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Amazing Gracie

few months ago, while visiting my hometown, I ran into an ex-girlfriend at a bar. Gracie was still hot, maybe even more so now that she'd filled out another cup size. I was dying to find out if she was still the horniest brunette on Earth, so I offered to take her to a pig roast and beer blast at a local farm. Several of my friends would be there and it promised to be a good time.

We were having fun eating and drinking all afternoon, and looking forward to the bonfire later that night, but Gracie didn't know anyone and started to get bored. I was in a group conversation with some buddies when she came over, tugged on my belt loop, and whispered, "Wanna fuck?"

I managed to keep a straight face while telling my friends that Gracie was out of beer. We got in line for the keg and started making out hot and heavy, just like we used to years ago. People started yelling "Get a room!"

The nearest available "room" was my compact car. We tumbled into the backseat and started kissing again and feeling each other up, and I had a chance to check out just how much Gracie's tits had grown. But as our passion mounted, we outgrew the cramped backseat.

Before abandoning the car, I got a condom out of the glove compartment and we headed to a tall grassy area, which I hoped would give us some privacy. It was dark enough now that we'd only be discovered if another horny couple wandered away from the party to screw.

Gracie had already shucked her shorts and panties and was rubbing

I was still rock-hard. "Deeper," she moaned, and I did my best to plow into her with long, controlled thrusts. herself while I rolled on the condom. As soon as I was ready, she squatted over me and lowered her wet snatch right down on my cock. Then someone tossed something onto the bonfire that really lit up the night sky. It was like watching a brilliantly colored movie, with the music blaring and the glow from the bonfire highlighting Gracie's body as she rose and fell in front of me. It wasn't long before my personal rocket shot off, and I came really hard with Gracie's pussy spasming around my cock.

But I was still rock-hard and the need to keep fucking her drove me to push her onto her back in the grass so I could continue to drill away at her.

"Deeper," she moaned, and I did my best to plow into her with long, controlled thrusts, pulling all the way out before slamming back in to the root.

Several thrusts later, when I realized the condom was gone, I stopped and pulled out for good, opting to suck on her amazing dark nipples. I worked my way down to her snatch and began an eager tongue session on her somewhat hairy box. Using both hands, I lifted her ass off the ground to gain full access, as I worked my tongue up and down her slit.

"Oh, yeah," she crooned, while working her pussy against my mouth. I finally settled on teasing her clit until she started to tremble and I no longer needed to hold her up. I sat back on my heels, watching the juices run down her thighs, while stroking my cock. When she'd recovered, she leaned forward and went for my dick, taking me into her hot mouth, using her hand to add to the pumping action.

When I was about to shoot my load, I remembered that Gracie had never let me come in her mouth. I warned her and was about to pull out when she held me in place.

All I could think was, Fuck me! Not only did Gracie let me come in her mouth, she even swallowed most of my cream, making the experience even more amazing.

We never returned to the party, but we ended up in Gracie's bed, which was way better.—*B.T., Minnesota*

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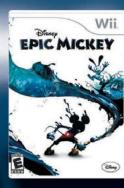
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penthouse forum



■ FRIENDS, THEN LOVERS

I've been walking on weekend mornings with a coworker for about a year. Carrie's a tall blonde with a banging body, and I've been crushing on her for a long time. We talk about lots of things, so one morning I decided to tell her I'm bisexual. I even told her about my last girlfriend, saying how much I missed her.

Carrie nodded, then told me about a trip she and her husband had taken to Vegas, and about a woman she'd met while playing video poker at one of the bars. She went on about how beautiful the woman was, and that they'd gotten along so well that they met every afternoon to gamble and have drinks. She didn't elaborate much, but apparently, the woman had put a move on her.

Then Carrie brought up my exgirlfriend again, asking what she was like, why we'd split, and if I had been with anyone else since.

"No," I told her, "but there is one girl I like a lot. I'm just not sure if I should approach her."

"You'll never know unless you try. What have you got to lose?"

I knew she was right. I asked her what she had planned for the rest of the day, since she'd mentioned her husband was out of town on business.

"Why don't you come over for brunch?" asked Carrie, placing a soft hand on my forearm. "We can have some wine and I can show you the pictures from my trip."

I felt a sudden flash of heat where

Carrie touched me, and an unexpected warmth between my legs. When I agreed, Carrie looped her arm around my neck and kissed me full on the mouth. I could hardly believe this was finally happening, but I could have kicked myself for not making the first move. Instead, I slipped my tongue into her mouth and tangled it with hers. We were like two horny teens, making out in the park, until I finally broke the kiss and we raced each other to Carrie's house.

Once we were inside, everything happened at lightning speed. Clothes were stripped off on the way to her bedroom. Then Carrie was under me, moaning and sighing—her plump nipple in my mouth, my eager fingers cupping the damp pussy beneath her neatly trimmed triangle. I slid down until I was between her long legs, kissing and licking her slick mound as she pulled me hard against her.

"I'm so fucking hot, Taylor," she moaned. "Make me come, baby!"

I licked her slit from top to bottom, tasting her sweet juices. When I licked the tip of her clit, she bucked, almost knocking me off. But her hands quickly guided me back. I slid a finger into her, feeling the soft, wet warmth of her tight pussy. Then I slid a second one in and she moaned again, pumping her hips up off the bed, trying to get my fingers deeper. When I

I turned until we were sixty-nining, gorging ourselves on each other's slippery juices. pressed them against her G spot, she lost it.

"Fuck me! I'm coming!" she screamed. I covered her pussy with my mouth, pulling her clit with my lips, and moaned when her come hit my lips. It was better than anything I could have wished for. I licked her until she came down from her climax.

I moved up between her legs and offered her my two fingers. She smiled, took my hand, and pulled it to her lips. As she licked her come from my fingertips, her free hand slid between my legs. When she'd licked mine clean, she brought her own fingers to her lips to taste me.

Smiling, she whispered, "That was so good." Then she grabbed my hips and guided me over her face, telling me that it was her first time and she wanted to get it right. I began slowly humping her mouth while telling her how good she was. It might have been her first time, but we girls know what we like. Carrie caught on fast and quickly drove me out of my mind.

I still had her taste on my lips and craved more, so I turned around until we were sixty-nining, gorging ourselves on each other's slippery juices. When we'd made each other come several times, we lay next to each other, trying to catch our breath. I wanted to say something to break the ice, but Carrie beat me to it.

"So, Taylor," she began, "how'd you like to meet my husband next weekend?"—T.G., Louisiana

More letters on page 124

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Courteney Cox, Neve Campbell, Emma Roberts, Hayden Panettiere

By trilogy's end in 2000, this smart-alecky franchise had lost plenty of lung power-it was more like Squeak. So why do we harbor hopes for the update? A decade of extreme bloodletting (Saw, Piranha, etc.) has us yearning for clever dialogue again, and original screenwriter Kevin Williamson is back-a promising sign. He's got new rules of horror and a fresh cast of know-it-alls who think they can break them. Also returning are veteran director Wes Craven and franchise survivors Campbell and Cox. We imagine Ghostface will skip the cougars and go for the young flesh-Roberts and Panettiere.



Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, Jennifer Lawrence We can't help but be tickled to see this Gibson drama (his last?) actually hitting theaters. It's the story of an unraveling family man who begins communicating through a hand puppet he finds in the trash. (Mel does a silly voice and everything.) Leave your hopes for a profanity-laced Muppet tirade behind; apparently, the finished film (based on Kyle Killen's much-buzzed-about script) was so moving it couldn't be shelved. Sweet redemption for a madman? Time will tell. Foster directs and costars, with Winter's Bone star Lawrence in a supporting part.



Russell Brand, Helen Mirren, Jennifer Garner, Nick Nolte

American opinion appears to be split regarding British funnyman Russell Brand (marrying Katy Perry didn't help his cause), but let's give him a pass for this remake of the beloved 1981 Dudley Moore comedy. Reprising Moore's drunken playboy who must consent to an arranged marriage (with Garner) to keep his inheritance, Brand is stepping into some big shoes, but he just may be up to the task. Apparently Greenberg's Greta Gerwig was the best that they could do for Brand's (true) love interest, but we're curious to see Mirren take on the butler role that won John Gielgud an Oscar.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*ARTHUR*) BARRY WETCHER, (*PAUL*.) DOUBLE NEGATIVE/UNIVERSAL PICTURES, (UFOS) SAGEL & KRANEFELD/CORBIS



Your Highness James Franco, Natalie Portman, Danny McBride, Zooey Deschanel

It has the perfect title for a stoner comedy set in medieval times, and maybe after reading that you'll need no further persuading. But the pleasures of this comedy adventurelargely improvised on-set, we hear—are ample: Franco and McBride play royal brothers, one strapping and heroic, the other magnificently lazy. (Need we point out which is which?) After bride-to-be Deschanel is kidnapped from the kingdom, the quest is on, but rest assured there will be multiple digressions from period English: Franco can't bring himself to consider the possibility that his virginal Belladonna has been "buttfucked," for one. Magical spells and costly looking effects abound: Your Highness looks like an unlikely yet lovable blend of R-rated raunch and a Harry Potter-size budget. Who could possibly command such a set? Pineapple Express's David Gordon Green continues to modulate his esteemed art-house career (George Washington, All the Real Girls) into true Hollywood subversion. We support the experiment, as does Harvard-grad Portman, who gleefully joins the rampant lewdness.



Simon Pegg, Seth Rogen, Nick Frost, Jason Bateman

You know who's never not funny? Simon Pegg and Nick Frost. The comic duo has satirized zombie movies (Shaun of the Dead) and buddy-cop flicks (Hot Fuzz) with much success, and now they take the piss out of another beloved subgenre: the Roswell alien picture. Alongside a talented cast that includes Bill Hader, Jane Lynch, Kristen Wiig, and Sigourney Weaver, Pegg and Frost play two geeks whose road trip to America's UFO hot spots is sidetracked by a chatty travel companion from another world (voiced by Rogen). Superbad's Greg Mottola directs, from a script written by Pegg and Frost. Ohen Script written by Pegg and Frost.

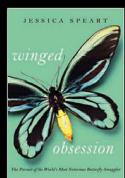
The Truth Is Out There

A new book takes a sober, scholarly look at the UFO phenomenon.



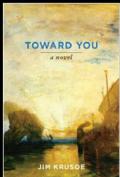
If UFOs are science fiction to you, you'll want to check out this offering from Thomas Dunne Books by a bona fide researcher who tackles all the data available thus far in a sane, detailed way. It won't make you a believer, but it does shed light on the history of specific sightings and how the government has (and hasn't) dealt with them. With input from Tom Clancy, UFOs offers an insider's look at government studies, public panics, and the stories of those who've had "close encounters" (not all of them hicks from the sticks). Alexander doesn't have all the answers, but he makes a case that those who dismiss UFOs out of hand do themselves a disservice.





Who knew butterflies could be worth \$10,000 each, and that the illegal trade in them is a \$200-milliona-year black market? Or that Japanese vending machines sell live beetles as

pets? In this journalistic account, U.S. Field and Wildlife Agent Ed Newcomer goes undercover, and the author takes us from the source of the butterflies to a homoerotic twist: Kojima, the smuggler, starts flirting with Newcomer, who's posing as a newbie seller. Part true crime, part adventure, this page-turner from William Morrow is filled with intrigue and cunning on both sides of the law.



In this novel from Tin House Books, Jim Krusoe takes one of his customarily dreamlike premises—a loner named Bob encounters a dead dog, and decides to build a machine to communicate

deceased—and makes it seem just about plausible. From there, he weaves Bob's story with that of his ex-girlfriend, Yvonne, and her daughter, Dee Dee, who are trying to reach out from the beyond. We buy into Bob's grandiose world and end up rooting for his machine, the Communicator, to work. Krusoe gives us a glimpse of an alternate world where the promise of technology is a man's final hope against loneliness.

FUIFONTAI REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT



Crimes& **4isdemeanor**

Videogames provide average Joes the opportunity to do absurdly horrible things, so we came up with the five most immoral games of all time—if you choose to play them that way.

By Seanbaby

While walking up behind people and punching their heads off in Fallout: New Vegas, it occurred to this gamer that it's high time to celebrate the craziest crimes you can commit via console. These five games were lovingly programmed to allow players to perform fantastically immoral acts. I say "allow" because the player always has the option to behave him- or herself. However, that would waste all the hard work put in by the dying-hooker animation team, the screaming-hooker voice actress, and the fountain of blood's particle-effects programmer.





GRAND THEFT AUTO IV (2008; Xbox 360, PS3, PC) Worst Act of Immorality: **Felonious Everything**

Here, you can commit every crime imaginable with fewer consequences than an O.J. Simpson murder, but it's the attention to detail that you'll appreciate. You can give a dildo as a gift to your girlfriend, but then someone guessed you would try to beather to death with it. so they made that possible too. When you pay a hooker, the game keeps track of how much money you add to her pocket because it knows vou're going to run her over right after she's done. It's like there was a team of hundreds of terrible people whose only job was to predict the deprayed things you would try to do and prepare the game to deal with them.



INFAMOUS (2009; PS3) Worst Act of Immorality: Kill, Taunt Death, Kill Again

This game lets you fight with powers that change depending on whether you're good or evil. That isn't unusual, but the nature of the electric powers gives evil players the opportunity to be especially sadistic. You see, when you kill an innocent civilian with your lightning bolts, you have the option to defibrillate him or her back to life. Then you can kill them again. At one point or another. without exception, anyone who plays spends 10 to 15 minutes killing, resuscitating, and re-killing the same confused pedestrian.

Whenever you encounter a wounded person on the street, strange and sinister options appear. You have the option of sucking out their final breath. You can handcuff them to the sidewalk and leave them to die, presumably by being eaten by 1.000 pigeons. It's so bizarrely and pointlessly evil that I imagine it would make Darth Vader wish he could masturbate



CALL OF DUTY: **MODERN WARFARE 2** (2009; Xbox 360, PS3, PC) Worst Act of Immorality:

Airport Massacre

In an early mission, while you're undercover with the Russians, you're handed a machine gun and asked to join in the slaughter of travelers in an airport. It's crazy. You can choose not to pull the trigger, but with or without your participation, you'll watch hundreds of helpless people get gunned down. If it was any other location, the victims could at least fight back with nail clippers or shampoo, but at an airport all they can do is cower and die.

If you think about it the entire scene doesn't make any sense. Why don't you, as an undercover good guy, shoot the Russians? You have to figure your boss would understand if, after 100 dead civilians, you threw away your secret undercover plans and killed the bad guys. "Gratuitous" doesn't even begin to describe this kind of violence.



POSTAL 2 (2003; PC) Worst Act of Immorality: **Murder for Attention**

This game is set in a world of poop jokes, boner puns, and wanton violence. It's built around the concept of giving the player mundane missions that can be solved without violence, then making that option seem stupid. For instance, you can patiently wait ten minutes for the next available window, or you can murder everyone at the DMV. Basically, Postal 2 is so blatantly immoral that it becomes ridiculous to not go on a killing spree.

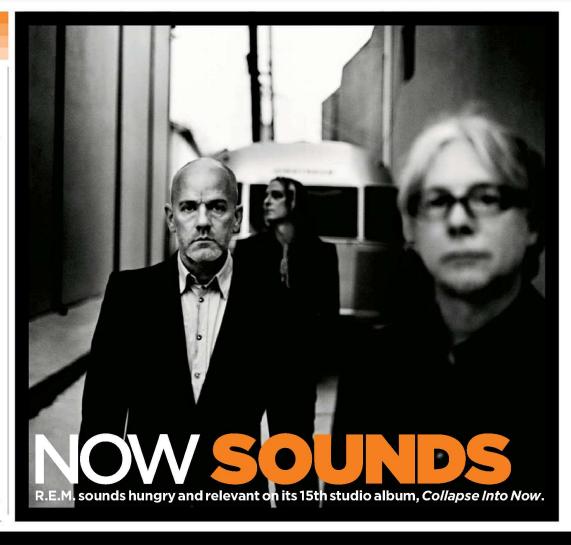
The game isn't very good, probably because its only goal was to shock the public. Postal 2 was more desperate to taunt authority than a girl who uses her father's phone number as her stripper name. Players can kick around severed heads. pee on corpses, and ram guns up cats' asses to use them as silencers. The angsty immaturity managed to not only find the most witless way to sodomize a cat, it succeeded in garnering enough attention to get banned in several countries.

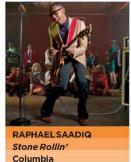


FABLE II (2008; Xbox 360) Worst Act of Immorality: Adultery

Not all immoral options in games are acts of violence. This game gives players the chance to befriend, seduce, marry, and impregnate that special someone. It's all lovely until she finds out that you did the same thing to three other women in the village and all of you now share the same hepatitis. Fable II even has a button that lets you have condomless sex with prostitutes. That's right: Someone programmed that into the game and maybe even gave it to a team of testers to make sure warts were properly growing on your wife's genitals after you returned home following a bareback romp with a hooker. The amount of effort that went into letting a player start a secret third family and give all his wives chlamydia is astounding.OH 1

Following the release of 2008's Accelerate, R.E.M. was celebrated for looking backward in search of an older, "classic" sound. Collapse Into Now, the graying Southern trio's 15th (!) album, sails triumphantly in the other direction. It's resolutely forward-looking and utterly alive. For the first time since the 1997 departure of drummer Bill Berry, the band sounds hungry and relevant, gliding effortlessly from big-hearted, big-rock anthems ("Discoverer," "All the Best") to the sort of gentle, acoustic benedictions that once comforted an entire Alternative Nation ("Überlin," "Oh My Heart"). "I have not touched the ground in I don't know how long," Michael Stipe sings on the lovely "Walk It Back." To which we say, Float on!





Former Tony! Toni! Toné! frontman Raphael Saadig is a soul anthropologist. lovingly reinterpreting bygone eras of R&B for modern ears. His last album. 2008's The Way I See It.

set his vibrant vocals over the familiar bubblegum bounce of early Motown, but Stone Rollin' fast-forwards a decade, taking inspiration from the darker, funkier corners of the 1970s: the pounding "Heart Attack" relocates the Temptations from Detroit to Altamont, while the sweetly grooving "Moving Down the Line" flirts with dusty psychedelia. The retro-futurist vibe is cemented on "Just Don't," which unites the piano player from Earth, Wind & Fire with the Swedish-Japanese singer from electronic outfit Little Dragon.



Epitaph ****

made the leap from underground adulation to mainstream consecration. But no careerist tension is present on the Jersey band's sixth and best album, No Devolución. Rather, the music is confident, complicated, and icily beautiful, from the My Bloody Valentineesque sonic wash on "Fast to the End" to the prickly New Wave of "Magnets Caught in a Metal Heart." "It's hard to sleep when you're born to run," Geoff Rickly howls on the gorgeous "Turnpike Divides," paving a shortcut from his home state's hardcore heart to its hard-working favorite son.



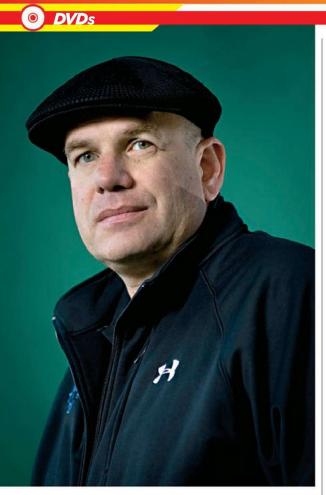
Too cerebral to be emo, too emotional to be punk, too hardcore to be popular: There are plenty of reasons Thursday has never



THEKILLS Blood Pressures Domino ***

"The Heart Is a Beating Drum" is both the pulsating third song on the Kills' fourth album, Blood Pressures, and a sort of manifesto for the rawboned Brit-blues duo behind it. Composed of

Jamie Hince (English, Kate Moss's boyfriend) and Alison Mosshart (American, Jack White's muse in the Dead Weather), the band traffics in intensely physical rock 'n' roll, all strippeddown skeletal riffs and blunt thwacks of drum machine. Blood Pressures sharpens the edge of 2008's Midnight Boom, and cuts deeper: There's more texture and complexity this time out, and opener "Future Starts Slow" and especially the strummy "Baby Says" celebrate melody rather than obscure it. It's the difference between mascara-streaked beauty and a brutal black eye. O



SIMON SAYS

David Simon's latest series, Treme, sees him one-upping the success of his critical darling The Wire. No small task.

By John Semley

mmy Award-winning producer David Simon is a former crime reporter for The Baltimore Sun. His book A Year on the Killing Streets was the inspiration for the NBC series Homicide: Life on the Street, and his book The Corner was turned into an HBO miniseries of the same name. After creating The Wire and Generation Kill, Simon turned his attention to New Orleans and the post-Hurricane Katrina efforts by the city's residents to rebuild their lives.

Treme shares some superficial similarities with The Wire: highly authentic dialogue, a firm commitment to reality, and an expansive cast, including Khandi Alexander, Rob Brown, Kim Dickens, Melissa

Leo, David Morse, John Goodman, Steve Zahn, and Wire vets Wendell Pierce and Clarke Peters. The action picks up three months after Hurricane Katrina, and deals more with the human fallout of an American city's collapse, and less with the larger institutional problems. The focus on renewal and bouncing back in the wake of a tragedy puts a bit of a spring in the show's step. Treme boasts incredible performances, a deep and rewarding narrative, and plenty of great music, and may well prove to be Simon's crowning achievement. Unfortunately, much as The Wire was consistently overshadowed by The Sopranos, Treme has lost the buzz war to Boardwalk Empire. Now that season one is being released on DVD and Blu-ray, it's time to see what you probably missed. Simon was kind enough to whet readers' appetites by answering a few questions about:

Getting it right for Treme

"God, as Richard Price likes to say, is no second-rate novelist. The 'real' often opens a door to a kind of storytelling that highlights what is actually at stake in society. That doesn't mean that a good dramatist isn't required to make shit up. The trick is knowing where to show absolute fealty to the actual, and where to cheat—and why. Short of defending our right to use our own sense of ourselves, our own experiences, and the real world to tell stories that matter to us—the legitimacy of telling stories in this waythere isn't much that we can or would offer in reply to anyone expressing an opinion as to the work itself. If folks find it meaningful and worthy, great. If not, well, we did our best.

"It's harder to tell the story of ordinary lives, absent the hyperbole of the usual television tropes. The more subtle the conflicts, the more the plot must be slowed to the scale of ordinary life. Viewers aren't used to that from TV But we accept the terms of our story and deliver within that context, or risk turning *Treme* into something too garish to be what we hoped to capture in the first place. It is delicate and hard to do this show. But fun to try."

Season Two

"It will, we hope, deal with myriad aspects of New Orleans after the storm, and address itself to the role of culture in the American city, something that we have not addressed





in any previous work. A lot of folks viewed The Wire and assumed we were offering last rites to the American city. We were certainly expressing some fear for the future. But we weren't suggesting that the city itself is not the essential paradigm for American life in the next century. We are an urban people; going forward, we will never be anything else. And New Orleans, while providing as much dystopia as any other American ville, offers glorious glimpses of what Americans, as an urban people, can be."

Journalists versus bloggers

"All information will eventually travel by way of the internet. Either the old news organizations will figure out how to do this, or fresh news organizations-perhaps even local nonprofits-will be created that will provide the kind of coverage for which readers will once again pay. By definition, these new organizations will be professional. Amateurs-in the form of bloggers-will offer a democratization of commentary and opinion, but they will not, except for the odd occasion, be able to compete in generating first-generation news coverage from local beats, state agencies, federal authorities, or global entities. They are neither designed for such, nor, tellingly, have they shown much skill at systematically replacing the diminishing news report of dying newspapers. Can a good blogger have a positive, galvanizing effect? Of course. Can his work approximate that of a paid, professional, full-time reporter who has covered the same institution day after day for years on end? Don't be silly." O





POW Upgrade your life with By Crispin Boyer

POWER-UPS

Upgrade your life with these seven shiny objects.

By Crispin Boyer

Kitara
digital guitar
Misa Digital

It may look like one of those plastic peripherals for Guitar Hero, but it's a serious instrument made of heavy-duty plastic and intended for hard-core musicians and newbie Claptons alike. Instead of strings, it's built around an eightinch touch display that you play by strumming digital chords. The neck's 24 frets feature smooth buttons that are much easier on your fingertips than conventional ones. A built-in digital synthesizer offers more than 100 sounds that you can assign to individual strings, or you can switch the screen mode to tweak distortion and delay effects. And while the Kitara might look like a toy, it's guaranteed to get you more groupies than a keytar.

() TECH

LifeOnTop SERVICING YOUR NEEDS

Engage Keyboard Smartfish • \$150

Working on a PC all day isn't exactly the manliest job, and ending up with a limp wrist from typing that interferes with your ability to fully enjoy this magazine adds insult to repetitive-stress injury. The doctordesigned Engage Keyboard helps prevent wrecked wrists by analyzing your typing frequency and subtly shifting in width and elevation according to which keys you peck the most. These slight movementspowered entirely by your PC's USB port-promote circulation in your hands and wrists to keep them from locking into hideous claws. The subtle motions make for more comfortable typing, too.

2 SP-PK51FS 5.1 speakers

Pioneer • \$519

Most high-end home-theater speakers cost at least a few grand. Fortunately, electronics giant Pioneer had Andrew Jones, the Big Kahuna of its audio engineers, invent a more recession-friendly setup. This five-speaker (plus subwoofer) package utilizes cabinet designs and components common to more expensive systems. The frequency-bonded casings and multicomponent crossovers make for outstanding sound reproduction. particularly when it comes to the subtleties of movie dialogue in the center channel. Pair the speakers with Pioneer's VSX-1020-K receiver for a system that will outperform any comparatively priced home theater in a box.



3 BlackBerry PlayBook

Research in Motion • \$499 (estimated)

While the increasingly competitive tablet market has become a serious business, none of those devices are as serious about business as the BlackBerry PlayBook. Its out-of-the-box support for BlackBerry Enterprise servers will get a big thumbs-up from your IT guy, and the PlayBook pairs wirelessly with your BlackBerry so you can use both devices interchangeably to check email and BlackBerry Messenger, edit documents, and otherwise get shit done. Like most of the recent tablets flooding the market, the PlayBook outdoes Apple's first-generation iPad with support for Flash-based websites, more video formats, multitasking, and video conferencing via camera (two are built in). Its seven-inch screen is sharp and amply sized for kicking back with a flick, game, or e-book during your lunch break.







Don't let 4 Skate Mirror your jackass friends get the Suck UK • \$155 **Skate Mirror** anywhere near a handrail unless you're Garmin • \$200 ready for seven years of lousy luck.

Resist the urge to take a ride on this totally rad piece of wheeled wall art from British housewares-maker Suck UK. Despite its authentic skateboard trucks and sturdy stainlesssteel body, this straightforwardly named mirror is intended solely for home decor, Hang it vertically or horizontally, then customize its nose and tail with the included pack of skate stickers. Party crashers will appreciate having something to ogle besides themselves when they check their teeth. Just don't let your jackass friends get the thing anywhere near a handrail unless you're ready for seven years of lousy luck.

5 GTU10 tracking device

Homing beacons are no longer the stuff of spy flicks and stalker fantasies. Garmin's GTU 10 is a waterproof device about the size of your index finger that broadcasts its position for up to four weeks on a single battery charge. Clip it to pets, kids, bikes, cars, family heirlooms, vengeful ex-wives-anyone or anything you want to keep track of—then monitor their position from the safety of your underground lair using Garmin's website or your smartphone. Customizable boundary alerts notify you if the tracker leaves or enters a specified area. AT&T's wireless network feeds the GTU 10 its GPS data. The device comes with one year of service, which you can renew for a \$50 annual fee.

6 SH100 Wi-Fi camera Samsung • \$200

Your PC or Mac has always played the middleman when it comes to transferring pics from digital cameras to social-networking sites or email, but Samsung's Wi-Fi-enabled SH100 cuts right to the chase, uploading photos and movies directly to the web, your TV, or your home network at the push of a button. It's not the first camera that can do this trick, but it is the first to co-op your Android smartphone as a remote control and viewing device. Set up the camera across the room and surreptitiously snap a pic, take a 720p movie, control the zoom, and futz with other settings from your phone. That gimmick aside, the impressive 14.2-megapixel camera features facial recognition, GPS phototagging, advanced auto-focus, an intuitive touch-screen interface, and lots of other bells and whistles. O







GUIDED TOUR

H-HOWN HOTTES

For the first time in 40 years, America's fourth-largest city plays host to the NCAA Final Four. Everyone will be in a festive mood, including lots of Lone Star State lovelies. Here are some of the best places to find them.

By Joe Diamond

HOTEL HOT SPOTS

■ VALENTINO VIN BAR AT HOTEL DEREK

HotelDerek.com; 2525 West Loop South; 866-292-4100

Houston's beautiful people show up here for the hip, lively atmosphere. But they also come for its interesting liquid concoctions, such as the BLTini, a combination of chilled Grey Goose vodka and tomato juice shaken with chives and garnished with romaine lettuce and crisp bacon, giving new meaning to the words "meal in a glass."

MONARCH LOUNGE AT HOTEL ZAZA

HotelZaZaHouston.com; 5701 Main Street; 888-880-3244/713-526-1991

This lounge in one of Houston's hottest boutique hotels draws a young, affluent, attractive crowd. Be sure to schmooze out on the terrace, with its stunning view of Houston's famous Mecom Fountain.

WATERING HOLES

■ BENJY'S

Benjys.com; 5922 Washington Avenue; 713-868-1131

Friendly staff and a sleek, sexy atmosphere help make this one of the city's favorite gathering spots. Happy hour, which features \$5 glasses of champagne and cheap, delicious appetizers, gets especially high marks from patrons. The massive bar/patio overlooking the dining room is a great place for mingling with the thirtysomething crowd.

■ THE MINK

MinkOnMain.com; 3718 Main Street; 713-522-9985

This popular Midtown club is the very antithesis of snooty. The graffiti-lined walls, dark hallways, and a "secret" space known as the Backroom give it a punk-noir vibe. Its rigorous dress code is "Wear something." Cheap booze is another draw. Well drinks are only three bucks; Miller High Lifes are just two. The club features local indie bands and deejays spinning hip-hop, house, and more.

■ TACO MILAGRO

Taco-Milagro.com; 2555 Kirby Drive; 713-522-1999

It's in swanky River Oaks, but it has a strictly south-of-the-border tropical vibe. The bar, which is covered by a thatched-palm umbrella, or palapa, serves specialty Margaritas and more than 50 premium tequilas. The Houston Press gave it "Best Mojito" honors

for getting "the drink's proportions right ... not too sweet and not too bitter." The pretty patrons also have nice proportions; the ladies are especially festive on weekends, when they get up and groove to live salsa music.

■ CAFE ADOBE

CafeAdobe.com; 2111 Westheimer Road; 713-528-1468

While you're in River Oaks, check out another local favorite, which scores big for its Margaritas. It's also garnered awards for its raucous happy hour, and the patio overlooking Westheimer Road is prime peoplewatching real estate.

RICE VILLAGE

RiceVillageOnline.com; near downtown Houston

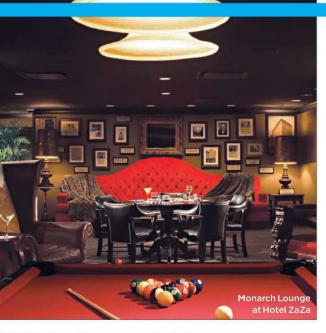
Rice Village is within walking distance of its namesake, Rice University, so it's the perfect place for scoping out some of the Southwest's finest young ladies. It's home to restaurants and retail shops, plus about a dozen bars and pubs, making it party central for coeds. Popular spots include Brian O'Neill's Irish Pub (BrianONeills.com); the Ginger Man Pub (GingerManPub .com); the Kelvin Arms (KelvinArms .com); and Under the Volcano (Under The Volcano Houston.com).

NIGHTCLUBS

■ WILD WEST

WildWestHouston.com; 6101 Richmond Ave; 713-266-3455

This is about as authentic a Texas experience as you can get outside







joining a cattle drive. All right, maybe not. They do play lots of country music, but a little rap and alternative gets thrown in. If you like slinging back longnecks while watching cowgirl cuties in rhinestone boots twosteppin' to 50 Cent, you'll love this place. The busiest night is Saturday, and you'll need to get there early if you want to find parking.

RICH'S
RichsNightlife.com; 2401 San Jacinto Street; 713-759-9606
With its cutting-edge sound and lighting systems, this easily ranks among the nation's premier mega

With its cutting-edge sound and lighting systems, this easily ranks among the nation's premier mega clubs. The Houston Press's Craig Hlavaty notes that the club pulls in top turntable artists every weekend, such as deejays Icey and Andy Moor. There are plenty of booty-shaking babes in dangerously high heels; if you can get them to stop gyrating long enough, escort them out back to the patio for some face time.

■ PENTHOUSE CLUB HOUSTON
PenthouseHouston.net; 2618
Winrock Boulevard; 713-974-2100
If you were to draw a map highlighting the city's major clusters of drop-dead gorgeous women, one spot would stand out: the elegant Penthouse
Club, where hundreds of H-Town's hottest dancers entertain. The parking is as ample as the bosoms; delicacies on the menu include Alaskan

king-crab legs, slow-cooked prime rib, bacon-wrapped double-cut pork loin, and Southern Comfort cake with apples and walnuts; the club also has a complimentary happy-hour buffet on weekdays, and a late-night breakfast buffet on weekends.

LOCK AND LOAD

AMERICAN SHOOTING CENTERS
AmShoot Centers.com; 16500
Westheimer Parkway; 281-556-8199
Guns are a quintessential part of Texas.
Why not work on your marksmanship
while you're in town? You might just
meet your very own Annie Oakley on
the rifle range. You can also try your
hand at trap and skeet shooting.

SHOOT THE BREEZE

■ BAYOU CITY CAJUN FESTIVAL,

TRADERS VILLAGE HOUSTON TradersVillage.com; 7979 North Eldridge Road; 281-890-5500 The Gulf Coast's largest market and entertainment complex hosts the 16th annual Bayou City Cajun Festival on Saturday, April 2, and Sunday, April 3. Spicy food and sultry women freshly tanned from spring break are an unbeatable combo. The festival features mouthwatering Cajun cuisine, such as crawfish étouffée, sausage po' boy, fried alligator, hot gumbo, and fried boudin balls. (Don't worry. No one will question your manhood if you snack on the balls.) Toe-tapping Cajun and zydeco music keeps the crowd moving. There's free admission; parking is \$3.0+ 1







YWITHA VENGEANCE

Cadillac shows the world how to change a good sports machine into a brilliant one.

By Bill Heald









f there's one thing that can be difficult to overcome, it's a long-standing reputation. For decades, GM's Cadillac division was the brand of choice for old codgers, and never factored into the conversation when it came to real performance automobiles. These were big, floaty beasts that featured overstuffed upholstery and acres of interior real estate, ideally suited for a winter trek to Florida or hauling your buds and several sets of golf clubs to the country club. These loungers-on-wheels were supremely comfortable, but handled like aircraft carriers, and were laughed at by the sporting luxury efforts from across the pond.

After a few disappointing attempts to try to add some athleticism to the product line, Cadillac finally said enough already; in 2002, it created the CTS. The auto world was initially shocked, then delighted. Here was a Cadillac the likes of which had not been experienced before, and while it was still a creature of comfort, it also had a seriously sharp chassis and a stout rear-drive (or all-wheel-drive) power train suitable for aggressive driving. It also had something perfect for a breakthrough change for Cadillac: cutting-edge styling that gave it a unique presence and a break from the past.

But as good as the original CTS was, in order to really mess with the status quo this new stud needed something really special under the hood. The V-6 engine the company initially used was good but not great, so Cadillac decided to drop in a Corvette-sourced 5.7-liter V-8, creating the CTS-V. Better, yes, but still not there yet. Finally, the company went the full red-meat route with a 6.2-liter unit with an intercooled supercharger that pummels the pavement with 556 horsepower and 551 foot-pounds of

torque. That transformed this secondgeneration CTS-V into one sweet. nasty, velvet-lined sledgehammer that gets under your skin the moment you fire the big mother up. The sheer size of the V-8 is enough to get the job done, but by adding the ultrasophisticated supercharger (an Eaton Twin Vortices Series unit), magical things happen. This is one of those rare automobiles that literally takes your breath away the first time you plant the accelerator to the floor, and even with the six-speed automatic transmission (a six-speed manual is also available), zero-to-60-mph times in the low-four-second range are effortless. Not only is this the most powerful Cadillac ever, but it's also the most entertaining one by a country mile.

That mile will fly by before you know it, so it's a damn good thing the engineers included world-class suspension components and brakes to help limit visits to the body shop. The Magnetic Drive System that governs both chassis control and ride quality is described by Cadillac as "the world's fastest-reacting suspension technology." Allow me to summarize: The CTS-V gobbles up bumps, corners flat, and even lets you select a Touring or Sport mode to fine-tune the suspension to your mood. It does all this with nary a rattle or harsh response, and keeps you in charge of that substantial herd of horses under the hood. Italian Brembo brakes top off the package and deliver amazingly short stopping distances.

As much as this sedan (and, for 2011, a coupe and even a wagon) differs from the old Cadillac stereotype, there's still the old luxury and golfbag-hauling ability should you require it. There are also the latest electronic amenities onboard, including a killer Bose 5.1 Surround Sound system. It almost sounds as good as that incredible engine. Almost.O—

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-door sedan;
	two-door coupe
Engine	6.2-liter
	supercharged V-8
Power	556 horsepower
Torque	551 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual;
	six-speed automatic
Front tires	255/40 R19
Rear tires	285/35 R19
Curb weight	Sedan: 4,255; coupe
	(automatic): 4,248
PERFORMANCE	
0-60	4.21 seconds
	(automatic)
Top speed	175 mph
Fuel capacity	18 gallons
EPA mpg	12 city/18 highway
	(automatic); 14/19
	(manual)
Base price	\$185.750







1

GORE-TEX

1



ROAD ARIVOR

These hot new clothes protect your hide and enhance your ride, getting you ready for life in the fast lane.

By Bill Heald

1 Alpinestars Durban Gore-Tex Jacket and Pants

AlpineStars.com • Jacket: \$700; Pants: \$500

This company started out by making exceptionally good boots, and now it crafts exceptionally advanced gear that covers you from head to toe. Whether you're a street rider or a dual-sport bush-basher, the Durban riding suit is designed to keep you shielded from the elements while allowing you to move freely, and even haul a ton of essentials in the (approximately) one gazillion pockets. Superb Italian tailoring allows flexibility, hightech body armor protects, numerous vents adjust the breeze, and Gore-Tex keeps the rain away.











Style is important, but the right gear also keeps you safe and comfortable.

4 Aerostich Windstopper Electric Vest

Aerostich.com • \$134 Riders need to stay warm when the mercury drops. Excessive bulk limits your movement on a motorcycle. so electric vests (which easily connect to your bike's battery) provide toasty heat in a light, svelte package. This is a brilliantly executed e-vest in that it's super simple to set up, houses the cord in an inside pocket when not in use, has a big, illuminated on/off button that's easy to locate and use when wearing heavy gloves, and provides plenty of watts of warmth. Zip-on sleeves are a \$70 option.

Nolan N103 N-Com Modular Helmet

NolanHelmets.com • \$330 How much can you trick out a helmet? With Nolan's N103, quite a bit. This fullface lid is loaded with such features as a pivoting chin bar you swing up to fully expose your face for eating, conversing, having a smoke, etc. An internal sunscreen pops down with the flip of a switch, so you can ride all day, then retract it when it gets dark, eliminating the need to carry clear and tinted shields. Nolan's N-Com communication interface plugs right into the helmet for easy cable or Bluetooth intercom with your passenger and other riders, or via phone.

5 Sidi Canyon Gore-Tex Boots SidiSport.com • \$300

Motorcycle boots are one of the most important articles of clothing in terms of protecting your personal real estate from weather and trauma, and some companies have created really complex. race-developed exterior armor to shield your delicate dogs. The problem is, if you ride a cruiser instead of a sport bike, the best boots don't exactly go with your wardrobe. Sidi totally understands this. Most of the armor in the Canyon Gore-Tex is inside a stylish black biker-style body with a waterproof membrane, and a ratcheted strap system tailors it to your ankle securely.

Roadgear CarbonMaxx Summer Gloves

RoadGear.com • \$70

It's a classic conundrum all motorcyclists face: It's bloody hot outside, but you still need protection in case you depart your machine unexpectedly. These gloves are constructed of stout but comfortable cowhide, and are extensively perforated so they keep your hands cool and dry. Throw in carbonfiber knuckle protection, extra padding in key areas. lots of double-stitching, and excellent workmanship, and you have yourself a superb pair of summer gloves.

6 Frogg Toggs Tekk Toad Rain Suit Frogg Toggs.com • \$80

As good as many new waterproof riding suits are, there are still riders who prefer wearing leather. a material that (with few exceptions) doesn't fare well in the rain. This easyto-carry, two-piece rain suit can be worn over protective leather gear and uses DriPore technology to keep out the elements. yet lets you breathe. The full-cut suit is easy to put on over your other riding clothes, especially the pants, which have huge zippered leg openings that easily slide over the largest boots. Reflective piping keeps you conspicuous on dark and stormy nights, too. O + 1





LifeOnTop SERVICING YOUR NEEDS



CATCH& RELEASE

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to separate the online-dating keepers from the man-eaters.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I recently started online dating after getting dumped by my girlfriend of a few years. I'm amazed by how easy it is to pick up girls and bag them on the first night out. I guess I shouldn't be that surprised, since I'm sane, creative (I'm a published poet), I work out (I've been told I look like a buff Kurt Cobain), and I ride a motorcycle. But I am surprised that these girls seem to be in it mostly for dick. We go on a few dates and everything is awesome—so much so that I find myself asking them how they feel about being exclusive. Keep in mind, I'm not pressuring them, just asking. Invariably, they stop returning my calls after the "going steady" conversation. I'm a little confused. I thought most girls like a guy who's willing to commit. What am I doing wrong?

hen it comes to girls you meet online. it's safe to assume they're anglers. There are two types—the ones on the catch-and-release program, and the ones who show up with a cooler of ice, ready to take home the first catch that meets their requirements. You, my friend, have encountered catch-and-releasers. They reel you in for pleasure, then return you to the dating pool. A catch-and-releaser is usually coming off a bad relationship, or having some sort of crisis, or she finally lost those 20 pounds and wants to slut it up. Maybe her parents just split after her old man had a fling and suddenly she's anti-relationship. Whatever the reason, she's livin' it up and givin' it up. Nailing this kind of girl is easy, but nailing her down is another thing. She's probably seeing a halfdozen dudes at once, surfing a wave of ego validation; she's not looking to lie on the sand next to you, no matter how good you look shirtless.

Another thing: If a girl is online to bounce back (or be banged back) from a bad relationship, and she sees a guy who works out and has a Harley, she's expecting a ride on the open highway, not a dark trip down the tunnel of love. If you want to weed out some of the catch-and-releasers, don't advertise the bike. Hype up your poetry instead. No woman ever used a man for his iambic pentameter.



WELCOMETO THE DARK SIDE

IPAs have begun fading to black, offering up stoutlike flavors of chocolate and coffee without losing their bitter wallop.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

nce upon a time, you could tell a beer by its color. Light, easy-drinking lagers like Budweiser are pale yellow. Porters and stouts, such as Guinness, are as dark as freshly poured blacktop. Bitter India pale ales reside in a spectrum ranging from sunset gold to rosy amber. But recently a brand-new breed of IPAs has started emerging, displaying a most peculiar pigmentation: black.

Typically, darker-hued brews saddle tongues and taste buds with rich, roasty flavors that flit from java to chocolate—terrific in a stomach-filling stout, but overpowering in a bracingly bitter tipple. Black IPAs, though, balance mouth-scrunching bitterness with a kiss of chocolate and roasted-coffee complexity. It's two great tastes that taste great together.

However, it's a delicate art to subdue dark malts' roasty astringency so bitter hops can shine, yet retain that trademark murky tint. When the team at Bend, Oregon's, Deschutes Brewery decided to take a stab at the burgeoning style, the brewers crafted 22 batches before coming up with the right recipe. The Deschutes crew steeped the dark-roasted malts—the grains that are the building blocks of beer—in cold water, which dialed back rough, harsh flavors. (Other brewers use dehusked malt, which is the secret behind Stone Brewing Company's Sublimely Self-Righteous Ale.) Deschutes' finished product, dubbed Hop in the Dark, is a tailor-made marriage of dark and light.

This hocus-pocus beer style has rapidly become craft brewing's white-hot trend, catching fire from coast to coast. In San Francisco, 21st Amendment offers the Back in Black IPA, a bitter beauty sold in cans. Idaho's Laughing Dog has devised the eminently drinkable DogZilla. Pennsylvania's Victory Brewing concocted the robust Yakima Glory. And Oregon's Oakshire Brewing released a spring seasonal dubbed O'Dark:30, identified on the label as a "Cascadian Dark Ale aka Black IPA." Wait—what the heck is a Cascadian dark ale?

Since black India *pale* ale could be considered an oxymoron, Cascadian dark ale—referencing the Pacific Northwest's Cascades mountain range, which many brewers call home—has been embraced as a substitute moniker. "A CDA is essentially a hoppy, dark beer, but it doesn't taste just like an IPA," says Matt Van Wyk, Oakshire's brewmaster. "They're different styles."

That's indisputable, but the term Cascadian is a wee bit misleading. The Northwest hardly has a monopoly on the style. Furthermore, generously hopped dark ales were brewed in the United Kingdom more than a century ago. But no matter what you call this new brew, one thing's for certain: It's the dawn of a dark, delicious reign. Of a

Five to Try

21ST AMENDMENT
BREWERY
BACK IN BLACK IPA
This canned treat from
San Francisco pours out a dark,
handsome mahogany brown.
BIB presents a floral perfume of
pine and citrus, with a smidgen

of cocoa nibs. Goes down like

a dream.

STONE BREWING COMPANY SUBLIMELY SELF-RIGHTEOUS ALE

Originally released as Stone's 11th-anniversary ale, SSRA proved so popular that the California brewery elevated it to full-time status in 2009. Expect a heady bitterness, a touch of coffee, and a light mouthfeel.

WIDMER
BROTHERS
PITCH BLACK IPA
To create this black
beauty, the long-running Oregon
brewery uses heaps of hops,
resulting in a citrusy, resinous
scent. Caramel sweetness and
toasty malt round out the body.

OAKSHIRE BREWING O'DARK: 30CASCADIAN DARK ALE

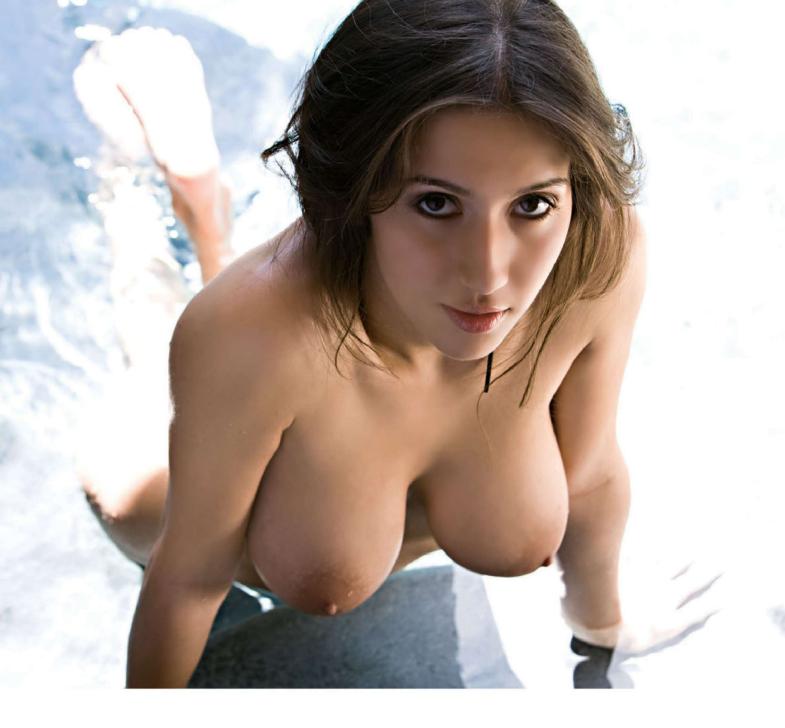
O'Dark:30 decants the color of a coal seam, offering up a pleasing bouquet of citrus and pine blended with the flavors of a porter: dark fruits, licorice, and a dollop of chocolate.

SOUTHERN TIER
BREWINGCOMPANY
INEQUITY IMPERIAL
BLACK ALE

This supercharged ale from western New York presents an aroma of pine and grapefruit, with restrained smokiness and chocolate. Sweetness is kept in check; there's a nice interplay of bitterness and roasted malt.







calendar gir

Our April issue offers us the perfect excuse for celebrating the charms of April O'Neil, an adult actress who works with both guys and girls. Her birthday is even in April! But we're truly lucky to have the 32D-24-34 self-proclaimed nerd as a part of our special bush issue. As she says, "I like a little hair on vaginas. For men, though, smooth balls are a must."

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

















"I love oral sex, but I'm not very into the sixty-nine position, whether I'm with a man or a woman. I like to be able to focus on what I'm doing."











hen the Chicago Cubs and Tampa Bay Rays pulled off an eight-player trade this off-season, the most interesting player involved wasn't any of the four top prospects the Rays received, or even Matt Garza, the 2008 ALCS MVP and front-line starter who landed in Chicago. It was Fernando Perez.

The 27-year-old outfielder has played in just 41 major-league games, and was never viewed as a future star while toiling in the minors. But he's one of the most interesting characters in baseball. Perez's parents escaped Cuba for the United States when their son was still in grade school. Thanks to his parents' many sacrifices and his own hard work, Perez made his way to Columbia University, where he majored in American studies and creative writing. He later became the first major-league player to be published in Poetry magazine, blogged for The New York Times, and started a fascinating Twitter feed.

I talked to the introspective (and speedy) outfielder while researching my new book, The Extra 2%: How Wall Street Strategies Took a Major League Baseball Team From Worst to First (ESPN Books/Ballantine).

You were one of two siblings, but your sister passed away when you were in high school. How did that affect your outlook afterward?

I was 16; she had just graduated from Howard University and was working for the NFL. It changed everything in my family. My mother was stricken in a very physical way. My father as well. My sister [died in a car accident] going to a fun event she never got to go to before because she was always working. It struck me as a metaphor to live variously. There's a Frank O'Hara quote about living as variously as you can. I was already a three-sport athlete. I decided to act, too. I applied to Columbia on early decision, but I was also considering going to Vassar and studying theater, even quitting baseball. Ultimately, it taught me to never, ever pigeonhole myself.

What was your reaction when you were called up to the big leagues?

I found out right before a team party. I called home, told my folks, they were freaking out. People launch into these moments: "I'll never see you again." It's like a graduation. Precarious. But if you don't think you're going to make it there, you probably won't. That's how athletes are; you have to think you're good enough to make it.

Joe Maddon gets a lot of credit for the Rays' recent success. What are his best traits as a manager?

When I got there, I was filled with emotions about what the big leagues were supposed to feel like. Joe told us, "Don't do anything different from what you've done all along." He said we should just enjoy it, both making it to the majors, and then making the Rays winners for the first time. Joe is good with so many different types of folks. As the season went on, everybody was telling us, "You guys have done well till now, but the Red

Penthouse Picks

For the second year in a row, we asked two noneditorial *Penthouse* staffers to make predictions for the new MLB season, and then stacked them up against those of a baseball expert. This year's expert is Jonah Keri, whose baseball writing has appeared here, ESPN.com, *The New York Times*, and *The Wall Street Journal*.

AL EAS T

The Shipping Manager: Boston The Accountant: Boston The Expert: Boston

ALCENTRAL

The Shipping Manager: Minnesota The Accountant: Detroit

The Accountant: Detroit
The Expert: Minnesota

ALWES

The Shipping Manager: Texas
The Accountant: Texas
The Expert: Texas

AL WILD CARD

The Shipping Manager: Chicago White Sox The Accountant: N.Y. Yankees The Expert: Tampa Bay

NLEAS

The Shipping Manager:
Philadelphia
The Accountant: Philadelphia
The Expert: Philadelphia

NL CENTRAL

The Shipping Manager: Cincinnati Sox will beat you, then you'll rebuild next year." Right in that period, there was anxiety. A couple of us got these Mohawks, and then Joe did, too. That was so ridiculous. But it was also a self-deprecating gesture. After Joe got one, it became, "Let's all do this." We were a relaxed, confident team, and Joe was a big reason why.

What did your teammates say about your blogging?

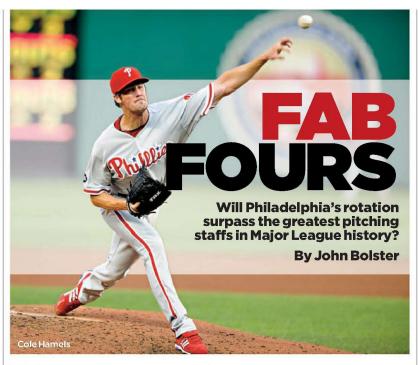
It was a nonissue. Only one person has mentioned anything about it to me. I'm not a believer in jinxing—that I'm going to write something about Guantánamo Bay and then the team will fall into a losing streak. But still, there's nothing I wrote in the blog that was going to affect the season. I was trying to give as much inside stuff as possible without causing any trouble.

What makes blogging and social media so attractive for athletes?

People are interested in what you say, just because of what you know. Also, baseball is a great institution; it's given me a lot of things. This way I can give a little bit back, honor the game at some level. Still, as a writer, I feel very particular about the types of things I want and don't want to say. I'm not a political person, but even admitting that betrays some political convictions. You're toeing that line, and you have to really be careful.

Why can't ballplayers be political? Actors are.

Part of it is that we're supposed to be less intelligent. It's interesting, because people will ask you to leverage your juice for other reasons. I've always felt that an opinion is an opinion, no matter what your status. And yet there are people who can say something that's false and get others believing in it because they've got a good jump shot, or they have nice boobs. I think the best we can do in our position is to preach to people about general ideas, and get people to think for themselves.



hiladelphia's Citizens Bank ballpark has had a reputation as a hitter's park since it opened in 2004, but look for that to change in 2011. Not because they've changed the stadium's dimensions or somehow altered the local wind patterns, but because the Phillies reacquired ace lefty Cliff Lee last December, and added him to a rotation that already includes twotime Cy Young Award winner Roy Halladay, three-time All-Star Roy Oswalt, and 2008 World Series and NLCS MVP Cole Hamels.

With Lee back in the fold, Philadelphia becomes a heavy favorite to win the NL pennant, and boasts a pitching staff with the potential to be historically good. We took a look at three great rotations from three different eras, using a few key sabermetric pitching stats, to see how these Phillies might compare.

Here are the primary markers we used: ERA+ (Earned Run Average adjusted to the player's ballpark), WHIP

(walks plus hits divided by innings pitched, aka base-runners-per-inning), and K/BB (strikeout-to-walk ratio).

A quick primer on these numbers for the uninitiated: ERA+ adjusts a pitcher's earned run average according to whether his home ballpark favors hitters or pitchers, and the average ERA for the league. An ERA+ of 120, for example, means the pitcher was 20 percentage points better than the league-wide average. WHIP measures base runners-per-inning; WHIP of less than 1.25 is considered very good. The self-explanatory strikeout-to-baseson-balls ratio (K/BB) measures a pitcher's control. A K/BB of more than 3.00 is pretty good, while a ratio below 1.00 means a pitcher is walking more batters than he's striking out.

We compared the 2011 Philliesbased on their 2010 stats—to the 1927 New York Yankees, the 1971 Baltimore Orioles, and the 1997 Atlanta Braves. How did they do? Well, in baseball, perhaps more than any other sport, the numbers don't lie. Take a look:

The Accountant: St. Louis The Expert: Milwaukee

NL WEST

The Shipping Manager: San The Accountant: Colorado

The Expert: Colorado

The Shipping Manager:

Milwaukee

The Accountant: Milwaukee The Expert: San Francisco

The Shipping Manager: Boston The Accountant: Boston The Expert: Boston

NL PENNANT

The Shipping Manager: Philadelphia

The Accountant: Philadelphia The Expert: Milwaukee

The Shipping Manager: Adrian Gonzalez, Boston The Accountant: Adrian

Gonzalez, Boston

The Expert: Adrian Gonzalez. Boston

The Shipping Manager: Troy Tulowitzki, Colorado The Accountant: Albert Pujols, St.Louis

The Expert: Troy Tulowitzki, Colorado

The Shipping Manager: Philadelphia

The Accountant: Boston The Expert: Philadelphia

2011 PHILLIES

Roy Halladay ERA+:165/WHIP:1.04/K/BB: 7.30*. Also led the league in wins (21) and innings pitched (250.2).
Roy Oswalt ERA+:143/WHIP:1.02*/K/BB: 3.51. Started last season in Houston, but in 12 starts for Philly, went 7–1 with 1.74 ERA.

Cole Hamels ERA+: 132/WHIP: 1.18/K/BB: 3.46. After July 7 of last season, Hamels produced the best ERA among all left-handed starters in MLB. Cliff Lee ERA+: 130/WHIP: 1.00*/K/BB: 10.28*. Split last season between Seattle and Texas, produced an incredible 14.83 strikeout-to-walk ratio in 13 starts for the Mariners.

■ 1927 YANKEES

Waite Hoyt ERA+: 148/WHIP: 1.16/K/BB: 1.59. Hoyt led the league in wins (22) and winning percentage (.759) and finished second in ERA (2.63). Urban Shocker ERA+: 137/WHIP: 1.24/K/BB: 0.85. A member of the

1.24/K/BB: 0.85. A member of the Penthouse Name Hall of Fame (we just nominated and inducted him), Shocker was 36 years old in 1927, but still finished third in ERA (2.84).

Herb Pennock ERA+:130/WHIP:1.30/K/BB:1.06. The Knight of Kennett Square produced the AL's eighthbest ERA that season (3.00) and later made the Hall of Fame.

Dutch Ruether ERA+: 115/WHIP:1.38/K/BB: 0.87. The six-foot-one lefty from California leftthe majors after the '27 season.

Breakdown: The '27 Yankees are of course better known for their dominating sluggers, Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, but they had two future Hall of Famers (Hoyt and Pennock) on their pitching staff, and their five starters (George Pipgras was No. 5) combined for an ERA of 3.13, more than a run below the league average. They also won 110 games and swept the World Series while giving up just ten runs to the Pirates.

Verdict: Phillies. These Yanks had an impressive combined ERA+, but all four battled control problems. Only Hoyt could be said to be truly dominant.

■ 1971 BALTIMORE ORIOLES

Mike Cuellar ERA+:109/WHIP:1.12/K/BB:1.59. Cuellar went 20-9 that season, one year after going 24-8 with 21 complete games.

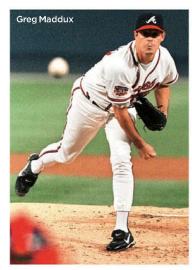
Pat Dobson ERA+: 116/WHIP: 1.10/ K/BB: 2.97. Dobson logged a careerhigh 282 innings, and his 2.90 ERA placed him eighth among AL pitchers. Jim Palmer ERA+:126/WHIP:1.20/K/BB:1.74. The future underwear model finished third in the AL with a 2.68 ERA. Dave McNally ERA+:117/WHIP:1.10/K/BB:1.57. The lefty from Billings, Montana, who died of lung cancer in 2002, topped all AL starters with an .808 winning percentage.

Breakdown: The fabled '71 Orioles rotation, the only staff since the 1920 White Sox to produce four 20-game winners, falls notably short in the ERA+ category: not one of the starters reached the 130 threshold (more on that in a minute).

Verdict: Phillies. For old-school fans, this Orioles staff is the pinnacle of modern pitching dominance, but the four Phils had better numbers last year.

■ 1997 ATLANTA BRAVES
Greg Maddux ERA+: 189/WHIP:





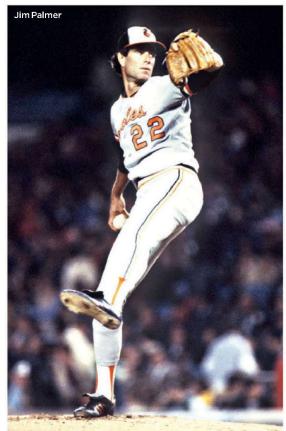
0.95/K/BB: 8.85*. A typically brilliant season for the future Hall of Famer. He also led the league in home-runsallowed-per-nine-innings with a 0.3 average.

Tom Glavine ERA+: 141/WHIP: 1.15/K/BB: 1.92. Glavine threw five complete games that year, and finished with a 2.96 ERA.

John Smoltz ERA+:138/WHIP:1.16/K/BB: 3.83. The Detroit-born righty led the NL in innings pitched with 256. Denny Neagle ERA+:140/WHIP:1.08/K/BB: 3.51. Neagle may have been the fourth wheel on this staff, but he didn't play like it in '97, leading the NL in wins with 20 and finishing third in the Cy Young voting.

Breakdown: According to the number crunchers at ESPN, since 1919 there have been just two teams with four starters who topped 130 in ERA+ in the same season. Those teams? The 1942 Detroit Tigers, and these Braves. Verdict: Phillies—with the obvious caveat (applicable above as well) that this Phillies staff hasn't done anything yet. But if they can come close to repeating their 2010 performances, they'll join the pantheon of baseball pitching staffs. If they top their 2010 seasons, they'll go straight to the top. * League leader

HOTOGRAPHS BY (SHOCKER) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD/CORBIS, (MADDUX) STEVEN R. SCHAEFER/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, AALNER) AL MESSERSCHMIDT/WIREIMAGE (KELLY) NBC/NBCU PHOTO BANK VIA AP IMAGES, (FINCH) MICHAEL BUCKNER/GETTY AAGES, (DERGAN) CHRIS POLK/FILMMAGIC, (BINGER) ARUNN PEVADER/ WIREIMAGE





5 ERICA ELLYSON (Clay Buchholz)—Our 2008
Pet of the Year had a spring (training) fling with the Red Sox righty back in 2008. It topped the no-hitter Buchholz threw the year before.



JENNIE FINCH (Casey Daigle) All-Star major-leaguers Mike Piazza and Albert Pujols struck out against the famous softball pitcher—in the batter's box, anyway—but career minor-leaguer Daigle landed her. Go figure.



JISA DERGAN (Scott Podsednik) Podsednik peaked at mid-decade: He earned his first and only All-Star nod in 2005, and married Dergan in early '06.



2 BRITTANY BINGER (Grady Sizemore) It's possible that Brittany Binger's body is perfect—entirely without flaws. Further research would be required to confirm that, but we're not ruling it out at this point.









never knew it got this cold in Australia. It's 5 A.M. and I'm at a farmstead deep in rural New South Wales, sitting in a battered utility truck that idles sluggishly in the frosty morning air. Two crossbred hunting dogs are chained to the ute's flatbed. They wear thick canvas vests running from jowl to sternum and up across the back and shoulders: fight-

business. Already they're itching for a scrap, keen and alert, teeth glinting in the moonlight.

ing armor for this morning's

I wish I could say the same for myself. A few months earlier, I'd gotten to talking with a guy in a bar who told me about hunting wild boar in the Australian bush, using only armorclad dogs and knives to bring down the boars, which are notorious for their savage tusks and bad tempers.

Back there in the bar it sounded cool. I imagined myself astride a slain hog, bloody dagger between my teeth, panting with guttural satisfaction. But now, as I shiver beside the ute and its growling canine cargo, I'm not so much cool as freezing. I've never hunted before, never killed anything bigger than a spider, never been in the bush. And like most city boys, I've never even seen a wild boar. A turkey shoot would have been a gentler introduction to blood sports. However, I have decided that my hunting initiation will take place many miles from the nearest hospital, where my cellphone doesn't work, and I have no idea what I'm going to do if Porky takes a dislike to my (unarmored) butt.

Half an hour later and the ute has brought us over hills and through ravines so steep that you'd need ropes to get up there on foot. Aussie pig hunters, it turns out, sing the praises of their Toyota trucks unreservedly. I have no cause to disagree, although each time we come down another rubble-strewn hillside at 45 degrees, I hold on tight and try not to think about the Japanese company's 2010 troubles with brake linings.

The dogs, now untied, suddenly dart from the ute. They sprint across the hillside, their bodies no more than dark spots in the steely blue light of dawn, before disappearing altogether. We stop the vehicle and jump out. We wait. It seems like ages. Then we hear the faint but harrowing squeal of a pig.

Immediately we're running. I know that this is when the adrenaline rush should kick in. It's the reason hunters get out of bed at ungodly hours and keep at it through rain and shine, a

[into the wild]

natural blood rush, the last vestiges of our own primordial killer instinct. But as we run, and the squealing intensifies, I ask myself whether I really want to watch fit, aggressive mammals bite each other to death? Those turkeys are beginning to seem like a great idea.

Too late. We arrive to see the dogs struggling with a 100-pound wild boar. They have it by the ears, and the three animals are falling and stumbling together amid dead wood and rotten leaves in a narrow gully. The hog is screaming madly, fighting a losing battle but never letting up. Chopper, the larger dog, is playing a sort of grounding role, working hard to keep hold of one of the boar's ears; he has lost most of his teeth in previous encounters with bigger, fiercer pigs, and now uses pure jaw power and determination to keep hold of his quarry. Delta, the younger, smaller dog, is a real firecracker, and her teeth are locked hard onto the pig's other ear. She's getting tossed around by the hog, which easily outpowers her, but never for a moment does it look like she'll let ao.

Let's face it. Animals kill one another. This boar has gored plenty of lambs to death over the course of its life. Wild boars are unwelcome predators here, and their numbers are difficult to control. However, when you witness the screaming violence of animals desperately trying to drag the life out of each other, their cries urgent and pathetic, you don't rationalize. You are either repelled by what you see or you are not.

lam not. I feel sorry for the hog, which is itself a pretty impressive specimen, yet knows it is going to die. But I also feel as if this is something worth seeing, at least once in my life. The reason, I think, is a cowboy named Daniel Lott.

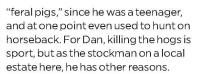
Dan, who's in his early thirties, is leading today's hunt. The dogs and ute are his, and as we approach the fighting animals he unsheathes a nine-inch knife. The pig is tiring, and Dan orders his dogs off while simultaneously grabbing the hog's hind hooves and flipping it onto its back. The knife goes in almost as soon as Dan has a knee on the animal's chest. A few seconds later, the gush of blood from its neck has turned to a trickle, spattering onto the dead leaves beneath. The boar is dead.

A broad-shouldered guy in blue jeans, Dan wears an old, crumpled tengallon hat and looks every bit the Aussie cowboy. He's been hunting these wild boars, which Australians call









There are an estimated 25 million of these feral pigs in Australia, compared to a human population of around 22 million. Their ancestors were brought over by European settlers more than 200 years ago, a ragbag of old breeds that have gone thoroughly wild since then, with long snouts, bristly dark coats, and sharp tusks. They kill upward of ten percent of the grazing sheep and goat stock each year, and cause an estimated \$100 million of damage to agricultural infrastructure, pastureland, and crops. Hunting them is not only condoned, but positively encouraged.

Most "piggers" use dogs to sniff out the prey, then a gun for the kill. Using a knife is riskier, especially if the hog is large and aggressive. Going after pigs in the bush is pretty raw and hard-core anyway, but with the biggest, nastiest hogs weighing up to 300 pounds, leaving your rifle at home is the rawest

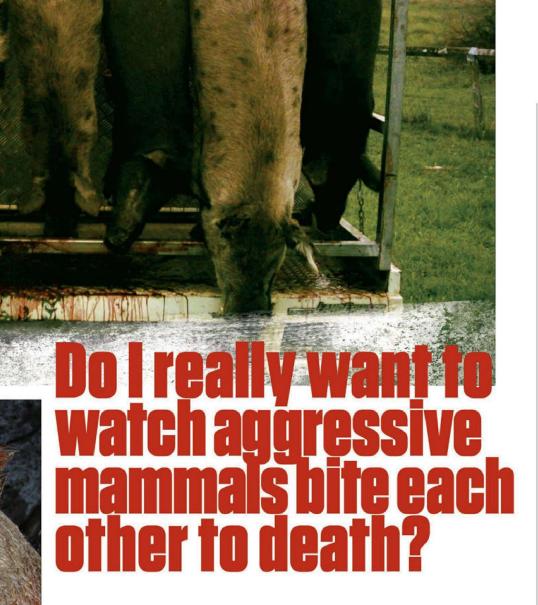




risk of all. Many piggers have ugly flesh scars to prove it.

Five minutes later, we've dragged the pig back to the ute, strung it up, and gutted it. By "we" I mean Dan, who is a qualified butcher, a useful add-on skill out here. Few Australians will eat these feral animals, but wild boar is a delicacy in many parts of Europe, so that's where our pig will be going. Hunters get about 35 cents per pound. Not much return for the effort, but enough to keep the ute gassed up.

Within 25 minutes of the first squeals, the carcass is on the ute, hanging by the hole where its ass used to IOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT AND BOTTOM LEFT) JOHN (RLOW, (TOP RIGHT AND BOTTOM RIGHT) DANIEL LOT



be. The dogs are back in position. Off we go. Above us a wedge-tailed eagle soars, and beyond it the morning sun has crept into the sky.

I have been blooded.

Two more hours creeping up hills in the ute, the dogs constantly sniffing the air, and another medium-size boar is ours. But the sun is coming up strong, and the dogs are tired. We head back to the farmhouse, where I watch a couple of white cockatoos cavorting in the valley.

Then Dan has to get firewood for the farm. I volunteer to help. We drive to a nearby patch of forest, where l assume we'll be collecting dead branches and cutting them up. But this is cowboy land. He fires up a chain saw and fells a 60-foot redwood.

Cowboys? Hunting pigs? For millions of Australians, especially those in large, sophisticated cities like Melbourne and Sydney, pigging is the very epitome of redneck excess, the savagery of life in the bush. And hunting pigs to the death with dogs is savage, perhaps even excessive. Then again, the Australian rural landscape is a very hard environment; farmers and their families often live many miles from the comforts of even the smallest village. These guys are pretty much self-sufficient. They have to be tough. What do you want them to do for a bit of action? Ping-pong? A few hands of canasta?

Whatever you think of it, pigging mixes bush skills with physical courage, especially if you do it with a knife. And the pinnacle for all piggers is to take down a "big fella." At about five that afternoon we spot one. Our second session of the day involves a few more people, among them Dan's 13-year-old daughter, already a keen hunter, plus a farmer from a neighboring estate and his teenage son.

The kids stand with the dogs on the back of the ute as we drive up another improbably steep hill. And there he is: a large black hog basking in the evening sun on top of the next hill, not far from a bunch of fat kangaroos. For piggers like Dan, this is what it's all about: a big, dangerous boar with long, sharp tusks; 200 or 300 pounds

of writhing, angry wild animal that'll put up one hell of a fight for its life. This is the kind of animal that could easily swat your dogs to death before you got anywhere near it. A big fella.

The kangaroos notice us and hop away. (By the way, kangaroos, the cute and cuddly national symbol of Australia, are a huge pest in the bush; country folk shoot 'em just to check the sightings on their firearms, although you don't want to mention this fact at the supper table in Melbourne.) Anyway, Big Fella knows something's up, and although he can't see us (hogs have poor eyesight) he turns his head. We continue to move forward silently, but the wind is from behind us. Even though we are across a ravine, he smells us and starts to waddle off.

"This one's not getting away," Dan savs as he breaks into a run. The kids follow him, and down they go, leaping and dodging the boulders that litter the way to the bottom of the ravine. Our dogs have already disappeared way below, unable to catch a scent, but still sensing the fight ahead. I bring up the rear, struggling down the hill and hoping against hope that my asthma inhaler is back in the ute.

When I finally get halfway down, I see the hog speeding like a pork bullet up over the next ridge. Dan and the others follow it to the crown of the hill, the best part of a mile, sprinting up the steep, difficult terrain. The dogs are going berserk with high-energy frustration, still unable to fix onto the scent of their quarry, which is clearly a pretty clever fella, however big. Then they all disappear, and as I lumber up after them, I listen in vain for the familiar squeals.

By the time I rejoin the group, the chase is over. Big Fella has led us on a merry dance right along the ridge, and in the process has managed to give the slip to two of the best pig dogs in the district. That, of course, is why he's so big. Because he has survived. Pigs are among the closest relatives that we humans have. We invented the wheel and the microprocessor; they ain't so dumb either.

The dogs are exhausted.

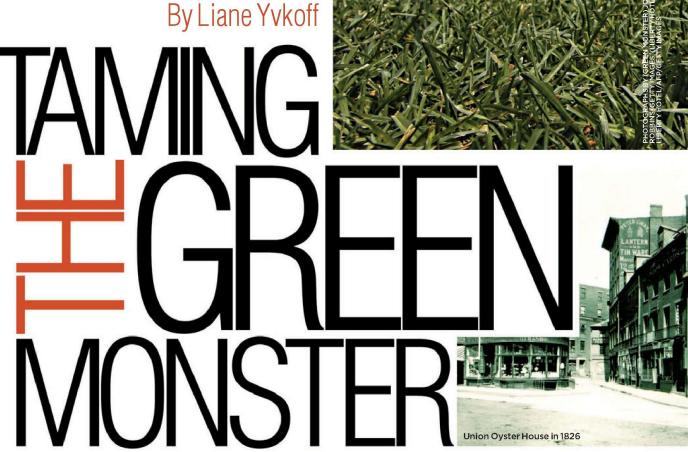
"Pity," Dan says, as he loads Chopper and Delta onto the ute. "I would've needed a hand holding that fella down, John!"

But it's all right. I've seen enough pigging for one day, and I never really fancied my chances going toe-to-toe with Big Fella.

In any case, they wouldn't believe me back in Melbourne.O+ 2

Drinking, screaming, fistfights—we're not just talking rowdy bachelor parties, we're talking baseball.

By Liane Yvkoff



FEW TOWNS TAKE AMERICA'S NATIONAL PASTIME MORE SERIOUSLY THAN BOSTON,

home to one of the biggest rivalries in sports history. Loyalty to the Red Sox is practically state law, and saying you're a Yankees fan will get you kicked out of any bar. Winning two World Series championships within the past seven years has only deepened the fanatical fealty in Red Sox nation, making Beantown a compulsory destination for soon-to-be-hitched bachelors whose first love will always be baseball.

Boston has a lot more to offer than baseball legends and history lessons,

though. It's one of the oldest cities (founded in 1630 by Puritan settlers), with existing landmarks predating the Revolutionary War. But it's one of those places where time doesn't stand still. Boston keeps getting younger and edgier each year and is slowly shedding its straitlaced reputation to emerge as a trendy playground.

Driving the change are more than 40 colleges and universities in the Boston area whose students hit the Irish pubs around Faneuil Hall every weekend to paint this blue-collar town red. However, the city still clings to a few of its puritanical roots—all the bars stop serving alcohol at either 1 or 2 A.M., and the town rolls up the sidewalks shortly thereafter. While the hordes of college students make Boston a great place to visit, graduation season runs from May through June, making it difficult to book a cheap room on prime Red Sox game weekends.

CHECKIN, CHILLOUT

W Hotel Boston

The hotel's "Whatever/Whenever" mantra bodes well for parties looking to live large for a weekend.











Theoretically, the W's concierge can help you make anything happen in Boston, including tickets, reservations, and experiences—as long as it's legal—making this Back Bay hotel the obvious destination for bachelor parties. Feel free to test the limits of this policy via text messages to the concierge with personal requests. But you'll have to get pretty creative. The rooms are already appointed with many of the things you'll need for a boys' weekend, and the hotel will set up a Nintendo Wii in any of its 235 rooms upon request (bring your own games). But the main draw will be the club that the hotel is negotiating to open in its basement. Until then, the lobby is a decent place to start off or end up on a Saturday night. WHotels.com/Boston

Liberty Hotel

The prison theme runs throughout this hotel, which was formerly known as the Charles Street Jail. Stay in one of the 40 rooms that used to be jail cells, order from "the Yard" menu at Clink, and laugh at the celebrity mug shots at the Alibi Lounge. However, the rooms retain zero semblance of their former incarnation and now offer floor-to-ceiling windows and flatscreen TVs. And if staying where 150 years' worth of felons laid their heads freaks you out, there are 280 rooms in the new tower. The Liberty has been known to house visiting sports teams, and its four-floor rotunda is perfect for celebrity spotting. But chances of rubbing elbows with the stars are limited, since the balcony areas tend to be roped off for their entourage. LibertyHotel.com

Colonnade Hotel

It's not the newest, hippest, or cheapest hotel in Boston, but it has one big thing going for it: an 11th-floor rooftop pool that's open to the public for \$40 during the week (guests only on weekends). During the summer you'll want to get your tan on before hitting the bars, and then spend the next morning drying out by the pool. The rooms at this old-school hotel are small with business-chic decor. Try to book the suite with two double beds and a pull-out sofa—the other five suites have a king-size bed. The suites offer a fully stocked wet bar complete with mixers, but as usual for a hotel, each mini-bottle costs around \$8, so it's better to bring your own. ColonnadeHotel.com

[bachelor party patrol: boston]

ROUND THE BASES

Fenway Park

The mecca for any Red Sox fan, Fenway Park hosts daily tours of the soon-to-be-landmark baseball stadium. It's an hour-long look around the 37,402-seat (39,900 standing) ballpark—the third oldest in the country—with a heavy dose of Red Sox history, baseball trivia, and grandpa humor by tour guides who've been following the Sox since before you were born. You won't get on the field, but you can check out the view from a seat on top of the Green Monsterwhich may be your only chance, since there's a ten-year waiting list for these \$168 primo seats. On game days, the last tour of the day goes behind the batting cage and includes a peek at batting practice. Of course, the tour is no substitute for catching a game, but buy your tickets well in advance-especially if you're trying to see a Yankees game—or throw down some serious cash and try booking the Green Monster Corner suite to host your party, which ranges from \$400 to \$700 per person. Whatever you do, avoid sections 32 and 33, the alcoholfree family sections. And brush up on the words for "Sweet Caroline" for the traditional drunken sing-along during the eighth inning.

The food is standard ballpark fare with a few local tributes, like D'Angelo's subs, Legal Sea Food's clam chowder, and Harpoon and Sam Adams beer. Fenway has a "no outside food" rule, so bring plenty of cash—a beer is \$7.25 (premium is \$7.75). And skip the foot-long Monster Dog (\$7)you can get better for less money at the vendors on Lansdowne Street or at Best Sausage Company on Yawkey Way. Boston. RedSox. MLB.com Ticket office: 877-REDSOX-9

Sam Adams Tour

You'd be hard-pressed to say that people come here for an educational experience, but it's a fun way get a taste of the local flavor and pay tribute to Boston's biggest little microbrew. The tour is available seven days a week, and the 50-person groups are first-come-first-served. The Boston brewery isn't the label's main bottling plant, which goes a long way toward preserving the microbrew mentality and feel of the company, but it's where Sam Adams masterbrewers and researchers perfect the extreme beers like Utopias and Triple Bock. dream up new flavor profiles, and brew custom drafts for local











restaurants. The tour is mercifully short and leads groups quickly to the Bavarian-style tasting room, where you get a generous sample of three ales and lagers in a souvenir tasting glass. Education should always be this fun. You can keep the party going by hopping on the complimentary trolley that takes you to Doyle's Cafe down the street. Order a Sam Adams lager, show your tour ticket, and for the price of a pint you get to keep the specially designed glass it's served in. SamuelAdams.com

WET YOUR WHISTLE

Bleacher Bar

Most bars around Fenway serve up inept cocktails, mediocre food, and beer in plastic cups. Bleacher Bar is no exception, but it distinguishes itself by being the only sports bar on Lansdowne Street with a direct view of the ball game from behind left field. The lower section of the bar contains three tables and a counter with a view into Fenway from behind a glass garage door. On game days, ticketless baseball fans rotate through these choice house seats. For 45 minutes. you can sit back, enjoy a bucket of beer, and see the pop flies like Gold

Glove outfielder Carl Crawford does. It's the closest you'll get to being on the field, and the best part is that it's yours for the price of a bottle of Bud Light. And if you show up too late to battle for a table, the view from the men's bathroom isn't bad-the semipublic urinals overlook the restaurant and peek onto the field. BleacherBarBoston com

Cheers (aka Bull & Finch Pub)

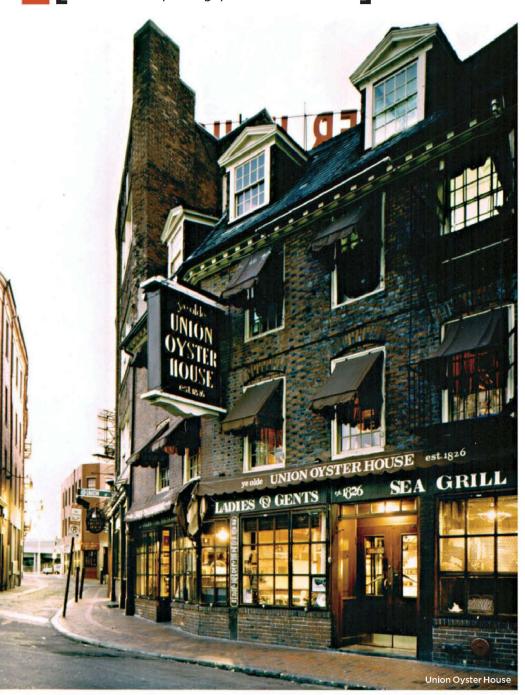
Go ahead—you know you want to. Sharpen your elbows and belly up to the bar at the Bull & Finch, the neighborhood bar that inspired the eighties sitcom Cheers. Although the entrance to this subterranean haunt is the only real part of the bar to make it onto the show, it still draws coachloads of nostalgic tourists expecting to see Sam and Norm. Regardless, Bull & Finch manages to serve up a tasty Norm Burger, cold pints, and a generously bacon-spiked mug of Boston baked beans. You can try to fool yourself into thinking it's the real Cheers, which was a set in Hollywood, by navigating your way to the back of the bar, up the stairs, past the lifesize photos of the cast, and through a door into the Hampshire House,

which built a close replica of the Cheers bar to appease disappointed TV fans. Your bartender is more likely to be a frazzled college student who won't remember your drink order, much less your name, but at least you can say you've been there. CheersBoston.com

Eastern Standard Kitchen

You'll get the best cocktails in Boston here, hands down. Taking the classic cocktail movement to the next level, the skilled bartenders at this upscale French-American restaurant know how to tweak and refine the classics that you've choked down at other watering holes, and a seasonal drink menu introduces new creations that you should embrace, even if they're served up with blueberry garnishes. French food may not be your thing, but the raw bar offers some of the freshest local shellfish at a reasonable price. Red Sox players are known to stop by for classics like hanger steak and fries, but don't expect to see them—the maître d' quickly ushers them into a private booth in the back, away from the alcohollubed bar crowd.

[bachelor party patrol: boston]



THE BIG DIG

Union Oyster House

Get straightforward Boston seafood on the Freedom Trail, steps away from Faneuil Hall. The Union Oyster House has been shucking local oysters and clams to the nation's greatest statesmen since 1826. There probably are better lobster rolls in the area, and the best chowdah in Boston is a matter of personal preference, but the homemade corn bread is astonishingly moist and tasty, and is as much of a draw as the littleneck clams. And there are few places where you can sit in the same seat Daniel Webster did while enjoying half a

dozen bluepoints or cherrystones caught fresh that morning. It's worth the wait to secure a seat at the original slanted wooden bar, and when you get the nod, secure your drink, slurp your oysters, and trade news with the locals. But respect the unwritten Boston law of no politics and no religion at the bar-even a raw bar. UnionOysterHouse.com

Citizen Public House & Oyster Bar

Trade your Red Sox hat for a scally cap and brush up on your whiskey trivia before you visit this new kid on the block. The gastropub's menu is a delicious marriage of the slow-food



movement and bacon trend, serving heritage meat, local produce and shellfish, and everything pork. The tavern's crown jewel is the whole roasted suckling pig with fixings, which serves up to ten people (\$38 per person) and requires a threeday advance notice. In addition to 75 types of whiskey and an impressive lineup of microbrews on tap, the bartenders (don't call them mixologists) know how to brew up potent cocktails served in giant crystal punch bowls. This neighborhood restaurant may be a stone's throw from Fenway, but don't expect flat-screen TVs or Red Sox memorabilia on the wall-Citizen Public calls itself the neighborhood pub that just happens to be near the ballpark. CitizenPub.com

The Capital Grille

Boston isn't really known for its steak, but it's easy to satisfy carnivores at the Capital Grille. The ambience at this Back Bay steak house is clubby but not fussy or stuffy, making it an ideal place to tuck into the 16-ounce Bone-In Kona Crusted Dry Aged Sirloin (\$43) or the 22-ounce Porcini Rubbed Delmonico (\$44). Skip the muddled lobster mac 'n' cheese in favor of the broiled lobster, or, if you're lucky enough to find it on the specials menu, the lobster bisque. The cocktail menu is predictable and proper but uninspired, and you can probably trust your server to navigate you through the extensive and expensive wine list. Sure. it's a national chain and doesn't reflect much of the local culture, but sometimes that can be a good thing. The Capital Grille.com



BAY SEAFOOD AND BEER TO BURGERS AND BABES.

NO RESTFOR THE WICKED

Woodward at Ames Hotel

Many clubs in Boston are seedy and expensive places to get into a fistfight with amped-up bouncy locals and drunken baseball fans. Woodward may be a hotel bar and restaurant marketing itself as an upscale saloon, but after dark the lights dim and the whitewashed walls and sculptures become the background of a trendy club. Upstairs, a fireplace illuminates the terrace, a deejay spins for bachelorette parties on the dance floor, and hipsters kick back on the black upholstered sofas. The music is a matter of taste, but it's one of the most civilized ways in Boston to let loose. WoodwardAtAmes.com

Alibi Lounge

"Packed" is the best way to describe the Alibi Lounge. It's a small, dark, loungey bar inside the Liberty Hotel that draws a solid tangle of twentysomething hotties in skimpy dresses and six-inch Louboutins. Predictably, all the guys are going to go where the girls are, but bachelor parties can cut the line by calling ahead and reserving a table with bottle service. Consider the \$300 minimum an investment in drawing the girls to you as space becomes scarce and bartenders become swamped. AlibiBoston.com

Splash Ultra Lounge

This club that tries hard to be all things to all people is tucked away in the Leather District. Downstairs features pool tables and loungey rooms, and the reservations-only rooftop boasts Miami-inspired cabanas and fountains. The burger menu rivals the drink menu, and it's probably the only club in North America where you can order fried clam strips. The drinks, food, and service are what you'd expect at a club (underwhelming and overpriced), but it's the best place to chill out on a hot summer night. Splash-Boston.com

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

Centerfolds

One of two all-nude gentlemen's clubs in the remnant of the Combat Zone, this higher-end club features two levels, one stage, and a dozen or

so gorgeous women who know how to work the pole. You won't be disappointed by the girls—they're in their prime, have few tattoos or piercings, and many sport natural breasts. But don't waste your dollars at the stage unless you're really appreciative or trying to catch the girl's attention for later-state law keeps the girls a couple of feet away from the guests. The \$20 (plus tip) lap dances in the (hardly) private room are more like proximity dances—dancers can't make any physical contact with men. And don't believe their promises for more action in the Champagne Room. You'll spend \$600 for a cheap bottle of champagne and an hour of trying to figure out how to talk the girl into playtime, and end up with nothing more than a hangover. CenterfoldsBoston.com

Glass Slipper

Keep your expectations low as you enter the Glass Slipper. It's not your typical big-city strip club, more of a dive-bar-meets-titty-bar at this cozy, one-stage joint. Red booths line one side of the narrow floor, and the girls dance on a makeshift stage over the beer refrigerators. The ladies range from ghetto fabulous to porn-star granny, and judging by their moves, dance skills are not a prerequisite. Since the bar separates the dancers from the crowd, quests tip the dancer by wadding up dollar bills and throwing them onstage. It's not the best show in town, but it has all the macabre appeal of a train wreck. The cover charge varies depending on the night, and ranges from free (most nights) to \$10 after 8 p.m. on weekends. But it's definitely worth the money to satisfy your morbid curiosity and see what you're not missing. GlassSlipperBoston.comO+ a



A COMPENDIUM OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

CNOTES

It's time to dive into one of our favorite subjects: **cunts**. Specifically, what to do if you slip up and call a woman by that most hated of epithets.

By Paul Stevens

kay, you fucked up and called a woman a "cunt." Now what?
In many situations, you can talk/charm/bullshit your way out of trouble. I've selected a few cuntcalling scenarios so we can teach you how to deal with the aftermath.

Apologize, close your eyes, and cross

Your partner/girlfriend/etc.:

your fingers, because things could go many ways. If you're lucky, she's really cool and forgets about it. Even better, she could find your cavalier comment a sign of confidence and get turned on. A more likely scenario is, she slaps your face, breaks down in tears, and starts yelling incoherently at you. Or, worse, she'll harbor a festering resentment in the back of her mind that will wait like a cobra for the right moment to strike, like when you're naked, rock-hard, and think you're about to fuck her. You can't prepare for that because you'll never know it's coming until it happens, so move on. Your mother: What's wrong with you? If you think it's okay to call your mother a cunt, I can't provide enough advice to help you be a man. Please seek professional help. If you can't afford that, buy your mother flowers and apologize like you've never apologized before in your entire life. A stranger on the road: Yes, that selfish bitch talking on her cellphone while driving cut you off. Yes, I realize she probably shouldn't have a fucking license. Or the bitch took the parking spot that you were patiently waiting for while giving you a look that screamed, "What are you looking at. asshole?" Who the hell does that? Yes, the answer is "a cunt." But you shouldn't have called her a cunt, even though you thought you were

only mouthing the word to yourself. Your window was open, her window was open, and she heard you loud and clear. On second thought, who cares if it was only a parking space, and maybe she didn't see you? She deserved it. She wasn't paying attention, she screwed you over, and you spoke your mind. Well done. You weren't trying to fuck her anyway.

A woman with a vagina you really want to touch: You called your exgirlfriend a cunt right in front of the woman you were hoping to fuck next. And even through your beer goggles, you can tell you went too far. All you can do is go with your strengths from that point on and give it a shot. You may have acted (briefly) like a total asshole, but you've proven yourself to be a self-assured rogue. Some women like to date assholes. The worst thing that could happen is you get snubbed and go home to masturbate. You were going to do that anyway.

A side note: I know you can say anything in front of your buddies, including telling them about your ex's extreme cuntability while using that exact word 50 times during the conversation. They'll understand.

NEVER CALL A WOMAN A CUNT ON HER VOICE MAIL. IF YOU DO, SHE'LL PLAY IT OVER AND OVER FOR ALL HER GIRLFRIENDS.







senorita benita

Franceska James is our favorite new beauty from Barcelona. The erotic model and film star has quickly become a Spanish main attraction on these shores, and with good reason. Her girl-next-door looks make her down-and-dirty scenes that much sexier.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





























THE BIG RIP



















Vital stats: 37-24-41; 5'8" 29 years old

Hometown: Barcelona, Spain.

Favorite thing about your hometown: The combination of beach and city, which is the best of both worlds. The nightlife is incredible, and the museums, history, and culture are incomparable.

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?

Definitely Los Angeles, because it also has the perfect combination of beach and city. And when you work in adult entertainment, that is the city to be in.

Favorite vacation spot:

Thailand. It is beautiful and peaceful, and I love the sea and spicy food.

Favorite food:

Thai and Japanese.

Favorite kind of music:

New Age, bossa nova, electronic, house.

Favorite TV shows:

Lie to Me, Heroes, Nip/Tuck.

Favorite movies:

Avatar, Mistress.

Favorite sports:

Cycling and jogging.

Favorite way to work out:

Thirty minutes of cardio, then weightlifting.

Favorite way to relax:

A Thai massage to back and feet, soothing music, and an aromatherapy bath.

What gets you excited? Dirty words in my ear.

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Restoring His

This lucky IT guy boots up to knock boots. • As told to Ronnie Koenig

have been a computer geek since I was a kid, so it makes sense that as soon as I graduated from college I got a job as an IT guy for a pretty major company. Most of the time I'm traveling to different offices and meeting new people. The one perk of my job that I never expected is that I've been able to meet and have sex with a lot of beautiful women.

I'm not the tallest or the most handsome guy, and I wear the same uniform to work every day-black pants, a white button-down shirt, and a tie, and of course the requisite cellphone clipped to my belt. It works for me.

One Friday night I was sent over to an office in Connecticut to fix the project manager's computer. It was late and she was the only one in the office. Sandy [all names have been changed] sat in a cubicle and hovered over me, looking anxious as I worked on her computer. She was cute and very curvy, with brown hair and big blue eyes, and dressed conservatively in a business suit. I asked her what she was doing there so late on a Friday and she said it's not like she had a boyfriend anyway. Then she told me how she hadn't been in a relationship in six years. I knew this was my chance to make a move, so I said,

"Well, I would date you in a second. You're gorgeous." She said, "Well, why should I date you?" And I said, "Actually, I'm known for giving great oral." It was true. I had perfected my skills in college. Hey, if I couldn't be the bestlooking guy, at least I could be the best at pleasuring women, right?

I kissed Sandy on the lips and sat her back down in her chair. I then kissed my way down her neck to her ample tits, and down past the soft curve of her belly to the insides of her thighs. Pulling up her skirt, I slid off her panties and spread her legs wide so I could really look at her. I saw that this made her blush, but I just smiled. "You're really beautiful," I said, tracing the outline of her pussy with my finger. She got really wet, I guessed from the way I was touching her, and also from being so exposed. I got the feeling that maybe she was a virgin. though if she had been fucked before it was a long time ago. When I flicked

I flicked my tongue on her clit, and within minutes I had her shaking in orgasm.

workingstiff -

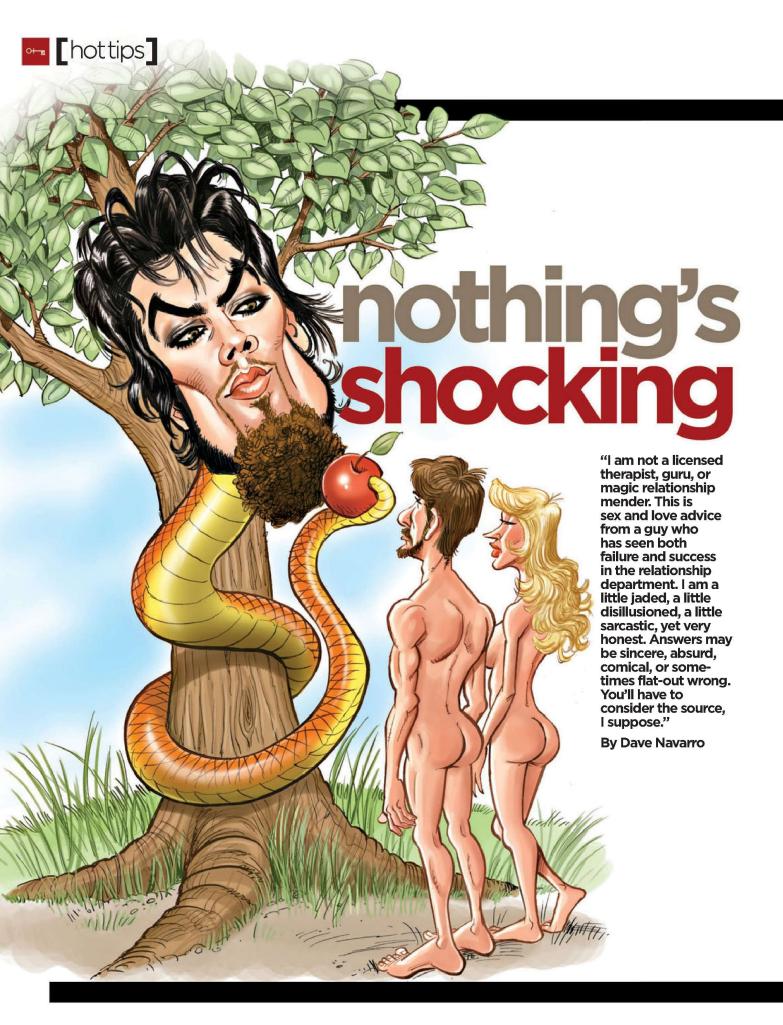
my tongue on her clit, she threw her head back and moaned, and within minutes I had her shaking in orgasm. We went out for a few months after that night, and we still keep in touch.

My weirdest experience has to be when I was working for another big company and I became friends with the CFO. He was this young, smart guy, definitely the alpha male of the office. He and I used to joke around because he was always calling me with a problem. Then one evening he took out a bottle of Scotch and asked me to have a drink with him. I figured, Why not? Then he started telling me about his girlfriend, Sasha, a Russian girl he'd been dating for a year. He said she was always trying to get him into threesomes. They had done the twogirl thing, but he really wanted to see her get fucked by another guy. I told him to call her up.

I thought it was all talk, but a half hour (and a few drinks) later she showed up at the office wearing a tight black dress. Her tits were big and I could see her hard nipples through the silky material. When she bent over to kiss John hello. I could see that she had no panties on and her pussy was totally shaved. When John told her to make me feel comfortable, she knelt down between my legs, unzipped my pants, and took me in her mouth. While she was doing this, John got up from the table and took off his pants and boxers. His dick was huge, and I found myself trying not to look at it. What was the protocol here? I had no idea.

John pulled Sasha's dress off and then sat down on the edge of the desk. He pushed her head toward his lap and then she started sucking him off. Tentatively, I stepped behind Sasha and started kneading her ass and feeling her tits. As John nodded his encouragement, I spit on my hand and rubbed it up and down my dick a few times before sliding into her. Even as it was happening, I couldn't believe I was a part of it. Truthfully, I didn't last that long. When I knew I was going to come, I pulled out and put my dick between her ass cheeks and squeezed them around it. My come shot across her back and into her ass crack. John looked at me like he approved, and then he came, too, directly on her tits. They were all wet and sticky and she ran her fingers all over them, spreading it all around and massaging it into her nipples.

It would be an understatement to say that I love my job! O+ B



■ When should a woman tell a guy what she's looking for in a man? It seems like many guys have no interest in any kind of commitment these days, so I would think the best time would be immediately. (I wonder if I answered my own question.) I have no clue about how to date, but I feel like I'm doing something wrong.

I don't know if "immediately" is the most advisable move. That could scare off just about anybody. Making such a claim when you hardly know someone can come across as needy and suffocating. Unless of course the discussion is about what you both eventually want in life: kids, commitment, marriage, etc. Personally, I think that dating should be simple and easy and fun, especially at first. There's no need to add stress and pressure at the onset. Who knows if you even like the guy?

I'd suggest that if the subject of your future comes up, tell your date what you might like to see happen for yourself—in a general way, of course. The problem is that most guys tend to agree with anything before they've slept with you. "Marriage? Sure! Kids? Yes!" Just take your time and see where the relationship takes you, but most of all, have fun. Nobody likes to feel as if he's auditioning for your life partner. Trust me, if "the one" shows up, you'll know it. No need to aim your laser beams at a man simply because the two of you are having dinner.

■ Do you think plastic surgery enhances sexual experiences? I think it's a sexual facade and that natural is best.

This is an odd question, but I'll answer it anyway. I would say, absolutely it can enhance the experience. The sexier a woman feels, the sexier and more comfortable she'll be in the bedroom. It's all surface stuff. I know, but at the end of the day it's no different from picking out special lingerie, setting a mood with candles and music, or even simply taking a shower before playtime. The idea is to feel free and uninhibited. If a woman has a particular feature that bothers her, she's more likely to be distracted and/or focused on that rather than the matter at hand. We all do things to make ourselves feel better, healthier, and more attractive, like going to the gym, getting our teeth cleaned, dieting, and so forth. Is getting one's hair done less of a facade? If science has provided another outlet on the path to self-esteem, I say, why not? Don't knock sexual facades; they can be pretty fucking erotic at times.

■ Why do girls give out their phone number but not respond when you call? How many times do we call before we're considered a stalker? Well, sometimes it may be easier for

women to give out a number than deal with chatting. It can be a quick way to say, "Okay, we're done now. Move along." Many women give out made-up numbers or the number of an enemy or ex-boyfriend. (That's actually a good one!)

As for how many attempts at a contact? It depends. You really have to go on instinct. My general rule would be twice. Two calls, two texts, or a call and a text. After that, you more than likely have your answer. The real key is not to become emotionally invested in an answer. Don't let your self-esteem hang on whether or not you hear back.

An exception to the two-times rule: Every now and then, you may meet a woman who wants to be chased. Make it fun and light and playful. Send random texts that really have nothing to do with anything, funny pictures, etc. This lets her know you're thinking about her without pressuring her for a reply.

■ How do I let my current boyfriend know that I like anal sex without freaking him out, or making him think I'm a weirdo?

Eeewww! What the fuck is the matter with you?... Just kidding!

Although I don't care for the idea myself, I don't think it's weird at all. But if you think he may have an adverse reaction, don't approach the subject during sex. That could open up a can of worms that can't be closed, and at a very awkward time. Bring it up in a

conversation and suggest the idea as experimentation and something new and fun for the two of you. There's no need to bask in stories of how much you've enjoyed it in the past with other lovers. That could be off-putting to any man.

The issue here isn't the subject of anal. You realize that, don't you? The issue is, you're worried that who you are and what you want will be looked upon as weird or freakish. These types of things should be totally safe to talk about and are acceptable subjects between intimate lovers. You may want to think about that.

■ Why is it so difficult to find a man for regular sex but no relationship? In my experience, men either want a committed relationship or they want sex sporadically when it's convenient for them. I don't want a relationship, and I don't want random sex on their schedule. I want someone to hang out with once a week or so, and the rest of the time we can both do whatever we want and not have to answer to each other.

First of all, move to L.A. There are thousands of us here!

Or play it needy and clingy, and they'll back down to once a week. I promise. (I'm kidding, but not really.)

The lines "I don't want a relationship, and I don't want random sex on their schedule. I want someone to hang out with once a week or so" are interesting. What you're saying is, you don't want sex on their schedule, you want it on yours. Ha! You can't have it both ways. If you're going to make this work, it has to accommodate both of your schedules. The irony is that when men want that very thing, they get crucified for saying so. As for finding the right guy, it's a trial-and-error process. Or you can look into finding a submissive somewhere who will cower at your every command.

■ I've been masturbating to pictures of you for about 20 years. How do I make myself stop?

I'm afraid there is no known cure at this time. You don't have to feel alone though. My therapist struggles with the very same disorder. OH a



SPATTERED

Sometimes there 's a small difference between who goes to prison and who becomes a guard. It just depends on the choices we make.

By Julio Medina

shuffled into the Albany County Courthouse, cuffed and shackled, to hear my sentence. My mom was there with my brothers and sisters. I was 25 at the time, and the leader of a drug gang that included ten other people. The judge read my crimes: nine counts of conspiracy, and various other offenses related to the hand grenades and the cache of machine guns the police had found. While the judge read, I ignored the reporters and cameras—it was a big case—and everyone else in the courtroom and looked at my mom. I saw her turn to my brothers and sisters and ask, "Who the hell is this guy they're talking about?" I still get chills remembering the look on her face when she finally figured out the guy they were talking about was me. I was sentenced to seven years to life.

In prison it took a while for it to sink in, for me to realize that I belonged there, that this wasn't a mistake. The first place they put me was Comstock, in upstate New York, probably one of the dirtiest, filthiest prisons there is. Rats ran back and forth on the bars all the time. We had to hang our food on the ceiling, and they'd still jump at it like trapeze artists. One day when I was doing push-ups a rat ran right over my back.

I eventually got transferred to Sing Sing, the most violent prison in the country. The corrections officers would search you before you went into the mess halls. They would throw you up against a wall and pat you down. One time when I was being searched I looked at this particular corrections officer, and he looked at me. I just nodded my head and went into the hall to eat. Afterward, this same guy came down to my cell.

"Yo, how're you doing?" he asked.

"I'm good, man," I said. "How're you?"



"As you can see, I'm a corrections officer now."

Then I recognized him. We grew up together in the projects. I was the godfather to his son. When we were 18, we robbed a bank together. He had gotten a job as a teller, and we arranged for me to come into the bank at a certain time, stick a gun in his face, and ask for all the money he had in his drawer. Afterward we split the take. But we got caught.

Seeing him made me think about how small a difference there can be between who goes to prison and who becomes a guard. It just depends on some decisions and choices we make.

I grew up in the South Bronx, the poorest area in the country at that time—not that it's an excuse. Mom worked two, three jobs, and she drank. I'd come into the apartment sometimes and find her lying on the floor and I'd carry her to the bedroom.

I met my father only two or three times, when I made it back to Puerto Rico. Mom left there before I was born, to escape from



him; he once tried to run her over with a car. But when I was ten, Mom sent me to Puerto Rico to see him because she thought I needed to know who my dad was. When we met, two other men were with him. I didn't know who they were. Before getting out of his car, my dad reached into his glove compartment, took out a long gun, and put it underneath his coat. We walked around a shopping mall with these two guys, who, I finally realized, were his bodyguards. I saw my father again more recently, about five years ago. We talked briefly, no more than eight minutes. He couldn't have cared less about me, and that fucking tore me up.

In my projects in the South Bronx, there were no attorneys or doctors, but there were drug dealers and pimps. Those were the guys I looked up to, the ones I wanted to be like. I did grow up with Tiny Archibald, who went on to play for the Boston Celtics, but I couldn't play basketball, so that limited my options. The drug dealers had the cars, gave us tickets to the Apollo Theater, bought us brand-new baseball bats and gloves. We'd go to the

park and play baseball with the stuff they gave us. We all thought they were so cool. I didn't know they were killing people as part of their businesses.

My initial rite of passage was when I got my first package of drugs and sold them. I was 14 years old then, and I was able to bring food into the house and take care of my family. I went to Catholic school. I even went to college at the State University at Albany, but I went there mostly for business. In Albany I was the college pharmacist; those kids had more money than my customers in the Bronx.

School wasn't for me. I wasn't going to be a social worker and make \$25,000 a year. I was determined to do better than that, but I channeled that energy in the wrong direction. I was arrested at 15, at 16, at 18. And then at 20, I was sentenced to two and a half years for possessing and selling drugs. I was sent to a minimum-security camp.

At the camp, there were a lot of Colombians and a lot of



Dominicans, who were serving short sentences. We were all making plans on how to get rich when we got out. I set up my whole organization right there. These guys would get the drugs from South America, and I would distribute the drugs. At the camp I taught myself the craft of drug dealing. I learned how to be the leader of a big-time drug gang.

In Sing Sing, my cell was so small that I could stand in the middle of it and touch both walls. Those walls were metal, so in the summer it got really hot in the cells. Most days it was 120 degrees. When the guards walked by, that was my air-conditioning—that

little breeze they made. They sold little fans for the cells, but I refused to buy one. I wanted to feel every fucking day of that prison sentence.

I wanted to remember every time how, after my family came to visit me, I was strip-searched, how I was dehumanized. After leaving my mother, I'd have to stand totally naked while a guard ran his fingers through my mouth and then my hair. He'd lift my nut sack, make sure there was nothing underneath, and then put my hands behind my ears, turn me around, and say, "Bottom of the left foot, bottom of the right foot. Uh-oh, I didn't see that left foot. Now move your toes around." I would have to stand on one fucking leg, trying to balance, until this asshole decided to tell me to put my leg down. Then he'd tell me to spread them. I'd bend over so he could see in my asshole. He'd say, "I didn't see that." So I'd spread them again. I remember all this—vividly.

Even after I went to prison, my family worshipped me. They treated me as if I were a political prisoner or something. I had supported them when I was out, and to them I was still the head of the family. Then one day my favorite niece—this beautiful young woman whom I adored—visited me at Sing Sing. She told me about her boyfriend, how she was so proud of him and how much I would like him. She couldn't stop talking about this guy. I called home that night and talked to my sister, her mom. She told me that the boyfriend was the biggest drug dealer in New York, and that's why I would like him. That shit hit me like a ton of bricks. I vowed right then that I'd never sell another drug. Even if I had to eat rocks and shovel shit when I got out, I was not going to be that guy anymore.

A year later, in my fifth year in Sing Sing, just after I turned 30, I enrolled in a master's-degree program that the New York Theological Seminary ran at the prison. I got into the program thinking it might help me get out of prison—it would look good to the parole board. But the program gave me the tools to recognize I was more than a drug dealer. I'm a social dude. I can talk to African-Americans, Latinos, whites; I can transcend barriers that a lot of people can't. The seminary allowed me to see that, as a drug dealer, I made millions of dollars, had homes, and traveled the world, but that my real gift as a dealer was that I knew my community. I could assess it. So why not assess the community to see what's wrong with it and try to make positive changes?

I started thinking about what I could do even while I was still in prison. Sing Sing is all longtimers, lifers, gangbangers, so there's constant violence. When somebody's going to be stabbed, you move out of the way. You don't want to get any blood on you because if you do, you have two options: talk and then get killed by another inmate, or be put in the box for not talking. So when someone was stabbed, you didn't react with concern for this other human being. Instead you might say, "Oh, God, you got



IN PRISON IT TOOK A WHILE FOR IT TO SINK IN, FOR ME TO REALIZE THAT I BELONGED THERE, THAT THIS WASN'T A MISTAKE.

stabbed, and now the blood is on me, so now they're going to question me. You asshole!" He's bleeding to death, and you're mad at him because the stabbing took place close to you.

One day, after I started going to the seminary, I was walking toward the chapel when up ahead of me a guy got stabbed really badly. Everybody just kept walking. "It ain't none of your business," someone said. Guys were jumping over the body and the pool of blood. When I got to the man, he was bleeding out onto the floor and, I swear to God, I could not walk over that blood. It was like something was pushing me to look at this man, look at what was happening here. Guys were like, "Yo! Yo!" But I could not move. All I could do was say, "This shit has to stop."

The guys looked at me like I was crazy; at one time I was involved in half the stabbings at the prison. They started swearing at me, saying, "What the hell are you talking about?"

I said it again: "This just has to stop, man. We have to stop killing one another."

Everything changed for me at that moment. Finances didn't matter anymore. It didn't matter if I traveled around the country, or if I could do whatever. It didn't matter. It was like, How do I not help people? How do I not stop and look at the humanity in each person, man? How do I recognize that these are all God's children, man? And how do we become part of that human family so that we don't kill each other?

I got the guy up off the ground and got his blood spattered all over me. The guards came running to us and got me out of the way. They didn't question me because they saw what I had done. They thought I was crazy for helping this guy.

After the stabbing, I started organizing gang interventions in the prison. We got permission from the warden to hang signs saying, "We love you, Daddy," from the children whose fathers were in prison. In the hallway where most of the stabbings took place, the one on the way to the chapel, we hung posters with kids' handprints and their fathers' handprints on top of them. The posters had a great impact.

I dedicated my life to stopping the violence in prison, getting

to the young people who are hard to talk to. They'd tell me, "We don't want to hear this Martin Luther King shit again." I'd say, "Brother, just give me a shot here, man." I wasn't preachy or talking about God or anything. I mostly listened and asked, "How do we change our reality, man? How do we make the best of our time here, man? How do we come out whole, if that's possible? And how do we take care of our families and make sure that they don't look at us and mimic our behavior?"

Getting out of prison after 15 years was the tough part. I was well-off prior to prison. I had gotten rich off the drug trade. Now I was living with my mother for the first time since I was 16, in a tiny apartment. My brother was living there, too, and he was still getting high.

My old friends came by. They drove up to the front of my building in these nice cars, and my mother watched from the terrace, nervous.

- "Hey, what's up, guys? How you doing?" I asked them.
- "Come on, man, let's go," one of them said to me.
- "No, I'm not going anywhere."
- "What d'you mean? You know, we've been waiting for you!"
- "Well, then, you waited for the wrong guy if you were waiting for me, man. That guy died in prison."

I didn't want to go back to selling drugs, but I couldn't find a job. I went on interview after interview after interview after interview. My girl was working; my mother worked. I was the only one in the house not working. I would paint something in the house just to try to contribute somehow. On the job interviews, everyone would ask me where I'd been during the past year. I just made things up. After three months I finally got a job, as a substance-abuse counselor.

During my job search I decided that what I really wanted to do was help my brothers coming out of prison. I had earned a master's degree, and I thought I had enough social skills to get work, but no one would hire me. I was one of the smartest guys coming out, so I couldn't imagine what would happen to my boys who didn't have GEDs and could barely read or write. I don't mean to put my brothers down, but it's pretty easy to be at the top of the heap in Sing Sing. Fifty percent of the convicted can't read or write, and 20 percent of them are diagnosed with a mental-health issue, and I would say a lot more go undiagnosed. When I got turned down for jobs over and over again, the reality hit me: "Shit, if I'm having a hard time, what about those dudes I left behind?"

Just after I started my new job, one of my closest, closest friends came to me and said, "It's time, now. We got to get to Washington. We have all these different deals happening in different states, and I need you to help me coordinate what's going on."



I told him, "I can't do that, man. I don't have the heart. That's just not who I am."

He put his hands in my face and said, "You're a punk." He pushed my face harder and harder. "And you're a faggot. I knew it, man. I knew you were soft."

He's a tough guy, and I was a tough guy—two elephants looking at each other, flaring. He was getting to me. I was very close to letting anger get the better of me, but then I saw something deep in his eyes. He wished he could change positions with me. That's what I saw. You got a second chance, Julio, to start off differently, man. I don't have that chance. I'm entrenched in this thing. He would love to be in my rinky-dink suit, with my ten-dollar shoes from Payless and my funny tie, in my shitty little office. I saw that this was a smart guy, a very smart guy, who was trapped.

We never spoke again, but seeing him helped me realize how many other people want to be out of that life. You're so steeped in it—your whole life has been based around selling drugs and other crimes—that there's no way out. It's no accident that 40 percent of inmates who get out end up back in prison within six months.

As soon as I got out, guys from Sing Sing started writing me and sending me their résumés, asking me what I thought of them. After work, I would sit down at my mother's kitchen table and rework their résumés and write them letters telling them what they needed to do, what they needed to say. The onslaught of letters and résumés kept coming, kept coming, and I would ask myself, "Who's out here to get people really prepared?"

In the letters I'd get questions like, "My wife's been living without me for ten years. How am I going to be able to contribute?" Or, "Hey Julio, I was 16 when I went to prison. I'm 35 now. I'm a virgin; the only relationships I've had were with other men, so I don't know where I am sexually." There wasn't a place for them to talk about any of that. There wasn't a place for them to ask, "Yo, man, I grew up in prison. I grew up in institutions. How do I make this adjustment out here?"

Ten years ago I walked away from my job and created Exodus. Call it faith, because I had no job, no money. I walked away because it was my calling. We now have 500 former inmates coming through our program every year. We teach life skills so my brothers and sisters can become productive members of society and don't end up back in prison. Exodus helps inmates adjust to being fathers and sons, husbands and wives, good friends and neighbors on the outside. We help former inmates find and keep a job to support themselves, restore their dignity, and avoid resorting to crime.

I also teach at Sing Sing, in the same program I graduated from. I've met the President and senators, music and sports stars, over these past ten years. PBS made a documentary about our program called *Hard Road Home*. But my greatest honor is to go back and teach the inmates, so I can show these men that they can change their lives.

My life changed that day | got blood on my prison uniform.
God intervened that day. There was a hand on me. I wasn't crazy.
I wasn't using drugs. I was in my right mind. A hand stopped me, and something said to me, "You cannot cross over your brother's blood."

Julio Medina served 12 years in prison for gang-related crimes. He emerged a changed man, dedicated to helping other inmates make the transition, once they were released from prison, from criminals to good citizens. His organization, Exodus Transitional Community, has served more than 3,000 men and women.

This essay is excerpted from the book The Good Men Project: Real Stories From the Front Lines of Modern Manhood, published by Greenleaf Book Group and available online at GoodMenProject.org.

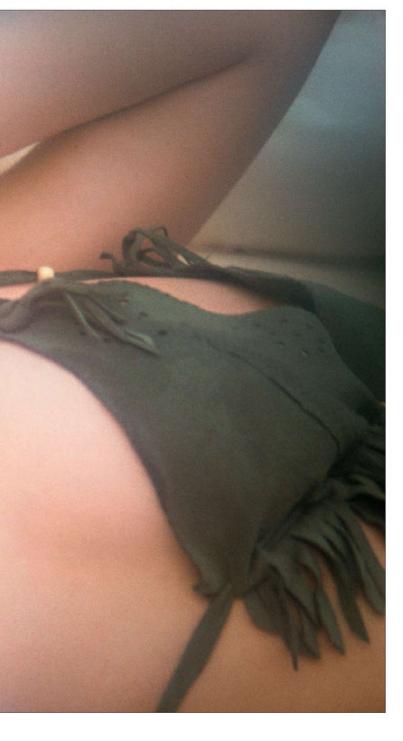
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SPOILING A GOOD THING PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

s far as I can tell," comely Canadian Pet of the Month Lee Ann Lee told us, "the only modern thing about my hometown of Toronto is the architecture. Everything else is prudish and behind the times. A free spirit like Margaret Trudeau gets ostracized for being a wild and crazy girl, but in America, Steve Martin gets famous for being a wild and crazy guy!" Lee Ann empathized with Trudeau, being a bit wild herself, though she's crazy only like a fox. Such a fox that mentend to hound her in packs.











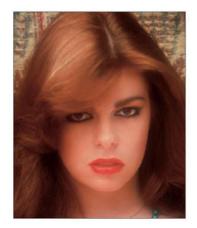


The Guccione Years: September 1982









"For me, being photographed by Bob Guccione and appearing in Penthouse is the ultimate honor. But my neighbors may be shocked. They see sex as unwholesome. I see it as good, clean fun."



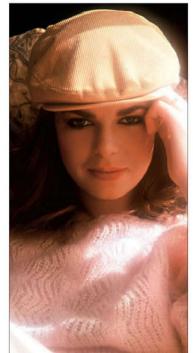














The Guccione Years: September 1982







"That would actually be in character, since I'm really kind of a brat by nature." A brat, perhaps, but one we dearly loved to spoil!



BUSH BUSH YEARS

Through the years, the hair on women's heads has been styled every which way including loose, from elaborate updo to crisp bob to sexy-messy bedhead.

Their hair down there has been through similar exercises in coiffing.

By Sarah Klein









BUSH, TRIM, MUFF, MINGE, LADY JUNGLE, BOXED LUNCH, KNICKER WOOKIEE... Whatever you choose to call it, the curly nest of hair poised upon a woman's mons veneris has had a vast and varied history of styling trends. In the spirit of sexual sociology, we present a brief, by-no-means-comprehensive, illustrated look at pubes through the years. Being *Penthouse*, we focused on styles that were popular in pornography, but let's face it—porn actresses have been setting the style for the past few decades. As pubic hair in porn has disappeared, so has pubic hair on women across the nation.

The Merkin Era

Merkins are, literally, crotch wigs (far right, top). They became popular in the mid-1450s when pubic lice ran rampant. Many folks simply shaved off their pubes to avoid the constant itchy frustration, then donned a merkin when shaved genitalia were inappropriate. Pelvic toupees were also popular among prostitutes with STDs who needed to cover up their open sores, lest they dissuade potential clients.

Victorian Porn

That may sound like an oxymoron, but trust us, there was plenty of dirty fodder in the buttoned-up age (far right, middle). The sepia-toned photos that were produced primarily in Europe featured mysterious, dark-haired ladies stripping down and getting it on with half-dressed dandies in sock garters. The predominant style showcased was unshaven and untouched—pubes and pits.









The Pinup Age

During World War II, soldiers pinned photos of wholesome beauties like the leggy Betty Grable to their walls and lockers, birthing the era of the pinup. Although most of the material was "cheesecake"—meaning it featured little or implied nudity—dirtier material was available if you knew where to look for it.

This is when we found the first instances of shaving-via-photo trickery. As author Richard

Foster explains in *The Real Bettie Page: The Truth About the Queen of the Pinups,* "In a day when publishing photos of pubic hair was illegal, [the offending hair] was usually 'removed' in the developing process." Indeed, in most of Page's famous photos, she's either strategically posed to disguise any visible hair or the hair was removed in processing. If you dig around, as we did, you can find photos of Page in her natural glory (at right, bottom).

Opposite page (from left): Jasmine Elliot (1977), Daphne Glover (1992), July 2007 Pet of the Month Sasha Grey, Iveta Rucka (2006)

get schooled

The 1970s: Free Love, Free Bush

During the golden age of hippie love, Penthouse thrust pubic hair into the public eye, with fullcolor centerfolds of untamed, unshaven beauties. Afros were everywhere, and seriously, we mean everywhere. We were hard-pressed to find a hairier time in American history. As men and women gave up nearly all manner of body-hair trimming, treasure trails morphed into five-lane highways. The 'fros nestled inside those polyester bell-bottoms were big enough to put Macy Gray to shame.

■ The 1980s: Waxing Ecstatic

Ah, the eighties: Neon ruled supreme, New Wave was the new scene, and cocaine and Aquanet abuse were social scourges. While the hair on the heads of Penthouse Pets, porn stars, and party girls alike was teased, crimped, and sprayed to the max, the hair down below began to dwindle, in porn at least; hair was shaped into a smaller, neater, more defined triangle, while little or no hair was left on the labia. Some women experimented with hearts. stars, and other shapes.

















The "landing strip" gradually became shorter and thinner until it finally disappeared altogether, ending the sport of debating whether or not the "carpet" matched the "drapes." The completely waxed "hardwood floors" sported by both male and female porn stars have led to a national obsession with body-hair removal.











LINES IN THE SAND

The only thing that dates Pet photos more than the hairstyles, top and bottom, is tan lines.

The aesthetic look of the defined pubes that became popular in the 1990s was further accentuated by the tan lines that were all the rage. Thongs hit American beaches, tanning salons popped up in strip malls from coast to coast, and women across the land had two-tone pelvises. We went back to that decade, perused our centerfolds, browsed Penthouse.com, and found these outstanding examples:

- November 1990 Pet of the Month Barbie Ashton
- ♦ 1991 Pet of the Year Simone Brigitte
- ♦ January 1995 Pet of the Month Lydia Schöne
- July 1995 Pet of the Month Dyanna Lauren, now a popular MILF star

Throughout the aughts, as internet porn ignited a firestorm of controversy, pubic hair was rarely seen. It was an antiquated relic of the past, as charmingly out-of-touch as the faded Bettie Page black-and-white photos we associate with our grandfather's spank bank. And yet it all comes full circle: As we enter the second decade of the twenty-first century, such websites as Vintage-Adult-Photos .com and VintageClassicPorn.com have popped up to offer everything from Victorian hard core to grainy, silent clips from the 1930s, acting as virtual museums of pubic hair through the decades.

And now, as porn fans have noticed, pubes are making a comeback: For instance, Sasha Grey, the industry's twenty-first-century It Girl-gonemainstream, sports a full, though nicely trimmed bush. Hollywood is even bringing CGI into the mix. It's been reported that Sienna Miller, a waxing aficionado, lacked the natural pubic hair to accurately portray a free-lovin' gal in the sixties-set film Hippie Hippie Shake. Filmmakers digitally groomed Miller's anachronistic muff into a more authentically full bush. Computer-generated pubes. What will they think of next?



The Best and Worst of The Burney of The Best and The Burney of The Burne

Think you know everything there is to know about bush? Think again. Our favorite four-letter word has infiltrated our music, our government, even our language.

By Kara Wahlgren



a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush a centuries-old proverb about playing it safe. It's still unclear why anyone would want a handful of bird.

beat around the bush not a reference to that kind of beating, or that kind of bush. This slang term for skirting the issue comes from an old hunting technique of making a shitload of noise to drive game out of the bushes. A similar term, "beat the bush." means to search thoroughly.

bush a dense thicket of shrubs suggesting a single plant; a large uncleared area, usually scrub-covered or forested.

Bush British rock band whose debut album went six times platinum in the United States. Their name is a shout-out to their London

neighborhood of Shepherd's Bush, but could just as easily refer to the millions of mid-nineties grunge grrrls who would have happily dropped their panties for lead singer Gavin Rossdale. Unless you're living under a rock, you know Rossdale is now living every man's fantasy as Gwen Stefani's husband/baby daddy.

Bush, Billy George W.'s cousin, pageant host, and red-carpet reporter for *Access Hollywood*. Billy has a knack for picking catfights—he started a Twitter war with *E! News* host Giuliana Rancic, called a Mary Hart promo on *Entertainment Tonight* "gross," and was rumored to throw some wicked on-settantrums. Personally, we'd love to see him get his ass kicked in a cage match with *American Idol* host Ryan Seacrest.

Bush, Kate British singer-songwriter known for her experimental style and raw lyrics. Despite an



übersuccessful 30-year career in the United Kingdom, she's still fairly obscure here; having her on your playlist can earn you some hipster cred and, possibly, some hipster bush.

Bush, Reggie equal parts NFL star and tabloid staple. Sure, he gave back his Heisman Trophy last year—but he also won a Super Bowl ring and spent some quality time banging Kim Kardashian. Overall, we wouldn't mind trading places with him.

Bush, Sophia actress and exwife of douche bag Chad Michael Murray. She's proven her hotness in *One Tree Hill* and *Nip/Tuck*, but, unfortunately for us, has never lived up to her last name.

Bush Brothers the royal family of baked beans—and adult contemporary rock. The founder's great-grandsons, Kristian and Brandon, are members of Sugarland and Train, respectively.

Bush Doctor a 1978 album by Peter Tosh that contained a scratchand-sniff sticker that smelled like weed. Sorry, iTunes, but no digital download can compete with that!

bush fire an uncontrolled fire in a bush area. This has surprisingly little to do with the phrase *firecrotch*.

bush league a slang term for minor-league baseball players whose teams are typically based in small towns. It's come to describe anything of amateurish quality, from a bad sports play to a low-ranking job or a lame movie.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BIRD) BUDDY MAYS/ALAMY, (KATE BUSH) ROB VERHORST/CONTRIBUTOR/GETTY IMAGES



bushman a member of a group of short-statured peoples of southern Africa who traditionally live by hunting and foraging. No connection to being a fan of ladies who keep a little grass on their playing field.

bush master a pit viper of Central and South America that is the largest New World venomous snake.

bush pilot a badass who flies to far-flung regions and lands on rough terrain with no runways—a practice that commercial pilots usually refer to as "crashing"; a slang term for lesbians or guys who prefer their women completely unshaven.

bushtit a small gray titmouse of western North America.

Bush twins those two words are so promising—they sound like a powerhouse duo of identical porn stars—but Barbara and Jenna are the mostly straitlaced fraternaltwin daughters of former President George W. Bush. They've been on their best behavior in recent years, but they gave us a glimpse of their bad-girl potential back in 2001, when they both were arrested twice within a one-month period for underage possession of alcohol.

bushed American slang for exhausted; Canadian slang for going crazy after too much time in the boonies; Australian slang for not knowing where the fuck you are.

Bushisms a slang term for our 42nd president's innovative use of the English language. Dubya introduced

such new words as "internets" and "misunderestimated," along with such inspirational quotes as, "Families is where our nation finds hope, where wings take dream," and "Fool me once, shame on you; fool me—you can't get fooled again."

bushstache the bizarre trend of shaving one's pubic hair to resemble a mustache. We're pretty sure we would have trouble performing if we encountered a girl with a handlebar 'stache down there.

bushwhacked, *Bush-whacked* one is a term for hikers who literally blaze their own trails; the other is a really, really shitty movie starring Daniel Stern. (How shitty? It has a rare zero-percent "Fresh" rating on Rotten Tomatoes.com.)

"George Bush doesn't care about black people"

the Kanye-ism heard 'round the world. While Kanye West is known for having zero filter between brain and mouth, this quote might be his most infamous—partly because he blurted it out in front of 8.5 million viewers during a live broadcast of a Hurricane Katrina benefit concert. Kanye apologized to Bush for the outburst; no word yet on whether he apologized to copresenter Mike Myers for making him look so awesomely uncomfortable.

"In the Bush" a 1978 song by girl group Musique, the brainchild







of superproducer Patrick Adams. It was banned from radio for its straightforward refrain of "Push, push, in the bush," but still topped the dance charts, thanks to horny clubgoers.

Lick Bush in '92 a documentary about a drag queen's run for the presidency. We just like the title.

Lil' Bush: Resident of the United States a political and occasionally musical cartoon that ran from 2007 to 2008. In the show's version of reality, the elder President Bush is still in office and Dubya is a student at Beltway Elementary, along with sidekicks Lil' Cheney, Lil' Condi, Lil' Rummy, and an invincible Jeb.

"Red bush! Red bush!"

Seth Rogen's ad-lib exclamation in *Knocked Up* when his character spots a full-frontal Julianne Moore on-screen. For reasons unknown, the proclamation pissed off test audiences—it was yanked from the film and only appears on the uncut DVD.

That's My Bush! a short-lived, semipolitical mock-sitcom from South Park creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone that aired in the spring of 2001. The eight-episode show featured the (impersonated) First Family—and such intentionally cliché sidekicks as the slutty secretary and the wacky neighbor. In honor of The Honeymooners, "Bush" ended each show with the catchphrase "One of these days, Laura, I'm gonna punch vou in the face!" The show was canceled due to budget restraints: plans for a spin-off movie were canned after the 9/11 attacks. O

[penthouse clubs] moscow







TO RUSSIA,



Now that our mission to heat up our homeland permanently via a series of sexy gentlemen's clubs is well under way, it was high time to go international. Our first European club brought that unique Penthouse sizzle and style to Moscow.



ust down the street from the U.S. Embassy in Russia's capital, another venerable establishment—the Penthouse Club Moscow—is doing its part to bring American hospitality to the motherland, not to mention heat up those long, cold winters. What better place to make our European debut than in a country known for its stunningly beautiful women?

We're grateful to Russia for giving us two of our favorite things: strong vodka and smoking-hot women. Hell, if you Google "hot Russian girls," you'll turn up more than 12 million results. There's no shortage of eye candy in Russia's capital, and the Penthouse Club's Key Girls were recruited from among the city's sexiest dancers. And with more than 20,000 square feet of space, the club offers plenty of room to kick back and enjoy the view. After all, as cool as Red Square might be, we think the best Moscovian sightseeing happens on our stages.

Penthouse teamed up with a local nightlife group known for luxury gentlemen's clubs to ensure that our guests enjoy top-notch service and the hottest girls in town. "Our goal is simple: to be the best gentlemen's club in Moscow!" says Daniel Jordan, executive director for the Penthouse Club. "As an American, I am proud that we are bringing the legendary Penthouse brand to Russia. The combination of elegant Russian

beauty and genuine American service will give us a unique position in Moscow's competitive nightlife scene."

Since it opened on Novy Arbat, one of the city's liveliest streets after dark, the Penthouse Club has been a hit among locals and a hedonistic haven for expats. Theme nights and special events add to the excitement—guests can stretch their rubles with promotions like free dances, half-price hookah nights, and the beer-themed "Wednesdayfest." Plus, nightly Key Girl and waitress parades offer double the pleasure—during the first two songs after each parade, private dances are two-for-one.

With so many mouthwatering women in one place, food is probably the *last* thing you'd be thinking of devouring. But if hunger strikes, an on-site steak house offers a wide selection of soups, salads, appetizers, sushi, and pasta dishes—though it's better known for serving juicy cuts of beef, ribs, lamb, and duck cooked on a wood-burning grill. And the extensive wine and liquor menu includes everything from Johnnie Walker to Cristal to Red Bull. Or just grab a Heineken or order a Long Island Iced Tea, like you would at home.

The Penthouse Club Moscow combines the best of both worlds, bringing the comforts of home to the cultural hub of Russia. Getting there will require jumping through a few hoops—the visa-application process can be an epic challenge—but we can't think of a better place to get a warm welcome in Moscow.

For more information about events, visit PenthouseClubs.com or PenthouseClubMoscow.com.









denim and lace

The steamy appeal of red lace bras, see-through tops, and tiny denim skirts cannot be overstated, especially when they're worn by the sultry Bobbi Starr and the luscious Karlie Montana. Luckily for us, they're equally aroused by each other's sexy attire, and willing to give us a voyeuristic glimpse into their passionate play.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



























DOUB = EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

LOVE DRUGS

Are there any natural aphrodisiacs that actually work for both men and women?

The Downs side: That all depends on what you mean by "aphrodisiac," and what you mean by "natural." If your idea of an aphrodisiac is a love potion with the power to make a person wanton and insatiable, that's one thing. If you're thinking of something that improves sexual function or enhances the sexual experience, that's something else. And would an aphrodisiac be natural only if you could pick it in a garden, or would it be natural if it were a compound processed without the use of any petrochemicals?

Let's say, for simplicity's sake, that an aphrodisiac is a substance that arouses sexual desire. And let's define "natural" as something that's not made in a laboratory.

Any drug that stimulates the central nervous system can excite sexual desire. Drugs that depress the central nervous system also can arouse desire by relaxing inhibitions. This means a plethora of recreational drugs could properly be called "aphrodisiacs."

But if we're looking only for natural aphrodisiacs, we have to eliminate sexy stimulants like cocaine and Ecstasy. Marijuana is natural by definition, and it has aphrodisiac effects for some people, but most would say that getting stoned doesn't necessarily make them horny. Alcohol is totally natural, and there's no argument that a couple of drinks can make you feel frisky. More than a couple tends to have the opposite effect, however. Then there's caffeine. Many people, myself included, would call it a necessity of life, not an aphrodisiac, but it is a stimulant and it is natural, so for our purposes here it counts.





What about the fabled Spanish fly? Well, that's a real thing, and it's natural: It's merely crushed beetles. Cantharidin, the active chemical in Spanish fly, is supposed to achieve its aphrodisiac effect by inflaming and irritating the genitals. That irritation should arouse a great desire to scratch the itch, literally. In that sense, it works, but probably not in a way that you'd enjoy. It's also a deadly poison. Take just a tad too much, and you can end up with kidney failure.

All these things can help to arouse a desire for sex in various ways, but none of them really creates desire. Only one thing does: the hormone testosterone. It's an abundance of testosterone that makes men, especially young men, the sex fiends that they are. Testosterone is less central to female sex drives, but still is an important factor.

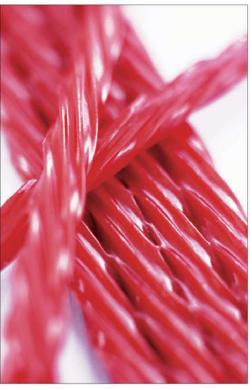
The pharmaceutical industry has tried, and so far failed, to get testosterone supplements approved as a treatment for low libido—i.e., an aphrodisiac—in women. But testosterone is currently available by prescription for men with "low T" (a term coined by drug marketers). As a man ages, and as he becomes worn down by stress, monotony, and bad habits, his testosterone level decreases, and so does his mojo. Synthetic testosterone by prescription isn't natural by our definition, but you can maintain or restore healthy testosterone levels without it.

It all comes down to staying in good physical health, feeling good about yourself, and keeping your sexual pilot light lit: Never neglect your sex life to the point that it becomes routine and boring. Even if you're happily monogamous, and have no intention of straying, keep flirting with attractive people. Researchers have found that for heterosexual men, simply talking to an attractive woman increases testosterone levels. For both men and women, successful flirting, even if it doesn't go anywhere, confirms that you're sexually desirable, and that may be the best aphrodisiac of all.

The Pet doctor: An aphrodisiac is any substance that increases sexual desire, and there are plenty of them around. For example, there are a number of natural scents that have been found to increase desire: licorice and cucumber were the most effective in triggering a sexual response in both women and men. Vanilla, peppermint, cinnamon, and jasmine have also been shown to enhance sexual desire. particularly in women. Look for perfumes, shower gels, and air fresheners that include those scents. The smell of banana nut bread has also been found to be an aphrodisiac, so get that scent in your house by baking (or reheating) some loaves and she'll be in your bed before you know it.

There are also many herbs that have been found to enhance libido, such as yohimbe bark, arugula, tribulus, damiana, ginseng, ginkgo biloba,





kelp, balut, borojo, maca, and, of course, horny goat weed. Consult a specialist in natural medicine before consuming these herbs in large quantities, as they can be dangerous if not taken properly.

Certain foods have been shown to increase libido in both sexes. For example, oysters are known aphrodisiacs. They are high in zinc, a mineral used in the production of testosterone. Oysters also contain dopamine, another libido-enhancing chemical that increases motivation for all pleasurable activities, including sex. Indeed, most seafood is good for your libido, particularly fish, which are rich in omega-3 fatty acids. In modera-

tion (and when it doesn't interfere with your ability to get a good night's sleep), caffeine also increases dopamine. This may be why research shows that coffee drinkers are more sexually active than non-coffee drinkers. But don't overdo your java or caffeine-enhanced colas—too much caffeine will act as a vasoconstrictor, reducing your erection.

Chocolate, long viewed as the original aphrodisiac, not only has an appealing taste, it contains phenylethylamine, or PEA, considered the "love chemical" due to its effect in triggering sexual desire. It also contains the obromine, a substance similar to caffeine. These are some of the reasons men have traditionally used chocolate to put their women in the mood for sex. But too much chocolate will cause a spike in blood sugar and then make her crash, so a little goes a long way. Cheese also contains PEA, as do apples and almonds. Stock your pantry with chocolate-covered apples and almond bars and a selection of fine cheeses.

In addition to the libido-enhancers mentioned above, foods that improve circulation can help you increase genital arousal. These include olives, olive oil, garlic, nuts, and beans. Ginger root also improves circulation, and it stimulates nerve endings, intensifying sexual sensations. It's a natural pain reliever as well. Men in India rub ginger paste on their wives' temples to eliminate that pesky "headache." If you like spicy food, use chili peppers to heat up your sex life. They contain capsaicin, which stimulates nerve endings to release chemicals that raise the heart rate and trigger the release of endorphins.

Finally, nutmeg has been empirically proven to stimulate libido in male rats by increasing their erections and mounting frequency when consumed for seven days. Why not give it a try and see if it does the same for you or your partner? Of course, lab-rat research is not always applicable to humans. According to a new study, male mouse tears are aphrodisiacs to female mice as they contain a sex pheromone called ESP1, which makes female mice more receptive to mounting. Unfortunately, having your girlfriend swallow your tears is not likely to have the same effect.

THESETUP

My girlfriend of six months has a really hot BFF, and my girlfriend has told me on several occasions that she wouldn't mind if I wanted to hook up with her friend. My inner voice tells me she wouldn't mind in theory, but if I really did go ahead and fuck her friend she'd probably get really pissed off and dump me, so I haven't. Could she be setting me up?

The Pet doctor: Whether or not she is intentionally setting you up, chances are if you take her up on her offer and actually screw her girlfriend, she will treat it as treason. She is probably just testing you to see if you have eyes for other women and if you can resist temptation and remain faithful to her. And even if the thought of it turns her on, the reality of you actually doing it will be a major turnoff to her.

As you suspect, her theory might be that she wouldn't mind, but she really doesn't know in advance how she will feel when she finds out you actually dipped your cock in her best friend's pussy. She also might be ignoring the potential for a backstabbing or a jealous move by her girlfriend, who might attempt to break you up. No matter how tempting you might find this forbidden fruit, to take a bite of this apple means you will lose your Eden!

If she keeps on about this, and if you feel you really can't resist, the only way to play the game is to include your girlfriend in a hot menage à trios, then watch and listen carefully for her clues as to what you can or cannot do with her pal. No matter what happens, make sure that at the end of the threesome, you tell your girlfriend that she is much, much hotter than her BFF.

The Downs side: I agree, it sounds like a backhanded invitation. I'm guessing that you may have let on too much about how hot you think this BFF is, and your girlfriend is testing you. Of course, it's also possible that your girlfriend wants an open relationship and doesn't know how to talk about it with you in those terms. She may be offering her friend to you as an excuse to fuck one of your friends without feeling quilty—a tit for a tat.

What's missing is the BFF. What does she have to say? Has your girlfriend talked to her about this? How do you know the BFF wants to fuck you, anyhow?

The only thing for you to do is to tell your girlfriend that you might be open to it, but that the three of you would need to sit down together and discuss it face-to-face. If she sincerely wants to share you with her best friend, she should be willing to have that conversation. If she isn't, then you'll know she is up to shenanigans. In that case, don't be shy about calling her out. Whatever her deal is, you're sure to find out eventually. My advice is, better sooner than later.

The Pet doctor: When it comes to nipple sensitivity, every woman (and man) is different. Some like their nipples licked and sucked gently, while others prefer harder stimulation, like nibbles and even bites. For many women, nipples have a direct connection to their clit; some women can even climax from nipple stimulation alone. Your girl may have a little masochistic inclination, or she may just need that much stimulation. Her nipples may be naturally less sensitive, or she may have desensitized them with rough play or nipple clamps. Many women have less sensitive nipples after breast-feeding. In fact, their nipples may be accustomed to a good deal of abuse. Don't be afraid to give her what she wants, or she will find someone else who will happily oblige.

The Downs side: Yes, breasts are extremely sensitive to pleasure and pain. When you bite her, it definitely hurts. It probably hurts a lot. But some people get off by mixing pain with pleasure, and this woman is one of them.

I fully appreciate your fear of doing injury to her, as well as your reluctance to mar her pretty breasts with black-and-blue bite marks. But if there's anything you can do to make your lover come like crazy, you should do it. Even if you don't understand it, even if you find it distasteful, do it.





BENTOUTOFSHAPE

I'm 35 years old and my penis has always curved slightly to the left, but over the years, it seems to be leaning more and more. When I first noticed it, I checked with my doctor, and his response was, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it!" Now I'm wondering if this is something I should be concerned about?

The Downs side: Penises can curve up, down, or sideways, and be completely normal. But since you say yours is curving more over time, it sounds like you could have a condition called Peyronie's disease. Doctors believe this condition (I think "disease" is too strong a word, but that's the official name) is caused by abnormal scarring in the tunica albuginea. the thin sheath of tissue that surrounds the spongy erectile chambers of the penis. Rough handling can make microscopic tears in the tunica albuginea. The scartissue formed when these tiny wounds heal can. over time, make the penis bend one way when it's erect. Men often develop Peyronie's after a major penis injury. A guy can "break" his erect penis by bending it too much, thus causing the tunica albuginea to rip. That's a hazard if your lover rides you too hard, or if you're into daggering (a dancehall term originally used for explicit movements simulating rough sex between dance partners that may have led to a trend for actual rough sex off the dance floor).

Nevertheless, most men with Peyronie's can't remember having ever had such an injury. Some men may be genetically prone to Peyronie's, so that it doesn't take extreme trauma to bring on the condition.
For those with a genetic predisposition, the daily wear and tear of stroking and poking could be enough to cause abnormal scarring.

I suggest that you go see your doctor again, or go to a urologist who knows a thing or two about Peyronie's, and get an actual diagnosis. Depending upon how big a problem it is for you, a doctor might suggest treating the condition with drugs, or just take a waitand-see approach. For some men, Peyronie's is painful and causes difficulty getting erections. You haven't mentioned any of these symptoms, but keep in mind that Peyronie's often aets worse over time. Treatment may include injections of drugs into the penis to break up the scar tissue, along with medications taken by mouth. If your symptoms aren't all that troubling, a doctor might prescribe a drug called Potaba. which may help to keep the condition from aettina

The Pet doctor: The penis is a spongy network of erectile tissue that becomes erect when blood fills it. Minor blockages in the spongy tissue often increase with age, and if it happens on one side more than the other, it leads to greater curvature. Although there is no research that shows masturbation causes curving, it appears that a majority of men complain of a leftward bend, and

given that a majority of men are right-handed, there is a possibility that a rough, abusive masturbation style might be contributing to spongy-tissue injury and blockage. If the bend is significant, greater than 70 degrees, it is usually indicative of Peyronie's disease.

With Pevronie's or a significant curvature, the only way of straightening the penis is through a surgical procedure, where the opposite side of the penis is surgically shortened. Since there are all kinds of complications that can arise from such surgery, this is not really what you want for a curvature that isn't severe. In addition, there are all kinds of penis-flexion devices and other aimmicks that are advertised to treat a curved willy, but I am skeptical of their usefulness, as the only proven way to straighten the bend is to break up the plaque of fibrous tissue on the opposite side, and I doubt that any nonsurgical intervention can do that.

However, a moderate curvature shouldn't affect your sex life. When you masturbate, use plenty of lube and make sure you are gentle on your friend. The look of your tool shouldn't make a difference as long as you know how to use it correctly. When having intercourse with a woman, position her in such a way as to reach her G spot, in her upper vaginal wall (the one on the underside of her belly), with your penis—that's why they sell curved sex toys. If you're really concerned, have a urologist examine you and make recommendations.OH 5

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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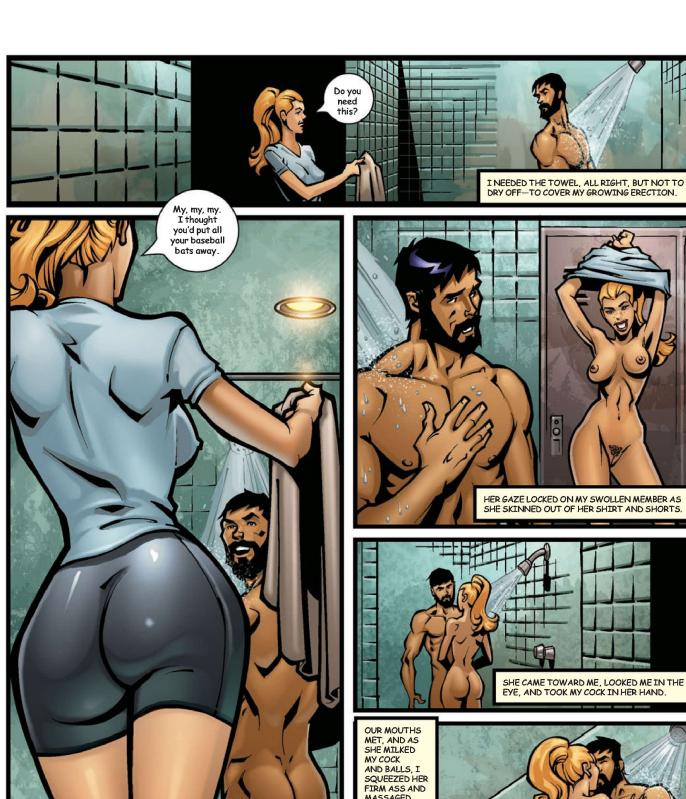
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Twenty-three-year-old, 34-23-34 Lexi Belle is already an adult-entertainment superstar. We're delighted to provide a sneak peek at another of the former band geek's smoking-hot appearances, this time in the Penthouse DVD *The Screw Club*.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

































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MULTIPLE ORGASMS

Penthouse Letters

A strong cast laying down solid sexual performances makes this a definite winner—and at 11 girls strong, it has something for everyone. In my favorite scene, Amazonian blondes Brooke Banner and November 2010 Penthouse Pet Phoenix Marie engage in a true clash of the titans, hooking up during a marriage-counseling session after Brooke complains she's not getting enough sex. Problem solved as five-foot-nine Phoenix unleashes the husband's hog and climbs on for a ride before getting some fine mouthwork from the five-foot-eight Brooke (don't worry; Phoenix soon gives as good as she gets). The big-ticket item here, though, is a four-girl pussy pileon, featuring Ally Kay, Ashlyn Rae,

Kimberly Kiss, and Valerie Rios in an all-girl strip-volleyball game. Luckily for you, these gals aren't world-class players—the foursome gets buttnaked pretty quickly. You won't find any toys here, but there's plenty of face-sitting, sixty-nining, and fingerbanging to make up for that. Things really pick up when Ally becomes the center of attention, getting fingers in her cunt, a tongue on her clit, and a pretty pink pussy straddling her face before a show-stopping four-girl daisy chain. A definite high point in a DVD full of them.

Above: Brooke Banner, Phoenix Marie, and Bo Banner. Right: Ashlyn Rae, Kimberly Kiss, Valerie Rios, and Ally Kay



By Johnny Bronx







Aside from being the first men's magazine to show pubic hair, Penthouse also became known for its girl-girl love sets. Combine those sexual hallmarks with Penthouse Letters' stock-in-trade—the reader-fantasy letter—and you have a winning DVD. The sight of 2010 Penthouse Pet of the Year Runner-Up Veronica Ricci ass-up and getting fingered by Miko Sinz is a beautiful study in contrasts: The tall redhead and the petite Asian cutie make a jerk-worthy pair as they poke and prod each other's holes. The real sexual and dramatic surprise comes when MILF-y beauty India Summer sets her sights on her son's girlfriend, who, as luck would have it, is in the middle of performing a live webcam show. Along the way you get strippers practicing some hardcore moves, and a real slick vignette where Evelyn Hughes gets a soapy surprise in a bathtub.

Above left: Miko Sinz and Veronica Ricci Above right: Roxy Taggart

PENTHOUSE'S EURO GLAM TRAMPS Penthouse

This features man-on-the-street pickup scenarios with hard-core anal sex. Director Toni Ribas brings hot models back to his studio for very private (and in-depth) photo sessions. The disc gets off to a great start with Roxy Taggart, whose boobs get a quick fucking before Toni drops a load all over them. But the selling point here is the anal scenes, featuring Kia Winstone and Anastasia Devine. Kia takes Toni's prong to the balls with no lube at all while she rubs her pussy. The tiny-titted blonde also squats on that cock and milks his rod with her sphincter. In the other reaming. Toni starts off taking his time with Anastasia only to pull out the stops, so to speak, when he plunges his way into her backdoor. Finally, Anastasia is butt-fucked on her back and rimmed for good measure. There's full bush, hot European girls, and some hard ass-fucking to be had here. What more could you want? O | 1

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All the DVDs reviewed in Penthouse can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

■ THE PLAYDATE

When Tom and I moved in together six months before we got married, we agreed to remain celibate until our wedding night. We weren't virgins, but I'd read about how much better sex is when you've abstained for a while, and I figured our wedding night was pretty much the best time to have really amazing orgasms. That brought us to no sex for six months. I know it sounds radical, but I really wanted to try it, and my fiancé was willing to indulge me as long as we could find an alternative. He suggested blowjobs for him and cunnilingus for me, but linsisted those things counted as sex. Besides that, I knew I couldn't just blow him or have him eat my pussy and then not have intercourse. I don't have that kind of self-control. I could barely handle living with him and not jumping him on a daily basis. Touching him would end my celibacy in a heartbeat. We had to figure something else out, and soon.

The perfect solution hit me when I came home early one day to find my fiancé watching porn and playing with his dick: We could masturbate together. Tom was about to turn off the video when I stopped him by saying, "I think I'll watch with you, if you don't mind." He seemed stunned, since Lalmost never want to watch his X-rated movies, but he'd said I was always welcome to join him. I kicked off my shoes, whipped my dress over my head, and sat down next to him. "Just getting comfortable," I insisted when he quirked his eyebrow at my state of undress. "Long day. I'm sick of that dress." That seemed to be answer enough, and he turned his attention back to the television-but he stopped playing with himself.

My plan wouldn't work if Tom was too bashful to masturbate in front of me. so I had to take action. After we'd been watching for a few minutes, I put my hand on my pussy and rubbed myself through my thong. At first I just did it to get Tom's attention, but as the porno kept playing, I got really turned on. I forgot I was doing any of this for my fiancé and focused only on the pleasure I was receiving from the visual and manual stimulation.

A minute later, my fingers were pushing aside the crotch of my panties to get to my pussy. I ran my fingers through the short hair and between my labia, and finally got to feel how wet I was. That's when I heard Tom groan. I'd forgotten all about him! When I looked over, I saw that he had



his dick in his hand. This time he was seriously jerking off. His cock was hard and his fist was flying up and down the shaft. I could even see a drop of pre-come glistening on the head. I wanted to lick it, but I knew I couldn't, so instead I thrust two fingers into my pussy.

Tom watched me finger-fuck myself, his eyes glued to the juncture between my thighs. Having an audience was exciting, and it made me move my fingers faster between my lips. I was really getting into masturbating in front of my soon-

I ran my fingers through the short hair and between my labia, and finally got to feel how wet I was.

to-be husband!

Tom seemed to be as aroused as I was, if not more so. After every other stroke, he'd rub the pad of his thumb across the tip of his dick, making sure to hit the most sensitive parts of his anatomy. He was jerking himself off the way I do when I want him to come on my tits, and I knew he was going to climax in a matter of seconds.

I focused all my attention on him, my fingers still moving in and out of my pussy, and I waited. It didn't take long before Tom's come was shooting out of his dick, drops of it landing on his stomach, his thigh, and his forearm. I'd never really watched him come like that, unless he was coming on me, and it was one of the most intimate experiences I could imagine sharing with someone—intimate. erotic, and arousing. I thrust my fingers even faster, and used my thumb to strum my clit, much the

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taking Hydraflexin for nearly two years."

~ Lolita R., Palos Heights, IL

same way Tom had rubbed the tip of his dick. And then, maybe three minutes after Tom came, I came, too.

It was the hardest I'd ever come from digital masturbation. When I finally pulled my hand from my pussy, I leaned back against the couch and let my head fall onto Tom's shoulder. "That was incredible," he said. I murmured my agreement, still trying to catch my breath. But he was right, and I knew we'd found a way to pass the time during our otherwise sexless engagement.—C.K., via email

■ BLOWING HIM AWAY

Randy's cock was tenting his pajama pants, and every time I reached for the popcorn between us, I took a second to glance at the outline of his firm cock under the red plaid. Finally, I couldn't take just looking at it anymore, and I reached over to grab my boyfriend's cock. Randy looked surprised as my fingers wrapped around his flannel-covered dick, but it quickly changed to a look of lust as I started to stroke his hard-on.

I caressed his cock through the flannel for a few minutes, then I snaked my hand past the elastic waistband and grabbed his bare cock. He groaned on contact and quickly lifted his ass off the couch and pushed his pants down past his hips, giving me unfettered access. I moved the popcorn bowl out of the way with my free hand and inched closer to my boyfriend, my hand never leaving his cock. I stroked firmly but gently, feeling him get harder with each pass.

When Randy's dick was really hard, I slipped off the couch and got on my knees between his legs. I leaned in and took his swollen head between my lips, looking up at him and batting my eyes innocently. I deep-throated him, sucking down his cock until his balls were against my chin and his manly bush of pubic hair was tickling my face. My eyes were wide as I stared up at him, loving the feeling of his cock throbbing with pleasure in response. As I held his cock in my throat for a moment, I continued to show him with my eyes how turned on I was.

I started sucking him in earnest, moving my mouth up and down his shaft at a rapid pace and applying pressure to the underside of his dick with my lips and tongue. As I swirled my tongue around the top of his cockhead, paying special attention to the slit at the tip, I fondled his balls. I was doing everything I could to get him off, but when I felt his balls tense

up, I stopped. Pulling my mouth off his cock, I immediately gripped the base of his shaft, staving off his orgasm momentarily.

As soon as the throbbing in Randy's cock eased, I released my grip on his shaft and took him in my mouth again, sucking only the head for a few minutes, being careful not to suck too hard. I wanted to delay his orgasm as long as possible and drive him crazy with lust!

I added my tongue back into the mix, and then my whole hand, until I was licking and sucking and slurping, plus jerking his cock with perfect rhythm. Every few strokes and in the middle of each particularly deep suck, I'd look up and gaze into Randy's eyes, and that really got him hot. "Oh, baby! You really love my cock, don't you?"

I took his swollen head between my lips, looking up at him and batting my eyes innocently.

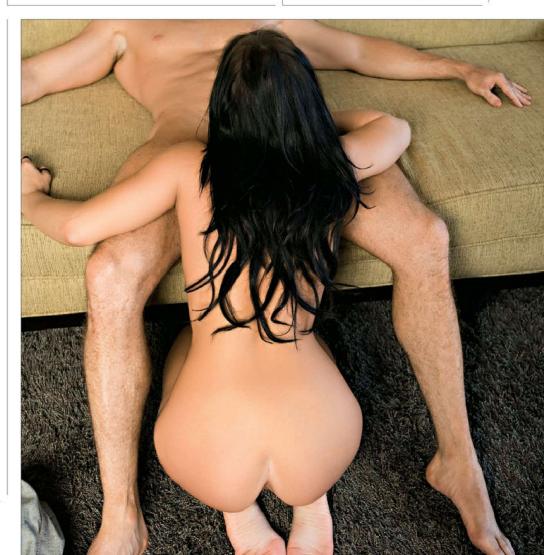
he asked, and I moaned loudly around his shaft in reply.

He started to fuck my mouth a moment later, twining his fingers in my hair as he pushed his cock as far down my throat as he could. I deepthroated him one last time and he was gone. He cried out passionately and came, sending spurt after spurt of his come down my throat.

After he was done, I sat down on the floor, pulled the bowl of popcorn into my lap, and asked, "What movie should we watch next?" But Randy was far too out of breath to answer.— D.Y., Idaho

■ ANAL ADDICT

Jim's finger wiggled its way into my ass, and as he continued to fuck my pussy from behind, the feeling of that digit between my cheeks became more arousing. He'd been asking to fuck my ass for a couple of months, and when I'd finally agreed that night, he was on cloud nine. What he'd been doing for the past few weeks was definitely working in terms of both getting me interested in anal, and ready to take his dick in my backdoor.





First Jim had me lie on my back with a thick cushion under my hips, like we'd been doing the past dozen or so times we'd made love. My pussy and ass were in the perfect position for him to eat me out, and he went at it with his customary enthusiasm. No man has ever eaten my cunt so well, and the past several times he's done it, he's slid a finger into my ass just as I came. The first time he'd fingerfucked my butt while he licked me to a second orgasm was the moment I knew I'd eventually take his dick up my ass. He'd found a way to turn me on so much that at that moment I would have let him do pretty much anything he wanted to me.

Tonight, he knelt between my legs and took a few minutes to admire my waxed pussy lips and carefully shaped landing strip. Making a woman feel like her pussy is beautiful may be the best advice I can give a man who wants to get his girl to give up her ass. Jim made me feel so cherished, and took so much time to help me see how much assplay turned me on, that he'd really earned the right to pop my anal cherry.

Our favorite position for fucking is doggie, so I turned onto my stomach, my hips raised off the bed, head down on the mattress, while he fucked me. He was a tighter fit this way, and his cock hit all the right spots, so after a few minutes of Jim's thrusting, I was totally aroused. That's when he pushed his finger into my ass.

His finger felt wet and I knew he'd sucked it, lubing it up before sliding it into my butt. I'd gotten so into the sensation of him fingering my ass that I started moaning and thrusting my hips back to take his finger in deeper. When Jim realized how turned on I was, he slid a second finger into my ass and stroked them in and out. That only aroused me further, and I couldn't help but beg him to take things to the next level. "I need more!" I cried. "I need to feel your cock in my ass!"

That was all it took. Jim had stretched my asshole enough that I felt able to take him, so he pulled his wet prick out of my cunt and pushed it into my tight backdoor. He had to go slowly, since my ass was not quite ready for something so large, and he eased into me inch by inch, pushing at a steady pace until his pelvis was up against my ass cheeks. When he was completely enveloped by my ass, he stopped, and I took a minute to appreciate the feeling of fullness. I'd expected it to hurt, to be



uncomfortable, but it wasn't. It was one of the most arousing feelings I'd ever had.

When I told him I'd gotten used to his dick in my ass, Jim started stroking in and out, and from the first thrust I was going wild. I couldn't believe that his cock in my ass felt so good, but it did, and having him thrusting hard into me back there felt even better.

He fucked my ass for several minutes, and it just kept getting even hotter. I was more turned on than I'd ever been before. It was incredible! By the time he shot his load, filling my butt with his cream, I was overwhelmed by the sensations, and I climaxed, too. Coming with his cock buried deep between my cheeks gave

When he was completely enveloped by my ass, I took a minute to appreciate the feeling of fullness. me the most intense orgasm I'd ever had. I didn't want it to end.

A minute later, Jim pulled his dick out of my come-filled ass and flopped down next to me on the bed. We slept for maybe an hour—power napped, really—and after a quick shower, I was ready to go again. I've been addicted to anal ever since!—D.S., Texas

■ STUNT SHOW

I'm a good-looking 22-year-old guy. I know I'm attractive because women tell me so almost every day. My girlfriend, Kiera, is 19 and gorgeous, with the body of a model: long legs, slim hips, a round ass, and perfect breasts. Even though we're young, our sex life is amazing. She gets wet and ready for action really quickly, and she can achieve orgasm from anything, whether it's my cock, my mouth, or my fingers.

Recently we went to a motorcycle stunt show, and what happened there made me decide to write this letter. A bunch of us were going, so we got single rooms for the couples, doubles for the rest of the group, who planned to sleep four or five to a room. But Kiera and I got a double, because I knew she'd be hot and bothered after watching all those riders doing tricks, and we'd need the space for some raucous sex.

Sure enough, as soon as we got back to the room the first night, she said she wanted to take a shower. It wasn't even ten minutes before she called, "Owen, come in here, I need you to wash my back." Of course, she didn't really want her back washed. She had lathered herself up really good, but she had used a washcloth to carefully clear the soap off her tits and her nearly hairless cunt. I jumped right in and rubbed my already rockhard cock against her snatch. I didn't have any trouble guiding my dick into her and thrusting deeply over and over until she came. I came right after

But I'm getting off the subject, because that's not what I wanted to write about. I want to tell you about Kiera's friend Christa, who's practically glued to Kiera's side. You never see one without the other unless Kiera and I are on a date. She is the polar opposite of Kiera in looks: several inches shorter, very curvy with bigger hips and a really big ass (but she's not fat), and much larger breasts. Christa's also a brunette, while Kiera has auburn hair.

Anyway, the second morning of the stunt show I woke up bright and early because someone was knocking on the door. What the fuck? I thought. and rolled onto my stomach, pressing my morning hard-on into the sheets and hoping whoever it was would go away. No such luck. "Kiera, let me in!" Christa called through the door, and my girlfriend jolted awake and ran to the door to let her friend into our room. Then they both came over and sat on the bed next to me. I cracked an eve open and saw that Kiera had on her usual tank top and short-shorts, while Christa was wearing sleep pants and a tank top, and she was obviously going braless. I, as usual, was naked.

The two of them started jabbering away about some guy Christa had met the day before and how he was "so hot" and "so good-looking" and other such nonsense. Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, Christa confided to Kiera that he'd really aroused her. Now I was wide awake. They talked about how long it had been since Christa had had sex, and how much she'd missed

Christa guided my cock into her dripping snatch, then rode me like a sex-crazed wild woman.

having a man inside her, and I couldn't take it. I rolled over onto my back, still feigning sleep, but I knew my raging erection was tenting the sheets and would give me away.

For a moment there was dead silence, and then Kiera whispered, "Owen, are you asleep?" I responded by snoring lightly.

A moment later I felt a hand slide under the covers, and when I moaned quietly, they both giggled. I felt the covers slide down my body, but I kept my eyes closed, practically holding my breath in anticipation. "Oh, poor Owen! Look at that big hard-on," Kiera said, and both girls giggled. "Whatever should I do?" my girlfriend asked.

I felt not one but two hands stroking my shaft. Then there was a hand touching my balls, then one on my stomach, and suddenly I realized there were four hands on me at once! Afraid to open my eyes and break the spell, I moaned in appreciation. I couldn't believe this was happening.

My moans caused the girls to stroke, rub, and fondle me with more intensity, and then I felt someone's lips on mine and opened my eyes to see Kiera kissing me. "Is this okay?" she whispered, flush with excitement. I nodded enthusiastically, naturally, and both girls bent down to lick and suck my cock.

I made a point to keep my hands



to myself, unsure of what role I was supposed to play. After a few minutes, Christa straddled me and guided my cock into her dripping snatch—I was a little surprised to see that she wasn't waxed, like Keira. Her pussy looked and felt great, though. She rode my seven inches like a sex-crazed wild woman, while Kiera whispered words of encouragement and talked about how good she knew it felt. In only a few minutes, Christa started coming and coming, until she practically passed out.

Kiera went down on me then, and didn't even wipe off Christa's juices before she licked me clean and gave me one of her superb blowjobs. After I exploded in my girlfriend's mouth, I rested for about a minute, but I was still hard, so I entered Kiera and began giving her the best sex possible, stroking her exactly the way I know she likes it. I used slow, long, deep strokes until she begged me to go faster. I made sure her orgasm was explosive, too, to reward her for this awesome treat she'd given me.

I think the girls must have talked about sharing me before actually doing it, because Christa never even attempted to kiss me. But I'll tell you one thing: If I ever get to do it again, I am definitely not keeping my hands to myself!—O.W., Kentucky

■ SHOWER POWER

For years I've been trying to get into bed with two incredible MILFs. Finally, I got into the bed one of them slept in while visiting the other. It was just so delicious to think about!

They both used to work in the same office building as me. Samantha has a perfect body: big and beautiful tits, long hair, great ass and legs. Beth has a similar build but shorter, sexy hair. They both look charming in skirts, shorts, or jeans, and I love to think about the treats that are under their clothes.

Recently, I went to visit Samantha at her new home, and she told me Beth had just come to see her for a couple of days—and slept in the same bedroom I'd be in. That was enough to inspire a hot new fantasy about Beth.

After we said good night and I got a nice look at Samantha's ass as she bounced away in her jeans, I closed the bedroom door—and my dirty, dirty mind took over. I thought about what Beth had done in this exact same place: taken off all her clothes! Who knows what she'd been wearing? T-shirt and shorts? Sweatshirt and

jeans? Blouse and skirt? Sandals? Sneakers? Heels? Beth looks amazing in any of these.

That was act one. Now the finale: her lingerie! I imagined her first unsnapping her bra and freeing those melons. Then she sat on the side of the bed and slid off her panties, the same action I longed to do for her.

I had a dizzying thought: What if Beth had been wearing black stockings? She would have lain back on the bed, picked up her legs, and caressed her legs as she eased off her nylons to become 100 percent nude. What a thrilling thing to witness, even if only in my dreams.

While I sleep naked, I thought perhaps Beth would have worn some kind of pajamas. But did she also bring a dildo so she could get relaxed while sleeping in a strange bed? I stroked my cock slowly as I imagined her hands between her legs, pulling herself open so she could dip her fingers into her pussy before she

I imagined her hands between her legs, pulling herself open to dip her fingers into her pussy.

went to sleep. Or did she just suck her fingers to lube them up, imagining a hard cock between her lips, then rub her clit till she came again and again?

I slept with a smile on my face, and when I woke up the next morning there was more deliciously lewd conduct bubbling in my mind. As I turned on the water in the shower and let it warm up, I thought of Beth stepping into the stall totally naked. Would she allow herself to enjoy the sensual pleasure of masturbating in the shower in someone else's home? I knew I would.

I imagined Beth rinsing her hair with her eyes closed. Then she would turn around and move the spray down, washing her tits with both a washcloth and her hands. This arouses her, and as her nipples get hard she pinches and pulls them, sending shock waves to her cunt.

After a few minutes she lets the water focus on her navel and down to her crotch. That gorgeous bush gets all wet when Beth soaps up her pussy to wash away the telltale stickiness from her evening playtime. She arches her back and supports herself with one arm against the shower wall as she works her clit vigorously with her soapy hand.

Then she turns around and lets the warm water wash down her back



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and ass, spreading her legs so it sluices down the crack of her ass and teases her cunt lips. She spreads her cheeks and bends over, imagining a lover thrusting into her from behind, rocking her body till her tits sway like pendulums.

The shower has a seat. When Beth sits down, the stream of water hits her pussy, especially when she props her feet up against the front of the stall. She holds herself open as the warm water almost fucks her. Losing all sense of decorum, Beth leans against the back of the stall, two fingers in her cunt, thumb on her clit rubbing away, while her other hand plays with her nipples and boobs. She thinks of every man she has screwed, then thinks about the men who want to do her. And then Beth thinks of me and her orgasm washes over her just like the water. It goes on and on and on! Not only is she turned on by her actions and thoughts, but she gets

off on knowing that she's doing this in her best friend's shower. Her extreme arousal causes even more thrusting and climaxing, until she is nearly exhausted.

Nearly giddy and laughing, Beth comes back down to Earth. She turns off the water and opens the stall door, almost hoping someone with a rock-hard dick will be there to continue the fun. Sadly, I wasn't around. She glances back at the detachable shower head with its massage settings. She knows it will play a vital role in her sex life later that night.—S.B., Illinois O+ a

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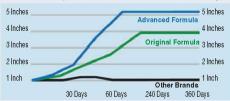
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Spring Sirens

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