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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 2007 

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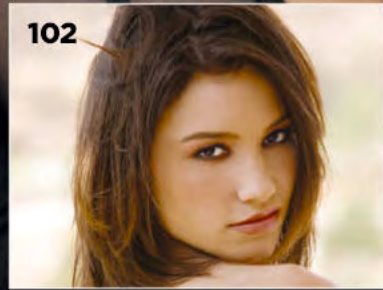
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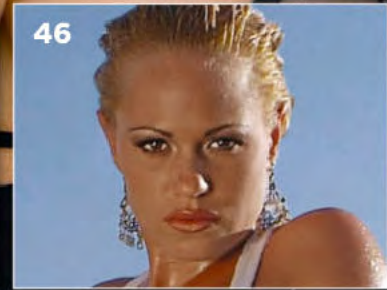
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It's time to earn your stripes.

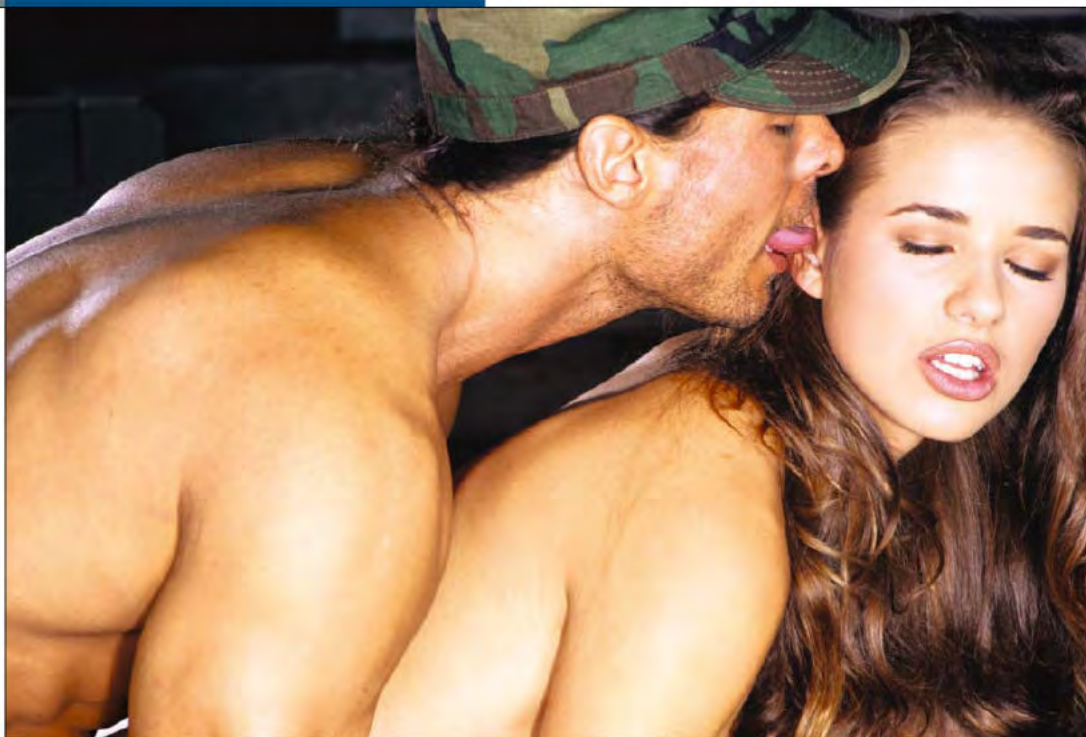


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LOVE SHOTS

When my friend Derek called last week and said he was coming into town on business, my wife Sandra and I invited him over for dinner and drinks. We were having a great time reminiscing when Derek suggested we do tequila shots, like we used to do in our college days. Then Sandra came up with an even better idea—that we do the shots from her belly button.

Derek and I took turns doing shots off my sexy wife, each one becoming more sensual as we sucked, licked, and kissed her smooth tummy and navel. Sandra loved all the attention and was getting more aroused with each shot.

When Derek and I had had our fill of tequila, Sandra went upstairs to shower. She returned wearing a revealing negligee that showed off her luscious curves ... and made it obvious she wasn't wearing panties. Sandra planted herself on the sofa between Derek and me and pulled us close. We wasted no time caressing her full breasts through the lacy material. Then we took turns French-kissing her until she suggested we move the party to the bedroom.

Once we were upstairs, I pulled the straps of her negligee off her shoulders, revealing her voluptuous breasts and erect nipples. Derek began licking and sucking one nipple while I sucked on the other. Sandra started moaning and undulating her hips. Derek responded by slowly kissing his way down to her pussy. Once there, he began eating her out like there was no tomorrow.

With Derek focused on Sandra's pussy, I positioned my cock near her mouth. Sandra gives great head, and with the additional stimulation she was receiving, I knew that this blowjob would be exceptional. She immediately swirled her snake-like tongue around my balls, shaft, and cockhead. Her tongue seemed to be everywhere at once—the feeling was indescribable.

“We **sucked, licked, and kissed** her smooth tummy and navel. Sandra loved **all the attention** and was **getting more aroused** with each shot.”



increased, so did Derek's. She must have been doing great things to his cock.

When I sensed that Sandra was on the verge of an orgasm, I had her get on her hands and knees with her firm ass toward me. She went back to sucking Derek's cock while I ate her out from behind. She was getting pretty worked up again, and stopped sucking just long enough to beg me to fuck her doggie-style. I happily obliged, plunging my cock into her love box.

The combination of having a dick in her mouth and one in her pussy sent Sandra over the edge. Her scream heralded the mother of all orgasms. I continued fucking her from behind, and as I felt the urge building again within my balls, I increased my pace until I came deep inside her pussy.

When I moved aside, Derek rolled Sandra onto her back and buried his cock in

her love hole. Mesmerized, I watched my wife getting fucked by my best friend. Derek finally finished by pounding his pole into her doggie-style. As he filled her with his cream, she let out a deep moan of satisfaction. Exhausted, we quickly drifted off to sleep. Needless to say, we are all looking forward to Derek's next business trip.—*J.D., Florida*

As the intensity of her moans

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SNEAK PEEK



Great Caesar's Ghost

With Julius Caesar dead, the fate of Rome may be uncertain, but the new and final season of *Rome*, HBO's hit dramatic series, is sure to offer up plenty of backstabbing, intrigue, sex, and blood and guts.



WHEN WE LEFT NIOBE ... she had just killed herself in remorse because she'd had a child with her lover—her sister's husband—while her own husband was at war.

Rome hasn't been on the air since November 2005, so we're guessing we're not the only ones in need of a refresher course on the history lesson/sex-filled soap opera. That's why we've come up with a quick rundown of everything you need to know about season one.

1. Caesar is dead, leaving Rome in the hands of Mark Antony, Brutus, and Cassius.
2. The fate of the commoner senator and former centurion Lucius Vorenus is unknown, but he has to deal with the fallout from his wife Niobe's suicide. It hasn't been revealed yet whether he knows Niobe's son was fathered by her sister's husband.
3. Titus Pullo, the former legionnaire, managed to escape death, with Vorenus's help, after their

exploits made them so popular with the people. Now he's hoping to marry the slave he loves and settle down in the country.

4. Brutus's mother, Servilia, plotted to kill Caesar, a former lover. Now she's vowed to get even with Atia, who publicly humiliated her and had her attacked in the street. Servilia is capable of almost anything: She encouraged Atia's daughter, one of her lovers, to seduce her own brother in order to find out a secret about Caesar.

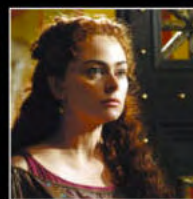
5. Atia is so twisted that she was thrilled when she thought her teenage son had seduced Caesar because it would make her more powerful. She also had her daughter's husband killed.



WHEN WE LEFT TITUS PULLO ... the onetime hit man was looking domesticated, with the slave he hopes to marry at his side. Can this whore-mongering, murderous opium addict change his ways? What will happen if Cleopatra turns up with the son he may have fathered?



WHEN WE LEFT LUCIUS VORENUS (at right) ... he was mourning Niobe. But what will happen to his wife's young son? Does Lucius know who the boy's father was?



WHEN WE LEFT ATIA ... she had learned that her powerful uncle, Caesar, could no longer protect her. Her main rival, Brutus's mother Servilia, promised to make Atia suffer. Which conniving bitch will come out on top? We're not betting against the woman who had Servilia stripped, whipped, and left in the street.

ROME SEASON TWO begins on January 9 on HBO.

Q&A


The Yin and Yang of Saget

“People who are stoned

just aren’t making movies. The closest we’ve gotten lately to a stoner film is *Little Miss Sunshine*, which shows an off-kilter way of living.”

>> **BOB SAGET** became a star with the family-friendly *Full House* and *America’s Funniest Home Videos*, but when his version of the dirtiest joke ever told was in *The Aristocrats*, America became familiar with the raunchy Saget. Now his crude quotient is rising, thanks to his mockumentary *Farce of the Penguins*—a bawdy parody of *March of the Penguins*—and his cool factor is off the charts since he lampooned himself on *Entourage* and showed Jamie Kennedy how to “rap and roll” on Kennedy’s *Blowin’ Up*. The inescapable 50-year-old is also the host of the NBC game show *1 vs. 100* and provides narration for the CBS sitcom *How I Met Your Mother*.

Your career is hotter than ever. Are you going to date women young enough to be your daughter?

No, no, and no. First, I have a girlfriend. Second, my oldest daughter is 19. I have to date way older than that. I don’t want to date my daughter’s friends. That’s just stupid. What you’re supposed to do is date someone who is half your age plus seven years. What some guys do is date girls half their age minus seven, and they don’t carry the one.

Why get in a relationship now, when your career is exploding again?

I’ve been divorced nine years. That part of my life got really tired. **But the last time your career was at this level, you were**

Opposite page: Photograph by Neal Preston/Corbis

married. Shouldn't you take advantage of that?

People want me to do all the things *they* want to do but can't....

I was in the mood to have a girlfriend, to have someone I can talk to on a regular basis. To do that you need to be faithful, which is difficult if you're enticed by the thousands of people you meet.

How can you not be tempted by the hot babes you're around all the time?

You're not really meeting quality people most of the time. You're not that enticed.

On *Entourage* you played yourself as a dope-smoking, prostitute-using horndog.

Comedians don't have the money to keep hookers on retainer like that. That's not me. I just sent two kids to school. When I go out with my friends, people treat me kindly. When you're on television, people tend to yell stuff out and get silly. I'm used to it. Nothing really throws me. If people get very weird, I get out of there. I don't walk around like I own the place.

But according to "Rollin' With Saget," you do own the place. What inspired that rap?

I went to a bar with Stu Stone and Jamie Kennedy. They wouldn't open the door [for Stone and Kennedy]. When I knocked on the door, they opened and said, "Why didn't you say it was you?" They let us in. Stu said, "This is what it's like to roll with Saget." A couple of weeks later, the song was written.

Who knew you could rap?

I certainly didn't.

You're doing a lot of stand-up these days. Who comes out to catch your act?

Those who are 18 to 28. I get a lot of college kids. Some of the kids only know me from *The Aristocrats*, not for *Full House*.

So the kids who know you for telling the dirtiest joke ...

They expect me to be dirty, which is fine. I have a reputation for being the dirtiest guy in comedy, but my stand-up is cleaner than what I do in the movie. That movie is really X-rated. I loved doing it, but I'm not quite that dirty.

***Full House* is ubiquitous in reruns, so no matter how obscene you are onstage, to some you'll always be a geeky clean freak.**

Yeah, but I can't complain. I would be a moron to regret doing the show or *America's Funniest Home Videos*. Those shows paid a lot of bills.

What inspired *Farce of the Penguins*?

I was at a friend's house watching *March of the Penguins*, narrating while the movie was on, basically being a jerk. Then I told a guy from National Geographic [Feature Films] that I'd love to take their movie, take the soundtrack off, and play with it. Warner Bros. thought about it, but they couldn't do it. It's their sacred penguin movie.

Has there been any heat from the *March of the Penguins* people?

Not yet. This movie is the highest form of flattery. We have French penguins in the movie and we subtitle them. They say things like, "All we're watching is flatulence and immature humor and sexual innuendo and fornication." The other penguin says, "I love you, Renee," and you hear a fart. It's pretty adolescent, but it does deal with global warming. It makes me laugh.

How much fornication is in the film?

There's a big scene with penguins doing it, and there's also a scene with all kinds of animals doing it to the music from the Discovery Channel.

Which actresses do the voice-overs for the sex scenes?

Christina Applegate plays my girlfriend. She's adorable. It's really silly.

What kind of research did you do regarding penguins and sex?

I just made it a love story. The research was off the other movie. We just figured, they walked 70 miles for a piece of fish and they walked back 70 miles. This is an old-school stoner movie, which we haven't seen in forever.

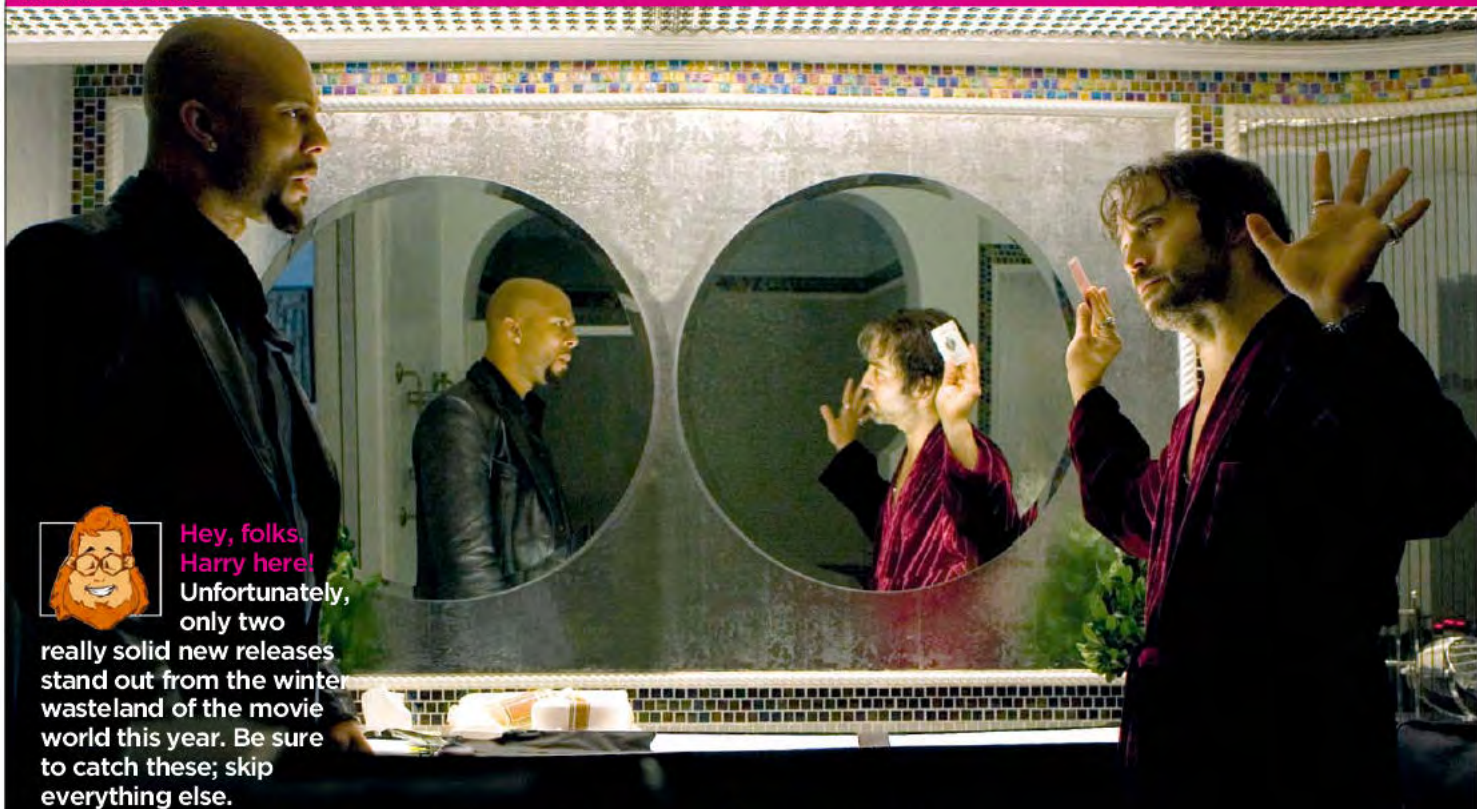
According to Tommy Chong, there aren't any stoner films anymore, thanks to the government.

People who are stoned just aren't making movies. The closest we've gotten lately to a stoner film is *Little Miss Sunshine*, which shows an off-kilter way of living. Crazy families. Those movies like *I Heart Huckabees* are what's left of that Robert Altman-counter-culture, we-live-differently kind of movies. This one is the Beavis and Butt-head approach. ☺





HEAD GEEK



Hey, folks, Harry here! Unfortunately, only two

really solid new releases stand out from the winter wasteland of the movie world this year. Be sure to catch these; skip everything else.

The Best and the Brightest

Smokin' Aces

January 26; Universal
Ben Affleck, Jason Bateman
Director: Joe Carnahan
Cool Rating: 9.6

If you saw Carnahan's last film, *Narc*, you're probably determined to never miss another flick of his. He has a visual style that provides both immediacy to his action and a strong emotional backbone to his storytelling. *Aces* is erratic and insane, but also absolutely intoxicating and funny. A washed-up stand-up comic and magician (*Entourage's* Jeremy Piven) who's informing on the mob is being hunted by a strange assortment of odd hit men—and hit women—racing the FBI and one another for the million-dollar bounty on his head. The cast is outrageous, with Ray Liotta, Ryan Reynolds, Affleck, Bateman, Andy Garcia, Peter Berg, and a host of hot, hot, hot women, including Alicia Keys in her feature-film debut. *Aces* is an adrenaline shot to the fun gland.

Arthur and the Invisibles

January 12 (wide release); The Weinstein Company/MGM
Freddie Highmore; Madonna, David Bowie, Snoop Dogg (voice-overs) Director: Luc Besson
Cool Rating: 9.3

Unlike Besson's previous work (*La Femme Nikita*, *The Fifth Element*), this is a mixture of live-action and computer animation that will delight both adults and kids. Arthur (Highmore) must save his grandfather's house from destruction by uncovering the legendary treasure of the magical, miniature Minimoys who live in the backyard. Besson is one of the most imaginative and genre-bending directors working today, and the voice talent is very cool, but it's the way the visuals mix with Eric Serra's incredible score that makes this so much more than just another CG extravaganza. It isn't often that you'll see me pushing a family flick in these pages, but this will appeal to anyone with an ounce of imagination who's ever played in a backyard.



Photograph by (top) Jamie Trueblood/Universal Pictures. Opposite page: Photographs by (The Departed) Andrew Cooper/Warner Bros., (Children of Men) © 2006 Universal Studios/Image.net, (Volver) Emilio Pereda & Paola Ardizzone/El Deseo/Sony Pictures Classics, (Pan's Labyrinth) Teresa Esal © 2006 Picturehouse

MARTIN SCORSESE's go-to guy, LEONARDO DICAPRIO, is only one reason to see *The Departed*.



Penthouse Flicks Picks

The beginning of the year is always the weakest, but that's a good thing. It gives you a chance to seek out the gems of last year that you may have missed, including a quartet of films from Spanish-speaking directors that blow away almost everything coming out of Hollywood. These ten movies are not just great, they're damn entertaining.

1. Best Film THE DEPARTED



Warner Bros. Martin Scorsese adapted the Hong Kong modern classic *Infernal Affairs*, and as is to be expected from such a genius,

he created a movie that's both wholly original and utterly captivating from beginning to end. The performances from frequent Oscar favorite Jack Nicholson and the young trio of Matt Damon, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Mark Wahlberg are all home runs. Each was exactly what he needed to be. Will this

be Oscar year for the perennial runner-up for best director? I certainly hope so.

2. Best Sucker Punch BABEL



Paramount Vantage Director Alejandro González Iñárritu (*Amores Perros*) delivers the most purely raw and emotional movie of the year; it

will leave you feeling like you took a punch to the gut from a heavyweight boxer. The screen is filled edge to edge with great, realistic performances, including but by no means limited to those by Brad Pitt and Cate Blanchett. This masterpiece about people's inability to listen to one another in the midst of crisis is set in amazing locales and full of seemingly unrelated storylines that eventually all link together. Great work.

3. Best Futuristic Nightmare CHILDREN OF MEN



Universal Director Alfonso Cuarón previously gave us the PG fantasy *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* and the R-worthy

realism of *Y Tu Mamá También*. Here, Cuarón conquers yet another genre: science fiction. And it's the hard science fiction, not the light fluff of ray guns and spaceships. He captures the most horrific aspects of science fiction with a tale in which the threat of an end to mankind comes not from alien invasion, but from mankind's inability to procreate. The miracle of life simply stops, plunging the world into a cycle of pain and hopelessness.

4. Best Foreign Film: Comedy VOLVÉR



Sony Pictures Classics

This is yet another cinematic triumph for Pedro Almodóvar, arguably Spain's greatest living director. On one level, it's just a ghost story about a mother who sticks around to comfort her four grieving daughters, but on another level it captures the truth of relationships, life, and the joy of it all. It's an emotional and captivating work of art, and the finest comedy of the year. And since this is *Penthouse*, I can write something you won't see in other reviews: I challenge you to take your eyes off Penélope Cruz's ass. It's an equally remarkable work of art.

5. Best Foreign Film: Drama PAN'S LABYRINTH



Warner Bros.

Director Guillermo Del Toro (*Hellboy*, *The Devil's Backbone*, *Blade II*) crafted the best movie in the world in 2006. This is a towering achievement by a filmmaker who's at the pinnacle of his career. This movie, in which a girl finds herself caught between fascist Spain and a fairy world beyond the eyes of man, was both the best reality and the best fantasy on-screen last year. And if the Motion Picture Academy has an ounce of credibility, Sergi López's portrayal of the evil Capitán Vidal will earn him at least a Best Supporting Actor nomination—but he deserves to go home with the statuette. Continued ►►

HEAD GEEK

Don't be put off by the artsy black-and-white tones of *The Good German*, with the stunning **CATE BLANCHETT**. They don't make 'em like this anymore.



6. Best Musical

DREAMGIRLS

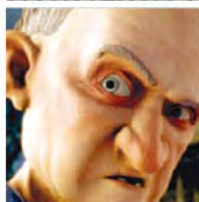


DreamWorks SKG

This is not only the best musical of '06, it's one of the best musicals of the past decade. It was directed by Bill Condon, who helmed the brilliant *Gods & Monsters* and *Kinsey* and wrote the Oscar-nominated film adaptation of *Chicago*. I was left with a few burning questions: Who knew Eddie Murphy had a great performance left in him? Who expected this star-making turn from *American Idol* contestant Jennifer Hudson? Who knew Beyoncé Knowles would turn into such a great screen presence? This emotional and entertaining film is pretty much perfect.

7. Best Animated Film

MONSTER HOUSE

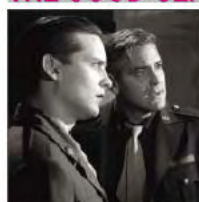


Sony Pictures

I've already pimped out *Arthur and the Invisibles* this month, which I see as *Monster House's* stiffest competition at the Academy Awards. That leaves me free to crown this animated treasure, from the collective producing prowess of Robert Zemeckis and Steven Spielberg. This is like a lost eighties classic and, like the best of those eighties classics—*The Goonies*, *The Explorers*, and *Stand by Me*—it's a tale of childhood friendships tested by the astonishing adventures that only kids can have. It's an instant classic for the child in each of us.

8. Best Black-and-White Film

THE GOOD GERMAN



Warner Bros.

Director Steven Soderbergh gave us *The Limey*, *Out of Sight*, and *Schizopolis* ... oh, and *Traffic* and *Ocean's Eleven*. This is one of his high notes. It feels like a classic old-school Warner Bros. romantic mystery—only Bogie and Bacall aren't around. Instead, we have the greatest movie star of our day, George Clooney, and Cate Blanchett. Clooney plays a U.S. journalist investigating a murder in gritty post-World War II Berlin. It's a pleasure to see such a wonderful film, 'cause they usually don't make 'em like this anymore.

9. Best Comic-Book Film

V FOR VENDETTA



Warner Bros.

I've recently watched this movie over and over. There's a part of me that would like to credit this film with giving the Democrats control of Congress, but I know better than that ... at least, I think I do. Natalie Portman gives a stunning performance here. It's absolutely worthy of a Best Actress Oscar nod, but I don't believe the Academy will give her a shot. This truly great movie by James McTeigue and produced by the Wachowski Brothers is fun, thought-provoking, and scarily close to the world of today.

10. Best Performance

HELEN MIRREN, IN THE QUEEN



Miramax

Yes, that's right. One of the female stars of *Caligula* deserves the Best Actor award. This movie about Elizabeth II in the aftermath of Princess Di's death could have come off like a TV movie of the week, but director Stephen Frears came up with a stunningly great flick that rests largely on Mirren's captivating shoulders, with an impressive assist from Michael Sheen as Tony Blair. It's not as sexy as *Caligula*, but you should see it anyway. **O+**

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TOUGH MONKS & MEAN GIRLS

Growing Up Grasshopper

» Matthew Polly traded in the ivy-covered walls of academia to study kung fu in China. *American Shaolin* takes readers along on his often hilarious journey to discover his own strength.

What did your parents think when you left Princeton to study kung fu with Chinese monks?

They were absolutely furious. You send your kid off to Princeton and he ends up wanting to be a Buddhist monk—but he's from Kansas [laughs].

So why be the only American on a mountaintop in the middle of China?

I was very interested in martial arts and Zen Buddhism, and I wanted to go beyond what the books told me. I had to test myself, to prove to myself that if I could do this, then I could overcome all the fears and anxieties that I could ever experience.

When did you become interested in martial arts?

I was really scrawny—a shy bookish kid. [Bullies] just loved pummeling me. It happened until maybe ninth grade. And that sense of shame when you don't fight back kinda builds up, and so I was like, *I'll go to the Shaolin Temple and become a badass fighter.*

What's the daily training schedule?

It starts at the break of dawn. Students run and do endurance conditioning for an hour and a half. Their first class is at nine, and that's straight kung fu training [for two hours]. Then there's afternoon class, which is exactly the same. And in the evenings, people had informal training.

How many hours did you spend whacking your forearms against a tree?

[Laughs] An old kung fu master who lived under the staircase offered to teach me iron kung fu, where you [do that]. I did it for about six months, 30

minutes a day, at about 80 or 90 percent of full force. I was obsessed with kung fu at the time, but I still knew this was definitely odd behavior.

What other odd things did you see?

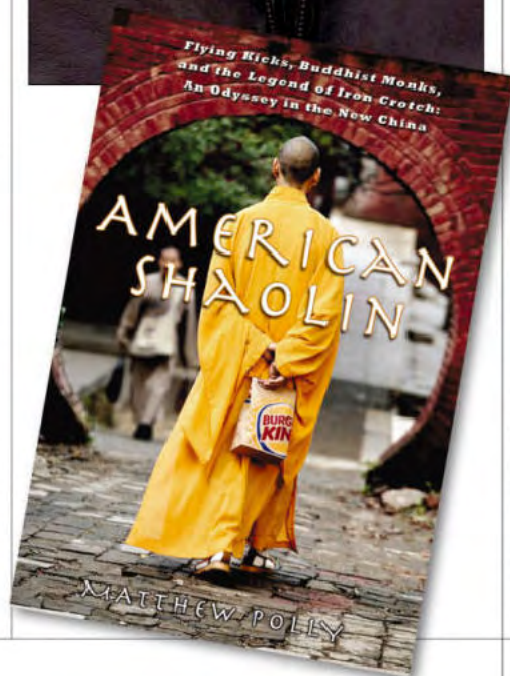
Iron-crotch kung fu involves putting your privates on a table and smacking them hard with your hands every morning, hanging really heavy weights from your balls, and attaching a rope to your penis and hanging weights from it. [One guy in the book] did it for so long that he could take a full kick to the groin. During a performance for a bunch of German politicians, I kicked him five or six times—lifting him off the ground each time. I actually felt my foot bruise. He had girlfriends everywhere. Iron crotch is like Spanish fly for Chinese women.

What else did you learn?

The Chinese idea about kung fu training is that you make it so brutal, you overcome your basic fear. You have already suffered far more in training for that moment than you could ever suffer at the hands of someone else.

Was it always brutal?

There was one moment when I had this sensation of absolute peace. It was like all the worries, anxieties, and chatter left and there was just quiet. I had this sensation for 30 or 40 seconds and then like that [snaps fingers], it was gone.... One of the ideas of Zen Buddhism is that you repeat the same motion over and over, so kung fu is a kind of moving meditation. Shaolin kung fu is about more than punching and kicking people in the head—the 13-year-old-boy version of kung fu. A



Roller/ir images by Michael Osborne, author photo courtesy of Rebecca Davis

good kick to the head is a beautiful thing to watch, but Shaolin gave me a sense of the more spiritual aspect of it. **You went to a massage parlor. What was that like?**

The front was a barbershop. The young lady who cut my hair led me into the back room, where there were fluorescent lights, six cubicles, and no privacy. It was distinctly unsexy. She started to massage my shoulders and told me about her relationship prob-

lems with her dad. When she asked me if I wanted to turn over, I said no.


Has your knowledge of kung fu helped you master the art of picking up women?

[Laughs] Not quite. But the confidence that came with studying kung fu made things easier in the romantic sphere.

You write that in 1992, all non-American men under 65 wanted to fight an American.

Yeah, and I think that's gotten worse.

The Chinese wanted to be American, but they were resentful of the power and arrogance of our country. I really saw that when I got to the Shaolin Temple. There was a line of people who wanted to punch me in the face.

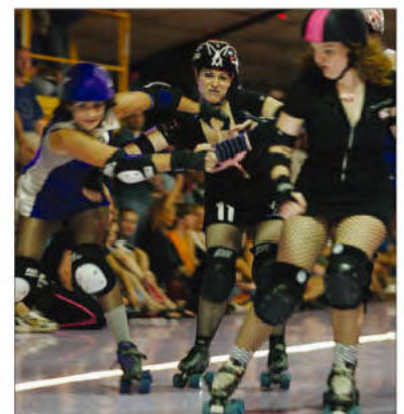
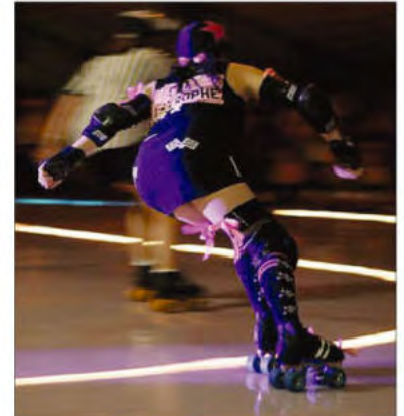
American Shaolin: Flying Kicks, Buddhist Monks, and the Legend of Iron Crotch: An Odyssey in the New China (Gotham; \$26) hits store shelves on February 1. 

BOOTY CALL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
What's more fun than watching women in skimpy outfits knocking one another on their asses? Watching them do it while traveling at high speeds, of course. Roller Derby's back in a big way, and with hot chicks like these slugging it out on the track, the 70-year-old sport is sexier than ever.

Melissa "Melicious" Joulwan (right), of the Hotrod Honeys in Austin, Texas, offers an insider's view of the formation of the Texas Roller-girls and the burgeoning popularity of this extreme-sport-flavored version of Roller Derby. The ladies are amped up to compete and suited up to kick ass. (Far right, from top) Cat Tastrophe, Melicious's (slightly illegal) block of Electra Blu, the Hell Marys take to the track.

***Rollergirl* (Touchstone/Simon & Schuster, \$15) rolls into your town on February 6.—B.R.T.**



Q&A

>> The Shins With a little help from Natalie Portman, who announced in *Garden State* that “the Shins will change your life,” this Albuquerque quartet has become one of the most successful bands in indie-rock history. Shins frontman **JAMES MERCER** takes us through the lead-up to the much-anticipated release of *Winning the Night Away*.

Was there added pressure in the studio after the attention the band received following *Garden State*?

I certainly felt like I wanted to impress the people who had just discovered us in the last couple of years because of *Garden State*. I had a really good opportunity because I feel like we’ve got a lot more attention focused on us right now, whereas on our second record, I felt pressure because it was the sophomore record—like, don’t screw it up.

In terms of popularity, the Shins have come a long way in a relatively short amount of time. What are your thoughts on the band’s success?

I think I’m starting to be more realistic about it. I used to blow it off as a fluke or something. We’ve worked hard and tried not to disappoint our fans or ourselves. The

thing that’s so surprising, I think, is that my skill level as a musician is really pretty rudimentary. Almost everybody I know is a better musician than I am.

The band was in the studio 12 hours a day. Did the mood ever get loopy?

Yeah, a little bit. You feel pretty cooped up. We were way out in the sticks, too, doing this stuff. Stumptown Coffee was our favorite coffee shop, and they provided the energy, I guess [*laughs*].

Stumptown?

Stumptown is Portland, Oregon’s nickname from the days when it used to be a forest that was leveled. In short order, I guess, a ghost town that became known as Stumptown.

Speaking of titles, how did you come up with *Winning the Night Away*?

It refers to the difficulty I have

sleeping at times. Usually it’s because I’m either stressing about things like “I gotta write and record” or other things in life. You’re trying to sleep, when in reality you’re just thinking about stupid situations that you handled poorly and you’re wincing—like, “Oh, shit! Why did I do that?” or “Oh, God! I gotta take care of that!”

Would you characterize yourself as a spontaneous or disciplined songwriter?

I wish I were more diligent. My dad used to tell me how Hemingway would basically party all night long and still wake up at six in the morning and work for six hours, no matter what. And then at noon, he’d start drinking. It would be great if I could do that. A lot of the time I play guitar and maybe watch TV, and something that will strike me as a beautiful chord pro-

gression or a melody will pop into my head. I’ll take that inspiration as far as I can at that moment, exhaust it, and move on to a different song.

The band once dressed up as nuns for a gig in Vegas. Why?

That was for the Vegoose Festival. The cool thing was that you could flip the habit over and appear to be a Muslim woman. It came out pretty funny. You can offend two whole vast populations of religious people with just one costume.

How do you unwind after you’ve finished recording or touring?

I developed a habit of gardening. I enjoy getting out there and digging in the dirt. I’ve done that since I was 12. I’m not a very good gardener, but it’s certainly a bit of a hobby. Otherwise, I drink [*laughs*].—Rick Petreyck



Photograph by Brian Tamborello

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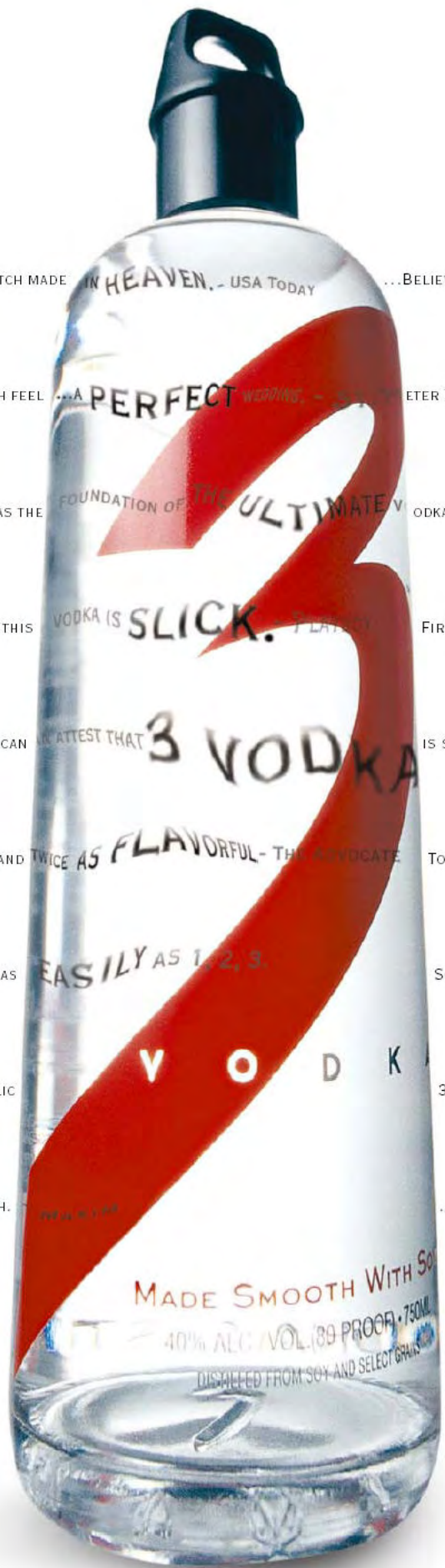
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LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...THAN



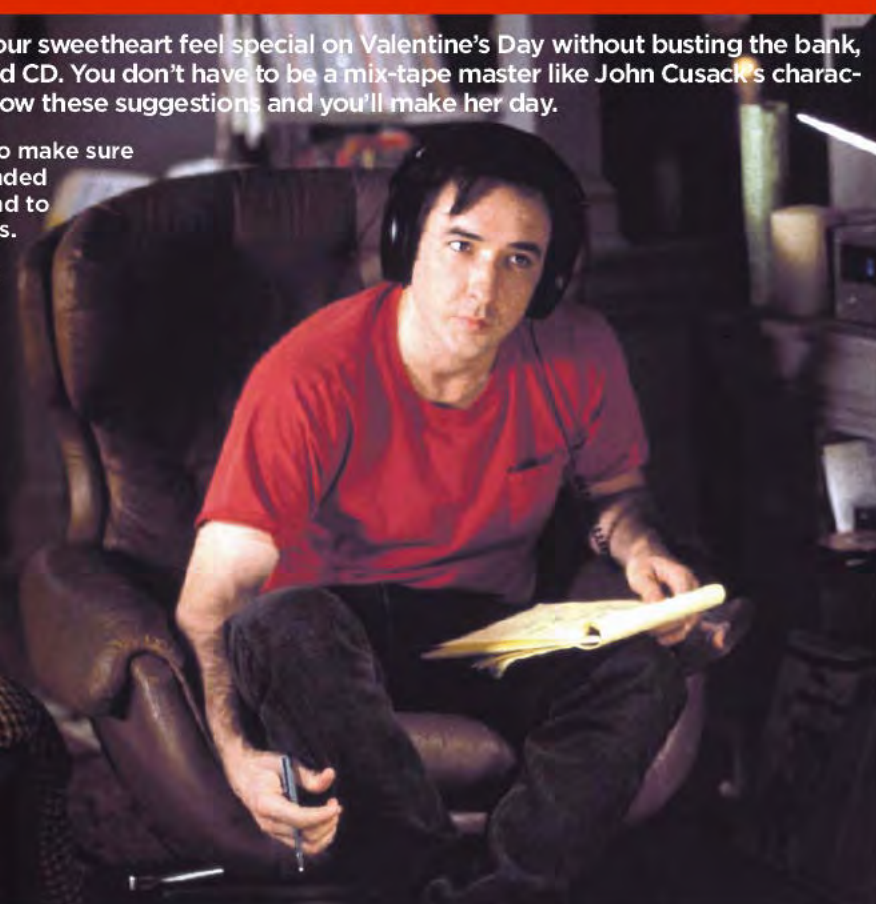
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MIX IT UP

» If you want to make your sweetheart feel special on Valentine's Day without busting the bank, burn her a personalized CD. You don't have to be a mix-tape master like John Cusack's character in *High Fidelity*. Just follow these suggestions and you'll make her day.

1. Listen to each tune to make sure it matches your intended meaning—she's bound to overanalyze the lyrics.
2. Don't make your mix sound like you're pilfering tunes from a soft-rock station. Not all romantic songs are by Andrea Bocelli and Enya.
3. Include some of her favorites, but add a few surprises you think she'll enjoy. She'll gush to her friends about how well you know her.
4. Don't just stick to last year's hits. Hearing old songs she forgot she loved will win you bonus points.



DEEP COVER

We saw lots of intriguing covers in 2006, but the most impressive was for *My Brother's Blood Machine*, the debut full-length from the **PRIZE FIGHTER INFERNO**. This solo record by Claudio Sanchez, the lead singer of prog-rock band Coheed and Cambria, has an intriguing, minimalist electronic sound. The CD is in a Bill Scoville-designed case that looks like a lost Masonic treasure and feels like embossed antique leather; the liner notes are printed on eight individual tarot cards.



Top photograph: courtesy of the Kobal Collection

PENTHOUSE-APPROVED LOVE SONGS

"My Lady's House," by Iron & Wine (from *Woman King*)



This lo-fi song by singer-songwriter Sam Beam has a slow, romantic pace but won't remind you of awkward school dances. Sample lyrics: "Thank God you see me the way you do / Strange as you are to me."

"Let's Make History," by the (International) Noise Conspiracy (from *Armed Love*)



The gist of this song is that your girl is as important as what you'll go to the mat for, as heard in the lyrics "You can call me romantic, you can call me what you will / But when I think of the revolution you're still in my dreams."

"There She Goes, My Beautiful World," by Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds (from *Abattoir Blues*)



Smart and symphonic, this song has earth-shattering climaxes—perfect for dancing in the den with the blinds closed or for making love. It also suggests that your woman is the center of your universe, something she'll be happy to hear.

"Rock and Roll Queen," by the Subways (from *Young for Eternity*)



If your lady likes to dance but is also a little (or a lot) rock 'n' roll, we recommend this ditty. It's got attitude, and the "be mine" chorus tastes better than those chalky candy hearts.

OTHER SUGGESTIONS: "The Way You Move," by OutKast; "Here Comes Your Man," by the Pixies; "She's a Beauty," by the Tubes; "Tech Romance," by Her Space Holiday

UNDER THE RADAR



After the Get Up Kids split, former vocalist Jim Suptic started **BLACKPOOL LIGHTS**, a melodic, punk-inspired rock band named after a George Harrison quote. They released *This Town's Disaster* on their own record label, Curb Appeal. Unlike Suptic's former band, this quartet doesn't wear its heart on its sleeve, but it excels at blending rock with moving lyrics to give the songs staying power.

REVIEWS



The Good, the Bad, and the Queen

» **The Good, the Bad and the Queen (Virgin) ★★★★★**

Last January, Danger Mouse told us he was working on a new project with Blur/Gorillaz frontman Damon Albarn. Though initial rumors indicated this would be a solo effort, Albarn recruited bassist Paul Simonon (the Clash), guitarist Simon Tong (the Verve), and drummer Tony Allen (Fela Kuti) for his fledgling band. Based on each member's pedigree,

we expected an album along the lines of Blur's loud 1997 self-titled record (featuring "Song 2"). Instead, we've been treated to a rich album that sounds like a pairing of the softer songs from Blur's 1994 *Parklife* and Coldplay's *Parachutes*. It's emotional but not overdone, deliberate without feeling forced, and soothing without becoming dull. In short, it's an excellent beginning.

Penthouse Pick: "80s Life"

NOTABLE MENTIONS

- Young Love Too**
Young to Fight It (Island)
- Dustin Kensrue**
Please Come Home (Equal Vision)
- Youth Group**
Casino Twilight Dogs (Anti-)
- Your girlfriend might like:**
Sloan
Never Hear the End of It (Yep Roc)

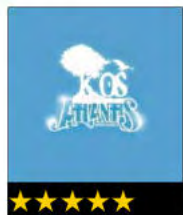


★★★★★

Lily Allen

Alright, Still (Regal)

If you want a public blow to your ego, get on Lily Allen's bad side. On her debut album, this sexy young Brit gives a humorous tongue-lashing to losers at the pub, then takes her ex-lovers to task because they failed to make her come.

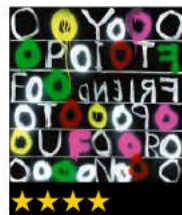


★★★★★

k-os

Atlantis: Hymns for Disco (Virgin)

Don't get your vinyl pants in a bunch; there are no disco tunes on this album. Instead, k-os kicks it on his third great record with a blend of spoken word and rock that's influenced by electronic music and the Partridge Family.



★★★★★

Deerhoof

Friend Opportunity (Kill Rock Stars/SRC)

If you desire strange, noisy, and joyful indie rock, Deerhoof is your go-to group. They've woven more traditional rock into their tenth release, but kept the playful samples that categorized their previous work.

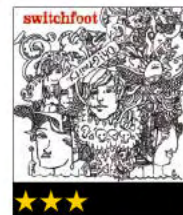


★★★★★

Onethousand Pictures

Onethousand Pictures (Velvet Hammer Music)

Are one thousand pictures worth a million words? This debut record doesn't have that many lyrics, but the album's 11 heartfelt rock songs are perfect for long drives and television soundtracks.



★★★★★

Switchfoot

Oh, Gravity! (Columbia)

The opening track suggests these Californians are usurping Weezer's place in the power-pop genre, but a few tracks in, they fall back to easy pop-rock standards. Though they try to mix up their formula, this album isn't as strong as their last.



★★★★★

America

Here & Now (Burgundy)

America returns with a double album produced by James Iha and Adam Schlesinger, and filled with Ryan Adams's guitar licks. For fans of their earlier work, the second disc features live renditions from the album *History*.



★★★★★

We Are the Fury

Venus (One Big Spark)

This band doesn't waste time. Press play and they're off with glammed-out, Rolling Stones-influenced rock. Instead of trying to placate the masses, they focus on writing instant dance-rock classics that T. Rex would sanction.

SOUND OFF: COREY TAYLOR ON UNDESERVED CELEBRITY

Reality stars, watch out! The lead singer of Slipknot and Stone Sour is no fan of yours.

What about celebrity pisses you off?

People who have done nothing are made into celebrities. Paris Hilton is probably the ultimate example of someone who doesn't deserve all the bullshit. She deserves her celebrity like Elvis deserved his black belt.

So you didn't like *The Simple Life*?

It was pathetic. That's the problem with a lot of reality TV. It makes celebrities out of a lot of people who don't deserve to be celebrities. They act like they're living their real

life [on-screen], and we all know they're not.

You don't think Paris and Nicole Richie milk cows or shop at Wal-Mart?

I've never milked a cow, but I go to Wal-Mart all the fucking time. You don't see me getting a TV show.

Why do you think people have to earn celebrity?

People should have to work to achieve something. I come from the Midwest and I saw people work really hard for less. I'm more pissed off at the public than at them.

Fans sometimes see the people they admire as perfect.

The problem has a lot to do with the face people put on for the public. I've met a lot of people the public thinks of as saints who are

demons in real life.

Are most celebrities that way?

Certain people are cool, but they're usually people in my business who don't take it for granted that people are going to love them.

Then they don't have to deal with the backlash against them, like the one Britney Spears has been weathering.

Britney is one of those cases where they took a normal girl from the South and put her in an extraordinary situation. If she were just living at home, nobody would give a shit, but because she's Britney Spears, people shit their pants. People forget that certain families have a certain way they do things. But at the same time, I'm a father, and I

was appalled when I read some of what was coming out... Don't even get me started on fucking [Kevin] Federline. Oh, my God. What a fucking nimrod.

Have you met him?

No, but I hope to. Well, actually, you know what? I don't hope to, because if I did, I'd probably punch him in the fucking sock.

Why?

I can't fucking stand the dude. Backup dancer marries rich chick, gets a fucking record deal. Wow. You really earned it, dude. Good for you. You give us all hope. People like that should have to walk into fucking traffic.

Stone Sour's newest album, *Come What(ever) May*, is out now.



BEHIND THE MASK



VOLUMINAL: INSIDE THE NINE (Roadrunner) Slipknot's lifestyle isn't much different from other metal groups, except they wear masks and play with puppets on their tour bus. In this DVD shot by percussionist Shawn "Clown" Crahan, you'll see the obligatory concert footage, band interviews, and backstage antics (including groupies making out and friends chugging Jägermeister for cash). But what makes it special is the 90-minute sequence behind the scenes of Slipknot's 2004 album, *Vol. 3: (The Subliminal Verses)*.

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How to Get It On With a Gamer Girl

» You've probably never read a "Forum" letter that starts, "I always thought people made these up until recently, when I was in outer space. I was assaulting a Covenant outpost on New Mombasa when my squadmate put away her assault rifle and went down on me...."

There are two reasons why you haven't read that. First, human balls explode in a vacuum. Second, video games and sex usually don't make great bedfellows. That's why we're providing this helpful guide to winning the best nerd-prize of all: a girl who plays video games.

The Preparation

Let's begin with the assumption that you have, at some point, approached a woman. If you haven't, then we're truly sorry we mentioned such a painful issue in the magazine you're masturbating to. But any pickup guide boils

down to this: You need to be interesting. The hot-girl population spends all day being bombarded by kindness from every man it encounters. It would be ludicrous for a hot girl to be interested in the millionth nice guy who tells her she's pretty. That's where your unique-

ness, sense of humor, and complete lack of desperation come in. If you can't fake those, please wait for next month's column, "Approaching Hobo Girls."

The Discovery

Female gamers are becoming more common by the day, and they're frequently found playing *World of Warcraft*, *Phantasy Star Universe*, *EverQuest*, *Halo 2*, or dozens of other multiplayer games. Here's our first important tip: *Make sure the person you're speaking to has a vagina.* The idea of posing as a girl has crossed more than a few gamers' minds.

But please, conduct your investigations with tact. The most frequently used opener on gamer girls is "Are you really a girl?" followed by "Are you hot?" Important questions, we agree,

but irrelevant ones since she probably just muted your mike.

There are easy ways to see what she looks like when she's not a fire mage or a space marine. Remember, these are nerds. If you're playing video games with a girl over the Internet and she says she doesn't have a MySpace, 1Up, or Live Journal account, check your surroundings for other signs of the impossible.

The Approach

Our second important tip may be even more important than the first: *Avoid sexism at all costs.* Your brain will constantly order you to mention her gender handicap during games. Don't say, "You have a sexy voice for a man, because no woman could ever shoot that well." You will be the only one who thinks this is cute. If you can resist those sexist urges and tell her she's good *without* qualifying it with "for a girl," you'll win points since you'll be one of few guys to do that.

Meeting women is very easy in online games. This is not only because your body language is safely hidden, but also because women love to chat. A girl gamer's favorite part of any shooter is the pregame lobby, where you'll have plenty of time to make friends. If you enjoy your missions or quests together, trade friend requests and look her up later. Unfortunately, this is often when you realize you were tricked. Your future girlfriend's gamertag might be Sexy_Lips32, but a quick look through the pictures in her profile will reveal that while she may have Angelina Jolie lips, she

also clocks in at 360 pounds and uses flippers to manipulate her controller.

The Connection

The good news is that gamers often have hundreds of hobbies in common. Establishing a rapport with a nerd girl is exactly like establishing one with a nerd guy. They're laid-back and watch the same stupid cartoons and space shows you do. It's lucky you can interact with gamer girls this way, because it would be hard to transition into romance merely from hot-keying your heal potions.

The First Date

Eventually, you'll meet face-to-face. Here's where you should toss out everything you've learned from sitcoms and jewelry commercials. Gamer girls often respond better to fun than to cheesy romance. Plan your first date at the carnival, the go-kart track, or the shooting range. Constant activity will cover up any geek-related shyness.

The First Time

The whole point of dating a gamer girl isn't for a single sleazy game of *Rainbow Six*. It's so she understands that you can't join her in bed until you reach the next save point. That said, nerd girls value individualism, and there's no telling what kind of moral structure she's going to have regarding her hoo-ha. But there's probably at least a touch of hedonism in her, and it's unlikely she'll tell you that she, Mega Man, and God have an agreement to protect her virginity until marriage.

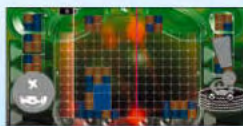
Good luck! ◯+☒

10 Girl-Friendly Games

Already have a girl you like and want her to game with you? Here are ten titles that will make her want to handle your joystick. Start with No. 1 and work your way down to teach her the skills necessary for game appreciation. Remember, offer encouragement and advice, but never take away the controller unless she asks you to, no matter how many times she falls in the same damn hole.



1. Ms. Pac-Man
(Arcade)



2. Lumines
(PSP)



3. Super Mario Bros.
(Nintendo/Wii Virtual Console)



4. Katamari Damacy
(PS2)



5. Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic
(Xbox)



6. Final Fantasy XII
(PS2)



7. Tekken 3
(PS2)



8. Burnout Revenge
(Xbox 360)



9. Jak and Daxter
(PS2)



10. Halo 2
(Xbox)

BEST IN SHOW



World of Warcraft

The Burning Crusade

★★★★★

(PC) Blizzard



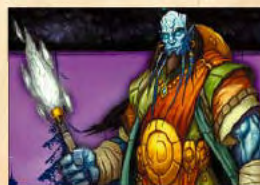
WoW is the primary alternative for those who enjoy multiplayer games but aren't interested in getting addicted to *EverCrack* ... uh ... *EverQuest*. Now Blizzard is unleashing *The Burning Crusade*, an expansion for the series, and it's packed with tons of features that will excite fans as they travel through the Dark Portal to take on the ravenous Burning Legion. Level caps have been raised to 70; the Alliance and the Horde factions each have a new race (with their own cities); adventurers can explore the new Outland continent; the added profession of jewel-crafting allows you to create gems that improve existing items when they're combined; raids have a lower cap of 25 players, so each character can make a bigger impact on its outcome; and a new arena mode allows victorious players to gain online prestige through a ranking system and win the best gear in the game—including the Sword of a Thousand Truths made famous in *South Park*.



Race to the Finish

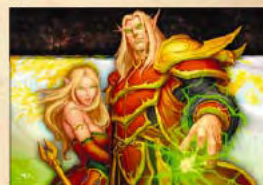
The newest expansion has two new races. Which one has the edge?

Draenei



Unique Draenei ability:
Gem cutting

Blood Elves



Unique Blood-Elf ability:
Mana tap

Edge: Draenei. Crafting better jewels has more long-term advantages than draining mana from your opponent.

Sexier Women

They may be lithe, but they're also blue. And have horns and hooves.

This Horde race is full of sexy females with glowing green eyes and pointy ears.

Edge: Blood Elves. Horny aliens are great, but their hooves might end up somewhere uncomfortable.

Street Cred

You wouldn't want to piss off the hulking Draenei dudes, but they've got good hearts. They're also quick learners.

They learn things the hard way: through trial and error or by finding a teacher on their own. There's no hand-holding here.

Edge: Blood Elves. Having a tough skin makes these creatures more formidable against enemies.

Cooler History

The Draenei have been living in exile for thousands of years, traveling from world to world as they try to escape the Burning Legion.

Years ago, these arrogant creatures developed an intense addiction to magic, including magic that's derived from demonic energy.

Edge: Blood Elves. Standing your ground shows fortitude, even if determination comes with a nasty addiction.

Winner

The Blood Elves! They've got a monkey on their back, but they'll destroy any creature that crosses them. And because they're not living in exile, they don't have to keep running from the Legion. The less exercise, the better.



gritty gears

Cliff Bleszinski is the creator of one of the Xbox 360's must-have games, Gears of War. Check out what he says is lurking beneath Gears' aliens and grit.

ONE HOT FEBRUARY



Babe of the Month

When we think of nerd-core, we envision pocket protectors and taped-up glasses. But imagine sexy women posing naked with a Game Boy, Nintendo's Power Glove, and other retro goodies, and you'll understand why we like this calendar. The designers even included the dates for San Diego's Comic-Con International and the opening of the new *Transformers* movie. \$25. Totally Nerdcore.com

What made you want to make *Gears of War* so intense?

It's everything. It's playing a lot of other games. They feel weak and spindly and light. I wanted [Marcus Fenix] to look heavy, like he could handle a horde of creatures from the underground. And when he slams into the wall, you see him grimace.

That couldn't happen if it were a first-person shooter.

That's one of the benefits of third person. You connect with this guy, and when his head explodes, you feel really bad. If he blows into little pieces, you want to put him back together because it's your little dude, right?

What ideas surfaced in the beginning but didn't fit into the final version?

There's always more of what we call intimate violence—stepping on your enemy's neck and taking him out with a bullet to the head, or using somebody as a

human shield. When we first started designing, there were eight trillion ideas, and it was a matter of picking the best and getting them done in a reasonable time frame.

You're a *Super Mario Bros.* fan, but *Gears* is its antithesis. Why did you do something so drastically different?

Nintendo has mastered what they've done with those games and there's no reason to do the same thing. But I think there's a similarity when you break *Gears* and *Mario* apart. Mario is jumping up and down and Marcus is jumping into the screen. Instead of slamming Mario's head into a question block over and over again, you're slamming Marcus into the wall. If you look at the *Gears* battlefield from the top-down perspective, you could probably put Mario on that, make him jump around, and see that *Gears* is just on a different plane.



Burning Desire

If *Burning Crusade* doesn't satisfy your appetite for fantasy, check out WhoresOfWarcraft.com, where porn stars/gamers act out scenes inspired by *WoW*. Download videos of naked women with elf ears getting it on? Don't mind if we do!

REVIEW



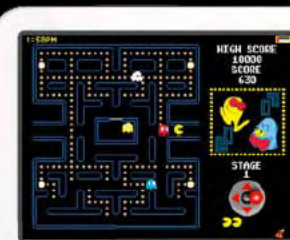
Lost Planet: Extreme Condition

(Xbox 360) Capcom

Keiji Inafune, the brains behind *Mega Man*, was inspired by *Halo* to create a game that would appeal more to Japanese audiences. The result was *Lost Planet*, a title set on a frozen alien world. The game bears a number of similarities to *Halo*, including aliens, Vital Suits (they're like mechs, but with a lot more firepower), and a strong multiplayer mode. Inafune altered the *Halo* model by going with a third-person perspective, building the story around an amnesiac who's searching for a priceless artifact, and creating graphics so good, they'll make you feel the chill at home.



USE YOUR THUMBS



Game Pod

Recently, Apple launched nine games for iPods, including *Pac-Man* and *Tetris*. Both are entertaining, but we prefer the intuitive controls of *Pac-Man*. More titles will be available this spring.

The Heat Is On



Few men would argue with this Seinfeld-ism: "... Men are like firemen. To men, sex is an emergency, and no matter what we're doing, we can be ready in two minutes. Women, on the other hand, are like fire. They're very exciting, but the conditions have to be exactly right for it to occur."

But a recent study from McGill University found that men and women actually become aroused in the same amount of time. Researchers

used thermal imaging to measure temperature changes in the genitals while men and women watched sexually explicit videos. The men and women started showing signs of arousal within 30 seconds. And while the men reached peak arousal in just over 11 minutes, women clocked in right behind them at 12 minutes. Researchers believe that this thermal imaging technique could make it easier to diagnose and treat female sexual dysfunction.

The next time you're **all fired up** and ready to do **the deed** but think maybe she's not, think again. Chances are, she's **just as aroused** as you are.

COMING SOON: YOUR ANNUAL HIV TEST

Too chicken to ask for an HIV test? Your doc may offer one along with your next blood-pressure test. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recently recommended adding HIV testing to routine medical care. Under the new recommendations, patients between the ages of 13 and 64 should be offered the test,

though they will have the right to refuse it. Previously, tests were given at the patient's request or based on symptoms and risk factors. The CDC hopes that routine testing will help reduce the number of undiagnosed and untreated patients. Presently, more than 250,000 Americans are unaware that they're infected with HIV.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

"Sex" is rarely mentioned in the same breath as "spinal-cord research," but it's overwhelmingly important. According to the results of a 2004 survey, paraplegics said regaining sexual function was their top priority, even ahead of improving bladder and bowel function. Now, researchers at the British Columbia Institute of

Technology in Canada may have found a solution. They've developed eight prototypes of vibrators—for both males and females—that provide the additional stimulation needed for paraplegics and quadriplegics. "Vibrators provide a stimulus that a regular human couldn't because they can go faster and they

can go harder," Dr. Stacy Elliott, director of the B.C. Centre for Sexual Medicine, told the Canadian Press. Standard sex-shop vibrators often lack adequate power and require dexterity, but the newly developed prototypes are user-friendly and can be adapted to a patient's particular needs.



YET ANOTHER REASON TO QUIT SMOKING

As if nicotine didn't get enough bad press, British doctors believe that smokers have a higher chance of becoming infected with HIV. It's no minor difference, either—smokers are between **60 and 300 percent more likely to contract the virus than nonsmokers.** No definitive reason for the link was found, but researchers believe that tobacco smoke may boost the risk of infection by weakening the immune system.



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Available online at
<http://store.penthouse.com>

Five Big Fitness Mistakes

1. Sticking to one routine. Avoid an exercise rut. Changing up your workout every two weeks will prevent boredom, making you less likely to skip the gym if a better offer comes up (like, say, a root canal). Your body adapts to a routine fairly quickly and requires less energy to complete it, so repeating the same workout will produce fewer results. Increase the intensity every few weeks, try a new machine, or brave a spinning class instead of the treadmill.

2. Running on empty. According to some conventional wisdom, working out on an empty stomach will force your body to burn more stored fat. The reality is that without food for fuel, you'll tucker out sooner and sprint for the fridge

after your workout. Though exercising while hungry will burn more fat calories at first, people who eat a small breakfast before their workout sweat for 30 minutes longer than those who skip breakfast altogether, thus burning more calories overall. Eat something small, like a piece of fruit, to give you energy.

3. Staying too long. Spending an hour at the gym every day is a noble goal—and one you're likely to abandon when your schedule interferes. The U.S. National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute recom-



Don't get locked into **the wrong habits** when it comes to **your exercise** routine. Finding your groove is one thing, but **too much repetition** can become a boring rut.

ARE YOU A NATURAL-BORN COUCH POTATO?

Can't peel yourself away from prime-time TV? You may be able to blame it on biology. A recent study found that certain brain chemicals might determine whether a person is inclined toward rest or activity. Researchers found that lean rats were more sensitive to a stimulating hormone called orexin A, which causes fidgeting and helps the body burn energy. Rats specifically bred to be obese were less receptive to orexin A, suggesting that frequent unconscious movement, like fidgeting, can help regulate weight. The good news for lazy types is that these findings may help in the development of new weight-control drugs.

mends at least 30 to 60 minutes of activity per day, but it's cumulative. Whittle away at your exercise time by squeezing in five- or ten-minute bursts of activity throughout the day, like taking the stairs instead of riding the elevator at work.

4. Guzzling protein. Unless your NFL tryout is next month, there's no need to choke down protein shakes before lifting. Most Americans already eat about 90 grams of protein a day—

enough for a pro bodybuilder, and more than enough for the average desk jockey.

5. Rewarding yourself. You ran two miles on the treadmill, but that doesn't mean you "earned" that slice of cake. Junk food is the worst reward for a good workout. For a 180-pound man, a 20-minute jog burns 270 calories; a sliver of frosted chocolate cake is 388 calories. Nonedible incentives, like a nap, are a better bet.

DON'T CHOKE

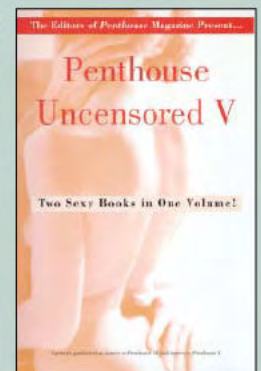
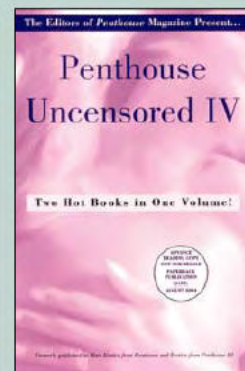
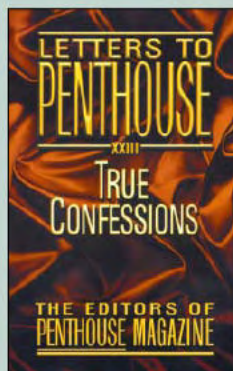
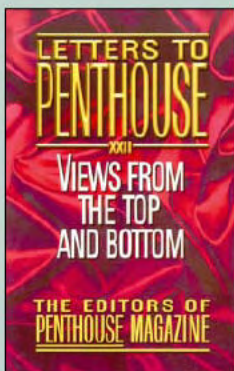
Outdoor fitness buffs, beware. Working out in urban areas may be hazardous to your health. Dr. Joseph T. Cooke, an associate professor at New York Presbyterian Hospital/Weill Cornell Medical Center, warns that elevated air-pollution levels in cities may pose problems for exercisers. While you're panting your way through a run or bike ride, pollutants like carbon monoxide, ozone, and fine particulate matter from diesel engines can irritate your lungs, making it harder to breathe and aggravating problems like asthma or bronchitis. For a breath of fresh air, run in parks or on less-traveled roads, work out in the early morning or late evening, or exercise indoors.



Curl up with a good book.

Sometimes you long to jump in bed for some hot sex. Other times, you just want to curl up with a good book. Why not do both? Now you can with the *Penthouse* series, published by Warner Books.

With more than 20 steamy titles to choose from, you're always guaranteed the best sex between two covers. Available wherever books are sold and www.PenthouseStore.com.



“DEAR DR. Z”

Getting Your Sex Life Even Hotter!

Countdown to Valentine's Day



So you gave her carnations last year—or worse, totally forgot February 14?

Don't think she forgot just because it happened a year ago. You've created a love deficit, and she expects you to compensate her. The good news is that you don't have to splurge on expensive gifts to recapture her love or ignite her lust. Just follow my suggestions below.

1. Give your V-day card extra-special treatment. Just enclose your pre-addressed, prestamped card in a larger envelope and mail to: Postmaster, Attn: Valentine's, Loveland, Colorado 80537. Your card will be postmarked LOVELAND, COLORADO, and hand-stamped with a unique four-line poem. You can also have cards sent from these cities:

Valentine, Texas 79854	Valentine, Nebraska 69201
Kissimmee, Florida 34741	Loving, New Mexico 88256
Bridal Veil, Oregon 97010	Romance, Arkansas 72136

2. Inscribe a romantic sentiment with bright-red washable spray paint on your driveway. Then invite her to make snow angels next to your message.

3. Record a **ten-second message** into a talking picture frame. Each time she presses a button on the back of the frame, your sexy or sweet comment will play. If that doesn't hammer home your love, nothing will!



4. If she loves romance novels or *Penthouse Forum*, help her star in her own personalized story.

Just provide your names, a general description of your appearance, and her favorite fantasy to a custom erotica website to obtain a lusty tale starring **you and your girl**.

5. Remember those candy hearts you used to love as a kid? Order a box with a personalized message imprinted on each one. You can get any phrase you want, either sweet (YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND) or hot (I WANT TO RAVISH YOU).

6. Instead of just handing her a dozen roses, place one in each room of the house and set up a treasure trail to your bedroom. The grand prize? You in bed with **champagne and strawberries**.

2. Order a message in a bottle (extra points for drawing her a bubble bath and putting it in the tub). You can pen your own poetry, but if you're short of words, there are a number of sites that offer premade love notes.



8. Make love in a zillion different positions with the **Esse by Liberator**, a sex cushion that doubles as a chaise longue. It'll take your usual positions from so-so to scorching (PenthouseStore.com).

9. Can't afford a promise ring? Buy her a giant "diamond" napkin holder or paperweight. The only downside: She'll have a constant reminder of the real thing, so opt for this only if you plan on popping the question.



10. Buy her a rose or her favorite flower dipped in 24-karat gold. Want to splurge? They're also made with platinum. The flower will last a lifetime, so you'll be covered for all upcoming holidays.

11. DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF CHOCOLATE.

Fill her glove compartment with dark and milk chocolate and let its intoxicating goodness work its magic, thanks to a libido-boosting natural stimulant. 'Cause let's face it, sometimes you need all the help you can get.

13. Check out the Twelve Romantic Dates game by Lover's Choice. Draw from the deck of cards when you're stumped for new date ideas, and you'll have an inventory of creative nights all year long.



12. Surprise her with **breakfast in bed**. Bring her something as simple as bagels and coffee, but serve the meal on your finest china. Throw in a **mimosa** or two and you'll have yourself a very good morning.



14. Cook her delicious aphrodisiacs. The new edition of *Intercourses*, by Martha Hopkins and Randall Lock-

ridge, is full of sexy suggestions. Even if you are as maladroit in the kitchen as I am, you can master the easy recipes for honey-peppered salmon, pasta with grapes, strawberry empanadas, petals in white chocolate, and my personal favorite—black Russian cake.

THE DOCTOR IS IN

SEXUALLY SYNCED

My husband and I have been married for a year, and we're getting along great except for one thing: He's obsessed with sex. He wants to do it at least twice a day, and while I'm a very sexual person, I just cannot perform that frequently. I bought him a subscription to Penthouse in the hopes that he would masturbate more often and put fewer demands on me. But he says that masturbating to photos isn't as satisfying as the real thing. The pressure he puts on me is a big turnoff. How can I tame his libido?—A.L., Michigan

What you've described is actually a very common complaint among couples—especially those who have been together for a long time. But there is a solution to this problem: Be very open about your inability to enjoy sex as often as he does and then compromise. You might tell him that reducing the frequency of sex often improves its quality, since abstaining from intercourse for short periods leads to more intense orgasms and even the possibility of multiples for you. Also, substitute other types of lovemaking for intercourse, such as oral sex, hand jobs, or mutual masturbation. He might enjoy self-love more if you watch him do it, pose seductively for him while he wanks, or—better yet—offer him a helping hand. Reinforce your interest in his self-stimulation by calling him at work to tell him how much it turns you on to watch him play with himself. Talk about how wet you get just thinking about it. If your husband refuses to compromise, he may have a form of sexual compulsion. Buy him a gym membership or a bike (try one with an old-fashioned “ball-busting” seat—discontinued due to its negative effect on the male libido), and urge him to get professional help.

Love, Inc.

My boss is a very attractive middle-age divorcée whom I've had a crush on ever since I stepped into her office, and I think she's attracted to me, too. We spend hours talking and she flirts with me all the time. Should I make a move and ask her out?—L.G., Massachusetts

Have you ever heard the expression “Don't shit where you eat”? As crude as that maxim is, it pretty much describes what getting involved with a boss entails. Many companies have policies against interoffice romance—particularly those involving a power differential between employees, because these relationships may become exploitative. Moreover, if the affair develops into a relationship, do you really want your girlfriend to be your boss? Just make sure your intentions are genuine. Power can be intoxicating, and your attraction for this woman may be based on her position rather than true interest. If this is just a crush, it's not worth risking your livelihood for. However, if you are truly interested in your boss for more



than a roll in the hay, you may decide that your career and your job are worth risking. So figure out if she's crushing back by making a mild sexual innuendo to gauge her response. (Raised eyebrow? Bad. Half smile? Proceed.) Men often misinterpret female friendliness as a sign of sexual interest, and the last thing you want to do is create an awkward situation with someone who's responsible for your paycheck. Good luck!

Sweet Nothings

I consider myself to be a romantic guy. I like spoiling my woman with fancy dinners, flowers, and generally treating her like a queen. However, I am not very verbal, and women I have dated always complained that I'm too quiet, especially before and after sex. I just don't know what I'm supposed to say. Don't actions

GETTING TO ME If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit Penthouse.com/drz, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

speaking louder than words?—L.M., Connecticut

Verbal reinforcement is particularly important for women. Saying the right words may have a greater impact on her libido than rose petals and poetry—we all want reassurance that men want to be with us for our bodies *and* minds. So when you're basking in the afterglow of lovemaking, try something along the lines of, "You make me really happy," or, "Being with you makes me forget about all the stress in life." Emphasizing how she impacts your life makes her feel special, which will amp her desire to reciprocate the love in a very sexy way.

Designer Sex

What's the scoop on scented products that claim to excite women? My friend swears that the scent emitted from a candle he bought for his girlfriend makes her horny. Is it true that certain smells can turn a woman on?—J.B., New York

Smell is one of our most primal senses, so it's no wonder there is a big market for sexual products designed to entice our noses. Smell receptors are directly connected to the limbic system, the part of the brain linked to basic primal drives such as hunger, sleep, and sex. Simply put, our noses provide a direct route to

our "pleasure centers." A few smells in particular are proven to have a positive effect on sexual arousal: chocolate, vanilla, cinnamon, gardenia, cucumber, and strawberry. So the next time you want to put your woman in the mood, serve her a chocolate sundae or burn a vanilla candle in your bedroom. Another aroma that's believed to awaken sexual energy is musk, which closely resembles male pheromones. Try one scent at a time and observe her reaction, or mix and match them to drive her into a frenzy. Just steer clear of fish smells and freshly-cut-grass scents. Not surprisingly, these odors have been found to squash female desire.

WHO KNEW

...that men are really fools for love?

Guys ... fall in love fast (20 percent are head over heels before the fourth date, compared to 15 percent of women) **and have a more idealistic view of love than women:** Studies show they're less concerned with a woman's social standing or finances when selecting a mate, and they believe love conquers all.

value love over friendship:

The majority of men say they care more for their lover than their closest friends. Many women reveal that they put their best friends' needs over their lover's.

are loyal: Men are less likely than women to initiate a breakup, sticking out a relationship to the bitter end.

feel vulnerable: Men are more likely than women to admit to feeling lonely and depressed after a split.

From *How to Make Anyone Fall in Love With You*, by Leil Lowndes

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

Derriere de Plume



What: A silicone butt plug with a fancy feathered tail (removable for easy cleaning). Available in Ostrich, Peacock, Pony Tail, or Butt d'Art (red feathers)

Why: It's almost Mardi Gras! Get festive and have her strut her stuff like a peacock or prance like a pony.

Pros: If you're going to talk her into using a butt plug, you might as well buy one that looks like a work of art and doubles as a tickling tool. If she doesn't like it, you can always use it as a furniture duster.

Con: It's a butt plug—so it requires thorough cleaning.

Where: PenthouseStore.com

Willis McGahee

The Buffalo Bills took a chance on McGahee after he suffered a catastrophic knee injury in the 2003 Fiesta Bowl, and he's been rewarding their faith ever since. But even he couldn't overcome the problems in Buffalo, which is on the outside looking in at this year's playoffs ... again. When we asked him about Bills fans, O. J. Simpson, and the potential for NFL expansion, he surprised us—much like he's surprised the 22 teams that passed him over in the 2003 NFL draft.

I just watched the video of your 2003 Fiesta Bowl knee injury on YouTube. Man, that was nasty. But which video is worse, yours or Joe Theismann's? I haven't seen Joe Theismann's, so I really can't tell you. But I'll go with Joe Theismann.

When Buffalo drafted you in the first round in 2003, they were gambling on your recovery from that injury. How much loyalty do you owe them?

I got a lotta love for Buffalo. They took a chance on me in the first round, not knowing whether I'd be able to play or not. I thank God for the whole situation. And, you know, I'm trying to make them proud. I'm trying to do some things here.

You've rushed for an average of 1,200 yards in your first two NFL seasons. So why does everyone keep asking if your knee is okay? They got nothin' else better to say, I guess. Maybe that's all they know me by—my knee injury. When they see

me, that's all they have to say: "How's your knee?" and "Your knee a hundred percent yet?" Yeah, I get sick of it, but it is what it is.

How often does O.J. come back to rally the troops?

O.J. never came back. I've seen him in Buffalo, but he's never come back to the actual facility. I've got his phone number, though.

In the film *Buffalo '66*, a mother regrets missing a Bills game due to childbirth and her son plans to kill the kicker who missed a crucial field goal in the Super Bowl. You ever meet those types of Bills fans?

I don't need to meet people like that. They might want to get back at me for something. A true Buffalo fan will tell a Bills player, "You're sorry. You can't do this, you can't do that." But once that player performs well on a consistent basis, it's like, "I told y'all he was the best player." That's a true Buffalo fan right there.

A 2006 SUNY-*Buffalo* study reports that medically diagnosed rates of depression and anxiety have increased among western New Yorkers. How much are the Bills responsible for that?

"A **true Buffalo fan** will tell a Bills player, 'You can't do this, you can't do that.' But **once that player performs well, it's like**, 'I told y'all he was the best player'."

Ha! I think the Bills maybe account for two percent of that. We're not the big factor in that situation. I mean, it's western New York. There's really not that much to do. **There's talk of an NFL**

team for nearby Toronto. What do you think?

That would be a good situation. Toronto is a beautiful place. But if they're going to put a team there, they should just bring the Buffalo Bills to Toronto. Case closed.

What did you think of the

job Tony Kornheiser did on *Monday Night Football* this year?

I haven't really been paying attention. I'm not really a big football fan, believe it or not. **I don't believe it.** Man, if I ain't playin', I ain't watchin'. ○+—



Photograph by Jerome Davis/Icon SMi

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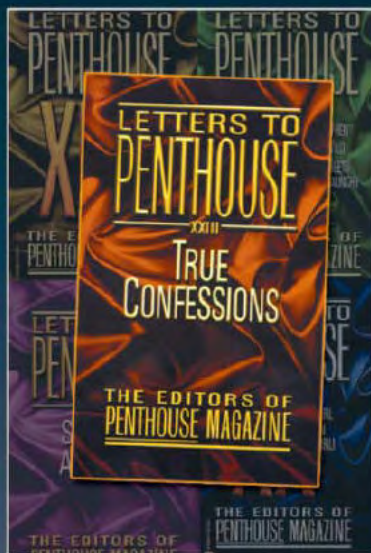
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This Month in Sports: The Stats, the Scores, the Skinny

HOT BUTTON: Quarterback Draw Peyton Manning vs. Tom Brady

Who would you rather have behind center on your team—the New England pretty boy or Indy's pedigreed passer?



Until MANNING (above) hoists the Lombardi Trophy—as BRADY has done three times—we'll go with the Pats' poster boy.



MANNING'S MAN

Once upon a time, there was this quarterback. No. 1 draft pick, the face of the NFL, a perennial Pro Bowler—one of the best of the game had ever seen. But he couldn't win the big one. He was one of the greatest passers ever—a fantasy-league stud before fantasy leagues were study. And yet, armchair QBs across the country labeled him a “loser,” and he couldn't shed that tag no matter how well he played.... If you took the measure of John Elway's career at age 31, this would be the epitaph. Of course, the Broncos legend went on to win two Super Bowls before he was done, making everyone forget that he'd ever worn the “loser” label. Peyton Manning is about to turn 31 years old. He is well on his way to rewriting the NFL passing record book, and his career passer rating of 93.5 heading into this season was third highest of all-time. Don't worry: He'll win the big one, if not this year then soon. Then the floodgates will open and Manning will make a habit of winning Super Bowls. Those titles, along with his huge stats, will rank him above Brady in the NFL pantheon.—*Peter Schrager*

Check out Schrager's “Wednesday Buffet” at FoxSports.com

BRADY BACKER

You drew the short straw on this one, Schrager, but I admire the effort. You put a lot of lipstick on that pig, and it's quite presentable. But it's still a pig. Here's why: Your entire argument is based on the smoke-thin foundation of *future* success. Sure, Manning's got incredible stats, and if we were talking fantasy football, you'd win this argument in a walk. But we're talking real football, and in that game, Peyton Manning has yet to shine on a big stage. He looks like Johnny Unitas every November, only to morph into Heath Shuler come January.

Brady, on the other hand, is a gamer who rises to the occasion when it matters most. His three Super Bowl rings and two Super Bowl MVP awards are the proof, along with his two wins over Manning and the Colts in the playoffs (2004 and 2005). Brady could retire right now, watch Manning win a Super Bowl title, and *still* be on the winning side in this debate. But he's not done yet, and who will be surprised if he denies Manning again in the playoffs this month? After all, the first part of Manning's perennial pattern has unfolded—he dismantled the Patriots in a 27–20 win in November.—*J.B.*

Is Women's Tennis More Exciting Than Men's?

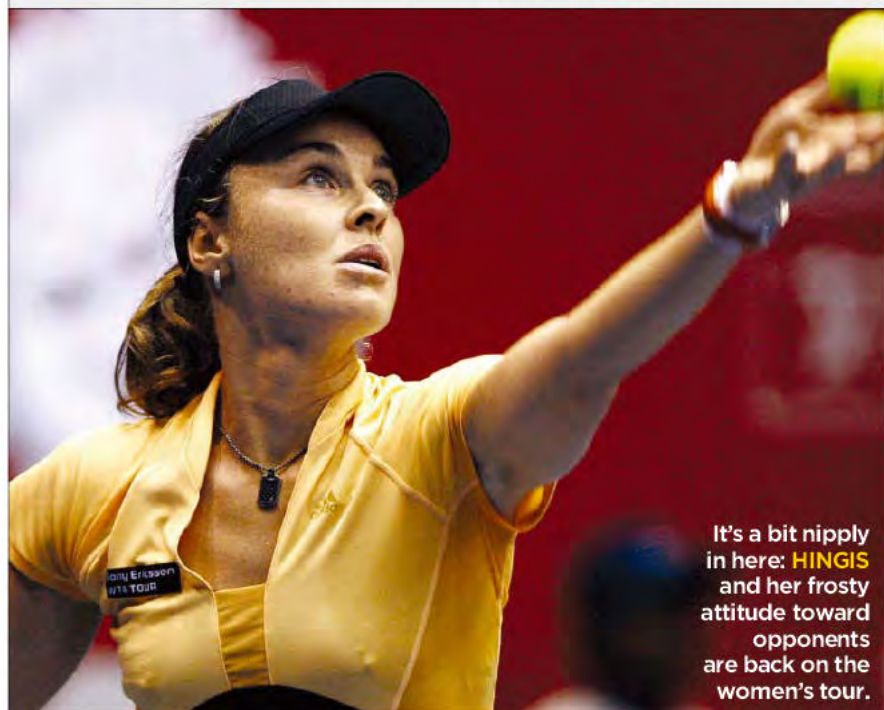
This is the question on our minds as the **AUSTRALIAN OPEN**, the year's first Grand Slam, launches this month in Melbourne. And it's worth noting that tennis is the only sport about which you could even consider asking the question. It would never come up regarding the NBA or the PGA, that's for sure. But hey, that's what you get when your No. 2 male player (Rafael Nadal) wears capri pants.

It's also what you get when your No. 1 player is so dominating, so complete in every phase of the game, that he lacks a rival to make it interesting. That person, of course, is Roger Federer of Switzerland, who is a French Open title or two away from establishing himself as the single greatest player in the history of the game. He's been ranked No. 1 in the world since February 2004, and he reached the final in all four Grand Slams last season, winning three of them. But he's so bland, he makes Pete Sampras seem like Ol' Dirty Bastard. He just

wins, with very little doubt and even less drama about the victories. The Annual Federer Grand-Slam Watch begins on January 15.

As for the women, well, there's no shortage of rivalries, personalities, and off-court entertainment in their game. And depending on how Serena and Venus Williams are feeling about tennis in a given month, there are more than a handful of contenders in each tournament. Justine Henin-Hardenne, Kim Clijsters, Amelie Mauresmo, the Williams sisters, and 2006 U.S. Open champ Maria Sharapova are all in the mix. So are Lindsay Davenport, Elena Dementieva, Svetlana Kuznetsova, and—rejoining the fray after a fitful retirement—Martina Hingis.

Any one of them could bring home the Aussie hardware and, perhaps more important, supply the kind of trash-talk that Hingis did before the 1999 Australian final, when she called Mauresmo "half a man." You won't hear the men saying that to Nadal—and he wears capri pants.



It's a bit nippy in here: **HINGIS** and her frosty attitude toward opponents are back on the women's tour.

PENTHOUSE TOP 5: WINTER X-GAMES EVENTS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The 11th edition of the Winter X Games launches on January 25 in Aspen, Colorado. While plumb-ing the archives of X-Games lore, we came across a list of now-de-funct Winter X-Games competitions—including snow BMX racing, ski-boarding (skiboarding?), and ice climbing. We can't figure out why they were discarded (except in the case of skiboarding, which we just can't figure out, period), and we demand that they be re-stored, along with the addition of these five events.

5. **POLAR STRIP POKER** This event would be limited to a select few contestants—a very select few: snowboarders Lindsey Jacobellis and Tanja Frieden.
4. **ICE-FISHING BUNGEE-JUMP** A bridge, a hole in a frozen lake, and a harpoon in the hands of the jumper. What could go wrong?
3. **SHAUN WHITE-CARROT TOP STEEL-CAGE MATCH** Two ginger kids enter. One ginger kid leaves.
2. **WINTER SKURFING** Let's put the "skate" back in "skateboarding": Replace the wheels with blades, put the riders on a frozen halfpipe. Stand back.
1. **SLOPESTYLE SKEET SHOOT** Upping the ante on the Winter Olympics' biathlon, this is a judged competition in which snowboarders navigate a series of jumps and obstacles while performing tricks—and shooting airborne clay pigeons—along the way.



Behind the Scenes on Fight Night

With an alphabet soup of sanctioning bodies, too few undisputed champions, and almost no genuine stars, boxing is a confusing muddle to most fans. But we hold out hope for a revival of the sweet science, which, despite its current state, remains a fascinating sport that often lives up to its nickname. In fact, medical science plays an important but oft-overlooked role in the fight game. Boxing reporter Charles Lane spotlights two crucial players in any bout.

THE CUTMAN

This guy has 60 seconds between rounds to work adrenaline hydrochloride into any open cuts. Adrenaline constricts blood vessels and temporarily stops bleeding so the doctor can't call the fight.

Swelling is another one of the cutman's enemies. "We call it 'the alien,'" says George Mitchell, a six-foot-seven, 285-pound behemoth from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, who's been in the fight game for ten years. "Because once it's in, it doesn't want to come out." Mitchell uses a frozen ice-cream scooper to work back the blood under the skin. "It's the best thing for getting in the corner of the eye."

"I've had over a thousand fights," says Mitchell, "and never once had an eye swell shut on me—knock on wood."

THE FIGHT DOCTOR

"The pay is hardly worth it, but the seats are the best," says ringside physician Dr. Osruc King, whose job is to check the condition of the fighters before the bout and to determine whether or not a stunned boxer can continue. King's most serious concern is for any sign of cerebral edema—a bleeding brain that pushes back into the spinal cord. We got queasy just typing that.

King says the worst condition he's ever seen was an amateur fighter who had second-impact syndrome. The boxer sustained a second head injury before symptoms from the first injury had cleared. The man vomited four times and was rushed to the hospital. "I didn't think he was going to live," King says. (He survived.)

"It's a fascinating job," says fight doctor Margaret Goodman. As a person who promotes health in such an *unhealthy* endeavor, she says, "You've got such a dichotomy. There are points where I go, 'Why am I doing this?' and others when I think it's one of the most beautiful sports there is."

The cutman can only do so much, as VITALI KLITSCHKO found out during his 2003 title fight with Lennox Lewis.



Photograph by AP. Opposite page: Photographs by (from left) Joe Murphy/Getty Images, Bryan Mitchell



Star Power

Both the NHL and the NBA will stage their All-Star games in the coming weeks. The NHL will launch its gala affair in hockey-mad Dallas while the NBA, in a highly flammable marriage of sensibilities, will hold its event in Las Vegas. (Why hasn't this happened before?)

The two events could be advanced as metaphors for what ails both leagues. Hockey, well-intentioned but a little befuddled, tries to expand its reach by bringing its game to places like Tennessee and Texas, where, if you handed the average citizen a puck, he'd try to open it. The NBA, drunk on prosperity and global expansion, ignores its history of off-court incidents (including the shots fired outside a strip club by Indiana Pacer Stephen Jackson this past fall) and stages its midseason showcase in Vegas—the ultimate breeding ground for off-court incidents.

Hey, all sports have their histories of off-court incidents, but ya gotta love this decision by the NBA. We wonder how someone like Timberwolves center **Eddie Griffin** (above) will handle the Vegas vibes. He won't be playing in the game, certainly, but chances are, he'll be in town to enjoy the festivities. This is a man who crashed his Escalade into a parked car last spring because he was allegedly drunk, allegedly watching a porno flick on his dashboard-mounted DVD player, and allegedly—to borrow a phrase from *The Daily Show*—jackin' it. In short, Griffin created his own personal Las Vegas inside his SUV. And that was in Minneapolis. Imagine what he'll do in the real Vegas.

South Beach Super Bowl

Isn't it about time the Monday after the Super Bowl was declared a national holiday? Let's start lobbying for this already. This year the need is greater than ever, as the big game kicks off on February 4 in the hard-partying town of Miami. We'll be there, unleashing our annual bash with A-listers, smokin' hot Penthouse Pets, and the one and only Snoop Dogg. Last year, we threw the best party of Super Bowl weekend—and that was in *Detroit*, where the weather fluctuated from freezing to freezing rain. You know we will absolutely kill it in sunny South Florida. Go to ThePenthouseSuperParty.com for details and come join us in South Beach. You won't regret it.

IN THE MEANTIME, HERE ARE THREE THINGS YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE SUPER BOWL THAT WILL IMPRESS YOUR BUDDIES.

■ The name Super Bowl came from Kansas City Chiefs founder and owner Lamar Hunt, who jokingly suggested it at an owners' meeting after watching his young daughter playing with a toy called a super ball. The stopgap name stuck, and we suppose it beats "the Big One," which was then-commissioner Pete Rozelle's choice.

■ Bart Starr was named MVP of Super Bowl I in 1967, but the real star of that game was Max McGee, the Green Bay Packers' second-string re-

ceiver. McGee stayed out drinking with three stewardesses until 7:30 A.M. on game day, then went out and caught seven passes for 138 yards and two touchdowns in Green Bay's 35–10 defeat of Kansas City. He gets our MVP vote.

■ You might have heard that Super Bowl Sunday is the worst day of the year for domestic violence. While it *sounds* plausible, it's not true. The story of how this misinformation snowballed in the media to become accepted fact is too unexciting to recount here, but trust us—it's false.

It *is* true that Super Bowl Sunday is second only to Thanksgiving for stuffing your face with food. That, of course, is as it should be.



Our Super Bowl bash will feature plenty of smokin' hot PENTHOUSE PETS.



GOING DUTCH

You may recognize Nico as one of the models featured in the *Penthouse* "International Pets" special, but we thought this blonde hottie deserved a pictorial all her own. "I have many fans back home," she says, "and now I'm ready to show American men what I've got." We say, bring it on!

Photographs
by John Kelly



We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com





"I'm a total exhibitionist," Nico confides. "Knowing that tons of men will look at these photos gets me excited. Imagining their reactions really turns me on."





“I love every inch of my body,” the sultry stunner tells us, “and I want a man who has that type of physical confidence, too. Shy guys need not apply.”



“Dutch girls are much more open when it comes to sex,” she says. “I could definitely teach Americans a thing or two.” We are oh-so-ready to learn. See more of what Nico has to offer at Penthouse.com/nico.





Watch Your Mouth

To succeed with the ladies, you need to talk a good game. But it helps if your breath is as fresh as your pickup lines.

1. Cavities Beware!

The next generation in toothpaste technology is here. New Crest Pro-Health is the first toothpaste approved by the American Dental Association to protect against gingivitis, plaque, cavities, tartar, sensitivity, and stains. It may also help your love life, since it freshens breath, too. Available in cinnamon and clean mint. Crest.com

2. Brushing Off

Looking for an electric toothbrush minus the hefty price tag? For about \$20, you can pick up an Oral-B Vitality Precision Clean, a battery-operated, rechargeable power brush. The oscillating brush head moves 7,600 times a minute and a two-minute timer signals when the recommended brushing time has passed. OralB.com

3. Quite a Pair

Most toothbrush manufacturers don't care if you're right-handed or left-handed, but RADIUS does. The company makes toothbrushes with extra-wide heads and hand-specific, ergonomic handles. These brushes look so great, the Smithsonian Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum has featured them. RadiusToothbrush.com

4. See the Light

You use your toothbrush to clean your mouth, but what do you use to clean your toothbrush? VIOLight uses ultraviolet technology to kill up to 99.9 percent of the germs found on your toothbrush,

zapping the stuff that causes colds, flu, and other illnesses. VIOLight holds up to four brushes and sanitizes in minutes. The blue glow lets you know it's working. VIOLight.com

5. Scrape It Together

Did you know your tongue is keeping a dirty little secret? Bad-breath bacteria are lurking in its nooks and crannies. To fight back, get into a scrape. The flexible BreathRx Gentle Tongue Scraper safely and comfortably cleans the surface of your tongue without damaging taste buds; for even better results, use it with the brand's Anti-Bacterial Mouth Rinse. BreathRx.com

6. String Her Along

The hot hygienist in your dentist's office means business when she tells you to floss, but not all flosses are created equal. New Glide Deep Clean from Crest is micro-textured, meaning it's easier to get the remnants of buffalo wings out from between your teeth. Like all Glide flosses, it's made with shred-resistant fiber. Crest.com

7. Spit It Out

Do you steer clear of mouthwash because you feel like your mouth is on fire? Switch to Swish. It's alcohol-free (which means it won't burn) and comes in a flood of tasty flavors, including Key Lime Crush, Tropical Tease, and Mango Tango. The contoured anti-clunky bottle is even easy to handle. SwishB4UKiss.com

8. Go for It

Is all that coffee and wine turning your pearly whites a nasty yellow? GoSMILE ADVANCED Formula B1 is clinically proven to whiten your teeth up to ten shades in only a week. It'll help you smile with confidence. GoSmile.com

9. Strip Show

No time to brighten your smile? Crest Whitestrips Premium can be worn while you commute, work out, watch TV, or take a shower. Apply one strip to your upper teeth and another to your lowers for half an hour, twice a day. Each box of 28 strips provides a week of treatment, but whitens for up to a year. Crest.com

10. Chew on This

When you don't have access to a full oral-care arsenal, you need a quick helper. BreathRx Halispheres gum is designed to attack bad breath at the source—not just cover it up. Each sugar-free gumball cleanses the mouth, neutralizes odor, and kills the bacteria that cause bad breath while delivering a burst of mint flavor. BreathRx.com

11. Lip Service

You can whiten and brighten and banish bad breath, but if your lips are lackluster, your girl will notice. Guard against a dry, chapped smacker with Jack Black Intense Therapy Lip Balm. Unlike typical waxy sticks, this balm penetrates quickly for fast relief and has SPF 25. So go ahead—make your move. GetJackBlack.com





BY RON JEREMY WITH ERIC SPITZNAGEL

THE HARDEST (WORKING) MAN IN SHOWBIZ



You might think that having more than 4,000 sex partners would be enough to fulfill any man. You might think that—but you would be wrong. The “top porn star of all time” (according to *Adult Video News*, and the folks who work there should know) is not content to rest on his laurels. Excerpted from *Ron Jeremy: The Hardest (Working) Man in Showbiz* (HarperEntertainment).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

"The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing."—Archilochus

It isn't even noon and I've already had sex with 14 women.

To be fair, it wasn't entirely my doing. A company called Zane Entertainment hired me to star in a new porno flick called *Put It in Reverse, Part 3*. It's a little different than most gang-bang films. Rather than a bunch of guys doing one girl—the typical formula—they pick one lucky stud (in this case, me) to bone over a dozen lovely ladies. I'm not so jaded that I don't feel incredibly fortunate. How often does a guy get to be the center of attention, the "meat" in an all-girl sex sandwich? But it's not nearly as much fun as it sounds.

"You okay, Ronnie?"

I look up to see Chuck Zane staring down at me. Chuck is an old friend, and the producer and founder of Zane Entertainment. He's been in the business as long as I have, and with his slicked-back gray hair and the stogie that never seems to leave his mouth, he looks the part of a porn producer. He's always been good to me, which is exactly why I've continued to work with him for well over a decade, starring in such features as *I Love Juicy* and *America's Raunchiest Home Videos*.

"I'm fine," I tell him. "I'm just taking a break."

I'm sitting by myself in the corner of the room, naked save for a small towel and covered in a syrupy layer of my own sweat. The crew is loading the camera with a new roll of film, so it seemed like a perfect opportunity to sneak away to recover. I've been having sex for more than three hours straight, and it's beginning to take a toll. I'm drinking bottles of water like my life depends on it, and given how dehydrated I am, it just might.

"Are you sure you don't want some Viagra?" Chuck asks me.

"What? Of course not. Does it *look* like I need it?"

"No, no, you're doing great out there," he says. "I was just wondering if maybe you needed a little pick-me-up."

"If I see so much as one blue pill, I'm going to flush it down the toilet. I'm serious, Chuck."

"You're a pro, Ronnie," he says, flashing me a toothy smile. "Sorry I doubted you."

I don't know why the idea of Viagra bugs me so much. I guess it's because I consider it cheating. I don't care how old I get. I want my boners to be au naturel. Maybe



Jeremy consults on the set of *9 1/2 Weeks* (1986). Kim Basinger's on the right.



RONNIE'S MADE AT LEAST 1,

I'm being too old-school about it, but that's the way I feel.

The girls are lounging in the living room, enjoying their brief break from a hard morning's work. They're like a cross section of every man's fantasy: There are blondes and brunettes, blacks and whites, big titties and tiny titties. What more could you ask for? Am I a lucky bastard or what? I can't believe that I get to have sex with women half my age. Funny thing is, it's impossible to say how much longer any of them will be around. Very few performers stay in the business more than a few years. It's not like it was back in the 1970s, when I was getting my start in adult films. Back then, it *meant* something to be a porn star.

Yeah, I'm one of those. I can wax nostalgic about the old days with the best of them. There was a time when porno was

still shot on film, and we had actual budgets and sets and scripts. Nowadays, porn is all about quick turnaround. They'll knock out two or three pornos in just one weekend. Hell, I'll be done with this particular shoot before lunch. Back in the day, that was unheard of.

Matt Zane, the director and Chuck's son, walks over and sits down next to me. He's a good kid, though, like the women, he's very, very young.

"How ya feelin', Ronnie?" he asks, patting me on the back.

"Couldn't be better," I say. "You ready to start rolling again?"

"Any minute now. We just have to get a few more positions and maybe some anal and then we'll be done. Think you can handle that?"

Why does everybody keep asking me that?

"Of course I can handle it," I assure him.

Matt smiles and throws a playful punch at my torso. "You the man," he says, and returns to his crew.

I can understand why everybody is treating me with kid gloves. Even for a young stud, having sex with the equivalent of a small sorority house is no small feat.

Funny thing is, there are few things I enjoy as much as morning sex. But on a porn set, all the romance and spontaneity are stripped away. You can't just roll over and tap your partner on the shoulder. You actually have to *leave* the house, and take the long, bleary-eyed drive to whatever backwoods, out-of-the-way location is being used for the day's shoot. By the time you get there, your morning wood has been replaced with a sagging mushroom, a shadow of your former glory.

And then there are the rehearsals, the waiting, the pre-sex showers to ensure that everybody is squeaky-clean. Even

Who wouldn't get a little bored after a while? Sometimes I let my mind wander, maybe make a mental inventory of the rest of my week.

Let's see, what else do I have lined up for today? Well, after we finish the morning's shoot, I'm going to jump on a plane and fly out to Indiana to host the Ponderosa Nudes-A-Poppin' Festival. After that, I'm off to Buffalo, New York, to shoot a few scenes for a new Troma movie. Next I'll be catching a flight to Los Angeles for a stand-up gig, then back to New York the next morning for a radio interview with Howard Stern, and then back on a plane for the long journey over to New Zealand for the Erotica Expo, where I'll be shooting a porno with some Kiwi women.

And that's just the weekend. Well, okay, a week and a half.

Why do I keep doing this to myself? Why do I take every last gig that's offered to me? Sometimes it seems as if I'm terrified of not being busy. It's as if I'm trying to cram four lifetimes into one. But I like it

the trick, but I don't want to take it too far and end up going limp. It'll just give Chuck another reason to start mentioning Viagra again.

"I need a little anal," Matt says. "Who signed up for anal?" A few girls raise their hands.

A pretty black girl drops to her knees. She's ready to go, her asshole lubed and stretched out about as far as it'll go. I put just the head of my cock in at first. I don't want to hurt her. Anal is tough even for the seasoned pro.

"Is that okay, honey?" I ask her. "Tell me if that's too much, okay, sweetie?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ, Ron," she says, thrusting her pelvis toward me. "Just ram it in, will you?"

Well, so much for the gentle approach.

It's strange, the things that go through your head as you're fucking a girl in the ass. I start to daydream about my life up to this point. I am, according to most men's magazines, the most famous male porn star on the planet. But I also wonder



Jeremy with Brad Pitt ...



...and with Tommy Lee while doing his radio show.

750 PORNOS (A WORLD RECORD)

though it might be only 6 a.m., it doesn't feel like morning sex anymore. You're just another employee, working your shift and counting the hours until lunch.

"Okay, guys, break's over," Matt announces. We all return to the living room, ready for round two.

Angella Faith has her hands on the couch, her cute little butt in the air. I stand behind her and wait for my cue. After mumbling some instructions to one of the lighting guys, Matt turns to me and says, "Let's do this thing."

He yells for action, the camera purrs to life, and I penetrate Angella.

Don't get me wrong, I love making porn films. But sometimes it can get a little monotonous. I mean, you're basically doing the same thing, over and over and over and over again. In and out, in and out, switch positions, in and out, in and out.

that way. I'm not comfortable being idle. I want to keep moving, keep looking for the next project, the next opportunity. I'm always afraid that the phone will stop ringing someday.

"Ronnie. Hey, Ronnie."

I didn't even realize that Matt is standing right in front of me.

"I'm sorry, what?" I mutter in reply. "Are we still shooting?"

"Yes we're shooting, goddamnit. Come on, Ronnie, pay attention."

Matt asks me to move on to an actress named Temptress who wants to do missionary. I pull out of Angella and join Temptress on the floor. God, she is so beautiful. What a face on this girl. She's making eye contact with me, which is always dangerous. Nothing makes me pop quicker. I look away and try to think of something else. Dead animals usually do

if people know anything else. I've done a lot more than porn. As far as I'm concerned, that's just one line on my résumé. It's a fat line, of course. But I'm also a mainstream actor of sorts. I've been in a lot of Hollywood films, like *The Boondock Saints* and *Orgazmo* and *Meet Wally Sparks* and dozens of others. And when that doesn't pay the bills, I'm a stand-up comic. I've done my act in nightclubs around the world, and rubbed shoulders with comics from Sam Kinison to Rodney Dangerfield. Oh, and don't forget music—I'm a classically trained pianist and violinist. I've been in more than 13 music videos, performed with Kid Rock at the L.A. Coliseum and other venues, and even recorded a hit single, "Freak of the Week," which was on the *Billboard* charts for more than 27 weeks. My name appears on products from T-shirts to greet-

ing cards to rolling papers to hot sauce to skateboards.

That's awfully ambitious of me, I know. Most people would be happy with just one career, but I had to try everything. I'm not sure why that is. I guess it's because I don't want my gravestone to read, **HERE LIES RON JEREMY, THE GUY WITH THE BIG DICK**. Sure, I'll take that. But if there's room at the bottom, I wouldn't mind if a few of my other credits were mentioned as well. Something that *doesn't* involve my over-size schlong.

"Can we get some more lube over here?" Matt asks.

A stagehand runs over with a tube and I apply fresh lube to the next girl's ass. I put on a fresh condom and move on to Randi, a cute blonde with a set of breasts so perky, they'd take out an eye if she wasn't careful.

"Lift a leg for me, would you, Ronnie?" Matt says. "We need a down-under shot."

I know what you're thinking. "Poor, pitiful Ron. He's not happy getting paid to bonk beautiful women for a living. Oh no, that's not good enough for him. What he really wants is to be a *legitimate* actor. Most people would be thrilled to be the most famous male porn actor of all time. But not Ronnie. He wants our *respect*."

Well, you know what? You're wrong. I'm not chasing some elusive and far-fetched dream. I don't have any illusions that I'm going to be the next Brad Pitt. (At least,

not as long as I keep going back for seconds at the buffet.) I'm just another actor who wants to take his shot. I know that some people—okay, *most* people—will only ever see me as Ron Jeremy, porn star. But I don't want to settle for that. It's too easy. If you wait around for the world's scraps, that's all you'll ever get. But I'm going to hustle for as much as I can. And in the end, if I still get nothing, it was still one hell of a ride. And at least I tried.

"You ready for the pop?" I ask Matt.

"I'm ready if you are," he says.

The girls surround me, sitting on their knees in a semicircle. After almost five hours of fucking, this is the moment of truth. I spray my goo over them, trying to hit as many faces as I can. After every last ounce of protein has been squeezed out of me, Matt calls it a wrap. The girls and I retreat to the back bathroom for a shower.

A half hour later, as I'm getting dressed, I notice a guy in the corner staring at me. He's young and buff, probably in his early twenties at most. I assume he's somebody's boyfriend, as he's the only guy here who doesn't seem to have an actual job. It's not unusual for boyfriends to loiter around the set to watch the action. The business calls them "suitcase pimps," which isn't the kindest nickname. Most of them are pretty nice guys, and this one seems like no exception.

He eventually wanders over and introduces himself. "I'm a huge fan," he tells

me. "When I heard my lady was going to be screwing Ron Jeremy, I nearly flipped out. You're a legend, man."

"Well, I don't know about that."

"It was an honor just to watch you work. I can't believe you boned 14 girls. That has to be some kind of record."

He asks for an autograph, and I'm happy to accommodate. After some small talk, he finally musters the courage to ask the question that has clearly been on his mind all morning.


"So, how big is it?"

"It?" I ask, though I know full well where this is heading.

"Your penis," he says, looking a little embarrassed.

"Oh, that. It's two inches ... from the floor!"

It's my standard joke (which probably comes from Milton Berle, who was also known for having a big one), but he howls with laughter anyway. I thank him again for his kind words and gather my things to leave. As I'm walking toward the door, I can hear him repeating my line under his breath, like it's the funniest thing he's ever heard in his life.

"Two inches from the floor," he giggles to himself. "I wouldn't doubt it." 

From the forthcoming book *Ron Jeremy: The Hardest (Working) Man in Showbiz*, by Ron Jeremy with Eric Spitznagel. Copyright © 2007 by Ron Jeremy. Published by arrangement with HarperEntertainment, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.

RON JEREMY FUN FACTS

BIRTHDAY:
March 12, 1953

REAL NAME:
Ron Jeremy Hyatt

NICKNAMES: the Hedgehog, the Manatee, the Chupacabra

PORN ALIASES:
Ron Hedge, Nicholas Pera, Hiramus Smurkin, Ron Prestissimo, Lolita Brooklyn, Bill Blackman, Lulululush

NUMBER OF PARTNERS: more than 4,000

NUMBER OF PORN FILMS FOR WHICH RON HAS SHAVED HIS MUSTACHE: 2

NUMBER FOR WHICH RON HAS SHAVED HIS BACK: 1,500

AGE AT WHICH RON BEGAN TAKING PIANO LESSONS: 8

AGE AT WHICH RON PLAYED THE PIANO WITH A PENIS MASK ON HIS HEAD IN THE MOVIE *THE RULES OF ATTRACTION*: 49

RON'S PENIS SIZE: 9¾ inches

AMOUNT RON WAS OFFERED BY DIRECTOR ADAM RIFKIN TO PUT HIS PENIS IN BARBARA WALTERS'S DRINK ON *THE VIEW*: \$25,000

AGE OF RON'S YOUNGEST SEX PARTNER: 17 (Traci Lords, in *Sex Fifth Avenue*. She had a fake ID and looked 21.)

AGE OF RON'S OLDEST SEX PARTNER: 87 (Rosie, in *87 and Still Bangin'*)

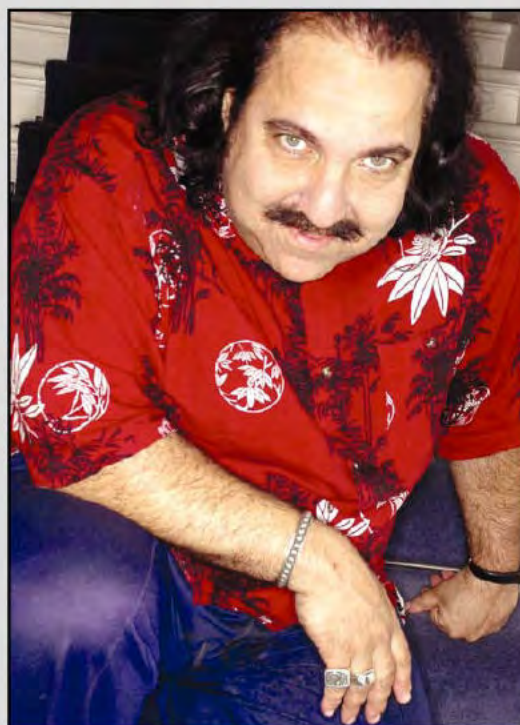
WEIGHT OF RON'S FATTEST SEX PARTNER: 300 pounds (Sindee, in *Fatliners*)

NUMBER OF RON'S PORN FILMS WITH *FAT* IN THE TITLE: 8

RON'S RANKING IN *ADULT VIDEO NEWS'S* TOP 50 PORN STARS OF ALL TIME: 1

AGE AT WHICH RON RECEIVED HIS ADULT-FILM LIFE-TIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD: 50

AVERAGE AGE AT WHICH MOST PORN STARS RETIRE: 36



Photograph by Adrian Callaghan/Patna UK



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Logitech's **MX Revolution** cordless laser mouse is a leap forward in form and functionality. It has a touch-to-search button and improved zooming capabilities that are controlled with a thumb wheel. \$100. Logitech.com



Fujitsu's **LifeBook N6420** notebook doubles as an HD DVD player. It features an Intel Core 2 Duo Processor, an ATI Mobility Radeon X1600 graphics card, and a built-in stereo system with subwoofer. \$1,499. Fujitsu.com



ViewSonic's **VX2235wm** high-def 22-inch wide-screen LCD monitor has a resolution of 1,680 by 1,050. The slim-bezel design and built-in stereo speakers make it a stylish space-saving unit. \$400. ViewSonic.com



Acer's **Ferrari 1000** notebook with AMD Turion 64 X2 dual-core mobile technology is great for speeding through work. It also has a built-in Acer OrbiCam with 1.3-megapixel resolution. \$1,999. Acer.com



SUCCESS IS NO Stunt

**Is Bam Margera the twenty-first-century Donald Trump?
(Some people call him a jackass, too.)**

"I'm Bam Margera. And I feel like kicking my dad's ass, all day today." Believing that Bam Margera is a jackass is like buying into the idea that Jessica Simpson thinks chicken really does come from the sea—don't fall for it. There's gold in dem dar Hollywood Hills, and this 27-year-old has figured out just what today's under-30 crowd wants. Brandon "Bam" Margera began his wildly successful ride as a 13-year-old pro skater known for his creative street style and outrageous antics. But even as a teen, Margera showed he had entrepreneurial skills that

Photograph by Chris Buck/Corbis Outline

Interview by Chauncé Hayden



would make Donald Trump proud. While still in high school, he created the *CKY* video series, which featured skating, pranks, and stunts, all filmed in his hometown of West Chester, Pennsylvania. Bam's car crash-like charisma would become the basis for the hit MTV television series *Jackass*, followed by *Jackass: The Movie*, *Jackass Number Two*, and of course MTV's popular series *Viva La Bam*.

In addition to Bam's television and film projects, he is heavily involved in the music industry, directing music videos, hosting the Sirius Satellite Radio show *Radio Bam*, promoting his *Viva La*

to Bam's world and everyone else's nightmare."

But who are we to argue with success?

You've made millions being a jackass. Doesn't that make you anything but a jackass?

[Laughs] Thanks! I like to work in, like, a triangle. Know what I mean? I direct something, and when I get sick of that I'll do some *Jackass* shit, and when I get sick of that I'll start skating again. I just keep moving within a triangle. When I get bored I move along to the next thing. The fact that I saved up and bought a 35-millimeter Arri camera gives me the

You came up with the concept for *Jackass* several years ago, before anyone outside of skateboarding really knew who you were. The ensemble cast of characters has earned you and MTV millions of dollars. But after achieving solo success with *Viva La Bam*, why did you come back and do the movie sequel in 2006?

I told Johnny [Knoxville] that I would come back and do the sequel if both of our ideas were on the same page. So I wrote some ideas down and he wrote some ideas down and it worked. But I also told them that if I broke two bones during the

pressure off everybody. It's just about having fun, and we really do have fun!

You've done some pretty stupid things to yourself over the years. Is there anything that you refused to do?

Everything that I refused to do in the *Jackass* films, the director made me do anyway. In the last film, I got a tattoo that says FUCK JEFF on my leg. That's for Jeff Tremaine, who directed *Jackass*.

Is it true you have an image of a penis branded on your ass?

Yeah!

So for the rest of your life you have a penis branded on your ass?

Doesn't that bother you?

Yes. But I don't have to look at it, so what do I care? Although my girlfriend and my mom are both pretty fed up with it.

What is the most misunderstood thing about you?

[Long pause] Man, I don't know. I think a lot of people think I'm a tough guy and I try to start fights or whatever, because I do a bunch of crazy shit. But I'm not a tough guy. I don't claim to be tough or anything.

Are you shocked that you've attracted millions of cult-like followers?

It's kind of hard. I like it when somebody comes up to me in a restaurant or something like that. But, for instance, I was in Australia getting on a plane and there was a school trip getting on the same flight and I literally had to sign autographs for a hundred kids. Hundreds of kids around the age of 15 were all around me, asking for my autograph. It was just a disaster. I had to stay there and deal with it because I had to get on the flight. I couldn't leave. I thought I was going to have a nervous breakdown.

You've been described as one of the most powerful men in Hollywood under the age of 30. Are you really that powerful?

Not really. I just do what I do. I guess the fact that my family is involved in my life

“People think I’m a tough guy and I try to start fights ... because I do a bunch of crazy shit. But I’m not.”



Bands CD/DVD series and tour, and running his Filthy Note record label.

However, interviewing Bam is no easy task. The following one-on-one literally took months of haggling with publicists, agents, and managers to arrange. Even his mother April (who stars on *Viva La Bam*) got involved, desperately trying to convince her hopelessly distracted son to please return our calls. Eventually, a frustrated Mrs. Margera tossed in the towel, declaring, "I give up! I just can't take this anymore!" One of Margera's former publicists put it this way when I asked for some advice: "Welcome

ability to save the rock bands that I like money, with me editing their videos and directing them.

How did you go from skateboarding and ... well, being a jackass, to learning to direct music videos?

I learned by doing skate videos. I watched this one guy edit a skate video for ten days straight. I watched his fingers and everything he did. He would do something and I would stop him and say, "Okay, what was that?" So as soon as I saved up 30 grand, I went out and bought my own editing equipment and started doing it on my own.

filming of *Jackass Two*, I would be done. Whatever footage they had of me would have to be enough. The only problem was that I never broke any bones.

Every time you do a jackass stunt, don't you have to do something even dumber the next time to keep fans interested?

That's what I thought I had to do. I'm always concerned about that. How do we keep making *Jackass* movies better? I mean, in the first one we were just flipping golf carts and shit. But we all agreed that it's not about doing more outrageous stunts, it's just about having fun. That attitude takes the

and all my friends from high school and stuff like that is a good thing. I've included all of them along with the whole trip. I guess that's the reason why I've been described as being powerful. I didn't go to Hollywood alone and make something happen. I took Hollywood to West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Part of your appeal is that you include your family in everything you do. But recently, your nearly-as-famous uncle Vincent, who's known as Don Vito, was charged in Denver with inappropriately touching underage girls. How has that affected you personally, and the entire Bam franchise?

I just think it's a situation blown completely out of proportion.

Do you worry now about who you allow to get close to you, considering you're a target for lawsuits?

I definitely watch my ass. Know what I mean? I'll look at a situation and quickly realize a dude is trying to start a fight with me simply because he hopes I'll hit him and it will become a lawsuit.

Who keeps track of all the money?

My dad.

Do you know exactly what you're worth?

My dad does all my paperwork. He spends 24/7 dealing with my shit.

So if I ask you how much money you have in the bank, could you tell me?

I couldn't, but my dad could. I think that's good, too, because people—like lawyers who handle your money—will always find ways to charge you more money because they know you have it and you can afford it. But my dad handles my money, so if he wants to rip me off, he can! He can go ahead and do it because he doesn't like anything but freaking Elvis CDs! He even drives a Toyota truck! I keep telling him to go out and get himself a nice Lexus or something. But he tells me he doesn't want it. He



just likes the truck that he has. He's probably the best person to deal with my money.

Despite your success, you still live in the Pennsylvania suburbs. Why not move to where the action is?

Because all my friends are there.

No temptation to move to Hollywood?

I'm there so much, I guess I should probably get a place. But every time I go, somebody else pays for the hotel. So I might as well let them keep paying for it.

Let's talk about the one thing you're reportedly terrified of: snakes.

many female fans, go out and get married?

Because I've known Melissa since sixth grade. I don't know, I guess I just like the hometown thing. I've known what she's been about for so long now. It's not like some fake Hollywood hot girl.

Is your fiancée concerned about you telling Howard Stern on his show that you had sex with Jessica Simpson?

No! Everything is always misquoted. I never even said that. I knew Howard was going to pressure me into talking about it, and I dodged it as best I could. But after an hour of the

of shit would get her a two-page spread in *People*. And guess what—it did.

I read that Jon Bon Jovi contacted you out of the blue to hang out. Did you find that odd?

He called me to see if I wanted to go to a football game for his Philadelphia arena team. I went and it was cool. We just sipped on beer and watched the game and talked and shit. His son is a big fan of my show and we got along really well.

Ever have an awkward moment with a celebrity who called just to hang with you?

Sean Penn was shooting a movie in New York and his

and "Where's my fucking Budweiser?" I'm like, "Vito, there's a kid here!" He's like, "What are you talking about? It's Spicoli! He's married to Madonna! You think the kid hasn't seen porno?" I couldn't believe it. I yelled, "Oh, my God! Vito, shut up! He is *not* married to Madonna! You idiot, he's married to Robin Wright!" Vito says, "How do you know?" I yelled back, "Jesus, you're the only one who doesn't!" What an idiot! Sean was really cool about it, though.

That's about as awkward as it gets.

I know!

We all have vices. What's yours?

My worst habit is that I tend to drink a bit much. When I get bored or don't get time to skate, it's something to do.


What's the most expensive thing you have purchased since becoming a millionaire?

My most expensive purchase is my Lamborghini Murciélago. After I did the Gumball [3000] Rally in the Purple Lambo, I decided I might have put a little too much mileage on that one, so I picked up the new one in Beverly Hills and had it shipped to my hometown.

What would you do if it all went away tomorrow?

How would I feel if it all went away? Great! I mean, it's a huge pain in the ass. Every lowlife who doesn't know how to work just gets in line to sue you over bullshit. This country is getting sick! You don't wish people well; you just try to make their life tough. So the money's getting low, because all the lawyers are getting it. So anybody who's thinking about suing me, you'd better think about slipping and falling in a mall or something.

Finally, what would you say to all the Jackass wannabes out there who want to follow in your footsteps?

Get signatures for everything, give it 100 percent, trust your family, and never tell anybody how much money you have. 

“How would I feel if it all went away? Great!... Every lowlife just gets in line to sue you over bullshit.”



Photographs by Ryan Gabe

I really am terrified of them! Big time! I made the poor decision to tell the *Jackass* guys that. It just gave them the okay to bring snakes around me.

Did you see the movie *Snakes on a Plane*?

No. I think it's a ridiculous movie. The name is just so stupid. What's next, *Bees in the Shitter* or *Turtles on the Bus*?

This past summer you got engaged to Melissa Rothstein, and I hear there's going to be a February wedding. Why would a guy your age, with so

same question, you just have to make a comment to move the show along to a new topic. The comment was simply a pure joke turned into a serious quote. Total bullshit!

So—on the record—you never had sex with that woman, Jessica Simpson?

Never. It was all a joke blown out of proportion. End of story.

Is it also a joke that an ex-girlfriend is threatening to write a tell-all book?

I don't give a shit. I'm sure she'll never finish it. I guess she thought saying a bunch

son Hopper came out to visit with him. Anyway, he calls our office and says his son is a huge fan of mine; can he come to my house and watch the taping? Well, Knoxville is in town, too, so why not?

Sean and Hopper get in on some of the filming that's going crazy, and we had a lot of fun that whole episode. During the second day of filming, my mom is trying to comb tar out of Knoxville's hair, Sean and Hopper are hanging around, and in comes [Don] Vito. Of course he's like, "Fuck this!"

PENTHOUSE

Takes Broadway



Our "Stand-Up Guys" column came to life recently at the legendary New York City comedy club Carolines on Broadway. Five comics we've featured in our pages kept the crowd in stitches, and three of our loveliest Pets—Aria Giovanni, Brea Lynn, and Krista Ayne—spiced up the proceedings between sets. We had so much fun, we're going to make it a habit. Check the calendar at Carolines.com for the next one, come have a few laughs, and meet our gorgeous Penthouse Pets. In the meantime, here's a highlight reel from opening night.

Rick Shapiro

"The girls I grew up with weren't like this. I grew up in the Italian-Jewish-Irish-Black-Dominican-Puerto Rican section, where I was breast-fed by sweaty Hasidics in dirty shirts."

We spent the evening in the capable hands of emcee **Chuck Nice**, who shared the stage between acts with April 2006 Pet of the Month **Krista Ayne**, July cover girl **Aria Giovanni**, and November Pet of the Month **Brea Lynn**—all of whom made sure several audience members went home extremely happy.



LIVE AT CAROLINES IN NEW YORK CITY



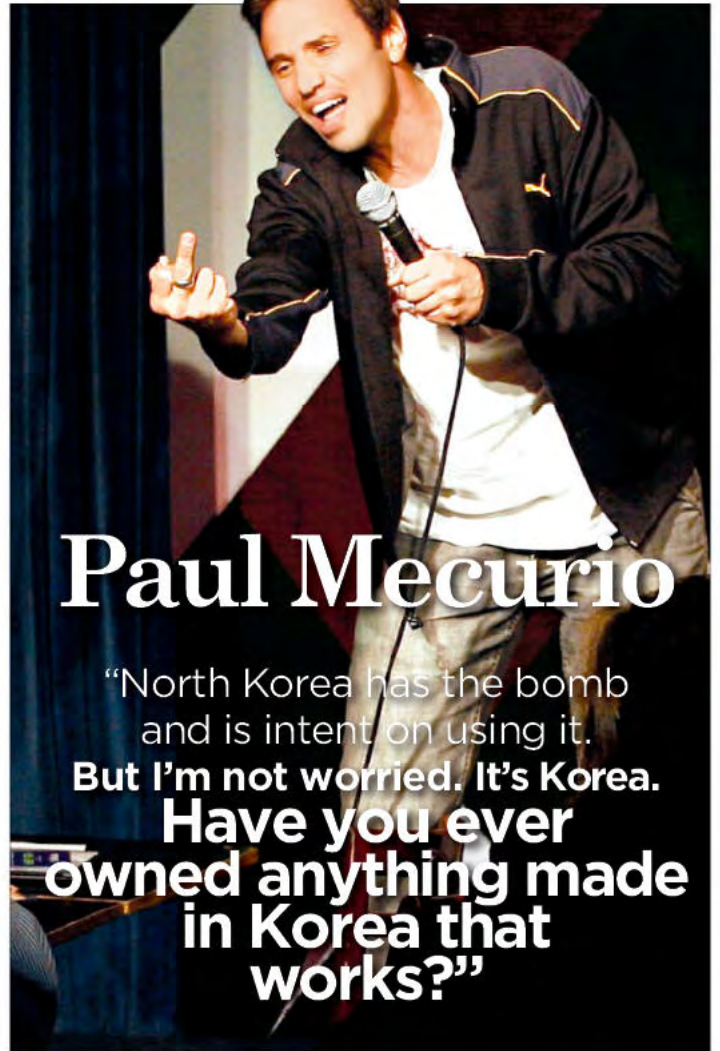
Pete Correale

"You know it's time to rein in your drinking when your friends and family throw you a surprise birthday party and **right before they yell 'Surprise!' you look at them all and think, Oh shit, is this an intervention?"**



Russ Meneve

"I'm so broke. Ever get that letter from Social Security predicting your future benefits? **I opened mine, it was a picture of me in bifocals blowing someone for the rent.**"



Paul Mecurio

"North Korea has the bomb and is intent on using it. **But I'm not worried. It's Korea. Have you ever owned anything made in Korea that works?"**



Chuck Nice

"Doing a show like this for *Penthouse* brings together my two favorite things— **comedy bits and beautiful tits.**"





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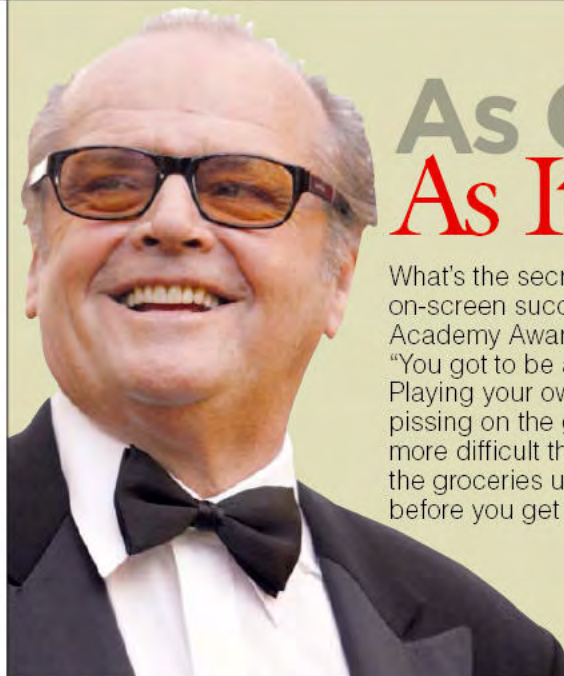
LETTERS' readers sexcapades brought to life! Erotic letters, stories, and more!

She's Got the Fever

"Contrary to popular belief, I'm not promiscuous. There does seem to be a mistaken belief out there that I am sexually available somehow—which is not to say that I'm not open-minded about sex. Yet I wouldn't say I'm a serial monogamist, either."—**Scarlett Johansson**



Has the Canadian army met its match? Canuck troops fighting Taliban militants in Afghanistan have run up against an unlikely enemy: ten-foot-tall marijuana plants. Since Taliban fighters use the forests for cover, Canadian forces have had difficulty clearing the brush. "We tried burning them with white phosphorous—it didn't work," one general said. "We tried burning them with diesel—it didn't work. The plants are so full of water right now ... that we simply couldn't burn them." We suspect American college kids would know just what to do.



As Good As It Gets

What's the secret to **Jack Nicholson's** on-screen success? The three-time Academy Award-winner explains, "You got to be able to play anything. Playing your own grandmother pissing on the ground should be no more difficult than carrying the groceries up the driveway before you get shot."



With Friends Like These ...

Matthew Perry jokes that when he misses the glory days of his *Friends* stardom, he simply pops in a copy of *Fiends*, a DVD featuring porn stars that resemble the show's cast. Too bad for Perry's undersexed *Fiends* alter ego, though. "All of the characters are sleeping with each other," Perry says, "except for the guy who is playing Chandler... Throughout the entire film [he] just sits in the corner, wearing a vest and masturbating."

Jug Shots

When a number of German women got boob jobs under fake names and stiffed the plastic surgeon on the bill, the doc released before-and-after pictures of their breasts to authorities, hoping the "wanted posters" would lead to the females' identification.

Play It Again, Ma'am

After catching **Diora Baird** in *Wedding Crashers* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Beginning*, we'd pay to see her in just about anything. But the 23-year-old seems concerned about a lack of good roles: "Most of the time you're playing the girlfriend or the crazy girl or the stripper—always the stripper! I mean, how many strippers can I play? I can do a lap dance phenomenally, and that's not a good sign, because I'm not a stripper!" We don't object to type-casting as long as "hot" is the end result.



Taking Care of Business

Hulk Hogan, take note: Your daughter **Brooke** isn't just a daddy's girl. She knows how to please a man. "I take care of my guys," says the pop starlet. "I'm affectionate and I give good back rubs."

Photograph (bottom) by Mario Anzuoni/Corbis

Red-Letter Day

Kudos to **Angie Everhart** for putting the "up" in pick-me-up: "When I'm having a bad day, I dress up and I put red underwear on. There's something about having red underwear."



Yes, But Is He Dancing on the Ceiling?

He's gone "All Night Long" and been in "Endless Love," but has a career spent crooning sappy songs sweetened **Lionel Richie**'s opinion of himself? "I am a legend in my own mind," he professes, "the greatest porn star I know. You can't be a love-song writer and not be the greatest porn star."



Finger-Lickin'

Usher has topped the music charts, but perhaps he should get to work in the kitchen. Asked about the dish he would create, he replied, "Female on a Plate. It would be any kind of dessert I eat—chocolate cake, banana pudding. They have Sex on the Beach. Why can't I have Female on a Plate?"

A Real Cover-up

The punishment fits the crime, but now inmates at Vanderburgh County Jail in Evansville, Indiana, have one less thing to look forward to. Detention-center officials issued a dress code for female visitors after several incidents in which women exposed themselves to male prisoners. Women may no longer wear halter tops, sleeveless dresses and shirts, see-through garments, and shorts cut higher than two inches above the knee—and "adult female visitors, as well as females who would have need of a bra, shall be required to wear a bra."

Cleanup in Checkout

As if waiting in line at the supermarket weren't unpleasant enough, one New Yorker showed just how pissed off he was when he climbed on a grocery-store conveyor belt, whipped out his dick, and peed all over the register. He wisely fled the scene before staffers and fellow shoppers could react.

London Calling?

Kate Winslet, on what it's like to work with the star of the *British Office*: "**Ricky Gervais** tries to fuck you up. He'll fart in the middle of a scene and won't crack a smile."





STORMY

This 27-year-old Baton Rouge, Louisiana, native is one of the hottest porn stars in the world. Now she's achieved another career goal: "I've wanted to be a Penthouse Pet since I was a teenager."

Photographs by Brett Bereny



When asked about her ideal job, a sly grin crosses Stormy's face. "I'm doing it right now," she laughs. "My second choice would be working at Victoria's Secret. I wanna walk around with that tape measure and feel women up!"







We're looking for the hottest girls in America. Go to PenthouseModels.com





Stormy has worked with some of the sexiest men (and women) in the adult industry, but she has her eyes on another prize. "I'm extremely embarrassed to say it, but I'm newly obsessed with *Jackass* just because I want Johnny Knoxville!"







MISS STORMY DANIELS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Stormy

VITAL STATS:

27 years old, 5'7"
36DD-24-36

FAVORITE FOODS:

anything chocolate, and crawfish étouffée—but it has to come from Louisiana

FAVORITE WORKOUT:

striptease aerobics

FAVORITE SEX SCENE:

Angelina Jolie and Ethan Hawke in *Taking Lives*. They do a scene in a bedroom where he throws her up against a dresser. That that wasn't porn is insane!

FAVORITE CELEBRITY:

Mariska Hargitay of *Law & Order: SVU*—she's beautiful and talented, and she uses her celebrity to do something good.

FAVORITE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE:

on top of a pyramid in Mexico, in broad daylight!

PET PEEVE:

people who cut in line

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I'D:

donate half of it to help rebuild New Orleans, then splurge with the other half and buy myself a really nice show horse.

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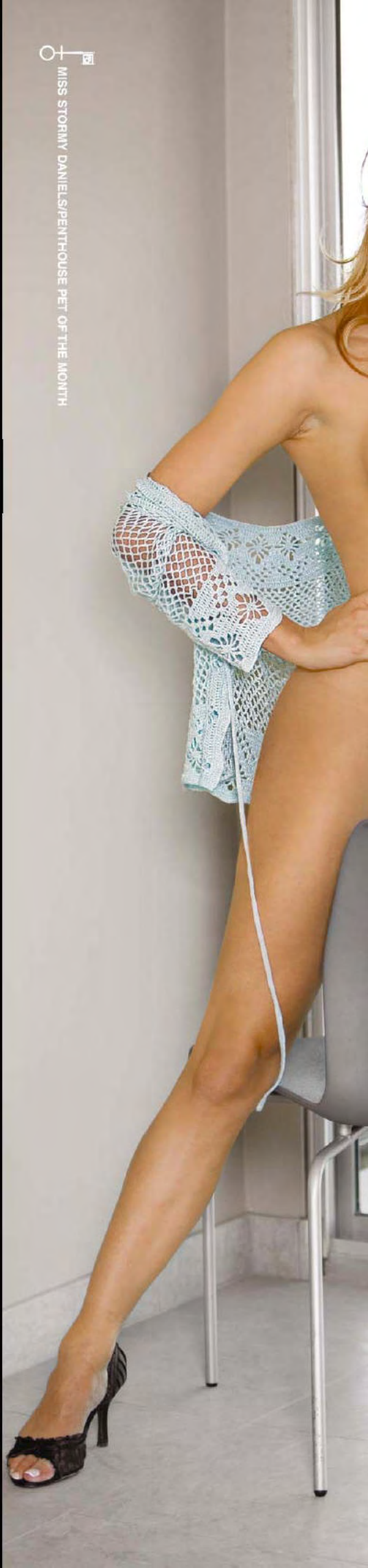
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Sex Is the New Black

I was out carousing with friends the other night when some guy asked me what I do for a living. "I write for magazines," I told him. Noticing I have a vagina, he asked if I'm a scribe for fashion mags. I looked down at my ratty jeans and T-shirt and laughed. "No, quite the opposite, actually."

"Oh, so more intellectual stuff?" he guessed.

"Only if you consider blow-jobs a thinking man's activity."

I described my job as a sex columnist and had the realization that maybe sex and fashion really *aren't* that different. After all, they're both better when you find the perfect size, and both can result in pleasure (multiple orgasms/

guys finally figured out how to find the G spot. The U spot is a small patch of tissue located between the urethra and clitoris that was recently discovered by American clinical researchers—on some very lucky volunteers. Researchers found that gently caressing the area provoked an "unexpectedly powerful erotic response." My friend Jen felt the U-spot boom by accident when she was doing her boyfriend. "He was poking his dick against the area right below my clit, and it felt really good!" she wrote in an e-mail. "I told him to keep going and eventually, I had a kind of orgasm I had never felt before." Then she exclaimed—with

emoticons—"It was definitely an unexpected surprise!:)")

WIKIPEDIA IS THE NEW KAMA SUTRA

People have been reading the Kama Sutra for centuries, but really, isn't it a little passé to be taking sex advice from a book that originally had a polygamy-happy chapter titled "Conduct of the Chief Wife and Other Wives"? Plus, it was written in Sanskrit by a celibate scholar. In modern days, we can rely on the Internet to do our sex-manual surfing. Wikipedia.org, an online encyclopedia that provides user-submitted info on anything from the world wars to *Star Wars*, also details a list of

illustrated sex positions. So if you're itching for a new way to do it in the butt, click on "anal-specific positions" and Wikipedia will provide ass-friendly maneuvers. And if you want to jerk off to an illustration of a woman eating herself out, just click on "autocunnilingus." Then regret that you never became an illustrator.

PALMS ARE THE NEW COCK

Gone are the days when women saw a man's cock size as an indicator of his sexual prowess. According to palm-reader Nathaniel Altman, author of *Sexual Palmistry* (Adams Media Corporation), the lines in your hands can reveal sexual habits and preferences. You can determine sexual compatibility with people by comparing palms. Or, you know, just fuck them.

"If you **want to jerk off** to an illustration of a woman **eating herself** out, just click on 'autocunnilingus.' Then regret that you **never became** an illustrator."

multiple compliments on your ass in those jeans) or regret (waking up next to a hunchback/seeing photos of yourself looking like a hunchback).

Like fashion, sex has its classics. What the little black dress did for wardrobes, the missionary position did for sex. Yet there are also sex trends, like newfangled romp positions or recently discovered orgasmic spots on the body, that are constantly being hyped. It's the colloquial "this-is-the-new-that" expression that has humped its way into the sex world. Here are some of the latest trends.

THE U SPOT IS THE NEW G SPOT

Figures there would be a new orgasmic area discovered in our lady parts right when



SCREECH IS THE NEW PARIS

In our celebrity-obsessed society, we're not just concerned about who an actress is wearing, but also who she's boning. And thankfully, many of these celebs are doing it on video and really suck at hiding the tapes. First there was Pam and Tommy on the boat, then Paris and that guy in the dark, and now we've all heard about Dustin Diamond and ... two girls?! Not just that, but the actor who played Screech on *Saved by the Bell* allegedly administered a dirty Sanchez to one of the ladies. Which makes me wonder: Could the dirty Sanchez be the new publicity stunt? ☹️

Handling the Hottest Handlebars

BMW's Knockout Punch

BMW has taken its classic, horizontally opposed engine to bold new levels of performance with the properly pumped-up R 1200 S.



One of the greatest things about a motorcycle is the engine. Duh, I know. Without something to burn the fuel in the tank, all you'd have is an unusually heavy, expensive bicycle with no pedals. But motorcycles knock cars out of the ring when it comes to the variety of engines that propel them, and the different types have their own singular feel, power band, and vocal signature that make the ride unique. One of the most

distinctive and oldest of these is the BMW Boxer twin.

It's hard to believe when you thunder away on the R 1200 S, but the engine in this motorcycle has been around in more primitive forms since 1923. This twin-cylinder design is called a Boxer because the horizontally opposed pistons are trying, figuratively, to beat the crap out of each other. They sit directly opposed at 180 degrees, with each piston taking a punch



while the other rests. The result is not meaningless violence but balance, which leads to smoothness and ultimately good, linear power delivery and great longevity. These attributes have made BMW's legendary Boxers seriously popular with the touring set, but rarely desired by those craving the kind of power that rips your shoulders from their sockets when you yank the throttle open.

However, the R 1200 S has 122 horsepower, which makes pleasing dislocations available at the twist of your wrist. This in itself would be laudable, but it's

engine case. The rear single-sided Paralever swingarm houses the shaft drive and likewise bolts the Boxer, so you not only have track-ready rigidity, but you also get an amazingly compliant ride, especially with the optional Ohlins shocks.

I hate to use buzzwords, since excessive buzzing either means your iPod has joined you in the hot tub or there are bees in your helmet, but the term *synergy* perfectly describes what makes this such a bodacious Beemer. The power is plentiful and intensifies in the upper reaches of the rev range, but the chassis nearly outshines it when you



only one aspect of a truly unique sport bike. Thanks to the engineering expertise at this company, the S boasts the latest versions of all the trick technology that BMW has been developing for their two-wheelers for years. The engine itself serves as most of the frame; the front suspension is the famous Telelever arrangement (using an auto-style A-arm instead of conventional front forks), which bolts directly to the

launch this German down a twisty, bumpy back road. The Telelever front end eats up bumps and is especially brilliant in concert with the optional ABS brakes. The ergonomics are sporty without punishing your wrists or spine, and steering is quick without being twitchy on high-speed interstate runs. Throw in options like heated grips and you've got the ultimate boulevard sparring partner. BMWMotorcycles.com

BMW R 1200 S

Specifications

Engine type:	Air/oil-cooled Boxer twin
Bore x stroke:	101 mm x 73 mm
Displacement:	1,170 cc
Fuel system:	Fuel injection
Ignition:	Electronic BMS-K engine management
Transmission:	Six speed
Front suspension:	BMW Telelever, fully adjustable
Rear suspension:	BMW Paralever, fully adjustable
Front brakes:	BMW EVO, dual 320-mm discs (ABS optional)
Rear brake:	BMW EVO, single 265-mm disc (ABS optional)
Front tire:	120/70 17
Rear tire:	180/55 17
Fuel tank:	4.5 gallons
Wheelbase:	1,485.9 mm (58.5 inches)
Seat height:	830.6 mm (32.7 inches)
Dry weight:	419 pounds
MSRP:	\$14,725

Bold, aggressive styling and a unique suspension make the S an upstart among sport bikes, but BMW's comfort and durability are still in the DNA.



DRIVING FORCE

Your Fast Track to Speed and Style

Jaguar's Supercharged Cat

If you thought the new XK was good, you'll love the pumped-up XKR, with 120 more horsepower and huge fat tires.



The most beautiful thing about the XKR may not be all those sensuous curves and surfaces on the aluminum body, but the supercharged all-aluminum V-8 engine under the slotted hood.

The new Jaguar XKR coupe and roadster take the marque's sports-car performance to a whole new level. The R versions add a supercharger and two intercoolers to the 4.2-liter V-8 engine, bumping output from 300 to 420 horsepower. And that's just the beginning. The all-aluminum body and chassis are slimmed-down versions of the previous XKR frame.

In order to get 40 percent more power to the ground, Jag-





Jaguar's savvy engineers upgraded just about everything under the car, including the six-speed automatic transmission, which is now fitted with paddle shifters that ensure you keep your hands on the wheel.

The silky-smooth suspension is sportier, but still as comfortable on the open road as the regular XK suspension. The car corners hard, sticking to the asphalt thanks to the upgraded springs, electronically controlled shocks, and bigger 19- or 20-inch wheels. For extra stopping power, the ABS disc brakes are 26 percent larger than before.

First-rate cosmetics always grace Jaguar's R models, and the XKR sports a new hood, grille, front bumper, front spoiler, and



driving lamps that set it apart from the regular XK. The interior is rife with special treatments, including sport bucket seats, your choice of burr walnut or aluminum "weave" interior trim, and a touch screen for navigation, entertainment, and climate-control functions.

During our test drive in northern Spain, we were impressed with the overall quality feel of the XKR, the tight fits, the premium materials, the gorgeous paint job, the authentic wood trim, and the very comfortable and supportive bucket seats.

In motion, the XKR moves like the big jungle cat it's named for, and the supercharged V-8 roars better than any previous Jaguar V-8. JaguarUSA.com

JAGUAR XKR

Specifications

Body style:	2+2 coupe or convertible
Engine:	4.2-liter supercharged V-8, DOHC 32-valve, electronic fuel injection
Power:	420 horsepower
Torque:	413 foot-pounds
Transmission:	Six-speed automatic
Front suspension:	Independent, double wishbone
Rear suspension:	Independent, double wishbone
Wheelbase:	108.3 inches
Tires:	245/40 ZR19 front 275/35 ZR19 rear
Curb weight:	3,671 pounds (coupe) 3,781 pounds (convertible)

Performance

0-60 mph:	4.9 seconds (coupe) 5 seconds (convertible)
Top speed:	155 mph (governed)
Drag number:	.34 Cd
Base price:	\$86,500 (coupe) \$92,500 (convertible)



The new six-speed transmission has a sport mode—back and over—and once that change is made, the driver can use the new paddle shifters mounted behind the steering wheel.



It's not the thought that counts—unless that thought is shaped like the most perfect gift she's ever received. No pressure. We've got the stuff to make your Valentine's Day sizzle. **Service by Linda Giustino**

S U R V I V I N G



Day



Your girl will look like she stepped right from the pages of *Penthouse!*
Red-hot camisole and shorts. \$25.
Coquette.com. **Lycra and fishnet shorts** (next page). \$20.
PenthouseLingerie.com





The Write Stuff

Whether she's saying "Thank you," "I love you," or "Pack your things and go," she'll love sending the message with Chinese-inspired notecards from Joy by Mel Lim. \$6 to \$28. Larger assortments of cards, boxes, and wraps are also available. Prices vary. JoyByMelLim.com

Sweets for Your Sweet

Top off a romantic dinner by serving her fresh strawberries drizzled with white, milk, or dark chocolate (right). Then you can prove to her once and for all that sex is indeed better than chocolate. Prices vary. Berries.com



Assorted Pleasures

Give her a mouth-gasm with an Ultimate Chocolate Holiday Gift Basket (left). Pick out her favorites from among the Champignons Caramel, chocolate pearls, or assorted bonbons and she may serve you something sweet right back. \$100 to \$1,000. ChocolatMichelCluizel.com



Sugar and Spice

Dress your girl in this sexy GOOD GIRLS ARE PRETTIER tee and she'll show you that pretty girls have a bad side, too. \$32. GoodGirlBrand.com



Sure Shot

Tequila can inspire you to do body shots off strangers, and it can make a romantic Valentine's Day gift. Nab a bottle of Jose Cuervo flavored tequila in Citrico, Oranjo, and Tropiña. \$19 each. Cuervo.com



Grape Expectations

Cabernet Sauvignon Clone from Beaulieu Vineyard is a classy way to start your evening (or morning after). This all-purpose Napa Valley wine is great for an intimate dinner or a party. \$125. BWWines.com



Stylish Sack

Encourage naughty sleepovers with the Matilde overnight bag. It comes in three sizes, so she can carry all her stuff home instead of leaving beauty products in your bathroom. \$225 to \$275. MyRebe.com





SEX TIPS FROM GIRLS' FAVORITE MAGAZINES

How She

Reels You In

It's no secret that the qualities a guy looks for in a woman for a casual hookup are not the same ones he seeks in a life partner. So when she's done sowing her oats and wants to settle down, how can a woman become the kind of catch that gets a man to keep coming back? Well, it depends on which women's magazine is dispensing the advice.



Men like women who can joke around without being cutting, *Glamour* counsels, because this shows fearlessness. Men are attracted to women who laugh at their jokes because they find them genuinely funny, not because they're trying to kiss up. There's nothing more appealing than a woman with a hearty, natural laugh. And since even a "serious" relationship should be fun, men like women who are comfortable with themselves, their bodies, and their sexuality. And since men are a bit insecure and want to feel needed, girls should be sure to hint at vulnerability beneath all the good humor.

There's one word that will make a man nuts for a girl, according to *Cosmopolitan*. Say his name. "Just hearing it is an aphrodisiac," says body-language expert Eve Marx, author of *Read My Hips*, "because it means that you're only thinking about him." Name-calling turns men on because "it's tied to their primal urge to beat out all the competition." Another way to

sustain a man's interest, *Cosmo* continues, is to remain mysterious. Since men are explorers by nature, "The less he knows, the more he wants to know."

Acting enigmatic might keep him intrigued, but if she wants you to emotionally bond with her, *Redbook's* advice is, "Tell him a secret. This makes him feel special and trustworthy."

Another technique to as-

sure a man that you trust him, *Redbook* continues, is to emphasize his competence. For instance, compliment his driving when he's behind the wheel. Tell him how "masterful" and "in control" he looks. Also, be very impressed with his "uncanny ability to read maps." Away from the car, challenge him to arm-wrestle (but only if he's stronger), and if there's a part

of his body that he doesn't like, tell him how sexy you find it—"Rub me with that big belly" is one tongue-in-cheek example. But compliments may backfire, *Cosmo* warns, unless the guy feels they're sincere. "So when you give him props, stick to this tip: The more obscure and exclusive the praise to him, the more genuine it feels."


Though most men are *not*

it's time to *do* something. *Complete Woman* decrees that men appreciate a woman who is willing to follow his lead, whether it's for "a spontaneous camping trip, an all-night bender, hanging out watching DVDs, or, of course, 'it.'"


CW also notes that men don't like divas, so girls should remember the "car-door" etiquette test: A guy opens the door for a

While being **mysterious can keep** men intrigued, **Redbook** advises, "Tell him a secret. This makes **him feel special** and trustworthy."

that competent and know it, *Complete Woman* says, a guy will fall for a woman who knows him better than he knows himself. A female who can adeptly handle the inner circle of her man's family and friends, and can cover for him in awkward social or business situations, becomes lovable *and* indispensable. But a girl can only stroke a guy's ego for so long before

woman and walks around the car to get in; if she reaches over to the driver's side to unlock his door, she's a keeper. If she doesn't, she's history. Ultimately, the secret to a successful long-term relationship, says *Essence*, is "keeping it real." A woman who hides her personality or pretends to be interested in things that the guy enjoys ends up cheating both of them. A woman who is honest will not only feel better because she's not compromising herself, she'll also find that men want someone who is confident enough to show who she is—warts and all. As one woman puts it, "I can't tell you how happy I am to be in a relationship with someone who accepts every part of me." 

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Steffanie Seaver, researcher and columnist, focuses on health and sexuality issues affecting today's men and women.

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Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Performance?

Ask Steffanie:

Hey Fellas - If YOUR "Timing" issues are keeping HER from scoring the BIG O - then read this letter that reveals the SEX secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!



Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's performance was less than adequate when it came to his "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing creams on the market that might help his stamina and performance but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great, so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend also told him that if he really wanted to improve his control and performance and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **Vivaxa from the makers of Maxoderm (the #1 topical male enhancement product that's recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S. for instantly improving erection quality).** The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on

the planet! It actually HELPS erection quality and firmness. And best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman! Improved erection quality AND enhanced stamina - it seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before - by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter - I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used Vivaxa, a quality control and performance enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** if you call **1-800-556-4021** or visit their website at www.vivaxa.com. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN

Dear Readers,

I did some research on Vivaxa and here's what I found: Vivaxa uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first (and only) sexual performance and control enhancer on the market to utilize Calmosensine™, along with Peptide 171. It soothes overstimulation to help men significantly enhance stamina and performance without desensitizing female partners. Check out Vivaxa by calling **1-800-556-4021** or visit www.vivaxa.com and receive a **FREE TUBE PLUS** get **\$200 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order - **FOR A LIMITED TIME**. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Calmosensine™ is a trademark of Sederma, Inc. The information featured above has been compiled from actual letters we've received from a few of our many satisfied customers. PENTV0107



LOS ANGELES

Playing for Pleasure: **Pet**

"I'm exhausted and exhilarated," said **Krista Ayne** (April '06) on the set of a Los Angeles photo shoot during the Pet of the Year Playoff, a weeklong competition to determine which luscious ladies will be crowned 2007 Pet of the Year and Pet of the Year

Runner-Up. "No matter how little sleep I've gotten the night before, once the cameras are rolling, I spring into action. I love what I do," the sultry brunette told us.

"The great thing about *Penthouse* is that they select the most diverse women," said **Melissa Jacobs** (October '05). "Every Pet is gorgeous and sexy

in a different way. It would be pretty boring if we all had the same hair color and body type."

Although the love runs deep among the ladies, their competitive spirit won out during oil-wrestling matches and poker games sponsored by AdultPokerParty.com. And once the girls decided to raise the stakes, it was every Pet for herself—as busty **Jennifer Emerson**

(March '06) proved when she got down and greasy with petite **Celeste Star** (July '05). "Celeste had already wrestled **Jamie Lynn** (POY '06, top right) and totally nailed her down," said Jennifer. "I was really nervous! But I guess I didn't realize my own strength, because when I pinned her down with my elbows, she



of the Year Playoff



started turning blue!"
As our current Queens, Jamie Lynn and **Cassia Riley** (POY Runner-Up '06) oversaw the girly action and provided color commentary during the poker game. "A lot of the girls had never even played before, so they got a crash course that morning," said Jamie Lynn. "They really im-

pressed us with their skills. Of course, staring at their beautiful bodies didn't hurt either!" The highest rollers were **Heather Vandeven** (January '06) and Krista Ayne, who have since added gambling to their list of vices.
Between private photo and video shoots, lucky Angelenos were treated to

a Penthouse Lingerie fashion show at Hollywood's Cabana Club. "I've never been on any kind of runway, but I loved the energy," said **Nevaeh** (May '06). Sexy **Charlie Laine** (February '06) drew huge cheers when she hit the catwalk. "I'm living out my dreams," she said. "I actually get paid to do this—it's

unbelievable!"
Don't miss the March and April issues of *Penthouse* to find out who the next sirens of sex, glamour, beauty, and grace will be. And thanks to all the wonderful Pets who gave our readers one of the most breathtaking years in *Penthouse* history!



Putting the *play* in playoff, the ladies prepare to oil wrestle (above top); **CELESTE** (center); **SHAY, MELISSA,** and **CHARLIE** (above) are "all in" for the poker party; **KRISTA** (left) on the catwalk.

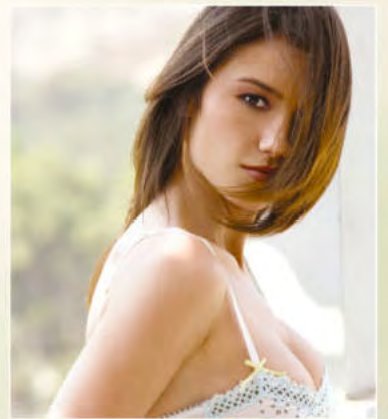
WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS?

Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.





SOFIA



It's hard to believe that 22-year-old Sofia Webber was a tomboy, but she swears she's always preferred football jerseys to fancy dresses. "I wanted to play with the boys and get dirty," she says, "and I still do." Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks



"MODERN" GIRLING



helped me discover my girlie side," Sofia says, "but I'll never give up drinking cold beer on a warm night with a guy I like—and it wouldn't hurt if he could hold his own in a wrestling match with me."



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"FEARLESS"



is the best word to describe me. I'm all about taking risks and going for what I want." See more of this gorgeous babe at Penthouse.com/sofia. Or call 1-800-519-6678 for exclusive Pet interviews.





PENTHOUSE CLUBS

Where the Magazine Comes to Life

PEEK INSIDE



Bring on the Heat!

Florida just got hotter with the opening of the latest Penthouse Club in Tampa.

The South got a double dose of Pet love on October 11 when Brea Lynn (November '06) and Jennifer Emerson (March '06) dropped by opening night of Tampa's brand-new Penthouse Club, located in the heart of the West Shore business district and just steps away from Raymond James Stadium, home of the Buccaneers.

The club spans 8,500 square feet over one floor and can hold up to 326 wild and festive partygoers. Beautiful, sun-kissed bodies dance atop one large stage and a satellite stage in the main room. Throwing a party? Get 50 of your friends together and rent out the VIP room, a private setting filled with ten love seats where you can kick back and relax with a drink or a lap dance away from the crowds.

For a view overlooking the main stage, reserve the champagne room. It accommodates 45 people and is equipped with two booths and tables.

Get pampered with star treatment in the celebrity room, which seats 15 people and boasts two 42-inch high-def plasma televisions that project footage of the main stage, giving you an up-close view of the dancers.

Can't be bothered with crowds? Just make a private entrance through the side door. And if you get hungry, order some prime steak from the club's five-star menu.

Plan your visit for the third Wednesday of every month, when a Pet of the Month drops by the club to sign autographs and dance for lucky patrons until the doors close at 3 A.M.



Brea Lynn and Jennifer Emerson kick back at the festive opening night of Tampa's luxurious Penthouse Club, where great food, stunning decor, and beautiful women greet Sunshine State partiers.

TAMPA, FLORIDA

PENTHOUSE DANCER OF THE MONTH: T.J.

MORE TAMPA CLUB FAVORITES



PAMELA: "I'm a Peruvian princess who loves to let nature take its course!"



RENEE: "I like being in the spotlight and snuggling by the fireplace."



CASSIDY: "I'm privileged to work here as a specially selected Key Girl."



►► "Come in and have dinner with me!"



GET TO KNOW T.J.

Turn-ons: a well-dressed, intelligent, outgoing *man* (no boys!)

Turnoff: bad attitude

Ideal date: just being with a great person

Best thing about the Penthouse Club: sexy coworkers and great food



For more info on events at Penthouse Clubs nationwide, visit PenthouseClubs.com.



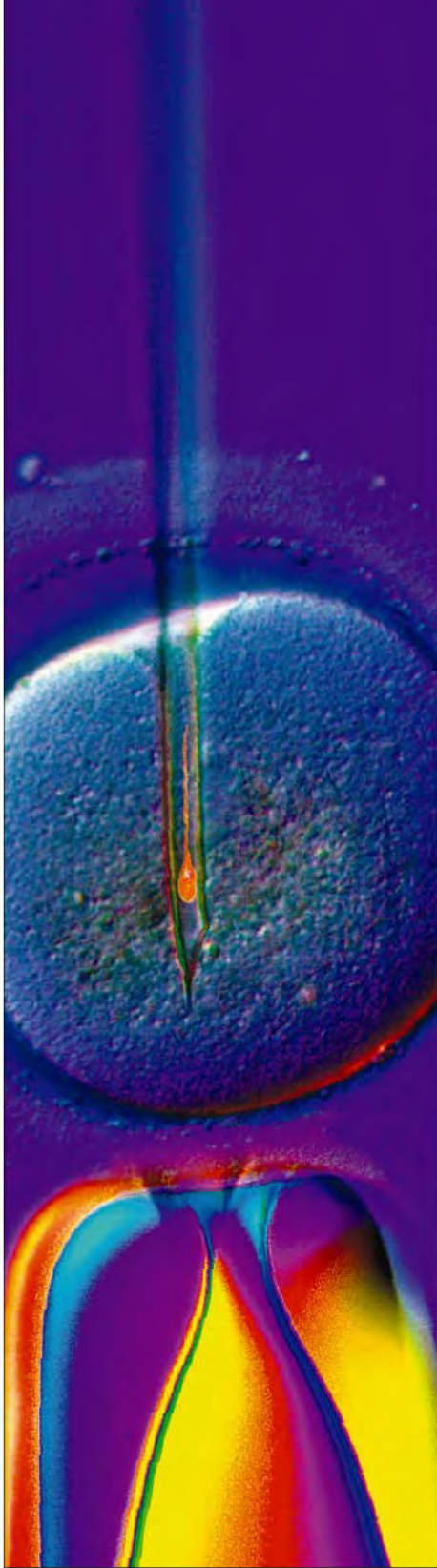
OVA ANXIETY

By Lisa Collier Cool

Selling eggs to infertile women has become big business on campuses—75 percent of egg donors are college-age women. But it's an unregulated business, and even as colleges measure their prestige by the price their coeds demand for their eggs, some unlucky girls—and the men in their lives—are finding out that what they think is an easy payday can have a dangerous downside.

Photograph by John Manno





Photograph by Getty Images

When 22-year-old Jamie Coahran filled out an online job application in winter 2004, she thought some of the questions were weird. The company asked about her favorite food (crab), whether she sleeps with a stuffed animal (no, she prefers to cuddle with her husband, Erik), and if she wishes on stars (yes). But with a chance to earn \$5,000 or more for a few weeks of part-time work, she just hoped she had the right answers. "I put more time and thought into what I wrote [on the eight-page form] than I did on my college application," says Coahran, then a sophomore at the University of Colorado, Colorado

Springs. "I'd just gotten married and had credit-card bills and student loans to pay, so the fee would help us catch up financially."

The employer offered extra pay for special talents or high academic achievement. "I thought I might qualify because I've always been a good student and consider myself well-rounded," says Coahran. "I've been in national competitions in volleyball and dance, doing tap, jazz, and ballet." What's more, the five-foot-ten brunette aced her SATs and has modeled professionally. Her résumé proved irresistible. Two days later, she was hired as an egg donor by a California agency

the *Harvard Crimson* read. "We recycle, floss our teeth, and respect our elders.... Anal personality a plus."

America's campuses have become such a fertile recruiting ground that 75 percent of current egg donors are college-age women. While no one tracks how many students rent out their ovaries, demand for DNA is surging. About 15,000 U.S. fertility procedures a year involve donor ova—a 40 percent jump over figures for 2000. "It's become a kind of eugenics, because people say, 'If I'm paying for it, I want the best egg,'" says Arthur Caplan, Ph.D., director of the Center for Bioethics at the University of Pennsylvania. "They think that if the

"Asian, Jewish, and East Indian DNA is in demand. High SAT scores can also up the price to \$25,000 or more, especially for women with ideal body types."

that shopped her services to infertile couples by putting her profile and photos on its Website. So far, she's made \$18,000 by undergoing three egg-extraction procedures between January 2005 and April 2006. "We used the money toward tuition, got rid of our debts, and started saving for a down payment on a house," Coahran says.

College women seeking similar windfalls don't have to look far. Even as ethicists, lawmakers, and some medical officials try to curtail the trafficking of ova, citing medical and psychological risks, ads targeted at cash-strapped coeds abound in campus newspapers, Websites like Craigslist, and even fliers stapled to trees. "Pay tuition. Help a family," an Internet pitch urges, while an ad in the University of Southern California's *Daily Trojan* proclaims that women ages 18 to 32 can "earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 for a few good eggs." Technically, however, compensation isn't for the actual eggs, since U.S. law forbids the sale of body parts. Women are paid for their time and trouble. But not all ova are created equal. Asian, Jewish, and East Indian DNA is in particular demand. High SAT scores or attending an elite university can up the price to \$25,000 or more, especially for tall, attractive women with ideal body types. While most egg hunters seek "hot and smart donors," as one Website puts it, some have quirkier criteria. "Bright, creative egg donor wanted by loving, playful Boston couple," a classified ad in

seller is smarter, better looking, and more athletic, those traits will be passed along, when it's all a roll of the dice." And coeds are the most coveted donors, he adds. "Colleges have always paid attention to how they're ranked academically, but now the measure of a school's prestige is the price its students can get for their eggs."

If so, the Ivy Leagues are losing their luster. While one firm made headlines a few years ago with its \$50,000 bid for grade-A eggs from a five-foot-ten Harvard athlete with near-perfect SAT scores, that record has been shattered. An October 2005 help-wanted notice, tucked among mundane appeals for stable hands, sales reps for a poker Website, and \$7-an-hour busboys, dangled a whopping \$100,000 in front of any University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, girl who met five requirements: To collect this genetic jackpot, she had to be 18 to 27, of Indian descent, and possess a high IQ, a pleasant personality, and dazzling looks—with photos to prove it.

Caplan and others question the ethics and legitimacy of such offers. Compared to most other countries, where donor compensation is banned, the U.S. fertility industry—which rakes in an estimated \$3 billion a year—is loosely regulated. "America has become the wild west of the reproductive world, because there's no sheriff to protect vulnerable young women from exploitation," he charges. "An ad offering

\$30,000 for a blonde Phi Beta Kappa tennis star may be bait-and-switch, because very few women get big bucks. And does an 18-year-old freshman really understand the medical risks, when there's no standard informed consent to spell out what can go wrong? Some clinics tell women about the risks and others say it's nothing, because it's not in their financial interest to scare off students."

Kacee is a case in point. The University of Texas, Arlington, sophomore was 18 when she spotted an ad promising \$3,500 to \$5,000 to healthy college women with normal weight and good grades. "I wasn't going to jump into it just for the money, but I thought it would be neat to help someone who couldn't have kids," she says. "The ad didn't mention any side effects, so I had to research it. I found out that you can have bloating, soreness, fatigue, or ovary problems, which can be serious. When I went to the agency, they said they never had anything go wrong. Since it seemed so unlikely, I didn't worry."

By the time Kacee, a cheerleader and gymnast, was matched with a couple three months later and underwent psychological screening and blood tests for STDs and genetic problems, she'd turned 19. Everything seemed to go well when she started taking daily hormone injections for about three weeks. The hormones revved up her ovaries to release many eggs at a time instead of the normal one or two per month. During the 30-minute retrieval procedure, she was sedated while a doctor suctioned 40 ova out of her ovaries using an ultrasound-guided needle inserted through the vagina. Kacee woke up a little sore and went home figuring the worst was over. But over the next few days, the teen got so bloated that she looked six months pregnant, and her weight ballooned from her normal 125 to 156 pounds. "I couldn't sleep because the pain was so bad," she says. "On a scale of one to ten, it was a nine."

After vomiting all night, she called her gynecologist for help. "Even though it was Sunday, he said to come right away. They took X-rays and drained two and a half liters of fluid from my belly," says Kacee, who was diagnosed with ovarian hyperstimulation syndrome, a side effect of egg-stimulation drugs. "My doctor said I almost died, because if I'd waited one more day to get treatment, my kidneys would have failed. It was so scary, and I wish the agency had told me more. I knew OHSS was possible, but they made it sound like it never happens." As for the \$3,500 she ultimately received—\$500 of which went to the IRS—"it definitely wasn't

worth it," adds Kacee, who recovered after four days in the hospital. "I'm just lucky I can still have kids."

OHSS can trigger dangerous complications, reports Randall Hines, M.D., director of the In Vitro Fertilization program at the University of Mississippi Medical Center in Jackson. "The ovaries get very swollen and fluid leaks into the abdomen, which can lead to other problems," Hines explains. "In rare cases, fluid collects around the lungs, causing shortness of breath. Also, the blood becomes more concentrated, so a woman can get kidney problems or have a stroke." That's what reportedly happened to a Stanford University student a few years ago, after she received hormone shots to prepare her for what was supposed to be a routine \$15,000 egg donation. The then-22-year-old woman spent eight weeks in a coma after having a massive stroke. Not only did she suffer brain damage and weakness on one side of her body, but she was also hit with \$100,000 in uninsured medical bills.

Such horrendous problems are very rare. "I've never seen that happen," adds Hines. "In our program, the risk of severe hyperstimulation that leads to hospitalization is one percent to three percent. Although it can be fatal—usually from blood clots that travel to the heart or brain—I've only heard of one death, which happened in Chicago."

OHSS isn't the only hazard, however. Former Food and Drug Administration Chief Medical Officer Suzanne Parisian, M.D., is so concerned about the drugs used in donation that she released an open letter in 2005 to warn the public. Many of these powerful hormones haven't been studied for long-term safety, she wrote, and some aren't even FDA-approved for fertility procedures. (Once a drug is approved for any condition, it's legal for doctors to prescribe it in other situations.) Nor is there enough research to rule out a possible link between egg-stimulant drugs and ovarian cancer—the most deadly malignancy of the female reproductive system.

Psychologist Jan Elman Stout, Psy.D., who evaluates the mental health of prospective donors for two Chicago egg agencies, believes that women under 21 shouldn't be allowed to donate their ova. "Their fertility may be optimum, but [from a] psychological point of view, they're unlikely to have the judgment and maturity to make a decision that lasts a lifetime," she contends. "What if they have their own fertility problems in the future, perhaps due to the very unlikely event of developing an infection from donating? It could be devastating to have given up the only child you might ever have. Or conversely, how would they feel if 18 years down the road, a child they helped create knocks



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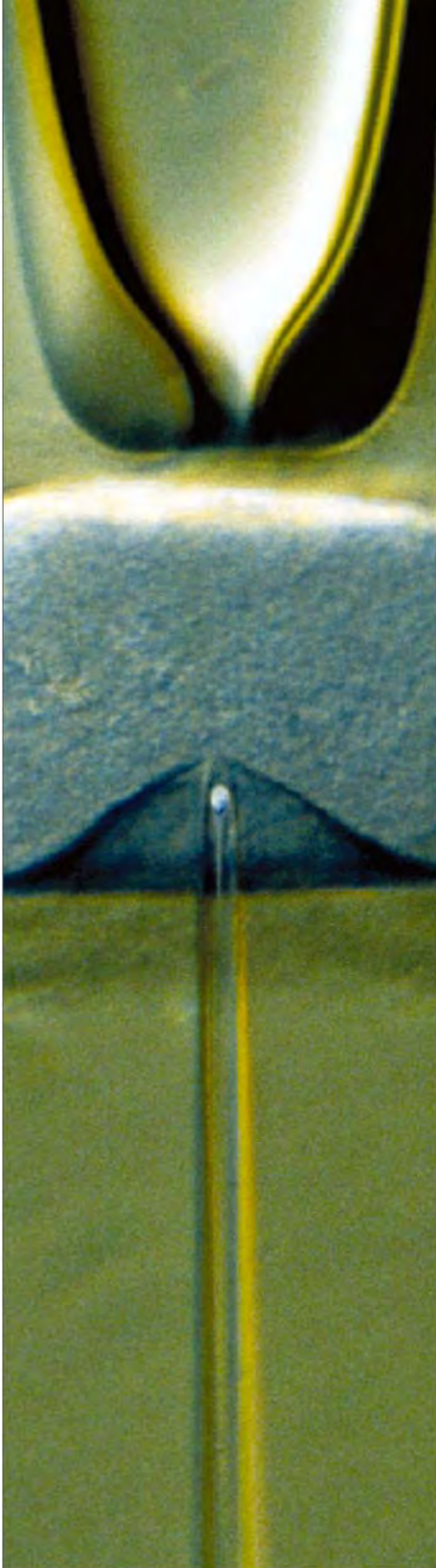
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therapy, since invasive gynecological procedures could trigger traumatic memories. Stout also vetoes anyone who seems truly desperate for money, such as a student facing bankruptcy. Being burdened with less dire credit-card debt or college loans, however, is okay—as long as the woman isn't “coerced” into selling her eggs, the psychologist adds. “The programs I work with accept my recommendations, but some agencies strong-arm consultants into going along with them, or don't ad-

tives were commendable. “When I was 20, I found out that my parents used a sperm donor to have me,” she says. “Since I wouldn't be here without a donor, I wanted to give back by helping out another couple the way someone helped *my* parents.”

But that doesn't mean she turned down the \$5,000 fee. “I was getting ready to graduate, so I needed the money,” explains Littlefield, an athletic brunette who received two awards for student leadership in campus activities.

“There's a booming marketplace in which the ingredients to make babies are auctioned off like commodities, and no one has to say, ‘Let the seller beware!’ ”



on their door, wanting a relationship?” These are tough questions at any age, but she believes that older students or college graduates are more qualified to make a decision they can live with.

Stout rejects about 20 percent of those she screens on various grounds, including a personal or family history of mental illness or substance abuse. “Any sign of instability is problematic, such as being on antidepressants or anti-anxiety medication or being under significant stress, like a divorce proceeding,” she says. Physical or sexual abuse during childhood is also a red flag, unless the woman has undergone psycho-

minister standard psychological tests to check if applicants have any significant pathology.”

Twenty-five-year-old Jen Littlefield is the type of donor Stout would happily accept. Before deciding to donate in 2005, Littlefield, then a senior at the University of Chicago, talked to a friend who had gone through the process four times. Then she thoroughly researched the medical risks and studied the Websites of every egg agency in her city. Instead of looking for the biggest bucks, she selected the two with the longest applications, reasoning that they'd be the most reputable. Her mo-

“The compensation was for my time and I earned it, 100 percent. The whole process lasted six months from when I first got interested. Then I had to give myself shots on a schedule for three weeks and spent at least 60 hours in doctors' offices after starting the meds.” The only side effect? “I had a four-hour hot flash while I was studying for midterms,” she says. “I told my mom I wasn't looking forward to menopause.”


Julia Derek, on the other hand, is a perfect example of why even those within the fertility industry are calling for more oversight. The New York City personal trainer's saga reads like a list of

Photographs by (left and far right) Getty Images and (above) Corbis

everything the American Society for Reproductive Medicine—America's largest organization of fertility specialists—has been trying to stop for the past six years, including excessive fees (amounts of \$5,000 or more require justification, ASRM wrote in a 2000 ethics statement that still stands, while sums above \$10,000 are inappropriate); unethical conduct by doctors or agencies; lack of informed consent; and allowing a high number of donations from the same woman (which increases health risks to the donor and the possibility of inadvertent incest among her offspring).

Derek, author of the memoir *Confessions of a Serial Egg Donor*, was an impoverished foreign-exchange student when she saw an ad for a job that didn't require a green card. "If [the egg broker] mentioned any risks, they went in one ear and out the other," she says. After her first donation in 1996, her abdomen swelled to the size of a seven-month pregnancy and she had trouble breathing due to fluid pressing on her lungs. "I was told I was being a baby, and that only happens the first time," Derek says. She got hooked on what she considered easy cash, making donation after donation as her fees doubled from \$3,500 to \$7,000.

After her sixth sale—which doctors say should be the safety limit—she considered quitting. "I'd heard of this guideline," Derek remembers, but she was told that there were women "who had done it 18 times with no problems. I think the doctors knew what was going on, but it was don't ask, don't tell." And since there's no official registry of donors, Derek's deception went undetected as she collected about \$50,000 for 12 donations over a four-year span. But she paid a steep price. Along with a bout of OHSS, her hormones went haywire. "I had extreme headaches, lost my energy, and cried all the time," she says. "At one point I started thinking about suicide because I felt so horrible." Derek still struggles with depression six years later.

While ASRM's voluntary guidelines have helped clean up the industry to some extent since Derek's ordeal, rogue brokers or clinics are still free to prey on today's students. Arizona state legislators tried to enact measures to ban the sale of human eggs, and to suspend or revoke doctors' licenses if they failed to inform donors of potential health hazards, but Governor Janet Napolitano vetoed both bills in June 2006. That doesn't surprise Caplan. "The right doesn't want to stop people from having kids," he says, "and the left doesn't want to interfere with women's reproductive rights. So we're left with a booming marketplace in which the ingredients to make babies are auctioned off like commodities, and no one has to say, 'Let the seller beware!'" 

THE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

Before donating, most women discuss their partners, says Jan Elman Stout, are initially shocked, because they don't do," she says. "Then they're usually safety and if their wife or girlfriend is afterward. Some guys think it sounds



the decision with Psy.D. "Most men realize this can be concerned about going to be okay like a cool thing to

do. Others are less enthusiastic, but don't feel they have much say in the matter if the woman wants to go ahead."

That was certainly true for Alex, 20. "I was hesitant and didn't know much about it," he says. "It's easy for guys to donate, but it had to be a lot more complicated for a girl. The people she talked to downplayed the risks, but once I found out that hormones were involved, I was quite apprehensive. Suppose they gave her too much medication or she had side effects? I was worried, but since she wanted to do it, in the end, I said that it was her body so it was her choice." His concern proved to be justified, since his 19-year-old girlfriend was hospitalized with ovarian hyperstimulation syndrome. "After that, I told her to never do it again," Alex says.

Garrett, 31, was supportive from the start. "My college girlfriend became very attached to the idea of helping a couple conceive, and since she had such strong feelings, I encouraged her," he says. "I didn't realize that shots and physicals were involved, but I was glad she found an agency to take good care of her. We talked about her having a biological child, but the idea neither excited nor bothered her. For her, it was never about the money, but I'd heard of women getting \$50,000 and wondered why she only got \$5,000 when she was everything the ads asked for: good-looking, very athletic, and amazingly bright. She was valedictorian of her class and made the dean's list every year. I teased her that it was because she was short—five-foot-three—since she had the whole package in every other way."

James, 33, had a lot of questions when his wife, then a 23-year-old student, decided to donate four years ago. "I'd heard of guys getting messed up from steroids, which are a kind of hormone, so we researched the drugs used in egg donation," he says. "The risks seemed pretty small. Since we already had two kids, we didn't have to worry that her fertility might be affected. I found out that while she was on hormones, we'd have to be extremely careful to avoid pregnancy. She'd be making lots of eggs, so you're talking quintuplets or more. You have to abstain as much as possible, or wear really good protection."

How did he feel about his kids having half-brothers or half-sisters they would never meet? "It doesn't offend me that other people have my wife's biological children, because I don't connect it to our family at all," James says. "The way I see it, once she donates to a couple, if they end up with a baby, it's their kid because they're the ones who take care of it. It's not something I really think about. But I'd be lying if I said the compensation wasn't nice: She's done it three times without any problems, and made \$12,000 for her most recent donation. And why not? My wife is pretty and smart—and she took a risk with her body for somebody else's benefit."



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will make your season even cooler.

ICE PICKS

BOOTED UP

Lowa Struktura Pro four-buckle ski boots (left) offer maximum support for backcountry action and are designed for long stretches of trekking and skinning....

BoosterStrap, shown here on the Nordica Beast 10, is a perfect way to improve your ski boot's performance. It wraps around the top, tucking the tongue against your leg for improved responsiveness. Struktura Pro, \$550. LowaBoots.com; BoosterStrap, \$28 to \$42. BoosterStrap.com; Beast 10, \$485. NordicaUSA.com



BOARDING SCHOOL

The **Burton Custom** snowboard is lightweight, but don't let that fool you. It can withstand any abuse you dish out riding rails, thanks to a WFO base. \$500. Burton.com

SOUNDS WARM

The **Sound Pod Parka** with down insulation and water-resistant shell will keep you toasty, while its innovative "music pocket" and detachable headphones in the collar make your ears happy. \$230. Columbia.com

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Protect your fingers with **Dakine's Cobra** gloves. They have a waterproof outer layer, a Gore-tex lining, and a leather palm to help you get a solid grip on your poles. \$70. Dakine.com

STAR SKIS

The **Mojo 80** is a park and pipe ski with a sturdy construction that will hold up on the rails and a balanced flex for stable landings after taking big air. Pro freeskiier Jon Olsson endorses them. \$599. Head.com





SNOW CLAWS

Slip the Kahtoola FLIGHTboot over your sneakers and make hiking in the snow a breeze. When you need to navigate through deep powder, float on the snow with the FLIGHTdeck. FLIGHTboot, \$149; FLIGHTdeck, \$185. Kahtoola.com

HOT STUFF

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Airtime pants are lined with fleece to keep you comfy and warm. They're also water-resistant to keep your butt dry if you're falling all over the bunny hill. \$140 to \$220. Obermeyer.com

SNOWBOUND

Trick out your snowboard with Ride's CAD bindings. They boast an adjustable composite heel cup for a snug feel and a forged aluminum base plate that's lightweight and strong. \$300. RideSnowboards.com







VAMPS

The power of vampires to seduce their prey is the stuff of legend, and with director James Avalon's *Vamps*, the virgin release from Penthouse Video (available at PenthouseStore.com), the myth continues. Join us as we meet the sultry creatures of the night who give this movie teeth.

Photographs by Nicole Sheridan & Voodoo



ALLISON PIERCE

She thinks she's curling up with a good book—a dusty little tome called *Vampyre*—but she finds out otherwise when a pair of spectral studs spring to life. Soon she finds herself impaled on the fleshy stakes of Jay Lassiter and Sascha, sucking them balls-deep before working her way up to a loud and lively D.P. The caped cock-slingers fill her in tandem before leaving their marks on her soul—and all over her face.





JENNA HAZE

Haze, one of the most popular adult-film actresses, portrays a spectral sentry who offers succor to a soldier (Marco Banderas) waiting to cross a bridge. No, that's not as dirty as it sounds, although it does get pretty nasty. The slow, deep blowjob that Haze lays on Banderas leads to a lively sex scene, with several acrobatic positions and a brilliant release. It's the final twist to their scene that sets the tone for the rest of the show.





LEXI LOVE

Little does the call girl played by Love know what lies in store when she shows up for her date with an elderly client (a cameo by F. J. Lincoln). Before the pair get down to "business," Love has given up a mouthful of her life essence to the newly youthful Nick Manning. After a hot B.J. and some fucking that can only be called spirited, Manning returns the favor when he leaves his own essence in her mouth. (Bonus points if you know what classic seventies horror film Lincoln appeared in.)





JEZEBELLE BOND

Her dark beauty alone makes her a natural for a role in *Vamps*, but it's the sexual magic she brews up with Eric Masterson that makes their scene one for the ages. The pierced and inked Bond sucks more than blood to satisfy her desires—and his, of course—until he finally gives himself over to her in more ways than one. If you like your women to have a gothic flair, this will be the scene you'll come back to again and again.



FAITH LEON

Tony DeSergio decides to take a moonlight dip in a haunted resort's pool, only to encounter the slim and seductive Leon. The pair retire to a private room, where DeSergio feasts on Leon's pussy, then takes her in multiple positions by the warm glow of a crackling fire. In this case, Leon's charms have worked against her because she joins the ranks of the undead after a flash of fangs and a damning kiss on her soft, warm neck.



NAOMI

A little bit of role-playing never hurt anyone—or has it? Naomi and Jack Venice find out when they take part in a sex game with a decidedly deadly twist. She gives Venice an impressive oral workout, deep-throating his cock before he turns the tables and goes to work on her other holes. An explosive anal coupling is the high point of their scene, with Naomi bucking, grinding, and riding his prick as her wails of pleasure reach the heavens—or some darker place.







NO MIXED SIGNALS

10 WAYS TO READ GIRLS' MINDS

Not sure if she'd love to give you her number, get naked back at your place, or (gulp) have your baby? Tune into these subtle clues and you'll know exactly what she wants to do—no guesswork required.

★ BY JUDY DUTTON

◆ ILLUSTRATIONS BY THUNDERDOG STUDIOS, INC.

IN AN IDEAL WORLD, WOMEN WOULD COME WITH BUILT-IN ATTRACTO-METERS ON THEIR FOREHEADS THAT WOULD TELL A GUY THINGS HE'D LIKE TO KNOW—LIKE “BACK OFF, BOZO,” “ONE TEQUILA SHOT SHORT OF SHAGGING YOU,” OR, IF YOU'RE HAVING SEX, “WILL REACH BLASTOFF IN TEN, NINE ...” UNFORTUNATELY, WOMEN AREN'T THAT EASY TO READ IN REAL LIFE. BUT COME ON, FIGURING OUT WHAT'S ON OUR MINDS ISN'T LIKE CRACKING WORLD WAR II ENCRYPTION CODES. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WOMEN SEND OUT SLEWS OF SIGNALS THAT, WHILE SUBTLE, SAY PLENTY ABOUT WHETHER WE'RE WILLING TO GIVE YOU OUR NUMBER (THE REAL ONE), IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET LUCKY THAT NIGHT, OR IF OUR ORGASM IS AUTHENTIC. KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THESE GOOD (AND BAD) SIGNS, AND YOUR DAYS OF BUMBLING ASSUMPTIONS ARE OVER.

YOU SPOT A GROUP OF GIRLS AT A BAR. DO THEY WANT TO GET PICKED UP?

GREEN LIGHT

A woman who's constantly breaking away from her posse to order drinks or go to the bathroom is on the prowl. “She's making it easy to get picked off, like a gazelle separating from the herd,” says Patti Wood, author of *Success Signals: A Guide to Reading Body Language*. Also, determine what kind of eye contact she's giving you. A steady gaze is okay, but it's better if she seems to be flitting from one of your eyes to the other at five-second intervals, like soap stars do. “She's trying to take in more information through your facial expressions and figure out if you're interested in her,” explains Maya Talisman Frost, a “mind masseuse” who teaches people how to tune into their environment.

RED LIGHT

Groups of women who whisper or giggle every time a guy walks by may seem promising, but stay away at all costs. “They're on a male-bashing night,” warns Los Angeles dating coach David Wygant. “If you approach, you'll be next on the chopping block.”

HOW TO HANDLE IT

If you like what you see, head over immediately—the longer you sit there and stare before making your move, the wimpier and creepier you'll look. And, while women loathe cheesy pickup lines, you need something better than “Hi, my name's Bill.” “Women couldn't care

less what your name is,” points out Wygant. Instead, try, “Hey, I was wondering if I could get your opinion on something,” and ask them what your buddy should name his Labrador, or whether men or women are better drivers. A heated debate will make the ladies completely forget that you're hitting on them (and that's a good thing).

YOU ASK FOR HER PHONE NUMBER. IS SHE EAGER TO GIVE IT TO YOU OR WRITING DOWN A STRING OF PHONY DIGITS?

GREEN LIGHT

Did she write down her name and cellphone number? Good. Hand over her business card? Better. But



the absolute best is if she hands you her card *and* writes her cell on the back. "This means she trusts you enough to tell you where she works *and* give you access to her private line," explains Frost. With 24/7 access like that, she's as open for business as a Denny's restaurant.

RED LIGHT

She writes down a number—but not her name. No, it's not because she introduced herself two martinis ago and assumes you remember it. It's because she's hoping you *don't*, and won't bother to embarrass yourself by calling and saying, "Hi, um, I don't remember your name, but we met Friday. How's it going?" Getting her e-mail address but no phone number means she's on the fence about you (more advice on how to handle that next). And the messier the writing, the more likely it is that she's praying you'll mistake that dot between her first and last name for an underscore and subsequently fall off the face of the earth.

HOW TO HANDLE IT

If she only forks over her e-mail, call her on her crap with a lighthearted, "What, am I not deserving of a phone number?" to see if you can tease her into giving you more contact info. Or, if you're feeling *really* ballsy, skip exchanging contact info entirely and suggest that you meet up at a local café or bar at a certain time in the next few days. "Tell her you don't flake, and don't respect people who flake on you," says Wygant. "This way, you have a date set up—and she has no way to cancel, forcing her to show up or be absolutely mortified if you ever run into each other again. It may sound harsh, but this approach is different and intriguing."

YOU CALL AND ASK HER OUT ON A DATE. WOULD SHE RATHER MICRO-WAVE A LEAN CUISINE AND WATCH EXTREME MAKEOVER?

GREEN LIGHT

She tells you during your first conversation that she's really glad you called. "This shows she's been thinking about you since you met," Wygant says. If she suggests meeting near her home or office, don't interpret it as laziness or lack of interest. It actually bodes well, since she's willing to let you into her world (bonus points if she wants to take you to a beloved local hangout).

RED LIGHT

Statements such as "I'm so busy these days" or "Work is really crazy this time of year" are big red flags (but not all is lost, see advice below). Also, watch out for women who seem all too eager to meet up ... then whip out their dog-eared copy of *Zagat* and mention they've been working their way through the top 20. "You're part of her gastronomic quest," warns Frost. "Once she's full, she'll move on to restaurant No. 16 with someone else's credit card."

HOW TO HANDLE IT

In some cases, "I'm busy" is the truth. The way to find out is to suggest a celebratory drink after work on the day her "project" is finished—if it's real, she'll be more than happy to meet up then. Another tip: Avoid throwing the ball in her court with "So where do you want to go?" Women like a man with a plan, so make sure you've got some ideas at the ready.

YOU'RE ON A DINNER DATE. DOES SHE WANT "DESSERT" BACK AT YOUR PLACE?

GREEN LIGHT

She pays more attention to her wine than the food. We know, men hate it when women pick at their meal. But don't worry, she'll be happy to chow down later.

RED LIGHT

She's ordered an appetizer, demolished the bread basket, and asked for a refill before the entrées have arrived. A woman with a big appetite on a first date might be confident, but sex is not on her agenda.

HOW TO HANDLE IT

Whether she mows through anything edible or barely touches her paella, pay up (going Dutch? Kiss of death) and see if your generosity can lure her back to your place. "Tell her you'd like to hang out with her more, but your apartment's a mess and there's no way you'd take her there in its present condition," Wygant recommends. "Not only will it appear that you have no interest in sleeping with her, but female curiosity may get the best of her." If she asks to see your digs anyway, invite her in (note: make sure your place is actually clean), but refuse to let her see your bedroom. "Chances are, she'll be so intrigued that she'll barge in on her own," promises Wygant. That's when you exclaim, "I can't believe how ag-

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YOU'VE DONE THE DEED. WILL SHE COME BACK FOR SECONDS?

GOOD SIGNS

She puts on one of your shirts—this is a clear attempt to imbue it with her scent and mark her territory. Note how long it takes her to leave. She lingers for another hug? Another kiss? Another butt grab? Very good. She walks out the door and rings the bell again for another hug/kiss/butt grab? Keep your weekend clear and plenty of condoms on hand, my friend.

BAD SIGN

She bails while you're asleep and leaves a note that reads, Talk soon. "If a woman likes you and leaves a note, she'll make it fun and cute," says Wygant. "Short and ugly means bye-bye."

HOW TO HANDLE IT

Don't conduct a postmortem by asking her if she had an orgasm, or apologizing if you came too quickly. "The less you talk about what happened, the better chance it will happen again," Wygant says. And if she jumps out of bed (to wash up, fix her makeup, tame her sex-tousled hair, or otherwise make herself look more presentable), you'll score major points if you reach for her and beg her to come back, insisting she looks beautiful just the way she is. If you want to see her again, say so—and she may treat you to round two right then and there; but if she beats you to the punch with "When can I see you again?" a response like, "Is an hour from now too soon?" also may result in some instant action.

YOU'VE BEEN DATING FOR A WHILE. IS SHE FALLING FOR YOU?

GOOD SIGN

You catch her watching you do everyday things like shave or read the paper, and when you ask what she's thinking, she says, "Nothing," grins, and kisses you. "She's picturing what it would be like to settle down with you," says Frost. And she likes what she sees.

BAD SIGN

You catch her watching you do everyday things like shave or read the paper, and when you ask what she's thinking, she shakes her head and says, "Nothing." No smile, no kiss? She's picturing what it would be like to settle down with you, and she doesn't like the idea one bit.

gressive you are!" and put your arms around her to close the deal.

YOU'RE MAKING OUT WITH HER—HOW CAN YOU TELL HOW FAR SHE'LL GO?

GREEN LIGHT

Gasps, expletives, and deity references are all good. If you're not sure, pull away as if you have reservations and see how she reacts. If she looks like a crazed cat in heat, that's good. If she immediately pulls you back into a kiss, that's better.

RED LIGHT

If she's rubbing your chest, that's promising. But the minute you feel the slightest push, "that's the universal sign for 'not so fast,'" Frost says. "It's not a definite 'no,' just a warning that you should advance slowly."

HOW TO HANDLE IT

A little reverse psychology can work wonders here. "Say, 'I really want to be with you tonight, but I don't want you to do anything you're not ready for,'" Wygant advises. "Then look her in the eyes and shut up." If she smiles, she's ready and willing. If she looks down, she's thinking about it. In that case, repeat the above line and she may cave. "She wants to trust you," Wygant says. "And once she does, you're in."

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'RE HAVING SEX ... BUT IS SHE ENJOYING IT?

GOOD SIGN

Grabbing is good. "A woman's hands tend to clench when she's feeling pleasure," Frost explains. Fingernails in your back or a firm grip on your arms, hips, sheets, car hood, or anything else all mean that she's well on her way to hitting a high note.

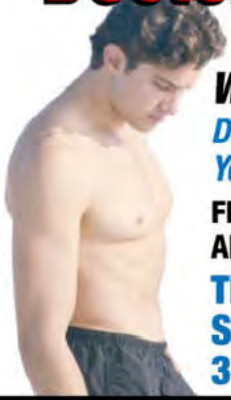
BAD SIGN

Watch out for the grasp-and-push. "If she digs her fingers into your shoulders and pushes you away, this could mean she wants a different angle or that you're doing something she doesn't appreciate," Frost says.

HOW TO HANDLE IT

Not sure if that's a grab or a grasp-and-push you're feeling? Put on the brakes and pull away. If you hear "Don't stop," dive back in. If she doesn't say anything, try something else, then repeat the pull-away-and-wait maneuver until you hear those two magic words: Don't stop. If she's been urging you on for a while and suddenly gets very, very quiet, you can assume one of two things: (a) She's not liking it, or (b) She's almost there. "And if you've come this far," Frost says, "you should be able to tell whether it's a or b."

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HOW TO HANDLE IT

That depends on what you want. If you're into this girl, maybe it's time to take the next step by becoming exclusive, moving in together, or popping the question. But if you'd rather keep things casual, it's better to be up-front than to squirm if she suggests you visit her parents or drops hints about her ring size. Say, "I get the feeling you're looking for something serious, and I'm not ready for that yet." Frame your speech as, "It's not fair to you," so you come off as a mensch who cares about her instead of a pathetic commitment-phobe. She may stop seeing you, or be fine keeping things casual. Either way, the walls have stopped closing in. Relax!

SHE'S BEEN M.I.A. RECENTLY. IS SHE SEEING SOMEONE ON THE SIDE?

GOOD SIGN

If she has nothing to hide, she'll take your jealousy in stride. When you voice your suspicions, she'll say, "Aw, that's sweet," relishing how possessive you are—because she feels the same way about you.

BAD SIGNS

She gets defensive if you pry. Also, watch for sudden changes that you may initially mistake for improvements: dramatic weight loss, frilly new undergarments, surprise Brazilian bikini waxes, and the like.

"She's not doing it for you, especially if you've been with her for a while," warns Frances Cohen Praver, Ph.D., author of *Daring Wives: Insight Into Women's Desires for Extramarital Affairs*. "She's remaking herself into a new woman to attract her new man."

HOW TO HANDLE IT

First, the good news: "Women don't have affairs for sex," Praver insists. "The sex is often better at home, with you. They choose infidelity because something is missing. Often, it's recognition, appreciation, or power." So if you feel like salvaging this relationship, make an added effort on these fronts. But what if your objective is purely to prove she's a lying, cheating skank? Check her cellphone for names and numbers you don't recognize. If you see that "Tim" has been calling her five times a day, let him have her.

YOU TWO ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN YOU SPOT A BABY IN A CARRIAGE. DID HER BIOLOGICAL CLOCK JUST KICK IN? DOES SHE WANT ONE, TOO? WORSE, DOES SHE WANT ONE WITH YOU?

GOOD SIGN

May we assume a good sign is one that doesn't involve diaper duty? Okay then, here goes: It's a good sign if she squeals and starts running—past the infant, to hug the bulldog or basset hound that's tied to the parking meter nearby. Women who go nuts for dogs generally don't want kids—at least, not yet.

BAD SIGN

Assuming bad and dad go together, keep an eye out for this red flag: When she spots a little tyke, she starts cooing, "Ooh, look at him! Isn't he adorable?" then gives you a meaningful look. If you say, "Sure," or something equally indifferent, she may prompt you again: "Don't you think he looks like my sister's baby?" (Hint: Say "sure" again and she'll kill you.)

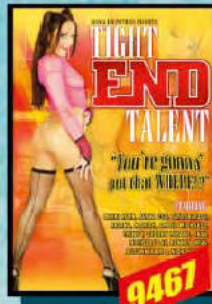
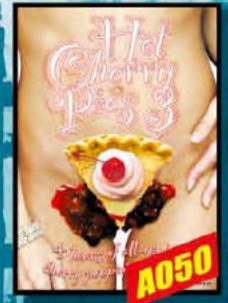
HOW TO HANDLE IT

If you don't want kids—or you do but you don't want her biological clock to go off like a time bomb on this lovely afternoon stroll—better start joining in the baby-lovin' hubbub with, "Yes, he is adorable! Look at those eyes/dimples/curls! Hey, little buddy ..." Come on—the baby is cute, right? Humor her now and you've bought yourself a little more time. ☺



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THE CHOSEN

What makes a rock star? If you're **LUKAS ROSSI**, the winner of *Rock Star: Supernova*, all it takes is decent pipes, Axl's serpentine sway, and a reality show to introduce you to the world. But is this rock 'n' roll?

By Jason Buhrmester



“[Rock Star Supernova] was definitely different than driving around in my Chevy van with a staple gun, putting up fliers with Nikki Sixx. We had to beat people over the head to get them to come to a show.”—Tommy Lee



The motley crew (left to right): Jason Newsted, Lukas Rossi, Tommy Lee, Gilby Clarke

One morning last October, Tommy Lee woke up on a tour bus rolling somewhere through the Midwest on the Mötley Crüe tour. He climbed out of bed in a state of tour-induced confusion. Just a few nights before he'd bellowed "Hello, Boston!" and the crowd had booed. He had been in Chicago at the time. As he wandered toward the kitchen, he decided to check on Lukas Rossi, the lead singer of Lee's *other* band—the reality-show concoction known as *Rock Star Supernova*. When he pulled back the curtain to Rossi's bunk, he saw his new protégé lying face up, passed out cold. His black leather jacket was zipped up and his big designer shades were in place. Though he was on the Crüe tour to soak up some road experience, Rossi seemed ready to rock. And at that moment, Lee, the Mötley Crüe co-founder and legendary hedonist, decided that Rossi, who won his place in the new band the way Flavor Flav picks his next girlfriend, was the real deal.

The rest of the world—or the portion of it that watched the reality show, anyway—had decided Rossi was the real deal weeks earlier, when it anointed the 29-year-old Canadian the winner of *Rock Star: Supernova*. The hit CBS reality TV show pitted 15 contestants against one another in a bid to nab what cohosts Brooke Burke and former *Jane's Addiction* guitarist Dave Navarro called "the gig of a lifetime." The prize was a chance to step up to the mike as the lead singer for a supergroup featuring Lee, ex-Guns N' Roses guitarist Gilby Clarke, and former Metallica bassist Jason Newsted.

Of course, this isn't the way most bands come together, and some of the band members' fans sneered at their prime-time experiment. The 44-year-old Clarke pleaded for patience. "Our reaction was, you've got to trust us," he says. "You have to trust we're going to represent our world the best we can. One of the things we talked about was making it a music show, not a reality-TV thing. We wanted to bring out our lives so you can see what real rock 'n' rollers—not television rock 'n' rollers—are about."

Clarke didn't exactly get his wish. *Rock Star* was standard reality fare: synthetic, contrived, but possibly life-changing for its contestants. The show's nearly nine million weekly viewers watched the contestants live together in a posh mansion in the Hollywood Hills, argue, and screw one another over in an attempt to garner the most votes. There were also lots of musical performances, and in the end, Rossi out-sang, out-wrote, and out-swaggered them all.

"[Lukas] was the front-runner from the day we saw his picture," says Clarke, sitting next to his baby grand piano and Guns N' Roses pinball machine in his Sherman Oaks, California, home. "We didn't get to go to all of the auditions, but we had little postcards [of each contestant]. I think me, Tommy, and Jason have an idea of what a rock star is, and you can tell a rock star just from looking at him." When Clarke and Lee finally heard Rossi sing, they traded playful jabs on the arm, happy that their assumption about Rossi was right.

Rossi isn't without credentials, but he represents a new breed of plug-and-play singers who have little to say and a battery of cool ways to say it. He was educated at the Royans School for the Musical Performing Arts, a vocal-science school that values efficiency over mastery: "Our clients become professional-sounding artists in hours, not months or years," the school's Website boasts. Royans even offers a *Canadian Idol* accelerated training course—perfect for Rossi, who deep down is an *American Idol* android, programmed for modern rock instead of hokey light-FM standards. Want Rossi to sneer Billy Idol's "Rebel Yell"? Summon angst for Nirvana's "Lithium"? No problem. He can fake that. In one episode, Rossi even turned Bon Jovi's schmaltzy "Livin' on a Prayer" into a ballad so dark and tormented, it could have been recorded by Alice in Chains. Fans compare his voice to an impossible range of singers, from Jeff Buckley to Queen's Freddie Mercury, but the reality is that Rossi is whoever you want him to be. Just drag and drop him into the studio and he'll spit out whatever you need, in perfect pitch and with all the requisite rock-star poses.

Already, Rossi seems to have adopted an almost Spinal Tap-level of cluelessness. The former Hooters line cook claims to not like concerts and has insisted in many interviews that as a kid, he didn't plaster his room with posters of his favorite bands because he felt *he* should be on the posters. Before auditioning, Rossi fronted two semi-successful bands in Toronto, but he struggles to describe their music. "[Cleavage and Rise Electric were] rock 'n' roll but didn't sound like anything," he says. "I was focused on doing something that hadn't been done before. I think that's the problem both my bands had.... If you're too original, people don't want to hear it." Rossi also claims to have never performed a cover song in his life until *Rock Star: Supernova*. "I always wanted to write original music," he insists. "I figure if it's already been done, why do it again?" Fair enough, though Rossi doesn't

Photographs on opener, group top left by Davis Factor. Live shot courtesy of CBS.



step into his own with his vocals so much as mimic the styles of others. That's not to say Rossi isn't talented, but when it came to recording Rock Star Supernova's debut record, he wasn't its driving creative force. In fact, most of it was done before he'd even been selected.

During the taping of *Rock Star*, Lee, Clarke, and Newsted recorded music they had written prior to the show's debut so they could release their self-titled album as soon as possible after the September finale. They used producer Butch Walker (Hot Hot Heat, Pink, Avril Lavigne) as a stand-in singer, leaving room for the winning vocalist to add lyrics and melodies.

"They got me the ideas for the songs," Rossi says. "I was in my hotel room singing into the mike on my laptop. That's rock 'n' roll. You can throw down an idea with a pen or by singing into your laptop. It was really easy. Sometimes when you write a song it takes too long, and it's really not worth working on and beating yourself up over."

Still, Rossi managed to flex some creative muscle, saving one song from the editing floor and vastly improving others. Lee was impressed with Rossi's work on "It's All Love." "The last chorus really soars now, where it didn't in the original," Lee says. Across the album's 11 tracks, Rossi boogies through styles, so that listening to the record is like cruising down a rock station's playlist. He gets down like T. Rex ("Leave the Lights On"), sings moody rock ballads ("Can't Bring Myself to Light This Fuse"), and goes middle-of-the-road alt-rock ("It's On"). He hits high notes and low notes, growls and hollers, but leaves no lasting impression as to who he is or where he comes from. The only time the listener might see behind his automatic sneer is in "Be Yourself (And 5 Other Clichés)," when he sings "Be yourself and not somebody else / It just might take a little effort / Or maybe a little help / But you can figure it out / If not, just do what everybody else does." Rossi is both the capable shell of a rock star and a sponge, soaking up everything Clarke and Lee have to tell him about life and then doing his best to live it.

Both Clarke and Newsted (who has been sidelined for an estimated nine months with a shoulder injury he suffered while attempting to catch a 90-pound bass head, and has been temporarily replaced by Johnny Colt of the Black Crowes) know what it's like to crash-land as the new kid in a band that has already achieved superstardom. Clarke was that kid in Guns N' Roses, and Newsted struggled as Metallica's new guy.

"One of my biggest challenges was getting the GN'R gig,"

says Clarke, who replaced Izzy Stradlin in 1991. "They could have had any guitar player in the world. I knew that to get the gig, I had to be myself." Though he was axed three years later by mercurial frontman Axl Rose, some might say that Clarke still had it easier than Rossi will. Though Rock Star Supernova has a built-in audience, Lee acknowledges that the genesis of the band involved less hustle and fewer dues than Mötley Crüe's inception. "It's definitely different than driving around in my Chevy van with a staple gun, putting up fliers with Nikki Sixx," he says. "We had to beat people over the fucking head to get them to come to a show. With the power of television, you're getting to a fuck of a lot more people than you are on a stop sign." But he admits that Rossi will have to endure his own trials, including hazing. "We don't have any official plans, but something's got to happen," says Lee, smirking. "Oh, fuck yeah."

So while Lee seems happy to throw his new singer to the sharks in the hope that he survives, Clarke is taking a more nurturing approach, providing him with the lessons he's learned about life on the road. "Vocally," Clarke tells Rossi, "you have a responsibility. Parties are great, but you've got to sing four or five nights a week. Rock 'n' roll is about having fun, [but] if we book 30 dates, we have to play 30 dates." Lee, on the other hand, invited Rossi on the road while he finished a nationwide tour with Mötley Crüe, thinking that a crash course in life amid the nonstop party that is Tommy-land, with its Jägermeister machine and light-up stripper poles, would be the appropriate way to break in the new singer.

Considering Lee had already earned two sets of stitches on the tour—one from slicing open his finger when a glass he was drumming on with a fork and knife shattered, and the other from injuring his ankle while fucking an admirer on his tour bus—perhaps he has a point. Under Lee's guidance, Rossi survived the trip and, taking a cue from his mentor, says he has no idea what cities he's been in.

"Minnesota? Wait. Let me think," Rossi says, adjusting his sunglasses even though he's sitting in Clarke's living room. "Honestly, I don't know. I couldn't tell you one fucking city, dude."

Rossi turns to the guitarist. "You know what I did notice? The first day I got up from the bus and I was in the hotel room, it felt like I was still moving. Really weird."

"You'll lose that quick," says Clarke with a laugh. "Feet forward, kid." ☪

RUMMY'S ONE WINNER

As this issue went to press, we learned that President Bush fired Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld. Given the election returns, to say nothing of the news from Iraq, this came as no surprise. But it must be noted, in fairness to a man who got even more flak from the military establishment than from his antiwar critics, that there was one successful aspect of his war policy—even though it was too little, too late.

The success goes under the name “Stryker,” and to understand it, here’s some brief background. Since the day he took office, Rumsfeld had a rocky relationship with the Army’s senior brass. The biggest point of contention involved Rumsfeld’s vision of what the future U.S. Army ought to look like. In his view, the Army was too “heavy,” meaning big, manpower-rich divisions bristling with heavy weapons. Though perfectly suitable during the Cold War, when the main threat was the equally heavy Soviet Union, Rumsfeld argued that those days are gone. He consequently pushed for a new Army: stripped-down, light units with high mobility and precision munitions.

Rumsfeld’s “Army Lite,” as many senior Army commanders sneeringly called it, rested on a grand assumption—that future wars will primarily involve battles against various insurgents and small powers who won’t have armadas of tanks or attack helicopters. The Army establishment wants to remain predominantly heavy-weight, but flexible enough to handle major wars against small-time insurgents *and* conventional adversaries like China.

This brings us to the Stryker, which has the speed

and mobility that fit well in Rumsfeld’s Army vision. The Stryker is a 19-ton armored vehicle with eight huge wheels that can zip along a highway at 60 miles per hour (unheard of among armored vehicles) and can go up to 300 miles between refuelings. It doesn’t have the armor protection of the Army’s standard armored vehicles—the Bradley Fighting Vehicle and

from some and an A-minus from others. Overall, it’s a winner. Troops are most surprised by how quiet it is. Even when moving at top speed, the Stryker is no louder than a vacuum cleaner (a sea change from the Bradley, whose clanking treads and loud engine can be heard approaching from miles away). And the Stryker can tackle pretty much any obstacle or

making it easy to spot on a battlefield. Nevertheless, even generals who didn’t like Rumsfeld (and there were plenty of them) concede that he was right all along about the Stryker.

But they go on to note that the situation in Iraq is such that even a technological wonder like the Stryker can’t make much of a difference. There aren’t enough of them,

The **Stryker is the only** U.S. Army vehicle the insurgents really fear. They **call the vehicle** “ghost rider,” **since they don’t** hear it coming until it’s too late.


the old M113 troop carrier—but as Rumsfeld and his Pentagon acolytes argued, speed and mobility will count for much more in future wars. Rumsfeld’s strong lobbying was largely responsible for Congress funding six Stryker Brigade Combat Teams.

Iraq represented the ideal laboratory for the Stryker. Early last year, Rumsfeld ordered two of those new units to Iraq for testing.

Those units have now completed a year of combat, and evaluations yielded a B-plus

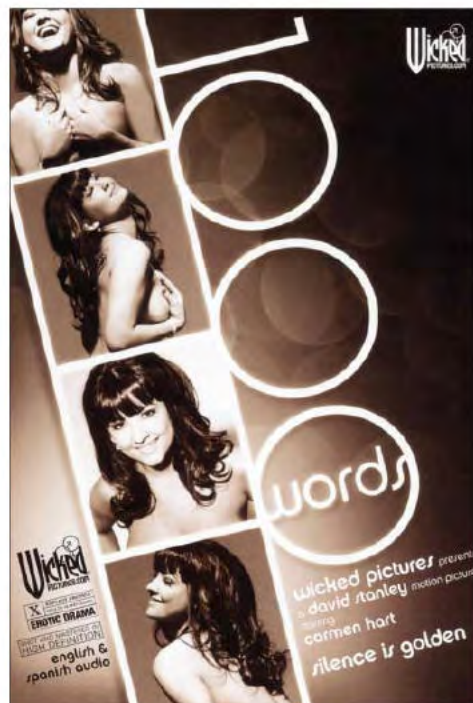
terrain. In fact, U.S. intelligence has learned that the Stryker is the only U.S. Army vehicle the insurgents really fear. In intercepted cellphone conversations, enemy combatants call the vehicle “ghost rider,” since they don’t hear it coming until it’s too late.

However, there are some deficits. The Stryker’s comparatively light armor is vulnerable to the new generation of antitank missiles that are finding their way into the hands of insurgents. It’s also a vehicle with a high profile,

for one thing; a few dozen Strykers and some 2,000 soldiers amount to a drop in the bucket (just one especially bad area of Baghdad, 684 square blocks, requires around 10,000 soldiers to pacify). Army leaders say that if many more Strykers had been deployed early in the war, when the insurgency was relatively scattered and disorganized, the armored vehicles probably would have had a more significant impact. But now there are simply too many insurgents. 



Photograph by Scott Nelson/Getty Images



PENTHOUSE PICK
1000 Words
(Wicked Pictures) **|||||**

David Stanley's exceedingly clever fuck flick follows two photographers (Randy Spears and brunette cutie Carmen Hart), who are neglected lovers embarking on a never-quite-consummated affair. The beautiful irony of the title is that the only dialogue comes in the form of the sex scenes' moans and groans. Spears has a smoker with the red-hot and well-inked Roxy Jazel. A lesbo scene with Hart and Gianna Lynn quickly turns into a three-way with Eric Masterson in which the pair gives him a workout. One of the sweetest double-orals we've seen sets the tone before he gives the girls a wild ride on his pole. An odd turn of events brings the two photogs together for the final climactic scene. Good stuff.

TITS AND AXIS
Tailgunners
(Adam & Eve) **|||||**

At 12 scenes and two discs strong, this World War II period piece featuring fly-boys, sexy spies, and the obligatory evildoers is quite a package (and we're

not even talking about the actual packaging, which contains the discs in two "top secret" manila folders along with a cool fold-out poster). There are as many combinations of fucking here as there are costume and set changes. If you like your ladies alone (even when they're together), you'll find Flower Tucci masturbating and all-girl banging from box-cover girls Austyn Moore and hot Latina Carmen Luvana. Fans of interracial can go straight to the three-way with Kylie G. Worthy, Mia Bangg, and big black stud Lexington Steele. Oral-sex junkies will go for Austyn Moore's three-man blow-bang. Straight sex scenes come courtesy of various combos of Katja Kassin, Kylie Ireland, and Ana Nova (who fucks a guy in a gas mask). *Tailgunners* is well worth the time it will take to experience the entire show. The bonus disc offers two extra sex scenes, behind-the-scenes footage, and an interactive script.

CRACK IS WACKABLE
Smokin' Crack 3
(Mayhem) **|||||**

Director Barrett Blade assembles a good-looking crew of chicks for anal sex, including Vanessa Lane, Jamie Elle, and the exotic Jayna Oso. While butt fucking is the overall theme, there's plenty of buildup. Oso takes a hard pounding from an intensely inspired Nick Manning in a doggie-style romp. The extremely enthusiastic Lane gets herself in double trouble by banging a dirty duo on her way to double-penetration heaven. Whether she's taking cock orally, vaginally, or anally, she's wonderfully adept. Blade wastes little time getting Elle into the belly of the beast (and vice versa). The anal sex is icing on the cake as Blade enters the fray and gets a little something for himself. Be sure to check out Jeanie Marie Sullivan, a cute blonde who does an admirable scene with her partner. The camera work and other tech specs are fine, but the spirited sex is what helps turn this into a neat little flick. **OTM**

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TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Neil Hamburger

Neil Hamburger is making a name for himself as the king of anti-comedy. His sad-sack, bumbling onstage persona is so spectacularly unfunny it's funny, and people are catching on. Hamburger just finished an international tour with Tenacious D (and a role in their recent film) and came out with his ninth full-length release.

You've always been known as "America's Funnyman," but your new DVD is titled *The World's Funnyman*. How did you make that leap?

The marketing people put their heads together and came up with that—"the World's Funnyman." The title had not yet been claimed.

It was open?

It was open, and that's the weird thing: People have got all the good titles. You've got the King of Siam and things like that—those titles have long since been claimed. This one was free. It was real fortunate that we got ahold of it, because if we *didn't*, Carrot Top or someone like that was gonna get it.

You've been on *Jimmy Kimmel Live* a couple of times. Did you have any advice for Kimmel?

Oh, boy. I wish I had some advice for that man, but he's done quite well for himself. Most of these young comedians don't do as well as he has. For *them*, I do have some advice: Just give it up. You're competing with me for bookings.

Get out of the game.

Get out of the game and leave it to me. Because if all that's left in the world are two comedians—Kimmel, who has a TV show, so he can't go on the road; and *me*, with nothing, no future, so I *can*—then all the bookings are going to come my way.

On the back of your latest DVD, you are pictured with three attractive young blonde girls—

Could you believe that?

Do you get a lot of groupies on the road, or was that just a lightning-strike kind of thing?

That was a show in Orlando, Florida, where these girls approached me and wanted to take a photo with me. They knew the catchphrases, they knew all about the zipper lips and "that's my life!" And of course, that's a photograph we will use forever—because of the rarity of the situation. Although my people have

been telling me that my demographic has been moving more toward the women. I can't figure out why.

That's a positive development, though, right?

I believe it is. I'd like to see more of it, but ever since I went through this divorce, it's like you're wearing one of these scarlet letters or something, you know?

You're branded.

They seem to have an understanding that this is damaged goods here, and it's not something you want to partake in. That is sad. Maybe some of the girls who work there at your magazine could take pity on me.... Is there going to be a magazine-release party?

We'll certainly keep you in mind.

Please, let me know. Especially if it takes place in one of the states that I normally perform in—Nebraska, South Dakota, that type of thing. That would be very convenient for me.

And we'd probably be looking for an emcee, so ...

Of course, I love emcee work because ... it's work. So I would be available for that, or anything. I'll come to the opening of a bottle.

You just mentioned that you're divorced, but I noticed you're wearing a wedding ring in your DVD. Is that old footage?


No, it's just—I'm not gonna take that off. I took a vow. I held up my end of it, and she didn't. So as far as I'm concerned, we're still married. Now, it has been several years since the divorce and she has re-wed, but ...

You're still holding up your end.

Yes, because I follow through on my commitments. You try and find—with your muckraking journalism—you try and

find one club owner who tells you that I didn't show up to do the show. You'll never find it. You might find club owners who say they booked me for a week and canceled the booking after the first night. But that's not my fault.

What's next for Neil Hamburger?

Oh, boy. Well, more shows. You can bet on that. There has not been a day off in many years. Other than these cancellation days, but I don't consider that very restful, when you have somebody yelling at you. 



"Of course, I love emcee work because ... it's work. So I would be available for that, or anything. I'll come to the opening of a bottle."

Photograph by James Macellian



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Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

ICE ME, BABY

It was the middle of July, and our bodies were soaked from the heat and humidity. My boyfriend and I had just come home from a party and discovered that the air conditioner was broken. The stores were closed, so we were forced to dig out a small, noisy fan from the back of our junk closet. It wasn't great, but a hot breeze was better than nothing at all. With that being our only relief for the night, we shed our clothing.

I went to the refrigerator for a cool drink, only to find an empty container of juice. It was too hot to argue about which one of us finished it. I returned to the bedroom with a tall glass filled with more ice than water. I sat beside my boyfriend and sipped slowly, savor-

ing the cold liquid, then handed him the glass. He drained it, leaving nothing but the ice.

We threw ourselves on top of the sheets, but exhausted as we were, it was too hot to sleep. I reached for the glass to retrieve an ice cube. I dragged it across my forehead, down my neck, and over my breasts, wishing I could drag it over my entire body. Beads of sweat mixed with the melting ice, and as air from the fan hit the moisture on my body, I began to feel slightly cooler. Now there was only one thing to do—I had to get more ice.

In the kitchen, I began emptying the ice trays into a large bowl. I stroked my throat with a handful of cubes. I was now standing in a small puddle of water from the melting ice.

In an instant, my boyfriend was standing behind me with more ice cubes in his hand. He began running them over the back of my neck and

down my back. I stood my ground, enjoying the cool, wet relief. He worked his way around me until we were face-to-face. Then he slowly rolled the cubes over my breasts.

He maneuvered me back toward the countertop. Working at a snail's pace, he slid the ice from the base of my throat to my breasts, then circled my erect nipples with the melting cubes. Rivulets of water trickled down my stomach before hitting the thin strip of hair below. Shivers raced through my body—not from the freezing water, but from the erotic feel of his hands.

As my fingers gripped the edge of the counter, my head fell back and I closed my eyes. Suddenly, I felt a moist heat at my nipple. The sensation was electrifying. When I opened my eyes, my boyfriend was gently lapping up the water droplets falling from my tits. My heart began to beat rapidly. Just then, he flicked my sensitive nipple with that miraculous tongue of his. A moan of sheer pleasure filled the room.

By the time I realized that moan came from deep within me, I was no longer able to bear my own weight. I felt myself being slowly lowered to the cool, wet floor. We rolled around in the water, and it felt incredible. He reached up to grab some unmelted cubes from the bowl, then proceeded to rub them over my lips before gliding them down to my belly button. The water pooled in my navel until it overflowed and ran down my sides and between my legs.

When I suddenly felt a hard ridge of heat probing between my legs, I knew what it was and I was more than ready. After the icy water, my boyfriend's cock felt like it was on fire. His lips branded my neck with searing, firm kisses.

Just as I arched my back, he thrust his burning-hot erection into me, and I welcomed it. I no longer felt the heat of our tiny apartment or the wet floor underneath me—I only felt him thrusting, hard, in and out of me. Nothing else mattered. I held fast and urged him on, rising to meet his every stroke.

We were both so turned on, it almost seemed like a contest to see who would come first. It was all skin slapping, hard breathing, and furious fucking—the kind of hot sex where both parties come out on top. It was amazing. We pushed each other over the edge simultaneously, sharing one of the most intense orgasms in our two years together.

I don't know how long we were on the floor after that, but eventually we roused ourselves and headed to the bathroom to share a cool shower. One thing led to another, and we ended up spending the rest of the night in the bathtub with the remaining ice.—L.A., Texas

“Rivulets of water **trickled down** my stomach...
Shivers raced through my body—not from freezing water, but from **the erotic feel** of his hands.”



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said I'd be over shortly.

Before James left for the party, he told me to have a good time. I told him to keep his cellphone on, because I might be calling him later to join in the fun—*M.A., California*

THE UPPER HAND

When I was in college, my roommate Cal introduced me to his girlfriend Eve and her roommate Jillian, a flame-haired spitfire. Later, when Cal and I moved to an apartment near the girls, we all started hanging out together.

One night we invited the girls over for pizza, beer, and a game of strip poker. After a few hands, Cal suggested we play the way he and his girlfriend played with some of their other friends: The winner chooses which article of clothing the other players must discard. When a player is naked, the winner's instructions usually involve intimate acts like making out, fondling, or masturbating.

We started the game and once everyone was naked, I had to suck on Eve's breasts while Cal watched. When Eve won, I had to suck on Jillian's. Then Cal had Jillian go down on me. Next, Jillian had Cal and Eve fuck in front of us. When I won, I had Eve go down on me while I munched on Jillian's snatch.

Before the final hand, we all agreed that the winner's choice should be an act that included everyone. I won, so I told Cal to fuck Eve, and while Eve went down on me, I ate out Jillian again. It lasted for a few glorious minutes before we all fell into a sweaty heap. Then Cal and Eve slipped into Cal's bedroom, and Jillian and I went to mine.

We tumbled onto the bed and started making out. Then Jillian straddled me and began a slow grind against my cock. She was extremely wet, so my erection slid between her folds like a hot knife through butter. Jillian rose up and popped just the head of my erection into her tight snatch before sliding it back out. She was about to tease me again when I pushed up into her. I was completely engulfed by her hot hole when she began riding me like there was no tomorrow—which was great—but I had to get the upper hand or she'd finish me off too soon. I pulled her down for a deep, tongue-probing kiss and fondled her hard nipples until she started to moan. Then I rolled her over and eased back into her. I took my time, letting her feel every inch of my cock. As her moans increased in intensity, I thrust deeper and harder, kissing and sucking her neck and breasts until I pushed her over the edge.

I kissed my way down to her pussy

“Jasmine and I got **right into it** over the phone. She told me she was **pinching her nipples, imagining that I was** sucking on them.”

HOT TALK

While my husband James was getting ready to go to a bachelor party, I called my friend Jasmine to see if she had any plans for the night. When she answered the phone, she sounded out of breath. I asked if she was okay and she laughed. She said she was more than okay. Then she told me she'd been lying naked on the sofa, watching a porno video and having some private fun.

Strangely, it really turned me on that Jasmine admitted to masturbating. I immediately got James's attention and whispered in his ear about Jasmine.

Then I put Jasmine on speaker, apologized for interrupting her, and asked if she wanted to have some fun with me over the phone. When Jasmine asked what I had in mind, I suggested we masturbate together. Jasmine said the idea was already making her hot. I told her to put her phone on speaker and to give me a minute to take off my clothes.

Jasmine and I got right into it over the phone, telling each other how good our fingers felt on our respective clits. Jasmine said she was pinching her nipples, imagining that I was sucking on them.

I couldn't believe how wet I was and

pressed two fingers into my pussy. Imagining that she was with me, I cried out to Jasmine that her fingers felt so good deep inside me. I told her to pretend that my fingers were inside her pussy. It was incredibly exciting and hot talking about how we would fingerfuck each other.

Meanwhile, James was standing next to me, stroking his cock. He came in seconds from the excitement of watching me and hearing our dirty talk.

When Jasmine cried out that my tongue was licking her clit, I cried right back that she was licking mine, too. What she didn't know was that James was licking my clit and dipping his fingers into my pussy.

“Keep tonguing my clit, Mia” Jasmine cried. “I'm coming all over your fingers”

Hearing Jasmine's moans of joy sent me over the edge. “Oh, God, Jasmine! You're making me come, too! I'm squirting on your fingers” I screamed as my pussy juice flooded James's fingers.

We took a break to catch our breath. Then Jasmine told me to come over so we could take things to the next level. I looked at James and he quickly nodded his approval. I told Jasmine that I would love to do just that—and more. I

and began stroking her clit with my tongue, back and forth, up and down. Jillian moaned and begged me to go faster and harder. I pushed two fingers into her and stepped up the oral assault. She wanted me to make her come again, and I did. Suddenly, her hands were holding my head close to her as her back arched and she let out a piercing scream. Then her body slowly relaxed and she sighed deeply.

Barely able to control myself, I turned Jillian over onto her hands and knees and entered her from behind. She was so hot and wet that it took only a few thrusts before I came, filling her up with my even hotter load.

We should have been too exhausted to continue, but we decided to take a shower together. We started soaping each other up. When I started lathering her breasts, she reached for my cock and we were both ready to go again. Jillian knelt down and took my cock into her mouth. She really knew what she was doing. The thought of filling that pretty mouth with cream was tempting, but I just had to be inside her again. I pulled her up and she put one foot on the faucet while I grabbed her from behind. I buried my dick deep inside her and thrust as hard as she could take it. When I had her up against the shower wall, pounding away, she started screaming that she

was coming. It was incredible! We were both so busy coming and screaming that we didn't realize someone had been banging on the bathroom door.

When we'd both slumped to the bottom of the shower, we finally heard the knocking. It was Cal, complaining that we were hogging the shower. He said that if we wanted to keep fucking, we should go back to the bedroom—*T.N., Florida*

MARRIED, BUT SINGLE

On a recent business trip, Val and I had the pleasure of having Julio, our favorite coworker, join us for the first time. It was to be his only trip with us, since after four years with the company, he was leaving to start a new job.

There wasn't a single woman at the company—myself and Val included—who hadn't thought about being between the sheets with this incredibly handsome, 25-year-old Latino. The lucky few had described him as being hung like a stallion and the best fuck they'd ever had. But they were all single, while Val and I are both married and in our early thirties. We knew that our chances of ever having Julio were slim, yet there was a thin ray of hope because Julio had once told us that he wished we weren't married. So when we discovered that he was joining us

on this business trip, we made plans to have him before he got away.

After the first day of visiting with agents, the three of us went to dinner and then back to the hotel bar for cocktails. Several drinks later, Val and I asked Julio what he'd meant when he said he wished we weren't married. Julio didn't miss a beat. He said we were both beautiful and that he'd thought about making love to us many times, but he never pursued us because we were married. Val and I removed our wedding rings and handed them to Julio. Tonight, we told him, we're single.

Up in our room, we quickly took off our clothes. Val and I could see that Julio liked what he saw, and she and I were awed by Julio's magnificent body. His thick cock was at least nine inches long. Neither of us could wait to test it out.

Then the unexpected happened—Julio told Val and me to kiss. We looked at each other and knew that to get what we wanted from Julio, we would have to give him what he wanted. As Val and I pressed our lips together in a soft kiss, Julio guided my fingers inside Val's moist pussy and hers inside mine. Then he licked the wetness from our fingers.

Lying on the bed with Julio in the middle, Val and I stroked our hands

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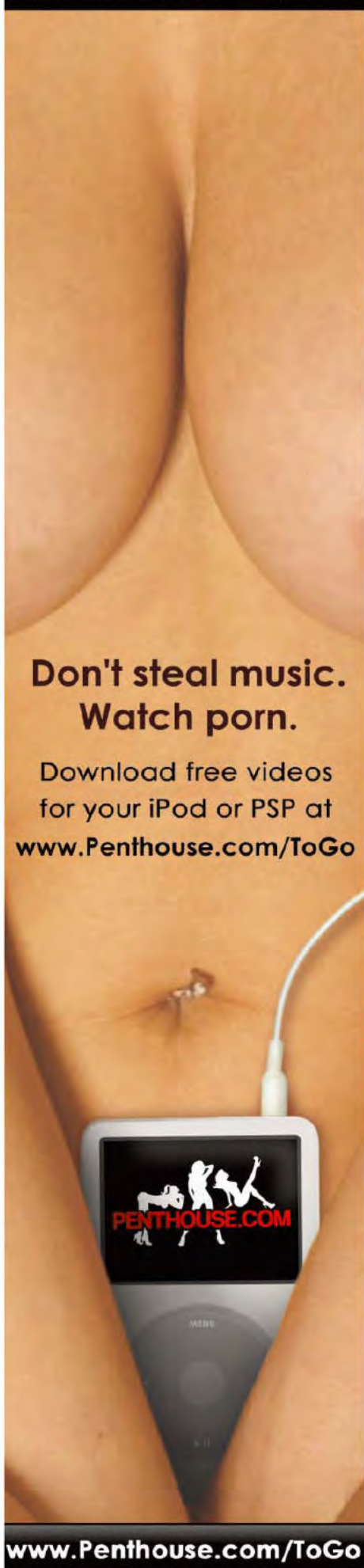
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along his thick erection and fondled his large balls before taking turns sucking on the huge cockhead.

Julio went down on me first and ate my pussy hungrily before getting on top of me and pressing his big cock inside my quivering cunt. The room filled with my cries of joy as every inch of him slowly disappeared inside me and I was filled to the max. Within minutes, Julio had me crying out in ecstasy as I flooded his cock with my love juice.

After Julio sucked and fucked Val, he positioned us side-by-side on our hands and knees. Switching back and forth, he fucked us from behind. Not only did Julio's big cock feel wonderful inside our cunts, but his incredible staying power brought Val and me to two more earth-shattering orgasms.

We wanted more of the same, but would have to wait until Julio got what he wanted, which was seeing Val and me in a sixty-nine. While it was the first girl-on-girl experience for us, anyone watching would have thought otherwise. I hungrily licked and sucked the delicious nectar from Val's cunt, and she tasted mine. It was an explosive, mouthwatering experience, and I couldn't wait to do it again.

Julio sat Val down onto his ever-ready cock and guided my pussy over his mouth. As Val fucked Julio's big dick and he ate out my pussy, we girls leaned toward each other and pressed our lips together, passionately kissing until she exploded on Julio's cock and I flooded his mouth with my juices.

But Julio wasn't finished. He pulled me up onto my knees and made Val sit with her legs spread wide in front of me. He buried his cock in my pussy and fucked me from behind as I lowered my mouth and sucked Val's juicy cunt. As I surrendered my joy once again onto Julio's cock, Val came on my tongue. After hours of prolonged fucking, Julio finally exploded, filling my cunt with the biggest and hottest load of come I had ever felt.

We were at it again the next afternoon and the following nights. Julio

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couldn't get enough of us, and we couldn't get enough of him. Even more incredible was that Val and I couldn't get enough of each other.

It's been three months since that incredible three-day trip. Although Julio is no longer in the picture, he was the best fuck we've ever had. We are grateful to him for introducing us to such an exciting and delicious experience.—S.L., *Minnesota*

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WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Sarah Nixey



As vocalist for the British art-pop trio Black Box Recorder, **Sarah Nixey** sang odes to sex, death, and driving. She continues in the same vein on her first solo record, *Sing, Memory*.

WHAT DO YOU GET FROM SINGING THAT YOU DON'T GET ANYWHERE ELSE?

I like being at home a lot. My friends come to me, I feed them, we drink and exchange stories. Singing at the occasional gig and going to the studio means I am not totally house-bound. Plus, I enjoy singing and can't imagine life without it.

IS IT DIFFERENT SINGING YOUR OWN LYRICS THAN THOSE WRITTEN BY A MAN?

Luke Haines and John Moore [songwriters for Black Box Recorder] were very much in touch with their feminine sides. Luke says BBR songs were written spe-

cifically for my voice and character. John maintains that all the songs were written about me. Either way, it was a winning formula. Singing your own lyrics is like reading your own work in class. Both criticism and praise are sure to follow.

YOU WERE MARRIED TO JOHN MOORE, SO YOU SHOULD KNOW: IS IT A GOOD IDEA TO BE ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED WITH SOMEONE YOU WORK WITH?

Probably not, but sometimes these things can't be helped. Passion takes over from logic and before you know it, you're buying a sofa together. I'm not really the ideal person to be asking, giv-

en in my recent history. Having said that, much of BBR's best work revolved around the tensions.

WHAT'S THE STRANGEST THING YOU'VE DONE IN THE NAME OF LOVE?

When a boyfriend was ill once, I dressed up as a nurse and waited on him all afternoon in an attempt to make him feel better.

HOW DID YOU LEARN THE FACTS OF LIFE?

From the older kids in my neighborhood. They gave me a very crude analogy of a man parking his car in a woman's garage. I was appalled. ☹️

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