



Rubber Match

* Nine new condoms, nine brave pioneers. Which wins? You decide by **PETER RUBIN**

YOU'RE A MAN of the world now, which means a few things have changed with regard to your wallet. One: It sports no Velcro—not one little bit. Two: It holds at least \$50 in just-in-case cash; we suggest two Jacksons and a couple of Lincolns. And three: Its lovely leather surface is devoid of the Ring. Don't play dumb—you remember the Ring. The "I'm 16 and I could have sex any day now!" topographic anomaly that announced to all women that you were in possession of a condom—had been for a good six months—as if the sorry-looking thing would do you any good once it finally saw the light of day.

This isn't to say you shouldn't use a condom. Perish the thought. Unless you're in a monogamous relationship and both parties have been screened for microbial nuisances, you should be ready with a wrap every time you tango. The point is that you know what you're doing—at least more than you did when you owned that Velcro-bound wallet—and knowing what you're doing means making every last effort to please your partner and yourself.

Fortunately, condoms have come a long way since their vulcanized-rubber days. They're getting thinner, roomier and tex-

tured in such ways as to make protected sex feel downright illicit. They may even make you a better lover. Conscientious journalists that we are, we took it upon ourselves to test-drive the latest offerings. We sent a handful of staffers home to their loved ones, each with a foil-wrapped bounty. Our praise goes out to them for making the bedroom (and the kitchen and the couch and the ATM vestibule) safer. Their findings follow on the opposite page. Take a look, compare notes, experiment. And hey, thank us later. (All condoms are available through Condomania, 800-926-6366.) >>>

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★★★★ **TROJAN SUPRA** This ultrathin polyurethane sheath can be used with oil-based lubricants without fear of structural degradation. Better still, it's invisible. Instead of obscuring your charms like panty hose on a bank robber, it lets you retain your individuality. "Impressive," says one young lady. "I can see all the veins and stuff." As for performance, a user claims "it was like [wearing] nothing. Not like having sex with a big piece of plastic. It felt...fleshy." A trifle inelegant in the phrasing, but you get the point.

★ **TROJAN EXTENDED PLEASURE** For the over-enthusiastic lover: a bit of numbing benzocaine. If you want to use it, go ahead, but we advise you to think twice. Sex is an enjoyable experience. Better you should work on natural ways to extend the act before you rely on a chemical that will turn you into an unfeeling battering ram.

★★ **TROJAN ULTRA PLEASURE** This one boasts a "relaxed fit," ideal perhaps for the girthy gentleman or a fellow who simply enjoys baggy pants. But on a guy "as average as it gets," it yielded no discernible benefits, except for being "a little slidy, which ain't so bad." It does the trick, but why not get more bang for your buck?

★★ **LIFESTYLES XTRA PLEASURE** The loose-fitting head does the old back-and-forth, though not as efficiently as the Inspiral or Pleasure Plus. "It was fine," says a tester, "but it didn't get the moans the other two got." Then again, the Xtra Pleasure has Xtra ribs, Barbecue sauce and Wetnap sold separately.

★★ **TROJAN HER PLEASURE**

Extra wide toward the tip with extra-prominent ribs that are confined to the base, this model is ideal for short, deep thrusts—the kind that resulted in a Chernobyl-level orgasm for one lucky partner. The trouble is you don't really buy condoms suited to one type of activity unless you enjoy stopping at halftime to rehelmet the quarterback.

★★★★ **INSPIRAL**

Designed by Alla Venkata Krishna Reddy, M.D., creator of the Pleasure Plus, this latest brainchild has what appears to be a double helix at the tip; the extra material reputedly forms itself into a truly inspiring lovemaking tool. "When I rolled it on, my penis looked like Marvin the Martian," says a staffer. "But when I took a look in the middle of things, the extra fabric had twisted itself into a pinwheel shape. It actually lives up to its name." His girlfriend undoubtedly agreed, because she "made this great noise." Her take: "It almost felt extra lubricated. There was friction, but not artificial friction. Good friction."

★★ **TRUSTEX**

FLAVORED Yes, flavored. "I would actually suck on this for no reason," says a female fan of the vanilla. The strawberry, sadly, didn't fare as well: "Shortest act of fellatio ever!" The chocolate is brown, which makes a lighter-skinned johnson look like it's sheathed in a Hefty Cinch Sak. The girlfriend's assessment: "Um, incongruous." The condom also comes in banana (heh heh), grape, mint and cola. Sorry, ladies, no Neapolitan.

★★ **DUREX AVANTI**

Another thin, clear, safe polyurethane selection. This one, however, can best be described as "crinkly," a slightly noisy second skin. Because polyurethane is a good heat conductor, though, it makes for a smart choice. "Nothing special," sniffed one lass. Bonus features might help. How about a stud or two? Maybe a couple of ribs?

★★★★ **PLEASURE PLUS**

The condom that started it all, and by *it* we mean the condom-engineering revolution. The PP has a loose pouch of latex on its underside, right along your frenulum (the neck, as any student of biology knows). During sex, the pouch slides back and forth, ostensibly stimulating both partners and compensating for all that material. Since its inception, this marsupialceptive has been hailed as a true innovation. Did we like it? Sure. "Hard to tell if it was the condom or the position," says one guy. "But neither of us had any complaints."

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