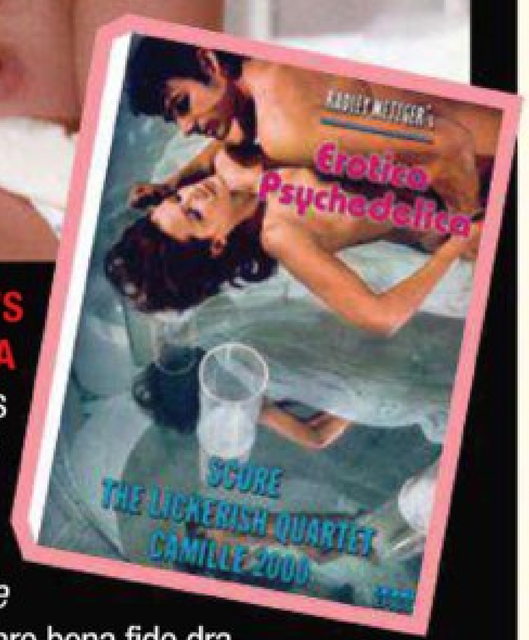
DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

Classic Mainstream Movies and Porn Plus Some Retro TV Fare and a Really Cool Contest Prize

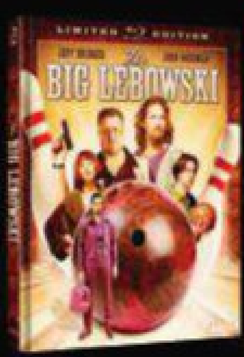


RADLEY METZGER'S EROTICA PSYCHEDELICA

This retrospective collection contains three classic erotic films by director Radley Metzger, renowned master of art house titillation in the '60s and '70s. Cutting to the chase, *Score*, *The Lickerish Quartet* and *Camille 2000* are bona fide dramas filled to the brim with naked women and rampant lust. Restored and enhanced, this high-definition, unrated release offers bawdy sex scenes from the past in phenomenal crystal-clear clarity. Given how edgy these Metzger movies still are, it's hard to believe they were produced four decades ago!

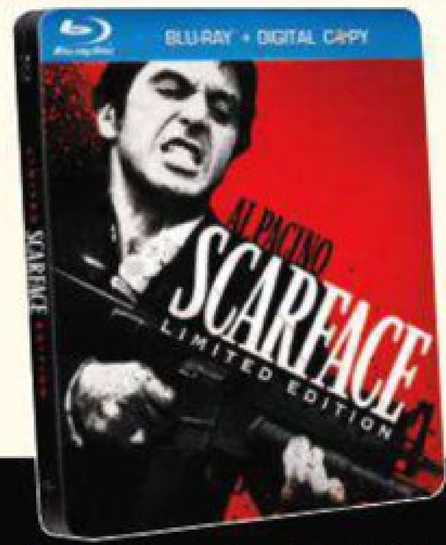
VOLTRON: DEFENDER OF THE UNIVERSE—THE LEGEND BEGINS

The mighty Voltron is back! If you're in need of a nostalgia fix, fans of 1980s sci-fi anime can check out the first seven episodes of *Voltron* on DVD. Set in a far-distant galaxy, it features a team of space explorers searching through the ruins of the planet Arus (bombed by the evil King Zarkon) for five mythical robot lions. These machines unite to form Voltron, a super-robot capable of saving Arus from destruction. Great retro fun plus a generous collection of bonus items!



THE BIG LEBOWSKI

The 1998 screwball comedy/thriller is now on Blu-ray for the first time ever! After two thugs mistake "The Dude"—Jeffrey Lebowski—for a millionaire and subsequently urinate on his prized rug, the bowling aficionado embarks on a mission to seek restitution for the damage. In the process the mild-mannered Lebowski (Jeff Bridges) encounters dangerous German nihilists, eccentric porn tycoons and periodic acid flashbacks. This remastered rendition of *The Big Lebowski* offers plenty of gut-splitting laughs, effectively reminding us why the cult classic continues to grow in popularity!



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RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by December 10, 2011. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

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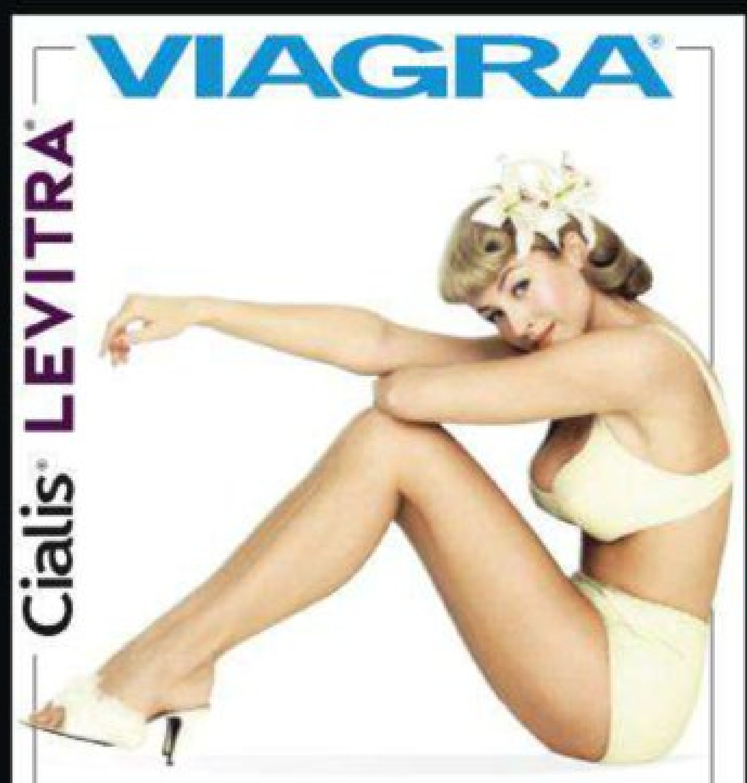

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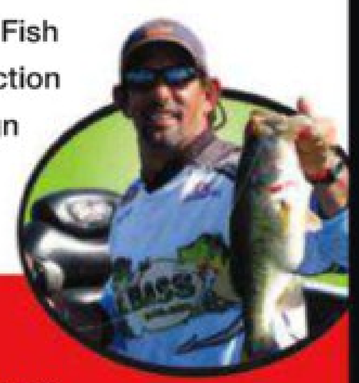

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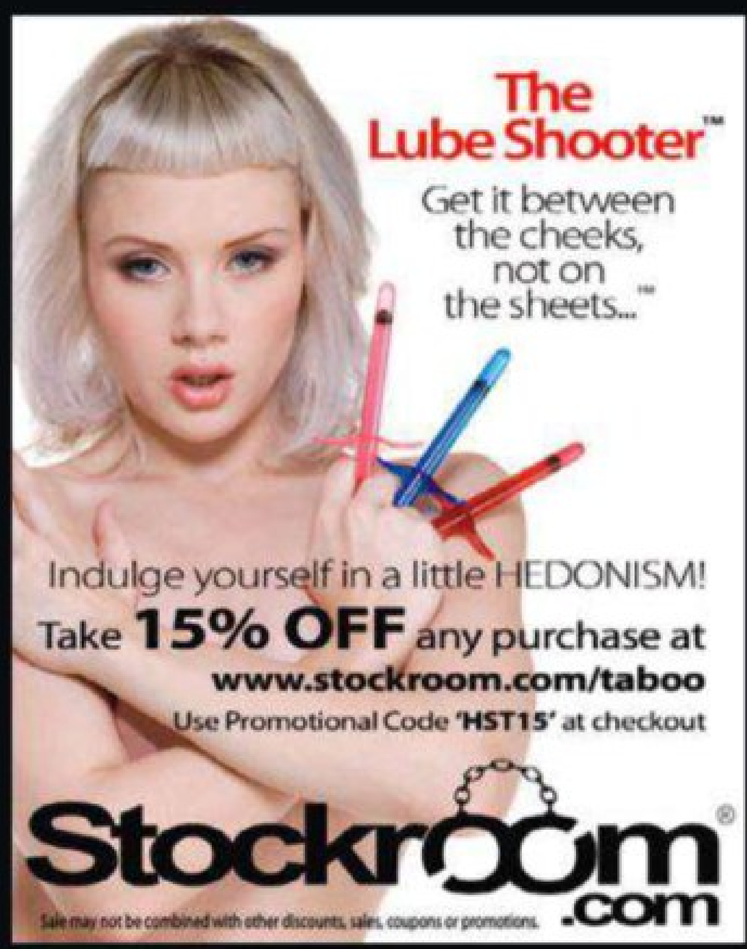

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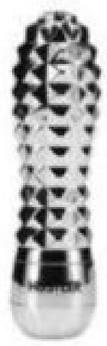
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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

ASHLEY STAR

AGE: 49

LOCATION: Portland, Oregon

SEE HER AT: AwesomeAshley.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.

Born in California, our latest cougar mostly grew up in Hawaii, and the experience had a lasting impact. "It wasn't easy," recalls Ashley Star, who'd eventually live in Spain, England and Switzerland before settling down quite comfortably in the Pacific northwest. "I was considered a minority. Consequently I rebelled a lot and was considered something of a wild child. But it all taught me an important lesson about life. Now I respect all people. There should be no room for hate on this beautiful planet we share together."

But as deep and spiritual as Ashley is, the 5-6 fortysomething proudly nurtures her sexuality. She's even somewhat of an online legend. Back in 2000, when hard-core porn was barely starting to infiltrate the Internet, the ambitious exhibitionist launched **AwesomeAshley.com**. Today she and her second husband of 20 years (sorry, guys!) continue to independently run the site, which offers the uninhibited head-turner as the main attraction for countless fans.

"Actually I had no idea what I was getting myself into when I started my site," Ashley admits. "But somehow I managed to pull off being Webmaster, producer, model and actress."

Becoming a well-seasoned vixen has also taught Ashley to revel in the nitty-gritty all the more. "It's true," she explains. "I used to be shy during sex. In fact, I didn't even want my partner to see my expressions when I was enjoying myself. Now I find that silly. As I've gotten older, I'm much more open and free."

Despite being hitched, Ashley has a green light to be on the prowl. "I love to get to *know* my fans," she makes perfectly clear. "Just log on to my Web site. I'm always around, performing live for your pleasure!"

Awesome, Ashley!

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

COUGARS UNLEASHED #33

PHOTOS BY PAT J. BELL

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

NAME:

Paola Cali

AGE: 18

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Number of Friends: 145

URLs: **Facebook.com/MissPaolaCali**; **PaolaCali.com**

Born and raised in Colombia, Facebook newcomer Paola Cali took like a fish to water upon relocating to North America. "I always felt like an outsider in my native country," she candidly relates, "but I feel *much* more comfortable living here in California."

Once Paola turned 18, the ambitious emigré wasted no time in opening Facebook and Twitter accounts to help kick-start a provocative career. "Modeling and being sexy are what I was made for," Paola proudly proclaims, "and that's why I launched my own Web site. Besides, I like being my own boss. I just don't like kissing anyone's ass."

Thanks to the spicy Latina's bravado and immodesty, visitors to **PaolaCali.com** get to *look* at her luscious ass and all the rest. Meanwhile, the 5-foot-3 Webmistress is constantly on the lookout for the perfect companion. In fact, Paola has a very specific wish list devoted to members of the opposite sex: "I look for a man with nice lips, good hair and a sexy, toned body, plus he must also respect me and make me laugh. It doesn't matter how big your dick is—as long as you have those five things, we're good to go!"

But Paola has a surprising place to go when she isn't posing pretty or putting on steamy cam shows. The exotic bedazzler spends a lot of her spare time volunteering at a local animal shelter. "What can I say?" Paola purrs. "I'm an animal lover! But with all the great parks here in L.A., it's very easy to meet a cute guy or girl while walking your dog."

Okay, Paola, forget about critters and flirting for now. Let's cut to the chase: What about your performance in the boudoir? Give us the inside scoop. "Well, dressing up for my lovers makes me hot," the wildcat confides, "but I especially love to moan when I'm in bed. And I want to hear my partner moan too. I also love pillow talk that's *totally* dirty. My bad!"

Sounds good to us, Paola!

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 DDG PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

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Stare/Lagrom

BY PAMELA CHENG

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

THE FIGHT AGAINST FREE SPEECH

STUDENTS AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA BARBARA**, ASSAIL RIGHT-WING ACTIVIST DAVID HOROWITZ'S ANTI-ARAB SENTIMENTS.

The last time David Horowitz stepped foot onto the UCSB campus, in 2008, he accused the Muslim Students Association of supporting "a second Holocaust of the Jews." Coinciding with his visit, the conservative activist placed an ad in the campus newspaper, *The Daily Nexus*, alleging that the MSA was tied to the Muslim Brotherhood, al-Qaeda and Hamas.

Students wearing green in support of the MSA, Horowitz railed during his speech at UCSB, were followers of Hamas, and those wearing a kaffiyeh (a traditional Arab headdress) honored late Palestinian leader Yassir Arafat and terrorism. Many students and faculty were outraged, calling Horowitz a racist who was hell-bent on smearing Arab culture.

Horowitz wasn't done. Riding the coattails of freedom of speech and feverishly backed by the College Republicans, Horowitz spewed a second anti-Arab diatribe to a packed UCSB theater on May 26, 2011. The title of the presentation? "Infantile Disorders at UCSB: Why the Muslim Students Association Is Afraid of David Horowitz."

"The First Amendment is just not any old right," Horowitz preached. "It is the absolute foundation of all of our rights. If you don't have the ability to get up and express your mind—in as fair a way as possible, to reach other people—then you can't defend any of your other rights, and you'll lose them all."

Horowitz remarked that free speech at UCSB has been stifled by the liberal bias, the threat of radical Islamists and the national MSA's ties to the Muslim Brotherhood. He then attacked the university's faculty, Associated Students and administration, all of whom he said fought to muzzle him because they didn't agree with his views.

And what does Horowitz believe? For one, he posits that the radical Islamist mission is aimed at annihilating both America and Israel. Horowitz acknowledges that he has been accused of promoting racism and hate speech, but the real hatred, he said, can be found in the Middle East. Horowitz proclaims that thousands of Muslims living in Israel enjoy the same rights as Jews, but no Jew could live in an Arab country without fear—and that the leftists on campus fear him because they can't refute what he is saying.

"If you don't have an answer, it's best to try to stop the person asking the question," Horowitz said.

And try they did. College Republicans sought $1,770 from the Associated Students Finance Board to subsidize Horowitz's presentation. The request was denied, but the Legislative Council ultimately allocated $800 for the event's security costs amid opposition from MSA members.

College Republicans President Steven Begakis bristled, "I think it's sad that we just expect that A.S. [Associated Students] is going to break the law when the event is conservative. It's hypocritical. They say they're trying to defend every group on campus, every minority. We're a minority political group on campus. They believe in diversity of skin color. We believe in a diversity of opinions."

Adorned with "I Stand Against Hate" buttons, more than 250 students—Muslims and non-Muslims alike—held a Horowitz protest. On the same day, the UCSB Respect Coalition—comprising the MSA, American Students for Israel, Queer Student Union and more than 60 other campus groups—gathered nearby to discuss diversity, emphasizing the need for empathy as well as free speech.

The panel of speakers at the event, dubbed "The Alternative," included Elizabeth Robinson, the Associated Students' director for media; Elliott Bazzano, MSA spokesman and doctoral student; Rabbi Evan Goodman, director of Santa Barbara Hillel; George Lipsitz, professor of black studies; and Paul Amar, associate professor of global and international studies.

"The MSA doesn't deserve the way it was attacked," said Max Samarov, secretary of American Students for Israel.

The goal of "The Alternative" was to teach students how to defend themselves against hate speech and to promote dialogue, something speakers claimed was missing from Horowitz's presentation. But according to Matt Borasi, vice-president of the College Republicans, that is precisely why they'd invited Horowitz in the first place: "He represents a minority ideology that's not represented on campus," Borasi explained. "He also sparks controversy that encourages people to talk about those ideas."

Protesters, however, felt Horowitz's allegations could provoke violence against Muslims and therefore compromise the safety of all UCSB students. Horowitz begged to differ.

"I don't for a minute think that your student government actually represents the students on this campus," Horowitz asserted during his speech. "I can't imagine, when I was a student radical, that I would say when somebody was coming to campus, 'I feel unsafe because of what he's saying.'… I don't come to campus and incite people to lynch Muslims. … If I leave you with any message tonight, it's that you've got to cherish real difference. You've got to try to figure out how to argue in a rational, civilized way."

Kevin Akin, a third-year economics and accounting major, felt that Horowitz had tested the limits of discourse. "I'm glad he came and was able to voice his opinion," Akin said. "I just didn't agree. Especially at one point when, after claiming people want to exterminate the Jews, he said, 'I don't see an end to this conflict until a war has destroyed them.'"

That, it seems, is Horowitz's trademark. He pushes buttons and fuels anger. For example, Horowitz once pointed at someone in the audience during his presentation and asked why he was wearing a terrorist kaffiyeh.

While the national MSA was founded in 1963 by Arabic-speaking students linked to the Muslim Brotherhood, the UCSB chapter claims it has no ties to the organization. It prides itself on conducting interfaith activities with Jewish student groups and raising funds for disaster relief.

Whatever stance is taken, it is important to understand the very nature of political discussion. Without opposition, how could new claims be reached or current views be challenged? There is always the freedom of choice: If you don't like what you see, don't look. Political discussion can and often times will be uncomfortable. Case in point: David Horowitz. Freedom of speech is one of our most fundamental rights, and it should always be protected.

Pamela Cheng is a biochemistry major at the University of California, Santa Barbara. She is working toward a degree in medicine and will soon be enrolling at Western University Medical School.

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

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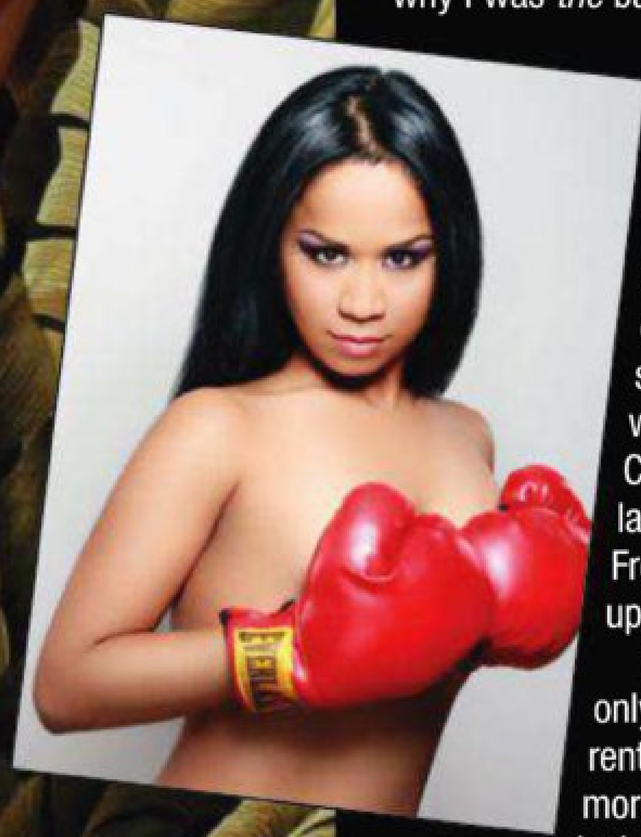
Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

CRYSTAL STORM

BERKELEY COLLEGE

Despite getting a late start in pursuing a higher education, this 28-year-old from North Texas is definitely not a slacker. "I want to be the first in my family to receive a bachelor's degree," Crystal proclaims, "and show that a regular girl can make it."

Making up for lost time, Crystal is a business administration major at Berkeley College in White Plains, New York. But being immersed in academia hasn't deterred the 5-foot-7 sophomore from capitalizing on her exceptional looks. Thanks to her waist-length raven tresses, sculpted cheekbones and a sleek, feline body, Crystal stood out in a sea of blond, blue-eyed Barbies while growing up in a suburb of Dallas. "That's why I was always the center of attention," she explains, "and also why I was *the* bad girl in high school."



Even though Crystal now spends most of her days and nights studying hard, the former troublemaker still knows how to have a good time. For instance, the bodacious bookworm treats the gym as if it were her "second home," dressing to tease when she's there—or elsewhere! "I love wearing cute, barely-there clothes," Crystal admits. "But my real addiction is lacy lingerie from Victoria's Secret and Frederick's of Hollywood. I love dressing up for my man!"

Don't get discouraged, guys: Crystal is only speaking philosophically. She's currently available! Which is why the hottie is more than willing to reveal the traits she looks for in a lover—who, mind you, doesn't have to be the perfect gentleman. "I'm really attracted to a guy's eyes," Crystal specifies, "but I *adore* a man who's an absolute animal in bed."

Yes, Crystal may occasionally party hearty, but she refuses to let her erotic inclinations stand in the way of possible entrepreneurial ventures. "I'd love to eventually own my own business," she's quick to relate. "But if the right opportunity comes along, I'd be happy to work for someone—as long as I have stock options, a 401(k) and an office with a big window. No cubicle for me, baby!"

We're rooting for you, Crystal. And, by the way, you're welcome to share *our* cubicle anytime!

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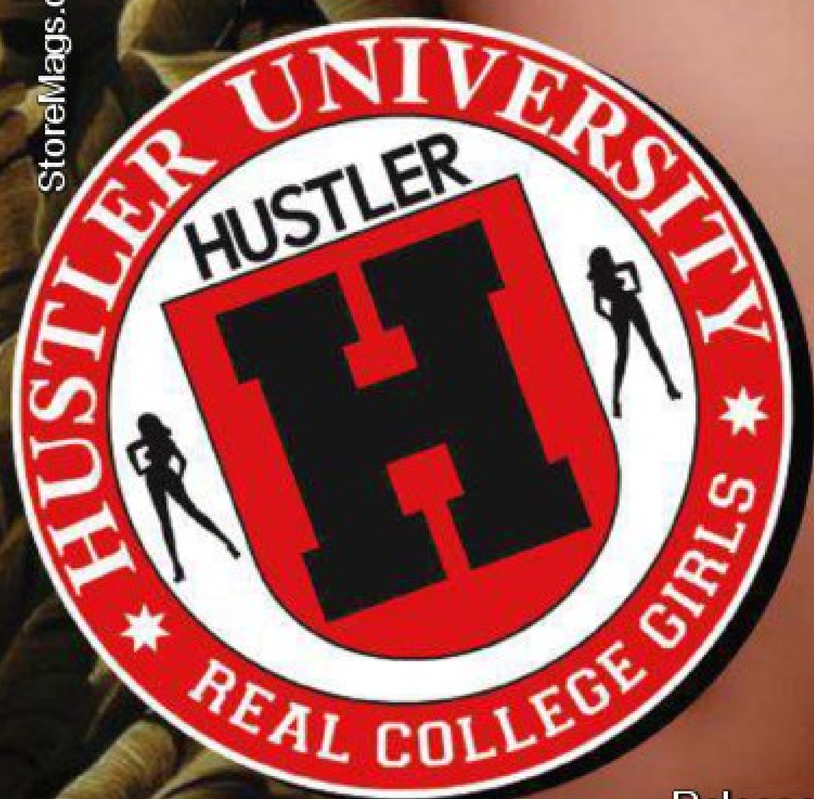

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SUN GODDESS

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MALENA MORGAN

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Malena Morgan enjoys the outdoors. More specifically, she loves the way sunlight feels on her bare skin. "I could sunbathe all day," the HUSTLER newbie points out, "but I tan really easily, so I'm worried about stupid skin cancer!"

Unfortunately for **Malena** (and for the male population at large), at times she is compelled to don clothing. Her favorite occasion is dressing up for a night on the town. "I like the club scene sometimes," **Malena** acknowledges, "but I'm always up for dinner at a cool restaurant. I love trying out the trendy new places."

When looking for a companion, **Malena** confesses that she's drawn to men with a sense of style. "I'm totally into guys in suits," she explains. "I like when guys get dressed up; everything's so casual now. There's something really sexy about a guy today who can pull off the suit look."

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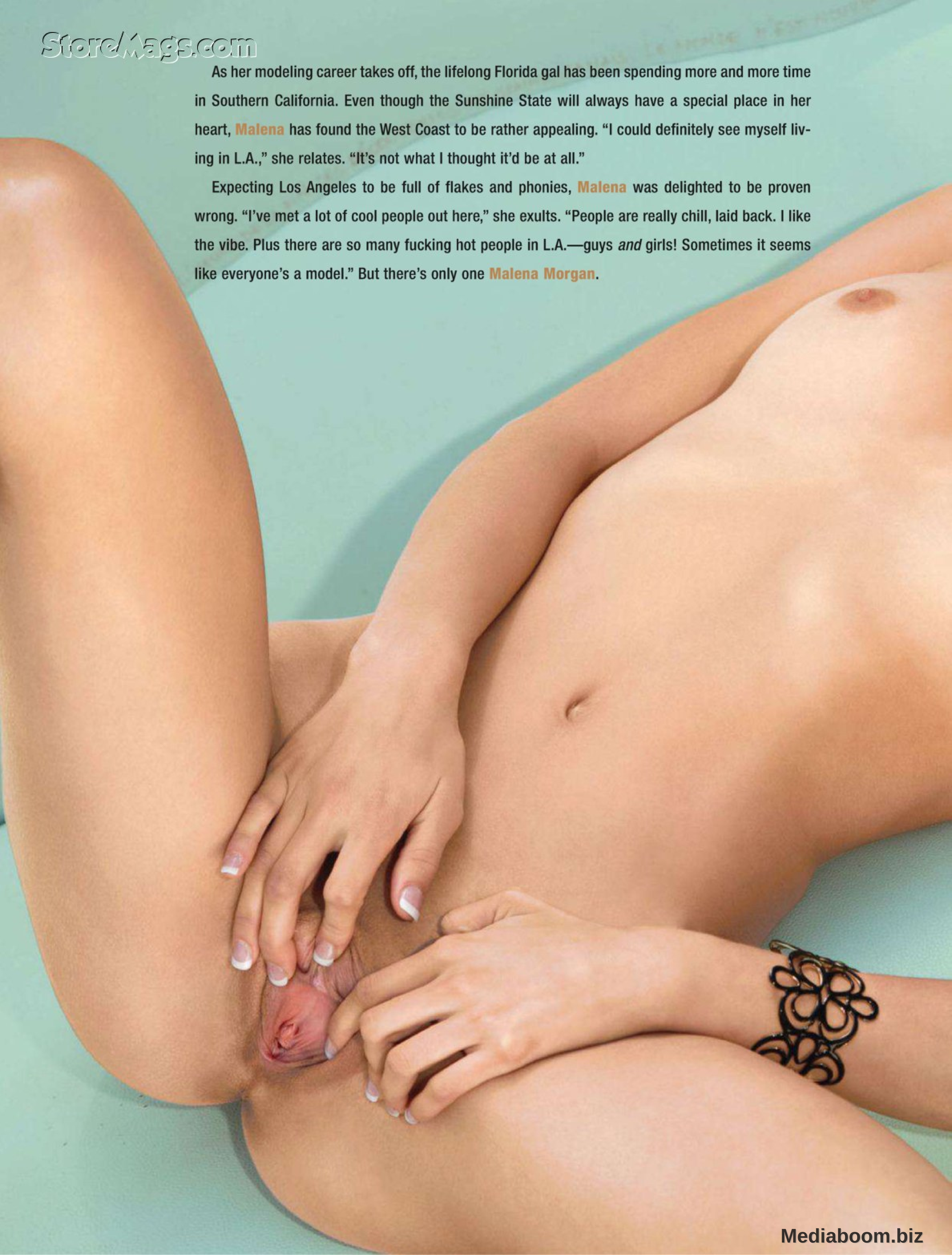
As her modeling career takes off, the lifelong Florida gal has been spending more and more time in Southern California. Even though the Sunshine State will always have a special place in her heart, **Malena** has found the West Coast to be rather appealing. "I could definitely see myself living in L.A.," she relates. "It's not what I thought it'd be at all."

Expecting Los Angeles to be full of flakes and phonies, **Malena** was delighted to be proven wrong. "I've met a lot of cool people out here," she exults. "People are really chill, laid back. I like the vibe. Plus there are so many fucking hot people in L.A.—guys *and* girls! Sometimes it seems like everyone's a model." But there's only one **Malena Morgan**.



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MALENA MORGAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Tampa, Florida | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 122

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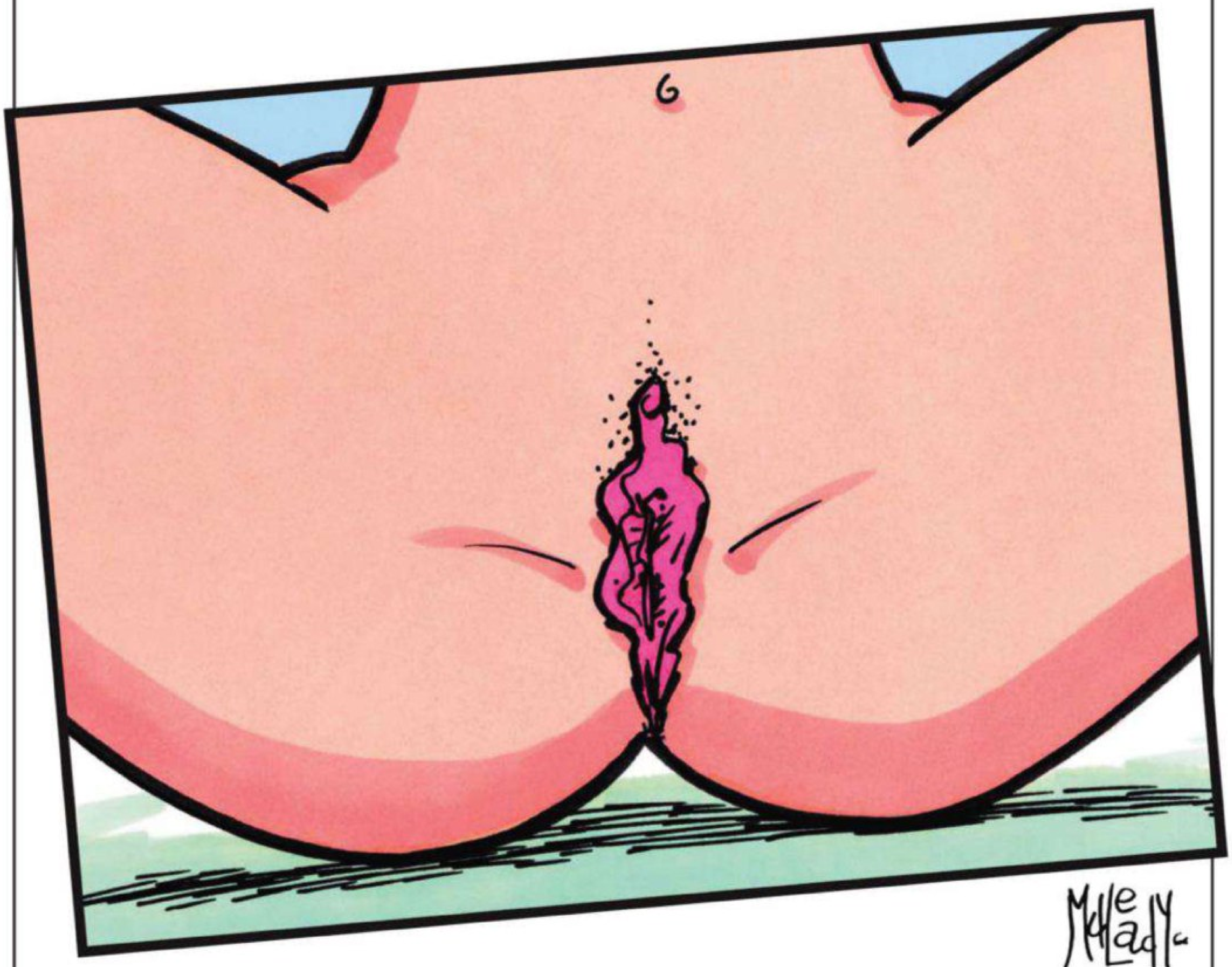

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Cherry flavor: Celeste Star (with Sinn Sage), Riley Steele (with Lux Kassidy) and Nina Mercedez (with Ash Hollywood) keep it decadent.

Cherry: Episode 1

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: KAY BRANDT. STARRING: RILEY STEELE, NINA MERCEDEZ, JUDITH THOMPSON, CELESTE STAR, SINN SAGE, VICKI CHASE, ANN MARIE RIOS, ASH HOLLYWOOD, LUX KASSIDY, ZOEY HOLLOWAY, DIAMOND FOXXX & RAYLENE.

The debut episode of Digital Playground's new all-girl romance serial starts with titular Cherry (played by Judith Thompson) dreaming of a mysterious girl. The dream (we think) has something to do with her habit of landing pretty females in bed with her and each other. Convenient to her tastes, Cherry runs a lesbian strip club featuring the likes of cute Riley Steele and buxom Nina Mercedez. (Being a lady of taste, the boss cougar wants to eat them alive.) *Episode 1* patiently introduces the many characters in Cherry's cauldron of desire, showcasing their tongue-lashing powers of seduction. If the girl-girl parts of Digital Playground's movies are your favorites, this series will be your never-ending weekend. The sex is unhurried and unaggressive, while the mood is hypnotic and suggestive, with drama always percolating under the surface. An enticing installment of foreplay to a smoldering, man-free world of catty girls and prowling women, *Cherry: Episode 1* promises a top-notch series for discriminating lesbians and the voyeurs who like to watch them.

—M.J.

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***Analysts**: Jasmine Black, Tammie Lee and Jasmine Webb (below) get to the bottom of things.*

Analysts

BLUEBIRD FILMS. DIRECTOR: PAUL CHAPLIN. STARRING: JASMINE BLACK, JENY BABY, EMMA BUTT, TAMMIE LEE, JASMINE WEBB, DIRTY DOG & PAUL CHAPLIN.

Is this the movie that will *finally* answer the question: Why do we love to see women get fucked in the shitpipe? No, this isn't that movie. But it is a no-nonsense, no-originality parade of pliant, dick-accommodating rectums designed to let you explore your mysterious craving to deny civilized hygiene and feminine comfort. The ladies are all veddy English, so that means the added attraction of sexy-as-hell accents. Jeny Baby and Tammie Lee display an arousing willingness for deep analysis, followed by a young lady with a lot to live up to—Emma Butt. Trust us: That is no misnomer. Ms. Butt, who wears a hot pair of glasses throughout, single-assedly makes the movie a bargain when it comes to therapy (your insurance might not pay for this). Afro-Brit analyst Jasmine Webb does a fine job of helping her astronaut patient confront his fear of black holes, while finale girl Jasmine Black's humongous boobs manage to upstage her dick-swallowing behind. The ladies here are as shaggable as an inflatable Lady Di and display a sense of humor as well. Have we oversold this movie? Probably. Maybe we're just too anal-ytical. ***—M.J.***

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*Blowhards: Darryl Hanah, Nicole Aniston and Loni Evans (below) fix **Fox News**.*

This Ain't Fox News XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: NICOLE ANISTON, DARRYL HANAH, RANDY MOORE, LONI EVANS, SEA J. RAW, HERSCHEL SAVAGE, ALEC KNIGHT, ERIC JOHN & TOM BYRON.

Is there anything less arousing than watching an asshole like Bill O'Reilly get his rocks off in a domination dungeon? Fortunately the boots the pinhead licks are worn by sexy Sea J. Raw, which nearly redeems the nauseating spectacle. Likewise the next scene: Nicole Aniston will make you forget that the stud popping off on her pretty face is playing psychopathic Speaker of the House John Boehner. But save your pity for Darryl Hanah, who was given the thankless task of playing Ann Coulter. Could anyone fuck with that much hate? She takes it up the ass though, which is probably accurate. Hot and curvy Randy Moore (a stretch as Greta Van Susteren, thank God) delivers a decent solo scene, followed by the dick-shriveling sight of nutjob Glenn Beck (actually Tom Byron, but still unpleasant). Loni Evans fucks him in his padded cell, apparently proving it pays to be a loony-tunes fascist. The talent, honestly, is better than the movie (call it the curse of porn), but whether or not you can stroke to it doesn't really matter since the main goal was probably to piss off the fuck wads at Fox News. The sad thing is, they're likely too stupid (or too busy jerking off to the real Ann Coulter) to know they're being made fun of. Order it now on page 142. —*M.J.*

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*Evanni Solei, Baby Cakes and Aurora Jolie (below) boost their **Sex Drive**.*

Sex Drive

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: MR. MARCUS. STARRING: EVANNI SOLEI, BABY CAKES, BETHANY BENZ, MELODY NAKAI, AURORA JOLIE, FLASH BROWN, LEXINGTON STEELE, NAT TURNHER, TOMMY GUNN & MR. MARCUS.

Porn stud Mr. Marcus put together a premium cast for this all-black stroker. In the opener, sleek beauty Evanni Solei soaks up the sun (and a quart of baby oil) in a poolside rubdown with the director himself. The camera gives her gravity-friendly breasts plenty of attention. (The box cover proudly proclaims that every boob in this flick is 100% all natural.) The fineness continues with the lovely Baby Cakes, another lady designed for a joy ride: a too-pretty-for-porn face, a jaw-dropping rack and a snug-fitting little moneymaker. If black's your color, Baby Cakes will drain your tank. On your next spin, give reality star Bethany Benz a run. Like any Benz, she looks great and handles well, and she makes even old pro Mr. Marcus pop off after one position. Cute, plump and reliable blasian Melody Nakai turns in another solid scene followed by a fine, butt-pounding closer from beguiling Aurora Jolie. (She's light, but that bubble butt gives her blackness away.) Mr. Marcus's *Sex Drive* is one smooth ride (and a whole lot cheaper than a Lexus). ***M.J.***

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Assassins *Jynx Maze, Jesse Jane and BiBi Jones knock 'em dead.*

Assassins

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, RILEY STEELE, BIBI JONES, JYNX MAZE, MANUEL FERRARA, ERIK EVERHARD, ROCCO REED & MARCO RIVERA.

It's a simple formula: girls plus guns. Unfortunately that gets muddled by some ditzy *Charlie's Angels* silliness. Standard-issue blonde BiBi Jones opens the plot (what there is of it) by spreading her wings on a pile of coke and cash. (For some reason, the girls have to fuck their targets before hitting them with the ultimate money shot.) It's a mild opener, but things get more interesting once bred-to-fuck girl Jesse Jane shows up. (Seriously, can anyone imagine Jesse doing *anything* else?) Her scene isn't anything new, but still, she's the liveliest female in this movie. Jynx Maze as the token brunette turns in a passable scene, followed by one of Riley Steele's strangely detached performances. (The poor girl must be sick of being the decaf Jesse.) Thankfully, crazy Jane herself comes back in the finale as a horny missionary (maybe *that's* her real calling). Despite a crack ending, *Assassins* ain't exactly a killer flick (and it sure as hell could have used a lot more violence), but you'll get what you came for: naked, phony blondes acting like they like it while secretly wishing they could kill every man they fuck. Ain't porn romantic? ***—M.J.***

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*Fuck the world: Aubrey Addams and Alexis Texas are **U.S. Sluts**.*

U.S. Sluts

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS ROLIE. STARRING: ALEXIS TEXAS, PHOENIX MARIE, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, LEXI BELLE, AUBREY ADDAMS, CRISSY MOON, RAMON NOMAR, ERIK EVERHARD, STEVE HOLMES, TONI RIBAS & DAVID PERRY.

The title *U.S. Sluts* implies that this disc is primarily meant for export to foreign strokers with a craving for filthy Stateside chicks. Well, we can't think of a better amb-ASS-ador than Alexis Texas, with her cheerleader looks and fleshy bod that seems like it was raised on a strictly hormone-rich, genetically modified diet. Plus the doll fucks like the only education she could afford was on the neighbor's couch. It don't get more American than that! Her cinerama buttocks are hard to beat, but seasoned pro Phoenix Marie gives it a shot with an all-out double penetration. (Getting fucked in the ass is an important part of American life.) Kagney Linn Karter's standout boobs are another national treasure, even if some of us prefer Lexi Belle's cute little natural wonders. Analicious Aubrey Addams completes the all-blonde theme with a bad dye job, forcing us to ask: What's with the racist, all-Caucasian lineup?! That ain't the U.S. *we* know! Like most made-in-the-USA product, this disc isn't any better than it absolutely needs to be, but you'll buy it in the hopes that a few sluts and your pathetic handful of bucks will save the economy. Face it, the American century is over. But we'll always have our sluts! **—M.J.**

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*Raven Alexis adds spirit to **This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX.***

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*Tatum Pierce, Honey Foxxx and Aletta Ocean (bottom) stay **Corrupted**.*

Barely Legal: Corrupted #11

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: ALETTA OCEAN, HONEY FOXXX, KENNA KANE, LESLIE FOXX, TATUM PIERCE, ERIC SWISS, JOHNNY NITRO, ERIC JOHN, SCOTT LYONS & JEREMY STEELE.

The definition of "barely legal" has obviously become somewhat elastic lately. That might irk some purists, so this movie trots out Hungarian "It" girl Aletta Ocean as a guaranteed distraction. Her boobjob scars might be young, but the green-eyed beauty is all woman. Trust us: By the time Aletta gets her face splattered, you won't give a fuck what the box cover says. Ms. Ocean brings experience to the party, but she's not as corrupted as Honey Foxxx, who takes it in the ass in her scene. (That's the litmus test.) Despite the troweled-on makeup, most of the relatively undiscovered talent on this disc has the rough good looks of a runaway who will blow you for a sandwich or a place to wash her cut-offs. Expect a lot of attitude though. (Each "girl" flips off the camera to show just how corrupted she is.) Final verdict: Your hard-on ain't as critical as you are, so get this disc and embrace your trashy side. Order it now on page 142. **—M.J.**

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THIS AIN'T GHOSTBUSTERS XXX

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There have been rumors about a third *Ghostbusters* movie for years but, thus far, no action. So HUSTLER Video decided to fill that supernatural void with its latest parody flick, *This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX*.

Although the video is loaded with cool special effects, let's focus on the main attraction: hot chicks, ghostly and otherwise. First up, a sexy spirit (Alexis Texas) tempts Stanz (Alec Knight) into a paranormal fuck session. When a spooked chick (Raven Alexis) finds a ghost lurking in her fridge, team leader Venkman (Evan Stone) goes out of his way to comfort her with his cock. Later, Venkman takes a break from specter-wrangling to engage in some nut-busting with a starstruck student (Lily LaBeau). Finally, Winston (Tee Reel) screws a giant MILF ghost (Joslyn James) into submission.

If you're in the mood for a frighteningly good fuckfest, *This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX* will definitely hit the spot.

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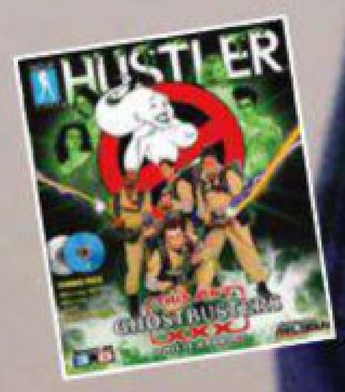

This Ain't Ghostbusters XXX is available at **HustlerHollywood.com**.

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WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

LEALIAH

"Being nude is very natural and is very beautiful," asserts Lealiah, a waitress from Asheville, North Carolina, who waited only a few weeks after turning 18 to take a crack at nude modeling. "I'm very outgoing, I don't have any hang-ups, I'm a people person, and I'm always having a fun time," she raves. "My favorite place to get away from the grind is on a boat, but I also like four-wheeling, hunting and all sports. I cheered for a while in high school, but it wasn't much my thing although I did great." Nevertheless, Lealiah continues to provide a plethora of cheer. "Watching TV with me just might lead to the whole enchilada," the 5-foot-1, 92-pound hottie squeals. "I'm a seductive snuggle bug." Holy smokes! Lealiah, an Aerosmith fan whose fave TV shows are *Desperate Housewives* and *Jersey Shore*, is as shameless as she is adorable. "I'm totally bi, playful and rambunctious," she spouts. "I'm very creative in the bedroom, and I love to be in control. But there's no controlling my urges—like the Sunday morning I ran out of church with a guy and into the woods. Of course, we had sex. I snuck back into the church right before the service was over. Sometimes you just can't wait." Nailing down her stature as a drop-dead-gorgeous dreamboat, Lealiah serves up a big surprise and a fantasy: "I just started studying mortuary science, and I'm dying to be fucked in the rain." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

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DEBBIE

"I just turned 50, and I figured I'd do something different before I got any older," states this nude-modeling neophyte from Boise, Idaho. "I wanted to see if I still look good enough to turn heads. I have three grandkids." And a remarkable 34C-29-36 figure and sweet disposition. "I'm a people person all the way," Debbie relates. "I get along with everyone. I work in customer service. I love helping. It makes my day when I can straighten things out and put a smile on a shopper's face." The 5-foot-3 Nickelback acolyte, who's keen on meeting lead singer Chad Kroeger, is even friendlier on the home front. "I'm easy to be around," Debbie declares, "and I love to cuddle while I'm watching a movie with someone." But the mellow couch potato takes on an assertive demeanor in the bedroom. "I like being on top so I have control," Debbie notes. "And if I want to help a guy get me off, I'll use a vibrator during intercourse." Eager to continue sowing her wild oats, Debbie fantasizes about "making love with a much younger man in front of a fireplace on a fur rug." —Photos by Ex-Husband

TINKERBELLE

"This is the first time I ever sent off risqué pictures of myself," announces Tinkerbelle, 26, a stay-at-home mom from Bogalusa, Louisiana. "I'm glad y'all thought I was HUSTLER material. I love the idea that someone somewhere is getting a hard-on looking at naked little me." Feeling right at home as a voyeur's delight, the 4-foot-11, 92-pound sprite discloses, "I'm spontaneous, adventurous and instantaneous. One afternoon I rode my husband while he was driving down the casino strip in Biloxi, Mississippi. I was completely naked, and everyone who passed us could see exactly what we were doing." But Tinkerbelle—who "could eat fried catfish morning, noon and night every day of the week"—isn't always so brazen. "My hobbies are cooking, baking, quilting, putting puzzles together and playing video games," she rattles off. "I'm also into the New Orleans Saints, Eminem, Lil Wayne, *House* and chef Gordon Ramsay's shows. I'm a really good cook." And more! "One of my talents is being able to deep-throat," Tinkerbelle toots, "and my favorite position is doggy-style. I love having my ass grabbed while I'm getting fucked fast and hard from behind." Wrapping up, Tinkerbelle muses, "I'd love to have a threesome with my husband and another hot chick on a boat." —Photos by Husband

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"I really get off having an audience when I'm naked. It's a big turn-on knowing that everybody is fantasizing about fucking me!"

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

ARYANA

"HUSTLER is the best men's magazine of them all, I love to be naked, and I want the whole world to see me in it," marvels Aryana, 25, a pageant-winning stripper by way of Marietta, Georgia. "I would love to meet Larry Flynt because he's the true pioneer of everything adult." The 5-foot-8 looker, who disrobes at Atlanta's Mardi Gras club and is "engaged to the best man in the world," is quite engaging to say the least. "After a long night at work I love to come home and make a sex tape with my fiancé," Aryana tells us. "He really gets me wet when he pulls my hair while fucking me doggy-style! I also love to give him a blowjob whenever we're just lying around bored." No wonder Aryana thinks of herself as "loving, sweet, compassionate and giving." We'll toss in busy. "I also like shopping, fishing, hiking, football, MMA fights, *Bad Girls Club*, *Jersey Shore* and going to strip clubs to see and meet beautiful dancers," Aryana divulges. "I am spontaneous, aggressive, seductive and very open-minded. I enjoy a hot and sexy woman from time to time." Not strictly a homebody, the statuesque Peach Stater recalls, "I've had sex in amusement parks, up against a tree in a public park and in a car at a mall during business hours. I love to be naked anywhere there's a risk of being caught." But Aryana, whose ultimate goal is "to do porn professionally," goes behind closed doors for a parting fantasy: "My man and myself invite a beautiful stripper to come to our place so we can have our way with her. I'm getting wet just thinking about licking her pussy while my man fucks me hard in the ass!" —Photos by Fiancé

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KALIE

"I love stripping, and I have a lot going for me," proclaims Kalie, 28, a topless dancer from Bruceville, Texas. "I'm very outgoing, caring and easy to get along with, and I've been blessed with really nice boobs." Besides blessing us with her first batch of naked photos, the 5-foot-1 skin-mag rookie details what makes her a really nice rube. "I'm a great person to watch TV with 'cause I like just about anything," Kalie owns up, "and I don't hog the remote. My favorite shows are *Reba*, *Two and a Half Men* and *CSI*." But the big Larry the Cable Guy, football and Metallica worshiper does have a penchant for a certain type of hog—and "fat steaks." Addressing her top spare-time endeavors, Kalie roars, "I love sex and being on the back of a Harley!" We've introduced a bona fide speed demon. "I had sex in a car doing 70 miles per hour down the highway," Kalie recollects. "You could say my guy and I had a quickie. Now we want to fuck on a roller coaster." And how's this for some spunky wit? "Here's to honor," Kalie coos. "If you can't come in her, come on her." —Photos by Friend

SAMARA MAE

"I try to be more than eye candy and a place to put a dick," insists this "kinky" denizen of Federal Way, Washington, who indulges that sentiment via *Guitar Hero*, hiking, bicycling and social networking. But now Samara Mae, 24, is bound to floor viewers with her pics and palaver. "I get dirty at my landscaping job and dirtier in the bedroom," the 5-foot-2 bi gal confides. Raised as a Mormon, Samara Mae has blossomed into "a free bird in a puritanical society" with a knack for raising dormant dongs. "I'm a vegan, but I love how man-meat gets bigger and harder when it's in my sopping-wet mouth," the deep-throat diehard exults. "I've done extensive research on ejaculating penises and the divergent taste of cum." While also fond of fornication, Samara Mae isn't solely a vaginal adherent. "I'm all for taking it in the ass!" she bellows, ushering us to her fantasy: "While tied up, I'd love to have sex with two guys at the same time. I'll be their nasty little DP bitch!" —Photos by Tenball Photography

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LUNA LEE

"I like having a little bit of hair down there," reckons this "very adventurous" waitress from Trenton, New Jersey, whose short and curlies have added a $50 tip to her *Beaver Hunt* windfall. But Luna Lee, 20, has other attributes that make her exceptional, not to mention great company. "I have been complimented on my boobs and ass," Luna Lee lays on us, "but my kisses melt every guy's heart." Brimming with gusto, the 5-foot-0 crafts enthusiast avows, "I'm aggressive, so I do what I want when I want. I once had a guy buy tickets to a boring movie just so he could fuck me in the back row of the theater. I like having power over men, and it peaks when my pussy is wrapped around the tip of a cock. And when I see a hot girl, I just want to tackle her and eat her out." Luna Lee also has cravings for ham-and-pineapple pizza, *Jersey Shore* and "anything that makes me laugh." But her fave fantasy is far from comedic: "I want to have sex with a guy and a girl at the same time on a bar at the busiest time of night." —Photos by Friend

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ENVII

Back for her third straight stint as a December birthday girl, this "promiscuous free spirit and apprentice porn star" out of Mobile, Alabama, can now call herself a *Beaver Hunt* legacy. "I will completely undress almost anywhere in a heartbeat," Envii chirps in a syrupy Dixie twang. "I kinda like the idea of people seeing me naked, especially in HUSTLER." Since the 5-foot-7 jezebel digs alfresco hanky-panky and first went lesbo "on a blanket in the woods," it's apropos that she is unveiling her poontang's new look—a spiffy landing strip—amid a verdant setting. Rolling on, Envii ardently reveals, "My fave hobby, at least with clothes on, is motocross. I also love camping, soccer, skinny-dipping and, of course, sex. With guys I'm down for giving awesome blowjobs and getting fucked in the ass! And I love spanking girls and eating pussy." Envii, an aspiring chef who's gonna be 22 by year's end, cooks up a stellar send-off: "I'm fixing to party in Las Vegas. My fantasy is to hit a big jackpot and then dash through the casino nekkid as a jaybird." Good luck! —Photos by Friend

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D.C. UNCOVERED

BY LARRY FLYNT

WIVES AND SEX SCANDALS

Would Hillary Clinton be President of the United States today if Elizabeth Edwards, the late wife of former U.S. Senator John Edwards, had felt less threatened by her? Elizabeth Edwards wanted to be Hillary Clinton: a trailblazer and a strong advocate for women's rights.

Viewing then-Senator Clinton as a competitor, in the most personal of terms, Edwards did everything possible to deny her a larger platform. But to become First Lady, Edwards needed to accept that her husband had been unfaithful.

There was a time not long ago in American political life when the wives of politicians dutifully stood by their errant husbands while they confessed their misdeeds to the American people. Today the rule book has changed. The betrayed wife can now forgo the obligatory joint appearance, standing glumly beside her husband. Just ask Huma Abedin, the wife of former Representative Anthony Weiner. Or Jenny Sanford, the ex-wife of former South Carolina Governor Mark Sanford. Each of these women refused to stand by her man amid the firestorm. Elizabeth Edwards had to face such painful music only after her husband's Presidential campaign crashed and burned.

By the middle of 2007, every major news organization had the details of John Edwards's affair with Rielle Hunter. But they kept quiet, waiting for Edwards to win a primary (thus making him a serious contender) before dropping the bombshell. Wife Elizabeth knew about her husband's mistress months before he announced his candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination on December 28, 2006. She also realized her husband was still smitten with his mistress. (But it's unlikely she knew Hunter had become pregnant in May 2007.)

Equally upsetting was the news that Elizabeth Edwards had been diagnosed with Stage IV breast cancer, with metastases to the bone and possibly her lungs. Yet Elizabeth toiled on, seeking to keep her dignity intact, forever in search of a stage for herself and her husband.

In contrast, Rielle Hunter tried to convince boyfriend John to drop out of the 2008 Presidential campaign, divorce Elizabeth and marry her. That pressure intensified in October 2007 when the *National Enquirer* exposed the affair.

> **There was a time not long ago in American political life when the wives of politicians dutifully stood by their errant husbands while they confessed their misdeeds to the American people....The betrayed wife can now forgo the obligatory joint appearance, standing glumly beside her husband.**

Pragmatism was not of interest to John or Elizabeth Edwards. On January 3, 2008, Edwards finished on top in a tight battle for second place with Hillary Clinton during the Iowa caucuses. But that was it; within a month the Edwards campaign had ended, amassing 19 pledged delegates and 26 superdelegates.

In February 2008, John Edwards began to negotiate with Barack Obama over a possible endorsement. Similar discussions were held with Hillary Clinton. After securing a promise from Obama that he would be the next attorney general of the United States—never revealed until now—Edwards endorsed the senator from Illinois on May 14, 2008. Meanwhile, Clinton refused to trade a Cabinet appointment for an endorsement.

There are many reasons why Clinton wasn't the Democratic candidate in the 2008 Presidential election. But the complicated candidacy of John Edwards is certainly one of them.

Elizabeth Edwards died on December 7, 2010. Husband John has pled not guilty to using nearly $1 million in campaign funds to hush up his affair. Rielle Hunter, an unindicted coconspirator in the Justice Department's case, is raising the daughter, Quinn, admittedly fathered by Edwards. Gregory Craig, former White House counsel for President Obama and chief defender of President Bill Clinton during his impeachment trial before the U.S. Senate, represents Edwards. Forever the gambler, Edwards rejected any plea-bargain arrangement, steadfastly believing no government would place him behind bars for an extended period of time since he is the sole provider for two young children he had with wife Elizabeth.

If John Edwards had taken his mistress's advice in 2007, he would have endured ridicule but avoided tangling with the law.

MITT ROMNEY'S BLESSING OR CURSE? A majority of Americans would vote for their party's nominee for President even if that individual was a Mormon. But according to a recent Gallup poll, 22% say they would not. This figure has remained largely unchanged since 1967.

GRASSROOTS IMPACT: Does anyone doubt the power of the Tea Party movement? Despite a 34-year tenure on Capitol Hill as a conservative stalwart from Utah, Senator Orrin Hatch is panicked that 3,500 locally elected GOP delegates could boot him from office next year at his party's state convention. Something similar happened to Bob Bennett, who lost his U.S. Senate seat when delegates to the Utah GOP convention prevented him from progressing to a statewide primary in 2010. Bennett garnered an 84% lifetime rating from the American Conservative Union. So much for loyalty.

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BY GREGG GLASER

BOTTOMS UP!

RUM TO DRINK, RUM TO COOK WITH

Rum. Eau-de-vie de Molasses. Rumbullion. Aguardiente de Caña. Kill Devil. It's all rum—clear, gold, amber and sometimes black. All delicious.

A friend of mine, Dori Bryant of Polished Palate—a company that holds spirits tastings in major cities across the country—told me she's heard people say they're "done" with vodka once they have a sip of rum, especially the finer varieties. Rum spoils them. I agree. I'm spoiled, especially for the wonderful aged rums.

The beverage is made in many countries, and any distiller can call its product rum. Unlike scotch, tequila, cognac, armagnac and pisco, for example, the appellation *rum* isn't protected by international agreements.

So although there are rums from the Caribbean, all of Latin America, the United States, Africa and Asia, when most of us think of rum, we think of Puerto Rico. Why? Because that's where the Bat factory is located. Bacardi—whose logo is a bat with outstretched wings—operates the world's largest and most prolific rum distillery.

Also on the island are the Serrallés distillery (DonQ rums) and the rectifiers Ron del Barrilito and Trigo. (Rectifiers buy unaged rum from another distiller and age it in barrels to create their own beauties.)

Puerto Rico produces nearly 35 million gallons of rum per year, of which more than 70% is downed by Americans. The hugely popular mojito cocktail has a lot to do with that.

It all began in 1523, when the first sugarcane mill was built in Puerto Rico. Thanks to the ideal soil and climate, the sugar industry thrived for centuries on the island.

One of the by-products of the sugar-refining process is molasses—the basic ingredient of most rums. The rest utilize raw sugarcane juice. These are mostly produced in the French-speaking Caribbean islands, but that's a topic for a future *Bottoms Up!* column.

Types of Rum: Puerto Rico's major rum makers distinguish their products with names like *cristal*, *gold*, *black* and *añejo*. All are excellent, but here's a tip: Use the clear, gold and flavored rums in your mixed drinks and save the darker, aged rums—añejo and extra añejo—for sipping neat like you'd enjoy a fine whiskey, bourbon or brandy. These extra-special rums are too wonderful, rich and lovely to be hidden behind fruits and sugars. With these gems, I don't even want to put a single ice cube in my glass.

Everyone's palate is different, but these four barrel-aged rums are the best I've tried from Puerto Rico (listed alphabetically so as not to show favoritism): Bacardi Añejo, DonQ Grand Añejo, Ron del Barrilito Tres Estrellas (Three Stars) and Trigo Reserva Añeja.

Cooking With Rum: I recently attended Saborea. That's the annual huge, two-day foodfest in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where the island's top chefs offer cooking demonstrations and tastings. I was amazed and delighted by the use of rum in some of their recipes.

Douglas Rodriguez—known as the Godfather of Nuevo Latino Cuisine thanks to the chef's award-winning restaurants in New York City, Miami, Philadelphia and Scottsdale, Arizona—said, "More rum equals more flavor." He cooked a plantain-breaded grouper with a tamarind paste sauce that included dark rum, recao (a Puerto Rican version of cilantro that's more intense than the regular variety) and butter. ("More butter equals more better," chef Rodriguez commented.)

Chef Roberto Treviño is co-owner of Budatai, a Puerto Rican-Thai fusion restaurant in San Juan. Why merge the island's already-perfect cuisine with Asian flavors? It's because Treviño, a Latino raised in San Francisco, said he "could walk the wok." Treviño prepared a dish he called—when pressed to give it a name—rum-spiked caramel-salted Kurobuta pork profiterole. The sauce was simple: caramel, salt and Ron del Barrilito Tres Estrellas.

"Rum has its place," Treviño remarked, "but with this dish it's a no-brainer. It adds depth and richness."

At Perla, his outstanding restaurant in San Juan, Chef Dayn Smith—a Michigan native who's been cooking in Puerto Rico for 25 years—explained, "Rum hangs on more in the taste than other spirits." He prepared shrimp rum-butter risotto, using Ron del Barrilito Tres Estrellas.

Other imaginative chefs are also cooking with Puerto Rican rums. Look for several great recipes to try at **RumCapital.com**.

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*.

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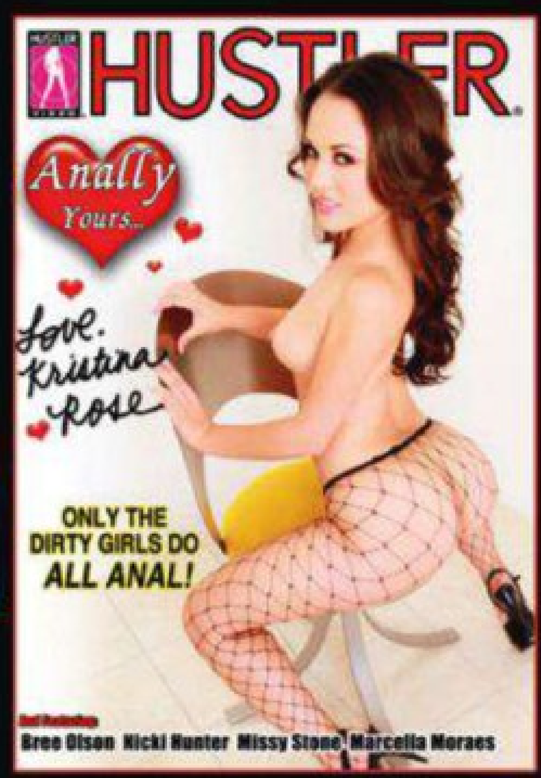

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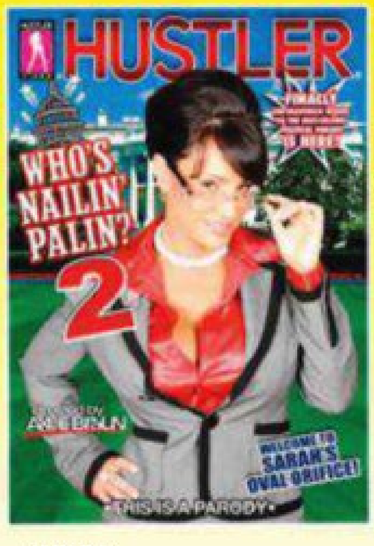

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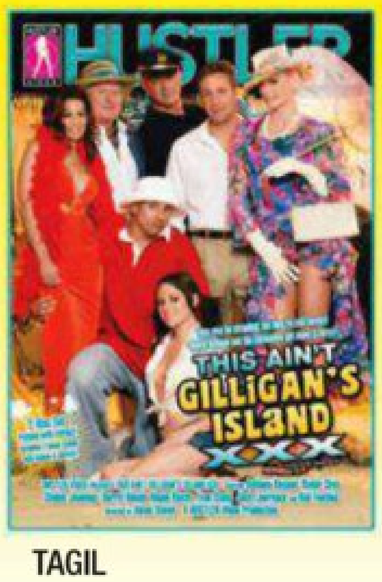

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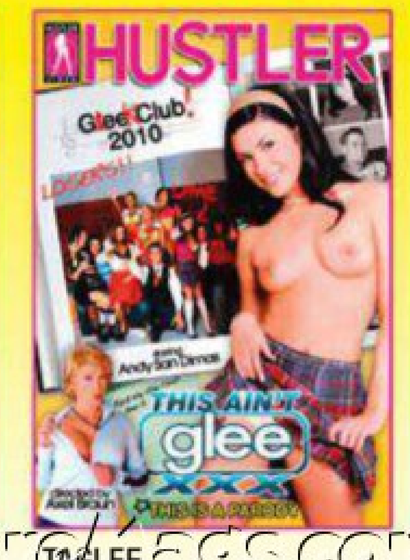

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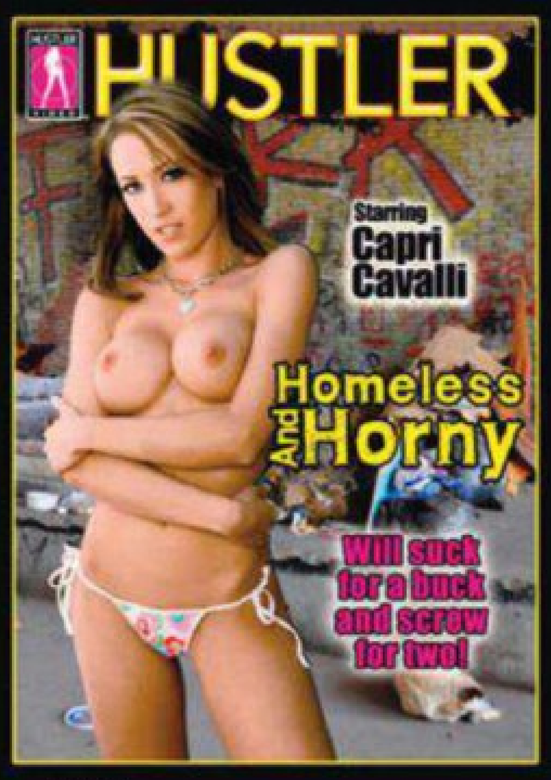

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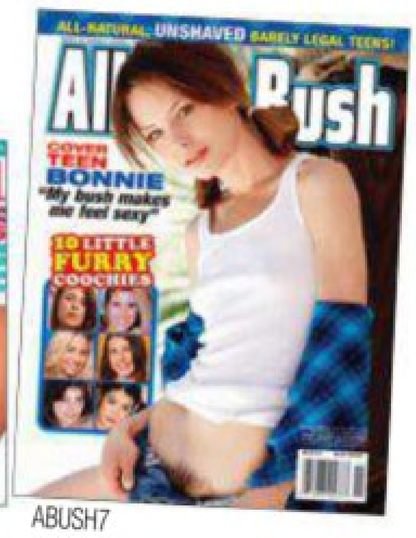

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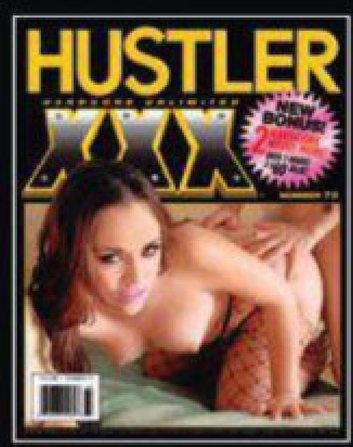
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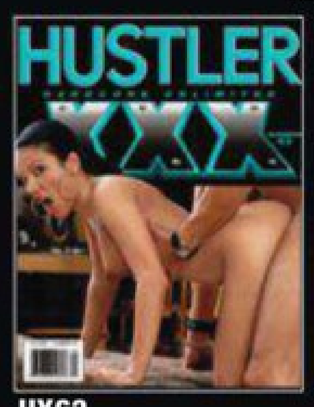
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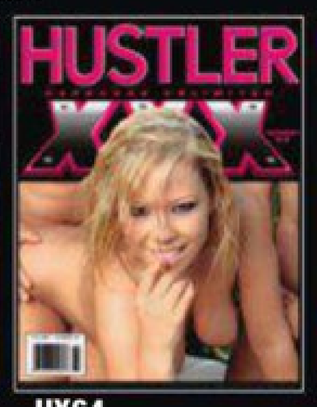
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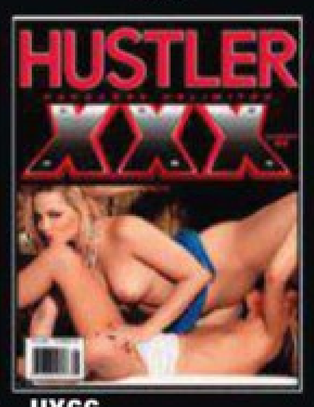
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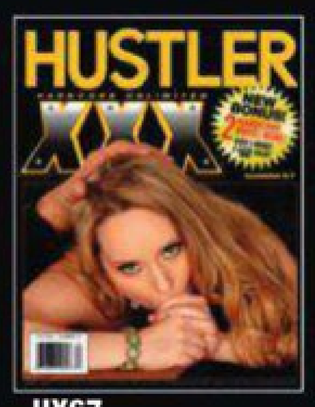
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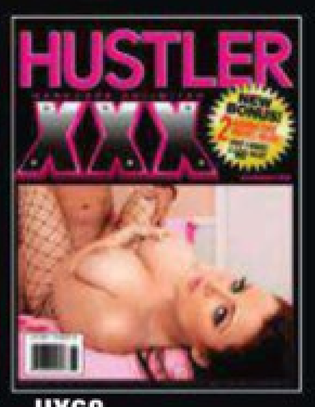
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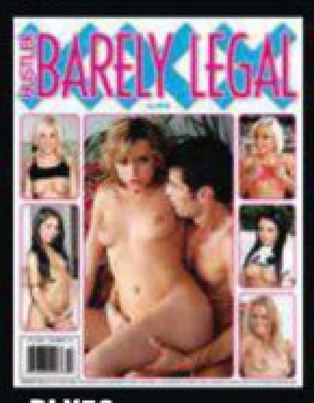
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"You Earthlings are so primitive when it comes to sex," Androidina taunts. "You really ought to learn from us." In Androidina's advanced culture the Orgasmatron takes care of most sexual needs and can be set for any level of desire. "The machine's molecular resonance field surrounds your body structure with sense waves," she explains. "It's basically a giant vibrator that'll give you the fucking of your life."

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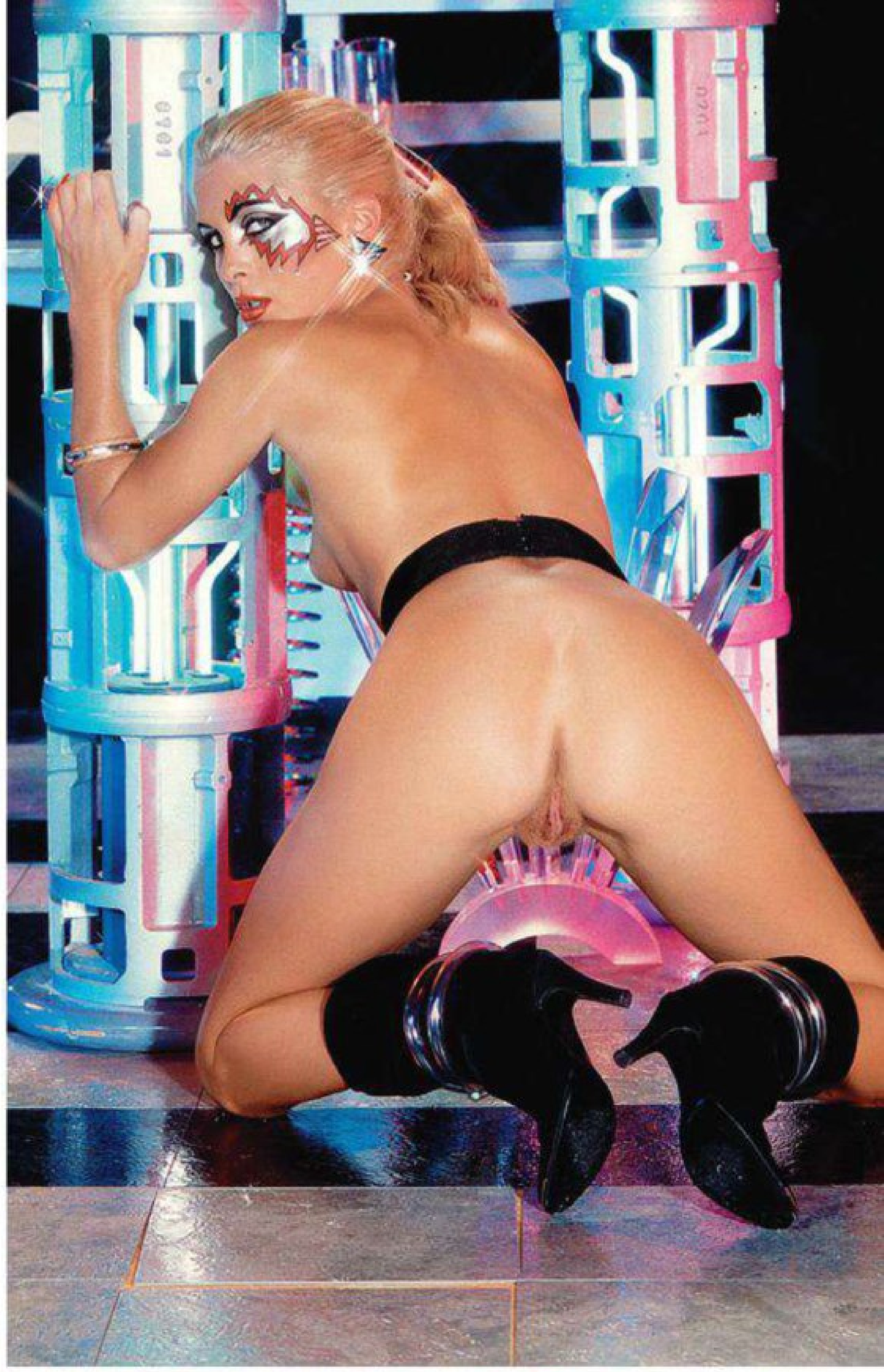

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(continued from page 92) The good news, for both men and women, is that surgically most breast issues can be addressed. You can adjust breast size by virtue of volume and adjust shape by tailoring the skin envelope and molding it any way you want. There is a wide range of surgical techniques to adjust nipple and areola issues as well. The only conundrum, if you're going to have your breasts cosmetically altered, is what size breasts will be best suited for you, your body and your personality.

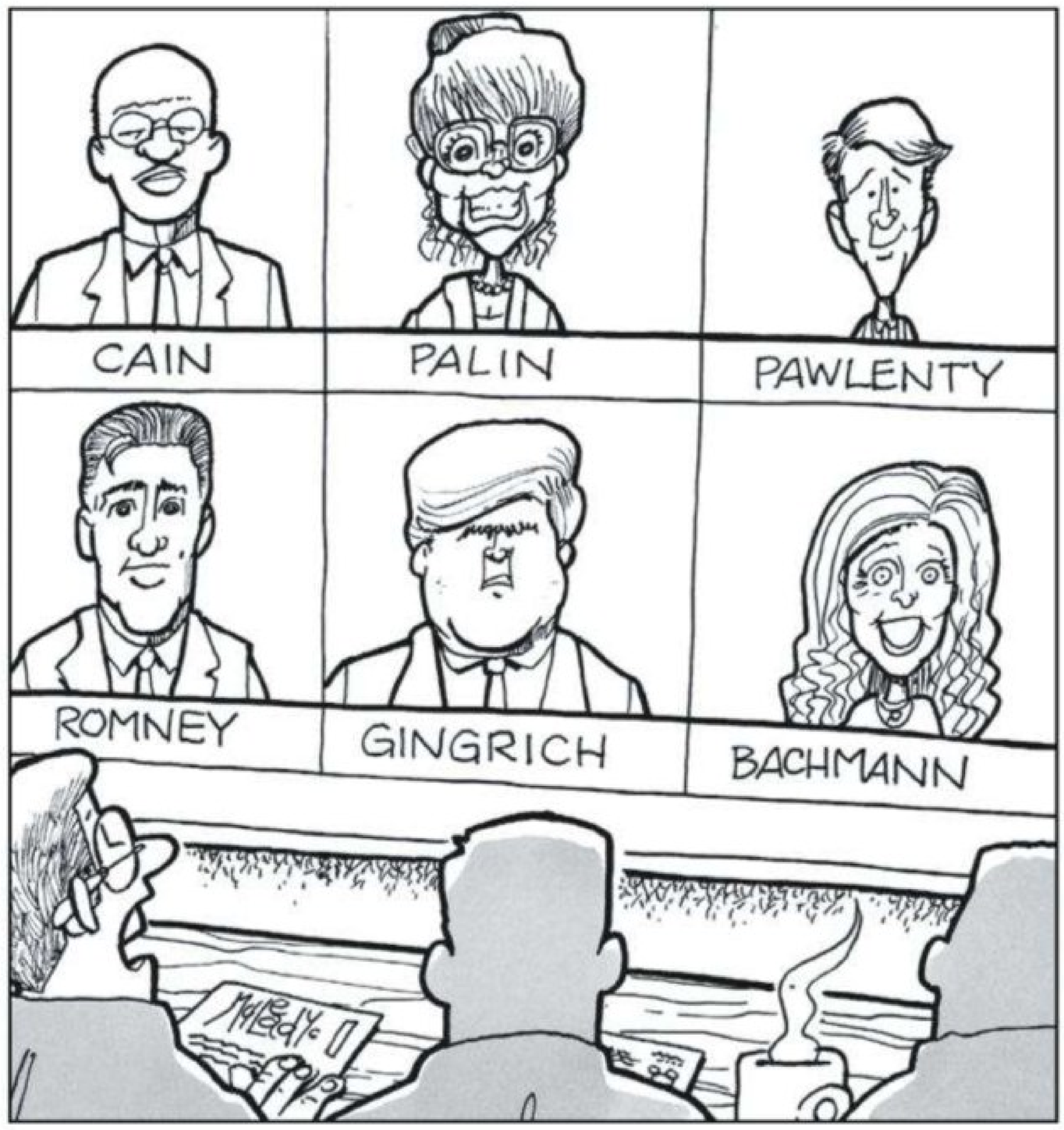
Some women (and men) see breasts as "headlights," meaning size alone is what they're interested in. Others want a more natural look and feel. It's my job as a surgeon, and as a connoisseur of breasts, to help people make a decision that's right for them. Patients need to be happy, but they also need to be reminded of facts—like, smaller implants droop less over time and some implants have a more natural look and feel than others. Surgery, although often miraculous and life-changing, has long-range implications, and it's essential that a patient make an educated decision before they head to the operating room. Selecting a plastic surgeon certified by the American Board of Plastic Surgery and with membership in the American Society of Plastic Surgeons is an important safeguard.

One final note: Cleavage is deceiving. Bras, bustiers and clothing can create the illusion of beautiful breasts, but beware—it's often just that: an illusion. The male pursuit of perfect breasts, in all their infinite variety, goes back to the beginning of time—because it's in a guy's DNA to do so. But at the end of the day, a great pair of breasts isn't the key to a successful relationship. All women, regardless of what size, shape or appearance their breasts have, still possess a uniqueness that makes them beautiful in their own special, feminine way. It's most important to find and appreciate that.

So trust a true expert on this final point. No matter what her breasts look like, you can never make a mistake by telling any woman she's beautiful—even when she's 90.

Dr. Joel Aronowitz is a prominent Los Angeles cosmetic surgeon who has been in practice for over 20 years. He is certified as a diplomate of the American Board of Plastic Surgery, is a member of the American Society of Plastic Surgeons, and is affiliated with the USC School of Medicine as a clinical assistant professor of plastic surgery. Dr. Aronowitz is also the founder of the Breast Preservation Foundation (**BreastPreservationFoundation.org**), a nonprofit organization to educate women about their options for breast reconstruction through a national campaign of public awareness and medical research and education.

The ideas and descriptions described in this article are solely for informational and entertainment purposes, may involve invasive medical procedures, and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.



"I know we joke about this, but I'm serious. We should dig up Ronald Reagan and run him for President."

"I'm damn lucky to be here. My dad said I'm the result of a defective condom."

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ACTOR/MUSICIAN ADAM GOLDBERG: WHAT A CHARACTER!

With film credits that include *Mr. Saturday Night*, *Dazed and Confused*, *Saving Private Ryan* and *A Beautiful Mind*, Adam Goldberg is no slouch when it comes to acting. Accepting an invitation to reveal what's on *his* mind, the admitted neurotic sits down with Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt for a captivating conversation. Listen in as Goldberg—a former boyfriend of Christina Ricci—discusses everything from his most seminal Hollywood moments to trying to emulate John Lennon in the recording studio.

WORLDWIDE EXCLUSIVE: HILLARY CLINTON'S BRASSIEST EX-INTERN

Sammie Spades has burst onto the scene as a pole-polishing, tea-bagging porn star thanks to startling news. She once served as an intern for then-U.S. Senator Hillary Clinton. Now, in a worldwide exclusive interview, Spades reveals to HUSTLER correspondent Miley Morrison how she *really* landed the job with Clinton. How about a bevy of dirty pics to boot? Don't miss our Sammie Spades spectacular!

THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT AYN RAND

The loudest of the neocons striving to derail health-care reform and eviscerate entitlement programs hold up Ayn Rand as their guru. But the Russian émigré was impressed and inspired by William Edward Hickman, who'd murdered and dismembered a 12-year-old girl. In fact, he became the blueprint for Howard Roark, the protagonist of Rand's breakthrough novel *The Fountainhead*. "He has the true, innate psychology of a Superman," Rand noted. Besides recounting Hickman's gruesome crime, Mark Ames—author of *Going Postal: Rage, Murder and Rebellion*—details how Michele Bachmann, Paul Ryan and other Rand disciples have taken to heart a sociopath's groupie who championed selfishness over altruism.

KELLI McCARTY: FROM MISS USA TO BAWDY PORN GODDESS

After being crowned Miss USA in 1991, Kansas native Kelli McCarty soon headed to Hollywood to follow her dreams. She started out with bit parts on *Melrose Place* and *Beverly Hills, 90210*, and would later gain prominence on the daytime soap opera *Passions*. Then, as McCarty tells porn gadfly Scott Fayner, she was "looking for something that no mainstream actress had done before." Eager to expunge her squeaky-clean past, McCarty added XXX flicks to her résumé. But, as you'll find out, there's more on her plate than an unshakable appetite for cock.

HUSTLER'S HOLIDAY PARODY GIFT GUIDE

Our latest collection of twisted items may rankle certain luminaries—and perhaps even our lawyers—but a cherished HUSTLER tradition lives on. This time we'll unveil the Anthony Weinermobile, which comes equipped with exterior TV monitors so you can share pictures of your private parts with the world. Our spoofsters have also devised the Charlie Sheen "Duh, Winning!" Board Game (it lets you experience the actor's wild and crazy life, replete with lots of blow and a harem of whores), the Arnold Blended-Family Fun Set (inspired by the Sperminator's dalliance with his housekeeper), Lindsay Lohan Fashion Jewelry and more. Ho! Ho! Ho!

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