

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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FEBRUARY 1986 \$3.50

## PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP A SPECIAL PICTORIAL

SECRETS OF  
CROOKED GAMBLING:  
HOW TO SPOT  
THE CHEATS

SHOULD BOXING  
BE BANNED?  
BY JOSÉ TORRES

SPEED WEEK:  
THE WORLD'S  
FASTEST RACE

BORIS BECKER:  
CROWN PRINCE  
OF TENNIS

NEW TREATMENT  
FOR HEART  
DISEASE: WHY IS IT  
BEING SUPPRESSED?





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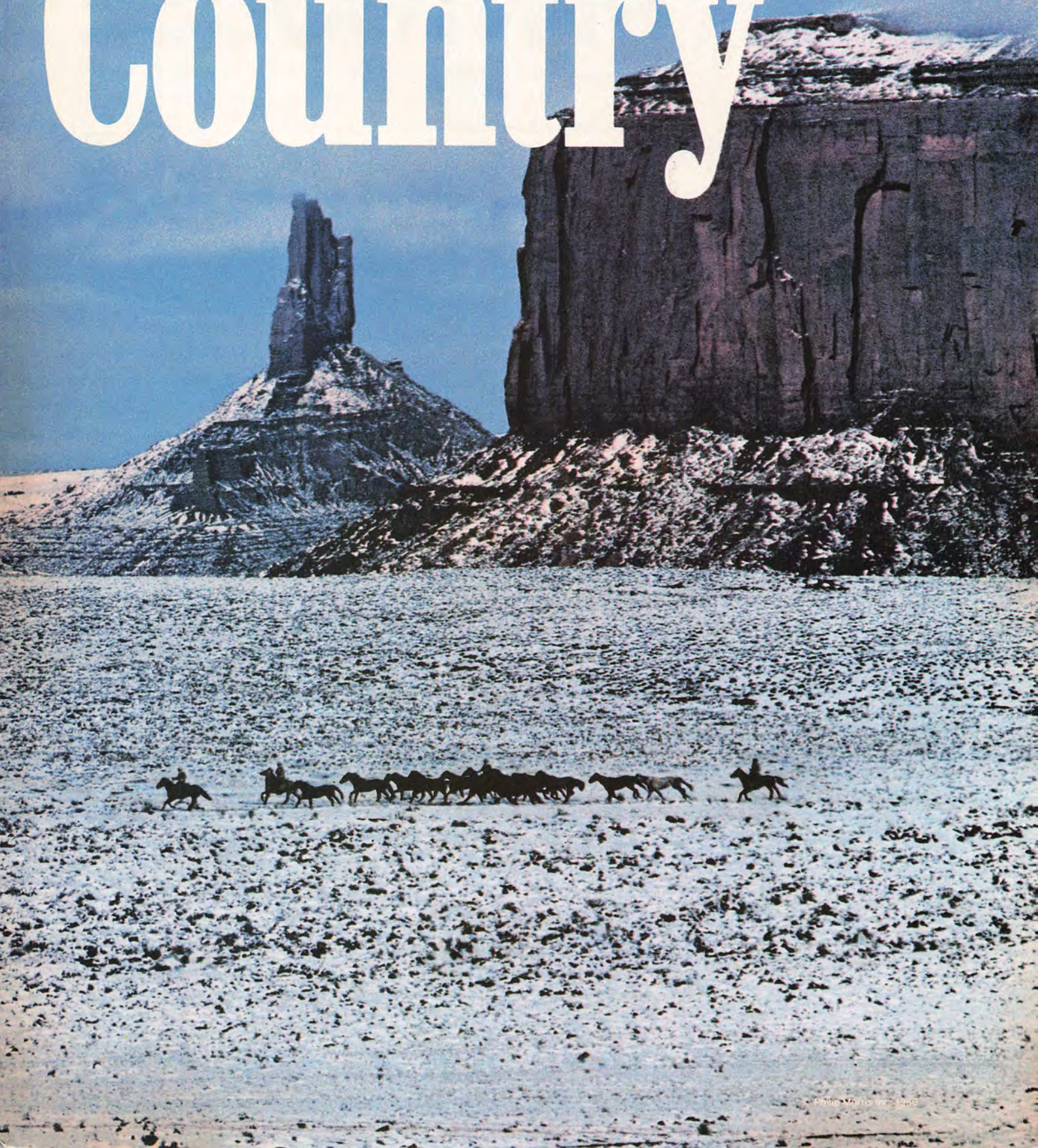
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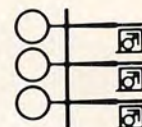
# PENTHOUSE®

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Susan Napoli, who was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 Photomic camera, Nikkor 43-86 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 104.

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# HOUSECALL



## PHOTO FINISH

If it had been another time and another place, Antonia Larsen may well have had the field to herself, winning the coveted crown with little difficulty. Unfortunately for her, however, comely Cody Carmack, *Penthouse's* 1986 Pet of the Year, would have made it a tough race for any competitor. And this one went to the wire. But there's no way a beauty like Antonia could ever be called a loser—and so we've created a permanent category in her honor and crowned her Pet of the Year Runner-Up, with her very own collection of gifts and prizes. Looking at the stunning pictorial of Antonia in this issue, you'll immediately understand why we, the critical, outside observers, always come out the winners!



## LOTS OF HEART

"With a style highlighted by a howitzer forehand, a cannon serve, and kamikaze dives, he is as exciting a player to watch as anyone." So writes *New York Times* sports reporter Roy Johnson about the teenage German tennis sensation, Boris Becker. Johnson examines the Becker phenomenon—taking into account those critics who wonder if some of the hype isn't a bit premature. Johnson's verdict: Becker is an enormous talent, whose emergence is a real boost for international tennis. . . . Medical reporter Gary Null, in the sixth part of his "Medical Genocide" series, discusses

chelation, a safe, easily administered alternative to drugs and surgery when treating heart disease. But as we've seen all too often, when dealing with the big business of big medicine, science invariably takes a backseat to political and financial infighting. As one cardiologist told Null: "Chelation therapy is a political football."

## SPORTING CHANCES

In "Speed Week," reporter Peter Manso and photographer Tony O'Brien visit the legendary Bonneville Speed Week, a race featuring home-built vehicles in the desert outside Wendover, Utah, an exercise in which there's but one object: Who can go the fastest? Or, as one wizened regular put it: "Kickin' a little ass out in no-man's-land." . . . José Torres is out to kick a little ass this month, also. Our sports editor (who also finds some time to run the New York State Athletic Commission) responds to the

charges by the American Medical Association that boxing should be banned. In an angry "Advise & Dissent," Torres urges that doctors get their priorities in order. Perhaps they should start by reading the "Medical Genocide" series!

## ONLY THE GOOD DIVE YOUNG

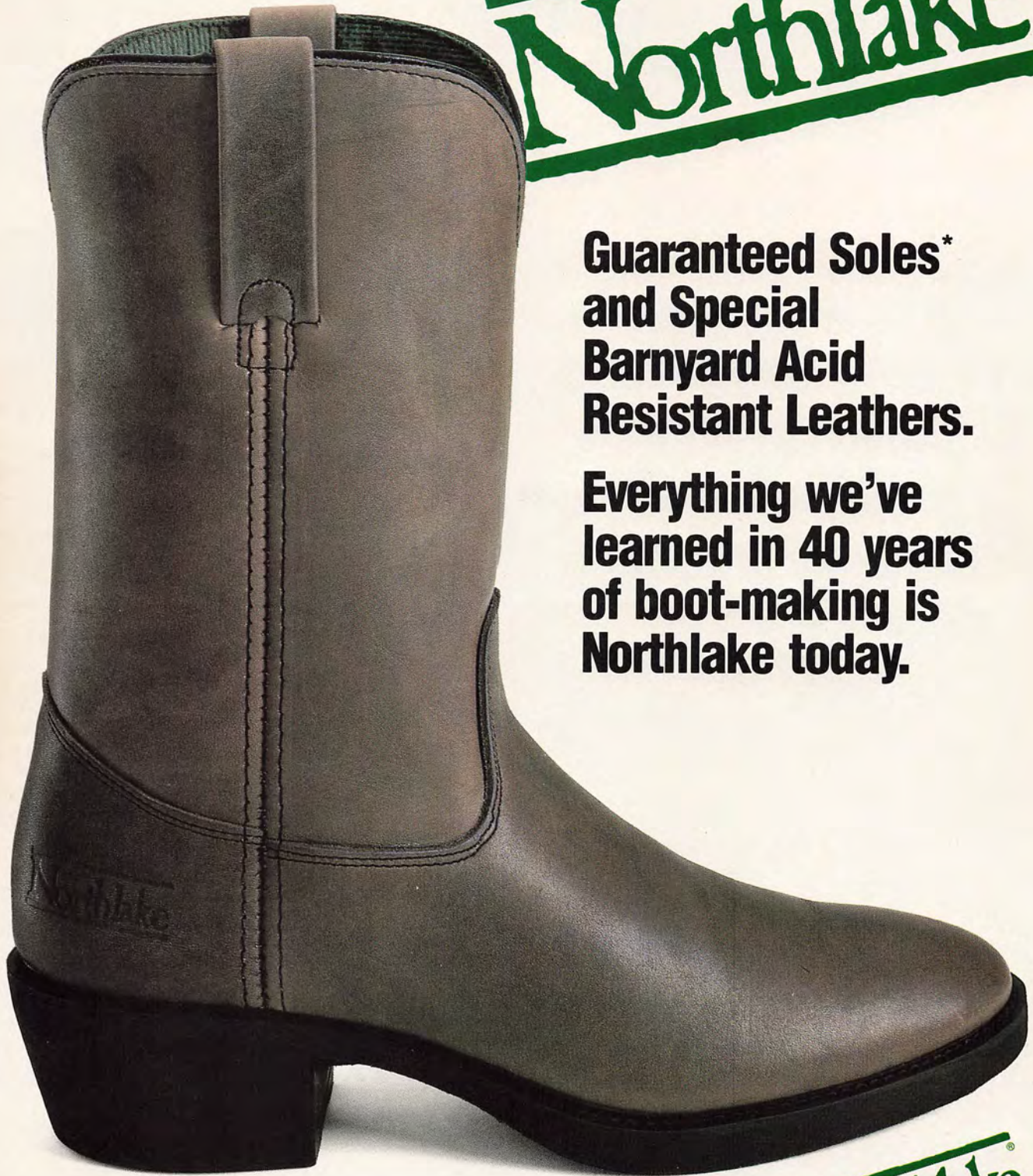
In "Sea Urchins," photojournalist Howard Hall takes us into the eerie world of the Muro Ami fishing grounds in the Philippines, where very young boys risk their lives diving for fish . . . at the rate of \$350 a year! He found them strangely enthusiastic about their occupation, but when he asked if there was a doctor aboard a boy answered: "No . . . we just die."

## GOOD HUMOR?

Much has been written about the possibility that the world could end in an endless "nuclear winter" after the final atomic holocaust. But we venture to speculate that Humor Editor Bill Lee's "Nuclear Winter Funnies" is unique. Bill's powerful drawings summon up a world that ends not with a bang, but a whimper. . . . Elsewhere in the issue, the world's No. 1 political artist and satirist, Ori Hofmekler, shows how politics do, indeed, make strained bedfellows. . . . Games Editor Scot Morris shares some secrets of crooked gambling. . . . And, of course, there's no gamble, crooked or otherwise, when it comes to our February Pets: They're always the best and they're certain to make your winter nights warm! ☺



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•Dawn's breath against me  
was real. As the warm wetness of her  
mouth began to slowly engulf me,  
I felt as though I was going to pass out. •

## PENTHOUSE FORUM



### THE FAST LANE

I've been married over ten years and have been totally faithful—until now. I've always had roaming eyes, and for years they roamed in the direction of my wife's best friend. We'll call her "Dawn." Well Dawn, her husband, and her two children had moved up north several years ago, where they opened their own business. Not long ago, they came back down south to visit us. Shortly after they arrived, Dawn's husband had to fly back home to handle a business crisis. During the remainder of Dawn's stay, my imagination was active, egged on by her wardrobe of halter tops and apparel that accented her feminine delights.

I dreamed many times of a sexual encounter with her. As luck would have it, Dawn was pressed to get back home, as she had taken the children out of school. She was faced with the problem

of the long drive home alone (over 24 hours), since her husband had already returned. With me being off from work at the time, and therefore available, it was decided that I would drive Dawn home and then I'd fly back.

We pulled out at 10 P.M. that evening. About 200 miles into the trip we had to make a pit stop. It was good fortune that the gas station at which we stopped carried *Penthouse*. Not long after we were back on the road, with the children sound asleep in the far end of the station wagon, the conversation began to turn to sex. Dawn let me know that she was sexually active outside of her marriage.

I asked her, if she had no objections, to read me some "Forum." The first story was pretty kinky, so I told her to skip to the next one. Bingo! It was about a woman who managed to suck her husband

off in the backseat of their car, with her mom and dad in the front.

Since my wife refuses oral sex, the vivid details had my cock tearing against my jeans. I could barely keep control of myself. As Dawn finished the story I remarked, with a trembling voice, that I didn't believe half of those stories. I said, "Why couldn't something like that happen to me?" Dawn said, point-blank, "If you're looking for something like that, I'm your girl."

She slid next to me as I struggled to keep the car on the road. She reached down with both hands and undid my pants. Since I wore no underwear, my aching cock sprang from its confines. My body pounded with each heartbeat. For too many years, this had been only a fantasy. But Dawn's warm breath against my tool was real. As the warm wetness of her mouth began to slowly engulf my cock, I felt as though I was going to pass out. I moaned softly. I fought to keep the car in my lane. Her head moved slowly up and down in my lap. As I ran my free hand through her red hair, her tongue performed miracles in the velvety smoothness of her mouth.

My cock was harder than I can ever remember. After only a few minutes of her gentle sucking, I began to feel the stir of a climax. I whispered, "I want it to last awhile," as I pulled my cock out of her sucking lips. She released reluctantly. She slowly continued her magic. Soon there was no stopping. She pulled my free hand to her breasts, which hung

braless under her blouse. She was now on all fours on the front seat of the car. I squeezed and fondled her nipples as she began to suck harder and faster. I couldn't hold back any longer. I groaned loudly as my load raced toward the tip of my dick and into her sucking mouth. She swallowed spurt after spurt, until I was drained.

She raised up to check on the kids, who remained fast asleep, and then lowered her head back down on my lap. She took my spent, limp cock into her mouth. It ached so good. Her loving lips and tongue soon had me as rigid as before. She sucked me as though she was the one that I had wanted for years. She continued to suck, reaching down to my balls with her wet tongue. With my cock still in her mouth, I reached around her head and placed my fingertips where her lips moved gently up and down my shaft.

Feeling the contrast between my rock-hard, wet cock and her warm, soft lips was maddening. She flicked her tongue out of the side of her mouth and ran it over my fingertips. Being a one-shot lover, I couldn't believe it as I recognized that familiar feeling deep in my balls. I braced myself with my left leg, and began to pump my swollen member between Dawn's silken lips. She

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse Forum*, *Penthouse International, Ltd.*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



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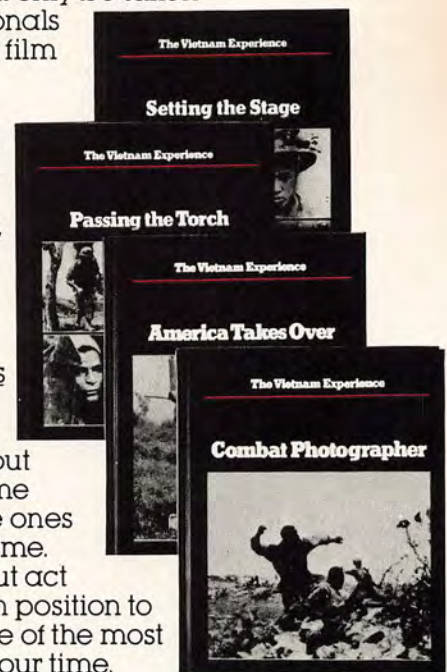
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FEBRUARY

smacked and slurped as we picked up rhythm. I clamped her head tightly to my stomach. She moaned and twisted with anticipation. Again, with a moan, I poured my creamy love juice into her waiting mouth, and she sucked and smacked wildly as I realized that she was coming at the same time.

As she sat up in the seat, she smiled, licked her lips, and said, "Mmmmm." The following evening she gave me a mini-replay as we neared her hometown. As I reflect back on the events of that wonderful trip, I find my cock ripping at my pants yearning for more of Dawn's oral delights. And to you, Dawn, thanks for fulfilling a lifelong fantasy, and I'll be looking forward, with a rigid cock, to your next visit.—Name and address withheld

## DESIRABLE DORMS

Before I begin, let me tell you about myself. I am a student in a large northeastern university. I am five feet five inches tall, and it's not uncommon for me to get complimentary whistles as I walk down the street. I usually have no problem picking up men in the local bars. Not unlike other people, I never even thought that I would be writing to you—that is, at least until a few months ago.

When I first came to college, I had two roommates. Jenny, the older of the two, was about five feet seven inches tall with a great-looking body, and Robin was about five feet four inches tall with the nicest tits I've ever seen. I really didn't mind having them as roommates since they were both so attractive, but I thought that they would be pretty boring people with no sense of adventure. Boy, would I be proven wrong!

The first few weeks of school were pretty uneventful, but once we got into our daily routine, things started to pick up. One Saturday night, Jenny and Robin decided to stay home to do some homework, but that didn't stop me. It had been a while since I had a nice hard cock in me, so I wasn't going to try to convince them to shuffle down to the bars. I dressed in the tightest jeans I could find, with a nice tight T-shirt to show off my 35-inch chest. Out at the bars, I met lots of good-looking guys, but none of them really interested me. So I decided to just pick up a bottle of Southern Comfort and head back to the suite.

When I got to my room, it was pretty late and Jenny and Robin's room was closed with the lights out. So I flipped on the tube and started enjoying my bottle. About five minutes later, I heard strange sounds coming from inside my roommates' room. Thinking that something might be wrong, I slowly opened the door to their room, and what I saw truly surprised me. Under the glow of a soft orange light, Jenny and Robin were locked in such an intense sixty-nine position that they didn't even notice me. I had had a few lesbian experiences before, but seeing this really amazed me. Watching

these two women making love immediately started my juices flowing. I stood there in awe as they showed their sisterly love for each other. I quickly stripped out of my skintight jeans and T-shirt and proceeded to shove my fingers up my already soaking-wet pussy. The scene was so incredible that I quickly reached orgasm, crying out loudly.

It was then that I realized that Jenny and Robin had heard me. I tried to hide behind the door, but that was no use. They asked me how long I had been standing there, and when I told them, they told me that I would have to be punished. I was pretty worked up and high, so I offered no resistance as they put me on my back on the bed. Jenny was first as Robin stood in the background. As she kissed my lips, our mouths opened and she slid her wet tongue down my throat. I was totally stimulated as our tongues intertwined and explored each other's mouths. The feeling was enhanced as she slid down my body and found my excited, erect nipple. I looked down and watched as Robin found my other tit. It was great watching and feeling these two women satisfy my lesbian desires.

Jenny and Robin then told me that if I really wanted to make love to both of them, I would have to beg. I pleaded with them to let me suck their pussies. Finally, Robin sat on the bed facing the headboard. While Jenny sucked on her nipples, Robin thrust her juicy cunt in my face. I had fantasized about having a chance like this and opportunity was knocking at my door. I lapped at her succulent lips until I was able to find her hard clit. She tasted delicious as she screamed out loudly when she climaxed. At this point I was so excited that I was hoping this moment would never end.

Jenny then moved down my hot body and buried her face in my love canal. I'd had guys eat me out before, but never like this. At first she teased me as her tongue circled my lips, expertly avoiding my womanhood. She finally attacked my area of personal interest. She knew exactly where and when to put her tongue. Her tongue felt like a miniature cock as it thrust in and out of my cunt. She then found my erect clit and I came like I'd never come before. I begged Jenny and Robin to let me return the favor, and they let me up from the bed.

Robin and I then placed Jenny on the bed. As Robin sucked on her roomie's tits, I concentrated my attention on Jenny's delicious cunt. It was then that I discovered that Jenny was perfectly clean-shaven. I later learned that Robin had shaved her friend in preparation for this scene. They had been planning this ever since they had met me on that first day. I spread Jenny's moist lips and explored her box with my tongue as she thrust her hips in my face. I found her clit and sucked it passionately. I wanted to please her as she had pleased me. I was then surprised by Robin as she tongued my



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box from behind. It felt so great eating out Jenny as I was being ravished by Robin from behind. Altogether, I must have climaxed five or six times.

Jenny and I then placed Robin on the bed. Robin has the most delicious set of 36-inch tits I'd ever seen, so I decided to focus my attention on them. Her globes of flesh were so good that I licked and sucked for all I was worth. Jenny then went behind me and explored my cunt with her tongue as she worked on my clit with her fingers. It was pure ecstasy. I had never thought that anything like this could possibly feel this good, but I wasn't one to doubt after this experience. After spending half the night together, we collapsed in each other's arms for the night.

We're lucky that school is out now. We've decided to continue our studies through the summer so we can be together. We're even trying to decide whether or not to find others to enter our little love group. Actually, I don't know how long I can continue with classes now that these sessions take place almost every night.—*Name and address withheld*

#### HOT IN HOUSTON

My wife and I enjoy many sexual adventures. Once we screwed in our outdoor hot tub while our neighbors were having a party in their backyard within hearing range of us. We'd like to share another adventure with you and your readers.

We were in Houston on business, staying at a posh hotel in a fancy shopping mall. The hotel has a racy disco on top, and we like to get dressed up and go dancing and drinking there whenever we're in town.

My wife wore a short miniskirt, very high-heeled shoes, crotchless panty hose, and no panties underneath. She wore a loose, low-cut blouse that was unbuttoned about halfway down, and, of course, no bra. In addition, she had a set of ben-wa balls up inside her pussy. I wore leather pants with no underwear and a white pirate shirt, also unbuttoned halfway down, with a gold chain resting against my hairy chest.

As we sat at the table, feeling horny watching all the other people in the club, I slid my hand under the table and rubbed it up against my wife's leg, all the way up to her shaved pussy lips. She spread her legs slightly and I slid a finger up inside her wet pussy, rubbing her clit slowly and then pulling my finger out and licking it as she watched.

The club was serving free drinks to ladies that night, and my wife drank a glass of champagne each time the waitress came by. As closing time neared, the champagne flowed more freely from the waitress, who was fast becoming our friend. By this time, my wife was rubbing my cock through my leather pants, making it get harder and harder.

We were making out on the dance floor, and I couldn't help noticing a group of six feisty guys at the bar who stared at my wife as we were dancing. I squeezed her ass cheeks as I pulled her cunt up to my pulsating dick and balls. As I held her close to me, I could feel her skirt ride up over her butt.

Since the bar was lower than the dance floor, I knew the guys sitting at the bar were getting a prime look at my wife's naked pussy under her dress. Sure enough, as we went back to our table after the song was over, all six men continued to stare at us. When we returned to our chairs, the waitress approached with an almost-full bottle of champagne, which she said was complimentary for my wife from her. I proceeded to order another stiff drink and to feel my wife's tits and ass under the table as the waitress took my order, watching us the whole time.

At closing, we took our bottle of champagne down to our room and screwed each other until morning. Our lovemaking was heightened by fantasizing about the strangers we'd driven wild with our exhibitionism in the disco. We sure do love taking those business trips!—*Name and address withheld*

#### HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BABY

My wife, Marie, and I are in our late twenties and are in fairly good health. We don't make impressive salaries or live in a mansion, but we are comfortable in our surroundings. Marie is five foot five, with dark brown eyes and hair, a 34-inch bust, and an ass that won't quit. She also has a luscious cunt that she keeps shaved for me, and herself. I love to eat her out for hours on end. It excites me tremendously knowing that I can give her so much pleasure with my tongue. When she comes she comes forcefully and with lots of juice, sometimes pressing my face harder to her juicy cunt.

I'd like to tell you about a night we had three weeks ago on my birthday. Marie put on a black teddy with garters, fishnet stockings, black panties, red lipstick, and heels. She was so sexy and beautiful I could barely keep my hands off her.

Marie can be a real vamp when she wants to be, and this was one of those nights. She teased me throughout the evening while we relaxed and watched a little television. A little later we headed for the bedroom. We have a full-length mirror at the foot of our bed, which makes for some interesting times.

Marie led me to the foot of the bed and then knelt down in front of me, kissing and caressing my body all the way down till she reached my pants. She then proceeded to open my pants and free my cock. I was already hard, but when Marie started to caress my cock and balls I started to swell even more. I knew what was ahead, as Marie gives a mean blowjob.

She started to move her face closer to







# It's Unanimous

(Even the competition says ESCORT's the one to beat)

It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

At least they agree on one thing. ESCORT is the one they have to measure up to.

## A modern classic

ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, "...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

## Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

## A gilt-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, "The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."



These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

## Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

ESCORT's reporting system combines an alert lamp, a variable-rate beeper that distinguishes between X and K band, and an analog meter, all to give an instant indication of radar strength. Ask if our warning takes the panic out of radar.

ESCORT is sold in one place only, the factory that makes it. This lets you deal directly with experts. Any of our staff of over 60 sales people will be glad to answer any questions you may have, about ESCORT or about radar in general.

We've been solving people's radar problems since 1978. How can we help you?

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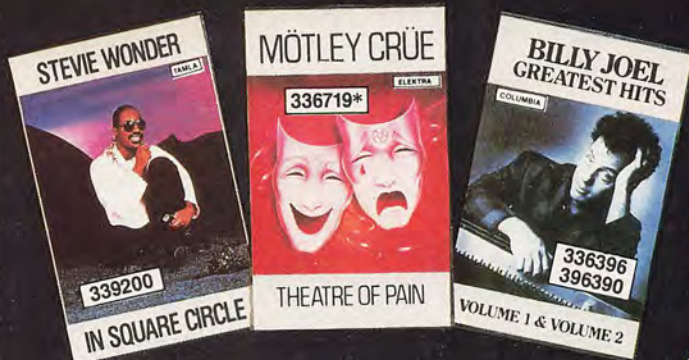
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542/S86



my cock, her mouth opening and her tongue snaking out. When her tongue started to swipe across the head of my cock I thought I might lose my load right then, but I knew better things were to come. I looked toward the mirror and had a perfect profile shot of Marie as she started to engulf my cock with her hot mouth. She also looked toward the mirror, and our eyes met. The look in her eyes was pure lust.

She went back to concentrate on my cock. I kicked my pants off from around my ankles so I could have a firmer stance, as I realized I was getting weak in the knees. Marie continued to bob up and down on my cock, swallowing me almost completely before going back up and licking all around the head. She was getting hot now, and I coaxed her to pleasure herself at the same time—since I love the feeling when she comes as she is sucking on me. Her hand started to snake into her panties to play with her bare cunt. She gets really juicy when she knows she is getting me so excited, and the aroma from her pussy always gets me even hotter.

Marie was really starting to rub her cunt furiously now as she held my cock between her lips. The view I had in the mirror was so hot, I was ready to come any moment. Marie started to come, and I could feel it in my cock through her lips and mouth. I was almost to the point of

no return but she held me back. Then she went at me with more fervor than before. She had me right at the brink and then squeezed me to the point where I was sure I would shoot my load, whether she was ready for it or not. I was wrong. She managed to hold me off time and time again. Finally, she began to urge me on. She started to play with herself again as she urged me to fuck her mouth.

I usually let her do most of the work when she sucks me off, as I wouldn't want to gag her by thrusting more into her throat than she is ready to accept. This time I was starting to lose it. I started thrusting more and more, needing to come badly now. Marie kept sucking and slurping as I thrust my cock in and out of her mouth. She was starting to come again and I knew we would come together. She started to moan, and her mouth tightened around my burning cock. I was ready and stuttered, "I'm coming!" Marie was already in the throes of her orgasm when I started to explode. I don't exactly know if she swallowed my come or if she let it shoot through the air, since I was coming so hard. I do know she had come all over her lips and a lust-filled look in her eyes. I realized I was still standing and could barely understand how that could be possible. I then helped Marie from the floor to the bed. We were far from being through for the night.

Marie doesn't usually dress for bed, but

when she does, it drives me crazy—especially when she wears stockings. I pulled her panties off and gazed at her soaked pussy framed by her stockinged thighs. I kissed and caressed her face and neck and then started on her nipples through the teddy. We were both still so hot we couldn't wait any longer. I plunged my cock into her cunt, and she wrapped her legs around me. She started to come, and I could feel her juices flow around my prick. I remembered a position from a porno movie that we had seen, and I decided to see if it felt as good as it looked in the movie.

I got up on my knees with my cock still buried in Marie's cunt and straddled her right leg. I then brought her left leg up over my right shoulder, turning her on her side at the same time, so I could kiss and caress her calf and ankle. My cock felt bigger and harder than ever as I thrust back and forth from the hips. It was incredibly fantastic!

I started to thrust more and more, ready to come. Marie's pussy started to clamp tighter and tighter, sucking me in deeper than I thought possible. We were both ready now and didn't hold back any longer. We ground our crotches together and came with such force I was sure I would pass out. We lay in each other's arms and fell asleep soon afterward.

It was one of the best birthdays I've ever had!—*Name and address withheld*

#### FANTASY FULFILLMENT 101

I've read "Forum" off and on for a while now. I used to find it hard to believe some of the stories, but the following experiences changed my attitude about that.

I'm 18 and getting ready to start my first year of college. One night Sean, my close friend, and I went on a casual date downtown. We danced for three hours straight and at times we were the only people on the dance floor. We didn't intend for anything to happen that night. We went back to my house, and since it was rather warm we decided to take a short dip in my parents' pool. We ended up making love in the pool, fulfilling one of my fantasies.

A couple of weeks later another fantasy of mine was fulfilled, with the same person. Some friends and I went to the local bowling alley to play pool. Sean and I decided to make a bet on one of the games. The bet was winner takes all. I won the game and Sean and I went back to his apartment, which he shares with a roommate, Adam.

I was a little tense from a hard day, so Sean made us some drinks and broke out the baby oil. When I saw the oil, my thighs started to become drenched. He offered to give me a back rub. I took off my shirt and bra and accepted with excited anticipation.

From the first touch of his strong hands on my bare back to the last touch on my bare ass, I couldn't help but want his throbbing cock inside me. After the back



"And what makes you think your wife is being unfaithful. . .?"



rub, I rolled over and we embraced. He started at my ears, lightly nibbling them. Then, slowly, he kissed my neck and moved to my breasts, sucking them. Finally, he made his way down my body until he reached my glistening slit.

As his tongue explored me, I could almost feel his cock inside me. It was all I could do to stop myself from turning him over and fucking his brains out. I begged him to roll over and lay on his back. Then I mounted his rock-hard cock. Just as I started rocking and bucking like a wild animal, Adam unexpectedly came through the door.

He said nothing at all, and proceeded back to his room. I just wanted to die, thinking of what Adam must have thought. Immediately Sean and I felt the need to apologize. We grabbed the last beers and some cigarettes and went into Adam's room to talk it over.

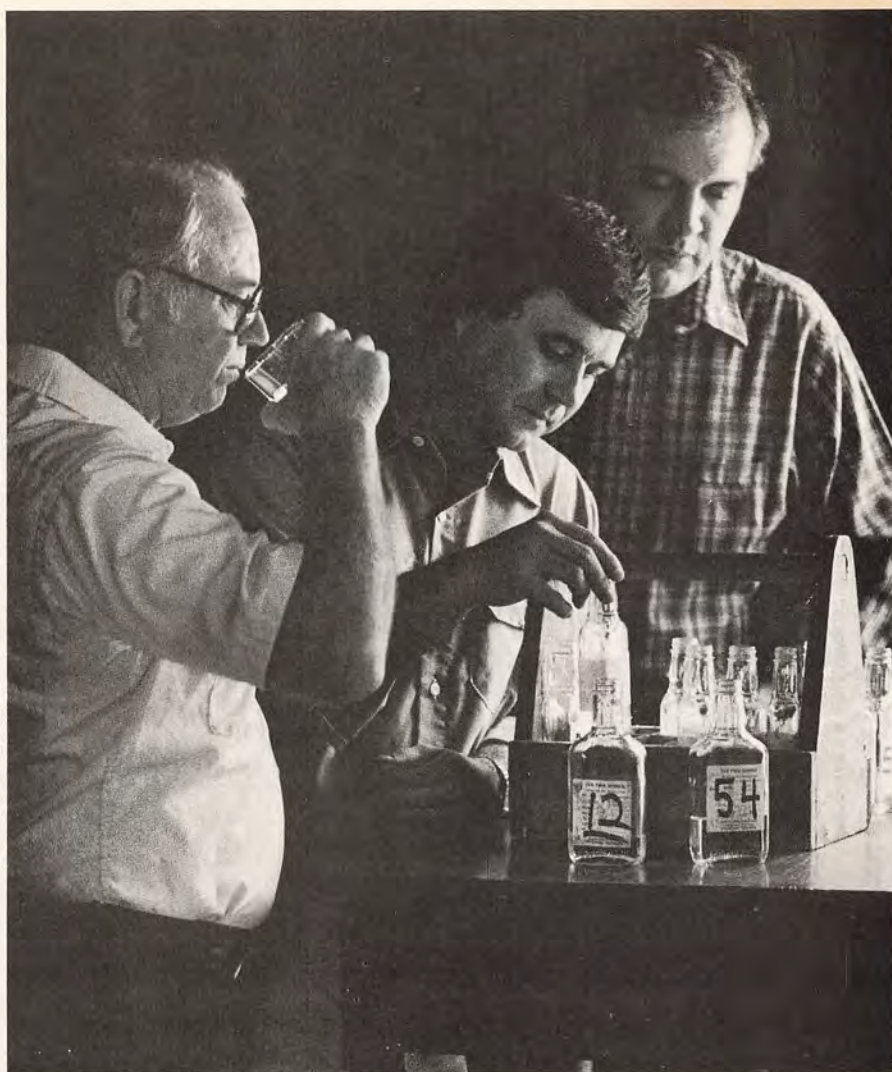
After Adam told me that he felt no differently toward me, we all decided to have an intimate talk. We lit a few candles, turned on some light rock music, and revealed our innermost (and, as it turned out, mutual) fantasy—ménage à trois.

Adam went to the refrigerator to find us something to drink. Sean started massaging my thighs, not realizing he was making me wet all over again. Adam came back with a large bottle of champagne. The thoughts that entered my mind made my cunt creamier than ever. We had some champagne and read a few articles out of the "Forum" section in *Penthouse*. The thought of a ménage à trois was making us hotter, and the atmosphere, candles, music, plants surrounding us, champagne, and our three warm bodies started us on our way.

Sean started exploring my mouth with his tongue, while Adam removed my clothes and gently caressed my clit. I started squirming ever so slightly. I gently started to massage both of my new lovers' cocks at the same time. This most pleasurable foreplay continued for a while until I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to have Adam's throbbing tool between my legs. I slid down to the edge of the bed so I could get Sean's delicious cock in my mouth. It was all I could do to keep from going crazy.

At the same time, we all exploded in orgasm. It wasn't but a few minutes later that this wonderful threesome continued, only this time Sean was inside my love hole and Adam was probing my mouth with his dick. We did variations on these themes until 4 A.M., when Sean had to shower for work. So Adam and I joined him. After everyone was lathered, rinsed, and dressed, Sean and I went to a local 24-hour restaurant and decided we had to write to "Forum."

The next evening the three of us discussed some of our other mutual fantasies, such as ménage à trois in an elevator. That turned out to be another experience I'll never forget.—Name and address withheld



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP



♣I'd love to have a conversation with you anytime—fast, slow, or silent, if you know what I mean. ♡

## PET FORUM



Jody

### READERS' CHOICE

Dear Jody Swafford,  
After seeing you in the October 1984 issue ["The Knack," photographs by J. Stephen Hicks], my buddies and I have decided that you are, without a doubt, the most beautiful girl to grace the cover—or any page, for that matter—of any magazine in print. The reason for our delay in writing this letter was our desire to get one year's worth of the best that men's magazines could offer as a comparison. We found no one that even comes close to competing with you. Might we have one more look at you, and may we be in the audience on opening night when you fulfill your wildest fantasy?—Brad Johnson, Stockton, Calif.

Dear Brad,  
What a great letter! You will have box seats, but you must remember that audience participation is encouraged. I have to find a way to please everyone to fulfill my fantasy completely.—Jody

### AFTER ANNA

Dear Anna Marie,  
As I sit here viewing your pictorial in the October 1985 issue ["Born to Soar," photographs by J. Stephen Hicks], I am overcome by how fine your body is. You are blessed with outstanding good looks. I keep myself in top condition with weight-lifting, running, and a proper diet. I know you must work out to have such a nice figure. There is not a single flaw in your whole lovely being.

In five years I hope to have a mass of wealth, and I would be proud to escort you around the world. You would love Paris in the spring. We could have a large mansion with swimming pools and tennis courts. I hope you will help by putting the final touches on the inside of our home. If your taste in furniture is as fine as your sweet body, we should have the best-looking place in the nation. Tell me, do you think I stand a chance with you?—Chester Michael Coy, Fort Polk, La.

Dear Chester,  
Now wait a minute, I must know more about you. What are your goals and desires,

*your background and personal beliefs, your interests, your size and shape? I will have to be thorough when in the market for a mate—don't you agree?—Anna Marie*

Dear Anna Marie,  
I have been reading *Penthouse* magazine for over ten years. In that time I have viewed many beautiful women, but I have yet to have the pleasure of viewing a more appealing woman than you. Physically, you are the image of a dream.

Unfortunately, your beautiful photographs capture only your outer self. I would love to know your inner beauty.



Anna



Debbie

Can I coax you to reveal a portion of this portfolio for me?—Scott Cooper, Chino, Calif.

Dear Scott,  
I would love to, but I know of no inner-beauty photographers. Not here in California, anyway. So, you will just have to take my word for this: I am as proud of my inner as I am of my outer self, and no one has ever complained about either.—Anna Marie

### CONVERSATION STOPPER

Dear Debbie Tays,  
Where have you been? I've missed seeing you since you were Pet of the Month in August 1984. I loved your pictorial "Fast Talker" [photographs by David Schoen], and have been wondering why I haven't seen your beautiful face and body in a year's time. I'd love to have a conversation with you anytime—fast, slow, or silent, if you know what I mean. So why don't you come out of hiding, and we can get it together.—Name and address withheld

You should know that I have nothing to hide—or more to the point, nothing left to hide. I'm not in hiding, I just think it's better to keep a low profile. So if you are looking for me, don't you worry, I'm alive and kicking . . . and ready to converse.—Debbie

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse Pet Forum*, *Penthouse International, Ltd.*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



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Articles such as the "Medical Genocide" series enable the public to gain the freedom to make choices based on fact and nonbiased information.

## PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

### MORE CHIROPRACTIC

I have just finished reading Gary Null's article in the October 1985 issue on the AMA versus chiropractic ["Medical Genocide, Part Two: The War on Chiropractic"]. I applaud Mr. Null's insightful and thorough documentation of a "war" which has raged for decades, and which, ultimately, has left the general public as the loser. Hopefully, with more articles such as this and continued persistence by concerned parties to stimulate awareness, this will soon change. Then the public will have the freedom to make choices based on fact and nonbiased information.

While I do not always agree with your publication's goals and positions, I strongly support your right to inform and educate the public on all issues. This, I feel, is the core issue of Mr. Null's articles—freedom of speech and the public's right to receive uncensored, nonprejudicial information, even if that information is contrary to the beliefs of those in power.

As both a chiropractor and a member of the general public, I heartily thank you.—*David A. Kerschner, D.C., New York, N.Y.*

Gary Null and *Penthouse* deserve a big pat on the back (no pun intended) for their detailed investigative reporting and for revealing the facts behind the American Medical Association's efforts to undermine chiropractic.

After returning from our state convention this week and discussing this article with other chiropractic physicians, I must say that you have opened a lot of eyes



inside as well as outside our profession. This issue is of interest to everyone who has ever put their faith in the hands of their physician.

The times are changing, and now it's somewhat easier to find a medical practitioner with a more open approach to chiropractic care. A good physician, no matter if his field is medicine or chiropractic, must realize his limitations and should appreciate the value of the referral for the well-being of the patient.

Although the AMA has wielded its power and influence to destroy the chiropractic profession, it appears that the public is recognizing that this is a valid and effective method of health care.

I commend your thoroughness and courage in this series. It's a tall ivory tower you're scaling.—*Dr. Lee Popwell, President, Northeast Florida Chiropractic Society, Jacksonville Beach, Fla.*

### VIETNAM VETS

This is in response to "The Vietnam Veterans Adviser" in the September 1985 issue of your magazine. As a com-

bat veteran and chief counsel/staff director of the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee, I am pleased to see this kind of information offered to the public. However, you should be advised that the chairmanship of our committee has changed.

In January 1985, Senator Frank Murkowski (R-Alaska) became chairman of the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee. Senator Alan Simpson (R-Wyo.) relinquished his chairmanship upon his election as the assistant majority leader of the Senate. Senator Simpson, however, is the ranking majority member of the committee.—*Anthony J. Principi, Chief Counsel/Staff Director, United States Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs, Washington, D.C.*

### X-RATED VIDEO

I must take Al Goldstein, your X-rated-video reviewer, to task. With the number of adult videos on the market, it would be comforting (to say the least) if you and other reviewers would tell readers about new videos we should see rather than those we shouldn't. In your November 1985 column, for instance, three of the five reviews describe videos I wouldn't want to purchase or rent, according to your advice.

I and other consumers are perfectly capable of finding duds on our own. We rely on reviewers to make us aware of credible video efforts and depend on you to devote your column to more uplifting product.—*Doug Ferguson, Sarasota, Fla.*

Al Goldstein replies:

*This is very cogent criticism.*

*I would love to dish up choice morsels which feature only high production values, beautiful young bodies, and searing sex. As a reviewer, however, I have the responsibility to toss a few "buyer beware" warnings your way, as well as the Penthouse Picks. For one thing, I have to pick my way through the sewer of X-rated product like everyone else. I don't know a tape is bad until my fast-forward button starts smoking from overuse. By that time, I have worked up enough anger at the particular fleck of spittle I'm reviewing that I must release it in print.*

*The column would get awfully boring with just Mary-Sunshine-isn't-this-great reviews. Besides, you wouldn't want me to develop neuroses by holding in my anger, would you? But your criticism is well-taken, and I'll try to stay alert for quality X-rated product, even though I know there's only so much of it made—as opposed to the dreck, which seems to be limitless.*

### CORRECTION

General Omar Bradley should have been identified as the compassionate and competent VA head, appointed due to pressure on Congress by World War I veterans, in our December 1985 "Vietnam Veterans Adviser."

We apologize for this error.—*The Editors*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



**"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."**

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S



# THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION



**"If a remote-dash mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."**

Car & Driver, March 1985

Remote Model 837

## **"UNQUESTIONABLY, THE BEL MICRO EYE IS A TOP PERFORMER!"**

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Other detectors may claim to be the best — but the latest tests conducted by North America's most respected auto magazines prove otherwise. The MICRO EYE® dash and remote models both ranked first. Overall. Conclusive proof of MICRO EYE's superior detection ability. Around bends, over hills and on the straightaway. City or highway. MICRO EYE® picks up police radar miles before he can pick up on you.

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Of the ten competitors evaluated, **Road & Track** confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate

those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

### **REMOTE MODEL**

**Car & Driver** recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors)" and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver**, "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

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Most divorced men are now financially unprotected after a lifetime of working.

# MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



Once again, American men have been served the proverbial knockout punch, the effects of which will cost them untold billions of dollars in retirement money in the next three decades. For now, thanks to Congress, married men no longer have a unilateral right to decide how their pensions will be paid and who their beneficiaries will be.

Since January 1984, millions of workers—men and women—have been receiving notices from their employers about their future retirement benefits. The notices stem from the so-called Retirement Equity Act, a law which exacerbates a growing problem for American men who face divorce and who live in one of the eight community-property states or in a state that designates employee pensions, Keogh plans, and IRAs as marital assets, not personal ones.

The Retirement Equity Act has been widely heralded as a "women's bill." Among other things, it essentially requires the spouse—in most cases, the husband—to obtain a formal, notarized

waiver from his wife in order to legally release him from having to provide her with retirement benefits after his death. The law also gives the husband the option of providing his wife with a limited amount of pension benefits should he die before reaching retirement age. Couched deceptively in unisex language, the law is quite simply a legislative attempt to give women more retirement benefits at the expense of men.

On the face of it, the provisions of the act seem to be reasonable. However, they are impractical and disruptive in a society that is complicated by rapidly changing lifestyles and serial marriages. In addition, Congress has created a whole new ground for divorce by requiring a notarized waiver. The results, no doubt, will be nothing less than catastrophic.

The law is complex, and the problems it creates are deepened by divorce. Just imagine going to see your ex-wife, whom you haven't lived with for 15 years, and asking her to execute a waiver in your behalf! Furthermore, many employers are planning to pass the costs along to their employees by either reducing their own pension-plan contributions or increasing employee contributions.

For the majority of divorced Americans, pensions comprise a large portion of their assets. Since pension benefits are actually a form of deferred compensation for services rendered, the husband's right to them is, essentially, contractual—a property right. Yet 29 states have already earmarked

pensions as a marital, not personal, asset. You should check whether your state has approved the division of nonvested pensions, wherein death or the termination of employment can vitiate benefits before they mature.

The pension squabble has also hit military men. Prior to the enactment in 1983 of the Federal Uniformed Services Former Spouse Protection Act, federal law *prohibited* state courts from considering a husband's military pension in divorce cases. Now the question is how much of a military man's pension Congress intended to be subject to state marital laws.

In the meantime, while the courts play havoc with military pensions, the protection of men's rights continues to erode. I urge all men—military or civilian—to resist surrendering retirement benefits and pensions just to get a divorce over with.


Decisions in various states differ as to whether or not a woman has any claim on her husband's disability pension. Usually, there is an exemption that permits the proceeds or recovery of a negligence action to be exempt from becoming a marital asset. Ideally, the wife should share only the amount her husband would have received had he retired at the time of separation.

The wrongs become further compounded when the courts decide how a pension is to be valued, especially in cases where the employer, as well as the employee, contributes money. An unknown and crucial factor in measuring a pension's value is determin-

ing what future earnings will be. Such calculations are necessarily speculative, since they involve money not yet earned. The husband ultimately loses because the value of the pension is calculated in today's dollars, as opposed to the time he will retire.

In fact, the entire notion of pensions as constituting marital property is inherently unfair, given that it does not take into account life expectancy. Men live, on the average, ten years less than women do—a biological inequality ignored by the spate of new laws.

The effects of the Retirement Equity Act amount to yet another erosion of a man's right to plan for his retirement income without subsequent governmental interference—inspired, in this case, by the feminist cabal. When you consider how a judge in a divorce court can variously interpret its intent, the law becomes devastating: Even if the court does not consider the pension for distribution, it could still consider it for alimony and maintenance purposes. Most men who are retiring and facing a divorce are therefore likely to find themselves financially unprotected after a lifetime of working, their safety net abolished.

Sadly enough, Congress, the courts, state legislatures, and politicians of every stripe are still bending wimpishly to the unreasonable demands of the feminists, and are failing to enact substantive legislation that will ameliorate the division of the sexes by favoring men with equal rights. 



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Joggers who stretch cold muscles are actually making themselves less flexible.

# FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



*I am a 41-year-old man, and I've been physically active since I was 13. I jog four miles a day, walk six, and work out every day at the gym for two hours. Despite all this exercise, I have a spare tire around my waist that I just can't get rid of. I try skipping meals and I keep my calorie intake to 1,500 to 2,000 per meal, so I can satisfy my sweet tooth with candy. With the amount I exercise, it seems hopeless that I'll ever lose the spare tire. Can you suggest anything?—Robert A. Baker, Leesburg, N.J.*

It's not surprising that you have a spare tire. Your daily calorie intake is enough for a 200-pound elite athlete training intensively four hours a day. Then you eat candy on top of it!

The overloading of our bodies with sugar is one of America's biggest health problems. Evolution designed the human body to accommodate the diets of our ancestors. It is a low-sugar diet consisting of shoots, roots, leaves, berries, fruit,

and, occasionally, meat. This kind of diet promotes optimum health. Excess sugar gets converted to triglycerides (fats), which not only balloon your spare tire, but also pollute your bloodstream.

Recent experiments on animals show that high-sucrose diets raise blood pressure. Sucrose, the sugar base of most candy, also raises blood uric-acid levels, which can cause multiple health problems. Finally, high-sugar diets damage the body's glucose tolerance and are probably implicated in the high levels of adult-onset diabetes in America.

One tip for candy addicts and chocoholics: There is some evidence that three to six grams a day of the amino acid tryptophan reduce sugar craving. But take it only at night, as it tends to make you drowsy. Tryptophan is sold in tablet form in health-food stores. A turkey sandwich on whole-wheat bread is high in tryptophan, making it a bedtime snack preferable to milk and cookies or a dish of chocolate ice cream.

Tryptophan will not work if you take it with high-protein food. The other amino acids in the protein will prevent most of it from getting through the blood-brain barrier. The effects of the three to six grams of tryptophan can be enhanced, however, by 50–100 milligrams of vitamin B<sub>6</sub> (pyridoxine).

*I just started running and I love it! I do about a mile a day, and I find it really relaxes me and clears my head of everything that has me crazy after a day at work. I do a few stretches, very*

*gently, for my hamstrings to warm up. Other than that, I don't know what exercises to do before my run. It feels good to do something physical before running. Could you suggest some warm-up exercises? I'm 28 and in very good health.—Nora Foster, Toronto, Ontario*

Always be warm *before* you stretch. Those people you see on jogging trails stretching cold are actually making themselves less flexible.

They get microtears in muscles and tendons, which cause lots of the common muscle pains associated with jogging and greatly reduce running power.

At age 28, you should start to be concerned about your muscle-mass-to-fat ratio, because women lose muscle rapidly after age 25. Between 20 and 40, Ms. Average American loses eight pounds of muscle and gains 23 pounds of fat. Even if you don't become overweight, you still lose the muscle. Arms that are trim and lovely at 20, with just a hint of biceps and triceps, lose muscle to become not necessarily heavier, but more like socks full of pudding: not very attractive.

This deterioration can be prevented throughout the body by just three minutes of resistance exercise daily—which also makes for an excellent prerun warm-up. You need a pair of one-to-two-pound hand weights for the routine, which consists of four exercises: arms circling forward, arms circling backward, trunk twists with arms outstretched to sides, and side bends with arms

extended overhead. Do 30 rhythmic repetitions of each as one continuous exercise, at all times stretching upward and outward as far as you can. And breathe deeply!


*Is there any "best" all-around exercise, one that keeps the heart and lungs in shape and tones muscles? I want to take up a sport that will be fun and efficient as a workout.—Karla Rule, Santa Fe, N.M.*

The first and most important principle for maintaining fitness is daily regularity. Five hours at a gym every Saturday is far less beneficial than five minutes of exercise every day.

The second principle is maintaining flexibility of joints and tendons. Cross-country skiing and rowing score high, but both are difficult to do daily unless you buy the exercise machines that simulate these sports.

The third principle is maintaining lean muscle mass. Here you need to do resistance exercise, such as weight training.

The fourth principle is maintaining healthy pulmonary and vascular systems, which is accomplished by walking, running, cycling, rowing, cross-country skiing, and swimming.

The Colgan Institute has developed a series of exercises that embraces all four aspects of physical fitness. The routine takes just eight minutes a day. I also suggest taking up a sport you enjoy. Fun is a major variable in continuing an exercise program, and company is always stronger than willpower. 



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◐ Her thighs were open, and I moved upward. I could see a small, but growing, wet spot on her panties. Her inner thighs were so soft! ◑

---

## XAVIERA HOLLANDER

### CALL ME MADAM

#### LETTER OF THE MONTH

*Most of your letters discuss relationships that have a sudden beginning. Mine took four months and a surprising twist to get started. It began at a meeting in Washington, D.C., last year.*

Three times a year our association has meetings. During this one particular meeting, I stopped into the office and noticed Betsy was typing. She looked uncomfortable. I walked over and started to rub her shoulders, and she moaned, "I'll give you an hour to stop that!" Later, after the meeting, we went to dinner and out dancing with a group of our coworkers.

I'm not much for dancing but ended up with Betsy when a slow song started. Her hands rubbed my back and ass, and she pressed tightly against me in a very sensuous way. I responded immediately and caressed her ass, too. Then, as we were pressed together, my hand cupped one of her breasts. She removed it graciously, but not before her nipple hardened in my palm. After the dance she disappeared for the evening. Her cheery hellos the next day indicated she wasn't upset with me.

In addition to her work as a secretary, Betsy is a model. She's about five foot nine with a gorgeous face and a perfect figure. As the meeting ended, I thought that was it.

Four months later, we were in Colorado at the next meeting. Again I walked into the office and massaged Betsy's



shoulders. This time, as I finished, I said she could have a body massage any time she wanted one. I let her know I was going back to my room to relax till dinner. About 20 minutes later, I was stretched out reading the paper when there was a knock on the door. It was Betsy, wearing a short terry-cloth robe. She said, "I'd like one now!" and walked into the room.

She shrugged off the robe and, except for the skimpiest pair of bikini panties, she was nude. Her dark mound was obvious under the sparse garment. Her breasts were gorgeous, small but taut, and topped with perfect, tiny brown nipples.

I caught my breath and just kept looking at her as she stretched out on her belly on the bed. I got control of myself and sat on the bed beside her

and asked if she wanted the \$10, \$25, or \$50 massage. She inquired as to the difference and settled on the \$50 total body massage, saying it sounded very interesting.

I started with her neck and shoulders, and she sighed and started to relax. Her body got looser and looser as I worked my way down her back, kneading out the knots. I skipped over her ass and slowly worked down her legs and then back up again. This time I slipped my hands under her panties to caress those beautiful cheeks. But I stopped moving lower when my thumbs touched her pubic curls. I asked her to turn over and she smiled, let out a deep breath, and said it felt heavenly. My fingers massaged her temples and forehead, working down her long neck. Then I moved to her chest, fondling

her tits, but taking care to just about, but not quite, touch her nipples. They got really hard! Her belly was soft and taut, and again I moved to her legs.

Her thighs were open, and I moved upward. I could see a small, but growing, wet spot on her panties. Her inner thighs were so soft! Next I moved to her arms and took her hands and kissed and sucked each of her fingers. Betsy started to moan. Next I kissed her feet, sucking each toe, and she shivered. I kissed my way up her legs and found a soft erotic spot inside one knee. As I moved higher, I could see that the wet spot on her panties had gotten bigger.

When I put my hands on the elastic of her panties, she lifted her hips so I could pull them off. She lay before me in all her naked glory. As I watched, her cunt went from glistening wetness to budding lips, and she bloomed into open readiness. My tongue caressed her inner thighs, then tantalized her soft down, finally very slowly licking the sides of her exposed slit. She was breathing hard when I put my tongue at her opening and slowly worked it in. Her clit was visible, and I made sure to avoid it, moving all around it.

Her shivering and moaning intensified. I started tongue-fucking her rapidly and then pulled away as she cried,

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



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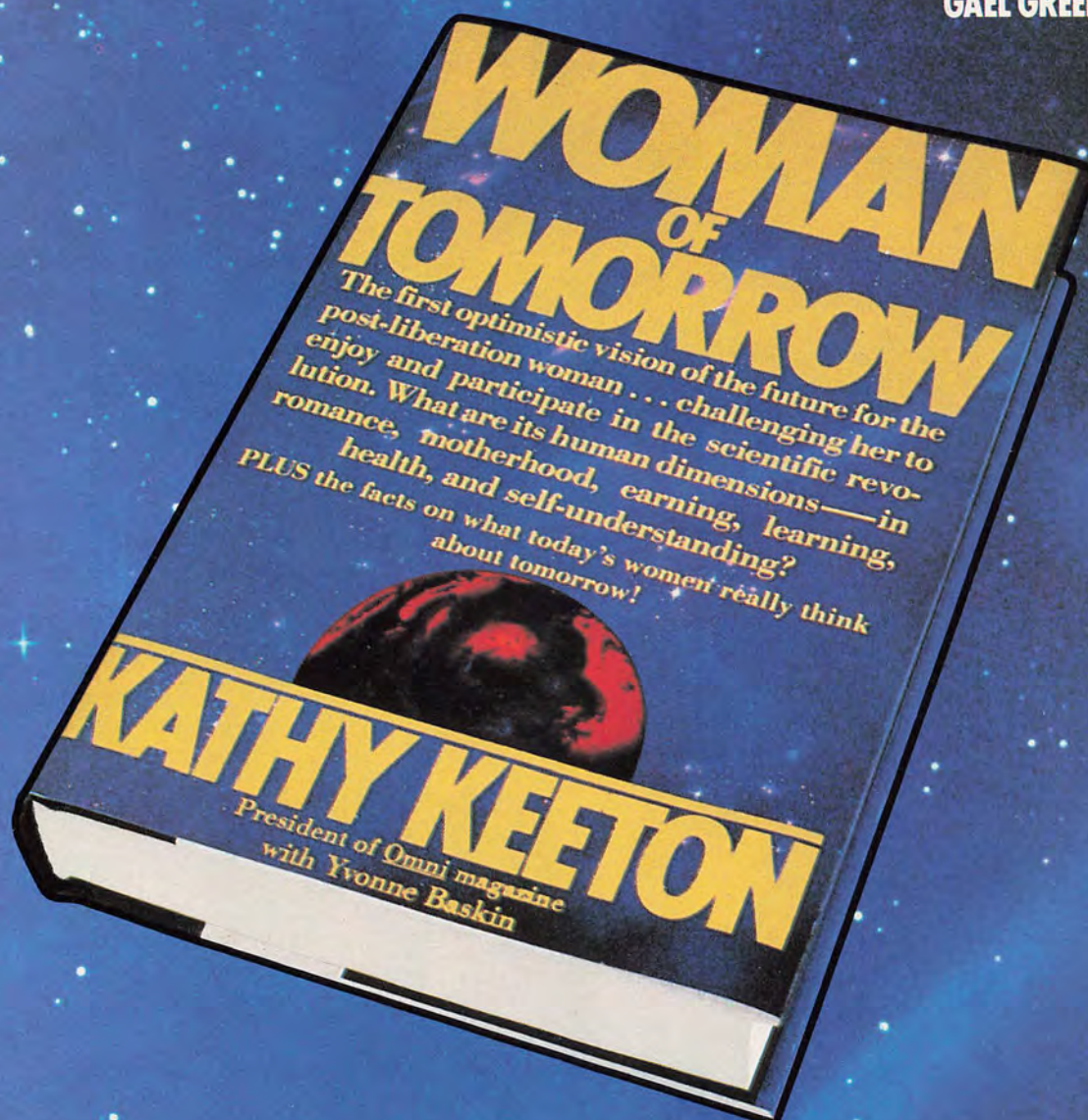
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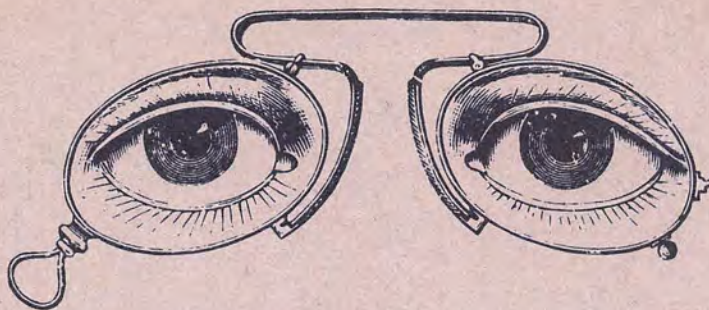
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## VIEW FROM THE TOP

# SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY, 1986

BY EMILY PRAGER

**W**e sent our roving reporter, a man to whom love means never having to do the laundry, out on the street to investigate Valentine's Day. His mission was to find out to whom the average citizen is sending valentines, and why. He returned with the following transcript and a huge bill for expenses which we are still dickering over. He claims that, these days, in order to get people to talk about love, you must take them either to rock clubs or out to lunch.

*New York City. Night. Outside the Area club. Our reporter accosts the guy at the door.*

*Reporter:* Hello. I'm from *Penthouse* magazine. I'm doing a very big story on the doormen at New York rock clubs, and—

*Doorman:* Get back behind the rope, buddy.

*Reporter:* I don't think you understand. I'm press. I wrote the story "Did AIDS Come From Outer Space?" I've negotiated with terrorists.

*Doorman* (holding rope barrier open): Get back. Now!

*Our reporter slinks back behind the rope, snarling and muttering. After a moment, he notices a young woman with green and pink dreadlocks pushing against the rope, yearning to get inside. She wears a ragged black dress, long johns, and lace socks with high-top sneakers.*

*Reporter:* Hi. Are you aware this is Valentine's Day?

*Dreadlocks:* Oh, sure. Cupid's at the club tonight. That's why I'm out here.

*Reporter:* Really? Did you send any valentines this year?

*Dreadlocks:* Yeah. One to my hair colorist and one to the guy who does my dreadlocks.

*Reporter:* And that's it?

*Dreadlocks:* Yeah, well, they deserve it. They spend a lot of time on me, you know?

*Reporter* (pitying): No boyfriend? No romance?

*The doorman opens the rope barrier and admits the young woman, who scurries up the steps of the club calling behind her, "I'll tell Cupid to come get you in." Our reporter surveys the crowd and spots a young society couple clutching invitations.*

*She wears a fun-fur hat and coat by Fendi. He wears a black cashmere Chesterfield with the collar turned up around his ears. They are both beaming.*

*Reporter:* Excuse me, did you send valentines this year?

*The couple turns to him, surprised but still smiling.*

*Couple:* No. We sent Ecstasy. It's the new love drug. We sent tabs to Arafat, Reagan, and Peres. Let's pray they drop them.

*The doorman opens the rope barrier and waves the couple in. Our reporter grabs the woman's arm.*

*Reporter:* Can you get me in? I forgot my invitation at home.

*Woman:* Sometimes you must wait for love. But you'll know it when you see it.

*She rushes away and the doorman shoves our reporter back into the melee. Furious, he stomps through the crush of people to the outer sidewalk.*

*Reporter:* Goddamn elitism! What's this country coming to when a working man has to be chosen to get into a bar?

*Our reporter looks around and sees a man in his sixties, a regular Joe, walking his Labrador. He's on his way to the deli.*

*Reporter:* Did you send valentines this year?

*Joe:* Sure. I always do. To my wife. To my two daughters. And this year, a special one to Caspar Weinberger. He made me love my country again. He made me think we might still have some moral guts. "I love you, Caspar," that's what it said. Hey! Will you look at that? Kids! Now, will you tell me, is that a boy or a girl?

*At the door of the club, standing on the steps, a small cherub has appeared. He has curly blond hair, wears a diaper, and carries a bow and arrows. The doorman bends down and the cherub whispers in his ear.*

*Doorman* (shouting and pointing): Hey, you! You from *Penthouse*, Mr. Press, you can come in now.

*At first our reporter looks stunned. Then he pushes through the crowd, leaps over the rope barrier, and, grinning, disappears into the club.*







## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### LAW

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

In Shakespeare's *Henry VI Part Two*, Dick, the rogue butcher of Ashford, declares that when the revolt succeeds, "the first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

If that proposition were put to a vote today, there would surely be a great many Americans in favor of inflicting punishment on most lawyers, or at least putting them someplace where they couldn't do much harm.

Lawyers are widely perceived as troublemakers who are magnetically attracted to disasters. The specter of lawyers descending on accident scenes—from Bhopal to Dallas—contributes to the image of them as vultures. (Notice how few lawyers were seen near the rubble of Mexico City following the disastrous earthquake last September. Acts of God—as distinguished from acts of wealthy corporations—do not provide good grist for the mills of law firms.)

Critics ranging from Chief Justice Warren Burger to Harvard President Derek Bok have bemoaned the surplus of lawyers. Before the end of this century, we will have one million licensed troublemakers in our midst. Even President Reagan likes to ask his lawyer friends if they know the two reasons why medical researchers prefer using lawyers instead of white mice for their experiments. The President's answer: "First, there are more of them. And second, there is less likelihood that anyone will find them too lovable to experiment on."

Any profession that suffers from so foul a reputation must, in some way, provoke it. And surely there are very good reasons for being critical of the law business. Far too many lawyers spend far too much time helping governments, corporations, and individuals stay wealthy, while far too few lawyers spend any time protecting the rights of the poor, the disenfranchised, or even the middle class. Although there is now one lawyer for every 250 citizens in this country, most Americans who need legal help cannot secure it. At fees often ranging well above \$100 per hour, few working people can afford to spend a week's take-home pay on a relatively brief consultation.

Even in the most extreme cases, there are not enough lawyers available. Nearly one-third of the 1,500 people currently on death row do not have lawyers with whom they can confer. It is as if nearly all the doctors spent their time performing cosmetic surgery, leaving hospital emergency rooms understaffed.

The solution to the problem is not to kill all the lawyers, but to redirect their energies to more socially necessary undertakings. A license to practice entitles its bearer to become part of a legal monopoly. Only licensed lawyers can practice law and charge the kind of fees that lawyers command. In exchange for this privilege, lawyers—like other licensed monopolists—should be required to help serve society's most pressing legal needs. Every member of the bar should be required either to

devote five hours a week to representing the poor, or to contribute a sum equal to five billable hours. This would go a long way toward distributing needed legal services more widely and equitably throughout our population.

Reducing the number of lawyers or lawsuits, as some have suggested, would only exacerbate the problem. The first to suffer would be the poor. Indeed, I suspect that one of the reasons why Chief Justice Warren Burger rails against the litigation explosion is precisely because of the increasing number of suits now being brought against corporations and governments by people who previously had to sit on their rights.

I recall a conversation I had last summer with an Italian man named Valerio who wished that more Europeans would bring their grievances to court: "Here, we are afraid of courts. If you get cheated by a big store, you best shut up. If you make trouble, they make bigger trouble for you." Cynicism about corruption is apparent: "A poor person cannot obtain

an advocate, but, even more important, he cannot afford the bribes."

Valerio hoped that, in time, Italians would learn to be more like Americans. "My friends are not educated about their rights," he said. "They do not believe the courts belong to them. Someday they will learn from Americans to use the courts instead of fearing them."

If you think that too many lawyers are a problem, think about what the world would be like if we were to follow Dick the butcher's advice, as Stalin, Hitler, and other totalitarian rulers did. Lawyers may be an evil, but they are a necessary evil.

### MEDIA

BY M. S. KAPLAN

There are no war shows left on television. But warfare hasn't disappeared from the tube entirely. Pitched battles are still being fought, not in 60-minute action programs, but in 60-second commercials. The Communist menace has been replaced by the scourges of affluent America:



TV commercials battle for consumer aggression.



dirt, grime, and household odors. With increasing frequency, Madison Avenue is producing television commercials resembling search-and-destroy missions, in which the ultimate objective is the viewer's money.

In one recent ad, a phalanx of housewives, vacuum cleaners resting on their shoulders like rifles, march off to eliminate ground-in carpet dirt. In another, a teenager's face is transformed into a video-game battlefield and a death ray blasts from a Clearasil tube, zapping the zits.

The shock troops of commercial warfare seem to be the high-tech companies. Data General went all the way to Spain to mount a lavish reenactment of a World War I battle. The spot opens as horse-drawn cannons and knickered soldiers repulse an enemy attack. But only momentarily, for emerging out of a curtain of smoke is the ominous form of a tank. Then comes a close-up of the general's face, thunderstruck by the sight of this fearsome new machine—the shape of warfare to come. "In tomorrow's business battle," asks the announcer, "will you be buying yesterday's technology?"

In a recent and highly controversial ad for Wang business machines, an Airwolf helicopter hovers menacingly beside the glass-walled ramparts of a modern skyscraper. Inside, the besieged executive, about to use an IBM personal computer, cringes. The message is as unmistakable as it is intimidating: Use the competition's goods and face the consequences.

Manipulating war fantasies to sell products on television might be hailed as healthy, clever, and innovative advertising. But to political scientists like Lloyd deMause, commercial warfare augurs a much more dangerous reality. As the founder and chief exponent of the field of psychohistory, deMause says wars are shaped by a nation's collective unconscious. He contends that the national psyche, like the human psyche, suffers from guilt caused

omy on a phantom foundation, says deMause, the new war ads on our TV screens indicate that we're mobilizing now.

By Easter, we may be seeing ads showing our boys swilling beer behind sandbags in Central America, or by summer, models in designer battle fatigues lounging on the dunes of the Persian Gulf. Stay tuned as advertisers continue to mobilize consumers with the message that war is self-



*For a better night's sleep, invest in a bank money-market fund.*

by prosperity. The outlet for these nettlesome feelings is waging war.

In this century, Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman, and Johnson have all either entered a war or escalated one soon after their reelection. Furthermore, these wars have been preceded by at least two years of increased GNP. About every 22 years, says deMause, the United States has gone to war. As long as the Dow bobs above 1,000 and government spending bolsters the econ-

visited Tar Beach.

Now you have something your friends don't have: savings. It may be a few weeks' worth of wages, or it may be a year's worth. But still, it stands between you and desperation. What should you do with it? Where can you put it to make it grow and still be sure it's safe?

For this most basic of all questions there is the most basic of all answers: Put it in the bank. (And by "bank," I mean any federally insured financial institution, including credit unions and savings and loan associations.) This investment will not make you the idol of the local yacht club, but it will allow you to sleep at night.

You could try putting your money in the stock market. If you happen to catch a lucky break, you could double or triple your stake overnight. But the ordinary investor is just as likely to buy into a declining market as a rising one. You have no assurance at all that your particular stock will go up—no matter what your broker says, or a herd of charging bulls say, or a man on a tennis court in a blazer with everyone listening says.

Obviously, there have been times when stocks were exactly the right investment. Since 1981, we've enjoyed one of the greatest bull markets in history. But there have also been disasters. If you had bought into the high-tech area in 1982, you would now be crying bankruptcy. Stocks are fun and exciting. But they fluctuate, and fluctuation is the last thing you want with the money you sweated bullets to get.

What about precious met-

## MONEY

BY BENJAMIN STEIN

The building blocks of a life: You've worked like a dog since you got out of school. While your pals were at home watching "Monday Night Football" and drinking Bud Light, you were working a second job and eating the boss's exhaust. You've scrimped like a neurotic Scot. Your best friend from the old neighborhood went to Aspen last summer. You





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

als? Let me put it like this: In November of 1979, gold reached an all-time peak of \$850 per ounce. At the time of this writing, gold is trading at around \$330 per ounce. After adjusting for inflation, it's safe to say that gold investors have lost their shirts. The same goes for silver. Yes, gold and silver have occasionally gone up, too. But who can predict this? And who knows when gold will collapse again? Gold and silver are fine—for people who don't need the money.

Collectibles are a joke. You, the "investor," pay a huge commission to buy into gems or rare books or Oriental rugs or antique cars. You can rarely sell at anything like what you paid, and even then, you must pay a huge commission on the sale. Collectibles are fine if you do it for love, but a disaster if you expect to make money.

Real estate? It can be paradise. If you buy right, you can see spectacular appreciation. In New York City, real estate has risen by a factor of five since 1979. But real estate values also drop, often substantially. Houses in Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., and some parts of Florida, for instance, are now selling for less than their 1980 prices. How do you know if you are getting in at the top or at the bottom? Again, real estate is a gamble. Ask the farmers who borrowed to buy land and are now seeing their lives auctioned away.

Treasury bonds are safe—if you hold them long enough. U.S. Treasuries always pay off at maturity. They also pay high interest, but their face value varies day by day.

If you buy just as interest rates are rising, you will see your bonds fall. (Bond prices move opposite to bond yields.) Should you need to sell right away, before maturity, you can lose badly.

There are a few investments that never fail. Federally insured bank money-market accounts pay about four percentage points above the rate of inflation, with complete safety and full liquidity. Short-term federally insured bank certificates of deposit pay extremely competitive rates and, if you select a short maturity, can be redeemed almost at will. Both investments also avoid brokers' fees.

Money-market funds from large brokers are not federally insured. But it is hard to imagine that they could ever be allowed to default. They usually pay slightly more than bank money-market accounts (say, 7.5 percent compared with 6.75 percent). They are also completely liquid and, as with the banks, have no transaction costs—or almost none.

Bank CDs, bank money-market accounts, and large money-market funds are not going to get you into *Forbes*. But they will always go up, and never go down. You will never wake up at 4 A.M. wondering how you could have been so stupid.

At least for the first money you make, play it safe. There will be plenty of time later to roll the dice on money that was not so hard to come by.

## SEX NEWS

A stripper in Toledo beat a pandering rap with a novel defense in court: failure



*Grade-B stripper goes free.*

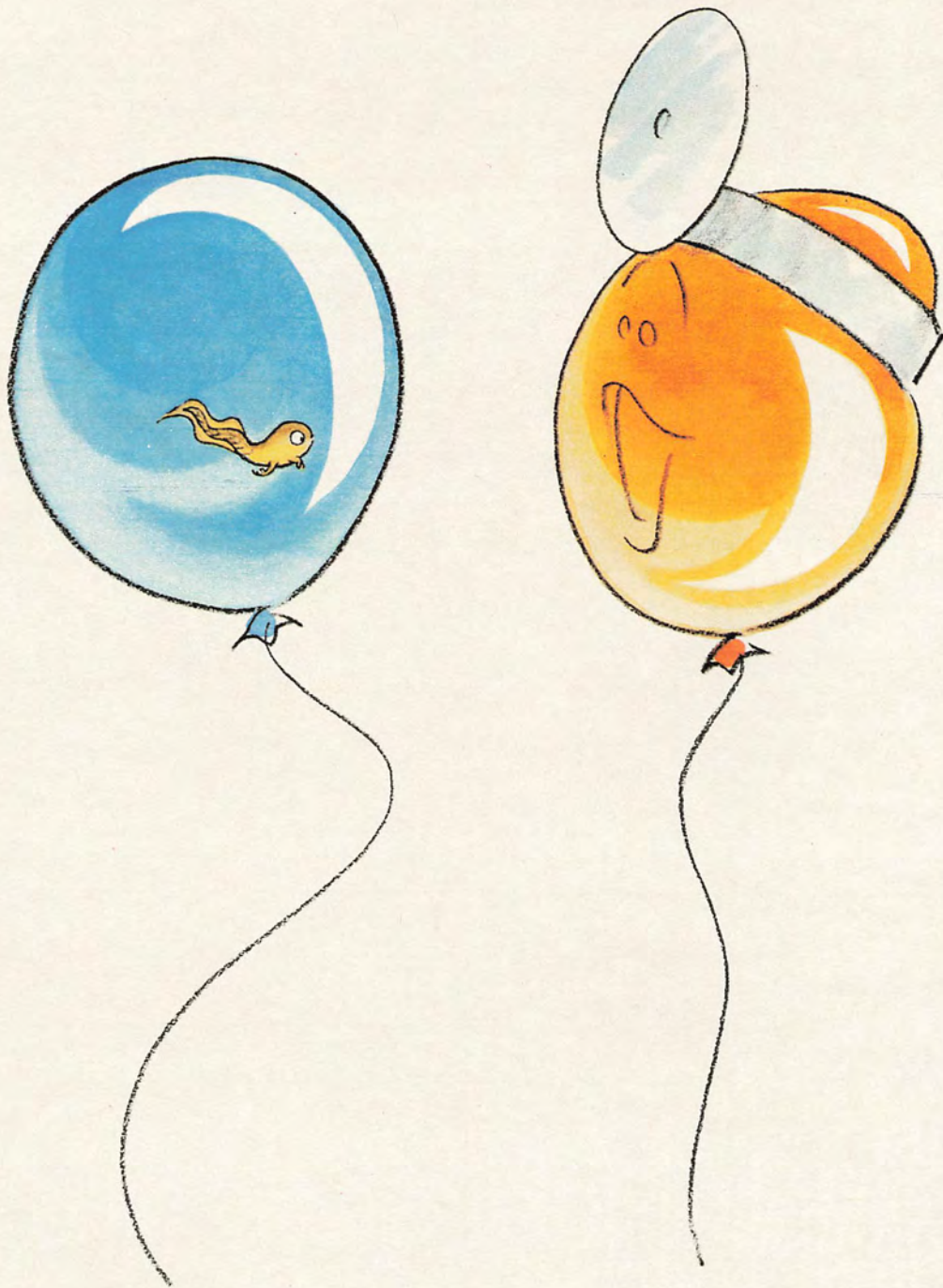
to arouse. Her attorney said that since Melinda Safian failed to arouse the undercover cop who arrested her, her act could not be judged obscene. Detective Ron Ziolkowski of the Toledo vice squad told the court he watched Safian from a three-foot-square private booth, and that as he spent more money the show got racier. Even so, Ziolkowski said he was not sexually aroused by it. Arousal was essential to the prosecution's case, so Judge Allen Andrews dismissed the charge. . . . Funniest Celebrity Divorce Ruling of the Year award goes to Marie Osmond. Her parting of the ways with Steve Craig sent spasms of dismay through the ultraconservative Mormon community of which Marie is a member. Steve sought custody of their son plus alimony payments from Marie. Instead, a judge awarded her full custody and ordered him to pay alimony—of a dollar a year. A family

spokesman for the Osmonds was quoted as saying the alimony was "no joke for somebody who spends all his time playing golf, tennis, and swimming and never worked a day in his life." . . . Things are just not going Jerry Falwell's way. Not only did he lose a court battle recently, but he lost it to a (gasp!) gay adversary. Not only is Jerry Sloan gay, but he is a clergyman and an ex-classmate of Falwell's at Baptist Bible College. Sacramento Municipal Judge Michael Ullman ordered Falwell to pay Sloan the \$5,000 he said he would if Sloan came up with a videotape of the Moral Majority leader attacking homosexuals. Sloan, a former pastor of the all-gay Metropolitan Community Church, had been offered the money by Falwell, who denied making the attack. The tape Sloan presented to the judge showed Falwell calling gays "brute beasts . . . part of a vile and Satanic system [that] will one day be utterly annihilated, and there will be celebration in heaven." . . . Ronald Reagan has added his two cents' worth to the debate over the sexual content of rock lyrics. In a wide-ranging attack on the "failed and exhausted liberal ideology," Reagan complained that the music industry is guilty of "glorification of drugs, violence, and perversity." Reagan went on to rewrite the U.S. Constitution with the comment: "I don't believe that our Founding Fathers ever intended to create a nation where the rights of pornographers would take precedence over the rights of parents." O+



# Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



*"The good news is you're pregnant—the bad news is your boyfriend is not a prince."*



# MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART SIX

Evidence shows that there is a safe, easily administered alternative to drugs and surgery when treating heart disease. Why hasn't the medical establishment endorsed it as an effective therapy?

## CHELATION THERAPY: A TREATMENT UNDER SIEGE

BY GARY NULL

Since the early sixties, when the pioneering articles about chelation therapy first appeared, the treatment has been the object of a carefully waged and highly damaging attack from nearly all components of the medical-industrial complex: physicians, their professional organizations and journals, government regulatory boards, and insurance companies.

Chelation therapy, the process of infusing EDTA (ethylenediaminetetraacetic acid) into the bloodstream, is used to treat cardiovascular disease. As EDTA moves through blood vessels, it removes excess deposits of iron, copper, and various other heavy metals that are implicated in the formation of plaque. Once this plaque is reduced, a normal flow of blood can resume.

The attack on chelation has not only made it difficult for physicians to use the therapy, it has also made it nearly impossible for those knowledgeable about it to present their experiences through the



conventional media.

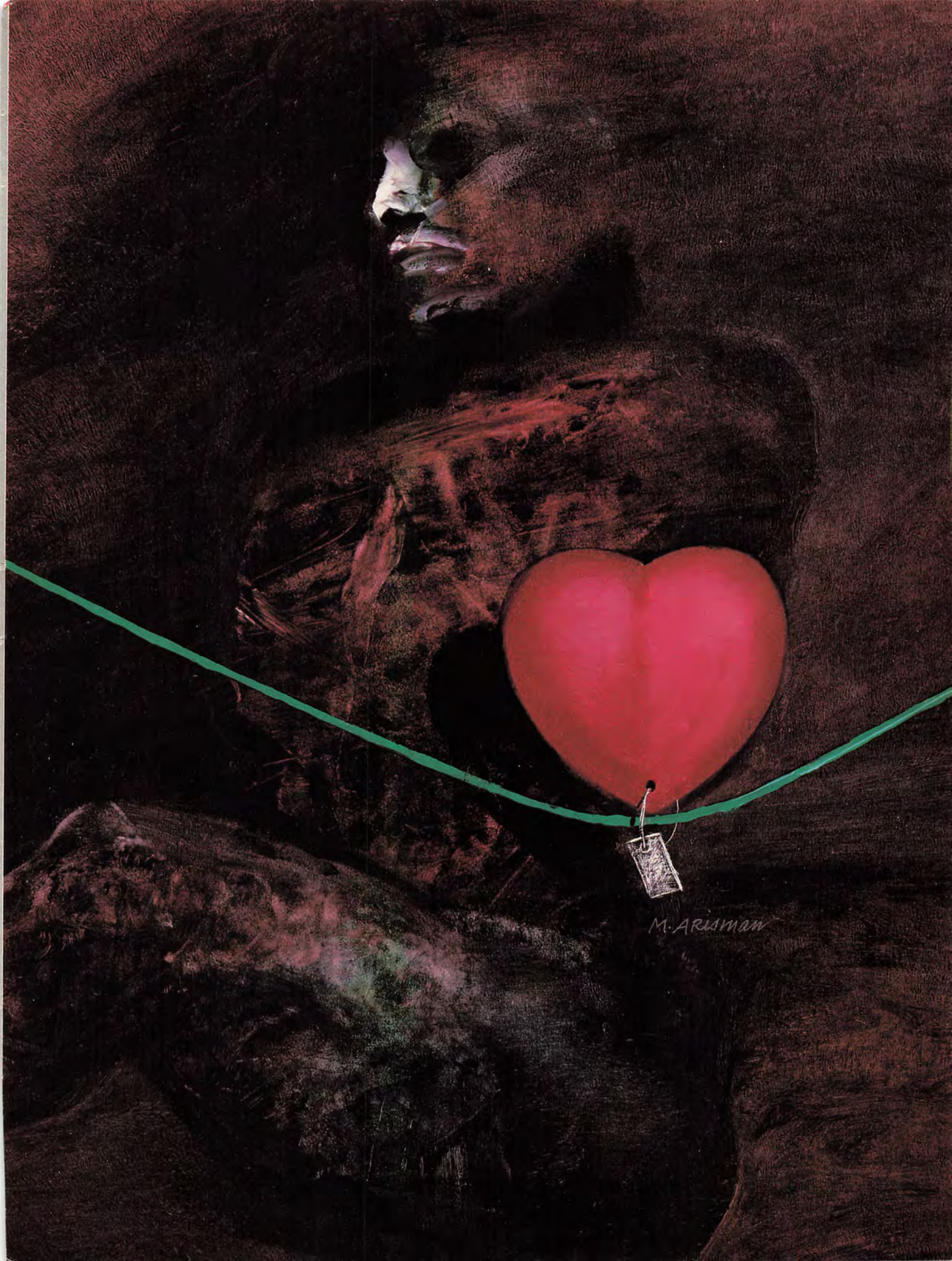
As the cardiologist Dr. R. H. Casdorph has put it, "Medicine, unfortunately, has its fads and fashions. Chelation therapy has become a political football, and it is very difficult to get it judged on the basis of scientific merit alone."

In this context, we will look at some "fields" on which this political football game is being played: in American Medical Association and American Heart Association propaganda mills, in supposedly objective state medical association "hearings" on the therapy, in systematic and persistent attempts by agencies of the U.S. government to put chelation therapists out of business, and in insurance companies' refusal to reimburse patients for chelation treatments.

In our previous article, we outlined some of the evidence for chelation therapy's efficacy and safety in the treatment of heart disease, and pointed out that none of the conventional treatments for cardiovascular disease are geared toward arterial

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN





M. ARISMAN



health but, rather, toward arterial disease. This applies most obviously to coronary-bypass surgery, heart transplants, and the use of artificial hearts. All these conventional treatments are based on the premise that the degeneration of cardiovascular tissue is irreversible.

Even the most effective drugs treat only the symptoms. Nitroglycerine increases cardiac output in some patients, and beta blockers diminish the effects of adrenaline, reducing angina and arrhythmia. Calcium blockers prevent spasms by preventing calcium absorption into the heart muscle. None of these drugs, however, does anything to reverse the basic problem, coronary occlusion. Balloon angioplasty, the latest experimental surgery, is at least less invasive than coronary bypass, and blowing up a small balloon inside the artery does reduce occlusion at the site for some patients. But, while cardiologists practicing it caution patients to change their lifestyle to avoid new occlusion, angioplasty itself does nothing to change the biochemistry behind arterial degeneration.

Chelation therapy is a safe, easily administered alternative to drugs and surgery. It is inexpensive and appears to deal with the biochemical causes of heart disease, including arterial plaque buildup and heavy-metal toxicity.

If the evidence shows that chelation is a safer, more effective, far less expensive alternative to coronary-bypass surgery—that it is capable of ameliorating hardening of the arteries and other conditions associated with aging—why hasn't the medical profession endorsed it as an effective therapy? Why does a powerful faction of the medical establishment continue to label this proven therapy as "quackery"? Why do the leading medical journals continue to turn down articles about chelation authored by eminent physicians experienced in administering chelation therapy? Why won't most insurance companies reimburse patients for chelation treatments?

As a general rule, it usually takes a long time for a radically different approach to the treatment of disease to filter into common acceptance and usage. Chelation therapy is no exception.

Yet it isn't that simple. Consider the cast of characters in the medical-industrial complex: physicians trained in the conventional treatment of heart disease; the medical schools that teach the same approaches; medical-equipment manufacturers who continue to reap huge profits from promoting high-tech medicine; giant pharmaceutical firms racing against each other to obtain patents on the newest heart drugs; insurance companies prof-

iting from the continually rising costs of high-tech health care. If chelation therapy works, as its proponents contend, no one in the medical-industrial complex stands to profit from it—except the patients and their therapists.

The medical community does *not* find chelation acceptable. The few articles that have appeared in widely read journals, such as the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, have been overwhelmingly negative. The AMA has consistently refused to publish articles about current studies on chelation, thereby preventing physicians from evaluating the research and drawing their own conclusions. As a consequence, most doctors will state unequivocally that it does not work. The fact is that no study has ever proved any such thing.

Because the AMA maintains a stranglehold on governmental administrative agencies, such as the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), on county medical societies, and on the insurance companies, it is difficult for physicians who want to use chelation therapy to practice it with impunity, and for patients who benefit from such therapy to collect insurance coverage.

A substantial part of the opposition's case against chelation rests on the fact that double-blind, controlled studies of





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STARMAN	1723042	THE AFRICAN QUEEN	0511022	CRUISING	3500232
JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY	0980042	ON GOLDEN POND	0523162	A PLACE IN THE SUN	7132062
WUTHERING HEIGHTS	3126032	TRADING PLACES	2017072	YENTL	0895082
A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST.	3288072	BREATHLESS	7116142	BLADE RUNNER	3104092
MICKI & MAUDE	1732032	BODY DOUBLE	1713062	WAR GAMES	0828002
THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING	0948052	CLEOPATRA (Taylor and Burton)	0579012	THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL	0576042
THE MALTESE FALCON	0508072	MAD MAX	7109132	THE GODFATHER	2023092
ROMANCING THE STONE	0894092	PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO	7136022	PORKY'S	0775112
THE BIG CHILL	1527022	STRIPES	1513162	FORT APACHE	5526042
THE FLAMINGO KID	7135032	THE LONGEST DAY	0577032	CITIZEN KANE	5501032
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK	0910092	ALIEN	0002322	PATTON	0043092
STAR WARS	0564162	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS	1510192	WEST SIDE STORY	0505342
THE KARATE KID	1710092	BUTCH CASSIDY & THE SUNDANCE KID	0517302	DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER	0599072
THE SOUND OF MUSIC	0039212	BACHELOR PARTY	0926012	CABARET	4001272
JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT CHALLENGE	5260042	EASY MONEY	7107152	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534212



chelation's efficacy have not yet been performed. Still, coronary-bypass surgery was widely accepted by the medical community long before controlled studies of any sort were undertaken. Such studies have since been completed and show that coronary-bypass operations have little beneficial effect. But this dangerous and costly operation continues to be the fastest-growing type of surgery in the country.

The public should have a full range of safe, effective health-care techniques from which to choose. Yet, chelation therapy remains either unknown or is unjustifiably regarded as quackery.

The principal component of chelation therapy, EDTA, was first synthesized in Nazi Germany in 1935 as a substitute for citric acid. It was used in the German textile industry to prevent fabric stains due to the calcium present in hard water. Meanwhile, chelating agents were also being studied in the United States. It was not until 1952 that EDTA was first used in the treatment of lead poisoning. Chelation with EDTA has since become the approved method for treating lead poisoning, as well as other heavy-metal toxicity in humans.

Doctors soon noticed that their elderly patients, whom they treated with EDTA for lead poisoning, showed marked improvement in health. In addition to the removal of lead from their bodies, EDTA seemed to relieve many of their atherosclerotic symptoms, as well.

Observation of factory workers he was treating for lead poisoning led Dr. Norman Clarke, director of research at Providence Hospital in Detroit, to research the utility of EDTA in the treatment of occlusive vascular disease—a condition in which blood vessels become progressively blocked. He is now recognized as one of the pioneers of EDTA chelation therapy for heart and circulatory disease.

In a landmark article published in the *American Journal of Cardiology* in August 1960, Dr. Clarke reported, "For several years we have been administering intravenously to patients with advanced occlusive vascular disease three to five grams of EDTA. An accumulated experience with several hundred patients has demonstrated that overall relief has been superior to that obtained with other methods. In occlusive vascular disease of the brain there has been uniform relief of vertigo, and the signs of senility, even when advanced, have been significantly relieved. . . . In summary, the treatment of atherosclerotic vascular complications with the chelating agent EDTA is supported by a large volume of information."

However, Dr. Clarke's work and the future of chelation therapy were dealt a reeling blow shortly after his article appeared.

Two medical researchers, Dr. Lawrence E. Meltzer and Dr. J. R. Kitchell, of Philadelphia's Presbyterian Hospital, re-

ceived a grant from the John A. Hartford Foundation to investigate the long-term use, side effects, and toxicity of EDTA. Heart patients participated on a voluntary basis, paying the doctors nothing for treatment. In July 1961, they reported in the *American Journal of Medical Science* that no serious side effects had been observed over a four-year period, during which 2,000 infusions of the substance were given.

Two years later, Dr. Kitchell told *Medical World News* that "eleven of twelve patients with vascular disease secondary to diabetes have improved, and considering the absence of any valuable method for treating diabetic vascular disease, chelation therapy assumes great importance. But the improvement was only temporary."

Soon afterward, Meltzer and Kitchell zapped the use of chelation therapy for coronary-artery disease in an article they published in *The American Journal of*

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While the American  
Medical Association claims  
it has no official  
position on chelation  
therapy, it is  
overwhelmingly against it.

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*Cardiology*. The article, reappraising previous findings, stated that no measurable long-term benefits had been observed in a control group of patients with coronary-artery disease who had been treated by EDTA chelation. They supported their conclusions by results they said they had obtained by using a plethysmograph, an instrument which records variations in blood flow in different parts of the body. However, it is interesting that in the same article they reaffirmed the temporary benefits of chelation therapy in the treatment of peripheral vascular disease, particularly below the patients' knees.

Drs. Meltzer and Kitchell discontinued their research on chelation therapy when they couldn't demonstrate any long-term benefits based on measuring techniques available at the time. They explained that, at first, the 11 patients they had mentioned "had not seemed to be any better. Then several weeks or months after the treatments were completed, these people reported back that they were better. There were certain electrocardiographic improvements, but over a matter of time they were not sustained. The people

didn't live longer than would be anticipated. It was true," they admitted, "that we took very difficult people who had been referred because other treatments had failed."

As a final concession, Dr. Meltzer said, "It would be stupid to say that chelation has no benefit at all since there are some drugs now being introduced that do have a chelating effect. It's not inconceivable that this has some benefit."

In a telephone interview, Dr. Kitchell reiterated Dr. Meltzer's reservations. Their final report, he said, reflected their belief that chelation therapy "wasn't worth anything, the results didn't last, and they had no real meaning." When asked to comment on the good results obtained in patients treated with chelation, he said that he had heard from professors of medicine that there were no good results.

Shortly after the Meltzer-Kitchell reappraisal appeared, chelation therapy suffered another blow. For many years, Abbott Laboratories and other manufacturers of EDTA were allowed to state on the package insert that it was "possibly effective in the treatment of occlusive vascular disease." But the Kefauver-Harrison Act of 1962 compelled the pharmaceutical manufacturer to prove conclusively that the product is effective for the conditions stated on the package insert. At that time, the additional tests required to prove EDTA effective by FDA standards for the treatment of atherosclerosis would have cost Abbott about a million dollars. Abbott's patents on EDTA were about to expire, so the company chose not to conduct the study.

Thus, when arguing against chelation, the AMA, the American Heart Association (AHA), the insurance companies, and the nonchelating doctors quote the disclaimer on the EDTA package insert: "Not recommended for the treatment of generalized arteriosclerosis associated with advancing age." But the text of the package insert did not explain the animated vigor of the attacks on chelation by the AMA and other chelation opponents.

The cynical argument that chelation therapy has not undergone double-blind trials for efficacy is a hollow one; since the patent rights on EDTA have expired and the substance is in the public domain, there exists no motivation for any commercial or private interest to fund such trials.

But the absence of double-blind or controlled studies of chelation therapy does not mean that there is no scientific evidence for its efficacy. Because of the sophisticated radioisotope and other techniques now available for studying blood flow, chelation therapists can measure improvement in the health of their patients with modern technological, noninvasive methods, before and after treatment, and several studies based on these methods have been published.

Dr. Lloyd Grumbles was among the first physicians to use radioisotope blood-flow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66













# GUINEVERE AND THE KNIGHT

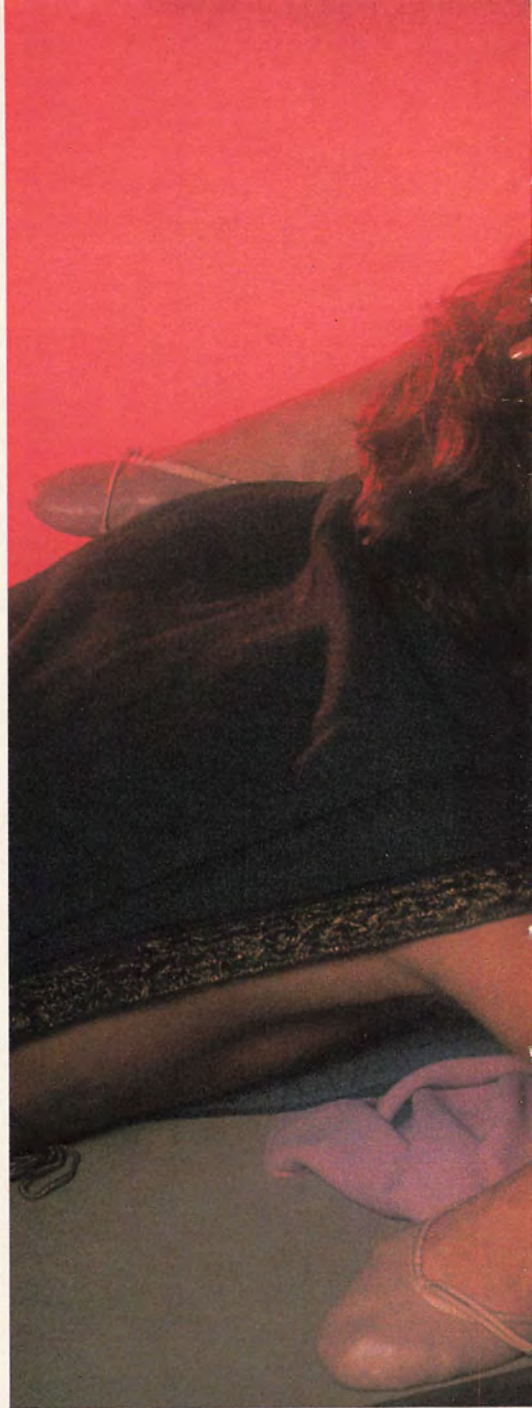
She, the lady, was born to rule the castled winds, and in turn to be ruled by other winds, desire's winds. And he, the knight, born to bow the knee to fealty and to love, was the errant gallant of her passions. And when he raised her in his arms, the green fields that bound her fell away a thousand leagues and more, and vanished to that place of dreams where the unicorn's glance vanquished all that kings and men knew to be real: time and tempered swords and dragons' flames. And when they kissed, the woods and vaulted boughs sighed their names and hushed the world.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





Hair by Darlene Defreitas, makeup by John Maldonado



Hard fortress stone  
and the pressing  
cuirass of his breast  
against hers. Then  
all softness—a  
queenly mount—  
and the wind itself  
within her.











Mouths for  
this were  
meant, not  
for morning  
prayer;  
hands for  
this, not for  
grasping  
blood-tipped  
lances in  
violent tour-  
naments.









She surveyed her domain from on high. Then other glories came to sight. Her flesh was his, and his was hers.











The winds subsided, and whispered  
words of lady and knight were answered by  
starlings on their westward way.  
Those winds, the lady knew, would return, like  
starlings, with the magic dawn.







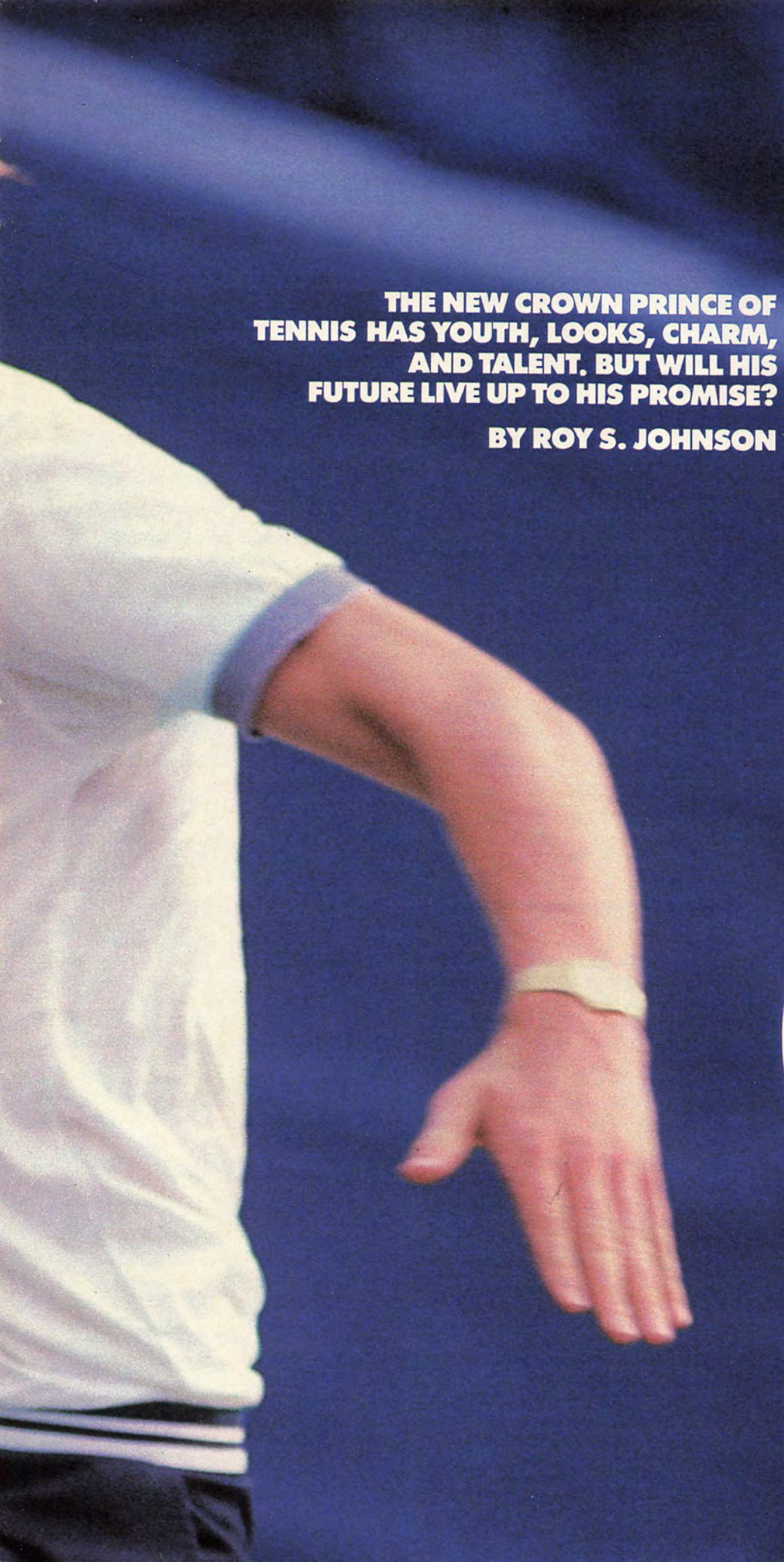










A photograph of a tennis player's arm and hand in a ready position, wearing a white shirt and a wristband, set against a blue background. The player's arm is extended forward, and the hand is open with fingers slightly spread. The background is a solid blue color.

**THE NEW CROWN PRINCE OF  
TENNIS HAS YOUTH, LOOKS, CHARM,  
AND TALENT. BUT WILL HIS  
FUTURE LIVE UP TO HIS PROMISE?**

**BY ROY S. JOHNSON**





One of the joys of being an avid sports follower comes during that rare moment when, by divine chance, one witnesses the birth of greatness. Like some two decades ago, when a bean pole of a kid from Harlem named Lew Alcindor discovered a funny-looking basketball shot and named it the skyhook. Or when Tommy Seaver, the teen prodigy, first threw a baseball so fast that the unfortunate batter never even saw it. Those who were lucky enough to see these and other future legends in the childhood of their careers speak of the experience in almost reverent tones, as if they were in on a secret before anyone else.

Ten years from now, I'll probably be that way, too. For I'll be able to say that in the summer of 1985, I saw Boris Becker win Wimbledon.

*You shoulda seen him. He had no fear. Diving all over those hallowed grass courts. No respect. He was hitting winners from the seat of his pants, for Christ's sake! And serving blistering aces as easily as they served dishes of strawberries and cream just outside center court. He was something. A strapping six one and 175 pounds. He looked like a linebacker. And he was still growing! "Boom-Boom," they called him. He was only 17! You wouldn'ta believed it.*

It won't really matter that the exuberant West German with the hit-man forehand, the Huck Finn smile, and the strawberry-blond hair didn't have to play John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, or even Mats Wilander in order to become the youngest player—and the first from his country—to ever capture the most coveted tennis championship in the world. History will only note that on the first Sunday in July, an unseeded Boris Becker squashed Kevin Curren, 6-3, 6-7, 7-6, 6-4, in 198 gloriously thrilling minutes, and thus traveled from innocent obscurity to legend.

Since that day, Becker has held the tennis world by its fuzzy yellow balls. In his homeland he is a national hero, and the object of teenage girls' dreams everywhere else. At the onset of the U.S. Open last fall at the National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadows, New York, his name was on everyone's lips, and a potential duel in the sun against McEnroe in the quarterfinal round was billed as the match of the year. Everywhere he went, from the practice courts to Greenwich Village in Manhattan, he was besieged by well-wishers and admirers. "I'm walking in the streets," he said one day early in the tournament, "and many people are coming to me, saying, 'Hi, Mr. Becker.' It's strange in this big city. But I like it because when walking on the street at 1 A.M., it's like rush hour."

That Becker was intimidated by most of the attention at the tournament was just fine with some of the top seeds, especially those like Ivan Lendl, whose relationship with the media has been stormy, at best, throughout his career. "He is the

hot name now," said the Czech, "which is fine with me. Maybe I won't get asked so many questions."

But others, while admiring Becker's success, felt labeling him as one of the world's best was a bit premature. And McEnroe was itching to prove it by facing the wunderkind. "It looks bad for everyone if someone that age can come through and take everyone by storm," he said. But he never got the chance. Becker was upset, in a few sets, by Sweden's Joakim Nystrom in round 16, just one match away from the dream match. In that match, and for the first time since Wimbledon, Becker resembled the 17-year-old that he is: At times he was petulant and pouty. He played as if he were confused and frustrated. And near the end of the match, he even cried into his towel.

Afterward, he said: "The first two sets, I wasn't on the court. It was the worst I've played in my life. I'm disappointed. I

“  
With a style highlighted  
by a howitzer  
forehand, a cannon serve,  
and kamikaze  
dives, he is as exciting  
a player to watch  
as anyone on the tour.  
”

wanted to play McEnroe."

As has often been said, fame has its price. With that loss, Boris Becker began paying his bill.

It wasn't really very long ago that he could waltz through tennis clubs unnoticed, wrapped inside a Walkman, blasting the Police into his ears just like any other red-blooded teen. But no more. In his hometown of Leimen, a hamlet (population 17,500) near Heidelberg, he was given a parade after Wimbledon that was attended by well over 30,000 celebrants, and immortalized with a poster showing his knees and shirt darkened with dirt after one of his famous dives. He was honored by a local baker with a new pretzel made with ham and sauerkraut and called the "Bobeke"—for Boris Becker Leimen; serenaded with two songs written for him; and awarded the gold ring by the *burgermeister* (mayor), the city's highest honor.

A few days later, he made his first appearance since the Wimbledon final at the U.S. Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis, and was pursued by so many throngs of autograph seekers and giggling teenagers just aching to touch their

new heartthrob that he had to be assigned escorts to and from his practice courts. It was there that fellow pro Jose Luis Clerc of Argentina said, teasingly, "I used to say, 'Hey, kid. Would you like to come hit with me?' Now, I say, 'Mr. Becker, sir. Would you hit with me?'" And in August, Becker jetted to Los Angeles between matches at a tournament in Mason, Ohio, to appear on "The Tonight Show."

Beckerfever (*Beckerfieber*, if you will) peaked earlier that month when, in front of a frenzied, partisan crowd in Hamburg—just a six-hour drive from Leimen—he crushed fellow 17-year-old Aaron Krickstein, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1, in the deciding match of the quarterfinal Davis Cup tie to lead the West Germans to a stunning 3-2 upset over the United States, their first victory in six meetings spanning 72 years. He had already sliced up America's other hope, Eliot Teltscher, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3, proclaiming boldly that he "thought it would be a tougher fight. Like maybe four sets."

Ah, the arrogance of youth.

And he isn't even old enough to drive.

Arthur Ashe, the beleaguered U.S. Davis Cup captain who had to resort to using Krickstein and Teltscher, two erratic players not in the top ten, after McEnroe and Connors refused to sign behavioral codes required by sponsors, could only lament over the precocious teen. "We don't have any Boris Beckers in our ranks."

All told, Becker rose from a ranking of No. 176 on June 25, 1984, to No. 8 in just over a year. There is little disagreement that the emergence of Becker at a time when tennis was becoming stale and predictable—with the McEnroe-Connors-Lendl triumvirate winning the majority of the men's titles and Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert Lloyd dominating the women's circuit—is a real boost for the sport. "He's a new name, a new spirit," said Bill Talbert, the former national champion and current director of the U.S. Open.

So here comes Boris, armed with the best of everything. He even looks all-American. With his loosely kept bangs and naive smile, he could pass for a farm boy from Kansas. And with a playing style highlighted by a howitzer forehand, a cannon serve, kamikaze dives, and a little dance, "The Becker Boogie," that he does after winning an important point, he is as exciting a player to watch as anyone on the tour. And his free-spirited, say-what-you-feel personality has held up under worldwide scrutiny. He even managed to find humor in his newfound fame: While being hounded by paparazzi on a beach in Monte Carlo just after Wimbledon, he turned to the group and said, "What are you going to do now, follow me into the bathroom?"

Despite having studied English for only four years, he speaks and understands the language well. Thus, his loose nature

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



# NEW LOOK



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WHITE DOPE

1985: THE YEAR AS YOU  
NEVER SAW IT

FREEZE-DRIED PETS

KITE SKIING: THE  
LATEST WINTER SPORT

SNOW SCULPTURE  
IN SAPPORO

ELVIS CULTS  
IN TOKYO

## ON SALE EVERYWHERE.



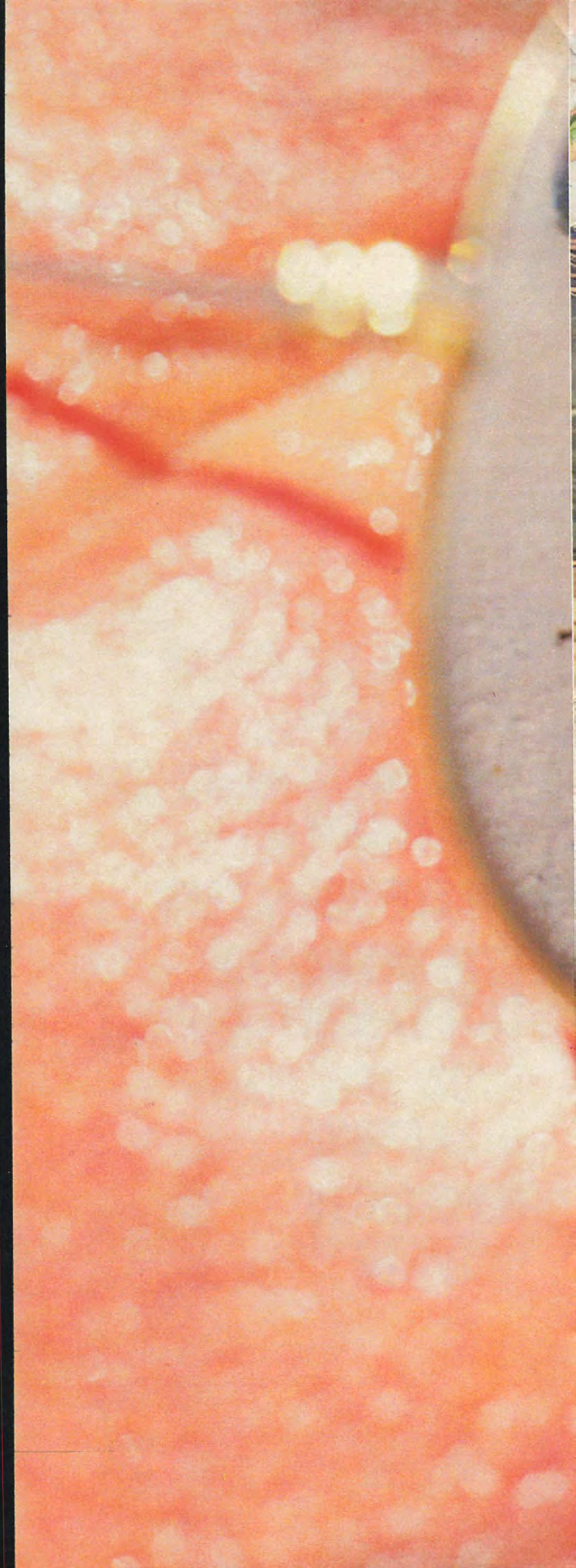
# SPEED WEEK

BY PETER MANSO

**C**all it primitive, primeval, prehistoric, or something innate. What we're talking about is a lust for speed that draws upwards of a thousand fanatic pilgrims out onto the barren, sunbaked wasteland of Bonneville's salt flats each and every August, with contraptions big and small, two- and four-wheel varieties both, each entrant set on one thing: smashing existing speed records, which in the words of one regular means nothing less than "kickin' a little ass out in no-man's-land."

Yes, it's Bonneville Speed Week. Las Vegas may be known for its high-roller nightlife, but here on the desert outside Wendover, Utah, straddling the Nevada state line, it's little different from what it must have been at the dawn of creation. And certainly things haven't changed much since 1950, when Bille Kenz and Roy Leslie became the first Americans to punch through the 200-mile-per-hour barrier. Refreshingly simple, in this era of megabuck Grand Prix teams:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
TONY O'BRIEN











Paint by Rich Dixon  
Sid's Custom Upholstery  
ENGINE *Cy* CUB BARNETT

Schong Fabrication  
Dennis Dobbeek  
Bob Mello

A&T Chassis Design  
Vic Hubbard Speed & Marine  
Bob's Giant Burger

Paint by Rich Dixon  
Sid's Custom Upholstery

ENGINE *Cy* CUB BARNETT





**Before the race begins, days are spent testing and prepping the vehicles and looking over custom-built equipment—all the while enjoying the local cuisine.**

At Bonneville, it's just a question of who can go the fastest. Nothing more. There are no turns, no hills to traverse, no balletic stunts to master.

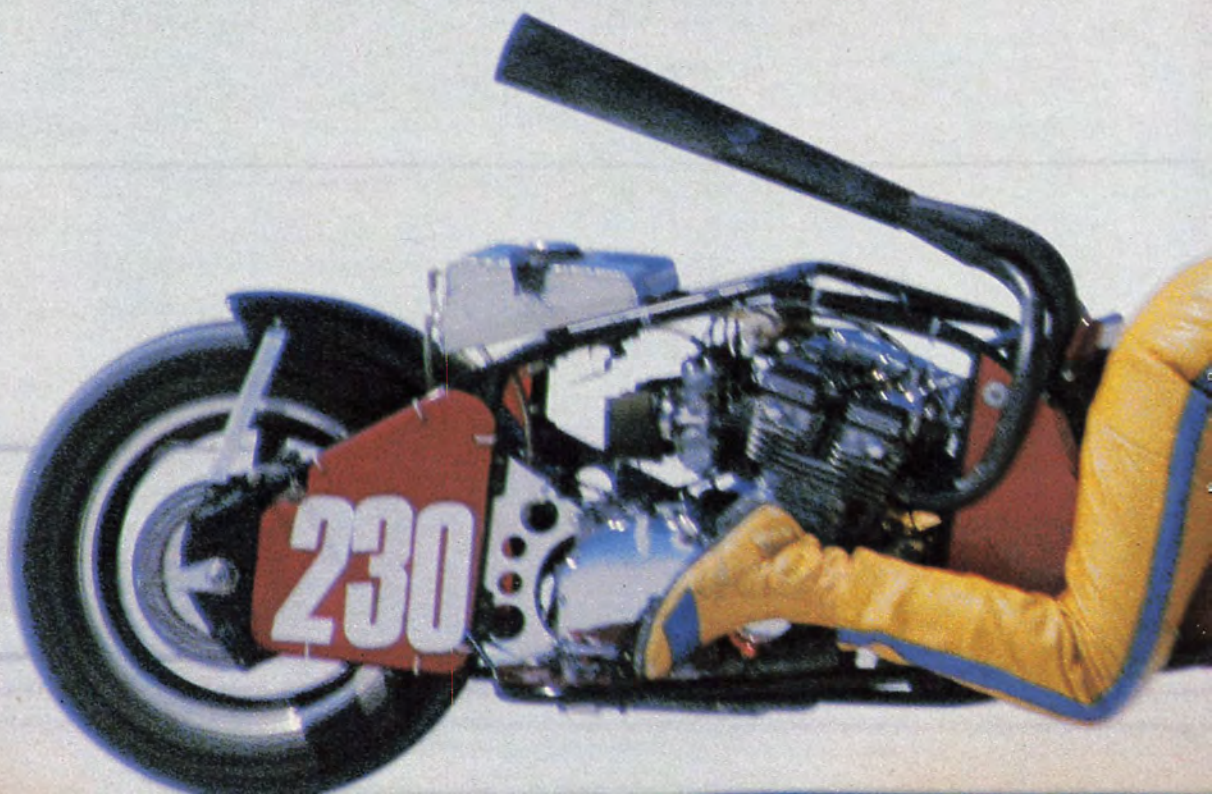
The cars are home-buits, put together in their owner's garage, and while there are classes, certainly—streamliners and open-wheeled "lakesters"; roadsters running on pump gas and exotic fuels; stock-bodied sedans and sports cars; diesels; the full spectrum of bikes; even 1,400-pound trucks "capable of hauling freight"—the officiating Southern California Timing Association has made the rules real simple: straight-line speed. Vehicles line up in random order at 8 A.M., then have two miles to get up to speed before being timed through the first quarter of the third mile. Those moving at 175 miles per hour plus, the "long course" vehicles, are timed through the fourth and fifth miles, too. Getting into the record book takes a two-way average, but even so, it's just a question of putting the hammer down and having the internal stamina to keep it there. Some typical numbers? How about a stock-bodied Chevy at 218 miles per hour?

The atmosphere is just as straightforward. Most of the action takes place miles from the starting line, and participants rely on the PA system to know what speeds they're up against. There are no spectators, no TV cameras or video screens. Nor is there any prize money or corporate sponsorship. Racers wander from one pit to the next, recounting stories of years past. Tools, spare parts, and advice are freely exchanged. And, unlike more "sophisticated" racing venues, beer is chugged openly at the starting. And why not? The point is to have a good time. The inhospitality of the desert environment, its heat and grit, the week-long diet of sandwiches and hot dogs, not to mention the world's worst sunburns, demand nothing less.

Still, despite the low hype of Bonneville, nobody approaches the salt casually. Exploding tires, an uncontrollable vibration due to a deteriorating track surface, engine blow-ups, or a sudden gust of wind all engender a certain anxiety. Drivers











**(Above) The pit at Bonneville is renowned for its unorthodox mix of cars, bikes, trailers, and fast-food stands. (Left) A not-so easy rider on his custom bike.**






**With 87 different classes of vehicles competing to break existing speed records, several unfortunates crash each year, but inevitably pick up the pieces and come back to compete the following year.**

are usually up well before dawn, searching the distant mountain peaks for inspiration or steadiness, just waiting to get into the cockpit and go.

Compared to other forms of racing, accidents aren't all that common—but if you run into trouble at 200 miles per hour, it can get serious very suddenly. There are drogue chutes to slow you down, but these have been known to break loose or even fail to open. Speed, though, seems to be worth it. Listen to Art Arfons, legendary Bonneville veteran: "Climbing into the car, they tell me I'm as white as a ghost. Then the motor winds up, and it's a Jekyll and Hyde sort of thing. The whine becomes music and all I want is to put my foot through the floorboards."

Or Gary Gabelich, who made back-to-back runs of 617 and 627 miles per hour in 1970, setting a new two-way record of 622.407: "Believe it or not, it really scares the stuffing out of me. But after I calm down, the adrenaline starts pumping and I'm thinking clear. I push the throttle to the floor and my head is forced back hard. In 22 seconds my car goes from zero to 650. It's no longer man and machine. I'm part of it."

There is no escaping it, that lure of breaking through to a new record. Everyone knows it's an illusion, that records aren't made to last, but there's still the need to try. Less than 48 hours before his death in 1967, the great Donald Campbell drew the ace of spades during a card game and told a friend, "Well, I reckon it should be over tomorrow—one way or the other." Soon enough, his jet-powered "Bluebird" became airborne at 300 miles per hour, and the world's land-speed record holder passed into history.

What is it that drives these men and women (yes, women racers are a Bonneville institution, too)? Twenty psychiatrists might give 20 different answers, but all would agree on one thing: ego. Indeed, the late Campbell may have put it best when he said, "You know why? Conceit. No other reason when you boil it down. The conceit of believing that this is something I can do better than anyone else in the world." 









# CHELATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

studies to test the efficacy of chelation. A scientific paper he authored that demonstrated increased blood flow following chelation created a great deal of excitement among his colleagues. But despite the blood-flow studies showing that chelation improved circulation to the brain and the extremities, the medical establishment has continued to denigrate chelation as scientifically unfounded.

While the AMA claims it has no official position on chelation therapy, when asked for information about the treatment, it sent two reprints and an AMA bulletin, all critical of chelation. One reprint was from a September 1975 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

"There are several sites in the United States and Canada where this therapeutic fad currently is in vogue and where the zealot peddles these wares to the naive afflicted. Symposia and miniconventions have been organized to extol its virtues. . . . We have been startled and chagrined . . . to learn that a number of physicians ascribe to this drug an efficacy that has not been established by fundamental clinical investigation. . . . I endorse completely the current position of the AMA Department of Drugs that 'until adequate evidence becomes avail-

able to establish the therapeutic worth of (EDTA) in atherosclerosis, its status in respect to this condition must be regarded with skepticism.' "

A second article sent by the AMA was reprinted from a 1975 issue of the *Western Journal of Medicine*. Based on research that took place in the fifties and sixties, the article specifically mentions one of two deaths linked to the therapy. Both occurred before any safety procedures for administering EDTA chelation had been established. The article concludes, "Because of the risk of severe renal toxicity, and the lack of objective evidence suggesting therapeutic benefit from EDTA therapy for atherosclerotic disease, such therapy should be regarded as investigational and conducted under carefully controlled conditions in an academic institution by experienced investigators."

That the AMA should have disseminated such outdated materials calls into question the AMA's motivation and credibility. In the past 20 years, numerous studies have been conducted that prove EDTA is not renal-toxic. One such study, which appeared in *Toxicology and Applied Pharmacology* in 1967, stated that "advice to the effect that renal function should be followed in patients receiving these chelates is consistent with good medical practice, but the label 'nephro toxin' is unjustified." In 1982, *The Journal*

of *Holistic Medicine* reported that chelation "is not neurotoxic. There is even a suggestion that this treatment procedure may improve kidney functions."

The AMA bulletin sent with the two reprints contained a mere summary statement of the factional bias against chelation therapy. Noting that chelation therapy for atherosclerosis "is controversial," it questioned chelation's effectiveness and safety, quoting some anonymous writer in a 1982 medical newsletter as saying that the adverse effects of EDTA "can be lethal." The AMA bulletin piled hearsay upon hearsay, and dropped lots of names: "The American Heart Association has also reviewed the data and found no scientific evidence to support the claims of benefit in patients with atherosclerosis. This opinion is shared by the American College of Physicians, the American Academy of Family Physicians, the American Society for Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics, the American College of Cardiology, and the American Osteopathic Association." Virtually all of these organizations are closely affiliated with the AMA, no attributions are provided, and no scientific studies or objective research are cited. In other words, while the AMA has "no official stand on the use of chelation therapy," it is overwhelmingly against it.

The position of the top echelon of the AHA is hardly more liberal. But there are





indications of wide dissent on the county level. This became particularly apparent in two articles that appeared in a spring 1983 issue of a publication disseminated by the Nassau County, New York, chapter of the AHA.

One of these articles concluded that chelation therapy "might be a very potent supplemental treatment, along with proper diet and nutrition, to use in addition to medical treatment before utilizing the last recourse of surgery."

The other article summed up the AMA's stand on chelation: "They tell the public that because there isn't enough scientific data (after they have excluded studies which they refused to print in their journals) the therapy should not be used until vigorously tested in properly controlled clinical trials. Yet, according to the report entitled 'Assessing the Efficacy and Safety of Medical Technologies' published by the Office of Technology Assessment as commissioned by the United States Congress, 'it has been estimated that only 10 to 20 per cent of all procedures currently used in medical practice have been shown to be efficacious in controlled trial.' Therefore, '80 to 90 per cent of all procedures have been evaluated by informal methods . . . personal experience [being] perhaps the oldest and most common informal method of judging the efficacy and safety of a medical technology.' And then they tell the inner circle [of the medical establishment] that clinical trials are not warranted and don't even ask for them! In fact, if anyone gets too insistent, they refer the media and professionals to two different sources within the AHA National Center. Evidently to get two versions of the truth."

The AHA also claims it has no "official position" on chelation therapy, but it circulates some of the same material issued by the AMA.

In 1976, a group of antichelation doctors—members of the California Medical Association—introduced a resolution before its governing body to prohibit the use of chelation therapy in the treatment of atherosclerosis, and to expel any member who used it. But before the resolution could be passed, there was a demand for a fair hearing by chelating physicians.

A number of prochelation physicians testified about the results in their patients, and extensive clinical documentation was presented. But the governing body deemed EDTA an "experimental drug," and recommended that its use for atherosclerosis be reported to the FDA for prior approval. As a result of the committee's decision, every doctor in California received a letter from the state board regulating medical practice advising that physicians who administered chelation therapy were subject to losing their license unless they had prior permission from the FDA.

On behalf of independent physicians justly fearful of such ironfisted control of

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medicine, a committee of the American Academy of Medical Preventics (AAMP) turned to the attorney general of California. The attorney general let it be known that the federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act didn't preclude a physician from administering EDTA for a condition not specified in the claims filed by the manufacturer with the FDA or the parallel state agency. However, they labeled it an "experimental drug."

The California Board of Medical Examiners retaliated with a ruling that superseded its previous notice. After quoting the attorney general, the board nevertheless required any physician administering EDTA "or any other drug, for an 'unapproved use'" to "provide a full explanation of the risks and benefits of the therapy, alternatives thereto, and make an explicit statement to the patient that clearly informs him that the manufacturer does not make any claims regarding the effectiveness or safety of the drug when it is used for these unapproved indications."

In this uneasy atmosphere, physicians using chelation therapy in California have been able to continue their practice. Yet others have not been so lucky. There is more than one case in which a chelating physician has been harassed and/or prosecuted for treating his or her patients with EDTA. Let's look at the case of Dr. H. Ray Evers, a licensed practicing phy-

sician in Alabama since 1940, who began using chelation therapy in 1964 with himself as his first patient. Over time, he observed excellent results in treating cardiovascular disease and degenerative conditions with EDTA.

Dr. Evers was operating a hospital and nursing home in Andalusia, Alabama, when years of unsuccessful harassment by the state finally culminated in 1978 with the involvement of the FDA. As the court's decision reads: "The case was spearheaded against Dr. Evers by the Food and Drug Administration and alleged 1) that Dr. Evers had been engaged in promoting and administering EDTA in the treatment of atherosclerosis; 2) that the labeling of the drug, namely the package insert . . . approved by the FDA, indicated that the drug is recommended for treatment for heavy metal poisoning but not for the treatment of atherosclerosis; 3) that patients treated by Dr. Evers were being subjected to an unwarranted risk of grave physical injury or death as a result of the treatment; and 4) that the promotion and administration of EDTA amounted to mislabeling of the drug in violation of [standing] interstate commerce regulation.

"Dr. Evers contended that as a licensed physician . . . he has the right and duty to use and prescribe drugs which in his opinion are in the best interest of the patient. Dr. Evers also contended that

the FDA does not prohibit a licensed physician using a drug for a disease in a patient in any manner which is not contraindicated on the package insert. . . . The court established the fact that the legal issue in this case was . . . whether a licensed physician may be enjoined from prescribing for his patients a drug of which the package insert is silent as to whether the drug is indicated or contraindicated for the patient's illness."

Contrary to the AMA line that chelation has not been clinically shown to help atherosclerosis, the overwhelming evidence submitted to the court made short shrift of that theory. The court found that many reputable medical experts in the United States and abroad are convinced that atherosclerosis may be satisfactorily treated with chelation therapy, that the risks when the therapy is properly administered to select patients are minimal, and that, in many cases, the probable benefits outweigh the probable risks of treatment.

The court said that Congress did not intend the FDA to interfere in a physician's treatment of his patient. It stated that "when physicians go beyond the directions given in the package insert, it does not mean they are acting illegally or unethically, and Congress did not empower the FDA to interfere with medical practice by limiting the ability of physicians to prescribe according to their best



*"This is the part I hate about cross-country skiing."*



judgment." The court decided that Dr. Evers was not misbranding the drug in question, and the FDA lost its case against him.

Even though the FDA lost the case, its harassment of doctors practicing chelation therapy continues unabated. Peer pressure, media harassment, and sheer frame-ups have forced some physicians to either cease practicing chelation or risk losing their licenses.

Dr. Alan Grossman (not his real name), a surgeon practicing in Salt Lake City since 1958, had never had any problems with the Utah medical community until February 1976, when he began treating a few patients with chelation. He was then visited by a representative from the Salt Lake City Medical Board. The message was clear that Grossman must stop practicing or risk losing his license.

Trained as a surgeon, and with a wife and family to support, Dr. Grossman decided that he could not afford to continue using chelation therapy, even though his patients had shown significant improvements after treatment. He wrote the medical societies a letter to that effect, and has not practiced chelation therapy since. In spite of his acquiescence, he still feels the sting of ostracism. Dr. Grossman says, "They don't forget. They feel threatened because chelation might cause them to lose money. Double the money, that would wake them up fast!"

Although there has never been a suit against a physician using chelation in North Carolina, three doctors in the state were charged by the state board of medical examiners in November 1984 with using EDTA for vascular disease. The board claimed that this was grounds for revoking the doctors' licenses. Drs. John Laird, Ted Rozema, and Logan Robertson responded to these charges by requesting a hearing where they could present evidence that chelation was a safe and effective treatment for vascular diseases. Lawyers for the physicians and the state board are now negotiating the terms under which the hearings will be held. Dr. Laird told *Penthouse* that shortly after the board brought charges, his malpractice-insurance carrier notified him that his coverage would be reconsidered if he continued to practice chelation. It should be noted that the state board has yet to pass a rule prohibiting physicians from practicing chelation.

The Minnesota state licensing board recently succeeded in driving two chelationists out of the state and "persuading" a third to stop practicing it.

Dr. Jeanne Eckerly was the last chelation therapist tackled by the Minnesota board. It was not the first time she had heard from her state licensing board. When one of her patients submitted Blue Cross/Blue Shield claims, they were refused on the grounds that the drug is experimental—and the state attorney general's office, on behalf of the state licensing board, began investigating by

calling her patients. Finally, this past May, she was called before the state board's disciplinary committee.

She showed up with two lawyers, described the results she had obtained with chelation, presented incontrovertible evidence that it is efficacious, ethical, and legal, and urged the board to obtain more education on it.

They agreed to hold a forum and did. Despite the overwhelming evidence in favor of chelation presented by AAMP expert Dr. Garry F. Gordon, and the paucity of data by the opposing expert, at its next meeting the board proposed a rule declaring chelation unprofessional. When one board member cited a Florida Supreme Court decision that a licensing board does not have the right to so limit the practice of medicine, the rest modified the proposed rule to allow

for a controlled, double-blind study.

The proposed rule is now before a hearing officer. If it is approved, Dr. Eckerly said, she will probably take them to court.

The Minnesota Medical Association also has passed a resolution describing chelation as unproven and enjoining its members from practicing it. (Dr. Eckerly is not a member; so, she said, it doesn't affect her.) That action, together with the licensing board's, has intimidated other physicians in the state. Dr. Eckerly knows of a physician whose patient would have had to travel to a distant state for chelation. The patient implored the physician to administer the treatment. The doctor finally agreed to do so—but only on the condition that the patient would safeguard the doctor's anonymity and would not discuss the treatment with others!

# The truth about condoms and herpes.

Millions and millions of people in the U.S. have genital herpes. The figure is growing in epidemic proportions.

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While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, can aid in the prevention of pregnancy. Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, can also aid in reducing the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases ("STDs"). Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that condoms, when properly used, aid in preventing the transmission of Herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.



One moving aspect of all these cases is the loyalty chelation patients have shown their doctors. Every one of Dr. Robertson's patients has given him an affidavit to present to his medical board stating how satisfied they are with his chelation treatment; several state unequivocally that he saved their lives. Dr. Eckerly, too, said she was moved to read the letters written on her behalf by her patients, particularly those who had been previously diagnosed by other physicians as hopeless. Reading those letters confirmed her conviction of the value of chelation therapy. She continues to feel that if there is a strong likelihood that chelation therapy will help a patient, it is unethical *not* to use it.

In Indiana, the state licensing board held a hearing to discuss a proposal to limit the use of chelation to cases of digitalis overdose, hypercalcemia (an excess of calcium in the blood), and heavy lead poisoning. Dr. Gordon of the AAMP testified at the hearing, citing both research data and international authorities, one of them the highest-ranking cardiovascular surgeon in Holland, in support of chelation. Nonetheless, Gordon reported, a prominent witness against chelation got "really testy," accusing chelationists of killing people.

The board was presented with a petition signed by over 3,000 chelation patients asserting their right to choose chelation over coronary bypass. However, the board refused to hear more than ten minutes of what they called "anecdotal evidence."

No decision was made at that meeting. At a subsequent one, a proposal "allowing" physicians to practice chelation if they informed patients of the risks was suggested. It is unlikely that even this condition will be part of the final proposal. More likely, according to informed sources, the final proposal will be to prohibit chelation. If it's approved, the proposal will go to the state attorney general and the governor to be signed into law.

Patients are discussing filing a class-action suit against the board if the proposal is adopted. In Florida and California, similar legislation was overturned by the state supreme courts. Indiana would be the first to make chelation illegal. Michigan's state licensing board, too, is moving to try to make chelation illegal, but they have decided to postpone their decision until after a hearing.

Why are all these attacks on chelation therapy and its practitioners occurring at this particular time? Many chelating doctors, experiencing heat from local medical societies or licensing boards, feel that the AMA is behind the present "reign of terror."

There is some evidence to support that view: Two of the authorities most often quoted in newspaper and magazine articles attacking chelation are William Jarvis and John Renner. Both are associated with the American Council on

Science and Health (ACSH), a private organization that receives funding from the AMA and the pharmaceutical and chemical industries.

Jarvis, quoted in a *Science News* article, called chelation a fraud and accused chelationists of avoiding a discussion of safety or efficacy. Renner was quoted in the same article as saying that chelation therapy will exceed laetrile "in misery and money."

Evidence that a national campaign may be afoot to outlaw chelation and other alternative therapies includes Renner and Jarvis's participation last fall in a National Health Fraud Conference sponsored by the U.S. Postal Service, the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), and the FDA. The conference featured Renner and Jarvis as speakers as well as another member of the ACSH's Board of Scientific Advisers—Stephen Barrett, M.D. Interestingly, the biographies of these ACSH board members distributed at the conference

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Dr. Eckerly believes  
that the ability of chelation  
to help with  
cardiovascular symptoms  
is the key to a  
greater understanding of  
aging and health.

---

did not mention their ties to the ACSH.

The Evers case, the harassment of Dr. Grossman, and the current actions by state licensing boards are all manifestations of the opposition to change in organized medicine. The health-insurance companies also wish to preserve the status quo. Therefore, any new or innovative therapy has a difficult time becoming established. The long-term solution is to have the public sufficiently educated to ask their orthodox physicians to learn about chelation therapy.

Probably the most enlightening commentary about this situation was given by Judge Ernest G. Barnes, on November 13, 1978, resulting from the FTC's lawsuit against the AMA and some of its medical affiliates. After a legal battle lasting nine months, the judge determined that the AMA has produced a "formidable impediment to competition in the delivery of health care services by physicians in this country. That barrier has served to deprive consumers of the free flow of information about the availability of health care services, to deter the offering of innovative forms of health care and to stifle the rise of almost every type of health


care that could potentially pose a threat to the income of . . . physicians in private practice. The costs to the public in terms of less expensive . . . more improved forms of medical services are great."

In view of Judge Barnes's decision and the continued difficulty of many doctors in practicing chelation therapy without harassment, some chelating doctors are going on the offensive.

Commonsense dictates that the medical community should explore chelation therapy as an alternative treatment for atherosclerosis and other degenerative diseases. By now, massive clinical data to warrant such exploration have accumulated. However, most of the existing data are not available to physicians through the major medical journals. Some of them have appeared in *The Journal of Holistic Medicine*. Unfortunately, this journal is not indexed by the National Library of Medicine. So, although articles have been written and papers published about chelation therapy, there is virtually no way of informing the country's physicians of the existence of these data, and the widely circulated medical journals continue to refuse to publish research on chelation therapy.

But chelating physicians are hopeful. The medical community has always been conservative and slow to change, but many dedicated physicians are now beginning to take more interest in chelation therapy. Some chelating physicians report that the number of patients referred to them by cardiologists is definitely on the rise; others report an increase in curiosity about chelation from their colleagues. The time is ripe for an objective evaluation of chelation therapy by the medical community at large.

Dr. Eckerly, the only remaining chelation therapist practicing in Minnesota, says she considers chelation therapy an "intriguing phenomenon." She is continually amazed at the results she gets with patients. Ultimately, she believes, the value of chelation therapy will lie in what it will tell us about how the body really functions. Whatever EDTA is doing, she says, is the result of some principle that we don't know how to name yet. She believes that the ability of chelation to help with cardiovascular symptoms is the key to a door—a door that will open into a greater understanding of aging and health: "It must be investigated further. Here we've got ahold of something that's having a positive effect on about 80 percent of the people we give it to. You can't just say, 'Well, no.'"

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# SUSAN

*“I love to party and let loose without getting into too much trouble. I especially enjoy doing things that are only slowly becoming socially acceptable.”*







# THE UNDERGRADUATE

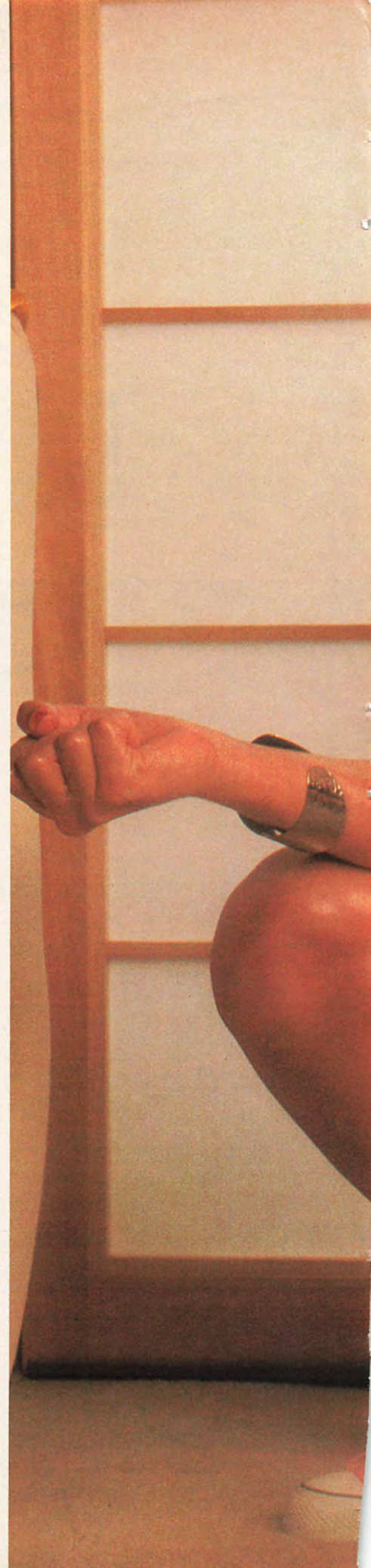
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

**T**his month's Penthouse Pet is sizzling and sultry Susan Napoli, a psychology major at Northern Illinois University. This brown-haired, doe-eyed beauty is a New York State native who has lived in cities all around the country. Being in *Penthouse* is a dream come

true for Susan. "When I was a young girl, I remember how often people would criticize my looks. I was short, flat-chested, and wore braces, and my glasses made my eyes look too big. To be chosen for *Penthouse* is a personal accomplishment that I take very, very seriously."















Hair and makeup by Bobby Flint, Hollywood, Calif.; wardrobe courtesy Fireworks, Venice, Calif.







While this curvaceous 35-23-34 coed has the noble career goal of helping to rehabilitate delinquent children, she also blushingly admits: "My mind is not always filled with the purest thoughts. I love to party and let loose without getting into too much trouble. I especially enjoy doing things that are only slowly becoming socially acceptable."

*“I am looking for a guy who will smother me with affection.”*













Susan also  
loves to  
flirt with  
strange,  
unsuspecting  
men by  
turning them  
on only  
with her  
beautiful  
brown eyes.













There is no special man in her life right now, but she says: "I am looking for a guy who will smother me with affection, but not to the point where I will have him wrapped around my little finger."





Susan hopes  
*Penthouse*  
readers  
will enjoy  
looking  
at her  
pictures as  
much as she  
enjoyed  
posing for  
them. We  
think that  
when the  
grades are  
in, they'll  
all be As.









MISS SUSAN NAPOLI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





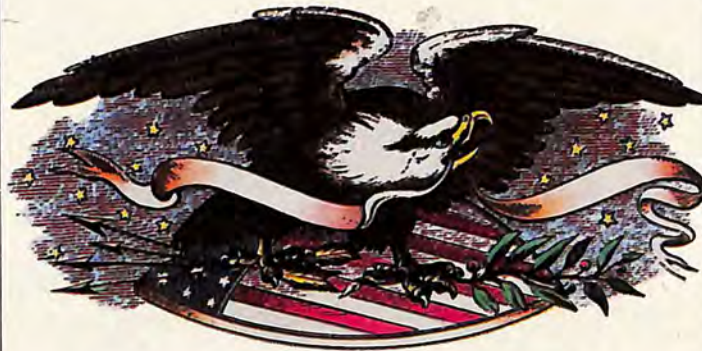


◊ Vietnam veterans are  
a national resource whose experience  
deserves to be shared  
with today's young men and women. ◊

# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Recent opinion surveys taken on college campuses reveal an appalling lack of information and opinion about the Vietnam War, its origins, putative purposes, and aftermath. Admittedly, there are small coteries of students at a few universities who do have a good understanding of Vietnam, but in most cases the war as well as the country itself is something about which most college students know very little and care even less. Today, the divisiveness and protests the Vietnam War engendered are merely historical events, like the signing of the Magna Charta, which in the minds of college students may or may not have actually occurred. Violence in pursuit of a political cause or objective is so alien to today's students that they have trouble understanding the passion of the antiwar movement of the sixties and early seventies.

Discussions with college students about the American involvement in Vietnam often take bizarre twists. For example, on several occasions these questions were raised: "Why did we invade Vietnam?" and "Why did it take so long to liberate it from the Chinese, Japanese, or whom-ever?" These and other equally disoriented questions are significant in one important respect—namely, that today's students lack a meaningful frame of reference to deal with the problem of their "Vietnams," i.e., Central America, the Philippines, and, perhaps, the Middle East. This is particularly saddening, since those who are called upon to fight have a real stake in how this is done and why. For them to think they have no need to know and understand the forces and circumstances that may conspire to send us off to another war is ludicrous.



The foregoing suggests to me the necessity for Vietnam veterans to embark on a series of educational odysseys. I'm not talking about several million men and women hitting the "lecture circuit," but, rather, the communication of their own experience to young people of their acquaintance. This goes well beyond selling the notion that most Vietnam veterans have personally come to grips with their wartime experience, and in doing so have gained a solid perspective about the war itself and the politics that embraced it. In recent months, I found, for example, that a 20-year-old machine-gun-section leader who fought his part of the Vietnam War in the central highlands, and is now a 40-year-old regional manager for the National Automobile Parts Agency, knows more about the war's circumstances than those who were in charge during the actual combat. This is not to say, of course, that every Vietnam veteran has become a historical-political-economic "buff" about Vietnam; however, as a group they have made a serious effort to understand the background of America's involvement. This, in my opinion, is a kind of national resource—and it deserves to be shared with today's young men and women, who may be called upon to fight in the next Vietnam.

Over the years, in the course of attending Vietnam veteran reunions held under wartime-unit organization sponsorship as well as by vet organizations, I discovered that the individual attendees were working through the problem of personal identity in terms of what the war meant to them. For some, it has been an extraordinarily painful process which continues today, manifesting itself in post-traumatic stress disorder. For others, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial has proved enough of a catharsis to enable them to take their thoughts about Vietnam out of the closet and use them positively in their lives.

In the most recent round of reunions, I found that almost all of the Vietnam veterans have been able to overcome the symptom known as "survivor's guilt." The nagging question, "Why him and not me?" has been replaced with a view that no matter the reason, one's own survival is sufficient rationale for doing the best one can. And in allegiance to that credo, there is an urge to help both those who were scarred or maimed in the war and those who need to know what wartime sacrifice is all about before the shooting actually starts again.

In discussing these ideas and observations with persons in the forefront of the so-

called Vietnam veterans movement, I have contended that the individual veteran's urge to understand and explain "his" war to others is not a sign of latent political activism. Vietnam veterans, it seems to me, are loath to be labeled "pro" or "anti" in the case, say, of U.S. policy toward Nicaragua. In quiet conversation, they seem to be saying that there is a necessity to know a lot more about the specifics of any given foreign policy situation before calling for one action or another.

In sum, I believe that the Reagan administration and its successors will not be able to count on Vietnam veterans to be automatic cheerleaders for a policy of military intervention, or to be automatic naysayers. Instead, Vietnam veterans are likely to adopt Missouri's motto—"Show Me"—before they grant or withhold their support for such a policy.

What this suggests is that the establishment's intellectual elite, the so-called best and brightest, will have to overcome the informed opposition of those for whom combat was not a game played on a board or in a video arcade. As the 1986 political season moves toward Election Day, politicians of all stripes would do well to recognize that the Vietnam veteran vote is not for sale, and, more importantly, that the candidate—incumbent or challenger—who opted to avoid fighting in the war by one means or another faces the prospect of a Vietnam veteran protest vote.

The answer to the question, "What did you do in the Vietnam War?" is likely to change the political lineup of this country in ways that are beyond prediction at this time.—

William R. Corson



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“I would take doctors more seriously if they would put together an in-depth study comparing boxing and medicine to see which of the two is truly more harmful to society.”

## ADVISE & DISSENT

### OPINION

BY JOSÉ CHEGÜÍ TORRES

The author is the chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. A former light-heavyweight world-champion prizefighter, he is a contributing editor to *Penthouse* and has written for several magazines and newspapers, as well as being a columnist for *El Diario La Prensa*.

## IS BOXING HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH?

Doctors are nags! Not content with whining about high medical-insurance rates while attempting to reap ever-higher profits from the sick, the American Medical Association has in its wisdom decided that boxing should be banned in the United States.

Not surprisingly, this announcement made headlines and caused a great controversy. But very few people have bothered to look at the facts. They think they know what they're talking about, but they're wrong. In fact, I would be absolutely certain that none of the doctors who voted to ban boxing ever bothered to fully investigate the sport before reaching their outrageous verdict.

For instance, there was a time—from 1917 through 1920—when boxing was outlawed in the State of New York. As we were later to learn when we outlawed selling alcohol, the decision was a disaster. Boxing was driven underground into disgusting barges, gutters, alleys, cellars, barrooms, and onto the rooftops of ghettos. By the time State Senator Jimmy Walker (who later became mayor of New York City) pushed through a bill restoring boxing's status and taking it “away from the unscrupulous criminals dedicated to exploit, hurt, and murder boxers in illegal prizefights,” over 18 youngsters had lost their lives.

In the next 65 years, however, only seven boxers perished in the boxing rings of the State of New York. Most of them, according to subsequent autopsies, suffered from dangerous cerebral preconditions unrelated to boxing—old injuries undetected by the medical technology of the times. Today, these conditions are more easily discovered, although obviously in boxing—as in construction work, playing football, or even in practicing medicine—one cannot always foresee every eventuality.

The AMA's war against boxing has ignored, amazingly, some of the best medical evidence on the subject. Dr. Bennett Derby, for example, professor of neurosurgery and neuropathology at New York University Medical Center, dismissed the AMA findings as “an emotional decision made in the absence of medical data.” Derby, who advises the Athletic Commission in New York, had just concluded a careful study of electroencephalograms and CAT scans of 200 selectively chosen boxers. He reported that the study—performed on boxers who had been excessively punched or who had suffered knockouts—had uncovered “no evidence of brain damage caused by boxing.”

The AMA's attack also failed to take into account previous studies that consistently found boxing to be safer than at least eight other popular sports. Paralysis, for example, is virtually nonexistent in the world of boxing. But according to the AMA's own research, football has been plagued with quadriplegia. And deaths and injuries in such sports as horse



racing and auto racing, mountain climbing, ice hockey, scuba diving, skiing, hang gliding, boating, and even baseball are more common than in boxing.

So why is boxing singled out? Perhaps the sociologist Thomas Sowell has one answer: "The affluent climb mountains, ride horses, go boating, skiing or scuba diving. . . . The affluent are regarded as adults with the right to make their own decisions and take their own risks. The poor are treated as wards, almost as the property of humanitarians."

Professional boxing does not have a lobbying force or a powerful organization to advocate and protect its interests. It is a business and sport almost totally dominated by Hispanics and blacks—and, most especially, it is the domain of the poor. Most of these people never received a proper academic education and grew up in an environment of crime, frustration, and neglect. The temptation to escape all of this by taking drugs is ever present. But if in the midst of all this depression, a boxing gymnasium is erected, the option becomes clear. The training young people receive in a boxing gym—hard work, serious dedication, physical endurance, and strong discipline—produces a transmutation of character. A positive change is inevitable!

Dr. Wilbert "Skeeter" McClure, a 1960 middleweight Olympic boxing gold medalist and former professional contender, is a typical example of what I'm talking about. He worked hard in the gym, became addicted to its discipline, and as a result pursued a full academic education—while remaining determined not to give up his boxing.

"I didn't have to box," the distinguished psychologist told TV commentator Dick Schapp. "But I liked it a lot. I liked it more than college, as a matter of fact."

McClure, of course, is not the first prizefighter to become prominent in another field after quitting the ring. Cantinflas, Tony Danza, and Jack Palance were ex-fighters who became successful in show business; Billy Petrolli became a bank president; John Morrissey went on to become a two-term congressman; John Sirica was the judge who almost single-handedly broke the Watergate case; Albert Rosellini became the governor of Washington; and Charles Milton III is a senior producer of CBS Sports. And, with all due humility, I'm proud to mention my own career as well.

A. J. Liebling, the late *New Yorker* journalist, was one of our greatest sportswriters. In his book *The Sweet Science*, he addressed perfectly the know-nothing AMA stance on boxing: "If a novelist who lived exclusively on apple cores won the Nobel Prize, vegetarians would chorus that the repulsive nutriment had invigorated his brain. But when the prize goes to Ernest Hemingway, who has been a not particularly evasive boxer for years, no one rises to point out that the percussion has apparently stimulated his intellection."

Which one of the AMA doctors bothered to look up statistics on the sport they want to outlaw? Perhaps they reached their "resolutions" after watching movies like Stallone's *Rocky* series or listening to tirades by the likes of Howard Cossell, who made his reputation on boxing, only to turn on it when he saw which way the tide was going.


"The AMA is more than a group of doctors," said Bert Randolph Sugar, a writer who is one of the most respected men in the pugilistic world. "It is a group of doctors parading around as politicians, representing less than one-half of all licensed doctors in the United States, all in the name of referral fees, tax shelters, private corporations. . . ."

Sugar also sarcastically called upon the organized physicians to deal with the many problems that beset the medical profession. "Problems," he said, "like rising medical costs, care for the aged, and outrageously priced brand drugs—those men who play golf on Thursday and God every other day of the week."

As the chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, I am very well aware that there are aspects of boxing that can be dangerous. It is for this reason that in order to obtain a boxing license in New York a young man must subject himself to a most stringent medical examination, including an electroencephalogram, a CAT scan, an electrocardiogram, and urinalysis, which is capable of locating the presence of any type of drug in his anatomy.

Furthermore, New York Governor Mario Cuomo has joined with the Athletic Commission to initiate action to make professional boxing even safer—including writing a letter to the governors of every state (as well as Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands) where boxing is regulated, expressing his desire to form a national boxing association to increase the safety and protection of prizefighters. He asked that a central computer system be created in order to share continually updated information on every single boxer who throws professional punches.

None of these precautions, it's safe to say, would be of any interest to the AMA types who would do away with boxing. Nor, I think it's also safe to say, would the AMA ever call for the prohibition of football, a sport that causes far more pain and suffering than boxing. (For that matter, the next time these doctors' wives take in an evening of ballet, they and their husbands might want to go backstage and see what a professional dancer's feet look like. Maybe they'll call for a ban on ballet next!)

No. I, for one, would take these doctors much more seriously if they would put together an in-depth, unbiased study comparing boxing and medicine to see which of the two is truly more harmful to society. The result, I'm sure, would surprise no one! 



# XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"Nooooo!" Then I moved quickly, so I was sucking her nipples while her hips started bouncing and thrashing. I think she came for the first time right then.

I slid my hand up her thigh and quickly had two fingers in her cunt, cupping and rubbing her mound. Her hips tensed, and I moved to put my head between her legs, surrounding her clit with my mouth, letting my tongue play. The lady went wild, and I couldn't keep track of how many times she came, laughing, screaming, and thrashing, until she finally squeezed her legs tightly against my head and pushed me away.

She reached down to pull me to her, crying, "Fuck me, please fuck me!" I tore my clothes off and quickly was in her up to the hilt, pumping away. "Oh, baby, harder! Ram it in me, baby! More! More!" she yelled. I was fucking up a frenzy. I'd never had sex like this before. It felt so good that I wanted it to last forever. Betsy let out a long scream and I cried out as I shot my load. We both kept moving wildly; the pleasure just kept coming.

Finally I collapsed on her chest, our breaths coming in fits. Neither of us had had anything this wild, and if we hadn't had a dinner meeting, we might have made a night of it. There was one more night before we had to head home to our respective spouses, and we agreed to get together when our meetings ended. It was enjoyable but not as frantic. She massaged me, and when she got to my cock it was incredible!

I was hard the whole time and she kept teasing me. Her long fingernails gently tickled my shaft, her tongue licked slowly up and down the glans and circled the tip. Finally, as she felt my desire building, she took my cock in her hand and started pumping furiously, holding the skin tight as I came and shot upward all over my chest and legs.

As the shooting stopped she put her mouth around the head of my cock and milked me dry before proceeding to lick my body clean. The night was long and sensuous, and Betsy had a number of tricks to get me hard beyond my wildest imagination. I was drained when the night ended, and, in one of our last moments of passion, we agreed that we couldn't handle this if we tried to cheat at home. But it would be no-holds-barred when we were on the road.

I'm so excited thinking about the next association meeting. And this excitement keeps my unknowing wife more satisfied than ever. Should I feel guilty about this?—L. P.

Vacations are taken very seriously nowadays all over the world. It is considered necessary that Mr. Average Worker have an annual holiday to keep him functioning at an optimum level for the rest of the

year. But what about his home life?

The perfect husband comes home punctually to his little lady every night and listens to her amiable gossip about the kids, the neighbor's baby-sitter, and her mother's false teeth! The dutiful wife cooks the children's breakfast, drives them to school, does the shopping and housework, prepares hubby's dinner, and pours him his homecoming dry martini. She then takes her adoring husband to bed, sucks his cock, massages his back, makes love to him, and appreciates his wonderful lovemaking, every which way, once a month, once a week, or every day. So, suddenly one morning, he, or she, or both of them wake up and scream:

"Yaaaaaaaah, I can't stand it any longer—the monotony!" Then dutifully, off goes he, or she, or both of them to the marriage counselor, or the shrink, but no one ever tells them that what they need is a holiday, a vacation from each other.

The church calls it adultery. Society

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I tore my clothes off and quickly was in her up to the hilt, pumping away.

"Oh, baby, harder! Ram it in me, baby! More! More!" she yelled.

---

frowns upon it. But to be a good boss, a good worker, a good lover, and a good husband or wife, you need some time off. If you can manage to meet someone of the opposite sex who is just as good at his or her job as you are, then your holiday is going to tune you up for the rest of the year. And let's face it, the forbidden fruit of an extramarital affair—the stolen caresses restricted by the clock, the secret lovemaking in the hotel during the luncheon breaks—has a poignant intensity that helps one through the sometimes humdrum phases of a happy marriage.

The secret affair is, therefore, far from the iniquitous and sinful practice it is often labeled, and is, in fact, almost essential in keeping some marital relationships off the rocks.

## COOKIN' GOOD

I have a problem that is affecting my entire life. I am a 19-year-old virgin male. I'm tall: six foot three. I am studying to be a chef.

I am attending a cooking trade school not far from my home. One of my classmates is a gorgeous brunette. She's the

same age I am. We have worked together for over 40 weeks now. During this time, I have developed a great love for her.

The problem is that over the past year I've seen classmates date each other. Their attitudes toward working together were great before they started dating. But after each couple broke up, their attitudes became miserable. I'm afraid to ask Marcia out because someday we might break up, and our attitudes toward each other will be terrible.

We have a great time now just joking and fooling around. But my love for her is beyond sexual fantasies. I want to be with her 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Toward the end of the year, Marcia got close to another person who I find a total idiot. I have a strong feeling that he is bad for her.

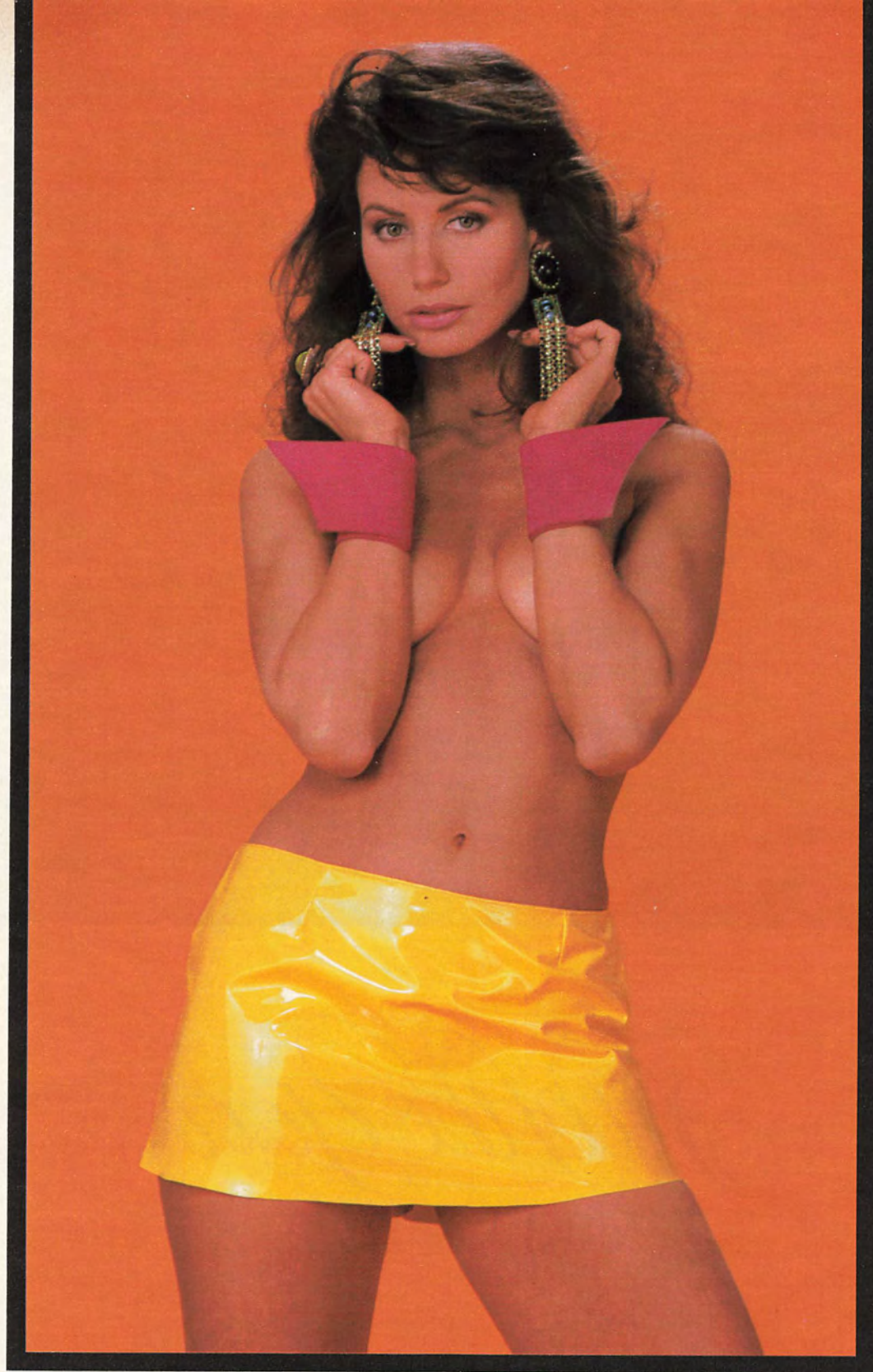
I want to know what you think, Xaviera. Should I wait till the end of this training program? Or should I chance it and ask Marcia out now? I'm afraid that if we become lovers, it will turn out like it did for the other students who tried this. I love Marcia so much I can't stop dreaming about her. But I don't want to end up like my other colleagues: bitter and with low grades.—T. P.

When you plan a dish that requires several hours of careful preparation, not to mention cooking time, do you worry about the fact that, soon afterward, nothing will be left but a few scraps and a sweet memory? If you don't want to still be a virgin at the age of 90, you have to start sometime. The usual complaint I get from young men your age is that they can't find a girl to share their interests. But in your case, you seem to have everything! You love this girl and you enjoy working with her. So get off your virgin ass and grab her before the other guy gets her. You may find that as lovers you don't get along so well, or that you are not sexually suited for each other. But that is no reason for holding back. "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

It sounds to me as if you are much more likely to screw up on the work scene if you go on howling like a lovesick calf, feeling jealous because someone is doing what you should have done in the first place. Taking into account your lack of experience, play it cool. Date her. Take her out; keep talking about the things that interest you both. Gradually lead around to the idea of getting physical.

If it doesn't work out, it should still be possible to keep her as a friend, as long as you are not too possessive. And don't try to be dominant. There is no cause for bitterness. As a first love affair, you sound as if you are made for each other. As permanent partners—who knows? Two cooks in the family might be two too many, but you won't go far wrong as long as you remember the immortal words of my friend Al Goldstein: "Sex is only a substitute, food is the real thing."





# ANTONIA

“More than anything, I would love to be a female Charles Bronson type. There's no doubt in my mind that I could play a tough-guy role.”





# *Pet of the Year*

## RUNNER-UP

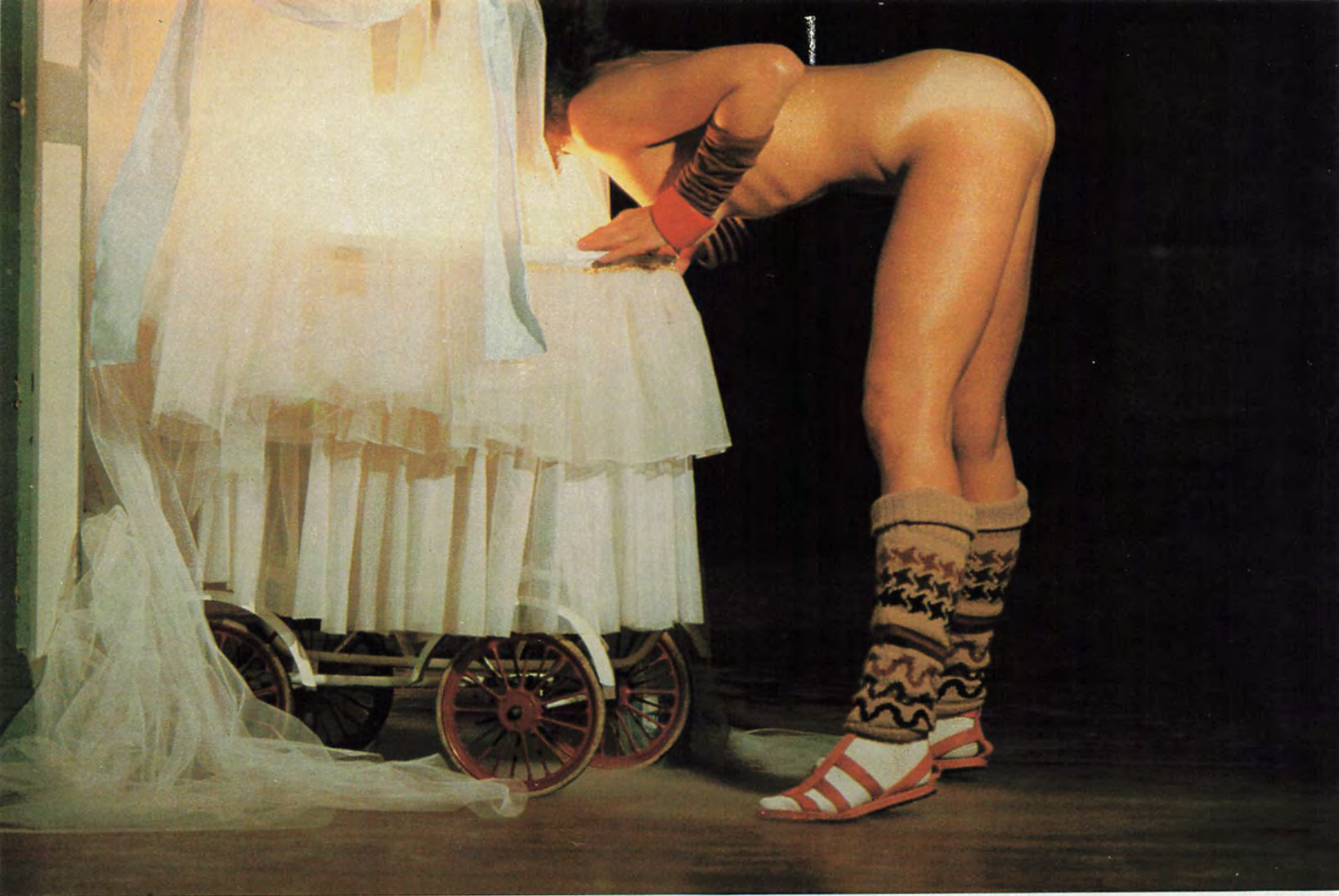
**I**n the nip and tuck contest for *Penthouse's* Pet of the Year, runner-up Antonia Larsen proved once more that beauty is truly in the eyes of the beholder. Thousands of admiring, keen-eyed readers cast their votes for this stately and sensuous, half-Scandinavian, half-Italian beauty, causing Publisher Bob Guccione to establish a new and permanent "Runner-Up" category in the Pet of the Year contest. For "Toni," it has truly been an exciting year, culminating in thousands of dollars' worth of gifts and prizes, pictured on page 122. "Since my photos appeared in February 1984," Toni exclaims, "I have been overwhelmed by the response from readers. Every day, letters come in from all over the world, letting me know how much pleasure it gives them to look at my pictures." It comes as no surprise, therefore, that *Penthouse* readers have demanded one more glimpse of this sexy stunner.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER AND PAT HILL











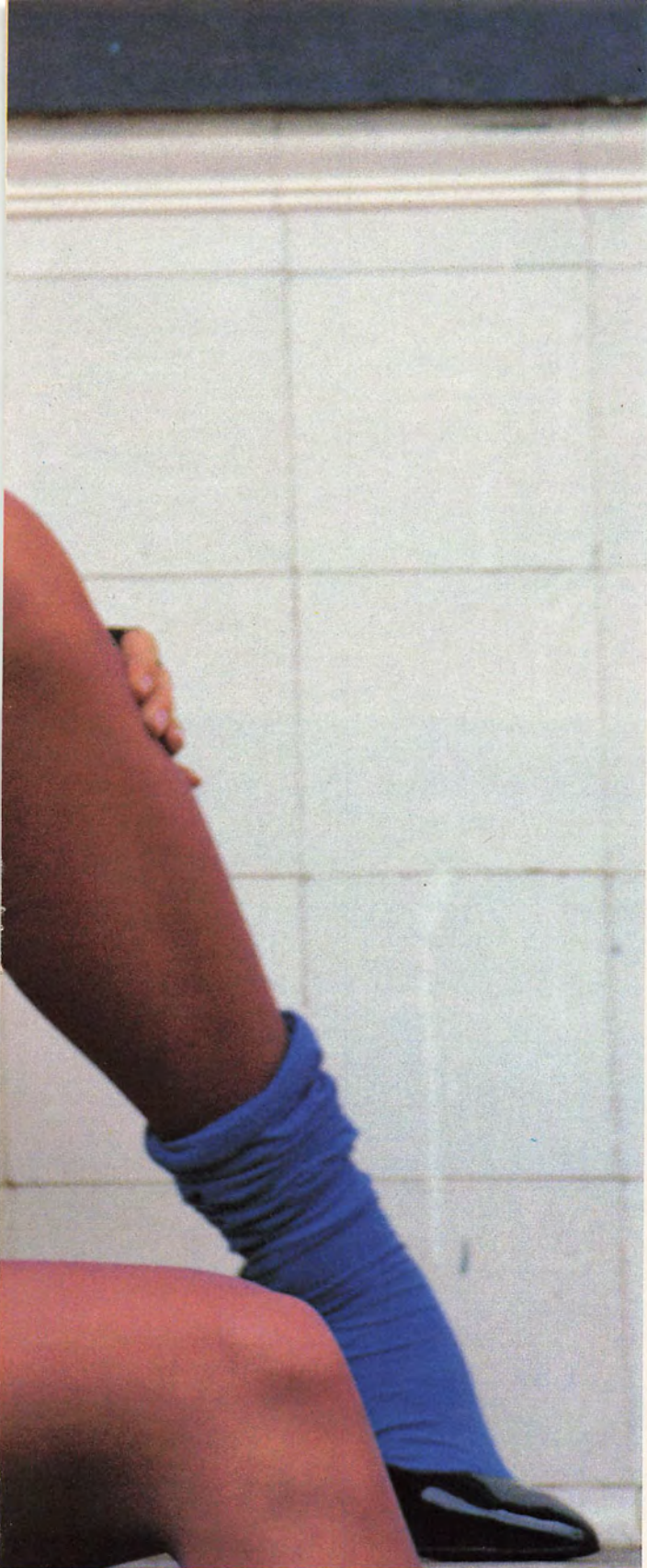
Toni fondly recalls  
her mother's  
fears when she was  
an adolescent. "I was a  
tomboy growing up  
in New York. To survive  
you had to be tough,  
and I would get into  
plenty of fights. . . .  
However," Toni smiles,  
"I think she is very  
proud of how I've grown  
into womanhood."



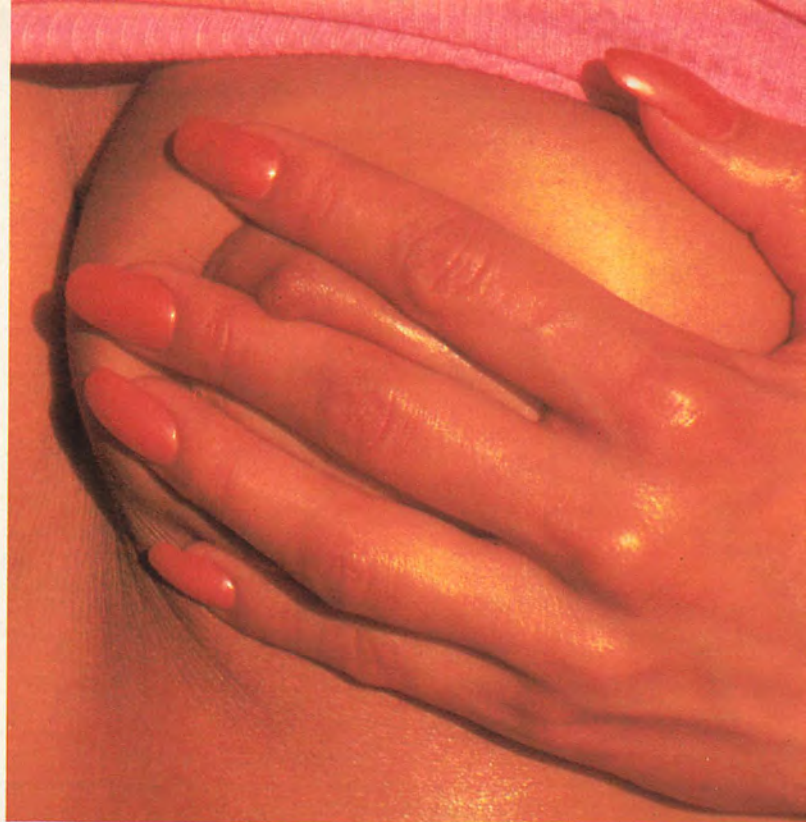








Our five-feet-ten-inch, dark-haired beauty is pursuing an acting career. Toni is determined to star in major movies. Still the tough city girl, she tells us what her dream role would be. "More than anything, I would love to be a



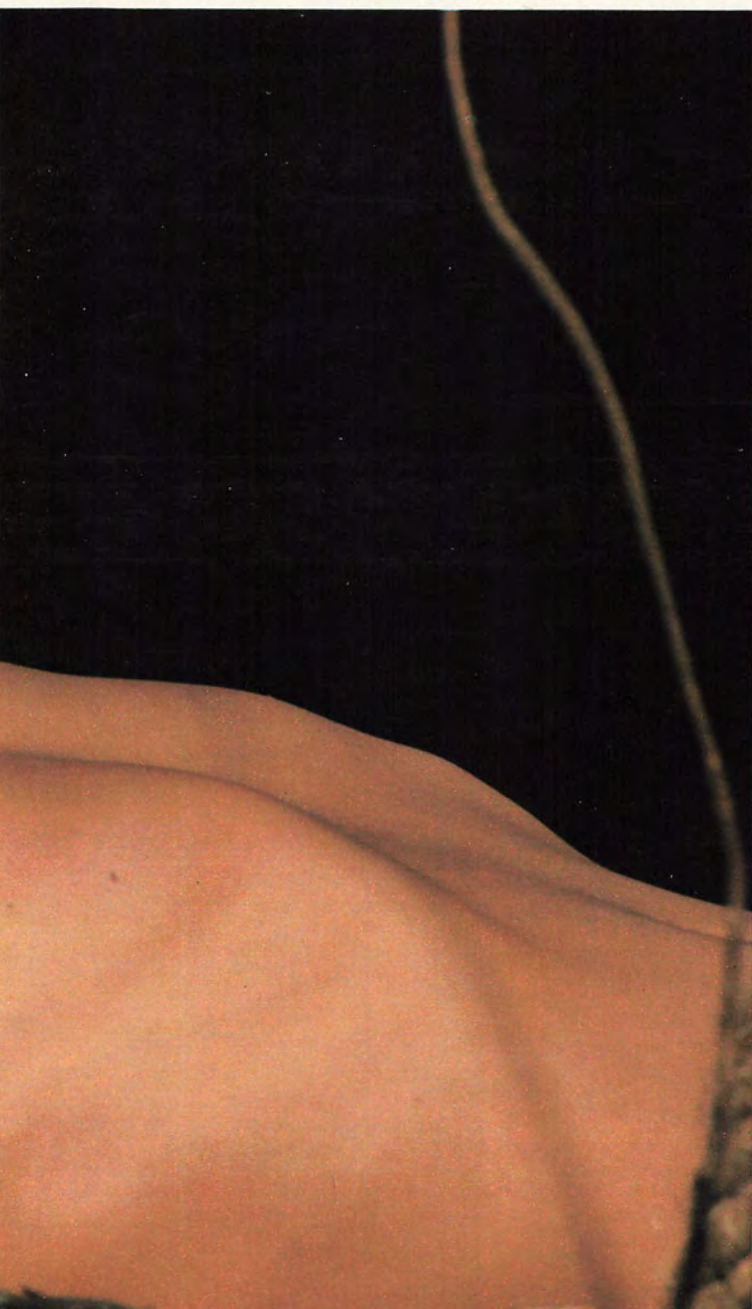
female Charles Bronson type. There's no doubt in my mind that I could play a tough-guy role as well as a man." Is there anyone out there who wouldn't line up to watch her in "Death Wish Part V"?



Toni wants us to know there is more to her than pleases the eye. "In the future, I plan to take advantage of my excellent acting and business abilities. I'm certain I would be a great advertising account executive," says the woman whose picture is worth a million words to us.

















# XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

## HANDY INFORMATION

Arlene and I have had a great two years of marriage. Our sex life is super. We're in our early twenties. Fucking came naturally to both of us. After a year or so we started messing around with other things, like sucking one another off and mutual masturbation. She likes to masturbate on the bed while I watch. Then she wants to jack me off. She's an expert jack-off artist and I enjoy it as much as, or more than, a good fuck.

Last month for my birthday present she had a girl from a local massage parlor come out to our home. It was great. Carla was a great looker, and I found out later that she and Arlene were once coworkers at a local insurance company. I had just finished my shower when the doorbell rang. Arlene answered and introduced Carla to me. After a couple of drinks, Arlene turned on a hard-core video. It showed come shots by guys getting jacked off by one or two girls.

The guys in the film had big cocks and the gals looked like they really enjoyed making them come. The best was two gals playing with this one guy. They played with his balls and cock at the same time, stroking his cock real slow. One of the girls kept swirling her finger over the head of his cock, spreading his precome all over the head of his cock. The cock was hard and ready to come, but they kept playing with it real slow. It was a beautiful sight to see a prick that much in heat. He wanted to come so bad but was completely helpless. Sensing his desperation, one girl tenderly played with his balls while the other gently stroked his cock. It turned purple, swelled, and spurted three times. A real turn-on.

Arlene and Carla departed for the bedroom and shortly invited me in. They were naked. Carla was on the bed masturbating herself. She showed us every part of her pussy. The way she played with her clit was something else. She came in less than two minutes. She then jacked me off slowly. My wife not only watched, but helped. They tried to delay my coming as much as they could, but I was so hot my prick spurted gobs of come all over my belly and their hands. Never in my life have I come that much. Does it help to have a threesome? Arlene wants to know some hints you might have concerning jacking a guy off. What's the best way? She loves to watch me come. I come more this way than by fucking.—S. P.

One of the advantages of masturbation is that only you know what excites you the most. You ask, "Does it help to have a threesome?" In your case, it obviously does. For you, two beautiful girls are better than one. Sixteen feminine fingers and four tender thumbs clearly produce better results than your own masculine fist.

Now the reason for this is that the most erogenous zone in the human body is the brain. Watching Carla playing with her pussy is just as much of a turn-on as fondling your own cock.

Most men have fantasies about lying back like a pasha and having everything done for them, and the secret is to do it real slowly. A man can learn to control his orgasm to a certain extent, but there is a point of no return in male sexual arousal past which nothing can prevent orgasm. The trick is to stop everything just before this point is reached. It takes a lot of practice and self-denial on a woman's part to learn when this is, and, of course, every man is different. One guy can withstand hours of the most sensual titillation and another one shoots his load as soon as you unzip his pants.

There are, of course, different ways of helping a man reach an orgasm. How about jerking off between Arlene's or Carla's tits? Or between a voluptuous pair

“  
For you, two beautiful  
girls are better than one.  
Sixteen feminine  
fingers and four tender  
thumbs clearly  
produce better results than  
your own masculine fist.  
”

of thighs pressed firmly together?

Of course, masturbation assisted by some oral stimulation can't hurt either. The most exciting of all must be when one woman fondles your balls, and you, leaning forward on your knees, have your cock sucked by the other.

Just thinking about it makes me wish I was a man right now—with two chicks doing it to me, of course.

## CAREER CONFLICT

For several days I had been feeling low and depressed. After driving around aimlessly one night, I came across a small private college. I suddenly found myself outside the girls' dormitory. I began looking in the windows and could see several girls in various states of undress. Due to the thrill of perhaps being caught, my cock was stirred. I stood outside a pretty little blonde's room while she was undressing to take a shower. First she pulled her dress over her head to reveal a perfect body. Then she pushed her slip to the floor and stepped out of it. She started unhooking her bra as she headed for the shower. I had an instant erection and, after fondling my penis for a moment, I ejac-

ulated a full load into my pants.

Just at that moment, a security guard came up to me and questioned me about my presence there. Luckily, I am a fireman and managed to talk my way out of a difficult spot.


Xaviera, after my unique experience occurred, I have come to believe I am a voyeur, and it has changed my life. I keep fantasizing about it, and my desire to repeat it has become an obsession.

Because of my prominence in the community, this is extremely difficult. Will this urge pass, or should I seek professional help? My penis is only four inches long when erect. Is there a connection between having a small penis and being a voyeur?—G. L.

For obscure reasons which I have never been able to understand, the citizens of most communities take the moral standards of their local officials very seriously. Firemen definitely fit into the category of public servants. Their private lives are expected to be flawless, although just how their personal decadence could affect their ability to put out fires escapes me.

The first rule for anyone who gets a kick out of sexual practices that carry a risk of public exposure (like flashing or streaking) and can culminate in arrest is: Don't get caught! You have, among other things, a fetish in which danger turns you on. A large part of the sexual excitement in peeking through the window of the girls' dorm was caused by your understandable fear of getting caught.

The size of your penis has nothing to do with the case—that is, unless you have a complex about it which inhibits your normal sexual activities, but you do not mention anything about this. Unusual sexual fetishes are often brought on, or intensified, by the unavailability of normal sex. I get many letters from guys serving prison sentences who complain about their sex lives, since all they can do is jerk off.

You have to decide which is more important to you—your job and your position in the community, with the glamour and respect that it carries, or your sex life. You can always hand in your resignation to the fire department and start your own business as a window cleaner. Then you can become an official, accredited Peeping Tom. 

## CREDITS

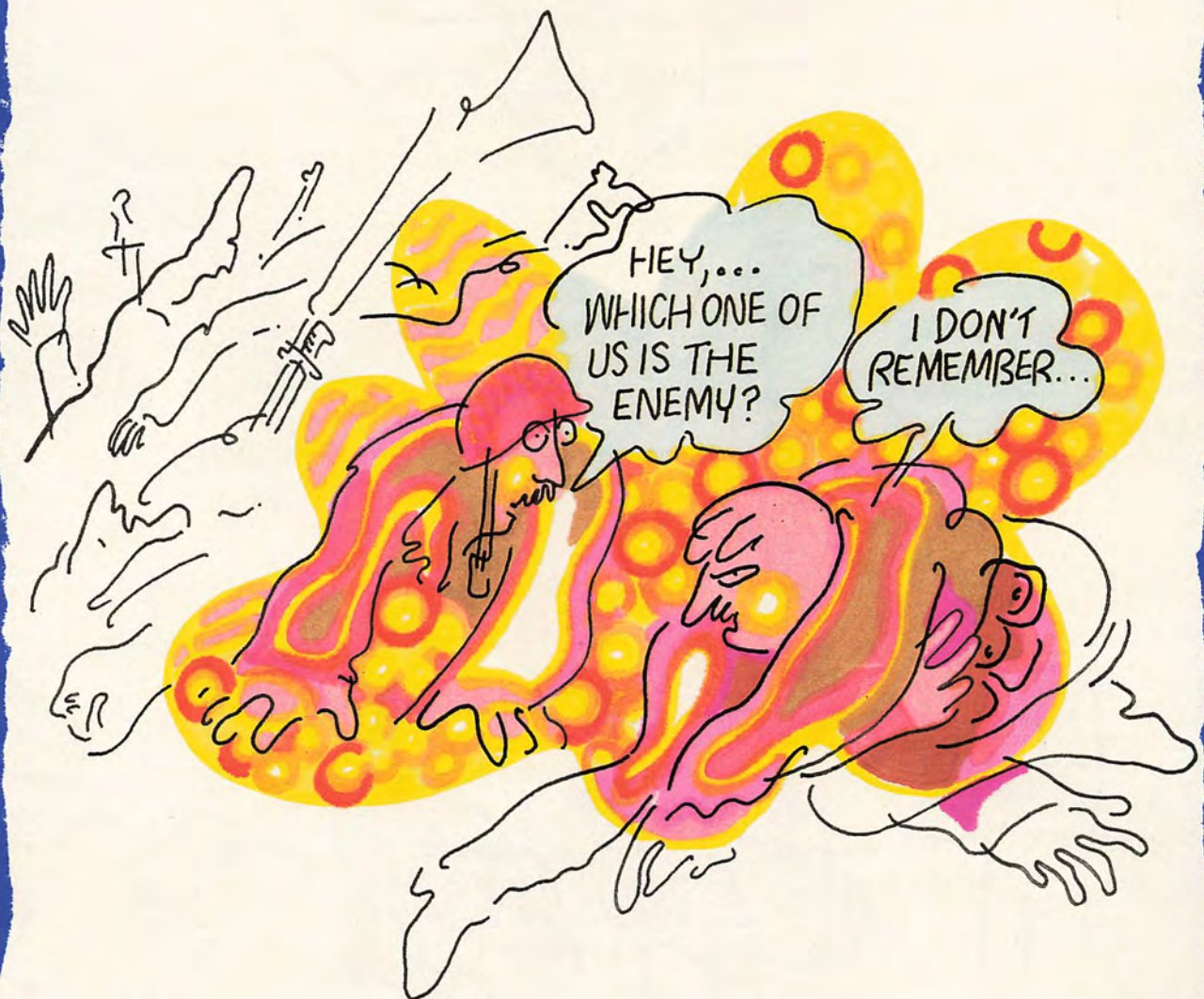
Page 6 left to right, Hank Londoner. Bob Colton Black Star. Bill Lee. page 6 center, Tony O'Brien. page 6 bottom, Howard Hall. page 8, Alan Daniels. page 20 top & center, J. Stephen Hicks. page 20 bottom, Davis Schoen. page 22, Michel Henricot. page 31, James Marsh. page 32, Carl Chaplin. page 33, c. Neal Davis. page 34, The Bettmann Archive. page 53, Bob Colton Black Star. page 117 left, P. Vauthey Sygma. page 117 right, AP Wide World. page 118 top, James A. Cook Picture Group. page 118 center, c. The Sharper Image (800) 344-4444. page 118 bottom, Breck P. Kent Animals Animals. page 119, Doug Menuez Picture Group. page 139, Michael Williamson/Sacramento Bee. page 140 left, The Bettmann Archive. page 140 right, John Drysdale. page 140 bottom, Chicago Tribune. page 141 top, AP Wide World. page 141 bottom, Bud Quast. pages 158 & 160, Randy Mayor. page 162 top to bottom, John Bryson Sygma. Ajin. Antonin Kratochvil. Christopher Pillitz. Impact Photos. Rodney E. Mims Sygma.



"Under the cloud of  
threatening war, it is humanity hanging  
from a cross of iron."—The  
Honorable Dwight D. Eisenhower, 34th  
President of the United States

# THE NUCLEAR WINTER FUNNIES

BY BILL LEE





MARGARET,  
I THINK IT'S *BROKEN*  
OFF, **INSIDE**.

CAN I **KEEP**  
IT, NEVILLE?



"CLOUDS"  
1.



YES VIRGINIA,  
THERE WAS A  
SANTA CLAUS!



**LAST  
TREE**

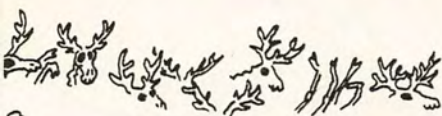
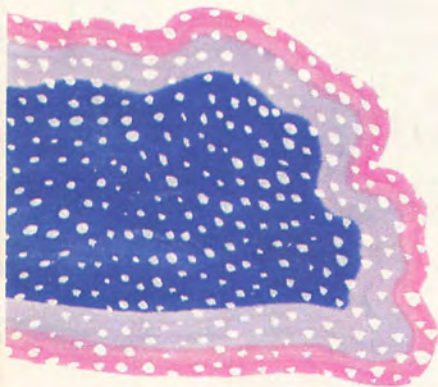
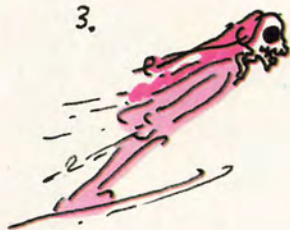




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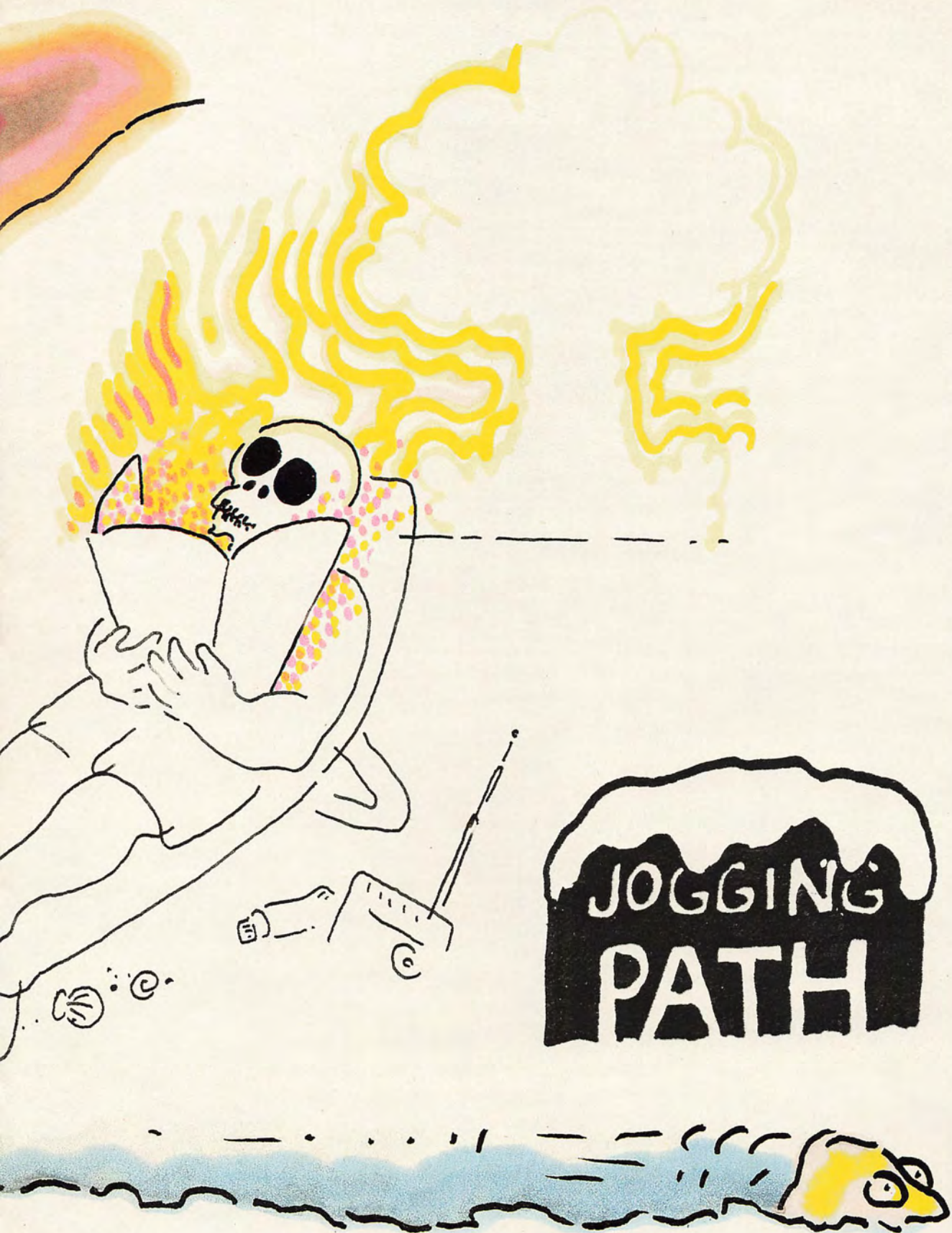
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During their ten-month voyage to the treacherous Muro Ami fishing grounds, hundreds of Filipino boys risk their lives among deadly coral reefs.

# SEA URCHINS

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY HOWARD HALL











During much of the night we follow a radar blip southward, Captain Chris Shaffer piloting our sailing vessel, *Sol*, through a maze of reefs and shoals. But it isn't until the golden light of dawn spills over the Philippine island of Palawan warming the South China Sea, that we spot the *Don Antonio*, the fishing boat we have been looking for. Completely rusted, this 170-foot bastion of antiquity houses more than 500 men and boys. Covering the deck, and clinging to every possible perch on the *Don Antonio* superstructure, are the divers, ready to begin the day's first of several dives.

I had been asked to come to the Philippines to shoot photographs for a documentary about local fishing techniques and the environmental destruction caused by these methods. Philippine biologists told me that the fishing practice known as "Muro Ami" (a Japanese term referring to the type of net used) devastates coral reefs. During a Muro Ami dive, hundreds of swimmers trail "scare lines," ropes weighted with rocks. The vibration caused by the rocks knocking against coral reefs scares thousands of fish into the waiting nets. Biologists contend that the heavy rocks pulverize the reefs, leaving nothing but rubble in their wake. Additionally, this method of fishing indiscriminately pillages the reefs of all fish species. With this in mind, we set out to "expose" the environmental hazards—but what we discovered astonished and unnerved us more than the reef destruction.

Although the Muro Ami crew has been given specific in-



**(Left) After the catch of the day is brought on board, it is meticulously sorted into categories; the fish that bring big bucks are fast-frozen, the rest are sun-dried.**

**(Above) Only the good die young: Innocent-looking homemade goggles of plate glass and rubber bands make an ironic contrast to the seemingly bitter faces of these Filipino youths. (Bottom) But as they prepare to dive in unison, their spirits seem to rise.**

**(Above) Man-child in an unpromising land proudly smiles at the abundance of fish he helped to catch. (Middle) The fish-laden net is pulled to the surface. (Bottom) Packing up to go home.**





**(Above) Frail silhouettes prepare to hoist up the net. (Middle) Trailing the scare lines. (Bottom) Negotiating the treacherous currents is a job requirement. (Right) Not unlike the squalor ashore, the Don Antonio houses over 500 men and boys throughout the entire fishing season.**

structions by Sol Abinas—head of the company that operates the Muro Ami fishery—to deny us access to the boat. Abinas is concerned that we will photograph the fishermen, and once aboard we understand why.

The crew consists of 400 boys between the ages of ten and 15. This is a violation of Philippine labor laws, which prohibit the employment of children under the age of 15 when it separates them from family and school. One boy on board, named Marcos, tells me he has been away from home

for eight months. Marcos is seven years old. The extreme congestion, poor sanitation, and Spartan living quarters horrify me. This seems to be an industry that exploits and endangers children—and also annihilates coral reefs. But I readily question my first impression. A Muro Ami swimmer makes about \$350 (approximately ten cents per dive) for his year of service—an average adult annual wage in the Philippines. He returns home far better off financially than thousands of Manila's urban poor. What's more, although we were told of disease and

vitamin deficiencies, the boys appear healthy and happy.

The Filipinos are ready to start their dive, and our film crew takes to the water. At one end of a reef, 80 feet deep, the fishermen set the large net. This cone-shaped net lies on the bottom with its open end facing the gentle current. Tied to both sides of the cone are large net panels, about 50 feet long, used to guide the fish.

Half a mile away, at the other end of the reef, hundreds of boys are leaping from the Muro Ami boat into the open sea. Each swimmer wears the clothes that he lives in 24 hours





a day and a pair of goggles made by hand from hardwood, plate glass, and a rubber band. Additionally, each boy carries a 150-foot scare line, with its rock gong at one end and a buoy at the other and white nylon flags tied every two feet along its length. Once in the ocean, the swimmers form a huge semicircle along the perimeter of the reef. The boys drop the weighted ends of their scare lines to the bottom and swim shoulder-to-shoulder toward the conelike net, bouncing the rocks against the coral.

From underwater, the wall of

advancing scare lines looks like a white kelp forest marching across the bottom. The reef fish swarm in front of it as the striking rocks sound a muted song similar to that of distant wind chimes.

Once inside the net, the fish must be pulled up quickly. But first, the side panels must be untied and the net untangled from the coral. I position myself at the corner of the net near a side panel. As the sound of wind chimes grows louder, I see hundreds of silhouettes above. Strangely, I see little evidence of reef destruction. In fact, the swimmers are

careful not to strike the coral more than necessary, because in the event a rock becomes lodged in the reef, they must dive to the bottom to retrieve it. If the scare line is lost, they must pay for the replacement materials.

It is, however, impossible to assess the long-term impact on the fish population, but the operation sweeps up virtually all fish in its path as the terrified schools race headlong into the net.

Now the swimmers prove their worth. Fascinated, I watch a tiny shadow of a boy on the surface start his descent.

Swimming slowly, producing maximum glide with each stroke of his arms, he reaches the bottom in 40 seconds. He pulls himself across the coral to the side panels of the net, which is tied with two heavy ropes. I can see his goggles are partially filled with water. But this doesn't seem to bother him—nor do the heavy rocks pounding the coral all around him. At this depth, in any case, he could not afford the time or energy it would take to remedy these situations. Grabbing one of the ropes, he pulls but it does not budge. If he fails in his task, the schools of fish

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157



# BORIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

and sense of humor translate easily.

In Indianapolis, he said he didn't like the monikers—"Boom-Boom," "The Red Baron," "Der Bomber," "Heidelberg Hit Man," and the like—that he was being tagged with, but he did it without offending anyone. "They are not my name," he said. "My mother, she say to me, 'Boris!' not 'Boom-Boom.'"

Are you enjoying the Midwest? "It's really kind of boring. I practice, eat, sleep, practice."

What is your greatest fear? "At the moment, my next opponent."

Your favorite foods? "Normal German foods. Not hamburgers."

How does he feel about being a teen idol? Smiling: "You're a man; I'm a man. I like women like you do."

Then at Mason, where he trounced Mats Wilander in the final, 6-4, 6-2, in just 66 minutes, he charmed his audience during the award presentation by saying, "I played my second-best week. I think you know my best one."

"You have to understand this about the guy," says Ken Flach, who teamed with Robert Seguso to form the U.S. Davis Cup doubles team. "Boris was never young."

But indeed he was. Becker was born on November 22, 1967, the last of Karl-Heinz and Elvira's three children, and their second son. Although it seems as if he was weaned on a racket, that's only par-

tially true, for Becker was also a promising soccer player. But tennis was in his blood. "I played many sports when I was young," he said, smiling at his unintended inference. "I also played basketball, and I think that helps me a lot now. But I chose tennis because my parents both played it."

His father, an architect, designed the Blau-Weiss (Blue-White) Club in Leimen, the tennis facility that became young Boris's second home. Even now, pictures of his progression through early youth are prominently displayed there.

Becker's first coach, and the one most responsible for his current free-fall style, was Boris Breskvar. Because his student lacked skills refined by experience, Breskvar taught Becker that the most important rule of the game was to do everything within his power to return a shot, even if it meant lunging or hurling his body through the air like a cruise missile focused on a tiny target. To this day, Becker says his strengths are his powerful serve and his "ability to fight for every ball."

"Diving is my style," he says. "I was always diving since I was ten. When I see the ball and realize that I cannot reach it by my legs, I jump." It doesn't matter what the surface is, as was proven on the hard courts of the Open when Becker somersaulted for points in several matches. He claimed to have a "special technique" for diving on cement. But, he added, "I cannot do it all the time because of my bones."

After Becker decided to pursue tennis

seriously, around the age of 12, he was passed on to the German national junior coach, Günther Bosch of Romania. Bosch molded the abundance of raw skill with the will of a sculptor graced with a solid, unformed block of clay. He poked here and prodded there, enhancing the teachings of his predecessor by imploring Becker to not only strive to hit every ball, but also to weaken his opponent by striking every ball with the force of an attacking army.

By the beginning of 1984, Bosch believed Becker was ready for public scrutiny, so he telephoned his lifelong friend and tennis partner, Ion Tiriuc. "He talked to me very calmly," recalls Tiriuc, who managed Argentina's Guillermo Vilas during the peak of his career and is now in partnership with him, managing a few promising players. "He said, 'I want you to see this player I've been coaching.'"

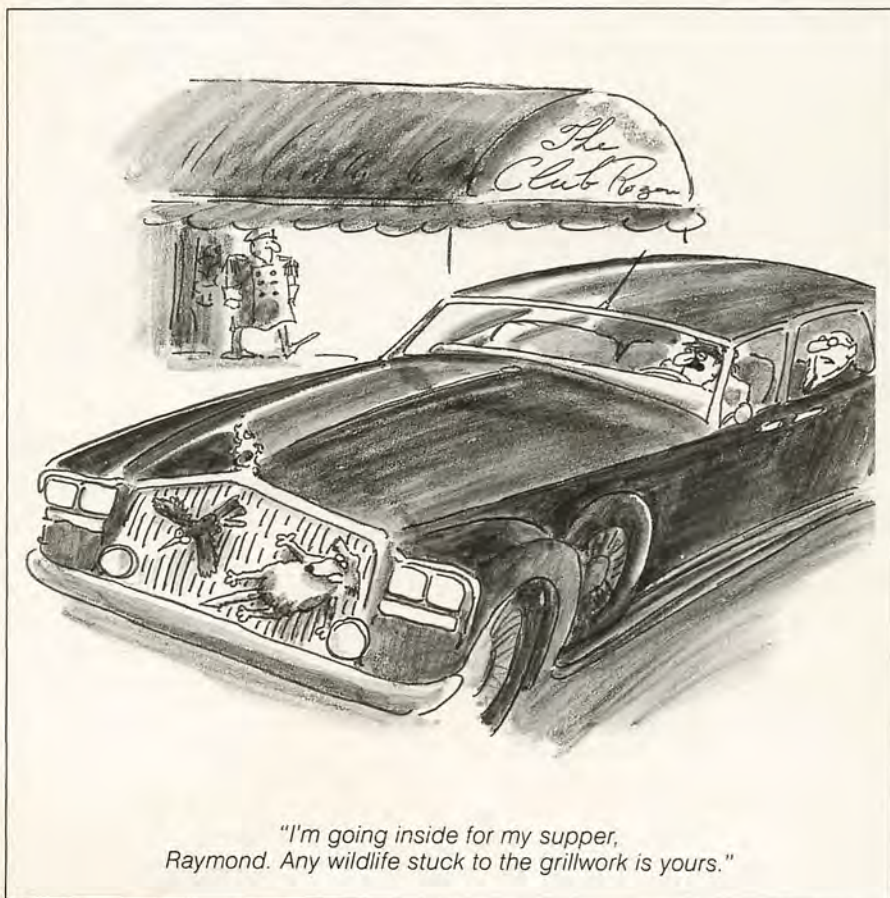
Tiriuc went, saw, then called Vilas and urged him to agree to sign Becker before word got out. "He was a tennis player all through," says Vilas. "We could see that. So we signed him. If we hadn't, somebody else would've for sure."

Thus was born what could be called the Becker Brigade—Bosch, the Coach; Tiriuc, the Manager; and Becker, the Pupil. The soft-spoken Bosch handles the on-the-court duties, although Tiriuc, who managed and coached Vilas through the most successful period of his career, often offers bits of strategic advice. But the grim-faced, mustachioed Romanian's primary function is to orchestrate Becker's now-not-so-private private life, as well as his increasingly burgeoning bankbook. (By the end of the Open, Becker had already earned \$341,055, more than seven times what he had earned in 1984.) And make no mistake, on the rigorous and sometimes unforgiving tennis tour, both tasks are equally important.

"It is like I have three fathers," says Becker. "My own, my coach, and my manager."

The adoption didn't come cheap. Although the numbers haven't been made public, it was widely reported that Tiriuc et al guaranteed Becker's parents \$250,000 for the right to oversee their son's development. Over and above that, Tiriuc would also cover the player's expenses. What was the catch? Well, the word in the street was that for his troubles, Tiriuc would keep the gravy, which, as it stands, could be quite fattening. (Besides his court winnings this year, Becker will earn about \$276,000, plus royalties, in endorsements: the Swiss-made Ebel watch, which he wears on the court; clothing by Ellesse of Italy; a racket and shoes by Puma of West Germany; and the electronics firm BASF, for which he wears a tiny logo on his sleeve.)

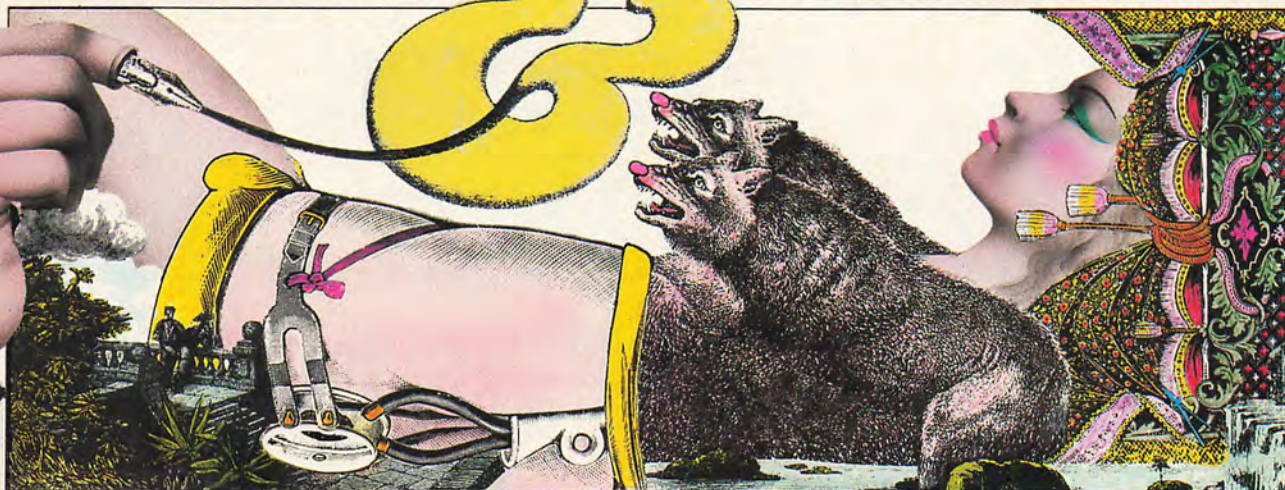
Becker's father has denied such an arrangement. Speaking to Curry Kirkpatrick (who covered tennis for *Sports Illustrated*) during the Davis Cup tie, he said,



"I'm going inside for my supper,  
Raymond. Any wildlife stuck to the grillwork is yours."



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"There are three secrets my mother told me. Be a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen—and a whore in the bedroom. And I figure so long as I have a maid and a cook, I'll do the rest myself."

—Model Jerry Hall



## PLACE IN THE SUN

The State of Kansas, eager to attract tourist business, has compiled a list of the state's leading attractions, including:

- The World's Largest Barbed-Wire Museum.
- The World's Largest Hand-Dug Well (109 feet deep, 32 feet in diameter).
- The World's Largest Exact Replica of the Liberty Bell Weaved With Turkey Red-Wheat Straw ("by 200 local Mennonite 'weavers' ranging in age from 10 to 80 years—over 2,000 man-hours consumed").
- The World's Largest Museum Display of Jell-O Memorabilia.

## DON'T LET BOB GUCCIONE SEE THIS

A successful North Carolina record-retailing firm strongly encourages its employees to participate in a corporate "motivation" program, in which workers apparently walk on hot coals and smoldering logs or are put into pitch-black flotation tanks, where they are supposed to meditate on a mattress floating in water.



## EYE FOR AN EYE

The family of a six-year-old New Jersey boy sued Disney World for \$2 million, alleging that Mickey Mouse threw the child against the

wall after the cartoon character's tail was pulled.

Police in Willingboro, New Jersey, charged a man with hiring two gunmen to kill his neighbor who had complained that the suspect's dog had defecated on his property. (From Michael Kowalchuk, Ambler, Pa.)



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

## GOOD OL' BOYS



An Australian nightclub features a "dwarf-throwing contest," during which dwarfs are thrown by competing nightclub bouncers into a mattress-padded landing zone. Prizes are awarded to bouncers who throw a dwarf the farthest.



## LIFE AT THE TOP

Actress Joan Collins arrived in Los Angeles on a flight from Europe with 52 pieces of luggage, costing her \$4,000 in excess-baggage charges.

## WRETCHED EXCESSES

**A** New York nightclub sent out invitations to its grand opening in the form of cards that contained a mousetrap set to snap on an ammonia inhalant capsule.

**T**he New York City Human Resources Administration arranged for the New York Road Runners Club to give lessons on jogging to the city's homeless. "The physical and psychological benefits of running and fitness have been well-documented," a club announcement said, "and now the homeless can share these benefits."

**T**he New York City Transit Authority spent \$50,000 on studies to determine if seats on new Japanese-made subway cars were too small for American bottoms.

## WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A manufacturer's line of products for swimming-pool accessories includes "Water Warrior," a reproduction of an M-16 automatic rifle that accurately fires a powerful stream of water at ranges up to 30 feet, accompanied by flashing red lights and sound effects.



## HIGHS AND LOWS

**C**ity officials in Nashville ordered rationing of toilet paper in municipal offices after finding that employees were using it to blow their noses.



**M**adonna filed suit against a moviemaker to block the showing of a film made six years ago in which she appears nude, on the grounds that showing the film would prevent her from "maintaining the image and aura I have created."



## GRAVY TRAIN

New York Air National Guard pilots were reprimanded for using C-5A transport planes to ferry 70 lobsters

from Maine to New York. During the flight, the National Guardsmen ate all the lobsters.



## SPICE OF LIFE

A Florida judge refused to allow the defendant in a rape case to admit his nine-inch-long penis as evidence, rejecting defense arguments that a penis of that size could not possibly have committed the alleged rape. The judge also rejected defense attempts to introduce a wooden model of the penis.



## BORN AGAIN

Prior to his arrest in North Carolina on charges that he violated immigration laws, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, Indian guru of an Oregon religious cult, held a press conference to announce that he was inviting his own assassination to give him "the media exposure that Jesus Christ never had." During the same press conference, Rajneesh also called Mother Teresa a "criminal" for saving orphans.

## I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS DEPT.

The wife of a former CIA agent revealed that her husband told their children to collect personal information on their school classmates to determine which ones could be "targeted" for intelligence purposes.

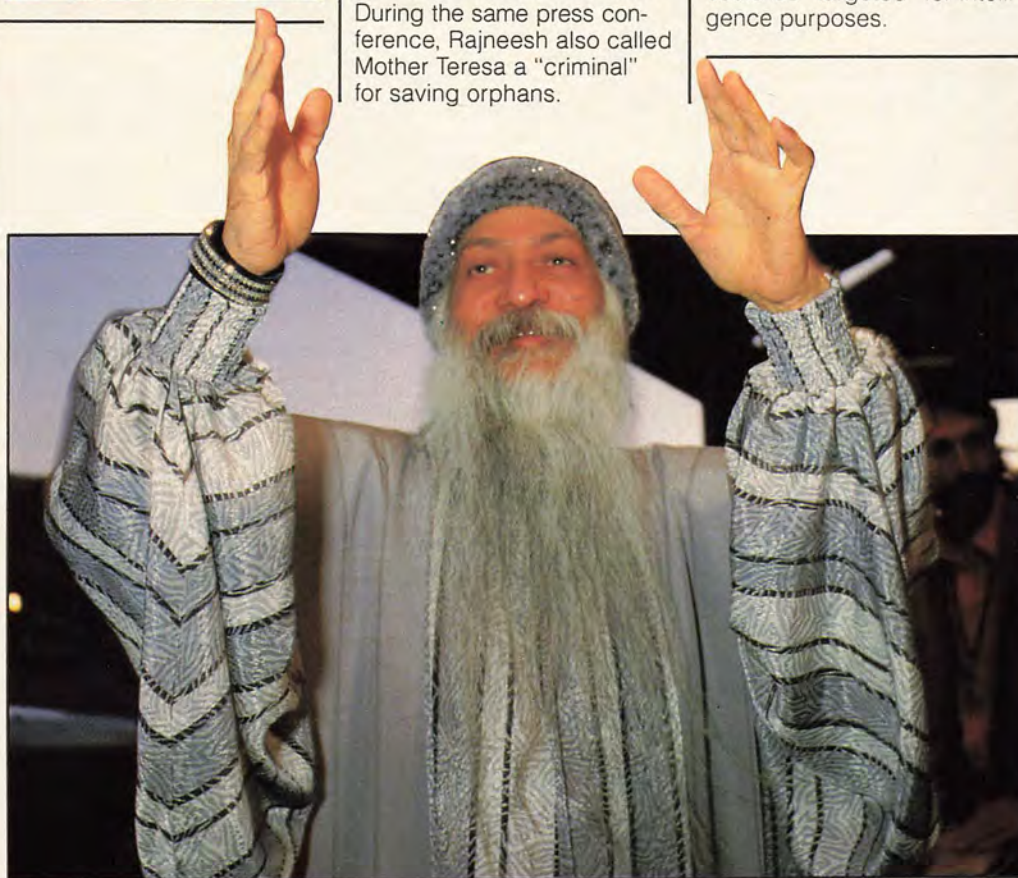
## BAD KARMA

Convicted Watergate figure E. Howard Hunt plans to produce a musical based on the Claus von Bulow case.

Several crewmen aboard British nuclear-armed-missile submarines were accused of taking hallucinogenic drugs, including LSD, while on patrol.

Among the hottest-selling videocassettes is *Faces of Death*, an 88-minute compilation of on-camera murders, suicides, surgery, assassinations, executions, and the slaughter of animals.

Jeanine Deckers, the famed "Singing Nun" whose songs proclaimed a life of joy and a bright future, committed suicide.



## DOG DAY AFTERNOON

To the scorn of the local coroner, police in Hobart, Indiana, concluded that a man found dead with 32 blows to his head from a hammer had killed himself.

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.



MIKHAIL & RAISA



## HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 34



& RON & NANCY



Politics and cold war ice-breaking  
Strained bedfellows, these days, are making  
But when our Fabulous Four  
Start to make love, not war,  
Will their orgasms be real or just faking?  
(With apologies to *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*)



# Pet of the Year

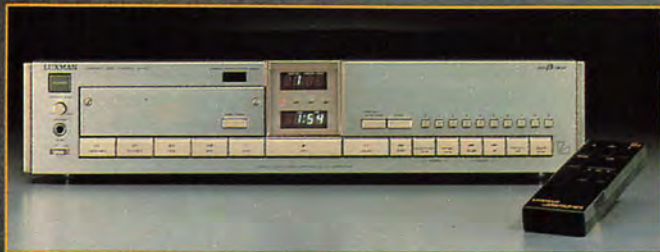
## RUNNER-UP GIFTS



Last month we shared with you the winner of *Penthouse's* annual Pet of the Year contest. The sole judges are you, our readers, and this year you elected Cody Carmack, a sumptuous brunette. But what we failed to tell you was that the tally of your votes revealed an unusual score. Another gorgeous brunette was a close second—Toni Larsen, whose medley of talents was obviously well noted by our readers.

Although her reign may be under the umbrella "Pet of the Year Runner-Up," she is nevertheless being bestowed with a shower of glorious gifts. And by the look of the gifts adorning these pages, it





sure doesn't seem like Runner-Up means second-best! (Left page) A sleek BLACKGLAMA RANCH MINK COAT will keep our Pet warm in elegant style, courtesy of FLEMINGTON FUR COMPANY, INC. (Left, top) Keeping her cool, Toni will frolic in her TX340 SEVYTEX RUNABOUT from SEVYLOR U.S.A., INC. (Left, bottom) A mover and shaker, our Pet will always travel in the height of fashion with a sleek luggage set courtesy of VENTURA LUGGAGE. (Top row, left to right) The best in concert-

hall-quality sound will come from the D-03 COMPACT DISC PLAYER by LUXMAN. And Toni will escape with a secret admirer to PARADISE, PARADISE, a beautiful resort on Paradise Island in the Bahamas, courtesy of RESORTS INTERNATIONAL. (Middle row, left to right) A 14-carat gold and gem-studded Penthouse Key will adorn her lovely neck, a gift from FEUER & WOLF. And for the latest in high-tech aqua fun, our Pet will cross hill and dale in her SKI BOB, from SEVYLOR, U.S.A. INC. When she's home on the range, Toni will enhance her Selection of jackets and jeans by Bon Bon from MARDON INTERNATIONAL.

audiovisual system with the S-XV1000 SANSUI AUDIO VIDEO RECEIVER, below which is her LUXMAN K-03 CASSETTE DECK, with Duo-Beta circuitry. Figuring on maintaining her athletic form, Toni will muscle in on the all-in-one exercise system from MARCY GYMNASIUM EQUIPMENT. (Bottom row, left to right) And when it comes to calling the shots, Toni will snap to the occasion with her CHINON CP-6 camera. We all know that girls just wanna have fun, and the new lightweight KAWASAKI NINJA 250 will ensure just that. ○—■

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



# RAZOR'S EDGE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
SIWER OHLSSON

Call me kinky if you want," avers our mysterious young model, "but I get off on exposing myself in public. You can imagine what a turn-on *Penthouse* is, with its millions of eager, young, horny readers. I love it to death, but I have one problem—my face is fairly recognizable and I simply can't afford to be seen . . . particularly when I'm flashing everything I've got!"















"Sometimes I'll go for a stroll along the beach. It's late afternoon and people are leaving. I wear only a towel around my waist . . . a big, ankle-long bath towel that tends to open as

I walk. When I know someone is getting a glimpse 'down below,' I immediately get wet. It doesn't really matter who sees me as long as I know they're looking."

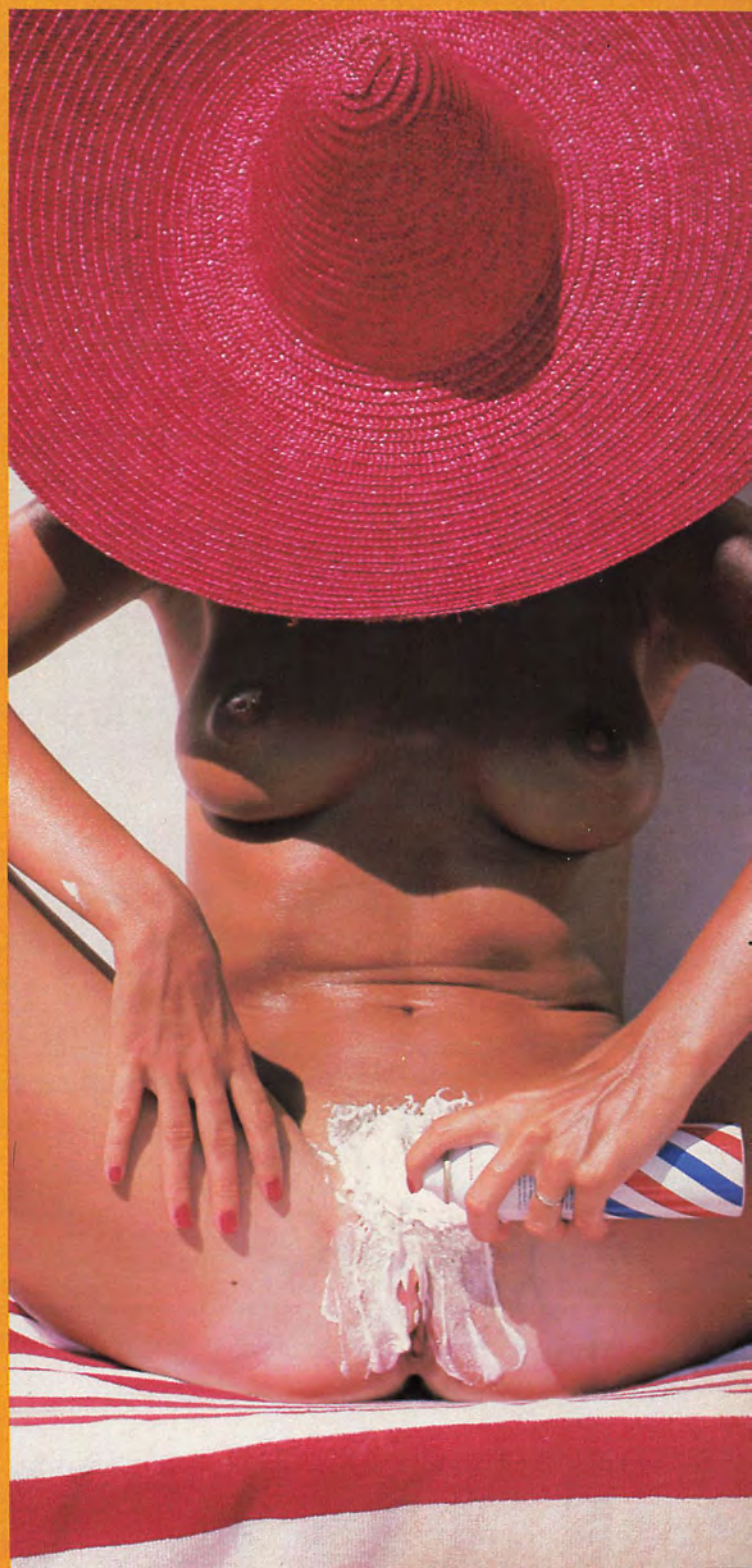






Our inscrutable friend decides to shave her pubis for the camera. "Another 'gourmet' fantasy," says she, "like stripping myself really and truly bare!"

"Rather like baring your soul. . . . You purge yourself of every last vestige of personal privacy . . . and your body swells with fire."







A soft, plump pubis emerges . . . pink and hairless. "The last of my defenses is gone. Now I have to live with the reality of my own sexual being. There's nothing to hide behind. Look at my pussy and you look at me!"

○—■







In the consumer limbo of adult entertainment, a clever title or an alluring photo on the front of the video package is all you need to sell the tape.

# X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

## VIET NUMB

*Bimbo: Hot Blood Part 1*  
(Red Light Video)

The essence of *Bimbo* can be summed up in one word: packaging. In the consumer limbo of adult entertainment, a clever title or an alluring photo on the front of the video package is all you need to sell the tape. That's it. No plot, no technical quality, not even very good sex. It's like the gaudy come-on to a carny sideshow; once you get inside, it's all disappointment. The plot of *Bimbo* does indeed resemble the plot of *Rambo*, only this time it's the wife of a prisoner of war who goes to Asia seeking his release. There is enough dirty fun along the way to warrant an X rating, but it doesn't negate the fact that *Bimbo* is all surface and no substance.

*Bimbo: Hot Blood Part 1* 1

## PENTHOUSE PICK

*Dames* (Essex)

*Dames* has all the elements of quality adult entertainment: a big budget, a con-

sistent (if slightly ludicrous) plot, and even a woman director (Krystal Bleu) to add sensitivity and style. A thumbnail sketch of the plot might be "sex through the years," a formula pioneered by Armand Weston's *Take Off* and used to good advantage more recently by Gerard Damiano in *Night Hunger* and in the Essex hit *Bedtime Tales*. The various incarnations of one drinking establishment are traced from the time it was called Vera's Place through its evolution into the Star Cafe and the Star Disco. Only the sex is up-to-date, featuring hot bodies and fine actresses like Tish Ambrose and Sharon Mitchell. This is a tape to watch with your girl, to watch with a group of friends, to enjoy alone. It even provides a useful moral in conveying the idea that sex never goes out of style.

*Dames* 1111

## DESPERATELY SUCKING SUSAN

*Lustfully Seeking Susan*

(Playtime)

Whatever the filmmakers were seeking here, they didn't find it. This tawdry little tape is a direct knockoff of *Desperately Seeking Susan*, better known as "the Madonna film." Arousal, erections, eroticism—that's the goal of the hunt here, but the main obstacle to the search is the alarmingly ugly cast that was assembled to make this shot-on-video tape. These actors and actresses simply should not commit their mugs to the camera. The bodies on the women are hot, beautifully curved, and sexy. Problem is, they are attached to faces that will freeze a man's prick quicker than a wind out of Siberia.

*Lustfully Seeking Susan* presents a nightmare vision of the future of porn when, because of the threat of disease, only the true dogs who cannot get laid any other way will permit themselves to be filmed fucking. No one likes to be called ugly, but if you are going to dish up your face in a high-priced smut tape, you should at least be able to walk past a clock without stopping it. The men, never a bargain in smut tapes, are even worse here than the women. Beginning with the reptilian Billy Dee, every male in the cast ought to be banished from porn forever. Let them do off-Broadway.

There are times when *Lustfully* peaks into the so-bad-it's-good category, as with the hilarious Madonna imitation. The watermelon-colored go-go galoshes are especially good. All in all, this tape has little to recommend other than the bodies of

the women, neck down only. It is interminable, even in fast-forward.

*Lustfully Seeking Susan* 1

## CLICHE OF THE MONTH

*Cherry Cheesecake*

(Big Apple)

The difference between California porn and the New York version is that in California the heads are totally empty, while in New York they are empty with a .357 magnum bullet ricocheting around inside. That bullet is Meaning, and it makes porn made in New York pathetic, weird, and a little schizoid. *Cherry Cheesecake* was made in New York, and it is a good, steamy adult tape, with some wonderful pants-popping scenes. There is a sophistication and polish that you usually don't get out of California. Tish Ambrose is sultry and smart enough as an actress to know how to show it.

The problem is that stab at Meaning. *Cherry* takes as its subject the porn empire of "Erotic Magazine." This is where it steps into deep shit: Whenever adult video tries to portray the world of print porn (which is often), it shows it as an orgiastic career where all the editors get laid and there's a used scumbag in every office ashtray. Every man's fantasy, right? Well, the reality is so depressing that it forces me to name porn's portrayal of porn as this month's cliché.

The plot of *Cherry*—which we've also seen countless times before—is the search for the perfect sex symbol, as conducted by "Erotic Magazine." Again, the problem with the plot is that the women of porn generally can't be regarded as ultimate



*Dames: sex through the years.*







# PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

## WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

**H**uman beings began making excuses for themselves right from the start. Adam, you may recall, blamed Eve for all his trouble. She, in turn, blamed that damned snake in the apple tree.

That's not likely to be viewed as a particularly effective excuse these days, but most of us have developed a creative repertoire of other excuses for use when we're trying to duck responsibility for our behavior. This psychograph is designed to find out how great a part excuse-making plays in your life.

Making excuses—to ourselves as well as to others—is one of the most basic human impulses. According to psychologists, the need to make excuses springs from the fact that we all want to be perfect—or at least from the fact that we don't want to be viewed as complete assholes. When we get caught red-handed in a lie, a failure, or some other form of stupidity, we trot out an excuse to show the world that this sort of thing isn't typical of the "real" us. Excuses allow us to patch up holes in our self-esteem. Three University of Kansas psychologists, C. R. Snyder, Raymond Higgins, and Rita Stucky, are among the leading theorists on excuse-making. In their book *Excuses: Masquerades in Search of Grace*, they explain, "We are tempted by and succumb to excuse-making as a way of living with our flaws."

When excuse-making gets out of hand, of course, it can devastate a person's life. He ends up accomplishing nothing because he's so busy thinking up excuses for why he's not getting anything done. Yet excuses can also serve constructive ends, say Dr. Snyder and his colleagues: "Lacking excuses, we might spend most of our energies avoiding situations where there is a possibility that we could make mistakes." If we couldn't blame our failures on something (or on somebody), we'd probably never take any risks at all.

Excuses can sometimes work as social lubricants as well. If you're invited to a dull party, it's a lot easier for everyone

if you beg off with a gracious excuse rather than say, "You people are boring jerks, and I wouldn't go to your party if you paid me." Or let's say your boss tells you to do something dumb, and you don't do it. If, when he asks why you didn't complete the task, you tell the truth—"because it's a stupid waste of time"—neither he nor you is going to be very happy about the outcome. But if you can come up with a nice, believable excuse, you'll make him feel better and get yourself off the hook. When used with skill and moderation, excuses can make our lives run more smoothly.

To see if your own excuse-making behavior is under control, you must answer the following questions with rigorous honesty. No excuses, now. Just do it.

1. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
  - (a) In most cases, it's hard for a person to rise much above his social background.
  - (b) Social background may play a part in determining the progress of our lives, but in the end success is primarily due to our own efforts.
2. Are you the oldest child in your family?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) no
3. Do you feel comfortable in most social settings?
  - (a) Yes, I'm quite outgoing.
  - (b) Like most people, I'm somewhat uncomfortable in new situations, but I manage to cope with them.
  - (c) No, I generally don't feel comfortable with unfamiliar people or places.
4. Do you ever feel you don't really have control over your actions?
  - (a) Yes, sometimes I feel that even if I wanted to, I couldn't do other than what I'm doing.
  - (b) No, I generally feel I'm in control of what I do.
5. Do you believe strongly in fate?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) somewhat
  - (c) no
6. Do you enjoy any form of gambling for money? (That includes everything from gambling in Monte Carlo to betting the office football pool.)
  - (a) yes, very much
  - (b) occasionally
  - (c) no
7. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
  - (a) Basically, I consider my life stimulating and enjoyable.
  - (b) Very little really excites me.
8. Do you think most people are interesting or boring?
  - (a) Most people are interesting.
  - (b) Most people are boring.
9. Do you often have physical ills—headaches, colds, etc.—that keep you from performing as well as you would otherwise?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) not usually
10. Knowing what you do of your own ability and personality, how would you complete the following sentence: "If I were ever going to be fired from a job, the reason would probably be that..."
  - (a) my work didn't measure up."
  - (b) people didn't like me."
11. Do you trust other people?
  - (a) in general, yes
  - (b) I may trust an occasional person, but in general I feel most people are out to screw you.
12. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your work habits:
  - (a) I'll almost always work at a task until I get it right.





## Censorship can make the world a better place.

Censorship can make your life easier. When somebody else makes decisions about what you can read and see and hear, you don't have to think as much.

Censorship can cure the world of problems like violent crime and child abuse. If you believe information and ideas cause problems—instead of people.

Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree...just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare, and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.



When excuse-making gets out of hand, it can devastate a person's life.

# PSYCHOGRAPH

- (b) I'll give something my best shot, but if that doesn't do the trick I'll go on to something else.
13. Do you have trouble concentrating?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
14. Which statement comes closer to expressing your experience:  
(a) Like most people, I've experienced my share of failures. Some have been minor and haven't meant much to me, but others were important.  
(b) When I've failed, it has usually been at things that weren't really important to me anyway.  
(c) I have rarely experienced any failures at all.
15. Do you ever go out partying when you know you've got something important to do early the next day?  
(a) yes  
(b) Occasionally, but I've usually regretted it.  
(c) I try never to do that.
16. Do you often have other things on your mind that prevent you from doing your best with the task at hand?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
17. Do you often find you're so busy that you can't accomplish everything you want?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
18. Do you find that when people want you to do something with which you are not familiar, they usually don't give you good and thorough instructions?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
19. Do you feel people often try to distract you when you're working?  
(a) yes  
(b) sometimes  
(c) no
20. Have you run into a lot of people who are envious or jealous of you?  
(a) some  
(b) yes, many  
(c) not really
21. Are you generally satisfied with your

- relationships with women?  
(a) yes  
(b) I suppose they could be better.  
(c) No, I have a lot of bad luck with women.
22. Do you feel many of your problems can be traced back to your parents?  
(a) yes  
(b) no
23. When you fail at something, is it more likely to be because:  
(a) You don't have the ability.  
(b) You don't really apply yourself to the task.
24. Have you had much bad luck in your life?  
(a) yes  
(b) some  
(c) no
25. With which statement would you be more likely to agree:  
(a) Most people in authority—like teachers or bosses—are just decent, average people. You get some great ones and some bad ones, but most are hardworking.  
(b) Most people in authority abuse their power. They tend to be dumb, demanding, and dictatorial.

## SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125; the lowest, 25.

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. a-5, b-1      | 13. a-5, b-1      |
| 2. a-1, b-5      | 14. a-1, b-5, c-5 |
| 3. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 15. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 4. a-5, b-1      | 16. a-5, b-1      |
| 5. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 17. a-5, b-1      |
| 6. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 18. a-5, b-1      |
| 7. a-1, b-5      | 19. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 8. a-1, b-5      | 20. a-3, b-5, c-1 |
| 9. a-5, b-1      | 21. a-1, b-2, c-5 |
| 10. a-1, b-5     | 22. a-5, b-1      |
| 11. a-1, b-5     | 23. a-1, b-5      |
| 12. a-1, b-5     | 24. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 25. a-1, b-5     |                   |

If you scored 100 to 125 points:  
You appear to exhibit many of the attributes of the chronic, almost compulsive, excuse-maker. Psychologists say people

like this tend to have an inordinately high fear of failure. Thus, when they make a mistake, they will go to almost any length—and invent the most outlandish excuses—to "prove" they weren't really responsible for the failure. Such people have an extremely difficult time making any headway in their lives.

Excuse-making may have become such an integral part of your life that you don't even know you're doing it. In such cases, psychological counseling is sometimes necessary. The important thing for you to remember is that failure happens to everyone and you don't need an excuse every time you screw up. It's also important for you to become aware of how pervasive your excuse-making is. A diary in which you list every time you're tempted to make an excuse might help. If you review it at the end of each day, you'll probably see a pattern of excuse-making that you can begin to work at changing.


## 75 to 99 points:

You, too, seem to have a strong need to make excuses for your failings, but you don't carry this tendency to the same extremes as people in the category above. Increasing your skills—by reading, taking courses, etc.—may cut into your excuse-making. If you feel more competent, you'll have an easier time accepting responsibility for your occasional failures.

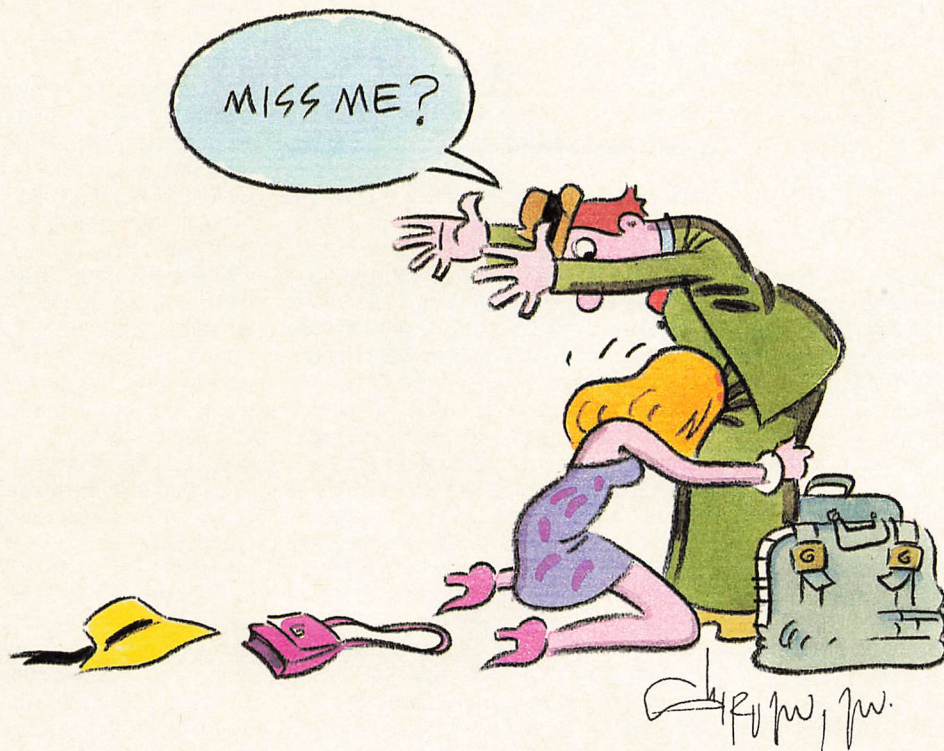
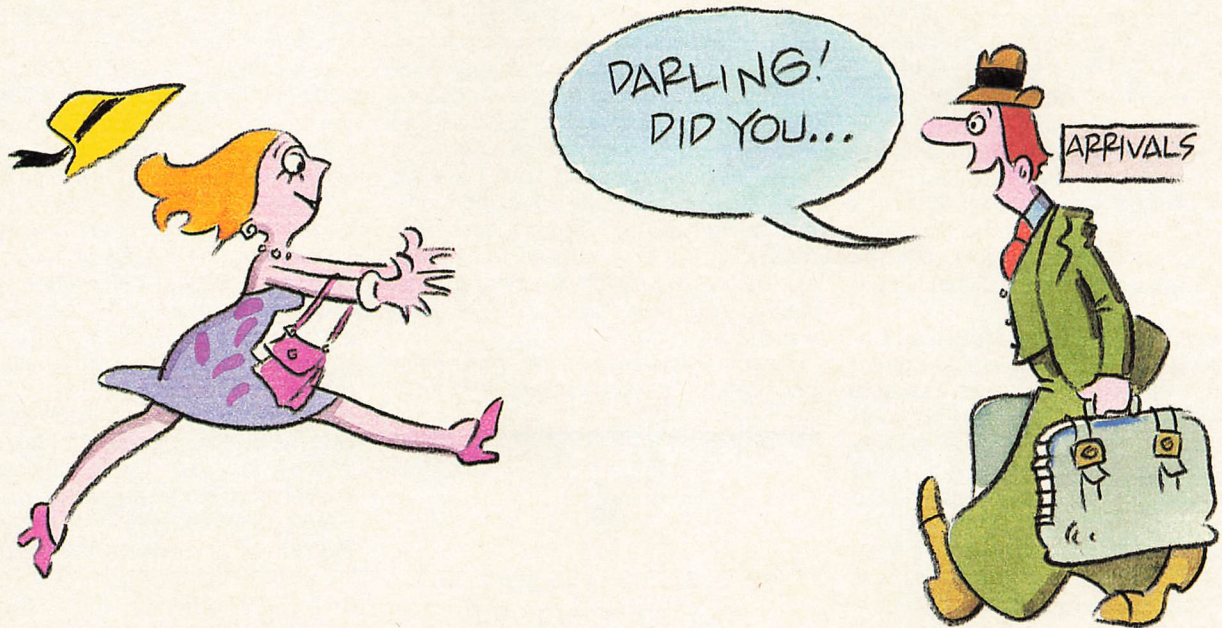
## 50 to 74 points:

You might be termed an effective excuse-maker. You don't make a lot of excuses, and when you do use them they're likely to be valid. People believe your excuses because you don't overdo it. When you're tempted to make up a phony excuse, you'll often decide against using it. You know that, in the long run, it's usually better to accept responsibility for a failure than to invent some lame excuse.

## 25 to 49 points:

You probably hate people who use excuses. You are likely to have a strong belief that everyone should be responsible for his own actions. Even when you have an airtight, legitimate excuse you probably won't use it, because you view excuse-making as weak behavior. You probably don't even like to make those little-white-lie social excuses that others use to keep their lives running smoothly. You're probably viewed as a prickly, blunt, but extremely honest person. 







# BORIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

"Tiriac discussed no guarantees, no fixed sums. We will not get into numbers, but he did not obligate us to more than a logical percentage."

Which should still prove handsomely fruitful in the upcoming months as Madison Avenue clamors to pay Becker hundreds of thousands of dollars to wear their clothes, eat their foods, and play tennis with their executives. "The good thing now is that we don't have to sell Boris Becker," says Vilas. "They have to buy him."

All of which rankles John McEnroe even more. "When I started out, I was staying in fleabag, three-dollar-a-night hotels," he says. "He's already got a watch contract!"

Now while you might expect to find Tiriac looking like the cat who ate the canary behind those dark sunglasses he wears almost constantly, consider this: His "arrangement"—whatever it entails—was actually a big risk. "Boom-Boom" could have gone bust-bust, and Tiriac would be eating crow. If Becker hadn't won Wimbledon, the jury would still have been out on his career, even though he was already being touted as one of the brightest stars of the next generation of tennis players before the tournament began. And initially, Tiriac, Bosch, and Vilas devised a program that was to have Becker at his prime by the summer of 1986. Both Tiriac and Becker say winning Wimbledon didn't alter the program at all.

"Those two weeks are gone," Tiriac says. "We just have to go on. All of the victories, all the money, they are just numbers. They don't mean anything. In another few months, we hope to have him solid and sound." Tiriac pauses here, perhaps pondering that future. "I think we stand a good shot at it."

"My goal," Becker said at the Open, "was to win Wimbledon some time. Now I'm 17 and I won it, but I think it was a bit early. It has changed a lot for me since last year. It was a nice feeling when I warmed up and the umpire said, 'Wimbledon champion of '85,' and the spectators were clapping and screaming. I am a little bit proud of it."

In the beginning of their relationship, Vilas, who at 33 is still one of the most fit players on the tour, introduced Becker to his rigorous conditioning regimen. "Anybody who trains with me would know how difficult it is, how hard it is to prepare," says Vilas. "I think he learned faster than anyone else. He became more serious very fast. But we said to him, 'We guarantee you that you are going to play so much tennis that either you're going to be a great player or you are going to hate it and quit.'"

Becker didn't quit because he loves tennis, so much so that he has allowed it to snatch him from his family and home. He now lives in Monaco—land of the free-

spirited and home of the tax-exempt—and spends most of his time amid a ceaseless string of tournaments, hotel suites, and various tennis villas around the world that are co-owned by Tiriac and Vilas. "It is my job now," he says. "My only obligation is to try to improve on everything, every day."

Boris also didn't quit because he possesses an almost icy will to win. It is a trait that belies his even, off-the-court demeanor, but it is also a major reason for his success. What he does not possess in skill, he overcomes with guile and an irreverence for the pressures of the moment. In the Wimbledon final, he killed time between points by bouncing tennis balls off his head and thighs, soccer-style. Afterward, Curren, who sensed all along that he was no match for history in the making, said, "He played out there like it was the first round."

Tiriac has called him "the most stubborn person I've ever known," and men-

There is little disagreement that the emergence of Becker at a time when tennis was becoming stale and predictable is a real boost for the sport.

tions that a ten-year-old Becker was expelled from the German federation's youth program because "he was just too crazy." Says Becker: "When I was younger and I screwed up on the court, I did many bad things. Now I control myself. I'm very temperamental, so I have to work to control it more than, say, Wilander."

The resulting energy inside him almost oozes through his pores, especially during the most critical moments of a match. Exhibit A: Wimbledon. He came from behind in four matches. In the fifth and deciding set of his third-round match against Nystrom, he was broken twice. But each time, he broke back, then held his own service and broke again for the victory. In the next round, he survived a twisted ankle to defeat Tim Mayotte 6-2 in the fifth set. And in the semis, Sweden's Anders Jarryd lost 2-6, 7-6, 6-1, 6-1.

Exhibit B: Indianapolis. In his first match since Wimbledon, Becker swatted away five match points against an unknown named Michael Pernfors—a two-time NCAA champion who was ranked No. 287—and all with his opponent serving. But again, it was "auf Wiedersehen" to another foe.

Exhibit C: The Davis Cup. After failing to clinch the tie in front of a partisan crowd—his serve was broken with his team leading 5-4 in the fifth against the American doubles team—he could have succumbed to the pressure of having to defeat Aaron Krickstein. He didn't.

Vilas attributes some of Becker's post-Wimbledon success to a talk he had with the player just after his startling victory. The fiery Argentine drew upon his own experiences in 1977 when he won 15 singles titles, including the French and U.S. opens, and built a record 50-match winning streak that hasn't come close to being challenged.

"He was not used to all this," Vilas says. "I went through the same things, but not when I was 17. I was 22, so it was a little bit easier. It was at the end of a year, so I had two or three months to think it over. But he won Wimbledon and he's playing again right now. He has to start from scratch."


That means honing his weaknesses: his backhand, which is powerful but erratic, and his footwork. Tiriac has said that Becker "moves like an elephant."

Despite his success this summer, Boris Becker will be haunted by questions in the upcoming months. Is he truly a hero for a new generation? Or will he become just another proverbial flash in the sports pan? After all, legends in sports are measured not only by the height of their achievements, but by their longevity. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Pete Rose. Walter Payton. Tom Seaver. Jim Plunkett. Gordie Howe. Nobody did it better than they did, or for as long.

"The big thing is how long the champions can last," says Vilas, who was among the world's top six money-winners for nine of ten years before stumbling to 65th with a paltry \$72,972 in 1984. "That's what makes more than a champion. We don't want to burn Boris out. We will help him out. If he makes some mistakes, we will tell him. We will be all over whatever he does. But he is the Wimbledon champion. We can tell him as much as we want. You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. We can show him whatever we think is right, but the final decision will be his."

Becker still must prove himself against the world's best. He has never faced Connors or McEnroe. And his only meeting with Lendl, who eventually won the U.S. Open, ended in a 5-7, 6-2, 6-2 defeat in the semifinals at Indianapolis. The experienced Czech countered Becker's thunderous serves by lining up well over ten feet behind the baseline to return them. This confused Becker, who never adjusted. "That would not happen against McEnroe or Connors," Lendl said.

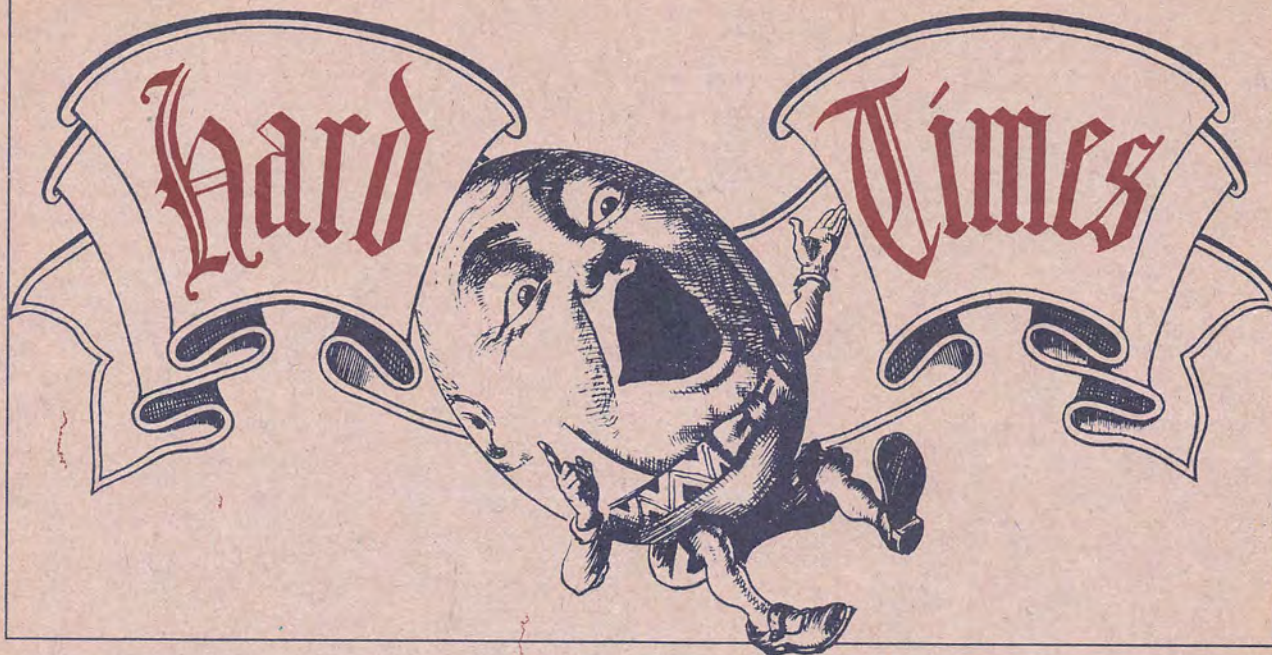
Afterward, Becker described Lendl's game as being "on another planet."

The vote here is that Becker will someday inhabit that exclusive planet, as well. Maybe even before he's old enough to drive. 



**EXTRA**

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,  
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribbles of information  
culled from the nation's press

**EXTRA**

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 5, NO. 1

## GOING HOG-WILD



Craig Shimizu of Sacramento, California, looking out his car window, "noticed something huge walking down the sidewalk. I looked again and it was a pig—and not one of those little pink pigs, either." The 700-pound sow had apparently fallen off a truck. "There was this little old lady coming down the sidewalk, too. I thought she'd scream or something. But she just

looked down at the pig and kept on walking like it was nothing," Shimizu said. Police and animal-control officers had to employ two shots from a tranquilizer gun and a special hoist to get the sow off the street. (*Sacramento Bee*—submitted by Bruce Griffith, Sacramento, Calif.)

*That little piggy went anywhere she wanted.—Editor*





## BIBLE STORIES FOR ADULTS ONLY

The American Atheist Press in Austin, Texas, has published *The X-Rated Bible*, an analysis of "pornographic sex" in the Bible. Jon Murray, son of atheist leader Madalyn Murray O'Hair, says the Bible has some very naughty bits. "There's stuff about incest, father sleeping with daughter, homosexuality and bestiality." Mrs. Murray claims the Good Book proves that "religion is bad for your mental health." And her son says that the Bible disproves the claims of preachers like Jerry Falwell and other conservatives. "They are preaching a 'return to morality' based on the Bible, but the Bible is full of the wretched stuff they're trying to denounce." (*The Daily Texan*—submitted by Patrick Kronin, Austin, Tex.)

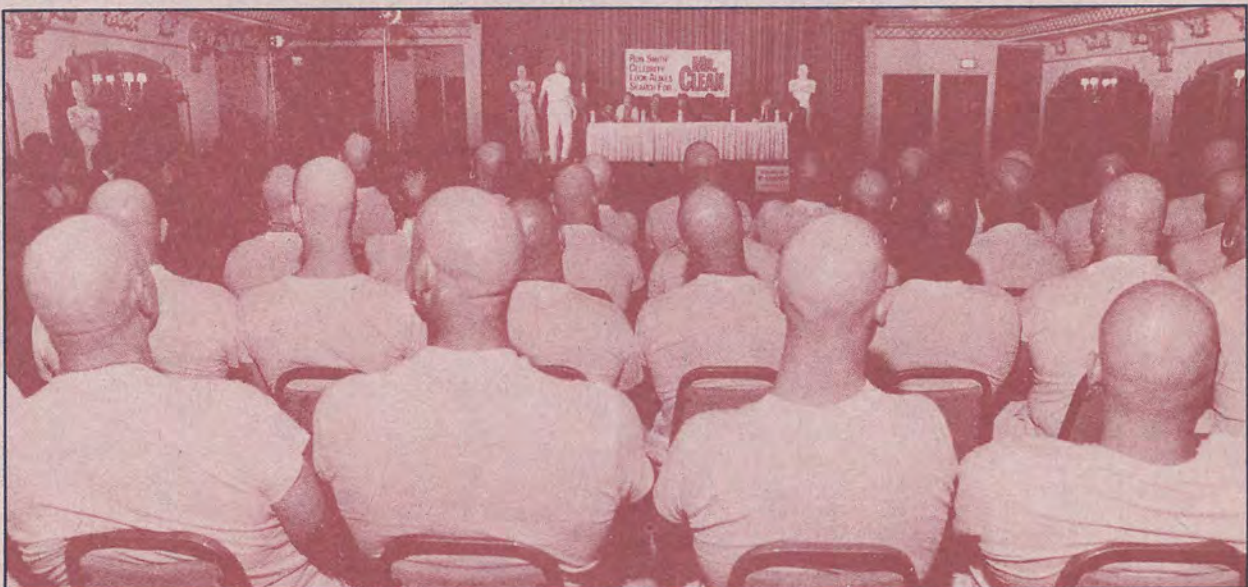
*He's right! Falwell should boycott his own church.—Editor*



## BEAR RIGHT AT THE CORNER

Workers at the Longleat Safari Park in England get a helping paw from one of the inmates. (*National En-*

*quirer*—submitted by Steve M. Dalton, Knoxville, Tenn.) *Beastly good of the old chap.—Editor*



## They've Cleaned Up Their Act

A chance to travel around the country and earn \$30,000 a year? The qualifications are that you have to be able to mop a floor . . . and look like Mr. Clean. Forty-seven men thought that they were just a close shave away from cleanser stardom. The

winner of this regional competition in Chicago went on to the national contest. (*Chicago Sun-Times* and *The Chicago Tribune*—submitted by Jeff Deyoung, Dyer, Ind.)

*Next month are the tryouts for Janitor in a Drum.—Editor*



# There They Go. . . .

Behind the scenes at last year's Miss America Pageant: Cops clear the beach of non con-

testants at Atlantic City in order to make room for a group photograph of the 50 con-

tenders. (*The Free Press, Mankato*—submitted by Bill Wilkinson, Mankato, Minn.)

That's Mrs. Flotsam and Mrs. Jetsam, the bathing uglies.—Editor



## A REAL CAR POOL

Gary Aliperti of Long Island, New York, parked his car in the usual spot and went off to work. When he returned, he discovered his VW poking out of a collapsed cesspool, "covered from the windshield back in dirt and . . . uh . . . other things." (*Newsday*—submitted by Clive Mutschler, Huntington Station, N.Y.)

*You might say the shit hit the fan belt.*—Editor



## RUBBERS FLYING HIGH

PLAN AHEAD WITH RAMSES, reads the banner towed across the sky. Unable to advertise condoms in newspapers, in most magazines, on TV, or on radio, one condom manufacturer has taken to the sky to advertise its products. Schmid Laboratories, which makes Ramses, Sheik, Fourex, and the excitingly ribbed (and named) Excita condoms, says the ads will boost sales and improve the image of condoms. "They have a reputation of being associated with illicit sex or VD," said a spokesman. "The movies are always poking fun at them." (*Chicago Sun-Times*—submitted by Rick Lovier, West Lafayette, Ind.)

*Poking is something you never want to do to a condom.*—Editor

## DON'T PUT THE SQUEEZE ON LOUISE

A San Francisco purse snatcher will think twice now before robbing little old ladies. His last victim, Louise Burt, 79, said, "I didn't give him a chance." She was on her way to a bingo game when her purse was grabbed. Burt, wearing high-heels, went right after the thief. "I was so beside myself, I wanted to kill him. I pulled the chopsticks out of my hair to stab him. My hair fell down and was hanging down to my fanny. I must have looked like a witch." Burt's only regret was not catching the thief herself. (*Los Angeles Times*—submitted by Gordon Yee, Los Angeles, Calif.)

*Louise should try out for professional sports—wrestling.*—Editor

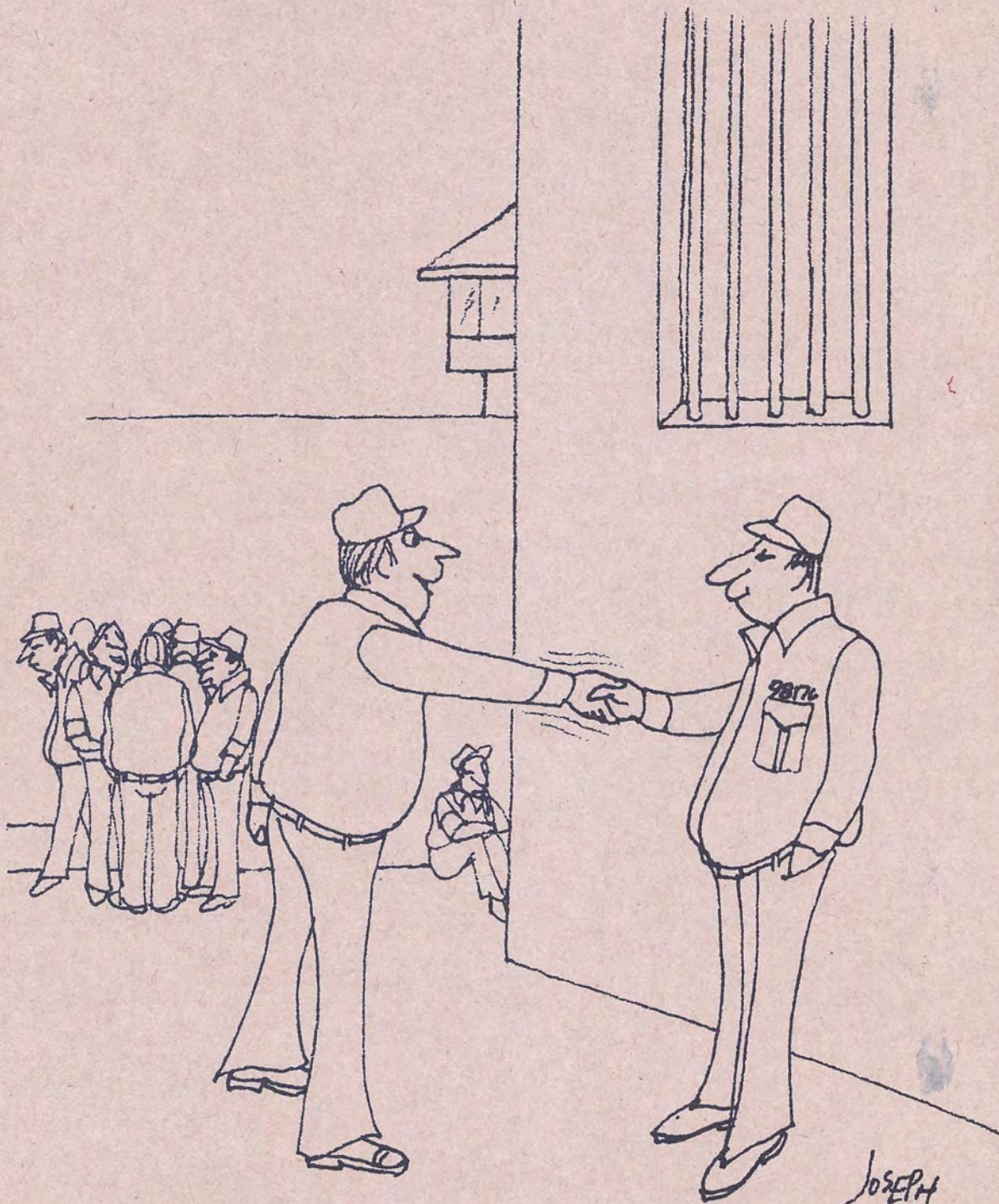
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# PARTING SHOT

BY JOSEPH FARRIS



JOSEPH  
FARRIS

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Share the refreshment.*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.





# Sweet Chastity

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF SPARKING SOMETHING OTHER THAN DEVOTION IN HIS BONY SKULL!

LET'S WRESTLE SOME MORE!

BEST OF THREE THROWS, IGOR — WE'VE GOT TO KEEP WARM!

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THE NEWS WE READ IN OUR PAPERS AND WATCHED DAILY ON T.V. WAS GOOD NEWS. EVERY DAY BRINGS MORE CARNAGE, MISERY AND VIOLENCE. OH, FOR A FEW DAYS OF JOY AND HAPPINESS! BUT NO, ONLY HUMAN MISERY AND THE PHONY POSTURING OF POLITICIANS IS NEWS! IF YOU'VE TURNED TO THESE PAGES FOR A BIT OF LIGHT RELIEF I'M SORRY WE CAN'T OBLIGE....

... THE HARSH REALITIES OF LIFE CONFRONT US WHICHEVER WAY WE TURN! THE PEACE AND TRANQUILITY OF TRANSYLVANIA HAS BEEN SHATTERED BY A COLIC. THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN HAS FALLEN! VINCENT, HIS WIFE, ELEKTRA, AND THEIR FAITHFUL RETAINER, IGOR, ARE MOULDERING IN THE DARK AND SINISTER WATER DUNGEONS OF CASTLE DREER!

YOU REALLY MUST MAKE AN EFFORT, BARON. YOU MUSTN'T LET THE DAMP GET TO YOU!

I'M DECOMPOSING!  
I'M TURNING INTO A FUNGUS!

WE'RE ALL TURNING INTO FUNGUSES!  
NO — THAT'S NOT RIGHT... MY MIND'S GOING... FUNGI!

by RON EMBLETON  
and BOB GUCCIONE



**THE USURPER, JOHN VAIN, IS IN POWER, BUT IS A MERE SOVIET PUPPET, RUTHLESSLY MANIPULATED BY THE RUSSIAN AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF**

YOU ARE A POWERFUL MAN NOW, JOHNSY - WONSY. WE ALL TREMBLE AT THE SOUND OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS!

I AM, AREN'T I?

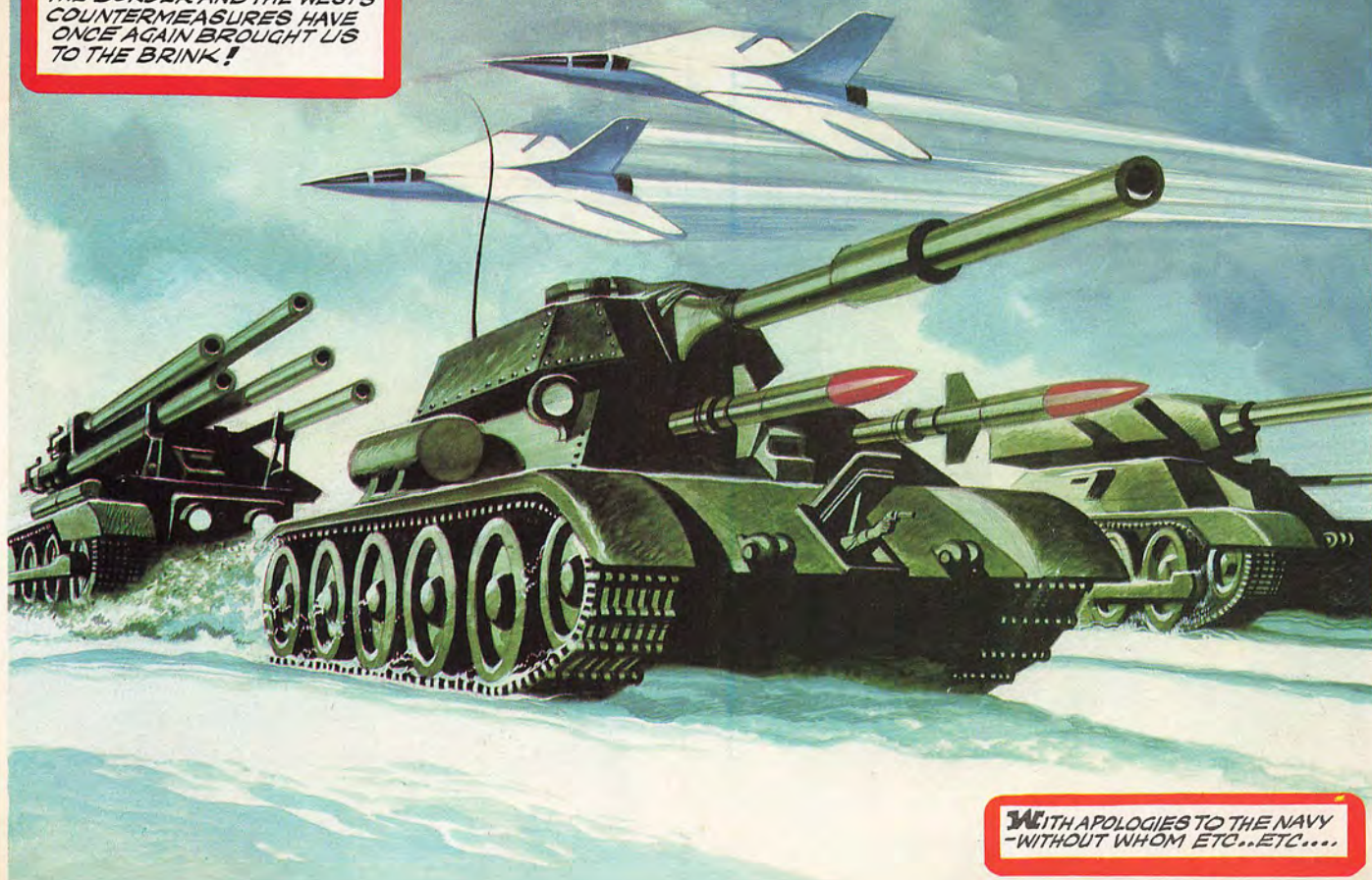
YES. THE WORLD WAITS ON YOUR EVERY DECISION! MIGHT I GUESS WHAT YOU ARE PLANNING AS YOUR NEXT MOVE?

YES! YES! BY ALL MEANS GUESS!

WELL... WHAT I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO IS THIS.....



**THESE EVENTS HAVE HAD THE USUAL BORING CONSEQUENCES. RUSSIAN TANKS WAIT ON THE BORDER AND THE WEST'S COUNTERMEASURES HAVE ONCE AGAIN BROUGHT US TO THE BRINK!**



**WITH APOLOGIES TO THE NAVY - WITHOUT WHOM ETC..ETC....**

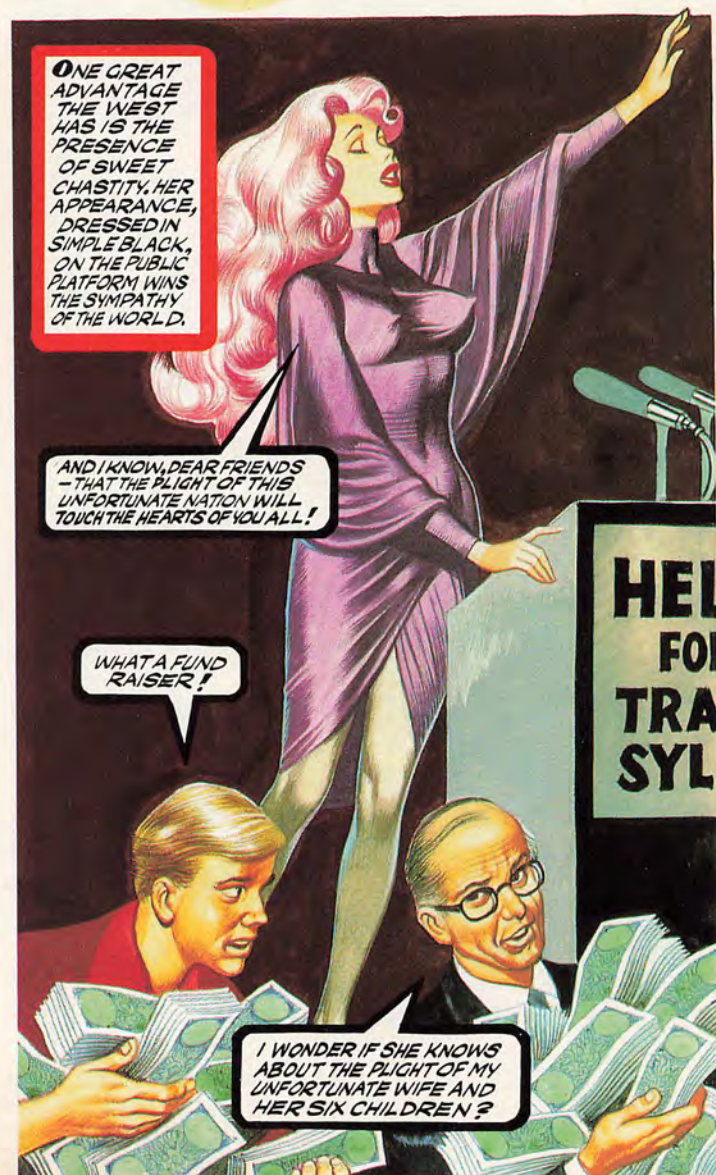




AND AS WE ALL WAIT WITH BATED BREATH AS OUR PUNY LIVES HANG ONCE MORE IN THE BALANCE, THE PROPAGANDA WAR HOTS UP.....

WE WILL NOT SEE THIS GALLANT COUNTRY USED AS A PAWN IN A BID FOR WORLD DOMINATION BY THE SOVIETS!

WE WILL NOT SEE THIS BRAVE LITTLE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC SACRIFICED TO THE PROFIT MOTIVATED AMBITIONS OF THE WEST!



ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE THE WEST HAS IS THE PRESENCE OF SWEET CHASTITY. HER APPEARANCE, DRESSED IN SIMPLE BLACK, ON THE PUBLIC PLATFORM WINS THE SYMPATHY OF THE WORLD.

AND I KNOW, DEAR FRIENDS - THAT THE PLIGHT OF THIS UNFORTUNATE NATION WILL TOUCH THE HEARTS OF YOU ALL!

WHAT A FUND RAISER!

I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS ABOUT THE PLIGHT OF MY UNFORTUNATE WIFE AND HER SIX CHILDREN?



HER SHINING IMAGE KINDLES A FLAME OF RESISTANCE IN THE HEARTS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN PEOPLE - A RACE HITHERTO WITHOUT A TRACE OF NATIONAL PRIDE. IN FACT YOU COULDN'T SAY THEY WERE INTERESTED IN ANYTHING MUCH - APART FROM THEIR OWN INDIVIDUAL GROSS APPETITES!

SWEET CHASTITY - SHE WILL SAVE US!

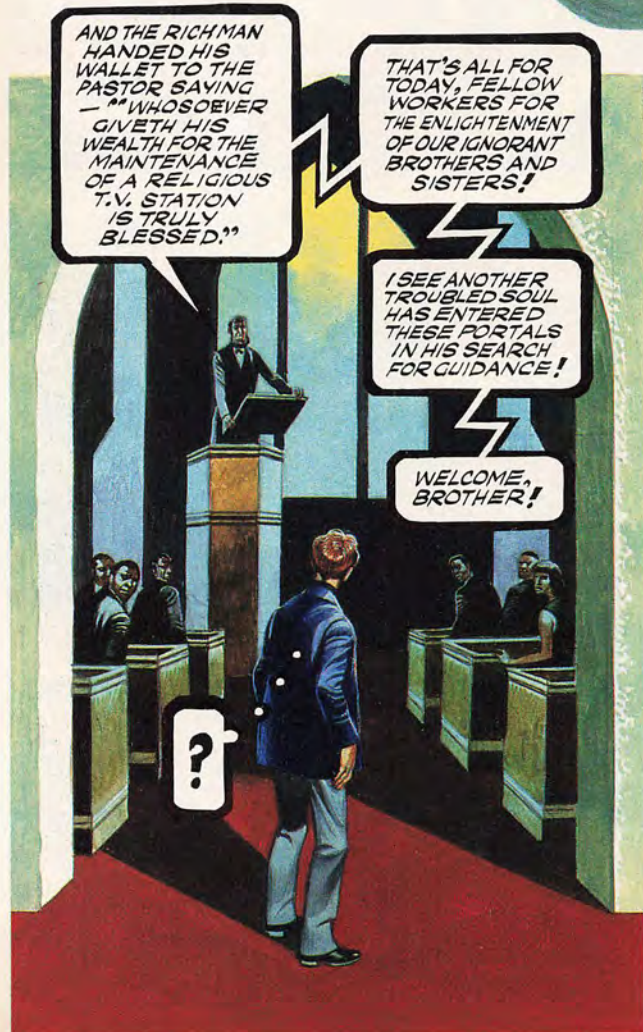
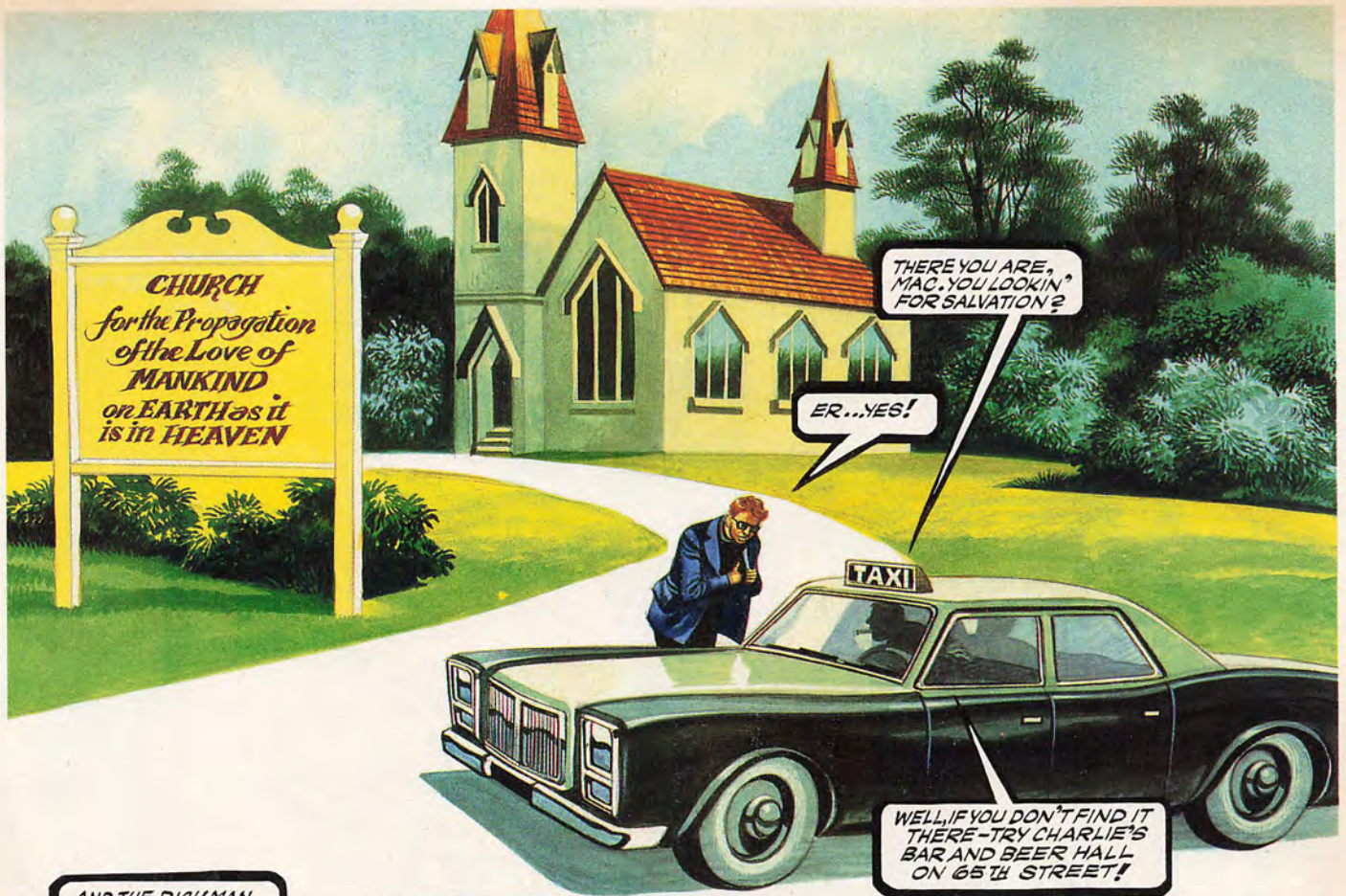
FROM WHAT?

ER... THEM UP AT THE CASTLE... I SUPPOSE!

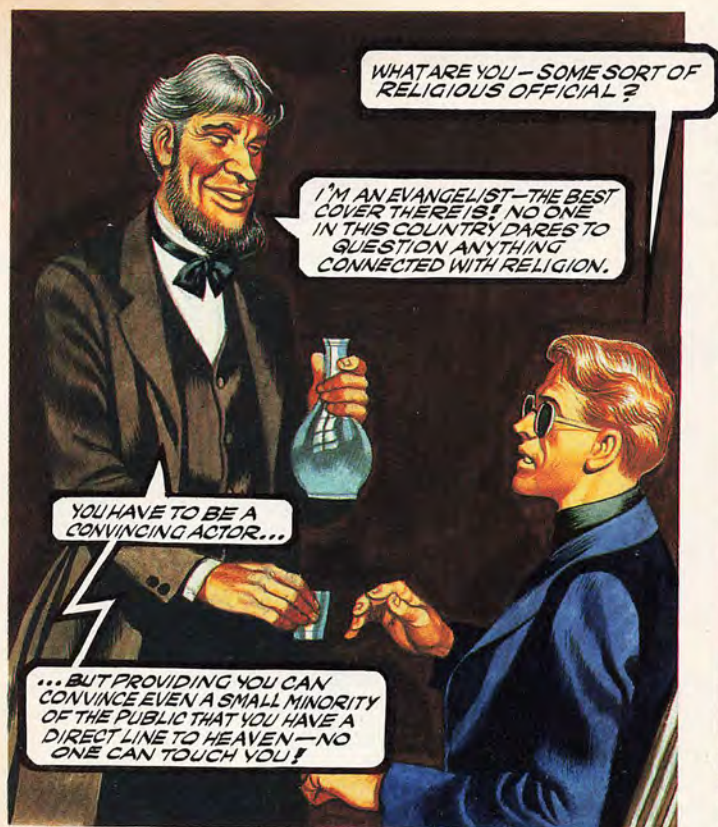
















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# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

## TV STARS

I work third-shift security for a large hotel. One morning at about 3 A.M., I received a call from my partner, who was watching our TV monitors. He told me to go to the sixth floor of our parking ramp. I asked him what the problem was. All he could say was: "You won't believe it!"

I couldn't even begin to imagine what it was that I would come upon when I got to the area in question. I certainly was glad for the diversion, and intrigued by the fact that there might be something to do for once on this dead shift.

Just to be safe, I walked down the parking ramp instead of taking the elevators. When I got to the sixth level I looked into the elevator bay, only to find a guy with his head between the legs of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. At first I wanted to walk in and ask them to leave, but the look on her face made me wait. As I watched, my eight-inch cock throbbed till it almost tore open my pants. I just couldn't take it any longer.

I decided that this was an opportunity I couldn't afford to pass up. Here was my chance to take part in something that would not only spice up my work for the evening, but could provide me with a memory that would be a pleasure to recall forever after. I took my chances and walked into the elevator bay.

At first the couple was surprised to see somebody, but after they saw the bulge in my pants they knew I had been watching. We exchanged names, and then Mindy asked me if I would like to finish the job that Neil had started. I told her sure, and got on my knees. Mindy lifted her dress to expose a beautifully shaved cunt. I have never done anything with a woman who shaved herself, so I'm sure you can imagine how excited I was. At first, all I could do was stare. I looked at every nook and cranny.

Then Mindy eased my head between her waiting thighs. I could taste her sweet honey immediately. I started out slow, teasing her pink button with the tip of my tongue. After a few minutes of this, Mindy started bucking like a horse. She exploded in orgasm and filled my mouth with the sweetest juices I had ever tasted. I got up off my knees when Mindy asked if there was anything she could do to repay the favor. Seeing that it was very late, I suggested that we go to the pool and see what we could come up with.

I let Mindy and Neil into the pool area while I went to one of the bars to get a bottle of champagne. When I got back to the pool, they were wrapped together, like a vine, on the massage table. Mindy asked if I had come up with any ideas yet. So I took my clothes off and walked toward her. She started by giving me a super handjob. When my cock reached its full eight inches, Mindy put it in her

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mouth. She teased me like I had teased her earlier, but when Neil started ramming his cock into her, Mindy took all of my manhood in her mouth. We all climaxed together.

After we got untangled, I opened the bottle of champagne, and we drank the bottle while sitting in the pool. At about 5:30 A.M. we got dressed. I thanked both of them for everything, and they thanked me. We left the pool area, and I walked them to their car. I asked them if I would see them again. They told me probably not, but if they were ever in a parking lot again they definitely would think of me.

On my way back to the office I was trying to think of what to tell my partner. When I arrived, I found the TV monitor set on the sixth level of the ramp and my partner in the back office with his pants down to his knees and a handful of jism. He gave our first TV appearance four stars.—Name and address withheld

### TELEPHONIC TITILLATION

For over ten years I have been having a sexual affair with a woman I have not touched. Our relationship has been truly a "long-distance love affair."

I work at a job which frequently leaves my evenings free with little to do. It is on such evenings that our little "tryst" takes place. As Sue lives several hundred miles from me, our affair takes place over the phone. When I call, we usually spend a few minutes discussing what's new and exchanging small talk, but the tone and the mood soon change.

I first have her describe where she is and what she is wearing to help spark my imagination. She is most often lying in her bed totally naked. She tells me how her nipples are erect and her pussy is wet in anticipation. I begin by describing the setting where our encounter is taking place. Last night we fantasized we were in a resort motel, in a room where we could allow the curtains to remain open, as no one could see in. The room was totally dark. I then spread her legs as far as I could. I started by massaging her from the feet up, working with the tips of my fingers in small circles, using a warm, fragrant oil.

I told her how I would carefully avoid her pussy, but would take special care to massage her nipples. By now, I could hear her soft moans over the phone as she began to stoke her breasts and thighs. I next told her I would take my tongue and lightly flick her clit with the tip of it. I would blow gently on her spread pussy—first hot, then cold. She could envision how she would feel, as her only senses would be touch and smell.

I explained in great detail how I would stretch her pussy lips wide apart so her cunt was fully open and I could lick around the entrance to it. She began to breathe heavily as I told her about the large vibrator I was about to insert into her pussy. I told her how it would fill her to the limit. I said I would take her nipple

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and rub it into the slit on the end of my cock and allow the little drops of come to coat her nipples. I would take my cock and lightly rub it on her mouth and let her taste my passion. Then I would stop and leave her, the vibrator shoved deep inside her. I would not return for several minutes, until she had brought herself to orgasm.

By now, Sue was in the throes of a deep orgasm, her yelps of delight coming over the phone. Finally, I began to describe how I would slowly fuck her, inserting a little of my cock at a time and increasing the depth with each stroke. Sue now had her own vibrator shoved deep into her cunt and a finger on her clit, fucking herself to another orgasm.

This was only the start. By the end of our session I had talked her into five more orgasms. Someday, perhaps, we will have the chance to act out our fantasies. But until then, I'll just enjoy my long-distance-telephone love affair.—*Name and address withheld*

#### COMPUTER PROGRAMMERS

I have been an avid reader of your "Forum" section for many years, and now I feel I should do more than just read what others have written. I am a 28-year-old male employed as a computer programmer at a Boston computer firm. In my job I have to spend one day a month in New York to interface with a group of pro-

grammers. These meetings only take a few hours in the morning, so the afternoon hours are free until I take the late shuttle back to Boston.

About three months ago a new programmer joined our group. She comes from Washington, D.C., and like me, she flies in early and takes the late shuttle back. Following the first group session, Emily seemed amazed that we were done at 10:30 A.M. I suggested that if she had nothing better to do, she and I could get a cup of coffee and go for a walk. Emily thought that was better than trying to work, so we grabbed a cup of coffee and headed for Central Park. As we talked I learned that Emily was married and lived just outside of D.C. I told her I was married, too, and lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts. I also found that I was very attracted to her. The wind was blowing, and every so often it would lift her skirt, exposing her long slender legs, and the chill in the air kept her nipples erect atop her large breasts. Emily said she was getting a little cold, so I suggested we go shopping inside. She was not too keen on that idea, so I said that we could get a motel room and go over the morning's session. She thought that was a great idea, so we headed to a nearby motel.

When we got to the room, Emily excused herself to go to the bathroom. This was the first time I got a good look at her from behind, and boy, was this girl built!

When she came back into the room, I asked her where she wanted to get started. She said, looking right between my legs, "Right there, if you don't mind." I must have turned 30 shades of red, but I managed to say that I didn't mind. Emily pulled off her sweater, letting her 36D tits fall free. Then she unzipped my pants and pulled out my eight-inch tool. This woman acted as if she had not had sex for years. She moaned as I played with her eraser-size nipples, while she deep-throated me to an explosive orgasm.

Wanting to return the favors, we stripped off all our clothes and I dove into the wettest cunt I have ever licked. Emily rode my face like a wild woman, grinding her pussy all over my face. After about ten minutes of expert tonguing, she exploded, shaking and bucking for about a minute. Not being one to pass up a hot twat, I quickly mounted my new love and we fucked to a jolting joint orgasm.

After recovering, we dressed and made arrangements to meet after our next meeting for another session of afternoon delight. She said that she had never orgasmed with her husband. Too bad for him, but great for me. I intend to keep pleasing my afternoon lover as long as she wants me to.—*Name and address withheld*

#### AT THE MOVIES

I never thought that I would actually get up the nerve to write this letter, but thanks to some coaxing by my roommate, I am. A couple of months ago, my friend Jane was in town. She had invited me over to this very expensive hotel for a Young Democrats convention. I was to be her escort. When I arrived at the banquet hall, being a Republican, I felt as out of place as Sammy Davis, Jr., at a KKK meeting. Nonetheless, I soon found Jane, and the dinner began. During the course of the evening I was introduced to many young, attractive women. But Vicki caught my eye. She was about five feet four inches tall, and had about 115 pounds of incredibly sexy body.

After the dinner, Jane, I, and this guy Marv were supposed to go visit my friend Phil at his college dorm. I protested that three guys and only one girl were just not good odds. By some lucky chance Vicki and three of her friends were walking by and I quickly asked, "Hey, would you like to go out and party with us?" Before I knew it, we were all at Phil's place drinking gin and tonics and dancing.

Somehow Vicki managed to seductively dance me into the walk-in closet where she landed the most sensuous kiss of my life upon my waiting lips; I knew that she wanted me badly. By this time someone had suggested that we all go see a movie at the theater down the block.

We arrived at the theater and sat down just as the film began. We were sitting on the end of the row, against the wall, and before we were five minutes into the movie, Vicki was into my pants. Needless







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are mechanical holdout devices that attach to your body and steal a card or two from your hand, then add them back as needed. There are arm-pressure sleeve holdouts, vest holdouts (strapped around the chest, they bring new meaning to the phrase "playing close to the vest"), and even, so help us, a *pants* holdout. In this one, the clip pops up over the front of the cheat's waistband and steals the card back into his pants above the crotch. Your best defense against this kind of cheating is to occasionally count the cards between hands.

Other kinds of cheating apply not to the cards but the chips. **Copping chips** occurs when a player generously pushes the pot across the table to a winner, then palms a chip or two in the act. He may even have a sticky wax applied to the hand for this purpose, or even use a beanshooter—a ball of sticky stuff attached to an elastic cord fastened up the sleeve. As soon as the generous helper is through pushing the pot across the table, a high-valued chip vanishes up his sleeve.

The fact is, professional cheats rarely use marked cards or the other paraphernalia described above. For one thing, they're dangerous—definite evidence of cheating—and someone caught using them would be in grave danger. Literally. The real pros use less obvious and more devious ways to control the game. When you cheat by sleight of hand, then it's your word against the accuser's. The techniques are extremely diverse, but here are a few samples:

A good cardsharp can do miracles on the shuffle, stacking the cards so that excellent hands go to other players (encouraging them to bet heavily), and an unbeatable hand goes to himself. Deck-stacking starts when the dealer picks up the discards from the previous hand. If he picks them up in groups, a few here and a few there, rather than all at once, watch out: There's a very good chance he's arranging them in winning ways.

If you want to gamble, Ortiz says, the safest place to do so is in the legal casinos of Las Vegas and Atlantic City. If you go to an underground casino, the chances of being cheated are very high. In private card games, follow these rules: be especially careful playing with strangers; be aware of shiny objects around the table; collect your own pots; count the cards occasionally to guard against holdouts; use the riffle test for a deck suspected of being marked the easy way, and insist on a new deck if you suspect cards of having any sophisticated marking.

Next month—more ways you can be cheated at craps, backgammon, and other games. 

to say, I had a raging hard-on. Then she slowly leaned over and started licking the insides of my ears—one of my major weak spots! Becoming horny as hell, I decided to do a little work on her. I had been massaging her thighs, but she grabbed my hand and pushed it up to her crotch. I leaned over the seats and began massaging her firm breasts and opened up her pants. I slid my hand down until I felt her wetness on my fingertips.

I suddenly realized that anyone and everyone in the theater could see and probably did see us. At this thought I started sliding off her and back into my seat. She looked deep into my eyes and whispered, "Please don't tease me. I need you inside of me." Upon hearing this I almost passed out, but that was the last thing I wanted to do. We got up and walked out of the theater and into the lobby. We desperately searched for a place where we could fully release the enormous sexual energy that had built up inside both of us.

It must have been fate, because we found a small office in the back that was abandoned for the time being. We walked inside, quickly shut the door, and before I could say a word she had stripped us both. She got down on her knees and started to lick the underside and tip of my penis. I was in complete ecstasy as she swallowed my full length. I then lifted her up and placed her on the desk so that her pussy was on the edge of the table. I lowered myself to her gorgeous, dripping snatch and began tonguing her clit and slit, driving Vicki to multiple orgasms. She wrapped her legs around my head and drove my face into her hot cunt. After about ten minutes more of this, she released her grip so I could enter her. She rolled me over onto my back and straddled my cock. As she lowered herself onto the full length of my manhood, I thought I was going to explode with pleasure. Slowly and rhythmically, she gyrated her hips up and down until I orgasmed like never before. She came soon after, with my member still inside her.

We got dressed and went back into the theater just as the movie was ending. We were greeted with the knowing looks of all our friends. When we left the theater, Vicki got into a cab, and that was the last I ever saw of her.—*Name and address withheld*

## ARTISTIC FORM

I am a 23-year-old voluptuous model who takes her work very seriously. Until recently, I have never had an affair with any of the many men I meet in connection with my rising career. It wasn't until I received an unusual job to sit for an artist in his sixties that I succumbed.

I felt the electricity the moment we met. It was a very strong attraction. However, I didn't say anything at the time. He was an overly intelligent man whose sophistication and stylish brilliance radiated an explosive sexual energy. His voice was

deep and accented. It was interesting that, by comparison, he made my Adonis-type boyfriend seem feminine. He oozed masculinity from every pore.

It was a sultry afternoon; I posed and he painted. We were listening to the sensual delights of his Italian music, which was heavy with sexual overtones. He stopped painting and walked to the windows and opened them, allowing the soothing fall breeze to blow in. He returned to his palette and resumed recreating me on his easel. I was wearing a light antique-lace dress which he had bought during his last trip to France.

I was standing in his oversize studio when a gust of cool air rushed in through the windows, lifting my dress above my waist. He looked shocked and fascinated that I wasn't wearing any panties. His face blushed at my blond pussy hairs. He tried to hide the hardness between his legs, but was overcome by the wanton desires that had stripped him of all his former discipline.

With pompous confidence, the man walked over to where I was standing and embraced my lustful face in his strong hands. He started licking my tongue with his until our mouths were in full rapture. It was obvious that he had the expertise and technique of a gifted master. My legs began to tremble as my cunt juices moistened my thighs. I had never experienced such high sexual voltage before.

I spread my long ivory legs and lifted the flowing lace dress. He dropped to his knees and gently kissed my wet, perfumed pussy. Spreading the lips of my cunt, his tongue started dancing inside me. His skill was amazing. Obviously, oral sex was an art he also delighted in. He held on to my smooth legs to keep them from shaking to collapse. I felt him sucking my clit like a hungry baby sucking its mother's breast. Ever so lightly he would touch me with his tongue, as if to tease me more. In minutes the tingles grew to an uncontrollable pulse that sent my body into an orgasmic fever. I limply fell to the floor in his arms.

He released his turgid cock from his encasing clothes. His penis was garnished with black and silver hair. My legs parted to clear the passageway for this well-hung man. A shock of merciless pleasure invaded my body as he widened the banks of my vagina. I moaned while enjoying the authority, assurance, and apparent effortless skill of his snug cock. He held my hard nipple in his fingers as I wrapped my legs around him, refusing him the right to pull out.

He rolled me over to my hands and knees, fucking me passionately. He held my long mane of hair in one hand and my pussy in the other, so he could still control me when I released an orgasmic scream. I begged him not to stop as he slowed to the tempo of "O sole mio."

I heard him wail as his liquid gold warmed my pussy. My cunt was still undulating as he slowly pulled his tool out





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of me. I turned to see his face filled with wild pleasure. I lay down between his legs and began licking the remaining come that covered his prick.

To my astonishment, within minutes my 61-year-old lover had another above-average erection. He turned me over and entered me from behind.

His talented fingertips massaged my clit as he fucked me. I felt lucky to be the benefactress of such a lusciously experienced and deadly exciting man. My cunt was on fire and burning with greed. My body was pregnant with pleasure as I reached orgasm after orgasm.

Our bodies rocked in perfect rhythm, until he could no longer withhold his second coming. He shook violently. I felt his warm, wet come drip from my pussy and down my thighs. He grabbed me and held me tightly in his arms. We both fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

Since that windy day I have not posed for him. Rather, we pursue another one of his respectable talents—the art of lovemaking. I have become very cultured, needless to say. He is a deliciously gifted person. He is the only man that can fuck me one day, and I still feel very fucked for days after. Now that's what I call an art form!—Name and address withheld 

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# SEA URCHINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

will rush back out of the net. He braces his feet on the rope and tries again with greater effort. The rope is freed. Pulling himself along the bottom to the second rope, he repeats the process. My depth gauge reads 83 feet. After freeing the second rope, the diver swims upward.

Before he surfaces, a dozen more divers begin their descent. Upon reaching the bottom, they form a line in front of the net and begin lifting it off the coral, while other swimmers pull from above. As the net lifts, the divers swim beneath it, disentangling the mesh from the reef. The last snare is freed, and the divers head for the surface.

But a few divers are too far under the net to escape quickly. One pushes himself off the bottom and into the center of the net. The mesh wraps around him like a spider's web. Frantically he pulls at the nylon mesh, in what seems a desperate effort to tear a hole in it. I swim toward him—maybe I can put my regulator in his mouth and force air into his lungs. But I know that at 83 feet a free diver's lungs are entirely collapsed by the water pressure, and inhaling is extremely difficult. Swimming closer, I see his efforts have purpose. Instead of swimming out from under the net, he takes a dangerous but timesaving shortcut right through the center. Opening a hole in the mesh, he swims through and is followed by other divers who have been patiently waiting.

The swimmers are on the surface now, and the net, laden with nearly the entire fish population of the reef below, is loaded into the skiffs. Once on board, the fishermen load the contents into metal tubs. The Muro Ami fishermen keep everything from baby sharks to the smallest butterfly fish.

I can't stop wondering how many times these divers repeat such difficult and dangerous dives before a knot fails to come untied, or a rock hits someone in the head, or a shark mistakes a thrashing pair of legs for a disabled fish. I ask the boys if there are ever shark attacks. Attacks happen, they say, but not very often. When I ask if there is a doctor aboard, or if injured divers are taken to Manila for treatment, they look at me as if I have a loose screw. One boy shrugs and answers, "No, we don't have a doctor and we don't go to Manila. We just die."

Inside the wheelhouse, I lay my camera bag down on the chart table and begin searching for fresh film. I notice a radio message lying on top of the charts. Each day, the 15 Muro Ami boats call in to report their positions. At the bottom of the list is the notation: "Lolita 1: Returning to station to drop off body for burial."

I ask the captain, "What happened?" He shrugs, squinting into the afternoon sun, and simply says, "A boy drowned." O+

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Secrets of Crooked Gambling, Part I:  
Blackjack and Poker

# GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

In last July's column, which was devoted to a new computer worn in the shoe that could be used to beat roulette in casinos, we wondered just what the legal status of these new computers would be. "The courts," we said, "have decreed that while you may not *tamper* with the outcome of any gambling game, you can try to *predict* the outcome by any method you want without breaking the law."

No more. Within a few days of the time that issue of *Penthouse* went on sale, Nevada Governor Richard Bryan signed into law a bill making it a crime to use, or possess with intent to use, "any device to assist in *projecting the outcome* of the game." The new law prescribes a sentence of one to ten years' imprisonment and/or a fine of up to \$10,000.

Professional cardsharp Darwin Ortiz has pointed out to us that since the law contains no definition of "device," it could in theory be applied to someone using pen and paper either to keep track of numbers that have come up at roulette (as many system players do) or to calculate the odds at craps.

Ortiz shared all this with us while introducing us to "David," the premier card-counting covert computer in use today. It sells for \$4,000 and uses toe-operated switches. It is virtually impossible for casinos to detect and gives the wearer a big lead over the house at blackjack. It is definitely illegal.

Ortiz is an expert on all kinds of cheating. Since the death of John Scarne last year, he has been called the world's foremost expert on crooked gambling. His book *Gambling Scams*, recently published by Dodd, Mead & Company, is an eye-opening account of the methods that can be used to cheat you out of your money. This column is based on Ortiz's book and on interviews with him. It is limited to the subject of cheating at cards; we'll cover crooked dice games and other gambling flimflam next month.

The commonest form of cheating by blackjack dealers is a combination of a **peek** and a **second deal**. With a peek (or some other method, such as a mark-



Darwin Ortiz plays blackjack over a seemingly innocent cigarette pack. A mirror in the phony pack reveals the dealer's hole card—an ace of spades.

ing system, discussed later), he learns the value of the top card. If it is high, he keeps it in his hand while dealing the second card down—a sleight-of-hand move that takes months or years of practice but in an expert's hands becomes completely undetectable.

Often casinos will use a **shoe**, a box in which the cards are placed and can be removed one at a time. People think this assures a fair deal, but the opposite may be the case. For \$1,500, you can

buy a gimmicked shoe like the one shown on the next page that provides the peek and the second deal automatically. The dealer pushes the top card up, and a prism inside the shoe gives him a glimpse of it. If it's a high card, he can leave it there, deal second cards to players, and take the chosen card for himself. A phony shoe like this would not likely be found in Las Vegas or Atlantic City but in an underground, illegal gambling house such as those found in New York, New Orleans, and other big cities.

Shown at left is a gimmicked cigarette pack. Inside it is a mirror set at a 45-degree angle; there is a hole in the matchbook sitting on top. With it, a player positioned at the right spot (at "third base," as it is called—to the dealer's extreme right) can catch a glimpse of the dealer's hole card as he slips it under his face-up card. A player working alone can "spook" the hole card about a third of the time. If he is in partnership with the dealer and splitting the take with him later, the dealer makes sure he gets a view of every hole card. A dealer-player collusion is the commonest form of cheating in casinos and is the hardest for the authorities to detect. If it's going on at your table, you can expect to lose more than your share of hands, because a crooked dealer must make his table average even out to avoid suspicion.

**Marks.** When most people think of card cheating, they think of marked cards. Professional cheats rarely use "paper," but telltale decks are common enough in private games. In any large city there are novelty stores that will sell marked decks—standard, brand-name decks with the manufacturers' stamps intact—for just \$6 or \$7 each.

Such decks can be bought through the mail. One ad carries this disclaimer: "For magical purposes only. Not to be used in violation of any local, state, or federal laws." Sure, sure. If the makers really meant that, they would place the ad in magicians' magazines. Instead, it appears only in magazines with "gam-



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# GAMES

bling" or "gaming" in the title.

The best way to tell if cards are marked in this way is to use the **riffle test**, also called "going to the movies." Hold the bottom end of the deck in one hand and riffle through the top end with the other, the same way you would riffle a flip book to look at an artificial moving picture. If the cards are marked, that's what you'll get—a moving picture, with



This blackjack shoe gives the dealer a peek at the top card (shown in contrasting color to illustrate), then holds it for him until needed. In a real game the dealer's hand would cover this part of the shoe.

spots and lines jumping this way and that. Riffle the cards several times, focusing on different areas of the backs.

There are more sophisticated marked decks that won't show up in a riffle test. One is a so-called **shade deck**, wherein the color of ink used on the card back is diluted many times over with alcohol and rubbed onto various parts of the card. Such a deck takes some getting used to—but the extremely faint marks are often more visible from a distance than from close up.

Finally, there is the most sophisticated sort of marked deck of all, called the **juice deck**. Its mastery is a closely guarded secret, and private training in how to use the deck has been sold for upwards of \$1,500. Imagine a deck that can withstand any inspection, even the most detailed, but with markings that you can see and no one else can. It is a fairly recent invention, and is so secret that some people in the know would be very upset to see it revealed in *Penthouse*. Some have even asked us not to reveal it. But since very few legitimate magicians do tricks with a juice deck—it is primarily used by crooked

gamblers to take advantage of suckers—we have decided to tell.

You could spend a whole day with a juice deck and never find the markings. We couldn't see them even when told exactly where they were, but Ortiz could read them with ease from across a hotel room—some 12 feet away. The reason is that the markings are extremely faint, and only come out when you defocus your eyes—you have to "look past the cards" a bit before you can see them, and it can take a week or two of practice to get the hang of it. The substance used to mark the cards is available in any drugstore and, despite some "expert opinions," it works on plastic cards such as those used in Nevada card rooms. If a deck is suspected of being a juice deck, place it under a strong ultraviolet light. One kind of mark will glow under the light. Another kind won't, and there is no other known way to detect it. The only defense is to change decks.

You can be safe with your own deck of cards, but not for more than a few rounds of play. That's because there are several methods of marking cards that are actually used during the game. One method is to put a thumb or fingernail nick into the edges of the cards. Then, when dealing the cards, you know what your opponents are getting. A more sophisticated tack is **daub**—a pasty, colored substance rubbed on the backs of cards. A cheat picks up a small amount on his thumb or finger and smears it across the backs of the cards he wishes to mark during play. It leaves an extremely faint smudge. Daub can be kept in the center of a shirt button, on the bottom of a shoe, rubbed into the hair at the temples, or hidden in other subtle spots around the body. One can even use cigarette ash or ordinary dirt from a shoe—provided it makes a recognizable dulling mark on the backs of the high-value cards. Defense: Change decks frequently.

**Glims.** A glim is a small, concealed mirror used to get a reflection of the cards' faces during the deal. A shiny cigarette



Daub, left, at \$25 per aspirin tin, is used to mark cards during play. A custom \$75 "pegger," right, puts a bump on the card backs. Ortiz keeps a valuable card on top and second-deals to others.

case, strategically placed, will do the job well, but most experienced card players wouldn't allow such an obvious prop on the table. Many ingenious kinds of camouflage have been developed for the purpose of allowing a glim to remain in plain sight during a game. An intricate one is the aforementioned phony cigarette pack. Another diabolical one is a prism embedded in a phony ice cube. The gambler leaves this at the bottom of an almost-finished drink. A view straight down on it can provide a glimpse of the dealer's hole card. (One card cheat left his half-finished cocktail on the table for most of the evening. The other players got suspicious only when he screamed rather too loudly when a waitress took his glass away.) Perhaps the most innocent-looking glim we have heard of is a plain cup of black coffee. Under the right lighting, a dealer can use this to catch a glimpse of cards as they are dealt.

**Holdouts.** Wouldn't it be nice if, while playing poker, you could take a card or two from the first few hands dealt you and save them for later, when you could really use them? That's the motivation behind the holdout. Sometimes it can be as simple a matter as palming off a card and then dropping only four cards when you fold. Who counts the discards? At a more sophisticated level, there are springlike contraptions called "bugs" that fasten under the table and hold a card or two until needed. There

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154



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# PENTHOUSE



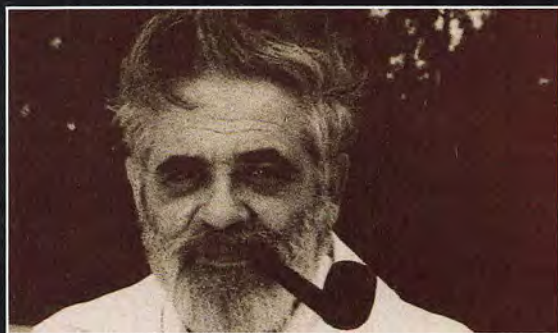
## MAKING FALWELL MAD

There's a new organization making waves these days. Comprised of thousands of former followers of preachers like Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, and Pat Robertson, Fundamentalists Anonymous is helping people find a new life after escaping the fundamentalist yoke. "The nightmare doesn't end when they're out," writes Richard Yao, founder and executive director of the group. "If there's anything these people are telling us, it must be that the fundamentalist or charismatic experience can be a serious mental-health hazard." And, he concludes, "Fundamentalists Anonymous makes Jerry Falwell mad because, by speaking out, we will encourage all decent and reasonable people to speak out, too!"



## TOKYO LOVE HOTELS

Ocean liners, gorilla suits, space helmets, and diapers and teddy bears. They're all among some of the more bizarre accompaniments to recreational sex that are provided by the so-called love hotels of Japan. T. D. Allman reports on several of these exotic institutions, showing how recent antiprostitution legislation has actually spurred the Japanese sexual imagination to new extravaganzas of inventiveness. "So long as he acts out his fantasy in the proper place, in the proper time," writes Allman, "the Japanese male has no reason to be ashamed of it—and certainly no reason to feel guilty."



## WHAT DID DR. BURTON DO WRONG?

That's what investigative science reporter Gary Null and his associate Leonard Steinman wanted to find out. Last summer, Dr. Lawrence Burton's cancer clinic in the Bahamas was forced to close by government authorities, who claimed the clinic was a health hazard. Since Null had been following Burton's treatment of cancer victims for several years, he was surprised at this action and decided to look more closely at the situation. His findings are reported in the seventh article in our "Medical Genocide" series. Once again, Null contends, the "cancer establishment," working hand in hand with certain bureaucrats, desperately sought to discredit Dr. Burton—although his treatments have often proved to be extremely successful.



## RETURN TO VIETNAM

The fall of Vietnam, almost 11 years ago, ended—for both Americans and Vietnamese—a seemingly endless nightmare that threatened to destroy each country. But little—if anything—is known in this country about what has happened to our former enemies. To remedy that, renowned British photographer Christopher Pillitz traveled extensively throughout Vietnam last year and, in an exclusive and unforgettable photo essay, captures the reality of a country still living with the effects of the war.



## THE STOCKMAN SYNDROME

"We've had a four-year shot at going after all these little mothers, and nobody here will do it." The speaker is former White House budget director David Stockman, whose bitter criticisms of big spenders—Republicans as well as Democrats—embroiled him in controversy for the four years he occupied his office. Now, in an incisive profile, investigative reporter Donald Lambro talks with Stockman about the failure of the Reagan administration to get spending under control. Stockman's forthcoming book (for which he received an incredible \$2 million advance) will be one of the year's most talked-about events . . . and this exclusive *Penthouse* profile will anticipate its headlines.



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MISS SUSAN NAPOLI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH