



TOP DOWN

By Jennifer Peters

We've seen topless waitresses and baristas, so we knew it was only a matter of time before others in the service industry took part in the bare-breasts trend. The latest business to go the adults-only route? A hair salon in Australia. For a mere \$60, men in Sydney can get a haircut and scalp massage from one of the sexy, topless hairdressers at Hot Cuts. And while men are the primary customers, the women of Sydney are also curious about the shop. As client Hectir told a reporter for Australia's Ten News, "[My wife's] the one who actually told me to come and look at [the shop]." The salon offers clients not only nearly nude stylists—a draw all on its own—but complimentary drinks and entertainment on a flat-screen TV. It's no wonder that after being open only two days, the salon was booked solid, and the owner was already considering adding to her staff of four. As its website promises, Hot Cuts is "a place where you can get a cut, style, wash, or colour whilst watching a beautiful hairdresser at work with her gorgeous assets out on show." We're willing to bet there's not a man living Down Under who won't find himself in need of a haircut very soon.



GOING NUTS

Here's something David Attenborough forgot to cover in his last wildlife documentary: Squirrels masturbate by blowing themselves! At least according to Jane Waterman, who spent 2,000 hours studying wild squirrels in Namibia. (Suddenly we don't feel so bad about our porn addiction.) The oral masturbation comes as no surprise, given Cape ground squirrels have a scrotum that's 20 percent of their body length (excluding the tail), and a penis that's more than twice that length. And any creature capable of blowing itself probably will—all day long.

Waterman recorded one male squirrel in particular, "with head lowered and an erect penis in his mouth, being stimulated with both mouth (fellatio) and forepaws (masturbation), while the lower torso moved forward and backwards in thrusting motions, finally culminating in an apparent ejaculation, after which the male appeared to consume the ejaculate."

What she wanted to know was why, with so many hot girl squirrels out there, are the males jacking themselves silly? Her first theory—that they're horny—flew out the window when she noticed that males who got a lot of action masturbated *more* than ones who didn't.

Another theory—they do it to flush out useless sperm and make room for fertile sperm—was also disproved by the fact that they often spank it *after* sex. Finally, she concluded that they do it to reduce their chance of infection. By masturbating, squirrels get cleaner genitals two ways: Their quick little hands clean the outside while the ejaculation flushes the insides. Our own theory: They do it so humans can make endless nut jokes.

Case in point: A judge in the hilariously named town of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, was recently cited for allegedly approaching women near the state capitol and passing out acorns he had hollowed out and stuffed with condoms. Isaac H. Stoltzfus, 58, a magisterial district judge for more than 19 years, told police the acorns were meant to be a gag, officials said. But instead of getting laughs, the judge got slapped with one count of disorderly conduct. We're guessing Intercourse makes people go nuts! —*Reverend Jen*



BABABUOY

If only the Russian mystic Rasputin had been in possession of an inflatable sex doll when he was tossed into that icy St. Petersburg river, the Mad Monk might have lived to piss off even more people.

Almost a century later in the same chilly river basin, the race known as the Bubble Baba Challenge ("baba" means "peasant woman") is heating things up—sort of. The annual event, now going into its ninth year, sends more than 450 Russian men and women plunging into the frigid and rapidly moving Vuoksa River, about 50 miles northwest of St. Petersburg, with inflatable sex dolls. The late-August race takes

only about three minutes, but considering the water temperature hovers around 40 degrees, combined with the fact that there's no booze allowed (contestants are tested for alcohol prior to the event), that's probably long enough for even the heartiest Ruskie.

The 2010 winner was Vladislav Pavlenko, who made it to the finish line in two minutes and 47 seconds, with the help of his special rubber lady friend, Vanilla Pelotki. But the real winners in our dirty book are the "athletes" whose better halves come with such names as Floating Piggy, Baby-Barge, Cuddly Female Raccoon, and Big Tit Excess.—*Sarah Walker*

SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED

James Bond probably never jerks off. Every time the man turns around there's a beauty slipping out of her cocktail dress and into the sack with him. In real life, we can assume that British secret agents jerk off just like normal people, only they sometimes do so in the line of duty, as revealed in Keith Jeffery's *MIG: The History of the Secret Intelligence Service, 1909-1949*.

Jeffery reveals that "C"—Mansfield Cumming, first chief of the Secret Intelligence Service and the inspiration for Ian Fleming's "M"—was obsessed with finding the ideal invisible ink for his spies' secret correspondence. It was in 1915, during World War I, that Cumming was told by one of his researchers that semen fit the bill: easily available, wouldn't leave telltale marks on the paper, didn't develop under heat, wouldn't react with iodine or the usual developers, etc.

Cumming immediately ordered the discovery to be put into effect, with some unintended consequences. The researcher who had made the discovery, after being mercilessly teased by his colleagues, had to be transferred to a different department. Another agent had to be told that a "new operation" was necessary for each invisible message, as he apparently stockpiled his secret ink until it acquired an unpleasant odor.

All of this would put James Bond in a difficult position—a man's only got so much spunk to go around, and Bond is a hot commodity. Small wonder he's always falling out of touch with headquarters.—*Coral Vincent*



"I DON'T HAVE A SEX TAPE AND I'M KINDA UPSET THAT I DON'T ... BECAUSE I'M REALLY GOOD."— JENNY MCCARTHY

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