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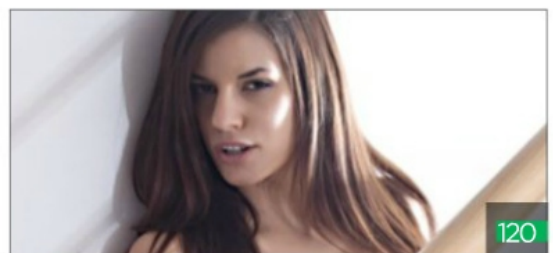
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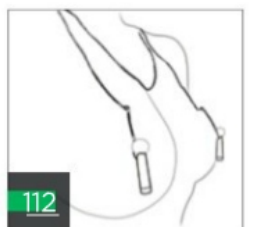
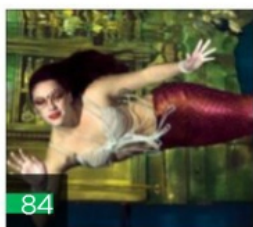
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HARDLY WORKING



While finishing up my final semester in college, I took a weekend job as a security guard in a small office building. I spent most of my 4 p.m.-to-midnight shift studying or looking at porn between floor checks. Last Saturday was a porn night. It was near the end of my shift and I was reading a *Penthouse* letter about a bellhop licking some MILF's toes. I was thinking how kinky that sounded when a woman who looked to be in her late thirties strode through the front door. She continued walking through the lobby as if she owned it, flashed her ID at me while saying, "Marcia, accounting, sixth floor," and headed for the elevator.

It happened so quickly that it took me several seconds to realize that she hadn't signed in. As the elevator doors closed, the guy from the next shift walked in. I told him what had happened as I grabbed the sign-in sheet and gave chase. I rode up to the sixth floor and the elevator doors opened. It was quiet, except for the sound of deep moans and soft murmuring. I crept along the carpeted floor past the unlit offices, toward an open area with several desks. Marcia was seated at one, her skirt pushed up around her waist, her feet propped on the edge of the desk, and her hand steadily moving a dildo back and forth

between her legs. It was a scene out of a porno flick, but it was the image on her computer monitor that had me popping wood. There was a totally naked girl in bed, also fucking herself with a big fat dildo. Webcams—I love them. My ex-girlfriend and I used to do the same thing when she first went away to college. I moved even closer.

"That's it, baby, fuck yourself for me," Marcia crooned.

I unzipped my fly and palmed my cock. Both Marcia and the girl on the screen picked up the pace, and so did I, stroking my cock as frantically as the girl on the computer while hoping my grunts and groans wouldn't be heard over their moans and cries.

Just a few seconds more and I would have spilled my seed all over my hand, but the girl on the screen suddenly stopped. Marcia kept going till she came, but her girlfriend made direct eye contact with me and smiled. I froze.

"Marcia, I think you have company," she said. Marcia, still breathing hard from her orgasm, turned her head and looked at me. "You," she said, without the least bit of surprise or embarrassment. "What the hell took you so long?"

She zeroed in on my cock and told me to come over to her. The girl on the screen started moving the dildo slowly in and out again as she watched. When I was close enough to Marcia, she gave me her dildo and told me to lick it clean, and I did as she said. Then she told me to get on

my knees and eat her pussy. I did. Her cunt was already sopping wet from the workout she'd been giving herself. I lapped up her juices and flicked my tongue against her clit. Then I fucked her with my fingers as I sucked hard on her button. She came, grinding her cunt against my face with her fingers clenched in my hair.

"That was nice, but now I want you to fuck me," she said. "And make it good, because Lauren is watching and I want her to get off, too."

No worries there. I gave her a few shallow thrusts to start. I knew she wanted more by the way she was gripping my ass, trying to pull me in deeper, but I held back at first, just because I could.

Then I heard Lauren say, "Come on, fuck her! She likes it hard and deep!" I felt Marcia's nails digging into my ass and I fucked her as if the end of days were upon us. Lauren was moaning and egging me on, and my jizz suddenly erupted out as Marcia's cunt muscles tightened around my dick. Marcia shoved me away and I came all over her pussy.

I hooked up with Marcia and Lauren a couple more times at the office, but that was as far as things went. Still, it was fun while it lasted.—A.G., Illinois

More letters on page 130

Lauren said, "Come on, fuck her!" as I felt Marcia's cunt muscles tighten.

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REALLY BADLANDS

Seth MacFarlane and Charlize Theron come out guns (and quips) blazing in *A Million Ways to Die in the West*, which lives up to its title. MacFarlane's follow-up to *Ted* also stars Liam Neeson, Neil Patrick Harris, Giovanni Ribisi, Sarah Silverman, and Amanda Seyfried.





Way Out West

Seth MacFarlane follows up his 2012 film debut, *Ted*, with an over-the-top Western, *A Million Ways to Die in the West*.

A MILLION WAYS TO DIE IN THE WEST

SETH MACFARLANE, CHARLIZE THERON, LIAM NEESON

The world is a far better place for having Seth MacFarlane in it—and yes, we've seen his Oscars hosting. He's the guy who brought the world *Family Guy* and its spin-offs, those defiantly crude bastions of bad taste, and an unusually strong live-action directorial debut with 2012's *Ted*. (MacFarlane is also some of the money behind this spring's *Cosmos* on TV, so take that, highbrows.) Clearly, the big screen calls to him: His latest is that most film-geeky of obsessions—a Western, for crying out loud—but it's like no Western you've ever imagined, unless you pictured the irreverence of *Blazing Saddles* and Road Runner cartoons spliced with a total lack of sincerity or willingness to stay period-appropriate. In short, this is just dumb fun. A red-band trailer showcased splatery violence and awful sex jokes, and the director as a hyper-fearful sheep farmer—but one nevertheless unafraid to sidle up to a six-gun-toting Theron. That's pretty much our idea of making it in Hollywood.



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**X-MEN: DAYS OF FUTURE PAST****PATRICK STEWART, JENNIFER LAWRENCE, HUGH JACKMAN**

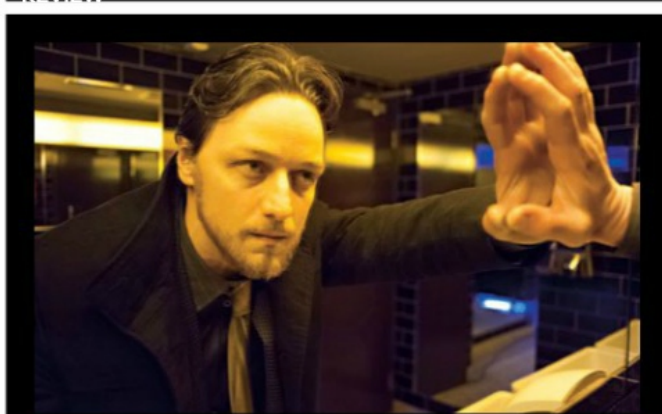
Gently, we'll advise any living Moody Blues fans to keep their enthusiasm in check—this is *not* a superheroic adaption of the English rockers' 1967 concept album. That said, an epic storyline is in play, one taken from Marvel's long-running *X-Men* comics series and directed by Bryan Singer (the filmmaker who launched the franchise back in 2000). This update unites the "classic" cast (Stewart, Ian McKellen) with their counterparts from the 2011 prequel *X-Men: First Class* (James McAvoy, Michael Fassbender), while also sending the immortal Wolverine (Jackman) back in time to correct the damage. Sounds like all the bases are covered; we simply ask for lots of Lawrence in blue skin and little else.

**22 JUMP STREET****JONAH HILL, CHANNING TATUM, ICE CUBE**

As scattershot as the first movie was, it was a hit, and it did have its charms: Tatum embraced his inner doofus, while Hill did his neurotic-chubster thing, and the screenwriters (including Hill) had irreverent fun with the back-to-high-school premise. The logical next step would be college—and that's where this sequel goes. Happily, we note that the ever-furious Cube has returned, as well as the unhinged Rob Riggle, a secret weapon in today's cringe comedies, plus *Parks and Recreation*'s always enjoyable Nick Offerman. But it might be more fun to see the lead duo's weird chemistry develop on the football field, in art class among the goth kids, and over dozens of shotgunned beers.

**JERSEY BOYS****CHRISTOPHER WALKEN, FREYA TINGLEY, FRANCESCA EASTWOOD**

Your mom loves the Broadway musical, your dad has the high-pitched Four Seasons soundtrack, and you knew a movie version was inevitable. Still: directed by Clint Eastwood? It's a head-scratcher, for sure. But recall that ol' Squint has made miracles happen before (Hilary Swank winning an Oscar for a boxing movie?), and your curiosity might spike, as has ours. Many of the stage actors return to their band-on-the-rise biographical roles, an honorable decision, but the genius addition of Walken, an accomplished dancer—really—as a mob boss ups the ante considerably. Hopefully he'll cut loose for a number or two, and also inflict some Scorsese-style mob enforcement.

REVIEW**FILTH****JAMES MCAVOY, JIM BROADBENT, IMOGEN POOTS**

Drugs, bad behavior, Scotland: Out of these elements, author Irvine Welsh has crafted an entire career, launching it with a bang via his 1993 novel *Trainspotting*. *Filth*, published in 1998, isn't quite as engaging—nor is director Jon S. Baird a new Danny Boyle—but damn if everyone involved isn't giving it their all. McAvoy plays a corrupt detective, happy to brutalize his perps and play colleagues against one another. Pretty quickly, we suspect he's a pig in slop soon for the slaughter, but the film's flashy style carries us along, especially some Kubrickian dream sequences starring mad-doctor Broadbent. **A-**

REVIEWS

LONG VIEW

Bob Mould's excellent new *Beauty & Ruin* invokes every chapter of his storied career (except that electronica phase).



BOB MOULD
BEAUTY & RUIN
MERGE

★★★ 1/2

A year after releasing his memoir, *See a Little Light: The Trail of Rage and Melody*, in which he came to terms with his complicated, closeted past, Mould was apparently in the mood to cut loose and keep it simple. He did exactly that on 2012's *Silver Age*, a collection of ten lean, roaring power-pop tunes. On *Beauty & Ruin*, his second album with bassist Jason Narducy (Split Single) and drummer Jon Wurster (Superchunk, the Mountain Goats), the volume—and Mould's trademark wall-of-sound guitar—is still there, but he's added nuance this time out, creating a terrific set of reflective, stock-taking songs that combine the raging velocity of early Hüsker Dü ("Kid With Crooked Face," "Little Glass Pill") with the lean thrust of Sugar ("I Don't Know You Anymore") and the contemplative elements of his solo work ("Let the Beauty Be"). Bob Mould, putting it all together.



SHARON VAN ETTEN
ARE WE THERE
JAGJAGUWAR RECORDS

★★ 1/2

With lyrics like "You know me well/ you show me hell," and "burn my skin so I can't feel you/ stab my eyes so I can't see," the Brooklyn-based Van Etten is a bum-out specialist. Fortunately, she has a powerful, world-weary voice that imbues drama in tracks like "Tarifa," with its subtle horns, and the hypnotic "Our Love." But other songs, like the gloomy, repetitive "You Know Me Well," aren't dramatic so much as dragging.



HALEY BONAR
LAST WAR
GRAVEFACE

★★★

Haley Bonar (rhymes with "honor") has been characterized as an alt-country or roots artist, but any listeners hearing her for the first time on *Last War* may wonder where those descriptors came from. Album opener "Kill the Fun" seeps in with synth wash and trickling guitar before galloping into a propulsive rhythm reminiscent of New Order. There's some twang on "Bad Reputation," and the all-acoustic "Eat for Free" is a folk-pop gem, but elsewhere, driving rhythms and post-punk moves prevail, as on the Joy Division-like guitar rave-ups from "Woke Up in My Future," and the sneering "No Sensitive Man" ("I don't want no sensitive man/ I don't wanna talk"). Wafting through and soaring above these soundscapes is Bonar's voice, which echoes Sam Phillips and Neko Case—and puts the whole record over as a seamlessly appealing indie-pop package.



DAVE ALVIN & PHIL ALVIN
COMMON GROUND: DAVE ALVIN AND PHIL ALVIN PLAY AND SING THE SONGS OF BIG BILL BROONZY
YEP ROC

★★★

At the time of his death, in 1938, legendary bluesman Robert Johnson had been slated to perform at Carnegie Hall in John Hammond's landmark concert, *From Spirituals to Swing*. To replace him, Hammond tapped Big Bill Broonzy, and it was no step down: Broonzy was a guitar and songwriting virtuoso who mastered multiple styles of blues and folk music during his influential 31-year career. Here, *Blasters* cofounders Dave and Phil Alvin pay inspired tribute to the great man, recasting his indelible tunes in their rockabilly-saloon roots style. Standouts are the classic blues "Key to the Highway" and the bitterly funny "Just a Dream."

GIRL POWER

Sharon Van Etten and Haley Bonar got us thinking of great female musicians. Here are ten of the best all-women outfits.

10. The Runaways:

Their music was pretty thin gruel, but as the first all-female punk band they broke through a heavy door in music history. And they gave the world Joan Jett. Also? *Huge* in Japan.

9. The Go-Gos:

Say what you will, haters, but the Go-Gos were the first all-female band that wrote their own songs and played their own instruments to top the *Billboard* charts.

8. L7: Google their 1992 performance of "Pretend We're Dead" on English TV show *The Word*.... See what we mean?

7. Tegan and Sara:

The talented Canadian twins recently put a high-gloss pop sheen on their formerly indie sound, and took home three Juno awards as a result.

6. TLC: The hip-hop R&B trio owned the decade between 1992 and 2002, scoring ten Top 10 singles (including four No. 1s), four multi-platinum albums, and five Grammys.

5. Sleater-Kinney:

Before she started cracking people up on *Portlandia*, Carrie Brownstein played guitar and sang, along-side nuclear-piped

Corin Tucker, in one of the best rock bands of the 1990s and 2000s.

4. The Ronettes:

According to his daughter Carnie, Beach Boy Brian Wilson played the Ronettes' "Be My Baby" every day during her childhood. He called it the greatest pop record ever made.

3. Martha and the Vandellas:

The second all-female group to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, this trio scored hits with "(Love Is Like a) Heat Wave," "Nowhere to Run," and "Dancing in the Street."

2. The Shirelles:

The Beatles covered two Shirelles songs on their first record. The New York quartet was one of the first acts to cross the race barrier, and they made more than a dozen indispensable songs, including "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow," "I Met Him on a Sunday," and "Soldier Boy."

1. The Supremes:

The most successful vocal group—male or female—in U.S. history, the Supremes (right) racked up 12 No. 1 singles, including "Stop! In the Name of Love," "Come See About Me," and "Where Did Our Love Go?"



KEYS TO THE VAULT

Fabled indie label SST owns some landmark records that are long overdue for remastered reissues. What's the holdup?

In the 1980s, Long Beach, California, label SST Records was home to some of underground music's most vital acts, including Black Flag, Hüsker Dü (with singer/guitarist Bob Mould), Minutemen, Meat Puppets (whose songs Nirvana covered on 1994's *Unplugged in New York*), and Dinosaur Jr., among others.

As the eighties turned into the nineties, though, some high-profile bands left the label, citing issues with SST owner and Black Flag guitarist Greg Ginn. Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore told author Michael Azerrad, "SST's accounting was a bit suspect to us," while Dinosaur Jr. frontman J Mascis said, "I like Greg Ginn ... but they wouldn't pay you." Sonic Youth and Meat Puppets (and some other bands) sued SST in the 1990s, claiming unpaid royalties, and by the end of the decade, Ginn's label had ceased releasing music entirely.

The company began releasing new records again in the 2000s, but these were all projects involving Ginn in some capacity. While Sonic Youth and Meat Puppets recovered their master tapes, SST is currently sitting on the master recordings for some watershed records—most notably Minutemen's *Double Nickels on the Dime* and Hüsker Dü's *Zen Arcade*—many (all?) of which are in dire need of remastering and reissuing.

Is SST's "stoner administrative quality," as Sonic Youth guitarist Lee Ranaldo put it to Azerrad, preventing this from happening? 



LADY LIVES THE BLUES

Dana Fuchs is more than just another beautiful woman singing onstage. Watch her and you'll see the spirit of the blues.

Dana Fuchs has faced plenty of dark, lonely nights, both in her life and in her songs, as captured in "Long Long Game," where "Sleep don't come but you pray and pray/ Stare at the sun and a bed still made." This lady has lived the blues—and survived. She beat cocaine, suffered through the suicide of an older sister and the cancer death of an older brother—her musical inspirations—and dealt with the indifference of the music business, nonstop comparisons to a dead rock icon named Janis Joplin, and the hassles of life on the never-ending road. In the process, she has transformed herself in her thirties into a rock/blues goddess/shaman in a world desperately in need of one.

Fuchs does something only a true great can do: write songs with the power of novels and deliver them with the force of atomic bombs. She creates songs that are what rock 'n' roll is supposed to be—music that makes you feel life in all its complexity, pain, joy, and glory. She is both talented and smart ... and drop-dead gorgeous. Her voice is so powerful that comparisons to Joplin and Robert Plant in their prime are inevitable. And her ability to seemingly split the sky with a single note while doing a gravity-defying back bend—not to mention that long mane of curly, dark-blond hair that she whipsaws the stage with—will amaze you.

And if you delve beneath the surface, you can't help but discover Fuchs's blues. For instance, at 3:44 of her explosive version of the Beatles' "Helter Skelter," filmed at B. B. King's in New York City and posted on

YouTube, her right hand starts shaking involuntarily as she screams the line "coming down fast." That shaking hand is not something you plan at the afternoon sound check. That's pure emotion. That's the blues.

"I'll have to go look at that again," Fuchs says with a characteristic little-girl laugh when reminded of the shaking hand, as if it were so natural she didn't even notice it. Her inspiration, she tells us, besides the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, was Otis Redding at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. She says she watched a video of him and thought, *Oh, my God, this is the real thing.* Now Fuchs delivers that same power punch.

"It all culminates in this: Let's make this bigger than any one of us," she says of her onstage passion and philosophy of life. "This is life. We are all packed into this moment together. I'm not here to perform for you. We're here to do this together, to make this a celebration of all our crazy, fucked-up shit, to find joy in all the darkness."

And Fuchs has weathered some fucked-up shit. As the youngest of six

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERRI CYRA



in a small town in central Florida, her dream was to become a singer. Her older sister Donna and brother Don had a band, and young Dana's job was to find and write down the lyrics to songs they would cover. Although she was raised Catholic, by the age of 12 she'd joined the small, black, First Baptist gospel choir to sing. At 16, she saw a sign in front of a Holiday Inn looking for a singer, and became the underage frontwoman of a Top 40 cover band; her bandmates were in their forties.

By 19, she followed that dream and her older sister to New York City, and soon drifted into a nightmare, working strip joints on the then-dangerous Lower East Side to make money and feed her burgeoning cocaine habit. "I remember coming down off a three-day coke binge," Fuchs says, "and I remember thinking, *There is no way I can have my dream and mix it with this or I'll be dead.*" Years later, when she was sober, these lost days and nights would appear in powerful and painful lyrics. "Strung Out," a song on her first CD—2003's *Lonely for a Lifetime*—includes these lines: "I woke up to the sounds of breaking glass/ Tried to remember where I was last/ Blood on my hands none in my veins/ I went back to the avenue to do it again." Another song, a hard rocker called "Bad Seed," is so angry it could be punk. Dana yells, "Yeah, you heard it right, that's what I said/ I wanna grow up to be young and dead/ Run with the worst—I wanna



finish last/ Don't want a future rather drown in the past."

Things got worse before Fuchs was saved by music. While she was struggling with her own demons, she got a call that her beloved sister's dream of a life in music had ended with Donna's suicide. "After her death, I never did [cocaine] again," Fuchs says.

Then, after she'd formed the Dana Fuchs Band with the talented guitarist and her cowriter and musical partner, Jon Diamond, in the early years of the new century, she got hit with more bad news: Her brother Don had been diagnosed with brain cancer. When he died in May 2011, Dana was at his side. According to her, her mission in life was clear: to never give up on the dream of music and to carry on for Donna and Don.

"They were so talented," she says of her siblings, fighting back tears. "And this was their dream. They are the two who influenced me the most, musically. It was their records I was listening to as a small girl. My sister took that road for her reasons and her demons. My brother did not have a choice. But they gave me this gift."

The Dana Fuchs Band is not a one-shot scream. On their third CD, *Bliss Avenue*, released in mid-2013, the writing and music are as angry and hard-hitting, the imagery as vivid,



as ever. On "Baby Loves the Life," for example, Fuchs sings, "Wasted and broken years are mapped out on your face/ Trapped behind a frozen smile/ Stuck in a cloud of smoke still in your favorite place/ I haven't seen you laugh in quite a while." On "Long Long Game," she sings, "Whiskey bound on a whistling train/ Another town but it's all the same/ Take a bow when they call your name/ What's the price you gonna pay for fame.... But you're livin' the dream baby all the way/ You got to wipe your tears just one more day."

Fuchs's sound works as well in a country bar in Texas as it does at B. B. King's nightclub in Times Square. Blues is not the same 12 bars repeated over and over. It's authentic music offered as salvation, the secular version of its cousin gospel. The blues,



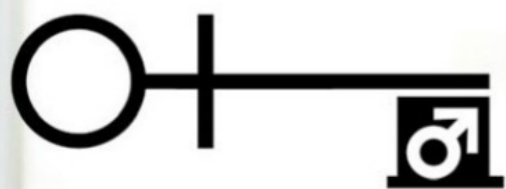
John Lee Hooker used to say, is a "healer."

That Fuchs is not a household name in America, not a superstar, is an indication of how far down the music industry's corporatized culture has dragged America. But Fuchs's answer is not to get drunk or strung out or go back to making sandwiches for Blimpie—her first job when she landed in the city. Fuchs's answer is to carry on like the early blues singers did, one song at a time, one show at a time, one city at a time, working her ass off to engage audiences.

She's used social media and YouTube to make an end run around the recording industry, and it's worked: She has a loyal fan base, especially in Europe. She has also proven to be a talented actress, playing the title role for a year in the play *Love, Janis*, and Sadie in the Hollywood film *Across the Universe*. She also sang two songs on the independent movie *Sherrybaby*, and once did voice-over work for MTV. All of which has kept her dream alive.

"You don't give up," she tells us, laughing. As she says, there is joy in the darkness if you're willing to look for it. Dana Fuchs would love to see you in her Rock 'n' Roll Church of Love, where everyone can exorcise their demons together. 

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FATHER FIGURE

Stephen Collins is best known for playing a preacher/Jessica Biel's TV dad for more than a decade. Now, as his series *Revolution* faces probable cancellation, he reflects on his 40-year career.

By Craig Modderno



With Jessica Biel
in *7th Heaven*

When you were acting in *7th Heaven* you wrote two erotic novels. What kind of response did you get from people associated with your family-oriented series?

Actually, my first novel, *Eye Contact*, came out a couple of years before *7th Heaven* began. My second novel, *Double Exposure*, came out after season one. To my surprise and amazement, the subject never came up. But I think that's because *7th Heaven* was still being discovered and didn't yet have a big audience.

Can you tell us about the books?

The first was sold as an erotic thriller; the second one had a lot of sex in it. I tried to create sexual situations that the reader could relate to. Women loved *Eye Contact*, which was important to me because I wanted both women and men to relate to the sex. They realized my main female character was what we today would call a sex addict, but in 1994 that term wasn't a part of our culture.

Was your fatherly image an asset or a burden, post-*7th Heaven*?

Both. Of course, some people in casting couldn't see beyond a role I played for 11 seasons. It's kind of understand-

able, and one of the trade-offs for having been on such a successful show. On the other hand, a few smart casting directors said, "Hey, this guy would be great to play a villain. No one will ever suspect him." That actually helped with roles on *No Ordinary Family* and *Devious Maids*, where my character was only exposed as the killer in the season finale. Marc Cherry and Sabrina Wind, who created *Devious Maids*, knew that the audience would be slow to suspect the character I was playing. Even on *Revolution*, my character's dark side was hidden for the first few episodes.

What's special about your character in *Revolution*?

Doc Porter, like a few characters, is trying to live a life of integrity under impossible conditions. He is haunted by a terrible decision he once had to make: He had to collaborate with the enemy [the Patriots] in exchange for medicine he needed to fight off a cholera epidemic. The doc slept with the enemy, so to speak, and there's a lot of darkness in his soul because of that. Characters with that kind of internal conflict are really rich.

Jessica Biel became a teen sex symbol during her run on *7th Heaven*. What was it like being a part of her world during that time?

She was beyond just a teen sex symbol. I mean, *Esquire* named her the sexiest woman in the universe or something. Jess was always a complete pleasure to work with, and she never let any of that go to her head. I still think she has her best

roles in front of her. I directed a few episodes of *7th Heaven*, and she's an actress who can absolutely make an audience fall in love with her and break their heart. I hope she gets to play a character with that kind of vulnerability in a movie someday. She even sings and dances—really well.

You were the one new male lead in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, back in 1979. Did the iconic regulars resent you being in the film?

Mostly, they were great. It was a long, six-month shoot. Since there had only been the original TV series before our movie, I sometimes felt like [William] Shatner would look at me on a Monday as if to say, "Are you still here?" Like I was a guest star who should be gone by then. But DeForest Kelley took me under his wing, and I also ended up playing on the *Star Trek* softball team with Walter Koenig for three years.

You are the only living actor to have major roles in movies directed by Billy Wilder [*Fedora*], Robert Wise [*Star Trek*], Alan Pakula [*All the President's Men*], and the Farrelly brothers [*The Three Stooges*]. What's the secret to such diverse directors hiring you?

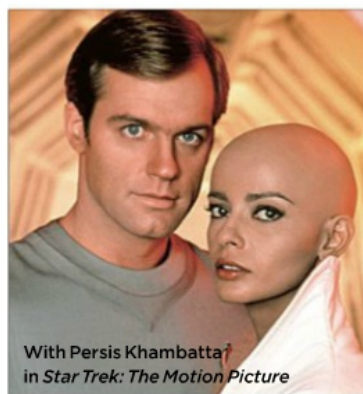
The only *living* actor? You mean some actor who's dead worked with all those guys?

I've always thought of myself as a character actor. Coming from the theater, I looked at roles for their character value and maybe that's appealing to certain directors. But I had to audition for *All the President's Men* three times. It was not an easy role to land. And then Billy Wilder cast me in *Fedora* because he saw a picture of me and thought I had the same dimple lines as William Holden. He hired me to play Holden's character as a young man in a flashback sequence.

I've always thought that I got the role in *Star Trek* because I wasn't all



gaga and crazy to do it the way so many young actors in Hollywood were. In fact, I wanted to turn the part down. Marion Dougherty, the great casting director, said to me, "Steve, it's going to be the biggest film Paramount has ever made. You'll be the only new male actor in it. It can't possibly hurt you." She was exactly half right. I don't think I'm any good in the movie, and that did hurt me. People in the business looked at me in *Star Trek* and thought, *Meh*, and they were right. I looked at my overly earnest work in that movie and it sent me screaming into my first acting class—and that was when I started to really become an actor. So you could say it was my blah performance in *Star Trek* that saved my life, or at least my career. The Farrellys cast me in *The Three Stooges*, I think, again, because the audience wouldn't figure out that I was the bad guy. They also knew I'd



With Persis Khambatta in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*

done a lot of comedy in the theater, if not in movies. They are a complete blast to work with. Being on their set is like being on a paid vacation. It's just as much fun as you'd hope it would be.

In *The Three Stooges*, your love interest was Sofia Vergara. How did you get to know her in order to make your scenes seem real?

Well, that's kind of funny, because I really didn't get to know her at all. While we were shooting, Sofia was in

the middle of the blooming success of *Modern Family*, Emmy and Golden Globe nominations, launching her own clothing line, and she was all over TV and billboards in those hot Pepsi ads. She was just phenomenally busy, always on the phone. Frankly, I think she thought I was a day player until we shot the scene when the script called for her to kiss me—which, alas, she chose to make a chaste kiss on the cheek. She was professionally friendly, but I never really got to know her.

Your scenes as Hugh Sloan in *All the President's Men* were with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford, both of whom were at the top of their games. Describe the experience.

That was my first movie, and I couldn't have been luckier than to work with Redford and Hoffman, the great cinematographer Gordon Willis, with the script by William Goldman. Redford and Hoffman were totally accessible and easy to be around. Bob was incredibly interested in trying to get the small details of the story right, and just being around someone with Dustin's intensity rubs off on you a little as an actor. When we were shooting my first scene, in Sloan's living room, we shot all of Bob's and Dustin's coverage first, and it wasn't until the next day that the camera turned around on me. Dustin knew that I was getting stale, and on the first take of my close-up, he deliberately missed the chair he was sitting down on and did a huge pratfall onto the floor. He was just trying to loosen me up. They were both totally there for all the other actors. That was a great example to me.

Have you ever taken a prop home once the film was completed?

When the first *Star Trek* movie was finishing, I asked Fred Phillips, the makeup man who did Leonard Nimoy, if I could take one thing that he had on his makeup table: an empty coffee can that he'd labeled "L. Nimoy, ears, used." I had to have that. Fred thought I was crazy. I still have that can—with a set of used Spock ears in it! I see it as my annuity. I figure it'll bring in a cool million at the right *Star Trek* convention. ☺



Wolfenstein: The New Order



BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, PC)



Firepower replaces flower power in the alternate-1960s setting of this new entry in the series that popularized the first-person-shooter genre back in 1992. The idea is, the Nazis won World War II and completed their global domination in the intervening decade and a half. Into this nightmare scenario steps series hero William "B. J." Blazkowicz, a grizzled American war veteran who joins the anti-Nazi resistance. B.J. must infiltrate Nazi fortresses and harness the Third Reich's advanced weapons to topple longtime *Wolfenstein* villain General Wilhelm "Deathshead" Strasse, thus putting history back on track.

Unlike the sillier previous installments in the series, *The New Order* doesn't flinch from showing the atrocities of a world subjected to Hitler's Final Solution. Yes, you can expect to encounter

waves and waves of swastika-sporting storm troopers, but in between the gunplay and set-piece action sequences (such as manning the guns of a damaged bomber and taking on hulking Nazi mechs), you'll make some chilling discoveries and mull over tough decisions. The scientific breakthroughs and space race of the true-timeline sixties have been replaced with the Third Reich's gruesome human experimentation and dalliances with the occult, which in this game spawn otherworldly foes. B.J. will fall into the cruel clutches of the SS and have to decide which of his men will face a Nazi doctor's particularly cruel brand of medical malpractice. It's fairly heady—and chilling—stuff for a series that once pitted players against Nazi zombies and a pistol-wielding Hitler as the final boss.

Know Nonsense

Indulge your silly side with weird new simulators.



GOAT SIMULATOR COFFEE STAIN STUDIOS (PC)

The makers of this \$10 downloadable "game"—in which you earn points by terrorizing the suburbs with an ill-tempered goat—make no apologies for its many glitches or lack of plot. Fact is, the glitches provide most of the WTF fun here.



BEAR SIMULATOR FARJAY STUDIOS (PC, MAC)

Think of this sim as the counterpoint to those Cabela's hunting games. Go behind the paws of a bear exploring its habitat and snacking on plants and fish to build stats, and maul any man or animal foolish enough to fuck with a grizzly.



SURGEON SIMULATOR TOUCH BOSSA STUDIOS (IPHONE, IPAD)

As an incompetent surgeon tasked with saving the world's unluckiest patient (a guy named Bob), you'll use your butterfingers and barbaric tools to botch all kinds of insane surgeries—from eye and teeth transplants to double-kidney switcheroos.



BALLISTIC RUMBLE ENTERTAINMENT (PC, MAC)

Ballistic might look like any other first-person blaster built for the dude-bro set, but it has one important distinction: It's free to play on any desktop or laptop browser on both PC and Mac. (A version for mobile-device browsers is still in development.) Choose from one of seven character classes—from a walking-tank brute to a katana-swinging ninja—and dive into team-based online matches. The graphics look like something from a console or high-end PC rig, but you don't need any special graphics cards or other gear. You can find *Ballistic* on Kongregate, Facebook, or Yahoo Games, which are fast becoming gaming platforms unto themselves.



TRIALS FUSION UBISOFT (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PC)

What goes up must come down—often with compound fractures—in the latest installment of the high-flying, hard-falling, hyper-addictive motocross stunt-racing series. Once again, you compete on a circuit of tracks that mix loop-de-loops with explosive traps, literal dead-ends, and M. C. Escher-style corkscrews and switchbacks. Only surgical control of your throttle, brake, and rider's balance will see you through to the finish line without your guy winding up in a full-body cast. This sequel introduces the ability to perform airborne stunts for bonus points, a new four-wheeler bike, and hidden challenges on each of the 60-plus tracks. Even if you survive to the finish line, *Fusion's* fun is limitless, courtesy of the game's level editor and thriving DIY-track community.



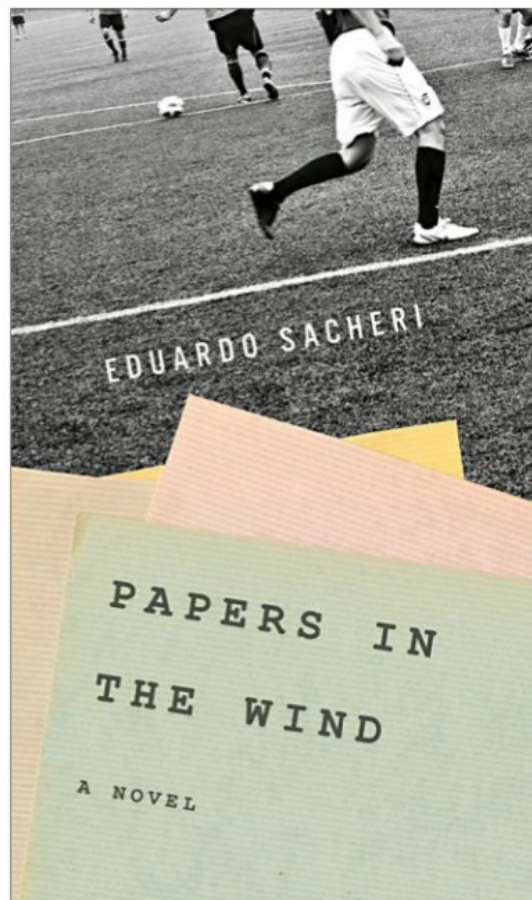
EA SPORTS UFC EA SPORTS (XBOX ONE, PS4)

Dudes grappling might not seem like a blockbuster gameplay concept compared to the decapitations of *Mortal Kombat* or the special moves of *Street Fighter*, but EA Sports has a simple philosophy for adding oomph to mixed martial arts: no pain, no game. Every superman punch, roundhouse kick, and submission hold comes to bone-rattling life thanks to a physics system that deforms the flesh of the fighters in real-time. Veins pop, skin darkens, and your movement slows as damage takes its toll and fatigue sets in. Each licensed UFC athlete is re-created in unprecedented detail on the next-generation systems. And if you can't find your favorite fighter, you can create your own.



GOAL ORIENTED

In Eduardo Sacheri's new novel about soccer and friendship, three pals attempt to support their friend's young daughter in the wake of his death from cancer. By John Bolster



PAPERS IN THE WIND BY EDUARDO SACHERI

In the acknowledgments for his third novel, the Argentine writer Sacheri thanks his "Saturday soccer friends, for that world filled with simple and untransferable [*sic*] privileges offered by the friendship of men." That sentiment could serve as a kickoff for the book, which tells a tale of the recently deceased "Mono," a former minor-league soccer player, his optimistic brother Fernando, and his two best friends, the cynical Mauricio and the hapless "Ruso." But the portrait is hardly bathed in nostalgic soft light: The surviving pals' conflicting personalities are cast in sharp relief as they scramble for a way to support Mono's young daughter, since her father has squandered his life savings on the transfer rights to a pro soccer player whose career is faltering. Interspersed between schemes to make the slumping striker more appealing to potential buyers are flashbacks to Mono's life, and insightful portraits of the lives and loves of all four.

TIC TAC TOME: THE BOOK THAT WILL BEAT YOU AT TIC-TAC-TOE BY WILLY YONKERS



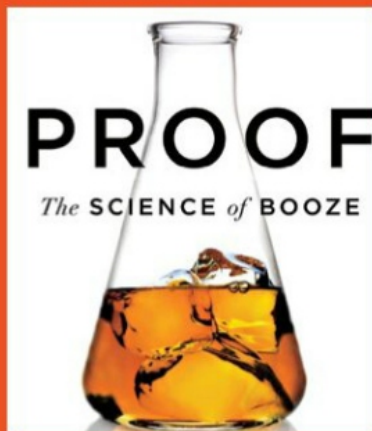
Until recently, you could visit New York City's Chinatown and match wits in a game of tic-tac-toe with ... a chicken. In a famous

essay on the attraction, writer Calvin Trillin noted that many people cried, um, foul when confronted with the poultry parlor game's only rule: "The chicken gets to go first," they'd complain. "Yeah," Trillin would reply, "but you're a human being." Now, from Quirk Books, comes the chance to play against a more dignified, though less sentient, opponent:

a book. And you have the option of going first: Simply open the book from the front, and follow the simple instructions. If you're feeling especially confident, open from the back and let the book go first. The cocky little volume promises to beat you either way. We bravely took up the challenge and came away with ... a draw. Bring on that chicken.

WAR ON HANGOVERS EXCERPT OF THE MONTH

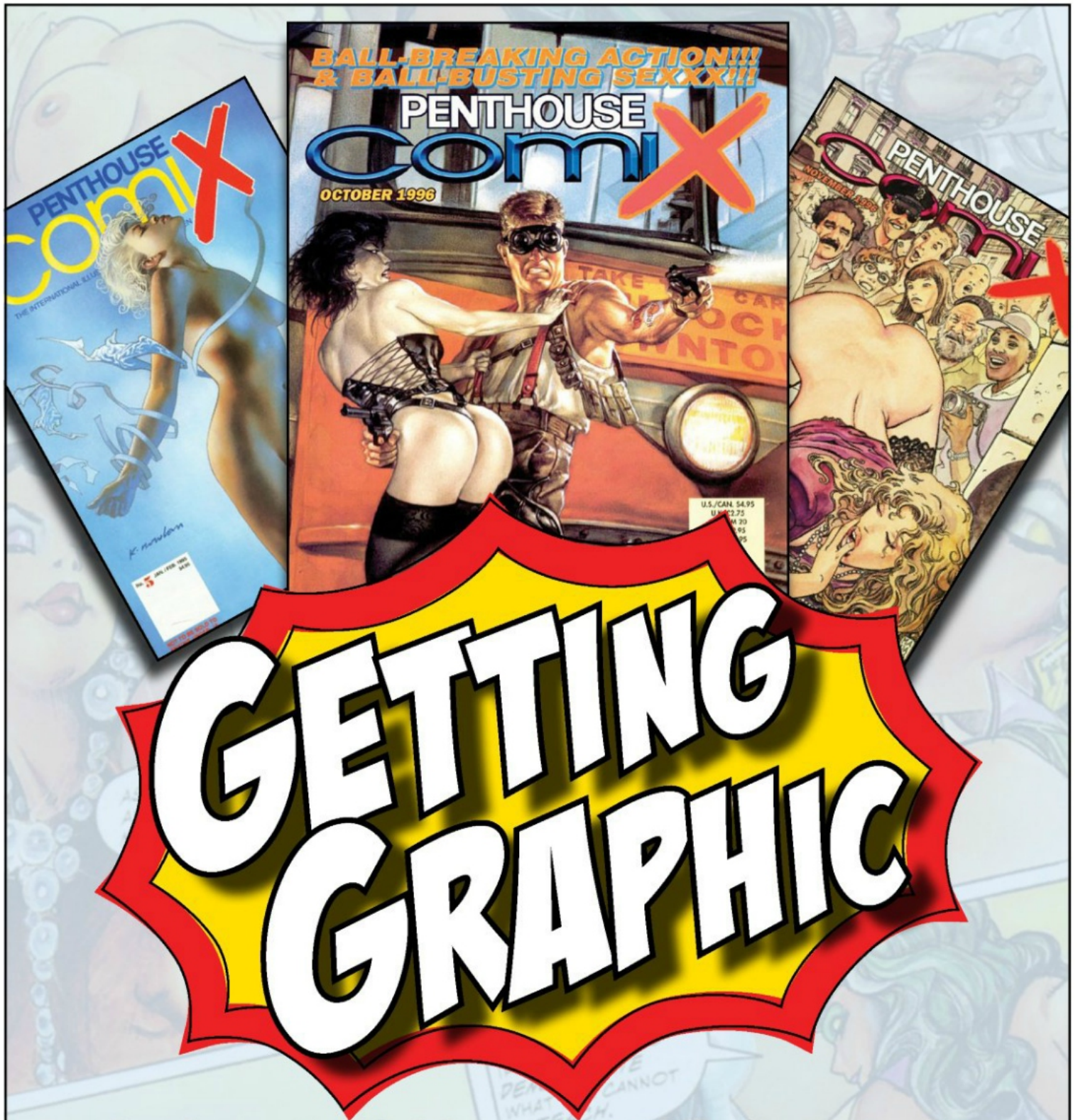
FROM PROOF: THE SCIENCE OF BOOZE BY ADAM ROGERS



There's a note of irony in Rogers' booze- and science-referencing title, because despite hooch's 10,000-year run as a prominent player in human civilization, it remains as beguiling to scientific researchers as it is to your brain on a Saturday night. That is, surprisingly little has been proven about booze—from its flavors to the mechanics of its effects, and, perhaps most important, to its *aftereffects*. That's right, despite what you may have

seen on that infomercial last night, the science on hangovers remains as murky as a freshly poured pint of Guinness. But here, in the book's conclusion, Rogers suggests there may be a way to bypass the problem:

"David Nutt [a British scientist] has been reporting for almost a decade about experiments on a chemical analog to ethanol, an alcohol replacement that would have the same effects.... But it'd be reversible, with an antidote that would instantly sober up a user, or cure a hangover. Actually, Nutt says he has five candidate compounds, with their antidotes, ready to go. 'After exploring one possible compound I was quite relaxed and sleepily inebriated for an hour or so, then within minutes of taking the antidote I was up giving a lecture with no impairment whatsoever,' Nutt wrote in late 2013. All he needs, he says, is funding to further test and refine the compounds.... Could he actually have come up with synthohol, straight out of *Star Trek*? Alcohol without consequences? It's a tantalizing promise." —O+



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ALL FIRE UP

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By Deirdre Goldbeck



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■ Grill Master Complete Grilling Collection

UrbanAccents.com • \$50

You can buy the choicest cuts of meat to barbecue, but if the seasoning sucks, so will your food. Start off right with this collection that includes four rubs and seasonings: Chicago Steak & Chop, Kansas City Classic Rub, Argentina Steak Rub, and Sonoma Pepper, and four dry glazes: Vermont Grill, Santa Fe BBQ, Athenian Herb, and Mandarin Ginger. There's enough variety in this set to spice up beef, chicken, fish, pork, or veggies—in other words, everything.



■ Smokin' in the Boys' Room: Southern Recipes From the Winningest Woman in Barbecue

Amazon.com • \$15

If you're looking for some culinary inspiration for your next cookout, check out this new book by multi-award-winning pit master Melissa Cookston, the owner of Memphis Barbecue Company in Mississippi and North Carolina. She's loaded her book with 100 of her favorite recipes, and you'll not only find dishes to satisfy every carnivore on your guest list, but all the fixings, too, including how-to's for sauces, seasonings, sides, and even desserts.

■ Zippo 3-Piece Grill Set

Zippo.com • \$30

Every grill master needs a good set of cooking tools. These are made of heavy-gauge stainless steel with long handles that will stay cool. Both the spatula and the tongs have serrated edges, so you'll be able to break apart food with the spatula and get a good grip on chicken parts with the tongs. The notched fork will help prevent large pieces of meat from slipping, keeping you from dropping that T-bone steak your dog has been patiently waiting for.



■ OXO Good Grips Interlocking Corn Holders

Oxo.com • Eight for \$10

How many times have you reached into a drawer for the corn holders only to have your fingers stabbed by those sharp steel spikes? Oxo's corn holders have nonslip handles plus they lock together so you can store them safely in a utensil drawer till you need them. Reach for these and the only reason you'll pop your fingers into your mouth is to lick off all the butter you've slathered on your corn.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (GRILL MASTER COMPLETE GRILLING COLLECTION) NICHOLAS EVELEIGH



■ Weber Smokey Mountain Cooker Charcoal Smoker (left); One-Touch Gold Kettle Grill (right)

Amazon.com • \$299; \$149

Weber offers a wide range of cookers for every grill master, whether you enjoy the taste of slowly smoked ribs or a flame-kissed rib-eye steak. The midsize smoker, made of black porcelain-enameled steel, measures a spacious 19 inches across and 41 inches tall. It has two 18-inch racks capable of simultaneously handling both a turkey and a ham, or several slabs of baby backs, and it comes with a water pan, a thermometer, a heat-resistant nylon handle, and a vented cover.

If you're more interested in flipping burgers and dogs over hot coals for that charcoal taste, the kettle grill will do the job. The 22-inch bowl comes with a lid, and provides 363 square inches of cooking space. It has two glass-reinforced nylon handles with tool hooks, a high-volume ash-catcher with one-touch removal, and a pull-handle and two wheels for easy mobility. It's also rust-resistant, so a little rain won't hurt it.



■ BBQ Dragon

BBQDragon.com • \$50, plus \$12 shipping & handling

When your fun-loving backyard guests morph into a ravenous mob, the last thing you want to do is wait for those infernal briquettes to get hot. The battery-powered BBQ Dragon doesn't actually breathe fire, but it will get one going in less than ten minutes. Just clip it to the side of your grill, aim the flexible neck toward the coals you've just lit, and turn it on. It blows a high volume of cool air that will turn the coals white-hot in practically no time at all. You can vary the motor speed, and also use it with smokers, campfires, wood stoves, and fireplaces. It's easily rechargeable via the micro-USB port, so go ahead—light your fire.



■ Cookina Barbeque Reusable Grilling Sheet

Cookina.co • \$15

The last thing you want to do after stuffing yourself with good food is clean your grill. These nonstick, nontoxic cooking sheets measure 15.75 inches by 19.68 inches, but you can trim them to fit your grill or smoker, and reverse it if one side gets a little messy during cooking. They prevent flare-ups by keeping sauces and grease from dripping directly onto the coals, and stop small food items like veggies from slipping through, but you'll still get grill marks on your food from the grates. When you're done, wash it with soap and water, dry it, and it's ready to reuse.

■ Amaldo Caprai Grecante; Tenuta Frescobaldi di Castiglioni

Available nationwide • \$18; \$20 to \$23

Not everyone reaches for an ice-cold brew to go with their meal. Grecante, a light, crisp white wine made from 100 percent grechetto grapes, pairs nicely with fish, poultry, and vegetables when chilled. Meat lovers will gravitate toward Tenuta di Castiglioni's Tuscan blend of Cabernet Sauvignon, Sangiovese, and Merlot, with its spicy notes and full-bodied flavor. Just remember to hide one or two bottles for yourself.



■ Samuel Adams Summer Ale 12-pack

Available nationwide • \$15 to \$18

Manning the grill is hard work. Quench your thirst with Sam Adams' Summer Ale. The newly designed can with its hourglass ridge at the top was created to "[push] flavor out of the beer," while the larger, wider lid helps to create more air flow so you can better enjoy this flavorful ale. You'll appreciate the spiciness of the Grains of Paradise, the crisp wheat, hint of citrus, and the Hallertau Mittelfrueh and Saaz Noble hops, but there's one other advantage to these tasty ingredients in the can: Beer-can chicken, anyone? 

12 MONTHS OF SUNSHINE

Catching some rays, with magic. • By Bill Heald

If there's a downside to going topless (in an automotive sense), it's the inherent flimsiness of a cloth roof. True, a fabric top does keep the rain off, and the latest multilayer designs are certainly quieter than their predecessors.

But there's no comparison to a more robust top, and years ago some manufacturers (such as Mercedes-Benz) offered a separate steel top that two people could mount on the convertible in question, to seal it during the less-topless-compatible months of the year. Later, the ultimate solution appeared: a true convertible steel roof that deployed in sections and folded away just like a fabric top—at the push of a button.

The Mercedes SLK Roadster series was an early adopter of this brilliant new engineering, and now—thanks to contemporary materials, technology, and other bits of magic—the company has developed an even more ingenious version of the convertible that makes the sky above accessible any time of year. The Mercedes engineers call this new tech Magic Sky Control, and it starts with a folding top made of a body-color polycarbonate with an optional panoramic see-through panel. The “magic” part enters the equation thanks to the use of tinting elements inside the transparent panel itself, which can be regulated by the

occupants. Mercedes-Benz explains, “Sandwiched between two layers of glass, a chemical film called a matrix polymer holds oblong nano particles that line up uniformly when electrical current is applied, allowing light to pass through. When the electrical current is turned off (via a button beside the mirror), the nano particles disperse randomly, reducing light and tinting the roof panel.”

Of course, the beauty of this is that even in the dead of winter it lets you enjoy the warming effect of the sun's rays, all while remaining enclosed in extreme comfort. When the warmer weather arrives, the full topless-motoring experience is just 20 seconds away as the top folds into the trunk. Of course, this being Mercedes-Benz, the rest of this handsome Roadster is equally alluring in terms of road-going ability, and is armed with the latest safety features from Stuttgart's arsenal. The car rides

on a tight, 95.7-inch wheelbase, and there are three drivetrains available, including a turbocharged four, a V-6, and a V-8 in the top-of-the-line model, the SLK55 AMG—easily our favorite. (The AMG designation means it comes from Mercedes' high-performance division, and the 5.5-liter engine that's shoehorned into the car's fairly tight engine compartment tantalizes the tarmac with 415 horsepower.)

The rear-wheel-drive Roadster is mated to a seven-speed automatic transmission that's designed not only for high performance, but great fuel economy as well. Fuel efficiency is further boosted with features like Direct Injection technology, as well as the ECO start-stop system. The latter works by killing the engine when you stop at a traffic light; when the light changes, “the driver touches the accelerator pedal, the engine computer decides which piston is in





the best position for first ignition, and the direct fuel injection and multispark systems work with a starter motor to restart the engine almost instantly,” or so saith Mercedes. The SLK is loaded with additional advanced electronic controls, even to the point of monitoring the driver’s inputs to make sure you’re not getting drowsy on long trips. It’s called Attention Assist, and if the software detects erratic steering motions consistent with drowsiness, it prompts you to take a break.

Of course, this is a car that stimulates, not relaxes. The same can be said for the type of passengers it’s likely to attract, for there’s something about a convertible on a sunny day that gets the attention of the right kind of companion. When you throw in the lure of luxury and quality the Mercedes-Benz name imparts, the sky is literally the limit for the fun you can have with this intimate, potent masterpiece. 

SLK55 AMG SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door convertible hardtop
Engine	5.5-liter V-8
Power	415 horsepower
Torque	398 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed Speedshift Plus automatic
Front tires	235/40 R18
Rear tires	255/35 R18
Curb weight	3,583 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	4.5 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel capacity	18.5 gallons
EPA mpg	19 city/28 highway
Base price	\$69,850





IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MID-RANGE

Road-carving, American-style. • By Bill Heald



The road to success can throw you some curves, and that's just fine with Erik Buell. He started as a road racer, then worked as an engineer for Harley-Davidson, and ultimately established a motorcycle company bearing his name. Buell's original slogan was "Different in Every Sense," and the company developed a reputation for innovation that focused on function before form (yet compromising on neither). His aim has been to build racing bikes that are easier to ride, especially on challenging, curve-heavy circuits, and street bikes that likewise optimize the rider's abilities, thus maximizing sport-riding pleasure.

Years ago, Harley took over Buell the company and ultimately shut down the division, but Buell the man was far from done. This company, now known as Erik Buell Racing (EBR), has

formed an alliance with India's enormous Hero motorcycle concern, spawning a new sport bike that is manufactured in Wisconsin and reflects Buell's goals of user-friendly racing and spirited street riding. The company has assembled a sizable network of more than 60 dealers, and created racing teams to contest both the AMA Superbike and World Superbike championships. As impressive as all this is, though, it pales in comparison to the motorcycle Buell will be selling to the public. Based on the company's claims, the EBR 1190RX will be one of the most powerful V-twin sport bikes ever to lay waste to your favorite twisty back road.

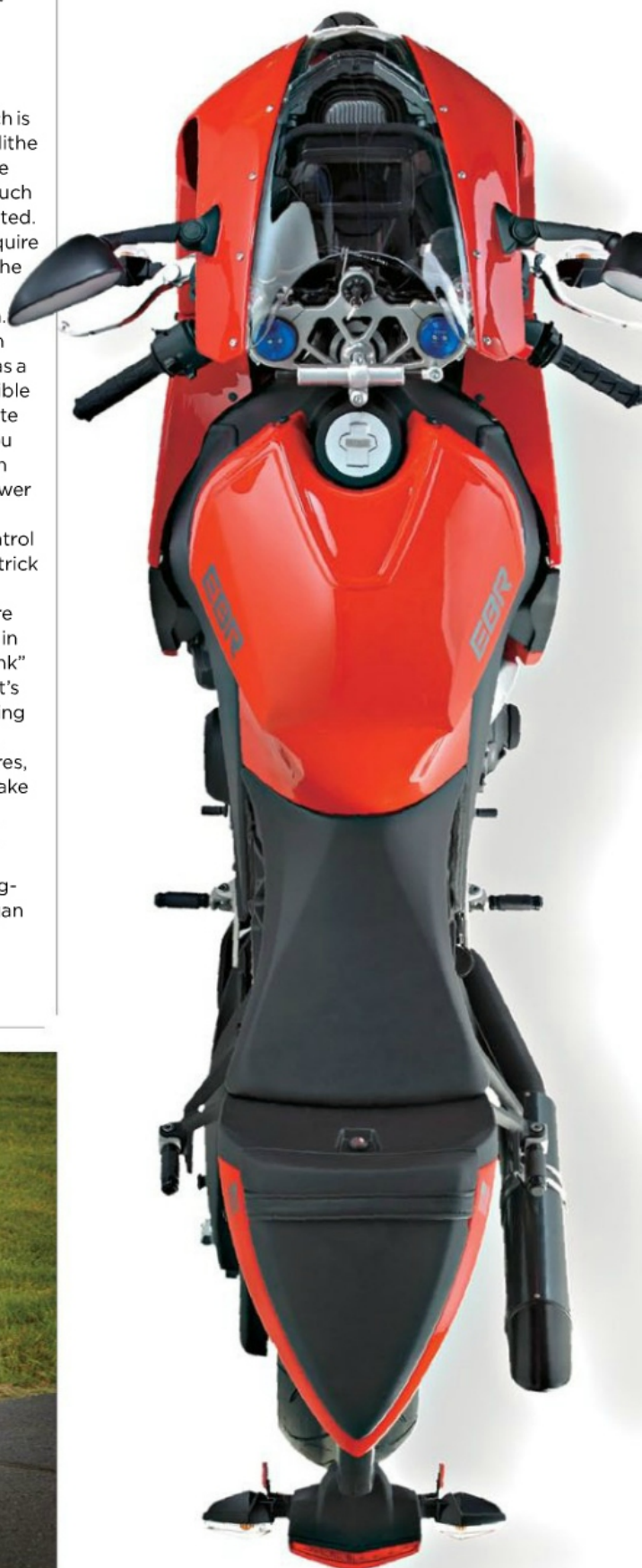
The Buell philosophy focuses on a core value I touched on earlier that

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 72-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	106mm x 67.5mm
Displacement	1,190 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	Showa male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single Showa shock, fully adjustable
Front brake	Single 386mm disc with perimeter rotor
Rear brake	Single 220mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	190/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	55.5 inches
Seat height	32.5 inches
Dry weight	419 pounds
Base price	\$18,995



promises to be the new RX's most significant attribute—awesome power that you can actually use. Buell claims the engine doles out a whopping 185 horsepower and 101.6 foot-pounds of torque, which is staggering, considering the RX's lithe 419-pound dry weight. But like the anatomy of a dancer, it's not so much the muscle as the way it's distributed. The 72-degree V-twin doesn't require you to wring it to death to get to the meat of the power band, for peak horsepower comes at 10,600 rpm. Even more telling is an 8,200-rpm torque peak, meaning this bike has a seriously fat mid-range of accessible thrust. This translates to immediate drive out of corners, launching you from apex to apex like a gazelle on steroids. To further ensure the power gets to the pavement effectively, there are 21 different traction-control settings you can access from the trick digital instrument cluster.

Buell trademark innovations are also onboard, like storing the fuel in the frame, thus freeing up the "tank" space for a sculptured air box that's fine-tuned to the engine's breathing requirements. For the substantial braking needs such a speed requires, Buell's unique perimeter front-brake disc (gripped by an eight-piston caliper) both slows the beast and contributes to the front wheel's low, unsprung weight for lightning-quick steering response. The slogan "Different in Every Sense" has become "Fiercely Independent," and the company has the serious hardware to back it up. 



STEPPIN' OUT

Essentials for improving your summer in the sun.

By Crispin Boyer



Smart Wheel

FlyKly • \$590

New York City-based FlyKly hasn't exactly reinvented the wheel with this pedal-assisting tire that takes the drudgery out of your commute, but the company has certainly improved it. The Smart Wheel is a nine-pound motorized tire that replaces the rear wheel of any bike (check out sizes and colors at FlyKly.com). The motor kicks in as soon as you start pedaling, propelling you at speeds up to 20 miles an hour for as far as 30 miles on a single charge. That means you can get to work without ending up a sweaty mess or tackle hilly roads without keeling over from a heart attack. Even better, the tire links via Bluetooth to a smartphone app that tracks your speed and distance—and locks and tracks your bike if it gets snatched.



Xperia Z1S

Sony • Starting at \$25 per month with a two-year T-Mobile contract

Sony's expertise in compact digital cameras and Bravia high-def displays converges in its flagship Android-based phone. The Xperia Z1S packs a 20.7-megapixel camera—one of the most powerful cameras you'll find on a smartphone—along with a suite of image-processing and sharing apps (such as Social Live, which broadcasts to social-networking sites for real-time commentary from the peanut gallery). The five-inch screen achieves a resolution of 1,920 by 1,080 in progressive scan, which makes for an incredibly sharp and bright picture in a small display. It's also waterproof, dust-resistant, and durable, making it the perfect outdoor camera and rugged media player for the beach, by the pool, or even in the shower.



E-Go Cruiser

Yuneec Technology • \$699

This Chinese aircraft manufacturer might have a flair for inventing silly product (and company) names, but its electric skateboard is no joke. At less than 14 pounds, it's the world's lightest full-size electric longboard. It's also easier to master than many other electric boards, which tend to buck the rider as soon as he hits the gas. The E-Go, which is controlled via wireless remote or the rider's smartphone, has a learning mode for newbies that limits speed and acceleration. It goes about 18 miles on a single charge at a maximum speed of 12 miles an hour, making the weatherproof board ideal for commuting or just zipping around town.



■ Fugoo outdoor Bluetooth speaker

Fugoo • \$200

There's no shortage of wireless outdoor speakers, but few combine the sound quality and rugged design of the Fugoo. Its designers managed to pack six drivers (two tweeters, two mid-range, and two passive radiators) into a brick-size form, with all the speakers balanced to cancel out vibration while creating omnidirectional sound. A built-in digital-signal processor and all-digital (Bluetooth-only) connection make for crisp music reproduction across a broad range of tune types. All sound components are housed in a rubberized, corrosion-resistant, airtight core that protects the speaker from drops, dust, spills (it's waterproof to three feet), and even snowy chills. The battery lasts up to 40 hours on a single charge, and listeners can dress their Fugoo in custom "jackets"—which can be hosed off when the unit gets grimy.



■ Aqua-Vu Wi-Fi underwater-viewing system

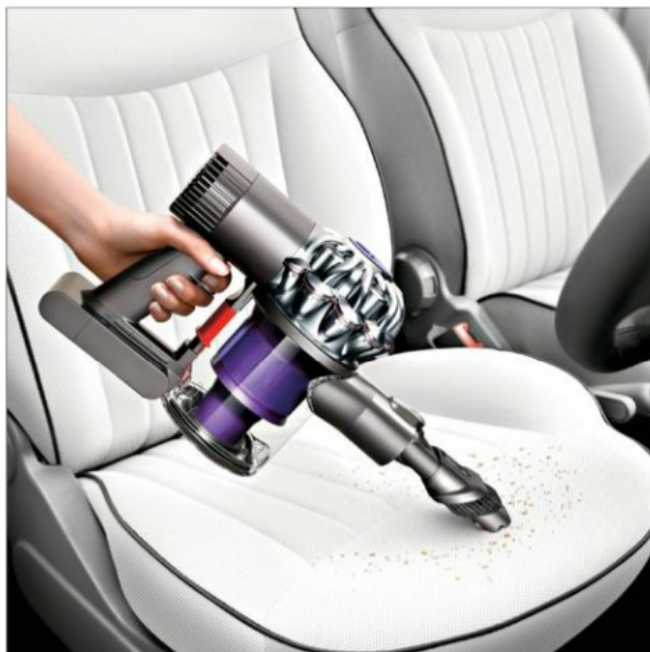
Outdoors Insight, Inc. • \$349

Whether you're an expert angler or just a wannabe Jacques Cousteau who's afraid of getting his hair wet, the new Aqua-Vu Wi-Fi system gives you everything you need to see what's going down beneath the surface. Once you mount the waterproof camera to the keel of your boat (or the end of a pole, if you're fishing from shore or on the ice), the Wi-Fi transmitter broadcasts a video signal to any smartphone or tablet within 100 feet. Aqua-Vu's free Looking Glass app enhances the image, resolving fish shapes against the background murk, revealing underwater topography, and adjusting for low-light conditions. Fishermen can use the viewer to see if bass are taking the bait; fish aficionados can treat it like a real-time aquarium.

■ Panono panoramic camera

Panono • \$549

Here's a camera that captures the *big* big picture. It's about the size of a grapefruit, and its surface bristles with 36 tiny lenses that snap simultaneously to create a 108-megapixel, 360-degree photo. Just chuck the ball up and it automatically snaps its panoramic pic at the top of your toss. Download each wraparound image wirelessly to your smartphone or tablet, then use the free app to explore your photos by pointing your screen in the direction you want to look. Toss the ball around at the beach, the water park, or a music festival so you can scour your photographs later for sexy babes.



■ Digital Slim DC59 cordless vacuum

Dyson • \$500

Let's face it: There's a downside to fun in the sun, as traces of the great outdoors inevitably end up in your vehicle. With this lightweight handheld vacuum—whose resemblance to power tools is intentional—you'll be gunning for grime. When you pull the trigger, the powerful V-6 motor enables the carbon-fiber filaments and the nylon bristle strips in the motorized head to suck up anything in the way; removing the detachable wand allows for easy use inside your car or truck. The push-button release means you can empty the dirt canister easily, and a mountable docking station keeps all the pieces together. When fully charged, you'll get 26 minutes of cleaning time, just long enough to get all the sand out of your seats.—Deirdre Goldbeck



QUICK ON THE DRAW

Our twenty-first-century rogue knows when it's time for a married man to fess up about going to a strip club.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I recently attended the bachelor party of a close childhood friend. I'm married with two kids and, as far as my sex life is concerned, let's just say I won't be writing any amazing letters to other sections of Penthouse in the near future. Anyway, after we hung out at a bar, the entire bachelor party went to a strip club, and my brother bought me a lap dance. The stripper was grinding so hard on my crotch that I blew my load. (Sadly, it doesn't take much to get me off these days.)

I made the drunken mistake of admitting what happened to my brother, and within minutes, he blabbed about it to anyone who would listen. They even made up a nickname for me, and now anyone in attendance that night drops it into casual conversation. Embarrassment aside, my real problem is that my wife had no idea the party moved to a strip club, and I'm afraid she's not only going to find out, but she'll hear about my shooting a load in my shorts. Do I tell her the truth now, or wait till someone blurts it out at a barbecue?

How the hell did you get old enough to be married with two kids without learning how to avoid slinging yogurt in your shorts? You just think the most unsexy thoughts possible. Personally, I run through the starting lineup of the 1996 World Series champion New York Yankees, my favorite Yankees team. Every time I'm about to shoot my wad when I don't want to, I go through the lineup in my head and picture each player's face. Cecil Fielder staring back will stop any man from coming too soon.

That should solve your ejaculation issue, but the fact that you're an absolute moron is tougher to cure. Why the *fuck* did you think it was a good idea to admit you'd just come in your pants? You should have waited till the song ended, tipped the nice girl for a job well done, retreated to the men's room to clean up your mess, and spent the rest of the night in a euphoric haze. Oh, and your brother is a cocksucker for telling everyone, but you've probably known that for years.

It's time to share the story with your wife, and use the opportunity to bring up the fact that you're not getting laid at home. Tell her you went to a strip club for two reasons: (1.) No one wants to be that poor bastard who leaves a party because the guys are going to a strip club, and (2.) Seriously, where the fuck did she think you'd end up? A craft store to pick up patterns for a group knitting project? You should also tell her that all the chick was doing was grinding on your dong, but because you haven't had sex since who the fuck knows when, you came in your pants faster than an eighth grader during sex-ed class. Maybe you'll actually get laid for a change.

I'm also going to need the name of the strip club and the stripper. Maybe this girl has a magic ass and it's not your fault. I'll let you know if I'm able to last long enough to get to the Yankees bullpen. **OTM**





GO BRAZILIAN

A new wave of artisanal cachaças is changing the face of Brazil's signature spirit in the United States. By Nicholas Gill

Despite being the third most consumed spirit in the world, cachaça (pronounced ka-SHA-sa), has—for the most part—stayed away from the spotlight outside its native Brazil. But with the World Cup being hosted in the country this year and the Summer Olympics in 2016, that's about to change.

The distillation of cachaça dates to the mid-sixteenth century, when slaves on sugarcane plantations allowed leftover cane juice to ferment, making it closer to a *rhum agricole* than rum, which is distilled from molasses. The vegetal notes are reminiscent of tequila, yet recently all cachaça sold in the United States had to be called “Brazilian rum.”

“For many years, the Brazilian government refused to recognize bourbon as a distinctively American product,” explains Nate Whitehouse, a cofounder of Avuá Cachaça. “In response, [the American] government refused to label cachaça as

a uniquely Brazilian product, and required producers to label it as a rum.”

In 2013, after 15 years of negotiations, the U.S. Alcohol Tax and Trade Bureau finally recognized cachaça as a unique spirit. However, cachaça education is just beginning.

Industrial cachaças, marketed toward lower-income customers, are column-still distilled and their sugarcane may come from numerous sources. Much of the cachaça sold in the United States has fallen under this category. “There are also extremely noble, fine cachaças that can sell for thousands of dollars per bottle, due to the scarcity of the woods used to age them, the skill of the distiller, and the demand,” Whitehouse says.

Most of the roughly 4,000 cachaça producers in Brazil fall under two main styles: highland and lowland. The highland spirit is produced in the mountainous region of Minas Gerais, using cane and yeast indigenous to the area. It's sweeter and often aged.

Lowland styles usually come from the Paraty area and are drier and more vegetal. Most cachaças range between 38 percent to 48 percent in alcohol, making them 76 to 96 proof.

Leblon, which rests for six months in XO Cognac casks, is the most widespread brand in the United States. It set the bar for premium versions with its straightforward fruity flavor and touch of spice, and its “Legalize Cachaça” campaign helped turn the public away from industrial brands like Ypióca and Cachaça 51.

Avuá, Whitehouse's company, uses cane that's hand-harvested, ground with a waterwheel, and fermented using wild yeast. It's produced by one of the few female distillers in Brazil. The clear Prata version is sweet and floral, with hints of lemongrass and dried herbs, making it flavorful in cocktails. The darker, Amburana variety rests in a rare Brazilian wood of the same name for two years, giving it a deeper, more rounded flavor profile with cinnamon and burnt-sage notes.

Novo Fogo comes from the rainforest-covered, coastal Paraná state, rendering a taste of the nature around it, from the sea salt in the air to the surrounding lime and banana trees. It's possibly the only silver cachaça that rests for more than a year, giving it a smoother flavor. The darker version is aged in less than 50-gallon repurposed bourbon barrels, which give it banana-bread and chocolatey notes with a light oak, vanilla finish.

Brazil's national cocktail, the Caipirinha, is just cachaça mixed with sugar and lime. Basically it's a Daiquiri. You'll see it everywhere, yet the spirit is so much more than a single cocktail. “Cachaça has always been used as a cocktail ingredient without any appreciation for the spirit,” says Justin Noel, who tends bar at New York City's Sweetwater Social. “Bartenders would overcompensate for the harshness because the quality used to be so poor. Emerging-spirits consumers are educated. They appreciate artisanal brands.”

“I liked that cachaça was so powerful yet unexplored,” says Novo Fogo owner Dragos Axinte, on why he founded the organic brand. “There's this great story to be told. It's such a big part of the fabric of Brazil. My favorites are the ones you buy in the street. They are made to the palate of that specific neighborhood. Even bourbon is not as diverse.”

The Azzuri Negroni

By Sweetwater Social bartender Justin Noel

■ INGREDIENTS

1.5 ounce Avuá Prata Cachaça
One ounce Noilly Prat Rouge
One ounce Campari
Orange slice
Flamed orange peel
Large ice cube

Combine the ingredients with ice in a rocks glass and stir. To flame the peel, hold the rind over the cocktail, bringing the flame (a match or lighter) close to the outer peel. Carefully squeeze the peel and the oils should ignite a flash. Run the charred peel around the rim. Garnish with the orange slice.

THE SCHOOL OF HARD-

BOOPE

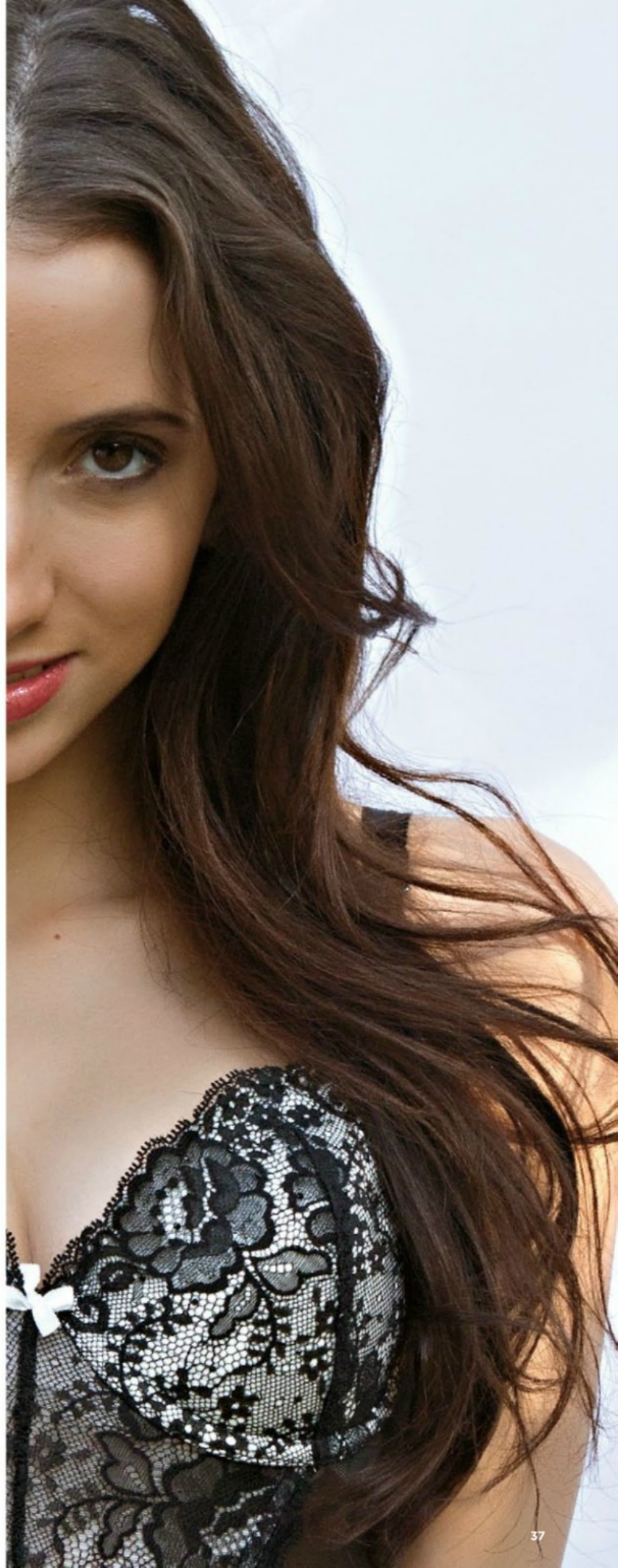
Why did the revelation that a little-known porn performer was a freshman at Duke University make national headlines? Besides the obvious "sex sells" rule, society refuses to stop pinning scarlet letters on sexually adventurous women.

KNOX

The scarlet "A" that 18-year-old college freshman Miriam Weeks/porn actress Belle Knox is riding to ever-increasing levels of fame stands for adult entertainment, not adultery, but the censure from certain quarters—including some of her fellow Blue Devils—has been as vehement as any described in Nathaniel Hawthorne's 164-year-old novel, *The Scarlet Letter*. Unlike Hawthorne's heroine, however, who refused to explain herself or point a finger at the person who should have shared in her disgrace, Knox is defending herself in every forum that will have her. She's even

signed up to host a new online reality show, *The Sex Factor*, which will pick the best new porn star from a field of 16 hopefuls.

And why shouldn't Knox make the most of her sudden fame? It's not as if she's done anything wrong. She couldn't afford the tuition to the university she wanted to attend, and her parents didn't have the money for it either. (The fact that a career military officer, even a doctor, doesn't make enough to ensure he can afford to send his kid to college should be a bigger issue than how Knox decided to fund her education, in our humble opinion.) Knox took it upon herself to earn as much money as possible as





quickly as possible, legally no less—not an easy feat for a teenager, whose usual job options pay minimum wage. She also managed to boost her self-esteem in the process.

“Porn has been a reclamation of my sexuality and a reclamation of my body,” she tells us, adding that her issues with cutting in her early teens were the result of her suffering from depression and a poor body image. “I have never once been told in porn that I needed to lose weight; I’ve never been told I needed to gain weight. I feel like my body has been completely accepted, and that’s a really beautiful thing. It’s actually really helped my self-confidence. It’s made me feel beautiful, and it’s made me feel that I’m accepted for who I am.”

Who Miriam Weeks/Belle Knox is isn’t easily classifiable, and that has nothing to do with the porn pseudonym. She’s a self-described libertarian yet also a member of the College Republicans. She’s a feminist who references porn star Sasha Grey and sexpert/former porn star/former prostitute Annie Sprinkle with as much reverence as she does sixties bra-burners. And she’s a “kinky freak” who enjoys getting choked during sex, having men come on her face, and getting a good, hard pounding. Knox explains the dichotomy this way: “Belle is my alter ego. I think we all have alter egos, whether it’s in the bedroom, who we go to work as, who we come home as. Belle is a fun alter ego for me. I’m me at school: I’m a nerd, I study, I wear my glasses, I nap, I have intelligent conversations. And then I go into the bedroom or I go on set and I’m Belle. I’m flirty and naughty and dirty and kinky. I think it’s so fun and it’s so freeing to have that kind of alter ego, that juxtaposition, and I think that girls should try it more often. It’s really fun to have kind of a character you go into.”

The hypocrisy being aimed Knox’s way is less charmingly double-edged, and it seriously pisses her off. “It enrages me that the people watching me, the people consuming me, are the same people condemning me,” she says, her voice giving away her anger. “It’s like I wrote in my article for XOJane.com [where she defended her interest in rough sex]: You want to see me naked, but then you want to judge me for letting you see me naked.”

So while Knox may not be the “typical” porn starlet, she’s as typical as any other starlet—since there’s no such thing as a typical porn star-





let. She's also not the only currently working performer who's matriculating. Penthouse Pets Tasha Reign and Kayden Kross are also in college, and they're not alone.

Knox accepts that her story may have been deemed more newsworthy than those of other porn actresses because of earlier sex scandals at Duke, including Karen Owen's PowerPoint chronicling her sexual encounters with 13 top Duke athletes in 2010, and the false rape allegations made against the university's lacrosse team in 2006. Or, Knox suggests, her story might have garnered headlines simply because she's chosen to stand up for herself in the media. "Normally when a sex scandal happens," she says, "a girl gets outed, she gets shamed, and then she goes into hiding. We've seen it before. It happened with Karen Owen. But I refuse to be shamed."

Knox continues, "People don't associate intelligence with being sexual. I've shown that you can be both. You can be intelligent and ambitious, and you can be incredibly sexual and love being naughty. That, for some people, is almost unfathomable. We've been socialized to think that porn is a degrading, slimy, sleazy industry, and that the people involved are dumb and uneducated. But when I got to L.A. and started working, I was around many intelligent, down-to-earth, well-educated people."

Knox also feels as if part of the attention she's garnered is the result of living in a culture that loves outing people, from those who are gay or transgender to sex workers. "As a society, we have a level of disrespect for anybody who in our minds violates this moral code," she says. Knox is angered by how hard people are

"Belle is a fun alter ego for me. I'm me at school. Then I go into the bedroom or I go on set and I'm Belle. I'm flirty and naughty and dirty and kinky."

working to out her. "Imagine that your most intimate secret was being played out in international headlines," she says. "It was completely overwhelming, and I felt really vulnerable and really exposed when this attention was all thrust upon me."

Part of that is because her porn career wasn't her only secret. Lately, a lot of that attention has been paid to evidence that she used to cut herself. Knox explains that depression caused her to have little self-confidence and a poor body image, and to relieve the tension those feelings created she would self-mutilate, something she has in common with thousands of teenage girls. Knox used to cut her thighs, and the scars are still visible. She stopped self-mutilating five years ago, but says some news outlets have zoomed in on her scars and discussed them at length, something she found especially hurtful.

And while the past few months since she's been outed have been "mentally draining," she says she's never considered harming herself again. "I have such a great support system, and I have so much confidence in what I'm doing that I feel fine, and I know that I'm going to be okay."

Knox sees a lot of similarities between herself and Vanessa Williams, the first African-American Miss America, who was famously dethroned after nude photos of her appeared in *Penthouse*. (We also published photos of Williams with another woman.) Williams has been nomin-

ated for almost a dozen Grammys, three Emmys, and a Tony, but *those photos* are still what she's known for. As our founder, Bob Guccione, said, "She's the most well-known Miss America in history, and she has *Penthouse* to thank for that."

Knox is aware that she's going to carry the weight of her porn career for decades, but she's wearing her scandal with pride in hopes of helping other women. She plans to continue doing porn through college so she can save up money to pay for graduate school, as she wants to become a lawyer and fight for the rights of women and sex workers, whom she believes could use a legal advocate with first-hand knowledge of their situations. And she's ready for the unique challenges of her career. She signed up to spend her summer volunteering at a clinic overseas, but was rejected because, she was told, it would be "inappropriate" for her to work with children.

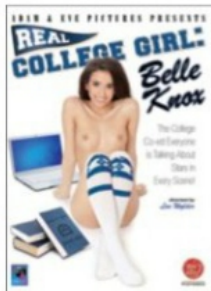
"I understand that for my whole life I'm going to be dealing with discrimination like that," she tells us. "As for my career, of course there will be people who won't hire me. But would I want to work for them? No. I want to work for people who view my experience as an asset."

As for all the current vitriol, Knox thinks it's all going to pay off. As she puts it, "I've had to use a lot of my studies on feminism and gender to defend myself, so I think that, in a way, this has been good practice."

Moving Pictures

You've read her interview and seen her photos.

You can get an even bigger eyeful of the girl everyone's been talking about in her first films.



Real College Girl:
Belle Knox
(Adam & Eve)



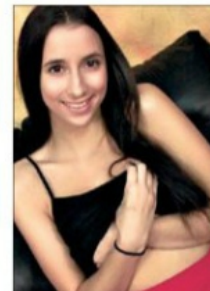
Belle Gets Schooled
(PornPros)



Naughty Cheerleaders 4
(Combat Zone)



Teen Fidelity's
Belle Knox
(Juicy Entertainment)



Facial Abuse:
Missy aka Belle Knox
(FacialAbuse.com)

The View From Behind the Camera

Photographer Preston Geoffrey Parker gives us a behind-the-scenes report.

What did you know about Belle Knox before your shoot with her?

I'd only briefly read an interview with her, but she seemed well-spoken and self-assured. She knew what she wanted to do and was unabashed about her move into porn.

Did you have any expectations about her or the shoot?

I just wanted her to look beautiful. Belle was great to photograph. She gave her all, and was super-professional, extremely funny, and very outspoken. Belle has a huge personality in a small package.

You shot Belle in several outfits and settings. How did you choose them?

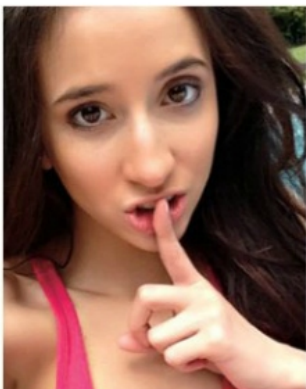
The idea was to photograph Belle as the girl next door and then to vamp up her look a bit—the good girl and bad girl, the student and the porn star. I found a location that was neutral—not typical porn and not boring, just a classic, beautiful home with a gorgeous backyard. I had an idea for the look of the shoot and styled it myself. Belle was open to almost everything.

You mentioned there was an outfit that Belle wasn't eager to shoot in. Which outfit was it?

Belle was on the fence about the cutoff jeans we used as stockings. The makeup artist and I both thought she looked hot, though, and she eventually agreed to wear it.

Belle said in our interview that her porn alter ego and the real her are two different people in her mind. Did she seem to be in different mind-sets in one outfit than another?

When she was on set, she was Belle. Perhaps when she is at school and away from work, she is someone else. While shooting her in the shirt and shorts, I made sure she was very girl next door. When she was in the lingerie, I wanted her to vamp it up more. I find that when a woman is in lingerie in front of a camera, she feels sexier and thus looks sexier. The girl next door disappears.





“I find that when a woman is in lingerie in front of a camera, she feels sexier and thus looks sexier. The girl next door disappears.”

A lot of your shots of Belle seem very natural—no makeup or excessive hair styling. Is that typical of your style?

My style is natural, beautiful, and organic. I love women to look sensual, sexy, flirty, and fun, and when it looks more natural, it feels more pure. I don't go for excessive hair or makeup; it's just not my vibe.

Belle is just getting her start in porn, having been in the business only six months. Did she come off as a beginner, or was she a natural in front of the camera? How did she compare to more seasoned models?

Most people think that when a model has more experience, they're easier to photograph, but the opposite is true. Even though porn stars are photographed often for content, those shoots seem to be very formulaic. When it's a *Penthouse* shoot, it's a much bigger deal. Especially working with me, it's a completely different process. I work hard at developing a comfort level with my subject so when we start shooting, I'm able to capture their essence. With Belle, it was easy. I connected with her over coffee and the drive to the location. By the time she was finished in hair and makeup, we'd developed a sort of trust, and she just opened up for me.

What did you discuss with her?

Belle just opened up and started talking. One of the stories she told me was about checking into the hotel she was staying in during our shoot. She's not 21, and management wouldn't let her check in without an adult present. The lady at the desk started asking her questions about why she was there and what she was doing in town. Belle told it like it is. She said, "I'm a porn star in town for a shoot." No bs, just straight up. She's proud of what she's doing.

We talked business a bit. She told me about having a 12-inch cock shoved up her ass and having to pretend she loved it, which she said was pretty difficult. Then she just dove in, telling me all about the scenes she's done. It was 8:30 in the morning, and she was trying to shock me.

What was your favorite part of the shoot?

During the shoot an ant bit her vagina, and she got pissed. I laughed so hard. She screamed, "My vagina was bit!" It wasn't funny to her at the moment, but come on, how many times has that happened on a photo shoot?



“Normally when a sex scandal happens, a girl gets outed, she gets shamed, and then she goes into hiding. But I refuse to be shamed.”

SEE MORE OF BELLE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



UCLA student
Tasha Reign
wrote a pro-
Knox article.



Bonnie Rotten
is not a Knox fan.

Dissenting Opinions

Not everyone in adult entertainment is happy to have Belle Knox as the face of the industry.

Not surprisingly, a number of performers initially spoke out in support of Knox, including Penthouse Pet and UCLA undergrad Tasha Reign, who wrote a pro-Knox piece for the Huffington Post. But as Knox jumped on the media opportunities being offered, she became a de facto spokeswoman for the adult-entertainment industry, which made her less popular with more established performers. The sentiment was, since Knox is only 18 and has been in the business for mere months, she shouldn't be speaking for them. (Knox says she is always only speaking for herself.) One of the hottest performers in the industry at the moment, Bonnie Rotten, tweeted, "Why put a girl who knows nothing about the industry and is barely in the industry as the voice of our industry. Laughable! Laugh it off!"

The proverbial shit hit the fan, however, when Knox signed on with PornHub.com as a summer intern and was photographed wearing a Pornhub tank top. Many performers openly criticize the site, claiming it has a history of offering pirated material, and say that the fact that Knox is getting involved with it proves her naïveté about the problems in the industry and the concerns of other performers. 



PRESSURE COOKER

Global soccer power Brazil hosts the World Cup for the first time since 1950, and nothing less than victory will do.

By John Bolster

Brazilian soccer fans—which is to say Brazilian *people*—always expect their team to win the World Cup, no matter where the tournament is being held. This year, when the planet's biggest sporting event comes to their country (from June 12 to July 13), the citizens of Brazil won't expect a title so much as *demand* one. Their insistence will arise not only from their accustomed position atop the global soccer pecking order—Brazil has won 5 of the 19 World Cups to date, more than any other nation—but also from a pressing need to make amends for what happened the last (and surprisingly only other) time Brazil hosted the World Cup, in 1950. It did not go well, to put it mildly. In front of 200,000—yes, 200,000—dumbstruck fans at Rio's Maracanã Stadium, Brazil met its much smaller neighbor, Uruguay, for the title—and lost 2-1.

To this day, the monumental upset—the *Maracanazo*, or “Maracanã blow”—is a cultural touchstone for Brazilian politicians, journalists, and artists. Aldo Rebelo, Brazil's current Minister of Sport, called the defeat a “national tragedy,” and told Reuters that “Losing to Uruguay in 1950 not only impacted on Brazilian soccer. It impacted on the country's self-esteem.”

Of course, Brazil has put things right—and then some—in the intervening years, but make no mistake: The ghosts of 1950 will hover over this tournament. The only thing that will keep them at bay, if not banish them forever, is a record sixth World Cup

triumph. How will superstar Neymar and his supporting cast—which is not as talented as the best teams in Brazil's history—handle the immense pressure? That's the top question heading into Brazil 2014.

Following are eight more questions

—one for each World Cup group—followed by our World Cup of Hotties, a high-temperature sampling of some of the gorgeous women whose countries are competing at this year's tournament. Mix up a pitcher of Caipirinhas, kick back, and enjoy.

Our picks to advance are in bold



Group A: Brazil, Mexico, Croatia, Cameroon

Can Croatia cope without goal-scorer Mario Mandzukic in its opener?

The Croats struggled in qualifying, scraping through to the World Cup finals only after a two-game playoff with Iceland. Their top scorer, Mandzukic, was red-carded in the second leg of that series, and is suspended for Croatia's World Cup opener against—you guessed it—Brazil. That will be enough to open the door for Mexico—another team that struggled in qualifying, and was, ironically, rescued by its bitter rivals, the United States—to advance to the knockout stage.



Group B: Spain, Netherlands, Chile, Australia

Will Australia get a single point in this tournament?

Nope. The Aussies are aging and talent-poor. Follow-up: Can Chile surprise either Spain—which will suit up Brazilian-born Diego Costa (above and right); keep an eye on that situation—or the Netherlands and sneak past them into the round of 16? Nope again, but fans will have fun watching them try. Led by Barcelona's Alexis Sanchez, Chile plays a wide-open attacking style.





Group C: Japan, Ivory Coast, Colombia, Greece

Will Colombian Radamel Falcao's knee be healed in time for the tournament?

The 28-year-old Monaco striker, one of the most lethal forwards in the world, suffered a torn anterior cruciate ligament in late January, and appeared set to miss the World Cup. But as we went to press, the news had taken an optimistic turn: His recovery was ahead of schedule, and his surgeon suggested "he could be completely ready to play" in Colombia's tournament opener against Greece on June 14. But even if his knee recovers, Falcao (above, 9) would hardly be in top form. Look for Ivory Coast, a victim of brutal draws in the past two Cups, to squeak into the second round in its aging roster's last hurrah. The Ivorians will join upstart Japan, while snoozy, defensive-minded Greece goes home, along with star-crossed Colombia.



Group D: Uruguay, Italy, England, Costa Rica

Will England coach Roy Hodgson trust his young stars?

Everton midfielder Ross Barkley, 20, and Liverpool winger Raheem Sterling, 19, were both in excellent form this spring. If Hodgson picks them for England's team, and puts them on the field behind 24-year-old striker Daniel Sturridge and veteran Wayne Rooney, the Three Lions could indeed roar. But England, which has been highly touted before, has a history of psychological frailty at the World Cup, and they open up against Italy. Don't bet too many pounds on them.



Group E: France, Ecuador, Switzerland, Honduras

Is this the easiest group in the tournament?

Yes. Yes, it is. Underdog Honduras couldn't have asked for better placement. Look for them to battle gamely, but fall short of advancement, joining overrated Switzerland on the exit ramp, while Antonio Valencia (above) and Ecuador, playing on familiar South American turf, advance alongside talented, temperamental France.



Group F: Argentina, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Nigeria, Iran
Will Argentina's Lionel Messi produce a breakthrough World Cup and cement his claim as the greatest of all time?

The setting could hardly be more right: He has an incredibly talented supporting cast, the tournament is in neighboring Brazil, and the comparatively easy Group F should be a perfect appetizer to whet his appetite for the main course of the knockout stage. He's already proven himself as the greatest ever at the club level—if Messi dominates in Brazil, he might come out the other side of the tournament on top of his countryman, Diego Maradona, and the great Pelé as the best in history.



Group G: Germany, Portugal, United States, Ghana
Can the U.S. survive their Group of Death?

They're matched against one of the top three teams in the world in Germany, against the second-best player in the world in Portugal's Cristiano Ronaldo, and longtime nemesis Ghana, which knocked the United States out of the past two World Cups. It's a brutal group, and the Americans have big question marks in defense. Look for them to continue the pattern they've maintained since 1990 of alternating bad-good-bad performances at each World Cup. Their 2010 showing was pretty good....

Group H: Belgium, Russia, Algeria, Korea

Can fashionable dark-horse Belgium really win it all?

It seems that Belgium has recently shifted the expertise historically spent on fine beer, chocolate, and waffles to the production of outstanding young footballers, and the decision has paid handsome dividends. No country in the world can match the Belgians these days when it comes to sparking young talent. Can Vincent Kompany (Manchester City), Eden Hazard (Chelsea; right, 10), Marouane Fellaini (Manchester United), Kevin Mirallas (Everton), Romelu Lukaku (Chelsea, on loan at Everton), and Kevin De Bruyne (Wolfsburg) carry Belgium to its first World Cup title? The only thing they lack is experience, but that will be enough to trip them up against the likes of Germany or Argentina or Spain deep into the knockout stages.



WORLD CUP OF HOTTIES

This bevy of beauties breezed through to our quarterfinal and semifinal stages. Who ya got?



Lupita Nyong'o
Mexico

The 2014 Oscar winner has citizenship in Mexico, Kenya, and our hearts.

VS.



Sofía Vergara
Colombia

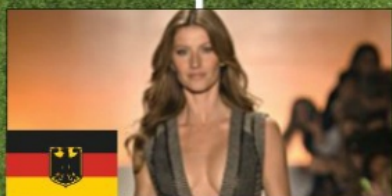
Can she still bring it in her forties? Yes, she can.



Miranda Kerr
Australia

Kerr and her world-class dimples replaced Bündchen on the Victoria's Secret roster.

VS.



Gisele Bündchen
Germany

The svelte stunner was born in Brazil, to German parents.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (NYONG'O) DEE GERSONE/EVERETT COLLECTION/ALAMY. (VERGARA, LEFT) MARK SULLIVAN/GETTY IMAGES. (VERGARA, RIGHT) GABRIEL OLSEN/GETTY IMAGES. (KERR, LEFT) GREGORIO TEBINUYA/EVERETT COLLECTION/ALAMY. (KERR, RIGHT) KEVIN MAZUR/VEA/GETTY IMAGES. (BÜNDCHEN) VICTOR VIRGILE/GETTY IMAGES.



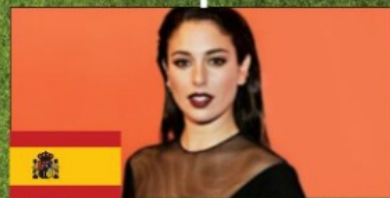
Vote for your favorite
World Cup Hottie on
PenthouseMagazine.com.



Kate Upton United States

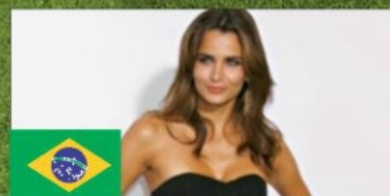
Have you seen that clip of her in zero gravity? Oh, man.

VS.



Blanca Suárez Spain

She was Spain's most-searched performer on the internet in 2012. It's not hard to see why.



Fernanda Motta Brazil

Motta stands out in a crowded field: Brazil has as many beautiful women as it does talented soccer players.

VS.



Kelly Brook England

Jason Statham dated this busty beauty for seven years. 



Jessica Amaral



Eliana Amaral

BOOTY POPPING

Sure, Brazil is home to the 2014 World Cup, but we think it's equally noteworthy that since 2010 the country has been home to the Miss Butt Brazil competition, which selects, *duh*, the best ass in the land.

The 2013 Miss Butt Brazil competition, aka Miss Bum Bum Brasil, boasted some seriously superior posteriors, as these photos prove. And although there was some controversy surrounding the event, including allegations of payoffs to judges prior to the competition and accusations that some contestants had butt implants, we think it all came out well in the end. (See what we did there?) There was also a lot of bitching

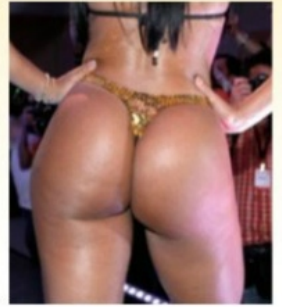
about problems with the contest via social media, but isn't that one of the most entertaining things on social-media sites? Girls getting into catfights from a distance, so there's no risk of ruining their hair and nails?

The 2013 winners were Dai Macedo, flanked in the photo above by second-place-winner Eliana Amaral (on her left) and third-place Jessica Amaral (on her right). We'll be first in line to expound on the lush curvaceous beauty of those rear ends. They make a man dream of grabbing hold with both hands and playing for hours.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (CONTEST PHOTOS) PHOTO RIO NEWS/SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS. (PORTRAIT PHOTOS) SPLASH NEWS/SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS



Dai Macedo



The land that introduced the world to the thong has found a new way to celebrate the gorgeous globes that are so spectacularly showcased by those swimsuit bottoms.



WORLD-CLASS ASS

Not surprisingly, as Brazil is a country that takes pride (with good reason!) in the bootyliciousness of its female citizens, this year saw a special contest to select Miss Butt World Cup.

The contestants played soccer in skimpy thongs, answered trivia questions, and even voted on which players were the most metrosexual (Cristiano Ronaldo) and who has the best ass (Givanildo Vieira). We couldn't care less what the criteria was for picking these 11 finalists when we have such gorgeous photos to ogle.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS



Clockwise from
bottom left: Mily
Cunha, Thais
Marcondes, Val
Candido, Luciana
Marinho, and Thay
Matos



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS



Clockwise from
bottom left: **Lizy
Sampaio**, **Bruna
Valentin**, **Camila
Correia**, **Rosangela
Fraga**, **Carla
Cristina**, and
Priscila Rocha



HIGH LIFE

He may or may not be a stoner, but T. J. Miller plays one on TV—and in two promising movie projects coming this summer.

By John Bolster

Denver-born, Chicago-trained comic T. J. Miller has some high-profile Hollywood credits to his name, including memorable turns in *Get Him to the Greek*, *Our Idiot Brother*, and Mike Judge's *Extract*—along with a prominent voice-over role in the 2008 found-footage monster flick *Cloverfield*. He's also appeared in *Yogi Bear* and *Rock of Ages*, and done voice-over work in the *How to Train Your Dragon* franchise. Yet to most people, he's still "that one guy from that thing" when it comes to name recognition. That might change during the next three months. Miller is currently starring in the HBO comedy *Silicon Valley*, Judge's hilarious send-up of the tech industry, and on June 27, you can see him as Mark Wahlberg's comic foil in *Trans-*

formers: Age of Extinction, the fourth installment of the Michael Bay blockbuster franchise. In September, Miller will star in *Search Party*, an R-rated comedy also featuring Adam Pally (*Happy Endings*, *The Mindy Project*), Alison Brie (*Community*, *Mad Men*), and Thomas Middleditch, one of Miller's costars in *Silicon Valley*.

The promise that landed him on *Variety*'s 10 Comics to Watch list back in 2008 is being fulfilled, and could lift Miller to a new level before 2014 is out. We got the busy comic on the phone recently for a wide-ranging chat that covered his fellow cast members in *Silicon Valley*, working with Michael Bay, porn, gender politics, the Marx Brothers, porn, antiheroes, W. C. Fields, Nietzsche, Pete Holmes, improvisation, and ... porn. (You can find even more online at PenthouseMagazine.com.)



How's it going, T.J.? Thanks for taking the time.

Oh, anything for *Penthouse*. *Nothing* for *Playboy*. Man, this is so exciting. Talk about an adolescent's dream come true.

Did you grow up with *Penthouse*?

Yeah, I did. And when I was 18, my mother told my father to go buy me a dirty magazine. [At this, Miller's father can be heard in the background, saying, "What?!"] So he took me to a gas station, he went in, and when he came back, he had bought me a *Penthouse*. This is what he said—he's a very funny guy: He goes, "I went in there and I asked them if they had any *smut*, and they didn't quite know what to do with that." He loved getting to use the word "smut," which doesn't usually get used that much.

***Penthouse* was always a cut above when it came to smut.**

Oh, yeah. *Penthouse* was the way to see naked women, and see them in real sexy, graphic ways. So we of course all loved *Penthouse*. The girls were always classy but dirty. That was something that I always found to be so ... sexy. The girl who can be your fantasy but also have a modicum of class.

The best of both worlds.

Yes, exactly: classy and slutty. But

I only say "slutty" as a word that empowers females. Not like in the sense of a slut like what women call each other—when they're jealous that they're not having as much intercourse as somebody else who's more desirable.

Not in a negative way.

Yeah. That is a big thing. I feel like that's the one place that equality can't kind of break through between the genders. And I think it's largely due to women supporting this labeling of promiscuous women as sluts. Also, guys have such a problem with their girlfriends having had sex with other people, or having slept with a lot of people. It makes men very uncomfortable, and that's not because it's not sexy, or it's not okay. It's just a hand-me-down from Christian morality, and [an era when women] were just chattel for men. Most of the girls I've dated have slept with quite a few people. I try to date women who are liberal, open-minded, and sexually experienced enough to be great in bed.

Makes sense.

Do you know Juelz Ventura? She's a porn star, and she was in *Penthouse*.

I probably should, but ... [Editor's note: She was on the April 2010 cover of *Penthouse*.]

I'm good friends with her. I think people are like, "Well, you know, porn stars have been molested." But you

know what? Drummers have been molested. Politicians have been molested. And the porn stars that I hang out with, they like sex, were fascinated by porn, wanted to get into it, liked the money, and all that kind of stuff. But they made voluntary choices.

They hadn't been abused or forced into it against their will.

Yeah. The reason Juelz did [her first adult film] was to get back at her famous baseball-player boyfriend, after she found a video of him fucking some other girl. Then she did it, and she found that it was really exciting. You know, a lot of these women are exhibitionists. And every man that opens the magazine is a voyeur. You can't have one without the other.

Congratulations on *Silicon Valley*. It's really funny.

Thank you, man. Yeah, we're excited about it. It's been fun, and this is my second time working with Mike Judge, because I did *Extract*. It's so nice, because we have a shorthand. Also, Thomas Middleditch and I have been performing together for ten years. And Kumail [Nanjani], I know him from the stand-up scene in Chicago. Martin Starr and I have mutual friends, and then Zach [Woods] I knew from the improv world. So it's this weird thing where all of us are friends, we're all fairly similar, and we kind of match our characters.

How so?

Martin Starr in real life is *pretty* even-keeled, and monotone, and Kumail is kind of smirky and smarmy and really competitive. And Zach Woods is a meek, tender man. One time I knocked on his trailer door, and he opened it, and I was like, "What are you doing?" He said, "I don't want to tell you." I was like, "What are you doing, man?" And he's like, "Um, well, I'm sitting in the dark, with a candle on, on a yoga mat, listening to the Dixie Chicks on my headphones."

You get to rock some great facial hair in the show.

Mike Judge was like, "I think you should have big muttonchops." And I said, "It'd be pretty funny if I had a conquistador." He said, "Well, I think you should have more hair than less." So I went, "Let me try something that



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) ISABELLA VOSMIKOVA/HBO, (ABOVE) JAIMIE TRUEBLOOD/HBO

makes me look like a meth dealer in a biker gang." I just shaved off those two strips, and he was like, "That looks ridiculous. Let's do it."

What's your role in *Transformers*?

I play, like, a stoner landlocked surfer in Texas. Just basically what I always get cast as, which is the guy who smokes weed, drinks, chases skirt, gambles, and is a blowhard—and, like, arrogantly not self-aware.

Michael Bay always struck me as an interesting guy, because he went to Wesleyan University in Connecticut, which is a superliberal school where everyone's a vegan and wears hemp shirts. Yet now he's making these massive Hollywood blockbusters.

I know, well, he's a fascinating guy. He is *really* intense on set. He is so invested in this project, and it is so

singularly his vision. And a lot of that movie is improvised.

Really?

I couldn't believe it when I showed up. But he was open to trying things. I got there a few days after filming [started] and I go, "Hey, Michael, can I just look at this real quick? See, like right here, this line? It's a remnant from a past draft of this script, so it doesn't really make sense." He's like, "Yeah, yeah, I know, I don't like this scene, so let's make it up. What should this scene be?"

[Laughs]

I was like, "What?" And he said, "Let's just write it, let's write it right now." And I was like, "Okay." In my mind, I'm thinking, *Are you fucking kidding me?* I'm about to write a scene in a billion-dollar *Transformers* blockbuster thing that's just *whatever he and I decide*, it goes in the script. And that's what we did. We just sat there and went back and forth, and his ideas

were really good, and we constructed the scene, and then we shot it.

Wow.

He also said something that I thought was fascinating. He said, "All people do on a film set is complain. I give them one thing to complain about that can't change." I thought that was fascinating because it's true. Everybody complains about a film set—it's going too slow, the wardrobe department [is no good]—and his point was, instead of letting them focus on each other's crap, they all focus on the director, so they get along and they use him as a scapegoat. And they do. He's aware of that and fine with that.

Here's a hypothetical for you: A Hollywood exec lets you reboot any old TV series or movie—any kind of property—and play any role you want. What would you pick, and what role would you play?

I don't know if I would do a television show; I'd want to do a movie. But I have a problem with Hollywood remaking iconic films that are already good. Like *Fletch*. I would love to play Fletch. That's such a ridiculous movie. But I can't do it better than Chevy Chase. So ... you know what I would like to do? I think it would be fun to reboot something really old. Like a W. C. Fields [film]—*The Bank Dick*. Another one I really love is *Duck Soup*. I know guys that could do those roles. It would be fun to embody the Marx Brothers. Not only because not a lot of people know about them, but also because all their stuff holds up so well. I showed *Duck Soup* at my 30th birthday party, and people fucking loved it, they went nuts. Because it's so hilarious.

It would be great to introduce those films to a whole new generation.

Yeah, that's exactly right. That era of comedy was so instrumental to American cinema. It was really the beginning of the antihero, the beginning of silliness mixed with satire—all this stuff that came about that was born in vaudeville but then took its own form.

T.J.—dropping science.

Yeah, I'm pretty academic about the comedy, actually. 

Programmers
Pod: In
Silicon Valley,
Nanjani,
Starr, Middle-
ditch, Woods,
and Miller
(opposite
page, left to
right) play
housemates
launching a
tech start-up.

WE'VE GOT THEIR BACKS... AND THEIR TITS & ASS



Since 1974, *Penthouse* has been offering our readers a glimpse into the lives of our nation's military personnel and veterans, with stories by and about those who serve our country. Too bad they can't get the magazine at Army and Air Force PXs.

For 40 years, we've been proud to tell stories about the issues that both active-duty personnel and veterans face that other publications haven't always had the balls or brains to publish. We started standing up for Vietnam vets back in 1974, when our founder, Bob Guccione, realized that those veterans were being treated with contempt, disgust, and disdain by their fellow Americans who were against the war. That makes it easy to understand why we're outraged that the men and women we've supported faithfully and enthusiastically are—once again—no longer able to get their

hands on a copy of this magazine, as we've been pulled from post exchanges around the world.

This isn't the first time we've been ousted by the top brass—or the right-wing censorship groups that so love foisting their opinions on the rest of us. The Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996 resulted in *Penthouse* being banned from all PXs, stating that any "sexually explicit" media "which depicts or describes nudity, including sexual or excretory activities or organs, in a lascivious way" were not to be available for sale or rental on properties under the jurisdiction of the Department of Defense.

At that time, Guccione filed a lawsuit, eventually spending more than \$500,000 defending soldiers' rights to read dirty magazines—

something that is still an inviolable First Amendment right. When the Supreme Court refused in 1998 to hear Guccione's appeal of the Act, he told FreedomForum.org, "We have received literally thousands of letters from enlisted personnel across the globe pleading with us to challenge this law and applauding us for doing so. Furthermore, when this law was first passed, a majority of the Department of Defense opposed it, mainly because they said it would hurt recruitment. You know *Penthouse* is as American as apple pie."

A decade later, in 2008, after *Penthouse* had been allowed back into PXs, Congressman Paul Broun (R-Georgia), as well as a number of Christian antiporn groups, petitioned for our swift and immediate ban, though the efforts failed. Broun told *Newsweek* that he was inspired to draft a bill banning adult magazines

after a constituent described to him her distress after she and her young children saw an officer buying a magazine at a post exchange. "The military teaches [people] to respect officers, and her little kids were seeing this military officer... there in uniform, buying pornography at the PX," he said. In Broun's mind, apparently, one could not be both respectable and a fan of what he described as "nude magazines." (Aside from how ridiculous that is, we're curious how the woman's children were able to recognize an adult magazine.)

In late 2013, the issue arose once more, when *Penthouse* was again removed from Army and Air Force post exchanges. The official reason for the latest ban is a lack of sales, suggesting a declining interest.

Morality groups have been pushing for the removal of adult material from PXs for years, with many claiming that such magazines are responsible for the rise in military sexual-assault cases. Veterans of the current wars are annoyed by this line of reasoning. "Some people want to suggest that anything with consensual-adult/sexual material is the same as sexual misconduct," says Geoff Millard. "The issue is not reading material, porn, alcohol, short dresses, or anything other than the perpetrator of sexual violence. The military might want to figure out how to prosecute rapists before trying to limit adult service members' access to the media."

Recent veteran Jesse Albrecht agrees, saying, "I don't equate removing *Penthouse* with lessening incidents of sexual trauma in any way." Rather, he blames the military's inability to police itself for the rash of sexual-assault cases. "When the top officers assigned to prevent sexual trauma in the Air Force and Army are themselves charged with sexual trauma, the [Department of Defense is] grasping at straws. It is greatly disappointing that the military of the United States lacks the ability to protect its female soldiers from itself. Where did the military take its cues to have their commanders be systemically unable to handle sexual trauma in a civilized manner? Surely not *Penthouse*."

Even female vets are disappointed by the move to ban *Penthouse*. Jenny Pacanowski, a veteran combat medic, sees the ban as a way to skirt the real issue: "*Penthouse* magazine has nothing to do with military sexual



"If the First Amendment can protect motherfuckers like the Westboro Baptist Church and their hate speech, I sure as hell better be able to look at tits."



assault for one specific reason: It happens to men, too. Rapists and sexual predators find an ample field of victims without fear of prosecution not because of *Penthouse* magazine, but because military commanders and officers are not prosecuting these sexual offenders. The military is ignoring the real problem, which is that they are not protecting their own soldiers; they are protecting their numbers and alienating the victims. They need to acknowledge the real problem and stop blaming the victim/survivor, or which magazines are on the shelves at the store."

We're not the only industry under fire these days. In March, Defense Secretary Chuck Hagel came out in support of banning cigarette sales from military bases and ships, claiming the move would help improve soldiers' health. We have to wonder: Is the DOD trying to turn the commanders of the armed forces into the most powerful crew of babysitters in the world?

Army veteran Justin Tressler sees it that way. "The PX is supposed to be a microcosm of everything that's on the

outside," Tressler says, "so you should see roughly the same stuff you'd see at your local [convenience store]. If you're taking [adult magazines] out of the equation, you need to take it all out of the equation—including *Cosmo*, including *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Guns & Ammo*, and any of that. It's bad enough that kids can join the Army before they're old enough to drink beer, but what's the point of being an adult if every facet of your life is going to be controlled?"

Tressler also believes it's a matter of free speech, saying, "It's definitely a First Amendment thing. If the First Amendment can protect motherfuckers like the Westboro Baptist Church and their hate speech, I sure as hell better be able to look at tits."

We couldn't agree more. If the men and women of the U.S. military can be trusted to defend our Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic, as they've sworn to do, then surely they can be trusted to read a "dirty" magazine without bringing about the end of civilization as we know it. Taking away that right, even partially, by denying easy access to specific materials, goes against what the Constitution they defend stands for. And it sure as hell goes against what we stand for, too.

If you're as outraged as we are, we suggest you call or email your senators and congressman and tell them how you feel. Their contact information can be found at Senate.gov (click on "Senators") and House.gov/representatives. 

she's a spinner

The lithe and lovely Jessie Andrews was shooting for *Penthouse* within a year of entering the adult-entertainment industry—and was such a hit in the biz that she made our November 2013 list of the 12 dirtiest girls in porn. Now we're delighted to welcome the porn star/American Apparel model/deejay/jewelry designer fully into the *Penthouse* family by making her our June Pet of the Month.

Photographs by Tammy Sands





“The most remarkable sexual experience I’ve ever had was when I filmed *Portrait of a Call Girl*. Shooting those scenes was very life-changing.”









"The most exciting place I've made love? *Hmm.* That was either the greenroom at a club or on a tour bus. I can't decide."





"I can tell you straight up and without thinking about it what the most daring thing I've ever done was: a ten-guy blow bang!"





PENTHOUSE

JESSIE ANDREWS JUNE 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



"I'm not into working out. I would rather go hiking or have sex, or do some sport that doesn't feel like a workout."

6 YEAR HERE 1

아+ JESSIE ANDREWS JUNE 2014 PET OF THE MONTH





nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **What are your favorite blowjob tips? Ballplay? Mouth techniques?**
Ha! I'm not sure I can give you "tips," but I can tell you what I personally like and don't like. First, let me say that porn has screwed up a lot of people in this area, due to the fact that the oral we see in porn is overdone to create a hot visual. No doubt what they do "looks" sexy, but the truth is, men don't need all that jerking around, deep-throating, and choking for a blowjob to feel good. In fact, all that "acting" can be off-putting. My suggestions and rules for delivering blowjobs that exceed men's expectations are:

1. Leave the hot-visual stuff to the pros.
2. Focus on your partner and ask what he wants, as men like many different things.
3. There should always be wetness and steady movement.
4. There should never be teeth.
5. Make it sound like you love doing it. The audio of you moaning and slurping can change everything.
6. If you take a break to lick his balls, keep stroking his cock.
7. Most important is one simple instruction: Stroke the shaft while your mouth concentrates on the top two inches or so. This provides overall stimulation while your mouth works on the most sensitive area, on the underside of the head.

No matter what, though, a bad blowjob is like bad pizza: It's still pretty darn good.



■ **Is sexy lingerie a requirement to turn men on?**

Not at all. Sure, it looks hot and all, but the truth is, if you need to put on a sexy outfit to turn on your partner, something may be inherently wrong in your relationship. Unless you just love wearing it, I'd suggest that you break out the fancy stuff once in a while, like on a trip or a weekend evening when you get in from a fun night out. If you eat pizza every day, sooner or later it becomes boring. The same can be said for just about anything, including lingerie.

■ **Should I stop seeing someone if he texts while we're on a first date? Isn't that rude and inconsiderate?**

Well, I have a different view on this. Admittedly, I'm a phone addict. I'm constantly checking my messages and emails, etc. If texting while out at dinner really upsets you, then yes, move on. But my theory is this: Since I'm the type of person who does text while at dinner or out with friends, I feel that my nature should be revealed on the first date. I don't believe in behaving a certain way just to get the girl, and then eventually turning into the guy I really am. I lay it all out at the beginning so the girl in question can make an informed decision about

whether or not she'd like to see me again. If she does, I'll never hear her say, "You never used to text during dinner!" If she doesn't, then it's all good and she can move on to the next guy, who will pretend to be a certain way for a while and then reveal his true character a month later.

■ **First-date sex: Yes or no? If I do have sex with him on the first date, is he less likely to call?**

I don't like rules. There are far too many books and myths about what you should or shouldn't do on a first date. I say feel it out; use your instinct. If the guy seems like someone you want to sleep with, then do it. If you aren't sure, don't. If you're on a date to begin with, it's pretty much understood that there's an attraction in place. See how the evening goes and if that attraction goes deeper than surface stuff. If it does, I don't see why you shouldn't act the way you want. Rules is another word for games. In my opinion, my overall suggestion is always this: Be who you are, act how you want, do what you want. As long as you aren't hurting anyone, cheating, or lying to the world, the people in that world and all its possible experiences are your oysters. **DAVE**

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



PENTHOUSE

OF THE MONTH JESSIE ANDREWS JUNE 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



Jessie



Vital stats:
34-25-36, 5'3"
22 years old

Hometown:
Miami, Florida

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
The sun is always shining and the people are lovely

Your favorite vacation spot:
Take time off and stay in Miami. It's home and it's beautiful

Your dream vacation spot:
Barbados, Turks and Caicos, Brazil, or the Bahamas. I love beachy vacation places, as they're beautiful and relaxing

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?
The job I do I love now. I love having the freedom to make and express myself with no restrictions. Only my opinion matters and it's all my own.

What do you do in your spare time?
Hand-make pieces for my jewelry company, negotiate

Favorite sport to play:
I've played everything from softball to soccer to basketball to volleyball, which is my favorite

Favorite sports to watch:
Watching the Olympics is the best thing ever. Other than that, soccer and football

Your favorite TV shows:
Law & Order and CSI

Your favorite movies:
Fight Club and Fightmen 1 and 2

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
The lesbian love scene in Blue is the Warmest Color

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?
Only when I'm shooting a scene. Sorry.

SEE MORE OF JESSIE AT PENTHOUSE.COM

 [positions desired]



Bunny Tales

**EACH MONTH WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU
TO ONE OF THE LOVELY LADIES OF
THE BUNNY RANCH EMPIRE—AND
REMEMBER, YOU CAN TOUCH THIS!**

The world-famous Moonlite Bunny Ranch (BunnyRanch.com) is featured in the long-running, award-winning HBO reality-TV series *Cathouse*, and is the most successful legal brothel in the history of the planet.

“I’VE SEEN COUPLES COME IN WITH ALL THESE PROBLEMS, AND **THEY GO IN THE ROOM WITH SOMEONE AND DO THEIR THING, AND WHEN THEY COME OUT, YOU CAN TELL THEY’VE LET GO** OF IT AND PICKED UP NEW TOOLS TO WORK THROUGH THINGS GOING FORWARD.”



Malika Elizabeth

The Love Ranch North
95 Kit Kat Road
Carson City NV 89706
775-246-7252
Malika.Elizabeth@loveranch.net

PROFILE

Age: 31
Height: 5'5"
Measurements: 35C-26-35
Home state: New York

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Three and a half years
“I watched *Cathouse* and thought it looked really cool, so I sent them an email, and they got back to me right away. I’d danced at gentlemen’s clubs in New York for eight years and done some ‘freelance’ work, but none of that compares to being at the Ranch.”

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

“There’s so much more to the job than just sex. You’re online, on the message boards, doing promotion, doing photo shoots, cultivating your relationships with your clients. If you’re not banging somebody, you’re texting or on Twitter, promoting yourself.”

“I think everyone should go to a brothel at least once. Men, women, everybody. People’s perceptions of what it is are always completely different from what it really is like. We provide a public service. You come in, you get what you need. You can’t beat it!”

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

“My specialty is definitely the Girlfriend Experience. I love the intimacy of it, and I love to kiss. I listen to my clients’ wants and needs, but not just what’s coming out of their mouths. I watch their body language, too, and pick up on things they may not be comfortable saying. I just really enjoy providing whatever the gentleman or lady I’m with desires.”

“The newest thing I’ve learned is Nuru massage. It involves a special gel made from seaweed. You mix it with hot water so it gets kind of slimy, and then you get on this big rubber float that allows your bodies to just slide around against each other. You rub the gel all over your client’s body using your body. Your back will rub his back, your arms on his arms. It’s really intimate, and it’s pretty amazing.”

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

“Six months ago, there was a huge orgy. It was five guys and five girls. (You can never have more guys than girls, but you can always have more girls.) We were in the VIP room, and there were people everywhere. Some were using the sex swing, some were riding the Sybian, some were in the hot tub, others were on the bed. I was with more than one guy at a time, I had a girl on my face. It was great!”

“I’ve done a few domme parties, and while they’re probably not what you’d consider ‘wild,’ they’re definitely wild to me. I mean, come on. You’re dressed up in head-to-toe vinyl and you have a guy who wants you to step on him, and the harder you step, the more he likes it? That’s kind of crazy. But it’s actually a lot of fun.”

TEACHING OVERVIEW

“My No. 1 tip for women is to not neglect the balls. So many women just ignore them, but don’t do that. Get ‘em in your mouth, touch them, tug on them a little. It will feel really amazing for your guy, and he won’t forget what you’ve done.”

MOTORCYCLE MAMAS

Our Pets tell us which bikes make them want to slip into some tight leathers and ride all night long.

By Greg Hudock



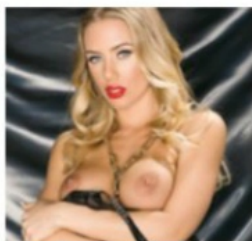
Angela Sommers 2013 Pet of the Year Runner-Up

"I've always admired the classic, raw power of a Victory Hammer 8-Ball motorcycle, with its bold, sexy curves and powerful V-twin engine. Riding on the back of one, feeling that smooth, sexy leather and hard, cool exterior, makes me want to purr and orgasm all the way up the Sunset Strip! Also, the 250mm rear tire reminds me of a nice round ass."

The 2014 Victory Hammer 8-Ball is a stripped-down cruiser that comes in any color you want—as long as it's black. That no-nonsense approach is the essence of the 8-Ball and the soul of a hard-core cruiser. You get close to 100 horsepower, blacked-out trim, inverted forks, and room for Angela on the back—what else could you need?

2014 Victory Hammer 8-Ball

Engine: 1,731-cc V-twin
Power: 92 horsepower/110 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Six-speed overdrive
Price: Starts at \$14,499



Nicole Aniston, 2013 Pet of the Year

"I have a personal preference for the Ducati 998S FE. It's got a Euro-sporty look to it, and the speed and power to back it up. It's more than just a pretty face."

The 2004 Ducati 998S FE was the ultimate and final incarnation of the mighty 916 superbike. It featured sexy Italian styling and a championship-winning pedigree, went from zero to 60 in 2.6 seconds, and topped out at 170 miles an hour. Although it's only a decade old, it was a limited-production model in its final year, so the 998S FE is already considered a legitimate collectible among Ducati-philes.

2004 Ducati 998S FE

Engine: 998-cc V-twin
Power: 123 horsepower/
97 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Six speed
Price: \$8,000 to \$10,000,
used



Ryan Keely, 2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up

"I like vintage bikes, like the Triumph Bonneville. They have timeless design and communicate that getting there is most of the fun. Like sex, the best part is what leads up to the finish."

For decades, the Triumph Bonneville represented the best of British bikes. It had cool, café racer styling with the power and grit to back it up. Classic models still have the same sex appeal, but these days you can buy a 2014 Bonneville that has the style of the classic model with twenty-first-century reliability.

2014 Triumph Bonneville

Engine: 865-cc parallel twin
Power: 67 horsepower/
50 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Five speed
Price: Starts at \$7,899



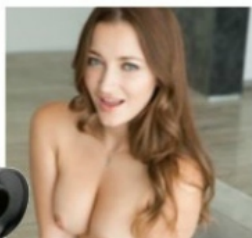
Kortney Kane, October 2013 Pet of the Month

"I used to ride a Yamaha R6. Nothing turns me on more than getting my adrenaline pumping by going fast on a crotch rocket. I don't know if it's the danger or the thrill that I enjoy more."

The 2014 YZF-R6 is a superbike that combines civil and savage. It has a high-output inline-four engine that gives it the neck-snapping acceleration of a race bike in an aluminum-and-magnesium frame that is lightweight, agile, and comfortable enough for road trips. Plus, it comes with some neat gadgets, like a programmable shift light and a built-in lap timer. Ride it to the racetrack, set some fast laps, and then ride it to dinner.

2014 Yamaha YZF-R6

Engine: 599-cc inline four
Power: 122 horsepower/
122 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Six speed
Price: Starts at \$10,990



Dani Daniels, January 2012 Pet of the Month

"The BMW S1000RR—it's hell on wheels! It handles like nothing else out there. It's like a beautiful woman begging you to fuck her harder. I like to be on the back of one if I'm holding on to a sexy fucking man, and he's going so fast that I feel like my life is in his hands. Bikes are fucking sexy, dangerous, and a bit nuts—just how I like my men who drive them."

The 2014 S1000RR is a Superbike World Championship machine for the street, literally. While it had to have a few minor tweaks to be street-legal, it still goes like hell, going from zero to 60 in three seconds and hitting a top speed of 190 miles an hour.

2014 BMW S1000RR

Engine: 999-cc inline four
Power: 193 horsepower/
83 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Six speed
Price: Starts at \$15,150



Brett Rossi, February 2012 Pet of the Month

"I currently ride a Suzuki 1250, and I love it. It's comfy for long rides, but also very fast."

Brett hit the nail on the head here. Sport touring bikes are comfortable and fast. Suzuki is known for its awe-inspiring GSX-R1000 and Hayabusa superbikes. Much of that performance DNA can be felt in the 2014 1250FA, but it gives you a more relaxed ride. The result is a bike that can be ridden for long trips, without aches and pains. With the Sport Touring accessory pack, you get two 33-liter panniers for the sides and a 37-liter box that mounts on the back, so you can stow what you need for your trip and what you pick up along the way.

2014 Suzuki GSX1250FA

Engine: 1,255-cc inline four
Power: 96.5 horsepower/
80 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Six speed
Price: Start at \$11,599



Adrianna Luna, November 2012 Pet of the Month

"The motorcycle that turns me on is the KTM RC8. The lines of the bike, the curves and sharp corners, make it look fast and powerful even when it's not moving, without being too hard. The look is totally sexy, and it roars like a beast when you throttle it. I could totally orgasm just by revving the engine! I've had the opportunity to ride one, and I couldn't get enough."

The V-twin engine in the 2014 model is one of the most powerful two-cylinders ever produced. Plus, its Austrian character feels livelier than that of its Japanese rivals, due to the relatively few electronic gizmos. The result: a bike that challenges its rider to test his limits.

2014 KTM 1190 RC8 R

Engine: 1,195-cc V-twin
Power: 173 horsepower/
88.5 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Six speed
Price: Starts at \$16,499



Kayden Kross, September 2008 Pet of the Month

"The Confederate Hellcat X132 is amazing because, well, have you seen it?"

The 2014 X132 Hellcat looks like a stunning concept bike that got wheeled into a showroom. But while the striking styling draws you in, it's got the power and chassis to be more than just a novelty. It's powered by a 132-horsepower V-twin engine that's mounted in a big-boned drag-racing frame, giving it the muscle to back up its superhero looks. The limited-edition, 160-horsepower X132 Combat was clocked at 172 miles an hour on the Bonneville Salt Flats, and could flirt with a 200-miles-per-hour top speed on asphalt. 

2014 Confederate Hellcat X132

Engine: 2,163-cc V-twin
Power: 132 horsepower/
150 foot-pounds of torque
Transmission: Five speed
Price: \$55,000

GET SOME

TAIL

Where to eat, drink, and watch mermaids swim.

By the Lady Aye

With thousands of years of mythology behind them, no one has more experience luring men onto the rocks than mermaids. In modern-day America, however, lonely sailors have been replaced by thirsty patrons, who are just as eager to enjoy the ethereal charms of these underwater sirens along with a cocktail or two—on the rocks or straight up. Whether placed in saltwater aquariums or swimming pools, these mermaids glide gracefully through the water night after night, entertaining audiences with their enchanting water ballets.

Their costumes range from state-of-the-art, “realistic” silicone tails to underwater evening wear. We set a course for three of the top watering holes with live aquatic entertainment, and asked some of these elusive creatures what it takes to be a modern-day mermaid.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (FROM TOP) BRIAN DOBEN, JUAN AYORA, AND ROY ANDERSON

Silverton Casino Mermaid Restaurant & Lounge • Las Vegas

Located away from the hustle and bustle (and pirates) of the Strip, the Mermaid Restaurant & Lounge stocks more than 4,000 tropical fish in its giant, 117,000-gallon tank and offers guests a number of cocktail and dining options, including (oddly enough) fish-and-chips. The saltwater environment makes swimmers buoyant, so mermaids need to be weighted down and have a strong tail to get around down there. The girls in this man-made coral reef also have to be comfortable around some real sharks.

Mermaid Arianna Liuzzi, who joined the show after her retirement from competitive synchronized swimming, says she enjoys sharing the spotlight with her finned friends. Just as bubbly and passionate on land as you might imagine, she gushes when she talks about her unusual workplace. "It's amazing; it's a completely different world," she says. "You could be having the worst day, and then you get to go underwater, and a stingray comes over and gives you a little nudge on the shoulder, and you get to pet him."



Arianna Liuzzi

Dive Bar • Sacramento, California

Dive Bar has populated its 40-foot-long, 7,500-gallon, saltwater-tank paradise with more than 20 varieties of fish, and both mermaids and mermen (including one married mer-couple).

"Head mermaid" Rachel Smith manages everything from special events to costuming to training recruits.

"Mermaids are very mysterious creatures, so sometimes it takes a little more wrangling than I'd like," Smith jokes. Although she's quick to add, "It's really good, actually. I think being part of a team is the best part of this particular job." An accomplished illustrator and costumer, Smith creates costumes and props for her swimmers. She also likes to keep her mermaids on their fins, making sure their routines aren't "just sort of swimming back and forth, doing laps," by creating new tricks and interactions that keep audiences entertained, such as underwater flair bartending, carrying signs with custom birthday messages, and even a little (make-believe) guitar playing.



Mermaid Aimee

The Wreck Bar • Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

The grand dame of mermaid lounges, the Wreck Bar, has been featuring live sirens since the 1950s. Built to resemble the hull of a Spanish galleon, the bar's portholes look into a crystal-blue pool that regularly features a cavalcade of vintage-inspired beauties. It's the brainchild of MeduSirena, a multitasking dancer, fire performer, and free diver (she prefers the term "aquatic performer" to "mermaid"). When she initially came across the lounge, management had long since given up on live entertainment and the pool sat empty. She became so passionate about reviving the tradition, she initially offered to work for free until she could prove to the bar there was still an audience.

Her work soon paid off, and she now creates shows that draw on the mid-century aquacades of Esther Williams, with their emphasis on glamorous costuming and fluid choreography. Her weekly appearances "allow the audience to forget for just a brief moment that we're not breathing, to forget that gravity is no longer a factor. To just suddenly let things go, much like a dream state."



The MeduSirena Pod Aquatics

The Bottom Line

There's no reason that adventure seekers should be limited to these three bars. In fact, there are plenty of fish-women in the sea! You can also catch mermaids at the Sip 'n Dip Lounge in Great Falls, Montana, where the eternally youthful sirens have been swimming since it first opened in 1962, and at Bimbo's 365 Club in San Francisco, where Dolphina, "the Girl in the Fishbowl," has been intriguing audiences since 1931. There are even family-friendly options at "the City of Live Mermaids" in Weeki Wachee Springs, Florida, and at Ripley's Aquarium in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Additionally, if money is no object but travel is, you can have a mermaid brought to your front door by Mermaid Melissa, whose specially designed mobile tanks and trained entertainers will crisscross the nation for trade shows, parties, and casino appearances. With so many treasures to choose from, there's no reason not to dive right in. 



sophia's choice

Accepting an assignment for *Penthouse* was an easy decision for Sophia Knight. "When I first started modeling," the 25-year-old Scot tells us, "I dreamed of posing for *Penthouse*. It's what I've wanted for a long time, and now I'm so happy! I love posing for the camera, and knowing that I'm making the people who see my pics happy." All we know is, we'd be happiest if we could become Knight riders.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens





"If I could live anywhere
in the world, I would find
my own private island so I
could always be naked."







"I'm not sure what the hottest individual Hollywood sex scene is, but *Secretary* is a very sexy movie."



"The biggest turn-on for me is
dirty talk. I love it when a guy
talks dirty to me, and I really get
into saying things back."



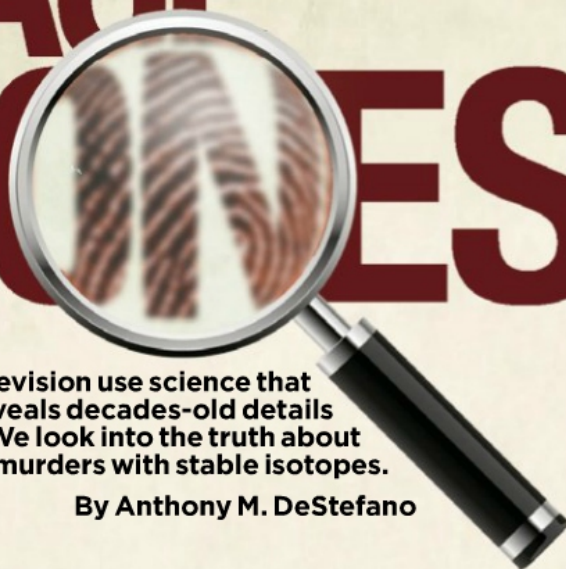
"And when I'm with someone new, I make a game out of telling him what I want by talking dirty to him. Guys seem to like that!"





SEE MORE OF SOPHIA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

THE MESSAGE IN THE BONES



Forensic shows on television use science that almost magically reveals decades-old details about dead bodies. We look into the truth about solving murders with stable isotopes.

By Anthony M. DeStefano

It was definitely a homicide. The woman's skull was missing the lower jaw but still contained some brain tissue. It was found in May 2003 by an inquisitive dog walking with its owner on a hike among the mountain hemlock and pines of the Shady Rest campground in Mammoth Lakes, California.

Several days later, police discovered a shallow grave nearby with more human remains, mostly bones, scattered over the ground. Anything buried in a forest is fair game for foraging coyotes and black bears, which had found the body, gnawed the bones, and moved the pieces around. Bits of clothing—a size 32A bra, a small Bass shoe, and a Cold Air Design coat—as well as a Jaclyn Smith wristwatch also turned up. The watch, which had been covered by snow through the winter, was still running.

A forensic examination solidified the suspicion of murder with the finding of two gashes, consistent with cuts made by a knife blade, on a piece of bone. But who was the victim, and how did she meet such a terrible fate? There was only one initial clue to her identity. Park Service employees remembered a strange couple—a man and a woman—who several months earlier had planned to stay for an indefinite time at the campground. The woman was petite, no more than four feet eight inches tall, and looked “Asian.” The man was Caucasian, much taller, portly, and seemed gruff, abrasive, and mean-spirited.

While the man was inquiring about the campsite, the woman approached one of the Park Service workers and confided that she was afraid of her partner, presumed to be her husband. The park employee gave the fearful woman a card for a local shelter for women. There was talk that the woman, who had long dark hair and

high cheekbones, had been a mail-order bride. No one recalled seeing the couple leave. Apart from that, there was very little to go on.

The case fell into the lap of Detective Sergeant Paul Dostie, a 23-year veteran of the Mammoth Lakes Police Department. Murders were not the average cup of tea for Dostie—he had only handled two in his career previously. The usual crimes the police get in this mountainous recreational area, with a population of about 8,000, were barroom brawls, the occasional date rape, and burglaries. There were considerably higher odds of cops bumping into long-distance runners—who love training in the high altitude—than coming across a homicide. But the search for answers to the identity of the dead woman in the forest, and to how she died, became Dostie's life mission. Although he retired in 2009, Dostie has never let the case go.

“It isn't a closed case until you have a suspect,” says Dostie, who in his spare time is involved in finding the remains of dead American servicemen from World War II. He also garnered publicity more recently for his efforts, along with those of his specially trained cadaver dog Buster, to find remains that may be linked to the Black Dahlia murder of 1947 in Los Angeles.

Dostie, a cop from the old school who values persistence, intuition, and traditional gumshoe tactics, found his quest to identify the victim



taking him into a world of crime-scene science that he—and many others in law enforcement—never knew existed. He's shown a refreshing acceptance of cutting-edge investigative techniques. In his quest to solve the Mammoth Lakes murder, Dostie has enlisted the help of a wide array of forensic anthropologists and pathologists, DNA experts, and geologists. Those experts have been so impressed by the retired cop's determination that they have provided their help for free. As a result, Dostie has come tantalizingly close to discovering the identity of the dead woman.

"Stable isotopes" may not be your usual subject for dinner-table discussion, but the science divines important clues from what we drink and eat. The old adage "you are what you eat," according to Wolfram Meier-Augenstein, a scientist at the James Hutton Institute in Scotland, really does explain in a fundamental way how isotopes are so useful in crime fighting.

A key to understanding stable isotopes, says Meier-Augenstein, is the fact that rainfall, which sustains plant life, is not the same everywhere on the planet. As a result, levels of isotopes of some basic elements, such as hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, change depending on where the rain falls from the upper atmosphere. For instance, the rain falling to the west of the Sierra Nevada range will have a different mix or ratio of oxygen isotopes than precipitation falling to the east of the mountains. The same is also true for hydrogen. This means that part of the answer to Dostie's puzzle lies in the way the rains fall in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

In recent years, scientists have been able to create global maps of the subtle differences in stable-isotope concentration in rainwater. Since the overwhelming majority of us drink water and eat fruits and vegetables from sources close to where we live, the level of stable oxygen and hydrogen isotopes found in our hair, teeth, and bones provides a clue as to where we live. Carbon and nitrogen isotopes reveal whether a person is a vegetarian or meat-eater. The time frame can be as short as two weeks before death or as long as several years—enough to provide investigators with a road map to a person's life so they can identify a corpse and maybe solve a murder.



If bone is used, scientists can trace a person's origins as far back as more than two decades.

Unlike DNA, which is a virtually foolproof way to confirm a person's identity—assuming there are adequate samples to compare—stable isotopes don't identify a body so much as focus investigators on locales a victim frequented, excluding as much as 90 percent of the world.

"Stable-isotope data will not find the needle in the haystack, but will go some way to reduce the haystack to a manageable size," explains Meier-Augenstein, one of a small group of scientists who specializes in isotopes.

While at first glance the importance of stable isotopes might not be apparent, experts say the science has many potential uses in crime-fighting. It has proven to be useful in tracking the movements of suspects and victims, as well as linking evidence such as drugs or explosives to a particular suspect.

"Linkages can be used to connect individual cells in a [terrorist] network by linking bomber to bomb-making lab," Meier-Augenstein wrote in an email. "Human-tissue (hair and nail) isotope signatures can provide information on the route through which people were smuggled/trafficked into a country."

Paul Dostie knew nothing about stable isotopes when he first pondered the jawless skull he held in his hand at the Mammoth Lakes Police Department squad room. The murder case had started off well, with a strong indication that it involved an abusive relationship. Artist sketches of the couple, based on the recollections of eyewitnesses who saw the pair in the park, were widely circulated in the area. But after a year, there were no leads. Adding to the complications, a DNA analysis as well as a forensic anthropologist's examination of the skull determined that the victim wasn't Asian, but rather 100 percent Native American.

Despite the frustrations and uncertainty, Dostie pressed on and took the case in another direction. Slowly, some tantalizing leads emerged. DNA in the hair of the dead woman showed that she was genetically close to people of southern Mexico and Guatemala. After running the DNA through databases kept at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History and the University of California at Davis, experts zeroed



Schoolboys playing near the Royal Canal in Dublin discovered a dismembered human body. The torso had been cut in half, the arms and legs severed.

that in more. The DNA was a perfect match with a sample taken years earlier of the Zapotec people from the state of Oaxaca in southern Mexico. One expert went a step further: The sample indicated the victim was actually related to a person who gave one of the Oaxaca samples.

While trolling through scientific literature, Dostie came across a scholarly paper about stable isotopes. He thought it might help focus the investigation and contacted experts in Canada who could help. After pulverizing one of the victim's teeth, the experts said that the concentration of isotopes showed that she had grown up as a child subsisting on a diet of corn—a sign of poor economic status and another indication of Central American or southern Mexican ancestry. More isotope testing of a bone fragment showed the victim had lived most of the last ten years of her life drinking water found only in southern Mexico, says Dostie. During the last

two years of her life, the isotopes indicated, the woman had traveled to Southern California.

Dostie went to Oaxaca with a reconstruction photograph of the victim. The area is a poor region of Mexico, where the indigenous people toil to make a living, and are the butt of much intolerance from other Mexicans. "All Oaxacan people are very short," observes Dostie, just like the woman who died at Shady Rest. "There is a lot of prejudice against them."

Based on the isotope analysis and DNA testing, Dostie thought there was a good chance that he might strike pay dirt. Sure enough, in Oaxaca a woman said the photo looked like her stepdaughter. Heartened by the news, Dostie tracked down some possible relatives and ran a DNA comparison. To his disappointment, there was no match.

But Dostie is certain from the results of the stable-isotope testing that he is looking in the right area—the



right part of the haystack, if you will—for the needle that is the identity of the Shady Rest victim. Every time the photo reconstruction of the woman's face appears in the newspapers or on television, Dostie believes there is a chance he may get lucky. "I am hoping that at some point, someone will take an interest in this case," he says.

The Royal Canal in Dublin, Ireland, is a thin ribbon of water that is no longer used to move goods to market. After decades of disuse, it's seen a revival as a hiking path, as well as other forms of recreation. In March 2005, a group of schoolboys playing along the canal made an unexpected, macabre discovery: a dismembered human body that had been in the water for some time. The torso had been cut in half, with the arms cut off at the shoulders and the legs severed at the groin. There was no head. The penis was also missing.

At first glance, police said, the corpse was believed to have been that of a white man. But as one forensic expert later noted, the skin had undergone massive pigment change in the water, turning completely white. It was only after closer examination that the body parts showed true skin pigment: The victim had had dark skin and was likely from Africa, the Caribbean, or possibly America, according to one expert. A closer look at what was left of his pubic hair showed it had what was described as "Africoid characteristics." Raising more suspicion that a person from Africa was involved were cuts on the back of the torso that suggested a



Sisters Charlotte (above) and Linda Mulhall were dubbed the "Scissor Sisters" for the way they cut up the body of their mother Kathleen's (below) lover.



ritual killing, said one expert.

Whoever killed the victim wanted to punish and obliterate him, and clearly the man wasn't a native son of Eire. But apart from that, the local Irish police, known as Garda, had no clue about who he was. There were fingerprints on the corpse, but they didn't match any in Ireland's database.

For help, the Garda turned to Meier-Augenstein in Scotland. According to a summary of the investigation shown to us by Meier-Augenstein, police provided him with a complete set of fingernails, several strands of pubic hair, and a slice of bone taken from the femur, still covered with bits of flesh. As a basis for comparison, the police also provided Meier-Augenstein samples of hair and fingernails from a living volunteer who had been residing and working in Dublin for a known period of time.

After using maggots to clean the piece of femur, parts of the bone were pulverized and treated for testing. Bones take a long time to develop or remodel. This remodeling is faster at the ends of long bones like the femur than in the middle section, says Meier-Augenstein. Water taken up by a person plays a role in the way bones develop, so that the isotope signature of water consumed earlier in a person's life will be best reflected in the middle section of the bone. Tests of the bone from the Dublin canal showed that the older segments had an isotope signature for oxygen that the scientist says was "indicative of a hot, low-altitude coastal region near the equator," which could mean anywhere from the east coast of Brazil



Nikole Bakoles' family at a press conference after her remains had been identified

In 2012, police in South Salt Lake, Utah, were able to use stable isotopes to link skeletal remains to a young woman, Nikole Bakoles, who'd been missing for more than 12 years.



Bakoles' skeletal remains were found by hunters along the Great Salt Lake.

to the Horn of Africa and on eastward to the west coast of India. More testing led investigators to home in on Africa—particularly Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, and Kenya—as likely places of origin for the victim.

Hydrogen-isotope tests on the nails and pubic hair, when compared with those taken from the control subject, provided another clue. The isotope levels indicated that the victim had lived for at least seven months prior to his death in or near Dublin. Combined with the analysis of the bone sample, experts estimated that the victim had come to Ireland a little more than six years before he was killed, says Meier-Augenstein.

As useful as the isotope results were in showing where the victim came from, they still couldn't provide his identity. But the tests allowed the police in Dublin to take a DNA sample from a young boy whose father had disappeared suddenly. The sampling determined that the body in the canal was that of Farah Swaleh Noor, a 38-year-old man from Somalia who had been born in Kenya and emigrated to Ireland about seven years before his murder.

Armed with a positive identification of the victim, the Garda arrested two sisters—Charlotte and Linda Mulhall, who were 31 and 23, respectively—later dubbed the

"Scissor Sisters" for the way they cut up Noor. According to evidence later submitted at trial, the girls and their mother, Kathleen, were living a trashy, marginal life in Dublin. Drugs and alcohol seemed to be a staple of their existence. The murder took place after Noor, the sisters, and their mother had spent a night drinking heavily in Dublin, topped off with some Ecstasy pills. Noor had been dating Kathleen, who was married, and the relationship was tempestuous and allegedly abusive. Back at Kathleen's apartment, Noor made the mistake of making sexual advances toward Linda, which angered her mother. The altercation escalated and finally Kathleen told her daughters to "just kill him for me," at which point Charlotte picked up a knife and slashed Noor across the throat. Her sister Linda then used a hammer to beat Noor on the head.

Evidence which later surfaced in court showed that Linda and Charlotte took Noor's body into the bathroom, where they spent hours cutting it up with a box cutter and putting the pieces in black plastic trash bags. The sisters dumped most of the body in the Royal Canal, but puzzled over what to do with the head. Finally, they took it in a bag to a park, where they buried it. Linda later returned to the park, dug up the head, and smashed it with a hammer before reburying it.

After confessing, Linda was found guilty of manslaughter and Charlotte of murder. They both got lengthy prison sentences. Kathleen pleaded guilty to concealing evidence and got a five-year sentence. Noor's head and penis still have not been found.

As the use of stable isotopes spreads and becomes more accepted in the world of forensic science, investigators are using it to solve a variety of murder and missing-persons cases. In 2012, police in South Salt Lake, Utah, were able to use stable isotopes to link skeletal remains to a young woman who'd been missing for more than 12 years. The bones had been found by hunters along the Great Salt Lake and were determined to be those of 20-year-old Nikole "Niki" Bakoles. Described by her family to reporters as a free spirit, Bakoles and her boyfriend moved in 1998 to Utah, where they had a baby girl. Bakoles traveled back and forth to Seattle before her family lost touch with her. Finally, in 2003, the family filed a



missing-persons report with police. According to news accounts, police used samples of hair from the remains to show that the deceased had been traveling in the northwestern part of the United States.

After police used the isotope samples to match the traveling pattern of the victim—dubbed "Saltair Sally" because of the location where her remains were found—with those in the Bakoles missing-persons report, a match was made through DNA. The case of Nikole Bakoles had been solved on one level. But police still have not made an arrest in what appears to be a case of foul play. Bakoles's young daughter is reportedly living with relatives of the boyfriend.

The Bakoles case is a prime example of how stable isotopes can provide crucial links between bits of evidence to solve a crime. The isotopes may not solve every missing-persons case or murder mystery, but, as Meier-Augenstein stresses, they can be the clincher to tie together important strands of evidence. In the case of drug investigations, isotopes can show differences between samples of cocaine, indicating that different drug-trafficking organizations are at work, he says. The wine and liquor industries have reportedly used isotopic analysis to discover fake or adulterated products.

"In short, stable isotopes are a powerful tool for intelligence-led policing," concludes Meier-Augenstein, "helping law-enforcement agencies to manage their inquiries and resources in a much more efficient way."

For Paul Dostie, the issue is no longer scientific efficiency, but whether he can get a big break that not only tells him who the Shady Rest victim is, but also who killed her. He thinks the man who accompanied the victim to the park may have felt some remorse about what he'd done, since he buried her in such a nice spot, "up on a mountain in a pine forest. He almost went out of his way to put her in a pretty place, which I thought was pretty interesting."

If science helps solve the riddles surrounding the body at Shady Rest, Dostie is positive the killer will be found, because the couple was a pair that someone, somewhere, must remember seeing. If that happens, then the case will be broken.

"We will put it together and put the guy in prison," says Dostie. 



A woman with long brown hair, wearing a light blue bikini, is sitting on a surfboard in the ocean. The water is a deep blue, and the surfboard is white with a blue stripe. The woman's back is to the camera, and she is looking out at the water. The text "board games" is overlaid on the right side of the image in a large, white, sans-serif font.

board games

Lorena and Eva's surfing lesson is forgotten as soon as the sexy instructor meets her sultry student. They quickly find a much more satisfying way to while away the hours on this gorgeous summer afternoon.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

















SEE MORE OF LORENA & EVA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

GET BUZZED

Vibrators have come a long way since their nineteenth-century debut as medical treatment for women with “hysteria.”

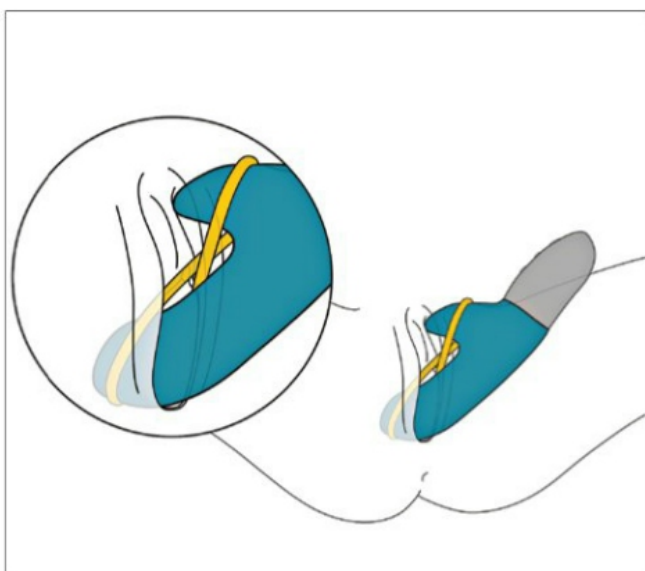
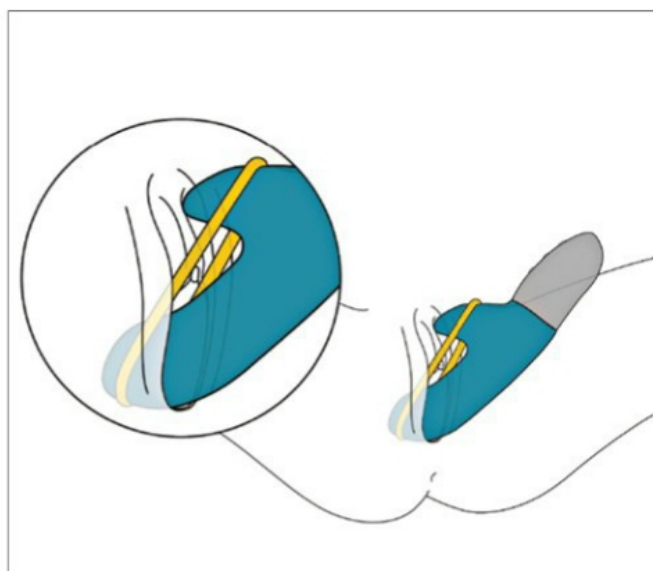
By Christine Colby

It's not news that a well-placed vibrator can enhance pleasure in the sack. But some unique toys are making headlines with what they can do: They're wearable jewelry, digital storage, and even an alarm clock.



FUN FACTORY FunFactoryUSA.com

STRONIC pulsators. Give your girl the fantasy of a two-dick threesome without actually involving another guy. These three toys, the **Eins**, **Zwei**, and **Drei**, use pulsating, thrusting movement as opposed to traditional vibration, which means they're little fucking machines. Unlike other toys, they're designed to stay put, so they'll continue to pleasure on their own, hands-free, which is more conducive to letting go into passive fantasy than manually operated devices. They're made of medical-grade silicone, safe to use fully submerged in water, quiet, rechargeable, and even offer a travel-lock feature. STRONIC Zwei and Drei are fit for anal or vaginal play. (\$200 each)



The **Amorino** is the first vibrator to feature an adjustable, removable silicone string that transmits the vibration throughout the external areas of the vulva, surrounding and enveloping the clitoral area. The sides of the clitoral shaft are often overlooked, but can provide intense pleasure, especially for women whose clits might be prone to ultrasensitivity. It's high-quality, submersible, and rechargeable. (\$100)



CRAVE

LoveCrave.com

The **Duet** has an unusual tuning-fork shape that flanks the clitoris. It's USB rechargeable, almost silent, submersible, and, because of the dual motors, is far stronger than most battery-powered toys. It comes in a classy leather pouch for storage and travel, and the company even offers custom engraving. Also, it arrives fully charged, so the impatient can get right to it. (\$150; \$160 with custom engraving) The **Duet Lux** line offers true multi-tasking, as the device encompasses a thumb drive with storage for your spank bank. (With eight-gigabyte data storage and 24-karat-gold plating on the band: \$220; with 16-gigabyte storage and 24-karat-gold plating on the band and body: \$350)



The **Droplet** is a pair of vibrating nipple clamps disguised as a necklace. It looks innocuous enough that she can wear it in public and tantalize you with the naughtiness to come later. The stainless-steel necklace has two pendants that each use two button-cell batteries (four are included); the pendants can dangle on nipples or be used to tease her all over. (\$109)



CASCADE

LoveLifeProducts.com

The world's first self-lubricating vibrator lets you release as much lube as you want without getting your hands sticky or interrupting the action. Load it with a lube cartridge and dispense the fluid from a small hole at the tip (can't beat that design, right?) at the push of a button. It comes with a magnetic USB charging system, and can be accessorized with different interchangeable textured sheaths—Wave, Flow, or Ripple—depending on her desires. (\$125; sheaths: \$25 each)



GALLUS ET MULIER'S LITTLE ROOSTER

LittleRoosterStore.com

This is perfect if you're a bigger fan of morning sex than she is. Make sure she wakes up on the right side of the bed with this vibrator alarm clock. With 30 power levels (the first 27 are silent), it starts gently and increases intensity until she's awake and happy. It has a conventional "snooze" button as well as a "snorgasm" button, which lowers the intensity and then ramps it up again. It's USB rechargeable, programmable, and has a travel-lock feature. The only downside is that she can't sleep naked, as the Little Rooster nestles inside a pair of panties. (\$69)



JIMMY JANE

JimmyJane.com

The **"Little" line**. These have a simple, shaft-style design, but don't let that deceive you. The bath-safe vibes can be heated in warm water or chilled in the fridge for extra sensation. The intensity varies along its length, for customizable play. The most exciting feature is that it's everlasting—the motor is replaceable, so you don't have to chuck the whole toy when the motor inevitably burns out. (\$125 to \$3,500, depending on material; it comes in chrome, steel, 24-karat gold, platinum, and platinum with diamonds. There's even a variation that comes etched with a design by Jamie Hewlett of the band Gorillaz.)



Hello Touch. These tiny, wearable vibes made of FDA-approved, body-safe materials slip onto your fingertips, so you can transmit the good feeling to anywhere your fingers can go, externally or internally; they can even be worn in the shower. These are great for couples, as you can both wear a set and make each other tingle. They have a bit of a sci-fi look to them, which might be especially good for cosplayers. (\$65) 

Stiff Sha



BY HAROLD T. PALMS • ILLUSTRATIONS BY RB WHITE

THIS HUMOROUS EROTIC SHORT STORY ILLUSTRATES WHY SOMETIMES THE BEST WAY TO GET BACK IN THE GAME IS WITH A SEXY TIME-OUT.

It was one of those early spring days when birds were chirping, flowers were blooming, and throughout the city, sidewalks and stairwells were being trampled by pretty girls in miniskirts and sandals. All that femininity, cocooned for months in layers of wool and cotton and nylon, was suddenly exposed, like little butterflies, to a warm breeze, veiled only by a thin triangle of fabric ... or, in some cases, nothing at all.

I was dying to get laid. However, I was newly single and, frankly, my hitting-on-women skills were rusty. Just as I was itching to jog and break a sweat in order to calm my urges, a little miracle happened. A friend called and said he had a tee time at three o'clock, and would I consider ducking out of work?

Golf, for me, is the only thing that seconds sex in offering absolute escapism from the real world. Sure enough, just as quickly as my springtime horniness had taken over, it left me the moment we

reached the course.

While my friend hacked away at the driving range, I hit the pro shop to change the grip on my driver. When the pro handed the club back with a new grip, he asked if I was happy with my shaft.

"I don't know," I said. "I've only used this shaft."

"Switch to a stiff flex. You'll get more accuracy."

"What's the catch?"

"You might sacrifice length."

"But my length is good. I've been told that!"

"Who cares about length if you end up in the rough?"

"The rough doesn't bother me."

"Liar."

"Whatever."

"I'm tellin' you, a stiffer one will improve your game."

"Funny, my grandma used to say the same thing."

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a



R. B
#white



[dipping the pen]

long-haired figure, hair as black as pavement, turning its head, perhaps listening to our conversation. She was testing putters in the faux grass by the corner with her back to me. She wore a white golf outfit, the skirt so short it barely covered her butt cheeks. The skin tone on the back of her thighs made it look like she'd bathed in caramel sauce, and her legs were so perfectly muscular and feminine that I suddenly considered her husband, and all the guys who led up to him, the luckiest pricks on Earth.

She turned slightly and I could see her profile. She was a gorgeous Korean girl with freckles. She wasn't wearing a ring. Suddenly I was horny again.

I had to approach her. But say what? I'd been locked in an apartment all winter, jacking off to porn and stale fantasies of exes with blurry faces. But what if I never saw her again? She's a beautiful woman who golfs! I made my way over, and just as I began—

"Hey, cheesehead!" my buddy shouted from the door. "Our tee time's waiting. Let's motor!"

"I'm coming," I snapped, feeling like a thief in a jewelry shop who'd blown his only opportunity to snatch a rare diamond.

By the time we'd reached the eighth hole, my friend had to leave, citing "wife maintenance." Selfishly speaking, I didn't want to be left alone with my thoughts. Sure enough, the moment he left, the woman in the pro shop materialized in my head. Unable to concentrate, I hit a tee shot so poorly it dribbled 50 feet, landing between the pink tee markers. I was well into the backswing on my second shot when I heard the electric whir of a cart, and after I'd swung, a feminine voice said, in slightly broken English, "You always hit from ladies' tee?"

There she was, sitting in the driver's seat, her red lips in a wise-ass smirk, her eyelashes flapping like exotic insects. Just as I opened my mouth to respond, she sped off down the fairway.

They say that, in golf, once you get confidence, you think it'll never go away, and when it's gone, you think it'll never come back. If I had any shot with this chick, I decided, I had to be cool, nonchalant, act like I didn't want her. I began to sprint down the fairway, the irons in my bag clanging.

The next time I saw her cart, 400 yards away at the green ahead, it was empty. I took out my rangefinder, and through its binocular view I scanned the nearby woods, the bare trees easing my hunt, and saw her white hat. She was crouching, her back to me, peeing. "Dear God," I whispered. It was like spotting a rare animal on a safari. I was so giddy I dropped the rangefinder, and by the time I picked it up she was using something to wipe, then disposed of it in the bushes before swinging perfectly and speeding off again.

When I reached the green, I immediately checked the bushes. Sure enough, there was a white thong with a pink bow on the back. I felt a stirring in my golf slacks. Did she leave it for me, as a clue?

I played speed golf until I finally caught up with her teeing off on the 12th hole. By the time I reached her, all the sweat from my pores, along with my pride, had leaked out. "Hi," I said, panting. "Do you mind if I join you?"

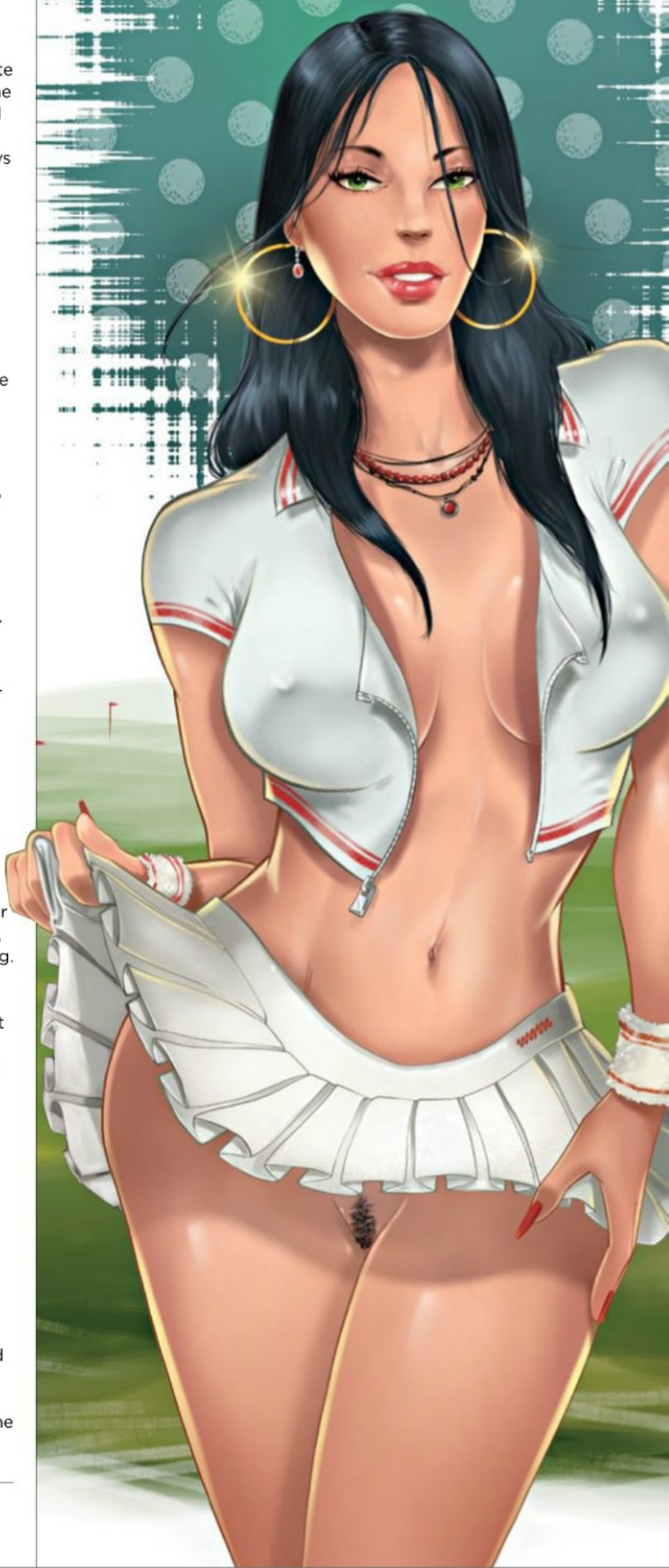
"If you don't mind playing off the men's tee."

"There's a first time for everything, right?"

When she bent over to place the tee in the grass, her skirt inched ever so slightly up along her caramel hips. Knowing that she had no panties on made my dick hard instantly. She swung beautifully. As her ball landed in the middle of the fairway, I stood there clapping, my cock standing upright in my pants as if to see the shot.

"Can you teach me how to swing like that?" I asked, figuring the only angle I had left was humility.

"I need to see your setup."



I stood over the ball.
"Spread your legs," she said. I obeyed, my thighs quivering like a schoolgirl's.

"Are you a professional golfer?"

"I played the tour for a few years, but you know, it got boring. I get bored very fast. Square your shoulders."

She stood behind me now, her breasts slightly touching my back as she adjusted my shoulders. My spine fluttered. I was growing hard again—not an easy way to hit a golf ball. Nervously, I swung and hit a surprisingly solid shot.

"Nice ball," she said. Then she grabbed my bag and strapped it to the cart and said, "You ride with me now."

After typical preambles, we reached our balls in the fairway and stayed in the cart. The sun, a colossal orange peel in the sky, was setting. I had about 30 minutes left to make a move. My heart was vibrating. She was talking about how much she loved to cook when I leaned in and kissed her. Her lips were wet and thick, and for a moment our tongues touched. She pulled back ... and, matter-of-factly, got out to retrieve an iron as if nothing had happened. She hit a ball that landed on the green. "Nice shot," I said. My ball landed in the bunker.

legs. "Your rough is thick."

"It's more traditional that way, the way the golf used to be."

I slid a finger inside her. As we fell to the green, I pushed her skirt up, her panty-free crotch giving me license to carefully lick the walls of her thighs until she quivered. Avoiding her pussy with my tongue, I occasionally blew kisses over her clit, which only made her shudder more violently.

"Please," she whispered, "lick me." And so I brought the tip of my tongue to the bottom of her warm cunt. As I slid it along her purple rails, she let out a moan that I'm sure had all the squirrels in the vicinity taking pause. Her juices had a sweet, earthy scent. Then she grabbed me by the ears and pulled me on top of her and shoved her tongue deep into my mouth, possessed, it seemed, by her own scent on my lips.

She unzipped my pants, so eager for my cock that she squeezed it, and then, like a pro, eased up so her finger made circles over the reservoir of precome on the tip.

I had to take control again or I'd burst. I grabbed her hands, then rubbed the tip of my dick along her clit. "You left your panties on purpose so I'd see them, didn't you?"

"Yes," she moaned.

I CONTINUED UP TO HER THIGHS, THE MUSCLES GROOMED FROM MILLIONS OF SWINGS, MAKING SURE TO GRAZE A KNUCKLE AGAINST HER PUBIC HAIR.

"Ouch," she said.

"I know."

"No," she explained from the cart, rubbing her ankle. "It's my foot. It act up sometimes."

There was no one behind us, so I grabbed her foot and began unlacing her shoe.

"What are you doing?"

"I may be an amateur golfer, but when it comes to foot massages, I'm a fuckin' professional."

"I doubt that," she said with a smirk.

I peeled off her golf socks, revealing red toenails that matched her lips, and began to work all the areas. Her skin was silky and hairless, and by the time I reached her calves she was lying back in the seat and groaning. I continued up to her thighs, the muscles groomed from millions of swings, waiting for her to stop me. I worked my thumbs carefully up to her groin, making sure to graze a knuckle or two against her pubic hair until she began to pant. I could have stuck a finger in her, but I resisted. "All better?" I asked, getting out of the cart with a cucumber in my pants.

My opponent was hot and bothered, just as I wanted her. On the green, she made a subtle remark about my putting: "You suck at putting." She stood behind me, this time embracing me more closely. I couldn't resist, and reached around and grabbed her thigh. She placed her hands over my fingers. "Grip the club more gentle," she said. "Like you holding a flower."

Then she touched my cock ever so lightly over my pants. "Ooh, your shaft, it's very stiff."

"Thanks," I said, practically coming. "But it's a regular flex."

"Really," she said, gripping it. "It feels like a stiff flex."

"So long as it's not a senior flex."

She laughed. I turned around and ran a hand under her skirt. "Mmm," I said, caressing what felt like a sea urchin between her

"You're a dirty golfer, aren't you?"

"Yes!"

"You want me to stick my flag in your hole, don't you?"

"Yes! Stick it ... in me ... now!"

"What if I don't want to?" I said as her pussy sucked at the tip of my cock, beckoning.

I needed to taste her one more time. I spread her legs wide-open and shoved my tongue so deep inside her that she shrieked, her back arching over the green. Then I pushed up her shirt and sports bra. Her purple nipples stuck out, and I sucked them hard before shoving my dick inside her, all the way to the hilt.

I held it there, and she squeezed it with her muscles. I licked the salt from her neck as I thrust in and out, and just before I came, I turned her over and said, "Get on your knees!"

Her ass had an outline of a thong bikini. She reached down and furiously twiddled her clit until finally she yelled, "I'm coming!" Meanwhile, I was holding on for dear life. I could feel her body release in my hands, and finally I let it go. My cock went numb and I let out a cry, then pulled out and shot a load on the grass, just inches from the cup.

When we fell to the short grass, she looked over at the cup, the pearls of come on the grass leading toward the hole, and said, "You left it short."

"Is that a bogey?" I asked.

Suddenly, we heard the whir of a cart behind us. By the time we adjusted our clothes and grabbed our putters, two old guys appeared in a cart, waiting for us to clear the green. My knees wobbling, my cock still hard, I aimed and struck the putter, the ball curling 15 feet until it landed in the hole.

"Oh, nice one."

My game was back. 

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

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

By Martin Downs, MPH

How can I make a cast of my penis for my girlfriend?

Casting your penis is a fun rainy-day activity. You can produce a nice replica using a kit, although the process can be a bit tricky. I'll tell you how it works and give you some pointers that I learned by trial and error.

I used the Clone-A-Willy kit, by Empire Labs (EmpireLabs.com), which also includes a vibrator that fits inside your replica. The kit was priced at \$40, but I purchased it from Amazon.com for \$33. Create-a-Mate (CreateAMate.com) is another penis-casting product that looks legit. I didn't try it, so I can't say if the process is similar to Clone-A-Willy's, nor can I recommend one kit over the other.

The molding compound included in penis-casting kits is alginate (see

sidebar). The cast could be made out of almost anything you might pour into the mold. If you are making a penis casting to use as a sex toy, the best material is silicone rubber. The Clone-A-Willy kit I used came with two jars of silicone stuff to mix together—like you would mix epoxy glue—then pour into the mold.

Casting isn't the difficult part of the process. Mixing the silicone is a no-brainer—just follow the instructions and mix it in a disposable container. Once it's mixed, simply pour it into the mold and wait 24 hours for the silicone to cure. Then, carefully pop it out of the mold. If you're inserting a vibrator during the curing process to make it a vibrating toy, you might want to be aware that the vibrator included with the kit is not as strong as many smaller "bullet" vibes you can buy, inexpensively, to fit inside sex toys.

Making the mold, however, I found to be challenging. The molding material is a powder that you mix with water. The temperature of the water determines how quickly the mold sets. If the water is too hot, the mold will firm up before you can dunk your cock into it. Use water that's too cool, and you won't get a good impression. Timing is everything.

The kit includes a thermometer, so it's easy to get the water temperature just right. It's also simple to mix the molding powder and water to the right consistency, kind of like pancake batter. The next step is to pour that mixture into a plastic cylinder, which is open on one end and capped at the other. While the molding mixture is still fluid, you insert your cock and wait a couple of minutes until the mold is firm.

What proved really difficult was doing all this and at the same time keeping an erection. On my first attempt, I worked up a fine boner worthy of immortalizing in silicone; I then proceeded to measure out the water, pour it into the bowl with the powder, and start mixing. But by the time the mixture was ready—maybe it was the time pressure, or perhaps the process reminded me too much of making pancakes for my kids—I'd lost



Gallery of Clone-A-Willy replicas

my wood. With some frantic fapping it came back, but too late. The mold had set to a Jell-O-like consistency, and it was no good. (And now I understand why male porn stars need "fluffers" on the set.)

I ended up ordering another big bag of alginate molding powder for \$14.65. The next time I tried, and the third time, I still couldn't keep an erection throughout the measuring and mixing. I finally managed to pull it off by using a cock ring. In case you don't know, a cock ring is a band that fits around the base of your penis and balls. It helps keep you hard by constricting the blood vessels through which blood flows out of the penis. Blood can flow in, which of course is what produces an erection. Once the





penis is engorged with blood, it stays that way till you take off the cock ring.

If I'd had a penis pump, I would have used it. A penis pump is a vacuum chamber you fit over your dick. Pumping air out of the chamber creates a vacuum and draws blood into the penis. Once you're done pumping, you slide a cock ring down to cinch it off. Mechanically engorging the penis with blood can give you the hardest, fattest erection you are physically capable of having. If you're making a replica of your penis, you'd want that, right?

My advice would be to add a cock ring or a penis pump to your order when buying your casting kit. It's also not a bad idea to buy an extra bag of molding powder. I'm sure it's possible to nail it on the first try, but I wouldn't count on it.

There's another thing I learned from the experience that you wouldn't necessarily know before you've actually seen an exact replica of your penis cast in silicone: If I had to do it again, I would not opt for the skin-tone color. Kits are available in several colors—hot pink, jet black, etc.—as well as naturalistic “light” and “dark” flesh tones. Have you ever heard of the “uncanny valley”? It's a term that refers to how people feel about replicas of living things depending on how lifelike the model is. The uncanny valley is the curve on a graph. On one end of the curve are things that don't look realistic at all. Industrial robots are at that end, and people generally dislike

them. Moving toward more realism, there are cartoonish and stylized models, with “humanoid” features. People generally like those things and feel comfortable with them. But then as things move toward more lifelike, but not quite completely human and alive, the more creepy, or “uncanny,” those things are. People feel revolted or frightened by them. The uncanny valley explains why prosthetic body parts often make people feel uneasy. Corpses and zombies also exist in the uncanny valley.

Unfortunately, my flesh-toned silicone penis lives in the foothills of the valley. It is a nearly perfect copy in fine detail. But the color is weird. No penis is an even flesh tone. I think that if I had cast it in bright traffic-cone orange, or white like a marble statue, it would be much more pleasing to behold.

Speaking of beholding your penis—you say this is for your girlfriend. *Really?*

Let's be honest here. It's for you. Your girlfriend may love your penis because it's part of you, and she may love what you do with it. She may even find it attractive. But nothing matches the fascination a man has with his own penis, and no one wants a replica of it more than he does. Go ahead and give it to her as a gift—but not in all seriousness. Give it as a novelty, and have some fun with it together. Privately, you can enjoy holding it, looking at it, and appreciating what a fine cock it is. A very fine specimen, indeed. **✂**



The Master Caster

You've probably heard of the artist Cynthia Plaster Caster, famous for making casts of rock stars' penises and pussies. Until I tried casting my own dick, I'd always confused molding (taking the impression) with casting (the thing you make from the impression). I mistakenly assumed that Plaster Caster used plaster to mold the penises. Not so. Plaster is a terrible medium for molding a penis. As plaster sets, it produces a lot of heat. A tub of wet plaster could be hot enough to badly burn your pecker. Plaster also sets rock-hard. If you got yourself stuck in there, you'd have to have someone saw off the mold.

Plaster Caster makes molds out of a substance called alginate, then makes plaster casts from the mold. Alginate is the standard material used for making molds of body parts, because it's still flexible after it sets and easy to pop off without cutting the mold open. Also, it's nontoxic and gentle on the skin. High-quality alginate can capture details as fine as fingerprints and pores. **✂**

czech hers

Twenty-one-year-old Candice Luca, a 34-24-34 model from the Czech Republic, is gracing these pages for the first time, to our great pleasure. We're sure you'll enjoy getting to know this sultry brunette as much as we have.

Photographs by Davide Esposito





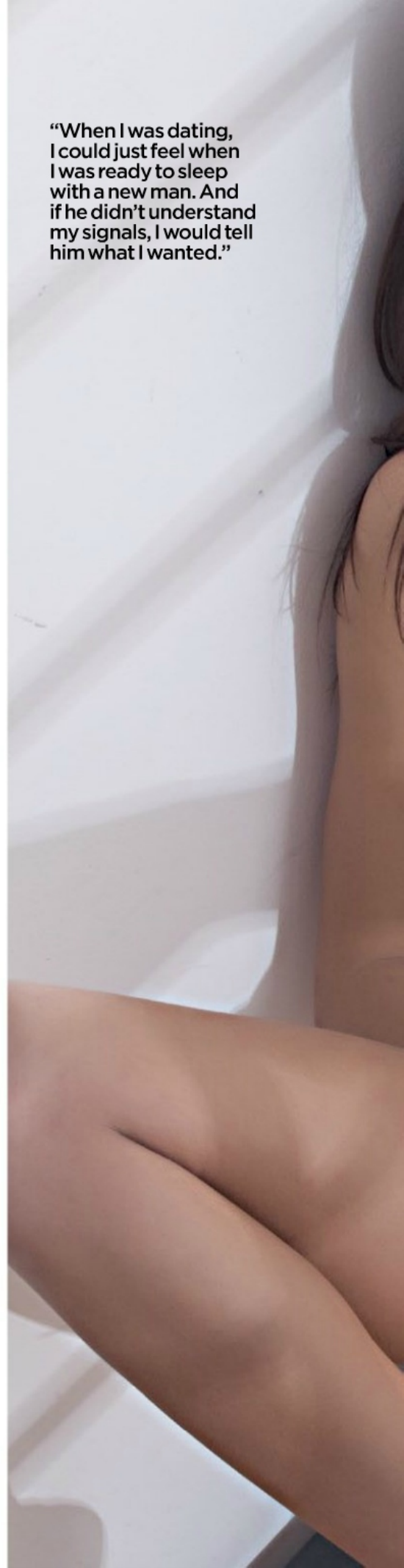
"If I could have any job at all,
I think I would be a bed tester.
I can sleep in seven days
a week with no problem."







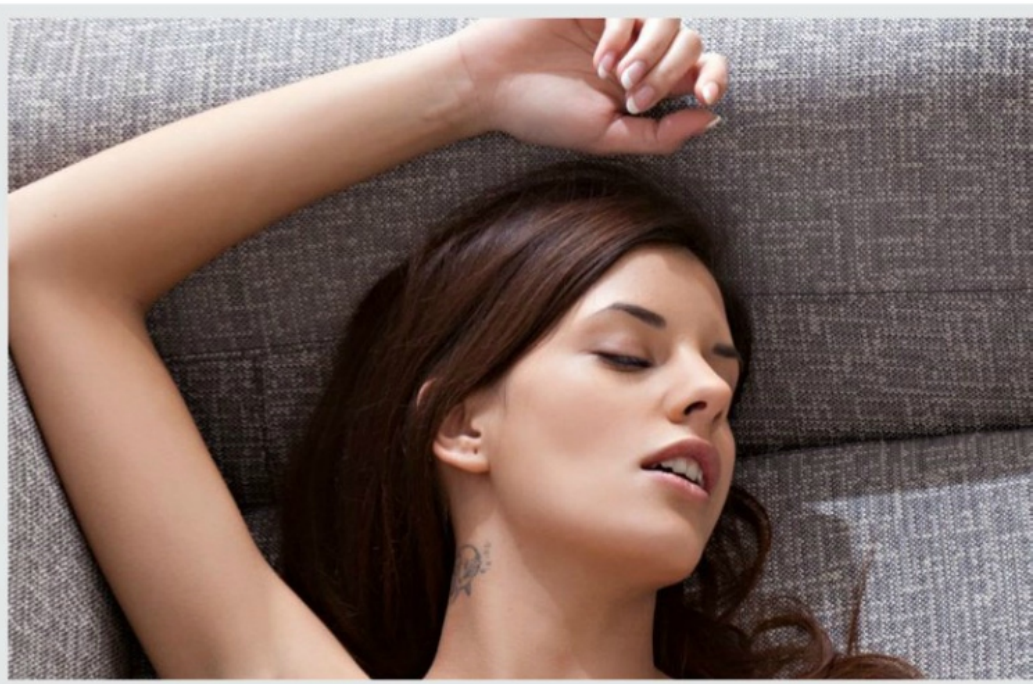
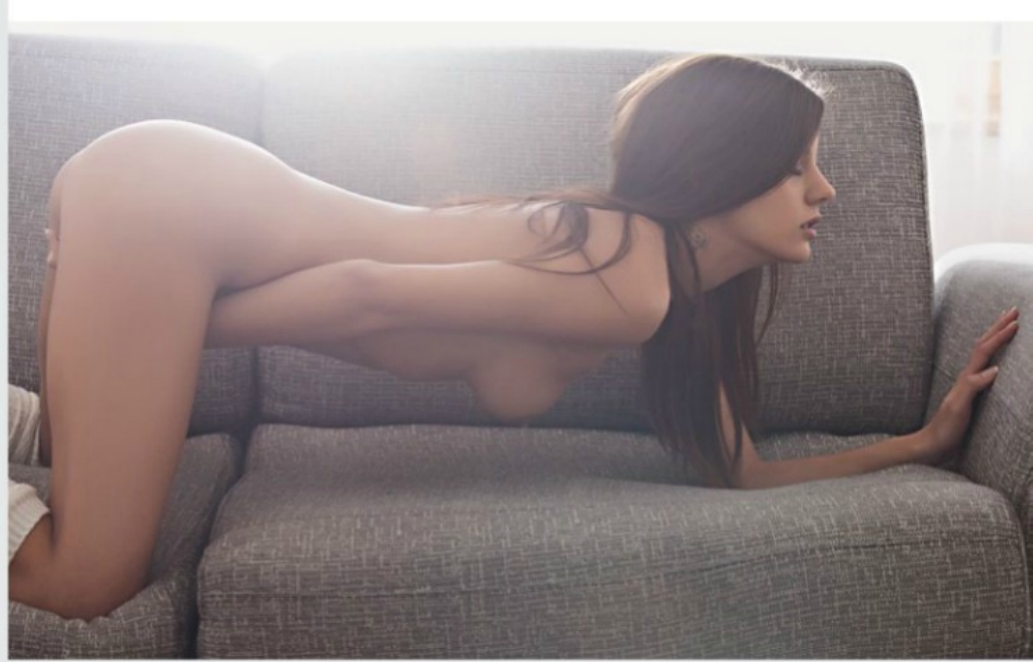
“When I was dating, I could just feel when I was ready to sleep with a new man. And if he didn’t understand my signals, I would tell him what I wanted.”







"Now that I'm married, I don't have to worry about first times. I'm completely faithful. But I still think getting married is the biggest risk I've ever taken."





“This was an enjoyable photo shoot.
And I got to eat spaghetti in a suggestive way
while I was naked, which was great fun.”



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TIME WARP

For this summer issue, we jumped back ten years, perused our Forum sections, and grabbed some of our favorite warm-weather-oriented letters. We kick things off with an employee bash that turns into a summer of sixty-nine.



■ Loser Wins

Every summer, my company hosts a huge picnic for its employees with plenty of food and games. Since everyone was carpooling, I offered to pick up Chloe and Melanie, two of my coworkers. I always have fun with them when we hang out after work, so the 45-minute drive was a blast. All they did was brag that the girls were going to whip the guys—again—in the annual softball game. Of course, that also got me trash-talking, and the next thing I knew, I'd made an unbelievable bet with them: If the girls won, I had to spend the evening in sexual service to both of them, and if the guys won, Chloe and Melanie would service me. No matter how this turned out, it was a win-win situation.

We had a lot of fun that day, and while some of the guys were pissed about losing the game by a mere point, I was quietly ecstatic about winning what I now refer to as "the daily double." I could hardly wait for the picnic to end so we could head back to Melanie's place and settle up. On the way home, Chloe and Melanie

said they had compiled quite a list of things for me to do, and they hoped I wasn't too tired. I assured them I was definitely up to the task, and I *always* pay my debts.

When we got to Melanie's, the first order of business was to shower. There was a mad free-for-all as we stripped off our grimy clothes and raced to the bathroom. We continued our horseplay in the shower, fighting for the soap and pushing and shoving one another to get under the showerhead. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven—with two hot, wet, naked women!

By the time we got out of the shower and dried off, I was ready to do right by my horny ladies, and asked what was first on their list. When they both knelt on the bed side by side, I got the message. I was in Melanie's house, so I gave her a light slap on the ass and pushed into her first. She was hot and already wet for me. I struck up a strong rhythm, getting her to

match me stroke for stroke. When it seemed as if Melanie was on the brink of coming, I switched over to Chloe, who was anxiously waiting her turn, and jammed into her. Chloe's head dropped down on the pillow and I fucked her hard until she started to moan.

I was in pussy heaven, fucking one and then the other, egged on by the girls' pleasure-filled cries. Then Melanie said she wanted to ride me. She pushed me back, straddled my hips, and guided me into her. Meanwhile, Chloe aimed her twat at my face. While I licked Chloe's snatch, Melanie enjoyed the ride of her life. It was all good, but I wasn't sure how much more I could take.

Intuition is a wonderful thing, and these girls have it. They chose that moment to switch gears and get into a sixty-nine with Chloe on top. I sat back and watched as the girls got each other off. I'd seen plenty of girl-on-girl porn, but nothing beats live action! Watching them together was absolutely inspiring. When Chloe rolled off Melanie I took her place, fucking Melanie as hard as I could.

"That's it! Fuck me, Jake!" Melanie cried out as she wrapped her arms and legs around me. I felt a sudden gush as Melanie's pussy creamed all over my cock.

I turned to Chloe, and saw that she wanted to ride me in reverse cowgirl. She climbed on, and I palmed her tits while she rocked herself into oblivion. I was quickly nearing that destination myself, and pulled her back toward me to finish things off. Chloe placed her hands on either side of me for support while I pumped her from below. I was almost there when Chloe cried out, and I felt her tense up. Game over. I came with a roar and Chloe fell back onto my chest.

The girls had me working through their so-called list for the rest of the night, and, according to them, we only screwed our way through half of it. I have no idea how many positions are left, but it's been three weekends now and I'm still happily paying them back.—J.M., *Minnesota*

When they knelt on the bed side by side, I got the message. I gave Melanie a light slap on the ass and pushed into her.

Public Display

It was the first day of summer and I couldn't stay inside. It was hot and sunny out, so I did what everyone on the job wanted to do that day—I called my girlfriend and left her a message to leave work early and meet me at home. On my way to lunch, I told my assistant that I had an appointment and I wouldn't be back for the rest of the day.

When I got in touch with my girlfriend, Gia, she said she had to go shopping for a new pair of sexy sandals. Soon enough, we were in the parking garage of her favorite shoe store.

"And look," she said as she hiked up her skirt. "Just in case I get the chance to show you more than sandals..." Then she slipped off her lacy thong and stuffed it into her purse. This is exactly why I love shopping with Gia—she always makes it exciting and rewarding.

There were lots of little stools in the aisles and Gia used them for more than just trying on shoes. Nearly every time Gia sat down, she eased up her skirt and raised one leg, giving me a clear view of her Brazilian-waxed

pussy! She tried on thongs, open-toe slides, and sandals in all colors—black, white, gold—in fabric and leather, with sequins, rhinestones, and beads. I was in heaven feasting my eyes on her sexy feet, shapely legs, and bare snatch. I was getting such a hard-on from watching her.

This little game of show-and-tell was making us both hot. We walked the aisles picking out the sexiest footwear we could find. Everything about the process was turning me on. I lost count of the number of times she flashed me her pussy or squeezed my cock through my shorts when she thought no one was looking. By the time we picked out a pair of black open-toe sandals with towering heels, I was ready to leave the store for someplace more private.

While we waited in the checkout line, I stood close behind Gia with my arms wrapped around her waist. Gia leaned back, letting me support her weight. She could feel my cock pressing against her ass and her response was to surreptitiously move her hips back and forth, causing more friction than I needed at that point.

Then she whispered something I couldn't hear. I leaned in close and she repeated, "I'm going to suck your cock



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I don't think either one of us would have cared if someone walked by.

when we get back to the car."

Fortunately we were up next, or I might have had to leave her in the store. I paid for the shoes and practically dragged her to the car. I opened her door and watched her climb in. Of course, she pulled up her skirt again and gave me another peek at her now-glistening pussy. By the time I sat behind the wheel, Gia had her hand between her legs and was openly masturbating.

"You'd better find a spot soon," she hissed.

A few minutes later I found the perfect spot on the top deck of the garage. I backed into a space where we could see the entire lot. My cock was throbbing hard. I barely had it out of my pants before Gia had me in her mouth. She wrapped her hand around the base and began to stroke me as she bobbed her head up and down.

"Oh, fuck, baby—keep that up and you're going to get a mouthful of come!" I moaned. My warning only seemed to make her more determined, as she sucked and pumped my cock even faster. Moments later, I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Here it comes!" I cried out as my cock erupted.

Gia moaned with pleasure and swallowed every drop of my come.

"Thanks for taking me shopping, lover," Gia said.

"Oh, you're more than welcome," I said. I couldn't wait to get home so I could show her just how grateful I was for that shopping trip.—N.R., California

■ Sex on the Beach

My wife April and I enjoy a healthy sex life, but until recently all of our activities had been restricted to our house, our car, or a hotel room.

April is an attractive woman, tall with long dark hair, large breasts, and a nice round ass. And much to my delight, she has been keeping her pussy clean-shaven for the past several years. She convinced me to do the same with my cock and balls.

We have always been shy about engaging in intimate activity in public. This changed last summer when we were vacationing in the Caribbean. One morning after breakfast, we picked up some of the tourist brochures at our resort. I jokingly pointed out to April that another resort on the island had a nude beach, and was shocked when she suggested we check it out.

After I'd made sure she was serious, we packed some beach towels and called a taxi to take us there. While we wanted to investigate, we weren't sure we would go nude ourselves if it was too crowded, or if nobody else was nude.

When we arrived, we walked over a bluff and through a gate that separated the nude section from the main beach. It was quite a hike, and when we finally reached it, there were only a few couples and some single men. A steep cliff along with some trees and shrubs blocked off the other end of the beach, which was pretty far away. It was quite private if you didn't mind being far from the water.

The logistics made us confident enough to snag a couple of lounge chairs, strip off our suits, and bask nude under the bright afternoon sun. I thought we were just trying to get

all-over tans until April told me that the sun and the breeze on her naked body were making her extremely horny. Her announcement immediately brought my cock to attention. I had to roll over to conceal it when another couple came strolling along. We waited for them to pass before we resumed our conversation. I saw that my wife's nipples were standing straight out like bullets, but I didn't dare check how wet she was while we were still in plain view.

We spotted another lounge in the bushes farther down the beach. I surveyed the scene and decided that you couldn't be seen if you were over there. We stayed where we were for some time, observing how often other people walked in that direction. When one attractive couple did so, we thought we might have a good voyeuristic opportunity. But just when we thought we would try to sneak a peek, they came strolling back. We found the possibility of catching another couple in action to be an intense turn-on.

The other couple finally left. I still sometimes wonder if they'd been waiting for us to leave so they could move to that spot themselves. We packed all of our stuff as if we were leaving, but instead walked to the hidden lounge. April peeled off her bikini again and stretched out as if she were going to sunbathe some more. I spread a towel on the sand and was about to ask what her intentions were when she said, "Take off your shorts and grab my tits."

I walked to the lounge and reached for her boobs. The chair was inclined at just the right angle, putting her head level with my crotch. She turned her face slightly and started licking my balls. As my cock quickly swelled, she licked up and down my straining



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[penthouse forum]

I started gliding my lips up and down his shaft and massaging his balls.

member. I squeezed her breasts and flicked my thumbs over her aroused nipples, then reached down to her pussy, which was dripping wet. I circled her clit with my fingers. She sighed and pressed her love button up against my fingers. Then she pulled my ass closer to her face and took my seven inches down her throat until her face was pressed against my stomach. I can't describe how wonderful it felt to be in her hot mouth with the sun beating down on me, and the sound of the waves crashing on the beach in the background.

I was still trying to keep one eye on the beach in front of us in case anyone walked by, but unless it was a cop or a security guard, I don't think either one of us would have cared at that point. I'd never seen April so turned-on, or felt my cock so hard. With a tremendous shudder, she came on my fingers, my cock in her mouth muffling her cries of joy.

I thought I was going to come a second later, but April had other plans. She rolled off the chair and got down on her hands and knees on the beach towel. Looking over her shoulder, she raised her ass in the air and said, "Fuck me. I want you to pound my pussy."

I got down on my knees right behind her. She was so juicy that I slid my cock deep into her on the first thrust. "Harder, fuck me harder," she said, so I grabbed her hips and pulled her to meet my every thrust. Her hand was between her legs, fingering her clit.

It was only seconds before she was coming again. I pounded her harder than I can ever remember, then I told her I was going to come. She pulled forward and turned to face me. She grabbed my cock and sucked it into her mouth just as I began to spurt what felt like gallons of come down her throat. I don't know how she did it, but she swallowed it all and then milked my cock until it went limp.

When we saw that the sun was beginning to set and the beach was deserted, we threw on our clothes and walked hand in hand back to civilization. As we called for a cab, April leaned over and whispered, "Next time we're on a beach, I want you to fuck my ass." I can't wait for our next vacation.—*S.C., Virginia*

Rebound in the Tropics

I'd never done anything like this before, but after discovering that Joe, my now-ex-boyfriend, had cheated on me—not once, but three times—I booked a fast trip to a Caribbean island my girlfriends have been raving about for years. From the outrageous stories they told me, I needed the kind of distraction this island offered.

One beach in particular has a rep for drawing tourists—single or not—who are out for a fling. With that in mind, as soon as I got to my seaside villa, I changed into my swimsuit and headed for the beach. I hadn't been there five minutes when a waiter brought me a Mojito and pointed toward the bar. There was only one



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He grabbed my waist and really slammed into me. The bed squeaked and my entire body rocked with each powerful stab.

man sitting there, and he was just what the doctor ordered.

I accepted the drink and eyed the thirtysomething Latino with barely concealed lust. He had olive skin, dark eyes, and long hair pulled back in a shoulder-length ponytail. We smiled at each other and I raised my drink in friendly salute. That was all it took for him to make his way over to my chaise.

"Hello," he said. "My name is Armando. Would you like some company?"

"Yes, I would," I said. "And thank you for the Mojito! I'm Keira." He sat at my feet and we warmed up with some small talk.

During a lull in the conversation, Armando cut to the chase. "So what do you like to do, Keira?" he asked.

My girlfriends had schooled me on what to expect, so I was prepared. I was attracted to Armando and we were both after the same thing. This was my cue to either move forward or move on. I made eye contact with him and said pointedly, "I like to do it from behind."

"Then I think we are going to have a

really good time," he said. "Your place or mine?"

My heart pounded in my chest as I quickly led Armando over the hot sand back to my villa. As soon as he shut the door, he laid a devastating kiss on me, overtaking my lips and tongue. We stopped long enough to strip off our swimsuits and, when I looked up, Armando was staring at me with a hunger I hadn't seen on my ex-boyfriend's face in months.

"You are a very beautiful woman," he said as he reached out to cup my breasts. In turn, I casually lowered my eyes to check out Armando's package. Talk about hung! Armando was rock-hard and thick. I couldn't wait for him to fill me up.

I reached down and stroked him a few times before pushing him back onto the bed. I knelt between his legs and struggled to take his cock in my mouth, but the effort was well worth it. Once I started gliding my lips up and down his shaft and massaging his balls, he let out a low moan. I felt his excitement escalating and backed off. I'm not usually selfish, but this trip

was about me—and no one deserved satisfaction more than I did.

I climbed up on the bed next to him, got on my knees, and said, "You know what I want!" Armando knelt behind me and slowly rocked his way into my pussy.

I lowered my head and propped myself up on my forearms. Armando worked his thick cock all the way in and paused, allowing me to get accustomed to his girth. He was so thoughtful I couldn't stand it. I really needed him to fuck me, though, and just when I was about to scream at Mr. Considerate to get moving, he grabbed my waist and really started slamming into me. The bed squeaked and my entire body rocked back and forth with each powerful stab. I pushed back to meet him thrust for thrust, thrilled by the sensations building in me. Even when the sex had been good between Joe and me, it had never felt *this* good. And it wasn't just because Armando was a stranger with a thick cock. Armando knew how to use his tool, and he touched me in places Joe never did.

Suddenly the level of pleasure was more than I could handle and I topped out. I screamed and slammed back against him, enjoying my sweet release. Armando stroked deep into me several more times before pulling out and erupting all over my ass. Then it was quiet—no groaning, no moaning, and no squeaking bed—just bliss-filled silence and a feeling of deep contentment.

I spent the rest of my short stay with Armando, bouncing from his room to mine, until the morning of my flight.—K.H., Arizona

■ Feet Treat

I love summer and the sexy little clothes women wear when it's hot. But what I love best are women with pretty feet—especially when they show them off in strappy heels and sandals. My girlfriend Libby has the best feet I've ever seen.

On the morning of my birthday, Libby got a manicure and pedicure and had her nails polished in a hot red hue. That afternoon we went out on my boat. Libby looked gorgeous in red nylon jogging shorts, a white spandex tank top, and a pair of gold strappy sandals that had me sneaking glances at her perfect feet from the moment we left the house.

We found a quiet place on the river



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I pumped my rock-hard cock against Libby's feet and watched her finger-fuck her glistening pussy.

that was practically deserted. Libby lay out to sunbathe, and I stripped down and plunged into the warm, refreshing water.

After a brief swim, I joined Libby on the long bench at the back of the boat. We were sitting at opposite ends, facing each other. I didn't bother to put my shorts back on. Libby slipped her feet between my legs and I started massaging them. Her red toenails looked so good—especially next to my cock.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" she asked with a smirk as I rubbed her toes against my cock.

"Just admiring your pretty feet," I said, smiling back.

"Looks like you're really enjoying them," she said, pressing her feet against my stiffening cock.

"Oh, I am," I said, wrapping my hand around my throbbing member. I stroked my cock while rubbing the head against her toes.

"Good. It's your birthday, so do what you like," she said. Then she started rubbing herself through her shorts. I stroked faster and rubbed pre-come around the head of my cock and between her toes. Libby was getting wet watching me and started fingering her clit.

"Libby," I groaned, "I think I'm going

to come all over your gorgeous feet."

She quickly pulled away, just long enough to slip out of her shorts and toss them on the deck. Then she pushed her feet back against my cock and slipped her hand back between her legs.

"I dare you!" she said, as she spread her legs and rubbed her fingers over her pussy. I grabbed her ankle, pulled one foot to my mouth, and sucked on her perfect toes while I pumped my rock-hard cock against her other foot and watched her finger-fuck herself. In a matter of seconds, she was glistening with her own juices.

I brought her foot back down to my cock and started pumping harder and faster.

"Oh, Mark," she moaned. "You're really going to do it."

"Yes, baby," I said. "I'm going to come all over them." That was all Libby needed to hear. She mashed two fingers against her clit and started masturbating wildly. A moment later, I shot two huge streams of come into the palm of my hand and smeared my milky load all over her feet.

Libby cried out, "Oh, yes, Mark!" as her own climax slammed through her. She bucked and pumped her hips against her fingers more violently than ever before. I milked every last drop of come onto her beautiful feet, making them shiny wet.

What a perfect birthday that turned out to be. I still can't look at Libby's bare feet without getting a hard-on.—*M.O., California*

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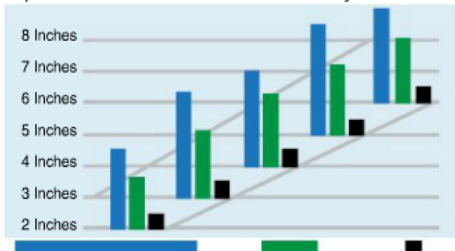
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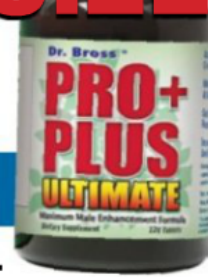
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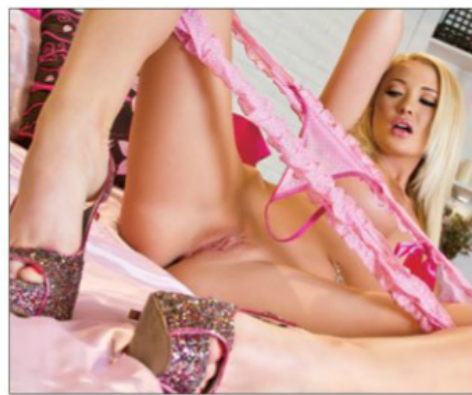
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Summer Love

We found the perfect way to close out our summer issue: a busty blonde beauty named Summer. And these steamy images of Summer Brielle are just a small sample of her sexy offerings on Penthouse.com.



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