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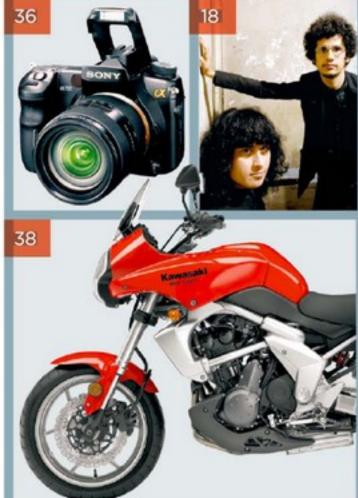
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### PenthouseForum

# Reckless



'd been waiting at the terminal for my girlfriend Caitlin for what seemed like hours when I finally spotted her. I waved. When she saw me, she immediately got that look in her eyes—the one I know all too well—the one that means right here, right now! This wouldn't be the first time we'd had sex in a public place.

Caitlin quickly scanned the area for the nearest restroom. Then she took my hand, led me to the door marked WOMEN, and quickly peeked inside before pulling me in. For the moment, we had the place to ourselves, so we made the most of it and headed toward the corner stall. Once inside, Caitlin locked the door and turned to face me. Wrapped in each other's arms, we kissed hungrily, mouths fused together, tongues entwined, until we heard someone come in and enter one of the stalls. Anxiously panting, we waited until we heard the person leave. It was pure torture because the entire time, I could feel Caitlin's hot breath on my neck and her skilled hand massaging my growing cock.

When we were sure we were alone again, she unbuckled my belt and unzipped my fly. Caitlin's soft hands encircled my dick and slowly stroked up and down, sending shivers through my body. Then her skilled fingers moved under my shirt and across my chest as we moaned into each other's mouth and kissed. I raised her skirt and was not surprised to find her bare-assed. Upon further inspection, I discovered just how excited she was. I'm sure part of it was that we hadn't fucked in more than two weeks, but the main reason for her wetness was the thrill of fucking anywhere but at home. Our reckless need for each other and the possibility of getting caught always added fuel to the fire.

I pulled her to her feet and got a good grip on her ass. Caitlin hopped up and wrapped her legs around my waist. Bracing her against the door, I guided my cock into her pussy and pushed in. With Caitlin's fingers locked around my neck, I began thrusting in and out, gaining

I grabbed her and we kissed hungrily, mouths fused together, tongues entwined, until we heard someone come in and enter one of the stalls.

momentum as she bounced.

Just when we had a good rhythm going, I heard the restroom door open. Caitlin was making enough noise to wake the dead, and I know from experience that it's impossible to shut her up when she gets going. I kissed her, silencing her moans, and did my

best to stop moving. It wasn't easy. The other woman must have heard something when she came in because she stopped in front of our stall and asked, "Are you okay in there?"

I broke the kiss, hoping Caitlin could answer.

"I'm fine—thanks," she said, a bit out of breath.

I could barely contain my laughter as I lowered her to the floor. I reached back to flush for effect, and Caitlin started laughing and coughing at the same time.

After our nosy intruder had left, I turned Caitlin around and flipped her skirt up. She bent forward and held on to the handicap bars. I lifted up her blouse, popped the clasp

on her bra, and squeezed her breasts. Her nipples were raised and when I touched them, she moaned and pushed back against my aching cock.

"Shh! You have to be quiet," I said.
"Easy for you" she said between

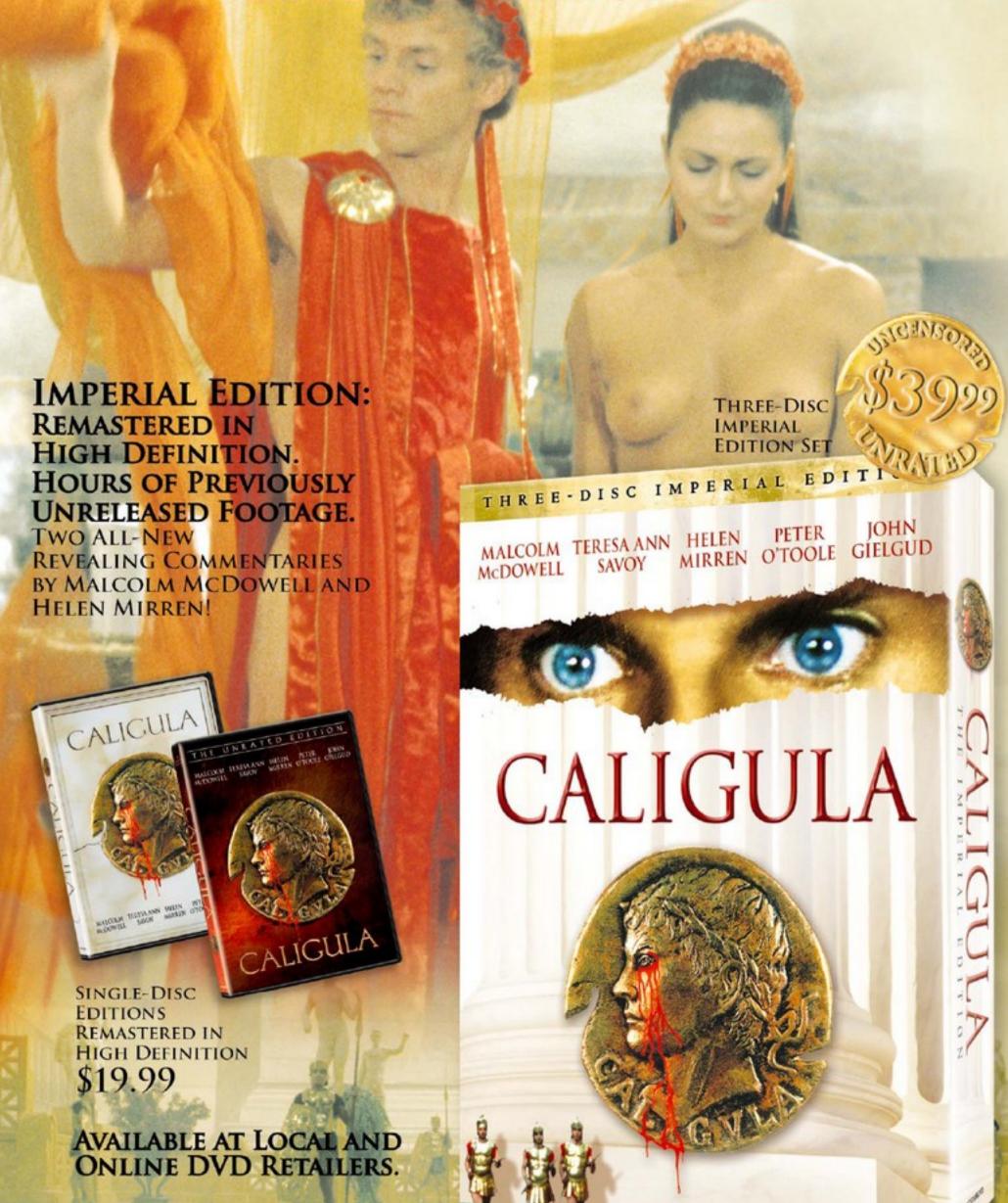
"Easy for you," she said between quick breaths. She turned her head for another kiss as I drove my cock into her slick hole. We were moving together again, hard and fast, using each other's passion to reach our goal—riding that edge you get when you don't know how much time you have or whether you'll be found out. Seconds later, Caitlin came, drenching my cock with her slick juices as spasms rocked my body and I exploded inside her.

As we straightened our clothes, I said, "So I guess it's safe to say you missed me a little."

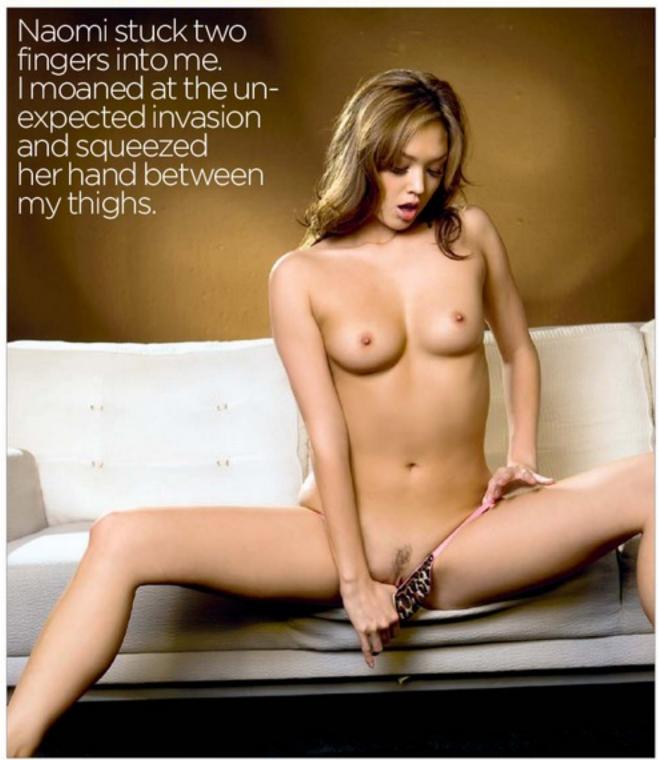
"Don't look so smug," she said. "I could say the same about you." Then she checked to see if the coast was clear before leading me out of the restroom.—M.J., via the Internet

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

## BEFORE GLADIATOR. BEFORE ROME. THE MOST DECADENT SPECIAL EDITION OF ALL TIME IS HERE ON DVD.



### PenthouseForum



### COLD FEET, HOT PUSSY

I had been engaged for about a year and was only a month from the wedding when I got cold feet. Some of my friends who were still partying and screwing around told me I needed to have one last fling. The more I thought about it, the more sense it made, and the more excited I became about the idea. But if I was going to cheat, I had to do it before the wedding. And it had to be with someone special.

The first person I thought of was Naomi. I'd met her at a friend's party where we'd both done too many shots. One minute we were talking, and the next we were making out. My panties had gotten so wet when Naomi explored my mouth with her tongue and touched me between my legs, I'd felt flushed and hot, and had to take another drink to calm down.

Before that night, I'd never kissed another woman, but Naomi was hard to resist. She's what I call bi-sexy. She'd had guys and girls coming on to her all night. She had called me a few times after the party, asking me to meet her for a drink, but each time I said I had to meet my fiancé. I knew if I saw her again, I'd want to do more with her than kiss. Now seemed like the perfect time—somehow being with another woman felt less like cheating than screwing a guy. I told myself that I could suggest inviting my fiancé to join us if things went well; that really eased my guilt. I called Naomi and invited her out for a drink. She jumped at the offer.

I suggested a bar in a hotel, arrived early to reserve a room, then waited at the bar. I knew the instant she arrived because the men who were checking me out looked toward the entrance. Naomi was wearing an ultra-sheer blouse over her huge firm breasts and a short skirt. She looked amazing.

"Naomi, you look fabulous," I said, feeling a rush of heat in my core.

"You look good yourself," she said.

"Ooh, shots! You remembered."

"That's not all I took care of," I said, flashing the keycard to the room. Then Naomi and I downed our shots.

"I've wanted to hook up with you ever since the party, as I'm sure you know," she said. "What made you change your mind?"

"I'm getting married soon, but I just can't stop thinking about you and wondering what I might be missing."

"I'm as anxious to find out as you are, so let's go!" she said. She grabbed the keycard and pulled me toward the elevator. We kissed and groped each other on the way up, just like we had at the party, nearly missing our floor.

Once we were behind closed doors, we scrambled to pull each other's clothes off. Then we slowed down to look at each other. Naomi was gorgeous. I was so overwhelmed that I wasn't sure what to do next, but Naomi pressed her nipples against my chest and kissed me. It was even more erotic than when we made out at the party.

Naomi's hand moved down toward my pussy and she stuck two fingers into my snatch. I moaned at the unexpected invasion and squeezed her hand between my thighs. My head fell back and when I felt Naomi's hot lips sucking on my neck, I came in a rush of pleasure.

I looked at Naomi again, then fell to my knees, spreading her legs wide and diving in for my first taste of pussy. I loved it! I plunged my tongue into her as far as I could, gently rubbing her clit with my thumb. It didn't take long for Naomi to cry out, and she grabbed my shoulders to steady herself as she came.

Then she pulled me to my feet and we fell together onto the bed. We held each other and touched and kissed until the kisses grew deeper and more demanding. I took the lead this time and shifted around until I was on top of her in a sixty-nine. I was dying to do her again, and I wanted her to do me, too.

We took our time with each other, exploring, tasting, and touching until we were mirroring each other's actions with our tongues and fingers. Finally, we each had another incredible orgasm. Then we spent the rest of the night experimenting, coming so many times I lost count.

Though I had intended for this to be a onetime thing, I think I may have become a pussy junkie. I'm still getting married, but I want to have my cake and eat it, too!—G.T., California

More letters on page 144

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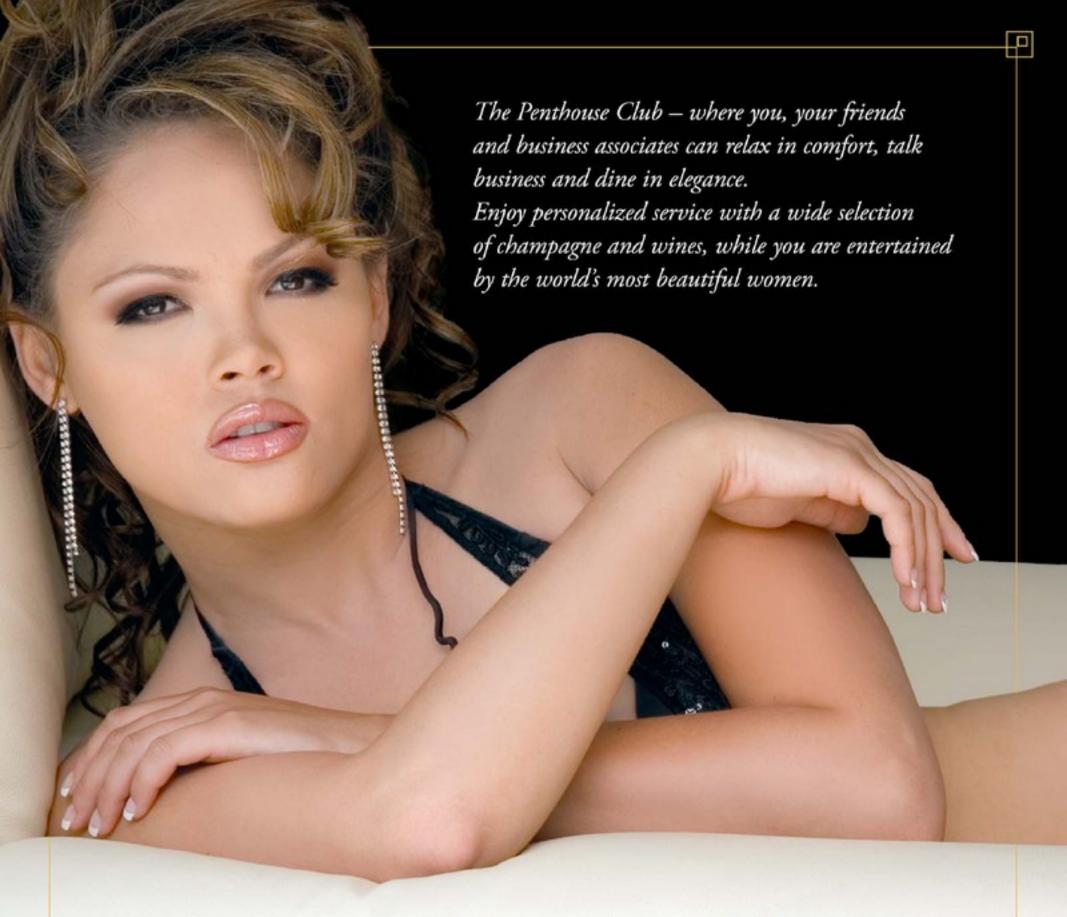
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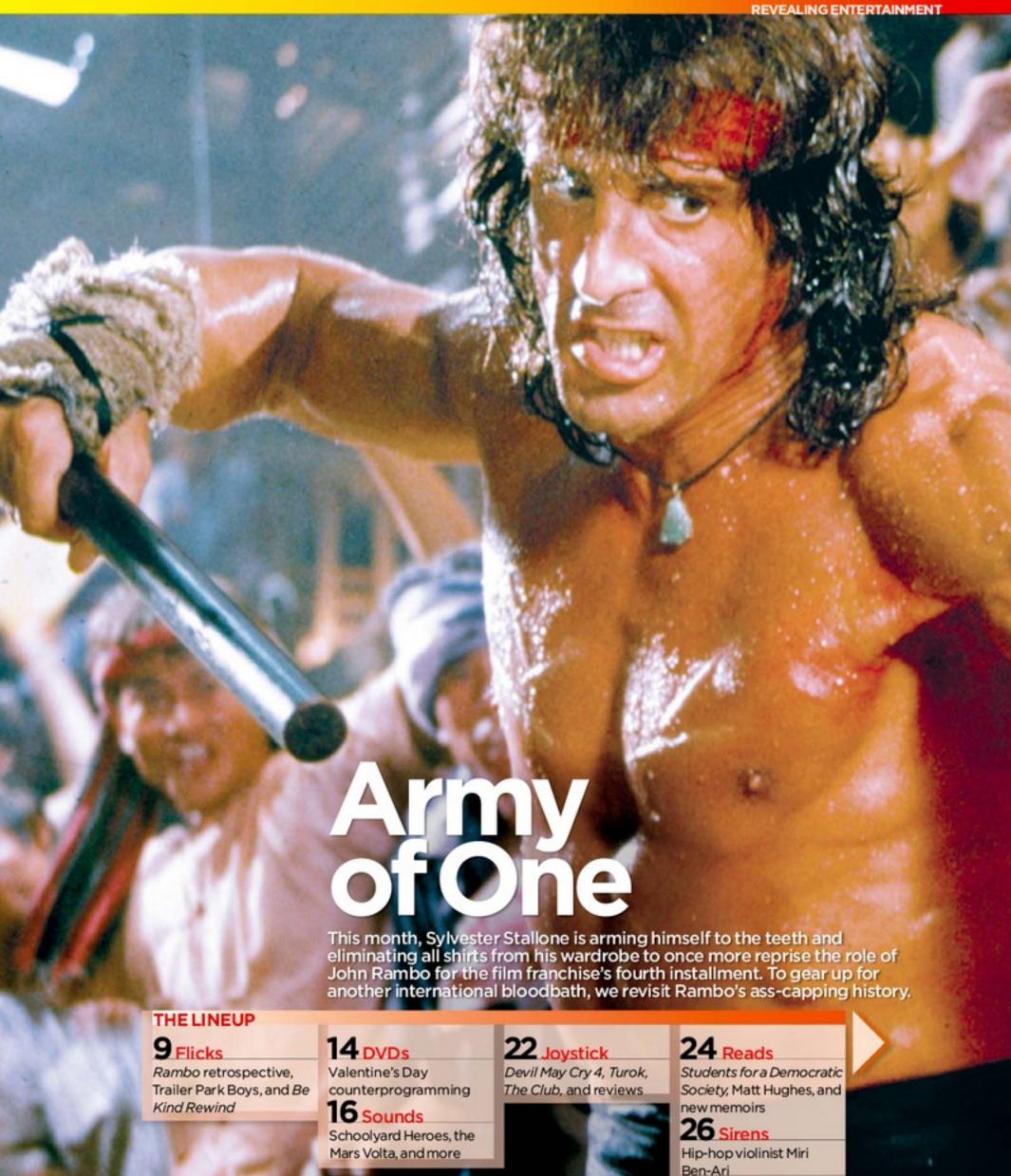




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### Full-Frontal REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT



o question, it has a nice ring to it: "To survive a war, you have to become war." General Patton? Sun Tzu? Tonya Harding? Try a pumped-up, frequently barechested ex-Green Beret named John Rambo. A font of few words but many rounds of ammo, the Reagan-era soldier of fortune made mincemeat of evil empires at a time when global dominance seemed an innocent afterthought. He's back in a new movie-simply titled Rambo-starring Sylvester Stallone (duh) and hitting theaters in late January. In case there was any doubt, know that the essential formula remains unchanged. Once again, Rambo speaks softly and infrequently but carries a big gun. A third-world evil beckons: This time, it's Burma and a bunch of anti-missionary army rogues. A crude bandanna is torn and tied around the head. Biceps expand under the weight of a semiautomatic rifle. Explosions happen. We spent some time with the original trilogy-research, of courseto crack the Rambo code.

A font of few words but many rounds of ammo, the Reagan-era soldier of fortune made mincemeat of evil empires.



An insanely violent, shell-strewn stroll down blood-soaked memory lane

### FIRST BLOOD (1982)

### WHOGETSTHE

**BEATDOWN?** Interestingly enough, it's a Canadian sheriff (Brian Dennehy) and his small-town staff, but only after unnecessarily antagonizing Stallone's long-haired Vietnam veteran-more libertarian than right-wing punisher, Still, he is clearly the wrong libertarian to fuck with.

OMINOUS VOUCH FOR BADASS SKILLS: This bit of exposition, crucial to any Rambo movie, is always delivered by Richard Crenna as ex-commander Colonel Sam Trautman, who clues folks in to

the Rambocalypse headed their way. In this flick he says, "Don't forget one thing: a good supply of body bags." MOST VIOLENT ACT OF RETRIBUTION: A deputy gets his legs impaled on a swinging branch of sharpened sticks. RAMBO'S PERSONAL

CODE OF CONDUCT: "They drew first blood." 'Nuff said. LOUSY YET TOTALLY INFECTIOUS THEME

SONG: Dan Hill, "It's a Long Road." The Canadian wuss behind "Sometimes When We Touch" addresses Rambo's mental state: "It's a real war / Right outside your front door, Itell ya / Out where they'll kill you/You could use a friend."

### RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II (1985)

### WHO GETS THE

**BEATDOWN?** Retooled as an American avenger Rambo is released from work prison to refight the Vietnam War. "Do we get to win this time?" he asks Trautman. Woe be to any Vietcong or Russian mercenary who gets between our boy and a helpless prisoner-of-war. This is the film that convinced Reagan to attack Libva. Seriously. **OMINOUS VOUCH FOR** 

BADASS SKILLS: "What you choose to call hell, he calls home." Colonel Trautman, will

you be our dad? MOST VIOLENT ACT OF RETRIBUTION: A cruel

guard is shot by an explosive arrowhead from, like, amile away. Naturally, he goes up in a million pieces.

#### RAMBO'S PERSONAL CODE OF CONDUCT: "

want what they want, and every other guy who came over here and spilled his outs and gave everything he had wants! For our country to love us as much as we love it." Okay, 'Bo, let us get back to you on that one.

#### LOUSY YET TOTALLY **INFECTIOUS THEME**

SONG: Frank Stallone's "Peace in Our Life." The star's bro contributes what must be the most jingoistic pop song ever to not chart at all.

### (1988)

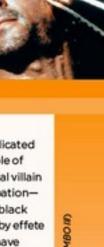
### WHO GETS THE

to"the gallant people of Afghanistan," the real villain here is Soviet occupationoften in the form of black helicopters piloted by effete commanders who have chessboards prominently displayed in their tents. **OMINOUS VOUCH** 

### FOR BADASS SKILLS:

In advance of the Rambeckoning, Trautman lets loose a few choice words. mystifying his electroprobehappy Russian guards: "God would have mercy. He won't." MOST VIOLENT ACT OF RETRIBUTION: A thug





One winter movie that might not blow

**BEKIND REWIND** Jack Black, Mos Def Not to put too fine a point on it, but January movies generally suck. Hollywood, knowing most of us are still licking our wounds from holiday spending, quietly dumps all its undramatic dramas, unthrilling thrillers, and unfunny comedies. Your best bet is the video store. Which is, as fate would have it, where the most promising flick of the month takes place. Be Kind Rewind takes its name from the days of pre-DVD courtesy, when mom-andpop video shops did brisk business. When a cashstrapped store's new clerk (Jack Black) accidentally demagnetizes a majority of the hot releases, panic sets in. The solution? Refilm Robocop, Ghostbusters, and Driving Miss Daisy using local amateur talent, spunk, moxie, and lots and lots of cardboard. Writerdirector Michel Gondry (The Science of Sleep) specializes in this sort of triumph of the naive artist, and he may very well have another imaginative metafilm on his hands. Which would make January a welcome month indeed-provided we

don't want to demagnetize

is kicked down a hole into a cave, hanging by a rope around his neck, and detonated by the ticking grenade strapped to his chest. Um, Mr. Screenwriter, thank you.

### RAMBO'S PERSONAL CODE OF CONDUCT:

A small boy looks up to Rambo and asks him to stay and assist the mujahideen freedom fighters. Rambo's response? "Maybe next time."

### LOUSY YET TOTALLY INFECTIOUS THEME

INFECTIOUS THEME
SONG: Bill Medley, "He Ain't
Heavy, He's My Brother." The
former Righteous Brother
croons through an overly
synthed-up Hollies cover. The
toxic result immediately puts
his career on life support.

A thug is kicked down a hole into a cave, hanging by a rope around his neck, and detonated by the ticking grenade strapped to his chest.



# Trailer Trashed

Robb Wells, John Paul Tremblay, and Mike Smith, the crazed substance abusers known collectively as the Trailer Park Boys, are among the finest—or at least the most fucked up—Canuck comics to ever hop the border. And they're appearing soon at a theater near you.

ay back in 2006, Canadian audiences ate up the film version of the popular TV series Trailer Park Boys, a mockumentary starring three thieving, drug-selling, rum-andcoke-swilling dimwits, as if it were a piping-hot plate of back bacon. Curious Americans, meanwhile, had caught only a glimpse of Mike Clattenburg's hilarious creation on BBC America. Now, with producer Ivan Reitman (the man behind such genius comedies as Ghostbusters and Old School), the TPB film can finally be seen stateside. Penthouse cornered Robb Wells, John Paul Tremblay, and Mike Smith in their on-screen personas-Ricky, Julian, and Bubbles—for the trio's thoughts on living the high life.

You three reside in a trailer park named Sunnyvale. Is it ever sunny in the Great White North? Bubbles: It's beautiful weather in the summer. It just turns nasty in the winter, that's all. We're high, too, so it might appear nicer than it actually is.

You're often locked up—what's the best thing about jail?

Julian: You get three meals a day, you get time to exercise, and you get to play cards with the boys.

Outside of jail you've got to try to make money and make a living.

Ricky: I started up the Ball Hockey
League in prison, so it's fun to go back and play with the boys. It's good times. You can pretty much get any kind of liquor and any kind of dope and hang with the fellas.

When you were last in jail, Ricky's girl Lucy got fake boobs. Do you prefer fakes to the real thing?
Ricky: I liked Lucy's body just the way it was, but now that she has them, I'm getting used to them.
Julian: I'm totally into real boobs.
Bubbles: I don't mind them. The new fakies are quite lovely to squeeze!
They're not like the old-school ones. I poked one years ago and it wasn't very nice.

Let's talk about some of your previous adventures: Why did Ricky kidnap Rush guitarist Alex Lifeson? Ricky: I didn't kidnap him—I borrowed him.

Bubbles: He kidnapped him straight up. He broke into his hotel and stole him straight out of his room! I'd say that's kidnapping by definition.

> "In Smokey and the Bandit, Burt Reynolds only took his hat off for one thing. I only put my glass down for one thing."

Ricky: That's not true. Kidnapping by definition is having to get money, like ransom, and there was none of that involved. I just borrowed him. Julian: You don't borrow people, Rick. Especially rock stars!

When you "borrowed" him, did you use the Shitmobile? Followup: How did your car get into such bad condition?

Julian: It's not really a Shitmobile, it's a nice New Yorker that used to belong to my grandmother. I gave that to Ricky years ago and he ended up destroying it.

Ricky: I didn't destroy it. There were things that happened while you were working.

Julian: It's been seven, eight years now since the door ripped off and he hasn't replaced it. We don't even know where the door is at.

Let's move on to a happier subject. Julian, your glass of rum and coke never seems to leave your hand. Does that interfere with your lovemaking skills?
Julian: In Smokey and the Bandit, Burt Reynolds only took his hat off for one thing. I only put my

glass down for one thing.

Speaking of, Ricky—is it true you were in one of J-Roc's pornos?
Ricky: I was, but I didn't feel right about it. I had some problems down there. People made fun of me, but it's just because I couldn't cheat on Lucy. Me and Lucy have videotaped ourselves, but that's different.

Bubbles: I've been in three of his greasy movies! I was in From Russia With the Love Bone, The Bare Pimp Project, and J-Roc's Greasy Trailer Park Girls Gone Wild.

Finally, has life changed since you hit the big screen?

Julian: It's a lot more difficult to break the law now because people are watching us on TV and in the theaters.

Bubbles: It's harder to go get shopping carts out of the lake because everybody thinks it's really fucking cool so everybody's doing it. But other than that, it's about the same.Olm



### FullFrontal DVDS

REVIEWS /// BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

### Love Stinks

Fuck V Day. Instead, punch your guy card with a hitman hunting a baby, a martial-arts fight club, hot babes battling zombies, or even a pair of geeks playing *Donkey Kong*.

### SHOOT 'EM UP (DVD, HD-DVD, Blu-ray).

live Owen teams up with super-hottie Monica Bellucci to protect a newborn child, a logical follow-up to protecting a pregnant chick in Children of Men. This thriller is a bit lighter than that futuristic tale, not to mention a bit more fun, and Paul Giamatti is, as always, fascinating to watch. Of course, how can you go wrong with a sexy hooker, big fucking guns, and a bonus doc called "Ballet of Bullets"?







RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (DVD. Blu-ray, PSP) More hot chicks (Milla Jovovich, of course, now with superhuman strengths, is joined by Ali Larter and Ashanti), more zombies, more evil schemes from the Umbrella Corporation.... You know exactly what to expect here, and Extinction delivers on all of it, plus it has killer crows! There also will be a high-def trilogy box set with the first two installments, Resident Evil and Resident Evil: Apocalypse, available on Blu-ray for the first time.



### (DVD, HD-DVD)

Go back to nature with this tale of a college grad who eschews the middle-class good life so he can find himself and the meaning of life in the great outdoors. He meets a fascinating cast of characters on his journey, then discovers just how deathly wild the wildemess can be. The performances, particularly Emile Hirsch's, are impressive, and director Sean Penn takes one more giant step away from Jeff Spicoli. Sadly, the bonus features are minimal, just two documentaries on the film and the story and characters.





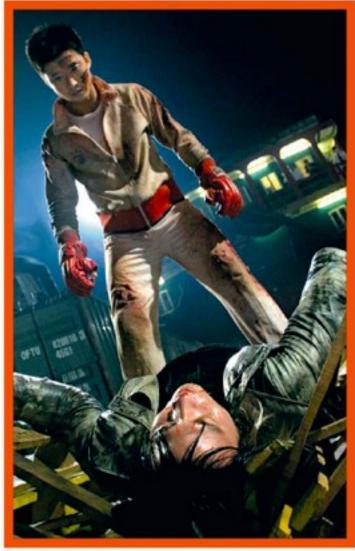
### REISSUES OF THE MONTH

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

A young American arrested for possession of hashish (above) expects a four-year sentence, but when the Turkish government makes an example of him, he ends up with 30 years for smuggling. The prisons are violent, his prospects are grim, and his only hope is escape. The 30thanniversary edition (DVD only) includes behind-the-scenes featurettes and director Alan Parker's commentary, photo journal, and essay about his on-set experiences.

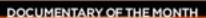
#### LIFEOF BRIAN

This is the Monty Python crew at their peak, and British comedy doesn't get much better than that. After Brian is born on Christmas—that Christmas—in the stable next to Jesus, he spends the rest of his life being mistaken for a messiah. New extras on the Immaculate Edition (DVD and Blu-ray) include an hour-long doc and an "illustrated recording" of a script reading. We're not sure what that means, but we can't wait to check it out.



### BADASS OF THE MONTH

Sure, Jet Li takes on Jason Statham in War (January 1), Timothy Olyphant's Hitman is on the way in February, and even Gary Busey turns up in Beyond the Ring (January 8). But we humbly recommend Jacky Wu Jing in the little-known Fatal Contact (DVD only). A young national champion mixes it up in a fight club and—no surprise—gets in over his head. You'll be glad we introduced you to this rising Chinese star, who has the moves and comedic sensibility of a young Jackie Chan.



### KING OF KONG: A FISTFUL OF QUARTERS

In one of the most inexplicably compelling docs we've seen, two guys compete for the world record in the arcade version of Donkey Kong. You won't believe how funny it can be watching guys take a videogame way, way too seriously, or how strongly you'll pull for them. And don't miss the animated short "A Really, Really Brief History of Donkey Kong." (DVD only)





### TV ON DVD

### FAMILY GUY PRESENTS: "BLUE HARVEST" SPECIAL EDITION

The Griffins reenact Star Wars: A New Hope, sort of. You get the Death Star's "planet blower-upper gun," Thai fighters, "Don't get penisy," limp light-saber sight gags, Obi-Wan singing a farewell to Luke, Stewie as Darth Vader, real-life Reds like Redd Foxx in the Red Squadron. (Really, we're just getting started.) Plus, there's a 3-D fight scene and cameos from Rush Limbaugh, Adam West, and Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo as the Griswolds. (DVD only)

### FullFrontal sounds

Q&A /// BY REBECCA SWANNER

### Hero Worship

Despite what some concerned citizens might think, goth rockers Schoolyard Heroes aren't satanists. But that doesn't mean their Hades-hot lead singer, Ryann Donnelly, isn't a little twisted.

he spooky Seattle foursome Schoolyard Heroes debuted in 1999 with a disc's worth of pop-punk songs about bad boyfriends and ex-best friends. But now, with their third album, Abominations, creepy lyrics, heavy industrial-slashmetal music, and the wide-ranging, practically operatic vocals of Ryann Donnelly have become the band's signatures. We hitched a ride on SH's tour van and chatted with their sexy 22-year-old singer, who's not nearly as sweet as she looks.

### You guys are touring all winter. Any fun road stories so far?

The other day, Jonah and I petted some stingrays in the mall across the street from the Grand Ole Opry. One of them took off one of Jonah's fingers and we thought we might have to find a replacement bass player on 24-hours notice. We nicknamed him Steve Irwin Jr.

Wow! As you probably know, the goth scene used to be full of bands like the Misfits, Alien Sex Fiend, and Marilyn Manson, but lately it's gravitated more toward emo bands like AFI. Is Schoolyard Heroes trying to bring the rock back?

Yes! We don't have anything to mope about. We just want to write scary tales and horror-movie soundtracks. Plus, these days, genre definitions are completely obscured. After our set in Boise, this kid came up to me and was like, "So, are you emo because you wrap the microphone around your neck?" I'm like, "That is your criteria for emo now? Stage appearance?"

### Touché. Iggy Pop does that and he's hardly emo.

I haven't quite gotten to the cutting yet, but maybe one day.



Well, you did cut your tongue out in the video for "Plastic Surgery Hall of Fame." Did you enjoy starring in your own mini horror movie?

It was pretty fun. I went out to middleof-nowhere Pennsylvania and got drowned by our director. The tongue coming out was probably around the 13th or 14th hour of shooting. My

"To be compared to Ozzy Osbourne is always a compliment." mouth was full of this peppermintflavored syrup that was the blood and the tongue was this little eggplant.

### You were involved in musical theater, so this wasn't your first acting gig. How did that shape you?

It was the big bright voices of theater that I used to figure out how to sing. I still have a heart for good old musical show tunes. How could I not?

### So we might hear Oklahoma! coming from the dressing room?

Definitely not Oklahoma! But maybe Sweeney Todd.



When you got into rock, which bands did you gravitate toward? I'm from Olympia, Washington, which was the epicenter of women in rock in the nineties. Being told there were women in rock bands was like being told there was food at the grocery store. People like Debbie Harry stepped it up a notch for me. She sounds like I want to sound. And Hole's Live Through This was an important record. It made me want to scream and yell.

Any guy bands?

Yeah! I think I've taken just as much

from Courtney Love and Debbie Harry as I have from Freddie Mercury and Axl Rose. It's not like I have a preference toward female musicians because I am one.

### You were originally the band's guitarist, right?

Jonah and I were obsessed with this idea of being in a band. I didn't think he wanted to be in a band that was female fronted, so I was like, "I'll play guitar." We had one practice, which I bought a guitar for, but I couldn't play to save my life. I lasted one practice and was not asked to another.

"We petted some stingrays in the mall across the street from the Grand Ole Opry. One of them took off our bassist's finger."

He and guitarist Steve Bonnell started playing, and I started singing that summer.

How did you prove you could sing? Jonah got to see me sing at a play. When we started, I didn't even practice with a microphone. I would just yell and scream in his parents' garage.

### One of our favorite songs on the new album is "Cemetery Girls." It feels like a goth chick's theme song. What inspired it?

The whole record is set against this apocalyptic background. It's the end of the world and the men are dying. That song addresses the women who are rising up after the men have died. It's sort of based on this comic called Ythe Last Man.

### Recently, there was a petition claiming you guys were satanists. Any thoughts on that?

We didn't read too much into it, but to be compared to Ozzy Osbourne is always a compliment.

Do you have any weird fascinations?
Sort of. Jonah and I were in Philadelphia and we went to the Mütter
Museum. It has a collection of oddities
and old surgical things that are really
beautiful in a way. Also, Jonah bought
a femurand a pelvis of a young male
at an outdoor market.

We're a little scared to ask this now, but what would be your perfect date? I know I should say something to the effect of "let's see a horror movie and dig up graves," but I really love food. I love to go on grocery-store dates and shop for dinner.

Do you cook? Uh, no. But I bake!

Without arsenic, we hope.

### FullFrontal sounds

Mars on Life

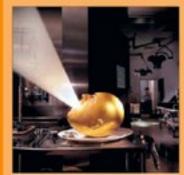
Out-there prog-rockers the Mars Volta return with some help from their (occasionally supernatural) friends.

he brain trust of the Mars Volta, comprising Omar Rodriguez-Lopez and Cedric Bixler-Zavala, is many things-idiosyncratic, hyphenated, and hairy come to mind-but hesitant is not one of them. Since the breakup of their art-punk quintet At the Drive-In a few years ago, the two transplanted Texans haven't wavered from their diabolical agenda: transforming a profitable, major-label rock band into a spazzy, sporadically brilliant art project. The Bedlam in Goliath is their fourth full-length effort, and while it acks the convoluted "plots" of their

earlier concept albums, at 75 minutes long, it's certainly no less dense. Claiming inspiration from a haunted Ouija board Rodriguez-Lopez purchased in Jerusalem, Goliath unfurls in dozens of directions, with ribbons of squealing, proggy guitar (some courtesy of guest Chili Pepper John Frusciante) and honking sax solos. The eerie "Cavalettas" features some of the most enjoyable jazz flute since Anchorman's Ron Burgundy stomped on tables in San Diego. With Bixler-Zavala's head-turning falsetto and Rodriguez-Lopez's seemingly limitless instrumental imagination, Goliath crushes the competition.

The two transplanted Texans haven't wavered from their diabolical agenda: transforming a major-label rock band into a sporadically brilliant art project.

### A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY



De-Loused in the Comatorium (2003)

This Rick Rubin-coproduced debut tells the story of a morphine addict in a coma. and has bass work from Flea. Penthouse pick: "Inertiatic ESP"



### Frances the Mute (2005)

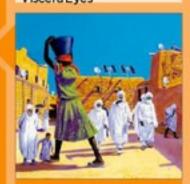
This album inspired by the heroin-related death of their friend and sound manipulator is their best work to date. Penthouse pick:

'The Widow'



### (2006)

The band abandons concept and experiments with metal guitars, Latin rhythms, and songs in multiple languages. Penthouse pick: "Viscera Eyes"



THE MARS VOLTA The Bedlam in Goliath Universal/Strummer (2007)

Penthouse pick: "Metatron"



Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

### Erectile Dysfunction vs. Male Enhancement

Read what our resident expert, Steffanie Seaver, PSY.D, had to say about both, and which one applies to <u>YOU</u>...



Try MAXODERM®

### O: Dear Steffanie,

My husband and I were recently debating the difference between ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION and MALE ENHANCEMENT. I'm sure there's not a man on the planet, heterosexual or not, who wouldn't want to perform better SEXUALLY, particularly as they start to get up there in years. But does it necessarily mean it's time to see the doctor? There seems to be so many products on the market these days from prescription drugs to natural supplements. My husband and I thought the only ones that really worked were on the prescription side. Then we tried a non-prescription product called MAXODERM that we saw on TV - all I can say is WOW! He said the feeling was indescribable and the best part is he began feeling it in literally under a minute! Talk about being spontaneous. It really did wonders for him ... and ultimately for me. Do you know anything about this product and if it worked so well for my husband, does that mean he has E.D.?

Tracy M, Fl.

### A: Dear Tracy,

I'm glad to hear someone else other than me is trying to differentiate between E.D. and Male Enhancement. E.D. is a condition that should be treated by a physician and managed under physician supervision. But you hit it right on the head in that from all my years in interpersonal relationships, I don't think I've ever heard a man say that he wouldn't want to be "ENHANCED" from time to time. The basic definition of enhance is "to make greater, as in value, beauty, or effectiveness". When it comes to a guy's "manhood", show me one man who wouldn't want to make it greater, more beautiful, or more effective. My point is that a man's desire to enhance his virility is as natural as a young boy's desire to grow up to be big and strong.

6 6 My point is that a man's desire to enhance his virility is as natural as a young boy's desire to grow up to be big and strong.

Now, about MAXODERM ... My first experience with it came from a friend of mine who was having some issues with her man when it came to those "intimate" moments. Apparently this guy was everything a woman dreams about, great looking, successful, and relatively thoughtful when pleasing her. Who knows whether it was physiological or psychological, but he was having trouble with consistency in the bedroom. She read an article on Maxoderm and then saw it on TV and mustered up the nerve to buy it for him. Because it's topical she felt she could have some "fun" assisting him with the application process, if you get my meaning. She also thought that if she was involved in the process, he wouldn't be completely offended by her introducing it to him. Well it turns out that he was considering trying the product himself. So they gave it a try.

### According to her account, here's what SHE got out of it:

- It broke down any and all barriers they had in "exploring" each other's deepest pleasure zones.
- 2. The sensation for him was practically uncontrollable.
- It literally took less than 60 seconds for him to begin feeling the effects.
- He was really turned on by her willingness to "participate" in the whole process.
- 5. Virility and Firmness ... mere understatements.
- His confidence went through the roof in fact she said he wore her out that night and ever since, she has trouble controlling him (even when they're in front of people) ... trust me she's not complaining.
- 7. The result ... MALE ENHANCEMENT!!

You see, my friend's man didn't need a prescription, at least not yet anyway. He needed Male Enhancement. And of all the products I've reviewed, MAXODERM is the only one that provides those types of results, virtually on an INSTANT basis. The scientists behind this patented formula (that's right - the formula was actually issued a patent by the US Patent and Trademark Office) say that once applied, the formulation immediately goes to work affecting surface area capillaries at the source of application. A member of the medical community has even voiced in on it: Dr. Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S, had this to say: "Reviewing the available scientific data and clinical information, the MAXODERM formulation seems to possess the ability to enhance the quality of erections. This absorbing lotion may be the answer for many men and women who desire to improve their sex lives."

So gentlemen, when you're trying to figure out which one applies to you, remember ... see your doctor about ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION, but I highly recommend MAXODERM for INSTANT MALE ENHANCEMENT!

You can check out MAXODERM by calling 1-800-924-5211 or going to <a href="https://www.getmaxoderm.com">www.getmaxoderm.com</a>. I know they offer RISK FREE TRIALS and even give a FREE MONTH SUPPLY with your phone or web order. Oh and best of all, MAXODERM is backed by a 90 Day Money Back Guarantee. You can't beat that!

Delightfully Yours,

Steffusur

# INSTANT MALE ENHANCEMENT See Reader's Note Secondary RECOMMENDED BY A RECOMMENDE

### READER'S NOTE \*MAXODERM RISK FREE OFFER

"We know that once you try Maxoderm you'll never want to go without it again – it's that simple. We're so confident that we're giving an unheard of 90-Day Full Money Back Guarantee! Order 2 tubes Risk-Free Today and we'll throw in a third tube for FREE and FOR A LIMITED TIME, you can still get \$200 worth of Free Gifts with your order that are yours to keep. So join the thousands of satisfied customers today and call 1-800-924-5211 or visit <a href="https://www.getmaxoderm.com">www.getmaxoderm.com</a>. You have nothing to lose and everything to 'gain'!" – Barmensen Labs

### FullFrontal sounds



### WHAT'S NEXT

### SONS & DAUGHTERS This Gift

(Domino)

If your idea of Scottish popis limited to Belle & Sebastian's bookish folk-rock, it's time to reconsider the scene. Featuring former backing members of seedy sexologists Arab Strap, the music made by this quartet is-like petite singer Adele Bethel-short, spiky, and thrillingly blunt. On earlier records their songwriting was a bit rough, despite some impeccable influences (Mekons, Johnny Cash, single-malt scotch), but on their third album, Sons & Daughters have come into their



own, embracing the danceable sixties girl-group stomp behind theirfuzzy punk. Razor-blade sharp and corrosively cool—it's an early contender for album of the year.

### A LOOK BACK

H.I.M.

Venus Doom

(Sire)

It took the help of Barn Margera to make this
Finnish quintet bona fide American rock
stars, but H.I.M. (short for His Infernal Majesty)
were always huge, if only in their own minds.
They began as a Kiss and Depeche Mode
cover band, and fully realized their own style
on 1997's Greatest Lovesongs Vol.666. Last
year they released Venus Doom, an album
drenched in gothic guitar squalls and Ville Valo's
melodramatic lyrics about death, love, and love
so big it kills. By mixing ego with tongue-incheek humor, H.J.M. is on its way to becoming the
biggest Finnish band of all time—Barn or no Barn.



CHRIS WALLA Field Manual (Barsuk)

\*\*\*\*

SOUND CHECK: Death
Cab for Cutie guitarist
Chris Walla is best known
for his sterling production
work for the indie-rockelite
(the Decemberists and
Tegan & Sara). The selfproduced Field Manual
collects his impressive,
soulful songs that apparently weren't right for
his day job.

AMPLIFICATION: Walla's emotionally expansive rock doesn't stray far from the Death Cab playbook, but there's a sweetness at play on lilting standouts that keeps this light when gloominess threatens.

LAST NOTE: This album makes it clear he's just as talented a song writer as he is a producer.

PENTHOUSE PICK:

"Our Plans, Collapsing"



BELL X1
Flock
(Yep Rock)

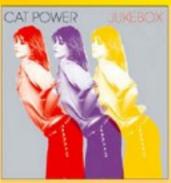
SOUND CHECK: Despite losing their frontman at the turn of the millennium (a fellow by the name of Damien Rice), Bell X1 clawed their way to the top of the charts

in their native Ireland.

AMPLIFICATION: The single "Eve, the Apple of my Eye" was the backing music behind a sapphic kiss on the late, lamented O.C.—but otherwise, North Americans have been deprived of Bell X1. Flock brims with the sort of unselfconscious, slowly burning sentiment that's brought Coldplay and Snow Patrol success by the boatload.

LAST NOTE: Frontman
Paul Noonan keeps the proceedings from slipping too
far into sap with lyrics that
reference drunk assholes
and circumcised gentiles.
PENTHOUSE PICK:

"Bad Skin Day"



CAT POWER
Jukebox
(Matador)

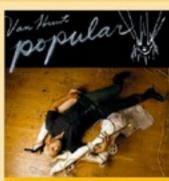
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sound check: The increasingly sane Chan Marshall continues her career resurgence with a second collection of covers and inimitable "reinventions."

AMPLIFICATION: Marshall is once again backed by the Dirty Delta Blues Band, which adds a rough-edged spark to sultry tunes that were made famous by Joni Mitchell, Janis Joplin, and Hank Williams.

LAST NOTE: Marshall's smoky voice has never sounded more alluring, but many of these covers don't rise above being mere tributes—a shame, since Marshall clearly possesses the ability to claim them as her own.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Aretha, Sing One for Me"



VAN HUNT Popular (Blue Note)

\*\*

SOUND CHECK: R&B crooner Hunt lets his freak flag fly, channeling Prince at his most outré, Sly Stone at his most funky, and Rick James at his most, um,

celebratory.

AMPLIFICATION: Hunt's genre-jumping here is Olympian—he hops from the filthy "Turn My TV On" to the country twang of "N the Southern Shade" without batting an eye.

LAST NOTE: We occasionally get the sense that Hunt is trying too hard to be wild.

PENTHOUSE PICK:
"N the Southern Shade"





Devil May Cry 4

(Capcom) Xbox 360, PS3 ★★★

ante is a cocky half-human who rips apart enemy demons with his bare hands and falls for hot screen-babes like Trish and Lady-what's not to love? We're psyched that all three characters return for the fourth installment of this mysterious tale that once again follows the hunters tracking down nasty, renegade demons. For most of the game you play Nero, a young dude who looks eerily similar to Dante, before continuing the story in Dante's boots. This brings more depth to the DMC storyline, but Nero is nowhere near as powerful as Dante, so it lowers the series' usually steep learning curve. But you'd be wise not to discount Nero because he can unleash a blistering attack-he packs a sword, agun, and his "Devil Bringer" arm (a glowing appendage that looks ripped from the body of the forsaken)-and

New protagonist Nero fights bosses like a maneating plant, a devil, and even Dante himself.

he'll fight towering bosses, like the man-eating plant Echinda and the devil Berial. Oh, and even Dante himself.

Fans should recognize Dante, the silver-haired badass with a million fighting styles. He now comes blazing with three new weapons, including the especially awesome Pandora's box-a briefcase-cum-machine gun/ laser/rocket launcher/floating missile platform able to fire in all directions. Unfortunately, it doesn't work as a bottle opener.

### TUROK (Buena Vista) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

The concept is simple: slay dinosaurs and don't die. But the execution is trickier. As Joseph Turok, you must evade your former boss's henchmen on an alien planet teeming with ravenous predators.

ROCKS: It's based on a comic book that takes place in the past, but instead is set in the near future. This means you get to wield a bow and a knife and some sweet guns, too.

FLOPS: What is this, Far Cry
meets Crysis with dinosaurs?
Except for a stellar voice cast
including Timothy Olyphant,
Ron Perlman, and William
Fichtner, we have yet to see
what separates this first-person
shooterfrom the rest.





### KINGDOM UNDER FIRE: CIRCLE OF DOOM (Microsoft) Xbox 360, PC

\*\*\*

Role-playing haters be warned: The series' strategic action style has been traded for a hack-and-slash RPG. But the game isn't likely to scare you off with endless stats. This action-fantasy features more barely dressed warriorettes than you can shake a mace at, and customization that helps you distinguish yourself online. **ROCKS**: Bizarro enemies (monsters in jester pants?), the four-player online co-op, and speedier gameplay. FLOPS: If you're not playing online with your friends, the game becomes a tedious dungeon crawler.

### THE CLUB (Sega) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

Leave your mercy at the door you have to beat the snot out of other ruthless assassins as you battle your way to the top of a tournament designed by the wealthy elite and hosted by a guy known as the Secretary. Short skirts and stilettos not included. ROCKS: Thankfully, the developers of Geometry

developers of Geometry
Wars and Project Gotham
Racing are behind this thirdperson shooter, so despite
the incredibly hokey concept,
the game is reasonably
entertaining.

FLOPS: Walt, no crazy weapons? The graphics are far from innovative; more Gen X than next-gen.





### DARK SECTOR (D3) Xbox 360, PS3

Forget the no-pain, no-gain mantra. Thanks to a rare genetic disease, this game's protagonist, Hayden Tenno, feels ... nothing at all. This might be a problem when it comes to pleasures of the flesh, but it makes his job as a mutated CIA operative who can transform his arm into a three-bladed weapon significantly easier.

ROCKS: The device,

known as a glaive, isn't just useful for slicing offenemy appendages—use it for solving puzzles, too.

FLOPS: Even though the location is fictional, hanging out in the imagined Soviet Bloc hood is kind of depressing.



SUPER GIRLS

### Vixens and Villains

Crime-fighters and evildoers get down and dirty for a new calendar. Winter just got so much better.

Last year the resident geeks at Nerdcore indulged retro fantasies everywhere with a calendar of 12 ladies in the buff, enjoying old-school action like handheld Game Boys and arcade classics, like Donkey Kong Jr. But after this year's disappointing crop of comic-based films (including Ghost Rider and Spiderman 3), they know what you need to revive your geeky heart: hotties, superheroes,

and bad-girl villains posing in their skivvies—or, thankfully, even less. Bonus: Many of the girls have been plucked from the pages of this very magazine, like the stunning redheaded video vixen Karlie Montana (above). Synergy has never been sexier!

### FullFrontal READS

HISTORY LESSON /// BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

### Hell No, They Didn't Go!

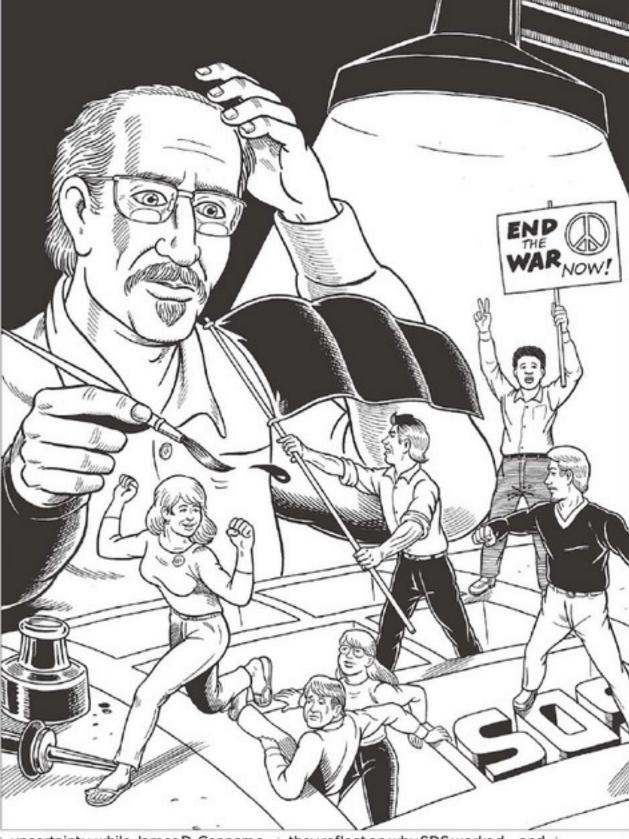
These street-fighting students rebelled against a war they hated. Could they inspire today's partying college kids to rise up in protest?

### STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY:

A GRAPHIC HISTORY

Written (mostly) by Harvey Pekar, art (mostly) by Gary Dumm, edited by Paul Buhle (Hill and Wang)

hese days, college Websites list homesickness, hooking up, and Halloween costumes as top campus concerns, so it might surprise you to learn that just 40 years ago, the U.S. government actually feared a revolution would be sparked by high school and college students. In the vanguard of the protests and occasional violence was a small group of seminal radicals who called themselves Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Now, in the hope that today's youth will discover "the urgent need and the simultaneous improbability of an inspired mass awakening," renowned comic-book writer Harvey Pekar and longtime collaborator Gary Dumm use firsthand accounts of many SDS participants to craft an insider's look at the group's extraordinary history. The first half of the book offers an overview of SDS as told by Pekar, but it's the second half's subjective experiences, as captured by various artists and storytellers, that really bring to life the heady momentum of the era. Editor Paul Buhle takes us inside a ten-day strike in Madison, Wisconsin, with all its drama and



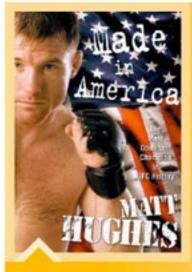
uncertainty, while James D. Cennamo recounts his activism as a high school student and artist Josh Brown showcases his politically inspired artwork. From their campaign against the Vietnam War, the student takeover of Columbia University, and the protests against Napalm maker Dow Chemical recruiting on campus to folksinger Phil Ochs, tear gas, civil rights, and the women's movement—

The U.S. government actually feared a revolution would be sparked by high school and college students.

they reflect on why SDS worked ... and why, ultimately, it failed.

Although SDS opened many students' eyes to the ties between the government and their schools, the endlessly bitter divisiveness within the organization and clashes over the use of violence led many to leave and follow other paths to social change. As most of these activists reach retirement age, their personal narratives are valuable as more than historical documents. At a time when students seem mired in apathy, these dramatic and even astonishing tales could easily inspire the next generation of activists.

### REVIEWS





### MADE IN AMERICA: THE MOST DOMINANT CHAMPION IN UFC HISTORY By Matt Hughes, with Michael Malice (Simon Spotlight Entertainment)

As societal irritants, scolding born-again Christians rank with telemarketers, cellphone vakkers, and Sean Hannity. Fortunately for the legions of mixed martial arts (MMA) fans out there, UFC superstar Matt Hughes doesn't get to the "born-again" part of his life until a good three-quarters into his autobiography, Made in America, Until then, he delivers an arresting portrait of growing up with his twin brother Mark on the family farm in Hillsboro. Illinois, and his bumpy journey to the MMA pinnacle.

Hard-core fans will relish Hughes's you-arethere accounts of his most memorable bouts, his grudges against other fighters, and a number of hell raising drinking stories-including his account of the massive London street brawl after 2002's UFC 38 in which Lee Murray allegedly knocked out Tito Ortiz, After losing, then regaining, hisUFC welterweight title two years later, Hughes begins exploring his religious yearnings, spurred by a close friend of his brother's, who tells him, "The difference between Christianity and the other religions is that

Christianity's teacher is still living. Muslims cango worship at Mohammed's tomb, and all these other religions pray to dead people, but Christianity is the only one where your savior is still alive and still out there."

With that breathtaking piece of theological insight, Hughes embarks on the path of the righteous-and oh, is itrighteous. His newfound enlightenment allows him to muzzle his disdain for fawning young fighters who would pay him homage, and for MMA icon Randy Couture, whom Hughes claims to have shunned for years because Couture divorced his wife for another woman. (Never mind the fact that Hughes once ditched a pregnant girlfriend in Iowa.)

Hughes defeated Brazilian jujitsu pioneer Royce Gracie in 2006, and as he prepares for a titanic battle with Matt Serra, fans are looking forward to his attempt to win the UFC welterweight title for a third time. But the fighter's midlife religious conversion calls to mind a bumper sticker we once saw that read Jesus Loves you. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE.—John Bolster



### Their So-Called Lives

Good personal stories don't always make good books. Here are two examples.

Today's book publishers have an insatiable appetite for memoirs, but perhaps it's time editors start hunting for a new trend. I can see why these two men might have appeal as subjects, but in the end I was more amused to find that, as different as they are, both had a thing for smoking pot—Jauhar in his past and Keck on practically every page.

Intern exhaustively covers Jauhar's path to becoming a doctor, especially his time spent in the trenches of a major New York hospital, when he was up all night dealing with more patients than he could handle, with nurses and residents who were often less than helpful. Having left academia, he's looking for creativity but finds bureaucracy. Some of his experiences translate as both entertaining and informative (such as dealing with malingering—aka lying—patients), but his disillusionment makes for less-than-scintillating reading—and we've seen it all already on ER.

Keck, on the other hand, is far from focused: He meanders around his topic—religion—as his moments of faith come slowly. Actually, the best parts of the book are more about family than God. Keck watched his grandmother slowly lose her mind to Alzheimer's, while he stepped in to help as much as he could. He taught Sunday school, even though he considered church people to be "only a glass of Kool-Aid away from total insanity." But soon, he began to find these weekly sessions with kids a "sweet relief" from his dismal relationship with his girlfriend Lilith, who picks endless fights with him. There's a tenderness lurking beneath Keck's witty guips and over-thetop neuroses, but you have to read between the lines to find it.

In a sense, Jauhar has too much to say and Keck too little, but each will have his limited appeal. Jauhar to students and medical types, and Keck to stoners, or anyone who's drifted through grad school for lack of anything better to do.



### NOT QUITE WHAT I WAS PLANNING: SIX-WORD MEMOIRS BY WRITERS FAMOUS AND OBSCURE Edited by Larry Smith (HarperCollins)

This collection of quickle, quirky autobiographies from big names like Mario Batali, Joan Rivers, Deepak Chopra, and Aimee Mann ("Couldn't cope so I wrote songs."), as well as average Joes and plain Janes, shows the power that only six little words, when properly chosen, can have. (Full disclosure: I've contributed to it, too.) Leaping off of Hemingway's classic story ("For sale: baby shoes, never worn."), these snippets of wisdom, possible non sequiturs, and micro-stories are like a random selection of whispered secrets. What does "Lived in moment until moment sucked" or "This is aggression in pink, Mom" really mean? With just six words to guide us, we're left with only our imaginations to fill in the blanks. Some are instantly amusing, such as "I love my lady ... and bacon," while others are sad—"Mom died, Dad screwed us over"—or silly: "I like big butts, can't lie." All will make you value the words you speak and write—no matter how few or many.

### FullFrontal SIRENS



ean, leggy Miri Ben-Ari came to New York in 1998 to study jazz, but took a sudden left turn into hip-hop. By 2000, Wyclef Jean had dubbed her the Hip-Hop Violinist, and she's since collaborated with everyone-Jay-Z, Alicia Keys, Maroon 5, Janet Jackson, Elton John, John Legend, Stevie Wonder, She's played from Carnegie Hall to Sesame Street, and was named an Apollo Legend. In 2005, she won a Grammy for cowriting Kanye West's "Jesus Walks." Patti LaBelle says "her violin sounds like a human voice." We say she's so hot we'll listen to classical music.

How did your track "Symphony of Brotherhood" become the first instrumental single to make the Top 10 on *Billboard*'s R&B/Hip-Hop Hot 100?

I get a lot of fan mail, and people say there is nothing like that song—that it's a strong instrumental song but you listen to it and feel as if there are, in fact, words. You get a message. You get so emotional that you think that I'm actually saying something.

And strings are the best instruments to get to your heart and bring tears to your eyes.

What convinced the Martin Luther King Jr. estate to give you permission to use the "I Have a Dream" speech audio and video? That's never happened before.

It was a very shocking process because everybody told me not to do it. The main reason was that I'd never get clearance from them. But they heard the song and fell in love with the song and its integrity.



You call yourself the Hip-Hop
Violinist. Is that because there are no
other hip-hop violinists, or because
you are the hip-hop violinist?
I don't call myself that. I don't think
someone can call themselves the
"hip-hop" anything. The title was
given to me by hip-hop superstars.
Now I own it.

In 2001, you became an Apollo Legend after receiving a standing ovation for your *Showtime at the Apollo* debut. For a nice Jewish girl from Ra'anana, that had to be quite a trip. Yes, it's very unusual, very exciting. And it's what music can do.

How did you come up with your style? It's very hard to explain what I do because I'm one of a kind. I'm not following in anybody's footsteps. I'm a violinist who's playing the violin differently. I play instrumental hip-hop music meets soul meets R&B, with influences from classical and jazz. It's fusion. It's original. And it's all me.

You've performed for Hillary Clinton as a part of her presidential campaign. Does that mean you are endorsing her?

Yes, I really hope she will become the first female president of the United States. It would be a big moment for America.

The Hillary Nutcracker sells for \$19.95. How many do you own? I've got a few of them—they mean a lot to me.O+===



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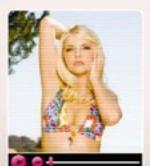






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# **Text PET to 50760**







Panama City is an oddity among Central America's capitals—people can actually enjoy themselves here.



### Lifeon Top Travel

### Friday

#### CHECK IN

■ Coral Suites

■Voyager International and Mama Llena hostels The modern and safe El Cangrejo neighborhood, near the financial center. is central to everywhere you want to be. The area boasts decent mid-range hotels, and Coral Suites (CoralSuites.net) offers WiFi, free breakfast, and a rooftop pool. Tight-budget partiers can find the city's best hostels nearby-Voyager International (Geocities .com/VoyagerIH) and Mama Llena (MamaLlena .com) are filled with adorable, thirsty backpacking chicks who like

to fool around.

### 9 P.M.: DINNER

■ Gaucho's Parrillada

■ Hooters and TGIF

Panama City is a culinary hotbed, with affordable yet top-quality international restaurants. Gaucho's (Calle 48 & Calle Uruguay) Argentineanstyle parrillada serves some of the city's best steaks, and their other grilled meats are so good you'll consider emigrating here. Homesick pussies will be happy to know that Hooters (Calle 50 at Calle Uruguay) and TGIF (Calle 49 at Belle Vista) are nearby.

### 11 P.M.: TIME TO PLAY

■ Hotel Veneto ■ Oasis Girls

There are several casinos in El Cangrejo, but Hotel Veneto's (VenetoCasino .com) has the most professional staff and plenty of tables. With its neon lights illuminating worn plush carpets, the Veneto has a glitzy Vegas veneer and a seedy Atlantic City underbelly. Stay close to the Colombian "businessmen" and their slinky, sultry "dates"they get the quickest drink service. If you're flush with ill-gotten gains from the American-rules roulette table, stop by Oasis Girls (Oasis Panama .com), just down the

block from the casino, where \$100 buys a "full-service massage

### Saturday

NOON: THE CANAL

■ Miraflores Lock

■Summit Gardens

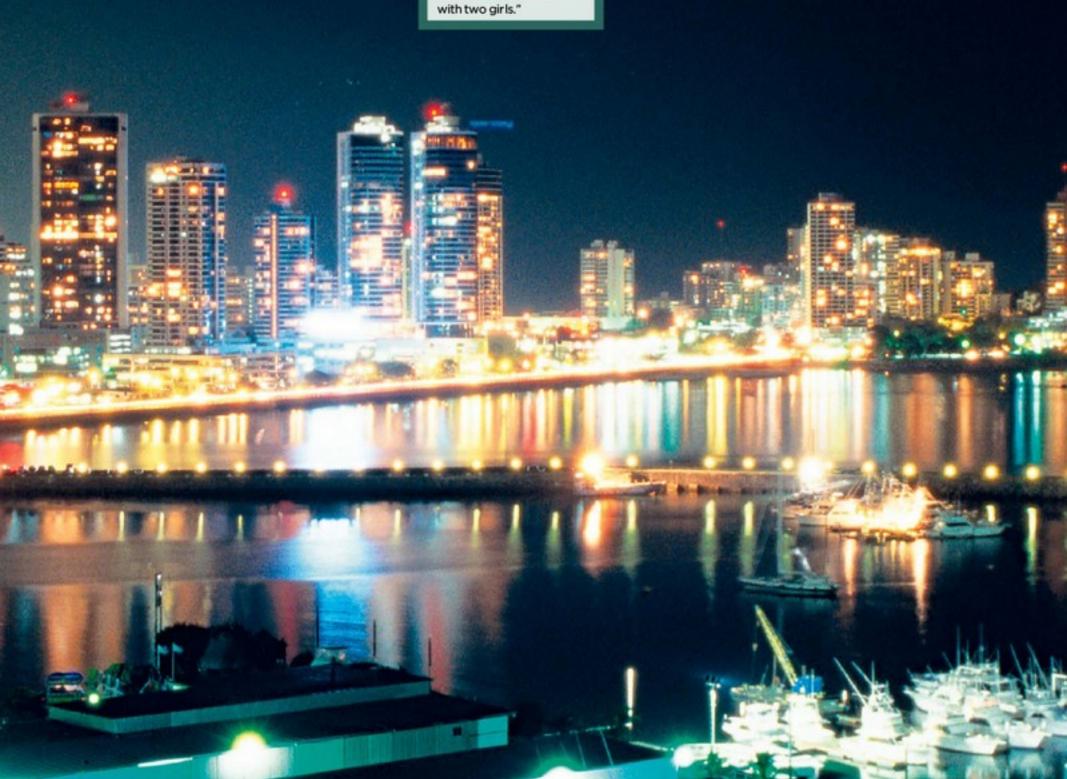
Even non-engineering nerds will be awed by this mechanical marvel. Takea \$5 taxi to the Miraflores Lock and pay the \$8 admission to the observation deck. (Be prepared for gaggles of Japanese tourists.) Then take a \$5 cab to the zoo at Summit Gardens (SummitPanama.org). where admission is just \$1. Don't miss the harpy eagles, Panama's national bird, they're big and mean enough to hunt monkeys and sloths.

### 5 P.M.: THE CAUSEWAY

■ Amador Causeway

■ Café Barko

Just as Battery Park City was created from the bedrock of the World Trade Center excavation. the Amador Causeway is a man-made isthmus formed when the Canal was dug out 100 years ago. Today, it's known for upscale drinking and dining. The best restaurants are at the end of the promenade, including Café Barko, where the ceviche-raw fish served cold in citrus juice-is among the city's best. You can't miss the place-it looks like a giant boat (barco) ran aground in a mini-mall.



■ Chivas Parranderas Imagine a bachelorparty bus on crack with a healthy serving of hot sauce and you've got Panama's Chivas Parranderas-flashing, thumping bus parties that cruise the city every Friday and Saturday night. The \$20 ticket buys all the rum you can drink, a live salsa band, and even some greasy snacks. These sweaty, salsa-thick affairs are more popular with locals than tourists, so you get a taste of an authentic Panamanian party. They cruise up and down the Causeway all night-just hop on.

### 11 P.M.: CLUBBING

- Moods
- Club Next

Time for a cheap (\$10 orso) cab ride back to El Cangrejo. The girls at Moods (Moods Ptv .com) will have you drooling, but expect to be outmaneuvered by local dudes wearing shiny Italian shoes. Club Next (NextPanama.com), the city's largest discoteca, is a better choice for the ambitious gringo.

### 2A.M.: THE BALLET

#### ■ Elite II

Didn't succeed at the club? Stumble over to Elite II (Calle 50), where the dancers are nude, the rules are loose, and it's all-you-can-drink on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Admission is \$25, but don't let the abundance of chicas calientes fool you-this ain't Tijuana. It's a classy joint, so behave yourself. Still, everything has its price-table dances are \$10; it's \$25 for a private room.

### Sunday

- Rene Café
- Café Coca Cola

Thanks to its Spanish heritage, Panama City is not a city of early risers. Take your time shaking offlast night, then head to Casco Viejo, formerly El Casco Antiguo. With its cobblestone streets, colonial architecture, unobstructed view of the bay, cafés, and galleries, it's a favorite of the cultured crowd. You can even crawl through Manuel Noriega's old hangout, the Club de Clases y Tropas, bombed into ruins by U.S. Marines in 1990. Start your walking tour after a meal at Rene Café on the Plaza

de la Catedral, where \$10 buys a light lunch of chicken or fresh fish and a bottle of Balboa beer. Spendan hour in the Canal Museum, then stroll through the Presidential Palace and check out the herons that live in the lobby. For a taste of true Panamanian culture, have an afternoon coffee at Café Coca Cola, a local institution just off the park.



Panama City is not a city of early risers, so take your time shaking off last night.

### The Rules

- Panamalikes America so much they use our money: The U.S. dollar is standard currency.
- 2 Taxi drivers are friendly and honest, even with foreigners. Most crosstown trips cost \$2 or \$3, but try to agree on the fare beforehand. Tipping isn't expected for short trips, and drivers often pick up an extra passenger.
- 3 Thanks to its liberal and private banking laws, Panama's the perfect place to stash your illgotten cash. Wall Street hacks, welcome to your new financial haven.

ATV rentals make this mountain village the perfect locale for overgrown boys to let loose.

Caribbean coast popular with backpackers, honeymooners, and drug dealers pushing top-quality, cheap Colombian goods.

Sport fishing on the cheap, courtesy of local fishermen glad to take gringos out for tuna, wahoo, and sailfish.

### Lifeon Top Domain

### Game On

Hunting season may have ended, but the gamey fun isn't over. Follow our easy guide to cooking your kill and you'll never eat chili from a can again. By Tucker Shaw

ou bought the camouflage and scored a license and stamps. You stocked up on ammo, honed your skills at the shooting range, and spent a muddy weekend in the woods. You actually shot something, posed with it, and hauled it home—then you got it butchered into something that looks like dinner.

But now that game is sitting in the garage, flirting with freezer burn while you order pizza week after week. That's just bull (elk). Stock up on beer and call your buddies: It's time to eat your kill.

Before you fire up the oven, keep in mind—and relish the fact—that wild game is a whole different animal than the hormone-injected, farm-raised protein you buy at the grocery store. The poor sucker you're about to eat spent its life dodging mountain

lions, wolves, and you, thereby building taut, lean muscles. This backwoods lifestyle gives game strong flavors: sweet, tangy, woody, bloody. It also makes it tough and brawny. (To wit: Notorious NFL'er Bill Romanowski would eat the meat

of an animal that survived in freezing temps before cold-weather games.) Cooking game is about softening the sharp flavor while tenderizing the texture. All it takes is a light touch and a lazy afternoon.



INGREDIENTS
About 3 pounds rabbit
meat, chopped into
bite-size pieces
MARINADE

1 cup olive oil 1/2 cup red wine 4 cloves garlic, smashed 1 tbsp salt

4 slices bacon,
chopped
2 tbsp olive oil
1 onion, chopped
1 large carrot, chopped
1/4 cup dried wild
mushrooms, soaked in
water for 1 hour
1 large potato, diced
2 tbsp dried sage
1/2 cup red wine
1 frozen pie crust

### INSTRUCTIONS

Mix together all marinade ingredients in large glass bowl. Add rabbit and marinate for at least four hours, or overnight. Drain and discard marinade.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In large ovenproof pot, sauté bacon in olive oil until crispy. Add onion and carrot and cook for three minutes. Add rabbit meatandcookuntiljust browned. Add mushrooms, potatoes, sage, red wine. and chicken stock. Scrape everything into the stock. Bring to a simmer, cover, and place in oven for 45 minutes. (Checkevery 15 minutes and add more stock if needed to keep meat just barely covered.)

Remove from oven and transfer rabbit into a standard pie dish (you may have enough for two pies). Place pie crust over the meat, pressing it into the rim of the dish. Cut four small vents in pie crust. Place pie on cookie sheet and return to oven until pie crust is golden brown—about 20 minutes. Let cool 20 minutes before serving.



OTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) STOCK © JAMES CARR STOGRAPHY/STOCKFOOD, © STOWELL-STOCKFOODMUNICH, ELMS-STOCKFOODMUNICH, © FOODCOLLECTION/STOCKFOODCOM, OODCOLLECTION/STOCKFOOD



Your game is sitting in the garage, flirting with freezer burn while you order pizza week after week. That's just bull (elk).



1 shoulder of elk
(about 8 pounds)
1 head garlic
1/4 cup olive oil
salt and pepper
8 strips bacon
several sprigs rosem

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Make several small slits in the meat, placing 1/2 clove of garlic in each slit. Smear olive oil, salt, and pepper all over roast. Place meat in roasting pan and drape with bacon strips and rosemary sprigs; insert a meat thermometer into the thickest section. Cook for about two hours, until the thermometer reaches 145 degrees. Remove roast from oven. Let it rest on a cutting board under a loose tent of aluminum foil for at least 20 minutes before carving. Serve with rice and a busty cabernet.



#### INGREDIENTS

1tbsp olive oil
2tbsp butter
1large onion, minced
1carrot, chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 pounds ground
venison meat (ask
your butcher for a
coarse grind)
1tbsp dried oregano
1tbsp dried sage
1tbsp cumin powder
2 tbsp chili powder
1 can (about 15
ounces) crushed
tomatoes
2 cups chicken stock

#### INSTRUCTIONS

In large stew pot, heat olive oil and butter until it bubbles. Add onion and carrot and cook for two minutes, stirring. Add garlic and cook one minute. Add venison and cook until browned. Add oregano, sage, cumin, and chili powder. Stir well. Add tomatoes and chicken stock. Stir well. Simmer on the stove about one hour, stirring occasionally. Serve with bread and merlot. (Bonus: This chili improves the day after you make it. So for best results, make it on Saturday, refrigerate overnight, and reheat for Sunday's playoff game.)

# Lifeon Top Tech

# Snap Shots

If you want to take shots like *Penthouse* photographers, drop that point-and-shoot deal. You can be a real sharpshooter with a digital SLR camera.

By Chuck Tannert

ou can't make it through a night at a bar without getting blinded by the flash from some cutesy camera. But real men use real cameras. Step up to the next layer of imaging technology the digital single reflex lens camera. This is one of the fastest-growing categories in camera sales, so the cost of DSLR cameras has plummeted. Sure, they'll still burn a decent-size hole in your wallet, but they provide more manual control and deliver photos so crisp you'll look like a pro.

#### OLYMPUS EVOLTE-510 \$1,000; body on

This entry-level camera, with its 10.2megapixelimage sensor, is easy to use, and its feature list is impressive. There's image stabilization to help minimize camera shake, a depth-of-field preview button, multiple metering modes, and a dust-removal system. Though it captures good images, the automatic white balance makes them overly warm. If you can understand that and overlook it, pick up this affordable, featurerich shooter.





Canon

E05 40D

#### PENTAX K10D

\$900: lens included

This 10.1-megapixel offering is packed with features, including threeframes-per-second JPEG capture-tocard capacity, image stabilization, and dust removal-and that's only scratching the surface. The weatherresistant seals make it safe for use in most conditions; image quality is excellent, though the autofocus is sluggish. This sturdy camera measures up in any arena.

#### CANON EOS 40D

Canon's hugely popular EOS 30D is a tough act to follow, but the 10.1megapixel 40D shares its strengths-tough body, great image quality, fast autofocus, semi-pro controls-and even improves on some. The three-inch LCD screen with live preview mode has full data display; color accuracy is excellent; the autofocus system is fast and sensitive. This is a strong middleweight contender.

# LifeonTop Freewheelin'



## Six-Fifty, Two Ways

Kawasaki doubles down with a new pair of twins—one for the real jungle and one for the paved variety.

By Bill Heald

h, diversity. Where would we be without it? Kawasaki embraces the concept with two 650-cc parallel twins that are as different as chalk and cheese, yet are awesome real-world mounts.

#### KLR650

The earthy backpacker of this duo is a dirt bike one minute and a flickable traffic jouster the next. It's been fortified for 2008 with suspension and brake upgrades and a host of changes from stem to stern, so this made-for-adventure machine is a true SUV—an off-road berm-buster that handles commuter congestion (and potholes) with amazing aplomb. The 651-cc mill has a balancing system for smoothness, and fuel economy (and simplicity) is enhanced with a good of carburetor

instead of black-box electronic fueling. Throttle response is sharp and low-end torque abundant. A long-travel suspension and standard engine guard are ideally suited for trail work, but equally welcome on beat-to-crap city roads. An upright riding position and wide, dirt bikestyle handlebars work well on or off-road. Another welcome feature is the standard handguards, which not only shield your hands from tree branches in the bush, but perform the same function with car mirrors on city streets. A sleek mini fairing offers decent protection from the elements, and a huge, solid luggage rack can haul beaver pelts and your Armani briefcase. Last but not least, a 6.1-gallon fuel tank combined with the KLR's miserly attitude toward fuel consumption means excellent range.



200 OV.	
KLR650 SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled twin-
	cylinder four stroke
Bore x stroke	100 mm x 83 mm
Displacement	651cc
Fuel system	Keihin CVK40 carbureto
Ignition	Fully transistorized
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	41-mm telescopic fork
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload
	adjustable
Frontbrake	Single 280-mm
	petal-type disc
Rearbrake	Single 240-mm disc
Front tire	90/90-21
Reartire	130/80-17
Fuel tank	6.1 gallons
Wheelbase	58.3 inches
Seat height	35 inches
Dry weight	386 pounds
MSRP	\$5,349

#### VERSYS

You've got to love those Kawasaki engineers. They decided to take the trick chassis of the Ninja 650R sport bike and get all urban with it, in a quest to design a street warrior that excels in a crowded cityscape. What they created is not only a smart machine, but also an entertaining ride that uses dirt-bike attributes (like a long-travel suspension similar to the KLR, but mixed with sport-bike tuning) in a fresh, unique package. The Versys' 649-cc twin is compact, armed with a balancer shaft to quell vibrations, and topped with Digital Fuel Injection for sharp throttle response. And once again, an upright riding posi-

tion keeps the pressure off your lower back and allows you to see over the tops of cars when battling rush-hour traffic. Quick steering geometry and excellent suspension deliver trackworthy handling on any road. A cool minimalist windscreen does a surprisingly good job keeping the wind off your chest during blasts down the interstate, while the deeply dished seat offers acceptable comfort for allday rides. Since you eventually have to throw some who a into the giddyup, the Versys has brilliant brakes with triple petal-shaped discs that resist warping. All of this makes the Versys a ride that's as fine-tuned to the street as the KLR is versatile.0+ n



Engine type Liquid-cooled twin-

Fuel system Digital fuel injection

Borexstroke 83 mm x 60 mm

Displacement 649 cc

cylinder four stroke

Lifeon Top Pet Peeves

"/call the shots at the end of the night. And if I pay and I want some, you're definitely putting out."

Dating 10

Chivalry's not dead, but it does require more flexibility than back in the day. Penthouse Pet Justine Joli reveals the truth about the double-edged sword of pleasing a modern woman.

By Jonathan Ages

#### CHECK YOURSELF

"If you can afford it, please pick up the bill. But a girl doesn't have to put out just because a guy buys her dinner. I'm fiercely independent, so I generally pay for dinner on the first date. Then / get to call the shots at the end of the night. And if I pay and I want some, you're definitely putting out."

#### AVOID THE COLD SHOULDER

"I never wear enough clothing, so it is rad when I'm freezing my ass off and a dude offers his clothing. It looks like the girl belongs to you, like she's a fucking arm ornament, but whatever—I've used plenty of men as arm candy."

#### A SWING AND A MISS

"You have to open the door for me. If you don't, I'll be like, 'Strike one!' You get three for the date."

#### YOUR PLACE OR MINE

"I prefer not to be walked home,
'cause I don't want you to know where
I live. I generally drop my date off at
his place. I totally take the man role.
And, yes, I act like a man when I'm
dating a woman, too. Oh, and if you're
not picking up a girl at her place,
don't show up on a first date with a
bunch of flowers. That is a lot of shit to
lug around. I don't do the sweet and
romantic thing."

#### GOOD VIBRATIONS

"I don't think it's rude if you need to answer a really important call when you're on a date. But turn that motherfucker on silent! When I'm out with a guy, I have to turn mine on silent, 'cause some of the guys I date know how I assign my ringtones: If I like you, you get the [Monty Python] ring 'Sit on My Face.'"

#### FUCK THE THREE-DAY RULE

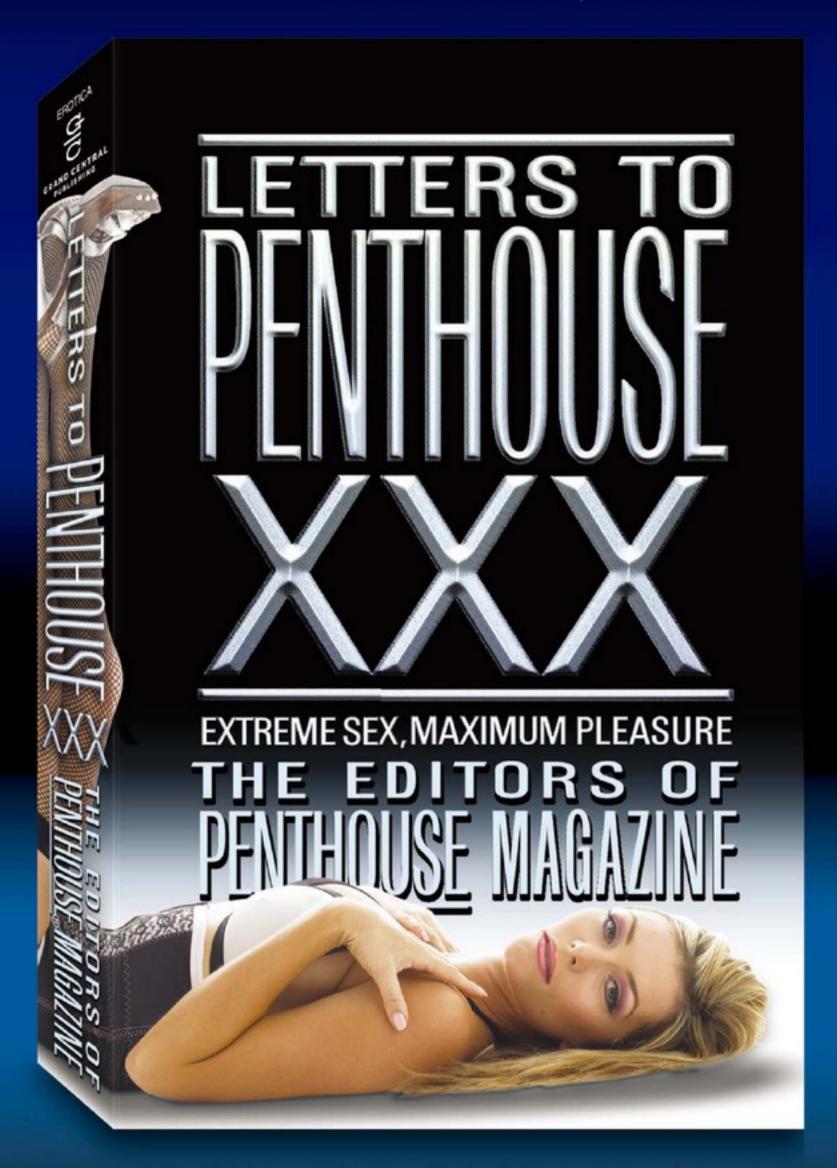
"Don't be one of those guys who's like,
"I'm really cool, I can't call for three
days." Just send a fucking text message that night to tell her the date
went well, or call her the next day. But I
once hooked up with Maynard James
Keenan from Tool. He didn't text message me until two weeks later—when
he went on tour. I have never felt more
ashamed. But I'm not bitter."
"O+" 18





"Wow! This is one hot read! All you naughty little humpers listen up: *Penthouse* does it again with this amazing compilation of tantalizing tales. Pick it up!"

-2007 Penthouse Pet of the Year, Heather Vandeven



Available January 2008 wherever fine books are sold or

# Lifeon Top The Pour House



# Vine Time

Do you go blank when the waiter asks "red or white"? Relax and follow our map of the wine world.

By John Slover

ven if you're a beer dude or a scotch guy, it's a smart bet to add wine to your arsenal.

Along with a big, um, heart, nothing gets her juices flowing like a man who can confidently order wine. The good news is that the wine business is booming, so you have lots of great affordable options. The bad news is that a restaurant wine list can be intimidating—and full of bullshit descriptions. Full-bodied with gobs of explosive blackberry jam and leather on the back end? No thanks, we'll take two Natty Lights.

The truth is, you can geek out all you want on aromas and tannin levels, but the most important wine question is: Do I like this wine or not? And to figure out what you're getting, all it takes is a quick geography lesson.

Wine can be divided into two camps: Old World traditional-style wines are produced in Europe, and New World modern-style wines are produced in the Americas and the Southern Hemisphere.

New World grapes are picked later, so they're riper, and the wine is aged predominantly in new oak barrels, giving it a vanilla hint. This leads to bolder, more up-front flavors and higher alcohol levels. (Shiraz goggles, anyone?) The wines are sweeter, stronger, and more hedonistic. They're not quite as food-friendly, but for sheer pleasure and attitude-adjusting purposes, you can't lose.

Old World grapes are picked earlier and aged primarily in old, neutral oak barrels, producing earthier, savory flavors and lower alcohol levels. Although they make less of an impression up front they have a longer finish, meaning you taste them more in the back of your mouth, and they're more versatile with food.

If your date prefers fruity, sweet wines, look for a California cabernet. If she wants the perfect wine to go with her filet mignon, order French bordeaux. Once you've fooled her into thinking you have many leather-bound books and an apartment that smells of rich mahogany, she'll be ripe for the plucking. O

A restaurant wine list can be intimidating and full of bullshit descriptions.



CALIFORNIA

juicy burger.

For homegrown pleasure,

big Napa Valley cabernet

sauvignon downed with a

nothing satisfies like a

HOTOGRAPH BY PURESTOCK/GETTY



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# Delibetoguickte

Don't be too quick to conclude that 24-year-old Jenni Kohoutova's 35-26-36 hard-body means she's a dumb blonde. Yes, this Czech beauty has sex appeal in spades, but the economics student is proud to be the first in her family to attend college.

Photographs by Erro

































#### Gametime: Q+A





# Rockin'the Octagon With Scott Ferral

The Sirius Satellite sports jock talks Randy Couture, Chuck Liddell, and the future of mixed martial arts.

By Hikari Takano

he Ultimate Fighting Championship has come a long way since the mid-1990s, when John McCain famously decried it on the Senate floor as "human cockfighting." Back then, the sport had a distinctively underground flavor—more blood sport than mainstream entertainment. Today, thanks to a new set of rules (beyond the original three of "no biting, no

eye-gouging, and no fish-hooking") and a reality show, *The Ultimate Fighter*, the UFC nets upwards of \$200 million a year and is reshaping the sports landscape.

But the success has brought a whole new set of growing pains, including controversy over pay, competing mixed-martial-arts circuits, and a dispute with the UFC's top heavyweight. To sort out the confusion, we sat down with sports-radio star and MMA expert Scott Ferrall of Howard 101 on Sirius Satellite Radio.

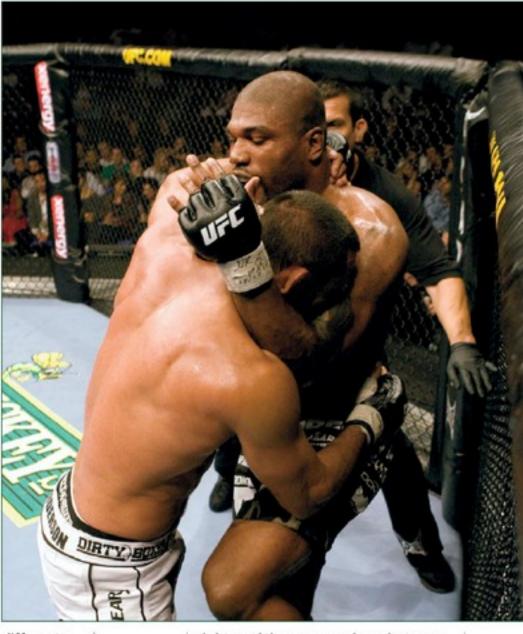
It's been another huge year of growth for the UFC and MMA in the U.S., but do you think superstar heavyweight Randy Couture's resignation could hurt the UFC? This issue is all about money. Get [UFC President] Dana White to quote how much money they made last year and I'll blow you! He will never, everturn over his hand and tell you how much money UFC makes. Fuck this \$200 million figure-they're making so much that your head will spin. Randy Couture didn't like seeing Chuck Liddell and others making more than he was. It's all part of a very nasty negotiation game they're playing, because this is big business.

#### But Couture and others are complaining about deals they happily signed three months ago.

That's because Dana and the Fertitta brothers [UFC co-owners Frank and Lorenzo] know how to cut deals—they're businessmen. Fighters think they're businessmen because they own a gym and a fight logo. But Morgan Stanley's a business institution, not Tito Ortiz.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT CUNNINGHAM/GETTY IMAGES, OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTY IMAGES





#### How important is *The Ultimate* Fighter for the UFC, and for MMA in the U.S.?

The ratings that show gets from men 18 to 49 are absolutely dramatic numbers that we haven't seen in a decade for a niche sport. No one wants to recognize UFC as being a serious sport—ask anyone in boxing and they'll laugh at the UFC. Now they're finally starting to come around. All you have to do is watch TUF on Spike—they run more commercials on that show than during daytime soap operas!

#### Do you think things will plateau for the UFC?

Not anytime soon. The only thing that comes close to it in terms of popularity right now is the NFL. People can talk all they want about NASCAR, but NASCAR is popular with hillbillies. They get huge TV numbers and they have huge racetracks that can fit 100,000 rednecks drinking beer. It's not that

hard to do! UFC's not that different; it's simple: Two guys get in a cage and fight. It's passed the NBA and the NHL in TV ratings—and baseball's for old men like me. But there are no kids watching it. Every kid plays video games and watches MMA. Put on great fights—which Dana usually does—and the UFC will never regress.

Everything slows down eventually. Well, if someone dies in that cage, it will bring big problems for them. It will be the beginning of the end. They don't ever want to talk about that. They don't even want to talk about steroids. Meanwhile, they

have guys failing drug tests left and

"Get [UFC President]
Dana White to quote
how much money they
made last year and I'll
blow you! Fuck this \$200
million figure—they're
making so much that
your head will spin."

right, and they suspend or whatever, but first they point fingers at football and baseball. If someone dies in that octagon, believe me, the sport will change.

If a guy like Mark Cuban made a serious effort to get involved in MMA,

could he create a top organization? There's potential for a power shift, but UFC's always laughed at people who try to mess with them. Dana wants a monopoly on MMA-he doesn't want to share. Let's see Mark Cuban do it! He talks big: He talked big about his M-1 [Mix-Fight Championship] deal, he talks big about the Mavericks, he talks big about his Dancing With the Stars, and he talks big about potentially buying the Chicago Cubs. But not one of those fuckers has come through yet! He's got HDNet, which two people watch. He's got a ton of money and he loves blowing it, but as far as him beating UFC? No way! Even with [famed PRIDE Fighting] Championship heavyweight] Fedor Emelianenko! Who's Fedorgoing to fight, Mark Cuban's neighbor?

Super Bowl Sunday can be a little disorienting—all that food and drink, the dizzying gambling options, the confusing Roman numerals. Here's a cheat sheet to get you through it.

#### Lore: Fact or Fiction

- ■A water-main break in Salt Lake City on Super Bowl Sunday in 1984 was caused by mass simultaneous toilet use. [False: The infrastructure was frail.]
- ■Two-thirds of all avocados sold in the U.S. go into Super Bowl guacamole. [Exaggerated: Pregame sales account for six percent of the annual total.]
- ■The convenience-store chain 7-Eleven reports a 20 percent increase in antacid sales on the Monday after the Super Bowl. [True]
- ■When two-time Super
  Bowl MVP quarterback
  Tom Brady breaks a sweat,
  the pheromones released
  cause every woman within
  a 20-mile radius to start
  ovulating. [Unconfirmed,
  but most observers believe
  it to be true.]
- If Tony Romo leads the Dallas Cowboys to this year's Super Bowl, he will be the first quarterback with Mexican-American roots ever to play in the Big Game. [False; Jim Plunkett, MVP of Super Bowl XV with the Oakland Raiders, is of Mexican descent.]

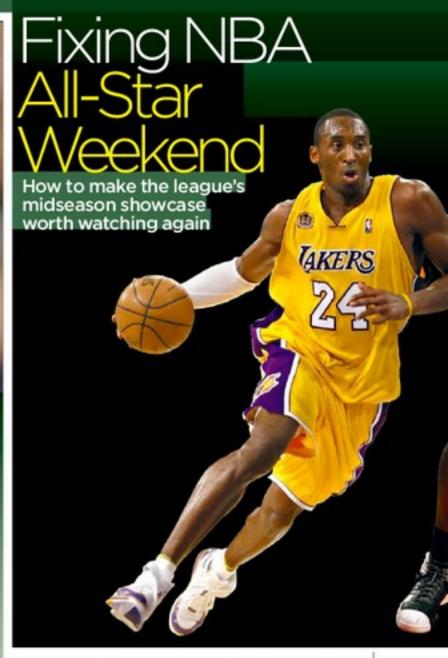
#### Curfews, Carousing, Cocaine

- ■On the Saturday morning before Super Bowl XXXIII, Falcons safety Eugene Robinson was honored by the Christian group Athletes in Action for his "high moral character." On Saturday night, he was arrested by Miami police for soliciting sex from an undercover police officer.
- Dallas Cowboys linebacker Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson claims to have played Super Bowl XIII with an inhaler full of cocaine tucked into his jersey. He wrote in his autobiography that in the second half of his team's 35-31 loss to Pittsburgh, "I pulled out my Vicks Inhaler. The Orange Bowl holds about 80,000, plus there were about 200 million watching worldwide on TV, and there I was on the sideline taking a couple of major snorts. I was out of control."
- En route to a team meeting the night before Super
  Bowl XXIII, Cincinnati
  Bengals running back
  Stanley Wilson split from
  his teammates, telling
  them he'd left his playbook
  in his hotel room. He never
  showed for the meeting,
  and was later found in
  his room stupefied on
  cocaine, barely coherent.
  He was dropped from the
  Super Bowl roster and later
  banned from the NFL

#### Numerology

- Number of times "heads" has been called in recent pregame coin tosses: ten out of the last 11
- Number of times the winner of the coin toss has gone on to win the Super Bowl: 19 (out of 41). Nine of the last 11 teams to win the Super Bowl coin toss have lost the game.
- Widest pregame point spread: 18.5, Super Bowl XXIX, San Francisco over San Diego. Result: San Francisco 49, San Diego 26
- ■Biggest upset based on pregame point spread: Super Bowl III, New York Jets over the Baltimore Colts 16-7. The Colts had been 18-point favorites.
- Number of times the team leading at halftime has won the Super Bowl: 32 (out of 41)
- Number of NFL franchises that have never reached the Super Bowl:six (New Orleans, Detroit, Phoenix, Cleveland, Jacksonville, Houston)

The 7-Eleven chain of stores reports a 20 percent increase in antacid sales on the Monday after the Super Bowl.



BA All-Star Weekend tips off on February 15, but this once-exciting event has faded into irrelevance. It used to be something you'd set aside your Saturday and Sunday nights for. Now? Well, let's just say last year's excitement revolved more around the rash of underreported stabbings, robberies, and general lawlessness on the streets of Vegas than anything that happened on the court. So we asked our resident hoop head, Peter Schrager, for a prescription to cure what ails the star-studded exhibition. Here's what he came back with: a two-day tournament that pits four All-Star teams against each other. You pick a World Team, a Euro Team, a team of guys that played college ball, and a team of guys who came to the league straight from high school. Your lineups would look something like this:

PHTOGRAPHBY (FARLEFT) DAVID BERGMAN/CORBIS





#### Celebrity Makeo

The current celebrity-game format for NBA All-Star Weekend sucks. Who wants to see Tony Potts or the dude from *Desperate Housewives* floundering around, taking the game way too seriously? Here are ten celebrities with actual hoop skills who we would like to see go five-on-five: ike to see go five-on-five

#### **GUARDS**

Beno Udrih

Tony Parker

Boris Diaw

Mickael Pietrus **FORWARDS** 

Peja Stojakovic

Dirk Nowitzki

Pau Gasol

Darko Milicic

CENTERS

Nenad Krstic

Zydrunas Ilgauskas

#### UNIVERSITYMEN

#### **GUARDS**

Jason Kidd Gilbert Arenas Dwyane Wade Chauncey Billups

**FORWARDS** 

Tim Duncan

Carlos Boozer Paul Pierce

Carmelo Anthony

#### CENTERS

Chris Kaman Chris Bosh

Kobe Bryant Tracy McGrady

Monta Ellis

#### **FORWARDS**

Josh Smith

AlJefferson

Rashard Lewis

Kevin Garnett LeBron James

CENTERS

Amare Stoudemire Dwight Howard

You pit the high school cats against the college boys in the first game on Saturday, with the three-point contest at halftime. Then the Euros take on the World, with the skills contest at halftime. On Sunday, the winners of Saturday's games square off to decide who's the king of All-Star Weekend, and you run the slam-dunk contest at halftime. (A tightened-up version of it, too-no 14-tries-to-make-an-off-thebackboard-pass-and-slam, Yes, we're looking at you, Nate Robinson.)

No "rookies vs. sophomores" game. No WNBA. And no C-list celebrities. (And look at that high schoolers team! They'd be our pick to win this tourney.)

There you go, all fixed.

#### VORLDTEAM (NON-EUROS)

#### **GUARDS**

Francisco Garcia

Manu Ginobili

Steve Nash

Leandro Barbosa

#### FORWARDS

Luis Scola

Andres Nocioni

LuolDeng

Yao Ming

#### CENTERS

DeSagana Diop Andrew Bogut

A World team, a Euro team, a team of guys that played college ball, and a team of guys who came straight from high school. Twoday tourney.... We'd watch that.



#### TONYGONZALEZ Kansas City Chiefs

#### KENNYLOFTON Cleveland Indians

#### RANDY MOSS

**New England Patriots** 

#### SIMEONRICE Indianapolis Colts

#### MASTERP Rapper, producer

#### ICE CUBE Rapper, actor

#### SNOOP DOGG Rapper

RONALD CURRY Oakland Raiders

#### **DENZEL WASHINGTON**

Actor

Over the past two decades, Ice Cube has gone from a police-taunting gangsta rap superstar to domesticated family man without missing a (sampled) beat. And with three new projects—a just released comedic flick, a drama in the works, and an already-buzz-blazing album due this summer—he's as hot as ever.

By Raegan Johnson

elieve it or not, it's been 20 years since a pudgy young man named O'Shea Jackson and the rest of N.W.A. pioneered gangsta rap with their career-making, Tipper Gore-baiting album Straight Outta Compton. Since then, Jackson, far better (and legally) known as Ice Cube, has taken his career in so many directions, he has about as many artistic sides as, well, a cube. We saw his dramatic side as Doughboy in Boyz N the Hood. And he puffed, puffed, passed for the Friday movies, before getting all philosophical with his controversial FX television series Black. White., a sort of race-based take on Wife Swap. Then AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted surprised us yet again—by playing a suburban dad in the vanilla Are We There Yet?

No matter what side the 38-year-old shows us next, you better believe he'll be in control of the project because Ice Cube has a vision—Cube Vision, that is, the production company behind most of his movies, including the one in theaters now, the screwy comedy First Sunday.

Also on the docket: He'll appear later this year in a drama directed by, of all people, former Limp Bizkit frontman Fred Durst. And Cube's next album, Raw Footage, lands in stores in June. For his first studio record in two years, he is returning to his rugged rap roots. While other hip-hop impresarios are busy with clothing lines and colognes, Cube keeps proving he's a real American gangsta.

In First Sunday, your character attempts to steal money from the church to pay rent for his ex-girlfriend's hair salon so she doesn't move out of state with his son. So this is autobiographical, huh? No. I would never stoop that low. The fact that we were robbing a church was hard to get over, but it was all fun, and it was done in humor. What's cool is that at the end of the movie, we redeem the church and they redeem us.

A lot of mainstream African-American movies have strong religious themes, especially when you consider Tyler Perry's. You know church always strikes a chord with us. We get a lot of our fortitude from the church, so it's always going to be in black movies. First Sunday is about a lot of real issues. A lot of churches get all this money from the community and end up getting a bigger and better church in a different community. And the people that put the church together can't even get to the new one. The movie deals with stuff like that. It's not just a bunch of buffoonery.

#### Some really high-profile black actors appear in the film—did you have a hand in the casting?

When it comes to people like Tracy Morgan and Katt Williams, I signed off on them, but with everybody else, David Talbert, the director, knew who he wanted and made some great picks, like Michael Beach and Chi McBride.

#### What's the craziest thing Morgan or Williams did on set?

Them dudes is always funny, period. It was funny seeing Tracy do the movie with an ankle bracelet on that measured his alcohol level. We were always threatening to pour a drink on his leg and get him sent back to jail. But we shot in a church so there wasn't anything off the set that was too crazy. The church made everybody mind their p's and q's.



#### Interview

#### Do you think actors like Morgan and Williams perpetuate negative stereotypes?

I don't really care about stereotypes. People have to realize that every race has their traditions, characteristics, and ways of acting—some they're proud of, some they're not. We should be comfortable with who we are, too, and be able to laugh and not give the stereotype any power. Also, I'm not going to trip off how people make a living, and make other people laugh. You can't really take too much of what comedians do seriously, because being a comedian kind of gives you that leeway. It's like a football player having the leeway to be able to knock the hell out of somebody on the field. A comedian has leeway to cross the line and make fun of things.

You once wrote a song, "Burn Hollywood Burn," a takedown of Hollywood's portrayal of blacks. Has your attitude changed? Not really. Hollywood has changed a lot since I wrote that song. I think we're in control of a lot of our images right now. But still, the stuff that gets the green light are the comedies. There are no black dramas. It bothers me that our stories and real lives aren't looked at in a dramatic and real way on TV. They blame it on ratings, but not every show that's on TV is top-rated. There are a million white shows on TV that don't get big ratings either, but they still get made. But we're always measured with a different stick in Hollywood. Or we're clumped together. If one black drama didn't work, then don't try another.

What would you say to the theory that your movies like Are We There Yet? are more subversive than your NWA days because you're playing what historically has been a white guy's part? I don't really trip off of "I'm trying to go this route or that route." I just look for good movies and there aren't a lot of them. When you find one, you should do it. Are We There Yet? was a good movie for me to do at the time. It made a lot of money. People liked it, so as a businessman it was smart to do a second one. But I'm only 38. I'm going to make a lot of movies.

#### But don't you feel that you upended the public's image of you with that role?

I like to do that. In a way that's what it's all about—to show I'm a real person. A lot of people think I'm a gangsta and that's it. If you take anybody that's in the penitentiary right now and say, "Look, if you could trade places with anybody that has the white picket fence, the family, the two cars, the dog, would you?" most of them would say, Hell yeah. They're not trying to be Lex Luthor. Most people just want a share of what's promised every day on TV.

#### Would you say, though, that gangstarap gives people the wrong impression about how to have that life?

Gangstarap is the only mirror that we have that's true and real. It talks about the good, the bad, and the ugly—no apologies. Besides, it started out as underground. We didn't make it pop or mainstream. We didn't have the power to do that. That was Viacom and people like them. They're the ones that you need to talk to about gangsta rap's influence on the world because they had the power to take it to 40 million people or whatever.

#### Do you miss stirring shit up the way you did during your "Fuck tha Police" days?

I still am, but I do it in a different way. In the early nineties, rap went from being conscious and a teaching tool to escapism and "we're just going to party" shit. Clinton is in office. We're just going to smoke weed, drink, and just hang out. You can't shove a political message down people's throats when they don't want to hear it. Public Enemy still does political records, but with the way hip-hop is right now, those kinds of records are way off the radar.

#### Do you want to return to political hip-hop?

You can't give people something they don't want, but you can try and lead them back to something that's good. If you listen to my records—the songs that are on the radio don't have a political theme because they don't play them. But the songs that are just on my album do have a political message. And political is not just an "us against the government" thing, but what we need to do in the hood to try to survive.

Any new artists pushing the boundaries of what hip-hop can do? Rap is like the NBA—the young rookies get the shine and the veterans hopefully get the rings. I think Kanye West is doing a good job. He's got that platform right now to take rap into different directions.

#### Any other favorites?

Ice Cube. I don't have any favorites but me, because that's the only person that I really care about. All those other dudes? We're in the same game. I ain't no fan, especially if you've got a ghost writer. If you have a ghost writer, that's garbage.

#### A lot of rappers use ghostwriters?

Yeah. I think. You don't know who's a real emcee nowadays.

#### What do you think about strip-hop?

I'm not a person that's going to listen to a lot of stupid hip-hop, but I'm a fan of all kinds. I don't look at the hip-hop that I'm not really into as being bad or garbage. I look at it as people doing or saying what they feel.

#### What were you trying to do on Raw Footage?

Raw Footage is a follow-up to Laugh Now, Cry Later. It's not really caring about what's going on in the industry. It's for straight Ice Cube fans that want something real and raw, that want to be inspired by hip-hop and not just listen to it. If you want to dance to somebody, you can dance off those other dudes, but mine is really for your brain.

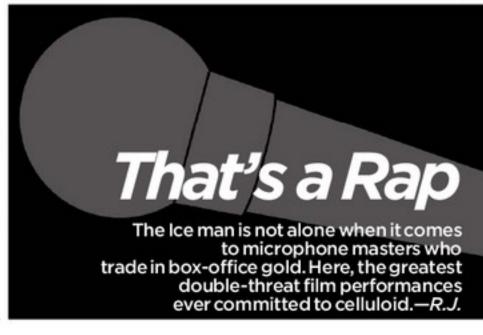
I feel like at this point West Coast hip-hop is underground hip-hop because there's no real light shined out here at all. We've got to scrape and scrap for everything we get. It's not really recognized by mainstream music or by mainstream hip-hop in the way that I think it should be.

#### Jay-Z and Diddy have hugely popular empires. Do you think they are taking hip-hop in the right direction?

Well, you know, they've gotten most of their empire on clothing, not on a musical thing. Music keeps them in the forefront, but they didn't get that rich off music, they got that rich off clothing and other things.

As someone who's into controlling your product, what do you think of the future of digital music distribution, and Radiohead's pay-what-you-want model?

I like everything that artists are trying to do to link straight up with their fans. But I think the record companies are going to lose out on a lot of hits because people are going to be so computer savvy





"My candidate is Benjamin Franklin, or any dead presidents I can put in my pocket. I don't have faith in candidates. No matter who you put in the White House, you still gotta get your ass up and go to work.

that they can do their own thing. Digital distribution is the future. We've got to figure it out and get down with it.

Digital distribution seems to gives artists a lot more freedom. I think ownership is the key now. When you own something, you can really do what you want, and you don't have any barriers. So I welcome it. Record labels have ulterior motives. They put pressure on dudes to do certain types of records. With my label Lench Mob, I do what I want to do and live with that. I live with selling half a million records. I can live with selling a hundred thousand, but the freedom to do what I want to do-I'll never give that back.

#### You've been famous almost half your life. Have your feelings about touring changed over the years?

I love to tour. Earlier this year we did Canada with Snoop. Hopefully, this year I can do Europe, do the States. That is really what we have that is still sacred. People are still going to want to see you live.

Out on the road there must be tons of groupies ready and willing. Is it hard to resist temptation?

I've been in the game a long time. That doesn't do nothing for me.

Are you really saying your wife Kimberly has you whipped? Nah. It just don't do nothing for me. It's boring. Been there, done that, next.

Over the past few months, race issues have been all over the news. I'm going to throw out a few names and I want you to tell me what you think. Michael Richards:

That's the dude from Seinfeld? You know, what do you expect? Don Imus: Again, I wasn't surprised. He's a bully.

Duane "Dog" Chapman: Man! He's straight out of a comic book. He's all an act. In front of the camera he's "brother, brother," but then the real him comes out. I wasn't surprised. He looks like a member of the Aryan Brotherhood. He looks straight out of the penitentiary, a motorcycle gang.

Speaking of that look, you're doing an upcoming movie directed by former Limp Bizkit Fred Durst. Can you tell us more about it? It's a movie tentatively called The Comeback. It's about an uncle and his 11-year-old niece. He finds out that she's a really good football player, and her playing Pop Warner rejuvenates the town.

Is Fred Durst a dick? Because he seems like he'd be a dick. Nah, he's cool. That's all an act. He's serious about directing now. His music career is kind of over. He looked at that as a phase.

#### Who's your presidential candidate?

My candidate is still Benjamin Franklin, or whatever dead presidents I can put in my pocket. I don't have any faith in candidates. No matter who you put in the White House, you still gotta get your ass up and go to work. Of 12



Crash (2004)

The only rapper-turnedactor to free slaves on film Luda plays the stereotypical gangbanger until he liberates a vanful of Asians from a human trafficking ring on the L.A. streets.



8 Mile (2002)

Em joins the pantheon as the first raptor to convince a Hollywood studio to produce a movie about ... himself. Nicely played, sir. Still, there's no denying that when it comes to portraying Eminem, he's pretty good.



aliens?

Independence Day (1995) Smith was re-inducted in 1997 for Men in Black, in 2002 for Men in Black II, and for 2004's I, Robot. Without him, who would save the world and protect us from renegade



Chicago (2002)

Not since Dolly Parton's busty heyday has such heaving cleavage been on display. Queen L. is also the only rapper-turned-actor to be nominated for a Best Supporting Academy Award.



Friday (1995)

We honor Cube for his outstanding achievements in weed smoking (see: his Friday oeuvre) and his community service of illustrating just how much trouble you can get into if you stiff your drug dealer. Lesson learned.

### Why Gilbert Arenas Matters More Than LeBron James

Deadspin.com impresario Will Leitch explains how the mercurial Wizards guard—despite his recent injury—is the antidote to the corporatization of our beloved games.

uring the 2007 NBA playoffs, when the Cavaliers were making their run to the finals, I noticed something odd among my fellow sports fans: Everyone was rooting against LeBron James. Anytime I'd watch a game with someone, or I'd mention LeBron on Deadspin, the instant reaction was mild (with the exception of that semifinals Game 5 vs. Detroit, when he scored 29 of the Cavs' final 30 points).

This is the opposite of what one would expect. Since the age of 15, LeBron has been groomed for the role of NBA supernova. He was on the cover of Sports Illustrated at the age of 17, he signed a \$90 million deal with Nike before he'd played his first game, and he had a ready-made entourage (that included Jay-Z!) on the day the Cavaliers won the right to draft him. Everyone was concerned that a teenager wouldn't be able to handle all the attention, but LeBron never seemed all that fazed by it. He averaged 20.9 points, 5.9 assists, and 5.5 rebounds at the age of 18, becoming the third rookie ever (Michael Jordan and Oscar Robertson are the other two) to reach those plateaus. He also did it all in the way we allegedly like our players to do it: He played unselfishly, dishing the ball, making his teammates better while remaining unafraid to take the big shot at the end. He never gets arrested—he leaves that to his mother, who was once maced after a DUI arrest—and he's a smiling pitchman for the countless sponsors who have signed up for Team LeBron. He's everything we have always claimed to want in a superstar.

Yet no one, outside of Cavs fans, seems to truly love him. Not in the way, say, that they loved—or loved to hate, the way Knicks and Pistons fans loved to hate—Michael Jordan, the guy James (and everybody else) has obviously patterned his career after. He's done everything Jordan has done, and perhaps even a little more. Sure, he doesn't quite have the slit-your-throat-to-win-a-\$5-bet competitiveness of Jordan, but he also doesn't seem quite as fake as M.J. Jordan wants you to believe that not only is he the best basketball player in history, but he's also casual enough to hang out with Kevin Bacon in his underwear.

LeBron's dominance—and he's asserted about as much dominance as a player can assert without winning a title (yet, anyway)—has not made him as universally beloved as you (or his sponsors) might expect. Sure, he's succeeded in his goal of becoming the global brand—the guy even people in China know. But I never get the sense that he inspires people. Rooting for







LeBron James is like rooting for Nike in a way that rooting for Michael Jordan never was.

I think the reason for this is Gilbert Arenas.

Arenas couldn't have had a more different introduction to the NBA than LeBron. Considered something between a shooting guard and a point guard, he was undrafted in the first round in 2001 and ended up at Golden State. He immediately became an unheralded crowd favorite—LeBron was five times as famous as Gilbert was at Arizona in 2001, and he was 17 years old—and, most dramatically, improved his game to an unprecedented level. He was a guy who had grown into himself without the hype. He became a human, one of us. And this is why he is the opposite of LeBron James, and why his existence illuminates all the flaws in LeBron's plan for world domination.

The stories of Arenas's accessibility are legendary at this point. A personal favorite involves a guy who ran into Arenas at a bowling alley. (Can you imagine running into LeBron at a bowling alley? They would have shut the place down and made it a private party the minute they heard he was coming. It somehow seems perfect that Arenas would spend a random evening just bowling.) The guy, noticing Gilbert, walked over to him, introduced himself, and told Arenas he's great. Gilbert smiled and asked if he wanted to join the game. Stunned, the guy did, and they spent hours together. Afterward, Gilbert invited him to go back to his place with his friends to play videogames all night. So they did. This is beyond any rational comprehension of what we expect of our athletes. To say that Gilbert is just like us is oversimplifying it; Gilbert is only himself, and therefore all of us. His lack of pretense makes him human.

LeBron's ideal shoe commercial involves him doing something amazing and all of us shuddering in its wake. Gilbert's? Well, just ask him.

You know how I always throw my jersey into the stands after a game? In Washington, they just go crazy for it. So in this

commercial, that's what I'm gonna do with my shoes. I've just hit a game winner, and I throw these shoes. Everyone starts to react, and you see everything in slow motion. Everyone's pushing, shoving, doing whatever it takes to try to get to these shoes. People from the 400 level—they're jumping off the ledge, they're missing the pile, hitting nothing but chairs, and you can just see in people's faces like "Oooh, that hurt." While all this stuff's going on, one of the shoes pops out of the crowd, and a little girl gets it and she takes off. A couple of people see she has it, and they start chasing her, and she's looking back running—and then she gets clotheslined by a kid in a wheelchair. So he picks the shoe up and says—he's gonna have the only line—"They said I couldn't get it. Heh. Impossible is nothing." And then he rolls off.

This, friends, is bat-shit nutty of the highest order, in the most likable way possible. You couldn't get a team of comedy writers to come up with something half as bonkers as what Gilbert rattled off the top of his head. Here are some more Gilbert highlights:

- He sponsors a professional Halo videogaming team.
- He once took a shower in full uniform for no reason. "I don't know why I did it," he said.
- He boasts of staying in the hotel during road trips, watching infomercials and "buying colon cleanser."
- He gleefully admitted to trying to vote himself into the All-Star Game.
- When asked how well he played after one victory, he said, "My swag was phenomenal."
- He claims his favorite nickname is "Agent Zero," which was given to him by the Dada-esque Website Wizznutzz.

Oh, and Gilbert has his own blog, where he once wrote:

I did something bad yesterday. It wasn't bad, but it was either me or her... I dropped my daughter. I had my daughter in my arms and I was ready to put her to bed because she was



sleeping. But I was just outside because I forgot to put my brakes on in my car. It was wet outside and I only had on my house slippers and they were wet when I came back in the house. When we got to the stairs, I slipped, and, you know, my left leg can't bend. So it was either both of us stumble down the stairs, or drop her. So I had to drop her. She's okay. She dropped on her butt first.

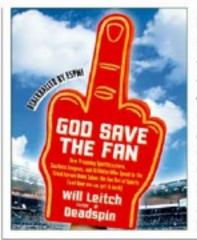
Can you imagine LeBron admitting something like that? No, wait, imagine Jordan doing that. Gilbert Arenas is constitutionally unable to be anything other than Gilbert Arenas, and this is why he's so much more successful at being all things to all people than LeBron-who desperately wants to be-ever will be. LeBron thinks that by saying nothing, he leaves us room to fill up the empty vessel with our hopes and dreams. But we know better than to do this anymore. The athletes we've worshipped have disappointed us; they've turned out to be human beings like the rest of us-flawed, vain, confused. But they will never admit it. Here's who I am, says Arenas. I don't have the heart or energy to be anything else. This is not how athletes are expected to carry themselves. But it's how they should. This is when we love our athletes-when the myth goes away and we believe they're handling themselves the way we would handle ourselves, if we were so blessed to be professional athletes.

In one breathtaking post, Gilbert laid out what it meant to be a fan and a player, and how they tie together:

In 20 years, when we think of LeBron James, we will think of Gatorade, and when we think of Gilbert Arenas, we will smile and think of ourselves. When we step inside that court and people come into those arenas and sit down, it's not about what they did that day, it's not about their rent, their jobs, how bad their day is going. It's about, "I'm going to forget about it for two hours."

Never has the essence of what sports means been summed up so well by someone who exists smack in the center of them. The reason LeBron James will never truly capture our hearts is because he thinks we want another Michael Jordan. We don't. We want someone who isn't faking it, who recognizes that the price you pay to be a Michael Jordan is not worth the toll it takes on your soul. He just has to be himself, an original thinker, someone who we feel is being straight with us. Michael Jordan never was this, and LeBron James never will be. We see through it now. We don't believe him.

Gilbert Arenas will never be the player LeBron James is, but his existence is in direct contradistinction to what LeBron James, and most athletes, really, have devoted their entire careers to. This is why, in 20 years, when we think of LeBron James, we will think of Gatorade, and when we think of Gilbert Arenas, we will smile and think of ourselves.



From the forthcoming book God Save the Fan: How Preening Sportscasters, Athletes Who Speak in the Third Person, and the Occasional Convicted Quarterback Have Taken the Fun Out of Sports (and How We Can Get It Back), by Will Leitch. Copyright © 2008 by Will Leitch. To be published January 22 by Harper, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.





# State of Var

Thousands of Americans have taken a solemn oath to defend their country. Are some of those lives worth more than others? By Matthew Currier Burden

he U.S. Department of State maintains a corps of professionals that it sends to the far corners of the globe to provide diplomacy and support for diplomacy. Over the years, I have had the opportunity to work with some of these fine individuals and have been impressed by all I've met. The role of Foreign Service Officers is especially important during times of war, and it has never been more important than it is today. The Provincial Reconstruction Teams in Iraq, which are staffed by FSOs, are rebuilding the economy, jobs, commerce, energy, and other infrastructure. More than 2,000 FSOs have voluntarily served in Iraq since the war began, and three have been killed.

Last fall, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice announced that there were 48 FSO vacancies in Iraq—33 for reconstruction teams and 15 for our embassy in Baghdad. If volunteers weren't forthcoming, she said, it would be necessary to assign some FSOs to a one-year tour.

At an October 31 State Department employee meeting, Jack Croddy, a senior FSO, denounced Rice. "It's one thing if someone believes in what is going on over there and volunteers," he proclaimed. "I am sorry, but basically that is a potential death sentence, and you know it.... And then another thought—who will take care of our children? Who will raise our children if we are dead or seriously wounded?"

The idea that some FSOs would refuse to serve their country when needed sparked an uproar within the military community, and because this column is committed to providing a forum for our military heroes, I am going to let their words stand unfiltered. As I said, I've worked with many FSOs and have found them to be fine, upstanding, patriotic, and brave. I can only hope that Mr. Croddy speaks for a very small minority.

After Croddy's statements were publicized, one vet wrote to me in a rage: "If a state dept FSO won't go, let's get wounded soldiers to take their jobs and fire the FSOs who oppose going. fuck em. if they don't want their jobs, give their jobs to REAL men."

Congressman Duncan Hunter (R-CA), a retired Army Ranger,



Retired Army Ranger Duncan
Hunter blasted "reluctant"
State Department officers:
"Let's turn to ... veterans of the
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issued a statement that echoed that sentiment: "When the State Department appears to be filled with reluctant personnel, let's turn to those who have bravely followed the American flag in the most dangerous of assignments.... They are veterans of the Iraq and Afghanistan theaters, and you can be sure that when called on for difficult assignments, they won't convene a town meeting to protest. Especially for those whose mobility has been impaired by wounds, State Department positions, not only in Baghdad but around the world, will provide excellent jobs as well as availing our nation of their enormous talent."

In all the time I've been blogging with our military in the field, I've rarely seen such an outpouring of anger and frustration over a single issue. As one airman on active duty wrote, "I serve near the U.S. Embassy in Iraq. I'd kill to have the same quality of life the State Department offers their employees and contractors."

A retired paratrooper who's now working as an FSO sent this e-mail: "I'm a retired Army First Sergeant.... I did 11 years on jump status. The folks in the State Department hate the president, hate the military, and for the most part only care about themselves. Liberal ideology in State amounts to one simple thing—a lack of personal responsibility for screw-ups and people who grab the credit for anything good that happens. I've had to put up with the liberal BS, anti-Bush DOS employees since joining."

A former contractor for the State Department who recently returned from Iraq agrees, in part, with the above assessment: "State guys don't get to pick the president or the wars he fights. They have to support the policy and the national intent in the area of operations. I can tell you that many FSOs support the president and the mission in Iraq, but definitely not the majority.

#### **Under Oath**

Military enlisted personnel and Foreign Service Officers solemnly promise to serve their country using almost identical words.

#### The Military Oath

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will obey the orders of the president of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to regulations and the Uniform Code of Military Justice. So help me God."

#### The Foreign Service Oath

"I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, and I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

"Jack Croddy demeaned them all that day. Don't keep demeaning them if you want to win in Iraq. You'll need State there long after the military goes home."

A submarine officer vented, "I've been to some bitch sessions in the Navy. I've contributed to the discord and I've run some of them. In the end, my sailors and I understood it was our duty to follow orders and to uphold the oaths we had taken. To follow the orders of the officers appointed over us. Failure to do so is mutiny."

One army sergeant had this interesting insight, based on the controversy over the private contractor Blackwater, whose security forces have been accused of crimes against Iragi civilians in the course of protecting State Department officials: "This sounds exactly like they are running scared because their Blackwater bodyguards will probably get pulled. Blackwater has never failed to protect the State employees, and now that protection is in question for when the State knuckleheads get their soy lattes in the Green Zone or when they go for pictures to the monuments and archeological sites. Give me a break."

But let's give the final word to another FSO and former military man who wrote in defense of his peers: "What should have been news every day since the Iraq War started

was that all the Foreign Service jobs had been filled by volunteers. More than 2,000 of them, out of a total corps of 11,500. Not one directed assignment in the lot, for a period of several years, during wartime."

That's very important for everyone—especially the men and women whose lives are on the line every day—to remember. We should not let the words of a few FSOs overshadow the courage of the vast majority of these fine officers. But we should not let those words go unanswered, either. Of The State of the course o

The author's book, The Blog of War: Front-Line Dispatches From Soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan, was published by Simon & Schuster. He blogs at Blackfive.net.



# Director's Cut

Onstage, illusion is reality. But after the curtain falls, it helps him steal the show. As told to Ronnie Koenig.

Illustration by Matthew Woodson

know what you're thinking:
He's a theater director. He
must be gay. That's exactly
what a lot of women assume when
they find out what I do, and I couldn't
be happier about it. In fact, this smallminded stereotype has helped me
get more hot pussy than you can
shake a stick at.

Here's how it goes: I'll be directing a show when one of my actors will complain about how stressful her day job is or how tired she is. Without missing a beat, I step in and start giving her a massage. Because my sexuality is sometimes seen as, well, ambiguous, these women don't feel threatened by me. So while you're figuring out how to ask the hot girl in the next cubicle out to lunch without getting called in for sexual harassment, I have my hands all over the fittest, most uninhibited women in New York City. Say what you like, but I wouldn't trade places with you-not even for health benefits and a quarterly bonus.

The last show I directed required several costume changes, so three of the female cast members would carry on conversations with me while topless or in their bras and panties as they got ready for their scenes. Would they have done this if they were sure I was straight, horny, and interested? Probably not.

If people want to make assumptions, why not use it to my advantage? For instance, if a woman thinks you're gay, she's automatically more physical with you. I gave my future ex-wife (an actor) plenty of my famous back rubs before she figured out I wasn't a fabulous gay man. In fact, she and a male cast member were taking bets on which of them was going to

hook up with me first. Most guys in my situation would go out of their way to make it known that they're not gay, but I did no such thing.

Allowing women to entertain this possibility not only makes me more approachable, it makes me more of a romantic challenge. I figure, if the gay guy's feelings get hurt, it's not my fault—I never pretended to be gay. I just didn't correct his misassumption.

A lot of my non-theater friends ask me if the casting couch really exists. Honestly, I would never risk my career by asking women for sexual favors in exchange for a role. But that doesn't mean women don't offer. In fact, I've been hit on very blatantly by actors who want me to cast them.

I'll never forget the first time this happened. I was at a Christmas party for a theater company when I was introduced to this very attractive young actor. She couldn't have been much older than 18, and I was twice her age. She had big brown eyes, light brown hair, and huge tits. When she learned that I was a director, her eyes lit up. In just 30 seconds, she went from having no interest in me to following me around like a puppy. It was bizarre. At first, I refused to go home with her because I didn't want her to think I could help her with her career. Still, she got in a cab with me and we started making out furiously. We went to her apartment and had sex on the floor. When it came to oral, let's just say she was very eager.

But dating someone you have to work with isn't always the best situation. It's not easy for me to shout

She ended up tying me to her bed and torturing me for hours. I thought I was going to miss my early-morning flight.

"Go learn your fucking lines!" to a girl I'm sleeping with. During a recent production I directed, an actor in the cast ended up directing me. She was a tall, curvaceous woman playing a much older character, so the costume designer put her in this shapeless yellow dress. It was hideous. The whole point was to downplay her sexiness. During the dress rehearsal, she came up to me in full costume, including holding a tea kettle, and said, "After rehearsal tonight, you're going to fuck me," then turned on her heel and went right back into the scene. Clearly, I had no choice.

Later that night, we actually went at it on the stage. One of the actors came back into the theater while we were fucking, but quickly walked out when he saw what was going on. I planned on apologizing to him the next day, but he beat me to the punch by shaking my hand and congratulating me.

These days, I try not to date actors. They're crazy and demand constant attention. Women who work backstage, on the other hand, are a lot more down-to-earth. I wouldn't call the average crew girl less feminine than the average actor—it's just a different outlook. When you're working on the crew, there tends to be an eagerness to get your hands dirty. These women might not be as glamorous as some of the actors, but they're usually twice as freaky.

I recently had a one-night stand with a girl on the run crew after the cast party. The night after the show opens, everyone is expected to get drunk, get laid, and release all the tension that built up during the rehearsal period. One crew girl had been flirting with me pretty seriously, and since it was regional theater, we both knew I was leaving the next day. Knowing you're leaving town for the next show tends to make you do things you might otherwise be too shy to try. She ended up tying me to her bed and torturing me for hours. She actually left me tied up for so long that I thought I was going to miss my earlymorning flight.

But whether I'm giving direction to women or taking it from them doesn't matter. I wouldn't trade a life in the theater for anything. O !-- s







# spirit of statement of the statement of

Stilettos may have been more important than straw polls in our Key Girl contest, but Cali Taylor, a dancer at the St. Louis Penthouse Club who clearly rallied her hometown fans to text in votes for her, emerged as the clear winner. If only politics were always so easy on the eyes....

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

































### HARDMIEWS

A COMPENDIUM OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

NIP/TUCK

### Breast in Show

If you think all boobs are perfect, you're only half right.

ust like blowjobs, there's no such thing as bad boobs, especially if they come with a willing partner. Sadly, there are bad boob jobs. But our new favorite doc, British plastic surgeon Patrick Mallucci, conducted a study to discover the formula for perfect breasts. As part of his research, Dr. Mallucci spent painstaking hours "studying" photos of topless women with natural breasts to find out if there was a common theme to their attractiveness. Turns out, the boob doc explains, "it has to do with the various proportion of the upper half of the breast to the lower half, and where the nipple sits on the breast mound. It should be about a 45 percent to 55 percent ratio-upper half to lower half. And the nipple should sit more on the upper half and be slightly skyward pointing."

As an example of a naturally perfect rack, the good doctor offered up Halle Berry (see Monster's Ball or Swordfish). On the opposite end of excellence? Victoria Beckham's very scary post-surgery breasts. "Her implants look like they've been put on top of her pec muscle," Dr. Mallucci says. "The implants should have been put underneath the muscle for a more natural appearance."

Dr. Mallucci reported his fondle-worthy findings at the first International Breast Augmentation Conference in the U.K. and plans to spread the word via his Website, MyBreast.org. The site's breastenhancement service helps place imperfect ta-tas in the hands of capable plastic surgeons. We're happy to volunteer to double-check the docs' math skills. Purely in the name of science, of course.



#### GET YOUR FREAK ON

#### The Odditorium

If your friends discover handcuffs and a vibrator in your dresser, they'll probably congratulate you. But we pity the poor fool who gets caught with these.

#### VIBRATING PLEASURE PERISCOPE

This periscope/vibrator has a light-up tip and an inch-wide window so you can see what's going on while you pleasure your girl vaginally or anally. We don't know why you'd want to, but to each his own. (\$42; ExtremeRestraints.com)



#### Reporting by Laura Leu and Rebecca Swanner

#### FEBRUARY 2008





#### SUCKONTHIS

42%

#### POGO STICK FOR 1

If you're into watching girls get down with robots on FuckingMachines.com, attach a vibrator or dildo to this and let your lady go to town. Then initiate a threesome by suggesting she and a friend check out the Pogo Stick for 2. (\$138/\$185; ErosBoutique.com)



#### VANIBUREN SOUND SET These 11.5-inch metal probes

are meant to be inserted into your urethra to stimulate the prostate. You'll be relieved to know that the curved ends mean they won't get lost in your urinary tract. Okay, we're done. You can stop covering your crotch now. (\$158; ErosBoutique.com)



University of Chicago scientists recently discovered that the scent of breast-feeding may increase other women's libidos by 42 percent. The scientists believe pheromones signal to women that it's time to get with the baby-making themselves. If only there was a way to bottle that ... and skip the diaper duty.

## Heavenly Handjobs for Her

Find a way for her to enjoy orgasms from three different hot spots simultaneously!

By Tracey Cox

Most men know how to give your standard handjob because getting your hands in her panties during her teens was as far as she'd let you go. Perfecting it to the point where those fingers developed magical powers—like making her panties disappear—was in your interest. But I'd bet your fingers made—and still make—a beeline for her clitor is during manual masturbation, thinking that's the best way to ensure a satisfied smile rather than a sulk once your work is done. Well, you're right in one sense—a clitoral orgasm is the most common she's likely to experience.

Ancient Taoists, however, believed there were three "gates" of pleasure on the female body. And here's exactly what to do with each of them.

#### THE FIRST GATE: THE CLITORIS

The clitoris gets the No. 1 spot, and this is the part you already know lots about (if you don't, why don't you?), so I'm going to go straight into it.

■ Ditch lying beside her for clitoral stimulation Instead, sit behind her and get her to sit between your legs and lie back against your chest, then reach around to find her clitoris.

Alternatively, bend her over a table or sofa and kiss her neck as you're fingering her from behind. All provide different clitoral sensations and psychological kicks.



#### Sex Sense

- How wet is she? Add lubricant to make things nice and slippery, then gently part her lips with your fingers and move into the basic stroke: Let your middle finger run back and forth between the inner lips, gently skimming the clitoris each time.
- Vary the strokes Switch to sitting in front of her, and hold two fingers in a V-shape around her clitoris (below), then move your fingers into a rocking motion. Press them down using medium pressure, then pull back, then press down—and repeat in a smooth, continuous motion. You're doing it right if your elbow is moving back and up. Alternate between this and the basic stroke.
- As she nears orgasm Get her to bear down (push out with her pelvic muscles) to increase the sensation.



#### ►THE V TECHNIQUE

The clitoris is stimulated intermittently, which is why you need to alternate with the basic stroke. Use a rocking motion, press down, then pull back. Think *rocking horse*.

#### THE SECOND GATE: THE G SPOT

Okay, this time we're going for something new: "internal ejaculation." What the hell is it? Well, it's a Taoist version of the modern world's female ejaculation. Why go there? Well, along with a blissful feeling of "release," her orgasms will be more intense. Which (along with giving her more of them) is the name of the game, right?

The fluid females ejaculate spiritual-style is rather romantically called "the nectar of the moon." Unlike our culture, which tends to be repulsed rather than delighted by her juices, ancient lovers were positively eager to taste and absorb the "yin" (vaginal) essence because of its many benefits. Today it's the opposite—I get lots of letters from women who are mortified rather than thrilled if they're the ones causing the wet spot, convinced you'll think they've wet themselves!

Here's the challenge: It's your job to make her feel comfortable enough to give this a try, because it's going to be one hell of an experience for both of you if you pull it off. The orgasm she'll have will qualify as spiritual because it'll be out of this world, and seeing her transported to Planet Pleasure provides one hell of a turn-on for you, too.

■ Get this right and the contractions are strong—and addictive The area doesn't get oversensitive, so she's going to want more and more. And more.



The feeling of ejaculatory orgasm can be quite frightening. In order to let it happen, she must allow herself to lose control.

But before you go diving in (so to speak), take a moment to absorb this crucial piece of advice: The trick to her ejaculating is to encourage her to fight the urge to stop stimulation when the pressure builds to a peak. The first time I had an orgasm, I was utterly convinced I'd see a puddle of pee when I looked down! I didn't (you'll be happy to know), but until you get used to it, the feeling of ejaculatory orgasm can be quite frightening. In order to let it happen, she must allow herself to lose control—and that's something which lots of women find difficult. So before you move on to the physical stuff, make sure her head's in the right place. You can do this by making her feel loved, secure, and sexually adored. Reassure her that the feeling of orgasm is simply the release of all the blood that has pumped to her genitals back into the bloodstream. That's not so scary, is it? Get her to repeat after you: "The only thing that can happen if I let go is pleasure!"

One other thing: If she doesn't ejaculate (like, ever), don't feel like you've failed. Ejaculation is still a hotly contended issue today, with some dismissing it entirely, others embracing it, and others saying only certain women can do it. Rest assured, though, an orgasm is pretty much guaranteed even if ejaculation isn't. Nothing to lose, everything to gain. Even if you're not convinced there's a specific G spot, front-vaginal-wall stimulation is by far the most common way that women ejaculate. The front wall is the side closest to her stomach, which means you're curving your finger(s) up and around, rather than simply inserting them. It's not only an awkward position, you have to have damn long fingers to hit it—one reason why G-spot vibrators are selling like mad, because they're shaped to do the job for you. (It's not cheating to buy and use one, by the way!) Try the following techniques:

- G-spot orgasms However spectacular they are, these involve getting through a not-so-pleasant period where she's absolutely convinced she's about to pee (it's because you're pressing on the urethra). She should pee before you get started, so she knows there's no urine in her bladder.
- Get her to sit between your legs Reach around to touch her—or bend her over something and work from behind.
- Insert your finger (or the vibrator) Use lube if she needs it, then make a "pulling" motion (like you're beckoning someone over). Use your middle finger—it's usually the longest. You're attempting to find a small, spongy area that feels ridgy and becomes more raised the more it's stimulated. Use your other fingers to work on her clitoris.
- Start massaging the area Use more pressure than you would on the clitoris, and alternate massage with the "come here" finger motion. Rather than working around the area, like you would the clitoris, keep massaging directly on the spot. Consistency is key.
- Encourage her to breathe slowly and deeply As she feels the pressure build, get her to relax her pelvic floor muscles rather than tensing them.

#### THE THIRD GATE: THE CERVIX

The AFE (anterior fornix erotic) zone lies deep inside the vagina-and I mean deep. It's through stimulation of this area-or even the cervix itself-that her third sensational orgasm can be produced. Like the Gspot, you need fingers like ET or a vibrator/ dildo to get to it-or she may need to squat or put one leg up on a chair for you to reach it (not the sexiest pose in the world). But wait, there's good news! You can reach the AFE relatively easily during intercourse. (See, your penis is useful after all!) The best positions to try: She lies on her stomach and you lie on top of her, or she jumps on top, leaning back rather than forward. Because lots of women (like me) associate the cervix with pain rather than pleasure, it's the least publicized of all the hot spots. Getting the end of it swabbed during a pap smear isn't exactly fun, neither is having it knocked during intercourse. But even I managed to overcome all this to become an A-spot enthusiast. Be warned, though, get this right and the contractions she will

feel are strong—and addictive. Unlike the clitoris, the area doesn't get overly sensitive after the first climax. Which, of course, means she's going to want more, and more. And more. Banggoes that Sunday morning golf game. Because it's easier to stimulate the AFE during intercourse, I'm going to finish up by giving you the promised multitasker. It's designed to hit all three gates of pleasure at once and add a fourth dimension! (Forgot the anniversary of when you first met? Offer this as make-up-for-it sex and all will be forgiven.)

- Get her in position Put her in a position where everything is laid out in front of you—lying over an appropriate-height table would work. You need to have easy access to her clitoris, vagina, and anus with both your hands and your mouth. (She's in for some surprise oral sex a bit later!)
- Find the AFE Insert one or two fingers and set sail for the AFE. You're looking for a patch of sensitive skin just above the cervix (yes, that's miles away!) at the innermost point of the vagina. (You can also buy long thin vibrators that are curved up at the end and do the job nicely.) The difference between this and the G spot? You're not searching the wall of the vagina beneath her belly, but much farther inside.



#### FINDING THE G SPOT

Move your fingers in a beckoning motion, aiming for the front vaginal wall. Press the other hand on her lower abdomen to increase the sensation and pressure.

- Find the G spot Once you (or the vibrator) has gone in as far as possible, start stroking the AFE. After a few minutes of stroking, slide your fingers over the front vaginal wall to massage the G spot (or just the general area if you can't find a raised bit) using firm pressure.
- Alternate between the two Until she's close to orgasm, alternate between the two techniques, then move in to start licking her clitoris—keeping up the stimulation inside with your fingers. The icing on the cake is your final move—inserting one well-oiled finger of your other hand inside her anus. G spot + AFE + clitoral + anal = the most explosive orgasm experience she's had in her life.

She'll be putty in your hands from now on. O | 18

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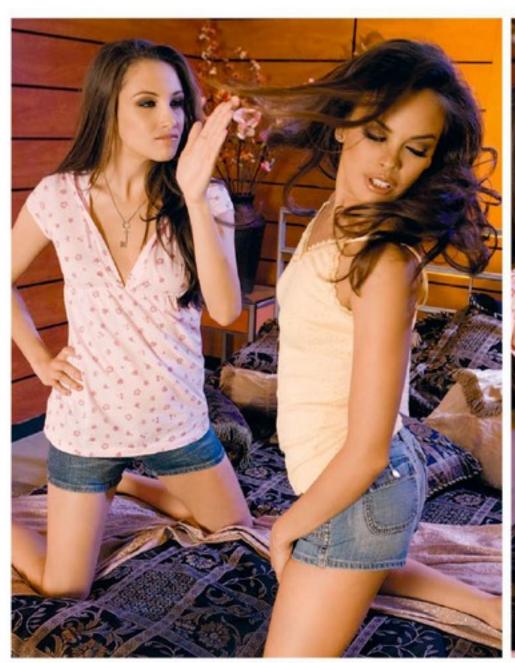




## yiolent femes

When two women are as close as sisters, the most petty argument can become an epic battle. And when the women in question are as hot—and hot-blooded—as Penthouse Pets Renee Diaz and Celeste Star, the claws are out before you can say *catfight*.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios















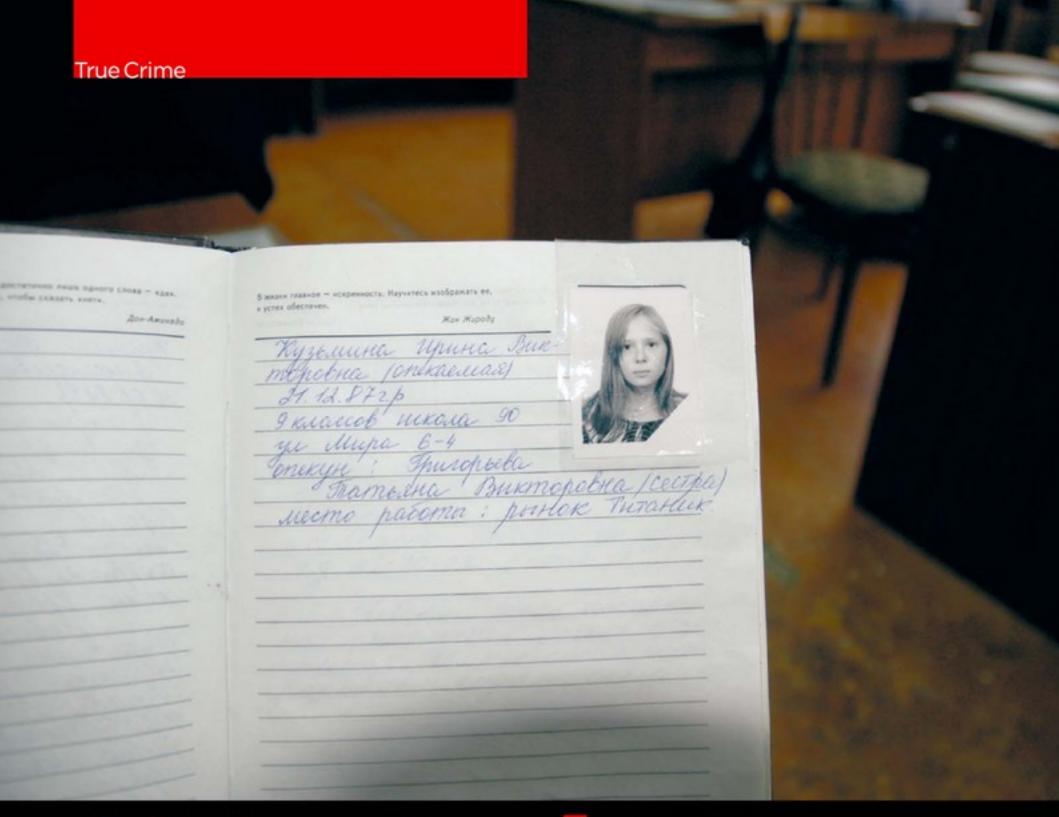












# The Lost Girls of Nizhny Tagil



I rina Kuzmin was eating a corn dog when she met the man who would deliver her into the arms of a monster.

Dusk was falling when 16-year-old Irina and her twin sister Marina were hurrying home from the trade school where they were studying to become secretaries. It was November 2004, and arm in arm, they struggled against the fierce westerly winds that roll down into the Russian industrial city of Nizhny Tagil from the nearby Ural Mountains. Bitten by the cold, they ducked into a corner store to buy a snack and warm up. When they emerged, a young man approached them. He zeroed in on Irina.

"You're so pretty," he cooed. "Won't you give me a bite of your corn dog?"

The man introduced himself as Stas. He wore a dirty black raincoat, scruffy white sneakers, and a tattered beanie pulled down to his eyes—but he acted as if he were wearing an Armani suit. He looked directly into Irina's eyes and complimented her long eyelashes and the sheen of her jet-black hair. She recoiled when he placed a hand on her shoulder and chided her for wearing such a light jacket in early winter. "It's so thin, I can practically see through it," he joked, throwing Marina a wry smile.

Stas's large, luminous blue eyes were, as Marina recalled years later, "a little hypnotizing." Within minutes of their meeting, Stas had found a topic of common interest—a new bowling alley in the center of town—and soon the three were chatting. Stas talked rapidly, asking their age, where they studied, where they lived. He said little about himself. The only thing the girls could get out of him was that he kept a chicken coop in the back of his house, which explained his soiled clothes. Stas said he was 19, although the wrinkles around his eyes and his weathered skin hinted at a much older man. People age quickly in Nizhny Tagil, but the Kuzmins hadn't met many teenagers who were this slick. The sisters were intrigued, but sensed something wasn't right. Eager to get rid of him before they reached their apartment building, Irina agreed to meet him the next day at the movie theater.

Stas cleaned up for the date. His ratty clothes were gone, as was his pushy manner. He arrived with flowers, dressed in black—slacks and a tucked-in dress shirt. He tickled Irina with compliments as they strolled through a barren winter park. It was her first real date, and the attention made her swoon. Telephone calls followed, then a second date, and then longer talks on the phone. She didn't return home from their third meeting. Irina was never seen again.

Irina's disappearance wasn't just another isolated tragedy of a sort all too common in post-Soviet Russia. Police would eventually link her murder to the deaths of more than a dozen missing girls. Like Irina, the other girls had vanished without a trace over the course of the last five years. Most were found two years ago in a shallow earthen pit in some woods north of Nizhny Tagil—a mass grave of teenage girls. But despite the gruesomeness of the discovery—some of the bones found belonged to the accused murderer's 15-year-old daughter—the story sent only a faint and

## True Crime

fleeting shudder of horror through Russia's crime-jaded public. Roughly 1,000 missing-person reports are filed every year in Nizhny Tagil; most are for young girls. What's one more?

Stas, whose real name is Mark Kustovsky, supplemented his income from his job at an ironworks factory by acting as bait and middleman for a local gang headed by a hulking 45-year-old thug named Eduard Chudinov (Edik to his friends). Chudinov and his eight-man crew ran some apartment brothels in downtown Nizhny Tagil, and it was Kustovsky's responsibility to staff them. Kustovsky, who was later dubbed "the Charmer" in the Russian press, targeted girls from broken homes (of which there is no shortage), winning their trust, sometimes taking months to court them. Once they were "hooked" on his attentions, he handed them off to Chudinov, who paid him between \$50 and \$400. "The better the merchandise," Kustovsky later wrote in a confession that the police let Marina read, "the more I got."

Once in Chudinov's grip, the girls were offered a choice:
Accept a life of prostitution, or join Uncle Edik for a private picnic in the woods north of Nizhny. Those who accepted were kept as prisoners in their own city, sometimes only blocks from their homes. Those who rejected the offer would take a ride with Edik or his henchmen and learn that the picnic menu was limited to rape, torture, and strangulation.

According to Chudinov's videotaped confession, which the police also showed to Marina, most of the girls were dumped in a mosquito-infested clearing adjacent to a forest swamp, about 30 miles north of Nizhny Tagil. The mass grave is just a few minutes by foot from the main road and one of its distance-marker signs, which, ominously, features a bullet hole from a high-caliber

gunshot. Chudinov's hometown, a bleak mining settlement called Lyovikha, is just a few miles away. If any place could produce such a man, it's Lyovikha, a rusted and isolated Soviet-built housing project that looks like a Nazi labor camp.

"There's a lot of violence here, especially on the weekends," said Oleg Masgalin, an unemployed 20-yearold Lyovikha resident whose clean-shaven head bears the marks of numerous drunken brawls. "Most people here have never spent a day sober in their entire lives. Come by our bar on Friday and you'll see

how this place turns to hell."

Even by Lyovikha's brutal standards, Chudinov stood out. He is six foot two, with a thick Cro-Magnon eyebrow ridge over beady eyes and an almost comically small head atop his massive shoulders. Chudinov looked like something between Andre the Giant and Sin City's Marv. He was born for intimidation and damage.

At 34, Chudinov left Lyovikha for the relatively bright lights of Nizhny Tagil. He left behind his wife and daughter, Lena, whose body would eventually be found in the mass grave. Chudinov became a successful petty thug, involved in numerous shady businesses. But in 2002, he struck out on his own.

The Russian sex-slave industry-particularly of teenage girls



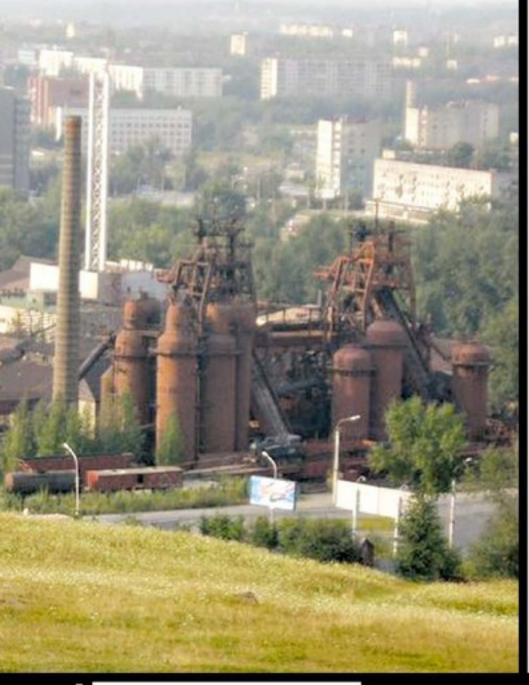


# Hell on Earth

Nizhov Tapil is one of Russia's most dangerous cities.

things: the smoke-belching ironworks that crowd its southern and eastern skyline, and the maximum-security prisons that surround it like institutional scarecrows. Like many provincial Russian cities it's been slow to benefit from the country's recent economic resurgence, and remains

untouched by Western investment. Mining—the city's main industry for centuries—all but collapsed with the Soviet Union. Almost 20 years later, Nizhny Tagil is still in ruins, a dreary company town left for dead by the rest of the world, with most of the town's 400,000 inhabitants living in or close to poverty.



and women in their early twenties—has flourished over the last 20 years as borders have opened and local job prospects have dried up. Chudinov borrowed money and bought up to three large apartments in downtown Nizhny Tagil, a rundown area defined largely by its nondescript housing blocs and small, cheap clothing shops. According to Kustovsky's confession and reports from Rinat Nizamov, the journalist who broke the story for Russia's Komsomolskaya Pravda, Chudinov told his buddies to find girls; he'd take care of the rest. Chudinov kept girls drugged and hired muscle to guard them around the clock. When a girl lost interest in her job, he would apply the necessary pressure personally.

A week after Irina's disappearance, Kustovsky put in one last call to the Kuzmin household. Still calling himself Stas, he asked for Irina as if nothing had gone awry. But Marina says she suspected him immediately. After all, he had taken her sister on a date to the bowling alley the night she didn't return home. But Kustovsky was so seemingly confident of his innocence, he agreed to go to the police station with Marina and her older sister Olga. He showed up in a good mood, wearing a blue Adidas tracksuit—the standard uniform of a Russian street thug. The cops didn't know him, but they made small talk and joked with the alleged kidnapper.

"It was obvious to everyone in the room that something wasn't right," Marina says. "He admitted that he had lied to my sister about his name and age." And yet the cops still didn't consider Kustovsky a suspect, Marina says. He was allowed to waltz out the door, while the police scolded the sisters for being paranoid. She'll turn up sooner or later, they said.

In a Western country, the way the police bungled the missing girls' cases would be a major scandal. "The way this crime was

handled shows the whole system needs to be rethought," says Nizamov. "The cops did nothing for years, then tried to cover it up because the truth made them look so bad." The 19-year-old reporter's February 2007 series in the Komsomolskaya Pravda, Russia's most widely read paper, was the first public account of the scope of the crime. It pushed a reluctant police force to begin releasing details of the case. These details were as embarrassing for them as they were

heartbreaking and enraging for the families of the dead. (Police refused our many attempts for comment, but as the case unfolded they denied any incompetence. In a press conference, Nizhny Tagil's deputy prosecutor Oleg Ponasenko said, "I wouldn't say our efforts were completely hopeless.")

Like other families of the missing, the Kuzmin sisters found themselves in a bureaucratic nightmare of incompetence and indifference. Marina says Irina's case not only changed investigators seven times in six months—one retired, one took an extended vacation, another became ill—but in July 2005, the summer after she went missing, the police lost Irina's casework. The folder containing the statements and contact information on Kustovsky simply vanished. Everything had to be collected again. Of course, there was very little in the folder other than what the Kuzmin sisters had supplied.

Eventually Marina stopped asking the police about her sister. She knew how they saw it: Missing girls are a dime a dozen in Nizhny Tagil. They're messy cases, solved about half the time mainly when the missing return on their own. "I had no faith in the police," Marina said. "I knew my sister was never coming home—at least not alive."

Almost a year after Irina's disappearance, Marina says her older brother Misha got a call from the police. They accused him of killing his sister so he could claim the apartment their recently



"There's a lot of violence here. Most people have never spent a day sober in their entire lives. You'll see how this place turns to hell."

A Soviet-era sign for Nizhny Tagil. Above: The town's skyline is marked by smelting factories and pollution.

The main drag, flanked by gray, Stalin-era buildings, is a pothole-filled stretch of cracked concrete, reminiscent of a war zone. On weekends, the town's dimly lit streets are barren by 10 PM. Even the hobos make themselves scarce.

Nizhny Tagii is Russia's most notorious criminal town. Most local residents have only one degree of separation from the jails: They are either ex-cons or the offspring or spouses of ex-cons. Prisoners are often released with nothing—not even train fare—and end up stuck in this city.

"Nizhny Tagil is full of savage, wild people," Marina Kuzmin says. "People who come here, come with caution." deceased parents left as inheritance. Misha denied the charge, but the cops brought him in to see what they could get out of him. They locked him up for 24 hours and threatened him with more jail time if he didn't sign the confession they had prepared for him. He refused. Then they moved in on Marina.

Marina says she was tending the strawberry patches in the front yard of her grandmother's country house when a patrol car rolled up. The cops seemed cheery, claiming to have new information at the precinct about her sister's disappearance. They told her to get in the car. They finally have a lead! she thought, feeling the first flicker of hope she'd had in months. But once they arrived at the police station, the cops changed their tune. "They accused me of knowing where my sister was," Marina recounted. "They wouldn't take no for an answer."

She says the cops even tried a crude version of the good cop/ bad cop technique, which they no doubt grabbed from some Hollywood movie. "You know where your sister is! Tell us, or we'll put you away for a long time!" one yelled, threatening to smack

her upside the head. The abuse lasted for 12 hours and was repeated the next day. Getting nowhere, the cops ended the interrogation session and kicked her to the street at 1 A.M.

Marina Kuzmin was tough—she had already endured the death of her parents, who succumbed to disease months before her sister's disappearance—but these provincial Russian cops finally broke her. "I was shaking when I left," Marina said. "When I got home, I couldn't stop crying. I couldn't get over it for weeks. I feared the police as much as anyone."

In May 2006, more than two years after Irina's disappearance, the Kuzmins got a call from the prosecutor's office in Nizhny Tagil. They were asked to come identify a missing girl's belongings. There was no mistaking the purse, shirt, and shoes—they were Irina's. The prosecutor, Nayil Rizmanov, said that she was murdered on the day of her disappearance in 2004—strangled with a rope and dumped by the side of the road near a town called Novyansk, roughly 65 miles north of Nizhny Tagil. Although a missing-person's report was already on file when the Novyansk police found her body a few days after the murder, Marina says the police didn't bother checking to see if anyone was looking for a girl with Irina's description. When no one came around looking for her, local authorities buried her anonymously, about an hour's drive from her family's home.

Once identified, Irina's body became part of a broader criminal investigation into the deaths of 15 other girls from Nizhny Tagil. At the center of the investigation were eight local men led by none other than Chudinov. It seems the case had been broken more by luck than diligent police work.

Marina says that the prosecutor gave her an unexpectedly candid off-the-record explanation of how the police cracked her sister's murder. (This version differed from the official story released less than a year later, when news of the mass grave surfaced in the press). In April 2006, Marina was told that a Nizhny Tagil woman had a falling-out with her husband and decided to let her hair down for a weekend. She struck up an acquaintance with Chudinov, Kustovsky, and the rest of the guys at a seedy local nightclub called the Caspi, a basement bar favored by the town's criminal underclass. She proceeded to party with the crew for two days. When she returned to her husband, she covered for her infidelity by claiming she had been kidnapped and raped by a gang of men. Her husband demanded that she file a police report,



"Kuzmin, she got lucky," Chudinov calmly told police. "The other girls took a long time to die. We broke their legs and arms before finishing them off."



so she did—against her new friends, Kustovsky and Chudinov. Kustovsky's name was then cross-referenced with other investigations. When it came up in relation to Irina's disappearance—roughly two-and-a-half years after he first came to the police station with her family—he was asked to come in for questioning.

This time the cops were less friendly. Kustovsky was initially reluctant to talk, the prosecutor told Marina, but after what was likely a severe beating, he gave away the whole crew, recounting the gory details of the sex-slave operation.

Chudinov was hauled in next. He denied everything at first, but after being presented with overwhelming evidence and allegedly being beaten by the police, he caved. In his videotaped confession, as described by Marina, he sits stone cold and emotionless, taking slow drags from a cigarette as he discusses his "business." He weighs each question and gives detailed answers.

As reported in Komsomolskaya Pravda and corroborated by Marina's reports of Chudinov's confession, the first thing he said he did to the girls once Kustovsky and other recruiters delivered them was try to break them. He threatened them with death. If that failed, he savagely beat and raped them. Those who continued to resist were killed. Many of the girls were beaten for hours. The mercy kill could be days later. If all of this left Chudinov too tired to dig a hole, he simply covered the girls with sticks and brush, leaving the fresh corpses to the animals. Two of the girls he killed were forced to first write letters to their parents saying not to worry, they had run away to Moscow.

A successful escape could bring down the operation, and runaway attempts were not tolerated. Nizamov recounts the story of Masha, a teenage survivor of Chudinov's sex-slave ring who made it as far as the street below the brothel before she was dragged back upstairs. She was then forced to wear an iron pot on her head, which Chudinov banged repeatedly with a metal stick for hours, rendering her permanently deaf.





Clockwise from top left:
Prosecutor Nayil Rizmanov;
Chudinov and his brother
Dimaat a friend's wedding;
13-year-old Vika Yushkova
(left) and 15-year-old Olya
Bubnova (right) disappeared
and were never seen alive
again; Chudinov's daughter,
Lena, holding her baby sister.

"Kuzmin, she got lucky," Chudinov calmly told police. "The other girls took a long time to die. We broke their legs and arms before finishing them off."

The operation worked smoothly for five years: Girls kept going missing and the bodies kept piling up. In a statement, Nizhny Tagil's lead prosecutor for the case said that 15 murders had been linked to Chudinov's crew through admission and evidence. But sources close to the police say the real number of bodies could be as high as 50.

The court case was still pending at press time, but according to their lawyer, the accused men have been severely beaten by fellow inmates. Marina says the prosecutor has told her that, if convicted, they will almost certainly serve life sentences—likely dying in the filthy and overcrowded cement-floor wards of Nizhny Tagil's prisons.

Despite the horrific details and wide scope of the crime, the story barely registered a blip on Russia's scandal wire. There were more shrugs than cries of outrage. "I thought that people would be up in arms demanding their daughters back," said Tatyana Sudakova, the regional editor for Komsomolskaya Pravda. "But it was the complete opposite. People acted as if nothing happened. Some were glad that the crime didn't touch their families, but people who were affected stayed quiet. Many cops and senior officials use the brothel system. It wasn't in their interest to speak up because they could be held accountable. It seemed the town was in on one big conspiracy."

Even in Chudinov's hometown of Lyovikha, where he was a regular face, the news of a nearby mass grave stocked by a native son was taken in stride. There was no candlelight vigil; no national soul-searching. "We heard it on TV," says one Lyovikha resident. "Sure, we thought it was terrible, but it wasn't such a big deal. Most people reacted calmly."

Nationally, the story was buried, lost among the sprawling country's daily blood-spattered "In Brief" items—many of which would provoke weeks-long obsessions on CNN's Headline News if they occurred in the United States. According to a 2001 U.N. study, Russia had the world's highest murder rate among all major industrialized nations. There are 28,000 people murdered in Russia every year, roughly 11,000 more victims than in the U.S. (which has a population double that of Russia). This might help explain why even after the police shut down Chudinov's brothels, the surviving girls have chosen to remain silent. Not a single one has come forward to speak about her ordeal or work to prevent it from happening again. These girls are just statistics. And few people take the time to listen to teenage girls—especially ones viewed as runaways who turned to drugs and prostitution.

Just as details of the Chudinov case began to appear in local papers, Irina Volkovna said her 16-year-old daughter Katya disappeared. She was last seen getting into a white BMW outside her trade school, located next to the Caspi.

Katya reappeared a month later, her clothing ripped, stumbling around the Nizhny Tagil train station in a drug-induced haze. Someone recognized her and called her mother. At the hospital it was determined that she had a near-lethal dose of benzodiazepine—the active ingredient in Valium—circulating through her veins. At first, Volkovna says Katya couldn't even remember her own name. In the following days, she began piecing together bits and pieces of her memory: She had met a man and gotten into his car. She was drugged and spent the next month as a barely conscious sex slave. She had been forced to wash cars in her bikini, live in tiny quarters with other girls, and sleep with men. But that's all she claimed to remember—no names, no addresses.

Katya disappeared in January, when the Chudinov crew was already behind bars. Someone else was likely running the same racket, possibly with another grave site. Katya, who managed to escape from her captors while they slept, was in a unique position to help bring down that operation. But she refused, showing no sympathy for the girls still imprisoned. "Let their families take care of their own problems," Katya told her mother.

Katya's mother says she understands her daughter's position—a common one among those who escape. "The girls are too afraid to come out," she says. "They are embarrassed. They know they will be blamed for the crime and labeled as whores for the rest of their lives. After all, at first, most of these girls went with these men willingly." Whether her daughter went willingly or not does not concern Katya's mother, who supports Katya's decision to put the whole matter behind her. "She's been through hell and back already," she says. "That's enough without trying to change the world."

Yasha Levine and Alexander Zaitchik live in Moscow, where they edit the eXile, an alternative English newspaper. Their articles have appeared in the Nation, the New York Times, Vice magazine, and the Believer, among others.





# Jersey Chaser

Victoria Kruz's zebra stripes reveal more skin than your average referee's, but that doesn't mean the 23-year-old with the 35-24-34 curves will stay on the sidelines.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

MINIS









Unnecessary roughness isn't a penalty for this blonde bombshell—and she's not afraid to take matters into her own hands when she's feeling feisty.









Her uniform-style lingerie has inspired some hot roleplaying, even when the only thing she leaves on is a pair of sexy thigh-highs.





We wouldn't need to ogle the cheerleaders if officials looked like this. Of course, games would have a lot more fumbles and dropped passes.





But Victoria's not one to miss a pass, especially during playoff season, so we're naming her our MVP: Most Valuable Pinup. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF VICTORIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/VICTORIAKRUZ.



PenthouseClubs

# Hot Tropics

What happens when our finest Penthouse Club dancers jet off to the Caribbean and throw down to become Key Girl of the Year? Whatever your fantasy, chances are it came to life.

Photographs by Tony Gomez

he 2007 Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year competition, at the Hedonism II resort in Negril, Jamaica, was all we'd hoped it would be and more. Between the sexy banana eating, wet T-shirt contests, topless water volleyball, and naughty costumes, the girls forged their own legend in a party paradise. The lovely ladies-Summer from Myrtle Beach, Vixen from Houston, Cali from St. Louis, and Envy and Carmen from Chicago-battled it out over four days of fierce, fun contests. And since every competition should have a sexy master of ceremonies, May 2007 Pet Andie Valentino was on hand to make sure the girls brought their Agame.

The marquee event was the Key Girl Dance Competition, which kicked off with a choreographed opening routine and a sizzling hot-wax treatment. Then the girls launched into a juicy tell-all Q&A session, revealing their deepest fantasies. Steamy temperatures called for skimpy costumes, and Carmen sparked things up first in a dominatrix outfit. Vixen followed as the Queen of Hearts, performing a can-can dance that demonstrated her impressive flexibility. Summer was up next in a surprisingly sexy Harry Potter outfit, though it vanished quickly, leaving her free to drizzle chocolate on herself (Andie selflessly helped her clean up). Then Envy donned a belly-dancer outfit and shimmied through a sultry routine and baby-oil show. Finally, Cali handpicked a lucky hottie from the audience for a whipped-cream girlon-girl performance.

It wasn't all hard work, though. The girls relaxed by the pool, demon-



strated their skills on the nightclub's stripper pole, appeared in a fashion show, posed for photos, and ran around in lingerie. Hedonism II is the perfect setting for a wild time, and the Key Girls made waves wherever they went—even at the piano bar, where one of the contestants enthusiastically serenaded the guests ... topless.

After a fun-filled week, we crowned Cali from the St. Louis Penthouse Club the 2007 Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year. Her dance skills, crowd rapport, and sunny attitude won over the judges and gave resort guests a once-in-a-lifetime experience. (Cali is a favorite with our readers, too. She won our 2007 Key Party Club Contest as well, which is how she became February 2008 Pet of the Month.)

We're looking forward to more fun in 2008! Check out PenthouseClubs.com for info on the next Key Girl competition, and other events at our clubs.O+ n

## WINNER LIST

Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year

Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year Runner-Up

Vixen

Best Performance Overall for the Week (Gold)

Carmen

Best Performance Overall for the Week (Silver)

Summer

Best Dance (Gold)

Cali

Best Dance (Silver)

Envy

**Best Lingerie** 

Carmen

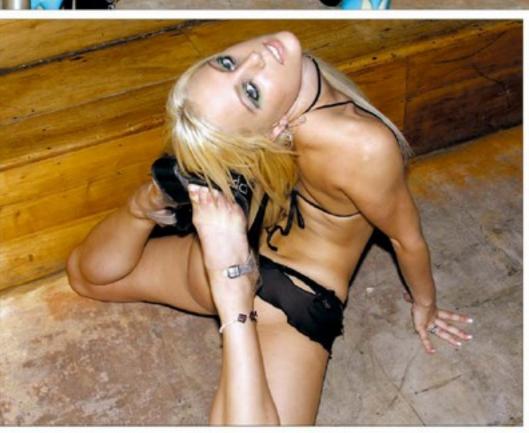
**Best Wet T-Shirt** 

Vixen



The girls relaxed at the pool, demonstrated their skills on the nightclub's stripper pole, mingled with guests, appeared in a fashion show, posed for photos, and ran around the resort in lingerie.





Our favorite lineup (top, from left): Summer, Andie, Vixen, Cali, and Carmen. Vixen gets down (above); Envy, Andie, and Carmen get a little bit closer (top right); Carmen rocks the stripper pole (right).



# PenthouseBooks

# Pussy and Bots

Hot tales from Letters to Penthouse XXIX: Take a Walk on the Wild Side, published by Warner Books

aving lived in Florida all my life, I'm used to seeing girls wearing next to nothing.

Of course, I really appreciate string bikinis and short shorts, but I had no idea what I was missing until I moved to New York last fall. The summer heat was just starting to cool down to the type of weather that doesn't yet require a jacket but is cool enough for long sleeves.

Well, I wasn't prepared for the cold weather, and not having found a job yet, I was nearly broke. So I stumbled into an army surplus store in search of a camouflage jacket and maybe a hat to cover my shaved head. Browsing through the store, I found a bin overflowing with old band patches and bent down to dig through it.

"Need some help?" I heard a female voice ask.

I declined, not even looking behind me. "Okay," she said. I heard her blow a bubble with her gum and suck it back in with a pop.

When she walked past me, I caught a glimpse of her feet—the most beautifully covered feet I'd ever seen. She had on a pair of shiny black combat boots, slightly worn at the toes, and a pair of ankle-length green fatigues. My gaze traveled up her legs over her round ass, and to her tiny waist as she walked away. She was wearing a black, skintight tank top that showed off her smooth back and a small lizard tattoo on her left shoulder blade.

Not wanting her to disappear, I called out, "Excuse me."

She turned around to reveal the hottest tits I'd ever seen. Not too big, but definitely not small, and I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra because her nipples were showing as clear as day. Her hair was dark with red highlights, tied back in a ponytail, with bangs covering her forehead.

As she spun around and awaited my request, I noticed she had a few freckles on her nose and under her



The whole time all I could think about was cupping those luscious tits and feeling her booted legs wrapped around my back.

light green eyes. She blew another bubble as she stared at me, and I finally asked her where she got her boots. I really didn't want a pair for myself—I wanted to hear more about hers. "These?" she asked, lifting her legs and then her pants.

The boots creased at her ankles and covered her legs midcalf. I had never seen anything like them. My dick started to grow hard in my pants, and she must have sensed it because she asked me if I liked the way she looked in them.

"Yes," I stammered. She explained that she liked to wear fatigues to work, but when she went clubbing she dressed a bit more feminine. I told her I couldn't picture anything sexier than what she was wearing. Then she introduced herself as Allie and helped me pick out a jacket and a couple of hats for the winter. The whole time all I could think about was cupping those luscious tits and feeling her booted legs wrapped around my back.

As I was leaving the store, Allie handed me a flyer for a new club opening the next night. She told me to make sure I dressed trendy because they would be screening people at the door. We agreed to meet inside, but I secretly feared I would never get in.

The next night I stood on line at the club for more than an hour and was just about to give up when I felt someone touch my hand. It was Allie, and as I looked her over I felt my face flush. She smiled and kissed me on the cheek, then pulled me through the crowd by my hand and led me upstairs, smiling at the bouncer as we walked past him.

We walked right to the bar where she ordered two shots of tequila. She looked at me coyly as she licked her hand and sprinkled some salt on it. Between the way she sucked that lemon and her hot little outfit, I thought I would collapse from sensory overload. The music was so loud it was hard to talk. Fortunately, she had more than conversation in mind and led me to the dance floor.

Allie danced in front of me, wearing a white button-down shirt, tied under those succulent breasts. Her stomach was flat and she had a circle of daisies tattooed around her belly button. Bending to get a closer look, I identified the reason for her shimmering skin—Allie was wearing body glitter on her arms, belly, and legs. Her hips swayed and her thighs flexed under the pleated skirt that barely covered her ass. I pictured my



# PenthouseBooks

head disappearing under it and my tongue finding its way to that pussy. Her outfit was totally incredible, but what made medizzy was her kneehigh construction boots.

They were tight around her calves, the soft leather molding to the shape of her curves. The thick rubber soles made her a couple of inches taller and the laces crisscrossed up the front like a corset, from the tip of her foot to the top of her knee. She looked innocent and shy, yet powerful and dominating at the same time. She was a hot girl who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to ask for it, yet she was high-spirited and carefree.

We danced for hours, and by the end of the night, I was practically begging to go home with her. She teased me for as long as she could, clearly enjoying the look of desire in my eyes. I loved the way she touched me every chance she got, whether it was grabbing my bicep as she spoke to me or running her fingertip along my goatee and telling me how much she liked it.

After a little more blissful torture, she asked me to step outside with her to cool off. I lit a cigarette as we hit the night air and, before I knew it, she took off my baseball cap, put it on her head, then jumped on my back, giggling and pointing me in the direction of her apartment a few blocks away. I could feel her creamy white thighs on my lower back as I carried her all the way home. My hands were wrapped around the soft leather of her boots. Each step was better than the last as Allie playfully nipped my earlobes and sucked on my neck.

When we got to her place, Allie's kisses turned more serious, and she stopped giggling as I spun her around and dropped her backward onto her queen-size bed. She quickly sat up, smiling and watching me remove my shirt. When she leaned back on her arms, it felt as if the weight of my growing cock pulled me down on my knees in front of her.

Leaning in to kiss her neck, I could smell the watermelon-flavored bubble gum she had been chewing. I trailed my lips down to her neck, inhaling her clean scent. Allie's chest heaved as I opened the first three buttons of her shirt to reveal a peach cotton bra with a little white bow in the center, "Oh, Peter," she whispered, throwing her head back.

I ran my hands over her soft

breasts. They felt even better than I dreamed they would, and when I tasted the flesh almost popping out of her bra, I moaned out loud.

Wanting to taste and smell every part of her, I took things as slow as possible, fighting all urges to push her back and stick my cock in her right then. Allie took her shirt off so I could remove her bra, pulling the strap off each shoulder slowly, then unsnapping the back hook, setting her breasts free. She had tiny pink nipples and I sucked each one to extreme hardness before moving back down to her sexy stomach.

I twirled my tongue around her belly button, then licked my way down her side. Allie flinched a little, obviously ticklish in that area. I felt her hands on my head and she guided me to her covered pussy. I knew what she wanted, but I teased her a little more, nibbling the area right above her boot. She shouted that she needed to come as I licked behind her knee.

I could smell her sweet pussy and the leather as I stuck my head between her legs, the hem of her skirt grazing the back of my neck. I made her already-damp cotton panties even wetter when I licked the fabric and felt the lips of her pussy take them in. Allie reached down and pulled the panties to one side, giving me better access. Her pussy was shaved.

Grunting, I dove into her, licking each bit of hairless skin with the flat of my tongue. It felt incredible to be able to taste the flesh of her pussy. I couldn't get enough. I took her clit in my mouth and sucked, then went back to licking between her lips. Allie began thrusting her hips toward me, still holding her panties to the side as she came. I grabbed her waist and pulled her all the way onto my tongue. Her juices soaked my face and I was delirious with arousal.

Asking Allie to stand, I hooked my fingers on her panties and pulled them down her thighs and over the tops of her boots. I think it was that moment, when I stretched the delicate panties over those rugged yet feminine boots, that I was hooked.

I guided her down toward the bed



again, and she reached to unbuckle my pants and remove my briefs. Allie reached for my throbbing cock and leaned in to take it in her mouth. It took all my willpower to pull myself away, but I wanted to fuck that pussy more than anything else. Allie lay back with her hands above her head and looked me in the eye as I pushed my hard cock into her pussy. She was so tight it was hard to put off coming. Her hair fanned around her on the bed and her breasts bobbed back and forth as I pushed into her slowly.

Allie lifted her legs and rested



her boots against my chest. I ran my hands over the metal facets for the laces and noticed that one had untied. Allie moaned under me and moved her hips in a circular motion. She clutched the bedsheets as I held on tight to her left leg, pressing my cheek against her foot as my orgasm built inside me. I had to pick up the pace to feel release.

I started pounding her as hard as I could and Allie screamed for me to fuck her even harder. A flash of light appeared before my eyes and come squirted from my cock, setting off Allie's orgasm. This time she made noises like a porn star as she came.

After I pulled my cock out, Allie pounced on it like a cat. With her eyes closed, her pink lips opened and then closed around my still-hard shaft.

Her cheeks were rosy as she gently sucked me off, still wearing her boots. She moaned and pushed against my hand. Her cheeks were rosy as she gently sucked me off, still wearing her skirt and boots. What a sight! She moaned and pushed her pussy against my hand. Then I finger-fucked her while she sucked me off.

Allie seemed insatiable. We fucked the whole night and the next day, getting very little sleep. I know I have somewhat of a boot fetish, but I also think I'm into the type of women who wear boots. What I do know for sure is that ever since then, I can't see a woman in boots without my dick getting hard.—P.T., New York





# cali fornication

When Cali Taylor won our Key Girl contest and became February Pet of the Month, we enlisted industry vet (and our March Pet of the Month) Bree Olson to show her the ropes. Cali, obviously, gives as good as she gets.

Photographs by Dean Capture































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- Q. How soon do you see results?
- A. Most men see results with their first dose and increasing results over 60 - 90 days.
- Q. Are the results permanent?
- A. For most men, if Xomax is taken continuously for three to four months followed by a maintenance program the results are permanent.
- Q. How much growth can I realistically expect?
  A. Up to 5 inches or more with a increase in width of 50%
- Q. Is Xomax natural?
- A. Xomax is 100% natural, safe and Doctor recommend for those looking for advanced penis enhancement, plus Xomax has no side effects.
- Q. What makes Xomax the #1 natural penis enhancement formula?
- A. Xomax has a highly effective proprietary blend of concentrated nutrients. These natural compounds are amazingly stimulating to the male penis. You won't find a stronger blend of nutrients in any other male enhancement product. The reason? Xomax contains extremely expensive imported ingredients and many manufacturers won't spend that kind of money. Instead, they pass off less expensive ingredients, such a Ginseng or low end forms of L-Arginine.

Q. Is Xomax guaranteed to work?

A. Xomax is 100% GUARANTEED! If you're not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within two months to receive a refund. Men now have an effective way to increase the size of their penis. Why pay for imitations that will not solve the problem? You may spend a little more on Xomax, but the results will be worth it! You often get what you pay for. So remember that the genuine ingredients in Xomax are GUARANTEED to work! Order today —the best money can buy!

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# Hold Your Own

Are you sometimes too fast and too furious in bed? Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D., shows you how to take her on the slow ride women crave.

ou're pumping away, and as your excitement rises, you find yourself getting closer and closer to the golden gates of ecstasy. Just when you're at the point of no return, she cries out, "Don't come yet!" But it's too late ... you've already shot your load.

One of the most frequent complaints women have is that their partners come too fast. In fact, the average time the American male lasts during intercourse before climaxing is about four minutes. Women, on the other hand, take between 15 and 30 minutes to reach a climax. Obviously, both men and women would be happier if men could last longer in bed.

Nothing impresses a girl more than a guy who can last until she tells him that it is okay to climax. I remember when several Pets and I were watching the taping of an adult film. The male porn stars were able to stop and start their pumping action on cue, and ejaculated only after the director told them to do so. Needless to say, we were absolutely blown away by that degree of control. Yet learning to delay ejaculation is one of the hardest things for many men to do.

Most men try to diminish their arousal by distracting themselves with nonsexual thoughts, such as baseball scores or job-related issues. While this works for some men, most find that their arousal still "sneaks up" on them, and sometimes as little as an excited utterance from their woman puts them back into arousal and over the top. Others try to think of truly negative experiences, such as death or taxes, but that just makes lovemaking less

enjoyable. For some men, pinching themselves or biting a pillow helps bring down their level of arousal and delay orgasm.

One of the first things you should do if you want to learn to last longer is change your autoerotic style. Most guys do not realize that the way they masturbate has a direct effect on their performance with women. In fact, most sex therapists believe that premature ejaculation is caused by the man's early, furtive sexual experiences-rushed to avoid detection. This hectic rush conditions guys to climax as quickly as possible. Similarly, if you are used to fast masturbation, it will often translate into problems during intercourse. You have essentially conditioned yourself to have a rapid orgasm; now you have to work against a learned response. Sex therapists list "abusive masturbation" as one of the main reasons for erection and ejaculation problems during intercourse.

Think of your self-love sessions as a training ground for intercourse; if you can learn to pace yourself during masturbation, you will have an easy time transitioning that pace to intercourse. Set a time when you are DearDr.Ž

not going to be rushed and a place where you will not be disturbed, and masturbate with dry hands almost to the point of ejaculation, then stop. Do that three times, then permit yourself to ejaculate. If you train yourself to require more time and harder stimulation to climax during masturbation, it's likely you'll be able to last longer during intercourse.

In fact, this is how most porn stars learn to be so proficient at controlling their ejaculation. As one male porn star told me, "I just sit there on my days off, playing with myself—I get myself close to coming, then back off, let myself go soft, then work myself up again, then back down again. I don't let myself ejaculate for hours, until I get hungry, then I just count to three and let myself come." This guy was no rocket scientist, but he knew that his livelihood depended on his ability to withhold his orgasm, so he learned to identify his states of arousal.

This technique of identifying one's states of arousal is called "peaking." You learn to recognize your arousal states by slowly elevating your level of arousal, then reducing stimulation when orgasm approaches. Once you learn to recognize the point of no return, or ejaculatory inevitability, you will know when to decrease the sensations you are feeling from intercourse, thereby reducing your arousal and delaying ejaculation. For some guys, lengthening and slowing their thrusts

is enough to bring down their arousal, while others need to stop or withdraw to keep from coming. You can focus on kissing and caressing her, or go down on her before resuming your thrusting. Either way, she'll love the attention!

Another way to gain ejaculatory control is by strengthening your pelvic muscles. You might have heard of Kegeling, or pelvic exercises for women. Men, too, benefit from these muscle exercises in many ways, particularly for ejaculatory control. To locate your PC muscle, lightly place two fingers behind your testicles. Now imagine that you are urinating and want to stop the flow. Practice squeezing and relaxing this muscle group at least 25 times in three sessions per day. Once you develop control, you can squeeze it several

times until your arousal goes down.

The trick is to be able to identify the beginning of the orgasm phase, when the seminal fluid ("pre-come") appears and muscular rigidity sets in, right before the release of tension. Before the point of no return, contract the pelvic muscle to stop the ejaculation. A little semen might seep out, but you should still be aroused and able to continue penile stimulation.

Another way to maintain an erection after an orgasm is the Taoist way by pressing an acupuncture point located halfway between the anus and scrotum. This is known as the Jen-Mo point, and when pressed, it feels as if there is a small indention or hole. According to the Tao, when the Jen-Mo point is pressed just prior to climax, the ejaculation can be reversed. The man still feels the pleasurable sensations of pumping the prostate and he still experiences an orgasm, but he continues to keep an erection. Here's how to try this: Just before you are ready to ejaculate, reach behind your buttocks and press the point hard enough that semen cannot travel out of the prostate and through the urethra. Taoists also recommend prostate massage for men who want to learn to last longer. If you are interested in Taoist techniques, there are numerous books on the subject.

Another way to maximize your ability to last is to choose sexual positions



# More Ways to Last Longer

Masturbate beforehand. Most men come sooner when they haven't climaxed in a long time, so give yourself some self-love while checking out our sexy Pets before bedding your honey. Work yourself

up, then allow yourself to go soft before resuming again. Just make sure to conceal the evidence—lest you have to use it as hair gel, like the title character in There's Something About Mary.

Numb your penis, or use a cock ring or a condom. These are "quick fixes" that don't work for many guys. A desensitizing cream might keep you from getting overexcited, but it will give you a numb penis and may reduce her sensation as well. Similarly, many

The average time men last before climaxing is about four minutes. Women take between 15 and 30 minutes. Obviously, both men and women would be happier if men could last longer.

guys report that decreasing the amount of sensation by wearing a condom or trapping the blood in it with a penis ring helps them last longer. If you want to make her really happy, don a One Shot penis ring, which has a tiny vibrating egg designed to stimulate her clitoris.

Visualize your ugly neighbor. For some guys, thinking of something that is the opposite of sexy, such as a fat bitchy boss, or something sad. such as the death of a loved one, works to bring down their arousal level. Others replay hockey games or chess moves in their minds. Some guys swear by these techniques, whereas others complain that they end up going totally limp.



that put the least pressure on you, allowing you to focus on her pleasure. Side-by-side and woman-on-top allow you to slow down stimulation when it becomes too intense. Another position that should maximize your ability to last and her ability to orgasm is coital alignment technique, or CAT, sometimes described as "riding higher in the saddle." The man slides his pelvis three to four inches higher on the woman's body so that his pubic bone directly contacts her clitoris. You should also shorten your stroke, rocking forward and back only far enough to rub her clitoris.

This position provides maximum clitoral stimulation and helps women orgasm. In addition, it maximizes friction on the top of the penis and at the tip. Full insertion will be difficult or impossible, due to the angle of the penis. Prolonged use of this position might not provide you with enough stimulation to keep your erection; therefore, it might be necessary to switch to standard missionary from time to time to maintain it.

Whereas these techniques work for most men, a small percentage appear to be unable to delay their ejaculatory response, no matter how much training or practice they get. There is some research indicating a genetic predisposition to premature ejaculation in those men. Selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors, such as Prozac and Zoloft, have been

effective in delaying ejaculation.

If you are one of the men who cannot seem to last longer than five minutes, do not despair. As I have mentioned, most women achieve orgasms through oral sex, not intercourse. And some women love a long session of penile thrusting, but others get sore easily. While 1993 Pet of the Year Julie Strain loves

being pleasured orally, she is not fond of prolonged intercourse. "Come quick, or better not call me again!" she told me. "The best time is five minutes—I don't want to be stretched out and sore. I want to go back to watching TV together!"

Have a drink.
Alcohol slows
down all of your
reflexes, along
with your ejaculatory
reflex. But don't use this
technique too often, or you
may pass out on top of her
without ever ejaculating.

Check your prostate. Research shows that up to 50 percent of severe premature ejaculation is aggravated by an inflamed prostate. Don't allow your fear of rectal exams to prevent you from seeing your doctor.

Use the squeeze technique, developed by Masters and Johnson to be used on a man by his female partner, Some men report using it on themselves successfully. When you sense you are about to experience an orgasm, squeeze the shaft of your penis between your thumb and two fingers. Apply light pressure just below the head of your penis for about 20 seconds, then let go and resume sexual stimulation. Porn stars use this technique to last longer.

Get prescription medication.
Viagra and similar drugs may prolong intercourse because men experience erections even after ejaculation. Drugs used to treat depression and anxiety effectively delay ejaculation, but only take them on days when you are planning to have sex.

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# (-RatedVideo

#### Grooving Violation

The Violation of Heather Gables

Gables goes on the face-sitting, bottle-squatting, dildo-stuffing trip of a lifetime when she gives her favorite band, the Pussy Hole Sluts, an all-access pass to her exceptionally talented nether regions. She has her hands (and more) full, getting fucked with strap-ons, probed with fingers, and lapping any number of cunts at a time. Her troupe of tormentors is good, too, including Audrey Hollander (no slouch in the boundary-pushing department herself, assuming the reins and driving the verbal assault when not getting a hand in the action), sexy Asian Keeani Lei, and our choice for America's No. 1 alt-porn poster girl, Dana DeArmond. It's not surprising that Gables got tagged for this long-running series, which has been a rite of passage for many hard-core players over the years. She's one of the baddest bitches in porn-part of a select sorority who stretch the boundaries (and more) to their limits. Anyone familiar with these flicks knows what lies ahead, but the uninitiated should be prepared for an intense, no-holds-barred experience. And more.

### Out of the Mouths of Babes 10 Dirty Talkin' Masturbators (Bad Seed)

Show of hands. Who likes to watch a girl jacking off? How about ten girls jacking off while uttering nasty shit? Well, if your hand is raised, then this disc will put you on the fast track to their gates of heaven in all its lenssteaming glory. Mocha-skinned Chevon Taylor puts on a respectable show as her natural 36Es bounce with every desperate frig of her clit, and brunette Mikayla contributes to the disc's signature dirty verbiage between knuckle-deep thrusts into her hungry fuckhole. The castwhich includes ever-dependable journeyman slut machines Cindy Crawford, India Summer, and Allie Ray-is decidedly solid, delivering exactly the viewing and spewing experience you'd expect. And if that's not enough, there's a wacky but jerkable scene with Crawford played out as a left-handed love letter to Cameron Cain. Nice stuff.



No Man's Land Latin 9 (Metro Interactive)

If you believe that God meant for mankind to eat pussy because it looks like a taco, you'll go on a taco bender when you get a load of these lovely lesbian Latinas. Blonde cover girl Carmel Moore and Paola Rey rock the hacienda with candle wax, soap suds, multi-finger handjobs, and what might be one of the few genuine instances of female ejaculation you're likely to see. We're betting you'll also dig Lorena Sanchez, a dusky stunner who has a face like seventies nudie starlet Rene Bond-and no trouble sinking it between Elena Rivera's ass cheeks. Later, Sandra Romain and Alexis Love throw a slow and sexy fuck to the lush-bodied Michelle Avanti, who's blindfolded and spanked in a scene that eventually leads to body painting and getting down under a black light. Romain stands out for her ability to play against type, emerging soft and seductive when she's otherwise balls-to-the-wall. And sure, the only story connected with this disc is the one you'll have to tell your girlfriend when she finds it at the bottom of your sock drawer. But believe us, it's worth the trouble. Oh sa

Grab it now Hold on tight Pick it up Worth a look Hands off







#### THREE FOR ALL

My girlfriend Chelsea and I have known Leanne and Jack since college. Jack and I began collecting porn while we were in school and still borrow each other's movies, but now we watch them with our girlfriends.

One night, while the four of us were out drinking, Leanne and Jack brought along the last batch of movies they'd borrowed. Neither of them could keep a straight face as they handed me the DVDs. Chelsea and I had no idea what was so funny until Leanne finally spoke up.

"You guys are something else!" she said. "Do you always make home movies and lend them to your friends?" she asked.

Chelsea and I looked at the DVDs but had no clue what was going on until Jack opened one of the cases and showed us the disc. Clearly written in my handwriting was "Tony and Chelsea's Sex Tales."

Obviously, one of us had mistakenly put our homemade porn in the wrong case. As the finger-pointing between Chelsea and me began, we laughed hysterically. What could be funnier than knowing that your best friends had watched you and your girlfriend have incredibly kinky sex?

What could be funnier than knowing that your best friends had watched you and your girlfriend have incredibly kinky sex? "Well, I hope you guys had as much fun watching the DVD as we did when we were making it!" I said.

"Oh, we did!" Jack said as his gaze shifted toward Chelsea. "The sex was so hot, it inspired us to create our own home movie."

"And since we've seen your video," Leanne said, "we think you should see ours—if you want to."

"I can't wait!" I said as images of a totally naked Leanne filled my head. I'd fantasized about her quite a few times and if ever given the chance, I'd do her. I knew Chelsea felt the same way about Jack. We'd speculated about swapping with them, but didn't really know how, or if we should even suggest it. But then it occurred to me that maybe Chelsea had come up with a way of initiating things, like "accidentally" putting our DVD in the wrong case. I knew / hadn't done it—I never put anything away.

"I won't be able to think about anything else until I see you two in action," Chelsea said. That settled it. We agreed to have "porn night" the following weekend at our place.

But things didn't go exactly the way I'd planned. The following weekend, Jack had to go out of town on business and Leanne didn't want to go, so I invited her to stay with Chelsea and me. She accepted, but what I didn't know was that Chelsea had already invited her over and that the two of them had been planning something all week long.

After dinner, I thought we were still going to watch porn, but Leanne wanted to wait until Jack came back. I'd settled down to watch TV and was on the verge of dozing off when Chelsea called me upstairs. When I opened the bedroom door, I found Chelsea and Leanne holding each other and wearing black velvet and lace French maid outfits. Leanne was wearing black pumps, fishnet stockings, and black lace panties. Chelsea opted for black mules, white panties, and no stockings. Their voluptuous breasts threatened to spill out of their low-cut tops as they pressed against each other.

"Surprise!" they yelled in unison.
I was surprised—and thrilled!
I went toward them and gave
each scantily clad girl a passionate
kiss before letting them remove
my clothes. Then I quickly helped
them out of theirs. They pushed me
down on the bed and Leanne started
sucking my cock while Chelsea's
tongue snaked around my balls. They

took turns sucking and stroking me. Every time they switched places they kissed, teasing me as their ample breasts brushed against my cock.

As the girls' tag-teaming began to take its toll, Leanne nudged Chelsea out of the way and took over. When I couldn't take the pressure any longer, I stood up and prepared to shoot my load. Chelsea deep-throated me once more and released me just in time for me to come all over her breasts. Then Leanne took over and caught what was left in her mouth. Afterward, all I wanted to do was fall back on the bed in exhaustion, but my cock had other ideas and had barely softened.

Seeing that my cock was still hard, Leanne and Chelsea went back to work. This time the girls pulled their ample breasts out of the French maid outfits and started sucking each other between sucking my cock.

Then they positioned themselves on either side of me and pressed my cock between their breasts as I pumped up and down. If I kept this up, it would all be over very quickly. Hoping to keep my orgasm at bay, I told Chelsea and Leanne to undress each other, but that sight only drove

He sucked on my pleasure point and pushed two fingers inside me. Then he pressed upward at just the right spot, sending me into orbit.

me closer to completion.

Leanne knelt between my legs and pushed my cock between her breasts, while Chelsea stood behind her and pressed Leanne's breasts together. This was more than I could handle, and I shot my second load all over my stomach and Leanne's breasts. I thought I was done for a while, but Leanne didn't give up and went back to sucking me hard.

Wasting no time, Leanne climbed on top of me and started riding away. I grabbed her hips as she rode up and down, encouraging her to quicken the pace. Before long I had her coming. The feel of her tight muscles as she finished was too much for me and I came with a roar. Drained and spent, the three of us fell asleep on the bed in one sloppy pile.

It was definitely a night I will fantasize about for the rest of my life, but I'm already thinking about next week, when I have to work late. Chelsea will be spending her free time with Leanne, and Jack and I can only imagine what they have in store for him.-T.T., New Jersey

#### THE RIGHT STUFF

As I showered, I thought about which earrings would match the sexy outfit I'd bought for my night out with Harris. I had big plans thanks to my cheating soon-to-be ex-husband, James. Harris worked with James and, as it turned out, Harris happened to be James's least favorite person and my guilty pleasure. Harris was coming to pick me up, but since I was running a little late, I told him to just come in and make himself comfortable.

I was washing my hair when I heard Harris's voice. I could barely see his outline as I peered through the steamy shower door. I thought I saw him quickly tuck something colorful behind his back, but before I could ask, he called out, "I brought wine. Would you like a glass before dinner?" I said, "Sure. And make yourself

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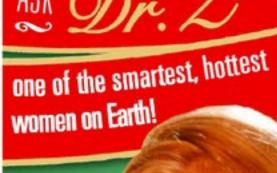


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FIRESIDE



at home while you're at it!" Then I ordered him out of the bathroom and finished rinsing my hair. When I opened the shower door, Harris was back, holding a towel in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. I grabbed the towel and wrapped it around me, then stepped out of the shower. He pretended to cover his eyes while peeking between his fingers. I opened my towel and flashed him, then ran off giggling with him in pursuit. He caught me in the bedroom and spun me to face him. I kissed him, tasting his wine. With our mouths still locked together, I led him toward the bed. We sank into the comforter and I let him unwrap my towel.

"You're still wet," he said, kissing his way down toward my legs.

Haughed and said, "You're wicked. Come back up here."

"In a minute," he said.

I quivered as his tongue delved into me and his fingers brushed my clit. My breathing became more rapid and my hips began to undulate involuntarily. He sucked on my pleasure point and pushed two fingers inside me. Then he curled them and pressed upward at just the right spot, sending me into orbit. Gripping the comforter between clenched fists, I came in a rush, screaming, "Yes-there, right there!"

As he began kissing his way back

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Each time he thrust into her, she drove her satiny tongue into my hole. When I came, I set off a chain reaction from me to Rene to Michael.

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# PenthouseForum

up to my lips, I unbuckled his belt and opened his fly. I loved this guy's cock! It wasn't much bigger than my husband's, but it was a lot thicker and would really fill me.

My hips rose and he was inside me. We moved together in rhythmic ecstasy as if we'd been partners all our lives and not just a couple of weeks. I felt the orgasm rising up in me as his cock pistoned in and out. I felt him tense up and explode inside me as his last thrust pushed me over the edge. We were both out of breath and drenched in sweat. As he rolled off me, I saw a bouquet of roses on the floor that he had apparently dropped while pursuing me.

"Wine and flowers," I said as I kissed him, running my hands over his shoulders. "You're definitely on the right track!"—G.P., South Carolina

#### PARTY ANIMALS

I'd just been through a nasty breakup with my boyfriend when my friend Joe invited me to a party to cheer me up. His friend Rene was throwing it and he assured me that I'd never been to this kind of party before, but he knew I'd have a good time. Not wanting to spend another weekend home alone, I told him to swing by and pick me up.

When I first saw Rene, I was stunned. She was gorgeous. She had long straight hair, green eyes, and an athletic body, with taut breasts barely concealed inside her tank top. She was dancing seductively with a shirtless, muscular guy when she saw me. She immediately came over to greet us. She kissed Joe on the cheek and turned to me, waiting for an introduction. Joe introduced us and winked at me as she gave me a hug.

Rene led me to the backyard, where several amazingly goodlooking naked men were hanging out in her pool. While I admired the scenery, Rene stood behind me, whispering that she had a few girlfriends coming later, but at the

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moment, I could have any guy I wanted. Now fully aware of just what kind of party this was, I couldn't help but feel turned on. It was August and I was wearing a short, thin dress with no underwear. I felt a sudden wetness between my legs.

The music had been cranked up and the bass was pumping. Rene pulled me into the living room to dance. A few guys stood around and watched us. I danced with her and felt a hot rush as she ran her hands over my body. When the song changed, the muscular guy Rene had been dancing with came over and asked her if she wanted to go upstairs. Rene smiled and introduced me to Michael. Then she told me to grab a drink and meet them in the bathroom. I took a beer from the cooler and went upstairs, ready to be liberated.

In the bathroom, Rene was giving Michael a blowjob. He was leaning against the vanity, pants around his ankles, moaning in ecstasy. His huge cock was disappearing into her mouth at a rapid pace, but when they noticed me, she stopped.

"Isn't he magnificent?" she cooed, then licked his erection.

Michael was watching me expectantly. I put my beer in the sink, dropped to my knees next to Rene, and took over sucking his cock. Then Rene stripped off her panties and stood with her back to him. Michael took aim and quickly entered her. She moaned and moved with him. I had my hand between my legs as I watched them, wishing I was in Rene's place. I was about to go back downstairs to find a dick of my own when Rene told me to sit on the toilet seat directly in front of her. I sat, rubbing my aching nipples as Rene bent forward and dove into my muff while Michael continued to ream her from behind. Each time he thrust into her, she drove her satiny tongue into my hole. When I came, I set off a chain reaction from me to Rene to Michael, so we were all riding the same wave.

"Are you ready for more?" she challenged, slightly out of breath.

"I'm ready when you are," I said.
Feeling a new surge of sexual need
rising within me, I led the way back
downstairs. I'd never done anything
like this before, but something about
Rene's ultra-confidence and the
power she seemed to wield brought
out the hedonist in me.

The rest of the guys were waiting when we came back down. Some were naked and stroking themselves, and the sight only made me hotter.
Suddenly, I felt strong arms scoop me
up and carry me toward an ottoman.
I wasn't surprised that it was Michael.
He put me down and several other
guys approached us, rolling condoms
onto their erections. A few others
were heading over toward Rene. I
couldn't believe what I was about to
do, but I'd always wanted to take on
more than one guy at a time.

I pushed Michael back and quickly mounted him. He was big and filled me completely. Then I felt someone lubing my asshole, readying me for a second dick. I moaned as I felt first one, then two fingers work themselves into my tight hole.

When I was ready, I felt the head of a cock push gently into my entrance. I was so horny that I pushed back until I felt him go all the way inside me. I'd never experienced such extreme pleasure in my life. I savored the feel of these stiff rods rhythmically moving in and out of me.

Just when I thought I couldn't take any more, Joe came closer so I could take him in my mouth. Having three hard cocks fulfilling my every need pushed me over the edge. I thought I Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121, M. Rothenberg, custodian of records. Date of publication: January 15, 2008

would never stop coming. One by one the guys came, driving me to multiorgasmic bliss.

Rene was on the pool table getting a similar workout. This went on for hours. As soon as one guy finished, another took his place. A few of Rene's girlfriends arrived later, but by that time, I'd had my fill. Feeling tired and content, I poured myself a drink and relaxed by the pool. I looked around for Joe, but he was with one of Rene's friends. When we were ready to go, Rene pulled me aside, and after a sizzling kiss, made me promise I'd come back. I've never missed a party since.—S. J., LouisianaO+-18

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# Diana Rigg

he word dame, if you're lucky, conjures an image of a 1930s gangster-movie moll wearing not much more than fishnets and a lusty smirk. More likely, however, you picture Dame Judi Dench, the awardwinning actress with a face like a vintage handbag.

Allow us to offer a more appealing option: the stunning Diana Rigg.

Dame Diana (Her Majesty bestowed the honor in 1994) is best known for her mid-sixties turn as Patrick

Macnee's sexy, quick-witted side kick on the quirky TV series about British spies, The Avengers. (Uma Thurman slipped into high-mod fashion for the 1998 film version.) By the time Rigg was hired to play the hourglass-shaped Emma Peel, she was a 28-year-old Royal Shakespeare Company veteran. Which is to say—all that body and brains, too!

Rigg jump-cuts her way into a naughty getup that's better suited to the era's swinging scene than a crime scene.

Fans of clever repartee, crisp
Queen's English, bowler hats, and
—most important—leather jumpsuitencased proper birds comfortable
holding both a handgun and a tai-chi
pose have elevated *The Avengers* to
global cult status.

And for good reason: In one memorable episode, Rigg tells Macnee that she hopes their current case will give her "a chance to exercise my feminine wiles." Faster than you can hit rewind, Rigg jump-cuts her way into a naughty getup that's better suited to the era's swinging scene than a crime scene. She struts in a tight black leather bodysuit, pulled taut below the milky oval of her face, with a quartet of metal zippers, one pair angling over her always-atattention breasts, the teeth of two more stretched across dagger-sharp hip bones. Shiny knee-high boots clearly capable of inflicting a halfpleasurable stomp to her conquest's fleshy parts complete the ensemble. Is it any wonder Peel became the pretty pop-culture face of all-you-need-islove London?

Now 69 (even her age is erotic!),
Dame Diana has had a long and successful run, mostly in British stage
and screen productions. She won a
Golden Globe Award in 1972 for her
work alongside George C. Scott in
the dark comedy *The Hospital* and
an Emmy for the 1997 miniseries *Rebecca*. In 2000, Rigg was given a
special BAFTA award—the English
equivalent of a lifetime-achievement
Oscar—to celebrate her five years as
an Avenger.

But perhaps the greatest testament to her enduring hotness can be found in an otherwise forgettable film. Rigg remains the only Bond girl to ever steal the show from the man himself. Okay, so the movie was On Her Majesty's Secret Service, George Lazenby's first and last (and limp) effort to fill 007's loafers, but still.

"Sometimes I see photographs of myself," Rigg once said, "and I think, God, I really was quite tasty." Spoken like a true dish. O+==

