

# PENTHOUSE



**JOE MORGAN**  
**THE GÜERO LOCO**  
**OF KINGPINS**

**DOPEWORLD**  
NIKO VOROBYOV  
CHASES NARCO-STORIES

**HISTORY OF VAPING**  
IT'S BEEN AROUND  
LONGER THAN YOU THINK

**ARTIST**  
**SLIME SUNDAY**  
NATURE, DUSTY MAGAZINES,  
WOMEN AND NUGSICLES

**DIGITAL CRACK**  
HAS INTERNET ADDICTION  
GONE TOO FAR?

**PENTHOUSE PETS**  
BUNNY COLBY  
GABBIE CARTER

PENTHOUSE.COM  
JAN/FEB 2020

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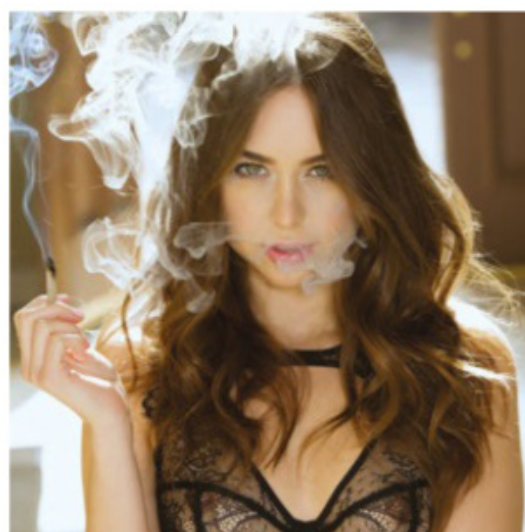
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**PENTHOUSE.COM****FROM THE EDITOR**

LAST year we learned a Catholic school in Ohio was going to start random drug and alcohol testing on students. It's legal—in 2002, the Supreme Court upheld such testing of public school pupils. If your high school had instituted random drug tests, would you have been in the clear? Or would you have been the guy begging his kid brother for his untainted urine?

When I was young, we experimented with mushrooms, alcohol, and marijuana. The pot was basically oregano compared to what kids smoke now—and I grew up in British Columbia, home of ridiculously strong weed.

Today, drugs are more potent than ever. Anything that comes in a pill or powder could very well be laced with fentanyl (created and manufactured in good ol' China), and ready to send you to the hospital—or worse. Weed is next-level and feels more like an acid trip. And now, suddenly, vaping is wrecking the lungs of a growing number of smokers.

The internet is flooded with anti-vaping PSAs, and sweet-flavored vape products have been banned to discourage kids from taking up the habit. (This assumes kids would only try candy-flavored nicotine. Please. We stole and smoked my friend's mom's Export A cigarettes and those were disgusting.) Then there's the other elephant in the room—digital addiction. Have our phones become our most prized drug dealer, ready to dish out the digital crack with the touch of a handheld screen?

Love them or hate them, drugs aren't going anywhere. Since prehistoric times, humans have been turning to them to get out of our world and into a different state of mind.

In this issue we explore the world of dope, talking to a pioneering cannabis mogul and an expert on the global drug scene. We have a fascinating timeline on vaping technology, and look at drug use during war and the benefits of cannabis for veterans. The always provocative Miles Raymer considers the notion of “digital drugs,” and how down the road, with technology marching forward, we may find ourselves even more digitally hooked than we already are.

Seth Ferranti shares the wild story of a guy with zero Latin blood who rose to become one of the leaders of California's ferocious Mexican Mafia gang, and was instrumental in the gang's growth as a drug-dealing organization with links to Mexican cartels.

We also welcome our latest, gorgeous Penthouse Pets, Bunny Colby and Gabbie Carter; CyberCutie Nora Grace; and the tripped-out creations of popular Instagram artist Slime Sunday.

Enjoy!

**Mish Barber-Way**

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This vibrator has given me approximately 1,000 orgasms.

**BuzzFeed** (06/19)

Sweet baby Jesus, I'm never leaving my flat again. It felt like nothing. I've ever experienced on this earthly plane, SRSLY.

**COSMOPOLITAN** (05/17)

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**BuzzFeed** (6/19)

Earned its spot as a top fan favorite in the oral sex toy department.

**Women'sHealth** (05/19)

The first time I used the device, I was speechless. It was one of the most intense orgasms I had ever had in my life.

**BuzzFeed** (06/19)

I've always wondered whether multiple orgasms were a myth. But when I first tried the Satisfyer Pro 2, I was able to have three orgasms in one night.

**GLAMOUR** (03/19)

If you're looking to dip a toe into the world of sex toys and feel more comfortable purchasing something that could easily fit right into your jewelry box, best-selling Satisfyer Pro 2 comes in a feminine rose gold colorway.

**Forbes** (01/19)

Satisfyer never lets you down. It's designed to stimulate the clitoris, with incremental speed settings that guarantee you have total control over the evening's finale.

**elite daily** (4/19)

Get ready for your life to change.

**SHAPE** (02/17)

It's almost too good.

**GLAMOUR** (09/19)

Brings you to orgasm in record time.

**GLAMOUR** (12/16)

Best, Touch-Less-Vibrator this vibrator is a hero.

**marie claire** (06/19)

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JANUARY / FEBRUARY 2020

# PENTHOUSE®



**54.**

JANUARY 2020 PET  
BUNNY COLBY

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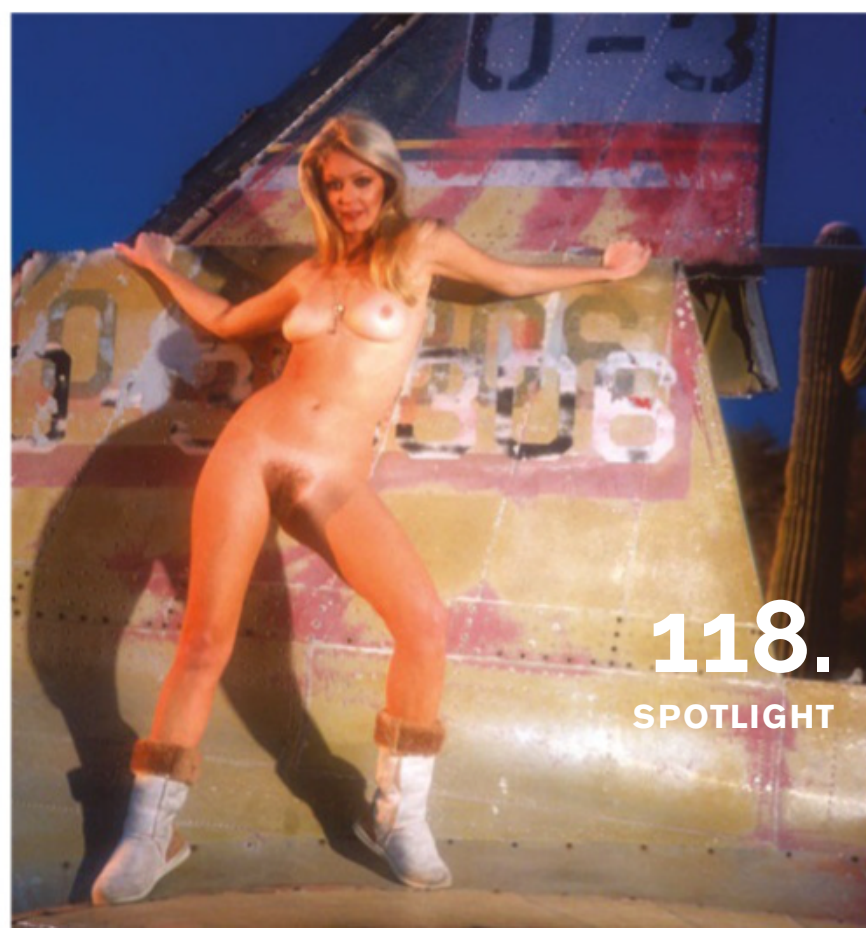
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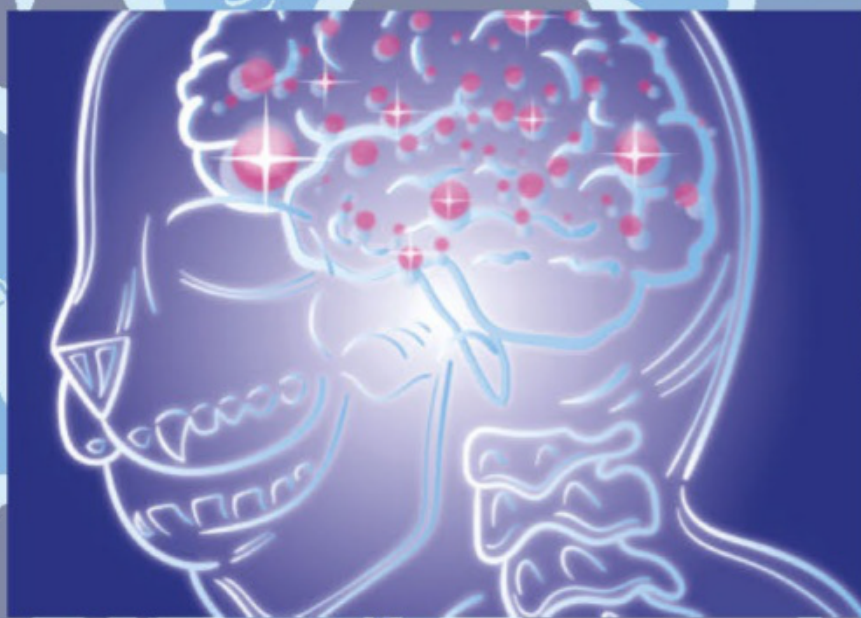
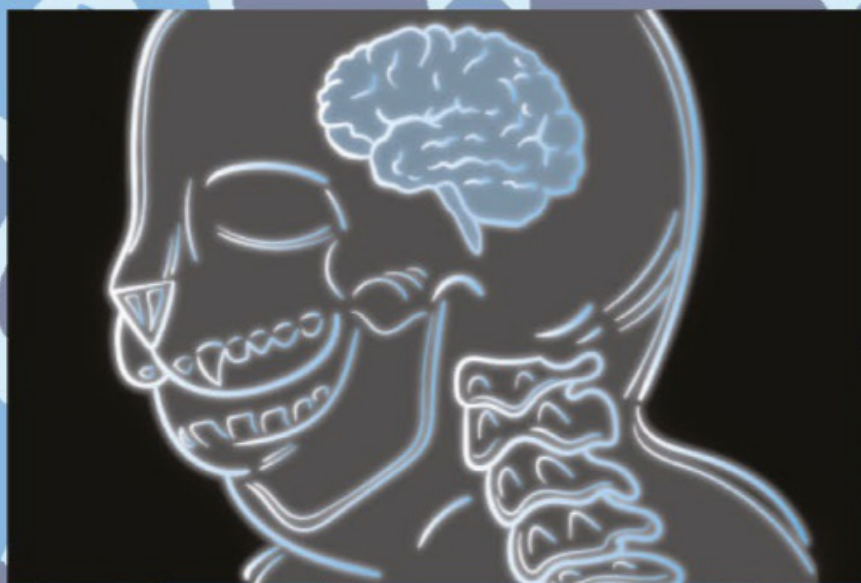


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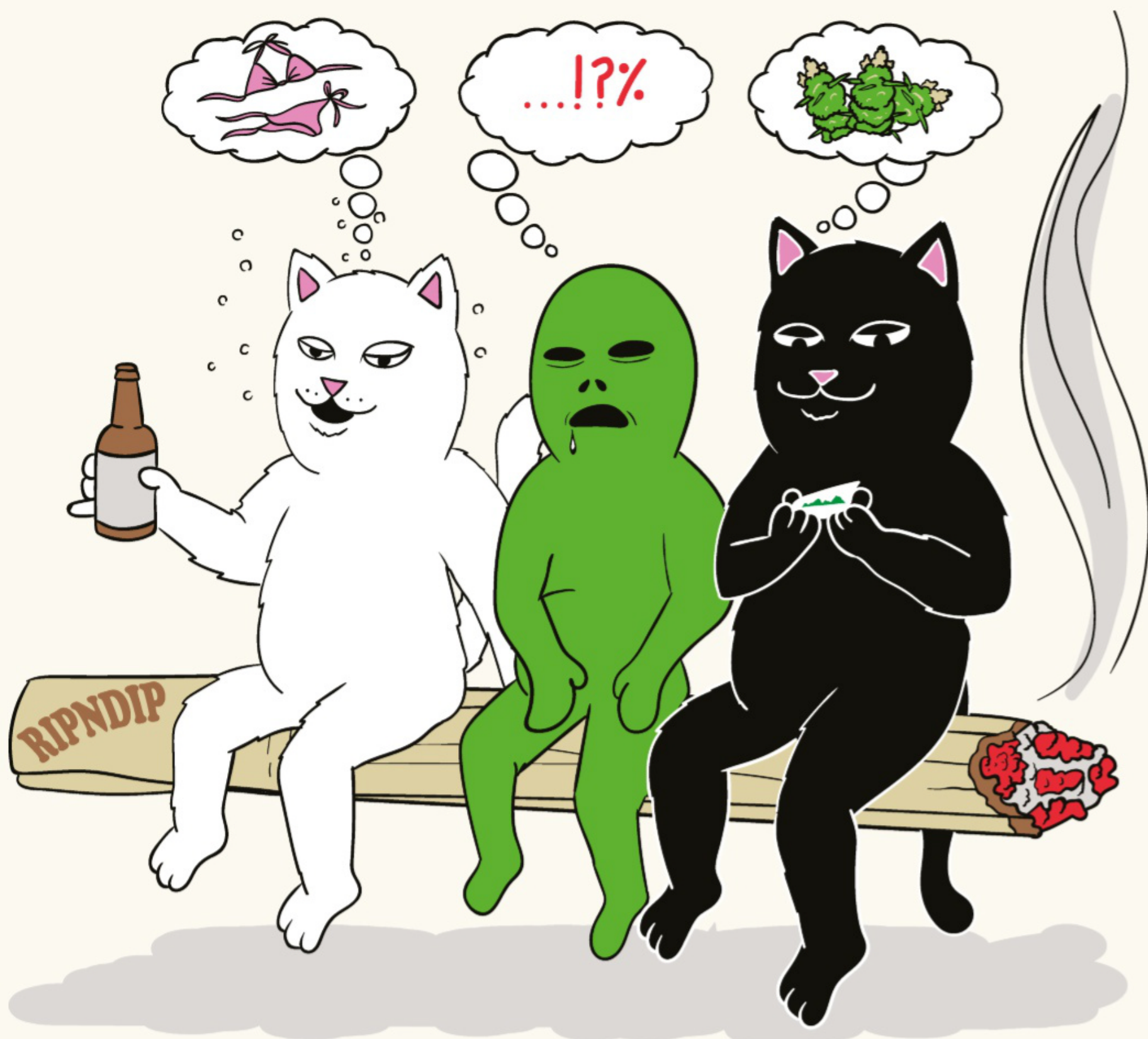
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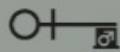
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**SAME SHIT DIFFERENT DAY**





# ELEVATE

INSPIRE + EDUCATE + ENTERTAIN + INNOVATE + GET THE GIRL



## INVASION OF THE WEEDBOTS

AMONG THE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE who seem to be running for president in 2020, Andrew Yang is the only one who acknowledges that the biggest threat to the working class isn't immigration—it's automation. Within a generation or two, nearly all jobs will be taken over by robots.

And despite the idyllic dreams of those who fantasize that marijuana's inevitable nationwide legalization will lead to a new golden age of humble yeoman weed farmers returning to the soil to cultivate this sacred herb, robots are poised to take over the weed industry, too—an industry that currently rakes in about \$30 billion every year globally and is only set to increase.

Say hello to the "pot bots," agricultural robots that are ready to maximize profits for the world's ganjapreneurs.

Using artificial intelligence, weed farmers can now use imaging software to detect mold on plants and find male plants that may wreak havoc on the entire crop. And they can direct it all from a smartphone.

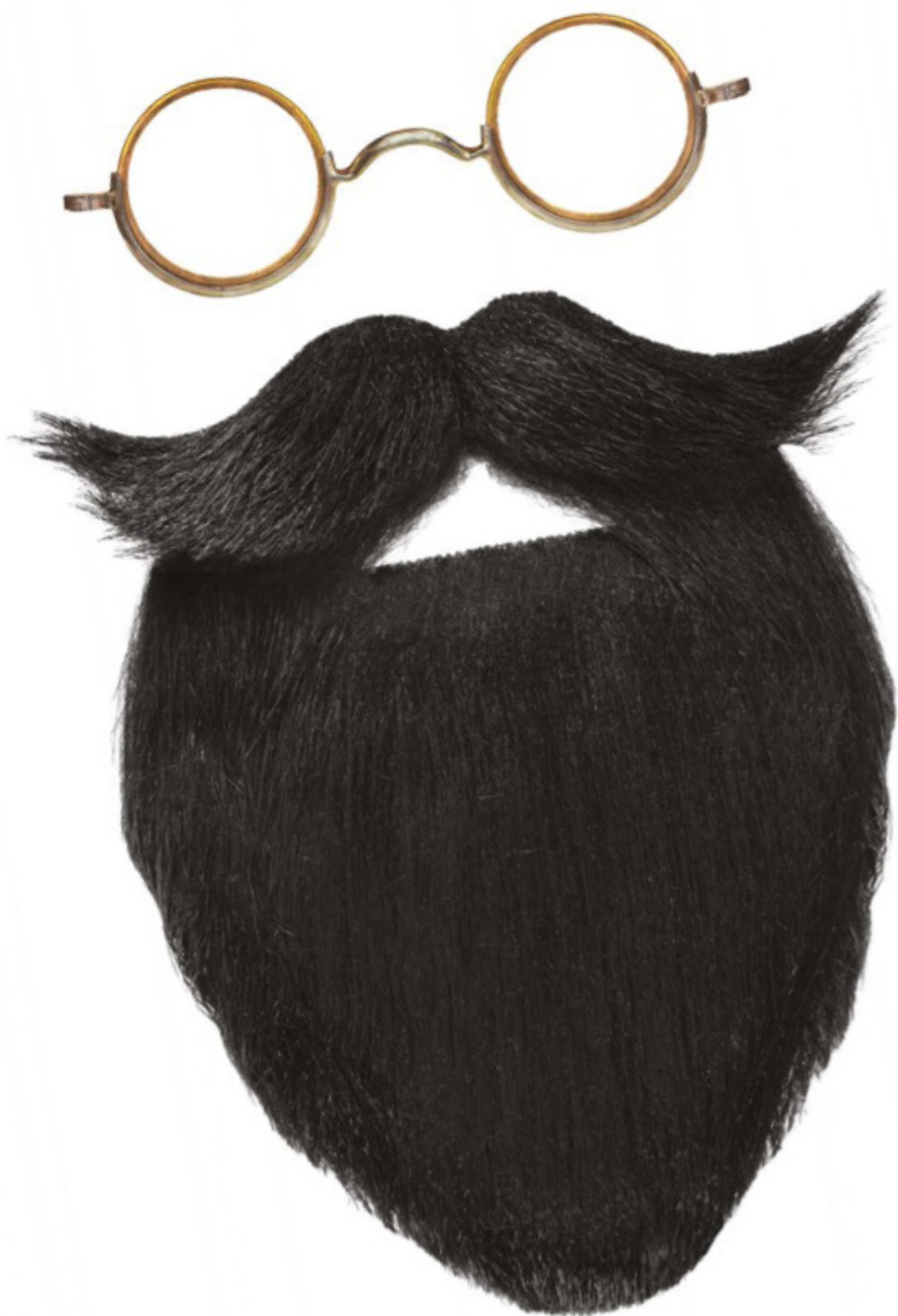
After the crops are harvested and the weed is ready for market, companies such as greenbox Robotics, American Green, and Grasshopper have developed marijuana kiosks that completely automate the purchasing process.

Just as vending machines now enable you to buy a Diet Coke with a bag of Fritos, you'll be able to select your favorite brand of marijuana or CBD oil using a touchscreen—one that can verify you're of legal age by scanning your finger veins—and have a robotic arm grab your three grams of Blue Dream and drop it into the dispenser.

If you intend to use cannabis for medical reasons, an app called PotBot makes personalized decisions based on your needs, scouring medical journals far more quickly than any human on the planet to study which cannabinoids are best suited to treat conditions such as asthma, insomnia, and cancer.

Scanning all this space-age technology that makes it a breeze to get high, potheads across the nation breathed a collective sigh of, "Whoa, dude."





## HOW TO FAST-TRACK A BEARD

ACROSS THE GLOBE, beards are a symbol of manliness and high testosterone. They're also handy for cosmetic reasons if you have severe acne scarring, no chin, or lost half of your face in a tragic chain saw accident.

But just like Rome wasn't built in a day, beards don't grow overnight. There will be an awkward phase where you're constantly itching and will seek relief by shaving it all off. Here are some tips that will help you through this difficult process more quickly:

- **Keep your face clean.** Wash it with soap and water at least twice daily. Exfoliate dead skin cells and open clogged pores.
- **Avoid stress.** It's a primary cause of hair loss in men.
- **Eat healthy.** This means plenty of animal protein, nuts and seeds, and as many fruits and vegetables as you can tolerate. All of this will combine to create a metabolic environment that enhances lush, full beard growth.
- **Take supplements.** For decades, biotin has been tagged as the nutrient that best promotes hair growth. Also increase your intake of B6, beta carotene, vitamin C, and flaxseed oil.
- **Stay hydrated.** The importance of water to physical health cannot be overstated. Increased hydration leads to increased blood flow to the face, which leads to faster beard growth.
- **Stop smoking.** It has a negative effect on blood flow, which will adversely impact your beard growth. It will also turn your beard prematurely gray.
- **Exercise.** You should be doing this already, but the best way to keep your body working at peak efficiency is to work it until you're exhausted. Stimulating your metabolism will also stimulate your facial follicles.
- **Get plenty of sleep.** It helps repair damaged skin cells and promote beard growth.

## BULL-SEMEN EXPLOSION IN OZ!

IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH to find yourself in the midst of a massive explosion of bull semen, you realize how traumatic and exhausting it can be. We wouldn't wish it on our worst enemies—well, except for maybe Joe, because he deserves it—and our thoughts and prayers go out to everyone adversely affected by the following tragedy.

A giant breeding farm in Australia called Yarram Herd Services is apparently involved in pleasuring bulls to completion and then collecting their semen to impregnate unwitting cows who almost certainly did not sign consent forms.

Tragedy struck the farm recently as a massive blaze “completely shredded the building.” As the inferno raged unabated and ten fire crews struggled to douse it, at least 100 cylinders containing bull semen got super-heated to the point that they exploded.

According to a local fireman:

“The liquid inside the cylinders was rapidly expanding and essentially the lids of the cryogenic cylinders were just popping off the top and projectiles were being thrown from the building.”

That's right—ten crews of firefighters boldly risked their lives to douse the blaze and were rewarded with a hailstorm of cylinder tops and giant gobs of bull come.

Each cylinder was worth about \$350 to \$700. The value of the sperm inside varies tremendously, depending, we're guessing, on how virile and handsome the bull in question was.

A spokesman for the breeding farm, without any apparent sense of irony or grasp of what a “double entendre” is, said that the loss of 100 cryogenic cylinders represents a “huge blow” to the farmers.

There's no denying that this blows—hugely—for the farmers and any firefighters who may have been sprayed with bull jizz. For the bulls, however, it presents yet another opportunity to be pleased to completion.







ELEVATE

## WORLD'S STUPIDEST TATTOO

IT'S NEVER A GOOD IDEA to get your name tattooed on your throat, especially if you lead a life of crime.

Matthew Bushman is a white male in his mid-thirties who decided to become a criminal in his teens. With a shaved head and searing eyes that suggest frequent meth use, he's done a good job of cultivating the "criminal look." Since 2002, he's been arrested multiple times in Champaign County, Illinois, on charges of burglary, driving under the influence, second-degree theft, and possessing a firearm as a convicted felon.

Where he probably should have met a nice girl and settled down as an accountant, this small-time crook has instead spent his entire adult life in and out of the joint. The last time he got paroled was July 2018, but it looks as if he's headed back to the Ol' Stony Lonesome yet again.

Bushman has several tattoos: the word "pain" in tiny Chinese script near his eye; "LOCAL BOY" on his abdomen; the Leo zodiac sign and a nautical star on his left arm; and, most prominently—it's right there on his freakin' throat—"Matty B."

That last tattoo is so dumb, it will probably add a new conviction to Matty B's already fulsome criminal record.

As police sought to question him in October 2019 regarding a forgery case, Bushman—who had an outstanding warrant at the time—allegedly gave them a fake name.

You read that correctly—with "Matty B" tattooed across his throat, he looked them in the eyes and said his name was something entirely different from "Matty B."

Now he's facing an additional charge of obstructing justice for giving them a fake name.

Don't be like Matty B. But if you must, wear a goddamn turtleneck.

## SHREDDING IN STYLE

AS WINTER FIXES ITS ICY GRIP over the nation yet again, you may find yourself seeking a cold-weather jacket that keeps you warm without cramping your style.

Snowboarding jackets differ from ski jackets in that they're looser-fitting and allow more ease of mobility. They come in such an array of styles—and such a wide price range—that it's best to know what you need before making an expensive mistake.

There are four basic types of snowboarding jackets:

- **Shell.** These are uninsulated, so they aren't ideal for extremely cold conditions. But they're perfect for dry conditions and warmer weather.
- **Soft-shell.** Stretchier and more pliable than the shell variety, they also tend to be the most inexpensive of all snowboarding jackets.
- **Insulated.** This is basically an insulated shell jacket. When shopping, pay attention to the jacket's weight—50-100 gram jackets are ideal for fall and spring, while you'll need a 100-200 gram jacket for more severe winter weather.
- **Three-in-one.** This is a combo jacket—it's a shell design with insulation that you can remove with a zipper. Use just the shell on warmer days, add the insulation when it's frostbite weather, or simply wear the insulation without the shell in dry and balmy conditions.

Regarding insulation, duck and/or goose down is still the best for keeping you warm; however, their waterproofing qualities are sorely lacking. This is why down jackets are best for dry, cold climates like in Colorado and Wyoming.

Also pay attention to the jacket's waterproofing and breathability ratings. You don't want to shiver to death because your body is wet, but neither do you want to sweat to death because your jacket acts like aluminum foil broiling your baked potato of a body.

Choose wisely and, as always, don't eat the yellow snow.



PHOTOS: MAHONY; JAG\_CZ / SHUTTERSTOCK





Todd Francis





ELEVATE



## WOMAN CHARGED WITH USING T-SHIRT CANNON TO LAUNCH DRUGS INTO PRISON

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD of a "T-shirt gun" or "T-shirt cannon," it's a hydraulic-powered launcher that was developed back in the days when sports mascots would fling promotional items—often a team T-shirt—into the crowd. It looks like a paintball gun, but with a clear wide plastic tube where the barrel would be.

Now combine that with Kerri Jo Hickman, an Oklahoma woman with several drug convictions. Judging from her recent mug shot, life has been one invisible tractor running over her face for decades.

But she apparently hasn't learned from her mistakes. To atone for her past transgressions, she could be using her \$1,599 Bleacher Reacher Pro T-shirt gun to launch multicolored foam toys to kids dying of cancer in the hospital. She could be using it to fire hundreds of heartwarming, handwritten affirmations into crowds of unsuspecting parkgoers. She could be using it to shoot billiard balls into the crotch of a local serial rapist. But no—according to police, she recently used it to successfully launch a package containing meth, marijuana, tobacco, ear buds, cellphones, digital scales, and phone chargers over the fence of the North Fork Correctional Unit in Sayre, Oklahoma.

Unfortunately for Kerri Jo's Mystery Convict, to whom she'd catapulted the contraband care package, authorities seized the loot before any inmates got their claws on the goodies.

Police arrested Kerri Jo as she was driving away and found the T-shirt gun in her vehicle. She's been jailed and charged with drug trafficking, conspiracy, and introducing contraband into a penal institution.

And though Kerri Jo herself may be headed to a penal institution, there aren't likely to be any penises where she's headed. To satisfy her basic animal desires, she may instead be forced to engage in covert acts of Oklahomosexuality. (Sorry, we couldn't resist!)



CLAUVINO DA SILVA tried to pull off one of the more novel prison-escape attempts in recent history.

Known as "Shorty," the 42-year-old drug lord and leader of Rio de Janeiro's Red Command gang is no stranger to the big house or trying to bust out of it. In 2013, he managed to escape through the prison's sewer system, but in August 2019, he decided to try something new.

According to *The Independent*, da Silva asked his 19-year-old daughter to bring him a care package of sorts. Key in a cake? A shiv fashioned out of a toothbrush? No. He asked her to bring a silicone mask resembling her own face, and while the guards weren't looking, da Silva somehow slipped into his daughter's black bra, pink T-shirt, white sandals, coat, glasses, and skinny jeans, along with a black wig

and the mask, which covered his entire head. Good plan, right?

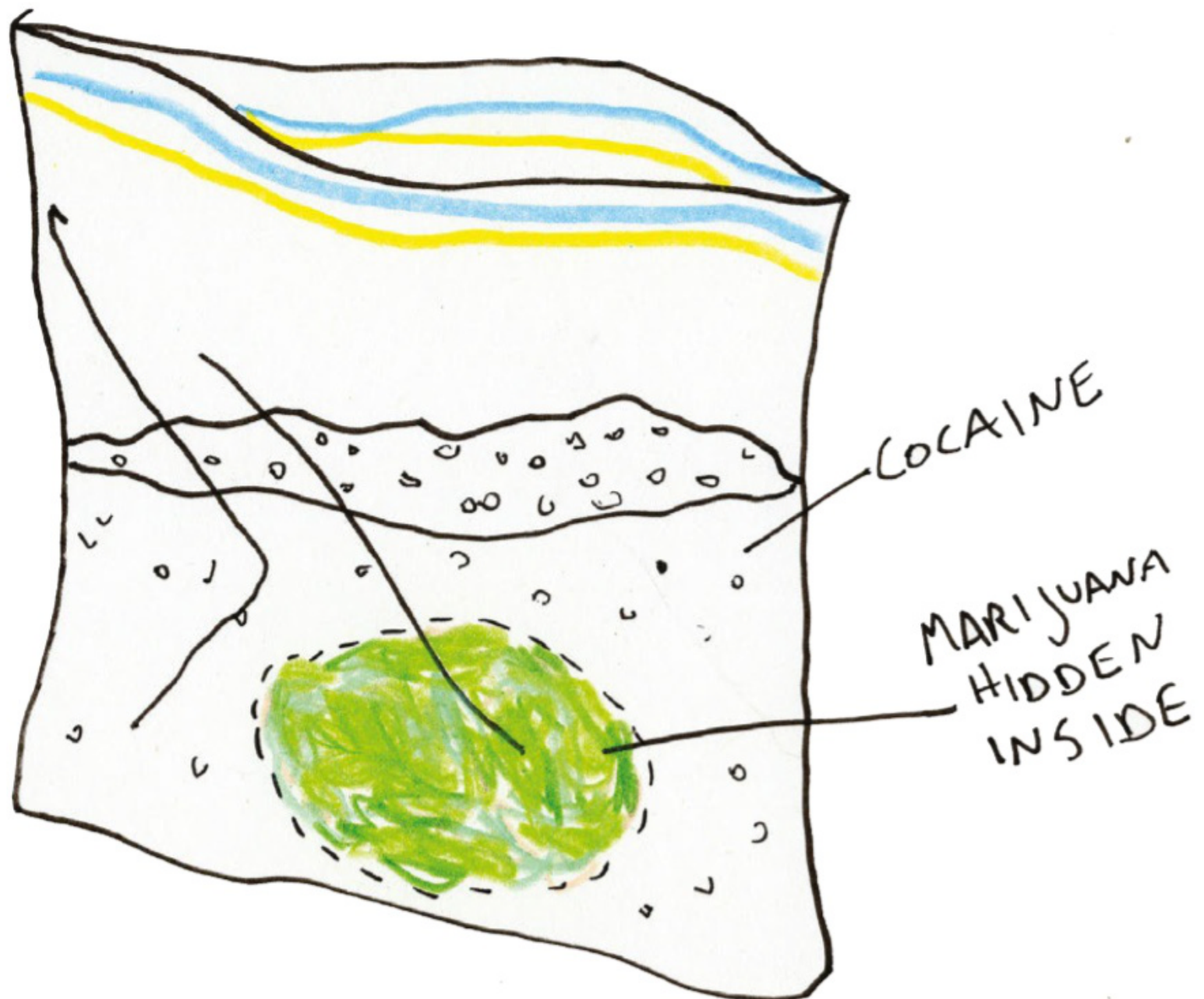
Nope. Jail officials spotted da Silva before he could leave the building, saying he was "visibly nervous" as he tried to maneuver to the exit with seven other female visitors. These women were also taken into questioning for their alleged role in the escape.

The best part? The whole thing was caught on security footage, and da Silva looks completely insane. We give him points for creativity...but not nearly as many points as he loses for leaving his teenage daughter behind in the prison.

Sadly, it looks like he won't get another shot at a genius escape. Shortly after his foiled attempt, da Silva hanged himself in his cell. R.I.P. Shorty.



## How To HIDE YOUR WEED.



*Porous Walker*







# CANNABIS PIONEER

*Pleasure Peaks CEO Antuanette Gomez is using weed to lead women to happier, healthier sex lives.*

INTERVIEW BY MISH BARBER-WAY

**L**IKE most of us, cannabis enthusiast Antuanette Gomez, founder and CEO of Pleasure Peaks, first smoked weed in high school...just because. When she was nervously taking a hit of a joint, she never imagined that the psychoactive plant would someday become her bread and butter.

"I usually ended up being the one who got too stoned or would just eat everything in the fridge," the 24-year-old Canadian recalls. "If you would have told me I'd have a successful career in cannabis back then, I'd say you were crazy."

Hailing from Toronto, the entrepreneur, who first trained as a holistic nutritionist, has dedicated herself to enhancing women's sexual pleasure and health by using the world's favorite wonder weed. Before launching Pleasure Peaks, Gomez cut her teeth as the executive director for the Canadian branch of Women Grow, an international organization focused on female leadership in the cannabis industry. While there, she mentored various cannabis startups seeking guidance on navigating the legal side of the industry.

Last year, Gomez was named a *Forbes* Under 30 Scholar, a program recognizing young entrepreneurs, and in 2017 *Toronto Life* magazine saluted her influence shaping the new pot landscape. These days, with her career soaring and life on the move, she is gearing up for the spring 2020 release of Pleasure Peaks products in the U.S. and Canadian markets.

At its inception in 2015, Pleasure Peaks used cannabis to help patients at a local chronic pain clinic dealing with endometriosis and cervical cancer. Four years later, Pleasure Peaks now offers cannabis education; workshops to help couples bring cannabis into the bedroom; live programming on their YouTube channel; and "Pampered Pussy Spa Days," complete with hemp oil manicures, mimosas, and CBD detox teas.

The time seemed right to catch up with the dynamic Gomez, a pioneer in a rapidly expanding world where weed, women, and sexual health come together.

## What inspired Pleasure Peaks?

I was a student of holistic nutrition,

focused on how natural ingredients heal various ailments. When I began learning about cannabis, I realized Health Canada had already been using cannabis as a medical treatment for over 20 years. As a result of my work in a chronic pain clinic, I became increasingly curious about how plants, and cannabis in particular, could be combined with other modalities to treat chronic pain. I wanted to make people's lives better through cannabis, because I saw from experience the positive impact it had on patients who were able to access that type of care.

The more I learned about chronic pain, the more I became aware of women who suffer from sexual pain. It also became evident that this experience is common for women, and that treatment resources

## "CANNABIS IS A VASODILATOR FOR WOMEN JUST LIKE VIAGRA IS FOR MEN."

are limited. Women have been suffering in silence for too long due to the stigma surrounding female sexual health and pleasure. I realized a huge gap existed in the market for medical products to help women manage sexual pain, and so it became my personal mission to fill that void. It takes a certain type of courage to advocate for women's sexual health within the context of the cannabis industry, but I'm determined to see how far I can go.

## How do you see cannabis impacting the future of healthcare?

Cannabis has so many amazing medicinal properties and we're just scratching the surface. I'm a cannabis geek and always interested in the latest technology and research. Sexual health is the least studied and funded area when it comes to the human body.

## What's the biggest misconception about the cannabis industry?


That cannabis is simply recreational. The general population still thinks that users just want to get high, but our job is to

show them a different perspective on cannabis consumption. People are using cannabis in their sex lives to mitigate sexual anxieties, to push past sexual traumas, and increase trust and intimacy in relationships. We believe that cannabis can help us redefine the peaks of pleasure.

## In America, there will always be certain states resisting this changed perspective. Why do you think Canada has been so supportive on a governmental level?

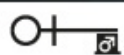
To put it simply, cannabis is part of Canadian culture, and we are super proud of that. In Canada, cannabis has been legal for medical use for over two decades. Canada has been at the forefront of cultivation and genetics, and we plan to keep it that way. With federal legalization in October 2018, we have seen Canada make major plays in international cannabis trading in Europe, Australia, South America, and the Caribbean. Cannabis is the biggest industry of the millennial generation and every country is trying to get a piece of the pie. Luckily for us, Canada is leading the way.

## Why does cannabis make so much sense for the female body?

There are innumerable ways that cannabis can be used to improve sexual health and pleasure among women. Cannabis is a vasodilator for women just like Viagra is for men. Cannabis can be used topically to achieve similar effects, like increased blood flow to the genitals and greater sensitivity—these benefits are unique to women. Cannabis also helps to relax vaginal muscles to make it easier for women to achieve orgasm. It can help with sexual anxiety, especially when smoked or inhaled with a vape. Cannabis helps to lessen menstrual pain and general vaginal discomfort, and also manage pain from endometriosis. Perhaps most profound, cannabis can assist with the complex forms of pain inflicted upon survivors of rape. We have developed 16 different products to help ease these types of pain. 

You can find Antuanette Gomez on Instagram at @antuanetteg, or check out Pleasure Peaks at [pleasurepeaks.com](http://pleasurepeaks.com).





# STALK MARKET

## THE LAST OF US PART II

SONY COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT AMERICA (PS4)

**T**HE *Last of Us* was more than just a sneak-and-shoot adventure with spectacular set pieces and clever jump scares—it was a mood. The game stuck with players because of its cinematic direction and unique postapocalyptic setting. Instead of the typical nuked-out wastelands or suburban zombie buffets, its pandemic mutant-making fungus transformed the populace into spore-splooging, people-eating plant monsters. Levels were set in America's crumbling cities reclaimed by thickets of trees and blooming weeds. Nature itself had become our nemesis.

This sequel darkens the mood with complex human themes and some

anatomically correct graphic violence. Players take control of Ellie, who in the first game was a naive and defenseless teenager. Five years later, she's found happiness in a budding romance with another young woman and has grown into a capable defender of a small enclave in Jackson, Wyoming.

As you'd expect, domestic bliss doesn't persist in this plants-as-zombies world, although it's not the fungal-infected that turn out to be the real monsters. When a band of religious zealots shatters Ellie's idyllic life, the adventure begins in earnest. Ellie's quest for revenge will take her west to Seattle, a chilling trek through an eerily

silent wasteland fraught with sudden death for the unwary.

As in the first game, you'll feel like you're perpetually short on guns and ammo as you commit homicide against the zealots and fungicide against the mutants. You'll rely on your ears to pinpoint enemies and dispatch them stealthily with homemade arrows and DIY bombs. This time, not even silence is your golden ticket for survival. Blinded by fungal spores sprouting from their eyes and heads, the worst plant monsters stalk victims using echolocation. Zealots employ dogs that sniff you out unless you keep on the move. For best results, play with the sound up and the lights off.

### ALTERED STATES: FOUR TRIPPY GAMES THAT ACHIEVE MAXIMUM WARP

> 4 <

#### THE OUTER WORLDS (PRIVATE DIVISION, PS4, XBOX ONE, NINTENDO SWITCH, PC)

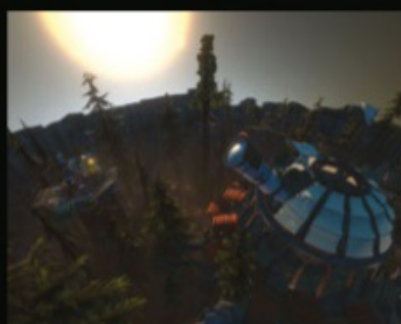
This space-faring role-playing game is set in an alternate timeline where President William McKinley wasn't assassinated in 1901. Such a historical deep cut spawns a darkly funny future in which mega-corporations plunder alien worlds for gross profit. Players serve as corporate-drone colonists who seek out new capital ventures to boldly bolster their own bottom lines.



> 3 <

#### OUTER WILDS (ANNAPURNA INTERACTIVE, PC)

It might have a similar name and genre as No. 4 on our list, but *Outer Wilds* goes about twelve parsecs deeper into the outer reaches of weirdness. You explore a solar system that's looped into one big Mobius strip, with neither a beginning nor an end. Unravel the mysteries of strange planets, alien structures, ships, wormholes, and other wibbly wobbly, timey wimey stuff.



> 2 <

#### LIFE IS STRANGE 2 (SQUARE ENIX, PS4, XBOX ONE, PC)

This episodic series starts out like a coming-of-age drama—just teenagers living their suburban lives—but things quickly take a turn for the wild when the main character develops superpowers. (In the first series, it was the ability to rewind time; in this second series, it's telekinesis.) Such powers are especially handy as you play a Latino teen on a cross-country trek across Trump's America.



> 1 <

#### DEATH STRANDING (SONY INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT, PS4)

The less you know about this open-world odyssey, the more you'll love unspooling its batshit-crazy narrative: You play as *The Walking Dead*'s Norman Reedus, lost in a magnificently desolated landscape with nothing but a chipper fetus in a womblike fanny pack for company. It's the sort of surreal experience you'd expect from Hideo Kojima, mastermind of the *Metal Gear* series.







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# CODY JINKS, MUSIC LIFER

*The Texas singer-songwriter delivers two more albums of grounded, heartfelt country music.*

**W**HEN you listen to a Cody Jinks song, you're immediately struck both by what it is and what it's not. On the "not" side of the ledger, you're spared any cheese—in the lyrics or in the sound. Unlike some other contemporary country songs, in a Jinks tune there's no crossover trendiness, shiny production, overprocessed vocals, or smuggled-in dance beats. There's zero deference to pop music slickness of any kind. He doesn't even sing about fun-loving, pickup-truck-powered lifestyles where it's always summer and babes abound.

Nothing against such a lifestyle, which sounds better than a lot of ways to spend time on this planet. It's just that Jinks's inner song compass sends him in a different direction—down a grittier, darker, more real-world road than the paths you find in what's been dubbed "bro country," or in the more mainstream-focused country that's gotten the big radio play over the years, and hews to what's been called the "Nashville sound."

In music made by this 39-year-old Fort Worth singer-guitarist, you get an anvil-steady baritone voice—the Texan's pipes are strong, with a weathered quality, like he's racked up a lot of mileage on those internal roads. The sound is stripped-down. He's got an introspective mind-set that falls to brooding with or without the help of whiskey. And he sings lyrics about what tears us up the most inside (like losing love), the state of the world, the anchors of family and friends, and working your tail off at your chosen trade or profession.

In a Jinks song, there's no sugarcoating. People might chase dreams, but that doesn't mean they grab ahold of them—life is trickier than that. And some of those who do get to the top, especially the people running things, don't always get there honestly, with integrity, by dint of their own grindstone efforts.

Jinks has great respect for regular people who stay at it, day in, day out, busting their humps, not complaining, like the woman in "Lifers"—also the name

**JINKS IS A MUSICIAN WHO'S ALWAYS DONE THINGS HIS OWN WAY, RATHER THAN KOWTOWING TO A MAJOR LABEL, SCULPTING AN IMAGE WITH P.R. HANDLING AND SOCIAL MEDIA AMPLIFICATION.**

of his 2018 album, which hit No. 2 on the *Billboard* country chart—who for 20 years has been sticking with her dream of breaking through in Nashville.

"Here's to the lifers/ The struggle-and-strifers/ Workin' long after the day is done," Jinks sings, having saluted a third-generation Waco farmer in an earlier verse, a guy with "mouths to feed and cattle to run." As for his Nashville dreamer, who came to town "with a guitar and a song," she's been "playin' them rooms but she ain't got far," yet there's a "fire

in her soul" that can't be quenched, and she doesn't listen to the naysayers.

"They don't give up and they don't give in/ When things don't go their way," sings this married father of two. And here he might be talking about his own first decade in the music business, which featured a ton of touring, a band breakup, a jump from one music genre to another, and zero help from record labels.

Tall and lean, with a brown bushy beard, tattooed arms, and a preference for T-shirts and jeans, Jinks spent his first six years as the howling, growling singer and rhythm guitarist in a thrash metal band called *Unchecked Aggression*. A fan of Pantera and Metallica, inspired by Dimebag Darrell and James Hetfield, Jinks gigged perpetually with his band, loading that van a thousand times, until early this century, on a hellish road trip to L.A., when the unit dissolved in the midst of copious drinking and constant squabbling.

Jinks, then 23, gave his frayed voice a rest, pondered his future, and stayed off stages for months. He had a year of junior college under his belt, a freight-dock loading job on his résumé, and not a lot to show for his Texas metal band tenure.

During this period of soul-searching, he picked up his acoustic guitar and noodled a country song. Then he noodled another. And another. It was a return to his musical origins, you could say. He grew up in a house soundtracked with country music. His dad taught him country songs on the guitar at 16. And Jinks's memories included hearing a Merle Haggard song at age 3—the earliest memory he has in his head—and his parents running out to see the Kentucky-born honky-tonk king Gary Stewart whenever he came through town.

"It was just one of those full-circle moments, man," Jinks told the *Lubbock Journal* in 2015. After countless gigs playing songs like "Hell Razor" and "Smell of Blood," two tracks on his former thrash band's 2002 album, *The Massacre Begins*, he was strumming and singing songs in the genre his parents loved. "I went back to country music," Jinks added, "because I always wanted to play it live."

As for what kind of country music he plays—and if you follow this genre at all, you know subcategory slotting can be a loaded issue—people often put him in the "outlaw country" camp. But is that the right place?





Cody Jinks in Black Mountain, North Carolina, 2018

"I don't know any real outlaws," Jinks told *Rolling Stone* in 2017. "I pay my taxes."

The answer illustrates Jinks's habit of wrestling with the questions that really matter in life, and giving short shrift to those that don't. Plus, he might be a little hesitant to claim a mantle that belongs to some of his musical heroes, outlaw country icons like Haggard, Johnny Cash, and Waylon Jennings.

That said, the lanky guitarist does wear a lot of black and dispenses with arrangement frills, just like some of his outlaw country predecessors. By his own admission, he left behind Nashville-style gloss after his first country album, which came out in 2008. Also, he's from Texas, an outlaw country seedbed. And he's roots enough to embrace the pedal-steel guitar as a worthy addition to a country song.

Moreover, he's a musician who's always done things his own way, rather than play the corporate game, kowtowing to a major label, sculpting an image with P.R. handling and social media amplification. What he's done instead is build his career by writing brilliant songs (check out "I'm Not the Devil," from a 2016 album of the

same name; without assistance from big-label machinery, the record rose to No. 4 on the *Billboard* country chart) and touring.

"It's kind of a DIY punk-rock mentality: Just get in the van and go," he told the *Fort Worth Weekly* in 2012, shortly before his fourth country album, *30*, came out. To *Rolling Stone* four years later, he said, "I've run my country band entirely like a metal band." Early on, there was a big label interested in grooming him for the country mainstream, both in terms of his music and image. But Jinks said no to that plan, to preserve his independence.


"Too much hand-tying," he remarked to *Rolling Stone* last year.

If Jinks doesn't care to spend a lot of time talking about whether or not he's a musical outlaw ("When people ask what kind of music we play, I just tell them 'country,'" he said in 2016—the 'we' meant to include his backing band, The Tone Deaf Hippies), he's more than happy to discuss the musicians he loves.

"Merle Haggard is the greatest of all time," he told *Billboard* in 2016, when the magazine premiered his cover of "The Way I Am," a song written by Sonny Throckmorton

but a hit for Haggard in 1980. Saying no other country artist had influenced him more than Merle Haggard, Jinks added, "The song is about working your ass off, being a man, taking care of business when others wouldn't, and he'd rather be fishing. I completely relate to that."

Jinks's maverick approach has worked. He's developed a fierce fan base nationwide, to go with those top-selling recent albums. "We go all over the United States, man, and people tell us, 'Thank you,'" he told *Rolling Stone* when *I'm Not the Devil* came out. "I hear 'Thank you' more than I hear anything else. There's no bullshit in our show. There's no dancing, there's no sparkle-bottom jeans. We get out there and we rip people's faces off."

After putting out his last album with Rounder Records, Jinks is back to his independent ways. Thanks to his bone-deep work ethic, he released not one but two albums on his own new music label, Early August Records, in October. Every song on both efforts displays striking emotional power and artistry, zero glitz or trend-chasing, and no attempts to be anything other than country music. 



# CALIGULA

## MMXX

*The 40th Anniversary*



It was the boldest move in cinema history: presenting the most celebrated and respected actors of the day in a film that could only be described as pornographic. Bob Guccione, founder of this magazine, set his sights on decimating the boundaries between art, sex, and cinema and succeeded to such a potent degree that even 40 years later, no theatrical event has come close to matching the scope and scandal of *Caligula*.

Writer Gore Vidal was one of the most distinguished literary minds of his time; his daring 1964 novel *Julian* famously compared the decadence of modern society to fourth-century Rome, making him a logical choice for producer Franco Rossellini to bring on board to script *Caligula*. Vidal, rooted in the reputable culture surrounding a best-selling author, described his script as “an analysis of how power corrupts,” and envisioned *Caligula* as a historically accurate, visually traditional, and wholly serious film documenting the actions of the most debauched and sadistic ruler in history.

Guccione, while complimenting Vidal as an “intellectual colossus” and “formidable historian,” wanted to push the boundaries of cinema, and after agreeing to join the production as financier and producer, hired critically acclaimed auteur of avant-garde cinema Tinto Brass as director. Aligned with Guccione, Brass imagined the film as a

bombastic satire on the corrupting influence of power, retooling the script to emphasize the complicity of the senate and bringing on board Academy Award-winning set designer Danilo Donati to construct grand, expansive sets suggesting the excess and flamboyance of the Roman Empire.

At various points, Mick Jagger and Jack Nicholson were rumored to be in the running for the titular role. But the dubious honor of portraying one of the most nefarious men in history ultimately went to Malcolm McDowell, a young English actor riding high in Hollywood from his landmark role as the amoral lead in Stanley Kubrick’s *A Clockwork Orange*. Teresa Ann Savoy, who had starred in Tinto Brass’s previous film, *Salon Kitty*, portrayed Caligula’s sister. The cast also included John Steiner as the cunning and ambitious advisor Longinus, and three British acting icons: Helen Mirren as Caligula’s promiscuous wife, Caesonia; Sir John Gielgud as Nerva, the wise and impertinent imperial counselor; and Peter O’Toole as syphilitic Emperor Tiberius.

From sets to costuming, no expense was spared in the extravagant production, but the differences between *Caligula* and a traditional epic film were immediately noticeable. In addition to the presence of a curated collection of exotic Penthouse Pets on-screen, McDowell remembered: “I’d look over and there would be two dwarves and an amputee dancing around some girls

splayed out on a giant dildo.” When the very respectable Sir Gielgud arrived on set, O’Toole prodded, “Hello, Johnny! What’s a knight of the realm doing in a porno film?”

Helen Mirren recalled naked bodies everywhere, expressing that the experience of making *Caligula* “was like showing up for a nudist camp every day. You felt embarrassed if you had your clothes on in that movie.” She cheekily added, “It was like being sent down to Dante’s Inferno.”

With production underway, the budget quickly ballooned to twice that of *Star Wars*, and Guccione later complained that enough footage was shot to “make the original version of *Ben-Hur* about 50 times over.” Filming was rife with conflict: Vidal and Brass butted heads constantly, leading to the director banning Vidal from the set; and a spiteful Donati got a jab in by building the major set piece of Caligula’s pleasure ship at such an enormous scale that it filled the entire production studio, ensuring that the massive creation was nearly unfilmable and limiting the furious director considerably.

The mighty triumvirate of Vidal, Brass, and Guccione was a marketing dream come true: three titans in their respective fields, united for a creation unlike anything seen before on the cultural landscape—certainly unique in film history. *Caligula*, however, would end with two of the three creators forcibly distancing themselves from the finished film.



Malcolm McDowell speaks with Bob Guccione on set



Director Tinto Brass (left) with Bob Guccione on set





*Malcolm McDowell and Helen Mirren*





Helen Mirren behind the scenes



Malcolm McDowell, Peter O'Toole, and John Gielgud on break



Malcolm McDowell as Caligula

As soon as filming was completed, Brass was unceremoniously fired, and it was revealed that Guccione had been shooting hard-core pornographic scenes on the multimillion-dollar sets at night with the intention of overseeing completion of the movie himself. The end result was a curiously edited version of the film—heavy on spectacle, light on continuity. Brass was understandably devastated, and sued to have his name removed as director of a film so far afield from his vision.

Vidal was likewise infuriated by the developments surrounding *Caligula*, and also sued to have his credit removed. “My name is being used to give prestige to a pornographic film which could be denounced for obscenity,” he complained, adding that “‘Caligula’ is Latin for ‘turkey.’”

In the end, the film’s script was credited as being “adapted from a screenplay by Gore Vidal,” and Brass’s credit was changed to “principal photography by.” Only Guccione stood by the finished product, placing his name above the title as “Bob Guccione presents” and crediting himself with “additional scenes by.” Guccione oversaw a series of editors on the movie, with no one accepting final responsibility; in the end, the film bore the simple credit of “edited by the production.”

The finished version of *Caligula* premiered in the U.S. on February 15, 1980. Critics immediately picked up on the troubled production. Roger Ebert called it “worthless,” yet admitted that as he exited the theater, hundreds of people were lined up, waiting to see the film. Even with the \$7.50 ticket price (double the cost of a regular movie ticket), attendance was so

high and screenings so frequent that the film reels quickly needed to be replaced from wear. “History is filled with their nameless gravestones,” Guccione said of the critics, “while the names of the men and women they spent their lives attacking live on.”

Malcolm McDowell, for his part, stands behind his performance in the film, commenting, “I’m proud of the work I did in *Caligula*. There’s no question about that.” But he also says the Guccione-edited release was “an absolutely outrageous betrayal and quite unprecedented.”

*Caligula* has anchored one of the


## **CALIGULA IS “WIDELY CONSIDERED BOTH THE WORST FILM IN HISTORY AND ALSO VERY POSSIBLY THE FINEST FILM NEVER COMPLETED.”**

most enduring speculative discussions in cinematic history: What could the film have been if completed by other hands? Now, a monumental development will provide an answer to this long-standing question about a different final shape for this controversial creation. For the film’s 40th anniversary, Penthouse has opened the vaults containing the original camera negatives—long believed to have been lost—and a new edit conforming to Gore Vidal’s script is being produced by author and filmmaker Thomas Negovan and director E. Elias Merhige.

This new 40th anniversary version, titled *Caligula MMXX*, is Penthouse’s first feature-film production since the original *Caligula* premiered, and will be unveiled in a limited theatrical release in the fall of 2020.

“The story of Penthouse’s *Caligula* is legendary,” says Negovan. “It occupies a unique place in movie history as being widely considered both the worst film in history and also very possibly the finest film never completed. Of course the opportunity to help bring into the world what we’ve all imagined this film could be was a priceless honor. The immaculate footage we’ve uncovered confirms McDowell’s statement of pride: scene after scene reveals an incredibly dedicated and gripping performance.”

“With 96 hours of footage and so many disparate opinions clashing and boiling over during the actual filming process,” Negovan continues, “this isn’t just a film restoration project, it’s an archeological dig. It’s been thrilling beyond words to see so many scenes that had long been thought lost forever—hours and hours of absolutely magical performances by Helen Mirren, Sir John Gielgud, Peter O’Toole, and John Steiner, all unseen since they were performed on set over four decades ago. This resurrection of a lost masterpiece will be the most important film event of the year.”

It’s a thrilling turn of events, this new life for a boundary-breaking, fiercely debated film. Stay tuned for more information on its autumn debut. 

Sign up for news and updates on “*Caligula MMXX*” at [caligulammxx.com](http://caligulammxx.com)





## Century Guild presents Mario Tursi: The *Caligula* Photos

A selection of photographs from the set of the  
1980 Penthouse Films International movie *Caligula*.

Available in limited archival editions honoring the 40th anniversary. For more information visit [CaligulaMMXX.com](http://CaligulaMMXX.com)



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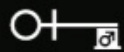
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EMBRACE THE SUCK

# DRUGS DURING WARTIME AND AFTER

*Soldiers and mood-altering substances  
have a long history. But what about cannabis  
as a way to help veterans back home?*

BY MATT GALLAGHER

**F**ROM the ancient Greeks' use of poppy juice to the Napoleonic armies bringing hashish back to Europe from Egypt, soldiers have been getting fucked up for a long, long time.

Sometimes the drugs (and drinks) were meant to boost ferocity—the colonial British navy and their “Dutch courage” of rum, say, or the Nazis' pioneering use of amphetamines. A drugs-and-combat overlap can also be found in the British powers slipping dashes of cocaine into their Tommies' rum portions during World War I, and the deployment of child soldiers high on drugs in Sierra Leone at the turn of our own century.

Self-medicating has played its own understandable role, with soldiers in war and wounded or traumatized veterans back home turning to drugs or alcohol when their prescriptions, treatment, and surgeries have proved lacking. The stress and physical damage of war have always pushed soldiers and ex-soldiers to find ways of soothing mind and body.

On the other end of the spectrum from substances meant to calm and relieve pain are stimulants intended to raise vigilance and ward off fatigue. Think of the American pilots during the Cold War monitoring the skies wired on “pep pills,” otherwise known as speed. Or the legions of Americans who have fought the twenty-first-century terror wars swearing by legal and illegal energy drinks—caffeine-laced Rip It, Boom Boom, and Wild Tiger, a Middle Eastern product, among the legit favorites.

Patrolling Iraqi highways for 40 hours at a time, hopped up on liquid nicotine, may not be as flashy as stories of whiskey ragers in trenches or heroin binges in the jungle, but the short-term effects were still interesting. And now there's concern about the long term: A recent study suggests a link between excessive energy-drink use in combat zones and post-traumatic stress.

As for marijuana—aka weed, dope, reefer, pot, Mary Jane, ganja, and the list goes on—it's woven into firsthand accounts of the Vietnam War. On the pop-culture front, the drug makes an especially vivid appearance in Oliver Stone's acclaimed 1986 feature film *Platoon*.

When Charlie Sheen's Chris Taylor, newly arrived in-country, enters the haze-filled “underworld” tent and parties with experienced soldiers, he (and we, the viewers) accepts weed-smoking as the norm for American soldiers in 'Nam. And the scene is not without justification. According to author Lukasz Kamienski's *Shooting Up: A Short History of Drugs and War*, nearly 70 percent of American servicemembers reported using marijuana during their time in Vietnam (with a striking 34 percent reporting heroin use).

PHOTO: BETTMANN / GETTY IMAGES



*American servicemen  
smoking pot during the  
Vietnam War*







Fifty years after this Southeast Asia conflict, active-duty soldiers and servicemembers aren't similarly blazing up—at least not in such mass numbers. Even if the collective urge to partake was the same, advancements in drug screenings, and the military's steady use of those screenings, would make it impossible.

But it's a different story when it comes to post-service veterans, particularly younger ones.

According to the nonprofit Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America (IAVA), one in five of its members reported using medical marijuana. And over 80 percent of IAVA members support the legalization of cannabis for healthcare purposes, suggesting a big generational shift in the acceptance of marijuana being used as treatment.

Much like American society itself, the Department of Veterans Affairs finds itself in a tricky position with regard to marijuana. According to *Pacific Standard* magazine, "VA doctors are allowed to discuss cannabis use with veterans and tailor VA-prescribed medications to their cannabis use, but they cannot recommend or direct a veteran's use of cannabis."

They can't even do this in states where cannabis is legal, because the VA has to follow federal law. So until Uncle Sam changes, the VA can't join this widespread evolution in attitudes toward marijuana use.

One of the soldiers from my old scout platoon knows all about this bind. Thirty-two-year-old Philippe Dumè of Trenton, New Jersey, put it this way in an email:

"As a combat veteran on medicinal marijuana, it's still somewhat of an obstacle where and if I want to use my medical marijuana card.... In the VA, there's no such program [for this], because cannabis is still considered a Schedule I drug. In my opinion, I think that cannabis should be considered as an alternative medicine in the VA. It really does help out with the side effects."

Dumè proved himself worthy in combat—trust me, I was there—as an able and devoted infantryman. (Longtime readers

may know him better as Specialist Haitian Sensation from the *Kaboom* days.) Now he's proving himself worthy as a veterans' advocate. Dumè is part of an advocacy group called Black Cannabis that "seeks to provide opportunity for those who have been unrepresented in the legal cannabis industry"—specifically minorities, women, LGBTQ, and felons.

Until I talked with Dumè about Black Cannabis, I hadn't really given much thought to how quickly legal marijuana has become corporatized, or how access to it predictably benefits the already privileged. So I'm proud of him and how he's using his combat bona fides here, because, as his organization says, "For generations the War on Drugs has devastated communities of color."

That's unequivocally true. And for these communities to get a piece of the weed-business pie seems not only right, but fundamental to American values and progress. This is the land of opportunity, after all.

Dumè is part of a new generation of military veterans, one that's not hiding away their war demons from the rest of society. It's a generation that's not ashamed to say, "Hey, this stuff helps and I don't care who knows it." And America's recognizing that.

One California-based cannabis company, Flower Co., offers a steep discount for military veterans, which cracks me up. It's smart business and allows the company to wave the flag and support the troops. America's gonna America, one way or another, I guess.

Now it's high time (sorry, couldn't help myself) for the federal government to catch up with its citizens and the private sector. Until it does, vets like Dumè and his colleagues in Black Cannabis will have to man the gap. 🔑

*Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of the Iraq memoir "Kaboom" and the novel "Youngblood." His next book, "Empire City," is an alternate history and will be published in April.*



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

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# Eva & Jade



# Savannah & Gianna

**T**HREE brunettes and a blonde walk into a bar...just kidding! We're sure there are a million jokes you could attribute to the next few pages, but instead we'll let you enjoy the debauchery that unfolded when these four beauties decided to get together for a slumber party.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
B SKOW / GIRLFRIEND FILMS INC.











# DIGITAL CRACK

*Internet addiction is a real thing, and it's only getting worse. The question now is, what are we going to do about it?*

BY MILES RAYMER

THERE was a long chunk of time in the late 1800s where it was perfectly acceptable in polite society to do as much cocaine as you could handle. Thomas Edison, Ulysses S. Grant, Sigmund Freud, and William Halsted, the father of modern medicine, all sang the praises of cocaine in the heady early days after its discovery. Back then, mass-market brands sold wine fortified with cocaine, cocaine tea, even cocaine-laced margarine. Rich capitalists consumed it for pleasure, then handed it out to their employees to increase production.

Since nobody had any idea how cocaine toxicity works, and barely any conception of addiction other than as a spiritual failure, no one thought this could possibly be a bad thing until habitual users like Halsted and Freud started developing debilitating addictions, by which time cocaine abuse was epidemic within poor American communities. When Congress passed America's first drug laws in 1914, cocaine had done enough damage that its effects are still being felt a century later.

Since the mid-1990s, we've been acting just like those naive Belle Epoque cokeheads with another enthralling miracle: the internet.

We've been gorging on it, seeking out even more places—phones, cars, kitchen appliances—where we can cram it in, like the crazed addicts we are, refusing to believe that a tomorrow will ever come.

Only it's becoming hard not to notice dawn starting to rise on our digital binge. Looking up from our phones, we're realizing we're more strung out than we'd like to admit. Internet addiction has made it into the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, the bible of mental illness, and digital rehab clinics are popping up around the country. Like those Americans a hundred years ago, we are waking up to the fact that this problem isn't going to simply fix itself, and are finally taking steps to address it.

But it's worth noting that as bad as America's first cocaine epidemic was, it doesn't compare to how bad things got on the other end of the twentieth century, when crack unleashed in America's cities an unstoppable tsunami of desperate addiction and militarized violence that no one was prepared for. So what's going to happen when somebody eventually invents something that makes our current internet binge seem tame by comparison—something capable of causing major mental,

emotional, financial, or even physical damage to millions of people at a time?

What's going to happen when someone figures out how to make digital crack?

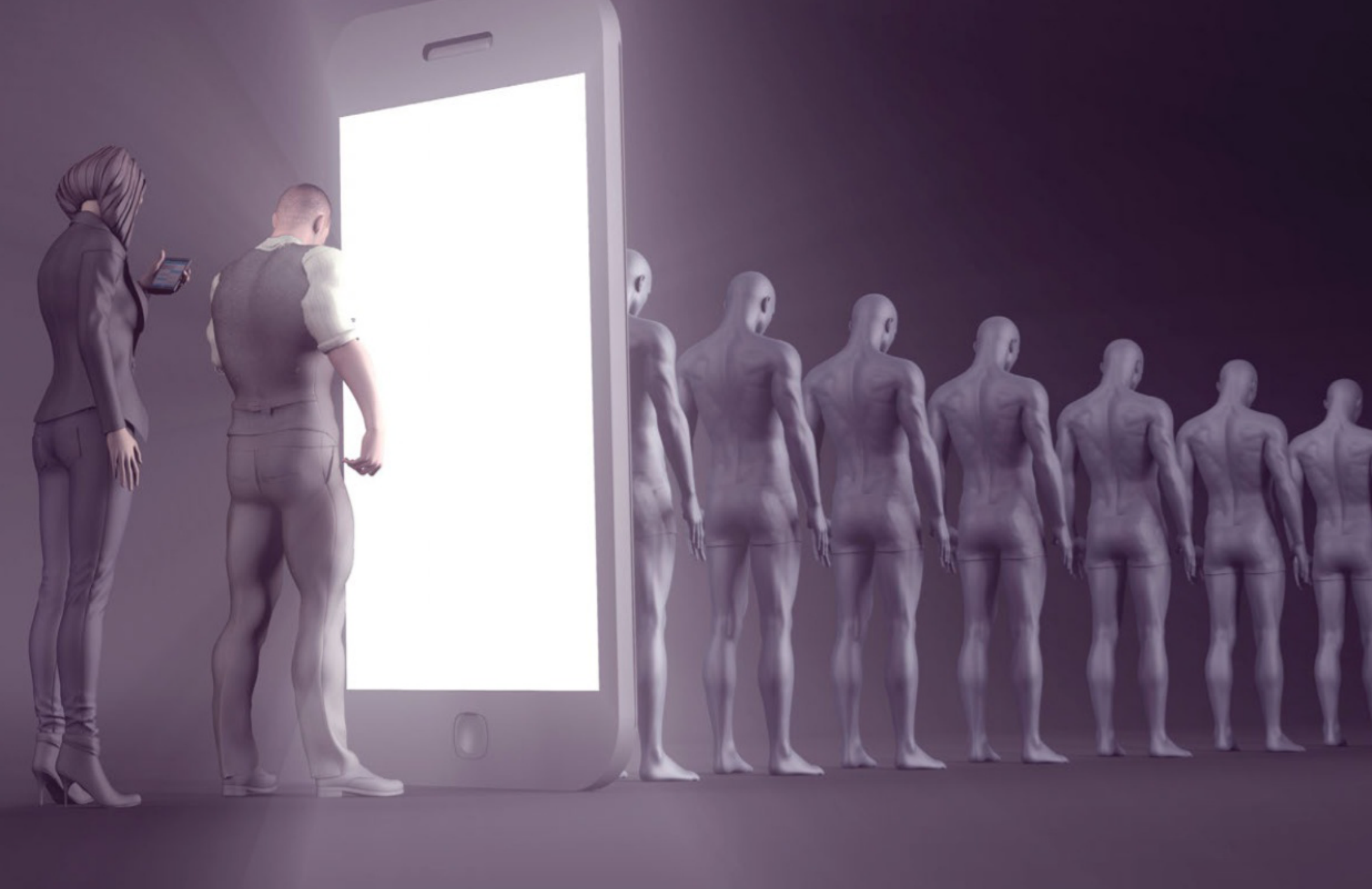
■ ■ ■

I SPENT the fall of 2017 completely engrossed in the dumbest videogame I've ever played.

*AdVenture Capitalist* has only the barest minimum of story line and mechanics to qualify as a game. Graphically, there's not much more than a bunch of rapidly moving progress bars, and there's zero attempt at emotional connection. The point of the game is to earn virtual money by buying and operating virtual businesses, all of which you do by pressing a few buttons. Then you spend your loot via buttons that push themselves, and from there all you have to do is enjoy the feeling of watching your dollars multiply from mere billions and trillions to ridiculous, cosmological denominations such as novemdecillions and vigintillions.

It may seem unsophisticated and straight-up stupid, but *AdVenture Capitalist* is incredibly well-designed for what it's meant to do, which is to create and then satisfy a compulsion to make “money,” and then use your undivided attention to sell you ads. It's





not fun, but it's still pleasurable: the joy of smoothly functioning routine, the warm fuzzy feeling of acquisition.

I was in desperate need of a habit like that. I was in the midst of a brutal divorce, alone and isolated and suddenly without my usual coping mechanisms, since I'd just made the decision to get sober after admitting that my relationships with booze, benzos, and coke weren't as healthy as I'd insisted. *AdCap*, as it calls itself, wasn't as good as Xanax, but it was better than nothing. I'd check in on my mounting digital wealth a few times an hour, in between Netflix binges and compulsive Tinder-swiping. I existed in a blue-lit cocoon of digital indulgence, still spending my days jabbing at my brain's pleasure centers with whatever was within reach, still every bit the addict, just with a new habit.



SINCE the early days of the drug revolution, sci-fi writers and futurists have predicted that technology would one day give us the kind of altered states of consciousness that until now we've relied on chemicals to produce. In the sixties, Philip K. Dick imagined a future where tabletop "mood organs" would let us dial-in our desired emotional states with

an accuracy that psychopharmaceuticals could only wish for. And as soon as virtual reality had taken its first baby steps, technopians began promising that computer-generated trips as potent as chemically generated ones were just around the corner.

Tech-based drugs were supposed to be some kind of miracle—a quintessentially

## I EXISTED IN A BLUE-LIT COCOON OF DIGITAL INDULGENCE, STILL EVERY BIT THE ADDICT, JUST WITH A NEW HABIT.

American dream of altered consciousness without the risks or worldly impurity of physical substances. So far they've been a disappointment. Decades after we were promised virtual acid trips, the closest thing we have is the VR experience recently unveiled at the Tribeca Film Festival that

attempts to give you the sensation of an ayahuasca trip by dropping you inside what looks like Tool album art reimagined as a 3-D animated screensaver. If you Google "digital drugs," you'll mostly see articles related to "binaural beats," which are audio files that supposedly get you high purely through sound, yet are considerably less effective than spinning around fast three or four times.

The high that our smartphones, videogames, and constant internet connections give us isn't, on its surface, very powerful, or very good. Picking up your smartphone isn't like doing a line of coke, but it's effective at what it does. The steady cycle of anticipation and reward, serotonin and dopamine, punctuated periodically by a surge of adrenaline whenever you beat a tricky level, win an auction, or read a tweet that you either strongly agree with or strongly disagree with, can numb you to pretty much anything happening beyond your phone's bezel that you wish wasn't happening, whether it's a boring wait in line at the bank or the crushing feeling of existential failure. (The rise of both incel hikikomori shut-ins and videogame addiction seem to be two sides of the same coin.)

That buzz is only going to get stronger, if not necessarily better. It's a law of human



nature that once we find something that gets us high, sooner or later someone will figure out how to make it more powerful, more habit-forming, and almost invariably more toxic. It was dark ingenuity that drove us to discover how to distill spirits from wine and transform Sudafed into methamphetamine. It's the reason why so many people are quitting weed these days because they can't handle how high it gets them, and why you can't buy any pills or powders now without worrying about them being laced with fentanyl. We will always push things as far as they will go, and then invent new ways to push them even farther.

There is no reason to assume that technology will be any different. At some point, probably in the near future, someone will invent some sort of killer app that will make the weak, jaggy buzz of our current state of digital addiction seem like allergy medicine compared to crystal meth.

When we think about digital addiction, we usually think about family members who can't stay off Facebook or how hard it is to put Instagram down once you start scrolling. But we're still in the Stone Age as far as what we can do with engineering digital highs and habits. There's an entire field of study devoted to designing compulsive behavior so new and fast-moving that its definitive text, Nir Eyal's *Hooked: How to Build Habit-Forming Products*, published in 2014, is already starting to feel out-of-date. (Eyal's new book, *Indistractable: How to Control Your Attention and Choose Your Life*, is about how to resist the techniques he helped popularize.)

We've already discovered myriad ways to get people hooked on virtual things. Multiplayer videogames offer immersive hi-def escapism. Social media lets us mainline two of the strongest motivators of human behavior: social approval and envy. *Candy Crush* and *Fruit Ninja* give us little more than bright colors and mindless swiping and are almost disturbingly hard to put down, while Tinder and Grindr take bright colors and mindless swiping and add the very real chance of getting laid. These are all things that make digital life so miraculous, so captivating, even when it's not being engineered to exploit our habit-forming tendencies. It's exciting and colorful entertainment, available at the push of a button. It's the feeling that we can connect to anyone in the world from anywhere in the world. It's an endless source of stimulation that we're invited to indulge in as much as we can handle, and then some.



But we're learning—and app designers are also learning—that those miraculous little feelings aren't necessary. The trend in manufactured addiction right now is for minimalist, brutally efficient products that deliver the pleasure jolt from habitual behavior, but with a bare minimum of moving parts. TikTok has streamlined the entire concept of entertainment down to a firehose of context-free audiovisual stimulation straight to the neocortex that barely acknowledges concepts like character or narrative, but is terrifyingly easy to find yourself watching for the length of an episode of prestige television.

*AdVenture Capitalist* is only one of a growing field of "idle games" that not only barely hide their goal of dominating your attention in order to serve you ads, but weave jokes about it into their rudimentary gameplay. You don't need anything sophisticated or particularly exciting from a technical standpoint—like VR or brain-stimulating implants or anything else that could have sprung from a Y2K-era cyberpunk novel—when the mere promise of upgrading to a virtual pizza-delivery business is enough to keep you plugged in for hours at a time.


There are plenty of ways that our digital addiction could easily get a lot more

harmful than just wasting our time and attention. If you look at the widespread decriminalization of gambling that's sweeping the country, then look at tech's current obsession with "micropayments" designed to reduce digital spending to an almost subconscious level, then spend an entire train ride next to someone compulsively slashing through *Fruit Ninja*, you might start to imagine what could happen if these things ever collided. (And with mobile sports-betting giving a multibillion-dollar boost to already booming revenues, the gambling industry's sure to push even farther into digital.)

Tech will get more addictive even without doomsday-ish scenarios like hooking *Candy Crush* up to your bank account. The field of addictive design is built largely on research intended to help us battle our susceptibility to addiction, but as our understanding of addiction broadens, it only teaches us more ways of exploiting it. If we want to see what a truly addictive piece of technology looks like, we only have to let the market keep doing its thing.

No one needs to set out to invent a new kind of digital addiction capable of ruining the lives of millions in order for it to come into being. Putting something online often has unforeseeable, secondary effects, especially if it's designed for sustained, intensive user engagement. Facebook wasn't specifically designed to burn down Western democracy, but that doesn't change how effective it's been at doing just that. Digital crack could very well come in the form of something genuinely beneficial to most of the people who use it, but life-ruiningly bad for a few.

Which is how a lot of the technology we use already works. Some people really do develop eating disorders from social media. Some people really do lose relationships, jobs, and money to their videogame habits. They're still so few that they're easy to ignore, but that's certain to change.

Our phones and laptops and videogame consoles didn't entwine themselves so deeply into our lives just because they're convenient or fun. There's something inherently addictive about interfacing with them, tapping at them and filling our senses with them and letting them take us out of our bodies and transport us into a blue-lit nowhere. Getting out of there and back into the real world can be hard sometimes. And it's sure to get harder. 

*Miles Raymer is a writer living in New York.*



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# THE GÜERO LOCO OF KINGPINS

*A white guy with a wooden leg, Joe Morgan rose to the top of California's fearsome Mexican Mafia gang.*

BY SETH FERRANTI

**T**HERE'S a scene in the 1992 movie *American Me* where actor William Forsythe, who plays J.D., a Slavic-American character based on the legendary Mexican Mafia gang leader Joe "Pegleg" Morgan, hits a California prison yard as a newbie and is confronted by white inmates.

J.D. responds in fluent Spanish. Moments later, a group of Mexican-American gangsters roll up, glare at the "peckerwoods," and embrace J.D. as one of their own.

As the scene extends, one of the Latino inmates questions Santana, the gang's shot caller, about J.D. hanging with them. Santana kills the issue by letting the dude know this Anglo was one of them, a homeboy with heart, courage, and discipline.

"Pegleg" Morgan—born Joseph Megjugorac in 1929 in Los Angeles, the son of Croatian immigrants—rose to become a real-life shot caller in the vicious Mexican Mafia gang, founded by 13 Mexican-Americans in a California youth prison in 1957.

This crew, also known as La Eme (Spanish for the letter M), rapidly gained in size and strength, using intimidation, extortion, and murder, both inside and outside the California prison system. Controlling territory, trafficking drugs, and terrorizing anyone who resisted their demands or threatened their power, La Eme became a dominant, entrenched, moneymaking force throughout the Golden State. And as its lethal footprint expanded, its Slavic-American player became one of the most powerful gangsters in the United States.

"Joe Morgan was a nails-tough Croatian who grew up in a Hispanic neighborhood in East L.A.," says true-crime author and Gangster Report founder Scott Burnstein. "In total, he spent 40 years locked up for crimes ranging from bank robbery to homicide. He escaped jail twice, committed murders like he had a license, and developed, for La Eme, lucrative, power-boosting connections to both Mexican drug cartels and the Italian mafia in L.A."

With his shaved head, burning eyes, dark eyebrows, and prosthetic leg (a result of being shot by cops while on the lam),

Morgan had the right look to match his steely character. He was smart, ruthless, charismatic, strategic, and lived by strict rules—a code he expected his associates to live by, too. Morgan, who died in 1993, helped spearhead the Mexican Mafia's evolution into the baddest prison-spawned gang to ever do it—a California kingpin with a big vision and ceaseless drive, a killer whose lengthy leadership status within La Eme puts him in the conversation with marquee gangsters like John Gotti and Pablo Escobar.



"ALTHOUGH Slavic ethnically, Morgan adopted Mexican ways and spoke Spanish perfectly," recalls Richard Valdemar, a Los Angeles Sheriff's Department gang investigator for 33 years, now retired. "As a kid, he joined one of the Maravilla gangs in East Los Angeles. He's unusual because he's a white boy who grew up in the projects. If you met him and hung out with him for just a few moments, you'd forget he was white, though. Joe didn't fake it."

Despite being a *güero*—a light-skinned person—Morgan had a bone-deep connection to L.A.'s *vato loco* underworld, its subculture of Mexican-American street gangs and gangbangers. He developed a command of Mexican-Spanish slang. Raised in the barrios, he was a Chicano at heart, a guy who identified as Mexican-American, and who also, from early on, happened to be one of the baddest motherfuckers around. By his late teens, he stood well over six feet tall, and projected an intense, intimidating vibe. In 1946, still just 16, he took up with a 32-year-old married woman, Elvira Rojo, who eventually offered him \$1,000 to kill her husband. Morgan did the deed early one September morning, walking into the room where Rojo's 52-year-old husband was sleeping and bashing his skull with a hammer. He transported the corpse into the Malibu hills and buried his victim in a shallow grave.





*Mexican Mafia shot caller, Joe Morgan*





Morgan (top right) in Folsom Prison, 1969

“While awaiting trial for murder in the L.A. County Jail, Morgan keyed in on his cellmate William Westbrook, another 16-year-old who was being transferred to a juvenile forestry camp,” says Chris Kasparozza, author of the mob novel *For Blood and Loyalty*. “Morgan posed as Westbrook and escaped, making it no shock that he went on to become a leader in what the government has alleged is the most dangerous prison gang ever.”

How did a teenager hoodwink prison staff and actually gain his freedom for a time? In an early display of his craftiness, brains, and daring, Morgan studied Westbrook’s mannerisms, practiced his signature, and threatened his cellmate’s life if he didn’t go along with the young killer’s ruse. When guards came to transfer Westbrook to the camp, Morgan impersonated his cellmate and Westbrook stayed silent. After forging his signature on a booking slip, Morgan, sans handcuffs, got into a car with a probation officer.

At San Fernando Boulevard and Colorado Street in Glendale, Morgan jumped from the car, took off, and escaped. The sheriff’s department didn’t realize a cold-blooded homicide suspect had gotten away until hours later. The young criminal was now a fugitive, a wanted man, and he made page two of the *Los Angeles Times* with his ballsy escape.

It was the beginning of Morgan’s outlaw legend. And unlike many prison escapees, this canny 16-year-old from the mean streets of East L.A. wasn’t immediately recaptured.

“They got him a couple weeks later,” says Christian Cipollini, an organized-crime historian and founder of the site Gangland Legends. “Cops got a tip on his whereabouts, and when they

showed up, Morgan took off. An officer shot him in the leg, shattering bone, and stopping Morgan in his tracks. Due to complications, his leg was amputated just below the knee and Morgan ended up with a prosthetic. That led to the authorities and media dubbing him ‘Pegleg,’ although prison lore holds no one ever called him Pegleg to his face.”

Convicted of second-degree murder, Morgan was sent to Folsom State Prison instead of a juvenile facility, due to his “criminal sophistication,” as the judge put it. Despite being the youngest inmate to ever hit the yard, Morgan received mad props at the prison, where he served nine years. With his story and Elvira’s photo in the newspapers often, Morgan became a jailhouse celebrity. (To his fellow prisoners, having sex with an attractive woman twice his age was a grand caper.)

Gangster Report’s Burnstein picks up the story from here.

“In July of 1955, Morgan was paroled, but he wasn’t out in the world for long,” Burnstein recounts. “On November 30, 1955, he robbed a West Covina bank of \$17,000 with a machine gun. The FBI arrested him at a bar in Long Beach a week later. He was sent back to state prison—a convicted murderer, bank robber, and escape risk.”

When Morgan was apprehended following the bank heist, the *Los Angeles Times* headline read, “Hammer Slayer Held in \$17,000 Bank Hold-Up.” The press coverage reminded everyone that the same guy who walked into a bank with a rapid-fire weapon like some kind of golden-age gangster—John Dillinger, say, or Machine Gun Kelly—was the teenage Romeo who took a hammer to the head of his married sweetheart’s husband.

Incarcerated at San Quentin, Morgan continued to build his criminal legend. Though in terms of daily prison life, Morgan was known for conducting himself as a gentleman around jailors and fellow prisoners, when it came time to enforce or expand his gang’s power, he could flip a switch, and—like Dr. Jekyll becoming Mr. Hyde—become capable of killing someone with his bare hands or otherwise do what was needed to get the job done.

Despite the prosthetic leg, he was not limited much physically, and was one of the better handball players on the yard, an aptitude which only added to his status.

At meals, Morgan sat with Latino prisoners and formed ties with those who would form the core of the Mexican Mafia. He became a mentor of sorts to members of the newly born La Eme, teaching them how to do time at San Quentin.

“Joe had a reputation from the start at San Quentin, because his homeboys in Maravilla were probably the largest segment of incarcerated gang members,” says retired investigator Valdemar. “If someone called him a white boy, he would have killed him. He knew what his genes were, but his heart was Chicano.”

A natural-born leader, Morgan influenced La Eme before he became a member. “He became the new gang’s first counselor and later its business guru,” says crime expert and documentary filmmaker Al Profit, director of the *American Dope* series. “He studied Aztec history and formed solid relationships with gang *carnales* like ‘Hatchet’ Mike Ison and Ruben ‘Rube’ Soto. Back then, prisoners tended to settle their disputes with their fists. But when La Eme came along, they started making and hiding weapons in strategic places on the yard, so they could grab them when things jumped off.”

On February 24, 1961, after being subpoenaed to act as a witness in the trial of a man who murdered a San Quentin inmate, Morgan masterminded an 11-man escape from the L.A. County Jail using lock-picking tools and hacksaws hidden in his artificial leg. The inmates made their getaway through a pipe shaft. Again Morgan made the news. A splashy front-page *Los Angeles Times* story called it the jail’s largest escape ever.

“Talk about street cred and cleverness,” says Christian Cipollini, commenting on the jailbreak and Morgan’s resourcefulness



in bringing it about. This time Morgan remained at large for a week before being captured at a store in West L.A.

"When he walked back onto the yard in San Quentin, he was a California prison legend who'd escaped more than once and had served 14 years, mostly at Folsom. He learned the Aztec language and taught others so they could communicate in code. He was a master negotiator, an expert on doing time, and had connections with all the racial groups."



"LA EME formed at D.V.I.—the Deuel Vocational Institution—a California youth prison that housed the state's most violent teenage inmates," says Chris Kasparova. "Legend has it that it was the brainchild of a then 16-year-old Luis 'Huero Buff' Flores, who brought together the toughest, smartest, most dangerous members of various Mexican-American street gangs at D.V.I., mostly from the barrios of East Los Angeles, uniting them. It was like a 'special forces' of teenage gang members who ruled their youth prison yard."

It wasn't long before these first La Eme *soldados* were transferred to maximum-security adult prisons like San Quentin, with prison officials hoping the transfers would kill the fledging Hispanic gang in the cradle. That didn't happen. La Eme members recruited even more ruthless and murderous Mexican-American inmates into their ranks, and learned lessons about criminality, organizing, and securing power from people like Morgan.

"The Mexican Mafia did not materialize in the streets, it formed within prison confines, probably out of necessity. Like virtually any other prison gang, these guys needed to stick together to survive and thrive," says Cipollini. "The idea soon morphed into creating not just a gang, but a super-gang. Eventually that evolution created vast outside connections and reach, but of course that kind of expansion also produced enemies."

In 1969, at the age of 40, Morgan was sponsored by his friend "Hatchet" Mike Ison and joined La Eme, becoming the organization's first member with non-Mexican blood.

Morgan was given the Aztec name "Cocoliso" and was immediately accepted into the inner circle. Up until that point, he'd been acting in an advisory capacity.

Embracing his role as a Mexican Mafia soldier, he proposed operations and began scheming from day one.

"La Eme was founded on the principle that every man is equal and the gang operated on a one-man/one-vote, majority-rules system," says Al Profit. "Leaving their individual rivalries in the street, the top gangsters merged into a single crew. Joining required a formal sponsorship. A made member had to speak up for the individual being considered for membership and take responsibility for them. La Eme was recruiting gangsters with serious criminal résumés who weren't afraid to use violence as an intimidation tool."

In addition to being fearless, intelligent, and ambitious, Morgan was willing to kill when and wherever for La Eme. In the pen they say, "Boys fight and men kill." La Eme gained a reputation for killing with abandon. Side by side with all the violence, though, there was an emphasis on mental discipline, thinking ahead, and studying.

## IN ADDITION TO BEING FEARLESS, INTELLIGENT, AND AMBITIOUS, MORGAN WAS WILLING TO KILL WHEN AND WHEREVER FOR LA EME.

Morgan, especially, believed in the benefit of hitting the books. Determined to be the best gangster he could be, he pushed his brothers to read classics like Machiavelli's *The Prince* and Sun Tzu's *The Art of War* to gain insights into maintaining power and battling enemies.

Other books Morgan encouraged La Eme members to read were *Grey's Anatomy*, to learn about the body and its vulnerabilities so as to maximize damage in shank attacks, and primers on martial arts and weapons. Morgan wanted to exploit every possible advantage, from knowledge of murder methods to big-picture strategizing, in his quest to make La Eme the dominant gang force in the California prison system and on the streets.

"For a long time, there'd been a close association between the Aryan Brotherhood and the Mexican Mafia because they have the same gang enemy—the Black Guerrilla Family," Cipollini of

Gangland Legends points out. "It was the Mexican Mafia who first challenged the BGF. But La Eme was also battling with another, newer Hispanic gang, Nuestra Familia. About the time that Joe Morgan came on the scene, the BGF and NF formed an alliance. The lines were drawn in the sand. That took things to a whole other level."

In 1972, there was a bloodbath in the California system. Thirty-six prisoners were killed that year and gang experts believe the Mexican Mafia was responsible for 30 of the killings. Race riots raged at Folsom and San Quentin. There were constant, major conflicts between black and Latino inmates. It was sparked by a La Eme hit put on a BGF soldier at San Quentin. In Chris Blatchford's *The Black Hand*, Rene "Boxer" Enriquez says that Morgan was good for at least a dozen murders on his own and had engineered many more.

"All the members were expected to put in work," says former gang investigator

Valdemar. "They called it 'putting in work' or 'wetting your steel.' When I say work, I mean murder. If you hesitated, you fell from grace. Every one of them put in work and they were reluctant to pass on work to anyone else. The gang was basically a bunch of prolific murderers. Prisoners like Morgan knew the system. He let people like me run the overt system, but he ran the covert. Overtly, they were cooperative with us and knew we controlled the walls, but inwardly, they operated covertly and controlled the inside."

"He was in custody in the L.A. County Jail when I worked there," Valdemar continues. "Like 1972-73. He was in my module, the high-power module, where all the big people from the Aryan Brotherhood, BGF, Mexican Mafia, and some political guys, like Black Panthers, were. I had direct contact with him on a regular basis. I also ran the law library which inmates were allowed to visit. He



was very polite. He would greet me in Spanish. The guys at the top back then, they had a smooth, know-how-to-do-time kind of attitude, but they were dangerous.”

“La Eme seized control of the flow of narcotics into San Quentin,” says Niko Vorobyov, author of *Dopeworld*, a new book about the international drug trade. (See our interview with Vorobyov starting on page 104.) “And as gangmembers were transferred out, they did the same thing at other prisons. Joe Morgan had La Eme getting protection money from incarcerated Italian Mafia members, along with running all the prison hustles. More importantly, he started laying the foundation for the organization on the outside.”

Beginning in 1971, in another brazen La Eme initiative, recently paroled members of the gang began taking over federally funded drug and alcohol programs in East L.A. barrios, and some community action groups as well. The moves provided income fronts for ex-con gangbangers, always ready to do the gang’s bidding (strict, across-the-board obedience to the directives of La Eme shot callers was and is an ironclad rule, and the punishment for leaving the gang is death), as well as opportunities to siphon off government money. Gang revenue streams were expanding.



OVER the years, as Valdemar’s career in law enforcement progressed, Joe Morgan’s name kept popping up in various investigations, but during most of this time, he remained in custody. In other words, Morgan was pulling strings from inside the belly of the beast, issuing directives, cementing La Eme power. This was a gang and a kingpin with reach.

One of the strategic moves Morgan helped guide was establishing the pact with the Aryan Brotherhood, known as the AB. “He was a liaison,” Valdemar remembers, before adding, “but the AB had a close relationship with all the Mexican Mafia members.”

Elaborating on Morgan’s personality and approach as a La Eme shot caller, Valdemar offers this: “I would say he’s one of those people that commanded your attention. If he was in the military, he would have been a leader. He wasn’t loud. He wasn’t boisterous. He didn’t try to inflict himself on anyone else. He just quietly took command.”

The Mexican Mafia has no official hierarchy. Unlike the sprawling Latin Kings gang, they don’t bestow titles and don’t elect “Coronas” to rule the organization. Mexican Mafia members rise to de facto leadership according to what’s needed at the time and who’s in power. It was law enforcement that labeled Morgan a godfather. But in truth, he was just a loyal member of La Eme who took charge to benefit the gang—and had the help of several equally powerful members who backed him. Morgan was a natural leader, so he took on a leadership role. He knew his clout. He didn’t need an official title.

“To rise to the pinnacle of La Eme, as a güero no less, he must have been one smart, devious, bad motherfucker,” says

“TO RISE TO  
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HE MUST HAVE  
BEEN ONE SMART,  
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Chris Kasparozza. “But also a loyal, charismatic one, with a code of honor. There was a reason why so many alpha-male murderers deferred to him, and even the cops tasked with locking him up were impressed. Morgan could get people to calm down. He was a diplomat in a certain sense.”

“His main allies,” says Al Profit, “were Ramon ‘Mundo’ Mendoza, Robert ‘Robot’ Salas, Alfred ‘Alfie’ Sosa, and Edward ‘Sailor Boy’ Gonzales. With these hard-core brothers, Morgan implemented La Eme’s decrees on the streets, which led to more power inside the prison system. During this part of the 1970s, the Mexican Mafia would become well-known all over California. All the Mexican street gangs paid tribute to La Eme. The organization’s name spread fear. Along with the brotherhood’s growth, of course, is the

fact that law enforcement was getting hip to the gang and who their leaders were, in and out of prison.”

As his power grew, Morgan developed enemies and detractors within La Eme.

“Two OGs—Reymundo ‘Bevito’ Alvarez, who murdered a BGF shot caller, and Ernest ‘Kilroy’ Roybal—schemed against this rising *soldado*,” says Christian Cipollini. “They insisted that no one should be in La Eme who wasn’t Latino. They didn’t like Morgan, but Morgan had too much clout. He was paroled from Folsom in 1971, and when he hit the streets there were dozens of La Eme members on the outside as well. Morgan set about to try and organize the brothers into a cash-producing criminal enterprise.”

This Anglo shot caller wanted to “spread the Eme gospel.” Along with longtime friend Rodolfo Cadena, he launched a strategy of leveraging the organization’s power inside prison to control territory in the wider world.

Says Gangster Report’s Burnstein:

“The ‘If you own the inside, you can own the outside’ philosophy grew La Eme to epic heights. Morgan’s contributions to the gang’s expansion were invaluable. Not only did his connections to narcotics suppliers catapult the Mexican Mafia into being instant, major players in the California dope game, his skills as a gangland politician paid dividends in the form of alliances and business relationships with other criminal factions—the Italian Mafia, Aryan Brotherhood, outlaw biker gangs.”

Morgan came to the conclusion that a lot of La Eme members, when they hit the streets, were obsessed with settling old scores instead of benefitting the organization as a whole. He envisioned the gang getting into more profitable endeavors. He knew murder had its place, but he wanted to use violence to further La Eme’s ends instead of securing personal revenge. As early as 1973, California newspapers were identifying Morgan as the leader of the Mexican Mafia. He couldn’t stay out of prison, though. He was always going back on parole violations.

Then in 1975, out on parole, he was indicted on federal narcotics charges and fled to Utah. He remained on the loose until July of 1977 when he was captured, and a charge of trafficking firearms joined the drug charges and fugitive warrants. A year later, he was sent back to prison for being a felon in possession of a firearm and heroin possession.





“MORGAN and other top La Eme members were part of a new generation of drug lords that didn’t answer to the Italian Mafia,” says Niko Vorobyov. “They made their own connects, getting heroin straight from the source. Before, the main smack track to the States ran through the Italians, who got it from French refineries and the Middle East. But as that route started drying up, it was time to look south of the border. Poppy’s been grown in the hills of Sinaloa in Mexico since the nineteenth century. And the connections that Morgan put together in prison allowed La Eme and their street affiliates to start moving Mexican black-tar heroin in the seventies.”

Morgan had ample heroin connections. He was known as a guy who could get weight. In time, a childhood friend hiding out in Mexico, Harry Gamboa Buckley, raised in the streets of Maravilla, introduced Morgan to Jesus “Chuy” Araujo, head of the Araujo drug cartel.

Shortly after Araujo became Morgan’s main supplier of heroin, Morgan let everyone in Southern California’s criminal underworld know that if they were in the dope business, they had to sell Mexican Mafia dope. Refuse to do so and you were hit. As in murdered.

“Morgan considered the gang’s financial condition the most important aspect, but other brothers didn’t share his opinion,” says Scott Burnstein. “With made members in every major southern city in California, Morgan knew that La Eme was sitting on a gold mine. Morgan envisioned La Eme being like the Italian Mafia.”

Morgan advocated for a situation where he and other Mexican Mafia leaders functioned as Carlo Gambino or Lucky Luciano types, calling the shots while the soldiers did the dirty work, and counting the money all the way to the bank.

In the late 1970s, gang hit man Mundo Mendoza, having embraced Christianity, became a government informant. Morgan had no idea that one of his trusted confidants was actively working against him, playing ball with law enforcement. Mendoza testified that Morgan was responsible for ordering multiple murders both inside prison and out on the street. He implicated Morgan in the murder of Robert Mrazek, a La Eme associate, who was shot to death in 1977. Prosecutors presented evidence that Mrazek’s wife Helen asked Joe Morgan to kill her



Morgan (top row, right) and other Mexican Mafia members at a funeral, San Francisco, 1976

husband. According to a 1993 *Los Angeles Times* article, the La Eme kingpin first asked Mendoza to do the hit (the paper called Mrazek a “suspected Seal Beach drug dealer”). Mendoza claimed Morgan supplied him with a photo of Mrazek, his house key, and a .45-caliber pistol stuffed in a brown paper bag.

Ultimately, the execution was handled by La Eme member Arthur Guzman, who, along with Morgan and Mrazek’s wife, were all sentenced to life in state prison.

The year was 1978. Joe Morgan would never see the streets again.



“I WAS housed on the same tier with Morgan at Folsom during the mid-1980s,” an individual known as Serious Steve tells *Penthouse*. “What immediately struck me was how the guards treated him with a civility and deference I had not encountered before in prison. Morgan had him some presence. He was a strongly built person a head taller than most of the other *carnales* and was cat-quick on the handball court. He was fluent in like four languages and could speak intelligently on most any subject. A charismatic, charming individual. And very intense, to say the least. When Joe Morgan spoke, everyone listened. I never heard anyone refer to him as Pegleg.”

Criminal turned writer/actor Edward Bunker also got to know Morgan at Folsom, though decades earlier, during Morgan’s first Folsom incarceration.

Bunker—who played “Mr. Blue” in Quentin Tarantino’s 1992 film *Reservoir Dogs*, and inspired the bank-robber character Nate, played by Jon Voight, in Michael Mann’s *Heat*—called Morgan the

“toughest by far” of all the men he met during his 18 years in prison.

In his 2001 memoir, *Education of a Felon*, Bunker writes:

“When I say ‘the toughest,’ I don’t necessarily mean he could beat up anyone in a fight. Joe only had one leg below the knee.... He was still pretty good with his fists, but his true toughness was inside his heart and brain. No matter what happened, Joe took it without a whimper and frequently managed to laugh.”



WHEN the movie *American Me* was released March of 1992, it elevated La Eme’s national profile, not unlike the way Francis Ford Coppola’s *The Godfather* brought the Italian Mafia to the pop-culture forefront in the early seventies.

People who might have thought of La Eme as merely a violent California prison gang, if they were familiar with the Latino brotherhood at all, now saw it as bona fide criminal syndicate with reach and power.

However, members of this secretive organization, including Joe Morgan, were not at all happy with the movie’s fictionalized chronicle of their gang’s birth and ascent.

And this anger had director and star Edward James Olmos, who played Santana, a shot caller inspired by the iconic La Eme cofounder Rodolfo “Cheyenne” Cadena, fearing for his life, talking to the FBI, and seeking a permit to carry a concealed weapon.

“I want to show there’s a cancer in this subculture of gangs,” Olmos told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1991, addressing his reasons for making *American Me*. Hoping to demythologize the La Eme world so



as to discourage disaffected young Mexican-American men from joining the gang, Olmos created a harsh portrait of gang existence, with scenes of abuse and extreme violence. But what got Morgan and his crew mad were other aspects of the movie. In *American Me*, the Santana character is raped by another youth in a juvenile facility, and later Santana is shown being impotent with a woman.

Moreover, older and wiser Santana is eventually killed by his gang brothers



Morgan and his wife, Jody

for having doubts about their bloody enterprise. But in real life, Cadena was murdered by members of the Nuestra Familia gang, La Eme's bitter enemies. In a gruesome hit that set off rounds of prison payback murder, "Cheyenne" Cadena was shanked multiple times and thrown off a tier at Chino State Prison, only to be shanked again when he landed.

To members of La Eme, Olmos's movie stained their honor.

And payback followed here, too. At least it sure looked like it did.

Within weeks of the movie's release, two of its consultants were murdered execution-style. Just 12 days after the premier, a 53-year-old La Eme member who'd spoken to Olmos during his research interviews was gunned down by a pair of gang hit men in the Ramona Gardens projects in Boyle Heights, a La Eme stronghold.

Then in May, 49-year-old gang-intervention counselor Ana Lizaragga, a paid technical adviser with a small part in the movie, was slain by a pair of ski-masked hit men in her Boyle Heights driveway, shot in front of her boyfriend as they packed up their van for a trip. One of the assassins, a La Eme prospect, had just been paroled from Folsom.

In August of the following year, another unpaid consultant to the film was slain in his car. A member of a local La Eme affiliate gang was sent to prison for that hit.

Law enforcement pointed out that all three victims had displeased La Eme for reasons other than cooperating with the movie, and so were careful about calling the executions "payback." Lizaragga, for example, who'd lost her own husband and two nephews in gang shootings, was suspected of being a snitch. But the timing of those first two hits, especially, is hard to ignore. A Chino prison official told the *Los Angeles Times* that the killings were meant as a message for Olmos. He also received veiled threats from gangmembers.

"When they made *American Me*," says Richard Valdemar, "they actually approached Joe Morgan and supposedly got unofficial permission to make the movie as long as he hired Mexican Mafia advisors. And Olmos did in fact do that. But that meant he put himself under the rules of the Mexican Mafia."

A month after the movie opened, Morgan filed a lawsuit seeking \$500K in punitive damages from Olmos, Universal Studios, and others connected to the film. Morgan contended that filmmakers didn't have permission to use his story and likeness in creating the J.D. character, an Anglo gangmember from East L.A., fluent in Spanish, with a shaved head and prosthetic leg. The case was eventually dismissed. But ever since the ordeal faced by Olmos (who made the cover of *Time* in

1988 for his *Stand and Deliver* stardom), Hollywood has been understandably leery about new Mexican Mafia projects.



JOE Morgan died of liver cancer in November 1993, in a hospital ward at Corcoran State Prison, where he'd been transferred from Pelican Bay State Prison, having spent his final months and years confined in an 8-by-10 cell 22-and-a-half hours every day.

He was 64, and left behind a wife, Jody, and two children.


In his 2012 memoir *Mexican Mafia: The Gang of Gangs*, Ramon Mendoza describes Morgan as the "coldest, most calculating, and brutal son of a bitch you could ever encounter." But he was also, Mendoza adds, the "funniest, most compassionate, and witty person one could ever hope to know."

This complicated, one-of-a-kind prison gangster, who went hard and was instrumental in turning the Mexican Mafia into a dominant American gang, carries a legendary charge in the annals of organized crime. Part of Morgan's legacy is still very much alive—La Eme continues to control the great majority of Latino gangs in Southern California, and has affiliate tentacles all over the country. A vast network of Sureños—Mexican Mafia foot soldiers—remain ready to do the bidding of their prison shot callers.

As for the movie Morgan helped inspire, retired gang investigator Richard Valdemar remembers something else that happened during the tense weeks after its release.

Concerned about the murders of Olmos's East L.A. gang consultants, William Forsythe, who played J.D., called up Valdemar and said, "Hey, am I in trouble?"

Valdemar replied, "No, they love you. They think you've played him to perfection, so you're not in trouble." Valdemar himself thinks Forsythe did an excellent job.

"In fact," Valdemar says, "the scene where he's walking into court with the leather jacket on, if I didn't know that was the actor, I would have thought that was Joe Morgan." 

*Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's author of the crime series Street Legends, the comic series Crime Comix, and writer/producer of "White Boy" on Starz.*





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A SOCIAL ARTIST

# SLIME SUNDAY

*Revered Instagram artist Slime Sunday makes mind-blowing magic out of women, dusty magazines, and nature.*







SIX YEARS AGO, Massachusetts-based artist Mike Parisella was working toward a degree in psychology, convinced his education would lead to a good job and a secure life. But he was miserable. The urge to make art boiled on the back burner in his brain, and he soon decided he needed a place to put everything he was making in his spare time. Protected by anonymity, he opened an Instagram account he dubbed @SlimeSunday and started posting.


It was a slow grow, but once it took off, things went viral, and Slime Sunday quickly became revered for his psychedelic digital art featuring warped women with faces that spiral into delectable shapes and colors. His digital work was punchy, warm, and filled with dreamlike patterns akin to an acid trip.

These days, however, Parisella has turned over a new stone: he's gone analog. He hunts for vintage magazines at every bookstore and record shop in town, then sits down to literally cut and paste flowers, naked women, rockets, and fire; he then

rearranges the spliced images into his own freaky, gorgeous collages that his 455K followers can't get enough of.

"[My work] is a play on contrasting ideas," the 28-year-old Parisella tells *Penthouse*. "Beautiful and grotesque are innate opposites, but when you combine them into one composition, the image somehow works. I get a lot of comments saying, 'This is gross, but I like it.' That statement itself shouldn't make sense, but oddly it does."

As frustrating as social media can be, Parisella recognizes that he has Instagram to thank for his success.

"The fact that a vast majority of people from the entire planet are all connected through one application makes it extremely easy for artists to get their ideas out quickly and effectively," says Parisella. "Instead of a visual artist going to a curator, or a musician struggling to get a record producer to play their shit, they can just open it up to the internet and there will most definitely be someone or an entire group of people out there who will like it." 

























JANUARY PET OF THE MONTH

# Bunny Colby



**O**UR January Pet of the Month, Bunny Colby, is the kind of woman you'd want to spend some serious "Netflix and chill" time with. And as long as French fries are involved, she's down. As witty as she is sweet, this Texas-based beauty went all Johnny Paycheck on the world when she said "Take this job and shove it" to her nine-to-five in favor of joining the adult industry. We're so glad she did.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
**RYAN CALDERON**













***On why she entered the adult industry...***  
“I was bored of working for the government!”

***On her favorite singer...***  
“Dolly Parton is the best. She’s an amazing, talented woman with a heart of gold. I absolutely love her.”

***On her workout schedule...***  
“I don’t hit the gym. I work out by having sex or cleaning my house.”

***On her pet peeves...***  
“I can’t stand it when people are late. Even worse? Bad spelling.”

***On how she knows she’s dating someone special...***  
“You get that instant connection and sparkle. You can just tell!”

***On her most productive sexual experience...***  
“I once saved the planet by pegging a man. True story.”

***On her ideal date night...***  
“Going out for French fries, then watching a bunch of documentaries. I’m also always down to travel. I’m a woman of many fantasies.”

***On what gets her into trouble...***  
“When people mistake my kindness for weakness.”

































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JANUARY 2020 PET OF THE MONTH



*Bunny  
Colby*







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FEBRUARY 2020 PET OF THE MONTH 

*Gabbie  
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FEBRUARY PET OF THE MONTH

# Gabbie Carter



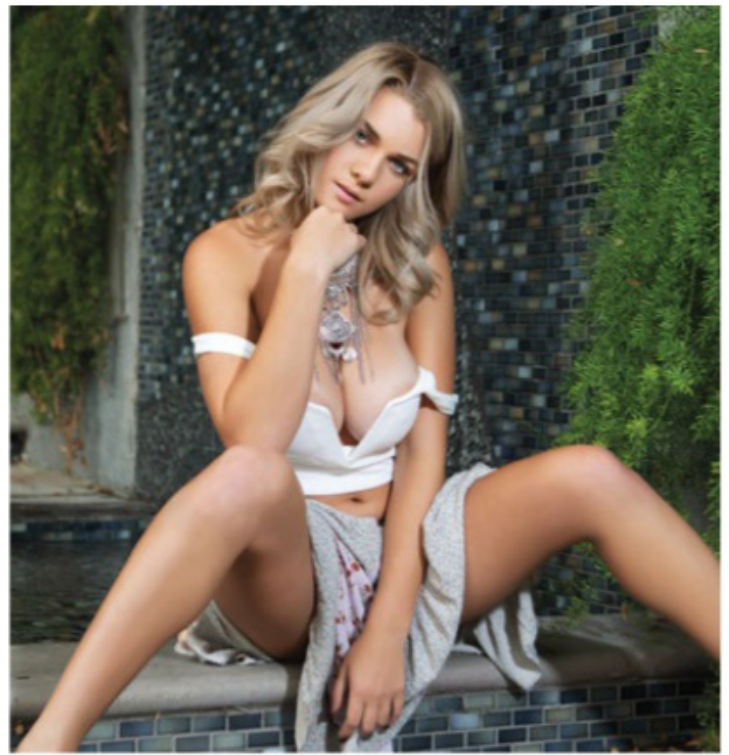
**O**UR February Pet of the Month Gabbie Carter brings striking beauty, bombshell sexiness, and a knack for business creativity to the table. This sassy Texan got her foot in the adult-industry door when she sold her panties on Reddit for extra cash. Now, she's in high demand, working as much as possible, and loving every minute of it.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
**RYAN CALDERON**









***On her dream job...***

"I've always wanted to learn to be a woodworker, because it's artistic, detail-oriented, and beautiful. In my spare time, I love to draw and make collages."

***On her idol...***

"I love Björk. She is so unique. I've looked up to her and admired her my entire life."

***On her fantasy life...***

"I'm leading a double life as an innocent girl by day and a sexy, badass assassin by night. That, or else I'd want to live painter Bob Ross's life."

***On her most memorable sexual experience...***

"My boyfriend and I took acid and had sex. After he came, he threw up and asked me if this was the meaning of life."

***On her ideal date...***

"Grabbing coffee, then having a long, deep conversation while exploring an art museum together. I have more fun when there isn't a huge expectation, so being spontaneous and finding something out of the ordinary to do is really cool."

***On her best qualities...***

"I'm very goal-oriented and I appreciate outer beauty, but I think my inner beauty is what's most important."

***On her ideal sexual mate...***

"He has to be intelligent and have a big dick. As for what I look for in a woman, she just needs to know her way around a Hitachi wand."

***On what gets her in trouble...***

"Just my blunt honesty and inability to put up with other people's bullshit."



































# A VAPE TECHNOLOGY TIMELINE

BY ZACH SOKOL

**D**ark clouds of vapor have spread across the American zeitgeist. While e-cigarettes and cannabis vaporizers are by no means new, they've become omnipresent nationwide in the past five years.

Well over 40 million adults in the United States use tobacco products, and seven million use some sort of e-cigarette. In 2018, the American e-cigarette market grew to an estimated \$5.5 billion, a 25 percent increase from the previous year. You can thank Juul for that, with their product nabbing approximately 60 percent of the e-cigarette market.

In the cannabis space, vapes have also experienced a surge of popularity. In 2018, for the first time ever, California sold more cannabis concentrates (typically in the form of THC oil found in vape pens) than traditional flower (aka bud, aka dank-ass nugs), marking vape cartridges as the fastest-growing product category in the legal weed landscape.

Right now, though, both tobacco and cannabis vapes are experiencing fallout as dramatic as their exponential rise. On top of flavored e-juice getting banned in cities like San Francisco, with officials hoping to curb its appeal to underage kids, a mysterious lung illness has rocked the country. It is believed to be caused by unlicensed and untested vape products contaminated with pesticides or heavy metals, though it's unconfirmed if what's been called an "epidemic" is a result of nicotine vapes, THC vapes, or both.

As of late October, 2019, there had been over 1,600 reported cases and at least 34 deaths associated with what's being called "vaping-associated pulmonary injury" clusters (or VAPI). The FDA and Centers for Disease Control have issued formal statements warning consumers to stop vaping anything until they investigate further.

In response to the health crisis, many states and cities, including Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and the city of Los Angeles, have banned certain vape products for

varying periods of time. Oregon declared a six-month emergency ban on all flavored vape products, both nicotine and cannabis. Even the White House has chimed in, with President Trump toying with a nationwide ban on all flavored vape products.

Interestingly, the evidence suggests that despite the current vape crisis, vaping as a delivery method for cannabis is safer than other forms of consumption. There is peer-reviewed research, as well as a 2004 clinical study, which supports the claim that "harmful toxins in marijuana smoke can be effectively avoided by a vaporization device."

So even if people are getting sick from what's inside vape cartridges, it's unlikely that the process of vaping is itself to blame.

What's clear is that vapes are both popular and problematic. But how did we get here exactly? Why did America suddenly start running on plumes? Along with recent strides in cannabis reform, much of the vaping surge has to do with the technology itself.

And this technology did not spring up in a vacuum—there's a sizable history of early prototypes and experimental efforts. E-cigarettes and vaporizers have been around longer than people might realize, with a rudimentary form of the latter dating back 2,500 years.

Last century, the first patent for a proto-vape was filed in 1926, though the archaic device was never commercialized. Similar patents were filed for other e-cigarettes and nicotine vaporizers in several subsequent decades. Then, in the early 2000s, several major inventions led to both e-cigarettes and cannabis vapes proliferating on an international scale. While the technology continues to evolve, it remains to be seen if the lung illness will curb the world's vapemania, or if tokers and smokers alike will continue to puff, puff, pass.

*Zach Sokol is a writer and editor living in Brooklyn. His writing has appeared in VICE, The Paris Review, Playboy, and Art in America, among other publications.*

## FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: SCYTHIAN VAPOR BATHS

Maybe it should come as no surprise that Herodotus, the so-called "Father of History," is associated with the first documented use of cannabis vaporization. Thanks to the nomadic Scythians he observed in Ancient Egypt, the Greek historian was introduced to a primitive form of smoking involving vapor baths.

The partakers, Herodotus wrote, would throw hemp seeds on red-hot stones in the bath, where they immediately vaporized. The technique, Herodotus claimed, "gives out such a vapor as no Grecian vapor-bath can exceed; the Scythes, delighted, shout for joy."

Though this was more of a spa-style hotbox than a formal vaporizer, today's vapes use the same process of heating plant matter without combusting it.



500BC

1500

## 16TH CENTURY: HOOKAH

Though devices approximating hookahs have been discovered in excavation sites dating back to ninth-century Persia, usage of this proto-vape wasn't documented until the late 1500s. An Indian doctor who served the Mughal King Akbar is credited with inventing the hookah, before it spread to the Middle East, Northern Africa, and Turkey, where it became a status symbol among the Ottoman Empire elite.

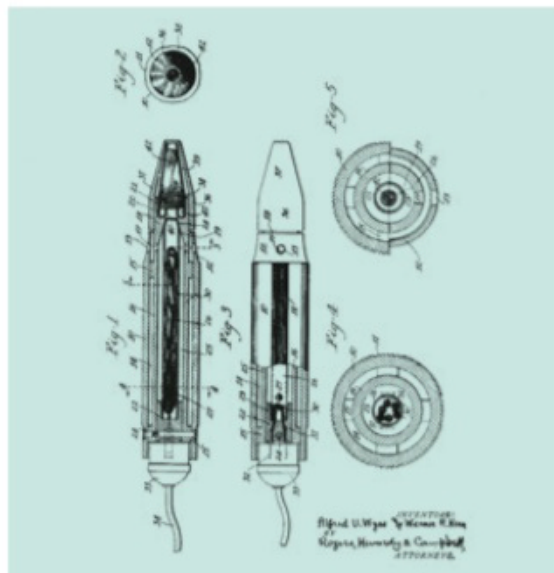
The device typically involves a water base, bowl, windscreen, and hoses. Tobacco, opium, or cannabis is slowly burned in the bowl, and the vapor is passed through the water base before it's inhaled. The hookah is most famous for its appearance in Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), where the titular character encounters a blue caterpillar puffing on one while sitting atop a mushroom.





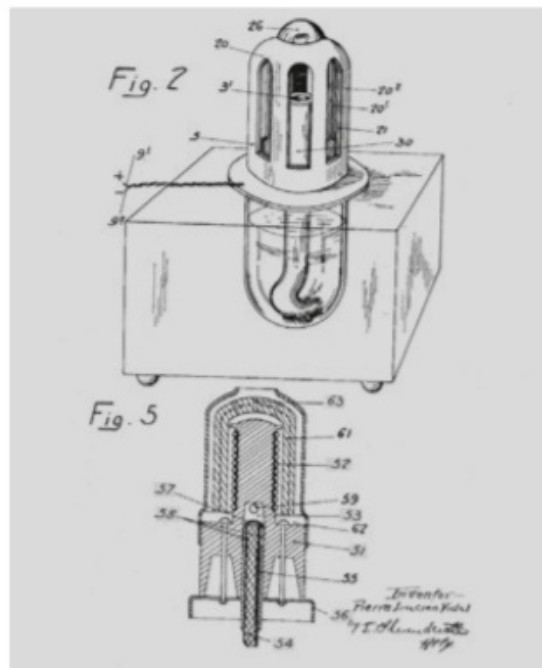
## 1926: MEDICATING APPARATUS BY R. W. CRAMER & COMPANY INC.

In the fall of 1926, an industrial research laboratory filed a patent for a “medicating apparatus” intended for the “preparation of respiratory gases or vapours by influencing the temperature.” It was approved by the U.S. Patent Office in 1930. Developed by two R. W. Cramer & Company employees, the device was touted for its portability and treatment adaptability. Though it was never intended for tobacco or cannabis, its technology was similar to future vaporizer devices.



## 1933: “SYSTEM FOR VAPORIZING OF SMOKE, EVIL ODORS, AND THE LIKE”

In 1933, Vidal Pierre Lucien filed a patent for another vaporizer-like device. Titled “System for Vaporizing of Smoke, Evil Odors, and the Like,” the tool was built to eradicate odors and absorb tobacco smoke. It worked by using an electric resistance to catalyze partial oxidation of alcohol vapors, and was not intended to help consumers inhale anything.



## 1972: JAMAICAN STEAM CHALICE

Though its origins might be earlier, the Jamaican “steam chalice” first appeared at a 1972 ceremony in Montego Bay, held by the Rastafarian Nyahbinghi, the oldest Rastafarian subgroup. This smoking device is made from ceramic parts, bamboo, and calabash or coconut pieces—it looks like a rudimentary bong. To use a steam chalice, you put whole cannabis buds inside a ceramic base, then place charcoal on top the ceramic piece. After lighting the charcoal, you pull through the bamboo mouthpiece and inhale the vapor.

“It’s all natural and tastes nice; it is very therapeutic,” says Robert “Ras Kahleb” Gordon, creator of the award-winning Ital Vapor Steam Chalice.



1920

1930

1940

1950

1960

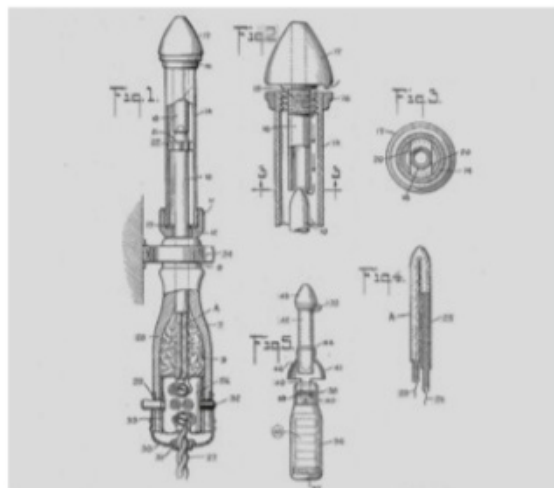
1970

1980

## 1927: BUTANE IGNITION VAPORIZER

The first electronic cigarette vaporizer was created by Joseph Robinson, though the device he called a “mechanical butane ignition vaporizer” was intended for holding medical compounds, like the R. W. Cramer invention. His patent application states that the tech uses an electric heating coil to produce vapors for inhalation, much like modern-day vaporizers.

“The general object is to provide a device of this character for individual use which may be freely handled without any possibility of being burned, and which is sanitary and very effective,” he wrote. Though so simple “anyone can use it,” the invention was never brought to market and it’s unclear if Robinson ever manufactured a functional prototype.

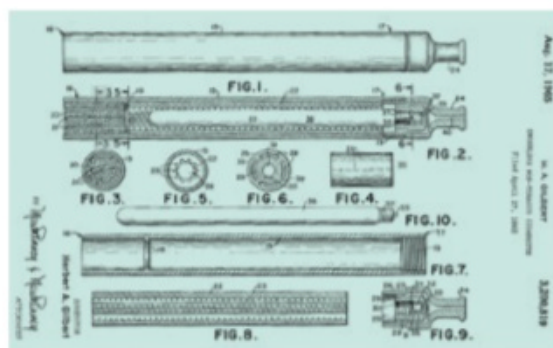


## 1963: SMOKELESS NON-TOBACCO CIGARETTE

In 1963, a Korean War veteran named Herbert Gilbert created what’s considered the blueprint for the modern e-cigarette. The invention, titled “Smokeless Non-Tobacco Cigarette” in his patent application, was intended to replace “burning tobacco and paper with heated, moist, flavored air; or by inhaling warm medication into the lungs in case of a respiratory ailment.”

Containing no nicotine, the device essentially produced flavored steam. But it sought to resemble a cigarette, including the ability to draw in air through a “porous substance of a cartridge, which has been moistened with a chemically harmless flavoring preparation.”

Receiving a patent in 1965, the device was later called an Emperor E-Cigarette, but Gilbert failed to commercialize the product, it fell into obscurity, and the patent expired.



## 1979: THE FAVOR

In 1979, a Texas doctor, Norman Jacobson, partnered with Phil Ray, who worked on the Apollo space program, to create a non-combustible cigarette with a hollow polymer tube that could not be lit. At one end was a nicotine-laced plug, which vaporized nicotine when a user inhaled through the other end.

Called the Favor when Advanced Tobacco Products Inc. started manufacturing the devices in the eighties (tagline: “Do Yourself a Favor”), the product looked like a cigarette, but there was no combustion or smoke. Each Favor contained about half the nicotine of a cig. “You get tobacco pleasure and satisfaction, but what you don’t get is smoke...and neither do the people around you,” said Dr. Jacobson in a commercial.

The Favor hit roadblocks, but it marked a major milestone in the history of vaping.





## 1980S: TILT

A vaporizer called Tilt was commercialized in the early eighties. Unpublished lab studies by MIT researchers found it produced 79 percent less tar than a regular pipe. The device had a wire screen placed 5mm above a modular 80-watt radiant heater, and these components were contained in a plastic chamber with an “exit port” near the top. While lab tests used cannabis (possibly the first instance of such THC experimentation), the Tilt was taken off the market in the early nineties due to anti-paraphernalia laws getting passed.



1980

## 1993: “SHAKE 'N VAPE”

After seeing a California cannabis grower use a heat gun to vaporize weed, a man calling himself Eagle Bill Amato developed “Eagle Bill’s peace pipe of the future”—later branded the “Shake 'N Vape”—which was a hand-held vaporizer that resembled a meth pipe.

It functioned using indirect but consistent heat to vaporize mixtures of aromatic plant matter. Users packed their weed into the glass bulb and heated the bottom with a lighter. To prevent the flower from combusting, you had to shake the piece (hence its name).

The Shake 'N Vape made its public debut in 1994 at the Seventh Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam, introducing vaping to many in the cannabis community for the first time.

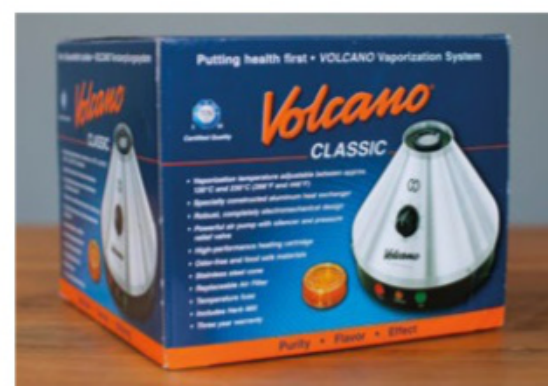


1990

## 1996: THE VOLCANO VAPORIZER

In 1996, a graphic designer named Markus Storz came up with the idea for the Volcano, a tabletop vaporizer that implemented “forced air” to heat plant matter evenly and efficiently. After partnering with fellow German Jürgen Bickel, the two patented a detachable balloon component—effectively separating the acts of vaporization and inhalation, so users (particularly medical patients) would not be affected by the heat.

While the original Volcano cost around \$800, the inventors lowered the price after adding new elements and debuting new editions. Eventually, the company’s manufacturing process and products became certified as the first medical-use vaporizers. Today, you can buy the “Volcano Classic” for just under \$500.



2000

## 1989: DIY VAPE AND DAB RIG TUTORIAL

In 1989, an anonymous weed aficionado who called himself Dr. Lunglife published a *High Times* article called “An Alternative to Smoking Marijuana.” It suggested that tokers could decrease lung damage “by inhaling the essential oil of cannabis after vaporizing it.”

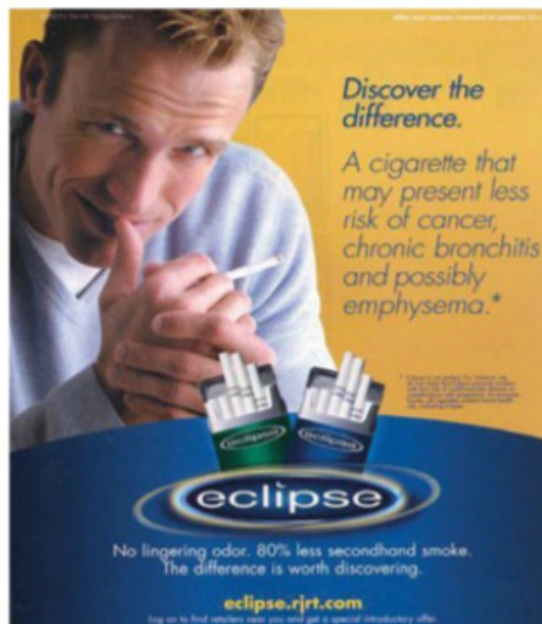
Dr. Lunglife explained how you could make a DIY vaporizer, as well as a primitive version of a dab rig, using \$25 worth of equipment sold at any hardware store.

At the time, dabbing was a novel cannabis consumption method, and the technique Dr. Lunglife outlines for extracting THC oil (aka “concentrate”) from cannabis flower was decades ahead of its time.

Dr. Lunglife guided readers through the making of three different vapes. One resembled a more advanced version of using “hot knives” to inhale vapor. The second was closer to today’s vaporizers, with a high-intensity light, a light dimmer, and a tube. A third he called a “compact ‘high tech’ vaporizer,” which functioned like both a dab rig and vape pen. Dr. Lunglife was able to derive six ounces of THC oil from seven pounds of flower, the article stated. The cannabis concentrate he collected supposedly lasted him seven years, despite daily use.

## MID-1990S: “HEAT-NOT-BURN” DEVICES

The end of last century saw the release of several “heat-not-burn” devices. The products worked like a hybrid between nicotine inhalers and combustible cigarettes. The BC Vaporizer, developed in 1994, utilized a conduction-style heating method. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco created the “Eclipse” around the same time. Philip Morris released the “Accord” in 1997. None of these products became commercial successes.



## 2003: HON LIK’S RUYAN

Chinese pharmacist Hon Lik had an epiphany: After accidentally falling asleep while wearing a nicotine patch, he realized it was an ineffective tool to quit smoking. He decided a device mimicking cigarettes would work better for longtime smokers.

In 2003, he conceived of using “piezoelectric ultrasound” to vaporize nicotine contained within a device that looked like a tailor-made cigarette. The tech was bulky, and Lik eventually made a smaller model that used a heating element and looked like a pen.

In 2004, the e-cigarette was commercialized by Golden Dragon Holdings, a company Hon Lik was part of, before they rebranded under the name Ruyan, meaning “like smoke.” In 2013, a subsidiary of Imperial Tobacco bought Lik’s patents for \$75 million.





## 2007/2008: NJOY AND BLU

In the mid-aughts, two pen-like nicotine vaporizers were created: NJOY and blu. They became the first electronic cigarettes to gain mainstream American success. NJOY, especially, was instrumental in the proliferation of vape use, thanks to the company winning a landmark lawsuit against the FDA in 2010. The U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that the FDA could not regulate e-cigs as drugs or medical devices, but rather under the Tobacco Control Act. This effectively created the legal framework for the entire vaping industry.



## 2013: G-PEN PARTNERS WITH SNOOP DOGG

Six-plus years ago, Grenco Science (better known as G-Pen) announced a creative partnership with Snoop Dogg, including the launch of three branded cannabis vaporizers called the “Double G” series. This was one of the first instances of a celebrity collaborating with a vape company, though many more would follow. “What’s fly about the vaporizer movement is that it’s clean and convenient,” Snoop said at the time.



## 2018: PUFFCO PEAK

In 2018, dab rig maker Puffco unveiled the Peak, an innovative product described as a “smart rig” or “e-rig.” Unlike other dab rigs, the Peak does not require a blow torch—it uses electricity to heat cannabis concentrates and turn them into inhalable vapor. The Peak’s compact size and future-forward design made it an immediate favorite among dabbers.



2010

2020

## 2007: PLOOM AND PAX

In 2007, two Stanford graduate students founded the vaporizer company Ploom, after getting sick of taking outdoor smoke breaks. The original Ploom device sold for \$75, and could be filled with single-serve “Ploom Pods.” The company would eventually unveil the Pax in 2012, which worked with both loose-leaf cannabis and tobacco, making it a “dry herb vape.”

Pax subsequently developed other models—including data-enabled ones that come with an accompanying app—and has since become one of the most popular cannabis vaporizers in the world (particularly the Pax Era, which uses proprietary THC pods, not the universal “510” cartridge found in almost every other cannabis vape).

In 2015, Ploom was renamed PAX Labs, Inc.



## 2015: JUUL MAKES ITS DEBUT

In 2015, PAX Labs Inc. unveiled the Juul at a launch party in New York City. The sexy, USB-like vape was compatible with proprietary, single-use e-juice pods containing nicotine salts.

Within a year, Juul sales had skyrocketed 700 percent. In 2017, Juul was spun off from PAX into a separate company called Juul Labs, Inc. In 2018, Altria Group (better known as Philip Morris) acquired a 35 percent stake in Juul for \$12.8 billion. By 2019, it was estimated that Juul has a stranglehold on 60 percent or more of the e-cigarette market. Parents and politicians regularly blame the successful company for getting teens hooked on nicotine, even protesting outside the company’s headquarters. San Francisco banned the sale of all Juul products, while other cities banned its flavored pods. Despite the blowback, the company says its sales continue to climb.



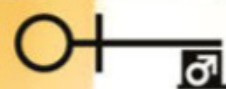
## 2019: PINCH’S VAPE THAT CAN CHARGE FROM ANYTHING

In early 2019, Pinch unveiled the first vaporizer that can charge from smartphones, laptops, or anything. Unlike other vaporizer batteries, Pinch requires no extra parts to charge, and comes with built-in USB, USB-C, and Lightning ports. The device is compatible with any 510 cartridge, and prevents on-the-go vapers from ever finding themselves “in a pinch” with a dead battery.





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LIFESTYLE



# BLUE BEAUTY

AUDI TT RS COUPE | YOUR FITNESS TRIBE | SNEAKER UPDATE



# AUDI TT RS COUPE

The newest iteration of Audi's coupe is both lavish and masculine.

WITHOUT getting overly romantic about it, for lovers of cars and car culture, the coupe is an underappreciated choice—especially a slick, powerful model like the 2020 Audi TT RS. While it's never been short on grunt, the newest iteration of the TT from our favorite four-ringed marque is as lavish as it is masculine.

At the heart of the TT RS is the turbocharged five-cylinder engine pushing out a healthy 394 horsepower and 354 pound-feet of torque. The stopping power on

this model is next-level, boasting eight-piston monobloc brake calipers and 370mm ventilated rotors, which is enough to impress the hottest speedster.

With Audi's signature seven-speed S tronic dual-clutch transmission, this powerful ride blasts out from zero to 60mph in 3.6 seconds. The aggressive exterior includes OLED taillights, a new front bumper design, side sills, and a modified rear wing, giving the TT RS coupe a sport-inspired luxury that retains serious

muscle.

The TT RS interior provides the driver with a truly elevated experience. The Audi virtual cockpit is set in a 12.3-inch instrument display, providing customized navigation, audio and phone, Google Earth imagery, and more. Sport-specific features such as G-meter, direct TPMS, power gauges, boost gauge, and lap timer make the TT RS Coupe a shot above the rest.

The best part? The car starts at around \$68K. Not bad at all.









## YOUR FITNESS TRIBE

## THE GYM JUNKIE

What's the point of going to the gym if you're not going to look good while doing it? Whether you're a weights man, a cardio junkie, or a circuit enthusiast, this selection will see you through the year in style.



1. FITBIT CHARGE 3, \$150 AT [FITBIT.COM](https://www.fitbit.com) / 2. RASH-GUARD SHIRT, \$88 AT [LULULEMON.COM](https://www.lululemon.com) / 3. FLEX STRIDE SHORTS, \$66 AT [NIKE.COM](https://www.nike.com)  
4. SENSE MAX 2 RUNNING SHOES, \$150 AT [SALOMON.COM](https://www.salomon.com) / 5. CLASSIC CANTEEN, \$28 AT [CORKCICLE.COM](https://www.corkcicle.com)



## THE YOGI

The path to enlightenment is great, but sturdy, throw-it-around yoga mats that aren't too short, too pink, or too...*girly*? That's something guaranteed to help you reach nirvana.



1. LEGGINGS BY P.E. NATION, \$150 AT MATCHESFASHION.COM / 2. REVERSIBLE MAT, \$78-\$88 AT LULULEMON.COM



## YOUR FITNESS TRIBE

## THE SLOPE MONKEY

Powder-covered Rocky Mountain slopes are a mere plane ride away, and with all the snowboard and ski paraphernalia on offer right now, you'll be booking a ticket sooner than you can say "wipeout."



1



2



3



6



4



5

1. ANON MFI HOOD BALACLAVA, \$75 AT BACKCOUNTRY.COM / 2. FLIGHT DECK SNOW GOGGLES, \$200 AT OAKLEY.COM  
3. GORE-TEX JACKET, \$600 AT BURTON.COM / 4. RACE SKI SWEATER, \$275 AT GORSUCH.COM  
5. GORE-TEX CYCLIC PANTS, \$350 AT BURTON.COM / 6. CUSTOM X CAMBER SNOWBOARD, \$750 AT BURTON.COM



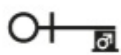
# SNEAKER UPDATE

With fashion houses now joining the ever-growing field of sport-oriented footwear, we thought it was time to look at how some of the bigger brands rank against the classic sport brands with our fancy Price vs. Function graph. You're welcome.



1. BALENCIAGA, \$955 AT NEIMAN MARCUS / 2. GUCCI, \$650 / 3. PRADA, \$750 / 4. OFF-WHITE, \$704 AT FARFETCH  
5. GOLDEN GOOSE, \$550 / 6. YSL, \$550 / 7. LACOSTE, \$95 AT MACY'S / 8. ADIDAS YUNG-1, \$95





# Nora Grace

**R**omanian beauty Nora Grace has a dark, smoldering sexuality that turns our knees to butter and our brains to mush. We want to die and come back reincarnated as those bedsheets she's tangled up in.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
**MADALINA STANOMIR**





































*Find more of Nora at [nora-grace.flirt4free.com](http://nora-grace.flirt4free.com)*





# DRUG LANDS

In *Dopeworld*, an ex-dealer crisscrosses the globe chasing narco-stories.

INTERVIEW BY SETH FERRANTI





Mexican police stand near a skull discovered with other remains in what is thought to be a grave of drug-violence victims in Juarez, Mexico



**D**RIVEN to get a deeper understanding of the global narcotics scene, Niko Vorobyov hit 15 countries on five continents, talking to everyone from a Japanese yakuza hit man to cartel leaders in Mexico and Columbia. A former drug dealer himself, Vorobyov chronicles his journeys in an epic new book, *Dopeworld: Adventures in Drug Lands*.

It's immersive journalism at its best, giving readers a ride-along as the Russian-born, London-raised writer meets cocaine farmers, heroin cooks, crack-era kingpins, drug-war crusaders, Iranian opium smokers, Moroccan hash makers, and Brazilian gangsters. Vorobyov has an insider's grasp of the international drug game, and made use of contacts from his dealing days to gain entry to secretive, sometimes dangerous criminal worlds.

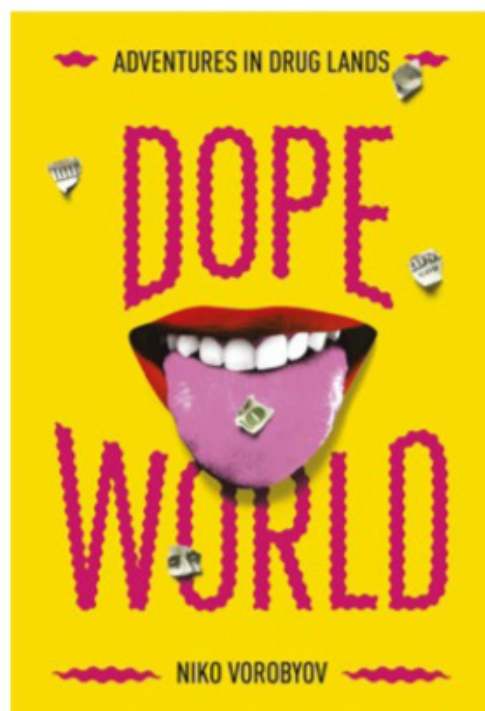
The book's sweep includes a history of humanity's relationship with psychoactive substances, and a look at issues like prohibition regimes, law-enforcement approaches, legalization, and the nexus between organized crime and drug distribution.

A drug user when he was young, Vorobyov began selling weed, coke, and MDMA in London, eventually moving kilos of drugs in an enterprise that included two assistants and a network of suppliers. At one point he got stabbed, and nearly bled to death. Busted in 2013, he was sent to jail and served two and a half years.

Prison fucked with his head. Vorobyov paced inside his cell, working out, down to the minute, how long he'd be locked up. Desperate for distraction, he binged at the prison library, which is where he discovered *Mr. Nice*, a memoir by drug smuggler Howard Marks, and Ioan Grillo's *El Narco*, which exposed the way drug gangs threaten the very stability of Mexico.

Inspired by these and other accounts of the drug underworld, Vorobyov, once he had his freedom back, started down the path that would, years later, result in *Dopeworld*.

*Penthouse* sat down with the witty, engaging author and asked him about his journeys, prison time, the drug war, legalization, and what it's like to hang with hit men.



#### What made you want to write this book?

I wanted to shine a light on a dark world that's all around us. To do that, I wrote something that mixes genres. It's a social-political-historical book, but it's also got a layer of gonzo reporting, like Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. I met El Chapo's family, smoked hash with the police in Iran, and took part in an ayahuasca ritual in the depths of the Peruvian Amazon. It's also kind of a fucked-up travel book, the sort of thing that, when it's on sale at airport stores, could scare the shit out of people flying to Mexico.

#### Why would someone with your drug-dealing background want legalization?

It depends on what you mean by legalize. Do I think heroin should be sold in supermarkets? No. I mean, obviously, I wasn't exactly thrilled about being locked away for dealing, but I've tried to educate myself about the drug problem and see other points of view. I've been to countries like the





Caption here



Cannabis legalization protests in Portugal



Philippines and Iran where they hang drug dealers or just shoot them on the spot. And guess what? There are still drugs in the Philippines and Iran, but the people who actually do have a drug problem are too scared to come forward and do anything about it because they're afraid of getting killed, arrested, or shunned.

I think prohibition, globally and historically, has failed, and we need to start looking at other options. Legalization of at least some drugs—like ecstasy or shrooms—should be on the table.

### How does the war on drugs vary, or not vary, around the world?

In every country there's a lot of bad science and propaganda about what drugs actually do. And it's always us against them—either minorities get targeted by the drug war, or the poor. Me and my team were out dining near a slum part of Manila one night and somebody got killed just outside our restaurant as we were eating. They drove up on a motorbike and popped two caps in a guy's head. That was the first time I'd seen someone's brains where they're not supposed to be. They have a president there, Rodrigo Duterte, who's a psycho and just wants to kill all addicts and dealers. Since 2016,

there's been something like 26,000 killed, either from police murders or vigilante death squads. That's basically a genocide. They say they're going after drug kingpins, but really it's just the poor getting fucked in the ass.

### There's a chapter about drugs in the Middle East. What did you learn?

I thought it would be interesting to see how these ultra-conservative, religious Middle Eastern societies deal with the problem of drugs. I'd heard a story about the Alaei brothers—two doctors in Iran—who were imprisoned for helping their addicted patients. I got in touch with one of them and found that in the nineties they set up a free clinic for drug users, sex workers, and HIV sufferers. Iran's the first stop on the smack track from Afghanistan and it is traditional to smoke opium there, so there was a lot of heroin about. But the government doesn't want to admit this happens. They want everyone to think their citizens are good, pious Muslims.

A clinic like the one the Alaei brothers opened meant not everyone was acting entirely in-line with scripture. In 2008, they were accused of "spying" and thrown into Tehran's notorious Evin prison. But even there they continued

their work, setting up health programs for prisoners, and even a weekly newspaper. Finally in 2010-2011, they were freed after an international outcry and now live in exile, teaching online classes to medical students in Syria.

### What are your thoughts on Portugal's decriminalization of drugs?

The police in Portugal don't care if you're carrying a gram in your pocket. It's an administrative offense, like a parking ticket, so if you're a kid smoking pot you won't get a record that follows you the rest of your life. Not only that, but the Portuguese government poured money into free treatment and harm reduction, like handing out clean needles and teaching people how to take drugs safely. And it's been extraordinarily effective. They're not locking people up in the millions and they have the lowest overdose rate in Europe.

I wonder how far that would get in the States before everyone freaked out about "handouts." I think what they've done in Portugal is great but they haven't gone far enough. There's still a hard core of addicts. Also, dealing—coke, weed, etc.—is still illegal. My good buddy Mario's a Lisbon club promoter but I haven't heard from him in a while—maybe cops got him.



### What have you concluded about America's opioid crisis?

You could argue that the crisis is an example of why we shouldn't legalize anything. You've got Big Pharma—supposedly trusted doctors and drug companies—giving people highly addictive drugs, all above-board. And it's caused a higher death toll than the Vietnam War did. The opioid crisis is complicated, but a lot of people I talked to were led to heroin by prescription drugs, and then either lost their prescription or couldn't afford it. They don't have that problem in Switzerland and other countries where you can go to a clinic and shoot up diamorphine for free. So it seems to me the problem is still black-market smack being taken illegally.

### What's the drug situation in Russia, where you were born?

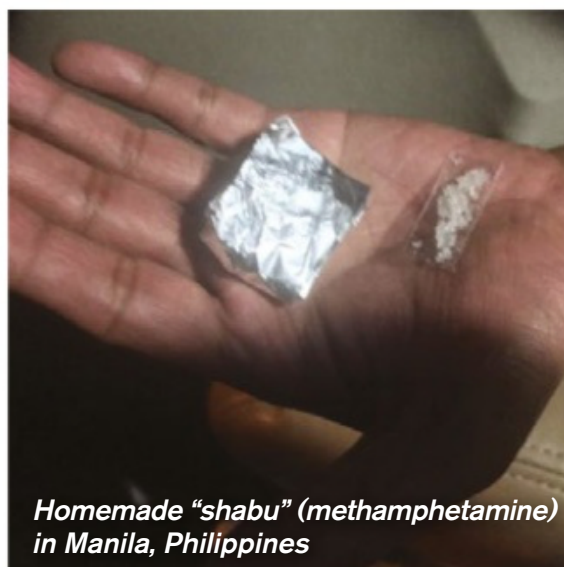
Heroin used to be the big thing. In the nineties, my friends used to hustle and steal every day just to score a bag of dope from the gypsy village. Now everything's gone online, on the dark web, but unlike in the West, it's tricky to get drugs delivered straight to your house. Instead, once you send the money, you'll get the GPS coordinates where to find the goods, along with some photos of where they are stashed. For instance, it'll be under such-and-such a tree, when you take the first left in the park. It's like a little quest or scavenger hunt.

### What's prison like in Britain?

My prison was called HMP Isis, so you could say I was in Isis before joining Isis became a thing. There's some people out there who say prison is like a holiday camp, but I think they've just been booking the wrong holidays. I've gotta say there is violence, there are drugs, there are gangs, but mostly it's just boring and depressing.

Every time you watch a movie or a TV show about prison they gotta make it more exciting than it actually is. I mean, I can't speak for women's prisons in America, but on shows like *Orange Is the New Black* they have way too much freedom—like they can walk around and go get finger-banged in the chapel whenever they wanted.

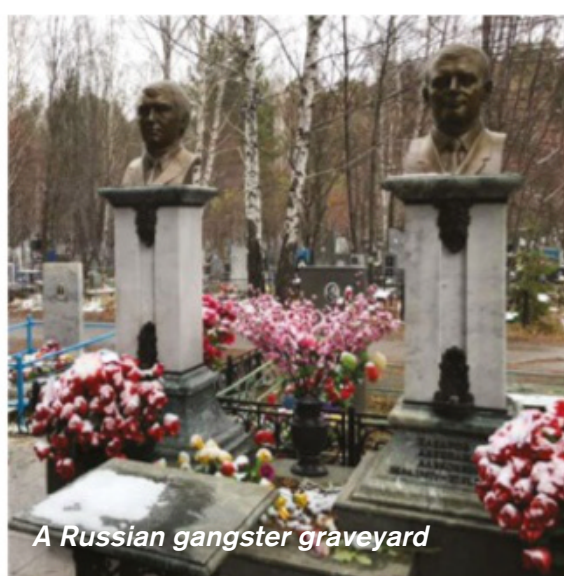
It's also a very stressful environment. There's a sense that this is it—you're fucked now. No one's coming to get you. When you and me get stressed, we can go outside, take a walk, talk with our friends. But when you're in prison, you're stuck alone in a tiny cell till they let you out, and you start going



*Homemade "shabu" (methamphetamine) in Manila, Philippines*



*Locally branded cocaine in Brazil*



*A Russian gangster graveyard*



*A member of the yakuza*

crazy. When I was inside, there were so many cutbacks they didn't have enough staff to run the show properly, so sometimes we'd be locked up 23.5 hours a day. Suicides were sky-high that year.

### How'd your encounter with a yakuza hit man go?

The yakuza are the Japanese mafia, and between cutting off fingers and full-body tattoos, they also handle the drug business. In Japan, that usually means crystal meth. It's hard for me to verify what he was saying and one thing I learned quickly in jail is people talk a lot of shit. But based on what I'd seen and read about the Japanese underworld over the years, there were enough details to make it sound plausible. He was a Spanish Filipino whose father abused him horribly, and he grew up with a lot of anger and was always getting in fights until finally he met some people who could exploit his anger.

Japan's a very safe country but the stories he was telling me were like an ultraviolent Takashi Miike movie. He told me about one time his crew went robbing a group of immigrant dealers. No one heard from them again, and he still has nightmares about chopping up bodies. In another life—if you added an unhealthy obsession with his mom—this guy might have been a serial killer, but it shows how organized crime takes those same instincts and unleashes them for a profit.

### When you began your journeys, were you already envisioning this book?

It started out as letters to the outside while I was in prison. People thought it was funny when I wrote to complain about having no rights and shit. For example, the prison admin wouldn't accept that I changed my religion to "Jedi." When I got out, I started doing a few articles and slowly got the idea to write a full-length book. So I started booking flights to faraway places and taking notes on what I saw. But I didn't really have any idea of what I was doing, not even a title, until I hooked up with the same agent as Howard Marks. That's when the mess of my thoughts started coming together into something people could actually read, and the rest is history.

### What did you learn about the American criminal justice system?

One of the kingpins I talked to was Freeway Ricky Ross. If you wanted some crack in the eighties in L.A., he was the man to call, and



he ended up getting a life sentence—one that was later reduced. But listening to him talk, the 'hood was already a fucked-up place when he was growing up. Who's more to blame—Ross seizing the best financial opportunity available to a teenager who couldn't read in South Central, or the system that produces thousands like him?

It's a vicious cycle. You've got successive generations of politicians, from the hard-right Reagan to the supposedly liberal Clinton, putting every other black man in prison—many for nonviolent crimes—and then we wonder why the inner city's so fucked up. And of course African-Americans have already been done dirty by slavery and Jim Crow, and the prison-industrial complex is just a continuation of that.

### Along with all your field reporting, did you do other kinds of research?

Ever since I was in prison I've been hitting the books hard—maybe too hard! I've probably read every major book on drugs or drug trafficking there is. The books that most inspired me are Johann Hari's *Chasing the Scream*, about the war on drugs all over the world, *El Narco*, a history of Mexican narco-trafficking, and *McMafia*, Misha Glenny's book about global criminal syndicates. I also had to sample a lot of wares—all in the name of science, of course.

### Talk about how the drug war in the U.S. evolved.

The driving force behind marijuana being banned in the 1930s had to do with one man: Harry Anslinger, the first commissioner of a federal narcotics bureau under Hoover and a few presidents afterward. This was just after Prohibition ended—the alcohol

prohibition—so Anslinger and his bunch of narcs had nothing left to do. So rather than sit around with their dicks in their hands waiting to get redundant, they went out and created new jobs through a lot of fearmongering. They basically said smoking weed would make you kill your whole family. And there was racism—you had a lot of black jazz musicians who were smoking “reefer,” and you also had Mexicans who were smoking “marijuana”—that's partly why in America they say marijuana instead of cannabis, because it sounds more Mexican.

Which also means, interestingly, there was a period in twenties America when smoking weed was legal, but you weren't allowed to get a beer. Harry was a racist and he'd treat white people with an addiction different to black people. He died in the seventies but his spirit lived on. We saw the pattern again in the eighties with the so-called crack epidemic—this picture of “crackheads” showing up to steal things every night, “crack mothers” and their babies, etc.

These were real problems but the way it got spun by the media and Ronald Reagan led to militarized police and mass incarceration on a scale never seen before. In no other developed country do police shoot so many unarmed civilians, and no other country in the world locks up so many of its own citizens. The cure was worse than the disease.


### What do you want people to come away with after reading your book?

Well, some people say quitting cigarettes is even harder than coming off heroin, yet we say using one of these is evil and scummy and the other's just a bad habit.

Why? Is it really because heroin makes you go out and steal things and get infected with AIDS, or is it just the way our society treats drug addicts? Why's it okay to go out, get drunk, and have a fight on Saturday night, but if you wanna stay home and smoke a joint, the guy you got it from has to go to prison?

We've been so programmed for decades. I want readers to think about whether there can be another way. But in writing *Dopeworld*, I didn't want to make it preachy, or all facts, facts, facts. I wanted it to be a little bit funny, a little shocking or out there. You don't always wanna read a PhD thesis, you wanna be entertained! So hopefully I've done that.

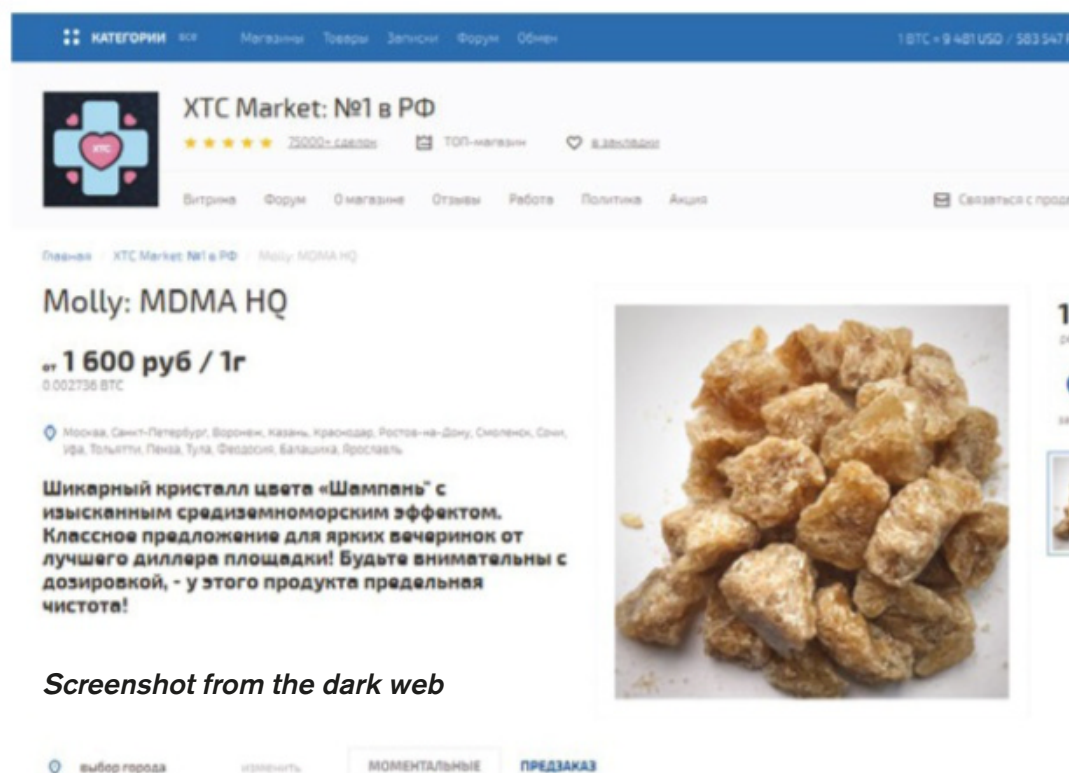
### What's next for you?

Move to an island in the Bahamas, get some strippers and beer, and party like it's 1969! No, what I'm hoping to do is to make *Dopeworld* a sort of franchise. So we've got a Dutch edition coming up with an exclusive chapter about the gangster world of Amsterdam—“Gangsterdam,” we're calling it. I'm hoping to sell the rights to more countries and write exclusive chapters for these places. For example: Hamas versus the opioid addiction problem on the Gaza Strip, for Arab-Hebrew editions. I've also got another idea for a book I've been working on called *How to Break Out of Jail*, with different prison-break stories from around the world. 

*Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's author of the crime series Street Legends, the comic series Crime Comix, and writer/producer of “White Boy” on Starz.*

PHOTOS COURTESY OF NIKO VOROBYOV

A statue of Malverde, the unofficial patron saint of drug traffickers



Screenshot from the dark web





*Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...*





# OFF-LIMITS

BY JENNY NORDBAK

**I** WAS lying in my bedroom masturbating with a toy for the first time, deliberately being loud. I could hear my roommate furiously tapping away on his keyboard as he tried to ignore me and pretend he was working.

Henry wanted me and I wanted him, but here we were in a standoff of sorts. Despite our mutual attraction, he'd turned me down when I made a move because he was my older brother's best friend, and that somehow meant I was off-limits.

I'd had no choice but to torture him in an effort to break him.

That humiliating night on the couch, I'd slowly inched closer until our bodies were touching. I ran my hand up his thigh and asked, "What's it going to take to get you to kiss me, Henry?"

He leaned in, pulling my head closer, but just as I thought I was finally going to discover what those full lips felt like, he pulled away and shook his head.

"We can't do this."

"Why not?"

"You're ten years younger than me, Stella. You were still playing with Barbies when I came to your house for prom pictures."

"I'm twenty-fucking-five. I don't see the problem."

"I told your brother you could crash here for a while, and it didn't even cross his mind that I would touch you. I'm not going to betray my best friend by fucking his baby sister."

"How is it a betrayal?" I scoffed. "Man logic makes no sense."

"It doesn't need to. We're not doing this."

I stormed off to my room and slammed the door, feeling utterly humiliated and sexually frustrated. If I was going to suffer because of his misguided honor, then he was going to suffer, too.

For weeks, I wore my shortest skirts without panties, giving him "accidental" glimpses of what he was missing when I was sitting on the couch. I walked around in a towel. I made every excuse to brush up against him. Each time I caught him checking me out, he narrowed his eyes like he knew what I was doing, then went about his business as though I wasn't ready to die from needing him to bend me over the counter and fuck me.

It was time to step up my game.

I shopped for a sex toy with my computer in plain sight at the dining room table. When I knew he could see what was on my screen, I hit the order button. I'd never actually used a sex toy before, but he didn't need to know that.

My box was delivered two days later, and I waited until he was home to open it, pulling out a smaller box containing a realistic-looking dildo, and then ignored him completely as I headed to my room. When I'd almost reached the door, he blurted, "What are you doing?"

I smirked at him over my shoulder. "Going to play with my new toy. A girl has needs. If you're not going to fuck me, I'll just have to fuck myself."

The door to Henry's room slammed and I could hear him hammering away on his keyboard through the wall, probably trying to distract himself with work.

Oh, we'd see about that.

Flopping down on the bed, I pulled my skirt up and slid a hand down to my bare pussy. I was already wet, but I swear I'd been wet and ready since I moved into this damn apartment with this infuriating man who was denying me.

I closed my eyes and circled my clit with my middle finger while I experimented with working the dildo into my pussy, slowly thrusting, but it was huge, so I only managed to get the head in. I gasped and moaned at the sensation of something spreading me open and starting to penetrate me.

Henry was still typing away furiously and that pissed me off, which was stopping me from coming, which pissed me off even more.

I kept going, trying to tune him out and focus on my pleasure.

The typing finally stopped and his door slammed. I held my breath, thinking maybe I'd finally gotten him to snap, but the bathroom door closed and the shower turned on. That rat bastard was going to get off in the shower instead of fucking me.

The shower stopped just as quickly as it had started, and a soaking wet, nearly naked Henry burst into my room. His eyes raked over me, and I was so turned on I felt no shame at him seeing me with my skirt hiked up around my waist and a dildo barely entering my pussy. He'd hastily draped a towel around his hips, but it wasn't doing much to hide his erection.

"You want this?" he practically growled.

I nodded silently, worried that if I spoke he might change his mind. I spread my thighs wider in invitation.

"Just this once," he said. He dropped the towel and reached the bed in two quick strides. When I started to pull the toy away, he covered my hand with his and held it in place.

**I WAS SO TURNED ON I FELT NO SHAME AT HIM SEEING ME WITH MY SKIRT HIKED UP AROUND MY WAIST AND A DILDO BARELY ENTERING MY PUSSY.**





"Go back to touching yourself," he said. "I've had to listen to it. I should at least get to see it."

I stroked my clit as instructed, his eyes watching hungrily as he started to push the dildo into me.

"It won't fit," I said sheepishly.

He glanced at his dick, which was quite a bit bigger than the toy, and said, "Oh, it'll fit."

He managed to push it in a little further, and then suddenly it was all the way in. He thrust deeply while I touched myself, and it felt incredible.

The noises I'd been making before were calculated and controlled. Now, the guttural sounds of pleasure coming out of my mouth were involuntary and made me feel wanton.

After what felt like only seconds, I cried, "I'm going to come!"

Before I could climax, he pulled the toy out, leaving me empty and deprived of the orgasm I'd been so close to.

"What the fuck?" I snapped, glaring at him.

"You've teased me for weeks, making me want to know what this pretty pussy feels like, what it tastes like. I'm not letting you get off that easily. When you come, I'm going to feel you squeezing around my cock."

I rolled over to the nightstand and grabbed a condom. "Then put this on and fuck me."


He did as he was told and flipped me over, pulling my hips up and plunging his huge cock into me with one hard thrust.

We both groaned and our hips started to slap together. He wasn't gentle or slow, but after a month of wanting him to fuck me, it was perfection.

He grabbed my hips, fingertips gripping my soft skin while he pounded into me deep and fast. I slid my hand back down to my clit, panting and moaning incoherently. I'd spent so much time wanting this, and having him deep inside me was better than I'd ever imagined.

I came hard, pleasure rolling through me violently, but he held me in place, taking his own pleasure as my cunt clenched around his cock.

We collapsed to the bed, laughing and kissing.

He muttered, "Okay, we're definitely doing that again." 

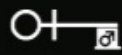
*Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of "The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon."*





PHOTO: WALLENROCK / SHUTTERSTOCK





# Vegas Investigation

**S**OME years back, when I was a newlywed, I grew interested in the connection between the mind and desire. I'd just tied the knot with my wife, Heather. Our relationship was something of a scandal in our snooty urban social circle. I'd left my first wife—a woman in so-called high society—in order to marry her. Our relationship was the talk of the town, mainly because Heather was 15 years younger than my ex. No one knew that my reason for divorce was a sexless, loveless marriage, and I didn't feel the need to fill them in.

But in return, I dealt with the sideways glances and whispered words. I didn't mind. I was married to a beautiful woman who wanted to make love to me, and that was all that mattered.

When it came to desiring Heather, I had no shame—and to this day, even as she turns 45, she remains the sexiest woman I've ever known.

Heather has a flawless complexion and ice-blue eyes, and her nipples and both sets of lips are the same confectionary pink that practically invite you to take a taste. She also has a lavish crown of burnt sienna hair with just enough red in the mix to make her look like a walking ember. She's always worn it shoulder-length with Brigitte Bardot bangs that set off her eyes to perfection. And thanks to a dance background, she's always kept a great figure, too.

As for me, aside from my hair getting a little gray, I am pretty much the same today as I was back then—in that I can't keep my hands off her!

In fact, Heather and I have always been so very physical with each other that when we first got together, I worried we would have to move away to escape the gossip mill. However, Heather didn't address the busybodies and instead responded by holding my hand, pulling me closer, and leaning in to every public kiss.

We eloped shortly after my divorce, and with my passionate younger wife at my side, I began compiling research for my first book on sexual fantasies. Heather definitely had opinions on this subject, and I was eager to explore every one of them.

One night I wandered into the bathroom to chat with her while she was soaking in the tub, something I did often. I had a proposal for her.

I was uncharacteristically hesitant to speak at first. In fact, I'd been rather quiet for hours, and I know my perceptive wife noticed.

"Are you going to tell me what you've been brooding about all day?" Heather asked as she reached out to give my shoulder a wet squeeze. "You don't usually keep me in suspense."

I turned and kissed her hand. "Sorry about that. I just wanted to make sure I was certain about this before I even brought it up."

"This sounds intriguing." Heather sat up, and it was hard for me (pun intended) to stay

focused on the conversation as I watched droplets of water roll off her breasts.

"You know how people sometimes use anonymous surveys for research?"

Heather nodded.

"Well, I'm thinking I might want to take a more personalized approach to my topic."

"What do you mean?"

I took a deep breath. "I was hoping you might be a first-person investigator and do some fieldwork."

Heather smirked. "Sexual fieldwork? Are you getting sick of me?"

"God no. But hear me out. I want to examine what makes a person act out a fantasy—and explore why some fantasies only stay in the mind."

"So are you saying you want to hear more about some of the crazy things I've done?" Heather winked at me and pulled her hand away to slowly caress her breasts before reaching under the bubbles—right between her thighs.

"That's part of it."

Heather smiled and arched her back as the rhythmic movements of her arm hinted at her erotic actions below the water.

"Oh, fuck. I love it when you touch yourself."

Forget science—my erection was straining against my boxers.

"Focus," Heather admonished, licking her lips. "Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to act out a fantasy that you've never done in real life."

"Oooh," Heather moaned. "That sounds fun."

I tried to snap back to work mode, but no dice. Watching my stunning wife writhe as she got herself off short-circuited everything in my brain.

"Are your fingers in your pussy?" I leaned in and kissed her neck.

Heather moaned and nodded as she said, "Just one."

"That's not enough. Stuff that little hole. Open it wide, and get it ready for me."

My wife flashed me a wicked grin and pushed away the bubbles with her free hand to give me a better view of the action.

"Better?" she asked breathlessly.

I saw she now had three fingers pumping away at her pussy. She always kept her cunt lips shaved smooth. But the little reddish brown triangle on her mound was like a miniature kelp forest patrolling



the beautiful pink reef below. I exhaled and pulled her close for a kiss.

A few moments later, I scooped her out of the tub and carried my wet wife to our bed. We made love for the remainder of the night. But in the morning, while we were sitting down with coffee, I brought up the research project again.

"So, are you game?" I asked. "Would you be my field investigator?"

"You mean your test subject?"

"Well, you are a beautiful specimen."

Heather sipped from her mug and grinned. "I must say I'm intrigued. What are the parameters?"

"We're spending the holidays out West. What if we say you have unlimited freedom to explore during our trip." I put my mug down and leaned in. "No strings, no judgments. You can take whatever dirty dream you're willing to experience in real life and make it come true."

"This isn't some ploy to convince me to become a swinger, is it?" Her question shocked me, but I could tell she was dead serious.

"Yeah?"

"Well, I've always wondered what it would have been like to have sex with another woman."

Anticipation soared inside me as she continued.

"If you're open to it, Vegas has some beautiful women—escorts, that is—and I'd love to have one of them lick my pussy, so I can finally feel what it's like when a girl does it." Heather shrugged and blushed a bit after making her confession.

Her words gave me an instant hard-on as erotic pictures flashed through my mind.

"That sounds amazing," I told her.

My wife smirked and knowingly reached down to cup my erection under the table. "Your enthusiasm is palpable. Why don't you put it to good use and see who's available to play with me?"

"Can't that wait?" I groaned. "There seems to be a more urgent need."

Heather reached into my boxers and caressed my shaft. "That feels very urgent," she whispered in my ear before kissing her way down my neck.

She laughed and sprinted for the bedroom, and I followed her.

She positioned herself on her hands and knees, and first I lapped at her pink folds and beautiful rosebud. I grabbed some lube to slicken her up even more and eased the head of my dick past her anal ring.

Heather moaned, and I asked, "Is that good?"

"Oh, yes," she said, sliding a finger into her pussy.

"I'd love to see your pussy filled with a hot girl's strap-on while I fuck your perfect ass." I gave her butt a playful slap.

"Yes, please!" Heather groaned as I slid deeper into her.

We both lost ourselves in pleasure as I stroked in and out of her snug hole, while her fingers wriggled inside her pussy.

It wasn't long before I made my wife come, her anal walls clenching around me as her orgasm hit and the juice seeped out of her pussy. I felt my hot load threatening to burst free, so I pulled out and decorated her beautiful ass with strands of pearly spunk. We collapsed together, panting and satisfied.

I wish I could say the days flew by until our trip to Vegas. But I don't think I have ever had so much anticipation for an erotic encounter. This was special, though. Not only was I going to get to see my wife make love to another woman. It was also going to be the fulfillment of one of her long-held fantasies, and that made the concept extra exciting for me.

After I'd researched some reputable sources for quality escorts, my wife and I sat down together and went through some of the ladies' profiles to select the perfect person. I commented when asked for an opinion, but I left the final decision up to Heather. This was her fantasy, after all.

"A blonde with big boobs is classic," Heather mused. "But I want someone with an edge."

"Oh yeah?"

"I like her." She pointed out a champagne blonde with a pixie cut. She was wearing high heels, nylons, and a leather jacket—and nothing else.

The woman's name was Pearl—or at least that was her name on the site—and we sent her an email to connect.

Much to our delight, Pearl responded enthusiastically, saying she loved working with couples and definitely enjoyed first-timers like Heather. When our holiday break finally rolled around, I don't think I've ever been so excited to get on a plane.

After Heather and I landed and settled

***I felt my hot load threatening to burst free, so I pulled out and decorated her ass with strands of pearly spunk. We collapsed together, panting and satisfied.***

"No, no—you don't have to do anything you don't want to do." I reached over and held her hand. "But if there's something on your sexual bucket list that's always been a fantasy and you're open to experiencing it, I'll help you make it happen. All I ask is that you keep a journal about it—and let me read it later."

Heather looked intrigued once more. "Are you open to sharing in any of the experiences?"

"Yes."

"Well, since we're passing through Las Vegas..." Heather began.

"Go on," I said with a nod as I squeezed her arm gently. "There's nothing I would judge you for wanting."

"I know," Heather said, pausing for a long moment. "I was just reminiscing for a second. You remember me telling you about my old roommate who wanted to hook up, but I shied away?"

Right there in the middle of the kitchen, she knelt before me and said, "I want you to tell me what you want to see me do with another woman while I suck you."

Heather pulled up the hem of her chemise and revealed she wore no panties. Then she touched herself as she took the head of my dick in her mouth.

I tried to speak, but my voice caught in my throat as I felt her swallowing my shaft. All attempts to oblige my wife's request for commentary were short-circuited by the electric pleasure I felt.

She pulled back and exhaled, laughing when she saw my flushed face and desperate expression.

"Mmmm, looks like someone needs to fuck me right now."

"In your ass, please," I whispered, helping her up.

"Maybe," she teased, turning around to flash me her pale behind. "If you can catch it!"



in, we got dressed and took a cab to an upscale club where Pearl had agreed to meet us. I think I was more nervous than Heather. But she and Pearl connected instantly. I ordered the three of us a bottle of champagne and kept the glasses full while the ladies laughed and talked.

"Brian," Pearl said, slipping her arm around my wife. "I don't say this lightly. But you might be the luckiest man on earth to have landed a woman like her."

"I know I am," I replied, raising my glass.

Heather giggled. "You're both making me blush."

Pearl ran her hand through Heather's hair and said, "Well, let's finish this round, and I'd like to do more, if we're all on board?"

Heather lit up like a Christmas tree. "You bet."

"You ladies are in charge tonight," I grinned, watching Heather slide her hand over to rest on Pearl's thigh.

After we downed the last of the bubbly, we took a cab back to our suite. Heather wasted no time, though. During the drive, she and Pearl began making out, with me sandwiched between them.

As hot as it was to witness my wife flirting with and kissing another beautiful woman, I didn't want to interfere. This night was all about Heather's desires and fantasies, so I tried to hold back until I was actively invited to participate.

Once we got to the room, Pearl pushed Heather down on the bed and got on top of her. As I saw their tongues dancing together and witnessed their raw sapphic heat, I was as much aroused as I was out of my depth. There was a whole other side to Heather's sexual being that I would have never guessed existed.

Heather reached around and unzipped Pearl's dress, revealing the blonde's black lace lingerie.

Pearl unhooked her brassiere and dangled her large enhanced breasts in my wife's face as she said, "Go on, I know you've been staring at them all night."

Heather laughed, but then got very serious as she began to suck and tease Pearl's nipples.

"Mmm, that's good." Pearl cooed at Heather, who looked very pleased with herself.

"They feel really nice," my wife said as she fondled her new friend's boobs.

"Let's see yours."

Pearl slid down Heather's skimpy dress straps to reveal her perky tits. My wife gasped as Pearl pinched and teased her



sensitive nipples. Then the blonde worked her way down Heather's stomach and raised the hem of her short dress. Her fingers slid underneath my wife's sheer pink panties, and Heather moaned.

"Someone's so very wet for me already," Pearl murmured.

The blonde glanced over at me. I nodded with approval and said, "She's hot for you."

Pearl peeled off Heather's panties, and my wife spread her thighs wide before the other woman dove in.

I've always enjoyed eating out my wife, but watching Pearl work was a master class in how to please a woman. I moved closer to the bed to take it all in and make as many mental notes as possible.

Pearl's tongue prodded and probed, and then danced. And she knew exactly when to suck Heather's clit and where to stroke along her slit.

"I'm gonna make her squirt," Pearl said, glancing over at me. I was probably drooling like an idiot.

My wife has always been juicy, but I'd never believed she could squirt!

I watched as Pearl fingered and teased Heather until her creamy skin flushed red like I'd never seen before. And then Heather's entire body shook as a torrent of girl juice gushed from between her legs.

After her first female-induced squirting orgasm, Heather looked blissfully exhausted. Pearl held my wife and stroked her softly as she came down from her orgasmic high. I figured we were going to call it a night, but happily my wife had other plans.

"I hope your cock is exceedingly hard and ready for us both," Heather said with

a smile. "I told you—on this trip I wanted my pussy eaten by a hot girl," she said, pausing to kiss Pearl. "But I also want both my holes stuffed, too."

"I love a woman who knows what she wants," Pearl said, and then to me, "You better give it to her!"

I responded, "How could I ever say no?"

I immediately dropped trou and joined them on the bed, where Pearl and I sandwiched my wife for another round of wet orgasms.

With Pearl's unyielding strap-on and my overexcited dick, we went at it until sunrise.

A couple of days later when we arrived back home, Heather handed me a small notebook and said, "Here you go."

"What's this?"

"My field notes. You asked for a written account, remember?" She smiled and gave me a kiss. "I sure hope your memories are still fresh, though."

"You bet they are," I chuckled.

"I'm going to draw a bath. You can come in later and tell me what you think."

As my wife headed to the second floor master bathroom, I opened the notebook to find only two sentences:

"While the experience of fulfilling this longstanding fantasy was immensely pleasurable, further studies are needed. I suggest we do Vegas again in the spring and commence intensive DP sessions immediately."

I heard the water running above and closed the book. Research or not, a hot new chapter had just started in our marriage, and I couldn't get up the stairs fast enough to be part of it.

—Brian K., New York, New York





# Twice Around the Park

**J**AMMED with hot young men, the corporate gala was like a designer boutique to my wife, and she was taking her time, checking out the wares and deciding which guy she wanted to fuck.

I love Livia with all my heart, and our three years of marriage have been bliss for me. She's beautiful and smart, but also a shameless cock slut, and our being married hasn't changed that one bit. I'm the only man in the world she can't live without—but she likes a lot of recreational dick as well. I wouldn't have had it any other way, especially because of how it has paid off for me.

I have my own peculiar kink. I like fucking a woman right after another man has had her. I like that sweaty, used feel of her body, the sight of her tousled hair and runny makeup. I want to smell another man's scent on my woman.

Why should something like that get me so aroused? I honestly have no idea. But you can't really explain sexual quirks. Nor should you try to.

Livia looked stunning in her evening dress, with her hair lacquered into a stylish coiffure. The party was a yearly event my firm put on, bringing in company people from all the branches to compare notes and celebrate our continuing success. But for Livia, it was like a smorgasbord of hot men.

I held back a little, mingling with other guests. But I noticed when my wife zeroed in on her prey. He was good-looking, of course, and he visibly responded when Livia approached and started talking to him. Her body language was a study in sensuality. By the time she was leaning in and whispering in his ear, the guy was hopelessly lost in her beauty. That was my cue to step in.

Livia smiled and said, "Hank, meet my husband, Marc. This is Hank, who wants to have sex with me."

I reached out and shook his hand. He looked stunned. "There's a limo waiting for us," I told them.

Livia led him by the arm, explaining as we exited that I would be watching while the two of them fucked. In a choked voice Hank agreed to the terms. No man turns Livia down.

The three of us climbed into the back of the spacious limousine. Livia said to the driver, "Circle the park, please." Then she raised the opaque divider between the front and back of the vehicle. We were isolated behind the car's tinted windows.

"Let's have some champagne," Livia suggested, in full control of the situation. She poured us glasses from the limo's bar. Hank looked as nervous as hell. When he shot me a few apologetic looks, I smiled back reassuringly.

They were on the backseat, and I occupied a facing seat. Livia moved in close to Hank, rubbing his chest.

Before it could go further he burst out with, "I'm sorry. I can't do this! I can't have sex with another man's wife while he's, he's—here." He gestured at me, looking exasperated.

Calmly, I said, "Hank, I want you to fuck her, so I can fuck her afterward. It's the thing that turns me on most in the world. Like the old joke goes: Take my wife—please." I smiled.

He smiled back uncertainly. "You're a sloppy seconds guy?"

"I am."



With that, he seemed to get it.

Hank turned to Livia and the two began kissing. It started a little tentatively on his part, but they were soon jamming their mouths together. Tongues tangled wildly as they made out in front of me.

Livia's hands were on Hank, and he groped her magnificent tits through her dress. She reached down to squeeze his crotch. My own cock grew furiously hard.

They were undressing each other, pausing every few seconds to kiss and fondle. Their clothing was tossed to the floor piece by piece, and finally Hank was yanking off her panties, exposing Livia's wet, ready pussy. She pulled off Hank's briefs, and his cock bounced into view.

I unfastened my slacks and drew out my hard shaft. The voyeurism was fun, but it was only a preliminary for me, the warmup for the main act.

Livia turned and lay back on the long seat. Hank hunkered between her outspread thighs, lowering his mouth toward her waiting pussy.

She purred with pleasure as he licked her. Her hips started to buck, and she grabbed his hair and cried out sharply. Hank kept his mouth dutifully on her, slurping down her orgasmic juice.

Afterward, she returned the favor, sucking expertly on his cock. Then she had him sit up and lowered herself onto him reverse-cowgirl style. I continued to leisurely jerk my cock as she rode Hank's.

He was energetic and enthusiastic, and before long Livia was in a sweat-shiny frenzy. Her hair had come out of its perfect updo, her mascara was smeared—and my excitement grew and grew.

They finished up doggie-style. Hank pounded her from behind, and Livia wailed with climactic joy. I saw Hank's tight body go taut, and knew he was shooting his load into my wife's pussy.

*Ahh, perfect,* I thought.

As they decoupled, I finished undressing. Hank, looking dazed, traded places with me. I gazed at Livia with naked adoration. She lay sprawled on the seat, limp and disheveled. She smiled dreamily at me. She knew how much this kind of sex meant to me.

I lay down with her and took her into my arms. I felt the lovely clamminess of her skin. I smelled Hank's scent on her. I smelled Hank's come.

I kissed her mouth, and her lips felt swollen. Her tongue met mine, and I swear I could taste the faint tang of Hank's dick

from when she'd gone down on him. The flavor only aroused me further. I pressed my hard cock against her soft thigh.

Hank had kissed her mouth. He'd handled her tits. I fancied I could still feel his body heat on her. I caressed the globes of her breasts and tugged at her stiff nipples.

I kissed her throat, and then I moved further down, pausing to suck those sweet swollen nips. She pushed her tit hard against my mouth, mewling with pleasure. Even though she'd just been thoroughly fucked, a new wave of excitement seemed to rise in her.

I ran my tongue down her belly, and she spread her legs languidly. As I moved into final position to lick her pussy, I heard Hank gasp.

But I did it. I put my tongue into my wife's pussy—a pussy overflowing with another man's jizz. This wasn't some gay

## ***I saw Hank's body go taut, and knew he was shooting his load into my wife's pussy.***

thrill for me. If I wanted to blow guys and drink their load, I'd damn well do it.

For me, this was just enjoying another pleasure of my peculiar kink. If I was into sloppy seconds—and I am—I would commit totally to it. And I do. A man had ravished my wife. She was still marked by that encounter. Eating the come out of her pussy was my intimate statement of who I was as a sexual being.

As a bonus, it turned Livia on to no end. She writhed on the leather seat, squealing with mounting pleasure. I even spared Hank another glance. Rapt, he watched us, pumping his cock helplessly.

I delved deep into her spunk-slick pussy. Livia jammed herself hard against my face, and I honed in on her swollen clit. Hank's tongue had been there. His cock had been there. Now Livia was riding my mouth to a

fresh, intense orgasm.

Her fingers wound into my hair. She humped my face as my tongue continued to move busily. When her juices flowed, I swallowed them.

I came up panting with a string of come dribbling from the corner of my mouth. Livia, with rapture shining in her eyes, scooped it up with her finger and fed it to me. Hank moaned audibly at the sight. Maybe he was finding out things about himself that he hadn't known before.

But my attention was on Livia. She remained lying back, lifting her knees toward her shoulders. I moved into place. My cock was aching hard and leaking pre-come. My whole being was engaged, every cell in me ignited in pleasure.

I set my cockhead to the brim of her drenched pussy. I paused there a moment, teasing her, teasing myself. But soon I couldn't hold back. I thrust hard into her. She rocked back into the deep leather cushions as ecstasy spread over her gorgeous face.

I began stroking into her. Recently fucked or not, her pussy gripped me nicely. Balls-deep, I relished the sensation.

Without Livia, I knew I wouldn't have regular access to this sort of fun. We fit so well together. She needed multiple lovers. I needed to be second in line. The arrangement was perfect.

I thrust harder into her, and her tits bounced. Her smeared mouth opened on a lingering cry. I plowed her, jamming into her deep and sinking to her core. I wanted to join completely with this woman who was my wife.

My runaway excitement took over. I pounded her furiously, moving in a sexual blur. Her cry became a peal of climactic joy, and I was right there with her. Suddenly, my balls clenched and started unloading, and I jetted my come into her. The pleasure was unbelievable.

Finally, we slowed and stopped. Livia looked up into my eyes with boundless love, then we gently kissed.

When we looked at Hank, we saw he'd shot a fresh load onto his chest and stomach. We both smiled.

**—M.D., San Francisco, California** 



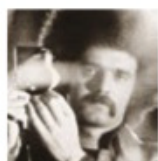
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SPOTLIGHT



# EARL MILLER

Earl Miller is *Penthouse* magazine's most published photographer. Since his debut spread in our June 1974 issue, Miller's inimitable style of erotic, cutting-edge nudes has blown our readers away and kept them coming back for more. Like the work of Bob Guccione, Miller's photography represents some of the most iconic, spectacular art in the history of men's magazines.



**B**ORN and raised in Boston, Earl Miller was enrolled in medical school when he got a taste for the arts. He switched his sights to acting, relocated to New York, and attended the prestigious Neighborhood Playhouse conservatory. Soon, he landed roles off-Broadway and on TV. But when the lighting director of a play he was in suddenly quit and Miller stepped in to do the job, he discovered he liked working behind the scenes. So began the journey that led to his true calling: photography. In 1967, he used his tax refund to buy a

camera, and before long his career as a lensman took off.

Miller shot commercial campaigns, took celebrity headshots, and even toured with Sonny and Cher as their personal photographer. But it wasn't until he picked up a 1972 issue of this magazine that he knew he wanted to photograph beautiful women. He submitted some of his work, and Guccione bought it. The two men went on to develop a creative partnership, and the Miller images Guccione published would burn themselves into the brains of countless *Penthouse* readers.

"[Guccione] told me that he firmly believed the magazine was a richer experience for the reader if it presented a wider range of visual artistry," Miller told *Adult Video News* in 2010. "Rather than force his creative people to shoot in a particular style, he encouraged photographers to find their own vision and reach their own level of artistry."

Here, we celebrate the decades-long collaboration between Earl Miller and Bob Guccione by sharing some of Miller's work, and getting the photographer's memories as he recounts one unforgettable shoot.





PIZZA



*Miller recalls his shoot with 1980 Penthouse Pet of the Year, Cheryl Rixon:*

“It was the winter of 1980. Bob Guccione had sent me to Tempe, Arizona, to shoot a special layout for the July 1980 issue of *Penthouse* featuring Pet of the Year, Cheryl Rixon. Cheryl was riding high and had just played her first mainstream film role in Columbia Pictures’ comedy *Used Cars*, starring Kurt Russell and Jack Warden. A PR guy at Columbia was also my production manager, so he was able to arrange whatever film location I wanted to use for Cheryl’s spread. My favorite location was way out in the desert where I knew we would have total privacy. This particular spot was the derelict fuselage of a DC-3 airplane, which was used as Kurt Russell’s office in *Used Cars*. It was freezing cold that day. I have a vivid memory of my crew and I bundled in heavy winter gear. Meanwhile, Cheryl had to lay her perfect naked body on that frigid metal plane.

“Cheryl got an unexpected audience that day on set. My PR friend forgot to mention that several truckloads of Tempe Teamsters [hired by Columbia Pictures] would be showing up to strike the props. As luck would have it they all rolled up right after Cheryl got completely naked on top of the plane. *Oh crap, there goes my privacy*, I thought, assuming that Cheryl would want to halt production until they left. Man, I sure was wrong. Cheryl just loved the extra attention. She performed like a star for those guys as they trudged props back and forth to their trucks. With an audience of men gawking at her, Cheryl forgot all about the freezing weather and strutted her stuff like no one else. Plus, the Teamsters got a bonus that day they never forgot.”









*“Miller has not only mastered but transcended his medium. His best work celebrates the complex and enduring quality of a woman’s beauty. His vision is both elegant and sympathetic.”—Bob Guccione*















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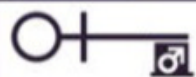




*Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...*



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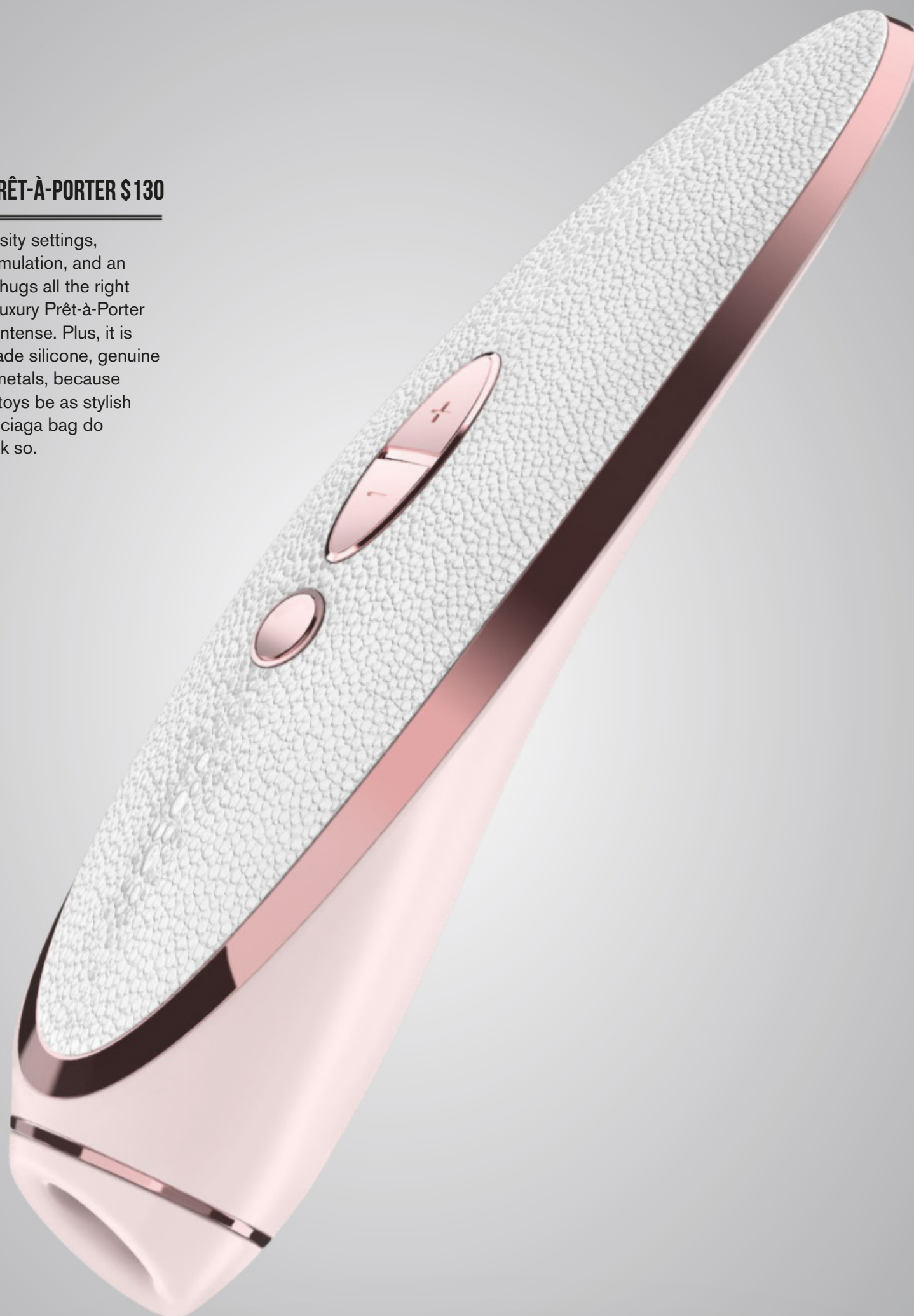






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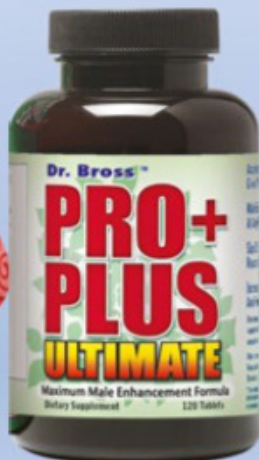
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