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**THE ART
ISSUE**
A TRIBUTE TO
**BOB
GUCCIONE**

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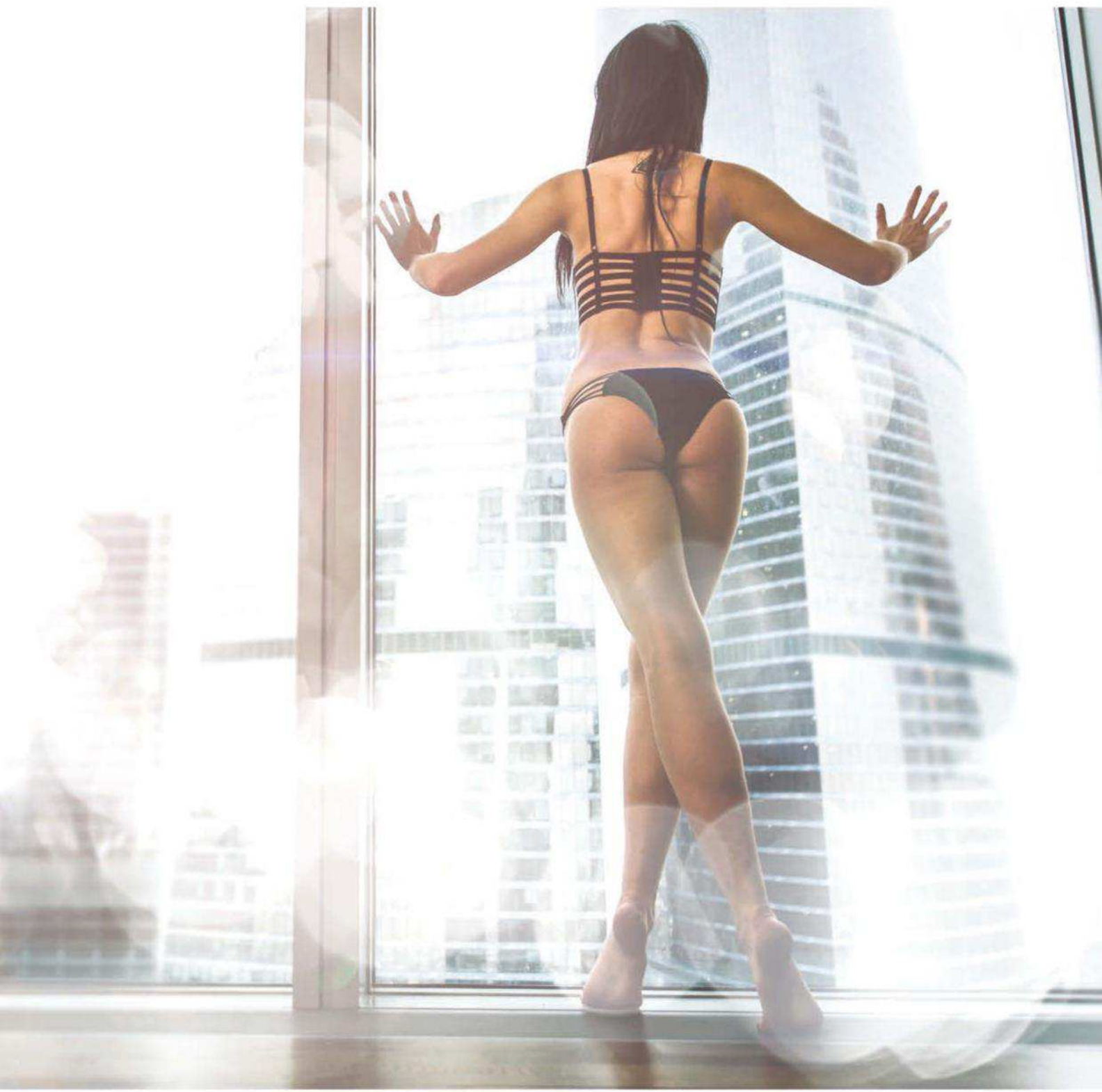


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FROM THE EDITOR

THERE is this ridiculous assumption that Bob Guccione was a misogynistic sexist because of the brand he created. Photographing tasteful, artistic nudes? How dare you infect the world with your perverted “male gaze”! What a joke. If anything, *Penthouse* was and will always be a magazine devoted to the stunning, eternal beauty that women possess. This is our house of worship where woman is God.

Unbeknownst to the public, Guccione was a pioneer when it came to hiring women. In Barry Avrich's documentary *Filthy Gorgeous*, one former female employee remembers that during the seventies, there were only two publications that would hire women for top positions: feminist magazine *Ms.* and *Penthouse*. That was it.

Penthouse has always been staffed with strong, powerful bitches. In the seventies, Guccione proudly revealed that the three highest-paid employees were women. Guccione's wife and partner-in-crime, Kathy Keeton, was the head honcho. She left her mark as one of the most accomplished, influential, and brilliant women in the New York publishing industry. At a time where women were just beginning to enter the workforce in corporate positions, Guccione could count more female than male executives at *Penthouse*.

“This is done simply because I think they do a better job,” Guccione explained. “I think you pay according to merit, certainly never according to sex. If a woman does a better job than a man doing the same kind of job, then you pay the woman more. If a man does a better job, you pay the man more. Any other interpretation, in my opinion, would be a sexist interpretation.”

“When I started [seventies women's magazine] *Viva*,” he continued, “I thought I was the smartest guy in the world as far as women were concerned. I learned, as a result of that experience, as a result of working deeply with women, that I didn't even begin to know them, nor does any other man I know. There was a long, slow, and very important process of education. I grew up in a strong Italian family, which is very matriarchal. I haven't lost my respect for women. I've added to it.”

Guccione was a visionary who didn't follow the rules. Legendarily driven, he worked constantly, sleeping only three hours a night. His passions were art and science. He loved work, his family, and *Penthouse*. I have nothing but respect for the crazy man in the leather pants and gold medallions who started this iconic brand with little more than a genius publicity stunt and a ton of hard work. His love and respect for women are what drove *Penthouse*, and this chick thanks him greatly for that.

Enjoy this tribute to our dear founder.

Mish Barber-Way
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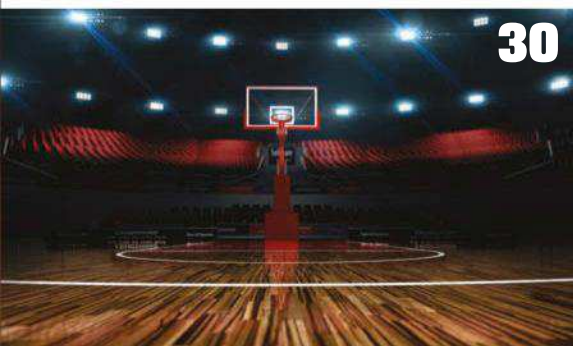
COLOR ME IMPRESSED

April Pet of the Month
Shyla Jennings





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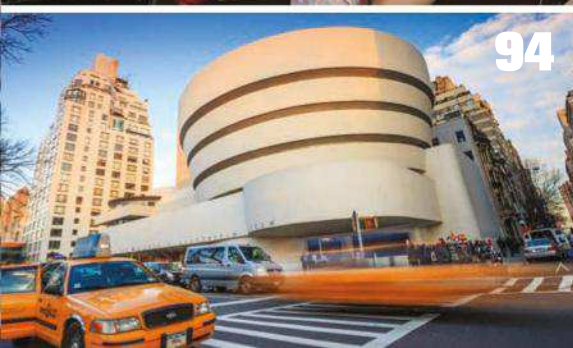
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MAIL DOMINANCE

The last three issues have been fantastic! From the interview with Camille Paglia to all of the beautiful women, hats off to your efforts. Looking forward to more great issues in the future.

—Shawn & Chandra S., via snail mail

[Ed: I absolutely love Camille. Her writing changed my life. I want her to be my mother, my teacher, my husband, my best friend, my boss. But that's pretty fucking bananas, so I'll settle for making fun of popular culture with my favorite author over email.]

Thank you for choosing Giselle Palmer as the

February Pet of the Month. I love her even more now that I know she has a degree in computational math. So hot.

—Keith R., via email

[Ed: I think God was being a dick when he made Giselle Palmer. He was all, "I know--let's make a chick that only two percent of the population will ever get to fuck. I'll give her the brain of Lance Fortnow and the body of Jayne Mansfield. She'll be hornier than a teenage dude yet polite and posied. Watching nerds try to talk to her is going to be hilarious." I mean, it's kind of cruel.]

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

EXTRA CREDIT

MY last semester of college was the time when my true learning began. I was a young woman ready to set herself free, to head out into the world and show people what I was made of. But the late nights in the library had started to take their toll and I increasingly caught myself lost in daydreams when I should have been studying. It was a naughty form of escape I'd developed and it got me into what some might call trouble. I call it extra credit.

I was at a carrel in one of the most secluded corners of the large campus library, surrounded by bookshelves. The last student I'd seen was an hour earlier. It was a week before finals and I was feeling the stress. But I knew it wouldn't be long before I'd never have to spend long nights cramming in this place again.

My mind drifted from the history textbook on the desk before me to thoughts more along the lines of biology. In the total silence of where I was, I started fantasizing about a strong, muscular man whose face I never saw. In the fantasy, he came up behind me, reached around my shoulders, and placed his hands on my tits. I pictured him lowering his face to my neck and giving it a little bite. I could feel him hungry with lust. His fingers found my nipples, making them hard.

Sitting at the carrel, I felt excitement ripple through my body. The man pulled me up from the chair. His hands went back to rubbing my tits and I could feel his rock-hard cock against, and then between, my ass cheeks. With his left hand stroking my breasts, the fingers of his right hand found their way down to my crotch. He lifted my skirt up and began rubbing my clit, gently at first, then more firmly as my pussy got totally wet. My hips started to buck.

"Please," I moaned. "I want you to fuck me." The man slid his fingers inside me and I gasped. I wanted him to fuck me hard, as deep as his cock could go.

Lost in my fantasy, I was barely conscious of the way my right hand moved

from the page of my book and nestled between my thighs. I reached beneath the thin cotton of my panties and touched my hot, wet pussy. I couldn't stop myself. I closed my eyes and bit my lip, letting out a sigh. School had gotten me so pent up. I was dying for some release.

The rhythmic stroking of my clit was working its magic—I could feel myself nearing orgasm. I was almost there when a soft sound snapped me out of it. I opened my eyes to see a fellow student, a good-looking guy I recognized from an art history class the year before, standing frozen, ten feet in front of me, eyes wide.

"Sorry," he mumbled.

My cheeks flushed, I said, "I didn't realize anyone else was here."

Embarrassed, the guy started to walk away.

"Wait," I said.

The guy stopped. He turned around. He was a little too preppy for my taste, but he'd do. I'd gotten over my shock. My pussy was throbbing. And getting caught had made me insanely turned-on. I felt incredibly naughty, thinking of him watching me in that moment.

I stared into the guy's eyes. I didn't blink. He stood there, holding my gaze, unsure of the moment. But then he caught on—the look on my face told him what I was

thinking. A tiny expression of happiness, or pleasure, or lust, came into his eyes.

I moved my right hand back between my legs, reached under my skirt, and touched my pussy again. I was still staring at him. I could feel his hunger—just like the man in my fantasy. After a moment he came toward me, stopping a few feet away.

I pushed my chair back. Then I slid my panties down to my ankles, hiked up my skirt, and spread my legs. His gaze dropped to my thighs. I imagined his cock getting hard.

"I'm waiting," I said.

He put down the books he held, looked again at my face, saw the lust in my eyes, and knelt before me. Lowering his head, he touched his tongue to my clit. A jolt of pleasure shot through my body. I'd been waiting my whole life to be a bad girl. Up until this point I'd played by the rules, always trying to be proper and nice. Now I wanted the feeling of being a slut—I wanted to go after what I wanted and not care about anything else.

I let out a sigh as he licked my pussy. I ran my hands through his short, dark brown hair. Then I surprised him by putting my hands on his shoulders and pushing him back. He looked up at me, briefly confused. In my fantasy I'd been submissive, but now, in this real-world encounter, I wanted to



**I WANTED TO MAKE
HIM COME HARDER
THAN HE EVER HAD
IN HIS LIFE.**

be in charge. I pointed to the desk.

"Sit," I told him. "I want to suck your cock."

With staring eyes looking almost drugged, he unzipped his jeans. His hard dick looked enormous inside his tightie whities. He sat on top of the desk, not bothering to move my history book. I put my hand on his huge bulge. I ran my tongue along the bottom of his taut stomach. Then I pulled down his underwear to the sight of the biggest, most beautiful cock I'd ever seen. My pussy got wetter just looking at it.

I lowered my face to his cock and ran my tongue along its amazing length. Then I put my lips around the head and began to lick and suck. He moaned softly, and I took more of him into my mouth and throat. He began gently stroking my hair, his hips moving slowly beneath me. My throat opened deeper and deeper for him. I wanted to take the entire thing. I briefly gasped, then kept sucking as he made hushed sounds of ecstasy.

I wanted him to come down my throat. I wanted that taste, that feel. I wanted to make him come harder than he ever had in his life. With his hands in my hair, he encouraged me to keep bobbing my head up and down. I could feel him getting close. I put a hand to the bottom of his balls and gently stroked.

I sucked his dick for a few last seconds and then warm come surged into my mouth and down my throat. I swallowed as much as I could. I reveled in the feeling. I loved being a dirty girl.

We were panting. We stared at each other, not saying a word. Finally he got up, zipped his jeans, and tucked in his button-down shirt. I wiped come from my chin. We both let out little awkward laughs. Then he grabbed his books, said good night, and disappeared.

I ended up getting a B in history, but I think I deserved a higher grade for what I did that night.

—Annika S., Seattle, Washington

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.







THE DEBRIEF

OFF THE RAILS

DRY-HUMPING CHIMPS, SUMOS GONE WILD,
HARNESS-WEARING SPERMBOTS, AND OTHER ODDITIES
FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.

MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO IT

WHEN we Googled “interspecies sex”—for work, we swear!—we were not immediately exiled to the dark web, but to the *National Geographic* website (phew!). Here we learned that sex between species is not uncommon, and can be an important evolutionary process, sometimes producing new, sexually viable species. It’s called “hybrid speciation,” and scientists believe that 10 percent of animal species are known to hybridize, though it’s most common in beasts that are anatomically similar.

The phrase “anatomically similar” must have escaped the ears of young female macaque monkeys, however, because in December, researchers at the University of Lethbridge in Canada published a paper revealing what appeared to be sex between adolescent macaques and sika deer in Minoo, central Japan. (Similar monkey-deer interactions have also been observed on Yakushima Island, in

southern Japan.)

It’s a known fact that the petite sika deer like to hang around the macaques, eating fruit they drop, allowing themselves to be groomed; on special occasions they eat the primates’ poop. The monkeys, in turn, ride the sika deer for play, or to move from place to place. But it seems the adolescent female macaques, little jungle hussies between three and four years old, have taken it a step further.

“Juvenile female macaques may first experience genital stimulation during these heterospecific playful interactions with deer playmates,” said Dr. Noëlle Gunst, coauthor of the study, which was published in December’s *Archives of Sexual Behavior*.

“Then, during the surge of sex steroid hormones characteristic of the adolescence period, they may seek similar sexual reward with deer mates, particularly when sexually deprived of conspecific male mates.”

In other words, the young female monkeys, while riding their deer friends, will dry hump their backs, make high-pitched squeaking sounds, and sometimes bite them and grab their antlers. Meanwhile, many deer just stand there, munching leafy greens, oblivious to the sex show on their backs. Sometimes a sika who’s not in the mood will throw the monkey off.

Afterwards, when the deer casually walk away, the monkeys “displayed sexually motivated tantrums which consist of crouching on the ground, body spasms, and screaming, while gazing at the deer,” scientists reported in the study.

Small female macaques are sometimes rejected by potential mates, so it’s believed that by attempting to have sex with the deer, the shunned monkeys relieve sexual frustration. They gotta scratch that itch, and sikas are a convenient and not-unwilling tool.

Thank you Japan, for being so weird.

PROJECT WOOF



JUST in time for the art issue comes this story of Riley the Weimaraner, twelve months old, who’s been trained to detect the odors of moths and other insects that pose a threat to artwork wood and textiles. He’ll be doing his sniffing at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where, as with other art museums, insect-prevention measures, including object quarantining, have long been practiced. But this gray, floppy-eared canine will add another layer of preservation security in what museum officials call a pilot project.

Bugs can enter the museum on the clothes of the one million people who visit it every year, or sneak their way into food-preparation areas. Riley was trained in the way all pooch detectives are trained—he gets a treat if he hits on a scent and alerts his handler.

Science has yet to come up with a sniffing technology that can rival man’s best friend. And of course dogs have been used to sweep for explosives, track fugitives, and detect bedbugs, cadavers, gas leaks, and more. One dog-training company has even taught pooches to sniff for sea-turtle eggs buried in three feet of sand, and

find larvae on golf courses months before the insects hatch and ruin grass. But as far as art professionals know, Riley’s gig—museum pest patrol—is a first. This Weimaraner’s a pioneer.

If he detects a bug, he’s been instructed to do what so many of his kind before him have been trained to do: sit on his haunches. Since he’s not an art-lover—at least as far as we know—the sight of Riley camped out before a medieval tapestry or priceless painting (bugs in the frame or canvas perhaps?) means he hit on something.

And as much as museum patrons would probably enjoy seeing Riley trotting down the halls past Van Goghs and Monets, he’ll be patrolling public spaces only after hours.

Weimaraners and art? Sounds a bit like artist William Wegman’s work, doesn’t it? He’s a guy who’s made a career photographing his pet Weimaraners in creative ways. So we had to check. And yup, the museum *does* have a William Wegman photo. In 2001, it even hosted an entire exhibition of photographs where he dressed his dogs in haute couture.

SUMOS BEHAVING BADLY

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY JOSE GIL



IT IS with a heavy, heavy heart that we report a fracas involving champion sumo wrestlers in a Japanese bar last October. Thirty-three-year-old grand sumo champion Harumafuji assaulted a younger wrestler, 27-year-old Takanoiwa. Both men are Mongolian. And unlike in the ring, their fight involved more than simply hundreds of pounds of bare flesh smashing together.

Details are in dispute, but to go by eyewitness accounts, Harumafuji battered his younger countryman with multiple objects, including a beer bottle, an ashtray, a microphone, and, yes, a karaoke remote-control.

The trouble started when either Harumafuji or a third Mongolian wrestler chastised Takanoiwa for his bad attitude. Mid-lecture, the youngster started looking at his phone.

This infuriated Harumafuji. In the rule-bound, deeply hierarchical world of sumo, Takanoiwa had done something so disrespectful, he deserved immediate punishment. There are also reports that Takanoiwa essentially said to his wrestler elders, *You guys are so yesterday. There's a new top-knotted sheriff in town, and you're looking at him.* At any rate, Harumafuji

administered a beating. The attack was so violent, responding medical personnel feared a skull fracture beneath Takanoiwa's top knot.

In the end it was a bad concussion. Worse than the kind they get in the ring.

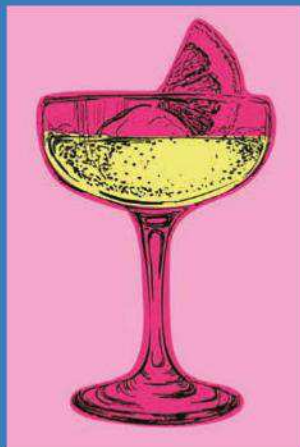
The sumo scrap dominated Japanese newspaper headlines for a week. The scandal mushroomed when it emerged that Takanoiwa's handlers went straight to the police rather than keeping things in-house by protesting to the sumo association.

Some saw this as a slap in the face—or to the head—of the traditional sumo way of doing things. When a couple of its big boys uncork their prodigious aggression in a place that has nothing to do with their training and ancient codes—like a karaoke bar—you're not supposed to air that dirty laundry.

In January, we learned Japan's legal system fined Harumafuji the equivalent of \$4,600 for the assault. And world observers—or at least those who encountered this story—were left imagining what it would be like to see sumo wrestlers singing karaoke in a bar, and what kind of songs they would choose. Taylor Swift? Bieber? Timberlake? Somebody get on this!

ART FART, TEXAS- STYLE

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY MAZURA 1989



WE love a good story about dates gone wrong. Such cringeworthy tales have a way of making us feel less bad about our own wretched behavior.

In December, 29-year-old Lindy Lou Layman got the 2017 Crazy-Ass Bitch Award after royally blowing her first (and last) date with 49-year-old Anthony Buzbee, a prominent Dallas trial lawyer. It seems Layman had a drop too much to drink, and began acting like a jackass back at the lawyer's \$14 million mansion. Buzbee told her she needed to leave and called an Uber. Doing what any grown-up drunk person does, Layman hid inside his house.

"It's not the first time I've had guests at a party of mine over-imbibe," Buzbee said to reporters afterwards. "Most leave when you ask them. She didn't."

When Buzbee summoned a second Uber, Layman began yelling naughty words and tore three works of art from the walls, including two original Andy Warhols. She also poured an "unspecified liquid" on them, then threw two \$20,000 sculptures across the room. Weeee!

Some estimates report the damage topped \$1 million.

Layman was arrested on criminal mischief charges and released on \$30,000 bond. She's prohibited from contacting Buzbee, or from using alcohol or drugs.

It turns out Buzbee has represented many high-profile figures, including former Texas Gov. Rick Perry in an abuse-of-power case. The lawyer also held a fund-raiser at his home for then-presidential candidate Donald Trump, and donated \$250,000 to his campaign.

We're wondering if Layman might have had a beef with Buzbee's political affiliations, and, after knocking back a few drinks, decided to enforce some rogue justice.

But her actions may come at a steep price: life in prison. You see, according to Texas Penal Code, punishment for criminal mischief cases is determined by how valuable the damaged property was.

"Basically it's a rich-people statute to make it worse if [they] get stolen from or if their property gets damaged," Dallas criminal defense attorney Chris Mulder told *Texas Lawyer*. "The worse the crime is the more criminal exposure. But it sometimes has a ridiculous result. I guess it discourages from stealing from the wealthy."

Mulder continued: "Imagine this case will get resolved with probation. Jurors aren't terribly sympathetic with people who have million-dollar art collections."

Our advice to Layman: Next time keep it simple and take a dump in his mailbox.



TAPPED OUT

LOUD neighbors blow. It would be hard to find someone who disagrees with that—as a general proposition. But in the case of Glen Rock, Pennsylvania, resident Joshua Corney, a naval lieutenant commander with multiple deployments, including to Iraq and Afghanistan, those who live near him were sharply split over the noise he made.

More than two years ago, this father of six began broadcasting the lonesome military bugle song *Taps* on loudspeakers erected on a 25-foot pole in the backyard of his hilltop home. As Corney told a local paper, “I made a promise to God that if He brought me back home safe and sound [from war zones], I would do something in remembrance of those who had fallen while I was there.... The sacrifice they make is just so great.”

The problem was, his sound system sent the 57-second “audio memorial,” as

he called it, down into the valley below. And this minute of melancholy was not appreciated by every resident within earshot. Some were elderly people who’d lost loved ones in wars, and the daily dirge brought back unhappy memories.

A handful of Corney’s neighbors raised objections with the local community council, citing noise ordinances.

You can guess where this goes. With its context of patriotism, politics, respect for the military, and First Amendment freedoms, Corney’s gesture became an ideological flash-point. It divided the community, and after the story went national, people all over the country were weighing in on the matter.

Random citizens started sending nasty messages to the no-*Taps* neighbors, a horde of bikers arrived to show solidarity with Corney, the A.C.L.U. got involved. It dragged on for

two-plus years, this brouhaha.

One of Corney’s neighbors, 40-year-old Scott Thomason, a Navy veteran himself, objected to the Glen Rock man’s approach and last autumn started playing his own loud music at the same time, 7:57 P.M., as the bugle broadcast.

“Who Let the Dogs Out?” by Baha Men and “Wannabe” by the Spice Girls were two of the tunes Thomason cranked as a sonic protest. He earned social-media death threats for his trouble.

Happily, a compromise has been reached! In November, the community council voted to erect speakers in a local park, where *Taps* will be broadcast each evening, though at a decibel-level somewhat lower than Corney’s.

Maybe the community should get together for a collective viewing of that great Seth Rogen comedy *Neighbors*, and bury the hatchet with some laughs. Too soon?



HIGH-ACTION TWEET

TWITTER can be brutal, as we all know. The social-media platform creates an easy way for people who feel like shaming a fellow citizen or insulting a public figure to fire away. Sometimes users get so many hate-tweets they end up closing their account.

But then there are those other moments.

Yup, gather round, ye cynics, here is a Twitter tale to warm the heart, one reminding us that though the world can so often suck, sometimes it doesn't.

A few months back, Nick Matthewman of Sheffield, England, celebrated his 20th birthday at a pub called The Bankers Draft. The bar is part of the Wetherspoon chain, and its patrons can order drinks using a phone app. That's right—instead of fighting your way to the bar counter and bellowing, drinkers at

the Wetherspoon establishments can sit on their asses and focus on guzzling.

Nick was with his buddy Rory McArthur, 19, and Rory sent out a tweet with a goofy photo of the two of them and invited anyone who saw the tweet to take advantage of the app and send Nick a drink. Or as he put it, *Be generous and send him a Bev.*

Twitter being what it is, with random things taking on a life of their own, this tweet went viral and soon strangers were sending beverages to Nick at table 67.

Sounds too good to be true, right? Right. There was some humor involved.

After the first drink arrived, Rory tweeted, *What cheeky fucker has sent him a non-alcoholic Becks?* Things snowballed from there. During the course of the afternoon,

aided by 8,000 retweets of Rory's "Bev" post, table 67 received eight glasses of milk. A plate of peas. Kiddie drinks. Fruit juice. A pot of barbecue sauce. Curry sauce. Ice cream.

You really think you're funny, don't you? Rory tweeted at one point, attaching a photo of some milk. Later, he reflected, *Right, this has gone off the rails now.* And then he posted his master-tweet: *This is not what we had in mind you sadistic wankers.*

Not everyone made a sarcastic purchase. Nick scored a bottle of Prosecco, two pints of pale ale, a Jägerbomb, and what Nick and Rory would call crisps (aka potato chips).

The lads got their 15 minutes of fame. So did their table. For days after Nick's birthday, people were still sending food and drink to strangers at table 67.



THE SWEET HEREAFTER



SEEMS like someone is finally benefitting from our country's opioid crisis, aside from the pharmaceutical companies. You see, correctional facilities in Nevada and Nebraska could soon be using the synthetic drug fentanyl to execute prisoners!

Fentanyl is heroin's psychotic cousin; it was developed in the sixties and originally used as a form of anesthesia. Over the past few years, however, wily drug dealers have been using it to cut heroin, because, you know, more bang for their buck. It's a powerful drug that's terrifyingly easy to overdose on—a few micrograms is all it takes to do you in. It's what sent Prince and Tom Petty over the rainbow bridge, along with thousands of others.

In the state of Nebraska, the Department of Correctional Services hopes to someday inject fentanyl into Jose Sandoval, who was sentenced to death for killing five people during a 2002 bank robbery. It's also

the key ingredient Nevada officials are psyched to use on Scott Dozier, who was convicted of murdering and dismembering a drug associate in 2002.

"We are still waiting for the courts to approve the use of this new drug cocktail," Nevada DOC spokeswoman Brooke Keast (rhymes with "yeast") said in an email to NBC News. "But should that happen, we have purchased enough fentanyl to use it in future executions as well."

In November, Nebraska sent Sandoval a letter listing the drugs that would be used to kill him, while explaining the process: First, he'd be given two milligrams of Valium, for chillaxing. Then 25 micrograms of fentanyl to knock him the fuck out, followed by 1.6 milligrams of cisatracurium, a drug that would paralyze his muscles. Finally, they'd administer 240 "milliequivalents" (whatever that is) of potassium chloride to stop his heart.

Sandoval has already made it clear he

plans to challenge Nebraska's plan "to use an untried four-drug combination to carry out the state's first execution in 20 years," the *Omaha World-Herald* reported. The combination of drugs Nevada hopes to use on Dozier does not include potassium chloride. They must be banking on his heart stopping on its own.

"If the first two drugs don't work as planned, or if they are administered incorrectly, which has already happened in so many cases...you would be awake and conscious, desperate to breathe and terrified but unable to move at all," Dr. Mark Heath, an assistant professor of anesthesiology at Columbia University, told the *Washington Post*.

"It would be an agonizing way to die," he said. "But the people witnessing wouldn't know anything had gone wrong because [he] wouldn't be able to move."

Apparently this is what passes for "progress" these days.



BRAZEN BIG-RIG BOOSTING!

THIS is one of those stories where you think to yourself, *If these clowns could pull off a caper this amazing, couldn't they find a better way to monetize their skills—like stuntmen on Fast and Furious 87 or whatever installment number they're up to now?*

Four Romanian men operating in Sweden last September put a twenty-first-century spin on the ol' jump-from-a-horse-onto-a-stagecoach robbery maneuver. A daring driver would pull to within inches of a truck carrying mail and packages for PostNord, the Swedish mail service, while two other members of the crew would carefully shift onto the car's hood as it trailed the truck at 50-plus miles per hour. Then they'd open the truck's rear doors, hop into the cargo bay, and grab boxes containing electronics.

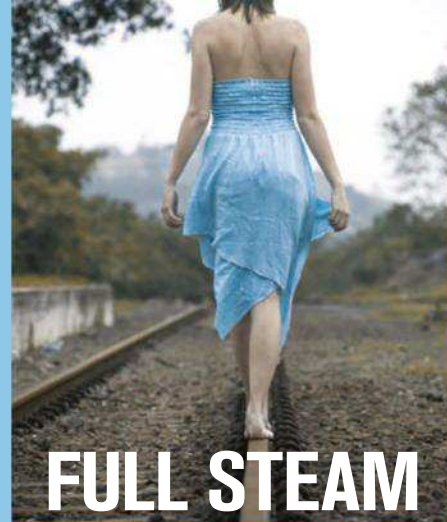
Loot secured, they'd somehow get back on the hood of the car, load the boxes into the car without dropping them on the fucking highway, and make their escape.

For a while, PostNord couldn't figure out what was happening to the missing packages. But after \$300,000 worth of electronics they'd been entrusted to deliver went bye-bye, the service got creative. They mounted live-feed cameras inside truck cargo bays. And one night observers at a remote location witnessed one of the heists go down. They must have thought they were looking at real-life versions of Spider-Man or Daredevil. PostNord notified the police and the trucker, who slowed a bit so highway patrol could catch up.

Cops nabbed the crew. Members face up to 21 months in jail, and when they get sprung they'll be expelled from the country. Still, we have questions. Like, was this badass heist concept dreamed up in a bar after 15 drinks? How many practice runs did they make before trying the damn thing? And did any of these dudes grow up in the circus?

In all seriousness, they should head right to Hollywood when free. With that kind of physical dexterity and *Jackass*-level ballsiness, they could make a mint. And the wheelman would be a natural for movie stunt-driving.

Hey, and if Tinseltown didn't work out, they could always go back to highway robbery. In L.A., they wouldn't even have to risk life and limb. They could just stroll onto the 405 during rush hour, walk up to gridlocked cars, and demand wallets and purses.



FULL STEAM

IT'S like the choo-choo version of the sexy librarian. Beautiful Canadian Stephanie Katelnikoff, who does some part-time modeling, was a conductor for Canada Pacific Railway until November when the company canned her for violating its code of ethics and internet policy. The alluring pics she posted on Facebook and Instagram were deemed "inappropriate" and "graphic" by the industrial railroad hosers and she got a pink slip.

In making its case, Canada Pacific publicly identified the images they argued constituted a fireable offense—shots the news media was happy to publish in their stories. In one of them Katelnikoff stands in a pine forest wearing a tiny orange bikini and a huge fur hat that looks like it required a dozen pelts to create.

This tattooed brunette beauty, her long hair streaked with purple, admits the shots are pretty racy, but says they represent no more than 10 percent of what she posted. Plus, she thinks the railroad had a beef with some negative comments she posted about the company.

Back in 2014, a train she was conducting derailed outside Banff, Alberta, and she was fired for the first time. But she was reinstated after investigations revealed prior track damage and evidence suggesting her termination was partly due to a sexual harassment suit Katelnikoff filed against a fellow employee. That said, she probably didn't help her cause this time around by posting a shot of herself in Daisy Dukes and cowboy boots provocatively straddling...train tracks.

Anyway, looks like we're not gonna get that "Girls of Canada Pacific" calendar. It would have sold out in hours if it carried shots like the one where Katelnikoff poses with the antlered skull of a buck covering up her crotch. Or the one where she's on a bed wearing fishnet stockings, face to face with another tattooed, raven-haired beauty.

Hey, Stephanie, you know some companies don't have the slightest problem with photos like these. In fact, we know one place that's been celebrating shots of gorgeous women like you for a while now, day in and day out. You know where to find us!

SPERM vs. CANCER



SPERM are pretty specific when it comes to their role in the world: navigate female reproductive organs and find an egg to fertilize (refer to your sixth-grade sex-ed class notes if you've forgotten the details). It's not a bad gig. But now scientists are working on a new purpose for sperm: fighting cancer.


A research team at the Leibniz Institute for Solid State and Materials Research in Dresden, Germany, filled bovine sperm cells with the chemo drug doxorubicin and then dressed them in tiny iron-coated harnesses. Rather than send them out to the S&M clubs, scientists put them in a lab dish containing cervical cancer tumors and used magnets to guide them. The harnesses then released the sperm, which swam into the tumors and delivered the drug.

Within three days, the doxorubicin-spiked sperm had killed over 80 percent of the cancer cells, according to the team's report, which was published in the science journal *ACS Nano* in December. The results were far superior to the drug's effects without the sperm.

For readers who are fortunate enough not to know this yet, traditional chemotherapy is pretty brutal: It attacks healthy cells in addition to cancerous cells, often bringing the patient close to death. And then there are the debilitating side effects—nausea and exhaustion—which limit how much chemo a patient can receive. Some patients say the treatment is worse than the illness.

The study's lead researcher, Haifeng Xu, told *New Scientist* magazine that these "spermbots" could someday be successful in treating cancer in humans, as well as other conditions in the female reproductive system, like ectopic pregnancies and endometriosis.

Sperm, which are natural-born swimmers, are ideal carriers for chemo, because they deliver the drugs directly to the tumor. They are also pros at commandeering the lady parts. Sperm do no damage to healthy tissue and they don't cause side effects—other than, say, a baby.

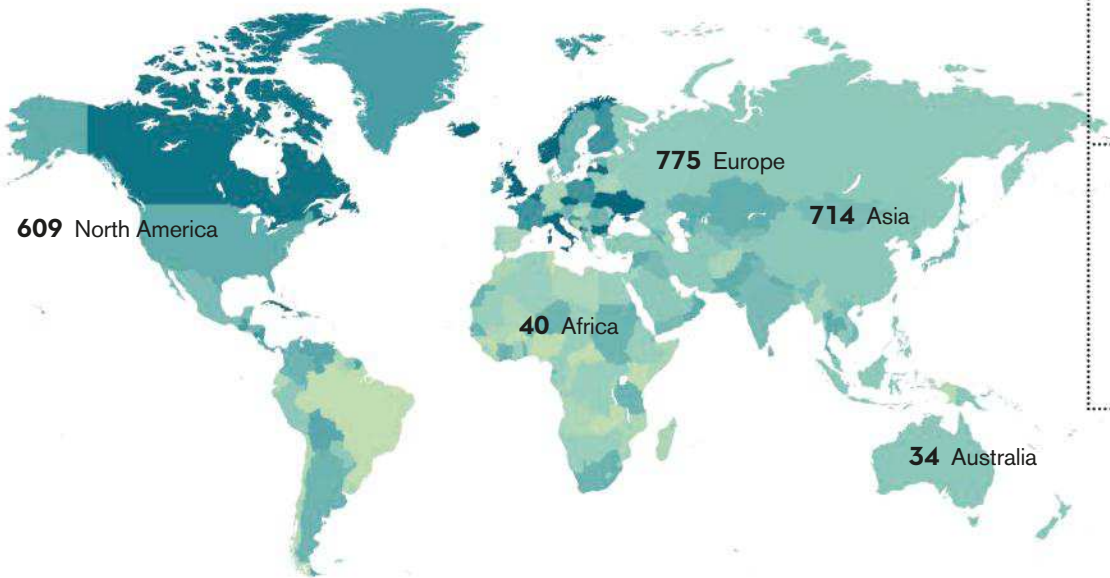
We're guessing scientists will cross that bridge when they test the treatment on actual people. 

WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES OF JOINING THE **WEALTHY ELITE**?



WHERE ARE THE BILLIONAIRES?

NUMBER OF BILLIONAIRES AROUND THE WORLD



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85 Moscow



82 Hong Kong



72 London

WHAT ARE THE ODDS?

...OF BEING BORN A BILLIONAIRE IN:

North America 1 / 586,205	Europe 1 / 957,419	
Latin America and the Caribbean 1 / 4,117,647	Asia 1 / 6,158,263	
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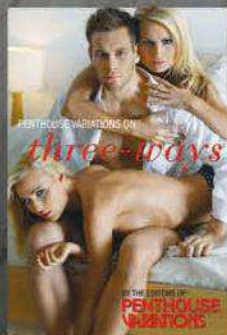
FELIX KJELLBERG Web-based comedian and producer **Net worth: \$12 MILLION**


With close to 40 million YouTube subscribers and 10 billion views, Kjellberg—known by his online alias “PewDiePie”—skyrocketed to success via sites like YouTube and Twitch, posting videogame “Let’s Plays,” vlogs, comedy shorts, and commentaries. His net worth is now around \$12 million—not bad for having fun.

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PRANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

IMPIISH BEHAVIOR FROM THE WORLD OF ROCK

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

NO one enters the music business so they can settle down in the suburbs and act like grownups. This month, in observance of April Fools Day, we look at some famous hijinks throughout music history.

1967: Keith Moon's exploding drum kit

The Who drummer had a legendary affinity for gags, pranks, and acts of wanton destruction. Along with throwing TVs out windows and trashing hotel rooms, Moon was in the habit of putting smoke bombs in his drum kit, which he would detonate at the end of the show as guitarist Pete Townshend smashed his guitar. But for the band's first American TV appearance, on the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, Moon loaded wayyyy more boom-boom than usual. The result was a blinding, deafening blast that shook the studio and left Townshend deaf in one ear. Which I guess is hilarious.

1973: Elton John rushes Iggy Pop in a gorilla suit

Imagine your worst drug freak-out and then imagine you had the super-human ability to ingest as many narcotics as Iggy Pop. You're playing in a small, crowded club in Atlanta and the noise and energy are overwhelming, when suddenly out of the blurry confusion there's a gorilla coming straight at you. You can barely remember

your own name, and for a split second the thought crosses your mind that maybe you're on safari in Uganda and forgot. For a brief, crazy moment, Pop and bandmates panicked; violence was averted when the future Sir Elton removed the gorilla head.

1992: Megan Jasper punks the Gray Lady


Fake news! Today the CEO of indie label Sub Pop Records, Megan Jasper was a 25-year-old receptionist for the Seattle company when the *New York Times* called, wanting to know more about this "grunge" craze that had put her city in the spotlight. Specifically, was there a slang spoken by grunge scenesters? Jasper concocted a lexicon of 100 percent bullshit words and phrases on the spot, which the *Times* ran in its entirety. My favorites: "bound-and-hagged" (staying home on Friday or Saturday night) and "swingin' on the flippity-flop" (hanging out).

Three-Year Span: Michael Jackson prank-calls Russell Crowe

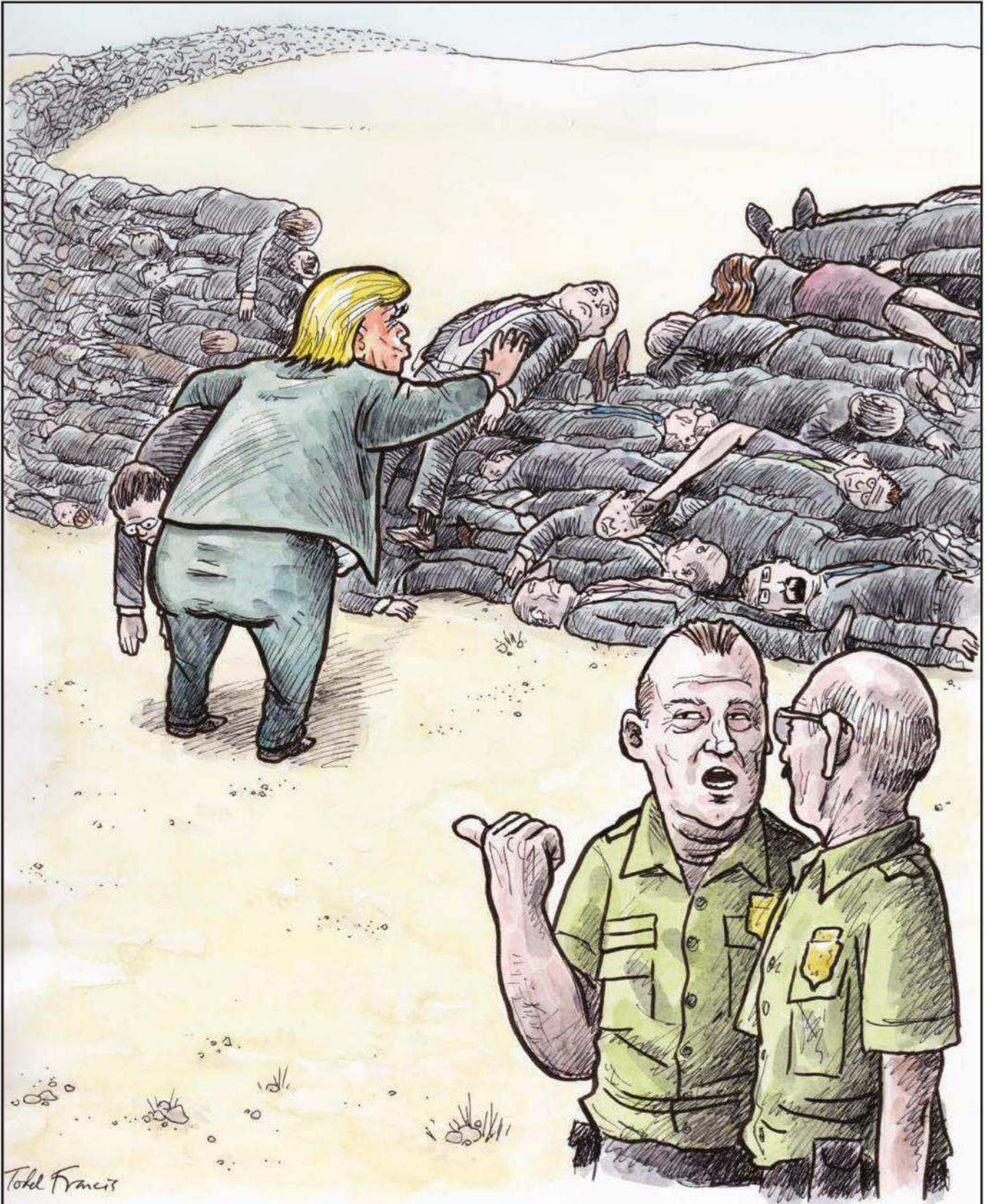
While promoting movies in recent years, Crowe has told a strange tale: the King of Pop used to repeatedly prank-call him, somehow reaching the actor in hotel rooms where he was staying incognito. He did this for "two or three fucking years," Crowe good-naturedly told the *Guardian* in 2015—despite the fact that the two had

never met. The singer even pulled the, "Is Mr. Wall there? No? Are there any Walls there? No? Then what's holding up the roof?" The most surprising part of this story might be how relatively normal it seems—though maybe more for a teenage boy than a man in his forties.


2014: Arcade Fire bring out "Phat Dunk" at Coachella

The Dead Milkmen's 1987 song "Instant Club Hit (You'll Dance to Anything)" was an awful drum-machine loop with cheesy sound effects and a half-assed rap whose moderate success ironically proved its point. Years later at Coachella, Canadian band Arcade Fire made a similar statement by bringing onstage two guys pretending to be electronic duo Daft Punk (who wear helmets obscuring their faces). The impostors swayed slowly to a half-speed version of Daft Punk's "Get Lucky," fooling seemingly everyone, despite not even bothering to touch the electronic equipment in front of them. To be fair, that would have fooled me, too. What do electronic musicians do after they press "play"? 

Chris Collingwood is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released their eponymous debut in 2016. Follow him @lookpark



*"He's finally found an affordable material
for his wall: former cabinet members."*



L.A.-based erotic artist Chulaface is a self-taught talent who works with pen, ink, and watercolor. Inspired by prison drawings her aunt kept around, she began drawing on her own and realized she had a gift. We are obsessed with her dark, sexual images, so we asked her to pen-up an orgy of our most iconic Penthouse Pets. She blew us away. Find more at chulaface.com and on Instagram @chulaface






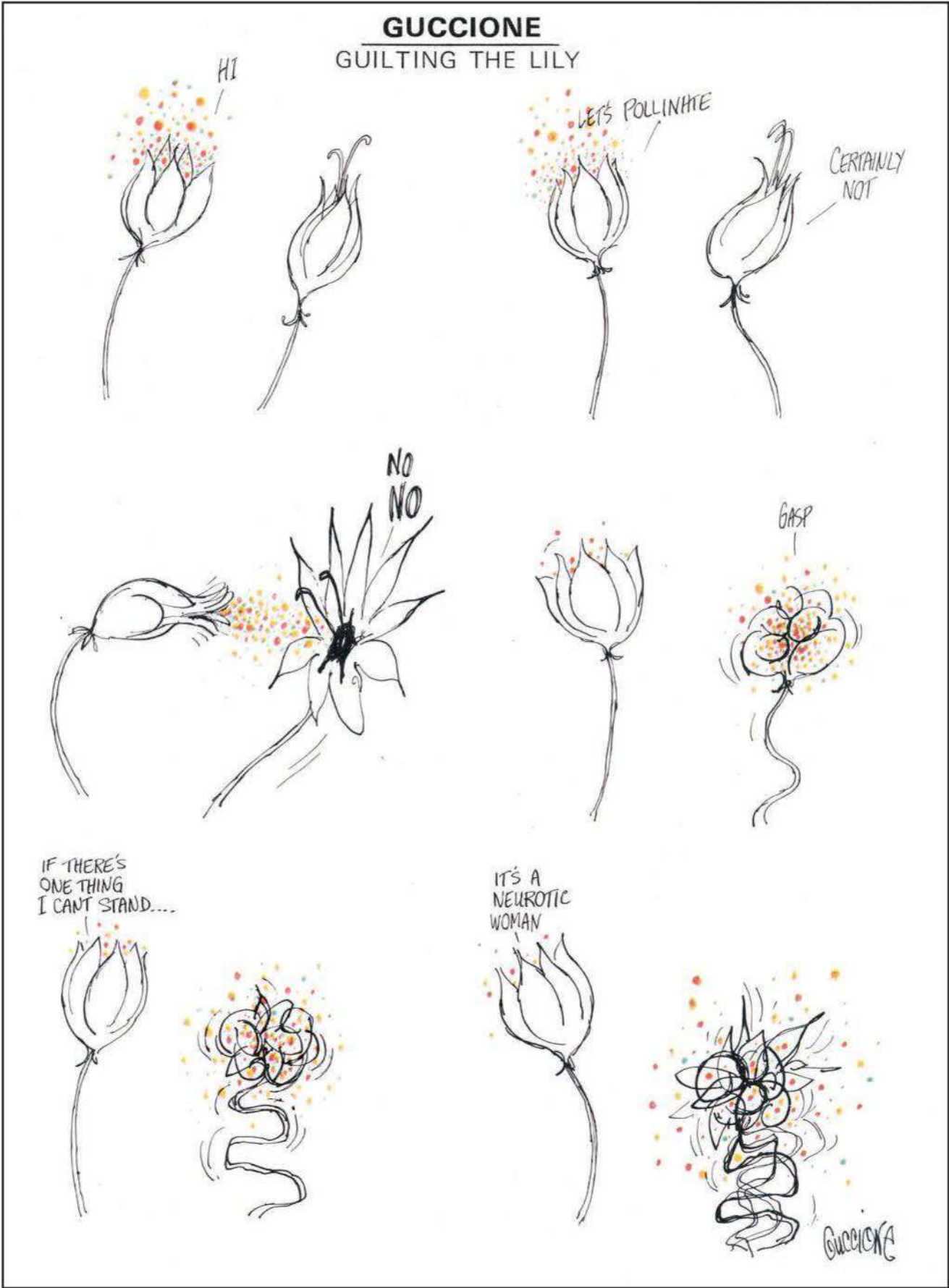
CRUSH

ISABELLE DELTORE

THOUGH she's across the world in good old Australia, this award-winning showgirl is a devoted cam model who spends her evenings naked online. Want a peek?

See her at isabelledeltore.com 

CREDIT: PHOTOGRAPHER AND MAKE UP BY NATALIE V





FILM

MICHAEL HANEKE

FILMMAKING PROVOCATEUR OR SICK FUCK?

BY SARAH WALKER

IN the spring of 1998, the *New York Times* ran a review of Austrian director Michael Haneke's *Funny Games*, describing it as a "blood-curdling portrait of a family imprisoned." Reminded of my own childhood on an upstate New York cattle farm, I hightailed it to the theater.

What unfolded was like nothing I'd ever seen: masterful directing, crack writing, perfect acting, and the most fucked-up take on a bourgeois family vacation ever. There was no soundtrack, no special effects, no violence—at least on-screen. Yet half the theater walked out. The rest of us stayed glued to our seats, mouths open. When the movie ended, we all made eye contact and smiled. Twisted bastards.

Funny Games was Haneke's U.S. breakthrough, but European audiences had been hip to his madness since the late eighties. And after his sadomasochistic drama *The Piano Teacher* won the Grand Prix at Cannes in 2001, it became easier to see his films beyond New York and L.A. Still, to enjoy them one needs patience and an appreciation for, shall we say, the darker aspects of life. His films are not for the faint of heart. But then neither is this magazine.

THE SEVENTH CONTINENT (1989)

Originally conceived for TV, Haneke's first feature follows a seemingly uncomplicated family who quietly, methodically, prepares to commit suicide. Georg, Anna, and daughter Eva (the director uses variations of these names throughout his films) write letters, withdraw money, and tie up loose ends before the terrible finale. Haneke said he was inspired by a real-life incident that stunned Austria earlier that decade.

BENNY'S VIDEO (1992) Fourteen-year-old Benny (the super creepy Arno Frisch) is addicted to the relentless stream of violent movies, heavy metal, and home videos that fill his bedroom, to the point of total impassivity. His wealthy Viennese parents (billed simply as "Mutter" and "Vater") are beyond lame in their attempts to connect with him—until Benny kills a girl with a stun gun. Haneke's prescience about a world ruled by technology, violence, and detached surveillance is pretty freaking terrifying.

FUNNY GAMES (1997) Haneke's deadpan thriller about two preppy psychopaths (one played by an adult Arno Frisch) who terrorize Georg and Anna (real-life husband/wife actors Ulrich Mühe and Susanne Lothar) and their young son at a gated lakeside chalet. In 2007, Haneke remade it for U.S. audiences—line for line, shot for shot—with Naomi Watts and Tim Roth as the couple. His intention to provoke a dialog about violent entertainment, however, never happened here. God bless 'Merika.

THE PIANO TEACHER (2001)

Haneke's award-winning S&M film, based on the autobiographical novel by Nobel laureate Elfriede Jelinek. Erika (Isabelle Huppert, one of the director's muses) is a freakishly repressed 40-something music professor who lives and sleeps with her mother. When she's not teaching Schubert, Erika sniffs spank rags at peep shows, spies on couples having sex, and mutilates herself with a razor blade. She begins an affair with a younger student and...well, now, that would be a spoiler, wouldn't it?

CACHÉ (2005) The title means "hidden," and here Haneke takes on his fascination with surveillance. Georges and Anne (Juliette Binoche, another of the director's muses) are anonymously sent video footage of the exterior of their house, with no explanation. More tapes arrive, with content that may or may not reveal who's watching them and why. Suspicions arise, their trust in everything erodes, past becomes present, and the psyches of the characters (and audience) are left swinging in wind. Listen closely and you might hear Haneke's infamous giggle.

AMOUR (2012) This won the Palme d'Or at Cannes (as did Haneke's 2009 "proto-Nazi" drama, *White Ribbon*) and Oscar for Best Foreign Film. It's an uncharacteristically humane film for the director, with its feel-good intro of a putrified, flower-strewn body being discovered in an elegant Paris apartment. Then Haneke flashes back to an elderly couple, Georges and Anne, going about their lives: music recitals, chatting over breakfast in the apartment—all delicious breadcrumbs that lead us back to the opening-scene corpse.


HAPPY END (2017) Thirteen-year-old Eve smartphone-films her mother getting ready for bed; then she films her hamster as it dies from an overdose of antidepressants. Soon her mother is dead, too, and Eve goes off to live with her wealthy father, his new wife and baby, and his small extended family. Hilarity ensues! Just kidding. Let's just say the "happy end" we're promised is a big fat lie. 

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BY DENIS MAKARENKO



GAMING

BOOTY CALL: SEA OF THIEVES

Microsoft Studios (Xbox One, Xbox One X, PC)




YO-HO, yo-ho, a pirate's life for thee—and your crew of like-minded scallywags—in this multiplayer buccaneering adventure set during the golden age of buckled swashes and shivered timbers. Although you can sail solo in *Sea of Thieves*, the game is made for extroverted pirates who want to mingle in a shared tropical world of atolls, shipwrecks, and shark-infested seas populated by other players competing for plunder. Recruit enough friends to form your own pirate crew, but keep in mind that every ship on the horizon is also crewed by real players flying their own black flag, gamely gunning for

fortune and glory. You'll want to keep your friends close and your enemies at cannon range.

Treasure-finding missions give the game structure. You'll find "riddle maps" filled with clever clues that lead to buried chests or sunken galleons. "Seek the cursed boar shrine where there is no sky," reads one clue on a deserted island. Workshop these riddles with your friends to track down the loot. When you're not counting your paces to see if X really marks the spot, you're free to sail the open sea for other vessels to assault and ports to push your plunder. Drop anchor anytime and hop overboard in search

of sunken ships or scout rum-soaked beaches haunted by the skeletal zombies of past castaways. Keep a Cuba libre on hand to complete the experience.

Historical accuracy is deep-sixed here in favor of high-seas hijinks in the style of Jack Sparrow. Sea battles are rollicking fun as you line up your ten-pounders on a pitching deck for a furious exchange of broadsides. Or climb *into* your cannon and launch yourself aboard the enemy vessel for up-close cutlass combat. Conquer ships to build your cutthroat reputation. Founder, however, and your crew might make you walk the plank. 

ART ATTACK: GAMES THAT BELONG IN THE LOUVRE'S ARCADE

> 4 <

THE LAST GUARDIAN (SONY, PS4)

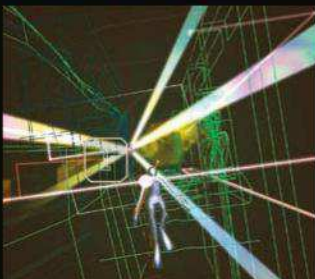
Roam a mysterious castle with the help of a titanic half-bird/half-cat beast named Trico in this surreal adventure from the arty auteur behind *Shadow of the Colossus* (see No. 1). You'll slowly earn Trico's trust and friendship until you reach a surprising finale that socks you right in the feels.



> 3 <

REZ INFINITE (ENHANCE GAMES, PS4, ANDROID)

Dead-eye aim isn't sufficient for survival in this trippy shooter, a VR-ready remake of a PS2 classic; you also need rhythm to blast to the beat of the thumping trance soundtrack. The game's makers call this melding of aural and visual effects "synesthesia." Pretentious? Sure, like all great masterworks.



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TRÜBERBROOK (HEADUP GAMES, IPHONE, ANDROID)

In case the umlaut in its title didn't tip you off, *Trüberbrook* is a heady piece of interactive art mixing old and new technologies to striking effect. Each environment in this mystery adventure, set in rural Germany in the 1960s, was built as a scale model before being scanned into the interactive world. Few games are this beautiful.



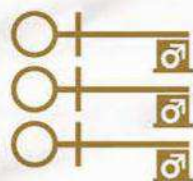
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SHADOW OF THE COLOSSUS (SONY, PS4)

Clamber up boss monsters that look and shamble like shaggy mountains, then seek weak points to bring them down, in this high-definition next-generation update of the most famous art-house game you've probably never heard of. The PS2 original was considered the *Mona Lisa* of interactive entertainment.



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LONG-RANGE ASSASSINS

THE 30-FOOT BASKETBALL SHOT—WHO YA GOT?

BY PHIL HANRAHAN

LEAVE it to the Harlem Globetrotters. Those innovative roundball wizards, who helped popularize the slam dunk, alley-oop, and behind-the-back pass, debuted a four-point line last year—30 feet out from the tin—which rewards mad bombers jacking from a distance six-plus feet beyond the top of the NBA's three-point line.

And where the Globetrotters have gone, the NBA might follow—at least if some league officials, on-the-record players, and hoop pundits, including former ESPN-er Bill Simmons, author of *The Book of Basketball*, have their way.

Yep, imagine a future where the Splash Brothers—Golden State's Steph Curry and Klay Thompson—are raining *four*-pointers instead of threes, allowing their team to crush opponents even more mercilessly, or get right back in games they're losing.

In 2014, ESPN reported league officials discussed adding such a line. In a TV interview that same year, president of NBA operations Rod Thorn confirmed the report, then shared memories from his days as New Jersey Nets general manager, recalling Vince Carter's ability to effortlessly launch 30-footers in games and practice.

Ex-Lakers great and former head coach Byron Scott has expressed support for the idea, while Hall of Fame Celtic legend Larry Bird—a three-time Three-Point Shootout champion and longtime Indiana Pacers executive—said this to *The New Yorker* in 2015: “Every ten, twelve, fifteen years, there's something new coming in. You put that four-point line in there and people will start practicing. And once they start practicing, they get better at it.... The game evolves.”

Current NBA sharpshooters Kyle Korver and Damian Lillard are on-board. “I’m in,” Korver stated to *The New Yorker*, adding that it would bring fun to the game. In an interview with Dan Patrick, Portland's Lillard lamented the three-point line's lack of challenge. “You’ve got so many guys shooting it so easy!” he told the radio host.

Put Reggie Miller down for a no vote. “It’s comical,” says the ex-Pacer star and TNT commentator, who held the record for most threes made when he retired in 2005. “The league will be a laughingstock, and I will [be] laughing the loudest.”

A four-point shot's impact on stats is one reason opponents reject the idea. (The NBA faced something similar before, in 1979, when it adopted the three; baseball went through its own version when the American League created the designated hitter.) Beyond this is a concern with on-court product. Some fear Ugly Ball—too many dudes firing bricks from deep. Now a Cavalier, Korver himself—who converted an NBA-record 53.6 percent of his threes while playing for Atlanta in 2009-10—anticipates some “ugly possessions.”

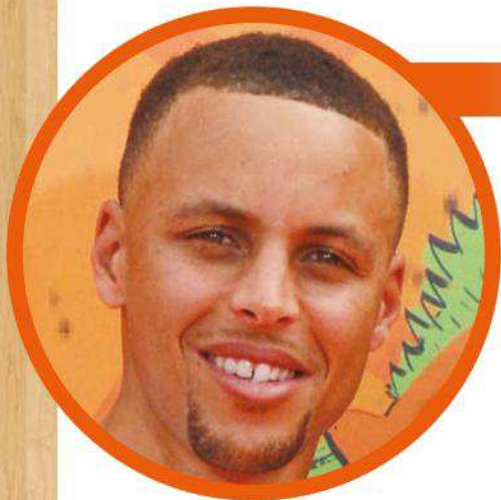
Others fear players would get too good at this four-point jackpot. The shot would over-advantage the offense, they argue, tilting the game out of balance.

Right now, critics fearing Ugly Ball have stats on their side. During the 2015-16 season, for example, players shot just 18.6 percent from ten yards out. Lillard himself knocked down only two of 16. Steph Curry, though, did his best to pull that league-wide average up. While everyone else was clanking, he canned an insane 22 of 45.

Then again, things would change if shooters started regularly practicing their 30-foot stroke, as Bird suggests. His own career offers insight. During 1983-84, he made just 24.7 percent of his threes. One year later, he shot 42.7 percent. Other players made big jumps in the mid-eighties, too. Collectively, shooters realized the trey was far more than a “gimmick,” as naysayers charged, and began honing their deep shot.

Whatever your view of a new court line (*stupid-ass messing with a game that ain't broke, say, or hell yeah—incentivize the bombers!*), one thing is clear: the quad could lead to some wild buzzer-beaters. And that got me thinking: What current or former players would you want launching from 30 feet with a team down four and a tick left on the clock?

I looked up deep-ball stats. I watched video. And I assembled a dream team of five long-range assassins. It was hard leaving Jamal Crawford and Dan Majerle, Chuck “the Rifleman” Person and Dennis Scott, Ray Allen and Klay T., off the squad. Steph's dad Dell (who shot a gold-standard 40 percent from three) got a look, too. But weighing range, accuracy, and clutch lethality, I reached a final cut.



1. Steph Curry

No-brainer. He's in his own league when it comes to launching from extra-deep. Paint another arc on the court and people would start calling it the "Curry Line." Dell's son shoots better from 30 feet than a handful of players shoot from the *free-throw* line. An ESPN "Sports Science" segment focused entirely on Curry's mechanics from this distance. Show technicians determined his wrist flexion per second as he projects the ball is 3,000 degrees. And they've never measured a quicker release. All hail the Human Torch.

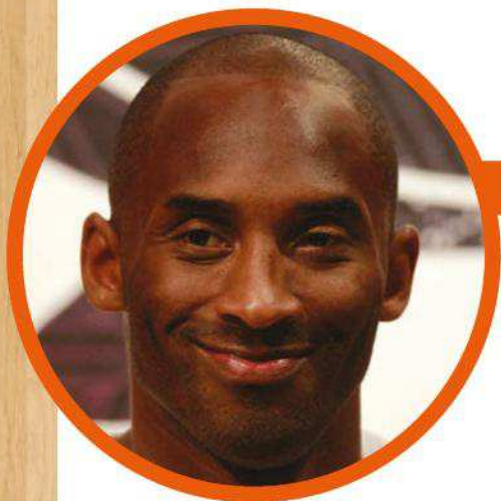
2. LeBron James

Granted, Bron-Bron only reached the 40 percent mark from three in one of his 14 full seasons (2012-13, playing for Miami), and his career-percentage is 34.2 (he's up a couple points this year), but as anyone who's watched even a few of his games knows, the dude can hit from 35 feet with ease, even with defenders in his grill, and he's got ice water in his veins. He's half linebacker, half archer. He'd nail his share of game-tying quads.



3. Kobe Bryant

Speaking of range and sang-froid, the Black Mamba (career 32.9 from three) demonstrated time and again he could knock down a 30-footer when the mood struck him, or his team, the Lakers, needed it. Bryant had the handle, hops, and 'tude to jack a pull-up from way deep.



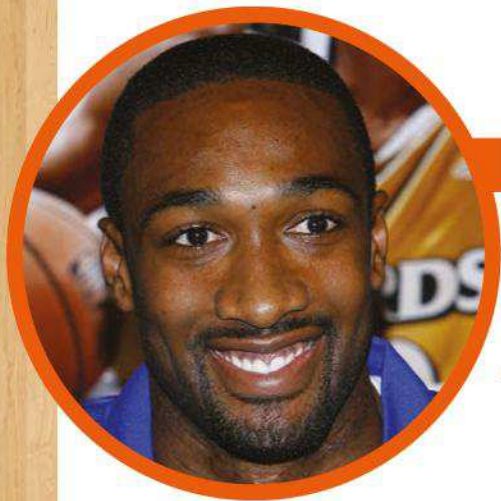
4. Vince Carter

Rod Thorn was right. Watching clips of Nets-era Vinsanity knock down 30-footers, some of them buzzer-beaters, was a research highlight. One of the NBA's greatest all-time dunkers has also averaged 37.4 percent from three and four times topped 40 percent in his 20-season career (now a Sacramento King, Carter turned 41 in January!).



5. Gilbert Arenas

Agent Zero—aka the Hibachi—was a threat to shoot basically any time he got a couple steps past the half-court line. Treat yourself to the YouTube clip of Arenas and Tracy McGrady dueling from 35 feet in a 2005 Katrina fund-raiser all-star game. A 35.1 career shooter beyond the arc, Arenas had a flair for the dramatic. A four-pointer? Sign him up. 🏀



*Phil Hanrahan is the author of *Life After Favre: The Green Bay Packers and Their Fans Usher in the Aaron Rodgers Era*. A lifelong Cheesehead, he is currently writing a book set in western Ireland that has nothing to do with football, cheese, or quarterbacking.*



STACY COLE, July 1984

TAN LINES

OF ALL the hideous trends that have made a comeback in women's fashion, why have tan lines not circled back around? Tan lines are super hot. It's not like the scientific knowledge about sun exposure and skin cancer has stopped women from cooking like bacon on the beach, only now they double down at the tanning salon to avoid that super sexy invisible skin bikini. We're calling on tan lines for a comeback. Hurry up!

KRISTA PFLANZER, July 1986





MINDY FARRAR, November 1984



BONNIE DEE WILSON, November 1975







MALIA REDFORD, November 1978



CHANEL, October 1992



BRITTANY DANE, February 1985



GUCCIONE

THE RETROSPECTIVE

THE FLAMBOYANT PUBLISHING ICON ROSE FROM A HUMBLE START TO COMMAND A MEDIA EMPIRE.

MORE than 50 years ago, a struggling American painter living in London decided to compete with a popular American men's magazine called *Playboy*. His name was Robert Charles Joseph Edward Sabatini Guccione, and by the time his venture began to match his bold vision, he was on a fast track to becoming one of America's richest men, with a taste for opulent living, priceless art, and beautiful women.

It was the early sixties, and Bob Guccione—Brooklyn-born son of first-generation Sicilian-American parents, raised in suburban New Jersey—had recently been hired by a little-known weekly newspaper, the *London American*. The paper had published some of his cartoons and humor pieces and thought enough of his talents to take him on as editor.

Diligently scouting London newsstands to see what papers and magazines were selling, he noticed a certain American publication featuring photographs of topless women, along with articles, interviews, fiction, and cartoons. Guccione had been living in London with his second wife, British cabaret singer Muriel Hudson, since 1960, and before that had spent much of his twenties wandering Europe and north Africa, painting, cartooning, sketching tourists, even playing some bit roles in Italian movies. He'd managed to miss the ascent of Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* magazine, which debuted in December 1953, back home.

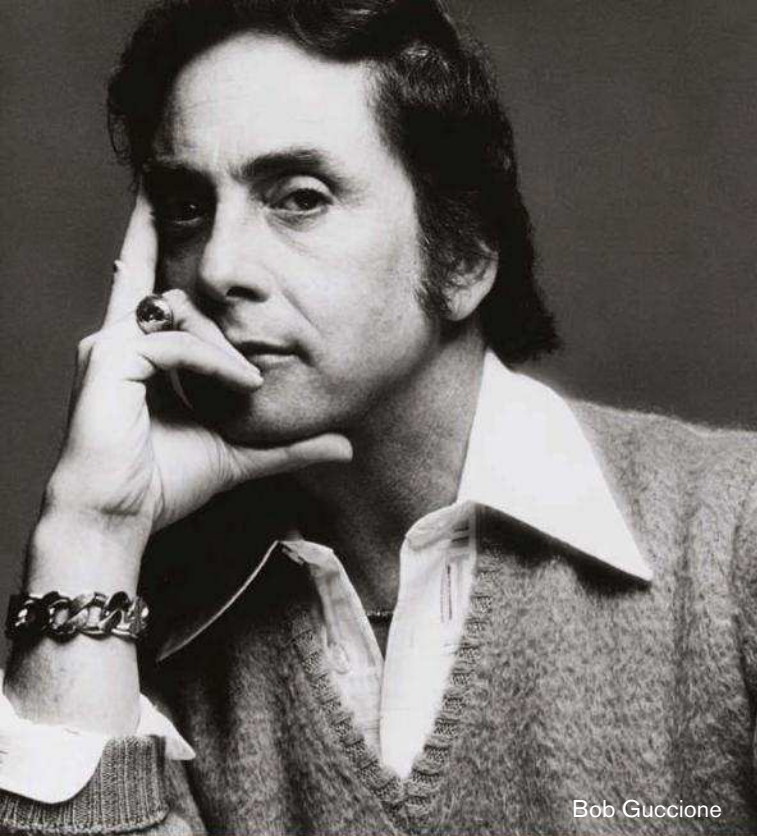
An idea-machine his entire life, Guccione saw an opportunity. The thriving English magazine market had room, he suspected, for a London-based publication taking a cue from this American men's magazine. Put out a mag like that—maybe call it "Penthouse"—and Guccione could imagine it flying off the shelves, collecting subscribers left and right.

Except for three years he was pretty much alone in his faith. That's how long he tried to get outside investors for his venture. Rarely lacking for confidence, Guccione, once possessed of

an idea, was relentlessly driven to see it take shape. And he knew this was a good idea. At this stage, the future resident of a palatial double-townhouse Manhattan mansion, filled with Picassos, Renoirs, and Botticellis, was still dreaming of a life as a painter. And though he was glad for the *London Weekly* gig (which was closer to his passions than his previous job, manager of a city dry-cleaning firm), it didn't pay much, and he had a wife and three young children to support (with a fourth child, a daughter, back in California with his first wife Lilyann). If "Penthouse" hit the way he knew it would, he'd make enough to bankroll his art and give his family a more comfortable life.

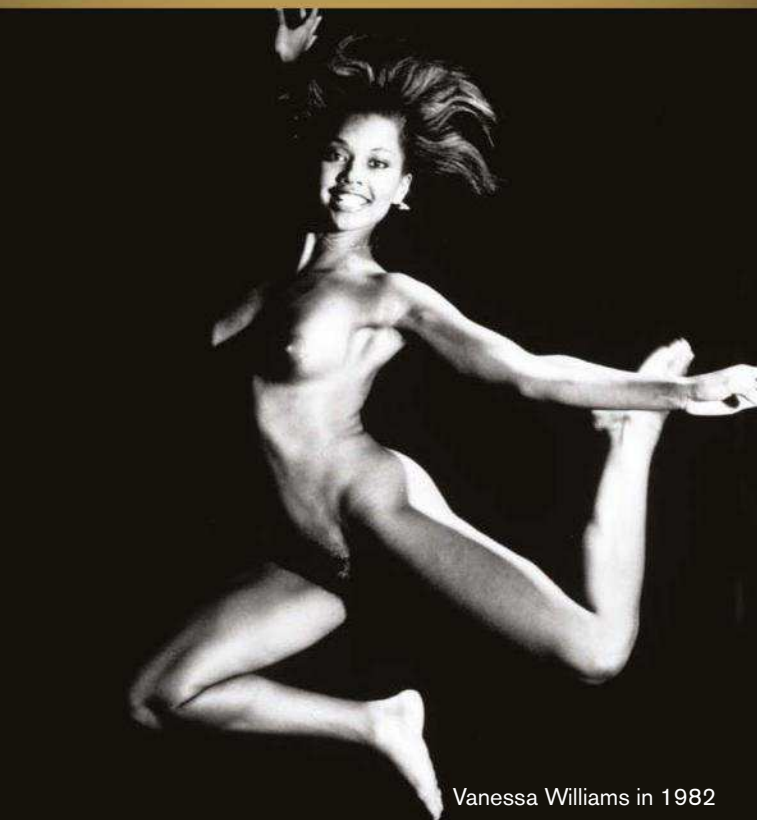
It was time to bootstrap the mag himself. Calling on that self-belief, that sense he was destined for bigger things, he started touting the "Penthouse" enterprise to London newspapers and trade publications. He shared his vision so richly and persuasively—down to the newsstand cost and huge number of first-issue copies he would print—that people in and around Fleet Street paid attention. One of those was Joseph Brooks, a young art director for a London newspaper chain. Impressed by this hip, charismatic, gold-chain-wearing American when they met in 1965, Brooks signed on to what was then still...just an idea.

But money soon followed. Getting creative, Guccione produced a color promotional brochure that included sample photos of topless women. Acquiring mailing lists, he sent the teaser to English clergymen, old-age pensioners, nurses, and wives of members of Parliament. The outrage was instant and a publicity windfall followed. "Sex Fiend!" blared the headlines of London tabloids. Guccione was denounced in Parliament, and fined 100 pounds for sending "lewd materials" through the mail. It was the first of many scandals to come as this former New Jersey Catholic-school kid went on to challenge sexual and social taboos, battle censorship, and lead his magazine into uncharted publishing waters.



Bob Guccione

THE SEPTEMBER 1984 ISSUE
FEATURING MISS AMERICA
VANESSA WILLIAMS
ULTIMATELY SOLD NEARLY
SIX MILLION COPIES.



Vanessa Williams in 1982

Playing out just as he'd hoped, the notoriety generated a bounty of "Penthouse" subscriptions. Now he just needed a magazine. Still short on cash, he persuaded contributors to generate articles and art in exchange for IOUs. He'd planned on hiring a professional photographer for the pictorials but couldn't afford one, so he ended up shooting the models himself. And doing their makeup. And styling their hair. Calling on his painter's eye, and his love for what master artists such as the French Impressionist Edgar Degas did with the nude female form, Bob Guccione in this first issue discovered a way of working and a pictorial approach that would become his—and *Penthouse's*—signature style.

During hours-long one-on-one sessions with the models, he chased his ideal photographic result: voyeuristic angles, soft, diffused lighting, and models not looking at the camera, their expressions unsmiling, their poses subtly seductive, as if observed in private.

Issue one sold out in five days, all 120,000 copies. Guccione was launched.



AS the magazine took off in England, and its founder worked tirelessly—shooting pictorials, selling ad space, drawing cartoons, writing articles—his marriage suffered. Guccione and his second wife, pregnant with their fourth child, separated. Handsome, hyper-masculine, and highly sexed, Guccione—photographing gorgeous women during the Swinging Sixties, the sexual revolution starting to pop—was combining business with pleasure, often sleeping with the stunners he hired to appear in *Penthouse*.

"It was very attractive," he told *Rolling Stone* in 2003. "The setting, the intimacy; it's very difficult not to submit to, so in most cases in the early days, I would sleep with the girls."

It was during this swirling, demanding period of Guccione's life when he met Kathy Keeton, a 26-year-old actress and exotic dancing star from South Africa who had come to England at age 12 on a scholarship from London's Royal Ballet. Smart, well-read, hard-working, and disciplined, with interests in economics and science, Keeton accepted a job as *Penthouse's* first ad salesperson, and would become Guccione's soul-mate, business partner, and wife. They proved unstoppable, this duo, with Keeton growing the business and managing the office and Guccione powering the magazine with his artistic vision.

In 1968, Guccione and Keeton learned that *Penthouse* was outselling *Playboy* two-to-one among American servicemen in Vietnam. They realized they had a chance to challenge Hefner's magazine on his home turf and in 1969 they moved to New York City. On their arrival, they executed a brilliant publicity stunt: a full-page ad in American newspapers, including the *New York Times*, showing the *Playboy* bunny logo as viewed through the crosshairs of a rifle. WE'RE GOING RABBIT HUNTING, the caption read.

Ever-expanding from its new base in the world's publishing mecca, *Penthouse* set itself apart from softer-core *Playboy* with its sexual boldness, edgy humor, and political bite. In April 1970, it ran a small photo of a naked blonde on a beach with a triangle of barely discernable





pubic hair. Pubic hair was a no-no—defined as obscene. But when nothing happened, prosecution-wise, Guccione kept at it, running full-frontal nudes for the first time in a major American magazine. Hefner said *Playboy* would never cross that taboo line, but within a year, he relented, having watched sales of more explicit *Penthouse* take off.

"Split-beaver" shots, girl-on-girl pictorials, the bootyhole—*Penthouse* kept pushing the envelope, and by July 1977, an extraordinary milestone arrived: The smart, arty skin mag Bob Guccione dreamed up in the early sixties in London drew even with mighty *Playboy* in terms of circulation numbers, with both publications selling 4.5 million copies.

If, magazine-wise, *Penthouse* was the Rolling Stones to the tamer Beatles, as one profiler of Guccione put it years later, Mick and Keith had just caught Paul and John.

And it wasn't just its Dionysian vibe, its closer embrace of raw sexuality, its wild side, that fueled *Penthouse*'s rocket ascent in the American 1970s. A self-described magazine of "sex, politics, and protest," *Penthouse* quickly built a reputation for hard-hitting journalism, speaking truth to power, exposing the corrupt, the venal, the oppressive, and the hypocritical. It took the side of the citizen over self-serving governments and corporations. In its first American decade, *Penthouse* ran eye-opening features on CIA shenanigans, mob influence, and the defense industry. In 1974, the magazine published a series of articles about the U.S. government's betrayal of its Vietnam veterans. It incensed Guccione that America sent young men to war but neglected their care when they returned, so many soldiers injured and traumatized. Guccione even bankrolled a Washington, D.C., lobbying office to advocate on behalf of veterans. In 1975, Brandeis University named Guccione Publisher of the Year for this series. In later years, *Penthouse* would win major journalism awards for articles on Gulf War Syndrome, HMO incompetence, and Hepatitis C.

Under Guccione, *Penthouse* published or featured numerous top writers, including Isaac Asimov, Gore Vidal, Stephen King, Philip Roth, and Joyce Carol Oates.

A lover of movies and tempted by his restless spirit to make inroads in Hollywood, Guccione in the seventies invested money in *The Longest Yard*, *The Day of the Locust*, and *Chinatown*, and then went much further with the X-rated period epic *Caligula*, funding it himself to a tune of \$17 million and hiring A-list British actors: Malcolm McDowell, John Gielgud, Peter O'Toole, and Helen Mirren. Shot in Rome, it brought great production value to a sweeping historical extravaganza with copious sex and nudity. "An irresistible mix of art and genitals," Mirren later called it. A box-office flop, *Caligula* survives as a cult favorite and represents the best-selling video ever produced by the Penthouse company.

In the last two decades of the twentieth century, Guccione again and again revealed his genius for publicity-generating controversies. The September 1984 issue featured nude photos, shot in 1982, of the newly-crowned Miss America, Vanessa Williams, the first African-American woman to own the title. (She would eventually lose her crown because

Model Name Year

of the scandal.) That same issue carried a centerfold of Penthouse Pet Traci Lords, destined to be a figure of scandal herself when it emerged that Lords shot multiple porn movies while underage. 5.4 million copies of that issue flew off the newsstands—a number that made publishing history. In 1985, *Penthouse* ran a pictorial showing a pre-fame Madonna. Just a month after Bill Clinton won the 1992 presidential election, *Penthouse* published photos of Gennifer Flowers, who'd made headlines after revealing her 12-year affair with Clinton.

Other attention-getters? Explicit “wedding night” stills of Tonya Harding (best-known for her role in the knee-bashing assault on fellow Olympic skater Nancy Kerrigan) and bedroom sex photos of Motley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee and *Baywatch*'s Pamela Anderson.

By the nineties, Guccione had been living in his East 67th Street mansion for years, spending most of his time eyeballing pictorial images and scrutinizing mocked-up issue pages, but free to wander its 30 rooms, including a vast ballroom and sumptuous dining room. The Gooch's beloved home, filled with marble, wood paneling, and chandeliers, built while his fortune was at its height (the *Forbes* 400 list estimated his net worth then, in today's dollars, in the billions), also had a pool, a gym, a wine cellar, a screening room, eight fireplaces, and a posse of Rhodesian Ridgeback dogs.

His company General Media, occupying an entire building at Broadway and 68th Street, published multiple magazines beyond *Penthouse*, including the science magazine *Omni* and specialty titles covering such topics as bodybuilding, photography, and computers. And Guccione's millions traveled in multiple directions, too, including toward Atlantic City where he hoped to open a casino (after years of investing, building, and lobbying, he was denied a gambling license), and toward San Diego, where in the early eighties he employed nearly a hundred scientific experts charged with developing the world's first nuclear-fusion reactor. If successful, it would solve the world's energy crisis. It failed, but not until Guccione, ever the dreamer, had sunk \$20 million into the project.

Tax problems, more fruitless investing, business downturns, the death of Kathy Keeton, of cancer, at age 58, and his own diagnosis of a throat malignancy in 1998, a year after Keeton passed away, took their tolls on Guccione. He fought on, battling the IRS, creditors, the migration of porn to the internet, and cancer. But in 2003, General Media filed for bankruptcy. A year later he resigned as CEO of Penthouse International. And in 2006, Guccione had to give up his Roman-palazzo-inspired home, foreclosed on by creditors.

He died of cancer in Plano, Texas, in 2010.

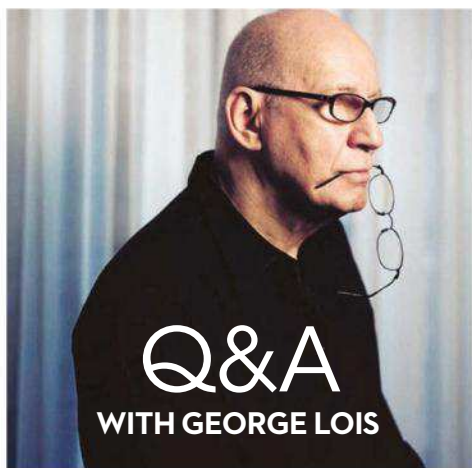
The world has changed since Guccione harnessed his drive, vision, and talent to shepherd a tiny magazine startup from its humble London roots to a publishing pinnacle. But his magazine lives on, and we're proud to carry the torch our founder lit so many years ago, this lover of art and women, champion of free speech, friend to writers, visual artists, and others committed to creativity, and a believer in the power of journalism. ☯



GUCCIONE WAS A PURVEYOR OF VOYEURISTIC SEX, BUT HE ALSO USED HIS MAGAZINE TO PUBLISH STORIES THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA AVOIDED.

Madonna in 1977





Lois was the ad-man genius behind the campaign to highlight *Penthouse's* circulation victory over rival *Playboy*.

What's your fondest memory of working with *Penthouse*?

I never went to the *Penthouse* office—I always went straight to the Gooch at his townhouse, where your life was always in jeopardy as multiple huge Rhodesian Ridgeback guard dogs could literally trample a human to death. The only person who could control them was the lovely Kathy Keeton, a great lady who was totally involved in Bob's business and personal life.

Creatively, what was it like to work with Bob Guccione?

Always thinking, always kibitzing, and a gentleman—he always understood a Big Idea, and more importantly, always okayed them.

What is the key to creating an iconic magazine cover?

A Big Idea that nails the zeitgeist of the times. Examples from other publications:

- Sonny Liston as the first black Santa, the last man white America would want to see coming down its chimney.
- Muhammad Ali depicted as the martyr Saint Sebastian for refusing to fight in a bad war, tying together the incendiary issues of the Vietnam War, race, and religion.
- Andy Warhol being devoured by fame as he drowns in a can of Campbell's Soup.
- JFK, RFK, and Dr. King in a hagiographic fantasy, hauntingly watching over Arlington Cemetery.
- Lt. Calley facing trial for the My Lai massacre, posing grinning in the midst of four solemn Vietnamese children.

The *Caligula* movie—all-time cult classic or box-office flop?

Both: an all-time cult classic *and* a box-office flop!





DEFINING THE PENTHOUSE ASSAULT ON PLAYBOY

By George Lois*

AFTER more than a decade of publishing soft-focus T&A photos of young, "innocent" models, with the sexual revolution at its height, Guccione escalated his pubic war against Hugh Hefner and *Playboy* over who could get away with more, by showing full-frontal nudity ("going pink" was the street expression). In 1979, by outraunching *Playboy*, *Penthouse* hit an all-time high of 4.7 million copies sold. So, wearing a black silk shirt open to the waist, tight black leather pants, a profusion of gold chains and charms about his neck, and with five humongous Rhodesian Ridgeback guard dogs loping through his immense Roman palazzo living room, the Gooch hired me to flaunt his victory in his war against *Playboy*.

The first salvo in my campaign was a full-page ad in the major metropolitan newspapers, including the *New York Times*, that featured the bullet-riddled *Playboy* rabbit logo, with a headline that exclaimed, "*Penthouse* goes Rabbit Hunting. (Bang! Bang! We gotcha!)" Hugh Hefner went apoplectic and threatened to sue Guccione, until he realized he was drawing nationwide TV attention to the news that *Penthouse* was overtaking *Playboy*. Bob went on to have a six-foot blow-up made of the poster and kept it in his townhouse so he could throw darts at it. ☛

*An edited excerpt from George Lois: *On His Creation of the Big Idea* (Assouline Publishing, www.assouline.com)







GUCCIONE

THE RETROSPECTIVE



THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MAN

Bob Guccione's business partner and wife, Kathy Keeton, was really the woman in front of the recluse.

Kathy Keeton and Bob Guccione

IN a 1975 advertisement for the short-lived *Penthouse* spin-off magazine for women, *Viva*, it shows a portrait of Bob Guccione's wife and executive partner, Kathy Keeton. "Who is this woman?" was the question printed in bold white letters below Keeton's thin hand, covered in chunky rings.

Keeton was born in South Africa but moved to England to study dance at the London Royal Ballet Company. After eight years, she left and started performing in nightclubs and films. This was when Guccione first heard of Keeton. In the second issue of *Penthouse* magazine, they printed a scathing review of her exotic performance based on a press release.

"Her manager called me up," Guccione told *New York* magazine. "Screaming down the phone about 'How could I be so crude and so insensitive about such a fine artist?'" So, Guccione sucked it up and went to see Kathy's show.

Regardless of whether he was impressed with her dancing or not, it was her dressing room that won him over. While all the other performers had horoscopes and pictures of pinups taped to their mirrors, Keeton's dressing station was bare, except for a stack of *Financial Times* newspapers and a few science books.

Guccione offered her a job in ad sales for *Penthouse*, promising her ten pounds a week. Keeton soon proved herself to be a business-savvy powerhouse who protected her partner

and his company. She rose to the position of chief operating officer and president of *Penthouse* General Media, becoming one of the highest paid women in the world, making \$335,000 a year.

Guccione and Keeton shared a love of knowledge, science, and art. Besides *Viva* (where she hired future *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour), Keeton also founded the wildly successful *OMNI* magazine in the late seventies, and *Longevity* a decade later, and was the author of two books: *Longevity: The Science of Staying Young* and *Woman of Tomorrow*. Like Guccione, Keeton was a strong, ambitious leader who devoted herself entirely to any project she took on.

In the nineties, Keeton was diagnosed with breast cancer and given six weeks to live. She refused chemotherapy and instead relied on hydrazine-sulfate therapy, an experimental treatment discovered by a scientist whom *Penthouse* had been supporting. Kathy lived two more years before passing away after surgery complications in September 1997, at age 58.

Keeton's death hit Bob Guccione harder than anything he'd ever faced. For 32 years, "they were as one," his son Tony recalled. "It was a kind of 'us against the world' mentality that soldered them together."

Kathy Keeton was Guccione's rock, and with her gone, the *Penthouse* founder was left to face the tumultuous times to come, for his life and business, alone. ☐

PORN HATERS

HERE ARE SOME OF THE GROUPS WHO *REALLY* PUSHED FOR ITS DEMISE.

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

THERE are a lot of people out there who wish pornography would just pack up her dirty ass and kick rocks. But you can't police the sexual imagination. You can't police art, erotic and otherwise. Porn will always be a contentious topic in America. Are its makers evil, misogynist bastards who exploit women? Or are they liberated, pro-sex creatives who want to celebrate pleasure, sexual complexity, and the human body?

Like the issue of abortion, I doubt we will ever come to a public consensus regarding pornography. It's just one big gray area dripping with sweat and saliva. Here are some of the crusaders who wish that *Penthouse* never existed.

1979: Women Against Pornography March

In October 1979, 5,000 women showed up in New York's Times Square to protest the big, bad evil of pornography. Led by Women Against Pornography (WAP) and feminist figureheads Susan Brownmiller, Bella Abzug, and the queen bee herself, Gloria Steinem, the rally stomped for blocks, with women plastering small, Day-Glo stickers outside sex shops and porn theaters, chanting "Two, four, six, eight, pornography is woman hate" until they ended up in Bryant Park.

Steinem marched with a "Porn Hurts Women" poster, while infamous male-hating activist Andrea Dworkin's sign read, "Porn is the Art of the Male Death Culture."

WAP's whole M.O. was that porn was a form of violence against women, no ifs, ands, or buts. According to the *New York Times*, WAP founder Lynn Campbell urged women to "take action—form consciousness raising and education campaigns against pornography." Campbell encouraged women to boycott supermarkets and other stores selling soft-porn mags.

Fine, things were different in 1979. All most people knew of porn was *Deep Throat*, a damaged Linda Lovelace, and rumors that her husband (aka pimp) had forced her into a bestiality film for some extra cash. However, this anti-sex, anti-porn perspective has reared its ugly head again in today's feminism, turning the movement back to a stuck-up, regressive philosophy that views women as perpetual victims.

Thanks for the help, ladies, but I'm not a victim of my gender and neither is any other woman.

1985: Reagan Orders the Meese Commission

Early in his second term, President Reagan assigned an investigation into the world of pornography overseen by Attorney General Edwin Meese. Critics thought Reagan was just rubbing his nose between the ass cheeks of the Christian Right, while supporters of the order, like anti-porn feminist troglodytes Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon, were behind it 120 percent.

The Meese Commission was big shit, tapping 11 panelists, social scientists, children's welfare advocates, researchers, activists, and reverends, most of them of the mind that porn is for sickos. (The release of their report in 1986 coincided with a much-publicized study by anti-porn activist Judith Reisman, who'd

received a grant of \$734,000 to analyze cartoons in *Playboy*, *Hustler*, and *Penthouse* to assess their toxic effects.)

What resulted from this deep dive between the thighs of Lady Pornography? A five-part, 35-chapter hunk of paper that sided, for the most part, with the crusaders: Porn was bad for men's souls, for women, for the family, and for the nation. Fortunately, for smut lovers and peddlers like those at *Penthouse*, the distribution of so-called "obscene material" is protected under the First and Fifth amendments. But that didn't stop 7-Eleven from booting *Penthouse* from its shelves.

2001: The Birth of XXXchurch

Founded by California pastor Craig Gross, XXXchurch is a non-profit organization that lends a hand to performers when they want to leave the industry and enter the arms of God. Gross's whole thing is that sex is sacred, virginity is holy, and porn throws that pure, perfect pussy to the wolves. XXXchurch argues that addictions to sex and porn are real and that most people who work in the porn industry don't actually want to be there.

I know this because that's exactly what Gross told me when I interviewed him for a report I did on the AVN Awards for *VICE* in 2013. With catchy slogans like "Jesus Loves Porn Stars" and its wholesome, loving message, this group can feel like a hug from God when things aren't going so hot. I'm the first to admit that the adult industry has corrupt, crooked deviants—just like finance, law, and government—but every time I think of XXXchurch, I'm reminded of Gross waving his hand toward a group of adult stars and scoffing with disgust, "They don't want to be here."



2009: The Formation of Fight the New Drug

It's easy to be lured in by Fight the New Drug's colorful, engaging website. The online face of this anti-pornography organization ("porn kills love," they preach) is filled with "scientific facts," crisply animated videos, and a slick interface. The group contends pornography is bad for the heart, mind, and family.

Fight the New Drug (FTND) insists they are just a group of regular guys who got together and realized that porn had affected them all in the same way. Just like Alex Jones, they created the resistance. Except their resistance isn't an iron fist and spitting red face, but a chill, bro-next-door approach to patrolling the sexual imagination. Though they insist that they are not ideologically motivated or associated with any one religious group, a quick Google search reveals that FTND is backed by the Mormon Church.

In 2016, FTND rolled out the most famous Mormon in America, Elizabeth Smart, to talk about how pornography was to blame for her sexual abuse and kidnapping by psychotics Brian David Mitchell and Wanda Barzee. Referring to Mitchell, Smart said, "It just led to him raping me more, more than he already did—which was a lot." She added, "I can't say that he would not have gone out and kidnapped me had he not looked at pornography. All I know is that pornography made my living hell worse." ☪



COLOR ME IMPRESSED



We like to think that the Gooch would have been all about April Pet of the Month Shyla Jennings. The camera loves her even more than we do (which is verging on impossible). Shyla is like a glass of pink champagne: sweet, bubbly, and refreshing. She's a wholesome Southern girl who loves life so much that she (literally) says a prayer every morning, before taking care of her troupe of animals and then hitting the back forty on her four-wheeler. We're willing to bet that Shyla had a shit ton of G.R.I.T. bumper stickers on her first car.

Photography: Thom & Jheri



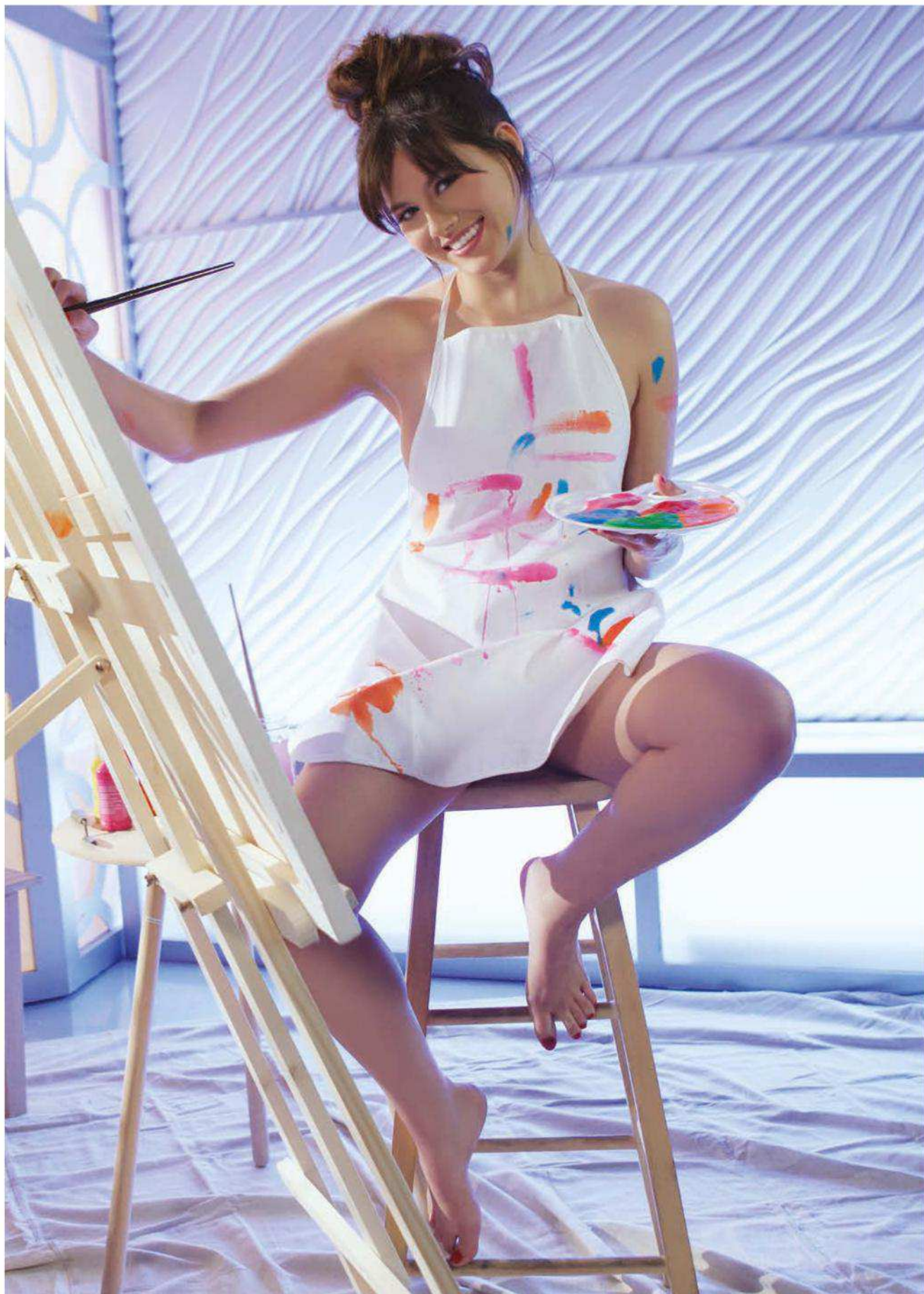




















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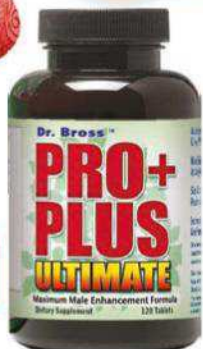


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PENTHOUSE

OF THE MONTH SHYLA JENNINGS APRIL 2018 PET OF THE MONTH







PENTHOUSE

SHYLA JENNINGS APRIL 2018 PET OF THE MONTH



SHYLA JENNINGS

Vital Stats:

32B-26-36

28 years old

5'2"

Hometown: San Antonio, Texas

You have a lot of animals on your property. Can you tell us about your family of creatures?

[Laughs] I have three dogs: a French bulldog, a Labrador mix, and a Chiweenie, which is a cross between a Chihuahua and a Dachshund. They are a handful themselves. Then, I have two rescued indoor cats and one of those cat's families lives outdoors, plus seven other outdoor cats. I would bring them all in, but they are so acclimated to the outdoors. I also have an African grey parrot named Leah and a saltwater tank filled with thousands of creatures like clown fish, starfish, and crabs.

Have you always loved animals?

Yes. My grandfather used to say that when my mom was little she would bring home stray animals off the street. It's in my blood. We are all big animal people. I grew up with a few dogs. I never had cats until now. They are new to me. They are like little alien creatures.

Everyone knows you are a Texas girl, but you weren't actually born there, were you?

I was born in Stuttgart, Germany. I'm a military brat.

Isn't it true that being a military brat makes you a social butterfly? Because you always have to be the new kid, so you learn how to make a great first impression.

Yeah, I guess so! I try! [Laughs]

With you being a Texan, is it wrong to assume your favorite hobbies are shooting guns, drinking sweet tea, and tubing down the river in your flip-flops?

[Laughs] As much as I enjoy all those stereotypical Southern-girl things like making sweet tea or baking pies, I also like to get dirty. I love four-wheeling, or "mudding" as we call it. I love camping and hiking. Being outdoors in general, but I don't think you have to be a Texan to enjoy that stuff. I also love horseback riding.

Would you ever get a horse?

Oh, yeah. But you know what I really want? A donkey.

Why a donkey?

[Laughs] I don't know! I just think they are so goofy and cute.

Another little pal to add to your furry family.

Yup!

We had a blast on set with you. You were a total champ and an excellent body painter.

I had so much fun all day, but toward the end, I really went for it. Who doesn't like getting a little messy? I mean, it's not every day that you get to slather paint all over yourself and smash your body onto a big, blank canvas. I actually do enjoy painting in real life, even though I did not exhibit my skills that day.

We gave you washable kids' paint for safety. Next time, we'll give you the real stuff and you can let your inner Picasso shine through.

[Laughs] I would probably end up splatter painting anyway. ☺

SEE MORE OF SHYLA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

1



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2



3



4

DOUBLE FISTING

FILTHY GORGEOUS MIXOLOGY

BOB Guccione was not one to booze it up. Instead, he drank espresso like it was water and only slept three hours a night. Even though he didn't enjoy a cocktail himself, he and his wife Kathy Keeton were famous for their dinner parties, rubbing elbows with New York's brightest professors, authors, scientists, and cultural critics. Keeton was a huge sci-fi geek (she was the brains behind *OMNI* magazine), and the couple was always ready to pick the brains of their brilliant friends. Here are some cocktails inspired by the Guccione dinner table.

1. FIFTH GEAR

Created by Jesse Vida in New York bar The Dead Rabbit, this herbal Irish whiskey twist on an Old Fashioned is so good it will turn you into one of those dickheads who orders fancy cocktails at the bar.

INGREDIENTS:

- pinch of salt
- 1 dash absinthe
- 1/2 teaspoon Giffard Crème de Banane
- 1/2 oz. crème de cacao
- 1/2 oz. Malmsey five-year Madeira
- 1 oz. Amaro Montenegro
- 1 oz. Powers John's Lane

Pour all ingredients into a cocktail shaker with ice, shake well, strain into a tumbler with one ice cube and an orange peel.

2. CORPSE REVIVER NO. 2

This beefed-up version of an old classic is like heroin for hungover gin lovers. And everyone knows that all gin lovers are permanently hungover, so lather, rinse, and repeat, you filthy lush.

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 oz. gin
- 1 oz. Lillet Blanc or Cocchi Americano
- 1 oz. fresh-squeezed lemon juice
- 1 oz. orange liqueur
- 1/2 oz. absinthe

Rinse a chilled cocktail glass with absinthe, toss the excess (along with the remaining ingredients) into a cocktail shaker of ice, shake, strain into the rinsed glass, garnish with lemon peel, and pound that sucker back.

3. BLOOD AND SAND

Even though the name of this drink conjures up images of sand being rubbed into an open gash, it tastes as good as a blowjob feels.

INGREDIENTS:

- 3/4 oz. Scotch whiskey (we recommend Chivas)
- 3/4 oz. cherry brandy
- 1 strawberry
- 3/4 oz. sweet vermouth
- 3/4 oz. orange juice

Pour all ingredients into a cocktail shaker filled with ice, shake well, strain into a martini glass. Run an orange peel around the rim and garnish.

4. WHITE NIXON

We like to think that Kathy Keeton was the kind of sophisticated power bitch that refused to sit down for a conference room meeting without a pitcher of White Nixon in the middle of the table. Please your lady and her friends with this one.

INGREDIENTS:

- 15 ozs. brewed Bellocq White Nixon Tea, cooled
- 10 ozs. vodka, iced
- 1-1/4 cup fresh grapefruit juice
- 3/4 oz. sweet vermouth
- 5 ozs. Domaine de Canton ginger liqueur

Mix all ingredients into a pitcher and stir. Fill eight tall glasses with ice, pour, then garnish with candied clementines or whatever fancy fruit you have in your fridge. ☞

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

Dear Leah: My boyfriend and I live together, and we have a great sex life—with one catch. He loves to come inside me, and I can't help but get grossed out by it. If we fuck in the morning, I feel his load leaking out of me the rest of the day, and my undies are a disaster at work. I know it's how nature intended it and blah blah blah, but it just seems yucky! Am I being a neat freak? Have you ever heard anyone else complain about this?

I hope you're on some birth control, girl! Your sex life sounds lit, though. Not gonna lie, I'm a little jealous. I don't think you're being a neat freak...no one likes having gooey, wet underwear on. Gross! Maybe you can talk to him and make certain days of the week a no-cream-pie zone. Communicate with him! OMG—I have the best idea ever. Why don't you tell him you want to taste him because it turns you on and make him pull out and come in your mouth instead!? I think that's HOT AF. Don't you? And if you hate the taste of semen then just hold your breath and run to the bathroom afterward to spit it out. Lay out some ground rules and tell him busting loads inside is for evening sex only, not morning sex. Just come up with some hot alternatives to suggest to him and I'm sure he will totally go along with it. XX

Hey Leah, I know most of your questions come from women, but screw it, I'm a guy and I want a definitive answer on this. Some of the women I date want me to be completely hairless, while others tell me they like me to barely groom my body hair at all. On the body-hair spectrum, I'm right in the middle: I've got some chest hair, but it's not like my back is covered with fur. Do women expect me to shave my taint? My butthole? I feel like all the hairless men in porn are ruining things for us slightly hairy, average-height and average-cock-sized men. Adam

Hi Adam, I totally hear you. Porn can sometimes set unrealistic expectations for both men and women. I mean, there is an entire generation (or two) of men who think women love having come all over their face. Or that we all can take nine-inch dicks in our butts no problem...and love every second of it! Crazy right? Anyway, you should have the amount of hair on your body that

YOU are comfortable with. Look, it's nice to take your partner's preference into account, but it's really on you. I've dated hairy and hairless men. It's not like it changes the size of their dicks, so it's not a big deal either way. I do like some grooming around the balls, of course. No one wants pubes stuck in their teeth. I prefer a hairy back over hairy balls. If you can make a woman climax, chances are she won't be thinking much about your body hair. I would say, focus less on your hair and more on your orgasm-making skills. Hope that helps!

Hi Leah. I'm dating a man who's hot and extremely charming. He comes from a successful family so he's got nothing to worry about, money-wise. The catch? He's full of shit. Without saying too much, he's a well-known personal chef whose sells his high-end clients on a philosophy that he's admitted to me is total bullshit. So basically, he lies to his customers for a living, and acts all holier-than-thou about it to the outside world, too. Can I stay with a guy who scams for a living, or should I just admire him for his hustle and deal with it? Amber

Yikes. This scares me a bit. If his whole life is based on a lie, then how do you know he's being honest about his feelings or pretty much anything regarding you and your relationship with him? Did you know sociopaths also happen to be very charming? I would rather have broke with integrity than successful and full of shit. But that's just my personal opinion. I would start looking through your man's phone, e-mails, etc. Maybe even hire a private detective to follow him around. You want to make sure his job is the only area of his life he's living a lie about. This is not being crazy, this is being careful. And there is a difference. If I were you, my main concern would be making sure he isn't fucking a bunch of chicks or hiding a family somewhere. If it turns out he's true to you and only bullshitting his rich clients, I say let him lie and respect his hustle. XX

Hey Leah! I'm 27 and I've been in some pretty good relationships, but I'm really smart and independent and men tend to want to control me and it drives me crazy. Anyhow, I've chosen to use a sperm bank, and even though my gynecologist thinks I'm crazy, I wanted to



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know what your advice would be on choosing to do this alone. Do you have any opinions on sperm banks in general? Deep down, I feel like I'd be unable to coparent with a man, as I have been drugged and assaulted by a man. I feel like my trust for men is gone. Jess

Jess, I admire your independence and bravery to think and be different. I have always been coparenting. There was never a time I was a single mom with no help. And honestly, I couldn't have done it alone. I also had a full-time nanny and help from my mom. And it was still challenging and continues to be. That said, the gift of motherhood is priceless and I encourage all smart people to procreate! But know what you're getting into. Do you have any nieces or nephews or friends with kids? Have you spent

time with kids? Do you have family that live nearby and can help? You know the saying "It takes a village"? It truly does! Do you get paid maternity leave from work? I'm sure you've thought about all these things, but if you haven't then you must. I don't know anything about sperm banks, so I can't really comment on that. I would say the best thing is to find women who've decided to go this route and make them your mentors. Talk to them. They have the answers because they've been through it. No one else will truly be able to give you insight unless they've walked that path. Much love to you, Jess! ☺

Leah McSweeney is founder and CEO of Married to the Mob clothing line and cohost of the podcast Improper Etiquette, with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

THE AMBER ROOM

HOW CAN A ROOM COMPRISING SIX TONS OF AMBER GO MISSING?

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

IT'S one thing to steal a piece of artwork. But how does one steal an entire room?

Ask the Nazis, or maybe the Red Army. Either way, the Amber Room—a glimmering, opulent Soviet chamber sometimes referred to as the Eighth Wonder of the World—suddenly disappeared at the tail end of World War II. And it hasn't been seen since.

The Amber Room was first conceived at the turn of the eighteenth century as part of the Charlottenburg Palace in Berlin, which was then part of Prussia and home to the Prussian royal family. Andreas Schlüter, the royal court's chief architect, got the idea when he came across dozens of chests full of rare and extremely expensive amber nuggets in the palace's cellar, and from there assembled an international team of artisans to help him complete the task. It wasn't an easy one: Amber is notoriously finicky to work with, and covering an entire chamber in the stuff would require hundreds of thousands of small pieces, carefully heated, shaped, and joined together with acacia gum. Eventually, the team pulled it off, and the resultant room was not just a work of art in its own right, with a glimmer said to resemble stained glass, but also became an international sensation.

Among the Amber Room's fans was Russian Czar Peter the Great, who visited Berlin in 1716 and expressed his admiration for the glowing chamber. By this time there was a new Prussian king on the throne, Frederick William I, who was looking to shore up his country's alliance with Russia, and at the same time offload some of his late father's less interesting treasures. Incredibly, this included the Amber Room. So King Frederick William offered the whole thing to Peter as a gift, and he gratefully accepted.

It took 18 crates to ship the massive jewel-encrusted panels to St. Petersburg, where the Amber Room was reinstalled in the czar's Winter House. Later, in 1755, Czarina Elizabeth changed her mind, and had the whole thing moved a few miles to the town of Pushkin. Once a series of renovations and alterations were complete, the revitalized Amber Room contained six tons of amber spanning 180 square feet. In all, the room was valued at the equivalent of \$142 million dollars today.

And then it disappeared.

What happened? Well, the Nazis, for one thing. In June 1941, as

Hitler's troops suddenly marched into the Soviet Union, the order went out nationwide to remove and protect all major works of art from the invaders. But there simply wasn't time for something as large and cumbersome as the Amber Room. So it was decided to instead simply cover it up with decoy layers of plain cotton and padding, to make it look like any other room. No such luck: Within hours, a pair of Nazi soldiers uncovered the glowing panels, and the whole thing was shipped back west to a castle in Königsberg.

Then, in August 1944, the castle and the city were heavily bombed by the Allies, and the fate of the Amber Room has been a mystery ever since. The simplest theory, obviously, is that the Amber Room was destroyed in the raids. But no remains were ever found, and besides, what fun is that? Instead, let's consult some of the wilder theories that have surfaced since.

Some believe the room was secretly loaded onto a German military ship, which was later sunk in the Baltic. Others think the panels were broken up and quietly sold by the looting soldiers—a theory supported by a couple of smaller pieces reemerging in Germany in the 1990s. Over the years, several people have grabbed headlines by swearing that the Amber Room is hidden inside this mine, or at the bottom of that lake; none of these claims has ever borne out.

In their 2004 book *The Amber Room*, Catherine Scott-Clark and Adrian Levy uncover government reports suggesting that it was actually the Red Army itself that destroyed the Amber Room, by accident, along with the rest of Königsberg Castle, as they recaptured the city in April 1945—and that the Russian government has kept this fact secret ever since, presumably for fear of the international embarrassment it would cause.

The Russians, for what it's worth, deny all of this. They'd much rather direct your attention to the reconstructed Amber Room that recently opened in St. Petersburg's Pushkin district in 2003, after a 25-year building process. The sequel cost approximately \$11 million, and yes, if you're wondering, President Putin attended the dedication.

Michael Hingston is a writer based in Edmonton, Alberta. His book about Calvin and Hobbes will be published in May.



A SERIOUS MAN

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF BOB GUCCIONE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

I WILL always remember my first meeting with Bob Guccione. I was representing *Penthouse* in various First Amendment cases and he invited me to meet him for dinner at his mansion in Midtown Manhattan. I didn't know what to expect, having read accounts of Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. I anticipated a raunchy environment, with *Penthouse* Pets and pinup art. I was not looking forward to the evening.

I rang the mansion's bell. The door opened automatically and I entered. Suddenly two enormous Rhodesian Ridgeback dogs—the size and color of small lions—stood face to face with me. From the top of the stairs came instructions: “If you don't seem nervous, they won't attack you.”

Not an easy instruction to follow. I stood there smiling, trying to relax as the dogs stared me down. Finally Bob came down the stairs and called them off. He then told me that these dogs were capable of killing lions and were used in Africa as part of hunting parties. He also told me that a Ridgeback had eaten another dog in Central Park. That did not make me less nervous.

Once the dogs were safely ensconced in another room, Bob showed me around the house. It was exquisitely decorated with Italian marble and other imported elements. On the walls hung the finest collection of early twentieth-century art I had ever seen in a private home: Modiglianis, Picassos, Légers,

and many other great modern artists. He also had works by Italian Renaissance painters. Finally there were his own paintings, some of which had been exhibited in museums.

I did not see a single *Penthouse* Pet. The other dinner guests were distinguished academics, lawyers, and intellectuals. It was the furthest thing from the Playboy Mansion that I could imagine. The conversation ranged widely from art to politics to constitutional law. The only references to *Penthouse* related to freedom of expression and efforts to censor sexually explicit material.

Not only did I represent *Penthouse* for many years, I also wrote a monthly column focused on freedom of expression and other justice issues. Bob took an active role in suggesting subjects for my column.

Bob Guccione was a serious man who surrounded himself with other serious people. He used *Penthouse* to express his sometimes controversial views regarding sex, politics, men's health, and other issues. He lived life in full and had an impact on the world.

Bob's public persona was quite different from the Bob I knew. In public he wore a gold pendant in the shape of a penis. I asked him why, since I believed it undercut his image as a serious person. He replied it was important not to hide sexuality and to make it part of daily conversation. We quarreled sometimes about how far he was willing to take *Penthouse* in



GUCCIONE USED *PENTHOUSE* TO EXPRESS HIS SOMETIMES CONTROVERISAL VIEWS REGARDING SEX, POLITICS, MEN'S HEALTH, AND OTHER ISSUES. HE LIVED LIFE IN FULL AND HAD AN IMPACT ON THE WORLD.

its explicitness. But I defended his right to do so.

Toward the end of his life, he suffered greatly from a cancer that made it difficult for him to speak. He didn't allow his illness to slow him down, and he continued to publish his magazine and to engage in serious intellectual conversations with friends and professional colleagues.

I was much criticized for my representation of, and friendship with, Bob Guccione. I am proud of our friendship. I am glad that he was part of my life and I know that he was pleased I was part of his. I don't like all of my clients and I rarely socialize with them. I liked Bob very much, though I didn't approve of everything that he did.

His life ended too early and too tragically, with illness and bankruptcy. I saw the pain he went through when he had to sell his beloved art collection. He was a real

connoisseur of art, and parting with his Modiglianis and Picassos was painful. When his creditors insisted he also sell his own paintings, he drew the line, refusing. Ultimately they relented and allowed him to keep several of his most important works. But they didn't relent when it came to his home. He had to sell the beautiful mansion he had designed and built himself.

Bob Guccione helped change our attitude toward nudity, sexuality, and the reach of the First Amendment. That was the public Guccione. The private Bob was a real mensch. ☪

*Alan M. Dershowitz is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of *Trumped Up: How Criminalization of Political Differences Endangers Democracy*. Follow him at @AlanDersh*

012
CYBER CUTIE

TOTAL BETTY



You know that old fable about girls being made of sugar and spice and everything nice? Well, while we call bullshit on the whole rhyme, we think Sweet Marie may be as close to sugar as a girl can get. The 25-year-old business major hails from the Valley, but she is no Valley Girl. We followed her around the house for an afternoon and didn't even cry over her spilled milk.

Photography: Gerald De Behr













SWEET MARIE

Vital Stats:

32D-26-34

25 years old

5'6"

Hometown: Burbank, California

There's this theory that everyone born and raised in Los Angeles is a bad driver.

Ha! I'm a great driver. I'm convinced that's because I grew up around here with all the terrible drivers and have learned to drive defensively. I've prevented many accidents.

You are an exception to the rule then. What do you like to do outside of camming?

I'm going to school, working toward my degree in business administration. I also have my dogs, which are my life. I love them so much. They are a great excuse to get into nature, which is one of my favorite things to do. I actually love to bake as well. I made my pup some pumpkin heart cookies recently as a birthday treat.

Whoa, you go all-out.

They are so easy to make!

How did you find your way into the cam world?

I saw another cam girl named Sabrina Nellie do a show and was struck. I thought, *I can do that and I want to do that.* She's taking a break from camming right now because she just had a baby, but she really got me started.

Camming is entrepreneurial. You are your own product.

I feel like my business degree is going to help me get the most out of my cam-world experience.

If we gave you \$20,000 and you had to spend it in 48 hours, what would you use the money for?

I would put it in an investment fund and start saving for a down payment on a house.

Smart girl. You're a Southern California native, do you ever see yourself moving away from the West Coast?

Sure, because I want to see other cultures and travel, but I don't see my quality of life ever improving by leaving Southern California. We have it all here. We're pretty lucky.

What place do you want to see before you kick the bucket?

I would love to go to Africa. I couldn't think of a place more different from here and I would love to experience the culture, see the terrain, the animals, and eat the food. ☺

Find more of Sweet Marie at
https://profiles.myfreecams.com/Marie_x or see more at **Penthouse.com**

O PIONEER!

A CONVERSATION WITH BARRY AVRICH, DIRECTOR OF THE 2013
BOB GUCCIONE BIOPIC, *FILTHY GORGEOUS*.

INTERVIEW BY SETH FERRANTI

BARRY Avrich's 2013 documentary *Filthy Gorgeous: The Bob Guccione Story* takes a close look at the life of the iconic *Penthouse* magazine founder in all his brilliant glory. We caught up with the Canadian director by phone to talk about his film, Guccione's rise and fall, his beef with Hugh Hefner, and how the world might view him today.

Why a film about Bob Guccione?

He was this iconic Shakespearean revolutionary, a pioneer type of guy, and there'd really been no books written on him. No films, no documentaries. And he was certainly not reclusive, he wanted to be out there in terms of his business and his brand. He wasn't Mr. Go Out Every Night, but there was stuff to work with. I was at the Cannes Film Festival, and I noticed yet another documentary on Hugh Hefner coming out, and I said, "Well, this is crazy." At that point I decided to make the film.

How would you describe Guccione?

I think he was one of the most misperceived people on the planet. I mean, when you saw Bob you saw leather pants, shirts open to his belly button, gold chains around his neck. This was Guccione's brand from an exterior perspective—not unlike Hefner's velvet bathrobe.

But I think to describe the man to the core, he was an artist. He started as a cartoonist, graduated to painter, then graduated to collector of great art. This was a man driven by art and science. And again, he's misperceived as a pornographer, an exploiter of women. I wanted the film to show different dimensions.

He always seemed like a rock star to me.

He had a Steven Tyler/Mick Jagger kind of vibe about him. But he was, in a lot of ways, much cooler. He had extraordinary

taste when it came to food, to art, even when it came to marketing and positioning. As for creating *Penthouse*, it was all about the photography. It was all about the art direction. It wasn't necessarily about the fact that the women were naked, but how they were shot, what kind of lenses and light [were used]. My film opens and closes with him as an artist.

Why do you think Guccione was always breaking boundaries with *Penthouse*? Was he just challenging himself, or trying to do things differently from everyone else?

He pushed the envelope with *Penthouse* because he wanted something better than *Playboy*. He picked up a copy of *Playboy* and thought he could create a more real and authentic product. He thought that the photos of the girls looked retouched, they didn't look accessible, and there weren't any substantial articles or stories in the magazine. He didn't think it represented what people wanted. He took a shot and created *Penthouse*, and the first issue sold out immediately. His whole business model was different.

At the point that *Penthouse* beat *Playboy* in circulation, Guccione needed the next challenge, so he created all kinds of other magazines that were innovative in their field. He was a man constantly curious and hungry, and wanted to, I think, satiate other people's curiosity as well. That's what he was about. But I don't think he had a personal difference with Hefner—there was never going to be a battle to fight each other in the ring. It was business.

Guccione felt like he had a better product. Hefner had often said that he'd never show pubic hair and that his was the classier magazine. And when suddenly *Penthouse* was starting to win market share, *Playboy* began showing pubic hair. Guccione felt that Hefner was a lot of show business and that he had more substance, but they weren't personal enemies by any means.



Barry Avrich

**"THE PUBLIC PERCEIVED
PENTHOUSE AS BEING MORE
GRAPHIC AND CRUDE, BUT
BOB SAW WOMEN
NATURALLY, AND THAT'S
HOW MEN SAW THEM."**

What did Guccione think about this idea that *Playboy* supposedly had more class? Did he even care?

He definitely cared. It's funny, when I asked Hefner to be interviewed for the film—Bob was gone by then—he basically said, "I've never compared *Playboy* to *Penthouse*, so I'm never going to be interviewed for this film." Bob constantly cared, it was almost his obsession to beat *Playboy*. He drew these incredible cartoons of rabbit ears going down the toilet. He had George Lois—one of the great advertising geniuses of all time—run an ad with bullet holes in the *Playboy* bunny logo and a line about rabbit hunting.

The public perceived *Penthouse* as being more graphic and crude, but Bob saw women naturally, and that's how men saw them. They didn't see women as being retouched and plastic-like. I think ultimately he created a better product.

Nobody knew—and I tried to get this across in my film—that Bob was the leading Vietnam veterans affairs supporter, in terms of that agenda, than anybody in the United States at that time. He fought extraordinarily hard for freedom of speech, and for Vietnam vets who were coming home. He understood that they were displaced and they weren't accepted by the average American, because they were coming back from a losing war. That's a side of Bob that no one knew about.

What surprised you most about Guccione when making this film?

I didn't know the ending was that Shakespearean, in that this man could've retired at any time. At one point he was worth hundreds of millions of dollars. He had everything he could've wanted. He was surrounded by the art he always wanted to own. I think he was one of the most impressive collectors of art in America. Nobody knew that. His tragic end was shocking to me—dying in a tiny hospital room in Plano, Texas, away from New York City, which he loved. Away





from his art, which he'd lost. He came into the world as a pioneer and with such passion. And to leave the Earth that desolate and sick was very, very tough for me to see.

Can you talk about that art collection?

He loved art from the beginning. He would go to the library as a child and tear pages out of the books [with photos] of famous pieces of art—Picassos, Rembrandts—and he would sketch them. There was one particular piece he always loved—a Degas pastel of a woman bathing—and it was his desire to own it some day. Years passed and then it came up for auction at Sotheby's in London. He bought it. That got him started. When they put the entire collection up for sale, it was one of the most incredible private collections anybody had ever seen. That was the great paradox of Bob Guccione—the man who took photographs of naked women also had one of the most astute senses of what kind of art to collect.

What do you think it was like for Guccione when *Penthouse* was at the top?

Guccione was sensational in knowing how to throw lavish parties for his advertisers at his legendary Upper East Side mansion. It had a grotto, a swimming pool, the best food, the best art, the best-looking people—always a mix of the best guests. He could have anybody from Isaac Asimov to Alan Dershowitz to John Glenn. He just knew how to create amazing opportunities for sponsorship and advertising. And again, here's an interesting paradox: He had it all, he could go anywhere he wanted, and he often chose to stay at home.

Bob was building a massive media empire—I mean, he owned numerous magazines at one point. It was war, it was music, it was the seventies, it was pre-VCR, pre-DVD. He was constantly pioneering sexuality and people's curiosity with it. He had his finger on the pulse and it was a great, heady time for him. There was no question he was king at that point.

How do you think Guccione would be viewed today?

My fear is, he's not. Which is one of the reasons I wanted to make the film. Everybody knew Hugh Hefner because he was out there, and he became a caricature of himself, as his brand. But





**"BOB FOUND THE
BEST WRITERS, THE BEST
NOVELISTS, THE BEST
JOURNALISTS, THE BEST
OPINION-MAKERS OUT
THERE TO ARGUE FOR
FREE SPEECH."**

my desire in making the film was making sure that you couldn't mention Hefner's name without mentioning Bob Guccione. I didn't want his legacy to be, "Oh, that sleazy, leather-pants- and chain-wearing guy who started *Penthouse* magazine."

There was so much more to him than that. Watching my film, people were shocked to know the real story. Everybody came in expecting to see a soft-core porn biopic, but that's not what is was. I'm hoping that, viewer by viewer, screening by screening, people will see a different man.

Do you think Guccione should be considered a free-speech trailblazer?

Yes. For every issue from day one of *Penthouse*, Bob found the best writers, the best journalists, the best novelists, the best opinion-makers out there to argue for freedom of speech. He always believed if you don't want to read the magazine, don't read it.

Living in America, in a democratic free-speech world, everybody should have the right to say whatever they want to say. Bob believed this until the day he died. But he also put his money where his mouth was. Every magazine, every issue, he had huge columns. He took on the government, he took on the hypocrites, he took on religion—which he found hypocritical.

In my film, Alan Dershowitz says you can't mention freedom of speech without mentioning Bob Guccione. Freedom of speech was his founding principle. Do not prejudge Guccione until you watch the film. Everybody who has watched it sees a different side of him and comes out with a different perspective. He was, without a doubt, a pioneer. 🔑

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's also the author of the crime series Street Legends, and the comic series Crime Comix.

AFTER A DAY OF STUPID...

OUR MONTHLY SEARCH FOR STUFF THAT
WON'T DENT YOUR IQ.

BACK in 1997, some Germans got an idea. For ease of reading, we'll translate their thought process into English. It went like this: *Hey, you know, we've got a ton of cool museums but after 5 P.M. they just sit there empty, a zillion marble-floored corridors and white-walled exhibition spaces without a single human being except janitors.*

And since Germans are not a wasteful people, they came up with the notion of keeping museums open after-hours. That led to an even bigger thought. *How about, they asked themselves, one night a year when a bunch of museums stay open late?*

And so was born *Lange Nacht der Museen*. Long Night of the Museums. The Germans pioneered the concept but now all over the world museums stay open after dark.

The English even coined a term: *Lates*. One venerable London art museum, for example, promotes "Friday Lates at the National Gallery." Less crowded, no schoolkids, and perks like booze, DJs, films, performances. Some museums take on a sexy nightclub feel, with fresh young things boogie-ing beside the paintings or bronze statues.

We rounded up ten art museums with great "lates." We're pretty sure our founder, art lover Bob Guccione, would have been down with this particular "Stupid."

GEMÄLDEGALERIE (BERLIN)

You like Old Masters? Rembrandt, Titian, Guccione's beloved Botticelli? You're in luck. This place is bursting with them. Its octagonal Rembrandt room might have the world's best collection by the Dutch master. Plus, you can catch Bruegel's *Topsy-Turvy World* (1559), which features the Devil taking confession and a woman cheating on her hubby.

TATE MODERN (LONDON)

Housed in a former power station with views across the Thames to St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tate Modern offers a world-class collection of twentieth-century and

contemporary art. During "Tate Lates," you can sample art in the Switch House, Boiler House, and vast Turbine Hall, while DJs pump out music. Free admission, too. Open till 10 P.M. all Fridays and Saturdays.

LOUVRE (PARIS)

The world's largest art museum, it began as a fortress in 1202 and by the sixteenth century was a pretty sweet home for French kings. Pop by on a Wednesday or Friday evening and you can run around this treasure-house of 38,000 art objects like Tom Hanks in *The Da Vinci Code* until 9:45 P.M. They even offer *Code* tours that recreate Hanks's footsteps.

GUGGENHEIM (MANHATTAN)

Berlin might have the Long Night, but the City That Never Sleeps kicks ass all the time. Weekends at the Whitney: 10 P.M. Weekends at the Metropolitan: 9 P.M. The Museum of Modern Art: Fridays till eight. The Guggenheim takes the cake though. On select Fridays, you can drink and dance until midnight in the spiraling Frank Lloyd Wright-designed building on Fifth Avenue, surrounded by Picassos, Miro, and Manets.

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Can't get to NYC? Maybe you can hit this colossal lakefront gem and party in the Modern Wing until midnight. Live music, booze, appetizers, on special Friday nights. Thursdays, it's open till eight. During the day, crowds can be crazy. Beat 'em late....

THE ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER (BOSTON)

In 1990, thieves made off with 13 works of art worth \$500 million—the greatest single heist of any kind in history. But copious art remains! Built as a Venetian-palace-inspired home, the Gardner is a great joint for a date once a month when it offers music, a cash bar, a courtyard, and, of course, works by Michelangelo, Degas, Matisse, and others.



The Louvre Museum in Paris

DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART

The DMA gets it right both in terms of art (a whopping 24,000 objects, including works by Van Gogh, Renoir, Edward Hopper) and after hours: open till midnight the third Friday of every month. They even have a YouTube video detailing the nighttime fun to be had.

THE BROAD (LOS ANGELES)

Opened in 2015 in downtown L.A. beside the Frank Gehry-designed Walt Disney Concert Hall, the Broad (pronounced Brode, after the billionaire who founded it) is a trippy white structure with a honeycomb look. Inside sits a marvelous collection of contemporary art. Catch a Basquiat, or a Baldessari, until 8 P.M. Thursday, Friday, or Saturday.

HONOLULU MUSEUM OF ART

As if Hawaii isn't awesome enough. On the last Friday of the month, ten months a year, this dazzling museum, with more than 50,000 works of art, holds a party called ARTafterDARK. Sip cocktails on the beautiful grounds as the sun sets over the Pacific.

MILWAUKEE ART MUSEUM

You might think beer before art when you think of Milwaukee, but its lakefront museum is outstanding, and its Santiago Calatrava-designed addition is breathtaking (think huge white wings that move). Plus MAM After Dark, a till-midnight affair, might be America's best museum-at-night scene. *Forget Tinder and meet your next match!* MAM cheekily invites. ☺

WELCOME THE PETS



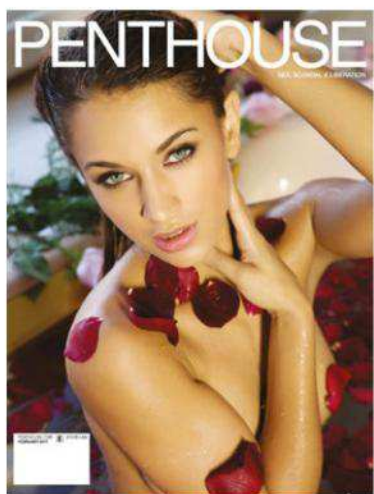
**January
2017**

Pet[™]
of the month

**Naomi
Woods**



If Bob Guccione and the team at *Penthouse* did one thing right, it was provide readers with a heavy eyeful of the most beautiful women in the world. As we gear up to reveal our Pet of the Year and Runner-Up in next month's magazine, here's a look back at the Penthouse Pets of 2017. Who's grabbing your vote?



**February
2017**

*Pet*TM
of the month

**Uma
Jolie**



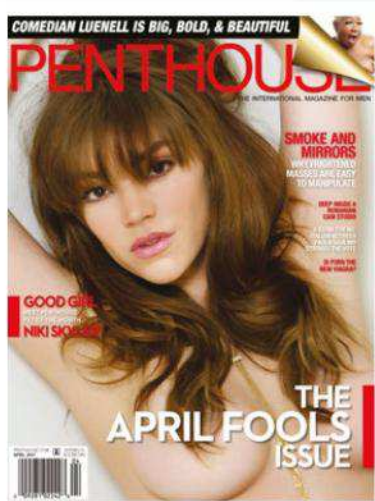


**March
2017**

*Pet*TM
of the month

**Riley
Nixon**





**April
2017**

Pet
of the month

**Niki
Skyler**





**May
2017**

*Pet*TM
of the month

**Charlotte
Stokely**



PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FOR MEN

WICKING A&S WITH
PET OF THE MONTH
OLIVE GLASS

ALTERNATIVE
FACTS

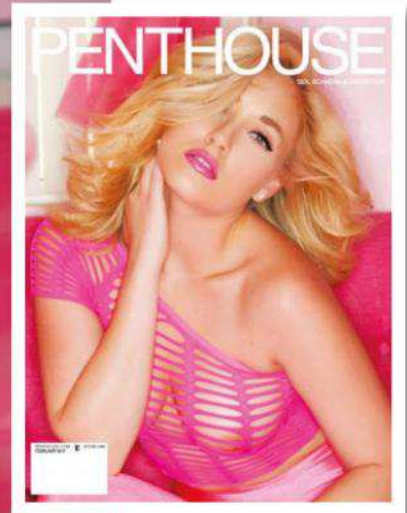
THE SCIENCE OF MANIPULATION

June
2017

*Pet*TM
of the month

Olive
Glass





**July
2017**

*Pet*TM
of the month

**Manda
Kay**





**August
2017**

Pet
of the month

**Gina
Valentina**



STOCKING STUFFER

By [illegible] and [illegible]
Photography: [illegible]



**September
2017**

*Pet*TM
of the month

**Molly
Stewart**



PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE
MISCHIEF
ISSUE

PEY OF THE MONTH
AYUMI ANIME
IS HOT BOLDLY
DIRTY DANCING
WITH BOBBY AMARA
HANNIBAL BUSS
GETS REAL (PUNNY)

HOW
CONSERVATIVE
TALK RADIO
CHANGED
THE WORLD



**October
2017**

Pet
of the month

**Ayumi
Anime**



VORSKLA ON THE HUDSON

Ayumi Anime is a model and actress who has appeared in several adult films. She is known for her curvy figure and exotic looks. In this photo, she is posing in a yellow bikini against a backdrop of the New York City skyline.





**November
2017**

*Pet*TM
of the month

**Lena
Anderson**





**December
2017**

Pet
of the month

**Eva
Lovia**



ARTISTIC LICENSE

BY JENNY NORDBAK

YOU filthy little pervert. I let you sketch a professional model and this is the bullshit you pull? Take your pants off."

Sometimes my job was tedious, but this particular session was taking place in a Vegas hotel during a porn convention, so the normal rules didn't apply and things were getting interesting.

Lisa, my coworker from the dungeon, had asked me to take a private session with her in which I was to play a strict professor in an art school. The client, David, was to be my student who was sketching a nude model, Lisa.

It sounded pretty innocent, but Lisa was not going to behave like a professional nude model. She would be as inappropriate as she could, which David would then capture in his sketches. I'd pretend she wasn't doing anything but sitting there innocently and berate him for sketching disgusting things.

I was running a little late, so I didn't know much more than that going in, and I wasn't sure how far Lisa was planning to take things. I wasn't worried, since I was strictly there to be verbally abusive, but I knew I was in for a good show. Lisa was a wicked little sexual deviant, so I could only assume it was going to be tough to keep a straight face and pretend she wasn't misbehaving.

I took a deep breath and adjusted my pencil skirt before knocking on the hotel room door, getting into character in my mind. I was momentarily caught off guard when a devastatingly handsome man opened the door and gave me a devilish smile. He looked like a slightly less muscular version of Chris Hemsworth, with chin-length blond hair and bright blue eyes. He was wearing suit pants and a white dress shirt, but his collar was undone and his sleeves rolled up.

"Ms. Scarlett, thank you for agreeing to this private drawing lesson. Won't you come in?"

I nodded and followed him in to the lavish suite. Lisa was already posing naked on a chaise longue in the center of the room. There was a table next to her that was artfully arranged with paintbrushes and a produce basket that would suit a still life painting. She winked at me and shifted to spread her legs open across the sides of the chair, revealing her perfectly waxed pussy.

"Please begin," I instructed in my bitchiest tone. "I'm not here on a social call."

David sat back down at his easel and rapidly began to sketch Lisa.

I expected him to be drawing stick figures that I would pretend were inappropriate, but the guy could actually draw. It didn't seem fair that he could be that good-looking and also be a spectacularly talented artist.

From the blank page began to emerge a gorgeous portrait of Lisa's wide-open legs and smooth pussy lips. She spread herself open with one hand and picked up a paintbrush with the other. Lisa twirled the bristles of the brush over one of her hard nipples before dragging it slowly down across her flat stomach and back up to the other nipple.

I paced the room, circling behind David so that I could lean over his shoulder to examine his work. I watched his pencil fly across the page in a new sketch that featured Lisa penetrating herself with the paintbrush handle. I glanced up and, sure enough, she was now inserting it into her pussy and rubbing her clit with the other hand.

I knocked David's hand away from the page forcefully.

"How dare you draw such vile imaginings?"

"But Ms. Scarlett," he pleaded, "I'm just sketching the model as I see her."

"This model?" I asked, going over to Lisa. "This innocent girl who is just posing here like a professional, and you feel the need to degrade her by drawing her with objects lewdly protruding from her privates?"

I slid the paintbrush from Lisa's pussy and into her mouth, thrusting it in and out as she licked it clean.

"Start again, and make it true to life this time. None of your revolting perversions!"

He turned to a clean page on the easel and began to sketch again. This time I nearly laughed when Lisa lifted a cucumber from the basket and started to suck on it. She worked it deeper into her mouth, covering it in spit, and then began to slowly work it between her pussy lips. She was tiny, so she very gradually pushed it deeper until she was fucking herself with the vegetable and rubbing her clit in circles.

I watched quietly for a few minutes and then leaned back over David to find he had captured her actions in all their erotic detail.

I called him a filthy little pervert and ordered him to take his pants off.

"But, but...Ms. Scarlett..."

"No arguing. If you can't be professional, you'll just have to experience what it's like to be vulnerable like she is. Maybe that will make you behave. In fact, take everything off. If she can be nude, so can you. Perhaps that will improve your pathetic artistic skills."

I smirked at Lisa as he stripped off his shirt, but she was too caught up with her cucumber to appreciate the rippling abs that had



I WATCHED HIS PENCIL FLY ACROSS THE PAGE IN A NEW SKETCH THAT FEATURED LISA PENETRATING HERSELF WITH THE PAINTBRUSH HANDLE.

just been revealed to us. She glanced up at me with pleading eyes, clearly desperate to come. I shook my head and looked back at David to find that not only had the gods blessed him with charisma, artistic talent, and good looks, but he was also massively well-endowed—and apparently excited by Lisa's performance. It really didn't seem fair.

I wasn't completely sure where things were supposed to go from here, so I improvised and hoped Lisa would guide things to whatever conclusion they had agreed upon. I seized a handful of David's hair and dragged him closer to Lisa, commanding, "Kneel."

He dropped to his knees, leaving him eye level with the cucumber that Lisa was still forcefully fucking herself with.

"Perhaps you can better appreciate the innocence of her artistic form up close," I said, releasing my grip on his hair.

He groaned as it became clear Lisa was going to come. From that close he could see her pussy contracting around the cucumber as wave upon wave of her orgasm crested.

"See? This is a purely professional model and you need to stop imagining her any other way."


I stepped back to give them room, wandering over to perch on the edge of the bed. The vibe in front of me suddenly changed from a

restrained scene to an explosion of lust. Lisa removed the cucumber and dropped it to the floor, pulling David up from his knees. Once he was standing in front of her, she took his considerable length into her mouth and started blowing him. That only continued for a moment before she lay back on the chair and spread her legs wide in invitation.

She spoke for the first time, her voice husky with desire: "Do you have a condom?"

He sprinted across the room and returned with a foil packet. Before I had really registered what was happening, they were fucking wildly on the chair, sending the paintbrushes flying.

I should have been pissed that she hadn't warned me she was going to take things this far, but it was so erotic watching two such attractive people going at it that I got caught up in the moment. I honestly wasn't sure if this was even a negotiated part of their scene or whether the chemistry between them had just combusted.

I considered protesting or leaving, but in the end I sat back and enjoyed the show. 

*Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of **The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon.***



DAY DRUNK

When we asked model Jessica Nelson what she would bring to a desert island to ensure her survival and sanity, she said, "My two dogs and a bottle of wine!" We were all like, *No, Jessica. This is forever. Not an afternoon.* She would not last more than a week, drunk and without a knife, so it's a good thing we just took her to the beach for the day and let her do her thing.

Photography: Jason Ierace

















THIRTY-EIGHT MINUTES

AFTER THE MISFIRING OF AN EMERGENCY ALERT IN HAWAII IN JANUARY, THE PROSPECT OF WAR SEEMS VERY REAL AND VERY PRESENT.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

Thirty-eight minutes that will live in digital infamy.

In January, back when the entire continental United States was stuck in a cold snap that seemed like it was never going to end, the Aloha State went through a different sort of panic: the sudden destruction and ruin from above kind.

Pushed out on television and radio, as well as cellphone texts, the emergency alert was clear as day: BALLISTIC MISSILE THREAT INBOUND TO HAWAII. SEEK IMMEDIATE SHELTER. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.

It wasn't a drill. But it wasn't real, either. Within the hour, government and military officials would announce that there was no threat. It turned out that someone at the state's Emergency Management Agency had pressed the wrong button. Seriously.

(Tin-foil-hat brigade, this is your moment. Bring your best theories to next year's Conspiracy Convention in Vegas, it's going to be a competitive field.)

This is damn serious business, of course, stupid gallows humor aside. Personally, I'm less interested in how exactly this went down than how our fellow Americans handled those 38 minutes. Already the stories are coming out and they're wrenching—the father who had to make a choice between which child to spend those final moments with. The surfer bro who said to hell with it, he was going to keep riding waves in Waimea Bay and die as he lived. The mother on duty at Hickam Air Force Base who called home and instructed her two young boys to take shelter in the bathtub.

For people around my age—born in the 1980s, reared in the 1990s—the return of missiles and nuclear weapons as active threats feels surreal. We grew up thinking we were beyond this madness, a relic from the Cold War era and our parents' lives and generation. Well, well, that snow globe of preciousness done got shattered right quick. Between a volatile North Korean regime and Russian fuck-fuck games in the Baltics and North Atlantic, not to mention an American president with the moral depth and attention span of a gerbil, nuclear and ballistic warfare isn't a bygone anymore. It's everywhere, a dark possibility at any moment.

For decades, a century-plus really, "war" for Americans has doubled as destination. It's something that happens over there, in other nations and parts of the world, in the backyards and neighborhoods of other people. We send some of our



BETWEEN A VOLATILE NORTH KOREAN REGIME AND RUSSIAN FUCK-FUCK GAMES, NOT TO MENTION A U.S. PRESIDENT WITH THE MORAL DEPTH AND ATTENTION OF A GERBIL, NUCLEAR AND BALLISTIC WARFARE ISN'T A BYGONE ERA ANYMORE.

sons and daughters there, sure, and they sometimes return and sometimes don't. But there's always been a physical distance for the citizenry at large, and a certain sort of psychological distance, too. That psychological distance has grown over time. I mean, can you imagine a war-bond drive in 2018 America to better connect everyday citizens with the war effort abroad? It's absurd to even consider.

I think what's happening in the world now with North Korea and the like pops that psychological bubble. Talking to friends stationed or living in Hawaii reaffirms that. It wasn't just soldiers and Marines affected by that emergency alert, but tourists, taxicab drivers, teachers, kids...everyone. Suddenly, war was very real and very present. The way it is for too much of the world, every day. Seattle. San Francisco. Los Angeles. Supposedly, even New York and D.C. are in play for some North Korean long-range missiles. These threats never went away, of course—they've been there, lurking like death itself, since America first developed the atomic bomb during World War II. So perhaps a "returned awareness" is a more accurate way to describe what's happening. Readers of previous Embrace the Suck columns know I've long called for

a more engaged relationship to America's military and our foreign wars by the American public.

This is not what I had in mind.

Meanwhile, according to reports in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, the military's shifting much of its tactical training to a potential ground war in Asia. This includes tunnel warfare, something unseen in American military doctrine since Vietnam. The change follows 17 years of fighting (mostly) low-intensity conflicts and counterinsurgency campaigns in places like Iraq and Afghanistan...conflicts and campaigns that won't be going away, by the way, no matter what happens on the Korean peninsula or in the Balkans. As ever, the Forever War endures.

As ever, America's young fighters stand ready on our behalf. It'd be nice if we could stop adding to their battle duties, though, just once this century. We can hope, I guess. But like every drill sergeant on the planet has reminded new privates, time and time again: Hope is not a method. ☯

*Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel *Youngblood* (Atria/Simon & Schuster).*

It would be hard to find a magazine that's done more for modern war writing than *Penthouse*. Esteemed Vietnam author Tim O'Brien wrote for these pages in the seventies, covering congressional meetings and testimonies about the outdated G.I. Bill. Southern Gothic icon Harry Crews wrote here about growing up in rural Georgia to become a Marine sent off to the Korean War. Iraq vet and badass rocker scribe Colby Buzzell took to *Penthouse* to explore a possible return to military conscription over a decade ago now. And those are just three names of many. Veterans, and veteran writing, owe this magazine much gratitude. It's all because of *Penthouse* founder Bob Guccione. Guccione's known for a lot of other things, of course.

Being a fixture in the counterculture for decades will do that. But it was his commitment to getting the raw truth from the battleground, no matter how unvarnished or ugly, that I admire. A generation back, as the chaos of Vietnam swirled and swirled, that wasn't always welcome in the publishing industry. Guccione didn't care. He made a commitment then—a tradition that continues today, all these years later—to giving servicemembers and those close to them the space and platform necessary to tell it like it is. In a magazine devoted to the beauties of the human form, he was willing and committed to showing the darkness we possess, too. That's legit.

Thanks, Bob. Be easy.—M.G. ☯

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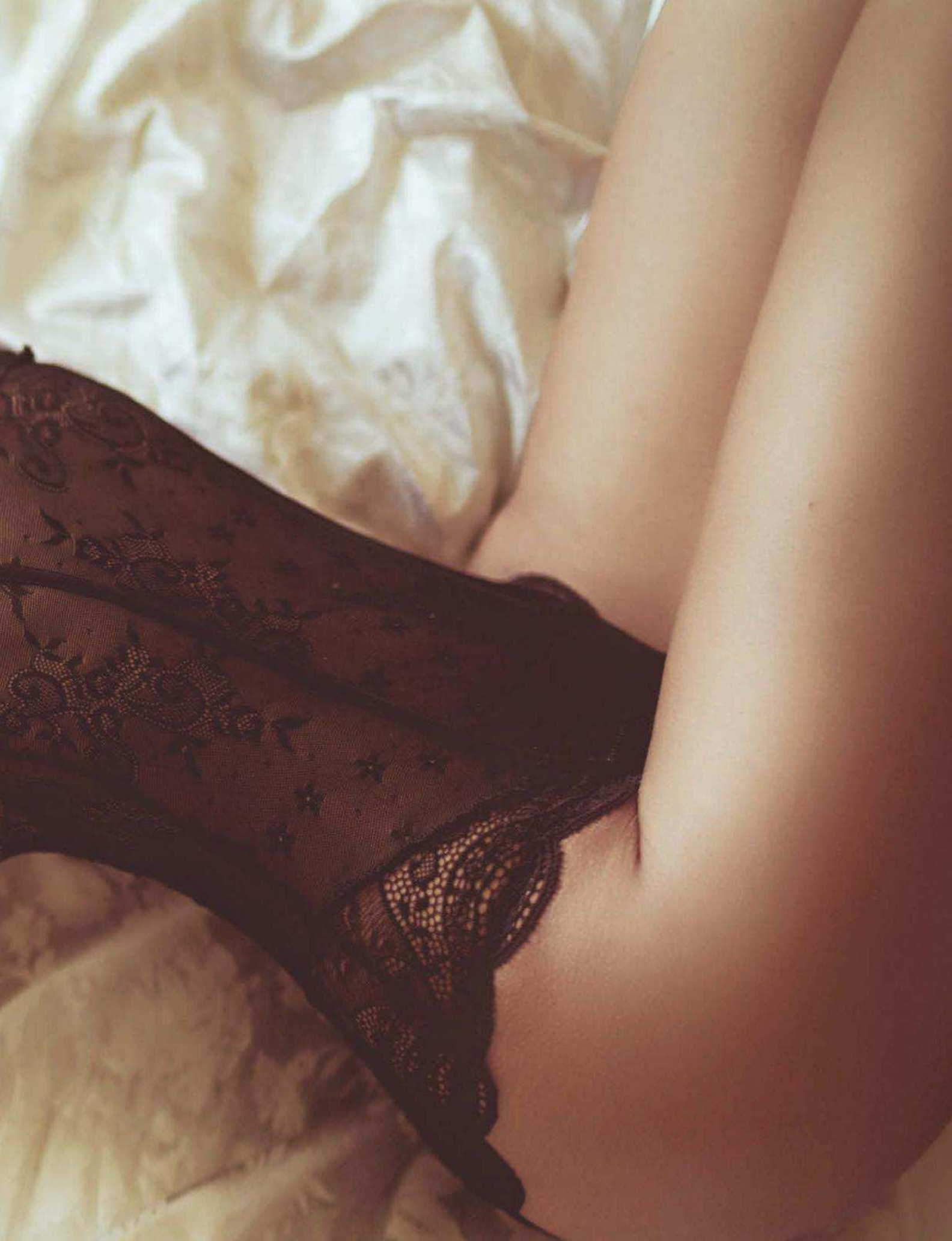
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PROGRESSIVISM

ONE COMEDIAN'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

BY JOE DEROSA

"We cannot seek achievement for ourselves and forget about progress and prosperity for our community."

—Cesar Chavez

TO the chickens of true progress, I beg of you, come home and roost! Roost, you bastards, roost! Your cause has been cursed!

Progress. Not since the terms "literally" and "ironic" has a word been so blatantly bastardized in the American discourse. And it's no wonder. Any time we start throwing a word around with such habitual carelessness, its true meaning will eventually be abandoned.

Progress, originally defined as literal or figurative forward movement, enlightenment, prosperity, and goal-obtaining growth, has now been reduced to represent an individual's championing of their own interests and mind-set, meant to benefit themselves and their contemporaries and lay waste to the cares and concerns of anybody else. And that is literally ironic.

This pollution of language is precisely what's kept me from playing in the modern day progress game. I believe in the fight for change, but I want a clean fight and I want to know exactly what I'm fighting for.

What progressives have currently waged is a war—selfishly motivated, cloaked in bullshit, and riddled with casualties—but presented as a drastic measure for the greater good. Ultimately, this is not about evolution for them, it's about self-congratulating and compromise. And if you think I've harshly mounted too high a horse here, just remember, this year's Golden Globes attendees were comprised of two groups: a) those that wore black to support abused women and b) Tonya Harding. Something tells me Nancy Kerrigan didn't share in the Academy's joyous celebration of our nation's most famous steel-pipe-attack conspirator.

All you needed to do was watch that televised travesty to realize the proudest of progressives are always willing to sacrifice, to some extent, the dignity and respect of others in pursuit of their own version of a better tomorrow. Incidentally, that same ceremony failed to invite a multitude of industry women who actually led the charge against Harvey Weinstein... because those women weren't currently notable enough.

Oh, Hollywood, home to so many of those that claim to think liberally, you can be truly disgusting. You pat yourselves on the back with one hand while using the other to stab the next person in theirs. And if you really hate watching award

shows but still want proof of pseudo-progressivism, go watch the post-election episode of *Saturday Night Live*. It's the one where Lorne Michaels (yes, I'm blaming only him) had the show open with Kate McKinnon as Hillary Clinton singing a Leonard Cohen song about hope. Funny, I don't remember seeing the "Sorry, we let Donald Trump host our show and we might be partially responsible for this mess" sketch that week. It must've been cut at the last minute.

The progressives conveniently never seem to have any blood on their hands. Take gentrification. I find it nothing short of fascinating that most of the privileged assholes that take over an inner-city neighborhood, using Daddy's dime to ruin its history, people, and culture, are the same dildos sitting in the newly-constructed coffee shop, delivering mocha-latte-fueled pontifications about racism and fascism being "gnarly."

(On a related side note, isn't it amusing that so many of the people complaining about "Trump's wall" are people that live in gated communities? I don't want the wall either, but it's an interesting thought.)

Back to the modern day pilgrims descending on our urban communities. These people essentially steal land, conquer villages, and destroy all in their path, except instead of using guns and ammunition, they use higher tax brackets and low-interest loans. They come in peace, with kind eyes and smiling faces, then slowly eat away at everything, from the inside out. First they buy the apartments, then the houses, then the businesses, then the buildings. Bodegas become jewelry stores, neighborhood bars become gastro pubs, and the chicken joint with the bulletproof glass becomes a mirrored pilates studio. There is no adapting—there is only dragging everything down to their own sick, self-involved level, so that the entirety of their surroundings serves to assist them in completing their mental, spiritual, and personal fitness goals. And that's their version of progress. Run the natives out so we can build a more "civilized" society where we can talk about the sad state of the natives.

(Another side note: Everything I'm referring to is precisely why fucking McDonald's has fucking kale salads on their fucking menu now. How about this? Don't eat at McDonald's, you fucking child.)



THE PROUDEST OF PROGRESSIVES ARE ALWAYS WILLING TO SACRIFICE, TO SOME EXTENT, THE DIGNITY AND RESPECT OF OTHERS IN PURSUIT OF THEIR OWN VERSION OF A BETTER TOMORROW.

I find it all quite devilish. The progressive's heart and mind lust for security and dominance, but their lips will tell you their only objectives are growth and understanding. Sorry, but I, for one, prefer a devil that displays his horns, not one that hides them from me. At least then I know where I stand with the prick. I'm tired of people taking jobs with individuals they deem as unethical or even criminal, then donating their paycheck to charity when they get called out on it. Not impressive, not progressive; in reality, it's actually *suppressive*. It sends a message to the victims of the world that their tragedy has a price, and it's only worth paying if you get caught with your hand in the cookie jar.

Progressivism isn't a concept you suddenly realize. There is no magical Scrooge on Christmas morning awakening. You're either consistently ethical or you're conveniently hypocritical. I'm a human being, so I know either is immensely possible.

Throughout my life there will be an extensive list of right choices, wrong choices, murky decisions, and all-around moments of disregard. Bearing that truth in mind prevents me from screaming at others about how evolved a person I am (minus this column, of course). I'm complicated. And so is progress. Whether you're looking for better living conditions, boosting morale, increasing safety standards, improving the learning curriculum, or conducting a respectful awards or variety show, it doesn't matter. Somewhere, somehow, somebody is probably going to get fucked. So please let's stop pretending we're unaware of that. Using our cellphones is endorsing sweatshop labor, more efficient computers mean even fewer jobs,

and the continuation of our species leads to the inevitable destruction of nature.

What's the mentally sound solution then? Damning the demented do-gooders or never entering the cocoon in hopes of a greater emergence? I think it's somewhere in between. Both of those endeavors are far too complicated and I do my best to keep things simple—examining my actions, considering the people around me, and frequently asking myself one, simple, horribly clichéd question: What would Jesus do?

I'm about as far from spiritual or religious as one can possibly get. Faith has never been reassuring to me. Fact, on the other hand, I find very useful. And these days, the best you can do when it comes to fact is hopeful speculation. So here's some of that: A guy named Jesus probably existed and he most likely was consistent in his lifestyle and teachings. He lived his philosophy. That's why he hung out with all kinds, hookers included. He didn't judge, he didn't cast aspersions, and he didn't compromise. He just tried to uplift without ever stroking himself for doing so.

Much less can be said for the current cast of progressives. Strangely though, it was today's progressives that finally made me realize it wasn't "ironic" that Jesus hung out with prostitutes... they were just some of the only people in Nazareth that weren't "literally" full of shit. ☯➡

Joe DeRosa is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul and Louie). His multiple stand-up specials and albums can be found online, as well as his podcasts We'll See You in Hell and Emotional Hangs.



STAYCATION

MY wife Jenny and I had just welcomed our third child into the world and, to say the least, our time to get busy was strained. I suppose we'd fallen into those familiar cock-blockers that afflict any new parent: kids knocking on the door, wanting to crawl into our bed, feedings in the middle of the night. We had to invent new ways to keep the kink alive in our lives, usually in a constrained window of time.

After a particularly trying week at my wealth management firm and our two older kids throwing up all over the house with a stomach bug, Jenny's stress level was through the roof, and I was reaching for the nearest bottle of whiskey to numb my senses. So I decided we should get away for a night. The next Friday evening, my mom took the kids and Jenny and I snuck off like we used to in college.

After the twenty-minute drive from the suburbs, we checked in to the swanky midcentury hotel in downtown Charlotte. The room itself looked like a throwback to the sixties, with deep wingback chairs and minimalist aesthetics. I asked Jenny to go up to the room first because it made things feel more illicit, like I was meeting someone who wasn't my wife.

When I opened the door, Jenny was waiting for me in the black crotchless bodysuit I'd bought her a few years before. The sexy getup hadn't seen the light of day in ages, not since the kids. The last time we'd done anything remotely kinky was before our oldest, who was now nine, was born. Since then, the only time Jenny ever really got freaky was when she had a few drinks in her system to relax her. So to see her waiting there on the bed was a prized treat.

"Hey mister," Jenny called to me. Lying there with smoldering brown eyes, she bit her lip as she beckoned me closer with one lonely index finger. Her dirty blonde hair fell in a haphazardly sexy way, and with one leg cast languidly over the other, she looked almost foreign: transformed

from the familiar vessel of my wife to an exotic vamp, uninhibited by morals. This new breed of woman didn't care about the baby needing to be fed, she just wanted to get fucked.

Before I could get champagne into the flutes, Jenny grabbed me by the belt loops and peeled my pants and boxers off. My wife being the boss was a nice change of pace. I called the shots all day at work, and it got a little tedious being in charge all the time.

"Oh, how I've missed you," Jenny batted her lashes coquettishly, taking my cock into her eager hands. She was making an effort to talk dirty and I liked it.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, Jenny

I TOOK HER FROM BEHIND, WATCHING THE BUTT PLUG VIBRATE WITH EACH THRUST.

ran her painted red nails down my hairy chest. Then she leaned down to take my hard cock in her mouth.

"Well, someone wastes no time," I said down to the mass of blonde hair moving back and forth.

"Mmmmm, yes," Jenny cupped my balls while flicking my engorged cock with her tongue. I looked down at her brooding eyes staring up at me, and it seemed dirty and carnal and everything that the demands of parenting had seemingly interrupted. I started bucking, pushing my pelvis into Jenny's mouth, grabbing a tuft of her hair.

"I'm going to come," I told her. Her mouth was like a vibrating vacuum around my cock, sending me over the edge. I finally released her hair and blew a long,

hard stream into her mouth.

Jenny's eyes were dark and devious, a far cry from the motherly wife I had come to know. She cracked a smile as a milky drop streamed out of the corner of her mouth, and swallowed my entire load. To see my wife this way drove me wild.

But I wasn't done—she needed to come. Grabbing me by the collar, she unbuttoned my shirt and I fell between her legs. Our foreheads locked together, I dove into her mouth, sucking on her bottom lip while reaching for a little surprise I wanted to try.

"What's that?" Jenny asked.

"A butt plug."

"Seriously?"

I knew it would be an uphill battle to get her to try anal again after some previous failed attempts. But I also knew that seeing my wife's tight asshole with a plug in it would drive me absolutely wild. I poured some lube on the small silicone device and assured Jenny that this time would be different. I'd heard that sometimes, after a few kids, a woman's desires change. I wanted to find out.

Taking a swig of champagne, Jenny got on all fours and let me insert the plug. A slight twinge and it was in. I then began licking the folds of her pussy ever so slowly, and her moans began to fill the room. I inserted a few fingers, and soon we were ready for round two. I took her from behind, watching the plug vibrate with each thrust. I kept pounding until suddenly Jenny clenched from deep within.

"Oh my God, Mark, don't stop," she gasped. Looking down at my wife, I saw her body had turned to putty, and without thinking about it, it happened: a giant climax, pouring out all over my dick. That was the fastest she had ever come. Maybe we were onto something.

The following morning we made our way back home; it was only eight miles, but it seemed like we were going to another country. Since then, Jenny and I have made a pact to have staycations as often as possible, partly for release and partly because...well, anyone who has kids will understand.

—Mark M., Charlotte, North Carolina

SHE DROPPED TO HER KNEES IN FRONT OF ME, SLID HER TONGUE UP AND DOWN MY DICK, THEN WRAPPED HER LIPS AROUND IT.

FIRST TIME AT LAST

I WAS twenty when I had sex for the first time. I'd been overweight and insecure in high school, so I graduated without ever having a girlfriend. The extent of my sexual experience was a peck on the lips from my prom date that I'm pretty sure was more out of pity than anything else.

After I graduated, I opted not to go off to school immediately. Instead, I lived at home, enrolled in community college, and started working the front desk at a tattoo shop close to my parents' house.

Looking back, I was a little pathetic during those first months, not doing much except eating fast food and playing videogames when I wasn't at school or working.

A few of the guys I worked with at the shop eventually took me under their wing, and that changed everything. I started lifting weights and doing CrossFit with them, ate better, and within a year or so I was physically a different person. The guy in the mirror was tall and athletic-looking, with broad shoulders.

Once the fat had melted away, I discovered I wasn't a bad-looking dude. I still felt like that insecure chubby kid, though, so despite all the attention I started to get from women, I was too shy to pursue anything.

The owner of the tattoo shop was a badass biker chick, in her late thirties, who radiated the kind of sexual energy that younger women couldn't hold a candle to. She was so sexy and sure of herself that I got nervous around her and shut down. I thought she might be flirting with me, but since she seemed to flirt with everyone, I tried not to read much into it. Still, she became the focus of my fantasies when I got home at night, and I figured that would





**FEELING HER TIGHT,
HOT PUSSY
WRAPPED AROUND
MY COCK NEARLY
DROVE ME OVER
THE EDGE.**

be the extent of it. Because guys like me don't get women like that—or at least that's what I thought.

One night when I was closing the shop she stayed behind, and as I finished with the register she came over to the counter, leaned across it, looked me dead in the eye and said, "So are you not into older women or what?"

I blinked dumbly at her, not sure what to say. "What do you mean?" I eventually stuttered.

"I want you. I think I've made it pretty clear, but you seem oblivious, so I thought I would spell it out before moving on. You don't seem to be into the giggling younger chicks who hang around here staring at you, so I thought maybe..."

Though I choked out a laugh, my dick had sprung to attention. I tried to play it cool.

"I wouldn't say I'm into older women. I'm into a woman who's older than me, though."

She smirked as she realized my meaning and reached out her hand. I took it, following her back to one of the piercing rooms, marveling at my luck. Was this really happening?

She didn't even hesitate once she closed the door, pushing me back against it and kissing me hard. She was such an erotic combination of strength and softness. She was tiny in my arms, but totally in control. We kissed feverishly for a few minutes before I felt her undoing my belt and lowering my pants and underwear.

She dropped to her knees in front of me, slid her tongue up and down the length of my dick, then wrapped her lips around it. I had spent so many years wondering what this would feel like and had never come close. The warm, wet heat of her mouth





drove me wild as her head bobbed up and down. When I felt her throat squeezing around my cock, I thought about how lucky I was to get my first head from a woman who knew what she was doing.

I wanted her to keep going, but I was scared I wouldn't last much longer, so I gently pulled her head back to stop her. I could have tried to play it off, but it seemed better to just be honest.

"This is my first time," I said. "I'm not gonna last long enough to make it happen if you keep doing that."

I thought she might tease me about being a virgin, but she kissed me deeply again and said, "I'm honored."

In a matter of moments, we had stripped each other of our clothes and I laid her back on the procedure chair. I tried to go down on her, wanting to make it good for her first, even though I had no idea what I was doing. But she stopped me.

"Later," she whispered. "There will be time for more firsts later. Right now I just want you to fuck me and not worry about anything but enjoying it."

I lined my dick up with her pussy, which felt slick and ready. I started to slide it in, then paused to enjoy the feel of her wet entrance squeezing around me. She rolled her hips impatiently, so I drove it the rest of the way in. Feeling her tight, hot pussy wrapped around my cock nearly drove me over the edge, but I managed to hold on for a few minutes of hard thrusting before I lost control and came.

It was worth the wait. She was gorgeous and down for anything. Over the next few months, she made a game of introducing me to as many new sexual experiences as she could—and there were a lot. The first time making her come with my dick inside her, first time in the shower, first road head, first threesome, first anal...the list went on. But that very first time will always be something special.

—Aaron R., New Haven, Connecticut

LIPSTICK LIES

MY friend's parents were out of town during college Christmas break so she invited some people over. The word spread and what started as just a few of us sitting around grew until we had a party on our hands.

Liz was already known as one of the hottest freshman girls, a blue-eyed brunette who

SHE SLID HER HAND UP MY DRESS, FOUND MY COCK INSIDE THE PANTYHOSE, AND RUBBED IT THROUGH THE NYLON.

showed off her big tits and round ass with the tightest possible jeans and sweaters. She was my newest crush, though we'd never said more than "Hey" to each other, so when I saw her come through the door my stomach got all tingly. But Liz didn't seem interested in me and quickly disappeared.

I sat down with some girls I knew from school. They were tipsy and trying to think up fun things to do when one of them said, "Hey, let's dress Jeff up like a girl!" This was hilarious to them because, while I'm not a macho jock or anything, I'm over six feet tall, stocky through the middle, and have an Adam's apple like a fist. At first I refused, but when three cute college girls drag you upstairs into a bedroom and say, "Get undressed!" it's hard to say no.

First they did my makeup: eye shadow, mascara, blush, and the reddest lipstick they could find. Then they put barrettes in my hair, had me put on a pearl necklace, a big black bra, and matching pantyhose. I tried on a few dresses till I found one that fit: a black taffeta gown that looked like a prom dress. *Voila!* I was transformed.

I went back downstairs. All my friends were laughing and taking pictures as I wobbled around in high heels. Pretty much everyone agreed I made a very ugly woman—except for Liz. Once the novelty wore off and people's attention moved on, she came and sat next to me, stroked my dress, helped me fix my lipstick, and told me how cute I looked. Pretty soon we were making out, her tongue in my mouth, her hands all over me.

"Let's go somewhere private," she said, and we slipped upstairs to an empty bedroom.

As soon as we sat down on the bed she

slid her hand up my dress, found my cock inside the pantyhose, and rubbed it through the nylon. My dick was stretching the fabric way out. Liz lowered the dress's shoulder straps, pushed up my bra, and licked my nipples while stroking my cock, occasionally adding a second hand to caress my balls. I made a move to get on top of her but she didn't want that, and she wouldn't let me take off my new clothes. Eventually, I was able to slide her tight jeans off. I slipped a finger inside her tight pussy and moved my other hand to her amazing tits.

Pushing me back on the bed in the dimly lit room, Liz kept working my cock. I think it turned her on to touch a dick and a taffeta dress at the same time. Just when I thought my balls would explode, she yanked the pantyhose down below my knees and got on top and started fucking me like mad. She even slapped my face a few times as she rode me.

I slid my hands up under her bra, kneading her perfect tits, and then her hands were in my bra, rubbing my nipples. Her pussy was so hot and tight and dripping wet, the only thing that kept me from immediately blowing my load was looking down at the absurd vision of my feet in high heels and my hairy legs in nylons.

When I finally said "I'm gonna come," she rode me even faster. I came loud and hard but Liz didn't stop, fucking me until I heard her gasp and tremble.

Later on, when I came out of the bathroom, all cleaned up and dressed as myself again, Liz was back downstairs with her friends. I could see her putting her coat on and telling them to hurry up. I waved good-bye to her but she ignored me. Now that I was just a regular dude again, she wanted nothing to do with me.

—Jeff B., Tottenville, New York

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A close-up photograph of a woman's back and buttocks. She is wearing black, shiny, lace-trimmed underwear. Her hands are placed on her hips, with her fingers spread. Her fingernails are painted a bright red. The background is a plain, light color.

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



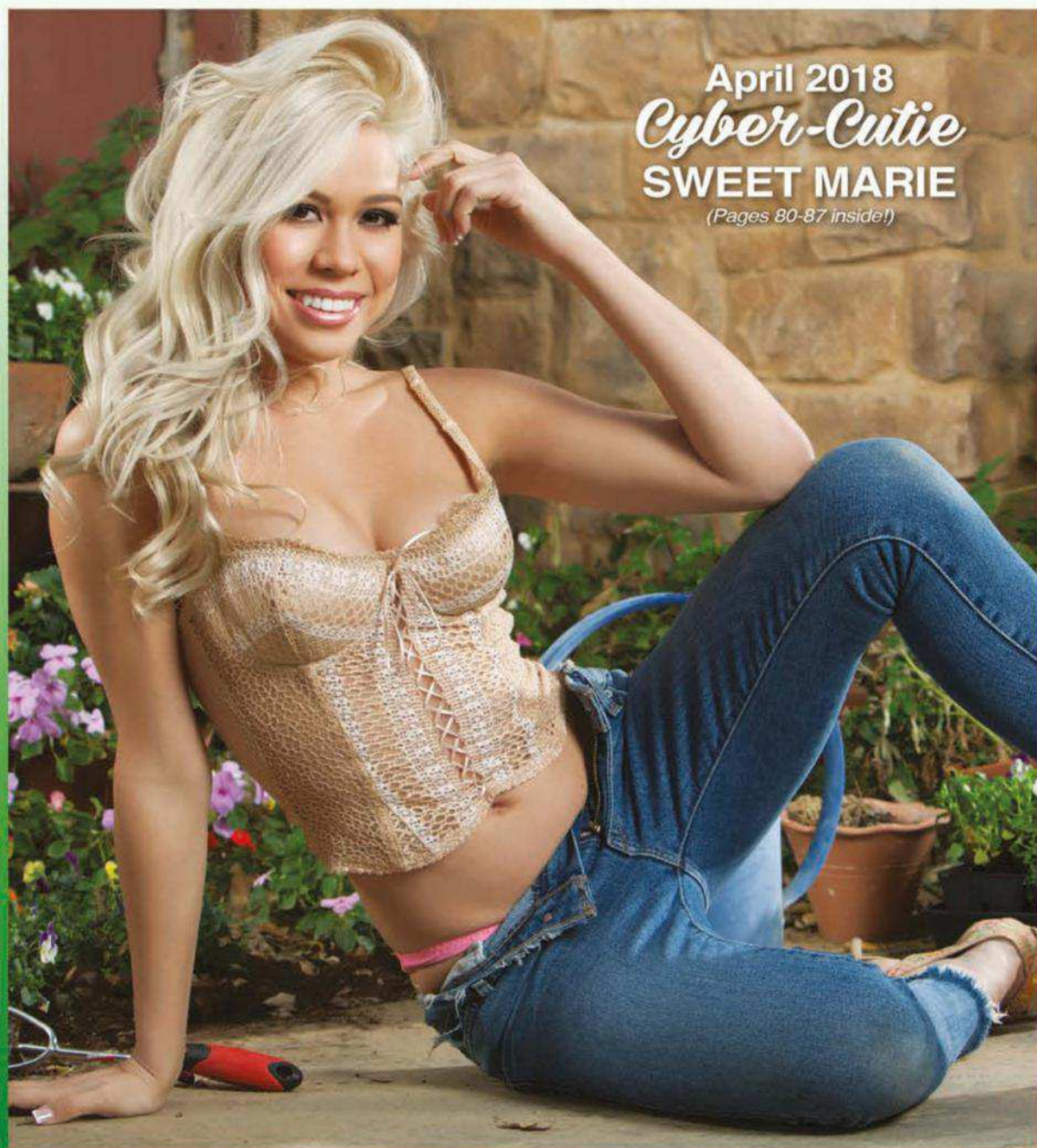
After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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