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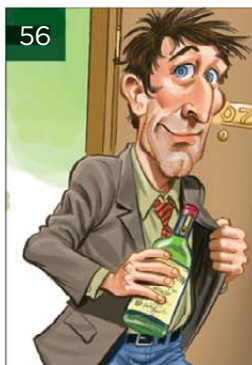
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French Connection

There was a time when Ryan and I would screw anywhere, anytime, but lately I couldn't remember the last time we'd had a quickie before work or hooked up for a nooner. Then one Saturday I was cleaning out our closet and came across a tape we'd made after coming home from a rowdy Halloween party. I slipped the tape into the VCR and sat down to watch.

I saw a shaky image of myself lying on the bed in my tarty French maid costume while Ryan set the camera on the tripod. Instantly, I remembered how slutty I'd felt in the short skirt, low-cut top, gartered fishnets, and high heels, and how much I'd wanted to show off for him. While slowly sliding off my stockings, I'd asked him

what he wanted me to do. I couldn't believe that sexy, uninhibited flirt was me. I was doing and saying things I hadn't done in years. But the more I watched the tape, the hornier I got. By the time I'd gotten to the part where Ryan had his head buried between my legs, I was frantically finger-fucking myself. When I'd finished bringing myself to a long-overdue climax, I lay back on the bed, more determined than ever to fire up our sex life.

The first thing I did was to set up our video camera in the bedroom. Then I found my old costume and tried it on to make sure it still fit—it did, even better than before. I checked

He was back between my legs, peeking under my skirt, and I felt his hot breath, then his tongue stroking my slit.

the time and figured I had about three hours to get everything ready for Ryan, who was at the office working overtime on a presentation.

Next I looked through our stash of menus until I found one for a French restaurant. After ordering dinner and wine, I showered and dressed. Then I set the table and dimmed the lights. When dinner was delivered, I placed it in the oven so it would stay warm.

When Ryan came home, he took one look at me, dropped his briefcase, and said, "Oh, baby, you look good!"

I made him sit at the table, but he grabbed me before I could step away to get the food. He pulled me into his lap and I felt the hard ridge of his cock against my ass. I leaned back against his chest and his hands came around and cupped my breasts.

"What about dinner?" I asked, swiveling my ass against his cock.

"Dinner can wait—this can't," he said. Then he carried me into the bedroom, placed me on the bed, and started to undress. But when I began to undress, he stopped me.

"I want you to leave the costume on," he said, smiling.

"Are you going to get all kinky on me?" I teased.

"Maybe. The last time you wore that outfit, I loved it—and everything we did after the party," he said.

I lay back on the pillows, raised one leg, and played with the pearls around my neck while he crawled toward me on the bed. He was so hot and hard that I started creaming just thinking about what he was going to do to me.

"Don't forget the camera," I said.

He turned, saw the camera on the dresser, and got up to turn it on. Then he was back between my legs, peeking under my skirt. All I had on underneath was the garter belt, and I felt his hot breath, then his tongue stroking my slit.

"You're so wet," he said between licks. Then his tongue darted in and out of me, and God, it felt so good, I just wanted to come all over his mouth. I'd almost reached the tipping point when he moved up and eased

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Truly Unique



Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequaled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

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the head of his cock inside me. But I needed more, and I began to squirm.

"Hurry," I moaned, as I pulled him toward me. He plunged hard and deep, making me come with the force of his thrust. When I met his gaze, he began to move again, taking his time with long, deep strokes that had me building slowly but steadily toward another climax. My hips rose to meet him, faster and faster until I cried out in ecstasy. Ryan's moans sounded distant to me in the throes of passion, but I felt his release as he held me tight and came inside me.

It turned out to be an amazingly satisfying night for both of us. When we finally got around to having dinner, it was pretty much ruined, but we'd had the best sex in a long time, and I have my sexy little costume to thank for it!—*E.S., Louisiana*

WHO'S THAT GIRL?

I met her at a friend's party. The place was jammed, the music was pumping, and we made out like crazy in a dark corner ... until she pulled me into a closet. As soon as the door shut, we started kissing again and trying to get past each other's clothes. She got into my pants first and gave me one of the best blowjobs I'd ever had. Then she told me she'd be right back. I waited, but she left me hanging—no name, no number, and no good-bye. When I realized she wasn't coming back, I looked for her but couldn't find anyone who knew her.

Three weeks later, I walked into a bar and there she was, sitting alone having a drink. I walked up to her and said, "I didn't get your name."

She looked me up and down, then smiled and said, "I didn't get yours either, but I remember you."

I waited for her to explain her disappearing act, but she didn't. We talked, drank, and I finally found out her name. I walked her home and kissed her in the hallway. We kept kissing and touching each other, and when it seemed like we were about to pick up where we left off, she invited me inside, then into her bedroom. This time, I took the lead and went down on her first. I took my time, stroking and licking her inside and out. It was torture for me because I was so hard. I thought I'd lose it before my dick got anywhere near her pussy. But after she'd had at least two orgasms and



was begging me to fuck her, I put on a rubber and slid into her tight hole. Then I told her I had three weeks to make up for, and proceeded to fuck her in every conceivable position until we were both dripping with sweat.

I was on my knees with my arms wrapped around her legs, fucking her as if my life depended on it, when she moaned and her pussy muscles seized up around my cock. She came in a

rush, pushing me past my endurance. I slowed my strokes and shot my load before collapsing next to her.

Neither of us spoke for a while. Finally, she rolled on top of me and said she'd just had a big fight with her boyfriend before the party, and I had been an outlet for her anger. The awesome blowjob she'd given me was all due to her being pissed off at him. She wasn't seeing him anymore but, lucky for me, she said she still had a lot of anger to work out.—*J.T., New York*

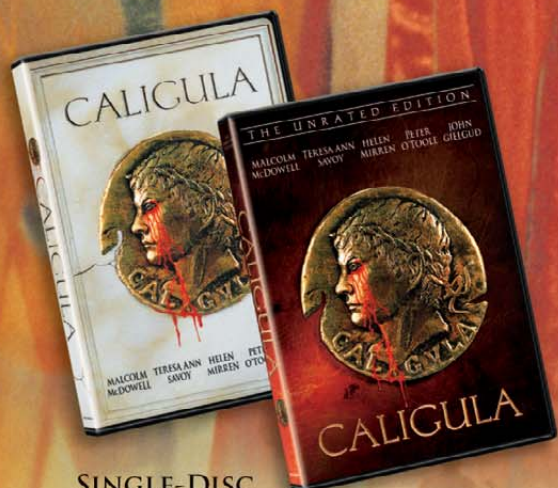
More letters on page 133

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Best Seat in the House

This month we take you behind the (sex) scenes to present our own saucy version of the Oscars—the third annual *Penthouse* Dirty Dozen Awards (page 12). Clearly, Angelina Jolie did well at the DDs, but who else? Also entering our cultural radar right now are Rob Zombie and his busy freak factory (16), Bruce Campbell carrying another B-movie masterpiece (13), Jackie Earle Haley (96), masked and dangerous in the long-anticipated movie version of *Watchmen* (14), and Emmanuel Jal with his stirring memoir of life as a Sudanese boy-soldier (20). But first, the award for Tastiest Raunch Dressing goes to ...



OUR OWN DAMN MOVIE AWARDS



The Third Annual Dirty Dozen

Australian hair-model Hugh Jackman is hosting this month's Oscars after a decidedly down year for Hollywood—so you picked the perfect time to ignore the Academy and cuddle up with the *Penthouse* Double D Awards!

By Joshua Rothkopf

1. BEST SEX SCENE, COMPETITIVE COUPLING DIVISION

Forgetting Sarah Marshall

Last year's spiciest sport-fucking involved the newly broken-up Kristen Bell and Jason Segel, separated by a thin hotel wall and banging the bejesus out of their respective new partners. You laughed, you cried, you swore to always make Bell a key component of your sexual Olympics team. But first you must start a sexual Olympics team.

2. HOTTEST TOPIC

The Reader

This sober, year-end project screams Oscar bait, and the oft-nude Kate Winslet screams while baiting an adolescent German to join her for afternoon delights.

3. BEST WET, NAKED ASS

Angelina Jolie's, Wanted

Hate to see you leave, Angelina, but love to watch you go. For the first time ever, towel-boy seems like a worthy career aspiration.

4. TASTIEST RAUNCH DRESSING

Sex Drive

More sweet than savory, this teen-devirginizing comedy offered some choice boot-knocking, especially in its freaky trailer-trash scene. Yes, that's redundant.

5. BEST DEPLOYMENT OF BLACK PANTIES ON A HIRED-GUN ASSASSIN

Asia Argento, Boarding Gate

In foreign art-house fare, the fearless diva often seems rather anti-clothes—especially in this one—which makes us very pro-her.

6. MOST IMPRESSIVE ABILITY TO MAKE THE HAMPTONS SEEM TOLERABLE

Olivia Thirlby, The Wackness

She went from being Juno's BFF to a celluloid-singing sex tutor in this summer-of-lust dramedy. She's so temperature-raising, she almost made up for that unfortunate Ben Kingsley and Mary-Kate Olsen hook-up.

7. MOST WELCOME RESULT OF THE COMING APOCALYPSE

Rhona Mitra, Doomsday

Her role was warmed-over Snake Plissken, but this leather-clad British hard-ass had us praying for global plagues.

8. OUR FERVENT ANNUAL SALUTE TO MARISA TOMEI

Marisa Tomei, *The Wrestler*

She wins again in this category! Tomei's stripper yielded one of the year's best performances, going toe-to-toe with Mickey Rourke's career comeback. But we also admire the Oscar-winner's commitment to reducing wardrobe staff year after year.

9. MOST WELCOME RETURN TO THE REALM OF THE HOT

Gwyneth Paltrow, *Iron Man*



Robert Downey Jr. was funny, sure, but who's the babe sparring with him in a slinky, backless dress?

10. BEST REASON TO BE UNFAITHFUL TO YOUR WIFE (NOT THAT THERE ARE ANY GOOD REASONS, HONEY!)

Rachel McAdams, *Married Life*

McAdams dropped a blonde bombshell on us and greatly enlivened this starchy domestic drama. We've followed her happily since *Wedding Crashers*, and we have no reason to stop now.

11. MOST UNLIKELY STEAM DELIVERY SYSTEM

Vicky Cristina Barcelona

A sex comedy from Woody Allen? And a decent one? The lip-lock between Penélope Cruz and Scarlett Johansson made headlines months before the film's release.

12. BEST NEW EUPHEMISM FOR VAGINA

"Whispering eye," *Role Models*

It's good, right?



My Name Is Bruce

The Plot: B-movie icon Bruce Campbell plays, well, B-movie icon Bruce Campbell, who's kidnapped by obsessive fanboys who want his help fighting a real-life monster threatening their small Oregon town. Plenty of one-liners and boomsticks ensue in this horror comedy Campbell wrote—with Mark Verheiden, (*Battlestar Galactica*, *Heroes*)—directed, and produced as a love letter to his loyal *Evil Dead* devotees.

Buy or Rent? All Bruce buffs will want to buy it, for repeated viewing and rewinding to catch all the in-jokes. Anyone who hasn't seen *Army of Darkness* 11 times can get by with a rental.

Added Value? Both DVD and Blu-ray have commentary and four featurettes, including one called *Heart of Darkness*.—Christine Colby



Role Models

The Plot: Two energy-drink salesmen (Paul Rudd and Seann William Scott) are forced to join a Big Brother-style mentoring program as court-ordered community service.

Buy or Rent? Buy. It's full of raunchy humor, crude jokes, and medieval role-playing. In other words, it's fucking hilarious, and even has a romance angle to entertain your girlfriend.

Added Value? The lowbrow laugh-riot fixtures: deleted scenes and alternate takes, a gag reel, a commentary track, and a behind-the-scenes look at the climactic role-playing battle.—Barbara Rice Thompson

High-def Update

Donnie Darko

With some movies, you upgrade to Blu-ray for the improved picture and sound. With this, you also get the chance to consolidate your film library. This new release includes the original theatrical cut and the director's cut in all their widescreen/enhanced-soundtrack glory, plus the commentary tracks and bonus features from the previous releases.

The Silence of the Lambs Upon its release, this Jonathan Demme film became an instant

classic, sweeping the major awards at the Oscars and introducing the world to one of the most dynamic and unforgettable villains in movie history. Many of the extras have been available previously, but this *is* one you buy for the improved picture and sound. You won't be disappointed.

Raging Bull

Scorsese's boxing masterpiece has never looked better, but why no new bonus features? We'll buy it anyway, but still, WTF, Marty?!—B.R.T.

And, finally, a bonus prize—a freebie, if you will, in these dark economic times:

FUNNIEST POSTCOITAL PARTING WORDS

Step Brothers

After some nasty public-bathroom stall-shaking, the mystified John C. Reilly hears this from his sex-crazed partner, Kathryn Hahn (peeing in a urinal): "Stay golden, pony boy."



FLICKS



Tick...Tick...Tick

The time has finally come for the graphic novel that sent pocket protectors everywhere aquiver to hit the big screen.

By Joshua Rothkopf

Watchmen

Billy Crudup, Jackie Earle Haley, Carla Gugino

How overgeeked are comics fans for this live-action adaptation of the doomy mid-eighties graphic novel? Imagine a second coming of Christ—combined with a five-figure tax refund, a lifelong supply of Havana stogies, and the private affections of Mrs. Sam Mendes (aka Kate Winslet). That overgeeked. For the rest of you, here's a primer on what all the fuss is about. *Watchmen* is a disturbing sci-fi nightmare written by surly genius Alan Moore and set in a city where the superheroes have hung up their capes. When one of them is mysteriously murdered, the retired gang comes out of hiding to hunt down a vindictive killer. The movie version, which has been in development hell for years, is finally being made by 300's Zack Snyder. The cast is spot-on—especially creepy Haley (see our interview with the actor on page 96) as masked vigilante Rorschach.



I Love You, Man


Paul Rudd, Jason Segel, Jaime Pressly

Hard as it is to believe, bromantic-comedy master Judd Apatow has absolutely nothing to do with this entry in the still-booming genre. Rudd is freshly engaged and looking for a best man. Segel isn't exactly his first choice, but proves his mettle. We have zero problem gazing upon the perky and purdy Pressly, but what's this? Rumors circulate of an on-screen appearance by Geddy Lee, Alex Lifeson, and Neil Peart—better known as Rush. That, along with writer-director John Hamburg's involvement (he made the vastly underrated *Safe Men*—rent it, like, *right now!*), could lift this to Apatowian heights. —J.R.



Knowing

Nicolas Cage, Rose Byrne, Chandler Canterbury

Maybe we should all be happy that Nic Cage hasn't grown tired of saving the world in yet another ridiculous action flick. Remember: He could always go back to making limp romances with Meg Ryan. So we're lucky—sort of. This time Cage plays a school-teacher confronting the apocalyptic predictions of a time capsule dug up by his son. Why wasn't the kid just playing videogames and Twittering, anyway? Who goes *outside* anymore? So unrealistic! —J.R. 

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (WATCHMEN) COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES; (I LOVE YOU, MAN) SCOTT GARFIELD; (KNOWING) COURTESY OF SUMMIT ENTERTAINMENT



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Business as Unusual

Rob Zombie's insanely prolific horror-metal operation is a license to print hard-earned filthy lucre.

By Rebecca Swanner

If, as the saying goes, the devil finds work for idle hands, then Rob Zombie is in the clear. Which is weird, because if anyone should be in Satan's employ, it's that notorious lover of evil. But the dude is *busy*. This spring finds him directing and producing two feature films, a new album, and a major tour. As if that isn't enough high-volume multitasking, we'll finally be treated to the release of *The Haunted World of El Superbeasto*, the full-length animated film (based on his own comic, of course) that Zombie describes as a really dirty *Scooby-Doo*. *Zoinks!*

What inspired you to write *El Superbeasto*?

It's a combination of all the things I really like jammed together in a comic book. There's crazy monster stuff, aliens, babes in bikinis. I wanted it all mashed together into one thing.

Your previous films focus more on the gore than the sex. This one seems to be the reverse.

That's because it's supposed to be funny. Heads are exploding, eyeballs are popping out, and there's blood everywhere, but it's all for comic effect. It's violent like a *Three Stooges* episode. It's incredibly filthy, it's filled with tons of sex, but there's an innocence to it, given that the whole thing looks like *SpongeBob*.

Paul Giamatti voices Dr. Satan, and Rosario Dawson is the very sexy Velvet Von Black. Did her work in *Grindhouse* influence the casting?

I couldn't think of whom to get for that role, and my wife, Sheri, suggested Rosario. We knew her from *The Devil's Rejects*. She did a scene in that, but it got cut from the movie. She was perfect for the role of Velvet.

Why did you opt for a hand-drawn art style instead of something heavier on visual effects?

I needed something that was more old-school and raw, to work with the material. It's like that when you record music—the production you can get these days is phenomenal, but sometimes we'll listen back and say, this sounds *too good*. We'll purposely make it sound more raw because, when you listen to older records, there can be an energy that comes from the rawness. I love the old Misfits records. I think they sound incredible, but they sound horrible.

You once attended design school in New York. Do visual images still play a large part in your songwriting process?

Yeah. I'm more of a visual person than anything. I'll hear the music, and it will make me start thinking about things. That'll start forming into some rough, bizarre storyline in my head that makes no sense to anyone but me, and that's how the lyrics come.

Tell us about the new album—how was it getting back in the studio?

In my mind, I had quit doing music. I had gotten fed up with dealing with band members. Then I met the guys that are in the band now, and they were great. It was the most fun I ever had after 20 years of headaches. When it came time to record, we weren't ready to launch into some mega concept album. We were like, let's just be a band. Three years later, the record is huge. It's this giant, crazy record that's more along the lines of *Hellbilly Deluxe*.

Now that you have a band you're happy with, did you let go of the reins a bit?

I never let go of anything. I never do and I never will. It's collaborative in the sense that we all work together, but my idea wins. Nothing gets done and nothing works unless there's one person in charge. People can't even decide what they want for dinner if everyone's putting in their two cents! Someone has to go, "You know what, we're having pizza. Eat it or don't eat it. I don't give a shit."

REVIEWS



... AND YOU WILL
KNOW US BY THE
TRAIL OF DEAD
The Century of Self
(Justice/Richter Scale)
★★★★

The looniest—and best—record by these grandiose Texans who've been sculpting overwrought punk symphonies for more than a decade.



BLACK GOLD
Rush
(Red Bull)
★★★

A collaboration from Panic at the Disco keyboardist Eric Ronick and M. Ward percussionist Than Luu. Their debut is an odd hybrid of slinky comedown funk and joyful soft rock.



THURSDAY
Common Existence
(Epitaph)
★★★

Though times have changed, Thursday's songs remain the same: loud, layered (and occasionally wince-inducing) screamo rock mingling uneasily with frontman Geoff Rickly's anguished vocals.

MAIN STAGE /// BY ANDY GREENWALD

Holy Hell

Metal messiahs Lamb of God still slaughter the competition.



PREVIEW



BUSTA RHYMES
Back on My B.S.
(Universal)

Recent arrests have stripped some of the lustre from Busta's vibrant career, but it's a slide the boisterous emcee hopes to correct with his eighth album. "Don't Touch Me" harkens back to his wacky late-nineties heyday, while the gleefully offensive auto-tuned anthem "Arab Money" is already a huge radio hit—though not in Dubai.

Wrath
(Epic)
★★★

Penthouse Pick: "Contractor"

For ten years, Virginia hard-rock titans Lamb of God have earned their metal cred producing album after blitzkrieging album, each packed with furious songs heavier than Mario Batali on a pasta bender. So it's quite a surprise to hear their new record open with the plaintive plucking of—gasp!—an acoustic guitar. But breathe easy, heshers: It's just a brief instrumental. Track two, "In Your Words," erupts with familiar, crushing riffs and lyrics about maggots. Phew—close one. Frontman Randy Blythe, in fact, seems angrier than ever. His superpissed growling on the vicious anti-Blackwater screed "Contractor" is the sound of a man choking on his own bile. This leaden bellowing is key to Lamb of God's success: When paired with thunder-drummer Chris Adler's attack, Blythe's vocals lift *Wrath* from mere metal to something approaching percussive poetry. "Mankind is a festering parasite," he doth proclaim on "Reclamation." That may or may not be true, but we sure aren't about to argue with him.

DISCOGRAPHY

New American Gospel
(Prosthetic, 2000)

The band's first album after changing their name from Burn the Priest. It's a punishing hard-rock assault.

Penthouse Pick: "Black Label"

As the Palaces Burn
(Prosthetic, 2003)

Palaces' devotion to grinding metal orthodoxy earned the crew their fans' adoration and grudging respect from metal skeptics.

Penthouse Pick: "11th Hour"

Ashes of the Wake
(Epic, 2004)

Roaring ahead, they saved particular rage for "chickenhawk" boosters of the Iraq War.

Penthouse Pick: "Now You've Got Something to Die for"

Sacrament
(Epic, 2006)

LoG was at its most creative on *Sacrament*, where funk and blues veins mingle with powerhouse riffage.

Penthouse Pick: "Walk With Me in Hell"



BY REBECCA SWANNER

Killzone 2

(SONY) PS3

★★★★



If your typical complaint about first-person shooters is that they're too easy, quit your whining and check out this one. Even on Rookie mode, the combat is intense and you're likely to get plowed down on the first level. More than once.

The story follows the battle raging between the Interplanetary Strategic Alliance and the mutant human race known as the Helghast. Earlier in the series, you fought as a member of the ISA on your own soil, the planet Vekta. But now, as Sergeant Tomas Sevchenko, it's time to take the fight to them; Sevchenko is hell-bent on capturing Helghast's leader on his turf. That's a dark, gloomy landscape, gurgling with different ways to die.

To survive, cover is key. There's a lean-and-peek system that allows you to poke out when you're ready to pick off a Helghast with one of your many weapons. (We're especially fond of the electricity gun and the firearm that shoots explosive bolts that trap Helghasts against walls.) We tried running-and-gunning—let's just say that's not advisable. Best of luck out there, soldier. You're going to need it.





MADWORLD (SEGA) Wii

★★★★

In this seriously gruesome game you play Jack, a contestant on the game show *Death Watch*. But this isn't like any prime-time programming you've seen. To win, you have to kill or dismember everyone else as commentators make with the comedy and track your score.

Rocks: Intense melee action lets you use street signs and other objects to skewer your competition. It's Krav Maga meets *The Gong Show*!

Flops: The art style and relentless ruthlessness make it feel a touch like a *Sin City* knockoff.

WHEELMAN

(MIDWAY) XBOX 360, PS3, PC

★★★

Vin Diesel just can't quit gaming. A few years after his appearance in *The Chronicles of Riddick: Escape From Butcher Bay*, Diesel returns as fearless agent Milo Burik, in deep with the Barcelonan underworld.

Rocks: We couldn't get enough of slamming into police cruisers, the insanely tight turns down alleys, and blasting through locked gates. Oh, and admiring Antoni Gaudi's architectural masterpieces as you pump your enemies full of lead and stomp the gas was fun, too.

Flops: The flat dialogue, and the Clint Eastwood-like lack of facial animation.



FEAR 2

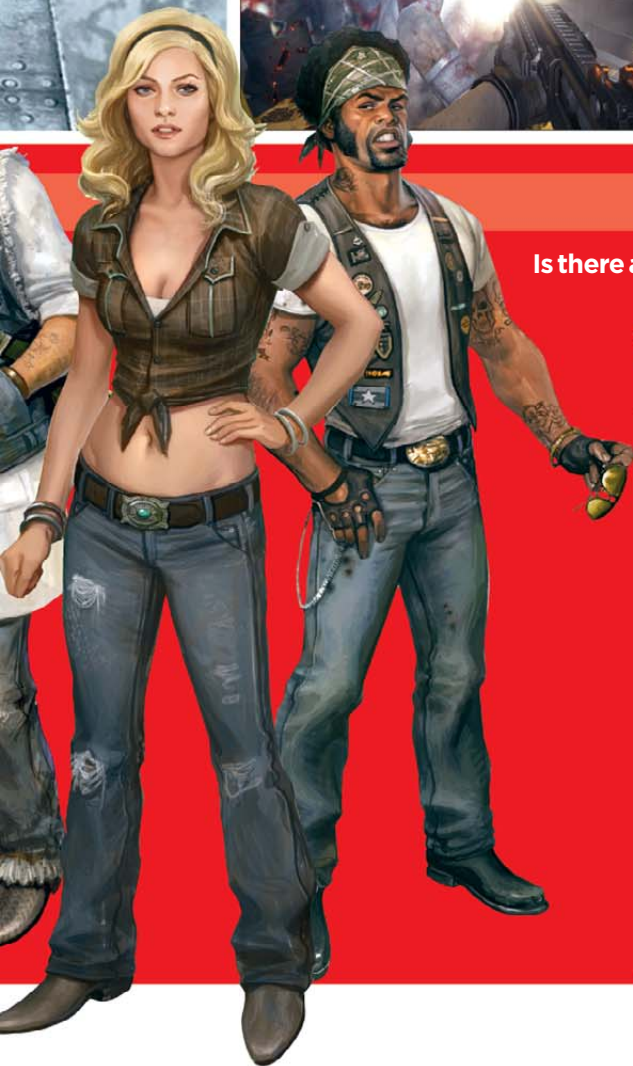
(WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE) XBOX 360, PS3, PC

★★★★

She's *baaack*. The original crossed the freakiness of survival horror with the adrenaline of a first-person shooter. In the sequel, you're Michael Beckett, a Delta Force operative who is on the hunt for Genevieve Aristide, the woman mostly responsible for the whole wretched situation you're in.

Rocks: The environments have opened up so you're no longer stuck running down endless hallways, and you'll find giant robotic machines—use them to lay waste to any brain-eating creepy things you encounter.

Flops: This game is really, really hard. Deal with it!



Hog Heaven

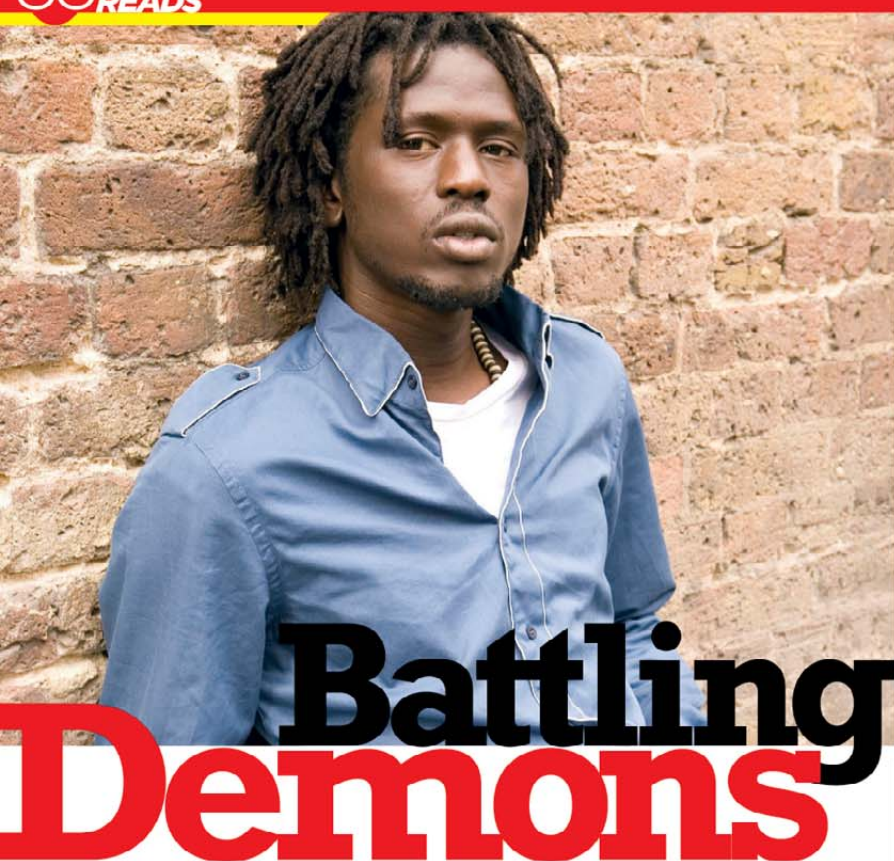
Is there anything better than blasting caps and tearing through the desert on the back of a motorbike? The creators of *Ride to Hell* think not.

When we were recently offered the chance to check out the motorcycle madness of *Ride to Hell* in the Joshua Tree desert with a bunch of bikers, we couldn't wait to kick-start the trip. And it was with visions of Hell's Angels, Hunter S. Thompson, and Altamont dancing in our heads that we set out for the sand, pretty pumped to mix it up with a gang of tat-happy chopper connoisseurs.

The game, which will likely ship this fall, follows the story of a not-so-easy rider named Ray who has just returned from Vietnam and attempts to fall in with the local biker gang, Blackhand. As Ray, you dip into a life of sex, 'shroom tripping, and killer motorcycles. That is, when you aren't pummeling other bikers without bothering to get off your bike, and hanging out with porn producers. All in a day's work, my friend, all in a day's work.

For several hours we kicked up desert dust, speeding past prickly brush and across dry lake beds, testing the limits of our cherry-colored ATV. Rounding a hill littered with shotgun shells and blown-out TVs, we mashed the pedals even harder, all the better to avoid a grisly horror-movie fate.

Taking a break from fantasy, we let off a little real-life steam by blowing holes in targets, hammering them with assault rifles, handguns, and a .22. We watched exploded clay pigeons cover the ground like brittle confetti, until the sun settled into the mountains. But the night was hardly over—soon we cruised over to the local biker bar for tacos and tequila shots. Legendary Hell's Angel Sonny Barger once said that his crew could outdrink, outfuck, and outfight anybody. After our night in the desert, we have a new appreciation for the ballsiness of that claim. 



At an age when most kids begin second grade, Emmanuel Jal entered hell on earth, trapped in a civil war's crossfire.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

As one of the Lost Boys of Sudan, seven-year-old Jal was forced to fight and kill for the embattled nation's People's Liberation Army. "The gun is your mother and father now," he was told, while trying to quickly adapt to a world where his life was threatened daily, where beatings and starvation were commonplace. He landed briefly in an Army prison at age 11, punished for leaving his post, and endured several bloody battles before escaping the front lines with the help of an English aid worker. (That sound you hear is Mr. Spielberg's assistant punching redial, frantic for the film rights.)

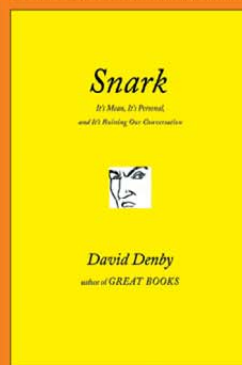
This riveting memoir, cowritten with journalist Megan Lloyd Davies, vividly depicts the way war dominates Jal's country, his life, and his mind. (Let's just hope his story isn't too good to be true.) His faith in God is routinely tested, and he wearily resolves to be the best soldier he can be. If you're able to finish Jal's wrenching account without being deeply moved,

you might look into a heart transplant. The atrocities he faced are horrific, yet he manages to beautifully articulate how the brutality of his world transformed a child into a soldier.

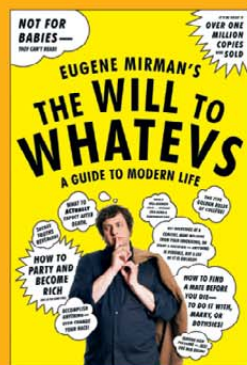
In Kenya years later, Jal formed a hip-hop group with friends. He has since recorded an album and performed at 2005's Live 8 concert in London, helping to raise awareness of—and funds for—the struggles of the world's poorer countries. We're guessing his story has a couple more incredible chapters yet to be written.



YELLOW BOOKS ALERT!



For his slim, often compelling, sometimes annoying polemic, *Snark: It's Mean, It's Personal, and It's Ruining Our Conversation*, *New Yorker* film critic David Denby takes 122 pages to say more or less this: Being mean is not nice. Or funny. Okay, sorry, that's a little bit snarky (although a true snark would've called this an anorexic screed by the nonhumorous one who masturbates over movies for David Remnick's rag). And, yes, there is more going on here: Denby energetically traces the etymology, psychology, mythology, and history—Greek poets, Lewis Carroll, Tom Wolfe, *Spy*, Gawker—of a discursive tone that has metastasized across and seeped out of amped blogdom to coat much of our broader culture. It's a knowing, ironic, and—right—not-nice voice. Despite occasionally undermining his own claims with speciousness or carelessness—Denby condemns online gossips for not bothering to check facts, then blows a couple of them himself—the book is an exuberant, prickly, and, maybe even important document on our fitful modern media scene. It gave this reader ironic pleasure.—*Mac Montandon*



In *The Will to Whatevs: A Guide to Modern Life*, hipster comedian Eugene Mirman takes his shtick to the page, penning a faux-advice book on, well, just about everything. He riffs on fantastical inventions ("an edible book you read by eating"), money, politics, and partying ("capture the flag fuckfest," anyone?). The best sections are short and snappy, like a mix-and-match guide to naming your band, a "History of Love" chart, and the family chapter ("What is a baby? Well, a baby is nothing more than a person who makes no sense"). Mirman's name for a would-be reality-TV show perfectly sums up his MO: "I'm an Asshole Who Hates My Parents." He can certainly be amusing, but the gimmicks get old fast (14 lines of just exclamation points is probably 13 too many). Some twentysomethings might breeze right through this, though the more mature among us will likely lose their will about halfway through.—*R.K.B.*



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The Ride of IV March

This sleek new Jaguar will have you roaring in like a lion ...
and never leave you creeping out like a lamb.

JAGUAR'S ROYAL PORTFOLIO

The jungle is filled with predators, but this elegant cat stands alone in its ability to consume the tarmac without breaking a sweat.

By Bill Heald

When it comes to luxury performance machines, each culture has its own way of blending muscle and comfort. The Germans build a business attitude into their souped-up Mercedes, BMW, and Audi performance cars, and the American manufacturers have imbued their latest Cadillac and Lincoln performance sedans with country-club ambience pumped up with a dose of good ol' American horsepower.

But as laudable and cool as the above approaches may be, nobody does the rapid-transit, first-class trip down the highway the way Jaguar does. It's a British thing, and even though Jaguar (along with Range Rover) is now owned by India's Tata Motors, after being part of Ford for 19 years, the breed is still true to its roots. Glorious four-wheeled cats such as our stunning XKR Portfolio are still cobbled together in Coventry, England, where the singular allure of these classic cars remains intact.

Last summer Jaguar celebrated the 60th anniversary of the XK series, which began in 1948 as the XK120. The latest XK is a very different beast, of course, but there are true bloodlines running through this car and it still has a certain sleek presence that Jaguar's timeless E-type first sprang on the

world in the sixties. In many ways, the XKR is the twenty-first-century version of this grand touring icon, blending a sophisticated chassis and brawny engine with the kind of interior fittings—especially in Limited Edition Portfolio trim—that would suit a London gentlemen's club. Though times have changed and the XKR is loaded with nearly as much computer power as the space shuttle, there's something very seasoned and inviting about the car's accommodations that is as familiar as your grandfather's leather chair.

But first, we must celebrate the mechanical magnificence of this velvet torpede, where the heart of the carnivore lies. Taking a stout, V-8 engine and turbocharging it for more power is all well and good, but the Portfolio would not be the XKR with such limp engineering. This Jag's 4.2-liter mill gets a roots-type supercharger, which not only provides an instant, lag-free boost of power the second you nail the throttle, but also sounds incredibly feral in a cultured, top-hat kind of way that truly resembles a growl. Peak output is 420



horsepower, which took us from zero to 60 miles per hour in just a hair over five seconds with a certain erudite, yet kickass, dignity.

The transmission is a six-speed automatic with a manual mode that swaps ratios with slick precision, thanks to paddles on the steering wheel. This heavy, solid feline is also graced with an enhanced Computer Active Technology Suspension, which delivers sharp, intuitive handling and provides a deliciously refined ride as well. The coupe we tested also sported the optional Alcon ABS brakes, which slam things to a stop with such urgency, it felt like we caught the braking hooks on an aircraft carrier when the pedal met the floor. When the brakes are as entertaining as the engine, you know those Coventry guys have been doing their homework.

The coach decor is a mix of traditional Jaguar and contemporary Internet café, with classic ivory leather and oak veneer appointments contrasted with a seven-inch touch screen with navigation, telephone, iPod, climate, personalization, and



other functions interfaced with a 525-watt Bowers and Wilkins (Jeeves and Wooster?) sound system. True to form, there's also some cheap plastic here and there, which has plagued Jags for as long as I can remember. Odd, that. Oh, and the rear seat is basically a parcel shelf, but three's a crowd anyway, right?

The Portfolio can be had as coupe or convertible, but the hardtop has sharper lines and the atmosphere of a corporate jet as you rocket along at illicit speeds. Think you're not a cat fancier? Think again. **OT**

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|--------------|--|
| Body style | Two-door coupe or two-door convertible |
| Engine | 4.2-liter super-charged V-8 |
| Power | 420 horsepower |
| Torque | 413 foot-pounds |
| Transmission | Six-speed automatic |
| Front tires | P235/35R20 |
| Rear tires | P235/35R20 |
| Curb weight | 3,814 pounds (coupe); 3,924 pounds (convertible) |

PERFORMANCE

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| 0-60 | 5.18 seconds |
| Top speed | 155 mph (electronically limited) |
| Fuel capacity | 18.8 gallons |
| Fuel economy | 15 city/23 highway |
| Price (as tested) | \$98,675 (coupe); \$101,675 (convertible) |



HONDA CROSSES OVER

Just when you think you have a clear understanding of what a motorcycle is supposed to be, along comes a machine that messes with everything.

By Bill Heald

Honda has been a bit leery when it comes to letting form overcome function, and yet their devotion to technical innovation sometimes creates a different and quite striking style. Shoot, these guys have actually built dancing robots! Can a really bizarre motorcycle for the masses (that would make a dancing robot really hot) be far behind?

Apparently not. Take a look at what Honda is calling their first real crossover motorcycle, freshly launched with the unlikely name of DN-01. Honda defines this crossover as the melding of sporting performance, a fully automatic transmission, low seat


height, and exceptional style. I think the riding position is a sort of hybrid between a laid-back cruiser and a riding lawnmower, and it's the kind of dramatic ergonomic position a rider will either love or hate, depending on their physiology. But, hey, this is a very different kind of motorcycle, and there's little here that's not unorthodox. One exception is the engine, which is a typically smooth 680-cc Honda V-twin mill with liquid cooling, four-valve heads, and programmed fuel injection. From there you get to a very unusual transmission that offers fully automatic operation (including drive and sport modes) or a push-button, six-speed manual mode called HFT—a continuously variable “hydromechanical” design that has scooter roots, such as no



clutch lever and no scheduled maintenance. There is also a neutral button, so you can rev the engine at stoplights to impress the babe in the Jetta next to you (although if her radio is on, she probably won't hear you).

Final drive is via shaft and incorporated in a slick single-sided rear swing arm. The suspension features 41-mm front forks and a preload-adjustable single rear shock, all supported by a steel twin-cradle frame. What is a bit more interesting are the DN-01's brakes, which Honda calls Combined ABS. This takes antilock brake technology and integrates it with a linked brake design, which is actually very sophisticated, yet primarily aimed at less-experienced riders. When you grab the front brake lever,

it activates all the pistons of the twin calipers. That's normal, as this is how motorcycle front brakes are usually set up. But when you apply your boot to the rear brake pedal, it applies the rear caliper pistons and the center piston of the front left caliper. This provides a smoother overall braking effect, especially for riders who tend to rely too much on the rear brake alone.

As intriguing as all the mechanical goodies are, though, it's the futuristic form of this very unusual ride that grabs the most attention. This is one radically bold statement that looks like a movie prop for a twenty-second-century action hero, or perhaps a bike for a supercop from Mars. Kudos to Honda for thinking way outside the box. 



Leave it to Honda to break new ground with the DN-01's wild, futuristic styling, unique seating position, and unusually slick transmission.

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Engine type | Liquid-cooled, 52-degree V-twin |
| Bore x stroke | 81 mm x 66 mm |
| Displacement | 680 cc |
| Fuel system | Programmed fuel injection |
| Ignition | Digital transistorized |
| Transmission | Variable, with six-speed manual mode |
| Front suspension | 41-mm telescopic forks |
| Rear suspension | Single shock, preload adjustable |
| Front brakes | Dual 296-mm floating discs with ABS |
| Rear brake | Single 276-mm disc with ABS |
| Front tire | 130/70 ZR17 |
| Rear tire | 190/50 ZR17 |
| Fuel tank | Four gallons |
| Wheelbase | 63.2 inches |
| Seat height | 27.2 inches |
| Dry weight | 595 pounds |
| MSRP | \$14,599 |





Entertain Yourself

Did you keep expenditures down during the holidays because of the economy? Valiantly hold off on that widescreen TV for the Super Bowl, then instantly regret it? If you're finally ready to upgrade, try these hot products.

By Paul Stone

SAMSUNG 46-INCH LCD TV
Samsung.com
\$3,400

If you're checking out our Pets' fave sex scenes (page 36), you'll want the most crisp and clean images possible. Enter the LN46A950 high-definition (1,920 x 1,080) LCD TV. It's sleek and sexy, and sports a hint of color in the black frame. It's also packed with features: preloaded recipes, fitness exercises, games; a link to weather, news, sports, and stock info from *USA Today*; and PC-connectivity, so you can access your music, video, and photo files.



TIVO HD XL DIGITAL VIDEO RECORDER
 Tivo.com
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We're several years into the twenty-first century, which means it's now official: No home-entertainment setup is complete without a DVR. Of course, the industry's big boy is TiVo, and the company is still at the forefront of the digital-TV revolution. This monster of a recorder can store 150 hours of high-definition TV—and an incredible 1,350 hours in standard definition—and record two channels at the same time. It has all the usual features, including the ability to pause live TV, watch in slow motion, and jump back and forth in a recorded show. The only thing it won't do is work with satellite TV.

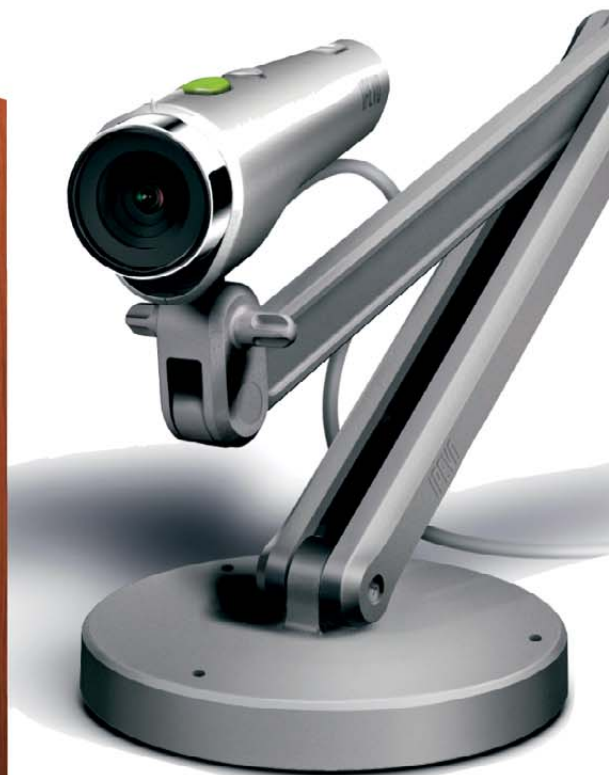


SONY T700 CYBER-SHOT DIGITAL CAMERA
 SonyStyle.com
 \$400

Maybe you're feeling inspired enough to do a *Penthouse*-style photo shoot of your own. Try Sony's new T700 digital camera. It's a 10.1-megapixel powerhouse with a 3.5-inch touch screen and four gigabytes of internal memory, so you can go snappier than a cracked-out paparazzo. You can even retouch directly on the camera, so if your girlfriend says no to posing because she's worried about where photos on your computer could end up, you've got the solution. The zoom is only 4x, but that's a good thing. Trust us when we say that when it comes to nudes, you should leave the extreme close-ups to the pros.

BOSTON ACOUSTICS CS 226 FLOORSTANDING SPEAKERS
 BostonAcoustics.com
 \$250

These Classic Series dual six-and-a-half-inch, two-way, freestanding speakers are best used with multichannel home-theater systems, but the truth is, they provide amazing sound no matter what they're paired with. It's all about the science: Soft dome tweeters, graphite-injected-polymer woofers, and MagnaGuard magnetic shielding all maximize the crisp sound. You'll be able to hear every groan, sigh, whisper, or scream ... or not, if you and your mute button so choose.



IPEVO UNIVERSAL POINTER CAM
 IPEVO.com
 \$100

What's that? You say you'd like to put your images up on the web? We recommend this new pointer camera. Its flexible design works well whether you're posing in front of your monitor or, um, in action, and you can capture images for instant download to your social-networking-site profile. (You'll still need an audio device if you want to add sound.) Besides that, it's the coolest-looking webcam we've ever seen.

This stylish webcam works well whether you're posing in front of your monitor or in action.



After the Breakup

Splitsville is a lonely place, and nobody wants to imagine an ex going hog wild with anyone except Ben and Jerry. Penthouse Pet Prinzess Sahara delivers the scoop on what women *really* do after calling it quits.

By Jonathan Ages

■ GRABBING REBOUNDS

"If you broke up with her, she's either so pissed that she doesn't even want to talk to another guy, or she already went out for a rebound quickie. If she dumped you, she may already have someone else in mind, so it's reasonable to be a little nervous after your breakup. But she's not *definitely* running out to hook up with another guy. After my last breakup, I didn't date anyone for a year."

■ SHE SIZES YOU UP

"She definitely compares you to her new guy. We always compare how boyfriends kiss, what they like, how they have sex. It's not always about who's better, though. It may just be about how they're different."

"Most likely, the guy she was dating for a while was better in bed—unless he was a total asshole and didn't care about what she likes. In my case, I don't get off from fucking. I get off from being teased with fingers, and once I'm fucking there's no teasing. If I hook up with a new guy, all he's gonna want to do is fuck. And I don't care if he's fucking for an hour or 30 seconds, it's not gonna do me any good. I like guys who play around for a little while, and new guys don't always do that."


■ GOOD-BYE GIFT

"Whether or not she keeps stuff you gave her depends on how intimate the situation was. If I got earrings on an anniversary, I wouldn't wear them again. If they were randomly purchased at the mall, I might wear them again. I know, it sucks. But I just wouldn't want to be sad, thinking about that intimacy, every time I put on the earrings."

■ GET OVER THE HUMP

"It's fine to chat if neither of you has entered a new relationship—particularly because people sometimes get back together. Unless you're both totally over your relationship, it's not cool to bring up any details of your new one. It would bother me to know that someone I was once intimate with is now with someone else."

■ GET THE UPPER HAND

"The one who instigated the breakup usually has the power, but the one who appears to have recovered the best is the first one to move on to the next serious relationship. So get out and live your life." 

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LIVE & LEARN

Take Five

Why five is the magic number when you're putting together a strip-club crew.

By Alexander Colby • Illustration by Dave Johnson

When visiting a strip joint, it's important to bear a few numbers in mind: how much money you plan to burn through, how many hours you're allowed to stay, the digits of a reputable cab service, and the appropriate number of guys to have in your crew. That number, boys, is five.

Why? Five is a well-balanced party. You're normal guys out for a good time. It's a large enough posse to let loose with, but not so many that someone could get left behind in the private room when everyone else is ready to leave.

Strippers don't like large groups, because men tend to get unsavory in packs. And while someone always makes it rain like Fat Joe, the better part of your gang will be tightfisted shrubs. Four friends flanking the mack and his largesse is the max in terms of splash radius.

In a group of six or seven dudes, there's likely to be alpha males fighting for dominance. It's a recipe for somebody acting like Captain Asshole, which means too much attention from bouncers just waiting to justify their existence. You don't want to get your hash tossed in front of naked women.

Eight or more is a bachelor party, and at least a few guys won't know the others well enough to relax. You can bank on one dude spoiling it for the

rest of you. (Head's up: It's probably going to be the married guy.)

Less than five, however, is as bad as more. You can work with four guys, especially if you're suited up and entertaining business associates, but it kind of looks like a double date. Three or fewer comes off as pathetic, like you don't have enough bros. And never forget, two guys at the club means two unchecked boners in a car on the way home. Add alcohol and stir, and shit can happen. We're just sayin'.

You need a full crew, no more, no less. Field from your second string of buddies if you must, or take some guy's younger brother and have fun buying him lap dances and watching him squirm. Better yet, find an open-minded girl to come with you. The dancers will see you as fun guys who behave themselves, and they love to show off for other ladies. **OT**

Someone always makes it rain like Fat Joe. Four friends flanking the mack and his largesse is the max in terms of splash radius.



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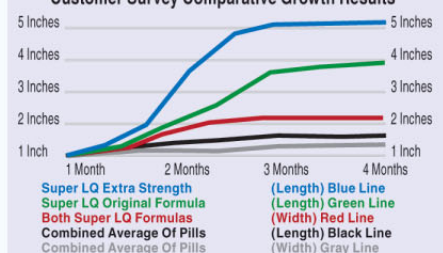
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BOYS TOWN

If you want wine and cheese with the women, go to Napa. If you prefer bourbon and barbecue with the boys, head to Kentucky.

By William Spain

From Louisville to Loretto, Lawrenceburg to Lexington, the Bluegrass State is rolling out the welcome mat for whiskey tourists.

And distillers are pouring ever more money—and product samples—into making sure those who come to see where and how the amber nectar is made have a good old time of it. Add in horse racing, hospitality, and some of the prettiest country on God's green earth, and you have the primo locale for a guy's getaway.

There are dozens of distilleries in Kentucky, but only a relative handful open their doors to the public. While the distillation process is essentially the same at all of them, the recipes aren't, and the distilleries vary tremendously by size and setting. They're spread over about 100 miles, so it would take days to do justice to them all, but some just can't be missed.

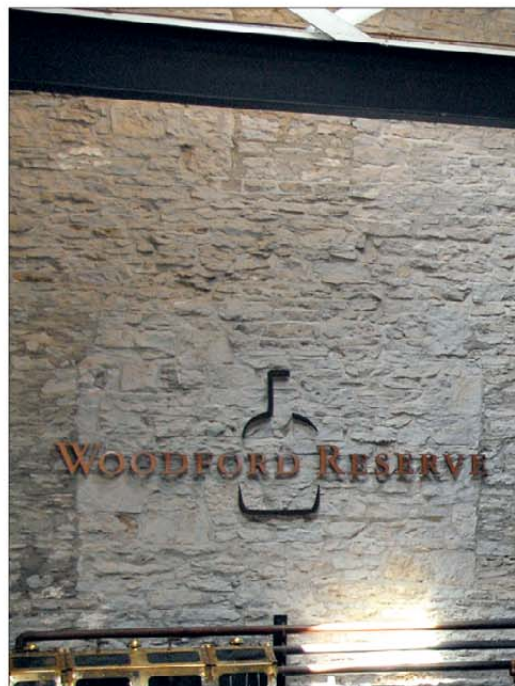
First among equals is Maker's Mark, outside the bucolic hamlet of Loretto, an hour and a half from Louisville—which is a good base for any bourbon tour. Maker's is now owned by the conglomerate Fortune Brands, the same company that makes Jim Beam, but the corporate masters have left Bill Samuels Jr.—son of the Maker's Mark founder—to run it pretty much as he pleases, and have even poured in money to expand the distillery and visitor facilities. Maker's Mark is known for its smooth drinkability and consistency, which comes from its unique formula and the pure limestone-filtered water.

A particular highlight is the barrel house, where you can taste the whiskey at each aging stage. This starts with raw spirit straight from the still, then goes to a tot of two-year-old, then four, then six (when it is bottled), and even ten. This is one place where you learn that age is—and is not—everything; some whiskey can stay in the barrel too long. You can also come away with a great souvenir: a bottle of Maker's Mark that you hand-dip yourself in its signature red wax.

Another must-see is Woodford Reserve. This distillery, one of the smallest in output, may well have the most beautiful setting. It's a few miles off the main road in Versailles, and the drive takes you across gently rolling hills through the heart of Thoroughbred country to the distillery, which is a national historic landmark. Woodford is very much a small-batch bourbon, and tradition rules all: The distillery uses cypress vats instead of stainless steel, copper pot stills from Scotland, and only the finest handmade American oak barrels. The end result is one of the finest bourbons on the market, and the tasting alone is worth the price of admission. (Woodford is one of the few that charges for entry, either \$5 or \$10, depending on the length and complexity of the tour.)

At the opposite end of the size spectrum is Jim Beam, which is in Clermont, outside Bardstown and about 30 minutes from Louisville. It's also a nice country location, but the Beam facility is enormous, as befits the No. 1-selling bourbon in the world. It was rebuilt just months after the end of Prohibition, and now rolls out more than three million cases of bourbon

It would take days to do justice to the dozens of distilleries in Kentucky, but some just can't be missed.



Wild Turkey's American Honey Liqueur girls

a year. The distillery itself is more industrial-looking than most, and the sheer scale of it—and the speed of the bottling line—is fascinating.

Now, big doesn't mean bad: Jim Beam may be less pricey than some bourbons, but it is a premium hooch nonetheless. The company also makes much of its line of small batches—Booker's, Baker's, Knob Creek, and Basil Hayden—here, all under the direction of seventh-generation master distiller Fred Noe, who may be on-site during a tour. He's one of the more approachable characters you'll ever meet, especially after a few sips of his creations.

Heaven Hill may be known in the trade for its workaday products, such as Evan Williams—the second-





Woodford Reserve's copper pot stills make for a pretty picture; Wild Turkey's warehouse (top right) is a little bit of heaven on earth.



most-popular bourbon. But the distillery also produces truly high-end products, including Elijah Craig 12-year-old and various Evan Williams single-barrel vintages that pass muster with the very best in show.


You probably won't get to see the distillery itself, but the company's state-of-the-art Bourbon Heritage Center in Bardstown is great. Exhibits take you through the entire history of America's native spirit before ending in a barrel-shaped tasting room with Heaven Hill libations. The Heritage Center is on the same property as dozens of huge rickhouses that together hold an awe-inspiring (and liver-twining) 800,000 barrels of underage bourbon.

No trip would be complete without a stop at Wild Turkey, set on a river-side bluff in Lawrenceburg. The home of the famous 101 may not be as well

set up for tourists as other facilities, but it is as good an example of a working distillery as can be found. Besides, any lack of amenities is more than made up for by the products, which range from the flagship brand at various proofs and ages to Russell's Reserve to Rare Breed to rye. Sadly, you are unlikely to see the company's American Honey Liqueur girls hanging around. But if you're really lucky, you will get a chance to talk to the legendary master distiller, Jimmy Russell, who has been in the business for more than 50 years and could be straight out of central casting, if he weren't the real thing.

With Kentucky winters wet and summers sticky, the best time to go is either spring or fall. Try late April or

early May, when the Kentucky Derby Festival is under way. It's two solid weeks of partying leading up to the Run for the Roses, which is the first Saturday in May, and it's kicked off by Thunder Over Louisville, one of the most—maybe *the* most—spectacular fireworks displays in the world. Be warned: Derby weekend is chaotic and the prices of everything from parking to pancakes seem to triple. But hell, everyone ought to go once.

Not that Louisville isn't a party town the rest of the year: The bar and restaurant scene is hot, and the Kentucky Bourbon Festival is held each September. Historic Churchill Downs, home of the Derby, has both spring and fall meets. And for those inclined toward watching a different kind of filly prance, the River City is also famous for its strip clubs, most of which are full-nude and full-bar. 

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

Steamy Celluloid

As we geared up for our Third Annual *Penthouse* Movie Awards (see page 12), we polled our local experts—the *Penthouse* Pets—on the best sex scenes in Hollywoodland.

■ 1. *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* (2005)

The Brangelina dustup between married hired killers leads to the most frantic make-up sex ever captured on film. We completely understand why no fewer than a half dozen *Pets* in the past three years named it the hottest scene.

■ 2. *The Thomas Crown Affair* (1999)

Pierce Brosnan and Rene Russo's coupling was the *Pets*' second favorite scene, with props going to the spontaneous and sensual nature of the lovemaking, as well as to the oh-so-pretty actors.

■ 3. *Unfaithful* (2002)

This Diane Lane vehicle in which she cuckolds Richard Gere is another winner with the *Pets*. To get your girl in the mood for loving, put this on and come back after Lane's trysts with Olivier Martinez, but before the ending (after about an hour and a half).

■ 4. *Wild Things* (1998)

The threesome here with Matt Dillon, Denise Richards, and Neve Campbell is a perennial fave of our *Pets*—not a huge surprise given their fondness for our monthly girl-girl loving.

■ 5. *300* (2006)

The smokin' scene between Gerard Butler and Lena Headey was our fifth popular selection, and the movie has the added bonus of lots of blood and gore to entertain you after you get it on with your heated-up hottie.

■ 6. *Little Children* (2006)

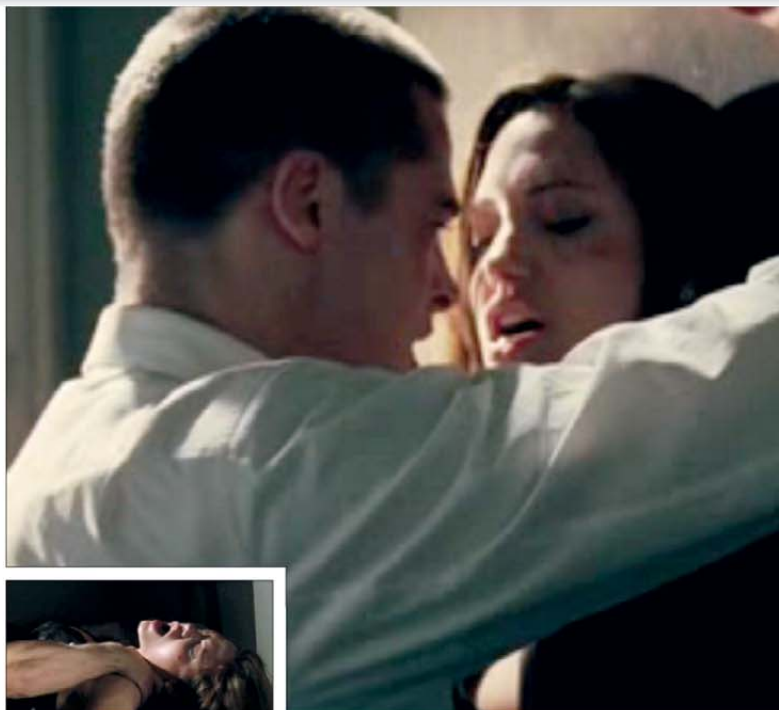
Kate Winslet and Patrick Wilson getting down and dirty in the laundry room is the high point of this tale of adultery. And of course the lush Winslet continues to hold a special place in our hearts by defying Hollywood's prejudice against real curves.

■ 7. *Out of Sight* (1998)

Jennifer Lopez has never been hotter, as far as the *Pets* are concerned at least, than in a car trunk and in bed with George Clooney in this Steven Soderbergh thriller. The sex scene's arty back-and-forth between the couple's role-playing flirt-fest at the bar and in J. Lo's hotel room reminds us of ...

■ 8. *Don't Look Now* (1973)

... Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie's sex scene in this weird flick, which had to be trimmed to avoid an X rating. It's so beautifully and subtly edited that the question of whether or not the couple was really getting it on can still inspire heated debate.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (OUT OF SIGHT)
UNIVERSAL/THE KOBAL COLLECTION;
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■ 9. *8 Mile* (2002)

The up-against-the-shelves coupling of Eminem and Brittany Murphy, however, is the flip side of those artsy scenes. It's gritty and realistic, and Murphy is so cutely erotic a thruster that we can almost completely forget that the thruster is Em.

■ 10. *Monster's Ball* (2001)

Another favorite for its gritty realism, and of course for Halle Berry's completely unglam nudity. She's still lust-worthy, and, as one dude around our office said when he read this list, it's the perfect choice because she looks like she's really getting plowed.

■ 11. *Fight Club* (1999)

Yes, Brad Pitt again. Sorry. We'll get back to Angie in a bit. In this David Fincher flick, he has a nudity-free sex session with Helena Bonham Carter that's followed by what may be the funniest and most disturbing on-screen postcoital comment ever: "I haven't been fucked like that since grade school." Nice one, Mr. Fincher.

■ 12. *A History of Violence* (2005)

Director David Cronenberg has said that he's proud to have made the first Hollywood movie that actually shows a sixty-nine scene, but the bruising screw on the stairs between Viggo Mortensen and Maria Bello is the one that our ladies cite for its raw emotion and eroticism.

■ 13. *Basic Instinct* (1992)

The pussy shots made Sharon Stone's career, of course, but she has some seriously hot scenes with Michael Douglas, the leading man who beat David Duchovny to the punch as a self-proclaimed sex addict. Every time he blocks our view of Ms. Stone, we kind of want to take an ice pick to him, too.

■ 14. *9½ Weeks* (1986)

Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger gave America a quick course in the link between food and sex....

■ 15. *Last Tango in Paris* (1972)

A lesson that may well have its roots in the scene here in which Marlon Brando uses butter as lube for anal sex with Maria Schneider.

■ 16. *Bound* (1996)

Another Hollywood adventure into kink, something that's rarely been done so well. Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly are seriously sexy, and completely believable.

■ 17. *Secretary* (2002)

As is Maggie Gyllenhaal in this S&M romance, Exhibit B in great Hollywood moments in kink. No one could possibly be surprised by the presence of this one on our list. It's pretty much required viewing for our models.

■ 18. *Bull Durham* (1988)

Exhibit C: Susan Sarandon's romances with Tim Robbins and Kevin Costner in this love letter to baseball. The light bondage here has shown two decades' worth of Pets that it's as good to be tied up as it is to do the tying.

■ 19. *The Player* (1992)

While we're thinking of Tim Robbins, his sex scene here with Greta Scacchi made it onto a few Pets' lists. Which is kind of surprising, because if you pay attention, you realize that you can't really see a thing. Robert Altman was just that good.

■ 20. *Mulholland Drive* (2001)

We still have no idea what the hell David Lynch's point was with this riddle-wrapped-in-an-enigma of a film, but Naomi Watts and

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

Laura Elena Harring exploring their sudden attraction to each other makes it all worthwhile.

■ 21. *Laurel Canyon* (2002)

Just as the swimming-pool scene between Frances McDormand and Kate Beckinsale makes this one. Fran's not the most sizzling of sex symbols, but Kate can get pretty much anyone's libido up and running.

■ 22. *Desperado* (1995)

It's full of quick cuts that make it difficult to see who's licking what, but not much tops a topless Salma Hayek ...

■ 23. *Ask the Dust* (2006)

... except a totally nude Salma Hayek. Unfortunately, she's frequently blocked from view by Colin Farrell. Who knew he could be such a gentleman?

■ 24. *Alexander* (2004)

Farrell also had a memorable scene with a luscious and fully nude Rosario Dawson, who is not in the least bit shy about showing off her assets, and *never* disappoints.

■ 25. *Original Sin* (2001)

Not surprisingly, Angelina Jolie made this list more than once. Her sex session with Antonio Banderas in this period piece practically sets the screen on fire. (We found more than one funny comment online wondering how Banderas managed to avoid getting off for real.) Their old-fashioned metal washtub is like the original reality-show hot tub.

■ 26. *Taking Lives* (2004)

Angie's scene here with Ethan Hawke was cited by more than one Pet as being especially steamy. When you check out how the slow seduction quickly shifts into fast and furious fucking, you'll agree.

■ 27. *Body Heat* (1981)

Back in the eighties, this movie elevated Kathleen Turner's status to Hollywood's favorite siren. William Hurt's desperate need to get to her leaves him no choice but to hurl a chair through a window. We can certainly empathize.

■ 28. *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981)

Another eighties bombshell, Jessica Lange, brought her career back to life by bringing Jack Nicholson to his knees, metaphorically speaking, in another noir remake. The first sex scene, of the pair getting it on atop a flour-covered kitchen table, is unquestionably one for the ages.

■ 29. *The Hunger* (1983)

As are the scenes here between Susan Sarandon and Catherine Deneuve. They're both voluptuous and gorgeous, and the two of them together are incendiary. And of course there's also the scene when David Bowie and Deneuve pick up partners at a club for a little action, not to mention a nighttime snack.

■ 30. *Indecent Proposal* (1993)

Forget the chick-flick soul-mate moments and the incredibly ridiculous premise. Rent this to check out Demi Moore's tits (your first view should be in chapter two on the DVD) and to watch her and Woody Harrelson screw around on top of 25 grand in cash.



Original Sin



Basic Instinct



8 Mile

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ORIGINAL SIN COURTESY OF EVERETT



Original Sin



Secretary



Angelina Jolie's sex session with Antonio Banderas in the period piece Original Sin practically sets the screen on fire.

■ 31. *Showgirls* (1995)

One of our models picked the swimming-pool scene between Elizabeth Berkley and Kyle MacLachlan, but we have to disagree. Except for Berkley's impressive rack, this scene has too little heat for us to recommend it. However, the whole flick is good background entertainment for a bachelor party.

■ 32. *Team America: World Police* (2004)

For a sex scene that's laughable in a fun way, we recommend the unedited lovemaking session between marionettes in this film from the creators of *South Park*.

■ 33. *Prizzi's Honor* (1985)

Almost as funny are Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner when they roll off the bed during sex while barely skipping a, um, beat in this assassins-in-love precursor to *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* from the legendary John Huston.

■ 34. *Lethal Weapon 3* (1992)

And the Smiths' postcoital comparison of injuries conjures fond memories of this buddy-cop flick's best scene, in which Mel Gibson and Rene Russo turn their scar stories into foreplay.

■ 35. *Pretty Woman* (1990)

Yeah, we know, no one has ever seen a Hollywood Boulevard streetwalker who looked nearly as good as Julia Roberts does here. But when she and Richard Gere have sex on the piano in the bar, it's a stellar Hollywood moment in sort-of-public sex ...

■ 36. *Risky Business* (1983)

... but still second to the almost-strangers-on-the-train coupling here between Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay. She's hot as hell, limber and lithe, and experienced but willing to share her knowledge. There is no bad here, for Tom or us.

■ 37. *Titanic* (1997)

Now that we've entered the realm of the chick flick, there's no denying the fact that a few of our models have a soft spot for this Leonardo DiCaprio-Kate Winslet film. Or at least for the crotch-warming car sex in the cargo compartment.


■ 38. *The Notebook* (2004)

A couple of Pets even came up with this most chick-ish of chick flicks. We're happy to report that the deleted scenes on the DVD include one that scorches up the screen, and you don't even have to sit through the movie!

■ 39. *P.S.* (2004)

This film only made our list because it made Bella Starr's: "Topher Grace and Laura Linney weren't even nude, but the chemistry was electric and hot as hell!" We'll take her word for it.

■ 40. *Pam & Tommy Lee: Hardcore & Uncensored* (1999)

Our 2007 Pet of the Year, Heather Vandeven, asked, "Does the Tommy Lee and Pam Anderson movie count?" It shouldn't, but where's the fun in making a list if we can't fuck with the parameters? Tommy's and Pam's porn-worthy physical attributes aside, this is fairly pedestrian sex, but it was a truly groundbreaking moment in amateur pornog—er, guerrilla filmmaking. 

 pet of the year runner-up





second coming

We're thrilled to introduce our Pet of the Year Runner-Up for 2009, 21-year-old Shawna Leneé. This 32D-24-35 beautiful blonde from Cleveland is the perfect complement to Pet of the Year Taya Parker.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



"My proudest moment is when I was told I'm Runner-Up for 2009. I was driving down Ventura Boulevard, and I was so happy that I had to park my car, get out, and jump around in a parking lot to work off my excitement."



"I was so happy to become a Pet, and to start doing videos for *Penthouse*. To me, being named Runner-Up means I'm being recognized for working hard and doing my best."







"I love the attention I get with the Penthouse Key necklace! I wear it every day. Many times I have been told, 'I love your necklace,' and when I tell people what it is, they get really excited."





"Everyone who is close to me is very happy for me. Sometimes I think my friends are more excited than I am! I don't receive any negative criticism, which makes me one of the luckiest girls in the business."

Shawna Lenee



pet of the year runner-up

"My biggest fantasy at this point in time is to have sex with a girl who dresses like a boy. I have always been attracted to butch girls, but have yet to fuck one!"



Shawn

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

Shawna Leneé

Brand

Management

British export Russell Brand is positioned for U.S. stardom as an actor, comedian, and writer.

By John Bolster

Some things in life, such as Highland Park Single Cask No. 443 Scotch, or the sex appeal of *Mad Men*'s Christina Hendricks, come armor-plated against hype. No matter how many times, or how strenuously, I tell you how incredibly good Highland Park is—and even if I piss you off in the process (likely)—your reaction when you try it would still be along the lines of, “Holy *crap*, that’s good Scotch. Wow. Is that *real*? Fuck, that is good stuff.” Guaranteed. I could in no way overhype that particular whisky.

Now, Russell Brand is just one man, and a big part of what he does (the film-career part) is highly collaborative, so it’s probably not fair to put him in this category yet, but let’s just say, for now, that we are fast approaching the day when he will belong there. If you have any doubt, go to YouTube and watch his audition for *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, the underrated 2008 comedy he nearly walked off with, despite being a relative unknown on these shores. His *audition* for the role—a small tour de force of improvisation—is as good as anything in the film itself. Or check out Brand’s clever, engaging memoir, *My Booky Wook*, which is already a best-seller in the U.K. and comes out here on March 10.

Flip to just about any page of this book, subtitled *A Memoir of Sex, Drugs, and Stand-Up*, and you’ll land on an account of Brand’s struggles with addiction and coming of age that is witty or poignant or entertaining or, usually, all three. (We did just that; see sidebar.) He also writes a newspaper column on soccer (or football, as it’s known over there) for the *Guardian*, makes an outstanding talk-show guest, and was the *Sun*’s 2007 “Shagger of the Year.”

Actor, writer, stand-up, shagger of the year: Small wonder then that when we opened our recent chat with a simple “How are you, Russell?” the 33-year-old Londoner said, “I’m on the precipice of ecstasy.” With a Comedy Central stand-up special also slated for this month, followed by a starring role in a Judd Apatow-produced film, *Get Him to the Greek*, and, possibly, the starring role in a remake of the Dudley Moore classic *Arthur*, Brand is also on the precipice of full-blown U.S. stardom.



Did you need to achieve success before you could write this book, and face some of the more difficult parts?

Yeah. I think it could only serve as a kind of a watershed, a line being drawn underneath years of incidental catastrophe, trivial cruelty, and ... expertly undertaken misdemeanors.

How did you remember it all, since you were out of your head for most of it?

Well, for example, the *terrible* incident of claiming to have contracted HIV in order to get a week off work, I was reminded of that by a friend. I had completely forgotten that. Fortunately, when I was a using addict and a drunk, a lot of my conduct made for good anecdotes. A lot of the ones I didn't recall, other people would. So I had a starring part in other people's anecdotes. And I was able to reclaim that for my own purposes when it came to writing the book.

So you had to conduct interviews for your autobiography.

[Laughs] Very much, yes.

Can you give me a best bit that didn't make it into the book?

There's a story of me and my friend Matt Morgan going to Norfolk Broads on a barge. Norfolk is the Deep South of England—not geographically but ideologically. The people of Norfolk are the hillbillies of Britain. When we phoned ahead to rent the barge, the man thought we were a couple of homosexuals, and he wouldn't let us have the boat. I had to ring back and say I was coming with my wife. But the guy recognized it was me and said, "All right, I look forward to meeting you and *your wife*." So on the way there we had to meet a girl on the train and convince her to pose as my wife. We arrived at the dock, and when the man was telling me and the woman posing as my wife how to drive the boat, I was so overwhelmed with how brilliant my plan was going that I didn't listen to any of the instructions. When it came to the next stage, when the "wife" had gone, me and Matt were left trying to operate the boat. It was a ludicrous experience, and we ended up out to sea. On a barge that was only designed to go four knots an hour. It was *Withnail and I* on the Norfolk Broads. Terrifying things happened—we slept in a windmill, lots of peculiar events took place.

You've been a household name in the U.K. for some time now. Do you relish the challenge of becoming more established in the U.S.?

Well, it is a challenge. It's a bigger country; there are more people. Hopefully I'll make it through films, which seems to be the way things are going. Because although I've been a comedian for years in the U.K., it wasn't until I started to feature regularly in the tabloids that I became notorious nationwide. And that's a difficult thing to overcome.

The next film I'm doing, *Get Him to the Greek*, has Judd Apatow producing and Nick Stoller directing, and I'm starring in it with Jonah Hill and a whole host of very, very exciting people who I've been very, very strictly instructed not to inform you



'If you're funny, you can get away with—not with murder, that would be ludicrous—but, laughing about murder.'

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEN MALER/
RETNA LTD.

of—but proper-like, “What, *they’re* in it?”—type people. I’m very optimistic and excited about that movie. And with everything else that’s happening, I just feel that now I’m in a position where I can afford to concentrate on the work and try to stay out of trouble.

Do you see yourself exploring noncomedic roles in the U.S.?

Yes, but I’m very happy to play comedy roles at the moment. I think it’s wise to get established as what you are before you try to vary that idea in people’s minds. At the moment, a significant number of people don’t know who I am, so they’ll hardly be dazzled by me wearing a fake mustache, or talking with a lisp. But once everyone knows who I am, then I can say, “Well, look at this, I can pretend to be an Italian waiter.”

Is it true you’re going to be involved in a remake of *Arthur*?

Yeah. We’ve been offered that, by Warner Bros. We’re sort of working on it at the moment. With this kind of project, though, you’re working for a year in advance, aren’t you? But I love that film; I love Dudley Moore. And I really hope that it works out. If we can do a respectful and interesting remake, I think it would be really exciting.

Will you do a stand-up tour in the U.S., around your Comedy Central special?

Yes, I will. I love performing over here. I’ve performed in gigs in San Francisco, at a club called Cobbs where Dave Chappelle does a lot of gigs. Stand-up comedy is really important to me. It’s very immediate. It keeps you honed. I have no intention of giving that up. Eddie Izzard advised me early on in my stand-up career to pursue it because it gives you a kind of autonomy. And American audiences have loved my stuff so far, so I’m keen to do more.

How much do you tailor your material to the different audience?

Well, I don’t think *Oh, I won’t do my reams and reams of Communist material* because it’s, you know, an American audience. I don’t think it’s a wholly different sensibility, but one thing it has done is make me be more disciplined. Like in England, I’ve to some degree exploited the fact that I’ve got an audience of people who have come expressly to see me. They’ve already made up their minds that they love me. I can go on and show off, and just improvise for a couple of hours. But over here I’ve been very concise in what I’m doing. I’ve brought very worked-up material. But still, I think it’s a bit of a myth that audiences won’t understand you. I think if you’re funny, they’ll come with you anywhere. If you’re funny, you can get away with—not with murder, that would be ludicrous—but, laughing about murder.

You’ve performed for a whole range of audiences back home, including the queen. How did that go?
I very nearly got beheaded.

What happened?


Well, when someone gives themselves over to literally being God’s representative on earth,

someone whose face lives on the stamp, and on pound notes, I find that kind of preposterous. It’s difficult to think of them as a person. It’s only when you start to think *Well, she is a normal 80-odd-year-old woman* that you can properly give her some respect. But at least she didn’t heckle.

What did you say?

I hosted the equivalent of the Grammys in the U.K., the Britain Awards, and I made a joke about the queen. Actually, when I say joke, it was an acute social observation. I said, “You know that I love Her Majesty the Queen and I respect her, but if someone gave you an envelope and told you that inside was a photograph of the queen’s vagina, you *would* open it and have a look.” Right? And then it was, “Here with that envelope is ... Joss Stone!” And she had an envelope, because it was an envelope for the nominees for an awards category. But there were some repercussions for that. People said I shouldn’t be allowed to say things like that. I pointed out that they were merely a bit anguished, and shouldn’t take life so seriously.

Do you get a rush from being on the edge like that?

Yeah, I love it. That’s what I enjoy most, I think. There’s a particular thrill when you know that you’re very close to the edge. And, of course, occasionally you will go over. I think that’s a necessary consequence of taking risks. 

Best Bitsy Wits From *My Booky Wook*

Flippant title aside, Russell Brand’s memoir (CollinsPublishers, March 2009) packs quality on every page. Herewith, a sampling:

Page 57: On his newly acquired boyhood pet gerbil, which he lobbied for like some 11-year-old Jack Abramoff:

“How I adored that hard-won gerbil. Barney. A good solid, blokey name for the new totem of my happiness. I worshipped Barney the way primitive people worshipped the animals they hunted, seeing in the creature a connection to the natural and the divine. My devotion was swiftly rewarded when Barney, with scant regard for his gender, quite brilliantly had a litter of babies.”

Page 86: On the early encouragement from his high school drama teacher, Colin Hill, when Brand was struggling to fit in:

“Colin Hill said I was good in drama classes. *It’s just showing off*, I thought, *sanctioned showing off.... Oh my God, I’ve found a loophole*. ‘Erm, Colin, you like this showing off, do you? You say I’m doing it well? I can also torment dogs and masturbate, do you have any classes for those?’”

Page 143: On auditioning for London’s Drama Centre, a school for dramatic arts headed by Christopher Fettes and Yat Malmgren:

“It was an intimidating atmosphere. Christopher was snooty. And Yat muttered mysterious things; he asked me what my favorite color was. ‘I like purple,’ I said. ‘Oh. Purple.’ He responded as if my answer had given him all the information he’d ever need on me as a person. ‘People who like purple are vain and are unable to cope with the adult world.’ A lucky guess.”

Page 216: On buying heroin in Camden, an edgy, cosmopolitan section of London:

“The dealers keep the bags in their mouths. Then when you buy one they spit it into their hand and you have to put it directly in your mouth. Even though you obviously want the heroin, a little bit of you is thinking, *Eugh! He’s had it in his mouth*. After a while, though, you stop thinking that.”

St. Patrick's Day Done Right

Cast aside petty distractions like girls, conversation, and accepted norms of human behavior, and focus on what really matters this March 17.

By Drew Magary • Illustration by Tom Richmond

No one gets laid on St. Patrick's Day. I certainly never have. It's a sexual impossibility, on par with the fabled kneeling-pretzel position. But that's okay. St. Paddy's is not a day for trying to get laid. This is a day to celebrate your own slavish devotion to alcohol. It's the one day of the year when, as a man, you can drop your constant, dogged pursuit of the other sex. Shouldn't there be a day when we don't have to be obsessive perverts, and can simply be belligerent alcoholics? I say yes.

With that in mind, allow me to set your St. Pat's itinerary for this year. The nice thing is that it falls on a Tuesday. If you're like me, you often reserve Tuesday as that one day of the week on which you don't drink, just so you can fool yourself into thinking you have some semblance of control over your alcoholism. But you don't have to worry about that the week of March 17! *Fuck, yeah!*

8:30 A.M.—Wake up.

8:40 A.M.—Proper Irish breakfast of blood sausages, eggs cooked in blood-sausage grease, Irish bacon (the prime rib of bacon), huge fucking bowl of Lucky Charms.

9:00 A.M.—Get dressed without showering, shaving, brushing teeth, clipping nails, or combing hair.

9:20 A.M.—Sprinkle sawdust all over apartment.

9:25 A.M.—Don only green shirt you have, which used to be a bright kelly green, but has faded over time to a sickly shade, like a zucchini gone bad.

9:30 A.M.—Fill hip flask with Jameson.

9:35 A.M.—Realize hip flask is insufficient. Place entire bottle of Jameson in inside pocket of sports coat.

10:05 A.M.—Spend morning at work filling out your NCAA Tournament bracket. Pick Duke to lose in the second round. Why? Because fuck Duke, that's why.



12:30 P.M.—Sneak out with coworker to nearby Irish pub that isn't really Irish and isn't really a pub. I'm talking about *you*, Tír Na Nóg!

12:33 P.M.—Get first beer from sassy Irish barmaid. Place to lips. Oh, God, that tastes so good. If only you could just dive into the glass and let the frosty goodness seep into every orifice.

12:34 P.M.—Second beer.

12:35 P.M.—Third beer.

1:00 P.M.—Should you have a fourth beer at lunch? *Fuck it.* You're having your fourth beer at lunch!

1:05 P.M.—Back at work. God, that fluorescent light. It hurts your brain. Who installed that in your office? What a dick.

3:00 P.M.—Sneak out of work. Pay tribute to Joyce's *Ulysses* by masturbating on beach to nearby girl.

3:10 P.M.—Back to work.

5:00 P.M.—Leave work. Head straight back to bar.

5:05 P.M.—Say, how come no girls are out at the bar tonight? Because most women don't even bother going out on St. Patrick's Day. Instead, they bar their doors and watch a Colin Firth movie. Wise move, ladies.

5:30 P.M.—Wings, potato skins, onion rings. First boilermaker.

6:00 P.M.—Second boilermaker.

6:30 P.M.—Fucking A! Everything feels *nice*.

6:35 P.M.—Someone tries to put one of those stupid fucking plastic green bowler hats on you. Punch them in the face.

7:00 P.M.—Put \$5 in jukebox. Select every song from the Pogues' *Rum Sodomy & the Lash*. Make note to drink rum, commit sodomy, use lash later on.

7:05 P.M.—Why the fuck isn't the juke playing your shit? Ask bartender. He gets mouthy. Punch him in the face. Get bounced.

8:30 P.M.—Arrive at next bar. Sit down at table just as the live band starts playing traditional Irish music at unreasonable volume. You know, the kind of music the immigrants in steerage played in the movie *Titanic*. Try to have conversation with friend. Fail.

10:05 P.M.—You're extremely drunk now. Already? Yep. Oops. Maybe you should have paced yourself... *Whoo-hoo, Jäger bombs!*

~~~~~BLACK OUT~~~~~

10:10 P.M.—Get into argument with friend. Cry for no real reason. Make up despite not knowing what you originally started arguing about. Hug a little longer than is comfortable.

11:00 P.M.—Everyone in the bar sings "Danny Boy." No one knows the damn lyrics except for one really loud, old asshole.

12:00 A.M.—Leave for new bar.

12:05 A.M.—Throw up in alleyway. Sit down in alleyway. Tell your friend to hang on, it's okay, you just need to sit down for a second.

12:10 A.M.—Kinda fall asleep. Okay, *really* fall asleep.

12:15 A.M.—Wake up. Realize you have vomit on your sleeve. And your arm up a homeless man's rectum. Remove arm.

12:30 A.M.—Cough violently.

12:55 A.M.—Arrive at new bar that's waaay too crowded. One of those bars where 17-year-olds are drinking Bud Light out of plastic yard glasses. Punch at least one person wearing a Larry Bird jersey and Red Sox hat.

1:00 A.M.—Karaoke! "In your heeeead, in your heeeead, zo-ombie! Zo-ombie! Zo-ombie-ay-ay-ay!"

3:00 A.M.—Still at bar. Eyes glazed over. Staring ahead at fixed point on wall. Still drinking, even though you aren't sure why. Your friend left a long time ago. You're all alone. Vomit into lap.

3:05 A.M.—Get sent home in cab. Open window so as not to smell own self.

3:20 A.M.—In bed. God, so comfy. Who invented beds? Whoever it was, that asshole's a saint. ㄹ_ㄹ

Drew Magary is the cofounder of the football blog *Kissing Suzy Kolber*. His first book, *Men With Balls*, is in stores now, and makes a great gift for people who do not like challenging books.



My Sex Trip to Rio

Hurricane
Juliana:

Before I went, I couldn't see taking a ten-hour trip just to have an opportunity to pay to get laid. Now, I'll never forget it.

By Joe Diamond

U ntil my first trip there in March 2003, I essentially had three images of Rio de Janeiro: Carnival debauchery, a huge statue of Christ, and pristine beaches with names I didn't know. Copacabana to me meant Barry Manilow. I knew the song "Girl From Ipanema," but I didn't know it referred to a beach in Rio. Half the

time I'd confuse Rio with Buenos Aires.

It was my pal Ian who paved my way, bombarding me and other friends with e-mails about the prostitutes he'd met abroad. "They treat you like a king in Rio," he'd tell us. "Of course they do," we'd snicker. "You're paying them to."

Ian would urge me to go with him to Brazil. But to me, there were two types of prostitutes: disease-ridden, drug-addled streetwalkers who couldn't pay me to sleep with them, and gorgeous call girls beyond my bank account.

Ian claimed that Rio's *garotas* occupied a magic middle ground: call-girl quality at streetwalker prices. "If she likes you, it's almost dating," he claimed. "She'll see you when she's not working. Shit, she'll travel with you around the country if you want."

"You still pay the girls for their time, right?"

"Depends how much they like you. You take them out to eat, of course. And they love presents. Clothes, toys for their kids, little knick-knacks."



Unleashed animal lust dominates the Carnival festivities, as dancers compete to outdo each other with the most exotic displays.

As the Catholic holiday right before Lent, “carnival” essentially means “last chance for meat.” Rio’s fleshfest is probably not what the Church meant.

I was sure there was more than a bit of self-delusion in Ian’s glowing depiction. But I’d been thinking about going to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, and Ian’s obsession with Rio got me thinking about Carnival. As the Catholic holiday right before Lent, “carnival” comes from a Latin phrase that essentially means “last chance for meat.” It’s probably not the kind of fleshfest that the Church had in mind.

Like Ian, I initially saw Carnival as an opportunity to meet “normal” women—tourists or locals fired up by the anything-goes atmosphere.

I got a good deal at the Guanabara Palace, a hotel in Centro, Rio’s business district. Ian had arrived in town two days before me, and was staying in an apartment in Copacabana.

I phoned him after I checked in. Not even a word from Ian along the lines of “how was your flight?” Just an immediate, “We have to go to Help tonight,” as if he’d been sitting by the phone for hours, obsessing over the opportunity of taking me to his favorite stomping ground.

“Hooker heaven, right?” I asked.

“Say *garotas*. It sounds better.”

“You don’t understand,” I said. “It’s my first night. I want to meet regular girls.”

“Joe, everything’s open all night. We’ll go to Help for a little while, then somewhere else.”

I took a bus to Avenida Atlantica and walked toward Help’s yellow neon sign, about a quarter-mile ahead. The sidewalk in front of the club was a thicket of street commerce: old women selling beers from Styrofoam coolers; barefoot kids waving gum and cigarettes in my face or thrusting out their hands for money; teens with shoeshine boxes. Ian had warned me about them.

I spotted Ian and we got on line. Help is set way back from the street, and the line stretched nearly to the curb. I scanned the crowd, surprised, despite what Ian had told me, at the lack of girls dressed trashy-sexy, like streetwalkers in the States. There were a few. But many—in tight skirts, high heels, belly shirts—were dressed no more provocatively than girls in any large city out for a night of partying. Some of the girls were beautiful, but a greater number were just attractive—again, just as in any big club. I had yet to fall under Rio’s alleged spell.

“You sure they’re prostitutes?” I asked Ian.

“I told you,” he said. “The *garotas* look like college girls.”

“Most of these girls are not *garotas*. They can’t be.”

“Ninety-nine percent. At least. I know, because I’ve been with lots of the girls here.”

As we headed to the bar, Ian pointed to the love seats on the catwalk above. “That’s where you get to test-drive the girls a bit.”

I had my first caipirinha, Brazil’s national cocktail. It tasted like crap, but its *cachaça* (a liquor similar to rum) was strong enough to give me the quick buzz I wanted. Now everyone became more alluring. As I watched the *garotas* gyrate to samba and other Latin rhythms, I started to understand why *Brasileiras* are widely considered the sexiest women on earth.

I often get an exaggerated sense of power when alcohol hits me, and I got it in my head that I could score with these girls without tainting the achievement by paying them. Hookers or not, they were still human and would be susceptible to the right bullshit.

Not quite! I approached six or seven girls, none of whom would stop long enough for me to ask if she spoke English. Getting rejected by any girl stings, but a prostitute? It’s an exquisite form of devastation. Eventually, I’d figure out that Help’s *garotas* have a sixth sense about men who don’t intend to honor the rules. And the cardinal rule, of course, is no pay, no play.

I went back to Ian by the bar. He was holding hands with a petite brunette. She was smiling at him, hardly noticing me. “This is Diana,” Ian said. “We’re going. Stay here as long as you want. You’re in fucking paradise now.”

I still had doubts about that, but I kept them to myself.

“Just make sure you take a cab to your hotel,” Ian said. “Don’t take a bus this late. I’ll call you tomorrow?”

“Sure.” I was angry, but I wasn’t going to make Ian my babysitter.

I’d had enough of Help, though. I left and wandered through Terraco Atlantico next door. It was teeming with *garotas*. But they were friendlier, or at least more aggressive, than the ones in Help. “Hey, baby,” a girl said as she grabbed my crotch. “To where you wanna go?” Her friend also reached for my fly. It was one of the girls who’d blown me off in Help. *Fuck you*, I felt like saying. *You had your chance*.

I made my way toward a pair of girls sitting near the hedges. One of the girls had sandy hair and a silk blouse with diagonal black and pink stripes. She smiled and said, “American?”

I nodded. “New York.”

She introduced herself as Antoinette, and asked me to sit. Her friend was tired and left after a few minutes. I was amazed at how well Antoinette spoke English. She seemed awfully poised for a working girl, and looked 32 or 33, older than most of the *garotas* I’d seen that night. Maybe she was just in town for Carnival, and I’d stumbled onto a chance for legitimate romance. In the hopes of preserving that chance, I stopped myself from asking straight off if she was “working.”

The more we spoke, the more turned on I got.

I hoped Antoinette would make an encouraging gesture, like touching my knee or cheek. But she limited things to conversation. Soon, though, she moved her chair closer ("Is this okay?"), and brushed my hair back with her fingers. "I can see your eyes better now."

"Do you want to ... um ..." I stammered.

"Yes, Joe?"

"Um ... go somewhere?"

She smiled. "Go where?"

"I feel weird asking you, but to my hotel."

"This is possible."

I still wasn't sure what was going on. Were we talking business or was Antoinette genuinely attracted to me?

"I need to ask you something first, and I hope you won't be offended," I said.

"Yes?" She had a knowing grin.

"It's just that, given where we are, with all the *garotas* and—"

She held her finger to my mouth.

"Yes, Joe. I come to Rio to make program."

"But you don't seem like the other girls here."

"I only do this for Carnival and New Year's. Or when I have a client in Rio."

Color me hot: preparing a model for the Rio samba parade.



Antoinette said that most of the work in Brazil, even owning your own business, paid shit. She made more money in a few weeks as a prostitute than at her other jobs the rest of the year.

"I've never been with a *garota*," I said. "Do we talk money first?"

"If you want. Or we can do that later. In the morning."

"But what if I don't have enough?"

She played with my hair again. "You worry about everything, don't you? If I was only concerned about making the most money, I would not have relaxed here with you all this time. This is your *primeira vez*—first time—in Rio. All you should think about is enjoying it."

Back at the hotel, it was impossible not to enjoy it. Antoinette peeled off her blouse to reveal a flat tummy and small, beautifully shaped breasts. Can breasts have personality? They seemed perky as hell when Antoinette was bouncing on me. Bouncing, like a kid on a trampoline, deliriously happy.

In the morning, she asked what I wanted to pay.

"Is \$60 good?" I meant it just as an opening bid. I was stunned that she accepted it without comment.

Ian would tell me later that he was also surprised: "Most of the girls by Help want to bang out a deal as soon as they meet you. They ask for \$200 American, which is insane, and they know it. Then you laugh at them—but warmly, as if you know they're joking—and say, '\$200? I'll give you \$40.'"

"For a whole night? Shit! I paid too much."

"No, \$40 is low. Remember, you're negotiating. Usually, it'll end up somewhere between \$60 and \$100. But your girl didn't even try to bargain. She's probably counting on you for repeat business. As well as gifts, dinner."

"She's well worth it. She's incredible."

"I told you. You've got the bug."

Ian was right. Antoinette had ended my aversion to prostitutes. The transaction hadn't made me feel at all like a loser. She had lifted the curtain on a sexual Disney World. Sure, I'd had to pay, but it was for one of the most thrilling encounters of my life. And there were countless attractions here yet to explore.

Quatro por Quatro, Rio's largest brothel, was three blocks from my hotel. It was in the middle of a quiet side street, just off one of Rio's main commercial strips. Gringos loved the place; its location and afternoon opening time also made it a favorite among local businessmen out for lunchtime diversions. For a renowned pleasure palace, it had the most pedestrian of names: Quatro por Quatro literally means "Four by Four," from its address, 44 Rua Buenos Aires.

I went there my third day in Rio. As much as I wanted to dash in and look at the girls, I had to follow a protocol that's standard in most *termas*, Rio's upscale brothels. First, I checked in at reception, where a pretty Asian explained in fluent English the price for one girl versus two, 40 minutes versus an hour, and small rooms versus deluxe ones. "You decide later, after you pick a girl," she said. She handed me a key on a wristband and pointed me to a locker room, where an attendant gave

me the mandatory gear: sandals and a white robe emblazoned with Quatro por Quatro's logo. After you change, you can go upstairs and take a sauna, shower, or massage. Or you can do what I did: Head for the brothel's little nightclub, where clients and *garotas* size up one another.

The room was packed with Brazilian eye candy in thongs and lingerie. A few were stripping on the small stage. There were some uncomfortable-looking men sitting on black leather couches against mirrored walls. I was too self-conscious to begin flirting, so I showed the bartender my key (all charges are billed to your locker number) and ordered a beer.

I was mesmerized by an olive-skinned girl swaying at the edge of the dance floor. Juliana had straight blonde hair—Quatro por Quatro is known as a temple for blonde fetishists—that fell just below her shoulders. She looked worldly and innocent at the same time. A woman-child. But the more I studied her, the more provocative she seemed. She had on a bright red thong, and a bikini that strained to rein in her breasts. She had a nice butterfly tattoo across her lower back.

When she noticed me staring at her, she locked eyes on mine, came over, and stroked my cheek. "Swah-vay," she purred in Portuguese, meaning "soft." Without another word, she threw her arms around me and kissed me. This was no gradual flirtation, as with Antoinette. As wonderful as that had been, Juliana had me trembling from the start.

She led me out the nightclub to an empty lounge one floor above, where she pulled me onto a couch and kissed me again. I wanted to learn more about her, but for now I wanted to keep kissing. The fact that we could get a room and fuck wasn't important. I would have been happy all night with her on that couch, just embracing. She seemed to feel the same, making no attempt to sell me on a session. Strange, because *terma* girls only got paid when clients rented rooms. We must have been there at least two hours, when finally she said, "Let's go make-a love."

As we headed downstairs, we passed two attractive *garotas*. Without realizing it, I looked at them a little too long. Juliana glared at me. "You dog."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I want to be with you, not them." "You dog. Get away from me."

"I like you so much," I said. "The last thing I want to do is upset you." I don't know how much of my English she understood, but I think my earnestness registered.

We headed for the cabins. This time I fixed my eyes on her. Other girls popped in and out of view, but my eyes didn't budge.

As she got undressed, Juliana said she didn't want me to fuck her. Other men there fucked her. With me it'd be making love. I wondered how many other guys she'd said it to that day, but I didn't dwell on it. *Enjoy the fantasy*, I thought, *The return flight to reality and Brooklyn is only days away*.

Afterward, we cuddled in the lounge. Around closing time, she told me to meet her outside on the corner. First I had to get my clothes and pay the bill. "Rápido! Rápido!" she said. She had to get home and couldn't wait long. I wasn't sure why she wanted to meet outside, but I hauled ass to the



Above: preparing a float for the Carnival parade.
Right: sunbathing on Rio's Copacabana Beach.

lockers. I hustled out of Quatro por Quatro, went to the corner, and waited. And waited. Another girl from the *terma* walked by, and I asked if she'd seen Juliana. She said she'd seen Juliana leave right before I paid the bill. I lingered a few moments, then I drifted back to my hotel.

I returned to Quatro por Quatro the next night. I saw Juliana in the nightclub on a middle-aged man's lap, feeding him French fries. She looked at me sadly. She said something to the man, came over, and kissed me on the cheek. "Come," she said. I followed her to reception, where she spoke quickly to the receptionist, Christina, in Portuguese. She kissed me again and went back inside.

"Joe, she wants to be with you, but the man has already reserved a room," Christina said.

"No problem. I'll come back tomorrow."

"Can you wait for her? She'll be free after."

I had plans to meet Ian later for dinner in Copacabana, and I didn't want to hang around. "I have to go." I gave Christina my number for Juliana.

The next morning my phone rang at the hotel. She was downstairs. I waited in the doorway. The damn elevators sucked in that hotel. Finally, one stopped and she stepped out.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) VANDERLEI ALMEIDA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, (TOP RIGHT) DOUGLAS ENGLE/CORBIS



Juliana didn't smile or speak as she approached me. But at the doorway, she playfully pushed me into the room and hugged me.

Then she said she loved me. I said it back to her without hesitation. I don't think either of us meant it unconditionally. But as we held each other, my hands pulsed—accompanied by bursts of percussion from musicians outside practicing for Carnival—and I couldn't steady my fingers during foreplay.

We made love, then I tried to lie back and digest everything that had happened since I got to Rio. Juliana lounged forward on the bed, absorbed in soap operas and cartoons. Still, she wanted to screw at nearly every commercial break, and would get a little petulant whenever I'd point to my genitals and say, "*Ainda dormindo*"—still sleeping.

Later, as Juliana got ready to leave, I asked her what was an appropriate fee. Her response vanquished any doubts I still had about her interest in me. She refused to take money, not even cab fare. All she wanted was \$15 to cover what she'd be docked for missing a day at the brothel.

My last day in Rio, she took me to an amusement park where we got caught in a storm. We wanted to spend the night together, but first, we went to her house so she could change into dry clothes.

When we got off the bus, we were ankle deep in mud facing a dirt road lined with shacks.


We trudged through the mud for about ten minutes until we came to a grocery store. I waited there while she went next door to her house. She returned with two surprises: her son and daughter. She had, of course, told me about them. But I didn't expect to meet them. Her kids were beautiful. The girl, four, was shy and stayed close to Juliana. But the boy, a year younger, walked right up to me with a giant smile.

Juliana had bad news, though. She couldn't go back with me to the hotel. It sounded like her mother wouldn't let her. Why, I wondered, would a 25-year-old with two kids need her mother's okay? The mother came in the store; Juliana, looking upset, introduced us. She seemed pleasant, but the inherent awkwardness of meeting the mother of someone you initially paid to have sex with was made worse by the fact that, unlike Juliana, who knew a few words of English, the older woman didn't know any. After a few minutes of us pretending to understand each other, the mother took my arm and gestured for me to go with her.

I was getting nervous. "What's going on?" I asked Juliana. All I could make out was that her mother was taking me back to my hotel.

"Why?" I asked. "To have sex with me?"

Juliana burst into laughter. It took a long time for her to make me understand. Her mother would watch the kids, but she had plans to meet friends downtown, near my hotel. Since I didn't know the way back, she was going to take the bus with me.

Clearly, my Portuguese was still a bit raw. Topping my to-do list for home: Take a damn Berlitz course. 

From *Around the World in 80 Days*, by Joe Diamond. Copyright © 2009. Reprinted with permission of Skyhorse Publishing.

RIO: lay of the land Planning some sexcapades in Rio? Here are a few tips to help you get the best bang for your buck.

BEFORE

■ **Viva Visa.** Americans need a passport and a visa to go to Brazil. Check details at the Brazilian Consulate in New York's website (en.BrazilNY.org).

■ **Language of Lust.** Learn a little Portuguese. It'll help you with the *garotas de programa* (Brazilian slang for prostitute). If you want to meet Brasileiras outside the sex trade, it's essential. It'll also help fill in those awkward silences when you're not fucking. Berlitz classes are good. A book I found very helpful was *Teach Yourself Brazilian Portuguese*, by Sue Tyson-Ward. Also, check out Sonia-Portuguese.com for great free lessons.

■ **Shop Talk.** Here are a few phrases that might serve you well in Rio. Handle with care. **Você gosta de sexo anal?** (Voh-SAY GAW-stah jee SEX-oo ah-NOW?) Do you like it in the bunda? **Você fode outras mulheres?** (Voh-SAY FAW-jee OH-trahs mool-YAY-rees?) Do you fuck other girls?

■ **Posso ver seu documento de identidade?** (PAW-soo vehr sayoo dah-koo-MEN-too jee ee-den-chee-DAH-jee?) Can I see your ID? **Quanto para toda a noite com você?** (QUAN-too PA-ra TOE-da ah noich kahn voh-SAY?) How much for the whole night with you?

■ **Carnal Coupons.** Two of Rio's major brothels, Solarium and Monte Carlo, offer e-mail discounts. Sign up at TermasMonteCarlo.com.br/PromoCao and Solarium.com.br/FestadolInternauta.php.

DURING

■ **Put a Palace.** Help Discoteca (3432 Avenida Atlântica, in Copacabana) is Rio's hooker central. The government's targeted it for extinction, so get there before it's gone forever. Help girls are free agents, so brush up on your negotiation skills.

■ **Love Motels.** A great place to take a girl from Help is one of Rio's "short stay" motels in Leblon. At Sinless or Shalimar, \$45 (as of

September 2008) will get you six hours in a room with a Jacuzzi, a sauna, and, of course, a bed.

■ **Mother of All Whorehouses.** Quatro por Quatro (44 Rua Buenos Aires, in Centro) is Rio's best brothel. Unlike Help, prices are set (about \$100 an hour in September 2008) and sessions are in private rooms on the premises.

■ **Watch Your Ass!** The red-light district in Copacabana is full of sweet-faced urchins. Many are harmless kids who just want spare change or food. But others are pint-sized predators who will cut your partying short.

AFTER

■ **Get an STD test.** Just to make sure you didn't bring home any unwanted mementos.

■ **American Woman, Stay Away From Me.** Don't even look at, let alone fuck, an American girl for a month. They just won't measure up.

■ **Book Your Next Trip to Rio.** There's really no need to tell you that. You'll probably be doing it on the flight home.

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spanish fly

Forget what you heard in school: Rebeca Linares is Spain's most valuable export since, well, Antonio Banderas and Penélope Cruz. Of course, around here we consider Rebeca's contributions to the entertainment biz more valuable than those of any Spaniard.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

petofthethmonth



Rebeca Linares



"American women are much more reserved than Spanish women, who know how to party and have a good time. And yet, America is the center of the porn world. That confuses the hell out of me."



"When I first came to L.A., I was really nervous. American porn is much more intense than Spain's. Lucky for me, I love cock, so it was an easy transition. But I always go back and critique myself so that every scene I do is better than the last."





"One time I was in the market and two guys recognized me ... even in completely boring clothes and no makeup. I love to go to events and meet fans, but that day I just wanted to finish shopping, so I told them I was Rebeca's sister!"



petofthethmonth



Rebecca Linares

Rebeca Linares
Pet of the Month
March 2009

Vital stats:

25 years old
34-26-34; 5'3"

Favorite drink:

Beer, because in the morning you
don't feel hung over.

Favorite food:

Paella.

Favorite music:

American rock, like Metallica.

Favorite vacation spot:

Miami, but I'd love to go to New York.

Favorite fantasy:

I'd love to do a guy with a strap-on.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:

Buy a new car and a house in Spain.

Wildest thing you've done:

When I was a teenager I had sex with
my boyfriend in a park at night.
We were caught by the cops, but when
my boyfriend told them we were
a couple, they let us continue! They just
made sure I was all right.

If you weren't in porn, you'd be:

Working at some high-end shop in
Barcelona, someplace like Burberry.

You're always up for:

Sex. I'd be having just as much of it even
if I weren't doing it on film.

Rebeca Linares

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Penthouse Top 5

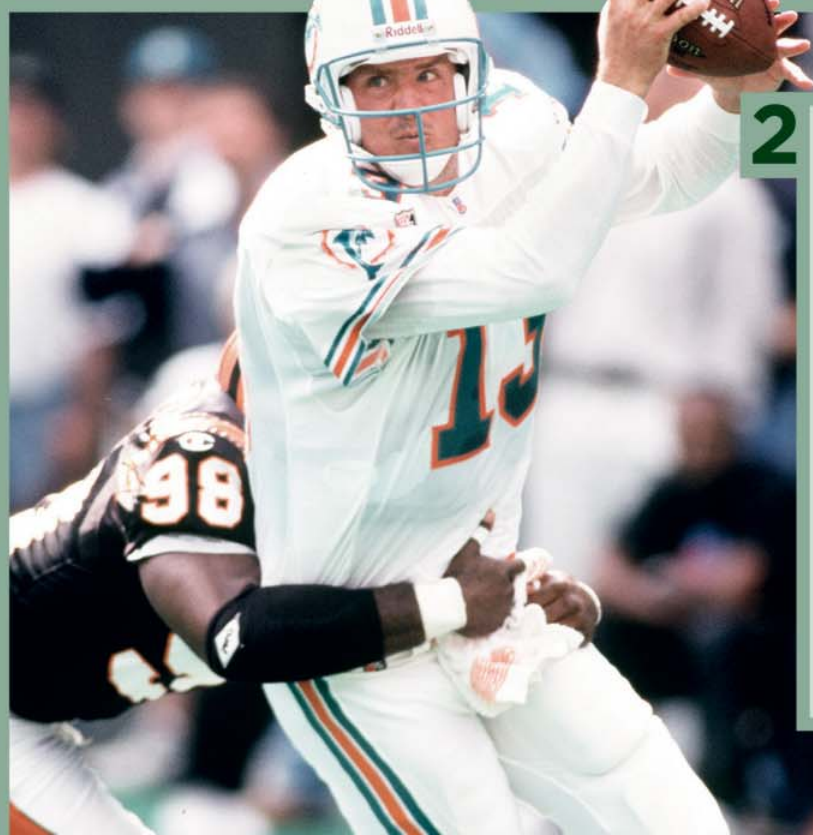
Greatest Athletes Without a Championship

As Alex Rodriguez heads to spring training with his 553 career home runs, 2,404 hits, and .967 career on-base percentage plus slugging percentage, not to mention his tabloid-worthy off-field exploits, we wonder if he worries about landing on this list some day.

1

Ty Cobb
Baseball
Detroit, Philadelphia Athletics
1905-28

If you see a short list of the greatest baseball players of all time that doesn't include Ty Cobb, consult the list-maker. Remind him of the 90-odd MLB records Cobb set during his career, two of which—highest career batting average (.366) and most career batting titles (11)—still stand today. Point to Cobb's five straight batting titles from 1911 to '15, and three World Series appearances. He'll revise his list. One thing he won't be able to change, of course, are the results of those Series: Cobb's Tigers lost all three, two to the Cubs and one to the Pirates.



2

DAN MARINO
Football
Miami
1983-99

When Marino led the Dolphins to Super Bowl XIX, he probably assumed he'd be back to the big game a few more times. It was only his second season and he had already been named to two Pro Bowls. Surely he had a long, highlight-filled career ahead. And he did—but none of those highlights included another Super Bowl appearance. Yep: Marino retired in 1999 as the owner of almost every NFL passing record (he still has 13 of them), but no Super Bowl ring.

3

MARCEL DIONNE
Hockey
Detroit, Los Angeles,
New York Rangers
1971-89

If you're going to include a hockey player on a list like this—and we here at *Penthouse World HQ* are steadfast believers (no matter what reality throws at us) that hockey remains the United States' fourth major sport—you really have no choice but to go with Dionne. There are some excellent players who have never won a Stanley Cup, but only one undeniably elite player, and that's Dionne. He topped 50 goals in every season from 1978-79 to 1982-83, and ranks fourth all-time in career goals with 731. Alas, he never advanced past the second round of the playoffs.

O.J. SIMPSON

Football
Buffalo, San Francisco
1969–79

Simpson has seen his stellar turn as a Buffalo Bills running back in the seventies overshadowed (okay, all but blotted out) by his post-football, um, career. The Juice, with his graceful, slashing—hey now!—running style, was the first back to top 2,000 yards in a season (and he did it in a 14-game season, not 16 like they play today), was named NFL Player of the Year three times, and played in six Pro Bowls. He retired in second place on the all-time NFL rushing list. But as for championships, Simpson only reached the playoffs once, and never appeared in a title game.

CHARLES BARKLEY

Basketball
Philadelphia, Phoenix, Houston
1984–2000

Sir Charles's outstanding career as a broadcaster, in which he has made such comments as, "I would rather live on Alcatraz than in San Francisco or Oakland," with an impunity enjoyed by few, if any, other public figures, has shifted the focus off of his superstar

playing career. But let's not forget, Barkley could ball: He's an 11-time All-Star, a Hall of Famer, and he retired in 2000 as one of only four players in NBA history with more than 20,000 points, 10,000 rebounds, and 4,000 assists. Yet he reached the NBA finals only once, with the Phoenix Suns in 1993, when they lost to Michael Jordan's Chicago Bulls in six games.

4



5



gametime

Penthouse Hall of Fame

March Madness edition: Jerry Lucas

Lucas, a six-foot, eight-inch center, led the Ohio State Buckeyes to three straight national finals from 1960 to '62, and won the NCAA tournament's Most Outstanding Player award in 1960 and '61 (thereby completing a trifecta of Jerrys to take home the honor, after West Virginia's Jerry West won it in '59). He may look like an old-timey, galumphing white boy to today's hoops fans, but make no mistake: Lucas tore it up on the court. He led the nation in shooting accuracy and rebounding in every year of his college career, and remains the only player ever to score 30 points and pull down 30 boards in a single NCAA tourney game. After the Buckeyes won the national title in 1960, the 20-year-old Lucas joined the U.S. Olympic team as its youngest player and helped lead it to gold in Rome. He went on to a Hall of Fame NBA career, winning a championship with the Knicks in 1973, and was named one of the league's 50 greatest players in 1996.



Ask a Sports Geek

That burning sensation? Relax, it's just your curiosity.

When did the three-point shot become part of basketball?

The short answer here is ... well, there is no short answer. The shot was tested in college hoops in 1945, during a game between Fordham and Columbia, but it didn't take. Two second-tier pro circuits, the American Basketball League and the Eastern Professional Basketball League, each trotted out the trey for single seasons, in 1961 and 1963-64, respectively, and then the late, lamented ABA introduced it in 1968. Looking for a way to compete with, and distinguish itself from, the more established NBA, the ABA drafted high-flying, stylish players, such as Julius "Dr. J" Erving, George "Iceman" Gervin, and Connie "the Hawk" Hawkins, and introduced its signature red, white, and blue ball, and the three-point shot. The result was an up-tempo,

freewheeling style of basketball, with an outsize entertainment quotient. Three years after the ABA folded, the NBA adopted the three-point shot (it had already adopted four ABA teams, and much of the ABA style). Chris Ford of the Boston Celtics drained the league's first three-ball, on October 12, 1979.

After various college conferences began tinkering with a three-point line beginning in 1980, the NCAA officially adopted it, at a distance of 19 feet, 9 inches, for the 1986 season. The line was moved a foot deeper in 2007. The NBA line is 23 feet, 9 inches from beyond the arc, and 22 feet in the corners.



Sports IQ

Think you know sports? Test your knowledge, then stump your buddies.

1. Who owns the record for most goals in a season by an NHL rookie?

- (A) Mario Lemieux (B) Teemu Selanne
(C) Wayne Gretzky (D) Sidney Crosby

2. Who is the all-time leader in NBA coaching victories?

- (A) Pat Riley (B) Phil Jackson
(C) Red Auerbach (D) Lenny Wilkens

3. Which four American Basketball Association franchises were absorbed into the NBA after the ABA folded in 1976?

4. I scored 36 points to lead my 14th-seeded Weber State team to a 76-74 upset of third-seeded North Carolina in the first round of the 1999 NCAA hoops tourney. Who am I? (Bonus points for my nickname.)

5. On February 20, 1977, I became the first woman ever to qualify for the Daytona 500, and finished 12th in the race. What's my name?

Answers: 1. (B); 2. (D); 3. New Jersey (then New York) Nets, San Antonio Spurs, Indiana Pacers, and Denver Nuggets; 4. Harold "the Show" Arceaneaux; 5. Janet Guthrie

Long-Lost Twins



Baseball analyst Orel Hershiser

Former pitcher set record for most consecutive scoreless innings, with 59 in 1988.



Hiker Aron Ralston

Total badass set record for ballsiest survival decision, amputating own arm with a pocketknife to escape boulder in 2003.

War Songs

Whether they're listening to get pumped up, calm down, remember home, or simply forget, music is vital for the men and women who fight and die for America.

By Jennifer Peters

Since the beginning of history, music has played an integral role in the lives of soldiers. From Joshua's trumpets at Jericho to drummers beating drills in the 1600s to marching bands playing down Thunder Road to confuse the enemy in Vietnam to motivating troops in all the battles in between, music has always been a fundamental element of war.

Today, that connection is stronger than ever.

"Music was more important to me than water and food in Iraq," said Paul Rieckhoff, executive director of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America. "I was there for about a year, and for me and my soldiers, music is what kept us sane."

In his book *Chasing Ghosts*, Rieckhoff describes flying to Iraq. After putting his headphones on, he looks around and realizes that everyone else has theirs on, too.

Every war has its own soundtrack, Rieckhoff explains, from the drummers of the American Revolution to the Doors and Jimi Hendrix in Vietnam. In Iraq and Afghanistan, wars being fought in the age of the iPod, the soundtrack is diverse, with tastes ranging from jazz and pop to rap, rock, and even Middle Eastern music.

"It was an escape," said Sergeant Danielle Murray. "I could turn on my iPod, go to whatever type of music I was in the mood for, lie back in my rack, and slip away from reality and think of some time or someplace better."

Sometimes that escape to a better place was necessary, as it was for Geoffrey Millard when, in December 2004, one of his friends from another unit was killed. "I got filled with this hatred, this anger, that I'd never really felt at that level before, and that's a time that I definitely plugged myself into my iPod for a good four, five hours," Millard said. "That was the first time I lost one of my military friends, the first time I lost someone in combat. And I actually had to work that night, so I sat there at my workstation and all I did was put on my headphones and crank them up and put my head down and pretend I wasn't there."

Other times, the music was simply an escape from the day-to-day monotony of life on a military base. "We're very limited to where we can go there," said Sergeant Joseph DeRidder. "Sometimes we'll spend a lot of time stuck in one part of camp, or in a single room looking at the same wall every day for long periods of time, and there are times when it'd be nice if that wall had a soundtrack."

"I would've been in a rubber room [without music]," Rieckhoff said. "I had friends' bands I would follow [while I was deployed], and they would do live shows in New York. I would get letters about the live show and I would be like, *Shit, I missed another show*. But then they'd send a CD, a live recording, so at least I could hear what the show was like, and I felt like I was sort of there."

CDs aren't the only way for troops to hear live music, thanks to the USO. "Any time a USO tour comes, anybody who can get off tries to make it," said Senior Airman Charles Ratcliff, who saw rock band O.A.R. during a tour in Iraq in 2007. "I got to meet them after the show, and they're real personal," he said. "They signed autographs and talked for a few minutes. It was really cool."

The musicians who tour the war zones are also impacted by the experience. "We saw a lot of things there that were truly awe-inspiring and amazing, a lot of things that we'd probably rather not see ever again," said Jerry DePizzo, the saxophone player for O.A.R. "Our job, we felt, was to go over there to make them forget that they're in a battle zone for two hours and make them feel normal, just for a few brief minutes."

For soldiers like Ratcliff, the distraction is a welcome one, especially considering the waning attention the war is receiving back home. It means a lot for big-name artists to pack up their bags and head to a war zone to show their support.

"I was in Kirkuk the night that a couple of Army guys got injured. They were in the hospital, and O.A.R. was taking a tour there when the injured soldiers came through," Ratcliff explained. "The concert was right after that, and you could tell [O.A.R. was] really affected by that. It seemed like they really appreciate everything, and that's really cool."

Bands have found a number of ways to show their support for military personnel, including writing songs based on stories they hear from the troops. O.A.R. wrote "War Song" after their tour through the war zone, and punk band Bouncing Souls had a song on their 2006 album penned by a soldier stationed in Iraq.

The members of Bouncing Souls met the soldier, Garrett Reppenhagen, while on tour in Germany, and when he and his buddies shipped out to Iraq, they kept in touch with the band via e-mail. A poem Reppenhagen sent to the band inspired them so much that they set it to music and turned it into the upbeat punk song "Letter From Iraq." But even without Reppenhagen's help, Bryan Kienlen, the band's bassist, insists a similar song would've been released. "Had we not met Garrett and his friends, we would have still written, or at least tried writing, a song in that vein because we felt it was imperative to address the issue," he said. "The thing is, whatever we would have ended up writing would have been crap compared to Garrett's words, a firsthand account from a veteran."

"We've gotten nothing but lots of thanks for releasing that song," Kienlen added. "I figure it's the least we could do, and it's nothing compared to the sacrifices these men and women have made for our country."

Tomas Young is one of those heroes. He was paralyzed from the chest down in 2004, when a sniper's bullet struck him on his fifth day in Iraq, and it was music that inspired him to turn his misfortune around and help others by fighting against the war and the poor treatment of other injured soldiers. His struggles were captured in the documentary *Body of War*. "I would listen to




a lot of anti-war songs," Young says, "and it gave me the strength to carry on and become an anti-war activist."

For Ray Gerber, a New York musician who served as a medic at Abu Ghraib, music was equally essential. In April 2005, there was a full-scale attack on the detainee facility, and Gerber was in the middle of it. "It was like being in the climactic scene of a big war movie, except it was real. I actually looked at my watch and thought, *I'm not going to be around five minutes from now*," Gerber said. He was trapped in a bunker with nine other medics, listening to machine-gun fire and mortar explosions, but when the chaos died down, the first thing Gerber thought of was music. "There was a guy who'd received an acoustic guitar as a present, and we kept it in the medic tent, and after all of that, I was really shaken. I took his guitar and went into the bunker by myself. I was thinking, *If I do one last thing tonight before we all get blown*

up, I'll get blown up with a guitar in my hands. So there I am in a full 40 pounds of vest and helmet with an M16 on my back and a silly little cheap acoustic guitar in a concrete bunker, sandbags everywhere. Tom Clancy would've dug it."

Music was just as significant to the soldiers when they returned home. For some, such as Rieckhoff, it was a way to put their world in perspective. "I think [music] made me realize that, to some extent, my struggles weren't that unique. I remember I sat on a beach in Florida in the middle of nowhere with a bottle of whiskey and hours of Johnny Cash music. I listened to Johnny Cash's version of "Hurt" over and over again, and I was going through so much confusion and tension and emotion. Just understanding that other folks have been through this helped me unwind my mind and unpack all these experiences that were so intense over the past couple of months and years."

The one experience they all shared was their love of music. "Without it, my mood would be a lot more sullen, and I'd be despondent," Young said. "I just wouldn't care as much if there weren't music." 



bosom buddies

Erica Campbell, our April 2007 Pet of the Month, and Shay Laren, our June 2006 Pet of the Month, are two of the most appealing busty brunettes we've ever come across. Now that we've doubled our pleasure by pairing them up, we can all reap the benefits of what's clearly the start of a beautiful friendship.

Photographs by Misha

















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Take Two, Rolling

Former child star Jackie Earle Haley advances his remarkable return to stardom with this month's *Watchmen*.

By J. Rentilly

After making his mark as the iconic, outlaw Little Leaguer, Kelly Leak, in the classic *Bad News Bears* films, Jackie Earle Haley went on to costar in the 1979 cycling flick *Breaking Away*, a smash hit that was nominated for five Academy Awards and won the Oscar for best original screenplay. He was 19, a movie star, and a teen heartthrob. The world was his oyster, and he had the Tabasco sauce ready. That's when a variety of factors—not the least of which were a receding hairline and some dubious choices (*Maniac Cop 3?*)—converged to gradually submarine his career. He did some scattershot TV work throughout the eighties, but by 1993 Haley had vanished from the acting world entirely.

Cut to 13 years later, when Haley made what one magazine dubbed “the most brilliant comeback of the decade,” delivering powerful performances as a political henchman in *All the King's Men* and a pedophile in *Little Children*. For *Little Children*, Haley drew rave reviews and an Oscar nomination. In this month's hotly anticipated *Watchmen*, an adaptation of DC Comics' influential, limited-series comic book, Haley delivers a savage, wounded performance as the masked vigilante Rorschach. He spoke to *Penthouse* about his unique career path, playing dark characters, and his teen-idol days.

I look at the characters you've portrayed in recent years and can't imagine anyone else playing them. Do you believe there are roles an actor is born to play?

Well, I'm hesitant to say that I was born to play a sex offender [*laughs*]. But all of the characters have been fascinating and really challenging. I don't know if I was born to play these guys, but I have had the sense that all of this was supposed to happen.

Tell me about your career renaissance.

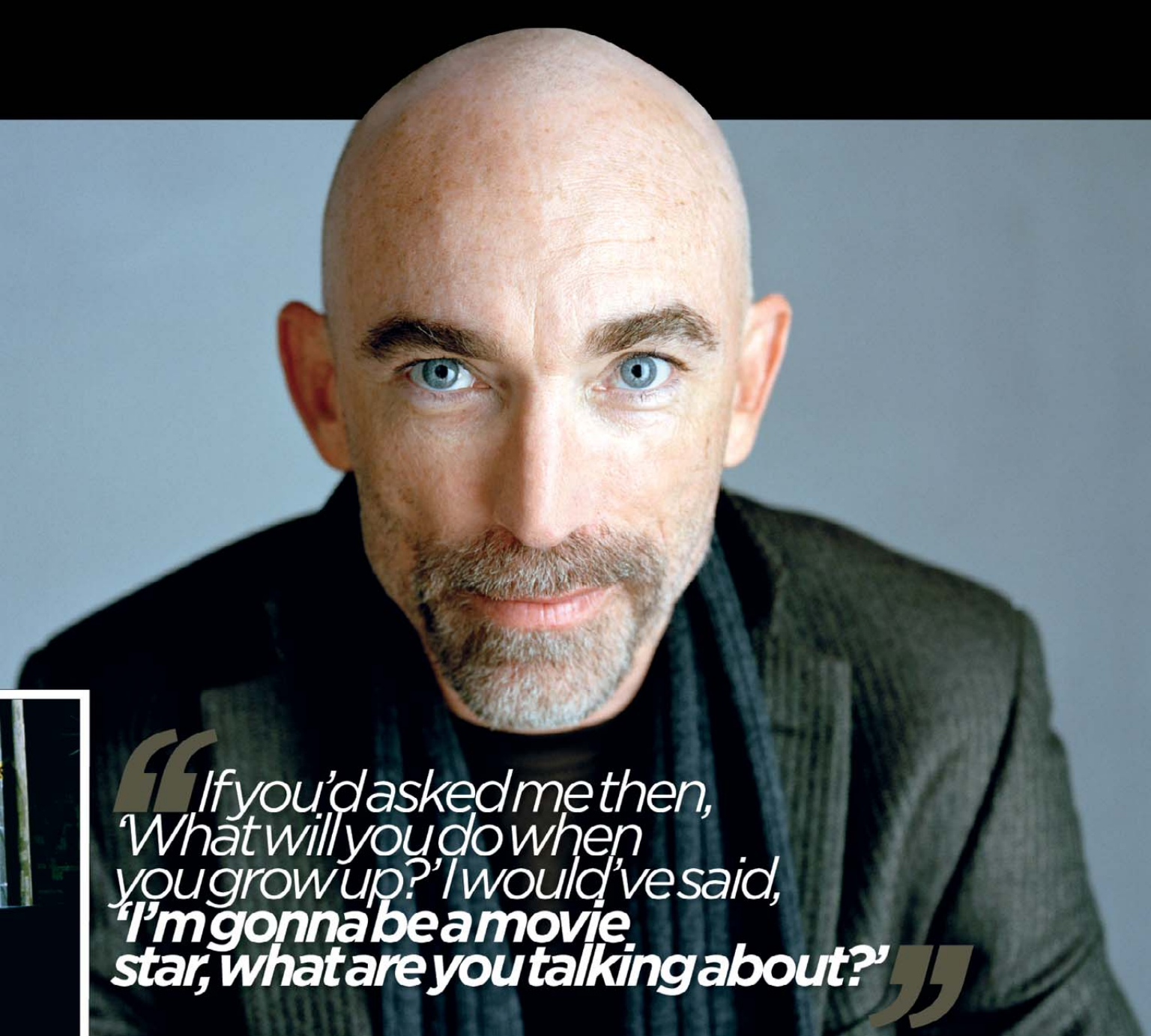
I had been gone from acting for such a long time, so the fact that people even remembered me at all was kind of a surprise. [*All the King's Men* writer/director] Steve Zaillian had been looking for me for months and couldn't find me. When he did find me, I was on my honeymoon in France. He asked me to tape an audition, which I did. He loved the tape, so we had lunch. He said that I'd completely “gotten” the character, even though I'd been given only a



couple pages of script. I asked him, “What the hell made you think of me?” He said, “I just remembered you from way back when.” He had put my name on a short list. He'd asked [the film's lead] Sean Penn to make a short list of guys for this role, too. When they put their lists together, they both had my name written down! These two guys thought of me independently. So Steve says, “I want to give you this part, but I can't because I've already cast it.” But he somehow worked it out. That's a string of coincidences that make it look like I was really supposed to have all of this.

***Watchmen* is about a group of down-and-out superheroes on the verge of a major comeback. Did that resonate for you?**

Man, the whole piece resonates—not just for me, personally, but for the entire world. I'm not a huge comic-book guy. I never fully got it. The comic-book pacing messed me up as a kid—do you read it first or look at the pictures first? It always hung me up. But when you're reading [*Watchmen* writer] Alan Moore, there's no



“If you’d asked me then, ‘What will you do when you grow up?’ I would’ve said, ‘I’m gonna be a movie star, what are you talking about?’”

question: You read the book first. Alan Moore is the best. The first read on *Watchmen* is fun, entertaining, thought provoking. Every subsequent read gets deeper and deeper and deeper.


Besides being dark, what do your recent roles have in common?

Obsession. The guy in *Little Children* was obsessed and couldn't help but act on the obsession. Rorschach, on the other hand, is obsessed with stopping the obsession. One guy is the pedophile. The other guy will kill the pedophile. Don't get me wrong: Rorschach is a fucking nutcase, but hopefully he uses his craziness to help the world. This is a guy who, in order to survive, had to see the world in extremes: It's black or it's white. Nothing gray. Gray is too painful for this guy.

Tell me about some of the perks of being a movie star as a teenager. Do you have a good groupie story?

I was pretty young, you know. But I remember one time when me and my cousin were traipsing through Magic Mountain—we were 14 or 15, maybe—and a group of girls, maybe eight of them, recognized me. If I knew then what I know now, I doubt we would've run away from them. But, as I recall, uh, I think I ran away from the girls. At least that's my story.

How did you make it through 13 years of not acting?

Life is a series of incredible ups and downs. It's really easy to say this now, but my life's path has probably better equipped me as an actor and a storyteller. Success at a superyoung age was incredibly fortunate. If you'd asked me then, "What will you do when you grow up?" I would've said, "I'm gonna be a movie star, what are you talking about?" I didn't really have a clear sense that I wasn't going to be Tom Cruise or Brad Pitt. I see that now. As for the time out of the game, I delivered pizzas. I drove limos. I drove around guys I used to do movies with. I got months late on my rent. I struggled just like normal people do. When you're a celebrity, you don't always have to work very hard to know who you are and what you need. When you're struggling, you have to answer those questions every day. That's made me a better actor, and maybe a better man. The pitfalls are still there. But sometimes I see them before I step on them. Sometimes. 



The Key Girls made themselves at home at the Piano Bar (left), modeled their Penthouse Swim bikini bottoms in their own Garden of Eden (right), and showed off their best assets during the naked waterslide invasion (below).





The Keys to our Heart

To determine the most ferociously sexy Penthouse Clubs Key Girl of the Year, we sent 11 hot contenders to entertain the guests of a sinfully lavish resort on Jamaica's flawless beaches. Mission accomplished.

Here's something you should try as soon as possible. Gather 11 earth-scorching girls from the Penthouse Clubs. (Seriously, Al Gore might want to investigate—we think we found, like, half the reason his Truth is so Inconvenient.) Fly them to a place built for sin,

the island paradise known as the Hedonism II resort, which is sprawled enticingly across the famous white-sand beaches of Negril, Jamaica. And, that's it. What, you don't need more instruction than that, do you? We did this recently and it worked out more than fine for us.

Within minutes of touching down for the third annual Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year competition, those 11 pole-dancing princesses joined Penthouse Pet Cali Taylor, 2007's Key Girl of the Year, for a round of topless water volleyball. How did that go? Let's just say we have a growing appreciation for the sport. Once the girls were nice and limbered up, it was time to take to the waterslide—completely naked. We're happy to report there were no slide-related burns or injuries. We took precautions to prevent accidents, and even the smallest scrape was thoroughly investigated by our crack team of flesh experts. To unwind after, the girls lingered by the pool, sipping tropical beverages and finding creative uses for the drinks' ice in an effort to cool down. But the competition wasn't *all* hard work. In the evening, the hottie posse paid a visit to the Piano Bar and serenaded one another while stripping the crowd to the brink of ecstasy.

The following three days were a happy blur, full of debauchery: The girls mingled with guests, had glorious, impromptu pillow fights in the Hurricane Disco, and dressed for the nightly theme. Western Night proved particularly popular with the Key Girls; they each put together their sexiest cowgirl costume. (We're still trying to confirm whether or not any of the outfits led to incidents of reverse cowgirl.) As for the rest of the Hedonism II

Stevie struts her stuff with a sexy striptease in the final competition (right); the Key Girls titillated the crowd together when they all took to the stage (below).



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY & CHERYL GOMEZ. SWIMWEAR PROVIDED BY PENTHOUSE SWIM

The Trophy Case

Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year 2008

Sasha, Houston Penthouse Club

Hedonism II Key Girl of the Year Runner-Up

Bianca, St. Louis Penthouse Club

Best Costume

Gina, Chicago Penthouse Club

Best Dance Routine

Tiarra, New Orleans Penthouse Club

Sexiest Bikini

Stevie, Denver Penthouse Club

Sexiest Lingerie

Jade, Niagara Falls Penthouse Club

Best Wet T-Shirt

Tristen, St. Louis Penthouse Club


The following three days were a happy blur, full of debauchery: The rest of the Hedonism II guests were partial, for obvious reasons, to Lingerie Night.

guests, they were partial, for obvious reasons, to Lingerie Night.

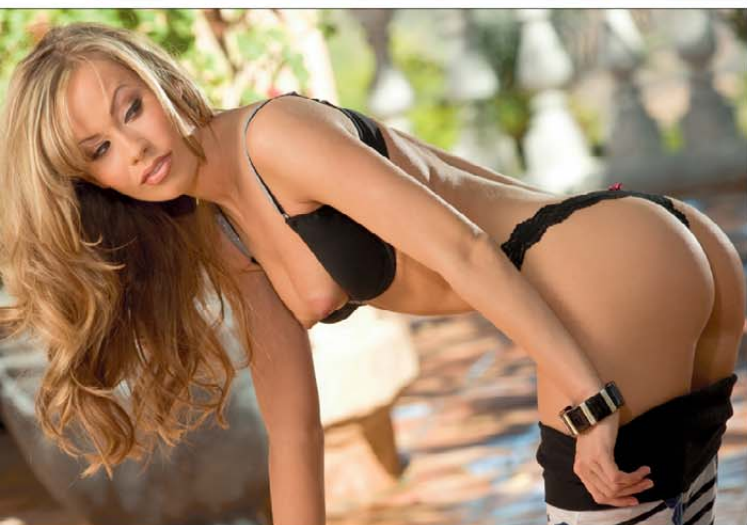
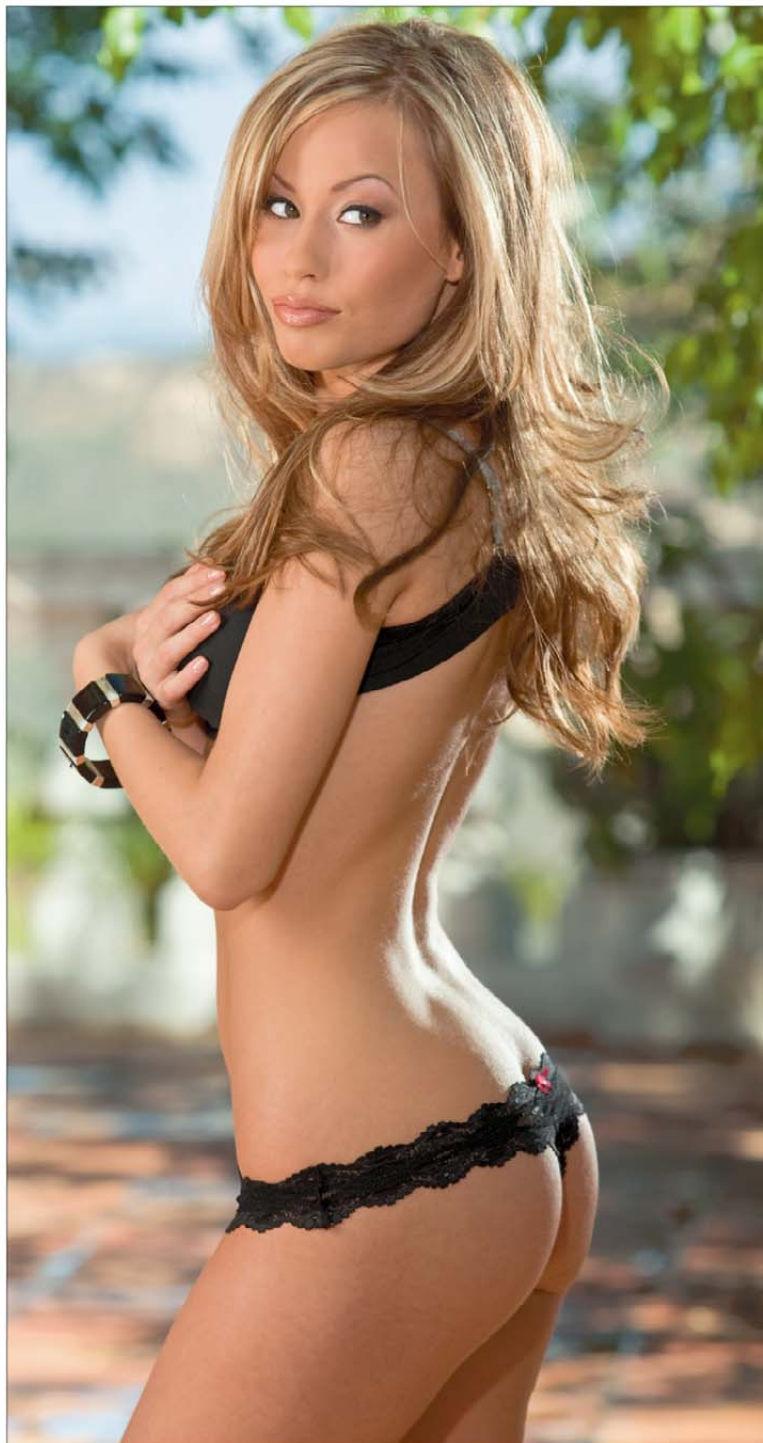
Even with such busy schedules, the girls didn't lose sight of the week's most important moment: the dance competition. That event would go a long way toward determining the 2008 Key Girl of the Year.

The exquisite 11 kicked off the competition with a seductively choreographed little number. Duly warmed up, it was time to strip down to swimsuits in order to model the new line of water wear by Penthouse Swim. It was great to see the girls compete with unbridled gusto. How great? Um, really, really, really great (note the photographic evidence). Each contestant performed a featured dance, which included body painting (with the help of four lucky guests), a naughty housewife routine, and a stylish striptease. The crowd, needless to say, was wildly enthusiastic.

Our judges found the competition incredibly stiff this year—picking a clear favorite has never been harder. But in the end, there was no denying that Sasha from the Houston Penthouse Club has special, unteachable gifts. Hardware was also handed out to the evening's winners in five other categories (see sidebar), and the friskiest Key Girls were selected for photo shoots at Hedonism II with *Penthouse* photographer Emma Nixon. Look for the boldest and best images from those memorable sessions in upcoming issues, starting next month with our brand-new Key Girl of the Year. Perhaps it was the sun, or the surf, or simply being on vacation—but whatever the reason, the girls were amazingly uninhibited. Trust us, these are spreads you won't want to miss.

Speaking of which, we already miss the 2008 Key Girl competition—good thing it's not too long until we return to Jamaica for the 2009 contest. Wonder who will win this year.... 

Four lucky guests gave Kassandra a little hands-on attention during her body-painting routine (top); Jade, Tristen, and Tiarra demonstrated impressive oral skills in the banana-eating contest (left).



candid camera

Danni Davis is one of the most popular models on the steamy website Cams.com, where she entertains her fans under the screen name AnAngelGrl18. As the photos and comments from Danni on these pages prove, the 20-year-old from Madison, Wisconsin, is—thankfully—neither an angel nor a typical girl.

Photographs by Charles Lightfoot





danni



"I like to hang out with the guys,
whether it's to watch sports or go fishing.
When I have time to take some days
off, I head to Michigan to this really great
fishing spot."



"I get really excited when I watch football. I'm probably the only girl in America who's proud to have lost her virginity during the Super Bowl! It's the only year I missed the game, but it was so worth it."







danni



"My favorite way to relax is to hang out at home and watch a movie, especially one with a good sex scene, like Angelina Jolie and Nicolas Cage having sex in the car in *Gone in 60 Seconds*. I can't believe that didn't make your Top 40 list!"



"The most exciting place I ever had sex was in a car, too, but I was fooling around with the driver while cruising down the highway at 80 miles an hour. Fortunately, there weren't too many other cars on the road!"





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LUST AT FIRST SIGHT

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON • INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL • COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

I FIRST MET TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME WHEN HE WALKED INTO MY OFFICE BY MISTAKE. HE WAS OUR NEWEST CONTRACTOR, AND THE FIRST THING I NOTICED ABOUT HIM WAS THE BULGE IN HIS JEANS. GOD, WAS HE HOT!



ONE DAY, I SAW HIS TRUCK PARKED AT ONE OF OUR JOB SITES AND STOPPED BY TO SAY HI.



WE STOOD AROUND TALKING AND FLIRTING FOR A WHILE.



THEN HE TOOK MY HAND AND LED ME INTO A PORTABLE TOILET.



NOT MY IDEAL PLACE TO HOOK UP, TILL ...



HE TURNED ME AROUND ...



AND I FELT THE HARD RIDGE OF HIS COCK.





BEFORE I COULD
SAY ANYTHING, HE
STRIPPED ME NAKED.

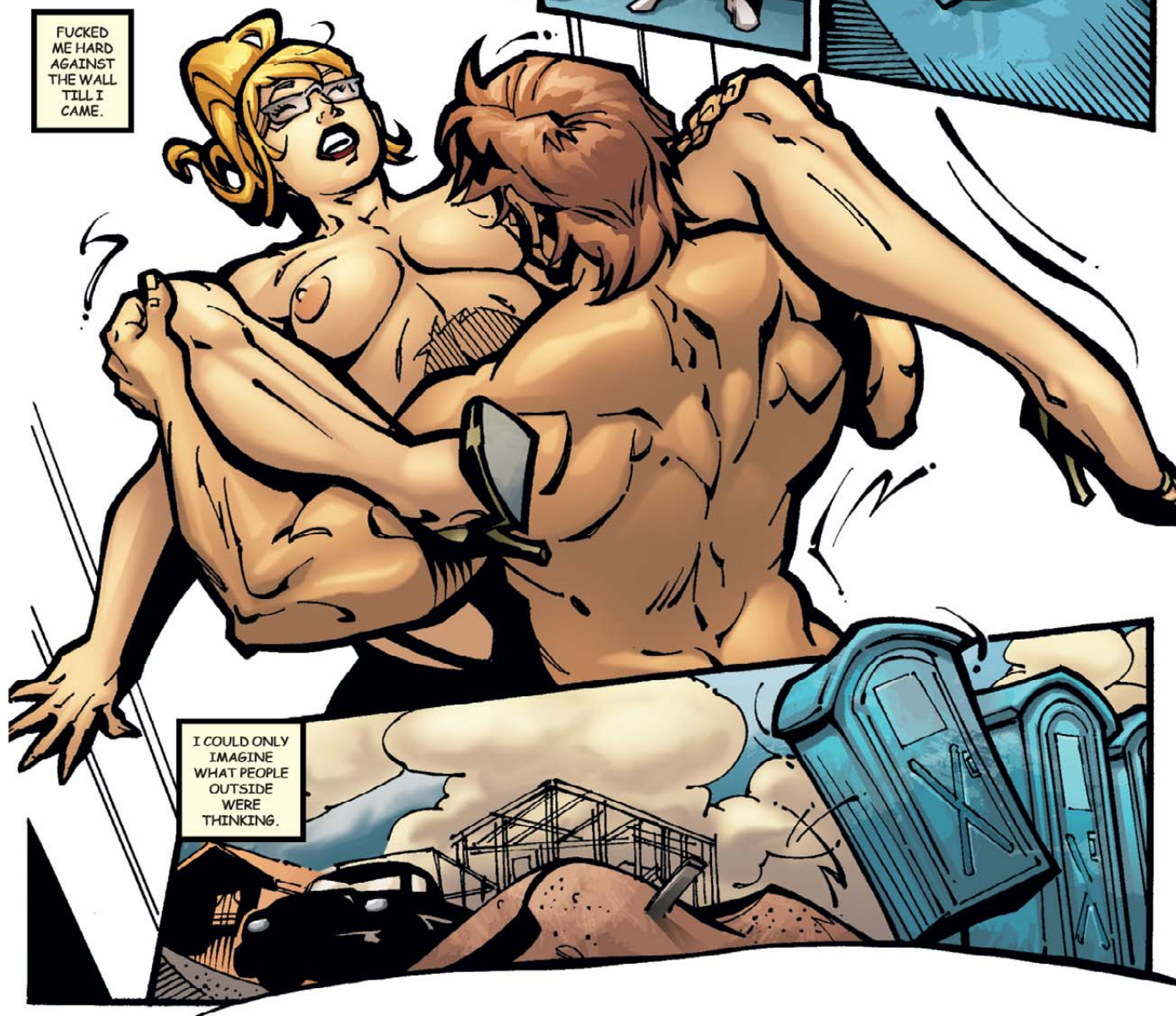
I SPREAD MY
LEGS, AND
HE DROVE
HIS TONGUE
INTO ME.

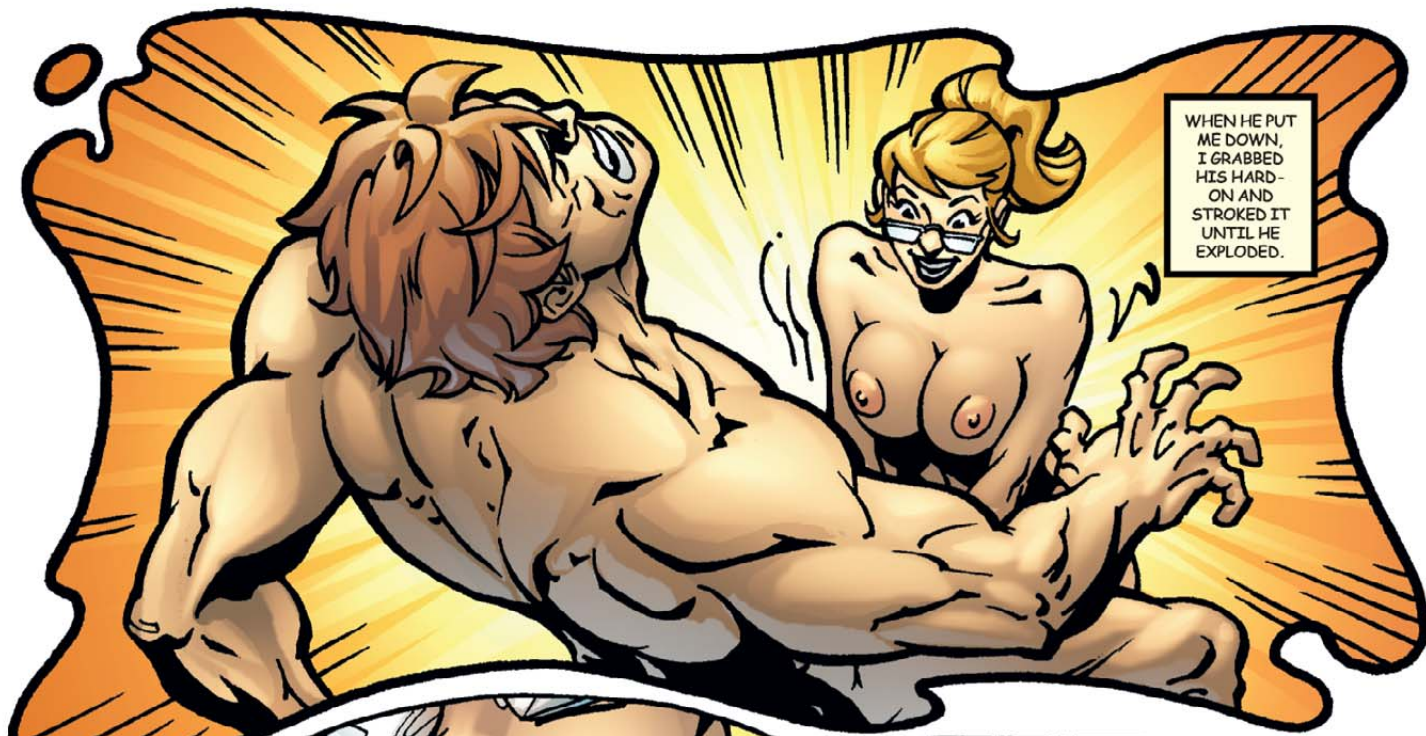
THEN IT WAS MY
TURN TO TASTE HIM.

WE TOOK TURNS
PLEASURING
EACH OTHER.

Oh God,
fuck me
now!

BUT WHAT I REALLY NEEDED
WAS HIS BIG DICK INSIDE ME.





WHEN HE PUT ME DOWN, I GRABBED HIS HARD-ON AND STROKED IT UNTIL HE EXPLODED.



THEN I LICKED UP EVERY DELICIOUS DROP!



AFTERWARD, WE KISSED.



Thank you, Macy.

No, thank you, Chuck!



AFTER THAT, CHUCK AND I HOOKED UP AS OFTEN AS WE COULD. A FEW MONTHS LATER, WE STARTED SEEING EACH OTHER EXCLUSIVELY, AND THE SEX IS STILL AS CRAZY AND INTENSE AS THE FIRST TIME!

THE END

Our new Pet of the Year Runner-Up does triple duty for Penthouse Video.



Scandalous

Penthouse Letters

Jessica Jaymes, one of a trio of Penthouse Pets featured in this hard-core spoof of tabloid news, is as ham-slamming a bundle of face-squatting perfection as you're likely to find in a porn movie these days. Her coupling with the hilariously simian Nick Manning, who continues his slalom down the evolutionary scale

by playing a sleazy mogul seducing a naive starlet, will provide you with the same load-dropping results he achieves. Director Kelly Holland's attention to detail—not only when Manning's man-thing penetrates Jaymes's puckered, pierced poon, but within the other scenes as well—delivers moviemaking on the scale

of, well, maybe not *Citizen Kane*, but something highly whackable. Pet Daisy Marie and nicely inked blonde babe Brooke Banner add suitably slutty performances as a naive actress and a naive groupie, respectively. For my money, though, Jessica Jaymes puts on the best show.

Above: Shawna Leneé

By Johnny Bronx



LUCKY STIFF Penthouse

Adult industry legend Veronica Hart directed this tale of the recently deceased Danny Mack (Steven St. Croix), whose ex-wives come together, existentially speaking, at his funeral to relive old times, twisted though they may be. Fans of all-girl play are in for a treat when Holly Wellin, India Summer, and Nikki Fairchild come together, literally speaking, in a scene that's rife with the sort of cunt-lapping and fingerplay you just don't get when there's a male actor involved. The most pleasant surprise for me was Wellin, a brilliant Brit with wicked tats and a sexy accent, who bangs Mack in a bathroom (right after he's married her best friend). Penthouse Pet Shawna Leneé again proves her mettle as an adult actress to watch (in more ways than one) by providing the dramatic and erotic denouement in the final scene, in which she takes Jack Logan right in the mortuary viewing room. *Lucky Stiff* is as entertaining as an episode of *Six Feet Under*, but it's a whole lot sexier.



LIAR'S CLUB Penthouse

Who could swap dirty stories better than a court-ordered rehab class for public-sex junkies? No one we can think of. Director Randy Spears brings to life this clever scenario—that's right, *c/ever*. The ever-dependable Melissa Lauren fucks Danny Mountain in the back of a pickup in a scene with a nice emphasis on rear-entry positions, Kenzie Marie proves herself no slouch in the knob-gobbling department, and curvy Mariah Milano gets her slut on with Jack Logan (who has some really funny line readings as a scumbag womanizer). But the scene you'll go back to is Penthouse Pet Shawna Leneé's with Sean Michaels. Shawna impales her face on Sean's log, the appeal of her pale skin and blonde hair contrasted with Michaels' dark, muscled thighs obvious to all fans of interracial porn. That she's taking that fat black cock while wearing thigh-high stockings doesn't hurt. *Liar's Club* is cute without being nauseating, and sexy in all the right places. And yeah, clever, too. Deal with it. **O+**

Above left: India Summer, Holly Wellin, and Nikki Fairchild. Above: Kenzie Marie and Marcus London.

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a helping hand

When Peaches walks in and discovers her roommate rubbing one out on the couch, both women are momentarily stunned. But when she surprises even herself by offering her assistance, she and Lucy fondle their way through previously uncharted territory and spend hours reaching the promised land time and again.

Photographs by Viv Thomas





Lana has Jaclyn straddle her at just the right angle for mutual satisfaction, thrilled to see her new lover atop her own quivering body. Lana screams in ecstasy as the poolside rendezvous reaches its climax.

















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A Perfect Clit-Pleaser

Even “quick to pop” lovers are able to get their women off by using the Utopia Love Rings.

By Victoria Zdrek, Ph.D.



This isn't news, exactly, but the majority of women do not orgasm from intercourse alone. Most of us require some type of clitoral stimulation to get off, whether it's a helping hand, friction from your pubic bone, or a toy. And even women who do climax from intercourse alone usually require eight to ten minutes of thrusting to reach that orgasmic Mount Everest. Unfortunately, most men come in less than four minutes. (Yes, it's the average for an American male, so if you can last longer, give yourself a pat on the back!)

To compensate for their lovers' shortcomings, many women turn to

their “best friends” (read: vibrators) for sexual satisfaction. And what can a guy do, short of getting his penis to vibrate, to compete with this battery-powered lover? One of the easiest ways to ensure she gets off before or when you do is to invest in a vibrating penis ring; the Penthouse Couples Collection has turned the penis ring into the ultimate tool in mutual sexual pleasuring: the Utopia Love Rings.

These are not your father's cock-squeezing, painful-to-use ring. They're extra stretchy and wide for

a comfortable fit, and include rubber nodules, or pleasure ticklers, for extra stimulation. They're cordless, and the small, round batteries are included and easy to insert, making the rings pretty much goof-proof. Moreover, the little clit-pleasers come in dual and triple action. The dual-action model has a micro-mini, multispeed vibrator that can be inserted into the attached sleeve for either clitoral or testicle stimulation. The triple-action variation has an additional ring to grip the testicles, which intensifies excitement and orgasm in most men.

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SEX BY THE NUMBERS

I've been married for ten years, and my wife and I have sex only a few times per month. Is that normal? My problem is that I am a much more sexual person than she is, and I wish she would be up for it more often. I am surrounded by hot women at work who appear to be horny and willing. I am considering taking my wife to a sex therapist to see if it would lead to her putting out more. Do you think it's a worthwhile investment?

Is your sex life normal? Yes, it is. It may be below the national average (about once a week is the average sexual frequency for an American couple), but mismatched libidos are very common. In fact, desire discrepancy is the most frequently presented complaint of couples seeking sex therapy. Usually it is the guy who hopes that the therapy can somehow "fix" his less interested girlfriend—but unfortunately, there are no quick fixes for this problem. There are simply constitutional differences in our sex drives—some of us have the innate desire to screw more often than others! However, therapy can help.

The first step would be to collect your and your wife's dating, sexual, and medical histories. Was your wife's libido always lower than yours, or are there precipitating factors that lowered her sexual desire, such as childbearing, stress, depression, or a medical condition? Does she express satisfaction with your sex life? What are the triggers for her arousal, her pre-conditions for her desire, and how often are they met? Once these variables are known, a therapist can devise a treatment plan to boost your wife's libido.

The key, of course, is for her to *want* more sexual interactions with you. Otherwise, her motivation to go to a therapist is likely to be low. If she is not motivated to go through with therapy, or if it fails, compromise: Agree to pleasure yourself more frequently, perhaps while she watches. Meanwhile, she should promise to "just do it" from time to time, even when she is not in the mood. And to answer your implied question, your wife's lower libido doesn't justify you hooking up with all those supposedly hot and horny women at work. The reason they appear so willing to you is because *you* are so damn horny!


Ask Dr. Z

**DOWN AND DEADLY**

I date a lot of women and I've always been careful about using condoms and practicing safe sex. But a friend of mine recently told me that I can get all kinds of diseases by going down on a woman, including cancer. Is that true?

Yes, your friend is right. It is the unfortunate truth that you can get sexually transmitted diseases from oral sex—some of which can increase your chances of developing cancer. Although oral sex has come to be regarded as the less risky kind of sex, it still carries the risk of such STDs as herpes, syphilis, gonorrhea, HIV, and HPV. HPV can be found in saliva, urine, semen, and genital secretions, and is transmitted through sexual and skin-to-skin contact, so you can even pick it up during heavy petting. The virus was once considered to be a benign nuisance—causing unsightly genital warts—but now it's known to increase the likelihood of

cervical cancer in women.

Recent research has also shown that HPV can cause throat cancer in men and women, and may be implicated in some head-and-neck cancers. Those with one to five oral-sex partners were nearly four times more likely to develop cancer than others, and those with six or more partners were nearly nine times more likely to get the disease. It made no difference if the partners were male or female. So don't offer to go down on every hot girl you meet—oral sex is not so safe after all. 

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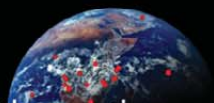
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PUSSY GALORE

Three years ago, when Serena and I first met, she told me she'd had female lovers and multiple sex partners. But once we hooked up and got married, I thought she'd lost interest in all that. Turns out she'd just put that part of her life on hold. When she said she wanted us to have a three-way with another woman, I was surprised, but excited at the prospect of having another woman in our bed.

Now, Serena is a beautiful blonde with a killer body, and all of her girlfriends, at least the ones I'd met, were just as hot. When I asked her which one of her friends she had in mind, she said she thought Sade would do just fine. I'd met Sade before. She's originally from Cuba,

almost my height at about five ten, and has a small waist, big tits, and long wavy hair. She's got a beautiful bronze-colored complexion and looks as if she spends lots of time on the beach, but that's her natural color. Serena is really fair-skinned, so I couldn't wait to see these two contrasting beauties side-by-side.

The following week, Serena called her to see if she wanted to hang out with us. Sade said that sounded great, so we agreed to drive by and pick her up. I had a hard-on even before I saw her in her short white skirt. We went

When Sade had finished milking my cock of every last drop, I told her I wanted to see her go down on my wife.

to a strip joint, and the girls got just as much attention as I did. The dancers were swinging their goods in our faces the entire night. The girls were getting turned on, and all I could think about was getting the two of them home for a pussy fest. My dick had been hard for what seemed like hours.

At the end of the night, we invited Sade back to our house for a nightcap. I played bartender and brought the drinks into the living room, ready to sit between them on the couch. But Serena came over and started to undress me.

"I hope you don't mind," Serena said, as she stroked my dick. "I want to play with this. Maybe Sade does, too."

"Let me guess—you guys had this all planned," Sade said, smiling. "What if I didn't want to play?"

"It never occurred to me that you'd pass up an opportunity like this, sweetie," Serena said. "I know for a fact that you love big hard cocks, juicy pussies, and three-ways."

"You know me so well," Sade said, as she started removing her clothes.

Then Serena knelt down, took my dick into her mouth, and sucked on it for a few minutes before she stopped and turned to Sade. "I can't believe how greedy I'm being," she said, motioning for Sade to join her. "This is the first time we've had a guest."

Sade took over sucking my dick while Serena undressed. Then Serena sat back and played with her cunt as she watched me getting sucked off. Seeing my wife masturbate as her friend deep-throated me was more than I could stand, and after several thrusts into Sade's hot mouth, I shot my load down her throat.

When Sade had finished milking my cock of every last creamy drop, I told her I wanted to see her go down on my wife.

"Nothing would give me—or her—more pleasure," she said, moving toward Serena. Then Sade started fingering my wife's pussy as they kissed passionately. I watched them going at it and stroked my cock back to life. Serena's head fell back and she moaned as Sade's long fingers moved steadily in and out of her cunt. Then Sade's tongue took over, licking and probing, making Serena quiver and press her mound against Sade's persistent lips. It wasn't long before she climaxed.

I'd never seen my wife with another woman, and the only other time I'd seen two women together was on a DVD, and I can honestly say even that didn't prepare me for seeing it up close and personal. My dick was hard as a rock again, and I looked expectantly from my wife to Sade, hoping one of them would be ready for a little more action. I scooted toward them with my dick leading the way like a heat-seeking missile. Serena took my hint and had Sade straddle her face. Then, while Sade rocked her pussy against Serena's mouth, I hooked my arms around Serena's legs and rocked my dick into her snatch, fucking her good and hard, just the way she likes it.

I brought Serena to two quick orgasms as Sade cried out and came against my wife's lips. I wasn't going to last much longer and pulled out of Serena so I could fuck Sade. She moved back toward me and kissed Serena, and while she was getting a taste of her own juices, I pulled her up onto her knees and slid into her from behind. She was tighter than my wife, and after only a few deep strokes, I had a massive orgasm that seemed to go on forever.

We traded places all night long, with each of us getting to eat plenty of pussy. In the morning, we showered together, then took Sade home. We had such an incredible night I just knew it wasn't a one-time thing. My cock and I can't wait to do it again.—*K.L., New Hampshire*

LATE-NIGHT DRAMA

It was 3 A.M. when someone knocked on my door. Since my boyfriend had just left, I thought he'd forgotten something, or that he'd come back for another round of sex, but it was only my friend Maya, dressed in a black mini and a top cut low enough to reveal her endless cleavage. She was upset, and as soon as we sat on the sofa she started telling me how she and her boyfriend had gotten into a huge argument—again. Maya was always in the midst of a crisis with her boyfriend, and it was not unusual for her to end up on my doorstep afterward, looking for a shoulder to cry on. I'd heard it all before—same song, different verse as far as I was concerned—and if I wanted to appear the least bit sympathetic I was going to need a stiff drink.



I told her to keep talking while I went to get the whiskey. I poured two shots and gave one to her. I watched her toss her hair back as she told her story, and maybe it was because my boyfriend had just left and I wanted to fuck him again that I began picturing Maya naked on my bed, the two of us kissing and fondling. I downed my shot and waited until she'd finished her rant and her whiskey. Then I told her that what she needed was a good rubdown to help take the edge off.

"You're probably right," she said. "I could do with a massage. Are you any good?"

I watched her toss her hair back, and began picturing Maya naked on my bed, the two of us kissing and fondling.

"Trust me, you'll love it!" I said, as I ushered her into my bedroom. I told her to get comfortable and checked her out as she undressed, leaving on just her thong. Then she was face-down on the bed, waiting for me to start. I straddled her hips and started at her neck and shoulders, gradually working my way down to her legs. I was doing such a good job that she let out a soft moan. I hoped she was as turned on as I was, but there was only one way to know for sure. I told her to roll over, and when she did I noticed her nipples were as hard as my own and her thong was wet at the crotch. Perfect!

Maya closed her eyes and told me to keep going. I gently rubbed her shoulders, but couldn't resist the sweet temptation before me.



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I brushed my hands lightly over her lush breasts and she made a soft noise that sounded as if she were purring. She opened her eyes and pressed my hands firmly to her breasts. When I moved my thumbs back and forth over the tips of her nipples, she arched her back and said, "More."

With my hands still on her breasts, I lowered my head and licked my way along her inner thigh. I didn't stop until I reached her thong. Then I pulled it aside and tasted my friend for the first time. She was deliciously hot and sweet. Maya was enjoying every minute of it, pleading for me not to stop when I raised my head to check her reaction. I kept right on sucking and licking away as she bucked and writhed until finally she released her sweet juices onto my tongue.

When I raised my head, she told me it was my turn and helped me out of my T-shirt and panties. I lay flat on my back while Maya spread my legs and started licking my pussy, flicking her tongue against my clit with sheer perfection. I could tell she had done this sort of thing before. I played with her long tresses and came endlessly into her pretty mouth.

By the time Maya left it was nearly daylight and she certainly felt a lot better than when she first arrived. I'm sure she'll come back for another wild roller-coaster ride on my tongue!—
L.M., Indiana

I told her to roll over, and when she did, I noticed her nipples were as hard as my own, and her thong was wet.

COUGAR BAIT

I've always had a hard-on for older women. Getting seduced by a teacher, boss, or someone's mom—a woman whose sober appearance belies an unbridled passion for sex—would be my favorite wet dream come true. But I'd never had the opportunity to nail a cougar until recently.

I'd just turned 28 when I met Jackie through a theatre group. The moment I saw her petite, sexy figure my heart began to race. I knew she was a little older by the classy way she was dressed, but only later did I discover she was actually 45! She looked about 35. Once I knew her real age, I became even more determined to screw her.

One night, during rehearsal, we got to a point in the script where I watch her hips sway as she saunters away. When I saw her curvaceous ass moving smoothly under her short skirt, my cock nearly burst out of my jeans. Fortunately, I was sitting behind a desk, or my true lust for her would have been clear to the rest of the cast. Later that night, I had a marathon jerk-off session as I envisioned having nonstop, blazing-hot sex with her.

I began hanging out with her during breaks, and when she told me she was divorced and lived alone, I suggested we meet outside the group to go over the scenes we had together. I told her I had a roommate, so we agreed to rehearse at her place, which is what I had planned all along.

Shortly after I arrived at her house the next evening, Jackie said she wasn't in the mood to rehearse and would rather just relax and talk. I had to contain my enthusiasm as she made us some drinks, and I got to ogle her beautiful ass again without having to worry about an audience.

When she returned with the drinks, she offered me a tour of the house. By the time we reached the bedroom, she was guiding me along with her hand pressed lightly on my lower back.

"What do you think?" she asked.

All I wanted to do was take her down on the bed and fuck her into next week. But before I could think of something to say, Jackie slid her hand over my ass and rubbed it. The next thing I knew we were kissing and her tongue was roaming deep inside my mouth. My cock, which had been semi-hard since my arrival, sprung into full hard-on mode, and pressed firmly

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against her welcoming hips. My hands found their way under her dress and when I pulled the flimsy thing up over her head, all she had on was an even flimsier pair of panties.

Meanwhile, Jackie's hands moved to the front of my pants and quickly freed my cock. Then she pulled off her underwear and my hand dipped between her legs. She groaned with pleasure and ground her pussy into my hand while I stroked her hot slit.

"I want to fuck you right now," she whispered, before pulling me down to the floor with her.

My back had barely made contact with the carpet before Jackie straddled me, lowered herself onto my throbbing cock, and began to ride me. I thought I might come right then and there as my fantasy played out.

I couldn't have scripted it better if I'd tried: A desirable, older woman had seduced me and was now calling out my name, as we fucked heatedly in my favorite position. With both of us moaning and groaning, and writhing wildly on the floor, it didn't take long before we both orgasmed. But amazingly, I was still hard. Jackie noticed, and took full advantage of my unflagging erection by deep-throating me and working me over with her agile tongue. It felt so good I couldn't help but hold her head and fuck her sweet mouth. None of my girlfriends had ever let me do that, but

Jackie took advantage of my unflagging erection by deep-throating me and working me over with her agile tongue.

Jackie was cool with it and even let me jettison my hot load down her throat.

Then it was time for me to return the favor. I moved between her legs and began eating her out. Jackie arched her back, clutched my head in her hands, and began humping my face. I really wanted her to get off, so I sucked her clit, then slid my tongue as far as I could into her cunt. That was the winning combo, because she came suddenly, with a deep moan and a violent shudder.

And still, our passion hadn't cooled. Jackie sucked me hard again, then rolled over on her hands and knees, spreading her legs wide in invitation. She was slick, inside and out, and my cock glided easily into her. I instantly grabbed her ass—the heart-shaped one I'd been lusting after for days—


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and began thrusting into her. Having already come, I was able to vary my strokes in depth and intensity and really give Jackie a workout, but when I felt the pressure begin to build, I picked up the pace. Jackie started meeting my thrusts, and seconds later, cried out as she came. I held out as long as I possibly could before a massive orgasm whipped through me and my cock pulsed inside her.

We never got around to rehearsing, but we did manage to act out several of each other's fantasies that night and over the next few weeks. One afternoon, for instance, as Jackie and I were driving on a rural road, I peered over at her luscious body and got an immediate erection. She noticed the

bulge in my pants and began stroking it. When I pulled over, we hopped in the backseat so Jackie could give me a blowjob. But before I could come, she stopped and told me she wanted me to masturbate for her. I did, stroking my cock as she sat beside me and whispered in my ear all the things she wanted to do to me. It was not long before I shot my load all over myself and Jackie licked up every drop.

Sadly, I lost contact with Jackie shortly after the play's final performance, but I'll never forget her. When it comes to sex, cougars are the best. — *D.D., Canada* 🇨🇦

I instantly grabbed her ass—the heart-shaped one I'd been lusting after for days—and began thrusting into her.

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Penthouse.com has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and an archive of sexy letters from readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

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PeepShow

COMING SOON ... IN PENTHOUSE


Pet of the Month
Veronica Ricci



2009 Key Girl
of the Year Sasha



This month we showed you just how much fun can be had when Penthouse Clubs' Key Girls take one another on—in a competition, and then some. Next month you'll get an up-close and personal look at the winner, Sasha,

from the Houston Penthouse Club. You'll also get to know adult-film star Veronica Ricci, and see *Penthouse* newcomer Nicole Ray worshipping December 2008 Pet of the Month Tori Black ... and much, much more. 

Tori Black
& Nicole Ray



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denver
detroit
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hawaiian islands
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