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SEX, SCANDAL & LIBERATION

**J'ADORE
DIOR**

Pet of the Month

**GIANNA
DIOR**

**AMERICAN
ANARCHY**

**IT'S EVERYWHERE
AND YOU NEVER
NOTICED**

**CYBERCUTIE
CHLOE ROSE**

**THE QUEEN OF
CONTROVERSY**
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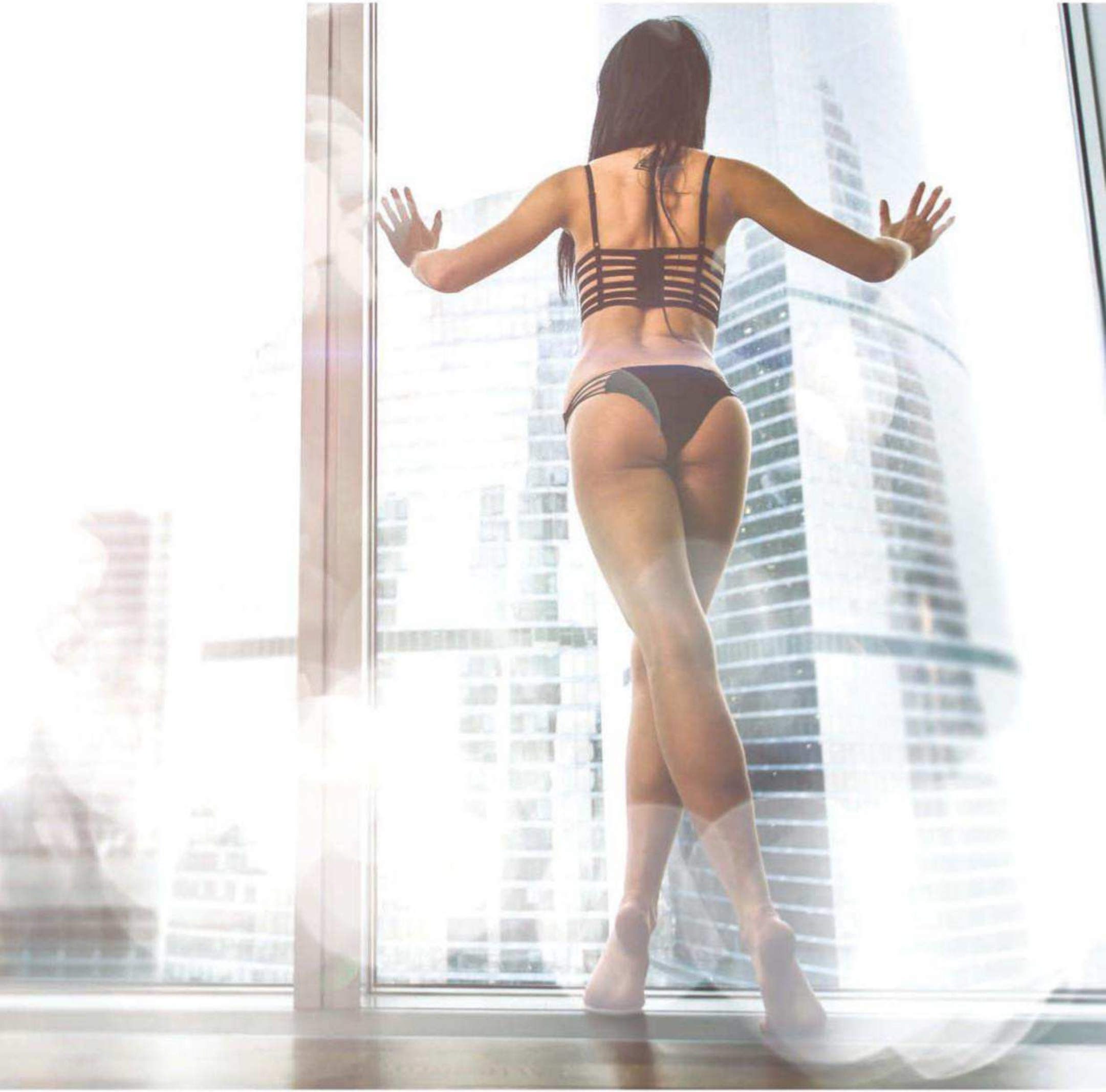


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PUBLISHER

Kelly Holland
General Media Communications, Inc.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Mish Barber-Way

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Matt Westphalen

MANAGING EDITOR

Sarah Walker

FEATURES EDITOR

Phil Hanrahan

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Crispin Boyer, Joe DeRosa,
Alan M. Dershowitz, Michael Hingston,
Matt Gallagher, Zachary Lipez,
Leah McSweeney, Jenny Nordbak,
Miles Raymer, Mitchell Sunderland,
Camille Todaro

GRAPHIC DESIGNERS

Victor Gonzalez, Mike Hallquist

FEATURED ARTISTS

Chulaface, Todd Francis, James Silk

IMAGE SPECIALISTS

Zack Korn, Christine Bishop

CONTRIBUTORS

Angelo Beltran, Gerald de Behr,
Seth Ferranti, Brigham Field, Hunter James,
JT Photography, Chad Lee, Sir Ron

PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR

Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Palm Coast Data
PO Box 420525
Palm Coast, FL 32142
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

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FROM THE EDITOR

I HAVE never met an editor who loves writing these letters. Seriously. Every single editor I know talks about how much they struggle to do so little as phone it in on those months where their brain has turned to slush. (I am a human Slurpee.) My mind-set was always, “Who reads this shit anyway?” Then I became an editor, started writing these, and the feedback came flowing in.

And believe you me, the feedback is abounding lately. Between the comments about our July Pet of the Month Leigh Raven’s unconventional look and Leah McSweeney’s eloquent takedown of certain members of the #MeToo movement, I’ve had my inbox filled with crybabies, critics, and internet trolls trying to test my immigration status by excavating my husband’s Instagram account. (Hi, Brian Nettle! I see you. You aren’t a lawyer, dude. Get off my back, you’re crushing my smokes.) But for all the complaining and screaming, there’s triple the amount of positive feedback. A silver lining in the online sky of talking heads.

This being our Power Issue, I have to say something about that. But what? I’ve written this letter way too many times now. The first version started off somewhat normal, talking about how much power parents have over their children’s development. Then I took a sharp left turn down the psychopath parkway and started babbling on about serial killers, in particular David Parker Ray, aka the “Toy-Box Killer,” who’s by far the most demented sadist in American history. But I had to scrap that. Obviously.

Look, what can I say about power? Our world is a mess right now. The culture war is real, and every day we lose our sanity inch by inch as the hysteria over minutia continues to spread like a fungus. We don’t need any more poisonous mushrooms. We are tripping so hard. It has to stop soon. What kind of world are we living in when a girl wearing a red hat gets assaulted because a mob of maniacs thinks she’s supporting the president? (See “The Queen of Controversy” on page 74.) But if there’s any hope in this wild chaos, perhaps it’s best explained in Miles Raymer’s excellent feature, “Our Date With Anarchism.” Catch my drift? Enjoy!

Mish Barber-Way
Executive Editor

whatthefuck@penthouse.com

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September Pet of the Month
Gianna Dior





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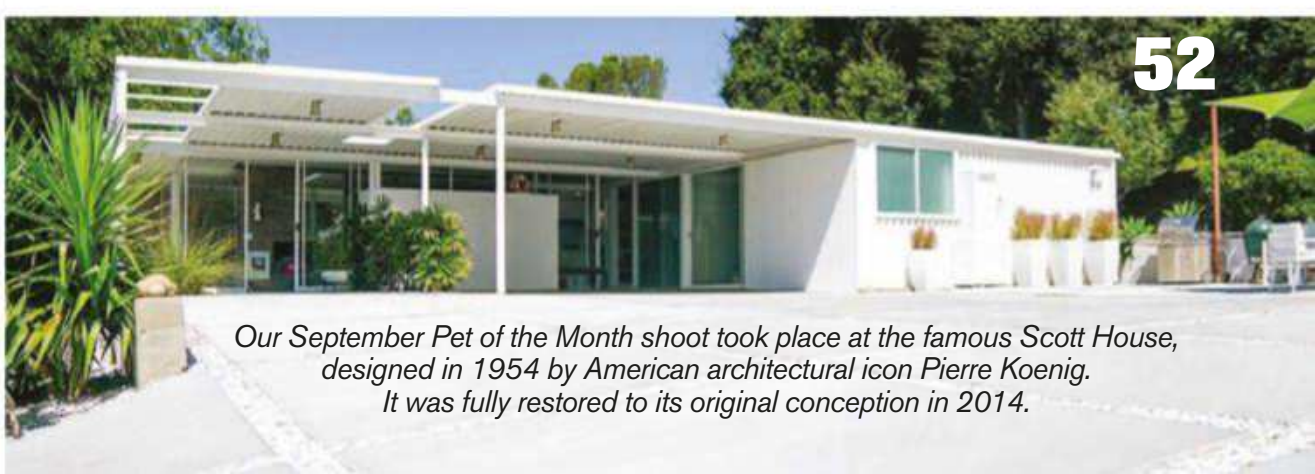
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Our September Pet of the Month shoot took place at the famous Scott House, designed in 1954 by American architectural icon Pierre Koenig. It was fully restored to its original conception in 2014.

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July Pet of the Month
Leigh Raven

MAIL DOMINANCE

I DO NOT LIKE WOMEN WITH CREW CUTS, BUT HER TATTOOS WERE INTERESTING.

—John M., via email

[Ed: I CAN ONLY ASSUME YOU'RE REFERRING TO OUR JULY PET OF THE MONTH LEIGH RAVEN. SHE DOES NOT HAVE A CREW CUT. IT'S BUZZED, BABE. AND WHY ARE YOU YELLING AT ME? HOW DID WE GET HERE IN ALL-CAPS LAND?]

Leah McSweeney: Thank you for your piece on toxic femininity. Your rawness and honesty is appreciated. I've had to rely on *Penthouse* for truly nuanced

perspectives on feminist issues. Crazy world.

—Maya S., via Twitter

[Ed: I love the back-and-forth mix of responses and reactions this piece caused. Leah threw a seemingly unpopular idea out there. More of this is needed!]

Leah McSweeney's awesome piece on #MeToo in the August issue was exactly what my spouse and I have been thinking. Thank you!

—Mike D., via Twitter

[Ed: Discussion and debate get us down to the truth.]

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE PLEASURES OF HOME

AFTER spending five years living 1,000 miles from my family, I finally went home for my sister's wedding. As a groomsman, I wasn't needed until the rehearsal the night before, and I arrived at the church as the wedding planner was pairing off the bridal party.

I'd barely taken off my coat when I was tugged into the aisle and my arm was hooked through someone else's. The arm belonged to Casey, my high school crush. She was smiling at me. A stirring in my boxers confirmed that time and distance hadn't killed my attraction to her, but I wasn't about to make any moves the night before my sister's wedding.

Of course, that doesn't mean I didn't appreciate her presence. Being Casey's partner for the ceremony gave me the perfect excuse to ogle the blonde who'd dominated my teenage dreams. We were even placed at the same table at the reception, and decided to sit beside each other to catch up.

Eventually, everyone else from the table left, lost to the bar and the dance floor. With the party raging, Casey and I were as alone as we could be in a ballroom full of people.

I thought I had the perfect opportunity to lay some groundwork for an after-hours party of our own. But I was a little disappointed when Casey turned her attention to her purse and pulled out a mirror and lip gloss. Things quickly got more interesting, however.

Careful to catch my eye as she touched the wand to her parted lips, Casey took her time applying the cherry-red color. The fullness of her bottom lip demanded several swipes, each one making my dick a little bit harder. After carefully tracing her Cupid's bow, Casey finally capped the lip gloss.

Twisting the cylinder between her fingers, she glanced my way. A sly look flickered in her eyes, and the tube tumbled

to the floor. Before I could process what was happening, she slipped beneath the table to retrieve it. Or at least that's what I thought was doing.

A light brush of her fingers against the crotch of my pants was the only warning I got before she opened the metal fastening at my waist and pulled down my zipper.

Stealing a quick look around, I was relieved to see that the tables around us were empty. Everyone was either on the dance floor or at the bar on the other side of the ballroom. No one was paying attention to the solo groomsman at the dark table in the corner.

Relaxing into my chair, I pulled the tablecloth further over my lap to ensure I was covered. By that point my dick was already pushing against the soft skin of Casey's palm. She slid her hand up and down my shaft, gently awakening all of my nerves.

When she traced her fingertip along the underside of my dick, I audibly gasped. But the pulsing dance music drowned out any noise I made. I tilted my head back, believing the music and the darkness of this spot would prevent detection.

After Casey lulled me into a blissful

state with the soothing strokes of her palm, she wrapped her warm, wet lips around the tip of my dick. Then she took more of me, her mouth gently descending my shaft until my cock tapped at the back of her throat.

The slow slide of her lips developed a distinctive rhythm. It didn't take long to realize she was blowing me to the beat of the music. I had just closed my eyes, totally surrendering to the moment, when another groomsman suddenly took a seat across from me.

He offered a quick smile and nod. Even as my heart pounded, I tried to project nonchalance, like I was just taking a break. Meanwhile, I begged every deity I could think of to make sure this dude didn't extend his legs beneath the table and discover my companion.

As for Casey, she shifted closer to me, nestling between my legs, but her mouth never left my dick. Thankfully, a bridesmaid appeared to save us both, tapping the guy on the shoulder, saying, "You promised we would dance to this song!"

A moment later, they were gone. Perfect timing—barely two seconds later I spurting hot come down Casey's throat. Still positioned between my legs, she





licked me clean before tucking my spent cock back into my tuxedo pants.

Ever the gentleman, I glanced around the room to make sure no one was looking our way before I pulled Casey up to her seat. When she surfaced, I noted with satisfaction that although her lips had been a vibrant red before she'd ducked under the table, not a trace of color remained.

Ready for round two, I grabbed Casey's hand and escorted her to a nearby door, which opened onto a back patio and garden. When we were out of sight behind some shrubbery, I spread my jacket on the grass. Casey reclined and then pulled her dress up over her hips and ass.

The only thing that stood between me and Casey's pussy was a lace thong, and I quickly saw that the material clung to her moistened pussy lips. Since I hadn't yet had the privilege of exploring Casey's body, the only thing that could have created that inviting wetness was her deep-throating my dick under the dinner table. Knowing that me fucking her mouth had gotten her this wet was almost hotter than the blowjob.

Almost.

Dying to get my cock inside her, I grabbed a condom I'd hidden in the jacket of my tux. Plenty of my friends had gotten lucky at weddings, so I'd always been ready for my turn.

Before I could roll the latex onto my dick,

Casey whispered, "Let me." Dexterously slipping it onto my shaft, she laid back on my jacket and tugged her thong to one side. I positioned my dick at her entrance, anticipating the pleasure to come, then eased my hips downward, my cock sliding inside her. She sighed.

That sound of pleasure made my dick harder and I sank in deeper, one blissful inch at a time. Casey wrapped her legs around me and hooked her ankles at the small of my back. Then she flexed her slender legs, squeezing herself against me. Sealing our bodies together, she began to grind, moving her hips so that every thrust rubbed against her clit.

I tried to slow my pace, to prolong our pleasure, but Casey had other ideas. With her ankles locked around my waist and my dick entirely inside her, she had complete control over my body. A slight rock of her heels against my back made me buck, driving my dick even deeper inside her.

Every time her pussy clenched, her legs squeezed around me as well. She kept me pressed against her, making animal sounds of pleasure. I fucked her in short, hard pumps of my cock that felt fantastic. She gripped me with her taut arms, too, her fingers digging into my back. Casey was a wild woman, panting now, fucking with total abandon.

It was way too much, yet somehow not enough. Determined to hear my name on

Casey's lips, I began to gyrate my hips, making a few exploratory thrusts before finding an angle that made her moan with the motion of the stroke. Every. Single. Time.

As my head spun in pleasure, Casey cried out, her pussy clenching around my cock.

An orgasm began to rock her body, and she began whispering my name over and over, riding the waves of ecstasy, her legs holding me close before finally relaxing. Pressing her soft, full lips to my ear, she whispered, "Stay with me tonight."

That was all I needed to hear. My second orgasm was even more intense than the first. The setting whirled as I lost myself in the moment. Dropping my head down, I closed my eyes and gave myself over completely to the sensations rippling through my body.

When there wasn't another drop of come left in my balls, I sagged against Casey's smooth body. In response to her invitation, I summoned the energy to whisper, "I'd love to."

I think I'll be getting back home a lot more often now.

—Rob T., Nashville, Tennessee

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.



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY OLIVER HITCHEN



B

THE DEBRIEF

DAMAGED GOODS

A CONDOM-NOSHING SQUIRREL, A FAJITA-MEAT HEIST, KILLER FISH LIVERS, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



BAD DAY TO BE A LAMBORGHINI

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY JOK5055

REMEMBER that scene in *Zoolander* where the male models pull up to a gas station and start spraying each other with gasoline, to the sounds of Wham!, and then a dude lights a cigarette?

BOOM!

This July, in Kirkwood, Missouri, a real-life gas station scene ended similarly. Here, no dunderheaded models were involved, or a roofless Bronco, but rather a pair of Lamborghini Huracán Performante sports cars, one red, one blue. This is an automobile that can go zero-to-60 in under three seconds and reach a top speed of nearly 220 mph.

Along with these four-wheeled rockets, which retail for about \$275k, was a white minivan. Who would have guessed that the Mom-Mobile would take out the blue rocket?

Parker Gelber was driving the red Lamborghini, while his friend was driving the blue one. They stopped for gas. While they were both inside the Mobil station, a dude in the minivan drove away from

the pump. There was just one problem. He had neglected to put the nozzle back where it belongs. What happened next was actually captured in a viral video by a Lamborghini fan who'd been making a little movie of the parked sports cars. After all, it's not every day you see two whips worth \$550k chilling at a Mobil.

Unfortunately it was the last couple seconds of the blue Huracán's existence.

The departing minivan wrenched the gas-pump's hose out of its socket. The flow of gas was supposed to cut off. That didn't happen immediately. Fuel shot from the pump's dispersal point and sprayed the hot engine of the sports car. Instantly it was on fire.

Everyone ran from the station and watched the Lamborghini burn, helpless.

It was a total loss. Happily, no pumps exploded, and no one was hurt.

No word on whether "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" had been playing on station speakers leading up to the incident.

BUGGIN' OUT

YOU'VE heard of the Butterfly Effect. It's this idea that in a complex system (like, uh, the world), a small thing can have a big effect, since theoretically everything's connected.

A butterfly could flap its wings and "cause" a typhoon 3,000 miles away.

Or cause you to do a bong hit.

Here we have an interstate version of the Butterfly Effect. Twenty-eight-year-old Georgia trucker Christopher Walker was driving his semi south on I-65 in Indiana this July when a fly or some other winged insect entered his cab through the open window. Pure, primal instinct took over and Walker went to swat the shit out of the bug. Uh-oh.

The movement caused his truck to drift into the right guardrail. Things got worse from there. Walker's truck smashed into a concrete construction barrier. That caused his tractor to uncouple from the trailer and the latter slid off the road and onto its side.

As our physics demonstration continued, the massive trailer ripped

open, spilling 42,000 pounds of plastic rolls all over the roadway and embankment.

Walker was okay but he had a mess on his hands, which quickly became the state of Indiana's mess as the southbound side of this major highway had to be closed, and Those Who Do Things Like Remove Huge Plastic Rolls After Cargo Spills went about their business, presumably using forklifts or backbreaking labor to heft the parcels.

Walker was cited for unsafe lane movement. And flying insects everywhere hailed the accident-causing bug for avenging the 90 quadrillion deaths of their insect cousins that the grill of Walker's truck had perpetrated just since Memorial Day.

It wasn't a full-blown Butterfly Effect. It's not like the bug jammed traffic the whole 890-mile length of I-65, from Mobile, Alabama, to Gary, Indiana. So there's that.



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY SEZER66

SWALLOWIN' SQUIRREL!



YOU know those disturbing stories when a camera captures a nanny or babysitter being an absolute shithead to a child? This is the opposite. And the video documenting the nanny's behavior could even be used to educate minders of children.

At least it could be used that way if the viral video didn't capture a squirrel perched on a log fence holding up a used condom with its little squirrel hands and licking whatever coated the inside of the rubber. We can all take a guess what that substance might be.

As for why a squirrel would do this, we're not even going to speculate.

Yep, nanny Emily Cole of Portland, Maine, took her young charges for a day at the beach this July. They spotted a squirrel on a log enjoying a little meal and Emily got out her phone to make a cute video before realizing what the animal's meal involved.

Thing is, while phone-fiddling, she had already asked a question. "What is he eating, guys?"

Then it dawned on her. Too late.

The kids were ready to answer.

A little boy says, "It looks like a balloon!"

A girl chirps, "Is there something inside of it?"

At this point Emily can be heard in the video whispering, "Oh my God," her tone one of total surprise edged with some completely understandable adult amusement.

Rallying quickly, she answers the girl's question about the contents of the "balloon," saying she doesn't know. Then Emily whispers to herself, "Eww, what is he doing?"

Her quick reactions and professional instincts spared the children the slightest sense that they were seeing something beyond disgusting. They went home thinking of the adorable red-tailed beach squirrel enjoying a tasty meal with help from a balloon.

Meanwhile, Pizza Rat, star of a 2015 viral video showing the rodent dragging a huge pizza slice down New York City subway stairs, is thinking, *Jesus Christ, you wouldn't catch me eating jizz out of a condom, you crazy-ass New England squirrel.*

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY EVERST



BONER BUST

A LONG Island, New York, man apparently didn't want his wife to know his lengthy performances in the sack weren't solely due to his innate virility.

Michael Feinberg asked a local CVS if he could pay for a Viagra prescription out of his own pocket without involving the health insurance he shared with his wife.

That way he could pop the blue pill, fuck like a stallion, and not risk his partner seeing some paperwork indicating that he was receiving chemical boner assistance.

But his maneuver didn't stay secret, thanks to a chatty CVS employee in the pharmacy department. When Feinberg's wife called the store to check on one of her own prescriptions, the employee mentioned that her husband's Viagra refill was also ready. Whoops.

Here's where things get weird. Feinberg is suing CVS for breach of privacy, saying his wife was a "third party" with no right to hear about his erection prescription, and in the court papers his lawyer filed, it's revealed that the marriage is over.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY NITO

FAJITA-GOTTEN GAINS

MEET Gilberto Escamilla, a Texas man likely to go down in history as the only member of our species to nab enough fajita meat to earn a 50-year prison sentence.

The 53-year-old ex-correctional officer at a juvenile detention center in San Benito, near Brownsville, orchestrated an epic, sustained heist clever enough to go undetected for years. Or maybe he was just very lucky for a long time, because in truth it doesn't seem like the plot of a criminal mastermind. He'd simply bulk-order fajita meat for the center's kitchen, accept the delivery himself, take it home later, and resell it to some loyal buyers.

He did this for ten years, stealing more than \$1.2 million worth of spicy steak.

The scheme unraveled in a dopey way. He ordered 800 pounds of the meat, at a cost close to \$30,000, but happened to be at a doctor's appointment when the delivery arrived. The kitchen staff said, "Nope, we didn't order any fajita meat. In fact, we don't even serve fajitas at this

facility." That might have been a clue that something was up.

County officials started investigating and discovered Escamilla had been running this scam since 2008. "It started small and got bigger and out of control," he said through tears at his sentencing hearing, having pleaded guilty and waived his right to an attorney.

Despite his cooperation, his plea, and expressions of remorse, the judge dropped the equivalent of 80,000 tortillas on Escamilla's head. Then doused him in buckets of habanero hot sauce for good measure. The sizzling sentence of 50 years resulted from the size of the theft and from the fact that Escamilla was a public servant, stealing from the public.

He was also ordered to pay back the \$1.2M.

As for those individuals who kept buying fajita steak from a correctional officer, they will now have to look elsewhere for their meat. Maybe try a proper store this time.



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY CASANISA



GRASS-FED GLOBAL NEWS

CROP circles—or rather, things resembling crop circles—made waves this summer in England and Ireland. And unlike the 2002 M. Night Shyamalan movie *Signs*, which made hay with this notion that the sudden-appearing designs might be linked to alien life, the circles in these stories had to do with the American president and prehistoric people.

Northern Europe, as you probably heard, experienced some of its hottest, driest weather ever in June and July. Ireland smashed records. Dublin basically became Barcelona North. The Emerald Isle's ten zillion cowfields got extra-crispy.

The drought sucked for farmers, and the constant sunshine turned a lot of pasty-white Irish people red as a baboon's ass, but it did enable a bigtime archaeological discovery in a field 30 miles from the city made famous by Guinness stout.

In mid-July, writer and photographer Anthony Murphy flew his camera-equipped drone above farmland near the sites of previously discovered ancient settlements, some of them as old as 5,000 years. He'd done this many times before. But on

this scorching day, he suspected the toasted hayfields might reveal something new.

Buy the man a pint. The drone revealed a massive circle—150 yards wide—where a henge of towering wooden posts once stood. Experts believe thousands of prehistoric people may have gathered inside the circle for rituals. The decay of the posts changed the soil composition, and even five millennia later, the altered ground retains moisture better. In the aerial view provided by the drone, the grass was visibly greener, creating a ring.

Meanwhile, over in England, some wags decided to send Donald J. Trump a message as his helicopter flew above the countryside en route to a meeting with Prime Minister Theresa May. With a farmer's permission, crop-circle specialists flattened barley in a field to create a 650-foot-wide circle spelling out Trump's name and a Russian word meaning both "Fuck" and "whore." The Cyrillic came first in the phrase, of course. Message sent.



WHISKEY TAKES A TUMBLE

UNLIKE the 1919 Boston molasses spill, when a 50-foot-tall tank exploded and a wave of the sticky, brown liquid rushed through city streets at a height of two stories, no one was killed or injured in this summer's bourbon warehouse collapse in Bardstown, Kentucky.

But damn, enough whiskey flowed from broken barrels that the Environmental Protection Agency arrived to check whether alcohol had seeped into the groundwater and nearby Withrow Creek. Meanwhile, a spokesperson for a state emergency response team stated, "There is a stream of bourbon and water running down the hillside."

Investigators later determined both bourbon and brandy flowed for roughly three hours into the waterway, killing approximately 800 fish.

The Barton 1792 Distillery, 40 miles from Louisville, has 20-plus barrel-aging warehouses spread over 196 acres. In the first collapse (yup, another one followed), on June 22, about half the warehouse came down, for

reasons unknown, dislodging 9,000 barrels, each barrel containing 53 gallons. Then on July 4, the rest of the seven-story rackhouse imploded. Barton is owned by the New Orleans-based liquor company Sazerac, and a Sazerac spokesperson said it will be weeks before they establish incident causality.

If you're a bourbon drinker, never fear. Sazerac has determined the remaining site warehouses are structurally safe, as are those at two other Sazerac-owned Kentucky bourbon distilleries. And since all of Kentucky's distilleries combined are aging close to seven million barrels, there's not going to be a hooch shortage any time soon.

Kevin Grayson, acting lieutenant for the Bardstown Fire Department, had the best quote in this boozy saga. Asked whether the accident had affected the aroma of the area, Grayson said, "This is Bardstown. It kind of always smells like bourbon."

Bottoms up, Bardstown. We're rooting for you.

KILLER SUSHI



ONLY in Japan. Earlier this year, in the coastal city of Gamagori, the city's emergency response procedures were activated because a supermarket mistakenly sold five packs of fugu blowfish that contained the livers of the saltwater fish. Why's that a problem? For the simple reason that parts of this puffer fish contain a toxin hundreds of times more dangerous than cyanide, with its liver alone able to poison five people to death.

The fugu blowfish is the world's second-most toxic vertebrate, exceeded in lethality only by the golden poison dart frog from the Columbian rainforest.


A consumer noticed the purchased pack contained a fugu liver and alerted authorities, who scrambled to avert a tragedy. They not only sent out email and text alerts to their 80,000 fish-eating citizens, but actually used loudspeakers to broadcast an emergency public message. It's like a weird deadpan moment in a *Godzilla* movie. "People of Gamagori! Do not eat the fugu! Poison,

poison! Notify authorities. Do not eat!"

The alerts came too late for a pair of consumers, who had already eaten the fish, but either they skipped the liver or got unbelievably lucky as they didn't get sick. The other two packs were returned, and that was the end of the blowfish emergency in Gamagori.

This creature is considered a delicacy in Japan, with Tokyo restaurants charging the equivalent of \$200 for a meal. Master chefs cut the fish into paper-thin strips, and then shape them into chrysanthemum petals, or Mount Fuji. These are fugu-licensed chefs who have undergone an insane *three years* of special training so they don't fuck up and kill a diner.

If they do fuck up, here's what happens: A neurotoxin with no known antidote begins to shut your body down, starting with that tingle in your tongue. Your body gets totally paralyzed, but you're conscious as that happens, which sounds fun.

You might want to stick with yellowtail sushi. 

SCREEN QUEEN

TILDA SWINTON IS THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF MODERN CINEMA.

BY SARAH WALKER

Swinton at the Venice Film Festival in 2009.

If we had to choose a favorite actor, Tilda Swinton would be at the top of our list. Born Katherine Matilda Swinton in London, 1960, this androgynous, reptilian, vaguely punk style icon is the epitome of cool elegance; to boot, she's really fucking smart (she studied political science and English at Cambridge University, where she got into stage acting). Every one of her roles is a revelation, a new persona, and each project is elevated by her mere presence—what the *Guardian* calls “high IQ” films. If Swinton is in it, we'll see it.

ORLANDO (1992)

This was the actress's breakthrough role, after years of making experimental films with director Derek Jarman, who died of AIDS in 1994. Adapted from Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel—no small feat, for anyone who's read anything by Woolf—Sally Potter's award-winning fantasy film is a dazzling trip through English history. Swinton plays the androgynous Orlando, the never-aging, never-dying titular character who changes gender a few centuries into her life as a man. As prophesized by the *New York Times* upon the film's release: “This could be the beginning of a major international career for the English actress.”

BURN AFTER READING (2008)

In this fantastically dark comedy by Joel and Ethan Coen, Swinton is part of a superb ensemble cast (with George Clooney, Frances McDormand, and Brad Pitt) who play a bunch of D.C. jackasses, all of whom are either trying to fuck one another over, or just fucking one another. “The film is full of freaks,” she told *W* magazine. “They're all frantic in different ways.” Swinton plays Katie Cox, an emasculating tightwad married to a washed-up CIA analyst (a hilariously pretentious John Malkovich). It's one of the Coen brothers' lesser-known comedies, but one of our favorites.

JULIA (2008)

Swinton is magnificent as the wonderfully wretched Julia, an alcoholic train wreck who, in between getting shit-faced and waking up in strangers' beds, gets caught up in a half-baked scheme to kidnap her neighbor's ten-year-old son. The film's French director, Erick Zonca, was inspired by John Cassavetes' iconic 1980 crime drama *Gloria*, and even though much of it was shot in San Diego, L.A., and Tijuana, the film got limited release in the U.S., which is why hardly anyone saw it. But you should. It's a crazy, balls-to-the-wall role, and one

that Swinton throws herself into with abandon.


I AM LOVE (2009)

Swinton has never been lovelier than in this, her third film with Italian director Luca Guadagnino (she also stars in his excellent 2015 drama, *A Bigger Splash*, and in his upcoming remake of Dario Argento's horror classic *Suspiria*, out in November). In this saga about family, food, and sex, Swinton plays Emma, a Russian immigrant turned aristocratic matriarch who begins an affair with Antonio (Edoardo Gabbriellini), her son's friend and business partner. Swinton and Guadagnino developed this film over 11 years, based on Hitchcock's theory that style is more important than content. The actress learned Russian and Italian for the role—you know, because that's such an easy thing to do.

SNOWPIERCER (2013)

The idea behind this dystopian film by South Korean director Bong Joon-ho is wicked cool: Life on Earth is dead dead dead, save for the lucky few aboard the high-speed train *Snowpiercer*, which travels across the frozen planet via a perpetual-motion engine. The passengers have developed a class system—rich people live in opulence up front, poor folk in squalor in back—and an uprising is about to take place. It's a little too action-adventure-y for our tastes (choreographed fight sequences, CGI-enhanced *everything*), but then there's Swinton, whose buck-toothed, coke-bottle-glasses-wearing Minister Mason (a clownish character inspired by Peter Sellers's ex-Nazi scientist, Dr. Strangelove) makes it all worthwhile.

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE (2013)

Director Jim Jarmusch steals the vampire film back from the realm of teen dramas, restoring it to the atmospheric adult horror/love story genre à la *The Hunger* (Tony Scott's gorgeous 1983 cult classic with David Bowie and Catherine Deneuve). Swinton and Tom Hiddleston play Adam and Eve, centuries-old vampires who languish amongst old books, rare instruments, and memories of richer cultural times. Because human blood has become contaminated with modern-day nastiness, they must obtain untainted, black-market blood to survive. Swinton is beyond cool as the blonde-tressed, leather-clad goth, stalking the casbah of Tangier in search of the “good stuff.” Suck it, Bella Swan. 

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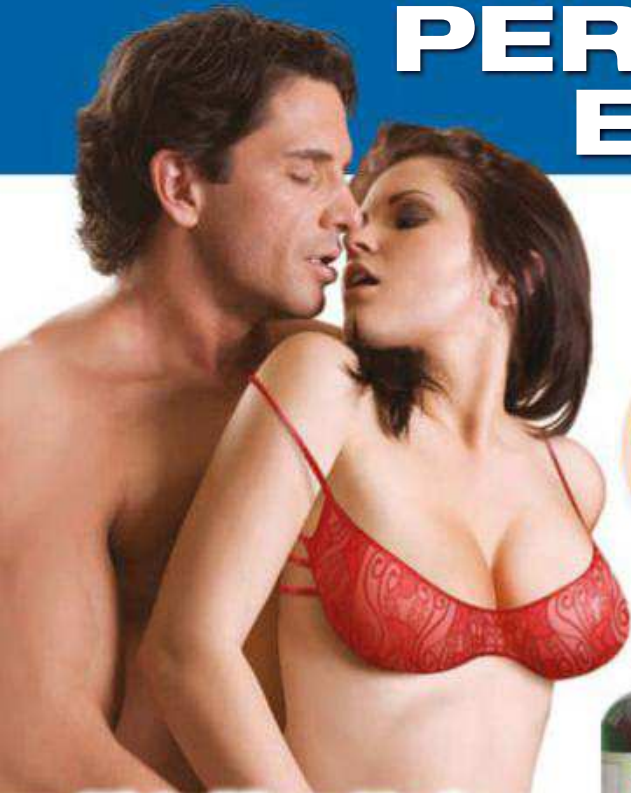
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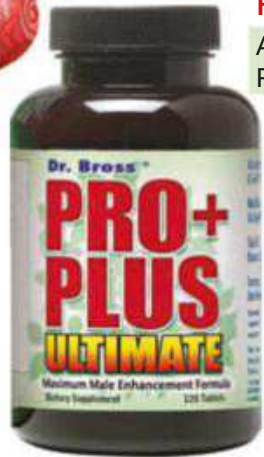


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THOSE GODDAMN SUMMER SONGS

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS AND
MEMORIES OF COUGH SYRUP.

BY ZACHARY LIPEZ

ON the YouTube page for the 1994 non-hit “Strange Powers” by the Magnetic Fields, the first of 99 comments simply says, “This song will always remind me of abusing cough medicine.”

Now, it’s a fool’s game to pick one random poster’s internet comment to capture the essence of catchy, nostalgic tunes that gave rise to the term “song of the summer,” but if you put a gun to my head, I’d probably go with the cough-medicine line.

These songs come in two varieties. One is a jam that soundtracks a shit-ton of people falling in and out of love during months when we wear T-shirts and flip-flops. “You’re All I Need” by Method Man and Mary J. Blige is a solid example of this. Is it a good song? Who knows. If I understood radio payola and taste in music, I’d be more corrupt and happier than I am.

The other kind represents trite elegies to lost youth and young love. They’re cheesy as hell but since we all loved young and usually lost, they’re ultimately affecting.

The gold standard? “Summer of 69” by Bryan Adams. Now, this utter fucking lie of a song (Adams sure as shit didn’t get his six-string at no five-and-dime)—a tune twice as nice for having “69” in its title—didn’t *create* the template for a ditty about loving rock ‘n’ roll as a teen, boning with abandon, and having friends that went on to be sellouts or dead. Bruce Springsteen got there earlier with, like, 87 percent of his recorded output for years. Some might put forth Bon Jovi’s “Living on a Prayer,” but failing in your twenties—unless you’re one of those good-at-finance jerk-off types—is just *living* through your twenties.

A recent summer song was Ed Sheeran’s “Castle on the Hill.” It’s got a pseudo-Bruce jangly riff and lyrics about hand-rolling cigarettes at age 16 and driving country lanes. Sheeran even gilds the goddamn lily by referencing Elton John’s “Tiny Dancer,” thus proving he saw *Almost Famous* at least once when he was a pre-fame sexless nerd. It’s a terrible song, “Castle,” and, like “Summer of 69,” I practically weep every time I hear it.

Both varieties of summer songs can’t

be totally dismissed. (Or maybe they can, but hear me out.) They matter because our culture worships and hates youth in equal measure. They mattered when we were in the moment, when every shared beer or glance held stakes apocalyptically high, and they matter now, when disappointment is its own kind of freight.

It’s a special kind of half-true bullshit to settle on “getting old sucks” as a philosophy. Yeah, it’s a bummer to ache and die, but understanding the books you read and being kinder to your partner is not nothing. Still, knowing you might be a better human being now doesn’t detract from the weird, wistful (un)pleasure of listening to songs that made you and songs about the songs that made you. Everything dies, baby, and that’s a fact. But maybe everything that dies someday comes back and comes back and come back....

And if nostalgia keeps Ed Sheeran in sunscreen and streetwear, well, that’s just the sad, unfair violence of human existence. As his fellow U.K. troubadours, the members of Black Box Recorder, sang



in 1998, “Life is unfair. Kill yourself or get over it.”

“Strange Powers” was few people’s idea of a summer jam. Yes, it’s a small-scale synth masterpiece, and it opens with the same lost-innocence signifiers of Ferris wheels and Coney Island that made both Springsteen and Gaslight Anthem rich (in the latter’s case, temporarily). But songwriter Stephin Merritt immediately undercuts the warm-weather reverie with the words “under more stars than there are prostitutes in Thailand.”


Delivered in Merritt’s signature deadpan, the song starts sad and ends that way, making clear that the object of affection doesn’t come around anymore. That said, the key lyric is *When we kiss, it’s like flying saucers landing*—a line so romantic it jars the senses.

“Strange Powers” didn’t chart and isn’t even the best-known song on the album, titled *Holiday*. But it hit the small town of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where I was being as 19 years old as one can possibly be, like a full-size house built of mixtapes collapsing.

Great Barrington—today a place for wealthy New Yorkers to vacation and buy art for their walls—was almost already that in 1994. Rich tourists bought overpriced artisanal sandwiches and gave spare change to the junkies on Railroad Street. It was boho to be sure, but it was also a rare place where college kids, aimless former college kids, and townies who manned the pizza ovens and marijuana dealerships got along decently, sharing whiskey, Robitussin, and bodily fluids. We didn’t care about sports, top 40, or good health. We bonded over Bob Dylan, the Wu-Tang Clan (it was ’94—we weren’t idiots), and whatever esoteric sounds trickled into town from our betters at bigger, weirder colleges.

Sometimes it was obscure soul. Often it was indie rock that might have been mainstream in bigger cities, but felt like secrets shared to us wastoids. (At least that’s what I recall; maybe I’m romanticizing.) I went on Facebook to ask for people’s memory of this summer when “Strange Powers” hit so hard. Most people were like, “Dude, I was listening to Hole.”

I didn’t even put the song on mixtapes myself. I just remember everyone else doing it. Oh, newsflash—it turns out *Holiday* dropped in September, so I guess it was the song of, I don’t know, apple-picking season? The song of Indian summer? Also, I learned it was just one girl who made us all mixtapes with “Strange Powers” on it. But it remains true that all I remember from that time is that song, and a lot of the people I remember loving it are now bankers or dead, like the girl who made us the mixtapes. (R.I.P.)

True believers don’t fact-check “Born to Run.” They don’t care that Bryan Adams was ten years old in 1969. True believers misremember wildly, while focusing on bigger truths—we were all in love and time doesn’t care. Even if you don’t know all the lyrics, you can still sing that song. 

Zachary Lipez is a writer and bartender in New York City. He is the author (with collaborators Stacy Wakefield and Nick Zinner) of 131 Different Things, which will be out in November.



Follow Peter Lloyd on Twitter @Suffragentleman

PETER LLOYD

INTERVIEW BY PENTHOUSE STAFF

IT'S been nearly two years since British author Peter Lloyd released his provocative book, *Stand By Your Manhood: A Survival Guide for the Modern Man*. But he's still driving the feminists mental. Most of the news interviews he did when his book dropped have been turned into viral memes and videos, one of the most popular being from Sky News, when he closed a segment by saying, "It always goes back to that old adage, sticks and stones may break my bones, but there will always be something to offend a feminist." (Needless to say, the woman he was debating gave the reaction Lloyd was looking for.)

Stand By Your Manhood was dubbed "The Bro Bible" by the press, and men everywhere were pumped on Lloyd's dry wit. But unlike Jordan Peterson's best-selling book, *12 Rules for Life*, Lloyd poses funny hypotheticals, like the politics of penis size or if watching pornography makes you a misogynist, while also addressing more serious topics like rising suicide rates and how the school system is failing young men. Lloyd was ridiculed by female talk-show hosts while on his press tour, but he laughed along with the jokes, and reminded them that almost all the professional references in his book were from women, and that his editor was also female.

We asked Lloyd for his two cents on all the so-called man-bashing that's taking place today.


Why write *Stand By Your Manhood*?

I wanted something that countered that toxic narrative and gave men the affirmations they deserved, while also being funny. Bizarrely, these feminists often hate women, too—especially the sort who appear in *Penthouse*. So while the book gives blokes their balls back, it also serves women, too.

Is there a feminism you could get behind and, if so, what does it look like?

Oh yeah, but it would be a feminism that didn't require reference or a name. It would just be women living fully-realized, self-determined lives alongside men, and thinking nothing of it. I don't want women to be indebted or answerable to the sisterhood in any way, shape, or form. I don't want them to be bogged-down or distracted by the politics of the past. They're better than that. Personally, I love women like Camille Paglia, Ronda Rousey, Christina Hoff Sommers, Pamela Anderson, and Ayaan Hirsi Ali—they're all very different women, but they all embody these qualities. They're free-thinking, free-living people who are also fucking fabulous. They just happen to be women.

So many books have been written for women on this subject. Why has your version for men caused so much controversy?

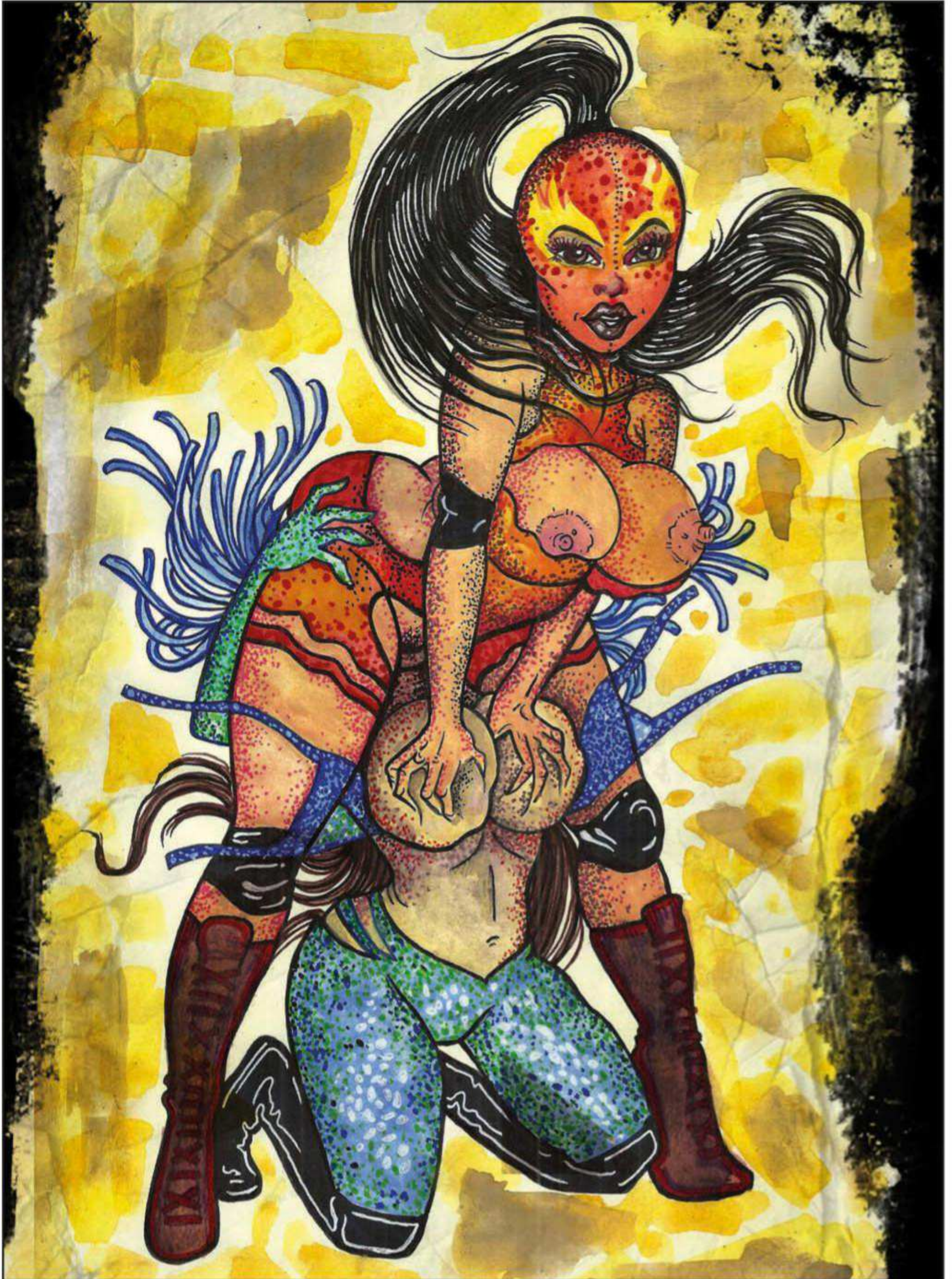
Publishing is a very political, female-dominated industry and its output is tightly controlled, so I guess they think my manuscript slipped through the net, and it drives them nuts! To me, that's deliciously funny. Not least because, years ago, women with a voice were seen as dangerous. Now it's men like me—but I love that. It means the book is countercultural. It's a little bit punk rock, which is way more fun than being the status quo. 



DANIE SOMMERS

If we could shack up with anyone this fall, it would be with Aussie model Danie Sommers. With her smoking-hot curves and golden skin, there'll be no autumn chill felt in this girl's company. [@daniesommers](#)

Photography: Michael Saunderson



SULTAN OF SWING: SPIDER-MAN


Sony Interactive Entertainment (PS4)

If you're dying to find out the fate of Peter Parker after the mind-blowing finale of *Avengers: Infinity War*, this game won't end your suspense. *Spider-Man* for the PlayStation 4 operates independently of the Marvel Cinematic Universe (or MCU, as the kids call it). But that's hardly a bad thing. The MCU is a licensing warren that limits which characters can legally appear in which movies from which studios. This game's makers at Insomniac, on the other hand, have access to the entire society of Spidey villains and allies. And they've crammed most of them into an epic tale written by comic and television veterans. No less than nine classic villains—including

Doctor Octopus, Kingpin, and Rhino—attempt to squash Spider-Man during the course of this story. Fortunately, the webhead gets a hand from the Avengers, Daredevil, the Black Cat, and other allies. If this were a comic or movie, it would be a multi-installment blockbuster event.

But while the story draws you in, the gameplay keeps you hooked. *Spider-Man* begins deep into Peter Parker's crime-fighting career. He's at the top of his game and master of his powers, all of which are well implemented here (right down to the danger-warning Spidey sense). The game is set in a wide-open Manhattan that you can explore with the most fully

realized web-slinging system ever seen in the interactive Spider-verse. Swing from building to building with the greatest of ease, dash up skyscrapers, web-line to distant objects for a slingshot-like speed boost, and twist and tumble inches from the windows or the pavement. It's exhilarating. Combat with gangs of foes adheres to the brutally elegant style set by the Batman *Arkham* games, except battles here are punctuated with Spidey's trademark quips and in sync with his nonlethal creed (unlike the darker DC characters, Spider-Man does not kill).

This game isn't just faithful to the source material; it's pure hero worship. 

SHARP INSTRUMENTS: FOUR PERFORMANCE-ENHANCING PC PERIPHERALS

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BLACKWIDOW X CHROMA MECHANICAL GAMING KEYBOARD (RAZER, \$150)

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> 3 <

ARCTIS PRO WIRELESS HEADSET (STEELSERIES, \$330)

Hearing is believing with the Arctis Pro, the best-sounding Bluetooth headphones for just about any purpose, not just gaming. Premium drivers let you hear foes sneaking up on you, while the spare battery keeps the headset juiced—and you ready to play. A built-in mic filters out background noise so you can whisper orders or taunts without waking up your roommates or family.



> 2 <

AG322QCX 32-INCH CURVED MONITOR (AOC, \$400)

When it comes to competitive online games, what you can't see can kill you. AOC's 32-inch curved monitor offers the right balance of beauty, performance, and price, with 2560 x 1440 resolution to sharpen distant details and lightning-quick 144Hz refresh rate so you won't suffer visual lag. The slight curve of the widescreen helps you detect opponents sneaking into your peripheral vision.

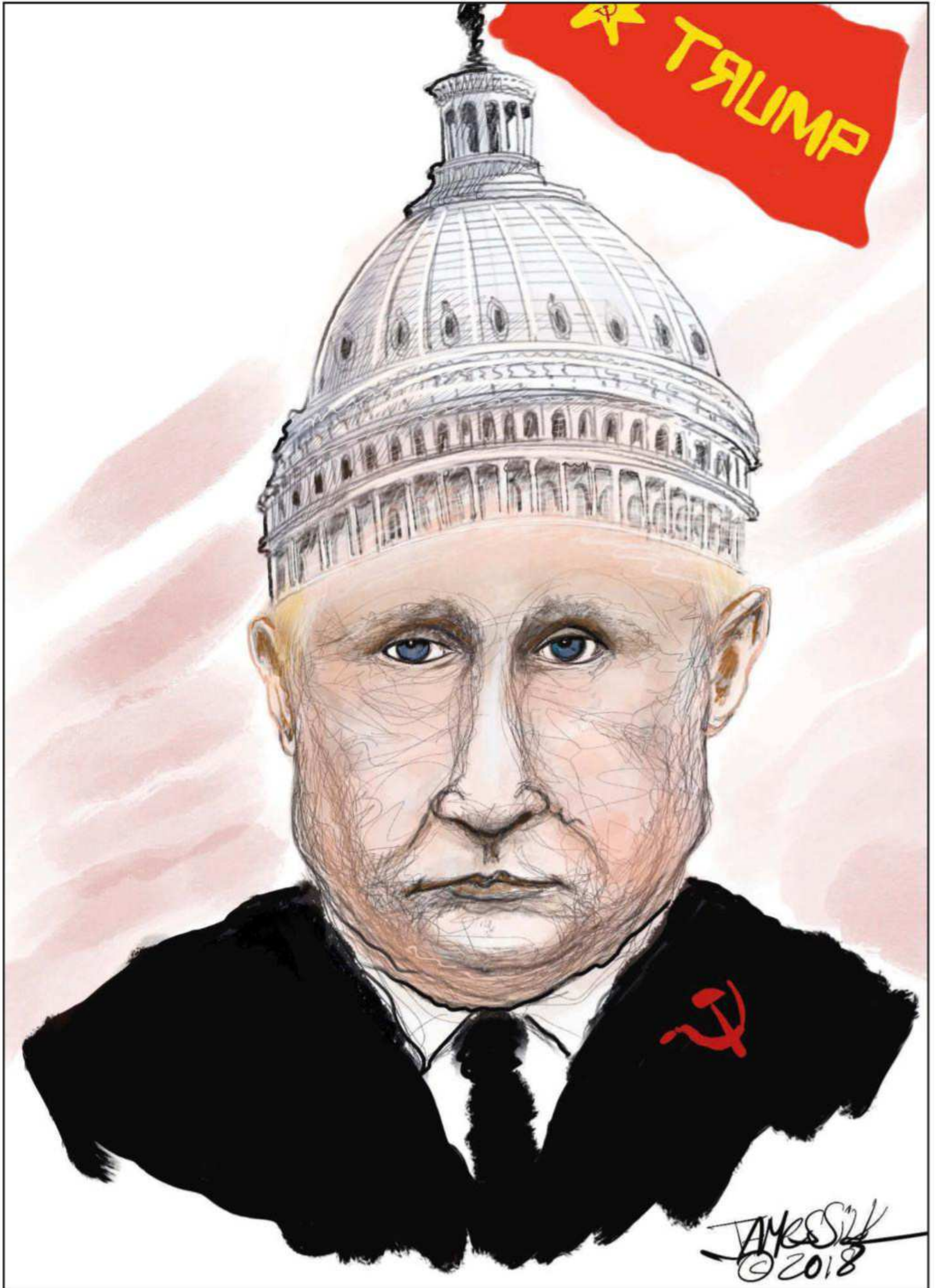


> 1 <

LANCEHEAD TOURNAMENT EDITION MOUSE (RAZER, \$80)

It's gaming tradition to blame your gear whenever some punk player drops you with a headshot in an online shooter. But your gripes are only justified if you don't wield a precision mouse like the Lancehead, which packs one of the fastest, highest-resolution sensors in the world. If you miss with this thing, it's all on you.





THE KINGDOM OF REDONDA

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

IN 2009, Michael Howorth received a phone call from an unfamiliar voice, informing him that an old acquaintance had passed away. Not just that: The dead man had, for more than a decade, believed himself to be the king of an uninhabited island in the West Indies. And according to the man's will, Howorth, a freelance writer based in southeast England, was to succeed him on the throne.

Howorth was stunned by the news. Flattered, too. But there was a catch. In order to validate the claim, the new king would have to travel 4,000 miles to the Caribbean, hike to the highest point on the island, and raise his royal standard—all in less than a month.

Howorth knew he had to try. And so, after calling in a couple of favors, including but not limited to a borrowed helicopter, he raced down to the island and raised his homemade flag to the sky just in time, thus preserving the royal line of succession, and officially beginning his reign as King Michael the Grey of Redonda.

Or so he thought.

In reality, Howorth is the latest in a long line of writers across Europe and North America who have claimed to rule over Redonda, a rocky island about a mile long that is technically part of Antigua and Barbuda. By making a claim to the crown, Howorth became unwittingly entangled in one of the most complex and longest running in-jokes in the literary world, a half-serious fantasy that has been alternately handed down and tossed around for generations.

It started back in the 1920s as a publicity stunt, when the cult science-fiction writer M. P. Shiel started telling journalists that his father, who grew up nearby, had annexed the island and given it to his teenage son as a birthday gift. It's unclear whether Shiel himself ever really believed his own story. And it likely would have ended there, were it not for the intervention of John Gawsworth, a mediocre but exceptionally ambitious poet who knew an opportunity when he saw one.

After convincing Shiel to pass the mantle, Gawsworth restyled himself as King Juan I and dedicated himself to Redondan

mythmaking full-time. He talked up the fledgling micronation to anyone who would listen, including (and especially) the British tabloids, spinning royal yarns and handing out titles and duchies to anyone willing to pick up the tab at his local pub. The legend of Redonda began to spread.

But King Juan was also an increasingly penniless drunk. As his career floundered, Gawsworth started offering to sign away the kingdom itself in exchange for his rent, or even his next drink. More than one person took him up on his offer. And that's where the power struggle began.

Today, thanks in large part to Gawsworth's antics, there are multiple competing claims to the Redondan throne. The impish Howorth is one of the primary claimants, with the backing of many real-life Antiguan, and has even lent his power to an English pub in its attempt to become an official Redondan embassy (and thereby skirt antismoking legislation). But he has his challengers, and none loom larger than Javier Marias (aka King Xavier), perhaps Spain's most famous novelist and a perennial Nobel Prize candidate, who has written several seemingly autobiographical books about the kingdom, and even founded an annual cultural prize in its name.

Where Howorth's claim to Redonda relies on the land, Marias's appeals to tradition: He was handed the keys to the kingdom in the mid-1990s, from the man who in turn received it straight from Gawsworth—this time on his deathbed. New would-be kings, meanwhile, seem to come out of the woodwork whenever either Marias or Howorth appears in the media to talk about Redonda. These claimants tend to have no connection to the island or the existing lineage, instead content to make loud, scathing pronouncements from the safety of their comparatively meager online domains.


Is the kingdom a joke? It's hard to say for sure. Redonda ticks a lot of boxes for a micronation, which are tiny, unrecognized countries that tend to exist more in theory than in practice. But the length and sheer persistence of this particular kingdom—not to mention the shelves of Redondan stories, essays, poems,



JOHN GAWSWORTH, AKA KING JUAN I, TALKED UP THE FLEDGLING MICRONATION, SPINNING ROYAL YARNS AND HANDING OUT TITLES AND DUCHIES TO ANYONE WILLING TO PICK UP THE TAB AT HIS LOCAL PUB.

pamphlets, proclamations, and states of the union produced by its inner circle—suggests something altogether more substantial, and maybe even more legitimate.

Yet even as the battle for the Kingdom of Redonda rages on, fought by combatants who all live an ocean away from the West Indies, the island's actual occupants—rats, seabirds, and a herd of

feral goats—live their days as they always have, foraging for food in the tropical sun, blissfully unaware of the whole thing. 

*Michael Hingston is a writer based in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. His new book is *Let's Go Exploring*, a critical and cultural analysis of the comic strip *Calvin and Hobbes*.*



THE SIZZLE

EIGHT NFL TEAMS PACKING MINISERIES MATERIAL.

BY PHIL HANRAHAN

WHAT'S your top story as we kick off the 2018 football season?

Is it Jon "Chucky" Gruden, back coaching Oakland again after nine years in the broadcast booth? Or maybe you're wondering how the Eagles will finesse the Nick Foles/Carson Wentz situation. Foles shone like a quasar after replacing the injured MVP-track Wentz in early December. The veteran led Philadelphia to their first-ever Super Bowl victory. But when Wentz's knee is fully mended, Foles is expected to benchwarm.

Meanwhile, Minnesota rode the arm and seasoning of Case Keenum all the way to the conference championship game. Keenum's reward? Team brass signed his replacement, Kirk "YOU LIKE THAT!" Cousins, to a three-year contract with \$84 million guaranteed.

Expect Vikings fans to watch closely. Will the former Redskins QB have the same field chemistry with burner Adam Thielen? Or playoff hero Stefon Diggs?

Quarterback angles abound. In Kansas City there's a changing of the guard, with five-year-starter Alex Smith, following his first 4,000-yard season, headed to D.C. and unproven Patrick Mahomes, picked tenth in 2017, slated to take over.

Packers QB Aaron Rodgers is back after collarbone surgery. Colts QB Andrew Luck is back after shoulder surgery. Sam Bradford might be back after knee surgery—we'll see when Arizona hands him the ball. Tom Brady is reportedly miffed at Coach Bill Belichick for this and that. Speaking of Brady, will his former understudy Jimmy Garoppolo pick up where he left off last season, having powered San Francisco to five straight closing wins?

The QB-starved Cleveland Browns drafted Baker Mayfield, not Sam Darnold. The Giants shocked Eli-haters by skipping QBs Darnold,

Josh Allen, and Josh Rosen, grabbing running back Sarquon Barkley with the second pick. Up in Seattle, Russell Wilson led the league in tossing 34 touchdowns, accounting for more than 80 percent of the team's offense. Given their thinning roster, he might have to aim for 90 percent this year.

If Foles and Darnold (drafted third by the Jets) start game one, that will mean 14 different QBs trot out for a team's first hike as opposed to last year. Seven squads have new head coaches. The off-season coordinator carousel nearly spun off its axis.

This new NFL season is jammed with storylines. The wisdom or folly of franchise-determining decisions will begin to surface in coming weeks. It's the *Penthouse* "Power" issue and power rankings are a football staple. But in honor of the drama gamut, I offer something else. In each division, I pick the team with the most story sizzle.

PACKERS (NFC NORTH)

Pundits love Minnesota to win the North. They point to Croesus Kirk Cousins, RB-phenom-in-the-making Dalvin Cook back from injury, and a stout defense getting stouter with ex-Jet Sheldon Richardson. But in terms of heat, I gotta go with the Pack. (Once a Cheesehead...) Rodgers starts the season hungry as hell—and maybe a little salty about the team letting Jordy Nelson move to Oakland. A new GM is hoping new coordinators can put it together with a new tight end (Jimmy Graham) and new D-lineman, Muhammad Wilkerson. Top draft picks Jaire Alexander and Josh Jackson should stiffen the pass defense. Green Bay has two terrific young backs (Aaron Jones, Jamaal Williams). And Rodgers is reuniting with his Super Bowl-year coordinator, Joe Philbin. Expect a Pack-Minnesota tussle all season long.

GIANTS (NFC EAST)

Drafting Barkley was a bold, potentially awesome move. Imagine if he pops like a Todd Gurley or Kareem Hunt early on. Will Odell Beckham Jr. dazzle again after ankle surgery? Will new coach Pat Shurmur get more out of his guys than Ben McAdoo? Veteran left tackle Nate Solder, ex-Patriot, should give Eli Manning comfort in the pocket. Eli's 37 now—anything left in the tank? Management obviously thinks so. If Eli and the Giants excel, it's a national story. If he blows, and the Jints flop, New York media will shriek like Velociraptors.

SAINTS (NFC SOUTH)

Electric division. The Panthers and Falcons are scary. But it's 39-year-old Drew Brees and the Who Dats I've got my eye on. The Saints came within a Minnesota miracle play of going to the NFC championship. They drafted edge-rusher Marcus Davenport with pick 14. He joins 2017 sensations Alvin Kamara (RB) and Marshon Lattimore (CB), your offensive and defensive rookies of the year. Pro Bowl receiver Michael Thomas will be catching passes. Will this be Drew's year? Even a four-game suspension adds intrigue: How will the team do when running back Mark Ingram II sits for a positive PEDs test?

RAMS (NFC WEST)

Gideon, blow your horn. No team loaded up like the off-season Rams. They traded for or signed elite cornerbacks Marcus Peters and Aqib Talib, WR Brandin Cooks, and DT Ndamukong Suh. Suh joins tackle Aaron Donald, the 2017 Defensive Player of the Year. The Rams unloaded, too: three of four 2017 starting linebackers were cap space casualties. There's practically a small plane flying above the L.A. Coliseum towing a banner reading THE TIME IS NOW. Wunderkind coach Sean McVay, 32, is a season wiser. Imagine if the splashy roster moves work out. Imagine if Gurley keeps exploding through holes, and QB Jared Goff takes it up a notch. Imagine if Donald keeps dominating (prediction: he will).

CHARGERS (AFC WEST)

The LeBron-led Lakers, the star-studded Rams, the winning Dodgers: These teams have sizzle. But the stepchild Chargers have a chance to end up the hottest L.A. story. Gunslinging QB Philip Rivers led his team to nine wins and the league's top per-game passing yards average

last year. Joey Bosa and Melvin Ingram will continue to sack. Another quality Melvin (Gordon) totes the rock. The Chargers added Mike Pouncey at center. They drafted super-safety Derwin James. Wide receiver Keenan Allen is...very good. Ball-hawking cornerback Casey Hayward made the Packers regret letting him go. The 2018 Bolts look ready to zap.


TEXANS (AFC SOUTH)

While researching my Packers book, I met Texans fans tailgating at Lambeau in cowboy boots and cowboy hats in three-degree weather. It made me a Houston fan for life. Quarterback Deshaun Watson flashed in his seven pre-injury games. J. J. Watt should be ready to rampage again. Receiver DeAndre Hopkins is phenomenal. In their splashiest signing, they added the Honey Badger, former all-pro safety Tyrann Mathieu. If the Texans turn it around after going 4-12, they'll be one of the league's great stories.

JETS, BROWNS (AFC EAST, NORTH)

Their combined record of 5-27 seemed to call for a joint entry. The Jets signed free agents Spencer Long, Teddy Bridgewater, Trumaine Johnson, and Avery Williamson (center, QB, CB, LB, respectively). They drafted the quarterback many felt should have gone No. 1. Darnold will be under the New York microscope—how will he respond? As for 0-16 Cleveland, will Baker Mayfield justify their faith? He'll have Jarvis Landry to throw to, Carlos Hyde to hand off to, and rookie cornerback Denzel Ward, picked fourth, to snatch the rock and get it back to him. If he's not ready, ex-Bill QB Tyrod Taylor should give the Browns a chance.

■ ■ ■

2018 stories? Yeah, we got some. Richard Sherman has to play Seattle twice—in a 49ers uniform. The Jets play both the Packers and the Browns—will it be Darnold versus Mayfield, then Rodgers? I can't wait for kickoff. Enjoy the season, *Penthouse* readers! 

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.





JANINE LINDEMULDER, March 1990

EYE OF THE TIGER

The strongest, most powerful member of the cat family is the Siberian tiger. This gorgeous beast is feared by its prey and fawned over by furriers who want to turn its desirable coat into an evening jacket. In a weird way, all women are tigers. As much as we love them, we know they could tear us to shreds with one swat.



ELENA GILBERT, July 1997





VICCA, December 1998



SONDRA LAMBREY, September 1980







LEANDRA FORRESTER, January 1989





AVERY ADAMS, February 2005

OUR DATE WITH ANARCHISM

HOW A ONCE-FEARED PHILOSOPHY MIGHT BE THE WAY OF THE FUTURE.

BY MILES RAYMER

It was the spring of 2011, and the women of Cherán had had enough. Illegal logging operations had been razing the oak forests surrounding the town for years, with the backing of one of the sprawling cartels that now effectively controls large swaths of Michoacán, the Mexican state in which the town of 20,000 resides.

And since neither the local police nor the Mexican government seemed interested in following up on the community's complaints, Cherán's residents—most of them indigenous Purépecha people—suspected these entities were cut in on the deal. After loggers began kidnapping, raping, and murdering locals, and the clear-cutting began to threaten a nearby spring, the town's women made up their minds to fight back.

Early in the morning of April 15, a few dozen of them, armed with rocks and fireworks, surrounded a bus full of loggers. They took two loggers hostage and kicked the rest out of town. Then they ejected the mayor, the cops, and any representatives of Mexico's main political parties they could get their hands on.

Seven years later, the cartels haven't come back to Cherán, and neither has the government. A citizen militia tightly controls the border around the town, searching visitors for party propaganda along with more common types of contraband. On voting day for the recent presidential election that put leftist reform candidate Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador in power, Cherán residents who wanted to cast a ballot had to travel to neighboring towns to find a polling place.

Cherán now has a council of citizens instead of a mayor and a citizen watch patrol instead of police, and it effectively exists outside the rule of the Mexican government, thanks to a supreme court decision in their favor. Sending the feds packing seems to be working out for Cherán. Crime is down, happiness is up, and the forest is starting to grow back.

In 10,000 years of human civilization, we have yet to come up with a single form of government that's functional, stable, and capable of scaling up to fit our forever-expanding societies. From god-kings to colonial empires, every idea we've had for organizing large populations under one power structure has collapsed when it was stretched too far. It seems like the only

ways to unite people behind a government are to threaten them (like North Korea) or bribe them (like Denmark, which is so swamped with oil money that its secondhand-vinyl sellers can afford to winter in South America).

There was a minute there, between the fall of the Soviet Union and the launch of Russia's internet war on Western politics, where it seemed like liberal democracy might win out as history's final form of government, capable of uniting the whole world under one global order. But that was before hackers uncovered its possibly fatal vulnerability to the new information paradigm, and brought the entire postwar political order to the brink of collapse with what appears to be a modest Facebook advertising budget. The schisming of the United States, the European Union's teetering on the edge of breakdown, and liberal democracy's seemingly insurmountable difficulty in finding a foothold in the Middle East all strongly suggest that this system isn't any better suited for the future than Soviet communism was.

For the past few years, the news has felt like play-by-play commentary for a society spinning out of control. Our young millennium has seen technological change, societal change, and environmental change accelerate to dizzying, unprecedented speeds. We're bound for a kind of a social singularity, one where our increasingly interconnected, digitized, globalized society reaches a tipping point and...*something* changes on a deep, fundamental level.

We're about to cross the threshold into a new epoch, one as distinct as the Iron or Industrial ages, and we don't really know what's on the other side. Moreover, it's becoming increasingly obvious that we don't have a working plan for how we're going to govern it.

So here's the question: If we can't figure out a kind of government that'll work for us the way we want it to, why should we bother having governments at all?

■■■

CHERÁN isn't the only community on Earth functioning effectively without a government. Other indigenous communities in Mexico have followed the example of the Zapatista uprising in Chiapas and established their own



Man wearing Vendetta mask.
This mask is a well-known symbol
for the online hacktivist group Anonymous.

ANARCHISM'S INFLUENCE ON MAINSTREAM AMERICAN POLITICS IS UNDENIABLE, EVEN IF IT DOESN'T GET MUCH CREDIT.

autonomous cooperatives. Christiana, the leaderless city within Copenhagen, has existed almost entirely outside of direct rule by the city or national governments since 1971, and has even survived a few organized attempts by those governments to shut it down. Closer to home, Burning Man has been collectively building, operating, and dismantling a more or less hierarchy-free city in the Nevada desert every year for over three decades. Maybe, the animating idea goes, we'd all be better off if we gave everyone in power the boot.

The technical term for organizing people without a government—or at least the kind of top-down hierarchical structure that we usually mean when we say “government”—is anarchism. And for a growing number of people, it's looking like the future of power.

In American politics, anarchism is a dirty word. We typically think it means bomb-throwing terrorists sowing chaos for chaos's sake, which is why conservatives have for so long used it to try and discredit everyone from labor organizers to civil rights leaders. But America is, in a lot of ways, a deeply anarchist nation, born out of rage against restrictive systems of power, and has remained intensely skeptical of power, even during periods like the one right now where we vote for leaders who openly revel in accumulating it.

We're taught early on that the United States is a democracy, but the ideal America that we're raised to believe in—a place of infinite personal liberty, where everyone gets a say in how things are run and anyone who doesn't like it can head out west and try their own way—is quintessentially anarchist.

The friction between the Thoreau-style anarchist utopia we're raised on and the constraints of an imperfectly designed representative democracy has done more to shape the American political identity than anything else.

Although anarchism in the United States has operated mostly on the fringes, some of its most potent ideas have managed to embed themselves deep in the mainstream. Anarchism's success as a political concept is difficult to measure by standard means. For obvious reasons there isn't an Anarchist Party fielding candidates whose votes we can tally. But its influence on mainstream American politics is undeniable, even if it doesn't get much credit.

For instance, the model used by nearly every successful social protest movement of the past decade—horizontally distributed, leaderless, local—was designed for antinuke protests in the seventies and eighties by anarchists, along anarchist principles. On the left, social and political ambitions that even just a few years ago were considered untouchably radical by most politicians have become part of the mainstream discourse. “Abolish the prison system” used to be an intentionally provocative anarchist slogan, so far outside polite political discourse that it could shock an audience into action or reaction. Now? It's something that people put in their Twitter bio.

Liberals have for decades dismissed their anarchist cousins as either ineffective political daydreamers lost in theory and to the infighting that can arise over tiny points of abstract disagreement, or, alternately, as hotheaded hooligans who use revolutionary politics as a cover to excuse their enthusiasm for property damage. But as anti-Trump resistance pushes liberals



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY FOTOMAK





PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY BUMBLE DEE

SINCE THE REAGAN ERA, REPUBLICANS HAVE BEEN INFATUATED WITH LIBERTARIANISM—THE IDEA THAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE SHRUNK DOWN TO A SIZE WHERE IT CAN BE DROWNED IN THE BATHTUB.

farther left, many of them are rediscovering their anarchist roots and raising the black flag of anarchy over social media.

Anarchism hasn't made the same kind of inroads on the right, which makes sense considering how much emphasis conservatism puts on structure, order, and obedience. But it's there. Since the Reagan era, Republicans have been infatuated with libertarianism—the idea that the government should be shrunk down to a size where it can be drowned in the bathtub. Over the years, libertarianism's antigovernment ideals have flourished so extravagantly on the right that it's stopped being shocking to hear GOP politicians making passionate speeches against the validity of the governments they've been elected to serve.

All that libertarianism has left conservatives open to accepting ideas like the somewhat contradictory-sounding anarcho-capitalism, which pushes faith in the supremacy of the free market to its furthest logical conclusion, calling for the transformation

of a government's services and duties into saleable products. This philosophy's been most closely associated with Silicon Valley, where everything new is by nature better than anything that's been done before, and where the combination of billions of dollars and intense competition have produced egos of a seemingly ungovernable size. But it's also found open arms in the business-friendly conservative mainstream, where legislators and regulators are already working closely with corporations to reduce the government's ability to govern them.

PayPal cofounder Peter Thiel is one of the world's most outspoken anarcho-capitalist true believers, and was one of Donald Trump's biggest tech supporters during the election. His attention-grabbing speech at the 2016 Republican National Convention shows, ironically, just how much influence anarchism currently has in the upper echelons of power.



IN real life, the current flourishing of anarchist enthusiasm doesn't

look much like the Hollywood action-movie conception we're familiar with: balaclava-clad rioters, guerilla bombing campaigns, rogue hackers releasing viruses that shut down the world's financial systems while broadcasting video of a shadowy anarchist leader, probably wearing a balaclava, reading a manifesto. Despite their badass reputation, most anarchists are bookish poli-sci wonks who spend more time arguing over theory than anything else.

All that arguing and theory have led to a vibrant spectrum of ideas about what anarchism means, and what the end results might look like. There is, of course, the kind of anarchism familiar to anyone who's spent any time on a college campus since the eighties: left-leaning, heavy on collectivism, and intersectional with a whole range of social justice causes. There are anarchist schools of thought focused on ecology, ones centered on feminism, and ones for people who don't want to do anything to help anyone else.

Queer and trans people have expanded the range of possibility for anarchist revolution by adding sex and gender to the list of systems it could disrupt. There are anarcho-communists counterbalancing the current fad for anarcho-capitalism. There are militant anarchists and pacifists. There's veganarchism, which is exactly what the name suggests.

One of the advantages of anarchism is that it's easily shaped into nearly anything that someone wants it to be. In an age where our politics and our identity are becoming nearly the same thing, this is a key strength. In our representative democracy, reform is electing someone who sees things more like you than the last person who had their job. Anarchism gives you a plan to tear everything down and rebuild it to fit your specific worldview.

From an outside perspective, the different models might seem impossible to implement in real life, but in truth organizing things along generally anarchist lines makes practical sense.

Systems that are regimented to within an inch of their lives can give the illusion of being secure and stable while hiding massive vulnerabilities. The U.S. spent two decades trying to figure out ways to protect its voting system from hackers and saw a presidential election disrupted by a swarm of cheap Twitter bots. Conversely, an anarchistic system designed for maximum flexibility and adaptability—maybe some kind of data-generated direct democracy—would be able to absorb the effects of unforeseen change. You don't have to worry about whether or not your president is being blackmailed by foreign agents if you don't have a president.

The internet gives us a real-life illustration of a nonhierarchical system in action. Organized to avoid hierarchy, the internet stands as the greatest experiment in mass anarchism in human history. It was deliberately designed with a bare minimum of rules by a community of scientists and programmers mixing radical anarcho-leftists and libertarians, and it's largely resisted efforts by the strongest political powers in history to control it.

The internet transcends geographic and social borders, allows theoretically anyone on Earth to speak to a global audience, and is set up in a way that even repressive, technologically capable governments like China's can't entirely dictate how people use it. In many ways it's the culmination of a century's worth of anarchist dreaming. The culture that's emerged online is similarly anarchic. From the very start, the internet's denizens have revolted at any top-down

attempt to infringe on their ideal of unimpeded digital liberty, even as governments and multinational corporations have gotten involved.

Reddit and Twitter became two of the biggest communications hubs on the planet largely because they refused to tell people no in any but the most extreme cases of abuse. As internet culture rewarded platforms that allowed users to set the rules themselves, en masse, and starved ones that tried to import IRL hierarchies, it created a virtual world where the distribution of power is far more favorable to the average person.

In a very real sense, we are never more free than we are when we're online. And the more time we spend in this virtual anarchist utopia, the more we want the real world to feel the same—and the more frustrated we get when it doesn't. It's no coincidence that some of the most effective political and social movements in recent memory have not only been born online, but reflect the internet's inherently anarchist nature.

There's no president of Black Lives Matter or #MeToo. There also isn't a single mastermind behind the alt-right movement or the burgeoning incel intifada that began as an internet joke before crossing over into the real world with tragically real consequences.

Nor does it seem to be a coincidence that the most recent victorious presidential campaign was the one that promised more than anything to get rid of as many rules as possible.

Dapper white nationalists and sexually frustrated spree killers

are strong arguments against making the real world more like the internet—and for keeping the societal structures that sometimes feel constraining and outdated but still do a decent job of holding the world together. Some people really do just want to watch the world burn. Giving them ways to share ever more sophisticated means for destruction has made the world more chaotic—a place where prank phone calls have evolved into swattings, where mass

shooters are held up as heroes, and where national security specialists (and other concerned people) lose sleep over the possibility that a misanthropic 4chaner will somehow set off a nuclear conflagration for the lolz.

Anarchism is a philosophy based on the idea that we can take away the rules and people will still more or less behave themselves. Certain quarters of the internet represent exhibit A in a very strong case that we don't deserve that trust.



THE idea of corralling the internet's anarchist tendencies went out the window a long time ago. Still, if the world of the internet was organized in a nonhierarchical way, its creators weren't actively seeking to dismantle dominant real-world structures and global power centers. Blockchain technology, on the other hand, is specifically designed for this job.

Like the internet itself, it can be confusing to explain in detail how the blockchain works, but in simple terms, it's a way of distributing a bunch of information to a bunch of people in a way that preserves the secrecy of the data and prevents corruption by outside parties.

Its best-known application is Bitcoin and the many cryptocurrencies that are causing a virtual gold rush of as yet to be determined proportions. The identity of Bitcoin's creator, the pseudonymous Satoshi Nakamoto, isn't known, and so ascribing any specific political philosophy would be just a guess. But since

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the technology's unveiling nearly a decade ago, Bitcoin has attracted anarchists of all stripes—in particular crypto-anarchists—who are united less by a specific political goal as by a desire to make it as hard as possible for governments to snoop in on private communication. They want to create conditions for a revolution (or revolutions) without getting hung up on what specific form it will take.

While crypto-secured communication is undoubtedly helping to power some burgeoning people's revolutions—and is most definitely empowering whistleblowers—it's the more audacious goal of replacing government-issued money that seems to have the most potential to upend the status quo.

We deal with money every day. Money permeates every corner of our lives, and as long as the government controls money, it gets to share that constant intimate presence. It's the ultimate form of control. If the U.S. government disappeared overnight, there wouldn't be rioting because we felt like the grownups had left the room, but because we wouldn't know how to buy and sell things anymore.

Being able to create and exchange money without the government's involvement could potentially be even more powerful than communicating without the government being able to overhear. Cryptocurrency poses an existential threat to the establishment, not just because a lone wolf terrorist might use it to buy a nuke on the black market, but because a lot of people might use it to buy a lot of things.

Cutting the government out of our financial transactions would significantly shrink its footprint in our lives. And that's only the beginning.

Thinking up ways to replace everyday government functions has become something of an obsession in the blockchain world. People are already designing smart contracts that would eliminate the need for courts to verify or enforce them. The blockchain could conceivably replace even deeper government functions, like voting.

If the technology's evangelists have their way, it'll chip away one by one at all the myriad roles the government plays in our daily lives until there's nothing left to hold it up, and it collapses, unmourned and unmissed—anarchy through obsolescence. The fact that most of the financial daredevils flooding the blockchain market are in it for fortune and fast cars, and not explicitly to destabilize Western democracy, is beside the point.

The blockchain is a promising tool for bringing down the established order of things, without a clear picture of what will replace it (besides more things built on the blockchain). There's a lot of hope that the tech world will be able to deliver us a solution to the situation, even though there's not yet one in sight.

The model for how things might work after the social singularity we're heading for could come from treating the distributing of power like selling apps. Software engineer Patri Friedman wants to apply the tech world's iterative design philosophy—build it, break it, and build a better version—to our quest for a new way of running the world.

The cofounder of the Seasteading Institute, Friedman wants to turn the ocean into a laboratory for applied politics by creating autonomous mini-countries on floating platforms where we can see how even the most experimental governmental theories work out in practice. It's a radical, sci-fi-level idea—not to mention the

source of a lot of jokes about Silicon Valley “visionaries”—but it very well could make it off the drawing board. Friedman and the Seasteading Institute are tantalizingly close to putting a test platform in the water off French Polynesia.

The son of economist David D. Friedman, who coined the term “anarcho-capitalism,” and grandson of the Nobel-winning libertarian theorist Milton Friedman, Patri Friedman is personally rooting for a system based on a radically untethered free market. But the benefit of trying out every conceivable approach is that we might find the solution where we least expect it. Maybe someday soon the residents of a pontoon city in the Pacific will discover that veganarchy is actually the way of the future.

There are others who believe that technology is sufficient on its own to deliver us to the next stage in the evolution of human civilization. We're on our way to becoming entwined with our technology on a deeper level than we can even wrap our heads around yet. AI, cybernetics, and most likely some new kind of technology yet to be invented are going to blur—and then maybe even erase—the line between us and our computers, between the real world and the virtual.

Anarcho-transhumanists fear that the world-shaking technological breakthrough we're careening toward could turn into an opportunity for established powers to control us on a much deeper level than before—imagine being offered a powerful new computer brain, but you'd have to agree to let Google use it to sell you customized ads.

On the other hand, if we do things the right way, spreading this new power out evenly, and using it to maximize our use of the planet to benefit every person equally, we could be looking at a world of limitless abundance, where scarcity will disappear, along with the war and oppression and strife that scarcity breeds.

Anarchists are some of the only people besides sci-fi writers who've thought seriously about what that kind of world might look like. (The anarchist philosopher Murray Bookchin was already thinking about it when he published *Post-Scarcity Anarchism* all the way back in 1971.) And anarchy is really the only system that would make sense in such a world. If we don't have poverty we won't have crime, which means we won't have cops.

In these kinds of futures, anarchy is both an inevitable outcome of our maturing as a civilization and a reward for growing up. If we can get to a point where everyone signs on for global peace and equality, we'll show that we're not only ready to live without so many rules, but that we deserve to. We'll have earned our return to the idyllic hierarchy-free existence our species may have once had before we settled down and built farms and towns and cities and nation-states. After 10,000 years, we'll finally have what we think we're naturally entitled to: civilization without the constraints of civilization.

But do we really deserve to be let back into paradise? A hundred centuries of nonstop murder, war, slavery, genocide, and wanton environmental damage suggests otherwise, according to anarcho-primitivism, a fairly recent development in anarchist thought that's surprisingly popular, considering its end goal is the dismantling of every aspect of human civilization separating us from our hunter-gatherer beginnings, all the way down to our use of language.

We get so caught up in politics and money and the busy work


CRYPTOCURRENCIES' AUDACIOUS GOAL OF REPLACING GOVERNMENT-ISSUED MONEY SEEMS TO HAVE THE MOST POTENTIAL TO UPEND THE STATUS QUO.

of keeping civilization running that we rarely ever stop and wonder if the costs—measured in lives shortened and ecosystems ruined—are worth it. The idea that the world would be significantly better off without us—that ultimately, the only path to peace is suicide on a civilizational scale—is almost incomprehensibly pessimistic.

And yet there it is, lurking in the back of your mind. It flashes into the open for a moment when you see photos from the latest mass shooting. Or when you reach for a bottle of water, realizing that the plastic will end up leaching toxins for decades, and grab it anyway. Or when you think too long about the fact that after 10,000 years, we still haven't evolved a way for different kinds of people to live together without killing each other.

Asking humankind to throw away its computers and antibiotics

and words for things, along with every other redeemable idea we've had, to go with our ten millennia worth of bad ones, is easily one of the most absurd demands ever made in the history of politics.

But it's hard to deny that, if nothing else, it would at least be satisfying from a narrative perspective. Anarcho-primitivism's idea of a utopia is one that most people wouldn't enjoy living in—if they even managed to survive the cataclysmic transition it would take to get there. If we don't figure out a way to handle all the power that we've created for ourselves as a species, we might end up there not on purpose, but by accident. 

Miles Raymer is an artist and writer living in New York City.



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / BY IAREMENKO SERGII

Cryptocurrency stock market graph on virtual screen.



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PORTOBELLO ROAD

One of London's fastest growing gins, this spirit is heavy on the juniper and ideal for bone-dry martinis and classic G&Ts.

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GORDON'S

This no-nonsense, triple-distilled London Dry gin contains juniper berries, coriander seeds, and angelica root. Quintessentially classic.

\$11

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE

This exceptionally smooth gin is infused with ten exotic botanicals. Fun fact: One of David Bowie's favorite drinks was a Bombay Sapphire martini.

\$33

I. THE ROOKER GIN COCKTAIL

Ingredients:

2 ozs Hendrick's gin

½ oz lime juice

½ oz basil simple syrup

3 dashes of cucumber bitters

Combine in a shaker with ice. Strain and pour.

II. CORPSE REVIVER

Ingredients:

1 oz gin

½ oz Cointreau

½ oz Lillet Blanc

¾ oz fresh lemon juice

dash of absinthe

Shake with ice and strain into a chilled glass.

III. CRANBERRY THYME GIN & TONIC

Ingredients:

¾ cup fresh cranberries

¼ cup granulated sugar

½ cup water

splash of orange juice

¼ teaspoon pure vanilla extract

fresh English thyme leaves

gin of choice

tonic of choice

In a saucepan, mix cranberries, water, orange juice, sugar, and vanilla. Cook for 15 minutes, mashing the cranberries. Add thyme and continue mashing. Pour through a strainer, discarding the solids. Once cooled, add 1 oz of the cranberry mixture to each glass. Top with ice cubes, 2 ozs gin, and tonic. ☞

HENDRICK'S

This popular premium gin is produced in Scotland and boasts an unusual infusion of cucumber and rose petals.

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TANQUERAY NO. TEN

Considered by many to be the ideal martini gin, it has all the ingredients of its London Dry, but with fresh citrus (grapefruit, lime, orange) and camomile.

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SIPSMITH

Every bottle of this London Dry gin is handcrafted in small batches and distilled with ten botanicals, with notes of juniper followed by fresh lime zest.

\$33



J'ADORE DIOR

Our September Penthouse Pet of the Month Gianna Dior is so hot she's making us stupid. Seriously. When she walked on set after getting her hair and makeup done, our photographers both forgot how to speak English and just kind of moved their lips like blowfish bubbling underwater. Despite being a perfect 10, Gianna is 100 percent humble. Maybe that's the sweet Southern belle in her pushing away her ego? Either way, we don't want this beauty to change a thing about herself.

Photography: Thom & Jheri
Hair, Makeup & Wardrobe: Teri Groves

























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PENTHOUSE

GIANNA DIOR ◊ SEPTEMBER 2018 PET OF THE MONTH







PENTHOUSE

GIANNA DIOR  SEPTEMBER 2018 PET OF THE MONTH



GIANNA DIOR

Vital Stats:

32B-26-33

21 years old

5'4"

Hometown: Andalusia, Alabama

What's the most exciting place you ever made love?

I had sex in a tree stand one time while going hunting.

Isn't that kind of dangerous?

Yeah, it probably was. I really didn't think about it at the time.

Do you find yourself making the first move?

I almost always make the first move. There's only been a couple of times where I didn't.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?

Probably moving to Los Angeles to do porn. I had no idea what I was getting into and I wasn't 100 percent sure if that's what I wanted to do. It has turned out for the best, but I went in blind and excited.

What was the most remarkable sex you ever had?

It was with my ex-boyfriend, who I dated for a few years. We had sex 11 times in one night. And it was both regular and anal. We just went back and forth, and we went for hours and hours at a time.

Stamina! What is your biggest turn-on?

Probably intelligence. That's a weird answer, so maybe I should rephrase that and say I like someone who is humble and intelligent. If you're cocky and intelligent, that's annoying. But if you're a low-key kind of smart, that's probably my biggest turn-on.

What's your biggest sexual fantasy?

Hmmm.... A gangbang.

Any particular details required in that ganging?

Probably five or more guys. Like, five to seven.

Damn. 

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THE QUEEN OF CONTROVERSY

SENSATIONAL YOUTUBE STAR BLAIRE WHITE ON POLITICS, THE MIDDLE EAST, THE CULTURE WAR, AND WHY SHE WILL NEVER WEAR A RED HAT IN L.A. AGAIN.

INTERVIEW BY MISH BARBER-WAY

BLAIRE White never thought she would end up making a living from YouTube. The 24-year-old Northern California native just needed a place where she could talk about her political views, which were becoming increasingly unpopular with her progressive, social-justice-warrior friends.

White was 20 years old and regretfully studying computer science at college. Frustrated by the lack of political diversity on campus and by the militant brand of feminism that was taking over her peer group, she decided that if she couldn't debate with her friends, she'd talk to her computer. She made a short video criticizing feminism, uploaded it to YouTube, and thought nothing of it.

Cut to a few years later, and White has become a provocative and popular voice in the political conversation between self-made commentators like Dave Rubin of The Rubin Report, Ben Shapiro of the Daily Wire, comedian Joe Rogan, and YouTuber Laci Green. White is young, fringe, and no-holds-barred, a strong millennial voice brave enough to address the culture war and question the narrative. And though there are many people who love her, there are just as many who hate her.

On her YouTube channel, White mostly sticks to politics. She's criticized Black Lives Matter (the backlash was so intense the FBI got involved), feminism, transgender politics, fat-acceptance, and rape culture. She debates other YouTube stars who disagree with her views, often uploading the unedited two-hour debates for her fans to watch. But most recently, she started branching out from politics and doing personal videos. The debut? A vlog detailing the intense round of plastic surgeries she had to complete her transition to becoming a female. Did we not mention that White was born a dude? (Yeah, I know. We could hardly tell either.)

With a documentary being made about her life for WAG TV, her recent engagement to boyfriend Joey, and her growing number of followers, White is at the top of her game. Welcome to the wild, wonderful world of Blaire White.

How has YouTube changed your life?

YouTube has changed my life in more ways than I probably even

realize. I started my channel two years ago, and in that time so many things have happened. I was a broke college student with four roommates that I never should have been living with, and I started YouTube on my little 4 ADP webcam. I had a light from Target as my professional lighting. It really just took off. Everything that has happened is very surprising. I never thought this would be my job.

What compelled you to do the first video?

My first video was a criticism of feminism. I made the video because, at the time, I wasn't in an environment that would accept my opinions. I couldn't openly talk about that without backlash or losing friends. I mean, I've lost friends over my YouTube channel, but now I have a new set of friends and peers. But at that particular time I was a college student, and in addition to my peers disagreeing with me, my professors did, too. I really used YouTube as an outlet to discuss my politics without being made to feel like an outcast. It paid off. So, thank God.

You don't really fit into the right or the left, but you say you lean right. At one time though, you were a far-left, progressive social-justice warrior. What changed?

[Laughs] It was the year before I started YouTube that I began to come into my own thoughts and beliefs. Before that, I was on the complete opposite side of the political spectrum. It was being young and not having the willpower, desire, or ability to build my life from the ground up, which is what I have done now. I didn't know how the world worked. I'm sure I will have more ideological or personal changes in my lifetime, but this is where I'm at now.

Where were you at in your transition when all this ideological change was happening?

Interestingly enough, the further along in my transition, the further I changed politically.

Why do you think that is?

Because being trans you have to do shit yourself. I realized that where I wanted to be and what I wanted to be was not going to be



Blaire White

handed to me. I had to go after it myself. That informed a lot of my options outside my transition. Self-determination, accountability, and personal responsibility became really big factors in my success. When I was younger, I saw things I could not overcome as obstacles instead of challenges. I don't see obstacles anymore.

You've had success. You've proven to yourself that you're capable.

I completely shocked the fuck out of myself with the number of things I've done. I look at my life even two years ago, and I'm now living a completely different life. I'm engaged. I have a career. I have a movie coming out soon.

What's the movie?

I'm currently being filmed for a movie about my life story with WAG TV. They do all the shows on the Discovery Channel. We've had cameras in our home for a few weeks now. It's been kind of hard. [Laughs]

One thing I like about you is that you can't be put in a box. Why do you think so many people can't handle that?

I think a lot about why I'm considered controversial. I feel as though I don't say things that crazy, and my fans and everyday people on the street wouldn't consider my views controversial. I'm just saying things that most of us think but won't say out loud

because of the fear of retaliation. I guess someone has to get the slings and arrows that come with that. I'll take it.

You wrote a tweet that said, "Stop ending friendships over political differences. It's an immature and shitty thing to do to someone just because you disagree with them." And people got upset by this. I don't see what was offensive about that statement.

I'm at the point now where I can predict the reaction to certain statements I make. But that one got virally dragged! Hundreds of thousands of people coming at me for that. It was one of the tamest things I've ever said!

Objectively, I don't see what's wrong with it.

I don't either and I never will. I have thought hard about it. People have called me racist over that tweet. [Laughs] How is that racist? Look, people have allowed religion to become their politics. People like me show that this is a reality. On my channel, it's a pretty friendly place. But any time I'm posted somewhere else, it's an extreme amount of hate. People like me put a spotlight on that vitriol just by existing and speaking our minds.

When is it going to end?

I don't know! [Laughs]

"WE ARE AT THE POINT NOW WHERE PEOPLE ARE HARASSED AND BOOED OUT OF RESTAURANTS FOR BELIEVING THE 'WRONG' THING.... [POLITICS IS] SUCH A SOULLESS GENRE TO BE INVOLVED IN."





"I'M JUST SAYING THINGS THAT MOST OF US THINK BUT WON'T SAY OUT LOUD BECAUSE OF THE FEAR OF RETALIATION. I GUESS SOMEONE HAS TO GET THE SLINGS AND ARROWS THAT COME WITH THAT. I'LL TAKE IT."

We are in a culture war.

Oh, yes. We are at the point now where people are harassed and booed out of restaurants for believing the "wrong" thing. It almost makes me want to back off more and more and more. I want to participate less. It gets exhausting. It's such a soulless genre to be involved in. Pure politics turns you into a monster and I do not want to be a monster.

Have you had any public attacks?

I've been doxed, which means that your personal information has been made public online. I've had to deal with the FBI over this. It was very serious. I've had legitimate threats against my life. I've been in gay clubs and all of a sudden been surrounded by people who want to beat me up. On the flip side, the overwhelming majority of the reception I get is positive, whether it's at the gym or on Hollywood Boulevard. If it was pure hatred, I'd have to rethink some things.

How did the trans discussion become inherently tied to leftism? The trans conversation is new. We wouldn't be sitting here talking like this ten years ago.

In some ways, it was easier to be trans ten years ago. No one knew what it was and you could just live your life after transitioning. Don't get me wrong, I'm aware of the fact that a lot of my success is tied to me being trans. I'm not denying how it has helped me.

But there's also a misconception that being trans is political. That it's tied to leftist politics, feminism, or any ideology. But it's biological, neurological, and physiological. I felt trans when I was a kid at four or five years old. I think that because a lot of people on the left are the ones who end up speaking up for trans people, it becomes conflated. Trans people can be purple-haired San Francisco feminists or gun-slinging Southerners. Ninety percent of the people who speak up about trans issues are not trans. They end up controlling the conversation instead of letting trans people talk. I think that if we controlled the narrative, people who don't understand us would start to.

I think this is also a product of social media. Everyone has their opinion and can share it. How do you feel about social media, seeing as how it's a big part of your career?

I guess my relationship with social media has changed in the last two years since it became a job. Sometimes I love it. Sometimes I hate it. It really depends on what scandal I'm dealing with. *[Laughs]*

There have been studies that show how detrimental social media can be to one's self-esteem and self-worth, but those studies are done on people who log on during their lunch breaks, between classes, etc. They don't do the studies on people who do social media for a living. I can't complain. Social media has given me everything and it's why I'm here right now with you.

Let's talk about baby Blaire. Obviously, you were not born with boobs. How did you become the Blaire White sitting with me now?

Like I said, my earliest memories involved gender dysphoria. I felt like no one saw me the way I wanted to be seen. I didn't fit into male activities. I could not live up to those gender standards. I had no idea what "trans" was, but I understood that there was something wrong. My dad would ask me why I talked, walked, and acted feminine. I've always been feminine. My voice never dropped! The signs were there really early. It wasn't until I became an adult that I could get on hormones, get surgery, and make it happen. However, people are transitioning very young now. Transitioning is hard. It fucks with your mind and your body. The thought of going through that as a kid is pretty crazy to me.

When did the reality of becoming a woman actually happen?

As I got older, the feelings of gender kept increasing. I was experimenting with my look as a teenager, which was a mess. At that time, I'd met someone who ended up being my best friend for years, and I saw a lot of myself in him. We both realized, around 16 years old, that we needed to transition together. When we were about 19 or 20, we started our transition. We were roommates. I had just ended a relationship and moved back to California from Michigan. However, the friendship ended. She didn't agree with my politics, which is sad, because we went through something very intense together. I knew I had to transition to be happy. I started my transition, then my YouTube channel, and I finished my transition on YouTube.

Why did you want to put your surgery videos on your channel?

I decided to vlog my surgery for my own keepsake. I still watch it sometimes. I was on copious amounts of painkillers. I don't remember too much. This was the first really personal video that I did, which opened the door to talk about my life a little more. Before that video, my content had been strictly political.

Can you describe the surgeries you underwent?

I had multiple at one time. I got my breasts done and a few different things on my face. I had rhinoplasty and a brow-bone shave.

What's a brow-bone shave?

All biological males have a ridge on their forehead right above their brow line. You would never really notice it unless you knew it was there, but you can feel it. This ridge makes a difference when you scan a face. People subconsciously notice it when you're figuring out which gender someone is. Basically, what they do is cut your skin off at your hairline, pull the skin down, shave the bone until it's flat, then staple you back up. The recovery for that one—again, painkillers—but from what I remember, it was terrible. But now my ridge is gone. I'm flat as a pancake.

Why the hell did you do all those surgeries at once?

I know. I'm nuts. But my mind-set was to get it all over with. I'm terrified of surgery and I never wanted to go through it again, so I just figured I should do it all at once. I'm glad I did it that way. I was able to get back to work not long after.

Speaking of work, which videos have been the most controversial and what was the backlash?

I did a video where I criticized the extreme elements of the Black Lives Matter movement. This was during the summer of 2016, and there was a lot of rioting around BLM. I prefaced my criticism by stating that BLM started with good intentions but had somehow gone haywire. After I published that video, I woke up the next day to a storm. I had been doxed. I had hundreds of thousands of people attacking me online, and eventually the FBI got involved.

Can you get the police involved when someone doxes you?

It's not taken seriously. If you make a living online, and you're a social media influencer, having your address leaked online is extremely dangerous. It's not leaked to seven people, it's leaked to thousands. One of my fans found the woman who had doxed me. She admitted to doxing me. Then my fans took it upon themselves to start harassing her. They hacked into her mother's bank account. They hacked into her school information. I do not condone this kind of behavior and I even made a statement saying that. But also, like, don't fuck with me, because my fans will protect me. *[Laughs]*

Penthouse was actually slut-shamed out of the SlutWalk. Which is pretty anti-slut for a bunch of alleged pro-sluts. But I digress. What happened when you went?

I went to Amber Rose's SlutWalk out of curiosity. I wanted to talk to the people who were participating and see why they were there. I met a lot of fans, barely any haters. I took Joey and

my friend with me as bodyguards, but I didn't even need it. I interviewed so many people at SlutWalk, and almost every single person had no idea why they were there. I am not against the SlutWalk, I just don't think it has cohesive politics. There was an ideological component that was missing. One woman said to me, "I'm here because little boys are taught to rape little girls." That's a pretty vague statement. She couldn't elaborate.

"I'M VERY LEVELHEADED ABOUT TRUMP. I APPRECIATE WHEN HE DOES GOOD THINGS, AND I CRITICIZE HIM WHEN HE DOES BAD THINGS. I JUDGE HIM ISSUE BY ISSUE, POLICY BY POLICY."

You have one video where you read emails from LGBT people in the Middle East who are living in hell. Do you have a lot of people reaching out to you?

I get messages from people all over the world, whether they are LGBT or not, but more LGBT. A lot are from Middle Eastern or African countries where you cannot be trans, let alone gay. It's against the law. It means the world to me that people trust me with their stories and want to share with me. I have made videos highlighting their stories, which I think is important, because so much of the conversation here ignores their plight. I think it's common knowledge how gay rights suck in other countries, but I don't think people realize how extreme it is: You can be killed or jailed. I've had people email me from African countries who tell me that there are government-funded magazines with hit lists of gay people, detailing their names and their personal information. It's like a "Wanted" list for gay people. And half the time, these people are not even gay, but happened to be standing too close to another man or whatever the case.

Once you hear these stories, it's hard to forget them. America is not perfect, but we have it pretty good, and we have to remember these other people who are struggling in a way we'll never understand. I never want to live my prissy life in Los Angeles oblivious to the brutal situations in other countries. One of my life goals is to create a foundation that helps get these

people out of their countries and their bad situations. I have no structure or plan, but I will figure it out. For now, I do what I can, but I want to do something bigger.

It's truly brutal, what they're facing.

People forget: Laws shape the culture. If you're living in a country where it's illegal to be gay, no one is going to have a neutral view when it comes to gay people. Gays are villainized. They are treated like pedophiles, though in some of these countries, it's standard practice for a 40-year-old man to marry an 11-year-old girl, and this is supported by both families, yet being gay is illegal. That puts it into perspective. It's fucked.

That seems so archaic.

People use the phrase "stuck in the past," but no, literally, these countries are stuck in the past. These places are culturally fucked. And when discussing this, "culture" will be used as a shield. *Oh, it's their culture.* Sorry. Some cultures are fucking shitty.

Let's talk about your "Make American Great Again" hat video. I haven't watched it yet.

I love when people say they haven't watched it yet. It's my craziest video! I can't even do it justice. As a social experiment, I thought it would be interesting to see what happened if I walked around Hollywood, where I live, wearing a MAGA hat. Los Angeles is very liberal, and I wanted to see the kinds of reactions I would get. I was assaulted twice in the video. We happened to walk by a protest, which was not planned. It was an anti-Trump protest. I had no idea what the protest was for. I saw a cop and asked him what the people were protesting, and he didn't know. We figured it out pretty quick.

The first assault I received was from a male protester in a pink pussy hat who came up and snatched the hat off my head as I was taking a selfie. I tried to chase after him and get it back. I fell, and he stomped on my hand and broke my acrylic nail. I was bleeding everywhere!

He stomped on your hand with his foot?

Oh yeah. It happened so fast.


Did you punch him?

No, there was a cop right there trying to separate us. We left that area and I was really upset and wanted to go home. I decided to film the outro of the video, "Hey guys, I'm heading home, this was crazy, etc." And as I'm filming, this person runs up from behind Joey and throws a bottle of alcohol in my face. It was the cherry on top of a shitty sundae. I'm not even a Trump supporter. I'm very levelheaded about Trump. I appreciate when he does good things, and I criticize him when he does bad things. I judge him issue by issue, policy by policy. I did the hat thing as an experiment because the red MAGA hat is so symbolic now. You can't wear one in L.A.

I can't believe the man stomped on your hand!

Yes, a man in a pink pussy hat. I had no idea it was going to be that intense. Even when I realized it was an anti-Trump protest, I never imagined I would be physically assaulted.

You were assaulted for your accessories.

It's crazy. There's another awful story about a girl who was wearing a red hat, people mistook it for a MAGA hat and beat her up. Lesson learned: Don't wear a red hat in a liberal area. 



THE ONGOING FIGHT FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

In every age, there are threats to our safety that generate a call to compromise our civil liberties. During my own lifetime, liberal president Franklin Delano Roosevelt ordered the detention of more than 100,000 Japanese Americans in camps far away from their homes. This compromise of civil liberties was approved by the most liberal justices in modern Supreme Court history.

Then came the threat of Communism during the 1950s. The response was another compromise in civil liberties demanded by Senator Joseph McCarthy and his followers. Free speech was restricted, the Communist party was outlawed, and the courts upheld many of these compromises on civil liberties.

Then came the civil rights movement, with violence on both sides and the accompanying call for compromises in our civil liberties. The Supreme Court was asked to limit trial by jury so that segregationist governors could be compelled to obey court orders without the risk of jury nullification.

This was followed by the Vietnam War, during which the government drafted dissenters in order to silence them, and war protestors were charged with a variety of crimes to stifle dissent.

At the beginning of this century, we witnessed the disaster of September 11. This was followed by a call to compromise the civil liberties of suspected terrorists by detaining them without trial, torturing them, and silencing imams who advocated jihad.

And now, the presidency of Donald Trump has given rise to demands that we stretch the criminal law and the criteria for impeaching and removing the president. The justification offered for this compromise is that Trump himself has denied the civil liberties of people seeking asylum and immigration into our country.

In every age, we hear the same claim: “This time it’s different. Previous threats have never been as great. This time we really need to compromise civil liberties.”


But as Benjamin Franklin warned us more than 250 years ago: “Those who would give up essential Liberty, to purchase a little temporary Safety, deserve neither Liberty nor Safety.”

Whenever civil liberties have been compromised, I have

been on the forefront of demanding strict compliance with our Constitution. It is precisely during times of crisis that civil liberties are most endangered, because decent people believe that the short-term needs for safety outweigh the long-term needs for liberty. I have been vilified, not only by the hard left, but by some centrist liberals as well, for insisting that the criminal law not be stretched to target Donald Trump’s political sins, and that the criteria for impeaching and removing a president not be expanded in order to target this particular president.

Had Hillary Clinton been elected president and had the Republicans tried to prosecute and impeach her, I would be making precisely the same arguments I am now making with regard to President Trump. The book I recently wrote, entitled *The Case Against Impeaching Trump*, would have been *The Case Against Impeaching Hillary Clinton*. The title would have been different, but the content would have been the same. To emphasize this point, I had my publisher produce a mock cover featuring Clinton’s name instead of Trump’s. Had I been making these exact arguments in regard to Hillary Clinton, people on the left would be building a statue of me instead of trying to tear me down.

Throughout my life, I have applied what I call the “shoe on the other foot” test. Whenever I make an argument, I ask myself: “Would I be making the same argument if the shoe were on the other foot, if the person whose rights I was defending was of the opposite party or political persuasion?” I pass this test with flying colors. Most of my critics fail it.

I will continue to demand civil liberties and constitutional rights for all Americans, regardless of party affiliation, ideology, race, religion, gender, or sexual orientation. The equal protection of the law does not stop at the Oval Office. No one is above the law. No one is below the law. If the law can be stretched to target a president, it can be stretched to target anyone. 

*Alan M. Dershowitz is the Felix Frankfurter Professor of Law Emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of *The Case Against Impeaching Trump*. Follow him at @AlanDersh*



We the People of the United States
 in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote and our Prosperity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Article I

[The following text is a transcription of the visible portions of the Constitution's Article I:]

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors in that State.

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature of the State in which they may sit, and they shall hold their Offices for six Years, and each Senator shall have the Qualifications requisite for Senators in that State.

Section 4. The Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors in that State.

Section 5. The Senate shall have the sole Power to try all Impeachments, when the House of Representatives shall have impeached; and no Person shall be convicted without the Concurrence of two thirds of the Members present.

Section 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a Compensation for their Services, which shall be ascertained from Time to Time by the Law of the United States.

Section 7. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States, to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures, to coin Money, to regulate the Value of foreign Money, to regulate the Bankruptcy Laws, to define and punish Offences against the Law of Nations, to define and punish Piracies and High Seas Offences, and all Misdemeanors and Crimes against the United States, except Crimes of Infringement of the Rights of Patents and Copyrights, which shall be defined and punished by Laws of the United States.

Section 8. The Congress shall have Power to make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or Officer thereof.

Section 9. The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in Cases of Rebellion or Invasion the public Safety may require it.

Section 10. No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; coin Money; emit Bills of Credit; make any Thing but gold and silver Coin legal Tender for Payment; or give any Preference in Commodities among the States; or grant any Title of Nobility.

Section 11. The United States shall not grant any Title of Nobility.

Section 12. The Congress shall have Power to declare and coin Money, to regulate the Value of foreign Money, to regulate the Bankruptcy Laws, to define and punish Offences against the Law of Nations, to define and punish Piracies and High Seas Offences, and all Misdemeanors and Crimes against the United States, except Crimes of Infringement of the Rights of Patents and Copyrights, which shall be defined and punished by Laws of the United States.

Section 13. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States, to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures, to coin Money, to regulate the Value of foreign Money, to regulate the Bankruptcy Laws, to define and punish Offences against the Law of Nations, to define and punish Piracies and High Seas Offences, and all Misdemeanors and Crimes against the United States, except Crimes of Infringement of the Rights of Patents and Copyrights, which shall be defined and punished by Laws of the United States.

Section 14. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States, to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures, to coin Money, to regulate the Value of foreign Money, to regulate the Bankruptcy Laws, to define and punish Offences against the Law of Nations, to define and punish Piracies and High Seas Offences, and all Misdemeanors and Crimes against the United States, except Crimes of Infringement of the Rights of Patents and Copyrights, which shall be defined and punished by Laws of the United States.



ROSE-TINTED ASSES

Our September CyberCutie Chloe Rose may seem like she belongs in another decade with her laid-back attitude and penchant for seventies rock n' roll, but this L.A. transplant was, regrettably, born in Canada in the eighties. Chloe Rose may romanticize the era of rose-tinted glasses and bell-bottom jeans, but she's taking full advantage of 2018 by making her bread and butter on her webcam channel. After all, she's got the hourglass figure of Marilyn Monroe and the hair of Farrah Fawcett. When biology is on your side that hard, you run with it.

Photography: JT III
Hair & Makeup: Sahar Yakhi
Styling: Sam Phillips























CHLOE ROSE

Vital Stats:

32D-26-42

26 years old

5'3"

Have you ever had sex outside?

I had sex on the roof of my old apartment building, which was six floors off the ground. We had to climb up this rusted, beat-up old ladder. We initially just went there to enjoy the view, but ended up having sex.

Do you enjoy the thrill of having sex in a public place?

Most definitely. I also had sex in a stadium bathroom during a soccer match.

Do ever make the first move?

I'm really, really aggressive with men. Sometimes too aggressive. I feel like there are guys out there who enjoy the chase, and if that's the case, I'm not the girl for them. If I'm into you, then I'm pretty much just going for it.

What do you look for in a man when you're on the hunt?

I have a huge thing for dudes who wear rings or have tattoos on their hands. That really does it for me.

Besides turquoise and finger tattoos, what qualities do you need in a guy?

Somebody who is stupid hot and makes me laugh. He's got to have a good head on his shoulders, an even better heart, and tons of ambition.

When you're dating someone new, how long before you're DTF?

If I'm being real, I usually make love right off the bat. For me, having sex with someone is a huge determining factor of whether or not I like them. If you have good sexual chemistry with somebody, then that could be a really good indication that you're compatible in other aspects of the relationship. I personally like to use sex as a way to decide if it's going to be worth my time.


You moved to L.A. from Vancouver. Any horrible experiences, or has it been all sun, surf, and sex?

I worked at a barbershop when I first moved to L.A. The guys didn't seem to know how to behave around a female coworker. I knew it was game over when one of the guys made a sexual comment about my feet.

What did he say?

I was wearing sandals and he looked down at my feet and told me how cute he thought they were. I shot back, "Does your fiancée also have cute feet?"

Lastly, what do you think about blowjobs?

Blowjobs are sick. The sloppier the better. 

Find more of Chloe Rose at share.myfreecams.com/ChloeRosee or see more at Penthouse.com

By Mish Barber-Way

SODASTREAM • \$100-\$200

I'm from Canada, where we don't drink a lot of soda. In fact, we call that bubbly sugar water "pop," and our parents rarely let us have it. The only Canadian I knew who drank pop every day was a figure-skating coach at the club I used to skate for. When we trained in the morning, all the choreographers and coaches stood over the boards with their steaming coffee mugs glued to their gloves. All the coaches except for Lorna, who'd have a two-liter bottle of Diet Pepsi. Lorna was young, athletic, and gorgeous, and even as a 12-year-old girl, I thought the branding was way off whenever I saw her gracefully skate over to the boards and throw back a swig of her flat Pepsi. I'm sure that if it had been around then, Lorna would have had a SodaStream set up on the bleachers. And though I don't give a shit about cola, I am addicted to seltzer water. Why have it still when you can have it dancing in the glass with carbonation? But spending six dollars on a bottle of Perrier makes me feel like a complete asshole, and buying a case of the stuff is even worse. The SodaStream eliminates having to pay money for water and air. While I love it for seltzer, sugar addicts can buy packets to mix in and make their own blends of candy-flavored bubbles. Lorna could have saved a lot of money had the SodaStream been around in the nineties. Wherever you are, Lorna, I hope you have one now. sodastream.com





SUPERIOR BIDET SUPREME • \$70

(Trigger warning: Toilet talk.) The press release for this toilet accessory goes on about how the holidays can bring extra family and friends into the house, which means a lot more turnover in the bathroom, and even more of a mess in the toilet. (I don't know about your family, but mine isn't automatically barfing out of both ends after turkey, mashed potatoes, and obscene amounts of alcohol.) All this prep-for-the-holiday-shit talk aside, this attachable device turns your porcelain throne into a souped-up bidet, and that's classy AF. The whole concept of the bidet is built on a backbone of cleanliness, but I think it's laziness. After all, the bidet was invented by the French, and those tarts are all about a minimal amount of effort. The Superior Bidet Supreme is very easy to install (I only screamed at the toilet once), and it has adjustable functions for both rear and feminine washing with heat control. Using a splash of water in place of TP feels kind of crazy at first, but it's shockingly refreshing. Kind of like a waterpark for your junk. superiorbidet.com



GREAT USEFUL STUFF'S ALL IN ONE CHARGING STATION AND ORGANIZER • \$130

I do not need to upsell you on this charging station. How many fights have occurred in your house over lost iPhone cords, cracked screens due to another person's negligence, or misplaced iPads? Hundreds? Thousands? Even if you don't threaten murder when you can't find your charger, this tech organizer is crucial. It features six USB hubs for tablets, laptops, cellphones, and one wireless charging pad which works with most Apple phones, including iPhone 8 and X, the Google Nexus, most Samsung Galaxy products, Nokia Lumia, and Motorola Droid Maxx. (Um, those last two still make phones? Okay....) The charging station comes in a variety of finishes, like "eco-friendly bamboo," high-gloss white, and polished walnut. In other words, it doesn't look like a cheap piece of crap. I highly recommend this thing. It saved my husband and me from a shit-ton of dumb fights resulting in sexless nights. greatusefulstuff.com

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

BY JENNY NORDBAK

MISTRESS Scarlett is not going to be happy when she gets home from work.

I've been poking the proverbial bear all evening, deliberately trying to piss her off via text message so that she'll be riled up and ready to punish me when she gets here.

It doesn't always work because she knows what I'm playing at, but it's worth a shot. That woman, when the fire of anger lights her from within, is a sight to see. It makes my inner submissive tremble with fear and lust at the same time.

She'll never lose control with me, but she might just push me out of my comfort zone.

I hear her key turn in the door and my pussy clenches in anticipation. I don't get up from the couch, unsure whether she'll be willing to play after a long shift with clients, but I can immediately tell she's got some steam to blow off.

She doesn't say a word as she hangs her keys precisely on the hook and sets her work bag on the chair in the corner. She has changed out of her dominatrix outfit into jeans and a black T-shirt, but she doesn't need leather or latex to look the part. It's in the way she carries herself, in the way she approaches me slowly on the couch, every inch a predator.

She seizes my hair in her fist, dragging me to my knees in front of her. I shout in protest, even though I know it's futile.

"You spend the whole night trying to piss me off and then whine when I come home pissed off?"

Oh yeah, she knows me too well.

She sits in my place on the couch, leaving me kneeling there as she takes a long gulp from my beer.

"Strip," she commands, eyes blazing.

I comply, immediately shedding my sweatpants and shirt to reveal I'm not wearing anything under them. I get back on my knees in front of her, hoping she's going to let me lick her pussy to make up for my attitude, but she drags me up by the hair again and pulls me over her lap.

I always think I want to be punished until I feel her hand smack across my ass, and then I change my mind. As she rains unforgiving blows down on my ass cheeks, I squirm and try to pull away, but she holds me down firmly with her other hand.

There is something powerfully humiliating about an over-the-knee spanking that comes from feeling like a helpless child. The rough fabric of her jeans rubs against my sensitive nipples as I writhe, turning me on. She realizes I'm doing it on purpose and pinches them harshly, making me squeal.

"You little slut. I'm trying to punish you and you're rubbing against me like a cat in heat."

She punctuates these words with even harder spanking. I can feel the hot glow of my ass, that stinging feeling I simultaneously crave and loathe.

Just as I think I can't take anymore, I feel the hand that has been holding me slide down between my cheeks and find my pussy. Her probing fingers discover the slick evidence of my arousal, parting my pussy lips and spreading them wide. I moan and arch back into her touch in pleading invitation. She teases two fingertips inside me a little, but leaves me empty and desperate. I'm so focused on this that I jerk in surprise as she spans me again, the pain and pleasure rolling into one another exquisitely. I want more.

She finds my clit with her wet fingers and rubs in a slow circle, but she also pinches a nipple again, sending electric jolts of pain shooting into my belly. She continues to torment me like this, applying more and more pressure to my tender nipple just as she rubs my clit harder and faster. It's so intense that I'm keening incoherently, not sure whether I'm begging her to stop or to finish.

She has two fingers thrusting inside of me now, while her thumb continues to rub my clit. She's pressing hard and deep within me, making me feel like she owns every inch of me.

She stops squeezing my nipple, and I sigh in relief, but it's short-lived. I'm getting so close to coming, but her palm is slapping my ass again in heavy, merciless blows.

I have tears streaming down my cheeks from the pain, but she doesn't let up. Tears won't make her show mercy. They turn her on. The only thing that will stop her is my safe word, and it'll never pass my lips when I'm this close to climax.

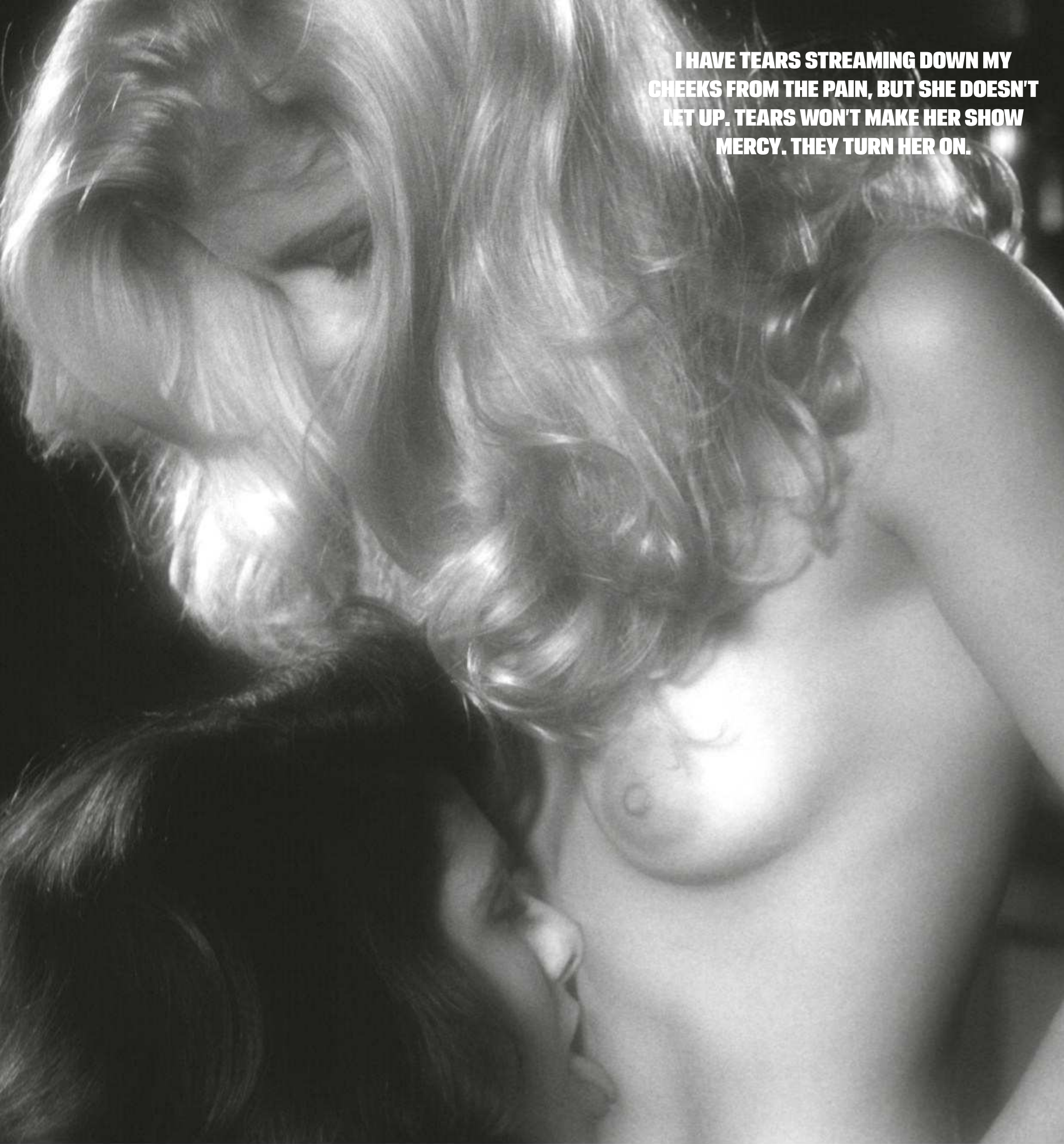
I finally crest the wave of an explosive orgasm, thrusting back against her hand even though it makes her spank me harder. I'm focused on the absolute bliss of coming until my world goes off-kilter because she unceremoniously shoves me off her lap. I fall in a bruising heap on the floor, jolted from my sensual reverie.

I look up at my mistress in confusion, desperate to please her.

"I didn't give you permission to come, my pain slut. Now you're going to make it up to me."

I start to shake, terrified she's going to keep spanking my raw ass, but instead she stands and drops her jeans and panties to the floor. The edge of her anger and frustration are gone, but she's still riled up and ready for release.

She sits back down and doesn't bother to give a command, instead pulling me by the hair toward her pussy. I know what she wants and I



I HAVE TEARS STREAMING DOWN MY CHEEKS FROM THE PAIN, BUT SHE DOESN'T LET UP. TEARS WON'T MAKE HER SHOW MERCY. THEY TURN HER ON.


don't hesitate. I moan delightedly as my tongue parts her folds to find her clit. She hasn't showered yet, so I can taste the faint musky flavor of sweat and pussy. It's heavenly.

I slide a hand down and start to touch myself as I please her, already back on the brink of orgasm simply because this goddess has let me in to her most sacred place. I flick and press my warm, wet tongue against that bundle of nerves until I finally feel her tense and come.

She sighs contentedly, reaching over to finish my beer. I start to

crawl back onto her lap, ready to snuggle in for some aftercare, but she shakes her head.

"Go get me another beer. We're not finished yet."

I guess I succeeded in pissing her off. Now I'll pay the deliciously erotic price until she's satisfied. It was worth it. 

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



IN VOGUE

Vogue's iconically stoic and stuck-up editor, Anna Wintour, famously once said, "Nude is the new black." It's rumored that no one in the New York office wore clothes again. Just kidding. She would never say that. But we would: "Nude is the new black." You heard it here first.

Images from Goliath's *New Fashion Nudes*. Find more titles at goliathbooks.com



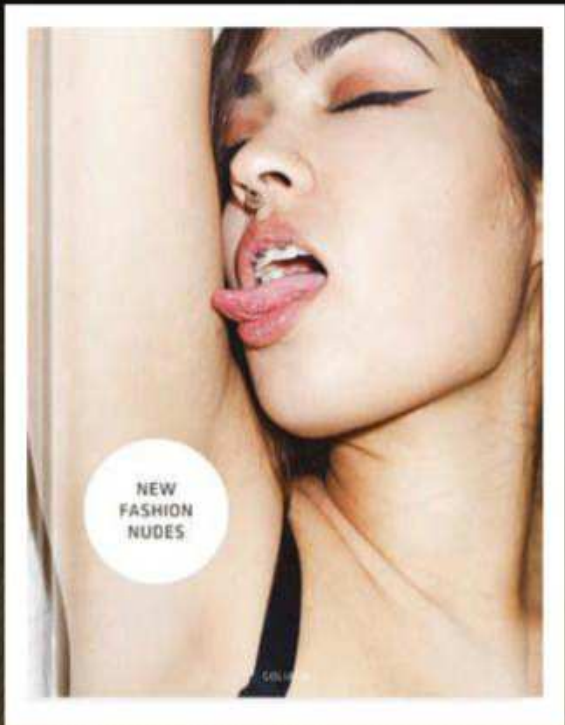












HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

MY wife and I are about to hit our five-year anniversary. We have a beautiful toddler son and our daughter is due in November. My wife has been my rock and a great life partner. However, our sex life has been a constant exercise of misinterpretation of bodily cravings. Foreplay: I like to give; however, she is self-conscious and doesn't like to receive. I'm not a fan of handjobs, but she prefers to give them. We are limited to missionary due to my length and her body's curvature. We've tried to spice things up by using toys and even watching soft-core porn. Neither yielded much change.

My question is, can sexual compatibility be attained five years into a marriage, or are we finished products as sexual partners? Thank you for your time and advice.

Congrats on five years of marriage and for raising a great family. We all know how much work relationships and children take. It's great that you tried using toys and porn to help out with getting sexually comfortable. It's a really great first step, and it's a very positive thing that you can be open with each other. Some couples can't do that. I think your wife needs to address her issues with her self-consciousness independently, maybe even through therapy.

There is little you can do, though, because it's a personal issue she needs to handle on her own. Aside from that, maybe you can ask for a blowjob instead of a handjob? It's more intimate and good place to start. If she is open to it, it might help her open up a little and maybe turn her on. If missionary is the only position possible due to physical issues, then you guys have to get really creative. Get kinky! Go to a sex shop and buy some goodies: a ball-gag, a blindfold, etc. I know your wife is pregnant right now, but after she gives birth, maybe you guys need to do some MDMA together. Therapists used to use this stuff to help couples all the time. Just make sure you are taking pure MDMA and not some garbage. Good luck!

Leah: First off, I'm a HUGE fan of Married to the Mob. I'll forever remember your MEN ARE THE NEW WOMEN stickers I had plastered all over my things in college.

Secondly, after reading your piece on Asia Argento and Anthony Bourdain, I felt like, "Oh my God, she's saying what I've always thought, but didn't have the balls to say." So, I feel like you, more than most of the women in my life, can offer me your point of view on this situation.

Up until about last week, I was carrying on an affair with my married boss. I knew it wasn't a good idea, but it was fun as hell and I just didn't care enough about "not doing that" to another woman. It wasn't as though I pursued him, it was just a growing flirtation over the span of months that finally manifested into some of the most fun, risky, and very public sex I've had in my life.

I like to consider myself a progressive woman, forward-thinking and steadfast in my belief that women are sexual beings and should experiment to our hearts' content. That is partly why I felt no guilt about this affair. I wasn't even looking for anything more out of him. I just wanted the fun, the danger, and the excitement. (Prior to this, I was in a six-year monogamous relationship.)

Am I a terrible person for not feeling any guilt about this affair? I had always been taught that we women have to stick together. But I wasn't trying to break them up, I was just there for the good times and good dick. Shouldn't that burden of guilt ultimately fall on the man who made the vows and commitment?


Girl, guilt is a completely useless emotion. I totally get it. It sounds like a hot situation. And of course it makes it extra hot that it's "wrong." There is no reason for you to feel guilty. He should feel guilty, even though he probably doesn't. It is not your job to keep a man faithful. The burden of guilt and shame should absolutely fall on him. Listen, I'm not saying to go around and be a home-wrecker. Fucking a married person isn't the best thing, but it's also not the worst. Unless, of course, the wife finds out, goes insane, and tries to make your life a living hell. Just know that the possibility of it getting messy is very real. I'm kind of terrified of love triangles. Love and sex make people do very crazy things. So just stay drama-free. Good times and good dick are excellent until that dick's wife finds out. Stay aware and stay safe.

I'm 23, I'm dating a girl I really like, and I have a good job, but for some reason I can't be happy. I smoke a lot of pot, but I haven't had a drink since college because I've realized it's terrible for my health (I'm Type 1 diabetic). I know your story with your brand: You made the most of a shitty situation and that's awesome. I guess I just want to hear your thoughts on how to be happy.



FUCKING A MARRIED PERSON ISN'T THE BEST THING, BUT IT'S ALSO NOT THE WORST. UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE WIFE FINDS OUT, GOES INSANE, AND TRIES TO MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL.

How to be happy? Wow! I think that is the quest everyone is after. No one feels happy all the time. Today, I'm not very happy. It happens. But to feel unsatisfied every day is a very different story. I think we all need to manage our expectations of our moods. Once I accepted that I wasn't going to feel great all the time I felt a lot better. It takes the pressure off me. When I have a bad day, like today, I just remind myself that it won't last forever. Tomorrow I get to start over and so do you. I try to exercise every day. It is really helpful. It's actually a game-changer. I box and do SoulCycle. I've been on Lexapro for ten years. I try to stay away from shitty people and toxic relationships as much as I can, which is challenging in

a city like New York, because it's crawling with assholes. I just try to be honest with myself and with others about who I am. This makes me happy. Living in truth as much as possible is really freeing. Maybe you need to go deeper? You need to examine what it is that's missing for you. Sometimes a good job and a great relationship don't mean shit if there's something missing within. So, I say search, and go read the Bhagavad Gita. XOXO 

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.

Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...



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BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Jessica Ryan and Skin Diamond know how crucial it is to keep things balanced. Without a healthy back and forth, one party becomes the submissive and the other the aggressor, and that can get messy. These two live by the Golden Rule: Tit for tat. Tit for tit. You know what we mean.

Photography: Chad Lee









SEE MORE OF JESSICA RYAN AND SKIN DIAMOND AT PENTHOUSE.COM









AMERICA'S PROFESSIONAL VETERANS

**WHEN THOSE WHO'VE SERVED
NEVER LET YOU FORGET IT.**

BY MATT GALLAGHER

THE professional veteran—don't be that guy. If there's one thing in the modern vet community that bridges all divides, from generational to political, it's not wanting to be branded a professional vet. It's a slur and a chain all at once, something that suggests a person hasn't moved on from their time in the military while still expecting to reap societal reward from that service.

What is a professional vet, though, exactly?

Sort of like how the Supreme Court once defined pornography, the professional veteran is hard to define but easy to identify. They come with more than a whiff of entitlement, I've found, and quickly dismiss civilians who haven't been in the military. When they encounter someone who has, it's vital that the vet dick-measuring contest takes place ASAP—who saw more, who did more, and most importantly, who had it worse in the Suck. Sometimes (but not always!) the professional vet has managed to monetize their veteran status: coffee businesses and T-shirts (so many T-shirt companies out there!) are two prominent examples.

And, hey, veteran-owned businesses are good! Big fan of them myself. Ours is a country built from small businesses. But when those businesses carry trite and divisive messages like, "SERVED SO YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO" or "BETTER TO BE TRIED BY TWELVE THAN CARRIED BY SIX," I have to wonder if the marketing strategy of shame and self-righteousness is the best approach financially, let alone healthy for an American society already dealing with a myriad of military-civilian divide issues.

Is this new? It is not! In the aftermath of World War II, General Omar Bradley worried a similar dynamic was developing, and famously said, "I feel it is my duty as an American citizen to remind veterans that their future lies in honest opportunity rather than special privilege."

That was a different time, of course. More than 12 percent of the country served during World War II, sequentially multiplying the amount of friends and family members with direct connections to the war effort. Compare that to now, when one-half of one percent of the population serves, and the only thing matching our foreign wars' endlessness is our collective disinterest in them.

The veterans groups of today have legitimate reason for their noise-making. And yet, it'd be refreshing, perhaps even vital, for someone in that space to say, "It's better to be a Mister than a Veteran," as the writer Bill Mauldin wrote in *Back Home*, his World War II memoir.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY RACHATA SINTHOPACHAKUL



I HAVE TO WONDER IF THE MARKETING STRATEGY OF SHAME AND SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS IS THE BEST APPROACH FINANCIALLY, LET ALONE HEALTHY FOR A SOCIETY ALREADY DEALING WITH A MYRIAD OF MILITARY-CIVILIAN DIVIDE ISSUES.

I fear my generation of vets is becoming professionals at being veterans, and it's more than an ugly look. It's an inhibiting one. (Says the guy with an Iraq war novel and a national-security column in *Penthouse*, I know. But just because I'm a hypocrite doesn't mean I'm wrong!)

I asked some veterans I know and respect doing different things in their post-military lives to share their thoughts on the professional vet concept. Here are some of their thoughts, edited for space and clarity.

Erin, 38, earned her international relations degree after the Army and now works for a D.C. think tank:

"I think it's vital to separate two types of professional veterans: the ones actively causing friction and profiting from it, and those who are just having a hard time with life and [who] cling to their service because it mattered to them. The former deserve pushback from any and all veterans interested in service not being turned into a platform. The latter seems relatively harmless. Why shouldn't they be proud?"

Robert, 35, bartender:

"Fuck those guys. Almost always they're posers who never left the TOC (tactical operations center). The toughest vets I know never talk about it. That's not a coincidence."

Carlos, 29, works part-time as an Uber driver while attending college on the G.I. Bill:

"I got no problem with it. They served their time, earned the right to use it however they want. It's not how I'd do things—I try to be a forward-looking person, and too much Marines-talk can get people stuck in the past. But to each their own.

"Some of the T-shirts are shit, though. I was with my daughter at the movies last month and a dude was wearing a grim reaper

vet shirt with all sorts of blood and bodies on it. I went up to him and told him that's not fit for public, where there are kids around. He didn't like hearing that. So stuff like that's too far."

Lyndsey, 33, works at a national nonprofit organization:

"It's a tricky thing. How can anyone tell someone else it's time to move on with their life? But of course we've all seen these guys—sorry, they're almost always men—and that's exactly what they need to do. I don't know. Maybe just having 'professional veteran' out there as a thing is a soft, societal way for us as a community to suggest that you don't want to be like this when you get out [of the military]."

Devon, 35, works as a Department of Defense consultant:

"A professional veteran is a white, male, conservative creature of social media who uses their veteran status as a cudgel to dismiss the suffering or hardships of other classes and to mobilize against any egalitarian program like a higher minimum wage, free college, or expanded health care, on the grounds that no one but vets have 'earned' those benefits because only they have 'sacrificed for our freedom.'"

"They exist because of the right wing's strategy after 9/11 to valorize 'the troops' as a hedge against any criticism of its actions, and subsequent failures, in Iraq and Afghanistan. These particular veterans, already conservative, internalized this rhetoric and started wielding their identity as a weapon against their ideological enemies, and for their own self-aggrandizement. Their dismissiveness of non-vets as lesser Americans and their aggressive conservative rhetoric make it almost impossible for average citizens to feel any solidarity with servicemembers."

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

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THIS COLUMN WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE

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

BY JOE DEROSA

"Actions speak louder than words."—Abraham Lincoln

IT'S Monday. Monday morning to be exact. That means, after another weekend of internet abstinence, it's time to take the eyeballs for a spin along the old information superhighway.

On Saturdays and Sundays I try my best to not even peek at the web. Five straight days on the terror stream is plenty. Come Friday evening, 48 hours sans bad news, annoying gossip, pseudo-inspirational memes, and senseless sensation are well deserved.

This brief respite from the digital world also tends to involve alcohol and marijuana. Sober surfing is one thing, but do you ever go onto the internet high? I sure as shit don't. Back in the nineties, when I was in college, it was a much easier endeavor. You'd smoke a bowl and then hop online for some of life's simple pleasures and surprises. "Oh look, an email came in this month. Wonder who that's from?" "I'm gonna visit a website that's nothing but pictures of Phil Collins. And I'm gonna be there a long time because each picture's gonna take a good goddamn seven minutes to load."

Nowadays, even mild hallucinogenics can transform a social media feed from a parade of triteness and hype to a labyrinth of Lovecraftian horror. I can barely deal with those goddamn apps when I'm sober. My one-sided, on-the-toilet, morning conversation with Instagram sounds something like this: "Fuck you. Oh, fuck you. You pig. Fucking pig. I need to get off of this thing. Ooh! I should buy that!" And yes, dear reader, now that you mention it, I do realize it sounds like I'm exaggerating. I promise you, I am not. I'm glad you brought it up though. Exaggeration, inflated language, and the complete overuse of both are the targets I'm aiming at here.

Let's hop to the bigger picture. The focus isn't Twitter and the like, although those platforms are culprits in what I'm referring to. The true offender, however, is the internet as a whole.

There was a time, not too long ago, when colorful phrasing designed to strike urgency and action into the hearts of common citizens was utilized only by advertisers and the occasional shitheel media loudmouth. Back then, the few casualties of this cultural crime were gullible consumers and overly eager trash-TV fanatics. If someone wanted to believe a kitchen mop could fix their marital woes or that Morton Downey Jr. was their

natural-born leader, that was their fucking problem. But that was back when TV was the most influential and potentially evil technology streaming into our homes. These days, thanks to the WWW (it almost looks like a war), we're drowning, completely and apparently willingly, in hyperbole. You can't even look at your Gmail inbox anymore without suffering a barrage of misleading and manipulative discourse.

As to be expected, the pitchmen have become more extreme. We don't have products that will "come in handy" anymore. Now every device will "literally change your life." Reporters have busted through the news-copy ceiling, calling every unfortunate incident a "massive tragedy" and any glimmer of hope a "new dawn for a better tomorrow." Movies and TV shows stopped being "entertaining and enjoyable," and suddenly became "mind-blowing," "game-changing," "gut-wrenching," and the most bastardized of all descriptors: "AMAZING!"

Inspirational quotes won't simply make you smile. Now they'll "make your day" or "define everything" for you. Thoughtful commentaries used to be "insightful," but now are only described as "perfection." Then there are the tireless proponents of the term "winning." Remember when we all made fun of Charlie Sheen and Donald Trump for saying that word all the time? Because they sounded like dipshits? Well, apparently, now everybody's into it! "Win the day!" "Win at life!" "Win the internet!" Win my balls. I promise there's a prize inside.

Mistakes are long gone. Now all anybody commits are offenses. Every scorned human being has transcended from an emotionally hurt individual to a shattered victim. Contrary opinions aren't to be discussed, only "combated." And retorts to these opinions aren't "well said," they must always be "perfectly summed up." Disappointing actions no longer displease, they only "shock." Those we disapprove of must be immediately "given the boot" and permanently branded for their "EPIC FAIL!" And the folks we deem righteous enough to replace them must never be merely gifted and equipped, but entirely "groundbreaking and awe-inspiring."

Our careless affinity for colorful language has set standards impossible for the decent to live up to and unlikely



Praise

Clemm

OUR CARELESS AFFINITY FOR COLORFUL LANGUAGE HAS SET STANDARDS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE DECENT TO LIVE UP TO AND UNLIKELY FOR THE INDECENT TO LIVE DOWN, LEAVING THE PUBLIC WITH TWO CHOICES: PANIC AND DISDAIN OR WORSHIP AND INFATUATION.

for the indecent to live down, leaving the public with two choices: panic and disdain or worship and infatuation. One side of the media fence harbors the heroes and martyrs, the other a hive of scum and villainy. (Side note: I just referenced the band Bad Religion AND *Star Wars* in the same sentence. Maybe not a big deal to you, but damnit, I'm proud).

All of this speaks to our proclivity—or flat-out yearning—to exist among archetypes and stark fundamentals. Nuance, consideration, exploration...those things take too much time in this speed-of-light society we live in. And don't forget, the United States stopped being a democracy and started being an empire quite some time ago. When dealing with an empire—and I'll cite *Star Wars* once again—it's easier to divvy it all up into black and white, right and wrong, Vader and Skywalker. I hate Trump, but I don't think he's responsible for every current calamity in our country. Still, it's a hell of a lot easier to point the collective finger at him. "There's the dick!" Oprah seems cool to me, but I don't think she's capable of single-handedly saving us. Still, it's a comforting idea. "Here she comes to save the day!"

Strong actions and dastardly deeds defining your heroic legacy or villainous disgrace are a thing of the past. Everyone's merit is currently measured by one thing—the words others use when referring to them. And to be fair, it's nothing new.

It just becomes louder and more commonplace everyday.

Throughout history, good deeds have been outweighed by the hype that surrounds them or undone by some successive smear campaign. Sadly, there was never enough room in the history books—and nowadays, bandwidth on the internet—to get into the details of the complicated human psyche and how all people are layered with darkness, light, compassion, violence, serenity, and ego all at once. So we tell our story like an otherworldly, fantastic, galactic space tale, especially now that we have the largest digital stage to do so: good guys versus bad guys. We can only hope the internet, and the infinite wisdom constantly spewed across it, gets the facts more right than wrong.

Had current technology existed during Lincoln's day, I'd like to think the clickbait and think pieces would've favored him, stating "Amazing Abe Wins the Presidency for Freeing Slaves and It Made Our Lives," but they probably would've read, "Epic Fail With Emancipation Proclamation Means Linc' Needs to Get the Boot!" 🇺🇸

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.





SHOWER BOOTY

BELIEVE it or not, I was almost 30 before I had sex in the shower. It sounds like such a simple pleasure, but it took so long for it to happen that I'd built it up in my mind to be something divine.

My first and only girlfriend at that point was incredibly high-maintenance when it came to her hair and makeup, so she refused to let me fuck her in the shower because she was always worried about getting her hair wet or making her makeup run or some other bullshit reason. It became an obsessive fantasy for me that she was constantly withholding, and it drove me crazy.

I wasn't into random hookups, so when I finally started dating someone new after we broke up, I was desperate to initiate shower sex. It had been a goal of mine for so long that I warned her it would probably be a long shower. She was game.

The first thing I wanted to do was wash every inch of her gorgeous body. She stood with her back to me under the stream of hot water as I lathered my hands and then began to slowly explore her wet skin, sliding down her shoulders and along her arms. I worked my way back up to her neck, kneading my fingers into the tense muscles and making her groan. I moved my hands back down to her huge tits, loving how slippery and soft they felt in the water. Her nipples were taut peaks as I brushed my palms over them before sliding my hands down and across her flat stomach.

She spread her legs slightly in anticipation of where I was going next, but I skimmed down her hips instead and onto her thighs, dropping to my knees in the tub. I rubbed soap down to her calves and then back up until my hands parted her inner thighs, just brushing her pussy before reaching back up and around to her ass.

I pushed on her lower back, encouraging her to bend forward until her arms were resting against the

AFTER SPREADING HER CHEEKS WIDE, I DRAGGED MY TONGUE ACROSS THE BUD OF HER ASS, PROBING AND PRESSING INTO HER.

shower wall and her ass was presented to me beautifully. I dripped more body wash directly onto her ass cheeks and reveled in rubbing it across her curvy butt. I playfully spanked her a little bit, watching as her cheeks bounced and jiggled in response.

"Play with yourself, baby," I said, watching one of her hands drop between her legs as she worked her clit. A man can only be so many places at once.

I parted her ass cheeks with my fingertips, loving the sight of the water running down her crack and over her asshole. I followed the trail with my finger, pressing into her a little and watching her pant. We had talked about trying anal, but hadn't gotten around to it yet. Thankfully, I'd planned ahead and left the lube within reach. It seemed that we were going to knock out more than one first-time.

After spreading her cheeks wide again, I dragged my tongue across the bud of her ass, probing and pressing into her. I had never performed this taboo act before, but in the shower it just felt right.

I poured lube onto her tiny hole, working it in first with one finger and then another, giving her time to adjust. I didn't know how into it she'd be, but she was starting to rub herself frantically and call my name. Then, while I still had two fingers inside her ass, she had her first orgasm. I could feel it rocking through her in waves.

She kept rubbing, so I let her work herself back up again before covering my cock in lube and pressing it against

her asshole. It was just a little wider than it had been initially, but it still looked impossibly tight.

I didn't think I'd ever been that hard before. I was painfully turned-on and desperate to push deep inside her, but I took it slow.

She tensed up and tried to pull away at first, but once I got the head in, she started to relax against me. I kept sliding in slowly until I was all the way in. It was so hot and tight that I wasn't sure I was going to be able to move without coming immediately. I took some deep breaths, trying to drown out her panting moans that begged me for more.

"Fuck me in the ass...I wanna feel you fuck me," I heard her groan over the sound of running water.

I tried some slow strokes, pulling out little by little and then driving back home before I was sure she was comfortable. And she was more than comfortable. She was practically clawing the walls begging for more.

I stopped overthinking and trying to control the situation and let go, pounding into her sweet ass until she was pressed against the wall. I managed to hold out just long enough for her to come again, but the feeling of her ass clenching even harder around my dick pushed me over the edge and I came inside her.

She turned around and kissed me and pressed her wet body against mine. She murmured in my ear, "We got all dirty... now you'll have to wash me clean again."

I got hard again washing her and ended up fucking her pussy before coming all over her glorious tits.

"I guess you need to wash me *again!*" she laughed.

Shower sex was everything I dreamed it would be...and it seemed I had awoken my baby's inner ass slut.

—Tom C., Pasadena, California

MY SILVER FOX

I'VE always wanted to talk about my first time, but I know how inappropriate it might come across, so I never have. But lately I've really been wanting to tell someone, so here it is.

I made it all the way through high school and left for college still a virgin.

All through my freshman year, I thought about hooking up with someone just to get it over with, but whenever I got close, it never felt right and I always stopped. Letting some dude who couldn't even find my clit pop my cherry just seemed wrong.

But the summer after my freshman year, I was contemplating this struggle when I noticed a new neighbor moving in next door. The guy directing the movers had to be at least my dad's age, but he was so sexy I couldn't take my eyes off him.

I watched for a while as he gave orders to the much younger guys carrying boxes, but it wasn't until he started moving things himself that a seed was planted in my mind. Watching the muscles of his arms flex as he lifted furniture, I was

I LOOKED STRAIGHT AT HIM AS I SLID MY WET FINGER INTO MY MOUTH. A CLEARER INVITATION HAD NEVER BEEN MADE.

suddenly more turned-on than I had ever been by boys my age. He was a man in my eyes, and I wanted him to be my first.

Maybe it's testament to how young I still was that I was instantly consumed by this idea. My parents were on a monthlong cruise, so I had the house to myself. I knew my hot older neighbor could see into our backyard pool from the room he'd set up as his office, so for that first week, I made sure to lie out in my skimpiest bikini, slowly applying sunscreen at regular intervals.

That first weekend, when no wife or girlfriend had showed up yet, I decided to make some cookies and take them over. I rang the doorbell, surprised at how confident I felt.

He answered, looking surprised, but smiling appreciatively when he saw what I was holding.

"I live next door," I introduced myself sweetly, even though I knew he'd seen me over there already. "I wanted to welcome your family to the neighborhood."

Something in his face closed off for a second, but he recovered quickly and said, "No family, I'm here alone...but I guess that means more cookies for me!"

"Or you could share them," I said suggestively, looking over his shoulder.

He let me in, but looked really uncomfortable. We chatted and got to know each other a little, but nothing happened. I left more determined than ever that he would be my first. That night I masturbated with my bedroom window open, hoping he could hear me moaning as I came.

I showed up at his house the next night with beer, and he didn't question it, so he must have assumed I was old enough to have bought it, even though I was really only 19.

We chatted some more, but when I tried to scoot closer to him on the couch, he said we should call it a night.

Not to be deterred, on my way out I invited him over for a Sunday funday by the pool. He looked skeptical, but he accepted.

The following afternoon, I mixed up some margaritas and headed out to the backyard, feeling pleasantly relaxed after a shot of tequila to give me courage.

At first I was afraid he wasn't going to come over, so I waited until I saw him looking out the window. I smiled and gestured excitedly to the bucket of margaritas I had waiting for us. He waved sheepishly, but sat back down at his desk.

It seemed I was going to have to take drastic action.

I lay back on the lounge and closed my eyes, luxuriating in the feel of the warm sun on my skin. I didn't check to see whether he was looking before sliding a hand down and into my bikini bottoms. I started to rub my clit back and forth in little circles, pushing myself closer to the edge, but backing off every time I got too close to coming. I opened my eyes enough to peek, and sure enough, there was my silver fox peering at me through the window again.

I spread my legs wide and ever so slowly pulled my swimsuit bottoms to the side with my free hand. I knew he could clearly see my smooth pussy, but decided to go one step further and slid a



HIS MOUTH REPLACED MY HAND, AND THE FEELING OF HIS WARM, WET TONGUE ON MY CLIT WAS HEAVENLY.

finger inside. I thrust a few times, feeling how slick and ready I was before pulling it back out. Then I opened my eyes, looking straight at him as I slid that wet finger into my mouth and sucked on it. A clearer invitation had never been made.

He disappeared from the window and I got nervous. Had it worked? Was he offended or was he coming over? Would he just go jack off or would he show up and make a woman of me?

I continued playing with myself, but still denying the orgasm I so desperately wanted.

It worked. He came striding through the gate in a pair of shorts and no shirt. The muscles of his abs would've put a much younger man to shame. He didn't say a word as he approached, but pulled my top and bottoms off when he reached me. I unbuttoned his shorts and dropped them on the ground beside my suit.

He laid me back and spread my legs wide, dropping to his knees before me. His mouth replaced my hand, and the feeling of his warm, wet tongue on my clit was heavenly. He started to eat me out and I suddenly realized that every other guy I had tried this with had no idea what he was doing. This is exactly what I had been waiting for.

I wanted more, though, so after a few heavenly minutes I stopped him and said, "I'm so close, but I want to feel you inside of me when I come. Please fuck me."

Without a word, he pulled a condom out of his shorts (which I hadn't thought of, being the total novice that I was), rolled it onto his hard, thick cock, and then pulled me by my hips to the edge of the lounge chair, kneeling between my legs. It felt like he couldn't possibly fit when he pressed his cock against my entrance, but I was so wet that he was able to slowly start working his way in, deeper and deeper.





I expected some kind of moment where he had to break through my hymen, but he just kept stretching me impossibly wider until he was all the way in. He pressed his thumb to my clit as he started to thrust, and, as he took my virginity, I experienced the most intense orgasm of my life.

The silver fox and I fucked like rabbits for the rest of the summer until I had to start classes again. It was way better than summer school—and I learned a lot more, too.

—Genevieve C., Providence, Rhode Island

GOBBLE GOBBLE!

I WASN'T very sexually experienced when I went off to college. Physically, I was a late-bloomer, so my tits didn't really reach their full potential until the summer after graduation. By the start of freshman year, I had grown juicy double-Ds. Even I was shocked. I've always had a tight bubble-ass, but now my chest matched the rest of me. I went from being average and invisible to being approached in six weeks.

One night at a rooftop party, I met an older guy named Doug. He was handsome and charming. He asked me out and soon we were dating. I'll never forget the first time I saw his cock: It was long and thick, and it immediately became my favorite new toy.

Doug knew that with his extra-large tool he needed to go slow and gentle, so he'd fuck me from behind with smooth strokes, telling me to breathe until I was wet enough for him to plunge in balls-deep. It felt like his cock was splitting me open.

Once he was inside me all the way, he'd stay still and let me work my ass back and forth. Then he'd turn me over and slip his hard dick between my boobs and titty-fuck me, squeezing and kneading my tits and pinching my nipples. Just before he was about to explode, he'd slide his cock into my mouth and fill my throat with his come.

For Thanksgiving break, I asked Doug to come home with me to meet my family. He happily obliged. At dinner, he got along great with my parents and cousins. I have a big, obnoxious extended family and he charmed everyone. After dessert, while my aunts were in the kitchen gossiping and my uncles were watching football, I had this sudden urge to give Doug the craziest,

DRAGGING MY TONGUE OVER HIS SHAFT, I CRAMMED AS MUCH OF THAT BEAST INTO MY MOUTH AS I COULD.

sloppiest blowjob of his life.

My family is quite conservative, so it was agreed upon that Doug would sleep in the basement. I got some pillows and blankets and pretended we were going downstairs to fix the couch into a bed.

When we got down there I didn't even say a word. After putting my hand to his crotch for a moment, gripping slightly, I unzipped his pants. I was so turned-on thinking about how this was the basement where I'd kept my dollhouse as a kid, but now, instead of a Barbie, I had Doug and his perfect cock to play with.

I took off my top and undid my bra, watching his eyes go to my tits. I tickled his balls with the bra, and just as he swelled to full size, I wrapped the straps of it around the base and put his cock in my mouth. I went slow at first, tonguing the crown as he groaned with a fist in his mouth so no one upstairs could hear. It turned me on even more to think of everyone upstairs cleaning and watching TV, while I was in heaven sucking the sweetest cock I'd ever seen.

Dragging my tongue all over his shaft, I crammed as much of that beast into my mouth as I could and sucked till I thought I might pass out. I was kneeling on the floor in front of him, bobbing furiously, as his cock thrust in and out of my face. I opened my jaw as wide as I could and he went to town, grabbing my head in his hands and pumping into my throat as I slobbered and sucked and my eyes filled up with tears.

I held onto his tensed ass cheeks and he gave one last thrust before exploding into my throat. I swallowed it all and caressed his deflating cock with my tongue until I released him from my mouth.

"Holy shit," he whispered. "That was the best blowjob of my life."

As thanks for sucking his cock, Doug led me over to the couch, settled me onto

my back, and began to stroke and suck my tits, which he knew I loved. He was still breathing huskily from the blowjob and I imagined his cock getting hard again as he ran his hands over my breasts, his fingers tracing the shape of them.

Before long I felt his dick press against my stomach and began to anticipate it sliding inside me. I closed my eyes and let him keep stroking my tits until he was rock-hard again.

"Fuck me with your big dick," I whispered.

Doug reached a hand to my crotch, felt the wetness, and slipped a finger inside while pressing the heel of his hand against my clit. After sending ripples through my body with his palm and finger, he repositioned slightly and slowly slid his long, thick shaft inside me. I was so wet and ready his huge cock was soon all the way in and I began to arch my hips up into him, having found the perfect angle for stimulation.

I was lost to the world now, my eyes closed, his rhythm in sync with mine as I felt an orgasm building. As he fucked me, his right hand went back to my tits, kneading them and pinching my nipples, and my hips began to buck. Fleeting, I formed one coherent thought: *Don't scream.*

A moment later, waves of overwhelming pleasure swept through me and my whole body trembled ecstatically. I moaned as the orgasm's effect touched every inch of my body and Doug's hand came softly to my mouth. My eyes opened and I looked into his eyes. Doug was smiling, a little mischievously. I smiled back.

Doug and I kept dating for another few years, and every Thanksgiving when he came home with me, we'd sneak down to the basement for our favorite tradition.

—Sadie M., Chicago, Illinois

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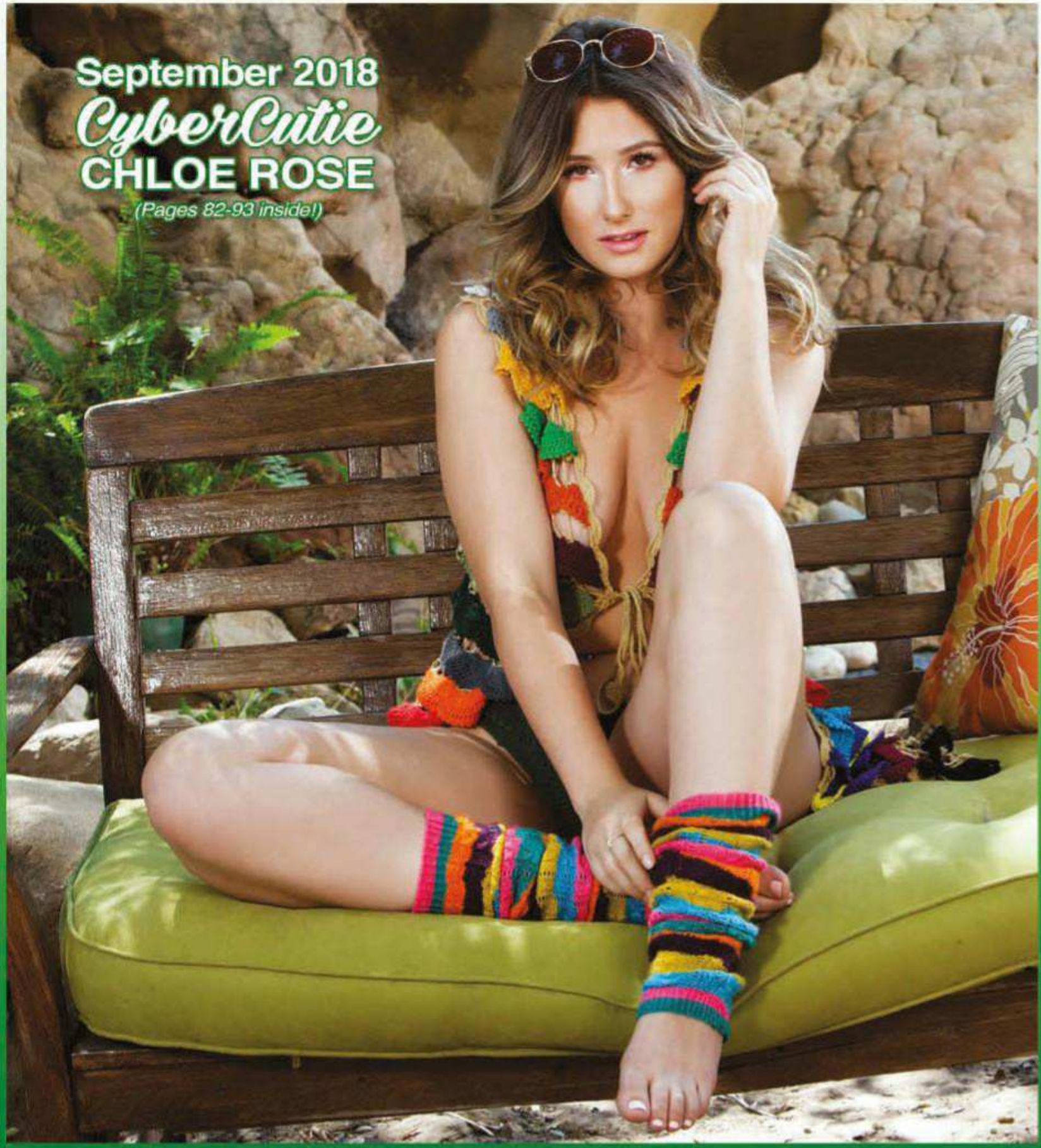
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