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NOVEMBER 2003

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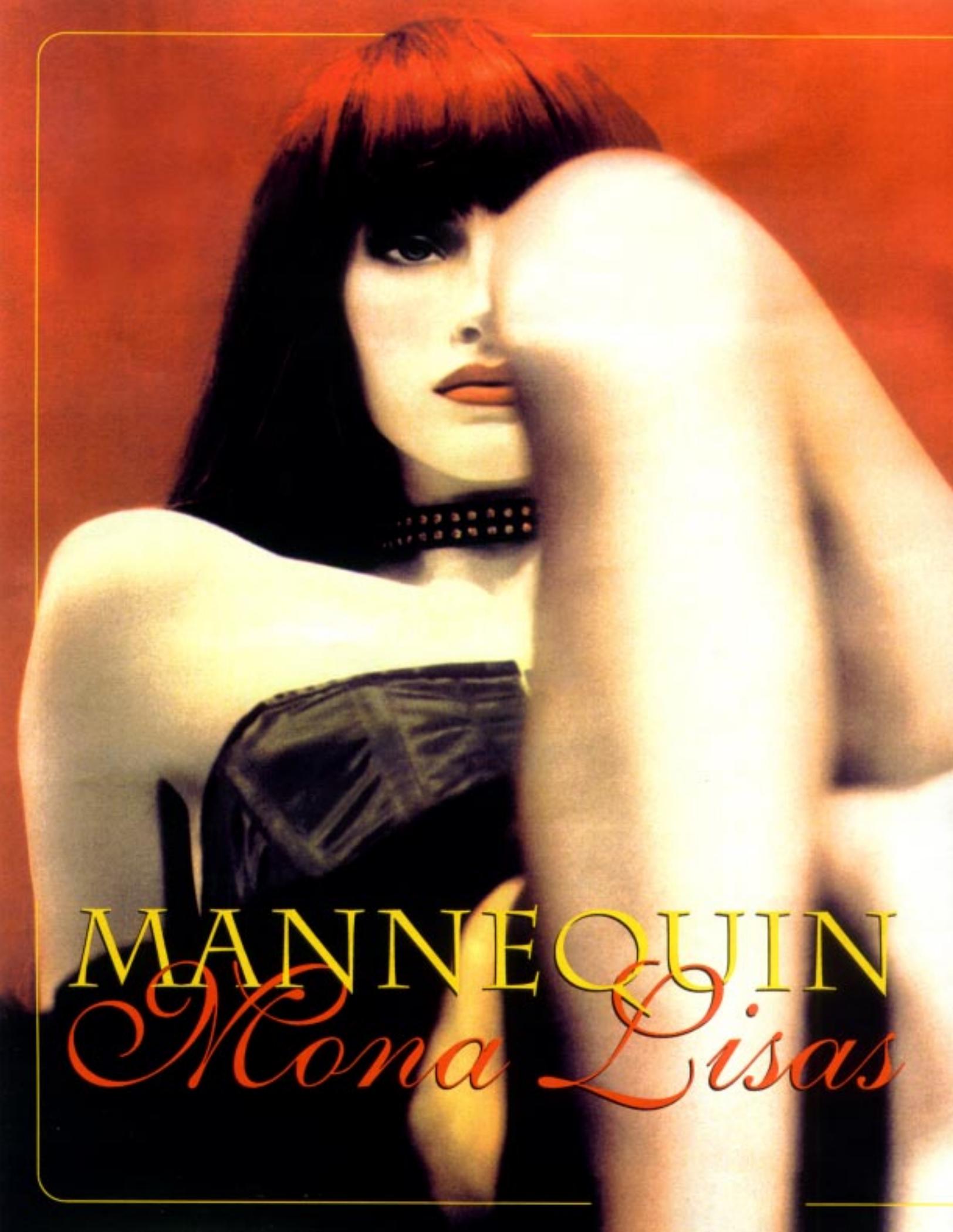
GINA "SUPERMAN" LYNN ON EMINEM

November 2003 \$7.99



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MANNEQUIN  
*Mona Lisas*



Photographer Lanning Gold's home is filled with hot, naked women who couldn't care less if you feel them up. On this sunny California afternoon, there are at least a dozen of them in his living room, standing or sitting, staring stone-faced at their master as he snaps a few shots with his 35mm camera.

"Go ahead," urges Gold, nodding toward two nude blondes lying on satin sheets and pillows before us, their nipples as stiff as nails. "Touch their breasts if you want."

I maneuver around Gold's tripod and lights, and reach my hand out to cup one gal's breast. It has a nice shape, but it's too firm to be real. This is Hollywood, after all.

"Hard as a rock," Gold says, grinning. "Like I told you; you can't fuck fiberglass."

The glass-eyed dames come in all guises: dressed in fur-lined, see-through teddies; decked out in full S&M regalia or a Catholic schoolgirl's plaid skirt; crouched on all fours with haunches high ready for action; even lounging in lesbo heaven, like two faux rug-munchers on the floor of Gold's den.

Normally, Gold derives his inspiration from the street—specifically from store windows of slut-wear shops such as Trashy Lingerie, Dream Dresser or Agent Provocateur. He shoots the window displays late at night in black-and-white, then hand-paints the prints with



Lanning Gold and pal with mannequin sex slave.

would all take pictures together, then compare the results. One day, the wandering shutterbugs spotted a sexy store-window mannequin and used her as a subject. Gold only had black-and white film; so he painted the print to make up for his handicap, and a career was born.

Today, Gold's images of inanimate eye candy fetch anywhere from \$800 to \$2,000 a pop. They've been featured in publications such as *Entertainment Today*

## "I'm trying to capture the sexuality of these fiberglass beings."

garish colors—deep purples, emerald greens and velvety reds. The results? Realistic "photopaintings" that are hot enough to spank to, but arty enough for framing.

A tall man in his mid-30's who could pass for Michael Caine's younger brother, Gold explains he has to shoot late at night to avoid the sun's reflection. But if the mood hits him when it's still daylight, he has a personal harem of counterfeit models at his beck and call.

"Basically, I'm a voyeur, and I'm trying to capture the sexuality of these fiberglass beings," says Gold. "Even though there are a whole bunch of them in the room right now, having sexual contact with them is the last thing in a million years I would want to do."

A Los Angeles native and U.C. Berkeley graduate, Gold began his semi-creepy endeavor seven years ago while out with a posse of fellow photographers. As a sort of friendly competition, they

and *Juxtapoz's Erotica* magazine, and various prestigious galleries have exhibited them, including L.A.'s Bacchus Gallery, San Diego's I.P. Gallery and West Hollywood's Desmond Gallery.

Gold, for his part, claims to maintain a generally detached attitude toward his lifeless lovelies. "I ignore [the mannequins] most of the time," he says, gazing at his seraglio of sultry effigies. "They're like my tools. They're there for me to put a piece together. Once I'm looking through the camera lens, then I can see them as beautiful people. Until then, they're just like furniture to me."

For more information about Lanning Gold's work, visit [www.lanninggold.com](http://www.lanninggold.com).

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Stephen Lemons is an L.A.-based freelance writer whose work has appeared in *Salon.com*, *Los Angeles Times*, *LA Weekly*, *New Times L.A.*, *GettingIt.com* and *While You Were Sleeping* magazine.

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Profile by Stephen Lemons