


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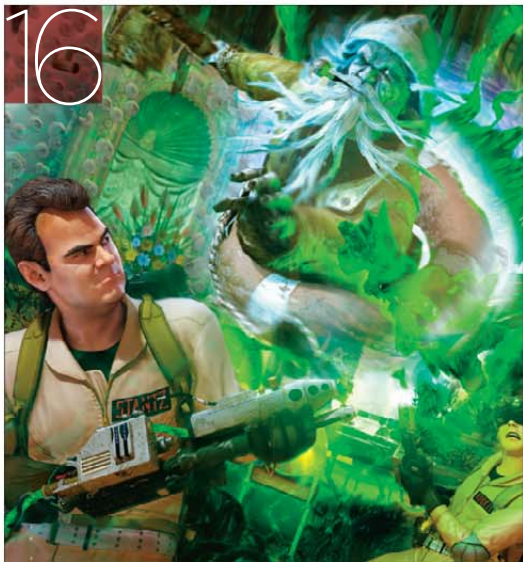
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Quenching a Thirst

Last March, I attended a weeklong sales convention in Chicago, one of my favorite cities. One day after a meeting, a group of us went to the top of the Sears Tower, walked up and down the Magnificent Mile, and ate real Chicago-style hot dogs at Millennium Park.

One of the men in the group, Aiden, was originally from Ireland and spoke with a thick brogue that warmed me down to my toes. He was tall with a muscular build, dark wavy hair that made me want to run my hands through it, and a well-trimmed goatee. Naturally, he had all the women flirting with him.

On the last night of the convention, Aiden and I stopped at the hotel bar for a drink and I finally got the nerve to ask him if he was seeing anyone. He said no and asked if I was. I told him I'd split with my husband about a year earlier and hadn't been with anyone

else since. Looking deep into his vivid blue eyes, I knew that after my yearlong drought, Aiden was the first guy I wanted to fuck.

"How'd you like to come to my room and sample some Texas peach before we leave tomorrow?" I asked, as my mind screamed out for me to climb his body like a scratching post. My heart beat wildly in my chest as I sipped my drink, awaiting his answer.

His gaze held mine as he smiled slowly and said, "Nothing would please me more, Serena."

As soon as we were in my hotel room, Aiden placed his hands on my shoulders and said, "I want you," then gently unzipped my dress, letting it fall to the floor. I stood there in my lacy underwear and black high heels.

He started to move in and out of me with long, hard strokes until I was overcome with a wave of exquisite pleasure.

Aiden easily picked me up, carried me to the bed, and slowly pulled off my panties. I was excited and nervous as he dragged them down my legs, planting hot, wet kisses along my skin every few seconds.

"You are beautiful," Aiden said as he stopped kissing me long enough to undress. Without his clothes, he looked like a Greek god. He had a lean yet muscular build and the thickest cock I'd ever seen. I couldn't wait to take him into my mouth and my pussy. I started stroking it, then licked from the tip down to the base until I reached his balls. Working my way back up to the head, I stroked him with one hand and caressed his balls with the other.

Aiden let out a primal growl and said, "My turn," as he spread my legs and hooked them over his shoulders. He lapped at my juices and sucked on my clit. My hips began to move wantonly against his lips as he sucked even harder. I laced my fingers into his dark curls, bringing him closer to me as I cried out in ecstasy.

I kissed him when he'd finished, tasting my tangy juices on his lips and tongue. He sucked on my nipples as I stroked him, guiding him toward my center. I let out a whimper when his fat cock entered me. He gave me a wicked smile, and I felt him grow even harder inside me. He seemed to be waiting for me to adjust to his size.

"Fuck me, Aiden!" I screamed, wrapping my legs around him, pulling him in deeper. He started to move, steadily driving his cock in and out of me with long, hard strokes until I was overcome with another wave of exquisite pleasure.

When he pulled out of me, still rock-hard, I moved around until I lay atop him. His cock was inches from my lips and I sucked on it while he tasted my peach. When I came this time, I could make as much noise as I wanted because I had his juicy dick in my mouth to muffle my moans.

"I have never been with a woman who comes as often as you do," Aiden said between hot kisses. "I could fuck you all night long and never tire."

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Thank heavens for that, I thought. I had a hell of a lot of alone time to make up for.—S.C., Texas

THE PERFECT COMBINATION

It was a Saturday night, and the plan was for Jackson and me to meet for drinks, then head back to his place. As usual, he teased me by telling me to arrive early and pick up a third party, or bring along a friend who enjoys the same things we do. We'd had three-ways before, but so far none had lived up to our expectations. I had a feeling our next attempt might hit the mark.

I called my friend Sadie and asked if she was up for something a little different. We'd played together one-on-one before, and I thought she and Jackson would like each other. When she asked what I had in mind, I told her it was a surprise and to wear something tight and sexy and I'd pick her up in 30 minutes.

When we arrived at the bar in our clingy sweaters and tight pants, Jackson was already at the bar getting hit on by a couple of women. When he saw me, he excused himself and came toward us. I introduced him to Sadie and he led us to an empty table. We ordered drinks and I let Jackson and Sadie get acquainted, hoping the chemistry would be right. They seemed to be getting along, and just when I thought it might be time to move things forward, Sadie asked what the game plan was for the night. Jackson told her we could drop her off at her apartment or we could all go back to his place for some fun. Just as I'd hoped, Sadie said she wanted to hang out with us.

When we arrived at Jackson's house, he showed her around while I turned on some music and dimmed the lights. I'd just taken some beers from the fridge when Jackson led Sadie into the kitchen. She came toward me and within seconds we were in each other's arms, kissing and rubbing against each other. Jackson watched as her hands moved under my sweater, then peeled it up over my head. Before it slipped to the floor, I'd started to undress Sadie and Jackson was behind me, unhooking my bra. He slipped the straps off my shoulders, but that was as far as he got before I was pleasantly mashed between their bodies. I had Sadie's breasts flush against mine, and the hard ridge



of Jackson's cock pressed against my ass. I love being the meat in a sandwich, but I also like to make sure everyone gets equal pleasure.

Reluctantly, I pulled away from them and led the way to Jackson's bedroom, where we would be more comfortable. Once the rest of our clothes were off and we were on his king-size bed with Jackson in the middle, Sadie and I took turns sucking and licking his dick—I love the feeling of sharing a cock with another mouth. Jackson watched us, and the longer Sadie and I sucked, the more his cock began to twitch and jump. When the pleasure became too much, he pushed me back, flipped me onto my stomach, and began fucking me from behind. Sadie slid her sopping-wet pussy in front of me, and I began to eat her out. It didn't take long for Sadie to come, flooding my mouth with her juices as Jackson continued drilling his cock into me.

Then Jackson pressed on my clit and the orgasm that had been building crashed through me in continuous waves. I never thought of myself as multiorgasmic, but with Jackson's relentless thrusting and Sadie tweaking my nipples just right, I couldn't seem to stop coming. Finally, my body began to relax and I collapsed onto the bed.

I didn't have to tell Jackson to get his dick, which was still hard, out of me and into Sadie. She'd moved beside me and was guiding Jackson between her legs. When Sadie and I went one-on-one, we sometimes used my strap-on, so I knew she liked it hard and fast. That's exactly what she was going to get from Jackson.

She wrapped her legs around his hips as he worked his cock in and out at high speed. Jackson swings a mean dick when he gets going, and this was one of those occasions. Each time Jackson slammed into Sadie, he grunted and she moaned. I loved watching my two favorite lovers screw, and it looked like they were enjoying themselves, too. I dipped my fingers in my pussy, then fed them to Sadie. She sucked hard, swirling her tongue around them, trying to get all the cream. Then she let out an unexpected gasp and started coming, arching up under Jackson. Her climax tripped Jackson's switch and he let go, finishing with a roar and several deep strokes, leaving behind lots of yummy come for me to eat out.

All in all, I couldn't have hoped for a better outcome. We'd finally hit on the perfect combination for our threesome. I thought I might miss the thrill of trying out new candidates, but we've been having such a great time together that I think our days of looking are over.—F.M., Rhode Island

More letters on page 133

I loved watching my two favorite lovers screw, and it looked like they were enjoying themselves, too.

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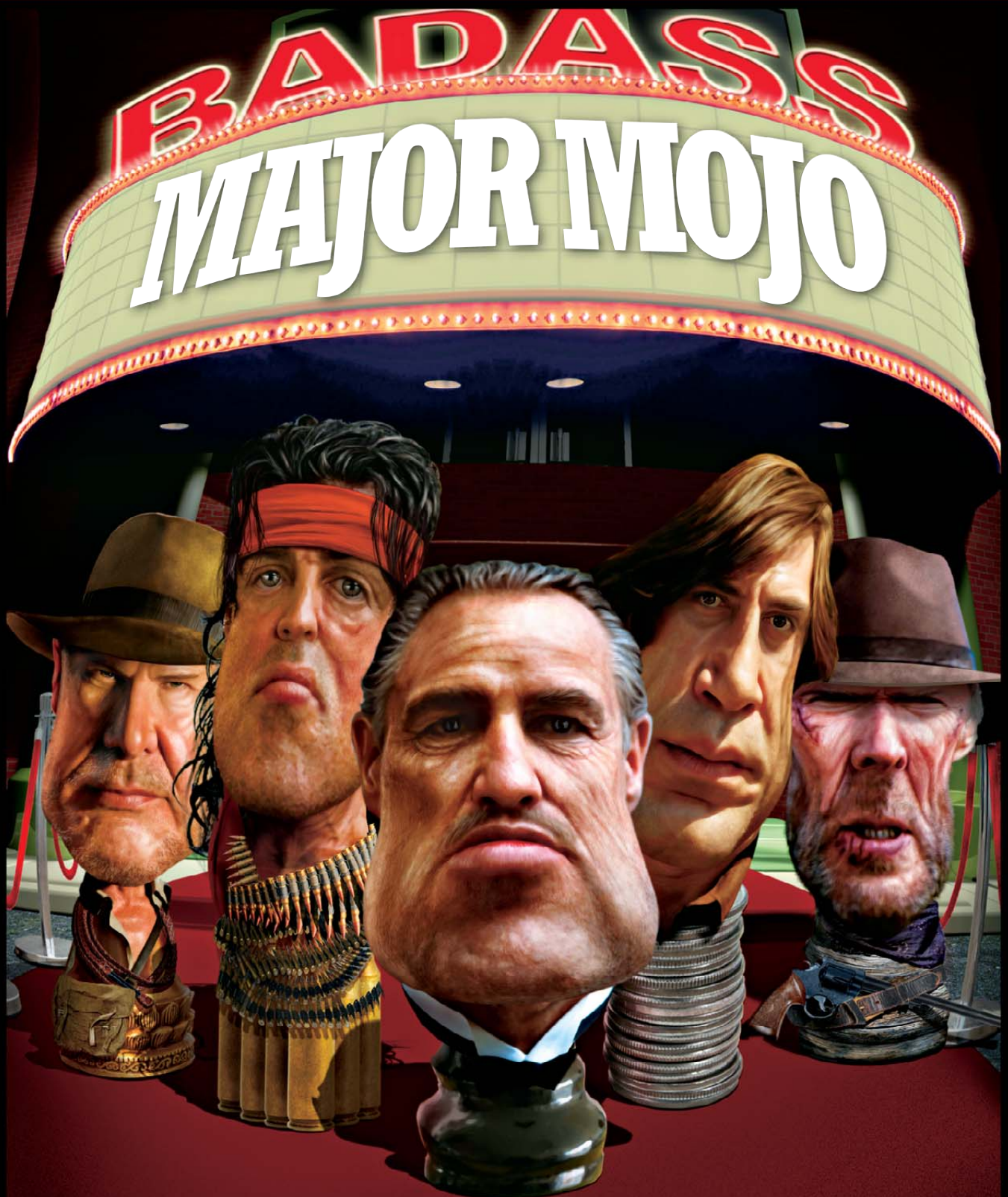
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Now playing: the 40 most memorable badasses in cinema history. We started with our Hall of Fame inductees—Indiana Jones, John Rambo, Vito Corleone, Anton Chigurh, and William Munny. Then, because we're celebrating our 40th anniversary with our next issue, we selected another 35 hombres who are the baddest of the bad, the toughest of the tough. Take heed, grasshopper.



FLICKS



40 Notable BADASSES in Cinema History

They may not be real, but that doesn't mean they have nothing to teach us.

By Drew Magary

Jason Bourne (the *Bourne* trilogy)
Jackie Treehorn (*The Big Lebowski*)
Begbie (*Trainspotting*)
Inigo Montoya (*The Princess Bride*)
Harry Callahan (*Dirty Harry*)
Any Jason Statham character (except Jake in *Revolver*)
John McClane (*Die Hard*)
Don Logan (*Sexy Beast*)
Clyde Barrow (*Bonnie and Clyde*)
Bill (*Kill Bill: Vol. 2*)
Conan (*Conan the Barbarian*—but NOT *Conan the Destroyer*)
Nico Toscani (*Above the Law*)
Cyrus of the Gramercy Riffs (*The Warriors*)
Dalton (*Road House*)
John J. Rambo (*First Blood*)
Dignam (*The Departed*)
John Matrix (*Commando*)
Maximus (*Gladiator*)
J. J. Gittes (*Chinatown*)
Nikolai... though a bit lacking in the penis-size department (*Eastern Promises*)



Vito Corleone (*The Godfather*, I and II)
Drexel Spivey (*True Romance*)
Chiun (*Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins*)
Bud White (*L.A. Confidential*)
Anton Chigurh (*No Country for Old Men*)
Lieutenant Colonel Bill Kilgore (*Apocalypse Now*)
Lee (*Enter the Dragon*)
Rick Blaine ... and surely this is the only time "badass" has ever been associated with the name Blaine (*Casablanca*)
The Joker (*The Dark Knight*)
Indiana Jones (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*)
Boba Fett ... the only guy who ever talked shit to Darth Vader and didn't get an invisible choking for his efforts (*The Empire Strikes Back*)
Sam Gerard (*The Fugitive*)
Keyser Söze (*The Usual Suspects*)
David Lo Pan (*Big Trouble in Little China*)
Snake Plissken (*Escape From New York*)
Jules Winnfield (*Pulp Fiction*)
William Munny (*Unforgiven*)
Luke (*Cool Hand Luke*)
Neil McCauley (*Heat*)
James Bond (Daniel Craig version)



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REVIEWS

**The Hurt Locker**

Jeremy Renner, decked out in his bulky bomb-defusing gear in Kathryn Bigelow's riveting new film, looks like nothing less than a machine from the future, and his frosty, all-business attitude seals the deal. *The Hurt Locker* is, quite simply, the action movie of the season: It's an expert nail-biter about an elite squad of Baghdad-based professionals who deal with war exactly like most real-life troops do—as a job. Ace supporting player Anthony Mackie plays Renner's sergeant; Guy Pearce and Ralph Fiennes costar. This is a more down-to-earth action flick than most, but if you want Michael Bay-esque explosions, it's got them, too.

Soul Power

People flocked to Zaire in 1974 to witness the "Rumble in the Jungle"—as promoter Don King dubbed the epic heavyweight title fight between George Foreman and Muhammad Ali. That was the main event. But there was a less-publicized undercard of musical heavyweights who performed before the bout. *Soul Power*, a documentary of unusual exuberance, is the chronicle of that concert. On the stellar three-day bill: James Brown, at the peak of his proto-funk powers; bluesman B. B. King; and African stars such as Miriam Makeba, adding zesty global perspective. *Soul Power* makes a fine companion piece to the Oscar-winning documentary about the historic fight, *When We Were Kings*.



PREVIEW

**Year One**

We prefer our caveman movies to feature Raquel Welch in tiny bikinis, but if concessions need be made, they could be a lot worse than Jack Black and *Superbad*'s Michael Cera as hapless hunter-gatherers. The duo are banished from their tribe, and set off on an epic adventure in antiquity. The Judd Apatow-produced script, cowritten by director Harold Ramis and the folks behind *The Office*, digs deep into a fossil-rich shale of funny, with David Cross and Paul Rudd as a hilarious Cain and Abel who bicker (what else?) endlessly.



BY REBECCA SWANNER

One Mighty Prankster

TNA Wrestling's hulking Samoa Joe throws down in the ring against his competitors, but off the clock, it's all about locker-room pranks.

For years, Samoa Joe has dominated on the *TNA Wrestling* stage, facing down some pretty formidable characters. But what he really enjoys is playing practical jokes on his teammates.

There's been a long history of pranking in wrestling. Is there one you particularly admire?

There's one, but it's just because Terry Funk does it. Terry will walk through the entire airport lugging his bag like he's carrying a million pounds. By the time he's at the plane, he's worked up a full sweat. That's when the flight attendant walks up and says, "Excuse me, sir, may I help you with your

bag?" I was with him one time when the girl pulled the bag up and her hand flew over her head and she nearly landed on her ass. It was as light as a feather.

Have you been pranked?

Yeah, it was a classic: the enormous hotel bill. You go down to the business center and ask for a piece of hotel paper to write a note on. Then you print up a bill with all these fake charges. My buddies put this bill under my door and it's got, like, \$556 in movies. Afterward, I'm yelling at the hotel guy in the lobby, like, "I did not spend this! You guys have shit porn! How would I spend this in one night?!"

What goes down in the TNA locker room?

Some guys have had powdered milk put into their gear. Once you start sweating and moving around, it smells bad and the person wearing it has no idea why.


I like classic ones. Everyone knows the Mentos in Diet Coke trick, but you take a string and lace it through a Mento with a needle and tie it to the top of the bottle, then screw on the cap. Then, when your buddy goes, "I'm thirsty," you hand him that. When he opens it, it explodes in his face.

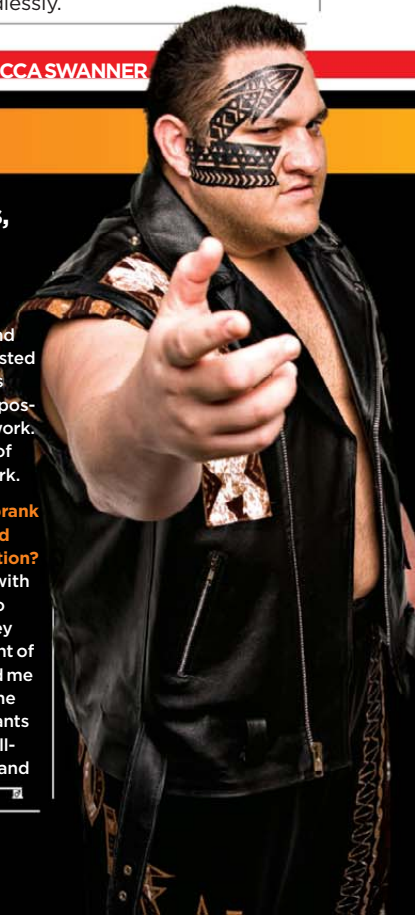
What's this rumor we hear about an iPod taser?

I'm sorry to say, the taser

doesn't work. These are things we come up with when we're sitting around the locker room. One busted iPod later, you realize it's not possible. But the disposable-camera one does work. If you get it on the back of your neck, it leaves a mark.

Have you ever pulled a prank despite being concerned about the person's reaction?

Well, in Japan I worked with a wrestler, Kohei Sato. To haze wrestlers there, they threw firecrackers in front of them. The promoter told me to stick a firecracker in the guy's pants. It tore his pants to shreds! He took his cell-phone out of his pocket and it was just... smoking. 



TV Land

Hulu is a great site, and you can find tons of TV shows online for free, but DVD is still a great way to catch up on a series or season.

Battlestar Galactica The Complete Series

The Plot: A gritty reimagining of the 1978 show about the conflict between humans and their slave-robot Cylons. The heady story deals with war, religion, torture, survival, and sex—with a scorching-hot cast. Tricia Helfer in that red dress makes any show worth watching!

Buy or Rent? Rent. The list price for the 25-disc DVD set is \$280; the 20-disc Blu-ray is \$350. Sure, the box is cool, and it's one of the best series in recent memory, but that's just too much frakkin' money.

Added Value? The Blu-ray has commentaries and featurettes, seven minisodes, producer David Eick's video blog, and Ron Moore's podcasts. —Christine Colby

PHOTOGRAPH (TOP) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION



The State The Complete Series

The Plot: The under-appreciated MTV sketch show from the 1990s arrives in a five-disc box set. **Buy or Rent?** Buy. In the spring of 2008, Nerve and IFC published a list of the 50 greatest comedy sketches of all time, and the State landed on the list four times. Pretty damn good for a show with only 24 episodes—and there are plenty more where those came from. Our favorites: "Monkey Torture" and "Porcupine Racetrack."

Added Value? Commentary tracks, interviews, and outtakes; the bonus disc includes the pilot and more than 90 minutes of unaired sketches, promos, and appearances by the troupe. *State* fans have been waiting 15 years for this, and the box delivers. —John Bolster



Mad Men Season Two

The Plot: The critically acclaimed, Emmy-winning series about the "golden age" of advertising: the 1960s. We love the hilarious dated references as much as the smart writing. **Buy or Rent?** Buy, and join us in our obsessive love of Christina Hendricks/Joan Holloway. We found parts of season one unnecessarily mysterious, but things really got cooking in season two. **Added Value?** Cast and crew commentary on all 13 episodes, plus featurettes on the fashion, the sixties woman, and the historical events of the decade itself. —Barbara Rice Thompson



Eastbound & Down The Complete Season 1

The Plot: A washed-up baseball star returns to his hometown to teach middle-school phys ed. **Buy or Rent?** Buy. In the mulleted Kenny Powers, Danny McBride (*The Foot Fist Way*, *Land of the Lost*) has an instant icon of a character: profoundly oblivious, arrogant, perpetually angry—yet still vaguely likable. And viewers who spent the six-episode run hoping for a glimpse of Katy Mixon's glorious rack (let's ballpark it at 100 percent) were rewarded in the finale—even if it was a body double. **Added Value?** Commentary tracks, a making-of featurette, a Kenny Powers demo reel, mock car commercials starring coexecutive producer Will Ferrell, and "Stevie's Dark Secret." —J.B.



Reaper Season 2

The Plot: A slacker and his buddies track down souls that have escaped from hell. **Buy or Rent?** We hate to say it, but rent. We love the show, and season two had a lot of funny changes and developments, but as season sets go, it's lacking (see below). **Added Value?** Not much, just commentaries, deleted scenes, and a gag reel. We're sure they're funny, but in terms of bonus features for 13 episodes, that's disappointing. —B.R.T.

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SOUNDS

INTERVIEW

Straight Outta Suburbia

In Morrisville, Pennsylvania's Asher Roth, we finally have someone who raps about life on the cul-de-sac. But how will it play to the hip-hop nation?

By Jonathan Ages

Here's a guarantee: 100 percent of the articles you read about Asher Roth during his current tour will refer to Eminem.

This is not due to a dearth of imagination among writers—really!—but because the comparison is unavoidable. Put it this way: If a rapper came along who shared Em's slightly nasally delivery, mischievous sense of humor, and pallid skin color, and people *didn't* draw the comparison, wouldn't that be fucked up? But the similarities pretty much end there. Roth is laid-back where Em is keyed-up. Roth raps about college and pizza; Em focuses on stalkers and killing his wife. Yet without Eminem's enormous success, and rap's popularity with suburban white boys, there would be no Roth. Now we have a rapper who's proud to

be from the suburbs, and raps about it. This summer, we'll find out how far this strain of hip-hop can go as Roth plays Roots Picnic and Lollapalooza in support of his debut, *Asleep in the Bread Aisle*, which got a head start when its first single, "I Love College," topped 35 million plays on MySpace. Roth told us all about the ride so far.

Thanks for sending us the cuss-free version of your disc.

You're welcome. You gotta get "titties" blocked out when dealing with *Penthouse*, right?

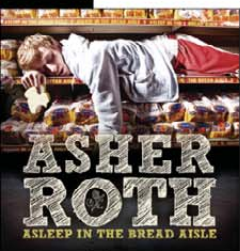
"I don't understand how hip-hop became this get-rich-quick scheme. And radio reinforces it by playing that garbage."

Where did you find your inspiration?

When there's not much going on in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, and the Pitch 'n' Putt is closed, what are you gonna do? It was like, "Instead of going out tonight, let's make a rap song."

In "Blunt Cruisin'" you rap about driving around in a Ford Taurus and hanging out at "Sev" [7-Eleven]—are lines like that meant to skewer the big-pimpin' ethos of hip-hop?

Yeah, I'm a little corny, and I think that kind of helps my hip-hop to be more progressive. I just don't understand how hip-hop became this get-rich-quick scheme. Everyone was suddenly in hip-hop just to make some ringtone money. And radio is totally reinforcing it by playing that garbage. It's just a matter of getting it back to the priorities—making good music with substance and having a party.



You rap about weed a lot. How does it figure into your writing process?

Usually I get *really* philosophical [when I'm high]. I'm convinced that they don't want us smoking weed because—and it defi-

nately affects people differently—the majority of people start to sit down and *think* when they're smoking weed.

Either that, or they start playing Mario Kart.

You got it! Sometimes nothing else matters except *Mario Kart* and *Bond* on 64! [In my music] I'm always talking about how my *Mario Kart* skills are "outrageous" and about how I'm a "champion at beer pong." Now I get an e-mail every day from someone challenging me to *Mario Kart*.

Your album has a lot of variety, but do you worry that the early success of "I Love College" will obscure that?

No, I don't. I think it is a really dope record and I think it could be huge. Am I ever going to top the success of "College"? I don't know. It definitely taps into a subculture and a lifestyle that everybody is relating to. I'm definitely concerned, though, that some of the album won't get the ear that it should.

You decided to tackle the Eminem comparison in a song, "As I Em."

What was the thinking behind that?

That was the last song we wrote. I knew that if I didn't say something about it, it would go on forever. I think the best thing actually—with Em dropping an album so close to mine—was, it really showed how different we are as artists.

What do you think of his latest album?

I just feel that he's so übertalented and he's been doing this for so long, he doesn't need to do the same go-around that he did the first time. That single ["We Made You"] was kinda like the same formula. I think he's just so past that, you know?

Are you concerned that your fans who listened to you on MySpace will download pirated copies of your album instead of buying your disc?

As long as people show up to the show, I don't care how they get their music. I've been downloading music since *before* Napster!

REVIEWS



JARVIS COCKER
Further Complications
(Rough Trade) ★★

On which our foppish hero hooks up with legendarily cranky punk producer Steve Albini and dials up the rawk. Opener "Angela" layers slashing guitars over a relentless Teutonic stomp. On "Homewrecker!" Cocker screams like a karate master. It may be disconcerting to hear him break character like this, particularly on the big-bottomed "Fucking-song," but fans of his quieter 2006 solo debut, *Jarvis*, are advised not to bail too early: There are some mellower treats on the second half of *Complications*.



THE MARS VOLTA
Octahedron
(Warner Bros.) ★★★★★

Since their days fronting art-punkers At the Drive-In, the men of the Mars Volta—singer Cedric Bixler-Zavala and guitar hero Omar Rodriguez-Lopez—have relished the art of surprise: jazz rhythms colliding with metal riffage or proggy excess. So of course the first song on *Octahedron* is a delicate, dare-we-say *lovable* ballad. In fact, the most surprising thing about *Octahedron* is how unsurprising it is—relatively speaking. Plus, the entire record clocks in at 49 minutes—by Mars Volta standards, that's an eyeblink.



THE SOUNDS
Crossing the Rubicon
(Original Signal) ★★

The Sounds' secret weapon is Maja Ivarsson, a peroxided yowler with the rough-hewn glamour of Debbie Harry and the pop sensibility of Gwen Stefani. This one isn't as instantly catchy as 2005's *Dying to Say This to You*—in fact, it eschews that album's downtown disco vibe entirely, opting for moodier pieces. But give it time and you'll find that it's another entry in the long line of surprisingly durable Swedish contributions to pop music.

PREVIEW

ROB THOMAS
Cradlesong
(Atlantic)



Beginning with his chart-topping mid-nineties run fronting Matchbox Twenty, Thomas has had the not-altogether-unpleasant distinction of being among the most loathed—yet still wildly successful—musicians

on the planet. *Cradlesong*, his second solo album, probably won't change any of that, but perhaps it should: Despite his occasional detour into schlock (see: "Fire on the Mountain"), Thomas has an A+ ear for melody. The first single, "Her Diamonds," is a radio-ready ballad about a lovely lady's tears, and the effervescent "Getting Late" is as warm and easy as a Pacific sunset. We won't hold our breath for the cool kids to embrace *Cradlesong*—but in time, who knows? Heck, it happened to Hall & Oates!

Ghostbusters



ATARI (XBOX 360, PS3) ★★★★★

In this new story—think of it as *Ghostbusters 2.5*—you're the rookie joining our favorite paranormal hunters (all voiced by the original actors). A Gozer museum exhibit has unleashed something terrible and ghosts are popping up all over New York City.

Rocks: The clever humor is spot-on, thanks to an original script by Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis, and our favorite ghosts are back, including Slimer, the Librarian, and the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. Vital information is located on your proton pack so it doesn't clog up the screen.

Flops: The story is a bit too linear; we wanted to explore the world more than we could. While using the proton streams to capture ghosts is certainly fun, it's pretty repetitive in terms of combat.

PREVIEW

THE CONDUIT SEGA (WII)

Aliens are popping up through strange portals throughout Washington, D.C. You play as Michael Ford, an operative for the secret government organization the Trust, and—duh—have to fight them off. We bet that wasn't in his original job description.

Rocks: This is a hard-core shooter for the Wii, which still lacks titles for more intense gamers. The story is told via voiceovers instead of time-wasting cut-scenes, so you stay in the moment. Excellent controls.

Flops: The All Seeing Eye puzzles seem derivative of other titles, the combat is uninspired, and the environments could use way more detail.



inFAMOUS SONY (PS3)

Your city has just been destroyed by the equivalent of an atomic bomb, and you're to blame. Well, sort of. Bike messenger Cole McGrath was used as an unsuspecting pawn by a shadowy covert agency, but only McGrath, the agency, and the FBI know that. The survivors all have it in for him. He has to use his post-explosion ability to channel electricity to unravel the agency's plot and clear his name.

Rocks: You don't need to make exact jumps to scale buildings and race across the city on lampposts and pipes—a feature from the developer's previous game, *Sly Cooper*, that we agree was worth keeping. That city race shows off the game's excellent camerawork. The visceral cut-scenes left us longing for a follow-up graphic novel.

Flops: The karma system is an interesting way of allowing the player to level up, but we're getting a bit weary of this now-popular gimmick.



INTERVIEW

He Ain't Afraid of No Ghost

Step into the brilliant mind of Egon Spengler, er, Harold Ramis.

Harold Ramis is responsible for some part of nearly every comedy of note from the eighties and early nineties, from cowriting *Animal House* and *Stripes* to directing Bill Murray in *Caddyshack* and *Groundhog Day*, and acting in half of the above. This summer, the humble Chicago native reprises the role of Egon Spengler in the videogame *Ghostbusters*, and will check out the script for the upcoming film *Ghostbusters III*.



We've heard you're not much of a gamer.

When my daughter was young, in the days of *Super Mario*, I got interested and sometimes my wife would wake up at two in the morning and find me at the edge of the bed saving the princess. But as games got more complicated, they kind of left me behind.

Did you hang out at arcades growing up?

Not that much. I'm very competitive, and other people were so much better at jiggling those pinball machines.

Was it fun stepping back into the part of Egon?

[Laughs] I am Egon. I've never stepped out of the part.... It was fun seeing myself young and thin and fully animated. And I think for the first time the action figure line has our likenesses.

What is that like?

It's kinda cool. But the worst thing you can do is turn grandiose and start thinking of yourself as a legend. *Year One* [which Ramis directed] comes out the day after the game. When the lights go down in the theater, my having been in *Ghostbusters* or having directed *Caddyshack* is not going to get them through the movie. It's a new game every time.

Dan Aykroyd got everyone together for this game?

Dan has always been the heart and soul of *Ghostbusters*. He brought us together for the first film, too.

Was it fun working with them again?

We recorded in different cities at different times, but it was fun hearing them. I'm in touch with Danny, so it's always fun to see him. And Bill is a mystery man. He's hard to pin down. I'm kind of amazed he even said he'd do it, but there he is.

You say Dan Aykroyd is the heart and soul of *Ghostbusters*, but he's not writing the new one.

The guys writing the script were my cowriters on *Year One*. The idea of doing a third one really took hold at Columbia. One of the executives said, "Do you think Gene [Stupnitsky] and Lee [Eisenberg] would be good people?" I said sure. They're still in the story phase, and I'm sure they're being extremely careful, as no one wants to screw up a franchise like

that. They consult with me and Ivan [Reitman] and Dan every step of the way. When we did the first one, Dan and Bill were already so loved from *Saturday Night Live* that we were warmly embraced. When we were driving around New York and running down the street wearing those suits, real people were cheering. And I'm sure there will be even more the next time they see that logo on the streets of New York.

***Ghostbusters* was better than its sequel. Looking back, what would you have changed?**

I wasn't happy with the conception of some of the effects. The shape of the sequel was not entirely in my hands. I think the slime metaphor was overworked. I had a more subtle idea in mind that I regret not fighting harder for. I thought there was something a little juvenile about the slime thing.

What was your idea?

The idea of psycho-reactive negative human emotions collecting in large population centers was the core idea—that there were so many bad vibes in New York, the critical mass was causing new eruptions. My idea was, there is a three-day period in New York where people have to be extremely nice or they could tip the balance. For instance, have a hockey game at the Garden where a fight breaks out and the whole stadium starts to rumble; cracks open in the ice, and the players freeze and look at each other and go, "Oh, I'm sorry, did I bump into you?" Having that play out on the streets of New York with different situations seemed funny to me. I thought [*Ghostbusters II*] got too sentimental at the end. Part of our strength was playing against sentiment.

Also, after the Marshmallow Man was so successful we wondered, does something have to get big at the end of the sequel? My concept was the Statue of Liberty would be our adversary. I thought there would be something really counterintuitive for the audience about the Statue of Liberty being bad. When we defeated her, she'd be lying in Wall Street with her skirt up over her knees. Everyone thought it sounded too much like a Marxist thing. Too radical.


Do you think the new one will be hard to cast?

It will be interesting. The whole project will be very interesting on a lot of levels. We've seen Batman reinvented twice. There was the Tim Burton version and now the Christian Bale/Christopher Nolan version. The trend is to get darker. Tim took it dark in reaction to the goofy TV show. They lightened it up with George Clooney and now we're dark again.

Will *Ghostbusters III* be dark?

I think we can afford to be a bit darker. The darker we get, the more it makes the comedy work.

Final question: Are you afraid of ghosts?

Personally, I have no belief in the supernatural. I'm as practical as a person can be. But I spent a lot of time on a Greek island where there were several ghost legends. It was a very scary place. There are virtually no streetlights and there were no cars. Walking those streets at night, sometimes I wanted to scream and run, but I never saw anything. 



"Today my boyfriend handcuffed me to the bed, naked. Someone pulled the fire alarm, and my boyfriend couldn't find the key to the cuffs. So he left me there, and the resident advisor found me. A fireman had to cut the chain. FML."

Misery Loves Company

A French website solicits hard-luck stories, gets a deluge—and a book deal.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

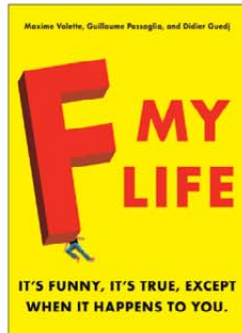
F My Life

Edited by Maxime Valette, Guillaume Passaglia, and Didier Guedj
Villard

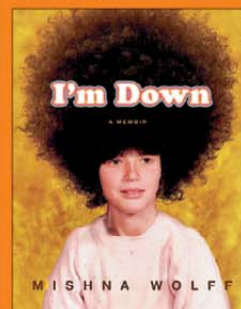
Next time you're having a bad day, or month—or life—go pick up a copy of *F My Life* and take solace in its bite-size (or Tweet-size) tales of people who've had it much worse than you. The book packs hundreds of mishaps, misadventures, and misbegotten tales, culled from the popular site FMyLife.com, into its 278 pages. The anecdotes are by turns embarrassing, cruel, hilarious, and mortifying—sometimes all at once. One girl opened her condom drawer to find each rubber packet strapped with a Jesus button and a note saying "Love, Mom." One guy asked his boss for a raise and got, "Who the hell are you?" for a response. They range from silly (cutting a finger slicing a pre-sliced bagel, drinking a cigarette-steeped beer) to scary-absurd (getting mugged by a man with a PEZ dispenser), to disturbing (a Chilean woman being told by her white mother-in-law, "This is why only white people should be allowed in America").

"LOL" may be annoying Internet shorthand, but it definitely applies to this Internet-derived book: I laughed out loud many times while reading *F My Life*. Even the truly horrible moments—deaths, breakups, job losses—gain an element of humor and relief in the simple process of sharing with a commiserating community. While some entries

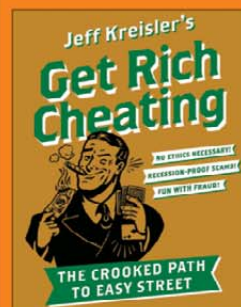
miss the mark, and others are repetitious, *F My Life* is an entertaining pick-me-up for anyone who needs a smile. The illustrations enhance the mortification, which, if you're lucky, you only experience vicariously—and if you're not lucky, you can submit your story and share in the collective bad juju.



REVIEWS



Wolff was a shy, pretty white girl raised in a predominantly African-American neighborhood by a single father who, despite clearly being white, seems to have convinced himself that he's black. She transforms her sitcom-ready upbringing into a tightly focused, perceptive, and very funny memoir from St. Martin's Press. She addresses race in the process, of course, but at its core, *I'm Down* is about a daughter trying to impress her eccentric father and capture his attention and love once and for all.



Kreisler is a kind of catcher in the rye for evildoers—using a "You can do it, too!" satirical premise to document the misdeeds of endless fat cats, crooked pols, spoiled athletes, and celebrities before they go over the cliff and out of public notice forever. He skewers the Ken Lays of the world, but also shines a light on lesser-known heels, like the Coalition to Salute America's Heroes, a charity for veterans that collected \$168 million—but spent \$125 million on "salaries, fund-raising, and perks."—John Bolster

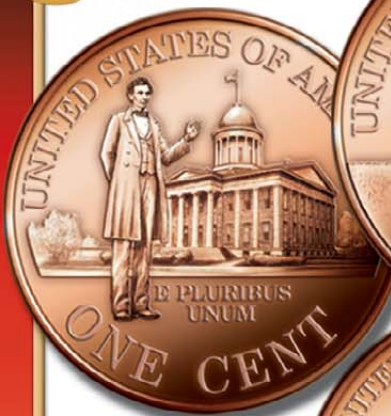
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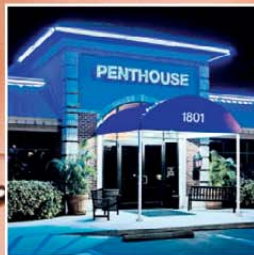
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It's a ModWorld

You poke a hole through the urethra, well, hell, you're going to see some blood. Any idiot could have guessed that. My mistake was thinking it would be a trickle. Like when you cut your finger and see a trough of raw flesh slowly fill with red....

Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh



My Cock Piercing

There were two things I thought I was prepared for: the blood and the pain. I'd done my reading to prep myself. But reading can only tell you so much.

**By Rob Roberge
Illustration by Jon Proctor**

You poke a hole through the urethra, well, hell, you're going to see some blood. Any idiot could have guessed that. And the pain? If I may use a fourth-grade rhetorical term, *duh!* Put a hole in your cock, it's going to hurt. Rule of life, the price of the ticket, and all that. And I don't regret it for a moment, though I do wonder

about my generation's old folks' homes. I'm picturing room after room of pierced, branded, and tattooed octogenarians, making just about any institution look like a retirement home for carnies.

I won't detail why I (and my wife) decided driving steel through my dick was a fabulous idea. I think of it as a horny man's version of those bowerbirds that build their nests of tinsel and shiny candy wrappers to attract a mate: "See this, baby? *This* is the nest you want."

Our body-modification gal was frighteningly young. She was also tattooed, bejeweled, and studded, a cute-skulled, shaved-headed woman for whom it seemed altogether normal and commonplace—which for her, of course, it was—to stick needles through the tips of strange men's cocks.

I lay back, naked from the waist down, while it happened. I was prepared for a mind-blowing, white-light pain. I've had seven concussions, mostly the result of a basketball-filled misspent youth and a car-accident- and bar-fight-laden, drug-addled young adulthood. I thought I knew pain. My wife, Gayle, was holding my hand, but at enough of a distance that she could see what I couldn't—the whole gory deal. Her interest in my decorative pain was both intellectual and primal—and altogether hot.

The piercer said, "Your penis is perfectly symmetrical."

Not, "Wow, your cock is enormous. I've never seen such a specimen. My *life* is cock, and I've never seen one this big." But not, "Jesus, we'll have to send out for a bird surgeon to get needles small enough to do this job," either. So I said what felt awkwardly appropriate for the moment: "Thanks."

"Seriously," she said, "it's bizarre how it's perfectly seamed down the middle."

And now I started to worry about how something at first perceived to be good can, in fact, be bad. About how perfection and symmetry are the characteristics of unfeeling machines, not the territory of we messy, altogether asymmetrical humans. Like, maybe this was a sign that I wasn't right in some cock-based way—a phallic version of the kids who can draw perfect circles despite being damaged beyond all repair in other ways. But I figured she didn't need my neurosis, so I just said, "Hmmm."

"Don't see this much. Can I have a picture when we're done?"

And so, after I agreed to a photo, the piercer asked if I was ready, and I lied and said I was. Then I felt a shock of pain that was not as bad as I'd imagined. And I was reminded, as I am frequently (though I wonder how he would feel about being referenced in this situation), of Mark Twain saying, "I've had a great many difficulties in life. Fortunately, most of them never occurred."

It was over quickly. It seemed to go well. Our piercer said, "Oh, great, there's no blood at all. This never happens. Stay still, and I'll get a picture." Gayle smiled down at me. The only problem was, the piercer's camera was out of film, so she went to get some. I was feeling relaxed, and amazed at how easily it had all gone.

"How is it?" I asked Gayle.

"Beautiful," she said.


I sat up to take a look ... and that's when the blood came. And while I had, as I said, read up and done my research, I only ever pictured blood coming out the hole that had been pierced in my flesh—not for a moment thinking it would gush, all *East of Eden*, out the head of my cock. It was like pissing blood, and I had no control over it. This was news. "Fuck," I said, flopping back down.

Our piercer walked into the room, saw the tremendous amount of blood, and said, "Oh, you sat up," in a tone that reeked of disappointment at how stupid people can be.

Eventually, she wiped off enough blood to get a good picture. Then, after wrapping my cock in gauze and doing some cool flip-flop thing with a latex glove turned inside out, she sent me home. Later, after putting it off for a long time, I went to the bathroom. I'd read that peeing for the first time would hurt like hell. But, slowly, gently, bloodily, that went pretty well, too, and I thought I was past the worst of it.

The piercer asked if I was ready, and I lied and said I was. Then I felt a shock of pain that was not as bad as I'd imagined. It was over quickly. It seemed to go well....

Two days later, I came for the first time with my new jewelry in, and this is where, again, my preparation let me down. As I said, I have known pain, and some of it I have liked a great deal—but I am not a tough guy. I tore my knee in three places at once. I also once threw a drunken punch at a guy who ducked; my amateur haymaker landed, instead, in the broken glass of a parking meter, my trapped, torn, and broken hand stuck in said glass while he kicked me till three of my ribs broke. I pissed and shat blood for a week. I have—and I hope it's obvious that this is pain in an entirely different context—been whipped, cropped, and caned to the point of joyous blood. And I will tell you in all honesty: I have *never* in my life felt pain like the white-hot pain of that post-piercing orgasm. I bounced off the bed, retreated to the bathroom, and rolled around on the floor—pathetic and fetal—for an embarrassingly long time while Gayle soothed me and apologized. I eventually got my legs under me and told her that no one should ever apologize for giving someone an orgasm, even one with such unanticipated repercussions.

But, as I have now said several times, I thought I knew what to expect, and then even convinced myself that I'd dodged the bullets. And what that taught me was, you can think you're prepared, but the blood and the pain are always there to surprise you—even when you think you've seen the worst of it. Even when you think enough time has passed, and you're in the clear. 





That's Gonna Leave a Mark

If you're going to brave the pain and get a tattoo, be smart about protecting and preserving its quality.

By Alexander Colby

Forget that faded blue-green smear that used to be a battleship on your grandpappy's arm—if you can. Today, tattoos are done with technologically advanced inks that should, with the proper care and attention on your end, last a lifetime. That means the No. 1 rule is: Be original, pal! Avoid designs that you may regret in a few years (cartoon characters, corporate logos, overused iconography). The other basics are:

1. Keep it clean. After all, underneath that artwork is a wound.
2. Keep it moist. Keeping your skin cool and moist will prevent excessive scabbing. If a product contains alcohol, tea-tree oil, or anything citrus-based, avoid it. It's too drying.
3. If and when it itches, slap it a few times, but *do not* pick the scabs. You

risk pulling color out of your tattoo that will leave it looking mottled.

Only self-control or a good pair of handcuffs can help you with that third item, but a host of new products will facilitate your efforts on the first two.

Tattoo Goo Salve comes in a conveniently small tin, and the thick blend of cocoa butter, olive and wheat-germ oils, a nice dose of vitamin E, and rosemary extract creates a smooth, nongreasy balm that goes on easily. The company's **Goo Ointment** maintains a good moisture level for hours.

Tattoo Potion #9 has a nice soothing effect, but a thin viscosity, which means you'll have to reapply it at three-hour intervals. (Shake it well beforehand; otherwise, it's watery.)

Tattoo Potion #7 is for maintenance. Think of it as an everyday-use inten-

sity booster for older ink, and a lotion to keep the color of new ink vivid.


Biker Tattoo Boost also brings luster and vibrancy back to tats that have healed. It's thick enough to withstand cruising-speed highway winds, and acts as a barrier against the elements of the road without clogging pores.

Black Cat Tattoo Cleanser is a spray soap developed specifically for tats. The cleanser is rich in vitamin E to quicken recovery time, free of fragrance or citric acids that could irritate or burn, and includes a mild glycerin soap to encourage healing. The company also makes the completely natural **Super Healing Salve**, with Texas beeswax for consistency, and **Tattoo Lotion** for moisturizing when your ink is a few days old. FYI: Black Cat products are made in Austin.

Raven Tattoo Care Aftercare Salve has vitamin E and beeswax, both of which merge with the natural antibacterial effect of lavender essential oil. It has a medium-hard consistency that will keep your ink moisturized and help prevent scabbing; a thin film should be applied three times a day.

PrickWax is last on our list, but it sports the best name of the lot. (Their slogan is, If you're gonna prick it, better keep it waxed.) This stuff is made from all-natural ingredients with antiseptic and healing properties, including olive oil, beeswax, and lavender, yet it smells like Froot Loops. Its primary purpose is to help alleviate the irritation and discomfort of a new tattoo, but it can be used effectively on the windburn and chapped lips you get from cruising around town on your motorcycle.

A few final words of advice:

- Avoid any product that's petroleum-based, as it will clog pores. Your skin needs air to heal.
- Avoid aloe, coconut oil, and lemongrass, which can draw out the ink.
- No swimming in the ocean or chlorinated pools. In fact, stay away from any swimming for a couple of weeks. A few minutes under a shower is one thing, but the same kind of time in even a freshwater pond or river can contaminate your vulnerable skin.
- Sunblock, now and forever; SPF 30 at a minimum. Nothing degrades your ink like UV rays.
- Try not to overapply any product. You want it clean and moist for the first week or so. After that, just keep it clean and let it air-dry. 



Get Serious

It isn't easy to go from being a freewheeling single guy to a monogamous boyfriend. Penthouse Pet Lexxi Tyler tells you how to avoid selling out your manhood.

By Jonathan Ages

■ OFF THE BAT

"I appreciate when my boyfriend introduces me as his girlfriend. It lets people know, 'She's not available. Don't hit on her.' And it's letting other chicks know, 'Hey, this is the Head Bitch in Charge.' Sure, it's like saying you have ownership over each other, but it's really a sign of respect."

■ THE RUN-IN

"You can say hello to your ex at a party, as long as you keep it short and sweet—don't leave your chick alone and go talk to your ex for the night. Even better, take your

girlfriend over there with you, if she is comfortable with it."

■ CHECK-IN TIME


"You don't have to cut back on partying just 'cause you're in a serious relationship. Of course we're cool with you going out for boys' night. But if your normal routine is to check in at the end of the night, you've got to stick with it—even if you're out of town. If you don't, she's gonna start thinking crazy. You would too, right? You have to call if you end up staying out later than you said you would. Otherwise, she may come looking

for you. That's just scary. Go to the bathroom to make the phone call, so there won't be a girl's voice in the background—that would be a quick way to piss off your girlfriend."

■ WEB CRAWLERS

"Sometimes on MySpace, a guy will say, 'My wife would be mad if she found out I was friends with you.' I'm just like, 'I have 54,000 friends, dude. I don't really give a fuck.' Your woman *will* mind, though, if you're just trying to check out another hot chick. And don't try to sneak it under the radar, either. You're just asking for problems."

■ GIVE IT UP

"Guys know what's gonna get them into trouble. Being in a relationship is not rocket science—even if it feels like it sometimes. And if you're making so many concessions to your girl that you feel totally emasculated, find another chick." 

ROAD WARRIOR

Pontiac's wicked new rear-wheel-drive muscle car celebrates the thunder Down Under.

By Bill Heald



We live during a time when it's not only hard to determine what cars will survive the

wounded economy, but where they actually are built in the first place. GM's Pontiac division has been a familiar American icon since 1926 and, until recently, was known for serious performance cars. GM has decided the brand will disappear in 2010, so how does it say good-bye?

Ironically, Pontiac's demise comes right after management decided to revive its motorhead mojo and grace the marketplace with a serious, rear-drive, V-8-powered menace to society cloaked in a fairly mild-mannered sedan body. And where did they look for such a machine? Detroit? No way. They rang up Australia, and GM's Holden Division.

Oz: the land of kangaroos and desert landscapes, with lots of room to run. Big V-8s still roam across the Outback, and the legend of Mad Max lives on. If you will recall, it was Mel Gibson's limping, leather-clad character who fought violent loons in pursuit of gasoline in the Road Warrior films, in which he was armed only with a shotgun, an Aussie Cattle Dog (in *Mad Max 2*), and a monstrous V-8 coupe. Granted, Max drove a Ford Falcon, but these days the nearest thing we can get (with the proper Down Under DNA) is the Holden Commodore. This sedan is now known on these shores as the Pontiac G8, and just think of it: The American market gets a badass machine with an engine and transmission created in Mexico,

bolted into the car in Elizabeth, Australia, then shipped here. Was it worth the trip?


In a word, *hellyeah*. They even did us the courtesy of putting the steering wheel on the correct side of the car. The G8 comes in three flavors: the straight G8, the GT, and the GXP. The regular G8 is all well and good, and has a plucky little V-6, but isn't nearly nasty enough. The GT has a much more desirable six-liter V-8 with 361 horsepower, which is acceptable. But if you really want to taste the warrior lifestyle, you need the GXP, mate. The stout 6.2 V-8 found under the bonnet pumps

out 415 horsepower and sounds like an auditory wet dream when you release the hounds. This is a wonderfully nasty mill, and while it's normally very well-behaved, it occasionally rocks the car a bit when idling to tell you it's time to go. The standard transmission is



a six-speed automatic with a manual mode, and a six-speed manual is available. Under normal circumstances, I would say go with the manual, but the automatic transmission makes loading the shotgun and feeding the Cattle Dog much easier at high speed.

The GXP is equipped with everything you need to tame the beast, including massive Brembo brakes, StabiliTrak Electronic Stability Control, a brilliantly tuned suspension, and premium rubber mounted on 19-inch polished alloy wheels. Handling is crisp and predictable, and no doubt light-years sharper than that beat-up creature Mad Max motored around the Never Never. It's a dynamic sporting platform that feels mean and substantial, kind of like a four-wheeled torpedó.

The G8's bad-boy drivetrain persona is evenly balanced by its civilized side. The interior is quiet, accommodating, and graced with logical switchgear and displays that are vastly better than GM's typical stateside fare. A powerful Blaupunkt audio system with 230 watts and 11 speakers rocks the house, and the rear seat is big enough for a small rugby scrum. This is the thing that really sets apart the most powerful Pontiac ever from the Challengers, Mustangs, and Camaros of the world: It's actually a very practical sedan, in terms of passenger capability, that delivers truly amazing performance. True, it has a substantial appetite for petrol, but it certainly puts the stuff to good use. Bottom line: The Pontiac name is saying adios, but it's departing in a blaze of Aussie glory. Get one before it's too late. 

An enormous V-8, rear-wheel drive, and powerful Brembo brakes may say Pontiac on the outside, but deep down the GXP is pure Tasmanian devil.

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	V-8, 6.2 liter
Power	415 horsepower
Torque	415 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed auto, optional six-speed manual
Front tires	P245/40R19
Rear tires	P245/40R19
Curb weight	4,050 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	4.65 seconds
Top speed	150 mph (electronically governed)
Fuel capacity	19.2 gallons
Fuel economy	13 city/20 highway
Price (as tested)	\$39,995



Future Tech



We're several months into the economic downturn, or whatever we're calling it today, which means it's the perfect time to consider tech investments you can actually count on. This gear can get you through the current crisis and beyond.

By Paul Stone

■ Luxia 7000 Series LED

A TV is a TV, right? Wrong. When you're looking for a TV that's in it for the long haul—and at this price, you'll want it to last a while—you need more than the built-in digital tuner that gets your house ready for the digital TV switchover. This hot new entry from Samsung, the 1.2-inch-deep Luxia 7000 Series LED, costs an arm and half a leg, but you won't need to replace it unless they invent TVs that cook you dinner ... or you unleash your remote or Wii controller on the fancy

Touch of Color screen. **Why you should buy it:** These TVs have state-of-the-art networking, so you'll actually have time to pay it off before you need to worry about planned obsolescence. And since they use 40 percent less energy than other wide-screen TVs, they practically *make* you money. (46 inches: \$2,500 to \$3,000; 55 inches: \$3,800; Samsung.com)

■ The Zeppelin iPod Speaker System

This instant design classic, with its giant-pill-meets-airship appearance, may well be the most intriguing-looking thing in your home—but it's got way more to offer than good looks. The huge speakers fire out audio that will have your neighbors' walls shaking. Bowers & Wilkins has been making impressive speakers for decades, and the Zeppelin was specifically designed to bring out the maximum sound quality in digital tracks; it also works with lossless audio formats.

There are even connections that allow you to stream music from other devices to the speakers, and images from your iPod to your TV.

Why you should buy it: Audio is audio. This puppy isn't going to get much better or be usurped anytime soon. (\$600; Bowers-Wilkins.com; Amazon.com)



■ The Area-51 m17x

Laptops are tricky things to futureproof because they evolve so quickly, but gamers can rest easy for a while with this powerhouse notebook from Alienware. The graphics capabilities will blow your mind; it's powered by the Intel Core 2 Extreme processor and has one gigabyte of dedicated memory. Add in the HD video editing, 3-D model rendering, audio mixing, and expandable memory and storage, and you have as futureproof a laptop as humanly possible.

Why you should buy it: You'll get amazing performance and looks (we especially love the cool illuminated keyboard, which is incredibly useful when you've got the lights out). This notebook is good for graphics-hungry computer junkies and workaholics alike. (\$1,400; Alienware.com) 



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Take a Hike

Campgrounds can be an inexpensive alternative to hotels, but you might want to tell your girlfriend it's really all about the romance of sleeping under the stars.

By Al Thompson



Black Diamond Mirage Tent

This is not a tent for a week at the lake, but if you're backpacking into the woods for a summer night out, it's a smart choice—and cool-looking. It's light, easy to set up, and has 30 square feet of floor space, making it the perfect size for two (unless you're tall). There are vents at the top to keep you cool and

a ten-square-foot weatherproof vestibule where you can stow your gear, so you and your girlfriend won't roll over it while you're, um, sleeping. (\$300; BDEL.com)

Feathered Friends Penguin 10-Degree Sleeping Bag and Deluxe Groundsheet

A few companies make sleeping bags for couples, but it's hard to beat something this versatile. The bags are comfortable, high-quality, and all-American (they're handmade in Seattle). The groundsheet zips on to make room for two, and has pockets for air mattresses. The Sandpiper bag has the same advantages, but it's lighter and better for summer. (Penguin: \$445-\$465; groundsheet: \$70-\$75; FeatheredFriends.com)





Trek Light Gear Double Hammock

If you've found a better way to lounge around than in a hammock, we'd like to hear about it. For our money, it's hard to beat, and hanging out with a date calls for a double-wide. This one, at six and a half feet wide and ten feet long, gives you plenty of room to get cozy, and supports up to 400 pounds. For information on how you can win one of ten free double hammocks from Trek Light Gear, visit PenthouseMagazine.com.* (\$65; TrekLightGear.com)



Gerber Powerframe Knife

When you're camping, you frequently need to cut things. This cool-looking folding knife has a three-inch blade (serrated or fine) that will suit most of your needs. The handle locks for safety, but opens easily using the thumb studs; the stainless-steel handle provides an impressively comfortable grip while keeping the knife lightweight. (\$34; GerberGear.com)

If your weekend camping trip will involve more than sitting at the lake with a beer and a fishing pole in hand, you need to gear up.



Stanley 3-in-1 Tripod LED Flashlight

This new and improved 3-in-1 came out late last year, but we still haven't found a better option for camping. The lights can all be used together, of course, with varying angles up to 120 degrees to throw light in three different directions, or they can be separated for individual use; each generates 20 lumens of light. And they're slim enough to slide into a pocket of your tent or jacket, for hands-free illumination. (\$30; StanleyTools.com)



Zamberlan 140 Agile Hiking Shoe

When you're outdoors in the summer, you won't want to wear boots, but if you're hitting the trails, you'll want more support than running shoes provide. These are comfortable for day hikes and built to take a lot of abuse, with reinforced leather and a rubber toe. The AMS sole provides great support, stability, and traction, without weighing you down. One caveat: You should stick to boots if you have weak ankles, you're going to be on rocky terrain, or you're carrying a heavy pack. (\$100; ZamberlanStore.com)



Black Diamond Spot Headlamp

A headlamp is another good thing to tuck into a day pack, even if you think you'll be back at your campsite well before nightfall. They're relatively inexpensive, as emergency gear goes, and useful for a number of activities around the campsite. The Spot headlamp has a one-watt LED and three SuperBright LEDs, a comfortable headband, and it's about as nongeeky a look as you're going to find in a headlamp—even *Amazing Race* contestants look silly in them. (\$40; BDEL.com)



Beyond Clothing Glacier Shock Pants and Jacket

If you plan on hiking, you'll need more than a T-shirt and jeans. Even if you start off when the temperature is in the 90s, if you end up out on the trail after dark, it can get cold fast. The key to staying warm is dressing in layers, and this is one of the best options we've found for a top layer that's windproof, highly water-resistant, and lightweight. It's pricey, so if you want a more impressive recommendation, it's used for Special Forces uniforms. Those dudes know survival gear. (Jacket: \$264; pants: \$126; BeyondClothing.com)

No Skunks Allowed

Microbrewers know there's no contest between aluminum and glass when it comes to fresh-tasting beer.

By Betsy Andrews

A straight-from-the-cooler PBR hits the spot on a 90-degree day; it's wet, cold, and has so little flavor that the taste doesn't get in the way of quenching your thirst. But canned beer has moved beyond lawn-mower lager.

A decade ago, only big players like Bud could afford to can beer. Now, with the growth of micro-canning systems, even craft-beer makers—the guys brewing good stuff in small batches—can get into the game. In 2002, Colorado's Oskar Blues became the first microbrewery in the United States to can its own ale. Today, it has grown from a 700-barrel-a-year brewpub to a 35,000-barrel A-lister, and American craft brewers are canning everything from Hefeweizen to stout.

Consider Oskar Blues' Dale's Pale Ale: Imagine the jolt its spicy hops and deep European malt taste could deliver to your dulled senses on a hot day. It might even revive you enough to go another row on the lawn mower. Here are seven smart reasons why you should get with the can:

1. COLDER BEER

Dreaming of an icy quaff? Metal cools faster than glass, so if you need it cold in a hurry, go for cans.

2. FRESHER BEER

Light is beer's worst enemy. Hops, the flowers responsible for beer's bracing aroma and bitterness, contain acids that break down in either sunlight or fluorescent light and turn beer "skunky." Brown or green glass helps protect beer from sunlight, but metal does an even better job. It's pitch black inside a can, where no skunks lurk.

Oxygen is beer enemy No. 2. Unlike bottles, which retain air in their necks, cans can be filled right to the brim. This means less oxidation, so your beer stays fresher longer, and pours with a nice, foamy head.

You counter with: What good is head when the stuff you're swallowing tastes like metal? Today's cans are polymer-lined, so the brew never touches the aluminum. Your beer will taste fresh-tapped, especially if you pour it before drinking.

3. BEER WHERE YOU WANT IT

Cans are lighter and more compact than bottles, and they're easier to carry. Plus, their pull-tab openers are built in. You can shove a six-pack in your backpack and hit the links or the boat dock without a church key.

4. SAFER SIPPING

Why are cans allowed at the Indy 500 and glass bottles are not? Ask any frat boy. Or, as Oskar Blues brewer Dale Katechis says, "Ever try to crush a bottle against your forehead?"

5. GREENER PACKAGING

What's not to like about something that uses less resources to transport, and is more recyclable than glass?

6. BETTER LOOKS

Thirsty Beaver? Santa's Butt? Whether they're snazzy, snarky, or downright dirty, beer labels on cans can be wildly creative. Cans offer 360-degree displays, and craft brewers are taking their can art to the max. Will you look cool tipping a blazing can of Sly Fox Phoenix Pale Ale? You bet!

7. VARIETY

Although availability varies by state, as with most microbrews, there's a canned craft beer out there to suit everyone's taste.

FOR THE SOFT-CORE

Sly Fox's Pikeland Pils: This little-lager-that-could managed to beat out 46 other brews to win the gold for German-style pilsner at the 2007 Great American Beer Festival. Drink it instead of commercial lagers.

FOR THE HARD-CORE

Oskar Blues' TenFidy Imperial Stout: Big, black, and badass, this mocha-licious brew oozes from the spout. At about ten percent alcohol, you'll be oozing to the floor.

FOR BITTER LOVERS

Surly Brewing Company's Furious: Clocking in at 99 IBUs (International Bitterness Units), this IPA will burn a hole through your tongue and send you off to hops-head heaven.

FOR THE LADIES

21st Amendment Brewery's Hell or High Watermelon Wheat: This light, dry summer refresher is brewed with a load of fresh-pressed fruit. It's like eating the melon without having to spit out the seeds.



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Foxiest Femmes Fatales *in Film*

The *femme fatale* is a film noir staple that Hollywood historically has done very, very well. These manipulative and seductive sexpots are mad, bad, and dangerous to know. Never mind the Big Bad Wolf. Beware the Big Bad Bitch.

By Melissa Anderson

1. Barbara Stanwyck (*Double Indemnity*, 1944)

The film noir genre was exemplified by this juicy tale of an L.A. housewife (Stanwyck) who lures a square insurance man (Fred MacMurray) into an affair—and a plot to kill her husband.

2. Gene Tierney (*Leave Her to Heaven*, 1945)

Tierney plays a woman so pathologically jealous of the people close to her new husband that she simply watches—from behind memorable sunglasses—as his kid brother drowns in front of her.

3. Rita Hayworth (*Gilda*, 1946)

The luscious Hayworth stars as a nightclub singer who can't stay loyal to any one man for long, sending everybody into a frenzy with her song "Put the Blame on Mame."

4. Lauren Bacall (*The Big Sleep*, 1946)

Bacall and her real-life partner Humphrey Bogart (though Bogie was married to someone else at the time) sizzle as a P.I. and an heiress who's just a little too mixed up in blackmail and murder.

5. Lana Turner (*The Postman Always Rings Twice*, 1946)

In her breakout role, the "Sweater Girl" gets it on with a lusty drifter (John Garfield), convincing him that they should kill her much-older husband and take over the greasy spoon he runs.

6. Ava Gardner (*The Killers*, 1946)

Double-crossing dames don't get much more delicious than Gardner's Kitty Collins. The actress was once called "the World's Most Beautiful Animal"; after you watch this film, you'll know why.

7. Jane Greer (*Out of the Past*, 1947)

Investigator Robert Mitchum is paid to track down Greer in Mexico. They fall hard for each other, but she's trigger-happy and eventually leaves her man in the dust.

8. Yvonne De Carlo (*Criss Cross*, 1949)

Before she was Lily Munster, De Carlo ignited the screen as the ex-wife that Burt Lancaster's character can't forget. He wants

her back; she wants to ruin his life. *Criss Cross* contains not just double crosses, but triple and *quadruple* crosses.

9. Gloria Grahame (*The Big Heat*, 1953)

As a gangster's moll who gets a pot of scalding-hot coffee thrown in her face (by Lee Marvin!), Grahame soon has her sweet revenge. This tough cookie's offscreen life later mirrored a twisted film noir when she married her former stepson.

10. Marilyn Monroe (*Niagara*, 1953)

Monroe was the ultimate dumb blonde, but she could act. This thriller's tagline—"A raging torrent of emotion that even nature can't control!"—referred to the sex goddess, who played an unhappy woman scheming with her lover to do in her husband.

11. Dorothy Dandridge (*Carmen Jones*, 1954)

In this legendary adaptation of Bizet's opera *Carmen*, with its all-African-American cast, Dandridge plays a hotheaded temptress who seduces a soldier (Harry Belafonte) into ditching his sweet and pure fiancée, only to be driven to madness by Miss Jones.

12. Jane Russell (*The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, 1956)

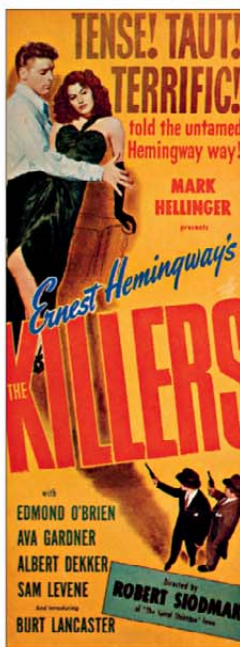
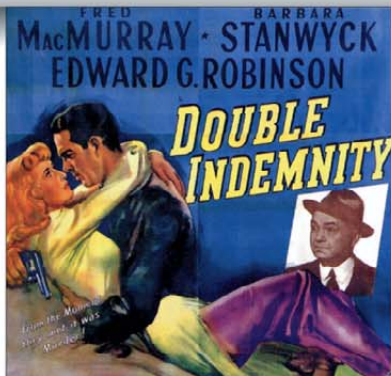
Knockout Russell is chest in show as a San Francisco prostitute who runs off to Honolulu to start a new life, but soon finds herself up to her old tricks with the sailors in town. Don't miss the top-heavy star's hula number "Keep Your Eyes on the Hands."

13. Brigitte Bardot (*... And God Created Woman*, 1956)

Pouty Bardot became the world's most famous sex kitten thanks to her breakthrough performance as a libidinous 18-year-old orphan who drives men wild with her barefoot dances on tabletops—a shimmy that eventually turns one besotted brother against another.



Ava Gardner



Barbara Stanwyck



Marilyn Monroe



Dorothy Dandridge

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

14. **Kim Novak** (*Vertigo*, 1958)

Alfred Hitchcock's classic tale of obsession stars the husky-voiced Novak as two characters—high-class blonde Madeleine and brunette shopgirl Judy—each of whom causes a straight-and-narrow detective (Jimmy Stewart) to lose his grip on reality.

15. **Jean Seberg** (*Breathless*, 1960)

The gamine Seberg plays an aspiring American journalist in Paris whom Jean-Paul Belmondo's petty thief finds irresistible. While he plans their getaway to Italy, she calls the cops on him.

16. **Elizabeth Taylor** (*Butterfield 8*, 1960)

Taylor, famously sulking in a slip, won her first Academy Award playing an Upper East Side call girl who has a tempestuous affair with Laurence Harvey. It's a thin line between love and hate as Taylor memorably digs her stiletto into Harvey's foot.

17. **Angela Lansbury** (*The Manchurian Candidate*, 1962)

Love is even more twisted for Laurence Harvey in this thriller, in which a diabolical—but still kinda hot—Lansbury, playing his brainwashing mom, convinces him to kill, kill, kill.

18. **Anne Bancroft** (*The Graduate*, 1967)

The prototype for both the MILF and the cougar, this bored, horny housewife beds a college grad (Dustin Hoffman) whose father's business partner is her husband. Mrs. Robinson is none too pleased when Hoffman gets the hots for her daughter.

19. **Jeanne Moreau** (*The Bride Wore Black*, 1968)

Moreau is a woman out for revenge. She kills, one by one, the five men who made her a widow on her wedding day, determined to complete the job even if she has to wait years.

20. **Catherine Deneuve** (*Mississippi Mermaid*, 1969)

More French marital mishap ensues when a lonely tobacco farmer (Jean-Paul Belmondo) meets his mail-order bride, none other than icy beauty Deneuve. She cleans out his bank account and runs off to Antibes, causing hubby to have a nervous breakdown.

21. **Jane Fonda** (*Klute*, 1971)

No one rocks a shag hairdo and a micromini in quite the same way as Fonda in this creepy mystery. Her Manhattan high-class prostitute/aspiring actress is being stalked by a killer but protected by a podunk private eye who quickly falls in love with her.

22. **Faye Dunaway** (*Chinatown*, 1974)

This twisty neo-noir, set in 1930s Los Angeles, features foxy Dunaway as the widow who lures private eye Jack Nicholson into her bed, only to later reveal the most unnatural relationship she had with her father: "She's my sister and my daughter!"

23. **Charlotte Rampling** (*Farewell, My Lovely*, 1975)

A year after she immortalized kinky Nazi fetishism in *The Night Porter*, cool British bombshell Rampling played an update of Lauren Bacall's noir temptresses, a married woman making eyes at Robert Mitchum's weary P.I.

24. **Isabelle Adjani** (*The Story of Adele H.*, 1975)

The gorgeous French actress, starring as the real-life daughter of nineteenth-century novelist Victor Hugo, loses her mind—and ruins the lives of many—after she is gripped by an obsessive, unrequited love for a British officer.



Brigitte Bardot

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BRIGITTE BARDOT, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, CATHERINE DENEUVE, AND JANE FONDA COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION. PHOTOGRAPH OF ISABELLA ROSSSELLINI BY DELAURENTIS GROUP/EVERETT COLLECTION



Elizabeth Taylor



Catherine Deneuve



Isabella Rossellini



Jane Fonda

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
FAMOUSLY SULKING IN
A SLIP, WON HER FIRST
ACADEMY AWARD
PLAYING AN UPPER
EAST SIDE CALL GIRL.**

25. Kathleen Turner (*Body Heat*, 1981)

Turner is even hotter than the Florida sun, driving William Hurt's sleazy small-town lawyer wild with lust and convincing him to kill her rich husband. How could he resist come-ons like, "My temperature runs a couple of degrees high, around a hundred."

26. Isabella Rossellini (*Blue Velvet*, 1986)

As one of David Lynch's most mysterious, sinister brunettes, Rossellini's tormented lounge singer introduces upstanding suburban boy Kyle MacLachlan to rough sex, all the while begging him to protect her from psycho Dennis Hopper.

27. Lisa Bonet (*Angel Heart*, 1987)

Bonet shattered her *Cosby Show* image by playing Epiphany Proudfoot, the daughter of a dead voodoo priestess in New Orleans, who has a notoriously graphic, blood-soaked sex scene with two-bit private dick Mickey Rourke—and helps lead him to hell.

28. Glenn Close (*Fatal Attraction*, 1987)

Nothing says "Love me!" like a bunny boiled on the stovetop. After

a fling with family man Michael Douglas, Close's psycho stalker stops at nothing to get him back. She gives love a bad name.

29. Theresa Russell (*Black Widow*, 1987)

Russell murders her millionaire husbands by injecting them with poison, inheriting all their riches. When federal investigator Debra Winger goes after her, Russell injects a little lezzie action into the proceedings with a lusty smooch.

30. Anjelica Huston (*The Grifters*, 1990)

A bleached blonde Huston stars as a longtime con artist who's a little too attached to her equally scheming son—but not so attached that she doesn't set him up, kill him, and steal his loot.

31. Sharon Stone (*Basic Instinct*, 1992)

In her most notorious role, a beaver-exposing, ice-pick-wielding crime novelist, Stone has rough sex with a washed-up alcoholic detective (Michael Douglas), which sends her lesbian lover into a rage. He survives her wrath, but more crazy awaits.

32. Lara Flynn Boyle (*Red Rock West*, 1992)

Boyle plays an unfaithful wife whose husband (J. T. Walsh) hires a guy (Nicolas Cage) to kill her. When Cage warns Boyle, the sultry siren makes him a counteroffer he can't refuse.

33. Linda Fiorentino (*The Last Seduction*, 1994)

Director John Dahl followed up *Red Rock West* with another neo-noir. Fiorentino's even deadlier dame, while on the lam with a bag of cash she stole from her drug-dealing husband, convinces a divorcé that murder will prove just how much he loves her.

34. Nicole Kidman (*To Die For*, 1995)

Kidman will stop at nothing to become a world-famous news anchor. She seduces a teenager (Joaquin Phoenix) to encourage him and his pals to kill her husband, who had the audacity to ask her to take some time off from her career and procreate.

35. Jennifer Tilly (*Bound*, 1996)

The Wachowski Brothers give the neo-noir a decidedly lesbo spin, casting Tilly as a mobster's girlfriend who quickly develops the hots for a butch ex-con (Gina Gershon). As the girl-on-girl action grows more frenzied, their plot to kill the mafioso thickens.

36. Kim Basinger (*L.A. Confidential*, 1997)

Basinger's call girl finds herself the object of a brute cop's obsession in this twisty tale of the underbelly of 1950s L.A.—and just may have the answers to the corruption case he's investigating.

37. Laura Elena Harring (*Mulholland Drive*, 2001)

As both amnesiac Rita and manipulative Camilla, Harring is pure seduction, leading Naomi Watts (also playing dual roles) on a mystery quest, down the rabbit hole, and into her bed.


38. Rebecca Romijn (*Femme Fatale*, 2002)

There's more hot lesbian action in Brian De Palma's thriller. After boosting some diamonds and diddling a foxy lady in a bathroom, Romijn leads Antonio Banderas on an obsessive chase.

39. Rosario Dawson (*Sin City*, 2005)

There are plenty of baddies and crazies in this hyperstylized adaptation of Frank Miller's noirish graphic novels, but perhaps none quite as tough—or sadistic—as Dawson's faux-hawked Gail, one of the head prostitutes of Old Town.

40. Eva Mendes (*The Spirit*, 2008)

Mendes sizzles as the curvy gold digger who has a past with the vigilante hero. Like all the best no-good vixens, she seduces, uses, and kills wealthy men to fund her own empire. 



Rebecca Romijn



Eva Mendes



Nicole Kidman

caged heat

Our hitchhiker guide to the galaxy of gorgeous girls, 34-25-35 Jolene Hexx, is also a surprisingly perfect complement to prison buses. The 23-year-old says, "I modeled in 1953 and 1987 buses that were in their original condition—graffiti, cages, and all. It was very cool."

Photographs by Shaun Goodrich





"I'm sexually adventurous. The most exciting place I've made love is in a haunted house, my favorite way to get a workout is blindfolded, and I'm always up for practicing bondage knots."





jolene



BUSES PROVIDED BY LAS VEGAS CON X PRESS

"I can't share my favorite fantasy with *Penthouse* readers. It's illegal, and I'm trying to build a career. But I'm open to suggestions."





jolene



"I'm an adrenaline junkie. I love high-impact sports, preferably involving an engine of some kind. I love skydiving, motocross, paintball, water sports, and equine sports."





jolene





"If I ever won a million dollars, I would purchase a large plot of land and start a sovereign citizenship!"

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

THE BADASS IDEAL

We kick off our annual American Badass feature with a question: Does anyone ever truly achieve badassery?

By Drew Magary
Illustration by Mark Poutenis

There's no official definition of *badass* in the Oxford English Dictionary. This is a pity, as badass is one of those universal ways of categorizing the American male species. Everyone employs the term, and its meaning is more or less collectively agreed upon. Like *douche bag* or *asshole*, the word *badass* instantly evokes a recognizable male archetype, one that is impervious to rocket-propelled grenades and enjoys banging waitresses while skydiving.

The closest we have to an official definition for badass comes from UrbanDictionary.com, which is the only dictionary anyone should ever use. Urban Dictionary describes the term thusly: *The epitome of the American male. He radiates confidence in everything he does, whether it's ordering a drink, buying a set of wheels, or dealing with women. He's slow to anger, brutally efficient when fighting back.*

The badass carves his own path. He wears, drives, drinks, watches, and listens to what he chooses, when he chooses, where he chooses, uninfluenced by fads or advertising campaigns. Badass style is understated but instantly recognizable. Like a chopped Harley or a good pair of sunglasses: simple, direct, and functional.

This is an excellent definition, but it doesn't go far enough. The deeper truth is that badasses are, by and large, a figment of our collective American male imagination. A badass is the kind of man we all envision ourselves being. It's an idealized, on-going, daydream version of our identity. It's not about whether or not you ride a Harley, or have kick-ass

muttonchops, or anything like that. It's about living up to a standard. It's something that's ingrained in all of us, from both our peers and the country's culture at large.

Think of Doc Holliday as Val Kilmer played him in *Tombstone*. What made Doc Holliday such an incredible fucking badass? Every single action he took was perfect. When Johnny Ringo tries to intimidate him with fancy pistol twirling, Holliday humiliates Ringo by repeating his routine with a small silver cup. When Wyatt Earp is outmanned at the end, Holliday shows up at the exact right moment, casual as ever, lightning-fast

I'm not even sure a badass could have a childhood. A real badass would have to be born a fully grown 30-year-old male, riding a goddamn Ducati out of his mom's vagina.

with both a killer line and his pistol.

I want to be that guy so bad. How could you not? He even has his own kick-ass vocabulary, for shit's sake. Could you create your own personal catchphrases like "I'm your huckleberry" and not come off sounding like a complete idiot? No, you could not.

That's really what we're talking about when we use the term *badass*. We're talking about an ideal. We're acknowledging the vast disconnect between who we want to be and who we really are. It's like the first time you ever heard your own voice on an answering machine. Jarring, wasn't it? Something that you thought sounded clever when you were saying it now sounds, to you, awkward and maybe kinda gay.

That's a disconnect that plays out time and again in other areas of

life. When you go to a job interview, you always have a fantasy of how the interview will play out. And by fantasy I don't mean that your interviewer turns out to be an insanely hot chick with tits like Jewel and a sudden urge to blow you. I mean that you have, in your mind, a best-case-scenario dialogue between yourself and your interviewer. You'll make your interviewer laugh. You'll dazzle your interviewer with your depth of knowledge. Shit like that. There's a fantasy there—not a very sexy one, but a fantasy all the same.

But when you actually go to that job interview, it will not follow the script you have in your head. You may fumble an

answer. You may forget to mention something you really wanted to point out. You may have a small pee stain on your khakis because you didn't spend enough time shaking your dick out at the urinal right before the interview (which may or may not have happened to me ... twice). Even if you end up getting the job, even if the interview was a success, it still wasn't perfect. It wasn't quite badass.

The truth is, we can't be badasses because we're human, and humans fuck things up. Sure, there are plenty of real people out there who we consider badasses, and who deserve our unending praise. People such as Sully Sullenberger (see our American Badass List), or many of our troops in Afghanistan and Iraq, or President Obama, when he gets off a plane and is wearing those nice sunglasses. Do






all those people do badass things? Fuck and yes, they do. But are they perfect? Do they live up to every romanticized notion of what we think a dude should be? No, they don't. Think about it. Would a badass ever sit at a desk? No. Badasses do not sit at desks. Badasses get up and do shit. Would a badass ever use a BlackBerry, typing away at those tiny fucking keys like a dipshit princess? No. A badass might use a regular cellphone, if only for angrily shouting instructions to people ("Dammit! There isn't fucking time! The Russians have the package!"). But never a BlackBerry, that's for sure.

Shit, I'm not even sure a badass could have a childhood—or an adolescence. A real badass would have to be born a fully grown 30-year-old male, riding a goddamn Ducati out of his mom's vagina. And I don't think Sully Sullenberger was born in such a fashion.

Yet the badass ideal is something we're genetically engineered to strive for. This has consequences, both good and bad. A lot of shit has gone down in history just because one guy wanted to prove he was a bigger man than the other guy. And we all know there are countless ballbags out there who think they're badass, but lack the self-awareness to understand that they're complete pricks—people like your average highway patrolman. But I'd argue that the badass ideal does far more good than harm. It serves as a foundation for all of our collective ambitions. We may never realize the ideal, but it's crucial that we're always trying to. The great achievements in history occurred because we envisioned ourselves doing them, and looking really cool in the process. We envisioned ourselves moving, so we made wheels. We envisioned ourselves flying, so we made planes. We envisioned ourselves fucking, so we made lingerie. Those are all good things. Very good things.

Without the badass ideal, without our constant hunger to achieve that epitome of manliness, we would cease progressing. There are a lot of men out there now who reject the idea of machismo, who embrace their inner metrosexual. These people are useless pussies who do fucking nothing and should have their asses handed to them.

Because wanting to be a badass results in striving to do great things, and as Doc Holliday says, "Isn't that a daisy?" 



americanbadasslist

B



est of the adass

Once again, we celebrate the rogues, rakes, and renegades who make us proud to call ourselves Americans. Our Third Annual American Badass List proves the economy is on our minds, boasts athletes and actors you can't avoid hearing about as well as ones you'll be happy to be introduced to, and—most important—features the most exceptional group of everyday heroes we've ever had the privilege to honor.

MATT MORGAN

Did you see this past spring's Terrence Howard flick, *Fighting*? Yeah, neither did we. But it might have done better box office if it had been patterned after the real-life unsanctioned-fighting story of pro wrestler Matt Morgan. When he was a junior at Hawaii's Chaminade University, Morgan, a six-foot-11, 360-pound center on the basketball team, was introduced to some well-heeled gentlemen who asked if he'd like to make "worst-case scenario, \$3,000 to \$5,000 for 20 minutes of work; best-case scenario, \$10,000 to \$12,000." After being assured that no, they did not want him selling drugs for them, Morgan was asked if he'd ever considered fighting professionally. Sure, he'd thought about it, he said. He was told to show up in the same place at the same time the following week.

When he did, he was blindfolded, packed into the back of a car, and driven to a huge airplane-hangar-like site somewhere on the island. "You said you wanted to make money," he was told. "Here's your opportunity to make money—don't let us down." With that, his blindfold was removed and the car door opened on a screaming mob of 150

to 200 guys dressed in suits. Budding showman that he was, Morgan had the wherewithal to make an entrance out of it, lifting his almost-seven-foot frame ever so slowly out of the car. It got the reaction he wanted: a massive, collective "Whoa!" went up.

The first rule of *this* fight club? No such luck; there were no rules. You could use any weapon that came to hand, and in that first bout, Morgan's opponent—a six-foot-four-inch, 300-pound Samoan—did just that, slamming a rock into Morgan's temple after the big man got him on his back. "My hands were really numb by that time," Morgan recalls. "And bloody, and he's not knocking out, so I had to switch to elbows. That's when I felt this sharp pain on the side of my head. I went bananas. I got up off him and started screaming at him, 'Get up, get up, motherfucker!' But he wouldn't get up."

Morgan had four more paydays from this shady circuit, finished his hoops career at Chaminade, and became a pro wrestler, as well as a cast member on NBC's *American Gladiators*. In other words, he's still a professional badass for hire. —John Bolster



THIAGO "PITBULL" ALVES

With his compact and shredded frame, boundless energy, and fear-some killer instinct, Alves justifies his nickname every time he steps into a cage. The 25-year-old Brazilian welter-weight became one of the UFC's breakout stars last year when he destroyed three top-ten contenders (Karo Parisyan, Matt Hughes, and Josh Koscheck) consecutively, earning a long-desired title shot in the process. Now, Alves is on a collision course with 170-pound champ Georges St-Pierre at UFC 100 on July 11. St-Pierre's legendary wrestling ability and athleticism make him the favorite against the young striker—but he's never faced a dog with this much fight in him. Could 2009 be the year of the pitbull?—*Ben Goldstein*



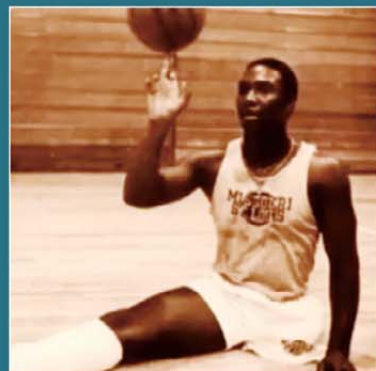
TIGER WOODS

Truth be told, Woods' entire career has been one badass moment after another. In fact, we're so accustomed to his moments of badassery, we almost left him off this list. But last year Woods produced his most visceral highlight ever, winning the 2008 U.S. Open after an 18-hole playoff and one hole of sudden-death, despite a torn ACL in his left knee and a double stress fracture in his left tibia. As runner-up Rocco Mediate said, "This guy does things that are just not normal by any stretch of the imagination."—*J.B.*



SANTONIO HOLMES

This year's Super Bowl may or may not have been the best ever, but it did feature three plays that NFL fans will remember forever: the 100-yard interception return by Pittsburgh's James Harrison, the spectacular catch and run for a 64-yard TD by Arizona's Larry Fitzgerald, and Holmes's six-yard catch with 35 seconds left. Fully extended, he collected the ball with his fingertips while his toes Baryshnikoved just inside the out-of-bounds line. An instant classic.—*J.B.*



CARL JOSEPH

Joseph is like a real-life Chuck Norris fact: "He was born with one leg, but that didn't stop him from making 11 tackles, one interception, and a blocked kick in a high-school football game." Or, "He has only one leg, but he can slam dunk a basketball, high-jump nearly six feet, and throw a discus 130 feet." Joseph did all that, and more, with no prosthesis; check out the footage on YouTube. *Badass* barely begins to describe him.—*J.B.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THIAGO ALVES, TOP) TASOS KATOPODIS/GETTY IMAGES, (TIGER WOODS) ROSS F. KINNAIRD/GETTY IMAGES, (SANTONIO HOLMES) PAUL SPINELLI/GETTY IMAGES, (MIKE ROWE) NOEL VASQUEZ/GETTY IMAGES, (RACHEL MADDOW) FREDERICK M. BROWN/GETTY IMAGES



MIKE ROWE

Before he landed a gig as the host of *Dirty Jobs*, Rowe's résumé was blissfully sanitary. So why would a seemingly sane man give up a career singing with the Baltimore Opera and hawking tchotchkes for QVC to collect bat guano and owl vomit on cable TV? "I'm trying to change the country's attitude about work," Rowe has said. "We marginalize skilled labor. We make fun of it. We avoid it." Truer words have never been spoken. Our offices are filled with namby-pambies who won't even clean out the coffee machine, but Rowe spotlights the manual laborers who get their hands absolutely filthy so we don't have to. And he always gets in on the grimy action, even when the work is too gross for television—like the "roadkill taxidermy" episode that never aired. We have great appreciation for Rowe's ability to treat everyone he covers with real respect, but we're more than happy to watch from the comfort of our antimicrobial mattress. —Kara Wahlgren



RACHEL MADDOW

Cable news is dominated by blowhards and bullies, but this new kid on MSNBC's block shatters the mold. The self-proclaimed "butch dyke" started as a fill-in for Keith Olbermann and humbly jokes that she got her own prime-time show because she "slipped through the cracks." But in an era dominated by men with megaphones and money honeys, Maddow cuts through the noise with simple, reasoned truth. —Jonathan Ages

In Memoriam



Paul Newman



George Carlin



Bernie Mac



Isaac Hayes



Tim Russert



Ron Silver

Marilyn Chambers
Eartha Kitt
Dick Martin
Charles "Mask" Lewis
Forrest J. Ackerman
Ricardo Montalban
Lux Interior
Ron Asheton
Odetta Holmes
Bo Diddley

Steve Fossett
Del Martin
Mildred Loving
Claiborne Pell
Millard Fuller
Alison Des Forges
Ingemar Johansson
Betty Jameson
Horton Foote
John Updike



"Bettie Page was one of the most photographed women who ever lived, and she made it all happen without an agent, booker, or publicist. A decade before the feminist movement demanded freedom, she proved that a single woman could become a success without the help of a man. Small wonder that this generation of women have made the Tease From Tennessee their patron saint of personal style: something she never set out to be. Her impact was worldwide, and has put a spin on popular culture for decades. That, my friend, is badass." —Greg Theakston, longtime publisher of *The Betty Pages and Tease!* magazine



MICKEY ROURKE

He was a boxer; he's had notorious sex scenes with Kim Basinger, Carré Otis, and Lisa Bonet; and he's inarguably back with a vengeance after his surprising Oscar nomination for *The Wrestler*. Still, how badass could he be? He's just an actor. Well, in a recent publicity stunt, he knocked out

WWE's Chris Jericho with a left hook after Jericho taunted him to step into the ring at WrestleMania 25. Plus, he tried to cop a feel from Jessica Alba at an event. He's totally our kind of guy. Besides, who else can carry around several Chihuahuas and still look like he can kick our ass?—Christine Colby

Most Badass Cast List

Sylvester Stallone is directing and starring in *The Expendables*, due out in 2010. It also stars Rourke, Jason Statham (right, with Sly), Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jet Li, Eric Roberts, Dolph Lundgren, Terry Crews, Steve Austin ... and the luscious Charisma Carpenter. We're already pumped for it, especially if Sly's screenplay is more *Rocky* than *Rocky Balboa*.



WYCLEF JEAN AND MATT DAMON

After Haiti was slammed by four major storms within two months, actor Matt Damon and Haitian-born musician Wyclef Jean spearheaded a campaign to help the U.N. raise funds for the 800,000-plus Haitians in flood-affected areas. A typical celeb charitable endeavor, of course, but they also went to the devastated country and rolled up their sleeves, distributing bags of rice and beans and jugs of cooking oil from the back of a truck and dishing up hot meals to hundreds of homeless victims. Way to put your backs into it, guys.—Deirdre Goldbeck



NICHOLAS KRISTOF

Kristof doesn't waste ink on bullshit: His Pulitzer Prize-winning column in *The New York Times* tackles weighty topics, including poverty and genocide. He spoke out in support of sweatshops, and accused a former government scientist of domestic terrorism. Meanwhile, we don't even have the balls to enter his "Win a Trip" contest, which has whisked past winners away to exotic locales, such as Rwanda.—K.W.

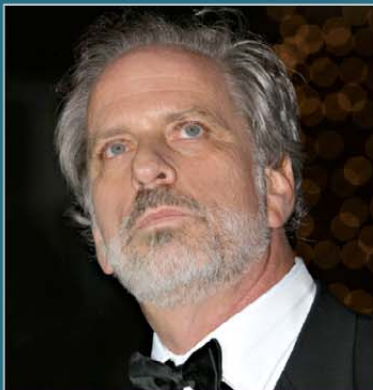


HARRY MARKOPOLOS

Ten years ago, this financial fraud investigator was researching Bernard L. Madoff Investment Securities and realized the numbers didn't add up. He alerted the Securities and Exchange Commission, but no one seemed particularly interested—at least not until last December, when Madoff was arrested for running a Ponzi scheme that defrauded investors to the tune of \$50 billion or so. Dudes, an early-warning system can't do any good if nobody notices that the canary is dead.—*K.W.*

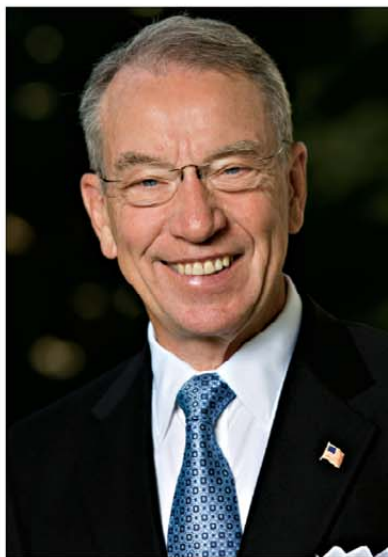
A quick shout-out ...

... to those CEOs who refused their bonuses last year because their company was underperforming. Accountability may be a new concept for corporate execs, but it's one we fully support.



LEONARD ABESS JR.

While other CEOs were banking eight-figure bonuses and blowing bailout money on private jets, this bigwig showed some fucking class. The City National Bancshares president earned a public shout-out from President Obama after he sold his majority stake in the company and divvied up the \$60 million in proceeds among hundreds of current and former employees. That's a guy you want to work for.—*K.W.*



“The first thing that would make me feel a little bit better towards them is if they'd follow the Japanese model and come before the American people and take that deep bow and say, ‘I'm sorry,’ and then either do one of two things: resign, or go commit suicide.”—Republican Senator Chuck Grassley on an Iowa radio station, talking about AIG execs who accepted bonuses from bailout money



MEREDITH WHITNEY

Whitney, a former managing director and stock analyst at Oppenheimer & Company, spotted cracks in Wall Street's foundations back when the *Mad Money* circus clowns were still throwing plastic cows and yelling “Buy! Buy! Buy!” She wasn't the first to spot the problems—at least three prominent analysts issued sell ratings on Citi's stock weeks before her October 31, 2007, report—but Whitney's assessment, that the bank's financials were a house of cards, stood out: The banking analyst

promptly received death threats. A few days later, however, the Goliath was brought to its knees. Citi's chief executive, Charles Prince, resigned. Oh, and the company's stock value began to plummet, eventually dropping roughly 90 percent. A few months ago, *The Wall Street Journal* questioned Whitney's resultant rep as a market guru, warning investors not to put too much faith in one good call, but there's no denying that Whitney put a lot of overpaid, overextended suits in their place.—*J.A.*



PAUL RIECKHOFF

"I'm just some dude who was in Iraq," Rieckhoff says, but we beg to differ. Since he returned home in 2004, the 34-year-old executive director of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America has been doing everything possible to improve things for this

generation's veterans, from getting rock acts to petition for better health care to teaming up with MTV to promote a new veterans' bill of rights. Our men and women in uniform are lucky to have Rieckhoff watching their backs.—*Jennifer Peters*



AL FRANKEN AND MINNESOTA VOTERS

We're not quite sure who's more badass—the liberal comedian for beating the incumbent senator by a mere 312 votes, or those ballsy ballot-casters who once elected a pro wrestler to run their state. (Remember Governor Ventura?) After a laborious recount, the court finally ruled in April that Franken was good enough, smart enough, and gosh darn it, voters liked him.—*K.W.*



MARY TALLOUZI

After Staff Sergeant Daniel Tallouzi sustained a traumatic brain injury in a mortar attack in Iraq on September 25, 2006, his mother spent the more than two years till his death this past February (and much of her retirement savings) fighting for medical care worthy of a national hero. By speaking out against substandard care for vets, publicly shaming our government, and convincing officials to transfer her son to a private rehab facility, Tallouzi proved nobody better mess with Mama.—*K.W.*



SHIRLEY DELUCIA

This 61-year-old secretary displayed extreme courage under fire at the American Civic Association in Binghamton, New York, when a deranged gunman entered the facility one morning and opened fire. After falling to the floor with a stomach wound, DeLucia played dead, then dialed 911. She provided a description of the shooter and continued to feed info to the police, who, thanks to her call, arrived within minutes. Thirteen people died, but 37 students and teachers escaped injury.—*D.G.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MARY TALLOUZI) FRED CONRAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX, (SHIRLEY DELUCIA) AP PHOTO/DELUCIA FAMILY



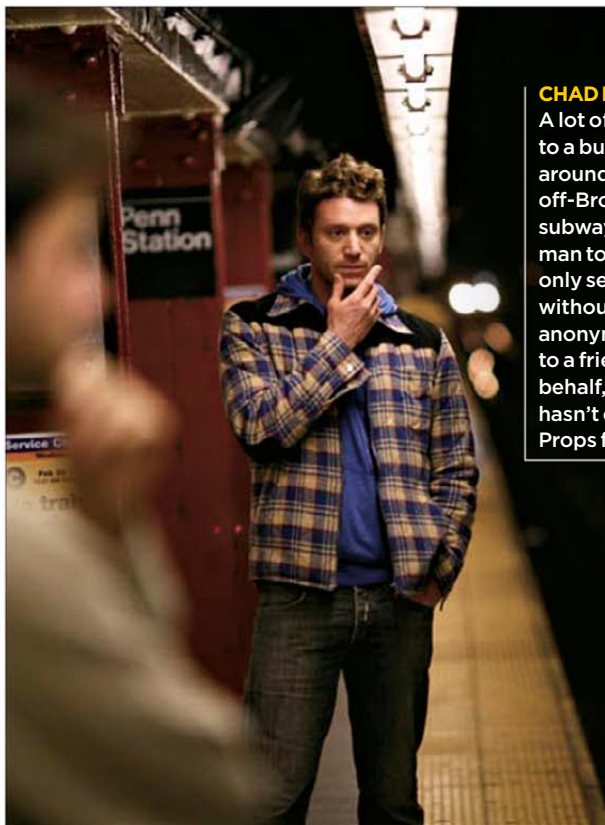
CAPTAIN RICHARD PHILLIPS AND THE NAVY SEALS

After his ship was hijacked by Somali pirates, Captain Phillips surrendered himself to save his crew and spent four days as a hostage on the ship's lifeboat. When the lifeboat ran out of fuel, it was towed by the U.S.S. *Bainbridge*, a destroyer that had a few Navy SEALs hiding on the rear deck. Three sharpshooters simultaneously fired a single shot each and took out the pirate captors. Judging by this perfectly executed rescue mission, pirates should stay the hell away from any ship that's flying the American flag. —K.W.



DR. BEN CARSON

When TNT recently made a movie based on the life of world-renowned brain surgeon Ben Carson—a 2008 Presidential Medal of Freedom recipient—it was like a cheesy nature painting: glorious subject matter, bad art. The genuinely exceptional Ben Carson story is well worth hearing. Raised by a single mom in Detroit, Carson overcame poverty and early difficulties in school to become the director of pediatric neurosurgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital. —J.B.



CHAD LINDSEY

A lot of actors won't even flip a dollar to a bum unless there's a paparazzo around to document it. But after this off-Broadway actor jumped onto the subway tracks to pull an unconscious man to safety at Penn Station with only seconds to spare, he snuck away without even giving his name. The anonymity was short-lived, thanks to a friend who went public on his behalf, but (as of press time) he still hasn't capitalized on his hero status. Props for that, too, buddy. —K.W.

CHESLEY B. "SULLY" SULLENBERGER III, JEFFREY SKILES, AND CREW

Everyone called it the Miracle on the Hudson, and Sully nothing less than a miracle worker, when the 57-year-old former Air Force fighter pilot and Skiles, his 49-year-old copilot, successfully ditched US Airways flight 1549 in the frigid waters of New York's Hudson River after a bird strike disabled both engines. After the four-member crew managed to get all 150 passengers, including an infant, safely off the airbus, Skiles returned to gather life vests for those who needed them. Sully was the last person to leave the sinking plane, after having twice checked that no one had been left behind. —D.G.



Badass or Dumbass?

When Glenn Beck wept for our country's welfare on national television, we had a tough time deciding if he was incredibly patriotic ... or just a pussy. We're still on the fence about that, but Beck has managed to parlay his unique brand of headline-seeking, ratings-hungry paranoia into the No. 3 Fox News program and a \$50 million radio deal. Even we have to admit that *that* is pretty badass. —K.W.

*Twenty years ago, Spike Lee earned a reputation as a badass filmmaker with *Do the Right Thing*. The outspoken angry young man hasn't mellowed much over the years.*

By Craig Modderno

It could be argued that no director plays the Hollywood studio game better than Spike Lee, the Brooklyn-based director who's released movies with MGM (*She's Gotta Have It*), Columbia (*School Daze*), Warner Bros. (*Malcolm X*), HBO (*4 Little Girls*, *When the Levees Broke*), Touchstone (*He Got Game*, *Summer of Sam*, *Miracle at St. Anna*), New Line (*Bamboozled*), and Fox Searchlight (*Girl 6*). But his most fruitful working relationship has been with Universal Studios, which has made half a dozen Spike Lee flicks—including *Mo' Better Blues*, *Jungle Fever*, and *Inside Man*—and distributed the Oscar-nominated *Do the Right Thing*. That controversial movie, which celebrates its 20th anniversary this year with a new DVD release, was the most explosive exploration of race relations in decades, and set a benchmark that few films since have approached. (It also was the first-date movie choice of Barack and Michelle Obama.)

During an interview, Spike is feisty, mercurial, and combative ... but with an absence of malice. He's also clever, professional, and direct. It would be more enjoyable to talk to him at a basketball or baseball game, considering what a knowledgeable sports fan he is, but, to paraphrase the song, he works hard for the money, and he expects an interviewer to as well.



In the 20 years since *Do the Right Thing*, has America done the right thing in regards to race relations?

We made a great step in the right direction with the last election. I have problems with people talking about this post-racial bullshit, like now because Barack has become president, racism and prejudice have been wiped off the face of the earth. As Mike Tyson would say [*perfectly imitating the boxer*], "That's ludicrous!"

What about Hollywood?

There are many more opportunities in front of and behind the camera [than there were 20 years ago]. I still think that the roles are limited, and if you're an African-American screenwriter or director working in the Hollywood system—taking Will Smith and Denzel Washington out of the equation—it's

still very much ghettoized. There's only a certain type of film that the studios are going to get behind: a lowbrow comedy, a musical, some hip-hop gangsta shoot-'em-up.

Hollywood executives believe that pictures with black actors or topics won't play in foreign markets. Why?

I think it's a self-induced prophecy by people who make up these rules, who one day decided that black doesn't travel. Automatically, people believe it, so they won't work hard to show that it's not correct. There's a famous story that when Tyler Perry tried to get *Diary of a Mad Black Woman* made, one of these people [a studio executive] said that black people who go to church don't go to films. That became the [Hollywood] gospel for years—until Perry's film this year, *Madea Goes to Jail*, opened at No. 1 and made \$41 million its opening weekend. So these people look like idiots because they don't know shit.

***Inside Man* is your only picture that has come close to the \$100 million domestic-box-office benchmark, but you seem to always get your films made. Is it a misconception that it's hard for you to get studio backing?**

It's still hard for me to get a film made. Look, I'm not complaining. Unless



you're Steven Spielberg, Clint Eastwood, or George Lucas, it's hard to get a film made.

Speaking of Eastwood, there are many stories about a feud between you. Can you set the record straight? The real story is that there's really no story. He had an opinion and I had a different one. I thought there should not have been an exclusion of blacks in his films *Flags of Our Fathers* and *Letters From Iwo Jima*. We expressed our opinions, and it's done, squashed. It's not an issue anymore.

You once told me that Hollywood executives don't think in terms of black or white, that the only color they care about is the color of money. Do you still believe that? Yes.

“When LeBron James comes to the Knicks, we will win the championship. It can happen. Actually, I think it will happen.”

Can you elaborate, please? No.

Do you and your frequent star Denzel Washington ever disagree during filming?

We're tight. We've worked together four times, and we're doing a sequel to *Inside Man*. We get along great.

What's special about him as an actor? His intelligence. People don't under-

stand how intelligent he is and the work he puts in and his devotion to his craft. A lot of people look at him, say, “Denzel's so fine,” and leave it at that.

Who would you like to work with?

I'd love to work with Sean Penn. We've talked about it for years. Bill Murray—it's great to work with someone who's great, but the script and the timing have to be right.

Do you still want to act?

I think I'm done. I'm not going to say I'll never act again, but I've never really enjoyed acting. But if Scorsese asked me, I'm sure I would reconsider.

Conservative radio host Rush Limbaugh has said he wants President Obama to fail. Any comment?

I really don't have one. I don't want to blow Rush up anymore. I was reading *The New York Times* recently, and they're very happy when he blows his stack. It's good for everybody!

What do you think of the Republican Party's attempt to woo blacks by making a black man their National Committee chairman?

It's a very weak attempt. It takes more than sticking a black face up in the front. Their policies have not changed.

When you went to New Orleans to make *When the Levees Broke*, about the effect of Hurricane Katrina, what surprised you?

It looked like some postapocalypse, end-of-the-world film that Steven Spielberg hasn't made yet.


When did you think Obama was going to win the presidency?

When he won the Iowa caucus. There are no black people in Iowa.

Did you always want to make movies?

No, I only thought of doing this when I attended college. Until then I wanted to be the second baseman for the Mets. Then one day a hard ball took a bad hop and hit me in the throat, and I switched to playing softball and studying mass communications.

You're a huge fan of the New York Knicks, who have not been a playoff team since 2001, when they lost in the first round. What's it going to take to make them a winner?

When LeBron James comes to the Knicks, we will win the championship. It can happen. Actually, I think it will happen. 

GROWTH SPORT

Despite the swirl of controversy that continues to envelop it—or perhaps because of it—mixed martial arts is threatening to entrench itself into American sports in a way no entity has done since NASCAR in the 1970s.

By Mike Chiappetta



Georges St-Pierre (left) takes a shot at B.J. Penn during UFC 94



UFC President Dana White

On the day the sport of mixed martial arts was born, 16 years ago, one of its fathers, Rorion Gracie, watched some of the proceedings with Chris Stone, a reporter from *Sports Illustrated*. According to L. Jon Wertheim's recent book, *Blood in the Cage*, Gracie remarked to Stone, "This is going to be absolutely huge! I have no doubt it will overtake boxing and wrestling."

That moment foretold the future on two levels. First, we can say that Gracie was dead-on in his assessment. Second, the prediction was never published in *SI* because editors refused to run the descriptions of violence that colored the feature it was a part of, a portent of the fight for acceptance that would follow.

MMA has become one of the world's fastest-growing sports, largely without help from the mainstream press. The Las Vegas-based Ultimate Fighting Championships is flourishing, as are organizations in Japan (DREAM), Russia (M-1 Global), China (Art of War), and Brazil (Jungle Fight). This is despite the fact that for the first dozen years of its existence, the only publicity MMA could rely on was negative, with the "human cockfighting" argument repeated ad nauseam by politicians and lazy reporters unwilling to look past the surface. [Editor's note: Not to pat ourselves on the back or anything, but we started covering MMA in late 1993.]

"MMA is a sport that has an ever-expanding following," says billionaire entrepreneur Mark Cuban, whose HDNet channel broadcasts more than 30 MMA events a year. "I think between Showtime, Versus, HDNet, and online, it has great coverage that will only become more and more popular nationally."

The argument can be made that MMA has already surpassed boxing and wrestling. In 2008, for the second straight year, seven

of the top-ten pay-per-view events were UFC cards. (Boxing had two; wrestling had one.) Robert Thompson, professor of television and pop culture at the S. I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University and a noted commentator on Americana, says the development is hardly surprising: "Given the presence of martial arts in the culture at large and the way it keeps growing, I'd be surprised if some competitive manifestation had not been organized."

To get here, however, the sport had to survive a few near-death experiences, like Senator John McCain's 1995 stand against the admittedly more brutal sport called No Holds Barred, which resulted in it being pulled from several cable systems. The day of reckoning came in 2005. On April 9, *The Ultimate Fighter* season finale was aired live from Cox Pavilion in Las Vegas. Current owner Zuffa, which bought the company in 2001, had paid \$10 million out of its own pocket to produce the series and had no contract for a second season. With Spike TV executives in the audience and the company's fate hanging on renewal, Stephan Bonnar and Forrest Griffin put on an electrifying, three-round war that inspired the cable network's suits to immediately re-up.

Since then, the sport has been embraced by the mainstream media. In 2007 *Sports Illustrated* finally wrote about MMA's rise—in a cover story. The same year, ESPN—through its ESPNNews channel—began regularly discussing the sport and interviewing key personalities. In 2008, sports-marketing giant Anheuser-Busch came aboard as a presenting sponsor, and both CBS and NBC began airing MMA bouts, the former in prime time.

These days, there is no shortage of MMA on the air. The second-largest promotion in the U.S. is Strikeforce, but other organizations have made a splash, including World Extreme Cagefighting,



Randy Couture



Brock Lesnar after his November 15, 2008, championship-match win over Randy Couture

Affliction, and, most recently, Bellator. Cuban's HDNet channel produces a myriad of events from around the world. Stars such as Chuck Liddell (one of our American badasses back in 2007), Randy Couture, and Georges St-Pierre are crossing over with talk-show appearances, movie roles, and book deals.

But the man who deserves the lion's share of the credit is UFC President Dana White, a charismatic raconteur with a tireless work ethic and the ability to shift from dynamic oratory to foul-mouthed frustration as he captures headlines. While the fighters get the glory in the cage, since 2001 White has been the constant, preaching his product to literally anyone who would listen and converting the masses one at a time. Advertisers have been the last to come on board, but at least one sports analyst expects to see that changing quickly. "The sport continues to grow," says Bob Dorfman, executive creative director of Baker Street Advertising. "It seems to be well-received and successful for a number of advertisers. They're seeing some great blue-chips come on board. It's a great way to reach that coveted 18-to-34 male market. NFL is so expensive. This is a good alternative."

White changed the perception of MMA by embracing regulation and focusing on the sport and its athletes. The New Jersey State Athletic Control Board had instituted the currently used Unified Rules prior to Zuffa's purchase, but it was only after Zuffa took control that the UFC started educating legislators state by state in an effort to get the sport regulated across the country.

Since then it's been onward and upward, with the UFC running events in Canada, the U.K., Ireland, and Germany. On July 11, they mark a milestone with UFC 100, an event that sold out in the blink of an eye. And with future plans to run shows in the Philippines, Australia, and Italy, the UFC shows no sign of slowing its growth, even as other companies struggle for their very existence.

Thompson points out that it is very difficult to add a new menu item to the American cultural diet, but MMA has already bucked the system. So the \$64,000 question is: Will it have legs? "It could be the \$64 trillion question," he says. "If it became a sport that got added to auto racing, football, basketball, and baseball with huge audiences, it could be an enormously profitable industry."

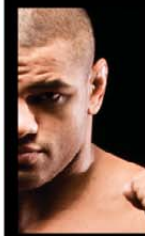
Overtake boxing and wrestling? At the time, it seemed like an outrageous prediction. Now it seems like Gracie wasn't aiming quite high enough. **A+**

The UFC 100

BROCK LESNAR vs. FRANK MIR for the undisputed UFC heavyweight championship

GEORGE ST-PIERRE vs. THIAGO ALVES (left) for the UFC welterweight championship

DAN HENDERSON vs. MICHAEL BISPING, the Ultimate Fighters Coaches Collide



The Straight Dope

Three-time Tour de France champion Greg LeMond pulls no punches in assessing the sorry state of cycling, but he also says the sport can be saved.

By John Rosengren

It's been well-documented in recent years that cycling is in crisis. A litany of drug busts and suspensions for doping have nearly engulfed the sport and its premier event, the Tour de France. While many voices have been raised in outrage, few have come forward to offer potential solutions to the problem. With the 96th edition of the much-maligned event set to launch out of Monaco on July 4, we sat down with three-time Tour champion Greg LeMond, the first American to win the fabled race, to get his thoughts on the state of the sport. LeMond—who won the event in 1986 and then rallied from a 1987 gunshot wound to win it again in '89 and '90—delivered a one-two punch: Along with a number of explosive opinions and allegations about what's happening in his beloved sport, he has a plan to restore its credibility.

What's gone wrong with cycling?

There have been years of corruption. There's a denial system about the amount of deaths—over 100 cyclists have died of heart attacks or suicide—yet a code of silence exists in cycling. Cycling was my passion, but this massive deception, cover-up, and denial have robbed me of that joy. It's one of the most beautiful sports, and it's dying.

What's at the heart of the problem?

A lot of it has to do with Lance Armstrong. If you question him, you get targeted. I didn't go along with the inspirational story of Armstrong. All I've ever done was question his connection with a doctor [Michele Ferrari]. I never accused Armstrong of doping. I just said that Lance's comeback would be the biggest fraud if he wasn't clean.

What did your mechanic tell you?

In 2000, my former mechanic described a secret training camp he had gone to with Ferrari, Armstrong, and Tyler Hamilton.

What about Armstrong's positive test for cortisone in the '99 Tour?

That was the same year he had six positives for EPO [erythropoietin]. [But] I have no obsession with Armstrong.

What objective evidence is there of doping in cycling—other than the tests?

In 1998, the year before Armstrong won his first Tour, two journalists followed people from U.S. Postal coming out of the team hotel with garbage bags. They filmed them dumping the bags, which were filled with syringes and blood-soaked gauze. That created a federal investigation in France. The investigation was dropped after two years. *[Editor's note: In a deposition as part of litigation between Armstrong and SCA Promotions following the*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) DAVID WORTHY/PA PHOTOS/RETNA LTD., (RIGHT) AP PHOTO/MICHAEL DWYER

2004 Tour de France, LeMond testified that former U.S. Postal team mechanic Julien DeVriese told him of a secret training camp in the Pyrenees. DeVriese denied this. Armstrong tested positive for corticoids during the 1999 Tour, but UCI, cycling's governing body, cleared him, citing a cortisone-based skin cream he was using. LeMond's mention of "six positives for EPO" refers to a 2005 analysis of urine samples from the 1999 Tour commissioned by the French magazine *L'Equipe*. UCI, in a controversial ruling, found that these findings were without merit and no action was taken. The "dumping" incident involving the U.S. Postal team was filmed by French journalist Hugues Huet; the French investigation it prompted produced no evidence of wrongdoing and was closed after 21 months. Armstrong vehemently and consistently denies ever doping.]

What about the UCI and all the young riders dying on their watch?

What do you call it when a governing body does not do its moral best to protect the people participating? One example is, in 2003 an Italian rider died in the dentist's chair of a heart attack. The sponsor of the Amore & Vita team said, "It's time we cyclists looked in the mirror and told the truth, because if we don't, we'll all be dead by 50." This is the group that's supposed to control the drug tests and protect the riders. They have blood on their hands. Most of the riders are great guys, but they're in a system that's totally corrupt. If they want to stay in the sport, they've got to be part of [the corruption]. There's no way to be competitive in cycling without a doping program.

Wasn't there doping when you were racing?

I went through my career with blinders on. I was aware that there was doping, but I compartmentalized it, put it aside. At 23, I was third in the biggest race in the world behind [Bernard] Hinault. I never had reason to dope. My last Tour [1994], the sport was on go-go juice. I was fried, trying to keep up.

What caused you to speak out?

I already had knowledge of corruption in the Tour de France, but when I watched the *60 Minutes II* show about two cyclists at the U.S. training center suing the national cycling federation, that got me going. Greg Strock was one of them. He had the highest VO2 max there, higher than Armstrong. [Editor's note: VO2 max is considered the best indicator of cardiorespiratory endurance. In 2000, Strock sued one of his coaches and the U.S. Cycling Federation, claiming he was injected with cortisone without his consent. The case was settled out of court, under confidential terms, in 2006.] Strock went from being the best cyclist in the U.S. to not being able to keep up.... I called Strock and offered to help pay his litigation fees. He said, "I thought you

An abridged dossier on doping in cycling's modern era:

Erythropoietin [EPO]: A lab-produced version of a naturally occurring hormone that increases the body's production of red blood cells, boosting its aerobic capacity. There was no reliable test for EPO until 2000.

Hyperviscosity: Thickened blood; the most lethal side effect of EPO. It can cause spikes in blood pressure and heart attacks, especially during sleep, when the heart rate slows.

1998 Tour de France: EPO comes to the fore, as the Festina team is ejected after one of its medical team members is arrested at the French border with the blood-booster. Festina riders later admit to taking banned substances.

2001 Giro d'Italia: After several positive EPO tests, Italian police search the rooms of cyclists from all 20 teams in the race, confiscating medicine. The 18th stage of the race is canceled.

Denis Zanette to Johan Sermon: In a 13-month period beginning in January 2003, an astonishing seven cyclists—none of them older than 35, one of them only 16—die of heart failure.

2004 Tour de France: Stefano Casagrande of Italy and Martin Hvastija of Slovenia are ejected from the race on doping charges. Three other riders are denied entry for the same reason.

2007 Tour de France: Pre-race favorite Alexandre Vinokourov of Kazakhstan tests positive for blood doping after winning a time trial during the Tour. His team withdraws and fires him. —John Bolster



were calling me like everybody else to say, 'Don't spit in the soup.'"

What consequences should there be for doping?

Prison sentences for the guilty doctors and management—they're the ones making all the money.

You volunteered your testimony at Floyd Landis's arbitration hearing. Why?

Floyd called me [after two positive tests for excessive testosterone levels following his 2006 Tour victory], I believe, looking for some direction. I pleaded with him to come clean to save himself and the sport. I said, "Don't do what the others have done and deny it." In an empathic way, I told him I had been sexually abused and that I had kept it from everybody, but it nearly ruined my marriage and destroyed me. I told him, "You'll have to lie to others, to yourself." It's self-destructive behavior. I told him I'd go to bat for him. After he thought I'd talked to a journalist about our conversation, he wrote on his website that I was "pathetic" and that "if people knew exactly what Greg told me, they would not want to have anything to do with him." I called him. He apologized and took it down, but two weeks later, I decided he had no regret. I told a USAADA [United States Anti-Doping Agency] attorney I'd be willing to testify at Floyd's arbitration trial.

The night before I was scheduled to testify, somebody called me and said, "This is your Uncle Ron. I'm going to be there tomorrow and we're going to talk about how we used to play hide the weenie." I knew it wasn't my uncle, but it was like I was re-traumatized. I started shaking. About four minutes later, I realized I had his phone number on my phone. I found out it was Will Geoghegan, Floyd's manager. I took a bike ride the next morning and decided, *I'm going there, it's the right thing to do*. I came in and told the truth about what he had called me about. [Editor's note: Stripped of his title, Landis still maintains his innocence and claims that the test results were false.]

So how do we clean up cycling?

The only way to save the sport is to split from the UCI. It can't be trusted. You need to have an independent doping agency. This is not just a sport problem. It is a social problem with the belief that it is okay to cheat or do whatever it takes to succeed. They need to rethink the way testing is done. Take analytical data. Measure people's VO2 max. It is the ultimate indicator of the motor you have. A guy with a small VO2 max could train all day long and never compete with someone with a high VO2 max who's fit. Power outage is directly related to oxygen output. Once you find someone's true VO2 max, then according to their weight, they can produce a maximum wattage output. If it's higher than that, they're doping. Plain and simple. For short periods you can produce more, but not for one hour. That sustainable one-hour output is the key to winning the Tour. —

"What do you call it when a governing body does not do its moral best to protect the people participating? They have blood on their hands."

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petofthemoth



sheer fantasy

Tenaya is the kind of girl who conjures fantasies of good girls doing dirty deeds, especially in this virginal-white glam version of a toga. But when she's all wrapped up in black vinyl—go ahead, look at the rest of her photos ... we'll wait—she's the girl our wet dreams are made of.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



pet of the month



"The most exciting place I've ever made love is in my shower, and now that I've experienced that, I'm ready to fulfill my favorite fantasy: sex on a plane."





petofthethmonth

"I love being an adult model, because I love being naked, the money is good, and there are always beautiful girls around."









"If I could have sex with
any one person, past or present,
who would it be? That's an
easy question to answer:
Penélope Cruz."



petofthemoth

"The best sex I've ever
had was when my boyfriend
and I got together after
not seeing each other for a long
time. It was explosive!"



Tenaya

Pet of the Month
Summer 2009

Vital stats:

19 years old
35-25-34; 5'3"

Hometown:

Apple Valley, California.

Favorite sport:

Soccer.

Favorite music:

Country.

Favorite movies:

The Notebook, Across the Universe, Pulp Fiction.

Favorite TV shows:

Grey's Anatomy, ER, House.

Favorite vacation spot:

North Carolina. It's beautiful!

Dream vacation spot:

The Bahamas, Italy, Australia.

What do you like most about yourself?

I don't judge people.

What do you like most in others?

An open mind and honesty.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

My stubbornness.

Tenaya

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GEEK LOVE

Sci-fi conventions such as San Diego's Comic-Con are under-the-radar hook-up havens. No, really.

By Shari Goldhagen
Photographs by Leslie Simmons

D

DO I STILL READ COMIC BOOKS? I do. Have I ever flicked the bean to some well-written *Smallville* fan fiction? It's possible. (Hey, I'm a writer; a good metaphor turns me on.) But I generally keep these proclivities to myself (except when confessing them in international men's magazines). When I think of large groups of people gathering to celebrate such geeky pursuits, I picture hundreds of men who look like Comic Book Guy from *The Simpsons*

arguing over who would win in a Roshambo between Han Solo and Captain Kirk.

So I was more than a little surprised when my friendly neighborhood comic-book-store clerk told me she was looking forward to this year's New York Comic Con because "conventions are all about the sex."

Yeah, right, I thought. In other news, the world is flat and simultaneous orgasms occur readily outside of *Smallville* fan fics.

"Really," she said. "It's all these people you see only a couple of times a year at hotels, you're all into the same things, people are dressed up, you've been flirting online for months.... It's pretty hot."

Hmm ... it seemed logical, as Spock might say, but all those clunky costumes, those awkward people—was it even physically possible? There was only one way to find out: I had to don cape and cowl and infiltrate the nerd hordes to see for myself if these geek gatherings are actually hook-up havens.

There are more than 100 fan-based sci-fi-related conventions each year in the U.S., but the granddaddy of them all is San Diego Comic-Con. The not-for-profit show began in 1970 with 300 comic-book junkies gathering in the basement of the U.S. Grant Hotel, according to David Glanzer, the event's director of PR and marketing. While notable guests *did* include legendary comics creator Jack Kirby (*Captain America*, *the Fantastic Four*, *The Incredible Hulk*) and sci-fi legend Ray Bradbury, it seems safe to say that *that* show was not "all about the sex."

Its name and venue varied, but the event became an annual shindig, eventually finding a permanent home in the San Diego Convention Center. Other media have gradually moved in on the action, too, including the videogame industry and movie and television studios, all of which use Comic-Con as a launching pad for anything with a sci-fi angle. The show has generated bona fide star power in recent years, with actors making the rounds in superhero garb. Tickets for last year's event sold out weeks in advance, and attendance reached 126,000, according to Glanzer.

Sure, but was that 126,000 paunchy men with goatees giving Vulcan nerve pinches and re-enacting epic lightsaber battles (the literal and, quite possibly, the figurative kind)? "It used to be pretty male-dominated," says Glanzer. "But in the past ten years that's really changed. Things like Japanese anime have really brought a lot more women and girls to the show. Last year attendees were about 40 percent female."



HOLY HYPOTHESIS! OUR INTREPID REPORTER FIELD-TESTED THE PROPOSITION THAT COMIC-CONS ARE "ALL ABOUT THE SEX."



NEW YORK COMIC CON YIELDED A DELECTABLE RANGE OF FEMALE WARDROBES.



THIS COMELY ATTENDEE DRESSED AS "DAWN" FROM POKEMON.

WHEN NOT ADVANCING OR PROTECTING THE INTERESTS OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE, STORMTROOPERS SIT BACK AND REEL IN THE CHICKS.



This year's event, which runs from July 23 to 26, is the 40th anniversary (note to nitpickers: There were two cons in 1975), and it could be the biggest yet, with attendees expected from around the world.

Some of the exhibits themselves have been about sex. At the 2007 show, porn legend Jenna Jameson was on hand to promote her Virgin comic, *Shadow Hunter*. Comics legend Stan Lee showed up to promote Pam Anderson's *Stripperella* project. "There have been a lot of crossovers between adult entertainment and the comic industry," says Glanzer. "It really just depends on what's coming out in a given year."

Yet when I look over the program for the July show, what jumps out is the popular annual panel "Starship Smackdown," which seems to be the living embodiment of my worst-case Comic-Con scenario: fanboy factions arguing over whether the U.S.S. *Enterprise* could outrace the *Millennium Falcon*. That really wasn't selling me on the "these things are all about sex" concept. Clearly I needed to do more research, so I tracked down some attendees.

"A friend I'd met at SDCC introduced me to this illustrator online and we started talking, mostly about graphic novels," says Cathy, 30, a lithe brunette photographer who loves indie comics and attends several conventions a year. "At Wizard World in L.A. a few months later, I felt someone brush my arm from behind, and—it was so weird; we'd never met—I knew immediately it was him.

"The attraction was instantaneous," she continues. "Within

an hour of meeting we were full-on making out behind the convention center. I went back to his hotel room an hour after that, which is something I would *never* normally do if I met a guy in a bar or wherever. We ended up dating for three years."

A similar chemical reaction occurred between writers at rival comics publishers DC and Marvel when David Gallaher saw Valérie D'Orazio speaking on a panel at the 2007 New York Comic Con.

"She was this cute blonde, and I was just captivated by what she had to say," Gallaher says. The feeling was mutual: When Gallaher, 34, stood to ask a question, D'Orazio says she made a silent bargain with God that she would never ask for anything again if she could get with Gallaher.

After the panel the two started chatting, and D'Orazio—a writer for Marvel's upcoming *Cloak and Dagger* title—told Gallaher that she, uh, wanted to discuss some scripts. Gallaher, a DC writer currently working on *High Moon*, was a little slow to get the hint, but eventually the two got together. On their first date, they saw *Ghost Rider*—a movie based on the flaming-skulled Marvel hero. For date No. 2, Gallaher had an artist draw D'Orazio a custom picture of Supergirl. "Our third date was more intimate," says Gallaher. "I don't think any superheroes were involved."

Two years later they're still together, but not all hook-ups at these events have to blossom into true dork-love. After spending their convention days hawking illustrations in Artists' Alley, or standing in line to get autographs from the cast of *Heroes*,

attendees have a chance to get their intergalactic freak on once the lights go down in the exhibit hall.

The big cons—SDCC, NYCC, and Alternative Press Expo—all have VIP parties with open bars, which can lubricate the social interaction for sure. You're not going to go home with Jessica Alba in her fuck-tastic *Fantastic Four* garb, but as Vic Holtzman of ScreenRant.com notes, "There's a lot of hitting on people and flirting; there's a feeling of community." And any celebs in tow are well aware that a review from a popular fan site can make or break a sci-fi movie, so they're at their most approachable.

The VIP rooms are nice, but percentages are better if you cast your line in more local waters. "There are a lot of hotel parties in people's rooms. You just bring some booze; everyone is always really friendly," says Eva, a 27-year-old who works in publishing. "My friends and I want to do things on the cheap, so we often cram a bunch of people—six or more—into a room, and sometimes we take shifts sleeping."

The Do Not Disturb sign gets a workout all weekend, says Eva, who was a very naughty elf at I-CON last year. (That's short for Island Convention, an eclectic annual event held in Suffolk County, Long Island). "I'd been dressed as an elf from *Lord of the Rings*, and went back to this guy's room," she says. "All of our clothes were gone, and we were sort of crashing into walls, then I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and I noticed that I'd left my pointy ears on, and I just started laughing. It kind of broke the mood." This, friends, is the fantasy-nerd equivalent of black dress socks.

Mary, an 18-year-old college student and longtime convention-goer, sums up the Comic-Con hook-up phenomenon most succinctly. "People who are awkward feel more comfortable at conventions because they assume all comic-book people are awkward as well," she says. "So they're like, 'I'm awkward, you're awkward—let's flirt.'"

My research is complete, the concept is starting to gel, and I'm ready to be embedded on the front lines. My theater of operations will be the fourth annual New York Comic Con, the unaffiliated East Coast response to the San Diego extravaganza. Among this year's top attractions are Joss Whedon—the man behind cult TV hits *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Angel*—who will be unveiling his new show, *Dollhouse*, and the cast of *Fringe*. There is also some sort of lightsaber fighting lesson going on, which I make a mental note to avoid. The New York event doesn't rival San Diego yet, but it's no slouch; some 77,000 heroes and villains overrun the Jacob Javits Center for the 2009 edition.

Contrary to popular conception, most convention attendees don't do anything for these events more elaborate than, say, an Iron Man T-shirt, but I am going at this full-throttle this year. Or let's say mid-throttle: I won't be competing in the costume contest—an event hard-core fans spend months preparing for—but I am fully committed to the "Sexy Robin" outfit I've procured from the drugstore chain Ricky's NYC. It consists of the world's least practical crime-fighting attire ever—a low-cut red and green dress that comes to about mid-ass, green gloves, a teeny tiny yellow cape, and a domino mask. It's actually pretty close to the original Boy Wonder design, but I'm hard-pressed to think of a time I've been more naked in public.

But journalistic duty calls, and into Gotham I go! To be fair, not all the costumes are NC-17 fantasy fodder—for the men, anyway. There are plenty of Rorschachs—trench coat and inkblot mask—from this past winter's hit *Watchmen*, along with a heaping helping of Heath Ledger Jokers. Some of the women are in corseted medieval-ish getups that appear more uncomfortable than naughty. But generally speaking, fangirls who chose to dress up are dealing with the same wardrobe options as swimsuit models. Skintight bodysuits for Black Cat and Catwoman; the public panties of Wonder Woman, Zatanna, and Power Girl; and dozens and dozens of slave Princess Leias—almost 30 years since



COMEDY CENTRAL'S KRODO MANDOON GIRLS. THE TRIDENTS WERE FOR FENDING OFF UNWANTED ADVANCES.



ARE THESE FOUR WALKING, TALKING, PROTON-PACKING REFUTATIONS OF THE THEORY THAT ANYONE GETS LAID AT CONS?

the release of *Return of the Jedi* and that damn metal bikini still bangs the gong for the guys. The Most Exposed Skin award goes to a woman dressed as Batman villain Poison Ivy; she's wearing a red wig, green body paint, and one strategically placed fig leaf. I can't penetrate her swarm of followers to get close enough for an interview.

"There's no denying that you get hit on constantly when you're in costume," says Kristin, a 21-year-old paleontology student poured into the court-jester costume of Joker's gal, Harley Quinn. "I love being able to wear interesting, sexy outfits that appeal to me aesthetically while also showing off my body. It's the best of both worlds; you can be a geek and still look hot!"

Lauren, an investment banker who's dressed in DC heroine Black Canary's black leotard and signature fishnet tights, agrees. "It's different than being out in the real world, even if you're wearing something revealing, because people are assuming you're a character," says the 27-year-old. It also provides ready-made opening lines. "One guy just asked for my number. He said, 'I don't see Green Arrow [Canary's on-again/off-again love interest] around, so I figured you're free.' Hey, it's better than, 'What's your sign?'"

A high school student named Jill spends a good ten minutes explaining that her costume—from some Japanese anime cartoon—is actually a variation of a male character's costume, which makes the skimpy top a little confusing. "Guys find gender play really hot," says the 16-year-old, with a frightening amount of authority. "I always hook up at conventions."



THIS, ALLEGEDLY, IS WHERE THE HOOK-UPS HAPPEN—TO BE CONTINUED AT AFTER-PARTIES AND IN HOTEL ROOMS AROUND THE HOST VENUE. WHO KNEW?



WONDER WOMAN USED HER LASSO OF TRUTH TO "EXTRACT CONFESSIONS AND COMPEL OBEDIENCE"—AND BRING FETISHISM TO DC COMICS.



GOT MILK? THIS CATHY COWGIRL KEPT FANBOYS UDDERLY (SORRY!) RAPT AT SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON LAST YEAR.

"SHE GRABBED MY CROTCH, AND SAID SHE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT SUPERMAN'S JUNK FELT LIKE."

And by doing nothing more than donning a feather boa (fandom unclear), Bill, who writes indie comics—and who, feather boa notwithstanding, is into girls—informs me that he met his "24-hour lover" during a preshow party the night before.

"She just came over and said, 'Don't you look fabulous,' and then we went to her place," he says. "I think she took '24 hours' quite literally; we didn't make it to the show until a 5 p.m. screening."

Then there are the less self-aware. Jennifer, a software-company project manager, is rocking extremely revealing Wonder Woman gear complete with the kind of red rubber boots that are found only at the most fetishy sex shops. And yet she insists guys aren't checking out her barely there bustier. "I really just do it for the kids," she says, and I want to tie her up with her Lasso of Truth to see if she really doesn't know that Wonder Woman's creator, William Moulton Marston, was big-time into bondage.

Despite all the goodies on display, there's an understood "look but don't touch" policy ... most of the time. "I was in my Superman costume last year, and this girl asks to take a picture with me," says a 23-year-old artist in said Supersuit. "So she's got her arm around me, but right before her friend takes the picture, she just reaches down and grabs my crotch. And I just looked at her and was like, 'Did you just ...' and she giggled and said she wanted to know what Superman's junk felt like."

Once I get past the fact that my T&A are on display, there's something exhilarating about being Robin. People line up to take photos with me. A pack of teenage boys hums the "dun nun ah dun nun ah" theme from the sixties TV show starring Adam West;

I get three more marriage proposals than I've gotten in real life. Yet no one is pushing too hard. It's like people just want to be near me—only it's not me; no one knows who I *really* am. Then I realize I'm still wearing my press credentials. Clearly I have not mastered the techniques of guarding one's secret identity.

Later, a giant of a man in a very official Batsuit joins me in line for a bottle of \$4 water. I look at him and he looks back at me, irises extra blue against all the eye black under his cowl.

"You know there was a girl Robin," he says. "Stephanie Brown."

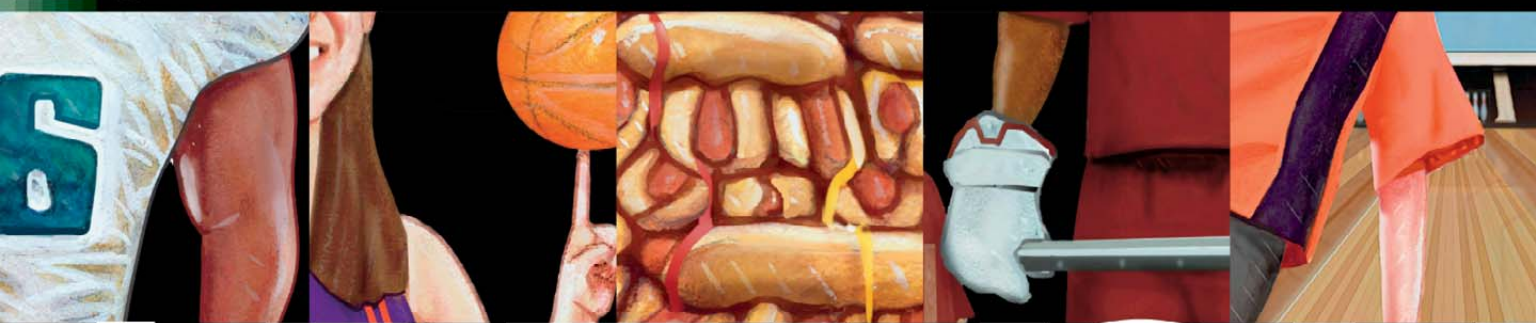
"Actually, if you count Carrie Kelly in *The Dark Knight Returns*, there were two girl Robins." I stretch the words out, making them luxurious, and curl my lips into a crooked come-hither grin.

Batman's smile is slow, seductive—and really freaking creepy with the head-to-toe armor. Other than his height and the set of his jaw (not bad, but no Christian Bale), I have no idea what this guy looks like, but I do feel an instant familiarity and comfort level with him. If we were making out in my apartment and he unearthed my secret stash of *Detective Comics*, I wouldn't have to invent a story about how I was just holding them for a friend.

"Yes, I forgot about Carrie." He gives me a long once-over. "Will I be seeing you back at the cave tonight?"

Really? Really? Did some guy actually just say that? And yet, in this environment, in this hyperspecific context, it's almost persuasive; it's nearly charming. Since you already know my secret identity, I'm not at liberty to reveal if I visited the Batcave that night, but I can tell you this for certain: Yes, these conventions are all about the sex. **OH**

gametime



ARE YOU
FASTER
THAN A
300-POUND
LINEMAN?



A

Nine sports hypotheticals guaranteed to stoke hours of bar-stool debate.

By John Bolster and Peter Schrager
Illustrations by Chris Hiers

SPORTS CONVERSATIONS GO, THE “WHAT IF” PROPOSITION is one of the most compelling, probably even topping the “what just happened” and the “what *will* happen” questions as a conversation starter. Hey, college football structures its entire season, and crowns its champion, on a “what if” basis. This is also known as the national polls and the BCS—and it’s wildly popular. So yeah: Sports fans love to argue hypothetical scenarios as much as they love chicken wings, and cheese fries topped with bacon bits. And sour cream.

And more cheese. With that in mind, here are nine hypothetical sports questions you didn’t know you needed to know, with experts’ opinions on each. Plug these in after mainstays like “Kobe versus LeBron,” “DH or no DH,” and “playoff versus bowl system” have gone stale. Then order another pitcher and settle in ... you’re gonna be a while.

1. If you quit your job and practiced bowling for four hours a day for a year, could you make the Professional Bowlers Association Tour?

Hell no! Using his unique two-handed style, Australia’s Jason Belmonte has bowled 33 perfect games, and won a gold medal at the 2006 Youth World Championships. He is currently battling for a spot on the PBA Tour. Here’s his answer to our question: “I would like to propose a wager. Any bloke reading this who thinks that after practicing for one year he could make the PBA, I will hang up my own shoes and be his personal caddy! The day that someone makes the exempt field of the Professional Bowlers Association with only one year of training will be the day that we Australians wish we were New Zealanders. And that, my mates, will never ever happen.”

With time to spare. Look, this is *bowling*, a sport—or rather, a game—that has bylaws specifically addressing the use of tobacco and alcohol during competition. Booze and butts are not allowed, but the fact that they’re discussed at all shows you where bowling’s roots lie. Awkward office outings and little kids’ birthday parties are organized around bowling. Sometimes, *laser lights* are involved. Our pal’s brother rolled a 235 once, and he was half in the bag. What if he got *serious* about it? Well, first he’d have to grow a mullet and a cheesy mustache. After that and some focused practice, he’d be on the PBA tour within six months.



2. Could you beat NFL lineman Fred Robbins in the 40-yard dash? Robbins is six four, 317 pounds.

Fat chance. A group of us were sitting in a Manhattan bar watching Steelers versus Giants last season when some Giants players’ wives and girlfriends came strolling in. After a few drinks, we started chatting them up. One of our friends told Robbins’s girl (who was *not* six four, 317 pounds) that he could beat her man in the 40-yard dash. Her response? She busted out laughing. “Fast Freddy? No way.” We agreed. Robbins is a top-flight professional athlete whose livelihood depends on his quick feet and surprising agility—and he ran a 5.02 at the 2000 NFL combine. Our friend? Well, he’s

a balding lawyer in his early thirties. Robbins gets the nod in that matchup ten out of ten times.

Actually, yes. We ran this one past Rob Rang, a senior draft analyst with CBSSports.com and NFLDraftScout.com. His answer: “Yes, the average-Joe jock could beat Fred Robbins in the 40-yard dash, *if* he was given the time and training that prospective NFL athletes use to prepare for the event. Of course, few people have the explosiveness and power Robbins and other NFL players have, but the real secret to the 40-yard dash is generating an explosive burst off the start, which can be taught. Just don’t tell Robbins I said so.”

3. Could a decent men's-league hoops player in his twenties beat WNBA star Diana Taurasi in a game of one-on-one?

Are you crazy? *Bethlehem Shoals is a cofounder and primary contributor to the innovative, cult-favorite NBA blog Free Darko. His take:* "No chance. Even if we assume that said rec player is stronger, taller, and more athletic than she is [which we'd have to—otherwise Taurasi, a world-class athlete, would destroy him], we're talking about one-on-one. What matters is being able to shoot, knowing how to read your opponent, and being smart about when to go to the basket.

None of the so-called 'inherent' advantages men have would ensure a victory. Taurasi in a walk." **Of course he could.** On the surface, even suggesting that a non-pro could give Taurasi a game sounds over-the-top sexist. She has a quality handle and a killer jump shot, but Taurasi is only six feet and 170 pounds. Find us a 210-plus-pound man with a wide body and some decent moves, and we'll pick him on the premise that he can back her down in the post for 11 points. He'll be stronger than her, and just as quick, if not quicker. And, oh yeah: He's a *guy*. Pride alone would spur him to the win.



4. If given six weeks to focus, prepare, and train, could you qualify for the Nathan's Famous Fourth of July International Hot Dog Eating Contest?

You'd suffer a "Roman incident" by dog No. 10. *Crazy Legs Conti is an eight-year veteran of the pro-eating circuit. He is currently ranked 14th in the world by the International Federation of Competitive Eating. This is what he told us:* "The Nathan's contest really is a dog-eat-dog world, and your average Joe is better off couch-bound, watching ESPN, with a plate of wieners in front of him. Let him boast, 'I could do that,' and then see how he feels around double digits. I say no-go on the average Joe. But if your guy insists, tell him to show up at the Citi Field, Daly City, or Camden qualifier—you must win a qualifier outright to make it to Coney—and expect to get lapped. It's not a 50-yard dash, it's a marathon of eating. Most hit the wall early and cramp up. The fetal position doesn't aid digestion, but it does indicate a picnicker, a hobbyist, or a casual diner."

With the right prep work, yes. Actually, no. We got nothin' here, sorry. Most of us are content to remain amateurs when it comes to the art of "stomach-stretching calisthenics," as Conti puts it. And this proposition has been tested, in a 2005 British documentary, *The Big Eat*. Regular Joe failed miserably.

5. If you had every available resource and a \$400,000 reward for succeeding, could you and three buddies make the 2010 Olympic team in curling?

No. There is more technique—much more—than meets the eye. When he tried curling for the first time, CBC radio host Ian Brown said that the difficulty of the sport "lies in the fact that you have to do about 40 things exactly right, all at the same time." Like a golf swing, the basic curling technique has a lot of moving parts and, as Brown said, "takes five minutes to learn, and 400 years to perfect." You and your pals would have less than one year. You might not even get the *rules* down in that time.

Please, it's a nursing-home sport. Curling has often been called "chess on ice" for the supposedly complex strategies it requires, but we say "shuffleboard on ice" is more like it. Give us the coaching, the facilities, and that kind of financial incentive (to stave off the boredom!), and hell yes, see you in Vancouver!



6. If LeBron James were to pick up a lacrosse stick and learn the game, could he be the best player in NCAA Division I within a year?

He may play in Cleveland, but he ain't Jim Brown. *We consulted John Jiloty, vice president and editor in chief of Inside Lacrosse magazine. His reply:* "NFL legend Jim Brown was a lacrosse All-American at Syracuse, it's true, but he grew up playing the game on Long Island, acquiring the skill set during years of practice. LeBron would definitely blow by D-I defensemen, but he'd be slinging shots all over the field. The nuances of shooting a lacrosse ball are like swinging a golf club or hitting a baseball. So, for that first

year at least, think Michael Jordan hacking out .200 in minor-league baseball more than Jim Brown scoring at will in college lacrosse."

It wouldn't even take a year:


Lacrosse is played predominantly in the Northeast and in the posh suburbs of Long Island and outside Baltimore. You don't think LeBron could dominate a bunch of kids who wear Lacoste polos with their collars popped and listen to Phish? The guy is six eight, 250 pounds, and quicker than most NBA players! He'd figure out the game in no time—it actually has a lot in common with basketball—then make a mockery of it. Sorry to all the prep-school alumni out there. It's the truth.

8. Could you shoot a higher percentage from the free-throw line than Shaquille O'Neal (career 52.8 percent)?

No, it's not as easy as it looks. If we were talking about foul shots in practice, with no crowd, pressure, or fatigue, then yes, you'd have a shot. But we're talking about real games, where all of those things will impact you. The rule of thumb is that your in-game free-throw average will be ten percentage points lower than your practice average. So let's assume you can make 60 of 100 shots from the line in an empty gym. We'd have to bump you down to a sub-Shaq 50 for in-game action.

Hell, we could do it Bo Kimble-style: In the NBA, the league-wide free-throw average has been around 75 percent for the past 50 years. In the NCAA, it's been at 69 percent since the mid-1960s, and—here's the rub—in *high school*, the national average was 67 percent in 2008. That means that even sucky teams from suburban high schools were knocking down free throws at a clip 15 percent higher than Shaq's career figure. So, yes, we could shoot 14 percent worse from the line than your average high school player.

9. If you trained with an NFL team as a kicker for an entire preseason, could you kick a 20-yard field goal with the first game of the year on the line?

You'd cave under the pressure. *Stefan Fatsis is the author of A Few Seconds of Panic, which details his adventure as a placekicker for the Denver Broncos. He says, "You think you could—any dork can kick a football, right?—but you couldn't. As with most athletic acts, the necessary strength, coordination, and focus are beyond the ken of blowhard fans. And even if the kick doesn't faze you, the pressure will. In Denver, I was nailing 'em from 40 on the practice field. When something was on the line, well, as one teammate said afterward, 'Thanks for fucking us!' "*
It's a chip shot. Fatsis's book was awesome, but we respectfully disagree and think you, ex-jock reader, could do it. If you played any soccer in your youth, you should have the necessary skills. And if you applied yourself during training camp, you could get used to the pressure of the moment. 

7. Assuming he's never played, could an NFL running back, such as the Eagles' Brian Westbrook, train with a decent Division I men's college soccer team for a season and be good enough to make the varsity by season's end?

He'd still have two left feet. *Evan Bruno was an All-American striker at Lehigh University in 2001. He tells Penthouse: "Brian Westbrook is a tremendous athlete, but soccer is a technical game that requires a skill set acquired through a lifetime of practicing. He'd be faster than the guy covering him, but Westbrook would be useless on a soccer field. He might get to the ball first, but he would trip over it."*

Yes, on sheer athleticism. *Alexi Lalas is a National Soccer Hall of Famer, and one of the only Americans to play in the Italian Serie A. He argues, "Most coaches believe that you can teach someone to play a sport, but you can't teach them to be an athlete. If you start with an athlete, there's much more room for improvement. In soccer, speed is the great equalizer. I believe that an NFL running back could excel, but only in a defensive capacity. Defending is about destroying rather than creating, and we all know which is easier. I think Westbrook could become a defensive force by the end of a season, simply relying on athleticism and speed."*



angel&mason



A photograph of a woman lying on her back on a patterned surface, possibly a bed or sofa. She is wearing black fishnet stockings and high-heeled sandals. Her legs are spread apart, and she is looking towards the camera. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and red curtains. The overall mood is sensual and provocative.

angel made me do it

When Mason's boyfriend walked in on her with Angel, she didn't know what to say. His shocked expression was quickly replaced by a lustful grin, however, and he told the girls that the only way to make up for their secret tryst was to put on a show for him. After a sexy smile of assent from Angel, the tattooed temptress happily brought her lover to a passionate climax before Angel returned the favor, then issued an unmistakable invite for him to join in the fun.

Photographs by Misha

angel&mason





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No Pants

*By Charlie Todd
with Alex Scordelis*

I guess I've been a prankster my entire life, but I didn't think my experience with pranks was all that unique until I moved to New York City in July of 2001, after graduating from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill with a degree in dramatic art; I was 22 years old. I followed in the footsteps of most everyone I knew who had graduated in the years prior to me; I moved to the city with no real plan other than to "be an actor."

Exactly four weeks after I had arrived in New York, my friend Brandon Arnold came up to visit. I had done improv with him at UNC, and he was a notorious prankster and all-around hilarious guy. We hadn't seen each other in a pretty long time, and as he greeted me the first thing he said was, "What's up, Ben Folds?" Ben Folds, of course, is the musician who rose to fame with his band Ben Folds Five in the nineties and who was on the cusp of releasing his first solo album in 2001. Apparently, Brandon thought my outfit, a red and white plaid shirt, made me look like the rock star.

Now, I didn't think I looked anything like Folds apart from the fact that we were both white, had dark hair, grew up in the South, and were under 40, but at the time I was so excited to be in New York that I was down for anything. "For the rest of the night, I'm

Ben Folds," I told Brandon. We tested out my likeness in a bar in the East Village. We entered separately, and after ten minutes of me drinking alone, Brandon approached and identified me as the famous pianist. Before we knew it a gaggle of British girls were snapping photos and asking for autographs.

We realized that Ben Folds had the perfect level of celebrity to imitate. Most folks knew who he was, but only his true fans would be familiar with his face. The experiment was so successful that we decided to repeat it the next night. Our friend Jon Karpinos joined us as we made a second attempt at a West Village bar. I again sat alone at the bar and drank quietly, this time for 20 minutes. Brandon and Jon ate a meal on the other side of the room and then approached me to request an autograph. The moment they walked away, I instantly became Ben Folds to everyone in that bar.

The two girls sitting next to me, who hadn't once glanced my way, immediately turned around and became my new best friends. As the story spread, others in the bar approached and asked for autographs and posed for photos. Brandon and Jon became increasingly rowdy fans and were eventually kicked out of the bar for "stealing Ben Folds' wallet." The bartender gave me free drinks to apologize for their behavior.





The whole scene had lasted nearly three hours and had been a total blast, not only for us, but also for the barful of people who had a crazy encounter with a celebrity. We never broke character to reveal it had all been a lie—instead we chose to give everyone in the bar an interesting story about the night they met a rock star and helped him get his wallet back from a drunk fan.

I had moved to New York to be an actor, but quickly realized that, for a recent college graduate, being an actor meant answering phones all day and sending head shots to people who would toss them in the trash before even opening the envelope. Rather than wait for some sort of mythical “big break,” I decided I’d make all of New York my stage and perform anywhere and everywhere. Pretending to be a celebrity in a bar wasn’t the type of acting I studied in college, but it sure as hell was a lot of fun.

I decided to write down my Ben Folds story and put it on a website to share with friends. I named the site “Improv Everywhere,” called our prank a “mission,” and the three of us involved “agents.” The term “prank” just didn’t seem quite right for what we had done.

Having a website, of course, inspired me to cause more scenes. As we got better and better at pulling them off, we realized we had stumbled onto a new idea: pranks that didn’t need a victim. It was very easy to cause a scene by getting into some type of argument or conflict (as we did in the bar when Ben’s fans stole his wallet). It was much more challenging to come up with ideas that actually gave the people we encountered a good experience—an amazing

story they could tell for the rest of their lives. Here’s a behind-the-scenes look at one of the missions that made us famous. I hope you enjoy it, and I hope to see you at the next one.

No Pants! Subway Ride 2002: “This Is Not the Opera House!”

For the No Pants! Subway Ride’s maiden voyage, I invited six agents to join me as pantsless passengers. The plan was to get on subway car A together, and each time the train pulled in to a station, one of us would remove his pants and throw them at Agent Julia Cassis while pretending not to know her. When the train made its next stop, the pantsless agent would exit car A, walk down the platform, and enter car B. Once in car B, we would just ride without our pants and act completely normal. After riding in our boxers or briefs for several stops, Agent Cassis would enter car B and would sell us back our pants for \$1.

On the day of the mission, we all boarded the train together, confident that we were in for quite an adventure. One by one, we started taking off our pants and hurling them at Agent Cassis. The bizarre scene we created on the train perplexed our fellow subway passengers.

“Some agents threw their pants, some agents tossed, and some agents put them firmly in my hands,” Agent Cassis said, “but each time I acted more and more pissed off and started muttering to myself about how ridiculous it was. Eventually, I averted my eyes, but pants kept landing on my head. For the last agent, I walked away and tried to ignore him, but he came

up to me and put the pants in my hands. People on the car were snickering, everyone was watching, and some people were trying to ignore it." One man nudged his wife, pointed at Agent Jesse Good as he removed his pants, and said, "Honey, look!" His wife rolled her eyes at him and explained, "Honey, it's *New York*."

Each pantsless agent made the mad dash along the bitter cold underground platform (this is in *January*) from subway car A to car B, one at every stop. At the first stop, Canal Street, I entered car B wearing my heavy winter coat, a hat, a scarf, and gloves on top—and my chartreuse boxers with bright red ladybugs on the bottom. I sauntered into the middle of the car and checked the map. Every head in the car turned and looked at me with surprise, but no one commented. At Spring Street, the next stop, Agent Good, wearing a winter coat and blue polka-dot boxers, waltzed into the car. Two Danish tourists guffawed, while others on the train were straining to hold back laughs. Agent Richard Lovejoy, wearing sunglasses and Hawaiian-themed boxers, entered the car at Bleecker Street. The Danish tourists again erupted into uncontrollable laughter.

Back in car A, agents were still taking their pants off and chucking them at Agent Cassis, who was collecting them in a bag. As the train kept heading uptown, agents Andy Schnetuer, Todd Robertson, Chris Nadan, and Dave Willner all took off their pants, gave them to Agent Cassis, and then ran up to car B in their underwear. "People started saying, 'Who's next?' while looking around eagerly as the mission went on," Agent Cassis said. "As I left, I said sourly, 'Anybody else have any more pants you want to throw at me? Jesus Christ!'" By the time we reached 28th Street, there were seven passengers riding the train in their underwear.

As the train pulled in to 33rd Street, a man grinning ear-to-ear approached me. "Is there a Man Without Pants convention today or something?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

"So you guys aren't going to a convention?"

"I'm not. I don't know these guys," I said.

"Well, take it easy," he said, exiting the train.

"You too," I said. "It's cold out."

"Yeah! *For you!*" the man said, bursting into a laughing fit.

One by one, we started taking off our pants and hurling them at Agent Cassis. The bizarre scene we created on the train perplexed our fellow subway passengers.

As that man exited the train, Agent Cassis walked into car B holding a large duffel bag full of our pants. "Pants! Pants!" she cried out. "Who needs pants? One dollar! Only one dollar for pants!"

"Perfect!" Agent Robertson said, reaching for his wallet.

"Got to have exact change!" Agent Cassis said. Soon, all the pantsless agents were fumbling through their coat pockets, searching for a dollar bill to buy a pair of pants.

Every passenger on the train seemed to be thoroughly enjoying our joke except for a gay couple in their fifties, who were holding hands and staring at us grimly. "Get a life," one of the men shouted at me. "What you are doing?... It's stupid. Maybe in the sixties or seventies it would have been funny, but today ... it's embarrassing."

"Because I woke up this morning and forgot to wear pants?" I asked.

"And you *all* did. You *all* didn't wear them," he said.

"Oh, I don't know those guys," I said with a shrug. "You'll have to ask them."

At that point, a young woman entered the argument and

defended the pantsless riders against the increasingly annoyed couple. "I don't think this qualifies as a public nuisance," the woman interjected. "I think this qualifies as a 'happening' or a piece of performance art, i.e., from the sixties. That's exactly what this is, and you just have to accept it and move on."

"Honey," the man interrupted, "you're forgetting that this is not the opera house! *This is the subway!*"

"It doesn't take place in the opera house, *honey*," she said. "It can happen right here, in a public place."

"You're full of shit," the man announced. "I hope you all get colds!" Shortly thereafter, the couple exited the train.

Once every agent had purchased his pants from Agent Cassis, we got off the train at 68th Street, still pretending not to know each other. The mission lasted a total of 17 minutes.

No Pants! Subway Ride 2006: The No Pants 8

The first No Pants! was so successful that I decided to make the pantsless ride an annual tradition. Each January, more and more agents participated. By the time the fifth No Pants! Subway Ride rolled around in 2006, the day had acquired all of the emotions associated with a real holiday for me: stress, excitement, joy, laughter, and a tinge of nervousness.

Once all of the participating agents arrived at our meeting point near the Brooklyn Bridge, I took a head count of 160 agents. No Pants! 2006 was one of the first missions I pulled off where I didn't know many of the participants personally, because word of the event spread all over the Internet. It was quite a diverse group of agents; one agent even came dressed as a UPS employee (for all I know, he was a UPS employee).

With everyone gathered outside the subway stop, I picked up my megaphone and briefed the crowd about our mission. "The most important thing is for everyone to keep a straight face and refuse to break character," I said. "If a stranger on the train asks you what you are doing, just say that you forgot your pants and that you don't know any of the other riders without pants." In the past, we'd used only two cars on the train: one "staging car" for the depanting and one "target car" for riding without pants. This year, we planned to use all ten cars on the subway train—

five staging and five target cars. The agents were divided into five groups, and their team captains divided their groups into even smaller groups, assigning everyone a particular stop where they would take their pants off.

As in years past, the punch line of the No Pants! Subway Ride is that all agents would buy their pants back from a "pants seller" on the train. In the staging car, agents would throw their pants at an

agent I assigned, then in the target car, this person would sell



everyone back their pants for \$1 a pair. "I was a pants seller, or as I interpreted it, *a pants hustler*, so I tried to dress the part," Agent Ben Rodgers said; he wore an oversize parka and a New York Yankees hat. "Someone selling pants on the subway, I imagined, would look similar to the young, urban gentlemen who sell candy for basketball uniforms, class trips, or to 'keep themselves out of trouble.'" With all of the agents, team captains, and pants sellers in place, we marched over to our subway stop and boarded the train, ready to unleash chaos, joy, and our pants.

As the train pulled in to the first stop, one agent in each of the five staging cars removed his or her pants and threw them on the floor or at the agent who was the designated pants seller. "As the pants started flying my way, I nonchalantly tucked them into my duffel bag," Agent Susan Gill, a pants seller, said. "Tourists took out their cameras and camera phones and started snapping away as more and more pants found their way over to me." After agents depantsed, they exited the staging car and entered the target car directly in front of it. The effect, for passengers in the target car, is that the agents have been waiting for the train, pantsless, on the platform in the middle of January.

At the second stop on our wild ride, another single agent shimmied out of pants, threw them to the floor, and hustled up the platform into the target car. The two pantsless agents now riding in the same car did not acknowledge each other. All agents were instructed to behave as if everything was normal. Some agents read a newspaper, others listened to their iPods. I pretended to fall asleep.

At the third stop, two more pantsless agents entered the target car. Four entered at the fourth stop, and then groups of eight entered at each consecutive stop until everyone had depantsed. As in past years, our charade elicited a wide range of reactions. Most people either laughed, smiled, or simply ignored us. A few of the less jaded passengers desperately tried to figure out what was happening. "A little kid, about five or six years old, was trying to point out to his dad that a girl next to me had no pants on," Agent Nate Shelkey said. "The dad was trying to ignore it, but the little kid kept pointing. I guess, just like when asked, 'Why is the sky blue?' the dad didn't have an easy answer to 'Why is that lady not wearing any pants?'" Some people applauded us and others accosted us. ("You kids think you're pretty funny, don't you?" one man shouted.) Throughout it all, everyone kept a straight face and kept on riding.

As soon as all 160 agents had their pants off, the pants sellers came through the cars and began selling the agents back their own pants for a dollar. Our joke was met with laughter, smiles, and queries from a few curious onlookers. When asked why he wasn't wearing pants, Agent Gill replied, "Just trying to pay off a student loan." When the pants sellers entered my car at 59th Street, I remember thinking that the mission was running a little bit too smoothly; we still had several stops until our final destination (125th Street), and everyone already had slipped back into their pants. When a pants seller tried to sell me my pants, I politely declined in an attempt to stretch out the fun. As everyone around me started putting their pants back on, I decided to take another catnap in my boxers on the subway, and I closed my eyes. While I was trying to catch 40 winks, I noticed that the train hadn't left the 59th Street station yet. Curious as to why our train was being held in the station, I stood up, peeked my head out the door, and peered down the platform. My heart sank when I saw one of New York City's finest, a burly police officer, wreaking havoc on the other side of the train.

"What is being protested here?" the cop demanded to know as he removed pantsless agents from the train. "We just forgot

our pants," I heard someone say. Clearly, this police officer did not appreciate the joke. The cop ran over to the conductor driving the train, who then announced on the PA, "This train is not in service. Everyone please exit the train and wait for the next one. Due to a police investigation, this train is out of service." Suddenly, total chaos broke out on the platform. There was a flurry of frenzied agents desperately trying to get their pants back from the pants sellers and onto their legs. The pack of journalists and photographers who were covering the event emerged from the subway and besieged the cop with a barrage of questions and strobeflash flashbulbs. Our delicately orchestrated mission (which hadn't been causing any problems) was transformed into a chaotic mob scene by one cop.

The police officer started rounding up every pantsless subway rider he saw and called for backup. Twenty-five NYPD cops came barreling down into the subway station. "I haven't run that hard since the academy!" one of the men in blue shouted as he arrived on the scene. Many of the officers were visibly annoyed; clearly nothing illegal was going on—it was just a bunch of people in their underwear. There was a group of basketball players on the platform who were showing more skin than we were. Yet a couple of officers started detaining pantsless agents. One of the cops detaining agents was named Officer Pantan. No kidding. *Pantan*.

The eight agents caught with their pants down were lined up against a wall in the subway station by the mob of policemen. The cops slapped handcuffs on six of the agents and led them upstairs to a police van while members of the press snapped pictures and shouted questions. The other two agents were given tickets on the spot and released.

It's regrettable when the police get involved in one of our missions, especially since we've never done anything illegal, and it ends up just being a waste of the authorities' time. The "No Pants 6" were taken downtown and kept in custody for several hours. The two other agents were given court summonses and

"What is being protested here?" the cop demanded to know. "We just forgot our pants," I heard someone say. Clearly, this police officer did not appreciate the joke.





were fined \$60 for “walking in underwear [sic] and causing a public alarm.” Eventually, all eight ticketed agents had their cases dropped. Six of them had to appear in criminal court and two had to appear in transit court. Officer Pantone even appeared in court and testified that it was a “fun day.”

The arrests became a major media story. It’s not every day that the NYPD cracks down on people riding the subway in boxer shorts, so the mission made headlines across the country, and the Associated Press coverage appeared in several languages and in papers around the world. David Letterman even made a reference to the pantsless incident two nights in a row in his show’s opening monologue: “Yesterday in New York City, eight guys were arrested for riding on the subway without their pants,” Letterman said. “How many times have you been on the subway and said, ‘Wow! If I could only see those guys without their pants!’”

No Pants! 2007 to Present: A World Without Pants

After our 2006 No Pants! fracas with the NYPD’s boys in blue, I was concerned that the cops might try to put the kibosh on any future No Pants! subway adventures. The year following our tangle with the cops, more than 300 agents (double the previous year’s turnout) showed up for the 2007 No Pants! ride. As I arrived at the meeting point to start the mission, I was devastated to see two cops blocking the entrance to the station.

“Are you here to shut us down?” I asked.

“Nah,” one of the policemen said with a smile. “We’ve been assigned ‘No Pants’ detail. We’re here to make sure you all have a safe ride.”

The two policemen rode with us for the duration of the No Pants! ride and made sure everyone was safe, well-behaved, and

free from harassment. What a difference a year makes! Now, every January, two police officers are assigned “No Pants” detail. Usually, it’s two confused cops who have no idea that they are about to escort hundreds of people parading around without pants—the NYPD probably uses the assignment as a rookie initiation. As the “No Pants” detail rides along with us, a few agents usually playfully prod the cops and try to get them to shed their pants. To date, the police have always politely declined.

In 2008, the number of riders participating in our pantsless odyssey tripled from the previous year to a whopping 900 agents. In addition, approximately 1,200 agents participated in nine different cities spread across three countries. There were pantsless riders on Chicago’s famous aboveground “L” train (in 39 degree weather!); on Washington, D.C.’s Metro (the second-busiest subway system in the U.S., after New York’s); Portland’s MAX train; the San Francisco Bay Area’s BART; the Metro in Adelaide, Australia (where it was summertime and a balmy 78 degrees outside); Boston’s MBTA train; Baltimore’s Metro; Toronto’s subway; and Salt Lake City’s TRAX system. In 2009, 1,200 agents braved a frigid snowstorm to participate in the Eighth Annual No Pants! Subway Ride. In addition to the scores of pantsless New Yorkers that year, groups in 22 cities in eight countries joined in on the fun. It’s astounding to think that what started as a silly prank has morphed into an international pantsless movement.

In the mission’s first year, we had no female participants; now, approximately 50 percent of the pantsless riders are women. No Pants! is a mission that attracts agents of all ages, races, shapes, and sizes. No matter how many people participate, it always gets the same reactions from those we encounter: laughter, bewilderment, indifference, and (rarely) anger. The most rewarding aspect of this mission is that it brings people together in a strange way, and many of the participants become friends over their bonding experience without pants. The event has grown so big that last year, as I boarded my assigned subway car and sat waiting for the train to move, I realized that I didn’t know a single agent in my group. We were all strangers to each other. In many ways, we were just like a normal train car, a bunch of people sitting silently and ignoring each other. The key difference was that we all knew that we would soon be seeing each other pantsless.

MISSION: ACCOMPLISHED 🎉



From the book *Causing a Scene: Extraordinary Pranks in Ordinary Places With Improv Everywhere*, by Charlie Todd and Alex Scordelis. Copyright © 2009 by Charlie Todd. Reprinted by permission of William Morrow, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.



club capelli

While mining the archives in preparation for next month's 40th Anniversary Issue, we came across this classic pictorial of Pet Jesse Capelli turning a dance club into her own private strip club. We couldn't in good conscience wait any longer to share these stunning images with the world. Enjoy!

Photographs by Misha











jesse









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Supermarket Sex

For one grocery-store manager, checkout girls are a job perk.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

Grocery-store manager is not up there on any list of “sexiest jobs,” but maybe it should be. During my years as

the manager of an individual store that was part of a large chain, I had some of the best sex of my life. My favorite thing was getting blowjobs from the hot, young cashiers.

One of my most memorable experiences was with Selena, an 18-year-old girl. She was Hispanic, with long, curly hair. She would wear long skirts with no underwear to work. The first time I called her into the front office, she closed the door behind her and we started kissing. I took my cock out and she was on it like a pro. She sucked me dry, then went back to ringing up customers as if nothing had happened.

The second time I called her into the office, a week later, I pulled up her skirt and was surprised to see that not only was she naked underneath, she was also soaking wet. I bent her over the desk and slid my cock into her, right there during store hours. Unfortunately, another cashier paged me to do an override. I pulled my pants up and put on a smock from the meat department to hide my raging hard-on. If anyone noticed, they didn't say a thing. When I got back to the office, Selena finished me off with a nice, slow blowjob and I came in her mouth. I loved the idea of her out there at the register with a mouthful of my come. I think she did, too.


Being in a position of authority, I knew that my employees looked up to me, especially the female ones. If a new employee needed help with her training, I was always available. When Jane, a recently divorced mother of two in her forties, started with us, I knew she was struggling. I offered to meet her at the store early in the morning to go over the computer system. Even though she was a good ten years older than I was, this woman was a knockout. She had a huge pair of tits and wore low-cut shirts with tight jeans. As I instructed her on the register, I accidentally



bumped into her chest. Her face turned red and she said her big tits were always getting in the way. I told her I didn't mind and would love to see them. She hesitated for a second, but there was no one around, so she lifted up her shirt—bra and all—and out spilled her perfect rack. I started sucking on her nipples and pinching them really hard, which made her moan. Jane pulled down her jeans, and I lifted her onto the conveyor belt and got on top of her. I wanted to fuck her so bad, but I knew there wasn't time. Instead I jerked myself off, coming all over her big, beautiful tits. After that morning we started dating, until she eventually got a job at a law firm.

My buddies envy me for getting it on at work. The really perverted ones want to know if I ever do anything kinky with the food. And the answer,

of course, is yes. I was dating this woman Rose, who I knew from outside of work. One night before closing she came to pick me up. I was busy counting money and closing up, so I didn't really pay attention to what she was doing. When I looked up, she was sitting in the chair across from my desk with a basket of vegetables. She pulled out a zucchini and started licking it up and down, making it really wet. Pulling up her dress, she moved her panties to the side and stuck it inside her, just the tip. I just about exploded when I saw that. After she finished putting on her little show, I lay down on the floor and told her to get on. She rode me, and I made her come several times.

But my all-time favorite thing to do at work was to stop the security cameras from recording, but keep the one in the office rolling, so I could watch myself getting blown on all four TV monitors. There I would be sitting, my pants off and my cock getting sucked by some little slut. I'd look up at the monitors and watch as the girl's head moved up and down and think, *I have the best job in the world!* Then I would shoot my load and send her back to work. 

**Pulling up her dress,
she stuck the tip of the
zucchini inside her.
I just about exploded
when I saw that.**

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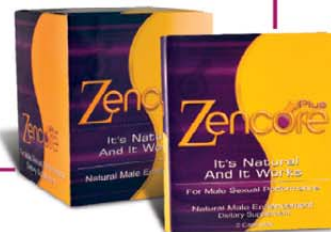
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Blonde & Brilliant



Penthouse Forum

Never let it be said that Johnny Bronx doesn't love the ladies. He especially loves blondes, those beautiful creatures who look so angelic and innocent one second and so devil-in-disguise fuckable the next. And that's why ol' J.B. is loving this disc. Jessica Lynn and Niko start things off, and from the second Lynn parts her thin thighs and shows off her plump pussy right on through to the scene's butt-glazing conclusion, the pair generate a palpable amount of heat. Tall and tatted Brooke Banner plays a chick mechanic and pulls off a great scene with Evan Stone, who bangs her on the

hood of a car in a tit-slapping, doggie-styling, engine-revving race to orgasm that easily holds up as Best in Show. Covergirl and Penthouse Pet Jana Cova—looking as fine as ever—racks up another winner with Samantha Ryan in a girl-girler that finds them banging beaver in a deserted alleyway. If you're into blondes as well, you've already got a place in your personal collection set aside for this one. If you don't, what's yer fuckin' problem?

Top: Jessica Lynn.
Right: Jana Cova and
Samantha Ryan.



By Johnny Bronx



LAST CALL Penthouse Features

Madelyn Marie stars as a bartender who tells soon-to-be-married bar patron James Deen what some people do on their last night of single life. Diana Doll and Mackenzie Pierce roll out the story as a pair of strippers hired to perform at a bachelor party—and the show they put on is a wild one for fans of girl-on-girl action and extreme wet shots. Tori Black's turn as a travel agent making plans for a client shows her making some plans of her own, which include fucking a black stud silly. In one extremely arousing moment, she rides him reverse cow-girl and moans while his long shaft fills her—and it becomes obvious just how much she loves her job (Black's taste for black dudes is well-documented). If you don't mind a bit of a spoiler, the titular "last call" is bartender Marie banging Deen in the bar until he leaves a big tip all over her tummy. (Guess it wasn't that much of a spoiler, huh?) Good stuff all around.

Above, from left: Mackenzie Pierce and Diana Doll, with Aaron Wilcox; Ahryan Astyn and Charles Dera.



BEDSIDE MANNERS Penthouse Features

While not a naughty nurse movie per se, *Bedside Manners* is some good medicine indeed, telling the story of a married couple (Anthony Rosano and Ahryan Astyn) rebuilding their relationship after the husband is paralyzed in a car accident. Ahryan is a curvy blonde bone-bender who gets plenty of face time here, appearing in three of the five scenes, as well as a cunnilingus-only coupling in which she and Rosano watch a porn flick together; Lee Stone and Harmony hand in a high-octane demonstration of on-screen hard-core carnality in the scene-within-a-scene. Stone and Harmony are absolutely on fire: Harmony takes everything the buff Stone throws her way, including a hard doggie-style pounding and some delightful deep-throating. Looking for other ways to supplement their sex life, Rosano hooks up Astyn with swingers Jessica Bangkok and T. J. Cummings, for a threesome that hubby watches with a smile. This is the first effort I've seen from director Diana Devoe, and I'll definitely be coming back for more. 

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Two for the Road

The Rhapsody will give your girl many hours of pleasure when you're out of town—and extra stimulation during lovemaking when you're around.

By Victoria Zdok, Ph.D.

With the economy in the tank, smart shoppers are looking for bargains; as always, *Penthouse* comes through. The Rhapsody dual-use vibrator has the sleek, metallic bullet shape favored by the modern woman, but when she wants to feel a good substitute for your penis between her legs, she can slip on the penile sheath. Next time you're planning to be away for a while, give her the Rhapsody and call her for some hot phone sex. Let her warm herself up with the buzzing

bullet on her clitoris as you tell her how you imagine stroking her body all over with your hands and lips while you get yourself off. Then, when you're close to climaxing, have her insert the sheathed vibe inside her and tell her how great it feels when you fuck her. It's a guaranteed mutual orgasm, and cheap, too! Check it out at PenthouseStore.com.



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NUMBER THEORY

Is it true that most women do not tell the truth about the number of sexual partners they've had? At least, that's what's happened with many of the women I have met—they all initially withheld information about how many guys they had fucked, only later confessing to all their sexual exploits. So how many men does the average American woman sleep with in her lifetime? I would bet most women have had 30 or more men by the time they reach their thirties.

According to a 2007 national survey, the median number of lifetime female sexual partners for men was seven; the median number of male partners for women was four. You are obviously way off—or you date women who are way above average in their “sexploration” quotient. Statisticians say that the number of sexual partners ought to be the same, on average, for any large group of men and women. But most surveys find that men report two to four times as many sexual partners as women do. Are men lying to inflate their sexual reputations? Are women lying to downplay their sexual experience? This suggests that the old double standard in which men screw anything in skirts and women remain pure until marriage is still alive in our sexual subconscious.

Some psychologists maintain that most men and women don't intentionally misrepresent their sexual histories; they simply use different methods to estimate the number of partners they've had. Apparently, women are more likely to rely on specific enumeration. They tend to say, “Well, there was John, Tom,” etc. This is a strategy that typically leads to underestimation, particularly if some of their prior lovers were losers they would rather forget. Men are twice as likely to use rough approximation to answer the question: “Well, I bang about a dozen babes a year, and I've been scoring for the past ten years....” Rough approximation is a methodology known to produce overestimation.

Do some women lie? Sure—to protect their partner's ego or make themselves look less promiscuous. You seem to get your rocks off by convincing yourself that all women are sluts. Is that why you are so concerned about finding out the “real number”? Stop worrying about the notches on her belt, and rejoice that your sorry ass is getting laid.

Ask Dr. Z




NOT TO HER TASTE

My girlfriend is not big on oral sex. It takes a lot to convince her to give me head. When she does, she immediately stops when my pre-come comes out. She claims it doesn't taste good and makes her gag. She has even mentioned that she might be allergic to it. Is that possible? And is there any way to keep the pre-come from dripping out until we have intercourse? I love getting head and would do anything to get her more into it.

It is highly unlikely that your girlfriend has an allergy to your come. Allergies to semen are very rare. And when they do occur, the allergic reaction—whether it's from oral sex or vaginal intercourse—is accompanied either by a rash or an irritation. Since there is no way of keeping pre-come from leaking out, your only solution to the taste issue is to mask it by donning a condom (you can opt for a flavored one) or periodically dipping your penis in chocolate sauce or something else that will appeal to her. Drinking more water may also tone down the

taste and thin out the consistency of your pre-come.

But I think that her reluctance to go down on you probably has some psychological roots—either from some childhood indoctrination about oral sex being dirty, or possibly a negative earlier experience. Talking about her prior experiences might bring these issues to the fore, which might help her get over her inability to enjoy giving you oral. Be understanding, and let her have all the time she needs to work through her psychological aversions. However, if she says she has blown her prior boyfriends and gobbled down their come without a problem, then she must be having some ambivalence about having sex with you. If this is the case, and if getting head is that important to you, you are better off getting a new girlfriend. 

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cindy&peaches

sapphic summer

After another long day of work at the amusement park, Cindy and Peaches head home to escape the heat. Time to get out of those sweaty, sticky clothes and into some sweet, sticky action.

Photographs by Viv Thomas








cindy&peaches

Wild with lust, Peaches tears off her sexy roommate's clothes and proceeds to ravish her silky, soft body. Cindy lets out an anticipatory moan as the wet warmth of Peaches' tongue slides across her nipples.









As Peaches tastes every inch of her body, Cindy rubs her own clit through her white cotton panties, unable to wait any longer to relieve the tension from the waves of impending ecstasy coursing through her body.



cindy&peaches

Pulling Cindy down, Peaches licks harder and faster at Cindy's core, causing her friend to climax ... and quickly climax again. Then, after taking a moment to catch her breath, Cindy puts Peaches in the hot seat.







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■ BADASSED AND BARE-ASSED

I had only meant to spend a few minutes in the bookstore, tracking down the latest releases from my favorite erotic fiction authors. Before I knew it, the place was about to close. I always lose track of time when I start to read, especially if the book includes lots of hot, steamy sex scenes. I really get into it and love how turned on I get. That night was no exception. I felt flushed and my thong felt damp and I wished my boyfriend hadn't gone out with his friends because I was going to have to take matters into my own hands when I got home.

When I stepped outside the store, the cool night air made my hot skin tingle. I had on a long cape and had to hold it closed over my thin dress, but the breeze still slipped through, creating goose bumps on the naked skin above the tops of my thigh-highs. It was quiet and the only sound was the click of my heels as I turned the corner onto a seldom-used side street toward my car—and stopped with a gasp. The *other* thing that gets me going is a badass muscle car like the one parked directly in front of mine. It looked just like the Mustang 390 GT that Steve McQueen drove in *Bullitt*. In my book, you just can't get any hotter than that ride. I was still enjoying the buzz I'd gotten from reading the books, but the sight of that car just flat out did it for me.

I looked around, and since no one else was in sight, I walked slowly toward the car and stopped in front of the grille. I placed my hand on the hood. It was still warm. I started circling the car, letting my fingers caress its smooth lines. By the time I reached the back, my heart was pounding. When I'd reached the front again, I took one more look around. Then I set my bag down, reached under my dress, and pulled my thong down and let it fall to the ground. I caressed the bare tops of my thighs and felt my pussy getting wetter and wetter. I brought my fingers up to my mouth and sucked my juices from them. *Mmm ... sweet.*

Knowing the owner could return at any moment, I quickly took off my cape and spread it over the hood—I didn't want to scratch the paint. I looked around one last time before climbing up. I lay on my back, placed one hand on the hood of the car, and let the other fall between my legs. In spite of the cool night air, my pussy was wet and warm. I touched my clit



and began rubbing, slowly at first, then dipping my fingers into my cunt.

I closed my eyes, imagining I was driving the car, and my fingers took on a life of their own, moving faster and faster. I felt the pressure building inside me as my heart raced, pushing me toward the finish line. Suddenly I cried out as my body quivered in release and my juices spilled into my hand and onto the cape. Through the pleasure, I continued rubbing my clit, moaning and trembling uncontrollably until I calmed down.

When I opened my eyes, I was startled to see a tall, good-looking man standing in front of me with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Thanks for keeping my car warm," he said. "Got anything left for me?"

"That depends," I said, hoping he had the correct answer to my next question. "Do you have a condom?"

"Never leave home without 'em," he said, smiling. Then he reached into the back pocket of his black jeans and pulled one out.

I smiled as I brought my left hand up to my lips, licking my fingers clean again. I slid off the car and watched as he unbuttoned his jeans and freed his cock, which was already stiff and oozing pre-come. He was definitely bigger than my boyfriend, and I briefly wondered if I should let this go any further, but as he rolled the condom onto his erection I knew what I wanted—to fuck the driver of this badass car.

Turning around, I placed my hands on the hood of his car and spread my legs as if waiting to be searched. Then I felt him slide my dress up over my hips and press his cock against my bare ass. His firm hands moved up along my thighs, and just when they reached my hips, he drove his full length into me in one quick move. I was so hot that I came just from that initial thrust. He waited until I stopped moaning before he began fucking me, going deeper and harder with each stroke. I didn't know how long we were at it, but I never wanted him to stop.

I heard him shout something before he slammed into me one final time, pinning me to the car.

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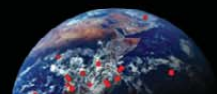
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It seemed as if we'd been fucking for hours, although I'm sure it was only a matter of minutes. However long it was, it felt incredibly decadent, but in the best way possible. Feeling as if I were about to overheat, I reached down to rub my clit. As soon as I did that, I cried out and started coming again. Whether my unknown driver was ready to come at that precise moment or not, I'll never know, but I'm certain I heard him shout something before he slammed into me one final time, pinning me to the car.

As we both took deep, ragged breaths, he slowly pulled away from me and pulled my dress down. I reached for my cape and turned to see him buttoning his pants. I retrieved my bag and thong from the sidewalk and headed for my car. Turning to get a last glimpse of the car, I saw him leaning against it, looking slightly amazed by what had just happened. Then he smiled and looked as if he were about to say something—or, worse yet, ask me my name. He hadn't a clue that if it hadn't been for the car, it never would have happened. But he'd probably figure it out.

As I got into my car, I said, "Have a good night, and thanks for the ride."—*G.L., Washington*

■ WATCHING WHAT YOU DO

One night my boyfriend, Tyler, and I went to a club and I was getting very frustrated. Tyler and I had yet to have sex, and I was still a virgin. I'd been trying to get him to pop my cherry for weeks, but he kept saying that he didn't think he was good enough. I thought maybe going out to a club and dancing would get him riled up, but when I tried kissing him, he turned away, embarrassed by my public display of affection. So when another guy asked me to dance, I said yes. I figured it was time to take myself off that damn pedestal Tyler had me on.

Soon Matt and I were making out and he put his hand up my skirt. I knew Tyler was staring at us as Matt began to run his hands over my body, cupping my ass at one point, then reaching around to play with my pussy, but I didn't care. When Matt asked me if Tyler was my boyfriend, I lied and said he was just some guy I'd met that night. He seemed pleased with that answer, and asked if I wanted to go outside with him so we could "get to know each other better." I jumped at the chance. He was incredibly sexy, he seemed into me, and we'd already gone farther than



Tyler and I ever had.

I had the keys to Tyler's car, so I led Matt through the parking lot to the shiny SUV. As soon as we got in, we started making out, and then he started feeling me up. Soon he was fingering my pussy under my skirt, and I was going crazy. When he pulled the straps of my dress down and took off my bra to suck my nipples, I noticed that the windows were starting to fog.

When I turned my head, I saw Tyler standing outside and watching us, but I really didn't give a shit. Matt had three fingers inside my tight pussy and one of my legs was up on the dashboard. My tits were hanging out so Matt could get to them, and my hair had fallen free from its clip. A moment later, Matt fingered me to a wild orgasm.

I was still shaking from my climax when I decided to fuck him. Matt was

Matt had three fingers inside my tight pussy, and my tits were hanging out so he could get to them.

happy to oblige, and he pulled out what looked to me like a monster cock. Matt knew exactly what to do, and he soon had me flipped over the seat, my legs parted and my cunt wet and ready.

He was a tight fit, and I felt deliciously dirty with his big cock ramming into my virginal pussy and my breasts hanging over the back of the seat, swaying as he worked up a rhythm. His strokes were deep, urgent, and my pussy was making wet sucking noises as he pumped in and out.

When I turned my head to look out the window, I saw that Tyler had moved closer, only a foot away, and was stroking his cock as he watched Matt fuck me. When Tyler came, spraying his come all over the side of the car, I came strongly, too, thanks to Matt's deep penetration. Finally Matt came with a groan, pulling out and shooting his load all over my ass.

Still panting, Matt and I straightened up and got out of the car. That's when Matt saw Tyler standing there.

As we drove home, Tyler told me that even though he was still kind of mad, he was also really turned on from watching me with someone else. When we got back to Tyler's place, we finally fucked. Then he told me that he had gotten so aroused watching Matt and me that he didn't care if I fucked other guys, as long as he could watch sometimes. Of course, I agreed. This night had already been better than I'd ever dreamed.

Over the next few months, I fucked five or six different men while Tyler looked on, and I realized that I liked to be watched just as much as Tyler enjoyed watching. We both get so much pleasure from those situations that I don't think we'll ever stop!—*H.V., Oklahoma*

■ HUNTING FOR CHICKS

I guess I've always been bisexual. I remember one particular drunken night in my early twenties when someone dared me to go down on my best friend at a party. I'd never tasted another woman before, but we were both a little drunk and a lot horny, so I was keen to go for it if she was. Needless to say, it was a night to remember.

A few years later, when I met a man I knew I could love, I had to confess my secret urges for the taste of a hot woman. As I'd chosen well, my boyfriend was more than willing to accommodate my extracurricular bedroom activities, and not much

later, we hooked up with a single chick I had met on an Internet dating site.

We met at a local hotel, and she instantly put us at ease with her big smile. Lana was really confident, and we were happy to let her lead the way. She gave me the most amazing clit-whipping with her tongue. I was so hot, and my pussy was pulsating with every stroke. As I wriggled around on the bed in ecstasy, I could see pre-come already dripping from my boyfriend's cock.

Then she gave my boyfriend a blowjob. He told me afterward that there's nothing that compares to having some random chick wildly suck his dick. Where I "make love" to his cock when I give him head, he said Lana just blew him in the most outrageous way.

After that, my boyfriend fingered Lana's cunt, and after he had her nice and warmed up, he dipped his cock inside her, getting himself nice and wet. Then I grabbed hold of his dick and guided his throbbing member toward her ass. My boyfriend loves anal sex, and though we've tried it a number of times, I've always had a hard time getting relaxed enough to really take him deep inside my ass. Lana, though, seemed to have no trouble, so I knew she and my boyfriend would get along just fine.

Lana took every inch of his hard length into her ass, and although I was looking for signs of discomfort, I didn't see anything on her face or in her body language but utter passion and enjoyment. My boyfriend was really pounding her ass, too, but Lana loved it. And then she came, her ass squeezing his cock tight as she flooded the bed with her juices.

The whole time I was watching them, I was playing with myself using my favorite pink dolphin vibrator. When my boyfriend pulled out and yanked off his condom so he could come all over her tits, I brought myself off, too. All three of us finished with gratifying moans and squirms.

During the course of the night, as we continued to experiment with various positions and combinations, the sheets became soaked and the headboard came away from the wall, leaving several dents from the hard pounding. There was also a pile of used condoms and wrappers in the garbage can and cigarette butts piled high in the small bedside ashtray.

The next day, my boyfriend asked me why I would allow him to sleep with another woman. I told him that



it was my job as a good girlfriend to make sure he was happy, especially sexually, and to deliver anything he wanted in the bedroom. Now, we don't have an open relationship per se, but as long as we're both present, he's welcome to have sex with as many women as he wants. He gets to have all the anal sex he wants with willing and able partners, and I love that I, too, get to have wild and crazy sex with all the hot women we bring home.—*M.B., New York*

■ UP YOUR ASS

It was late, and I'd just come back from the gym, sticky with sweat. I can't fall asleep if I feel dirty, so I took off my clothes, put on my robe, and went to the girls' shower. But, to my dismay, all the showers were in use, so I decided

I'd creep into the boys' shower.

I didn't hear anyone in there, so I opened the door slowly and walked in. But when I rounded the corner to the showers, I was confronted by none other than a tall, handsome football player who happened to live on my floor. He was naked, having just come out of the shower, and was in the process of drying off the massive cock that came with having such a big, muscular body.

Right away my pussy started getting wet, and I knew that I was going to let him fuck me. The lust I felt for him must have been on my face, because he smiled, dropped his towel, and walked right up to me with his dick in his hand. I let my robe fall to the floor and leaned in to kiss him.

I could feel his rod stiffen against my belly as our tongues probed each other's mouth, and I reached down and started stroking his meat very slowly. He let out a moan of pleasure. Then I got down on my knees and took the head of his throbbing cock into my mouth. I held it there, gently sucking and massaging it with the tip of my tongue. Then I pulled my head

Lana took every inch of his hard length into her ass, and I didn't see anything on her face but utter passion.

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back, dragging his stiff dick with me, and there was a loud pop as it slipped out of my still-sucking mouth. Then I leaned in again, taking his cock a little deeper this time. Slowly, I began to move my head back and forth, then pulled away again.

By now, his cock was quivering. I leaned in a third time and took him so far down my throat that my nose was pressed against the base of his cock and buried in his pubes. With my hands free, I reached down and started rubbing my pulsating clit. It felt so good and my pussy was so wet that the juices ran down my fingers and dripped onto the floor.

When he'd had enough of my mouth, he gently pushed me down to the tile floor and knelt over me. Then he climbed on top of me and began to grind his cock along the outer mound of my pussy. I couldn't take it anymore, so I whispered for him to fuck me. His dick was big, and he knew it, so he whispered, "Take a deep breath," then slowly pushed into me.

I gasped as he entered me, but it felt wonderful, too. I'd never had my pussy so full of cock before, and the sensation of him sliding in and out of me was amazing. I grunted with each thrust as my fingernails dug into his back, and soon he was fucking me hard, our bodies making a slapping sound as our pelvises came crashing together. But he wanted more.

He pulled his dick out of me and told me to get on my hands and knees, and I did, sticking my ass high into the air. He placed his hand on top of my crack and used his thumb to probe my soaking-wet cunt. When he had enough lube on it, he pulled his thumb out of my pussy and brought its tip to rest in the center of my pink, puckered asshole. I let out a low sigh as he began to push his greasy thumb into my ass. He worked it in slowly, gaining a bit of ground and pulling it back, only to go back in a little deeper.

I moaned when his first knuckle slipped through the tight boundary of my sphincter. Then he grabbed his cock and guided it into my hungry cunt, thrusting in balls-deep.

I came with his pecker deep inside me, my tight twat spasmodically squeezing the cock that filled it. From the noises he was making, I was pretty sure that he was close, too, but he wasn't finished with me yet. He pulled his thumb out of my ass and began to replace it with his cock. I wasn't expecting that, and I tensed up and pulled back when I felt his dick probe

the outer circle of my backdoor.

"I've never done that," I said.

"I'll be gentle," he replied as he pulled me back by my hips. Then he slowly slipped his cock into my virgin asshole. My ass was incredibly tight, but he used the same technique with his rod as he had with his thumb. He pushed inside a little bit at a time, slowly pulling his cock back and then in a little bit deeper, and soon my sphincter relaxed and he had his pelvis pressed against my ass cheeks.

I began to grunt in pleasure as he started to build a rhythm. He began slowly, sliding deep into my asshole, then pulling almost all the way out, before going back in. He lightly slapped my ass, then started butt-fucking me a little faster.

Now he was grunting, making animal noises, and when he couldn't hold out any longer, he pulled my ass flush against his body and arched his back to get as deep as he could. I felt his fingers dig into my ass cheeks as his cock exploded deep inside me with a torrent of thick come.

When he pulled his cock out, he gave my ass one final slap and sat down on the floor. I turned to face him, still on my hands and knees, and I leaned in and kissed him.

It turned out to be a great school year for the both of us!—*Name and address withheld.*

DIRTY WORDS

I always bring a book when I travel, and when I had to take the train to Boston for a meeting, I was thrilled to have time to start my new book. It was a murder mystery that had been getting rave reviews, so I was looking forward to getting lost in the plot in hopes of making the trip go faster.

The train was fairly empty, since I was leaving so early in the morning, and I found a seat in the back of the car. I shoved my bags into the overhead compartment, grabbed a blanket, and curled up in my seat with my book and started reading. I was drawn into the story from the first sentence, and I found myself forgetting where I was. Then, about a quarter of the way into the story, the mystery was put on hold so the main character could fuck a fellow detective.

As I read through the graphic scene, I couldn't help but get turned on by the author's steamy words. My heart was racing, my pulse pounding, and my pussy throbbing as the couple in the book moved to the bedroom

I felt his fingers dig into my ass cheeks as his cock exploded deep inside me with a torrent of come.

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and started taking off their clothes. I don't know what surprised me more, that the book included such an erotic scene, or that I was so aroused by it.

I reached under my blanket and started rubbing my pussy through my slacks. The more clothing the characters took off, the harder I pressed, trying to stop the ache between my legs. It wasn't enough, though, and as the story progressed, I unsnapped my pants and moved my hand inside my panties.

I could feel how wet I was through the thin cotton of my underwear, and I knew I wouldn't be satisfied if I didn't do something more, so I pulled aside the damp crotch of my panties as best I could and wiggled my fingers past the bunched-up material. Now my fingers were pressed against my warm, wet pussy, and I could feel my heart start to pound even more.

My eyes were glued to my book, where the characters were just starting to fuck, and I rubbed my fingers all over my pussy, feeling the sticky wetness start to coat my fingers.

With my fingers nicely lubed, I traced circles around my pussy, each one getting smaller until my index finger was right on top of my clit. My button was hard and throbbing, and I lightly ran the very tip of my finger back and forth over it. The girl in the book was riding her partner like a cowgirl from the Wild West, and I could see the scene in my head, the author's words coming to life for me and making me want to come.

I started toggling my clit more, putting a bit more pressure on the hot nub and shuddering each time I felt a sharp wave of pleasure race through my body. I was incredibly aroused now, and as the characters in my book continued their wild romp, I eased a finger into my dripping-wet pussy.

A quiet sigh escaped my lips as my finger slid in slowly and I imagined the girl in the story making a similar sound as the detective's cock slid into her. I thrust my finger in and out, but the more I fingered myself, the more I wanted—needed, really—to be fucked. I had no one around to take care of me, though, so I simply added a second finger and continued finger-fucking myself.

I was panting now, getting hotter by the second, and my pussy was tingling. Soon I found myself sliding a third finger into my pussy.


I could feel myself nearing climax. I felt impossibly full, my fingers stretching my pussy as wide as it had



ever been, and I couldn't stop. My fingers were working faster, thrusting harder, as I tried to get myself off as quickly as possible.

I gasped as I felt myself go over the edge. I was coming harder than I ever had, and I wasn't even fucking anyone. I kept pumping my fingers in and out, not stopping until I was spent. When I was done, I pulled my fingers from my pussy and sighed in contentment.

That's when I remembered where I was, and I felt my cheeks flame as it dawned on me that anyone passing through my car could've seen or heard me pleasuring myself. A quick glance around assured me that that hadn't happened, though, as the only other person was several rows ahead of me, snoring loudly.

Confident that I hadn't been caught, I straightened out my blanket, lifted the book into my line of sight, and started reading again. I still had an hour left, and I was really enjoying my novel!—*T.R., Maryland* 

I traced circles around my pussy, each one getting smaller until my finger was right on top of my clit.

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

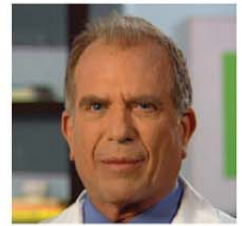
As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.



I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

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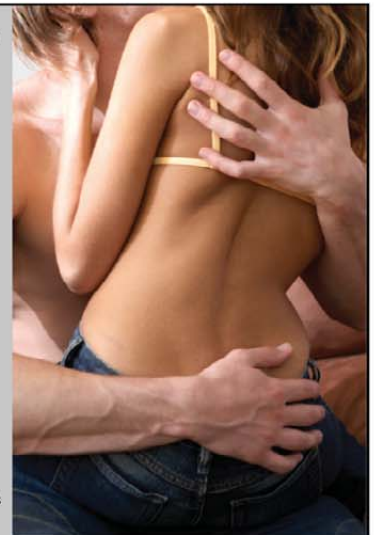


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