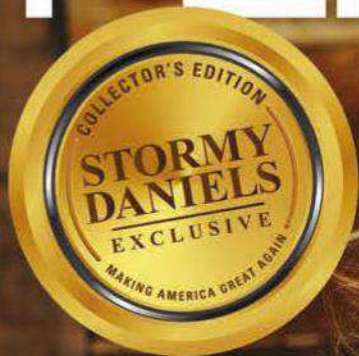


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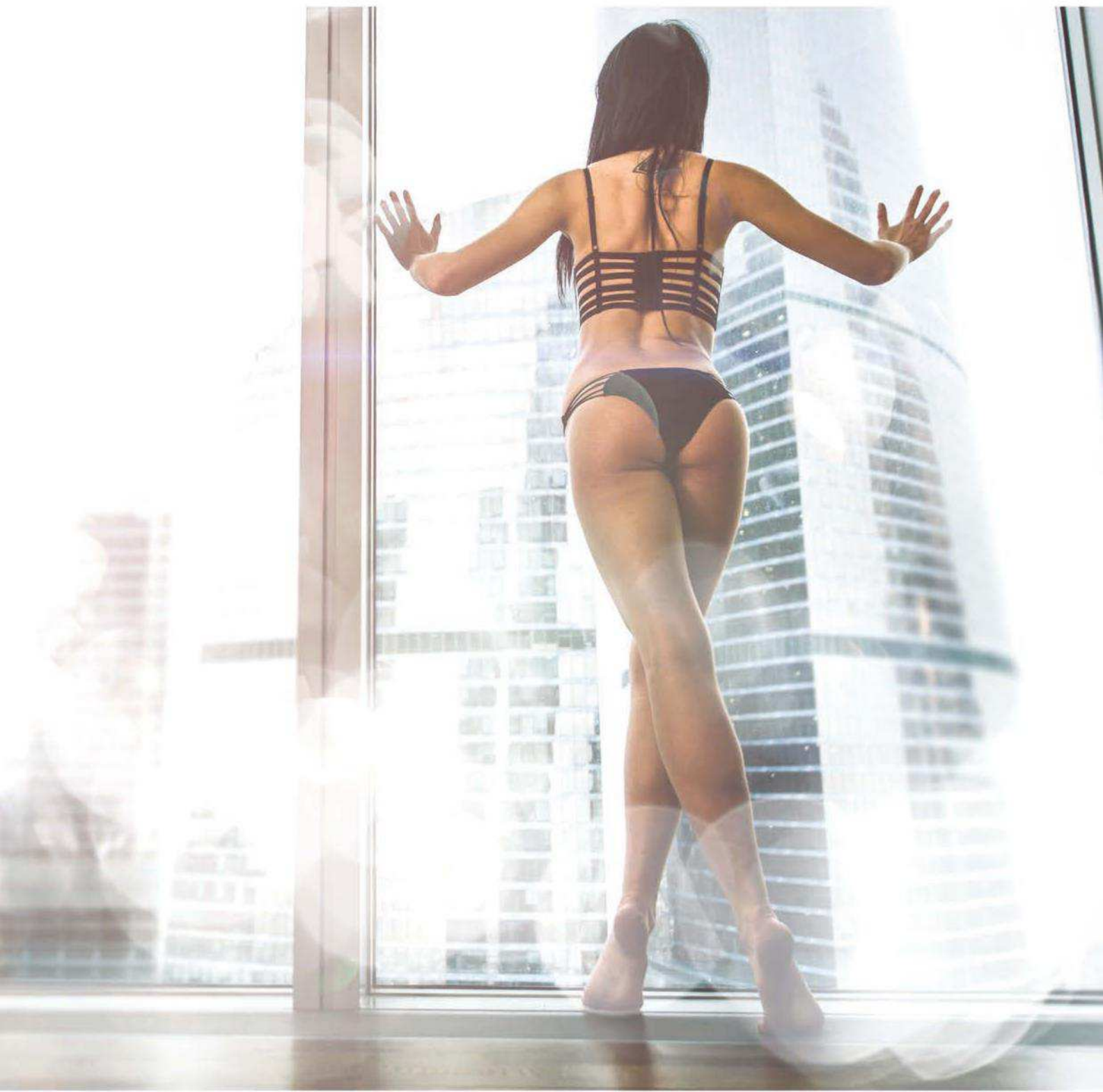


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## FROM THE EDITOR

THIS issue of *Penthouse* started off really simple: Pet of the Year. Got it. Then, Stormy Daniels had to go and become the biggest thing since Trump was elected President of the United States. Seeing as Daniels is a former *Penthouse* Pet, we had to talk to her.

Stormy Daniels is now the most famous porn star in American history after standing up to President Trump and his legal team. The news-making nature of her defiance got her a ratings-blockbuster interview on *60 Minutes*, but left us wanting to know more about this beautiful, quick-witted woman. Anderson Cooper kept it vanilla. After all, it's *60 Minutes*. But this is *Penthouse*. We don't do vanilla.

Stormy has been all over the press, but she's kept reporters at arm's length when it comes to her life and background. Needless to say, Stormy let us all the way in, and I thank her for that. She is so much more than just her alleged one-night stand with our president. She's a director, a performer, a savvy entrepreneur, an icon, a mother, an equestrian, and a hard-as-nails self-proclaimed cunt with a crazy story. We even go behind-the-scenes at her unforgettable *Penthouse* shoot.

I'm excited about this issue. Not only does it boast the most in-depth profile of our nation's No. 1 instigator, it also features our Pet of the Year, Gina Valentina, along with gorgeous newcomers Scarlett Sage and Sabina Rouge, and CyberCutie Mia Shelby.

This issue is chock-full of babes. Enjoy, perverts.

Big love as always,

**Mish Barber-Way**  
**Executive Editor**

whatthefuck@penthouse.com



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Stormy Daniels







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March 2018  
Pet of the Month  
Alexa Grace

# MAIL DOMINANCE

Dear *Penthouse*, I always dreamed as a kid that one day I might be sued by a porn star, and then one day ... Stormy Daniels.

—Richard S. via Twitter

**[Ed: Trump gets everything, huh?]**

Woo! So proud of my friend Rae Riley for going out there and doing big things! It's fucking *Penthouse*! That's huge! It makes me so happy to see her shine.

—Kevin via Twitter

**[Ed: We all love Rae Riley. When she arrived on set we were all, "Alright, so we're going to have you lay nude under the scissor lift, then we'll cover you in pot leaves. Then you'll be in a**

**room while a Peeping Tom in a bunny mask creeps up on you. Last, you are going to go naked into this claw-foot tub of fake snow. Down?" She was all smiles. Rae didn't even care when the fake snow was stuck everywhere on (and in) her body.... Everywhere.]**

Alexa Grace is queen of the adult world. She has the best ass in porn. Thank you for making her your March Pet of the Month. She is unstoppable.

—Vin via email

**[Ed: Right? It's always a pleasure to see an ass praised that isn't hanging off the back of a loser Kardashian.]** ☞

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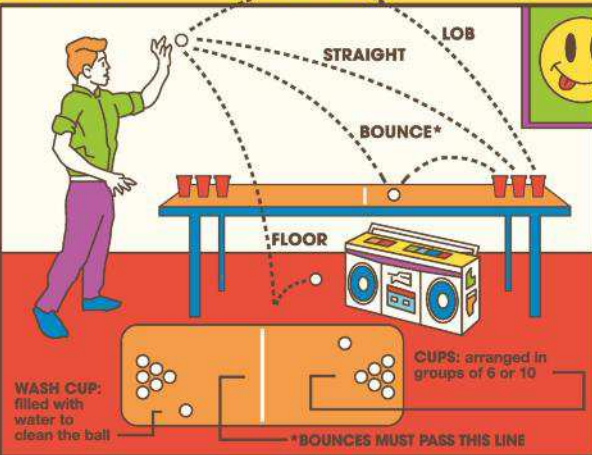
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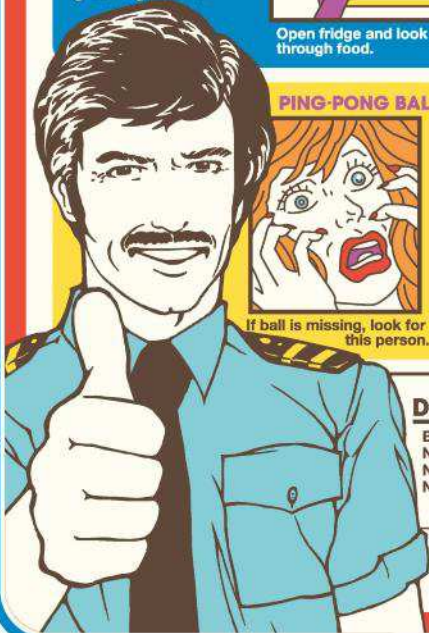
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# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## CORNER PERK

**E**VERY Sunday, my wife Melissa and I have brunch at this Miami cafe called the Corner Perk. It smells of sandalwood and has a lively weekend brunch crowd. People sit and drink on the patio in oversize sunglasses while tiny bowls of water keep their purse-size dogs hydrated in the heat.

In recent months, Melissa and I had been noticing a waitress named Claire. She wasn't your typical hot girl—she was more of a bookish kind of beauty, with long, auburn hair and tortoiseshell cat's-eye glasses. My wife and I had been swingers for a while and we agreed that Claire was exactly the kind of woman we'd love to invite home.

Claire had always been friendly to us, but in recent weeks she'd become flirtatious in her manner, even tossing what we'd interpreted as playful signals to us both. It wasn't clear if Melissa and I were projecting, or if Claire was in fact giving us vibes of sexual interest.

This past Sunday, the Perk was packed, but we were seated right away by none other than our favorite waitress. She was wearing a wraparound apron over a short skirt that highlighted her slender legs.

"Hey, it's my favorite couple," she said when we walked in. "Right this way."

We always got the same thing, so as we confirmed our usual order, Claire put her pen to her pouty pink lips, no need to use it. She drew it out of her mouth and dragged it across her cleavage and grinned.

When she walked away, Melissa slapped my shoulder. "Did you see that?" she whispered. "Was that on purpose?"

I wasn't sure, but I felt a buzz.

When Claire came back with our food, she held the tray high while her full breasts bounced with each step. "Okay, here we are," she said, setting down the plates.

Leaning over the table, she reached over Melissa to refill her coffee. Melissa's fingers moved to Claire's apron, touching it gently, dangerously close to a sweet spot I longed to get lost in.

Claire glanced at my wife's hand, then said, with a wink in her voice, "Guys hungry this morning, huh?" Briefly, she brushed my wife's hand with her fingers. Something was happening between us. I wasn't about to miss this chance. I went for it.

"Claire, when does your shift end?" I asked.

She smiled, but paused a moment. Just when I wondered if I'd scared her off, Claire said, "I'm done in half an hour. I'll meet you in the parking lot."

"Black Mercedes," Melissa said. "We'll be waiting."

I couldn't believe it. It almost seemed too good to be true. Melissa smiled at me with excited eyes. Twenty minutes later I paid the bill and left a hefty tip on the table.

Claire met us at the car and got in back, where Melissa was sitting. As I pulled out into the street, Claire's desires sprang to life. Glancing in the rearview mirror, I saw Melissa and Claire lean against each other, and then my wife moved her hands toward Claire's crotch.

Claire panted softly as Melissa stroked her pussy under her short skirt. Claire reclined a bit, her long legs spread wide, making sounds of pleasure. Distracted by the show in the backseat, I suddenly realized I was going embarrassingly slow,

way under the speed limit.

The real fun began when we got home. Horny as hell, the three of us hopped out of the car, rushed into the house, and headed straight to the bedroom.

I pulled Claire's top off over her head and supple, milky white tits spilled out. After my wife undid Claire's skirt, our beautiful guest slipped off her thong. Slowly stepping out of her sandals, Claire stood completely naked before us. It was spellbinding. Next thing I knew, she got down on all fours and seductively crawled toward me.

"I want to please you first," she said. I couldn't wipe the shit-eating grin off my face. I glanced at Melissa for a reaction.

"Go ahead, baby," she said to Claire. "Put him in your mouth."

Kneeling at my crotch, Claire glided her tongue up and down my shaft, cupping my balls and massaging them. Then she swallowed every inch of me. Those pouty lips I'd fantasized about for weeks expertly sucked my cock.

Even though we'd just started, getting blown while Claire looked up at me from behind those cat's-eye glasses just about sent me over the edge.

We moved to the bed. While Claire's mouth resumed sucking me off, Melissa put her face to Claire's pussy and began





## **WHILE SHE LICKED MELISSA, I GRABBED CLAIRE'S JUICY ASS AND SHOVED MY FACE INTO IT.**

hungrily eating her. Our favorite waitress cried out, her moans buzzing on my cock.

After Claire released me from her mouth, she shifted to Melissa, fingering her pussy, then caressing my wife's clit with her tongue. While she licked Melissa, I grabbed Claire's juicy ass and shoved my face into it, pressing my tongue into her hot little hole. The move transformed our waitress into a writhing, wild-haired sexpot. With two fingers, I fucked her pussy, then moved my wet hand back to her tight asshole, lubricating it.

Claire was so immersed in eating out my wife, she never paused to look back at what I was doing, though her hips were swaying a little, as if in anticipation, her ass positioned before me like an offering.

With Melissa's wails getting louder, I knew it was a matter of time before she came, so I took some of Claire's pussy juice, slathered it around my dick, and entered her ass. She took my cock with an audible gasp of pleasure.

To see our favorite waitress going to town on my wife while I stuffed her ass was an amazing sight. Slowly but surely, I eased my cock deep into Claire's butt, feeling her anal walls relax. For a second, Melissa and I locked eyes, knowing we'd never forget this moment.

As Melissa's wails neared their peak, I grabbed Claire's hips, thrusting my cock deep inside her. Her moans turned to cries of ecstasy and I knew we were all getting close. My body began to quiver and I lost it, blowing a load into Claire's ass. My head still spinning, I collapsed with the two women onto the bedsheets in a hedonistic haze.

After a long, delicious interlude of post-sex intoxication, we got up and got dressed. I drove Claire home and, as she was getting out of the car, I asked her if this would change things at the restaurant.

"No way," she said, smiling. "Now I have a new kind of tip to look forward to."

**—Mark C., Miami, Florida**

**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](mailto:letters@penthouse.com).











THE DEBRIEF

# SHIP OF FOOLS

UNREQUITED BIRD LOVE, A MID-CENTURY MODERN PORN HOUSE,  
HUMAN EYE WORMS, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.





# UBER OUCH

**I**t was only a matter of time. A guy got shiftfaced in one state, called an Uber, passed out, and ended up in another state, 300 miles and four hours later. His surge-pricing-enhanced tab? Oh, just a paltry \$1,635.93.

Yep, back at the end of February, New Jersey resident Kenny Bachman, 21, was partying with friends near the campus of West Virginia University in Morgantown when he did the smart thing and phoned for a ride to where he was staying. Then he passed out.

Two hours later he...well, let's let Kenny take it from here: "I woke up and some

older dude driving said we were an hour out from New Jersey."

That's how Kenny put it to a local TV station. In a phone interview with New Jersey Advanced Media, he framed things more colorfully: "Why the fuck am I in this car next to some random-ass dude I don't even know?" Fair question, sir.

Though the affable New Jerseyite has no recollection of this, apparently he gave the driver his home address. He'd also drunkenly ordered a more expensive UberXL, as if he was with a posse. At least he had room to stretch

out in the 2011 Toyota Sienna minivan.

When the Sienna finally reached Sewell township, Kenny had to hit a CVS for cash to pay the driver's return-trip tolls. Some time after waking with a brutal hangover the next day, he contacted Uber and contested the fare but got nowhere. (Duh.) For what he paid, he could have flown round-trip to Rio de Janeiro but instead got a ride to goddamn Jersey. On top of that, he had to return to Morgantown to retrieve his overnight bag.

There was one bright spot: The driver was good. He rated the guy five stars.

## FOOL FOR LOVE



**REMEMBER** that 2007 Ryan Gosling movie *Lars and the Real Girl*? Gosling played a small-town oddball who takes up with a life-size sex doll, Bianca. Here we have the avian version of that quirky movie, starring a seabird, set in New Zealand.

For two decades now, conservationists have been trying to repopulate certain Kiwi coastal areas with seabird colonies. As part of this effort, they fashioned concrete Australasian gannets—gull-size birds with white plumage, black-tipped wings, and yellow heads—then set them up on an island cliff top sixteen miles from the country's capital, Wellington, while erecting solar-powered speakers to broadcast sexy seabird calls.

Gannets did land, but never stayed. That is, until one particular member of the species, who came to be known as Nigel, arrived a few years back.

Nigel fell for a fake gannet. The poor dude fell hard. He set up a nest beside his concrete

lady. He cooed to her. He courted her by trying to preen her painted-on feathers.

He even tried to mate with the cold decoy but ended up with bird blue balls.

As an international audience of animal lovers watched on streaming video, the smitten gannet never wavered in his love. Other gannets arrived, but quickly flew off. Faithful Nigel remained. Then last December the story turned. After project staffers repainted and repositioned the decoys, and broadcast new bird calls, they were soon cracking open bottles of Speights Gold Medal Ale. Three gannets had come and stayed.

Friends at last for the bird one staffer dubbed No-Mates Nigel! Hell, maybe even a new love interest! But life is cruel. No sooner did Nigel the goofy gannet have some non-concrete companions than he took ill and died, in his cliff-top nest.

Rest in peace, sweet bird prince. We shall not look upon your like again.

# THE LISA THAT WOULDN'T LEAVE



IT seems like every year in New York City, the newspapers run a story about someone who's been living for decades in a sweet pad, paying a monthly rent that's enviably low, by NYC standards, thanks to rent control. Everyone except the billionaires reads the article and thinks, *Goddamn lucky duck. Wish I had a deal like that.*

And then there's this story. Where the person's paying no rent. Because the person is squatting. And the pad is not that sweet, because it's a 100-square-foot dorm room. Near Bellevue Hospital on 25th Street, a stone's throw from traffic-clogged FDR Drive.

But still, no rent! In Manhattan!

Former Hunter College student Lisa Palmer, 32, dropped out in spring of 2016, but just kept living in her dorm room. The school sent her letter after letter, to no avail.

Meanwhile, she was racking up quite a tab with the college. As of early March, she owed them \$94,000 in unpaid room fees. Hunter College has now filed a lawsuit, seeking payment and asking a county sheriff or city marshal to physically evict Palmer.

Though Palmer might have a screw loose, she is not living as a hoarder shut-in, and she does earn money, working two jobs.

However, the bespectacled, soft-spoken Delaware native doesn't come across as someone who's swigging warm beer out of plastic cups at dorm keggers or waking up in strange beds. She describes her life as a scofflaw occupant of a fifth-floor dorm room (with its lava lamp and dreamcatcher—details from the *New York Post*) as “really lonely.”

Bet she gets a few stinkeyes out in the ol' dorm hallway, too.

At least she's not doing what a Pennsylvania guy we covered last issue did for two years: blasting the lonesome bugle song *Taps* from loudspeakers every night at 7:57.



# CASA BONER



IT was a dream home in Arizona's swankiest community, Paradise Valley, north of Scottsdale. The house-hunting couple toured the 4,100-square-foot mid-century manse, with its custom bar and mountain views, and thought, *This is it*.

Linda Fein and her husband began the process of making a \$1.8 million purchase offer. Then they discovered something about the previous owners, Kevin and Sandra Otterson.

The Ottersons were a webcam couple known as "Hubby" and "Wifey" who'd been streaming video of themselves getting it on in the house since 1998. Now for some people, this might have given the luxury dwelling extra cachet—*Hell yeah, baby, this joint has a sex mojo!*

But that wasn't how Linda and her husband—or at least Linda—reacted. They gave up on the beautiful house. As Linda told the *Arizona Republic*: "I just can't make Thanksgiving dinner on counters where a porn star has been lounging."

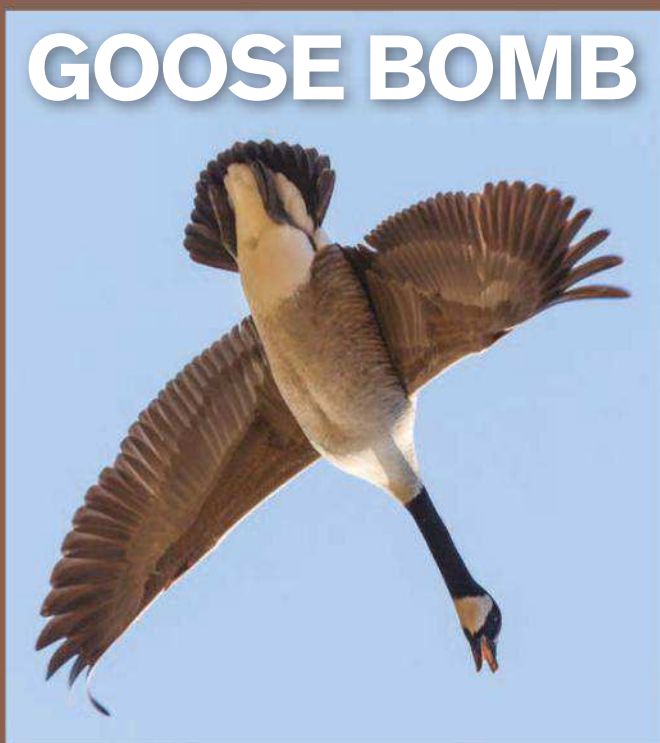
Sandra Otterson is indeed something of a star. Tremendously endowed, with bleach-blonde hair, a savage tan, and a penchant for skintight clothes that flatter her Jessica Rabbit curves, she has fueled the fantasies of thousands of website viewers over the years. The Twitter bio for @wifeysworld, a photo-filled account with 368K followers, reads: "Wifey is a busty 34F Milf and horny housewife wifey! Amateur blowjobs, handjobs, facials and more."

Upset with this particular real-estate experience, Linda Fein went public, contending that the realtor, who said the sellers were in the "entertainment industry," should have been more specific. But per Arizona law, you don't have to disclose prior use of a home for a porn set, just as you don't have to reveal that someone got offed in one of its rooms.

Looks like Wifey and Hubby are going to have to find a more sex-positive buyer.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY KOPYTIN GEORGY

# GOOSE BOMB



STUFF falls out of the sky in movies. In *The Gods Must Be Crazy* it was a Coke bottle. In *Donnie Darko*, starring a young Jake Gyllenhaal, a jet engine crashes into Donnie's bedroom. But how about a fat dead goose landing on your head? Could be pretty cinematic. Bonked by a honker.

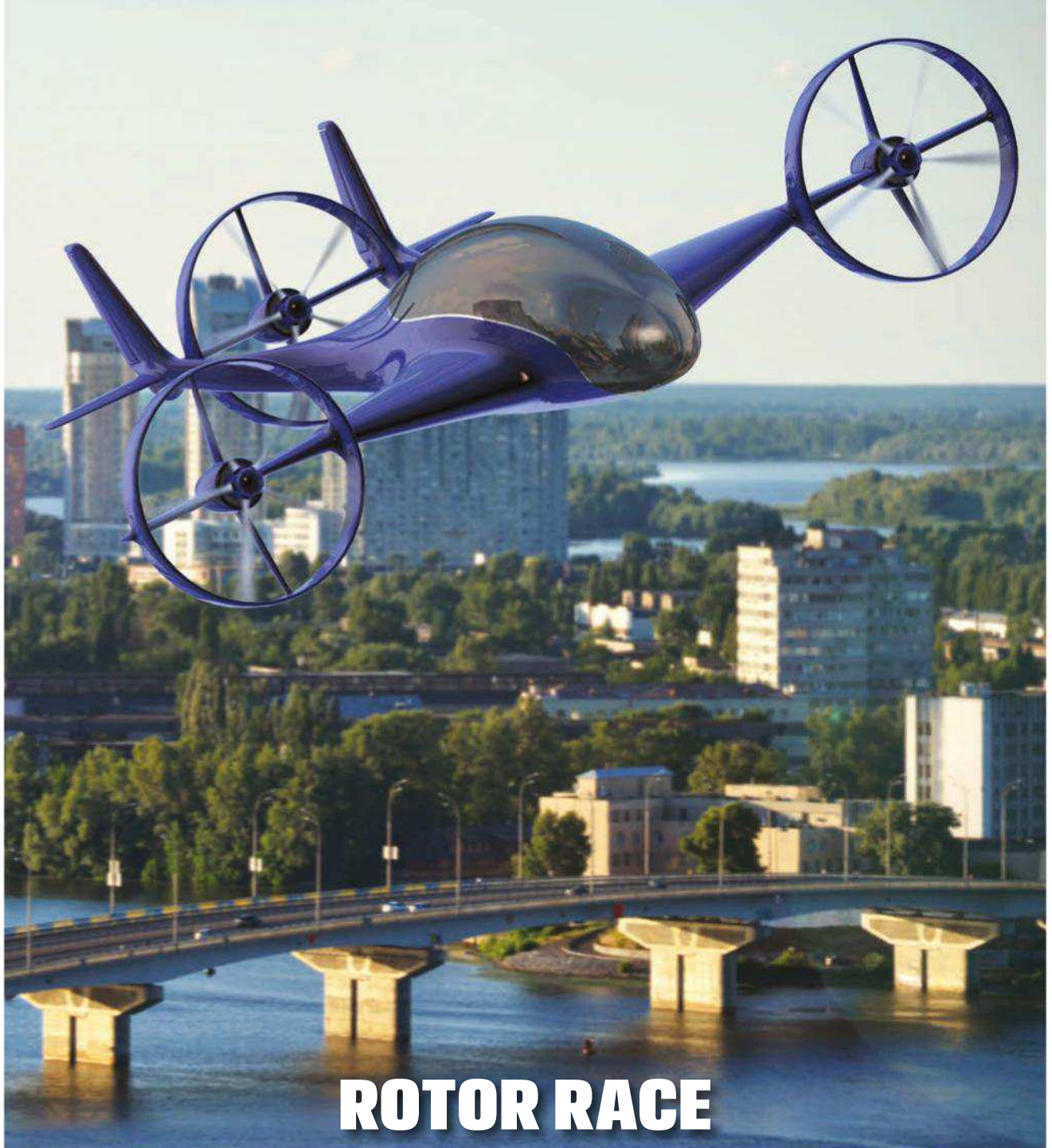
If a scene like that ever shows up in a flick, it's a good bet it was inspired by what happened to 51-year-old Robert Meilhammer last February, while he was hunting in a large party on Maryland's Eastern Shore. One of the other hunters fired toward a flock of flying Canadian geese, a bird got hit, and dropped 90 feet, like a guided missile aimed at Meilhammer.

Authorities weren't able to determine whose shotgun pellets took down the hefty fowl, but they're clear on everything that came after. Meilhammer sustained a direct hit to the skull, delivered by a DOA goose weighing upwards of 14 pounds. Toss a bag of Kingsford Charcoal Briquettes out of the window of a nine-story building and wait for it to land. That's a pretty good thump. Meilhammer's melon met with a similar fate.

He sustained severe head and facial injuries, and lost two teeth. He did regain consciousness, right there on the ground, and when questioned, could communicate his name but "little else," according to a Natural Resources police officer.

Rushed to a nearby airport by ambulance, Meilhammer was flown—irony alert—to a Baltimore hospital for treatment. We trust he celebrated his homecoming with a delicious feast of cooked goose.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY ELLIOTTE RUSTY HAROLD



## ROTOR RACE

TESLA CEO Elon Musk can have his traffic-beating Hyperloop tunnel projects—we'd rather be up in the air when it comes to futuristic commuting or city-hopping.

Friends, it looks like flying cars—or rather, noise-dampened, drone-like chopper taxis—are on the way. In fact, there's currently an international race involving some of the world's leading tech and aviation companies to go from rotor-shuttle prototype to reality.

Uber, Airbus, Boeing, Google, Toyota, JetBlue, and other companies are all investing in research, development, and testing of environmentally friendly short-haul aerial people-carriers drawing on advances in battery power and drone-flight technologies.

The Uber Elevate division, launched in 2016, plans to begin testing flying taxis in the Los Angeles and Dallas areas in 2020. A couple seconds with the Uber phone app in 2021 and you might be able to board a vertical-takeoff air taxi at a

rooftop Uber heliport.

The company has contracted for sleek, speedy rotor-cabs that would make just a quarter of the noise of a small four-seat helicopter. Uber envisions a \$20, 15-minute flight between San Francisco and San Jose, a trip that takes two hours by car at rush hour.

Airbus—which recently partnered with New York aviation startup Blade—plans to test a four-passenger “CityAirbus” by year's end. A mockup shows a sci-fi-looking three-rotor heli-pod expected to travel through urban airspace at roughly 75 miles per hour.

The transport visions of *Blade Runner*, *Minority Report*, and other science fiction films appear to be getting much closer. Which will be cool, as long we're around to enjoy this zippy new world. We'll just have to avoid incinerating the planet or reducing it to a post-nuclear wasteland with ash-filled raindrops and blood-red sunsets in the meantime.





## BINGE BADNESS

IN America, we love to binge. Whether it's on booze, food, sex, or selfies, we are all about overconsumption. We're a bunch of greedy fat fucks, some might even say. And many do.

Throw binge-watching in there, too. In moderation, catching up on your favorite show is fine. But gorge on *Game of Thrones* or *The Walking Dead* to the point where you're losing sleep or emotionally exhausted after hours camped out in front of the TV or computer? Not so good. Being that sedentary isn't great for the body, either.

And it turns out, millennials are more vulnerable than older folks to binge blowback. According to a new study by Patient.info, millennials ages 18 to 24 reported feeling depressed, sleepless, and anxious when a TV show they've binge-watched ends, while boomers 55 and up are not as affected psychologically by the extended immersion.

"We have long been aware of the physical effects that come along with being a couch potato," said Dr. Sarah Jarvis, clinical director of Patient.info. "But we should also be conscious that if we don't moderate our TV-watching habits, it can also be highly detrimental to our—and particularly our children's—mental well-being."

And this study isn't even addressing all the hours young millennials spend with a phone face-palmed to their head, with life going on around them.

Remember when you had to wait to watch your show at a specific time on a certain night? Researchers are starting to conclude those days may have been better for the psyche.

"These findings," Dr. Jarvis continued, "highlight some very worrying consequences of binge-watching TV, particularly within the younger generation."

In other words, millennials addicted to their Netflix, Amazon, and Hulu shows are basically unsupervised alcoholics in a brewery. Glug, glug, glug....

## \$2 MILLION DUMP

AS Coach Vince Lombardi once famously bellowed during a Green Bay Packers football game, "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?!"

We're speaking, of course, of Silicon Valley real estate. With so many multibillion-dollar companies in the area, and so many rich-ass employees, home prices are beyond mental.

Case in point: Back in March, a beige-painted, shingle-roofed, one-story ranch house, 75 years old, located on a bland Sunnyvale street, went on the market for \$1.45 million. Batshit, right? But it gets crazier. It only stayed on the market for two days—the humble home sold before the weekend was over. And the buyer paid in *cash*. And not only that: **THE FREAKIN' BUYER PAID \$2 MILLION FOR THIS BEIGE DUD OF A HOUSE.**

Yup, it sold for \$550K *more* than the asking price.

We refer you back to Vince Lombardi's immortal question.

The buyer who coughed up that huge wad paid an insane \$2,358 per square foot—a new Sunnyvale record for price measured against home size.

That's what happens when you blow \$2 million on an 848-square-foot house.

The joint is about as memorable as a sneeze. Along with the beige paneled exterior and brown shingles, it could use a few more windows and decent landscaping.

For \$300K this would be a screaming deal, but in shelling out \$2 million, the buyer (no doubt in tech, right?) became what any 5-year-old would describe as a "dummy dumb head."

At least that's how we see it. If you can afford to walk around with that kind of scratch, why are you purchasing an overpriced Sunnyvale shoebox? Come on!





# REVENGE OF THE WORMS



POOR Abby Beckley never saw it coming. The Portland, Oregon, resident, now 28, was salmon fishing in Alaska when her eye became insanely itchy. Like most of us would, she toughed it out, rubbing and fiddling with her lower lid, expecting the schmutz to vanish with help from tears. Nope. That night, with the irritation driving her crazy, she got desperate.

"I finally couldn't take it anymore," Beckley told NPR. "I went to the mirror and decided I'm going to pull out whatever was in my eye, even if I have to rip part of my eye out."

She poked and rubbed and a tiny, white, mucus-like thread ended up on her finger. Gag alert: As she studied the enormous eye-booger, it began moving. The booger was a worm.

And it wasn't alone. She pulled five more worms from her eyeball before she got herself to an Alaskan doctor. The examining physician was baffled. She hightailed it back to Portland and began seeing doctors there. They were baffled, too. And grossed out.

"I'll never forget the look on the intern's face when he saw one

squiggling across my eye," she told the *Washington Post*. Barf!

After the big boys at the Centers for Disease Control got involved, it was determined that Beckley had contracted *Thelazia gulosa*—a parasitic eye worm normally found in cattle.

For cows, eye worms are another day in the field. Beckley's was the first reported case in humans. Medical parasitologist Richard Bradbury cracked the case after consulting a 90-year-old German medical journal. He discovered that face flies, which drink cow tears, deposit the male and female worms onto cow eyeballs. The worms mate, produce tiny larvae, and get passed onto other cow eyeballs by other face flies.

In this case, the cow was Beckley. Essentially, a fly puked baby worms into her eye. Doctors think this might have happened as she walked through Alaskan fields. All told, 14 worms were removed from the Oregonian's eye over a 30-day period. But don't worry, Beckley has been assured that no other worms crawled up into her brain and are mating.

Did you read this before dinner? Bon appétit! ☺





MUSIC

## BRAINWASH ROCK DO I HAVE TO LIKE CAPTAIN BEEFHEART?

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

I'm no art historian, but it strikes me that the "art" of modern art takes place at some point *after* its creation. You paint a skyscraper-size donut, say, and then spend years talking about it: what it symbolizes, how it comments on what came before it, what it's trying to say.

Successive modern movements upended the traditional "pretty picture" aesthetic established during the Renaissance, and in the process traditional formal skills became irrelevant. It's all about the concept.

But in popular music, it wasn't that simple. Ornette Coleman brought an avant-garde approach to jazz music, and at the time people thought he was just playing out of tune. Why the difference?

Unlike visual art, it takes time to listen to avant-garde music. And when so much music is so awful, how likely is it that the awful thing you're listening to is awful for a reason? Like the giant donut, can you come to appreciate a piece of music just by talking about it?

Consider the 1969 album *Trout Mask Replica* by Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band. This record has legions of fans, a thing I know because at least 10,000 of them have tried to get me to listen to it. To

the untrained ear, it's the sound of stoned teenagers in a garage, not actually playing together but all playing different songs as they tune up or try out different amp settings. On top of that racket there's a guy spewing half-funny beat poetry in a near-perfect imitation of blues icon Howlin' Wolf. So what makes it art?

Captain Beefheart (real name Don Van Vliet) recruited musicians with the idea to *live* the material, which meant communing in a small house outside Los Angeles for eight months and blocking out everything else. But what started as a hippified attempt at deep expression quickly turned into a hostage situation, later described by drummer John French as "Mansonesque."


With no money, the band ate cold beans out of cans and took turns sleeping in various corners on the floor. They suffered constant emotional and physical abuse by Van Vliet, who demanded loyalty and ostracized those who questioned him. Straight out of the cult-leader playbook, he broke their wills by keeping them hungry and exhausted.

Van Vliet wrote melodies on the piano, an instrument he couldn't play, that were then transcribed by John French for the band. Not knowing anything about keys

or time signatures, Van Vliet assembled compositions bound together only by the paper they were written on. Thus you can hear, in just the first track, more than twenty melodic motifs in various keys and time signatures, stacked on top of each other.

But what sounds like chaos is actually an incredibly precise matrix of themes bound together by impossibly skillful musicians. With modern technology it would be easy to overdub or program these parts, but they didn't do that.

Captives of a megalomaniac, the band rehearsed for fourteen hours a day for eight months and their performance was recorded live. If they did the whole thing again, it would sound exactly the same.

Knowing this, when I hear the record, well...I still don't like it. But in an art-historical sense, and considering the plight of those poor musicians, it's hard not to stand in awe of it. Kind of like the Pyramids, which were also created by slaves. 

*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*



## ABOUT SIX IMPORTANT HOUNDS



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*Todd Francis*





(WO)MAN OF THE MOMENT

## MELISSA BRODER

IT'S strange to think that not too long ago Melissa Broder was mostly unknown beyond New York City's poetry community. Then in 2012 she began doing something that would eventually lead to the national profile and universe of fans she has today. She created the Twitter alias @sosadtoday and began barfing out dispatches from her anxious brain. The account quickly took off, and soon even celebrities like Katy Perry and Miley Cyrus were retweeting @sosadtoday. The writer struggled with anxiety and depression, it was clear, but she used dark, brilliant, self-deprecating humor to deal.

Fans couldn't put a name to the tweeter until May 2015, when Broder unmasked in a *Rolling Stone* interview. A book deal soon followed, and in 2016 Grand Central Publishing released the essay collection *So Sad Today*. *Vanity Fair* called Broder's book "a triumph of unsettlingly relatable prose," while *GQ* named her "the internet's most powerful merchant of feelings." The suburban Philadelphia native blew up like confetti.

After a bazillion more neurotic, hilarious tweets and popular columns in *Elle* and *VICE*, Broder is back in the spotlight with her debut novel *The Pisces*, a strange, sexy, and addictive story about a disastrous woman who falls in love with a Venice Beach merman.

"Falling in love with a merman is not for everybody," Broder tells *Penthouse*. "But if you're the type of person who craves

the intoxicating potentiality of the first weeks of an affair, who wishes that an erotic moment could sustain itself infinitely, and who doesn't understand why fantasy can't just be reality, then you are merman bait. I am that person."

Broder writes fearlessly, with humor and depth, examining the maniac highs and lows of fucking and falling in love. "If I'm not turning myself on when I write erotica, I'm doing something wrong," Broder says. "The writer should be wet."

Elaborating on her approach, the L.A.-based author says, "It's about physical empathy, the ability to inhabit different bodies. It's also about writing from other places within oneself besides the brain—the gut, the pussy, the subconscious—and allowing oneself to access those places without self-editing in the first draft."

To bring about that access, Broder prefers to draft by dictating into her iPhone. She likes to write in transit, in places where she shouldn't necessarily be writing. In New York City, where she got her MFA, she wrote poetry while riding the subway, using her iPhone's Notes app.

In L.A., Broder writes in traffic, while shopping for groceries, or working out. "Sometimes I'll be dictating while jogging and say, 'It was a cock that she had no idea she had—I'd found her cock,' and people on Santa Monica Boulevard look at me weirdly."

Hey, *Penthouse Letters* fans. This novel's for you! ☞







# CORAL OSBOURNE

WHEN we picture a seasoned chef, an angry, sweaty man in his late forties with stress wrinkles and a Marlboro habit comes to mind. Only on the Food Network would you find a culinary expert half as sexy as Coral Osbourne. The Los Angeles-based private chef hosts supper clubs, pop-up dinners, executive events, and risqué bachelorette soirees. Coral's got a George Costanza approach to her culinary career: Food and sex are the perfect pair. After graduating from New York City's New School of Cooking and Natural Health, Coral dove headfirst into the game and launched her brand Cooking My Way to the Top, creating mouthwatering, unique dishes that her clients go crazy for. And did we mention she cooks almost exclusively in her lingerie? Are you drooling yet? 

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# TAKE TWO?

## REMAKES OF CLASSIC MOVIES THAT DON'T SUCK.

BY SARAH WALKER

Dakota Johnson at the Venice Film Festival premiere of *A Bigger Splash*

**W**E regret to inform you that the current barrage of Hollywood remakes will likely never cease. If anything, it's getting worse.

So prepare yourselves, people, for reimaginings/reboots/rewhatevers of films like *An American Werewolf in London*, *The Crow*, *Dirty Dancing*, *American Psycho*, *Scarface*, *Romancing the Stone*, and *Weird Science*. We kid you not.

Looking back at the last few decades, when remakes of classic, foreign, or just plain old movies really took hold, there are plenty that should be banished for all eternity—1993's *The Vanishing* and Spike Lee's godawful *Oldboy* (2013) are high on our list. On the flip side, sometimes a remake can totally work. Here are three of our favorites.

**SORCERER (1977)** William Friedkin was still riding high after *The French Connection* (1971) and *The Exorcist* (1973) when he decided to direct *Sorcerer*, a “personal project” based loosely on Henri-Georges Clouzot's 1953 film, *The Wages of Fear* (itself an adaptation of a best-selling novel).

The black-and-white French original impressed critics, but received limited release in the U.S.; distributors considered it anti-American, and, honestly, the first hour is slow as shit. But Friedkin reworked its plodding start to set an international thriller tone, and then got down to business: An American oil well explodes in a South American village. Irish-American gangster Jackie Scanlon (Roy Scheider, in a role originally written for Steve McQueen) and three other criminal exiles are hired to drive trucks filled with nitroglycerine through 218 miles of dense jungle to stent the burning geyser. It's a veritable suicide mission, but

one with a life-changing payout at the end.

*Sorcerer* was a commercial flop, vastly overshadowed by the contemporaneous release of George Lucas's *Star Wars*, but critics and film lovers still worship it. A 2014 high-def remaster restored Friedkin's 35mm negative, along with the fantastic Tangerine Dream soundtrack, so now everyone can enjoy this overlooked treasure in all its original glory.

**SOLARIS (2002)** Andrei Tarkovsky's 1972 sci-fi opus *Solaris*, based on the 1961 novel by Polish writer Stanislaw Lem, is an epic arthouse mindfuck—long, slow, and totally bizarre.

Critic Roger Ebert revisited the classic Soviet film in 2003: “We can be bored,” he mused, “or we can use the interlude as an opportunity to consolidate what has gone before, and process it in terms of our own reflections.” Fine, whatever. But this explains why only the nerdiest of film nerds saw it when it was released in the U.S.

The concept behind it is pretty cool, though: A psychologist is summoned to a floating space station above the planet Solaris, after a crew member kills himself and the remaining two cosmonauts go loco. Turns out the alien planet has figured out how to infiltrate the men's minds, creating flesh-and-blood facsimiles of memories and people from their past. In the psychologist's case, it's his long-dead wife.


Enter director Steven Soderbergh (*The Limey*, *Oceans Eleven*, *Logan Lucky*, etc.), who distilled the weighty ideas behind Tarkovsky's film and Lem's book, cut the running time in half, and cast George Clooney and the ridiculously gorgeous Natascha McElhone as leads.

The result is a visually stunning sci-fi psychodrama—an unusual combo, which is probably why it was a box-office dud. But we can live without robots shooting death beams out of their eyeholes for one goddamn film, right?

**A BIGGER SPLASH (2015)** Based on the 1969 New Wave thriller *La Piscine* (*The Swimming Pool*), *A Bigger Splash* takes its title from a 1967 David Hockney painting—and it's as sensually striking as a Hockney, too, with its prurient, oh-so-lux “lifestyle porn” setting.

The original film was a huge hit in France, with 60s mega stars Alain Delon, Romy Schneider, Maurice Ronet, and Jane Birkin. This saucy update (by Luca Guadagnino, who directed this year's Oscar-winning *Call Me By Your Name*, as well as the upcoming remake of Dario Argento's 1977 horror classic *Suspiria*) has an equally impressive cast.

Alien-beauty Tilda Swinton plays Marianne, a Bowie-esque rock star recovering from throat surgery at her house on a remote Mediterranean island with her younger beau Paul (Dutch actor Matthias Schoenaerts). Their taciturn pool-fucking is soon interrupted by the arrival of Marianne's manic, party-dog ex-lover and former producer Harry (Ralph Fiennes), who totes along his newly discovered sex kitten daughter, Penelope (Dakota Johnson).

From here it's beautiful people in a beautiful setting, all behaving very badly until someone ends up dead in the pool. Don't miss Fiennes dancing like a coked-up chicken to the Stone's “Emotional Rescue”—easily one of our favorite movie scenes evuh. 



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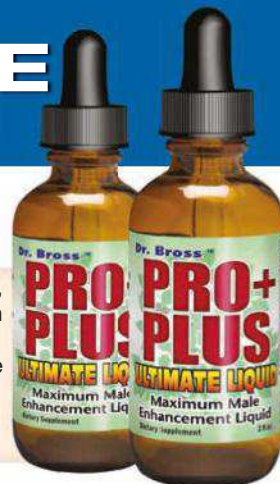


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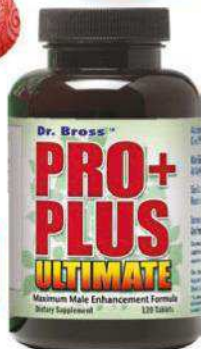


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GAMING

## REDNECK RAMPAGE: FAR CRY 5


Ubisoft (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

**A** LIENS, terrorists, zombies, Nazis, and even Nazi zombies make for tame, uncontroversial targets in typical shooting games, but the latest installment in the *Far Cry* series doesn't play it safe. Judge this game by its cover and you'd think you were declaring war on a *Duck Dynasty*-style family of libertarian gun nuts. That's not far off the mark. Your hero—a small-town sheriff's deputy—is swept into a backwoods revolt against a doomsday cult of fundamentalist Christians. Known as the Project at Eden's Gate and led by a crazy-eyed preacher, the cult was inspired by real-life homegrown militias, bitter clingers who praise God and

pass the ammunition. The choice of cult preacher as a villain has some players complaining this game is too preachy; one online petition demanded that publisher Ubisoft change the enemies to Muslims, or at least make them less straight, white, and male.

Eden's Gate cultists believe the end is nigh, so it's your mission to usher in their demise before they drag the residents of Hope County, Montana, to kingdom come. True to the *Far Cry* formula, this sequel delivers an open-world sandbox filled with play-your-way missions mixed with a trip to the zoo. Take a break from bashing Bible thumpers to hunt deer, go fly-fishing in rivers and streams, and just

take advantage of the game's stunning recreation of Big Sky Country.

Joining you in your anti-jingoist jihad is your mutt, Boomer. He sinks his fangs into the cultists and even fetches their weapons. You can also hire snipers, pilots, and other mercs from a colorful cast of locals, or just go about each mission alone or with a friend online. Hope County's wilderness is the largest yet seen in the series and completely open from the outset. Explore this great outdoors with a fleet of made-in-America muscle cars, ATVs, big rigs, and even puddle-jumping planes equipped with napalm to baptize the doomsday cultists in fire. 

### HOLY MIGHT: GOD-FEARING GAMES FOR THE BLASPHEMOUS

> 4 <

#### PILLARS OF ETERNITY II: DEADFIRE (OBSIDIAN, PC)

If you spent your adolescence tossing 20-sided dice or skulking through PC-game dungeons, this loving homage to the time-sapping *Baldur's Gate* series might be the only game you need this year. Multiple players set sail on their customizable ship to battle the gods of a mythical world.



> 3 <

#### DARK SOULS REMASTERED (BANDAI NAMCO ENTERTAINMENT, SWITCH)

Death lurks around every corner in this unforgiving hack-and-slash fantasy that tested the mettle of gamers when it first released in 2011. This deluxe edition for the Nintendo Switch has even more dangerous cultist enemies ("Praise the sun!") and new dark spaces to explore.



> 2 <

#### DEVIL MAY CRY HD COLLECTION (CAPCOM, XBOX ONE, PS4, PC)

The *Devil May Cry* series wins a permanent spot in the action-game hall of fame for its tragically hip antihero, Dante, the platinum-blond lovechild of an angel and a demon. This collection spiffs up the graphics and control of the first three installments.



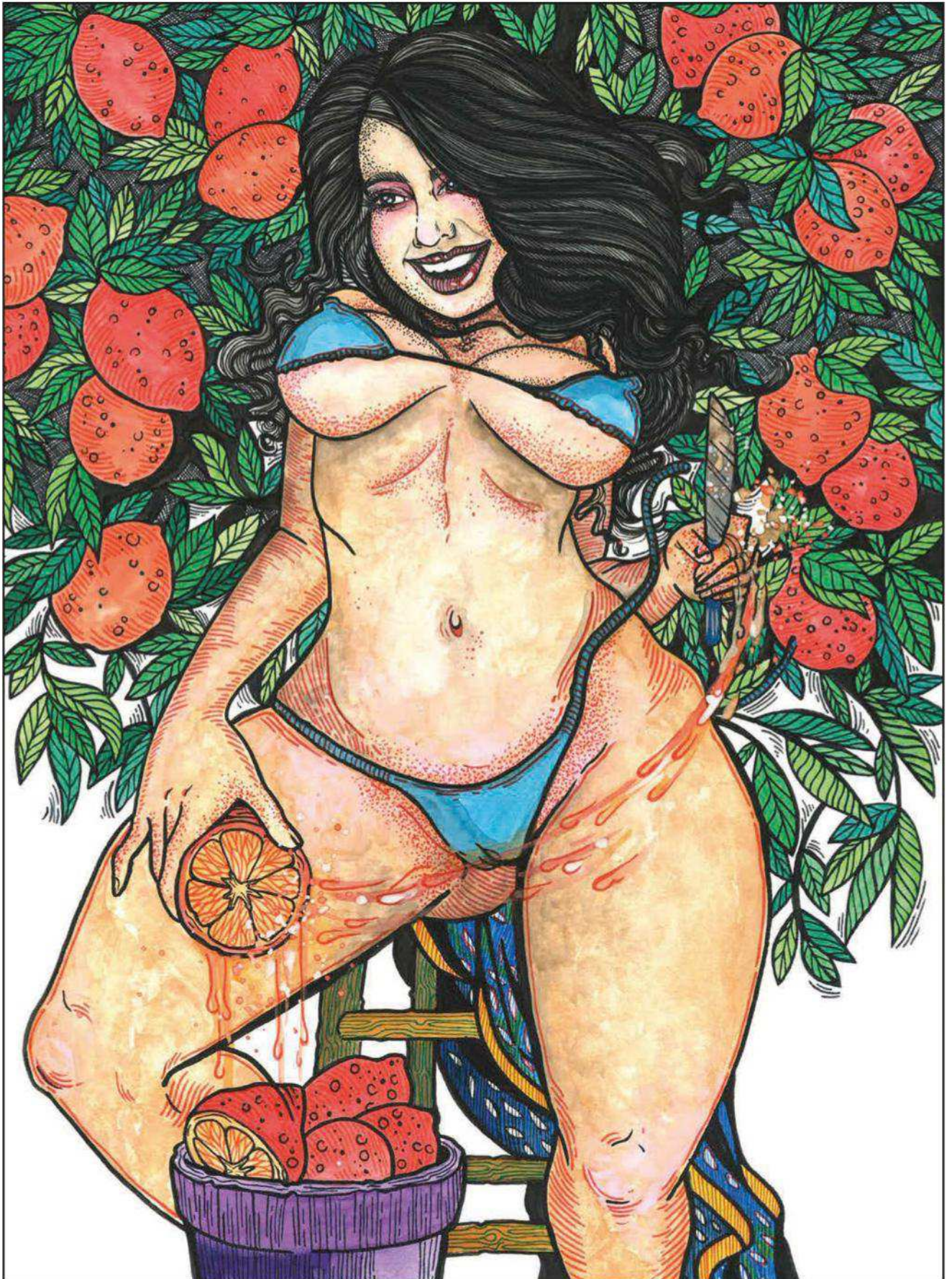
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#### GOD OF WAR (SONY, PS4)

Gaming's angriest Greek god converts to Norse mythology and works out his anger issues on a new pantheon of vengeful deities in this reboot of the edgy action franchise. Badass baldy Kratos is joined by his son and must teach him Cobra Kai-style lessons in striking hard and showing no mercy.









# LEGEND OF THE FAWN

AUDREY HEPBURN AND THE DEER THAT LOVED HER.

BY NADINE BRANCH

**I**N 1958, Audrey Hepburn starred in her husband's directorial debut, *Green Mansions*. It was on set that she was given a baby deer that would become her most iconic companion.

*Green Mansions* was an IOU from MGM Studios, which had promised Hepburn's then-husband Mel Ferrer that he could direct a movie with Hepburn as star. Instead of writing his own script, Ferrer hired screenwriter Dorothy Kingsley to adapt the bizarre, utopian turn-of-the-century novel by W. H. Hudson, *Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest*.

It's about a mysterious South American jungle princess, Rima the Bird Girl, and a Venezuelan man, Abel (played by Anthony Perkins in the film), who's fleeing political violence. After Abel gets bitten by a snake, he falls in love with Rima when she nurses him back to health.

According to Hepburn biographer Barry Paris, Ferrer had been obsessed with the novel since he read it at Princeton, and saw Hepburn as his real-life Rima: "a feminine symbol of innocence, a victim of male greed and lust."

While Hepburn finished work on the movie *The Nun's Story*, Ferrer and his crew traveled to British Guiana and Venezuela to collect intel for filming. They decided against filming on location, mostly because *The Nun's Story* was shot in Africa and they didn't want to send Hepburn abroad again. Instead, they shipped back 250 tons of props, plants, tree-bark canoes, blowguns, and live snakes so they could recreate the jungle at MGM.

Most importantly, Hepburn's character needed a fawn to be her loyal sidekick. However, the only way to get such an animal to be trusting enough was to have Hepburn raise it from infancy so the deer would think the actress was its mother.

At Ferrer's request, MGM bought a four-week-old fawn from a local zoo and gave it to Hepburn. She called the animal Pippin, nicknamed Ip after the sound it made when it was hungry, and immediately adapted to her motherly duties.

The frail, doe-eyed Ip had to be bottle-fed every two hours as it grew and developed teeth, and Hepburn would often interrupt a scene or rush off from meetings to tend to her pet. She and

Ferrer took Ip home to live in their house, where they built a custom bathtub for it to sleep in.

"For two and a half months it lived at our house," Ferrer recounted. "It ate its bowl of pabulum with us in the dining room, and at night it slept in our bathroom. It got so that it actually thought Audrey was its mother; professional animal trainers were amazed at the way it followed her around."

"I've fallen in love with her," Hepburn told a California newspaper. "Lord knows what I'll do when the picture is over and they take her away."

During the filming of *Green Mansions*, the paparazzi shot iconic photographs of Hepburn out and about with Ip. The fawn would follow her around the local supermarket, cuddle on her chest to sleep, and stroll with her, unleashed, around Beverly Hills. Ip even echoed her owner physically—slender, elegant, and innocent.

Ferrer and Hepburn already had a Yorkshire Terrier, Mr. Famous, who eventually warmed up to Ip. According to Paris's account, Ip would take the laces out of Ferrer's shoes and give Mr. Famous the leather so he could chew on it. Ip also loved electrical cords, so Hepburn had to unplug every lamp in the house. The actress even carried plastic knitting needles in her purse to give to Ip as a chew toy so the fawn, sitting in Hepburn's lap, could happily gnaw away while the star gave interviews.

Hepburn was known to be calm and motherly by nature, but still, the bond that developed between actress and fawn astonished even those who knew her.

Ferrer and Hepburn's maid got used to seeing the fawn sleep on Hepburn's stomach, and would shake her head and smile as the lookalikes napped. Ip would run to Hepburn's side when the actress called and lick her face wet with kisses.

As if Hepburn wasn't already the epitome of wholesome, feminine goodness, she had turned herself into a real-life Disney princess by making this delicate animal fall under her spell.


"Ip is a European deer," Hepburn told the same California newspaper. "When she is full-grown she will stand only four



feet high, and she'll be pure white. Fortunately, Ip is a wonderful actress. In all our scenes she behaves beautifully—never more than two takes and most of the time she comes through the very first time. I don't have any children of my own, but I'm learning a lot from Ip."

Hepburn went on to tell the reporter how, after a day on set, she and her husband, along with Mr. Famous and Ip, would pile into Ferrer's two-seat sports car and head home. "Mel drives, Famous

sits between us, and Ip falls asleep in my lap," she explained.

Literally no one in the world could pull this off except for Audrey Hepburn. And what better Hollywood tale to highlight given the theme of this May issue—a legendary beauty and her surprising, celebrated pet! 

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*Nadine Branch is a writer based in Toronto, Canada. Her love for Audrey Hepburn will never die.*



VICTORIA LYNN JOHNSON

*Pet*  
of the year '77







MINDY FARRAR

*Pet*  
of the year '87



ELIZABETH HILDEN

*Pet*  
of the year '97





HEATHER VANDEVAN

*Pet*  
of the year '07







# DAMN, GINA

In case you haven't noticed, our August 2017 Pet of the Month Gina Valentina has been one busy beaver lately. The striking little minx has risen to the top of the adult industry and has remained in high demand since she busted onto the scene. Not only is she absolutely unique, hilarious, and stunning, but she puts on one hell of a show. We are so excited to reintroduce to you our 2018 Penthouse Pet of the Year, Gina Valentina.

**Photography: Tammy Sands**







































# HOT STARTS

BASEBALL'S BEST OPENING-MONTH PERFORMANCES.

BY PHIL HANRAHAN

I'm a Brewers fan. That's what happens when you grow up in Milwaukee. Last season opened with a monthlong individual performance that set franchise records and was the talk of the league. In fact, the numbers this guy put up were so impressive that the Chicago Cubs, Milwaukee's divisional archrival, wondered about steroids. The league wondered, too—officials began testing the player's blood and urine before April was over.

His name was Eric Thames. He was 30 years old. He'd washed out of the league in 2013 and had played the previous three years for a Korean team. For the Brewers, he hit seven home runs in his first 12 games. He tattered in five straight contests. Midway through April, he'd homered more than the entire Boston Red Sox team.

Fellow Brewers began calling him Superman. Teammate Ryan Braun said he'd never seen a two-week stretch like this. Thames ended the month with 11 home runs in all, a Brewers April record, hit .345, and posted a sparkling .810 slugging percentage.

And then Superman fell off a kryptonite cliff. In May he hit .221. In June he hit—if that's the right word—a miserable .163. He did have a couple good bounce-back months, including September, when the Brew Crew were in a playoff race and the outfielder/first-baseman hit .328. He ended the season with 31 home runs, tied for the team lead.

I think I can speak for the Brewers' most famous fan, longtime radio announcer Bob Uecker (aka George Owens from the TV sitcom *Mr. Belvedere*, and David Letterman's favorite guest) in saying it will be interesting to see how Thames starts off this year.

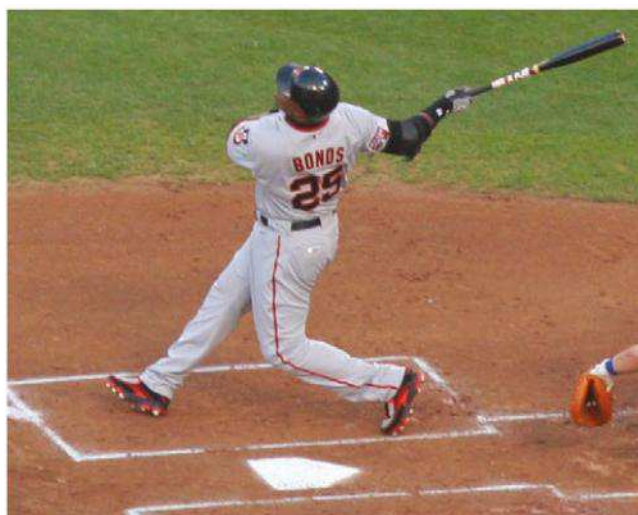
His blistering April got me wondering: What players this century have had the best opening month? Diving into online baseball almanacs, I assembled a lineup of torrid season starts. Nine hot Aprils, if you will. (Get your mind out of the gutter.) Did Eric Thames make it? Read on!

## Darin Erstad (Anaheim Angels, 2000)

It seems fitting to begin with a leadoff hitter. Not to mention a guy who destroyed major-league pitching at the very start of the century. The North Dakota native came out of the gate hot as blazes, smacking 14 hits in his first five games. By month's end he'd set an MLB record for April hits, tallying a bananas 48. He batted a scorching .449. Hats off, Darin, hats off.

## Barry Bonds (San Francisco Giants, 2004)

Leaving aside the question of chemical enhancement, it's hard not to stand in awe of this otherworldly April. Statistically, it could be the greatest ever. Bonds reached base *seven out of every 10 trips to the plate*. That's what happens when you hit .472 and get walked a crazytown 39 times. Along with 10 home runs and 21 RBIs, he posted an extraterrestrial 1.132 slugging percentage.



BARRY BONDS PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY MIKE LIU



### Albert Pujols (St. Louis Cardinals, 2006)

The Dominican All-Star, 26 years old in 2006, crushed 14 home runs that April, setting an MLB record. He hit .346, while slugging at a .914 clip. Midway through his first monthly split, he blasted four home runs in a row, becoming the twentieth player in history to do so. In his next at-bat, he socked a double off the wall in right-center. Had it cleared the top, Pujols would have been the first player to go yard five consecutive times.



### Alex Rodriguez (New York Yankees, 2007)

Rodriguez also launched 14 baseballs into the seats, entering the record books alongside Pujols. Four games into the season, he clubbed a walk-off grand slam. Locked in the entire month, the pinstriper hit .355 in April and barely looked back, winning his third MVP award with a .314 season BA, 54 home runs, and an eye-popping 156 runs batted in.

### Matt Kemp (Los Angeles Dodgers, 2012)

Following a season where he led the National League in home runs (39) and RBIs (126), the Oklahoma-born outfielder picked up where he left off, and then some. "The greatest April ever by a hitter who played his home games at sea level," concluded ESPN baseball analyst Jayson Stark. Kemp hit .417, cracked 12 home runs, knocked in 25, and scored 24 runs himself. Oh, and he was voted—no duh—National League Player of the Month.



### Troy Tulowitzki (Colorado Rockies, 2014)

The Golden Glove shortstop known as "Tulo" had his best month ever offensively that April—and the best start in the league by far. Consider the home-field numbers. On the morning of April 30, Tulowitzki was batting .563 at Coors Field (yes, you read that right), with an OBP of .643, and a slugging percentage of 1.094. To quote Dickie Roberts in the David Spade comedy: "That's nucking futs!" His overall April slash line? .381/.495/.762.

### Bryce Harper (Washington Nationals, 2017)

Now we come to the Nationals. This team gets off to hot starts. And much of that is due to their superstar right-fielder Bryce Harper, the hottest April hitter this decade. He's also baseball's best *opening day* hitter, with a league-leading five HRs, including two on Opening Day 2013. Last April, Harper went on a tear, batting .391, reaching base at a .510 pace, and setting a new MLB record with 32 runs scored.



### Ryan Zimmerman (Nationals, 2017)

If Harper is greased-lightning out of the gate, Ryan Zimmerman, now 33, usually starts slow. That all changed last season. Healthy coming out of spring training, the veteran first-baseman had a dream April, leading the MLB in batting average (.420), RBIs (29), and slugging percentage (.886). He was voted National League Player of the Month.

### Eric Thames (Milwaukee Brewers, 2017)

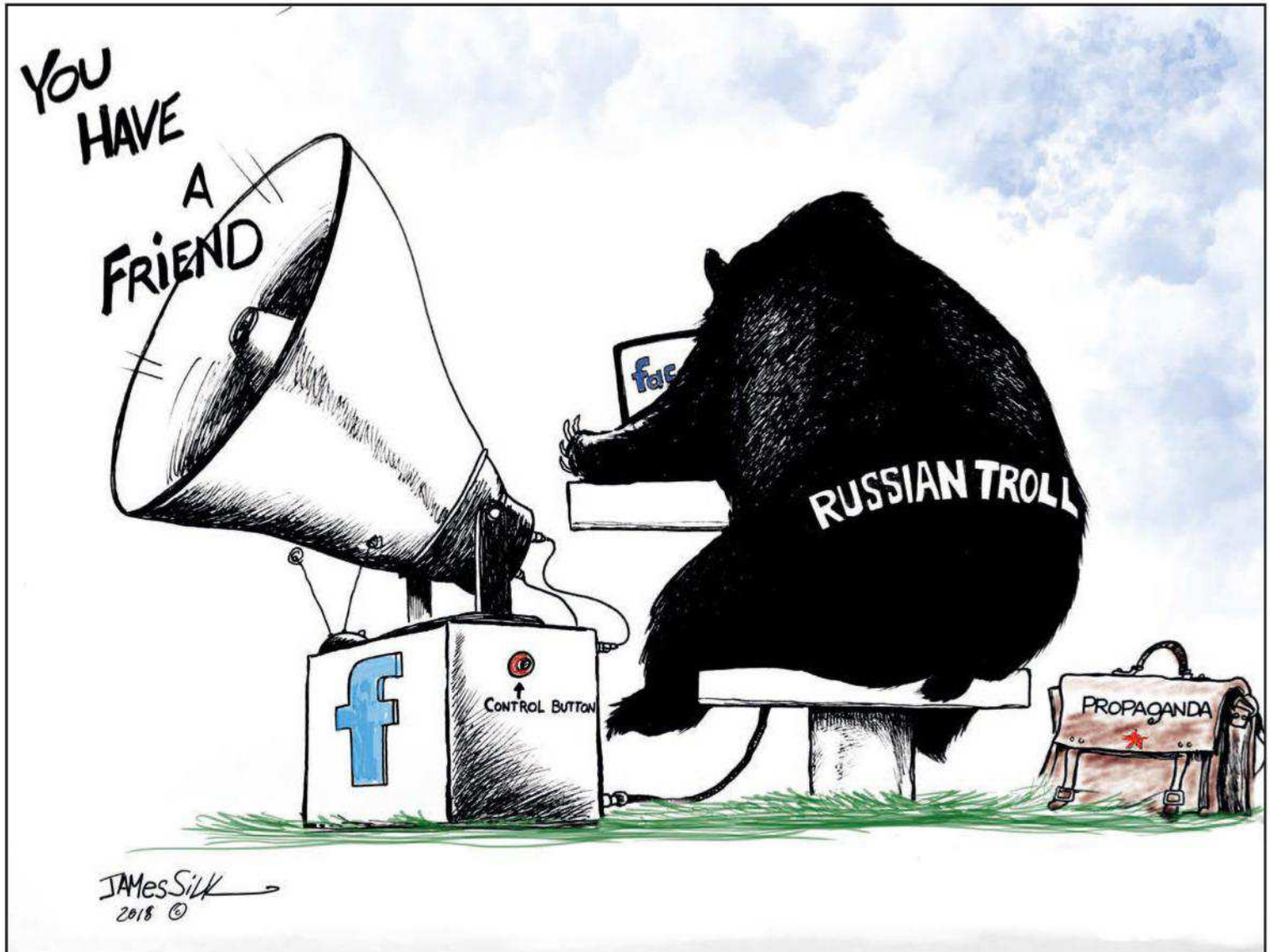
He hit an MLB-best 11 dingers. He led baseball in OPS (slugging plus on-base percentage). He crossed the plate 28 times, third-best in league history. And Thames joined Willie Stargell in the MLB record books as the only guy to hit *eight* home runs against the same team in April. The squad he terrorized? NL Central rival Cincinnati. As a Brew Crew fan, I'm hoping Thames gives Bob Uecker plenty of reason this year to drawl, "That's...OUTTA HERE!" 🍷

---

*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.*



WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE... By James Silk







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# WHAT WOULD WHISKY DAVID DRINK?

IN HONOR OF SCOTTISH MUSICIAN WHISKY DAVID,  
HERE ARE OUR PICKS FOR WHAT WE THINK HE'D HAPPILY SUCK DOWN.

IT'S rumored that in 1966, Scottish rock musician Whisky David got on a tour bus with the Yardbirds on their way to Spain. Whisky Dave was so down with the siestas and cocaine-laced cigarettes that he kissed his home goodbye and restarted his career in Madrid. Whisky Dave only put out one killer album, 1975's *Rusty Rock*, and on it is a song called "Whisky," which happens to be the best blues rock to drink bourbon to. In honor of the anniversary of Whisky Dave's death, in 2011, we rounded up a selection of the latest in his favorite brown juice.

## 1. FEW SPIRITS B ON WHISKEY \$52

This bourbon has won a bazillion awards since it hit the market and, duh, it's delicious. Sure, we'd be perfectly happy drinking Jim Beam for the rest of our lives, but sometimes you want a shrimp cocktail, not a po' boy. FEW Bourbon is handcrafted and distilled in small batches with a three-grain recipe, adding a bit of malt to smooth out the edges. The nose carries sweet flavors like cherries, caramel, and what we can only describe as soldered wood, but the finish is almost sour, resting just right and providing that calm you craved when you picked up the glass.


## 2. FEW SPIRITS RYE WHISKEY \$70

This one's is a winner from the first sip. It's bottled younger, at four years, so it's spicy with a swift kick. It's 70 percent rye, 20 percent corn, and 10 percent malted barley. The aroma is pretty sophisticated, with hints of brown sugar, caramel, vanilla, and cinnamon, and going down you can taste all its buttery goodness. Each swig carries a whole cabinet of varied spices and sugars while balancing out with a rustic luxury. But who cares about that shit, because after a few shots you'll feel like one of those inflatable tube men in a used car lot. And we consider that a good thing.

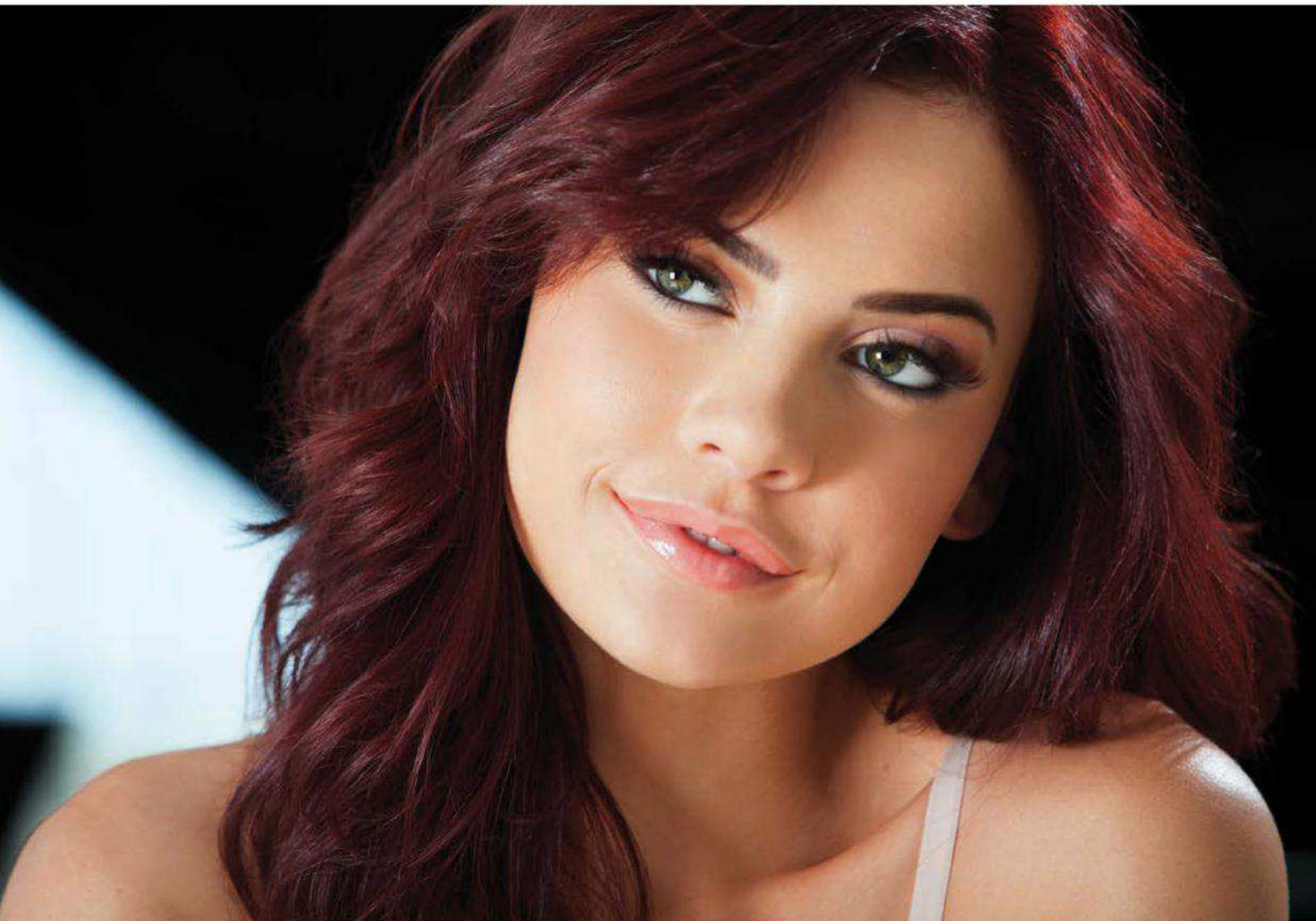
## 3. BARRELL BOURBON BATCH 014 \$85

Distilled in Tennessee and Kentucky, this classic bourbon is aged at least nine years and is so bold we don't even care that we used a lame word like "bold" to describe it. We have yet to meet a whiskey lover who isn't impressed by this batch, with its delicious notes of honey, raisin, and creamy citrus curd. It's a spicy, oaky bourbon that's just begging to be poured neat into a rocks glass with a rim rubbed with orange peel. But don't just take our word for it....

## 4. BULLEIT 95 RYE FRONTIER WHISKEY \$40

Bulleit is always a safe bet when you want to get a bang for your buck, but this 95 percent rye-mash whiskey is one of the best bottles you can get for the price. Round, rich, and fruity, this powerful and delicious poison is distilled in white-oak barrels that have been charred to the max. Even the biggest Scotch snobs will agree that this is a complex, flavorful bourbon that bursts with notes of apples, citrus, and warm spices. Though it may not hit the mark as a top-shelf sipping whiskey for certain cigar-smoking, velvet-robe-wearing connoisseurs, it'll do the trick when mixing up cocktails for your dinner guests. 





# WISH YOU WERE HER

Our May Pet of the Month Sabina Rouge is a ball of energy who bounced her way to Los Angeles from Florida to shoot with us. This stunning newbie loves classic rock, rough sex, and being in front of the camera. We were ready for a drink and a nap when we wrapped after the ten-hour shoot, while she was all, "That's it?" We're pretty sure Sabina runs on batteries.

**Photography: John Taylor III**



















































A woman with long, wavy brown hair is seated in a black leather chair, leaning back. She is topless, showing her breasts and midriff. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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# PENTHOUSE

SABINA ROUGE 01-7 MAY 2018 PET OF THE MONTH





## SABINA ROUGE

### Vital Stats:

34B-25-32

5'4"

20 years old

**Hometown:** Haddonfield, New Jersey

**When we were on set you were blasting Pink Floyd all day. When did you first get into them?**

Long story short: My grandma is an awesome hippie. She hated television. She hated radio. She thought it would corrupt my brain, so she threw books and vinyl at me. She played me a Pink Floyd record when I was six. When I first heard the music, it freaked me out, but it was captivating. Then, when I finally got it, it became my favorite band. I always wondered what Pink Floyd meant when I was little. When it hit me, I was hooked.

**Your grandma sounds cool.**

She is cool. She is super into music, art, her garden. She had a beehive at one point. I remember that being wild.

**You're a big music fan then, huh?**

I'm a huge music fan.

**Do you play at all?**

Yes. I love making music. I'm working on a side project right now. It's definitely a passion of mine.

**Do you remember the first concert you ever went to?**

Yeah, this is hilarious. The first show I went to was this band my dad loved called Sister Hazel. I was dancing like crazy. I was only five. My dad loves music, just like my grandma, and my mom loves to sing. She was always singing. We would sing together, harmonize. It was fun.

**What would you do if we gave you \$500K and told you that you had a week to spend it?**

\$500K? That means I have five things to invest \$100K in. I would put \$200K into organic farms....

**You can buy a house, go on a cruise.**

I can spend the money on myself?

**It's really telling that you didn't assume that.**

[Laughs] Okay, I would take the rest of the money and take a group of my favorite cam girls and go on a big trip. We could make videos, do photo shoots, just do sexy stuff in cool places. Our fans could watch us on our wacky, sexy journey. ☺

*See more of Sabina at [penthouse.com](http://penthouse.com)*



# PENTHOUSE

SCARLETT SAGE 04-01 JUNE 2018 PET OF THE MONTH







## SCARLETT SAGE

### Vital Stats:

32A-22-25

5'2"

20 years old

**Hometown:** Virginia Beach, Virginia

### How did a wholesome, sweet girl from Virginia Beach end up a star in the wild Los Angeles adult industry?

I was scouted by my agency. I was on a dating website and they approached me. I thought it was a scam at first. Then, I did my research, found out that Motley Models was a legit agency, and the idea kind of sunk in. I wanted to get out of my small town. I went for it.

### Were you on the dating site as a sugar baby or just for dating?

Oh, no. I was purely on there for dating. I thought a sugar baby was some type of candy.

### You really made a huge move then!

I'm a low-key freak. Not a lot of my peers were expecting me to do something like this, but I knew I could. I love sex, but you don't go parading that around when you're from a small town like I am, where everyone knows each other's business.

### Were you always dying to leave Virginia Beach?

I was doing fine in my town. I was working as a sales associate at a jewelry store, making way higher than minimum wage at age 18, and waitressing in the evenings. When I was asked to do porn, I stopped and thought about where I was at. I didn't want this to be my whole life, so I went for it. I thought about being a registered nurse. I always knew I wanted to help people in some way.

### You're a master dog trainer. Were you always a natural with animals?

My first experience with a dog was a bad one. When I was about four, I got too close to my mom's boyfriend's dog and he bit my lip. I still have a small scar.

### You are a strict disciplinarian with your pup.

Of course, you want to give in to an adorable puppy, but my dog is going to grow to be 160 pounds. Do I want a 160-pound beast jumping up on people and begging for food? No way. I'm doing him a favor with strict training.

**Tough love.** ☹️

*See more of Scarlett at [penthouse.com](http://penthouse.com)*



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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# SCARLETT FEVER

Our June 2018 Pet of the Month Scarlett Sage is the kind of girl your mother would go bananas for. She's sweet, polite, loves animals, and is mature beyond her years. But she's also a total freak in the sack, and knows exactly what she wants. However, you'll always be second fiddle with this beauty, because the love of her life is her South African mastiff. She's basically the female Cesar Millan.

**Photography: Thom & Jheri**



















































# WIFE TRAINING

BY JENNY NORDBAK

**I** WASN'T technically supposed to be kissing her, but to be fair she had initiated it. I was just taking a little longer than necessary to make her stop. Okay, *a lot* longer than necessary, as I reveled in the feeling of her soft body pressed against me, our breasts rubbing together just as her tongue met mine.

I wanted to get lost in this moment, to take her to the floor and make her come until her thighs were quivering, but unfortunately, I was in the middle of a session and that wasn't what she—or her husband—was paying me for.

Just then he cleared his throat from across the room, and I mentally rolled my eyes. Heaven forbid the ladies get carried away and forget to entertain him.

Simply to make a point, I pulled her tighter against me and deepened our kiss for a moment longer. He may have just been a spectator in this scene, but I wanted him to know that I was in charge.

I took the woman, Marie, by the shoulders and pushed her back abruptly.

"What the fuck was that, you little slut?" I snapped. Before she could answer, I continued, "Your husband brought you here so that I can treat your infidelity and make you a proper wife again, and you have the gall to try to make out with me?"

She started to stutter an apology, but I slapped her across the cheek before she could get it out. There's something delightfully taboo about slapping a woman, even when they've specifically told you it turns them on. It had taken me months to overcome the urge to pull back at the last minute and avoid a proper impact. This slap was hard enough to make her head whip to the side.

"You are not to speak, slut."

I continued my commands to her: "Strip down to your underwear. Slowly. Give your husband a good show." I pointed to the man on the throne across from us.

Marie did as she was told, slowly removing each layer of clothing, moving her body erotically as she did so. She knew exactly how to show off her assets.

"Now bend over the table and take your punishment."

She bent over the leather spanking bench, wiggling her ass

at me flirtatiously, the little pink bow on the back of her thong peeking out between her generous cheeks.

"Whose ass is this?" I asked as I smacked both palms hard against those plump cheeks.

"Yours, Mistress!" she exclaimed, breathing heavily as I continued to spank her in lazy strokes.

I stopped spanking, and she thought she'd given me the right answer. I picked up a leather paddle, rubbing it against her upper thighs menacingly.

"Wrong answer. This ass belongs to your husband. And only your husband. You will stop offering it up to everyone like a little whore and focus only on his pleasure." I punctuated my lecture with sweeping strokes of the paddle, alternating between smacking her cheeks and the sweet spot at the top of her thighs. She squealed in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

We continued her punishment, progressing through a pile of implements that her husband selected and was handing to me one at a time. The heavier the implement, the more she moaned, until I noticed she'd slid a hand underneath her and was trying to get herself off.

"You are fucking hopeless! This isn't about your pleasure. It's about his."

I pulled her hair hard, dragging her head around to look at her husband.

"Enough punishment. Show me you can please him with your body. Give him your best lap dance or I'll be forced to use the cane on you next."

I took a seat on the bench and watched as she gyrated and rubbed herself against him. Once he was hard, she turned her back to him and ground her ass against his erection. Even through his pants, she clearly knew how to ride a dick.

She was going through the motions with him, but her smoldering eyes were on me as she slipped a finger into her mouth and sucked on it suggestively.

Marie slid that wet finger down across her collarbone and into her bra, pulling the cup back to expose her pink nipple. She pinched it with her fingertips, sighing as she rolled the hard bud between them. She continued sliding her hand down into her panties, obviously rubbing her clit as she thrust





**SHE WAS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS WITH HIM, BUT HER SMOLDERING EYES WERE ON ME AS SHE SLIPPED A FINGER INTO HER MOUTH AND SUCKED ON IT SUGGESTIVELY.**

back against her husband. She pulled her panties to the side, showing me her trimmed pussy, spreading her lips with one hand and rubbing her clit with the other. She whimpered as her motions became frantic, sweeping across that bundle of nerves with total abandon.


I probably should have forced her to stop, but I wanted to see what she looked like as she came. She finally broke eye contact as the orgasm overwhelmed her, closing her eyes and tossing her head back. Even from across the room, I could see her empty pussy clenching rhythmically, craving something inside. I wished I could fuck her, but our session had come to an end.

The intercom on the wall crackled to life.

"Excuse me, Mistress Scarlett. Your session has ended." I pushed the button and replied, "Thank you."

Turning back to the couple, I said, "I'm going into the bathroom now to get cleaned up. It might take me a few minutes. Under no circumstances is Marie allowed to suck your dick and get you off while I'm in there. That would be against the rules."

I winked and watched them smirk before closing the bathroom door behind me. I washed my hands and checked my phone, waiting until I heard the husband groan before reemerging. I was just in time to see Marie swallow as he put his dick back in his pants.

"In the future," I told her, "I hope you'll please your husband without all this punishment." Then to him I said, "But do bring her back anytime she needs a refresher course." 

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



# GEEK IMPACT

## HOW THE DREAMS OF SCI-FI LIBERTARIANS HAVE INFLUENCED AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY MILES RAYMER

IT WAS a beautiful vision, even if no one could quite figure out the details: a vast array of technology from the cutting edge of science, massive enough to reach past the border of Earth's atmosphere and into space, conscripted by the U.S. military to safeguard America and the rest of the free world against the threat of Soviet nuclear attack using X-ray lasers.

Or particle beams.

Or space-based hyperkinetic weapons. Or something like that.

The technology may not have necessarily existed outside anyone's head, but the Strategic Defense Initiative's historical importance couldn't be denied—at least to the people who came up with it. President Ronald Reagan expected that protecting the West against the Soviet nuclear threat through a decisive display of technological strength would be his greatest accomplishment.

"My fellow Americans," he said in a 1983 televised speech announcing the program, "tonight we're launching an effort which holds the promise of changing the course of human history."

The Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) seemed like something from the mind of a science fiction writer, which partly accounted for its nickname: Star Wars. And to a surprising extent, it actually was.

The program was the brainchild of the Citizens Advisory Council on National Space Policy, which reported to the National Security Advisor throughout the Reagan Administration. It included on its roster not only astronauts, computer scientists, and aerospace engineers, but a large contingent of science fiction authors, including Larry Niven and council chair Jerry Pournelle, coauthors of the popular 1977 novel *Lucifer's Hammer*. They were joined by Robert Heinlein, who at the time was the most influential writer in the genre.

The sci-fi guys were clearly in charge. It may seem insane that a handful of science fiction geeks came as close as the Citizens Advisory Council did to tilting the balance of nuclear geopolitics. But since the Industrial Revolution, global leaders and civilians alike have relied on speculative fiction to help them navigate a rapidly changing world.

Avowed socialist H. G. Wells, author of *The Time Machine* and *The War of the Worlds*, advised both Franklin Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin, and helped draft the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the historic document adopted by the UN General Assembly in 1948. Arthur C. Clarke and Isaac Asimov testified before governments on the threat of nuclear warfare.

But a lot of that sci-fi influence—like the idea for SDI—has come from the political right.

During the peak of the Cold War, while many of his

contemporaries were crafting classic stories about the folly of nuclear confrontation, Heinlein started an advocacy group to lobby for a more robust American nuclear arsenal. More recently, Steve Bannon, a key architect of President Trump's immigration policies and travel bans, has repeatedly compared the current global immigration situation to the staggeringly racist sci-fi novel *The Camp of Saints*, by French writer Jean Raspail, where a telepathic mutant leads an invading army of dark-skinned sex fiends on a mission to topple Western civilization.

To a casual sci-fi consumer in 2018, it might seem like science fiction naturally breaks to the left. Women of the anti-Trump "Resistance" movement cosplay as characters from Margaret Atwood's 1985 novel *The Handmaid's Tale* (or, more accurately, its prestige-y Hulu adaptation). Marvel's sci-fi-heavy *Black Panther* movie has become the unlikely focal point for a resurgent Black Pride movement. And when progressive sci-fi visionary Ursula K. Le Guin died in January, it provoked a level of public outpouring of grief usually reserved for movie stars.

But despite how it may seem on TV, the future doesn't belong to the right or the left. It's entirely possible that human civilization will evolve into something more like *Star Trek's* United Federation of Planets, a spacefaring society where liberal values like pacifism and tolerance are encoded in its most fundamental building blocks.

But there's no real reason why we couldn't just as easily turn into the brutal Terran Empire, the warlike, goateed doppelgängers of the *Enterprise* crew from the *Original Series* episode "Mirror, Mirror." And there are a lot of well-respected sci-fi authors who'd argue that that's the better path.

♦ ♦ ♦

SCIENCE fiction built its name on envisioning new worlds, but since the time it emerged as a distinct genre, writers have used it to argue against disrupting the social order in the world we inhabit. While early pioneers like *Frankenstein* author Mary Shelley and H. G. Wells were steeped in British socialism, the American pulp magazines that gave the genre its foothold in pop culture reflected a considerably more conservative worldview.

The early pulps were notably blatant in their racism, sexism, and militarism even by the standards of the waning days of the Colonial era. On luridly illustrated covers and in stories by the likes of E. E. "Doc" Smith, swashbuckling Aryan heroes defend the cosmos—and comely white women—from armies of savage, unknowable racial caricatures thinly disguised as extraterrestrials. Meanwhile, in the pages of *Weird Tales*, H. P. Lovecraft used his Cthulhu mythos to dramatize the central conservative tenet that human civilization is





precarious, forever on the verge of absolute chaos.

When John W. Campbell, author of the novella *Who Goes There?* (adapted by John Carpenter for his 1982 horror classic *The Thing*), took over as editor of *Astounding Science Fiction* in 1937, he turned pulp's reactionary political aesthetic into something like a coherent philosophy, using a heavy hand when necessary.

But Campbell also did more than perhaps any other person to lift science fiction past its pulpy roots and set it on the path toward "serious" literature. The most luminous talents of sci-fi's golden era worked under him. He gave Heinlein and Arthur C. Clarke their breaks. *Astounding* (later renamed *Analog*) was the first place to publish zeitgeist-tilting bestsellers like Isaac Asimov's *Foundation*, Frank Herbert's *Dune*, and L. Ron Hubbard's *Dianetics*. Anything big and important that happened in the genre over a course of half a century had his fingerprints all over it. Asimov, probably the most revered figure in postwar sci-fi, called Campbell "the Father of Science Fiction."

Campbell provided the space and the structure for sci-fi's right wing to cohere. His acolytes, like Heinlein, Niven, and Pournelle, would use it as a launch pad to spread his philosophies far outside

geek circles once it collided fatefully with a new school of political thought that was almost as visionary as sci-fi itself: libertarianism.



SCI-FI'S emergence from the pulp mags in the late 50s and early 60s coincided closely with the rise of libertarianism on the right. Barry Goldwater's disastrous 1964 presidential campaign turned out to be a flashpoint for modern libertarianism, blowing open a schism between moderates in the Republican party and the rising conservative wing that would be firmly in control of the party by the Reagan era.

Libertarianism mixed Rockefeller Republicans' intellectualism with appeals to conservatism's more intangible elements, like the perpetual fear of societal collapse. The combination was a smash hit on the right, and after Goldwater's run it spread from Washington think tanks to the paranoid outer fringes of the rabidly anti-collectivist John Birch Society.

It also found fertile ground in the science fiction world. Libertarian values lined up neatly with some of sci-fi's most fundamental tenets: zealous faith in the power of rational thought mixed with quasi-mystical beliefs about the rights of man ("man" being the operative





## **LIBERTARIANISM LINED UP WITH SOME OF SCI-FI'S FUNDAMENTAL TENETS: ZEALOUS FAITH IN THE POWER OF RATIONAL THOUGHT, QUASI-MYSTICAL BELIEFS ABOUT THE RIGHTS OF MAN, AND A WEAKNESS FOR ROMANTIC IDEALS ABOUT THE SUPERIORITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.**

word, as it was a mostly male scene), along with a weakness for romantic ideals about the superiority of the individual over systems (and backing up those ideals with force at the drop of a hat).

As author and critic Norman Spinrad pointed out in the late 70s, the genre's formal structure makes it a perfect vehicle for a certain strain of right-wing thought. Its reliance on Joseph Campbell's archetypal "Hero's Journey" encourages readers to identify with an endless supply of monomythic Chosen Ones rebelling against oppressive rulers. And it's all but impossible to name a single science fiction novel, from anywhere on the political spectrum, where the good guys don't use violence to solve a problem.

Sci-fi turned out to be fertile ground for libertarian thought. And libertarians were remarkably welcoming to whatever sci-fi had to contribute. After all, libertarians shared sci-fi's love of thought experiments and doomsday scenarios, and the movement's bible, Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*, was full of pulpy imaginary tech like cloaking devices and a sonic death ray named "Project X."

Heinlein sealed the relationship with his novel *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*. Published in 1966—as the budding counterculture was getting its mind blown by Heinlein's 1961 novel *Stranger in a Strange Land* and libertarians were staging a revolution in the Republican party—it used an uprising on a moon colony against a corrupt Earthbound bureaucracy to put forth Heinlein's philosophy of "rational anarchism." Which sounded a lot like libertarianism. As one character explains, "A rational anarchist believes that concepts such as 'state' and 'society' and 'government' have no existence save as physically exemplified in the acts of self-responsible individuals." Elsewhere the same character refers to "the most basic human right, the right to bargain in a free marketplace."

*The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* was a hit, and won Heinlein his fourth Hugo Award for best novel, beating out radical progressive Samuel R. Delany's heady classic *Babel-17*.

Heinlein brought so many new converts to libertarianism that it reshaped the entire movement. A survey by the libertarian Society for Individual Liberty found that "one libertarian activist in six had

been led to libertarianism by reading the novels and short stories of Robert A. Heinlein," as an article by the Mises Institute summarized it. Libertarian Party founder Dave Nolan and anarcho-capitalist thinker David Friedman—son of libertarian hero Milton Friedman—have both called Heinlein's novel a key influence. So have dozens of other leading figures in the movement.

When libertarian-influenced Republicans found power during the Reagan years, they brought their love of sci-fi to Washington along with their love of limited federal power.

Few combined the two as passionately as Newt Gingrich, an outspoken sci-fi fan who devoted his long career in government to advocating for conservative principles while harboring a faith in wild, theoretical technology on par with any science fiction writer. He talked about technological weapons programs with a borderline messianic fervor, and once predicted that SDI would destroy not only Soviet communism but be "a dagger at the heart of the liberal welfare state" and create a libertarian paradise bounded only by "the limits of a free people's ingenuity, daring, and courage."

Gingrich developed close relationships with several members of the Citizens Advisory Council on National Space Policy, and helped them make connections elsewhere on the right.

Council member Jim Baen commissioned Gingrich's first book, *Window of Opportunity: A Blueprint for the Future*, which he and his then-wife Marianne cowrote with sci-fi authors David Drake and Janet Morris. Jerry Pournelle contributed the preface. Gingrich helped Pournelle's son get a job with California congressman Dana Rohrabacher, a member of the Space and Aeronautics Subcommittee, whose libertarian-leaning views include what his website describes as the "profitable utilization of space."

When Pournelle adapted the Council's presidential report to create the book *Mutual Assured Survival*, it came with a cover blurb from President Reagan himself.



WHILE Heinlein and the other sci-fi libertarians on the Citizens Advisory Council were trying to change the system from its upper



echelons, their philosophical descendants were coming up with new ways to subvert it completely.

During the 1970s, science fiction fandom exploded and an entire sci-fi subculture began to come together across a loosely affiliated network of conventions and fanzines. When it absorbed the emerging communities gathering around comic books and computers, it helped form the beginnings of what we'd come to know as geek culture. And while legions of fans flocked to the trippy, counterculture-infused work of Le Guin, Delany, and Philip K. Dick, Heinlein's libertarian revolution continued to percolate.

A lot of that action was happening around what's known as hard sci-fi—"hard" because of its exacting attention to scientific detail, its space-operatic militarism, and its contempt for the squishy abstract sentimentality of humanist sci-fi. To the average reader, hard sci-fi can be impenetrable and emotionally flat, but it attracts passionate fans who appreciate its scientific soundness and narrative problem-solving, and don't mind that the characters don't have much in the way of interior lives.

Unsurprisingly, a lot of hard sci-fi fans are also into computers. Libertarian ideals—if not the reactionary libertarian politics practiced by Reagan Republicans and John Birchers—flourished in the intellectual hothouse of Silicon Valley. As the vision of personal computers connecting the world into a single digital network moved out of science fiction and into the real world, the people building it saw the next step in human society, a theoretical frontier whose rules they could define before governments could have a say in things.

The most influential ethos to grow out of that thinking was called cyberlibertarianism, which essentially boils down to the idea that the internet should be kept as free from top-down control as possible, whether it's coming from private corporations or the state. The name "cyberlibertarianism" is somewhat misleading, however. The philosophy shares a lot of core ideas with traditional libertarianism, but its practitioners are as likely to come to them from the left as from the right.

WITH its ragtag band of scruffy outsiders defending cyberspace against the encroachment of shadowy forces, cyberlibertarianism seemed like something out of a sci-fi novel. And to a major extent it was.

Like a lot of people at the forefront of the early internet, cyberlibertarianists looked to cyberpunk authors like William Gibson and Neal Stephenson not only for inspiration but for specific ideas about what cyberspace should look and feel like—in this case a lawless digital frontier where hackers have as much power as governments.

Sympathetic media outlets like *Wired*, *Mondo 2000*, and *Boing Boing*—along with post-Gibson sci-fi authors like Boing Boing coeditor Cory Doctorow—were eager to showcase cyberlibertarianism's compatibility with progressive goals like shielding activists and distributing information that governments and corporations wanted suppressed.

The internet was certainly capable of those and other progressive aims, but the anything-goes anarchism baked into

cyberlibertarianism was just as easily adapted to less liberal, more traditionally libertarian ideas. At an academic conference in 1988, Tim C. May, who founded the influential "cypherpunk" mailing list (its name a proud nod to sci-fi), distributed "The Crypto Anarchist Manifesto," full of dreamy ideas about subverting governments and monetizing literally everything that can have a price tag put on it.

Secure, widely available cryptographic tools would "fundamentally alter the nature of corporations and of government interference in economic transactions," May predicted. "Combined with emerging information markets," he continued, "crypto anarchy will create a liquid market for any and all material which can be put into words and pictures." The last words on a list of key terms and phrases that May attached to the manifesto are "collapse of government."

♦ ♦ ♦

AS tech has evolved from a fringe industry into one of the most important parts of the global economy and everyday life, its most successful figures have been able to put ideas like May's into practice on a scale few could have imagined when he first handed out copies of "The Crypto Anarchist Manifesto." With massive amounts of money and power flowing into the tech world, theories

about subverting—or "disrupting"—governments and social norms are being tested out in real life.

The most devoted and powerful libertarian in the tech world is PayPal cofounder and venture capitalist Peter Thiel. Since selling PayPal to eBay in 2002 in one of the biggest tech deals of the era, Thiel has used his fame and fortune to not only speak out against government control of nearly every kind, but to work out ways of effectively taking that control away.

Of all the supervillain-like figures in the upper echelons of technology, Thiel seems to have embraced the role the most. He's been unabashed about promoting political views far to the right of mainstream Silicon Valley culture—some of his positions conservative enough that they'd stand out even in red state America.

Thiel donated over a million dollars to Donald Trump's presidential campaign and served on the executive committee of his transition team. He funded the lawsuit over Hulk Hogan's sex tape that successfully shut down Gawker—whose tech spinoff site Valleywag had been unsparing in its criticism of Thiel—in one of the most blatant attacks on the free press in recent history.

A good deal of Thiel's libertarian education, and his worldview in general, seems to have come from science fiction. He's an unabashed sci-fi geek, raised on old-school greats like Heinlein and Asimov. (He's also a huge Tolkien fan, paying homage to the fantasy author in the names of multiple business ventures.) His career and interests seem powered by a frustration with how the real world stacks up against the future that he felt sci-fi promised him. "We wanted flying cars," he wrote in a manifesto published on the website of his investment group Founders Fund. "Instead we got 140 characters."

Like Heinlein, Thiel has been openly critical of the very idea of democratic rule.

"I no longer believe that freedom and democracy are compatible," he wrote in a famous 2009 essay titled "The Education of a

**"WE WANTED FLYING CARS,"  
PAYPAL COFOUNDER  
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140 CHARACTERS."**



Libertarian.” Elsewhere in the essay he bemoaned, in retrospect, extending the vote to women, because as a group they’ve historically been less supportive of libertarianism than men.

“While I don’t think any class of people should be disenfranchised,” he wrote, “I have little hope that voting will make things better.” Thiel has been an outspoken supporter of the work of software engineer and anti-democracy thinker Curtis Yarvin, who’s become a cult figure on the far right for essays (written under the pen name Mencius Moldbug) articulating a philosophy known either as “neoreaction” or the fantasy-novel-sounding “Dark Enlightenment.”

Thiel has some big, pulpy ideas about the future that feel like something out of a sixties-era blue-sky libertarian sci-fi novel. One of his biggest and most daring ideas is building a new nation from scratch on floating oceanic platforms where businesses and individuals can do their thing, whatever it is, free of government oversight. Think of it as an Ayn Rand-ian libertarian Garden of Eden in international waters.

The notion is one of Thiel’s most widely ridiculed ideas—and a popular go-to symbol for Silicon Valley extravagance—but it’s actually nearing reality. Last year the Thiel-funded Seasteading Institute—founded by Patri Friedman, son of Heinlein-loving

libertarian guru David Friedman—reached an agreement with French Polynesia to build a test platform that could become a habitable experimental city, and the first step to an independent nation founded entirely on libertarian principles.

■ ■ ■

IT’S become a cliché to say that we’re all living in a sci-fi novel these days, but that doesn’t mean it’s not true. In fact, it’s truer than most people realize.

Over the past half century, science fiction visionaries from Robert Heinlein to William Gibson have imagined ways for society to adapt to the sweeping technological change that’s come to define our lives. And now, with the foundations of postwar liberal democracy suddenly seeming a lot less stable than they used to be, people like Peter Thiel and the legions of pseudonymous anarcho-geeks organizing online suddenly have an opportunity to put these ideas into practice.

Soon we might have a chance to find out how these sci-fi visions work in real life. We might not have a choice. ☯

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*Miles Raymer is an artist, musician, and Webby Award-winning writer living in New York City. Find him on Instagram at @elmstreetpart4*









# HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

## PLAYA ALERT

**Hi Leah. Recently I met this guy and I really like him. I'm 20 and he's 38. He's attractive and successful. We hooked up and he was into me and we spent a whole night together. He said he wanted to take me out the next night but I had to work. He also said he'd text me the next day and never did. But I could see him online on the app. The day after I contacted him we talked, but he was being really dry. So I thought I was done with him. But then he texted me, sent me pictures, told me he wanted to see me before he left on vacation. How do I lock him down? I want him to like me for me, so how do I go about letting him know I'm not just a hookup?**

Girl, no. You do not want a man who is 38 and dating 20-year-olds and I will tell you why. There's a reason he's dating women half his age and it's because women closer to his age smell his bullshit a mile away. You need to treat this dude like a ho. Trust me. Treat him like a hookup—men go nuts when you do this. Flip the script on him. Kind of like reverse psychology. The more you treat this man-child as if he's disposable, the more he will be wrapped around your pinky. But do not fall for him. Use him as practice, because he's the first of many fuckboys headed your way. Just have fun and remember this guy has “danger zone” written all over him.

## PROJECT JATNNA

**Hey beautiful! I'd love to first and foremost say how much of a fan I am of you and Laura. Funny thing—one of the best relationships I ever had was with a guy who put me on to your podcast. We still secretly text about listening to episodes, sharing opinions, etc. Y'all really bring us together (ha ha).**

**Well, I'd love for y'all to address the HUGE topic of us ladies getting our groove back after a breakup. I'm more than sure half the time you weren't even ready to be single because you didn't expect such bullshit to end the relationship you just dedicated and jeopardized so much for. Also, if you could address just MOVING ON overall from a relationship you clearly should be running from. I'm one year into a relationship and my BF has done it all, including leaving me for another girl for a time and then**

**me finding out he still keeps her nudes. He talks to her all the time, and concerns himself with her life.**

**I'm at a point where I found him willing to pay a prostitute for sex. Meanwhile, our own sex life is in shambles because he doesn't fuck me. He's lazy, too. It makes no sense why I haven't moved on. Somehow I'm in a never-ending cycle. Help! Jatnna**

Jatnna!!! I want to shake some sense into you sooo bad! And shake some self-love into you also. I am guilty of staying in relationships I should've run from—we are all guilty of that. But this sounds very emotionally and mentally abusive. Yet you stay. Here's what I suggest: Instead of focusing on him and why you haven't left him, and how you can maybe make things work with him, you must start falling in love with yourself.

The more you fall in love with yourself the easier it will be to walk away from him. In fact, the more you fall in love with yourself, staying with him will be impossible. Here is how I fell in love with myself while dealing with a terrible relationship I found myself stuck in—maybe this will help you, too. By the way, it is a journey and doesn't happen overnight. I started doing yoga and SoulCycle. Yoga is incredibly healing. I would find myself crying after certain positions as energy I was holding onto was being released and I was able to let go of a lot of pain. SoulCycle on the other hand lifted my spirits and the endorphins being released worked magic on my brain (and soul).

Cut out other toxic people in your life—I'm sure he isn't the only one. Baby steps. Buy expensive skincare products. I'm not sure why this helps, but it does. Start bathing with apple cider vinegar once every two weeks. This shit is a full-body detox. I cried hysterically after the first time I did it, it was that intense. Crying is healing. We stay in bad relationships because we are used to pain and are comfortable with it. We need to release the pain and start feeling good. I really hope you fall in love with yourself, Jatnna. It's the best experience.

## VIRTUAL QUESTION

**Sup Leah. Do you think we live in a simulated world? S.K.**

Hi S.K. We 100 percent live in a simulated world. It's pretty much a joke. If Jim Carrey had a cult I would join it.





**START BATHING WITH APPLE CIDER VINEGAR ONCE EVERY TWO WEEKS. THIS SHIT IS A FULL-BODY DETOX. I CRIED HYSTERICALLY AFTER THE FIRST TIME I DID IT, IT WAS THAT INTENSE.**

#### **KILLER ANXIETY**

*Hi Leah. Over the last several years I've followed you, and I've been so entranced with your energy. I remember being in school, broke, and I found your **Seduce & Abandon** coffee mug and bought it right away because I've always connected to your message.*

*But I am so lost. I have so much passion and so much love, but when I'm home alone I have no idea what I'm doing. I have so many ideas and secret passions, but how do I pursue them? I've always loved acting so I've decided to start after the new year.*

*I'm excited because it's so new, but I really hope I follow through. How did you do it? I have nothing to lose. My clinical anxiety really fucking holds me back. I hate it. Nobody understands that. They don't know that sometimes I can't speak because I'm having a panic attack. I skip work because my heart is beating and that's all I can focus on. How do I fight that? I know I have something great to give this world, but how do I step out of my own way? D.*

Hi D. First off, I so appreciate your support. Not just for buying the mug but for connecting to the message. I love hearing that. I totally feel your pain regarding passions and being held back

by the prison of your own mind. It sounds like you are your own worst enemy—which many of us are. But the good news is, that means you are in control and have the power to change things. Anxiety is a mindfuck. So are panic attacks. But you can recover from both of those things. I did, and I didn't think it was possible. I was diagnosed with panic disorder, among many other things. I've been panic-attack free for a couple years now. I think the fact that you know it's YOU in your own way is the first step—and the most difficult one.

I had a total breakthrough a couple years ago when I realized that I was the creator of my own life and I had the power to make myself feel like shit, but also to make myself feel amazing. It took going to a mental hospital and seeing really sick people to give me that perspective. Not to minimize my own struggles, or yours either, but I really saw people in so much pain and people who couldn't tell reality from delusion. It was then that I decided to take control of my life and not waste any more of the precious time I have on earth. I know this is all easier said than done, but I believe in you. You got this. XX Leah ☺

*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.*







# STORMY DANIELS IS NOT HERE TO BE YOUR HEADLINE

FIRST SHE ALLEGEDLY FUCKED THE PRESIDENT. NOW SHE'S THE PENTHOUSE PET OF THE CENTURY. LEGENDARY PORN STAR AND DIRECTOR STORMY DANIELS CONFESSES ALL.

BY MITCHELL SUNDERLAND

**W**HAT the hell? Strutting the Solid Gold runway in six-inch heels and sequined Little Red Riding coat, Stormy Daniels found herself taken aback by the crowd. Middle-aged men occasionally brought a wife or girlfriend to the show, but this was unexpected. Straight women commandeered the front row. As Stormy lifted her hood and began peeling away the fairy-tale costume, the women roared.

"Go get 'em!" shouted one.

"Fuck Trump!" said another.

Within minutes, the stage was littered with tens and twenties. According to Stormy and her personal assistant, Kayla Paige, the night netted roughly \$2,000 in tips.

Following the performance, Kayla and Stormy maintained their usual routine, tossing the cash into a laundry basket filled with merchandise (Stormy's porn DVDs, autographed 8 by 10 photographs). They recall ascending the stairs to the Fort Lauderdale strip club's VIP room, only to discover a new fan demographic: gaggles of gay men, lining up, faces glowing as they clutched bags of Cheetos, the neon orange snack with a tinge some liken to that of the Commander in Chief, President Donald J.

Trump. Along with snapshots, autographs, and gushing came a special request.

For an additional sum, would Stormy stomp Cheetos into the ground?

"I'll do anything for \$20," Stormy replied.

Money was exchanged, Cheetos were scattered, and the hardworking porn star turned international news story ground them to orange powder beneath her high-heeled stripper shoes.

She laughed, but Stormy and Kayla recall the autograph sessions growing serious.

"I've never been to a strip club, but I had to come see you," one woman confessed.

"I fucking hate [Trump]," another lady whispered.

Ever since the *Wall Street Journal* published a story alleging Stormy took \$130,000 to sign a nondisclosure agreement which forbid her from discussing a 2006 consensual sexual encounter with Donald Trump, the 39-year-old has become a political Rorschach test. Women thank her at the grocery store for inspiring them to speak up, sharing

their personal #MeToo stories. Conspiracy theorists call her the "Deep State's Plan B" if the multiple Russia investigations fail to bring down Trump.

On Twitter the leftist resistance has hailed





her as a saving grace that might lead to impeachment. Leaders of the evangelical right have ignored Stormy—if they acknowledged the scandal, how could they defend their beloved Trump?—but atheists have used this reaction as proof of Christian hypocrisy.

The only person who sees Stormy's story as not political is Stormy herself.

"I'm fine with women coming up to me and saying, 'You've inspired me.' That's great. But I'm quick to point out that's not my story," she says. "I suck dick for a living. Nobody wants to know what I think about the wall or health care. Do I have political opinions? Yes. But I'm not interested in sharing them because I am fully aware that it's my job and my service to society to be an entertainer. Yes, my version of being an entertainer happens to be a porn star, which makes it even more important: I am an escape from reality."

But if Stormy doesn't want to be part of a political agenda, what does she want?



IN late March, I drive to the edge of the San Fernando Valley, porn capital of the world, to meet Stormy. Different media outlets have presented Stormy as a slutty, giggling cartoon, a shrewd business professional, or a real-life Buffy the vampire slayer ready to plunge her stake into the country's most divisive leader in recent memory.

Stormy requested I interview her at the horse ranch of photographer and former *Playgirl* model Keith Munyan and his life partner J. D. Barrale. Munyan makes a living photographing porn stars' pictorials and actresses' head shots. In his dining room, his stills of Ariana Grande, Demi Lovato, and Victoria Justice hang like the pop culture equivalent of presidential portraits.

Munyan met Stormy when he was shooting the DVD cover of one of her earliest porn films. A Baton Rouge native, Stormy recognized his Louisiana twang, and Munyan told her he was from Monroe. "Swamp trash," he says today, talking of his roots. "Pure fucking swamp trash." They became best friends overnight. Five years ago, when Munyan started dating Barrale, Stormy began calling them both "Dad." Today, Munyan is the only man she will let photograph her naked.

Stormy now spends most her time in Texas, where she resides with her daughter, seven horses, husband Glendon Crain, a pit bull named Crunch, and a Yorkie called Munch. But during L.A. work stints she crashes at Munyan and Barrale's ranch.

When I arrive at the palatial spread, where a front yard fountain blasts water into the

air, I'm greeted by a scene encapsulating Stormy's new reality: A Cadillac Escalade carrying a 60 Minutes crew and her power attorney, Michael Avenatti, speeding out of the driveway.

Inside, Stormy prepares for a spray tan.

Danielle, a spray-tan artist, has assembled a tanning tent in Munyan and Barrale's living room, next to a white bed, where many porn films have been shot.

"I don't want to look like Trump," Stormy quips as her gay dads' three dalmatians circle around them. While Danielle prepares her spray gun, Stormy says her lawyer has hired a security guard and chauffeured Escalade for her L.A. visit. "Figured I'd use it," she jokes, saying she intends to make use of the secure ride for a trip to the mall.

Stormy strips off her clothes and pauses a moment before covering her hair to protect it from the tanning spray. Even without makeup, her blue eyes stand out, her gaze penetrative.

Danielle laughs awkwardly. "I want to ask how you're doing," she says, "but I'm scared."

"I'm bored!" Stormy cries in a sarcastic, faux nasal voice. "Nobody calls me!"

**"I SUCK DICK FOR A LIVING...  
DO I HAVE POLITICAL OPINIONS?  
YES. BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN  
SHARING THEM BECAUSE I AM  
FULLY AWARE THAT IT'S MY JOB...  
TO BE AN ENTERTAINER."**



Stormy and her horse, Leo

Her three days in L.A. are a respite from her Make America Horny Again strip club tour. Stormy's new, soaring profile has resulted in other changes, too. She recently left her longtime porn home, Wicked Pictures, to exclusively shoot new content for Brazzers

and Digital Playground, two subsidiaries of MindGeek (PornHub's parent company), for a deal rumored to be one of the biggest in the industry.

When Stormy first landed in L.A. in 2002, she was just there to shoot porn and raise her rates as a featured exotic dancer. She hated the city's smoggy skies and traffic. But after filming one early, standout girl-on-girl scene, Stormy was signed as a contract girl with Wicked, one of the industry's most revered production companies, and where Jenna Jameson famously got her start.

Before social media and cam sites allowed women to self-promote, entities like Wicked booked the girls' interviews, fine-tuned their personas, and ultimately brandished their likenesses on DVD boxes sold at adult video stores across the nation. The contract-girl club was competitive and highly exclusive, capable of taking an everyday woman from stripper to porn star, and Valley hopefuls coveted the spots.

"[Wicked] was careful to pick girls that were a positive influence in the industry," says Holly Randall, the erotic photographer and daughter of the iconic *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, and *Playboy* photog Suze Randall. Wicked tried to choose girls who were well-educated, or at least could play the part. This approach assured that contract girls could serve both as porn performers and public relations officers. Of course, no amount of brains mattered if they weren't fit, large-breasted blondes who treated their male costars as sparring partners as much as sexual conquests—what Ashley West, porn historian and consultant on HBO's *The Deuce*, calls "fierce Amazonian, Russ Meyer type of girls."

Stormy quickly made a name for herself, and by 2004 she was writing, directing, and starring in her own films, including *3 Wishes* and *One Night in Vegas*. In 2005 she cameoled in Judd Apatow's mainstream hit comedy, *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*—a huge get for a pornographic actress.

In 2008, Adult Video News (AVN) Awards, the Oscars for porn stars, chose Stormy as the Jenna Jameson Crossover Star of the Year. At the award ceremony in Las Vegas, Jameson herself glided across the stage to present the prize. "It's apropos that this award is named after me," Jameson began. Then the erotic luminary announced, "I will never, ever, ever spread my legs again in this industry." With that, Jameson welcomed Stormy to the stage and smiled as she presented the trophy, but her public resignation had upstaged Stormy. "Jenna Kanye'd me before Kanye Kanye'd Taylor," Stormy deadpans.



Stormy didn't eclipse Jameson in the mid-aughts. Nobody did. An onslaught of free amateur porn oversaturated the market, reducing the wattage of porn stars. But Stormy left her mark, focusing on writing and directing some of the industry's splashiest films.

Stormy continued her high-profile work before and behind the camera. In 2015, she wrote, directed, and performed in *Wanted*, an ambitious, expensive western. During the eventful shoot, a camera exploded, flash floods devastated sets, and a leech crawled up star Anikka Albrite's ass during a sex scene in a lake, among other problems. "Only thing we were missing were locusts," Stormy jokes. But the film went on to receive six AVN nominations and win Best Drama.



It was while her star was rising that Stormy Daniels met Donald Trump.

On July 13, 2006, Stormy was promoting *Wicked* at a booth at the American Century Celebrity Golf Championship in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, when Trump allegedly approached her. Moments earlier he had announced his intention by hollering, "I want to meet her!"—a detail supplied by adult performer Alana Evans, who heard this from Stormy herself, as Evans told me in a March interview.

Later that day, Evans, who was on vacation in Tahoe, went with a friend to a resort tattoo parlor. When she spotted Stormy passing by, she hailed her porn colleague and the two talked. That's when she says Stormy told her that Trump had invited her to a party.

Daniels meeting Trump was not especially unusual. At the time, she was a porn star and he was a reality-TV star, not a politician. And as Evans points out, Trump would have found Stormy appealing. "He has a type: strong, beautiful," says Evans. "Stormy looks like [Trump's ex-wife] Marla Maples."

That evening, Stormy called her multiple times, according to Evans. By the fifth call, she remembers hearing a voice she identifies as Trump's calling out: "C'mon, Alana! Let's party! Let's have some fun!" Evans considered the offer, but declined. "I make it a practice to stay away from men who are powerful," she explains. "Anything can happen to a girl like me."

(When asked to comment on these details, the White House directed *Penthouse* to Trump's personal attorneys, Charles Harder and Michael Cohen, who did not respond to repeated requests. Cohen's own lawyer, David Schwartz, wrote in a text message, "I have no answers to any of your questions.")

Stormy herself wishes she had never taken the elevator to the penthouse suite of Harrah's Lake Tahoe Hotel and Casino. And she is sick of being asked about what happened. As she saunters into Munyan's dining room wearing lightning bolt earrings, she apologizes for her hoarse voice. "I've done nothing but talk," she says.

Taking a seat at the table, she begins dining on pasta with red sauce, and sipping from a goblet of pinot noir. There's a brownie on hand for dessert. "I have a



Trump and Stormy in 2006

food fear," Stormy says to me. "I can't stand to be hungry. If my stomach growls, I panic."

Stormy would rather talk about her laundry basket.

In February, TMZ posted a photo of her on a leather couch beside a plastic laundry basket, signing covers of *In Touch* magazine. "STORMY DANIELS BRINGS HER DIRTY LAUNDRY...To Strip Club!!!" blared the headline. In actuality, she was using the \$3.99 basket, just bought at Walmart, to carry her clothes, candles, lotions, and photos and DVDs to sell at her strip club appearances. Amused at the "fake news" story, Stormy named her basket "Fillecia" and created the Instagram account @stormysbasket, posting shots of the basket with a dog in it, and being interviewed by CNN reporters.

"I wouldn't talk to them unless they interviewed the basket," Stormy says. "And they did it!" Sitting at Munyan's table and cackling merrily, she checks comments left on the Fillecia account. "Stop the presses!" she says, putting her hands in the air. "The basket got her first death threat!"

It seems time to bring up a subject bigger than the basket. I'd danced around

Trump's name for nearly an hour, uneasy about broaching it given Stormy's feelings about journalists, but here I was beside the woman with the golden vagina that could topple the presidency. I had to go there.

"What was your impression of Trump before you met him?" I ask.

"Before I met him, I thought that he was on TV and had funny hair."

"What was your impression when you met?"

"That he was on TV and had funny hair."

Stormy told Anderson Cooper during her *60 Minutes* appearance that while together in Trump's 18th-floor room, the future 45th president said, "Have you seen my new magazine?" Trump was referring to a recent issue of *Forbes* featuring him on the cover.

"I was like, 'Does this normally work for you?'" she said to Cooper while detailing the experience. Stormy had essentially executed what *The Game* author and former pickup artist Neil Strauss calls a "neg"—an "ambiguous statement or seemingly accidental insult" apparently suggesting a lack of interest, which sometimes gets the other person interested. But unlike a PUA, Stormy didn't intentionally neg him. What some men might study *The Game* to learn, she knew instinctively.

"I don't think anyone's ever spoken to him like that," Stormy told Cooper. "I said... 'Give me that,' and I just remember him going, 'You wouldn't.' 'Hand it over.'" According to what Stormy said on *60 Minutes*, she ordered the future president to drop his drawers and then spanked his bum.

During dinner in Trump's hotel room, Stormy believes she bonded with him as a person. She recalls Trump being "fascinated with the business side" of porn. And she adds, "If someone is asking you questions, you can ask them whatever you want, so I could ask him questions." She quizzed him about his business, including a pending publicity stunt where either he or WWE CEO Vince McMahon would shave the other's hair at an upcoming *WrestleMania*. (Trump shaved McMahon's hair at *WrestleMania* 23.) Trump, Stormy says, explained that his hair was "his brand," so there'd be no televised pruning for him.

She describes meeting a version of Trump rarely seen on television. He was still a TV star with funny hair, but Stormy remembers him being interested in having a serious conversation about the dynamics of the Trump media persona that fueled his businesses.

"He seemed more human and multi-dimensional," she recalls. They began discussing what Trump called "gimmicks,"



and their discussion ranged into politics. "[Porn star] Mary Carey ran for governor [of California in 2003] and we talked about that," Stormy says. In other words, a celebrity of some sort running for office could be as good a gimmick as a strange hairdo.

"Does his hair stay still as he has sex?" I ask.

"No, [his hair is] real," Stormy replies. "He chose that."

"And it just fluffs around as he's on top of you?"

"Yeah, that's real. Kind of like a drunken cockatoo."

"Was it good sex?"

"What do you think?"

"Everyone's different."

Stormy sips her wine and side-eyes me.

"And the penis wasn't big?" I continue.

"Yeah," Stormy confirms.

"Like his fingers?" I joke.

Stormy puts her hands in the air. "I don't want to shame anybody," she explains.

Trump was not a problem to her, and she says she never intended to discuss the alleged one-night stand after she signed the nondisclosure agreement shortly before the 2016 election.

When the *Wall Street Journal* reported on the NDA on January 12, 2018, Stormy locked her New Jersey hotel room door as the press descended. She holed up alone for two days, with a friend delivering Chinese food at one point. Later, on January 27, the media hounded her at the 35th AVN Awards, so she hid again, this time in her room at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino's high-rise tower overlooking Las Vegas. The security guards, who had nicknamed her "Rapunzel," escorted her from her room to the event.

As Stormy posed on the red carpet in a blue sequined gown, she dodged questions about Trump. After all, she thought, was their encounter really such a stunning revelation? Here was a man who'd cheated on his first wife, Ivana, with Marla Maples, then allegedly called tabloids posing as a publicist to spread news about his sexual exploits. Trump's fans knew who they'd voted for. Trump allegedly banging a porn star years ago seemed to her like no big deal. Surely, Trump's team would stay silent, and as long as both parties never spoke out, the story would die.

Her vow of silence was not shared. On February 13, Trump's personal attorney, Michael Cohen, announced that he'd paid Stormy with his own money. "Just because something isn't true doesn't mean that it can't cause you harm or damage," Cohen said, which Stormy interpreted as an

insinuation that she was a liar.

*Hold up, motherfucker, Stormy says she thought. I'm not allowed to open my mouth? And you can just open your mouth and lie and call me names? Enough is enough, and fuck you. I'm going to fight back.*

Stormy has since filed a defamation suit against Cohen, and also sued to get out of her NDA. If Stormy wins her case, she plans to donate the \$130K to Planned Parenthood in Cohen's and Trump's names. "'Cause I'm that kind of cunt," she says. "I don't have shame. You can't bully me."



STORMY Daniels, born Stephanie Gregory, is unsure of the first time she stood up to a bully. But in reflecting on the question, she brings up an incident that happened when she was around 17 or 18, and she stumbled upon some kids throwing fireworks at a bony, famished horse. Later that night, Stormy and her boyfriend broke through a fence, unchained the horse, and got the animal out of there.

Her determination to rescue the abused horse may speak to her character, but when discussing her childhood, Stormy

**HERE WAS A MAN WHO'D  
CHEATED ON HIS FIRST WIFE...  
THEN ALLEGEDLY CALLED  
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describes a young girl forced to forge her independence by combatting those who had pushed her too far—a pattern that would lead to her staring down the President of the United States and his closest allies decades later.

As a child growing up on the outskirts of Baton Rouge (as she jokes in a Southern accent, "I was born a poor white girl on the base of the bayou"), Stormy remembers thinking her mom, Sheila, was beautiful—a four-foot-eleven Julianne Moore look-alike. She recalls frequent trips to Kmart, where she'd beg Sheila for a quarter to ride the miniature merry-go-round.

Her father William abandoned the family when Stormy was four, around the time her maternal grandmother died. (He did not return *Penthouse's* requests for comment, though he told *Inside Edition* he paid child support, and years later bought his daughter a car, which Stormy confirms.)

"I had no family now," Sheila tells me in a phone call. "[Stormy] came out of my body when nobody wanted her." William's

absence changed Sheila. Prior to his departure, she says she believed the world was kind. "I was sheltered," she explains. "I didn't know how bad the world could be."

As for Stormy, she learned about hardship at an early age. She speaks of going hungry at home while her mom went missing for days, leaving her without food. She describes episodes of panic in her bedroom, where her mother had hung a Mickey Mouse blanket over the window because they couldn't afford blinds. Working two jobs to support Stormy, Sheila insists she always left her daughter with neighbors and babysitters. And as she tells it, the blanket over the window was part of the room's Mickey Mouse theme.

One of the few facts Stormy and Sheila agree on is that Sheila would chain-smoke, lighting one cigarette with another. "Damn right I smoked," Sheila declares. Stormy remembers her mother's ashtrays all over the house. She and a childhood friend also recall rooms cluttered with trash. "Oh my, Sheila!" the friend recently wrote on Stormy's personal Facebook page. "The thought of your mom's kitchen will raise me from my bed to clean mine to this day."

Sheila, says Stormy, would only pay attention to her when she was sick. And she describes her mother's taste in men as "the worst." Both mother and daughter recall a night when Sheila was arguing with a lover and a shotgun blast pierced Sheila's bedroom wall and flew into Stormy's room. "It was buckshot, so it exploded in my closet and blew holes through all my clothes," Stormy says. Sheila downplays what happened, saying it was an accident and that she replaced Stormy's clothes.

When Stormy was ten, her stepfather gave her money to buy Christmas presents. She bought a horse instead, and named her Perfect Jade—Stormy's one healthy escape. After school, she worked at stables to help feed Perfect Jade.

Stormy remembers her school days were as difficult as her home life. "Some girls were really snotty and mean," she says, adding that she felt like "an outcast." She recalls moments when girls tried to bum cigarettes off her because her clothes reeked from her mom's smoking. Years later, when Stormy began writing pornographic movies, she named the female characters who got murdered after her middle school and high school bullies. She estimates it took four or five movies to kill them all off.

In high school, Stormy continued to work at horse stables. She realized she preferred horses to humans and began volunteering at a veterinary's office.



By the end of high school, Stormy was dating a guy she says showed her his porn magazines. She ripped out a Suze Randall photo of Penthouse Pet Janine Lindemulder posing in riding clothes next to a horse trailer. *Oh my God!* she thought. *This is a trifecta!* Stormy says she was into porn as much as any teenage boy, but only as something to look at, not as a future life path.

During her senior year, Stormy applied to college. She and her mother both recall a Texas veterinary school offering her a scholarship—one that did not cover living expenses. Stormy couldn't afford to move to Texas. Not long after, she moved out.

While crashing at a friend's house, Stormy began working as a stripper, both to support herself while still in school and to start saving for college. Then she remembers a third reason: "You know what it was really about? Not wanting to sell my horse."

Stormy and her boyfriend eventually moved into their own house. After two years away from her mother, she agreed to let Sheila move in, with disastrous results. "She did nothing but undermine me," Stormy says. "Smoking inside, driving my boyfriend's car without permission.... She also got kicked out of places where I was dancing—multiple times for getting drunk and taking off her top." Eventually Stormy had to tell her mom to leave. "When I kicked her out," she recalls, "she stole my furniture."

Sheila tells a different story, claiming Stormy moved to California and left her mother and furniture behind. "I did not steal," she says, adding she plans to sue Stormy for defamation. "If you talk to that witch again," Sheila continues, "I have an earful for her."

Two days later, Sheila decides to call her daughter. The phone rings as Stormy is lounging in Munyan's living room. "This should be good!" Stormy says. She lets the call go to voicemail. A few minutes later, she sits back on a white leather couch and plays the message on speakerphone. "Brace yourselves, ladies and gentlemen."

We hear Sheila's emotional, high-pitched voice coming out of the phone: "I just want to let you know that your shenanigans have cost your father his job.... Enjoy your life because what goes around comes around! And if Glen had any smarts he would take that child and go somewhere else. 'Cause you're an unfit mother!"

"Says the unfit mother!" Stormy interjects.

The message goes on. When it ends, Stormy recounts something her husband said of his estranged mother-in-law. After seeing the movie *I, Tonya*, Crain told

Stormy that Tonya Harding's mom, LaVona, reminded him of Sheila. "We should put them in an RV and film them driving across country!" Stormy quips. "LaVona and Sheila Do America! Can you imagine? I'd invest in that. We'd all be rich."

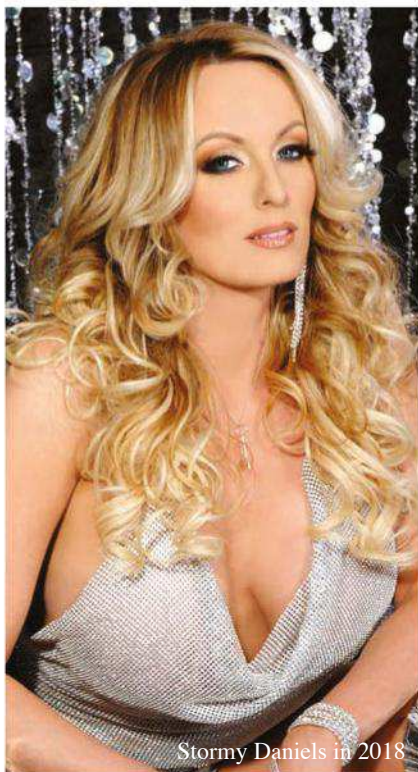
Stormy pauses. For the first time, her face reveals an emotion—worry—she didn't show even while discussing her mortal enemy, Trump's lawyer Michael Cohen. Looking at me with those searching blue eyes, she says, "Please don't write a whole article about my mother."

Two weeks later I speak to Sheila one last time. She is unapologetic. "I am what I am and I loved Stormy," she tells me. Then her voice chokes up. "You bet my ass I miss my baby.... She's all I had. She will always be a part of me. That's my blood in her."



THE day of her *Penthouse* shoot, Stormy stares at her cell phone in Keith Munyan's den while Peggy, a makeup artist, curls her hair. The room's walls bear sexy pinup photographs and a sign reading YOU HAD ME AT WOOF.

"The trolls are going at it," Stormy says, scrolling through Twitter. In response to a guy who tweeted, "Isn't your job to get people to grow to like you," Stormy types a



Stormy Daniels in 2018

retort: "Technically it is my job to get dicks to grow, which I have a pretty good record of doing judging by my long career in front of/behind the camera in porn. I got some cool awards, too!"

Fellow porn stars attribute Stormy's feistiness to her years in the industry. "[We] get so much hate online," explains Sydney Leathers, who entered the adult business after BuzzFeed outed her as congressman Anthony Weiner's sexting partner. "On any given day, you'll get a rape threat, a death threat, every threat imaginable—that definitely forces you to develop a thick skin."

Alana Evans agrees. "We've been battling these people calling us 'whores' and 'come buckets' and every other disgusting name they can think of for years," she says.

Throughout the porn industry, Stormy is known for her work ethic, unflappable demeanor, and for standing up for herself. "Trump fucked the wrong porn star," one industry veteran observed. And mainstream publications that used to criticize porn are now praising Stormy's grace under pressure and gift for zingers. "On Twitter, Stormy Daniels Slays Trump Trolls and Steers a National Conversation," read one *Newsweek* headline, while *Time* magazine's Ryan Teague Beckwith lauded her "savage wit."

Over the decades, a number of porn stars have become legendary following scandals that became known to the public via a mainstream publication or other mass-media form.

In 1980, Linda Lovelace published *Ordeal*, a feminist memoir that accused Chuck Traynor of beating her up on the set of *Deep Throat*. John Holmes was embroiled in the 1981 Wonderland murders, which inspired both the Oscar-nominated *Boogie Nights* (1997) and the reviled 2003 biopic starring Val Kilmer. Traci Lords—after she was outed for appearing in dozens of skin flicks while underage—renounced the porn industry and rode her notoriety into mainstream movies like John Waters' 1990 film *Cry-Baby*. Similarly, for decades, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein and *Hustler* tycoon Larry Flynt cashed in on dirt about hypocritical politicians (though they mostly only managed to catch congressmen with their pants down).

"In some respects [Stormy's scandal] is the Holy Grail," says porn historian Ashley West. Ironically, however, Stormy's story lacks the key ingredient for most scandals. As feminist critic and author Laura Kipnis explains in *How to Become a Scandal*, scandals typically require a sense of shame.

Here, though, Stormy Daniels is an unabashed porn star who allegedly had consensual sex with Trump, a professional vulgarian. Their sexual dalliance only blossomed into a scandal because Stormy was paid shortly before the presidential





Onstage with Stormy, March 2018

## DIRTY LAUNDRY

Interview by Mitchell Sunderland

AFTER TMZ falsely accused Stormy Daniels of washing her laundry at a strip club, Stormy made an Instagram account for her laundry basket, naming it "Fillecia." @stormysbasket has since gone viral.

In an exclusive interview, Fillecia opens up about what it's like to work for the most famous porn star in America.

### How many loads can you take?

It depends on the day and how my stomach is feeling. I prefer three at a time. I like to get filled up really well.

### Does Stormy consider you disposable?

I don't think so. We have a special connection. I feel this every time she carries me. She uses me to carry more than laundry, by the way. I have been entrusted to help her transport her 8 by 10 autographed photos, copies of the erotic films she stars in, and more.


### What does Stormy's underwear smell like when you're up close and personal with it?

I would describe it as an intoxicating blend of stripper and Fresh Scents sachets.

### Melania Trump travels with Louis Vuitton luggage. Does that make you feel insecure?

First off, LV is really overpriced. And her husband ran on a *populist* message—Louis Vuitton is where the elite meet, luggage-wise. Me? I fit in everywhere I go. I'm democracy in action.

### What did your dad do to you to make you a stripper's laundry basket?

I never knew him. He got sucked away in the lint trap. 

election, which many experts consider a violation of campaign finance laws.

"This is not what I wanted on any planet," Stormy says later, while seated at Munyan's dining room table on this rainy March day. "He put his penis inside [her] vagina! Oh, that's never happened before!" Stormy sighs. "That's not that big of a deal."

But Stormygate has resurrected the porn star archetype, and some believe Stormy could walk away from her predicament as history's most famous example.

Not everyone is happy about it, though. Jenna Jameson, who overshadowed Stormy at the AVN Awards a decade ago, has retweeted conservatives who are harassing Stormy. When asked if she was jealous, Jameson responded, "I think she's good at referencing people that are more famous than her to help her get ahead. I think we all know who the most famous porn star of all time is—Ron Jeremy. Hehehehe."

But whatever exact ranking she deserves in the porn star annals, Stormy takes her hard-earned professional status seriously. She's the first to arrive at the warehouse-size studio near Munyan's ranch, the location for part one of the photo shoot.

Wearing a bathrobe and Ron Jon flip-flops, Stormy walks around the set itself, which smells vaguely like a Payless shoe store. She inspects the room's purple neon lights, black leather couches, and photo backdrop of Los Angeles. At a long gray table, where Munyan has placed his testicle-shaped key chain, Stormy examines ziplock bags filled with costume jewelry. She holds two bracelets up to the light and clasps a silver band around her wrist.

Later, as Lady Antebellum's "Bartender" muffles the downpour outside, Stormy readies herself in a dressing room. "This is my music," says Munyan, gray-haired and muscular. "She's gonna play rock 'n' roll!"

An hour or so later, Stormy reemerges in a silver dress and knee-high boots, looking like a Bond villain who was raised in Louisiana. She climbs onto a low leather ottoman and pauses to situate herself.

*Flash!*

Instantly, Stormy is in her comfort zone. With each of Munyan's camera flashes, she tilts her body, touching various spots with a pro's precision: butt, boobs, cheek, thigh, repeat. Her hands skim lightly across bare flesh, then pull gently at her top, teasing her breasts. Moment by moment, Stormy can be fierce or demure, teasing or vulnerable. At one point she sticks out the tip of her tongue. While the poses may be calculated, they convey an effortless, playful sensuality. Porn star or not, she's a woman

of undeniable charisma—a breed that both scares and inspires, powerful enough to make the most bombastic of men go silent.

Clearly, Stormy knows what she's doing.

Several times during the shoot, she stops to inspect the shots on Munyan's camera. When determining it's time to change the soundtrack, she hooks her smartphone to the speaker and passes through various choices, skipping over Katy Perry to reach her final destination: Rob Zombie's "Thunder Kiss '65." Satisfied, she returns to the couch, Peggy trailing behind her with a bottle of hairspray.

Stormy jumps right back in action, even more energized. By the time the song changes to Marilyn Manson's "Tainted Love," she's really hit a groove. "Sometimes I feel I've got to," Manson hisses, and Stormy bumps her hips to the beat. Sensing good shots, Munyan grows invigorated as well, his flashes speeding up with every grinding swing of Stormy's hips. The room takes on a new rhythm—speakers thump, Stormy bumps, the camera flashes. "Run away I've got to." *Bump, bump; flash, flash.* "Get away from the pain that you drive into the heart of me/ The love we share/ Seems to go nowhere..."

Time for something new—the couch. Stormy sprawls across the black leather. "I'm a swan," she proclaims.

"Be messier," Munyan orders.

Stormy slides forward, her derriere in the air, and turns her face toward the camera. Slowly, she sticks her finger down her throat. She bounces up and steps behind a curtain of beads.

Then Stormy stops and tells a Penthouse executive who's observing the shoot to download the Kirakira application on her phone. "It's a camera app that adds sparkles," she explains.

"It'll put sparkles coming out of her ass," responds Munyan.

Stormy bursts through the curtain of beads and the exec snaps some iPhone photos—sparkles fly out of Stormy's butt on the screen. Stormy laughs.

She obviously relishes modeling, but during a break at the studio's bar, she looks dour in her bathrobe. "I feel bad for Michael Cohen," she says. "Did you see his lawyer and my lawyer on CNN last night? His lawyer isn't even licensed in California."

I ask her if she's enjoying any aspects of this crazy ride. For all the unwanted attention and legal drama, there are also the perks: sold-out club shows, magazine photo shoots, and newfound admirers, some of them willing to pay for stomped Cheetos.



"I like the work, but I'm sick of defending myself. I see no end in sight," Stormy says. I tell her she should at least profit off the notoriety and land a book deal, but she shakes her head.

"I wanted to write a book for years," Stormy reveals. She says she walked around with a notebook collecting funny stripper stories and quotes. (Example: a dancer who credited her thinness to "an overactive hemorrhoid" instead of thyroid.) The Trump encounter would have just been a chapter in the book; now Trump would dominate it.

"I just feel like my story isn't over," Stormy adds. She's used her scandal to elevate her stripping and porn work, but these are things she's always done for a living. She's refrained from exploiting her alleged one-night stand in other ways. "It's not what I want to tell people about," she says.

■■■

LATER that day in Munyan's living room, Stormy is posed nude on a pile of hay when Munyan's phone rings. He picks it up. "Oh God," he says. "It's Kate from the *Daily Beast*. We don't want her." He tosses the phone aside.

"I heard coyotes out my window last night. I wish they'd eat the journalists," Stormy kids.

A few minutes into the shoot, Munyan's partner Barrale barges in with another press interruption. "Stormy," he announces, "your *60 Minutes* preview is out!"

Stormy begins watching on Barrale's phone and screams.

"The fucking makeup artist made me look ugly!" she cries. "I told Anderson to let me wear only my makeup and use my makeup artist. This is all I'm gonna hear about! You know who now needs security? That makeup artist when I get my hands on her!"

Stormy holds the phone up for Barrale, Munyan, and Peggy. "I'm calling my plastic surgeon and getting a face-lift," she says. "[Cooper's makeup artist] just airbrushed me—no contouring!"

Stormy fires off text messages to her husband and lawyer and then wonders aloud, "Why are porn makeup artists so much better?"

"Because they transform people," Munyan replies.

Stormy collapses on the white leather couch next to Peggy. "I wonder how many [strip club] bookings I'm gonna lose." Her Android rings. "I look a hundred years old!" she screams into the phone.

"Is that Michael?" Munyan asks.

"Yes."

Munyan laughs. "[Michael's] fucked."

"I'm not having a body dysmorphia moment!" Stormy protests. She hangs up on her lawyer. "My husband was smart enough not to respond." She points at me. "Never ever let a mainstream makeup artist touch your face. Never, ever, ever!"

Since the scandal first broke, the press has been tracking down Stormy's friends and coworkers. One morning, Barrale awoke to knocks on his door. He stumbled outside in shorts and UGG boots and found a camera crew waiting. "Who are you?" he asked.

"CNN!"

Paranoia has even struck Alana Evans, who hasn't seen Stormy in a decade. Before she appeared on *Megyn Kelly Today*, Evans says she stopped at a Starbucks. While she waited in line, two women approached her and began speaking in Russian. Evans' brain jumped to something she'd seen on

**"THE BIGGEST MISUNDER-  
STANDING IS THAT I RETIRED.  
I WAS NOMINATED FOR FOUR  
AVN AWARDS THIS YEAR....  
THE OTHER IS THAT I'M [IN PORN]  
BECAUSE I'M STUPID."**

TV—women thrown onto subway tracks for knowing about a president's affair. Then the women joined the line of customers. It seems they had come to Starbucks for coffee, not to murder a porn star.

■■■

BEFORE Munyan snaps his final photos, Stormy's hunger panic kicks in. She and Peggy take a break at the kitchen table, where a pot of daisies sits next to Stormy's ten-year-old *Private Dancer* magazine cover.

"The biggest misunderstanding is that I retired," she tells me between bites of a taco. "I was nominated for four AVN awards this year. I shot a movie every month. The other [misunderstanding] is that I'm only a porn star because I'm stupid. [That] I figured out how to make the most money doing the least amount of work."

"Do you need a fork?" Munyan interjects.

"No, I'm a barbarian."

Stormy washes her food down with purple Red Bull, then notes, "It's my favorite drink."

For Stormy's final shots, Munyan clears the living room of everything, including the hay. Stormy paces nude around the wood-floored space, an American flag draped over her shoulders.

"Is the flag okay to wear?" she asks. "I

know it can't be burnt or touch the ground."

"I've had it on girls and naked guys," Munyan replies.

"Major celebrities do it and don't get in trouble," I say.

"But I suck dick for a living," Stormy reminds me. "I'm more offensive."

I search the subject, and Google agrees: Stormy can wrap the flag around her body.

Bathed in strong light, Stormy follows Google's instructions. With her chin up and one knee high, she looks more like Rosie the Riveter than a porn star.

Seeing her draped in the flag, I think back to the conversation Stormy and I had on the night I first visited Munyan's ranch.

"Does it bother you that people politicize you?" I asked.

She responded by saying that she has always stayed out of politics because half her fan base is in or has served in the military. Veterans, she said, have approached her in strip clubs and handed her their battalion's flag, saying, "[My buddy] got killed, but you were his favorite porn star."

"They're stuck in these horrible situations, and for an hour and a half, I'm their fantasy," Stormy explained.

For much of her life, Stormy Daniels has both stripped and stood up to bullies. Now when she stands up to Cohen and his client the president, a new group of fans view what she's always done as a different kind of service to country. And while this faction is rooting for her to triumph, others just wish she'd keep her mouth shut, no matter what happened between her and the man they believe is making America great again.

But if Stormy's lifetime of struggle and vanquishment of those attempting to hold her down is any indication, the president may come to realize that grabbing a pussy can sometimes result in the equivalent of putting your hand in a bear trap. Still, even if Stormy is ultimately vindicated, that would bring with it a new set of circumstances, not all of them—given our nation's politics—necessarily desirable. She knows this, of course. She's seen a thing or two.

Whatever happens, she'll meet it with those eyes wide open. ☪

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*Mitchell Sunderland was senior staff writer at VICE. He lives in Los Angeles, and his stories have been viewed by millions. He is at work on his debut nonfiction book, an investigation into the misunderstood pet industry, from a third-generation puppy person who was raised in the stockrooms of Florida pet stores and on the puppy farms of the Midwest.*





# AMERICAN WOMAN

Stormy Daniels is not the kind of woman you can bully into submission. If the President of the United States and his legal team can't intimidate her into silence then no one can. Meet our Penthouse Pet of the Century. Maybe you've heard of her....

Photography: Keith Munyan  
Hair and Makeup: Peggy Prendeville  
Styling: Stormy Daniels















































**World War 1 victory parade  
passing a Triumphal Arch,  
in New York City, Sept. 10, 1919.**





# POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

IS THERE A POINT TO PRESIDENT TRUMP'S MILITARY PARADE?  
WE'D LIKE TO THINK SO.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

**R**EADY or not, here it comes: Trump's military parade is a go this coming fall.

Is it necessary? No, it's really not. It's not like twenty-first century America's lacking for pageantry when it comes to war and the military. Is it responsible? We're in year 17 of an endless war on terror and extremism, and estimates peg this parade in the area of \$30 million. It is decidedly irresponsible. Will it be fun? You know, even this crabby Irishman has to admit it'll probably be a really good time.

We're still months away and I already know I'll use it as an excuse to get away from the family for a weekend and drink too much with friends and former brothers and sisters in arms and wake up on my brother's couch wondering why and how there's a bruise shaped like the state of Missouri on my leg.

Tanks and artillery guns and polished infantry soldiers rolling down Constitution Avenue may prove a strange sight, but something similar happened post-Gulf War and the soul of the republic didn't immediately go black. We'll be okay. (That we clearly and definitively won that earlier war is an aside perhaps worth noting. Anyhow.) What unsettled me most is the parade's scheduled date: Veterans Day, on the centennial of the end of World War I.

Veterans Day, of course, grew out of Armistice Day, an old holiday that honored the same World War I anniversary in an ultimately futile attempt to keep human beings from killing each other for resources and power. Having an inaugural tribute to a military mired in perpetual conflict on the centenary of that seems...*vulgar* is one word that comes to mind. *Dense* is another. Here's World War I vet and writer Robert Graves with some thoughts on the subject, from his poem "Country At War":

"And what of home—how goes it, boys/ While we die here in stench and noise?"

A hundred years later, it shouldn't be about us. It should still be about them.

Then there's the whole Veterans Day overlap.

In theory, I get it. We have three main patriotic holidays in America. One—the Fourth of July—is reserved for fireworks and good times, while another—Memorial Day—is for honoring the fallen... and holding mattress sales. So when Pentagon chief Jim Mattis and others got tasked with the new parade, their options were limited. But there's a not-insignificant difference between veterans and active servicemembers, and it'll be interesting to see how that difference is navigated in the planning and at the event.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY EVERETT HISTORICAL





**PARADES REMEMBERING THE PAST (EVEN A NOSTALGIC PAST) CAN CONVEY THE COMPLEXITY, THE MIX OF PRIDE AND SADNESS THAT WAR SHOULD CONJURE IN A CITIZENRY. CAN PARADES HONORING THE PRESENT DO THE SAME?**

By honoring veterans and Veterans Day, society is paying homage to a fixed past—things that cannot be changed or altered, but perhaps learned from and studied. Something occurred, sometimes just, sometimes not, unfortunately, and now it's in the annals of history. Men and women who were part of that history serve as living touchstones for those annals—walking connective tissue in a way. It can't be said enough that war, no matter how just, is not glory. It's state-sanctioned violence. Who knows that best, and can speak to it personally? Vets.

Parades remembering that past (even a nostalgic past) can convey the complexity, the mix of pride and sadness that war should conjure in a citizenry. Can parades honoring the present do the same? I'm not sure. I hope so. We have parade-like events already, of course, involving the active military—Fleet Week most prominently.

But a parade modeled after France's Bastille Day, as the president wants, goes well beyond even the Fleet Week celebration and ceremony. (That Bastille Day commemorates a toppling of the rich from power is another aside perhaps worth noting. Anyhow.) What does it say about the state of America—and America's relationship to war and service—that the spectacle of the immediate trumps all, even memory?

Hell if I know. But my man Graves might. Here he is again, from his classic 1929 memoir *Good-Bye to All That*: "Patriotism, in the trenches, was too remote a sentiment, and at once rejected as fit only for civilians or prisoners."

So that's who the parade will really be for. Which is fine, in its

way. Let's just be honest about it. Vets and civilians alike.

Which brings me back to that intersection between veteran and active servicemember: I'm sure come November, everyone will be good and respectful. Vets will feel bad for the marching slicksleeves, promising to buy them drinks once it's all over. The slicksleeves will be eager to hear some vet stories, as something in the tales may prove helpful to their future combat tours.

That vets will be watching this Veterans Day will be an oddity noticed by many but understood by few. (That's an assumption on my part, and I suspect a couple veterans groups will play roles in the parade—but you really think the powers that be are gonna let the angry and the righteous in our ranks march past Dear Leader on his dream day? I'm skeptical. Though a platoon-size element of long-haired grunts who met at the VA marching down Constitution Avenue behind all the pomp and polish would be a sight to see.)

There won't be any Bonus Army-type nonsense between veteran and soldier. Not in 2018, at least. But this parade will serve as a marker that separates the two groups a little bit more than time and experience already have. That's uncomfortable. Not a doubt in my mind it'll still be so, come the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in Washington.

See you there. ☙

---

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





# SHARE THE LOVE

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# SHADOW PLAY

Our spring CyberCutie, Mia Shelby, may be the most flexible fox we've had in our studios. Unlike most webcam models, Mia doesn't just sit there, typing away at the keyboard in her favorite bra. Her most popular shows occur on her in-house stripper pole. (Seriously, she's like a sexy snake on that thing.) This former competitive cheerleader was more than happy to contort herself for us, wearing nothing but her Louboutin heels.

**Photography: Gerald De Behr**













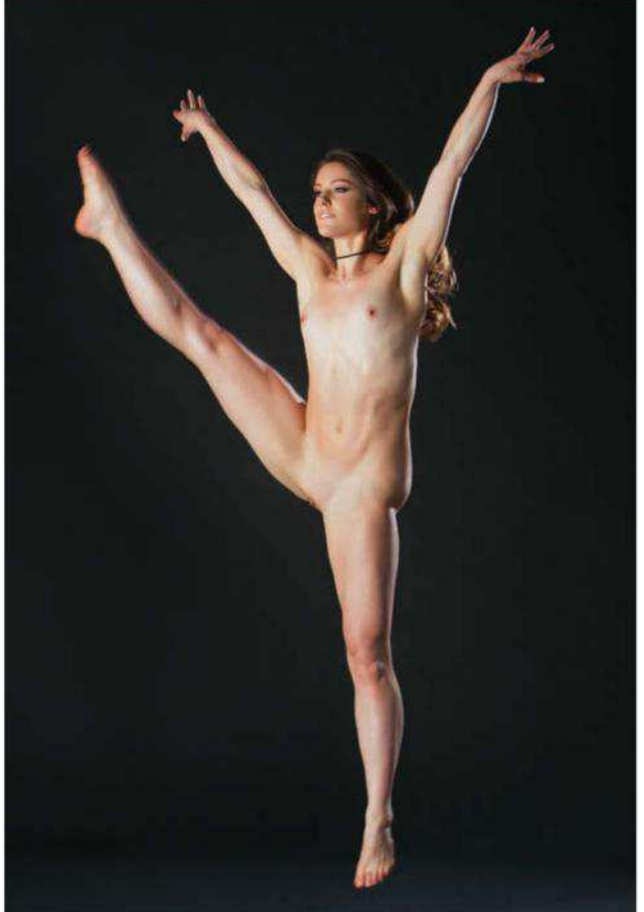














# MIA SHELBY

## Vital Stats:

32B-25-36

5'6"

24 years old

**Hometown:** Los Angeles, California

## How did you become so flexible?

I was a competitive cheerleader for 14 years.

## Whoa. Like, rah-rah-sis-boom-bah?

Yeah. I was four when I started.

## Four? What were you cheering for? Cheerios?

No! I did competitive cheering. You don't cheer for sports teams, cheerleading is its own sport, like gymnastics or figure skating. It's serious. My older sister did it, and I wanted to do it, too. I competed with a team, and individually.

## What was your craziest move?

My hardest pass was an Arabian through to full.

## Huh?

You run, do a round off, then do a half-turn in the air into a front flip. Then, out of the front flip, you do another round off, then a back handspring, back handspring, then you end with a back flip with a twist.

## All your gymnastics training must have made your pole acrobatics a breeze when you started webcamming.

It was so natural. I have a pole in my house, in my "office," it's a separate place where I do all my camming. I've been camming for four years. It's my cam-iversary this June.


## You're a vet in the cam world!

Ha! I have a really great group of girls around me who I'm close with. We have all been together for a while, and it makes it so much more fun.

## Sisterhood of the Traveling Tits. If you had to eat one thing for the rest of your life, what would it be?

Fruit. I love fruit. It's just so delicious. It's nature's candy.

## What are three things you could never live without?

My mom, my significant other, and my pole. 

**Find more of Mia Shelby at**  
**[https://profiles.myfreecams.com/](https://profiles.myfreecams.com/MissMiaShelby)**  
**MissMiaShelby or see more**  
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# SEXUAL MCCARTHYISM AND ART

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

**S**O now the #MeToo movement is pressuring museums not to show the work of artists who have been accused of sexual improprieties. One current high-profile case involves the great portrait artist Chuck Close, a paraplegic, who has been accused of asking potential models to get naked when they audition to pose for him. This has made several women uncomfortable and they have complained.

There are other allegations as well, regarding his reference to their body parts, but he has denied doing anything improper.

"I've never had a complaint in 50 years—not one," said Close. "The last time I looked, discomfort was not a major offense." He acknowledged having a "dirty mouth," but added, "We are all adults."

Without any semblance of a trial, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., has indefinitely postponed an exhibition of Close's painted and photographic portraits.

What's next? Will Picasso's paintings be removed from museums around the world? Jock Reynolds, director of the Yale University Art Gallery, expressed precisely that concern: "Pablo Picasso was one of the worst offenders of the twentieth century in terms of his history with women. Are we going to take his work out of the galleries? At some point you have to ask yourself, is the art going to stand alone as something to be seen?"

Artists throughout history have had sexual encounters with their models. Even if consensual, there is obviously a power structure involved. Some artists, like Egon Schiele, have used underaged models and painted them in the nude. In 1912,

Schiele spent 24 days in jail, charged with seduction of a female minor (that charge was dropped) and convicted of exhibiting erotic drawings in a place accessible to children.

I recently saw an exhibit of Schiele's paintings in Vienna, which included some artistic renderings of children. Should the paintings be taken down? And what about the work of French Impressionist Pierre-August Renoir, who said some demeaning things about women?

A few years ago, New York's Metropolitan Museum had an exhibit of works collected by Gertrude Stein. The exhibit never mentioned that Stein was a Nazi collaborator who worked closely with the head of the Gestapo in Occupied France, and later helped him escape.

When I brought this to the attention of the curator, the museum agreed to sell a book that documented her despicable collaboration with the Nazis. No one suggested taking down the exhibit. I guess it's worse to ask a woman to pose naked than to collaborate with genocidal murderers.

There are no standards by which museums make these kinds of decisions. They simply seem to follow current public opinion. It used to be right-wingers who demanded that offensive art be taken down; now it's the censorial left.

The implications of museum censorship of great artists, based on their personal behavior, goes well beyond sexual misconduct. Some of the greatest artists in history have lived deeply flawed lives, behaving in predatory and even criminal ways. The great painter Caravaggio was accused of murder—and he's not the only artist to face such an accusation. As the *New York Times*





**THE IMPLICATIONS OF MUSEUM CENSORSHIP OF GREAT ARTISTS, BASED ON THEIR PERSONAL BEHAVIOR, GOES WELL BEYOND SEXUAL MISCONDUCT. SOME OF THE GREATEST ARTISTS IN HISTORY HAVE LIVED DEEPLY FLAWED LIVES, BEHAVING IN PREDATORY AND EVEN CRIMINAL WAYS.**

recently pointed out, both the nineteenth-century photographer Eadweard Muybridge and the contemporary sculptor Carl Andre have been accused of homicidal crimes. Furthermore, many artists, particularly in France at the turn of the twentieth century, were rabid anti-Semites who supported the persecution of Alfred Dreyfus. Others were members of the Nazi party in the 1930s and 1940s. Still others, like the great abstract painter Mark Rothko, were communists or “fellow travelers” sympathetic to the Soviet experiment under Stalin.

The Boycott, Divestment, Sanctions (BDS) movement targets Israeli artists—even those who disagree with Israel’s current policies regarding the Palestinians. Should museums go along with BDS? Once the decision is made to judge artists by their personal or political actions or affiliations, there

is no stopping the process. If every artist whose actions offend someone is banned, the walls of our museums will be bare.

I have no problem with museums disclosing to visitors the sordid activities of exhibited artists, so long as there is a neutral standard and a fair process by which both sides of the alleged misconduct can be heard and evaluated. Museumgoers could then decide for themselves whether to view a particular artist’s work. But censoring art based on unproven and disputed allegations is a modern form of sexual McCarthyism. ☪

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*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*



# AFTER A DAY OF STUPID...

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

**J**OURNALISM is hot right now. White House stories, Russian influence stories, political shenanigans—it seems like every day since the 2016 election a fresh twist or brewing scandal has set headline writers and cable-news bookers scrambling. With people following closely, online readership for *New York Times* and *Washington Post* reporting has skyrocketed, right along with digital subscription numbers. The Trump bump, it's been called.

And at night, legions of cable-news anchors, correspondents, and pundits dissect what's going on, with passionate audiences tuning in. This month we salute some of those who bring us breaking news or comment smartly on it in the evenings. And since this is *Penthouse*, we went ahead and selected ten accomplished women who combine intelligence, news chops, and on-camera appeal to leave a memorable impression every time out. After a day of stupid, here are women who bring sense and insight to news of the world.

## KATY TUR, MSNBC

A daughter of journalists who majored in philosophy, Tur worked as a Weather Channel storm chaser and award-winning local reporter in L.A. and New York before joining NBC News. She rose to prominence as an embedded reporter shadowing the Trump campaign. More than once Trump singled her out during his rally media-bashing. Tur wrote about that experience and others in *Unbelievable: My Front-Row Seat to the Craziest Campaign in American History*. Wild cards: Her middle name is Bear. She once dated Keith Olbermann.

## MICHELLE KOSINSKI, CNN

A graduate of Northwestern, Kosinski received an MA from that same university's prestigious journalism school. Following reporting stints in Charlotte and Miami, Kosinski became a London-based foreign correspondent for NBC, covering the war in Afghanistan, European terrorism, and

U.S.-Russia relations. She won an Emmy for live reporting on the 2008 presidential election. In 2014, Kosinski became CNN's White House correspondent and now serves as senior diplomatic correspondent covering the State Department.

## EBONI WILLIAMS, FOX NEWS CHANNEL

A lawyer educated at the University of North Carolina and Loyola University in New Orleans, Williams has worked as a public defender, criminal attorney, and legal analyst for CBS News. Joining Fox in 2015, Williams has cohosted several shows, including *Fox News Specialists*, where she debated legal and political matters. Author of *Pretty Powerful: Appearance, Substance, and Success*, Williams works in radio as well. In 2017, she cohosted alongside Curtis Sliwa for three daily hours on WABC Radio.

## PAMELA BROWN, CNN

Formerly CNN's justice correspondent, Brown now covers the Trump administration as senior White House correspondent. Daughter of 1971 Miss America Phyllis George and a Kentucky ex-governor, Brown was one of few local-news reporters to cover the 2010 Haiti earthquake, sending stories back to her D.C.-area station. Joining CNN in 2013, she has reported from Paris after the 2015 *Charlie Hebdo* terrorist attack, from Brussels after the 2016 attack, and has done major investigative reporting on sex trafficking.

## KATHERINE TIMPF, FOX NEWS CHANNEL

A magna cum laude graduate of Hillsdale College in her home state of Michigan, the witty libertarian cohosted on *Fox News Specialists* in 2017, and appears often on Fox News evening shows. Timpf is also a stand-up comic, writes for the *National Review*, and had a weekly Barstool Sports show. "You may recognize me from being mad at me," her Twitter bio quips. After criticizing—live on *Fox News Specialists*—Trump's reaction to the white nationalist rally in Charlottesville last August, Timpf received death threats.





#### **REBECCA BERG, CNN**

Named a CNN politics reporter in late 2017, this San Diego native studied journalism and political science at the University of Missouri, and was selected as a *New York Times* political reporting fellow after graduation. She's reported on politics for BuzzFeed, RealClearPolitics, and the *Washington Examiner*. Berg cut her journalistic teeth reporting on the 2014 midterm elections and the Republican field during the 2015-2016 presidential campaign.

#### **JULIA IOFFE, CNN/MSNBC**

A history major at Princeton, Ioffe is a widely published journalist who writes about national security and foreign policy for *The Atlantic*. Based in Moscow for several years while working as a correspondent for *The New Yorker* and *Foreign Policy*, this fluent Russian speaker is also a Putin expert. Former senior editor at *The New Republic*, Ioffe has generated in-depth reporting on Russian election meddling, Russian sanctions policy, and Putin's goals.

#### **ALEXANDRA FIELD, CNN**

A French and history major at Hamilton College, Field holds an MA in journalism from Syracuse. As an international correspondent based at CNN's Asia-Pacific headquarters in Hong Kong, Field covers breaking news globally. She has reported on terrorist attacks in Istanbul, Dhaka, Brussels, and Boston. Along with filing in-depth stories on Islamist killings in Bangladesh, Field has done investigative reporting

on Pakistani "honor killings," Vietnamese bride-smuggling, and North Korean nuclear testing.

#### **NATASHA BERTRAND, MSNBC**

Early this year, Bertrand joined *The Atlantic* as a staff writer on national security and the intelligence community, focusing on the Trump-Russia investigation. Previously she was at *Business Insider* on the same beat. A graduate of Vassar and the London School of Economics, Bertrand once worked at a politics think tank in Madrid studying EU relations with the Middle East and North Africa. Biography wild card: handlebar-mustached Trump attorney Ty Cobb asked her if she was "on drugs" in a September e-mail exchange.

#### **CLARISSA WARD, CNN**

A Yale grad who speaks seven languages, including Arabic, Chinese, and Russian, Ward has been in the news business since 2002, working for ABC, CBS, and now CNN, where she's a London-based senior international correspondent. One of the bravest and most decorated reporters in broadcast news, Ward has won multiple Peabody, Emmy, and Edward R. Murrow journalism awards. Since the start of Syria's civil war, she has entered the country more than a dozen times to do high-risk reporting. In 2014, she became the first journalist to interview an American Isis fighter inside Syria. Ward has covered numerous European terrorist attacks and reported often from Moscow since Trump became president. 🇺🇸





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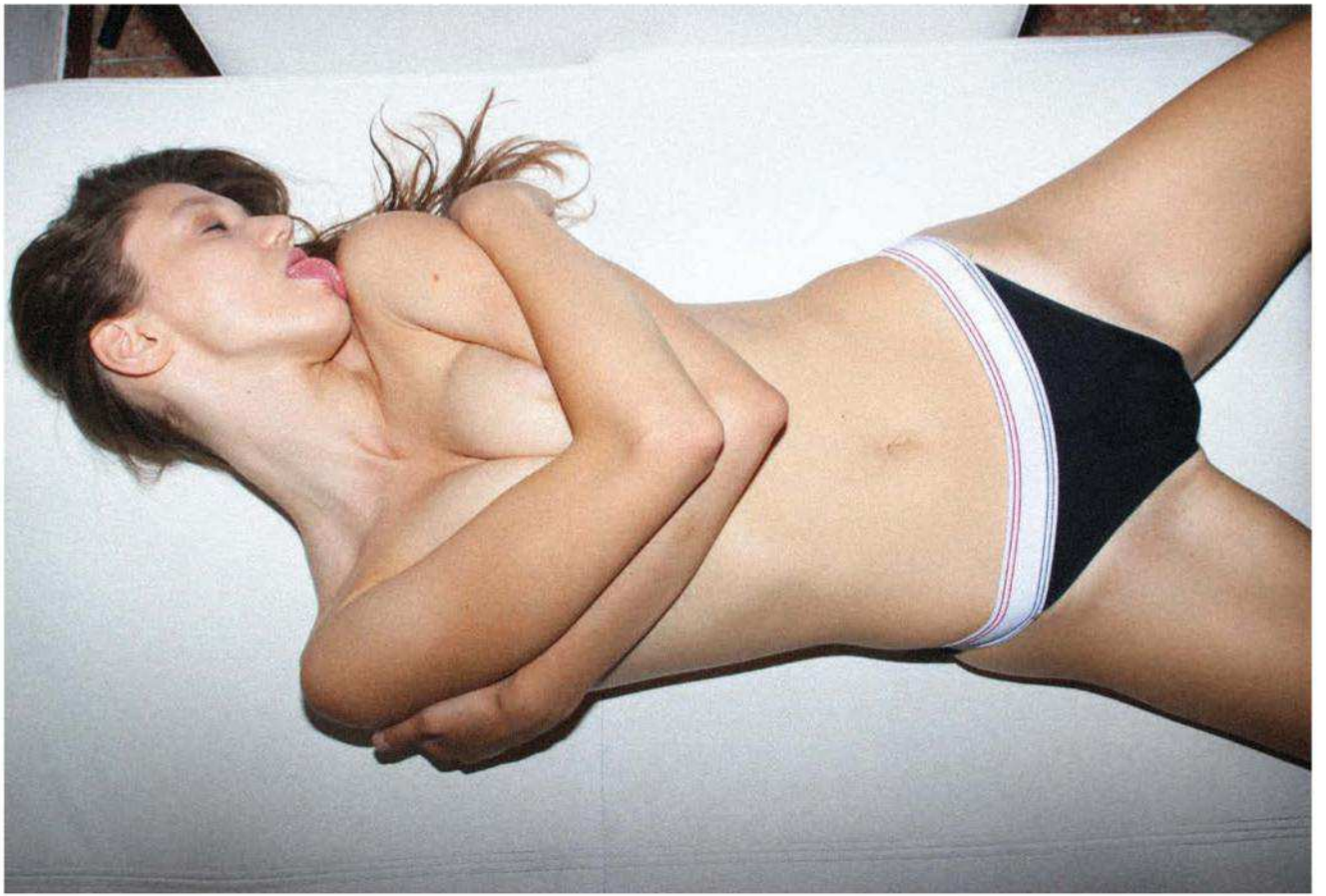




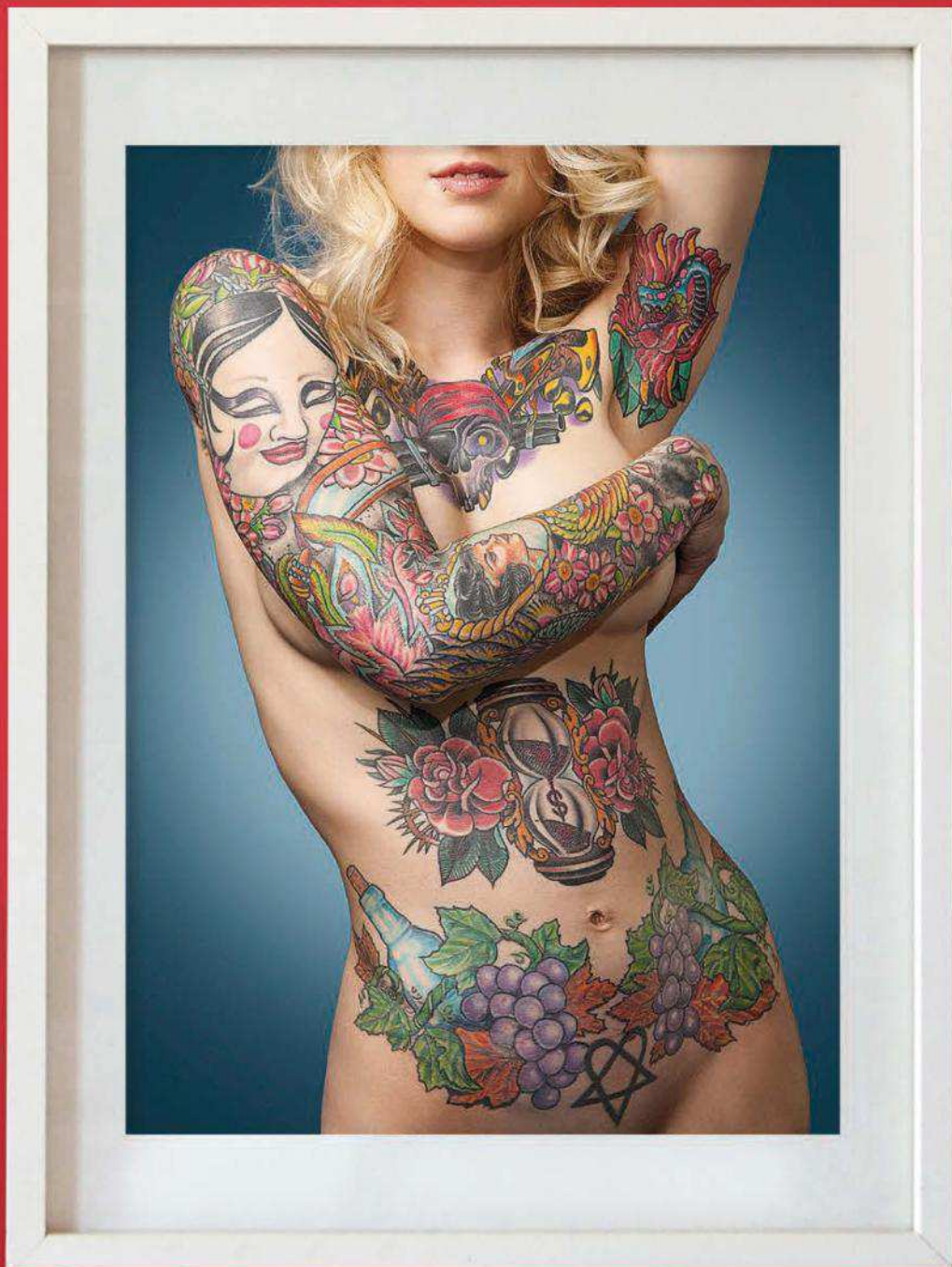








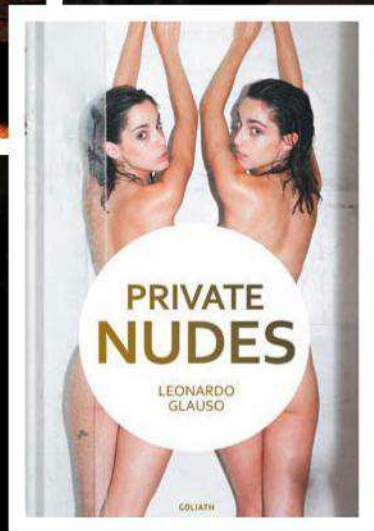
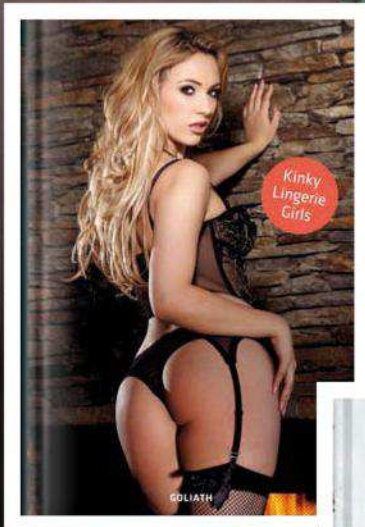














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# TAKING A PASS AT MARRIAGE

## ONE GUY'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE

BY JOE DEROSA

**S**O I recently did something I'm not proud of: After a night of many, many, many, many drinks—and perhaps a few other components—I hit on my friend's wife.

I only know I did this because I was informed of it, by her, the following day. The subject line of the email read "Last night," and its body detailed my slurred attempts to make a play for this unsuspecting woman.

None of it was lecherous, just clumsy and extremely uncouth. I, of course, replied, offering my sincerest apologies and clarifying that, had I been anywhere in the vicinity of my right mind, I never would have thought of, much less attempted, such an insane venture. I sent my slighted buddy—her spouse—a text stating the same. He was cordial, though I suspect I won't be invited to Thanksgiving dinner this year.

In the days following my faux pas, my conscience took very few breaks from tearing into me, which I was fine with. I deserved it. The last thing you do after taking a figurative whiz on a couple's marital vows is look for sympathy. In under a week, I believe I had three marginal panic attacks, four sleepless nights, and a roughly 120-hour stomachache. Again, all of this was fitting penance for my incredible misstep.

While I was seeking counsel, some dear friends of mine, both male and female—incidentally, I refer to them as "dear" because they spared me the obvious "you fucked up" lectures—gave me open-minded guidance and advice.

They said, "You're only human," and "It happens," and "This will pass in time." Their kind words were appreciated, whether they meant them or not. My friends allowed me, and me alone, to kick myself while I was down, as they realized two pointed feet were more than enough.

But where was the lesson in all of this? What was the takeaway? Was it that, in a perfect world, you could betray a friend's trust and he and his spouse might eventually just get over it? When posed with this question, my faithful companions should have responded with, "Get your brains out of your balls and stop looking for poetic meaning in making a pass at your friend's wife."

But nobody gave that, or any other, answer. So I continued to haplessly search for my own meaning in all of this and stopped pestering my pals for a life lesson in a complicated

situation they didn't cause.

This treasure hunt, at times aimless, at other times infuriating, eventually drove me to the greater realization I'd hoped for: Traditional marriage is not for me.

After years of stressing over my commitment issues, questioning my reluctance to settle down, and the idea of long-term relationships giving me the same sick feeling I had every night the weekend I headlined at a fish restaurant called Off the Hook in Marco Island, Florida, I finally understood that it wasn't me. It was you, Marriage.

But what the fuck does this have to do with the shitty thing I did to my friend and his wife? I'd like to think there's a profound connection. I haven't been living my truth. Ugh, I hate that expression, even when it applies. But not living my truth led to not loving my life, led to not seeing my worth, led to not realizing my potential.

The undercurrent of discontent in my head, even though unrealized and unnoticed, is probably what caused me to attempt to sabotage someone else's happiness, albeit inadvertently.

I'm not trying to put too fine a point on the matter. I get that sometimes we drink, sometimes we drink too much, sometimes we black out, and sometimes we hit on the wrong person: bosses, coworkers, a friend of your mom's, a distant cousin, a less distant cousin, and so on.

But I can't help but believe that the mom in *A Christmas Story* had a lengthy string of subconscious motivations that started well before she accidentally broke that leg lamp. The dad knew what was really going on. "You used up all the glue ON PURPOSE!"

The actual conception of marriage is a bit hard to pin down, but I do know its initial roots lie in legend. And that's a fact. So it's time I put marriage on the same shelf on which I've set other storied illusions to collect dust. I've previously let go of voting, belief in teamwork, faith in progressivism, and my chances of ever actually constructing a working lightsaber. Wedded monogamous bliss must now join the aging pack.

Not to say I'll pursue lovelessness and die alone. No way. I'm gonna get married someday. And as I ask you to wipe that





**A HEALTHY SENIOR SEX LIFE IS A NICE NOTION IF WE ALL HAVE THE MONEY  
AND OPPORTUNITY TO AGE LIKE CHRISTIE BRINKLEY.  
PROBLEM IS, YOU'LL STILL END UP HAVING TO FUCK JOHN MELLENCAMP.**

"What the fuck are you talking about?" look off your face, I'll state that I'm aware of my contradiction and, better yet, I have a solution for it: platonic marriage.

Here's how it works: A friend and I—neither of us having any interest in standard matrimony—will pledge to live and grow old together, through the good times and bad, without the bond being muddled by sex or romantic intimacy. I love the friend, the friend loves me, so we take care of one another and keep our respective boning out of the house.

To be clear, I'm not talking about a couple who swings and swaps. That lifestyle works well for certain people, but I want a union completely devoid of sex—nothing to do with making love, everything to do with sustaining it.

Besides, I don't know about you, but I'm not exactly worried about getting laid into my twilight years. I'm tired now, for Christ's sake. But if I really need to get some squish at eighty-four, I'll go see a hooker...a much, much, much younger hooker.

A healthy senior sex life is a nice notion if we all have the money and opportunity to age like Christie Brinkley. Problem is, even if you do, you'll still end up having to fuck John Mellencamp. If that's the fate that awaits me, I'll gladly keep my companionship separate from my coitus.

In the meantime, I'll continue to recognize intercourse as merely a means to an end. There's nothing sacred about it. That's why it's called "getting off," as in, "I'm done here and I need to quickly abscond from this situation." If sex were truly special, it'd be called "getting on," as in, "I'm here for the full

ride, the long haul." When it comes to fucking, I don't need a life partner. I need a brief cooperative.

And if you're wondering about kids...don't. For starters, I don't want them. But if the unlikely day that I do ever arrives, there's no shortage of ways to obtain them outside of the act of marital conception: laboratories, adoption, fostering, and more. Hell, I bet I could even find one abandoned on the street if I really kept my eyes open. However, in that situation, I'd do my research to be **ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN** the child had been legitimately discarded before I took it home.

I don't want to deal with the issues that traditionally complicate a marriage. Do we want a big family or a small one? Are your sexual desires identical to mine? If not, do I really have to try *that*? Are you still attracted to me? Why do we always have to fall asleep to *Top Chef*?

None of these issues matter in a platonic marriage. All that matters is that I'll be with someone dear to me—someone who'd give me advice like, "Get your brains out of your balls"—and we'll have each other's backs, unconditionally, till death do us part. And if someone tries to fuck my friend, I won't care.

Also, I'll no longer be acting out in the unhealthiest of ways. Instead, I'll be (sorry!) living my truth. ☺

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*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.*







## PREMARITAL PUSSY

**I**T wasn't until I felt her tongue against my clit that I really understood the difference between being with a man and being with a woman. Women aren't just softer and gentler as lovers, they understand my body in a way a man never will. She knew just how hard to press and just how quickly to move her tongue to drive me to the brink of orgasm in a matter of minutes.

And that was just Allie, the woman who was lying under me.

I was on all fours, and Jenn was behind me, thrusting two fingers into my pussy. She knew precisely where my G spot was and she was sliding her fingers hard against it. I could only hope my fiancé would learn to be half the lover my former college roommates were turning out to be.

Guys probably like to imagine that things get pretty wild at bachelorette parties, with matching lingerie and giggling pillow fights. Mine had escalated well beyond that. We had all stripped naked, and the pillows were strewn around the floor, forgotten until someone's hips needed to be propped up. Instead of girlish giggling, the room was full of relentless moaning and begging for more.

I don't remember exactly what had ignited this madness in the five of us, but once we started, it quickly turned into a full-blown lesbian orgy. We lived together for years in college and never even kissed, but that night we finally unleashed all of the pent-up sexual tension and curiosity that had ever existed between us.

It all began with a little innocent kissing after Allie, always the troublemaker, said she wanted to compare all of our kissing styles. But of course we couldn't just kiss Allie or we wouldn't know what she was talking about, so we drunkenly started kissing each other. They were all so soft and gentle, but she was right, each one kissed a little differently. One was more demanding with her tongue while another used feather-light kisses that teased. Once we had breached that

barrier, things felt different, like we had already broken the rules and could now do anything we wanted.

Jenn revealed that she'd never gone down on a woman, and somehow all bets were off. As the bride, I was encouraged to lie back and spread my legs as Allie started to teach the other girls how to lick a pussy properly. Jenn went last, and by the time her tongue slid wetly against my clit, I was humping the air and begging for more. I got so close to coming just from that, but Allie stopped her before I could get there.

Allie flipped me over onto my knees so that she was under me, and took over licking my clit. It felt amazing, but then Jenn's fingers started to thrust into me,

## MY COLLEGE GIRLFRIENDS AND I WERE LOST IN A TANGLE OF LIMBS, FINGERS, AND TONGUES.

finding just the right spot and rhythm. Another girl's fingers joined Jenn's, spreading me wider and teasing my ass. I was in such a haze I didn't even care who it was. Sarah appeared under me and started licking my nipples, pinching and teasing them in between.

It was fucking bliss. I knew I was moaning loudly, but I couldn't help it. I finally came with a shriek, feeling the waves of pleasure rock through everywhere my best friends were touching me. The girls all cheered as I caught my breath.

We could have stopped then and just laughed about it, but that hardly seemed fair. I switched spots with Allie, licking and squeezing her huge, magnificent tits before making my way down to her pussy. Without instruction, the other girls

took up their spots and we went to work on making Allie come. It turned out Allie is a squirter. We were all so impressed with how much she came that we had to see it again, making her squirt four times before we changed positions again. The bed was soaked, so we moved things to the bathroom.

We were lucky to be in a Vegas suite that featured a tub big enough to fit everyone. I thought women were soft before, but once we were all wet and soapy and slippery, I couldn't believe how heavenly their bodies felt against mine. We were lost in a tangle of limbs, fingers, and tongues. Everyone had gotten off multiple times, so they all returned to me to finish things.

Jenn kissed me deeply, so I couldn't see, but I could feel so many delicate fingers sliding all over my wet body. They spread my pussy wide, filling me as they thrust inside. Another set of fingers pinched and squeezed my nipples, while someone was rubbing my clit feverishly. As I felt a thumb start to slide into my ass, I exploded in the biggest orgasm of my life.

As though the person in question had been waiting for that finale, there was a sharp knock on our suite door. Allie pulled on a robe and went to answer it. From the bathroom we heard a male voice clear his throat and say, "I'm sorry to disturb you, ma'am, but we've been receiving noise complaints...uh...something about a lady screaming? If everything is okay, would you please try to keep the noise to a minimum?"

We heard Allie's throaty laugh, as she said, "No problem. We're all finished."

—Laura K., Richmond, Virginia

## CUCKOLD CONSPIRACY

**M**Y wife and I recently started trying to spice things up in the bedroom, and it escalated a little faster than we anticipated. We had both thought about sharing our fantasies for years, but never worked up the courage. When we finally did blurt out



a few drunken, harmless confessions, it was as though the floodgates had opened.

She told me that she had always wanted to be fucked by another man while I watched. I'm the luckiest guy on the planet because I just happen to have a cuckold fantasy. We had both been imagining the same thing in our minds, and now we could finally experiment with it.

We started slow. I would blindfold her, fuck her with toys, and pretend there was another man in the room. Hearing her moan as I knew she was imagining a stranger fucking her drove me wild. I watched the dildo penetrating her while I imagined a bigger cock than my own doing the same. My feelings of inadequacy and shame somehow made me horny as shit. I had never understood why it turned me on, but who was I to argue with it if she was into it, too?

Soon, the fantasy wasn't enough for us, and we started talking about actually getting someone to do the deed. But who could we trust who also turned us both on? We went through an endless list of our friends and acquaintances. It became a hot game between us when we'd run into people we hadn't seen in a while and we both knew the other was picturing what they would be like in bed.

In the end, it seemed to just happen naturally. We were in L.os Angeles for a conference, and one night at the bar we started hanging out with a guy who, from the start, seemed to be able to read our minds. He was a little older than us, but in great shape. As I watched him laugh and flirt with my wife, I couldn't help but feel inadequate in the best way. Better still, from the gleam in Michelle's eyes and the way she kept touching him, I knew he was doing it for her, too.

We kept drinking and chatting until we felt the mood change. He stopped and looked me in the eye before leaning down and whispering something in Michelle's ear. She giggled and blushed. I was mortified that they were brazenly flirting in front of me—and wildly turned-on.

With some kind of unspoken agreement, the three of us made our way back to our room. I walked a little behind, watching both helplessly and hopefully as this man

fondled my wife. Were we finally going to make our fantasy a reality?

Once we were in the room, the man pointed to the chair in the corner and said, "Why don't you have a seat, man? Michelle and I are going to get to know each other better."

Just like that. He wasn't asking. He was telling. And like the pathetic excuse for a man I am, I obeyed.

I didn't know then that Michelle had discussed the whole thing with him during my trips to the bathroom while we were at the bar, negotiating boundaries and telling him exactly what we both wanted him to do. To me, it just seemed like my

## **I SAT SILENTLY AND WATCHED AS HE PEELED EACH LAYER OF CLOTHING OFF MY WIFE BEFORE TAKING OFF HIS OWN CLOTHES.**

every fantasy coming to life.

I sat silently and watched as he peeled each layer of clothing off my wife before taking off his own clothes. They kept whispering to each other and then looking in my direction and laughing. It was getting me so hard that I had to pull my dick out of my pants.

Before I knew it, they were naked and kissing, their bodies pressed together. His hands were everywhere, caressing her in places that I considered mine. She was more than willing, lying back on the bed and parting her legs in invitation. She opened them wider, making sure she was angled toward me, giving me just a glimpse of her glorious pussy before he blocked my view with his head.

I had always pictured her being fucked, but this new twist was hotter than I could have imagined. He worked his tongue against her clit, making her thrash and moan. When was the last time I had made her feel that good? Had I ever?

When she came, I thought he would

finally fuck her, but he simply redoubled his efforts, adding fingers along with his tongue. I lost count of how many times she came, but she was shaking and moaning helplessly by the time he stood up.

He retrieved his pants from the floor and pulled a condom out of his wallet, giving Michelle and me a moment to look at one another as we anticipated what was about to happen. Was I really about to let another man fuck my wife?

She was clearly as desperate for it as I was, so why the hell not?

He stood between us again, and didn't even hesitate before thrusting into her. When he was balls-deep, he looked back over his shoulder at me and said, "Fuck, man, your wife's pussy feels so damn good!"

That was all it took to push me over the edge. I came as he started to fuck her, watching in a haze as she wrapped her thighs tightly around him. He didn't last much longer than me, and in the aftermath we all just panted and smiled blissfully.

He didn't stick around afterward. He got dressed, gave us a wave, and said, "Thanks for a great night!" as he slipped quietly out the door.

It wasn't until he was gone that we realized we didn't even catch his name. Usually the fantasy is better than the reality, but in this case it was everything we hoped it would be.

—Greg G. Chicago, Illinois

## **BIKE WEEK BLISS**

**F**OR ten days every spring, Daytona Beach morphs from a paradise for surfers and sun worshippers to a parade of thousands of leather-clad motorcyclists, arriving from all over for booze, bikes, and babes. Colorful tents hawking biker regalia line beachfront sidewalks, rock and country music blares, Harleys rumble up Main Street, and scents of barbecue, seafood, ocean air, and bike exhaust all mix together.

I look forward to Bike Week all winter. Back home in Morgantown, I'm a lawyer with a pretty settled life. But once a year, I ride down to Daytona, check into a hotel, and have some fun in the sun.







# SHE TOOK THE WHOLE THING INTO HER MOUTH, DEEP-THROATING ME LIKE A PORN STAR.

I've been doing this for a decade now. The last three years, after my marriage broke up, I've traveled down solo, and had a great time. It's not hard to. But I think last year's Bike Week was the best. A big part of that was meeting Cristine.

After a dozen hours on the road, I needed a beer and headed to my favorite bar after I'd gotten settled. I think I was three steps inside the place when I noticed a blonde firecracker in a black "Bike Week" tank top, tight jeans, and assless leather chaps.

If you've never seen a getup like this in a bar or on a boardwalk at sunset, I recommend Bike Week. Guys were checking her out, of course, especially because she was standing at the bar counter alone, sipping from a beer bottle, steady eyes gazing around the joint. Her heart-shaped ass looked incredible and her mounded tits, lightly tanned, swelled up out of her top's scoop-neck. She was around 40. A very hot 40.

My last few trips to Daytona, I've tried to practice a "Nothing ventured, nothing gained" approach. A woman like that would let me know real fast if she didn't feel like talking, and that would be fine. Bike Week was full of gorgeous women.

As I walked toward her, I noticed she wore a studded leather belt with a buckle reading "Bitch" to keep the chaps in place. But when I introduced myself, she didn't send me packing. My face was windburned and I had a bit of a tan line across my forehead from my helmet. Her bright blue eyes took quick note of this.

"Been riding, huh?" she said.

"Just got here. West Virginia. Feels good to be back. How about you?"







"I'm local. It's a crazy week, but I love it." She took a sip of beer. I told her the last few years I'd come down on my own.

"I like it," I said. "You meet people, you're on your own schedule, etcetera."

"I know what you mean. I went to L.A. last year, just myself. Had a blast." She offered her hand. "I'm Cristine."

We talked through another couple of beers. She worked at a hair salon. She grew up in Atlanta. She had a dog called Dexter. She started riding motorcycles in high school.

I've always been attracted to women with a bit of fire in them. Cristine definitely had that. When a drunk dude was a little too vocal in his appreciation of her outfit, she gave him a quick, cutting look. But then two seconds later she was showing me photos of Dexter, a black lab, on her phone.

We took our beers outside, ending up under a huge tent on the beach listening to Lynyrd Skynyrd, both of us with a pretty good buzz by then. It was a beautiful night to be out: warm and still, the Atlantic almost glassy, picking up the moonlight.

After the show, Cristine said, "I live five minutes away. Wanna have a drink on the balcony?" She added, "You can meet Dexter, too."

"I look forward to it," I said.

She lived on the second floor of a two-story apartment building on a palm-lined side street. Dexter needed a walk so Cristine changed into a pair of Daisy Dukes and we walked him around the block, then took some drinks out onto her little balcony. Corona for me, vodka tonic for her.

After I finished my beer, she said, "Stand up." I stood up. She knocked back the last of her drink, stood up herself, took my hand, and led me into her bedroom.

She had a four-poster canopy bed. I liked it. A sexy badass with a regal touch.

Cristine stripped off my T-shirt, trailing her ruby-painted fingernails across my torso. My cock throbbed. As if reading my mind, she put a hand to my crotch and briefly massaged it. "Ummmmm," she purred.

"You're something else," I told her.

"No," she said. "Just someone who knows what she wants."

I stripped her top off. Above her tanned, flat stomach she had rounded, D-cup breasts



**WHILE CRISTINE  
REMAINED ON  
ALL FOURS,  
I SLAMMED INTO  
HER FROM BEHIND,  
MY HANDS  
GRIPPING THE  
COOL LEATHER.**

with small, pert nipples. I couldn't help openly appreciating. She didn't mind. And then she moved to show me more.

She unbuttoned her denim cutoffs, sliding the Daisy Dukes off her lean legs. She wore a purple thong and had a honeybee tattoo just above her trimmed pussy. Off went the thong. Then she said, "You know what would be fun?"

"What?"

"Leather. Turn around."

I turned around. I wasn't sure what was happening—a couple of scenarios ran through my head. I heard her take a few steps, then a rustling. "Stay there," she said.

A minute later, she said, "Okay, turn around."

I turned. Cristine was back in the black leather chaps. And nothing else. She was stunning.

She got on her knees, unbuttoned my jeans, and began teasing my cock with her full lips. Looking up at me, she trailed her tongue up and down my shaft. Then she took the whole thing into her mouth, deep-throating me like a porn star. Her mouth was a vacuum, sucking me right to the base. Then she rose to her feet.

We deep-kissed for a moment, beside her bed. My hands cupped that round ass I'd been fantasizing about all night. Then I lowered her onto the canopied bed and put my face to her warm lady lips, the tip of my tongue nuzzling her clit. She began to moan.

Spreading these silky lips with my fingers, I went to town, licking and sucking, getting hungrier the more I tasted of her pussy. When she grabbed

a pillow to muffle her moans, I knew I was doing something right.

Cristine came, wailing into the pillow. When she'd finished, she turned me onto my back, got on all fours, and put her ass in my face, hands reaching back to spread her pussy and asshole. Her hips swayed back and forth as I alternated darting my tongue into both, until she finally cried, "Fuck me!"

While Cristine remained on all fours, I slammed into her from behind, my hands gripping the cool leather encasing her thighs, then grabbed her tits, cupping them, while thrusting my shaft as deep as it could go.

We went at it like that for several minutes until she said huskily, "In my ass."

I slid my cock into her warm, tight asshole. I held onto the chaps again and buttfucked her as she moaned loudly.

I got to the edge of orgasm quickly—her ass was so tight and she was moving it in such a delicious way along the length of my cock. Sensing how close I was, Cristine whispered, "Come inside me," and after a few last ecstatic thrusts, I blew my load into her goddess ass, roaring.

We collapsed onto the bedsheets. After a dreamy minute or two, Cristine in my arms, my hands still appreciating the perfect curves of her body, she removed the chaps and we got ready for bed. Beyond her windows, I could still hear the distant music, and the occasional rumble of a Harley. We fell asleep.

Bike Week is coming up again. On my ride down to Daytona, I know I'll be thinking of a certain woman, dressed a certain way, the entire time. I'll have to watch my speed.

—David S., Morgantown, West Virginia

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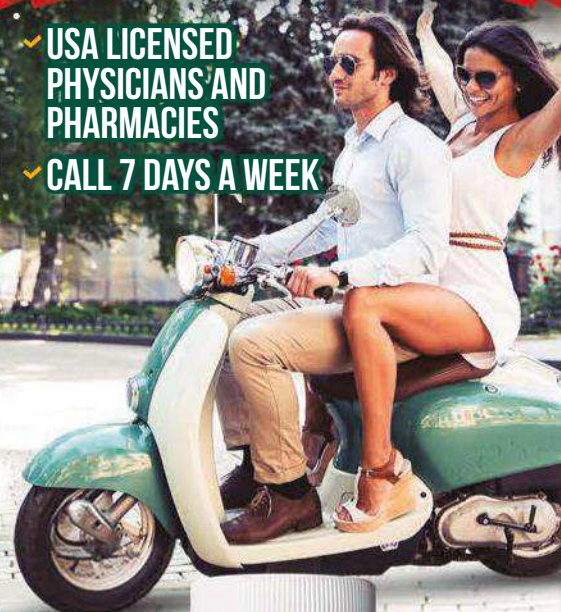
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After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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