

PENTHOUSE

LIFE ON TOP

PET OF
THE MONTH
**JENNA
IVORY**

SUMMER ISSUE

WHERE THE
GIRLS ARE
FESTIVAL WATCH

RALPHIE MAY GETS UNRULY

AT BOLT BARBERS
FOR POP SHOTS

THE INAUGURAL PET PLAYOFF AWARDS

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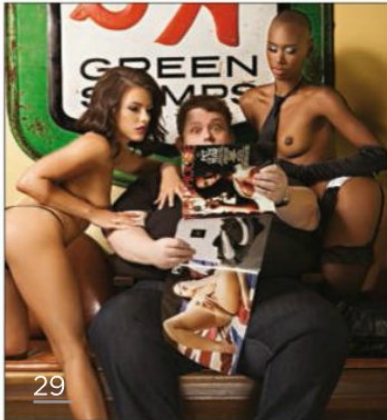
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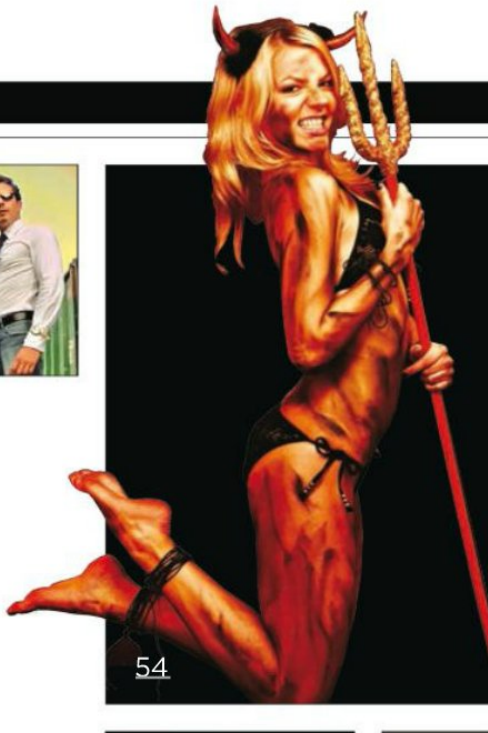
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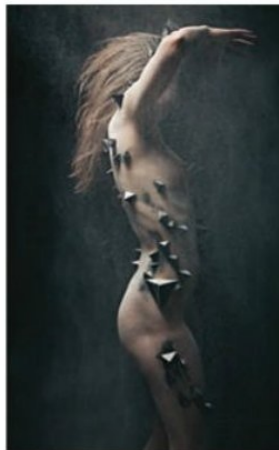
The trifecta of hotness—hot weather, hot tickets, hot chicks—can only mean one thing: Summer festival season is here. By Kara Wahlgren



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EDITOR'S NOTE



Clockwise from top left: Comedian Ralphie May, flanked by Adriana and Barbie, for Pop Shots; one of Leonardo Engel's Vril series images from Point Blank; sex kitten extraordinaire Emilia Ratajkowski.

PET PLAYOFF AWARDS

The big reveal has taken place, and all the world knows **Layla Sin** is our 2015 Pet of the Year, and **Skin Diamond** our 2015 Pet of the Year Runner-Up. But this time, selecting a Queen and her consort was just not enough. For the first time ever, we're giving out Pet Playoff Awards. The winners were chosen based on readers' letters, emails, and comments; online polls; social-networking buzz; and more—and these ladies are more than worthy of the accolades. See all seven winners starting on page 40.

We also picked a woman from Hollywood to represent the summer of 2015: sex kitten extraordinaire **Emily Ratajkowski**. She was the only reason to sit through the video for Robin Thicke's "Blurred Lines," and she's one reason why we'll pay up to see a TV show (*Entourage*) on the big screen (page 46).

POP SHOTS

Comedian **Ralphie May** jumped at the opportunity to direct a photo shoot for Pop Shots, saying, "Come on, it's fucking *Penthouse*. When the call came, I was all-in." Since the barbershop is where he—as well as countless other American men—saw their first pinups, May asked us to find an old-school shop to shoot in. Bolt Barbers, in downtown L.A., was the perfect location. Then May selected two gorgeous models—**Adriana Chechik** and **Barbie**—to show us, and you, what he finds attractive in a woman. May also tells us what *Penthouse* meant to him growing up, and reveals the true story of some of his most private moments (page 29).

While we were at Bolt Barbers, we got some tips on (1) how to tell your barber exactly what you want, and (2) the newest trends in cuts. Take the advice of Bolt's team of master barbers, and you'll never get a bad haircut again (page 22).

OUR NEW COLUMNISTS

Screenwriter **Steve Faber** (*Wedding Crashers*, *Meet the Millers*) introduces *Washingwood* this month, and no, despite Faber's success with comedies, he's not making jokes about cleaning your junk. Faber is heavily into political discourse, such as it is today. He came up with the term "Washingwood" to describe the land that's conjoined the art of politics and the politics of art. As he so accurately states, politicians have become little more than products being fed to the masses, and the national political debate is being framed by late-night talk shows. Faber will be reporting monthly on the goings-on in *Washingwood*, and what they mean to all of us (page 50).

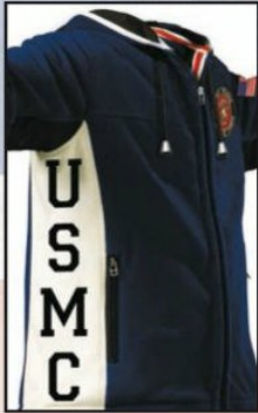
Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but we feel it's important to respect the medium's history. For *Back in a Flash*, we've tasked tattoo artist **Dan Smith** to find ink masters who can update historic "flash" for the twenty-first century. First up is Smith himself, who modernizes a traditional "girl in a rose" image (page 90).

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

It's time to get some summer loving, so we got the lowdown on where lovely ladies will be congregating this festival season, from concerts and races (foot and car) to barbecue contests and more. These options for hookup potential span the nation, and a range of themes, so your odds of finding one—or more—that appeals to you are good (page 74).

Of course, we've also got plenty of girls in these very pages. Our Pet of the Month, **Jenna Ivory**, is a true blonde bombshell in the style of Marilyn Monroe or Anna Nicole Smith. Her breathtaking photo set and centerfold (page 56) will leave you hungry for more—and you'll find it on Penthouse.com.... In *Point Blank*, our series on emerging photographers, we showcase award-winning lensman **Leonardo Engel**, who provided sensational images from two of his photographic series (page 52).... We've got two girl-on-girl sets this month: "Jackin' Jill," starring **Jillian Janson** and **Samantha Rone** (page 80); plus the latest installment in our series of iconic pictorials. Back in the day (read: the mid-1990s), a lot of sets had highly stylized imagery and overly developed storylines. This month, we feature **Lydia and Sara** in "Three-Card Mama and the Philadelphia Kid," shot by the legendary **Suze Randall** (page 114).... We also look back at December 2009 Pet of the Month **Jayden Cole**, who dishes up 23 random things about herself for *Pet Confidential* (page 92).... And for that little something extra, we've got the sexy and scintillating **Ashley Lane** (page 98). Enjoy! 

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TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS



My strategy for surviving business conferences is to sit in the last row, close to the exit, so I can beat the mass exodus to the hotel bar.

The bartender nodded as soon as she saw me and began mixing my Martini with extra olives. We'd chatted after I'd checked in the night before, and a band had been playing in the corner of the lounge. I hadn't paid much attention to them, but the bartender had told me that the guitarist was checking me out. When I'd turned to look, said guitarist gave me a lazy grin that had me thinking, *Bad, bad*

I let James suck me off before fucking me in the shower.

boy. But I merely returned his smile, finished my Martini, and called it a night. This time, when she brought my drink, she said someone had already paid for it.

I didn't bother trying to find out who'd picked up my tab, since the bar had begun to fill up. But before I'd popped the last olive into my mouth, someone slid into the seat next to me.

"I'll have what she's having." The voice came from a guy I didn't recognize from the seminar, but he still looked familiar. His hair was longish, and he had on a worn flannel shirt and faded jeans that outlined what might be a nice, thick cock. Then it hit me.

"You're with the band," I said.

"Yeah. My name's James."

"Denise," I said, adding, "thanks for the drink. Are you working tonight?"

"I'm off," he said. He swiveled his seat toward me, giving me that same lazy grin. "Want to hang out—maybe do something if you don't have another business meeting?"

"Actually, I do have some business you can help me with," I said, smiling. "Meet me in room 1673 in five." My colleagues could speculate all they wanted. I'd be on a plane back to California by mid-afternoon the next day, and I intended to make the most of my last night in Reno.

In my room I stripped off my clothes. Not five minutes later, James knocked. I pulled him in by his shirt, popping several buttons with my eagerness. James took a moment to savor my nakedness before hauling me against his chest and crushing his lips against mine. I rubbed myself against him as my hands slid over the hefty bulge in his jeans. I lowered the zipper, grateful to find nothing but skin underneath.

Cupping his balls with one hand, I worked his thick cock with the other. James groaned into my neck, sucking and kissing, while pushing me back toward the bed.

I sat on the edge, grasped his cock, and licked it from tip to base. I sucked on his balls, swirling my tongue around them as I stroked his hard length. Pre-come dripped steadily from the tip and I licked it up. Then James slowly fed his entire length into my mouth. I sucked him down to the root, bathing him in wet heat. When I released him, he was panting almost as much as I was. My pussy was dripping, and though I wanted to keep sucking his cock, I really needed him to fuck me. Grabbing a condom from my purse, I handed it to him.

"It's time for you to take care of business, James," I said. "You know what to do."

And did he ever! He quickly suited up, then started kissing his way down to my pussy. But I grabbed him by the hair, telling him he could eat later. What I really needed, first and foremost, was his cock.

James got to work, fucking me good and hard, and his deep, driving strokes had me thrusting my hips up to meet his. I came with a scream, but he didn't let up, pushing me to two more orgasms before he finished. Our furious fucking elicited several angry thumps from someone in the adjacent room, causing us both to laugh hysterically as we lay there in a sweaty tangle of limbs.

In the morning, I let James suck me off before fucking me in the shower, then told him to look me up if he ever gets to the West Coast—for business, of course.—*D.T., California*

More letters on page 122

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

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Advertising Inquiries: ADSALLES@FFN.COM

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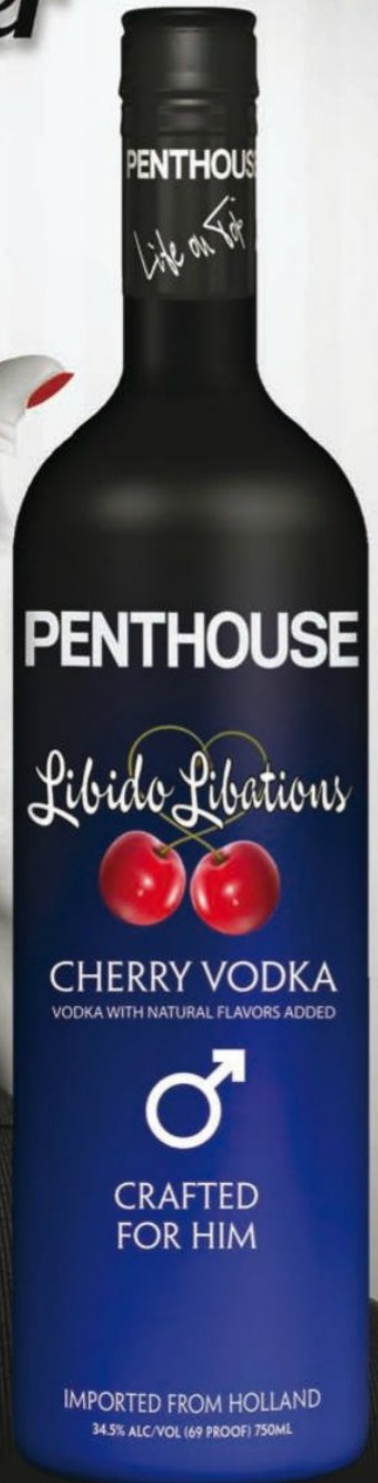
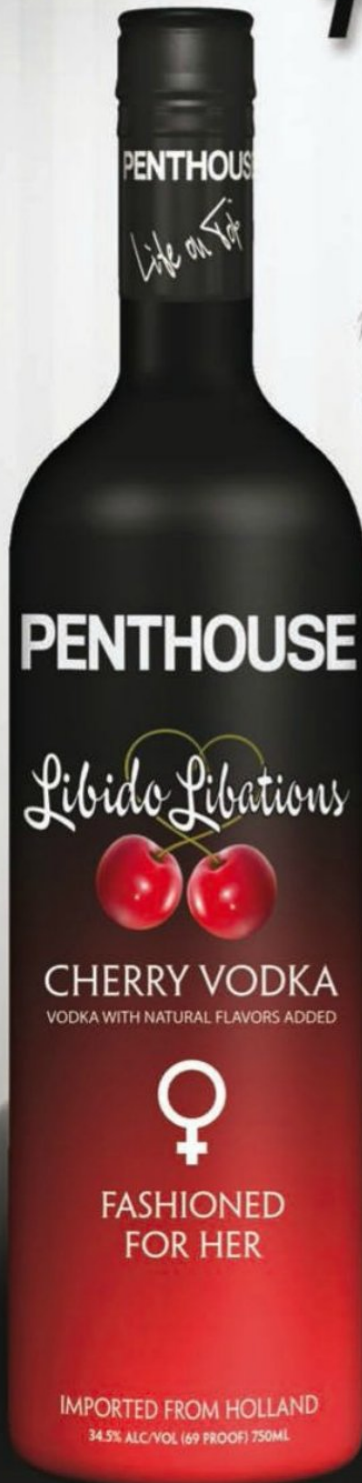
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FULL FRONTAL



A WORLD OF HURT



The fourth installment of the *Jurassic Park* franchise has been in development hell for more than a decade, but it looks like *Jurassic World* was worth the wait. The story picks up 22 years after the original (and, we assume, delivers enough backstory to explain how the park ended up opening). The premise is, people have had time to grow kind of bored with the whole concept of a dinosaur theme park, so, in an effort to boost ticket sales, the park's geneticists, including a hottie played by Bryce Dallas Howard, create a hybrid dinosaur. Needless to say, that turns out to be the worst fucking idea ever. If it's not clear that Chris Pratt owns the box office right now, this should seal the deal.

By Kara Wahlgren

QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



Entourage

Rumors of an *Entourage* movie were swirling before the show even ended. Now, nearly four years after the finale, it's finally come to fruition, picking up where the series ended: Ari is running a movie studio and wants Vince to star in his first big project, but Vince won't do it unless he can direct. Vince goes overboard as usual, blows through the budget, and has to scramble to avoid ruining everyone's career in one fell swoop. The list of celebrity cameos includes David Spade, Ronda Rousey, Pharrell, and Warren Buffet, and there will be more of the extraordinary eye candy the series was known for (including Emily Ratajkowski of "Blurred Lines" fame; see our Mash Note to the beauty on page 46), so make sure you and your entourage get in on the fun.



Live From New York!

It's a little off-putting that this documentary, which is being released on *Saturday Night Live's* 40th anniversary (you may have heard—and heard—about it), opens to the strains of Gil Scott-Heron's "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised." *Just how seriously*, you think, *is this authorized doc going to take its subject—which is, after all, a comedy show?* Fortunately, director Bao Nguyen leavens his sociopolitical approach with plenty of funny clips from *SNL's* many peaks, making this a highly watchable, if rushed, 82-minute survey of the show's four-decade run.—*John Bolster*



Ted 2

After Seth MacFarlane's buddy movie about a man and his magical talking teddy bear raked in a half-billion dollars worldwide, a sequel was inevitable. In the follow-up, Ted—who's now happily married to his one-time fuck buddy Tami-Lynn—wants to start a family, but he can't get custody of the kid unless he can prove he's sufficiently human. If you caught the Super Bowl preview in which Ted and John (Mark Wahlberg) attempted to extract some baby batter from Tom Brady's glowing man bits, you know this is a must-see.

DVDS



Parks and Recreation: The Complete Series

We've basically been drowning our sorrows in waffles and bacon since we said good-bye to Leslie Knope and the Pawnee gang earlier this year. Now with the entire series available on DVD, we can get our fix whenever we need it. The collection features all the bonus material from previous releases, plus some new goodies, including a gag reel and a compilation of wise words from Mayor Gunderson. *Parks and Rec*, fans, treat yo'self!



The Wire: The Complete Series

This gritty drama about the inner workings of the city of Baltimore—which often wove in appearances from prominent Maryland politicians and public figures for an extra dose of realism—is widely considered one of the greatest TV dramas ever made. The complete series is already available on DVD, but now its 60 episodes have been remastered for Blu-ray. The 20-disc box set also includes a ton of extras, from behind-the-scenes documentaries to three prequels and a cast Q&A.

SOUNDS



Florence and the Machine
How Big How Blue How Beautiful

In a way, it seems as if Florence never left—her first two albums are still in constant rotation on the radio—but it's been more than three years since *Ceremonials*. Apparently, we're not the only ones who are happy to have her back in action, because she's already scheduled headlining gigs at Coachella, Bonnaroo, and Lollapalooza for this summer. Get acquainted with the songs beforehand, as the new album is packed with the usual sweeping, soulful rock that will get lodged in your head for, well, years.



The Darkness
Last of Our Kind

When the Darkness released the 2003 single "I Believe in a Thing Called Love," with its over-the-top-falsetto vocals, no one was sure if they were a throwback to the glory days of glam metal or some sort of parody act. After their second album tanked and singer Justin Hawkins checked into rehab (and out of the band), it seemed like the latter. Then they reunited, hit the studio, and opened for Lady Gaga. Now they've recruited the adorably badass Emily Dolan Davies as drummer and released a brand-new album that, Hawkins told *Rolling Stone*, would make "grown men shit directly into their pants." In other words, no need to take them too seriously.

READS



Judd Apatow
Sick in the Head

Sick in the Head was originally the title for an Apatow TV pilot starring Amy Poehler that was, against all odds, a failure. In this book, the man behind *Anchorman*, *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, *Knocked Up*, *Bridesmaids*, and a bevy of other near-perfect comedies talks about the art of being funny with some pretty big names—Jerry Seinfeld, Louis CK, Mel Brooks, Chris Rock, and Jon Stewart, to name a few. If you've ever wondered how Apatow manages to nail it every time, this is your best chance at cracking his secret formula.



Reverend Jen
June

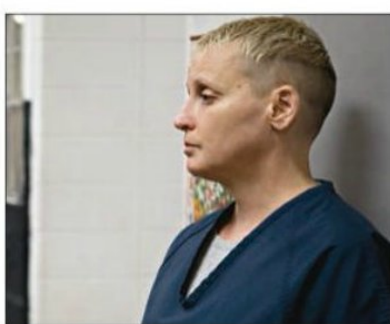
This slightly fictionalized book about a young woman in New York City whose art-school education isn't paying her bills is very closely based on the author's own experiences working in a Manhattan BDSM dungeon, and told through her unique voice. Reverend Jen, whose writing has been featured in these pages, tells the tale of "June," who is—as the author says of herself—"too insane to get a normal job and too sane to get disability." She decides that working as a professional submissive is a better bet for making rent and beer money than her last gig: handing out flyers on the street in a taco costume. While it's not strictly erotica, the book (published by Reverend Jen's own Art Star Scene Press) is full of hot, kinky stories—more than enough to make this a better bang for your buck than a certain popular book series that's tinged with 50 shades of bad writing.—Christine Colby

TV



Zoo

James Patterson is known for his gripping, read-in-one-sitting novels, and we're expecting this drama, based on his novel of the same name, to be just as addictive. *Mad Men*'s James Wolk stars as an American zoologist working as a safari guide in Africa. When animals start violently attacking humans, he sets out to investigate the cause and save humanity from sliding to the bottom of the food chain. Plan on spending plenty of summer nights glued to the TV for this series.



Orange Is the New Black

Our favorite prison dramedy returns for a third season, and all at once, for our binge-watching pleasure. Spoilers have been few and far between, but we do know a few important details: The theme will be "faith," there will be plenty of sex, and there's an episode called "Use Your Tears as Lube" somewhere in the mix. There are also a few new faces around Litchfield: Comedian Mike Birbiglia and model Ruby Rose are joining the cast, and Lori Petty's role will be beefed up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) TOM BEARD, SIMON BEEBE, TY BURK SELIGER, ANN ENZINGER, BROOKS WAG, JESSICA MIGLIO/REDFERNS, EVERETT COLLECTION, HILARY BRONWYN GATLEY/CBS

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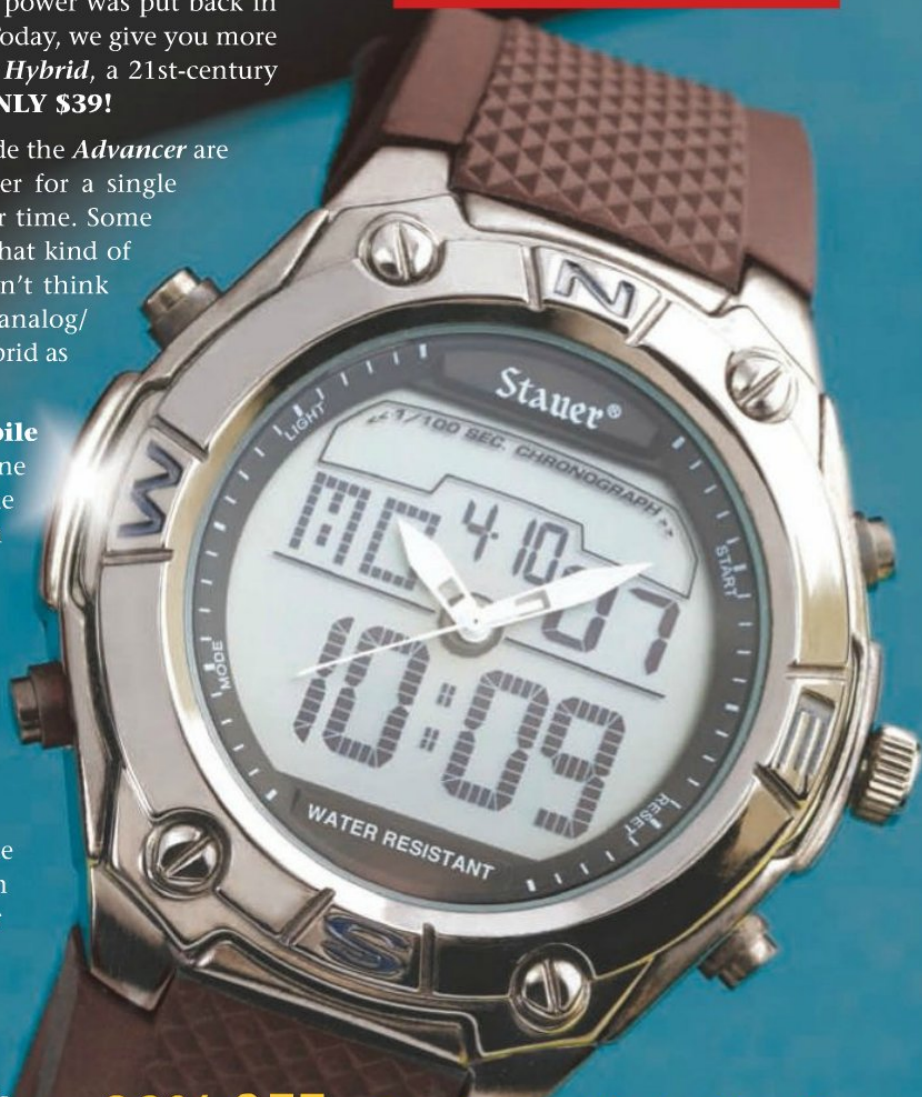
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SITTING WILL KILL YOU

Five simple ways to unfuck your body. • By Joe Vennare

WARNING
OUR LAWYERS MADE US SAY THIS
This column is for informational and entertainment purposes only and is not a substitute for medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment.

Have you ever seen the television show *1000 Ways to Die*? In all likelihood you missed it. Lucky you. It was painful to watch. So painful, in fact, that watching an entire episode should be added to the list, making it 1,001 ways to die. Save yourself!

Of course, my mentioning it isn't (just) to talk shit. The show is intended to serve as a frame of reference. As the title suggests, and as you may have deduced, each episode presents outlandish deaths purported to be true. Whether or not the writing and acting is intentionally bad remains unknown. But one thing is made abundantly clear: There are a lot of ways to wind up dead.

For instance, in one episode, a woman dies while deep-throating a cucumber in preparation for her well-endowed Romeo. Which sounds a lot like something a group of teenagers would come up with while sitting in a tree house. Reading the *Penthouse* Johnny stole from his dad. Right before he ganked the Pabst Blue Ribbon they're all drinking.

Teenage boys can come up with some pretty gruesome shit. If you were a fly on the wall during one of these porn- and beer-filled tree-house throw downs you'd hear something like, "Would you rather die from a Lorena Bobbitt-style attack or from electric shock after you put your dick in a toaster oven?"

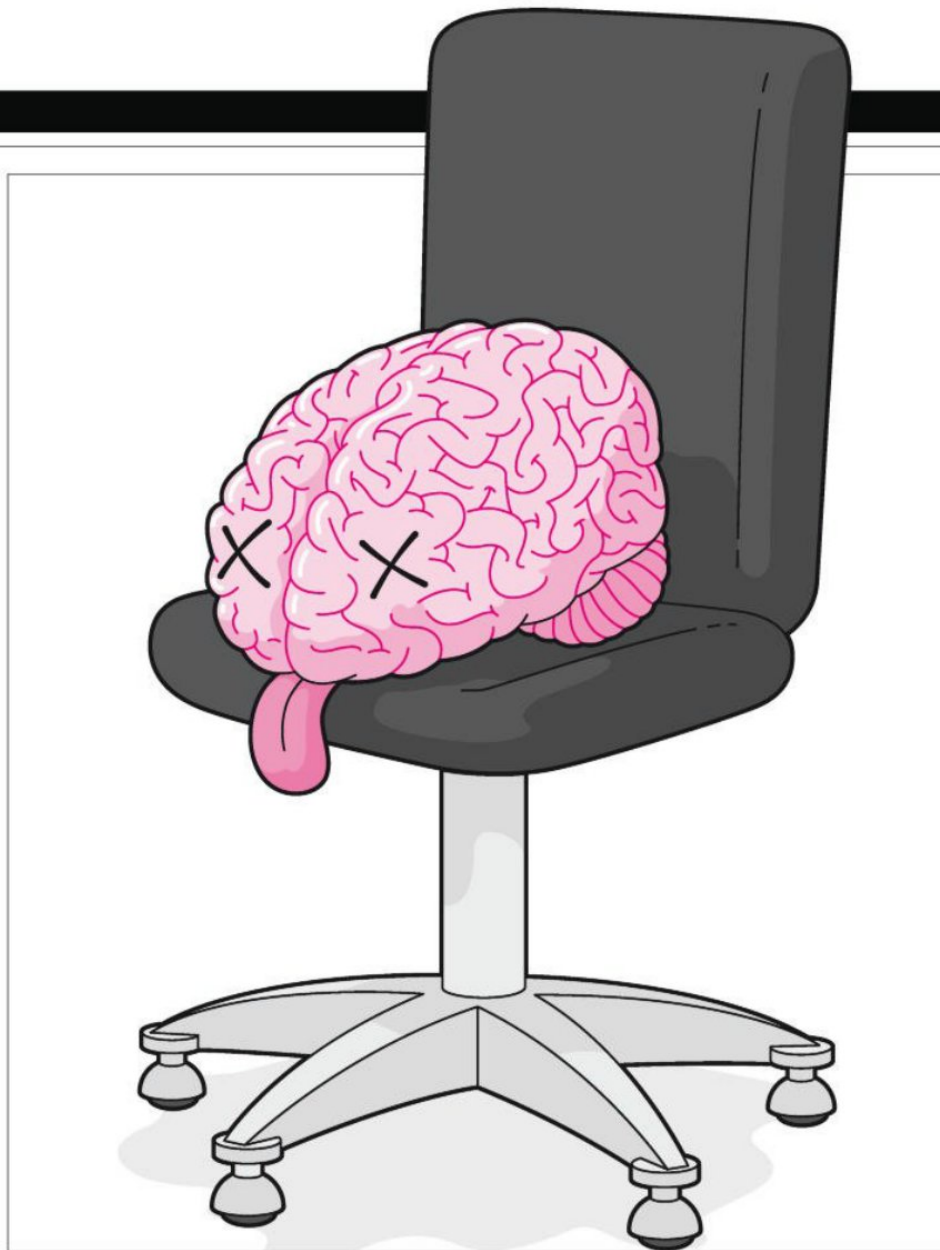
Come on, man! Who puts their dick in a toaster oven? Kids and their zany imaginations! They can think up, and say, the darndest things. But one thing they'd never say, a common cause of death that most of us overlook, is that simply sitting around too much is going to kill us all.

This Is Your Body (and Brain) on Sitting

Born to Run is a book about running. Endurance running, to be exact. But you probably could have guessed that. What you might not know, unless you read the book, is that author Christopher McDougall believes humans developed traits for running because we literally ran down our food. Therefore, running was a necessary part of life—and essential to human evolution.

Nowadays, not so much.

Whereas our ancestors were muscular-looking men and women, our present-day proportions are



all out of whack. We're overweight. Inactive. Sickly even.

And it's not just adults. American kids are more obese than ever before. So much so that there's legislation being put forth in some states that would put a three-teen capacity on all porn/drinking tree houses due to concerns about compromising structural integrity and exceeding the weight limit, causing a collapse. Which would make for 1,002 ways to die.

Okay, that last part isn't true—yet. But it doesn't change the fact that Americans are fat and that our collective health is fucked. For serious. And sitting around all goddamn day has a lot to do with it.

Let's take a look at the science. According to Dr. James Levine, an endocrinologist at the Mayo Clinic, sitting is the new smoking. Levine has spent more than 15 years researching the dangers associated with a sedentary lifestyle. That's when

you sit still more than you move. Also known as being lazy as fuck (note: not a direct quote from Dr. Levine).

After all his research into the sitting/sedentary lifestyle, Levine concluded that sitting on your ass for six hours a day increases your risk for diabetes, obesity, depression, and some types of cancer.

But that's not even the worst of the news. Here goes: Regular exercise does not counteract the compounded damage of sitting, plus being sedentary.

Humans, all the way down to the cellular level, are engineered to move. When we don't move, our body and brain go berserk. When and how we burn calories changes. The way we move and the length of our muscles change. Since we're not moving or expending energy, the food we eat isn't used as fuel. It's stored as fat instead. We're essentially reengineering how our body works, thereby teaching it to be unwell.

Be a Stand-up Person

Look, if you're not already standing up while reading this, you'll probably never understand the need to change your shitty, sitting-all-day habit.

Hopefully, you're interested in living a little bit longer. And if you are, if that's something you can get into, try making these small changes to stand more, sit less, and live longer.



Call yourself out. From now on, stand up whenever your phone rings. If you're on a call, regardless of whether or not it's a quick check-in or an hour-long conference call, you're standing up.



Two for 20. Stand for two minutes every 20 minutes. Set a timer if you have to. Whenever it goes off, stand up, take a lap around the office, get a drink of water or use the restroom, then get back to work.



Take walking meetings.

There are two reasons to make every meeting a walking or standing meeting. One, you're not sitting. You're living longer already! Two, it eliminates all the bullshit from the meeting. Your meetings will instantly be shorter and straight to the point because other people are lazy and don't want to stand or walk with you very long.

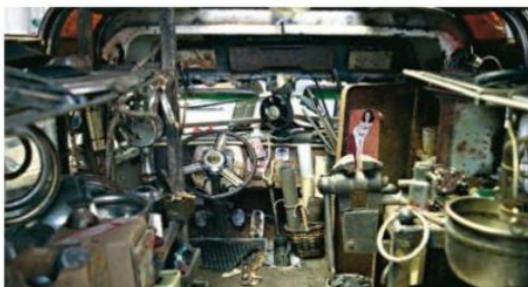


Don't rest in the restroom.

Every trip to the restroom is a chance to sneak in some exercise. If you're in a public, multi-person restroom, pop into a stall. If you're in a one-man bathroom, you can do almost anything. Take care of business and then stretch for a little bit. Do some lunges or squats, and a few jumping jacks while you're at it. Making movement a mainstay in your day is your best bet. 



Rework your workstation. If you have the extra cash, or your company will write the check, treat yourself to a stand-up desk. On the other hand, if you're looking to save some dough, make your own upright workstation by stacking milk crates on top of one another, before draping a tablecloth or piece of fabric on top of them.



AUTOMOTIVE



Martin Heukeshoven is a model maker like no other. He is a true artist, and model cars just happen to be his chosen medium.
By Jonathan Ward

ART



We all know the adage, “Sing like nobody’s listening, dance like nobody’s watching, love like you’ve never been hurt, and work like you don’t need the money.” And sure, we should all live by those rules. The world would be a happier place if we did. Hell, it would be better even if we picked just one of those rules and stayed true to it. From personal experience, I can attest to the importance of loving what you do. I am fortunate enough to have been able to stay true to my beliefs and experience success while adhering to those principles. I wake up each day excited to go to work and live my dream.

Now meet Martin Heukeshoven. Although he’d been building models since he was a young boy, the German found his niche in the 1990s with more natural, timeworn finishes. Back then, he was a pre-press photo retoucher, but his heart wasn’t in his work. To satisfy his need to create, Heukeshoven started building furniture, using items he unearthed from his family farmhouse. Sometimes, the gems he found required intensely creative solutions in order to match new surfaces to the original distressed finishes that he was hoping to highlight and preserve. This proved to be a welcome challenge, and Heukeshoven would spend hours upon hours honing and fine-tuning his skills.

One day, Heukeshoven decided to apply his developing skill set to building model cars. His idea was to create models that captured the “as found” condition of the ultimate vintage barn finds of which all car geeks (present company included) dream—cars with missing fenders, with rust and dents; cars with springs poking through the leather seats, vintage maps in the door pockets, long-deteriorated flat tires. It turned out Heukeshoven had a knack for that type of thing—and that there were collectors at the ready, soon clamoring to buy his creations.

Today, Heukeshoven has completed more than 30 such sculptures, each one more awe-inspiring than the next. Some are crafted in a diorama setting, as if wrecked in a ditch during some old-time car race, or abandoned in a garage and left to rot for decades. Every detail is so hyperrealistic that the models stand alone as unique pieces of art in their own right. And Heukeshoven’s artistic vision knows no limit. The tiniest embellishment is carefully thought through and metic-

ulously executed. He cuts no corners and makes no sacrifices.


Heukeshoven approaches each project as if he were a custom-hot-rod builder, starting with a raw shape and then cutting, trimming, and modifying to perfection. Most of the pieces he builds are commissions, but occasionally he becomes so possessed by the need to create a particular model that he spends months working on it; in many cases, these “orphaned” art pieces sell for far more than the commissioned ones.

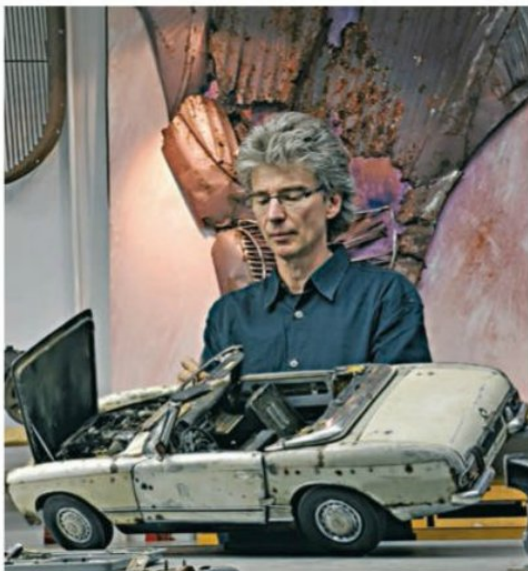
Making a model is so labor intensive that it often takes Heukeshoven up to five months of focused, daily work to complete a project, which is generally between two to three feet in length. The cost ranges from \$18,000 to \$28,000, depending on size and detail, and he requires at least a year to bring a project to completion.

Heukeshoven finds that earlier cars tend to be the easiest to craft because simpler, more linear forms predominate. Large, commercial vehicles introduce even more time-sucking challenges in the form of the tools, parts, and debris that need to be fabricated for the interior to optimize realism.

The artist has been invited to display his work at some of the most prestigious art and automotive shows in the world. In fact, I first met him at the Pebble Beach RetroAuto show a few years ago, and his work affects me to this day. Eventually, I hope to be in a—*ahem*—financial position to commission him to build a piece for me. Perhaps a Lancia Stratos abandoned in some rally long ago.

If you have the financial wherewithal to approach Heukeshoven, you’d better make sure you present him with a compelling idea. He often turns down potential clients if their vision fails to entice him. In fact, he was asked recently to craft an Excalibur circa 1982 (think of the stereotypical Miami cocaine-dealer kit, complete with fur coat and feathered purple hat). He graciously passed on the opportunity, elaborating in private, “How can I? Even the original car is a manifestation of bad taste.”

To me, that is the sign of a true artist: someone who is not afraid to say no to a commission; someone who measures a project by its merit, not by money; someone who sets a standard for his art and safeguards it. We all can learn from Heukeshoven—and we should all be as fortunate as to love what we do. 



SUMMER SIZZLE

Nothing says summer like climbing on a bike and hitting the open road. But you can still get in the spirit when you're stuck at work.

By Barbara Rice Thompson



■ Gotham City Garage Catwoman

DC Collectibles • \$350

Even at the office, we've had motorcycles on the brain—in the best way possible. One look at this stunning 15½-inch-long figure from artist Dustin Nguyen and you'll understand how Ms. Selina Kyle has been helping us mentally gear up for summer. While Catwoman is often, if not always, depicted in sexy fashion, this just might be a new high. And not even the fact that the outfit is horribly reminiscent of Halle Berry's cinematic version sours the appeal. FYI: Harley Quinn gets her own Garage makeover in November.



■ Static and Jez sneakers

Harley-Davidson Footwear • \$124 each

That bastion of all-American motorcycle goodness has expanded its "lifestyle" (as opposed to "performance") shoe options. These "lifestyle safety" skater-style kicks boast steel-toe caps, making them safe for light industrial work. The Jez (bottom) has a full-grain leather upper, while the Static (top) is suede; both feature full-length cushion sock linings and rubber outsoles. They're perfect when you need some after-work style.



■ Alpine headphones

Alpine • \$300

The company known for high-quality automotive sound systems has entered the headphone marketplace. Well, not entered so much as stomped in like Godzilla. The TKR3 (Tuned Kinetic Resonance 3) tech uses drivers in the headband to enable you to—literally—feel your music, without ruining your hearing. The free app (only through iTunes) organizes your music and provides mixes based on the "energy" level of songs. An added note: The *Penthouse* resident deejay (yes, we have one; all magazine staffs should) dubbed these "the most amazing headphones," and said they destroy the options in professional studios.



■ Bug-A-Salt 2.0 salt gun

Bug-A-Salt • \$40

The downside of summer's arrival is the swarms of flies that come with it. But you can have a lot of fun dealing with the invasion by wielding this weird but effective weapon. It uses table salt to kill flies, assuming you hit them, of course. It works best from a range of two to three feet, and, yes, unfortunately, it does leave behind dead flies and tiny piles of salt crystals. But seriously, using chess pieces, game dies, Lego mini-figures, and other small household crap for target practice is highly entertaining. There's also a limited-edition camouflage version for \$45. [▶](#)

GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



■ *The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt*

WB Games (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

If you vowed to spend the summer exploring the great outdoors but just can't muster the energy to escape your man cave, slaying beasts in this epic adventure is the next best thing. The game is set in a sprawling open world even larger than the realm of the similar *Skyrim*. See predators stalk prey in a pristine countryside complete with real-time sunrises and sunsets, torrential rains and windstorms, deserts, dense forests, and secret glades. Traveling afoot, on horseback, or aboard your own ship, you tread along treacherous mountain passes, cross stormy seas to pirate islands, and spelunk foreboding caverns. The

realm is dotted with villages, citadels, and merchant cities teeming with shady characters who interact with you in intelligent—and often belligerent—ways. The world even has its own economy and market prices based on your location, local conditions, and scarcity of stuff.

But lest you think *The Witcher 3* is nothing more than a hiking simulator with overtures of Economics 101, rest assured: It has all the gratuitous nudity, gore, and salty dialogue for which this series is famous. Once again, you control Geralt of Rivia, an exiled supernatural monster hunter on a quest to protect a kid of prophecy from apocalyptic horsemen. The combat system has been upgraded with more magical and martial moves, and attacks from horseback and at sea. Day and night cycles and weather conditions provide more than just moody atmosphere; monsters take on new powers depending on the time and season. While the gory combat (and nudity) will pull you in, the story and its vast network of branching plotlines will keep you playing long after the sun sets in both the real and virtual worlds.



PARALLEL WORLDS

Take on some familiar foes in new ways in alternate universes.



■ *Wolfenstein: The Old Blood*

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

This prequel to last year's gruesome first-person tour of Nazi atrocities is set on the eve of the Third Reich's victory during an alternate-timeline World War II. Deploy deep behind enemy lines in Bavaria to snatch world domination from Hitler's clutches.



■ *Bloodsports.TV*

Fatshark (PC)

Team up with four TV gladiators and defend your missile silo against endless waves of mutants and boss monsters in this co-op strategy shooter—complete with sports-style commentary—set in a postapocalyptic Sweden of the third millennium.



■ *StarDrive 2*

Iceberg Interactive (PC, Mac)

Design your own fleet and explore new galaxies in this deep-space strategy game. Your goal is to build a new empire—and then defend it from oddball aliens in real-time space battles and turn-based planet-side skirmishes. ◀▶



NEVER GET A BAD HAIRCUT AGAIN

These tips from Bolt Barbers—the best place to catch a buzz in L.A.—will enable you to leave the barbershop with your head held high.

By Ivan Zoot

You might think it's impossible to screw up a men's haircut. Just clean up the sides, trim the top, and you're good to go, right? But there are actually endless variations out there, and if you don't know all the right terminology for a discussion with your barber—and, really, who does?—you could end up sporting a Bieber shag or a borderline mullet. And no one wants that.

We recently did a photo shoot at Bolt Barbers in downtown Los Angeles (see Pop Shots, page 29), a hangout that's part barbershop, part man cave. (Case in point: The shop offers handcrafted beer shampoo and conditioner.) While we were there, we picked up a few pointers on getting a cut that won't make you hide under a hat for weeks.

TIP 1: Pick the right place

Beer shampoo isn't the only reason to head for a testosterone-friendly barbershop—finding someone who specializes in men's cuts will help you get the best results. Bolt founder "Mohawk Matt" Berman, who passed away last year, built his barbershop on the premise that it was an anti-salon—a place where guys could get masculine cuts from experts. "A barber is more familiar with clippers, more familiar with creating angularity—which is what defines a man's physique—than a cosmetologist, who's not as familiar with skills such as tapering and razoring," he explained in an interview on the company's website.

TIP 2: Learn a few buzzwords

You may not know a Caesar from a Brooklyn fade, but even if you're clueless about the lingo, you can still communicate effectively—in plain English. The Clipper Chimps (aka Bolt's team of master barbers) gave us six basic things to keep in mind when you're telling your barber what you want:

Top: How long or short should it be at the top?

Fringe: Do you want it long in front or closely cropped? Do you want to be able to sweep it to the side, sculpt it into a faux hawk, or just keep it off your forehead?

Taper or fade: This is how the top blends into the sides. Pick your severity.

Neckline: Do you want it tapered (natural), blocked (squared), or round (rounded, duh)?

Arch: How much do you want trimmed around your ears? (Hint: A lower arch won't look as awkward as your hair grows out.)

Sideburns: How long? If in doubt, just above the middle of the ear works with pretty much any style.

TIP 3: Brush up on the trends

No amount of good communication is going to help if you have no idea what you want to do with your hair in the first place. These suggestions take the guesswork out of grooming:

Go longer on top

Grow out the top a bit for styling versatility. Style and finish with pomades and waxes—the newer, water-based ones work great and shampoo out clean.

Clean up the sides

Taper things close and get your groom on. These shorter elements of your cut will need more frequent attention from your barber, but they'll keep you from looking sloppy.

Revisit the classics

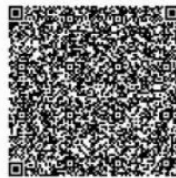
Nape tapering, blended sideburns, and flawless fading are the hallmarks of modern, classic haircutter craftsmanship, and differentiate a hack from an artist.

Get rough

Your cut doesn't have to be perfectly blended. The top and sides can have some overhang and roughness—we've gone back to the future with 1930s-inspired looks.

Don't forget your face

Yeah, the lumberjack thing is big, but wild beards are kind of done. Having a beard is *not* about not shaving. Take it down close. Line it up crisp. Your girl will reward you handsomely.



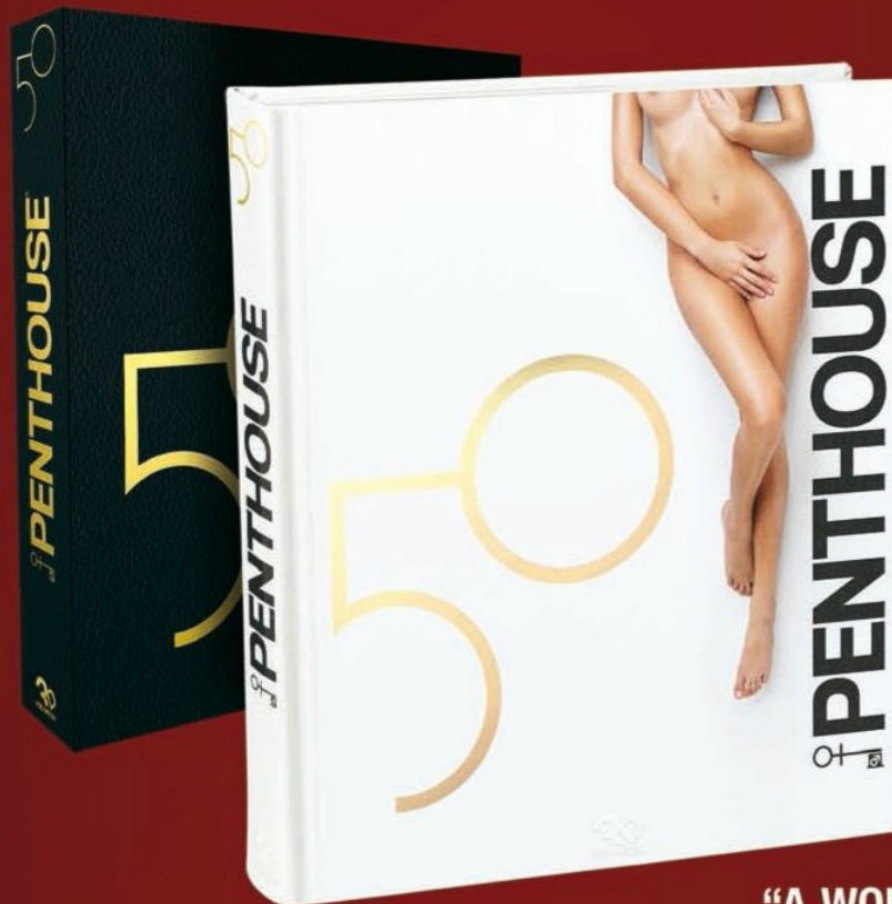
Scan this code to get the Clipper Chimps' list sent to your phone or tablet.

With these tips from Bolt Barbers (BoltBarbers.com) in your back pocket, you can head to the barbershop knowing you'll walk out with the cut you actually wanted. You can thank us later. ☞

The author is a world-renowned grooming educator who helped behind the scenes when Bolt Barbers launched. He's also known as ClipperGuy, and holds three Guinness World Records for cutting hair.



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TOURIST TRAP

Sure, every guy wants foreign stamps in his sexual passport, but our twenty-first-century rogue tells you why you should be hitting on your fellow tourists.



My boys and I are planning an epic month-long trip after college graduation. We're going to backpack through Paris, Rome, Barcelona, and any other city full of hot chicks that our Eurail pass can take us. I know European women are supposed to be more sexually liberated than American girls, but I'm not sure about the approach. Should I play it off like I'm a sophisticated world traveler, or play up the American jock thing they don't have in Europe? What will bring the most chicks back to my hostel?

I am a firm believer that it doesn't count as a vacation if you don't get laid. You can climb the Eiffel Tower, take a selfie with the "Mona Lisa," see a show at the Moulin Rouge, and it's still essentially a school field trip. So how do you get the most new stamps in your sexual passport? I understand your desire to "Eurail" the local talent at every stop, but expect a high failure rate. There's an old saying (that I just made up) that goes, "When in Rome ... do a tourist." As a tourist, the easiest girls to hook up with are fellow tourists. They're far

from home, they don't have to be up for work/school in the morning, and—just like you—they're looking for a good time. You think some *mamacita* in Madrid wants to spend all night in half-assed Spanglish conversation with some dude living out of a backpack who'll bounce the next day? No. She doesn't want to go back to your hostel or bring a drifter—that's you—to her place. This is her hometown, where she has built a life and a reputation. What you need is another drifter, one who will have no problem jumping into the top bunk with you and a bottle of vino.

Travel guides always recommend doing as the locals do. Don't. (Let me spoil it for you: They're waking up at six in the morning to go to work, then drowning their sorrows in the local hooch.) Instead, visit every main attraction. Any art museum or falling-apart castle in Europe is crawling with women from somewhere else. Hit up the places a local would never be caught dead in, and get to work. Just walk up to a girl and say hi. Ask where she's from, how long she's staying, talk about how crazy and awesome the city is. Invite her and her friends to meet you for a drink later. After that, you can't lose.

Ready for an advanced lesson? You don't even need a plane ticket. If you live in a town or city that draws tourists, it's easy pickings. Hang out in hotel bars, chain restaurants, and dive joints across the street from hotels. You can deliver that genuine [insert your city here] experience she can't wait to tell her friends back home about.



Todd Francis 15

GETTING IN DEEP

In the Cayman Islands, the clear Caribbean water contains one of the world's greatest sunken treasures: rum.

By Joshua M. Bernstein



Few things can drive a man to drink like a family vacation, especially a family vacation in paradise.

For nearly 15 years, my parents have spent a week each winter in the Cayman Islands, a trio of Caribbean isles situated south of Cuba. The largest is Grand Cayman, which is known for banking, beaches, and scuba diving. My folks love spelunking the sea's depths to spot sharks, eels, and brightly hued fish. I never dug diving, which means my

vacations were spent reading detective novels and sipping watery lagers. Maybe I'm a madman, but I started skipping the Caymans. I sought boozy adventure elsewhere. In Mexico's dusty Valladolid, I swam in cenotes—subterranean swimming holes—then sipped Xtabentún, a honey liqueur flavored with anise seed. Morocco meant Stork lager and fried chickpeas in Casablanca, while I spent every waking hour in Vietnam imbibing low-alcohol *bia hoi*, aka “fresh beer.” Winter meant indulging my thirst for adventure.

Then my wife and I had Violet.

Babies, babies. Blah, blah. I won't bore you with parenthood minutiae, except to say that daughters are excellent excuses to drink. Most days I match my kid bottle for bottle. Drinking. Diapers. My day job. Which meant more drinking. I needed a vacation. “Bring Violet to the Caymans,” my mom said on the phone last spring. “We'll be able to watch her so you can have a break.”

Yes, please.

We secured Violet's passport and in mid-December flew to Grand Cayman. When staying on the island, there are two distinct routes. If you favor nightlife and luxury resorts, head to highly developed Seven Mile Beach, on the island's west end. Far more relaxed is the east end, which was our resort's location. Here, the white-sand beach is raked at day-break, the hot tub is stress-meltingly warm, and the seaside snorkeling is sublime. Just one thing could better the setting. “I need to make an alcohol run,” I told my mom, passing her my daughter.

I headed to the closest liquor store, five minutes away on foot. As a drinks journalist I love sampling indigenous alcohols, be it virility-spiking rice wine made with animal penises (thanks, China!) or Kazakhstan's koumiss, a fermented horse's milk that tastes like

Dumpster-aged Champagne. The Cayman Islands lack such distinct national treasures. Local beers are essentially variations on light lager, so I stocked my cart with Caybrew. At the liquor wall, I faced rows of imported rums from Barbados, Cuba, and especially Jamaica. I reached for Appleton, then stopped.

What was *this*? Adorned with an old-timey diving illustration, Seven Fathoms was a Cayman-distilled rum, the first I'd seen. Doubly curious was that the rum was aged underwater. I bought a bottle and, back at the resort, promptly poured a jigger. It smelled sweet, like butterscotch laced with almonds, and tasted even better: a smooth ride across vanilla, citrus, and chocolate. It was time to dive deep into Seven Fathoms's story.

I caught a ride into George Town, the Cayman Islands' capital. After winding down Bronze Road, lined with low-slung houses and vividly painted vans, I reached the gunmetal-gray home of Cayman Spirits Co. The sweetly rotting scent of fermentation hung in the air, like a drunken god's favored cologne.

I entered the bright tasting room and met the distillery's founders, Nelson Dilbert and Walker Romanica. Dilbert was solidly built, with glasses and a laugh as fast as his hair was short, while Romanica wore a wide grin and a polo shirt, looking a bit like a Wall Streeter on holiday. Which is not too far from the truth. After growing up in the Caymans, Romanica, whose family owns a preeminent dive company, moved to New York City to work in finance. When the financial waters turned choppy, he returned home to team up with his childhood friend. Dilbert, whose father founded a large liquor-store chain, ran a local brewpub. The duo combined their strengths to create Cayman Spirits, which would be a decidedly different distillery. "If that looks like ice buckets glued together, it's because it is," Dilbert laughed, pointing out his company's first still.

Since it was impossible for a fledgling distillery to battle rum behemoths on price, availability, or marketing, "we decided to compete against them in terms of quality and creating a new product," Romanica says. "We really wanted to create something special." They hit history books, discovering that bygone drinkers paid more for barrels of rum that had sailed across an ocean. Constant rocking and sway-



ing helped spirits steadily interact with the wood, accelerating flavor extraction and aging. The phenomenon also occurred on land. Romanica notes that the Bacardi family credited its Cuban rum's success to the warehouse's location near train tracks.

"Every hour the train would roll by and literally shake the barrels," Romanica says. "We saw this theme repeated in a number of stories, and we wanted to come up with a way to agitate our barrels using what we had available to us naturally—the ocean."

Literally. The recipe starts with desalinated seawater and imported sugarcane juice mixed with local cane juice. (The Caymans lack a large-scale sugarcane industry.) "I like to think of [our twist on the traditional recipe] as an infection," Dilbert says. "It allows us to have our own terroir and flavors." After cooking up a batch, the friends filled used bourbon barrels with rum and submerged the casks beneath the clear Caribbean. Early results were a learning experience. "These hoops will eventually disintegrate after about a year, and you will get a bunch of fish drunk," Romanica says. In time, they perfected the process, attaching barrels to sand-embedded rebar so they float upward to 42 feet—seven fathoms. Exactly *how* remains a secret. "We have a way of protecting these barrels so that they're not directly exposed to the salt water," is all Romanica will allow.

Since the first bottles of Seven Fathoms were released in 2008, the company has made a splash locally and internationally. That's partly due to necessity, as the islands only have around 60,000 full-time residents. "Once you take over Cayman,

that's it," Romanica says. "It's the rest of the world that grows your company." And Cayman Spirits keeps growing. The distillery has rolled out flavored Governor's Reserve rums, Gun Bay Vodka, and liqueurs named after H. H. Hutchings, who let rum-runners during Prohibition stop in Cayman to resupply. I decide to follow suit. I acquire several more rums and amble toward the exit.

"Before you go," Dilbert says, "you need to try Seven Fathoms through a Vaportini." He pulls out a pint glass containing a tea candle, which he lights. He tops it with a hollow glass sphere, adds several splashes of rum, and passes me a glass straw. When the rum heats up, he explains, I need to inhale the fumes—all flavor and buzz, the booze instantly reaching my bloodstream. "Well, I am on vacation," I say, grabbing the straw and taking a big hit of holiday fun. ☞

You can purchase Seven Fathoms online at Binnys.com.



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BARBERSHOP QUARTET

This month our celebrity art director—everyman comedian Ralphie May—chose to take us to that quintessential male hangout, the barbershop. Also known as the place where so many men saw their first pinup photos.

Photographs by Truth Evan • Interview by Raphie Aronowitz



Ralphie May has been incredibly busy in recent months, making appearances at comedy clubs across the country, as well as putting the finishing touches on his upcoming Netflix special, *Unruly*. But, as he explains, deciding to take the time to work on this photo shoot was a no-brainer. “When the call came, I was fucking all-in, dude,” he tells us.

May chose the stunning Adriana Chechik and Barbie (that gorgeous girl with the shaved head) as his models; then, once the perfect old-school barbershop was found, adding Bolt Barbers’ Richie the Barber to the mix came naturally. The results speak for themselves ... and this interview offers a candid view into some of Ralphie May’s personal moments.

You’ve been running around the country like a wild man lately. I never thought you’d be able to find time to do this with us.

When the offer came, it was a priority. I mean, come on, it’s fucking *Penthouse*. I was going to be in my Nashville house, but I flew back to L.A. especially for this shoot.

Did you have a personal connection to the magazine when you were younger, in the Bob Guccione days?

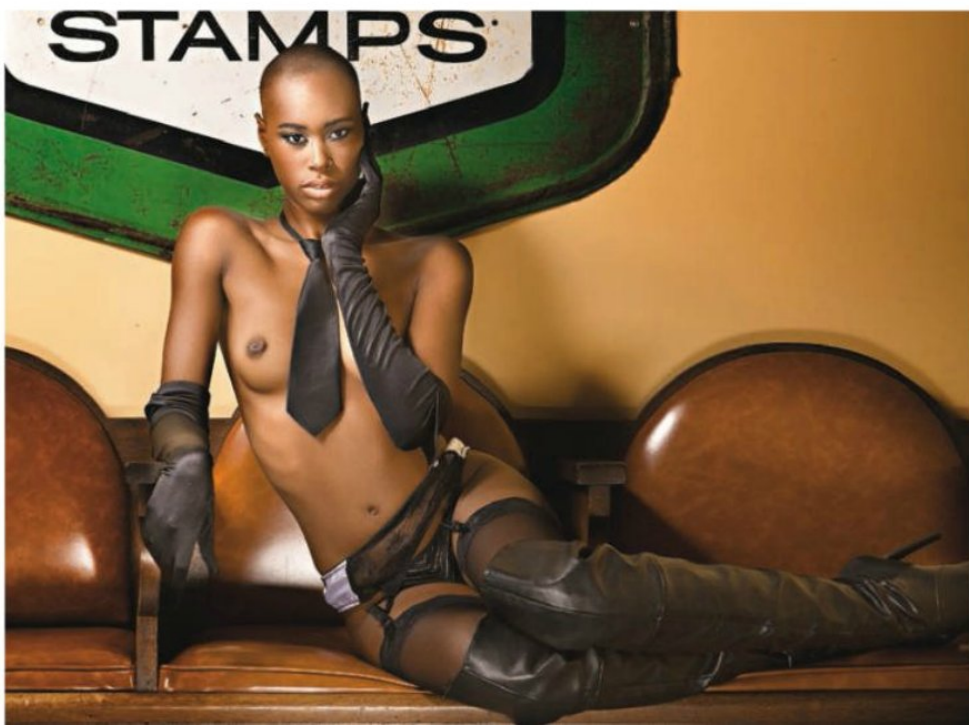
Uncle Bob changed my adolescent life with *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Letters*. *Penthouse* has always been one of my favorite magazines, if not *the* favorite. Oh, my God! In Clarksville, Arkansas, we used to pay the old guys to get us *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Letters*. As a pubescent son of the South, *Penthouse* was a major contributor to my making a ceramic sock. Every fucking month the magazines came out, they got bought.

You were flush with cash like that?

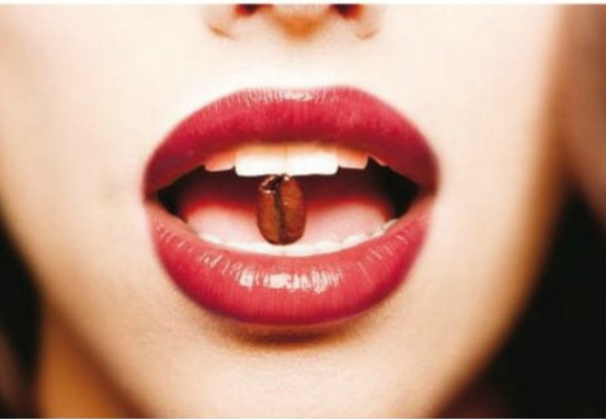
Me and my buddy Russell used to sell dime bags of reefer. His daddy would bring home impounded cars for auction, and we made \$5 a car to wash them. We hit a button or two on a couple of these cars and found big blocks of marijuana, and we sold it. We found cash in one. It was awesome. I sold dime bags for \$10 a bag. That’s how old I am. That’s old as shit.

Back then, you would buy a bag and it would be full of seeds, which were dangerous. If you missed a seed and lit one up ... pop!

We used to play weed roulette with that. We used to roll three joints, because you needed to smoke all







of them in order to get kind of high. Otherwise you would just end up with a headache. We would put a seed in one of the joints, and whoever would smoke it ... it would blow up in their face. We saw so many prepubescent mustaches go up in flames. My buddy growing up had a full mustache at, like, 14. We were so jealous. He got the weed-roulette joint one time at a party and it blew up in his face. It was awesome! It burned his mustache good, too.

Have you ever done anything like direct a photo shoot before?

No. I liked it, though. I thought it was hot. And it's for *Penthouse*, so you can do almost anything you want. But I didn't want to just show all 'gina shots. I love the female form, and I'm a huge fan of 'gina. I would love to be in a head-to-head competition against lesbians ... a lesbian head-to-head "head" competition. They ain't got nothing on me, jack. I'm a big fan of pussy. I gotta see that monkey.

But the shoot wasn't just about pussy for you.

They asked me what I wanted for wardrobe and I said, "Ladies, did you go over and see everything they have? What makes you feel pretty?" That's what I wanted to do. I didn't want to objectify these women. And I wasn't being dirty with them. I was trying everything to just not look at tits and not look at 'gina. I was on my best behavior. Normally I'm an animal; I would have been all over that. But I wanted the girls to feel comfortable. I just wanted to show their beauty.

What makes a woman beautiful to you?

A woman's eyes. The rest of it will fall into place if she has kind, soft eyes. That's what you want in a woman. I asked my wife to marry me a month after we started dating because I realized she had the softest, most beautiful eyes, and I just wanted to wake up next to them for the rest of my life. That's what I like in a woman.

You cast the models based only on their eyes?

What I liked about Barbie was her eyes and her neck and the fact that she didn't use hair as a camouflage. So many women don't have long necks, don't have beautiful eyes, and they have long hair to distract you. She eliminated the distraction and allowed her beauty to shine. With





Adriana, I didn't know she was an adult-film star and that she was all crazy in bed. I just saw a girl who had bush. We're amidst a pussy renaissance, and bush has never been more cleaned up and shaved down than it is now. All these women in Los Angeles are sitting on little peaches ... little baby peach meat. Young men today don't even know that pussy comes with hair on it. They don't even know.

I was wondering why you put a little "muff-stache" on Barbie in one of the pictures.

It's just kind of an homage to comedians past. You know, the funny mustache has always been hilarious. The handlebar mustache was worn by a lot of the vaudeville comics and stuff. I thought it was theatrical, and it kind of makes fun of the girls with the shaved 'ginas now. Like they should all just put a wig on their monkey.

It was interesting that you chose a barbershop as the backdrop.

It looked so fucking cool. I remember back when I was a kid and I used to get my hair cut at a barbershop in downtown Clarksville. I'd ride my bike down there, and for a dollar, those old guys would cut my hair. And they had a calendar on the wall with pinup shots. They would cover it when women would come in to pick their kids up or something. I thought that was just awesome. I remember being, like, nine years old underneath that robe with a little baby boner, looking at that girl and thinking, *Holy shit, I'd like to tag that.*

You made the shoot personal.

Why not? A barbershop is such a male space, and I thought the juxtaposition of having nude women there would be an interesting thing for the eye and for the mind. I really wanted to show people that they are brave women ... that in a male space, they are the dominant ones. They are commanding this space that's usually reserved exclusively for men. It's like they are live pinups. While you're in there, you're sitting and thinking about women. In most barbershops, all they do is talk about women. And I can't say I blame them.

How does coffee fit in to your vision?

I got into a pickle a while ago. I was in Miami with my buddy Ricky Cruz, and he took me to a Cuban spot for some food. It was a great restaurant called Versailles. He said, "Ralphie,





**GREEN
STAMPS**



would you like some Cuban coffee?" Now, I had never had Cuban coffee, but I like Cubans, and I like coffee. I'm going to get me some Cuban coffee. The waiter came out with a little baby-doll-tea-set cup of coffee. And I was like, *What the fuck is this? I'm a grown-ass man and I need man coffee.* I was tired, I was hungover, and I handed him a Starbucks thermos, which was like a Venti, and I said, "Just fill this up because we've got to go." It took him 27 minutes to make enough Cuban coffee to fill 20 ounces. I fucking loved it. But I should have known something was up when I poured in cream and it didn't change color ... that's a bad sign. It took me 30 minutes to drink that coffee, and in that 30 minutes it was amazing. Like, I could see into the future. But when I went to stand up, and with zero warning—no preamble, no cramps, no tell that it was going to happen—I ... I just ... I just shit myself.

That's hilarious, but I'm struggling to find the connection between you shitting yourself and your vision of what makes a girl hot.

Something about me is that I've never allowed anyone to tell a story about me being dumb that I didn't tell first. I wanted to be in on the joke. If I do something stupid, and it's funny, then I want to tell everybody.

I think I get it. You had a choice. You could be detached from the shoot and just go through the motions, or you could make it more personal. Add mustaches, reference Cuban coffee, make it a more honest representation of who you are.

Right. That's right.

Do you think the photos do a good job of communicating that?

Holy moly. They exceeded my expectations. I mean, they are amazing. They are really beautiful. The girls are shown in such a wonderful light, and the photographer has such an eye. I am just over the moon about these photos. I'm glad I can showcase my favorite photographer in my favorite magazine.

Location courtesy of

BOLT
BARBERS
Los Angeles





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2015 Pet of the Year Layla Sin

THE INAUGURAL PET PLAYOFF AWARDS

For the first time ever, we're presenting our Playoff contenders with "people's choice" prizes.

Every year we're forced to choose a first among equals: one Pet to represent the magazine and the company. Despite that, there are no favorite Pets in the Penthouse. So while we happily named August 2014 Pet Layla Sin 2015 Pet of the Year and July 2014 Pet Skin Diamond 2015 Runner-Up, we also counted up readers' letters, emails, and

comments; tabulated the results of online polls; tracked social-networking buzz; and even polled our staff. The result is this list of "people's choice" awards for our Pet of the Year candidates.

A quick explanation or two: Layla Sin and Skin Diamond, as appealing as they are, have been granted our highest honors, and thus were deemed ineligible for these awards. Also, following the example of twenty-first-century intramural-sports teams, we wanted to share the wealth, so Pets could win only one award.



The Booby Prize
for **Best Tits** goes to April 2014 Pet **Ryan Ryans**

Honorable Mentions: Jasmine Caro, Aidra Fox, Bree Daniels





The Delicious Derriere
for **Best Ass** goes to
October 2014 Pet **Aidra Fox**

Honorable Mentions:
Bree Daniels, Jessie
Andrews, Jessi June



The Stunning Stem
for **Best Legs** goes to
June 2014 Pet **Jessie Andrews**

Honorable Mentions:
Jasmine Caro, Ariana
Marie, Allie Haze





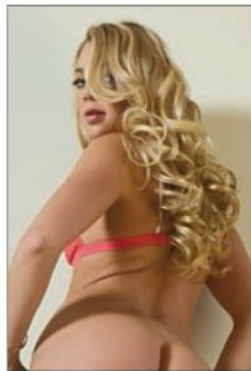
The Fetish-Worthy Foot
for **Best Feet** goes to
December 2014 Pet **Misty Stone**

Honorable Mentions:
Ariana Marie, Victoria Lynn



The Mesmerizing Mane
for **Best Hair** goes to
January 2014 Pet **Allie Haze**

Honorable Mentions:
Jessie Andrews, Jessi
June, Aidra Fox





The Seductive Smirk
for **Best Smile** goes to
March 2014 Pet **Bree Daniels**

Honorable Mentions:
Misty Stone, Ryan Ryans,
Jasmine Caro



The Come-Hither Charm
for **Best Eyes** goes to
February 2014 Pet **Victoria Lynn**

Honorable Mentions:
Allie Haze, Ariana Marie,
Ryan Ryans





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CURVED LINES

A tribute to the red-hot Emily Ratajkowski—who nearly redeemed one of the worst music videos in recent memory—and her (hopefully) budding film career.



You certainly know that Robin Thicke is a douche bag, and if you've seen the video for "Blurred Lines," his embarrassing attempt at Marvin Gaye karaoke, then you know he's a creep, too. But did you also know he's an enormous jackass? It's true: When Gaye's estate sued Thicke and Pharrell over their song's similarity to Gaye's "Got to Give It Up," Thicke stated the following in his deposition, with regard to the authorship of the track: "I wanted—I wanted to be more involved than I actually was by the time, nine months later, it became a huge hit and I wanted credit. So I started kind of convincing myself that I was a little more part of it than I was.... I wanted some credit for this big hit. But the reality is, is that Pharrell had the beat and he wrote almost every single part of the song."

There you have it, in the man's own words. It's almost like a plotline out of *Entourage*, another project that certainly portrays douche-baggery, if it doesn't necessarily embody it. Speaking of which, they're making *Entourage* into a feature film, set to be released on June 12.

And these two entities do have one delightful element in common: Her name is Emily Ratajkowski, and she's a 24-year-old knockout raised in Encinitas, California. Ratajkowski is so spectacular she single-handedly makes it possible to sit through the "Blurred Lines" video. Clad only in



nude-colored thong underwear (and occasionally some gargantuan white platform shoes), she cavorts around the set, looking so sublime that you can—for whole seconds at a time—forget that she's prancing about to the worst song of 2013, and possibly the worst song of the twenty-first century. It's almost like a magic trick: Ratajkowski's presence is so powerful that she makes it possible to ignore not only the fact that you're listening to the son of the dad from *Growing Pains*, but also the skeezy vibe of the video, which features a fully clothed Thicke, Pharrell, and rapper T.I. leering at Ratajkowski and a blonde, who are both essentially nude.

Yeah, it's kinda rapey, as the Daily Beast, among others, has noted, but Ratajkowski transcends the crude vibe. She's *in* the video, but not of it—even as she steals the show. And the Polish-Irish-Jewish beauty has gone

onto bigger and better things. She started landing on magazine covers in 2013, she appeared in the 2014 and '15 *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issues, and she scored a part in the 2014 David Fincher thriller *Gone Girl*, playing the mistress of Ben Affleck's character.

This year, in addition to her turn in the star-studded *Entourage* flick (playing herself), she's set to appear in *We Are Your Friends*, a Zac Efron movie about electronic dance music and Hollywood nightlife, and *The Spoils Before Dying*, an upcoming IFC miniseries starring Will Ferrell.

Turns out Thicke was right when he crooned "I know you want it" at Ratajkowski in 2013. It's just that what she wanted was to leave him behind as she vaulted toward the A-list. ☺

Dark Starr

Jason Starr is one of the hottest, most prolific writers of suspense thrillers working today, but while he might have been influenced by classic noir fiction, he's creating a new subgenre he calls "dark, domestic thrillers."

Interview by Tom Callahan

Jason Starr once got fired from a publishing company for reading and writing at his desk. He's worked as a dishwasher, a car parker, an office temp, and a telemarketer. Of course, those survival jobs are pretty much par for the course when an author pursues his passion for writing, yet has nothing to show for it but rejection slips.

Today, Starr is an award-winning, internationally best-selling author, with books published in more than a dozen languages. He's also written graphic novels and comics for DC and Marvel. His original prose novel, *Ant-Man: Natural Enemy*, will be published on June 16, a month before the release of the movie starring Paul Rudd. Stuart Moore, Starr's editor at Marvel for *Ant-Man*, has had an up-close look at Starr's rare ability to move between comic books and novels—and excel at both. "Jason's got a wonderful, fluid style," Moore says. "He's one of those writers who understands both prose and comics. He's also got a particularly great eye for people's quirks and weaknesses, the things that make us all human. That's what's always made heroes like the Avengers and Spider-Man stand out—and Ant-Man, too."

Starr has his fourth collaboration with the great Irish crime writer Ken Bruen coming out this year from Hard Case Crime, a brilliantly funny novel called *Pimp*. "Jason burst on the scene in the 1990s when noir was out of fashion, and he reinvigorated the genre," says Charles Ardai, editor and founder of Hard Case. "No one was doing this stuff. Then this

ferocious guy comes out of nowhere with his bitter, brutal books. It was like a lye enema for a slumbering genre."

Another new Starr novel, *Savage Lane*, will be published in 2015 by Polis Books, which is reissuing seven of the author's previous novels: *Nothing Personal*, *Hard Feelings*, *Tough Luck*, *Twisted City*, *Lights Out*, *The Follower*, and *Panic Attack*. "Jason has accomplished a tremendous amount as a crime writer," says Polis publisher Jason Pinter. "But [while] his novels might center on a crime, they're populated by characters anyone can relate to, and in *Savage Lane*, you feel they could live right next door. Jason is an incredibly creative guy, and I think his best is yet to come."

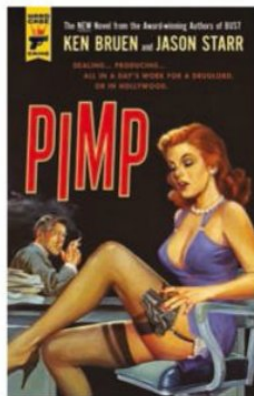
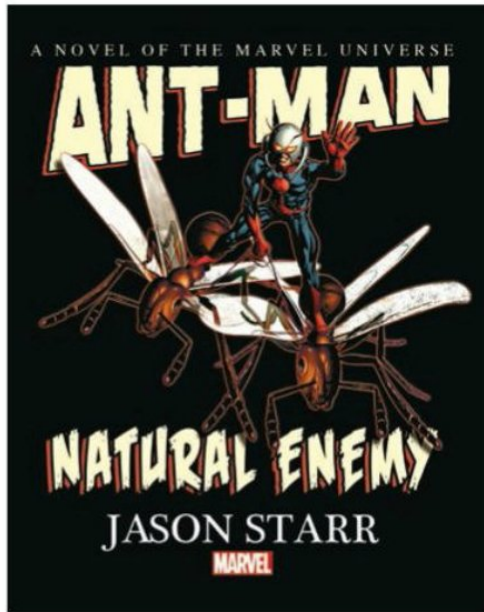
You're an extremely prolific writer. How do you work so quickly in so many different formats?

I'm not typing with my feet, I promise. Actually, I don't think I'm faster than most writers. I usually write about 2,000 words a day. I've had a few big projects in the works that are coming to fruition at the same time. I feel lucky to have the chance to write what I love, and it keeps things creatively interesting. I have a shitty attention span. I'd probably be bored if I wrote one type of book over and over again.

What can you tell us about *Ant-Man: Natural Enemy*? Did you have to follow the movie plot?

It's a stand-alone novel, not directly related to the





“[ANT-MAN] IS A STAND-ALONE NOVEL, AN ACTION-CRIME THRILLER. ANYONE WHO LIKES MARVEL MOVIES WILL DIG IT.”

movie. It's an action-crime thriller about Scott Lang—who'll be portrayed by Paul Rudd in the film—and his teenage daughter in present-day New York City. Tony Stark, aka Iron Man, is in the book as well. Anyone who likes Marvel movies and fun, plot-driven crime fiction will dig this book.

Savage Lane will be released this fall. As a writer, you have always tried to push your work in different directions. How did you do that with this book?

Savage Lane is the most psychologically and sexually provocative novel I've ever written, that's for sure. It's set in Westchester, New York, and it's about an unhappily married man whose very involved fantasies about a sexy divorced woman make both of them murder suspects. I wanted to write a raw, honest novel about marriage and obsession. It's disturbing, but I think very real.

You broke onto the scene with a great novel called Cold Caller in 1997. But you have also written comics, like The Returning, and terrific graphic novels, like The Chill. Do you prefer one over the others?

I love both. They're so different—comics are so visual, like storyboarding a movie, and a novel of course is all words. It's the perfect way to split up my day.

I've heard you say that a writer can take more risks in comics and graphic novels. What did you mean?

Comic editors aren't scared off by sex and dark, twisted storylines. They actually crave edgy material. The big publishing companies, with some exceptions, tend to stay in the middle of the road.

For DC Comics, you wrote about Batman. For Marvel, you did Wolverine Max. Is it difficult to write about such beloved characters?

Most of my superhero comics have been original takes on characters, out of continuity, with fresh storylines. But, yeah, when you give an iconic character like Wolverine a new backstory, make him a solo drifter with no mention of the X-Men, and alter the way his claws work, it's going to stir up the die-hards. But most fans get why I made those choices, and got behind the books in a big way.

You're a crime writer in the tradition of such greats as Jim Thompson and Charles Willeford, who subverted the traditional mystery novels—in which order is restored by the hero in the last chapter—and made them reflect the real world, where good does not always triumph. Is that deliberate?

When I was starting they were a major influence on me, for sure. The concise language and stories with gray characters, where the line between good and evil is often blurred, inspired my whole career. I've tried to put my own spin on the genre, updating it with modern themes. There are things writers can do today, with language and plot, that you just couldn't get away with years ago.

You manage to work humor and satire into dark stories, like in the books you've done with Ken Bruen. Is that also deliberate on your part?

Satire comes naturally for me; sometimes I really can't help sending up my characters. Even in real life, in interactions with my family and friends, it's hard for me to not be ironic and satirical.


Michael Rapaport is directing a movie based on your book Tough Luck. Did you have a hard time adapting your own work for the movie?

It was an amazing process, because Mike has been involved every step of the way, and he's a cinematic genius. Some stuff that works in the book doesn't work in the script, but I had no problem reinventing parts of the story. When I'm adapting my own books, I try to approach it from a new point of view. Nothing in the book is sacred; it's just source material. If there's a reason to change or cut something, I do it. I'm actually pretty ruthless.

It's been reported that John Coles of House of Cards fame is going to direct the movie based on Twisted City. Did you write the screenplay?

Yes, he will direct, and I'm very excited about this. The screenplay by John Coles and Mark Malone is incredible. It's set in Hong Kong, whereas the book takes place in Manhattan, but the change of setting totally works.

What do you think of the writing being done for shows like True Detective and House of Cards?

Some of the best crime writing today, and writing in general, is on TV, because TV execs have their pulse on the type of stories people crave. I'd like to hope that corporate publishers pick up on this, but I don't think they get it. I'm cowriting a new crime series for cable set in upstate New York, and writing for TV is definitely one of my big ambitions right now. 



We're all unwitting residents of the land that's conjoined the art of politics and the politics of art.

By Steve Faber

I have, among other interests, two brightly lit, intensely strong passions: writing (film, television, narrative in the form of story) and politics. Before my years in show business commenced, I actually worked in Washington, D.C., with what seemed to be at the time, the not-so-ridiculous goal of saving the world. After discovering the goal was, in fact, ridiculous, I set out to entertain the world, or a very small part of it, by moving to Hollywood to write and produce for television and film ... all the while keeping my toes in the Washington, D.C., tidal basin. I'm what you'd call "political."

However, early on in this journey, I made a stark, disturbing discovery. I had not lived in D.C., nor do I now live in Hollywood. I live in a place I call Washingwood. Chances are, if you're an American with a pulse, you live in

Washingwood as well. Oh, your physical body may reside in Seattle, Omaha, Des Moines, or New York; the cerebral you resides in Washingwood.

Washingwood cannot be found on any map, atlas, or even Google Earth. It's that piece of intellectual real estate that lies squarely at the intersection of Hollywood and Washington, D.C.—two towns, one mind. Washingwood is a self-justifying, self-serving, highly profitable piece of geography that blurs the line between reality and fiction. In short, Washingwood is the place where the numbingly simple, wish-fulfilling symbols and dreams that Hollywood churns out hourly are digested into reality by Washington and made manifest by execrable, half-wit politicians and the execrable, half-wit decisions they make. Or, in the alternative, the place where political debate, law, and policy are consecrated and then explained, dramatized, and sold to an anxious public. Or at least the part of the public that hasn't mentally checked out.

Allow me to correct myself: Washingwood is essentially the place where the line between politics and entertainment is not simply blurred, but obliterated. Our politicians are entertainers; our entertainers are politicians; legislation is a skit on *Saturday Night Live* or a monologue on a late-late show. As a result, a late-late show ends up driving the national debate. Policy is created in Washington, D.C., and sold in Hollywood.

Without boring you with regard to the history of Washingwood (it is circuitous), the simplest way to explain its origin is to start with the first televised debates for the presidency, in 1960. Those who saw the debates on television tended to vote for John F. Kennedy, whereas those who listened to the debates on the radio tended to vote for Richard Nixon. Nixon lost a close race. All these years later, pundits and historians seem to agree that this phenomenon had less to do with policy and experience, or thoughtful discussions around the dinner table

or at the local Elk's Lodge. No, it seemed to have everything to do with the fact that JFK, the visual experience, appeared to be full of vigor, tanned, absent of perspiration. Nixon, the visual Nixon, with his nonstop fountain of sweat pouring from his upper lip, had the pallor of a man who had passed away a year earlier. Those who heard Nixon by and large liked what he had to say. Those who saw him were frightened. This fear boiled down to one indisputable fact: Kennedy wore makeup; Nixon refused. That decision changed the course of American history.

One of the many gigantic lessons drawn from that experience (another being that, eight years later, Nixon wore makeup at publicly televised events and was elected president) was that our political candidates are ... product. I think we all know that by now. When you vote for someone, you're voting for their "narrative." Hillary Clinton, the first female president product; Marco Rubio, the first Cuban-American president product; Jeb Bush, the dynastic president product. And on and on. Billions, literally billions, of dollars are spent every four years turning human beings vying for the presidency into understandable, easy-to-use products. We're long past the makeup stage.

Washingwood, being a culture unto itself, has also created a grammar, syntax, and dictionary specific to its environs. The word "optics" has come into play. Optics used to be those things having to do with the eyes. Not so fast! Optics are now those moments when the old simple handshake between politicians who do not agree on much are so filled with entertainment grist that the handshake itself doesn't happen. Bad optics, according to media advisors ... from Hollywood. And from Hollywood also come the actors, with nary a political bone in their body, suddenly showing up on cable chat shows, ripe with opinions on fiscal and social policy and aching to share those ideas.

It's all the same rubbish heap. However, now we have a place to put it and a way to make sense of it: Washingwood. A zone of comfort where, perhaps two generations ago, your grandparents might have been irritated that Actor A was discussing Legislation X ("He's an actor! What does he know about this?"), while



ONE OF THE MANY GIGANTIC LESSONS DRAWN FROM THE NIXON-KENNEDY DEBATE WAS THAT OUR POLITICAL CANDIDATES ARE ... PRODUCT.

Politician B made a guest appearance on a comedy show ("It's so undignified for our senator to drop his pants and take a pie in his face!"). Residency in Washingwood not only gives Actor A and Politician B the permission to change roles; residency in Washingwood makes that role reversal mandatory.

Since we've done away with the "national debate" and subbed in "news" shows wherein two people with differing opinions scream like hyenas at each other for an hour, the powers that be made the bordering-on-evil decision to not only allow, but to expect, entertainers to explain policy. Perhaps more to the point, those entertainers who've been allowed by the Supreme Court to donate unlimited amounts of cash to a candidate and/or a cause expect

to be asked to explain policy. For a culture driven toward immediate gratification, ponderous debate on issues that directly affect your pocketbook, your kid, or your soul mate cannot rest on the shoulders of the people making those decisions (for the most part, old white guys who live in Maryland or Virginia). It's neither sexy nor immediate. And we want both—even in our politics. You're either going to head to the theater to see Liam Neeson get *Taken* for the 15th time ... or you're not. And the decision may rest on how you feel about Neeson's stance on immigration.

In Washingwood, we've dumbed it down. Way down. ☹️

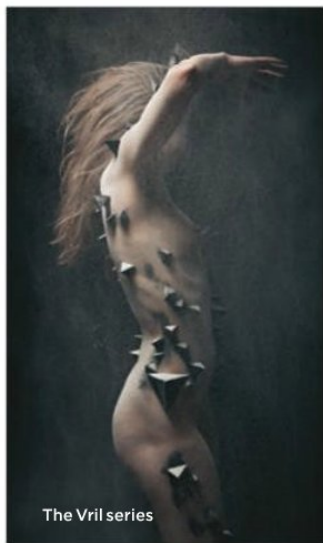
LEONARDO ENGEL

For the past half century, *Penthouse* magazine has been a celebrated resource dedicated to honoring the raw appeal of the female form. Now we're once again showcasing the vision, work, and talent of emerging photographers.

Leonardo Engel is an Indonesian-born fine-art photographer/cinematographer currently based in France. Among the accolades that the 28-year-old has received for his work are the Px3 (Prix de la Photographie, Paris) 2013 for Advertising-Fashion (silver); the Px3 2013 Fine Art-Nudes (silver); and an Honorable Mention in the IPA (International Photography Awards) in 2013.



The Vril series



The Vril series

When did you see your first issue of *Penthouse*? Do you feel as if seeing the images in the magazine has impacted your own work?

I was in junior high school when I saw *Penthouse* for the first time. I was impressed by the amazing curves of a woman's body. That started my personal study of learning how to show a good point of view in nude pictures.

What does it mean to you to shoot erotic images?

Challenging myself to produce not only nude pornographic pictures, but to show the art and the story behind them.

Why did you pick these particular photos to submit

to *Penthouse*?

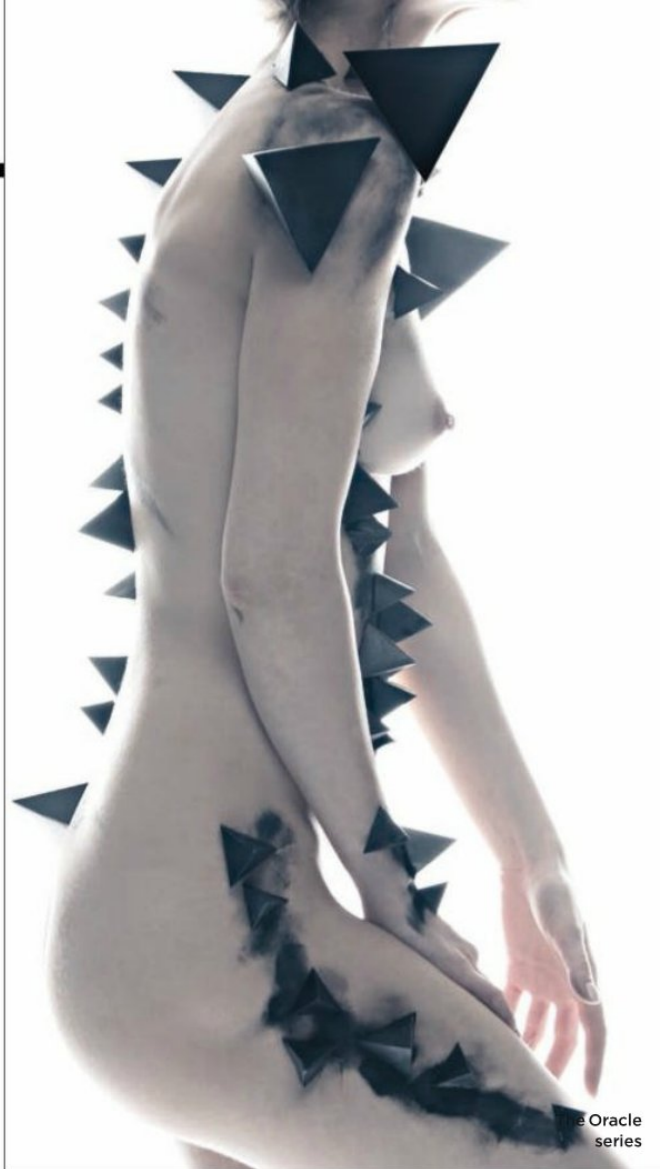
The Oracle series has already been exhibited in Paris, and I really love the Vril series. The atmosphere of those images captures the mystery of stories about the Vril Society.

What makes an erotic photo interesting, memorable, and/or remarkable?

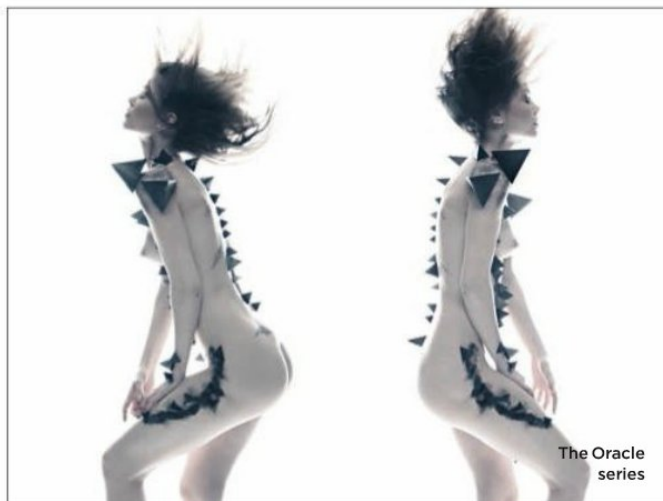
The art and mystery behind it. I always try to leave people wondering or make them think twice when they see my work.

How did you develop your photographic style?

I studied Renaissance painting, the theory of light, and the work of established photographers.



The Oracle series



The Oracle series

What do you want viewers to take away from your work?

My emotion, my feelings, my story. If I know they can feel it, that gives me the most personal satisfaction.

What makes a good photo stand out?

The amazing story in and behind it.

Are there clichés in photography that you try to avoid?

Yes, I try to avoid many photography rules and old-school styles. I always try to put something unique in my work. In the Oracle series, for instance, I used the triangles to symbolize the Trinity: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.



BURN, BABY, BURN!

Tabasco, a kitchen and restaurant staple since the 1860s, has some stiff competition these days. Join us as we prepare for barbecue season by searching for the perfect sauce.

By Jennifer Peters

mainstream culinary favorite.

Jennifer Trainer Thompson, pepper aficionado and author of *Hot Sauce! Techniques for Making Signature Hot Sauces*, estimates that the industry rakes in \$500 million each year, and she sees that number rising. "When the economy crashed around 2008, people weren't buying things," Thompson says. "You wouldn't buy a new house or a new car. But studies show that sales of small items, like hot sauce or lipstick, went up. It's a quick, inexpensive pleasure, and I think that food that makes you laugh is worth a lot."

And there are a lot of laughs to be had when it comes to hot sauce. There have always been brands that have put as much emphasis on stimulating the funny bone as the taste buds—such as Tom's Roid-Rippin' Hot Sauce, Capital Punishment, Hellfire & Damnation, Ass Blaster, and I Am on Fire Ready to Die—but they don't skimp on the heat or flavor.

When it comes to which is more important, heat or flavor, the field is split. As Steve Seabury, organizer of the NYC Hot Sauce Expo and owner of High River Sauces, says, "There are two people in the world who want hot sauce: people who like the complex flavors, and people who want their faces ripped off by the heat and don't

care what it tastes like."

For those who believe that hotter is better, there are two ways to maximize the burn: with a superhot pepper or with pepper extract. Almost any pepper can bring the pain if it's not tempered, but peppers like the scorpion and ghost chilies are technically the hottest, each packing more than a million Scoville units of heat. When cooled with sweeteners like applesauce or tomatoes, they're easily palatable, but when allowed to exert their full power, they can bring tears to your eyes. And then there are the extracts. A pepper's heat comes from capsaicin, which is in the placenta that holds the seeds, and when extracted and concentrated, it can have anywhere from 2 to 16 million Scoville units of heat. It's a main ingredient in pepper spray—the kind carried for self-defense—and it wasn't used to spice up hot sauce until 1992. Sauces that utilize extracts for added heat really make you sweat, and they have the potential to blow out your taste buds and knock you on your ass. The original ass-kicker may just be Dave's Insanity Hot Sauce, billed as the hottest hot sauce in the universe. It was once banned from the National Fiery Food Show in New Mexico for being too hot.

What's the appeal of a condiment that can make you pass out? These

Microbrewed beer and artisanal mayonnaise may have gotten all the hype in recent years, but hot sauce is the original craft food. Though it started as a regional delight, with only hardcore chili heads having tasted more than a couple of varieties, the spicy condiment's cult following has grown so immensely that it's become a

enhanced hot sauces provide an even stronger sense of euphoria. “When you eat a chili pepper or hot sauce, your tongue sends this signal to your brain that you’re on fire, and you release endorphins to compensate for that,” Thompson explains. “It’s the same as a runner’s high. People stick with it once they start experimenting.”

If insane heat isn’t your thing, there are thousands of hot sauces available—from the ubiquitous grocery-store varieties to small-batch specialty sauces—that perfectly combine heat and flavor. You’re likely already familiar with Tabasco, one of the oldest and most well-known condiments in the country; while Tabasco delivers the heat, it’s fairly one-note in terms of flavor. For more complexity, Louisiana-style sauces like Cholula—a staple of Mexican restaurants—offer a similar heat while upping the ante by adding more of the peppery taste. Meanwhile, sriracha is an Asian take on the classic pepper-and-vinegar sauce, incorporating a little more tang.

These sauces serve their purpose, and you can’t go wrong keeping any or all of them on hand, but to really get the most out of the chili pepper, you need to sample, then sample some more—and keep on sampling. “I don’t think there’s such a thing as a uni-tasker hot sauce,” says chef Derrick Prince, one of the judges of the NYC Hot Sauce Expo’s Screaming Mi Mi Awards. “If you’re just looking for pure heat and no flavor, sure, but no sauce is going to taste as good on

your pho as it does on your pizza.”

“There should be some balance so the sauce doesn’t take over whatever you’re putting it on,” explains chef Chris Santos, who recently released his own spicy condiment, Rattler Barbeque Sauce. “It should complement whatever you’re putting it on, and it should elevate it. Some hot sauces are just so brutally hot without anything else going on and they take over the dish. There’s an art to pairing food with hot sauce, and I can’t say I’m an expert at that, but one of the things that makes me insane is that restaurants will offer you 12 different beers on tap and 8 in a bottle and 30 different kinds of tequila and all these different kinds of wine, but they’ll only have one hot sauce available.”

A good rule of thumb is to pair lighter, fruit-based sauces with fish or chicken, while smoky sauces, like chipotle or anything with grilled peppers, go best with a hearty steak or a greasy burger. But there are more than two styles of hot sauce. We tested dozens, from tangy Asian pastes and sweet Caribbean sauces to smoky chipotle and spicy green chili sauces, and many more, and picked these favorites:

ROCKY’S HOT SAUCE

While Rocky’s bottles may look like a novelty, they’re the real deal. The lime and garlic sauces are perfectly balanced, and the additional ingredients add to the complex flavors of the sauce without distracting from the heat. This is an ideal complement to tacos.

NW ELIXIRS’ #2 VERDE HOTT

Green sauces don’t always pack the same punch as their red-pepper counterparts, but the fresh taste of this more than makes up for the mild heat. Tomatillos and cilantro keep the flavor crisp, while the serrano and poblano peppers ensure you’re getting more than a vinegary pesto. It’s the perfect way to spice up fish.

SECRET AARDVARK’S HABANERO

It’s easy to underestimate this thin, vinegar-based habanero sauce, but the roasted-tomato flavor makes it more substantial, and its heat and sweet are nicely balanced. A splash on your spaghetti and meatballs will give an otherwise ordinary meal some kick.


REDHEAD

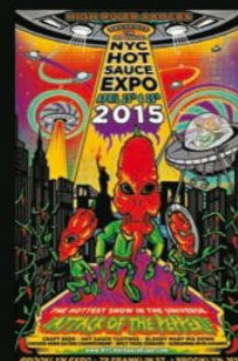
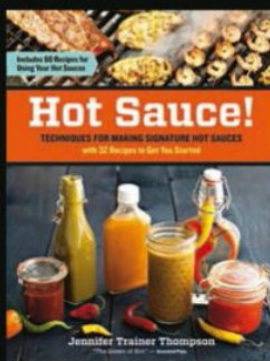
Most hot sauces are great condiments, but this thick sauce is best utilized as a dip or marinade. Sweetened with peaches and honey, it’s great slathered on grilled chicken, but it’s even better fresh out of the jar with some salty chips.

TAPATÍO

A West Coast grocery-store staple, Tapatío—like East Coast favorite Cholula—is a vinegar-based product that, while not the perfect accompaniment to every dish, comes as close as any sauce can get. Whether used on grilled fish or fresh mango, it’s a must-have.

HIGH RIVER SAUCES’ HELLACIOUS

This smoky habanero sauce is good enough to eat straight out of the bottle—not that we know that from experience. The heat takes a moment to build, giving you time to savor the slightly smoky taste before the delicious burn hits. It’s great on a juicy burger or grilled steak. 



STEPPING OUT

Pet of the Month Jenna Ivory has the blonde-bombshell look down pat, but she hates the stereotype of the dumb blonde. "I excelled in school," she tells us. "I hate when people refuse to take me seriously. Of course, there's an upside to my look: It opens some doors for me, and I can wear amazing clothes." Which is all well and good, but we vastly prefer Jenna's minimalist approach to clothing that's captured on these pages.

Photographs by Tammy Sands





"If I could have any job, I'd be in law enforcement. I've always had a desire to protect and serve those around me. Plus, I often fantasize about being taken by a dirty cop."



“I also fantasize about joining the Mile-High Club, and the biggest turn-ons for me are confident men, dirty talk, and kisses on my neck.”







“The most exciting place I’ve made love is underwater. I felt so sexy being engulfed by water while filming a scene. Just thinking about that still turns me on.”



“Maybe that’s why my favorite sex scene is in *Wild Things*. It doesn’t get better than hot, sexy women making out passionately with water dripping off their nude bodies.”



↓ TEAR HERE ↓

PENTHOUSE

♂ JENNA IVORY JUNE 2015 PET OF THE MONTH



↓ TEAR HERE ↓





PENTHOUSE

OF JENNA IVORY JUNE 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

Jenna Ivory







Vital stats:
36D-26-42; 5'6"
21 years old

Hometown:
Tacoma, Washington.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
Going back to visit my loved ones.

If you could live anywhere on earth, it would be:
I'd live on a yacht so I could visit all the most beautiful beaches.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:
Start a charitable foundation to assist foster children who are aging out of the system.

Your favorite TV shows:
I Love Lucy and *The Andy Griffith Show*.

Your favorite movies:
My Fair Lady and *The Flight of the Phoenix* with Jimmy Stewart.

Your favorite food and drink:
Soul food and lemon water.

Your favorite kind of music:
Everything from classical to hip-hop.

What gets you excited?
My Hitachi and hot women.

What gets you in trouble?
My bluntness.

You're always up for:
Trying new things.

You're never up for:
Making a mistake a second time.

Call my sexy friends!
1-800-SEXY-PET
♡♡XDXD♡♡

(1-800-739-9738)
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER. COST: \$4.99 TO \$5.99/MINUTE

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THE MASTERPIECE BASTARDS

How does Google decide what needs to be censored and removed from the internet? No one knows, especially not the comedians of Million Dollar Extreme.

By Don Jolly



Charles Carroll talks like a hypnotist and an ice-pick killer. “If I wasn’t doing comedy, I’d be out in the street burning cars right now,” he says. Carroll, along with fellow comedians Sam Hyde and Nick Rochefort, has been performing under the name Million Dollar Extreme, or MDE, since 2009. In July of last year, their YouTube channel, MillionDollarExtreme, was suspended for transgressing the service’s “community guidelines.” All their work—every video and short film—was removed, leaving more than 25,000 subscribers in the lurch.

In the months that followed, MDE fans wrote hundreds upon hundreds

of emails to YouTube’s parent company, Google, begging for the reinstatement of the channel. “After they got the first two or three hundred, I got a communiqué from YouTube headquarters, saying just ‘Drop it.’ That’s it—not signed or anything,” Hyde tells *Penthouse*.

“That’s when you know you’re in trouble,” Carroll says thoughtfully. “You get a call from John YouTube.”

Unquestionably, MDE had violated YouTube’s “community guidelines.” Their work was, and is, obsessed with violating the boundaries of acceptable speech. “We are three regular Xbox Live-playing dumbass fucksticks just like you,” wrote Hyde on their YouTube “about” page, “but we think that the ‘culture’ you are consuming is pathetic in profound ways.” MDE’s videos exist to mock that “culture”—they shriek, beating against its bars. Sometimes, at their best, they seem to win.

Their work is often angry and crude. *Ideas Man*, one of their best videos, openly advocates for the

assassination of former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney. A more recent upload threads together references to the shooting of Michael Brown and a Jeff Foxworthy stand-up bit: “You might be Mike Brown if ...” There are occasional moments of gentleness in all of it. At the end of *Ideas Man*, the comedians display a title card that reads, “only love, maximum love, for all humanity, forever.”

The extent of the issue of people’s channels and/or videos being summarily removed is hidden: YouTube provided the statistic of 14 million videos flagged in 2013. Of those 14 million, a lot are probably hard-core porn and copyrighted material. In other words, there’s no doubt they should be removed. But some of it, like MDE, is artful—if daring—content produced by both those with small amounts of recognition and total unknowns. There are no clear standards for artistic expression on YouTube’s platform. In fact, given the sheer size of the platform, no clear standards are possible. YouTube defaults to a “benevolent” and totally opaque dictatorship.

YouTube’s “community guidelines” are well-intentioned, but vague. They outlaw pornography,

gore, and any content advocating violence toward an ethnic, religious, or sexual minority, among other transgressions. There is a “line,” they inform us, and for a video to remain on YouTube, that line must not be crossed, unless that crossing is done in the service of “artistic, documentary, or scientific” interests. Google’s definition of “artistic” remains obscure.

“There is a new generation of internet-weaned afraid-people,” Carroll says, explaining MDE’s philosophy. This fear is “an intentional mentality. If you make people totally concerned with not offending people ... you have a whole mass of people [who are] never willing to discuss real issues.... These are people totally blind to reality.... An entire nation of weaklings. And you know what they say about weaklings, right? They don’t burn down the capitol when taxes get too high.”

“Respect the YouTube community,” the site’s guidelines advise. While “our products” may be “platforms of free expression,” Google has no choice but to “trust you to be responsible” with them. “Millions of users respect that trust,” they say. “Please be one of them.” And, presumably, leave the capitol alone.

The videos that caused so much trouble for MDE were years old by the time anyone complained, and tame by the comedians’ standards. Do a search for *MDE* and *HTML Tutorial*, *Apple iPad 2 TV ad*, or *Tumblr this to see for yourself*. They’re mean, sure—but mean with a purpose. MDE attacks the complacency of the internet generation, the hollowness of political rhetoric, and the crushing emptiness of human life as an enterprise of consumption. They skewer anyone and everyone—think *South Park* meets Allen Ginsberg in *Howl*.

On YouTube, videos are only subject to review for content if someone takes the time to lodge a formal complaint, “flagging” a video for violation of guidelines. Flagged videos are placed in a queue, and then reviewed by a human being. If the reviewer agrees with the flag, he can issue a “Community Guidelines strike.” Three strikes, and a channel is terminated. Violations of copyright are dealt with more severely.

If you disagree with YouTube’s ruling, an appeals process does exist. This is what MDE employed when they called on their supporters to write on their behalf. “There are 20



YouTube can take down content whenever it wants, for whatever reason.

different emails and forms if you want to complain,” Carroll tells *Penthouse*.

Hyde is dismissive of the process. “It’s not designed to help you get your channel back,” he says.

I managed to get in touch with a public relations representative for Google, who agreed to talk off the record. She was pleasant and informative, and spent the call stressing that YouTube had a *procedure* in place, a mechanism designed to handle its almost inconceivable workload.

While I was provided with literature about the existence of YouTube’s reviewing standards, all of it was non-specific. “We have this figured out,” I was told. “Trust us.” As near as I can tell, the practical effect of YouTube’s labyrinthine guidelines and secretive reviews is that the site can take down flagged content whenever it wants, for whatever reason, and replace it on the same schedule.

For eight months, MDE fans kept the pressure on YouTube’s various “appeals” addresses. Eventually, they won. The entire channel was returned to working order in February, just hours after my call with Google PR.

“I have received no communication from YouTube,” Hyde says later. “Literally nothing in my in-box.” That’s right: No notice. No note after the fact. No explanation.

I reached out for comment. “When

it’s brought to our attention that a video has been removed mistakenly, we act quickly to reinstate it,” Google told me through its designated representative, but I could not get him to say specifically that the MDE channel should not have been removed in the first place.

Rocheftort, the third member of MDE, says, “Alt-comedy is a tough one. If we did sketches or whatever, we could go to New York or Chicago—there are ways to get up there. What we do, we’re pretty much dependent on the internet.... It’s a really shitty situation—these guys have everybody lined up, making content for free, and they can do whatever they want with it.”

The talk grows philosophical. “Let’s say you and I start a peanut-butter company,” he says. “We put a peanut mill in the garage. Next thing you know, *Ooh, we’re making money*. How much money do we have to make to hire some guy with a business degree to ‘be’ our peanut butter on Facebook? That shit is meaningless. Massive corporate bureaucracies like Google are so bloated and so directed by stupidity that they’d cease to exist if we just stopped treating them like intelligently directed institutions.

“There’s so much fat in this system,” Rocheftort continues. The modern world is a congress of over-capitalized disasters—organizations so big and so rich that they’re effectively purposeless, and completely beyond human control. But admitting that would take more balls than society can muster. “We’re so weak,” Rocheftort says with a laugh. “We’ve got such low [testosterone].”

All of Google’s empty procedure is an expression of fear: fear of being found out, of admitting that the offices of the modern megacorporation are, at best, lies of omission. Especially on the internet. YouTube’s platform does not exist to facilitate free expression, or to serve the needs of artists. It’s a scam—a backdoor way to serve ads on home movies and soft-core porn and other ads. Anything else is an accident. All of Google’s “fat”—its endless, nameless, and faceless body of reviewers, attendants, and representatives—are just as lost as the users are. The only difference is, they have to justify their paychecks to themselves. MDE holds themselves to a higher standard. ☪



5 TOURS WITH HOOKUP POTENTIAL

Shania Twain

She says this summer's tour will be her last, so country girls will turn out in droves to belt out "Man, I Feel Like a Woman" with her one last time.

Sam Smith

The Grammy collector is one talented mofo, and the girl-to-guy ratio will be strongly in your favor.

Luke Bryan

Okay, so most of the girls in the crowd actually want to bang *him*, but you can try to be their second choice.

Taylor Swift

Foolproof pickup line: "Wow, people must tell you *all the time* that you look just like Taylor."

Ed Sheeran

The dude knows his way around lovesick lyrics. Find a girl with a case of the blues and offer her a shoulder to cry on—and a revenge fling.

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE Summer 2015

Hot weather. Hot tickets. Hot chicks. The trifecta of hotness can only mean one thing: Summer festival season is officially here. • By Kara Wahlgren

While the concerts and cook-offs and conventions and campouts may lure you in to summer events, we know you're *really* going for the girls. To help you out, we've put together a (very limited) list of festivals and tours with the best odds for a weekend hookup. After all, summer nights are in short supply—we wouldn't want you to waste any of them.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS SCHWESLER/RETNA LTD./CORBIS



MOUNTAIN JAM

Where: Hunter Mountain, New York

When: June 4-7

Camping? Yes, including VIP packages.

The Basics: This might be the chilliest concert festival happening this summer, with a lineup that includes the Black Keys, Grace Potter and the Nocturnals, Rusted Root, Robert Plant, Alabama Shakes, and Gov't Mule. And if you're not into roughing it, you can ease into the festival experience with indoor bathrooms, organic concessions, and \$1 water-bottle refills.

The Girls: There are plenty of opportunities to get enlightened with sexy, socially conscious festivalgoers, including gong-sound healing, therapeutic massage, an acoustic jam with Michael Franti, and a Hula-Hoop workshop.



FASTER HORSES FESTIVAL

Where: Michigan International Speedway

When: July 17-19

Camping? Yes—everything from basic campsites to motor homes and a VIP area.

The Basics: You can safely assume that any event using the hashtag #threedayhillbillysleepover will be a good time. This country-music festival has rides, waterslides, foam parties, and a seriously deep lineup, including Florida Georgia Line, Brad Paisley, Carrie Underwood, Dwight Yoakam, and Justin Moore.

The Girls: If you've ever been to a country-music show, you know the crowd will be packed with hot girls in short-shorts who aren't afraid to shotgun a beer.



INK-N-IRON

Where: Long Beach, California; Nashville

When: June 12-14 and August 6-9, respectively

Camping? No.

The Basics: This festival celebrating "kustom kulture" boasts pinup pageants, a cabaret, tattoo seminars, pole-dance championships, and more. The musical lineup is pretty sweet, too—Pennywise and Killswitch Engage are among the Cali headliners, and Nashville's lineup includes Merle Haggard and Suicidal Tendencies.

The Girls: The celebration of all things retro and racy means the crowd will be packed with girls channeling their inner Bettie Page.



ELECTRIC RUN

Where: The Twin Cities, Minnesota; Sacramento, California; Chicago

When: Check ElectricRun.com for schedule.

Camping? No.

The Basics: You can get blisters and chafed balls running a marathon, or you can run a race you'll actually enjoy. The Electric Run starts after dark and takes runners through themed lands like Candy Lane and Rainbow Road. Between the pumping music, the neon light show, and the insane finish-line party, you'd swear you were at a rave.

The Girls: This one's a no-brainer: You'll be surrounded by fit girls in wild costumes who literally are sprinting toward the nearest party.



4TH OF JULY WEEKEND AT DAYTONA

Where: Daytona International Speedway

When: July 4-5

Camping? Yes. If you've got enough coin, you can even pitch your tent (sorry, we couldn't resist) on the infield.

The Basics: You could eat cheap hot dogs with your neighbors, or you could pack up and head to Florida for two days of drinking, camping, and back-to-back NASCAR races—the XFINITY Series Subway Firecracker 250 on the 4th, and the Sprint Cup Series Coke Zero 400 on the 5th.

The Girls: The real excitement happens in between the races. The on-site campgrounds are basically an all-night party, and NASCAR girls are always up for a good time.



CANNABIS CUP

Where: San Francisco; Portland, Oregon; Clio, Michigan

When: Check CannabisCup.com for schedule.

Camping? No.

The Basics: This *High Times* festival started in Amsterdam in the 1980s as a pot pageant, where a team of judges voted for their favorite varieties of hash. The magazine's brought a kinder, gentler version of it stateside in recent years, where it's more of a trade show and mind-expansion expo. (Our personal fave: the Denver event in spring, which features "Snoop Dogg's Wellness Retreat." Colorado gets all the good stuff.)

The Girls: Attendees can sign up for seminars on topics like cultivation, legalization, and edibles—the perfect place to pick up women who enjoy the same extracurricular activities as you.



BONNAROO MUSIC FESTIVAL

Where: Manchester, Tennessee

When: June 11-14

Camping? Yes—anything from a patch of dirt to a rock-star tour bus with a 24-hour concierge.

The Basics: Once a humble folk festival, Bonnaroo runs with the big dogs now and attracts A-list acts like Billy Joel, Mumford & Sons, Kendrick Lamar, Hozier, and Florence and the Machine—and there are usually more celebs in the crowd than onstage.

The Girls: This is basically a mecca for artsy girls in crop tops and ironic sunglasses, and there are plenty of opportunities to meet hot hipsters at comedy shows, yoga classes, a 5K run, bass camp, and disco parties.



ELECTRIC DAISY CARNIVAL

Where: Vegas, baby.

When: June 19–21

Camping? No.

The Basics: Imagine a rave with a quarter million of your closest friends (or watch the documentary *Under the Electric Sky*), and you'll have some idea of the all-night revelry at this bass-worshiping festival. There are a handful of events each year, but the Vegas one is the wildest of the bunch—last year's show brought in around 400,000 people over three days.

The Girls: The guest list is limited to ages 18 and up, which has a multitude of benefits, and the girls are going to be amped up and primed for a good time.

BIG DUB FESTIVAL

Where: Artemas, Pennsylvania

When: July 29–August 2

Camping? Yes, with themed camps available.

The Basics: There's a long list of deejays spinning techno, house, and drum-and-bass. But even if you're a diehard classic-rock fan, it's worth packing a pair of earplugs and hitting this festival anyway to check out all the awesome activities happening offstage.

The Girls: There's something (and someone) for everyone here. Meet girls with adventurous tastes at body-painting workshops, BDSM seminars, swimming-hole parties, a movie cuddle session, and a pirate-themed camp.



BEER, BOURBON & BBQ FESTIVAL

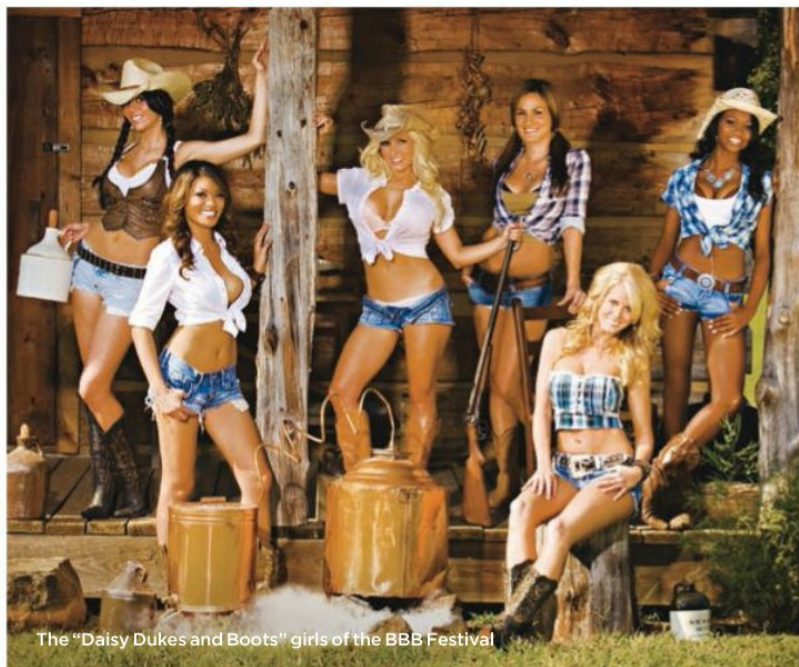
Where: Cary, North Carolina

When: July 31–August 1

Camping? No.

The Basics: Someone packed our favorite pursuits into one festival! Attendees can sample more than 60 beers and 40 bourbons, along with pulled pork, bacon, sausages, and brisket. The festival makes a few stops around the country, but Cary is the original location—and the biggest party, with live bluegrass music, brewing seminars, and a BBQ competition.

The Girls: The sexy "Daisy Dukes and Boots" girls are a festival staple, and the crowd is full of women who appreciate good brews and good barbecue.



The "Daisy Dukes and Boots" girls of the BBB Festival

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELECTRIC DAISY CARNIVAL (LEFT AND BOTTOM RIGHT); STEVEN LAWTON/GETTY IMAGES (TOP AND MIDDLE RIGHT); RICHARD BRIAN/REUTERS/CORBIS (BBB FESTIVAL); COURTESY OF BEER, BOURBON & BBQ FESTIVAL (BIG DUB); COURTESY OF BIG DUB FESTIVAL/BADASS RAVES



STURGIS MOTORCYCLE RALLY

Where: Sturgis, South Dakota

When: August 3-9

Camping? Yes.

The Basics: For most of the year, Sturgis is a sleepy town. But in August, around half a million bike enthusiasts from around the world take over for a week of scenic rides, races, and live country music.

The Girls: Needless to say, the rally is packed with biker babes ready for a week of debauchery. And just in case you need another reason to ride out there, we usually send a couple of Pets to join the party.



SUMMERFEST

Where: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

When: June 24-28, June 30-July 5

Camping? No.

The Basics: Summerfest bills itself as the world's largest music festival, and it's not kidding—11 days, more than 800 acts, and close to a million attendees. There's food, beer, and the usual merchandise tents, but the real draw is the music. We can't even scratch the surface of the lineup, but when Paris Hilton and Flogging Molly are on the same bill, you know you're in for an interesting mix.

The Girls: The law of averages is seriously in your favor here. With around a half-million ladies to choose from, if you're not getting any action, you're not trying hard enough.



COMIC-CON INTERNATIONAL

Where: San Diego, California

When: July 9-12

Camping? No.

The Basics: The biggest fan convention in the U.S., San Diego's Comic-Con features appearances from creators and illustrators (the exhaustive list is on the website), along with the stars of your soon-to-be-favorite movies and TV shows. Attendees geek out at panels, workshops, screenings, and a costume contest.

The Girls: Walk around the convention center—or the Gaslamp district of the city, as the con outgrew its home base several years ago—and scope out the sexy cosplay girls. This is probably your best chance at meeting someone who'll embrace your *World of Warcraft* addiction.



LOLLAPALOOZA

Where: Chicago

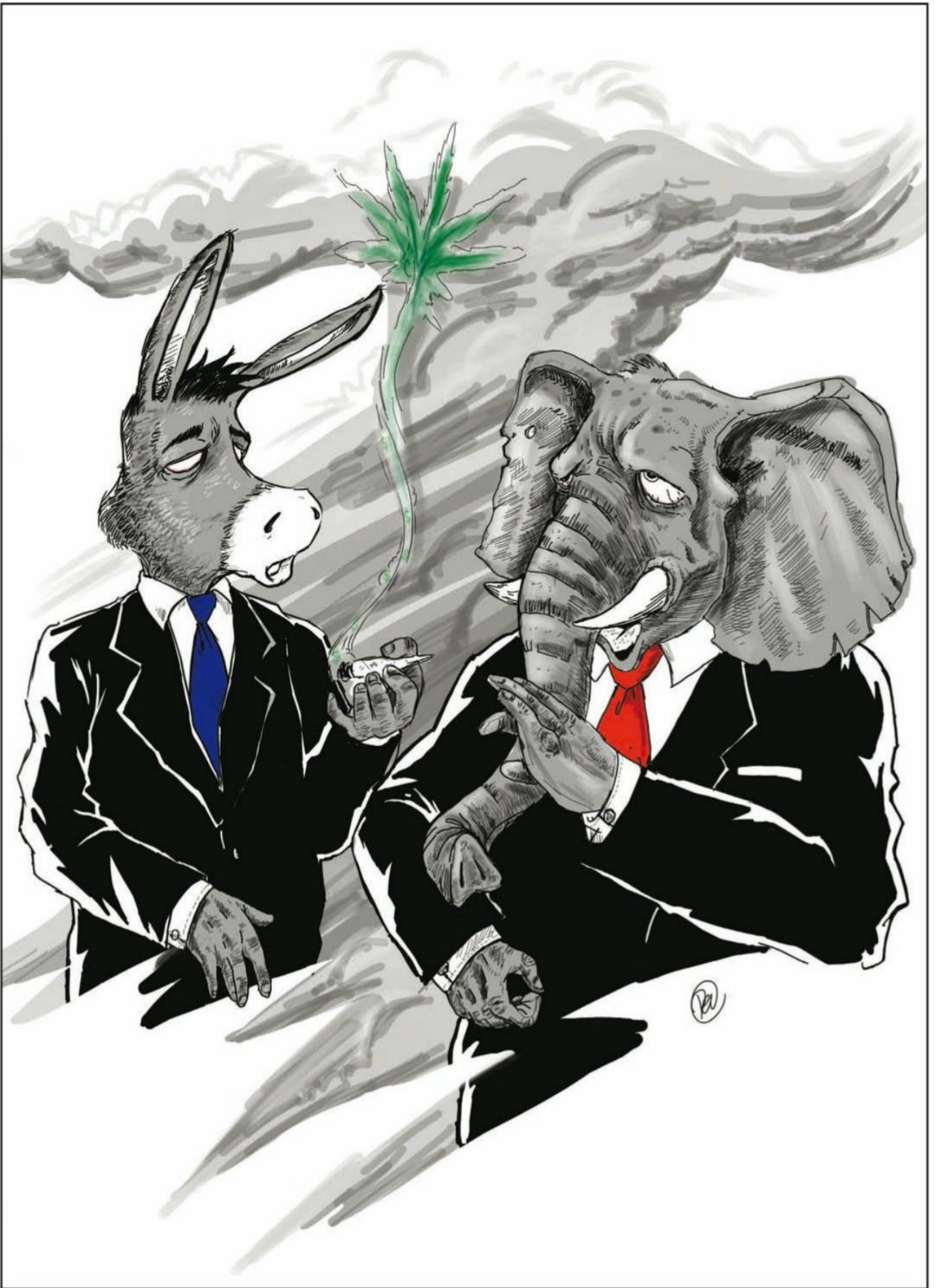
When: July 31-August 2

Camping? No.

The Basics: Lollapalooza is dead, long live Lollapalooza! It's hard to believe that a decade ago, Perry Farrell's alternative music festival was on the verge of fizzling out. These days, it's practically a destination unto itself, bringing around 300,000 people to Chicago's Grant Park each year with legendary lineups (including Paul McCartney, Metallica, and Sam Smith this year), an artisan market, and next-level festival food curated by celebrity chef Graham Elliot.

The Girls: Chicago in August is hot as fuck, and the girls are dressed accordingly. The on-site farmers market is a perfect pickup location—same girls you'll see at the shows, but with fewer sweaty bros in your way.









JACKIN' JILL

It's always the right time for sexy girls in (and out of) bikinis. Hell, we'll take Jillian Janson and Samantha Rone any way we can get them. Fortunately for all of us, these luscious ladies are happy to take each other every which way as well.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

















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

Dan Smith
Presents

BACK IN A FLASH



Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

When *Penthouse* approached me about curating a monthly column about tattooing, I was initially hesitant. I couldn't really see the connection between what I do and what the magazine does, other than the fact that we both regularly feature the female body in our medium of choice. I did know, however, that I was being handed a unique and exciting opportunity to share both my passion for tattoo culture and the very valuable education I have received over the years.

It's no secret that tattoos are now mainstream, but I'm concerned that the rich history behind this time-honored practice will fade as more time passes. My plan for this column is to feature old, iconic tattoo designs and enlist some of the industry's most talented current artists to redesign and modernize them. With a little help from my friend Jimmy Whitlock, from the Lucky Supply Tattoo Museum in Largo, Florida, I gained access to a wealth of old flash (i.e., designs) for this celebration of tattooing: where it came from, and where it is now. I hope you enjoy it.

Since this is the first-ever feature, I thought it would be cool

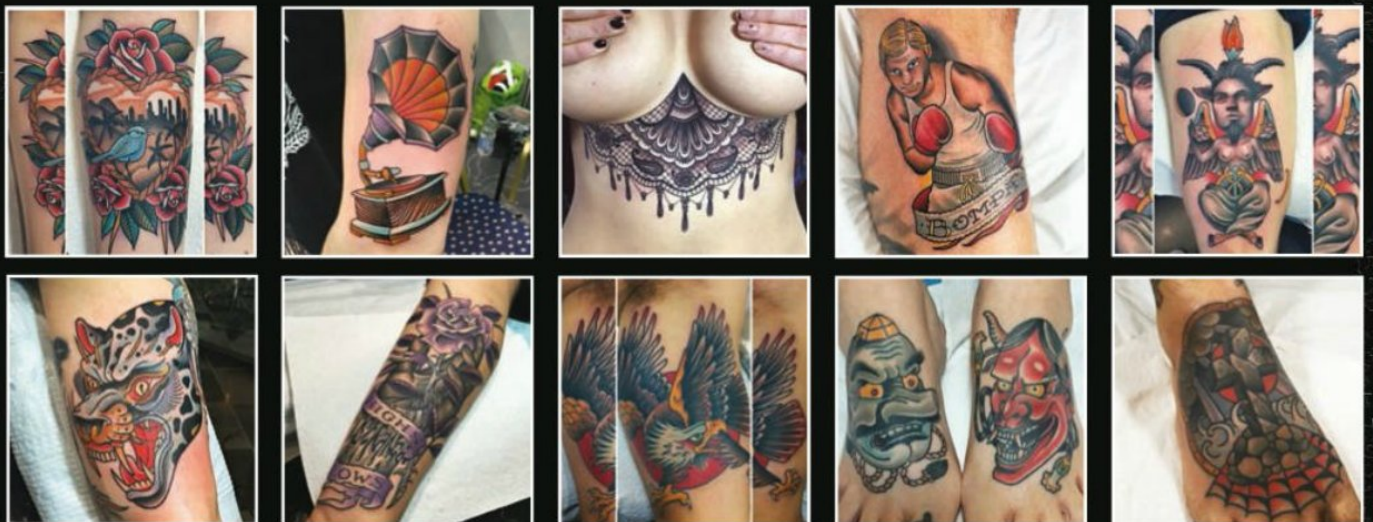
if I took the first shot at redesigning an old tattoo arrangement. And because it would be really weird if I interviewed myself, *Penthouse* was kind enough to set me up with a few questions.

How did you first get into tattooing?

Growing up in Auckland, New Zealand, I was completely mesmerized by all aspects of tattooing. I remember looking through my dad's old record collection for hours on end, just studying the different bands and the members who had tattoos. I knew that tattooing was my calling, but the next step was figuring out how to make it a reality. Fifteen years ago was a much different time, especially in New Zealand. I knew I had to travel and learn as much as I could if I wanted to get serious about tattooing.

What motivated you to chase your dream?

The motivation to be a tattooer was always there for me, even when I thought it was impossible to actually end up doing it for





From left: The original flash from Lucky Supply Tattoo Museum, Dan Smith's updated drawing, and the final updated tattoo.

a living. I always excelled at art, but nothing spoke to me until I saw art on skin. Growing up in New Zealand and having tattooing be such a proud part of the cultural history encouraged me even more. But it was mainly the fact that I didn't want to live a regular life. I wanted to be free, and I knew there was a world out there ready to be explored. And the thought of making an everlasting memory on someone was a beautiful notion to me. That is one of the most rewarding parts of the job.

You were born in England and grew up in New Zealand, but you're known for classic American-style tattooing.

I guess I am known for this style more than most, but I actually do a very mixed and broad range of styles. [A sample of Smith's work is featured on the opposite page.] I love lettering, black and gray, tiny tattoos, big-scale pieces, and everything else. I think it's important to be able to tattoo what people want. The thing that attracted me the most about traditional/classic American-style tattooing was the honesty. To be able to wear a thought, a feeling, or a girl's name on your arm forever was a huge statement. I grew up in the hardcore-punk scene, where that was exactly what everyone was doing. It was sort of like a badge of honor.

Who do you consider your greatest professional influence?


The early years of being exposed to tattooing are everything to me. I look back now with such great memories of mentors and influences, mainly Dean Sacred and Dan Andersen from Sacred Tattoo in Auckland. I was the kid who hung around the shop like a bad smell. Dean did my first tattoo, which was Milo from the Descendents, in the kitchen of a house that a group of older punk

and hardcore friends lived in, and it was mind-blowing. He gave me huge insight into how I needed to prioritize things in order to push ahead. Dan showed me what it was like to take risks. He was always so curious about finding the best way to do things, and it totally shows in his work. I wanted to make them proud with every tattoo I did. That was my biggest motivation, and actually ... it still is.

Why did you choose to re-create the Cap Coleman design of the girl's head inside the rose?

To me, this design is perfect. It's something that just screams "tattoo" to me. It may be subtle, but Cap Coleman had so many different ideas that he was doing in a time where a lot of designs were being replicated. His flash was unique and spoke to me more than most. I'm not sure why adding a rose to anything makes it so much cooler, but this is a prime example of it being so true. I feel like it symbolizes the innocence of a girl.

How do you go about redesigning a tattoo that you already consider to be perfect?


What's exciting about redoing an old design is keeping as much energy of the original as possible. It would be easy to draw a completely different rose, girl head, or banner ... but that feels more like a project "inspired by" the objects in the original design, and not a tribute to it. I moved the rosebud to a position I thought balanced the design a little more, and I did a couple of little things, like making the details in the face prettier. It was such a strong piece overall that it didn't need too much altering at all. 



Cap Coleman

August "Capt." Coleman is widely considered one of the forefathers of American tattooing. Coleman, who was born near Cincinnati in 1884, set up shop in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1918, and quickly became a giant in the tattoo industry. Since Norfolk was a major seaport, the city was a popular spot for sailors looking to get inked. Coleman's shop was so well-known, the address was not even listed on his business card; it just read, "Look for Coleman's place on Main Street."

Coleman died in 1973, after investing well and amassing a small fortune, which he left to several charities, including the Virginia School for the Deaf, the Norfolk United Fund, the Tidewaters Lions Club, and the St. Mary's Infants Fund.

While Coleman's pioneering flash and iconic imagery date back to when the only people with tattoos were sideshow performers, servicemen, and criminals, his artwork continues to influence tattooing today. 



JAYDEN COLE

23 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

I have a major "girl crush" on Jayden Cole, our December 2009 Pet of the Month. I'd wanted to profile Jayden as soon as we met, but it wasn't until I hung out with her that I realized just how fucking cool a chick she is.

One thing that impressed the hell out of me was that Jayden agreed to be a guest on my radio special for Vivid Radio SiriusXM 791 the same night she was shooting with me for *Penthouse* in the afternoon. Not many girls would book two gigs in one day with someone they barely know. But we learned a lot about each other over those ten hours.

Jayden is smart, sassy, easy-going, and sexy, as well as an accomplished glamour model, actress, radio host, and feature dancer. She starred in several soft-core films on HBO, and in season two of the Cinemax After Dark series *Life on Top*; her podcast, "Sex Squad," ranked in the Top 200 Comedy Podcasts on iTunes; and she's won prestigious awards from *Exotic Dancer* magazine, including 2011 Best Newcomer Feature Entertainer and 2012 Miss ExoticDancer.com of the Year. She also creates content for ClubJayden.com and JaydenCole.CamModels.com, and runs her online store, JaydenCole.wazala.com.

1. I do not have or want cable TV.
2. I was born in Huntington Beach, California, aka Surf City, U.S.A. My earliest memories are of being at surf camp as a kid.
3. I mostly listen to classic rock from the late sixties/early seventies. But I love nineties music.
4. My "gym" is a pole-dance studio.
5. I love going down on men and women.
6. I need to nap immediately after an orgasm.
7. I use only my hands to masturbate, never toys.
8. I have been practicing Bikram yoga for three years.
9. I am happiest when I'm on the road, feature dancing.
10. I worked two bartending jobs as I was getting into modeling.
11. I'll take a spectacular showgirl costume over designer clothes any day.
12. I love comedy shows.... It takes a professional to make me laugh.



13. I Google the people I work with before a shoot.
14. My favorite movie is *Midnight Express*.
15. When I'm not working, I'm usually in bed by 10 P.M. and up by 6 A.M.
16. I love to cook and exchange recipes; my kitchen is fully stocked with all the necessary supplies.
17. I take a travel toothbrush, face wash, perfume, and baby wipes with me everywhere.
18. I do shots of apple-cider vinegar every day. It never gets easier.
19. I am close to my family, my dad in particular, which we both know is a rare thing.
20. I live across the street from the beach in Southern California.
21. I'm not at all comfortable with public sex. There's a time and a place for that!
22. I believe everyone should donate time or money to a charitable cause that's near and dear to their heart.
23. I was a competitive hunter/jumper horseback rider from age 7 to 13, and accumulated more than 40 ribbons and two high-point trophies, which are still kept in an airtight box in my mom's garage. 🐾



Jayden Cole



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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

ROMANCING STONED

My wife and I are going on a romantic getaway, and we were thinking it might be fun to smoke some pot. Neither of us has ever had sex stoned. Does pot enhance sex, or should we give it a pass?



Pot enhances sex for some, yes, but not everyone, and not always. It's very unpredictable. To begin with, different strains of cannabis have different characteristic highs: energetic or mellow, body buzz or head buzz, anxious or euphoric, etc. But not everyone responds the same way to the effects of a given bud. After toking the same weed, one person might feel aroused and touchy-feely, while the other just wants to sink into a sofa and doze off.

The main difference is whether being stoned makes you feel more present in the moment and connected with your partner, or more detached and inside yourself. This doesn't have anything to do with the variety of weed you're smoking. It's just how you get when you get stoned. Weed can heighten the physical sensations of sex, but at the same time make you feel like you're not really there; or the sensations might be too overwhelming to enjoy. That could keep you from having an orgasm or staying aroused. Science has shown that sexual arousal and orgasm require a certain amount of mental focus on erotic stimuli, and the ability to filter out nonerotic thoughts and distractions. If you start to get lost in your head, or if you can't help grooving on patterns in the wallpaper, then being high probably isn't enhancing your sexual experience.

I would also say that pot only enhances sex if it makes the experience better for both partners. If one of you says afterward that the sex was amazing but the other says it wasn't so good, then you should conclude that pot did not enhance the sex.

You can't really know until you've tried it. I would not tell anyone that they absolutely have to try having sex stoned. But if you both want to try it, I wouldn't tell you to be afraid. The only thing I would caution against is getting high as a way of lowering your sexual inhibitions so you can do things you wouldn't do sober. Likewise, don't smoke up in a situation where you could end up doing something risky. Going out and hitting the club solo? Bad idea. On a romantic overnight with your spouse? Sure, why not?

HERPES, HERPES, EVERYWHERE



Can you get genital herpes if someone with a cold sore on their mouth gives you a blowjob?

Yes, you can. A cold sore (also called a fever blister) is a blister on the lip or near the mouth caused by the herpes virus. When a herpes virus infects the mouth, it's called oral herpes. When herpes infects the genitals, it's called genital herpes.

Simple enough, so far. But it gets complicated. There are two types of herpes viruses that commonly infect the mouth and genitals: herpes simplex virus type 1 (HSV-1) and type 2 (HSV-2). Most cases of oral herpes are caused by HSV-1, and most genital herpes are caused by HSV-2. However, HSV-1 can be passed from the mouth to the genitals, or from the genitals to the mouth. It is possible for HSV-2 to infect the mouth, but it rarely does.

This means you can get genital herpes by receiving oral sex from someone who has a cold sore (probably HSV-1). You can also get genital herpes by receiving oral sex from someone who has the oral-herpes virus but doesn't have a cold sore.

A cold sore is an obvious symptom of an infection caused by either HSV-1 or HSV-2. But the virus can be present on the surface of the skin, and passed onto another person's mouth or geni-

tals, even when there are no visible symptoms, like a cold sore. What's more, it's not always easy to tell a herpes blister apart from a zit or some other kind of skin irritation.

Well, shit. Maybe you got genital herpes from contact with that person's cold sore. But maybe you've had genital herpes for years without knowing it. Maybe the person with a cold sore who sucked your dick got oral herpes from you. How would you know? What can you do?


In the case of herpes, the bad news is good news, and vice versa. The bad news is that herpes is extremely common, and most people who have it don't know they're infected. It's estimated that over half of all adults in the United States have HSV-1, and about one in six people between the ages of 14 and 49 have HSV-2. The vast majority of those don't know they are infected. The good news is the same. Most people aren't aware of it because they have mild symptoms or no symptoms at all. Therefore, few people take precautions to prevent getting it or passing it on to others, which is why it's so common.

If you're really worried about your

herpes status, you can get tested for it. Public-health authorities don't recommend routinely testing everyone for herpes because the tests aren't always accurate, and because at least half of the population would test positive.

Now, I feel duty-bound to tell you that you can reduce—but not eliminate—your risk of getting genital herpes from oral sex by always wearing a condom when receiving oral sex, or abstaining from oral sex completely. I know what most men will do with that advice. You're welcome.

A more palatable suggestion would be to assume you have HSV-1. After all, it's a coin toss. With that assumption, avoid giving oral sex to anyone during the time when you have any herpeslike symptoms, and ask the same of your sexual partners. While it's true that herpes can be contagious even when no symptoms are present, having symptoms such as sores increases the likelihood of infecting someone else.

If you don't know if it's a herpes sore or a zit near your mouth, just hold off on giving oral sex till it clears up, whatever it is. 



A KISS FROM A ROSE

Twenty-four-year-old erotic model Ashley Lane hails from the Rose City—Portland, Oregon—which she says is the perfect place for her: “I love being outside, whether it’s for a photo shoot or to go hiking with my dog or just hanging out with friends. In Portland, you have lush green forests, mountains, the ocean, the desert—everything is here.”

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



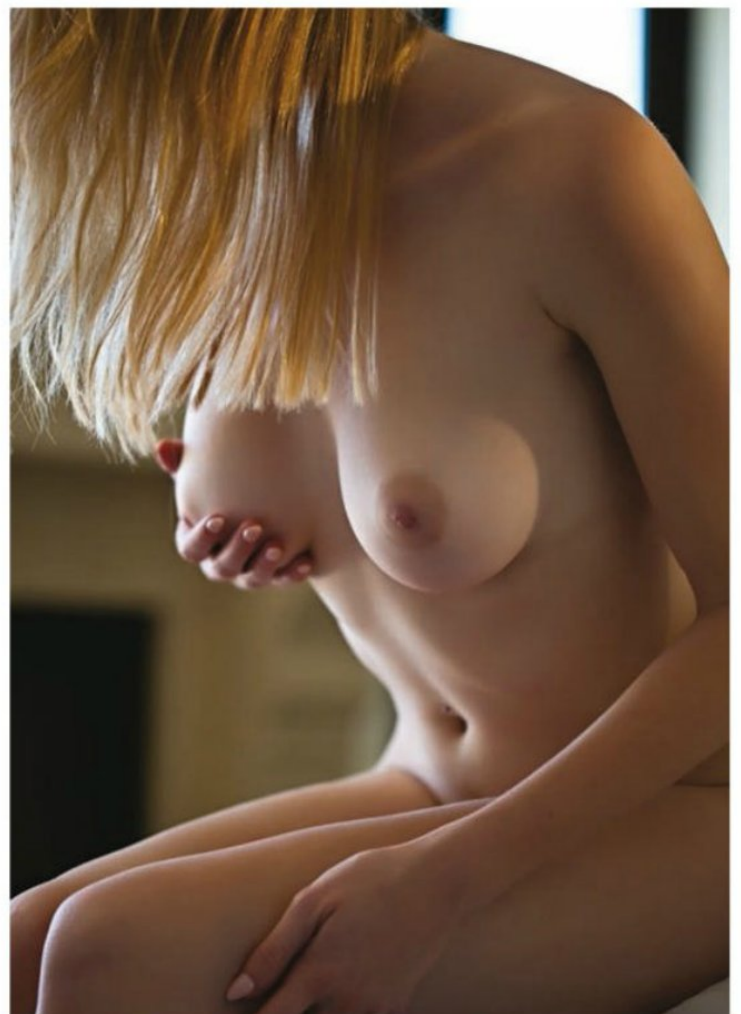
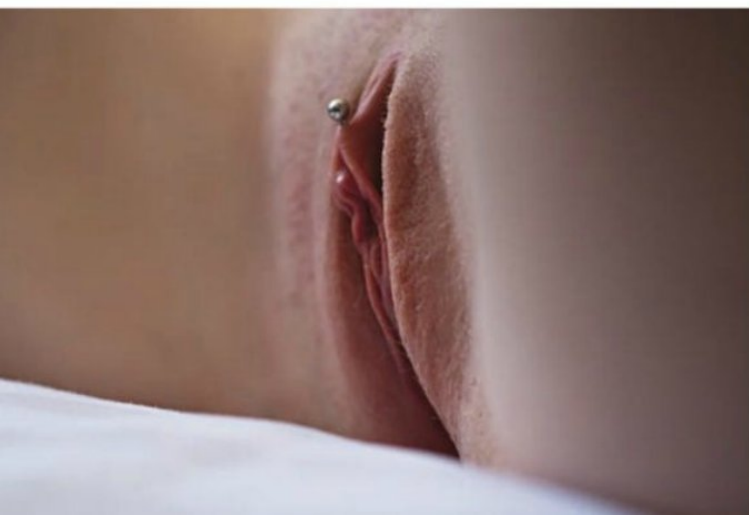


“My favorite thing about my job is getting to push my boundaries. I like to get out of my comfort zone, and I love working with photographers who will get out of their comfort zones so we can create something really beautiful and artistic. Plus, I like to please people, so when I do nude shoots, I like to think of all the people who will be looking at me and getting pleasure from my photos.”





“My very first shoot was BDSM-themed. I had been exploring that scene for a few months at the time—really exploring all the kinky aspects of it—and people were always telling me I should model, so I figured I might as well give it a try. It was a very intense shoot, but a lot of fun for me.”





“The wildest place I’ve ever had sex was in an alleyway. Not the cleanest place! I went to a BDSM event at a club once, and my boyfriend at the time totally ate me out right on San Francisco’s Mission Street. We were feeling really frisky! And I’m really experimental, so I’m always down to try new things.”



“I really love it from behind. It doesn’t even matter where. As long as I can grab on to something, and he’s rough and fucking me from behind, I’m a happy girl. But I always, always want the guy to finish first. It takes a really long time for me to get off, and I can do it myself afterward, so I’d rather focus on the guy’s orgasm. Plus, I really love come.”





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

nothing personal

When a cuckolded husband and his coworker get together, it's more than a hookup—it's a chance for them to get even.

By Sherry Anne Sullivan • Illustrations by Reiq

It is a perfect Saturday morning, with a cloudless sky and the temperature hovering at a mild 75 degrees. I've tossed and turned for more than 45 minutes, wondering whether I should get out of bed or stay in it for the entire weekend, like I've been doing for the past four weeks. My wife left me a month ago, after years of complaining that I wasn't successful enough, never did anything spontaneous, and, most of all, didn't arouse her libido. I really should be out celebrating, since my family and friends think Joyce's leaving is the best thing that could have happened to me.

Yesterday at work, a small group of friends insisted I attend the beach jazz festival with them today, and I suppose I should be grateful for the invitation.

Since I live just a couple of miles from the ocean, I decide to ride my bike there. Parking is always a bitch, plus I could use the endorphin rush. Not that I'm out of shape. I still have my same cut abs, tight washboard waist, all my dark hair (with a few grays), and thick black eyelashes that made all the girls at school lust after me. Maybe I don't earn six figures like Joyce expects, but at least I can still pass for 30 instead of my real age of 45.

Cruising at a comfortable speed, I make it to the festival gates by 12:30 P.M. Roger and Daphne are waiting anxiously for me to secure my bike so we

can go inside and see the sexy Dana Fuchs perform.

"Come on, Ryan," Daphne urges, bouncing her leg like she has to piss. "Don't worry about getting a beer. We've got a huge cooler full and everyone has been waiting for you."

"We got here five hours ago so we could get a front-row spot," Roger adds. "Hopefully there will be some beer left by the time we get back. Josh has been double-fisting."

"Oh, yeah," Daphne rolls her eyes as she takes my hand to lead the way. "He also brought along a few of the girls from HR."

It feels a little weird to be holding Daphne's hand while Roger is right next to us. Although he doesn't seem to care that his chick is touching me, so I guess it shouldn't bother me. It also doesn't surprise me that Josh showed up with a harem. He's quite proud of his title as company player, and he didn't feel guilty about swapping spit with my wife during a work picnic. He was the first to congratulate me for kicking her out; I didn't bother to mention that it was she who left, especially when he told me they'd slept together a few nights after the picnic.

After squeezing through hundreds of bodies, the three of us make it to their prime spot. Everyone from the accounting department is happy to see me and glad I decided to come. Someone passes me a bottle and I end up doing a couple of shots of Patrón and chasing them with a beer.



Reign!

"Way to put some down!" Josh shouts, being his usual obnoxious drunk self and giving me a fake punch in the shoulder.

"Impressive," the girl beside him comments.

I'm about to let out a tremendously loud belch ... until her eyes meet mine. Somehow, I contain the massive bubble of beer gas traveling up my throat, transfixed by her looks. With the sun shining down, her eyes appear to be a translucent green, like the color of emeralds. She has this long, flowing mane of dark mahogany curls that reaches the middle of her back. The ripped black jersey she's wearing clings to her gorgeous breasts, exposing most of her cleavage. My gaze travels down to the cutoff jean shorts that show off her toned thighs, right down to the cute sandals on her manicured feet. She has a small dragonfly tattoo by her ankle, but I won't hold that against her when she has so much else going on. Looking through the crowd, I see a lot of hot chicks, but this mysterious woman has my full attention—with both heads.

"You and Sheila haven't met yet," Josh says, noticing the attraction between us. "Ryan," he continues, "this is my girlfriend, Sheila, from human resources."

We slowly shake hands without losing eye contact. "I can't believe we haven't met before."

"Well," she replies, "I just transferred here about two months ago, and if you don't have any issues with the company or your coworkers, it could be years before we'd run into each other." She chuckles. I love the sound of her laugh.

When Dana Fuchs begins to sing, the crowd really starts to get into the music. She has a beautiful, soulful voice that has a way of seducing you. As Josh preoccupies himself by checking out every nearby female body, as well as making lewd comments about the singer, I stand close behind Sheila and play with the mahogany curls resting on her shoulders. I keep wondering when she's going to pull away. Instead, she takes a step back, closer to my chest. When the back of her ass rubs against my crotch, my cock instantly begins to swell and strain against my jeans.

Quickly, I look over at Roger and Daphne to see if they notice. With their arms wrapped around each other and their eyes focused ahead, they appear clueless. Everyone around us is entranced by the music. It's been years since a woman turned me on like this, and I don't want the moment to end.

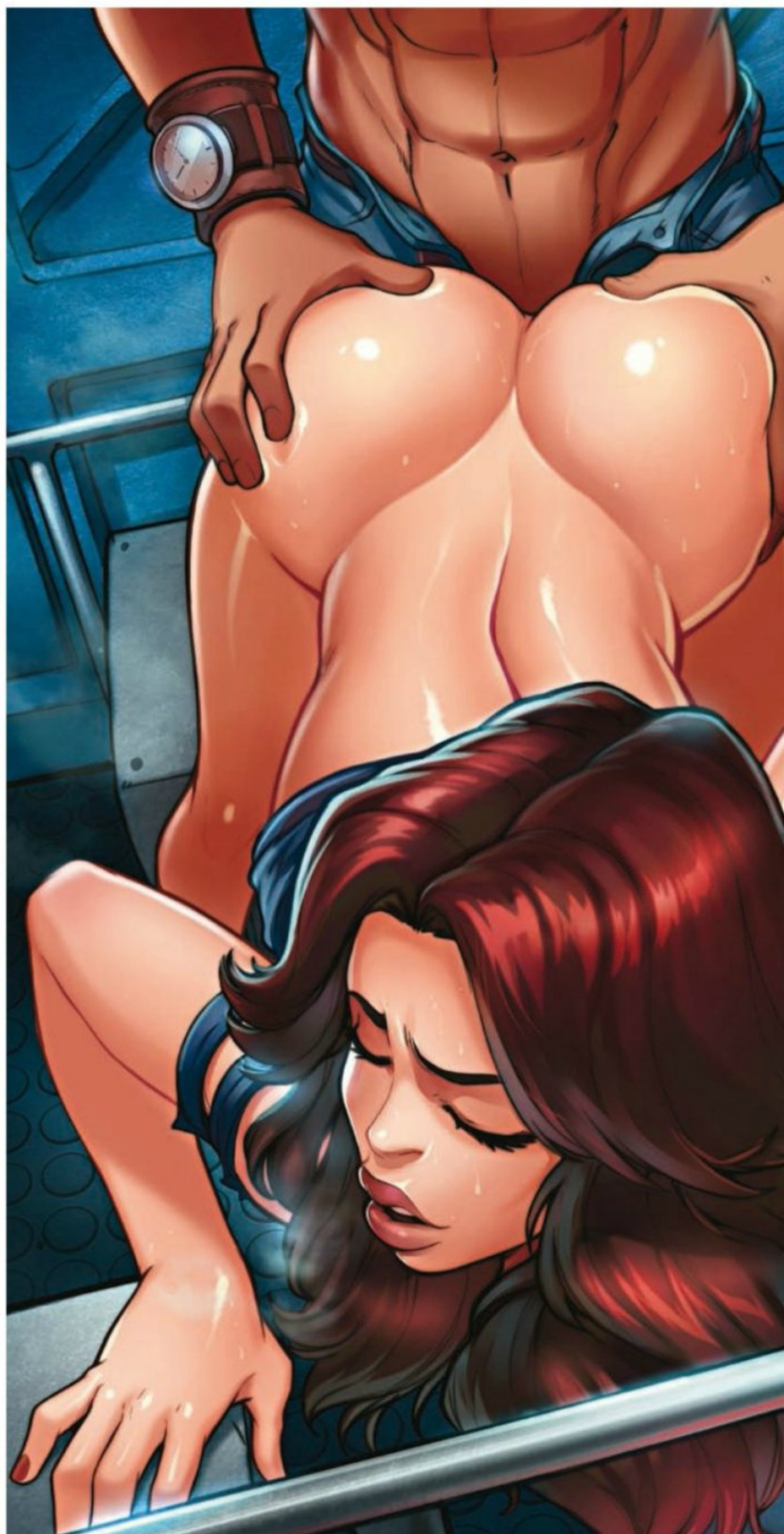
"I gotta use the restroom," Sheila announces.

Josh looks at her, and then spots a blonde giving him the eye. "I think I'm going to check out the T-shirts," is all he says. "Take your time."

"I'll guard the door for you, Sheila," I offer. "You can't trust these porta johns."

"Thanks, man," Josh replies, putting his hand on my shoulder, and then whispers sarcastically, "Women with their female issues. Fucking pain in my ass."

If he only knew what I'm about to do, I think, as I grab Sheila's soft little hand and lead her through the crowd. We push our way through the sea of intoxicated bodies and toward the porta johns in the parking lot. The lines are ten people deep, but I pull Sheila with me to the front of a line that's all





Once I thrust the entire length of my shaft deep inside her cunt, **I pound her harder and harder from behind.**

guys. I look back and give them a nod, and they let us pass without argument. They all know any other dude would do the same thing in their position.

Lucky for us, it's a larger, handicapped john with a small seat next to the toilet. I close the lid on the disgusting container, hiding the contents as well as the smell. Pulling Sheila close to me, I lock the door behind us. Both of us look into the other's eyes, breathing heavily, with no clue why we're taking such a risk, while at the same time knowing how badly we want each other.

No words are exchanged as I cup her delicate chin with the palm of my hand and press my mouth against hers. My instinct is to devour her flesh as my mouth moves from her soft lips, down her neck, until my lips find her hard nipple. I can taste the salt from her skin, smell the sweet scent of jasmine in her perfume, and my tongue tingles at the thought of tasting her pussy. I shove my hand down inside her shorts, feeling the wetness between her thighs. Sheila's pussy is clean-shaven, and my fingers rub that sensitive spot every woman wants touched. I can feel her cunt getting wetter and wetter when I push my fingers deeper into her tight hole. The murmur of a thousand voices surrounds us from outside as Sheila grinds her pussy against my hand and starts to moan.

Before she gets too loud, I pull my fingers from her cunt and shove them into her mouth. The taste of her own pussy juice seems to quiet her. With one hand in her mouth, I take the other and pull down her shorts and wet panties. My tongue dives between her swelling pussy lips, savoring her sweet juices as she continues to suck her juices from my fingers.

Her hips start bucking and I know she's close to coming. I latch on to her clit, sucking her little nub harder and harder. It isn't long before she grinds her cunt hard against me and I feel her come flowing into my mouth. The intense satisfaction I feel from giving her that orgasm warms my body from head to toe. My cock is so hard, I feel it might explode if I don't get it inside her pussy immediately.

Before Sheila can resist, I turn her around by the shoulders so her hands are resting against the plastic outhouse walls. I shove her feet apart and get her perfect ass in position. But now my cock is throbbing so hard I'm not sure how long I'll last in her tight hole. I tell her to take it into her mouth and get it good and wet for her pussy. Eager to submit, she quickly turns and drops to her knees on the outhouse floor and feverishly sucks me off. As I thrust deep into her mouth, I wrap my hands around her long hair and

push her head farther down my shaft. I think I hit the back of her throat a couple of times, and decide I'm lubed up enough.

Turning her back around, I work my thick cockhead slowly into her pussy. Once in, it's all over as I thrust the entire length of my shaft deep inside her cunt. I take a big handful of her dark curls between my fingers and pound her harder and harder from behind. The outhouse walls are beginning to shake and I can hear the voices outside, talking about what's going on. Eighteen months of abstinence and pent-up frustration take over and I can't stop. I couldn't care less if there were a million people outside listening to us. If I get arrested after this, it will be completely worth it.

Sheila is biting her hand, holding her screams of ecstasy at bay as I fuck her. I'm about to blow when I notice her hips grinding against me again. *She's going to come again, she's going to come*, is all I can think as I try to hold off to give her another three minutes of intense pounding. As her sweat-lined body begins to jerk, I pull my cock out of her dripping pussy and blow a huge load all over her bare ass. Her juices trickle down her thighs as thick gobs of semen fill her crack. I watch in awe as my come slides down her beautiful ass cheeks and onto the dirty vinyl floor for the next patron to step in.

Breathing heavily, sweat dripping down our bodies, Sheila and I can only stare at each other as we try to stand. The spell is suddenly broken when somebody raps on the door, asking if he can use the john before he pisses his pants.

We laugh as we try to clean ourselves the best we can with the last tiny bit of toilet paper, and shove our clothes back on.

"What are you going to tell Josh?" I ask. "You think he has any clue?"

"I hope so," Sheila says, shocking me. We finish putting our clothes on and walk out the door with a hundred eyes staring at us. A couple of dudes even pat me on the back. I laugh, wondering if Sheila was being sarcastic. I have no intention of spilling what just happened between us. But judging by the way she said that, I start to wonder.

"Seriously, you're not really going to tell him, are you?" I ask again.

"Honesty, Ryan, I'm going to enjoy telling him, and you should, too."

"Why is that?" I ask, even though I'm pretty sure I already know the answer.

"Josh and I had been dating for 14 months before I transferred here to try to make our relationship work. Then I caught him having an affair with a friend's wife," she explains.

"You mean my wife, Joyce?"

"I'm sorry, Ryan," she says, caressing my shoulder. "He's been screwing around with Joyce, along with a few others. But to fuck one of your friend's wives is really low, even for him. I figured when I moved here, I would eventually meet you and give him a little payback. I just had no idea an accountant could be so attractive. Joyce is an idiot for cheating on you."

"So is Josh," I smile at her. "Ready to go tell him?"

"Hell, yeah," she says, straightening her shirt. "I've been ready for a long time."



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PROFILE

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Height: 4'10"
Bra size: 34C
Home state: Louisiana

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Four years
“Watching *Cathouse* on HBO, I would fantasize about being a Bunny, giving pure pleasure to men and women. Going into the sex business seemed completely natural for me. And not only are my bills paid, but I feel like I’m making a difference in people’s lives. I’m right at home here.”

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

“Anything goes with me. I love the playground our bodies provide. I need the passion and the attention, and I love pleasing my partners. But it isn’t just about getting men off. It’s about showing people love and affection—something that many people can’t find in their regular lives.”

“My favorite kind of client is a nerdy one. I’m a nerd, so I have a lot in common with them. Plus, we can talk about things like alien conspiracy theories, videogames, or our favorite sci-fi or fantasy shows, like *Game of Thrones*.”

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

“My very first client asked if he could rub his penis on my arms while I was fully clothed, one guy wanted me to do him in the ass with a strap-on, and another wanted to watch me pee. Some of this may seem really weird to people, but it’s pretty normal to me, and I’ve always been able to accommodate my clients. Maybe one day I’ll get a request that’s really out there, though.”

“Working at the Ranch has shown me that people have different desires spread across the spectrum of imagination, and that my fantasies and fetishes are shared by others. It’s opened me up to sharing new experiences with my clients. It’s very freeing to let yourself go and try something new—and nothing gets the blood pumping and adrenaline flowing like sex with someone new.”

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

“The wildest party I’ve had was with a newly married celebrity couple. They were celebrating their honeymoon. They came in just to see me, and it was a complete surprise—I had no idea they were interested in me. And we had an awesome time! He did me doggie-style while I was inside her with a strap-on. She did me with a strap-on while I sucked him. I even licked her ass. *Mmm*... it was such a good time!”

TEACHING OVERVIEW

“Engage in some dirty talk. A lot of men are quiet in the bedroom, but the woman shouldn’t be the only one moaning and saying dirty things. Come on, fellas. At the very least, tell her to suck your cock and fuck that dick!”



“I never fake it with my clients. They can feel me tighten around their cock when I come. And I always make sure they come as many times as possible, and in as many positions as possible. I make every party one that neither of us will ever forget.”



THREE-CARD MAMA AND THE PHILADELPHIA KID

Our series of retrospective pictorials continues with this set from July 1995.

Joe's Speakeasy ... 2 A.M. Lydia, alias Three-Card Mama, had mercilessly cleared the table, sending the boys back to the mean streets, their pockets empty and their tails between their legs. Thinking the fun was over, she ordered one last drink before counting her winnings. Suddenly, through the dense cigar smoke and dim lights, came a gruff challenge. Emerging from the shadows was Sara,

the Philadelphia Kid, the most notorious—and sexy—poker hustler on the eastern seaboard. Lydia's gambling juices started flowing once again. The Kid had been known to leave a wake of destruction in her path, and Lydia was drawn like a moth to the perilous flame. "What's your game?" she demanded. "You know my game," countered her nemesis. "Don't try to con a con."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





Each woman exercised caution. Lydia satisfied herself that the Philadelphia Kid had nothing up her sleeve. Sara made equally sure that Three-Card Mama laid all her cards on the table. Then Sara played her cards right, allowing Lydia the illusion of command... all the while raising the stakes.





Exhausting themselves deep into the night while simultaneously feeding an infinite craving to conquer, the gamblers each executed a personal sting. But who would emerge the better player? Even Lydia's most convincing poker face couldn't hide the fact that the heated pressure was getting to her.





Fedoras and braces were shed to relieve the tension, and the wanton wagers took a turn at five-card stud. The Philadelphia Kid quickly lived up to her reputation, and Lydia learned that she didn't stand a chance under the silken hand of such a pro. With one fevered shuffle and a masterful deal, Sara executed the move she was notorious for: the ace in the hole. At once, her opponent raised, folded, and flushed. She surrendered the kitty to its rightful owner, and the winner, of course, took all.



The Reunion

I went back to my old hometown to visit friends who still live there, checking into a motel so I was able to come and go as I pleased. I enjoyed seeing everyone and checking out the numerous changes around town. While I was there, I heard about a weekend reunion for the class that graduated two years before mine, and decided to crash it, since it was a small school and I'd known them all.

I chose to go the first night, when they were having an informal cocktail party at a relatively new country club. There were about 80 people mingling around, and I enjoyed meeting spouses and catching up—until two men showed up late. I recognized Kevin and Jay immediately. They had been inseparable all through school and roomed together in college.

I had fond memories of one party at their off-campus apartment. My friend ended up in the sack with her crush, leaving me to entertain Kevin and Jay. I'd gotten pretty horny knowing my friend was in the bedroom getting fucked repeatedly, so I was an easy conquest when Kevin got me alone in the kitchen. He took me to his room, where we got naked and fucked. His dick wasn't quite five inches long and he didn't have the skills to get me off, even though he came twice. I was trying to get him up for another go, but he said he needed time to regroup. He said he could send in Jay if I needed more company. I was thrilled! Jay brought nearly eight inches of thick cock to the party, fucked me twice, and got me off three times. I woke up the next morning when he rubbed his hard dick against my ass, and while he fucked me I saw Kevin watching. But he left the room before we finished and didn't come back to get any pussy. I hadn't seen either of them since that day.

At the cocktail party, I watched as they mingled with the others, talking and drinking, slowly working their way over to where I was sitting. The two ladies I was talking to excused themselves, leaving the three of us alone. Jay said, "I can't believe how great you look!" Kevin said, "She sure does! And I'll bet she's just as good in the sack and as adventurous as she was 20 years ago."

I'll skip the small talk to say that 45 minutes later they were in my motel room, stripping me down to my panties. Then I lay in the middle of the



I leaned forward, inviting Kevin to fuck me in the ass. He slathered his cock with lube, then slowly eased his dick in up to his nuts.

bed watching a man strip on either side. I looked from one hard cock to the other, and they were just as I remembered: Kevin's was about five inches long and kind of thin, sticking up out of his red pubic hair, as rigid as a piece of pipe. Jay's was still a whopper, long and thick as my wrist. It was too heavy to stand straight up, but stuck out above a set of balls that looked like they belonged on a bull. I raised my butt to push my panties down and off.

They stood there looking at me until I said, "I thought you guys wanted a piece of ass?"

Kevin was the first to join me for a long, passionate kiss, and his hand gently caressed my dripping pussy. I whispered, "Come on, baby, fuck me." Kevin had learned a lot since that night in college when he'd just humped me until he busted his nut, leaving me in the dust. He was grinding his pelvis against mine in such a sensual way that he soon had me coming in waves. I was in the process of my third orgasm when he stiffened and came inside my cunt.

He collapsed on top of me until he caught his breath, then he rolled off, saying, "Damn, Jay, she's better than the first time I nailed her. Get yourself some now that I have her greased up for you, like in the old days."

Jay embraced me while fingering my freshly fucked pussy, then said,

"Damn, girl, I need you now."

I urged him to mount me and he just sank into my creamy depths. He whispered, "I can't believe how tight your pussy still is. Oh, God, that feels good!" He would take a few strokes, then stop, trying to control himself and make it last. That frustrated me, so I told him to let it go, saying we had all night to fuck. He came soon after that, unleashing a real gusher.

We rested for half an hour, until I saw both were erect again. I took them on again, this time with Jay on his back while I straddled him, getting his fat cock deep in my cunt. I leaned forward, inviting Kevin to fuck me in the ass. He slathered his cock with lube, then slowly eased his skinny little dick in up to his nuts. He felt perfect in there. I hadn't been buttfucked in about ten years, and this was the first time I'd ever been double penetrated. God, it felt good to be stuffed with cock!

They found a good rhythm, moving slowly in and out of me alternately, giving us all exquisite pleasure. Amazingly, we all reached our peaks within seconds of one another. We slept soundly until the next morning.

Jay was anxious to get inside me again, so I just assumed the missionary position and let him mount me. Kevin watched his buddy bang me for about ten minutes, till Jay popped his cork and dismounted.

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Kevin replaced him, humping me fast, like a bunny. After several minutes, he said, "I've heard about sloppy seconds all my life, but I've never had any until now. This is the best night I've ever had."

Kevin fucked me till we both came, then gave Jay one last turn while we showered. After that, we went to have breakfast. I bid them good-bye, thinking I'd probably never see either of them again. I sure didn't regret crashing that party!—*K.B., Idaho*

■ The Pearl Necklace

I met Nicole one day at her job. I needed a Mother's Day gift, and Nicole helped me pick out a nice necklace with a hanging pearl for my mother. When we were done, she gave me her number.

I called her a week later, and we ended up talking for more than two hours. We agreed to hook up at a club that night. After dancing and rubbing up on each other all night, I gave her a kiss that lasted longer than I intended. My hands fell to the small of her back, and then on her butt. I invited her back to my place so we could finish what we'd started.

When we got to my apartment, we kissed as we pulled at each other's clothes. Nicole followed my lead as I walked toward my bedroom, then when I lifted her she wrapped her long legs around my waist.

I lay her on the bed and began undressing, unbuckling my belt. She got on her knees in front of me, unzipped my jeans, and pulled out my long, fat, semi-hard love meat. She gazed up at me as she allowed her tongue to slither across the head of my member, before taking the entire head into her warm, velvety mouth. She closed her eyes as if she were savoring her favorite flavor, and moaned as she looked up at me again. She deep-throated me and squeezed with her jaw, tightening her grip around my pole. I grabbed a fistful of her hair and fucked her face.

Just before I blew my load, I pulled out and jerked off onto her, giving her a pearl necklace of her own.—*S.L., New Hampshire*

■ Playing Doctor

Nick had just parked his car at his office when I drove into the lot on Saturday afternoon, so we walked



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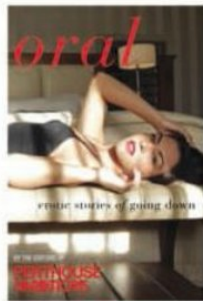
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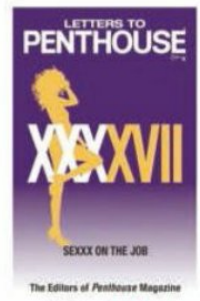
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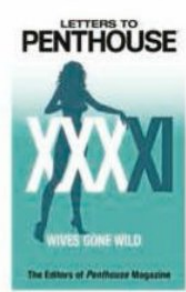
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in together. He picked up a clipboard that was lying on the counter and led me back to an exam room. He handed me a patient gown, told me to put it on with the opening in the front, then left me alone, knocking on the door and asking if I was ready before coming back in. I love how he maintains his office persona when we play this game!

After taking my vitals, Nick asked me to lie back. He slipped the gown off my shoulders, pulled on some latex gloves, and checked my breasts and nipples closely, then said, "Your breasts are perfect."

He pulled up his stool, guiding my feet into the stirrups. After warming a bit of lube, he inserted the speculum so he could check my cervix and inner walls. After he removed the speculum, his fingers lingered in the slippery folds of my pussy. His thumb teased my swelling clit while his middle finger massaged my G spot, arousing me to the point of no return.

I said, "Oh, God, Nick, I want you

Keeping my feet braced in the stirrups helped me put my ass into meeting Nick's forceful thrusts.



now! Just drop your pants and fuck me right here."

In seconds, Nick's dick was balls-deep in my hungry pussy, fucking me hard till his hot, creamy load spurted into my depths and he groaned loudly. He's always quick to reload, so I held him right where he was. Within a few minutes, he was humping me again. I loved that keeping my feet braced in the stirrups helped me put my ass into meeting his forceful thrusts.

This time Nick had more staying power, bringing me to three blissful orgasms before injecting a second large dose of semen into my womanhood, then collapsing on top of me.

After we dressed, Nick picked up his clipboard and said, "Should I put down that your vagina has been thoroughly tested and personally approved by your doctor?"

"Perhaps that should be considered confidential information, Doctor."—C.M., Colorado

■ On the Hunt

It was my favorite time of year: hunting season. The motel next to the bar where I work fills up with whitetail hunters, and I have my choice of fine young bucks to pick up for a night or two of fun. I'm in my early forties now, and I've never been more comfortable in my own skin, or more sure of my sexual appeal.

About a half hour before last call, nine men in their mid-twenties came in. It was obvious they were hunters from out of town wanting to have a good time. They came over to the bar one by one to hit on me, using the corniest lines I'd ever heard, and I brushed them off, thinking their abilities in bed were likely to be as bad as their pitches.

I had rejected six of them when the best-looking one came over, setting his empty bottle on the bar. He played it cool, ignoring me until I asked if he wanted another beer. He said yes, but quickly changed his mind. "No, I think I'd like to see if there's a place where I can get laid in this town." He'd started to leave when I said, "Why don't you wait for me to get off work?"

We introduced ourselves and chatted while I cleaned up, then I escorted them all out. Cliff and I walked away together while his pals looked on in disbelief and envy.

It was a short walk to my apartment—just around the corner and



up the stairs, since I live above the bar. Once we were in my room, there was no reason to stall. I peeled off my sweater and jeans, then slipped into bed in my bra and panties. I watched with interest as he dropped his pants with his back to me, and I saw that he wasn't wearing underwear. He turned to face me, showing off at least seven inches of extremely thick man-meat, along with an impressive set of nuts.

I reached to unhook my bra as he watched, and I saw his cock stir. He lay down beside me, fondling my ample tits, saying, "I've never seen anything like your tits, babe. These are gorgeous."

I don't usually like to kiss strange men, but his breath was sweet in spite of the beer, and he was a great kisser. It took 15 minutes till his hand

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drifted down to rub the soaking-wet crotch of my bikini panties before finally working them down and off. His fingers toyed with my trimmed hair, making me think he'd only been with girls who shaved or waxed.

I finally asked him to fuck me, and he grabbed a condom. He was in up to his bloated nuts after two gentle strokes, then he held still, saying, "Damn! You handled that more easily than I expected you to."

I laughed and said, "Hey, I may be small, but I've got a pretty accommodating cunt."

"You're the only woman I've ever heard say that word."

"What, 'cunt'? I love the word 'cunt.'"

Cliff chuckled and said, "Well, I can't believe how tight your cunt is. I'm going to give it the best fucking I can."

He began with long, slow strokes, dragging the top of his cock across my swollen clit with each thrust, and quickly starting an orgasm building in my loins. The speed of his strokes increased as his level of excitement grew. God, this guy knew how to fuck a woman, giving as much pleasure as

he was receiving and then some. My climax hit me suddenly, and I came so hard my body shuddered as my cunt clutched his still-thrusting cock.

We were drenched from my ejaculation—something that used to embarrass me until I found I was very fortunate to have that ability. Most men like knowing they've caused me to orgasm that hard.

Cliff realized what had happened and said, "Oh, my God, you squirted! I've never seen a woman do that."

He hadn't come yet, and he was still fucking me hard, so I got my ass in gear, meeting him thrust for thrust. I felt his cock jerk a split second before he gushed, and my second orgasm hit when I felt the warm wetness filling the rubber.

Later, he mounted me for a second exciting bout of hot sex, and he was pounding me a third time when his wristwatch alarm went off at 4 A.M., the time he was supposed to get up to go hunting. I spent the next three nights getting soundly fucked by this younger man. And he was thoroughly exhausted by the time he left for home!—C.M., *Minnesota*

The Request

I'm in my late fifties, and I've led a very promiscuous life, getting down and dirty with more men than I could ever remember—if I hadn't documented them in my diaries. My husband finds reading about my adventures arousing, and Kenny and I have sex several times a week, as he's 15 years younger and still a very horny guy. Eventually, reading my sexual stories wasn't enough. Kenny asked me to screw another man while he hid behind a two-way mirror and watched. I told him yes, but that I got to choose the man.

About a month later, I took my car in to be serviced and met a very charming young man in the waiting room. We talked for an hour, with him dropping several subtle sexual remarks. Our cars were ready at the same time, and he invited me to go have a cup of coffee.

While sitting across the table, he slowly reached out and took my hand, saying, "I've never before found myself attracted to a married woman, but I'd give anything to get you into bed."

I jotted down my phone number

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A001



My husband got quite a show. Jim gave me an outstanding fuck.

and told him to call me the next afternoon. Jim was quite good-looking and very clean-cut, and more polite and respectful than he sounds. I knew Kenny would be thrilled.

Jim showed up promptly at one on Saturday, while my husband was on a "fishing outing" for the day. I told Jim he couldn't be in the house much longer than an hour to keep the neighbors from talking, but I wasn't really worried about that. Kenny had let them see him outside just before Jim arrived.

I led Jim to the guest room, trying not to look at the mirror where my husband was watching. Kenny had installed that mirror specifically for today. I had stripped the bed to just the bottom sheet and two pillows, so I walked over to stand beside it. Jim embraced me passionately as he unzipped the back of my dress while kissing my neck and ears, which I love. Brushing the dress off my shoulders left me in my bra and a pair of white hip-hugging panties. Then Jim stepped back to strip, revealing a toned body and a nice erect cock, about six inches long and quite thick.

Jim unhooked my bra, freeing my 34C breasts, which I'm proud to say sag very little for my age. Jim eased me down on the bed before reaching to remove my panties. I raised and spread

my knees, blatantly displaying my vagina as I felt my labia splay open to reveal the core of my sex.

He reached out to trace his finger along my lips. "I think I'll eat you out and make you come all over my face before I fuck your brains out."

He did just that, making me climax twice before I was far too sensitive to have oral sex anymore. I told him I wanted to be fucked hard and fast.

He didn't hesitate, entering me so slowly it was almost agonizing. It seemed like a lifetime before his balls were resting in the crack of my ass. God, his cock was so damn hard and hot in my pussy. Then my husband got quite a show. Jim gave me an outstanding fuck, hammering the hell out of me for nearly 20 minutes and giving me a stronger orgasm than I'd experienced in years, just moments before he spewed a load up my snatch.

When he rolled off, he said, "Give me a few minutes and I'll be ready to go one more time." I told Jim I couldn't do that, but that I'd really enjoyed fucking him and I would be willing to have him over again the next time my husband went someplace. He said he would love to get together again.

Kenny had me on my back on our bed in minutes. He told me that was the hottest thing he'd ever seen, and he was delighted to hear me tell Jim I'd fuck him again. So far, Kenny has watched Jim screw me on five occasions, and I've really enjoyed performing for my husband.—L.G., California

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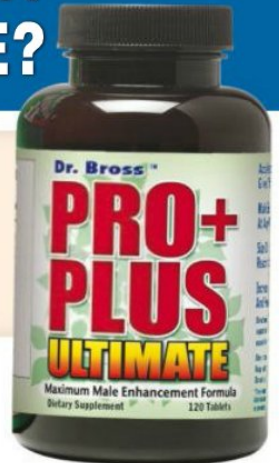


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will she?™

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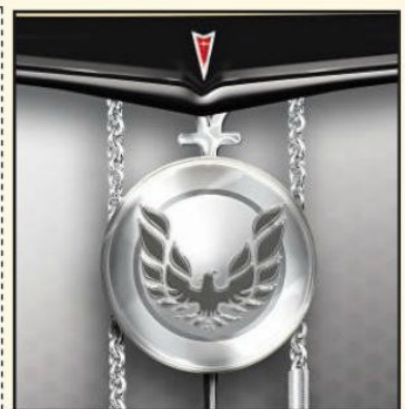
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