

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



**SWEET SPOT:  
INSIDE THE  
CULT THAT  
MASTURBATES  
TO MEDITATE**

**THE AUSSIE  
JOURNO WHO WAS  
KIDNAPPED BY ISIS  
TERRORISTS**

**THE MAN WHO  
TURNS DEAD  
BODIES INTO ART**

**WHY WEIRD SEX  
IS THE KEY TO  
HAPPINESS**

**PLUS:  
QUENTIN TARANTINO  
KANYE WEST  
RICKY GERVAIS**

DECEMBER 2015 | \$14.95 NZ \$15.90



9 770158 065008

**UNRESTRICTED**

**M (Mature)**

**NOT RECOMMENDED FOR  
READERS UNDER 15 YEARS**

# BORN IN SAPPORO



**JAPAN'S OLDEST BRAND  
SINCE 1876**



[www.sapporobeer.com.au](http://www.sapporobeer.com.au)

Drink Responsibly



Discover the taste  
of generations...



DEJA VU SAKE CO

デジャウ 酒 カンパニー

出羽  
桜

天狗の舞



Dewazakura and Tengumai sake is crafted from the finest ingredients and purest local water, brewed using traditional methods passed down for generations.

[WWW.DEJAVUSAKE.COM.AU](http://WWW.DEJAVUSAKE.COM.AU)



# PENTHOUSE

## EDITOR

James Branson  
jamesb@phpublications.com

## ART DIRECTOR

Gavin Morrison

## PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR

Gavriel Maynard

## CONTRIBUTORS

Will Colvin, Ayla Darling, Rob Scott, Anton  
Emdin, Sammie Chadwick,  
Jonathan McBurnie.

## CIRCULATION AND PRODUCTION

Bruna Rodwell  
bruna@phpublications.com

## ADVERTISING

Commercial Director: David Elliott  
(02) 8987 0320 Mobile: 0450 762 656  
david@phpublications.com

Commercial Manager: Belle Jaxson  
(02) 8987 0301 Mobile: 0467 222 354  
belle@phpublications.com

## VIDEO DIRECTOR

James Millynn  
jamesm@phpublications.com

## PUBLISHER

Filthy Gorgeous Pty Ltd  
Level 10, 1 Chandos Street,  
St Leonards NSW 2065, Australia

## EDITORIAL OFFICE

Level 10, 1 Chandos Street,  
St Leonards NSW 2065, Australia  
PO Box 2255, St Leonards NSW 1590  
Tel: (02) 8987 0330 Fax: (02) 8987 0333  
info@phpublications.com

## DISTRIBUTORS

Network Services  
Tel: (02) 8667 5228  
66-68 Goulburn St, Sydney, NSW 2000

## SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES

Network Services – Magshop  
Call within Australia: 136 116  
Mon-Fri: 9am to 5pm EST

Printed in Australia by  
Offset Alpine Printing  
offsetalpine.com.au

## PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE  
Copyright FriendFinder Networks, Inc., all rights  
reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission  
of FriendFinder Networks, Inc., original  
copyrights 2003. No part of this publication  
may be reproduced in any form, or by any  
means – electronic, mechanical, photocopying,  
recording, or otherwise – or stored in any  
retrieval system without the written permission  
of the copyright holder and the publishers.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and  
must be submitted via email; no typewritten  
traditional mail submissions will be accepted.  
Names and addresses must be included with all  
correspondence. Australian Penthouse does not  
accept responsibility for lost editorial or photo  
submissions. All unsolicited submissions remain  
the property of Australian Penthouse.



## FROM THE EDITOR

**T**his editor's letter was a tough one. In fact, as I write these here words, I still don't really know what's going to pour out of my brain next. I guess I had a weird month. It was my birthday, which, due to my own penchant for finding negativity even in the happiest of events, is something I rarely enjoy. Also, turning 34 feels old. It's the first year in which you are unable to claim any connection to your youth. At 33 you can still say, with some legitimacy, that you're in your early thirties. Now I'm solidly in my mid-thirties, and it's scary.

Getting old is something that just doesn't feel right, maybe because I'm part of a generation that has never really grown up. Case in point: I just did some quick calculations and the average age of the people who make up my group of friends is 26.

But growing up doesn't have to be scary. You can still go on benders with your mates and chase women until they tell you to *please go away immediately* or *I'm calling the police you absolute creep*. You can still act like you're an irresponsible teenager, because at heart, nobody ever grows up.

All you need to do is keep your shit together. Pay your rent or mortgage. If you've got a kid, take care of them. If you've got a wife, take care of her. If you've got employees, take care of them. Even if your job isn't ideal, do it well, because it's not as if doing an annoying job badly makes it any better, right?

Growing up doesn't mean you have to stop having a sense of humour, cease all that partying and never again stay up until eleven in the morning. You can do all that, guilt free, as long as you keep all those responsibilities in check.

Go forth and have fun with life.

James Branson



20



24



32



83

# PARADISE CITY



102



112



118





**SUBSCRIBE!  
AND RECIEVE UP TO  
\$100  
WORTH OF  
DAILYJOCKS PRODUCTS.  
SEE PAGE 100**



PENTHOUSE

# CONTENTS

DECEMBER 2015

## **11: THE DEBRIEF**

### **12: WHAT WE'VE LEARNED**

Westlife songs used by the CIA to torture terrorist suspects, the petition to change the Australian dollar to "dollarydoos", Stephen Hawking's crazy theory of black holes, the Victorian government's push for legal marijuana, and much more.

### **20: RICKY GERVAIS**

The late-blooming genius brings back his greatest comic creation.

### **24: QUENTIN TARANTINO**

The great director is back with another pop-culture take on history.

### **32: THE LOST ART OF POLITICAL SLEDGING**

Another victim of the nanny state culture.

### **36: OUTRAGE CULTURE**

We review 2015, the year of being offended.

## **52: THE INTERVIEW**

### **MICHAEL WARE**

We spoke to the Australian reporter who was on the front lines of the Iraq war, running around with members of ISIS.

## **59: BESPOKE - STYLE, TRAVEL & DRINK**

The best places to celebrate NYE, sneaker freaks... and we sip cocktails with beautiful women who tell us how to chat them up.

### **83: COVER GIRL**

Cruising around Sydney's Eastern suburbs with Khayla

## **102: FEATURE**

### **ORGASMIC MEDITATION**

Inside the quasi-religious community who worship at the altar of the female orgasm. Yeah, there's a cult about that.

### **112: GUNTHER VON HAGENS**

The German anatomist who turns dead bodies into art

### **118: KINKY SEX IS THE KEY TO HAPPINESS**

Will Colvin on how embracing your inner freak, and sharing it with your partner, makes your relationship stronger.

### **122: SLEEPING AROUND CAN BE A GOOD THING**

Our columnist, Ayla Darling, on why women are told never to sleep around, and why they should.

### **124: MEGAFANS**

Heavy metal fans are one of the few subcultures untouched by mass media. We took some portraits of these amazing characters.

### **130: WEIRD HISTORY**

The very strange history of money.

# Precious Pinot



“Growing Pinot is one of my greatest pleasures. Making quality Pinot is all about diversity of the fruit and winemaking styles, building complexity within the glass. Through our careful selection we produce over 20 different individual wines which come together for our Hill Top Pinot Noir.

- Randal Tomich

Hill Top Pinot Noir

**94 Points**

James Halliday



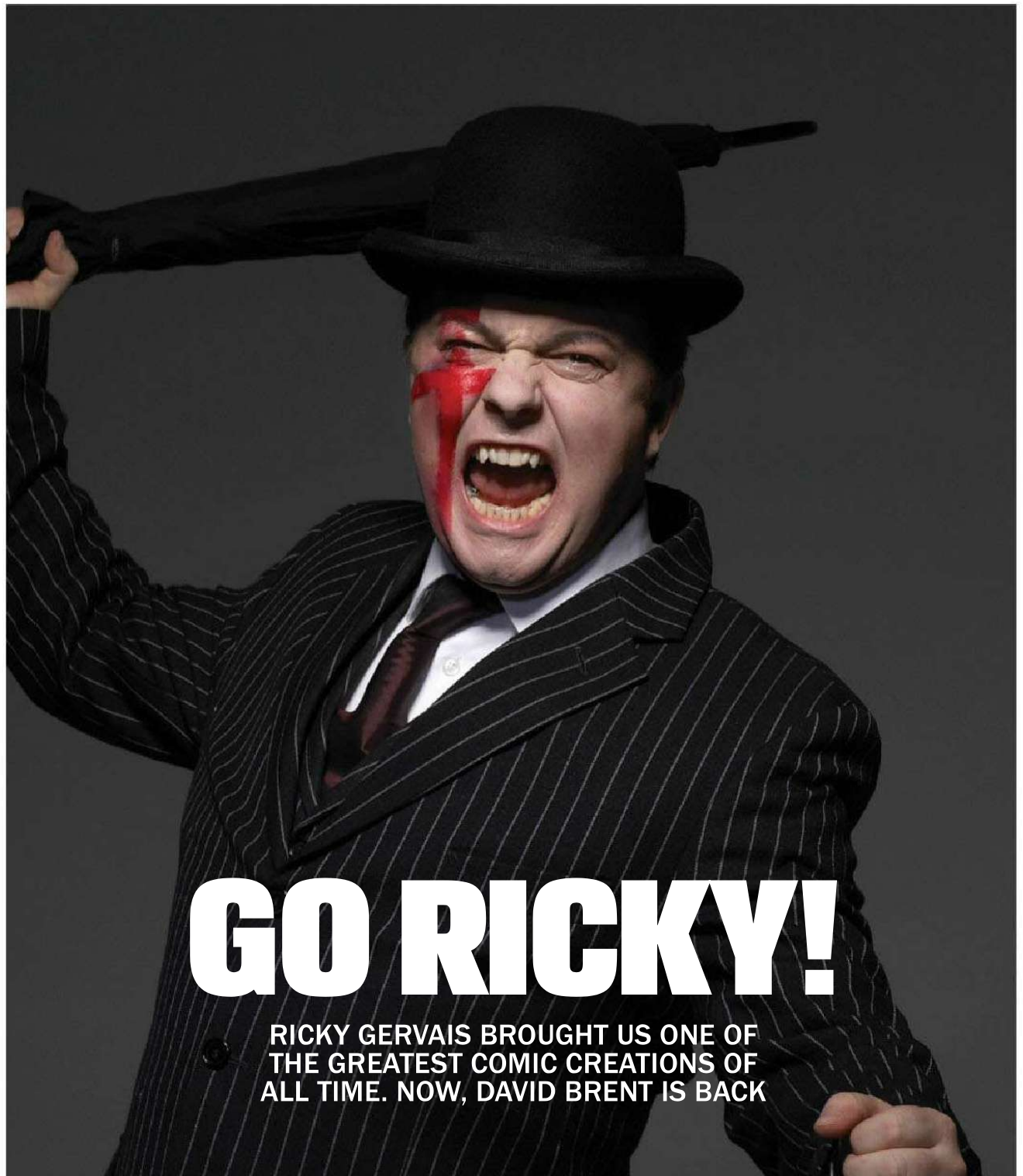
**5 Star Winery - James Halliday**

1403 Onkaparinga Valley Road, Woodside, South Australia

Cellar Door 87 King William Road, Unley, Adelaide P (08) 8299 7500 W [tomichhill.com.au](http://tomichhill.com.au)

# DEBRIEF

NEWS / PEOPLE / CULTURE / TECHNOLOGY / OPINION



## GO RICKY!

RICKY GERVAIS BROUGHT US ONE OF THE GREATEST COMIC CREATIONS OF ALL TIME. NOW, DAVID BRENT IS BACK



WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

# OXFORD UNIVERSITY BANS MAGAZINE NAMED 'NO OFFENSE' FOR BEING TOO OFFENSIVE

**T**hird-year Oxford student Jacob Williams, along with Oxford local Lulie Tannett, produced the first issue of the student magazine *No Offence* over the English summer break. The duo were to distribute the magazine at a stall they had booked at the Oxford's Freshers' Fair, however the publication has been banned from distribution at the fair by the Oxford University Students' Union (OUSU) after its content was deemed "not suitable".

The union based its ban on a regulation stating they have a right to "remove any materials, or prevent any activity, which in the view of OUSU Officers is likely to cause offence."

Williams made an appeal to the OUSU, offering to amend the magazine's content. However, this appeal was rejected by the union. Williams told news website *Versa* that a "healthy debate" surrounding tough issues is not offensive and that the union's decision "proves everything the free speech movement has been

saying. No offence OUSU, but you just shot yourself in the foot."

The "offensive" content in question is a "graphic description of an abortion, the use of an ableist slur, a celebration of colonialism and a transphobic article", according to the OUSU.

"OUSU do not want to be associated with the views in this magazine, therefore do not want it to be distributed at our event. The offensive views exhibited in this magazine do not in any way represent the majority of Oxford students, or OUSU. We would like to emphasise that the editors of *No Offence* are, of course, completely free to publish the document online, in the exact form in which it was sent to us, to enable students who wish to read it to do so."

Earlier this month, the student union at the University of East Anglia banned a local Mexican restaurant from giving out free sombreros, suggesting the hats could be perceived as racist.

Yep.

## TEXAS STUDENTS STRAP DILDOS TO THEIR BACKPACKS TO PROTEST GUN LAWS



Students at the University of Texas will be staging a protest in opposition of a new law permitting the possession guns on campus.

Instead of a rally, the students will participate in a peaceful protest, "strapping gigantic swinging dildos to our backpacks", says the event's organiser Jessica Jin.

The "Campus (Dildo)

Carry" event, initially set up on Facebook, carries the mantra of #CocksNotGlocks. *Nice.*

"You're carrying a gun to class? Yeah well I'm carrying a HUGE DILDO," says Jin on the event page. "Just about as effective at protecting us from sociopathic shooters, but much safer for recreational play."

Over 330 people joined the social media group and will be

participating in the "strap in" on August 24, 2016, which is the first day of next year's autumn semester. The new law will be in effect as of August 2016.

Jin created the event page on the same day a student was killed in a shooting at Texas Southern University. Shootings also occurred at University campuses in Oregon and Arizona earlier that week.



## GROUP LAUNCHES PETITION TO CHANGE AUSTRALIAN DOLLAR TO “DOLLARYDOOS”, GAINS OVER 40,000 SIGNATURES

In a humorous effort to drive up the value of the Australian currency, an online petition has been launched to rename the AUD ‘Dollarydoos’. The petition has gained over 40,000 signatures in the past few days since its launch on Change.org.

Of course, the term ‘Dollarydoo’ was coined by The Simpsons in a 1995 episode titled Bart vs Australia.

“This will make millions of people around the world want to get their hands on some Australian currency due to the real life Simpsons reference, driving up the value of the Australian currency,” says the petition’s author, Thomas Probst.

“If the leaders of this great nation have any common sense at all, they will introduce legislation to parliament to change the name of our currency as soon as possible.”

The joke petition has gained a serious following since Probst took the idea to Change.org.

“I’m signing this because I believe that, in modern society, there are no longer battles won by the small guys,” said one enthusiastic signee. “I believe that due to the inherent nature of capitalistic elitism and the forever diminishing values of true democracy, there is now, more than ever, a very minute chance for that ‘small guy’ to win. This presents an opportunity to break that paradigm and show that all Australians are capable of, and deserve, having a chance of success in this cruel and harsh reality.”



## THE CIA HAS BEEN USING A WESTLIFE SONG TO TORTURE TERRORIST SUSPECTS

The CIA has been using a song by Irish boyband, Westlife as a torture weapon in order to push terror suspects into submission. The American Council for Civil Liberties is suing two psychologists after they played a key role in the implementation of torture techniques, such as mock drownings, body contortions, and sleep and dietary deprivation to interrogate suspected terrorists.

One of the techniques used in the program involves playing a Westlife song over and over to the prisoners. An article posted on the ACLU website details the interrogation program, stating “The CIA used the music of an Irish boyband called Westlife to torture Suleiman Abdullah in Afghanistan. His interrogators would intersperse a syrupy song called My Love with heavy metal, played on repeat at ear-splitting volume. They told Suleiman, a newly wed fisherman from Tanzania, that they were playing the love song especially for him.”

The ACLU filed the suit against psychologists James Mitchell and Bruce Jenssen on Tuesday, and are seeking a minimum of \$75,000 in damages to be awarded to Mr Abdullah and Mohamed Ben Soud, another torture survivor.

Westlife singer Kian Egan commented on the suit and the interrogation program, saying, “This is news to my ears, but it was probably very successful for the CIA. It’s a pretty annoying song, especially to be played over and over again.”

## WOMAN SUES HER 12-YEAR-OLD NEWPHEW FOR ACCIDENTLY BREAKING HER ARM DURING A HUG

A New York woman has walked away empty handed after attempting to sue her 12-year-old nephew over a birthday party hug that left her with a broken wrist.

Jennifer Connell claimed her nephew had acted unreasonably at the party in Connecticut, in 2011, and that his excitable greeting caused her to fall and break her wrist.

Connell claimed her nephew was

riding his first two-wheeled bicycle as she arrived at the party. When he saw his aunt, he dropped the bike and ran to her. “I remember him shouting, ‘Auntie Jen, I love you!’ and there he was flying at me,” she told the jury.

She was seeking \$173,000 in damages after telling the court she found it “difficult to hold my hors d’oeuvre plate” at a party recently.

Wow. Just... wow.





## AIRBAGS PACKED WITH COCAINE KILL TWO IN BIZZARE CAR CRASH

**T**wo people have died in a car crash after their vehicle's air bags had been replaced with bricks of cocaine. Mexican police say the passenger-side air bag compartment was stripped and packed with 25 kilograms of blow. During the accident the massive bricks of snow deployed into the couriers' faces.

The crash occurred in San Fernando, in the northern border state of Tamaulipas, Mexico. Both the driver and passenger were taken to hospital by emergency services, however both died due to their injuries.



## VICTORIAN GOVERNMENT LOOKING AT LEGALISING MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

**M**edical marijuana will be legalised in Victoria, as the State Government seeks new ways to assist with those suffering serious illnesses.

In 2017, the Victorian Government will trial the drug on children with severe epilepsy. If successful, the government will legalise the drug for the use of all Victorians suffering illnesses including multiple sclerosis, cancer, HIV, AIDS, epilepsy and chronic pain (will they give me some for my chronic existential pain? –Ed). The proposed law reform will, however, need the support of the Federal Government.

The Government review panel has suggested local cultivators be licensed under the reform, and that medicinal cannabis should become available in oils, capsules, sprays and vapourisable liquids.

Before all you pot heads start celebrating, however, you need to keep one thing in mind. The drug will be prescribed by doctors and sold at pharmacies – similar to the way methedone is currently given to recovering heroin addicts. Which means it will be strictly supervised. Your dreams of fully legalised weed are still a while away, so keep your dealer's phone number on speed-dial for now.

## BRISBANE UBER DRIVER BEATEN UP BY TAXI OWNERS

A taxi service owner in Brisbane attacked an Uber driver and proceeded to boast about the incident on social media, encouraging other taxi drivers to “get more militant” and follow suit.

Greg Collins, a 30-year industry veteran and owner of the cab company Complete Taxi Management, posted to the Facebook page ‘Brisbane Taxi Driver’, after he had physically assaulted an Uber driver on Sunday.

“Fucking slap him like I did to the prick in Warner St the other night, I am fucking over them. You wait I will fucking get them. They won't and can't defend themselves, they are illegal. If it was 30 years ago in my time, they wouldn't have last five minutes”, he wrote in a grammatical error-ridden Post

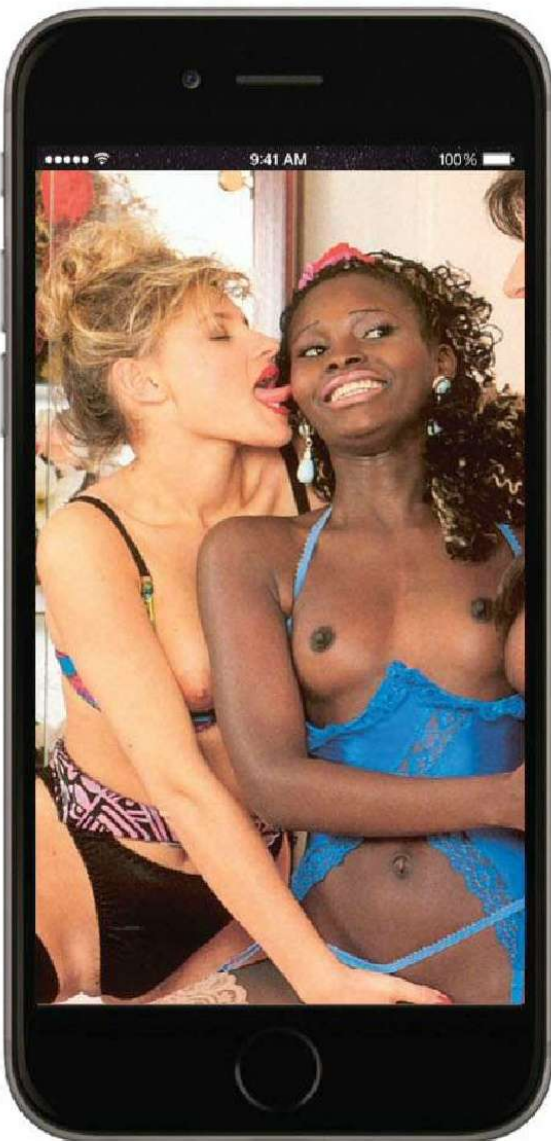
“They are fucking scabs stealing what we have all worked for.”

Three men, including two Uber drivers, have been bashed recently for either operating or riding in Uber vehicles. One man's phone was stolen, another's car was damaged, and another was treated for cuts and bruises to the head.

One of the victims said in an interview with Fairfax Media that “I strongly suspect they were off-duty taxi drivers, as they were full of hatred towards Uber and yelling that our taxis are suffering because of Uber, fuck Uber, etcetera”

A spokesman for Uber suggests the attacks were the result of a scare campaign run by the taxi lobby.





## ITALIAN COURT RULES IN FAVOUR OF MAN WHO WAS FIRED FOR WATCHING PORN AT WORK

**A**n Italian court has ruled in favour of a factory worker who was sacked after watching porn during one of his lunch breaks. According to Italy's highest court, employees cannot be fired for watching adult films during their breaks, as it shouldn't affect their ability to work.

Major car manufacturer Fiat had fired Guiseppe Z, one of their factory employees in Sicily, after bosses caught the man "catching a glimpse of a movie during his lunch break."

The court ruled in favour of Guiseppe, as there was no evidence to suggest the man watched porn during his lunch hours on a regular basis, nor did that "glimpse" affect his ability to complete his work.

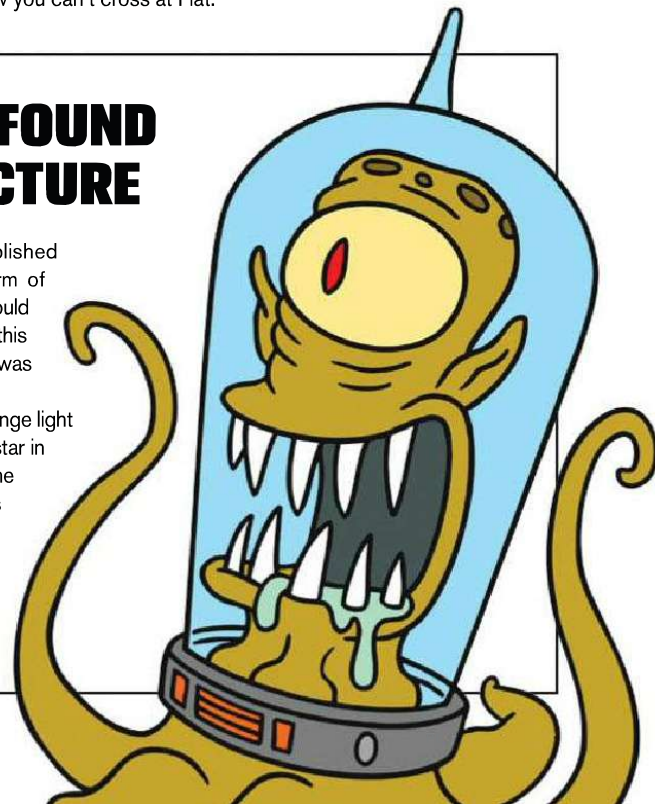
However, in another court ruling on Wednesday, Fiat was found within its rights to terminate a man's employment after he was caught smoking cannabis during his break. So there's a line you know you can't cross at Fiat.

## ASTRONOMERS MAY HAVE FOUND A GIANT ALIEN MEGASTRUCTURE

**J**ason Wright, an astronomer from Penn State University, has published a report on a "bizarre" star system that just might be a "swarm of megastructures" built by intelligent extra-terrestrials. "Aliens should always be the last hypothesis you consider," said Mr Wright, "but this looked like something you would expect an alien civilisation to build. I was fascinated by how crazy it looked."

The star system in question is named KIC 8462852. The star emits a strange light pattern, consistent with a mass of debris that normally surrounds a young star in its early years of formation. KIC 8462852, however, is relatively old, and the debris surrounding it could only have been deposited fairly recently, perhaps pulled together by some gravitational force.

No natural explanation for the formation has been forthcoming, but scientists from SETI – the Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence – have suggested it could be a huge set of solar panels placed around the star by an Alien civilisation in an effort to harness KIC 8462852's solar energy.





# GOOGLE TO THE RESCUE

**F**rom diagnosing the uncomfortable itch below your belt, to finding out what the hell Tom from Myspace is doing with himself nowadays, Google has once again saved the day after a Belgian man freed himself from abduction after flicking his boss a screenshot of his location.

Sander Cokelaere, an employee at building company SMET, was kidnapped at gunpoint and chained to a tree in a rural area of Leicestershire in the UK.

His Kidnapper, John Clarke Spence, felt he was owed \$4,500 by Cokelaere's boss, and thought kidnapping one of his employees at gunpoint was the perfect solution. Spence created a fake email account and lured the unsuspecting Cokelaere to the area under

the assumption he was there to sell a staircase. Yes, a staircase. Spence then demanded Cokelaere's bank card and pin number, and left him chained to a tree while he withdrew \$1,000 and called Peter Castro, Cokelaere's boss, demanding a ransom of \$80,000.

He further threatened to hack Castro's computer and download a bunch of child pornography if his demands weren't met.

Once alone, Cokelaere slipped a concealed smartphone out of his sock and sent a screenshot of his location from Google maps directly to his boss.

Spence is now serving eight years in prison for blackmail, kidnapping, theft and fraudulent use of a bank card and possessing an imitation firearm.

## RUSSIAN SCIENTIST INJECTS HIMSELF WITH 'ETERNAL LIFE' BACTERIA

**A**Russian scientist has admitted to injecting himself with 'eternal life' bacteria. Which sounds very Bond-villain-esque. Go Russia! Experiments have been conducted on mice and human blood cells using the bacteria, tenderly named Bacillus F, which was originally found in 2009 living in permafrost in the Sakha Republic, having remained alive for over 35 million years.

Anatoli Brouchkov, head of the Geocryology Department at Moscow State University, says he is a human guinea pig, having injected himself with Bacillus F years ago.

"I started to work longer, I've never had a flu for the last two years," the good doctor said. "After successful experiments on mice and fruit flies, I thought it would be interesting to try the inactivated bacteria culture," he said.

Brouchkov saw no harm in trying out Bacillus F on himself, and although he has responded well to the bacteria, with some noticeable effects, it may be too early to market the substance, "It still needs experiments. We have to work out how this bacteria prevents ageing."

Sorry guys, you're not going to be taking drugs that enable you to live to the ripe old age of 1,564,247 just yet.





# STEPHEN HAWKING'S NEW THEORY OF BLACK HOLES IS A LITTLE BIT OUT THERE

**S**tephen Hawking, the author of *A Brief History of Time*, perhaps the least decipherable book I've ever grappled with, has posted a blog on the KTH Royal Institute of Technology's website theorising that the end result of being sucked into a black hole might be that you'll find yourself in an alternate universe.

"The existence of alternative histories with black holes suggest this might be

possible," the famed theoretical physicist said. "The hole would need to be large, and if it was rotating, it might have passage to another universe. But you couldn't come back to our universe."

Hawking's theory is the latest answer to the "information paradox". Black holes swallow everything – time, space, matter, even Malcolm Turnbull's smirk. Trouble is, according to the laws of quantum mechanics, which I'm not even going to

begin trying to get into here, a black hole's consumption of everything in its path makes no sense whatsoever. It should be impossible.

The truth is nobody really knows what happens inside black holes. Up until Hawking's alternate universe theory, most physicists thought anyone entering them would be crushed into an infinitesimally small dot. Which just doesn't sound pleasant at all.



GET THE PICTURE

## **THIS IS MARS. THERE'S LIQUID WATER SOMEWHERE HERE**

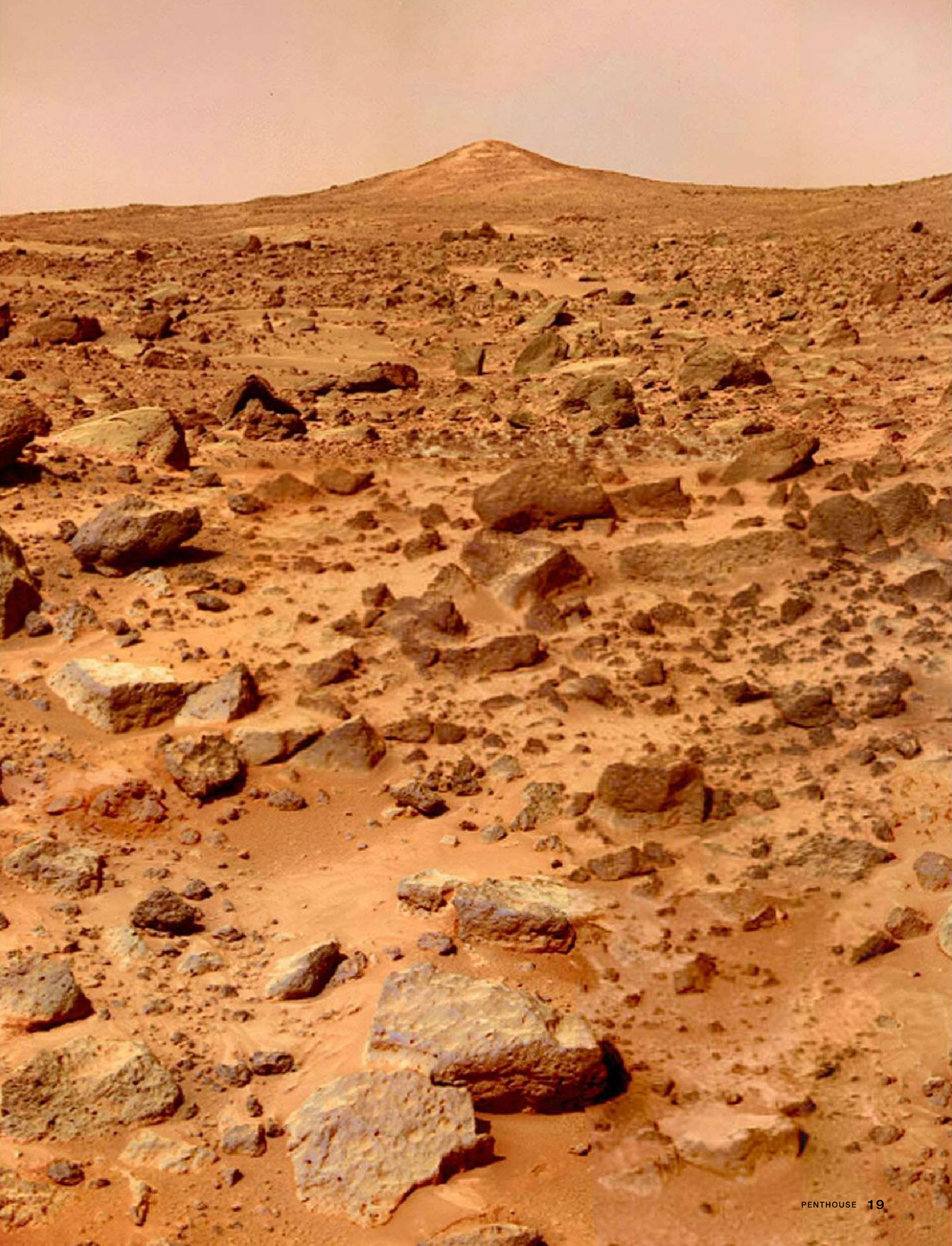
**N**ASA, the organisation whose employees hold the key to humanity's survival when earth eventually goes completely balls up in about ten years, has found undeniable evidence of liquid water flowing on Mars.

Using an imaging spectrometer (don't ask us what that is, sounds too technical), scientists working on NASA's Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter detected signatures of hydrated minerals in slopes where mysterious streaks had been spotted on our neighbouring planet.

The streaks appear all around Mars when the climate warms up, and disappear during winter. The new findings of hydrated slopes point to a shallow river of water flowing on Mars.

"When most people talk about water on Mars, they're usually talking about ancient or frozen water" said Rick Zurek, a project scientist at NASA's awesomely-named Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

"Now we know there's more to the story."





# THE JOKER

**WITH ZERO EXPERIENCE, RICKY GERVAIS WAS GIVEN A TELEVISION SHOW THAT AGAINST ALL ODDS BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST COMEDIES OF ALL TIME. NOW HE'S BRINGING HIS GENIUS CREATION, DAVID BRENT, TO THE BIG SCREEN. WILL IT SOLIDIFY HIS STATUS AS A COMIC GREAT?**

**T**here is a scene in the final episode of *The Office* in which Ricky Gervais, a man with absolutely no training in acting, delivers a performance that might be one of the most touching moments in television history. Playing David Brent, Gervais pleads for his job after being fired from his role as manager at the Sough office of Wernham Hogg Paper Merchants.

"Don't make me redundant. Please," he begs his supervisors. "I've changed my mind, you can talk to someone, just say that it's not definite now, I will try twice as hard."

Given all that's come before it – the ridiculous dancing, the avalanche of ill-timed, inappropriate jokes, the terrible treatment of others – the scene is shocking. It takes a man who for two seasons has been built into a comical monster, and transforms him into a child, begging to hold on to the one thing that has kept his fragile ego afloat. We watch Brent's reason for being stripped away, and it's absolutely heartbreaking.

*The Office*, which Gervais co-created, co-directed and starred

in, process, they ended up creating a watershed television series that's spoken of in the same breath as *Fawlty Towers* and *The Simpsons*.

"I'd never tried hard at anything [before *The Office*]," Gervais said about finding fame late (he was 39 when *The Office* was being made).

"It took me a long time to realise it, and that's a disgusting attitude."

Gervais has certainly taken advantage of the opportunities *The Office*'s success provided him with. Extras, the 12-episode show he made with Merchant in 2005, received a huge amount of critical and commercial success, utilising his expertise in creating awkward, cringe-worthy moments and convincing a host of celebrities (Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller, Samuel L Jackson to name a few) to take the piss out of themselves on screen. He's turned idiot-savant Karl Pilkington into a global superstar, he's made another TV show about a David Brent-esque showbiz

**"I'D NEVER TRIED HARD AT ANYTHING BEFORE THE OFFICE. IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO REALISE IT, AND THAT'S A DISGUSTING ATTITUDE."**

in, is one of the more curious cases of an obscure, seemingly inaccessible work of art going mainstream. Gervais and his partner, Stephen Merchant, created the pilot for the series when Merchant was required to dream up a twenty-minute television show as part of his cadetship with BBC. The two had been mates since Gervais, after conning his way into a job at the radio station XFM for which he was dangerously underqualified, hired Merchant as his assistant because "his resume was at the top of the pile". Gervais was completely incompetent at XFM and insisted that Merchant do all the work. Ricky would sit around and amuse his mate with various jokes and impressions, one of which was a character named 'Seedy Boss'.

When Merchant left XFM to train at the BBC, he asked Gervais to act as the Seedy Boss in his assignment. The station came back and suggested the pilot the duo created could be turned into a television series.

The two unknowns, with exactly zero experience in directing, acting and writing, insisted on full control over the show. In the

Dwarf, and he's offended the hell out of Hollywood's elite at the Golden Globe awards.

And now, Gervais is bringing back David Brent – a man who is often quoted around the Penthouse office (in fact, barely a day goes by when our staff don't go break out into five-minute routines taken from *The Office*). Gervais recently announced production for a film looking at where Brent is at now, titled *Life on the Road*.

Set fifteen years after the events of *The Office*, Brent is on tour with his band *Foregone Conclusion*. It's a risky move – especially since Stephen Merchant isn't involved. The "tall, googly-eyed freak" seems to have a stabilising impact on Gervais' comedy, and their work together is far better than anything they've done individually (see Merchant's HBO series *Hello Ladies* and Gervais horrible show, *Derek*). Gervais has made a career out of finishing things off before they become too stale – *The Office*, *Extras* and *Life's Too Short* all had short runs.

Let's hope he doesn't ruin Brent by bringing him back. ☺



CRUSH

# PURE INDULGENCE

WE ASKED MELBOURNE-BASED  
MUSICIAN, BANOFFEE, ABOUT THE  
END OF THE WORLD.

**How's stuff?**

Great.

**You've been in music for ages, yeah?**

Yeah. I played in Otouto. Before that were some terrible folk songs that I'll never show anyone. It wasn't good. I'm not proud of it. I've always known what I want Banoffee to be though. I want it to be the most indulgent thing for me possible, so I guess the name just sums it up. I want to make music entirely for me.

**Can I ask you a stupid question?**

Yeah!

**Ok, there was a French literary journal that used to pose questions to celebrities. One question was: If the world was about to end, what do you think humanity would do?**

If everyone knew? I'd like to think that everyone would embrace each other with love, but in reality I think there'd be rioting and looting. I think everyone would be fighting for resources. I'd like to think a group of us would find a house and chill. But I think humanity would go crazy.

**What if we had 48 hours?**

I think we'd go back to the ocean. We'd go back to that place that makes us feel as connected as possible.

**Do you think anyone would kill themselves?**

Yeah. But I'd wanna see how it ends. Maybe if it looked really bad from afar, I'd pull out a pistol.

**You reckon gun sales would go up?**

Hell, yeah. I went shooting in Texas and it scared the shit out of me.

**What gun?**

I don't even know! My friend just had a gun. It really freaked me out, and I had a panic attack just from hearing that sound. Because for some people that triggers a really horrible memory.

**You have a horrible memory of gunfire?**

No! Not me. You're totally gonna headline this article "Guns & Death", aren't you?

**Absolutely.** 

MOVEMBER  
MOVEMBER   
MOVEMBER



# MOVEMBER

*Shaped By* EXPERIENCE.



[MOVEMBER.COM](http://MOVEMBER.COM)  
GROW + GIVE + MOVE

FILM

# HATER'S GONNA HATE

Quentin Tarantino's mid-career obsession with history is set to continue with the upcoming release of *The Hateful Eight*, his ninth feature film, due in cinemas on Christmas day 2015.

Featuring a roll call of Tarantino regulars (Tim Roth, Michael Masden, Bruce Dern, Walton Goggins and Kurt Russel have all starred in the director's previous releases, and this will be Samuel L Jackson's sixth feature with him) *The Hateful Eight* is the second film by the director to delve into America's civil-war era, after 2012's *Django Unchained*.

And it almost didn't get made. In 2013, after pre-production had already begun, the *Hateful Eight*'s script was leaked to the press, prompting Tarantino to announce plans to cancel its production.

"The reason it was so bad was because of that small group of people involved," he said. After directing a live-reading of the leaked script, Tarantino decided to go ahead with plans to make the movie.

*The Hateful Eight* continues the Director's tradition of cut-and-paste filmmaking, a technique that has served the him well. Since his debut, *Reservoir Dogs*, and the glorious,

hyper-colour piece of Pop Art that was *Pulp Fiction*, Tarantino has made a habit out of taking elements from different genres – Blaxploitation, Samurai, Film Noir, Westerns – and mashing them all together to create something completely new, similar to the way hip hop producers sample elements of old records, or how artists like Richard Hamilton cut pictures out of advertisements and magazines to make collages.

For the *Hateful Eight*, Tarantino was inspired by old '60s Western television series. "Twice per season, those shows would have an episode where a bunch of outlaws would take the lead characters hostage," he said.

"I thought, 'what if we did a movie staring nothing but those [outlaw] characters? No heroes, just a bunch of nefarious guys in a room, all telling backstories that may or may not be true. Trap those guys together in a room with a blizzard outside, give them guns, and see what happens!'"

Less known, but just as important when considering Tarantino's massive cultural impact, is his obsession with the traditions of filmmaking. Tarantino steadfastly refuses to shoot his movies on



**TARANTINO'S MASHUPS**  
The director's films are famed combining various genres. Here's a guide:  
**Reservoir Dogs:** Film Noir, Heist  
**Pulp Fiction:** Gangster, Film Noir, Black Comedy  
**Jackie Brown:** Blaxploitation  
**Kill Bill:** Martial Arts  
**Inglourious Basterds:** War, Spaghetti Western  
**Django Unchained:** Westerns, Historical

digital cameras. Compare his most recent films, *Inglourious Basterds* and *Django Unchained* – both shot since digital became the norm – to other films released over the last few years and you'll see a depth of colour and beauty that blow the competition out of the water.

"If we do our jobs right, we will remind people why this is something you can't see on television and how this is an experience you can't have when you watch movies... on your iPhone," Tarantino said. "You'll see 24 frames per second play out, all these wonderfully painted pictures create the illusion of movement. I'm hoping it's going to stop the momentum of the digital stuff, and that people will hopefully say 'man, that is going to movies.'"



# WAKE UP MR WEST

**E**lvis. The Beatles. David Bowie. The Sex Pistols. Michael Jackson. Nirvana... and Kanye West. I know, I know. Why would anybody in their right mind include a man possessed of the biggest ego in entertainment history on a list of the greatest, most influential acts in the history of popular music? He's married to a Kardashian, for God's sake! You must me mad, son.

I'm not. I'm on the money, actually, because what all those artists have in common is that they changed the game. There is a before and after Elvis. There is a before and after The Beatles. Same with Bowie, The Sex Pistols, Michael Jackson and Nirvana.

And there is a before and after Kanye West.

Before his stunning debut album, *The College Dropout*, Hip Hop was divided between two very distinct camps. You had the gangstas, those who inherited the legacy of NWA, Tupac, Dr Dre and Biggie Smalls. They spoke of guns, chains, bitches, money and 'the game'. Any show of vulnerability was shot down – sometimes quite literally. Disputes were solved at the end of a barrel, the music was dark and ominous, and enemies were everywhere.

On the other side, you had the "conscious" rappers. The college-educated emcees with something to say, an interest in politics and making a better life. They treated women well. They were intelligent.



West changed all that, showing the fallacy of both camps, embracing the push and pull between staying true to where you came from and aspiring for something better. It's something that's always been at the core of black music, and nobody has exhibited that schizophrenic nature better than Kanye West. He's responsible for some of the most touching, intelligent tracks to grace listeners' ears – *Jesus Walks*, a song with a ghetto beat and lyrics that shine a light on the hypocrisy of Hip Hop's fascination with gangsta culture, is one of the most unlikely hits ever to make the charts. *POWER*, West's greatest achievement, documents the strangeness of the life Kanye has found himself immersed in, blessed with God-like powers just for being a good musician, given a life that Roman emperors would have envied.

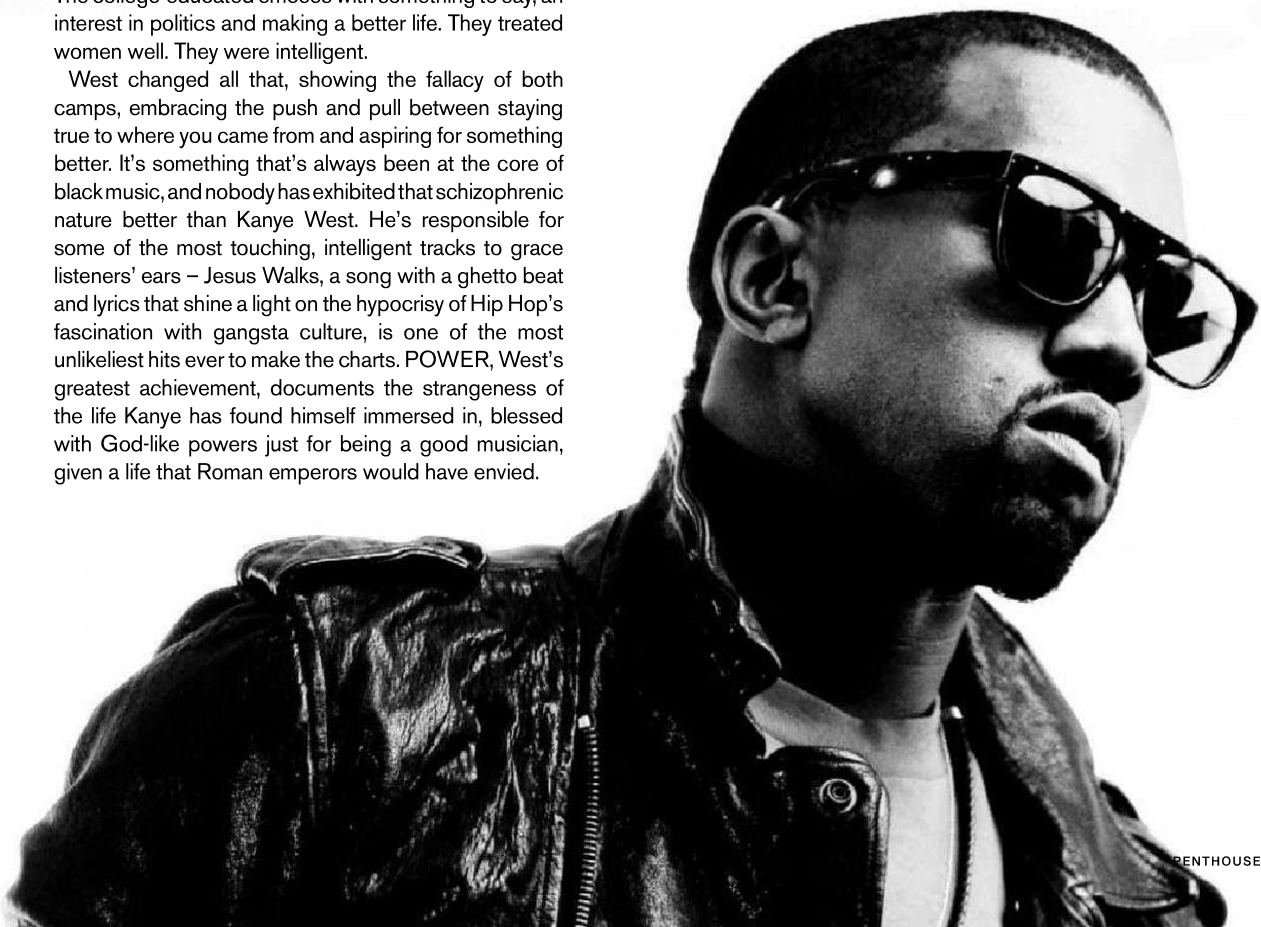
**KEY MOMENT:** In the aftermath of the devastating Hurricane Katrina, New Orleans was completely underwater. Like they do during pretty much every disaster, all those celebrities went on TV to raise funds. But Kanye went completely off-script, bravely berating the hypocrisy at the core of the way black New Orleans residents were treated. "George Bush doesn't care about black people," he declared to a stunned TV Audience.

And of course, just like, say, John Lennon – who during the sixties was known to walk into clubs high on acid and proclaim himself to be the second coming of Christ before taking home a bunch of young women who were embracing the sexual revolution – Kanye West is THE perfect representation of the crazy, fame-obsessed times we live in. Yeah, he says strange things on television. Of course, his ego-centric performances at all those awards shows make you hate him.

But that's what our world is like.

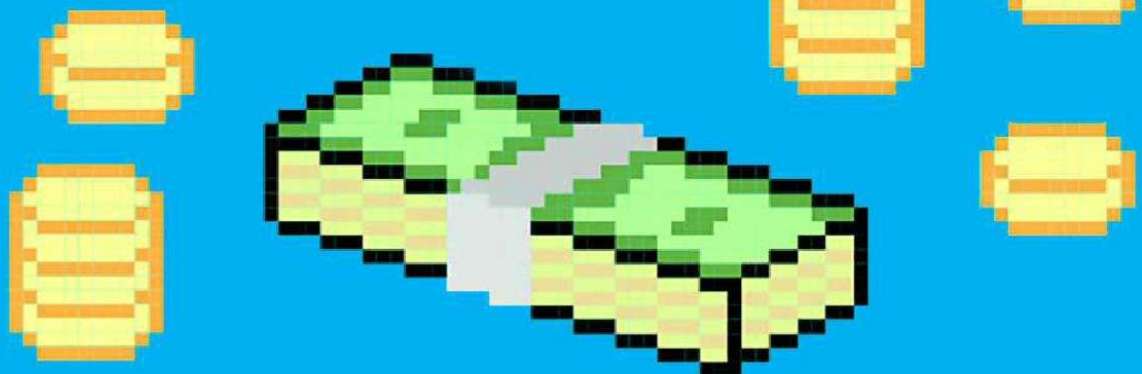
The only difference between Kanye West and the average self-obsessed young girl on Instagram is that he has a back-catalogue that stands up with the greats. His run of Albums, from 2003's *College Dropout* to 2013's *Yeezus*, is one of the most remarkable periods of musical excellence since the Beatles 1965–1969 run, in which the group made *Rubber Soul*, *Revolver*, *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *The White Album* and *Abbey Road*.

So while he may be an absolute tool, he's got the hits to back that ego up. Now, where's that new album we're all waiting on then, Kanye?  



# HOW TO MAKE MILLIONS ON THE INTERNET

Here at Penthouse, we love print media. Making magazines that you can touch, hold, and admire is what we do best, and we do it reasonably well. But we also live in 2015, and magazines aren't the money-making machines they used to be. If you're concerned with becoming a billionaire, the internet is where you need to be, and there are no shortage of Australians who are making absolute bucketloads of cash online. Here's some of our top picks.



**Nicholas Egonidis,**  
CEO and founder of  
[DailyJocks.com](http://DailyJocks.com)

Nicholas Egonidis began his underwear subscription service by blogging about discounts available for men's underwear. After a few years, Egonidis decided to take the plunge and start retailing the jocks he'd been writing about all this time. Users just hand over their size, give the site an indication of the type of underwear they're after, and Daily Jocks sends them a new pair every month. Egonidis now ships over a tonne of dacks all around the world every day.\*\*



**Ruslan Kogan,**  
founder and CEO,  
[Kogan.com](http://Kogan.com)

One of the richest men in Australia at the tender age of 30, Ruslan Kogan is now worth around \$350 million, money he's made on the back of his consumer electronics website. Kogan sells everything from iPhones to toasters, all at low (ish) prices. After starting the site in 2006, Kogan achieved sales of \$3 million by 2009. The site is now Australia's biggest online retailer, and the Wall Street Journal has predicted young Rus will be worth up to \$500 million by next year.



**Mike Frizell**  
CEO of  
[PetCircle.com.au](http://PetCircle.com.au)

There's no doubt that pets are better than people. They're moochers, sure, but at least they don't ask you to buy them iPads and complain that the dinner you've served up tastes funny. We're guessing that's why premium pet supplies – we're talking organic cat food, kale for dogs (just joking but it probably does exist) is such a growth industry. Mike Frizell, CEO of PetCircle.com.au, has taken advantage of the trend. Pet Circle auto-delivers food, so you don't have to slave around the aisles.



**David Greiner and Ben Richardson,**  
Directors,  
[Campaign Monitor](http://Campaign Monitor)

Friends since they were kids, Greiner and Richardson are the owners of Campaign Monitor, an online marketing service that helps business design and send out emails for 1 cent per message. In 2014, the company sent over 1.5 billion emails EACH MONTH. You can try doing the math on that one. It's mind-boggling. There are a hell of a lot of zeros at the end of that number, and we wouldn't be surprised if this duo skyrockets up the rich list sooner rather than later.

\*\*All Penthouse readers can get their first pair of underwear for US\$10 when they join the Monthly Underwear Club. Includes Free Global Shipping. Special Offer ends December 31st 2015. Cannot be used with any other discount offer. Go to [dailyjocks.com/penthouse](http://dailyjocks.com/penthouse) for more.

The poster features a painterly illustration of a snowy mountain landscape. In the foreground, a path leads up a hill towards a wooden cabin on the right, with smoke rising from its chimney. A group of silhouetted figures, including men on horseback and on foot, are walking away from the viewer along the path. The background is filled with tall evergreen trees and snow-covered mountains. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greys, and whites, with a few splatters of red in the lower-left corner.

THE 8TH FILM BY  
QUENTIN TARANTINO

# THE HATEFUL 8

NO ONE COMES UP HERE  
WITHOUT A DAMN  
GOOD REASON  
IN CINEMAS JANUARY

FILMED IN  
ULTRA  
PANAVISION 70  
GLORIOUS

Check the Classification

[thehateful8movie.com.au](http://thehateful8movie.com.au)

RoadshowFilms

TWC  
AUSTRIAN FILMS FOR THE DIGITAL CINEMA

ROADSHOW FILMS



# YOUTUBE PUTS THE FINAL NAIL IN TELEVISION'S COFFIN

**S**treaming Video-on-demand services have absolutely exploded over the last year, with Netflix grabbing itself an American Empire-sized portion of the viewership. The company has over five times as many subscribers in Australia as its nearest rival, and the term “Netflix and Chill” has become shorthand for bootycalls.

And now another big player is entering the market: YouTube. That’s right, you can now pay ten bucks a month to get your cat videos, old episodes of *Air Crash Investigation* and epic fails without those pesky ads appearing all over the place.

The Google (or is it Alphabet?) owned video streaming monolith is launching its paid service in the US in December, but anyone who can find the ten seconds required to download the Hola! extension to their browser (Hola! allows you to fool the internet into thinking you’re in the USA – or any other country you wish) can gain access.

It’s another nail in the coffin of television, the Cold War-era technology that, like your

demented, ninety-year old grandmother, refuses to go off peacefully to the retirement village and hand over all her savings.

And let’s not mince words here, things are getting really bad for TV. Channel Nine, once the jewel in Kerry Packer’s media empire, lost a stunning \$592.2 million dollars last financial year. Nine wasn’t the only one to encounter significant losses. Ten managed to make \$251 million magically disappear, and Seven West media, which owns the Seven Network, Pacific Magazines and the West Australian Newspapers, was worst-in-show with a stunning \$961 million loss in 2014.

Owning a television station used to be a licence to print money. Audiences were loyal and – especially in Australia, with only a few stations to choose from – profits were enormous.

But online streaming, illegal downloading and the golden era of serialised TV shows has changed the game. Paid-for, online streaming services are gobbling up all those eyeballs.

Over a period of four years, from 2011-2015, there has been a mammoth 32% drop-off in the lucrative 18-24 year-old demographic. Only a little over half of all young adults even own a television.

YouTube’s entry into the online-streaming market is sure to make a massive impact – the site’s founding can be considered year-zero in the decline and fall of television. As of writing, over one billion people visit YouTube on a regular basis, an audience many times larger than its nearest rival.

But perhaps the most interesting entry into the market might be the relatively quiet launching of the new Apple TV service, which is aiming to become the hub of all your digital streaming services. The device supports Netflix, Hulu, Showtime and HBO’s online streaming services, with more to come.

And for anybody who’s ever felt that pang of frustration at being denied the ability to WATCH WHAT I WANT RIGHT NOW, the ascendancy of online television is excellent news. ☪



TECH

## THREE INDUSTRIES THE INTERNET CHANGED

**MUSIC, PORN AND BOOKS ARE THE THREE OTHER STAPLES OF CONSUMPTION THE WEB HAS ALTERED FOREVER.**


### MUSIC

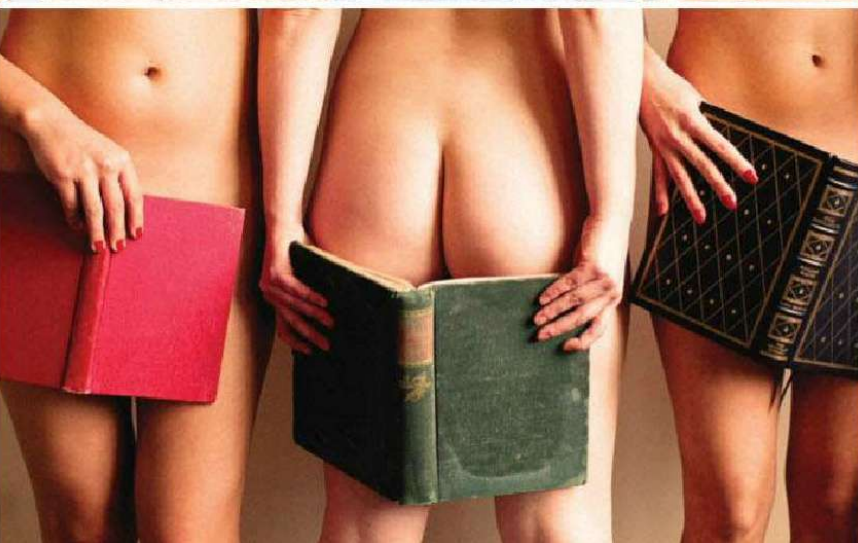
Remember when you had to save up to buy a CD? Oh no, of course you don't, that was ancient history, and besides, your brain cells have been fried by all those years of drinking. There's no way you can remember that far back. Because of the small files sizes made possible by MP3 technology, the music industry never really saw the monster truck heading straight for it that was the internet. Profits plummeted, the power once reserved for a few major labels dispersed, and audiences started to expect their music to be free. Out of the ashes has come Spotify, the streaming service that dwarfs all others.

### PORN

We should know. Magazines like Penthouse absolutely ruled the pre-internet era. In fact, the July 1984 issue of Penthouse remains the biggest selling issue of any magazine ever. Of course, as soon as broadband internet became commonplace, people started taking advantage of those fast download speeds to fill their hard drives with hardcore, and once free Tube service (like RedTube, YouPorn... hell, you know which ones, you sick puppy) popped up, porn became free and ubiquitous. The industry has never been the same.

### BOOKS

When was the last time you walked into a major book retailer? Exactly. And it's all due to Amazon's complete dominance of the market. Jeff Bezos, CEO and founder of the online giant, was the first to the party when it came to online retailing. Commonly regarded as an asshole of Steve Jobs-esque proportions, he used book retailing as the cornerstone of an empire that now includes everything from phones to dildos. Curiously, however, the internet has actually led to an increase in the number of books sold – despite the profits of major book stores going off a cliff, sales of books increased by \$68 million in 2015. 



## SELF-IMMOLATION IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE US FROM THE HALO FRANCHISE

Since the first Halo game was released in 2001, Bungie Software and 343 Industries have been developing a series that has totally redefined the gaming industry.

The games have always featured outstanding visual design, beautiful science fiction architecture, a solid and often surprisingly interesting soundtrack, and cool, high science-fantasy concepts like ring-worlds and dyson spheres (a planet encased in a mechanical shell).

At first, that sounds pretty cool - until you sit down with one these games and find yourself pressing the forward button for sixteen hours and shooting at cartoon aliens while a digital girlfriend who lives inside the main character's helmet, (I'm not even joking, she lives in his helmet) hammily tries to mush forced emotional dialogue in with orders about what thing you should blow up next.

Bungie concluded their Halo trilogy with Halo 3, probably out of a deep sense of shame at what they'd unleashed on the world, but the copyright owner, Microsoft, couldn't let a dead dog stay dead. 343 Industries was created to bring that dead dog back to life, stitch some udders onto it and then milk the poor, tortured creature for the rest of eternity.

I cannot even begin to express my contempt for the storylines of these games.

The protagonist, the 'Master Chief', is the most pathetically generic character who has ever been created in any medium, a green man in a robot suit, worshipped by every human being he comes across. He lives in a universe that absurdly tries to mash bombastic, Transformers-style action with a jumbled mish mash of pseudo-philosophy, zombie horror, space-politics and testosterone fuelled army porn.

The only possible explanation for the success of this series is that the human race



**I CANNOT EVEN BEGIN TO EXPRESS MY CONTEMPT FOR THE STORYLINES IN THESE GAME. BUT IF ONE THERE'S ONE THING HALO HAS TAUGHT US, IT'S THAT PEOPLE LOVE EXPLOSIONS.**



is inherently, deeply flawed. The frothing, frenzied excitement over the release of this next piece of garbage in this offensive affront to the medium of video games is the proof that we don't deserve our place in the universe anymore.

I can't change the world, but I can do my best. But if there's one thing Halo has taught us, it's that people love explosions.

Well, you'll get your explosion. On the morning of October 27, the release date of Halo 5, I will prostrate myself in front of one of the busiest video game shops in Sydney and I will, in the hopes of setting an example, in the hopes of opening even one person's pair of eyes, I will make my final protest against the scourge on our culture that is Halo.

Doused in kerosene, I'll strike a match and scream as a crowd of fat, stupid video game fans watch my skin melt, my eyes pop, the hair on my head burn to ash. As they stand before a giant plastic promotional figure of the Master Chief, they will smell my flesh roasting and perhaps they'll consider that the next time they happily throw digital grenades at tiny screaming aliens. If there's even the slightest chance that my agonising, flaming death could make even the slightest difference, it will be worth it. ☹️



FOLLOW US



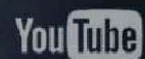
/AustralianPenthouse



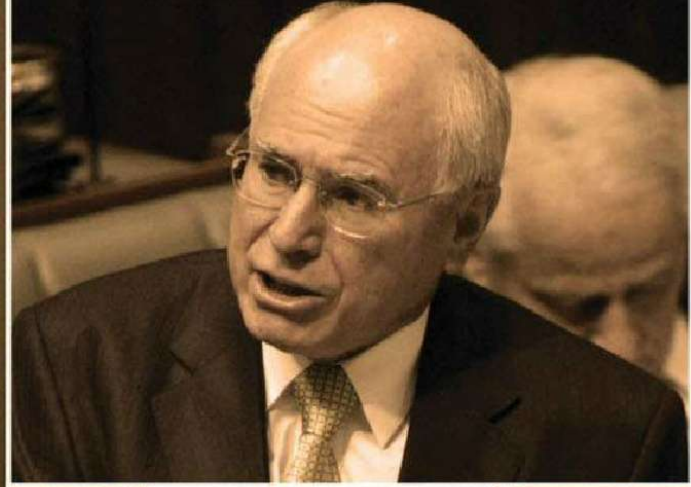
@PenthouseAU



Penthouse\_AU



PenthouseAustraliaNZ





# I WANNA DO YOU SLOWLY

THE NANNY STATE HAS KILLED THE ART OF POLITICAL SLEDGING, TURNING OUR LEADERS IN TO BORING AUTOMATONS, WRITES JONATHAN MCBURNIE

**T**here is an art to sledging. An art we are sadly lacking in today's conservative world of PC politics. Where once politicians were admired for their quickness of wit and their savagery of tongue, they are now reduced to concealing their wit and watching their tongue; the less that is actually said, the better. Today's politicians are encouraged to be as bland as possible, so as to appeal to as wide a demographic as possible, and are then punished for this very blandness. Perhaps the recent, ignoble fall from grace of Tony Abbott demonstrates this best.

In fact, the recent political trend toward evasive language seems to be an effort to avoid saying anything that they can be later held accountable for. John Howard's statement that his government would not introduce a GST was held over him for years

Sledging isn't as simple as one may think. Alexander Downer telling Penny Wong to 'Shut up you foul-mouthed bitch', as he did in 2007, is certainly withering, but it isn't poetic, witty or charming, and it doesn't expose any kind of truth about Wong's own abilities. It's just nasty. We are living through perhaps the most sustained dull period of Australian politics. John Howard did more than just shift the goalposts to the right during his extended leadership, he turned politics into a desolate space for PC double-speak and lowest-common-denominator sloganeering. We have had some occasional punctuation marks offered by bogan caricatures like Julia Gillard, Barnaby Joyce and Mark Latham, but never with the zest, intelligence, or utter genius of yesteryear.

What happened to the moments we

## POLITICIANS ARE ENCOURAGED TO BE AS BLAND AS POSSIBLE, THEN PUNISHED FOR IT

by the Beazley and Latham-led opposition.

The fact is that people expect answers from politicians. Surely the political sledge is needed now more than ever?

We take the term 'sledge' from cricket. The sharper and more quotable the insult, the better, because it keeps getting passed on. Of course, the sledge can be turned around too. One of the best retorts ever came from David Boon, a big personality in the cricket world. But beyond his batting, we remember Boonie for three things – his moustache, his beer gut, and his sharp tongue. Does there exist a better comeback to a sledge, than when a bowler asked Boon 'Hey Boonie, how come you're so fat?' As legend has it, Boon responded, completely unfazed, 'Because every time I fuck your mum she gives me a bicky.'

remember, like Paul Keating describing John Hewson's debating skills as 'being flogged with a warm lettuce'? Or labelling Andrew Peacock as a 'painted, perfumed gigolo'? These moments don't only offer soundbites to a battle of morals, policy and intellect. They reveal things about ourselves that we like or dislike in these characters, turning press conferences, question time, or even random public appearances into arenas of thought. Like the ludicrous 'plots' in professional wrestling, political sledging draws us in and entertains us. But most importantly, it gets us thinking about these clowns we have in charge. Are they good at what they do? Do we like them? If so why?

But unlike professional wrestlers, these guys have a direct impact on our everyday lives, like it or lump it.

### TOP 5 POLITICAL SLEDGES

5. Subtle as a sledgehammer, Mark Latham was not the most well-spoken of politicians, but he certainly got his point across with a brutal, vulgar sensibility. Latham once labelled the Howard government a 'a conga line of suckholes', and Howard himself an 'arse licker'.

4. NSW premier Bob Carr served up some scorchers, perhaps the best being a comment he made to a columnist after reading his work: 'Don't your readers deserve something better than that, you undergraduate fuckwit?' Ouch.

3. Peter Costello was a man of occasional mirth, calling Wayne Swan 'a moron' and later describing Kevin Rudd as having 'been exposed as being naked when it comes to understanding the tax system. If you do not understand the income tax system, you cannot understand the Australian economy. Tax thresholds do not cascade. Cascade is a form of beer'.

2. Hecklers beware, not all politicians are such easy targets as Tony Abbott. Gough Whitlam once rolled a retort and policy into one, telling the malcontent, in flawless grammar, 'Let me make quite clear that I am for abortion and, in your case sir, we should make it retrospective'. Bam.

1. Well, we know the number one spot has to go to Keating, there is no dispute, but for which line? Was it saying John Howard looked like a 'little desiccated coconut'? Or calling him a 'Pre-Copernican Obscurantist', a 'slithering, mangy maggot', or 'the brain damaged leader of the opposition'? Maybe it should go to his proclaiming to Wilson Tuckey 'You are flat out counting past ten, you stupid, foul-mouthed grub'. Or, perhaps, describing Costello as being 'all tip and no iceberg'? No, we would have to go with calling THE ENTIRE LIBERAL PARTY a pack of 'cocaine sniffing north shore yuppies'. DROPS MICROPHONE.

# BaBa

BEACH CLUB  
PHUKET



PRE SALES STARTS 9.8 MB\*



VISUALIZED IMAGE



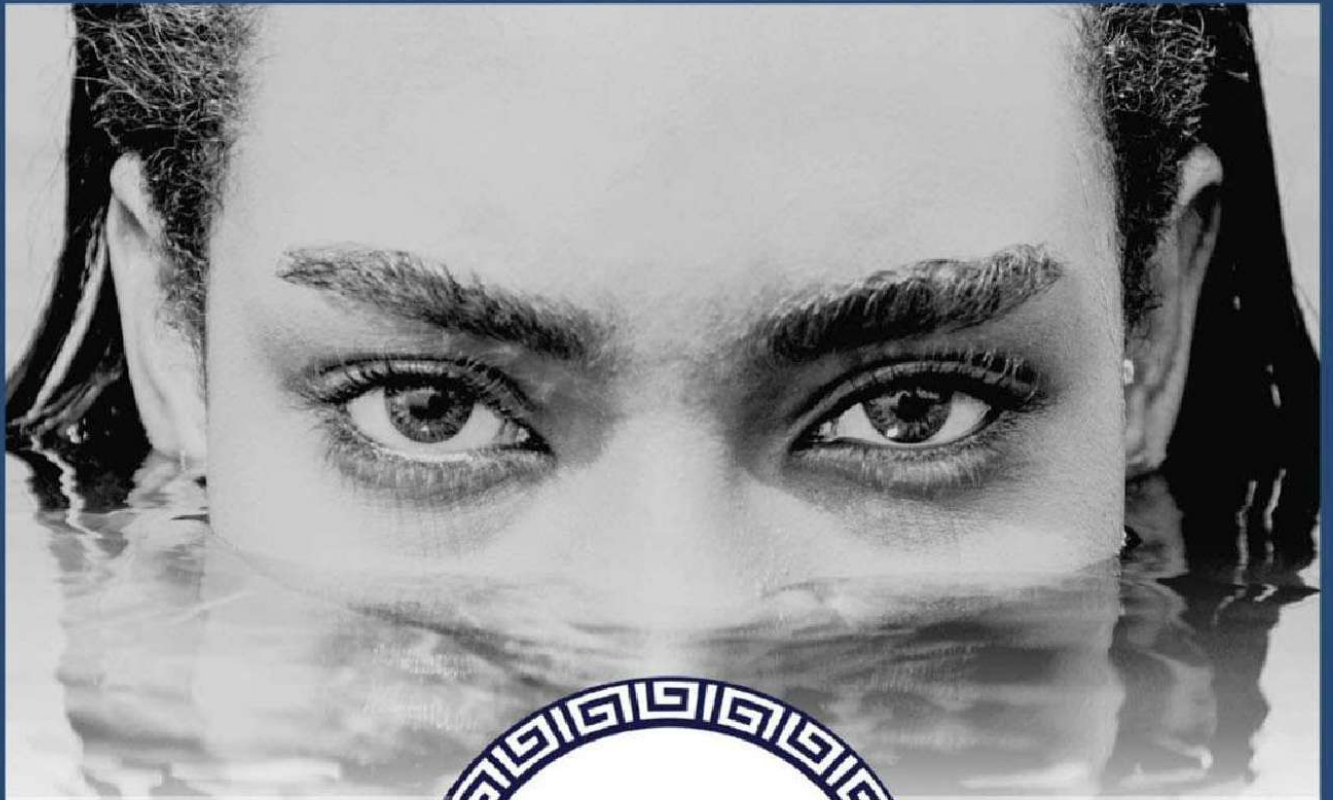
CI CHARN  
ISSARA

Sri panwa  
PHUKET

SOLE AGENT  
CBRE

I J  
ISSARA  
JUNFA

\*All information, plans, specifications or illustrations are for information purposes only and are not intended to be used as a basis for any legal action. The company reserves the right to change or discontinue the project without notice. The information is subject to change without notice. The information is provided for informational purposes only and is not intended to be used as a basis for any legal action. The information is provided for informational purposes only and is not intended to be used as a basis for any legal action. The information is provided for informational purposes only and is not intended to be used as a basis for any legal action.



BABA BEACH CLUB HOTEL  
& PRIVATE RESIDENCE  
BY

*Sripanwa*  
PHUKET



T: +66 76 490777 E: [chill@bababeachclub.com](mailto:chill@bababeachclub.com) | [bababeachclub@cbre.co.th](mailto:bababeachclub@cbre.co.th) W: [bababeachclub.com](http://bababeachclub.com)



@BABABEACHCLUB | @SRIPANWA #BABABEACHCLUB #SRIPANWA



# FEEL THE OUTRAGE

2015 WAS THE YEAR THAT OUTRAGE CULTURE WENT MAINSTREAM. JAMES BRANSON LOOKS BACK AT ALL THE WAYS PEOPLE WERE ANGRY, AND THE NEW CULTURE THAT BEING OFFENDED HAS SPAWNED

**E**arly in 2015, I published an article in a magazine titled “Is it okay to dress like a skank in an Islamic community?”

I’d been prompted to write the piece after visiting Lakemba – a community in western Sydney with a large Muslim population – with my best mate, who happens to be a 21-year-old model who, from time to time, wears a combination of short shorts and mid-riff tops.

She felt hugely uncomfortable, almost entirely because she was worried her attire was offensive to the community we were visiting.

It got me thinking about offense, and the role it plays in modern culture. So, a few days later, I visited Lakemba again, and asked the people there whether or not my friend turning up to their town wearing something straight out of *Girls Gone Wild* was actually offensive to their sensibilities.

It turned out they really, really didn’t give a damn. They had too many other things to worry about. Like terrorists.

But you know who did give a damn? The hoardes of young people who complained on twitter and Instagram about the the article’s ‘sexist’ title.

My use of the word skank was

“horrific”, “degrading”, and “offensive” – even though it was obviously an ironic statement on how middle-class white people like my mate make presumptions about Muslim attitudes towards women without really knowing what those people actually think.

It was my first experience in perhaps the biggest cultural movement of 2015: Outrage culture.

Outrage culture, in case you’ve been living in Syria over the last year, is everywhere. And it’s having a massive, real-life impact on our society.

Over the past year in Australia, it’s led to artists like Tyler, The Creator – a hugely popular, enormously controversial hip-hop artist whose lyrics describe, among other things, beating, raping and murdering women – being banned from entering the country. Chris Brown, who several years ago beat the hell out his then-girlfriend Rihanna, was also prevented from performing in Australia by a GetUp campaign.

But it wasn’t just black rappers and RnB artists who felt the outrage this year. Our politicians really copped it.

When discussing his Government’s move to repeal section 18C of the Racial Discrimination Act, a law that

bans “offensive behaviour because of race, colour or national or ethnic origin”, Attorney General George Brandis famously said “Never again in Australia will we have a situation in which a person may be taken to court for expressing a political opinion.”

“People do have a right to be bigots, you know,” Brandis continued.

“People have a right to say things that other people would find insulting, offensive or bigoted.”

It was the moment that outrage culture entered the Australian mainstream.

Labor senator Nova Peris described Senator Brandis’ comments as “disgusting” and “a green light to racism and all other sorts of hate-speech.” Brandis was immediately branded as a bigot himself, rather than a defender of free speech – whatever that speech may happens to be.

Joe Hockey, Australia’s former treasurer and soon-to-be Ambassador to the United States, also experienced the outrage head-on after telling ABC radio that his Government’s planned fuel tax increase wouldn’t hurt poor people because they don’t drive cars.

But that was just the beginning of Hockey’s battle with the perpetually



offended. It was his comments on buying a house that caused the most controversy.

"The starting point for a first home buyer is to get a good job that pays good money," big Joe said when asked about housing affordability.

"If you've got a good job that pays good money and you have security in relation to that job, then you can go to the bank and borrow money that's readily affordable."

The idea that to afford a house you need a good job that pays a decent wage has never been a controversial one. It's been true for time immemorial.

But in the era of outrage culture, Joe's words made everybody go completely mental.

Junkee, a youth news and politics website, deemed Hockey's comments "out of touch" and malicious".

Headlines were produced implying that Hockey hated poor people. A line of T-Shirts with his face and the words "stop being poor" was released.

**O**ne of the most curious cases of outrage was that of two elderly hearse drivers in the United States. The duo, who were driving the flag-draped coffin of a soldier, stopped to grab some breakfast – not an unusual thing to do when you're at work.

A man saw the parked hearse and confronted the drivers with a video camera, accusing them of disrespecting a dead hero. The

video was sent to a veteran's group and the hearse drivers, who wanted nothing more than a donut for their morning breakfast, both lost their jobs.

"Our lives are now ruined," one of the men said. "We have no means of income because of a donut."

**E**ven the New Yorker, a magazine with a solid, left-leaning liberal philosophy, was prompted to satirise the politically correct, knee-jerk culture of outrage that has dominated 2015.

The magazine published a "Politically Correct Lord of the Flies" that contained this brilliant passage:

*"I'm not fat," Piggy whined. "I am a person of size."*

*"It's a fair point," Roger said. "Can we even call Piggy Piggy?"*

*"I suppose it depends," Jack said. "Is it glandular?"*

*"No," Piggy replied, sadly.*

*"Are there oppressive or systemic social factors involved" Are you poor?"*

*Roger whispered to Jack, "You're supposed to say, Are you experiencing poverty?"*

*"Right. Are you experiencing poverty, Piggy?"*

Most recently, one of the sacred cows of '70s feminism has come in for a barrage of outrage. Germaine Greer, the woman at the forefront of the feminist movement, the women who started all that bra burning and talk of equality, recently came under heavy fire for her views on transgenderism.



"Male to female transgender people... do not look like, sound like, or behave like women," Greer said.

The controversy that followed blew up the internet to Kim Kardashian-on-the-cover-of-Paper-Magazine proportions.

"I'm not saying somebody shouldn't be allowed to go through that procedure," Greer later said when her scheduled talk at Cambridge University was subject to calls for a ban by Student Unionists who called her transphobic and 'disgusting'.

"I'm just saying it doesn't make them a woman."

It wasn't just celebrities, of course. Some private citizens came face to face with the ugly side of outrage culture.

A joke about AIDS and Africa destroyed one woman's career while she was on a plane.

"Going to Africa. Hope I don't get AIDS. Just kidding. I'm white!" wrote an American woman named Justine Sacco on her twitter account just before boarding a plane. Her comments were an obvious reference to the disparity in AIDS diagnosis between whites and blacks – as anyone with a brain would have immediately gathered.

Justine's account had fewer than 200 followers, but when Sam Biddle of Gawker disapprovingly retweeted it to his audience of 15 thousand, things spiralled out of control.

Over the next few hours, Twitter systematically dismantled Justine's life. And she didn't even find out until she landed. She was fired from her job, abused by tens of thousands of people online, and couldn't find work for another year.

**T**here is, of course, a reason that outrage culture has flared up so quickly and violently. It's just simply human nature. In a study conducted at Beihang University in China, researchers looked at the way various emotions spread across social media.

Joy moved virally faster than anger or disgust, but nothing spread quicker than rage.

The researchers also found that reports concerning "social problems and diplomatic issues" were the topics users reacted to the most.

"Anger is a high arousal emotion, which drives people to take action," said Jonah Berger, who conducted another study of 7000 New York Times articles to see which stories were the most emailed. No surprises, it was the articles that made people feel outraged that tended to go viral.

"It makes you feel fired up, which makes you more likely to pass things on."

Humans are always looking for ways to prove to their peers that they are valuable, forward thinking, morally upstanding people.

It's in our nature to ensure that others think well of us. Expressing outrage at somebody who's said the wrong thing, or expressed an opinion that's different from yours, is a short cut to letting those around you know that you're a decent human being.

As a fellow Penthouse writer said "in the age of the internet, being outraged is an effective way to prove your worth without having to actually contribute anything." ☪



EmQu.



# EVERYONE DESERVES TO BE OFFENDED

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH OFFENDING PEOPLE. IN FACT, WRITES BRENDAN O'NEILL, IT'S AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR FREE SOCIETIES

**S**tephen Fry once said that the best response to bleaters who say "I'm offended by that!" is "Well, so fucking what?" To make a public spectacle of your offended feelings, to cry about how rattled you feel by something you saw or heard, is "no more than a whine", Fry said. And therefore "it has no meaning".

He's right. Today's battalions of offence-takers are just glorified moaners. They simply do in public what those always-offended old ladies with blue rinses used to do in private.

In the pre-internet era, when tweeting was something only birds did, elderly offence-takers would post irate letters to some TV station or newspaper that pissed them off. Now, courtesy of the internet, everyone with a gripe, whatever their age, whatever their political bent, can splutter their outrage online.

There's a veritable outrage industry. From Twitemobs who condemn anyone who says something shocking, to super-sensitive students who ban lads' mags, Robin Thicke and phrases that they judge to be "microaggressions", everyone's taking offence. And everyone's insisting that the thing that offended them be squashed. It's like we all think we should be protected by our own personal blasphemy law. Once, it was only the likes of Christ who was guarded from "scurrilous, reviling or contemptuous" material; now we're all little Jesuses, demanding: "That thing made me feel bad – destroy it!"

Such endless confected fury, such non-stop churn of personal outrage, isn't only grating – it's a barrier to free thought, and even progress.

It invites social paralysis, encouraging us all to obsessively edit our thoughts and police our blather, lest we unwittingly affront someone who has their offence antennae turned up to 10.

Worse, it acts like a deadweight on the ankle of artistic experimentation and intellectual daring.

If everything from a saucy music video (like Rihanna's 'Bitch Better Have My Money') to the arguments of libertarian feminist scholar Christina Hoff Somers (who is booed off American campuses) can crank up the outrage machine, then people will think: "I better not express that risky thought lurking in my head. I'll just leave it there, to gather dust."

So I'd go further than Fry. The fashion for wailing "I'm offended!" is

more than an irritant. It's the enemy of cultural, political and personal freedom. It nurtures a climate of "You Can't Say That!" It gives rise to self-silencing, making people hold back the edgy stuff in their minds, most of which will be nonsense, yeah, but some of which just might be era-shakingly interesting.

We shouldn't only tell the easily offended to quit their whimpering. We should tell them that being offended is good. Far from harming us, it forces us to think; it toughens us up; it builds our backbone.

Both giving offence and receiving offence are wonderful things. Indeed, all the freedoms we cherish, all the technology and comforts we enjoy, are the gift of people who gave offence.

If Copernicus hadn't offended priests with his insistence that the Sun, not the Earth, was at the centre of the solar system, we

wouldn't live in such a scientifically clued-up world. If the Suffragettes hadn't offended against the natural order, and demanded that women should have the same political say as blokes, we'd still be living in an unequal world. If the publishers of men's mags – like this one – hadn't offended the bejesus out of the buttoned-up brigade in the 1950s and 60s, then the sexual revolution might never had happened and many of us would be stuck in a loveless, sexless rut.

The "offensiveness" of earlier generations, their willingness to rail against orthodoxies, made our lives freer, happier, fulfilling.

Then there's taking offence. Everyone should open themselves up to offence. You should feel shaken to your core at least once a day. It's good for you. Don't stamp out things that offend you; cherish them, embrace them.

The greatest liberal, John Stuart Mill, argued in 1859 that we must allow our beliefs to be "fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed", because otherwise those beliefs become "dead dogmas".

In other words, if you cut yourself off from ridicule, and dodge public debate, you become a robot, thinking in a fixed, rigid, dogmatic way. It is only by opening ourselves up to the possibility of being offended that we can give our brain cells a workout and our imagination a spring clean.

Living in an offence-free bubble will turn you into a bore and a tyrant. Burst out of it. Today, go out and offend someone, and let someone offend you. You'll both benefit. ☞

‘  
**THE OFFENSIVENESS  
OF EARLIER  
GENERATIONS,  
THEIR WILLINGNESS  
TO RAIL AGAINST  
ORTHODOXIES, MADE  
OUR LIVES FREER**  
’

**HANDCRAFTED IN MEXICO.  
COVETED WORLDWIDE.**

PATRÓN TEQUILA IS MADE IN SMALL BATCHES IN JALISCO, MEXICO, THE HOME OF AUTHENTIC TEQUILA. THE FRUITS OF THAT CRAFTSMANSHIP ARE CHERISHED WORLDWIDE.



**SIMPLY PERFECT.**

patronspirits.com



[www.southtradeint.com.au](http://www.southtradeint.com.au)



Patron Australia

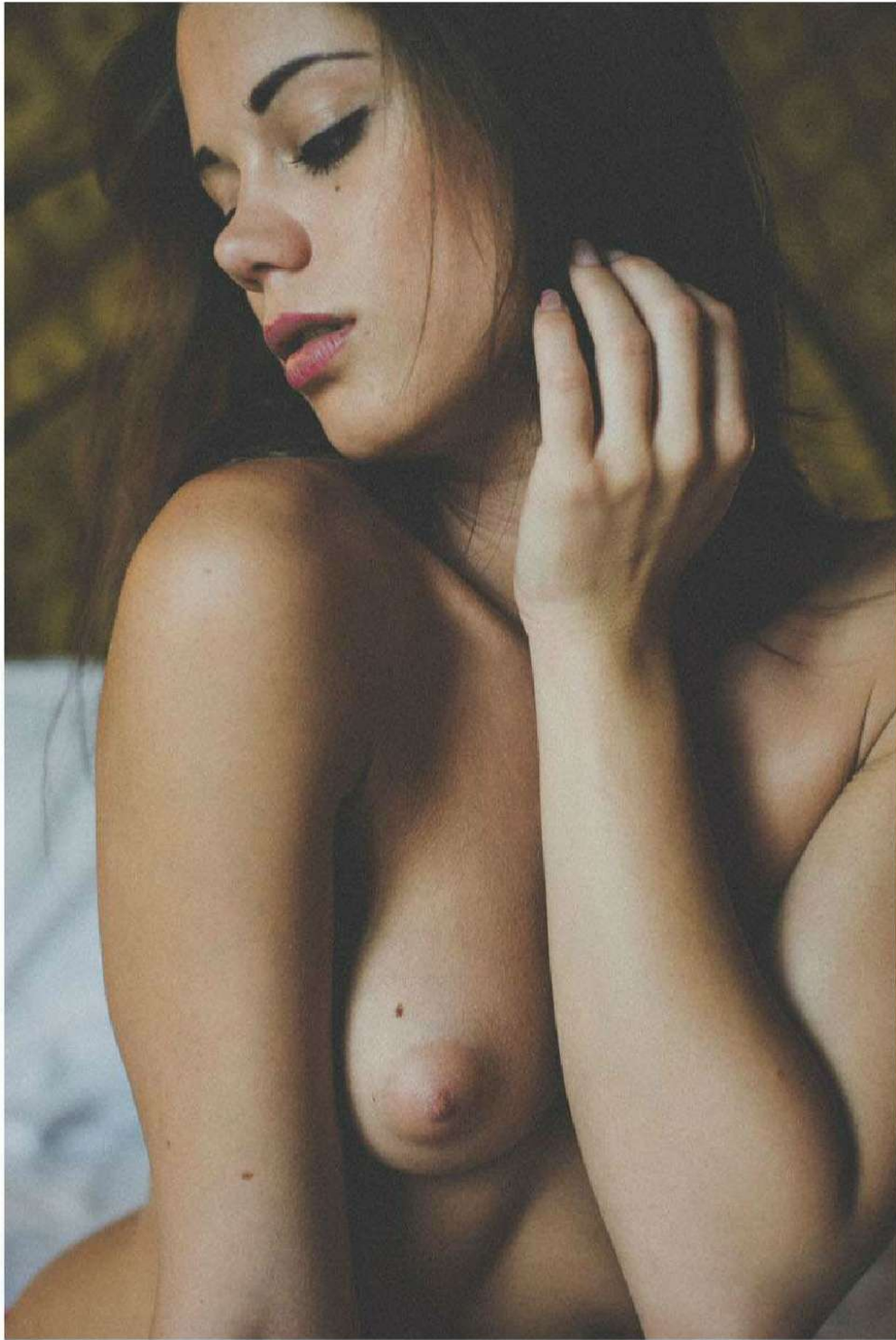


Simply Perfect Cocktails

The perfect way to enjoy Patrón is responsibly. © 2014 Patrón Spirits International AG, Schaffhausen, Switzerland. 40% Alc./Vol.

IN FOCUS

**SHOT BY  
EMANUELE  
FERRARI**



**E**manuele Ferrari is a photographer and art director from Milan, Italy. Ferrari shoots like a genuine old-school photographer, with images that look back to the classic days of fashion photography.

"I am a dreamer, I love photography. My mind doesn't ever stop. I have an idea in every moment, even during the night. I am a bit crazy, and my work is like me... no

one day is the same," he told Penthouse.

"When I'm shooting, I am telling a story. My camera is like a girlfriend... it's not just an object, it's alive."

With assignments for the likes of GQ, *Cake Magazine*, American Apparel and many more, Ferrari is absolutely doing rather well for himself.

His hero? "Helmut Newton, there is no why. He is *the* photographer. With a capital P."

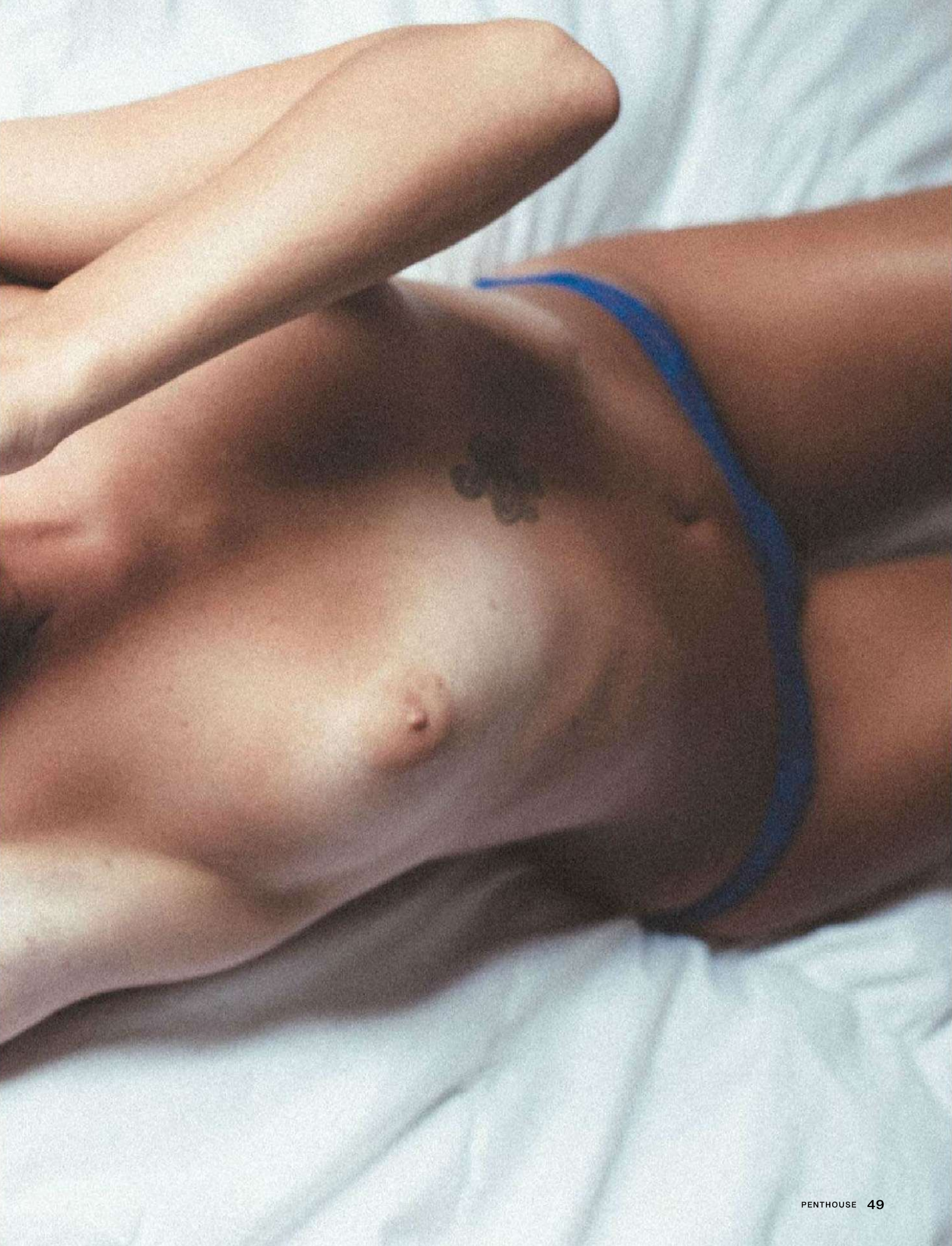












# BELVEDERE

EDITION BELVEDERE CO. LTD. - ROME - MILAN (ITALY)

...books for fashion, textile & graphic design...

...material for wallpaper, architecture & interior design...

...ideas for decoration, illustration & advertising...

...patterns for jewellery, ceramics & carpets...

...documents with decorative art & historical ornaments...

...examples for layout, design & colorings...

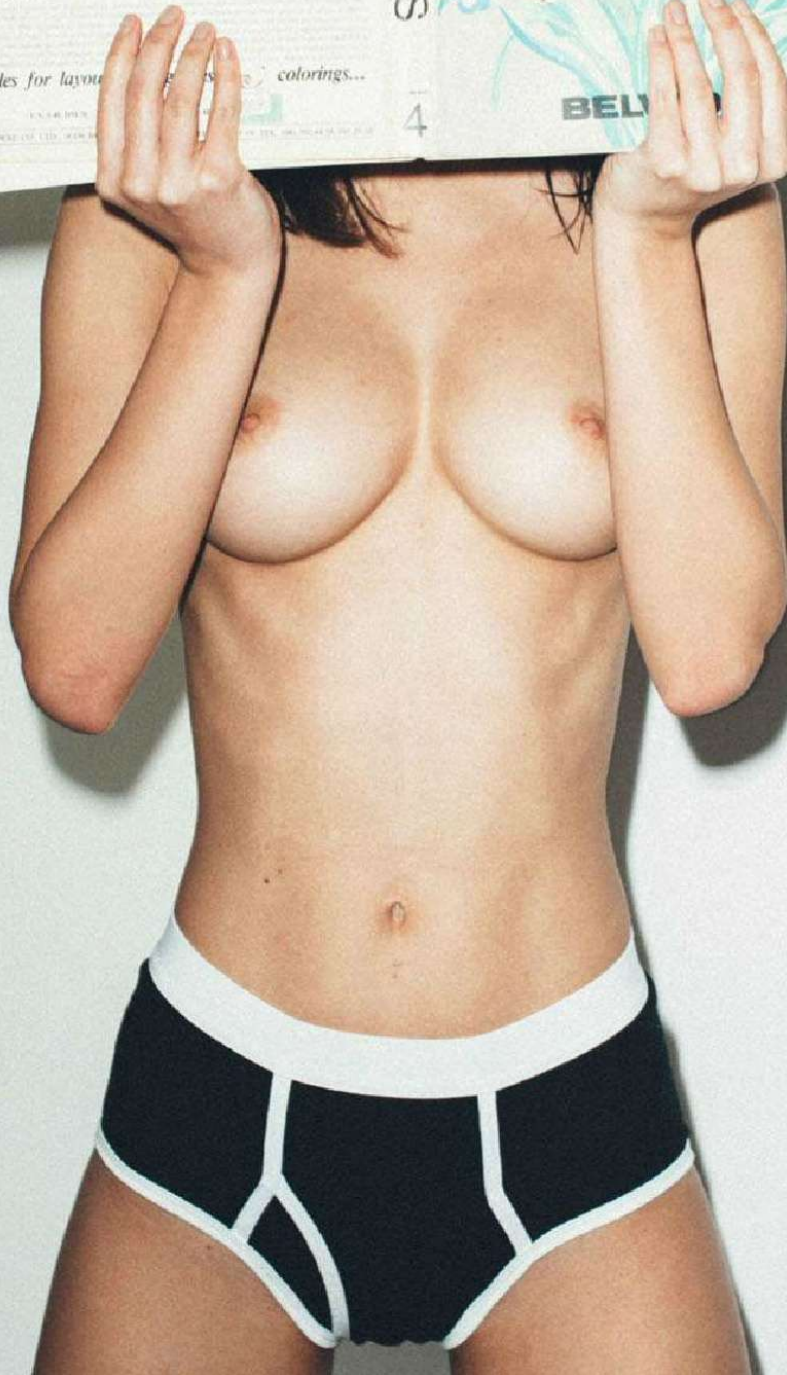
ORIENTAL FLOWERS

4

# Oriental flowers



BELVEDERE





HANDCRAFTED USING BLUE WEBER AGAVE  
SOURCED FROM THE HIGHEST REGIONS OF JALISCO, MEXICO

For more information contact Pernod Ricard Australia on: 1300 363 153

Get the facts [DRINKWISE.ORG.AU](http://DRINKWISE.ORG.AU)

\*VOTED WORLD'S BEST TASTING TEQUILA AT SAN FRANCISCO WORLD SPIRITS COMPETITION 2012.

WE



# GATEWAY TO IRAQ



البلد

بلدكم

اهلها

# MICHAEL WARE SPENT THE IRAQ WAR HANGING OUT WITH US SOLDIERS, IRAQI INSURGENTS AND ISIS TERRORISTS. HE IS STILL ALIVE.

**Y**ou're lucky until you're not. It's a phrase journalists, photographers and cameramen throw around when they're on assignment in war zones, bullets zipping past and bodies scattered about. But since the United States launched its War on Terror and the entire Middle Eastern powder keg finally blew the hell up, those bringing us the news while we scoff down dinner or scroll our Facebook feeds have seen their luck running out. The numerous conflicts in Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria, Libya and Egypt – to name only a few – have been particularly deadly for journalists. Depending on your point of view, Michael Ware has been either extraordinarily lucky or the victim of a cruel, inhumane God. In his time as a journalist covering the Iraq War, he's had friends murdered in the street, he's witnessed some of the conflict's most horrific moments and he's been dragged out of a car by members of Al Qaeda in Iraq (now known as ISIS) and readied for execution.

Ware also received direct correspondence, and was handed videotapes of beheadings and suicide bombings, by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, the leader of Al Qaeda in Iraq (which eventually transformed into Islamic State), who unleashed a brutal wave of attacks on both the Iraqi population and Western soldiers.

And while this Australian journalist from Brisbane was on the



frontline, witnessing the American war-machine rolling out and the brutal civil war that followed, he had a small camera in his hand. The footage he recorded has been made into a new documentary, *Only the Dead*. The film is an instant classic of documentary-making, an up-close record of the barbaric violence that descended upon Iraq in the aftermath of America's invasion. James Branson spoke to Michael in Sydney about *Only the Dead* and his time as a witness to history.

**I just finished watching the film. The last scene, which shows the slow, painful death of a mortally wounded Iraqi insurgent, is very difficult to watch. How did you feel going back to that place when you were editing? How did you feel when you were putting the documentary together, reliving all these horrific things?**

The process of making the film was both a healing and a hurtful one. To go back and revisit these moments, day in day out, was in one sense very cathartic, and allowed me to process some of the emotions and experiences that I had, the residual psychic impacts. But there were some days in the edit suite where I had to just tap out and say 'today's not a good day'. Every now and then it was just all too much and I'd have to head for the pub, or the gym, or box for a

while. This was a film that was never meant to be made – I didn't go to Iraq to make a movie. But very quickly I came to realise the value of the camera as a notebook. When all that metal is in the air, or when the bombs are going off, or when you're running from the mortars, you can only scribble down so much. I never watched much of the tapes, initially. Like a soldier with his ammo and rifle, I'd rip the tape out, put the new one in and keep going. Unless there was a reason for a story I was writing, I didn't sit down and watch those tapes. So there'd be pieces of the archive I had, but to this day, I don't remember being there. One of the biggest moments was... on one of the tapes begins a battle, in which the Americans move in to take the city of Sumarra. But I'd forgotten that at the very beginning of the tape, before you get to the battle, was footage I shot of an eight-year-old insurgent boy. And suddenly there he was, standing against this wall. I'm filming him, and either side of him are these rifles against the wall that are taller than he is. And until I stumbled over that footage, I had completely forgotten I'd ever met that boy.

**Had you reported from a war zone elsewhere before Iraq?**

My first taste was East Timor. Once I got my first taste of that, I knew it was all I ever wanted to do. But like so many others,

my life changed forever after 9/11. That's when I was first sent to Afghanistan by Time magazine – what I consider my first real experience of war. But even that was nothing compared to what I found when I got to Iraq. The size, the magnitude, the endless drumbeat of the violence. You couldn't escape it, and it was on such a massive scale. To see the American war-machine roll out is something extraordinary.

**And yet that unbelievable war-machine, the modern Roman army, didn't do its job properly.**

Well, no it didn't. As we now know, the very premise of the war was deeply flawed. The invasion itself was a stunningly successful military operation. It took 21 days to bring down an entire regime. It was one of the most brilliant pieces of maneuverer warfare. I don't consider that to be the war, however. It really began when the initial invasion ended, and those first years of occupation couldn't have been handled worse – almost if we tried. It took the Americans many years to recognise their errors, to begin understanding what was actually going on and to come up with better alternatives.

**And by that time they'd already lost the Iraqi population.**

Oh yeah. The Iraqis, like all of us, just want to be able to live their lives. So at the beginning, the Iraqi people really did



welcome the Americans, because they represented hope that things were going to change. But things got worse in a way that Iraq had never seen before. It got to the point where during the first two democratic elections, one of the running gags was that if Saddam ran in the election, he might have won! These people just wanted to be safe in their houses, to send their kids to school... and for the local market to stop blowing up! They wanted a government that wasn't running death squads.

**And the Americans seemed to get into bed with some people who were just as bad as Saddam.**

They didn't realise what they had on their hands. They did not take into consideration Iraqi nationalism, so when they disbanded a half-a-million-man army – Saddam's army – and sent them home without pay, in disgrace and without a future, they didn't think it was going to come back to bite. And that's what gave birth to the insurgency. The Americans didn't realise that by destabilising that country, they inadvertently gave birth to what we now call the Islamic State. They unleashed these dark forces they had no idea were even there.

**And a lot of the Islamic State guys are ex-Iraqi military.**

These days they are. In the early days they were purely imported foreigners. Look, there

**"TO WATCH THE AMERICAN WAR MACHINE ROLL OUT AND BE BROUGHT TO BARE ON AN ENTIRE COUNTRY WAS AN UNBELIEVABLE THING TO SEE."**

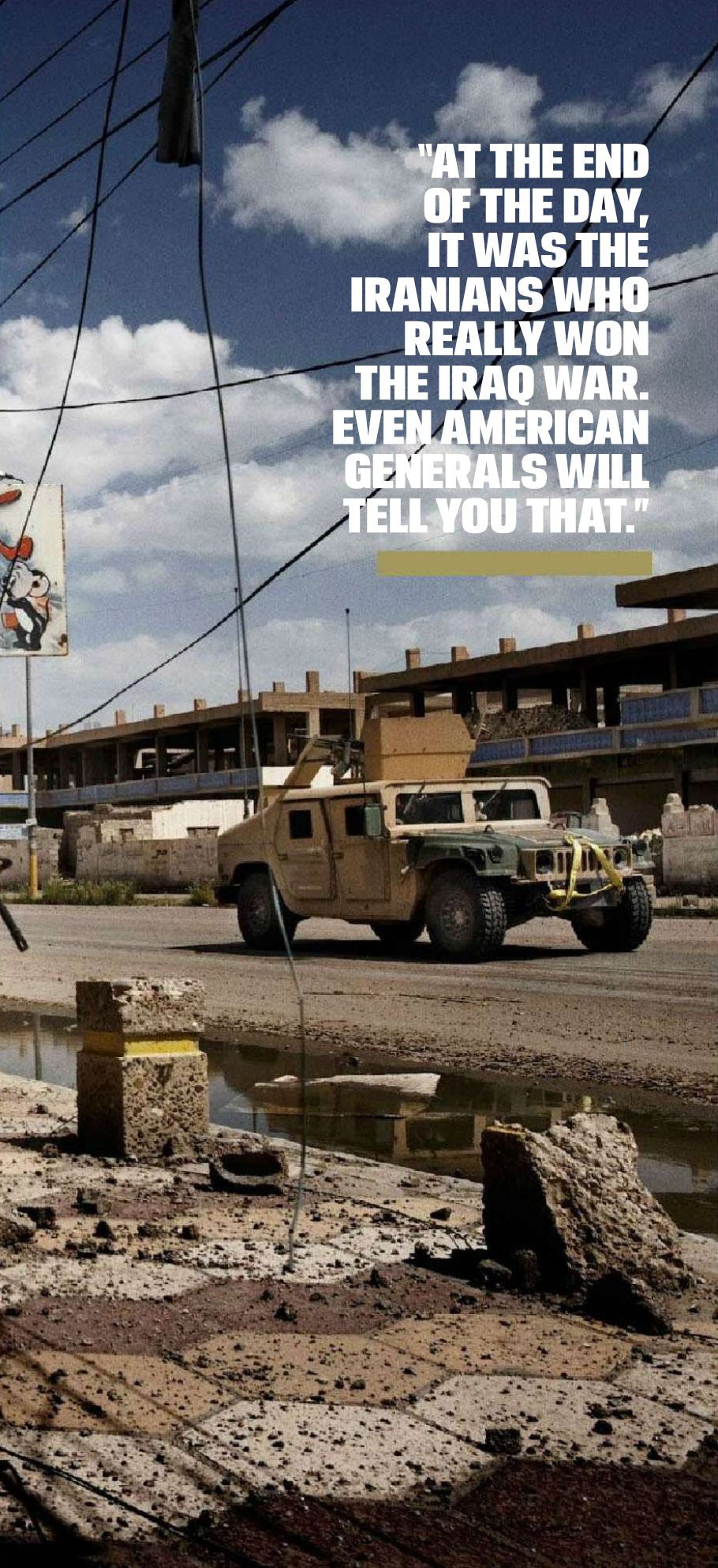
wasn't just one Iraq War. There were at least four. One was the American War against the Iraqi Insurgents. That was the former military officers and their men fighting to free their country from what they considered to be a foreign occupier. The second war was the American war against the Jihadis, who we now call Islamic State. The third war was a civil war – between the Iraqis themselves – that the Islamic State started. The fourth was a quieter war: the Iranians versus virtually everyone else named above! And at the end of the day, it was the Iranians who indisputably won the Iraq war. Even the American generals and ambassadors will tell you that. Because while Western forces began invading from the west of Iraq to take down Saddam, the Iranians were conducting their own invasion from the east, with tens upon tens of thousands of Iraqis who had fled previously to get away from Saddam and were now coming back. As the coalition forces removed Saddam's army and government and police, they left a massive vacuum. And the Iranian invasion immediately stepped in and filled that.

**And that was made up mostly of Shia expats from Iraq?**

Yes. But the Americans didn't realise that for years. I learned about all of this through the Iraqi insurgents, who'd been fighting the Iranians since the eighties, who knew







**"AT THE END  
OF THE DAY,  
IT WAS THE  
IRANIANS WHO  
REALLY WON  
THE IRAQ WAR.  
EVEN AMERICAN  
GENERALS WILL  
TELL YOU THAT."**

their own population. The Iraqi insurgents' first big complaint was that they didn't want to go to war with America. They'd been on the same side during the '80s! They used American satellite imagery to kill Iranians back then! They'd never let Al Qaeda into their country! They like to drink and chase prostitutes! So they said to me "can you tell us why we're now on opposite sides? Why is it the Americans have brought in Iranian stooges on the backs of their tanks and haven't realised?"

Now, the Americans couldn't recognise that reality, and it prevented them from having a real dialogue with the Iraqi insurgents. Fast forward four years, thousands of American combat deaths and over one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand civilian deaths, and the Americans finally came to realise the Iranians were there pulling the strings from day one. And that's when the Americans finally cut the peace deal with the insurgents. The Bush administration put 107,000 insurgents on the US government payroll and the insurgent war stopped almost overnight. The jihadis woke up the next day dead – because we didn't know where they were sleeping, but the insurgents did!

**A lot of people in the West don't recognise the difference between the Iraqi nationalist insurgents and the Jihadis, who were led by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi (the leader of Al Qaeda in Iraq until his death in 2006).**

That's the thing. In the very beginning, neither did the American military. And that's what set me out on my path. When I first got to Baghdad, in the summer of 2003, there were so many journalists you couldn't get a hotel room. I fondly dubbed it 'The Summer of Love'. There were dinner parties, you could go to restaurants, there were nude Scandinavian journalists playing volleyball in the hotel pool at four in the morning! At that point in time, the American military didn't really know who it was fighting. The small insurgency was still just ad-hoc groups of guys taking angry potshots at American convoys. But the Americans had no idea who was doing it, and why. What I couldn't understand was why nobody was going up to these guys and asking them who they were and why they were doing it. In the film I venture out to find these guys. It turned out that they were all ex-military, and they had very logical reasons. By and large they were rational people. As the American soldiers would later sometimes say, "I would have done the same thing!"

I think that every soldier going to Iraq should be made to watch the film *Red Dawn*, in which Russians invade the United States and a group of kids from a football team



take to the mountains. The Russians set up concentration camps – think Abu Ghraib – and arrest people. The kids start what is essentially an insurgency.

### **Did the typical American or Western soldier question why he was there?**

A professional soldier will go and do his job where he's told and when he's told. The questions of who sent you and why you were sent don't matter. A soldier follows orders – if you're told to secure an area, then one way or another, you're going to do that. Let's face it, no matter what war you're talking about, a soldier's war is the 200 yards of street right in front of him. Once he's on that street, he's not fighting for democracy, or the US government, or for any greater purpose. In the end a soldier is fighting for his brother beside him. He's fighting to make sure that his brother gets home alive. Who's right and who's wrong, and "are these guys we're fighting against actually good guys" – those questions just dissolve. One of the reasons I think Zarqawi, and ISIS after him, have been so successful, is that they have a very acute sense of the way the media can work for them. The way their actions – like beheadings, videotaped suicide-bombings – play out in the media.

### **When you were seeing that happen, were you aware this was a new type of psychological warfare?**

Let's go back to September 11. You don't think they weren't aware of the symbolic value, and how that was going to play on TV screens around the world? These people are acutely aware of the power of the media, even if they're not controlling it. Now, the Iraq war was the last great conflict before social media. When it began, and when I received the first video from Zarqawi, there was no Twitter, YouTube or Facebook. But by the same token, Iraq was one of the clearest examples of a modern feature of these wars, in which journalists actually become targeted. In past conflicts, journalists were seen as independent observers, and were afforded a certain amount of passage. But in Iraq, thanks to Zarqawi, journalists came to be considered legitimate targets, and were hunted down and killed.

### **You were eventually given a tape by a courier that contained a video production of Al Qaeda in Iraq's attacks. Why do you think you were chosen?**

I'll never really know. In part, I think Zarqawi chose me because I was a foreigner who'd been running around with the insurgents – who knew me, trusted me, and sometimes even saved my life. I was out there, metaphorically, knocking on his door

# "JOURNALISTS CAME TO BE VIEWED AS LEGITIMATE TARGETS, AND WERE HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED"



## IRAQ WAR BY THE NUMBERS

1.7

TRILLION DOLLARS SPENT

350,000

IRAQI CIVILIAN DEATHS

32,223

COALITION SOLDIERS INJURED

28,000

IRAQI INSURGENTS KILLED

16,623

IRAQI MILITARY AND POLICE KILLED

4,799

COALITION SOLDIERS KILLED

1,487

PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTORS KILLED

139


JOURNALISTS KILLED

whenever I could. I was allowed to see one of his first training camps, what they would now call an Islamic State training camp, to get a sense of what they were doing. I wanted to understand what we were up against with these holy warriors, and what I saw there told me that it was going to be a long war, because these guys were sophisticated, committed, and weren't going anywhere. Why did they let me come in? I presume it was to establish their bona fides, and to let the world know they were a serious force to be reckoned with.

### **A scene in the film shows you accompanying some American soldiers who attack a house containing some insurgent fighters. You assist them somewhat in the attack – which I'm sure nobody would question, because they're Western soldiers. When accompanying insurgents, did you ever find yourself going close to crossing the line between reporting on them and assisting them?**

I spent the whole war walking a tightrope. That was one of the hardest things I had to do. Journalists are there to observe, not to become participants – for any side. But in a way, I kind of helped everyone. Oddly, I became a one-man United Nations. It got the point where everyone, on all sides of those four wars I told you about, trusted me and spoke to me. And everyone knew that I spoke to everyone else. The insurgents knew I would talk to the Americans and go on their patrols. The Americans knew I would talk to the insurgents and the death squads and to the Iranians and that I was sitting in their houses. What that allowed me to do was help create a dialogue. So I had to try to be almost religious in not helping out any side or any faction.

### **There is a sense, in the film, that even though you're observing all this horror, you do get a bit of a thrill from being there.**

Look, a lot of young men join the military because they want to find out who they are. And to a degree, that's the same for war correspondents. Sure, there's an aspect of adrenaline, but that isn't what keeps you there. It wears off. What compelled me was the story, and the fact that it hadn't finished. And that my small role hadn't finished. For years I couldn't walk away, until the war reached a point where you could see what the end-game was. And that's finally when I left. You've gotta be the type of person who is prepared to risk their life, who can operate in the most extreme and intense situation, and you've gotta understand that tomorrow you may die. 



**J. SPRINGS**  
CHRONOGRAPH  
BORN IN JAPAN



For further information please see  
[www.j-springs.com.au](http://www.j-springs.com.au)  
or scan QR code with your smartphone

Motor Sports Series  
Model no. BFJ001

# BESPOKE

FASHION / FOOD + DRINK / TRAVEL / LIFESTYLE

## SNEAKER FEVER

SNEAKERS ARE THE NEW MODERN MAN'S OBSESSION, WITH GUYS LINING UP FOR DAYS TO BUY THE LATEST COLLECTIBLES FROM NIKE, ADIDAS, CONVERSE AND MORE. WHY?



**T**here's a line stretching around several blocks, full to the brim with obsessed fanboys who have been waiting for days, some of them camping out on the street. Anticipation is in the air. The product they're all waiting for has been the subject stratospheric levels of hysteria and speculation, with untold numbers of blogs, websites and celebrities feeding the hungry hype-machine.

Just what will this product look like? How much better will it be than last year's? Will it make or break its manufacturer – one of the best-known, most beloved brands in the world?

No, this is not a line-up for the new iPhone. The boys and men (and, without resorting to gender stereotypes, they are indeed all boys and men) who have been standing in the line for what must seem like weeks are waiting for the release of the Adidas' Yeezy Boost collection, a collaboration between the footwear giant and Kanye West.

Yeah, they're lining up for a pair of shoes.

Sneaker culture has gone absolutely mental over the last few years, as an obsession with having the latest, freshest kicks goes into overdrive.

Grown men line up outside shops for days to get the latest collectable edition sneakers, and musicians like Pharrell Williams, Jay-Z and, of

‘

**THE OBSESSION WITH  
HAVING THE LATEST,  
FRESHEST PAIR OF KICKS  
HAS GONE INTO OVERDRIVE  
OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS**

’

course, Mr West, have all dipped their toes into sneaker design. What drive's the obsession?

The booming Hip-Hop culture, along with a nostalgia for the glory days of Air Jordan – the shoe which could be considered as patient zero in the sneaker explosion – are the main culprits. But with the explosion of online shopping, competition for limited edition sneakers has gone mental. Some people don't ever wear the shoes they buy; the sneakers are treated like works of art, put away for safe keeping while they grow in value.

And grow in value they do – A pair of Nike Air Yeezy 2s were selling for as much as five thousand dollars on eBay just a few years after the sneakers were put on the shelves.

So, just in case you're into that type of thing – or if you're looking for something with a good return on investment and worried about the housing bubble – here's our guide to the best Sneakers of 2015



#### NIKE MAG SELF-LACING SHOES

Yep, these are the shoes that Back To The Future promised us all those years ago. Released by Nike just in time, too – the first ever pair were given to Michael J Fox on October 21, 2015, the year Marty McFly finds himself transported to during Back To The Future II. And yes, they actually do tie themselves. Each shoe contains a motorized system that tightens the laces and straps around spools. The Nike Mag will not, however, be available in shops – they'll be sold via auction next year, with all proceeds going to the Michael J Fox Foundation for Parkinson's research.

**PRICE: YEAH, RIGHT. GOOD LUCK GETTING YOUR HANDS ON A PAIR.**



**CONVERSE CHUCK TAYLOR ALL STAR II**

Our editor, James Branson, wears Chuck Taylor's religiously. He has eight pairs, in fact. Trouble is, the things are mightily uncomfortable – the original design, which is almost 100 years old, has never been updated. Until now. This year, Converse finally gave chuck an update, releasing the Chuck II with a sole that doesn't give you severe back problems. It was all about comfort, really, with Converse adding a cushy Nike sock liner and a padded tongue, as well as a perforated micro-suede lining so your feet don't stink. At a cool \$75 per pair, this might be the greatest upgrade since Windows 8 (jokes).

**PRICE: \$75-\$100. BUT THEY'RE RUNNING OUT FAST. WE COULDN'T FIND ANY LEFT AROUND OUR LOCAL STORES**









### ADIDAS YEEZY BOOST 350

Almost impossible to get at the time of their release, Adidas' Kanye West-designed kicks are perhaps the most coveted limited-run sneakers of the year. In fact, google "Yeezy Boost" and you'll encounter numerous guides on how to get yourself a pair, most of which boil down to "enter a bunch of competitions". Of course, you could always try eBay, but then you'll be paying upwards of \$1000 for what are essentially a pair of running shoes. Eeek.

**PRICE: \$1000-\$2500**



### AIR JORDAN RETRO

Air Jordan can lay claim to being the greatest sneakers of all time, and Nike were way ahead of the pack when it came to releasing collectible editions. The Air Jordan Retro Chicago edition harks back to the glory days of Michael Jordan's all-conquering Chicago bulls, and have that timeless look about them. Demand for these things was so hot that Nike announced they were cancelling the online releases because sneaker freaks were using bots to make mass orders.

**PRICE: AROUND \$500**





MARS WHISKY

Iwai  
Blended Whisky



Iwai Tradition  
Blended Whisky



Traditional, pot still whisky from the Japanese Alps.  
Distilled in Nagano using only the finest ingredients.

DEJA VU SAKE CO

デジャヴ 酒 カンパニー

[DEJAVUSAKE.COM.AU](http://DEJAVUSAKE.COM.AU)

# THE PENTHO TO NEW YEA

**Y**ou've had a tough year. The boss has been giving you trouble since forever, that girl in accounts who keeps smiling slyly at you revealed that she's got a new, serious, long-term boyfriend who is really tall and handsome, and you've worked your arse off for far less money than you deserve. It's time to let loose. It's time to go somewhere, *anywhere*.

It's time to go just a little bit crazy for New Years Eve.

And it's time to do it *somewhere else*.

Sure, Australia throws some pretty decent New Years Eve parties, and Sydney's fireworks show is one of the best in the business, turning the harbour into a near-nuclear explosion of light and fire.

But you've seen all that before. This year, you need to visit somewhere new, and there are plenty of places that throw amazing New Years Eve parties where you can go forth and be merry.



# USE GUIDE R'S EVE





### ^ THE BEACH BALL DROP, PANAMA CITY

Panama City, a beachside metropolis of over 1.4 million people, is one of the best places to celebrate New Years, and their annual beach ball drop is one of the highlights. The event starts at around five in the afternoon, with city-wide celebrations and some of the happiest (and, frankly, best-looking) people you'll ever encounter.

After a spectacular fireworks show comes the main event: at the stroke of midnight, over 7000 beach balls are dropped on the crowd to mark the new year. People go nuts, because, frankly, there's nothing more enjoyable than 7000 beach balls bouncing around a whole city.

With the entire population of Panama seemingly in party mode and a massive carnival atmosphere, this is one party you won't want to miss.





**> WOODFORD FOLK FESTIVAL, QLD**

Obviously not all of us can afford to treat ourselves to a South American getaway for New Year's Eve, and when you hit your thirties, that thirst for going absolutely mental for New Year's Eve tends to die down. Enter the Woodford Folk Festival. It's the perfect event for someone who still wants to party but also enjoys sleeping, with a gentle, chilled-out atmosphere and some of the best bands you can find. Also, it's kid-friendly, which helps. Only trouble is that it's in Queensland, so you'll have to deal with, you know, Queenslanders.



**^ RÉVEILLON, RIO, BRAZIL**

This is the ultimate beach party. I mean, take a look at this picture. Who wouldn't want to go mental on Copacabana beach with two million Brazilians? Featuring a world-beating fireworks display, on one of the most beautiful places on Earth, with some of the most beautiful people on Earth, with some of the best booze on Earth, in one of the best cities on Earth... well, you get the picture.

Brazil has a unique combination of spiritual conservatism (the country boasts one of the world's largest Catholic populations) and outright hedonism, and it all comes together on New Year's Eve. Wild music and even wilder people party on the beach all night and well into the day, but the party also celebrates the feast day of Lemanja, the Goddess of the Sea in the Candomblé religion. While you're boozing it up with the locals, you'll notice people dressed in white placing messages to Lemanja on small boats and sending them out to sea. If they're carried out by the current, it means she's happy and their prayers will be answered.





### ▲ **TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY**

The New Year's party in the city that lays the best claim to being the cultural centre of the world. This is the big one, and you'll want to see the clock count down for NYE in NYC at least once in your life. With the very best entertainment the enormously wealthy New York City Times Square Alliance can afford, the party also features the famous "ball drop", in which the Times Square ball descends 43 metres down a specially designed flagpole in the sixty seconds before the new year kicks in. Of course, this could get expensive – New York City is one of the most expensive places in the world, and accommodation anywhere besides some very dangerous bed-ins in the Bronx goes for astronomical prices. Still totally worth it, though.



# DIPLOMAT®

SINCE 1922



Diplomat Australia  
[www.startekimports.com.au](http://www.startekimports.com.au)  
03 5156 2298

International  
[www.diplomat-pen.de](http://www.diplomat-pen.de)  
+49 23 59 / 905-131



# Whisky from Mars!

Last week I threw myself a birthday party. The drinks were flowing, the conversation was ridiculous and my friends and I had a blast. All the ingredients for a great night.

Earlier in the afternoon, a friend had given me good bottle of Whisky as a gift. At around 2am I decided it was time to crack it open, which was a stupid decision, frankly. If you're going to drink a good bottle of Whisky, you need to drink it slowly, savour the taste and not just sink it down like water.

Luckily, a friend pointed out the error of my ways and managed to convince me to put the bottle down and give it a try when I could actually appreciate it.

So now, as I sit here writing this article about the bottle of Mars Whisky I'm currently sipping on, I am entirely thankful to my friend. If I had gotten my way, it

would have gone completely to waste.

To those who don't understand what an excellent whisky tastes like, all I can say is that I feel sorry for you. To those of you, who do, I say, give Mars Whisky a try. Made in pots based on over 100 years tradition, they're some of the finest Japanese blends money can buy.

The whiskies are made in the Japanese district of Nagano, at an elevation of 798 metres. It's a foggy and cool district, with the temperature often going fifteen degrees below zero in winter, having a

distinctive influence on maturation.

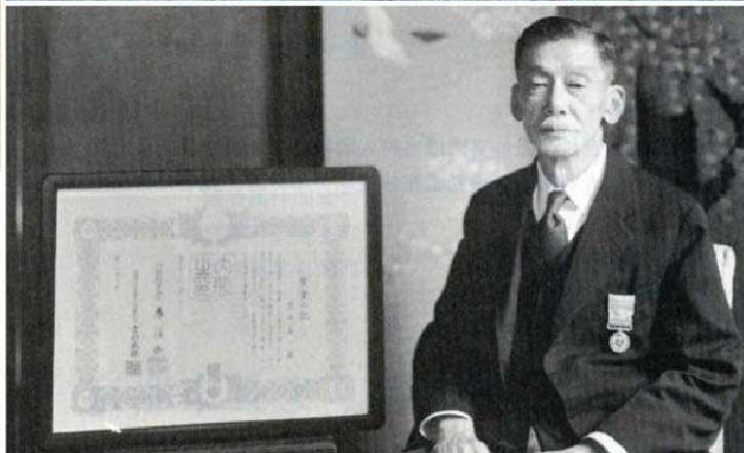
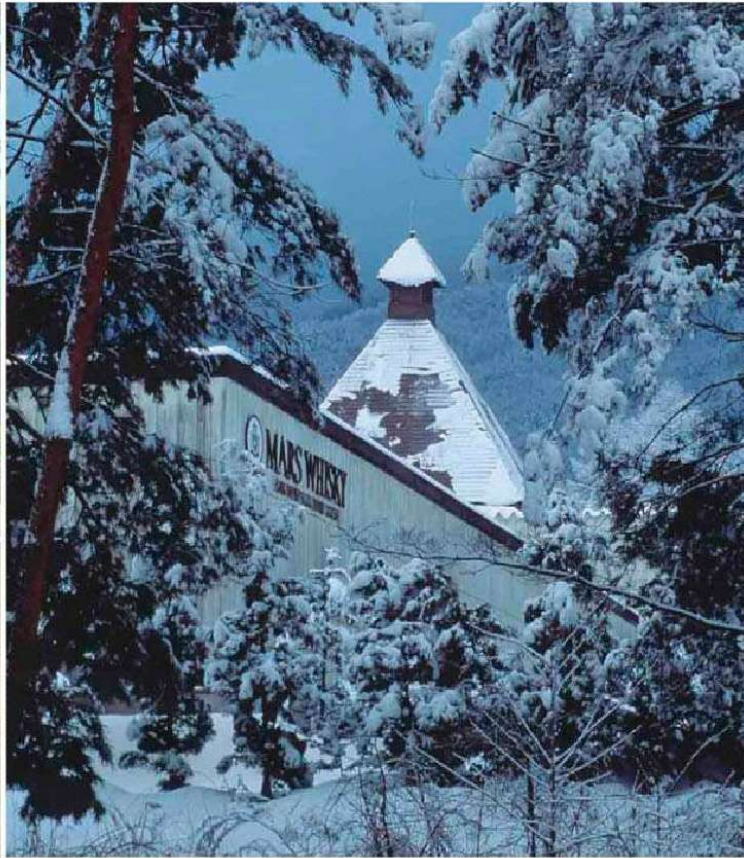
The unique flavour is also influenced by the casks used for maturation.

Mars Iwai whisky has the influence from bourbon casks, whereas bourbon casks, sherry casks, American white oak casks and uniquely Japanese Mizunara casks are used for Mars Iwai Tradition Whisky. That's the reason Iwai Tradition has a more complex taste than Iwai whisky.

The company has a variety of blended and single malts, and if anyone at Mars is reading this: please send more.

---

**MADE IN POTS BASED ON OVER 100 YEARS TRADITION, THEY'RE SOME OF THE FINEST JAPANESE BLENDS MONEY CAN BUY.**



**YEARS OF TRADITION**

Mr Iwai is considered a pioneer in the history and development of pot still whisky in Japan. and is still listed in the top 100 most influential people in the history of whisky, according to the UK's Whisky magazine.

Mars Whisky was relanched in 2011 and is now fresher and more active than ever - one of the most innovative whisky brands on the market today. Mars whisky is now on a new page based on this history and tradition.



**DEJA VU SAKE CO**  
デジャウ 酒 カンパニー

[DEJAVUSAKE.COM.AU](http://DEJAVUSAKE.COM.AU)

**TASTING NOTES**

<b>WHISKY NAME</b>	Iwai 'Tradition' Japanese Whisky
<b>STYLE</b>	Pot Still Blended Whisky
<b>UNIT SIZE</b>	750ml
<b>PRICE</b>	RRP \$110
<b>MALTS</b>	Blended barley/grains
<b>CASK FINISH</b>	Bourbon cask, Sherry casks, American white oak casks and Japanese Mizunara casks
<b>ABV</b>	40%

**TASTING NOTE**

**COLOUR:** Rich gold, amber  
**NOSE:** Malt, sweet honey, complex, peaty  
**PALATE:** Full bodied, sweet peat, orange marmalade, maple, burnt sugar cane, cedar, cigar  
**FINISH:** Distinctively full bodied, rounded, richer style, long finish.

**COMMENTS**

Soft and rounded, yet full bodied and mellow.



<b>WHISKY NAME</b>	Iwai Japanese Whisky
<b>STYLE</b>	Pot Still Blended Whisky
<b>UNIT SIZE</b>	750ml
<b>PRICE</b>	RRP \$98
<b>MALTS</b>	Blended barley/grains
<b>CASK FINISH</b>	Bourbon casks
<b>ABV</b>	40%

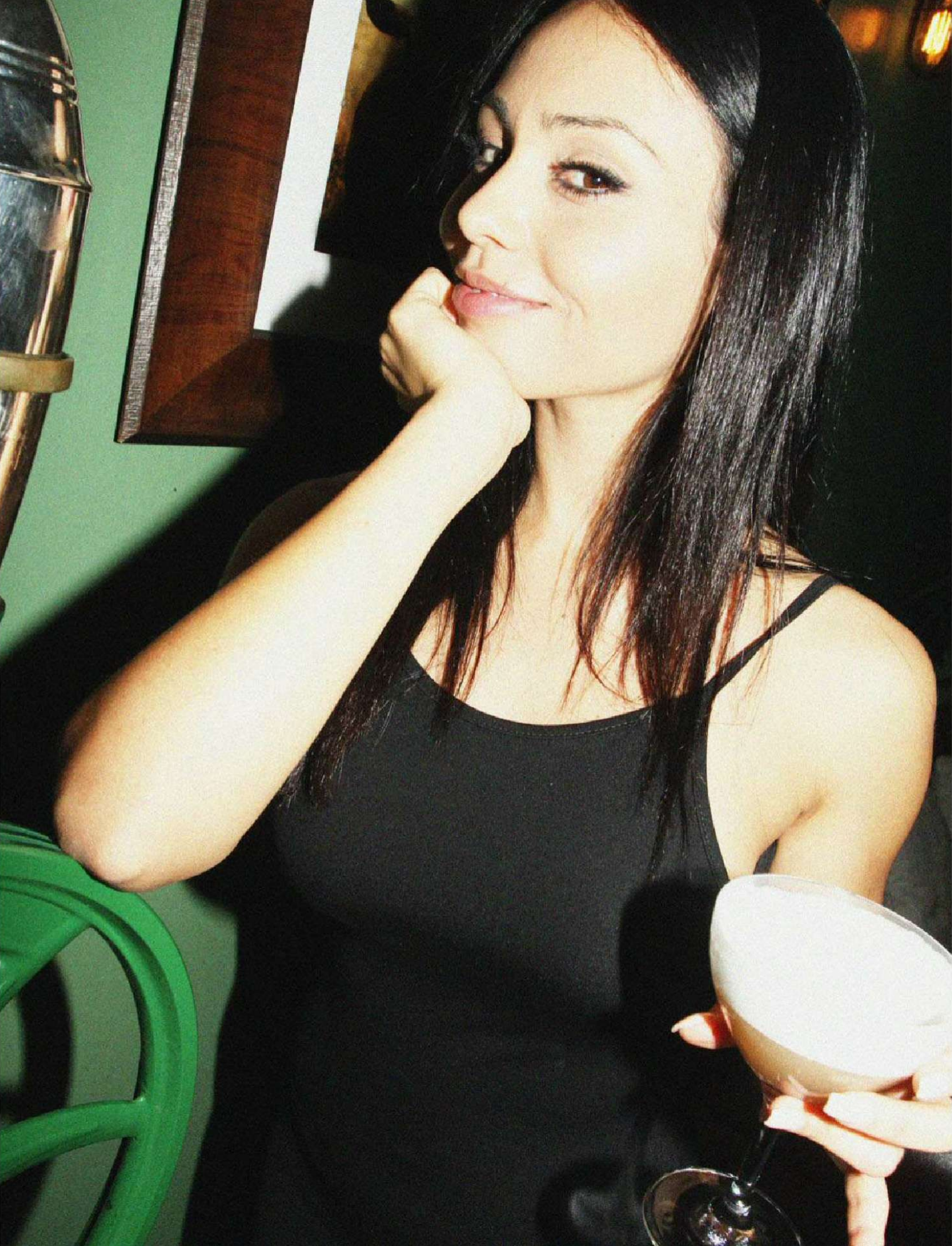
**TASTING NOTE**

**COLOUR:** Rich gold, amber with hints of rose  
**NOSE:** Lovely, light, floral and sweet aromas. Notes of Cherry Ripe, juicy berries, roasted coconut and dark cacao. There is also a sweetness of marshmallows, sweet pears, candied ginger and a lovely honey suckle aroma.  
**PALATE:** Beautiful soft sweetness of gingerbread, raspberry and spiced honey with underlying flavours of dried fig and allspice.  
**FINISH:** Soft malt finish, beautiful medium mellow finish of spiced port, ginger cookies, honey milk, and dried figs.

**COMMENTS**

Stunning, beautiful, soft whisky. Delicate but well balanced.





# WHY IS THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LOOKING AT ME LIKE I'VE JUST SAID SOMETHING REALLY STUPID?

**T**he most likely answer to that question is that I have, indeed, said something completely idiotic. I'm a fool when it comes to speaking to women, which really shouldn't be the case because I'm the editor of Penthouse magazine for God's sake. When I was a teenager, flipping through the pages of this here publication, I imagined the men who ran it to be suave, fast talking, good-looking executive types who swept women off their feet with James Bond-esque skill.

Unfortunately, I'm a writer. And while us writers are skilled with the written word, we're often unspeakably stupid when it comes to talking.

Especially to women.

There are many – far too many, in fact – examples of my complete lack of prowess when it comes to chatting to women at bars. On one notable occasion, a lady caught my eye from across the room. I smiled, and, lo and behold, she smiled back.

"I'm in!" I thought to myself. Mustering the kind of courage that, to me, felt on par with Allied soldiers landing at Normandy, I walked up to the girl. Unfortunately, I hadn't really formulated a plan for a topic of conversation.

When I reached the poor lass, I blurted out the kind of pick-up line a stalker or serial killer might adopt: "So, where do you live?"

*Conversation over.*

Put simply, I need help. So, when Penthouse decided to do an article on drinking cocktails, I thought it would be the perfect opportunity to get some much-needed assistance. We arranged for some cocktail tasting at the brilliant Barbershop Bar in Sydney, home to some of the finest cocktails the city has to offer, and, because we're Penthouse, a few girls came along. I decided to ask their advice on how to avoid creeping out girls at a bar...

*As is the case with everything I do, I didn't arrive on time. In fact, I was way too early, which is one of the biggest mistakes you can make. In fact, it's better to be 20 minutes late than 20 minutes early. It reeks of desperation. So there I was, sitting around like a loser, by myself at the bar. Never a good look. Finally, the girls came in and I managed to strike up a conversation (even though I can't really claim with any legitimacy that striking up a conversation with them was an achievement – they're models and they were here for that specific reason. Oh well).*

**So what would you do if a guy like me sidled up to you and asked you where you lived?**

Well I would think he was a stalker, frankly. 'What area are you from?' is probably a better way to put it.

**Yeah, I guess, although that's pretty generic too. My problem is that I turn into a bumbling mess. I'm otherwise quite intelligent and charming and knowledgeable. What's the worst**

It's all about finding the right person. The honeymoon period is always going to fade away.

**So what's the funniest pick-up line you've encountered?**

Yesterday I was in my training gear and a guy asked me if we could squat together.

**Gross.**

Yeah, I nearly vomited in my mouth!

**Was he talking about squatting as a sexual innuendo, or did he legitimately want to do squats with you?**

I don't know. It was really weird though. I normally hold a bit of a barrier, because I've been in a lot of long-term relationships.

**So now that you've broken up with hubby, are you going to get yourself out there any more?**

Nah. It's all about being a better person now. It's all about my career. I do dancing as well.

**What kind of dancing?**

Belly dancing. I'm also a really good barista.

## MY DATING FAILURES ARE MANY AND VARIED. I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE PERFECT EXCUSE TO GET ADVICE FROM THESE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

**pick-up lines you've encountered?**

'I think we've met before' is always a bad one. I encounter that one way to often.

**Yeah that's terrible. I think I always need to get about five minutes of being a moron out of the way before I can start to calm down. Do you give a guy a chance to get through all the bumbling, nervous idiocy, or do you make your judgement straight away?**

The way a guy carries himself is important. If he's shy or reserved, I'll always give him that chance. Confidence is really appealing. I had a boyfriend who was really persistent. I actually told him to leave him alone, but he kind of tricked me into dating him!

**That sounds like he almost stalked you into dating him!**

Seriously! He did. My ex-husband as well.

**Oh you're not married anymore? How good is divorce?! I'm divorced myself and it's the best time of my life.**

Haha yeah! The freedom is really good.

**Yeah, you realise that marriage is kind of boring and stupid.**

Oh no, that's a sad way to think about it.

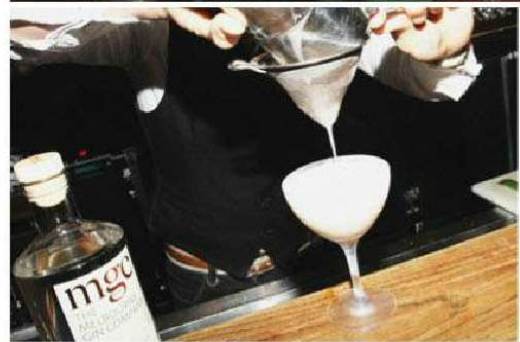
**I imagine lots of guys try to pick you up at the cafe. You should write "piss off" in their lattes.**

Haha. That would be funny but I might get fired. They actually do attempt to pick me up, but they're often intimidated, because I only ever find out a bit later that they're interested.

**Yeah of course they are! The way I started out in magazines was purely to impress this barista girl. I didn't have a job and I decided to start a magazine. I was writing in a cafe, spending all day there, mainly to impress this girl. She never actually found out. I think she's in Melbourne now.**

Awww. You really need to get some more confidence... That's what it's all about really. You could come up to me and say something stupid, but if you did it with confidence I'd probably find it hilarious and we'd end up chatting some more.

*At this point in our conversation the barman thankfully came over and started presenting us with some frankly delicious cocktails, saving me from saying anything too stupid. Thanks mate.*







## WHAT WE WERE DRINKING

*Thanks again to the Barbershop Bar in Sydney city for helping out with the drinks!*

### OFFICIAL OLD FASHIONED

50ml banana infused Maker's Mark Bourbon, 7.5ml smoked maple syrup, 7.5ml Manzanilla sherry, 2 dashes Angostura bitters. Add all ingredients to a mixing glass. Add ice and stir well. Strain over a large block of ice, spray with a zest of orange and serve with a side of dehydrated banana pieces.

### PINK LADY

45ml Melbourne Gin, 15ml Applejack, 20ml fresh lemon juice, 20ml grenadine, 10ml egg white. Add all ingredients to a shaker, "dry shake", then add ice, shake vigorously and fine strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with maraschino cherry.

### GIMLET

60ml Plymouth Gin, 20ml lime cordial, 5ml fresh lime juice. Add all ingredients to shaker, add ice and shake vigorously, fine strain into small cocktail glass. Finish with a zest of lime.

### RAZORBLADE RATTELSNAKE

50ml Jim Beam Rye whiskey, 20ml fresh lemon juice, 20ml house-made honey and fennel syrup, 20ml egg white. Add all ingredients to shaker, "dry shake", then add ice, shake vigorously, and fine strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with a "stripe" of angostura bitters.





*how do you like it?*

**PURE or DIRTY?**

AUSTRALIA'S NO 1 CRAFT VODKA

666

PURE TASMANIAN VODKA

TASMANIA, a pristine island that lies below the rugged coastline of Australia, north of Antarctica. It's an immense and wilderness famous for its clean air and natural beauty. It's also home to the mad Tasmanian Devil, a very aggressive and evil tempered creature which you would not want to hand feed.

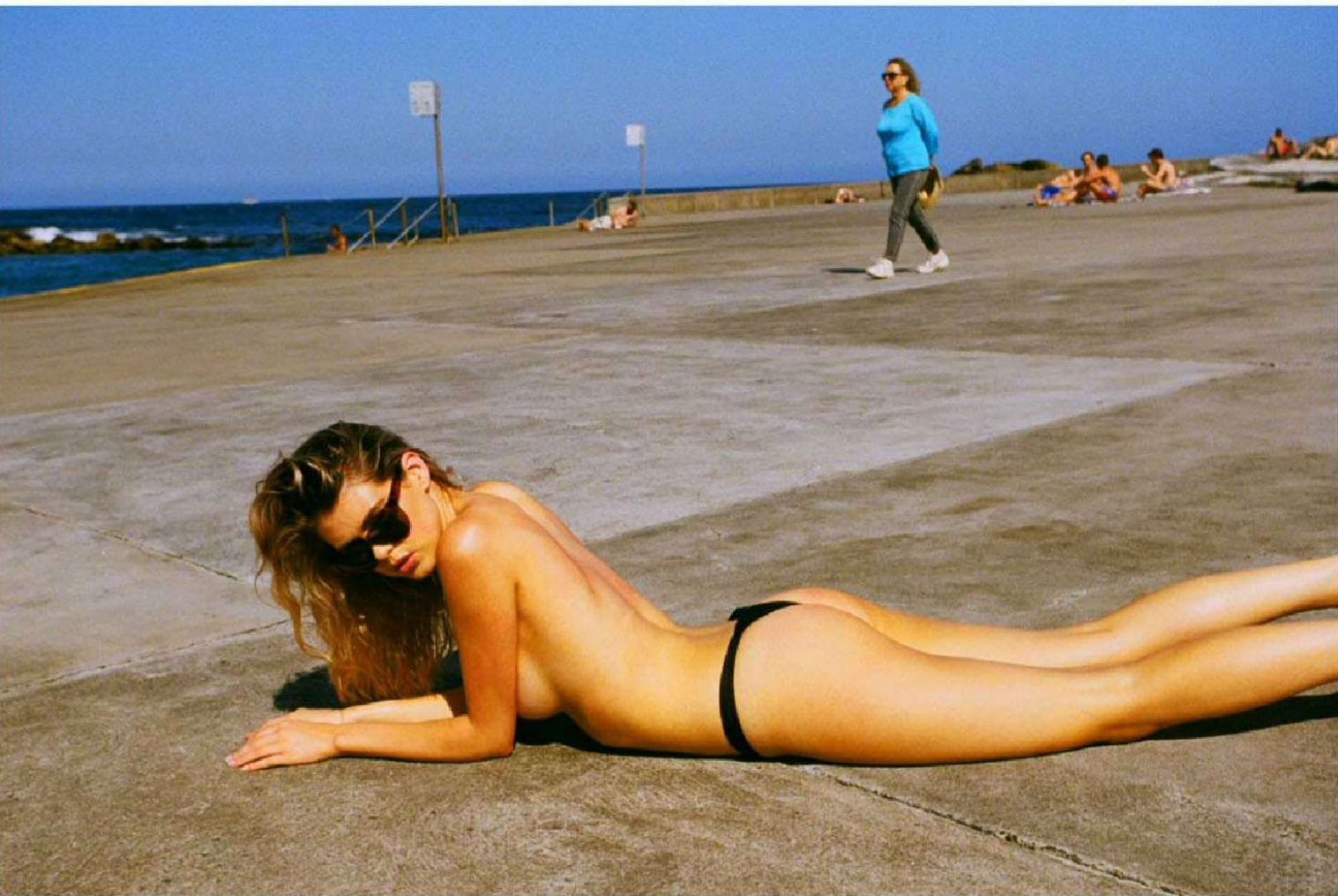
1. HIDDEN AWAY IN THIS sanctuary of wild forests and wind-swept hills is the aptly named Cape Grim. Scientists have proven the air here to be the cleanest in the world. The wind blows the Antarctic rains unsheltered to the Cape. This is where we source our water. Each precious drop is so pure it is almost a sin to take it.

2. PURE DISTILLERY COMPANY openly admit to stealing all that is natural and pure from Tasmania. We only use Tasmanian barley in our triple pot distilled and charcoal filtered process. The result is a velvety smooth yet distinctly clean tasting vodka. This is why 666 is known throughout the world as pure evil.

DISTILLED & BOTTLED  
IN TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA  
PURE DISTILLERY COMPANY

40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)





# PARADISE CITY

This is Khayla. She lives in Sydney. Khayla and Gavriel Maynard, Penthouse's photographic director, took a trip around the city's eastern suburbs in a rented 1988 Ferrari Mondial. Between 1980 and 1993, Ferrari made over 6,100 Mondials, one of the most popular models of its time. Gavriel doesn't drive, so after the shoot Khayla gave him a lift home. On the way they got McDonald's and Gavriel complained about his sunburn. Complaining is something Gavriel does a lot of, even though his job is to take pictures of beautiful women.

**Photography: Gavriel Maynard**  
**Fashion: Coco Adorjany**  
**Hair & Beauty: Desiree Wise**  
**Model : Khayla**





































**Handcrafted, preservative  
free, naturally brewed for more  
than a quarter century.**

**Now brewing Three Sheets,  
Old Admiral and Seasonal Ales.**



[www.lordnelsonbrewery.com](http://www.lordnelsonbrewery.com)

# UP TO **\$100** WORTH OF **FREE** PRODUCTS!

For that little something extra in men's underwear and sportswear, **DailyJocks** has some stand-out clothing. They also range sports apparel that is designed with functionality in mind without compromising on comfort. The DailyJocks Monthly Underwear Club is the best way to discover men's underwear - a monthly delivery, selected from international designer brands, in your size and preferred style.

Subscribe to Penthouse now and you'll receive a **FREE DailyJocks gift card, valued at up to \$100** - choose products from their entire range.



# DAILYJOCKS

[www.dailyjocks.com](http://www.dailyjocks.com)



## SUBSCRIBER BENEFITS

- **SAVE** up to \$114
- **FREE** delivery to your door
- **DISCREET** packaging
- **GREAT** gift idea
- **FREE** DailyJocks products

# PENTHOUSE

YES, Please send me *AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE* for:

- Me  Gift 2 years (20 issues)  
 + \$100 gift card for \$185.00 **SAVE \$114.00**
- 1 year (10 issues)  
 + \$50 gift card for \$99.95 **SAVE \$49.55**

### MY DETAILS:

Title: Mr/Mrs, \_\_\_\_\_  
First name Surname

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_

### GIFT RECIPIENT DETAILS:

Title: Mr/Mrs, \_\_\_\_\_  
First name Surname

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_

### PAYMENT DETAILS:

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ payable to Penthouse.

Or charge my credit card:

Visa  Mastercard  Diners Club  American Express

Card Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Exp date \_\_/\_\_/\_\_

Cardholder's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Cardholder's Signature : \_\_\_\_\_

## ORDERING IS EASY!

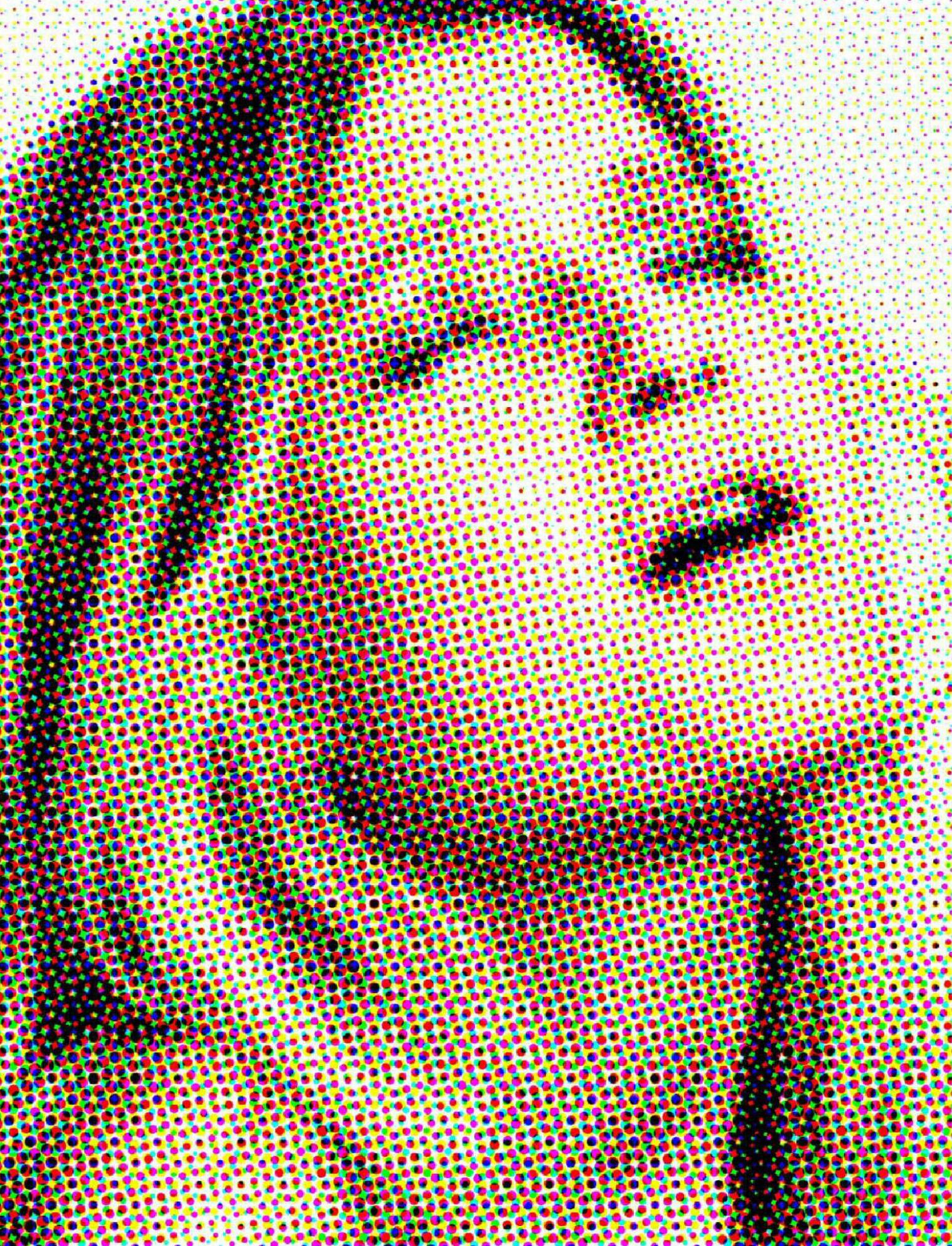
**ONLINE:** penthouse.com.au

**CALL:** 136 116

**MAIL POSTAGE-FREE TO:**

Magshop, Reply Paid 5252, Sydney NSW 2001

Please tick if you don't wish to receive future offers from  Penthouse  specially selected partners.  
 Offer for Australian residents only and ends 31.12.15, or while stocks last. DailyJocks Gift Cards do not expire and will be sent to subscription payers, separately to the magazine, within 30 days.  
 Full privacy Policy and T&Cs at magshop.com.au/penthouse





# THE SWEET SPOT

**IN THE SUBURBS OF MELBOURNE, A QUASI-RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY (SOME WOULD CALL IT A CULT) ARE DEDICATING THEIR LIVES TO WORSHIP AT THE ALTAR OF THE FEMALE ORGASM. THE MOVEMENT IS CALLED ORGASMIC MEDIATION, AND JAMES BRANSON SPENT SOME TIME WITH THE ITS ACOLYTES**

**E**ight-thirty in the morning is the perfect time of day to stroke pussy. It's like drinking coffee – a nice, hot shot to get your morning moving along. Stroking pussy is what's brought me to the tastefully decorated terrace house on Punt Road, Richmond I'm currently lurking about in. It's why I'm staring down at Rosa, whose naked legs are spread open in front of me in preparation for a session of OM – Orgasmic Mediation. Rosa is lying on the floor surrounded by a few pillows, a tub of natural lubricant and an air of quiet excitement. I'm sitting on a chair with a full view of what a pornographer might describe as 'the money shot', my position in the room almost perfectly aligned with Rosa's vagina, which is staring straight at me, smiling slyly in anticipation. Sitting to her side is Graham, who is about to stroke Rosa's clitoris. Graham is dressed head to toe in bicycle riding gear – all lycra. He is maybe 40 years old and, I note, has a wedding ring on. *Rosa is definitely not his wife.*

As I watch, Graham gently inserts his thumb into Rosa's vagina and begins to describe what he sees in gentle, hushed tones. He then finds what devotees of Orgasmic Mediation view as the Holy Grail of their religion: the upper left-hand quadrant of the clitoris. He begins to gently stroke Rosa on that spot and, after less than two minutes, she starts to orgasm, exhaling gentle oohs and ahs.

Graham continues for 15 minutes – the rules of OM are strict about that precise amount of time – and Rosa's orgasm lasts for every one of those 15 minutes. An alarm on Graham's phone rings, and the whole session comes to an end.

There it is – the 15-minute orgasm.

## THE SWEET SPOT

ORGASMIC MEDITATION WAS DEVELOPED BY AN American author, speaker and modern guru named Nicole Daedone. In 2001 Daedone started OneTaste, an urban-retreat style series of centres whose focus was to create “a clean, well-lit place where sexuality, relationships and intimacy could be discussed openly and honestly”.

Since then, OneTaste has elevated the female orgasm to an almost religious experience – a kind of modern nirvana that can be reached by “stroking” – a very precise and expertly practised rubbing of the clitoris.

Stroking takes only 15 minutes, but there’s a bit of preparation involved in setting up the scene. The female will lie down, legs open, and her partner – usually someone she knows, but not always – will rub the the upper left quadrant of her clitoris (I still don’t know where the hell that is), applying gentle pressure to the area. Daedone describes the pressure applied as being no more stringent than that with which you’d rub your own eyelid.

The strokee can verbally communicate to her stroker whether or not to apply more pressure or hold back a little, but a master-stroker won’t require too much feedback. He or she will be naturally in tune with the vibrations of their partner.

“We eat too much, we diet too much, we shop too much,” is Daedone’s mantra. Yet, she says, there’s still this longing deep within us; for a real connection with our minds and bodies that leaves us truly satisfied. The key, according to Orgasmic Meditation, is the female orgasm. Which is pretty hard to argue with, frankly.

The person bringing Orgasmic Meditation to Australia is a young woman in her early twenties named Rosa McGill, who spent four years as a OneTaste representative and social media strategist in the USA. A Melbourne native, she recently moved back with the sole intention of setting up an Orgasmic Meditation movement in her home country. She’s starting it all from her mum’s place in Richmond.

There have been allegations that OneTaste and Orgasmic Meditation are a cult, and the first thing I noticed about McGill was the aura of spiritual contention that can sometimes be misinterpreted as “brainwashed”. She projected a quiet but excited happiness you also see in Mormon missionaries who come knocking at your door and telling you they’re ready to save you.

Or with Branch Davidians.

I find most spiritual movements, from large organised religions to smaller groups like Hare Krishnas, to be positively infuriating. Members tend to project a sense of self-satisfaction that I find smug and unjustifiably condescending.

Take Sting, for example, constantly banging on about tantric sex. What a twat.

So I had to put a stop to my natural inclination towards judging McGill too early. We began to talk about the ins and outs of Orgasmic Meditation.

“I’d always been into personal development and spirituality,” she said. “One of many things I came across was an interview

with Nicole Daedone, who had a really interesting take on this sense of dissatisfaction that a lot of people feel. This lack of connection that they have in their lives. This sense of not being able to touch a part of yourself that is hungry for something.”

McGill found her answer in Orgasmic Meditation, and she’s been proselytising ever since.

“What people are lacking is this sense of connection – with themselves, other people, some kind of purpose or higher vision for their lives. It’s a very modern affliction.”

This is not an unusual take on first-world problems. Yes, our consumerist, capitalist society has a big, black hole where its spirit should be. Sometimes people seek answers in Christ, Buddha, Yoga, Eastern “spirituality” or self-help gurus.

Devotees of Orgasmic Meditation say the key is orgasm.

“OM gives you an opportunity to access a really deep level of connection with another human being,” McGill continued as the mental image of groups of hot young things all getting off in white robes and worshipping at the altar of the clitoris began to take over my Neanderthal mind. I shook it off.

“In the same way that meditation and yoga are practices, OM is genuinely looking to help with self-realisation and happiness. It’s changed my life very profoundly.”

Like many young women who first hear about OM, McGill found out about the practise and was intrigued, but never thought she would ever let anyone anywhere near her pussy (“pussy” seems to have been ingrained in OM devotees as the canonical word for the more clinical “vagina”).

“I wanted to learn more about being an empowered woman, and more about my sexuality. But actually participating in the practice was so far outside my mind. I was game for focusing on my desire for intimacy. I trained with one of the senior coaches in

San Francisco without any intention of actually participating in the practice.” It was only after meeting women whose lives had been transformed by having their pussy stroked on the regular that the shy young woman from Australia decided to get properly involved.

“It was great to hear it from them. Then I saw a demonstration, and I felt something. Something shifted inside me. It was this nourishing, saturating feeling – a feeling of orgasm and connection. I eventually came to the conclusion that I’d have to try it. I giggled through the whole thing because I was so nervous, but the experience was awesome. And I’ve never looked back!”

McGill now OM’s at least three times a week.

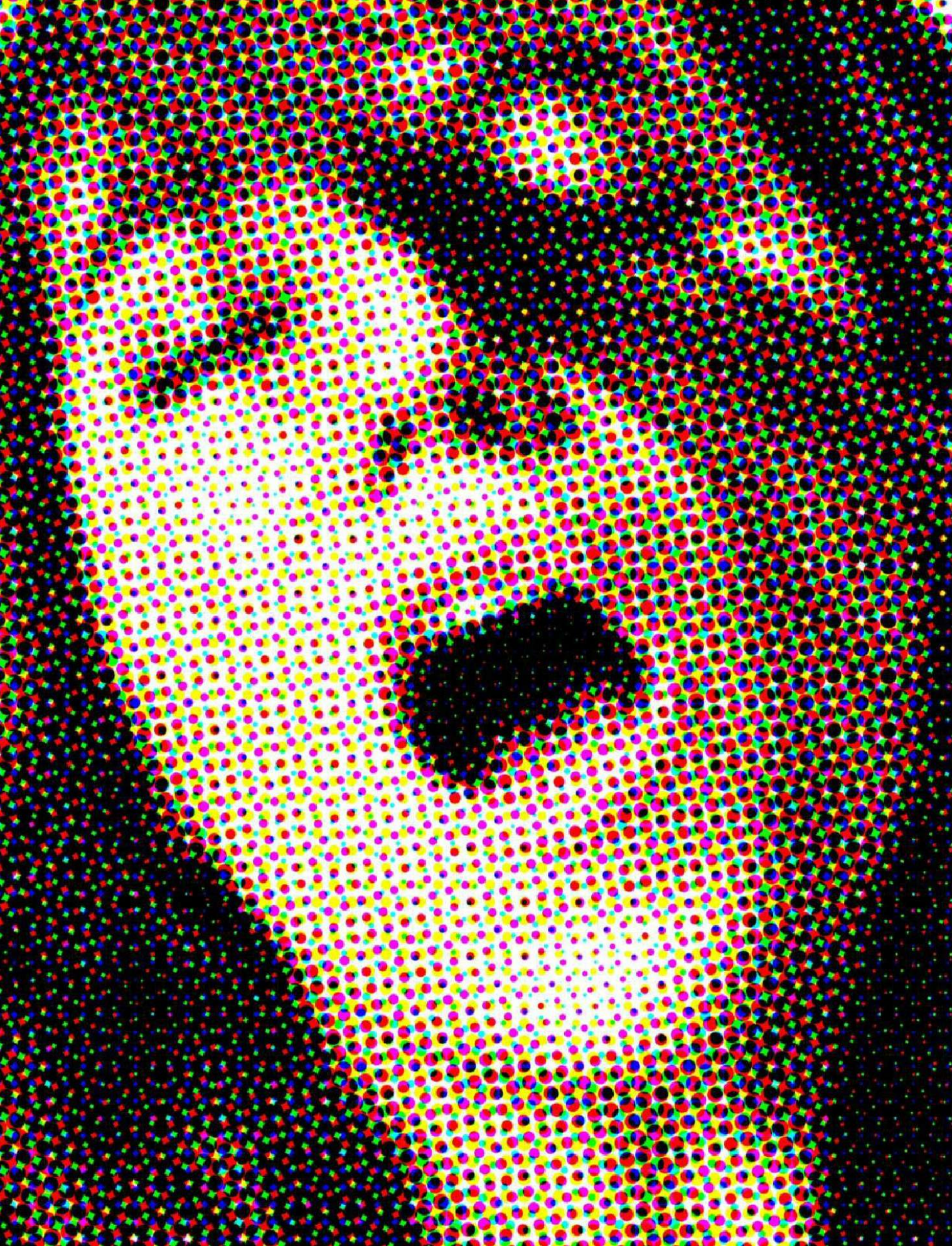
Whilst strokers and strokees typically know each other before they begin a session, it’s not essential.

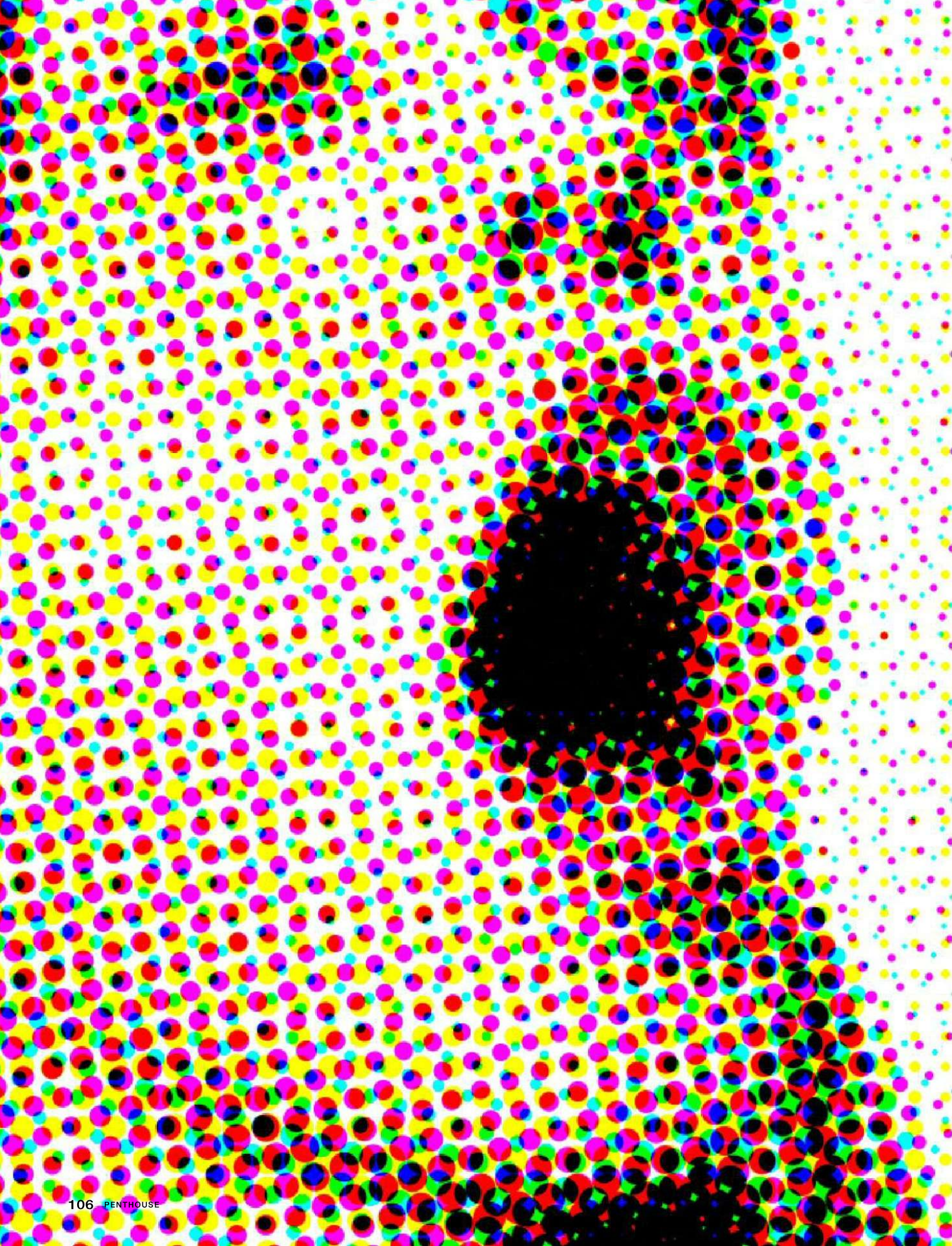
“The idea is that you have an experience with somebody, but it’s not necessary that you have a romantic or sexual relationship with them. You don’t even want to have to go out for tea with them,” McGill said. Even sexual attraction, normally essential for getting turned on and getting off, isn’t necessary.

“I would say that OM is more about connection than attraction. And you can be connected to anyone. Initially, when people start OM, there’s definitely an attachment to doing it with people

‘  
**RIGHT NOW, THE  
ORGASMIC MEDITATION  
MOVEMENT IN AUSTRALIA  
IS SMALL. BUT EVEN  
JESUS STARTED OUT  
WITH ONLY TWELVE  
DISCIPLES**  
’







## THE SWEET SPOT

who they're attracted to. I used to do it like that. Now, for me, it's about wanting to experience a deep level of connection. Now, my range of who I will OM with is much broader."

RIGHT NOW, THE ORGASMIC MEDITATION MOVEMENT in Australia is small. But even Jesus started out with only 12 disciples.

In addition to holding private OM coaching sessions and telling the world about its benefits, McGill has also started holding regular "TurnOn" events in a loft above Smith Street, Collingwood, where a gathering of people curious about OM will run through a series of exercises designed to prepare them for the next step (presumably, stroking pussy).

I turned up to the Smith Street TurnOn session armed with an arsenal of prejudices. Like I said, I've got a deep seated hatred of "spiritual" movements. They're always trying to sell you something (in OM's case, it's Lube. The company manufactures a special lubricant designed for stroking), so I came with my guard up.

TurnOn events are, according to OneTaste, essential to preparing the ground for a deeper involvement in OM. Being turned on, in OM circles, isn't just feeling horny and ready to fuck. At TurnOn events, through simple talking, participants are told they'll experience exhilarating, energising, often ignored feelings – feelings of being turned on. A room of people engage in "honest, humorous, playful conversation" around topics we mostly only consider having in our own heads.

I walked up three flights of stairs and was confronted by a bunch of dudes. "There are some very single men here," a fellow writer said to me when she visited another event out of curiosity. There were only two females – an older lady who gave off a bit of an ex-hippy vibe, and a young, good looking 22-year-old who seemed a little lost. The rest of the group consisted of about 10 or so guys, some older and a bit sad, some young and keyed up, ready to get laid.

One of the implicit attractions of Orgasmic Meditation is that it opens the minds – and legs – of young women. By having mostly women represent the movement, the implication is that getting involved with Orgasmic Meditation also means you'll have access to hordes of beautiful, sexually liberated babes.

I can't deny that was partly on my mind.

It was also, clearly, on the mind of just about every other guy at the meeting.

After we'd all sat down in a semi circle of chairs, McGill – who was leading the group – asked us all why we were here. "Sex" was a reasonably common, and uncommonly honest, answer.

The TurnOn event consisted of three games. The first was called "Inside Out". Each person was asked the question "if somebody really knew who you are, what is something they'd know?" Next up was "The Hot Seat".

People were asked to sit on a stool at the front of the gathering and answer any questions directed at them with complete and

utter honesty.

One man was shockingly forthright. His wife – with whom he had a nine year-old child – had recently died, a turn of events that he admitted had brought him significant pleasure.

He spoke of how his life had gotten so much better since his wife had passed, how he'd entered into a new, open relationship, he'd just bought himself a new boat... it was a shocking admission.

After the meeting finished, we all had time to chat amongst ourselves for a while. "I think the the clitoris is proof of the existence of God," said David, a devoted Christian who wanted nothing more than to get laid without the commitments.

"It's an organ that is dedicated solely to pleasure – there is actually no evolutionary purpose for it"

I had a go at refuting his theory – the process of evolution necessitates that females get some pleasure out of sexual activities, thus explaining quite nicely the evolutionary purpose of the clitoris – but he seemed unswayed, and I've never bothered trying to win over the religious.

One thing that I picked up on at the meeting was the sheer number of people who were involved with, or seeking, polyamorous relationships. Amongst OM devotees, open relationships seem to be quite common. McGill herself is in an open marriage.

‘  
**ASKING SOMEBODY  
YOU'VE ONLY MET A FEW  
TIMES IF YOU CAN RUB  
THEIR CLITORIS FOR THE  
PURPOSES OF A FEATURE  
ARTICLE IS... REALLY,  
REALLY AWKWARD**  
’

ASKING SOMEBODY YOU'VE only met a few times if you can rub their clitoris for the purposes of a feature article is... awkward. To properly immerse myself into this weird and wonderful world, I'd booked a guided session of Orgasmic Meditation with McGill. My partner, who asked not to be identified, was someone with whom I'd worked with on a professional basis. We'd also slept together before, so I didn't think it

would be a big deal, but about two hours before we were to begin, she freaked out.

"This is something incredibly intimate and personal that only people who are in a relationship should do," she told me. "For me, this is a form of tantric sex that's based around mutual respect, love and intimacy. Orgasms are personal things, and for one to happen in such a clinical environment seems off-putting. I've only recently come out of a long term relationship, and I thought this session could help me move on from my ex-partner. But when I thought about it, creating a false sense of intimacy with another person made me feel extremely sad."

Her reluctance to participate in the session brought up one of the barriers that practitioners of OM encounter on a regular basis. Sex, when it's at its best, should be an instinctual thing. Something that is wild and of-the-moment. Something that taps into our animal side.

The idea that you can micromanage an orgasm, get it down to an almost scientific practice with exact guidelines and a step by step instruction guide, runs counter to everything we expect when we're thinking about an orgasm.

"I remember being nervous at first," McGill said. "Especially for a woman, there are all these things that go through our minds when we're thinking about sex and orgasm... but there was so

## THE SWEET SPOT

much joy and freedom on the other side of that threshold."

I didn't want to push my friend too hard, though. McGill volunteered to give me a demonstration, so I jumped at the opportunity. And that's how I ended up, at 8:30 on that strange Thursday morning, watching Rosa McGill and her stroker give a demo of the act itself.

A FEW DAYS LATER, A FRIEND FINALLY SAID YES. I'D found it extremely difficult to convince any of my mates to let me touch their clitoris for 15 minutes – it's not the kind of thing you just casually ask your buddies or work colleagues (although I did bring the subject up, ever so subtly, with one or two... the sexual harassment cases are pending).

Eventually, I found – well, let's call her Jordan – who asked me not to reveal her identity, for obvious reasons.

"Look... it's a strange request. But I guess I'm interested. As soon as you said 'fifteen minute orgasm', my ears did kind of prick up," she said.

Jordan told me that she rarely came during regular sex – a common affliction that Rosa said OM can help solve.

"I think it's embarrassment, mostly. There's certainly a lot of social conditioning for women when it comes to being sexual. If you're sexual then you're slutty, or dirty, or loose. Women have to work through a lot of fear about how they're going to be perceived."

"It's sad that women's pleasure has so much politics. You can look at something as simple as... how many blowjobs do you see in films? But you very rarely see a woman getting head. An MA-rated movie could have a blowjob in it, but never cunnilingus."

Back at an undisclosed location (actually, my hotel room), Jordan lay down next to me and opened her legs. OM commands that the stroker tell his partner what he sees – to give a loving description of her vagina. I'm going to spare you the details here.

Afterwards, I did my best to follow Rosa and Graham's example from a few days earlier. I opened up Jordan's labia gently, and attempted to locate the upper left quadrant of her clitoris.

"Yeah, that feels pretty good, I guess," Jordan said.

"Like, regular good, or goooooood?" I asked.

She shrugged.

Or she gave a hint of a shrug.

"What is it?"

"Dude, this is super-awkward."

Of course it was. But we plowed (!!!) through. I located what I thought might be the right spot, and started to rub gently.

"How's that?"

She didn't say anything. Just a quick look of approval.

I HAD IT!

The glorious upper left hand quadrant!

*The sweet spot!*

I stroked gently, as light as I possibly could.

"A bit harder", she commanded.

And then, the sound I'd been waiting for.

*Mmmmmnnnnngggggggggggggggggggggg.*

I continued stroking Jordan in the same way for the next 12 or so minutes (I had a timer next to me). A consistent "Oh, oh, oh" began to emanate rhythmically from her vocal chords – not the kind of high pitched, wild orgasm that you see on porno (or whenever your girlfriend fakes it). It was slower, but deeper and more intense.

At one point – perhaps 10 minutes in – I actually felt some thing deep, perhaps even spiritual connection with Jordan, the kind of thing you expect to feel with the love of your life. It was fleeting – perhaps only 30 seconds or so, but it was there.

And then, the 15 minutes were up.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Don't stop!" she said, exasperated and perplexed at the artificially-timed blowing of the whistle.

"That's it. We've gotta finish."

"Fuck you."

ROSA LATER EXPLAINED TO ME WHY IT WAS THAT A session had such a strict time limit:

"It's enough time to get into a profound state of orgasm, but also short enough that people can integrate the experience... into every day life."

"We keep the time period consistent so that it becomes a consistent practice – a habit, something that the brain gets used to and trusts – so you can surrender quickly into a deep state of orgasm."

After an OM session you're supposed to share "frames" with your partner: you describe a moment when you felt or experienced something unusual. I

described the moment when I felt a true, emotional connection with Jordan.

She looked at me weirdly and described her annoyance at the moment I told her we had to stop.

"Look, it was pretty good," she said, still clearly irritated at the seemingly random interruption of the alarm clock.

"Better than pretty much every other time a guy has fingerbanged me. I think it was because it was all about my own pleasure, and I didn't feel any need to please you."

I asked her if she felt as though it was an almost spiritual experience.

"Not really. Look, maybe it could get to that, but for now it was just good to have somebody touch me in the right spot."

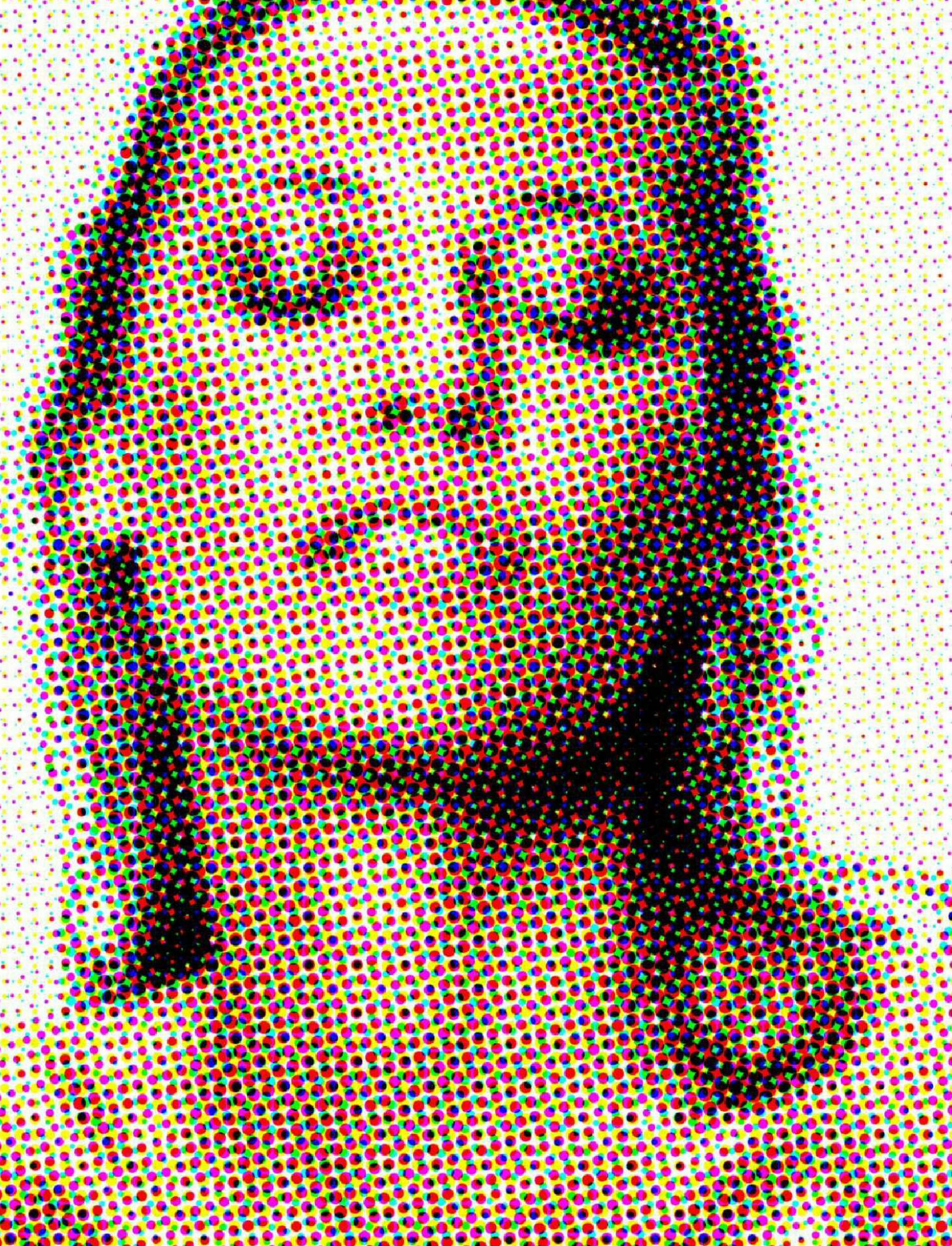
And that's the crux of it, right there.

Maybe the success of OM has less to do with it being a spiritual movement and more with it being a good instructional guide on how to give a girl a decent orgasm.

Whether or not you prescribe to OM as a spiritual movement probably has more to do with your own desire to become part of a community whose values and goals have something in common.

But when those values and goals are all about the big O... well, that's a community I want to be a part of. ☺

## MAYBE THE SUCCESS OF OM HAS LESS TO DO WITH IT BEING A SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT AND MORE TO DO WITH IT BEING A GOOD GUIDE TO HOW TO GIVE A GIRL AN ORGASM



A dark, artistic photograph of a person's legs in high-heeled shoes, with the word 'PENTH' overlaid in large white letters. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a concrete floor, with a person's legs and feet visible in the foreground and background. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the legs and the texture of the floor.

PENTH

A woman with blonde hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a dark bikini, is lying on her back on a set of wide, light-colored concrete steps. Her arms are raised above her head, and she has a relaxed expression. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting dusk or dawn. The word "HOUSE" is overlaid in large, white, sans-serif font across the middle of the image.

# HOUSE

coming soon to YouTube





# MEGA FANS

HEAVY METAL WAS MEANT TO BE WIPED OUT BY NOW, BUT ITS FANS HAVE REMAINED STRONG. PENTHOUSE PHOTOGRAPHED SOME OF THE DEDICATED AT THE LATEST MEGADEATH CONCERT IN SYDNEY

**W**hen was the last time you saw somebody who was truly immersed in their subculture? Globalisation, the internet, and the ready availability of absolutely everything has created what seems like a monolithic, mega-subculture, in which people pick and choose what they like and throw away the rest. In fact, there's a word for people like that: hipster. What annoys people so much about hipsters (and I would probably best be described as a hipster, goddammit) is that they steal elements of other cultures without really immersing themselves.

They're the day-trippers of subculture.

Heavy metal doesn't have that problem. Since rising to the top of the music pile in the 1980s, it's seen off numerous pretenders who have come and gone: Grunge, techno, Indie Rock, Nu Metal (the worst of all genres), and whatever it is that Radiohead does.

It probably helps that they have *the best* designed t-shirts. They're amazing, and band t-shirts are the centrepiece of the metal fan's armour. Metallica's mid-eighties shirts now go for thousands of dollars online, and they're true works of art.

So, when we heard there was a gathering of fans at the latest Australian show by Megadeath, we just had to hang out. Gavriel Maynard, Penthouse's photographic director, took his camera and snapped these funny and endearing pics.











# WHY WEIRD SEX IS THE KEY TO HAPPINESS

WILL COLVIN IS A FREAK... AND HE'S EMBRACED THAT. IN FACT, HIS PENCHANT FOR DREAMING UP THE STRANGEST SEXUAL SCENARIOS POSSIBLE HAS MADE HIS RELATIONSHIP STRONGER.

**H**ave you ever had that problem where it's 3am after a big night out, and even though your fiance is shoving a huge, double-ended dildo up your arse, you just can't get yourself to come because of all the drugs you've taken? And then she starts falling asleep mid-handjob because of all the drugs she's taken?

And even though you've specifically asked her to verbally abuse you in the cruellest and most exotic ways possible, she keeps nodding off mid-sentence, forgetting what she was supposed to be doing and then saying nice, sweet loving things to you instead?

No? Anyone?

Well, I have. I have had that problem. And I believe the fact that I'm perfectly comfortable admitting to it is why my relationship is so strong.

My fiance and I are, for want of a better word, degenerates. We're utterly morally bankrupt.

When we first met, we were a picture perfect example of a "vanilla sex" couple. I don't mean that in a bad way – the sparks of our initial attraction were so hot that loving, energetic, good old-fashioned P-in-V sex was more than enough.

I've always been, basically, a sex-obsessed freak. I remember as early as twelve I was actively searching for porn and mining the internet for as much weird and twisted erotic literature as I could my grubby little hands on.

I lost my virginity in a public park at the age of fourteen and on several occasions convinced my best friend to jerk me off under the table in English class.

Sex is a burning obsession for me that has only grown in its breadth, depth and depravity as I've grown older.

But when I met my fiance, I was so smitten by this angelic, shy, gentle woman that I completely suppressed that side of myself. She was so loving, soft, caring, and downright sweet, that I couldn't imagine doing anything other than wholeheartedly making love with her. My days of filth were over.



‘

**CONSENSUAL SEX IS THE  
ONE PLACE YOU CAN BE SAFE  
FROM THE TYRANNY OF THE  
POLITICALLY CORRECT.  
THERE IS NOTHING YOU  
SHOULD BE JUDGED FOR, NO  
MATTER HOW DEPRAVED**

’

Which is why I was so surprised when, two months into our relationship, she whispered in my ear mid-coitus, “god, I just want you to screw me like I’m a filthy little whore who’s only fucking you because she needs two dollars for the bus ride back to her dying grandmother’s shack.”

*What. That’s literally the most mental thing I’ve ever heard. Oh, god, I’m coming, I’m fucking coming.*

The floodgates were opened.

Since then, we’ve explored almost every avenue there is to explore. Once we both realised that neither of us would ever judge the other, there were no rules. One of us might not like something so much, sure, but there was never any shame in asking for it.

It started with roleplays. Roleplaying might seem pretty vanilla, but the real fun starts when you actively try to push the envelope as far as you possibly can.

On one particularly memorable evening I convinced my fiancée to tell me all about the time she became a drug slave in a Columbian coke den, and how much she wanted to return to

that (fictional) life and leave her boring Sydney fiancée behind.

Or what about the time she pretended to be an underage teenager and convinced me to pretend to be her creepy motor-bike riding adult boyfriend taking her home for after-school specials?

Our (often incredibly elaborate) roleplays have run the gauntlet from plain old-fashioned “late night masseuse visit”, to the wonderfully taboo “it’s 7am, why are you getting into my bed, you’re my big sister, hey don’t touch me there, oh god that actually feels really good”, right up to the astonishingly, disgustingly politically-incorrect realms of “I’m a refugee fleeing a terrible conflict, I’ll trade anything for a safe place to stay.”

I’ve even pretended to be her son.

That may, especially those last two, seem shameful to you. I am not ashamed. And that lack of shame is something it seems, sadly, very few people will ever get to experience.

Consensual sex with a partner you love is the one place you can be truly safe from the tyranny of the politically correct. There is nothing you can say that you should be judged for, no matter how depraved, within the boundaries of fantasy roleplay.

If we’re honest with ourselves – really honest – we’re all freaks. We’ve all got some deep, dark sexual fantasy bubbling away inside us, and most of us feel some sort of shame about them.

Just because something turns you on as a fantasy, doesn’t mean it’s something you’d want to do in real life. Often it’s just the shock of breaking a taboo, saying the things you’re forbidden from saying, that gets us off.

EliteDaily recently published an article called “Couples Who Act Gross Together Are Happier, Healthier And Have More Sex.”

The article is actually just about couples who fart in front of each other and are comfortable with public displays of affection, but it’s clear that that logic goes one step further: being totally sexually open, honest and, let’s face it, insane together will lead to a healthier relationship. And it’s not just about being honest about your fantasies, the things you’ve already done or already want to do – it’s about actively pushing your own boundaries too.


Remember that double-ended dildo I mentioned earlier? Yes, I’ve had one end in me while the other end was in her. It’s great fun. “Ass to ass,” as that creepy old guy at the end of Requiem For A Dream would say.

The more things you try, the more things become normal. I live in a universe now where often, five minutes before our cleaners arrive, we’ll suddenly have a mad scramble to hide the handcuffs, dildos and fox-tail buttplugs scattered all over the house, because we’ve forgotten that to the wider world, they may seem a little strange.

I’ve watched other men have sex with my fiancée, I’ve been to orgies and swingers clubs, I’ve partner swapped, I could probably fit a tennis ball in butthole and yes, I know what a penis tastes like, and it’s not that bad.

Some might say that it’s desensitisation, but I think it’s just evolution. The more films you watch, books you read, music you listen to, the more open you become to new ideas, the more boring the old ones seem, and I don’t think sex is any different.

And most importantly – my relationship is stronger than it ever has been. While most people reach the three year mark and start to lose their libido, we feel like we’re just getting started.

So if you and your partner are going through a rocky period, forget the relationship counsellor, and don’t think about divorce just yet. Just sit at either end of a double-ended dildo and see if you can solve your problems by meeting somewhere in the middle. 





## What's the secret?

MosKa energy for men contains *Turnera diffusa*, a herb traditionally used in herbal medicine as an aphrodisiac and tonic to the reproductive system, to enhance libido and sexual activity, as a tonic and stimulant to help maintain mental and physical stamina. AUST L 237215

[www.moskaenergydrink.com](http://www.moskaenergydrink.com)



Just add SEX



# THE GERMAN ANATOMIST WHO TAKES DEAD HUMAN BODIES AND TURNS THEM INTO ART

DR GUNTHER VON HAGENS, A GERMAN ANATOMIST, HAS BEEN PRESERVING DEAD BODIES AND PUTTING THEM ON DISPLAY FOR DECADES. SOME THINK HE'S A FREAK. OTHERS THINK HE'S AN ARTIST.

**S**ome people think that when you die, you should be burned until you're a pile of ashes and those ashes should be scattered about in the sea, or in a garden, or, as was the case with the great writer, Hunter S. Thompson, shot out of a fifty-foot canon that was bought and paid for by the actor Johnny Depp.

Others believe you should be seen one last time with some horrible foundation and lipstick slapped on your face by a funeral director who was most definitely not trained in the art of make-up.

A select few donate their bodies to science, perhaps hoping to better humanity after they're gone.

And some give their bodies over to a man named Gunther Von Hagens, who peels off their skin and puts them on display in various states, sometimes playing poker, sometimes riding elephants, and sometimes even having sex.

Dr. Von Hagens is a Polish-born German physician, anatomist and – in the opinion of some – artist. He's dedicated his entire life to preserving the bodies of deceased human beings in the name of... education, perhaps. Or art. Or anatomy. Take your pick.

As part of his series of Bodyworlds exhibitions, Dr Von Hagens has, over the years, displayed hundreds of deceased humans in various poses and states. Some of the bodies (which are all donated) are stripped only of their skin, to show off the muscle structure, while others have had everything but their arteries and veins removed. In addition to several travelling Bodyworlds shows, Von Hagens has permanent exhibitions in Tokyo, New York, Amsterdam and Berlin.

The specimens are often displayed with an almost comic sense of the absurdity of the human body; they are skateboarding, playing the saxophone, playing sport. The specimens are fascinating, disturbing, beautiful and horrifying; a brutal reminder of the weakness of our existence in the face of nature's sociopathic indifference to our own delusions of significance.

Von Hagens himself has an interesting history. After coming of age in Eastern Germany during the worst years of the Soviet occupation, he was sent to prison in 1969 after being caught attempting to flee into Austria. His freedom was eventually bought by West Germany; the government at the time had a policy of purchasing

the release of intellectually-promising German nationals who wished to escape the communist system. They paid 43,000 Marks for Dr Von Hagens' release.

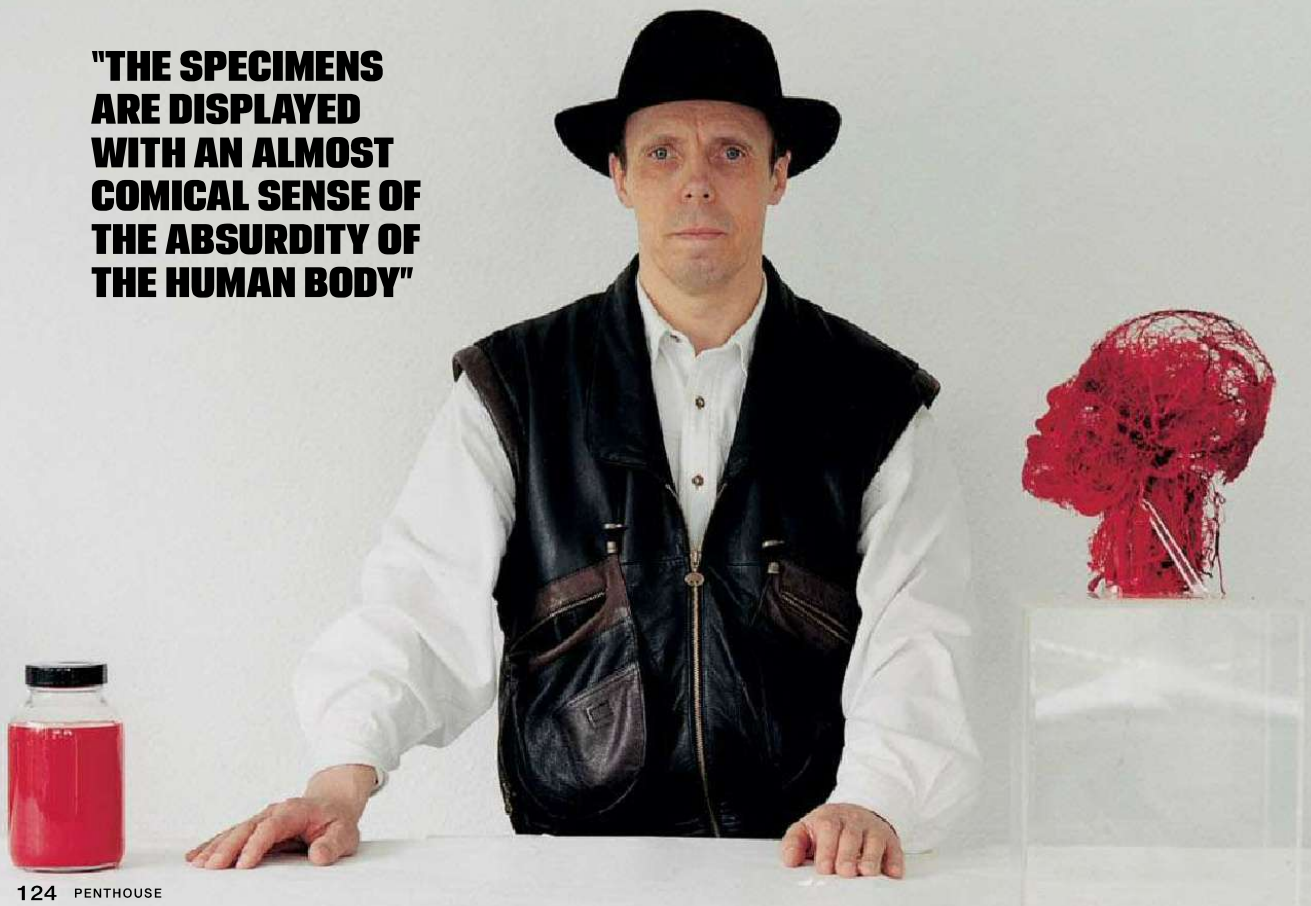
Von Hagens studied and worked in anatomy at the University of Heidelberg and stumbled upon his technique of "plastination" after experimenting with ways to effectively preserve body parts so they could be used in classrooms.

"Plastination was an invention of necessity. I was teaching anatomy to medical students and trying to find a better way to teach. At that time, anatomical specimens were embedded in silicon blocks and there was a distance between the learner and the specimen; it was a detached learning experience. My method of anatomical preservation subverted convention by permeating the specimen with polymers."

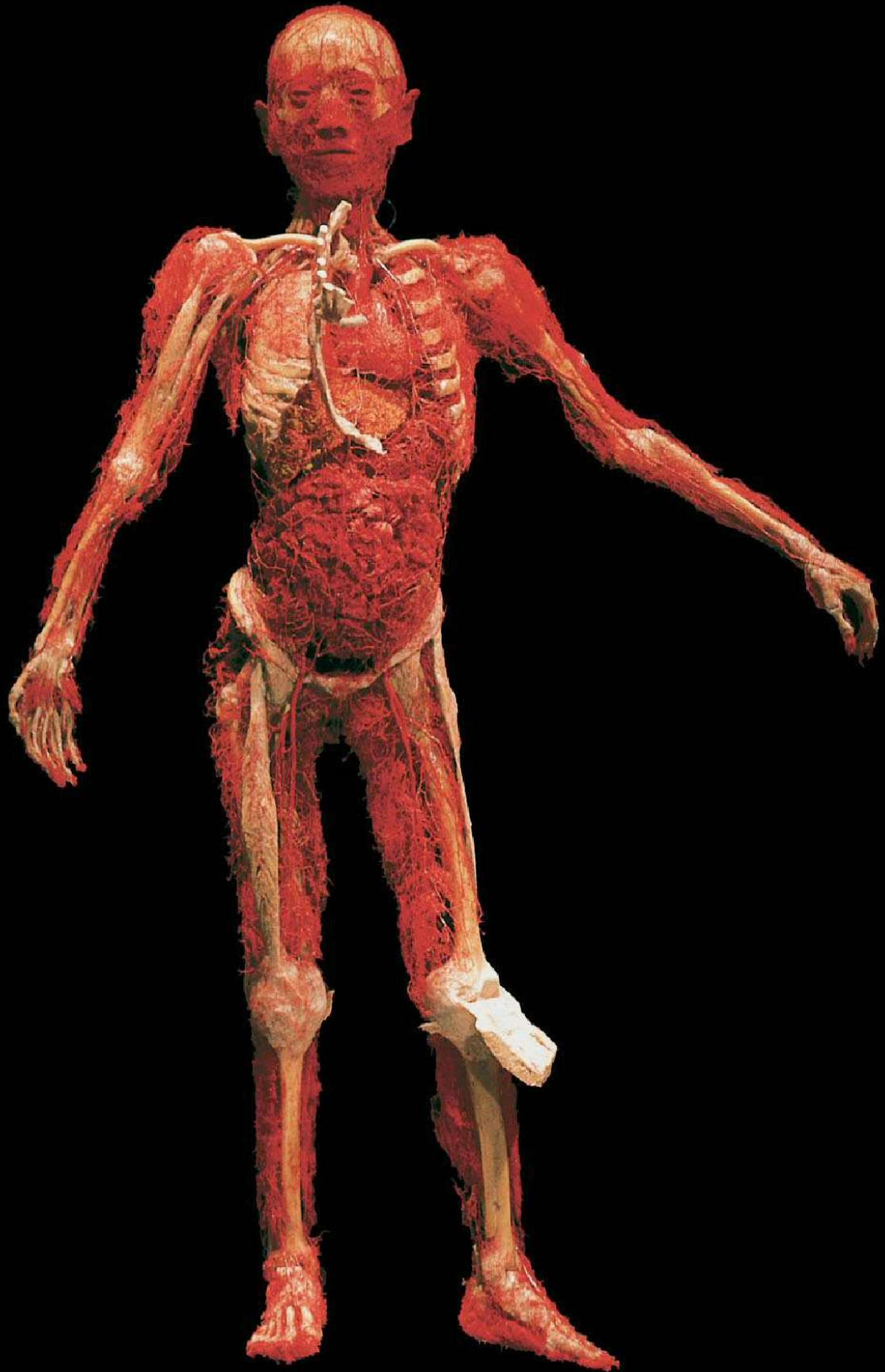
Make sense? Probably not, so here's how the plastination technique works. Firstly, a body is submerged in a formaldehyde solution which prevents decomposition. It's the stuff that Damien Hirst famously plonked a shark in for his installation *The Physical Impossibility Of Death In The Mind Of Someone Living* (coincidentally Von Hagens himself plastinated an entire shark).

After some time in the formaldehyde solution, the body is placed in an acetone bath which completely drains the corpse of all water. It's then placed in a bath of liquid polymer. This forces the acetone, which has found its way inside the cells, to vaporise, sucking in the polymer to

**"THE SPECIMENS  
ARE DISPLAYED  
WITH AN ALMOST  
COMICAL SENSE OF  
THE ABSURDITY OF  
THE HUMAN BODY"**







replace it. It leaves cells of the body filled with a liquid plastic.

Von Hagens is then free to do as he wishes. His specimens are pliable enough to be put into any number of positions and scenarios, limited only by Dr Von Hagens' imagination. One of his more stunning installations features a human body riding a fully plastinated fucking elephant.

Despite beginning with purely educational and scientific aims, Von Hagens' work has evolved into what many consider art: he has a keen eye for aesthetic qualities and a consideration for his audience's emotional reactions that fellow anatomists would consider unscientific – it's a realm in which artists, not scientists, operate.

"I feel an obligation to show the human body in a way that is pleasing and aesthetic," Dr Von Hagens told me.


"To do that, I am forced to also take my science to its outer limits. I have been inspired by the artists and anatomists of the Renaissance and their aesthetic vision of the human body. The body itself is modernist and minimalist, it is not baroque in any way – there is little that is superfluous about the body. The aesthetic sensibilities evolved gradually without any premeditation on my part. I went back to Renaissance art and Renaissance artists and studied everything I could. I looked at the art itself and studied form, fluidity and movement. All this immersion in art refined my thinking about how to pose the human form."

Von Hagens has recently begun to face his own mortality. In 2011 he revealed that he was suffering from Parkinson's disease. Until the diagnosis he was consumed by his life's work – instead of living at home with his wife and children Von Hagens slept most nights in a small office in his plastination plant, working from the early hours of the morning until late at night. Now someday he can barely walk.

Of course, Von Hagens plans to plastinate himself when the time comes. His son has recently undertaken the day-to-day running of the (really weird) family business. His plastination plant is like a production line of dead bodies.

Whilst sometimes shocking, occasionally quite funny, and often rather confronting, a number of Von Hagens' displays are some of the most beautiful sculptures I've seen, especially his more recent work that involves only plastinating the veins of a specimen. Von Hagens seems aware of the fact his work is provocative, but is in no way apologetic.

"The post-mortal body is confrontational. It forces us to set aside our unconscious and conscious repudiation of death... when the fact is that all of us are dying a little every day. Some people allege my work is a violation of the sanctity of the dead.

"There is no sanctity in the process of giving a deceased human being a new, post-mortal identity," he concedes. "But the alternative, decomposition of the body, is not sacred either. It is in my view very unreasonable. Death is unreasonable." 

**"SOME PEOPLE ALLEGE MY WORK IS A VIOLATION OF THE SANCTITY OF THE DEAD. BUT THE DECOMPOSITION OF THE BODY IS NOT SACRED EITHER."**









# HEY LADIES: SLEEP AROUND MORE. YOU'LL REALLY, REALLY LIKE IT

**W**ith great pride, I would like to announce that I am an enormous slut. A massive skank. An incredibly huge, giant 'ho. I've been sexually promiscuous for a large portion of my adult life and it's been a hell of a ride. I've found myself in bed with some incredible men and I've had to kick out some absolute assholes.

And throughout my adventures as a whore, I've gained the ability to better understand my body through constant use and practice. I've become confident enough to actually ask for – nay, demand – what I want. And how I want it.

The problem is, this is something I've been told to be ashamed of. Over and over again. By men and women alike. Sometime between playing with our Barbies as children and realising the true purpose of our vaginas (they're soooooo fun!), young women are told that sex is something we should remain coy about. We're told to always act "like a lady", and somehow this constitutes restricting ourselves to a small handful of sexual partners.

A lot of women (and men) are of the idiotic belief that a lady who's only slept with a small number of men is better wife/girlfriend material. I'm calling bullshit on that.

As everyone should know by now, female genitalia is harder to please than Fred Nile at the Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras. A ridiculous amount of women have never experienced the immense pleasure of a real, full-on orgasm (or the holy grail of squirting). They feel too embarrassed, or there's something stopping them from embracing their own bodies. How many times have I had friends say to me that they "don't feel comfortable receiving head" or "they are happy to have sex and never orgasm"? TOO. FUCKING. MANY. TIMES!

Like any activity (tennis, chess, neurosurgery) getting good at sex – and enjoying it – takes practise. Years of practise. And multiple partners.

I've slept with my fair share of different guys, but it was only

last week that I finally came internally (that is, without any clitoral stimulation). That's six years worth of trial and error before I got it right! All my boyfriend and I had to do was have him lay rather awkwardly on top of me and press his penis probingly around my vagina, all the while asking me to tell him if at anytime it felt nice.

Eventually – and I mean eventually – he hit the right spot. From then on, all we had to do was figure out a way for him to keep on hitting that spot without missing the bulls-eye. Sounds pretty simple right? Too bad most women, when asked if they're enjoying sex, reply "yes" just to be polite.

I've learned plenty of little tricks from my years in slutsville. I've also discovered that not every man is going to be "body compatible", and it's waaaaaay easier just telling a guy what you want, rather than expecting him to use his crappy instincts.

But most importantly, you need to work out what you want.

Most enjoyably, I've discovered that I can totally kick a guy out of my bedroom if he doesn't give me what I want. The first time I did this is one of my favourite memories, along with that time Dad taught me how to ride my bike as a five-year old.

The boy I'd brought home took my clothes off, disrobed himself and then almost immediately attempted to jam his dick in me. I pushed him

away instantly. He was the straw that broke the camel's back; I was fed up having sex with selfish partners, so I got out of bed and gathered his things. I grabbed his hand and walked his very-naked self to the door. With one hand I threw his stuff outside and with the other shut the door behind him.

"Next time, give a girl some head buddy", I said.

Although I'm supposed to be ashamed of fucking all these people, the main thing my whoring around has given me is a massive sense of self-confidence. I love that I can kick a guy to the curb if he doesn't lick my bits.

I'm proud to say I'm sexually experienced, and I think its an outrage that I'm suppose to be embarrassed about that.

**I GRABBED THE GUY'S HAND AND WALKED HIS NAKED ASS OUTSIDE. WITH ONE HAND I THREW HIS STUFF OUTSIDE, AND WITH THE OTHER I SLAMMED THE DOOR**

# MONEY TALKS



I woke up this morning, got out of bed and went straight to my local café. I grabbed a coffee and paid for it using a five dollar note that was not actually worth five dollars. It's worth nothing, really. But myself and the owner of the café both agreed that it was valuable enough to warrant our exchange.

We rarely think about the way money works, how our economies are based around this tacit agreement that money is actually worth something. So we thought we'd take a look at the really weird history of money....

## COMMODITY MONEY

Way back when, we used a barter system. Pretty simple stuff: I had a few cows but no grain, so I swapped a cow for a bunch of grain. Trouble was that maybe I needed some grain but the guy with the grain didn't want any cows. He wanted, let's say, virgin women (this wasn't the greatest time for feminism). I didn't have any virgin women. The women in my tribe were ahead of their time and resisted any attempts by the patriarchy to control their lifestyles and sexuality. What the hell was I supposed to do then – let my family go without grain?

This was a silly situation. I'd have to find a guy who wanted cows and had virgins and swap the cows for the virgins then swap the virgins for the grain. Eventually some bright spark thought it would be a much better idea to settle on a commodity

was used as money. If tobacco is the currency in my town, what's stopping me just farming loads of tobacco and getting pimping rich and buying heaps of coke and slaves? Once everybody cottons on to the fact that you can just make money – you can actually grow it on trees – it becomes worthless. So after a while we settled on gold. Probably because it's really shiny and hard to find.

## FIAT MONEY

For a long time banks would hold massive gold deposits, and one American dollar was worth one thirty fifth of an ounce of gold. Like the old tobacco warehouses, they would give out notes confirming that yes, the holder of this note technically owns fifty bucks worth of gold and can go and grab it from our vaults any time he or she likes. Eventually the big scary governments decided that they should be the ones who issued said notes. This was called the Gold Standard. This system went along for a while, but proved itself to be wholly inefficient in the face of late 20th century globalisation. So eventually, we moved to what is called fiat money.

Fiat money is the cash we have (or don't have) in our wallets and bank accounts nowadays. It is essentially valueless. The only thing that keeps its value is that we have all agreed for the sake of our economies not going balls up every few days that these bits of paper and numbers on a screen are actually worth

## "WE RARELY THINK ABOUT THE WAY MONEY WORKS. OUR ECONOMY IS BASED ON THIS AGREEMENT THAT IT'S WORTH SOMETHING"

to use as a method of exchange. Sometimes we used really whacky things as commodity money. For example, in the early days of white settlement in Australia, rum was used as money.

The rum example is a good starting point to talk about how paper money came into being. Let's say I'm a convict in Australia and I've served my time and I have a bunch of rum I stole and I want to buy a house, which costs, say, 500 gallons of rum. It's entirely impractical for me to just rock up to the seller with 500 gallons of rum and dump it at his doorstep.

Thankfully there were warehouses where you could store all your rum and they'd give you a paper receipt confirming the size of your stash. Instead of bringing truckloads of rum to swap for the house, I would just give the seller the piece of paper confirming ownership of the rum at said warehouse.

Bingo! Paper money.

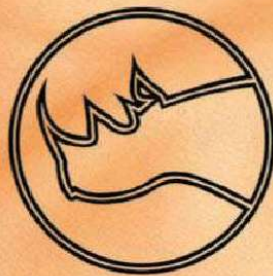
After a while people started to realise that it was really dumb to have things such as rum as the standard commodity. Let me put it this way: for a while in the American state of Virginia, tobacco

something. In the early '70s, Richard Nixon – the lying, cheating, child killer that he was – instigated a program later coined (hahahaha) "The Nixon Shock", the biggest measure of which was to abandon the gold standard. You could no longer swap US currency for gold. Essentially he declared that if you went to the USA Federal Reserve bank with a dollar note and asked for a buck's worth of gold, the Federal Reserve Chairman would walk down in his stupid fancy pants and tell you to fuck off.

So that's about where we are currently at. We've got all this money floating around the system that's only value comes from our decision to insist that it actually is valuable. And this system works, for the most part. Especially in Australia, where we somehow managed to keep our economy growing while other countries went to complete and utter shit.

Oh, hang on, that's because we have new Chinese overlords who keep pumping money into our country in order to buy up all our resources for a future war with the United States.

All praise Chairman Mao! ☺



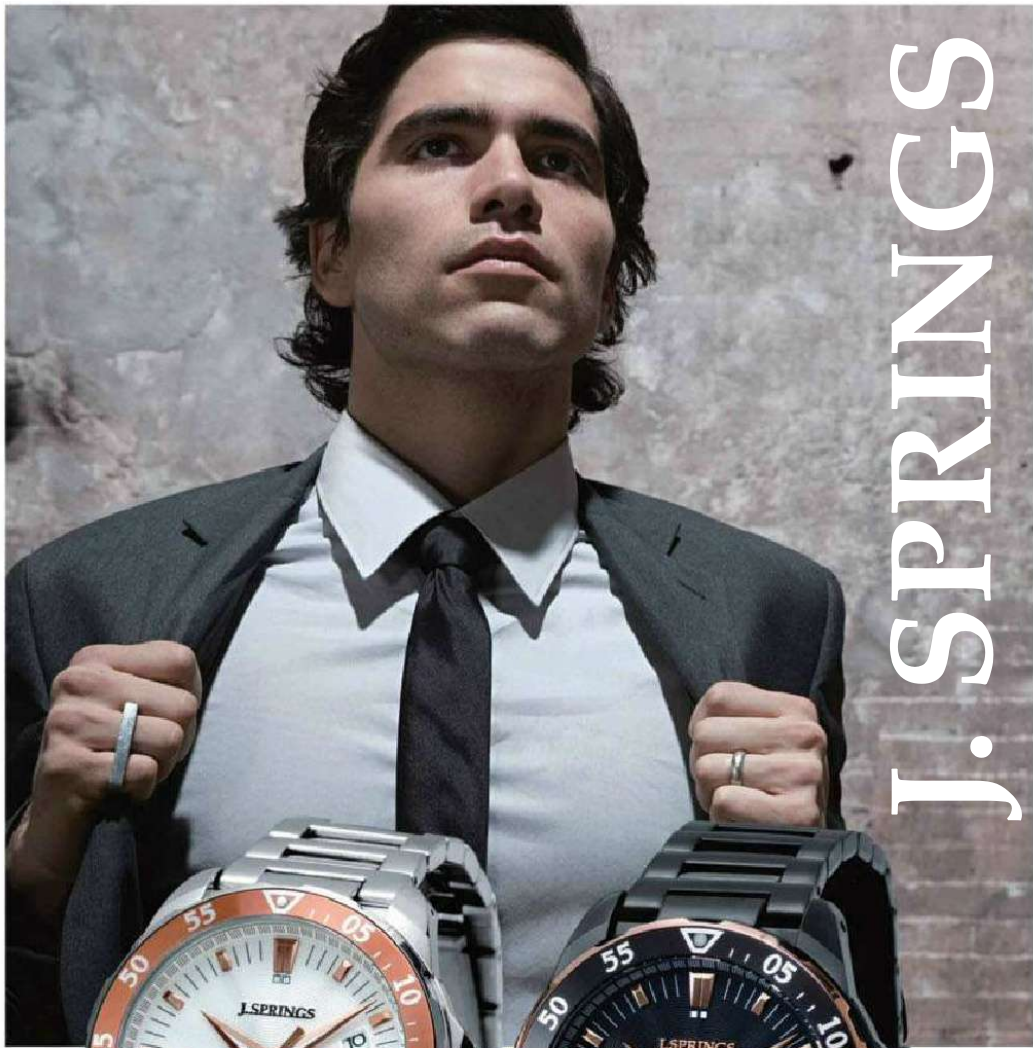
## **SPEARMINT RHINO GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS**

CHECK OUT SPEARMINT RHINO MELBOURNE  
ON FACEBOOK FOR UPCOMING EVENTS  
AND FREE ENTRY PASSWORDS

WE ACCEPT VALID  
COMPETITOR COUPONS FOR ENTRY

14 KING STREET MELBOURNE  
(03) 9629 2300





J.SPRINGS



BEB064 Automatic Sports



BEB065 Automatic Sports

J.SPRINGS by **NEXTAGE** >> SEIKO NEXTAGE CO., LTD.

Building on all of our expertise in watchmaking we use a classic know-how partnered with modern design.

With J.SPRINGS we propose a novel yet classic Japanese Automatic Watch.

Never needs a battery



"J" series Automatic  
MADE IN JAPAN.

[www.j-springs.com.au](http://www.j-springs.com.au)