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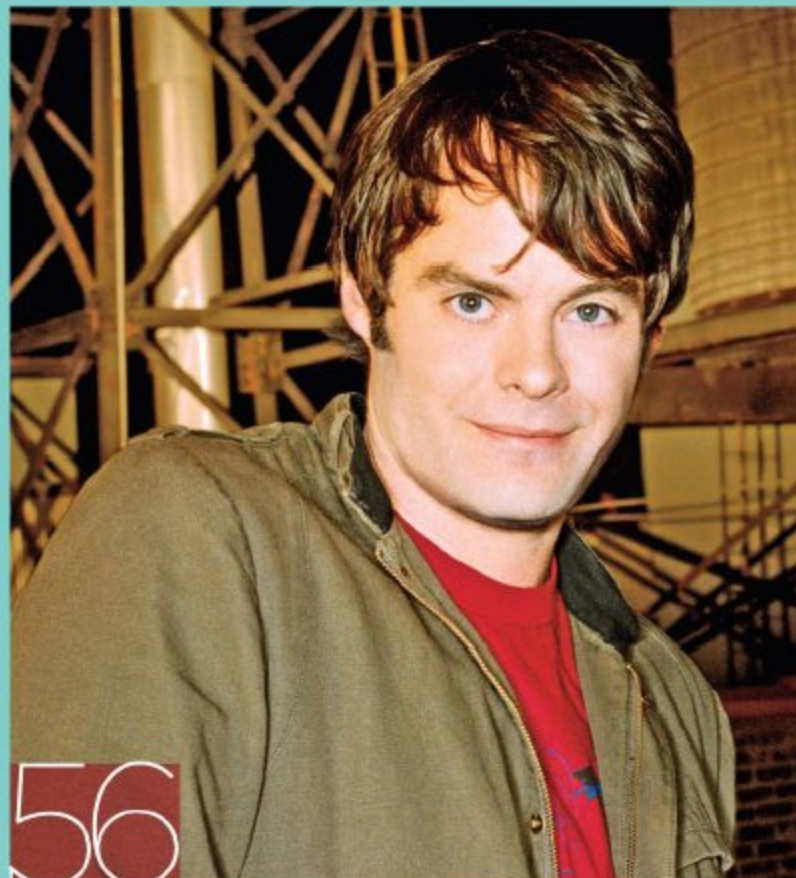
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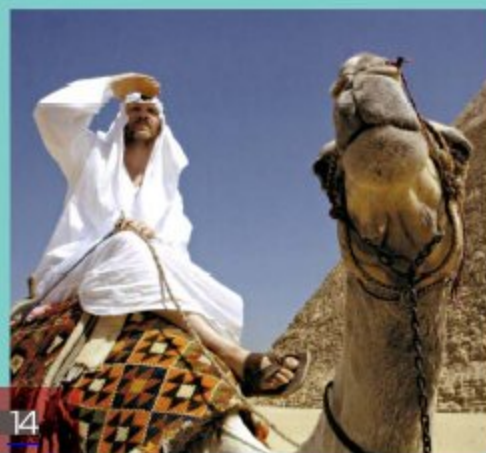
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Love Lesson

Carmine and I met during freshman year of college. We both double-majored in biology and psychology and worked out at the same gym. I knew Carmine was a player and never stayed with the same girl for any length of time, but he was a good buddy. We shared details about people we were seeing and even asked each other for advice. I felt comfortable talking openly with him because I had never thought about fucking him.

Well, that changed during our junior year. Carmine came over to my place to study one Friday night. I'd just taken a shower and was only wearing a robe, but I'd been to his place when he was only wearing boxers—no big deal. We started reviewing our notes and, as usual, got sidetracked. He started to tell me about the last girl he took out and what a bad kisser she was. The story was hilarious and I accused him of exaggerating, so he insisted on giving me a demonstration. We were both still laughing when he moved closer to kiss me. It felt a little weird at first, but after a few minutes, I noticed

that his kisses were becoming more passionate, and I was starting to get into kissing him, too.

Carmine slowly pushed me back till he was lying on top of me. We both laughed, and I thought this would be a good point to break off the kissing. I told Carmine I needed to wipe off the sweat that was trickling down my face. But he said he had a better idea and began to lick the sweat from my neck. I closed my eyes as my entire body started tingling. But Carmine was a friend and I didn't want that to change. Plus, I was casually seeing a guy from another class. If I was screwing Carmine, I certainly couldn't bitch to him about another guy.

After a few more moments of Carmine's velvety tongue and lips on my skin, I reminded him that we

He had me so hot that when he pushed my panties aside and went down on me, I came almost instantly.

should be studying. He said, "I know, but I'd like to study something else." Then he began kissing me right below my ear. His nuzzling was driving me crazy and when he began to suck on my neck, I moaned. Encouraged by my reaction, he opened my robe and licked me several times from my belly to my breasts. He had me so hot that when he pushed my panties aside and went down on me, I came almost instantly. He really knew how to eat pussy! His tongue was every place I needed it to be, from the tip of my sensitive clit to deep inside my love tunnel. When I came, it was so intense that he had me crying out and rolling my head from side to side. He just wrapped his arms tightly around my thighs and continued to lick me.

By the time my body calmed down, I was in a daze, completely naked and drenched in my own sweat. Thirty minutes earlier, Carmine and I had had our heads in our books, but now Carmine was gently teasing my nipples and massaging my inner thighs. When he sat up, I knew we weren't finished. When he finally stripped off his clothes, I gasped at the size of his cock. I was so wet and ready for him to fuck me that I hastily pulled him down on top of me.

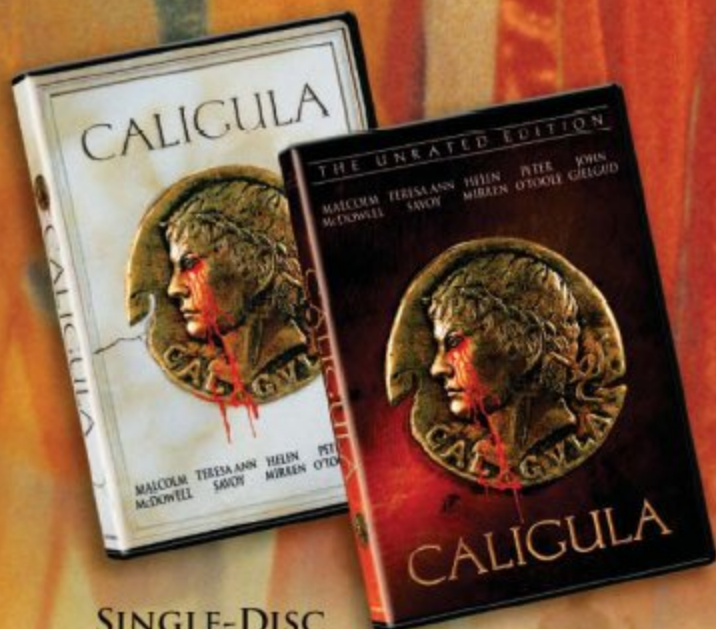
Carmine slowly worked his big dick inside me until I felt completely filled. Then he gave me a deep kiss as he pulled my hands over my head and we locked fingers. He drew back until just the head of his cock was in me, then pushed back in. He repeated this slow, torturous stroking until I told him to go faster. Then he started pistoning his cock into me and I began shaking from head to toe. I could feel my muscles tightening around his cock as we both experienced the most incredible orgasm.

Afterward, we lay together while I quietly panicked about our friendship. But when I felt Carmine's cock begin to harden again, I realized I'd just had the best sex of my life. I think Carmine realized it, too. We spent the entire weekend in bed, and for the next few weeks, we had sex every chance we got. Eventually, we moved in together. The best part is, it's been three years since that Friday night, and I still have my buddy.—B.C., New York

"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.

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LUNCH DATE

After being happily married for five years, I never thought I'd cheat on my beautiful wife, but I've learned that anything is possible. I'd been working with a woman I'll call "Janice" for about a year, and from day one there was an undercurrent of sexual attraction between us. Our way of dealing with the situation was to flirt on a verbal level, by lacing our conversations with sexual innuendoes. Now, I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to screw her, but I figured as long as we just talked, how much trouble could we get in? Then, one day, as I was getting on the elevator to go to lunch, Janice got on with me.

"Leaving without your daytime mistress?" she asked.

"It wouldn't look good if we left at the same time," I said. "People might talk." As we rode down to the lobby, I realized that Janice and I had never gone to lunch together.

"Do you have lunch plans?" I asked.

"I was thinking about a hotel not too far from here," she said.

Thinking we were still engaged in our usual verbal sparring, I asked, "Is there a special today?"

"I believe there is," she said, as she reached out and grabbed my cock through my pants.

"Janice!" I whispered. "Don't—someone might catch us!"

"You know we both want this," she said nonchalantly. "And besides, we're both happily married and just want to have a little fun, right?" The elevator reached the lobby and the doors opened seconds after she removed her hand. I followed her out and we started the six-block walk to the hotel. I couldn't believe what was happening. Fantasy was one thing, but was I really going to cheat on my wife with Janice? Hell, yeah!

When she led the way into the hotel and said to the desk clerk, "We'd like a room please," I pulled out my wallet to pay, only to realize I didn't have enough cash on me to cover the room. I didn't want to use a credit card and have to worry about my wife seeing the charge on our statement, but Janice just smiled, whipped out some bills, and paid for the room.

Once we were behind closed doors, we kissed for the first time—it was even better than I'd imagined. Then things really got crazy when we tried to maintain lip contact while scrambling out of our clothes. It was pretty funny until she pushed me down on the bed and our tongues



I would have loved to go down on her, but we were too anxious. It was all about me getting inside her.

began tackling each other again. I would have loved to go down on her and bring her off slowly, but we were too anxious. It was all about me getting inside her.

I almost lost it when she squeezed my cock. I groaned and pushed her hand aside, replacing it with my own. Then I took a deep breath and slowly pushed into her. We both held our breath for a few seconds as we looked into each other's eyes. Then Janice said, "Your cock feels incredible inside me, but we only have an hour."

We needed to make the most of it. Janice wrapped her legs around me and pulled me in even deeper. I

started slowly at first, moving in and out with an easy rhythm, but with Janice urging me along, I quickly picked up the pace. She matched me stroke for stroke.

"Oh, God—I'm coming!" she cried. I was on the verge, too, and started to pull out, but she held me in place. "I want you to come inside me," she said, between ragged breaths. I thought my spine was going to pop out of my skin. I moved into her one more time and we came together, locked in each other's arms.

If I didn't think we'd be missed, we would have stayed the rest of the afternoon. Instead, we got dressed, then to avoid suspicion I gave Janice a 15-minute head start back to the office. Now, we both like sneaking around and finding different places to "have lunch" at least once a week. I still can't believe we waited so long to do it, but it's been more than a year now, and our spouses still don't know.—Name and address withheld

More letters on [page 142](#)

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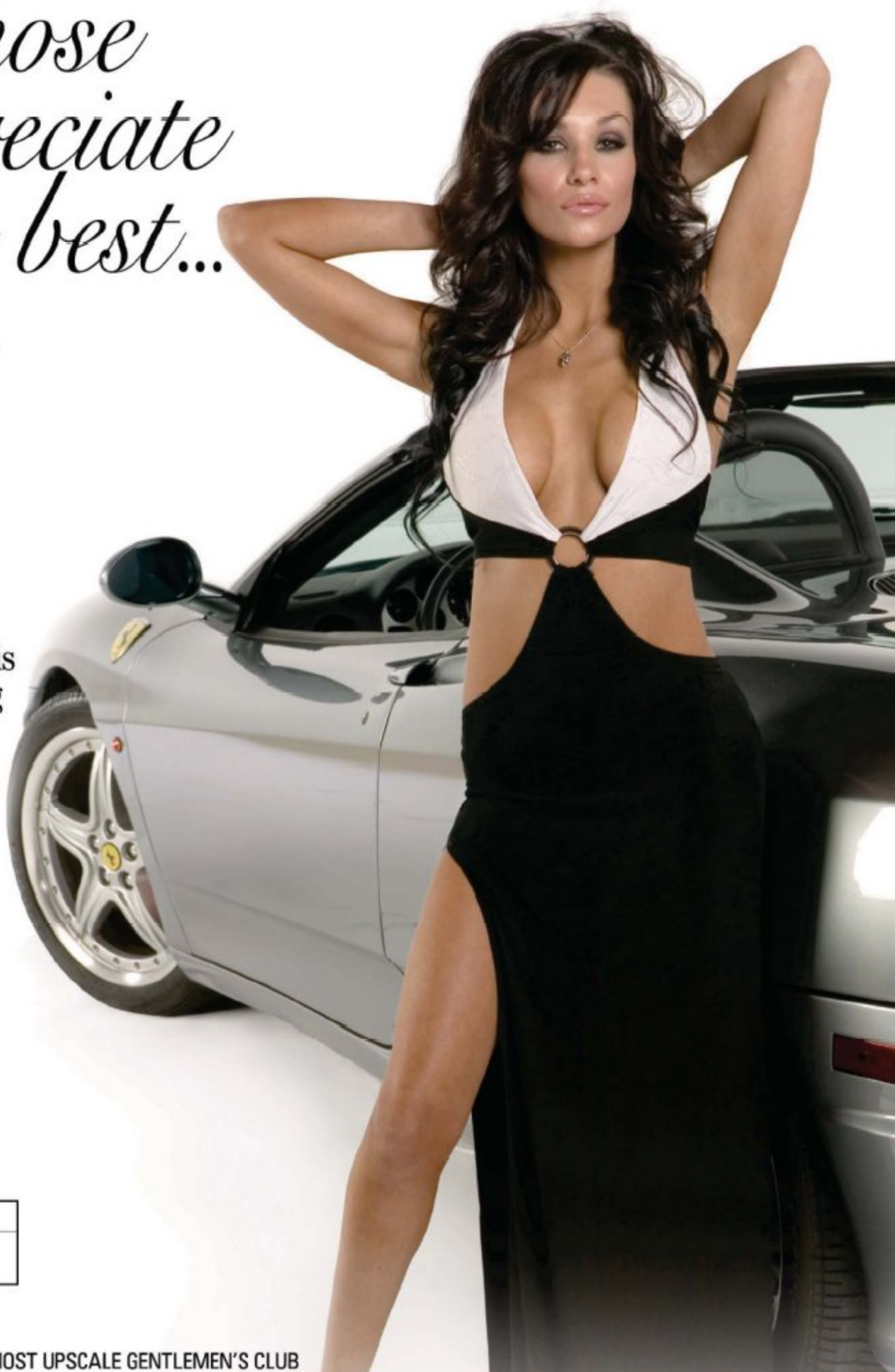
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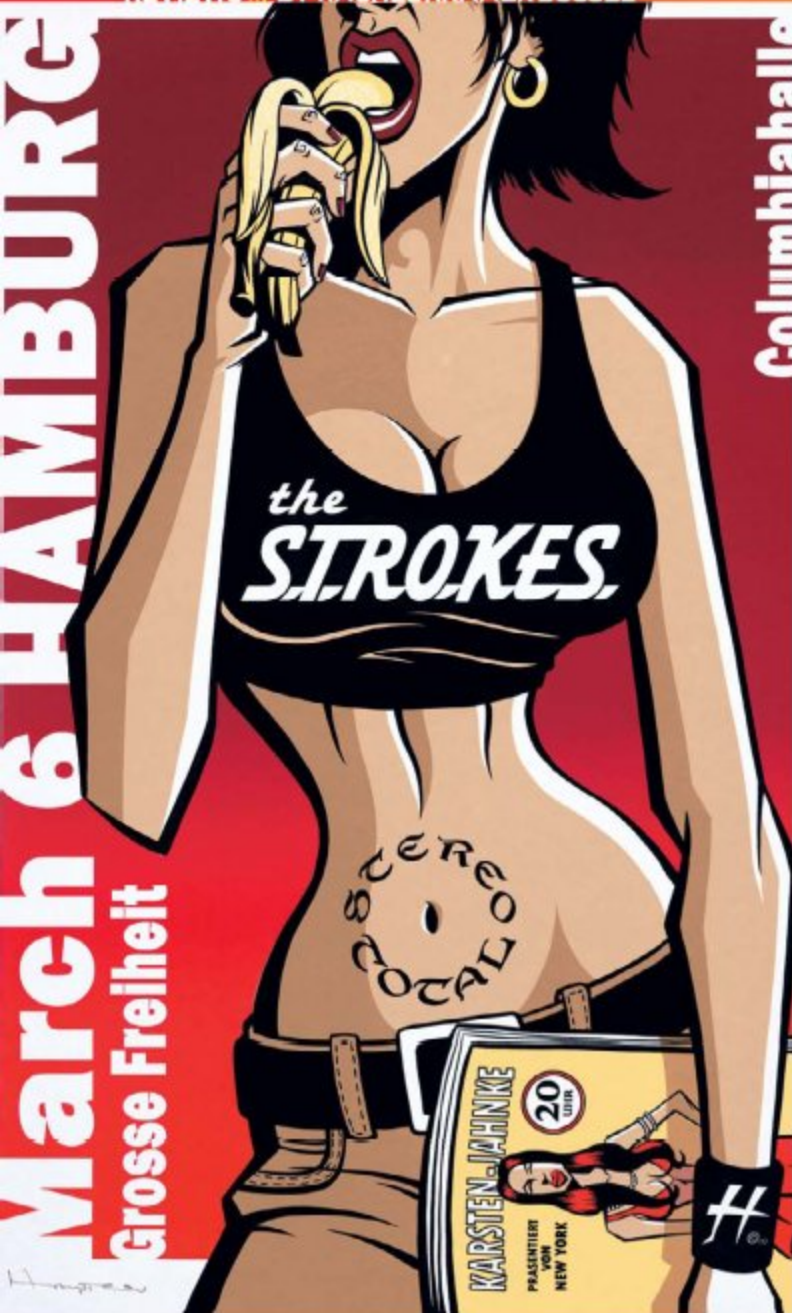
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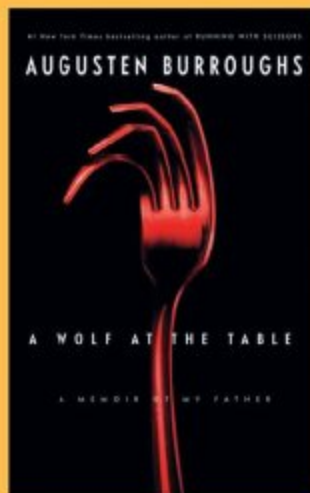
Some Girls

ART OF MODERN ROCK MINI #2: POSTER GIRLS

By Dennis King
(Chronicle)

As the title implies, this is the second easily accessible spin-off of King's original, oversized, definitive *Art of Modern Rock*. The Berkeley, California-based King, whose huge collection of posters is one of the world's largest, has selected the hottest, most alluring vixens whose talents far exceed their musical capabilities. An irresistible gift—once you've snagged one for yourself.—Peter Bloch

When Edison works at Al Goldstein's *Screw*, he's in heaven, writing headlines like "Maureen Dowd's Filthy Quest for Cock."



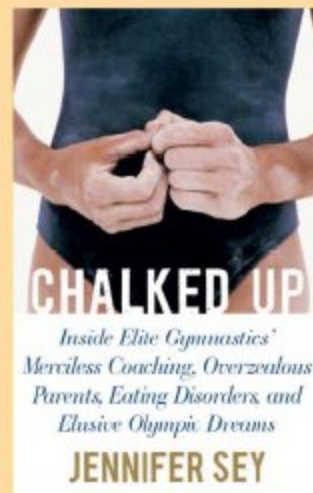
A WOLF AT THE TABLE
By Augusten Burroughs
(St. Martin's)

Augusten Burroughs has made a career from writing about his life, and in this, his first memoir in five years, the famed *Running With Scissors* author fleshes out the story of his father, a philosophy professor at the University of Massachusetts. In Burroughs's telling, Dad is a mean, distant alcoholic with psoriasis. (He also made a brief appearance in *Running*; Burroughs was accused of fudging his facts by some of the subjects of that book.) Although some things in *Wolf* also seem too good to be true (for instance, Burroughs—who was born Christopher Robison—inadvertently calls his father "Dead" instead of "Dad"), the most gripping parts are Burroughs's fantasies, not the reality he remembers. When Augusten imagines kicking his father off a cliff during a vacation to Martha's Vineyard, his vivid portrayal of how easy it would be, and the relief and pleasure he would get out of the act, is totally compelling—and his writing is so vivid that, despite our better judgment, we almost want him to do it. Burroughs's contrast of his father's conviction that prayer is useless with his own tenacious clinging to God as a means of mental escape from the hell at home has a dramatic power worthy of the best fiction.



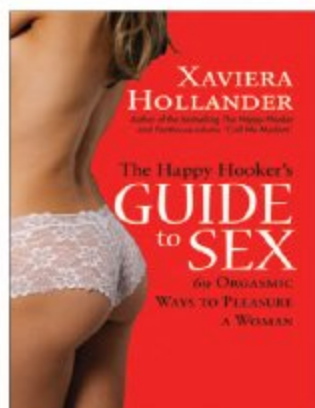
I HAVE FUN EVERYWHERE I GO
By Mike Edison
(Faber and Faber)

If your book's subtitle is "Savage tales of pot, porn, punk rock, pro wrestling, talking apes, evil bosses, dirty blues, American heroes, and the most notorious magazines in the world," you have a lot to live up to—and somehow Mike Edison does. He narrates his whirlwind journey through the seamy side of publishing with the breathlessness of someone who's going to die young but doesn't mind, except Edison seems to have nine lives and enjoys every moment of each of them to the fullest. Raised in a nice Jewish family in New Jersey, he couldn't rebel fast (or hard) enough, and spent his teenage years getting high and inciting chaos. By 22, he'd joined the ranks of wrestling magazine *Main Event*, earning extra cash by writing trashy porn novels like *Spank My Pussy*. When he got a job at Al Goldstein's seminal XXX mag *Screw*, he was in heaven, writing cover lines like "Maureen Dowd's Filthy Quest for Cock." Edison's constant whirlwind of sex (writing), drugs, rock 'n' roll, and wrestling is almost too much to keep up with. His journey takes him around the world, but he always returns to magazine writing, and his insider scoop on these bizarre workplaces is what, finally, makes this memoir truly memorable.



CHALKED UP
By Jennifer Sey
(Harper Collins)

At this year's Summer Olympics, women's gymnastics stars—lithe beauties like past champions Olga Korbut and Nadia Comaneci—will defy gravity and soar to victory, their skill and grace earning the applause of millions. Readers of *Chalked Up* may also join the cheering crowds, but after reading this searing, powerful memoir of the high price these young girls pay for glory, the cheers will be mixed with tears for the physical and psychological pain that child gymnasts suffer. Sey, the 1986 National Gymnastics champion, is unsparingly honest as she blames her own inner perfectionism more than her coaches, the adults in her life, or even the "system" for throwing away her childhood in a ceaseless quest to make her little body perform stunning but totally unnatural feats (she lived on diet soda and Ex-Lax, prayed for injuries to give her a short respite from the pain, and didn't have her first period until she was 20 years old). But is the wonder of seeing these tiny bodies propel through space worth the horror they suffer to achieve grace and beauty? Or—and this is a conclusion that Sey refuses to draw—is this "sport" just institutionalized, commercialized, child abuse?—P.B.



Happy Hooker

Xaviera Hollander, a one-time notorious Manhattan madam, was the first and most original sex adviser. She still hasn't lost her wild ways.

For many, many years, Xaviera Hollander's *Penthouse* column "Call Me Madam" was a magazine staple. These days, you can find her running a bed and breakfast in Holland, where her guests get treated to the occasional S&M orgy. She just published a new book of sex tips, *The Happy Hooker's Guide to Sex: 69 Orgasmic Ways to Pleasure a Woman* (Skyhorse Publishing), written with Katje van Dijk, and is working on a musical and documentary about her life.

What's the most important sex advice you'd offer a guy?

Be original and considerate, don't lose your patience, and if she needs you to, show her how to make love to you. Try to enjoy the way she plays with your body.

You talk about three clits in your book: the clit clit, the brain clit, and the heart clit. Which is most important?

The brain clit is what makes it all work. There's a Spanish expression which means "your soul is in your eyes." To many, a face is more important than a big ass or big tits. There's got to be a meeting of the minds, and you have

to be able to laugh in bed. Nothing is worse than finding a guy who's totally deodorized, sterile, prim and proper next to you in bed.

How should a guy broach the topic of having a threesome?

That is a subject that comes up a lot. Almost every man's fantasy, after getting a good blowjob, is to get it on with his girlfriend and another woman. There are certain clubs where you can go as a couple. There are people waiting, male or female, to be picked up. Or start with a porn film; you can find any subject from threesomes to 100-somes. Pick one and see how she responds. Sometimes, a visiting neighbor or girlfriend can end up in a ménage à trois if you're lucky.

What's changed since you started writing about sex?

"Almost every man's fantasy, after getting a good blowjob, is to get it on with his girlfriend and another woman."

The biggest thing that's changed is the information available about sex. I was a pioneer, but now you can find just about anything on TV—everyone gives advice: Dr. Ruth, Dr. Phil, Oprah. And also, the excitement of tasting forbidden fruit is gone. Mothers nowadays put their teenage daughters on the Pill even if they're not having sex. Anything goes! But despite this, people haven't really changed very much. Yesterday I participated in a lecture at a university, and the main questions there were about how to spice up your sex life, because most people are very bored.

You live in Holland and Spain. How does the U.S. differ in our attitudes toward sex?

America is still very prudish and hypocritical, which is good because that way they're curious and buy books about sex. Recently I met some soap-opera people in Los Angeles, where I was making a documentary, and some were uptight about even being in a picture with me because they were afraid of being exposed in one of the gossip magazines. And others that are supposedly heterosexual are really bisexual, but would never dare to mention it for fear of losing their fans.

Tell us more about your B&B.

I sometimes jokingly refer to it as a bed and brothel because I've had some pretty kinky parties there with clients! It's a home away from home for many visitors. Fans from my Happy Hooker days often ask if I'm going to be there, and if I'm not, they'll postpone their trip. They'll usually say, "If you're there, I'll come; if not, I won't." There are some couples who don't know who I am. Some clients are very naughty couples, or sometimes people come with a mistress or lover. I've had lesbians come there who want to play the field.

I decided I'd treat one couple who was into S&M to an orgy. I was one of the mistresses and there were three other dominatrices and a master, but it was all quite casual. People were tied up. I showed them the ropes, literally. There was spanking, but I don't think anybody came. It was fun, but it's not a daily routine, so no one should be scared away. Intimacy is what it's all about—feeling good in one another's company. Come look me up at XavieraHollander.com/Sleeper. 

Dude vs. Evil

Having brought one of the world's biggest corporations to its greasy knees, Morgan Spurlock now sets out to accomplish what the president couldn't do.

He's suffered liver problems and depression, risked permanent ligament damage, and incurred the wrath of one incredibly creepy corporate clown. Is there anything *Super Size Me* director Morgan Spurlock won't do in the name of art? Apparently, not. For his latest film, *Where in the World Is Osama Bin Laden?*, the famously facial-haired 37-year-old documentarian puts his very life on the line and travels through several dangerous Middle East regions in search of the planet's most wanted man. Does he find him? Well, we aren't about to spoil the ending (and, um, what do you think?). But in speaking with average citizens across the globe, Spurlock may have discovered something much more interesting.

Sorry if you're already sick of answering this but ... where in the world is Osama Bin Laden?

I think he's in the mountains of Waziristan. I think he's close to a city. It's not difficult to get in and out of Peshawar, where we were. A lot of people think he's dead, but I don't.

The same year that *Super Size Me* came out, McDonald's dropped the Supersize option from its menu. Menu simplification, they said.

Right. What do you hope is the equivalent reaction to this film? Um, government simplification? Osama simplification? No matter who gets elected president, the biggest thing has to be a change in our foreign policy. People used to see us as the world's protectors in a lot of ways. I don't think people see us that way anymore. There's nothing harder

when traveling than to hear person after person after person say terrible things about the place I love—I love America. Afghanistan is below a Third World country in places. The devastation there is depressing and so sad. The people had so much hope when we arrived in 2001. The level of disappointment is... frustrating.

Did you get resistance from the Defense Department when you asked to be embedded?

The Defense Department denied our embed application. But the minute we got to Afghanistan, we just showed up at the base and they're like, "Sure, come on in."

Does the videogame motif in the film underscore the good-versus-evil aspect of the war on terror, or did you use that because kids love games?

A little bit of both. Videogames are all framed in that world of us versus them and good versus evil. And I love video games. I'm not someone who thinks they are a detriment to society.

You suffered liver damage and depression in *SSM*, you and your wife Alex were close to the breaking point while living on minimum wage in the *30 Days* pilot, and you literally risked your life in making *Osama*. Why is Alex still with you?

[Laughs] We had this conversation recently and she said, "You wanted to do all these crazy things when I met you and that's the same person I'm with today. I knew what I was getting myself into." This movie wouldn't have been what it is without her, because

"There's nothing harder than hearing person after person after person say terrible things about the place I love."

she got pregnant when we started pre-production. We made it a point then to seek out families and talk to young fathers. That humanity really comes out—these are regular people, the kind of people never on television.

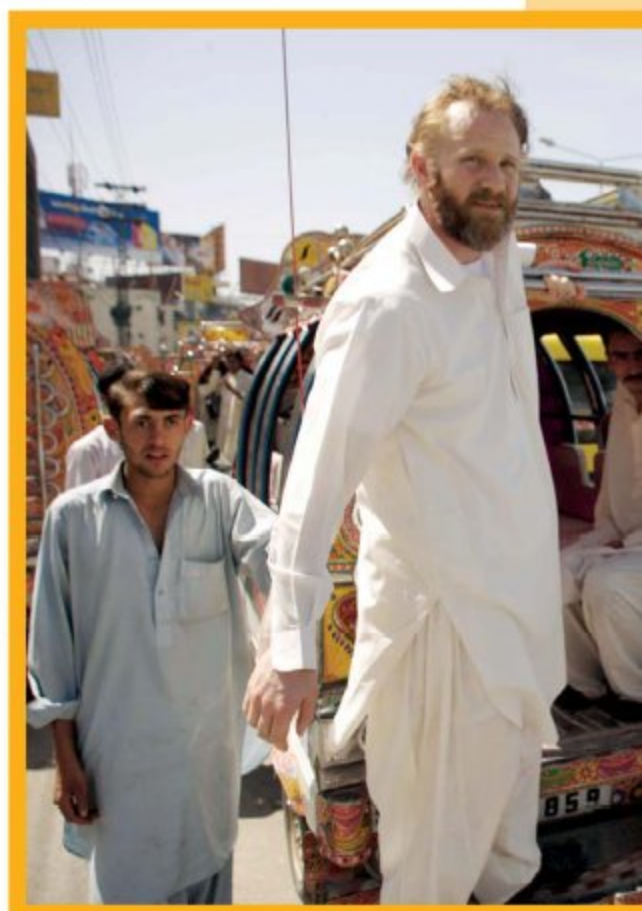
I read that she wants your next movie to be about flowers. Pitch us a Morgan Spurlock movie about flowers. Well, the flowers are growing in the middle of a minefield, in the middle of a nuclear testing zone. Or it could be about man-eating flowers.

Or poisonous flowers?... What do you like on TV?

Rock of Love, I can't turn away from. I love *Top Chef*. *Lost* is my favorite show; it's brilliant. And dude, I've seen the show a thousand times but at the end of *Extreme Makeover: Home Edition*, the people walk in the house and start crying, and I'm crying—why am I crying? They construct this emotional formula and you feel good for these people. There is a way for shows to have a positive impact.

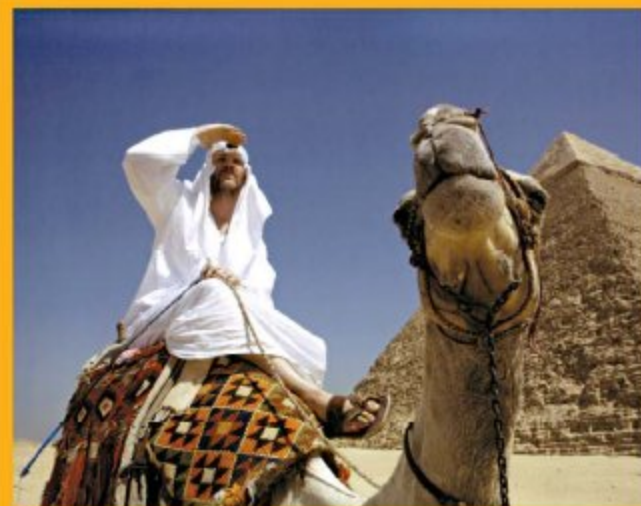
Francis Ford Coppola once said something to the effect that in the future, Picasso will be a chubby farm girl in Kansas, armed with a video camera.

I once was a chubby farm girl and now I'm not—the operation worked. What's exciting is, video has become an equalizer. It's given everyone access to the tools to be creative. All you need is a camera, a computer, and a good idea, and you can make a movie.





Would you trust this man to save the entire free world?



"I think Osama's in the mountains of Waziristan. I think he's close to a city. A lot of people think he's dead, but I don't."

Doc Star

He got his start paying people to eat nasty snacks, but now he's tackling our biggest issues.



I BET YOU WILL (2002)

Spurlock convinces the young and stupid to act their age. On one memorable episode, a college kid swallows a worm burrito for \$200. After puking up worms, he eats more slithering creatures for \$10 a pop. What won't people do for money? All bets are off.



SUPERSIZE ME (2004)

To explore the issue of obesity in America, Spurlock goes to the fat-clogged heart of the matter: our addiction to fast food. While eating nothing but McDonald's for a month straight, Spurlock gained 24.5 pounds—and legions of fans.



30 DAYS (2005–present)

Our man advances the *Super Size Me* concept by mingling clashing personalities for a month. Segments like the one in which a committed Minuteman bunks with a family of illegal aliens make for incredibly compelling TV.



WHAT WOULD JESUS BUY (2007)

In a producing role, Spurlock helps indict those that would commercialize Christmas. Focusing on cult hero Reverend Billy and his Church of Stop Shopping, poignant points emerge between laughs.



Terror Firma

Errol Morris's latest searing film looks at the horrors of Abu Ghraib.

STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE

Man cannot live on popcorn alone, nor the movies that taste best with it. That's where this worthy and sobering alternative by Oscar-winning director Errol Morris comes in. (Morris is the genius whose 1988 documentary *The Thin Blue Line* sprang a wrongly convicted prisoner from death row.) His latest film addresses what is among the most notorious episodes of the Iraq War: the widely publicized incidents of abuse at Abu Ghraib.

To Morris's credit, his doc eschews

a knee-jerk pacifist response, instead diving deep into the pressurized psychology that can make people capable of anything. Morris employs his signature unflinching technique of incredibly close-up interviews, including a stunning one with Lynndie

The interviews include a stunning one with Lynndie England, the most recognizable grinner of the gang.

England, the most recognizable grinner of the photographed gang. England comes off as exploited, scapegoated, and sad.

Even more incendiary are Morris's slo-mo re-creations of the torture sessions, drawing attention to both their violence and our complicity as viewers. Okay, so it's not exactly a date movie. But *Standard Operating Procedure* might be the most important examination of the war to date, and its seismic effect on our fighting men and women. Unmissable.

PREVIEWS

SPEED RACER

Emile Hirsch, Christina Ricci, John Goodman

If you've long waited for a sumptuously produced, live-action version of the sixties Japanese cult cartoon you only half-remember from lazy Saturday mornings padding around in your pajamas, then you are a supreme dork. But embrace that dorkiness, because *Speed Racer* has everything you could want from a story about a young man's need for speed: futuristic race cars, lots of high-tech stunts, Ricci playing Trixie, and more futuristic race cars. Everything about the movie feels fake, because it is: The entire production was shot in artificial green-screen. But fakeness can be a virtue during the summer months, when escapism *rules!* Behind the wheel is *Into the Wild*'s Hirsch, proving he doesn't need to be a capital-A Actor all the time. But even this big plastic entertainment has just enough pedigree to attract Susan Sarandon and Goodman. Or are they just paying the bills? We'll see.



INDIANA JONES AND THE KINGDOM OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL

Harrison Ford, Shia LaBeouf, Cate Blanchett

You're either stoked beyond words for this fourth installment of the decades-dormant franchise, or you're dead. (In which case, how are you reading this? Trippy.) Ford is back under the fedora, this time teamed with young thrill-seeker LaBeouf. The movie is a 1950s globetrotting adventure featuring Blanchett as a sexy Russian spy, and Jim Broadbent as none of those things. Very little is known about the plot. (We do know original Indy honey Karen Allen is back, to many fans' immense glee.) Steven Spielberg directs once more, affording him his first chance to make some serious fun since his decade-old *The Lost World*. Let's hope he still knows how.

IRON MAN

Robert Downey Jr., Terrence Howard, Gwyneth Paltrow

As summer big-fare goes, *Iron Man* should prove far more magnetic than its competition. For one thing, it's got motormouthed Downey Jr. as billionaire crime fighter Tony Stark. A second reason this might rock: director Jon Favreau. Maybe you don't think of the maker of *Elf* as the ideal guy for this good-versus-evil fantasy. We don't either, frankly—and we like that about *Iron Man*'s chances. (Warning: You're approaching an obligatory *Swingers* reference.) Favreau is so money, he doesn't even know it. (See?) Even if these two secret weapons prove ineffective, it's a safe bet that humongous machines will collide and explode. That enough for ya?



WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS...

Cameron Diaz, Ashton Kutcher, Queen Latifah

Once upon a time, "pulling a Britney" did not mean shaving your head and getting strapped to a gurney. It meant an impulsive casino wedding in a drunken stupor. The main characters of this breezy comedy, both rebounding from personal embarrassment, do exactly that. They awaken in rage and vow to find the nearest divorce lawyer—though not before dropping one last quarter in a slot machine that spits out three million smackers. Suddenly, till death do them part doesn't seem that hard. Diaz always has a place in our hearts, and this may be her return to sublime goofiness. *Vegas* just might be the least painful date movie of the year—and you can take that to the bank.

Speed Racer has everything you could want from a story about a young man's need for speed.



Monster Mash

This J. J. Abrams flick left us with numerous questions. The DVD adds a whole new mystery. Hey, just like *Lost*!

CLOVERFIELD

If you've only seen the movie, you haven't seen anything—especially if that Handicam approach sent you running to the bathroom stall to unburden yourself of your Milk Duds. Clover may have destroyed Manhattan, but the parasite-shedding monster downright *owned* the Internet—every self-respecting fanboy has wasted days poring over Slusho's corporate site and Hud's MySpace blog. If we lost you at "Slusho," stick to the outtakes and the bonus feature on the deceptively sophisticated visual effects. For fans, the DVD extras offer more murky clues, like a potentially game-changing millisecond of extra footage in one of the alternate endings. —Kara Wahlgren



SCREEN GRABBING

Blu-ray of Hope

A high-def *Dude, Where's My Car?* has been delayed, so instead we'll entertain ourselves with these recent releases. Except for *Indy*, they're Blu-ray editions.



INDIANA JONES 1-3 SPECIAL EDITIONS

Yes, we know that's not what they're called, but those titles are long. We might just be renting these, since we're sure there will be a four-film package in the future. But they are packed with new bonus features: Steven Spielberg and George Lucas introduce each film and give new interviews, and there's a re-creation of the face-melting sequence, "Creepy Crawlies," and hints of what's to come in the new movie. If you don't know which films those extras go with, buy this box set immediately and start watching.



PREDATOR

Let's see, we've got two actors who became governors, one *ugly* motherfucker of a man-hunting monster, gunfire, explosives, and pussy jokes. Yep, this is one hugely fun movie, and if the effects don't hold up in high-def, we'll be busted up pretty bad.



TWISTER

Hardly a classic, but it *is* a truly enjoyable FX extravaganza. It's been digitally remastered and includes the new *Chasing the Storm: Twister Revisited* featurette, as well as the bonus features from the previous two-disc special edition.



BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID

A true-life crime story, Robert Redford and Paul Newman so coolly hot they're unrecognizable if you only know their twenty-first-century versions, and a climactic final shoot-out that helped define a genre.



BONNIE AND CLYDE

A true-life crime story, Faye Dunaway so coolly hot she's unrecognizable if you only know her twenty-first-century version, and a climactic shoot-out that helped define a genre—all reengineered for a new generation.

ALIEN VS. PREDATOR: REQUIEM

The Plot: The bitch came back and knocked up a predator. Residents of a small town have to fight off the crossbreeds before the government wipes the creatures—and the town—off the map.

Buy or Rent? If it breeds, we want to watch. But you'll probably only be moved to own it if you're a big sci-fi guy or a rabid fan of either series. Most of us will be content with a single viewing.

Added Value? Probably more than you're looking for on the unrated edition; maybe not enough on the standard. We're not sure the restricted-audience trailer counts as a selling point for anyone but the most compulsive completist.



TIM AND ERIC AWESOME SHOW, GREAT JOB!

The Plot: The team behind *Tom Goes to the Mayor* (Tim Heidecker and Eric Wareheim) deliver 11-minute episodes of insanity via short films, animation, pranks, and musical numbers.

Buy or Rent? We love the minimal time commitment (only ten episodes), and the pair get excellent assists from Bob Odenkirk, David Cross, John C. Reilly, Michael Cera, Brian Posehn, and even Weird Al Yankovic.

Added Value? A bit, including the obligatory deleted scenes and commentary. But really, isn't the show enough?



THERE WILL BE BLOOD

The Plot: It can best be explained with this equation: (oil x the seductive corruptive nature of power) + father-and-son tension x amazing performances = complete brilliance

Buy or Rent? Buy, buy, buy. (Unless you want to wait for a high-def version.) It's beautifully shot; Radiohead guitarist Jonny Greenwood's score, which is heavy on strings and the atmospheric buildup they provide, complements the movie perfectly; and Daniel Day-Lewis forces us to reconsider what a true antihero looks like.

Added Value? At press time, Paramount was still regrouping after the "demise" of HD-DVD. There was a handful of behind-the-scenes featurettes planned, but we couldn't get confirmation of extras for the two-disc special edition.



TEETH

The Plot: A sexually innocent teen discovers her body can defend itself when the teeth in her vagina react to her paramour's attempt to divest her of said innocence. Yep, you read that right, and you may never use the expression "bite me" again.

Buy or Rent? That depends on just how funny you find this concept of female empowerment. Or perhaps it's just too painful to consider. At least the film keeps the horror and comedy in the foreground and the didacticism to a minimum.

Added Value? A commentary track (so you can figure out what the hell the filmmakers were thinking), a making-of doc, and a Sundance Film Festival featurette (star Jess Weixler won a Grand Jury acting award for the film).

I'M NOT THERE

The Plot: A Bob Dylan biopic with the legend played by, among others, Batman (Christian Bale), the Joker (the late Heath Ledger), Mr. Goodbar (Richard Gere), and Queen Elizabeth (Cate Blanchett)

Buy or Rent? If you're not a fan of Dylan's music and MO, or of high-concept fare, rent. If you're into the former Mr. Zimmerman, intriguing and risky premises played out successfully, and/or the ubiquitous musical biopic, buy.

Added Value? Nine deleted scenes, audio commentary, a gag reel, a making-of doc, a Dylan discography and filmography, and more.



Bum Rush: The Show

Addicted to the reality-show antics of Public Enemy's hype man? Wait until you see what happens when Flavor Flav gets into character.

There's so much we know about Flavor Flav. After watching him on the VH1 reality shows *The Surreal Life*, *Strange Love*, and *Flavor of Love*, we know he's a lover of the ladies, a connoisseur of fine wine, and a classically trained pianist. But we didn't know Flav is done keeping it real. With two new films under his comically oversize clock and a sitcom called *Under One Roof* (a convict-out-of-water story where Flavor plays—wait for it—the ex-con) set to debut this spring on myNetworkTV, the man America once knew as Foofy Foofy is ready for his fictional close-up. Just don't get too close.

Hey, Flavor Flav!

[Chewing] Don't mind me, man. I'm just chomping on a chicken leg.

Sounds tasty. We saw you the other night on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*.

Yeah, man! Word up. I went out to New York so I could [chewing] throw my moms a surprise birthday party. And I also had to visit my man Conan O'Brien! Since Andy Richter left, he need a new sidekick. I'm telling you now, Batman and Robin.

So now you're starring on a sitcom. Are you off reality TV for good?

I'm done with that reality dating-show shit. It's much more of a challenge for me to act than to do reality TV. This *Under One Roof* thing that I'm doing right now, this is a whole different avenue. I say it's a better avenue. Cable TV is the minor leagues. But the minor leagues helped me out. You have to crawl before you can walk, dawg!

We also hear you're a bona-fide movie star.

I did a movie called *Nite Tales* and a movie called *Confessions of a Pit Fighter*, but these movies haven't made it to the big screen. I don't know why, but it wasn't because I couldn't act [laughs]. I think they must have had money issues or something.

Did you watch the Oscars this year?
No, I didn't watch the Oscars. I wasn't around TV.

Do you like watching yourself on TV?
People think I've got a problem because I laugh at myself. But, yo, I ain't gonna lie: On TV, I'm a funny motherfucker!

Would you say that reality TV has been good to you?

This is something I've always wanted to do. That's the reason I moved from the East Coast to the West Coast, so I can be a television and movie actor. I got the television thing going so far, but I'm trying to get the other half.

Who's your dream costar?

Uh...um...oh! Ah, wow! I can't recall this guy's name right now because there's so much in my head. He's black. It's a black actor.

Samuel L. Jackson?

No, not Samuel L. Jackson. He was in my "911 Is a Joke" video, and if you watch that, y'all will see him. He's one of the people in the ambulance.

Denzel?

Not Denzel. But I'm a very big fan of Denzel. Um...not Forest Whitaker.

Morgan Freeman?

Morgan Freeman! There we go, my man! My *maaan!* Morgan Freeman. I would love to do something with Morgan Freeman one day. Not only that, but I would like to be successful like him in the acting world. Him and Louis Gossett Jr.

Iron Eagle's Louis Gossett Jr.?

Yo man, Louis Gossett Jr. and Morgan Freeman are my two favorite actors of all time.

Been making any music recently?

I'm doing my music. Public Enemy is still together. Me and Chuck D are putting together another Public Enemy album right now as we speak. Also, I'm going to come at you guys with a solo album late this winter.

Can you believe it's been 20 years since *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*?

Yeah man. That's right. *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* was voted the best rap album of all time. And I got something to do with that!

Are you following the presidential campaign?

To tell you the truth, I've never really followed politics. That was my partner Chuck D. He was always the politician and the black militant of the crew. Me, I was the hype man. I broke up the monotony of being serious. I gave you something to look at and laugh at. And to laugh with.

You got roasted last year.

That was one of the greatest moments of my life. I didn't know exactly what to do at a roast. The jokes that I told were the jokes they had written for me. I didn't go into Flav mode. Flavor Flav wants part two. This time I got something for Lisa Lampanelli. I got something for Ice-T. I got something for Snoop. Oh boy, am I going to get my boy Carrot Top! I'm going to get everybody that roasted me. We're going to call this one *Flav's Revenge*. I haven't pitched this yet, but maybe if they read it here they'll give Flav another show. 

"I don't know why *Nite Tales* and *Confessions of a Pit Fighter* haven't made it to the big screen, but it wasn't because I couldn't act."





Swan Songs

These storytellers want you to feel their pain.

The fierce-looking fivesome's melodramatically morbid 2002 singles "Until the Day I Die" and "Anthem of Our Dying Day" placed them squarely in the middle of the pack of thick-necked screamo dudes that dominated rock radio playlists during the first half of the

This band is no trend-hopping studio creation; *The Black Swan* shows dedication to their guitar-crunching craft.

decade. But this St. Louis band is no trend-hopping studio creation. They've been churning out fist-pumping heavy rock since the mid-'90s, under the decidedly less macho band name Big Blue Monkey. And even though they were dropped from a major label after their last record, *The Black Swan* continues to demonstrate their respectable dedication to the guitar-crunching craft. Dan Marsala alternates death-obsessed bellows ("When you kill me! Do it slowly!") with positive, pop crooning ("We can't walk through life unconscious!"). And now there's a newfound edge of political protest to the band's songs—"Choose Your Fate" opens with a sample from George W. Bush—which helps bring the music into clearer focus. They've finally found a good reason to be so pissed.

STORY OF THE YEAR THE BLACK SWAN



STORY OF THE YEAR

The Black Swan
(Epitaph, 2008)

★★★

Penthouse pick: "Message to the World"





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We once considered having Heloise over for Thanksgiving dinner, but now we'll just stick to inviting Grandma.



TAPES 'N TAPES

Walk It Off
(XL)

★★★

SOUND CHECK Weak-kneed online rapture for this fizzy Minneapolis quartet earned them a label deal and reams of press for their half-baked debut, 2006's *The Loon*. A nasty hipster backlash followed.

AMPLIFICATION On *Walk It Off*, they put an emphasis on songcraft: The metronomic throb of "Hang Them All" crescendos into an emotionally cathartic chorus while "Headshock" has them sounding like a polite Pixies.

LAST NOTE This solid effort should shut down the TnT cyber-snark.

PENTHOUSE PICK
"Hang Them All"



HELOISE & THE SAVOIR FAIRE
Trash, Rats and Microphones
(Simian/Yep Roc)

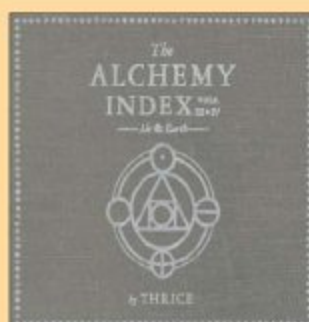
★★★

SOUND CHECK Over her career, Heloise Williams has performed everything from noodle-band jams—with members of Phish no less!—to jazz standards. Now she fronts this downtown dance-friendly group.

AMPLIFICATION The sound is pitch-perfect—imagine a goofy Debbie Harry fronting LCD Soundsystem—but the constant good cheer can grate; even Williams's prodigious pipes can't save lines like "I Tijuana be a margarita freak."

LAST NOTE This sort of East Village dance revivalism came and went a few years ago, so this is as relevant as jazz standards.

PENTHOUSE PICK
"Members Only"



THRICE
The Alchemy Index Vols. III & IV: Air & Earth
(Vagrant)

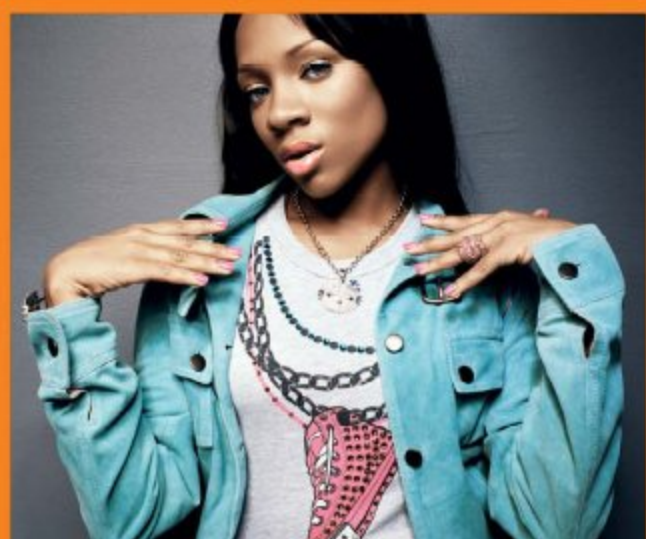
★★★★

SOUND CHECK Their cacophonous riffs and throat-mangling vocals have moved in a surprisingly rewarding direction.

AMPLIFICATION The two halves of this disc (the ethereal *Air* and the mournful *Earth*) might be Thrice's best work. It paid off to focus on mood and craft.

LAST NOTE Thrice always dedicates proceeds from their albums to charity, so feel good about Thrice making you feel bad.

PENTHOUSE PICK
"The Sky Is Falling"



WHAT'S NEXT

LIL MAMA
Voice of the Young People
(Jive)

Only half of Lil Mama's name is true—the diminutive diva probably isn't tall enough to ride any roller coasters at Six Flags. The 18-year-old native New Yorker exploded onto MTV last year with the irresistibly bubblelicious R&B stomper "Lip Gloss," on which she rapped about how her excellent taste in makeup makes her popular with boys. Collaborations with Avril Lavigne, Chris Brown,



and Mary J. Blige followed soon after. This brashly titled debut is due anytime now. Expect Lip Smackers shares to skyrocket.



PORTISHEAD
Third
(Universal)

★★★★

SOUND CHECK In the mid-nineties, these Brits invented the template for trip-hop by pairing sultry sampled breakbeats with spine-tingling vocals. Now, 11 years after their last album, they treat us to more.

AMPLIFICATION *Third* can be downright frightening. The beats (and Adrian Utley's feedback-drenched guitar) are relentlessly sparse. The throbbing "Plastic" and "We Carry On" sound like eerie radio transmissions from a dystopian future.

LAST NOTE This disturbingly oppressive disc will leave you gasping for air—and desperate for more.

PENTHOUSE PICK
"Magic Doors"



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GAME OF THE MONTH

Hail to the Chimp

(Gamecock/Wideload Games) Xbox 360, PS3 ★★★★★

Even if you're already as sick of the presidential campaign as we are, you'll get a kick out of *Halo* creator Alex Seropian's politics-tweaking new title. You play one of ten animal candidates—including an octopus, hippo, monkey, armadillo, and platypus—vying to become the new king of the jungle after the lion was caught eating at a vegetarian restaurant by GRR (their version of CNN) and demoted. You climb to the top by collecting more clams—actual clams, not the sort passed between lobbyists and elected officials—than rival candidates in a series of mini-games. And unlike reality, where

politicians still have to at least pretend to respect their foes, you can take out your anger at losing the last race by bouncing on top of another candidate or punching them square in the jaw. If only November's election could be more like this!

Even if you're already as sick of the presidential campaign as we are, you'll get a kick out of Alex Seropian's politics-tweaking new title.

**NBA BALLERS:
CHOSEN ONE**
(Midway)
Xbox 360, PS3
★★★

Lay waste to your thumbs and play your guts out as one of 65 NBA stars vying to be the best.

ROCKS: The mad sound-track skills of *Just Blaze* (producer for Kanye West, Jay-Z, and Usher) and the commentary of Public Enemy's Chuck D. You've got a combo system at your fingertips to enhance your game and pull off some killer moves.

FLOPS: The idea of bringing fighting elements into a sports game is interesting, but we wish they had rounded it out with a franchise mode and let us take the managing reins more often.

PREVIEWS

IRON MAN

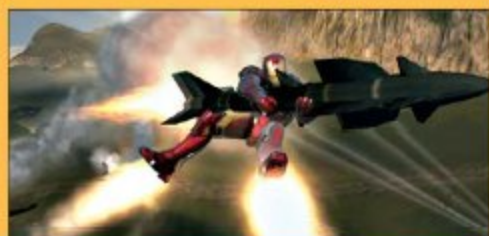
(Sega)

Xbox 360, PS3, PS2, Wii, PC, PSP, Nintendo DS

What's that? A bird? A plane? Superman? No, it's Iron Man!

ROCKS: Playing as Tony Stark is a bit like being a medieval knight—the first suit looks cribbed from Camelot—only with superpowers. The game doesn't follow the exact plot of the movie, so it's more *Marvel: Ultimate Alliance* than *Batman Begins*. The ability to fly, move heavy objects, and hunt down enemies ... are you sure this guy isn't Superman?

FLOPS: We're still nervous—the probability of a movie-based videogame actually being good is very low.



FATAL INERTIA (KOEI)

Xbox 360, PS3

This hovercraft racing game is finally hitting the PS3 (the Xbox 360 version came out late last year after serious delays).

ROCKS: Do you like *Wipeout Pure*? This is bigger and goes deeper, but not in that way, gutter brain. You've got a handful of fun, unusual weapons (cluster magnets, cables, and smoke bombs), and you'll cross snow-covered and jungle terrain ... and a crazy-looking lava field.

FLOPS: Didn't we experience something similar to this—without the next-gen graphics—when we were racing pods in *Star Wars: Episode I*? Hmm.

LEGOMANIA

Oh, Snap!

Following the success of *LEGO Star Wars*, the game's developers are now creating LEGO versions of *Batman* and *Indiana Jones*. While those will likely be just as popular as the first effort, here are six titles you will probably never see. Unless, that is, they let us call the shots!

Illustrations by 5 Creative



ANIMAL HOUSE

Keg stands. Toga parties. Sneaking through the sorority house to hook up with easy girls. There's nothing these party animals won't do in the name of higher education!



MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

The Crusades were brutal, but no matter! In MP's capable hands, you'll screw ladies in waiting, go questing for strange knights, and try to survive an encounter with a carnivorous rabbit.



HELLRAISER

We can't think of anything cuter than a miniature Pinhead. Well, until he makes our little LEGO guy explode. Thanks a lot, dude!



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Fancy a bit of the old ultraviolence? Want to pound a few molokos? This has it all—sex, drugs, and classical music.



GOONIES

Sure, *Pirates of the Caribbean* sucked, but here's a better use for treasure maps. And with Sloth by your side, this action-adventure game will be arrr-right.

SUPERBAD

You're underage and you want to get laid, get drunk, and be cool. This game actually makes it possible. Remember to collect all the phallic drawings along the way!



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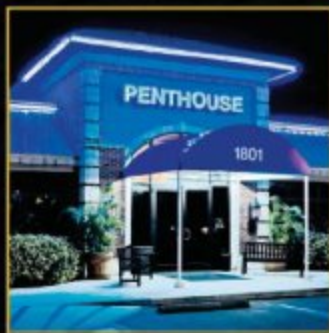
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Office Supplies

You can't indulge in the cubicle-jockey version of frat-boy pranks until you get your foot in the door. Before you start sending out résumés, resign yourself to the fact that following the yellow-sticky-note road to success requires a little prep time and a lot of petty cash.



The darker the suit, the more formal the look. If you're interviewing at a law firm, bank, or anywhere that will require you to actually wear a suit on the job, go with a traditional (read: kinda bland), more high-end (read: more expensive) getup. If you're heading into a more creative field, opt for a bolder shirt and tie. You don't want to look like you're wearing your father's clothes.


At left, from left: Calvin Klein suit (\$350), Gianfranco Ferré shirt (\$125), Pierre Cardin tie (\$35); International Traveller laptop bag (\$115); Polo Ralph Lauren belt (\$28); Claiborne white shirt (\$35), Sean John tie (\$35); Claiborne pinstripe shirt (\$45), Tommy Hilfiger tie (\$50).

Suit Up!

Adulthood sneaks up on the best of us, bringing a date called "first big job interview." If you're ready to put together a corporate uniform, do it right. When you step on that ladder to success, don't miss the first rung.

By Abigail Aronofsky • Photographs by Tamara Staples
Product styling by Darius Baptist

For less corporate environments, (i.e., dot-coms, ad agencies, and entertainment-industry gigs), you'll look like a douche if you don't add style. Try a gray suit with bolder shirts and ties. (Although at dot-coms, magazines, and record labels, you risk looking like an ass if you show up in a suit and tie at all.) By the way, a cheap pair of shoes ruins your look in a flash. You pony up for decent sneakers, so suck it up and get a pair of quality black lace-ups.

At right, from left: Kenneth Cole shoes (\$175); Geoffrey Beene blue shirt (\$35), Kenneth Cole tie (\$49.50); Nicole Miller striped shirt (\$35), Beau Brummel tie (\$80); Fossil woven belt (\$38); Perry Ellis Portfolio suit (\$185), Perry Ellis shirt (\$42.50), Perry Ellis Portfolio tie (\$39.50). 



Prove You're Detail-Oriented at First Glance

- 1 Get a wool suit. Polyester or rayon blends look cheap, and linen is better for beach resorts ... and wrinkles like a son of a bitch. Unbutton your jacket as you sit down.
- 2 Learn how to tie a simple Windsor knot (there are a number of illustrated guides online). The bottom of your tie should hit the top of your belt buckle.
- 3 Don't wear the pocket square that came with your tie unless it's a game-show-host job, and don't wear short sleeves with a suit unless you're Dwight K. Schrute.
- 4 Flash your bling at the meat market, not in the job market. Accessorize with a simple watch. If you're not sure your piercings are appropriate, it's not the job for you.
- 5 Shave (or groom your facial hair), get a haircut, iron your clothes, and shine your shoes. In this case, Grandma has a point. Oh, and *never* wear athletic socks to the office.



Long Live the Super Duke

Forget the King, and tell the Queen you're too busy for tea. This Duke is powerful, stylish, and the perfect companion for sophisticated two-wheeled mayhem.

By Bill Heald

If you are a fan of KTM motorcycles, you're probably familiar with their off-road and enduro machines, which have garnered great success on the racing front. But the fact is, this Austrian company has been active with street bikes and road racing since Hans Trunkenpolz started tinkering with motorcycles in the 1930s. The first true KTMs were produced in 1953, and the name comes from Kronreif, Trunkenpolz, and Mattighofen (after the two founders and the town of origin).

KTMs came to America with an

official subsidiary in 1978, and the small company became known for innovation, including the first liquid-cooled dirt bikes and the use of disc brakes when the other guys were still using drum units. In the early nineties, the company created a Duke for the street that was basically a Supermono machine that had been tweaked for

The Duke was born in the dirt and fashioned for the street, and it's already a royal pain for the competition.

duty in the demanding environment of the asphalt jungle. This motorcycle quickly became popular, as riders discovered that the attributes of the original bike (including an upright seating position and lots of suspension travel) worked great in urban environments.

In 2004, KTM launched the 990 Super Duke, which has evolved into the superb 2008 machine. The chassis features a chrome-moly space-frame design that is strong, light, simple, and beautifully powder-coated. An aluminum subframe supports the



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled 75-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	101mm x 62.4 mm
Displacement	999 cc
Fuel system	Keihin indirect- port fuel injection
Ignition	Fully transistorized
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	48-mm WP male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single WP shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 240-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR-17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR-17
Fuel tank	4.8 gallons
Wheelbase	56.6 inches
Seat height	33.6 inches
Dry weight	410 pounds
MSRP	\$14,000

seat, but the bulk of the chassis's rigidity comes from the fact that the space frame uses the engine as a stressed member, which is common sport-bike practice.

A jewel of an engine holds it all together. Its unusual cylinder angle—a 999-cc, 75-degree V-twin—helps mass centralization and packaging for excellent low-speed handling stability. Since this narrow layout introduces vibration, KTM employs a centrally mounted balancer shaft system to keep things smooth. Nothing is worse after a long ride than numb digits, especially when a date is involved. A sophisticated indirect-intake fuel-injection system ensures crisp throttle

response at all rpm, for excellent roll-on power when completing a turn.

But the conviction is in the details, and the Super Duke mixes style and functionality with superb results. Radially mounted front brake calipers make stopping short a snap, and the fully adjustable suspension from WP (a respected concern that KTM now owns) lets you fine-tune the ride to your cityscape. From the slick instrument panel to the trick underseat exhausts, the Super Duke is sharp, functional, and much more stimulating than any "real" royalty you'll ever encounter. 



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Tyrannosaurus WRX

Meet the next stage of evolution for this turbo-charged beast.

By Mike Guy

I'm about to do something illegal in this 2008 Subaru Impreza WRX. I've snuck into a huge, wooded park in rural Connecticut to scope out the logging roads. Rain is falling steadily and the muddy gravel roads are slippery as hell, which makes my high-speed rally simulation all the more genitally bracing. Some boys dream of being astronauts. Others, firemen. Not me. I wanted to be a rally driver. Going 60 miles an hour sideways on a dirt road is my version of rocketing into space.

Unfortunately, the turbo-charged 2.5-liter boxer-powered WRX is brand-new, and this is unfortunate for two reasons: The new-car smell makes me less inclined to take risks that might end in a shattering embrace

with a tree, and the new WRX doesn't provide the raw force of the older one, which long ago set the gold standard for ultimate rally performance.

Subaru's 15-year reign in the rally-racing world resulted from the Impreza's sublime blending of control, balance, all-wheel-drive traction, and power. It stayed on the road as it raced recklessly through tight gravel turns. Enthusiasts loved it for its hidden power, homely looks, and cultish per-

Subaru's 15-year reign in rally racing resulted from the Impreza's sublime blend of control, balance, all-wheel-drive traction, and power.

formance specs. It was for people *in the know*. This year, Subaru released a slightly dumbed-down, overly refined version. Who can blame them? Alas, cult appeal works in punk rock, not in the toothy world of autos.

Like most American men, I love raw horsepower, the straight-line rubber tear that feels like the brink of death. But true sophisticates look for a more wily, supple ride. And despite the revamped WRX's faults, it's still an extraordinary vehicle.

Subaru kept the turbo-charged boxer engine, which generates about 224 horsepower. That's a gutsy move. In the final analysis, Subaru is going to want the \$25,550 WRX and its beefier cousin, the STI, to run alongside power hogs like the Mitsubishi Evo 10,



which reins in 15 more horses. You might wonder why they chose not to goose the power a little bit. Burning around on the logging roads, though, I had no complaints.

Subaru did tinker with the turbo, moving the boost lower down the revs so that it kicks in at 2,800 rpm instead of 3,500. This makes the 'Rex a more efficient and seemingly more responsive drive. The result is, at least some of the concerns that the boxer isn't beefy enough will be set aside by a heavy dose of torque—226 foot-pounds at 2,800 rpm. That's a fair trade. I managed to activate the traction control in the first four gears—in an all-wheel-drive car. Not bad.

The rally-driving DNA routinely came in handy, and the all-wheel drive ate up the road, powering through corners with just a hint of



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	All-wheel drive, five-door
Engine	2.5-liter turbo-charged four-cylinder boxer
Power	224 horsepower
Torque	226 foot-pounds
Transmission	Five-speed manual
Suspension	Double-wishbone rear
Wheelbase	103.1 inches
Tires	17-inch 205/50 R17 Bridgestone RE92A
Curb weight	3,142 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60 mph	5.6 seconds
Top speed	N/A
Fuel economy	19 mpg city 20 mpg highway
Price (as tested)	\$25,495

oversteer. The handling and the coltishness of the tweaked turbo kept me out of the trees on more than one occasion.

Driving along the interstate, the rain really started to come down. I pegged the throttle on a straightaway to see if the 'Rex could part waters at triple-digit speeds, and it did—truly admirably. The ride was smooth and the cabin noise minimal. This is clearly what Subaru was aiming for—to refine enough of the hot rod to appeal to the mainstream moms who aren't necessarily interested in embarrassing BMWs at stoplights in a car that was half the price.

Of course, it's always fun to embarrass BMW owners, and the 'Rex still knows how to roar. **A-**

"You don't have to win her over again. Meet her for a drink. You don't want to be like, 'Did I just waste \$200 on her?'"



Ex Sex

Sex doesn't go stale, so there's no expiration date when it comes to nibbling on an old flame's neck. Penthouse Pet Krista Ayne explains how to reignite things with an ex.

By Jonathan Ages

"A girl is 100 percent more likely to hook up with an ex! When I'm single, I usually 'back date.' I will go for the old rather than the new. If she's more interested in you than in her current boyfriend, you can push man code aside. But if she's got a boyfriend, you'll have to put up with her guilt—and that's just a pain in the ass."

"A text message is the easiest way to break the ice if you haven't spoken in a while. Say, 'Hi, how's it going?' If she doesn't want to talk to you, she doesn't have to text you back."

"It's almost a routine for me to send a late-night mass text to exes. I have a list in my mind of people to contact. But that's better for a girlfriend of long ago, 'cause you don't want to stir up any recent feelings."

"I used to drunk-dial my ex-boyfriend and be like, 'Hi. Aren't you bored? Want me to come over?' He knew right away why I was calling. Guys need to be careful about what they say when drunk-dialing an ex. Make it sound like you're out having fun and want her to join you for a drink. Definitely don't make it all about sex. That sounds creepy and desperate."

"I would have said there was a time limit on contacting an ex, but not with the MySpace/Facebook phenomenon. Friends I haven't seen since I was ten have contacted me on those sites. Just make like you want to catch up."

"You don't have to totally win her over again. Meet her for a drink. 'Cause what if she's not the same person you remember? You don't want to be like, 'God, did I just waste \$200 on her?'"

"It's always nice to be honest about the other people you've hooked up with in between, but don't bring up your relationship history if you don't have to. I've had guys tell me every little thing. I'm like, 'Did I really need to know how many people you slept with this year?'" **OT—**

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Cassia Riley
2006 Pet of the Year
runner-up



Tequila Tales

Celebrate Cinco de Mayo with more than burritos and cheap shots.
By Abigail Aronofsky Photograph by Tamara Staples

Although Cinco de Mayo isn't an official holiday in Mexico, there's a reason we should raise a toast to our neighbors south of the border in celebration of the most American of Mexican fiestas. There, May 5 is a sparsely observed regional commemoration marking the defeat of French forces in the 1862 Battle of Puebla. Although it took another couple of years for Mexico to prevail, kicking imperial French ass is always worth honoring.

At some point, gringos decided Cinco de Mayo was the perfect excuse to wear sombreros and guzzle tequila (like we need an excuse to do that). It's also a great time to give thanks that you're inhaling nachos and delicious frozen cocktails instead of choking down snails and Bordeaux, which might have been the case if the French had succeeded in expanding their empire.

This super-premium margarita recipe uses Don Julio 1942, a smooth *añejo*, or aged, tequila. It's sure to

impress even the most reluctant margarita drinkers and, because it's made from 100 percent blue agave and contains less sugar than cheaper tequilas (read: Your hangover won't be quite as killer), you won't regret tipping back a few.

The 1942 Legendario

1 oz Tequila Don Julio 1942

½ oz Grand Marnier

Fresh lime juice

Orange juice

Pour Tequila Don Julio 1942, Grand Marnier, a splash of lime juice, a splash of orange juice, and ice into a cocktail shaker. Shake well. Strain contents into an old-fashioned glass. Garnish with a slice or slices of fruit.

Cinco de Mayo is a great time to give thanks that you're inhaling nachos and delicious frozen cocktails.



step outside



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revenge of the nerd

We went back to school with Pet of the Month Justine Joli in our September 2007 issue. Class is back in session now that the 27-year-old self-proclaimed “world’s hottest geek” is our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





"I'm a nerd at heart, geeky
and techy. I love to get my nerd
love on because I like it
all: girls, boys, spanking....
I'm down for anything!"



"I especially love threesomes. I have three-ways regularly with a couple I adore, and also with my lover and another woman."







"At a Penthouse Club recently, I was dancing with another Pet. She wanted it—and wanted me—so I gave it to her right there in the club."



"If a man can handle me in the bedroom, sweet! That guy's up for a hell of a ride. In fact, I'd love to try airtight [triple penetration]. It's filthy, but boy does it sound great!"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF JUSTINE AT PENTHOUSE.COM/RUNNERUP.





Andie Valentino
PENTHOUSE Pet of the Month, May 2007

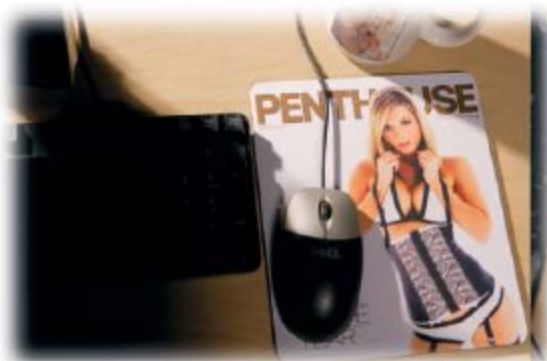
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Setting Suns

With their blockbuster trade for Shaquille O'Neal, the Phoenix Suns and Amare Stoudemire are looking at their last best chance for an NBA title.

By Dave Hollander

The Phoenix Suns have been part of the NBA's elite since 2004, but they've never won a championship. With one move this past February, GM Steve Kerr made an all-or-nothing bid to change that, shipping four-time All-Star forward Shawn Marion to the Miami Heat in exchange for 36-year-old center Shaquille O'Neal. However much O'Neal has left in the tank, he'll make the Suns interior defense stronger, and his presence allows the explosive 25-year-old Amare Stoudemire to move from center to power forward, his preferred position. Our man Dave Hollander tracked down the player Charles Barkley calls Hellboy and asked him about jumping straight from high school to the pros, the Shaq deal, and what it will take to advance out of the extremely competitive Western Conference and win an NBA championship.

Shaquille O'Neal for Shawn Marion is definitely an apple for an orange. What does the Big Aristotle bring to this team that it didn't have before? Yes, an apple and an orange are equally great, just as Shaq and Shawn are both great players, but in different ways. Shaq brings dominance and a sense of urgency to the team, which I think will be huge for us. He's a world champion. He has dominated against the best—from Tim Duncan to Pau Gasol to Dave Robinson. He will absolutely be a dominant force in the playoffs, and someone who will be key in helping us win a title. This sends the message to the other Western Conference contenders that we are serious about the playoffs and winning the title. We are going to make it happen.

Some critics have said that Shaq doesn't fit into the Suns' shoot-every-seven-seconds offense. How do you respond to that?

Those critics don't understand how versatile we are as a team. We will continue to capitalize on our versatility and adjust our team to any situation as we get into the playoffs.

How much does it mean to you to play the power forward position?

It means a lot. It's my natural position, and it will allow me to use all my assets together—my speed, my quickness, and toughness combined.

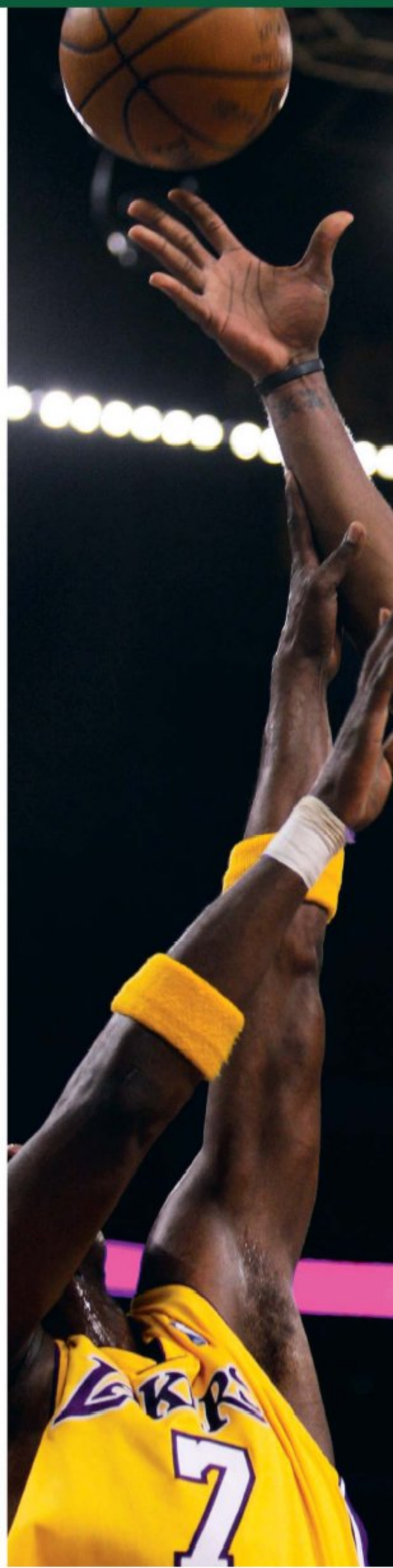
You turned pro straight from high school. When you watch March Madness and all the money it generates, do you think college athletes should be paid?

I think they should get something to live on; a little allowance or something. The reason I went straight to the NBA from high school is not because my family needed it or I needed it—it's because I was ready. I was mentally ready for the lifestyle; my game was ready and I was focused.

At 18, how do you know you're ready for the lifestyle?

You gotta have a feeling. I had an internal feeling that pushed me to prepare for it. The lifestyle? I was ready because of the way I was raised and the way I grew up. Having money was nothing new for me. I had money prior to going to the NBA. I'd been around people who had money most of my life. Really, nothing new.

"Shaq will absolutely be a dominant force in the playoffs, and someone who will be key in helping us win a title. We are going to make it happen."



TAT'S AMARE:
A quick tour of Amare Stoudemire's Ink

TAT

Stat

LOCATION

Right arm

MEANING

Not an urgent medical command, but "standing tall and talented," Stoudemire's self-applied nickname in high school.

TAT

Black Jesus

LOCATION

Right side of neck

MEANING

Here's what he had to say in an August 2007 interview: "It holds a different meaning because through history it says that Jesus is black." Oh, of course. That makes perfect sense. And here we thought he was an Everlast fan.

TAT

Knowledge Is Power

LOCATION

Inside right biceps

MEANING

Seems self-explanatory, and wise.



TAT

Knowing Is Knowledge

LOCATION

Inside left biceps

MEANING

We enlisted a team of epistemologists, semantics experts, and doctoral students in philosophy to help us crack this one. Still waiting on their answer.

TAT

Lord Knows

LOCATION

Left side of neck

MEANING

"That's what I believe in," Stoudemire has said. "My faith is everything. It's been my rock."

Let's go back to the Western Conference contenders.

Tell me something you know now about the Spurs that you didn't know last year.

There's nothing different between the Spurs this year and last year. They're still a very skilled team. They take every possession seriously. That's something I really admire, because in the playoffs every possession is key. The Spurs do that in the regular season so they're well prepared when they get to the playoffs. They're smart. When they need a basket, they go inside to Tim Duncan. That's the way the game has been played since George Mikan. They go inside and run plays from there. That's what's so great about them—they know they can go down inside the post and kick it out for Tony [Parker] and their other shooters.

Steve Nash is getting older.

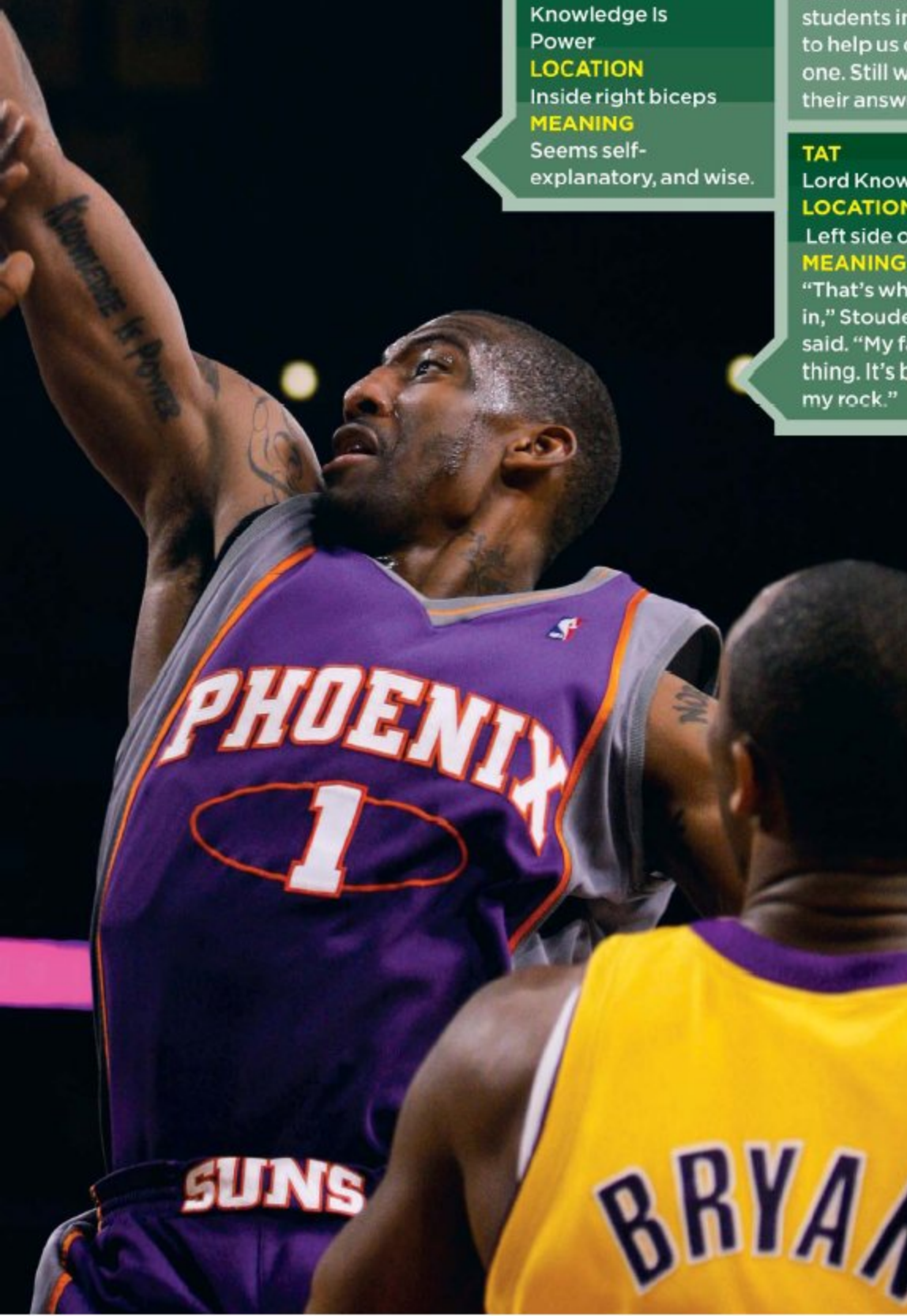
Grant Hill isn't getting any younger. And Shaq is 36 with four rings already. Is this the last chance for this Suns team?

In this day and age, guys move around so much you never know how things might play out, but it just might be. There are only a few times in your career when you play on a championship-caliber team, and you have to take advantage of it.

Finally, how much impact will Shaq have at team meals? Will each player get less food or will the team need to make more now?

I definitely want to be in front of Shaq at the buffet line.

"When the Spurs need a basket, they go inside to Tim Duncan and run plays from there. That's how the game has been played since George Mikan."



Gametime

Going, Going, Green

Make some room on the bandwagon. Sports franchises are the latest group to latch on to the environmental craze. By Mike Olson

NFL



NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS

INITIATIVE

Not only does Gillette Stadium have its very own waste-water treatment plant, but the team will purchase renewable-energy credits from a midwestern wind farm to offset the electricity used on game day.

OBSTACLE

What self-respecting Pats fan will let the team recycle water that has touched the almighty Tom Brady when it should be bottled and sold as cologne?

FAN EQUIVALENT

Grow out your hair and become a vegan. When it comes to going green in pro sports, this is as big a commitment as you're going to see.

Perfection: Off the field anyway—Brady's Pats are the most eco-conscious team in sports.

NEW YORK GIANTS AND NEW YORK JETS

INITIATIVE

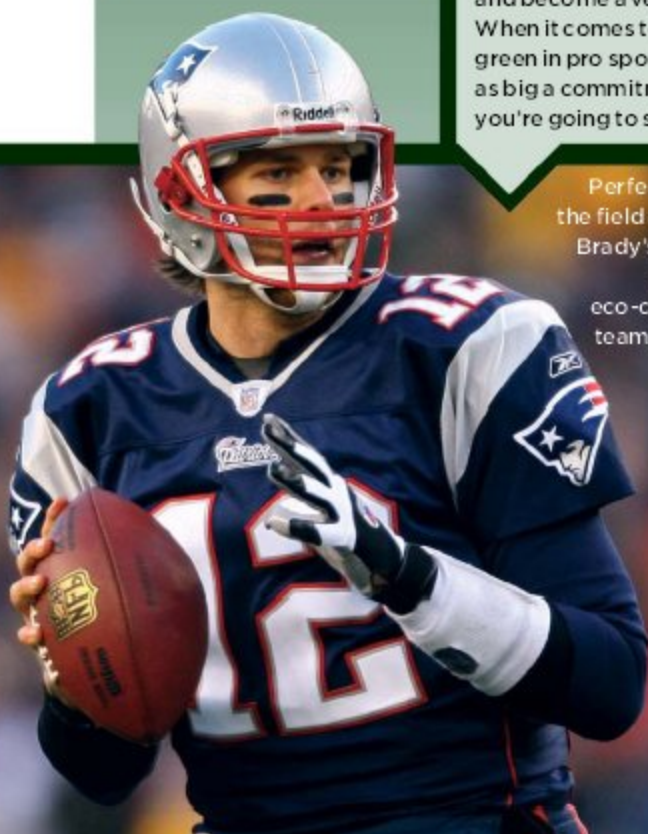
Not only will the Super Bowl champions and their green-clad step-brothers limit energy use by sharing their \$1.3 billion stadium when it opens in 2010, but the venue will also feature Low E glass to absorb solar heat and insulate the facilities, and a new train station nearby could mean 5,000 fewer cars on game days.

OBSTACLE

Will tailgate-obsessed football fans really give up their God-given right to get drunk in a parking lot and make lewd comments to women?

FAN EQUIVALENT

Keep your tires properly inflated and your wheels aligned. Or if you're planning on drinking, just take public transportation.



The Nets hope to become the first franchise to go carbon neutral. Next up: How to deal with a tanking Vince Carter and his \$61 million contract.



NBA



MLB

WASHINGTON NATIONALS AND MINNESOTA TWINS

INITIATIVE

The on-field action might be a snooze, but these franchises were in a race to build the first ballpark to be LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design) certified by the Green Building Rating System. The Nationals' new stadium opened this year; the Twins will cut their biodegradable ribbon in 2010.

OBSTACLE

Once they stop feeling good about themselves, fans are bound to realize that the Nationals have about two good players and the Twins just traded away Johan Santana. Resulting bad vibes could offset environmental gains.

FAN

EQUIVALENT

Buy a hybrid car. Not only are you saving the environment, but everyone else can see that you're doing it.



NEW YORK METS

INITIATIVE

Citi Field, the Mets stadium set to open in 2009, will be LEED compliant wherever possible, and will feature energy-efficient lighting and waterless urinals. The club will train stadium workers on how to operate and maintain a sustainable building, and they'll also recycle construction debris and Tom Glavine by returning him to the Braves.

OBSTACLE

At six bucks an hour, we're sure those stadium guys will be all ears.

FAN

EQUIVALENT

Run your dishwasher only when it's full. Then rent *An Inconvenient Truth* and congratulate yourself for being part of the solution, not the problem.



CINCINNATI REDS

INITIATIVE

The Big Red Machine hosted a carbon-neutral home opener in 2007, purchasing wind- and solar-power credits for the estimated 96 tons of carbon emissions created by Great American Ball Park.

OBSTACLE

It's admirable that the team kicked off their season this way. Of course, they did go on to host 80 more energy-sucking games.

FAN

EQUIVALENT

Use both sides of a piece of paper before you recycle it. It's the least you can do. Literally.



COLORADO ROCKIES

INITIATIVE

Last year's NL champs installed a 9.89-kilowatt solar array (we assume that's good) to offset the energy consumption of their LED scoreboard, along with a system that tells fans how much energy it's producing. And you thought between-innings scoreboard trivia was boring!

OBSTACLE

What true-blue fan will stop at the in-stadium displays that explain the new system when they could be in line to buy ice cream in one of those cute mini batting helmets?

FAN

EQUIVALENT

Buy compact fluorescent lightbulbs. Then tell everyone you know.



NEW JERSEY NETS

INITIATIVE

The Nets have hosted six "GreenNights" this season and are aiming to be the first NBA franchise to go carbon neutral by offsetting the team's carbon emissions.

OBSTACLE

Now that Jason Kidd is gone, the team can't keep Vince Carter from chucking up 25 ill-advised shots a game. Do you really think they can talk him into driving a Prius?

FAN

EQUIVALENT

Start a compost pile. It might smell like death but it's an important part of an ecosystem—just like the Meadowlands!

The Mets' new stadium will feature energy-efficient lighting and waterless urinals. They'll also recycle construction debris and Tom Glavine by returning him to the Braves.

Mild and Crazy Guy

Rising SNL player—and starter for the Judd Apatow All-Stars—Bill Hader has come a long way since “Home Alone with dogs.” But can the other Superbad cop break big?

By Matt Haber

Like *The Real World*, the cast of *Saturday Night Live* is comprised of distinct archetypes that have persisted since the sketch comedy show's debut in 1975. These include the Pros (Bill Murray, Phil Hartman, Maya Rudolph); the Hams (Chris Farley and Kattan, Jimmy Fallon); the Breakouts (Eddie Murphy, Adam Sandler, Tina Fey); and the Black Guys Who Never Get on (Chris Rock, Jerry Minor, Finesse Mitchell). But this comedic taxonomy wouldn't be complete without That Dude, the player whose name you might forget, but whose bit parts on the show and in film you remember. You see That Dude in the background for a few years or in supporting roles (often as the lead's best friend) and invariably think, *Hey, it's That Dude again!* The post-SNL career for That Dude can go two ways: He can become

Brad Hall, which is not the worst thing in the world (hell, it probably beats being Rich Hall), or, if he prays to little baby Jesus, he can go super-duper-nova and become Will Ferrell. Yes, the man who brought you Ricky Bobby, Ron Burgundy, and several other hilariously named dimwitted characters started out as That Dude and went on to conquer Hollywood.

Right now, Bill Hader is That Dude.

The 29-year-old Tulsa native has been on *SNL* for three seasons, holding his own with the Pros (the aforementioned Rudolph, who remains an unflappable professional even in the weakest bits), the Hams (are you as funny as you think you are, Andy Samberg?), the Breakouts (Amy Poehler, whose film roles showcase how ready she is to escape the four-minute sketch ghetto), and, if there's room, Kenan Thompson. (Seriously, memo to *SNL*'s writers: a black man is *this close* to being the Democratic presidential nominee—of the United States of America. Surely you can find more for Thompson to do.)

Hader's characters include a blustery Italian talk-show host named Vinny Vedecci and a spooky, sibilant Vincent Price. You also know him as *Superbad*'s coolest—or just weirdest—cop who ever showed a McLovin some love. Now, Hader's film résumé is swelling with roles in two upcoming Judd Apatow-produced projects, *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* and *The Pineapple Express*; Ben Stiller's *Apocalypse Now* satire, *Tropic Thunder*; and *Superbad* director Greg Mottola's *Adventureland*. That Dude is looking more and more like Ferrell every day.

Penthouse recently spoke to Hader in a New York City bar he frequents. For a guy who occasionally has Andy Samberg popping out of his solar plexus, we couldn't help but come away thinking that he remains refreshingly down to earth.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER/CORBIS



What do you think directors are looking for when they bring you into a movie?

I don't know. I just got into it from being in *You, Me and Dupree* with Seth Rogen, and me and Seth getting along with each other. It's like Seth said, there was nothing in that movie that said I was a good actor or anything. He was kinda like, "We liked the same comic books and the same movies. Let's hang out."

It seems like you play "the regular guy" a lot.

Yeah. It's all about being an ensemble player. That's what I like about the *SNL* cast and these Judd Apatow movies. When you're in a small role there's less pressure. There's more flexibility, and you can get weird and crazy. There's that Second City adage that Bill Murray always talks about: "Your whole job is making the other people look good." It's the same on *SNL*: If I'm on a team with Amy Poehler, I gotta be at the top of my game because she's amazing, you know?

Does your jump into movies feel premature? Will Ferrell put in years as an *SNL* player and did bit parts in movies before he broke out as a lead.

I don't know if "the market" is the right word, but what those Ferrell movies and Apatow movies did was broaden everything. And ensemble comedies are such a big thing. The Judd movies are all big ensemble comedies. Those were always the kind that I loved growing up, like *Animal House* and *Caddyshack*. Every time you cut to a new scene, there was a new awesome comedian.

How long did it take to feel at home on *SNL*?

I don't know how long it took. Everybody is so insanely sweet. It feels like a great ensemble at *SNL*.

But it's also competitive. Everybody wants to get their sketches on air, and there's only 90 minutes a week, right?

That's how the show works. Everybody has good weeks, everybody has bad weeks. I'll have a stretch of four shows where I'll have nothing and I kinda get nervous. And then—bam!—I'll have a stretch of three shows where I'm super heavy. You look at everybody; I think that goes for your whole run on the show. It's never a lock. I remember my first season, just being like, *Oh, man, Horatio Sanz, Rachel Dratch, Chris Parnell, and Tina Fey—I'd watch these people every week, and now I'm working with them.* But I'd see them have the same problems I was having as a freshman.

So what was your big break on the show?

I guess that Al Pacino impression my first show. That was pretty much it. I remember thinking, *Well, I guess it's all downhill from here.* I had a really great first show [laughs]. I learned it for my audition. This is funny: The impression thing—my wife pointed out that it comes from the way my family talks. My sister and my mom, everybody does the voices of people.

There's a bit of a stigma to impression-based humor. Some see it as more of a stunt than "real" comedy.

Yeah, some comedians really do not like it. And I understand it, but boy, there are some great impressionists, like Darrell Hammond. The *Star Wars* audition tape [skit], remember that? When he did Richard Dreyfuss as C-3PO—that's so funny. One of the cool moments for me was after my first table read when I did Al Pacino, and Darrell Hammond came over and said, "Man, Al Pacino was really great." The nice thing about my impressions is that the majority of people I do well are dead.

Like Vincent Price. I wonder if the kids watching even know who he is.

They should know who he is! He was a big part of my childhood.

But you were a nerd.

Yeah, but at the same time, it's about sticking to your guns with what makes you laugh instead of being like, *I hope this gets on the show.* I remember, they asked me to do Ryan Seacrest, and I was



Far right: Helping a friend forget Sarah Marshall in, um, *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*. Right: Kicking it with another Sarah woman, Liz Bretter. We smell a sequel! Below: Bustin' McLovin.



"My grades were so terrible in high school, I couldn't get into a good film school. So I moved to L.A. and worked on the shittiest, low-budget movies ever."

like, "Oh, my god, what does he sound like?" And they were like, "Just turn on Fox and you'll see him; he's on the biggest show in the world." They were like, "Have you seen *American Idol*?" I was like, "No, I don't watch that show." So the more popular people or things I have to do more research on, but if they said, "Do James Mason," I'd be like, "What era?"

It's all a part of the wasted pop-culture knowledge from your youth.

I guess it wasn't wasted. I've made some money on it [laughs]. I remember watching those Vincent Price-Roger Corman movies as a kid and being a true fan. Anything he did, I would watch.

Did you think they were schlock?

No! I thought they were fantastic films! Really, watch *The Masque of the Red Death*. Nicolas Roeg shot it; it's a beautiful-looking

would organize friends and we did a hip-hop zombie movie that was all in Spanish called *Zombie Nation*.

Zombie Nation? Not Nación Zombie? It probably would've crossed over better.

It would've. We had that and a sequel, this epic zombie movie called *Zombie Nation 2*.

What would your fans think if they saw these films?

I don't know... I don't know if I have any "fans."

Sure you do. There are Websites dedicated to you; people post videos of you outside SNL on YouTube.

Oh, yeah? Wow, it's crazy. I relate to that. I remember sitting in line to go see *The Lord of the Rings* movies—never overnight—I'd go see the midnight showing, and get there at 6 p.m., and wait in line for six hours.

When you first went to L.A., was it to work in film?

My grades were so terrible in high school, I couldn't get into a good film school. I went to Scottsdale Community College in Arizona. From Oklahoma to Arizona.

Slowly working your way to L.A.

In 1999 I moved to L.A. and me and my friends just worked on the lowest-budget movies. The shittiest, low-budget movies ever. I worked on a movie called *Little Heroes* as a PA.

Somehow I've never heard of it.

It got sold to foreign markets. It was like *Home Alone* with dogs. I worked every day on that movie, 18 hours a day, getting no sleep, for a month and a half. My big break as a PA was when I worked on *Collateral Damage* and I got to go to Mexico, which was kind of cool. And I was a production assistant on *The Scorpion King*. I thought, *I can be an assistant director now*.

When did you start doing sketch comedy?

I didn't start doing sketch stuff until 2003. I got a manager solely because I had a meeting with Lorne Michaels. Megan Mullally saw me in a sketch show and recommended me to Lorne. I had nothing.

Do you ever see yourself acting in a drama?

Yeah. I'm just kind of rolling with it right now. I feel like thinking about these things might jinx the possibility of it. I never thought in a million years I'd be on *SNL*, I never dreamed I'd work with Judd Apatow, you know, a Ben Stiller movie, or whatever. I've taken on just not thinking about it. You just keep working and make it about the work. Everything so far, I'm happy about, movie-wise.

What about all the male frontal nudity in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*? Your costar Jason Segel is naked a lot. Judd Apatow says that penises are gonna be in all his movies.

Yeah, *Walk Hard* had it.


What will happen when Apatow comes to you and says, "Bill, your nude scene is next?"

Oh, boy. I'll be like, "You and my wife have to have a sit-down." I don't know if that'll happen to me. After *Sarah Marshall*, I don't know what else [he] can do. It's like Harvey Keitel in *Bad Lieutenant*. I think it's a very funny scene, too. A guy getting dumped—naked. He's so bare. I don't think it's gratuitous. It's a very smart, funny joke. I don't mind it, as long as the joke is funny.

The penises in *Walk Hard* were pretty gratuitous.

No, I think it shows where this guy [Dewey Cox] is at—a dude being naked doesn't even faze him. He sees his friend naked every morning. It works.

Do you have plans to write your own screenplay?

Before the strike I was writing something for Judd. It's still kind of in the works. We'll see what happens. It's about a guy who gets naked, shows his dick. 

PHOTOGRAPH BY (LEFT) ART STREIBER/CORBIS



movie. I love *The Tomb of Ligeia*—the costumes in that are amazing. It was one of Robert Towne's first scripts. Just the production value of what Roger Corman got, I thought was so cool.

What else were you into as a kid?

I liked comic books. I was into superheroes when I was really young, then I got into EC Comics—the horror comics—then I got into Will Eisner stuff in high school. I'd read Stephen King books. I was never into slasher movies. And I loved listening to comedy albums like Monty Python, Firesign Theatre, and that first Adam Sandler record was huge when I was 15. *The State* was on MTV, Conan [O'Brien] started, and *The Simpsons* were in their golden age. Like a lot of people, I was a huge Monty Python nerd.

Did you think you'd be a performer at that time?

No, never. More a writer. I always wanted to write and direct. I was into film. That's what I wanted to do. I'd read a book on Steven Spielberg in junior high and was amazed. And piecing it together in the video store, like, *Wow, the same guy who directed Trading Places is the guy who did Animal House. And he did 'Thriller,' too!?*

Because there was no Internet.

Yeah, you'd kind of just go the video store and pick up boxes. I had friends who liked movies, but I don't think to my obsessive point. I was the only kid making short films. In my spare time, I

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVERETT/DIGITAL

Aspen Reigns

Aspen Reign and Keira Reiley went to new artistic heights to secure their top finishes at the 2008 Penthouse Gold G-String Awards.

Photographs by Lee Celano



"I was first on Thursday night, and I was scared to death. I didn't think I'd have any crowd reaction, but they were great."—Aspen

Somewhere, Hailey Heart's former fiancé is probably weeping. Just weeks after calling off her walk down the aisle, Heart strutted onstage at the New Orleans Penthouse Club's eighth annual Penthouse Gold G-String Awards, the nation's premier contest for exotic dancers. The chopped-down wedding dress she was sporting showcased all that her ex was missing. "I had this big ol' fancy wedding dress, but that didn't work out," Heart said backstage, fortifying herself with a red-headed slut—a shot of pink schnapps, cranberry juice, and Jagermeister. "So I tore that dress up into a 'November Rain'-like dress and went from there. When I first did it, I wanted him to see the pictures and be like, 'That was the dress!'"

The weekend after Mardi Gras is typically slow for gentlemen's clubs in New Orleans, but the Gold G-String Awards at the Penthouse Club were standing room only—again. "When everybody quits partying after Mardi Gras, we're ready to go," said Schevelle, a featured dancer. "It's like, 'Wake up! Don't be going to bed, guys. You ain't seen nothin' yet.'"

Invited showgirls compete for the coveted jeweled G-string, medals, and bragging rights. "This is probably the best contest out there right now," said Aspen Reign, a perennial favorite. "Penthouse is a great name to put on your résumé."

Mark Allen, operating partner of the New Orleans Penthouse Club and founder of the Gold G-String Awards, credits Aspen with inspiring a new generation of showgirls. "What burlesque once was, Aspen is," Allen said. "Aspen is the epitome of what our business is about."

For this year's festivities, Reign reprised her "Rock Me Amadeus" Marie Antoinette show. While lit by strobe lights and a rack of votive candles, she shed an elaborate turquoise-and-silver ball gown, wig, and mask. She writhed to Buckcherry's "Crazy Bitch," then lathered herself up in a giant champagne glass, gleefully slinging suds across the tables. "We've all gotten along really well," she told us about her fellow competitors. "It's stiff competition—better than last year. All the girls are putting on great shows, which I like. I'd rather go to a competition where the girls are making an effort."

The 2008 cirque du soiree set a new standard for athleticism and creativity. Three of the other contestants were back from 2007 as well. Keira Reiley described her '07 cheerleader routine as "real peppy and fun," then added, "This year, I wanted to bring my sex appeal."

She did. During an elaborate James Bond-inspired show, she balanced on an aerial hoop and rappelled out of sight. "It's a lot of work, as you can tell," Keira said afterward, showing off her bruised shins. "It's a challenge to get up there, hang upside down, and not kill yourself."

Judges awarded Aspen the overall gold medal and Keira the silver, a repeat of their one-two finish at the Miss Nude World competition in December. "I just want to cry from joy!" Keira said. "I can't believe it. Again, it's us two at the end."

"I love the crowd. I totally feed off them. The more the crowd plays with me, the more I play with them." —
Hailey



Make your reservations now for the 2009 Penthouse Gold G-String Awards,

February 25 to 28 at the New Orleans Penthouse Club. The 2009 post-Mardi Gras party is already shaping up to be the best ever.



Victoria Valentino rocked a purple-and-black winged outfit with knee-high boots, then enlisted a lucky fan to drip candle wax across her impressive chest, torso, and legs.

"I videotaped the whole [007 routine training]. It could be a reality show. To overcome the fear of hanging in the air was a challenge." —Keira



The movie 300 inspired Gia Nova, and sparks literally flew when she caressed her breastplate with an electric angle grinder. Later in her act, she caressed her breasts with a creamier concoction.

"No matter what you do, everything's got a little bit of an act to it, so it's fun. But it's even more fun to watch a crowd interact. It turns you on to turn them on." —*Shay Lynn*





These are a few of our other favorite moments:

Schevelle was introduced with a recording of *Scarface* anti-hero Tony Montana, then strutted onto the stage with a toy Tommy gun, a purple zoot suit, and a killer body. She disposed of a "body" wrapped in a rug before revealing her purple G-string. "My inspiration is tough guys," she told us. "It's a combination of training and street dancing."

Schevelle also had a few words of advice for aspiring dancers: "If you want to do well in a contest, you've got to take care of yourself and work out. I perform these shows throughout the year across the country, so by the time the contest comes, I usually have an idea of my top three or four shows. I throw those out there and have as much fun with it as I can."

Shay Lynn donned a black-and-red top hat, bustier, and fish-net stockings in a cabaret salute to *Moulin Rouge*. Then, while perched upside down in a spectator's lap, she wrapped her thighs around his head. "The place was packed, and when they enjoy, you enjoy it," she said. "This was only my third competition. I'm very new at this. But I like it. I love it, actually."

Newcomer Pason drew on years of formal ballet training. She performed *en pointe*—balanced on the tips of her toes—in a pink tutu. She initially wore her hair up like a proper ballerina, then let it fly to System of a Down. "I want to combine the very artistic and technical with the very sexy and erotic," she told us. "I like being known for being different. I have fun, and I get to play and come up with things and keep tweaking them until it's where I want it. I like having creative control."


Pason also explained why she prefers exotic dancing to ballet: "You actually get to have interaction with the audience. If you're just playing a character in a [ballet] company, you're in your character. Are you going to narrate and look toward the camera? Usually not. It's fun to be able to play with the crowd and feed off them. It helps you become a better performer, because you figure out what works."

Rachelle Laree, who had five monkey tattoos across her lower back, trotted out in a monkey costume to music from *The Jungle Book*. Then she walked on her hands, stood on her head, and dropped to pop the worm. After, she prepared a banana split like you've never seen. She smeared vanilla ice cream, caramel syrup, and whipped cream on herself, then deep-throated a banana.

The idea was, as she put it, "to evolve from a funny, spastic, breakdancing monkey into whipped cream and ice cream, then take a sexy shower in my monkey barrel."

Rachelle summed up her excitement at being at the awards thusly: "I have such a passion for entertaining. It's my art. When I'm happy, I want to dance."

Rachelle was beyond happy when her chimp act won the overall bronze. "I'm so honored and grateful to even be here," she said. "I'm in shock."

So was everyone watching. 

"I had one guy tell me, 'I was so intrigued with your feet that I didn't even notice you got naked.' I was like, 'That's a huge compliment. Thank you.'"—Pason



"In the feature industry, the Gold G-String Awards is one of the top contests, if not the top. To be invited is an honor."—Rachelle



For Sequoia Roberts's patriotic "American Woman" set, an audience member painted red vertical stripes down her torso—accenting the blue stars already adorning her breasts. Then she pressed herself against a blank canvas to render an abstract American flag.

"There is a lot of variety here, a lot of strengths, a lot of creativity. It's been a blast seeing everybody's shows and seeing all the new stuff." —Schevelle





Green Is

All right, you can stop giving Al Gore awards now—we get it. Global warming is important. Here are the best ways to save the planet, satisfy the eco-loving ladies, and use the going-green craze to your advantage.

*By Kara Wahlgren
Photographs
by Alexander Wagner*

Make It Work for You

Learning the lingo of the environmentally correct can help you get away with all kinds of shit.

PHONE IT IN ON BIRTHDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Mr. Gore said it himself: Wrapping paper is bad. We see no reason to stop there. Enforce a personal ban on paper greeting cards. You didn't forget to send a card; you're preserving the planet for future generations. (Planting a mental seed about children is risky, though, particularly with your mother. Use this one with caution.)

Forgot a gift? Order an electronic gift card, then toss out the words *no carbon footprint from packaging*. You weren't late doing your shopping; you're environmentally aware.

PRACTICE GREEN SEX

When it comes to sex toys, make it all about her. Inexpensive sex toys often contain phthalates, a nasty chemical with an equally nasty funk, so spring for glass, silicone, or elastomer. Then make her feel thankful that you're the one guy who cares enough to fuck her with a high-quality phallus.

As for lube, keep the unpronounceables away from your—and her—nether regions. According to Meredith Medland, host of the Living Green podcast at PersonalLifeMedia.com, plant-based lubricants, such as Good Clean Love and Carrageenan, "taste better, the glide is really good, and it's an easy way to bring environmental consciousness into your love life."

BE THE MASTER OF YOUR LAUNDRY ROOM

Do you know what fabrics should be washed on the warm cycle? Neither do we. Luckily, conservation takes the guesswork out of laundry. Chip Giller, president and CEO of the environmental news site Grist.org, recommends washing everything on cold to save energy. If your girl criticizes your line of attack, sigh heavily and mumble something about melting polar ice caps and those cute little penguins.

DON'T GO THE EXTRA MILE

"There's a lot of unnecessary business travel," says eco expert Frank Gerber of FranklyGreen.com. If there's a long-distance meeting you've been dreading, try this on for size: "In the interest of our carbon footprint, why don't we arrange a teleconference instead?" If your boss disagrees, he'll look like an ozone-destroying douche bag.

BETTER YET, DON'T GO AT ALL

Nix your toxic commute altogether—Giller suggests talking to your boss about telecommuting once a week to cut down on emissions. Tell him it's what all the big boys in business are doing.

Go All-In

If you want to do more than impress your dates, go balls-to-the-wall green.

TIME-SHARE YOUR WHEELS

If you live in a city, consider buying into a Zipcar, which lets you use a shared set of wheels when you need it. Zipcar says its customers use 50 percent less energy—likely because the pay-as-you-go access encourages users to walk, bike, or take the subway instead. Bonus: You won't be paying astronomical fees for car insurance while your ride is sitting in a garage.

Of course the showy vehicle choice is a hybrid, but if you prefer to emulate someone who's more of a guy's guy than Leonardo DiCaprio, get your easy rider on. Motorcycles get considerably more miles to the gallon than cars.



VACATION OFF THE GRID

According to Gerber, coughing up a few dollars for carbon offsets is like going to confession after sinning. Instead, vacation virtuously by choosing eco-resorts that generate their own energy. (Grenada's Paradise Bay Resort, for example, generates 150 percent of its power via windmill.) Don't expect cable TV or air conditioning—but after a few caipirinhas you won't miss 'em.

FIGHT THE POWER

Electronics draw a small amount of power all the time if they're plugged in. According to the U.S. Department of Energy, 75 percent of energy is consumed by turned-off gadgets. Unplug everything if it's not in use or get a power strip.

According to EnergyStar, light-colored Web pages use 20 percent more power than dark pages. The all-black, Google-powered search engine Blackle.com aims to save the earth a few watts at a time. And it makes a pretty badass homepage.



Eat and Drink Right

Find the best way to indulge in the two most important food groups—beef and beer.

BUY THE COW

Getting meat directly from a ranch cuts down on waste from packaging and shipping—and, let's face it, there's something manly in a Clint Eastwood kind of way about paying for meat by its "hanging weight." Split a cow from LargaVistaRanch.com with a few buddies and you'll pay about \$3 to \$4 a pound for grass-fed, hormone- and antibiotic-free beef.

DRINK GREEN BEER

No, not that liquid blasphemy they serve on St. Patty's Day. We're talking about farm-friendly organic brews from Wolaver's, Pisgah, Orlio, or Peak Brewing. Even Anheuser-Busch produces the organic Wild Hop Lager and Stone Mill Pale Ale.

DRINK FROM THE TAP

Bottled water uses 47 million gallons of oil each year—and that's just for the packaging process. The water is usually shipped from a few thousand miles away, and only ten to 15 percent of the bottles get recycled. The stuff in your pipes is almost free and more strictly regulated than the bottled variety.

FIRE IT UP

If you're still using a charcoal grill, upgrade to propane. You can nix the pollutant-heavy lighter fluid. For your fireplace, stock up on Java-Logs. They're made from coffee waste and produce less creosote and carbon monoxide than wood.

Green With Envy

Yes, consumerism is bad. But we still lust after these eco-minded goodies.

REBICYCLING

Graham Bergh turns busted bikes into decidedly manly home décor—tealights made from cogs, frames fashioned from chains, clocks made from sprockets. ResourceRevival.com

CIRCUIT COASTERS

The toxins in circuit boards can leach into the groundwater from landfills. They do a much better job safeguarding your coffee table. MotherBoardGifts.net

BAMBOO SNOWBOARDS

Indigo's foam-free boards are lightweight and about as stylin' as a board can get. IndigoSnow.com

BAY RUM AFTERSHAVE

Splash on Jamaican rum infused with bay leaves, cloves, orange peel, and essential oils. GreenFeet.com

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addicted to love

The innocent-looking 19-year-old Alexis Love had us intrigued from the start. Finding out that the rising adult-film star freely shares the love, so to speak, with both men and women, on-screen and off, has us hooked for good.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





"My favorite thing about making a movie is getting all glam. I also love that I'm the boss. People often have the wrong idea and think the director is forcing me to do something, but I don't do *anything* I don't want to do."



"I bought my own house a month ago. It's in the Valley, in Los Angeles. But I've been so busy that it's still completely unfurnished. I've only managed to decorate one bathroom."







"In guys, I look for a nice body—the chest and neck are my favorite features. But when it comes to girls, I love a good booty. I don't have much of one, so I like a big ass on a girl."



"I'm currently single, which I love because I don't have to stay with one person all the time. I can jump from partner to partner and not be locked down."



Q Alexis Love
Pet of the Month
May 2008

Vital stats:
19 years old, 5'3"
32B-24-34

Favorite TV show:
CSI: Miami. I like the
investigating aspect.

Favorite drink:
Red Bull and vodka

Favorite fantasy:
I'm bisexual, so I like to
be with a girl and a boy
at the same time.

**What music gets you in
the mood?**
Hip-hop and R&B. I love
Beyonce.

**Most daring thing you've
ever done:**
Bungee jumping when I
was 17. I loved it!

Hottest movie sex scene:
Me and Naomi in the
Penthouse video *Slick*

Favorite sport:
Basketball, but my
favorite sport to watch
is football. I'm a big
Oakland Raiders fan.

Favorite food:
I love Italian food. I'm not
scared of carbs!

Favorite vacation spot:
My hometown of Sacra-
mento. There's not much
to do, but I love it.

Alexis Love

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♀ ALEXIS LOVE
MAY 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP



Alexis Love
 MAY 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

The Penthouse Pet of the Month is a special feature of the Penthouse magazine, where we select the most beautiful and talented women to be featured in our magazine.

David G. Korten, *has completed a graduate certificate in the field of international development studies from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He is currently a research fellow at the Center for International Development, University of Wisconsin-Madison. He is also a senior advisor at the Center for International Development, University of Wisconsin-Madison. He is a frequent speaker at international development conferences and has published articles in the field of international development.*

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dangerous job in the
world's most
dangerous place*



Defusing Death

Chris Hunter (above) pits his skills against the IRA and bloodthirsty guerrillas. Now this British bomb-disposal expert tells us how he faced his deadliest challenge.

The pilot descends into Basra Palace at full speed, and within seconds we're on the ground. The Chinook's ramp lowers and we spill out. As we run, we're hit by the scorching blast of the rotor engines. The heat is fearsome. As the last man leaves the chopper, the pilot is already beginning his ascent. I shield my eyes and close my mouth to ensure I don't get a lungful of burning sand as the Chinook roars over us and disappears from view.

It's 122 degrees in the midday sun. But hey, shit happens.

I'm met by Phil, a staff sergeant who began working for me several years ago during my first troop command. Phil's in his mid-thirties and is a hard man. He has a shaved head and looks like a younger version of Bruce Willis.

"Welcome to Basra, the most fucked-up place on earth."

We make the short walk from the landing site to the Explosive Ordnance Disposal Detachment headquarters, and inside it's buzzing. The Chemical Brothers are blasting out along the corridors. Raucous laughter spills out of the two crew rooms. I can sense the undercurrent of tension, but it's a vibrant place, a place with real energy. I've always felt happiest when I'm in the heart of the crew out on operations, and I already know I'm going to enjoy it here. Phil shows me around and introduces me to the blokes, then we get straight down to business.

"Young Nick here, from the brigade's intelligence section, has put together a PowerPoint presentation for you on the current intelligence situation in Basra."

Nick flashes up a detailed map and gets straight into the meat of it. "Basra is the capital city of the al-Basra governorate. It's

located on the western banks of the Shatt al-Arab waterway in the southeast and is the country's second city, with a population of approximately 1.4 million inhabitants."

Eventually he gets to the part I've been waiting for—the insurgent threat. He tells us about the four separate groupings. The first consists of the disaffected, criminal, and tribal elements. The second, the Shia militants, are the bad-boy lunatics who run Basra and, crucially, the Iraqi police. Then there are the Sunni former regime elements—Saddam's mates—and finally the international jihadists, foreign fighters aligned closely with the al-Qaeda network headed by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi.

He goes on to describe the various types of attack. Rocket and mortar attacks are pretty much daily affairs, but small-arms and rocket-propelled grenade attacks are even more common. For sheer devastation, though, improvised explosive devices win every time. An hour passes, and Nick fires up the final slide. "So, gentlemen, in a nutshell, that is Basra."

Rob Powell, one of the newer members of the team, nudges me. "So, gentlemen, in a nutshell, we're all fucked," he whispers.

He has a point. But for me, it doesn't get much better than this. This is the business. It's what I love about our job: We get to enjoy the best of both worlds. We may be technical officers, but we're soldiers first and foremost, and we're frequently called to support the infantry on jobs like this, when there's a chance that ammunition or explosives may be found.

"Fuck me, you're in for some fun," Phil says.

He's not wrong.

“So, gentlemen,
in a nutshell,
that is Basra,” the
military briefer
concludes. “So,
gentlemen, in
a nutshell,” a
team member
whispers, “we’re
all fucked.”



Two days later, I sit outside, basking in the heat of the fierce desert sun, drinking iced tea and thinking about home. Fishermen idle away the morning, casting their rods into the Shatt al-Arab from its palm-fringed banks. An impassioned call to prayer rings out from the tower of a nearby mosque. Its cadences are mystical and hypnotic.

The fragile tranquility is elbowed aside by a flurry of activity. We've received a tasking message. This is my fourth task in as many days. Corporal Dan Harris, my number two, yells over to me, "Boss, it's an IED shout. I'll brief you on the way."

I grab my kit and head for the team vehicles. There are people everywhere, shrugging on their combat body armor and Kevlar helmets. Weapons are being loaded, radios checked, electronic countermeasures (ECM) switched on, goggles fitted, engines fired. Everyone is running through their last-minute mental lists, triple-checking weapons, rehearsing actions-on. We mount our vehicles, adrenaline pumping, and embrace the uncertainty that lies ahead.

Rob Powell, one of our infantry escorts, runs through the route. Every time we leave the safety of our base here in Saddam's palace we take a different one. Every routine is logged by hostiles. There's always someone watching, waiting for us to drop our guard. This is a highly sophisticated, state-sponsored guerrilla war. Our enemies have people on the ground and instant communication. If we set patterns, they'll be noted, and a roadside bomb will be lying in wait next time.

Ten minutes later, blues and twos flashing, our convoy pulls out of the gates and into the bustling city. Our mood changes as soon as we leave the shelter of the camp. We flick the switch from full off to full on. Alert ... weapons in the aim and ready to react.

The first thing you notice about the city is its stomach-turning smell. Rubbish and excrement fester on every corner. The sewers have been blocked for months. We drive quickly through the sprawling mass of low sand-colored homes, public monuments, and seventies-style concrete apartment blocks. Soon we're weaving our way through the back streets. The place is teeming with donkey carts, trucks, taxis, pedestrians, market stalls. We take in every feature we pass. Everything simmers with unease.

Twenty minutes later, we finally break out into the desert. I see the airport—the home of our divisional HQ—on the horizon.

As we race toward the incident, my mind flashes back to my course at counterterrorist bomb-disposal school and runs through the day-one, week-one basics: the need for caution and vigilance when approaching the area; the risk of gunmen lying in wait to ambush the vehicles; what type of device I'm going to face when I get there; where it is; what time it was laid; how long the area's been secured; what else was seen and heard. I also think about our greatest enemy of all: concealed secondary devices, hidden bombs specifically designed to kill us at any stage during the task. They might be on the cordon position, on the route to the device, or in its immediate vicinity. Whether a bomber places a secondary or not, the risk of it is always there, preying on your mind. I try never to think about failure, whether or not I'll come away with life and limbs intact. As far as I'm concerned, survival is a given.

We locate the incident control point, park the two armored vehicles to form a protected V, and drop the blast skirts to prevent explosive debris from shooting underneath the vehicle. An armored Land Rover pulls in across the back to close the triangle.

The heat is intense, and the desert is almost bare. We can see, and be seen, for miles. Any movement in the open can be observed by the enemy. It's every sniper's dream—a gift of a shot.

A crowd has formed at the edge of the cordon. Setting up a cordon is a simple affair. You start by tying a piece of white plastic mine tape—similar to police tape—across the road. The real difficulty lies in controlling it. A few young soldiers facing an



angry crowd with nothing more than a piece of two-inch-thick plastic tape to separate them can be an intimidating experience. And the Iraqi collapse has flooded the region with unemployed young men, most of them angry, jobless, and humiliated. One of them shouts at me, "When? When go? Why no dead yet? Your luck—no last forever." There is hatred in his eyes.

I locate the cordon commander, a young Royal Air Force flight lieutenant, and fire a barrage of questions at him. The IED is 250 meters away and consists of an unfired salvo of Iranian 107-millimeter rockets on an improvised timer circuit. Nobody has approached closer than 50 meters, and the ground between us and the IED is impassable to vehicles. I'm going to have to make the approach on foot, in the suffocating heat of the midday sun.

I get on the radio and request a high-risk search team from the Royal Engineers to carry out a perimeter search for additional devices. The last thing I want to do is neutralize the main device, then be blown to bits by a hidden command-wire IED. I'm told by brigade HQ that no search teams are available. I ask for a heli to provide aerial top cover. I'm fobbed off: There's a shortage of airframes, and it's too hot to fly.

To top it all off, the ditches and mounds of earth that surround the device won't allow me to send in my wheelbarrow robot. The barrow is a three-foot-high, 600-pound tracked vehicle that travels at a speed of up to six miles per hour and has an extendable robotic arm mounted on the chassis that can be fitted with a wide selection of disrupter weapons. It's saved thousands of lives.

Instead of inspecting the device remotely—diagnosing its type, size, and construction—then attacking it from a safe distance, I'm going to have to go in myself. Things have not got off to a good start.

I fight back feelings of futility. I'm going to have to do what I can. Lives depend on me—in this case, the thousand or so people living and working at Basra Air Station, where this deadly salvo is headed. I want to let the device soak, leave it alone until I am certain the timer has completely run down, but I can't. I can't risk the rockets launching. The results would be catastrophic. Each one of the four-foot-long projectiles would scream toward its



Lives depend on me—in this case, the thousand or so people living and working at Basra Air Station.... I can't risk the rockets launching. The results would be catastrophic.



A British military helicopter lands in front of Saddam Hussein's Basra palace in 2004 (top); Sunni mosque in Basra destroyed last year

by bombers (right); Iraqis remove debris after a deadly bombing in Baghdad in 2006 (above)



predetermined target at twice the speed of sound. Those on the receiving end wouldn't know they were being attacked until the second before the strike. As each rocket landed, the high-explosive warhead would detonate on impact and fragment into 1,200 supersonic shards of molten metal. The glass windows in every structure within 200 meters would implode in an instant, turning any exposed personnel into human colanders.

I have no choice.

I brief the team and prepare to face the task ahead. My pulse is

racing, every sense on full alert. I have to keep my wits about me. I have to maintain a healthy measure of paranoia. No matter how much faith I have in my equipment and skills, at some stage my time or luck is going to run out. Right now, it looks like both are slipping away.

I say a quick prayer to myself, the one every bomb tech says before he goes forward. If fate is against me and I'm killed, so be it, but make it quick and painless. If I'm wounded, don't let me be crippled. But above all, don't let me fuck up the task.

The team has sprung into action around me. Rob is organizing the infantry escorts, placing them in fire positions and barking commands. Scotty, my electronic countermeasures operator, sits in his wagon, carrying out an electronic sweep of the area.

Dan gathers the working equipment I'm going to need: my ECM set, a mini disrupter (designed to destroy the timing and firing mechanism of the device before it can launch the rockets), my personal role radio (through which I'm going to give

I don't wear the protective bomb suit.... It's 103 degrees in the shade, and I'll die from heat exhaustion.... I choose the lighter combat body armor, but I might as well be wearing a T-shirt and shorts.

a commentary to my team), and a bagful of handheld tools, including some search kit and a hook-and-line set.

I decide I'm not going to wear the protective bomb suit. The cumbersome armor is made up of layers of Kevlar and weighs 80 pounds. It's 103 degrees in the shade today, and if I wear it, I'll probably die from heat exhaustion before I get anywhere near the bomb. And besides, if the device explodes when I'm on top of it, the shock wave will tear the limbs from my torso and kill me instantly no matter what I've got on. I choose the lighter, general-issue combat body armor and Kevlar helmet instead, but frankly, I might as well be wearing a T-shirt and shorts.

Dan hands over my equipment and I prepare to take the long walk. Two hundred fifty meters. It doesn't sound far, but I am carrying 90 pounds of equipment, the sun is already starting to fry my brain, and the ground is difficult and uneven underfoot. Each footstep is labored. Sweat pours off me as I shuffle forward. It feels like 250 miles.

RAF regiment troops have taken up fire positions at each end of this barren wasteland, ready to retaliate should a sniper be lying in wait. Apart from the village behind me and divisional headquarters on the horizon to my front, there is nothing but featureless terrain as far as the eye can see.

I try to regulate my breathing to get my pulse down. I inhale deeply through my nose and exhale slowly through my mouth. But my heart is racing. This is taking forever. I've only traveled 100 meters and already I am physically drained. However much I try to convince myself that I am not in danger, I know I can't take anything for granted. I'm saturated with sweat and mentally fried, and I'm not even halfway to the device.

I feel a sharp tug. The twin-flex firing cable snaking out of my carrying case has snagged on a rock. It's a pain having to trail it all the way to the device, but it's a necessary evil—I need it to fire off my EOD weapon. Dan is already jinking it free. He gives me a thumbs-up and I move on.

I go over the threat assessment repeatedly in my mind. I wonder which of the three types of IED it will be: timed, command-initiated, or victim-operated. Perhaps it will be all three.

Twenty meters short, I carefully set down my equipment, get down on my stomach, and prepare to search for trip wires and buried pressure IEDs. Even the smallest device can be powerful enough to blow a man's leg into his stomach and blind him with the shrapnel of his own bone fragments.

I'm halfway there. I'm crawling on my belt buckle, scanning the ground for any hint of disturbed earth, the tip of a plastic box, a piece of fishing line.... I remember the life-saving phrase from training: Look for the absence of the normal and the presence of the abnormal. In this job, Murphy's Law rules. Always expect the unexpected.

I slide my trip-wire feeler gingerly forward. I move the foot-long telescopic rod close to the earth but not touching it. I focus on its tip. Everything else becomes a blur. I raise it an inch, then two, until eventually I am standing. I am totally oblivious to outside sounds now. I move the feeler left slowly, then right.

No trip wires. I lay the rod down and begin searching the ground beneath this virtual 3-D box. I use a small metal detector to locate pressure plate devices. It's painfully slow, laborious



British soldiers use a robot defuser to inspect the site of a roadside bombing in Basra last year (top); Improvised murder (above, left to right)—a motion-detector IED simulator, a

remote-controlled IED simulator, a trip-wire pipe-bomb IED simulator. These are all used to train U.S. military personnel.

work. I am up against the clock, but I have to clear this safe route first. Even if there is no secondary, I have to assume the bomber is watching me, tracking my procedures. If he sees me run straight up to the device, the next time he'll place a secondary for sure.

Sweat is pouring off me, running into my eyes, stinging them. I search with my fingertips, stone by stone, inch by inch, before crawling forward half a meter and repeating the whole process.

The crowd behind the cordon is getting more and more hostile; their low murmurs have turned to shouts. The insurgents will almost certainly be preparing an attack. We've got to get off the ground. My mouth is dry. My movements are becoming slower and slower. I feel like I've been drugged, like I'm in a trance. It takes a deliberate effort to clear my head, to refocus on the task in hand.

I'm finally at the objective.

My eyes are drawn to the crude timing and power unit: a 14-volt motorcycle battery with a mechanical timer on top, attached to the four rockets by a series of interconnecting red and white wires. The timer is on its final graticule. There is one minute left.

But it's stuck fast.



Fate may be on my side today, but I know the timer could start again at any moment. The slightest movement could still free it. I anticipate the blinding flash as the four rockets engulf me in the white-hot backblast of their launch.

I have to break the circuit. But I can't cut into it by hand, because I can't see everything I need to see. Normally, I'd cut the wire to the power supply. But if there's a hidden collapsing circuit, cutting the power will activate the relay. I'll be killed instantly.

I'm going to go with the lesser of the two evils. I'll place a scalpel weapon and fire it from the safety of the ICP.

I study what I can see of the circuit and choose my precise target. I edge the weapon up to the wire leading to the battery's positive terminal. My hand is trembling. My stomach lurches. I tell myself to keep going. And then the scalpel is in place. I wipe the sweat from my eyes and make my way, light-headed, back to the ICP.

I strain to look at my watch. I've been on the ground for 30 minutes. The midday sun has now got me by the throat. I am dizzy, nauseated. One hundred meters to go ... 50 ... 20 ... Dan sees me stumble and runs out of the ICP to help. He brings me cold water. I gulp it down. I want to stop myself from puking, but I'm powerless. My stomach begins to cramp up, I feel the bile rising in my throat, and I begin to vomit uncontrollably. I stagger back to the ICP, stopping every few steps to throw up, my legs giving way below me. Dan somehow keeps me on my feet.

I order everybody to get under hard cover, including the thousand or so occupants of the airport, and when I'm satisfied, I tell Dan to fire off the scalpel.

Dan takes control of the Shrike firing device. "Stand by ... firing!" His thumbs come down simultaneously on the circuit and fire buttons. There is a whip crack as the mini disrupter unleashes the scalpel blades into the bomb's circuitry, ripping through its

nerve center, then a moment of nervous anticipation as each of us waits for the earthshaking launch of the rockets that will tell us we've failed.

But there's nothing. We're in business.

I wait for a few moments, trying to throw as much water down my neck as I can. But time is still against me. I've got to get back to the device. I think I know it's been disrupted, but there's every chance something has gone wrong. The EOD weapon might have blown over in the wind and completely missed, or it might have only partially fired. The scalpels might have done nothing more than nudge the device, freeing the stuck timer and making an already angry bomb even angrier. I take another weapon with me, just in case, and make another approach.

I force myself forward, step by step. Only halfway there and I'm exhausted again. When I eventually do reach it, I examine the circuitry, following the bird's-nest loop of wires obsessively with my eyes, like rereading the same sentence in a book again and again until it makes sense.

I'm slowing down.

I finally find the cut in the wire made by the scalpel blades. I pull out my reel of insulating tape, tear off a strip, and wrap it around the bare end. Then I do the same to the other wire. The rockets are now harmless—to the people in the airport, at least. It isn't yet over for me. There might be an anti-handling device to prevent the rockets from being moved. The desert heat might have made the explosive unstable. There might even be a secondary booby-trap device, triggered by the disruption of the first. This isn't paranoia. I've seen it before in other high-risk theaters.

I clear my mind and press on. I pull out the line from my kit bag and loop it around the motorcycle battery. Then I slide plasties around every rocket and attach another line to each of them.

I am drained; my head is thumping like a hammer drill. But I am so close. Just a few more minutes.

I make it back to the ICP, but the heat exhaustion has fully kicked in now. I seem to be able to keep it under control when I am at the device, but as soon as I am out of the danger zone my body allows the sickness to take over. I am vomiting and slurring my words. I've gulped down about eight liters of water, but I keep throwing it up.

I feel drunk. I'm hallucinating. I feel like I'm going to croak at any second.


I've got to dig deep now. I grip the line and pull it with all my strength. I drag the rockets and the motorcycle battery backward down the mound of earth, and everything remains silent. Thank fuck for that. I'm on my chin strap here.

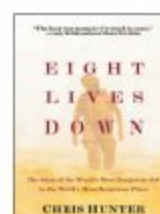
I let the device soak for a while. An excruciating cramp begins in my stomach and works its way through my entire body.

Still no explosion. Fantastic.

I use the portable X-ray generator to take a series of radiographs of the device, then I bag up the forensic evidence and place a series of plastic explosive charges along the length of the rockets. Rob gets everybody under hard cover, and when I give the word Dan fires off the charges. There's a blinding flash, followed by a deafening crack. Oxygen is sucked out of the air. A pillar of smoke rises hundreds of feet into the sky.

Task complete. We've done it. Now I can collapse in peace.

I lie back, gulping down lungfuls of cool air, and close my eyes in a moment of ecstatic relief. 



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get her wet

In the name of environmentalism, Shay Laren and Ashlynn Brooke decide to conserve water by showering together. Who knew saving the planet could be this sexy?

Photographs by Misha





Things get slippery when wet as the buxom beauties soap each other up and rub and scrub till they're squeaky clean.





Nothing eases stress like a long, hot shower ... except a long, hot shower with a partner. For extrarelief, the gorgeous girls take matters into their own hands.







As the temperature rises, Shay and Ashlynn prove that a handheld showerhead really can be a girl's best friend.





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HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Precious Substance

Talk about retaining fluids. Balzac revealed to friends that, while having sex, he preferred not to ejaculate, fearing that it would sap his creative energy. "Lovely-dovey and amorous play, up to ejaculation, would be all right," a confidant reported, "but only up to ejaculation. Sperm to him meant emission of purest cerebral substance, and therefore a filtering, a loss through the member, of a potential act of artistic creation." Or, as Balzac himself once put it after climaxing during intercourse with many of his lovers: "This morning I have lost my novel!"

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

She's My Niece and My Daughter!

Byron's many paramours may have included his own half sister, Augusta Leigh. She was married at the time, but hey, if you're going to commit incest, why not go all the way and commit adultery as well? Many scholars now contend that Augusta's daughter Medora was in fact the product of Byron's loins, making him, well, an even more complicated figure than we thought.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Top Billing

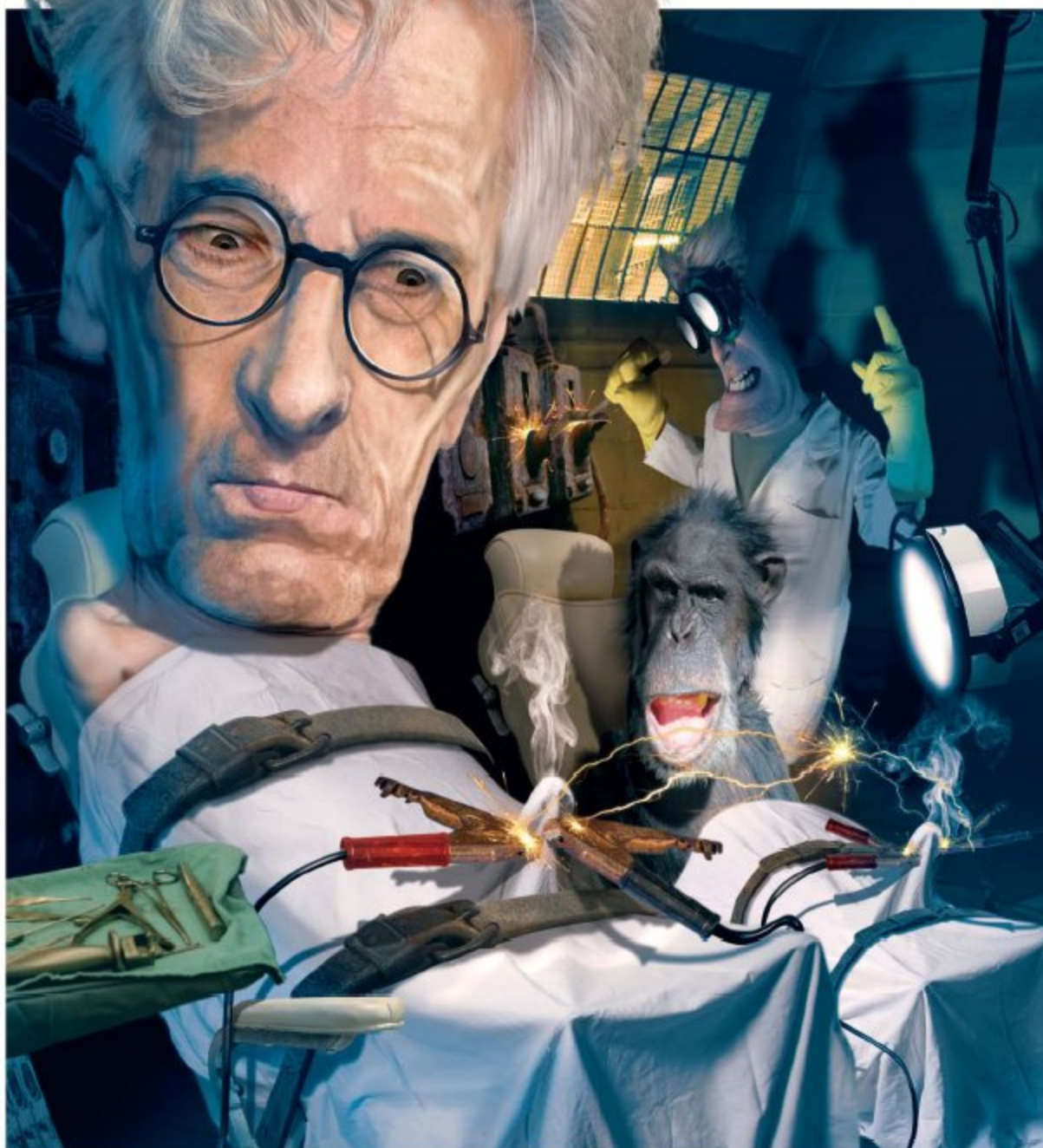
A randy Shakespeare once snookered his friend and fellow actor Richard Burbage out of a romantic rendezvous with a young lady who lived near the theater. The Bard overheard the two making plans for a secret assignation. "Announce yourself as Richard III," she told the actor. Thinking quickly, Shakespeare hustled off to the woman's home, gave the agreed-upon code name at the door, and was admitted to her boudoir for a spirited rogering session. When Burbage showed up a few minutes later, Shakespeare sent down a note: William the Conqueror came before Richard III.



W. B. YEATS Monkey Man

In the days before Viagra, older men often resorted to quack remedies and experimental procedures to address their erectile dysfunction. Yeats was no exception. Determined to put a little lead in his pencil, the aging poet traveled to Vienna to undergo the fabled "Steinach Operation," a revolutionary vasectomy touted by its namesake inventor as a surefire way to rejuvenate male potency. (Sigmund Freud had been "Steinached" some years earlier, to no effect.)

The 15-minute operation, in which monkey glands were implanted into Yeats's scrotum, went off without a hitch. Yeats got his groove back. He later credited the surgery with reviving not only his creative powers but also his "sexual desire; and that in all likelihood will last me until I die." He soon began enjoying the fruits of his "strange second puberty" with a new mistress, 27-year-old actress and poet Margot Ruddock.



Determined to put a little lead in his pencil, W. B. Yeats implanted monkey glands into his scrotum. He soon began enjoying his "strange second puberty" with a new, young mistress.

JAMES JOYCE

Portrait of the Artist as an Old Perv

To say that Joyce had an active sexual imagination would be a profound understatement. "The two parts of your body which do dirty things are the loveliest to me," Joyce wrote in one of the numerous erotic letters he sent to his longtime lover, Nora Barnacle. "I wish you would smack me or flog me even," he gushed in another. "I would love to be whipped by you, Nora love!" And those are just a couple of the tamer passages. Joyce's love letters abounded with explicit descriptions of sex acts he shared or wished to share with her. Among the graphic anatomical references, which Joyce used as a masturbatory aid, are repeated salacious encomia to Nora's "big full bubbies" and "arse full of farts." Indeed, Joyce seemed to have a special place in his, er, heart for the aroma of a woman's wind and the sight of her soiled underwear. Weird? Yes. Sexy? That's debatable. Was Nora on board with the panty sniffing? Her letters back to him have not survived, although some of his notes suggest that she was every bit as dirty-minded as he—perhaps even more so. "You seem to turn me into a beast," Joyce wrote in yet another lusty missive. "It was you yourself, you naughty shameless girl, who first led the way."

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Foot Fancier

Fitzgerald had a serious foot fetish, and his tendency to link feet with sex dated from early childhood. All his life, he refused to let others see his unshod feet, which he associated in his mind with his own nakedness. "The sight of his own feet filled him with embarrassment and horror," noted a 1924 interviewer. When it came to women's tootsies, however, Fitzgerald was positively batty. He confessed to a prostitute that the sight of a woman's feet had always excited him and made caressing her feet part of their lovemaking ritual. A bizarre passage in *This Side of Paradise* in which the main character is revolted by the sight of a chorus girl's feet may have been Fitzgerald's attempt in his writing to come to grips with these impulses.

GERTRUDE STEIN

Don't Have a Cow

For reasons known only to her, Stein referred to orgasms as "cows." Coded references to "cows" can be found in a number of her poems and stories, including "As a Wife Has a Cow: A Love Story." For the record, she once called herself "the best cow giver in all the world."

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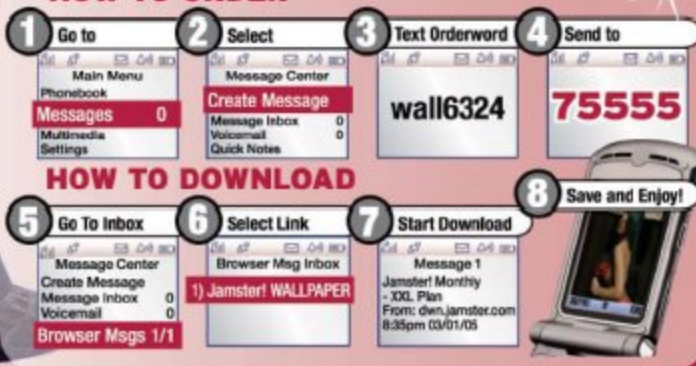
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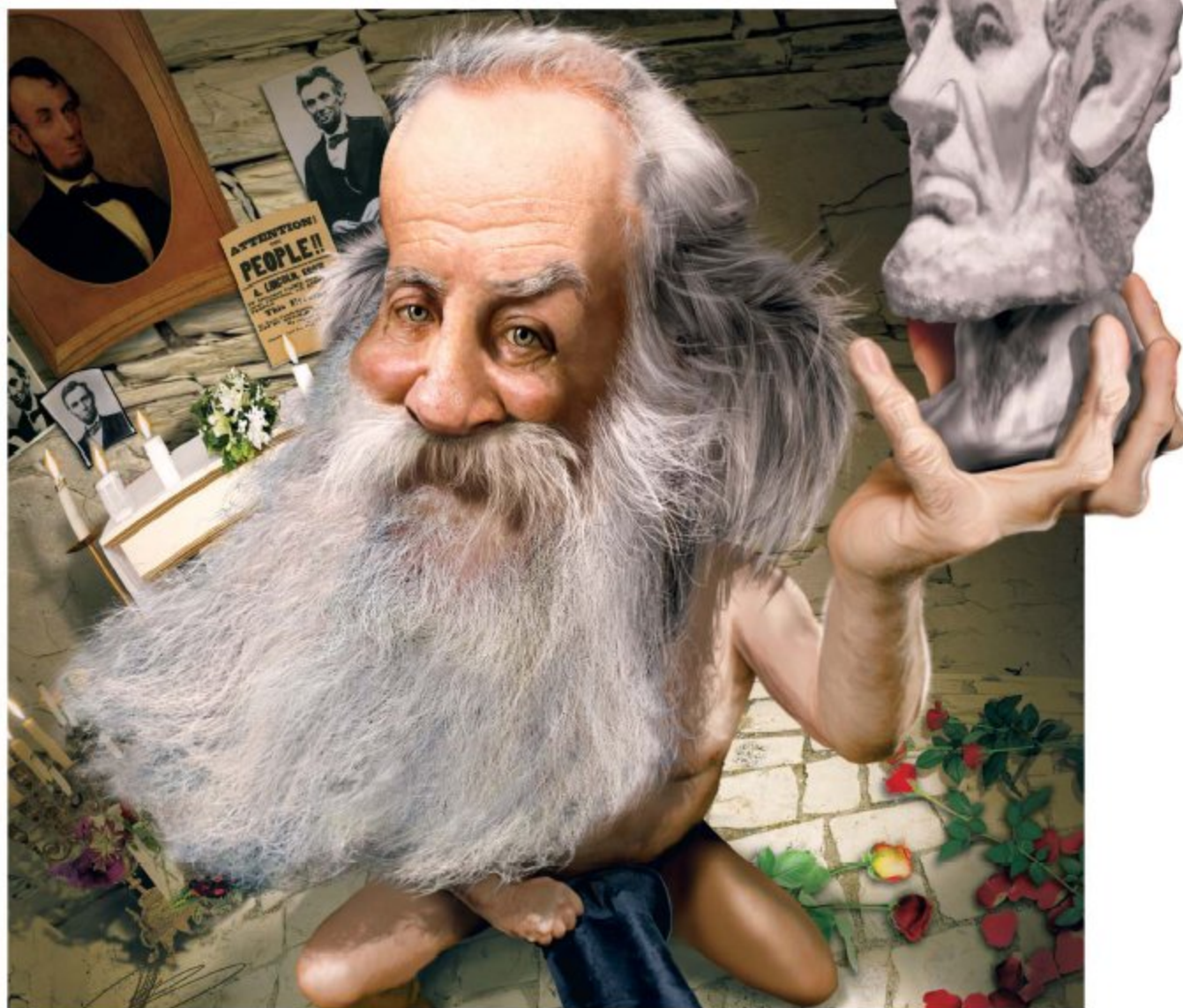


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WALT WHITMAN Abe the Babe

Whitman had a serious crush on Abraham Lincoln, whom he eulogized in his 1865 poem "O Captain! My Captain!" While working as a nurse in Washington, D.C., during the Civil War, Whitman often saw the president with his cavalry guard on the streets. His written description of their encounters leaves little doubt he considered the lanky railsplitter quite the dish:

"I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression.... Probably the reader has seen physiognomies (often old farmers, sea-captains, and such) that, behind their homeliness, or even ugliness, held superior points so subtle, yet so palpable, making the real life of their faces almost as impossible to depict as wild perfume or fruit-taste, or a passionate tone of the living voice—and such was Lincoln's face, the peculiar color, the lines of it, the eyes, mouth, expression ... to the eye of a great artist it furnished a rare study, a feast and fascination."



Walt Whitman often saw Abraham Lincoln on the streets of Washington, D.C. His description of their encounters leaves little doubt he considered the lanky railsplitter quite the dish.

AYN RAND Boy Toy

Rand tended to attract acolytes, and none was more devoted than Nathan Blumenthal, the Canadian college student who became by turns her protégé, intellectual heir, and personal stud service. They first met in 1950, after the then-19-year-old Blumenthal wrote a fan letter to her. To his surprise, the famous author invited him to her home in Manhattan to take part in one of the floating philosophical bull sessions she called "the Collective."

Blumenthal (who would soon restyle himself as Nathaniel Branden) quickly ingratiated himself into her inner circle. Rand even served as the maid of honor at his wedding. By 1955, their relationship had turned physical. Rand was 50; Branden was 25. She bragged to friends that she needed to have sex with him at least two times a week to ward off writer's block.

Branden parlayed his intimate access to the Objectivist visionary to found the Nathaniel Branden Institute, a think tank devoted to spreading Rand's selfishness-based gospel. By 1968 the bloom was off the rose, however, and Branden started secretly seeing another of Rand's disciples, who happened to be a beautiful young model. When Rand discovered the infidelity, she went ballistic and vowed to destroy him. In a public declaration, she officially cast him out of the Objectivist movement. Today, Branden works in Beverly Hills, California, as a psychotherapist specializing in self-esteem issues. He published a tell-all memoir, *My Years With Ayn Rand*, in 1999.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE The Ladies Man

Despite his ungainly appearance, Sartre was a notorious womanizer who ran through mistresses as ravenously as he did packs of Boyard cigarettes. He even tried to hit on a comely young Brazilian journalist while his lover Simone de Beauvoir was in the hospital recovering from a bout of typhoid. He justified his infidelity by likening it to masturbation and refused to climax alongside his partners—not to forestall pregnancy but simply to deny them unnecessary intimacy.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS Howl Ya Like Me Now?

Despite a 12-year age difference, Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg shared a brief, torrid sexual affair in the early 1950s. The coupling went down in flames, however, when Burroughs fell in love with his protégé. "Bill wanted a relationship where there were no holds barred," Ginsberg later wrote, "to achieve the ultimate telepathic union of souls." When it came time to dump Burroughs, Ginsberg was somewhat less eloquent in his word choice: "I don't want your ugly old cock," he told him. It took many years for the two men to repair their broken friendship.



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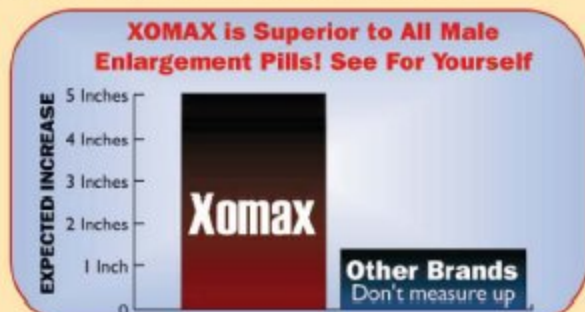
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curves ahead

Hot-blooded 26-year-old Nikki Benz is our dream date. She's into mob movies (*Scarface* and *GoodFellas*), raunchy comedies (*Superbad*), hockey and boxing, and damn, that body both speaks for itself *and* says it all.

Photographs by Charles Lightfoot







"Going to a live hockey game is like no other sporting event. There is so much action going on. I especially like a good fight between teams."





"My favorite fantasy is sex at sundown on a cruise-ship deck chair while it's raining. The raindrops on my body while it's getting dark would feel great, and the view would be amazing!"








"If I could have sex with someone famous, I'd pick Angelina Jolie. Her lips are to die for! And she seems smart, and a bit of a freak—in a good way. She's probably a lot of fun in bed!"









"I always get in trouble when I'm out with my friends at a nightclub. I usually end up making out with my girlfriends on the dance floor and getting all the boys riled up!"

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FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY

Soldier Toys

Our troops in Iraq worry about an alphabet soup of threats—RPGs, IEDs, WMDs. Who knew DVDs could be dangerous to their careers?

By Tom Johansmeyer

In an effort to promote readiness and protect the sensibilities of our "host nation," in the military's vernacular, adult fare has been banned. Soldiers found with an illicit movie or magazine—including, of course, this one—can face charges. Even civilian contractors could lose their jobs, and in the spring of 2007, rumors ran through Camp Anaconda that one civilian was fired for having a nude photo of his wife.

Rumor gave way to reality on July 5, when two female contractors had their sex toys confiscated. The women weren't masturbating in public; they didn't even swap notes on length or girth. But when military police scoured the barracks in search of offensive material, nearly 20 other people were caught with booze or banned magazines or movies. The number would have been greater by two if Army lawyers hadn't later ruled that the women's dildos weren't porn.

This would have put the skids on one Marine's plastic-pussy business venture. As he told us, "I revealed the reason why I was smiling every time I got out of the Port-a-johns. This led to me becoming a 'pimp' in my platoon. My Marines would offer me \$10, \$15, even as high as \$60, just to sleep with my Jenna. Since it was the last two weeks of our tour, I gave her to the highest bidder for the day under two conditions: (1) a condom must be worn at all times, and (2) it had to be cleaned after each use.

"Of course, that meant I would never be able to touch her again, but



I ended up with an extra \$450 and a great memento from my tour in Iraq."

It's not for nothing that our military is known as the premier fighting force in the world. Our troops have found creative ways around the threat of a future seizure. One female Marine still in country told us, "I have a stuffed animal, Eeyore from *Winnie the Pooh*, and pulled out most of the stuffing. I Velcroed the ass and hid the dildo inside." We're proud to know that those underappreciated men and women defending our freedom are so resourceful.

GREEN MEANS GO

Light 'er Up

We haven't seen anything this ridiculous since our days as a glow-stick ninja.

In our not-at-all-humble opinion, there's nothing hotter than having sex with a beautiful woman in broad daylight. If, however, you get a hard-on for green glowing things and dream of watching your girl's bra and panties shimmying toward you in the dark, all you need to indulge that particular fantasy is a willing partner. Australian designer Jan Hawley's new lingerie will fit in nicely with your glow-in-the-dark condoms, dice, massage oil, and handcuffs (LuminoGlow.com.au). Hell, you can even pick up a thong for yourself. We're in favor of anything that helps women find their way to the goods.



REPORTING BY REBECCA SWANNER

THEY SAID IT

"Wow, where did these nice breasts come from? It was instant. It was great. They're nice, but shocking."

Jessica Alba
on her pregnancy-enhanced tits

STRAIGHT TO VIDEO

The (Almost) Sex Tapes

There must be something in the Hollywood air, because we've noticed a happy new trend: actors and musicians getting randy on the small screen.



A FAMILY AFFAIR: PENÉLOPE CRUZ

The smokin' Spaniard makes out with another woman in her brother's music video for "Cosas Que Contar." (She's also rumored to get it on with Scarlett Johansson in the upcoming *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*. We smell a frontrunner for our '09 Dirty Dozen film awards.)

CONTROVERSY At first the buzz was Cruz would be kissing her sister Monica, but it's Argentinean actress Mia Maestro (Syd's hot sis on *Alias*).

HOTTEST MOMENT There are plenty: Monica sucking off a lollipop, two women making out, the Pen-Mia liplock
SEE FOR YOURSELF EduardoCruz.net



TEASE-A-RIFIC: MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL

Ever since Gyllenhaal's award-winning performance as James Spader's submissive secretary, she's been getting her fictional freak on in public. Last year she became the spokesmodel for Agent Provocateur lingerie; more relevant here, she starred in a suggestive video to support the Writers Guild during the recent strike.

CONTROVERSY It's all, Will they or won't they?
HOTTEST MOMENT When Gyllenhaal beckons two women to join her in the bedroom
SEE FOR YOURSELF UnitedHollywood.com



FAKING IT: EVA LONGORIA

We thought the Internet would crash when word got out that a sex tape starring the hottest *Desperate Housewife* was about to surface. Sadly, it's just a parody of the infamous Paris Hilton sex tape; Longoria and up-and-comer Eric Olsen have a pillow fight, eat sandwiches, and work out.

CONTROVERSY None
HOTTEST MOMENT Eva bouncing up and down on the bed in a camisole
SEE FOR YOURSELF FunnyOrDie.com



ALMOST THE REAL THING: PETE WENTZ

We figured (and hoped) Fall Out Boy bassist Pete Wentz would keep his pants on after that "e-mailing photos of his schlong" fiasco, but we were wrong. The tattooed emo wonder boy stripped again for his friend's short horror film *Goodnight Moon*, which is nothing like the story we were read.

CONTROVERSY Those breasts he's fondling don't belong to girlfriend Ashlee Simpson
HOTTEST MOMENT Every time Bonnie Muirhead of Hell's Kitchen moans
SEE FOR YOURSELF Movielink.com

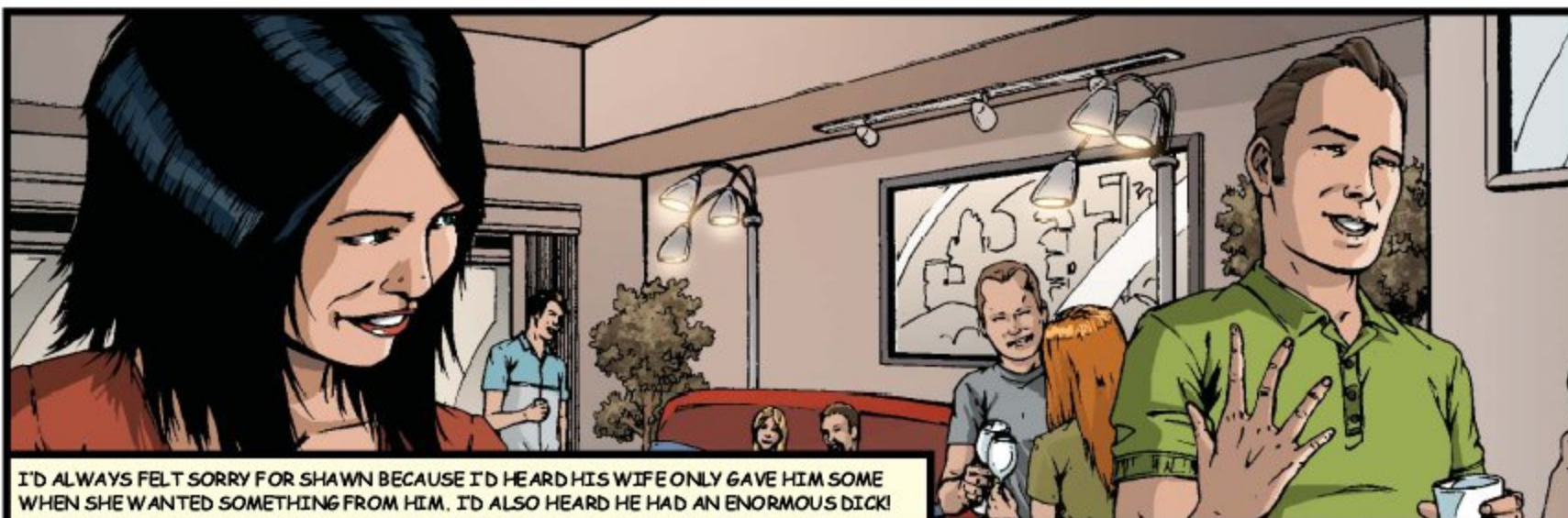


PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) ALEXANDER WAGNER, (JESSICA ALBA) JON KOPALOFF/GETTY IMAGES, (PENÉLOPE CRUZ) ANITA BUGGE/WIREIMAGE.COM, (MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL) ASTRID STAWIARZ/GETTY IMAGES, (EVA LONGORIA) RALPH OROLOWSKI/GETTY IMAGES, (PETE WENTZ) KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES



AS FOR WOMEN, I LOVE HOW IT FEELS WHEN THEY COME ALL OVER MY FINGERS AND TONGUE. THROUGHOUT MY SIX-YEAR OPEN MARRIAGE, I'VE HAD SEX WITH ANY WILLING PARTNER.

ONE NIGHT, I WENT TO A PARTY NEXT DOOR AT JILL AND MAX'S HOUSE. I'D SEEN ANOTHER NEIGHBOR, SHAWN, STOP BY EARLIER.





I PULLED OFF MY SHIRT AND BACKED UP, LETTING HIM GET A GOOD LOOK AT ME.



Do you like my tits, Shawn? They're all natural, 36Ds.



HE WAS LIKE A KID IN A CANDY STORE. HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS HANDS OR HIS MOUTH OFF THEM.

I LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY FOR A WHILE, THEN I PULLED OFF HIS SHIRT, SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE BATHTUB, AND HAD MY WAY WITH HIS COCK! I TEASED THE HEAD WITH MY TONGUE, GENTLY SLIDING IT UP AND DOWN HIS SHAFT, BEFORE SUCKING EACH BALL INTO MY MOUTH AND SWIRLING MY TONGUE AROUND.



THEN I GAVE HIM WHAT I KNEW HE WANTED. I DEEP-THROATED ALL EIGHT INCHES OF HIS HARD COCK. I KEPT UP A STEADY PACE, BOBBING UP AND DOWN WHILE EXPERTLY LICKING HIS SHAFT.



I DEEP-THROATED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN—TILL HE STARTED MOANING AND FUCKING MY MOUTH. I LOVED IT!



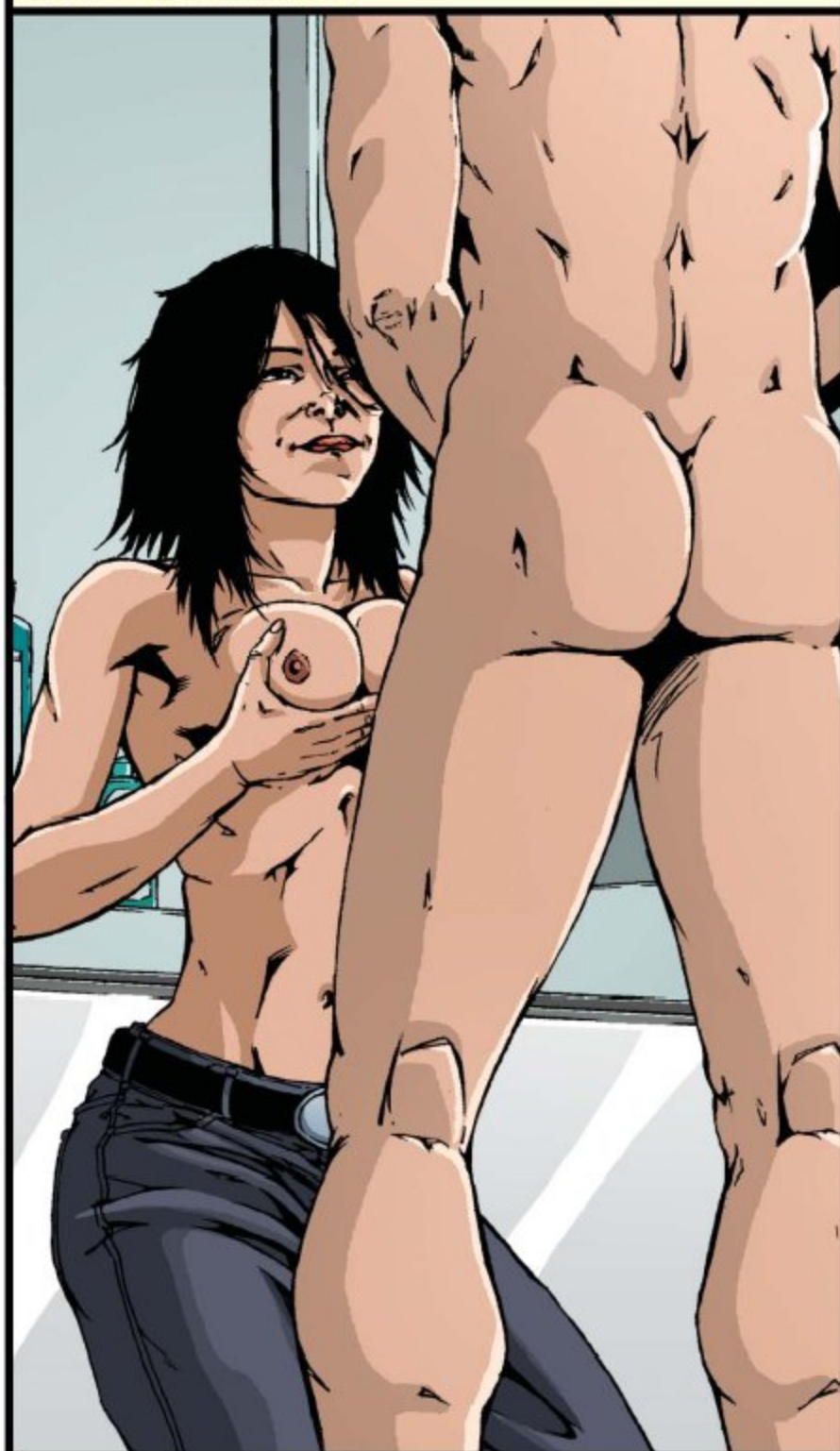
SHAWN'S HANDS WERE IN MY HAIR, GUIDING MY HEAD FASTER AND FASTER. I KNEW HE WAS GOING TO COME SOON, SO I PULLED BACK.



Where do you want to come, Shawn?

All over your beautiful tits.

I WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OBLIGE, AND HE LET LOOSE A MASSIVE LOAD ALL OVER MY TITS. SHAWN LOVED IT!



Thank you, Amy. That was amazing! Do you think we could do this again some time?

We'll see.

THEN SHAWN GOT DRESSED AND LEFT. I CLEANED UP AND WENT BACK TO JOIN MAX AND JILL.

THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME IN THE LIVING ROOM. THEY KNEW ME WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE FIGURED OUT WHAT I WAS UP TO WHEN I FOLLOWED SHAWN INSIDE. ALL THAT WAS LEFT NOW WAS THE RETELLING. IF I COULD SEDUCE JILL WITH A BLOW BY BLOW OF WHAT JUST HAPPENED...



... I COULD PROBABLY GET MAX, TOO!

TO BE CONTINUED ...





and...action!

Technical problems mean Karlie Montana and Lux Cassidy won't be able to shoot their next scene till morning, but their creative juices are flowing now. Fortunately for us, the cameras manage to catch every moment as they squeeze in one more "rehearsal." When the director's away, the porn stars will play.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios















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A photograph of a woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a shiny blue sleeveless dress, embracing a man in a white shirt. She is resting her head on his shoulder and holding his arm. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

A Hard Night's Workout

Hitting the gym a few times a week can do wonders for your sex life.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

You can actually exercise your way to a better sex life. That's right. There's a whole new reason to drag yourself off the couch and hit the track. Many sexologists believe that a healthy lifestyle including physical exercise, plenty of sleep, and a healthy diet can significantly increase libido. And exercise has the most direct correlation to increasing sexual desire.

A recent study found that after one hour of exercise three times a week, men demonstrated improved sexual function, had sex more frequently, had more orgasms, and expressed greater satisfaction. You have little control over how much shut-eye you get, and we're not going to tell anyone to give up cheeseburgers, but if you've been in a sexual slump lately, get moving!

AEROBIC EXERCISE

For endurance

Improving cardiovascular fitness with aerobic activity—walking, running, cycling, swimming—for at least 30 minutes, three times per week, will not only prime you for sexual activity but improve your performance in bed. After all, it's hard to enjoy sex if you're gasping for air and twitching from muscle cramps.

Aerobic activity releases endorphins, or feel-good hormones, which improve our outlook on life and put us in a frisky mood. But don't overdo it—more than 18 hours a week of rigorous training causes sexual desire to diminish.

For better erections

Cardio exercises will immediately improve the firmness of your erections. The most common reason for erectile dysfunction in most men is endothelial dysfunction—when clogged blood vessels do not allow sufficient blood flow into the penis. Physical exercise is like a good plumber. It unclogs those vessels, increasing blood flow to the genitals and priming both men and women for sex.

STRENGTH TRAINING

For stamina

Sit-ups, push-ups, and crunches improve sexual performance by increasing stamina. They strengthen the arms, shoulders, chest, and abdominals—muscle groups that are involved in intercourse and other sexual acts.

For testosterone boost

To become a sexual stallion, add weight lifting, as strength training boosts testosterone levels. According to research, these are the best ways to use weight lifting as a libido enhancer:

- Focus on multi-joint exercises (such as squatting or lunging) as opposed to individual joint reps (such as biceps curls and leg extensions)
- Use a heavy load to fully stimulate testosterone production (multiple repetitions of a smaller load increase endurance but not testosterone)
- Do five to six repetitions, keeping your time under tension between 40 and 70 seconds, and rest between sets for less than three minutes
- Train early in the morning, when your body releases the most testosterone.

An affair may offer a much-needed release for your pent-up sexual and emotional needs.





Ask Dr. Z

Dressed to Thrill

I love to look at scantily clad women, but I know that it's not always politically correct to stare. Are women who dress provocatively more likely to respond to sexual advances? Does it mean they are hotter in bed?

There often is a correlation between displays of sexual attractiveness and sexual libido in women, although the relationship is not perfect. Many women are more likely to be in the mood when they're wearing something sexy. However, the desire to be admired from afar doesn't necessarily mean a woman wants more. Many women dress seductively because they like the attention, but it's not an invitation to proposition her or jump her bones.

Too Drugged to Fuck?

I've been married for five years and though we used to have sex every day, we now have it once a month. Does that happen to every couple? My wife also takes Prozac. Does that affect her sex drive?

What you describe is the inevitable waning of initial sexual passion that can be caused by sexual habituation. After approximately three to seven years of marriage, it takes increased levels of stimulation to produce the same level of sexual excitement you had as newlyweds. This is when most couples find it necessary to explore new and different sexual and emotional experiences for continued fulfillment. When that doesn't happen, marriages often become sexless, infidelity increases, and divorce becomes an issue.

While Prozac is known to lower sexual desire, her depression may be the most significant factor in her diminished libido. Some oral contraceptives can also lower sex drive, which is why your wife should consult her doctor about her medications and consider possible alternatives.

Cheat Sheet

I have been unhappily married for seven years, since my early twenties. I stay because of my kids. My wife never wants to have sex and she is usually distant or demeaning. As far as she is concerned, I am a loser who can never make her happy. But I recently met this incredible woman who hinted that she wants to have an affair with me. I've never been unfaithful, but I am very conflicted. Can you give me some guidance?

Monogamy is not a natural state for mankind, but one which requires considerable effort and sacrifice. All too often, the sacrifice is one's happiness. In your situation, an affair may offer a much-needed release for your pent-up sexual and emotional needs, and may give you the strength to resolve this miserable union. But before you get involved with another woman, consider what's at stake.

If you go ahead with the affair, you need to cover your tracks. Always use cash and don't keep any receipts. Never invite her into your home, or divulge your address or family info. Delete incriminating text messages as soon as they're received, and try not to use e-mail; even deleted messages can be recovered later.

Come up with simple excuses for your tardiness or absences, and never use friends as alibis without their knowledge. Ask your lover not to wear perfume or heavy makeup, as your wife could easily detect a scent or see smeared cosmetics. And make sure to use protection—an accidental pregnancy or STD is hard to explain.

As for your mistress, be honest and upfront. Don't promise to leave your wife unless you're 100 percent sure you will. You're not there yet! And finally, ditch the guilt. Your wife has played her part in driving you into the arms of another woman. **OTZ**

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10121.

KEGELS For better orgasms and ejaculatory control

The benefits of Kegels for women are widely known, but guys also can derive tremendous benefits from pelvic muscle exercises. The pubococcygeal muscles are used to stop the flow of urine midstream. If you do a Kegel correctly, your penis will move slightly; if you have an erection, your penis will move up and down.

Contract your PC muscles by clenching, as if to stop peeing, and hold for two to three seconds. Inhale as you squeeze and relax your muscles between contractions. Start with 15 squeezes, twice daily, gradually increasing until you can do 60 at a time comfortably. Then start holding your contractions for a count of three, practicing "long Kegels."

After a month or so, you should see results, and after you develop control over your PC muscles, you can delay ejaculation by contracting them just before orgasm, then fully relaxing them. Some men even have multiple orgasms using this technique!

STRETCHING For position flexibility

Want to try out a few of those "how did they do that" porn-star positions? Give yoga a try. Increased flexibility can add to your sexual repertoire without an embarrassing muscle or joint injury. Pelvic stretches are particularly beneficial because they activate the muscles used during sex, making them more limber, and often improving orgasm.

The easiest way to stretch the pelvic region is by modifying a basic yoga position. Sit on a bed or other flat surface, bring your feet in as close to your body as possible, then turn your ankles so the soles of your feet are facing and touching each other, knees pointing outward. Gently press downward on your inner thighs, holding for 60 seconds. Then bring the knees back together with your hands and relax.



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The Breast Is Yet to Come



If your guiding principle when it comes to tits is "the bigger the better," you'll love this video. The range of boobs here is as wide as the boobs themselves, whether they owe their heft to medical science or intelligent design. Silicone queens Kayla Kleeve, Eden, and Daphne Rosen just barely squeeze their way into the former category—their surgically enhanced racks are literally as big as their heads—but if, like us, you dig your big tits natural, you'll praise the lord for Carmella Bing's God-given knockers, a flippin' and-floppin' set of funbags that dwarf even the schlong of Lee Stone. While breast play is the main event here, titty fucking isn't the only game in town. Rosen ably rides a pair of cocks in her scene, negotiating her way through a DP that chugs along nicely; Ava Devine and Anna Nova work some tasty head on Ben English; and the bountiful Echo Valley rides cock like it's a mechanical bull. The disc's special features are a little flat, so to speak, but the rest of *Tittanic* will definitely float your boat.

In Loving Color



Let's be honest. The thrill of watching interracial porn is appreciating the rainbow of people acting out this long-taboo sexual fantasy. So it is with this low-rent but high-energy fuck flick that delivers on its titular promise in spades. The white and Hispanic actresses chuff fat black choads, but it's Tia Sweet who takes the chocolate cake, not just because she starts things off by masturbating with a Blow Pop, but because she sucks off what must be one of the biggest dicks in the business (if watching oral sex on long, thick cocks is your thing, this one's a winner over and above the race-mixing premise). In a similar blue vein, bubble-butt Lana Sky gobbles the turkey neck of her partner, but their coupling doesn't hit its stride till he penetrates her pussy. *Back to Black* deserves a special shoutout for taking the interracial theme to its logical conclusion: a girl-girl scene with Aurora and Charlie, something seldom seen in vids of this genre.

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



Penthouse Pick



This one's a nice little surprise, considering its off-putting, generic title. Cover girl Tarra White is an exotic and curvy piece of porn poon, whether she's pulling ben-wah balls from her cunt, slapping her partner's bone on her double-pierced tongue, or taking his long, hard dick so long and hard that her asshole gapes open to laughably improbable proportions (the pair is almost comically in heat by the end of the scene). Elsewhere, lean, small-breasted brunette Suzie Diamond does a series of intense but short-lived double penetrations, moaning with such gusto when rod meets rectum that you begin to think she has an extra clit there. Regina Ice and her damn-near perfect tits hit one out of the park with David Perry, who plows her ass hard and elevates their scene beyond the same old fuck and suck. Yasmine Gold and Missy Nicole provide the requisite lesbian action before Perry joins them for a balls-deep banging that works in some enthusiastic dildo play as well. *Fuck It Like It's Hot* is indeed hot. **O+**

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SNOW JOB

It had been snowing all day and travel conditions were severe enough for our office to close early. As everyone bundled up to head home, Eddie, our newest employee, waited for me by the exit. We live near each other and he'd offered to give me a lift. I was grateful. I thought his crushing on me was cute and felt flattered. I knew I had about ten years on him, but so what? My husband had just left me for a younger woman, so why couldn't I enjoy the attention of a younger man?

When we got to my place, Eddie offered to shovel my sidewalk and driveway. What's more, he refused to let me help. To show my gratitude, I insisted he stay for dinner.

I started dinner, got the fireplace

going, then looked out the window to check on Eddie's progress. It had stopped snowing and he'd taken off his coat. He'd told me he made extra money in his spare time doing construction for his uncle. It showed. He scooped, lifted, and tossed shovelfuls of snow with little effort. I wondered how he'd look without his shirt and felt a sudden rush of heat erupt between my legs. Carnal thoughts of Eddie pinning me against the wall and fucking me senseless momentarily clouded my vision. I didn't know if Eddie had the same

Carnal thoughts of Eddie pinning me against the wall and fucking me senseless momentarily clouded my vision.

thoughts about me, but I intended to find out tonight one way or another.

I snapped out of my trance and saw him walking toward the house. I started cooking two steaks and gave him a glass of wine. He followed me into the kitchen and we talked about everything: movies, politics, travel, books, music. I'd changed into a tight sweater and leggings, forgoing underwear, and I could feel his eyes on me, tracking my every move.


When we sat down to eat, our conversation was more personal. Eddie asked me about my husband and I left no doubt that I was free and available. Eddie told me that my husband must have lost his mind. He said he'd wanted me the first day he saw me, but if I wanted him to back off,

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he would. When I told him I wouldn't have made dinner for him if I weren't interested, he gave me a smile that would have melted every last bit of snow on the street.

I was about to tell him how relieved I was that we both wanted the same thing, but Eddie was out of his seat so quickly, I was caught off guard. I figured now that I'd given him the green light, he was going to sweep the dishes onto the floor and do me right on the table! Instead, he grabbed my glass and the half-empty bottle of wine and led me into the living room to the pillows by the fireplace.

By the time we'd finished the wine, I felt incredibly hot—from the fire, the alcohol, and being so close to Eddie. It was a relief when he reached for my sweater and pulled it over my head. I didn't waste a second getting him out of his shirt. My entire body trembled with anticipation as I gazed upon this young man's hard body. He reached out to cup my tits and move his thumbs over my nipples, making them even harder than they were. My nipples tingled and the sensation spread right down to my pussy. I was wetter than I'd ever been with my husband. Still, even though I was horny and ready for him to fuck me into next week, I had to know if he was feeling the heat. I reached down to touch his crotch and got my answer. There was a huge ridge in the front of his pants just fighting to get out.

Two minutes later we were both out of our clothes and Eddie had me down on the pillows, kissing me passionately as his fingers probed deep inside my juicy twat. He kissed his way down my body until his face was between my legs. Then, with an eagerness and skill I'd never before experienced, he began working me over with his fingers and tongue. The pleasure was almost unbearable. My husband was never into oral unless he was on the receiving end, so Eddie eating me out with such enthusiasm had me coming and creaming in less than a minute. I screamed, holding him tight to my pussy, wishing the waves of pleasure would go on forever.

I caught sight of Eddie's dick, already glistening with pre-come. I wanted that cock inside my quivering pussy and pushed him back until I was straddling his legs. I stroked his cock a few times, gaining a measure of satisfaction when his eyes closed and he moaned and begged me to ride him. Then, rising up, I guided

him to my opening and slowly lowered myself. When I'd taken him in completely, I alternated between rising up and down and grinding against him. As I did, Eddie squeezed my ass cheeks in his hands, urging me to go faster. He felt huge inside me and I wanted to savor that feeling for as long as I could, but then I felt Eddie's finger pressing into my tight asshole, and that sent me into a frenzy of unbridled lust. I began fucking myself wildly until the pleasure began

I just knew I was in for the time of my life when he wrapped his arms under my thighs and drove deep into me.

to mount again. When I felt another orgasm erupt within me, I cried out before collapsing on top of him.

Eddie was still hard and, although I was slightly out of breath, I still felt an uncontrollable desire to feel him moving inside me again. Like a mind reader, Eddie moved on top of me. I just knew I was in for the time of my life when he wrapped his arms under my thighs and drove deep into me. He started hammering at a superhuman pace, pushing me to new heights. As his breathing quickened, I knew that he was close and I wanted to come with him. I let myself get lost in his rhythm and felt my pussy muscles tightening around him. As our movements synced, Eddie cried out and held his cock deep inside me through my spasms.

It certainly turned out to be an

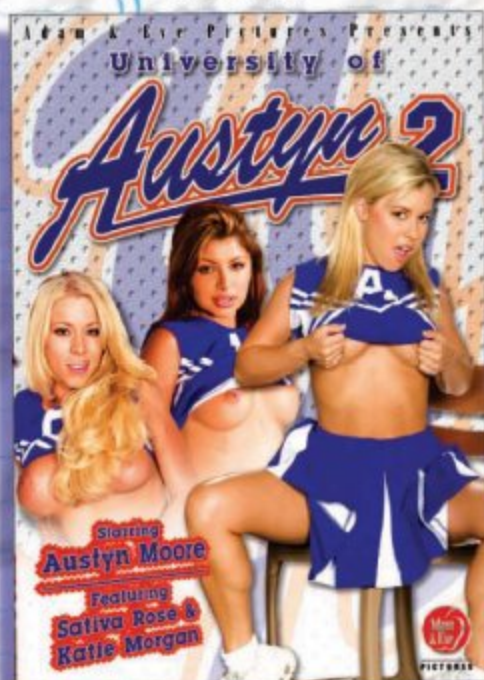




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incredible night, and while I don't know how long this fling will last, I do know I've developed a craving for guys who can really satisfy my sexual needs.—S.J., Minnesota

CURIOUS COUPLES

When my wife told me she was open to trying new things and wanted to have sex with other couples, I did some research and found a club where we could safely and anonymously indulge our fantasies. On the night of our maiden voyage, Sylvia dressed in her shortest skirt and a tit-hugging top. When we arrived, we were directed to a back room filled with lots of sofas and pillows, and men and women in various states of undress. Everyone was very friendly and welcoming, even while giving us the once-over.

A blonde in a silky teddy, Jade, took Sylvia by the hand and led her to a seat. Her husband, Larry, was clearly interested in Sylvia—and because she

wasn't wearing any underwear, he had a perfect view of her pussy when she sat across from him.

Jade sat next to Sylvia and asked if this was our first time at the club. We both said, "Yes."

"Don't worry," she said. "We're all friends here." Then she placed her hand on my wife's thigh and spread her legs apart, revealing how wet she was. Jade sank to the floor and went down on Sylvia with relish. Sylvia closed her eyes and moaned, rubbing

Jade sank to the floor and went down on Sylvia with relish. Sylvia moaned, rubbing her tits through her blouse.

her tits through her blouse.

"Do you like to watch?" asked Larry. I nodded and stripped down to my shorts. Larry was already down to his briefs and sporting a huge bulge. He moved closer to the women and stroked his cock.

Sylvia looked up at his shaft bobbing up and down and said with a sly smile, "Would you like to see me suck his cock, honey?"

I smiled back and said, "Go for it, baby." She motioned for Larry to come closer, opened her mouth, and slid her lips all the way down the length of his hard pole before pulling back slightly and twirling her tongue around the end. Then she began to suck in earnest, bobbing her head up and down his length, as Jade continued to lick her cunt.

When Sylvia came up for air, she said, "Jade, I want to taste you." Jade lay back on the couch and Sylvia knelt between her legs and began tonguing her clit. I had never seen Sylvia go

down on another girl and I eagerly stroked my cock as I watched her lap at Jade's slit. Larry moved in behind Sylvia, held on to her waist, and slid his cock into her wet hole, pushing her face deeper into Jade's cunt. It was an amazing sight, and I could barely keep from shooting my load.

"Are you feeling left out, honey?" asked Jade. "Come here." I moved next to her and she took my cock into her mouth. Now I had three incredible things to watch: Jade's head bobbing up and down on my cock, which felt amazing; Sylvia's tongue darting in and out of Jade's pussy; and Larry fucking my wife! In the end, I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the pleasure of Jade deep-throating my cock as she tickled my balls. It wasn't as if I'd never had a blowjob before, but since Sylvia and I had been married for two years, I'd never cheated, so it was a major thrill to have a woman I'd just met sucking me off. That, combined with everything else going on in the room, pushed me toward a massive explosion. When I came, it felt as if I wouldn't stop, but Jade didn't miss a drop of my jizz. She swallowed every bit of come and cleaned my cock afterward.

Larry was still fucking Sylvia, but he'd picked up the pace. Sylvia's head was still buried in Jade's snatch, and she'd started to finger-fuck her as well, matching Larry's rhythm. Jade pulled Sylvia's head tight to her pussy and cried out as she humped my wife's face. Then Larry's hand moved between my wife's legs. He must have rubbed her clit because she suddenly raised her head and came, letting out a deep moan. I heard Larry groan, and I knew he felt my wife's pussy gripping his cock during her orgasm. Larry grunted as he pulled out his cock and came all over Sylvia's ass.

Jade handed me a towel for Sylvia, and after tidying her up, I pulled her into my lap. I could feel my cock getting hard again and rubbed it against Sylvia's ass. I had never wanted to fuck her so much, so I did—and several other women before the night was over. That's how I discovered I had a thing for sloppy seconds, and Sylvia found out she liked having two cocks in her at the same time.

We've returned to the club several times since that night, and each time

He lifted my shirt up, then blew lightly on my nipples, making them even harder. I groaned as his tongue began to lick my tits.

we've learned something new about ourselves. We love talking about our experiences, too, as they fuel our existing fantasies and help us create new ones. —H.R., Canada

THE UPPER HAND

My boyfriend watched me walk across the room to change for bed. As I passed him, he reached for me and placed my hand on the bulge in his pants. My pussy twitched, and I suddenly felt hot with anticipation of what I wanted from him. But he had his own wishes in mind. He asked if I had been a naughty girl. I said I had.

"Do you know what happens to naughty little girls?" he asked.

"I certainly do," I said, as my nipples

began to throb with excitement. I quickly put on a little tartan miniskirt, white panties, and a T-shirt. I returned to the bed, my nipples standing erect under the thin shirt, my pussy damp and swollen.

"Come here," he said. I took my time, knowing what was coming. As soon as I was close enough, he bent me over his knee and my skirt rode up, exposing my bare ass. He fondled my ass for a bit, and then lightly slapped my ass cheeks. I felt a tingle and groaned as he slid his fingers over my wet folds. He knew I needed more but he held back, teasing me until I moaned impatiently. He gave me another light slap on the ass. I was so horny and wet, I couldn't keep from squirming on his lap.

Just when I thought I'd have to give in and call an end to our little game, he lifted me, then pushed me down on my knees. I knew how to play the game and knelt between his legs, clasped my hands behind my back, and watched as he unzipped his fly and pulled his pants and boxers off.

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Without any prompting, I took his cock between my lips, moaned, and licked the head, savoring the salty taste of his pre-come. Then, without any warning, I deep-throated him and heard him moan. I love it when he thinks he's in control.

I kept up the pressure until he was about to lose it. Then I pulled back and sat on my heels as he got himself under control. "That's enough," he said. "I want you back on the bed."

I climbed on it and lay on my back; raised my arms, and held on to the brass headboard while he removed the rest of his clothes. Then I closed my eyes and waited. He lifted up my shirt, then blew lightly on my nipples, making them even harder. I groaned as his tongue began to lick my tits. I wanted to let go of the headboard and pull his head hard to my aching breasts, but as if he could read my mind, he said, "No hands now, Cassie. You know the rules."

I did know the rules—we'd made them up together—but they changed according to our whims. He moved

from one nipple to the other, and with each lick I moaned louder as the sensation went straight to my clit and my hips began to rock. Then I reminded myself to keep still. If he knew how horny I was and how much I wanted him inside me, he'd only prolong the sweet torture.

I lost track of time as I hung on the edge. My only consolation was that he was as close to the edge as I was. His cock was rock hard. I felt it every time he moved and rubbed against me. It had to be driving him as crazy as it was making me.

Then I felt the head of his cock slide against my snatch. If he could hold out, so could I. I remained still as he teased me mercilessly. When I opened my eyes, he was looking right into them, gauging my readiness. I gave up nothing as I watched the veins along

His cock was rock hard. I felt it every time he moved and rubbed against me. It had to be driving him as crazy as it was making me.

his neck stand out from the strain of staying in control. I could tell he was losing the battle, and not a moment too soon. Another second and I'd have him.

Suddenly, he thrust forward and began to ride me, moaning as he intertwined his fingers with mine, no longer able to ignore his own need. His strokes became faster and deeper and his breathing grew ragged. He was kissing me, our tongues waging their own war of dominance. Then his hot mouth and tongue were on my tits again, and before I could cry out my release, he buried his head in my shoulder, gasped, and came hard, pulsing into me. Our orgasms seemed to go on forever until we finally collapsed, still heaving against each other.

"That one was a tie, right?" he asked lazily.

"In your dreams," I said. "You definitely caved first. It's my turn to call the shots." As I reached under the bed to pull out a couple of ties, I told him to get ready!—C.S., Canada



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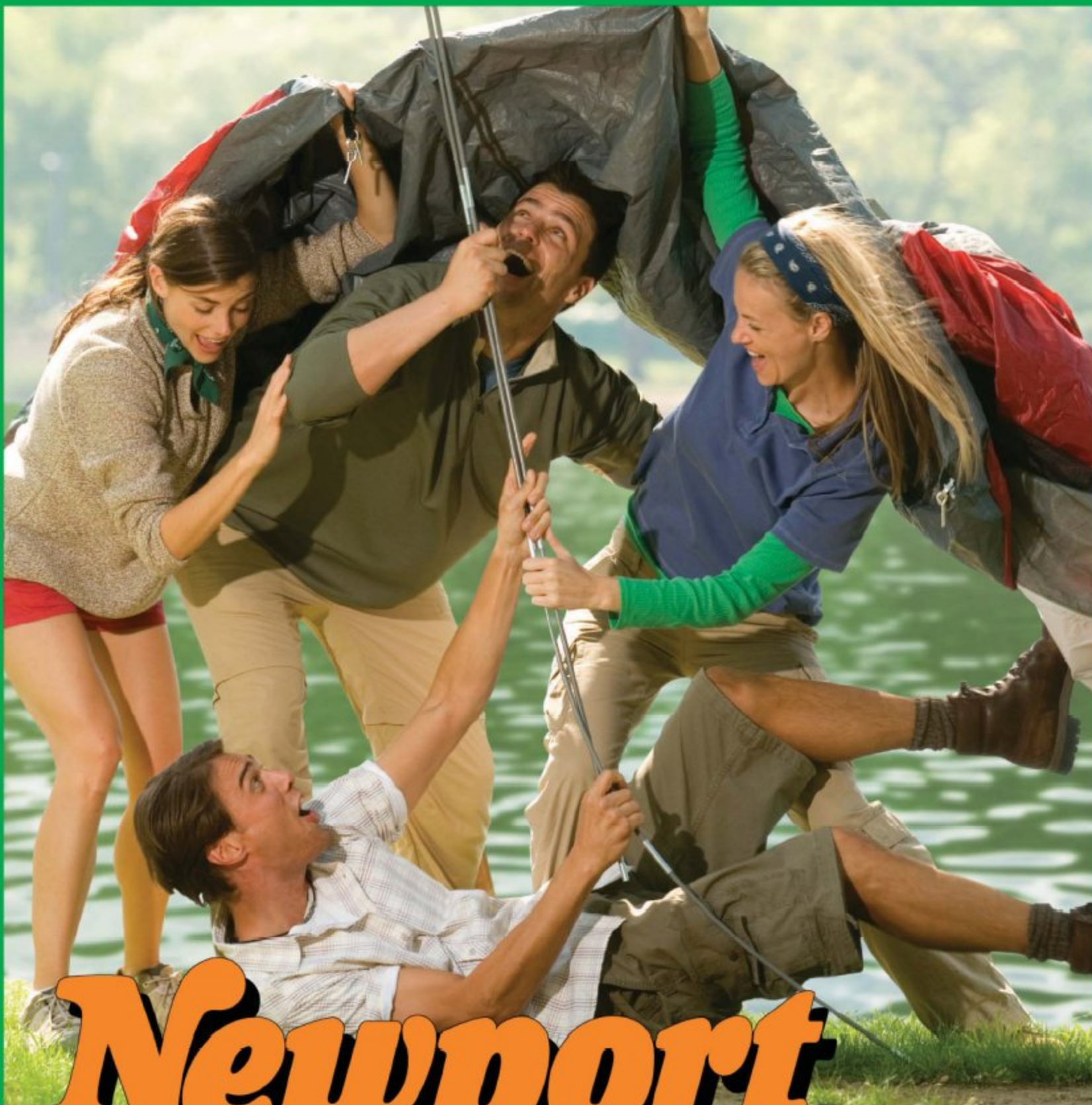
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