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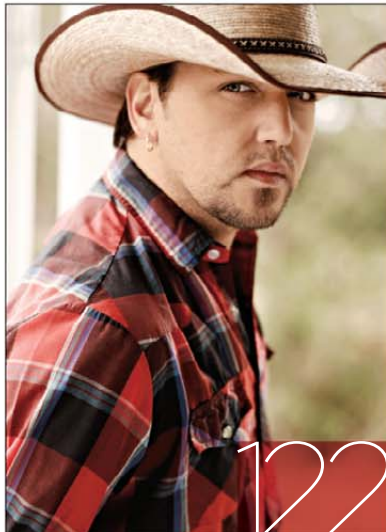


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Correction from Summer 2009: The photographs for "No Pants!" on pages 100–103 should have been credited "Photographs by Chad Nicholson." We regret the omission.

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Between Us Girls

After Gina caught her boyfriend with the FedEx girl and kicked him to the curb, I rounded up a few girlfriends for a cheering-up party at my place. I made sure I had lots of liquor, and all the girls surprised her with kinky sex toys and racy lingerie to raise her spirits. Gina loved all the gifts, especially Tony, the hot-looking male stripper I'd hired. Tony's a good friend of mine, so I knew I could count on him to follow instructions and give Gina his undivided attention—and she loved it!

Hours later, after Tony had been well-paid, he and the girls spilled into a cab and headed for parts unknown. Gina decided to stay over since my boyfriend was hanging out at his brother's house, having been told that this was going to be "girls' night."

Gina and I were both still buzzed from the drinks, Tony's sensuous moves, and the outrageous party favors when we changed into two of my boyfriend's jerseys. Gina kept tell-

ing me what a good time she'd had and thanking me for the party. Then she pulled me into her arms and pressed her lips to mine. The kiss was unexpected, but I didn't pull away. Instead, I leaned closer until my breasts were pressed against hers.

I'd never kissed another girl before. I'd thought about it, but never had the nerve to do it until now. Maybe it was because Gina was a good friend and I felt comfortable with her—comfortable enough that I wanted more than a simple kiss. I just wasn't sure how far she wanted to go.

Seconds later, I got my answer when she eased her tongue into my mouth and slid her hand under my shirt. By the time she started fondling my tit and rolling my nipple between her fingers, our tongues were engaged in a dueling match.

By the time she started rolling my nipple between her fingers, our tongues were engaged in a dueling match.

I couldn't believe I was doing this, but it felt too good to stop. I lowered my hand to her crotch and found her panties wet with desire. She'd probably started creaming when Tony began rubbing his fat cock up against her. But when I worked my hand inside her panties, my fingers found even more moisture. I stroked her slit a couple of times, then delved between her slippery folds and pressed two fingers inside her cunt, causing her to moan into my mouth. She felt slippery-hot and juicy, and I had an incredible urge to sink my tongue into that wet heat.

Gina moaned again when I withdrew my fingers and pushed her back onto the sofa. I pulled the jersey up above her breasts and quickly licked and sucked her nipples before kissing my way down her flushed body. I ran my tongue through her damp bush, then pulled back the hood hiding her pleasure knob and flicked my tongue over it. Gina cried out, and gripped my shoulders to hold me in place. I buried my face in her pussy and didn't let up until Gina rewarded me with the most delicious treat of my life.

I hadn't thought about more than the need to satisfy my own curiosity and make Gina feel good—until she sat up and pulled off my jersey. As she began to suck on my breasts, I begged her to let me taste her again.

"Later," she said, as she turned me over and tongued the entrance to my ass. Then she pressed one finger into my asshole and a couple others inside my aching pussy, double-fucking me until I cried out that I was coming. Then she crawled beneath me and sucked me off until I exploded.

Afterward, we did the next logical thing—we gathered up all of Gina's new toys and took them to the bedroom to test them out. By morning, there wasn't a dildo or vibrator that wasn't soaked with our scents. We fell asleep in each other's arms, only to start up again when we woke.

Since neither of us had planned on this, we haven't decided yet if we want to invite my boyfriend to join us. I think for right now, we just want to keep it between us girls. —L.T., New York

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10005.



L.T., before hair restoration



L.T., after hair restoration.
Individual results may vary.

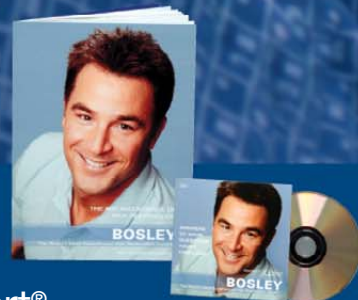
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JUST FOR FUN

When my flight out of Atlanta was canceled and I found myself stranded at the airport, I picked up a paperback at the newsstand, took a seat, and settled down for a good read. I'd just cracked the book open when a tall, sultry-looking woman came over and asked if I had a smoke. At nearly \$10 per pack, my usual answer to that question is, "Sorry," but one look at her had me saying, "Sure," and suggesting we head for the smoking area.

When I offered to light Robin's cigarette, she touched my hand—we caught each other in mutual smiles. She took a seat across from me and crossed a pair of long, shapely legs. She looked classy in her gray pinstripe suit, with a cream-colored camisole, pearls, stockings, and high heels, and she was eyeing me like I was on her to-do list, which certainly wasn't a bad thing. I'm sure I was looking at her the exact same way.

"Was your flight canceled, too?" I asked, hoping for the best.

"Yes, but I have a car coming to take me to a hotel," she said. "You should join me—it'll be fun." It wasn't really a request, more like a polite directive, and I was just horny enough to let her lead me around by the dick.

"Beats sitting around here for the rest of the night," I said, certain that once we got to the hotel we wouldn't be playing cards.

We played around a little in the limo, enough that I was hard as a rock by the time we reached the hotel. In the room, she stood facing the dresser, toying with the ties to her camisole, her breasts heaving slightly, her nipples already hard and visible against the material. I moved behind her and slid my hand along her body and under her camisole. She placed her hand over mine and I pulled her back against me, pressing the hard ridge of my cock firmly between her ass cheeks. I wanted to rip the clothes from her body and bury my aching cock in her heat, but we had all night until our rescheduled flight and I wanted us both to enjoy the sex.

But I soon realized that Robin was also hot enough to want to forgo the foreplay when she turned around and began undressing me. While she busied herself unzipping my pants and pulling them and my briefs down simultaneously, I took off my shirt. She



was on her knees with my cock in her mouth before I had a chance to undress her.

Her tongue was doing things that made me want to shoot off like an out-of-control teenager, but I gritted my teeth and let her lick and suck till I could no longer take it. Then I pulled her to her feet and stripped her of everything but her pearls, bra, garter, stockings, and high heels. I turned her toward the mirror as I fondled her breast with one hand and cupped her pussy with the other. She leaned forward against the dresser and I could hear the pearls rattling back and forth against the surface as she squirmed and her breathing became heavy.

"What are you waiting for?" she said, in a hoarse voice. "Fuck me!"

In one quick move, I pushed my throbbing cock in as she pushed back. I was balls-deep, gripped by her pussy. I wanted to savor that tight-as-a-glove feeling, but Robin was deter-

mined to get me moving. Her hips started moving to and fro, then in a circular motion, and I couldn't help but thrust into her.

"Harder, harder, harder," she chanted, as I slammed into her core, slapping skin against skin, her pearls bouncing against the wood and the dresser banging against the wall. I couldn't ever remember having felt such a buildup before climaxing. I felt like a piece of machinery about to overheat. And as I teetered on the edge of a massive explosion, Robin screamed and I felt her pussy contracting in orgasm, squeezing my cock until I erupted in pleasure. If we hadn't had the dresser to hold us up, we would have slid to the floor.

As soon as I could find my legs, I picked Robin up, carried her to the bed, and collapsed next to her, still breathing hard. Then I felt her hot mouth on my dick again, sucking it back to life, and I wondered whether or not we'd make our rescheduled flight in the morning.—J.R., Ohio

More letters on page 207

I pushed my throbbing cock in as she pushed back. I was balls-deep, gripped by her pussy.

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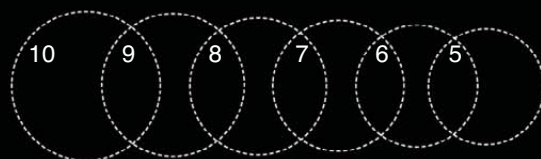
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Guitar Heroes

Director Davis Guggenheim, who worked with Al Gore on *An Inconvenient Truth* and the First Family on Barack Obama's campaign biopic, tapped the expertise, fond memories, and smokin' licks of rock stars Jimmy Page, the Edge, and Jack White for a celluloid love letter to the electric guitar.

ILLUSTRATION BY COULLAS & LOURDES



Loud Love

An *Inconvenient Truth* director Davis Guggenheim turns his attention from global warming to hot riffs in his new documentary about the electric guitar, *It Might Get Loud*.

You don't have to be a *Guitar World* subscriber to geek out about Davis Guggenheim's new ax-oriented documentary: He assembled Jimmy Page, the Edge, and Jack White to riff on the electric guitar and their histories with and connection to the instrument. The supremely enjoyable result, *It Might Get Loud*, is required viewing for all rock fans.

What's the difference between working with Al Gore and rock stars?
A killer soundtrack. Seriously, I could have photographed a carpet being vacuumed and this film would be watchable.

Jimmy Page is a notoriously difficult interview.
Our first thought was, *We'll never get*

Jimmy, so let's move on. Then again, how could we not try? When I finally sat down with him in London, he was very talkative.

How do you account for that?

I think what appealed to Jimmy was the idea of telling a story organically, not simply giving the Wikipedia version of things. How many music documentaries have you watched that are about car accidents and drug

overdoses? Instead of being shallow but wide, our idea was to go narrow but deep.

Did hanging out with rock stars make you feel like a rock star?

Actually—the opposite. It made me feel like a fan. But you can't become the googly-eyed kid.

Meanwhile, there's a moment in the movie when even Jack White and the Edge become googly-eyed kids.

Oh, yeah. We had the so-called “summit” in L.A., when we finally brought the three guys together. They chatted for three hours, then, out of nowhere, Jimmy stood up, picked up the guitar, and played “Whole Lotta Love.” And Jack and Edge—their jaws just fell to the floor.

“Out of nowhere, Jimmy stood up and played ‘Whole Lotta Love.’ And Jack and Edge—their jaws just fell to the floor.”

***It Might Get Loud* isn't just a guitar doc. It's also about the love of music.**

Precisely. The instrument itself is not what's interesting. Rather, it's the journey that they all took to become artists. But I should never say that, because that's exactly how you make an audience run away. "Artists." Oh, God. Please cut that.

Nope, sorry. Why these three guys?

I did have the instinct to leave an empty chair for Jimi Hendrix, because I felt like he should be there. I didn't ever want it to feel like we were excluding people. I worried about that.

How did you choose?

Very carefully. I looked at the top-100 guitar-player list that *Rolling Stone* made. Pretty ridiculous. Why is this guy at number eight and this other guy at number five? Why is Eddie Van Halen so low? It's absurd, the whole process of rating your favorite director or novelist. Or porn star.

That would take some time for us.

Was there any rock-star behavior during the shoot?

Surprisingly not. I think that was what was common about them. You can have guitarists who are virtuosos and guitarists who are celebrities. But not everyone is a searcher. There I go again. I guess when I hear myself talk about it, it sounds artsy-fartsy, but you have to find faith in your process.

You also worked with Barack Obama on his biographical film that played during the Democratic convention.

How does *It Might Get Loud* fit into your politics?

I prefer letting people tell their own stories. I don't want to be the guy who keeps making environmental films—I'm not an activist.

You're a rocker.

Let's just say I fiddle around. My son plays, too.

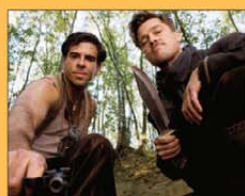
Did you ever want to jump in there and jam with these guys?

Um, no. If they invited me, I would have lied.

Are girls going to like your movie?

Sure—girls who rock. Actually, I'm most afraid of guitar geeks being our biggest critics. We wanted to make a movie for everyone. And wait till the DVD comes out. Secret surprises.

REVIEWS



Inglourious Basterds

The buzz at Cannes was faultfinding: too talky, too violent, too schlocky, too loaded with references to spaghetti westerns and other men-on-a-mission movies. In other words, a total Quentin Tarantino flick. What's the problem? Fans should remain stoked for QT's latest, about a squad of Jewish fighters taking revenge on Nazis by any means necessary (preferably brutal). Brad Pitt stars as the unit's lieutenant, but Germany's Christoph Waltz nearly steals the picture as the ultimate baddie. As for the misspelled title, Tarantino refuses to explain it. We can't help but admire that basterd.



The Final Destination

If you've never seen a *Final Destination* movie, you're missing one of horror's most underrated pleasures. Teens shedding clothes and meeting gory ends should be the baseline, people. What this franchise does is build Hitchcock-worthy suspense sequences of pure editing and momentum: Death comes randomly from above (falling plates of glass), in your comfortable kitchen (microwave explosion), at the gym (rickety bench press)—wherever you least expect it. Forget the boring actors and rote storylines. Go for the creative kills. It's also in 3-D, meaning your heart may actually explode.

PREVIEW



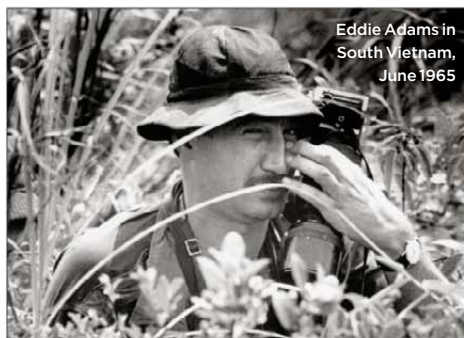
In the Loop

In the Loop's screenwriters work in profanity the way other artists might work in oils or clay. It's their true medium (to paraphrase *A Christmas Story*). This biting British political comedy costarring James Gandolfini as a pissed-off U.S. general will teach you wonderful new ways of swearing. Serious swearing. Ornate, baroque cussing. Indeed, there will not be a more profane film released this year, or any year. Why tell a press officer to simply leave the room when you can tell her to fuck off, twice, and remind her that "this is a government department, not some fucking Jane fucking Austen novel" and that you have a lubricated horse cock? (And there's far worse.) Most of this abuse is targeted at actor Tom Hollander—the smarmy villain from the *Pirates of the Caribbean* trilogy. Here, he's a meek government minister who nearly triggers a war with an innocuous comment. But rest easy: *In the Loop* isn't about weighty politics. It's a buzzing, fast-paced story about spin doctoring and the handlers who go ballistic, taking shoptalk to deliriously inappropriate ends. The movie will remind you of an unhinged episode of *The Office*, with characters so stunned, their mouths hang open. Prepare to quote from it until you are reprimanded. Also, Mena Suvari look-alike Anna Chlumsky = eye candy.





FLICKS



Eddie Adams in
South Vietnam,
June 1965



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BOTTOM LEFT) AP PHOTO

POINT and SHOOT

Eddie Adams will always be remembered for the iconic image at the top of this page. But he also was a perfect *Penthouse* girl photographer. A new movie tries to capture all aspects of a complicated man.

The Eddie Adams I knew would have loved the idea of being the star of his own movie, but he might not have loved everything about *An Unlikely Weapon*, the new film about his life, directed by Susan Morgan Cooper and narrated by Kiefer Sutherland. For one thing, Eddie hated the idea of hype. Being hailed as a “legend” who changed history would have made him laugh with derision.

But more important, I think he would have resented the film’s focus on his Pulitzer Prize-winning photo of a 1968 Saigon street execution. He knew the photo’s lurid fame would follow him, but he bitterly regretted the fact that the executioner, General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, was vilified until the end of his life. As he wrote in *Time* magazine after Loan’s death in 1998, “What would you do if you were the general at that time and place on that hot day, and you caught the so-called bad guy after he blew away one, two, or three American soldiers?”

Eddie was much, much more than the man who happened to snap that photo in Saigon in 1968, and the film really comes to life when it leaves Vietnam behind and gives us glimpses of the feisty

lensman whose iconic celebrity photos for *Parade* gave that newspaper supplement a world-class reputation. Eddie knew the worth of fame, but he never lost sight of his own worth as well. When Fidel Castro kept him waiting too long for a photo shoot, Eddie told the dictator’s minions he was going home. Quickly, Fidel apologized and invited Eddie duck hunting. The resulting photographs are classics.

Eddie really enjoyed shooting celebrities. He knew he was good at it and he was happy to earn the inflated fees he could charge because they enabled him to help dozens of younger photographers at the free workshop he ran. He also loved photographing girls for *Penthouse*, and one of the highlights of the movie is his monologue on how his erotic pictorials were the result of driving the models into a frenzy of sexual frustration.

“Maybe one day, if I take the perfect picture, I’ll be happy,” Eddie said. The truth is, he took hundreds, and people will always be enthralled by his wonderful, funny, terrifying, beautiful, scary, and always very human photos. *An Unlikely Weapon*, despite its flaws, is indispensable because it captures, forever, the unforgettable man behind the camera. —Peter Bloch



FAMILY TIES

If you still miss the bad boy with the badge from *The Shield*, catch up with the biker antiheroes of FX's new gritty drama.

Sons of Anarchy

The Plot: In some ways, *Sons of Anarchy* is your typical family drama. Clay (Ron Perlman) and Gemma (Katey Sagal) head up the Tellow-Morrow clan, which owns a neighborhood auto-repair shop and struggles with messy divorces and bizarre love triangles. They also happen to run a notorious Northern California biker gang, and their idea of "family time" includes trafficking illegal weapons, fighting a rival gang of white-supremacist meth-heads, and imposing vigilante justice on the locals.

Buy or Rent? Rent. Unless you've been harboring a Peg Bundy obsession since the late eighties, you probably won't watch it repeatedly. But you should get up to speed before rocker Henry Rollins takes on the crew next season.

Added Value? Bonus features include a gag reel, commentaries, deleted scenes, and a making-of featurette.



Easy Rider

The Plot: After closing a drug deal in L.A., two bikers (Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper) stash the cash inside a motorcycle fuel tank and head to Mardi Gras. Along the way, they get high, get arrested, and get their asses handed to them by a bunch of rednecks.

Buy or Rent? Buy. Its hippie-trippy idealism might seem a little hokey after 40 years, but it does triple duty as buddy movie, road-trip saga, and one of the original stoner flicks.

Added Value? The extras probably won't blow you away—the last big re-release included a making-of documentary, audio commentary, and talent files (in case you're wondering who that talented young actor named Jack Nicholson is).



Natural Born Killers

The Plot: Few movies in history have pissed off as many people as Oliver Stone's supremely fucked-up love story. Mickey and Mallory (Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis) take a sociopathic road trip through New Mexico, making occasional pit stops to massacre the locals and becoming unlikely media darlings in the process.

Buy or Rent? Rent. This movie can basically make you lose your faith in humanity in two hours flat, so one screening is plenty.

Added Value? Sure, you could call it that. The Blu-ray director's cut includes a scene that makes the jailhouse riot even more gory, along with the alternate ending, documentary on the media shitstorm surrounding the movie, deleted scenes, and Stone's appearance on Charlie Rose that were on earlier releases. New features include "NBK Evolution: How Would It All Go Down Now?"



This Is Spinal Tap

The Plot: Cue the "it goes to 11" jokes. *Spinal Tap*, widely considered the best cult film of all time, turns 25 this year and celebrates with a Blu-ray release. The mockumentary follows a fading glam-rock band as it clings to its last milliseconds of fame, desperately trying to stay relevant with the help of a very small Stonehenge replica and a very loud amp.

Buy or Rent? Buy. Comedies don't get much better than this. The film is revered by rock stars and preserved in the National Film Registry. And David St. Hubbins would never settle for standard def, would he?

Added Value? Pretty good, especially for a fictional band—highlights include a Live Earth performance from 2007, a Flower People press conference, four music videos, and an hour's worth of deleted footage.



REVIEWS

Good & Plenti

Interpol frontman Paul Banks steps out with an alter ego and a surprisingly inviting side project.



JULIAN PLENTI

Julian Plenti Is ... Skyscraper
(Matador) ★★★★★

Julian Plenti is the nom de rock of Paul Banks, the dapper lead singer of urban gloomsayers Interpol—a man better known for his charismatically cold croon than his songwriting. So the 11 warm, remarkably assured tracks on his solo debut come as a welcome surprise, especially since they arrive on the heels of Interpol's turgid 2007 album, *Our Love to Admire*. Yet where that album was swampy and self-serious, Banks—er, Plenti—lightens his New York nocturnes with delicate flourishes: lilting acoustic guitar on “On the Esplanade,” sultry strings on “Girl on the Sporting News,” and spooky samples of otherworldly voices throughout. Opener “Only If You Run” has the sexy swagger of the best Interpol songs but without the Joy Division-esque lack of joy, and the irresistible “Unwind” kicks out the poppiest trumpet hook this side of Herb Alpert. City kids: This is your day at the beach.



PREVIEW



IMOGEN HEAP

Ellipse
(RCA)

British chanteuse Imogen Heap creates tapestries of affecting—if unspecific—emotion by stitching together bleeps, bloops, and, above all, scraps of her own haunting voice. With her focus on the atmospheric, it's no wonder that Heap's biggest success has come via soundtrack work: Her transporting “Hide and Seek” perfectly captured the mid-2000s emo ennui of *The O.C.* and various Zach Braff films. *Ellipse*, her third album, does not stray from the formula, with one exception: the bitchy “Bad Body Double.”



SUGAR RAY

Music for Cougars
(Pulse) ★★

This is without a doubt the best album featuring a Hollywood newsmagazine host that you'll hear this year—unless Billy Bush finally gets around to releasing his death metal record. (If that happens, all bets are off.) Faint praise aside, *Music for Cougars*, the cheekily titled comeback by Cali cheeseballs Sugar Ray, is pretty solid. These guys were always at their best when (a) writing hooky, summer pop jams and (b) not taking themselves too seriously, and on *Cougars* they do lots of (a) and just enough of (b) to get by.



FRUIT BATS

The Ruminant Band
(Sub Pop) ★★★★★

Fruit Bats are part of the proud, if recent, tradition of excellent, neo-Americana collectives that inexplicably record for former grunge haven Sub Pop Records. Unfortunately for them—and for listeners in general—their previous albums have been woefully overlooked, often dismissed for being less poppy than the Shins and less bearded than Iron and Wine. But all of that should change with *The Ruminant Band*, a wonderfully woodsy, lived-in collection of haunting, instantly memorable folk.

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Batman: Arkham Asylum



EIDOS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC) ★★★★★

The game's opening credit sequence of Batman following a newly recaptured Joker deep into Arkham Asylum had us worried. It's a *looong* walk ... too long, in our opinion. But it does set up the emotionally dark feel of the story, which fits into the space between Tim Burton's 1989 movie and Christopher Nolan's recent installments. Instead of letting you roam the familiar locale of Gotham, Rocksteady Studios has locked you—"Bats," as the Joker (voiced by Mark Hamill) sweetly calls him—within the unsettling world of the asylum. With Commissioner Gordon's techie daughter, the Oracle, to guide him, Batman will make his way through the treacherous prison, taking down henchmen 15 at a time and relying on his best detective skills—including the ability to detect the presence of pheromones, whisky trails, and blood—to unravel the Joker's plans. Of course, the Joker has some help on his side as well: Bane, Killer Croc, Victor Zsasz, and the buxom Harley Quinn, who's donned a particularly sexy outfit for the occasion. As you progress, you'll unlock several new gadgets and cool new abilities—like surveying the area while hanging upside down from a gargoyle—and discover interview tapes that allow you to really get inside the heads of your enemies.

PREVIEWS



Madden NFL 2010

ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX 360, PS3, PS2, WII, PSP, DS, IPHONE)

John Madden has retired, but his franchise is still going strong. Once again, hard-core football fans will sit down en masse to pummel the opposing team.

Rocks: The game is moving more toward simulation than arcade, with injury reports that have consequences for your team and Procedural Tackling that makes taking down players much more lifelike. Instead of having to wait for scripted action to play out, what happens in the up-to-nine-man tackle depends mostly on your players' stats and your gifted thumbs. You can also now run the Wildcat formation, if that's something you've been itching to do.

Flops: In a turn away from realism, the grass is totally flat-looking. Also, we're not really sure if this is a flop, but two NFL stars share in the Madden Curse of the Cover Photo: Troy Polamalu and Larry Fitzgerald. Good luck, guys.



WOLFENSTEIN

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The game that revolutionized the way we think about shooters and playing online with others has returned once again, picking up where *Return to Castle Wolfenstein* left off.

Rocks: Sweet weapons like the Tesla cannon and the Particle cannon let you electrocute and vaporize up-to-no-good Nazis who have been investigating a secret power source in another dimension. The "veil powers" of the other side allow you to slow down time and walk through walls; then you have to figure out how to deal with the Nazis once they harness the same powers.

Flops: The veil powers are, for the most part, nothing we haven't seen before, but *Wolfenstein* is still fun.



AION: THE TOWER OF ETERNITY

NCSOFT (PC)

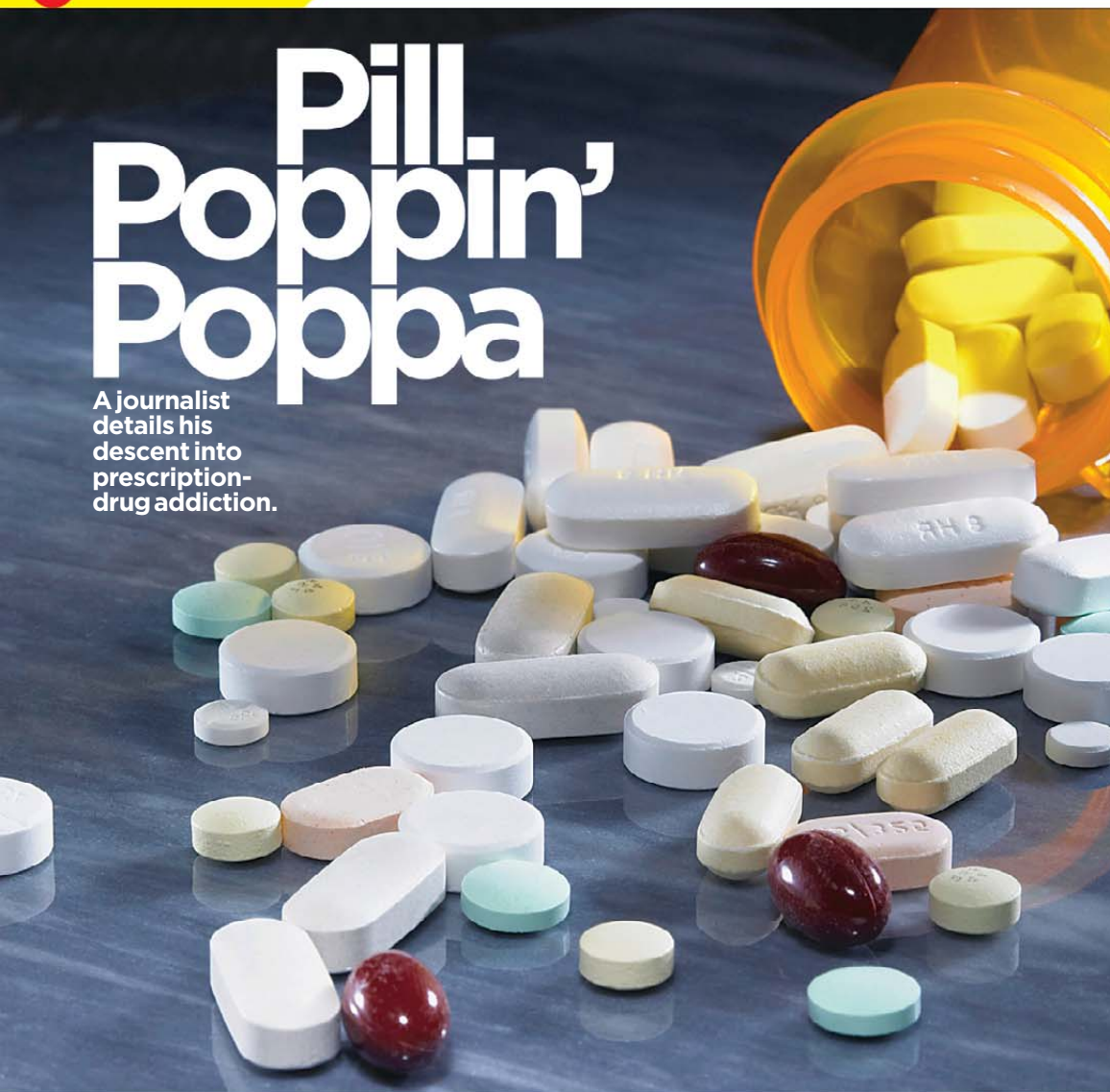
This MMORPG (for the uninitiated, that stands for "massively multiplayer online role-playing game") is already a hit over in Korea, and it deserves to hit big here. While you wait for the next expansion of *World of Warcraft* or *EverQuest* to come out, try this one on for size.

Rocks: There are stunning graphics, intense item crafting, and deep character design within the four classes. The characters' ability to fly on their own without the assistance of mounts or vehicles is cool. We love the deeply philosophical plotline that could have spilled from the mind of J.R.R. Tolkien.

Flops: We wonder if too much is being jammed into one game, and if there will be enough players to make it as entertaining as it could be. 아

Pill Poppin' Poppa

A journalist details his descent into prescription-drug addiction.



Pill Head: The Secret Life of a Painkiller Addict
By Joshua Lyon
Hyperion

Addiction memoirs are not only thriving as a publishing trend in the post-James Frey era, they've become a genre unto themselves, complete with their own formulaic structure: Protagonist suffers childhood trauma/feels low self-esteem and emptiness/uses drugs and/or alcohol to fill the hole. Joshua Lyon's *Pill Head* follows this structure to some degree, but it adds a few new wrinkles, foremost of which is an element he repeatedly explores in conversations with doctors and users: Because prescription drugs are legal, people feel safer about taking them. They have that medical seal of approval, so even when they're being misused or redirected, people tend to underestimate the risks involved.

Lyon starts out with an assignment from *Jane* magazine to see how easy it is to order pills online.

Turns out, very easy. Curious, he takes a few ... then a few more. Soon his stash is gone and he re-ups. Before long, he is using all the time, eventually gaining access to a notorious dealer nicknamed Candyman. "As long as I had pills, I had a friend," Lyon writes, and the power of his story lies in its avoidance of sentimentality or "life lessons." Lyon isn't big on meetings, he roundly criticizes DARE and Just Say No, and he talks about the highs of drug

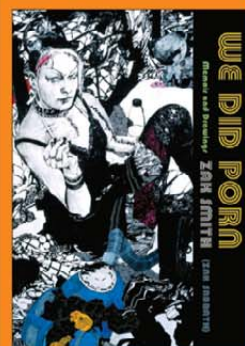


use as well as the lows. He also looks at the facts about prescription drugs and interviews a range of people caught in their web. The result is a forceful cautionary tale, made all the more effective by its lack of moralizing. **A-**

REVIEWS



This collection of essays, short stories, articles, and even a cartoon is bizarrely disparate: The topics range from prostitution to goth to tennis, but in Ames's capable hands, the disparity works, whether he's recounting being lusted after by two virgins or duking it out as an amateur boxer. When the double virgins don't pan out, he writes, "I went from feeling like a valued, golden penis-bearer to an easily replaced and dismissed little eunuch." Ames, of course, is neither easily dismissed nor replaced.



Alongside "fine artist" and "porn star" on Zak Smith's unique résumé, you can now add the phrase "entertaining and resourceful writer." The Yale-educated artist, who was featured in the Whitney Biennial as well as in several alt-porn flicks, has a book about his turns in porn. It's exhaustive, perceptive, empathic, and very funny. It also provides a long answer to what Smith dubs "the World's Stupidest Question." The short answer quickly follows, and it's "to have sex with attractive women." —*John Bolster*

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AUSTRIAN MUSCLE, AMERICAN STYLE

Buell takes its new race-proven chassis and tweaks it for the streets.

By Bill Heald

Motorcycle designer Erik Buell loves to do things differently, and he has yet to build a motorcycle that doesn't have a unique styling signature you can spot a mile away. The 1125CR has been described as Buell's twenty-first-century interpretation of the classic café racer, but it looks like it has more Dark Knight than pub-crawler in its

genes. What resembles bat wings on the front sides of the machine are actually shrouds for the radiators, and they ensure that this bike will never be mistaken for any other make of motorcycle.

The chassis is an interesting mix of innovative racing technology and tried-and-true horsepower; the Helicon engine is built by longtime engine builder Rotax in Austria and bolted into Buell's unique frame. This stout engine is a liquid-cooled, 72-degree V-twin that belts out 146 horsepower at the crankshaft, and this year has redesigned fuel injectors, new O₂ sensors, and upgraded engine spark and fuel-mapping software. These tweaks are designed to improve engine smoothness at lower RPM, but throttle response can still be a bit abrupt in heavy traffic, as the CR wants to burst through the pack and run free like an angry stallion. The exhaust is interesting: The two cylinders send their burned fuel residue to a huge collector/muffler at the bottom of the bike that was



designed to both enhance power and centralize mass for better handling. A six-speed transmission is mated to a clean, efficient belt drive—a Buell exclusive in this class of motorcycle.


The engine is rigidly mounted to the backbone of this beast, as an integral part of what Buell calls the Intuitive Response Chassis. The heart of it is an aluminum frame that houses the bike's 5.3-gallon fuel tank, and is tuned for both overall stiffness and mid-corner bump compliance. Steering is responsive to the point of being almost twitchy, and the riding position puts a lot of weight on your wrists, but the flat handlebars mean you're still upright enough for heads-up city prowling. The fully adjustable suspension can

Buell's latest street fighter fuses a racing chassis with dark warrior style that's sure to attract catwomen.





be easily dialed in to the riding environment, be it a pothole-infested cityscape or smooth rural twisties. Braking chores are handled by Buell's unusual ZTL2 single front perimeter disc, with an eight-piston caliper, and a more conventional single disc in back. They do the business just fine, although the rear could be a bit more responsive.

A slick instrument cluster has a large, centrally mounted tachometer with a digital speedometer and trip computer/diagnostic display below, and these instruments do more than look cool; they make for a very functional information center. The seat cowl gives the CR a solo look when you're on your own, but is easily removed when the right passenger comes along. The 1125CR is a seriously stoked urban ride that's fast, funky, and definitely a standout in the genre of street fighters. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 72-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	103 mm x 67.5 mm
Displacement	1,125 cc
Fuel system	DDFI III fuel injection
Ignition	Transistorized
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	47-mm Showa inverted forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single Showa shock, fully adjustable
Front brake	Single ZTL2 375-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 240-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	5.3 gallons
Wheelbase	54.5 inches
Seat height	30.5 inches
Dry weight	375 pounds
MSRP	\$11,999



CATCHING THEIR DRIFT

Hyundai's much anticipated rear-drive Genesis Coupe is finally here—and it was totally worth the wait.

By Bill Heald



excellent brakes that grace all Coupe models, and 19-inch wheels instead of the standard 18-inch units.

From the moment you slide into the cockpit and get comfortable in the firm, supportive seats, you know this whip is built for business. The V-6 is as smooth and polished as it is potent, delivering a charismatic (though slightly subdued) exhaust note and a great surge of power once

It was a cruel tease. The year was 2008, the locale the New York International Auto Show. Two stunning coupes were launched from the corners onto a dance floor and started spinning their rear tires and sliding around gracefully, thrilling the packed room of journalists. As this was the third floor of the Javits Convention Center, everyone was pretty impressed, and ultimately amazed, when the stunt drivers, two very hot women, emerged from their rides to thunderous applause. They were as strong, sensuous, and stimulating as the Hyundai Genesis Coupes they handled so flawlessly. "Okay," we said collectively. "When can we have one?"

I can't speak on the availability of the smokin' female stunt drivers, but after more than a year of waiting you can finally purchase the car in question. And now that we've had some quality time with Hyundai's flagship performance coupe, it's clear the company worked hard on this carefully balanced platform to get everything just right, from the feel of the steering to the contours of the elegantly sculpted bucket seats.

The name *Genesis* was not only purloined from the Bible (and an old *Star Trek* flick in which Captain Kirk experienced Khan's wrath), it is shared with Hyundai's new rear-drive performance sedan, which is a jewel in its own right. But the Coupe chassis is unique to its mission, which is to make your life much more entertaining.

There are two engines available, starting with a two-liter turbocharged inline four that pumps out 210 horsepower and is available in four


trim lines. In three of these variants you can choose from a six-speed manual or five-speed Shiftronic automatic, with the R-Spec getting the manual only. The big dog in the Genesis Coupe kennel is a 3.8-liter V-6 (shared with the Genesis sedan) that delivers 306 tire-smoking ponies to the pavement and can be had with either a six-speed manual or a six-speed Shiftronic automatic transmission. The V-6 models come with standard leather seats and three trim variations, including 3.8, Grand Touring, and Track. Naturally, we snagged the V-6 with the slick-shifting manual and the Track trim line, which includes a stiffer, performance-tuned suspension, larger Brembo versions of the





you push the tach needle around the dial. Rear-wheel drive architecture delivers a very predictable power-sliding drift persona with the Electronic Stability Control (ESC) turned off, but it doesn't activate too abruptly when you leave it on—as long as you're on slate-smooth pavement. When the going gets bumpy, the firm suspension causes the ESC to kick in pretty frequently, but hey, if the system's warning light

isn't blinking, you're not trying hard enough. Besides, this electronic safety overlord can prevent you from involuntarily altering your neighbor's landscaping if your negotiation of that last turn before your driveway is too spirited. Not that this happened to us, of course. No way.

And why would it? The fact is, the balance of the Coupe's chassis, in concert with near-telepathic steering feel (almost too expressive over badly beaten-up roads), makes keeping the Genesis on track an easy affair. And with some of the best brakes found on any sporting automobile at any price, the performance résumé is flawless. Rounding out the package is the latest in available e-goodies, like push-button starting and a kickass iPod-compatible Infinity ten-speaker sound system. Last but certainly not least is wonderfully accessible pricing that ensures this hot machine is a cheap date as well. Camaro and Mustang? Beware. 

The Coupe's sleek, sensuous styling is just a hint of the pleasure that awaits once you climb behind the wheel.

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	3.8 liter V-6
Power	306 horsepower
Torque	266 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual or six-speed automatic
Front tires	P225/40YR19
Rear tires	P245/40YR19
Curb weight	3,389 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	6.25 seconds
Top speed	149 mph (electronically governed)
Fuel capacity	17.2 gallons
Fuel economy	17 city/26 highway
Price (as tested)	\$30,375



Nice Try

All too often, the douche bag gets the girl. Penthouse Pet Veronica Ricci explains how nice guys can keep from finishing last.

By Jonathan Ages

■ CRUEL INTENTIONS

"Sure, it's interesting to tell stories about a boyfriend who spends all his money on coke and hookers, but getting the story isn't worth being fucked over. I'm a nice girl, and I date nice guys. And offering the hooker the first line of coke does not make you a nice guy."

■ COITUS INTERRUPTUS

"The bedroom is the worst place to be too nice. I want to feel like a woman, and I want a man to be dominant—unless it's a slave-boy scenario or something. It kills the mood if a guy is overly nice. You just have to go with the flow. If she's not into it, she'll let you know."

■ WATCH YOUR MOUTH

"Mark Twain said, 'I can live two months on a good compliment.' For me, that would have to be a *great* compliment! I like to receive thoughtful, meaningful compliments a little more regularly. But too many compliments can weird me out, like he's expecting something in return. It's like, 'Thanks. I get it. Can you stop now?' "

■ GUY SMILEY

"If you don't want to be around my best friend or something like that 'cause you aren't a fan, just tell me. I'd respect that a lot more than some guy smiling through gritted teeth all the time. It's nice that you're willing to try, but if you do that too much it'll seem like you're always lying."


■ HAVE A SPINE

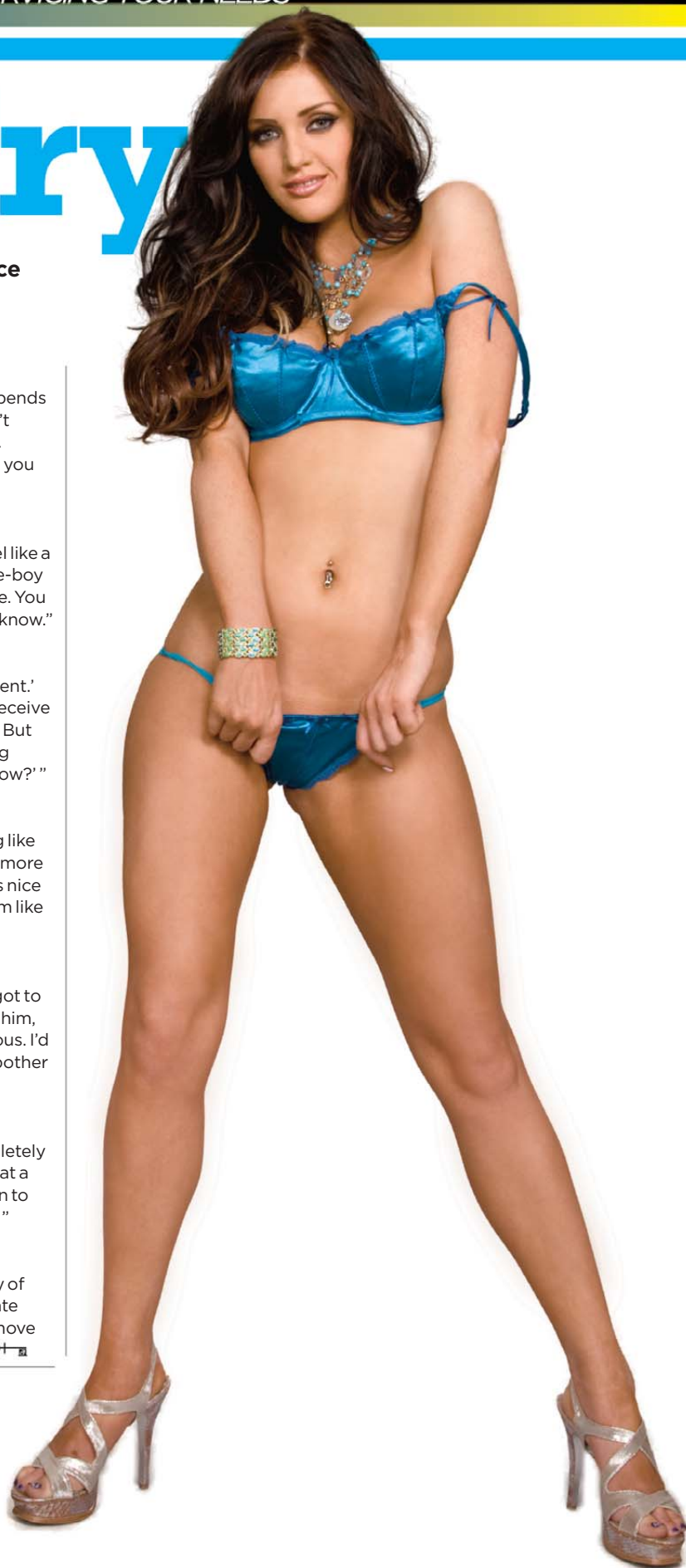
"I like someone who's just a little bit of a pushover, but he's got to have a backbone. Say I flirt with one of his friends in front of him, and he doesn't say anything about it or get even a *little* jealous. I'd think he's gonna snap 'cause he's holding it in. That should bother you, you know?"

■ STICK TO YOUR GUNS

"You definitely have to make compromises, but don't completely compromise your opinion for the sake of a girl. If I sensed that a guy was letting me win an argument or changing his opinion to suit me I'd be like, 'What the hell else are you holding back?' "

■ CATCH AND RELEASE

"I've met guys who were total doormats. I haven't dated any of them, though, 'cause they offered everything too easily. I hate when I meet a guy and he's immediately ready to have me move in—so he can be Captain Save-a-Ho. I'm not your project." 



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Does your girl need a little extra stimulation? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to get her motor running.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I've been dating my girlfriend for several months now, and I thought things were good between us. But for the past few weeks, ever since the weather got nice, all she can talk about is motorcycles. In the past, she dated a couple of guys who rode, and according to her, she was always revved up sexually after riding on the backs of their bikes, and had really explosive orgasms. She claims there's no substitute for getting fucked after a motorcycle ride. She wants me to get one, but that's just not my thing. I realize I sound like the biggest pussy in the world, but the idea of cruising around so unprotected freaks me out. Can I keep her happy in the sack without straddling a gigantic vibrator and tooling around town on it?

You could splurge for a Sybian instead, but what good would that do you? Don't you want to participate in those explosive orgasms? I mean, Jay Leno rides motorcycles. If he can do it, you have no excuse. Man up and take a motorcycle-riding course (they'll train you on a bed of cupcakes and rainbows). Then when you're comfortable riding, you can at least rent a Milwaukee vibrator for the occasional joyride.

If you don't want to go whole hog, puss out and buy a moped—they're to motorcycles what sliders are to hamburgers, but if she's sitting on the top tank, it might give off a similar "vibe." And who knows, a vintage Puch could make you look like a 1970s Italian porn star. Whatever you do, *don't* get a Vespa. They're basically rolling toilet bowls, and that is *not* a good look.

If you're really dead-set against two-wheelers, try installing a sub-woofer under the passenger seat of your car and blasting some booty bass. But don't blame me when her rising libido is harshed by the sight of a Kawasaki passing your ass. 



When you're comfortable riding, you can at least rent a Milwaukee vibrator for the occasional joyride.

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thing is how nicely
topless dancing
enhances the
eating of **GOOD**
FOOD, and the
other way around."

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Z

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
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Home Court Advantage

Whether it's singles or mixed doubles being played in your living room, you'll still need a good serve.

By Deirdre M. Goldbeck

It's that time of year again when tennis lovers start gearing up for the U.S. Open. There's only one problem: With all the clawbacks, cutbacks, and givebacks these days, you're cash-strapped, and those coveted, complimentary corporate (or even discounted) tix are nowhere to be found. But so what? Here's your chance to save some gas and some green, and put that massive flat-screen on your living room wall to good use. (You know the one. You just couldn't live without it for the big game—and you're still paying for it.)

We have it on good authority that the signature drink being served up for this year's Grand Slam is the Honey Deuce; it comes to you courtesy of Grey Goose Vodka. What better way to watch mixed doubles than in the comfort of your own home, while sipping this specially created cocktail? Just fill a tall glass with crushed ice. Add Grey Goose, lemonade, and a drizzle of premium raspberry liqueur, such as Chambord. Then finish it off with some honeydew melon balls to create that tennis-ball optical illusion and it's game, set, and match. 

You're just a spectator anyway, so why not stay home and get slammed with this cool creation?

HONEY DEUCE

1 ounce Grey Goose Vodka

2 ounces fresh lemonade

Top with 1/2 ounce premium raspberry-flavored liqueur

Garnish with four 1-inch honeydew melon balls



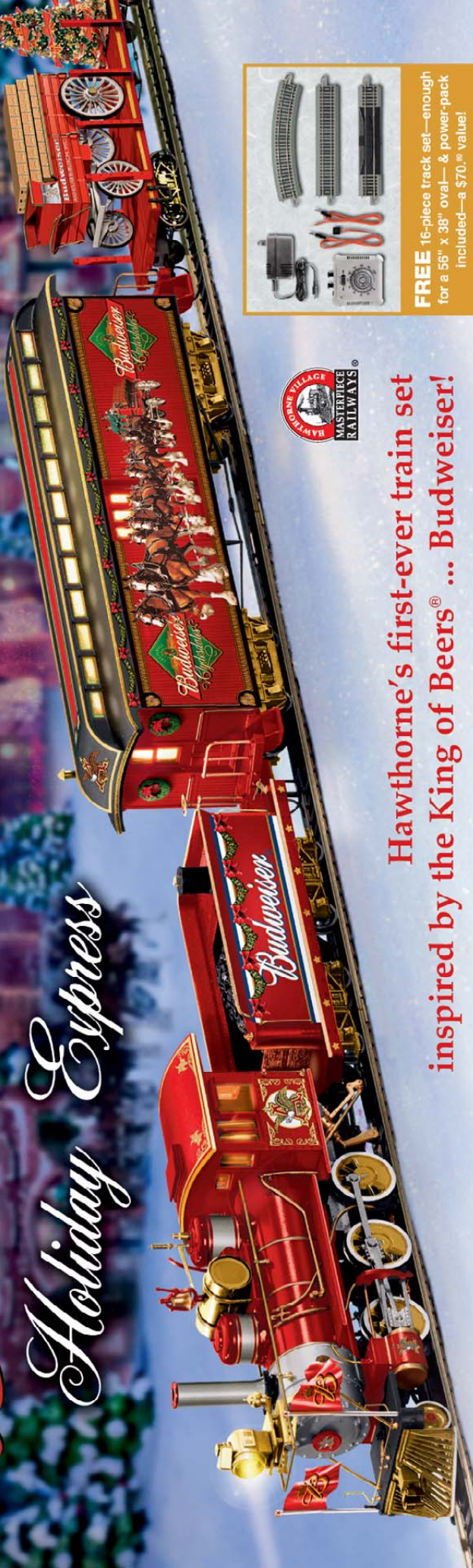
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Reserve Today! www.collectiblestoday.com/budexpress

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PENTHOUSE 2.0

As *Penthouse* celebrates its 40th anniversary, Chief Executive Officer **Marc Bell** talks about where the magazine has been, where the company is now, and—most important—what the future holds for the largest men's lifestyle company.



The magazine in your hands marks the culmination of a journey that began more than 40 years ago. As CEO of *Penthouse* since 2004, I'm both proud to have been part of its history and thrilled to be leading one of the twentieth century's greatest brands through its twenty-first-century revitalization. You, our loyal readers, have been the most important part of our glory. I want to take this opportunity to assure you that you're just as vital to our future success.

When Bob Guccione brought his fledgling English publication to the United States in September 1969, this country was in the throes of a sexual revolution. *Penthouse* quickly seized the rebellion's leadership, making magazine history with pictorials that stunningly depicted real women who were passionately aroused. That winning formula of sexual heat combined with cutting-edge investigative journalism—exemplified by our groundbreaking Vietnam veterans articles, which began in 1974—made *Penthouse* the fastest-growing magazine ever. Our September 1984 issue, with its pictorial of Vanessa Williams—a daring move that dethroned the first black Miss America

(and made her a celebrity superstar)—sold out instantly, as did the issue one year later boasting photos of a young Madonna.

I first came to understand *Penthouse's* incredible untapped potential as a magazine and a brand in the 1990s, when my web-hosting company, Globix Corporation, helped get the magazine's website started. As a young man, I had loved the magazine, and as a businessman, I knew what needed to be done to build the brand for the future. I got the opportunity to implement those strategies five years ago when my partner Dan Staton and I led a group of investors to buy *Penthouse*.

Our first step was to revitalize the magazine, to take it back to the days when it was a must-read. Once again, *Penthouse* became a showcase for the most beautiful women in the world, not to mention the ultimate publication for men interested in the pursuit of happiness in every aspect of their lives—and unabashed and unapologetic about the place a men's lifestyle publication holds in that pursuit. But I knew a print platform alone could not rebuild the company into the twenty-first-century success it deserved to become.

We've invested hundreds of millions of



PENTHOUSE
LINGERIE
BY COQUETTE



PENTHOUSE SHOES
BY ELLIE



PENTHOUSE APPAREL
BY GREENSTAR



PENTHOUSE JEWELRY
BY BODY VIBE



PENTHOUSE CLUBS
(DETROIT SHOWN)



PENTHOUSE TOYS
BY TOPCO




BOOKS BY GRAND
CENTRAL PUBLISHING

dollars to build the world's largest multimedia entertainment and social-networking company. FriendFinder Networks, Inc., as the company is now known, owns and operates websites with more than 300 million registrants and more than 200 million members in some 170 countries; those sites offer a wide variety of online services that appeal to users from diverse cultures and interest groups, including social networking and entertainment. As *Newsweek* put it, "The company's strategy is to use its technology platform ... to support a potentially unlimited number of sites catering to daters, friend seekers, and adult-content consumers around the world."

Our websites, including AdultFriendFinder.com, Cams.com, and Penthouse.com, maintain their positions among the most popular sites in the world, and provide members with everything from social networking to the ability to communicate directly through live, interactive video with gorgeous erotic models. Every month Penthouse Studios adds new videos—including about one high-definition release a week—starring the biggest names in the industry, as well as live webcasts, to the hundreds of titles in the *Penthouse* library. In

addition, Penthouse TV is available in more than 30 million households this year. And to feed the increasing demand, mobile applications starring our Pets further enhance the *Penthouse* experience.

But not every revolution is technological. We're increasing our market presence in America and across the globe with our foreign partners. Our Penthouse Clubs, "where the magazine comes to life," as our slogan says, provide great food and entertainment in nearly a dozen locations around the country, with more on the way. After you get home, *Penthouse* accessories—couples' toys, lingerie, sex games—help spice up your love life, and our sister publications—*Penthouse Letters*, *Variations*, *Penthouse Forum*, and *Girls of Penthouse*—provide more of your favorite *Penthouse* staples and help you explore your interests and desires.

Of course, these are just some of the ways in which we've been transforming the *Penthouse* vision and our globally recognized brand into an international multimedia enterprise. We're excited to be continuing this adventure—and we hope that you'll join us for all of it. Now I'll let you get back to what you're here to do—enjoy the world's sexiest girls and its most exciting magazine. 

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Highlight Reel

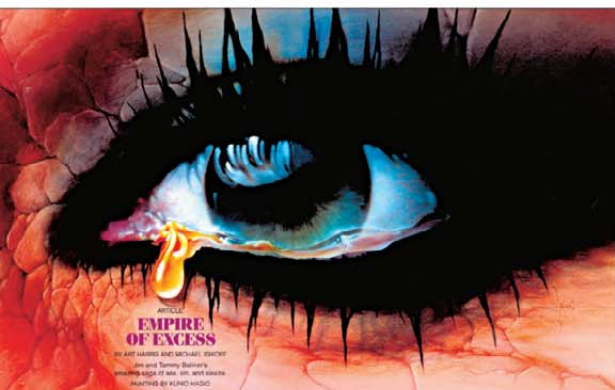
This International Magazine for Men has spent 40 years making waves, making trouble, and making news.



Four decades ago, *Penthouse* founding editor and publisher Bob Guccione announced “we’re going rabbit hunting” in full-page newspaper ads as a shot across the bow at the leading men’s magazine, *Playboy*. His weapon was photos of beautiful women exuding a sexuality that was almost illegal.

In between those pictorials, readers found controversial investigative features, great fiction, pop-culture newsbreaks, and cutting-edge humor. Along the way, *Penthouse* changed the world of magazines forever. Now, as we look forward to another 40 years of challenges and opportunities, we look back on just a few highlights.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD SOREL



FALSE PROFITS

This nation's powerful TV evangelists preyed on viewers' credibility to enrich themselves while they ranted about the sins of others. None of these hypocrites were more outrageous than Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker, whose empire of sex, sin, and sleaze was exposed by *Washington Post* reporters Art Harris and Michael Isikoff in a lurid, two-part series in April and May 1988.



DEBBIE DOES SWAGGART

After televangelist Jimmy Swaggart was caught outside the motel room of a hooker who plied her trade on a New Orleans highway, our reporters tracked her down. In our July 1988 issue, Debra Murphree not only told them the whole story of Swaggart's pathetic downfall, but reenacted the poses and actions she used to inflame the reverend's desires. "God, what a freak!" she laughed. "Here he is up there preaching for all this money, and when I see him, he's kinky, and cheap, too.... He would call and try to get me to get him off over the phone."



STUPOR BOWL

Stanley Wilson, star Cincinnati Bengals running back, established a new record at Super Bowl XXIII: He was the first player ever to be suspended from pro football at the Super Bowl. The night before the game, he was found fried out of his mind on cocaine. Months later, in February 1990, he shared with Pulitzer Prize winner William Sherman the story of what should have been the best day of his life.



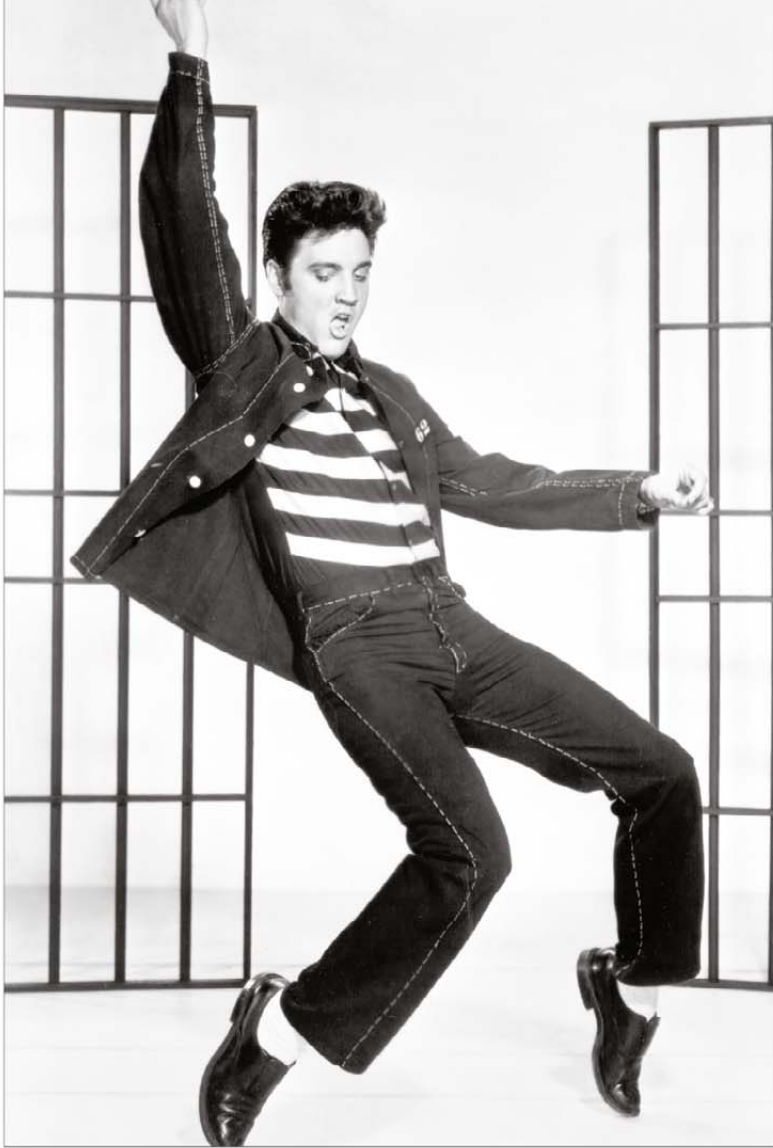
ACCUSING THE FBI

FBI chemist Frederick Whitehurst earned a commendation for his work on the first World Trade Center bombing. But, we reported in March 1997, Whitehurst became convinced that agents in the FBI's forensic labs had been lying, cheating, and fabricating evidence.



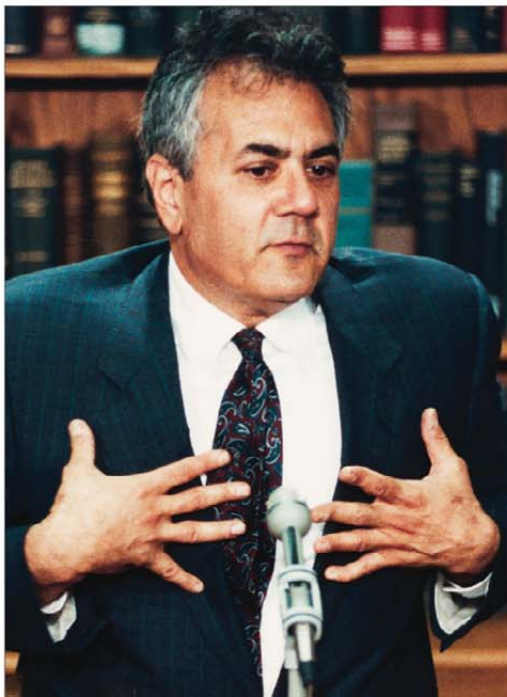
JOHN BELUSHI'S DEATH

A few months after the comedy legend was found dead in Hollywood, a six-month *Penthouse* investigation uncovered new information about the manner and timing of his death. After hundreds of interviews, we wrote in December 1982, the writers concluded that "the most shocking aspect of this story is that so many people have tried so hard to keep it from ever being told."



ELVIS'S SECRET SEX LIFE

He was the greatest rock star of all time and the idol of millions of women, but according to reporter Alanna Nash—who interviewed the King's bodyguards, friends, and lovers for our August 1997 issue—the twentieth century's hottest male star had a sex life that can best be described as ... unenviable: "Looking was one thing; doing was another. Elvis never much enjoyed the act of intercourse.... The secret he most feared getting out—even more than his drug use—was that the sexiest man alive was impotent."

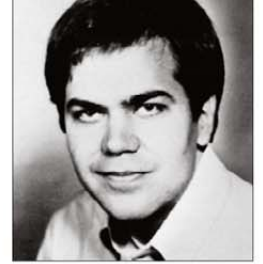


DC SEX SCANDAL

Barney Frank is one of the most powerful men in Washington, but the openly gay congressman was almost ruined when a male "madam" claimed that he ran a prostitution ring out of Frank's apartment. Frank admitted only to a relationship with Stephen Gobie, who in September 1989 told our reporter about Washington's secret obsessions.

BOYS FROM BRAZIL

In December 1996, we published one of our most lurid stories ever, about a secret cadre of gay and bisexual cross-dressing Episcopal priests in Brooklyn. Despite the alleged victims giving our reporter detailed descriptions of bizarre rituals, orgies, and even a "wedding" in which one of them "married" a priest, a senior churchman denied the story, saying, "There may have been a ceremony, but I don't think it was a marriage.... New York doesn't recognize same-sex marriages."



JOHN HINCKLEY JR.

On March 30, 1981, obsessed with a sick dream of proving his love for Jodie Foster, Hinckley used a cheap handgun to mow down four people, including President Reagan. Locked away in a mental institution, he engaged in a letter-writing interview with our reporter that was published in March 1983. The "poet first and a would-be assassin last" sent us an original poem and photograph to print, and told us that he believed in gun control ("If someone like me can buy six Saturday night specials with ease, there is something drastically wrong with our gun laws").



UNABOMBER MANIFESTO

In April 1995, "the Unabomber," who had been responsible for three deaths and injuries to more than 20 people, offered to stop killing if a "nationally distributed periodical" would publish his 35,000-word manifesto. *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione immediately announced his willingness to do so. Shortly thereafter, he received a letter with an "exclusive" message from the killer that he preferred to have the manifesto published in *The New York Times*. The killer revealed that the initials he used stood for Freedom Club. He went on, "We now think this name, which we adopted early, is rather inane, but since we've already been marking FC on bomb parts for a long time we may as well retain these letters as our signature."



JESSE JACKSON

This civil rights icon gave an early interview to *Penthouse* in April 1973, taking on both the entrenched establishment and some of his old allies in the black community. "Black leaders don't have the power to save our people," he said. "My job is to shake the tree and let other people pick up the apples. I have no desire to run for political office. That would box me in."

GOVERNMENT CENSORSHIP

Alan Dershowitz, one of America's most prestigious attorneys, testified for *Penthouse* before the government's Meese Commission, which was evaluating the "impact" of porn. He wrote in July 1986 of his horror at finding a twentieth-century inquisition.



SENATOR JAY ROCKEFELLER

John D. Rockefeller IV has made himself a political powerhouse—first as governor of West Virginia, then, since 1985, as that state's Democratic senator. In our August 1992 issue, he spoke about the need to reform our health-care system, and to get our priorities in order. "We have been overwhelmingly generous to the rest of the world.... We now have to look after our own interests.... We must accept that the rest of the world operates in its own interests."



JFK ASSASSINATION

Our first U.S. edition made an instant media splash with an interview with Clay Shaw, who had been accused of conspiring with Lee Harvey Oswald in the murder of JFK. As Shaw told *Penthouse*: "If the jury could convict me on such shoddy evidence ... I would go gladly to jail because that would be the safest place to be in a world gone mad."



QUOTA QUAGMIRE

We were honored when, in June 1992, former New York City mayor Ed Koch chose *Penthouse* as a venue for an article on political attempts to use racial, ethnic, religious, and gender quotas for hiring. His bottom line: Race-norming, gender preferences, minority set-asides, and other attempts to "level the playing field" have transformed America's melting pot into a multicultural meltdown.

ROY COHN

Perhaps none of our interviews was more controversial than our July 1981 conversation with the dedicated right-wing lawyer who, years later, would be demonized in *Angels in America*. The one-time aide to Senator Joe McCarthy who fought vigorously to ensure the executions of the Rosenbergs in the 1950s told us that the election of Ronald Reagan was a "total vindication of what McCarthy stood for."





NIXON/ CARTER

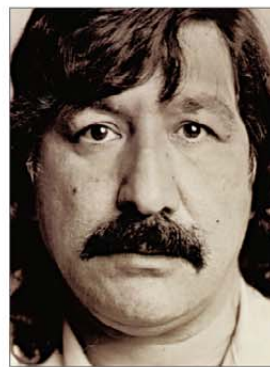
One of our most provocative pieces marked the November 1976 *Penthouse* debut of former Nixon aide Ben Stein. "Carter has misrepresented himself on so many issues that if the truth ever catches up with him in the public mind, he will be in hot water indeed," wrote Stein. Stein went on to write dozens of articles for us, including a monthly humor column that began in February 1984.

ANDREW YOUNG

The great civil rights leader and former U.N. ambassador was mayor of Atlanta when he spoke to us for a February 1983 interview. Although race and the economy were among his top priorities, he surprised us when asked what the day's most important social issue was. "The redefinition of sexual roles and relationships is even more dangerous to society than the struggle between the races.... You could escape from the problems of revolutionary change in the Third World, but there's no escape from a revolution going on in your own bedroom."

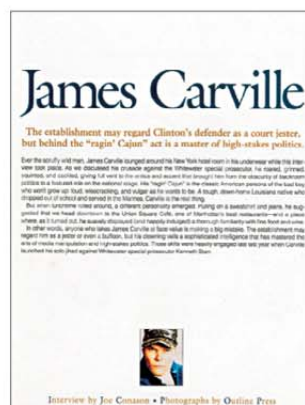


PHOTOGRAPHS BY (JESSE JACKSON) JEFF ALBERTSON/CORBIS, (CLAY SHAW) BETTMANN/CORBIS, (ALAN DERSHOWITZ) KARIN COOPER/GETTY IMAGES, (JAY ROCKEFELLER) ROBERT WAASS/CORBIS, (ROY COHN) ARTHUR SCHATZ/TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES, (ANDREW YOUNG) FLIP SCHULKE/CORBIS, (BILL BRADLEY) REUTERS/CORBIS



MARTYR OR MURDERER?

After 13 years of imprisonment for his role in a 1975 shoot-out in which three people died, in September 1989, American Indian Movement leader Leonard Peltier spoke to our reporter in the Leavenworth federal prison: "We're tired of this government trying to exterminate us.... Even the worst rednecks know this country has been built on stolen land."



RAGIN' CAJUN

Some people in the political establishment used to consider James Carville some kind of Clinton court jester. But as the nation has seen, he's actually a master of high-stakes politics. In June 1997, he shared some of the nuances of his philosophy: "When someone stands for us, we ought to put our arm around them. And when somebody takes a cheap shot at us, we ought to knock their goddamn head off."

SENATOR BILL BRADLEY

The former basketball star and future presidential candidate spoke passionately about environmental destruction in a prophetic interview in November 1988. While he spoke unstintingly about the failures of big business and government, he said, "This garbage ... comes from man's progress, from higher living standards.... The first step is realizing that the source of this pollution is us!"





COCAINE JUNGLE

For decades, Colombian guerrillas have orchestrated massive shipments of coke to the United States. In April 2009 our reporter and photographer navigated the Amazon's most treacherous regions with commandos who infiltrate shrouded coca labs, and, incredibly, they discovered that the search-and-destroy strategy might just be working.

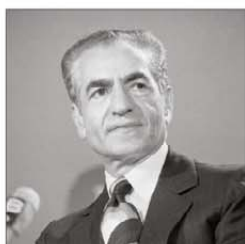


GERMAN NEO-NAZIS

Our reporter traveled to Germany, united after the fall of the Berlin Wall, to discover that, despite the attempts of a vast majority of Germans, neo-Nazi crackpots still continued to attract supporters. "Perhaps even more disturbing," he wrote in September 1992, "is the flourishing of a certain myopia among Germany's historians ... [some of whom] argue that Germany has no more to be ashamed of than any other participant in World War II."

"THE SHAH'S TORTURE CHAMBERS"

The Overseas Press Club awarded *Penthouse* first prize for "international reporting in any medium that demonstrates a concern for humanity" for this February 1977 first-person account of the horrors of Iran's brutal regime.



FIDEL CASTRO

"When our revolution triumphed, those who had assassinated thousands of our compatriots ... were judged by the laws of the revolution. And the greatest criminals ... were condemned and shot. We have never denied that. We told the people we wanted no vengeance.... What we wanted was order. But there also had to be justice." (December 1978)



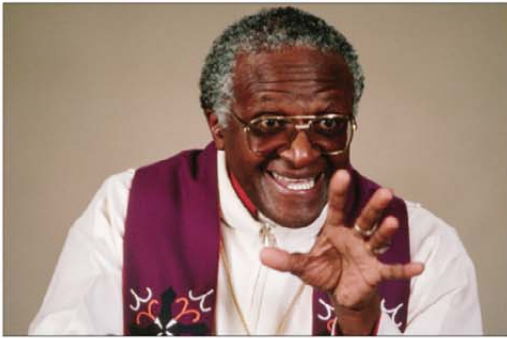
"EL SALVADOR IS SPANISH FOR VIETNAM"

Tad Szulc's warning that the Reagan administration was preparing for war in Central America reminded many observers of his 1961 reporting about our incipient invasion of Cuba. The Overseas Press Club cited this September 1983 article for "Best Magazine Story on Foreign Affairs."



"MURDER BY PROXY"

Investigative journalist Tad Szulc's exposé of America's involvement with the overthrow of Chile's government earned his August 1975 *Penthouse* article a citation for "Best Magazine Interpretation of Foreign Affairs" by the prestigious Overseas Press Club.



BISHOP DESMOND TUTU

"We can't talk about peaceful change in South Africa. I talk about reasonably peaceful changes." (June 1986)

HIDDEN HOLOCAUST IN SUDAN

Famed columnist Nat Hentoff looked at the horrors of the African civil war and shared with *Penthouse* readers stories that, as of August 2001, had not appeared in mainstream media. Furthermore, Hentoff wondered, "Why is it mainly Christians and right-wing activists who are concerned" with getting the world to do something to stop the terror?—which continues to this day.



HENRY KISSINGER

"Vietnam was a moral war in the sense that America wanted nothing for itself except the independence of these people who were truly menaced by an aggressive people." (December 1986)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FIDEL CASTRO) WALLY MCNAMEE/CORBIS (BERLIN WALL) STEPHEN FERRY/GETTY IMAGES (MOH AMMAR REZA SHAH PAHLAVI) BETTMANN/CORBIS (HENRY KISSINGER) JAMES ANDANSON/SYGMA/CORBIS (SUDAN) LYNSEY ADDARIO/CORBIS (EL SALVADOR) SUSAN MEISEL AS MAGNUM PHOTOS (MURDER BY PROXY) BRUNO BARBEY/MAGNUM PHOTOS (DESMOND TUTU) DAVID TURNLEY/CORBIS



VIETNAM VETERANS

In March 1974, we published the first in a monthly series examining the nation's betrayal of Vietnam veterans. That first article was written by Vietnam vet and *Washington Post* reporter Tim O'Brien (who would become a Pulitzer Prize winner and an acclaimed novelist). Our commitment to the men and women in uniform continues to the present day.



SEX AT WEST POINT

When the military academy began to admit women, *Penthouse* sent Jaime Mardis, author of a much-heralded book about his cadet years there, to see how things had changed. His November 1977 report was encouraging: "One cadet was caught getting a blowjob and told the MP to go away because a good soldier never leaves a job unfinished."

PROFILE IN COURAGE

Brian Willson, a former Air Force captain, resolved to not stand by while the Reagan administration repeated the mistakes of Vietnam by sending arms to Central America. In full view of horrified spectators and TV cameras, a Navy train sped at protesters who were blocking military trains and hit Willson; his head was smashed open and his feet severed. Our subsequent May 1988 interview with him was one of the most moving articles we've published.



STOLEN VALOR

Why do many Americans still believe Vietnam vets routinely committed atrocities during the war? In April 1999, we profiled a "one-man truth squad" who has dedicated himself to counter-ing the myths that have disgraced the 3.3 million men and women who served in Vietnam.

On special assignment for *Penthouse*, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter and editor Harrison E. Salisbury spoke to Vietnam veterans across the land to find out if the long conspiracy of silence against them had at last ended. His article—which was angry and heartbreaking, but not without optimism—appeared in September 1983.



THE FORGOTTEN WAR

Vietnam veterans weren't the only ones who were shamefully mistreated. In June 1988, a Korean War vet wrote about his futile efforts to get the government to honor the veterans who at the time were the only ones in American history without a national monument to commemorate their sacrifice.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (SEX AT WEST POINT) BETTMANN/CORBIS, (STOLEN VALOR) ED HOROWITZ/CORBIS, (PROFILE IN COURAGE) ROGER REMSEYER/CORBIS, (THE FORGOTTEN WAR) BRUCE BURKHARDT/CORBIS, (ABUGHRAIB) DAMIR SAGOLJ/REUTERS/CORBIS, (WELCOME BACK TO THE SUCK) CARLOS BARRIA/REUTERS/CORBIS



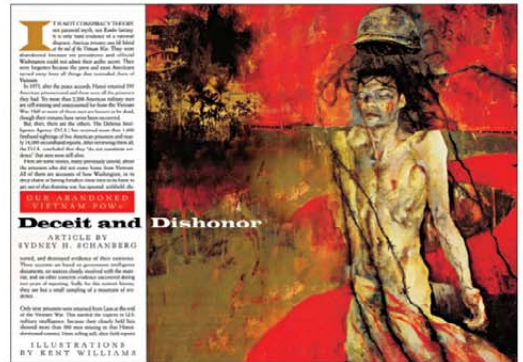
SEX, DRUGS, AND POWER AT ABUGHRAIB

In May 2007, reporter Tara McKelvey talked to soldiers who exposed the dark side of the infamous prison, where “robotripping” on cough syrup and caffeine pills, shooting homegrown porn with pounding rap soundtracks, and brutalizing naked prisoners helped turn George W. Bush’s war to liberate Iraq into a world-class nightmare.



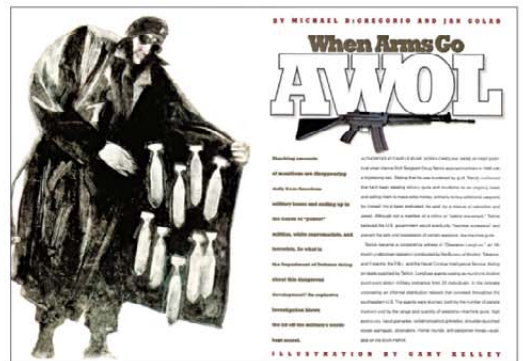
WELCOME BACK TO THE SUCK

Fighting bloody wars on two fronts, the military was in dire need of warm bodies. In October 2007, John Rico reported that the Army, behind in its recruitment numbers, had turned to calling up seasoned, well-marinated beef for the grinder: former soldiers.



DECEIT AND DISHONOR

Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Sydney H. Schanberg (author of *The Killing Fields*) wrote in September 1994 about the rage many Vietnam vets felt against politicians—including fellow vet Senator John Kerry—who refused to fully investigate 1990s reports that prisoners of war were still being held in Southeast Asia.

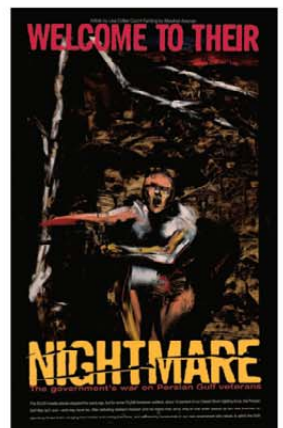


WHEN ARMS GO AWOL

Penthouse reporters detailed in February 1999 how shocking amounts of munitions were disappearing daily from military bases and ending up in the hands of terrorists. But according to an FBI special agent, the Pentagon had been “consistently reluctant to provide essential data” to law enforcement.

GULF WAR SYNDROME

Lisa Collier Cool won the Donald Robinson Memorial Award for Investigative Journalism for her July 1996 *Penthouse* article that examined the government’s attempt to conceal the truth and even blame sick veterans for their illness.





STAR WARS

In our January 1977 issue, investigative reporter Tad Szulc broke the news that “the United States and the Soviet Union are engaged in a top-secret ‘satellite war’ in outer space.” The bombshell report shook the Washington intelligence community and was highlighted by Walter Cronkite on his *CBS Evening News*.



MALCOLM FORBES

The self-proclaimed “Happy Capitalist,” the editor in chief of his self-named magazine—one of the world’s largest, most influential, and most successful business publications—told us in September 1983 why he was bullish on America. At a time when, like the present, the nation was suffering from deep economic woes, Forbes said, “All those who have been pessimistic for very long about this country—its future and its growth—are wrong, and have been wrong throughout American history.”

AMERICA'S HEALTH DISGRACE

Many of our investigative articles have exposed flaws in the nation’s medical establishment. In an article that, unfortunately, could be published today, Pulitzer Prize-winning science reporter B. D. Colen wrote in July 1988 that “the land of the free and the home of the brave is the only major world power where health care is available only to those who can purchase it.”



MANGLED CARE

Continuing our investigations into health care (or lack of it) in America, we showed in October 1995 how HMOs are turning the nation’s hospitals into war zones: “A large number of people are going to be hurt, maimed, or killed because no one has figured out how to safely downsize medical care.” Our reporter, Lisa Collier Cool, received the June Roth Memorial Award for Medical Journalism (“exceptional achievement in the field of health and medical writing”) as well as the American Society of Journalists and Authors Excellence Award for Outstanding Reporting on a Significant Topic.



WALL STREET SCANDAL

In February 1985, the economy took off. Unfortunately, so did the wild extravagances of many in New York’s financial capital. We found “nude volleyball, mountains of cocaine, hidden swingers clubs, and million-dollar swindles.” Turn to page 180 and you’ll see that not much has changed.



CRAZY EDDIE

New York consumer electronics king Eddie Antar seduced sucker customers into paying “insane” prices for cut-rate goods, cooked the books, and ripped off stockholders for millions. He might have pulled off the greatest stock manipulation in history, we wrote in August 1990, had it not been for “the testimony of his own relatives and close associates.”

HEIR POWER

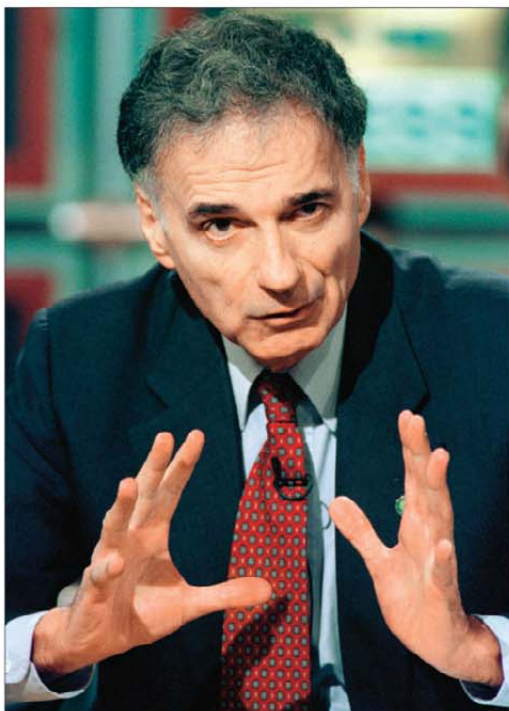
After Malcolm Forbes died in 1990, critics doubted his eldest son would be able to ensure that his father’s legendary business magazine would remain a must-read in financial capitals. Steve Forbes spoke to *Penthouse* in February 1991, soon after taking the reins at *Forbes* magazine. He proved to be an excellent financial prophet, telling us, “If we avoid doing something stupid ... there’s no reason why the nineties shouldn’t be a very good decade.”



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (STAR WARS) ERIK SIMONSEN/GETTY IMAGES, (MALCOLM FORBES) GETTY IMAGES, (AMERICA'S HEALTH DISGRACE) MIXA/GETTY IMAGES, (HEIR POWER) SHEPARD SHERRELL/CORBIS SABA, (RALPH NADER) GETTY IMAGES, (THE ABORTION PILL) GREG SMITH/CORBIS, (RUSSELL SIMMONS) GERALD FORSTER/CORBIS OUTLINE, (THE BLAME GAME) VITTORIO ZUNINO/CELOITTO/GETTY IMAGES

RALPH NADER

In 1965, a young crusader published a book called *Unsafe at Any Speed*, and the auto industry—and America—would never be the same. In December 1994, he spoke to us about his latest crusade—against medical malpractice. “The essence of a defenseless human being is a person in the care of a doctor.... Medical malpractice in hospitals alone kills more people than the combined toll of motor-vehicle accidents, homicides, and fires.”



THE ABORTION PILL

In December 1991, the inventor of RU-486, a steroid pill with medical uses that also happens to interrupt a pregnancy, wrote about how “right to lifers” turned this scientific discovery into a scorched-earth holy war. “In ignorance or in malice, they deny evidence of RU-486’s potential in treating disease.”



RUSSELL SIMMONS

Is there a man alive who can say he has changed America and had more fun doing so than Simmons? Our January 2000 interview with the amazing hip-hop artist, multimillionaire record executive, movie mogul, and clothing impresario was a celebration of the one-time party animal. He told our interviewer, Touré, that hip-hop “is the most unifying cultural thing that’s happened in America.... It’s one of the best things for bringing people together, the best and most positive influence on making kids appreciate one another.”



THE BLAME GAME

Prudish politicians, spurred on by ignorant parents and sensationalist journalists, are trying to censor the \$11 billion-a-year videogame business. Like previous campaigns against comic books, heavy metal, and the Internet, said reporter David Kushner in our August 2003 issue, it is bound to fail.



[illegible]

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, curly hair and round glasses. She is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved t-shirt and a long, chunky necklace made of dark beads. She is sitting with her hands clasped in her lap, looking directly at the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

JOYCE
CAROL
OATES

STEPHEN KING

Penthouse published some of the horror master's earliest stories, including, in July 1976, "The Ledge," in which a desperate man plays for the highest stakes of all in a game where they make up the rules as they go along.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MICKEY SPILLANE AND WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.) STEVE SCHAPIRO/CORBIS, (STEPHEN KING) ALEX GOTTFRYD/CORBIS, (JOYCE CAROL OATES) CHRISTOPHER FELVER/CORBIS

STEPHEN
KING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MICKEY SPILLANE AND WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.) STEVE SCHAPIRO/CORBIS, (STEPHEN KING) ALEX GOTTFRED/CORBIS, (JOYCE CARPOLL OATES) CHRISTOPHER FEEVER/CORBIS



WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The man who founded the modern conservative movement was also a brilliant spy novelist, and *Penthouse* was honored that he chose us to preview many of his thrillers. In February 1982, he introduced Bradford Oakes in our pages in "Marco Polo, If You Can."



JOHN KENNEDY TOOLE

The author of *A Confederacy of Dunces*, one of modern America's most acclaimed novels, committed suicide 11 years before it won the Pulitzer Prize, convinced it would never be published. In February 1989, we unveiled his only other novel—*The Neon Bible*—which he wrote when he was only 16.



KURT VONNEGUT

One of our nation's most popular novelists, the author of *Slaughterhouse Five* and *Cat's Cradle*, previewed *Hocus Pocus*, his new novel—and its prophetic glimpse of the twenty-first century—in September 1990.



DASHIELL HAMMETT

A three-part serialization of *Woman in the Dark*, a long-lost novel by America's greatest mystery writer, began in September 1987. We reproduced it as it had appeared decades earlier, with the original art.



MARIO PUZO

In his final novel, the author of *The Godfather* detailed the lives of the Borgias, the legendary Italian Renaissance dynasty whose influence can still be felt in Italy and in the Catholic Church. Our excerpt from *The Family* ran in November 2001.



ISAAC ASIMOV

One of the world's masters of science fact and fiction previewed the long-awaited sequel to his famous *Foundation Trilogy* in our November 1982 issue. In *Foundation's Edge*, a beautiful young woman led our hero to the mystical planet of Gaia.



TOM CLANCY

In our September 1987 issue, we previewed the latest thriller by America's newest spy master: *Patriot Games*, which followed the smash hit *The Hunt for Red October*, and established Clancy as one of the all-time best-selling writers.



PETE ROSE

"We all have families and bills to pay, so I don't believe in playing dirty. But I believe in playing rough. I play baseball like a football player would play it, but with more ability." (May 1979)



MUHAMMAD ALI

"America's going to be so plagued with droughts and tornadoes and earthquakes and all kinds of shortages that God is going to force America to let the black people go free, separate." (June 1974, interviewed by Victor Bockris and Andrew Wylie, now one of the world's most powerful literary agents)



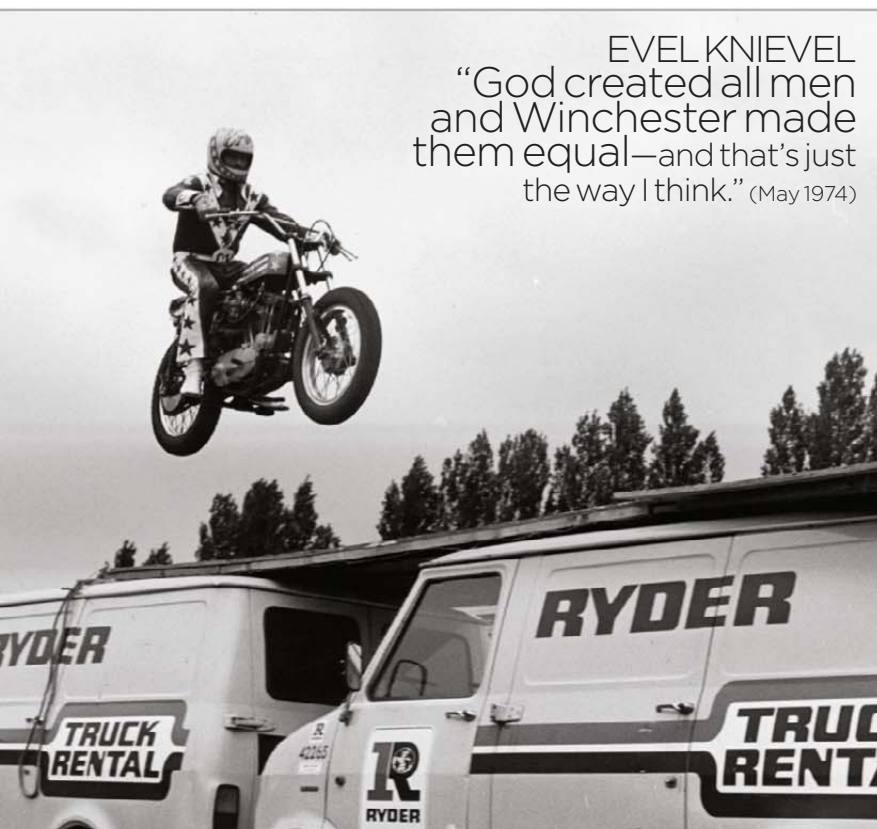
BARRY BONDS

"If you're not smart enough to handle the media ... you'd better be very good at what you do.... I happen to be very good at what I do." (October 1996)



JAKE LAMOTTA

"You can't go into the ring and be a nice guy. I would go a month, two months, without having sex. It worked for me because it made me a vicious animal. You can't fight if you have any compassion or anything like that." (May 1982)



EVEL KNieVEL
"God created all men and Winchester made them equal—and that's just the way I think." (May 1974)

DEATH-WISH SPORTS

"Life and death ride on your skill and concentration. You know you will make it, otherwise you wouldn't be here," we wrote in September 1993, when we began a series of articles on "extreme sports"—BASE jumping, sky surfing, cliff diving, solo free rock and ice climbing—those high-risk thrills that challenge the mind and body in an attempt to conquer the unknown.



BRETT FAVRE
 “I don’t know if I could ever go out as a loser. I’d have to keep coming back until at least we won.... What’s gonna bother me is when they don’t remember my name.” (January 1999)



REGGIE JACKSON

In June 1982, one of baseball’s legendary players became our automotive editor. At a crowded press conference with Bob Guccione, the auto expert and collector told reporters that he chose to join our staff because of the magazine’s huge worldwide readership and solid editorial credibility. His first column: How to start your own collection.



20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS

The late Larry Linderman, one of America’s great sportswriters, kicked off this incredibly popular feature in November 1977. The tradition was especially beloved on some of the campuses that Larry cited for insisting on academic standards for players, thereby guaranteeing them a place on his roster.



DEFENDING BOXING

José “Chegüi” Torres, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission and former light-heavyweight world champion, took on those who wanted to ban the sport he loved in an impassioned article in February 1986. “I would take doctors more seriously if they would put together an in-depth study comparing boxing and medicine to see which of the two is truly more harmful to society.”



NO WAY, JOSÉ

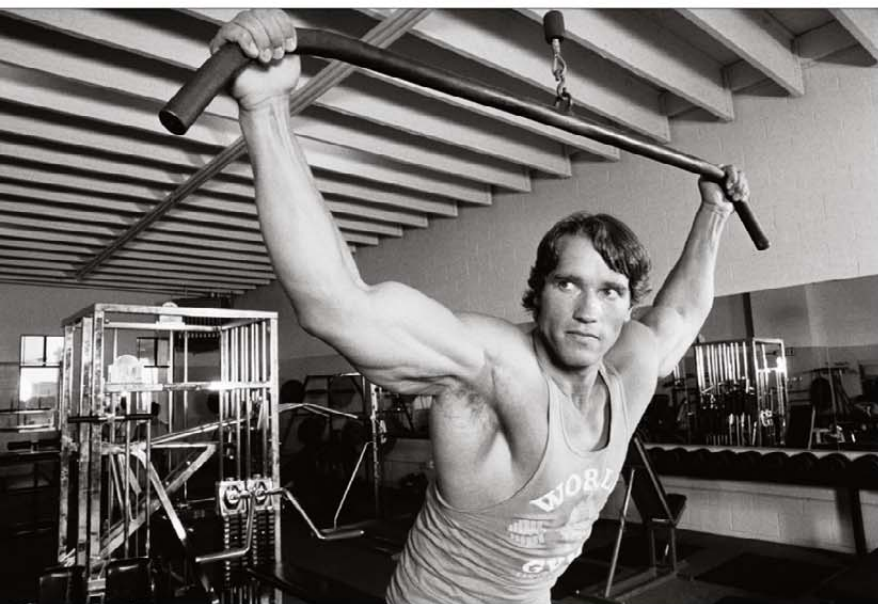
We’ve had 40 years of sensational covers, and they’ve been as pleasurable to photograph as they are for millions of readers to enjoy. But that wasn’t the case for our May 1992 issue. A *Penthouse* reporter, photographer, photographer’s assistant, and Pet traveled to Miami to interview the Oakland A’s star and shoot him with Pet of the Month Jasmine for our cover. Unfortunately, Canseco attempted futilely to arrange a one-on-one “night game” of dominos with the *Penthouse* beauty. When he struck out with her, he refused to appear on the cover, saying he was attempting to reconcile with his wife, who wouldn’t take kindly to the photo.



MIXED MARTIAL ARTS

“It’s no more than human cockfighting,” ranted a New York State senator when “extreme fighting” was introduced. *Penthouse* was there, in April 1996, helping to promote and report on what was publicized as “the most brutal fighting event in the history of television.” Today, of course, it’s mainstream.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PETER ROSE) GEORGE TEDEMAN/GETTY IMAGES; (MULHANNAD ALI BETTMANN)/CORBIS; (BARRY BONDS) NEWS/SPORTS/GETTY IMAGES; (JAKE AND NOTTY) NEWS/SPORTS/GETTY IMAGES; (EVIL KNEE) NEWS/SPORTS/GETTY IMAGES; (DEATH WISH SPORTS) WILD PICS/GETTY IMAGES; (BRETT FAVRE) AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES; (JOSÉ TORRES) BETTMANN/CORBIS; (JOSÉ CANSECO) VINCENT LAFORET/GETTY IMAGES; (MMA) DARRYL DENNIS/ICON SM/CORBIS



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

"American psychology is built on making you feel guilty or having emotional problems. It was never a surprise to me that they thought of body builders as being homosexual."
(December 1981)



CHARLTON HESTON

"I've been exposed to government to a far greater extent than most people, and I don't enjoy the way it works.... When I go [to Washington] to do some chores on behalf of the film industry, I'm filled with a sense of impatience that verges on outrage."
(August 1980)



RAQUEL WELCH

"There must have been contraceptives around when I started to have babies, but I didn't know about them."
(December 1972)



GENE RODDENBERRY

"I made *Star Trek* for two reasons. One was that I thought science fiction hadn't been done well on television and it seemed to me, from a purely selfish career point of view, that if I did it well I would be remembered.... The second reason is ... I was working in a medium that is heavily censored, and in contemporary shows, I found I couldn't talk about sex, politics, religion.... It seemed to me that if I had things happen to little polka-dotted people on a far-off planet, I might get past the censors."
(March 1976)

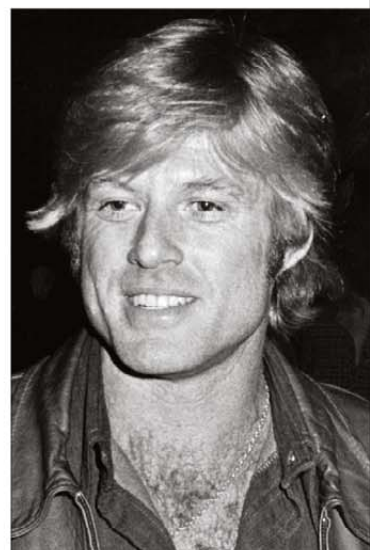


STEVEN SPIELBERG

On the heels of his spectacular *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, the man who would become the most famous movie director in history talked to *Penthouse*: "The government has been concerned about the UFO phenomenon since World War II. I think the CIA knows whether we have been visited by other worlds."
(February 1978)

ROBERT REDFORD

"I think there's a built-in resentment to actors speaking out on issues. Being an actor isn't synonymous with giving up citizenship papers. I think I have the right to speak out."
(December 1980)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER) JIM MCHUGH/SYGMA/CORBIS, (CHARLTON HESTON) DEBORAH FEINGOLD/CORBIS, (RAQUEL WELCH) CINEMAPHOTO/CORBIS, (GENE RODDENBERRY) JARED MILGROM/CORBIS, (STEVEN SPIELBERG) JARED MILGROM/CORBIS, (ROBERT REDFORD) RON GALLELL/WIREIMAGE, (MARK WAHLBERG) JARED MILGROM/CORBIS, (BILLY BOB THORNTON) JARED MILGROM/CORBIS, (OLIVER STONE) KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES, (BILL O'REILLY) MARC ASHIN/CORBIS SABA, (JOE AND ANTHONY) SCOTT WEINER/RETNA LTD., (RUSH LIMBAUGH) SHEPARD SHERBELL/CORBIS SABA



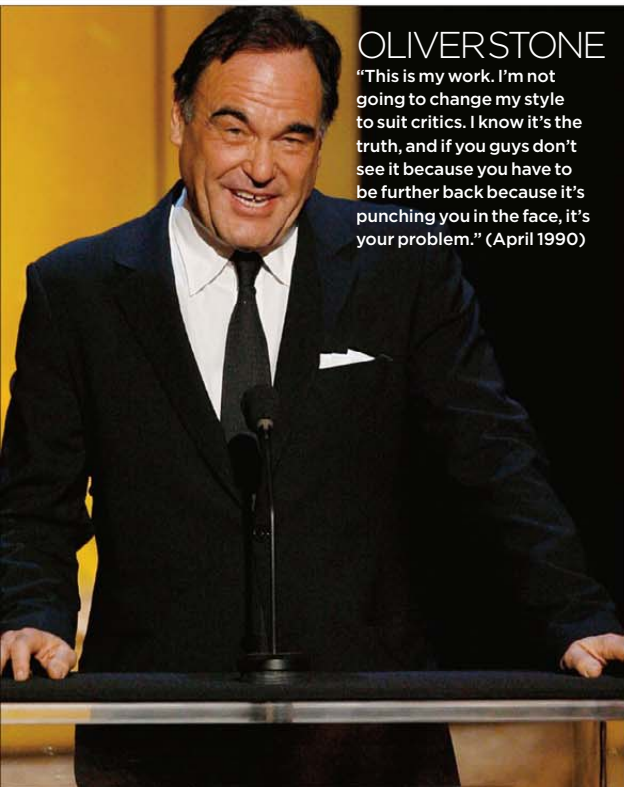
MARK WAHLBERG

"Sometimes, when they're grabbing and pulling on you and stuff like that, it can get to you.... Being a little, pimple-faced, ugly kid, knowing that women want you—that's a great feeling!" (March 1993)



BILLY BOB THORNTON

"In Christianity you're going to sit at the right hand of God and there's a gold street and a guy playing a bugle, and in the Middle East you get 40 virgins. First of all, do you really want 40 virgins?" (October 2007)



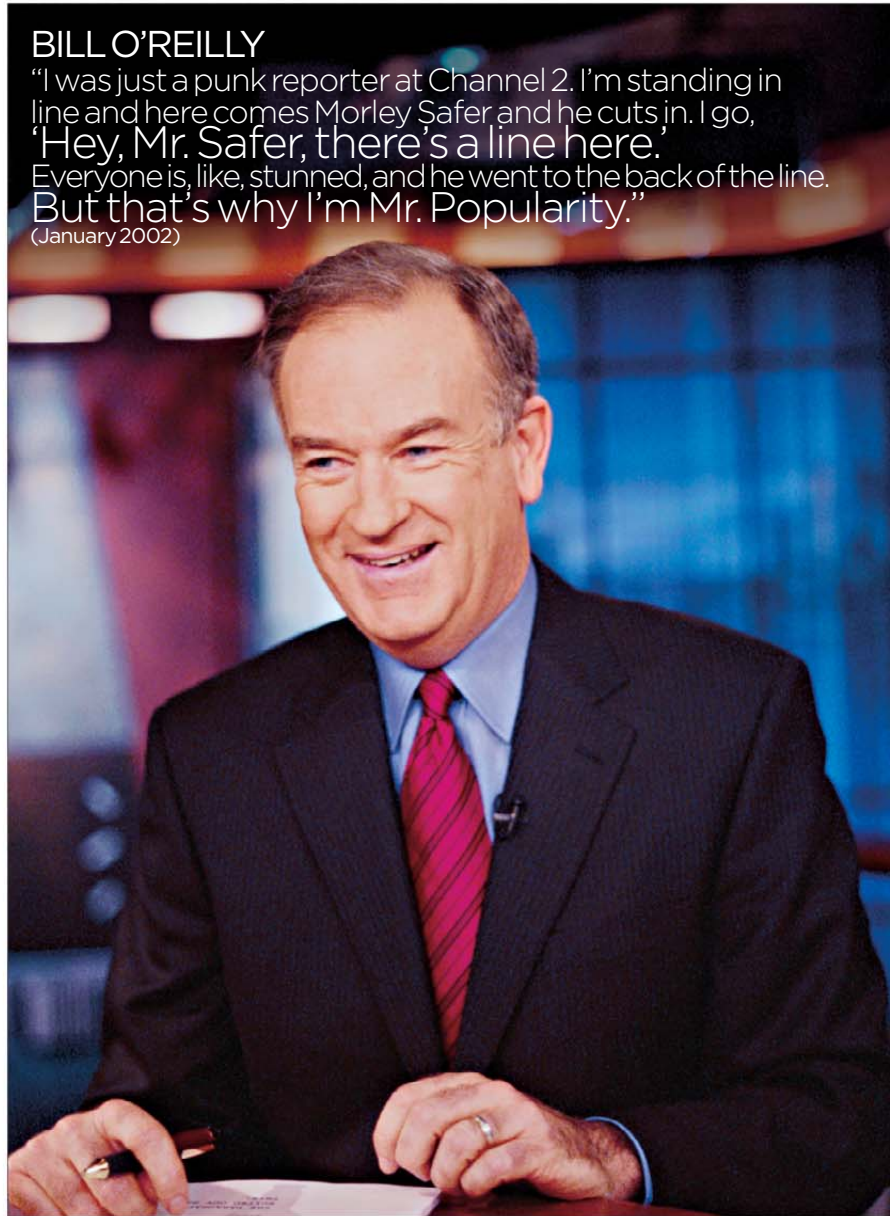
OLIVER STONE

"This is my work. I'm not going to change my style to suit critics. I know it's the truth, and if you guys don't see it because you have to be further back because it's punching you in the face, it's your problem." (April 1990)



OPIE AND ANTHONY

"Look at us. Do we look rich? We still go out and drink beer with our listeners. I take the subway every day.... I want to lead as normal a life as possible. I don't want to end up in a gated community somewhere." —Opie (January 2001)



BILL O'REILLY

"I was just a punk reporter at Channel 2. I'm standing in line and here comes Morley Safer and he cuts in. I go, 'Hey, Mr. Safer, there's a line here.' Everyone is, like, stunned, and he went to the back of the line. But that's why I'm Mr. Popularity." (January 2002)



RUSH LIMBAUGH

"What would I be if I weren't honest? All I have is my honesty and credibility. There is nothing else in this show.... I have not had any heroes. I have always looked at myself as the answer to my dreams—the solution to my problems and all that." (September 1993)



THE ONION

Working on the paper is “like you’re high school friends and you know each other’s secrets, and you know who’s done what incredibly humiliating thing,” said editor in chief Rob Siegel. “I feel really lucky I still have that.” (March 2002)



MORT SAHL

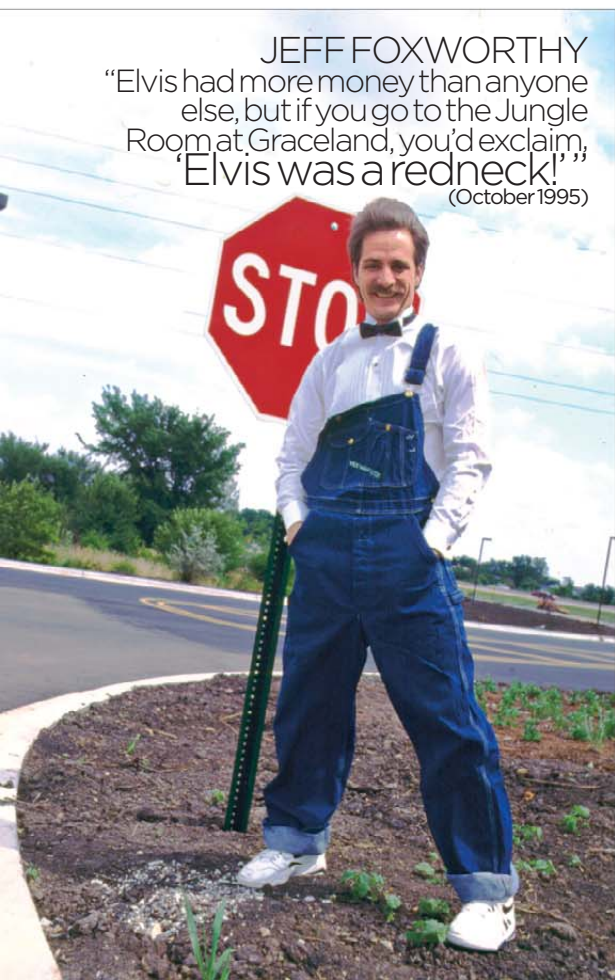
The acerbic stand-up comic wasn’t in a joking mood for our March 1979 interview. “Since Kennedy’s death, we haven’t had a presidential election that wasn’t the result of intelligence-agency manipulation, usually through gunfire.... To me, Carter is a born-again Christian who vetoed federal funds for abortion in case he wanted to be born for the first time.”



REDD FOXX

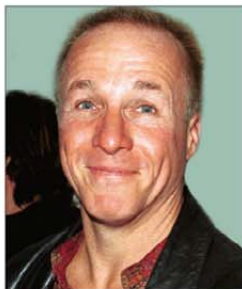
“We black people don’t kill ourselves. Only three Negroes have died off [the] San Francisco bridge, and two of them were pushed.” (March 1971)

JEFF FOXWORTHY
“Elvis had more money than anyone else, but if you go to the Jungle Room at Graceland, you’d exclaim, ‘Elvis was a redneck!’”
(October 1995)



JACKIE MARTLING

Millions of people got to know him as Howard Stern’s joke writer, but we knew Jackie as a comedy genius who knows literally thousands of punch lines to endless numbers of jokes. His regular column in *Penthouse*, which began in June 1990, was an instant hit with our readers—who tried, usually in vain, to win a one-year subscription by trying to “stump the Jokeman” with an original bit of wit.



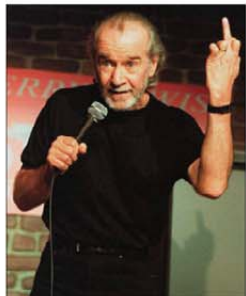
DENIS LEARY

Long before he was a TV star, Leary’s edgy stand-up routine earned him a cult following. He wrote several columns for us, starting in June 1992, tackling issues that safer commentators would shy away from, like self-help: “This country needs to sit down and shut the fuck up. It’s time to realize that nobody is happy.... Life sucks. Get a helmet.”



SARAH SILVERMAN

"I love that our white-as-shit president was fucking around with a cute, shapely, snappy, sassy Jewess. I love that he ate her pussy. I'm not sure of the reason or if it's healthy or unhealthy to feel this way, but I'm oddly proud." (January 2002)



GEORGE CARLIN

"Anything can be described as self-destructive. Living is self-destructive. Taking drugs was part of the era I grew up in." (August 1999)



ARTIE LANG

"The coolest people to me are the people who do things effortlessly. So [I'd like my epitaph to be] 'He tried to make you laugh, but not that hard.'" (June 2005)



JIMMY KIMMEL AND ADAM CAROLLA

"Some guy called and told us he'd been fucking his brother's goat. Not his goat, but his brother's. Hrobee wanted to know what he should do. I told him, 'You have two choices: Pull out or get married.'" —Adam

"I have always wanted to be invisible. Not only would I find and kill bin Laden, but I could also jack off in women's locker rooms while they are changing and not get caught." —Jimmy (June 2002)

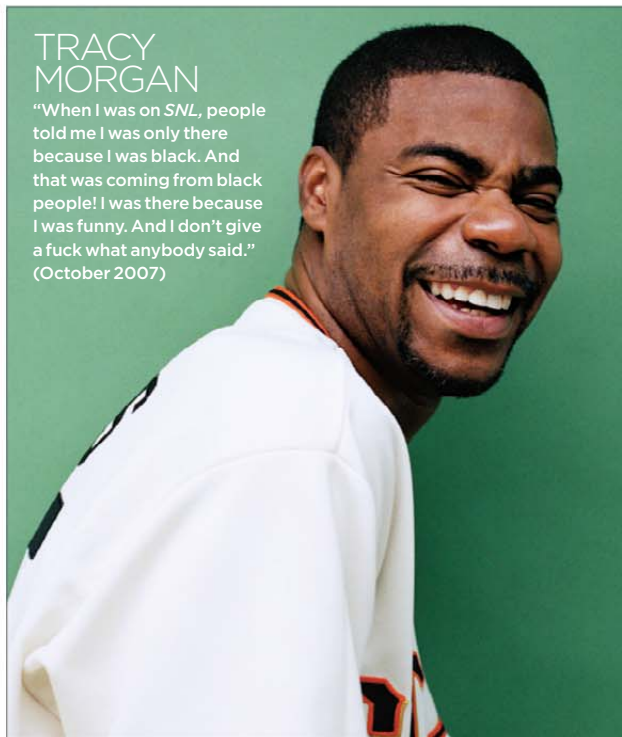


DANE COOK

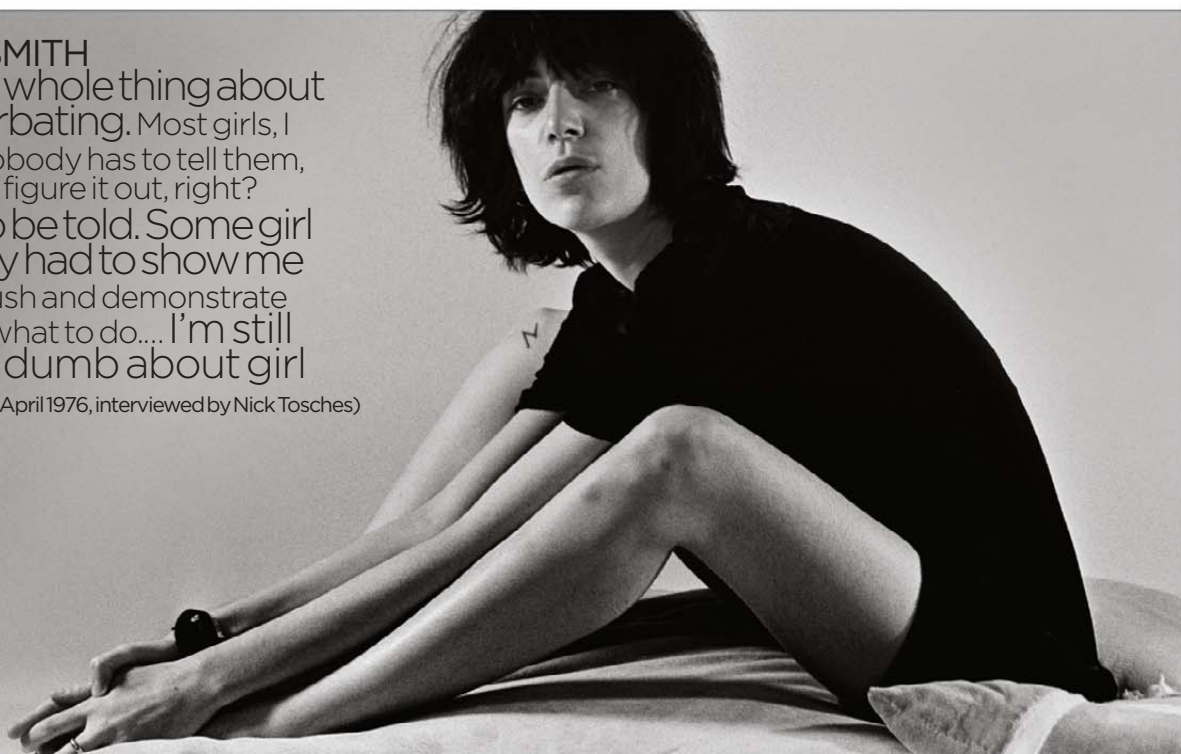
"I saw Janet [Jackson]'s titola for half a second. A half a second of tit is more than no tit, and you know what a guy can mentally do with a half-second sneak peek of a tit?... I saw a chick's boob flop out of her bikini at a pool party eight years ago, and we're still living together in my cerebellum." (June 2004)

TRACY MORGAN

"When I was on *SNL*, people told me I was only there because I was black. And that was coming from black people! I was there because I was funny. And I don't give a fuck what anybody said." (October 2007)



PATTI SMITH
 "...that whole thing about masturbating. Most girls, I guess nobody has to tell them, they just figure it out, right? I had to be told. Some girl actually had to show me a hairbrush and demonstrate exactly what to do.... I'm still pretty dumb about girl stuff." (April 1976, interviewed by Nick Tosches)



JON BON JOVI

"Everything for me is a constant evolution, not only as a writer, but as a person.... It was still a bit of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, and we got to experience a lot of that before the outbreak of AIDS." (September 1995)

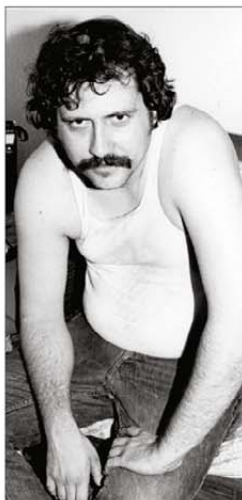


LORETTA LYNN

"When 'The Pill' came out, Southern preachers gave sermons about how I was preaching having sex in a different way. Half the congregation would then go out and buy the record to see how bad it was." (March 1980)

GREAT SOUNDS

Two legendary rock critics appeared side by side in our October 1972 "View From the Top" review section: Dave Marsh appraised Rod Stewart, David Bowie, and the latest Creedence Clearwater Revival; Lester Bangs (below) hailed Linda Ronstadt's solo debut ("She's the high school girl you dated once or twice and remembered for the rest of your life").



ICE CUBE

"I don't really care about stereotypes. People have to realize that every race has their traditions, characteristics, and ways of acting—some they're proud of, some they're not. We should be comfortable with who we are, too, and be able to laugh and not give the stereotype any power." (February 2008)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PATTI SMITH) MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES, (LORETTA LYNN) ROGER F. MEYER/CORBIS, (LESTER BANGS) ROBERTA BAYLEY/REDFERNS, (ICE CUBE) SCOTT MCDERMOTT/CORBIS, (JOHN NY CASP) MICHAEL ROUGIER/TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES, (MICK JAGGER) CORBIS, (GARY PETERS) DENIS O'REGAN/CORBIS, (ICE) C. TAYLOR GROTHERS/CORBIS, (DAVID BOWIE) CATHERINE CABROL/XIPA CORBIS, (PETE D'AMICO) MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES



JOHNNY CASH

"I was completely crazy.... I peeped at myself [in the mirror] and said, 'Let's kill us.' And then I said, 'I can't be killed. I'm indestructible.' Well, I looked myself right in the eye and said, 'I dare you to try.' So I got in that truck and started driving down the mountain. The truck turned upside down twice, but the only thing I broke was my jawbone." (August 1975)



MICK JAGGER

"It would be nice if someone in the press cared about anyone's personal feelings. But in the game of show business you've got to be prepared to take some pretty hard knocks. And you know, I can take them." (March 1985)



SEX PISTOLS

The terrible love-death relationship of Nancy Spungen and Sid Vicious was detailed by Spungen's mother in October 1983. She disclosed for the first time anguished letters Sid wrote to her after he murdered Nancy. "Nancy once asked if I would pour petrol over myself and set it on fire if she told me to," he wrote. "I said I would, and I meant it.... I can't go on without her." A few months later, he died of an overdose.



ICE-T

"Anybody walking around the streets thinking they know what's going on is kidding themselves. If they're not the head of the CIA, they don't know shit. We're stirring up shit. We're leaving people dead. And the survivors have memories.... It may come back on our kids." (September 2004)



AEROSMITH

"There's a lot of brutality... in terms of the message kids get from the media, and the message I think I would get if I was a kid watching TV today would be, 'Fuck as often and as long as you possibly can. It may kill you, but do it.' I'm not really concerned about our message. I think there's a lot of freedom and sexuality to it, but not the brutality or exploitation."—Tom Hamilton (July 1993)



DAVID BOWIE

"A reporter asked me, 'Is it true what they say about you?' And I said, 'Well, I'm bisexual.'... It didn't occur to me that they'd use that as my categorization for so many years. And that's the reason, the only reason, I regret it. I've never regretted it because I was a bisexual, but it was used like it was damning or something." (November 1983)



PETE TOWNSHEND

"I very sincerely believe that I know the route to perfection.... I just take people's thoughts and feelings and give them back.... For that, they call me a genius." (December 1974, interviewed by Cameron Crowe)





the trio grande

Take three of our most popular Pets—September 1993 Pet of the Month Andi Sue Irwin, June 1991 Pet of the Month Julie Strain, and August 1998 Pet of the Month Aimee Sweet—put them in front of one of our best erotic photographers (a Penthouse Pet herself in February 1995), add some classic photos, and what do you get? A *Penthouse* pictorial of historic proportions.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



A successful career as a feature dancer performing in clubs around the country helped raise the profile of 1996 Pet of the Year Andi Sue Irwin, who also owns several businesses. When we asked how the POY title played a part, she told us, "You have a lot of opportunities when you're Pet of the Year. Believe me, I wouldn't trade my life with anyone in the world!"





Statuesque 1993 Pet of the Year Julie Strain became one of the most popular B-movie actresses of the nineties and an accomplished photographer in her own right. These days her main gig is at home. "I'm engaged to a criminal defense attorney, and we live on a ranch with 34 animals," Julie told us. "My amazing son Shane is three, and my sister Lizzy rounds out the family. I've never been so happy!"







Aimee Sweet is a sexy sports fan with a taste for field hockey and the New York Yankees. When we asked her to share some favorite Pet memories, she said, "I had some amazing experiences. I was not only able to create a fantasy on film, but I've also traveled the world and done things I never thought I would do. And I've had some really close friendships with girls from *Penthouse*. Aria Giovanni is one of my best friends."





OF  ANDI SUE IRWIN, JULIE STRAIN & AIMEE SWEET
PENTHOUSE 40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

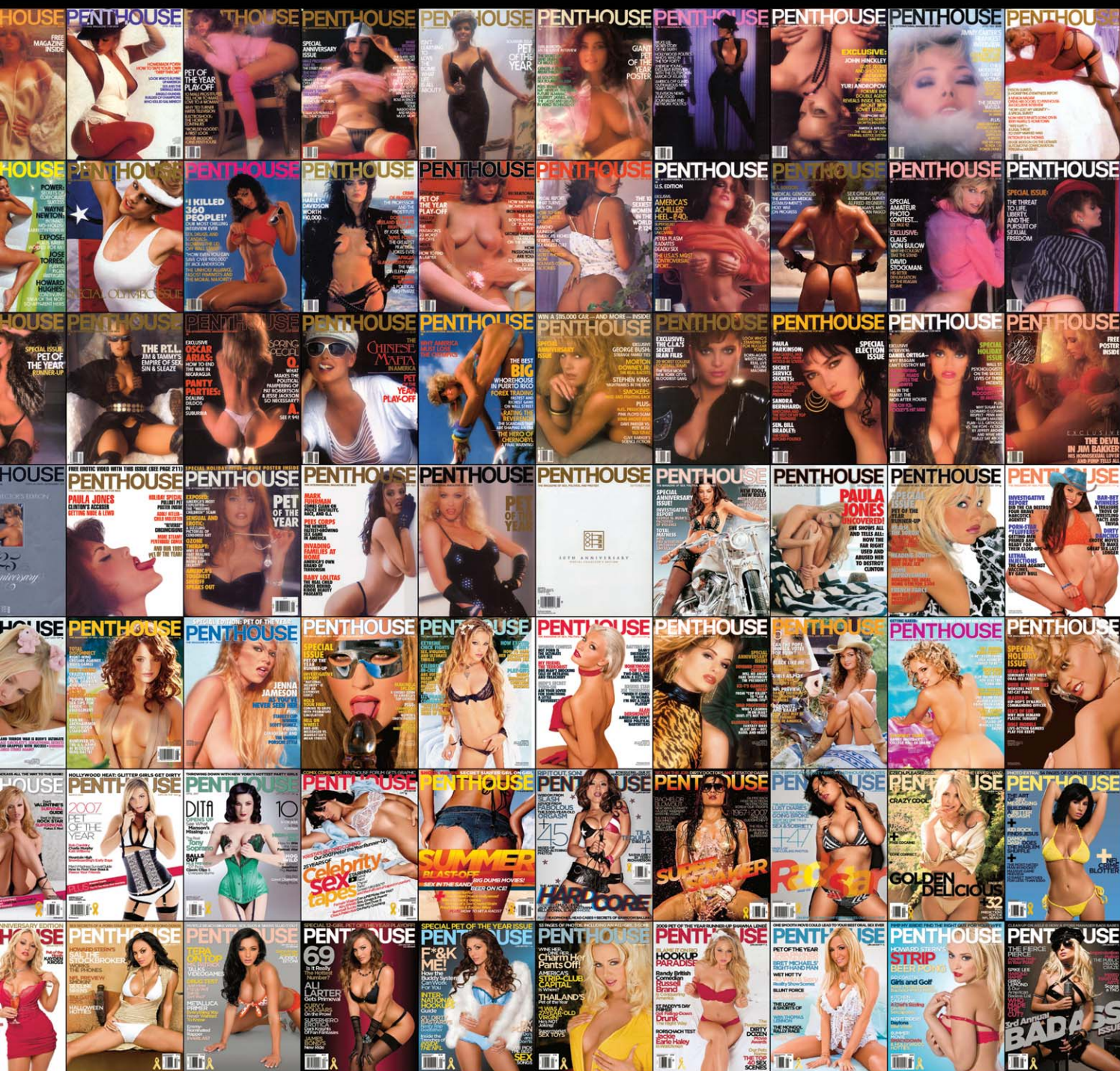




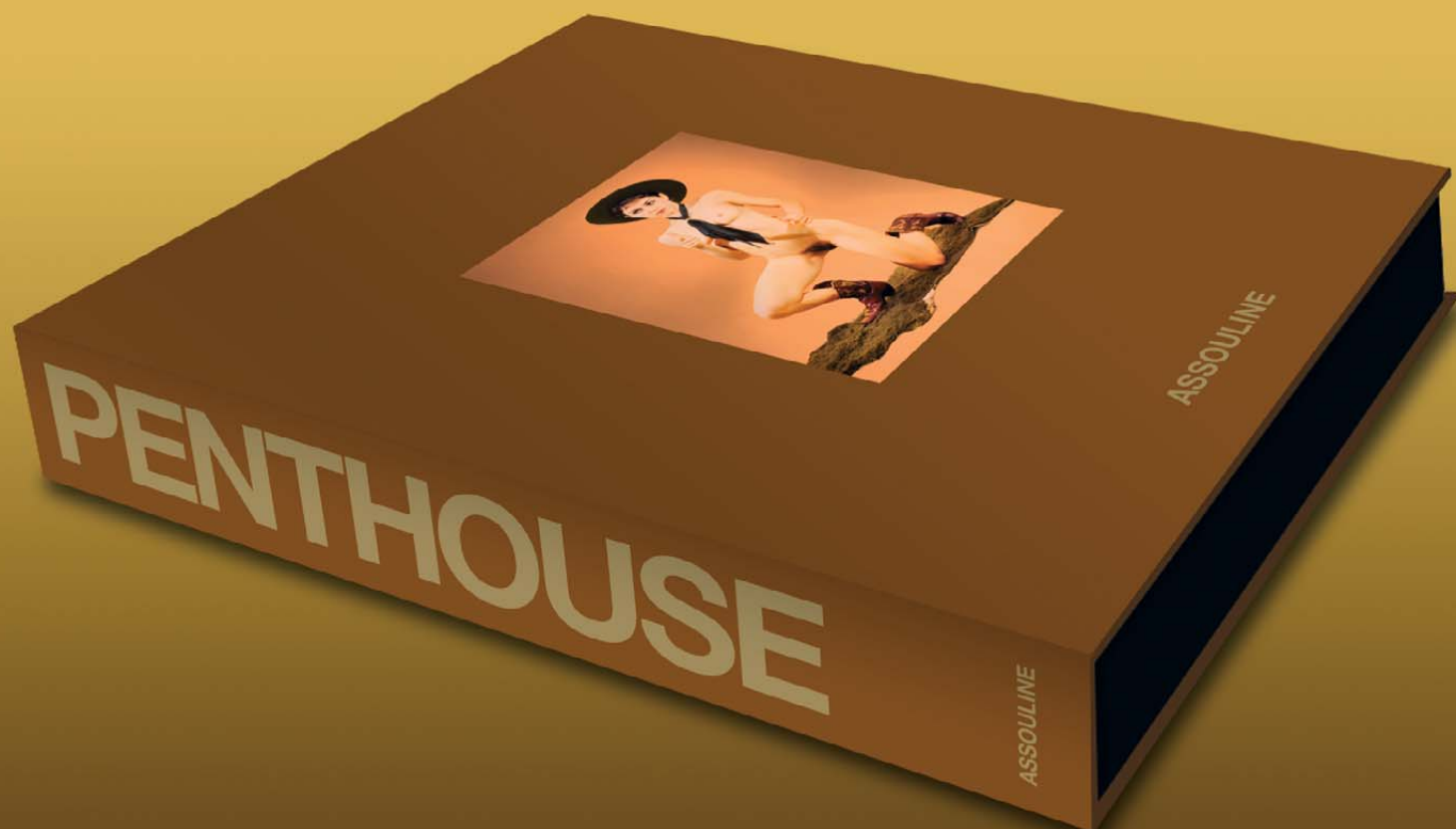


Emma Nixon was specially chosen to capture this magic moment on film. "It was so awesome to see them all again," she says. "I was blown away by how gorgeous they still looked! We were all very excited to chat about old times, as we were all Pets at around the same time. The girls thought it was great that I'm now shooting for the magazine, which for me has been a really exciting yet natural progression. This was like a gathering of friends who has each had her share of the ups and downs of life, and they've made us all stronger and more accomplished women."





“The greatest adult magazine in history.”
—**ROLLING STONE**



In 1969, the first issue of American *Penthouse* sold out in a matter of days. England's controversial magazine of beautiful girls, intelligent journalism, and intimate revelations had arrived.

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Credit card holders order toll-free: 1.866.573.2680, online at <http://www.assouline.com/penthouse/penthouse.html> or mail a check payable to Assouline Publishing, Attn: Accounting, 601 W. 26th Street, New York, NY 10001

PENTHOUSE School of Life

The story of a young man—sneaking peeks and gaining knowledge

By Drew Magary

The first time I ever saw a grown woman's vagina was in this magazine, when I was nine years old. This happened at summer camp, naturally. Summer camps were at one time responsible for more than 90 percent of the world's vaginal introductions. A kid named Jeff Robinson (not his real name) and I got into a discussion over the word *pussy*. Here is a transcript of that conversation.

Jeff: I bet you don't even know what a pussy is.

Me: Yes I do.

Jeff: What's it mean, then?

Me: It means a wussy.

Jeff: No, it doesn't. It means a girl's vagina.

Then Jeff reached under his cot, grabbed an issue of this magazine, and opened it up. And there it was, staring me right in the face. I wasn't even sure what I was looking at, and I remain more or less as confused about it to this day. It looked like a

place on the body where something had been amputated.

Nevertheless, it was clear to me in that moment that I had reached some sort of milestone in life. Every man has, embedded deep within his psyche, a richly detailed, indelible record of his sexual development. It's how we define ourselves as a species. And those earliest sexual memories are often the strongest, the ones that, remarkably, seem to grow in clarity over time.

I can recall all the minute details of how I interacted with this magazine when I was growing up. I remember going to the drugstore and spying wrapped copies tucked on the back shelf of the magazine rack, just peeking out at me. If I was lucky that day, someone before me had brazenly taken off the wrapping, browsed the *Penthouse* in the store, and put it back on the shelf, where I could easily peruse it. I remember standing in the candy aisle waiting for the people at the magazine rack to clear out, so I could discreetly walk over and grab the issue, then tuck it into another magazine (always *Rolling Stone*, because it was oversize) and go into a sparsely populated aisle like pet food or something so that I could ogle, say, January '92 Pet of the Month Stevie

Jean (opposite) in peace.

I remember that, at certain newsstands, *Penthouse* would be sequestered in an adult section with a swinging door at the back of the store. Again, I'd have to wait for anyone else in that section to clear out before I ventured in. There was always a giant circular mirror above the section, so the clerks would know if someone back there was underage, stealing, or jerking off (or all three). Slipping in to check out all the *Penthouses* and other nudie mags felt like executing a fucking bank heist. I could always feel my heart pounding like a double-kick bass drum before I manned up and ventured in. And I could always feel my palms getting sweatier, if not hairier.

Here's how I would browse any *Penthouse* I got my hands on: First, I'd check out the cover. Then I'd flip to the table of contents, which had a picture of the cover subject naked, which was awesome. Then I'd flip to the first pictorial a few pages in, which was usually a naked chick who wasn't the Pet of the Month.





1997



1986



1985



The Squat.
2002

Holy shit. She is fucking naked. Look at that. I mean she is super fucking naked. That is amazing.

Then I'd flip to the Pet of the Month, who usually had an exotic Eastern European name, like Sascha, or Zdenka, or Bulyshnyria.

Holy shit, she is naked. And she's even hotter than the last chick. And she's squatting.

Then I'd flip to the final pictorial, usually a guy and girl or two girls pseudo-banging (this was before the magazine began showing penetration, which it has since abandoned).

Holy shit. They are fucking. I think. I think that's how it works. If I have enough money, I will be able to do that one day. Holy shit.

Then I'd check out the phone sex ads in the back, try to memorize some of the numbers, and get the fuck out of there before I got pinched.

I remember all of the various positions the models posed in. There was the All Fours. There was the Squat. And, of course, there was the Harp, in which a model would throw both her heels over one shoulder and gently strum her biscuit. That one was most excellent.

Seeing a *Penthouse* for the first time, I felt I had moved up some sort of sexual-development ladder. I had graduated from seeing boobs in *Blue Thunder* to seeing full-on genitalia in the pages of this magazine. This wasn't just women being naked. This was women being revealed, and being sexual in a way that other magazines or the movies didn't really offer. This was serious shit.

It made me feel, however erroneously, that I was one step closer to seeing a woman naked in real life. And, odd as it may seem, I remember feeling just as large a rush of excitement seeing women naked in *Penthouse* as a kid as I felt seeing a woman naked in person years later. Many, many, many years later. Many.

Penthouse provided a learning process back then, a very sexy learning process in which I figured out how sex worked anatomically and, by reading the Forum letters, how that sex was procured—usually by striking up an otherwise harmless conversation with the boss's wife. It was healthy to learn about sex this way. My father never taught me about any of this shit, and that's frankly for the best. Some things are better learned on your own. I can't imagine how awful it would be to have a parent actively trying to explain the concept of sexual arousal. "And then, son, if you're lucky, she'll work the shaft!"

My memories of those days may seem somewhat pathetic in hindsight—the ravings of an insanely horny kid. But I'd argue it's important for all of us



The Harp.
2008.



1997

men to remain insanely horny kids for as long as we can. Because there was a sense of excitement, of discovery, of fucking downright elation back then, when you were able to successfully finagle a chance to look at some sweet poontang, either in *Penthouse*, or via scrambled cable porn, or however you could get it. I find that that kind of breathless anticipation, sexual or otherwise, gets harder and harder to duplicate as I get older.

My generation is the very last in human history that will have had to rely on printed pornography to get through puberty. Today, seeing a vagina is a relatively simple affair. You need only click a button. Fuck, you can even access it on your phone now. (If you had told me when I was 13 that there would one day be *phonegina*,

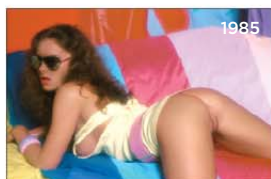
I would have furiously masturbated merely at the possibility.)

As a result, that whole sexual-graduation process has become obsolete. Boys today can learn everything they want to know about sex in an instant. There is no ladder, only a quick step up. Is that awesome if you're 13 years old right now? Fuck and yes, it is. Will kids now have the same kind of intense memories of sexual discovery that I used to have? I don't know. All I know is the personal legacy these pages hold in my heart. Or, to be more precise, in a specific region due south of that.

So cheers to you, *Penthouse*, on turning 40, also known as the Cougar Age. May the Jeff Robinsons of the world always have a place for you at summer camp. ☺



1991



1985



1997



The All
Fours.
1996

bench warmers

When the boys are away, the girls will play ...
but Jana and Renata have an indoor game in mind—
and the tennis-lesson partners won't be needing any balls.

Photographs by Beck Images









The platinum princesses slip out of matching silky black lingerie, relishing the opportunity to get to know each other *much* better.



Finally stripped of everything
but ebony spiked heels,
Jana takes her initial taste of
Renata's fragrant nectar,
and immediately knows she
could happily drink it in forever.








The blonde beauties quickly learn exactly how to please a female lover, taking tongue-twisting turns lapping up each other's sweetest desires.





As their passion reaches an exquisite crescendo, their cries of unbridled pleasure escalate ... and yet, they're just getting started. It's going to be a long and very satisfying night.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF JANA AND RENATA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/JANAANDRENATA.



PENTHOUSE PRESEASON TOP 10

We join the masses in ranking Florida No. 1 (how can you not?), but spring a surprise at No. 8. *By Peter Schrager*

1 FLORIDA

The Gators return 17 of 22 starters from 2008's SEC and BCS championship team. Remember the 2007 Florida hoops team that returned five starters for a defense of the national title?

Key Players: Tim Tebow, QB; Joe Haden, CB (left)



2 TEXAS

If not for the last-second heroics of Texas Tech receiver Michael Crabtree, the 'Horns would have played for the national title last season. They don't have to worry about him this year.

Key Players: Colt McCoy, QB; Sergio Kindle, LB (above)

3 OHIO STATE

Losing All-Americans James Laurinaitis (LB), Chris Wells (RB), and Malcolm Jenkins (CB) hurts, but QB Terrelle Pryor is ready to flourish. The Buckeyes' first test: USC in Columbus on September 12.

Key Players: Terrelle Pryor, QB; Thaddeus Gibson, DE



4 OKLAHOMA

The Sooners return nine defensive starters, a Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback, and the best tight end in the country (Jermaine Gresham), but lose four of five starters on the offensive line.

Key Players: Sam Bradford, QB; Gerald McCoy, DT (above)



5 USC Subtract eight defensive starters from 2008's Pac 10 title squad—all of whom will play in the NFL this season—add three question marks at quarterback, and you get a Rose Bowl berth in jeopardy.
Key Players: Joe McKnight, RB (above); Taylor Mays, S

6 VIRGINIA TECH The Hokies are good for ten wins every season, but 2009 may be the year they notch 11 or 12. The ACC is theirs to lose.

Key Players: Tyrod Taylor, QB; Jason Worilds, DE

7 LSU After a below-average '08 season, Les Miles's boys showed a lot of promise for the future in their Chick-fil-A Bowl rout of Georgia Tech. They're loaded on both sides of the ball.

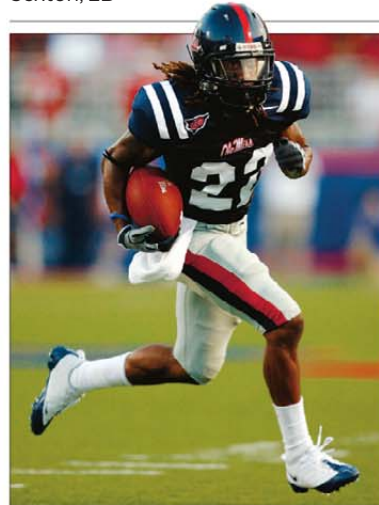
Key Players: Charles Scott, RB; Rahim Alem, DE

8 CALIFORNIA The Golden Bears return 17 of 22 starters and may give the Trojans a run in the Pac 10. You won't find a better running back in college football than Jahvid Best.

Key Players: Jahvid Best, RB; Kevin Riley, QB (if he can hold off Brock Mansion); Syd'Quan Thompson, CB

9 OKLAHOMA STATE Mike Gundy may be best known for his absurd 2007 "I'm a man" press conference, but the "man" can coach. His offense will bring the magic in '09, but the defense is anybody's guess.

Key Players: Dez Bryant, WR; Andre Sexton, LB



10 MISSISSIPPI The trendy pick out of the SEC West, Ole Miss returns eight starters on defense and a host of playmakers on O.
Key Players: Dexter McCluster, WR (above); Greg Hardy, DE

Where have you gone, Traditional Powers?

Miami, Michigan, and Notre Dame have fallen on hard times.

Fans outside of Ann Arbor, Michigan; South Bend, Indiana; and South Florida may not have noticed it, but at 1:30 P.M. EST on Sunday, April 26, the once-storied college football programs in those famous locales reached a nadir. At that moment, Vaughn Martin, a defensive tackle out of the University of Western Ontario, was drafted by the San Diego Chargers in the fourth round of the 2009 NFL draft. What does a lineman from an unknown school in Canada have to do with three of college football's most successful programs? Martin was the 113th overall pick of the draft, meaning the proceedings went that far, knee-deep into the fourth round, *without a single player from Michigan, Miami, or Notre Dame having been selected.* For the first time since 1971, the three schools combined did not have at least one first-round pick. And of the 256 players selected in the entire draft, only *four* were Wolverines, Hurricanes, or Golden Domers.

Dark days have befallen these iconic programs. In the last two years, Michigan has lost to both Appalachian State and Utah in the Big House, while Notre Dame has fallen to Syracuse and Navy

under the watchful eyes of Touchdown Jesus. Miami was on its way toward an ACC title in 2008 before dropping the final two games of the season in forgettable, uninspired efforts.

But there is hope—or so the fans of all three programs like to think. Notre Dame coach Charlie Weis is flush with returning starters, and his Michigan counterpart, Rich Rodriguez, is now a year removed from the wreckage of an ugly divorce from West Virginia. He's more settled at Michigan and will work to hone his unique offense in the defense-loaded Big Ten. Randy Shannon, who has gone 12-13 as coach of Miami, is facing a put-up-or-shut-up season.

Which of the three has the best chance to reclaim glory in '09? Believe it or not, it's Notre Dame. The Fighting Irish return ten starters from an offense that beat Hawaii 49-21 in the Hawaii Bowl last season, and seven from a defense that improved down the stretch in 2008. The Irish could very well be right back in the BCS spotlight in '09.

And with any luck, they'll get some attention on Draft Day 2010, too.



BUILDING A BETTER BOWL SEASON

Three postseason alternatives to the widely reviled BCS.

The morning after Florida's 24-14 win over Oklahoma in January's BCS Championship Game, President-elect Obama told reporters, "We need a playoff. If I'm Utah, or if I'm USC, or if I'm Texas, I might still have some quibbles."

Yes, we can!

The greater public has had quibbles with the BCS format for years. Quite simply, the system is flawed. Utah, USC, and Texas got the short end of the stick in '08, Georgia in '07, Boise State in '06, and many other teams before them. But while public desire for a playoff has reached critical mass, there is so much money (and tradition, but mostly money) tied up in the current system that it will take years to dismantle it. Not to mention the fact that a certain behemoth sports network (rhymes with ZFDM) just signed on for a four-year, \$495 million sponsorship deal of the BCS national title game. The BCS ain't

going anywhere. But if it did, well, wouldn't it be fun to fill out an NCAA football bracket?

Here are three postseason scenarios that would beat the crap out of the current one:

1. The Plus One: Run the current bowl season exactly as is, until the final two BCS bowl games. Then pit the BCS's No. 1-ranked team against the No. 4-ranked team at a neutral site, and the No. 2- and No. 3-ranked teams at a second neutral site, with both games to be played on the same day in a double-header format. Next pit the winners of those two games against each other in a "plus one" grand-finale title tilt. You would still have your 20 or so bowl games, and a season completed by early January, plus a much less debatable champion.

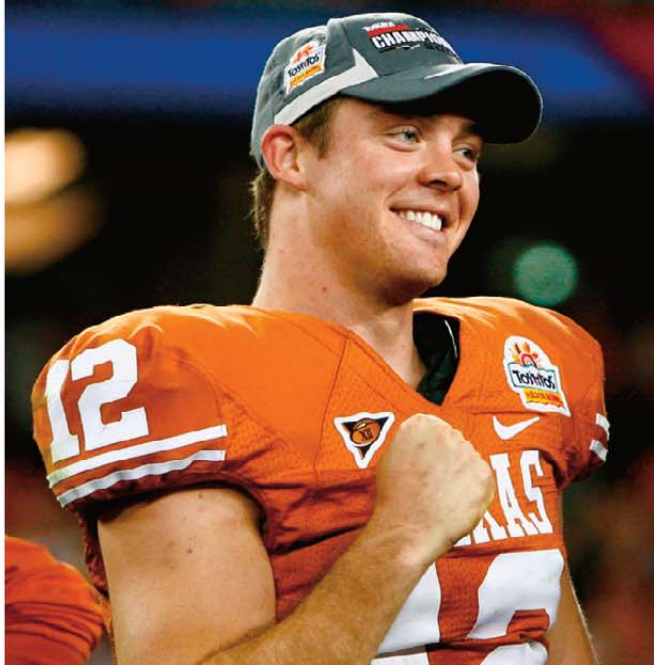
Potential glitch: Based on last season's results, Utah would have been on the outside looking in anyway. The non-BCS schools never crack the Top Five in the BCS standings. They'd still be slighted.

2. The Elite Eight: Give tournament bids to the six BCS conference winners and two "at-large" teams from all of Division 1A. The selection committee would be composed of officials from schools across the land, both small and large.

Potential glitch: Chances are, a No. 9 team won't be happy. You'd still be slighting the little guys.

3. The Sweet 16: All 11 Division 1A conference winners earn automatic bids and there are five at-large bids, determined by the final regular-season BCS standings.

Potential glitch: We'd be watching college football until mid-February. Then again, would that be so bad?



BIG MEN ON CAMPUS

Colt McCoy, Tim Tebow, and Sam Bradford are college heroes, but will they be NFL zeroes?

For the first time ever, all three Heisman finalists from a year ago have returned to school. Brace yourself: If you're not ready for the tidal wave of media hype that will accompany each quarterback's performances, you might get washed out to sea. This year, as last, they will battle for both the Heisman and the national championship. No one questions that each player can get the job done on Saturdays, but what about Sundays? Which of these guys will make the best NFL signal caller? Let's break it down.

Following his 2008 Heisman Trophy-winning season, Bradford was in line to be the top pick in the NFL Draft. It was only after Bradford announced his decision to return to school that Georgia quarterback Matt Stafford emerged as the consensus No. 1 (and was in fact taken with the first selection, by Detroit). Bradford is blessed with a powerful arm and good if not great NFL size (he's six four, 218 pounds). The primary downside for his NFL prospects is the offense he currently runs for the Sooners. More often than not, he's working out of a shotgun formation—a deployment used relatively rarely in the NFL. Vince Young and Alex Smith, two other high draft picks from shotgun-based offenses, have so far failed miserably in the NFL.

McCoy is one of the more accurate passers in college football history, and a four-year starter for a perennial Top Ten team. The knock on him is his relative lack of size (six three, 210) and arm strength. He might lack the natural gifts NFL teams fixate on when selecting quarterbacks in the first round.

Tebow is a genuine wild card. He's built like a linebacker (six three, 245), he's left-handed, and he runs Urban Meyer's unconventional spread offense. It's not an exaggeration to say that Tebow is unlike any pro quarterback prospect we've ever seen. Some experts have hinted at him being as low as a third- or fourth-round selection, but then again, no one would be shocked if he went in the Top Five. He's a proven winner, and he can run and throw with NFL-level skill. Why couldn't he start in a league where Shaun Hill and Sage Rosenfels are expected to take snaps on 2009's opening day?

Of course, it's all speculation until these guys actually get to the league, but our gut says Bradford will be the first one selected in next year's draft, and Tebow will be the one with all the buzz—but McCoy will end up the best pro of the three. **+**



Look Back in Trust

We revisit just a few of the sensational photographs that have graced our pages over the past four decades.



MADONNA

September 1985

Our 16th Anniversary Issue boasted art-school nudes of the world's biggest female pop star from her pre-Material Girl days—and from way before she shocked the world with her fetish book *Sex*. Madonna has reinvented herself at least a dozen times since, including as the author of a series of children's books, and remains one of the biggest stars in music. Still, we'll always have a soft spot, so to speak, for the young woman from Detroit who earned some extra cash posing at art schools.



DITA VON TEESE

April 2007

As "the world's premier burlesque artist," Dita Von Teese became a genuine global superstar, the first nude model since Pamela Anderson to become a cross-platform cultural icon and symbol of sexual liberation. She's the stripper as rock goddess. "I'm trying to prove that *stripping* isn't a dirty word," she has said. "There was a time when striptease was a beautiful, elegant performance."



PAMELA ANDERSON & TOMMY LEE

June 1996 and March 1998

The *Star Wars* of celebrity sex tapes was found in a safe that was stolen from the couple's home. After a company threatened to sell it online, Pam and Tommy sued for invasion of privacy, and each was awarded at least \$740,000. The legal version did boffo box office and was *Adult Video News* magazine's top-selling and top-renting release of 1999.



ANNA NICOLE SMITH: THE LOST NUDES

April 1996

By the time she was 28, when we published these early nudes, Smith was a tabloid staple, with TV shows and supermarket rags carrying a torrent of increasingly exotic and imaginative accusations that bordered on comic. But what is undeniable about the former waitress from Texas is that the foundation of her fame and fortune was her breasts.





VANESSA WILLIAMS

September 1984

Now that every reality show seems to yield a nude-photo scandal, and revealing pics of starlets, pop tarts, and even Disney stars are readily available on the Internet, it's hard to imagine the impact of our 15th Anniversary issue. But when people discovered that it featured nude photos of the first black Miss America, it sold out in days. Williams was dethroned, publisher Bob Guccione was vilified, and the American people were mesmerized. Williams later had a successful career as a singer, with several hits on the R&B and pop charts; on Broadway, where she was nominated for a Tony for *Into the Woods*; and on TV, with her Emmy-nominated turn on ABC's *Ugly Betty*. She has consistently refused to discuss the sensational photos that cost her the Miss America crown, but let's face it: She's still the only Miss America most of the world can name.



TONYA HARDING

September 1994

In 1994 Tonya Harding rocked the figure-skating world—although it had nothing to do with her triple axel. Her husband, Jeff Gillooly, was arrested for engineering an attack on Harding's rival and Olympic teammate, Nancy Kerrigan, and accused Harding of assisting with the plans. Later that year, stills of Tonya and Jeff acting out their wedding night appeared in *Penthouse*. Harding left the Olympics empty-handed, but she scored a spot in the Celebrity Sex Tape Hall of Fame.



GENNIFER FLOWERS

December 1992

Cabaret singer Gennifer Flowers burst onto the national stage during the 1992 presidential campaign, when she alleged that she'd had a 12-year relationship with Bill Clinton, who denied any involvement. Flowers told us her story, which was complemented by racy shots of the voluptuous 42-year-old. Six years later, during a deposition, the president finally admitted that he'd had sex with Flowers, who had told *Penthouse*, "Clinton ate pussy like a champ."



PAULA JONES

January 1995

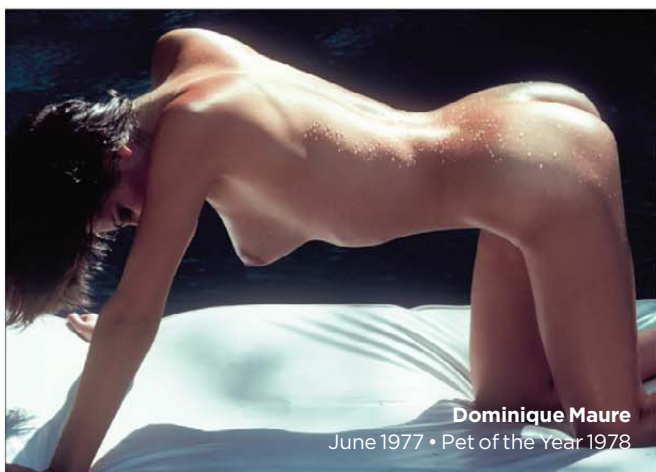
At this point it seems safe to say that the world will never know what happened between Bill Clinton and Arkansas state employee Paula Jones in a Little Rock hotel room in 1991, but testimony from the subsequent sexual-harassment lawsuit provided entertainment to the masses and ample ammunition to the president's political enemies. After years of legal wrangling, Jones's case was tossed out, although during an appeal Clinton entered into an out-of-court settlement—and Jones appeared nude in *Penthouse*.



Barbie Lewis
July 1974

THE CENTERFOLDS

A quick glimpse at a few of our most popular Pets. We always say that each and every Penthouse Pet is first among equals, but you, dear reader, should have no such qualms about picking favorites.



Dominique Maure
June 1977 • Pet of the Year 1978



Victoria Lynn Johnson
August 1976 • Pet of the Year 1977



Corinne Alphen
June 1978 • Pet of the Year 1982



Cody Carmack
May 1981
Pet of the Year 1986



Linda Kenton
May 1983 • Pet of the Year 1984



Simone Brigitte
April 1989
Pet of the Year 1991



Leslie Glass
February 1992



Gina LaMarca
May 1993 • Pet of the Year 1995



Emma Nixon
February 1995



Elizabeth Ann Hilden
June 1995 • Pet of the Year 1997



Diane (aka Sunset Thomas)
March 1996



Silvia Saint
October 1998



Tera Patrick
February 2000



Zdenka Podkapova
April 1999
Pet of the Year 2001



Aria Giovanni
September 2000

Sunny Leone
March 2001 • Pet of the Year 2003



Briana Banks
June 2001



Cheyenne Silver
December 2001





Victoria Zdrok
June 2002 • Pet of the Year 2004



Jenna Jameson
Pet of the Year
issue 2004



Stormy Daniels
February 2007



Heather Vandeven
January 2006 • Pet of the Year 2007



HOWARD STERN DIRECTS

After posing with four Pets for the cover of our April 1997 issue, which included a feature on the silver-screen version of his best seller *Private Parts*, Howard Stern lived out every straight man's fantasy: to direct a *Penthouse* pictorial. Naturally, Howard was interested in a girl-on-girl photo shoot. The first model Howard cast was February 1992 Pet of the Month Leslie Glass. Then he selected the lovely Heather. When the time came, he yelled "action" and let the girls get into the groove. As he told us, "One thing I've learned as a Hollywood star is that all great directors let actors do their own thing." The results—which we published in our 1997 Anniversary Issue—were, as you can see, breathtaking.







Bree & Heather
July 2008



Janine & Emerald
October 1996



Briana, Dirk & Cheyenne
January 2001

THE PETS IN ACTION

Nothing makes us happier than putting our models in pairs or groups and capturing the action. Through the years, *Penthouse* pictorials have featured the biggest names in adult entertainment.



Jenna, Taylor & Mark
August 1998



Tera & Erik
September 2001



Silvia & Evelyn
March 2006



Shawna & Audrey
June 2009



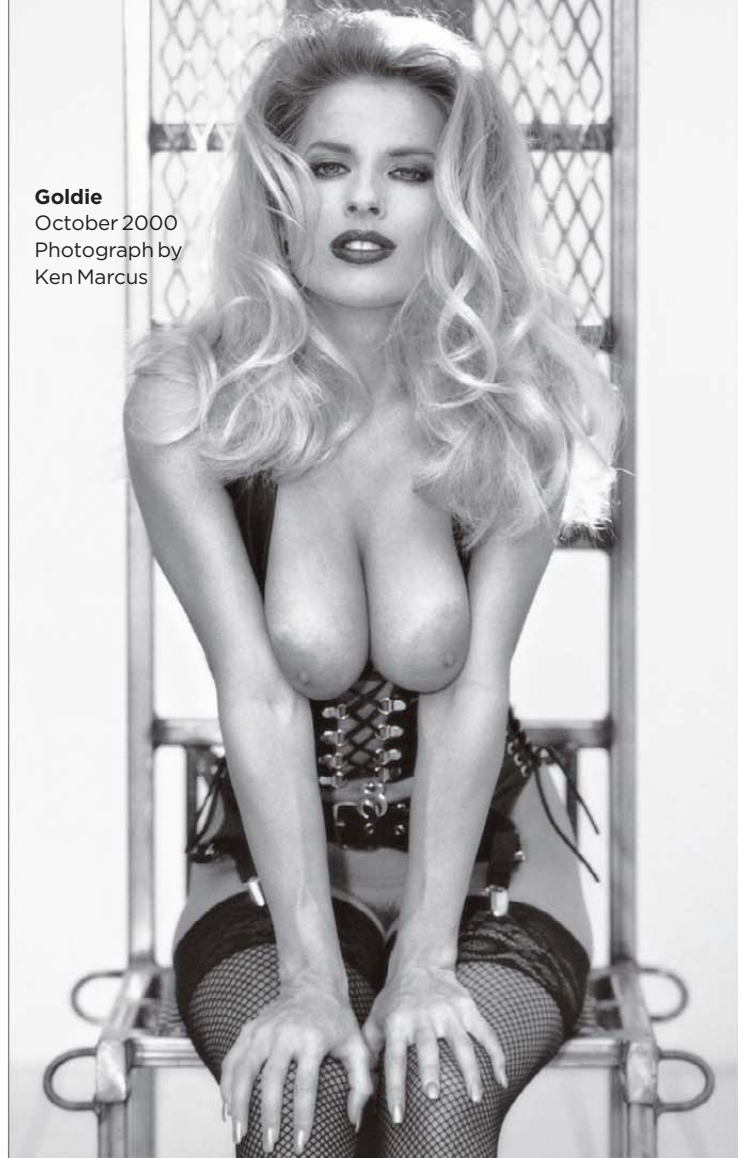
Heather & Devon
November 2008



Aria & Jelena
January 2009



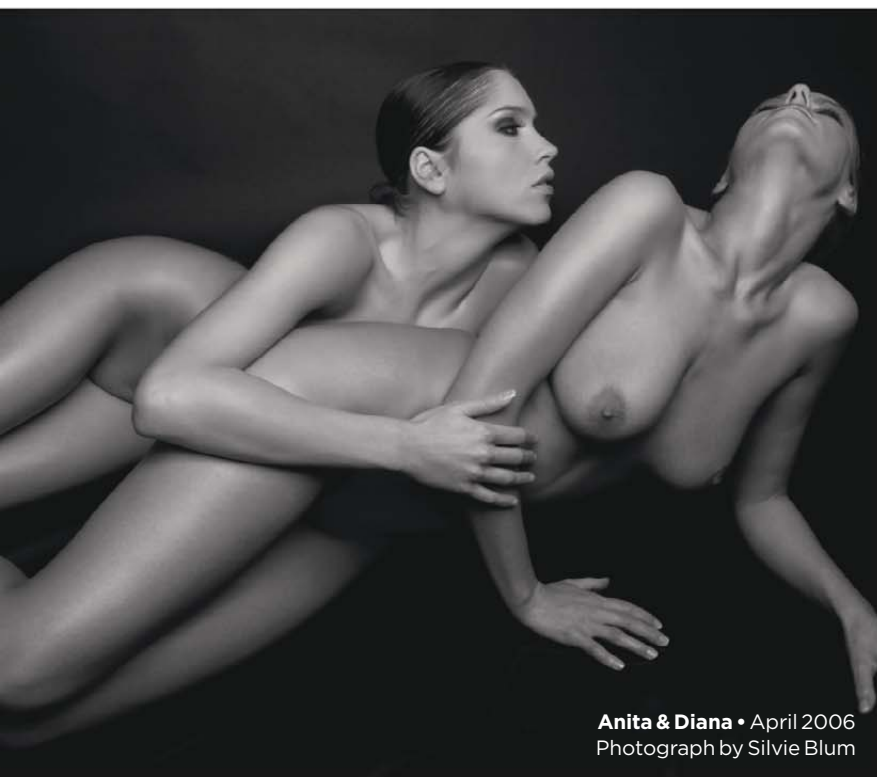
Janine Lindemulder
June 1996
Photograph by
Earl Miller



Goldie
October 2000
Photograph by
Ken Marcus

THE BLACK AND WHITES

Throughout our 40 years, *Penthouse* has featured the most artistic work of the best erotic photographers of our time. Perhaps nothing illustrates that point as well as these stunning photos.



Anita & Diana • April 2006
Photograph by Silvie Blum



Anna & Claudia
April 2006
Photograph
by Silvie Blum

Mason • May 1996
 Photograph by
 J. Stephen Hicks



PENTHOUSE Firsts

Nipple touching
 January 1972

**Depiction of
 masturbation**
 September 1972

Girl-girl set
 September 1972

Guy-girl set
 December 1972

Wicked Wanda strip
 September 1973

**Shaped and trimmed
 pubes**
 November 1974

Girl with two guys
 December 1974

Guy with two girls
 February 1975

Three-girl set
 March 1976

Blowjob in silhouette
 February 1980

**Illustration depicting
 penetration**
 (by *Alien* illustrator
 H. R. Giger)
 April 1980

Sweet Chastity strip
 May 1981

Mud-wrestling pic
 November 1981

**Mother-daughter
 layout**
 March 1985

Sorayama illustration
 September 1994

Use of a strap-on
 December 1997

Money shot
 January 1998

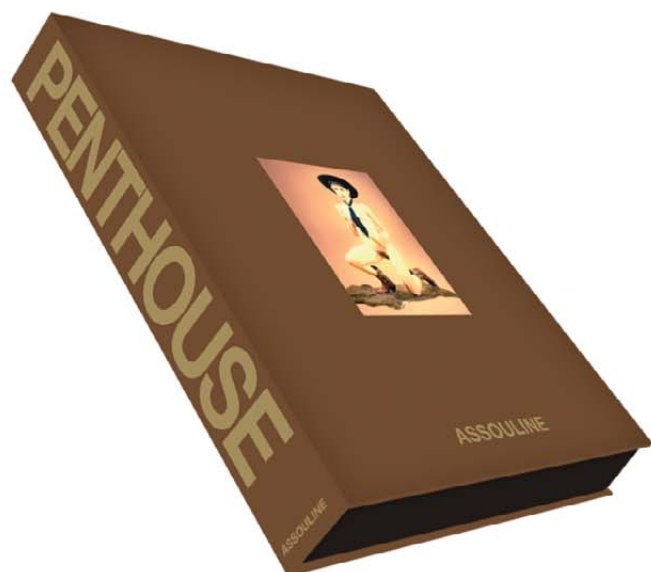
Fucking machine
 October 1998

Condom in pictorial
 November 1998

Claudia • April 2006
 Photograph by Silvie Blum



An Erotic Celebration



Like so many young men around the world, Prosper Assouline devoured the red-hot photos in *Penthouse* magazine. But unlike most of these readers, he went on to become a fashion art director and then the founder of a world-renowned, high-end book-publishing empire.

“The sexual embrace
can only be compared
to music or prayer.”



1988



“Put your hand on a
hot stove for a minute,
and it seems like an hour.
Sit with a pretty girl for
an hour, and it seems like
a minute. *that's* relativity.”




“There really seem to be no
masks in these pictures. They seem
to capture the look, young and
hungry and enamored and almost
guileless, that served as the mold for
the mask of charm, one of many, that
the world would come to know ...
Her hair still dark rather than blond,
her expression one of purity
rather than of *beaute du diable*,
her dancer's body still angular and
bony rather than voluptuous.”



and publisher of *Penthouse*, was an artist who once said that he started the magazine as a way to give him the financial freedom to pursue a career as a painter. The quality of the photographs in *Penthouse* are a testament to Guccione's artistic ideals, and I think our book is like an exhibition of the evolution of women over those 40 years—from a *Penthouse* point of view, of course.”

As a publisher Assouline is, as one of his competitors once said, “driven by [his] superb visual taste ... very much in the business of marketing taste.” Assouline realized that a book of these photographs had the potential to be a once-in-a-lifetime event. No “coffee table” book would suffice—he ensured that the highest-quality paper and production standards would guarantee a classic work of art that would stand the test of time and be a lasting commemoration of what *Vanity Fair* declared was “among the greatest success stories in the history of magazines.”

At a small book party in the jewel-like Assouline boutique in New York's Plaza Hotel, Assouline congratulated the magazine's current owners, Marc Bell and Dan Staton, on transforming one of the twentieth century's iconic brands into a twenty-first-century success. “Many things change ... and this change happens even more quickly in this technological world,” he commented. “But I know that beauty, art, and sex will always be the most special part of being human. It gives me great satisfaction to celebrate this!”

This special limited-edition publication, printed on cotton paper and with a linen box cover, is certain to be recognized as one of the world's outstanding art books. 



Prosper Assouline with *Penthouse* Pet Victoria Zdrok and CEO Marc Bell at the Plaza Hotel for the *Penthouse* book party.

Looking out at a breathtaking vista of the Hudson River and the Statue of Liberty from his New York City offices, Assouline recalls the erotic energy of *Penthouse* as it transformed men's magazines with a brash sensuality that leapt off the pages. “You could tell,” he says, “these women were not only beautiful models. They exuded sexuality—one could almost feel the heat rising from the pages!”

When Assouline realized that *Penthouse* was approaching its 40th anniversary, he felt it was an appropriate time to consider a retrospective collector's edition. But as the creator of one of the world's most highly regarded publishing houses, he was determined that the *Penthouse* book celebrate art as well as sex.

“Looking over so many years of these photos,” Assouline recalls, “I was struck by how many of them were not only beautiful and erotic, but met the highest creative and graphic standards. I remembered reading that Bob Guccione, the founding editor

Hindsight Is

20/20

Please enjoy the lighter side of our trip down memory lane. Next stop: the late nineties/turn of the century.

Four decades ago, *Penthouse* was at the forefront of the sexual revolution, and our dedication to presenting erotically charged images of beautiful women has been unwavering ever since. However, while pushing the envelope and continually testing the limits of artistic license, we may have, oh, let's say wandered down an odd path from time to time. When we were going through the archives in preparation for this special 40th-anniversary package, we came across a few photo sets that made us say *hmmm...* and then double over with laughter. Don't get us wrong: The models are hot, and the pictorials are explicit and erotic. We stand by that. They just also happen to be entertaining as hell.



MUMMY DEAREST
July 1996

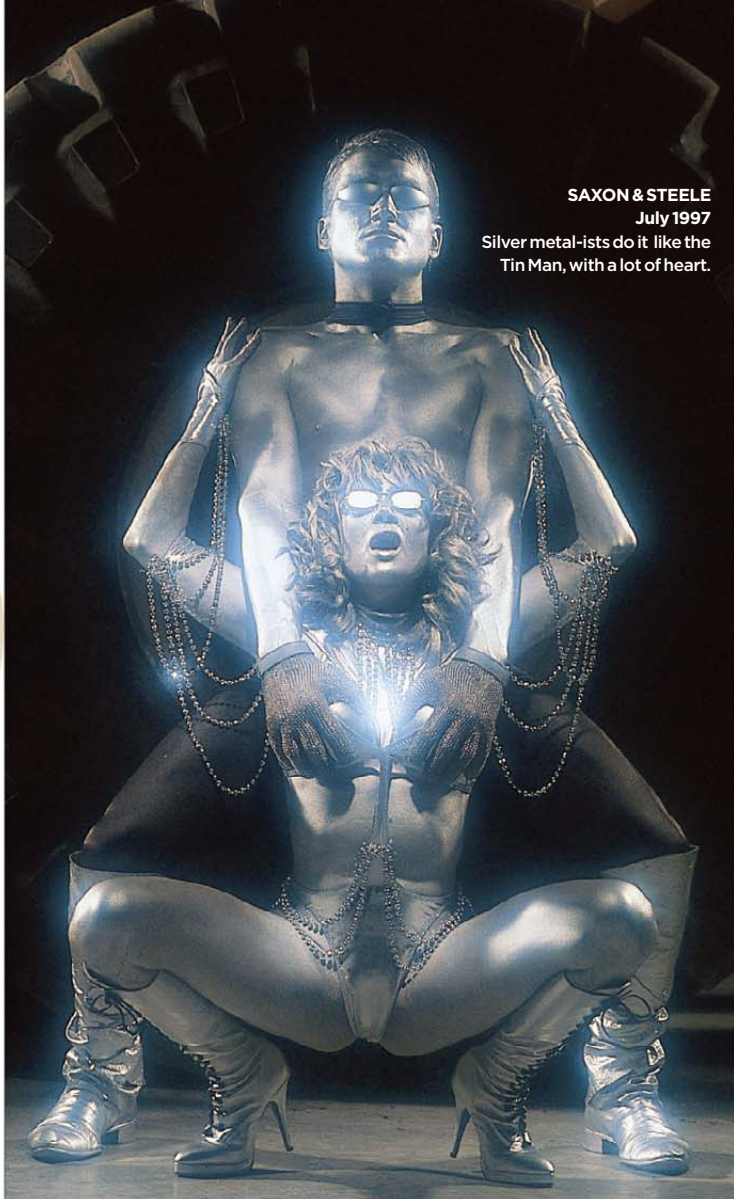
The sunglasses are a nice touch; the capper is, that's a chick under that wrapping.



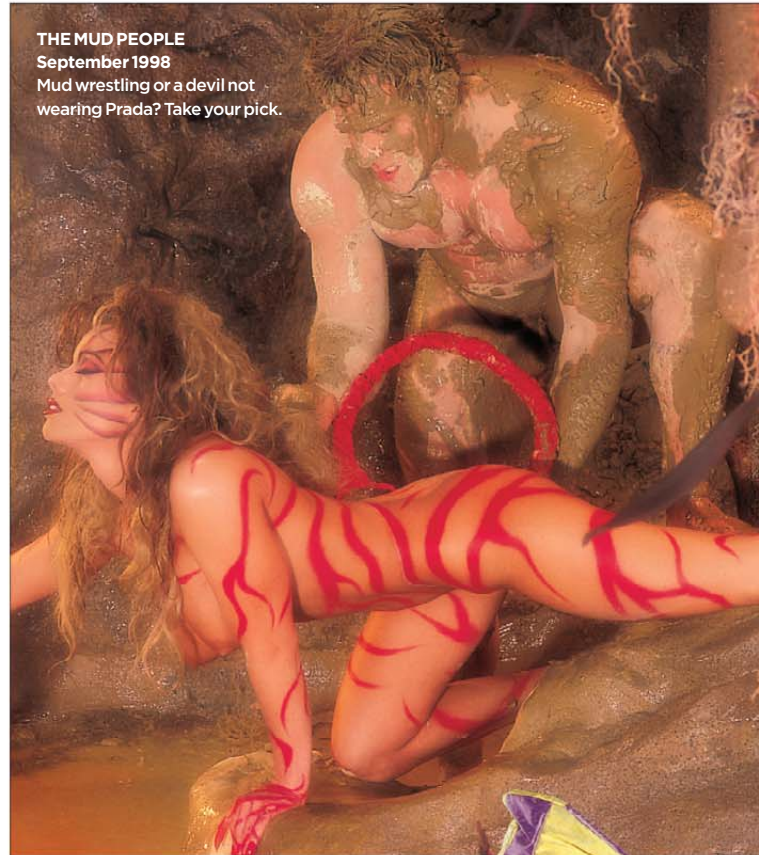
ROAD WARRIORS
March 2000

Yes, that really is a piano. Fortunately, Devon is smokin', so we don't care.

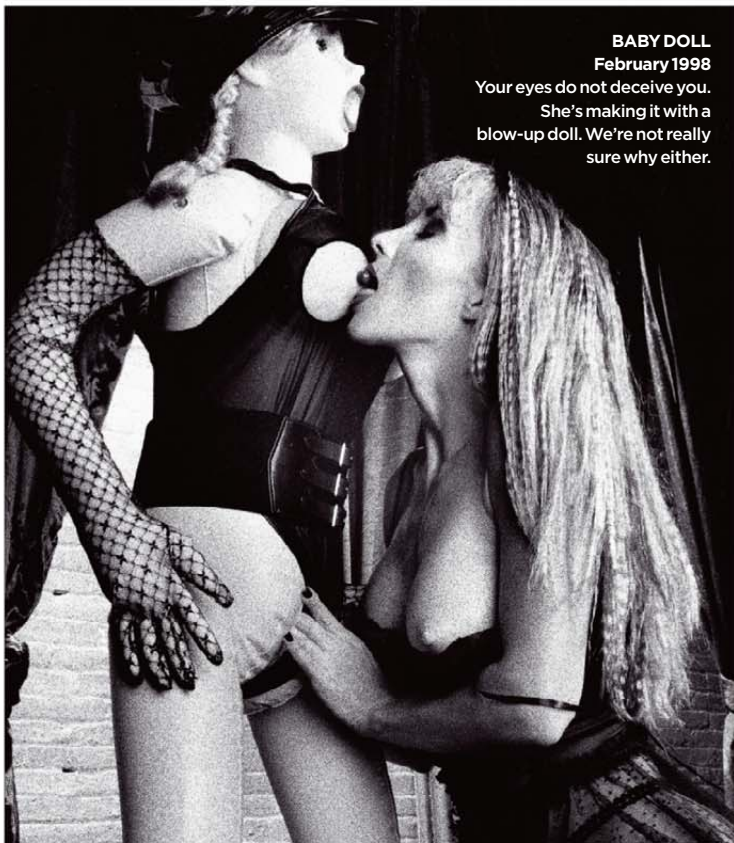




SAXON & STEELE
July 1997
Silver metal-ists do it like the
Tin Man, with a lot of heart.



THE MUD PEOPLE
September 1998
Mud wrestling or a devil not
wearing Prada? Take your pick.



BABY DOLL
February 1998
Your eyes do not deceive you.
She's making it with a
blow-up doll. We're not really
sure why either.



THE SINGER, NOT THE SCHLONG
May 1999
We can't be the only ones with a
Dr. Seuss fetish.



THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE
November 1999
Disclaimer: No baboons were harmed while our models were monkeying around.



STAR TRIPPERS
December 1999
Triple dildo helmet? Space-age unicorn? Either way, it's wild and wacky.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER
October 1999
Hey, at least we finally know why the caged bird sings.



IN THE BEGINNING

February 2000

Spiñal Tap could have lifted their "pod scene" from this pictorial. Hey, at least our guy got out of the thing!



CIVILIZATION REBORN

September 1999

We've dubbed this one "the deleted bachelor-party scene from *Bride of Chucky*."



LOVE BUG

September 2000

That's right, we were doing "green porno" years before Isabella Rossellini.



gemma



london calling

This magazine and this great nation of ours have roots that stretch back to the United Kingdom, so we enlisted a 24-year-old British babe, Gemma Massey, to help us celebrate 40 years of erotically charged photos of beautiful women.

Photographs by Brett Silver



"When I'm being photographed, I'm constantly wondering if my poses are sexy enough, because I want guys to look at my photos and go, 'Whoa! She's sexy!'"









"It's a huge turn-on to me when a guy behaves like a real gentleman, especially since most guys are just idiots all the time. A guy with a great personality always gets me in the mood."



"I don't think I would ever have sex with a stranger—unless it was a woman. Sleeping with a guy I've never met before seems a bit strange, but it's different with a woman. That I don't have any problems with."

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





Sophisticated SEX



From top: Betony Vernon nipple clamps, Lelo Inez in gold, Shiri Zinn turquoise snakeskin whip, and Paul Seville human-hair whip.



Can't swing the new luxury toys? You can craft your own from household items. Some advice: Stay away from the power tools. They may seem like practical homemade vibes, but as one Maryland woman learned in March, they're not so safe. She and her partner attached a dildo to a saber saw. The saw cut through the plastic dick and injured the 27-year-old woman. Maybe next time she'll think about buying something that's already rigged for pleasure. After all, even those big-ticket toys are cheaper than her hospital bill, and you don't have to explain yourself to the paramedics.—J.P.



The economy may be in need of a serious overhaul, but while we'll gladly brown-bag our lunches, there are some luxuries we're not ready to give up. The manufacturers of high-end sex toys clearly agree, as they're still producing the most desirable—and expensive—products.

Gucci started the trend more than a decade ago with its silver handcuffs, which cost more than \$800. Not to be outdone, luxury lifestyle brand Kiki de Montparnasse offers a pair of 24-karat-gold-dipped handcuffs for only \$350. Kiki doesn't stop there, however; there's also a crocodile-skin paddle for \$895 and a luxurious pearl restraint that ranges in price from \$2,400 to \$6,000 depending on how tight you're looking to be tied.

If Kiki's offerings don't impress, try other luxury S&M toys, like the human-hair whip from leather artisan Paul Seville. At \$370, it's probably cheaper to buy a wig, but where's the fun in that?

There are equally luxurious offerings from conceptual designer Shiri Zinn. She does it all, from strap-on harnesses and dildos to fur-tailed vibrators and more, but her most expensive items are her whips. The one we covet the most is made of turquoise snakeskin and has a handle encrusted in Swarovski crystals.

At just over \$1,100, it doesn't quite break the bank, but it comes awfully close.

Should whips and bondage not strike your fancy, you can try the Betony Vernon solid-silver nipple clamps. For a mere \$618, you get a set of multipurpose clips that can be used on any pinchable skin, from nipples to labia or anywhere in between.

If you still have some money burning a hole in your pocket, the fine folks at Lelo have just what you need. They recently launched the new Luxe line “for people who put no price on pleasure,” and they mean it. The cheapest item is the Olga, a \$390 silver dildo—\$790 if you want it in gold. Then there's the Earl, the male version, made for anal use, for \$590 or \$990 depending on your metal. For vibration, there's the Yva, a silver palm-size massager that comes in at \$1,300. But for the ultimate in luxury, the Inez, an internal vibe, costs \$7,900 for silver and \$10,500 for gold—just a few thousand less than you'd spend on a new car. (See PenthouseStore.com for our more reasonably priced toys.)—Jennifer Peters

TITS AS BIG AS TEXAS

Bigger is usually better in the Lone Star State, but even Texas has limits on how much silicone can be inserted into an individual bombshell. In April 2008, Sheyla Hershey, a 29-year-old actress and model, traveled to Houston in search of the implants of her dreams. After several breast surgeries and a gallon—literally—of silicone, she measured a whopping 34FFF. This wasn't enough, however; Hershey had set her sights on record-breaking knockers. But she was denied additional surgery, so she had to turn to her native Brazil, where she underwent her 11th breast surgery (she's also had a tummy tuck, liposuction, rib removal, and a butt implant). "Everybody's got a dream inside, you know?" she said. "And it's good when you can make your dream come true." Hershey's tremendous

tatas now measure an astonishing 38KKK, holding the world record for the largest implants.

In a Fox News radio interview conducted in February, Hershey stated that she isn't done yet, and is planning another breast-augmentation surgery in November.

British admirers of Hershey should be careful how they store any photos of the object of their desire. A new law, the Criminal Justice and Immigration Act 2008, contains prohibitions against "extreme pornography," which includes images of body parts that are "surgically constructed." Fingers crossed that that law doesn't migrate across the pond. We're fans of all breasts, surgically constructed or not, and would like to keep looking at them without fear of arrest, thanks. —Christine Colby



"My pussy is hanging out!"—Britney Spears on March 8, in Tampa, Florida, as she left the stage after singing "I'm a Slave 4 U," not realizing her headset mike was on. It's not like we haven't seen it before, Brit.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BRITNEY SPEARS) KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE, (CRAB) VISUALS UNLIMITED/CORBIS

FEELING CRABBY

She fucked your roommate, and now you're out a girl and an apartment. There's a wicked way to get back at them and make sure that bedroom of iniquity is unlivable: RevengeCrabs.com. You'll receive a colony of pubic-lice eggs, timed to hatch within days, and instructions for spreading

them. The evil geniuses behind the site have even bred a strain of shampoo-resistant bugs that are harder to get rid of. Colonies are priced at \$99 to \$298 depending on your creepy-crawly needs, and they offer bulk discounts for repeat customers, if that's how you roll. —C.C.



Army of 1

Unless you're into country music, you probably haven't heard of Jason Aldean, but his chart-topping singles and summer tour have the singer poised to become a household name.

By Alanna Nash

ALDEAN ARMY, the platinum-selling country singer's fan club, is on the move and may well invade your neck of the woods this summer. And while the singer has broken out as one of Nashville's hottest young hit makers, the 32-year-old isn't too jaded to get a thrill from a superstar. When Aldean's No. 1 single, "She's Country," went gold, Keith Urban sent Aldean a bottle of Cristal champagne with a note that read, "Top of the mountain has a pretty nice view. Congratulations." Aldean says, "Keith is just a nice dude. You almost think it's put on, but it's legit. He's an amazing musician, obviously, but he's also just a class act."

Aldean, who is also on Urban's summer tour, shares the Aussie's love of ear wear. The Georgia native pioneered the cowboy-hat-and-two-earrings look when he arrived in Music City in the late nineties—and caught plenty of flack for it. (Aldean says with a laugh, "Keith's got like 12 in one ear, and nobody ever says anything about that.") But with the release of his third album, *Wide Open*, it looks as if Aldean can do whatever he wants—except dance. "If I'd had to rely on dance moves to help me out with women, I'd have been in trouble," says the man behind such hits as "Hicktown" and "Johnny Cash." "I had to learn how to play an instrument and sing."



Still, it's been a circuitous route to that mountain peak. In 2006, Aldean was voted the Academy of Country Music's Top New Male Vocalist, but it took the Country Music Association two more years to nominate him in its equivalent category. "I don't think anybody knows how these awards shows go," he says. "That would have been a great one to have, but I'll take a platinum record over an award." He also muses on stage jumpers, football, and his resemblance to Elvis.

You're from Macon, Georgia, an area rife with musical history—the Allman Brothers, Little Richard, Otis Redding. Were any of them influences on your music?

I don't think you can grow up in Macon and not be influenced by country music, Southern rock, and R&B soul. Otis Redding is the best singer ever. You listen to his records—and that was in the day before they had Pro Tools, where you can make anybody sound good—and I don't think there's anybody who compares. He was just the most soulful singer.

You actually grew up on the outskirts of Macon. Was it "Hicktown" for you?

I don't know if I'd call it Hicktown, but drive 30 minutes outside Macon in any direction and you'll hit those places, for sure. They were definitely around.

Football seems to be a primal force to every man from Georgia. Is it for you?

Football is very important, especially college football. My team is the Georgia Bulldogs. I just had a TV installed in one of the bays under my bus, so I can sit outside and watch the games. I have this awning that comes out and keeps it shaded, and I have my little Georgia Bulldog reclining chair. It's kind of like being in the stands. That tells you how important football is to me.

Do you remember the first time you were in love?

It was Alyssa Milano, from *Who's the Boss?*. I used to have a picture of her hanging on my wall. I was in love with her for years.

You cowrote "Keep the Girl," from the new album, about your wife, Jessica, who was your high school sweetheart. But the song is about whether to stay in your small town or go after the big world, and whether you could keep her at the same time.

Yeah, she was in college, and we had been dating for quite a few years at that point. And here I was, getting ready to pick up and move my life to Nashville to pursue music, leaving her there and not knowing how that was going to play out in the end.

Obviously it worked out, but another song, "The Truth," indicates you've had your heart broken.

I know the feeling well. When you're around all your friends, you don't want them to know that you're miserable and sad, so you act like everything is cool, but it's really not. That song is just a real portrayal of what it's like to go through that experience.

What was your worst heartbreak?

Probably my wife. I started dating her when I was 17. Like a lot of high school relationships, you get together and you break up, then get back together

and break up again. One time we broke up for about six months. That's the longest we had ever split up, and I remember that being the roughest one. I didn't think we were going to get back together.

What did you do during those six months? Did you get drunk to deal with it, or try to get her back?

I just hung out with my friends a lot. I was one of those guys who had a girlfriend pretty much all through school. I would break up with one girl and date another chick right after that. So it sucked because we had broken up, but on the other hand, it was good because it gave me a chance to have some guy time for a while. That was probably my therapy right there.

Had she been the one to break it off?

Yes, and it was usually because I did something pretty stupid. You know how it is in high school. She finds out that you're talking to some other girl on the phone, or this person says that. It was always some deal like that.

"I could be the ugliest guy in the world up there playing an instrument and chicks would still like me. That's just the way it is."

Does she go out on the road with you now, or does she stay home with your daughters?

She goes occasionally, especially when summer rolls around. Then they come out whenever we are close to Nashville. But with two kids on a bus, it gets small pretty quick, and there's not a lot of room for them to run around and play. So I like it if they can be back to Nashville in a day if they start getting too tired.

You've said the birth of your daughters was the most exciting thing you've ever seen.

It was just amazing. I wasn't sure if I wanted to see that, because I didn't know if I'd pass out. But actually being there ... I don't even know how to describe it. It was such a life-changing event. The doctor said, "Look down here when Jessica has another contraction." And I said, "Well, no." Then he said, "Oh, there's her head!" And I looked and actually saw Keeley being born. She's six now.

Then I was really sweating it with my second daughter, because I was worried about getting home in time. I was out on the road touring with Rascal Flatts. Those guys fly home after the show each weekend in a private plane, and they let me come. So if we played a show on Saturday night, I would be home by 1 A.M., instead of getting home the next day at noon. That allowed me to be there for Kendyl's birth three years ago, and it was just a cool, cool thing. I'm glad I got to experience it twice.

What's the best thing about fatherhood?

Coming home off the road, just seeing the look on their faces when I walk in. Having them run up and



give me a hug. To me, that's a cool feeling. I want to raise my girls to be levelheaded and appreciative of the things we've got. They were born into this deal; they weren't around to see Mom and Dad struggling to pay bills. I hope at the end of the day, we will have raised them in a way that they don't take that stuff for granted.

Women come on to you on the road all the time.

As a family man, how do you handle that?

You just have to take it for what it's worth. It's very flattering, but I always ask myself, "Would this person give a shit if she saw me walking through the mall and she didn't know my name?" And since I don't remember getting this much attention before I had a few hits, the answer is no, she wouldn't. But I could be the ugliest guy in the world and be up there playing an instrument and chicks would still like me. That's just the way it is. And if you take that stuff too seriously, you start getting into trouble.

Have there been women who just wouldn't give up?


Absolutely. We played in New York City the other night and went to this little bar, and there were three girls who had been to the show. One of them should have stopped drinking before the show started. She kept walking to the bar to get a drink, then elbowing me in the back to catch my eye. And I was like, "Do you realize how annoying that is? Giving somebody scoliosis is not a good way to get his attention." They do stuff like that all of the time, and usually it's at a bar. Drinking tends to bring out the weirdness in people. Hell, I'm probably the same way.

How physical has it gotten onstage?

Well, I had my pants ripped from the bottom to halfway up my shin in a bar in Charlotte, North Carolina, a couple of years ago. They're always grabbing your legs and touching your boots, but there were a couple of crazies in the front row, and one got my pants and started tearing them off me. They were just flopping around. I was pissed, too, because it was one of my favorite pairs of jeans.

Lately, though, something has started happening that's been a little weird for me, and that's stage jumpers—people who get onstage during our show. A lot of times I don't see them coming up, so when I turn around and there's a six-foot-five-inch guy there that I don't know, it's a really freaky deal. Nine times out of ten, it's just somebody having a good time, somebody who's probably had a little too much to drink. But some guy got up onstage and shot and killed Dimebag Darrell from Pantera. You never know when you are going to get that one wacko up there to harm you. You're so exposed out there anyway, so that's always a little scary for me.

People used to tell you that you looked like a young Elvis. How did you feel about that?

The mother of one of my first girlfriends was a huge Elvis fan, and she told me that when I was 15 or 16. I didn't really see it, but the older I got, the more people started saying that. When I don't have my hat on I get it a lot more, because my hat shades my eyes. But you know what? Women thought Elvis was a stud, so hell, I'll take it. 



pet of the month



A photograph of a modern outdoor lounge area. In the foreground, a white lounge chair with a black frame is partially visible on the left. Next to it is a potted orchid with long green leaves and pink flowers, sitting in a silver cylindrical pot. To the right, another white lounge chair is visible. In the bottom left corner, a portion of a swimming pool with clear blue water is shown. The background consists of a light-colored wall and a white curtain hanging on the left. The overall scene is bright and sunny, with shadows cast across the floor.

animal attraction

Taylor Vixen claims teasingly to have perfect boobs. Who are we to argue? We were happy to let her show them off as the centerfold of our 40th Anniversary Issue, and we think you'll agree that the stunning adult star is a superb addition to the ranks of Penthouse Pets.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



"I had a great time on this shoot, because I love Emma's personality. My favorite part was doing the robot dance for one photo, as a joke."





"The most remarkable sexual experience ever was when I learned to make myself come. Now I'd say that the sexiest quality in a man is a desire to make me come first."





"My favorite way to relax is to take a hot bath. Well, to be honest, I masturbate first, then relax in the tub."





"I'm not sure if I'm generally more adventurous than most people, but sometimes I sure am. I once jumped off a cliff at Lake Travis in Austin."

Taylor Vixen
Pet of the Month
September 2009

Vital stats:

25 years old
36D-27-36; 5'2"

Hometown:

Dallas.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

It's country! People are friendly.

Favorite vacation spot:

My house, because I have everything I need.

Favorite sport:

Volleyball.

Favorite workout:

Pilates.

Favorite TV shows:

Dexter, Two and a Half Men, The Big Bang Theory.

Favorite movies:

Grandma's Boy, Dirty Love.

What gets you excited?

Being dominated.

What gets you in trouble?

Guys.

What do you have that other girls don't?

Perfect boobs! Well, I like them.

Taylor Vixen

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THE BIG RIP

♀ TAYLOR VIXEN
SEPTEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



NTH





042 TAYLOR VIXEN
SEPTEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



✦ TAYLOR VIXEN
SEPTEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





The Power of Positive Drinking

Raising a glass to actor/comedian David Cross's debut as an author, *I Drink for a Reason*.

By J. Rentilly

He's been called "smug and condescending" (by Pitchfork Media), and he's also been ranked among the 100 greatest stand-up comics of all time (by Comedy Central). He cocreated one of the most beloved sketch-comedy series in TV history, *Mr. Show*, acted in one of the better sitcoms in recent memory, *Arrested Development*—and starred in the wafer-thin kiddie flick *Alvin and the Chipmunks*. This month, David Cross tests audience and critical reaction in yet another medium with his first book, *I Drink for a Reason*. It's an offbeat, pungent, and sage riot of personal essays, satire, and "top-ten lists of top-ten lists." Cross attacked the project with the passion and vitriol he brings to his stand-up, so much so that it left us slightly stunned at how soft-spoken the man is offstage as he told us about the rigors of writing a book, the polarizing effect of his stand-up, and what it's like to get onstage at age 17.

How different is writing a book from putting together a stand-up set?

It's so different for me, at least, because I've never sat down and written out my stand-up act. So much of my live set is just riffed onstage. I go out with my ideas and go from there. I can craft an hour-long set if I really put my mind to it—if I'm not just dicking around, which I also do—and I go from there: topics, ideas, and I riff. I record the set and listen back: *Okay, that's a worthless five minutes. Oh, there's a funny line.* And I cultivate it over time. The book, though, took me forever. I had to get an extension, actually. I didn't think it would be effortless, exactly, but I did think, *Oh, I'll just write about this thing and then I'll write about that thing, and it'll be great.* None of it happened as easily as I'd hoped.

What was the trouble?

The first stuff I wrote for this book was such shit that I threw most of it out. Then I went in and did the whole thing differently. But here's the thing: I used to always fool myself, thinking that I'd have enough time to do everything I need to do. *Oh, I'm going to L.A. to shoot a movie and I'll be there for three months, but I'll only be working a few days a week, and even then I'll mostly be hanging out in my trailer, so I'll have all this time to write books and do great stuff.* Never. Never, never, never.

A lot of comics write really horrible books. What did you learn from those books?

I was very aware of that pitfall. I've always been very sensitive to ripping off my fans. There's clearly a market

for rehashed, repurposed bullshit, but I've never wanted to sell my fans the same old crap, with 20 percent new stuff, just so I can make more money. So many comics take their jokes and put them in slightly different form and then charge people 18 bucks for the same shit. It's criminal. I have no respect for that.

As a comedian, you tend to have a polarizing effect on people. They respond to you in extremes.

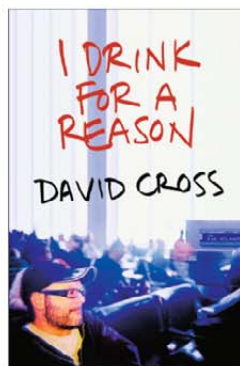
That doesn't bother me so much, and it bothers me less now than it used to. I used to be called condescending a lot, and it used to surprise me all the time. I don't want to be condescending. I don't like to be condescended to. On the other hand, if you have, literally, hundreds of people saying that you're shrill and condescending, it makes you stop and think. I don't mind being called angry, because *I am angry*.

You hit the stage when you were 17. Tell me about that.

I had one of the worst things happen that could ever happen to someone starting out: The very first time I did a stand-up set, at a place in Georgia, there were lots of really fucking bad Southern-fried open-mike guys doing their shtick, and I went up there and I fucking killed. I mean *killed*. Like top-five kills of all time. At the end I said, "Okay, that's my time. I've gotta go." And people were like, "No! Don't go!" And they're clapping and yelling for me. It was like out of a movie—a really cheesy movie that you wouldn't believe. I walked out of there thinking I was the fucking shit. I was a genius. I'm going to go to *The Tonight Show* tomorrow. The next 20 shows, maybe half a year, I totally sucked. Same material. But /sucked.

We're often told that comics are all miserable assholes. You don't seem like a miserable asshole.

I'm far from miserable. There have been people who have *called* me an asshole. But I don't really think I'm an asshole. If you think I'm an asshole, you're probably the asshole. Most of the people I know—the vast majority of them comics—are not miserable or assholes. They're enjoying their lives





**“I don’t think I’m an asshole.
If you think I’m an asshole, you’re
probably the asshole.”**

and being as funny as they can. I’m not doing stand-up because it’s the only thing I know how to do. I do it because it’s fun and I love it. If I’m hating it, I’ll leave the stage. I don’t like to be around miserable, neurotic people, and I won’t hang around them.

Kids love you from *Alvin and the Chipmunks*.

I’m so fucking sorry about that. *Kung Fu Panda* made up for that, didn’t it?


That said, you’re signed for *Alvin 2*.

Yeah, I am. I’ve got plenty of money, so I don’t really need to do it. But my contract says I have to do it, and you know what? I should do it, because I have plenty of money *because* of the first one.

You’re an avowed atheist. What do you think will happen to you when you die?

The same thing that happens to anyone else: the decay and putrefaction process. The body will give off methane. But because I don’t believe that global warming is a hoax perpetuated by some business-savvy people on the left, and my body *will* give off methane, I’d like to give out all my organs, but only to that guy Andrew Zimmern who does that weird eating show on the Travel Channel. So he can eat my organs on TV. And the bottom half of my torso I’d like to shoot into outer space, but only far enough so that it returns to Earth—as an interesting art project.

What would you like the world to remember about David Cross?

B-plus for effort. The guy didn’t try as hard as he could have, but he tried hard enough. Harder than most of us. He could have tried a little harder. But all in all, all things considered, at the end of the day, doing up the numbers, yeah, it’s better that David Cross was around than not around. 

Military Mortgage Meltdown

As if trying to stay alive and keep your family together amid back-to-back deployments isn't stressful enough, the men and women of our armed forces now have to worry about keeping their homes.

By John Rico

Illustration by Charles Griak

You know, the homeless problem was bad even when the economy was good. Part of the change in attitudes that I want to see here in Washington and all across the country is a belief that it is not acceptable for children and families to be without a roof over their heads in a country as wealthy as ours.... One area in

particular I want to focus on is the issue of veterans. The rate of homelessness among veterans is much, much higher than for nonveteran populations."—Barack Obama, March 24, 2009

It used to be that when someone joined the military, they lived in on-post barracks or family housing. Uncle Sam provided the home and health care, the volunteer provided the body ready to

fight for the country. But in recent years, as the size of the military has grown and aging on-post accommodations have fallen into disrepair, the military has begun to increasingly replace billeted bunks by cutting checks for BAH (Basic Allowance for Housing), allowing a growing number of military service personnel to move into private housing within the surrounding communities. Before, this took the form of a housing purchase: The Veterans Administration ensured easy access to loans, and the steady paycheck made military personnel desirable to loan originators. But now, as a foreclosure firestorm envelops the country, American servicemen and -women are increasingly finding themselves at risk of losing their homes while risking their lives.

Paul Fisher is one of them; he just doesn't know it yet. [*Editor's note:* All names of military personnel and their spouses have been changed.]

While he's currently serving in Iraq with the 4th Infantry Division, his wife Linda, who lives just outside Fort Hood, Texas, with their two-and-a-half-year-old son, is struggling to pay their ballooning mortgage. "Right now we're just trying to fight off foreclosure," says Linda. "I'm trying to manage it by myself. This is his third deployment and he knows a little bit about what's going on, but not how bad it is. I don't want to have the extra stress on him while he's over there."



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Sergeant Ethan Brock just got back from his second tour in Afghanistan; he has a new baby, and has orders to report to Fort Huachuca in Arizona. It's a move complicated by his recent purchase of a house just outside Fort Bragg, North Carolina, right before the bottom fell out of the market, a failed bid to earn his family some financial equity. "The reality I am looking at right now is that I may end up renting a home in Arizona even as I try to rent the home I own to someone else," says Brock. It's an added financial complication he doesn't need as he prepares for an inevitable third rotation to the sandbox while trying to support a family on an E6 sergeant's salary.

Dave Grantham, an Army sergeant recently reassigned from Hawaii to Colorado, has given up on the idea of renting out his property and has let his home slide into foreclosure. "It's not where I wanted to be at this stage," he explains with a sigh before telling me he'd spent the better part of a year trying to improve the property. "I wish I hadn't spent so much time and money fixing it up. I would have been better off just spending time with my girls. It was a nice house, and fixed up real nice, too, but we just couldn't get any buyers or anyone to rent it at the level we needed. My orders came through and we have to live somewhere in Colorado, and I can't afford to pay rent *and* a mortgage, so we just left it."

Of course, across the wide spectrum of an America in dire financial straits, these are hardly unique or novel sob stories—foreclosure, after all, is becoming all too regular, the American dream in reverse. And military service members, unlike civilians, at least have job security. But what is unique is the rate at which military communities are being affected by foreclosure. Staff Sergeant Todd Bowers, a Marine reservist and director of government affairs for Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, explains that the mortgage meltdown is being felt perhaps most painfully within our nation's military communities. "Foreclosure rates in and around military towns are increasing at four times the national average," he says.

Dani Babb is a researcher and professor of business at the American Public University System, where she studies the economics of military families for a living. Her research found that "foreclosure filings in ten towns and cities within ten miles of military bases rose 217 percent from January through April 2008 when compared to the same period in 2007. Nationally, this rate was 59 percent." She credits the disparity to the fact that service members, despite the availability of Veterans' Administration loans, were more likely to be flagged as low-income earners and therefore fell victim to predatory lending schemes in greater numbers. She also cites the migratory nature of military life, where most service members are cycled to new duty stations once every two to three years. The outcome for homes is often abandonment.

"I don't have the luxury of working my move around the sale of the house," Sergeant Brock says regarding his impending move to Arizona. "I realize a great many people don't have that luxury, but few face jail if they don't move their families in a timely fashion. I could, in theory, thanks to the whole AWOL thing."

"I change duty stations about once every three years," Sergeant Grantham adds. "So take everyone in America right now who can't sell their house because of the market, and tell a third of them they have to move within a month, whether or not they sell their house. See what happens to the foreclosure rate then."



"The rate of homelessness among veterans is much, much higher than for nonveteran populations."
—Barack Obama, March 24, 2009

And sometimes the difference between keeping a home and losing it can be the difference between mountains and surf. "They pay a pretty good BAH in Hawaii because the cost of living is more expensive. Colorado, not so much," Sergeant Grantham explains, referring to the substantial decrease in his monthly BAH stipend that necessitated the abandonment of his home.

Yet the government has seemed too busy writing checks to Wall Street to notice the financial wreckage inside the nation's

military communities. As an article by the American Forces Press Service, a subsidiary of the Department of Defense, stated, "Soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines are relatively insulated from the financial disasters affecting many Americans, and increasingly are taking advantage of programs designed to promote what military leaders call 'financial readiness.'"

Such financial readiness classes, however, are of little help to Linda Fisher as she attempts to forestall foreclosure on her family's home. "They tell you to watch your spending," she says with exasperation. "How are you going to watch your spending if you don't have anything to spend?"

But even those managing to keep up payments on their homes aren't immune to economic suffering. Carol Tanner is the spouse of an Air Force officer and recently moved to San Antonio after her husband was reassigned to Lackland Air Force Base. Her husband's salary pays for the roof over their heads, but in order to pay the bills they need two incomes, and despite being a college graduate, she's had little luck finding employment. "We got orders in July, and I started applying for jobs back then and all we're hearing are crickets," she says. "I've received two interviews so far and was told that they had more than 200 applicants. And these are admin jobs. It's opening mail and secretarial positions. And they told me they were getting applicants that were way overqualified, people with Master's degrees. The economy is so bad that you've got electrical engineers applying to be secretaries making 11 dollars an hour. And then you get a job, and you get orders for somewhere else and have to move again!" Still, she reminds me that her husband is an officer and, for the time being, they're solvent. "There are lots of young enlisted guys out there who are *really* having problems."

But it's the veterans recently separated from the military who are having the worst time of it. As Todd Bowers explains, "Eight percent of serving veterans since 2001 are paying more than half their incomes toward housing and are at a very serious risk for homelessness. If they're not given the tools they need to keep a roof over their head, we're going to see a repeat of what we saw with Vietnam veterans. Already we've seen more than 2,000 Iraq and Afghanistan veterans in homeless outreach programs."

Paul Sullivan, the executive director at Veterans for Common Sense, added, "Since 9/11, the returning younger veterans are three times as likely to be unemployed than nonveterans of the same age, so our returning younger veterans are hitting a hard market. More veterans are unable to make their house payments and car payments, or take care of their families. And if a veteran comes back from the war disabled and can't work, they have to wait six months just to get a response from the VA regarding their disability benefits."

For the moment, Sergeant Brock is still planning on arriving at Fort Huachuca by his report date and is confident that he'll be able to manage being both a renter and an absentee landlord, but he sees a lot of other soldiers in the same situation who aren't as lucky. "Guys with three or four deployments want to get out, but are terrified of not finding work and having a roof over their head. The prospect of struggling to care for their families is keeping these guys in," Brock explains before informing me that the once lucrative re-up bonuses have all but evaporated. "I see a lot of good soldiers who will suffer soon."

Of course, one bright spot is that after seven years of war the economic downturn is for the first time allowing recruiters to meet their enlistment goals.

The question is: Will their recruits have anywhere to live? 



GETTING HELP

Fortunately, there are a number of resources available for veterans and current service members experiencing mortgage distress. Although the Pentagon refused to give *Penthouse* any information, we spoke with Paul Rieckhoff, executive director of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, the nation's first and largest group dedicated to troops and veterans of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, about his suggestions for how veterans or current service members facing mortgage or financial crisis can get help.

First, know the law: Under the Housing and Economic Recovery Act of 2008, service members deployed to Iraq or Afghanistan have a nine-month window of legal protection after they return, when they cannot be foreclosed upon. They just need to apply for a stay of proceedings once foreclosure has been initiated.

Second, reach out and get connected!

Community of Veterans

(CommunityOfVeterans.org): Managed and run by the Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, Community of Veterans acts as one-stop shopping for advice and resources on everything from employment and housing to navigating the processes and programs of the Veteran's Administration.

Veterans Administration

(VA.gov): Whether or not your mortgage was backed by a VA loan, the VA has counselors at nine regional loan centers who can help you. It says it has helped 74,000 troops and veterans avoid foreclosure since 2000 through financial counseling and by negotiating with lenders for affordable repayment plans, forbearance, and loan modification. Call the VA toll-free at 877-827-3702.

Operation Home Front

(OperationHomeFront.net): Provides financial assistance for service members and veterans dealing with unexpected financial crisis, as well as follow-up financial counseling to help those in need get back on their feet.

National Coalition for Homeless Veterans

(NCHV.org): Provides employment assistance, emergency housing to homeless vets, and substance-abuse counseling.

Homes for Our Troops

(HomesForOurTroops.org): At no cost to veterans, Homes for Our Troops builds specially adapted homes for severely injured veterans of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan.



driving desires

Isobel is celebrating her 25th birthday during a weekend road trip with her two best friends. She doesn't know what Jayme and Taylor have planned, but she's thrilled when they pull up in a sleek, luxurious rental. She's even more excited when the dynamic duo make it clear that they're breaking it in before they hit the road.

Photographs by Josh Ryan





After cruising the highway at top speed on the way to Isobel's, Taylor and Jayme find themselves aroused by the thrill of the chase. They're already warmed up and ready for a quick pit stop.



Isobel, too, is primed for action. Playfully pushing her girlfriends down onto the smooth, butter-soft leather seats, she shows them how to make the most of roomy backseat accommodations.







With their motors running on overdrive, the lusty threesome races to the finish line, then heads straight into another lap. Who knew carpooling could be this much fun?





If more drivers employed these stress-relieving techniques to cope with road rage, we can't help but think that the world would be a happier place!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF ISOBEL, JAYME, AND TAYLOR AT PENTHOUSE.COM/ISOBELJAYMEANDTAYLOR.



Face to Face

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXIII: Lusty Hunters, Sexy Prey, published by Grand Central Publishing

I had spent months getting to know Vincent through electronic means—phone, Webcam, instant messaging—so when it finally came time to meet him face to face, I never expected to be as nervous as I was. After all, Vincent had already seen me buck-naked. He'd seen me pinch my own nipples and fuck myself to orgasm with various toys dozens of times. He'd had a closer look at my pussy than anyone except a handful of ex-boyfriends and my gynecologist. I was so hot for his touch that I knew I'd be creaming myself all the way to the airport, but my sudden attack of nerves surprised me.

We had agreed to meet downstairs at the baggage claim. He was still halfway up the escalator when our eyes met, and at first I thought my heart was going to burst. My face was suddenly hot and my legs felt weak. Then he smiled, and it was the smile I recognized from hours of chatting with him over Webcam. My shaky sigh was half from relief and half from passion. He was the same man I already knew, and he was even more handsome in person than online. I couldn't wait to get my hands on him.

He didn't lean forward to bring his lips to mine, the way a less passionate person would; as soon as he got close to me he reached out to place a hand behind my neck, and pulled me into his kiss. That first kiss was amazing; there was so much tenderness and affection in it, but under it all was a throbbing desire that made me tremble. I don't know how it looked to the people around us, but I know how it felt—it felt as if he was going to make me come, right there in baggage claim.

His lips were insistent, but as badly as I wanted to taste his tongue, he teasingly withheld that pleasure. God, he was sexy beyond belief!

When he finally let go of me the world swayed a little. He said something, but the blood was roaring so loudly in my ears I didn't hear him, so I just smiled like the giddy fool I was. He smiled back at me, then led me over to a carousel, where we kissed some more while waiting for his bag.



I began to regret my decision not to wear panties. He'd seen me once on the Webcam in a short denim skirt, and had remarked that someday he wanted me to pick him up at the airport wearing that skirt and no panties, "just in case." That had been months earlier, and I doubted if he even remembered the conversation; but I thought the "just in case" remark was so adorably modest that I never forgot it. And of course I had followed his wishes.

Now, with Vincent's lips on mine, I had to worry about the possibility that I was getting too wet to hide my arousal in a skirt that short, and with bare legs. I could already envision walking back to the car with thighs that glistened with my own come.

There was a long underground pedestrian tunnel leading from the terminal to the parking garage. Of course it was lined with security cameras, and well lit. But it was rare to see more than half a dozen people in the tunnel at the same time, except during the Christmas travel season, and Vincent and I had the passageway to ourselves most of the time. I'd parked on the far end of the structure, so we had to walk the entire length. That was fine with me, as every so often Vincent would push me up against the tunnel wall and take my breath away with another passionate kiss.

It was during one of those kisses that I first felt his tongue touch mine. Pinned up against the wall with Vincent's tongue exploring my mouth, I felt a surge of hot, wet juice gush out of my pussy. My thighs were slick by that time, and my clit felt like a small burning pebble, hard and hot and begging to be rubbed. I moaned as our lips connected. I could have come right there, and he knew it too, because he suddenly drew back and looked at me with his intense hazel eyes.



I didn't even look around to see if we were being observed.... I rubbed my clit while I sucked his cock until we came together.

"I'm gonna fuck you senseless," he informed me.

At the end of the tunnel we had to get into an elevator, and when the doors closed I couldn't stand it any longer. This time it was me who grabbed him by the neck and crushed my mouth against his. This time it was my tongue in his mouth. He sucked on it in an eager way that made my pussy cream even more. His hand slipped down the outside of my bare thigh, then back up the inside until he found my hot, wet slit.

There was no way I was going to be able to hold out for the hour-long drive back to my house. By the time we got out of the elevator and into my car I was so close to orgasm that I was panting. As soon as Vincent was in the driver's seat, he pulled me up against him. Before I could catch my breath his hand went up under my skirt and began exploring my pussy again. He quickly



found my clit and began to alternately rub it and tweak it between his fingertips. My hips rocked upward toward his hand. It felt like my pussy was on fire.

"I'm gonna come," I warned him.

"Damn right you are," he told me, and that's when he slid two fingers into my pussy.

I caught my breath, then moaned as his fingers began to slide in and out of my grasping hole, the way I couldn't wait for his cock to do. I was so wet that his pumping action made a squelching sound that excited me even more. The scent of my excitement was musky and delicious. I bit down on my hand to keep from screaming when I came, but I couldn't hold back the muffled shrieks that emerged as I released a flood of hot come, while my body spasmed with one strong contraction after another.

Before I could catch my breath, Vincent's fingers were in my mouth, slick with my own come. He finger painted my lips with pussy juice, then kissed me again deeply.

I had to have his cock right then. He was hard and straining at his fly, and I couldn't wait to taste him. He was rock-hard and oozing precome as I freed his marvelous tool. I didn't even bother to look around to see if we were being observed. I lowered my face to that luscious cock and used the tip of my tongue to taste the juices that seeped from the tip. Slowly, savoring each inch of flesh, I licked that cock from its hot, swollen head to his tight balls, and back. Then I slowly sucked him into my wet mouth, one inch at a time, as he moaned encouragement.

He tasted so good, just as I had known he would. I began to fuck him with my mouth, bobbing my head up and down so that his hard cock reamed my mouth as if it was my pussy. His hands were buried in my hair, and now, holding on to me, he began to thrust his cock deeper and deeper, fucking my lips and leaving a taste of precome on my tongue.

His excitement pushed me over the edge again, and I rubbed my clit while I sucked his cock until we came together. Vincent released one jet of hot come after another, filling my mouth as quickly as I could swallow. I thought he was going to come forever, and I hoped he would.

After he had pumped the last drop of his come into my mouth, Vincent pulled away, cupping my face in his hands and watching me with a smile on his face as I continued to swallow everything he had given me. Funny thing, I wasn't a bit nervous after that.

—Name and address withheld

Pets Get Stern

The Howard Stern Show in its various forms and 15 years of *Penthouse Pets* have always been a mutual admiration society, so, not surprisingly, Howard TV On Demand is helping us celebrate with a tribute show.

By Jennifer Peters

Howard TV Presents: *The Penthouse 40th Anniversary Special*, which will be hosted by 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven, will showcase Pet antics from the past 15 years of *The Howard Stern Show*. The special will spotlight great moments with recent centerfolds, plus viewers will be treated to scenes with some hotties from Stern's early radio days, such as June 1990 Pet of the Month Amy Lynn Baxter and December 1988 Pet of the Month Kimberly Taylor, who were regulars on Howard's show throughout the nineties. "Amy Lynn was a staple for a long time, and we've tried to keep the audience updated with her considering she was such a big part of the show," says Mike Gange, supervising producer for Howard TV On Demand. "We did a 'where are they now' segment with her about two years ago, and recently we spent a weekend with her and her family."

Doug Goodstein, executive producer of Howard TV On Demand, recalls his favorite Amy Lynn moment: a 1996 episode in which she appeared as Howard's wife. "She was always in love with Howard, and he always liked having her on the show," Goodstein says. "When she played his wife, they did some heavy flirting. He put her on his lap, rubbed oil on her shoulders and legs. She was a really good sport."

For the Howard TV crew, the real treat won't be catching up with your favorite former centerfolds. According to producer Lee Gerowitz, the most interesting aspect was illustrating how Pets have changed over the years. "You get to see the evolution of the *Penthouse* girls in how they appear on Howard's show," Gerowitz says. "It went from them doing straight interviews and Howard having to prod them to get naked—a lot wouldn't go for it—to girls who you know are going to get crazy and wild."

"There was a time when *Penthouse Pets* weren't all that crazy," Gange agrees. "The 2005 'Fantastic 4' episode with [Pet of the Year contenders] Jamie Lynn, Ashley Roberts, Ginger Jolie, and Cassia Riley was where this new generation of *Penthouse* girls came in and really stepped it up. Now we're confident that the Pets are always going to come through with something good. There's not a dud in the bunch."





(1) Erica Ellyson, Prinzzess, and their pal Nikole hang out on the couch and (2) assume the position for Howard. (3) Melissa Jacobs. (4) Amy Lynn Baxter and Howard play "Freaky Family Feud." (5) Nikie St. Gilles and Fred the Elephant Boy face off on "Feud." (6) Victoria "Dr. Z" Zdrok. (7) Jamie Lynn gets cheeky. (8) Ashley Roberts in the Fantastic 4 contest. (9) Shay Laren lets it all hang out and (10) shows off her ample cleavage. (11) Jamie Lynn. (12) Erica Ellyson spanks Prinzzess. (13) Melissa Jacobs and (14) Jennifer Emerson demonstrate their oral skills. (15) Amy Lynn Baxter shows off her tan lines.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF HOWARD TV ON DEMAND



Jamie Lynn



Cassia Riley



The revolutionary "Fantastic 4" episode included September 2004 Pet of the Month Ginger Jolie reading an erotic story she'd penned for Stern while the other girls, who got so turned on by Ginger's literary talents, began touching themselves. Highlights of later episodes, such as the 2006 Penthouse Pet Pageant, include a kielbasa-swallowing contest in which the Pet of the Year hopefuls attempted to deep-throat a kosher sausage while singing.

Other outrageous Pet moments include March 2008 Pet of the Month Bree Olsen getting spanked by the Howard TV staff, the Penthouse Pet pageants, many sexy Pets riding the Stern show's

(1, 2, and 4) Jamie Lynn and Cassia Riley make out. (3) Ginger Jolie and Cassia go nip to nip in the Fantastic 4 pageant. (5) Ginger, Cassia, and Jamie Lynn. (6) Cassia laughs it off. (7) Cassia gives Jamie Lynn's boobs a test-drive.

Sybian, and the fans' favorite episode, starring 2008 Pet of the Year Erica Ellyson, October 2004 Pet of the Month Prinzzess, and their friend Nikole, among others. And of course the producers have a few of their own favorite clips.

"My personal favorite memory is [March 2005 Pet of the Month] Crystal Klein's visit," says Goodstein. "We're usually very professional, we respect everyone, and we don't get too fazed. But for some reason, Crystal Klein, she struck a chord. That was the first girl who was sprayed down in oil. We had to do something with her, and she was just so pretty, and we had cooking oil, so we figured we'd combine the two and put the oil on the girl."

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Heather Vandeven




"I have two favorites," Gange says. "The first is [June 2005 Pet of the Month] Valentina Vaughn riding the Sybian. She was probably one of the hottest Pets at the time, and she did a really sexy job. And then there was [May 2006 Pet of the Month] Nevaeh. I remember that one because Nevaeh was sick and there was a long debate on whether she could come in. She did half the show from the greenroom, and then she finally agreed to come out and ride the Sybian. When she walked in, everyone in the studio was wearing hospital masks, because no one wanted to get sick. It was a really funny bit to watch—and really hot, too."

Another favorite of the producers is a 2008

(1) Bree Olsen gets an on-air spanking from Artie Lange, (2) shows off her bountiful bosom, and (3) flashes her lovely lady parts. (4) Heather Vandeven cracks up. (5) Melissa Jacobs struts her stuff.

episode in which 2004 Pet of the Year Victoria "Dr. Z" Zdrok showed up with her own Sybian in tow. "It was custom-made for her," Gange remembers, "It was a signature model with her name on the side. While ours is black, hers is red. She even brought her own attachments. If every girl came with her own Sybian, it'd be great. Then we wouldn't have to clean it afterward, which is the weirdest part of this job."

To find out what other great Penthouse Pet performances make it into the 40th-anniversary special, tune in to Howard TV this month (see listings for your area at HowardTV.com). You won't want to miss a single second of the Stern show that's been 40 years in the making. 

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counter topless

As we celebrate 40 years of showcasing the work of internationally known erotic photographers, we flash back to the style of the seventies with this stunning portfolio of 25-year-old Aimee Addison.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker





"I've been a fan of Angelina Jolie's for as long as I can remember. She's sexy, and never afraid to be herself. If I could be anyone else, it would be her. I could admire myself in the mirror all day and go to bed with Brad Pitt. But *she's* the one I would pick if I could have sex with anyone I want. Is it okay if I like girls sometimes?"



"My favorite fantasy starts with me catching my boyfriend getting it on with another girl. It really excites me, so I start messing around with a hot guy or girl. Then my guy and I switch partners and do each other."





“When I’m dating a new guy, I can usually tell right away if I’m going to sleep with him. If it’s one of the few guys I really click with, I try to wait to have sex—but it really depends on how long I can maintain my self-control.”



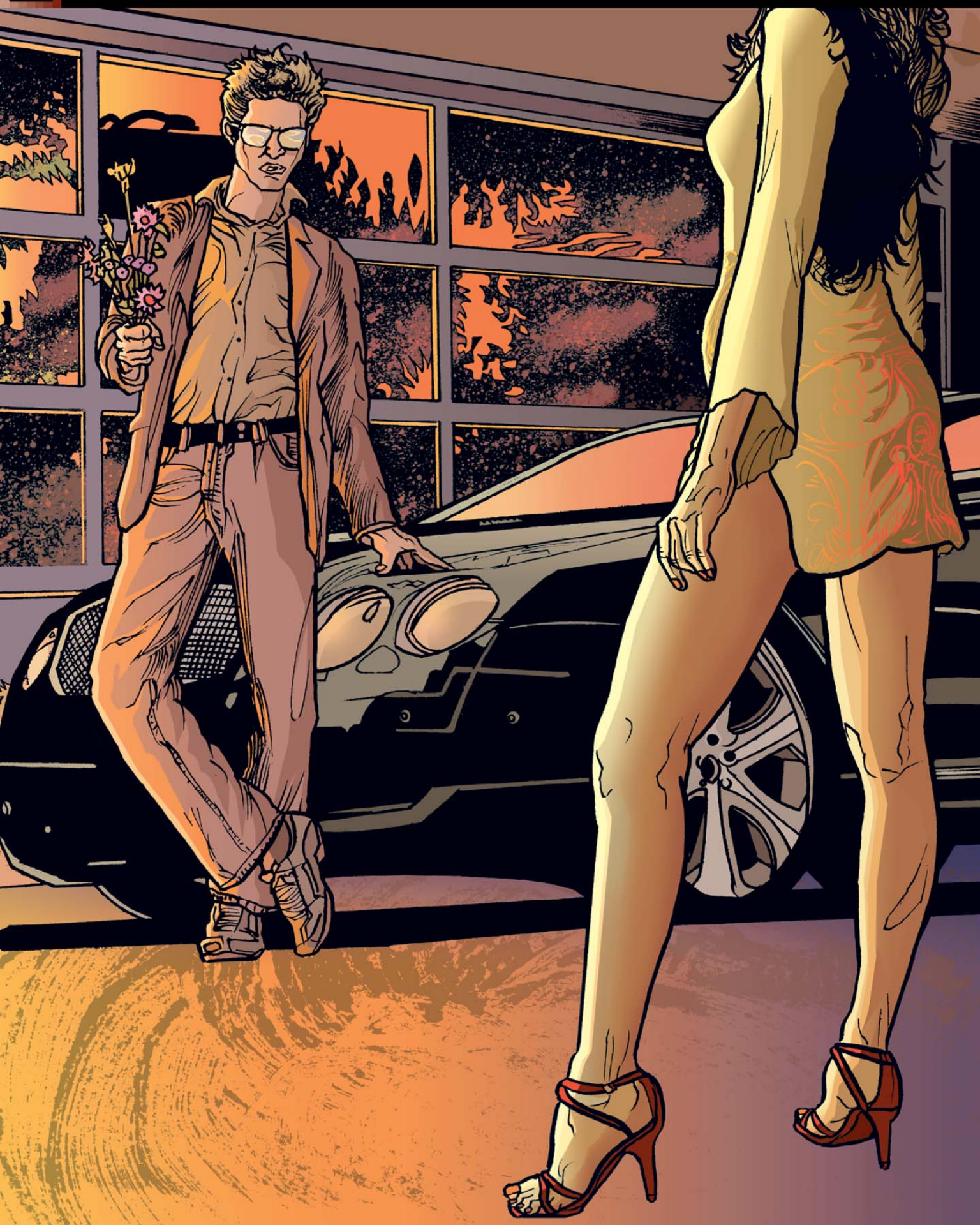






"When I'm being photographed, what I'm thinking could be anything from I'm a really shy, sweet girl to I want to fuck you so hard I can barely control myself. Guess what I'm thinking now!"

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OF AIMEE AT PENTHOUSE.COM/AIMEEADDISON.



Life in the Fast Lane

W

When Bella came out of the dressing room, there was a handsome, preppily dressed blond man waiting for her with a bouquet of flowers. It took her a second to realize who he was.

"Oh, hey," she said. "You're Tom, right? The guy who owns all those cars?"

"Guilty," he said, extending the flowers. "You know men. We like to collect things."

Bella smiled and took them. "How nice of you," she said. The flowers looked a bit wilted. Was he the type of guy to spend millions on a car but stiff a girl?

"I picked them myself," Tom said. "You wouldn't believe the wildflowers we get this time of year."

"Oh." Bella revised her opinion. Self-picked flowers were equal to a moderately expensive store-bought bouquet. She fluttered her eyelashes at him. "Don't do that," he said. "You might kill me."

She laughed.

"Why don't you let me give you a ride back to the city?" he said.

Bella had planned to catch a ride with Vincent, but she was up for some fun. And Tom seemed like a lot of fun. "Is the car as nice as the one we posed in?"

"Come see." He offered her his arm and she took it. Bella loved it when men offered her their arms. It was so old-fashioned it almost seemed kinky. She let herself fall against him a bit as they walked across the large sloping lawn to the rear garage, noting with approval the hardness of his muscles beneath his light cotton sweater. He even smelled like a new car.

Bella whistled as he led her to the black Bentley and opened the door for her. It was the same one she and Maya had posed in for the second scene,

the one with the fur coats. Vincent had said there were only 500 copies of this car in the whole world. Bella didn't care that much about cars, but she did like things that were rare.

She settled down into the spacious seat and admired the gleaming walnut dashboard. "I thought these things were too expensive to really drive around in and stuff."

He smiled and said, "What's the point of owning something unless you use it?"

Bella wanted to lean over and unlock his door for him, but she couldn't figure out how the locks worked. So she just relaxed back into the leather seat, which was the most comfortable car seat she'd ever been in. She closed her eyes and snuggled in. Then she felt a touch on her arm. She opened her eyes to see Tom's face a few inches from her own.

"You'd better buckle up," he whispered. "I have a feeling it's going to be a rough ride."

She parted her lips for the kiss, but Tom just winked and pulled away. She watched, confused, as he slid his key into the ignition. With an expensive purr, the Bentley was off.

Didn't he want to play? Oh, God, she hoped he wasn't another one of these free-therapy guys. Bella hadn't realized how horny she was until now. She liked to fuck after a shoot, especially one with a girl as hot as Maya. She strapped on her seat belt, which was made out of some kind of fancy suede. Even the buckle felt expensive. Bella smiled as she

By Clara Darling

Illustrations by John Proctor

remembered the shot of her sitting in Maya's lap in the Bentley driver's seat. They had spread their legs so Vincent could get that shot of their two pussies stacked one on top of the other, which they called a "pussy condo." Bella wondered if Tom knew there had been two naked chicks sitting in his seat.

She stared out the window, watching the beautiful countryside roll by. There were hundreds of places Tom could have rolled off and parked for a quick fuck. What was his problem? She glanced over at him, but he was staring straight ahead at the road and whistling slightly, as though this were any other drive through the country. At least he wasn't complaining about his childhood.

Well, fine, Bella huffed. Two can play at that game. She put a foot up on the dash and reached into her Fendi for some cotton balls to place between her toes.

"What do you think you're doing putting your foot on my million-dollar dashboard?" Tom asked.

"I'm polishing my million-dollar toes."

"Ah, I see."

"Because I'm bored," she added, peeking over at him. He looked amused.

"Well, don't let me stop you," he said. He switched on the radio.

Bella quietly scrubbed away at the old polish, deliberately smearing a little on the dash. If Tom noticed, he didn't say anything. She applied her basecoat. Bella had to admit that the Bentley handled smoothly. Forty-five minutes later, she had both feet up on the dash and had gotten two coats of Sultry Sunset on without a single smear. She sat back and regarded her shimmery toes with satisfaction. At least the ride hadn't been a total wash.

"Take your panties off," Tom said.

"What?" She looked over at him, outraged.

"Keep your feet up on the dash and wriggle out of those pretty blue panties."

"Don't tell me what to do," she said. "And how do you know my panties are blue?"

"Hmm, let's see," he said, swiftly weaving in and out of traffic. "Maybe because you've been showing them off to me the whole ride?"

Bella glowed with triumph as she watched Tom maneuver the Bentley into the faster-moving lane at the far left. So he wasn't gay after all. Or blind. She hadn't *meant* to flash him, but, hey, whatever worked.

"So, are you going to pull off those panties and show me what's underneath?"

"And what if I say no?" she said, teasing.

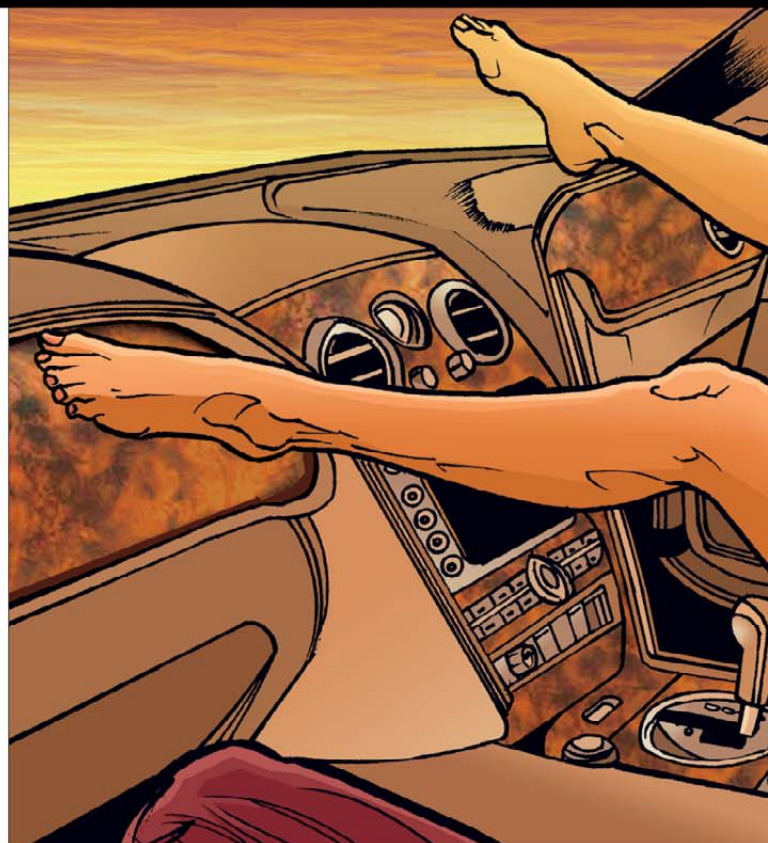
"I'll swerve into the oncoming traffic. The Bentley is well-built and we might not be killed. But your pedicure would be ruined for sure."

"Hmm, you drive a hard bargain."

"How do you think I got so rich?"

Bella pressed her feet into the dash to lift her ass up off the seat. She slid her blue thong over her hips. It was visibly wet, which she tried to hide from Tom, since clearly his ego did not need any more fuel. But he reached over and fingered the fabric. He brought his hand up to his nose and rubbed his fingers together, inhaling.

"You want it, don't you?" he said. He slid his hand up her inner thigh, tickling her. Bella shivered. "Don't be afraid," he said. "Tell me you want it."



Bella relaxed, opening her legs a bit wider. **Tom slid a third finger inside her, as he worked her clit with his thumb.**

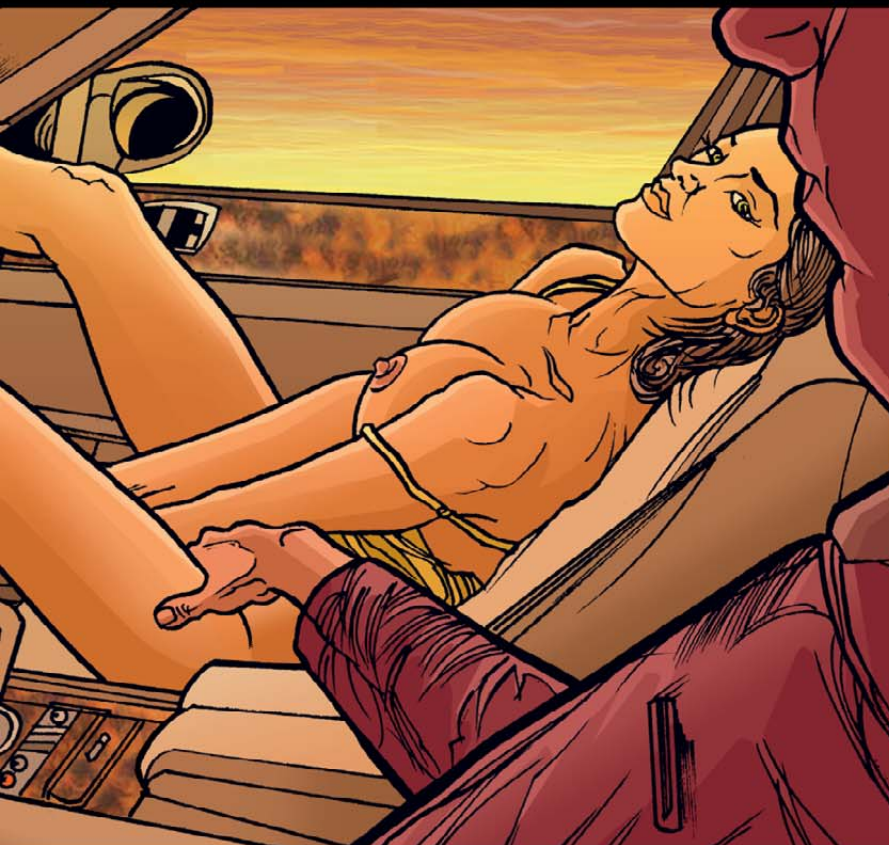
Bella closed her eyes as his fingers played lightly over her. She always went to Svetlana's for a Brazilian wax a few days before a shoot. The lips of her pussy felt naked to his touch. God, yes, she *did* want it. Couldn't he tell? She felt his strong thumb trace the opening of her cunt, then move up to dance around her clit.

"Do you know what lane we're in now?" he said.

"What?" Bella couldn't concentrate. All the blood in her body was in her pussy.

"The lane," he said, and she felt him dip the tip of his thumb inside her. She moaned, wanting it deeper. "We're in a special lane for vehicles with more than one occupant." As Tom spoke, he brought his wet thumb up to her mouth. Bella sucked on it. She liked the taste of her own pussy. "It's called the HOV lane," Tom went on. "High occupancy vehicles." He fucked her mouth a little with his thumb. "But some of us think it stands for something else: Hand on vagina." Bella smiled; she hadn't heard that one before.

Tom pulled his thumb from Bella's mouth and she whimpered, wanting it back. Bella liked to suck on things. Thumbs, cocks, lollipops—it didn't matter.



"Don't you want my hand on your hot little pussy?" he asked.

There was no harm in admitting it. "Yes," Bella said, stretching out the word, enjoying the moment. Once she said it, she could feel the orgasm start to build in her already, even before Tom reached over and pushed his finger all the way inside her. God, it went in easy.

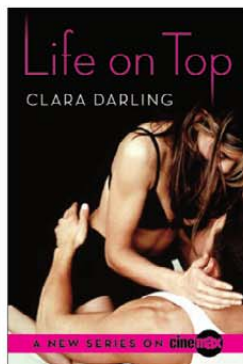
"Good girl," he growled. She felt her pussy contract around his finger as he worked it in and out. A horn made her open her eyes and glance around at the traffic. It was sparse enough, but the Bentley attracted attention. She didn't really give a fuck if anyone saw them, but she didn't want to cause an accident. She looked over at Tom. His eyes were on the road.

"Don't worry," he said. "I can drive with my left hand and finger-fuck with my right. Lots of practice in the HOV." He slid another finger inside her cunt and she moaned with pleasure. "See?" he said.

"Mmm-hmm," Bella agreed. She relaxed and closed her eyes again, opening her legs a bit wider. Tom slid a third finger inside her and began to settle into a rhythm, working his fingers in and out of her wet cunt as he worked her clit with his thumb. *Lots of practice was right*, Bella thought. This guy knew what he was doing. He played around with a few angles until he got her G spot, and Bella caught her breath with the sharpness of it.

"That's it," Tom said. "Get off on my hand, baby. You deserve it." He slid in his pinky.

The pressure was delicious. She could feel the ripples of pleasure spread from the back of her cunt all the way into her ass and belly and hips. That was the way the G spot worked for her. It was like a little



radio station, broadcasting bliss. She gripped the door handle and the edge of her seat. It was almost too much: the thumb on the clit, the four fingers stretching the opening of her pussy, the tips of the fingers hitting her G spot.

"Oh, Tom," she whimpered. Her body went rigid and she lifted her ass up off the seat so he could get deeper inside her. She had even taken a whole fist a few times, when she was worked up enough. But only a woman's fist; men's hands were too big.

She opened her eyes a sliver and saw a taxi driver staring at her in shock from the next lane, his turban askew. She gave him a thumbs-up and mouthed "God Bless America." Then she turned to Tom and said, "Harder on the clit, baby."

He did something magical with his thumb then, shaking it like it was a vibrator, and pressing it down right on her most sensitive spot. All his fingers, too, shook inside her cunt, pressing her back into the seat. It was so good. Bella felt all the accumulated tension rush over her in a great wave, then break. Her toes twitched and cotton balls rained down. She cried out as her body convulsed around Tom's warm fingers, coming hard. She always cried out the same thing when she came.

"Fuuuck!"

Tom laughed and leaned on the horn. The Bentley let out a triumphant call. Bella's head swam as Tom's fingers went in and out, milking her pussy for the last few contractions. Then she was done, and she grabbed his wrist and pushed it away. He took his hand off the horn. All around them, drivers were either giving them the finger or applauding. Bella pressed her thighs together and hugged her knees.

"Well, that was a pleasant drive," Tom said, smelling his fingers.

"I got your seat all wet."

"It's good for the leather. Bentley recommends it in the owner's manual."

But Bella was too distracted to laugh. She felt a strange coldness in her pussy. "What the fuck?" she said. She spread her thighs and she looked down between them. A ring slid out of her and landed on the monogrammed seat cover.

"Wow, look at that!" Tom said with mock surprise. "Your pussy is magic."

She studied the ring, which appeared to be a sapphire, her favorite stone. It was a lovely setting, too, in a warm apricot-colored gold. She rubbed a cotton ball over it, to get off the pussy juice.

"Sapphire," he said. "Just like your eyes."

"They're contacts."


"That's okay," he said. "The stone is fake, too."

Bella laughed, because she knew he was lying. "Hey, Tom, what are you doing tonight?" she asked, slipping the ring into her pocket.

"Besides trying to get you to check into a penthouse suite at the Maritime with me?"

"Yeah, besides that."

"Hmm ... just that, actually."

Bella had never stayed at the Maritime, but the suites were supposed to be posh. She shrugged. "Why not? My toes are dry by now." 

From *Life on Top*, by Clara Darling. Published by St. Martin's Griffin, 2009.



The Bull(shit) Market

*When she was known as the Manhattan Madam, **Kristin Davis** learned to cater to the sexual whims of the world's financial elite. But she also learned that men who are making tons of money think they can do no wrong ... a mind-set that brought the world to the edge of economic disaster.*

Illustration by Matt Vincent

It doesn't surprise me that we are in the midst of one of the worst recessions this country has seen. That's because I have personal knowledge of many of the men who have driven us all off the cliff. In my former life as a madam, I was privy to their sex lives. In fact, I ran the world's most successful escort agency, with a client base well over 10,000. We grossed more than \$5 million a year.

When they say Wall Street is a boys' club, they aren't kidding. I know this better than anyone since I did my time in the financial world. I spent ten years climbing my way up the corporate ladder. My last position was vice president of operations at a \$5 billion hedge fund, where I was fired after getting caught posting ads on Craigslist looking to hire hookers. "Inappropriate use of the firm's business hardware" is what they called it. I call it bullshit.

After spending ten years on the "street," I know how these firms operate. When they are up, there is no limit to what the moneymakers are allowed to

do. Someone like me, in the back office, never makes the big money. But the front-office guys, the traders and portfolio managers—these guys can get away with murder. As long as they make the company money, all indiscretions are overlooked.

That's how it is on Wall Street. If you are not one of the moneymakers, you'd better learn to keep your mouth shut or you won't have a job. If your boss goes out and buys a Range Rover on the company credit card after having a stock go up ten points in a day and cashing out—just light up some cigars and congratulate him. What he spends doesn't matter—he made the company \$2 million in a day. An \$80,000 Range Rover is no big deal.

Combining this knowledge with my financial expertise made me a successful madam. I could talk the talk with the guys on the "street," and they loved it. They were so surprised to find that the woman running this illicit business was actually educated. Many of them offered me high-level executive jobs, which I just laughed at. I said, "You can't afford me." On more than one occasion I showed them that I made as much money as they did, if not more. That was the irony. I had left the world of finance with the understanding that I would never make "real" money like these guys, and yet by capitalizing on

their desires I was making more than they were. It has often been said that the sex industry is the one place where women make more money than men, and I've definitely found that to be true.

As a madam, I found myself inducted into the inner circle; I was the only girl in the boys' club. And what a sweet club it was. I was on speed dial for some of the top men on Wall Street, the movers and shakers, the world's financial decision makers. Me, a nobody, was now the street's most popular girl!

One of my first Wall Street clients was a very successful money manager. I'll call him "John." He managed a multibillion-dollar hedge fund for some of the wealthiest people in the world. John called looking for girls one evening. He had some clients in town from Europe and they wanted to "party." In the escort world, "party" means the clients plan on doing coke, so the girls need to be ready to party with them, and the call could go on for days. As long as there were drugs, the girls would stay—and my best girls always understood the importance of extending the call by keeping the party going.

This time, John was definitely ready to party for the evening. He wanted three girls for three hours each. I quoted him a price of \$7,500 in total. I told him that normally I would charge \$1,000 an hour per girl for a total of \$9,000, and that he was getting a \$1,500 price break for booking multiple girls for multiple hours. He tried to negotiate but I stuck to that price, and he finally said, "I like you—you drive a hard bargain. And you sound cute—why don't you come join the party?" I told him he couldn't afford me, and he laughed. He said, "I can afford anything I want. What's your price?" I answered, "I don't have a price; that's the point."

I called three of my best party girls and told them to be ready in an hour for a long night with a fun group of guys. The party was in John's penthouse apartment. Part of my protocol is for the girls to call me when they get to the appointment and collect the money. When Lola called she said, "Damn, you have to see this apartment. It overlooks the entire city, and takes up a whole floor! I could hold a carnival here." I told her to have a good time and to make sure to pick up the phone when I called in three hours to see if they wanted to extend the appointment.

At the three-hour mark, I called Lola to find out if John wanted to keep the girls longer. I could hear music blasting in the background, and Lola said they were having a great time. There was coke, weed, and ecstasy; they were dancing and snorting coke off one another, and two of the girls were in the bathtub with one of the guys. It was about 1 A.M. and John got on the phone to ask how much to keep the girls until six. I told him \$5,000 per girl. He wanted to negotiate, and since the girls were already there I caved and let them stay for \$4,000 each.

At six in the morning, I called Lola to make sure the girls were leaving. They were still partying. I couldn't believe it! It's 6 A.M. on a Wednesday—doesn't anyone work? I got John on the phone and he said they were having so much fun they wanted to continue the party. This meant there were still drugs—and as long as there are drugs, there's a party. "Don't you have to go to work?" I asked. He said, "I'm the boss—I can do what I want and what I want is some new girls." I sent two girls home since they were tired and

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INVOICE #2035
DATE: DECEMBER 31, 2007
FOR:
Repair job inside building

DESCRIPTION	HOURS	RATE	AMOUNT
Construction Damaged Columns Aisle 11-14 Material and Handling - Costs are included	30	\$550 pr hr	\$16,500.00
TOTAL			\$16,500.00

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sent two new girls over. This lasted until about 4 P.M., and he ended up spending more than \$30,000.

John became one of my best clients. Soon he was holding parties every week. They would last one or two days, sometimes three if he was on a bender. The girls loved him because he was fun and always had a lot of drugs. He was a little kinky and liked to spank them and watch girl-girl shows. Occasionally he asked that they bring toys, so I'd make sure they picked some up at the 24-hour adult store on the way. They did whatever it took because, well, it was his dime and he always tipped well.

After a couple of weeks, and some \$50,000 in charges, he asked me if I could start billing his company credit card. He said he considered this entertainment, and since it was his company, he could do as he pleased. He sent me a sample invoice and I started creating them for him monthly. We spoke nearly every day and he started asking me to take care of other things for him, like securing theater tickets or booking premium automobiles, such as Bentleys. I did this on my merchant account and ended up billing him for all services in one invoice to get them by his accountant. In an eight-month period, I invoiced him for well over \$220,000.

I call this the "king syndrome"—a mind-set that says *I am the king and I can do whatever I want with no repercussions*. Those who challenge the king are guilty of treason. This mind-set is very common with the Wall Street elite. And this way of thinking (or not thinking) is why our country is in the economic toilet today.

My biggest Wall Street client ran a global financial firm—it doesn't go much higher up on the food chain than this guy.

"George" was also an important principal in our government—helping determine policy in an institution that monitors fiscal transactions and influences financial and credit conditions. He called one day wanting the best of the best. I started going over the list of my top girls, all models signed to major agencies, and he settled with a very established lingerie model named Samantha. He requested an overnighter; I told him there was a nonnegotiable rate of \$15,000. He didn't balk and gave me his credit-card number. He requested that Samantha dress elegantly since he was talking her to an exclusive five-star restaurant.

The next day he called to thank me and book for the next week. I made arrangements with one of my most elite models, who I'd



There was coke, weed, and ecstasy; **they were dancing and snorting coke off one another,** and two of the girls were in the bathtub with one of the guys.

have to fly in from California, where she was a working actress. I e-mailed him photos, and he immediately said he wanted her for two days, so I quoted him \$50,000. Again, he didn't balk at the price. As a perk, I threw in a limo for the night since he was taking her to a casino in Atlantic City, where one of his favorite musicians was performing. The next day he took her to Barneys and sent her home with a \$5,000 gift certificate for me as a thank-you.

Not surprisingly, George was one of my absolute favorite clients. He was smart, funny, easy to book, and paid extremely well. He split his charges between his personal credit card and his corporate black card. We used to talk finance, which was always fun, and he told me once to Google him. I was extremely impressed at what I found. I never questioned his spending, where the money came from, or the lavishness of it—that's just how Wall Street guys are. Today, with his company facing financial ruin, George has gone running to the government—whose financial policy he used to influence—to get bailed out. That's also how Wall Street guys are—spending our money on their lavish lifestyles and shamelessly expecting us to pay for it. And we do.

Another good client was a principal attorney representing a huge international company. I thought this was funny because he was supposed to be in charge of compliance and making sure everything was aboveboard, but at the same time he was supporting an expensive hooker habit. "Greg" was actually very kinky and went on huge cocaine binges almost every weekend. Every time he called he was already high. He'd start calling Saturday morning around 9 A.M., wanting a girl to get there in 20 minutes. And every Saturday I would explain to him that these girls were not awake

yet and the earliest I could get someone to him would be 11 A.M. I'd tell him that I would make some calls and let him know who I was sending around 10 or 10:30.


Somehow this never seemed to sink in because 15 minutes later he'd be calling again ... and 15 minutes later, and so on. That's what happens when you're on a cocaine binge—you lose track of time and you don't want to be by yourself. Greg also demanded that his girls bring a whole wardrobe of outfits so they could role-play. He always wanted standard outfits—a sexy suit, some sort of gown, and a bikini, but sometimes he would complicate things by throwing in something outlandish, like a cowgirl outfit complete with hat and boots. Or a nurse's uniform. On more than one occasion, I had to have the girl go by the local stripper-clothing store to pick up the right costume on the way to his apartment. This meant another 30 minutes of stalling for me. But he would say if she didn't come with the wardrobe, he would send her away, so I did everything in my power to make it happen.

Usually Greg would keep the first girl for five or six hours. Then he would take a break and call me a few more times to ask who else was available. Around 7 P.M. the process would start all over again and he would book another girl for five or six more hours. Sunday morning he would start calling somewhere between 6 and 8 A.M. By that time he could barely speak and he was usually really irritable. I'd ignore his calls until nine or so, and pick up only because he had called some 100-plus times. I'd tell him to get some rest and I'd call him later in the afternoon. We repeated this pretty much every week.

Greg was good enough to refer me to one of his business acquaintances, "Jack," who ran an electronic trading exchange and controlled his firm's stock-analysis division. He became a very good client who went on periodic spending binges and actually took one of the girls on vacation with him. Jack tended to fall in "lust" with some of the girls, wooing them with shopping sprees in futile attempts to get them into a "real" relationship. In about half a year he spent \$40,000.

I had many other Wall Street clients. Presidents of leading investment firms, heads of trading exchanges, top traders, portfolio managers, and even newbies just getting started. A few would call me from their overpriced lunch meetings, martinis in hand, and ask if they could swing by for a quickie. Many would come with their associates after work to relieve stress; others would come *during* work, because to them, getting laid was more important than the job. Some would even close down my apartment with their friends during the day, partying with five or six girls, spending thousands, and trashing the place, leaving liquor bottles everywhere and cocaine on my countertops. They all lived duplicitous lives—pretending they were hard workers while they spent most of the day screwing around.

And can you blame them? It is Wall Street tradition that those making money answer to no one. If you're wondering whether these guys are the ones receiving TARP money, I can say for certain that some of them are, and if you're wondering where your tax money is going, all I can say is that I seriously doubt that these guys have all cut back on their "discretionary" spending.

The boys' club still exists, and there is no doubt that they band together when times are tough. Who are the top people in government overseeing the financial bailout? They're all former Wall Streeters. Times don't get much tougher than they are now, but you can be sure that once happy days are here again, the "street mentality" will revert back to what it was before. I'm sure that the next "Manhattan Madam" is already lining up girls and waiting for the next bull market to start the good times rolling again. 

summer loving

Georgia and Lena know their summer of love won't last forever. That just makes them even more determined to enjoy each moment to the fullest. Shedding all but the sheerest of cover-ups, the luscious lasses camp out at the beautiful pool to cool off... and heat each other up.

Photographs by
Preston Geoffrey Parker















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Small Town

Penthouse Features

Anyone who's read a letter in our Penthouse Forum column knows that small-town America gets just as crazy as the big cities—sometimes more so—and this disc is just as hot. First of all, there's plenty of prime Penthouse Pet pussy: curvy Brea Lynn and sexy Lux Kassidy team up on Madison Scott in a triple-girl lesbian scene. Lux has a real taste for licking pussy, and when she gets together with Madison, watch out! This year's Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Shawna Leneé, lets loose with a fuck session that's animated even for her. But even better are the new girls: Madison is wonderful, and

Marie McCray is one of those chicks you'd be playing big brother to if you didn't want to bang her so bad. She looks sweet and innocent, but when she gets near a cock—game over. And Spaniard Bridgette B. gives some of the best head I've seen in a while. If you live in a big town and wanna see how the other half lives, check this out. If you're in a small town and wanna see what's happening ... what are you waiting for?

Top: Lux Kassidy, Brea Lynn, and Madison Scott.
Right: Lux Kassidy



By Johnny Bronx




WIVES' SECRET FANTASIES Penthouse Letters

Directed by veteran porn stud Randy Spears, *Wives' Secret Fantasies* documents a range of erotic abandon, from infidelity to anonymity and beyond, and the best thing is that many of the wives' fantasies are shared by horny young guys. Ann Marie Rios, out for a random fuck, hooks up with a hot stud and puts on a show with him. Her frantic desire to expand her sexual limits (among other things) drives her direction of the scenario: "Stretch it open, stretch it open!" she cries while getting stuffed with a healthy-size cock. Darryl Hanah turns in the disc's only lesbian scene, as a bi-curious woman seducing a straight housekeeper played by the stunning Sochee Mala. The spit stain Darryl leaves on Sochee's French panties alone makes the scene memorable, and Sochee's hip bones as she thrusts her cunt in Darryl's face are intensely arousing. Penthouse Pet Kagney Linn Karter rounds out a great cast with an exciting segment banging a doctor in his examination room.

Above, from left: Sochee Mala, Lexi Belle, and Tommy Gunn.

BLONDES IN BLACK LEATHER Penthouse Variations

Our kinky sister magazine, *Penthouse Variations*, is the place to go for a walk on the wilder side, and this collection of vignettes, based on reader letters and hosted by bitchin' blonde Alanah Rae, shows why. A nasty biker fantasy finds Diana Doll, looking fine in black leather chaps, getting picked up and laid down in an alleyway. Seeing her take such a big cock is exciting because she has a tight little ass; it's a wonder she can get that fucking thing in there. Same goes for Lexi Belle taking Tommy Gunn's rod in a scene about a porn photographer and his leather-clad model. But the real jeans-creamer is the dyke show with Penthouse Pet Jana Cova and Carli Banks. Jana plays domme to Carli's sub in a fetish scene that includes riding crops, sex chairs, boot-licking, and some way-hot fetish clothes. Watching Carli drag her tongue along Jana's pointy-toed boots is enough to bring out the pervert in any right-thinking man. Let me put it this way: You know you like blondes and leather. And you know you have a kinky streak. This disc is for you. 

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FLINGS AND THINGS

I THINK ABOUT FUCKING A LOT—DOING IT WITH LOTS OF GUYS IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS AND PLACES. JUST THE THOUGHT OF BOUNCING UP AND DOWN ON A THICK, HARD COCK MAKES ME WET. AS FOR CONDOMS? I NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT 'EM!

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



AND I LOVE VARIETY, SO I DON'T HAVE A REGULAR BOYFRIEND—I KEEP A WHOLE STABLE OF MEN.



ALEX IS MY IN-HOUSE LOVER. I LITERALLY RAN INTO HIM AT AN INTERSECTION.

Oh, my God! I'm so sorry!

No, it was my fault. I'll take care of it.



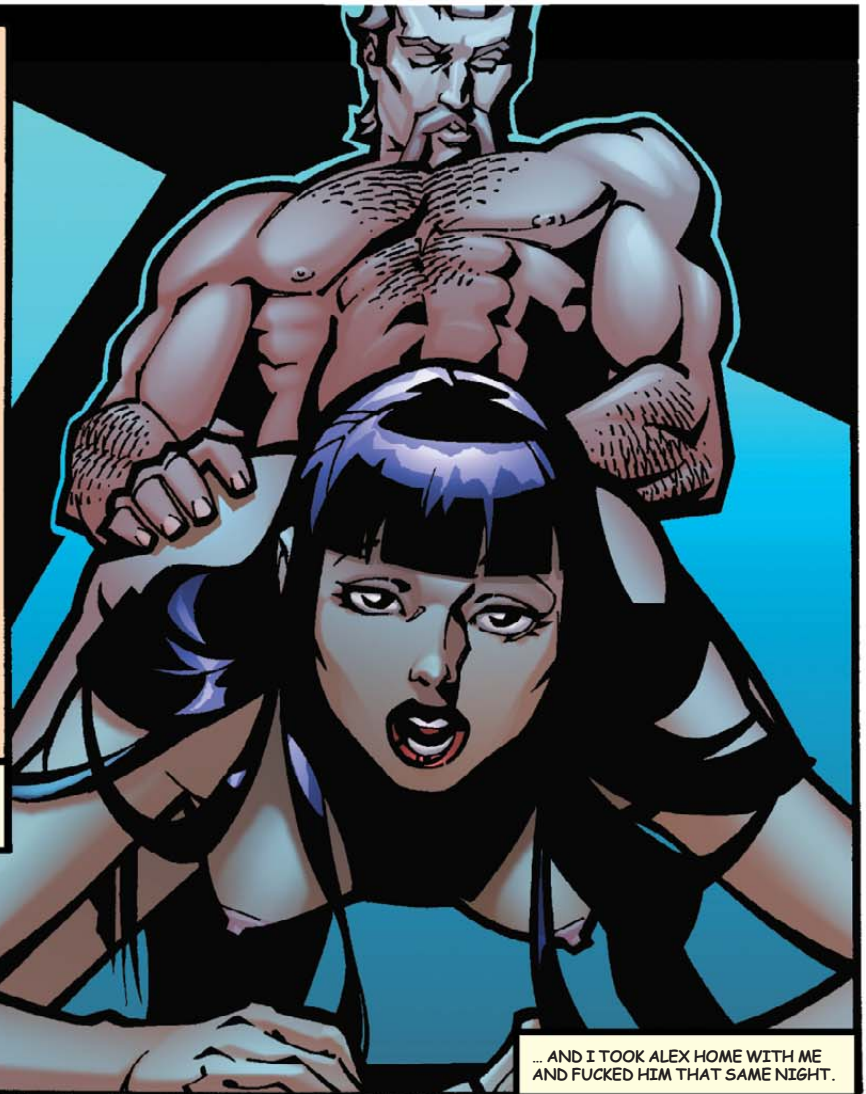
I LISTENED WHILE HE OFFERED TO TAKE CARE OF THE DAMAGE, BUT HE WAS SO WELL-HUNG THAT MY GAZE WAS FIXED ON HIS CROTCH.

My name is Alex. Here's the address for my service station.

HE FIXED MY CAR, SO I
TOOK HIM TO DINNER.



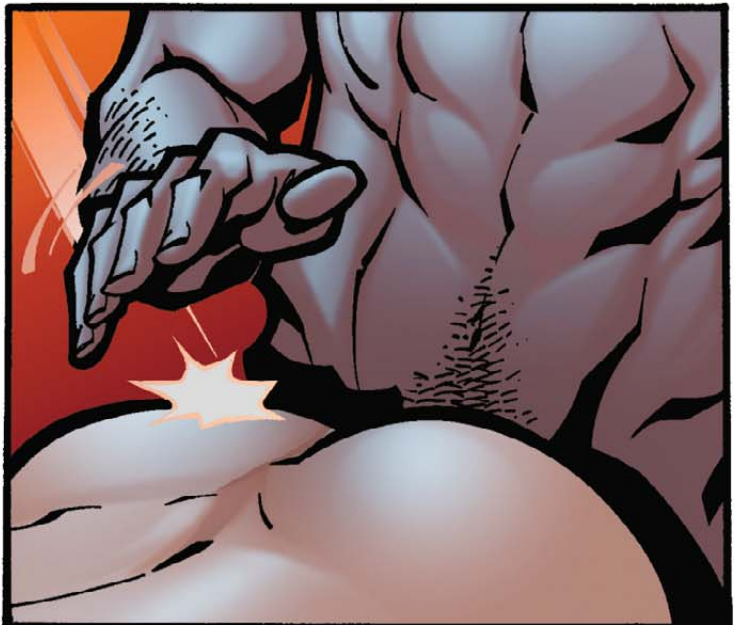
WELL, ONE THING LED
TO ANOTHER—ACTUALLY,
I MADE SURE IT DID ...

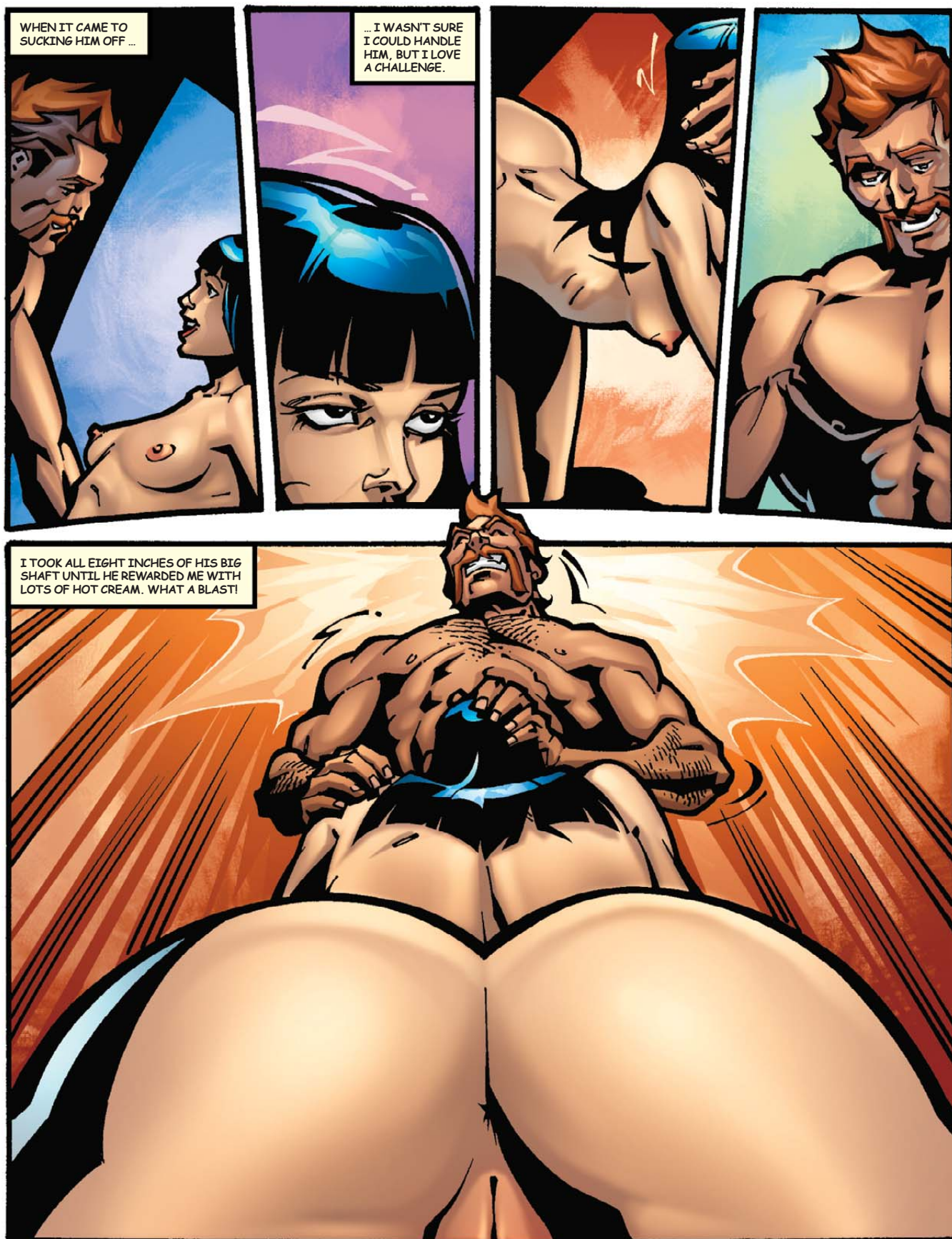


... AND I TOOK ALEX HOME WITH ME
AND FUCKED HIM THAT SAME NIGHT.



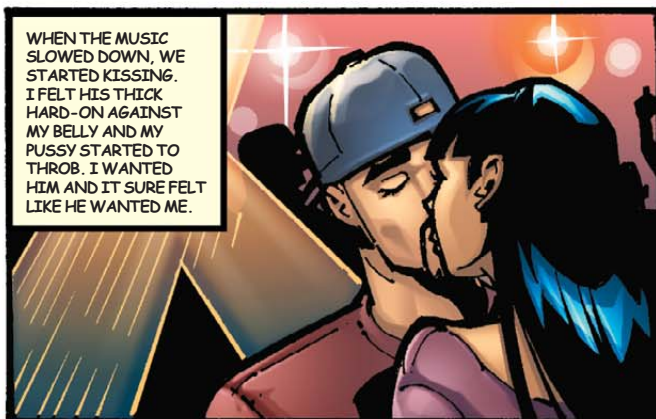
HE EVEN GAVE ME A FEW LIGHT
SLAPS ON MY ASS BETWEEN
THRUSTS AND IT WAS SUCH A
RUSH. HE DID IT JUST RIGHT—NOT
TOO HARD, NOT TOO SOFT—AND I
DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK!







THEN THERE'S NICKY, WHO'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR A QUICKIE. WE MET AT A PARTY AND DANCED A LITTLE.



WHEN THE MUSIC SLOWED DOWN, WE STARTED KISSING. I FELT HIS THICK HARD-ON AGAINST MY BELLY AND MY PUSSY STARTED TO THROB. I WANTED HIM AND IT SURE FELT LIKE HE WANTED ME.



WHEN THE MUSIC GOT FAST AGAIN, NICKY LED ME DOWNSTAIRS.

Where are you taking me?

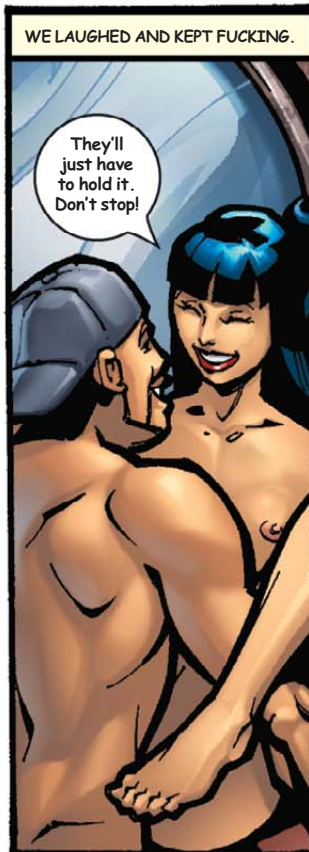
Someplace private.



WE QUICKLY UNDRESSED. NICKY'S COCK WAS HARD AND READY.



JUST WHEN HE SLID INTO ME, SOMEONE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR.



WE LAUGHED AND KEPT FUCKING.

They'll just have to hold it. Don't stop!



NOW WE JUST TEXT EACH OTHER AND HOOK UP WHENEVER AND WHEREVER WE CAN. AND IT'S GREAT, BECAUSE I DON'T ASK ABOUT HIS BUSINESS AND HE DOESN'T ASK ABOUT MINE.

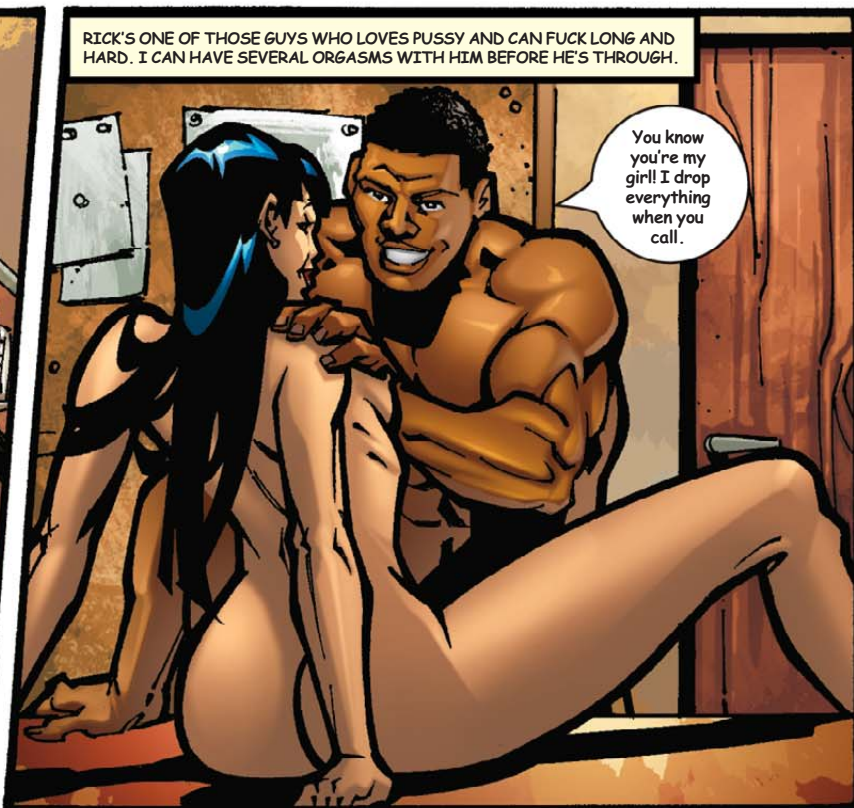
THERE'S ALSO RICK, WHO SATISFIES MY NEED TO HAVE SEX IN DIFFERENT ZIP CODES. I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON HIM TO MEET ME AT THE MOVIES, IN A MOTEL, OR AT MY OFFICE.



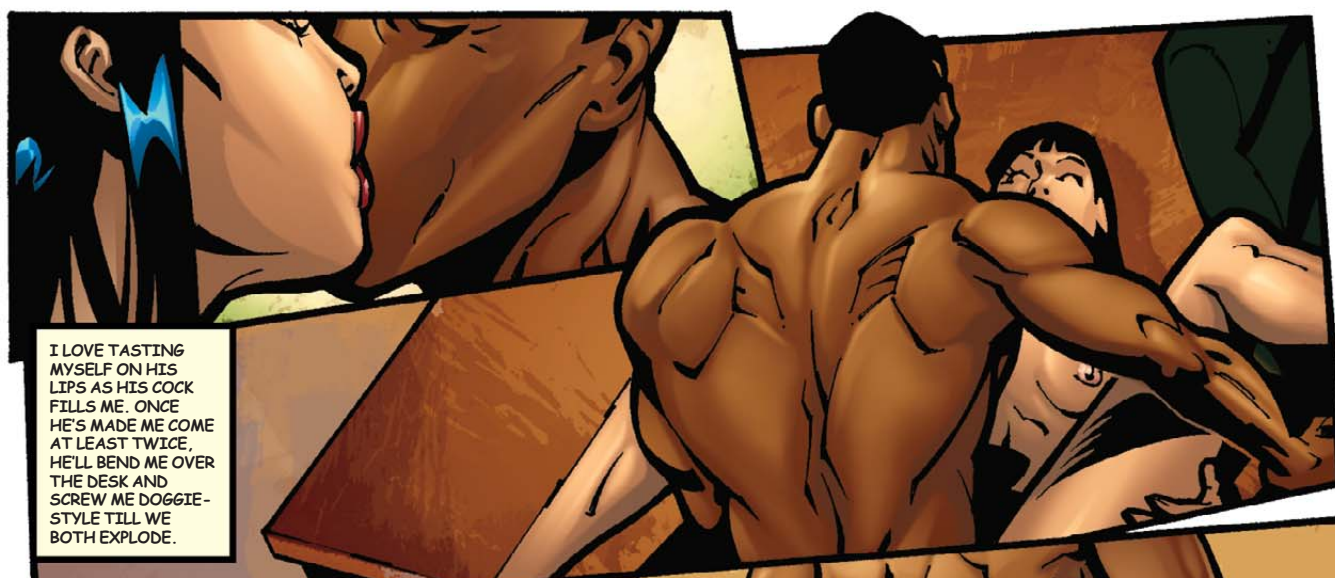
WHEN I WORK LATE, I CALL RICK AND MAKE SURE MY DESK IS CLEARED OFF.



RICK'S ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO LOVES PUSSY AND CAN FUCK LONG AND HARD. I CAN HAVE SEVERAL ORGASMS WITH HIM BEFORE HE'S THROUGH.



I'LL LIE BACK ON THE DESK AND LET HIM LICK MY PUSSY FOR A BIT, BUT WHEN I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT A GOOD HARD FUCK ALL DAY, WHAT I REALLY NEED IS HIS COCK.



I LOVE TASTING MYSELF ON HIS LIPS AS HIS COCK FILLS ME. ONCE HE'S MADE ME COME AT LEAST TWICE, HE'LL BEND ME OVER THE DESK AND SCREW ME DOGGIE-STYLE TILL WE BOTH EXPLODE.



I'm quite happy with my current arrangements, but like any good scout, I'm always on the lookout for new talent.



THE END



Have you ever wanted to dabble in dominance and submission (D&S) or bondage and discipline (B&D)? Of course you have, my slaves and masters—it's the most frequent kind of role-playing you talk about in your letters to me! For those who haven't yet tried it but want to learn, a good place to start is this Sweet Surrender game, which makes D&S (and, for the more adventurous, B&D) fun, erotic, and easy to

learn. Sweet Surrender even supplies you with some basic rules for safe play. Other than the subject matter, it's like any other board game. Roll the dice, follow the instructions, and perform the D&S act that's called for. You'll get to try out both sub and dom roles, so you'll be able to explore your own boundaries.

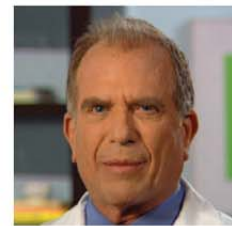
The game comes with some basic props, including a faux-leather blind-

fold, a feather, and a small rubber tickler. As you get into the game, you can add more spice to your play with whipped cream and strawberries, restraints or paddles, or sex toys (to tease your submissive partner, or even to drive her to "forced" orgasms). To win the game, get to the Final Scene, and create a scenario for you and your partner. The goal here, as in all D&S or B&D, is to develop greater intimacy and deeper passion—and to have a lot of fun while doing so.

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

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*



Just pay for the postage stamp.

800-630-3931

www.ExtenzeMe.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. Extenze is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



Ask Dr. Z

WIFE-WATCHING BACKLASH

My wife was very sexually inexperienced when we got married ten years ago. She was never really into sex, and after a few years we were rarely having sex at all. I felt that I was losing my passion for her and even had a short-lived affair with my coworker, a very uninhibited woman with whom I frequently watched adult videos and read Penthouse. After I ended the affair, I felt that I also had to end this lull in my marriage one way or another, so I told my wife to go out and pick up a guy, bring him back to our house, and seduce him in our bedroom while I watched from our closet. Well, after some convincing, she did exactly as I had instructed—she brought a complete stranger into our bedroom and fucked him right before my eyes. Watching her with him is what re-kindled my passion for my wife. I was reminded that I really love her and want her. The problem is, she really likes this guy and wants to continue to see him on a regular basis, and I feel jealous and want us to be monogamous again. Can you explain to me why this happened and how I can get my wife to be faithful to me again?

Nothing revives our passion for a spouse like a little jealousy! We never realize how much we want to keep something until someone else threatens to take it away from us. But do not confuse the feeling you are currently experiencing for your wife with “love.” When we love someone, we want them to be happy, and your wife seems to be happier with some variety in her partners. Watching another man ravish your wife has stoked your lust for her, and what you are feeling is possessiveness and a fear that you will lose her. However, while you have now developed feelings of desire for her after all those passionless years—maybe because another man has sparked her previously missing libido—there may not be a way to turn back the clock. After all, you had an affair first, and you insisted that your wife do the same. By doing so, you have redefined the terms of your relationship; there may be no way to bring back the pure

exclusivity that you once rejected.

The only thing you can do is to stop trying to control your wife and allow her to explore the newfound feelings she has for this man. Meanwhile, give her the affection, attention, and affirmation she was lacking while you were engaged in your liaison with another woman. Her infatuation for her lover will either wear off as the novelty of it subsides, or it will turn into something more. If the latter happens, you will have to decide whether to end your marriage or to join her in a lifestyle that involves a variety of partners. Many couples are into swinging or swapping, so that may be your only way to hold on to her if she finds the thrill of sex with strangers to be too much of an aphrodisiac to put aside. Either way, things will never be the way they once were between you—which is why I always counsel people to stop and think things through before injecting a third person into their relationship.

A SORE POINT

I am dating this hot new girl who is a great kisser. But there is one problem—she frequently gets cold sores on her lips. I've heard somewhere that cold sores are highly contagious and can even be transmitted to the genitals during oral sex. Is that true, and what can I do to prevent it?

Yes, what you've heard is true: The herpes virus, which causes cold sores, is contagious and can be transmitted to the genital area. Herpes simplex 1, or the cold-sore virus, has a preference for the oral area, while herpes simplex 2, the more familiar sexually transmitted herpes, has a preference for the genital area. But it's possible for a cold sore to transmit HSV-1 to your penis, giving you the painful sores and flu-like symptoms that characterize the genital variety. When she gets those cold sores on her lips, take a rain check on oral sex, and if she gets them a lot, make a condom standard operating procedure when she goes down on you. **OT**

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSEMAGAZINE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL ME AT VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 20 BROAD STREET, 14TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005.



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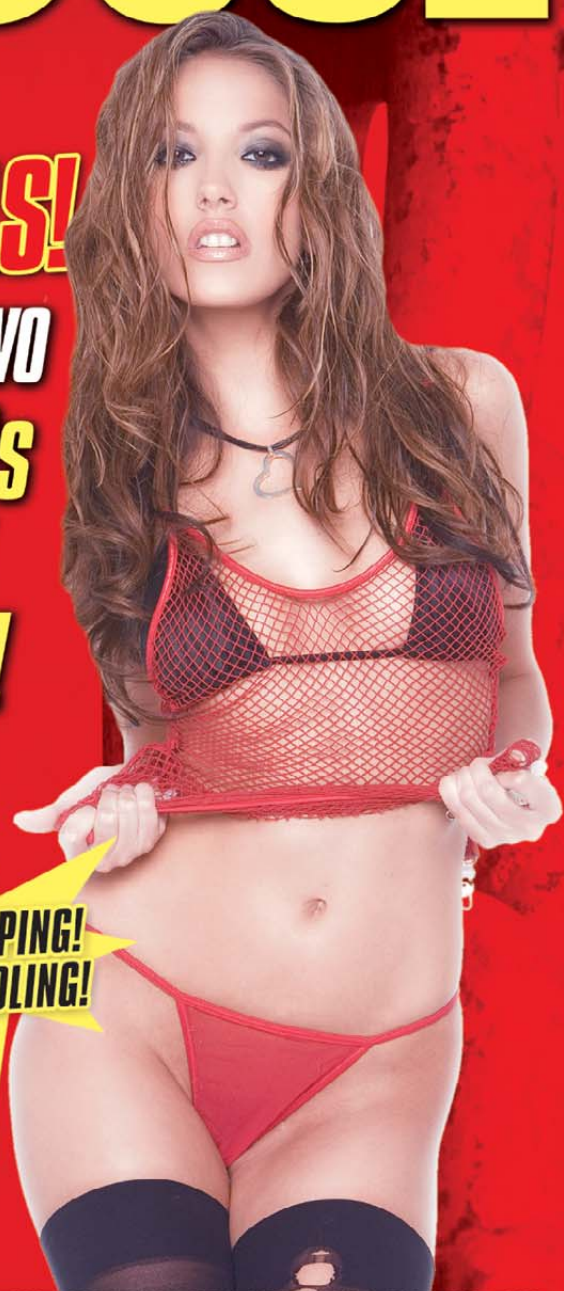


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■ ANNIVERSARY SURPRISE

When Karen and I were sent on a business trip together, I was thrilled. She and I had been hooking up since our first trip together six months earlier, and though we managed to get together every now and then at home, it was much easier to be together when we traveled.

After working all morning and meeting with some clients for lunch, Karen and I headed back to our hotel late in the afternoon. Karen said it would be nice if we dressed up and went out for a while and I agreed, so we ate an early dinner before heading to a nearby club for drinks.

The club was crowded, but we managed to find a table. Then Karen asked me to dance. After a few minutes on the floor, we went back to our table and found another couple sitting at the table next to us. And that's when things started to happen.

The guy was built like me, but the woman was several inches taller than Karen, and a little heavier. When the woman got up to go to the bathroom a few minutes later, Karen hopped over to their table and said something to the guy that left a look of shock on his face.

"What did you say to him?" I asked when she returned to her seat.

"I told him that we were married and that I wanted to fuck him so my husband could watch," she said.

I was stunned, and I asked her what the guy's response had been.

"He said that his wife would never go for it, but I told him to let me take care of that. He didn't seem to think I could do anything about her, but let's just see what happens," she said.

After the guy's wife returned, Karen led me to their table and we pulled up some chairs and started talking. Amanda and Jackson were from Nevada. Karen ordered a bottle of wine and kept our glasses full.

After a little more wine, a slow song came on and Karen asked if she could dance with Jackson. Amanda agreed, saying she wanted to sit this one out anyway. Karen and Jackson danced very, very close, and you could see how hard Jackson was. After they came back to the table, Jackson danced with Amanda. While they were gone, Karen said, "You dance with Amanda next and see what happens. I told Jackson that we're going to be fucking within 20 minutes. He's so fuckin' hard, and I can't wait to get him inside me. We just need Amanda to bite."



Jackson and Amanda's song ended, and then I asked Amanda to dance with me. When we got out on the dance floor, I told her, "I saw Jackson's hard-on, and Karen is horny, too. She's paying the bill now and getting another bottle of wine. We're going to take this party back to our hotel room so I can see how horny you are, okay?"

"Oh, yes," she moaned.

Before anyone could change their minds, Karen and I led Jackson and Amanda back to our hotel and up to our room. As soon as we were inside, Karen and I kissed passionately, and when we looked over, Jackson and Amanda were locked in an embrace of their own. Then Karen took charge.

"Matt, go hold Amanda," she said, and I moved behind the girl and wrapped my arms around her.

Then Karen went to Jackson and

unzipped his pants. She pushed them down and gave him a blowjob right in front of us. Meanwhile, I was standing behind Amanda, my hard-on pressing against her ass, as we stood mesmerized by our partners. Then suddenly, Karen stopped what she was doing, stripped, and dropped to all fours on the bed.

"Jackson, take me! Fuck me now!" she said.

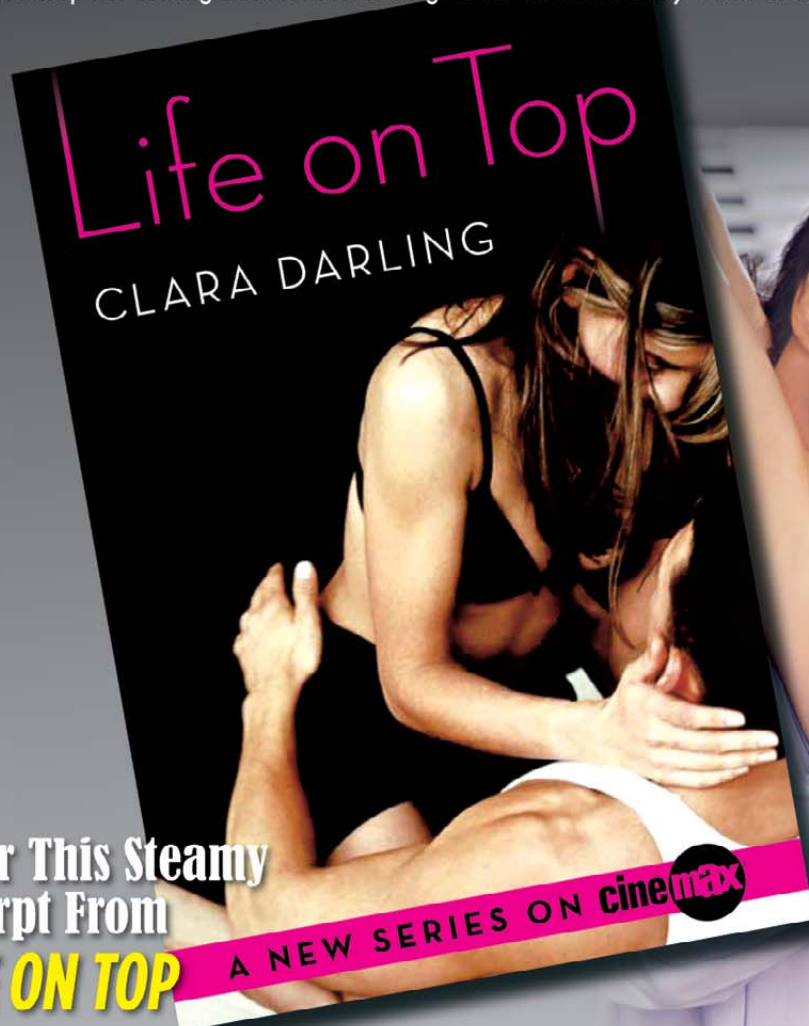
Jackson needed no further urging, and he positioned himself behind her. Now Amanda was hot, too, and I started to rub her tits from behind. All she had to do was lean back against me and I knew I was in for another night of mind-blowing sex. Amanda turned around and we started making out, but Karen stopped us cold, telling us to get naked. We stripped quickly and I was amazed at how big Amanda's tits were. I tried to lean in to suck them, but Karen stopped me again, telling us to watch while she fucked Amanda's husband.

Jackson entered her from behind again and fucked her for a good ten minutes. She didn't stop talking dirty. "God, yes, that is so fucking good," she shouted. "I love getting fucked

The four of us spent the next six hours fucking in a variety of positions and pairings.

Tear this out ... AND TURN HER ON!

Looking for the perfect gift for your girlfriend? Clip out this page and inspire her deepest fantasies with this exclusive excerpt from *LIFE ON TOP*, a sensual new series of books written especially for women. With steamy and erotic love scenes, *LIFE ON TOP* will keep her coming back for more. So give her what she really wants ... and wait for her to return the favor.



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Bella began the difficult process of taking off her leather pants. They were skintight and fastened with hooks and eyes. Andre got on his knees in front of her and helped undo the fastenings, gazing up at her as he worked. When he peeled the pants down her hips, he whistled. "I thought you said you wanted to show me your panties." "Oops, I must have forgotten to put them on!" She giggled. "I like the feeling of leather against my naked pussy." She reached for another truffle and slowly pressed it up inside her, not all the way, just enough so she could hold it there. "Do you want a treat, Chef?" she asked him. "That is my very favorite flavor," he said. He lifted her up and sat her at the very edge of one of the cold, metal shelves, then he bent his mouth to her pussy....



St. Martin's Griffin



and I love getting fucked in front of my husband. Matt, isn't this great? You love watching me get fucked. You love seeing another man's cock in my pussy, don't you?

"Jackson, keep fucking me! Fuck my pussy in front of my husband. I need some new come in me!"

Needless to say, I wasn't surprised by how soon Jackson came, leaving a pool of come on Karen's back. But she only needed a second to recover before she took charge again.

"Amanda, get over here and lie on the bed that your husband just fucked me on!" she commanded.

I figured it was my turn now, so I helped Amanda move to the bed and then started to climb on top of her. For the third time, though, Karen stopped me.

"Where are you going, Matt?" Then she climbed onto the bed with Amanda and said, "Just enjoy, honey."

She moved her hands down Amanda's body, then moved herself around and spread Amanda's legs before diving right in to her pussy. Amanda offered little resistance and started to moan. Once Karen knew she had her, she ordered Jackson and me into our places.

"Jackson, get your cock near her mouth. Matt, you get her tits. I know you love big tits," she said.

We didn't need any further instructions, and for the next 15 minutes we just enjoyed worshiping her body. When we finally collapsed, Karen announced that Amanda must've come four times. Then she kissed her passionately.

After we all caught our breath, it was finally my turn to relieve my load. I went to the big chair in the corner of the room and sat down, my cock sticking straight up in the air. Then I motioned Amanda over.

Amanda easily slid on top of me and fucked me while I thrust up into her. I told her she was hot and I loved her pussy and tits and I was glad we were doing this, but she just stayed silent, rocking back and forth on top of me. After a good five-minute fuck, we both came.

The four of us spent the next six hours fucking one another in a variety of positions and pairings. Finally, around 4 A.M., Karen and I decided it was time to say good-bye to our friends, since we had to get up in a few hours for our flight home. We tumbled into bed and all I could do was kiss her on the forehead and tell her that I thought she was amazing.



We're scheduled for another trip next month, and I can't wait!—M.C., Colorado

■ A NEW SEXERCISE ROUTINE

Kendra teaches yoga at the studio where I take my classes, but she's not my usual instructor. When my teacher had to cancel at the last minute, Kendra agreed to fill in for her. She was at the front of the room when I walked in, and seeing her in her tight black yoga pants and loose, off-the-shoulder sweatshirt was unexpectedly arousing. I knew almost instantly that I had to learn everything I could about her.

During class, Kendra walked around the room helping students maneuver their bodies into the

correct positions, and it seemed like she spent an awful lot of time with me, even though I didn't really need any help. I hoped she was as attracted to me as I was to her, but without a clear sign, I had no idea what was going on between us.

When class ended, however, I got my sign. Kendra walked right up to me the minute the hour-long session was over and asked me what I was doing in the beginners' class if I already knew so much. That started an in-depth conversation, and when the next class started to fill the room, Kendra asked me if I'd like to join her for a cup of coffee. I jumped at the chance to spend more time with her, and when she asked if I'd mind going to her apartment to drop off some things first, I let her know I was okay with anything she wanted to do.

A few moments later we were standing inside Kendra's small apartment. She said she wanted to change before we went out, then asked if I wanted to change, too. I told her I hadn't brought anything to

I pulled her body flush against mine and tangled my tongue with hers.

change into, and she offered to lend me something of hers. Accepting the offer, I followed her into the bedroom. Instead of handing me clothes, however, Kendra just started stripping down in front of me.

"Don't you want to change, too?" she asked when she saw that I was still standing fully clothed across the room.

I nodded my head and started to pull off my sweatshirt. My tank top was next, then my sweatpants, and finally I was in only my bra and panties. When I looked over, Kendra was completely naked. And she didn't appear to be in any hurry to put on new clothes, either. I stared at her in shock, waiting for her to feel bashful and put something on, but it never happened. The longer I stared, though, the more aroused I became, and soon I found myself walking closer to her, drawn to her as if she were a magnet.

A moment later, we were kissing. Her hands felt hot on my flesh as they danced over my body, and my own hands were busy trailing over her soft, supple skin. Her body was long and lean and warm, and I quickly got lost in the experience of kissing her.

When her tongue slipped into my mouth, I felt my juices start to pool in my panties. I couldn't believe how hot she was making me, and I never wanted it to stop. I pulled her body flush against mine and tangled my tongue with hers, occasionally slipping it out of her mouth to trace her full lips. While I did this, Kendra's hands started tugging at my panties, trying to pull my small cotton thong down my legs. When she succeeded, her fingers went right for my pussy, and she had me moaning with pleasure almost immediately.

With one hand she teased my asshole, her finger tracing circles around my tight little sphincter, and with the other she fingered my cunt. She had two fingers deep inside me, stroking my inner walls, and her thumb was rubbing my clit, making my whole body shiver with excitement. I couldn't believe how much pleasure Kendra was giving me, and I wanted to return the favor, but I had no control over my trembling body.

After only five minutes of her fingering me, I felt myself start to go over the edge, and I broke our lip-lock and threw my head back, moaning loudly in ecstasy. Kendra could tell I was close, and she worked harder to get me off, her fingers moving faster and



pressing harder until I finally came.

I cried out with pleasure as I exploded in orgasm, and writhed against Kendra. She didn't stop touching me, though, and her hands didn't leave my body until I fell against her, exhausted and gasping for breath. I'd just had the most intense orgasm of my life, and I hadn't even fucked anyone.

I was dying to repay Kendra for what she'd done, and I quickly got down on my knees and settled myself between her legs, where I could eat her pussy with ease. We spent the rest of the day getting each other off.

Kendra has since taken over my yoga class, and every week after class I go back to her place, where we finish our workout. I've never been in better shape in my life!—L.A., New York

■ IN THE STACKS

I saw her for the first time through the bookshelves. She was small and Asian, with a trim figure, a tight skirt, jet-black hair pulled into a long ponytail, smooth, tawny skin, and dark eyes. She was cute, but in a studious way—the typical girl-next-door.

I thought nothing of her, since I was

studying for my finals in the university library. I had so much work to do to catch up after too much drinking, partying, and wasting time, so I committed myself to hitting the library each and every night at 7 P.M., staying long after most of the students, even the most enthusiastic, had left. But she was always there. It seemed her shifts at the library coincided with the time I'd chosen, and the section she was assigned to just happened to match my field, biology.

After a few days, her subtly attractive looks began to grow on me. I began to watch her as she stretched on her tiptoes, reaching to return a book to its rightful place, her taut body extended, everything firm. I knew then that I had to have her.

I started to steal glances at her through the rows of literary works; I couldn't help myself, I was infatuated. Her face was attractive, but it was her firm body that appealed to me. From her narrow hips to her smooth legs, everything was in perfect proportion. Before long I forgot the studying and was fixated on this girl. I didn't even know her name, but it only added to the mystique, amplifying the allure of my newfound obsession.

The next night it was the same routine. I tried to ignore my throbbing cock and my natural urges; I tried to suffocate them with schoolwork. I paid her no attention, aside from the occasional glance, as I made my way to a row of books.

She began to rub my hand across her pussy, back and forth, making herself wet.

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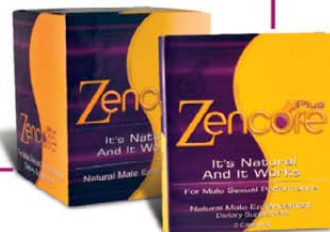
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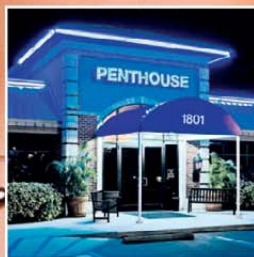


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Good, I thought. Throw yourself into your work. Then, head lowered, I checked my list and turned down the correct aisle, but I stopped dead in my tracks a moment later. She was there. Apparently not noticing me, she carried on taking returns off her trolley and putting them back in their spaces. I shook myself and tried to concentrate on anything else, but as I peered down at the numbers, I realized I'd have to squeeze by her through the narrow passageway, and my heart raced.

Cautiously, I meandered toward her, trying to be inconspicuous, but eventually, inevitably, we met, and as we did, she leaned into the books, trying to allow me room to move past. However, as I carefully slid my body through the gap, I paused. My eyes were drawn to her phenomenal ass, the round curve accentuated by her plaid schoolgirl skirt.

I couldn't help myself. Unwillingly, my hand reached down, and out of nowhere, I grabbed her firm butt. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I expected her to shriek and call for help, slap me, gouge my eyes with her nails, anything to get away, but to my astonishment, she did nothing. Instead she left my hand groping her behind and, more amazingly, took it in her own, guiding it downward.

I was shocked that she was letting me do this. My adrenaline was pumping, but my nerves were shivering. Slowly she moved my hand down, below the line of her skirt, past her thigh, her eyes never leaving the shelves. She maneuvered my palm upward, beneath the cloth, between her legs. I almost died as my fingers found themselves on her warm pussy. She wasn't wearing underwear! She began to rub my hand across her pussy, back and forth, making herself wet. For minutes we massaged her clit, her head thrusting back and dropping down as she writhed in bliss. Her body reciprocated, her love juice trickling down my fingers, coating them. I took them away and licked her nectar, then allowed her to do the same. She complied willingly, and then bit down lightly on my finger. It was her turn.

Still facing the books, her free hand reached to my pants and started rubbing my crotch. I stood back and let her unzip my jeans, reach in, and grab hold of my throbbing dick. Soon it was pulled loose and stood tall and erect as it passed through her hand, up and down, up and down. My

fingers returned to her drenched snatch and found their way inside. Then she got a strong grip on my member and let the head run over the contours of her backside, up and down through the valley, over her asshole, descending to the entrance of her gaping hole. I was ready to penetrate her.

But it was all a tease. Realizing her apprehension—we had no protection—we resumed our foreplay, masturbating each other, out in the open, no one around. My fingers explored her, and I could feel her body respond. She was nearing the crescendo of our sexual orchestra. I, too, was about to burst, and I could tell it would be spectacular.

Incredibly, we exploded in a wave of pleasure together, coming loudly and drenching our hands—and a few nearby books—with our juices.

Sapped of energy, I wiped the sweat off my brow, raised my zipper, and watched her legs twitch and quiver in the aftershock of her eruption. Then, without so much as a look at me, she casually took the

next book off her trolley and resumed doing her job.

I left bewildered, unsure if I'd just imagined it all. Perplexed, I stood outside in the cool night breeze and lifted my hand to my nose. Smiling, I took in her sweet scent. It had been no dream.—*R.G., Texas*

■ SCREWING AROUND

The office I was working in was being painted, so it wasn't unusual for the maintenance man to come by to inspect the progress. When he walked in, I was immediately attracted to him. He was tall, dark, and handsome, and he had a great set of legs. My husband had been out of town for nearly a month, and going that long without having a throbbing dick inside me was more than I could stand.

The maintenance man and I made small talk concerning the painting, and he said I shouldn't stay in the office too long, smelling the fumes. I quickly agreed and asked if he had any suggestions as to where I should spend the rest of my workday, if not in my office. He replied that I should be his helper, and I told him that I would finish up what I was doing and then come find him.

When I got down the hall, his office door was slightly ajar. I pushed it open the rest of the way, but he wasn't there. I decided to wait for him, and took a seat in the chair across from his desk. A minute later he came in the door, smelling so good. Music started playing on his computer and he dimmed the lights and walked toward me.

My pussy was already wet with anticipation of what was to come when he bent down to softly kiss me, making every nerve ending in my body tingle. Then he opened my blouse and exposed my large breasts, which he began to suck on as I undid his belt buckle.

After I exposed his already-hard dick, which my pussy was screaming for, he went into his storage closet and came out with a blanket and small pillow, which he placed on the floor. Then we finished undressing and got ready to fulfill our desires.

Once on the floor, he slowly kissed my entire body, and when he reached my wet pussy, he knew exactly how to give me multiple orgasms (three, to be exact). Then I told him that I wanted to taste the sweet nectar dripping from his dick, as sucking a man off really turns me on. I slowly placed the head of his cock in my

He stayed in my ass for another ten minutes at least, which was nothing but sheer pleasure.



mouth, nibbling on it ever so softly and licking it up and down on both sides while caressing his balls.

His dick got even harder, which I didn't think was possible, and I told him that I wanted him to fuck me like there was no tomorrow. Slowly, he entered my tight, wet pussy, and as the music in the background intensified, so did the pounding of his dick inside my pussy walls. I didn't want it to end. But I told him I wanted to lick off all the juices that were covering his cock. He trembled with excitement when I said that, and trembled even more when I deep-throated his dick. Then, with him about to climax, I quickly pulled him from my mouth and told him I wasn't ready for him to explode just yet, that I had more I wanted to do to him, with him, and for him.

I instructed him to lie down on the blanket, then planted kisses all over his muscular body while stroking his dick. Then, though I may not be a cowgirl, I rode his dick as if our lives depended on it. With all the bouncing up and down, I came several times, but I still wasn't ready for him to release his load. I wanted this to be something he'd think about for many months to come.

While still on top of him, I pulled his dick out and gently pushed it into my ass, lowering my hips slowly. He was busy caressing my nipples till he noticed the change and said, "Wow, your pussy's really tight."

I said, "You're not in my pussy," and his face lit up like a kid's on Christmas morning.

I rode his dick for what seemed like an eternity, and both of us enjoyed every minute of him being deep in my ass. Then he said he wanted to see his dick fucking my ass, so I slowly eased off him and let him get behind me doggie-style. He stayed in my ass for another ten minutes at least, which was nothing but sheer pleasure. When he was about to shoot his load, he asked me where I wanted it. I told him I wanted it on my breasts and I quickly turned around as he started to explode. His come got all over my boobs and my chin. I quickly wiped it up with my fingers and licked them clean. He said he wanted to taste it, too, to see why I liked it so much, and he licked a few drops off my tits while he finger-fucked me, making me come again.

Needless to say, I often find myself going into his office during my lunch hour, and I end up being his dessert.



And even though I don't really like my job anymore, I'd never consider quitting because while I hate the work I do, I sure do love the fringe benefits!—A.Z., California

■ BANGING THE BARMROID

"What'll you have?" she asked, and her southern drawl made me snap to attention.

"Gimme a rum and Coke," I replied, unabashedly ogling her.

I'd been going to the same bar pretty much every night after work just to see Ava, the bartender who worked the early shift. I'd stumbled into Ava's bar by accident one night when I was supposed to be meeting some friends at the place across the street. I'd gotten the addresses mixed up and ended up sitting at the bar for nearly an hour before anyone called to find out where I was. It hadn't been a total waste of time, though, as I met Ava.

Now it was Friday night, and Ava's

shift was over in an hour.

"Doing anything after work?" I asked, not bothering to hide my intentions.

"Why? You got somethin' in mind, sugar?" she drawled, already knowing what I was going to ask her. It was the same question I'd asked every night since we met.

"We could go back to my place, have a few drinks ..." I trailed off, knowing what her answer would be—the same as it'd been every night. She changed a key word or two, but basically she'd said no. This time her answer was different.

"I've had more than my fill of drinks today," she said, "but I'd love to go back to your place." Well, I wasn't expecting that, and I spit my drink back into my glass, unable to swallow.

"I get off in an hour," Ava reminded me, and I nodded. I would've waited a week if I knew she'd eventually go home with me.

My pussy got wet as I sat at the bar, waiting impatiently to get into Ava's pants. I tried to imagine what her pussy looked like, if she was clean-shaven, what she would taste like, how sensitive her clit was. The more I thought about it, the more aroused I became, and soon I was more than ready for Ava to get off work ... and to get me off. My thighs were squeezed

She got busy licking, sucking, and biting my left nipple, and I felt my pussy twitch excitedly.

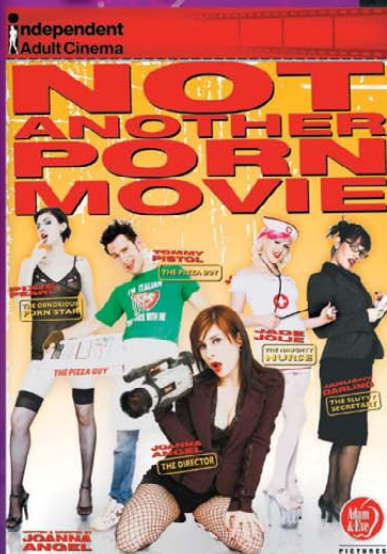
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tightly together as I tried to hold back my orgasm, but it was no use. When she passed by again and refilled my drink, winking at me as she walked away, I came. I tried to hide what I was doing as I wiggled my ass on the bar stool and tossed back my drink, but I knew that I'd been figured out, at least by Ava, whose eyes hadn't left me, even as she served the other patrons.

Finally her shift ended and she joined me, leading me out of the bar and asking me about my little scene. I laughed as I told her how turned on I was just watching her work. She didn't say anything, but she stopped walking and pulled me to her, leaning in for a fiery kiss.

After that, I practically ran down the street, dragging Ava after me, as I tried to get to my apartment as fast as humanly possible. She seemed just as anxious, and we ran the last couple of blocks, stumbling up the stairs to my third-floor walk-up. Then we were in my apartment, and I had her pushed back against the door as I ravaged her mouth, our breasts pressed together and our hips grinding against each other's. I felt her hard nipples rub against mine, and it made me even hotter.

Then things started to move faster. Ava was even more impatient than I was, and she started ripping my clothes off right there in the living room. She had me down to my panties in no time, and then she latched on to my tit and started sucking. She got busy licking, sucking, and biting my left nipple while her fingers pulled on the other, and I felt my pussy twitch excitedly.

It was my turn next, and I pushed Ava away long enough to get her out of her jeans and T-shirt. She wasn't wearing anything underneath, and when I saw her hairy cunt I went crazy. I dropped to my knees in front of her and pushed her legs apart, stuck my head between her thighs, and started eating her pussy. My face was getting sticky with her juices, and I could feel my own pussy starting to drip, too. But I was intent on making Ava come, so I stayed where I was.

When Ava started to thrust against my face, I knew she was getting close, so I threw myself into the task. My hunger for her still hadn't diminished, and I lapped at her pussy voraciously, nipping at her clit every now and then to keep her on her toes. I was lavaging her clit with my tongue when she came.

By the time Ava had calmed down,



my face was drenched with come. That didn't stop her from sliding down in front of me and kissing me, though, and she licked her juices from my lips and sucked them from my tongue. She didn't stop there, however, and a moment later she was pushing me onto my back and crawling between my legs.

"Your turn," she drawled as she dove into my cunt, lapping at me greedily.

Her talented tongue played between my pussy lips for a long time, licking up one side and then the other, back and forth, making me come from only the light flicks. I was barely through my first orgasm when she started in on me again, this time paying more attention to my hot little button. She sucked my clit so hard I soon felt another climax building inside me. A minute later I came hard, screaming as I climaxed, my body writhing uncontrollably, my skin loudly slapping the hardwood floor. It was the most intense orgasm I'd ever

I lapped at her pussy voraciously, nipping at her clit to keep her on her toes.

had from oral sex, and I couldn't stop myself from muttering a stream of thank-yous to Ava.

She gave me only a moment to cool down before pulling me up and dragging me across the apartment to the bedroom, where we spent the rest of the night fingering, fucking, and sucking each other to multiple climaxes, Ava proving her superior customer-service skills.—E.G., Massachusetts

■ FEELING CURIOUS

As the movie played on the screen, I couldn't keep from touching myself. I hadn't expected to be so aroused, but somehow it had gotten to me. I thought I'd be bored or embarrassed, but I certainly hadn't counted on being so turned on by it.

I'd found the DVD mixed in with Tyler's other movies, and since I'd never watched a porno before, I was curious. The cover said there were "five hot anal scenes you won't want to miss," and I almost laughed out loud. I'd never been into anal, and I doubted I would be all that heartbroken if I missed out on this flick. Still, I wanted to know what all the fuss was about when it came to porn, so I slid the disc into the player and sat down on the couch, remote in hand, ready to find out.

The welcome screen was like any other, only the clips that played in the background were raunchier, and the music was definitely porn music. Figuring I should start from the beginning, I highlighted the correct option and pressed "play." Then I leaned back and waited.

The opening scene was of a couple walking in the door to their apartment, talking about a movie they'd seen. For about three minutes they talked, and then, all of a sudden, they were making out, hands roving all over each other's body. I rolled my eyes at that, not believing for a second that any couple would just start going at it in the middle of a discussion about a bad horror flick, but a second later I was glued to the action in front of me. There was something about watching the two strangers kissing and touching each other that I found surprisingly arousing. I couldn't put my finger on why, but watching them was getting me hot!

I dropped the remote and moved my hand inside my yoga pants. I inched it down until it was right over my pussy, which was still covered by my panties, and started rubbing. It

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felt good to be touching myself, and when the couple on-screen took their clothes off, I slipped my hand inside my panties and continued rubbing.

When the couple on the TV screen got into bed and started really going at it, I let my finger wander down my slit, dancing along my pussy lips before diving into my warm, moist sex. I started swirling my finger around inside my pussy, trying to hit all of my inner walls. I was still trying to watch the movie, but I was getting too distracted by my own activities to keep my focus. I added a second finger to my pussy just as the man on-screen thrust into the woman's cunt, and I was so excited that it almost felt like he was thrusting into me at the same time. I curved my fingers to hit my G spot, trying to create the same sensations the woman in the movie was experiencing, and when my fingers brushed the exact spot I wanted them to, I nearly screamed with pleasure.

I wasn't ready for such intense feelings yet, and I pulled my fingers from my pussy and went back to rubbing all over my mound. I tried to watch the movie again, too, and I was able to focus on the actors this time, as long as my fingers didn't wander too close to my hole. To keep my blood pumping, though, I moved my free hand up under my shirt and started fondling my breasts. Watching porn was turning out to be quite an adventure, and I couldn't believe how excited it was making me.

When the man on the screen pulled out of his partner's pussy and moved to thrust into her ass, my breath hitched and I stared intently, not wanting to miss a moment of the action. The movie had me so hot that I was even anticipating the anal scene, the thing that I'd initially thought would be a complete turn-off. Then he thrust into her creamy ass and I rammed my fingers back inside my pussy. I was on the verge of a climax already, and I was determined to come when my on-screen partners did, and not a moment sooner.

I tried to match my pace to theirs, thrusting my fingers when he thrust his dick and rubbing my clit in the same pattern that she was rubbing hers. She was starting to moan, and I realized that I was moaning, too. I was so caught up, though, that I couldn't tell her sounds from mine, so it sounded like one continuous moan in the apartment.

Then I was coming, and I forgot all about the movie. For a solid minute I came, my fingers never stopping their actions, and when I was finally done and turned my attention back to the TV, a new couple was just starting their scene.—A.W., *Ohio*

I let my finger wander down my slit before diving into my warm, moist sex.

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SEXICITER FOR WOMEN MAKES WOMEN BEG YOU FOR SEX!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXICITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXICITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive. "My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." J.W. Arizona.

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the Month
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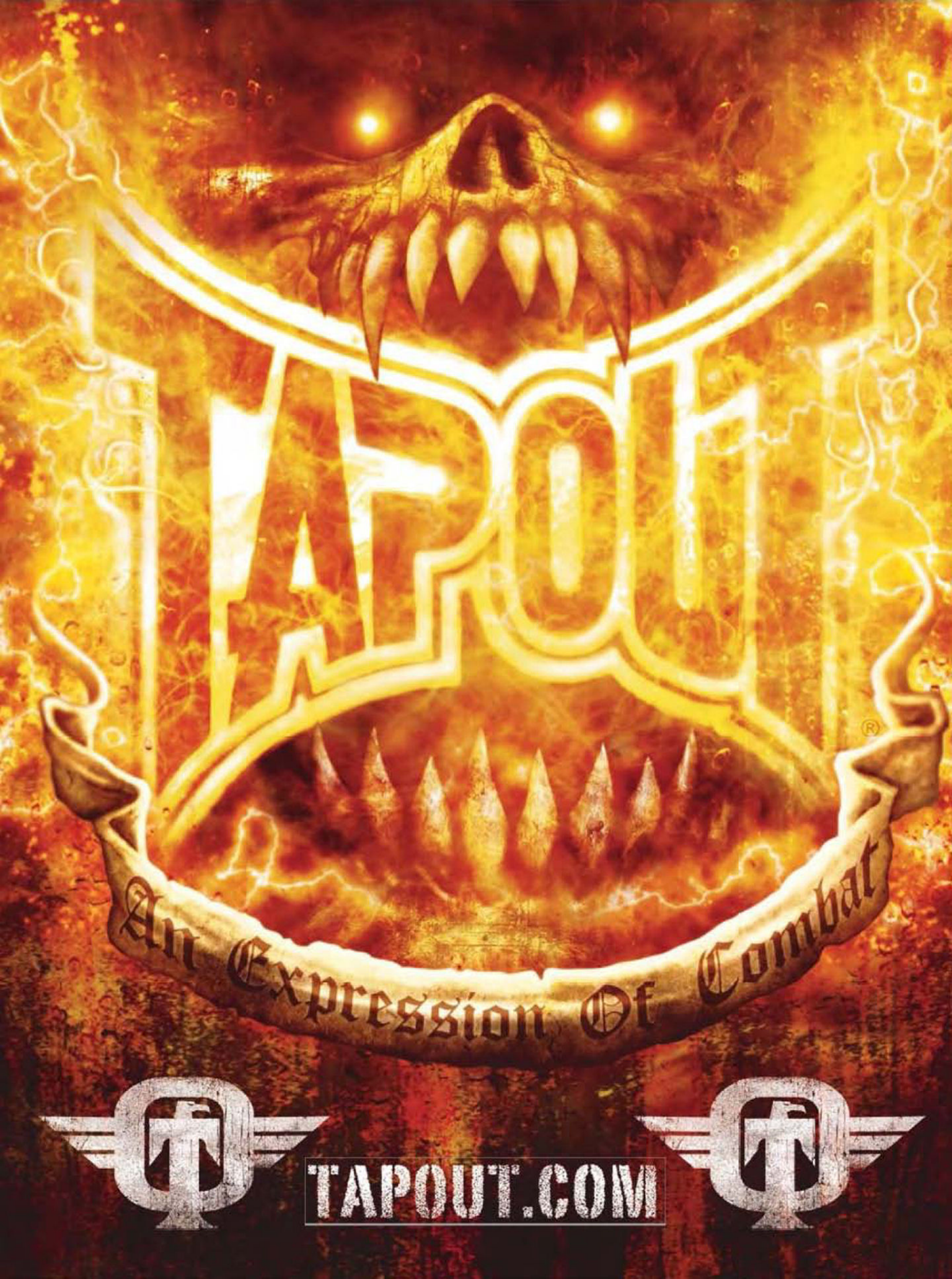
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