

*THE SEXYTIME ISSUE

137
BOOBS
WE
LOVE

BEAR
TRAPS

FOR CATCHING
FEMALES

+
ANOTHER THING
THAT REDUCES
WOMEN TO PREY



BUTT STUFF
for Father's Day
+ IS CHILDBIRTH
THE NEW SEX?

ZAYN MALIK

SADLY ISN'T OUR COVER MODEL

THE HOTTEST BARS IN
DALLAS TO SHOW TO
YOUR STEPDAD, PAUL

HOT GIRLS IN BIKINIS
SMOKED CLOVE CIGA-
RETTES IN OUR OFFICE

PLUS: THIS DOCTOR
KNOWS HOW TO
MEDICINE *AND FUCK*

SPRING 2016 \$0.00



Contents

Details

KNOCK-KNOCK JOKES 14
to break the ice at your men's rights activists meeting.

#NOTALLMEN 5
Seriously.

EXPERIMENTING WITH MEN 14
while letting everyone know you're still homophobic.

7 SIGNS 9

Chicks

SURPRISE! WE RANKED SOME FEMALES! 6

HOW TO NEG HER 8
into getting that master's degree.

5 SCENTS THAT WILL REMIND HER OF HER DAD 21

Cars

THE BEST COMPACT CARS 12
for picking up tiny wee womenfolk.

Life

YOUR GUIDE TO DOMINATING ANY SPACE 13

HOROSCOPES FOR MEN 22

5 NEW CULTURES 22
you didn't know you could appreciate

Features

WE TALKED TO TOM HARDY 3
about Tom Hardy.

WE GOT MODEL GIGI HADID TO RUN THE EU 18
and her tits were FIRE.

Fitness

HOW TO GET SWOLE FOR GIMPSUIT SEASON 19
Latex: can't live with it, can't live without it.



Sex

HOW TO GET HER MOIST 5
but not *too* moist.

BAN-KI MOON'S GUIDE TO FUCKING REAL NICE 15

IT WASN'T SEXY 21
& I was surprised.

Talk

YOUR PROSTATE IS GAY 16
& that's okay.

1-ON-1 WITH GOLDEN GLOBE-WINNER® PAUL GIAMATTI'S FLESHLIGHT 17
Meet Rosie.

Want More JQ?

Check us out online at dartmouthjacko.com.



meat club

a club for meat



The Last Letter: A Dope Farewell

HONESTLY, I'M MORE OF A ONE-BOOB KIND OF GUY.



THIS IS MY LAST ISSUE of JQ and I'm looking back on so many great memories. Like that time our Senior Sports Editor, Chuck, got his dick stuck in the office vacuum, or the time one of our interns drowned on the party yacht. Or that time we got Craig a stripper that looked just like his sister. That was classic. I'm choking up just thinking about it. Brotherhood. That's what this publication is all about, really. Brotherhood, and categorizing women into levels of fuckability. It's truly a magical place.

In this time of nostalgia, I can't help but want to get some things off my chest. Carter, it was me who fucked your cousin at the company's

annual BBQ/Cocaine Bash. Not that intern. I only fired him as a distraction, because I knew how good you were at CrossFit and preferred he get his face punched instead of me. Classic office shenanigans. We've had a great few years, haven't we gentlemen?

And in the spirit of confessions, there's something else that's really been bugging me for a while. As dudes, I know we all love boobs. They're one of the few things that make women worthwhile. But I can't take it any longer without telling you: honestly, I'm just more of a one-boob kind of guy. Why do we need two?

But motorboating, Topher! you say. To that I say one-tata tetherball. Just slappin' that glorious 34D bazonga around with no resistance from a pesky partner hooter. Doesn't that sound like the dopest of times? Oh, to be young and alive with one fat funbag to swat around.

But I digress. These are all things I can do in my retirement at the ripe age of 29. Between heliskiing and wind-jujitsu, I'm sure I'll have tons of time to find a single-titted chick that beats my fap material by a longshot.

And as we enter the height of spring, I've been thinking about what inspires me lately: street meat, Thai prostitutes, casual racism, and AXE body spray. I think you'll find that this issue draws on these themes subtly as we navigate the waters of life, style, and finding hot poon to bone.

Of course, there are so many people I'd like to thank who have aided my JQ journey. The people over at Meat Club SF, for encouraging me to spend \$2,000 annually on lamb pops and filet – it was well worth it, boys. The female interns, who subconsciously gave me permission to photograph their sideboobs. All of the escorts at Pier 69, for doing all of the amazing work they do. And lastly, my staff. There's no one I'd rather do horse tranquilizers in Ibiza with while shitting out 40 pages of what

But motorboating, Topher! you say. To that I say one-tata tetherball.

other people might believe is journalism. I hope the rest of your careers are filled with Peruvian hallucinogens, listicles dictat-

ing womens' bodies, and one-jugged hookers. You deserve it.

Forever shreddin',

Topher Brosef Gnar

WE

TALKED

to

a profile
by CHRIS
THEREAU

TOM HARDY

about being Tom Hardy

A SITDOWN WITH TOM HARDY

An intimate chat with one of today's best action stars • by CHRIS THEREAU

JQ: So, tell us about your style Tom Hardy. What are you wearing today?

TH: Oh this? All of these clothes? This is just really typical Tom Hardy clothes. I can use them for interviews, or for acting, but only if it's something my character would wear. Probably some comfy running shoes, because I seem like a laid back guy. But then nice slacks, because I take work seriously. Tom Hardy is a serious man. And I am that man.

JQ: We can see that. Speaking of, some of your most famous Tom Hardy roles have required you to wear something on your face. Talk about that as a working experience. Do you ever wear masks in your day-to-day Tom Hardy life?

TH: As you know, I am a famous actor. So when a director like Christopher Nolan says "Tom Hardy, we need you to wear this mask on your face." I ask "But then how will people know that this movie features me, Tom Hardy?" but then he says "Your name, Tom Hardy, will appear in the credits at the end of the film." And, just like that, when the film ends it says "Tom Hardy", right up there with a lot of other names. That's the only one that is mine though, the others belong to the rest of the cast and the crew of the film.

JQ: Are there any roles that have been hard for you to embody? Since you are Tom Hardy, is it hard to pretend to be someone else?

TH: Of course it's hard. There hasn't

When I find myself playing someone else... I hate to admit it, but even then, in the back of my mind, I still know I'm Tom Hardy.

been one movie I've worked on so far where I have been asked to play Tom Hardy. That would be easy, because I am Tom Hardy, so I think I could convincingly play Tom Hardy. So when I find myself playing someone else, I have to ask myself "Tom Hardy, what is this person like?

What do they have in common with Tom Hardy?" I say to my family and

to hire him as an actor!" and someone else says "Bring me Tom Har-



friends at dinner or at the park, "I am not Tom Hardy. I am Bane, or Max the Madman". I hate to admit it, but even then, in the back of my mind, I still know I'm Tom Hardy.

JQ: You talked about your family

dy! I want him to be my family and friend!" they won't get two different men. Both of them will be the man sitting before you, unless I am in the middle of shooting a movie. They would have to yell "Bring me Bane or Max the Madman!"

JQ: What about love? Is it hard having a love life when you're the movie star Tom Hardy?

TH: It simply is. When I am at work with my coworkers, Tom Hardy is at work working. When I am at home with my lover, Tom Hardy is at home loving. It doesn't matter how easy or hard each is to do, I just do it. Because I am Tom Hardy and that's what Tom Hardy does. ✱

and friends. How does Tom Hardy the actor relate to Tom Hardy the man with family and friends? Are these the same Tom Hardy?

TH: Let me make this perfectly clear: there is only one Tom Hardy. He is I, and I am he. When someone says "Bring me Tom Hardy! I want

Hardy is pictured in a jacket and shirt, both by KM Separates.

GET HER MOIST



(but not too moist)



Fair warning, our sexologist suffered a severe concussion in a polo accident, but we have decided to run his column anyway.

Lady girls all around the world be kissing and dancing, sweating this way and that. Yeah. I like it. But that don't mean nothing cause sometimes wet is too wet. It's all about the balancing. You gotta make her like a slip and slide without getting it to the rainforest, you understand?


There's a couple ways to get to the desired of effect. First, use fire. Obviously not on the lady girls, but around them. They love the fire. It's a warm, it's a light and it's a powerful. Any tricks of the fire will get them all wet but not on the too wet side.

Next up is music talky. Rhythm make them little tiny wet times. If you play it right or sing it right, they gonna be as wet as rain, which isn't too wet, if you catch the meaning. Knock knock. Who's there?

She's moist, if you are a ready man.

Many times I hear about the complaining. How this and that is causing it all up and downsides. Not true. If you are more of the careful, you can find another one three times as much. Don't take my word for it. Give me my word back. It's my word. Or maybe it's her word. She might like that word if you're playing it softly. So soft she might not be a hearing it. I can hear it though. So soft and quiet. Shhhhhhhh.

Now I'm calling on the last of my book tricks: jelly beengs. Jelly beengs is round, juicy and sweets. If you catch a whole handful of jelly beengs and put em on a lady girl, she'll be a moist for sure. That's a promise. Now go on back to the sleep. It's a night time. Bye bye.



#NOT ALL MEN

- 1.** Wrangle rattlesnakes with their bare hands
- 2.** Cuddle with spiders
- 3.** Eat a sloppy joe in ONE BITE
- 4.** Love left boobs the most
- 5.** Like right boobs okay too
- 6.** Paint vivid watercolors of old boats
- 7.** Slyly place arsenic in his older brother's
- 8.** Bury the secret deep, like underneath
- 9.** Finally, on the brink of death, repent when faced with the prospect of Hell, dear God what have you done, you old fool?!?!?!?
- 10.** Touch a left boob without asking for permission first ✳



SURPRISE!

WE RANKED

SOME FEMALES!

Our definitive list of which lady persons have value.

1. Limbs & Milk-Skin Woman

You've all seen her, known her, #squadded with her. She is the creamy one. But nonfat. No guilt!

Part 3: The Gussel On Her

Hoo-wee! That gets us goin',
here down by the shore!
Pass the jelly beengs!





SECTION 6.b.
Ambivert, titties, triangle.
Winner of 6 Grammy!!

**XXIV. Some of These,
But Only With Penance**

When there is plentiful ladies, such as in pool, or by lakes, there are more options to choose, and to rank for value. But make your reparations for the choosing. "We all make choices, but in the end our choices make us." - Ken Levine.



!!!1!!!) A Kate Hudson

Choose one, any one, fair with haunches like a lithe and tempered steed, preferably acting. For the yoga, and occasionally milk from a nut or animal.

AND FINALLY:

SALLY FIELD

Always a favorite! Star of countless family films like Mrs. Doubtfire, Forrest Gump, and Lincoln, Ms. Field is a widely respected actress and director. Though she might not be the youngest on the list, we here at JQ are strongly against ageism, and know that a hot piece of ass is a hot piece of ass, regardless of age.

Think we missed a sexytime ladyperson? Perhaps a dancer one, or one who eats small shrimps? Write a letter to the editor! After it's written, cut it into small pieces, swallow it whole, and understand that we are the ultimate authorities on women-values.



How to Neg Her

into GETTING THAT MASTER'S DEGREE **by MR. PHANTASY**



HEY DUDES, IT'S ME, Mr. Phantasy, back again to give you more sick tips with the ladies. We all know the situation; you're out and you meet a fine chick. She's the whole package: hot but doesn't know it, playful, smart, pursued some fine research opportunities in undergrad. You know right then and there that this sexy doll just **NEEDS** to get a master's degree. But you can't just come out and **SAY** that she should get one — you don't want to sound like a loser, or

her Dad. Instead, let me teach you the one surefire trick that will have her begging to know more about the best applied science fellowships out there.

The pros call it “negging.” The goal is to lower her intellectual value in relation to yours so she'll be more likely to get a master's in engineering once you've explained the benefits. Start off with something simple, like: “Hey, did I see you working on a thesis in the library the other week? It looked a little short.” Or: “I like that shirt, but I think it would probably work

better if worn to look professional in an interview for an MBA program.”

By negging women, you've indicated that you're not interested in her intelligence over other women in the group even though you know she's clearly the most likely to get into that Harvard program. Interject lines into the conversation like: “You look just like my friend who became a stripper. Weird.” And: “Your eyes are beautiful. Definitely doesn't look like you've got a brain behind them that holds ideas equal to if not greater than those of your male counterparts. Ideas that both intimidate and inspire me to want to be better, as well as makes me want to encourage you to strive for that Ph.D. in chemistry because I know you deserve it and the

INTERJECT LINES INTO THE CONVERSATION LIKE: “YOUR EYES ARE BEAUTIFUL. DEFINITELY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU'VE GOT A BRAIN BEHIND THEM.”

world deserves you. Also, nice boobs.”

Yep, and just like that you'll be in her head. You've demonstrated your value and shown that you value a master's degree above all else. Before long, she'll be on her way to applying to the top psychology programs around the country. No longer will you be just the “nice guy” who isn't able to convince the hot girl to follow her dreams. Negging is a powerful tool to have in your arsenal and if you use it, you'll soon be getting all the hottest poon you could ever want to pursue a postgraduate education. ✱



by TIM BARNABY

Ever see a girl and wonder if she wants your cock in her mouth? Wonder no more! Here are 7 simple signs that she wants your cock in her mouth!



1) You have a cock

The first thing you want to look for is whether or not you have a cock. You do? Score!

2) She has a mouth

This is an often overlooked, yet clear sign...

I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore. Look, I've been writing for this magazine for 6 years. And it's been good, really, it has. I get paid very well, the benefits are great, it's all good. Clarissa and I just put a down payment on a house in the suburbs, the bank gave us a great rate, and I have this job to thank for all that. Before this, I was making next to nothing as a blogger. I mean, it took everything we had to put her through the academy. We'd probably be living on the street if I hadn't come here.

So I took this job, and I put up with writing sexist articles like these because, well, this is the stuff that sells. This is what men want to see. They want to think they're just one simple trick away from having women crawling over them, and they'll throw money at any magazine that tells them that. I was more than willing to take their money, even if it meant seeing the embarrassment in my wife's eyes every time she read one of my articles. Be-

cause I was doing it for her. For us.

But now, my wife is four months pregnant with our first child. And yesterday, we found out it's a girl. I broke down crying when they told us. Not tears of joy. Tears of shame. I was bringing my daughter into a world where she would be mistreated, objectified, and marginalized every single day. A world that I had helped build, that I had been paid to accept.

I don't accept it any more and I'm not using my platform for evil any more. I'm fighting back. So, to conclude this article, here is one quick tip to my readers who treat women like objects and still want to get their dicks wet. Find a vat of hydrochloric acid and pour it on your cock. Do the gene pool a favor.

TIM, 29, breathes a sigh of relief. He clicks "Publish" on his computer, and the words "Uploading Article..." appear on the screen.

TIM

Well, that's the end of that.

The power suddenly goes out. The apartment is thrown into darkness, and his computer turns off. Tim jumps out of his chair and looks around in fear.

TIM

(voice shaking)

How did you find me?

MAN'S VOICE

My dear boy, you really thought you could hide from The Patriarchy?

* THE COMPUTER FLICKERS ON, DISPLAYING A RED ERROR MESSAGE.



The light from the screen reveals THE PATRIARCHY, a menacing, masculine man dressed in a black trench coat and a black top hat standing in the middle of the apartment. Shadows cover his face, concealing all but his wide smile. He leans comfortably on a black cane.

TIM
What do you want?

THE PATRIARCHY
You know why I'm here, Tim. We had a deal. And that...
(gestures at computer with his cane)
...was not part of our deal.

TIM
The deal's off. I'm having a daughter, and I'm not going to allow...

THE PATRIARCHY
Yes, yes, I already read your little article. Spare me the lecture. A very well written piece, I must say. You have a way with words, Tim. That's why I chose you.
(growing angry)
I gave you a platform to stand on. I gave you everything. And this is how you repay me?

Tim grabs a handful of papers from his desk and throws them at The Patriarchy. He runs for the door.

THE PATRIARCHY
Foolish.

The Patriarchy slams his cane on the floor. Tim falls to the ground, writhing in pain, as papers rain down on both of them. The Patriarchy slowly walks toward him.

THE PATRIARCHY
You just don't get it, do you? You helped create me. And now, I control you. I control every man on Earth. I am more powerful than you can imagine, Tim.

The Patriarchy raises his cane, and Tim is forced up to his knees by an unseen force.

TIM
(fighting through the pain)
You may be powerful, but you're also predictable. I knew you'd come as soon as I tried to publish that article. That's why I called the cops right before uploading it. They'll be here any second.

Footsteps are heard outside the apartment, getting louder. The Patriarchy laughs.

THE PATRIARCHY
Very clever, I admit it.

The door shudders as a POLICE OFFICER tries to kick it down from the other side.

THE PATRIARCHY
But let's see this policeman kick down the door with two broken shins.

The Patriarchy faces the door and slams his cane on the floor. There is a pause and then the door shudders again, splintering. The Patriarchy looks at his cane in disbelief.





OH YEAH! She *totally* wants your cock in her mouth & you know it!

THE PATRIARCHY
What? How?

Tim, still fighting through the pain, smiles triumphantly.

TIM

The gender-neutral term...is police officer.

Light floods the apartment as the door shatters. The police officer is revealed to be CLARISSA, 29, dressed in uniform and holding a pistol. She fires fifteen rounds into The Patriarchy's penis, reloads, and fires three more rounds into his penis. The Patriarchy crumples to the ground. Clarissa helps Tim up.



CLARISSA
Are you okay?

TIM

I am now. I love you, Clarissa.

CLARISSA
I love you too, Tim.

TIM

Now to re-upload my article.



Suddenly, The Patriarchy springs up, grinning maniacally.

THE PATRIARCHY

I've got a bulletproof cock, motherfuckers!

The Patriarchy shoots two lasers out of his eyes, killing Clarissa and Tim immediately.

THE PATRIARCHY

Patriarchy, away!

The "PATRIARCHY THEME SONG" starts playing. The Patriarchy's penis transforms into a large helicopter rotor. He crashes through the wall and flies like a helicopter into the night.

FADE TO BLACK. *



*DIS
COUNT
BUTCH*

FROM THE LESBIAN BEST FRIEND COLLECTION

THE BEST COMPACT CARS

FOR PICKING UP TINY WEE WOMENFOLK

THE FIAT 500



A century of Italy's world-famous automotive expertise has finally been condensed into one pint-sized package: the minute but mighty Fiat 500. One cruise through a populated area will be enough to have bite-sized bachelorettes begging you for a spin in your irresistible subcompact. Good thing they won't need much leg room. The bottom line: If it's good enough for the Pope, it's good enough for you!

BRÜTSCH MOPETTA



Nothing screams sex appeal like a classic Mopetta. Women won't be able to resist the sleek lines of its retro-styled fiberglass body, and even the drivers of refined Italian performance cars will tremble at the sound of its one-horsepower, single-cylinder JLO G50 engine. As an added bonus, this vehicle has barely enough leg room for one person, so you can bet your bottom dollar that any maidens you'll be picking up will be downright miniscule.

SMARTPANZER 2000



Is your gigantic neighbor Dave giving you trouble again? Fear not! Nothing says that you and your diminutive damsel mean business like the latest SmartPanzer. The base model comes equipped

with a reinforced suspension, nose-mounted smoothbore, & unbelievably puny passenger compartment—perfect for taking your favorite Fraulein on a blitzkrieg-style campaign romantic road trip through rural Poland, Belgium, or France. Now that's the power of German engineering!

MINI CONVERTIBLE



Are you one of the many guys who would love to own a full-sized Hummer, but are afraid that any pint-sized women will get lost within its cavernous interior? The new 2017 Humdinger may be the answer to your prayers. Finally, Hummer has come through with a model that can't be dismissed as mere compensation for your tiny prospective girlfriend. Fair warning to the guy in front of you: this is one object in your mirror that is WAY closer than it appears.

The latest incarnation of the timeless Mini nameplate lives up to every expectation. The boosted 4-cylinder under the hood makes for a surprisingly peppy performance and the jaunty stance of this little lady-magnet will have no trouble drawing in the Lilliputian lasses. Drop the top for extra fun!

HOW TO DOMINATE ANY SPACE

by SIR RICHARD A. BALLINGTON



"Some may call it 'manspreading;' in the kingdom of Bromania, we call it 'spreading the wealth.'"

GREETINGS! I am Sir Richard A. Ballington, the self-proclaimed King of Bromania. My populace consists of all the ladies whom I've seduced and my domicile consists of a glorious White Castle on the frontage road next to Denny's. Indeed, I am incredibly endowed with a talent for dominating any space that I enter. And don't worry—I am endowed in other ways, too, as the ladies could surely attest.

Today I will show you, my faithful lieges, how to dominate any space and any person. Never again shall an intruder invade

your White Castle table; never again shall Linda, the other software sales rep, steal one of your precious clients. What follows is my sage advice. Godspeed!

If a lady introduces herself by saying, "Hi, I'm Dr. Taylor," respond, "What's up, Katherine." When the lady says, "Please, call me Dr. Taylor," reply, "Sure thing, Katie."

Obtain accessories that clearly demonstrate your power. My Ford Raptor F-150 fires up all the ladies' engines, if you will.

Some may call it "manspreading;" in the kingdom of Bromania, we call it "spreading the wealth." For extra

dominance, lean back in your chair and put your feet on the table during meetings.

Master the interpretation of subtle signs and come-ons from the ladies, like when Dr. Taylor says that you "need a prostate exam." Respond inappropriately—or appropriately, if you're picking up what I'm putting down!--and don't worry, because localized prostate cancer isn't usually lethal.

Pay no mind to the naysayers. Here is what people will say: "Sir, your Ford Raptor F-150 is parked on top of my SmartCar." "Stop sending suggestive Slack messages to Linda." "Please leave this doctor's office and never come back." Just ignore these comments. As always, you are still the powerful one in the situation.

Learn to overcome difficulties with elegance. For example, when you are fired from the software company for "lack of respect for authority" and "sexual harassment," don't just leave. Instead, send Linda one last suggestive emoji and wait for security to escort you out.

Similarly, when the waitress at White Castle says that you need to buy something because you've already been sitting there for five hours, respond politely with one of your less dirty pick-up lines.

In job interviews, when a female interviewer asks you, "What are your weaknesses?" respond "What are your weaknesses?" and wink. Do this at all fifteen job interviews.

When you've been kicked out of White Castle and your Ford Raptor F-150 has been reclaimed by the dealership, look on the bright side: you can practice your manspreading on the bus.

the best

KNOCK-KNOCK JOKES

to break the ice at your Men's Rights Activists Meeting



by MANSPLAIN NG

As an MRA, you're probably not used being around other people in person, not to mention sunlight. Here are some rib-tickling knock-knock jokes to help you break the ice with gender persecuted individuals like yourself.

1 Knock Knock.
Who's There?
Ish.
Ish who?
The gender wage gap is not an ish-who.

2 Knock Knock.
Who's There?
Orange.
Orange Who?
Orange you glad you are not a homosexual man. Yuck.

3 Knock Knock.
Who's There?
Canoe.
Canoe who?
Canoe believe that feminists always are on each other's periods.

4 Knock Knock.
Who's There?

The girl you had a crush on in high school.
The girl I had a crush on in high school who?
It's me, the girl you had a crush on in high school. I'm sorry I psychologically tormented you. I was ignoring you on purpose. I knew I was in love with you the moment you did that cart-wheel in front of me. I decided to make you jealous because I like being the alpha. Now I'm fat and married, which I only did because for the alimony money, 'cause I'm a woman. My self esteem is low, but not

quite low enough to get my masters. Can you woo me with your Joker impression so we can have oodles and oodles of sex?

5 Knock Knock.
Who's there?
Your mom.
Your mom who?
It's your mother, can you stop masturbating so loudly to pictures of Lena Dunham? I thought I raised you better.*

Have more tips for breaking the ice? Send them to us at MRA@JQ.com



"Down for 8 Mile after this?"

HOW TO: Experiment With Men

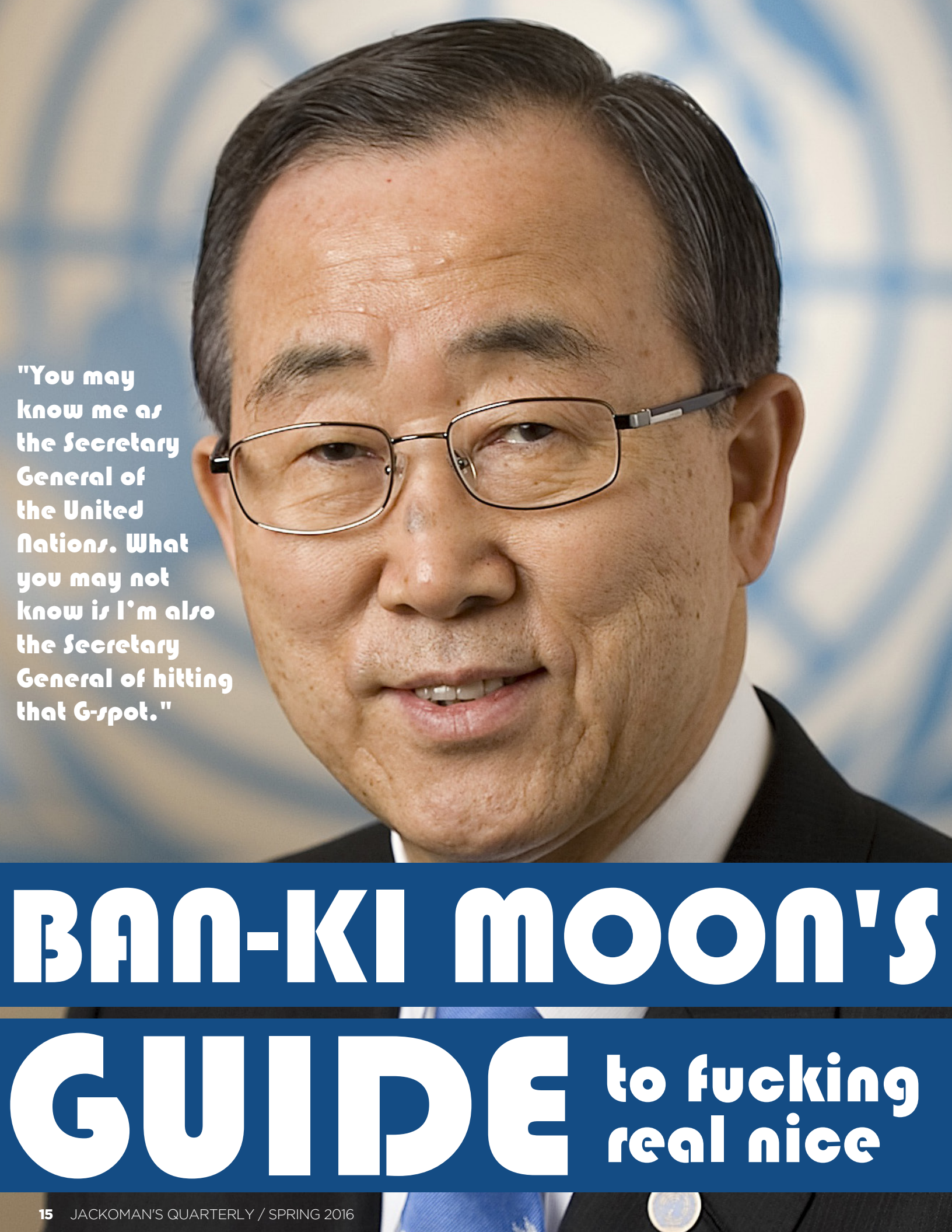
While letting Everyone Know You're Still Homophobic

by GAYLORD PFISTER

- 1. GO ON A DATE** with a guy and then vote Republican
- 2. ALWAYS REFER** to the people in your coming out support group as "the gays"
- 3. WATCH SPIKE TV** while spooning with your man
- 4. LISTEN TO EMINEM** during dude-on-dude hand play
- 5. READ** the National Review after making out with him
- 6. ONLY INCLUDE**

straight characters in your screenplay

- 7. Make an AIDS joke** mid-BJ
- 8. TALK TO YOUR** local, southern grandparent about how gay the guy you're dating is
- 9. SUPPORT THAT BILL** that was passed in North Carolina after having your prostate stimulated
- 10. CALL THE GUYS** you're hooking up with "tranvestite ninny boys"

A close-up portrait of Ban Ki-moon, the former Secretary-General of the United Nations. He is wearing glasses and a dark suit with a white shirt and a blue tie. The background is a blurred blue and white pattern.

"You may know me as the Secretary General of the United Nations. What you may not know is I'm also the Secretary General of hitting that G-spot."

BAN-KI MOON'S

GUIDE to fucking
real nice

Yo, whaddup. It's me. Ban-Ki Moon. You may know me as the Secretary General of the United Nations. What you may not know is I'm also the Secretary General of hitting that G-spot like it's the deferral button to the Security Council regarding issues of North Korean nuclear proliferation. You having trouble with the ladies? Well you came to the right place. My place. The United Nations Headquarters. Or, as I like to call it, "The Pleasure Dome."

First thing is first. When it comes to ladies, the clit is your best friend, kind of like how Asha-Rose Migiro, Tanzanian foreign minister and Deputy Security-General, is my best friend. Treat that thing well and she'll treat you as well as the United Nations treated war torn South Korea as I was growing up. And another

thing: use lube. I use as much as I use UN initiatives to empower women, which is to say, use a bunch of lube. My favorite flavor is strawberry kiwi.

Good lighting helps too. You want them to feel like they entered

"If you wanna fuck good, you gotta talk good."

your love dungeon, not the security council food court. Let's just say that there's a reason Ms. Moon lets me keep my lava lamp around. You gotta set the mood in any way you can. Music, lights, even a fancy shirt. Appearance is everything, as we learned with my gaffe regarding the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty in 2001.

The main take-away I can give you is: communicate. Be it with dictators in Northern Africa or a girl who Bumbled you, if you wanna fuck good, you gotta talk good. Daddy didn't get where he is today were it not for his sweet tongue (yeah, that's a double entendre).

These are all just guidelines and I don't expect you to listen to everything I say (I'm used to it, I do work at the UN after all. Heyoooo!). I'm just saying, if you wanna fuck as good as the dude who is urging the Human Rights Council to pressure more countries into expanding LGBT rights, then take these lessons to heart. That's all for now. Papa's gotta go deal with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict (that's what I call my wife's hot vag).*



DON'T BE ALARMED. This is completely natural. Most, if not all prostates are super gay. Just like yours. Does this mean you have to start fucking dudes? Yes. Yes it does. This might be hard for you to hear, but let me assure you, it will be even harder for your probably very tight, butthole.

Pretty soon, if it hasn't started happening already, your prostate is going to start making you wear a bunch of leather and taking you to bars in the village. This is completely natural. I recommend bringing a kindle, just in case your prostate is

shy or works slowly. If you are worried about getting hit on, try wearing a hat that says "Just Prostate Gay" that way, other people at the bar know to hit on your prostate and not you.

You may also notice frequent trips to Provincetown. Bring a towel and a bathing suit. The beaches are gorgeous and you will not want your prostate to be the only one having fun. Also, wear good walking sneakers. You never know how many pride parades your prostate might drag you into.

Speaking of drag, just because

your prostate is gay, that does not mean it is a drag queen. In fact, many straight prostates do drag. I wouldn't count on your prostate wearing a dress, but I wouldn't count it out, either.

Most importantly, be open. This is a new experience and being open is very important. When I say open I mean open minded, but I also mean open in the sense that your prostate is going to start getting pounded, frequently. So do what you can to loosen that baby up. Stretch it, warm it up, use lube. Lots of lube. You'll be glad you did.



DIS



COUNT



BUTCH

BY LESBIAN BFF

WE TALKED TO

GOLDEN-GLOBE-WINNER™ PAUL GIAMATTI'S

FLESHLIGHT

Last week we got a chance to sit down with someone close to acting superstar Paul Giamatti: his personal fleshlight, Rosie.

JQ: It's an honor to meet you Ms... or maybe Mr? I'm not sure what the convention is here.

MF: Yeah it can be confusing. Paul generally calls me "baby" or "Rosie" but feel to just call me Ms. F.

JQ: Okay then, Ms. F. So how long have you known Paul for?

MF: Gosh, it feels like forever ago. Time really does fly. I think we first became acquainted back in 2000, when he was starring in *Big Momma's House*. He was just so great in that film. At the end of a long day on set, he always liked to relax by heading back to his trailer and going to town on me for a while. He sure had a lot of energy back in the day.

JQ: You've clearly known Paul & his work for a long time. How do you think he has changed as a performer?

MF: Paul was always a talented actor, but I think he has refined his craft - when he speaks audiences listen. I think the golden globes and other awards are proof of that. Of course Paul's success is all his doing, though I'd like to think I've helped along the way through daily use. And you know Paul's confidence in his acting ability has bled through to his daily life, too. For example, he remembers to clean me out at least once a week now. It seems like just yesterday we were living in a crummy apartment and he would leave me on the counter full of his future-academy-award-nominated man juice.

JQ: Can you elaborate on what day

to day life is like for you and Paul?

MF: Like any couple, we get up in the morning and have some breakfast. After a rousing, egg-filled fuck-a-palooza, it's off to the shower for him and the dish washer for me.

"You can't tell where one body ends & a fleshlight begins... it's really beautiful."



Most of the day I spend in his briefcase that he carries to whatever acting job he wants. There's nothing else in the briefcase. It's our little secret. During the day I only come out during Paul's regularly scheduled "bathroom" breaks at 10am, 11:20am, 1:36pm, 3:43pm, 4:56pm, and 5:43pm. Then it's back home, where we'll order a pizza and get back in bed. The rest of the night is just a cheesy-stuff-crust orgy. You can't tell where one body ends and a fleshlight begins. It's really beautiful. Once our sexual ritual is over, we like to fall asleep to Paul's favorite show: *Roseanne*. Coincidentally, I'm modeled after her!

JQ: Sounds like a lovely life you two lead. Before you go, any plans for the future?

MF: We're just taking it one day at a time. As Paul always says, "It's time to fuck, Rosie." *✧

WE GOT MODEL

Gigi → Hadid

AND HER TITS WERE 🔥🔥🔥

TO RUN THE EU



BOOBS OGLED BY Jeff Lewis • PHOTO BY Jeff Lupus

Alright, so here's the deal. You all know Gigi Hadid. When our bro ZAYN snatched her up the world was like damn, one less golden goddess for everyone to feel entitled to. But hey, we can still dream. So the team here at JQ brought her down to the office for something special, and we got it all on tape.

That's right, we got Gigi to take hold of the office of the President of the European Commission for a week. And damn, did she look bangin' running the EU with no prior experience in a crochet crop top. We could see some nip, but just enough, if you catch my drift.

Okay, so, being totally real with

you, we didn't have super high expectations for anything diplomatic. We were just hopin to see some side boob while she led the their weekly meeting. What we weren't expecting was her to propose legislation for nuclear disarmament. This dope piece of work, which can only be rivaled in dope-ness by the hot piece of ass we could she was wearing through her miniskirt, would reduce the number of nuclear missiles owned by all countries in the EU and begin to close some places of production – radical!

Gigi didn't stop there, her management style was so on fleck that the entire commission voted to change rules to make proceedings more efficient. She did look kind of

bloated when she was working out new trade agreements with China but hey, she's pretty close to perfect.

She finished out the week by bringing in some of the best cupcakes in Brussels for everyone in the office – I bet someone just got a bunch of new instagram followers! Oh and there was something she did with strengthening the criminal justice system but who can keep track of all this wacky stuff when that gorgeous mouth hole is moving. All and all, a fun and boob-filled week for the entire EU; hopefully those Europeans didn't mind her crazy antics! Can't wait to see her tour through NASA next month while wearing a bikini!



HOW TO GET

SWOLE

FOR GIMPSUIT SEASON

by **RICHARD PRICK**

EXERCISE

1. Most gyms won't help you make the gains you need to get ripped enough for your sexual beatings. Instead, think of attending a dom-inatrix training chateau. You can also work on cardio endurance as a kitchen slave during your five-week stay.
2. Work on sprints to improve lung capacity. You'll need it for all the choking. What kind of choking, you ask? The SEXUAL kind.
3. There are only two muscles that really matter. Quads and Ass. You will learn all soon.
4. Wearing a full body leather sensory deprivation suit can get hot. Maybe a little bit too hot? But you like that, ugh, yes, YES, YEEESS. *pants for a minute* What was I saying? I dunno, stretch more often or something.



5. If you do everything you would do to look good in a bikini that will probably work as well.

NUTRITION

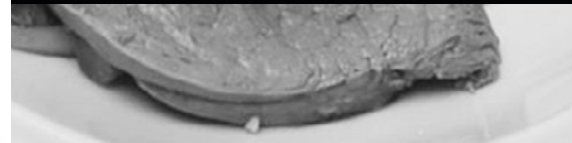
1. Get rid of sauce. No I don't mean sauce like covering yourself in barbecue sauce and sexually roasting yourself around a spit for the pleasure of your chef mistress. I mean cut out those fatty dressings, marinades and condiments, because that would make you worthless for my designs, my delectable culinary slave.
2. Plums: Don't talk. Just put this in your mouth, my submissive. We will now begin the game.
3. Make sure to eat a big nutritious breakfast before you wear the gimp suit. Remember the only hole with a zipper is around your genitals, not your pie hole.
4. Don't forget good fats like egg yolks and avocados.
5. Try eating mostly painful food to get you in the right mindset for the sex dungeon. You could probably use more bones in your diet anyway. Pineapples also work if you eat them the right way.
6. That gimp suit will only look as good as you feel. So it's really good news you like being degraded.

LATEX: it's unforgiving, but boy is it worth it!

& don't forget to stretch!



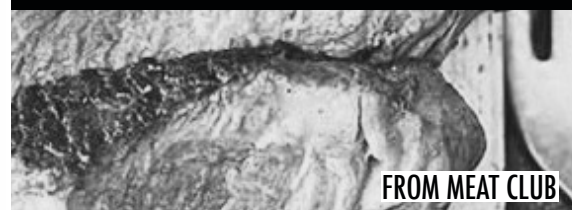
DIS



COUNT



MEAT





IT WASN'T SEXY & I Was Surprised

By TODD WU

So, my girlfriend and I were in a rut. To all those guys out there, you know how it is. Conversations get kinda boring, you guys stop boning for a couple weeks, she forgets to cut the crusts of your peanut butter and jelly sammies... that kinda thing. Lots of big red flags. Especially the sandwiches. Once she stops cutting those crusts off, you know she's only weeks away from giving up on shaving her legs. And that shit is nasty. Girls' bodies, as we all know, should be smooth and hairless. (Like my hypoallergenic sphinx cat. It is, without a doubt, the most beautiful pussy I have ever seen.)

Anyway, I knew I had to do something to save

our sandwich. I mean relationship. So I decided that me and my girl should try something different in bed. You know, spice things up in the sack of hay. Change up our routine in the bed-jungle. Swipe a new sex card in the ATM slot of life. You know. Sexy things.

I don't know about you guys, but I keep hearing that asking explicitly for consent is sexy. I saw it on some chick's shirt the other day, so I know that is definitely something that girls think. They are just going around town, scoping out dudes, wondering, "Will he double check that I give consent to bone? Because the thought of that gets me DRIPPING. WET." They get all horned up just

thinking about it. Consent. So sexy.

When it was time to introduce the idea to my current sex partner, I was so hype. Like, she was gonna be ALL OVER IT. I walked up to her and I put my hand on her waist all sexy-like, and I whispered real softly: "Babe. Would you like to have vaginal intercourse with me, tonight?" And you wanna know what she said?

She said, "What?" Because she DIDN'T HEAR ME!

I gotta be real with you. It wasn't sexy. And I was surprised. I think next time I'll try asking for butt stuff instead. ✨

+ 5 SCENTS TO REMIND HER OF HER DAD

1 AMBROSIA



Inspired by the nectar of the Greek Gods, this Calvin Klein cologne is perfect for springtime. Its balmy scent will take her back to warm days on the Little League diamond, waiting in vain for Dad to show up in the bleachers. She'll remember sending her team to the playoffs with that walk-off double, which would've meant so much more if he'd seen it and told her, "I'm proud of you, honey," like she always dreamed he would. She'll feel so unworthy of male attention that any sign of affection will

mean the world to her—and probably get you on a one-way train to bone town.

2 PIZZA



It's not really a cologne, but the smell of pizza will bring back a lot of childhood memories.

After her parents got divorced, they'd exchange custody of her at a Chuck E. Cheese's. It seemed great at first (what kid doesn't love Chuck E. Cheese's?), but she'd usually just spend hours hiding in the ball pit with her hands over her ears, trying to block out Mommy and Daddy's yelling at each other across the room.

Memories of those ball pit tears will make her feel like she's ready to settle.

3 PHEROMONE



Remember how when he lost his job at the telemarketing company, her dad went to live with his friend Jeff? Pheromone has a full-bodied, musky scent, almost as pungent as Jeff's two-room apartment, strewn with dirty clothes and empty Cup O' Noodles containers. When she smells it, she'll almost be able to hear Dad trying to convince her that playing Sega Genesis at Jeff's is "way more fun than hangin' around with that asshole, homewrecker [ex-wife's fiancé] Greg." Next time,

Exploit her lack of a positive male role model with these masculine fragrances.

she'll think twice about asking you to turn off the PlayStation; even though you're ignoring her, at least you're not a grown man who breaks a controller in half after dying in Sonic the Hedgehog 2.

4 PAUL BLART, MALL COP



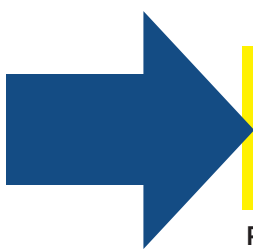
This has nothing to do with her dad. She just really likes that movie.

5 ANIMAL



This scent mingles wonderfully with that sweaty odor you'll exude when you're out on the town. It'll remind her of her dad's rowdier days, when he'd come home from the bar late at night, dress up in a clown costume, and wake her up yelling, "Am I funny? Tell me I'm funny!" before leaving to cry and vomit in the other room.

This memory will make her appreciate how you have the decency to leave your clown costume in the closet.



HOROSCOPES FOR MEN

Regardless of what the stars are saying, it's a good month to be a man. Like every month.



"Room for one more?" you will ask. And there will be.

SAGITTARIUS

You will be at work when you suddenly remember the PBS Kids TV show, Arthur™ and just how pleasant it was. The moment will pass soon after.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 22-Jan 19)
Next Tuesday, Mercury will be in retrograde and you'll finally get the chance to yell, "Follow that car!"

AQUARIUS

(Jan 20-Feb 18)
The homeless man yelling about Armageddon outside your office will remind you of new beginnings and inspire you to start growing out the ol' man bun again.

PISCES

(Feb 19-Mar 20)
As Sirius sits high in the sky, you will borrow your sister's shampoo after yours runs out and no homo but your hair is gonna smell like hibiscus.

ARIES

(Mar 21-Apr 19)
This month is all about the meat.

TAURUS

(Apr 20-May 20)
Adopt a shelter dog. They often have trouble finding homes after a certain age, and thousands are therefore put down every year.

GEMINI

(May 21-June 20)
You will hear an old man's voice in your ear, whispering, "Never give up on love, Travis." It doesn't matter that your name is not Travis because when you turn around no one will be there.

CANCER

(June 21-July 22)
Cancer? I hardly know 'er! God,

I am funny. If only Sydney would notice. She is always telling me I'm being annoying. I love her and she loves me, but I don't know if she fully appreciates me. Maybe there are things I don't appreciate about her. I don't know. Anyway, you're probably gonna get a promotion on Tuesday or something.

LEO

(July 23-Aug 22)
The stars know that you have always wanted to be taller. This week, it will occur to you that you can fulfill that desire by replacing both of your legs with live grizzly bears.

VIRGO

(Aug 23-Sep 22)
The stars kindly remind you to use your inside voice.

LIBRA

(Sep 23-Oct 22)
The quality of a previously pleasant week will decline on Thursday when you experience sudden death.

SCORPIO

(Oct 23-Nov 21)

5 NEW CULTURES FOR YOU TO APPROPRIATE



1. CORPORATE CULTURE- Business casual. Team meetings. Employee of the month. Who's to say that you can't partake, simply because you're unemployed?

2. AGRICULTURE - if the pilgrims could take over land that didn't belong to them, then so can you. Find a farm that tickles your fancy, and make it yours.

3. HORTICULTURE- Photosynthesis: it's not just for plants anymore.

4. STREP CULTURE - Like a rapid strep test, you too can learn to detect the presence of bacteria in the throats of your friends and colleagues! Enter with caution.

5. YOGURT CULTURES - It's time to put the "pro" in "probiotics!" Draw your daily inspiration from *Lactobacillus bulgaricus* by immersing yourself in milk and causing it to ferment.

"YEAH, MEN ARE ANIMALS."

