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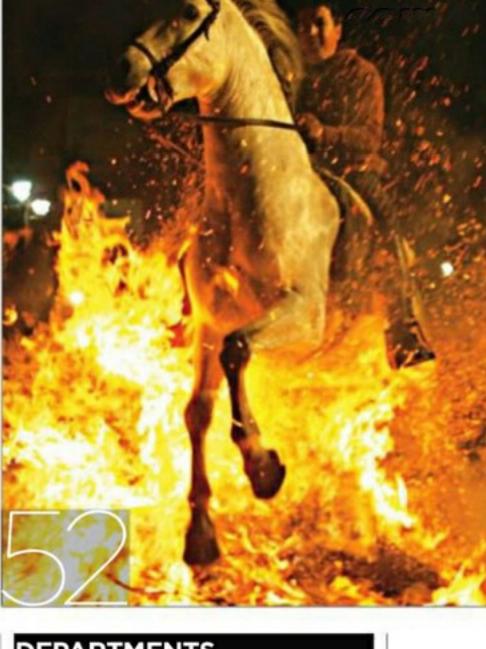
better about their own.

The Final Outlaw

Killer

Drew Magary





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Forum

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Sex Ed.



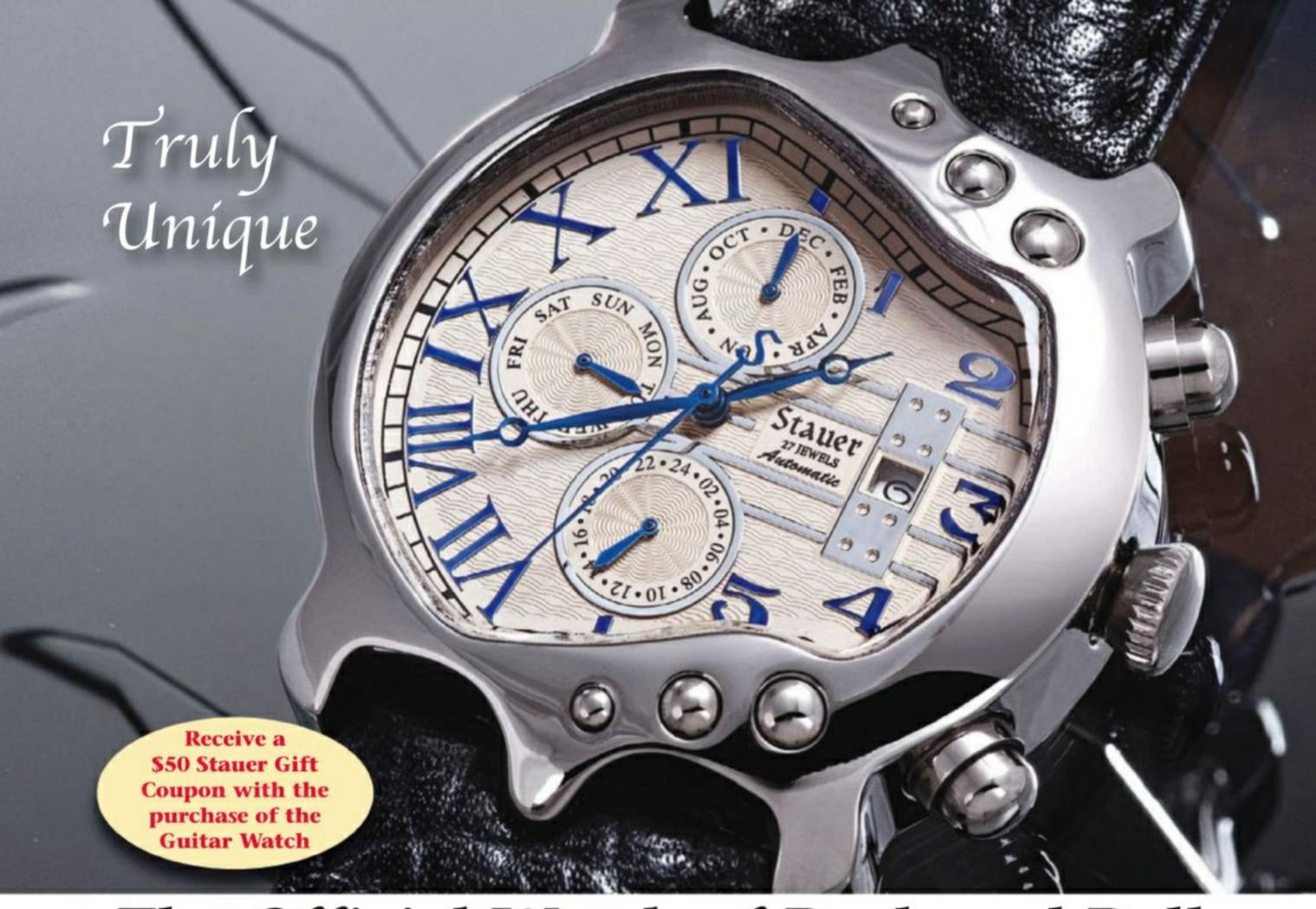
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way. By Jonah Keri

Are you ready to indulge your sexiest fantasies? Here's how to do so successfully. By Alex Lieberman

Bedtime Stories

"A Secret King," erotic fiction by Sommer Marsden



The Official Watch of Rock and Roll

Rock around the clock tonight with the exclusive Stauer 6-String Watch for under \$100!

s a kid, I stood hypnotized in front of But it should also reverberate with the Guaranteed to rock your world. If The guitar shop window. I stared at the Gibsons, Fenders, Rickenbackers and Les Pauls, lined up like lacquered mahogany and maple trophies. With their smooth curves, each one could produce hot licks, reverb and a wailing solo. The six string guitar is the heart of rock and roll. I'm proud to say that today I feel the same way about the new Stauer 6-String timepiece.

We wanted to give our favorite vintage electric guitars their due with an impressive timepiece that captures the excitement of the golden years of rock and roll. The Stauer 6-String is a legendary timepiece with bold, head-turning design and attitude to spare. It's rebellious enough to feel like you're getting away with something.

Meet your new favorite rock star. My only advice to the designers was to make a watch that looks exactly like rock and roll sounds. Big, bold and loud enough to wake the neighbors. It should evoke images of Bill Haley, Buddy Holly, The King and The Boss strumming crowds into a frenzy.

spirit of the world's greatest rock guitar gods like Jimi, Eric and Keith (who was featured on the cover of the Rolling Stone magazine wearing a Stauer watch). As you can see, the final product is worthy of a standing ovation.

It's only rock and roll, but we like it.

One look at the Stauer 6-String voluptuous stainless steel body will bring you right back to the glory days of 45 and 33 rpm records. The eye-catching shape of the case recalls the round-bottomed bodies of the greatest vintage electric guitars.

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- Date, day and day/night complications
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Sexhibitionist

was a little intimidated by
Cara, who hung out in the
same lounge I did. She was a
wild thing, with her long, dark
hair swinging, and her boobs
jostling as she swayed on the dance
floor. I danced with her often and
bought her drinks, but the wedding
ring on her finger stopped me from
trying to go any further.

One evening her husband came in while she was having a drink with a guy. He confronted her, causing a scene. He ended up storming out of the place, leaving her humiliated in front of everyone. I took a chance and offered to take her out of there, and she let me.

When we got to my car, she said, "I can't go home now. Could I sleep on your couch, just for tonight?"

"No problem," I said, and took her home with me.

I showed her to my spare room and she made use of the shower. She came into the living room draped in one of my bathrobes while patting her wet hair with a towel, sat next to me on the couch, and we shared a beer and started talking.

"Sorry that your husband gets so jealous seeing you with guys," I said.

"That's not it," she said. "He just found out something I was trying to keep secret from him." She picked up a pen off the coffee table and jotted down a URL.

"Check it out for yourself," she said.
"I'm going to turn in now. Thanks for letting me stay here tonight."

She headed for the spare room, and I went into my bedroom, booted up my laptop, and typed in the address she'd given me. When the screen lit up with erotic nude photos of Cara, I knew what the ugly scene with her husband had been about.

Minutes later, I knocked on her door and entered when she said to come in. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, brushing out her hair.

"Did you view my photo gallery?" Cara asked.

"Oh, yeah. It's awesome!"

"I wanted to be on the internet.

Vain of me, isn't it? That's what my



husband and I were fighting about. I want to turn on horny guys. Do I make you horny?"

"I got a boner the first time I saw you," I admitted.

"You never said anything," she said, as she stood and walked toward me.

"I knew you were married and was just trying to restrain myself," I said.

"Well, stop trying," Cara said.

"Drop your pants and I'll blow you." I
did, and she did. When she took my
dick in her mouth, her tongue rolled
my knob with the skill of a woman

I got her on the bed and surged into her pussy. I fucked her hard, going in balls-deep with each stroke.

who derives a sense of power over men by giving them head. I came in her mouth, and seconds later I heard the gulp of my spunk being swallowed.

I got her on the bed, rolled her onto her back, and went down on her. Her fingers combed through my hair as I laved her flesh from the crinkled hole of her ass up to her clit. I slithered my tongue into her slit, tasting her wetness and filling my nose with the pungent, musky scent of her cunt.

"Please, fuck me," she gasped.

I wedged my knees
between her thighs,
and surged into her
pussy. I fucked her hard,
going in balls-deep with
each stroke. I couldn't
believe I was finally
fucking Cara. The dirty
deed I had dreamed
about was no longer
a mere fantasy. All too
soon, her cunt held my
dick snugly as my jizz
gushed deep into her.
"Well," she sighed,

"I finally cheated on my husband. I feel like a new woman. No excuses, no regrets."

The next morning, she went home to kiss and make up with her husband. I still wonder if she told him where she'd been all night. I'm not all that disappointed that it went no further than a one-night stand. I'm just flattered that this voluptuous, married babe took the initiative in getting my zipper down. My male ego can always use a boost like that.—D.B., Colorado

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penthouse forum



■ THE FRIDAY-NIGHT FIGHT

I had just finished coming in my girlfriend Janice's juicy snatch when my buddy Angelo called, reminding me that it was Friday night and the weekly festivities at his house were about to begin. I knew Janice didn't like me going there because the temptation of young, horny girls was an imminent threat to our rocky relationship, but I told him I'd make it somehow.

The best way to get there without a hassle was to break up with Janice, like I did every Friday. After she'd laid down her usual ultimatums, I ran out the door and drove off in my car. Before I knew it, I was scoping out Angelo's place for fresh snatch. My eyes quickly locked on Alice. Alice and I had been dancing around each other for years, since she was a freshman and I was a senior in high school. As soon as we made eye contact, I knew that tonight would be the night.

An hour later, we hopped in my car and headed to her house. She couldn't keep her hands off me, grabbing my hard-on and stroking it through my pants. When we got out of the car, we stumbled up the steps, fondling each other along the way.

As soon as we were inside, her top came off and we were kissing and groping our way to the bedroom, leaving a trail of clothing in our wake. I could feel how wet her snatch was through her panties as I rubbed it roughly. The anticipation was killing me. Without wasting any more time, I threw her on the bed and quickly took off my pants. My dick was hard and

throbbing and ready for her pussy.
She crawled across the bed to where I was standing and slid her mouth over the tip. I dared her to go all the way down. She took as much as she could, then bobbed up and down on my cock for a few minutes before pausing to lick my balls.

I pushed her back and slid off her panties, then licked down her stomach to her twat. Her juices tasted sweet, and I lapped up every drop. She moaned as my tongue penetrated her. I moved up to her swollen clit, licking fast and furious, bringing her closer to the edge. She looked like she was going to come any minute. Then she said between shallow breaths, "Please ... fuck ... me. Fuck me!"

I slid my cock into her tight hole missionary-style, but that didn't last long. After about 30 seconds of screwing, I flipped her over and she raised her ass, anticipating the doggie-style fuck of a lifetime. She guided my cock into her and immediately moaned with ecstasy. I worked her cunt from behind and felt her juices start to run down our legs. Damn, she was hot, and she had the most luscious ass. I couldn't help myself and gave that ass a few light

She had the most luscious ass, and I gave it a few light smacks. She begged for more and I spanked her a little more roughly.

smacks at first, but when she begged for more I spanked her a little more roughly. I even pulled her hair and she screamed in pleasure, pleading for me not to stop and to do it again, so I did. She screamed even louder.

Then we changed positions and she squatted over me, guiding my pulsating dick into her one final time. She began riding me cowgirl-style, going all the way down and sliding back and forth, then back up and down again. I could feel the orgasm building within me and knew I didn't have long. Then she reached back, cupped my balls, and asked if I was ready to come with her. Boy, was I ever. Seconds later, her snatch tightened around my pulsing dick and I shot my load deep inside her, as she rode me through her orgasm.

We enjoyed a post-sex smoke, then I knew it was time to split. I got dressed, gave her a peck on the cheek, and she smiled at me as I walked out the door. As I got into my car Angelo texted me: Heard you had a good night—aren't you glad I called?

But my night wasn't over. As I pulled up to my house, Janice was sitting on the porch with an angry look on her face.

"It's about fucking time!" she screamed. We went inside and I showered, giving her a chance to cool off before we had make-up sex. I'll never forget that night, though, and will always remember my hookup with the girl I'd had a hard-on for since high school.—B.C., New Jersey

More letters on page 124



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Found! The Last Morgan Silver Dollars

Amazing Discovery from Montana Silver Collector

Montana. A old-time silver collector recently liquidated a hoard of Morgan Silver Dollars he'd acquired that were part of an estate sale. They'd been hidden away for decades—originally

purchased from the U.S. Treasury.

Now these glittering chunks of nearly uncirculated silver history have been added to our inventory and are being released to the public by GovMint.com. While they last, you can acquire these brilliant, lustrous silver coins for as low as \$55.95 apiece. Twenty-coin Bankers rolls and 10-coin Half Rolls are available.

Survival Against All Odds

By all rights these silver dollars should have been destroyed decades ago. Government silver melt-downs, including the 1918 Pittman Act, which alone destroyed 270 million Morgans, have decimated supplies. Millions more were called in by the government and melted for their silver content between 1921 and 1965. Today private hoards account for virtually all the surviving coins. And of those, only a fraction survive in the Virtually Uncirculated condition so coveted by collectors.

Prized Last Year Coins

These last year 90% pure silver beauties still dazzle with their Mint luster and heft. Weighing in at 26.73 grams and a diameter of 38.1 mm, they are the largest American silver coins ever to circulate. Struck from silver mined from the western Mother Lode, they are the legendary coins that built the West. Master engraver George T. Morgan fashioned a radiant profile of Lady Liberty and a majestic eagle as symbols of our nation's strength and prosperity. Today, the longgone Morgan silver dollars are among the most sought-after coins in America.

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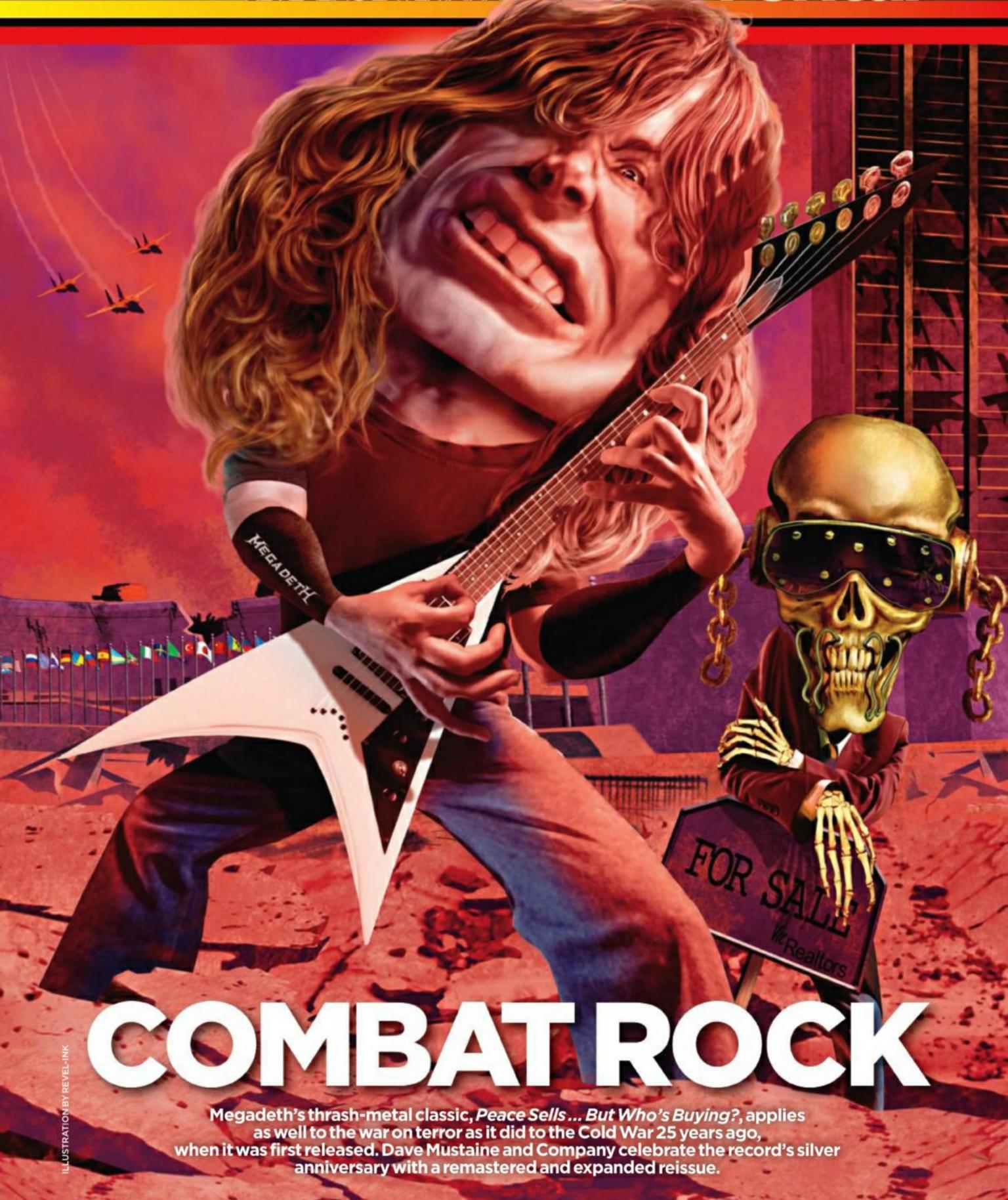
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THRASHROOTS

Remastered and expanded for its 25th anniversary, Megadeth's seminal second album still sounds as badass as ever. MEGADETH

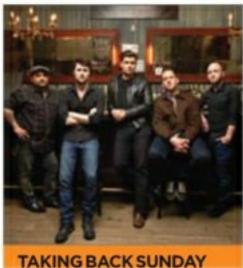
Peace Sells ... But Who's

Buying? (25th-Anniversary

Edition)

Capitol/EMI

Upon its release in 1986, Megadeth's second album was immediately hailed as a landmark. Focused, fast, equal parts paranoid and political: Here was metal as it had never been imagined, all the work of a then-homeless 25vear-old Dave Mustaine. a heady hesher best known for being too drunk to cut it with the boozers (at the time) in Metallica. A quartercentury later, the album -remastered and expanded—is as demanding as ever. The vicious stomp of opener "Wake Up Dead" is still a kick to the gut, and the snarling title track sounds as relevant to a never-ending war on terror (bin Laden's destruction aside) as it was to a cold one. "It's still 'We the people,' right?!?" Mustaine sneers—a thrasher ahead of his time.



TAKING BACK SUNDAY Taking Back Sunday Warner Bros.

While a generation of emo bands performed autopsies on fractured relationships, Long Island's Taking

Back Sunday

were living their art. Songwriters/BFFs Adam Lazzara and John Nolan perfected a skyscraping he said/he said sound on 2002's Tell All Your Friends, and then, dramatically, broke up (something about a girl, natch). Now, after three Taking Back Sunday records with different lineups, Nolan and bassist Shaun Cooper are back in the fold. Reunited and it feels so good to feel so bad: The perky "You Got Me" features big emotion and bigger guitars. "I'm not going anywhere," Lazzara and Nolan bellow on the sweetly apologetic "Faith (When I Let You Down)." True bromance never dies!



MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Horses and High Heels
Naïve
**

But this is no mawkish tell-all. Rather, it's a stately and elegant dispatch—recorded in New Orleans with help from Lou Reed and the MC5's Wayne Kramer—from rock 'n' roll's ultimate survivor. The record is a tasteful mélange of covers (including a spooky take on the Shangri-Las' "Past, Present and Future," and a midnight-bluesy take on the Gutter Twins' "The Stations") and surprisingly spritely originals. "You'd better jump for joy!" the 64-year-old commands on the uplifting "Eternity,"

in her inimitable nicotine-stained croak. We're

happy and intimidated enough to obey.



"The past, well now, let me tell you about the past ..." Marianne Faithfull intones on the 18th studio album of her storied career.



FUCKEDUP

David Comes to Life

Matador

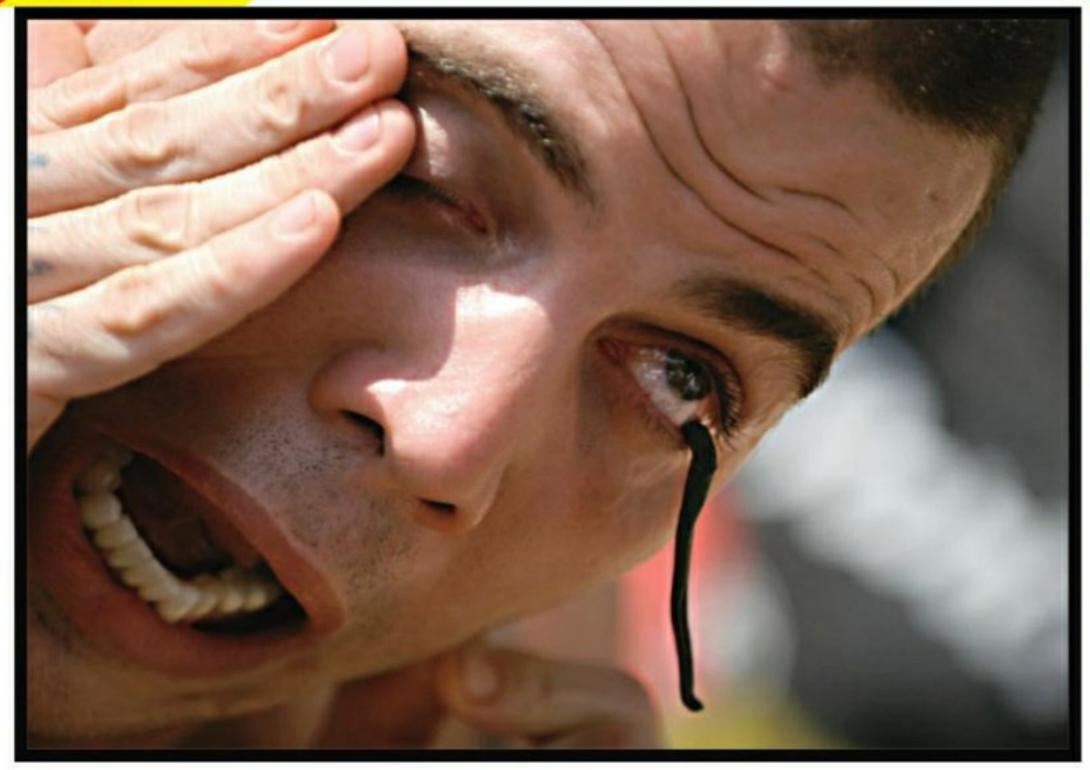


Fucked Up never take the easy way. There's the NSFW name, for one, and singer Damian "Pink Eyes" Abraham's

tendency to spend the band's ferocious live shows shirtless, jiggling his bearish body. And now comes this 78-minute rock opera about no-hopers stuck in Margaret Thatcher's England. Let's be clear: This shouldn't work. But holy hell, does it ever! Across 18 never-dull tracks, the band's kidney-punching crunch is leavened by Britpop melodies ("Turn the Season"), dreamy guitar swirls ("Under My Nose"), and cooing female backing vox ("The Other Shoe"). It's a towering achievement, one that both celebrates punk's performative spirit and glories in its ever-rebellious beating heart.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MEGADETH) CHRIS MCKAY/WIREIMAGE, (FAITHFULL) PATRICK SWIRT, (FUCKED UP) DANIEL BOUD





DON'T TRY THIS ATHOME

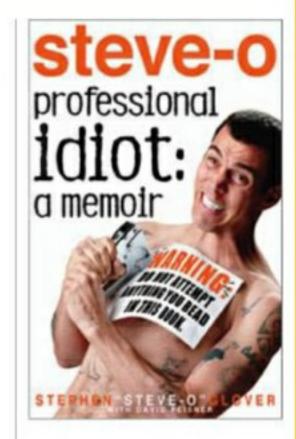
Stephen "Steve-O" Glover, of Jackass fame, turns his out-of-control life into a cautionary tale.

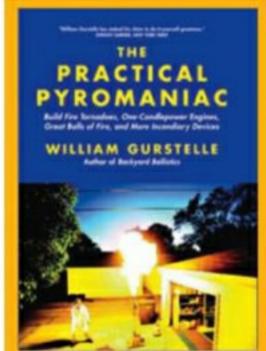
Professional Idiot: A Memoir

By Stephen "Steve-O" Glover, with David Peisner
Hyperion

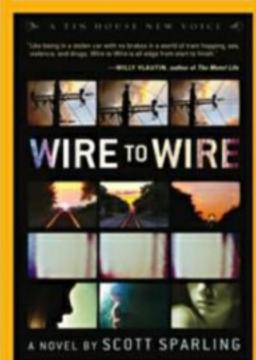
ou know Glover as "Steve-O" from Jackass, where he was one of the in-house daredevils/ masochists. In his memoir, Glover demonstrates that his need to be the center of attention started early, with teenage skateboarding tricks that evolved (or devolved?) into the anything-goes madness he parlayed into fame. Never afraid to laugh at himself, whether over his issues with women (he has a tattoo stating "I Have a Small Weiner") or his need to tempt fate, Glover also

shows the dark side of his profession: enough drugs and alcohol to kill a less hearty body. He isn't boastful, though; he simply takes the reader through his own high times into a slightly more measured phase of his life now that he's sober. The book has plenty of quotes from the likes of Johnny Knoxville and Bam Margera, as well as Glover's family, detailing just how out of control his life got. The nadir came in 2008, when Glover set up camp in his West Hollywood apartment and launched an epic binge of drinking and drugging-and broadcast the doomed debauchery online. That prompted an intervention from Knoxville and Company, and Glover has been sober ever since.





Perfect for the budding badass (or sociopath) in your life, this guide to fun with fire from the Chicago Review Press provides the science behind a wide range of pyromaniacal pursuits—along with the tools and knowledge to make them happen. Gurstelle also informs readers how to make paper fire-resistant, and provides a history of various fire advances. The color chart tells you how to create a spectrum of fires, if traditional orange is too boring for you. There's plenty of safety information, too, but who's got time for that?



When a power line "kisses" his forehead, imparting 33,000 volts of electricity into his brain box, Michael Slater's life changes. He ditches his train-hopping life in favor of a quieter existence in the desert, but eventually he's pulled back in, and embarks on a wild journey of destruction, drugs, and sex, with all the momentum of a runaway locomotive. Sparling's fictional world is often bitter, but never boring. This badass page-turner (from Tin House Books) is the perfect twisted beach read. O + 52

FUFTONG REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT



Captain America: The First Avenger

Chris Evans, Hugo Weaving, Hayley Atwell

ou know what's missing from all these smart-ass superhero movies? A little pre-Age of Irony innocence. We're talking about men and women in tights, fighting crime. It helps to locate them in an era when people believed in good versus evil—comic-book psychology tends to falter in our ambiguous world. Consider us stoked for this period adaptation of a classic title, set during 1942 and the peak of World War II. While all the action is happening Over There, 90-pound weakling Steve Rogers (Evans)

is stuck stateside, despite his numerous attempts to enlist. His way out of this predicament is to sign on for a secret government project, Rebirth, which pumps him up like Hans and Franz. Equipped with a bulletproof shield and a sultry babe sidekick (busty, Brit-born Atwell), he becomes a one-man army waging war against the Nazis. We're expecting meat-and-potatoes heroism and streamlined storytelling—rarer virtues than you'd think. And there's hardly a cooler-looking villain than Red Skull, Hitler's demonic weapons expert, played by Lord of the Rings elf-spian Weaving.



Transformers: Dark of the Moon

Shia LaBeouf, Rosie Huntington-Whiteley, Josh Duhamel, Hugo Weaving

Chicago's downtown Loop gets fairly flattened in this latest installment of the franchise (the final chapter, it's rumored, but cash-happy studio execs might have something to say about that). Expect all the robo-wreckage and Bayhem you can cram into the time it takes to eat a large tub of popcorn, extra butter. The backstory has something to do with the 1969 moon landing, but the most arresting element may be an absence: a throb where Megan Fox used to be. Victoria's Secret model Huntington-Whiteley fills in as LaBeouf's love interest when he's not playing with toys.



Cowboys & Aliens

Daniel Craig, Harrison Ford, Olivia Wilde

Cowboys are pretty much an evergreen movie subject—*True Grit* proved that. And aliens? Ditto. Put them together in a high-concept action thriller (based on an ultracreative 2006 graphic novel) and you get double the fun at the multiplex, right? Well, that's the idea, anyway. Even if the stunt cancels itself out, there's still an opportunity to witness the badassery of two of Hollywood's iconic tough guys: Craig, the excellent twenty-first-century Bond, as a soulful, wanted outlaw, and legendary whip-slinger Ford as the malevolent local lawman. Wait, should those two roles have been reversed? Never mind. This one's worth a look just for the curiosity factor—and the eye candy provided by Wilde.

Project Nim

Bob Angelini, Bern Cohen, Reagan Leonard

"It was the seventies," a woman says, laughing, in this much-buzzed Sundance documentary. Yes, the 1970s, when rearing a chimpanzee and teaching it sign language on Manhattan's Upper West Side passed almost without comment. Even though huge advancements in interspecies communication were made in the time spent with adorable "Nim Chimpsky," not everything went smoothly. Cameras were there to capture it all, and assembling the footage is Oscar-winning British director James Marsh, the man behind the ghostly 2008 Twin Towers tightrope doc Man on Wire. He has an unerring talent for choosing poetic subjects. This is the smart, real-life pick of the summer.



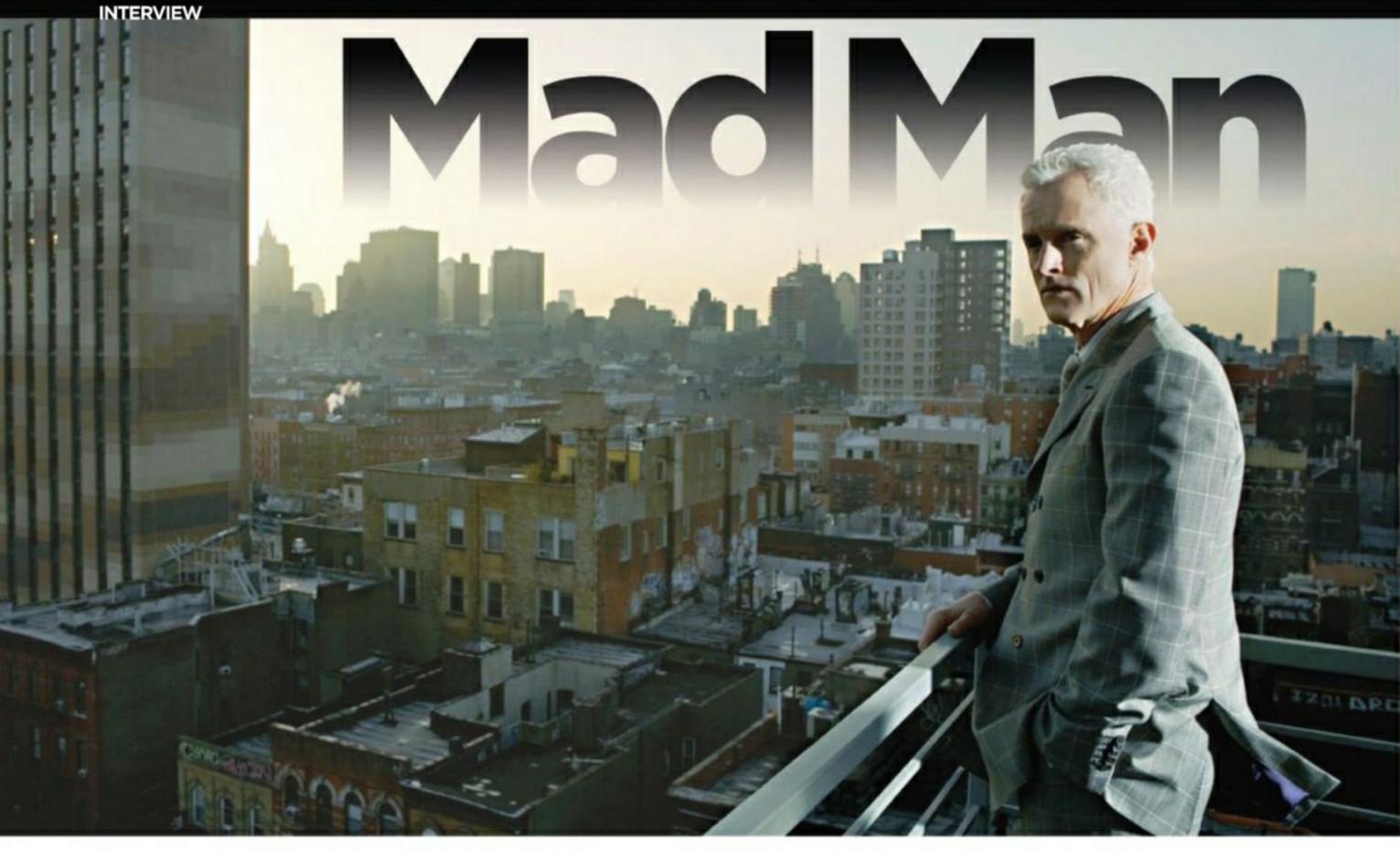
Crazy, Stupid, Love

Steve Carell, Ryan Gosling, Emma Stone, Julianne Moore

Carell looks to recapture his 40-Year-Old Virgin dorkish charm in this one, and he may be onto something: He plays a middle-aged doofus recently dumped by a wayward wife and not exactly ready for prime time. His wingman/dating coach is the always-superb Gosling (Blue Valentine), overconfident in his charms and playing the field—until he runs into firecracker Stone (Easy A). Could be a solid date movie, so long as you can stomach some third-act gooeyness.

ETONG REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT

DVDs



When John Slattery is asked one too many questions about the project he doesn't want to discuss, our reporter gets a taste of the Lincoln spokesman's inner Roger Sterling.

By Craig Modderno

hen Mad Men became the first basic-cable program to win the Emmy for Outstanding Drama Series in 2008, it also made history for its stars. Actor John Slattery, for instance, received the first of his three Emmy nominations for Outstanding Supporting Actor in a Drama Series that year, an especially impressive achievement considering he wasn't even in every season-one episode. His performance as Roger Sterling, an arrogant, insensitive skirt-chaser, has eclipsed his other TV work—which includes Desperate Housewives and Homefront, plus guest spots on everything from Will & Grace and Sex and the City to The Cleveland Show and 30 Rock, not to mention an uncredited appearance on Saturday Night Live when his Mad Men costar Jon Hamm was the host. And despite performances in, among

others, Flags of Our Fathers, Traffic, Eraser, and Iron Man 2, Slattery has yet to find that memorable role that takes him from character actor to movie star.

We expected that to happen with The Adjustment Bureau, a sci-fi thriller (out on DVD and Blu-ray this month) in which Slattery's mysterious government agent stalks Matt Damon, but casting director Paul Ventura offers insight into the downside of Slattery's headline-making TV gig: "He's a good-looking character actor who draws well-earned attention in everything he does. His part on Mad Men is so specific that he'll probably want to sink his teeth into parts that go completely the other way. What will be most interesting is whether Hollywood will let him."

In simple terms, describe The Adjustment Bureau and your role in it. I play an agent of fate whose job it

is to adjust people's pasts through their lives once they get off the plan. My character gets to threaten Matt Damon in a lot of different and creative ways, so the film is constantly challenging the audience. I like it when you see someone menacing on-screen and you don't know why they are the way that they are. You either freak out because you know they're evil or because you realize the good guy has a dark secret, which may not make him as good or heroic as the audience is led to believe. That's part of what makes The Adjustment Bureau such an exciting movie.

How much fun did you have threatening Matt Damon?

[Laughs] It's the same fun someone below the title in a movie has when they get to make life miserable for the film's star and there's nothing his character can do about it.

What would your *Mad Men* character think of your character here?

He'd be suspicious of him. "Is this guy following me because of my extramarital affairs, or is he asking questions because of the company's sometimes questionable business methods?" When you don't know your fate or where or why you're being stalked, your instincts tell you nothing good is going to come out of a physical encounter.

During the first season of Mad Men, what did you think when Don Draper called your character a whore and you responded with a happy salute? That's a dumb question. Figure it out for yourself.

You gained stardom relatively late in life. Had you ever come close before to getting such a signature role?

Hard to say what your signature role is. If I came close to it, I'm sure I'd know, and I'm not sure my role in Mad Men is it. You need luck and hanging around enough so people can see what's different or special about you. Then, if you get your so-called signature role, you'd better not repeat yourself right away. For example, I almost didn't do The Adjustment Bureau because he wore the same clothes as my Mad Men character.

Are the Mad Men characters amoral?

Depends on your moral compass, but no. Every character has a line that they won't cross. There are things every character will do to be successful in the agency, but each one has their own special behavior pattern and code of ethics. They are completely ambitious, and often that results in them being amoral. Each character could survive in today's world because they are so competitive.

What drives your character in terms of survival in the angst-ridden, high-pressure advertising world?

I don't know. The character has survived two heart attacks and the loss of a \$25 million account. Still, he's kept his intelligence and humor despite being under intense everyday stress.

Mad Men is a sexy show with beautiful and talented female regulars.
Why isn't there any nudity?
I don't know. I guess nudity's not

allowed on cable unless it's HBO.

Why do you think HBO turned down Mad Men? Creator Matthew Weiner, a former writer on The Sopranos, brought it to HBO first.

I don't know. Why don't you ask him? Have you got any more questions to ask me about me?

Are dramatic films harder to get made than dramatic TV series?

I don't know because I'm not a producer. I do know there are two different models of economics in Hollywood. Films need a famous person or a movie star to get them launched. That way they can try to hype the picture into an openingweekend event and get traction for its initial run. If the film fails, an executive can say, "Well, it didn't work because our lead turned out not to be a movie star after all." In TV it's all about your show runner, how talented he or she is, your time slot, and how much promotion the network gives you. The one thing this has in common with rocket science is, once the project leaves the launching pad it sometimes takes on an uncontrollable life of its own, which can be dangerous and exciting at the same time.

Is that what happened to Mad Men?

I thought I was doing this to discuss
The Adjustment Bureau. At this point,
from what I've read, the new season of
Mad Men won't begin until next March.
[A few fellow New Yorkers stop
Slattery to discuss Mad Men. The actor
speaks to them for a few minutes, then
gets back to the interview.]

It's been reported that in order for Mad Men to return, Weiner must accept a few conditions of the show's owners, Lionsgate and AMC, that allegedly include two characters being eliminated. Could the show survive that creative change?

My dog has done his business, so I'm done talking to you.

But I've got other questions.

Then answer them yourself.O+ a

Editor's note: That's a bold proposition, Mr. Slattery, given that some people around the Penthouse offices will always think of you as the goldenshowers guy from Sex and the City.

HIGH-DEF UPDATE

Stanley Kubrick: Limited Edition Collection, A Clockwork Orange

The film world lost one of its brightest and most respected filmmakers when Stanley Kubrick died suddenly in 1999. His dark, cerebral oeuvre is honored in Warner Home Video's newly released ten-disc Stanley Kubrick: Limited Edition Collection, which includes a 40-page hardcover book and features all of Kubrick's films since 1960: the anniversary edition of A Clockwork Orange (see below) and the Blu-ray debuts of Lolita and Barry Lyndon, as well as Spartacus, Dr. Strangelove, 2001: A Space Odyssey, The Shining, Full Metal Jacket, and Eyes Wide Shut. The last one we could live without, but the set is still a must for any film lover.

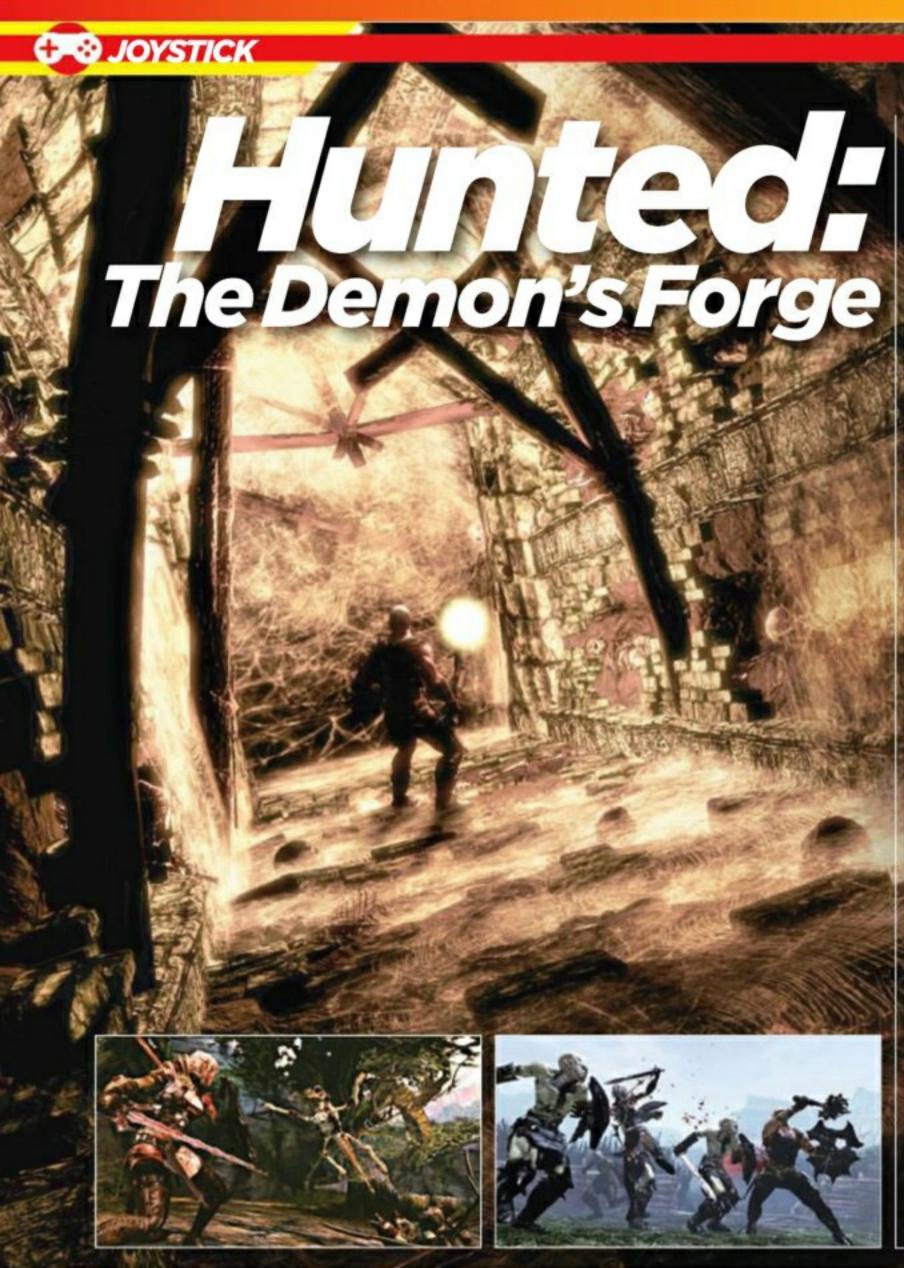
The 40th-anniversary Blu-ray edition of Kubrick's twisted masterpiece A Clockwork Orange is also available in a two-disc set. The high-definition edition brings vivid new life to the sadistic Alex (Malcolm McDowell) and his love of Beethoven and the old in-out, along with a fantastic parade of wide ties and purple wigs. Extras include rare photos, production notes, and two new documentaries, one on the cultural impact of the film's "ultraviolence,"



and one with
McDowell
reflecting on
what it was like
working with
Kubrick.—Sarah
Walker



ELICITE REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT





BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Hunted is poised to put some hack-and-slash back into a genre that's been sissified with point-andclick combat and androgynous Final Fantasy fancy lads; it plays and looks like a Gears of War shooter with a Frank Frazetta paint job. Players choose their medieval mercenary—either a strong, violent type or a she-elf archer in assless chaps—and cleanse the Dark Ages of a demon scourge that's kidnapping the peasantry. Gameplay varies depending on your chosen hero: The archer is adept at long-range killing from behind cover, while the plate-mailed male is a pro at cleaving things up close.

Hunted's hook is its cooperative play. Although both mercenaries always fight side by side (with the computer controlling your partner in singleplayer mode), a second person can assume control of the free character and help you raise hell against the unholy minions. Dungeons, castles, and dark forests teem with puzzles and titanic beasts that you surmount only by working as a team, and you can charge up each other's magic attacks or share health potions when foes get medieval on your asses. The controls, magical combos, and skillbuilding system are much easier to figure out than in more conventional roleplaying games. The only trick here is deciding how to split up the abilityboosting spoils.

INFAMOUS 2 SONY (PS3)

Dark Helmet from Spaceballs had it right: "Evil will always triumph, because good is dumb." He will get no argument from this superpower-packed adventure that doesn't force you to play the do-gooder. You begin the game a pre-certified badass, amped with all the electrical-based abilities established by the prequel's origin story. A world-ending entity known as the Beast is hot on your trail as you explore the port city of New Marais for the key to saving civilization. Or not making rotten moral choices will affect the game's outcome.

InFAMOUS 2 plays like Grand Theft Auto for superheroes. Instead of jacking cars, you hurl them at foes. Entire buildings can be collapsed on adversaries. Engage in electrifying fisticuffs or use the new-and-improved powers to rock entire blocks. "Let loose with the Ionic Vortex in a crowded street," suggests Nate Fox, creative director of developer Sucker Punch Productions, "and watch as people, cars, and parts of buildings get sucked up into the electric tornado and thrown all over." Sounds like a good way to have an evil time.













SUPREMACY MMA 505 GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3)

Don't hunt for the official UFC seal on the box of this bloody brawler, which isn't licensed by any mixed-martial-arts organization. But the game's lack of real-life fighters and pay-per-view venues comes with one other key omission: rules. "We say yes to moves the UFC won't allow," says Ricci Rukavina, creative director of developer Kung Fu Factory, "like head stomps, head butts, soccer kicks, and more." The result is a fighting game that's fun to play but hard to watch. Well-aimed kicks blacken eyes. Counters and holds snap bones, leaving opponents clutching compound fractures on the bloodstained floor.

Another benefit to being unofficial: The game is free to portray the seedier side of MMA. Its blue-collar cast of fictional fighters starts at the bottom, battling inner demons and one another in underground octagons set up in strip clubs and slaughterhouses. The presentation isn't as pretty as licensed titles from other publishers, but there's no denying that this game has heart. It's also the first of its type to feature playable female fighters, which are based on two real-life MMA pros. "It's hard to get more badass than that," adds Rukavina.







RED FACTION: ARMAGEDDON THQ (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Mars has taken a major beating as the setting of this long-running series of sci-fi shooters, so it's only fair that this latest installment lets you clean up your mess. Yes, you can still dismantle every building and moon buggy bit by bit with your trusty hammer—or, better yet, obliterate them with new weapons like a light saber-like energy beam, magnetic grappling hooks, and a cannon that hurls pocket-size black holes. Now, however, you can undo your demolition with a handy Nano-forge. Thinking constructively is the key to defeating an ancient race of Martians that's infesting the tunnels where Earth's



Big Little Games Badass things come in small packages.



SKULLS OF THE SHOGUN SONY (XBOX LIVE ARCADE, PLAYSTATION NETWORK, PC)

Deploy undead samurai to devour the skulls of enemy shoguns in this addicting strategy game designed for virgins of the genre and grizzled veterans alike. Play with friends cooperatively-or play against them.



RESIDENT EVIL: THE MERCENARIES 3D CAPCOM (NINTENDO 3DS)

Rotting undead shamble at your head in this portable installment of the Resident Evil series, which abandons all pretense of plot in favor of perforating zombie brains in 3-D. No glasses required.



SWORD & SWORCERY EP SUPERBROTHERS (iPAD, iPHONE, iPOD TOUCH)

Spectacularly stylish visuals and moodaltering music combine in this throwback to ye olde point-and-click adventures, crafted for the Twitter generation by a powerhouse collaboration of indie designers. Of E



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*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.



This new gear is so cutting-edge that it requires adult supervision. By Crispin Boyer

Armed notebook

Molla Space • \$20

Three-dimensional guns, grenades, and knives explode from the matte-black covers of these artsy-fartsy notebooks. The big idea behind their embossed design is that words and ideas are more dangerous than projectile weapons and explosives, but whatever—we just think they're the sharpest-looking notebooks since the Sergeant Slaughter Trapper Keeper. Layout style varies by cover weapon. Pages in the grenade notebook, for instance, have a light grid pattern that helps with technical drawing. Line width varies in the knife notebook so you can unleash your creativity without any rigid constraints ... or something. It's all very high-concept, but at least you're not likely to get punched while journaling.

LifeOnop SERVICING YOUR NEEDS



Motorola • \$800 (\$600 with two-year Verizon contract)

If the iPad 2 is the sleek X-Wing fighter of tablets, Xoom is the Death Star. This flagship Google Android device demolishes Apple's latest tablet in nearly every specification, from screen resolution to camera quality. While both devices pack zippy dual-core CPUs, the Xoom boasts more memory and is particularly adept at web browsing (especially Flash-based sites). It does cost a little more than frill-free versions of the iPad 2, though. Factor in the Xoom's built-in HDMI port and card-reader expandability, however, and the price battle is a wash—as are comparisons between battery life. One win for the cult of Apple: Twice as many apps are available for the iPad 2.







Element portable gas grill Fuego • \$150

No red-blooded Neanderthal should leave his cave without this go-anywhere grill, perfect for charring meat at picnics, campsites—heck, even on the bus. It weighs less than 15 pounds, and folds flat and slings over your shoulder like a messenger bag until you stumble upon some random rib eyes or roadkill in need of flame broiling. Transformation to propane grill is fast and simple: Just undo the rubber strap that secures the lid and flip down the aluminum handles for legs. With an easy-starting 8,000 B.T.U. burner and a spacious cooking area, the Element also makes a smart full-time grilling solution for carnivores in cramped apartments.

Midnight Shot NV-1 night-vision camera ThinkGeek.com • \$130

Night-vision modes in consumer digital cameras have been deemed a no-no ever since some enterprising photographers discovered they could shoot through thin clothing. The 5.0-megapixel Midnight Shot NV-1 embraces that technology. By night, its infrared LED bathes the darkness in invisible light detectable only by the camera's lens, which snaps monochrome pics and movies familiar to anyone who's ever watched a ghost-hunting TV show. By day, the infrared flash penetrates some types of thin fabric, meaning you may capture a little more than you bargained for. A standard day-vision mode takes normal pics.

4 Stealth arcade table Arcade Tables • \$3,300

Three-plus grand might seem like a lot of quarters to drop on a tabletop gaming machine loaded with 60 games you played to death decades ago, but the Stealth arcade table does double duty as art as well as entertainment. Its geometric German design recasts the eighties sit-down coin-op as a *Tron*-inspired polygon that's available in glossy black or white. All components in the seamless chassis, from the high-definition LCD screen to the authentic arcade joystick, are up to abuse-resistant game-room standards. The Stealth comes preinstalled with all the classics that matter, including the entire *Donkey Kong* and *Pac-Man* family trees. Challenge your buddies to *Congo Bongo* and recoup some of those quarters.

Creditor money-clip knife Carbon Fiber Gear • \$200

We can think of a few places—bank counters. airport security lines, strip clubs-where a money clip with a fold-out knife might lead to unfortunate misunderstandings and jail time. Outside those situations, this precision-engineered tool makes a cuttingedge addition to your back pocket. It's about the size of a credit card (and only three times thicker) when retracted, and the clip unfolds to become a six-inch knife with a carbon-fiber blade, wrought with a titanium handle; the entire package weighs less than two ounces. Removing the clip makes the Creditor svelte enough to sheathe in your wallet. Just don't forget it's there before your next flight.

6 Emissary messenger bag Zulu Nylon Gear • \$249

Designated as a MOLLE messenger bag (military jargon for modular lightweight load-carrying equipment), the lethal-looking Emissary is funky and functional enough for urban bike commuters but sturdily stitched to pass Special Forces muster. The multipocketed main compartment can accommodate a 15-inch notebook or tablet with plenty of room for accessories, documents, books, and small arms. The bag's exterior bristles with zippered compartments for gadgets you need to keep quick on the draw. If you somehow manage to fill the bag's crannies, just clip extraneous gear or grenades on the loops that crisscross the bottom. The Emissary is available in black, brown, green, and camouflage. Of 1





LifeOnop SERVICING YOUR NEEDS



Chevrolet turns to a land founded by convicts to turn up the heat on the bad guys. By Bill Heald

ou know that ugly sensation: You look in the rearview mirror because something shiny got your attention, and it turns out it's the rolling lights of a cop car pulling you over. Only a certified idiot would try to elude such a lawenforcement encounter, as they'll nail you anyway, and you'll ultimately pay a high price for such tomfoolery.

But maybe you think your badass ride can outrun the heat. Chevrolet has just made things much bleaker for your criminal aspirations, and much more satisfying for the boys and girls in blue. Finally fed up with Ford's domination of law-enforcement vehicle fleets, General Motors has built a cops-only pursuit machine to alter the Crown Victoria-dominated landscape that's ruled the roost for nearly two decades. The fact that the

Crown Vic is now out of production will help, but no matter. The Chevy Caprice Police Patrol Vehicle (PPV) is the auto equivalent of bringing a howitzer to a knife fight, and the baddest dude on the block when it's time to put the hammer down and whip out the badge.

As is so often the case, though, there's a dark side for us civilians. Once you see what's really going on here, you'll realize the cops are getting



something we used to have, but has been taken away. Frankly, we have a right to be pissed off. Remember the excellent rear-drive Pontiac G8 GT back in 2009? That hot V-8 muscle car with four doors was basically a reworked Holden Commodore, which was built deep in the heart of Australia. The GT (like Pontiac itself) is gone, but its six-liter V-8 has found a home in the new Caprice PPV, which is directly based on the Holden Caprice (re-badged for police duty in the United States, of course) and built in Elizabeth, Australia.

Oh, fine.

So why did GM hand the police this renegade from the outback, with its 355 horsepower and growling predator attitude? Maybe they realized Mad Max was a cop (or started out as one in the first movie, anyway) and wanted to somehow repeat history. Max would love this thing, too, as it's designed from the ground up to be everything the cops ask for, and more. The triedand-true rear-drive architecture is still preferred in most performancedriving situations, as it makes the car easier to handle at the limit. The six-speed automatic transmission is reinforced against the hammering it will undoubtedly get while on duty, and a standard limited slip differential helps keep the law moving, even under slippery conditions. In the interests of durability, there are engine-oil, transmission, and powersteering coolers, as well as electric cooling fans and high-strength EPDM (ethylene-propylene-diene monomer) coolant hoses.

The new Caprice has a sizable interior (112 cubic feet, they say), so



as to "provide officers with more comfort for long hours on patrol. The front seats are sculpted to 'pocket' the equipment belt, which greatly increases the comfort for a great range of police-officer sizes."

Indeed, and another benefit included in this big-ass sedan is the fact that even the more massive gendarmes out there will never look as if they're emerging from a clown car when they arrive at a crime scene (a problem with some smaller patrol vehicles in the past). No doubt the K-9 version of the car will make the German shepherds who serve happy, too, as they'll have more room in the back to stretch out and nap during a long shift. The trunk has a whopping 17.4 cubic feet of space for all the lovely bundles of ordnance, SWAT gear, and other bits of paraphernalia cops desire.

Speaking of things cops like, I've described this new police vehicle without ever mentioning any small fried cakes of sweetened dough, and I think that's laudable. Maybe when one of these awesome PPVs pulls me over, I'll just get a warning, right? I know, fat chance.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	Six-liter V-8
Power	355 horsepower
Torque	384 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed
- Shada karanco ta sacción	automatic
Front tires	235/50 R18
Rear tires	235/50 R18
Curb weight	4,259 pounds
and the desired of the second	
PERFORMANCE	
0-60	Step out of the
	car, please
Top speed	148 mph
Fuel capacity	19 gallons
TO SECURE A SECURE ASSESSMENT AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF	

EPA mpg

Base price



Not available

\$30.995



LifeOnop SERVICING YOUR NEEDS



Valley Girls

The desert surrounding the Valley of the Sun may be as dry as dust, but Phoenix sizzles with one of the Southwest's liveliest social scenes. And when the All-Star Game comes to town, even more sparks will be flying.

By Joe Diamond

HOTELHOTSPOTS

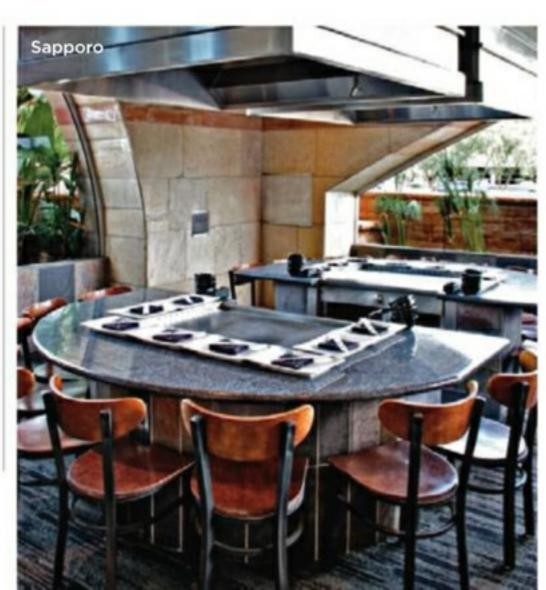
Ghost Lounge

Ghost-Lounge.com; 602-396-7422 Don't let the name scare you. This has been one of the city's most vibrant nightspots since it opened in 2010, and helped put the legendary Hotel San Carlos at the cutting edge of the burgeoning downtown scene. The vintage chandeliers, hand-cut marble tables, and dark wooden bar evoke the hotel's old-time glamour; photos on the walls recall the days when the San Carlos was a stomping ground for such Hollywood icons as Bogie and Bacall, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable,

and Cary Grant. The lounge is geared toward the young-professional crowd, with deejays spinning new rock and old-school on weekends. Savoy Night on Mondays brings out young and old for no-holds-barred swing dancing.

■ Clarendon Hotel Skydeck

GoClarendon.com; 602-252-7363 When you're not checking out the gorgeous women who flock to this luxurious boutique hotel's swank rooftop lounge, you can drink in magnificent views of the Phoenix skyline and its rugged mountain backdrop. This is truly a sensational



place to party under the stars. It's just three miles from Chase Field, so it'll be a great spot to hit after the All-Star Game. If the Skydeck is too crowded, grab a drink by the hotel's spectacular Oasis pool, with its massive glass water wall and bubbling fountains.

DANCECLUBS

■ Graham Central Station

GrahamCentralStationTempe.com; 480-496-0799

This Tempe hot spot has four clubs under one roof, so there's something for everyone. Wild Cats goes for a Coyote Ugly feel, with girls dancing on the bar and slinging booze. The deejays at South Beach spin hip-hop and techno. At Rockin Rodeo, country music holds sway. Confetti's appeals to those in a retro mood, pumping out dance favorites from the eighties and nineties. (If you want to get the MILFs revved up, request Duran Duran's "Hungry Like the Wolf.") The whole place is open Wednesday through Saturday, and every night features dirt-cheap drink specials, such as \$1 domestic and longneck beers on Friday and Saturday.

Axis-Radius

Axis-Radius.com; 480-970-1112

It may be one of the oldest nightspots in Scottsdale, but it stays popular by investing in cutting-edge technology, like a concert-quality sound system and a liquid-nitrogen machine that cools down all the sweaty bods on the dance floor with freezing fog. The massive deejay booth boasts state-ofthe-art equipment, and is backed by an LED-paneled wall that provides a psychedelic swirl of color. A futuristiclooking glass catwalk joining the two separate spaces doesn't hurt. Drinks are pricey but potent, and all the eye candy-including gorgeous go-go dancers—makes it worth the trip.

BARS

Sapporo

SapporoScottsdale.com; 480-607-1114

Much of the Valley's nocturnal
action takes place in Scottsdale. A
logical place to start the night is this
teppanyaki and sushi palace that
provides free shuttle service to any
place in a ten-mile radius, including
competing establishments. Giant
torches stand guard at the entrance,
casting an ethereal glow over the





local beauty-pageant contestants who frequent the place. At 10 p.m., there's often a "reverse happy hour" with great deals on drinks. The best nights to go are Friday and Saturday. When you're ready to move on, take a shuttle to the Old Town district, which draws 40,000 or more partiers on weekends.

Mabel's On Main

MabelsOnMain.com; 480-889-5580
AzCentral.com gave this its 2010
Critics' Pick: Best New Bar, and it's
easy to see why. The red-brick speakeasy-style venue has a theatrical
flair (see if you can find the secret
room), gorgeous women, and a dark,
romantic atmosphere—all ingredients
for a memorable night. You'll also find
strong drinks and tasty snacks. Prime

time is after ten, Thursday to Saturday.

Bungalow Bar and Grill

BungalowBarAndGrill.com; 480-994-1888

This Old Town establishment has been called "the place to be for those who don't need to be at the place to be." Certainly the easygoing, unpretentious clientele belies the city's disparaging "Snottsdale" nickname. On cool summer days (when it's below 95 degrees), the patio here is great for people-watching. When the heat becomes unbearable, misting machines help keep things comfortable. There's also a huge projector screen in the bar, so this would be the perfect spot to catch the ball game.

■ Saddle Ranch Chop House

SRRestaurants.com/Scottsdale; 480-429-2263

All right, admit it: There's something magical about a cute woman straddling a raging bull, hanging on for dear life. Maybe it's the thought that she'll be tossed through the air right into your waiting arms. Well, your odds are as good as anybody else's, and the mechanical-bull operator has been known to turn up the speed on the sly when a hot girl climbs onboard. The result is usually a nice though short-lived jigglefest. The restaurant chain's Western motif is further captured by its rustic, ranchstyle setting, cowboy memorabilia, saloon girls, and faux balconies. The club touts its family-friendly atmosphere, but it also appeals to cougars, college students, and couples with a rowdy streak.

GOURMET EYE CANDY

■ AJ's Fine Foods

AJsFineFoods.com; 602-230-7015
Gourmet foods aren't the only fine items here. Plenty of cuties come to Central Phoenix's favorite specialty-food store to stock up on American Kobe beef and organic turkey. Or just to sip lattes on the patio. Join them for a pleasant afternoon.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

■ Scottsdale Civic Center Mall

If you can stand the heat, this is a terrific place for scouting out female talent. Want her to feel "got to get to know you" vibes? Pose with her in front of the "Love" sculpture, one of the most celebrated works from the Pop Art movement. This Vietnamera symbol of peace still sends out good vibrations. The mall features live music on weekends, and is home to popular watering holes like the Blue Moose (Blue Moose Scottsdale .com) and the Old Town Tavern (Old Town Tavern Az.com).

LECTOP SERVICING YOUR NEEDS



O BALLS T

A man can't be afraid to live. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to connect with your inner honey badger and stop worrying about consequences.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I've been an actuary at an insurance company for several years. Basically, I spend my entire day crunching numbers and assessing risk to determine what people's premiums should be. Sounds boring, I know, but it's a sixfigure gig. The thing is, I'm obsessed with risk in my own life, from the odds that I'll get the Big C to getting hit by a car. At first I stopped going through red lights on my bike; eventually I stopped riding my bike altogether. I switched from contact lenses to glasses because there's less risk of pinkeye, and the girl I was dating broke up with me because I looked so dorky. The truth is, it's not just that I look dorky. My job has turned me into a total dork! The girl I'm dating now is begging me for anal sex, and I keep turning her down because I'm worried about bacterial infection. I don't want to quit my job because—let's face it—l wouldn't be getting any girls at all if l didn't make six figures, so I ask you: How do I rid myself of the fear that danger lurks around every corner?

emingway said, "Fear of death increases in exact proportion to increase in wealth," so it doesn't surprise me that your cushy job has turned you into a pantywaist (and I'd bet you wear an athletic cup at all times under those panties—just to be safe). Granted, it's ironic to quote life truths from a man who blasted his head off with a shotgun, but when he was a strapping young lad, Papa knew where it was at. In fact, you could follow his example and run with the bulls. That'll put some hair on a man's chest.

It sounds like you've completely forgotten the high of an adrenaline rush. You have to go someplace where you spend your vacation praying that you won't be robbed by street urchins, or that the disco you're partying down in won't be blown up by political extremists—because how much would it suck to spend your last moments listening to Lady Gaga? You need a getaway that reminds you that in order to spell F-U-N, you have to start spelling F-U-C-K I-T.

Here's my advice: Book a trip to a place that requires a connection on a puddle jumper or one of those commuter planes that are always biting it. When you hit the ground, rent a motorcycle, or at least a Vespa. Ride it to your hotel through the rough part of town (this does not apply to places where entering the "rough part of town" requires knowing secret hand signals). Book a skydiving or scuba-diving lesson. At night, go into at least one bar that has blacked-out windows—or, better yet, no windows at all and a buzzer and security camera at the door. Ask for the bottle with dust on it and some sort of creature inside—if not a Vietnamese snake, then at the very least a mescal worm. Do not leave until that creature is in your belly. Wander into the red-light district. At this point, you will have finally stopped crunching numbers and assessing risk in your head except to calculate the likelihood that the streetwalker in the tube top has a penis. That's okay. O

THE SPICE ISRICH

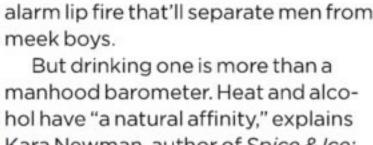
Think it's like an oven outside? Well, it's even warmer in your cocktail glass, where fiery spirits will get you hot and bothered.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

o quench your thirst in the scorching, steamy dog days of summer, you may reflexively grab an icy can of beer. Wuss. For a cooling drink that'll heat you up-and donkey-kick you in the keister-reach for a fiery cocktail.

These days, incendiary drinks using piquant spices, chiles, and pepper-infused spirits are all the rage, and provide a belly-warming blast of booze matched by a fivealarm lip fire that'll separate men from

But drinking one is more than a hol have "a natural affinity," explains





60 Tongue-Tingling Cocktails. "You have so many natural spicy flavors in spirits that you have the opportunity to punch up."

Across the country, you'll discover spicy cocktails blazing onto drink menus. At New York City's Latintinged restaurant Yerba Buena, the zippy Poquito Picante ("a little spicy" in Spanish) amps up a blend of gin, cilantro, Cointreau, and lemon juice with muddled jalapeño. Over on the West Coast, Los Angeles's sceney Katsuya constructs the Burning Mandarin with a blend of freshsqueezed orange and lemon juice, cranberry, Absolut Mandarin, and lip-blistering serrano chiles. But you don't need peppers to bring on the burn. In Chicago, Indian-Latin eatery Vermilion fashions the Pani Puri Margarita by mixing heat-seeking garam masala spice with coriander, lime, mint, and a toot of tequila.

If your local saloon hasn't jumped onto the spicy-hooch bandwagon, no worries. Swing by a liquor store for a bottle of Hangar One's chipotle vodka, which boasts the pepper's trademark smoky, spicy profile that grows more potent with each passing sip. If you'd like a little less smoke, Tanteo offers a terrific blanco tequila steeped with organic jalapeños. There's a gentle, building heat that pairs superbly with the tequila's fruitforward flavor, laying the groundwork for Margaritas with a bang. "Tequila and mezcal have a natural affinity for spice," says Newman.

While professionally infused spirits are doubtlessly delicious, amateurs can easily create their own by following a few simple rules. For starters, Newman says, avoid delicately flavored spirits like gin. "It has all these pretty floral flavors that don't need to be punched up," she says. Instead, opt for sturdier, naturally spicy liquors, such as Scotch or whiskey, or a neutral distillate such as vodka (no need to use top-shelf liquor).

To begin, pour your preferred spirit into a bowl, then slice up a single pepper (jalapeños will be less intense than a habanero or a Scotch bonnet) and add it to the liquor. "It's best to start slowly," says Newman, who recommends sampling the infusion after several hours. "Take a taste, and you'll see it already has a lot of power." If it's not at your ideal heat level, just wait a little longer before straining the spirit and returning it to the bottle. But don't wait too long. "If you're looking for a more gentle flavor like fruit or a spice such as cinnamon, a days-long infusion is fine," Newman says. "With hot peppers, you're talking about hours, unless you want to blow your head off."

Newman relates a tale about the Manhattan bar Black Bear Lodge. where there's a massive bottle of tequila packed with peppers "that have been sitting inside for not hours, not days, but likely months or years." The murky "pepper fucker," as the infusion is dubbed, "smells nasty and tastes like liquid fire," she says. "It's something you drink on a dare with your buddies. You do it once and never again." Want a spicy drink that you'll try twice or thrice? Give this easy-to-craft Scotch Bonnet a sizzling spin.O+ 1

Scotch Bonnet

Take a sip, and then another; the flavor of this masculine, almost smoky drink opens up beautifully. Opt for a peaty Scotch for best effect. INGREDIENTS

2 ounces habanero-infused Scotch* 2 ounces pineapple juice Wedge of pineapple, to garnish

Stir together habanero Scotch and pineapple juice in an Old-Fashioned glass. Add enough ice to fill the glass. Garnish.

*To make habanero-infused Scotch: For one cup of Scotch, add one cut habanero pepper. Allow to steep for at least one hour, then test for strength. When desired heat is achieved, remove the pepper.

From Spice & Ice: 60 Tongue-Tingling Cocktails, by Kara Newman (Chronicle Books)





Jonesing for bibi

The delectable 34D-22-32 BiBi Jones is living the dream: "There's nothing I would rather do than porn. My favorite things are fucking and sucking." The 19-year-old former skater girl adds, "I get paid to be a slut. It's the best job ever!"

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



























Our first impression of the past year when we started compiling this list was that badasses were few and far between. We were greatly mistaken. There have been some truly spectacular moments in badassery.

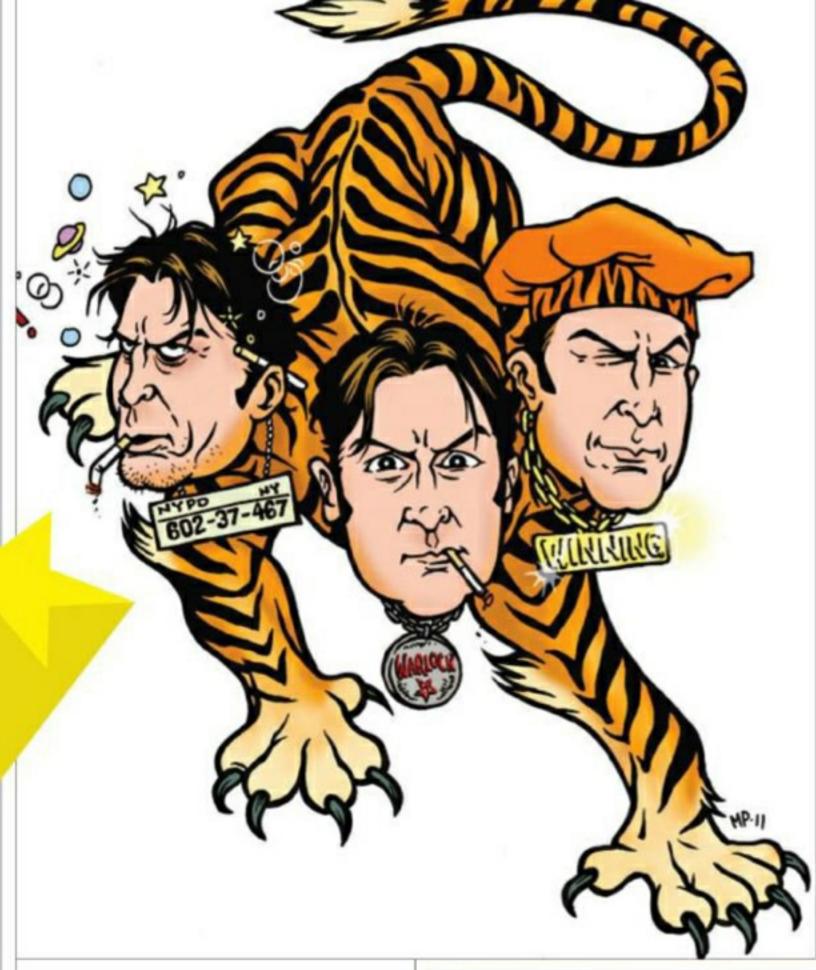
Bad Boy Extraordinaire GHARLIE SHEEN (top right)

Maybe "badass" isn't the first word that comes to mind when you think of Sheen. But we don't do an annual Bat-Shit Crazy Issue, so we'll argue for his badass cred instead. After all, he's definitely bad—he reportedly caused \$7,000 in damages to his room at the Plaza Hotel during a coke binge last October; in fact, we named him our Bad-Boy Poster Child in September

2010. And he's definitely an ass—he was booted from his cushy gig on Two and a Half Men after berating the show's creator, Chuck Lorre, in an interview, even though his own antics have caused production problems and his guilty plea to misdemeanor assault in a domestic-abuse case shut down production in February 2010 for three weeks (which means nobody in the cast or crew got paid).

A lesser man—or at least a more logical one—might have worried about losing a \$1.8 million-per-

episode paycheck. But somehow,
Sheen quickly spun his dismissal into a
new career as train-wreck royalty. He
made the rounds to just about every
media outlet in existence, bragging
about his goddesses, tiger blood, and
Adonis DNA, and claiming to have
cured his drug addiction using only
brainpower. He continued to bash
Lorre, calling him a "stupid little man,"
a "contaminated little maggot," and
an "earthworm." (Why an earthworm?
We don't know.) And he unleashed
other priceless Sheen-isms, like, "I'm





ing that information saves their lives, not to mention the lives of their wives and children, but these mystery men are the world's biggest badasses. Props to them, the intelligence forces that uncovered bin Laden's location, and the Obama administration that mounted the attack.—K.W.

sorry, man, but I've got magic. I've got poetry in my fingertips. Most of the time—and this includes naps—I'm an F-18, bro. And I will destroy you in the air. I will deploy my ordnance to the ground."

Then Sheen did the only badass move available to him and got in on the joke. He shot a cooking segment for FunnyOrDie.com that approaches genius levels of self-parody, and launched a speaking tour, My Violent Torpedo of Truth/Defeat Is Not an Option. He satisfied the public's need for Sheen wisdom by setting up a Twitter account, which now holds a Guinness World Record for "Fastest Time to Reach 1 Million Followers." We're not convinced that Sheen's kidding-at all-but whether we're laughing at him or with him, he's given us some pretty badass entertainment.-Kara Wahlgren

NAVY SEAL TEAM SIX

Now that we've gotten Sheen out of the way, you can stop wondering whether or not he made the list and start reading about some undeniable badasses: the Special Operations team that snuck into a Pakistani compound on May 1 and finally took out public enemy No. 1: 9/11 mastermind Osama bin Laden. After ten years of searching nooks and crannies in the Middle East, intelligence officials believed they had



million-dollar house in suburban Pakistan. They enlisted an elite team—Navy SEAL Team Six—to invade Pakistani airspace, breach the compound's 12-foot walls, and capture or kill the terrorist. The team had one chance—and, despite losing a chopper, it managed to pull off the 40-minute, top-secret operation without any civilian or troop casualties. It's likely we'll never learn the identities of the individuals involved due to the fact that protect-

The Daily Show host
JON STEWART
(left)

When the Senate-in the very last week of 2010-finally passed a law granting health benefits to the first responders who rushed to save lives, recover bodies, and remove the deadly wreckage from Ground Zero in 2001, New York City Mayor Mike Bloomberg sent this tweet: "Big thanks to @SenGillibrand, Sen Schumer and Jon Stewart @TheDailyShow for work to pass [the bill]." It was no surprise that New York's senators were involved, but it was Stewart who really got the job done. White House press secretary

Robert Gibbs admitted as much:
"He has put the awareness around
this legislation." As NPR columnist
Ari Shapiro put it, "When almost
nobody was paying attention ...
Stewart devoted the entire half
hour of his show to the subject.
'These guys are dying ... and yet we
are abandoning them.' "Stewart
castigated the politicians, but—more
important—shamed the media for
ignoring the issue. The results speak
for themselves.—Peter Bloch

[the american badass list]

Army Captain D. J. SKELTON

A lifetime soldier and BASE-jumping daredevil, Captain Skelton was badly wounded by rocket-propelled-grenade (RPG) fire during the Battle for Fallujah in 2004. Fighting through the bloodiest battle of the Iraq War, Skelton suffered severe damage from shrapnel and AK-47 fire that cost him an eye and much of the use of his right arm and left leg, but he hasn't let that



slow him down. In the past six years, this incredibly tough captain underwent more than 60 surgeries, and today he is back out on the battle-fields of Afghanistan, commanding a company of 192 men of the 2nd Stryker Cavalry Regiment. Never one to back down from a challenge, Skelton is believed to be the most severely wounded soldier to ever return to lead troops in combat.—Ben Thompson

DAN NEVINS, NEIL DUNGAN, AND KIRK BAUER

We're pretty pleased with ourselves if we actually make it to the gym three times in the same week. Then we hear about guys like Nevins, Duncan, and Bauer, and we feel like total pussies. The three war veterans scaled Mount Kilimanjaro last August—a feat most of us probably will never accomplish. And they did it with one leg—total. Bauer lost a leg to a grenade in Vietnam; Duncan lost both legs to an improvised explosive device (IED) in Afghanistan; Nevins lost one to an IED in Iraq and the other to an infection

three years later. But that didn't stop them from climbing Africa's highest peak. After six days, four climate zones, and 19,340 feet, they reached the summit. Bauer said, "If three veterans from three wars and two generations with one good leg among them can climb the tallest mountain in Africa, then all with disabilities can choose to be active and healthy through sports."—K.W.

Marine Sergeant
JEREMY SOLES
(above)

Running a marathon is accomplishment enough, but this retired Marine sergeant completes long-distance races while wearing a gas mask, which cuts off around 30 percent of his oxygen supply. No, he's not just a marathon masochist—Soles is the founder of Team X-T.R.E.M.E., a nonprofit that raises awareness and money for wounded warriors (TeamXtremeRunning.org); the decreased oxygen supply is meant to symbolize the challenges wounded vets face. "[Running in a mask]

doesn't suck nearly as much as not having your legs," Soles says. "It's not about me.... It's about representing wounded men and women." Soles has run several 10Ks and half marathons in the mask, and last October he finished the Marine Corps Marathon in 4 hours, 29 minutes, and 3 seconds while sporting a C50 mask. Soles dedicated that race to Marine Corporal John Michael Peck, who had to have both arms and legs amputated after being wounded by a pressure-plate bomb in Afghanistan. Soles tells us he's training for his first triathlon in the mask, and coordinating an expedition on Mount Everest that will include several wounded veterans. Kind of makes all those guys bitching about their blisters look like a bunch of crybabies.-K.W.

Congresswoman
GABRIELLE GIFFORDS
(Top)

Congressional intern

DANIEL HERNANDEZ JR.

Bystanders

PATRICIA MÁISCH, BILL BADGER, ROGER SALZGEBER, AND JOSEPH ZAMUDIO

On January 8, Giffords' staff set up a table outside a Tucson-area Safeway to hold a "Congress on Your Corner" meeting. Then a gunman shot Giffords in the head at point-blank range and began firing randomly into the crowd. Jared Lee Loughner is accused of killing six people (including Giffords' beloved community-outreach director, Gabriel Zimmerman) and wounding 13 others before stopping to reload—at which point a handful of heroic bystanders sprang into action. When the suspect dropped a loaded magazine, Maisch grabbed it. The shooter was tackled by Badger, a 74-year-old retired colonel, and subdued with the help of Salzgeber and Zamudio.

Meanwhile, Hernandez had run toward the shots, then applied pressure to Giffords' gunshot wound and kept her from choking on her blood. Hernandez has been credited with saving Giffords' life, and the quick-thinking bystanders likely saved countless more. Giffords has made an impressive recovery so far, and even left rehab to fly to Florida and watch her husband, astronaut Mark Kelly, blast off on his last space-shuttle mission. Now that's a badass politician.—K.W.





BY BEN THOMPSON

STAFF SERGEANT SALVATORE GIUNTA (above)

173rd Airborne Brigade Combat Team

While returning from a dangerous mission deep in Afghanistan's deadly Korengal Valley in October 2007, Sergeant Giunta's exhausted squad was ambushed by a large number of insurgents attacking from a range of less than 20 feet. Ignoring the curtains of tracer fire zipping past his head from two different directions, Giunta took control of the situation, dragged two of his wounded allies to safety, and went on to single-handedly save his sergeant from being carried off by enemy soldiers. He ran the would-be captors down through the darkness, drove them off, and carried his comrade back to safety. Because of his bravery in that intense night battle, Giunta became the first surviving soldier since the Vietnam War to receive the Medal of Honor.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER JAMES WOOLLEY

82nd Combat Aviation Brigade

In November 2009, this daring CH-47 Chinook helicopter pilot was sent to evacuate a team of pinned-down soldiers who had taken severe casualties from enemy fire while fighting insurgents in western Afghanistan. Piloting a 30,000-pound aircraft straight into the heart of a raging war zone, with bullets and rockets zipping past him, Warrant Officer Woolley landed hard and began loading wounded soldiers onto his chopper. Even as the fire intensified, Woolley refused to turn back until everyone was onboard, and when an unexploded RPG round blew through the front windshield and embedded in the seat behind him, this determined warrior refused to turn his back on the wounded. He evacuated the five wounded men, went back to base, and then returned to the battlefield to extract the rest of the team. He was issued a Silver Star in 2010.

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS JONATHAN G. HILL

61st Cavalry Regiment

When Hill's small, undermanned base in rural Afghanistan came under a coordinated attack from more than 400 anti-Afghan fighters armed with mortars, sniper rifles, rockets, and other heavy weapons, in October 2009, this tough-as-nails noncommissioned officer took command of his platoon and led a desperate defense against impossible odds. Despite taking severe shrapnel wounds from RPG blasts, Hill personally led two major counterattacks on enemy positions, rallying his men to action. When the east side of the base was infiltrated and set on fire, he fought through the flames to recapture it—a feat that included shooting an enemy marksman. After retaking the east side of the base from the attackers, Sergeant Hill administered first aid to the wounded before leading an attack to recapture the helicopter landing zone so that friendly choppers could start bringing in reinforcements and medical aid. Hill and his men retook the base, but then, even though he was still wounded, the sergeant stayed behind and spent the next three days clearing out the enemy operations around the base and driving them from the sector. He received a Silver Star in 2010.

STAFF SERGEANT RODRIGO B. ARIASHERNANDEZ

United States Marine Corps

Staff Sergeant AriasHernandez's small detachment of marines was positioned in a remote Afghan village, tasked with the seemingly peaceful job of protecting the villagers from any attempts to block them from voting in the national election. In August 2009, in the middle of the night, more than 100 insurgents ambushed AriasHernandez's patrol base (which was little more than a small, mud-walled compound), attempting to take over the village and disrupt the election process. With enemy forces raining down mortar and RPG fire, AriasHernandez coordinated the defense against an enemy little more than 100 yards away. When he realized that the Afghan troops fighting alongside him lacked the night-vision equipment they needed to be effective, he loaded flare grenades into his M203, ran out into the open, and backlit the enemy positions by dropping flares behind the attackers. During the night and the next day, he and his men repelled six more coordinated attacks on the city. Thanks to their efforts, the election went off as planned, with a 95 percent voter turnout. He was issued a Bronze Star in 2010.

MAJOR NATHLON N. JACKSON

United States Army National Guard

In January 2010, this logistics and communications officer at the National Guard Readiness Center in Arlington, Virginia, was on her lunch break when she noticed a house fire in a private residence. When she learned that the elderly woman who lived in the apartment might still be inside, Jackson charged into the fiery blaze, made her way up the stairs, and found the resident unconscious in her bedroom. She hoisted the woman onto her shoulders, carried her downstairs through the smoke, and brought her outside to safety, where she administered first aid and stabilized the woman before the paramedics arrived. Jackson received the Soldier's Medal in August.

SPECIALIST RYAN CHESTER

25th Infantry Division

In July 2009, Specialist Chester's 19-man platoon was suddenly attacked in rural Afghanistan by more than 30 enemy insurgents in a coordinated ambush. When his vehicle was immobilized by explosives and RPG fire started to rain down on his position, Specialist Chester stayed in his exposed gunner's turret, laying down heavy fire with a .50-caliber machine gun. Even when he was completely cut off and out of line of sight with the rest of his team, he kept firing. When a stray explosive detonated his weapon's ammo canister, blowing Chester out of the truck and spraying his face and hands with shrapnel, Chester got to his feet, pulled out his rifle, and opened fire with his M4. When he ran out of ammo, his squad mates threw him a new rifle and he kept shooting. Chester fought off the enemy for 25 minutes straight, refusing to back down even though his truck took 13 RPG hits in the process. He's credited with nearly single-handedly saving his crew and the platoon from the attack. He received a Silver Star in 2010.

[the american badass list]

Secretary of State HILLARY CLINTON

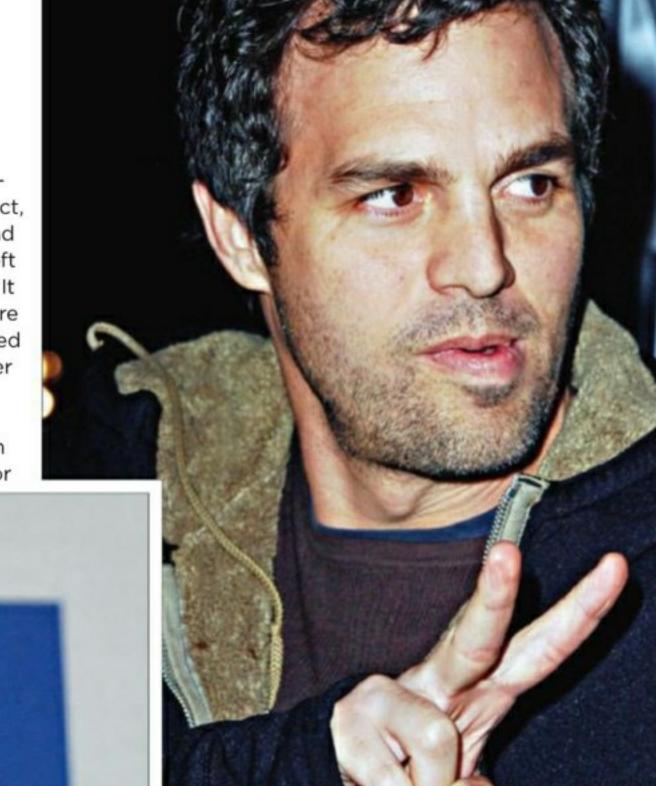
(below)

National Security Council aide

SAMANTHA POWER

UN Ambassador SUSAN RICE

The War Powers Act? This year, that would be the Samantha Power Act. President Obama's National Security Council aide, along with tumor. Medical tests revealed that he did, in fact, have a brain tumor—and the resulting surgery left half his face paralyzed. It was almost a year before his facial nerves returned to normal, but his career was dead and he had to struggle to revive it. Ruffalo was working on his first film as a director





Clinton and Rice, propelled the United States to take military action to stop Muammar Qaddafi from killing his Libyan opponents. The three women-motivated by memories of the Rwanda genocide in the 1990swere determined that America would not stand by again as thousands, and possibly millions, of innocents were murdered. Pushing past objections by such wimps as Defense Secretary Robert Gates, National Security Adviser Thomas Donilon, and counterterrorism chief John Brennan, the three women joined forces to "[swoop] down to shake the president out of his delicate sensibilities and show him the way to war," as New York Times columnist Maureen Dowd put it. Even Rush Limbaugh applauded their efforts, saying, "Of course the males were opposed.... They're sissies!"-P.B.

Actor/activist
MARK RUFFALO
(top left)

"Getting an Oscar nomination,"
wrote John Preston in British

wrote John Preston in British newspaper *The Telegraph*, "is one of the least interesting things" that's happened to Ruffalo. Almost ten years earlier he woke up after a nightmare about having a brain in 2008 when his brother was murdered in Beverly Hills. In his grief, he and his family moved to a remote part of upstate New York. But his new home, which boasts a huge reserve of

natural gas, made him aware of the increasing controversy over natural-gas drilling. Ruffalo has always been politically passionate, and leading the crusade against the potential dangers of "fracking" (gas drilling) comes naturally to him. Now his acting acclaim has earned him a role where that anger can be channeled—Bruce Banner in Joss Whedon's remake of *The Avengers.—P.B.*

Businesswoman LYNN TILTON (above right)

As the CEO of private-equity firm
Patriarch Partners, Tilton takes over
failed manufacturing companies
and restores their profitability. Her
take-no-prisoners approach has
made her a billionaire—and earned
her a reputation as a ballbuster.
She once sued Merrill Lynch for
sexual harassment, but reportedly
asked her own male staffers to lick
whipped cream off her breasts; she's a

vegetarian who loves to wear fur; and she claims to have grabbed Tony Blair's ass. If you're surprised that she doesn't have a reality show, just wait: She's starring in *Diva of Distressed* on the Sundance Channel in the fall, giving her another way to prove that her balls are bigger than the average guy's.—*K.W.*

Lobbyist/author
GARY SHAPIRO
(top right)

As president of the Consumer
Electronics Association, Shapiro
led the industry's transition to HDTV,
thereby giving us a great excuse to
buy a new flat-screen TV. But that's
not why he made the list. Shapiro also
wrote The Comeback: How Innovation
Will Restore the American Dream,
which details his belief that innovative
entrepreneurs—not federal spending—
will save the country's economy.
"Most of the greatest innovations
this past decade, spanning from
Google's search algorithm to Apple's

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Author AMANDA HOCKING (below)

After eight years of trying to get her young-adult paranormal stories published, this 26-year-old aspiring writer was fed up. The indie-music-loving dishwasher from Minnesota knew she had good stories to tell—even if more than a dozen books had failed to get a nibble from traditional publishers. On April 15,

2010, Hocking self-published her first vampire novel, My Blood Approves, as a Kindle e-book. Less than a year—and nine books—later, she's sold almost a million copies and made almost \$2 million, and her Trylle trilogy was optioned for the movies. Her secret: telling great stories and not charging a lot of money. "I priced my books at what I would want to spend on an electronic book," she told The Star.com. Hocking is still amazed at her success, and "feels guilty" that her former coworkers at a group home for disabled adults "make less doing something that's more important.... This is neat, even if nothing else happens."-P.B.

iPhone to Facebook, were conceived and designed here," he wrote in a Huffington Post blog last October. "Our people have the ingredients for success; we only need Washington to get out of the way, stop bashing business, and support an environment where entrepreneurs can compete and pursue their dreams."—K.W.

Exonerated free man JABBAR COLLINS

It's not unusual for people in prison to claim they're innocent. It is unusual for a high school dropout who was convicted of murder to work in a jailhouse library researching the law, investigate his own case, pursue prosecutors and witnesses, and finally gain his freedom-but that's Collins's story. As he told the Wall Street Journal after his 1995 trial, as he was being led away to prison he heard his mother sobbing and realized he was all on his own. It took him more than two years, plus several Freedom of Information requests, appeals, and lawsuits, to get the documents he needed to fight. Finally he found something that convinced him there had been prosecutorial misconduct. Collins reached out to a civil rights attorney, who took the case once he saw the reams of information the incarcerated man had managed to amass. In June 2010, Collins finally walked out of jail. "Every day is beautiful," he told the Journal. "I don't have a bad day anymore. I think that my worst bad day out of prison will be better than my greatest good day in prison."-P.B.





The Super Bowl-winning quarterback in any given season almost always automatically qualifies as a badass. He plays the most difficult and most important position in a physically brutal game that appears to be getting more dangerous every year. In Rodgers' case, the on-again, offagain retirement saga of former Packers quarterback Brett Favre added another dimension to his Super Bowl heroics. While Favre waffled over retirement decisions in 2006 and 2007, the backup QB waited patiently for his turn. When the Packers finally put their foot down and refused Favre's request to come out of retirement-again-in 2008, Rodgers finally got his chance. It took him just three seasons to match Favre's championship total: Rodgers completed 24 of 39 passes for 304 yards and three touchdowns to lead the Pack to a 31-25 win over Pittsburgh in Super Bowl XLV, of which Rodgers was named MVP.-John Bolster

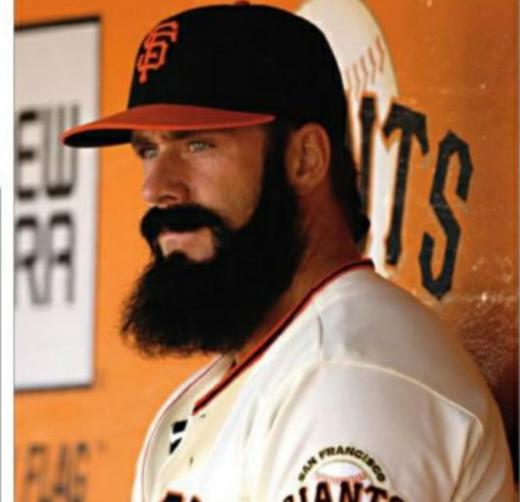
[the american badass list]

San Francisco Giants relief pitcher
BRIAN WILSON
(top left)

Wilson is a welcome throwback to 1970s-era baseball, when characters like Mark "the Bird" Fidrych, AI "the Mad Hungarian" Hrabosky, and Bill "Spaceman" Lee roamed the pitching mounds. The hard-throwing closer, who led the National League in saves in 2010 (48), is the antidote to today's bland, corporatized baseball superstar—and then some. He's known for his Mohawk hairdo, his increasingly bushy, dyed-black beard, and for claiming in interviews he's a "certified ninja," among other things. Then there's the Machine—a crucial arrow in Wilson's media quiver. The Machine, who's named for a character in the Nicolas Cage thriller 8MM, has appeared in leather fetish gear in the background of several of Wilson's TV interviews. While all of this is a breath of fresh air, Wilson's pitching is what makes him truly badass: His fastball routinely reaches more than 95 miles per hour, and he missed just five save opportunities in 2010. He also secured the final out in San Francisco's five-game World Series win over Texas.-J.B.

NBA players COREY MAGGETTE, CHRIS KAMAN, ELTON BRAND, AND MARKO JARIC

Sometimes it takes the jackassery of one to bring out the badassery of others. That was certainly the case for these guys when they were teammates on the Los Angeles Clippers back in 2004. The Clippers—who are owned by controversial billionaire Donald Sterling—refused to cover the medical costs of assistant coach Kim Hughes, who'd been diagnosed with an aggressive case of prostate cancer. Hughes, who chose an out-of-network surgeon so that he could return to work earlier, told the Milwaukee Journal Times. "They said if they did it for one person, they'd have to do it for everybody else." Enter the players, who offered to foot the bill—and insisted on anonymity at the time. "Those guys



saved my life," said Hughes, who went public with the story this year. "They paid the whole medical bill. It was like \$70,000 or more."—J.B.

Retired pitcher GIL MECHE

The Kansas City Royals pitcher retired at age 32, walking away from the \$12 million salary he would have earned if the shoulder surgery he needed had forced him to sit out the season. "I didn't want to ... be the guy making \$12 million doing absolutely nothing to help their team," he's said. "A lot of people might think I'm crazy for not trying to play and making this amount of money. I don't think I'm ever going to regret it." General Manager Dayton Moore told the AP he had never heard of a player doing something like that. "I think it really reaffirms and validates why we signed Gil Meche," he said, "the integrity and the class and the respect that he's displaying."-P.B.

Arizona State wrestler ANTHONY ROBLES (bottom right)

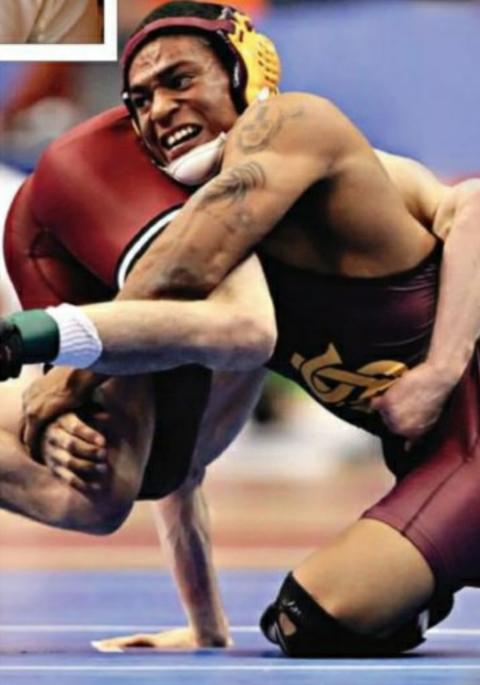
It's amazing the things people will complain about: the weather, their job, their coworkers—you name it. Griping is a favored pastime among the human race. But every so often you come across someone with real reasons to complain, and what do you find? They do nothing of the sort. In fact, they do the opposite. Robles is a prime example. Despite being born without a right leg, he took up wrestling in the eighth grade and found he was pretty

good at it. He got even better, going 46-0 in his junior and senior high school seasons in Mesa, Arizona. Impressive, but could he do it against Division I college competition? Why, yes. Yes, he could. Robles improved every season of his four-year career at Arizona State, and in 2010-11, as a senior, he went 36-0 and won the national title in the 125-pound division.—J.B.

Gay-rights activist DAN SAVAGE

When this activist and writer read about a gay teenager who had been driven to suicide after being bullied at





PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WILSON) EZRA SHAW/GETTY IMAGES, (LOZITO)
SHOWALTER/NYDALYNEWS VIA GETTY IMAGES, (ROBLES) HUNTER
MARTIN/GETTY IMAGES, (CHILEANMINERS) URIEL SINAI/GETTY IMAGE
(FUKUSHIMA 50) KYODO VIA AP IMAGES, (QADDAFI'S GUARDS) ® MIKE
NELSON/EPA/CORBIS

International Badasses

- Los 33, the Chilean miners
- 2. The Fukushima 50
- Qaddafi's female bodyguards
- Marisol Valles Garcia, former police chief of Praxedis G. Guerrero
- Lemmy Kilmister
- Ricky Gervais







school, he thought, I wish I could have talked to that kid for five minutes before he killed himself. I'd tell him however bad it was in high school or middle school ... it gets better. Hoping to prevent more suicides, Savage and his partner, Terry Miller, posted a YouTube video about their own experiences as bullied gay youths, and encouraged others to submit their stories to prove to troubled lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender teens that life is worth living. The It Gets Better Project has received more than 10,000 videos since launching in late 2010, and garnered the support of such politicians as Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton, celebrities including Anne Hathaway and Sarah Silverman, and such companies as Pixar and Google. Citing that gay teens are four times more likely to commit suicide than their straight peers, Savage says, "When a 15-year-old kills himself, he's saying he can't picture a future that is decent enough and happy enough to stick around for. Gay adults can show our present lives and help them picture a future."-Sarah Walker

Commuter JOSEPH LOZITO (top right)

No matter how shitty your worst commute was, Joseph Lozito has you beat. In February, on the last leg of his commute from Philadelphia to New York City, Lozito was sucker-punched on a subway train by a knife-wielding attacker. Lozito fought off the assailant -who turned out to be spree killer Maksim Gelman—using makeshift martial-arts moves he picked up watching the Ultimate Fighting Championship. Lozito tackled Gelman, who slashed him in the head. After Gelman was down, police officers joined in and helped to subdue him while carpenter Alfred Douglas helped control Lozito's bleeding. The wound required 20 stitches and 18 staples, and Lozito says he's suing the city because the police officers didn't step in sooner. Luckily Lozito had the sense to break out his badass moves when it mattered most.-K.W.O+n

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (HOPPER) © BURN-FORTI DAN/CORBIS SYGMA, (STEINBRENNER) © RALF-FINN HESTOFT/CORBIS, (TALIANO) PHOTO BY MPI/ GETTY IMAGES, (HORNE) TIME & LIFE PICTURES, (GENTY IMAGES, (HONDROS) KATIE ORLINSKY VIA GETTY IMAGES, (GUCCIONE) MICHAEL HALSBAND

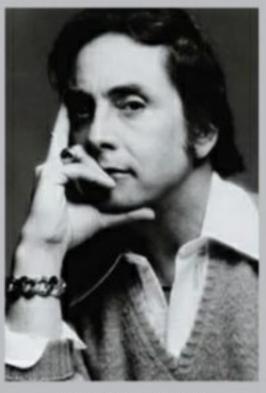
In Memoriam

- Doolittle Raid aviator Bill Bower
- World War II code talkers Allen Dale June and Lloyd Oliver
- Marine sniper Clay Hunt
- Vietnam Veterans of America cofounder Stuart
 Feldman
- Air Force Brigadier
 General/test pilot Guy
 Townsend
- Astronauts Bill Lenoir and John M. "Mike" Lounge
- World War II Women Airforce Service Pilot
 - Violet Cowden
- Senator Robert Byrd
- Congresswoman/VP nominee Geraldine Ferraro
- Job Corps/Head Start founder Sargent Shriver
- Diplomat Richard Holbrooke
- Watergate prosecutor
 James F. Neal
- Newscaster Edwin Newman

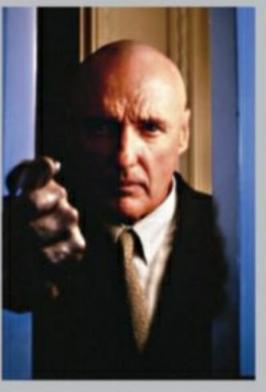
- Civil-rights-era photojournalist Bill Hudson
- Directors Sidney Lumet (12 Angry Men), Arthur Penn (Bonnie and Clyde), Irvin Kershner (The Empire Strikes Back), Blake Edwards (The Pink Panther)
- Actors Leslie Nielsen, Tony Curtis, Jane Russell, Elizabeth Taylor, James Gammon, Jackie Cooper (Our Gang)
- Deadliest Catch star Justin Tennison
- James Bond screenwriter
 Tom Mankiewicz
- TV writer/producer Stephen J. Cannell
- Porn star/director
- John Leslie

 Record producer
- Don Kirshner
- Hip-hop pioneer/graffiti artist Rammellzee
- Rapper Nate Dogg
- Rock & soul singer
 Solomon Burke

- Comic-book legend Harvey Pekar
- Cartoonist John Callahan
- Fitness expert Jack LaLanne
- NFL player/Monday Night Football commentator Don Meredith
- Indianapolis Motor
 Speedway announcer
 Tom Carnegie
- Yankee Stadium announcer
 Bob Sheppard
- Pittsburgh Penguins announcer John Barbero
- Amputee/Iron Man competitor/paraplegic
 Jim MacLaren
- Big-wave-surfing pioneerPhillip Hoffman
- Pro surfer Andy Irons
- Race-car driver
 Matthew Marker
- Motocross rider Jeff Kargola
- High school gym teacher Leonard Skinner
- Pro wrestler Randy "Macho Man" Savage



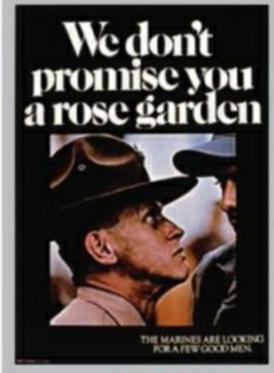
Penthouse founder Bob Guccione



Actor/director/all-around badass Dennis Hopper



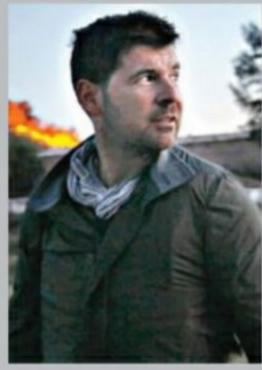
Yankees owner George Steinbrenner



Sergeant Chuck Taliano Jr., recruitment-poster star



Actress Lena Horne



War photographer Chris Hondros







5

6

Everyday Badasses

We salute the overlooked moments of badassery in your workaday life.

By Drew Magary Illustrations by Chris Philpot

his is the fifth annual Badass Issue of Penthouse (though it contains its fair share of good asses as well), and every year we use this special occasion to salute a particularly noble subset of the male species: independent, principled, grizzled, motorcycle-bound, and, most of all, rare. There aren't a lot of guys out there who can rescue a hijacked aircraft, disarm the terrorists, land the plane after the pilot has been murdered, and nail the stewardess just before landing. Those guys are a precious commodity.

But badasses don't have to be so rarefied. The truth is, we all have an inner badass. Maybe we can't be badasses every waking hour, but we can at least have our badass moments. When you finally got your girlfriend to scream out "Fuck me!" during sex without prompting? That was you being a badass. When you didn't cry once after getting in that fender bender? That was a badass moment—count it. When you were able to get those skateboarders to move out of your way simply by shooting them a stern glance? Again, that was totally you being a badass.

Let's take a moment to salute the everyday badass lurking inside each and every one of us. The following men may not be badasses 24 hours a day, but they sure are in these instances:



The Stranger Next to You at the Bar or Game Who Willingly Accepts Your High Ten After Something Cool Happens

Holy shit! Your team just scored on a 95-yard kickoff return! You gotta high ten every motherfucker within a six-foot radius! Your friends! The hot-dog guy! And the random dude next to you, who doesn't know you but knows exactly how you feel at this moment and reciprocates your turned-up palms without any (a) hesitation, (b) social awkwardness, or (c) inaccuracy. It's a fantastic moment, which is why I spend most of my time drinking in bars and rooting for teams I don't actually like. I just want to be accepted.



You in a Tuxedo

Goddamn, you look good. Especially now that the wedding is over and you can take that tie off. Suddenly, your shirt studs have come undone and your undershirt is poking out and you're a little bit sweaty but not too sweaty ... just sweaty enough to be alluring to all the bridesmaids. Goddamn, you feel like Daniel Craig when that happens. Ever have sex while wearing a tuxedo? You feel like a god.



The Blackjack Dealer Who's Legitimately Rooting for You to Win Money

Everyone who plays blackjack happens upon the occasional perfect dealer. He's jovial. He's lively. He busts all the fucking time, and seems genuinely pleased that you're winning and enjoying yourself. His brilliant social skills make him clearly overqualified for his post. Within ten minutes at his table, you want to invite the guy to your wedding. And then, in a flash, your new best friend Kenny is gone, replaced by a hollow-eyed 50-year-old with one leg who may or may not have had his tongue cut out. And Kenny is sent back down into the basement, only to come out once every month to tease you with the idea that every blackjack dealer should be so pleasant.

Your Dad After He Finds Your Porn Stash and Says Nothing to Your Mom About It

God bless him for not telling your mom that you have this magazine stashed in the toilet tank. You would have been so mortified. And you really owe him your life for deleting your entire web history from Google Chrome before your sister found out from the browser's autofill feature that you repeatedly watched that video of Alexa Rae getting fingerblasted. That little porn omerta you have with your old man is the kind of thing that helps forge deep, lifelong bonds. In fact, I'd like to give badass points to any parent who has the grace and discretion to give you a break when you really need it. You thought Mom was gonna have you gutted with a table saw after you came home from the prom drunk at 7 A.M. and bleeding from both elbows-but she let it slide. What a remarkable woman.

The Bartender Who Buys You a Free Round Every Three or Four Beers

I don't know when buybacks became such an endangered species in the drinking world, but I doff my cap to any bartender out there who still recognizes that a customer who throws down for three beers and tips a buck each time deserves a free High Life the next go-round. And bonus points to that bartender if he passes off your round count to the next bartender working a later shift.

The Guy Who Flashes His Brights to Let You Know a Cop Is Up Ahead

Now there is a guy who takes care of his own. He didn't have to do that. He'll never even know your name. And yet, he just saved you \$200 and two points off your license by signaling five-O to you out of the goodness of his badass heart. Even Jesus wasn't so indiscriminately kind.

Any Baseball Player Who Can Stare Down a Fastball Traveling in Excess of 80 Miles per Hour and Not Flinch

I don't care if it's a high school player or a major leaguer. If you can stand in the box and let a pitcher throw a rock-hard ball faster than a bullet train at your goddamn head without running for the hills, I salute you. Bonus points if you get hit by a pitch, shake it off, and return to the plate two innings later. You must be a superhero or something. I'd be a shell of a man if I got beaned.

The Guy Who Can End a Bar Fight Without Throwing a Punch

Someone just tried to grab your woman's ass. You take offense to anyone horning in on your main squeeze like that, so you try to channel your inner badass and step to the guy. "You wanna go outside, bitch? Oh, it's on!" But you're not the badass in this scenario. No, the badass here is the dude working the door who weighs 290 pounds and has a body mass index of negative three. He's walking up to you and your opponent and asking, "Is there a problem here?" which causes you to immediately crawl back inside your own gaping

[championshiphustle]



The Guitar Player Who Can Play Without Looking at the Guitar

You know it's Amateur Hour at the 9:30 Club when you see some jayvee guitarist up there staring at his fret board during a critical solo. The truly badass guitarist is the one who knows his instrument so instinctively that he doesn't even bother looking. He automatically knows where his fingers need to go so he can proceed to lose his fucking mind onstage. And man, does that make a girl's panties flood.

vagina. There are lots of asshole bouncers out there who overstep their bounds, but my hat goes off to those rare Dalton clones who can end a conflict simply by making their presence known.

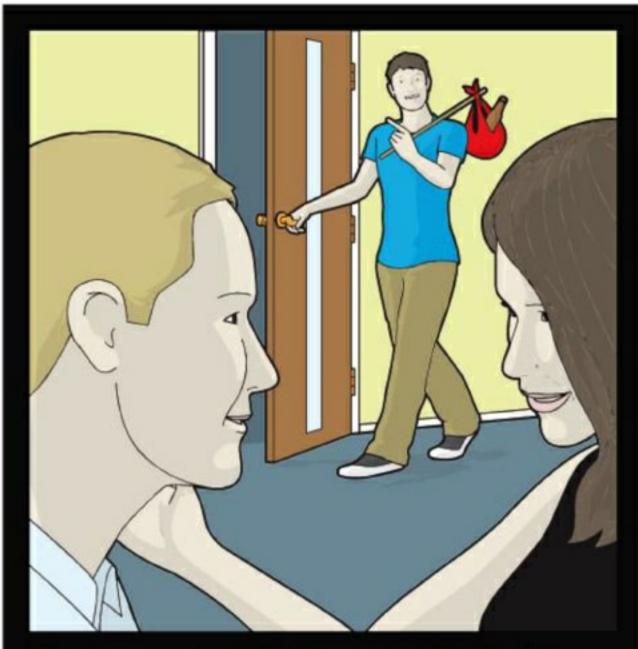
Your Grandpa, Who Fought in World War II But Steadfastly Refuses to Speak About It

You know he fought in Europe. Other family members whisper that he was at Normandy on D-day. But you're never getting it out of him. He's taking that shit to his grave. Which is too bad, because if you knew how many Nazis your grandpappy personally disemboweled, you'd never blanch at clipping his toenails.



Your High School Weed Dealer

Where'd he get all that awesome weed from? He looked vaguely Venezuelan. No one actually knew where he lived. There was an air of mystery and danger to him. That must be how he was able to bang 25-year-olds despite being just 17. If only you had been a weed dealer in high school. You would have driven a Camaro and girls would have given you road head and life would have been delicious.



The Roommate Who Knows Instinctively to Vacate the Premises When You're About to Get Laid

You've had a great date, and now Jenny who works in payroll is asking to come up to your place. You squire her upstairs and your roommate is there, playing *Call of Duty* and eating Marshmallow Fluff out of the jar. Does he need not-so-subtle prodding from you to get the fuck out? No. Upon seeing you and your potential conquest, he reacts instantly, gets his pants on, and clears out of there. And when Jenny says, "Oh, I hate to make you leave," he's like, "No, no. I totally had plans for just now. Have fun, kids!" Then he's gone. It's like a perfectly executed no-look pass. Buy that man a round.

Buy all the everyday badasses a round, people. They've certainly earned it. Here's to them. OH 52



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[culture shock]

Why spend your vacation days lounging on the beach with a cold beer when you can risk life and limb at an insane (and potentially fatal) festival? We've compiled a list of the ten weirdest, wildest, wackiest traditions around the globe. Just don't forget to update your death-and-dismemberment insurance before you book your trip.

By Kara Wahlgren

The World's Most Color of the C







Flugtag (United States)

WHEN: Spring to fall WHERE: Various cities

WHAT: At this Red Bull-sponsored traveling event, local teams design, build, and attempt to launch a human-powered aircraft off a pier and fly over a body of water. Since aerodynamics usually take a backseat to presentation, it's not unusual to see a pilot leap from the pier in a "plane" shaped like a giant pig, a three-wheeled bike, a Winnebago, or even a stack of pancakes. Spoiler alert: Everyone crashes. The chance of grave bodily injury is slim, but the chance of doing a 30-foot belly flop on a sheet of plywood is very, very good. This year's locations include Tampa Bay, Florida, on October 18.

Running of the Bulls (Spain)

WHEN: July 6-14, 2011 WHERE: Pamplona

WHAT: The most famous event at the weeklong San Fermín festival is a bucket-list staple, but the downside is, it could actually be the last thing you do before you die. If you're not familiar with the gory tradition—or at least not familiar enough to catch the "gory" pun—it's basically the easiest way to get trampled, kicked, or gutted by large cattle while taking your daily run. Every morning during the festival, a dozen bulls charge through Pamplona's narrow streets on their way to the bullfighting ring, and anyone with a death wish can jump in their path and attempt to outrun the herd. (There's also the much safer option of watching the bedlam from a balcony.) Not surprisingly, several hundred people are injured each year; surprisingly, only 15 have been killed in the past century.

The Canadian Cheese Rolling Festival (Canada)

WHEN: July 23, 2011

WHERE: Whistler Blackcomb,

Vancouver

which originated 200 years ago at Cooper's Hill in England, actually sounds kind of quaint—roll a wheel of cheese down a hill and let the townsfolk chase after it. But it's a big fucking hill. And the townspeople are really, really intoxicated. And the cheese wheel can reportedly hit speeds of 70 miles an hour, turning it into a delicious but deadly weapon. It's no wonder an ambulance used to park at the bottom of the hill and wait for participants to tumble down with

cultureshock





sprains, fractures, and concussions.
The 2010 British cheese roll was canceled due to safety concerns, but luckily our Canadian neighbors have had the balls to carry on the tradition.

Las Bolas de Fuego (El Salvador)

WHEN: Every year on August 31

WHERE: Nejapa

WHAT: In 1922, a volcano eruption forced the residents of Nejapa, El Salvador, to evacuate; they believed the spewing fire was caused by their patron saint fighting the devil. Now, every August 31, they gather to celebrate that epic battle between good and evil. And how do they celebrate it? By lighting fuel-soaked rags and hurling them at one another-sort of like playing dodgeball in hell. ("Las Bolas de Fuego" translates literally into "balls of fire"; in English the event is called the Fireball Festival.) Participants are required to wear wet clothing—safety first!—but that precaution has failed to prevent injuries caused by burning clothes and direct hits to the face.

Feast of Saint Anthony (Spain)

WHEN: The eve of the Feast of Saint Anthony (January)

WHERE: San Bartolomé de Pinares WHAT: Basically, every photo from this bizarre Spanish festival looks like the most badass movie poster ever: Out of the darkness, a man on



horseback leaps through a wall of fire. The difference is, there are no special effects here—the locals really are that crazy. At this annual January event honoring the patron saint of animals, participants receive a blessing from a priest, then "purify" their horses by leaping through bonfires lit throughout the village. We can sum it up in two words: holy shit.

Takeuchi Matsuri (Japan)

WHEN: February 15 WHERE: Rokugo

WHAT: Picture a Civil War reenactment on steroids, and you've got a pretty good idea of what goes on here. On the night of February 15, locals don helmets and divide into two teams—North and South—then pummel one another with 20-foot bamboo rods for three rounds. Everyone plays by the rules for the first two rounds, which isn't difficult when the rules are "pummel one another with giant bamboo rods." But that's actually the civilized portion. The

real melee starts in the final round, which typically turns into a no-holds-barred street fight—it's not unheard of for participants to light enormous bonfires, set their bamboo rods ablaze, or ditch the sticks altogether and start throwing punches and kicks. Even so, against all odds, no serious injuries were reported at the 2011 festival.

Yanshui Beehive Rockets Festival (Taiwan)

WHEN: The 15th (and last) day of the

Lunar New Year

WHERE: Yanshui District

WHAT: This festival is named for a beehive-style bottle-rocket launcher that can ignite a shit-ton of fireworks at once. Big whoop, right? Okay, maybe we should mention that they fire the bottle rockets directly into the crowd. The festival started in the late 1800s to ward off evil spirits (and a cholera epidemic), and for some reason it still manages to attract spectators. Attendees are told to wear a helmet, visor, and protective gloves—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LAS BOLAS DE FUEGO) LUIS GALDAMEZ/X00104/REUTERS/ CORBIS, (FEAST OF SAINT ANTHONY) AFP/GETTY IMAGES, (CRASHED ICE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS) MATHIEU BELANGER/REUTERS/CORBIS and to wrap a towel around their neck to prevent bottle rockets from getting under their helmet. Suddenly, that boring bed-and-breakfast your girlfriend suggested doesn't seem so bad, does it?

Crashed Ice World Championships (Northern Europe)

WHEN: Winter WHERE: Varies

WHAT: We're guessing the creative (and slightly sadistic) minds at Red Bull watched a luge competition and wondered, "How can we make this more dangerous?" The answer, apparently, was to put the competitors on ice skates and let them race four at a time down a 1,500-foot track (with a 180-foot vertical section). Recent games have been held in Finland, Canada, Sweden, and Germany, so if you only watch Olympic skeleton racing in the hopes of seeing someone face-plant into a wall of ice, book a trip to the colder parts of Europe this winter. And pack your skates.

Rocket War (Greece)

WHEN: Easter Sunday

WHERE: Chios

WHAT: Easter is all about fluffy bunnies, chocolate eggs, and-if you live on this small Greek island-firing a barrage of bottle rockets at your neighboring church. Every Easter, two rival Orthodox churches put a little spark in their Sunday mass by firing tens of thousands of rockets at each other. (It's probably safe to say that no one dozes off during that service.) The goal is to hit the rival church's bell, but obviously their aim isn't that great-some locals are pushing to have the tradition banned because their houses keep getting damaged by wayward rockets.

Cheung Chau Bun Festival (Hong Kong)

WHEN: The eighth day of the fourth moon in the Chinese calendar
WHERE: Cheung Chau island
WHAT: Details are hazy about how this festival got its start. It might have had something to do with warding off the plague, or driving pirates out of town, but no one's really sure. Originally, participants would scramble up three 60-foot bamboo towers covered in buns; according to tradition, the highest buns brought the best luck. Unfortunately, they also brought the best chance of plunging 60 feet from a bamboo tower while clutching a







Not-So-Badass Fests

If you feel your survival instinct kicking in, maybe you should try one of these festivals for the faint of heart.

Ypres Cat Festival. Centuries ago, a town in Belgium used cats to drive away rodents. Then they dealt with the surplus of cats by throwing them off a tower. These days, they make amends with their feline friends by holding a party in their honor.

Creative Sewing and Needlepoint Festival.
Organizers recently changed the name to the artistically misspelled "CreativFestival," but the kind-and-gentle mission stays the same: highlight "what's hot" in knitting, beading, quilting, and needlework. Par-tay!

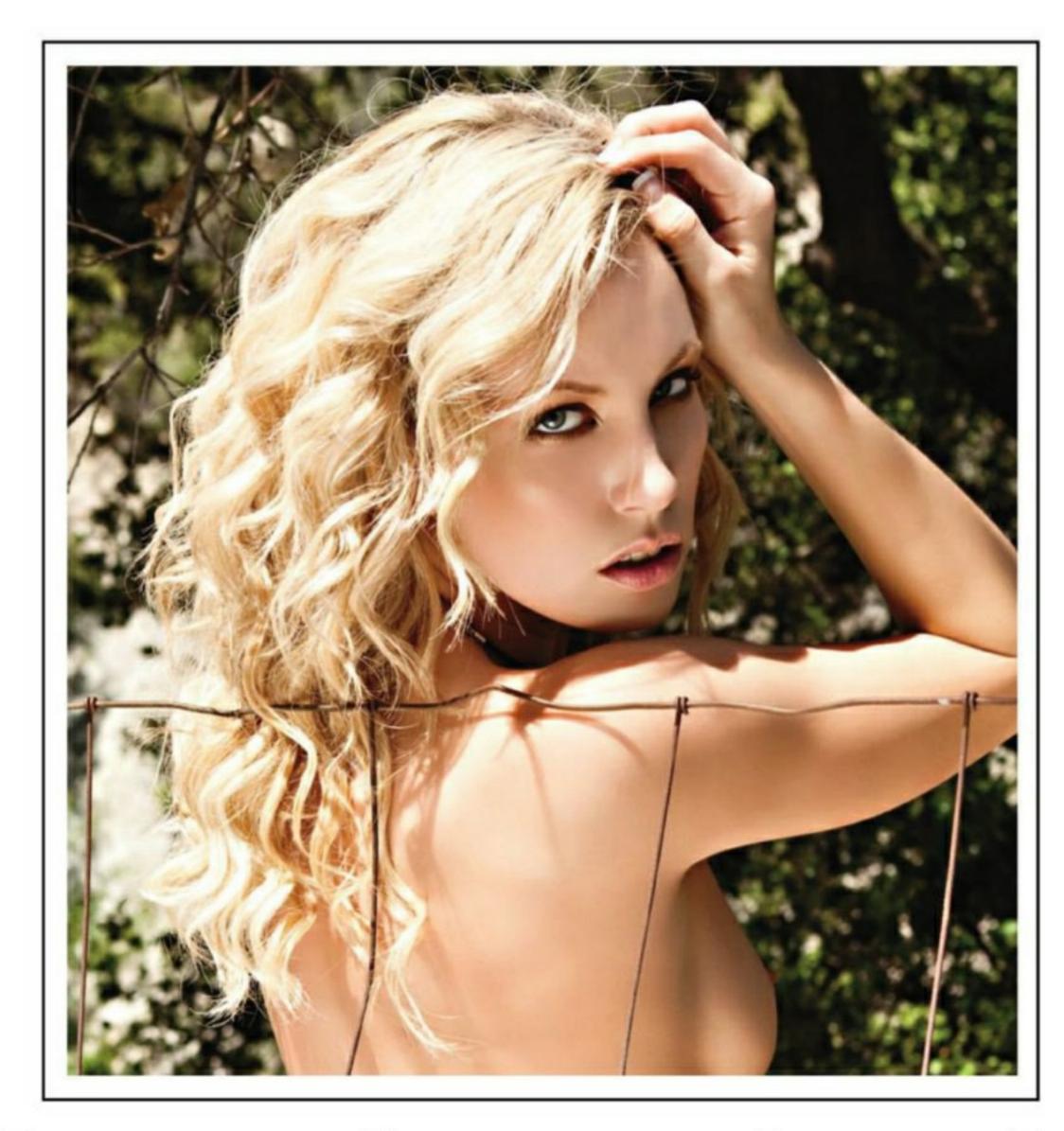
American Fancy Rat and Mouse Annual Show.
Rodents are judged on standards like the glossiness of their fur and the curliness of their whiskers.
For the record, this isn't a joke.

Bavarian Finger Wrestling Championships. Enough said.



bun. The event was put on hiatus after one of the towers collapsed in 1978, injuring more than 100 people, but the bun-snatching returned in 2005. Unfortunately, the new edition is slightly less badass—in lieu of the drunken free-for-all of yore, now only trained athletes can climb the newly built steel tower. But you still get to watch grown men risk their asses for baked goods.





don't fence her in

Kiara Diane is a self-described free spirit who enjoys sampling the fish in the romantic sea. "There are lots of sharks and seaweed out there, but I'm willing to take that risk," she says. "But at least one guy I've been with has had some seriously bad luck, so I might be cursed. Be wary!"

That's one risk we'd be happy to take.

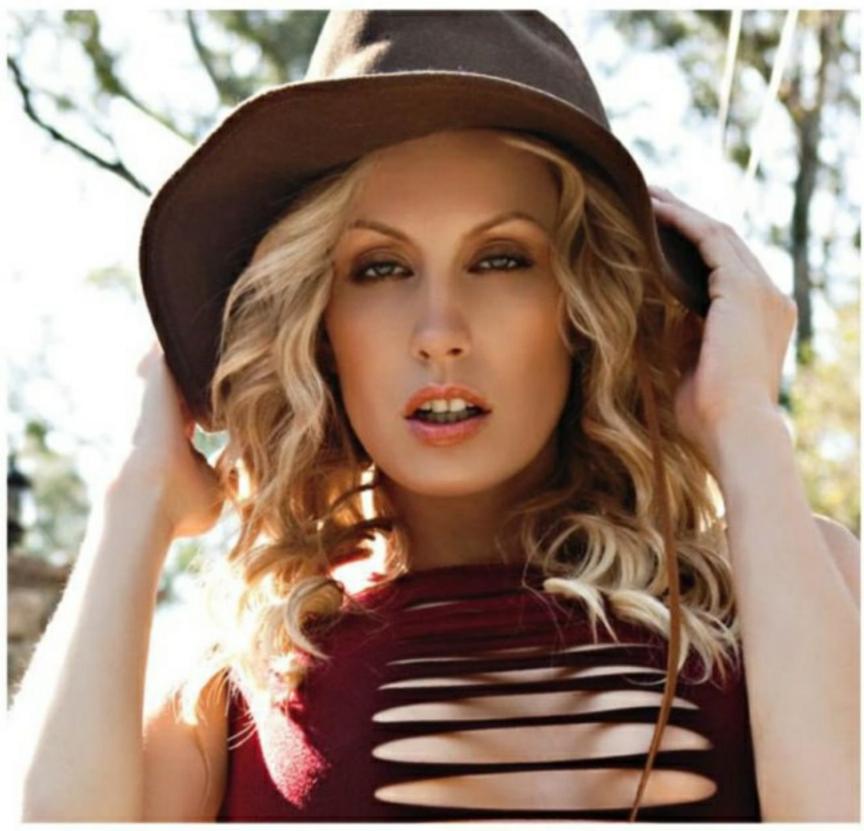
Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



























Vital stats: 34-25-36; 5'8" 24 years old

Hometown: Sunnyside, Washington.

Favorite thing about your hometown: Being able to quad wherever the hell I want.

What do you do for a living? Take off my clothes and show my body to the world.

Favorite thing about your job: Wardrobe shopping.

Favorite sports:

I was an all-star pitcher for my high school fast-pitch team and I ran varsity cross-country.

Favorite TV show:

Dexter, but between seasons I've been cheating on him with Archer.

Favorite movie: Thelma & Louise.

Favorite drink:

I can't live a day without my dose of Starbucks. Other than that, Jack Daniel's is my man. He keeps me warm at night.

Were you a wild teenager?

As wild as I could be. The first time I snuck out of the house, I came home to find my dad sitting on my bed waiting for me. Oopsies.

Favorite sexual fantasy:

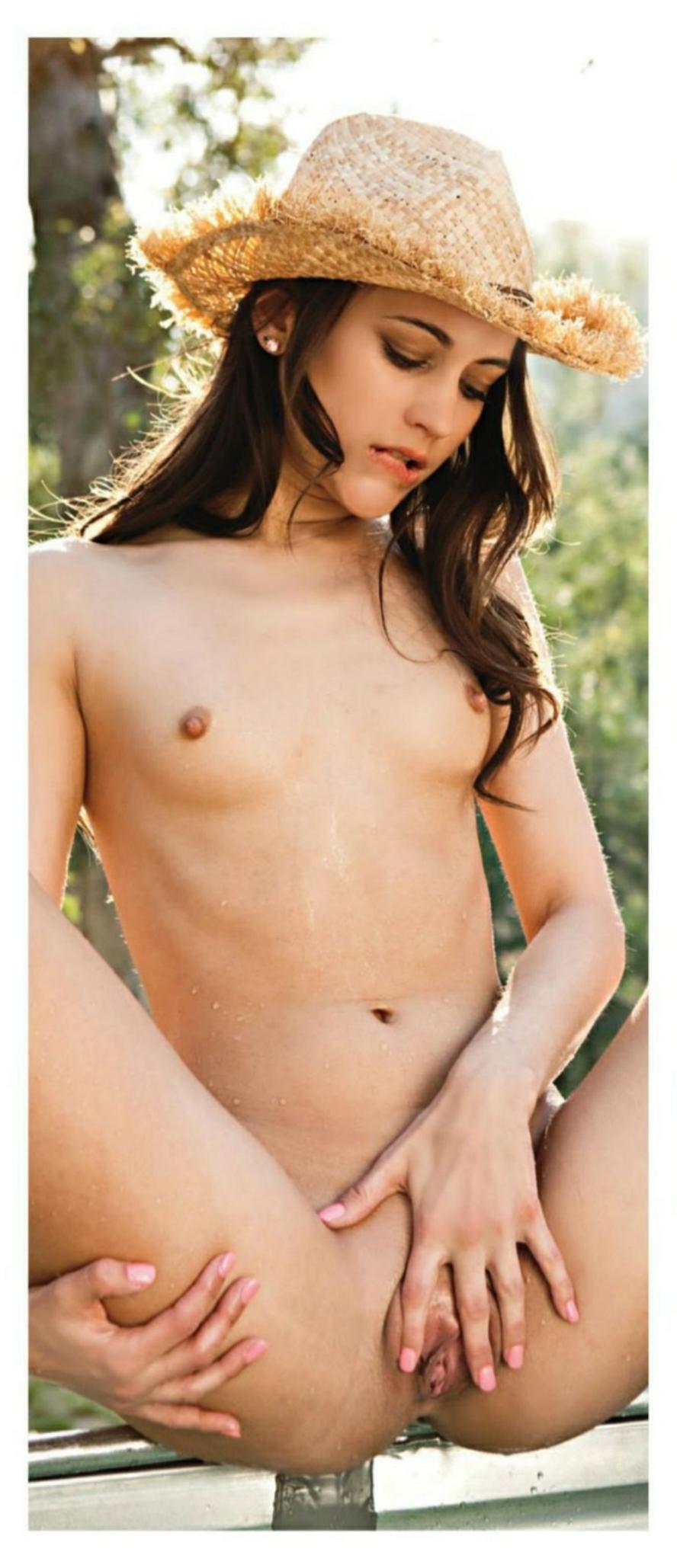
I'm deathly afraid of sharks, but I would love to have sex in a shark tank.

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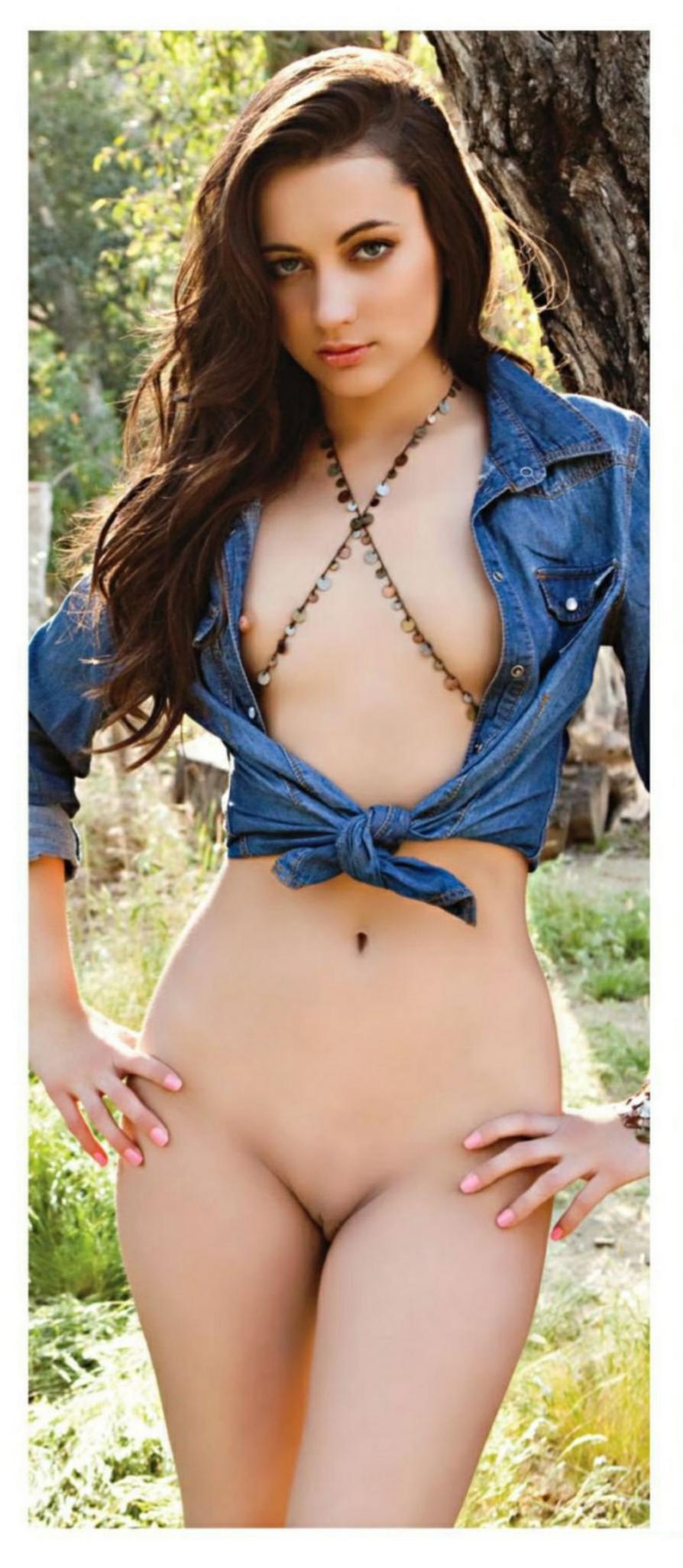
































Vital stats: 32-21-35; 5'7" 22 years old

Hometown: Alma, Arkansas.

Favorite thing about your hometown: It's still legal to shoot someone who comes onto your property if you have a no-trespassing sign posted.

If you could live anywhere, it would be: New Orleans. Best food, music, and soul in the entire world. I'm so Southern!

You'd like to visit: I want to see the whole world. Traveling = life!

What do you do for a living? Working for *Penthouse* pays for the beach house.

Your favorite thing about your job: The women.

Have you done any singing, dancing, or acting?

Do you consider porn acting? It's more like improv, but I love it.

Favorite TV shows: True Blood and Dexter.

Favorite movies:

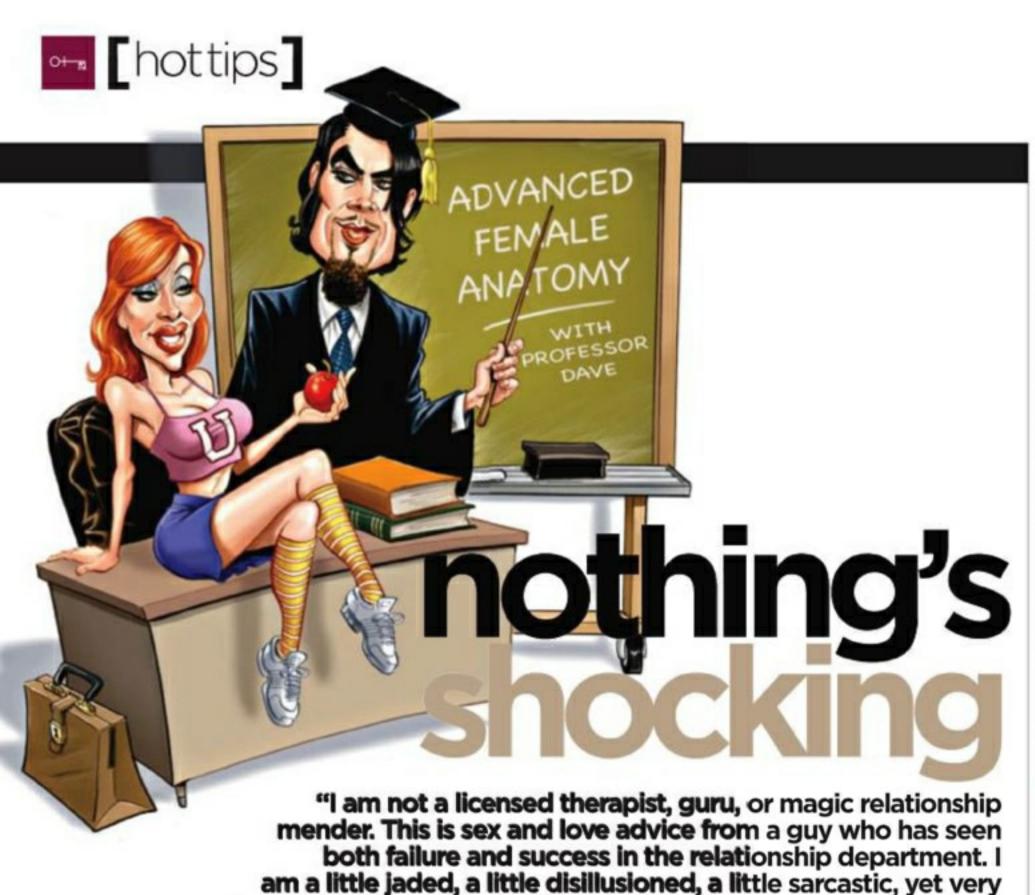
Dirty Dancing, Lolita, The Professional.

If you could have sex with anyone, past or present, it would be:

I'm more of a voyeur. Can I watch my girlfriend and my boyfriend together instead?

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By Dave Navarro

■ How do you tell a guy you like to quit using lame porn gimmicks in bed without embarrassing him?

You know, I have actually dated several female adult performers and have had to deal with this exact issue! They would get all dramatic and over-the-top when I was damn well certain what was going on didn't warrant such enthusiasm. For me, it was fairly easy to just say, "Slow down there, honey. There's no camera in here!" A twinge of humor is essential with the delivery.

For you, I guess it depends on what's going on and how receptive or not you are to it. There are times when the dirty talk and position changes and all the theatrics are superhot and can add to an experience. Other times may call for a deeper, more intimate connection. As with most things sex-related, a level of trust and communication is required. You really should be able to openly say to your partner what you're thinking and feeling. If you can't, you may have bigger problems in the long run. In fact, you kind of need to be selfish

to be selfless. Tell him something is a turnoff if it is. Maybe explain that you aren't in the mood for that kind of sex at the moment. Work with him. It may take time, but you both may be happier mixing it up anyway. Let there be the hot porn-style sex and the deeper lovemaking. If he can experiment, then you should be able to as well.

honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes

flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

■ Do you think there's a difference in the pleasure experience you have during sex with someone you love as opposed to someone you lust?

For me? Yes. In some ways you have stumbled upon an age-old issue for many people, both men and women. They lose the fire and lust they once had for a person they love. Intimacy is precious and hard to find, but after a while that animalistic lust can evaporate. I never fully learned the solution to this. Lust usually comes with the new, the unexplored, and the longing for someone who is mysterious and perhaps unknown. Love, as I stated earlier, is a deeper connection of emotion and trust. As

we all know, with trust comes a lack of fear. Fear, in many ways, is incredibly hot and a vital part of the lust game. Fear of losing someone, fear of not pleasing someone, fear of getting caught, fear of being turned down, and even fear of being accepted. These are all things that can seriously turn up the heat in the bedroom. I find both lust and love to be different types of magic, and when these two magic components merge, the results are nothing short of euphoric. I suppose the next logical question is, "How does one keep both alive for an extended period of time?" Whoever comes up with the answer to that will probably never have to work a day in his or her life again, for that is the million-dollar question. With the exception of knowing that a little luck certainly helps, I haven't got the slightest idea how it's done.

■ I have always wondered, how do men get over breakups so fast?

I know it seems that way, but it's just not true. Many times, what happens is men move on right away and go hook up with other women and act out in ways that help them avoid their pain or loss. Women tend to deal with it right away and go through the feelings, which is actually the healthier way to go. That's why, more times than not, a man comes crawling back six months later talking about how sorry he is. The woman has already healed and moved on and the man is just starting to feel. Sucks for him!

■ Dave, do you think open marriages are more or less successful overall when compared to traditional monogamy?

Honestly, I have never seen an open marriage work. I'm sure it can and has somewhere, but I just haven't seen it. I have been in open relationships, and they usually start off great and fun but eventually get icky and uncomfortable. That is only my experience, as I said. It's not the sex that made it weird; it was the fact that emotional boundaries had not been set and were ultimately crossed unknowingly by someone. Feelings and egos get hurt, and then it's disaster time.

Is it true that all women are able to squirt, or is it just a myth?

I don't know, I haven't been with all of them yet. Give me a week or two.

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.



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Finding My The Control of the Contr

Can I go hand to hand with history's fiercest fighters? By Harmon Leon

DR. ARMAND DORIAN LOOKS AT ME for a moment. "What warrior in history do you think you're most suited to be?" he asks, very seriously.

I am ready for his question. "Sun Tzu, because he was cunning. [Pause] And I liked his book, The Art of War. Or maybe a ninja because I'm lean and wiry," I add, emphasizing this by doing a few improvised ninja moves. "Yeah, a ninja."

My true inner-killer combatant is about to be revealed as I undergo a

personalized warrior assessment from the chief physician of Spike TV's Deadliest Warrior—the show where civilization's most skilled military fighters are pitted against one another to determine last warrior standing: Vikings clash with samurais; Green Berets skirmish Spetsnaz; Maoris collide with Shaolin monks. Deadliest Warrior mixes History Channel's nerd factor, MMA-induced testosterone, and MythBusters' let's-buildit ingenuity, as a team of experts

analyzes every facet of these warriors' unique combative skills. Dr. Dorian's role is to assess the damage weapons can render to the human body, examining the warrior's physicality to dissect a comprehensive breakdown for the final *Deadliest Warrior* fantasy battle showdown.

We're at LA Fitness in Van Nuys, California, where he's putting me through a series of physical tests to determine which group of warriors from history I'm most likely to fight alongside—to the death!

"Attila the Hun would drink the blood of his horses to be intimidating," Dorian explains, with an invigorating enthusiasm usually seen in cooking-show hosts. "Sure, it would freak people out, but it's a bad diet—it causes diarrhea, which would slow you down in battle."

"Okay, no blood drinking!" I
pledge as he measures my diet, build,
strength, and stamina. Remembering
junior high gym class, I do eight
pull-ups to test my potential to kill
an opponent on the battlefield,
like William "Braveheart" Wallace
(whose roguish crew of Lowland
Warriors last faced a fantasy DW
showdown against Shaka Zulu).

"This is to simulate the environment. You might have had to pull yourself up through trees before striking." "Okay," I grunt.

Immediately dropping to the ground, I pick up a large metal bar and swing toward the cheap seats for accuracy—simulating a mighty Claymore sword at the Battle of Falkirk.

"Aaargh!!"

"Do you have the ability to kill with

Dr. Armand Dorian (below, at left) assesses some of history's most fearsome warriors for the Spike TV hit show. This author (left) is not one of them.







one swing so your opponent can't come back at you?" Dorian asks.
"A big weapon can lop a head off, but if it misses, it pisses him off—that's a huge factor."

"What's your favorite weapon in history?" I ask.

"I think the coolest tool was used by the Rajput warrior—the knife-andfork combo. He had a blade that sat on top of the arm, so the arm became a sword." His eyes light up. "His other arm had a draw that turned one blade into three.

"Some of these weapons have not been built for hundreds and hundreds of years—and they are actually building them in our basement right now."

The Deadliest Warrior prop department builds everything from Revolutionary War cannons utilized by George Washington to medieval catapults that William the Conqueror used to hurl carcasses of plague-infected people over castle walls—the first documented biological weapon.

"The mental game is important,"
Dorian says, "being able to understand your opponents and having
them not understand you."

Dorian pulls out a huge, authentic samurai katana sword with dangling red tassels. He has me draw the sword from its sheath, demonstrating that a shorter sword is sometimes best, as it allows the warrior to get to his weapon first.

"There's a huge art to this—the art of war," Dorian says as he swings the sword, the red tassels hypnotizing my senses. "You become distracted and your eyes immediately go to the red, as opposed to where you want them to go."

He hands me the sword, along with a shield that acts as an extension of my forearm. Japanese body armor is put on a human-size dummy sitting in a chair at the center of the exercise room.

"It's your job to infiltrate the tent,"
Dorian says, adding that my mission is to kill the human-size dummy with a singular strike of my sword. He points to some giant, heavy bags. "But first you have to make it through multiple different warriors. I want you to make sure you hit every single bag—then rush in. You have one opportunity to kill this guy. Try to think where you would strike."

"I have an idea," I say, getting sword and shield into position. With a burst, I go all Jackie Chan, punching and drop-kicking my way through the heavy bags. Adrenaline pumping, I strike the dummy with my samurai sword John Belushi-style, knocking its head to the floor. I pick it up and drop-kick the head across the room, screaming, "Take no prisoners!"

The assessment: First, be careful of the props. Second, once I hit a warrior, I should focus ahead and already be thinking about killing the next warrior. Also, with the width of the samurai blade, it takes an immense amount of force to fracture the ribs and pierce the heart. But with a simple twist, the weapon simply goes right under the ribs for an instant kill.

Dorian says, "The beauty of this blade is, it has a curve so it allows you to come right around his armor, and boom—it slices through the left chest into the left ventricle." He gets almost giddy: "The cardiac output of something like that will literally make the blood squirt and hit the wall. In five seconds his blood pressure would drop to where he'd be unconscious."

"Wicked!" I shriek.

The doctor adds insight gathered from his day job at a real-life hospital trauma room: "I've seen so many slash victims and they all make it—I have my interns suture them up and they go home that day. If you can't get into the chest cavity you're going home."

Time for my final warrior test:
"I want you to tag that bag, tag that bag, tag that bag, then see if you can thrust your sword into the heart."

I take off, sprinting five times across the room.

"Aaargh!"

Like one of an attacking Mongol horde, I again lunge toward my human-size-dummy target, this time jabbing my implement into the kill zone again and again and again, until I'm told to stop.

"I think he's dead."

Now the moment I've been waiting for: Which warrior from history will I be? A lean Spartan, a pillaging Viking, or maybe a crafty Knight Templar?

"I would put you in the French
Foreign Legion," Dorian says. "They
are the elite of European Special
Forces. They're the bad boys. They're
all rebels and the most intensely
trained. They're a band of brothers;
the only reason they have to fight is
for each other. The French Foreign
Legion is a different breed of warrior
with a rebellious attitude."

I beam with pride. A bad-boy warrior—I can live with that. Maybe drop-kicking my opponent's head was the extra effort that did it?



The Final Ott 2 No.

Jamey Johnson may be country music's last great brooding songwriter, but as he sees it, his misery is on display so others can feel better about their own.

By Alanna Nash



Interviewing

Jamey Johnson is something akin to dancing with a grizzly bear. While you're thrilled that country's newest dark star, who's garbed in a brown Harley-Davidson jacket and sporting a silver skull ring, has agreed to engage at all, he is clearly uneasy with the whole process. The formidable look in his brown eyes and the scowl behind the bushy beard says he might charge at any second. Either that, or simply snap your head off. Then, before you know it, he's smiling and laughing, and all seems well. As long as you don't push him to talk about 2005's "Honky Tonk Badonkadonk," a big-butt dance tune he cowrote for Trace Adkins while quietly crafting songs rooted in his own stormy psyche about the pain of addiction, divorce, and 3 A.M. conversations with God. Johnson makes it very clear, very quickly, that there are more important subjects to cover.

Given that country music is in the era of affable cowboys, Johnson may be the genre's last great brooder. Pundits call him Nashville's final outlaw, and such songwriting giants as Kris Kristofferson have welcomed him into the fold. Willie Nelson deemed Johnson "a real talent" and added him to a 2011 tour, and asked Johnson to produce a new song for him. Merle Haggard and ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons also have come knocking.

Johnson is working on new material for his upcoming album, but his focus is still his 25-song double-disc CD, The Guitar Song, which went gold, made many "Best of 2010" lists, and garnered two Grammy nominations. Just as an earlier song, "High Cost of Living," detailed his ruminations as a religious man who smokes pot in a church parking lot, trading a job and a wife "for cocaine and a whore," Johnson's tracks here are full of dark

nights of the soul. "Playing the Part" is about his disillusionment with Los Angeles ("taking depression pills in the Hollywood Hills"), but don't dare ask him about his participation in Nashville, the 2007 reality show that spawned it. He won't talk. (When Johnson doesn't want to discuss something, he strokes his beard, pulls on the five-inch growth at his chin, and fingers his mustache.) Finally, he growls, "I've got better things to dwell on than that." Then the tender side reappears, and all is forgiven.

Our interview takes place at an Italian restaurant in Louisville, Kentucky, before his show with Kid Rock. The Alabaman is never far from his glass of Jack Daniel's; he speaks slowly and thoughtfully in a heavy drawl, especially when a waiter with Liberace's candelabra gets too close to the famous beard: "I think they're gonna burn the building down with them damn candles."

A lot of people think you are the savior of country music.

What does it need salvation from?

Radio. Mediocre songwriting. You don't see yourself that way?

Hell, I'm doin' good to save enough money to pay for gas to get to the next show. I've managed to save a dog from starvation for the past year, but that's about it.

You just came back from an 18-day getaway to Brazil with actor Matthew McConaughey and his family. What were you doing down there?

A lot of nothing. Studying. I pulled out some old jazz songs and tried to learn some new chords, and did quite a bit of running. Matthew don't skip too many days without running or exercising in some form, and he kept shinin' some light on the importance of it in my own life.

He directed your video for "Playing the Part," but you were friends before that. How did you meet?

We met backstage at the Academy of Country Music Awards in Las Vegas a few years back. He was one of the presenters, and, as it turned out, he had listened to my album. Later on, I played at his 40th birthday party. [Matthew's girlfriend] Camila [Alves] managed to surprise him with it. It's been a fun friendship. He's a brilliant guy.

He joked that you hit on his girlfriend at the party.

Every chance I get. Camila and I have a special sense of humor.

What's your favorite part of this business?

love it all. I love the road, but I also have a blast in the studio. It's a great place for me to create. And I love the writin' room. I can go in with a couple of writers, not knowing what to expect, and come out with something that we worked hard on beyond the initial concept and found the deeper application for in our own lives.

What's an example of that?

The entire *The Guitar Song* album.
There's not one song on there that wasn't labored all the way 'til the notes hit the speakers. That's the way I enjoy writing. Don't just scratch the surface.
Crawl in and get in as deep as you can.
Don't just find out what the feeling is.
Find out what caused the feeling, and find out what caused that, and go all the way back to the beginning and



understand it in as big a picture and as bright a light as you can. Then do your best to explain that to someone else.

That's probably true even for "Honky Tonk Badonkadonk."

I wouldn't say so about that one.

Yet that had a lot of infectious elements to it. I can understand why it was a big hit song.

Oh, I do, too. Kris Kristofferson said that he enjoys country music because [the songwriters] tend to put a little more effort into the lyrics. I would agree with that. Sometimes that's not called for. Even Hank Williams himself wrote, "Hey, good lookin'/ Whatcha got cookin'?" Not a whole lot of thought-inspiring lyrics in that song. However, it is something fun to put on, maybe grab your significant other and go cook dinner together. So everything is worth writing.

You packaged *The Guitar Song* as a double album, with a black disc and a white disc. We're all made up of dark and light, but why did you want to separate it like that? Yin and yang?

That's just life. It's the same as the separation of winter and summer. Life is made up of a perfect balance of everything. If you're going to keep it in perfect balance, you have to understand things on the level to which you are assigned at that particular moment. If you think you're on your last leg, well, you don't know what your last leg is. God hasn't shown you that part yet. You're still around. So you take a song of deep misery that hopefully you can apply to your own life, and if you can't, you can at least see where somebody else made it down to. If it helps, good. If it doesn't, keep diggin'. Misery is best if visited for only a short time. You're not gonna find the secret of life in my album. But you're gonna find it if you live long enough. McConaughey says, "Just keep livin'." Maybe that's the message of it all. Just keep movin'. No matter what.

You're from just outside Montgomery, Alabama, where Hank Williams's grave is a tourist attraction. You used to go there and sing, right?

Yeah, and write. I'd always take a trash bag with me, because people would leave beer cans and whiskey bottles sittin' around. I never cared much for that kind of crap. I had friends who wanted to save the last sip for Hank, or save the last beer for Hank. But that ain't homage. That's just garbage. You

wouldn't do that in Hank's living room. Why would you do that over his grave?

You seem to have a special affinity for him.

Yeah. Absolutely. There's a real special bond there. He went through life in the same kind of conditions that I did. My family never had anything, either. And I ended up on much the same path that he did. Hank's music was some of the first songs I ever learned. My parents were very strict, so I wasn't allowed to stretch out too far past gospel. I made it to Hank, Buddy Holly, and Waylon Jennings. I wasn't even allowed to listen to Hank Jr. for a long time.

So it was a religious household? It was very religious.

What church?

Independent Baptist. A literal Bible church. Didn't just study the word. Practiced it. Tried to go out and find the deeper meanings in everything that was written.

You grew up in a little trailer in the wilderness?

I tell people we couldn't hit our nearest neighbor with a howitzer, but if we needed to, we had one. Had a catfish pond, too. Plenty of grass to cut. That's how I spent my summers.

What kind of kid were you? Introspective? Serious?

I don't know.

Were you writing songs?

Learnin' songs would be more like it at that age. Music theory. I was writin' sheet music at around 12. I arranged a version of "How Great Thou Art" for the junior high school band. I even wrote a conductor's score.

What did you play?

I played anything I could make a note with, and tried to get as good at everything that I picked up as I could. I went to Jacksonville [Alabama] State College on a music scholarship for a couple of years. Learned an awful lot while I was there, but I got tired of people tellin' me all kinds of stuff I had to do to keep my scholarship, so I quit school and joined the Marine Corps for eight years.

And then as soon as you were discharged, your unit went to Iraq.

Well, I got discharged the same time they got orders. So they ended up going to Iraq, and I ended up framin' the discharge.

Did you wish you were going to Iraq with them?

Part of me wanted to go, but I had this construction company that I'd sunk a lot of money into. It ended up failin' anyway, but I needed to go to Nashville and see if I could get that goin', and so I did.

Let me read something you said in another interview: "I went from high school to college to the Marines to work. So when I got some success, I partied. I thought that's what a young man was supposed to do. I fuckin' lost my mind." How so?

[Chuckles] When I got into music fulltime, I spent all my nights in the bars. We called it "networking." We should have called it "drinkin'." But that's where all the songwriters hung out. And still do to this day. I definitely thought that was what I was supposed to be doing there for a while. And I did it to the best of my ability.

"The Dollar," a Top 15 hit from 2006 [about a child raiding his piggy bank to buy time with his overworked father], showed your craftsmanship as well as your commercial viability. You looked like a clean-cut cowboy then, but even with your current biker vibe, you're quite sentimental.

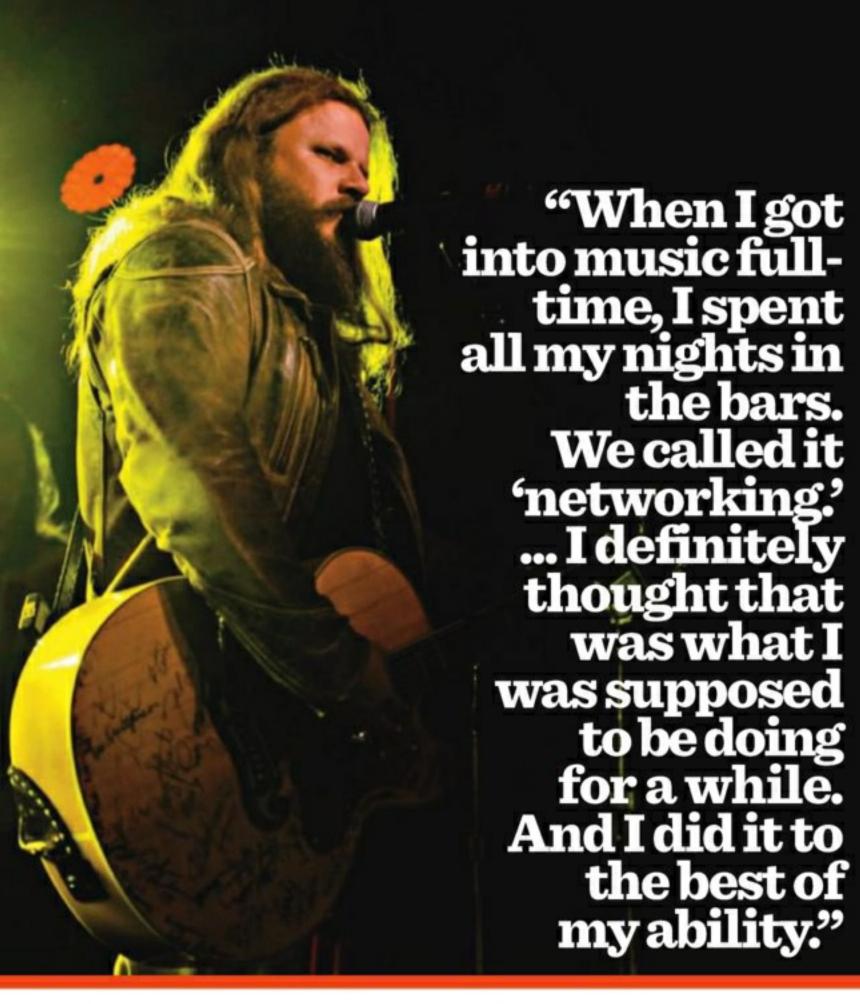
I've talked to a lot of truckers who said the first time they heard that song they had to pull over and dry their eyes out [/aughs]. I tell 'em, "Hell, when I wrote it, I had to pull over and dry mine out."

You just coproduced an album for the Blind Boys of Alabama, the black gospel greats. Why did you get involved with that project?

Just out of grace. They're some of the most soulful singers I've ever heard. Someone asked me to write a song, and it was for the Blind Boys of Alabama. I thought, Oh, cool, that'll be good. When we got in the studio, all the preparation went out the window, as it does on every great record. You can't go in with notes and stick to 'em and still make a great record. I left that project as enthused about music as I've ever been in my life.

When you were first writing songs, what was the best lesson you learned?

To be quiet. You always have to swap sides from being the writer to being the listener. Learning how to edit yourself properly, but without censoring, is one of the greatest lessons you can learn. When I was young, I wrote songs without regard to my listener. If you're gonna perform your songs live, make



and scheduled a time to meet up to write it. Then that morning, James Otto sent me a message that his cowriter had canceled on him. I said, "Come by here and write this thing with me and Lee." We started off with that moment that hopefully every one of us has with our grandparents, where you sit and look through the old photo album as they teach you where you came from. Because where they came from is where you came from, all the way down to when Grandma met Grandpa and they started that love affair. There are scenes in that song directly out of my family photo album, and Lee's, and James's. But even better than that, it's an entire era of American history. It's America's experience.



Johnson and his "In Color" cowriters won Song of the Year at the 2009 CMA Awards. Johnson began, "I never thought you guys would even let me come to things like this."

no mistake: You've left the front porch. It's no longer just for you. I don't dumb down my work just because I'm in front of an audience, but I do take into account that certain things aren't going to fly onstage in front of 15,000 people. If you're not going to take the responsibility of saying something important or worth listening to, then you need to hand that microphone over.

You were part of the Kennedy Center Honors to pay tribute to Merle Haggard last December. Did that mean more to you than the obvious?

Yep. I'd never met an American president before, and I met two of 'em in a row [Bill Clinton and Barack Obama]. And I recognized that if Merle hadn't written songs the way he did, I'd have no reason for being there. Everything that I do goes back to songs guys wrote before my time. That's why they call it traditional country music. You pass it down, and not necessarily through your own children.

How big an influence on you was Merle, as opposed to, say, Waylon?

Merle was just as big an influence in my life as anybody. That's the thing about influences. It doesn't take but one song. Hell, with Elvis, it probably didn't take but one little curl of a lip.

Which of Merle's songs in particular?

"Kern River." I don't think I've ever heard a sadder song. But the purpose of sad songs is to make you feel better. The fact that you were able to explore the inner depth of somebody else's misery lets you know just how shallow your pond is. And when you find the song that hits you the hardest, it's usually not something you can share with anybody else. It connects you with your experience that was similar to what the writer went through. I can tell you that, at 35 years old, "Footlights" means a hell of a lot more to me now than it did at 25. Back then, "Footlights" was a song that an old honky-tonker had written. Now "Footlights" is gettin' to be a song that I better start doing.

"In Color" is one of your best-known songs. What's the story behind that?

I ran into Lee Miller, a friend of mine and cowriter on that song, one morning in Nashville. We were talking about some old black-and-white pictures of Bill Anderson that they had put up on the screen at one of the award shows. Lee mentioned seeing the same kind of picture in Bill's office. He said, "Man, you don't even know who the people are, but obviously they mean a lot to him." And I just said, "Well, hell, you should have seen it in color." We both jotted down the idea

"Baby Don't Cry" ... beautiful song.

I wrote that very much about my little girl, Kylee. It was never hard to get her to go to sleep at night. She was a peaceful baby, and always very happy. I put her to bed one night, and she had a nightmare. It was the first time I've ever had to go back in there and hold her and rock her back to sleep. I remember how unsettling it was for me. I realized her dream was the one place I couldn't save her. I guess I was trying to talk her into putting me in there. "You need somebody to come in and slay the dragon for you." Because she's my seed, and I'm the farmer.

Do you remember the first time you were in love?

Some of them don't really count.
When I was five or six, there was a high school girl, Mona Dollar, who went to the same church we did. And man, I thought she hung the moon. Every time she walked in the room, buddy, she had my full attention.

Do you think women are mysterious creatures?

No. I used to think that. Now I know women are mysterious creatures.

Who'd be the ideal woman for you?

[Pause] I think I'm gonna need another drink.

Six city slickers head to the wilderness to learn some basic camping lessons the hard way. By Jonah Keri Illustrations by Chris Hiers

ou planned the big
weekend for months:
six lifelong buddies
braving the elements,
hiking up into the Rocky
Mountains for two
days, camping under
the stars.
You imagine great
adventures at 12,000

feet, and what a welcome change of pace they'll be compared to your bustling city existence: fresh air, clear lakes, mountains, and glaciers—and, hopefully, wildlife. If you come face-to-face with a critter—big or small—no problem: You tell yourself you'll be brave.

But when a bear shows up, snuffling just inches from your tent, it doesn't feel like a great adventure. It's fucking scary as hell. And you're not alone in that feeling: One of the guys with you, a dude you've known for 30 years, looks at the bear, then looks you in the eye—and pisses his pants.

We reached our first stop of the day just before noon. Sprawled out before us was Fern Lake, its crystal-clear waters surrounded by dramatic, snowcapped mountains. It was a perfect summer day, and we were in the high country at the heart of Rocky Mountain National Park, hundreds (thousands!) of miles from our crowded, polluted, stressful everyday existences.

What could be better?

"I'm going in!" shouted Rick.

Remember the "snowcapped mountains" part of the description in that earlier paragraph? Yeah, well, we were at about 8,500 feet, and much of the water in that lake was melted snow from a couple of months before. I stuck a finger in and it was 50 degrees, tops. Fitz, a bodybuilder and the most fit guy in our group,



intothewild



tried to keep his foot in the water for ten seconds—then bailed after five.

Still, if Rick was in, Fitz was in.
The CEO—so named for being the head of a fast-growing telecom company—wasn't going to let the other guys one-up him. He was in, too. Mike, our buddy who's a local and hikes these mountain trails every weekend, was game as well. He'd never met an outdoor challenge he couldn't hack.

That left me and Cash, who manages a hedge fund (we're creative with our nicknames, eh?), standing onshore. Like me, he had decided that, where this particular risk was concerned, discretion was the better part of valor. We stared blankly at this suddenly gung-ho

group of born-and-bred city boys. Better you guys than us!

The four of them dove in at once, and amazingly, they swam out 50 feet or so. At that point their bodies informed them of just what they'd gotten into, and they began furiously thrashing their way back, much to our amusement. This Polar Bear Club was abandoned just minutes after being formed. The badassery had been frozen right out of them. Cash and I took the opportunity to toss their towels into the woods before they reached the shore, blue-skinned and shivering their asses off. They did not appreciate the joke nearly as much as we did.

They did eventually warm up, though, and we trekked onward and upward, literally.

A couple of hours past lunch, we started getting loopy. It was a potent cocktail of altitude, nostalgia, and general knuckleheadedness.

Mike: "Look around, guys. This is what life was like before concrete buildings and cubicles. Things were so much simpler back then."

Cash: "This is what life was like before we cured polio. So much simpler!"

Me: "We're one-third of the way to an airplane's cruising altitude."

Rick: "I need to find some women and join the One-Third-of-a-Mile-High Club."

Fitz (looking at my fingers, which had blown up to twice their normal size from the altitude): "Your hands have fucking leprosy!"

Then Cash dropped the hammer. Ever since high school ended, Cash had become more and more

The size of the beast and the noises coming out of its mouth told us this was no raccoon. I am now intimately acquainted with the five stages the mind cycles through during an imminent bear attack.

of a ruthless capitalist, working insane hours, taking home seven figures, and traveling the world with his wife-with no plans to ever have kids or do anything else to cramp his lifestyle. Meanwhile, Mike was so smitten by Colorado's many outdoor pursuits, he'd slashed his work schedule, leaving both himself and his wife-two highly trained physiotherapists-to support their two young daughters paycheck-topaycheck, with part-time income. Cash couldn't stand Mike's lifestyle, no matter how many hikes, climbs, and triathlons he'd done, or how happy he was. Earlier, sitting in the passenger seat of Mike's car on the way to the trailhead, Cash had made a discovery in the glove compartment. He couldn't hold it in any longer.

"I found some coupons in your car," Cash smirked.

"For what?" Mike asked.

"Meow Mix."

"Oh, that? Yeah, our friend works in direct marketing, so we get a coupon or two for random stuff."

"You don't have a cat!"

"Yeah, but we can give away a catfood coupon to someone who does."

"You don't have one coupon for Meow Mix. You have 33!"

We all lost it ... with nearly disastrous consequences. CEO started laughing so hard that he tripped and fell halfway down an embankment, the rocks stopping his fall but leaving him gashed up. This only made it funnier.

"You there, fetch me some gauze and a new spleen," I wailed.

We finally made it to the campsite as the late-afternoon sun flickered out. Mike was the only experienced outdoorsman, so he schooled us on the finer points of camping. Here's the best place to pitch a tent. Here's the best way to get that fire really roaring. Finally, he showed us the most important trick of camping: how to keep your food away from animals, and animals away from you. We set up a little platform, tossed all our provisions on it, then Mike winched it high up into a tree, about 200 yards from our tents. Pull on the rope the next morning and we'll have everything we need to get back. As long as we didn't leave any food in our tents, no critters would bother us.

After chowing down and pounding a few beers (whoever invented collapsible coolers deserves a Nobel Prize), we called it a night. Mike, Rick, and CEO went to one tent; Cash, Fitz, and I to the other. This was our first mistake: sticking the three least-competent campers together. Still, we figured Mike had taken care of everything for us. Within a couple of minutes, we all conked out.

It was dark out, so we couldn't identify the approaching animal right away. But the size of the beast and the noises coming out of its mouth told us this was no raccoon. I am now intimately acquainted with the five stages the mind cycles through during an imminent bear attack.

- **1. Realization:** Holy shit, a fucking bear is about to eat me!
- 2. Weapons reconnaissance: Does anyone have a shotgun? How about a samurai sword? What's this, a can opener? Really?!
- 3. Frantic search for reassurance: Someone's gotta have a plan, right? Guys? Guys?!
- **4. Prayer:** I haven't been to a place of worship in a decade, but, God? Hey there. Long time.... A little help?
- 5. Acceptance: Well, we're all going to die someday. There are worse times to go than while on assignment for Penthouse, surrounded by your

best friends.

I had reached Stage 5 and the relative calm it imparted when the bear swiped the tent's flap with its giant paw. I instantly vaulted back to Stage 1. Cash yelped—there's no other word for it—and the three of us crouched impotently, petrified.

The situation was as illogical as it was terrifying. Mike had stashed all our food far away, up a tree. We weren't making noise—hell, we were sleeping—when the bear approached. What had drawn it to our tent?

After about two more panicstricken minutes, we watched the bear give up his search for food and amble away.

I gave him some time, then grabbed my flashlight. Fitz and Cash were ghost-white. No one said anything.

Inoticed Cash's pants, and their unmistakable wet spot. It wasn't quite funny yet. Then I noticed something that wasn't funny at all, and may never be: Fitz shifted his weight, producing a loud, crinkling noise. At his feet were three half-eaten protein bars, partially encased in their foil wrappers. What a cock nozzle.

We trudged back down the mountain the next day, five of us staring daggers at Fitz. The other three guys had been frozen with fear in their tent, and I don't blame them; it's not like getting out of their tent would have been a good idea. We'd learned our lesson: Don't wander into the woods with a bunch of city-boy idiots, and definitely don't bunk with a guy who protein-loads like he's about to compete in the Olympics.

And you know what? I may never go camping again. I think I'll take up something less dangerous. Like skydiving. Without a parachute. Into a field laced with land mines. And snakes. And anthrax.







Dani and Sabrina had headed out to the barren wasteland in search of fuel, but it wasn't long before they took full advantage of the solitude—not to mention each other. Dani had been waiting for a chance to get her busty companion alone, and, to her delight, Sabrina didn't disappoint. Their lust brought a new kind of heat to the sun-scorched landscape. By day's end, they knew each other's every curve and crevice, and that they'd never again say the wasteland was hostile.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker







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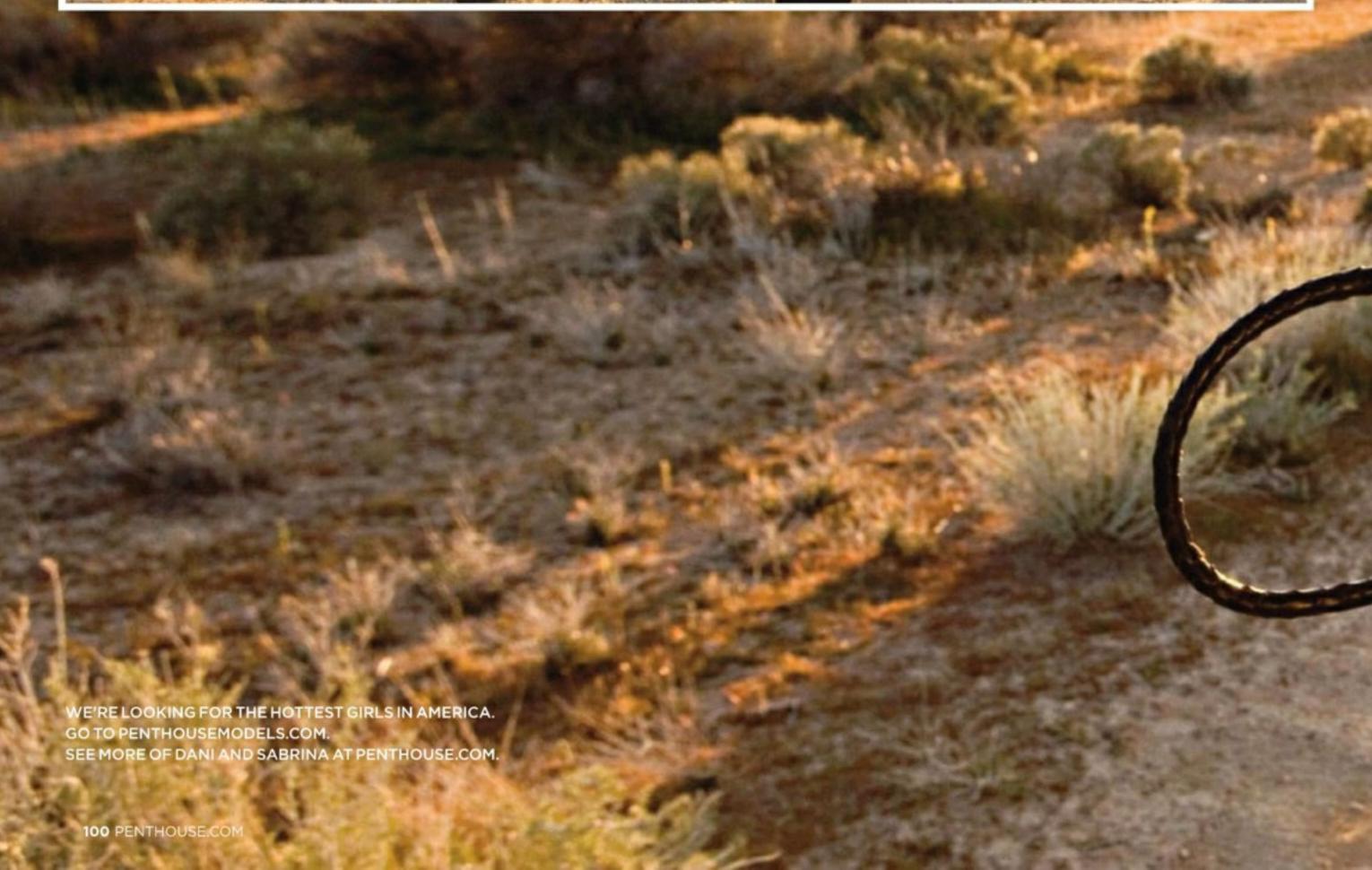














Are you ready to indulge in what every red-blooded American man has thought about or used as wanking material at least once in his life: hiring an escort? These tips will help you successfully add erotic fantasy to your next trip.

By Alex Lieberman

Odds are overwhelmingly good that at some point you've fantasized about a beautiful stranger showing up at your door, getting down on her knees, unzipping your pants, taking your rock-hard cock into her warm, wet mouth, then ... imagine the rest, getting as freaky as you want. The best part is, it ends with her just walking out your door. No "when can I see you again?" No contemplating chewing off your arm to get away.

Sounds good, right? Are you ready to make that fantasy a reality? I'm going to remove the guesswork in booking a hook so you can get exactly what you want. After three years of sucking, fucking, and ducking out the door after an hour or more of mind-blowing, fantasy-filled, and ultimately unencumbered passion, I'm pleased to be your guide to the world of pay-for-play.

1. STAY AWAY FROM **CRAIGSLIST-STYLE** WEBSITES

Did you see the movie about the Craigslist Killer? Every escort, call girl, prostitute, and hooker with a TV did, and that movie scared the shit out of them. Every reputable escort out there is now terrified of meeting guys on a site like Craigslist-including me. For months after, I constantly checked during my appointments to make sure my panties were still on the chair where I'd left them.

In the wide spectrum of looking for love for sale, you can go as low as cruising the street, a half-step down from the aforementioned websites, or as high as the supermodel girls who hang out with congressmen, CEOs, and Charlie Sheen. What I'm guiding you toward is the middle of the market, where the worst you'll find is maybe a little misleading photoshopping on her pictures. Otherwise, you can find some real gems.





2. RESEARCH, RESEARCH, RESEARCH

Google "escorts" and a lot of websites will pop up. (By the way, you need to stick with the plural. If you Google "escort," you'll find information about radar detectors and discontinued Fords.) One of the first sites on the list is likely to be Eros.com. Go there and window-shop. It's like eBay, but instead of shopping for an exotic Asian vase to put on your coffee table, you can find an exotic Asian girl to screw on your coffee table. If you see someone interesting, make sure she's been reviewed. Yes, just like cars, movies, and CDs, escorts have reviews, done by men who have had dates with them.

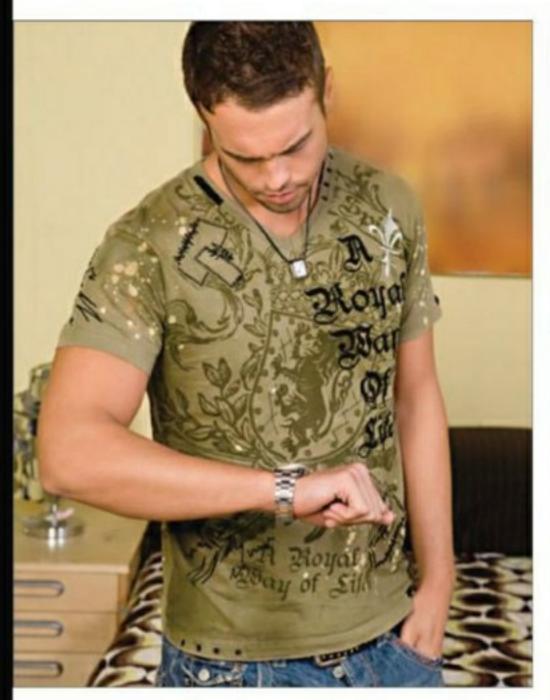
One of the many sites where you can find reviews of escorts is The Erotic Review.com, or TER. This is one of the most extensive, detailed, and reliable sites out there, and it goes out of its way to ensure the reliability of the reviews. The site includes a profile of each escort, helpful if you are into natural breasts or, say, getting sucked off before coming on a girl's face; you'll find out if the girl you're considering is "petite and perky" or can double as a pair of marine buoys in her spare time. And spend the few bucks it'll take to become a VIP member, as the gory details are hidden to the casual visitor. Wouldn't it suck if ten minutes into the session you found out she didn't?

3. LEARN THE LINGO

Reading the reviews is important, and the key to understanding them is learning the customary abbreviations. If you've found a beautiful girl who has every characteristic you've ever wanted at half the price of similarly equipped models, it may be TGTBT (too good to be true). If you're talking about blowjobs, you'll find girls who will provide a BBBJ (bareback blowjob, without a condom) or, better, a BBBJTC (bareback BJ to completion), or, the holy grail of BJs, a BBBJTCWS (bareback BJ to completion with swallow). Paying attention to the abbreviations will save a lot of uncomfortable conversation when the day, or you, finally comes.

One abbreviation that carries a lot of baggage in my world is GFE—girlfriend experience. A lot of girls will advertise GFE, which means they will deep French kiss (DFK) and deliver a BBBJ, but there are no hard-and-fast rules to what's on the menu with a GFE provider. If you're looking

the sex files: escort







for intimacy with an escort, take that abbreviation with a grain of salt.

Another word of caution: Reviews are very subjective, so your mileage may vary (YMMV). I once received a terrible review because I refused to shower with my "appointment." His review ignored the fact that once he got in, there was absolutely no room for me. Paris Hilton's Chihuahua would have had a hard time getting in there with him.

The question of independent versus agency girl will raise its ugly head at this point. Having been both, I highly recommend the independent-girl route. She doesn't have to split her "gift," you don't have to worry about a bait and switch, and she'll make it a point of making you happy so she can get your return business.

4. POP YOUR NEWBIE CHERRY

If you already know about "reviews," you might be a hobbyist (you know who you are). But if you don't know what a hobbyist is, you're a newbie who needs a little educatin' to make the most of your first-and second and third—time. Register on a few erotic forums and address any questions you have to the seasoned hobbyists on the message boards. This doesn't cost any money, and it's a good and easy way to get any and all the details you need to make an informed decision about booking an escort. Both The Erotic Review.com and Eccie.net have newbie forums.

5. CONTACT HER AND SCREEN HER CAREFULLY

You've picked out a girl. Great! Hold on to that hard-on, as there's still work to be done. First, check out her website, and not just her gallery page, perv. Go to her "contact me" page and fill it out in its entirety! If she has just a phone number with no screening form, odds are you're in for an evening of cash and dash or bait and switch. With very few exceptions, a reputable escort will have a way to collect information online.

This brings me to two very important points: Don't be shy and don't lie. I know revealing personal information like employer info, phone numbers, etc., is scary, but it's a must. I guarantee she is just as worried as you are, if not more, about discretion and privacy. You can always ask her to delete your info after she has screened you, but you run the risk of not being able to use her as a provider reference for future trysts. Personally, I refuse to see any man who hesitates or refuses to provide this information.

The form will probably ask you for a reference from another provider; as a newbie, you don't have one. Some girls won't see newbies. Sorry, but it's a safety thing. Don't fret. There are many websites that escorts use to ensure that you are who you say you are; I recommend registering at Preferred411.com, RS2K.com, or DateCheck.com. A lot of escorts rely on these screening sites, and the fact that you've taken the initiative to register with one of them means you'll be taken seriously.

6. MAKE A DATE

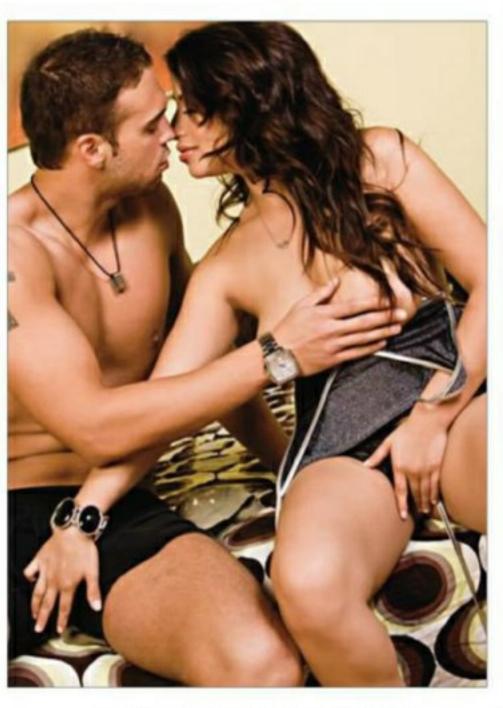
It's the big day. Aren't you excited?
I'm proud of you for making it this
far. Now don't blow it! (Not you, Miss
Thing. You get back on your knees.)
That's right: There are still things you
can do to mess things up even after all
your preparation.

Never ask an escort to negotiate her rates. If you can't afford her, look elsewhere.

Don't ask her to come to your hotel dressed like Julia Roberts in *Pretty*

Woman. Please, please, please don't. I once had a Best Buy salesman ask me to come to his work dressed in a short black leather miniskirt, a tight top open to my bra, and fishnet stockings, then pretend to pick him up. Let me think.... No. Your escort wants to be as discreet as you do until you're behind closed doors. Believe me, you don't want the valet at your hotel contacting the front desk about a suspicious-looking "guest" who just used your room number to pay for parking, much less attract the attention of other guests or hotel security. By the way, yes, you should expect to pay for her parking.

Don't ask sexually explicit questions







before your date. By this point, your homework and a look at the abbreviations on her reviews should have told you what's on the menu. Asking questions will not only guarantee unanswered emails, but it may land you on a blacklist as a cheapskate (bad) or law enforcement (worse).

Once you've gotten intimate, you can ask for minor points of clarification. Minor is "Can I go down on you?" not "Can I use the backdoor for \$100 more?" We're women providing an intimate service, not low-rent desperate individuals who you can treat like a piece of meat. (If that's what you're looking for, find someone who offers roleplay.)

Never hand her cash or ask how much she charges. This will automatically get you EWE (ejected while erect). Always follow the rules outlined on her website. Your best bet is to leave her "gift" in an envelope in plain sight. It's always business before pleasure.

Even with an escort, no means no.
This applies to kinks of any kind,
or even something as simple as
a finger in your (or her) rectum.

Unlike everywhere else, the customer

is not always right.

If you run out of your allotted time, be courteous about hers. It's okay to ask if she can spend another hour or two with you, but be prepared to be turned down. She may have another date, or even a dentist appointment. I've left appointments at the scheduled time because my favorite sushi place was closing in 30 minutes. If she agrees to stay longer, be aware that there is rarely a discount for extended time. Her hourly rate is her hourly rate, unless she explicitly says differently. Remember, whether you want her to stay for another hour in the room or to go out for a bite or a drink, the same rates apply. You're paying for her time, no matter where you are or what you're doing.

Keep it clean. Do I really have to get into this? It's impossible to suck dick while pinching your nostrils. 'Nuf said?

7. RELAX AND ENJOY

Have fun, and be safe. This is a trip where you absolutely don't want to bring home any souvenirs. Just enjoy yourself. Your provider doesn't expect you to be porn's next big male star. Consider this your time. She's there to fulfill your fantasy. Some of my regulars ask for only pampering, massages, and kissing. There's nothing wrong with that. Nothing spoils an appointment for me like a guy who has something to prove sexually. Keep in mind that while you're gauging whether or not you'll hire this particular girl again in the future, she's doing the same and assessing whether or not she'll agree to see you again. If you just remember to have fun, she probably will.

8. TIP IF YOU'RE SATISFIED

The last "act," so to speak, of the night is the tip. As in any service industry, it's good practice to leave a tip proportionate to the quality of the services provided. As a rule, I consider anything less than \$20 to be unreasonable—assuming there were no injuries or outright laughter when I saw you naked. At least that will cover the valet (see tip No. 6). I've been tipped a couple of hundred dollars by a few regulars. Suffice to say, give what you like, but don't be stingy. At this point the tip can be given directly to her. Once you've become a regular you can move into the next category ... presents!

9. FOR PETE'S SAKE, DON'T GET EMOTIONAL

Above everything else, don't fall in love. She's a rental. Unless she asks you to (which I doubt she will), do not call her, email her to complain about your day, or text her to ask how she is a week later. Unless you're emailing to set up another session, she doesn't want to hear from you. Fucking her doesn't make you friends. A short email saying "thank you" is okay, but otherwise, just bask in the glow of guilt-free fantasy.

The author's "Escorting 101" experiences in her blog, Alex the Reluctant Escort, wipe away the gloss of madefor-TV movies and reveal the funny, dysfunctional, and real lives of both escorts and customers.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

If you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



THE PHALLIC FALLACY

My penis looks little when it's flaccid, but it's at least average in size when erect. Sometimes when I'm nude but not aroused, I feel self-conscious about my penis size. Other guys' dicks look a lot bigger when they're limp. Can you usually tell how well-endowed a guy is by his flaccid penis size?

No, you can't. Data on more than 1,000 men, collected by sex researcher Alfred Kinsey, refute the "phallic fallacy"—that a long, flaccid dong necessarily grows to be much longer when hard.

The truth is, the average length of a hard cock is fairly constant, but the flaccid length is not. An average erection is a little less than six inches long. The average limp dick is about three inches long. Guys with shorter flaccid dicks tend to have greater increases in length when hard, whereas guys with longer limp dicks have less of an increase.

A guy with a three-inch softie might sport a six- to seven-inch boner; by the same token, a guy with a fiveinch dangle might manage less than six inches of wood.



ULTRA SMOOTH

My boyfriend and I were watching a porno together for the first time, and when the couple in the film got naked, I noticed the guy in the film was hairless. I probably said something about how good it must feel, but I certainly didn't make a big deal about it. I get waxed regularly, but I never expected my boyfriend to shave his balls because of my comment—which he did. If he shaved regularly I wouldn't mind, but the stubble between shaves is killing me. How can I get him to stop?

Please, just be up-front with him. He's probably doing it because he thinks that's what it takes to be a sexy dude, but has no clue what he's doing—and is suffering for it.

When I was in my early twenties, I had a moment when I thought I should go hairless to please my girlfriend. I went to the drugstore and bought a depilatory cream that was called, I kid you not, Ultra Smoove. The tube featured a picture of a handsome black man with a shiny bald head.

In the shower, I liberally applied Ultra Smoove cream to my chest and pubes. I immediately felt

a burning sensation, which I took as a good sign that the product would work. But as I rubbed my Ultra Smooved areas with a washcloth, not only hair came off, but also quite a lot of skin, leaving my chest and crotch painfully raw.

I tried to hide the damage, but it wasn't long before my girlfriend noticed spots of blood wicking through my white T-shirt, and I had to confess what I'd done, and why. When she finally stopped laughing, she told me I was sweet for trying, but that she didn't care about my body hair one way or the other.

So you see, men are more vain than the women in our lives might suppose. We will do idiotic things, and hurt ourselves, in our misguided attempts to be more attractive to you.

I think I can say with confidence that your boyfriend isn't shaving his balls for his own satisfaction, and that the prickly stubble bothers him way more than it bothers you. Just tell him that you appreciate his efforts, but he doesn't have to shave his balls to please you, and he'll stop shaving his balls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) TRACY HEBDEN/ALAMY, (ABOVE) MIRA/ALAMY

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to sexed@ffn.com.



THE NATURAL CHOICE

What are "lambskin" condoms, and why do guys use them? That doesn't sound like something I'd want on my dick.

Let me tell you this: After
I announced that I was
engaged, my older halfbrother took me aside.
"I have just one word for
you," he said with a wink.
"Lambskin." It took me
nearly ten years to heed
his advice, for the same
reason to which you allude.
I knew that lambskin
condoms are not made of
lamb's skin, exactly, but of
sheep intestine. That didn't
sound so savory to me.

But provided that you're only using condoms to prevent pregnancy, and not as protection against sexually transmitted infections, I have just one word for you: lambskin.

Of all the condoms
I've used, only lambskin
comes close to feeling
like wearing nothing at
all. It actually comes very
close. Granted, I haven't
personally tested every
condom on the market, but
I have been disappointed
many times by the

high-tech, super-thin, extra-sensitive condoms I have tried.

That's not to say that lambskin condoms are for everyone, or, in fact, most men. The thin intestinal membrane from which lambskin condoms are made is, when seen through a microscope, like a fishing net. It's fine enough to catch your relatively big sperm, but not fine enough to prevent viruses and bacteria from slipping through. Imagine your sperm as tuna, and pathogens like HIV, syphilis, and gonorrhea as sardines.

As for the ick factor,
I got over it very quickly
by remembering that the
yummy sausages I have for
breakfast every morning
are also sheaths of animal
intestine filled with meat. If
you eat it, you should have
no problem wrapping your
dick in it.

What about mixed couples—that is to say, meat eaters paired with vegan types? If she has a problem with the natural sausage casing, then it should be up to her to find an alternative that feels as good or better to you.

WHAT'S BETTER THAN PUSSY?

My girlfriend doesn't like it when I use "pussy" to talk about her pussy.
All the other names for it that I can think of she likes even less. Is there another word for it that she wouldn't object to?

Funny you should ask. This is something I struggle with all the time, not only as a sex writer, but also in my daily life. Often I wish I could talk about a woman's pussy, or the pussy in general, in a totally neutral way. What I wish for is a word like "breasts." You can say breasts anywhere and in any company; everyone knows exactly what you're talking about, but you don't sound like Andrew Dice Clay, a bad poet, or a medical textbook. And yet Andrew Dice Clay, bad poets, and medical textbooks all say "breasts," too.

If you don't like the word "pussy," some might say call it a vagina. I think that's fine, if in fact you are talking about the vagina and only the vagina. I like to be precise about what I call things. The vagina, strictly speaking, is the tube of muscle and mucous membrane that leads from the outside of the body to the cervix and uterus. But too often people use the word "vagina" to refer to the vagina and the vulva, which includes the labia, clitoris, and urethra. To borrow an excellent analogy from *The* Guide to Getting It On, calling the whole shebang a "vagina" is like calling your whole face a "mouth."

Whenever I use the word "vagina," I'm talking about the vagina. There's no other word in the dictionary for it. It's an ugly, clinical word. "Vulva" and "labia" also have a whiff of formaldehyde about them.

As a name for the female genitals dating way back to the 1600s, "pussy" has a lot going for it. For one, it refers to the whole thing, not just the hole. It also aptly evokes the pussy's feline nature—finicky, aloof with strangers, but friendly and playful with those it trusts. And although many pussies these days look more like Mr. Bigglesworth than Sylvester, "pussy" also refers to soft fur that's pleasing to pet.

Unfortunately, even after 400 years of use throughout the English-speaking world, "pussy" has yet to be elevated from low slang to polite vocabulary. Whatever merits the word itself may have, most people still take offense to it, or are at least a little embarrassed by it. The fact remains that you still can't say "pussy" in mixed company, even if you are talking about a cat.

Of course, if Oprah were to endorse the word, its stigma would disappear overnight. Instead, on her show in 2006, she gave her special endorsement to "vajayjay." Because Oprah said it, everyone can say "vajayjay" without blushing. It's sassy; it's cute; it's the vajayjay! And I hate it. It is to vagina what "jammies" are to pajamas. I don't want to fuck a vajayjay.

Since I can't see "pussy" getting mainstream acceptability anytime soon, I'd like to suggest an alternate that's not cutesy, not offensive, not metaphorical, and that refers to the vagina and pudendum together. The word is "minge."

"Minge" (rhymes with binge) is a chiefly British and Aussie slang term that has been in use for about 100 years. I think we could put it to good use here in the States, too.

Somebody say, "Hey, we want some minge!"



A woman learns the hard way that restraints can be strangely liberating and punishment can be pleasantly rewarding.

By Sommer Marsden • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

admit that it took me a good week to get used to hearing Jared say "daddy." The first time he said it, I swore he meant "daddy" as in "sugar." I figured that what I had before me in the flashing, booming bar was a man-whore. A pretty, charming man-whore.

Wrong. Looks can be deceiving, and so can first impressions. What I had was a good old boy who called his father one of two things—Daddy or Sir. A man schooled in the ways of quiet self-assurance and respect.

When I got him home that night, again I figured that I had one of two things ... a man who didn't know a clit from a cocktail straw, or a guy who'd just bang one out and ask if I had any beer. Wrong again.

What I had was a bit of a dominant who trussed me to the bed with his big leather belt and fucked me blue. He made me beg him for things I didn't know I wanted, until I considered calling him daddy. Then he asked me if I had any beer.

Two months had passed and

Jared and I had been inseparable. He announced to me that he had to talk to Daddy about something and I was coming with him.

"What if I don't want to go?" I asked.

He backed me to the bedpost and had my good silk stocking wrapped around my wrists before I could even blink. "What if you don't?" he asked, almost conversationally. That always pushed me into rose-red lust. The nonchalant way he had of telling me what I would do.

"What if I don't?" I said again, because I couldn't think what else to say. All I could really focus on was the sensual bite of silk stockings pressing into my skin, and the way he kneed my legs open so he could run his finger along the split of my sex. I was still in jeans, but I bet he knew I was wet. His smile said he knew.

"Then I guess you don't have to come." He almost kissed me then, my ears picking up his deliberate accent on the final word of his sentence. His breath feathered across my bottom lip. I felt that hitch in my chest, that excitement that uncoiled low in my gut like a curl of smoke. But at the very last second he pulled back and left me very much unkissed.

"Jared." I begged him with just that one word.

"Maybe I can convince you that you want to come," he chuckled.

His big fingers didn't look like they would work on such a tiny brass button, but he had me out of my jeans pretty fast. His fingers, warm and blunt and used to hard work—on a farm of all places—slipped into my pussy. He flexed the fingertips roughly and his touch shot straight to that moist, secret place in me that craved him the most. He played my G spot like a piano he'd played for years.

The orgasm that I wanted desperately rubbed up against me and I sighed, wanting so badly to come but not quite there yet. "I think I could manage," I said.

His teeth, shockingly white and perfect for a hillbilly (something I called him affectionately and then took my spanking like a good girl), clamped down on the side of my neck so that all the nerve endings sang out with pain and then a flash of sweet pleasure. He dropped his head, bit my nipple, thrust his fingers up high and hard, and I came like a dry twig snapping. It was fast and clean and brutal. Just the way he liked to make me come.



"So you'll come?" he asked. Smiling that smile of his—the smile of a man who gently demanded his way and got it. A subtle dictator. A secret king.

"I'll come," I said.

"Good girl." He worked his belt, dropped his jeans, and grabbed my legs. "Better hold on to that bedpost, Ellen. Here / come." He entered me with such ease it stole my breath. When my second orgasm curled through me, I begged him to kiss me.

Jared nodded and kissed me until my lips were bruised and I was ready for him all over again.

"Do you think your father will like me?"

"You want to meet him?"

"Wha ... I ... I mean, I just assumed that—"

"I'm not sure you're ready to meet Daddy. He can be a bit ..."

"Intimidating?"

"Larger-than-life."

"Okay," I said.

"Trust me. I just need to talk to him, but I want you to see the farm. I want you to see where I'm from."

"Cool." But I couldn't help feeling a bit of a letdown in my gut. A little hurt. An irrational urge to demand to meet a man I really wasn't ready to meet.

The farm was pretty. "I'll take you down by the creek to wait. There's a weeping willow down there planted by my great-great—"

"Whatever."

"Ellen."

"It's fine." I crossed my arms. What was I doing? I so did not want to meet his dad. The thought scared me to death. It was something I wanted to wholeheartedly avoid, and yet I said, "I know you're ashamed of me."

He cut off the main road and the truck did a backwoods bump-and-grind over the field. I let out whoops and yelps like some heroine in a seventies car movie with guys who wore big mustaches and cowboy boots.

"Don't be ridiculous."

"It's fine. Fine!" I barked. "You ... big. Dumb. Redneck!"

And that's how I found myself tied to the weeping willow tree. I fought my ties, but Jared had done a good job. As usual. He'd crushed me up against the trunk, reaching his immense bulk around me and tying my arms with rope from the truck. Farm boys were like Boy Scouts, always prepared. In my ear he whispered a running monologue: "I'll deal with you when I get back, you brat. Temper tantrums are not acceptable.

bedtime stories

You should know better by now ... think about that while I'm gone."

God help me, the whole fuckedup scenario had my panties damp and my heart slugging out an erratic tempo. Jared had left me, growling "One for the road" and smacking me really hard on the ass cheek. "Wet" did not cover how I was between the legs.

I yanked hard and the rope bit into my wrists. Here came the panic. How long would he be gone? Did his father know? Could anyone see me? I'd die out here alone on some rustic farm. tied to a tree like a horror-movie heroine while wild coyotes (were there coyotes around here?) feasted on my gorgeous, tragic remains and ...

"Are you better-behaved now, woman?" His hot breath was on my neck. I hadn't heard him coming. He lifted my silly little city dress and tugged at my panties.

"Jared, I-"

"Hush up, now. No more bitching." His hands found me, and just as he slid two thick fingers home, he spanked my ass again. I yelped. I jumped. I got wetter for him.

"Your daddy ..."

"My daddy was a big help." He left me there, panties down, dress bunched around my waist, and walked to the end of one great, swooping, thin limb. The weeping willow had been a verdant umbrella of foliage hovering over me while he was gone. He took a buck knife and cut off a length. Then, as I watched, he stripped the tapered leaves free of the bark.

I swallowed hard. "What did he have to say?"

"He said that I should ask you to be my girl, and maybe one day my wife, if we had a handle on how things are between us."

Jared sauntered to me. He tucked the willow switch under one arm and undid his jeans. His cock was flushed and ready, and oh, how I wanted him. But my eyes shot to that switch and I shifted in place like I had to pee.

"How are things?" I whispered.

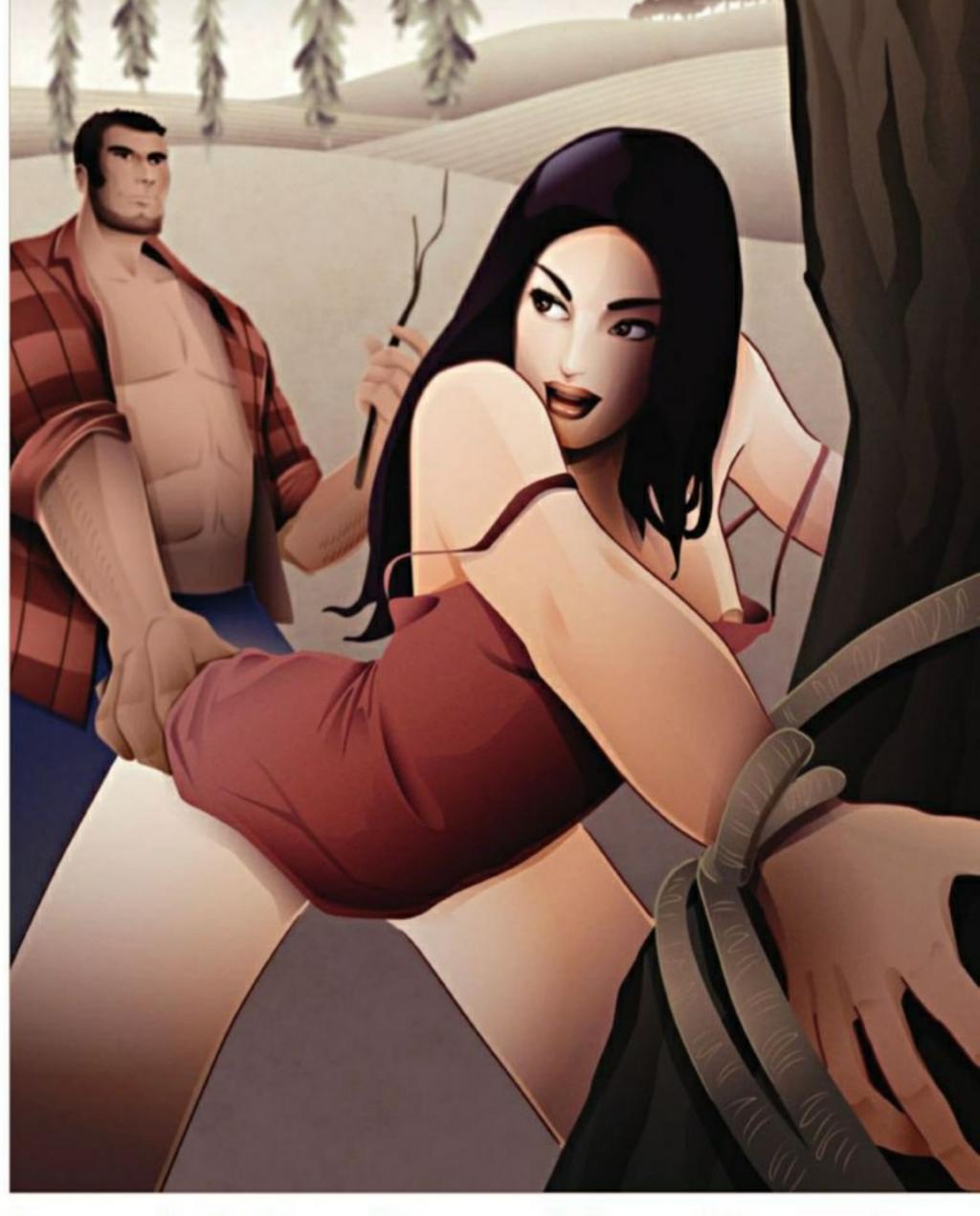
"You know you were bad and I need to punish you."

Inodded.

"But don't you worry, honey. If you do good, I might reward you."

I nodded again.

It was six lashes for my mouth. Six lashes of impossibly resilient green wood that bit at me like some small



It was six lashes of impossibly resilient green wood that bit at me like some small forest creature while I twisted in the wind, tied to the tree.

forest creature while I twisted in the wind, tied to the tree. Jared's girl taking her punishment as his daddy suggested. Was this a family trait? I wondered. But only for an instant, because the switch hit the ground at my feet and he was in me. A swift thrust and my Jared was seated deep—his fingers on my clit, his cock driving into me.

"Do you take after your daddy, then?" I babbled, tears drying on my cheeks. My cunt clutched up around him and I sighed. Praying for the orgasm to come. Praying that it didn't. He chuckled darkly. "Heh. Maybe."

Rough bark rubbed my face as he rocked against me, and when my orgasm yanked me under, I heard him grunt his own release. My Jared, who this time had none-too-gently demanded his way and gotten it. A subtle dictator. A secret king. O

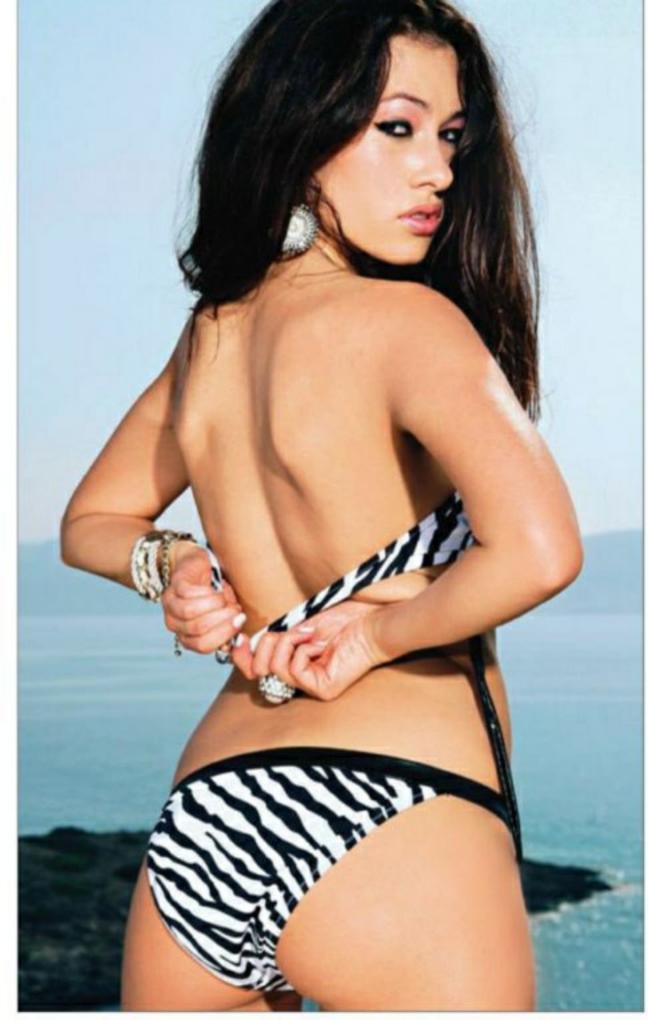
"A Secret King," by Sommer Marsden, from Slave to Love: Erotic Stories of Bondage and Desire, edited by Alison Tyler. Published by Cleis Press, 2011.





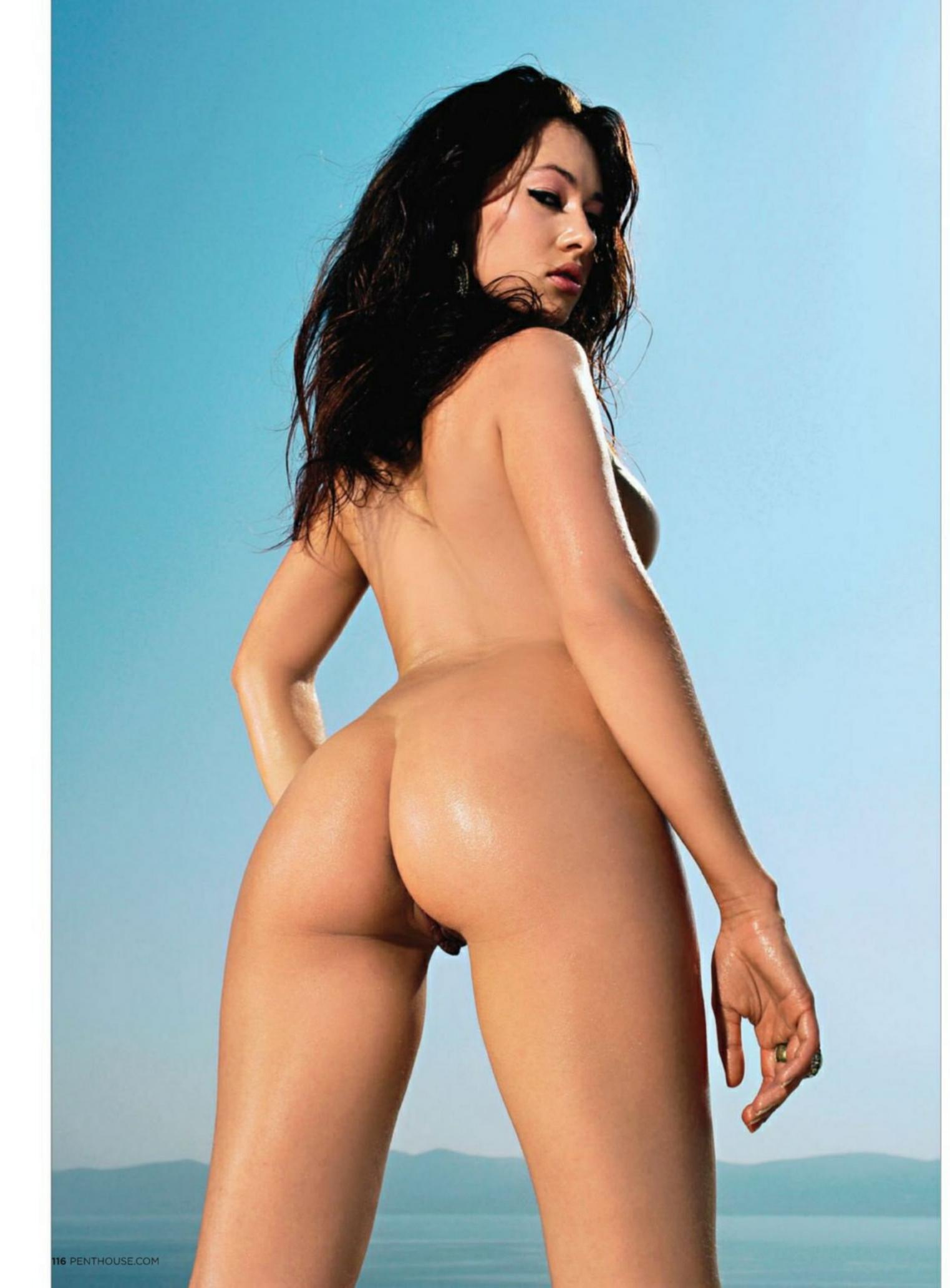






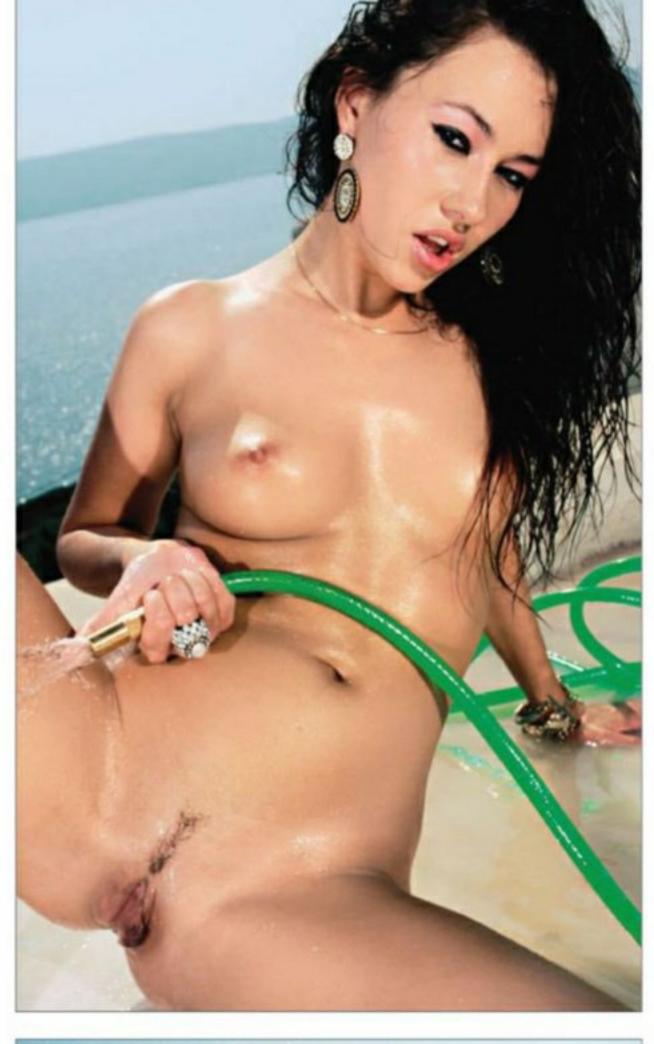
























The sexual confessions of a group of horny women take center stage in this rewarding all-girl lovefest. Penthouse Pet Jayden Cole plays a woman whose sex-toy sales parties lead to her teaching the naive and waifish Katie Jordin exactly what the toys are for. Their scene builds nicely from a heated, clit-sucking headjob to a high point when Katie fills Jayden's cooch with a dildo and Jayden masturbates herself to orgasm. The best—and most artistically daring-scene features Riley Evans as a woman having frighteningly sexual dreams. When Alexa Nicole and Tiffany Thompson, the temptresses of her nightmares, come to life and ravish her in person, the scene takes on a bizarrely ethereal quality that manages to satisfy the viewer both dramatically and sexually.

Above: Alexa Nicole, Riley Evans, and Tiffany Thompson Right: Jayden Cole and Katie Jordin







PENTHOUSE'S HARDCORE MILFS

Penthouse Studios has come to the fore of the MILF genre for many reasons, not least of which is its impressive roster of performers. This DVD is an extensive and exhaustive (and therefore excellent) compilation of scenes from previously released titles—more than a dozen clips covering all the permutations of the older woman/youngerman (or woman) scenario you can imagine. Among the highlights: 2004 Pet of the Year Victoria Zdrok's outdoor session with lovely blonde Laurie Wallace; Kayla Synz in one of the hottest hetero performances on the disc, a coupling with Tony De Sergio that displays intense erotic aggression; and our favorite-ever scene featuring 2010 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Veronica Ricci, a beautifully demented seduction scenario in which a babysitter is taken by Darryl Hanah. All great stuff, and one of the reasons God invented compilation DVDs.

Above left: Kayla Synz and Tony De Sergio Above right: Jazy Berlin and Carlo Carrera

PENTHOUSE PRESENTS CUM SHOT EXAMINER

The concept here is a spin on forensicinvestigation-TV shows like Bones and, in particular, the CSI franchise. Luckily for viewers, Cum Shot Examiner finds its strength in something far more tangible: its sex scenes. The slutty, whorey, MILF-y goodness of Ray Veness getting pronged by the studly Rocco Reed is a prime example. Ray Veness guides the scene with a barrage of dirty talk when she's not stuffing her fingers in her cunt or squirting while she sucks Rocco's dick. The high point comes (as will you) with Rebecca Blue, a thin blonde with the look of a girl born to have sex on camera. Rocco gives her a hard tabletop fucking, sometimes sucking her feet while he bangs her, an action Rebecca rewards with some powerful cocksucking. The rest of the female cast-Monique Alexander, Ariella Ferrera, and Jazy Berlin-all turn in hot sexual performances as well, providing plenty of good reasons to keep your finger off the remote's fastforward button.O+ a

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HOTFORTEACHER

I work at a Caribbean resort that caters to singles, and I pretty much have my pick of women who are looking for girlie action—which is what a lot of ladies want when they're on vacation, alone and in threesomes. The restrictions they put on their sexual behavior at home are left at home. I recently spent a few days broadening the horizons of an attractive young divorcée. Karen had married her high school boyfriend and had had nothing but unfulfilling sexual encounters, but within two days of meeting me, she was having multiple orgasms, eating pussy like a pro, and even sucking off my friend Paul while he was tending bar at the beach.

Karen spent a good part of her second day there between my legs, paying tribute to my clit and pussy, and made me come several times. By lunchtime her cunt was dripping and she was fingering herself furiously, but I made her stop: "No, baby, you can't come yet. You licked my cunt without permission this morning, and I told you there would be consequences. You did a good job with Paul earlier, but you still need to learn some manners."

I took Karen to my room to pick up a couple of sex toys and some silk scarves and restraints, and I made her wear a tiny bikini to lunch, with a restraint tied around each ankle like a bracelet. As I tied them, I licked her inner thighs and said, "When we go back to your room after lunch, I'm going to tie you to your bed." Her eyes were wide, but she was moaning with anticipation and arousal.

I had an exercise class in the afternoon, and I told Karen she wasn't allowed to masturbate but I was going to leave her on the verge of orgasm. I rubbed her cunt till her juices were flowing freely again, then lubed up a small butt plug. After I slid it into her ass, I tied her to the bed on her back, spread-eagled, and watched her reaction carefully. It had been obvious from the start that Karen's submissive tendencies were strong, but I wanted to make sure I didn't push her too far too fast.

I sucked her nipples as I moved up her body, then whispered, "When I come back, I'm going to untie just one hand and let you finger me while I eat your ass until you come."

She arched her back under me, trying to make contact again, but I moved off her. I pulled a sheet up over her, just in case housekeeping came



in, and told her to watch as I fucked myself with my favorite glass dildo. I had one leg splayed across her torso while I rubbed my clit until my cunt spasmed around the phallus. Karen let out a deep moan and begged to sample my juices, so I ran the dildo across her lips and said, "Just a taste, baby. I'm going to leave this between your beautiful tits, like you're fucking it, so you'll smell my arousal while I'm gone."

I got dressed for class and asked Karen if she needed anything. She said, "Just you, a hard cock, and about a dozen orgasms."

I smiled and told her, "Be a good girl, baby, and miss me while I'm gone."

I told her to watch as I fucked myself with my favorite glass dildo until my cunt spasmed around the phallus.

I got back to Karen's room an hour and a half later and found her writhing on the bed, panting hard, trying to ride the butt plug. "Oh, no, baby, don't do that. I've got something much better for fucking your ass."

I pulled out a thin vibrator and showed her the wide base, giving her much more information than she needed about the design of toys for analplay. She could barely contain herself as she listened, especially when I pulled off the sheet to look at her delectable body. "Oh, look at you, baby. You're so hot that you're ready for anything, aren't you?"

"Please, Savannah, I need to come!" I slid a finger into her slit, and her juices ran out of her pussy and down to her ass. I grabbed a couple of pillows and told Karen to arch her back so I could put them under her hips. After I pulled them into position, her cunt and ass were fully exposed, and I just stared at her. "Please, Savannah! I'll do anything if you make me come now! Please, mistress!"

Now that attitude deserved a

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reward. I climbed onto the bed and laved Karen's cunt. She was so excited that she came in a minute, and I quickly fingered her to another orgasm. Then I eased out the butt plug and tongued her ass until she came again—loudly. After she caught her breath, I said, "Tell me what you want now, Karen."

"I want you, mistress."

"No, Karen, tell me what you want me to do to you." As I said this, I looked her in the eye and slid my index finger into her ass.

She moaned loudly again and said, "Mistress, I want to taste you."

"No, Karen. You want me to do something to you," I told her, thrusting my finger into her asshole a couple of times, then pulling it out. "I know what you want, but I'm not going to give it to you unless you ask for it."

"Mistress, I ... I want you to ... please finger my ass again."

I bent down and tongued Karen's ass again, then pushed in my middle finger. "Like this, baby? Is this what you want?"

"Oh, yes, Savannah. I want more." "I know you do, baby. You need more than a finger. Tell me what you want."

"The dildo, mistress. I want the dildo in my ass."

"Okay, baby." I lubed up the toy and eased the tip into Karen's ass, then stopped.

"Please, mistress!"

I pushed it in a couple more inches, and Karen moaned ecstatically. "Deeper, Savannah! Please! I need more!"

I pushed the six-inch dildo in all the way, eliciting more deep groans from Karen, then slowly fucked her with it. She was going crazy, pulling against the restraints and trying desperately to get off. I picked up the pace a bit, then turned on the vibrator to its lowest setting. Karen immediately came with a shriek that could wake the dead, yelling my name and screaming for even more.

Once Karen's climax subsided, I pulled out the vibe and the pillows under her and lay down, caressing her breasts and kissing her. "Now that you've shown how well you take orders, you should learn how it feels to be in charge. Let's go to the pool and get some drinks, and then you can tie me up before Paul comes by. If you impress me, I'll ask him to fuck your hot little ass." Karen giggled and blushed, then said, "Yes, mistress," with a seductive smile.—S.W., Jamaica



DINNER AND A MOVIE

To celebrate our five-year anniversary, Blake and I decided to relive our first date. We were 19 when we met, and in typical fashion, we'd gone to dinner and a movie. Now that we'd been together for so long, I thought we could come up with something more exciting to do, but Blake promised he'd make it interesting. Considering I'd been planning most of our date nights for a couple of years, I was happy to hand over the reins to my boyfriend, and excited to see what he'd come up with.

In typical Blake style, the focus of our date was sex. Instead of going to see the latest blockbuster release or some critically acclaimed indie flick, I found myself being taken to the only adult theater around. The idea of watching porn in a theater full of strangers intrigued me, and as much

My hand worked faster between my thighs. I didn't look to see if anyone was watching us. I didn't care.

as I was tempted to give him hell for making our special night all about getting laid, I couldn't bring myself to really be upset. Hell, I was kind of turned on by the idea.

A half-dozen people were scattered around the theater when we arrived, all sitting at least a couple of rows away from one another, and we claimed seats near the back. A few more people came in before the movie started, and in total there were about a dozen people there, all men except for me, and they all kept their distance.

As the movie started, I heard zippers being pulled down all around me, and then I saw Blake unzipping his pants as well. I watched him haul out his dick and rub it, getting it hard, while the porn stars on the big screen enjoyed a little foreplay. I turned my attention back to the movie when the clothes started coming off, and the female star took her costar's dick in her mouth. While she sucked him off, I reached over to play with my boyfriend's cock. The woman onscreen was slobbering all over her partner's dick, and the sight of his tool going in and out of her bright-red mouth turned me on.

I tightened my grip on Blake's shaft and jerked him off faster.

Blake was clearly astonished by my boldness, and he couldn't stop gaping at me as I played with his cock. The more I stroked him-with the sounds of the porno couple in the background—the more aroused I became, until I had to use my free hand to rub my pussy. I figured watching me was going to drive Blake crazy, and when he started pumping his hips up, thrusting his cock in my hand, I got all the proof I needed that I was right.

When the couple on-screen started to fuck, I dropped to my knees on the floor and took Blake's dick in my mouth. I used my hand to fondle his balls while I sucked his cockhead, and almost instantly his pre-come seeped out onto my tongue. My hand worked faster between my thighs, my arousal increasing as I deep-throated Blake's dick in a room full of people. I didn't look to see if anyone was watching us. I didn't care. All that mattered was getting off.

I swirled my tongue around Blake's dick while I held him deep in my throat, and the fingers at my pussy worked faster and faster. I could hear the porn stars' bodies slapping together and I matched their rhythm as I sucked my boyfriend's rock-hard cock and finger-fucked myself. My cunt was soaked, and when I felt my pussy muscles start to spasm, I knew the effort was going to pay off soon.

Blake's dick was throbbing in my mouth, and I sucked him faster, my head bobbing while I applied pressure to his shaft with my lips. I squeezed his balls a bit and lightly pulled on them, trying to get him off even sooner. It worked, and within seconds he was coating my tongue with his hot seed. That was the final straw for me, and with one last furious thrust into my cunt, I came.

We didn't make it to dinner that night. In fact, we didn't even make it through the entire movie. As soon as we'd had a minute to calm down and straighten up a bit, we hightailed it out of the theater and raced home. We barely made it through the door before we were ripping each other's clothes off so we could fuck.

It wasn't quite the romantic anniversary I'd been imagining, but it was definitely a special way to celebrate. I'm not sure how we'll top it next year, but I'm already looking forward to finding out!—L.B., New Mexico



TOY STORY

The giant wooden chest that sits at the foot of my bed is filled to overflowing with sex toys. I've got it all, from giant dildos and vibrators of every shape and size to nipple clamps, floggers, and handcuffs—furry and standard police-issue. And I love to use them-especially with my girlfriend Jana.

The other night we were fooling around in the bedroom when I rolled away from her, reached into the chest, and pulled out a pair of glass dildos that we'd bought the last time

As I shifted over her, she lapped my clit like a kitten at a bowl of milk, soft and gentle. I was rougher with her.

we went shopping. One was a curvy piece that got wider and narrower at different points along the shaft, and the other was a standard cockshaped toy with a ridged shaft. Both were really beautiful and had dried flowers inside the glass, so we'd had to have them. We had yet to use them, though, and I knew Jana was dying to give them a try.

I held the toys out to her and watched her eyes light up. She grabbed the ridged glass cock, leaving me with the curved glass. Jana went to push the dildo between her thighs, but I shook my head. She looked at me in confusion until I started to straddle her in a sixty-nine. Then she got the idea.

As I shifted over her, Jana leaned in and started to lick my pussy while I did the same to her. She lapped my clit like a kitten at a bowl of milk, soft and gentle and loving, but I

was rougher with her. I pressed and scraped my tongue against her flesh, and when she started to respond, I began to thrust my tongue into her cunt. She started writhing beneath me, her hips forcing her pussy hard against me. Not to be outdone, she started to push the glass dildo she'd chosen into my cunt.

The head of the toy went in smoothly, my slick pussy helping it slide inside me with ease. The ridges, though, took a little more effort, and the textured shaft went in slowly. I could practically count the ridges as Jana slid the glass into me, as slow as she was going, and I moaned loudly, begging her to go faster. In response, she licked my clit and pulled the dildo out by half an inch, teasing and tormenting me in my time of sexual need. I could hardly think with her between my thighs, but when I was able to clear my head for a moment, I moved my mouth up to her clit and shoved the wavy glass dildo up her cunt.

I watched as one distinct bulge disappeared between her lips, and I felt her breathy moan against my cunt. I eased the second of the five sections into her, and this time she moaned more loudly, letting me hear as well as feel her response. I paused then, giving her a moment to enjoy the feeling of fullness, and that's when she started in on my pussy again.

Jana pushed the ridged toy deeper into my cunt, moving it more quickly

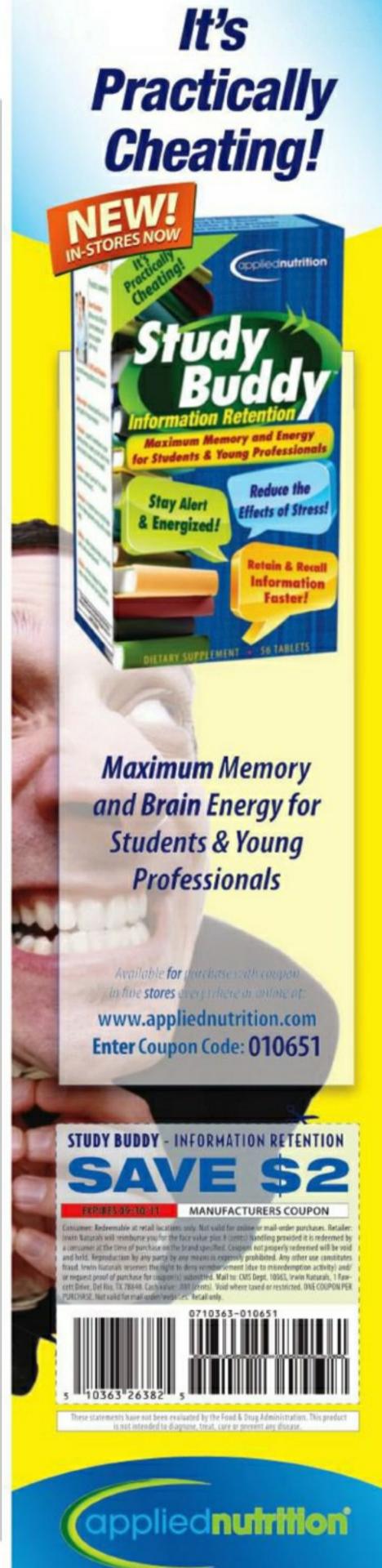
than she had earlier, and the textured glass felt heavenly between my lips. She thrust the glass in and out, and I was biting my lip from the ecstatic feelings it caused. It felt so good that I couldn't see straight. All I could think about was the incredible sensations radiating out from my cunt. And then Jana started sucking on my clitoris. The combined pleasures were overwhelming, and when she gently bit my erect clit, I exploded in orgasmic bliss.

As soon as I came down, I went back to work on Jana. I fucked her as hard as I could with my dildo, and I did my best to eat her pussy at the same time. It was no easy feat, but I kept at it until her juices were absolutely gushing. Het up when I thought she was ready to come, wanting to keep her on the verge of climax without giving her what she wanted quite yet. I kept teasing her, flicking her clit with the tip of my tongue as I slowly eased the glass in and out of her pussy. It was driving her mad, and when I'd tortured her more than enough, I sucked her clit hard and thrust the dildo as fast as I could.

Jana came, and her juices flooded around the dildo, into my mouth, and over my chin. She came more than I'd ever seen. It was incredible.

Our glass dildos are now our mostused playthings—though we're constantly adding new ones to our toy box. A girl can never have too many accessories!—D.M., Illinois







A NEW EXPERIENCE

The house was dark and quiet when I got home, so I figured my wife was working late again. I didn't have anything to do until she got home, so I kicked off my shoes, dropped my briefcase by the door, and headed up to the bedroom to grab a quick nap. I was about to push open the bedroom door when I heard a noise from inside. It sounded like Ramona—in the throes of a climax!

My first thought was panic. What if she was cheating on me and I was about to catch her in the act? I didn't think my wife was the cheating kind, but I guess no one ever does. I wasn't really sure what else I could do other than confront her, though, so I took a deep breath and pushed the door open a hair to peer inside. There was Ramona, lying on the bed, moaning and sweating—with a thick black dildo in her hand. I'd caught my wife masturbating!

I'd never seen Ramona get herself off, and I didn't even know she owned any sex toys other than the few we used together, so I was in complete shock. But I got over it quickly when I realized that this was the perfect chance to watch my wife make love to herself. I wasn't sure when I'd have the opportunity otherwise, and I wasn't going to let it pass me by.

Ramona was rubbing her clit with the middle finger of her right hand while her other hand was thrusting the dildo in and out of her pussy. The toy was realistic-looking, with balls and veins and a natural-looking color, and it was so arousing to watch my wife use it to fuck herself. It was almost like I was seeing her with another man, but without any of the repercussions that would entail. I was actually getting really turned on watching her masturbate.

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock, slowly jerking off as I watched my wife in action. She had the fake dick flying in and out of her cunt, and her polished finger was frigging her little button so frantically that I almost feared she'd rub it right off. I felt guilty spying on her during her very private moment, but I was too aroused to look away. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

She had her eyes closed as she played with herself, and she kept squirming and wriggling around like crazy, her naked body moving this way and that, letting me admire her from so many incredible angles. When she hit her hot spot, her back arched and she groaned with pleasure, and

Ramona was on the bed, moaning and sweating, with a big black dildo in her hand. I'd caught her masturbating! I was able to look at her and really take her in while she was in the midst of an orgasm. Since I'd always been involved before, I'd never had the opportunity to really watch her come, but now that I did—holy crap, it was hot! Her skin was shining with a thin layer of sweat, and her hair was messy, and as she went over the edge she stilled for the briefest moment, her muscles tightening and her toes curling erotically.

I could barely control myself, and I had to run quietly to the downstairs bathroom to finish jerking off without disturbing her. Once I got in there, I pumped my dick furiously, and when I shot my load, I knew I was experiencing the most explosive climax I could ever give myself. All because I'd watched my wife masturbate. Wow!

After I cleaned up, I went back to the front door, opened it wide, and slammed it shut, announcing I was home. I didn't want Ramona to know I'd watched her—but I hoped I'd get the chance to do it again soon.—Name and address withheld

WHAT WHAT (IN THE BUTT)

Carol's ass was exceptionally tight, and I had to use a lot of lube to get my condom-wrapped dick in there. That had been her only caveat to letting me in her backdoor: I had to wear a condom. As if I'd have said no to that.

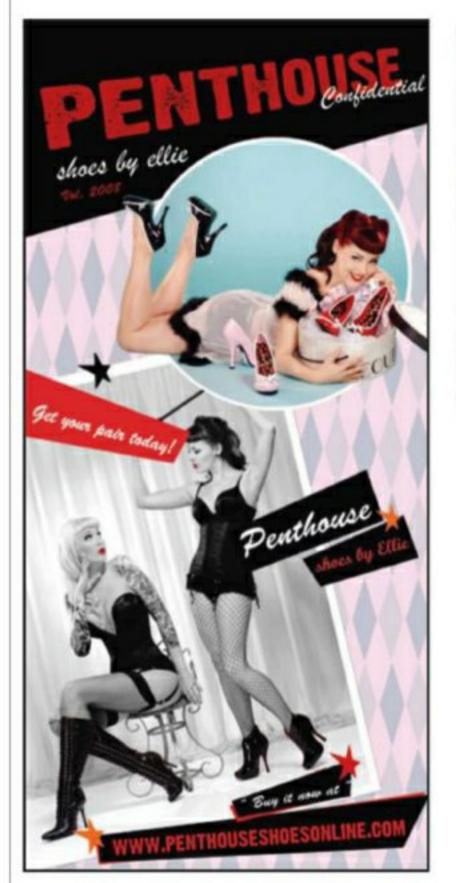
My girl isn't as into anal as I am—or she wasn't, I should say, because she is now. But anyway, she wasn't really into it. She knew I wanted to plug her ass, though, and she was willing to try anything once, so I'd gotten my wish. I'd fucked her pussy good and hard first, bringing her to a crazy-loud climax with just my dick in her cunt and a few fingers on her clit. I'd done her doggie-style, too, so we could move right into anal. Plus, doggie's her favorite position (weird, I always thought, for a girl who didn't like taking it up the ass).

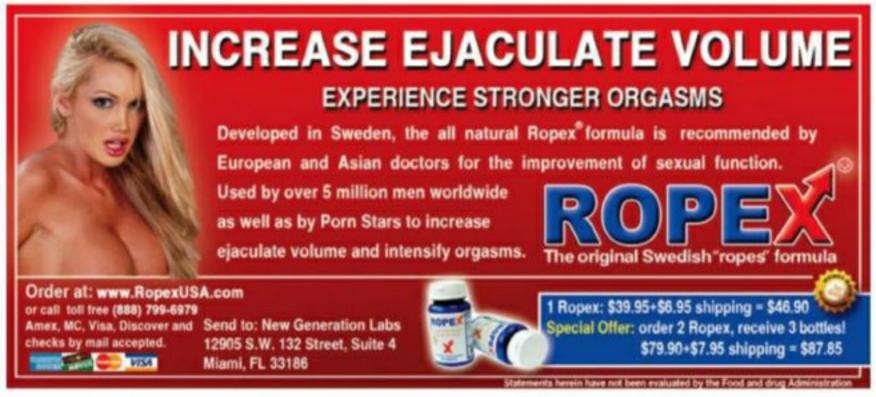
I'd sheathed my dick in a thin
latex condom and poured a ton of
water-based lube all over my dick and
Carol's asshole. I even fingered her
butt to make sure she was ready for
me and that the lube got deep inside
her. I wanted her first anal experience
with me to be perfect, and I really
wanted her to enjoy it.

It took a little work to get my cockhead past her crimped sphincter, but once I'd managed to nudge past the final line of defense, my cock slipped easily into her ass. She was

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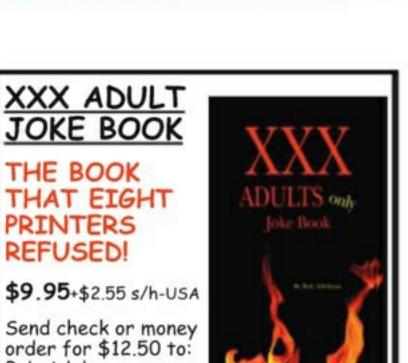
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tight as hell, but in a good way. My dick was getting pressure from all sides as I pushed all the way inside her, and it was seriously intense. No pussy could ever feel as deliciously tight as a nice ass. And I loved watching my prick disappear between her cheeks into her dark depths. I couldn't stop staring at her ass as it swallowed my cock whole. It was insanely hot!

When I started to thrust, I added some more lube, to make her ass extra slippery, and that made the fucking even easier. The more lube I poured, the faster I could fuck, and soon I had a really decent rhythm going. I was going crazy and really enjoying the backdoor adventure I'd been permitted, and I noticed that Carol was getting pleasure out of the experience, too. A few quiet moans escaped her as I thrust rhythmically in and out of her ass, and then she said something that really drove me wild: "Fuck me harder!" Holy shit! She was so into it she wanted it harder already? Yeah, I could do that.

As I picked up the pace and really pounded my girlfriend's ass, she thrust back against me, trying to meet me stroke for stroke. I was going too hard and fast for that, but I liked that she was so aroused by the assfucking that she wanted more than I could give her. Trying to get a guy to magically pump her faster than possible is the hottest thing a girl can do, because it shows she's so turned

on she can't control herself. And fucking Carol's ass made me feel like I was losing control, so it was nice to see she felt the same.

Things were really heating up for me, and I didn't know how much more I could take before I blew a gasket, so I reached around Carol's body to play with her cunt. I pumped my fingers in and out of her pussy and flicked her clit, trying to make her explode before I lost total control. She was obviously really fucking aroused, because it didn't take much to get her off. No more than a minute of pussyplay and then a final flick of her clit set her off: Her juices gushed over my fingers, signaling her climax. Then it was my turn.

I pumped into her ass a half-dozen more times, really enjoying each stroke to its fullest, and then I popped. My balls got tight and I felt my come filling the tip of the condom when I shot my load. It was a crazy-good feeling. And ever since then, Carol's been asking me to fuck her ass again. She may want anal even more than I do now!—P.Q., FloridaOI a

Once I'd managed to nudge past the final line of defense, my cock slipped easily into her ass. She was tight as hell. Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1-75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records of General Media Communications, Inc., at 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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Tura Satana

Tura Satana, who passed away on February 4, was an inspiration to sexy bad girls everywhere.



ura Satana was born in 1938 in Hokkaido, Japan, to a Japanese/ Filipino father and a Cheyenne/ Scots-Irish mother; she spent part of her childhood in a Japanese-American internment camp in California. At the end of World War II, her family relocated to the mean streets of Chicago, where the exotic beauty learned to fight after surviving a brutal sexual assault, and led a girl gang in reform school. Her traumatic and violent childhood experiences led her to study karate and aikido, which became a large part of the physicality of her films, in which she did her own stunts.

In her early teens, she ran away to Los Angeles after an arranged marriage to a teenage sailor, John Satana, didn't work out. She worked as a nude model and dancer, even posing for silent-film legend Harold Lloyd. He encouraged her to pursue acting, which eventually led to bit parts in TV shows and films, most notably *Irma la Douce*, starring Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon. She was romantically linked to both Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley.

But she'll always be remembered for her starring role as a bodacious, ferocious badass: the go-go dancing, drag-racing, karate-chopping Varlain Russ Meyer's 1965 Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (left). The intro to the film could have been drawn from Satana's life: "Let's examine closely then this dangerously evil creation, this new breed encased and contained within the supple skin of woman. The softness is there, the unmistakable smell of female, the surface shiny and silken, the body yielding yet wanton. But a word of caution: Handle with care and don't drop your guard. This rapacious new breed prowls both alone and in packs, operating at any level, any time, anywhere, and with anybody. Who are they? One might be your secretary, your doctor's receptionist ... or a dancer in a go-go club!"

Satana will be missed by fans for her indomitable spirit (almost) as much as for her awe-inspiring figure. She's left us with one of the most enduring film femmes fatales, and words to live by. As the lusty Varla famously quipped, "I never *try* anything. I just do it."



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