

LAD MAG

BONUS! BARACK OBAMA'S
SMOKING SEX SECRETS

Diana Downs

"Don't put me in
your magazine."

May 2007

LL COOL J
And his abs

**DROP-DEAD
GORGEOUS!**
Our real-life
suicide girl

KIRSTEN DUNST
IN SPACE!



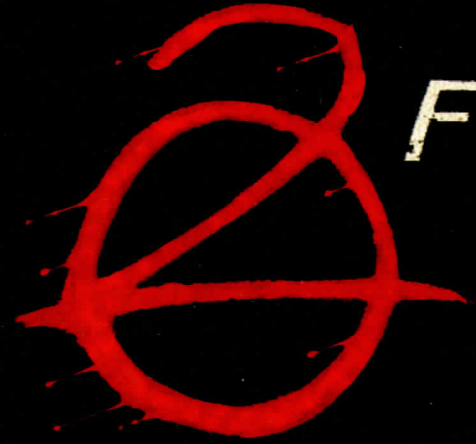
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a Stanford Chaparral Parody

FREEDOM! FOREVER!



FOR VENDETTA



CHAPARRAL BROTHERS PRESENTS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH HAMMER STUDIOS A COFFIN PICTURES PRODUCTION
IN ASSOCIATIONS WITH JESTER PRODUCTIONS INC. KERA KNIGHTLY
"2 FOR VENDETTA" JASON PATRIC J.K. SIMMONS AND POWERS BOOTH MUSIC BY CALE BASARABA
EDITOR SCOTT SPIRO A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER DARIC PARKER EXECERABLE PRODUCER
SCREENPLAY BY THE WACHOWSKI SIBLINGS WRITTEN BY JASON PATRIC PRODUCED BY THE WACHOWSKI SIBLINGS

THIS SUMMER, IT TAKES TWO FOR VENDETTA

MAY 27

**Let the good
times rholl.**



PPP

"Life is but a dream."

*The Rho Rho Rho International Fraternity.
Available at better universities nationwide.*

Energy Drinks & You

A HELPFUL PRIMER



Introduction

The modern pace of life demands that we are always on the go. Making sales, delivering merchandise, tending to personal needs. Convenience food is on the rise and science has given birth to the ultimate convenience: drinkable energy. Energy drinks are nutrient dense, canned-beverages, available in many grocery and convenience stores.

There are hundreds of different formulas out there. Proprietary blends of vitamins and energizing chemicals. Say goodbye to tired eyes, with these eye-opening concoctions. If you have any questions about the new energy lifestyle, please refer to our helpful FAQ in the righthand column. Please see below for an informative guide to the Food Pyramid.

This is a paid advertisement.

Pyramids/Tableaus



Official USDA Food Tableau.



Modified Tableau will replace 1/3 of fruits and vegetables with energy (in center to imply prominence).

2000. Source: Gaines, et al.

Frequently Asked Questions

Why should I drink energy when a combination of exercise and reasonable diet gives me a great natural high?

Imagine this. Imagine you could have your natural high, and then make it even better. And you could maintain that natural high all day long. Also, did you know that 90% of North Americans consume some form of digestable liquid stimulant every day? It's natural and normal.

Should I be concerned about developing a tolerance?

If you look up the word in the dictionary, you will see that tolerance is a highly desirable personality trait. So let me ask you: are you concerned about self improvement?

What is *deathfeel* and should I be concerned?

Sometimes, when a person is advancing to the next stage of energy tolerance they may experience temporary, mild signs of shock. *Deathfeel* is a slang term for this natural, metabolic reaction. A common mistake is to immediately cease consuming energy drinks. This is not recommended, otherwise *Maim-brain* may result.

What about headaches?

Outside of a withdrawal scenario, headaches are very unlikely. These are typically psychological in nature and can be ignored.

Can energy drinks enhance my intelligence?

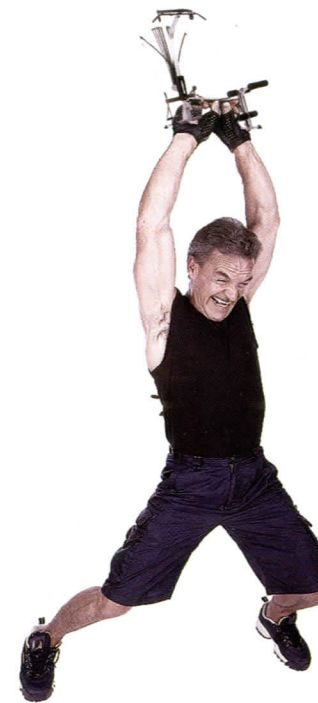
Yes! Controlled lab studies have shown that energy drinks can boost short-term memory, sharpen one's palette, and even improve the speaking of foreign languages. You'll be enjoying energy drinks and cavorting with Europeans in no time.

Is there any way this won't help me out during the GMAT?

[Rhetorical.]

I'm all revved up. Now what?

Life is fleeting and you need to make the most of it. Go outside and take a walk. Enjoy life. Quickly.



Open up a whole new fitness world!

Get buff at home or at work!

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Win fights!



After years of research and development, our researchers managed to develop the Growflex in over 50 different sizes, so that you can continually build strength by lifting Growflexes of ever-increasing weight. Upon becoming a Growflex home gym member, we'll send you a larger Growflex every time you feel ready to step it up a notch.

Growflex is an innovative new home gym system, that, unlike most exercise machines,

is designed to provide an all-in-one, complete workout. The key to Growflex is that, while it was originally designed to emulate the standard benchpress with our patented bend-rod technology, our scientists discovered that over 600 other exercises can be performed simply by *lifting the machine itself*.

Made of light-weight steel, Growflex can be easily disassembled into its 78 standard pieces and stored in the

Growflex storage chest. Want to impress your coworkers. Nothing says "I work out" more than actually working out in front of your peers in your office or cubicle. Have you always thought an elegant home gym would be the perfect way to furnish your unfinished basement? How about an array of home gyms? Growflex is the perfect solution.

In a world that's getting more and more violent every

day, there's just no better way to protect yourself than by building your strength to unusually high levels. Many of our customers claim that after just several months of working out with Growflex, they were able to easily end fights with a single punch. Every day, our scientists are constantly working to develop even larger Growflexes for those club Growflex members that have already reached the Growflex ceiling.

Stop living in the fitness past...

...and the join the *fitness revolution future*.



GROWFLEX®

"It's time to **GROW!**"



THE GUYS >

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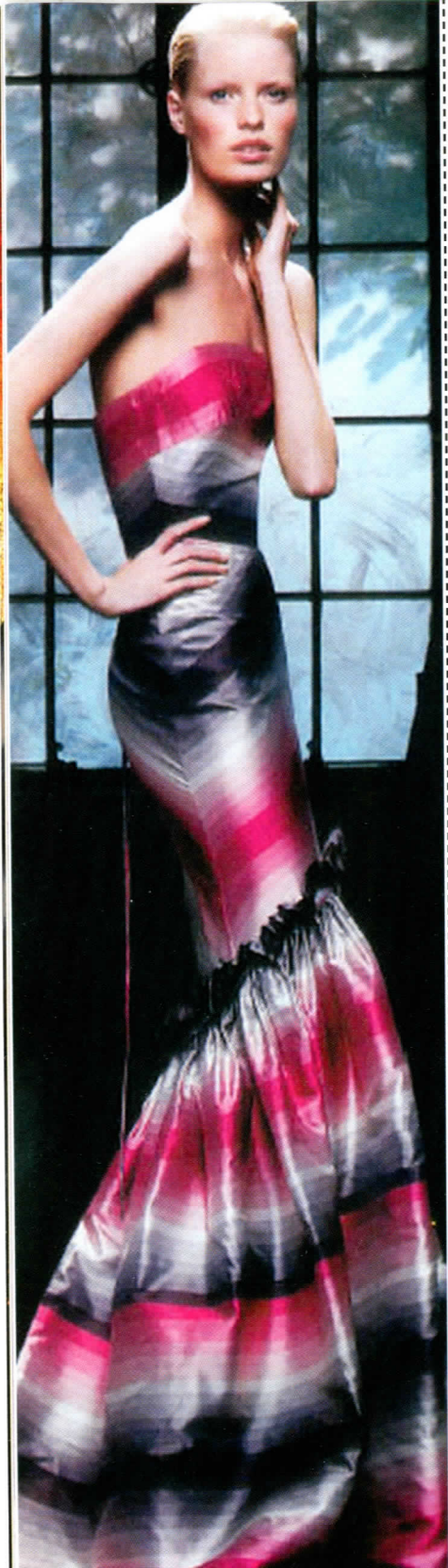
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Titties, schmitties.
We got wings.





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 LadMag pages
 with the
LadMark

RILED UP LADDIES

Readers react to April issues

Mitsubishi, The Nuge, cosmetic surgery, layouts and more

Great profile on Ted Nugent last issue. I was especially interested in his plans to parachute into the mountainous region of western Pakistan in order to hunt bin Laden solo. While I have no doubt that he will "bag him like a 20 million point buck," me and my buddies have decided we'd like to give him a hand. Where can we sign on?

**Allan Phillips
 Dublin, OH**

Normally I'm a huge fan of your magazine, but I have to take umbrage with the article "How To Pick Up Girls at a Night Club". Like all the other LadMag readers I know, I am a thirteen year old boy. What do I care about Night Clubs? I can't even drive. Come on Lad Mag, stick to your guns: small words, big type and larger-than-life ladies.

**Patrick Maher
 Baustin, OK**

Your article on the 300 in the April issue was provocative as HELL. I was already a fan of the Frank Miller comic, but director Zack Snyder took this classically epic storyline and infused it with creativity and passion. It was fascinating to see the sly nods to the current East/West cultural conflict. The Persians reminded me of orcs. Plus, the prophet girl was really hot, even if her nipples were like traffic cones. When she did that fortune-telling dance I got totally roped and had to hide my major wood under my Sno-Caps box. Thank you for challenging me to consider the relevance of 300 to the great political controversies of modern times. This movie was just so epic! Thanks for doing it justice. THIS IS LADMAAAAAAAAAAAG!!!

**Cheers,
 Tony Quintana**

I recently purchased your magazine

from my local newsagent, excited to see a mag about hot young lads. I was appalled when I realized I had paid \$3.99 for a MEN'S magazine. Perhaps you should consider changing your misleading name. Worst of all, when my boyfriend came over and saw it lying on my coffee table, he suggested we have my sister join in next time if I'm into that. When I said no, he told me to return his apartment key. Thanks for ruining my life, LadMag. You will be hearing from my lawyer in the next few days.

**Victoria Harman
 Louisville, KY**

I don't know if a lot of people have already written in about this but if not I just wanted to let you guys know that your tips on how to make out with Hillary Duff in the January issue are TOTALLY BOGUS.

**Neil Mukhopadhyay
 Omaha, NE**

I truly enjoyed Vincent Vincenze's piece *Mitsubishi Kicks the Stick* in the February 2007 LadMag. Like many of the people featured in the piece, I was troubled by Mitsubishi's discontinuation of all standard transmission engines. I have always claimed that stick is the only way to go, otherwise one shouldn't even bother driving. However, my love for Mitsubishi goes even deeper. I had to get the 2007 3-series as soon as it came out, and it was definitely the first non-standard transmission automobile I have ever purchased. I was skeptical at first, but had to give this ride a try. The baseline options are unbelievable and I love the quick acceleration and great fuel economy. I'm also starting to think driving an automatic isn't all that terrible.

**Ian Spiro
 La Gràuvé, CA**

I'm a plastic surgeon specializing in reconstructive surgery, though I do accept cosmetic clients on a limited basis. In that capacity, I wish to correct what I felt were some of the more egregious mistakes made in your April feature, "Future Boobs." I feel comfortable saying that breast implants will never contain metal alloys to make them able to withstand rougher treatment. Metals would likely react badly with the silicon base material used in implants, not to mention posing serious risk of infection. Even if the process were possible, safe and ethical, it would still not be possible to introduce a magnetic quality to the implants, such that you could "use those babies like a refrigerator door." I think in the future, your magazine could greatly benefit from hiring a medical consultant to confer with you on these and other related medical issues.

**Meghan McCurdy
 Boy's See, NY**

My favorite parts of your magazine are the lay-outs.

**Carrie Kemper
 Trenton, NJ**

Regarding last issue's side-by-side gordita/chalupa comparison: does your staff seriously not know the difference between pita and flatbread?

**Josh Stark
 Eureka, CA**

Your piece on topiary in the modern man's garden was a joy. I particularly enjoyed your unexpected use of 'bush trimming' innuendo. Haha, you guys.

**Ethan Silva
 Ive Loastet, CA**

Please take me off your mailing list.

**Doug Kenter
 San Mosquito, CA**

PUBLISHER PIPES UP >

Big changes here at the 'Mag

My son: a disappointment disowned



Lad Mag.

Now then. Daddy's home, so dinner better be on the table if you know what I'm saying. There better not be any whiny children between the front door and the gin. To that end, it's time to mend fences with y'all, the readers. So let's get this over with.

I'm sorry that my son spent the entire freelance budget on a 15,000-word thinkpiece by Steven King. Steven King the electrician, not to be confused with master of suspense Stephen King. We know we screwed the pooch here; this was money that could have sent a lot of photographers to a lot of Big Ten college campuses, and Max's misappropriations were an inexcusable oversight.

My son took some unpardonable liberties with our carefully cultivated brand. We've withdrawn the Lad Mag name from a broad array of consumer packaged goods. This means the Lad Bag prophylactic will no longer be on shelves. Frankly, good riddance.

I apologize for the unconscionable hatchet job against Archbishop Desmond Tutu in our January issue. In Max's defense, the piece was not premeditated as vitriol. But Max let it get personal, and he got hurt, and the whole endeavor just seemed to take a hateful turn, as did far too many projects during his tenure.

As many of you readers were quick to point out, Carmen Electra served as our covergirl two months in a row. The outcry was overwhelming; I don't blame y'all, it

Now that was a mistake. I'll be the first to admit, the last dozen or so issues have been sub-par. I've been in the magazine business for 45 years, and my son Max was on my knee watching me work my magic for 24 of those. I thought he was ready for more responsibility. I was wrong. I have relieved him of his command. As of this issue, Max will no longer be running

must have seemed like we're out of ideas, and we were for a time. So let me use this space to pledge that, barring unforeseeable circumstances, Carmen won't appear in our pages for a full year, not that we don't wish her the best.

I'm sorry we failed to publish in June, August and November of 2006. We're extending all subscriptions by three months to compensate. But let me just say this: If you can find it in yourselves to renew those subscriptions early, it would be a big help. We're in a bidding war with FHM for Scarlett Johansson, and, between you and me, if we land this one, it's you all who will benefit. Not to mention there's a Lad Mag cozy in it for you.

Now there's a litany of offenses. But hear us out, because I'll come right out and say it: we've recaptured our "zeitguyst." This month, We've got it all: a sweet young thing on the cover, a salty young thing straight outta Suicide Girls and a sour young thing named Max, who's back in the mailroom where he belongs.

Boys will be dudes,

John Chassis
John Chassis,
Publisher



CUT-UP KIDS >

Fair cropper

Nick Carlton cuts ivory from Ebony and loves every snip

We caught up with Nick Carlton, the guy who cuts white people out of photos for Ebony Magazine.

How did you get into this job?

It's a pretty boring story, actually. I started as an *Ebony* intern, fetching orange juice and changing the TV channels for the mid-tier executives. Then the guy who used to do what I do got fired because he thought Harry Belafonte was white and cropped him. That set off a real shitstorm, and the job ended up just falling in my lap. It's been three years now and I have no intention of ever doing anything else.

What was the hardest photo for you to crop?

One time there was this awesome photo of Martin Sheen high-fiving Ving Rhames. Rhames was real hot at the time and my editor insisted that he be in the magazine. I'm a huge Sheen fan, so I fought hard to try and include Sheen. My stand almost got me fired. I thought I was vindicated when the photo ran because it made Rhames look like some kind of retard, high-fiving a wall or something.

What do your parents think of you having this job?

"I'm a huge Sheen fan, so I fought hard to try and include Sheen."



My dad took it pretty hard, but my mom is a quarter Italian, so she was pretty cool with it.

Have you ever gotten into trouble because of your work?

Never in the office; *Ebony* is a great, creative space. But once I was at this bar in the Polish district and my work came up in the conversation. This one huge guy asked me if I would crop him from a photo he had of himself with Harry Connick Jr. I think he just wanted a fight, because he came after me when I said I'd crop the both of them. But I hustled out of there quick.

How do you get along with your co-workers?

Oh, fine. They understand that I've got a job to do, and that somebody's got to do it. I'm that guy.

Have you ever been cropped out of a picture?

I don't think I've ever been in a picture that needed to be cropped. Not that there's anything wrong with cropping, I'm just never really in a place to be cropped. I guess if I took a picture between Denzel Washington and Halle Berry, they would crop me out. I wouldn't take it personally. I'd probably be impressed, actually. That'd be a hard crop to do.



“Legally, you can’t
make me pose.”

Few women are radiant enough to class up a suite at New York’s Plaza Hotel with their mere presence. Then again, few women are Diana Downs. Just one, and here she is, sitting on the bed, curled up in a ball, ankles crossed and arms folded over her knees. “I think there’s been a mistake,” she says. “You said you’d let me call my manager, but you haven’t.”

But all of dudekind owes Diana a debt of gratitude for more than just her bedroom eyes and smokin’ bod. If you’ve gone the movies with a lady in the past three months, then you’ve been dragged to Miss Understanding. And even if you didn’t care for Diana’s turn as the titular lusty Londonite marriage counselor, your girlfriend appreciated the time Diana spent astride fop-hunk Colin Firth. Odds are ten-to-one that during “encore presentation” you and your lady enacted in bed that night, she was picturing a sullen, doughy Englishman and not you. In this way, Diana Downs has gotten all of us laid. Let’s repay her with the only gift we can give: attention.

BRITISH WIVES



ENGLISH MUFFIN >

Some of those scenes in Miss Understanding were pretty racy. Was that fun for you?

Well, fun inasmuch as it challenged me professionally. It's almost a cliché, but I don't mind nudity as long as it furthers plot and character development. Has my publicist called back yet?

So this photo shoot is probably a breeze for you.

Well, I wanted to talk to you about that, off the record. For one thing, I was never told about a photo shoot. For another, I don't like the way your photographer has taken my coat and refused to give it back until I let them oil my cleavage. Could you speak to him?

Don't worry about it, I'm told Steve is gay.

That's not the issue.

Don't you spend a lot of time naked at home? A lot of our covergirls do.

No, I don't. It's cold in England. I haven't worn fewer than two pairs of socks since I was a little girl.

Tell me more about that.

No. I thought we were going to talk about craft? About acting?

Sure, sure. Tell us about acting. How did you prepare for that sex scene in the judge's chambers?

Well, what sells that scene is the spontaneity, so I deliberately tried not to think about it too much. I just tried to be as natural as possible and just play off of Colin.

It's a hot scene. Surely you got a little turned on filming it?

No, I was acting.

Describe Miss Understanding in two sentences.

It stands out from your typical romantic comedy because both lead characters undergo catharses, rather than the typical solo character arcs that you'd see in a Hugh Grant vehicle.

That was one sentence.

I'm happy with it. Will this go on much longer?

How's life different now that you're a star?

Well, I get free clothes now through my publicist. Clothes that I constantly wear around the house and do chores in.

What else?

Only my chores.

Something seems to be bothering you. What's wrong?

It appears I misunderstood what this magazine is on about. I'm a bit uncomfortable with these outfits you've picked. Has my publicist called back yet?

Yeah, you do seem tense. How do you like to unwind?

Stop rubbing my neck. Look, I'm a Manchester girl. I stayed in England specifically to avoid the casting couch and now I come overseas for one interview and you want to grease me up and drape me over a settee.

OK, shifting gears, let's talk a little about your divorce.

What divorce? I'm happily married.

Oh, wishful thinking, I guess.

You wish I was divorced?

I'm just speaking for all dudekind. Don't shoot the messenger.

Wishing divorce on someone you don't even know is a very ugly thing. I trust you've never been close to divorce?

OK, fine. Do you want to talk about your husband then?

No, he's a very private person, that's one of the things I respect about him.

Lady, help me do my job.

HEY, BABY >



Dear Beer Drinkers,

So. We've heard all the rumors. Word travels fast, especially here in Latrobe, PA. And hey, we'll admit it, words can hurt. So let's clear this up once and for all.

A lot of people seem to have gotten the idea that Rolling Rock is a gay beer. That ordering our product in your favorite bar is some kind of signal. That a bottle of Rock is a kind of smooth-pouring hanky code.

No sir. That's just a rumor.

Don't get us wrong. Discerning homosexuals drink our beer and should continue to do so. But a whole heck of a lot of straight guys and gals do, too. So pony up and order a Rolling Rock. No one will read anything into it.

*-Ben Gallagher
President,
Latrobe Brewing*

JUVENILE JABBER

Lil' Youngster

The up-and-coming rapper talks about drugs, naptime, and his real age.

Lil' Youngster has already set sales records in the UK and Spain, and success in the US appears to be not far behind. LadMag asked the precocious flowmaster about life as a child rhymers.

What is your real first name?

Tyler.

When did you start rapping?

I think I was nine months old. My dad put a pretty spare 808 beat on and my mom started humming. I kind of began to freestyle; it was a pretty good flow, I think. My dad encouraged me and from there I just kept doing it.

How big is your posse? Who all is in it?

Well, my mom is almost always around. And my friend Ricky hangs out sometimes, but he has to go to school most days. I guess that's it, especially since mom and dad got divorced.

Who do you have beef with in the rap game?

I try to stay out of trouble, because I'm so much smaller than everyone else. One time Ja Rule kicked me in the back of the head and I got really mad but I knew I shouldn't fight back because he would probably kill me.

What's the hardest part about touring?

The roadies from other rappers put their cigarettes out in my mouth and call me "Ashtray." I don't know how it started but it hurts me a lot.

What advice do you have for aspiring rappers?

I guess just listen to your parents and do whatever they say. They love you more than your handlers.

"One time Ja Rule kicked me in the back of the head."



Have you ever gone by any other names?

I used to be called Yung Boi, but I'm not really proud of that part of my life. I wasn't quite toilet trained.

You talk a lot about drugs in your songs. What experience do you have with addiction?

None, actually. I smoke weed from time to time but only after shows with fans.

How old are you?

I'm only six-and-a-half!

With all the fame that's come your way, how do you keep a cool head?

I guess I don't do anything special. I get an allowance, but my parents put most of the royalties in a trust fund that will mature when I turn 18.

Bought any gear or bling lately?

Sometimes I go clothes shopping with my mom. My birthday's coming up and I asked for a tricked-out Schwinn. I really want handle spinners.

Any last words for the readers of Lad Mag?

I don't know. I guess buy my album, if you want. It'd be nice.

[OH HELL NO]

For more Q and A with Youngsta, as well as audio previews of his new album *Gittin' Bigga*, log on to ladmag.com, where you'll also find unlimited access to pictures of women with beer, beers rated on a pizza scale, and a review of pizza parlors in Dallas. Laaaaaate!

DOIN' IT WELL

Mama said work you out

LL Cool J exposes his abs and soul

You might think he's a "soft" rapper, but there's nothing soft about LL Cool J's midsection. It appears to be harder than the top of his head, though he would not allow this reporter to "bonk" him and confirm this. We arranged a sit-down—and, and it turned out, some sit-ups—with Mr. Smith to learn the secrets of his abs-olutely jacked stomach.

So what's your workout schedule?

Monday and Tuesday is abs. Wednesday is back, biceps, legs and chest. Thursday and Friday abs. Sunday is church, but I usually manage to sneak a few sets of crunches in. I hook my feet under the kneelers.

What are your go-to exercises?

Well, everyone expects me to have a medicine ball made of the faces of sucker MCs or something. But that's crazy. Really, it depends on what look I'm going for. With Any Given Sunday, I knew it would just be my skin between the muscle and the camera, so I focused on tone and vascularity. For a film like S.W.A.T., you aren't going to see tone under Kevlar, so I put the emphasis on mass. I just wanted the bullet-proof vest to hang different.

Couldn't people mistake that unseen bulk for a gut?

Not if they knew a damn thing about LL.

What kinds of music do you use to pump you up?

This is kind of embarrassing. I actually wrote "Mama Said Knock You Out" back in 1990 when I was feeling unmotivated about my training. "Mama Said" gets me going. Now nothing else works at all. I'm thrilled about all the Grammys and gold records, but when you get down to it, it's just me and that song, my back to the floor, my body ready to spring closed like a bear trap.

So just that one song?

Nah. I usually have my assistant read all my fan mail aloud into a microphone. He edits that and makes a podcast. I throw it on my Zune and then get to listen to my public. It motivates me to get those last few leg-lifts in.

OK, it's time. May we touch them?

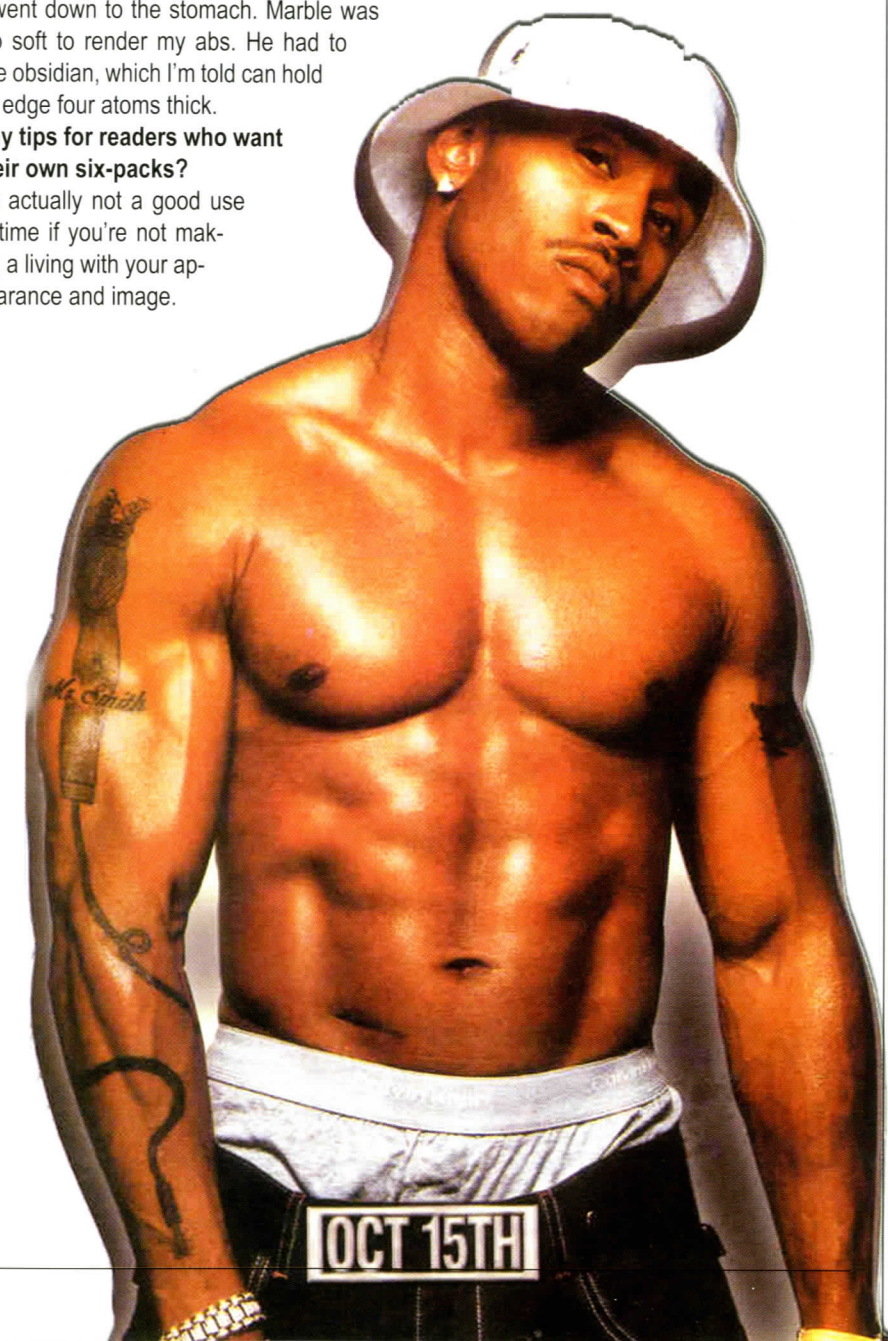
Sure. Don't go against the grain. You could get cut. Not cut like ripped, not cut like me. I mean cut like wounded. But go ahead

Oh my god, it's like they're carved from warm marble.

This makes me sound vain, but I actually hired a sculptor to do a bust of me. Well, not a bust, I guess, because it went down to the stomach. Marble was too soft to render my abs. He had to use obsidian, which I'm told can hold an edge four atoms thick.

Any tips for readers who want their own six-packs?

It's actually not a good use of time if you're not making a living with your appearance and image.



WE KNOW GIRLS KNOW US >

Coitus Incorrectus

The Top 4 Things Men Get Wrong During Sex



1 Our Fantasies

Sorry, dudes. Contrary to your hopes, and what you claim we've entered on our match.com profiles, we ladies aren't into playing the schoolgirl to your slimy, hot professor. Nor are our love buttons pushed by the idea of getting down in the deep end with the chiseled pool boy. No, sir—if you really want to make us melt, stick to the basics. More than anything else, we gals just want you to be yourself in bed, and to be comfortable being you. We want you to listen to what we want, and to know who we are.

2 Our Turn-Ons

Fellas, if there's one thing you shouldn't assume about us women, it's that "a guy who can make me laugh" is a guy we want to seal the sex deal with. My boyfriend is constantly saying that that's what I wrote on my match.com profile under "turn-ons," but that's not the case. In reality, a serious man with no sense of humor is the sexiest thing in the world to me, and the rest of the female population. So honestly, hombres: stop trying to make us laugh while we're trying to climax. It's just not all that funny.

3 Our Names

Okay guys, I want an honest answer here: just how many of you have called us gals the wrong name in the sack? There is nothing quite like a misplaced "Oh, Rachel Sloan!" to turn us completely off. My name is Rachel Sloan, and if you can't take the time to memorize that by heart, I certainly am not going to give you the time it takes to give me an orgasm. I can't tell you how many times my boyfriend has called me Rachel Sloan while we are having sex. But let's just say it's verging on the big 5-0.

4 Our Addresses

The only thing my boyfriend gets wrong more frequently than my name during our sexmaking is my address. He's always screaming out, "1350 Parkside Drive!" when that isn't even *close* to where I live. I mean, it's about five miles away from my old apartment, but I didn't know him then. I swear, sometimes I feel like my boyfriend thinks I'm someone else entirely.

"I swear, sometimes I feel like my boyfriend thinks I'm someone else entirely."

FOREIGN FIGHTER >

How To: Beat Up a Russian

Avoid getting massacred in Moscow with our tips

It's twenty after one in the morning. A group of grizzled American expats have just shown you the night of your life. But a wrong turn out of the gates of the consulate has landed you in one of the worst neighborhoods in Volgograd—and that's saying something. You've managed to wander into the rough streets of Brighton Beach. A long-bearded Ruskie accosts you from the shadows, pressing his vodka-thickened forehead against yours. His borscht breath must be smelled to be believed. One thing is clear: It's either you or the Russian.

The first thing you have to do is disable his sickle hand. To do this, you'll need to keep your distance at first. Taunt him with by calling attention to your free-market designer jeans, then strike the edge of his wrist with the heel of your hand. With luck, you'll hit the Slav's Hinge, a pressure point which will cause his hand to go limp. The sickle should clatter harmlessly to the cobblestones of a street paved in serf's blood.

You probably know the next step: separate that Russian from that hammer! At this point, he's looking to put a dent in your skull the size of Lake Baikal. Take pains to prevent that. If you can, pick up the sickle. You're going to want to try and hook the hammer—just like on the flag—to disarm him. This is the hard part, and it lends itself to one's

own personal flair and artistry. So we're going to step out here and rejoin you once it's just mano-a-Cossack.

OK! A fair fight at last. Well, not quite. Everyone knows that, like the Mongols to their south, Russians don't fight to lose. Moreover, Russians don't fight to win either. They fight for fighting's sake and are naturally gifted at it. Compounding this, is the Russian mastery of chess. He will always be five moves ahead, and good luck getting through Petrov's Defense. So the advantage is still his, and forgetting that for one instant will be the end of you. In all probability, your opponent will have a thick beard hanging from his face; it's a sign of nobility among his people. That's your in. Get two fistfuls of this coarse hair and use it to unhorse him—a Russian is never without his mount—and throw him to the ground. Again, this will be difficult, as Cossacks are the finest horsemen in the world. So get a foot in the stirrup and go for the hip toss. Word to the wise: this maneuver is all but impossible without an unyielding grip on his facial hair and a willingness to ignore his snorts of pain.

Once your foe's on the ground, the horse will try to defend his master. You could beat the horse as well, but that would be cruel and senseless, like the Russian. Instead, yell the following phrase, "The crops have failed again, and grandfather hanged himself in the barn." Russian husbandry has resulted in a highly intelligent horse. He will understand your words, and know that he will soon be moving from a full feedbag to an otherwise empty table. He will flee for greener pastures, like the Ukraine.

OK! So the horse has bolted and the thin soles of your Slavic adversary's boots are firmly planted on the perennially frozen earth. Now it's just a matter of overcoming him with your superior economic might. That is, hire a Chechen to murder him for seven dollars. No sense staining your designer jeans just for a senseless dust-up in the rapidly vanishing second world.




THE NOSE KNOWS BEST >

How should you smell?

Georg Melchior pits AXE vs. TAG

Kilo by AXE

As soon as I opened my critic's bottle of Kilo, the scent arrived with the immediacy of a German commuter train. I quickly picked up notes of coriander, orange peel, and Buffalo wings. My mouth watered even as my mind, independent of my will, continued to burrow deeper into the mysteries of the spray. The initial bliss soon dissipated, and what came next was unexpected, but upon reflection, *necessary*. As the last tendrils of Miller Lite finish curled from my nostrils into my sinuses, I was called back—like Proust with his Madeleine—to my youthful summers at Daytona Beach.

Kilo, true to its name, is a weighty fragrance. Its bouquet has a gravity that seems to smooth the wrinkles from slacks and sharpen the lines of a suit. Kilo is possessed of a stamina and animal cunning that can capably lead you through a day of working out and a night redolent of the passion that behooves a gentleman. Its complex essence is perfect for the man-on-the-go with no time to plan any elaborate fragrance ritual. That is, Kilo *endures*. With this scent, bathing becomes a repulsive extravagance; one wastes the earth's resources even as he wipes clean the musk that could redeem him.



Wild Card by TAG

Kilo still clung to my cilia like a spurned lover who refuses to board the departing bus. But Wild Card demanded my attention. I quickly bumped two lines of ginger to cleanse my nose. The first exploratory puff of Wild Card was ominous. An aerosol deficiency resulted in an unwelcome liquidity of product. I was slathered when only a spritz would do. But as we say in the business, the state of matter isn't the state that matters. I gasped at the full implications of the smell: coy intimations of nutmeg, cedar, and corn dog batter served as the upper register of an olfactory string quartet. Sadly, the cello played in an unforgivable key. The unmistakable pungency of cilantro struck me between the eyes. The only "wild card" was *discord*.

It would be easy for this writer to wax philosophical about the dangers of such an unbalanced scent. But a simple anecdote will illustrate the problem nicely. After conducting my initial trials, I left my office and returned home with just one dose of Wild Card on each wrist. As I passed through my doorway, my blind son Dag came scampering downstairs to meet me. I threw my arms around him, but after one huff, he recoiled.

"You aren't my dad!" he shrieked. "You're a Jamaican!"

My own boy couldn't tell who I was. Choking back sobs, I took a pumice stone to my entire body, until all the perfumed skin was gone. Be wary of TAG, the body spray that scours you of yourself.

Georg Melchior works as a professional nose for Martha Stewart Omnimedia. His latest book, Scents and Sense Ability, will be published in July. He lives with his wife and two children in Copenhagen.



AXEOLUT AXE.

Taste the musk.

Foxy Lady

Lad Mag Hottie of the Month, Amber St. James from TV's *Crazy Like a Fox*, tells us what we don't want to hear.



Thank you for sitting down with us. How have you been?

OK, I guess. [laughs] Busy.

Yeah, I bet. It seems like your career is really blowing up right now. What do you like to do in your free time to unwind?

Gosh, I don't know. Usually, I just stay home. I don't really like being recognized in public.

You don't go out and, say, try to meet guys?

No, never. Why would I want to go out to some bar and get hit on by some guy who saw me on TV. That sounds like my idea of hell.

What are you like on dates?

Well, it usually comes down to how much the guy is willing to spend on me. The more expensive the dinner, the more likely I am to return his calls afterward. It's mostly just a matter of giving me what I deserve as a celebrity.

Your character on *Crazy Like a Fox* is known for flaunting her sexuality. Is that a trait you share with your character?

Not at all. In fact, I find a lot of that stuff really embarrassing. I guess it works for the show, but it's not really me.

Do you think you'll ever do a sex scene? Is that something you're into?

No, it would be way too weird to know that so many people would see me in that kind of intimate moment. Are you going to ask any non-sexual questions? I'm starting to feel a little uncomfortable, in addition to being pretty bored.

Sure thing. What kinds of food do you like?

I guess I try not to think about food too

much. There's just so much pressure to be thin in this business, that I'm basically always on a diet.

You mean you don't like pizza and beer? [winks]

Oh, or course not. If I ate like that I would probably be fired. I'm more of a "salads and cigarettes" girl.

You don't do too many of these interviews, do you?

No, I guess not. Why?

Never mind. What kind of guys do you go for?

I really only like to date other actors. Sometimes male models. That's one of the perks about being famous. You can date exclusively the most attractive men in the world.

[sighs] I heard that you like making out with girls. Just please say that you like making out with girls.

What? I'm straight. Why would I ever kiss a girl? That just sounds gross.

Could you give a quick shout-out to the best men's magazine around?

What ever happened to *George*?



MAESTRO

SOMEWHAT RIGOROUS MAN THOUGHTS

BREEZIES >

BOSTON GIRLS

Jetsetters and tailgetters across the globe will tell you: girls in Paris are not the same as girls in Sao Paolo. Sure, they're all the same animal, but every guy knows that cultural quirks can make a woman irresistible or unbearable. And let me tell you, when it comes to Beantown women, it's definitely the latter.

For starters, girls in Boston have no sense of humor. Your buddy who loves the Sox will back me up here, but as an example I was in this bar called Murphy's, and I told a joke about a pregnant nun to these two girls. Normally women crack up at this joke and I get some serious action, but these girls just stared at me and rolled their eyes.

Also, while the City on the Hill may have some serious babes, none of them has any manners. For instance, this other time I was in Murphy's (actually the same time) I had my buddy help me play good-drunk bad-drunk. That's where he "accidentally" spills beer on a hot chick's shirt, and I apologize to her and get her number. It's usually gold, except the girl at Murphy's just told me to go to hell.

The girls in Boston are really uptight as well. When I'm at a bar, I usually pretend to be a little drunker than I am so I can cop a feel and get away with it. I tried it in Boston, though, and this chick calls the cops on me. Now I'm not allowed in Murphy's anymore.

Screw Boston girls. I don't need that shit.

The Short and Sweet: Boston girls suck, and so does Murphy's.

Score: ★



ROLLIN' TRUE >

A PAIR O' DICE

The thing about a good pair of dice is you never really know what you're getting—which is, of course, the point. But these new gelatin-based dice I bought while I was in Boston are really something. They've got a heft to them and a slick, smooth outside that really makes you want to just shake, bake, rock and roll. If you know what I mean. After hitting a few bars in Boston I took the train to Atlantic City to try the dice out on some real risky money. I lost about four thousand dollars on craps that day, but man, just throwing these bones made me actually feel good about it. The next day I went to play some more and lost another three thousand dollars, so some might tell you that these dice don't do the job, but I've got a lot of faith in them. So definitely try these dice out if you're into rolling dice, either for money or just for fun on your own time.



The Short and Sweet: Definitely worth every dollar.

Score: ★

CRITIC

HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED MAN SKILLS

DUDES >

FRIENDSHIP

We've all been bored before. We've all been alone at one time or another and though, "I wish I had someone to do something with." If you find that these kinds of thoughts are running through your head frequently, then you probably need to give friendship a try. Friendship is a pretty complicated idea, but basically a friend is someone who you enjoy doing stuff with. Odds are you already have a friend, even if you don't know it. If you've gotten this far in life and still haven't tried friendship, it's not too late. Try talking to someone that you already know, and if things work out, you may just make a friend.



The Short and Sweet: Friendship is pretty prevalent and a very good thing.

Score: ★

BUY THIS >

THE 300

If you're like me, your favorite movie of the past year was Zack Snyder's masterful retelling of Frank Miller's epic graphic novel, The 300. And if you're anything like me, it's also going to be your favorite DVD of the year. The beauty of The 300 on DVD is that it's just like the movie. Remember the part in the movie where that really jacked dude is screaming at the Persians? Well it's also on the DVD, and it's just as awesome. And the part where there's a huge battle, and it's all slow motion, and blood is spraying everywhere? Yeah, that's on the DVD too. In addition to the movie (the whole thing!) the DVD also has some special features, like footage of the actors in front of the green screen, without all the wicked backgrounds. Who wants to watch that, though when you could watch the movie?

The Short and Sweet: Fantastic—just like the movie.

Score: ★



EAT THIS >

PIZZA FOOD

In a carbohydrate-fearing world, it is a bold move to create a food based off carbs, topped with more carbs, with a garnish of complex carb. But don't let prevailing sentiment scare you off—let us eat as men eat, and I am here to tell you that food made of "pizza" is exactly what men should eat. This ingenious little delicacy starts with a crispy, greasy base of baked dough slathered in factory-issue tomato paste, and is topped with a dizzying array of the best the beasts of the earth have to offer. You like mushrooms? Well, how about some sausage? Enjoy biting into a crisp bell pepper? Then you're going to love the taste of pepperoni. Shaped like a pie and cut into wedge shapes (geometry was never so delicious!) this masterpiece is portable, cheap, and a party for your mouth. You can carry a piece with you anywhere, and in fact we recommend that you do. For the stay-at-home types, pizza food also passes the all important Lad Mag test for new food creations: does it go well with beer? I'm happy to tell you that the answer is: oh my God, yes.

The Short and Sweet: We'll be damned if this isn't going to be the next big thing.

Score: ★

TONIGHT WE DINE...



ON SPECIAL FEATURES!

FINE WINING



The Hoboenologist

Badlands Mike reviews the hottest varietals.

Gewürztraminer Mevushal, 1999

You know, I used to have a sweet tooth, but it fell out of my head when I got over-anxious and bit into an ear of fool's corn. As it stands, I have no taste for these sweeter varietals. Additionally, the overtones of balsa and pitch are unacceptable, but what can you do.

Rating: 9/10

Price: \$14/bottle

Peter Vella "Delicious Red," 2007

This what it's all about. Right here. Friend, what if I told you there was a box. And inside of that box was a bladder full of a party? I shit you not. Let me tell you a story. A lot of people think softball is duller than a roughneck's pencil. Those people ain't never seen the hobo leagues. I remember a game back during the slow pitch boom of '99. I was pitching for the Akron Boxcars against the Youngstown Yard Dogs. They were the defending champions, so they had the home-switchyard advantage and the crowd was against us. In the bottom of the 12th I hit a walk-off inside-the-park grand slam. An exciting play, no doubt, but in the hobo leagues, not so rare as you've been led to believe. As I finished my trot, Coach Hambone and the boys were waiting for me with a big tureen of Vella. They doused me like I was a turkey at a Sunday Thanksgiving.

Rating: 10/10

Price: \$8.99/box



Fig. 1: Badlands with his then-common-law wife Amelie, 1954.



Fig. 2: Badlands ponders a life on the rails, 2005.

Chateau de Maligny Chablis, 2001

Me and a guy that went by the name of Listerine Les used to scab together over at Union Pacific when they were having labor troubles. Back in '77, there was a batch of corked Chablis all the Wawa stores would sell tax-free for a buck out the back door. We used to sip on it every day during and after work. I imagine Chateau de Maligny is as good or better.

Rating: 10/10

Price: \$8.99/bottle

Elderton Cabernet Sauvignon, 1994

Never had it. But it'll do.

9/10

Price: \$21.99/bottle

"Riker's Riesling" Fruit Cocktail Pruno

I've been up and down in this life. I feasted with kings and snacked with paupers. And the rarest, most coveted wine of all is the pruno made in Unit C of Riker's Island. Vinted from a discontinued line of Chiquita fruit cocktail, "Riker's Riesling" boasts a complex bouquet of pear, peach, maraschino cherry, pineapple, white grape and heavy syrup gives way to a finish of ketchup, tater tots and alcohol.

A personal moment, if I may. Back in '88, before DNA evidence exonerated me, I was set to take a ride on Sizzlin' Sally. Needless to say, I survived, and after my ordeal, the governor gave me clemency. So they put me back in gen-pop and wouldn't you know it, all of Unit C had chipped in and got me a raincoat full of the best pruno a carton of Newports can buy. They tied off the sleeves and everything. I tell you, brother, no wine has ever tasted fuller. Ironically, the only thing harder getting storebought liquor into the bin, is getting homemade pruno out of it. But if you're serious about getting your hands on some "Riker's Riesling," head down to the Utica farmer's market at 3am. You'll know your man when you see him.

Rating: 10/10

Price: \$400/baggie

Agnes, My Dog

Mine is world of broken glass and cracked pavement. Aggie, my schnauzer, is the softest thing I'll ever touch. She's my best friend, confidant and pillow. Her curly mane is what I use to wipe the sweat of my brow when I'm working in the midday sun and the tears from my eyes when I ain't working at all. Good old Aggie.

Rating: 6/10

Price: Five boxes of "Red Delicious"

VIDEO GAMES



First Person Shooter

A genre resuscitated and rejuvenated

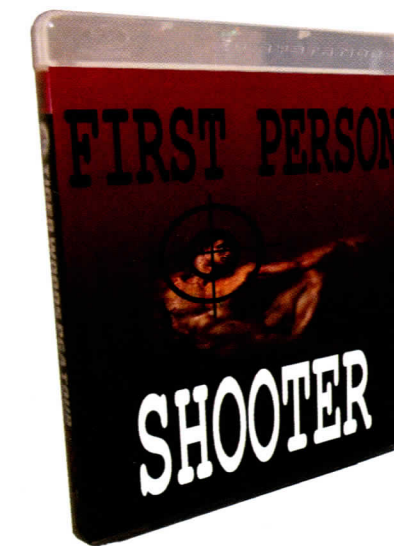
For the typical video game aficionado, the first-person shooter genre has begun to grow stale. Gamers have no choice but to go through the same old paces, doling out tiresome head shots and lackluster telefrags. In an age where played-out franchises like *Halo* have the market cornered, it's increasingly rare to play a game that's truly revolutionary. That's why it's such a treat to play a game that truly redefines the phrase "First Person Shooter."

First Person Shooter (or FPS for those in the know) is the hot new release from Misanthrope Studios that's taking the gaming world by storm. It combines a radical conceit with engaging twitch gameplay and a mind-bending plot.

From the opening menu, you can tell that FPS is a game in tune with today's world. In addition to the standard options

of resolutions, difficulties and gore levels, you can choose between two possible story arcs: Creationist and Evolutionist. In the Creationist branch, you play as a religious zealot who has to go back to the Garden of Eden and kill Adam before he eats the fruit of knowledge and condemns mankind to countless generations of unremitting toil. In the Evolutionist branch, you play as a member of a future alien race that has to travel back in time and prevent humans from evolving and destroying the earth.

As you progress through the game, you'll have a bigger and bigger arsenal at your disposal. Take it from me, few things are more gratifying than unleashing a hail of shotgun rounds on some unsuspecting proto-humans. It might seem like overkill to use rocket-propelled grenades against a creature that has just



reached the cusp of consciousness, but that doesn't make it any less fun. Indeed, Adam is also a resourceful and worth adversary, particularly before he gets cast out of the Garden of Eden and loses his telekinetic powers. For once, original sin is the biggest gun of all.

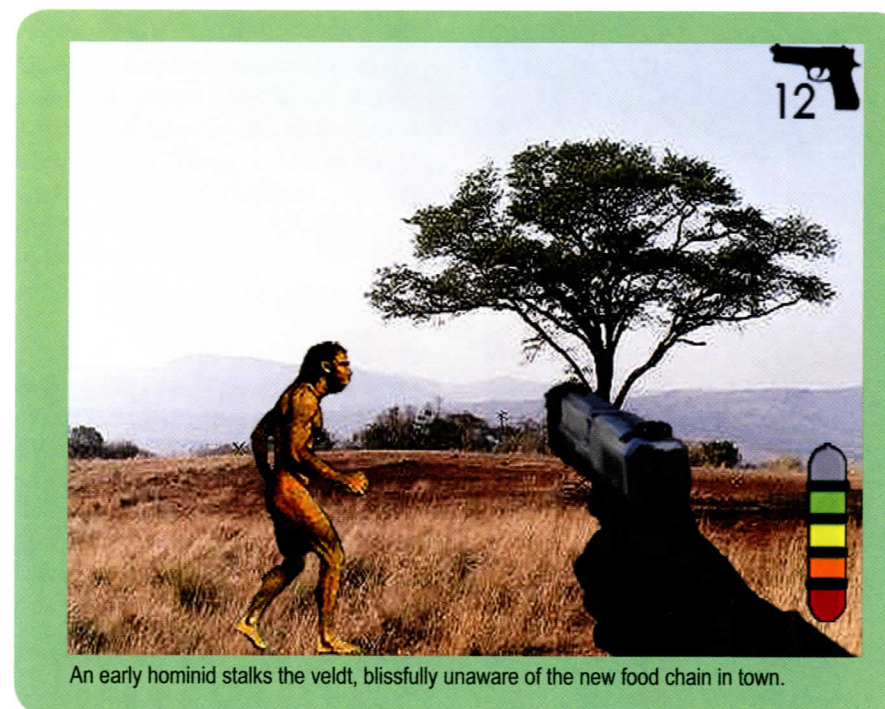
The cut scenes are neatly spliced into the two campaigns with orders from Satan/the aliens arriving

Go out and pick up a copy of First Person Shooter today; it may be premature, but I'm already calling this as game of the year. Whether you enjoy polemic subversions of Christian orthodoxy, or you fancy time traveler's paradoxes, First Person Shooter is a game that will have you hooked from the very first kill.

The Short and Sweet:

An innovative, creative, and just plain fun game.

Score:



An early hominid stalks the veldt, blissfully unaware of the new food chain in town.



Nice.

Coppertone®

LIP SERVICE >

How to make out with Jessica Alba

A primer in seven parts

Step 1: Making Contact

The first thing you need to do is figure how to gain the physical proximity to Jessica Alba you need to ask her out. You might think this is the hardest step, but there are some great tools available to help you out. Jessica Alba leaves her house at 11325 West Mariner Drive to go for a run at 8:30am and 6:30pm every day. You'll want to scope it out so you can get comfortable. There is a large juniper bush at the corner of Mariner and De Leon that provides excellent, fragrant cover as well as unimpeded views of her home. Ladmag online sells a very fine map of greater Los Angeles, accurate to every detail, only it is printed in Hebrew. Once she finds you fumbling with this map, Jessica Alba's renowned sense of compassion will kick in. She'll have to take some time to look very close and figure things out. Once it dawns upon "both of you" that the map is actually in Hebrew you'll all have a good laugh.

Step 2: Shaving the Ice

Scientists believe that women's sense of logic is most inhibited after the very first laugh with a potential mate. Studies have shown that this first laugh has the persuasive power of sodium pentathol and rohypnol combined. Strike at this point as a tiger would at a fat little giggling tapir. She will yield.

Step 3: Setting the Scene

Now that you've got a date with Jessica Alba you'll need to decide where you want to go. Many guys think the key to suggestibility is alcohol. Wrong. The failsafe strategy to getting what you want at the end of this evening will be a long process of physically and mentally weighing Jessica Alba down through a combination of increasing her mass and exposing her to an array of dazzling bright lights and loud noises. Choose a German restaurant and present her with some of the lead jewelry available at ladmag.com.

Step 4: Shattering the Ice

Don't be nervous about dinner. Jessica Alba will already appreciate the setting; she's 1/16 German. To keep her laughing, text "Jokes for Jessica Alba" to 44645. Ladmag will provide you with jokes proven to make Jessica Alba laugh every time.

Step 5: Exhausting the Magic

With a stomach full of schnitzel, she'll be tired, but still ready to do something. Announce you have some insider friends who have gotten you tickets to Cirque du Soleil followed by back-to-back performances of Stomp.

Step 6: Resetting the Scene

After all this she'll be exhausted, but she'll want to spend time with the one figure who

has been there to comfort her through it all. Suggest going back to your place. when Jessica Alba refuses, say "Yeah, good call. My place is a mess." When she wearily asks you to take her home, tell her that her place is also a mess. If she suggests a club, tell her you know the owner and that place, too, is a mess. The only place you can both confirm is clean will be your car, parked so as to be overlooking the lights of Los Angeles.

Step 7: The Kill

Now that Jessica Alba's head is resting on your shoulder, there is one final, crucial and 100% guaranteed-to-work step to help you make out with Jessica Alba. It has to do with a dark secret from Jessica Alba's distant past. To find out what it is order the Jessica Alba kit from Ladmag online.



Sex, Sadness, and Self-harm

Lad Mag gets a chance to hang with Angela Marshall from SuicideGirls.com. Is depression the new hot?

All of us at the magazine are big fans of Suicide Girls, and we are always excited to get a chance to talk to one. How did you first end up with Suicide Girls?

Well, it was a very confusing time in my life. I've lived with clinical depression for several years, and last June I had a few close calls. I ended up in the hospital for several weeks after I lost a lot of blood from a cut in my forearm.

Hot. Did you approach SG.com or did they approach you?

I started seeking help after I got out of the hospital. I went to a psychiatrist, but that wasn't helping me, so I started looking for online support groups. Suicide Girls kept coming up and somehow I must've gotten on the e-mail list. I guess that's probably how you found me. I thought it was something else.

When you were in the hospital, did you meet any hot male nurses?

No, not really. It was a very dark time in my life. I'd rather not talk much more about it.

That's cool. Let's talk up your look. Do you prefer to wear leather, metal, or both at the same time?

I once borrowed a leather jacket from my ex-boyfriend. It was alright, I guess.

Suicide Girls is all about the goth style. Is this an attitude and community thing, or are you into the music as well?

I don't really try to go for a certain look. I mean, I used to enjoy going shopping with my friends and dressing sort of girly. I don't see them much anymore. I think they get nervous being around me. Now, I mostly wear things that are comfortable. I don't leave my house that often, so nobody really sees what I'm wearing.

Oh man, this is good stuff. Ok, so when you're in your house by yourself, do you walk around naked a lot?

I like to wear sweatpants when I'm at home. I've moved in with my grandmother since I got out of the hospital. She tries to keep a pretty close eye on me because I'm not supposed to be alone more than a few hours at a time. I don't really like being naked.

Um, okay. Talk about your body art. Do you have more piercings on your face or body?

I used to have pierced ears when I was younger. I



think they've filled in by now. I just can't get very excited about my appearance these days. Plus, I'm so busy with work that I don't have time for that kind of thing.

Where do you work? Tattoo parlor? Record store?

I work at a fabric store. I took up knitting a couple years ago, and I got a job there recently. It's a good job, and it gets me to interact with people. That helps a lot.

Alright, alright. Let's talk about something you can get into a little more. Do you date mostly goth guys?

I actually haven't dated much in the past couple years. It's hard for me to meet guys because most of them aren't really into my personal issues. I don't blame them. I'm not very fun to be around most of the time, and people aren't fun for me either.

Dude, are you alright? Do you need to take a break or something?

No, I'm fine, I guess.



Are you sure? Because I can leave for a little while if you need to be alone.

No, I don't want to be alone right now. I just get a little edgy sometimes. I'm fine. Let's stop talking about this.

Okay. I guess we can just hang out or whatever for a little while.

I'd like that. Most people just want to get away from me all the time.

Do you want a beer or something?

No.

Oh, I think I hear my cellphone ringing. I've got to take this.

Your cellphone's right there on the table. You turned it off at the beginning of the interview. I knew it; you're just like everybody else. Why do you even bother?

Jesus. I'm sorry. Look, I've got another interview in half-an-hour. I have to go.

Fine. Just leave. Everyone always does.

Okay, but it's not you. Really. I have another interview. Are we cool?

Whatever.



Machinery >

Luscious Lathe

Behold the machine that is every shop teacher's wettest dream

Smooth Sailing

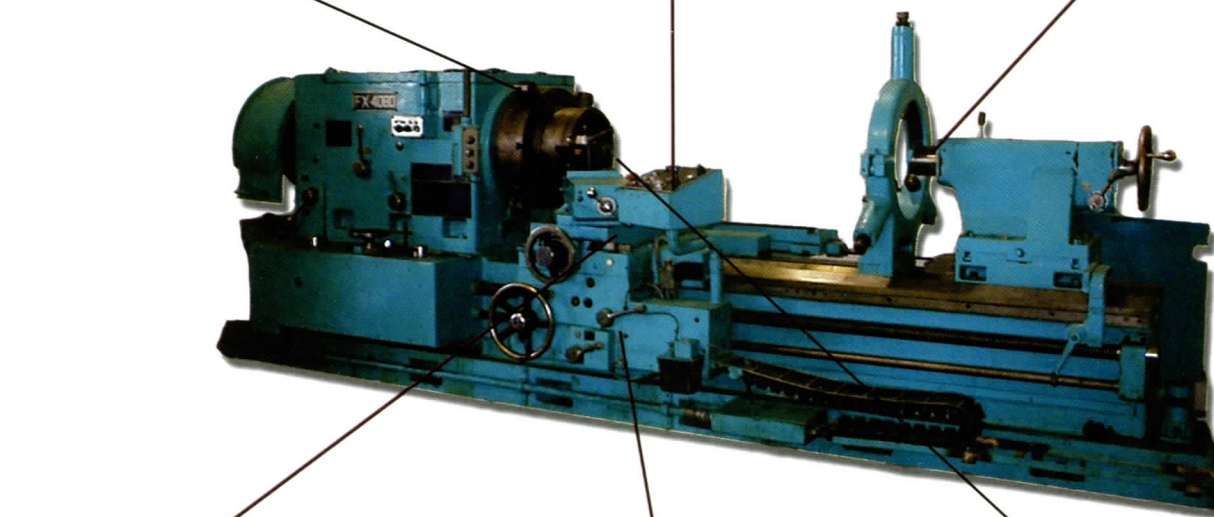
Teflon-coated, high-precision bearings are installed in the headstock to ensure that you sustain high speeds with liquid silk operation. Unlike how you "laid it on smooth" with that hottie at the club last night. It's okay, you're not a machine. The lathe is always smooth.

Restin' Luxy

Normally a rest is an unremarkable feature of any lathe. This lathe's Gucci designed tool rest will not only garner looks and admiration but, with its giant logo, will also impress most women with bleached-blond hair.

Stocked Up

No woman is going to be impressed with billet aluminum barstools. That's why this thing's tailstock has got a built-in dvd screen, to get your lady friend's stew a sizzlin' with something she's really interested in: Colin Farrell's face.

**Ancestral Glory**

Unlike the normal beds of most lathes, this lathe's bed sports the blued hue of melted-down m-1 carbines. If you're unfamiliar with historical weapons, just know that a few people called the 'greatest generation' used these and then rebuilt all the industries of the world. Let the tools of dead heroes help you craft the ultimate 'Vikes Fans Only' sign for your den.

Lock Down

Lock knobs are usually an under-engineered aspect of any lathe; but not on this steel wonder. Chromoly tubing combined with the finest welding result in a lock knob that, when locked, is harder to break than your streak of nights-out without getting digits. Are you not reading this magazine? BUY MORE THINGS.

Don't Dwindle with the Spindle

No worries here. Shit's gigantic.

Adjustments for Ages

It will take more than a few of your buddies to move this thing, but your hand only will be enough to achieve microscopic levels of accuracy with the 41 levels of adjustment. With all the billet handles, knobs, and adjustment wheels, there are few other places on the planet that'll keep a man as occupied. If you can call this lathe your own, the devil finds not an idle hand in your home.

BROS BEFORE PROS >

Sibling Revelry in Hollywood

Movie directors who are also brothers come together for a family-style discussion about the biz and what's its like to work together from the swing set to the film set.

Here at *Lad Mag*, we don't often get eight of Hollywood's best and brightest to sit down in one place for an interview. So when the Coens, Farrellys, Wachowskis, and Spielbergs all said "yes" to an exclusive roundtable discussion about pairs of brothers who direct movies, we couldn't resist.

LM: It's great to have you all here for this interview. I want to start off by asking about your creative process. Do you always work together or do you sometimes like to do your brainstorming and writing alone?

Ethan Coen: Well, Joel and I have been making movies together since we were kids, so everything is pretty collaborative between the two of us.

Joel Coen: Yeah, we normally come up with our best stuff when we sit down together and bounce ideas off each other.

Peter Farrelly: Totally. That's how we work best too.

Andy Wachowski: Yeah, you don't know if anything's good unless you've gotten some feedback on it.

Steven Spielberg: Thinking back on my career, I don't think Jimmy and I have done anything together since at least 1973 when we-

Jimmy Spielberg: I'm the idea man, you know? Steve handles the day-to-day stuff, but it all starts with this guy. Ever heard of *Jurassic Park*? All me.

Andy Wachowski: Wasn't that Michael Crichton?

Bobby Farrelly: It was definitely Michael Crichton.

Steven Spielberg: Actually, Jimmy demanded a credit in the opening titles, and when I didn't give him one, he threatened to sue.

LM: Is there any competition between the different teams of brothers?

Joel Coen: Oh, not really. We all kind of do different things, so there's not much of a rivalry going on.

Larry Wachowski: I mean, seeing the Coens succeed like they have really makes us want to do well, but it's definitely not a competition by any means.

Jimmy Spielberg: It's a little known fact that Steve-O and I hold the record for most Academy Award nominations by a pair of siblings. Ain't that right, big bro?

Steven Spielberg: Well, I suppose, technically, that is correct. But I think it's worth...

Jimmy Spielberg: Exactly.

Enough said. Spielbergs for realbergs, y'all.

LM: Did you always know you'd me making movies? What did your parents think about it?

Jimmy Spielberg: Oh, I always knew. And Mom and Dad pretty much saw it coming. Little Stevie here, that's a different story. I mean, I pretty much gave him *Jaws*. You know, just to get him off the ground.

Peter Farrelly: Really? That was you?

Jimmy Spielberg: Absolutely, but keep it on the down-low. You-know-who gets pretty upset when I bring this up. He's a trooper, though. He didn't let anyone tell him he wasn't good enough or that his brother was coming up with all the ideas for his movies.

Steven Spielberg: Look, I know Mom tells me to humor you when say these things, but this is getting ridiculous. All I did was let you touch the shark once, and then I had you escorted from the set. You guys need to know that he's making all of this up.

Larry Wachowski: Come on, Steven. This isn't cool.

Andy Wachowski: Yeah, you guys are a team.

Steven Spielberg: No we're not.

LM: Well, guys, that's all the time we have. Any parting words for our readers?

Ethan Coen: *Lad Mag* rules!

Jimmy Spielberg: Yo, Steve, can you drop me off at the bus station?

Steven Spielberg: Don't you wonder why Dad never comes to Thanksgiving anymore?



SEX THE EASY WAY >

Taking stock

Using the economic to get past the platonic

CONFIDENCE

Women can instantly spot a man that isn't confident. How about this? Write down your five best and five worst attributes. Work on developing your five best attributes. Get rid of the worst ones. The better you present yourself the more confident you'll be. For instance, say you want to pick up a girl in a bar. Go into a bar. You see a girl you like? Sit down next to her. Shake her hand firmly. Make plenty of eye contact. If there's one thing girls love, it's eye contact. When giving her your resume, try to limit it to just highlights—if she needs to know more, she'll ask, and no one likes a show off. What everyone likes is investments—if you want to roll her over like a Roth IRA, you're going to need to prime the pump now. Buy her a drink. If you want to show her you're moderately risk-loving (can be a sign of great things to come!) make it a double. Stay away from anything above a double or you'll appear reckless and she will keep her money and her heart far away.

CAREER

Sad to say, but women respect a man with a stable career and income. We've all heard the mantra "cash is king." But a fistful of dollars today deserves the royal treatment more than a wad of cash down the road. We want our companies turning their products into cash—fast!

THE CASH CONVERSION CYCLE

Enter the cash conversion cycle. It tells you how quickly a company takes its raw materials, makes them into products, and turns sales into cash in the bank. A takeoff from the mercantilist system of year, the modern day cash conversion cycle can make or break a company—the faster a company can turn over its inventory, the more efficiently it's managing its assets, and the more likely investors will want to take a chance on it. There are three components of the cycle:

1. Days Inventory Outstanding (DIO)
2. Days Sales Outstanding (DSO)
3. Days Payable Outstanding (DPO)

It's very important that you hire good, reliable accountants to keep track of these three components to ensure they're working in smooth, sexy, harmony. File receipts, invoices, and memos as soon as you get them to make tax season easier—remember, your anniversary is April 15th.

MAKING THE RIGHT MOVES

With the three pieces of the puzzle calculated, we can figure out how long a company is taking to get paid for the products its customers are buying from inventory, minus the number of days it takes it to pay its suppliers. Lucky for you, you've made great investment and sales decisions and you've got good accountants pouncing on those lithe figures as soon as they roll in. You're on your way to a solid portfolio and a steamy night of intimacy. Make sure to respond to her questions in a way that lets her know that you are a good listener and that you can't provide a list of stocks to buy or sell, just a jumping off point for further research. A good rule of thumb—you want to make her think she's the only client for you.

THE MORNING AFTER

In the high tech world of semiconductors, making the connection between inventory and cash might mean the difference between capturing market share and never having sex. Don't be in the latter category.



CONTROVERSIAL CHAPS >

The Amazing Racist

Terry Cleighborn wants his actions to do the talking

*As the star of CBS's hit new show, **The Amazing Racist**, Terry Cleighborn has come under intense fire for his strikingly candid thoughts on race, but most of all for his incredible accomplishments. The power, the glory and the horror all add up to the highest rated show on Tuesday night and a personality that's as fierce off-screen as it is on.*

Are you a racist?

Definitely. It's who I am, and any success that I've enjoyed until now and in the future I have to credit to my firm beliefs and my personal integrity.

But viewers are tuning in to ABC to see your incredible accomplishments, not your racism. Most would agree that you succeed in spite of your outspoken racism, and not because of it.

I don't think that's necessarily true. But I am capable of amazing things, no matter what fuels me.

Well, let's talk about some of those things. Almost everyone already knows about how you leapt out of a plane without a parachute or any gliding apparatus and landed without even a bruise. Can you speak a little bit about this?

Yes, I suppose that was amazing. But it would have been even more amazing had the plane not been piloted by a black man.

And, of course, you predicted the value of the Standard and Poor 500 Index, to the tenth decimal place, over a year in advance.

And I could do it again. But I probably won't. I've made my money, why should I keep on keeping on just for weaker blood to piggyback on my success?

Okay, anyway, the show has been a runaway success. Advertisers are lining up. What does the future hold for *The Amazing Racist*?

Well, don't expect me to change my beliefs. Ever since I was a young man I have not swayed from my convictions. All the amazing things I do propel me ever higher, and help me to clarify my views on race.

How do you respond to the comments by your producer (Albert Jaspers) that he personally dislikes you but keeps you on the air because you accomplish amazing things?

Well, he can say whatever he wants, but I'm grabbin' eyeballs and throwin' 'em CBS's way.

What do you have to say to your detractors?

Nothing. No one detracts to my face anyway.

What is the most amazing things you have ever done?

Just living. Living every day. Living and loving.

The host of *The Amazing Racist*, Robert Monsalez, is a third-generation Mexican-American, yet you've been photographed together smiling, laughing and generally carrying on. How do you reconcile your racism with your friendship with Robert?

I don't listen to rumors like that and you shouldn't be peddlin' them neither. Robert would have told me if he were Mexican. He hasn't, and I trust him. I've been around this block and let me tell you that's how you keep friends in the business: trust.

'I could do it again. But I probably won't.'



SPANISH REVOLUTION >

Swords, sun and sequins

Elliott Hemingstonville jumps in the ring with the cream of Spanish bullfighting



Barcelona. From where I'm sitting, I can see a bead of sweat working its way down between the breasts of a magnificently endowed senorita I've had my eye on since I entered the arena. I've parked myself in the row above her, just two back from the dust and blood of the ring itself, and if I crane my neck a little I can look right down her camisa. It's going to be hard, I tell myself, to pay attention to the fight, what with such an exquisite specimen of Spanish hottieship on unwitting display a foot below.

It seems like the entire city has turned out today to see El Toro Molestado, but it's so quiet in the arena you could hear a fly land on a caballo's culo. Everyone is holding their breath - which is fine, since my senorita is in a state of constant inhale as well, her pechugas bulging dangerously. Then a whisper moves through the crowd like lightning. *Hoy matará trece toros.* Today El Toro will kill thirteen bulls, *un número ridículo*, a feat that will ensure his status as one of Spain's youngest and most accomplished matadors.

At the moment I couldn't care less. My senorita—let's call her Carmen—is rubbing her thighs through her miniskirt, leaning forward towards the ring in anticipation. I can almost see her licking her lips.

Could she really be this excited, just at the prospect of seeing El Toro Molestado, aka The Irritated Bull, aka Diego Montero Torres? An orphan, at age eleven Torres slew his uncle's prize bull in the countryside outside of Seville, taunting it with a ratty poncho from behind a fence and then ramming a sharpened stick through its tear duct and into its brain. His uncle beat him with the flat of a pitchfork and then jabbed it in his thigh. Today, seven years after that first kill, Torres still limps, though most of his fans swear that limp disappears when he takes up his embroidered muleta and dons his pompom shoes.

But to the astonishment of the bullfighting world, El Toro announced his retirement last month. This is his final match, after which he intends to hang up the cape and retreat to his private compound in Florida. First, however, he will attempt an orgy of dust and bloodshed the likes of which Barcelona has never seen. This has always been El Toro's trademark - an intensity and flair that have won him thousands of fans, male and female.

A trumpet blast echoes through the arena. Carmen shivers as if a warm wet breeze has touched the back of her neck. A small parade of men on horseback emerges from a gate across the arena. Which of

them is El Toro? I can't tell. All the men are dressed in crimson. Loops of black and gold and white braid adorn their hats and run up their sleeves. It's an overwhelming spectacle - a calvacade of velvet pants and epaulettes. Any chance I might have of getting a good look at El Toro will have to wait.

I turn my attention back to Camen's camisa. A few minutes pass, and then the trumpet sounds again. I look up to see a lone figure strolls into the ring, clad entirely in red satin. He seems to part the dusty heat before him, his sword sheathed neatly at his side and his tie a dark slash down his snowy shirtfront.

What is this? El Toro? He is early. Spanish bullfights are divided into three tercios, and this first tercio should belong to the picadores, with their sharpened spears and childish taunts.

I've heard that El Toro is unpredictable. Wild. And in the past few years rabid young Torres fanatics have been agitating for the inclusion of bullfighting in ESPN's X-Games, claiming that matadors like El Toro embody the spirit of extreme sport.

A third trumpet blast announces the release of the bull. El Toro tenses visibly, his slender thighs straining against his pantalones. His fingers toy with the sword at his lean hip. Matadors like Torres - who weighs in at a graceful, even waifish, 130 pounds - have helped launch bullfighting as an underground international phenomenon. In the field of alternative sport, some predict that in the next decade it will rival competitive lumberjacking.

I can't tear my eyes off him. Across the ring, a man in red opens the gate of the bullpen and the beast steps forward, shaking its monstrous head from side to side in the sunlight. Torres waits. The crowd is hushed. Carmen seems to have gotten up for a soda, which is good because now I have a better view of Torres's broad shoulders, draped lightly with his scarlet cape. The bull canters slowly to the center of the ring. Its eyes are wet and gleaming, the ridge of its back bristling with thick hairs. El Toro is a statue, is a stone. The great beast paws in the dust, raising a cloud of fine earth around its hooves. It lowers its horns, and a fine strand of iridescent drool descends from its thick snout to

its undulating jewels.

Suddenly, El Toro darts forward. He dashes by the bull, delivering what appears to be a nasty tweak to its left ear. The crowd erupts in cheers. The animal charges, but El Toro is already safely past. He halts at the far side of the room and doffs his tricorner to salute the crowd. The sunlight catches his shining countenance - the delicate curves of the cheekbones beneath his leathery Spanish tan, the dazzle of his eyes beneath a dark thicket of Spanish eyelashes. He moves one long-fingered hand to flick a drop of sweat from his immaculate white starched collar.

The bull re-orientates itself, homing in on El Toro. The matador spreads his cape wide. The Swoosh on his capote seems to momentarily disorient the beast—so clever is my El Toro, sly as a fox!—and before the bull can charge the matador has danced away again. He is as brilliant as his sequins, I think, and my breath catches in my throat as it becomes clear that soon he will draw his sword and finish the bull. *Is this premature?* I wonder, but only for a split second.

Again El Toro brandishes the capote. He tosses his tricorner to an assistant who has materialized from across the ring. His bare head holds my gaze like a magnet, his hair swept neatly back in two midnight wings. My fingers tighten on the edge of my seat and I feel a strange tightness in my chest that I know can be released only by tousling, by touching, that magnificent scalp - but suddenly the bull jerks forward, its tail lashing. The Swoosh seems to have infuriated it, but El Toro only smiles coldly, flashing a set of pearly whites and tossing the cape aside. The bull lowers its horns again and throws its body at El Toro. I leap out of my seat, smothering a gasp.

El Toro whips his sword from his hip and plunges it deep into the animal's throat. The bull staggers, shudders, and falls forward onto its knees. My own knees feel weak. I press my hands to my chest. The smell of blood is thick in the arena.

El Toro turns to salute the crowd, lifting his arms and his weapon. A pair of bloodsoaked pompoms dangle limply from his blade. I sink back into my seat, my nipples softening at last.

> **La Corrida 101**

A few useful bullfighting terms

Capote: the matador's cape. Once handed down from generation to generation, companies like Nike and Axe take advantage of the highly visible capote for endorsements.

Olé! : the matador's traditional cry, "Olé!" has now become a sort of come-on for catamites in Barcelona's red light districts.

Puntilla: a small, deadly sharp dagger plunged into the bull's skull for the final blow.



NO COMMITMENTS EVER >

No Strings Attached

We can help you maximize your liberty

It might seem like the romantic scene is more fraught with danger than it's ever been before, but it's much easier to move in and out of any sort of relationship than you think.



One-night stand

One night stand—once you've crossed this line, it's hard to get out unscathed. But any good Ladmag reader knows that the way to avoid any commitment lies in controlling how you cross the line in the first place. Women are much like basic predators. The worse thing you can do if you see a wolf is run because it elicits its chasing behavior. In that vein, the worse thing you can do with a one night stand is have it at night. Go to a club with no clocks, and encourage her not to wear a watch. Push the partying to the early hours of the morning and aim to engage in foreplay at about 8:30am. She'll be confused about which social norm to refer to for guidance, while you'll be having a relaxing late brunch, no strings attached.



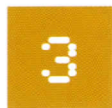
The one-year relationship

The one year relationship—Once you've hit the 12 month mark, many people would say you've made a real commitment. It's important that you instead look at what you have gone through as a long string of one night stands. The beauty of being at this stage is that if you want to end things you don't have to do anything. Just leave, you're not in a relationship anyway. Unlike the situation above she won't ask any questions because she'll think you're coming back. So you're money. No strings attached whatsoever.



Coming out of the womb

So you're head is out and you have a clear view of the midwife. At this point, the only thing the average guy is worried about is expelling the amniotic fluid and breathing his first breaths of air. But any good *Lad Mag* baby is looking ahead to all the future responsibilities he might have to his mother. Fortunately the beauty of being a newborn is that at the moment of birth, you only have one string of attachment to your mother. Grab the shears from the midwife, cut your umbilical cord and make a run for the fire exit. You'll be outta there, no string attached.



You've been married six years and have a wife and kids

You've been married for six years and you have a wife and kids—This is the trickiest stage to cleanly exit. You had to attach some strings with the wedding vows and children and all, so you'll have to focus on systematically cutting each one. Really the only solution here is to fake your own death. With the techniques from CSI being applied increasingly to real-life forensic cases, you'll need a good plan to make this convincing. All you have to do is fake your death in Mexico. They don't even have forensics there. An old wives' tale says it's because Mexicans don't have fingerprints, but you know better.



LAD ROVER >

Lap Dances of the World

Learn the game, love the player.

So you think you know a lot. You think you've been around the block a few times. You think, *I've had a lap dance. There's nothing new under the sun in the realm of lap acrobatics.* Well, here's looking at you, kid, but think again. You've probably had what's referred to by professionals as an "amateur dance"—no doubt your girl was enthusiastic, maybe even gifted, but was she trained? Did she go to *Interlochen* or *Julliard* and study from the Masters? If not, not only have you never had a true lap dance, you've never really lived. Check out these professional variations on a theme, guaranteed to get your palms sweating, your heart thumping, and your toes a-tapping.

Lap Charleston

This dance originated in the Roarin' Twenties, when the girls were hot and the booze was illegal, making this the favorite dance of speakeasies everywhere. This is a saucy little jaunt, with plenty of hand-on-knee and knee-on-knee action, if you're into that sort of thing (and you are). Throw back some moonshine and enjoy—you don't have to be a North Carolina native to get your kicks from this up-tempo jam. But it would probably help.

Lap Lambada

Ah, the forbidden dance. This dance is so closely guarded no one except the dancers and the recipients have ever actually borne witness to it. After the conclusion of the dance, we are told you will be sworn to secrecy in a binding ritual that will seal you forever in crucial ways to your lambada dancer. Discretion is of the utmost importance—just relaying this is risking us in ways we're not authorized to disclose. Don't try to ask for this dance up front. You have to know where to go. We can't tell you. Please stop reading this.



Lap Tango

Originating in the hot, windswept mountain regions of Argentina and Uruguay, the lap tango is a tantalizing dance of passion—and restraint. Lap tango dancers require special training on top of the typical seven to ten years required to become a professional dancer, and it shows. Imagine a finely tuned and tightly wound machine performing a dance so beautiful it will bring tears to your eyes. Now imagine that the machine is the sexiest of all the machines.

Lap Limbo

How low can you go, reader? Less a dance and more of a party trick, the lap limbo is often performed by nubile dancers-in-training, so this might be a great dance for you if you're patient and don't mind a little inexperience. Filled with fun, laughs, and the voyeuristic thrill of watching someone else contort herself in a way that will almost certainly result in later arthritic troubles, grab a fruity drink (we recommend a gin and tonic) and watch your limber girl limbo 'til her lumbar lapse. Then lumber away.

Lap Waltz

Finish off the night with this timeless four-step classic. Often enjoyed to the strains of Beethoven or Rachmaninoff, it should be easy enough to pick up on your interactive role here. The lap waltz just oozes class, and only philistines don't recognize that, so be sure to wear your coat and tails if you plan on partaking. And don't forget the corsage!

From left: **Thad Riviera** wears a Barrister's Guard, \$3,499 by Pickerington Haberdashery. **Jaromir Fedotenko** wears The Gridironman, \$1,775 by Guglielmo Pan-camo. **Cord Thompson** wears the Monday Masher, \$2,200 by La Charcuterie. **Teppo** wears a lacrosse helmet, \$40, by Big 5.





From left: Hunter Remington wears a pink-striped shirt, \$190, by Perry Ellis; shorts, \$14.99, by OshKosh B'Gosh; and white socks, \$2, by Champion. Pip Willingham wears a wool sweater, \$100, by Tommy Hilfiger; black slacks, \$250, by Liz Claiborne; and an Instalite Sport timepiece, \$29.99, by Armitron. Victor St. Marten wears a white polo, \$180, by Lacoste; trousers, \$220, by Calvin Klein; riding boots, \$600, by Ralph Lauren; and mounts a human steed, \$25,000, by Parkfield Stables.

BLOCK OF THE WALK >

Mark Owen, pro cockblocker

Learn the ropes from America's No. 1 Matchbreaker

An unclaimed Manhattan tumbles off the bar and onto a previously immaculate silk shirt. "Oh shit, man," Mark Owen says. "I'm really sorry. You go wash up. I'll buy you a drink."

The aggrieved party takes a step towards him. Owen holds up his hands disarmingly, and after a tense pause, the spilled-upon young man stalks off to the bathroom. Meanwhile, the young woman he was hitting on reunites with his girlfriend

"It wasn't like he was going to start anything," Owen says. "He's got a fake ID, and people with fake IDs usually aren't willing to fight."

What kind of man is this, who purposely taints the mojos of other guys trying to get their swerve on? He's not some jealous ex, and he's not a bumbler. Mark Owen is a professional cockblocker.

"I got my start in 1971 when I was 23," Owen says, "My dad gave me \$60 to make sure nothing untoward happened at my sister's junior prom. Right before the last slow dance, I mugged her date in the bathroom so he would be too rattled to make a move."

Soon after, Owen's sister joined a convent, for which his father paid him an extra \$200. The rest was history.

"I was sort of adrift at the time, but I soon realized cockblocking was my calling," he said. "Pretty soon I was spending all my time in bars offering myself out to everyone as an unwanted designated driver."

At first, the work was grueling. But then Owen discovered a truth that a wise lady sang a long time ago: It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

"If swing dancing is even remotely appropriate for the social dynamics of the situation, then it's your best bet for a block," he says. "Just get in there and throw down a quick sugar push on the girl, and that guy's going to be sidelined for the rest of the night."

Added Owen: "If you can swing dance worth a damn, you're halfway to cockblocking like a pro with that alone."

Once Owen acquired a reputation as a rugcutter, the work came pouring in. Protective siblings, spiteful frenemies and even meddling strangers were all shelling out to see hook-ups

"IF YOU CAN SWING DANCE WORTH A DAMN, YOU'RE HALFWAY THERE."

averted. For the last 30 years, Owen has been the No. 1 cockblocker in the United States.

Still, Owen continues to hone his craft. The brash physicality that characterized the work of his youth is nowhere to be found in the cerebral nuance of today's endeavors.

"I've gotten a little more refined since then," he said. "I almost never have to resort to violence anymore. In fact, my current project is more espionage than traditional cockblocking."

The project he alludes to is indeed a deep-cover af-

fair. For the past two years, Owen has been engaged. His wife-to-be believes he is a claims adjuster for Farmer's Branch. He also claims to have a traumatic past, which he cites while doggedly resisting her repeated advances. Little does she know her frigid fiancée is in the employ of her ex-husband, who still loves her very much.

"Tracy [not her real name] is a sweet girl, so I feel kind of bad," Owen says, staring over the rim of his Skyy and soda at a canoodling foreign couple; he will see to it that they soon they will go their separate ways. "But business is business. And if I don't do what I have been hired to do, someone else will do it, and do it much less professionally."

When asked about his own luck with the ladies, Owen is coy.

"I definitely know what not to do," he says. "I'm good about not letting any woman I'm pursuing participate in a magician's trick. I know better now. I know I haven't met Mrs. Right yet. But you can bet that when I do, my head will be on a swivel."



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union Bank Of Nig. Plc Union House Marina Lagos State Nigeria. FROM THE DESK OF: DR.IBRAHIM MARTIN POSITION: SENIOR MANAGER, BILLS AND EXCHANGE REPLY TO: (dr_martins@nyc.com) Dear Sir, I sincerely write to seek your co-operation and trust to enable my colleagues and I carry out an urgent business opportunity in my department. I work with the Union Bank of Nigeria PLC, currently I am the senior manager of bills and exchange at the foreign remittance department of my bank. I have an urgent and confidential business proposal for you. On June 6, 1998, an Australian oil consultant/contractor with via National Petroleum cooperation (NNPC) Mr. Ali B. Ashraf made a numbered time (fixed) deposit for twelve calendarer month valued at US\$51,000,000(fifty _one Million US Dollars) in my branch. On maturity, I sent a routine notification tohis forwarded address but got no reply after months we send a reminder and finally we discovered from his contract employee (Nigeria National Petroleum Corporation) that MR. Ali B. Ashraf died from an automobile accident. On further investigation, it was clear that he died without making

THE GENIUS DOCTOR BEHIND

SEX-MAX+@
 globule
 Fact or superstition?
 They cause the qi to bounce around (think of geometry) and become too active for such a yin space. The front door of a house is very important since it lets in qi that can be beneficial or harmful to the occupants. AT HOME WITH THE PIG Pigs have comfortable, friendly homes that just invite you in. Fact or superstition? HEALTH AND HABITAT HEALTH Pigs enjoy being around other people and so being alone



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application that you will send to the Union Bank authority for an approval to submit your claims. Send your reply through mydirect and private email address (martins_dr@yahoo.co.uk) indicate your direct Fax and telephone numbers for effective communication that this transaction needs. Do

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 a WILL. All attempts by the Australian to trace his next of kin were fruitless. I therefore made further investigation and discovered that Mr. Ali B. Ashraf did not declare any next of kin or relations in all his official documents including his deposit **FREE GIFT! SEX-MAX+ TOPICAL LOTION** document in my bank. The total sum US\$51,000,000.00 is still in my bank as dormant acct. No one will ever come forward to claim it. According to Nigerian banking law, after five years, the money will revert to the ownership of the Nigerian Government. If the account owner is certified death and nobody comes forward to claim it. This is the situation, and my proposal is that I am looking for a foreigner who will stand in as the beneficiary/next of kin. This is simple. All you have to do is to immediately send me the details of a bank account anywhere in the world for me to arrange the proper money transfer document. The money will then be transferred into

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Adrenaline Nation Entertainment, Inc. _A_D_N_N_ Major News was released today: _A_D_N_N_ Adrenaline Nation Television Signs Affiliate Licensing Agreement With Global eNetwork to Provide eCommerce Solutions Through the iTV MediaPlex With TelVOS Operating System Powered by Narrowstep Keith Dressel is starting his next venture so it's time to pay attention now. Keith was a record executive responsible for over \$4 billion in record sales. He personally helped generate 29 gold records, 26= platinum albums, and 85 gold singles. What he's doing now is so hot, so huge, it will blow your mind! Go read the news and go check out the website. This new program is incredible! ----- Information within this report contains forward looking statements within the meaning of Section 27A of the Securities Act of 1933 and Section 21B of the SEC Act of 1934. Statements that involve discussions with respect to projections of future events are not statements of historical fact and may be forward looking statements. Don't rely on them to make a decision. Past performance is never indicative of future results. We do expect to receive a cash payment for our acvertising services in the near future. The amount is unknown at this time. Un-affiliated Third parties may own stock and will sell those shares without notice to you. This report shall not be construed as any kind of investment advice or solicitation ----- TRADE SMART AND WIN! See bullish news online right now, call broker Sehr geehrter Herr, wir haben heute folgende Nachricht erfolgreich für Sie veröffentlicht: boerse invest wachst sehr stark durch zukaufe BJ5N.F Nachrichtenart: Corporate News Datum: 10.05.2007 Eingabezeit: 10.05.2007 10:00:05 Veröffentlichungszeit: 10.05.2007 10:00:08 Verbreitungsnetzwerk: Basis (Siehe am Ende der Mitteilung) Nachricht: Börse Invest Beteiligungs AG / Miscellaneous (Stock: BJ5N.F) 10.05.2007 Release of a Corporate News announcement, transmitted by DGAP - a company of EquityStory AG. The issuer / publisher is solely responsible for the content of this announcement. DÜSSELDORF – Goldfish Holdings Inc. and Borse Investment AG are pleased to announce their strategic partnership in developing existing

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SOME CLARIFICATION >

Contest Update

Lads,

Okay first of all, I would like to thank everyone who entered Lad Mag's Au Pair Mistress Fantasy II contest. As you remember I had planned to announce the winner in this month's issue, but unfortunately none of your submissions were quite what we had in mind. Many of you wrote that you fantasized about our beautiful South African swimsuit model-cum-au pair Brenna "helping out around the house" or "teaching the kids a foreign language." Another steamy fantasy involved Brenna "making snacks for the home games."

Okay readers, Brenna, the featured au pair we were prepared to send to our winner, is a Mega-Hot International Babe™. We thought for sure you guys would write in with some pretty kinky fantasies. You know, sexual fantasies like "kissing Brenna's toes" or "dressing her up like a video game character/Dakota Fanning." After the debacle last year with the first Au Pair Mistress Fantasy contest, our lawyers were worried our au pair might accidentally be sent to a criminal again. But this year, the submissions we got from you Dad Mag readers? Those were just depressing. An inner-city community gardening project fantasy? Seriously guys, what's wrong?

Is it that you were all intimidated by Brenna? We confess she is a Mega-Hot International Babe™. But she is also young and naive. You guys normally love babes like that—not that you are particularly selective. Hell, even when we don't have contests I get bags of your love letters to the vodka ad girls about how you want to make out with them in an oversize martini glass full of vodka. And don't even get me started on the entries from the first Au Pair Fantasy Mistress Contest, god damn those fantasies were excellent. But a year later, I am sifting through stuff your wife would totally be fine with.

So here's the deal. We are going to give you a second chance to have Brenna come to your house to be a free au pair/mistress for a year. You're wife will love it because she'll think you got Brenna to be a choregirl. And you will love it because Brenna is a Mega-Hot International Babe™ who will do anything you say and fulfill your kinkiest fantasies. To clarify, these fantasies will not involve picking up or dropping your kids off at school or doing the dishes. These will be fantasies of a strictly adult nature. Don't be shy—the propinquity effect is a psychological term that means Brenna is guaranteed to like you if you win.

Sincerely,



Ronald Glyxer
Lad Magazine
Contest Specialist



With us handling your money, the sky's the limit.

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