

WORLD WRESTLING DEVASTATION

BOOZE, DRUGS, AND SMACKDOWNS. BY TOBIAS HANDKE

ONE of professional wrestling's greatest behind-the-scenes stories is the infamous "plane ride from hell" that took place on May 5, 2002. Over the course of a seven-hour flight from London to New York, following the group's European tour, a 747 charter plane full of wrestlers, management staff, and television crew found themselves getting loaded on drinks from an in-flight open bar and GHB (aka liquid ecstasy), leading to violence, sexual assault, and a hefty lawsuit for the WWE (formerly the WWF).

Things started out innocently enough, with notorious prankster Curt Hennig and bad boy Scott Hall running throughout the cabin spraying people with shaving cream. This somehow led to Hennig and Brock Lesnar arguing over who was a better grappler, and they proceeded to see who could take the other down in the aisles. What began as a friendly tussle soon turned serious, and the two almost came to blows. The wrestlers had to be separated by Dave Finley, Triple H, and Paul Heyman after getting a little too close to the emergency exit.

Soon after, Ric Flair began waltzing around the plane in his famous robe, sans underwear. It's said he was screaming his famous catchphrase, "Wooooo!", and making sexual gestures toward two female attendants, who later filed a lawsuit against the WWE. That suit also included Dustin "Goldust" Rhodes, who, according to one of the attendants, told her, "You and me are gonna fuck." Things only got worse for Rhodes when he commandeered the plane's PA system and drunkenly serenaded his ex-wife, Terri Runnels, who was also on the flight. Jim Ross, president of talent relations, was forced to step in and reprimand Rhodes.

Meanwhile, Hall of Famer Michael Hayes, who was a road agent at the time, found

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himself on the receiving end of a prank from Sean "X-Pac" Waltman. Hayes, a big drinker, had a reputation for being a bully. At one point, he was so drunk he mistook Linda McMahon (wife of owner Vince) for a toilet and tried to relieve himself on her. He eventually found himself sitting next to John Bradshaw Layfield, who was resting in the back of the plane. JBL's forehead had been split open during a match, and Hayes decided to wake him with a punch directly on the site of the cut, reopening the wound and covering JBL's face and clothes in blood. JBL in turn clocked Hayes with one punch, knocking him out cold. Waltman, who had expressed his dislike for Hayes multiple times, then took out a pair of scissors and chopped off Hayes' trademark mullet, to everyone's amusement. It wasn't until Hayes went through customs that he realized what had happened. He was so angry he almost got into a fight with security.

While all this was going on, Scott Hall, known as one of the wilder wrestlers at that time, was missing all the action. After the earlier shaving-cream incident, Hall got so drunk he passed out, with Justin Credible forced to babysit his motionless body and make sure he was still alive when the plane landed.

The whole incident went down in wrestling history, but it was seen by the company as one of its darkest days. Both Hennig's and Hall's contracts were terminated shortly after, while Rhodes was forced off television until his contract expired. Jim Ross was also made something of a scapegoat, which put a strain on his relationship with McMahon. Ultimately it shone a spotlight on the rock 'n' roll lifestyle of professional wrestlers, and the negative publicity forced the WWE to become a more professional organization, and in particular address the way it dealt with drug and alcohol use. Pussies.





ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Tom of Finland Night Stick and Hammer Vibe

People often wonder how grandiose architectural structures can inexplicably collapse, and the reason is that people like me are hired to build them. I am, perhaps, the least handy man on the planet. Some people are “all thumbs”; I’m not that lucky. I have no useful digits whatsoever, and as a result I’ve lived my entire life never knowing the joys of Kerouac-like adventures hitchhiking across America.

I took wood shop in high school and nearly cut off my pinkie finger. With a screwdriver. While the rest of my class made fancy wooden rocking horses as Christmas gifts for their moms, I was in charge of sweeping up the sawdust. I broke four brooms in three months. The shop teacher asked one of the quadriplegic girls in class to make a second horse so I’d have something to give my mom for the holidays and “not feel like a complete failure.”

What the shop teacher failed to realize was that I do not suffer from feelings of failure. I view my inability to perform any task (and there are many) as personal victories, because no one will ever ask me to attempt said task for risk of fire, flood, or bodily harm, and this only frees up more personal time for me to daydream about the important things in life, like butt sex.

Luckily my mind makes up for what I lack in my hands. In my head, I can build palaces dedicated to butt sex so wonderful they make the Louvre look like a hot-dog stand on the side of Route 66.



And when I'm actually required to get handy, in reality, I simply pay someone else to do it and then take all the credit. I had a glorious throne room built in my basement, fully equipped with a Jacuzzi, sex shower with more heads than a Hydra, and a Japanese water-spraying toilet that plays music as it dries your ass; it's what I imagine Trump would've turned the Oval Office into.

The first question I get when I show off my favorite room in the house, as if I bow to some archaic measure of manhood that could only be validated by calluses and craftsmanship, is, "Did you build this yourself?" To which I always respond, "Yes! Of course! With one hand!" Then I raise my right hand in the air as if I'm signing an invisible check. This response is often met with scowls of disdain from manly men, which only makes me repeat the punch line again, louder: "WITH ONE HAND, I SAID."

Because of my inability to build, dismantle, or fix anything, every time I've heard the lyrics, "If I had a hammer / I'd hammer in the morning / I'd hammer in the evening," I've thought to myself, *If I had a hammer I'd shove it up Mary's ass*. It appears Tom of Finland has been reading my diary (or my thoughts), because now I can. All over this land. This powerful two-in-one silicone plaything with 12 vibrating functions allows me to hammer Mary's hole, or plunge the 11.5-inch nightstick deep inside her while feeling like the strapping man society expects me to be. I look forward to the day when ToF creates a dildo drill and chain-saw set.

Rating: Rating: 10 toftools.com

2 / F-Machine Pro II

I've always sung the praises of pornography as being instrumental in keeping couples together. For the better part of my 15 years with my wife, I've been away from her, on the road, and I truly don't think I could have made it through without the safe, healthy, and consensual release that porn offers.

Wherever I am in the world, I typically masturbate once or twice before leaving the hotel with the belief that you can't shoot someone if you don't take your guns to town. Though recently it dawned on me how selfish and one-sided that belief system is. It also made me wonder what the hell my wife has been doing for the past decade and a half while I was away.

Rather than read *her* diary, I reached out to the good folks at Cloud 9 Novelties and made the greatest investment (since my vasectomy) with the portable yet powerful (110 volts!!!) sex machine known as the F-Machine Pro II.

Let's face it, when it comes to sex, like most things in life, men tend to have it good while women get the short end of the stick, literally and figuratively. For men, mouths, vaginas, and buttoles are one-size-fits-all and we're just happy to be in any one of the three.

Sadly, according to *Medical News Today*, the average erect-penis size is 5.1 inches, and I can speak for most women (even those that swear size doesn't matter) when I say five inches ain't getting the job done. Throw one or two vaginal childbirths into the equation and the thought of an "average size" penis becomes truly laughable. Thus the reason the F-Machine comes with an eight-inch dong attachment as its "starter size"; Cloud 9 is trying its damndest to help stop your woman from leaving you.


You can boast all you want about your manhood—hell, I have in the past. But the truth is, there's always someone bigger, and now, thanks to Tinder and Craigslist, they're pretty easy to find. Luckily, you can spend \$40 on Cloud 9's 14-inch dong attachment and rest easy with the thought that your lady is going to be hard-pressed to find a fellow on social media packing anything much bigger than that.

Granted, the \$599 price tag might seem expensive for a sex toy, but let me start by asking you, what's your relationship worth? Variety is the spice of life, and eventually your woman is going to grow bored of your brand of vanilla and leave your ass if you don't consider buying her this Rambo gun for her guts with an arsenal of dildos in all sizes.

Second, I implore you to Google cheap divorce lawyers. The cheapest I found online was \$300; I imagine any lawyer that costs \$300 would make Saul Goodman sound like Joe Jamail. How long have you two been together? Factor in alimony. Child support. Suddenly, a one-time fee of \$599 sounds really enticing, doesn't it?

But aside from all the precautionary and preventive marriage-saving perks, the F-Machine is a ton of fun to behold. This modern marvel is a gearhead's wet dream. It's made from aircraft metal (Cloud 9's Charlette Lopez informed me, "If the black box can survive a crash, so will your F-Machine"), has six different positions, can thrust from one to six inches, is virtually silent, has speeds of up to 240 rpms, and most importantly doesn't require a Tom of Finland hammer to assemble. It's so easy to put together that even a completely useless, unhandy man like myself had it up and fucking in minutes. (Disclaimer: If you have hardwood floors, do yourself a favor and buy the suction cups so you don't look like 13 clowns riding a unicycle.)

Still not sold, you selfish prick? Well, Cloud 9 makes a male masturbator called the Rocky so your Fleshlight can jerk you off at speeds you've never experienced.

Statistics show that more than 40 percent of marriages end in divorce. The F-Machine is the answer to not only reducing, but fucking the shit out of those numbers. 

Rating: 11 cloud9novelties.com





VALENTINE'S DAY TREATS

Remember the time you woke up with night sweats, shaken by the dream of your best friend's mother playing dress-up? We sure do. Join us as we peek inside the Penthouse vault and make our boyhood Valentine's Day dreams come true.

Photography: Various

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