

# PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1986 \$4.00

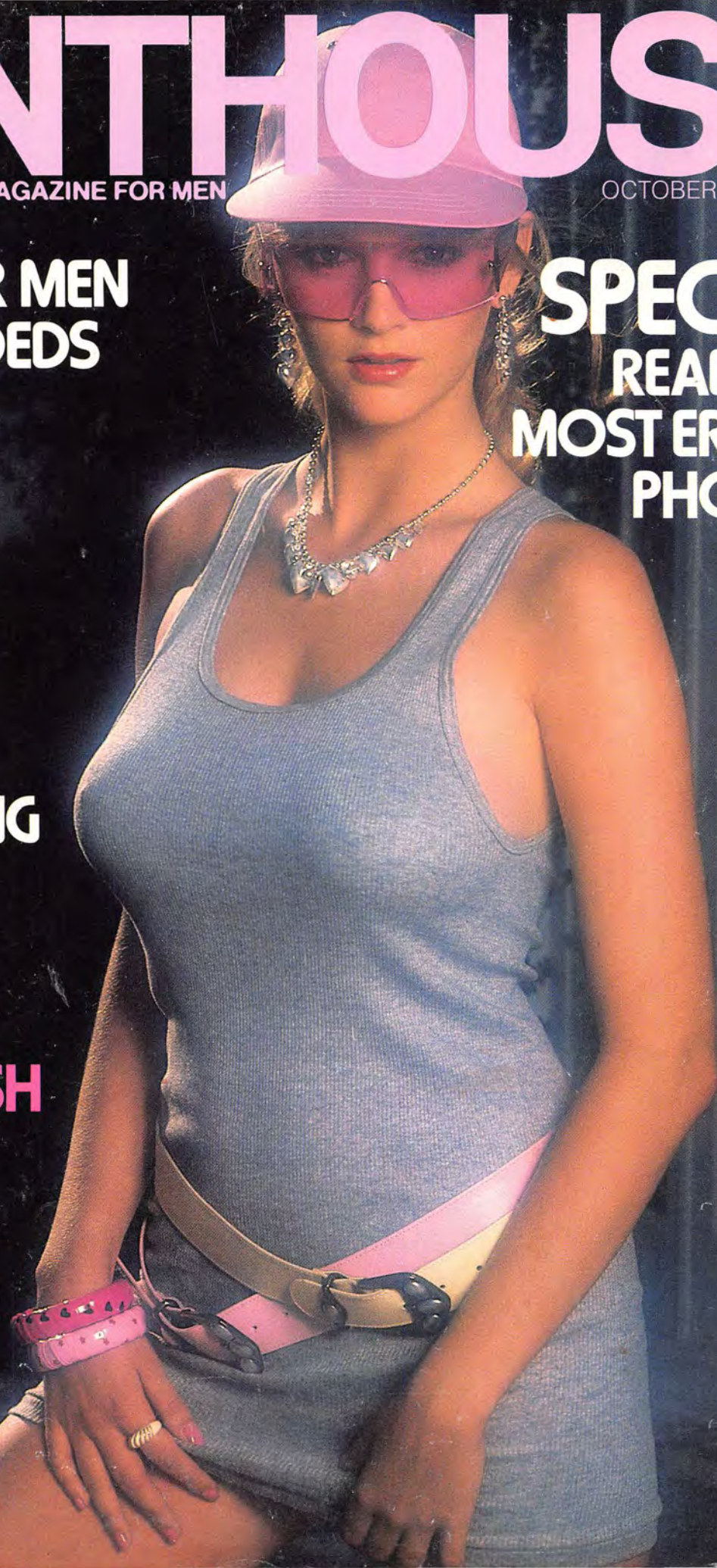
**WHY OLDER MEN  
ATTRACT COEDS**

**20 WORST  
COLLEGE  
FOOTBALL  
TEAMS**

**FEMINISTS:  
SELF-  
DESTRUCTING  
ON PORN**

**DIVORCE  
WITHOUT  
THE ANGUISH**

**SPECIAL  
READERS'  
MOST EROTIC  
PHOTOS**



02242



A dramatic, high-contrast photograph of a cowboy on a horse herding a longhorn bull. The scene is set against a bright, orange-hued sunset sky. The cowboy, wearing a hat and dark clothing, is silhouetted as he guides the bull. The longhorn's large, dark horns are prominent. The overall mood is rugged and iconic.

Wild West Collection

**Marlboro**

© Philip Morris Inc. 1986

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



# Country Store



For more than a century, stores like this have supplied cowboys with gear as rugged as the kind of man it takes to buck this wild country.

Gear that gives a top hand as much pride as the measure of his work.

We've put together a collection of things which are still used in Marlboro Country.

So take a few minutes to come on in and look around.

Lights Kings & 100's Soft: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings & 100's & Menthol: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85—Lights 100's Box: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.





# Wild West Collection

Everything's made to hold up  
under those sunbaked or storm-soaked days  
that're as unpredictable as the roll of poker dice.

## Dodge City Poker Dice

Five 8-sided dice give you all the combinations of 40 poker cards. Leather dice pouch and "rattler" cup included. \$30 the set.





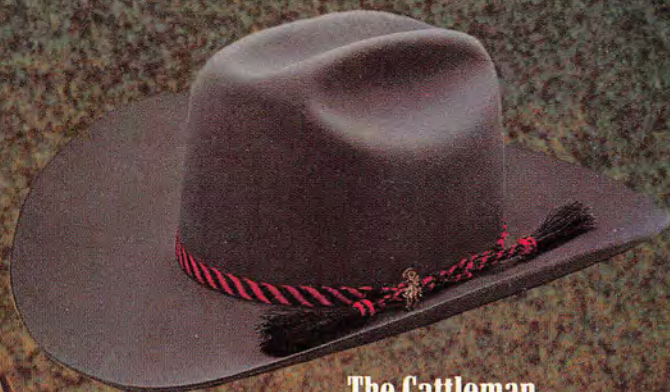
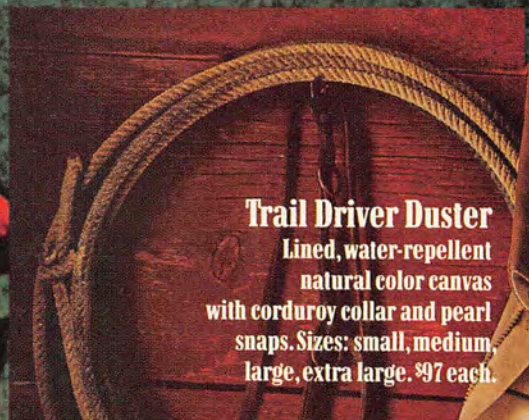
### Marlboro Range Vest

Handcrafted with top-grain leather. 100% wool lining, leather-covered snaps, and a collar that closes against a cold plains wind. Even sizes: 34-46. \$130 each.



### Trail Driver Duster

Lined, water-repellent natural color canvas with corduroy collar and pearl snaps. Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large. \$97 each.



### The Cattleman

Made especially for Marlboro by Resistol® with granite gray fur felt and a cattleman's crease. Complete with a braided horsehair band. Sizes: 6½ to 7½. \$65 each.

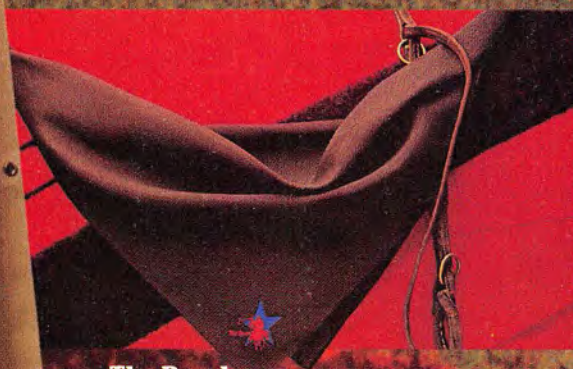
### Line Rider Boots

Made by Tony Lama®. These boots are 15" high roughout leather with two finger-pull holes, mule ears, and smooth leather lining. Half sizes from 6½ to 11; also 12 and 13. All "D" width. \$105 the pair.



### The Bandera

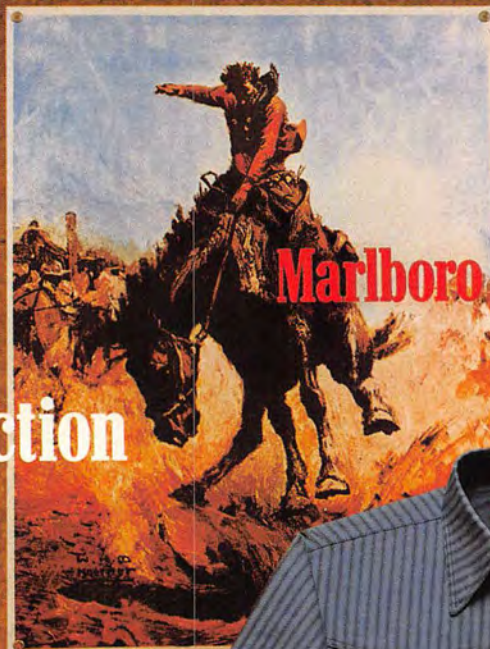
Pure silk poplin (22" x 22"). It's a one-of-a-kind design, made especially for this collection. \$20 each.





# Wild West Collection

Canvas and brass,  
leather and steel—  
lasting things from untamed times.



## "Rock Crusher"

This famous painting by W.H.D. Koerner is reproduced in porcelain enamel with colors individually fired on a 15" x 20" steel plate. \$30 each.

## Dakota Drover Shirt

A 100% cotton workshirt with traditional western styling.

Sizes: small (14-14½), medium (15-15½), large (16-16½), extra large (17-17½). \$34 each.

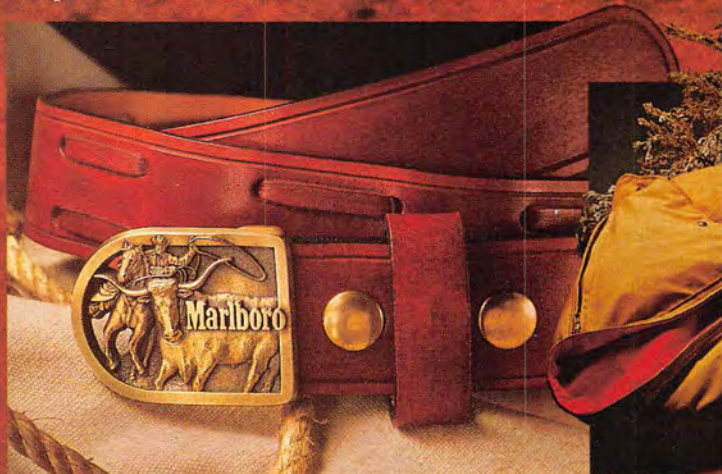


## Remuda Lariat

Thirty feet of nylon rope tougher than a string of mustangs. With a leather saddle strap. \$25 each.

## Bridle Leather Belt

Belt is 1½" wide, straight-stitched. Sizes: small (30-34), medium (36-38), and large (40-42). Buckle is sculptured brass. Both \$27.



## High Plains Bedroll

Oversized 36" x 79"

The canvas shell, flannel lining, snap-out blanket, and water-resistant ground cover make it comfortable in 25° to 60° weather. \$150 each.







The background of the advertisement is a sepia-toned photograph of a cowboy on a horse, swinging a lasso. In the foreground, there is a polished brass lantern on the left and a pair of spurs with a leather strap on the right.

### Brone Twister Spurs

Blued steel with nickel-silver ornamentation  
and star rowels. Limited edition of 500. \$95 the pair.

### Line Camp Lantern

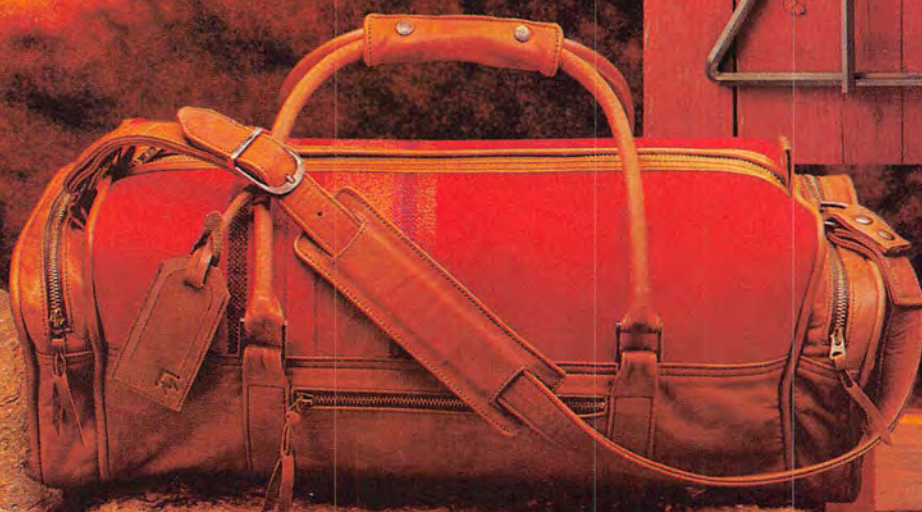
Made of polished solid brass.  
Burns kerosene and can either hang  
or stand on its own. \$110 each.





## Wild West Collection

Cowboys don't have much use for anything that can't be shook, thrown, stomped, or dragged in the dust.



### Saddle Slinger Bag

Built with top-grain leather, 100% wool, and solid brass fittings. Complete with detachable shoulder strap and personalized initial tag. \$150 each.

### Gunbarrel Chuck Iron

Crafted from browned steel bored at both ends. Complete with gunsights, a striker and leather thong. \$38 the set.



### Beer Shooters & Pitcher

Porcelain enamel gives you the strength of steel. And the 120-oz. pitcher and four 20-oz. mugs serve a generous round of celebration. \$34 the set.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



# The Marlboro Country Store



**Marlboro Lighter**  
Windproof Zippo®  
with a solid brass case  
and sculptured brass roper.  
\$10 each.

Quantity	Name of item, size and other specifications	Price each	Total price
		\$	
	Saddle Slinger Bag	Initials for tag: <input type="text"/>	

Price includes insurance, postage and tax. Please enclose two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro, along with check or money order only (no cash, please) payable to:

**Marlboro Country Store** P.O. Box 41757, Chicago, IL 60641

PH

**Grand total**

Name

Address

Apartment No.

Telephone No.

City

State

Zip (necessary)

Current Brand

Offer available only to smokers over 21 years of age. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until April 30, 1987, or while supplies last. Please allow 8 to 10 weeks for delivery.

**Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.**



Cut out and Save.

Our aim is to make sure you're completely satisfied with your order and that you get it on time. But if something should go wrong, please let us know.

Write: Marlboro Country Store  
120 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017

Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—  
Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85



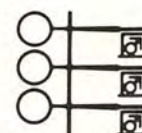
# PENTHOUSE®

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Pet of the Month Janna Adams is featured on our cover. Janna was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses, and Harrison filters. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, turn to page 142.

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\*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)





If there were  
no such thing as silk,  
people would be  
saying, "Smooth as  
Wild Turkey."

**WILD  
TURKEY**



8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.







# It's not just where you take the music, it's where the music takes you. Panasonic portable CD players.

Imagine a place where there is no noise. Absolute silence, broken only by the purest, cleanest music you've ever heard. That place is inside your head. And you can hear that incredibly pure music on any of the portable Compact Disc players by Panasonic.

## CD IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.

While the sound from this Panasonic portable CD player, SL-NP20, is something to behold, it's also very easy to hold. Connected to its ultra-thin rechargeable battery pack, the CD player and quartz-synthesized stereo tuner all fit in the palm of your hand. Whether you use headphones\* or connect it to your home stereo, you'll hear the music more intensely than ever before.

## THE CD WITH A HANDLE.

Fire up the Compact Disc player in the Panasonic RX-CD70 and

musical sparks fly. But as impressive as its sound may be, there's even more: Dual cassettes with auto reverse and Dolby<sup>†</sup>. An FM/AM/FM-stereo tuner. And detachable two-way speakers.

## CD HITS THE ROAD.

The new Panasonic car CD, CQ-E800, puts CD sound in gear. Its four-way suspension system helps keep the music smooth, even if the road isn't. The stereo receiver has preset tuning and digital readout.

Panasonic portable CD players have many of the same features as our advanced home unit, SL-P 3620. Like the FF-1 Fine Focus Single Beam laser which helps keep the music on track. And sophisticated programming which lets you pick or skip songs automatically.

The Panasonic portable Compact Disc players. Where you take them is only half the trip. Where their sound takes you is the other half.

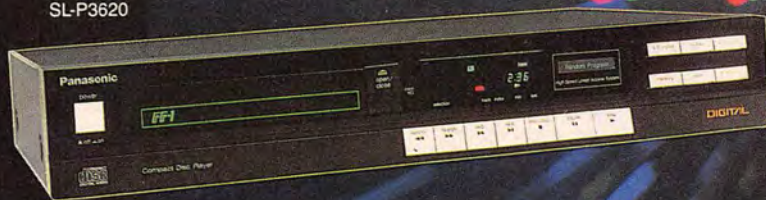
\*Headphones not included.

†Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Labs.



Portable CD  
RX-CD70

Home CD  
SL-P3620



Car CD  
CQ-E800



**Panasonic®**  
just slightly ahead of our time®



# HOUSECALL



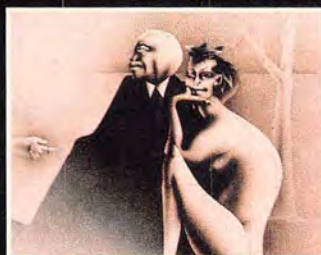
## CRACKING UP

It's a tragic symptom of the times we live in that our lead article in this special Back to School issue has to be devoted to the national nightmare of cocaine addiction. But we would be remiss to ignore what has become the most important fact of life in our schools today. Reporter M. S. Vural went into the streets to talk to the kids who are forced to turn to crime and prostitution to support their habits. She also talked to cops and counselors and parents about the Reagan administration's shocking lack of real action to stop the tidal wave of crack that is engulfing our young people.



## BIGMOUTHS

According to Ellen Hawkes in this month's stinging "Advise & Dissent" essay, there are all too many good women in schools and elsewhere being intimidated by a minority of their "sisters," like Andrea Dworkin (pictured above). Some feminists, writes Hawkes (who is herself a leading feminist author and teacher), "feel it's permissible to shout or intimidate young women into submission, all in the name of their cause. At



a time when the women's movement needs to reach out to the younger generation, some feminists are using the 'bonds' of sisterhood to stifle dissent from what they insist is the 'correct' feminist line on pornography." Hawkes's conclusion: "I'd like to grant women the freedom of sexual fantasy along with other rights. We should be allowed our own turn-ons without being told what is 'correct.'"

## THE 20 WORST


It's an annual *Penthouse* tradition and one we're happy to honor again this year: Larry Linderman's fearless forecast of the 20 worst college football teams of the coming season. Somehow, as always, Larry once again manages—with wit, insight, and not a few good

hunches—to bring out the best in the worst.

## COMIC RELIEF

Since the 1960s, going back to school has become synonymous with student protests and marches for various good "causes." Recently, these causes have combined everything from famine to Farm Aid with giant rock concerts—creating big bucks and good feeling all around (except, finally, on the part of those who would be the beneficiaries). Our intrepid humor editor, Mr. Bill Lee, no stranger to protest or controversy, puts forward his own proposals this month with "Mu-sick Aid," hopefully the last word on the subject.

## CAMPUS SEX

Of course, the best part of going back to school is resuming (and initiating) those wonderful romantic "interludes" that make the whole educational experience worthwhile . . . so worthwhile, in fact, that many guys never get over it. For them, Ben Stein's "So You Want a Coed Girlfriend?" should prove to be the perfect antidote. "Yes," he writes, "they're out there walking to and from class, with their rear ends so wrapped up in their Guess? jeans you think they'll get an embolism." But, he warns, if you're already out of college, you're better off remembering your dreams and getting on with real life. So be it. 





# Pleasure Trip

Don't let radar spoil it: Remember your Passport

Imagine setting out on a long day's drive and not having to worry about radar. Seeing America might be fun again if you didn't have to watch it unfold in the rearview mirror.

## PASSPORT means low-profile protection

PASSPORT has exactly what the vacationing driver needs: advanced radar protection, yet none of the nuisances you've come to expect of ordinary radar detectors.

The experts at *Car and Driver* magazine gave us a rave review: "In a word, the Passport is a winner."

Our customers agree, even though we allow them ample opportunity to do otherwise. Every Passport is sold with the promise that it will live up to the customer's highest hopes, not just our claims. If it doesn't satisfy within the first 30 days, it can be sent back for a full refund.

PASSPORT has been on the market just over a year and already our money-back offer has been declined a quarter of a million times. So we'll stand on our record.

## PASSPORT means the size of a cassette tape

PASSPORT provides superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), microelectronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors.

All you do is clip PASSPORT to your dashtop, windshield or visor, plug it in, and adjust the volume. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.



PASSPORT comes complete with all accessories.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. PASSPORT watches for radar so you can watch the road.

PASSPORT comes with a leather travel case and everything necessary to get you on the road in seconds, no matter what car you drive. And one more convenience—we deliver. We make PASSPORT in our own factory in Cincinnati and we sell direct to you.

## PASSPORT means an easy fit in your travel case

Call toll free. We'll answer your questions. If you decide to buy, we'll ship by UPS the next business day at our expense. For \$6.00 extra, Federal Express will deliver to you within two business days of shipment.

And once again, we make this promise: if you're not satisfied within 30 days, return PASSPORT. We'll refund your purchase and your shipping costs. There are no hidden charges. Moreover, PASSPORT is backed by a one-year limited warranty.

Next time you set out on a pleasure trip, don't forget your PASSPORT.

**\$295** (OH res. add \$16.23 tax)  
Slightly higher in Canada



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**PASSPORT®**  
RADAR • RECEIVER

**Call Toll Free 800-543-1608**

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Department 2050  
One Microwave Plaza  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100



Al had been masturbating the whole time and was on the verge of climax himself. His partner wanted more, and was anticipating what would come next. •

## PENTHOUSE FORUM

### THE BIRTHDAY FAIRY

We are students in a fraternity at the University of California. Last night we witnessed something that we will never forget. One of our pledge brothers, Allan, turned 20. It's a ritual to go out with a brother on his birthday and celebrate the start of his third decade. It was Friday night and the traditional parties were in full swing. We planned to hit a few fraternity parties and wind up at a local bar.

At the first party, we went to get Al a beer. The line was rather long and when we returned, to our surprise, we found Al sitting in the corner with a young, voluptuous coed. We started to think we would never make it to the bar. After five minutes, he came over to tell us that they were going back to his room to smoke a joint or two. We decided that we'd hang out and drink a few more beers. The beers were beginning to take effect and we were starting to feel a little horny. Since the girl-guy ratio wasn't very good at the party, we decided to leave. We went back to the frat house to drink.

We had almost forgotten about Allan, but when we walked by his room and smelled the pungent aroma of northern California's finest marijuana, we decided we'd take a look at how he was doing with his new friend. Since the door was locked, we went around to the balcony outside his room. As luck would have it, the light was on and the shades were open. Our voyeuristic tendencies were showing. We had a perfect view of the entire room, and especially of the bed on which the two



were smoking a fat joint. By the time the joint was finished, they were obviously feeling a little intimate. Allan leaned over and planted a long kiss on the girl's neck. Before we knew it, her blouse and bra were lying on the floor and his hands were roaming freely over her supple body. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, both of them were completely naked.

We couldn't help but notice that Al's penis was fully erect, and we could see the glistening liquid of love slowly emerging from her steaming cunt. It was becoming increasingly difficult to conceal our own erections, barely five or six feet from the couple in the room immersed in passion. We heard her hoarse voice whisper: "Go down on me, Al!" Like a well-trained soldier in the combat of love, Al's experienced tongue repeatedly stroked her engorged clitoris, and soon her entire body started shuddering in the throes of orgasm. We were all surprised that he did not drown in her love juices.

Al had been masturbating the whole time and was on

the verge of climax himself. His partner wanted more, and was anticipating what would come next. Al was not going to let her down. He mounted her and injected his throbbing cock into her glistening slit. We mustered every ounce of self-control to restrain from cheering him on. We decided to remain inconspicuous observers so that we would not interrupt a very special birthday night. After a few minutes in the missionary position, he reluctantly withdrew and rolled over on his back to let her take charge. She straddled him and started bucking wildly. We saw his face tense up and we knew that he was about to come, but it looked as though she was going to beat him to it, as she was thrashing toward her second orgasm of the evening. The pounding grew faster and faster as he filled her with his white gold. He withdrew, looking spent. But his birthday night was not over yet.

Al's energy was returning as his date started greedily licking her own love juices off of his growing eight-inch rod. With a groan, Al said, "I'm taking charge now!" Al helped the girl get on her hands and knees. He slowly inserted his prick from behind as her look of anticipation turned into a look of pure, unadulterated ecstasy. She arched her back so she could take his full penetration. The furious pounding increased as we watched in pristine silence. The only sound to be heard was the slapping of Al's balls against her firm ass.

The pace quickened to a feverish rate, as he was getting ready for his final

orgasm. She started to shriek in pleasure, and then she howled, "Harder, Al, harder!" We could not believe our eyes or our ears! The situation was almost unreal. We could tell that Al could not hold out much longer. His face went flush and we all knew what was to follow. He let out a guttural sound as he shot his load into her yearning pussy. She responded with her own volley of primordial groans, and fell limp on the bed with Al slumping next to her.

The girl rose from the bed, dressed, kissed Al on the lips, and said: "Happy birthday!" With that, she left, unaware that her exhibition had given us an evening that we would never forget.—  
*Name and address withheld*

### DRIVER'S ED

I recently had the most exciting adventure I could ever hope for. I am a teacher in San Diego, and I lead a rather routine life. I have seen my share of students come and go, and some, I must admit, I have become infatuated with. It was one of these students who changed my life.

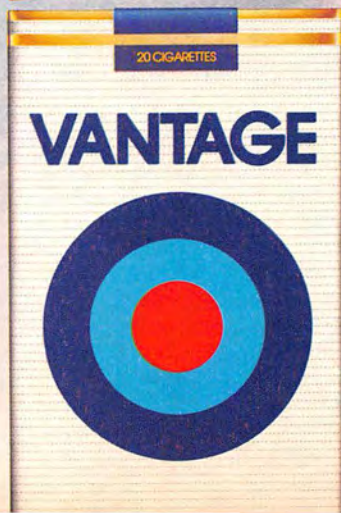
A few years ago I had an attractive strawberry blonde—whom I shall call Valerie—in my driver's education class. She used to always smile at me and bat her eyes. Many times she gave me a hard-on with those sensuous,

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**PERFORMANCE COUNTS.**  
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

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# PENTHOUSE®

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editor & publisher

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(U.S. edition)

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OCTOBER

brown eyes of hers peeking from behind her long, silky bangs. Valerie graduated and I thought I would never hear from or see her again, although I would often wonder what had become of her.

After class one day, I was correcting papers when the door opened. I glanced at the door and looked again. My jaw must have hit the floor! Valerie was standing there in my doorway, smiling. She was wearing a pair of short, faded, cutoff jeans and a tank top with no bra.

She told me she was home from college for the summer and just stopped by to say hello. We made small talk for a while, and then she began to reminisce about high school days. She told me that she had always had a crush on me, and when she was in high school she often got home in time only to rip her pants off and masturbate while thinking of me.

Needless to say, my rod began to harden. I locked the classroom door. When I turned, I saw that Valerie had unzipped her shorts and was fingering her already-moistening beautiful mound. Looking me straight in the eyes, she moved her finger to her mouth and started sucking on it.

"All the time that I was in your class, you never taught me how to drive a stick. How about showing me now?" she said as she slid her shorts down her thighs, revealing her plump, creamy white ass.

My rod was straining to reach full attention in my pants. Valerie walked over to me and undid my pants, allowing my manhood to spring to life. With a simple gasp, she dropped to her knees and began slurping my cock like a kid with a candy cane.

I couldn't control my hands. I grabbed her hair and pushed her head against me, shoving my cock deeper into her mouth. I felt a freight train of passion roar down my rod as I flooded her mouth with my warm seed.

Standing up, Valerie licked her lips and took off her top. I was surprised at the size of her firm, well-rounded tits. My mouth began to water as I laid her down on my desk. I started tonguing her rock-hard nipples, only to hear her exclaim breathlessly, "Eat me . . . I want you to taste me."

More than happy to oblige, I slid my tongue down her stomach to her now-soaking love canal. I began to tease her by flicking my tongue across her clit. She began to moan and shoved her cunt into my face. I jammed my tongue deep into her as she proceeded to come all over my face and beard.

By this time my cock was starting to rise again. Dropping my pants to my ankles, I slowly shoved my fat prick into her steamy love hole. She came again almost instantly, and began to thrust uncontrollably. She began bucking wildly and I could stand it no longer. I pumped my second load of hot sperm deep into the farthest reaches of her cunt. She exploded in another earth-shattering or-

gasm as I was shooting my come into her throbbing pussy.

We got dressed and with a quick kiss, Valerie was on her way, saying she would keep in touch. I can hardly wait for her next "driving lesson."—Name and address withheld

## SPEED RACER

I want to tell you about one of the sexiest afternoons I have ever spent with my girlfriend, Becky.

One day this last summer, on a hot afternoon, I picked Becky up from work and we drove out to a park on one of the local lakes. Becky was wearing a sundress, no nylons, and, I was sure, no bra. You can always tell when she is not wearing a bra because of her beautiful nipples. They are a perfect mouthful and usually just aching to be fondled and sucked.

We were sitting on the edge of the lake on a small, two-foot-high breakwater. Becky said she would sure like to go in and cool off. I told her to slip off her little bikini bottoms and hold up her sundress and go in. She did!

The water was clear and I could see her soft, fuzzy pussy hair gently waving back and forth in the clear lake water. Watching this was giving me an intense throbbing deep inside my groin. I can remember wanting to lean her over the breakwater and fuck her right there. I can tell from the look in her eyes when she wants it, and she did want it, bad! But then she always does. This girl really loves to fuck!

There were too many people around, so we retreated back to the blanket laid out on the grass. After lying there and talking for a while, I reached over and slid my hand up under her sundress, gently opened her legs, and ran my fingers up the inside of her thighs. Everything was so fresh and cool. I could tell she wanted me to open her lips and slip my fingers inside, although she mildly protested that someone might be watching. I think that excited her all the more. I took my middle finger and gently parted her soft, thick hair and finally got down to her pussy lips. She gets so wet! I gently started massaging her.

I could feel her clit become erect under my finger. Her hips started a slow gyrating motion. I wanted to suck her pussy and run my tongue over and under and around her horny clit so bad, it was almost unbearable.

Soon she lay back and started moaning. I knew I had to stop this. This girl is what you call a real moaner. I put my mouth over hers and whispered to her to be quiet or we would draw attention and have to stop. She only whimpered then, but it was hard for her to control herself. I could feel an orgasm building in her as her legs tightened and she arched her back. By this time I was so horny, my balls were aching to be held. I wanted her to do anything to get me off, but she just lay



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back and sighed with contentment.

It was getting time to go back, so we got our things together and left. The drive back from the lake is five or six miles. I have a new sports car and she wanted to drive, so I said, "Sure, go ahead." She dropped into her bucket seat and her sundress fell open, showing a perfect outline of fur and long, sexy legs. She hadn't put her panties back on! Well, we started out for home and an idea hit me: I would get her off again while she was driving us home.

We were cruising along the twisty road when I decided to reach up under her dress again and play with my favorite toy. She was wetter and hornier than ever. I saw her grip the wheel hard with both hands. Her legs parted as far as possible with a little prodding.

I reached down farther between her firm, smooth legs and stuck my finger deep inside her creaming cunt. She really wanted it this time! I could feel her flex her pussy muscles around my finger. I gently pulled my slippery finger from her and moved it up to her hard, throbbing clit. I have never felt it so hard and erect. I gently massaged it and ran my finger over it. I wish there had been room between her legs and the steering wheel for my head. My favorite thing to do is suck off a hot, juicy clitoris. Mmmmm, what dessert!

That being impossible, I continued to

knead and massage it. It was easy to tell the passion that was growing inside her. She didn't take her eyes from the road or her hands from the wheel. The moaning started and I knew then she was going to get off while driving! My fingers kept getting wilder and massaging harder. Her foot was hard on the gas pedal. The passion was rising inside her, we were going faster, and my finger was working furiously. Her legs were arched straight out from her seat. Her knuckles were white on the wheel. She was almost there, almost! We were racing along the road, and then in one huge burst her back arched, her legs quivered, and I jammed all the fingers I could into her creaming cunt. I could feel it pulsating around my fingers. All the muscles were quivering deep inside her gorgeous pussy.

We looked at the speedometer and saw we were doing almost 60 in a 25-miles-per-hour zone. Becky slowed down and drove to her house, where I dropped her off. I spent my drive home savoring the steamy memories of that afternoon.—*Name and address withheld*

#### SHOW-OFF

I am a 19-year-old, patriotic Georgian. I joined the U.S. Army as soon as I graduated from high school. I met my girlfriend only two weeks before going off to basic training. Therefore, we have not seen all we would like to see of each other

in the year we have been together. When we do get together we waste no time getting to the first "safe" place we can find to have a few hours of nonstop sex. We have always struggled for privacy from our parents.

One day Sarah came over to my mother's house to see me before I left to go overseas. My mom was home, along with my aunt and uncle. We immediately went into the bedroom to watch television. I was feeling extremely horny. I started pinching her nipples and covering her with passionate kisses. All the windows in the house were open and we could hear my mom and the others on the deck right outside the window, although they were not facing it. Sarah kept telling me to quit, but I started slowly moving down her body, kissing and licking under her shirt, which was soon removed.

Once again she told me to stop because of the family members on the deck. I didn't. Soon I had her shorts and panties down to her ankles. I slowly caressed the lips of her pussy, flicking my finger across her clit every so often to make her want my cock deep inside her. I began eating her luscious pussy. As I was tonguing and nibbling on her swollen clit, I spotted my favorite sex device on the chest beside the bed: a cup of ice. I slid up her body trying not to let her know what I was up to. I reached in the cup searching for the biggest piece of ice I could find. Suddenly I rammed a few fingers and the ice cube into her cunt. She was so hot the ice was gone in seconds.

She began shaking and climaxed with the longest orgasm I've seen any of my girls have. Before I knew it, she was on top straddling my monstrous organ. She was fucking me so fast I was getting delirious, and soon we both came violently.

We looked up and saw three faces peering through an open window at our show.—*Name and address withheld*

#### MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

I would like to relay an experience that I know your readers will enjoy.

It began innocently enough on New Year's Eve with a quiet dinner in a local restaurant. I was feeling very sexy in a black dress and wearing my new garter belt, sheer black hose, and lace panties. With my blond hair and petite five-foot-two frame, I felt and looked pretty foxy. Throughout dinner I subtly leaned closer to my lover so he could get a peek at my full breasts straining through my tight knit dress. By the look of the bulge in his crotch, I knew he was getting a bird's-eye view of my erect nipples.

Declining to go to a nearby nightclub to meet some friends for a New Year's bash, we opted instead for a quieter evening at home. Once settled inside with a warm fire casting a sultry glow from the fireplace, Todd turned and embraced me with a long, wet kiss. As his tongue and lips nibbled the corners of my mouth, I felt a wetness coat my pussy. Slowly he



"I can hardly wait to see his reaction when we let him out on his 21st birthday."





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6Mr. Guccione's comments concerning personal freedoms and rights hit us right between the eyes and in our hearts.9

# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

## THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

My husband and I have enjoyed your magazine for many years and recently began subscribing to it. When our renewal came up, we decided we couldn't afford to continue subscribing but would purchase the magazine when we could.

We recently heard an editorial on the radio by your publisher, Bob Guccione, concerning personal freedoms and rights. As parents-to-be someday, my husband and I have been very concerned about the steady regression of people's concern for their rights. We hope that our children will have the same right to freedom of choice and expression that we have had and worked so hard during the sixties and seventies to retain. It is frightening to see the apathy people have toward this important and personal issue.

Mr. Guccione's comments hit us right between the eyes and in our hearts. We have renewed our subscription and are proud to support a magazine that stands for the rights and freedoms of everyone.

After making so much progress during the last 25 years toward personal freedom, why must we take ten giant leaps backward?—*Tom and Michele Geery, Decatur, Ga.*

I am a woman. I put myself through college and earned a degree in both mathematics and chemistry. I have recently started a business. I have been struggling in a man's world and therefore know firsthand the problems a woman faces in her fight for equality (e.g., economic

independence).

Discrimination and violence have been around a lot longer than erotic magazines and movies. Discrimination and violence result from the inability of one to empathize with another of a differing geographical, political, social, religious, racial, sexual, or cultural background. Both men and women discriminate against and are violent toward each other. Both men and women are guilty of failing to understand and accept each other. Education, communication, and interaction change stereotypes—censorship does not.

In the last ten years, women have made major contributions economically, politically, and socially. Are we to believe that an exposed breast or thrusting hip is enough to turn 52 percent of the population into sex slaves? More importantly, are we convinced that women are that thin-skinned and helpless?

Banning pornography because of particular vulnerabilities females supposedly have will only make women appear delicate, when we need to show that we have the courage and capabilities to deal with the demands of a competitive and complex world. Banning pornography to protect women will discredit us.

I am outraged over this pornography issue. I am outraged at the fact that these do-gooders are tearing down the image that so many women have worked so hard to construct: that women are strong and steadfast, not defenseless and dainty. I am so outraged, in fact, that I want to form my own



organization: Women for Pornography.

If you share my views, make yourselves heard. I need to know you are there. We all need each other's support.—*Melanie Holzman, Columbus, Ohio*

*Editors' note: Please read Ellen Hawkes's "Advise and Dissent" on page 94 for further discussion of this issue.*

To Bob Guccione:

I have never liked *Penthouse*. I have always felt the magazine was too crude. I disliked the cartoons, the photographs, and even the interviews. I didn't even like you, Bob Guccione, as far as what I heard in your earlier commercials and what I happened to stumble across about you in the media.

But, I was so tickled when I heard your latest commercial, urging people to patronize stores which stock *Penthouse* and *Playboy*, and even urging people to buy *Playboy* if they disliked *Penthouse*, that I couldn't resist buying a subscription. I won't read the magazine, probably, but I must offer this much support at least. Thanks for a great

commercial.—*J. Azzouni, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

P.S. You don't even have to send it to me in a brown-paper wrapper.

P.P.S. On second thought, you don't have to send it to me at all. Make it a gift subscription to Ed Meese.

I would like to thank you for your continued valiant resistance to the numerous, nefarious censors throughout our country. Previously, I had believed that the "thought police" nuts were confined mostly to the region in which I live. However, I have been mildly shocked to discover that their odious authoritarianism has manifested itself in previously "immune" areas, such as New York City and Los Angeles. Let us continue to remind the people that freedom of choice was the reason for our nation's founding.—*Frank Caudle, Gainesville, Ga.*

## NFL UPDATE

At the time the September *Penthouse* went to print, All-American halfback Bo Jackson decided not to sign with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers of the NFL but rather pursue a career in professional baseball. Because of the late date of Jackson's decision, it was impossible for Danny Sheridan to reappraise his predictions for the Buccaneers in 1986.—*The Editors*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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.



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Most criminal lawyers I know would never lie, cheat, or do anything corrupt in order to win a case—no matter how much money they were offered.

# JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Of all professionals, criminal lawyers probably have the toughest time explaining their jobs. Perry Mason had it easy. All of his clients were innocent victims. Occasionally, a criminal lawyer gets lucky and stumbles onto a Perry Mason-type case. But for the most part, defendants are guilty as sin, as most defense attorneys will acknowledge.

This fact of life shouldn't surprise anyone. Imagine living in a country where the majority of people accused of a crime were innocent! That may be the situation in the Soviet Union, Iran, South Korea, or Chile, but our system of justice prides itself on only rarely prosecuting innocent people.

Now, if I am correct that most criminal defendants are guilty, then it follows that most criminal-defense lawyers try to beat the rap (or at least reduce it).

Try to explain to your average crime-fearing American why it is important to defend the guilty, and you will get blank or angry stares in response. Even my mother

keeps asking me, "Why does a nice boy like you have to work for crooks and worse? Why don't you stick to innocent people?"

Some people think they understand. "It's the money, right? You'll do anything for money." Wrong. Most criminal lawyers I know would never lie, cheat, or do anything corrupt in order to win a case—no matter how much money they were offered. There's a lot more to it than money, though money is not completely irrelevant.

Criminal lawyers *must* represent guilty defendants in order to make our system of justice—the very system that rarely prosecutes the innocent—continue to work. It is the knowledge that every defendant will be represented by a zealous lawyer that helps to keep the system honest. That knowledge is the best guarantee against an unscrupulous prosecutor going after an innocent defendant for political or personal reasons. In those countries where lawyers refuse to represent the guilty, many innocent citizens are prosecuted.

When Anatoly Shcharansky was prosecuted in the Soviet Union on trumped-up charges of spying for the United States, he couldn't get a Soviet lawyer to defend him. "The party would never have arrested him unless he was guilty," said the patriotic Communist lawyers. "And why should we defend someone who was disloyal to the motherland?" So off Shcharansky went to the *gulag* for nine years, without a lawyer to defend him and without even the semblance of a

fair trial. No lawyer in the Soviet Union dared to challenge the prosecutor, and an unchallenged prosecutor eventually becomes judge, jury, and executioner, unafraid of being proved wrong.

"Okay," you might be saying, "you've convinced me that every defendant is entitled to a defense lawyer, but should the defense lawyer try to get his guilty client off? Doesn't that require him to lie on behalf of his client? After all, if a guilty client is found innocent, the truth has been subverted." That, indeed, is the nub of the problem, and the source of much of the misunderstanding about the job of the defense lawyer.

The defense lawyer is supposed to try to get his guilty client the best possible result from the client's point of view: outright acquittal if possible; a reduced sentence if that is the best he can do. But the defense lawyer may not lie or cheat in order to achieve these goals. He has to play by the rules.


The rules do allow—indeed require—the lawyer to try his best to keep the jury from hearing "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," if that truth will sink his client. Motions to suppress or exclude the prosecutor's evidence are part of the honest defense lawyer's arsenal. The reasons for excluding evidence are based on its possible unreliability: The prosecutor may present hearsay, coerced confessions, and rigged lineups. But often they have nothing at all to do with truthfulness. Physical evidence secured in violation of the

defendant's constitutional rights may be entirely reliable, but it will be excluded in order not to encourage foul play by police. The honest defense lawyer must take advantage of all these rules, whether he agrees with them or not.

One of the most difficult dilemmas faced by the defense lawyer is what to do when his client has told him in confidence that he is guilty but insists on taking the witness stand and falsely swearing to the jury that he is innocent. The simpleminded solution is to tell the judge that the client is about to commit perjury.

But remember, it was only after promising to keep his client's statements confidential that the lawyer learned his client was guilty and intending to lie about it. The simpleminded solution would be for the lawyer to break his promise (thus raising the old question, is it proper to lie to a liar?).

Some courts have ruled that a lawyer must allow his guilty client to take the witness stand and lie, but that the lawyer may not directly participate in the perjury by questioning him. He should simply allow the client to tell his false story. This charade would, of course, be an obvious tip-off to any judge and many jurors.

There simply is no perfect answer to the conundrum of the lying client. Nor is there any completely satisfying explanation of the widely misunderstood role of the defense attorney. Our adversary system of justice may be the worst in the world—except for all the others! 



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In a divorce, the man usually gets railroaded, taking the blame and suffering the financial overload.

# MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



There is an alternative to the barbaric, adversarial methods of obtaining a contested divorce as practiced in our courts. It is known as mandatory conciliation, and if America is the civilized society it purports to be, all states will soon integrate this procedure into their court systems.

Mandatory conciliation would require parties in a divorce suit to undergo a series of counseling sessions in order to come to a mutually satisfactory separation agreement. It resembles the binding-arbitration process favored by labor negotiators. Conciliation courts do exist throughout the United States, but they are optional and few people are aware of their services. The current alternative, therefore, is for the parties to seek out a divorce mediator.

Mediation, writes Arizona Superior Court Judge Norman S. Fenton in Dr. Howard H. Irving's *Divorce Mediation* (Carswell), is "an alternative option to the adversary system, and is a self-determining process for resolving issues resulting from divorce.

Mediation provides a framework for divorcing couples themselves to agree on their respective responsibilities after the divorce. If the parties are able to agree on division of their property, custody, child support, and similar matters, this will decrease the chances of future litigation and they can then go on about the important job of rebuilding their lives."

This logical, humane, pretrial function—if adopted on a mandatory basis—would free our courts to pursue the social ills perpetrated by murderers, rapists, drug peddlers, and racketeers, instead of expending taxpayers' money in attempting to adjudicate the personal lives of citizens whose only "crime" is that they no longer wish to continue living under the same roof.

The divorce mediator—who may be a psychologist, social worker, or attorney—attempts to save marriages, but if all else fails, handles the divorce in a mature, civilized way. While the divorce court has all the trappings of a bloody Roman arena, the mediator goes to great lengths not to find fault with either party. By not branding one individual guilty when divorce is inevitable, the mediator can substitute a commonsense approach that saves untold anguish for both parties.

As Dr. Irving—a University of Toronto professor—points out in his enlightening book, all too often the husband or wife is intimidated by the cruel process of divorce, and just to get the matter over with, will agree to a burdensome financial settlement.

It is usually the man who gets railroaded for the sake of expediency, taking the blame and suffering the financial overload.

I agree with Dr. Irving's position that divorce mediation enables husband and wife to fully understand their respective failings and to share in the responsibility of either salvaging the marriage or dissolving it. Instead of rubber-stamping a divorce in order to clear out a calendar, the mediator assumes the responsibility of spelling out all the potential ramifications that may arise when divorce is inevitable. The mediator goes a step further than the divorce judge by considering not only the anguish suffered by the spouses, but the effects on children, in-laws, grandparents, and other relatives of the couple.

I offer the following advice to those who are facing divorce proceedings: Once you find yourself in front of a divorce judge, he doesn't care who is right or wrong, but only sees his court as a clearinghouse, where the first priority is to dispose of the case in the shortest time possible. The mediator, on the other hand, takes into consideration what is best for the entire family by giving them all equal input. His task is to facilitate the ability of the participants to negotiate their own agreement.


Steps toward finding a mediator are relatively simple. Individuals wishing to bypass a contested trial in the divorce courts may request mediation where available, and they will be referred, depending upon the state, to a conciliation court, a family

resource center, a domestic-relations court, a family counselor, or the American Arbitration Association. Family courts will also give referrals, and one can always use the local telephone book. Many attorneys are also willing to lend their services to a mediation process.

It is important to note that in the majority of divorce cases, the woman is the instigator of the action. The man is frequently reduced to a pawn on the "divorce board," and the rules of the game dictate that the judge controls the moves in a legal charade that almost always favors the "defenseless" woman.

Another factor that weighs heavily against men is their emotional blindness when choosing an attorney. This delicate and potentially dangerous area is all too often given short shrift by the male in the heat of emotional stress. Men should choose a lawyer with great care. With a modicum of common sense, a husband can tell if he is looked upon as just another fee, or whether he'll be represented as a human being caught in a perilous situation.

As a matter of legal practice, I hereby go on record as opting for the conciliatory approach within the judicial system, but reserve the right to fully protect a client when all else fails.

A final word of advice: If there is an outside chance of saving your marriage, go into mediation and avoid the adversary system. If mediation fails, go find the best lawyer possible to represent you—it's worth every penny, and you won't get a second chance. 



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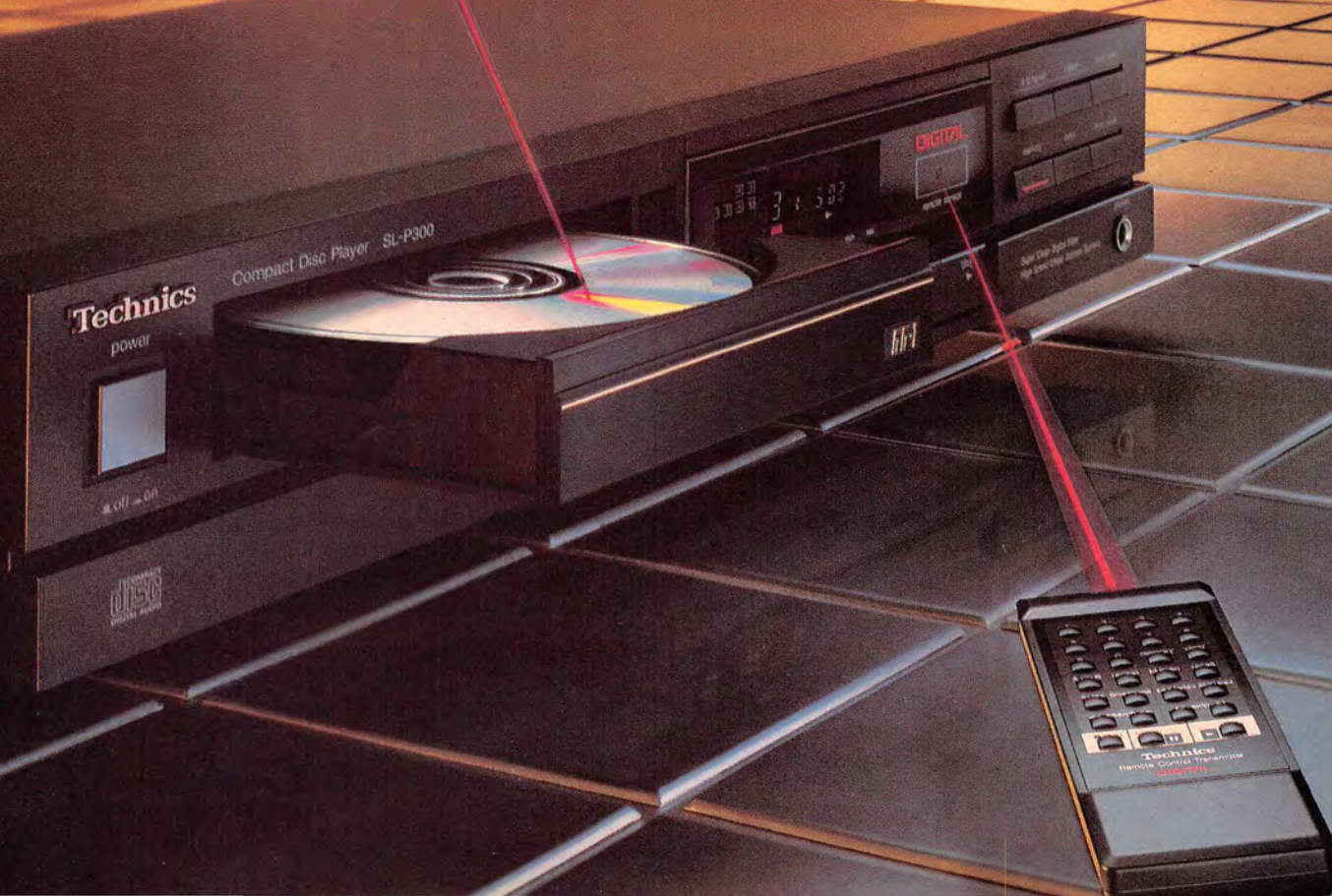
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Only the new energy-replacement drinks, which contain a form of sugar called "glucose polymer," beat drinking water during workouts.

# FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



*In the gym I go to, people use various "energy" drinks before and during their workouts. Do these drinks really supply quick energy, or are they just hype? I am dieting hard to lose a few pounds and really need an energy boost through my routine.—H. Lasalle, Santa Monica, Calif.*

During exercise, your energy starts to flag when glycogen levels drop below 50 percent. If you are dieting, glycogen can be this low even before your workout. You can boost blood glucose with any sugared drink—but drinks sweetened with glucose or sucrose will raise energy levels quickly and then drive you into a sugar drop 30–45 minutes later. The net result is less energy to exercise than if you never took the drink. Drinks sweetened with pure fructose (not "high-fructose corn sweetener") are only a little better.

The popular noncaloric sweet drinks provide essential liquid replacement, which everyone should take during activity. But you can ignore

those leaping ladies in TV commercials. These drinks do not boost energy. Plain water is a superior liquid source because it is absorbed into the system faster.

Only the new energy-replacement drinks, which contain a form of sugar called "glucose polymer," beat drinking water during workouts. Clever chemists, such as Ross Laboratories in Columbus, Ohio, have developed a way to make glucose into a complex carbohydrate that is absorbed slowly, steadily maintaining energy. There's no insulin burst and subsequent energy crash.

These new complex-carbohydrate drinks are an exciting advance in sports nutrition. Three forms now available are "Exceed Energy Drink" from Ross Laboratories, "Carbo Fuel" from Twin Laboratories, and "Crux," my own mix, so named by athletes who have tested it.

*I have seen a lot of commercials for the new bran cereals, and was wondering if I need the extra bran in my diet and just what it would do for my health.—Robert Hirsch, Missoula, Mont.*

Bran is the fibrous husk of wheat, oats, rye, rice, and other grains. It is one form of the fiber we all need for intestinal health.

The *British Medical Journal* reported 25 years ago that there was a much lower incidence of intestinal disease—dubbed the "diseases of civilization"—in countries that do not refine the bran out of their grains. Such diseases range from simple constipation and biliousness,

to diverticulosis and irritable bowel syndrome, to the often-fatal colon cancer. Still, the medical community didn't think bran essential in the human diet until only recently.

A daily intake of bran is important. I recommend a total fiber intake, including bran, of 50 grams a day. You don't have to get it from the special bran cereals. Our list, called "Fiber 10," gives quantities of common foods each providing ten grams of fiber, such as four ounces of blackberries, ten dried figs, two ears of sweet corn, and one cup of rolled oats. Provided you eat a diet high in whole grains and unprocessed foods, extra bran is just an unnecessary expense.

If you can't stand the sawdust taste of bran cereals, don't fall for bran or fiber pills. Each dose contains only 1.3 grams of fiber. You get more and better-quality fiber from one delicious bite of blackberries—and at a far cheaper cost, too.


*What advice can you give a guy who's a manufacturer's rep and has to either take customers out to fancy steak-houses or else to cocktail parties overflowing with hors d'oeuvres? I'm that guy, and this would be a swell setup if I weren't concerned about my weight. I'm an avid runner, but at 36, those calories aren't burning up as fast. I also feel like a jerk in front of my customers ordering mineral water and chef's salads. Can you suggest anything besides getting a new job?—Allen Brodsky, Detroit, Mich.*

At 36, calories should burn as well as when you were 20, especially if you run regularly. Putting on the pudding stems from three common sources. First is overeating. You don't have to suffer veggie plates and mineral water. Eat any poached, broiled, roasted, or steamed dish—but eat less of it. If you like wine, then enjoy one good glass.

The second possible culprit is a disrupted sugar metabolism. The high sugar content of the American diet—half a pound per day for every man, woman, and child—gradually disrupts bodily control of sugar. So, by age 40, many Americans become incipient diabetics, requiring stimulants, such as coffee or sweets, every few hours. If you can't fast throughout a working day without getting shaky, anxious, sleepy, or dizzy, then you are a likely member of this group.

The solution to this problem is simple. Eliminate refined sugar from your diet. If you keep up with the running, the stability of your sugar metabolism should be regained in one to three years.

The third common source of creeping weight gain is water retention, which is caused by too much salt. For every molecule of extra salt, your body has to retain extra water to maintain the correct salinity of body fluids. So, with the insidious added salt in so many foods comes the roly-poly shape of salt bloat.

The Colgan Institute provides free lists of the added-salt content of many foods; write me for a copy. You may see the weight trickle off—literally, like water. 



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●Patrick's hands stroked heavily up and down our bodies. I made the first move on Audrey, momentarily forgetting Patrick in my passion for my lover/friend.●

## XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

### LETTER OF THE MONTH

Something very exciting happened to me about a month ago, and I'd like to share it with the rest of the readers. I'm 22, five foot ten, 135 pounds, with thick auburn hair and round green eyes. I could count the number of men I've made love with on one hand, but what happened last month would have been a thrilling experience even for a more experienced woman!

My best friend, Audrey, and I were at a nightclub in our hometown of Toronto. Although we had never made love with each other, we'd talked about it a number of times and felt we were working up to it. We particularly fantasized about licking and sucking each other's breasts. I have large, round tits (38D) that she envies, and she has small, pointy "champagne glass" tits (34B) that I wish were mine.

While we were at this club, a really dynamite-looking guy asked if he could buy us drinks. He was very tall, pretty muscular, with wavy golden hair, drop-dead gray eyes, and a butt that just made you want to squeeze it. How could we refuse? He introduced himself as Patrick.

As the evening progressed, the three of us danced together, talked, and were all very comfortable together. Patrick eventually suggested we go back to his place, and we agreed without too much coaxing. We were both thinking that this would be a good opportunity to make love with



each other at last.

Once there, we had another drink, and before we knew it, we were all in bed without our clothes. Although I'd seen Audrey naked a million times, at that moment it hit me again how lovely she was. She is about an inch shorter than I am, but more curvy, with a deliciously round ass. Her long gold hair is straight and thick, and her wide, pale mouth makes me want to lick it!

Patrick, unclothed, was all we'd imagined. His long, strong legs and his muscled arms were covered in gold fuzz. Audrey and I smiled at each other when we saw his outstanding cock. Already it was throbbing upright against his flat stomach, and his round swinging balls were glowing pinkly.

First he kissed us alternately on our nipples, taking

long hard sucks on them. His hands stroked heavily up and down our bodies as we played with his penis and balls. He was so hot! As the groping progressed, I made the first move on Audrey, momentarily forgetting Patrick in my passion for my lover/friend. When he moved his hand out of her pubic hair, my hand replaced his, and I allowed my fingers to travel up, slowly caressing her slightly rounded belly, rubbing the faint line of hair that runs from her navel to her cunt hair. I touched her tits tentatively, fingering her dark, hard, pink nipples. I placed my lips on her neck and started kissing and licking my way down her chest. She stopped me, saying that she wanted to touch me.

All this time, Patrick had been really getting off on the fact that we were obviously

getting together for the first time. He was holding his own penis in one hand, and with the other was gently caressing his own nipples. He kept smiling and nodding his encouragement to us.

Audrey was lying on top of me and we kissed very passionately—our tongues were swirling around and around, and I felt as though she might take my breath away if she sucked any harder. She was rubbing my pussy frantically with one hand, her fingers exploring me, while with her other hand she was touching my face and twisting her fingers in my shiny red hair. I sensed that she wanted me to be passive because she was aggressively exploring every inch of my body. Her tongue traveled to my tits, and she sucked at my hard, pink nipples. She was still rubbing my clitoris with her fingers, and eventually her tongue met her fingers at the center of my sensations. As I lovingly stroked her hair, fanning it across my belly and breasts, she was pushing her tongue into me and moving it back and forth, in and out.

In the excitement of our newfound ecstasy with each other, we'd forgotten our host, who was allowing us to live out a dream. I reached out my hand and began running my long fingernails over his balls. He kept stroking his engorged

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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penis and we began to work with a rhythm. My pale-pink nails stood out against his purple-veined cock, and then he came in a thick creamy jet that splattered against his belly and chest. I smoothed it around with my hand, and then, after tasting it myself, reached down to give Audrey her share of Patrick's warm, tangy come.

Audrey had hardly missed a beat, and in a few seconds I pulled her up so we were face-to-face. As we lovingly exchanged deep, passionate kisses, I felt a tremendous wave sweep through my entire body. My pussy seemed to be generating a pulse of its own, and I felt myself go stiff all over as I waited for the final, intense wave to wash over me. Audrey and I cried out at the same time, and she whispered in my ear that she had come, just from my fingers on her breasts and my tongue in her mouth.

Since that time, Audrey and I have been together whenever we have decided that the time was right to make love gently and tenderly, whenever that feeling deep inside arises that only another woman seems to understand. We've both seen other men since that time, and I've been seeing Patrick regularly. He turned out to be a warm, sensuous lover who is just as interested in giving me pleasure as he is in having it returned. He can last forever, and he fills me with strong jets of come that seem to pound into my womb.

*My first erotic encounter with Audrey was heightened by our appreciative, encouraging spectator, and we're all glad that we've formed a special little club of three, with a bond that won't be broken. Have you had any experiences like this? I'm very happy with the way things turned out, but want to make sure I'm not kidding myself about anything. Whatever you would like to share with me and your readers about this would make me feel even better about what happened to me.—V. C.*

A short while ago, a girl I used to know in Canada called me to say she would be in my part of the world and asked if she could stay with me. It had been about seven years since I had seen her, and I wondered how time had treated her. When she arrived, she looked good, but she seemed very quiet, almost subdued. After a while, I noticed her looking adoringly at my man, fluttering her eyelashes like crazy and generally coming on to him like gangbusters.

Later that day, when I got my boyfriend alone, I told him, "You keep your horny hands off that little blond bombshell." He was the picture of innocence and finally managed to convince me that although it looked as if Sherry was making a heavy pass at him, it was really me she was trying to get through to.

"She's a little lost girl," he said, and he

told me to be nice to her.

"But you wouldn't turn her down," I said.

"Of course not," he grinned. That night, when everyone had gone to bed, I went into Sherry's room. She was already in bed and was reading my latest book, *Happily Hooked*, which I had written with my boyfriend. I sat down beside her and asked her outright if she wanted to make love to my man.

"I have been reading your own description of him," she replied. "Of course I do, because I now see him through your eyes. I would like to share him with you, but more importantly, I want to share you with him. I have had a pretty tough time lately and I feel that by being close to you, some of your happiness might rub off on me." There was only one thing to do. I hugged and kissed her and I took her back to our bedroom, where my boyfriend and I made love to her together.

The fact that she was tremendously turned on by my man made me doubly horny, and he was thrilled by having two women in bed. We girls both sucked his cock. He fondled our breasts and kissed and caressed us everywhere. We did everything we could think of, and it was all wonderful. It was sharing, but most of all it was giving, and my final and finest orgasm came from the realization that we had managed to make Sherry feel wanted and loved. When she left to go back to Canada she told us that we had given her a new feeling of security, enabling her to face up to whatever the world had in store for her.

As long as you all feel good about what happened, then it was a beautiful encounter.

## HOOKED ON THE TUBE

*I am writing to you because I am becoming increasingly worried about myself. I am a 24-year-old male. I have an extremely wonderful and beautiful girlfriend whom I love very much, and our sex life is great. That, however, is not my problem. My problem is that I am a chronic masturbator (unknown to my girlfriend). I really believe that things are getting out of hand (no pun intended).*

*I find myself obsessed with sexual fantasies. For example, I will sit in front of the television set for hours waiting for a glimpse of a beautiful woman's nipples to poke through the material of her blouse just so I can masturbate while fantasizing about caressing and licking her tits and then fucking her. It has gotten to the point where I am wasting more time in front of the "boob tube" than doing work, which is important to me. Maybe if I owned a VCR I could watch a different X-rated flick every day and be happy.*

*You see, after I have an orgasm I can start to function normally, but within an hour or two my mind starts to wander, and I start thinking about sexy, erotic fantasies and situations I'd like to be in. My worry is that I have some deep-rooted psychological disorder stemming from*





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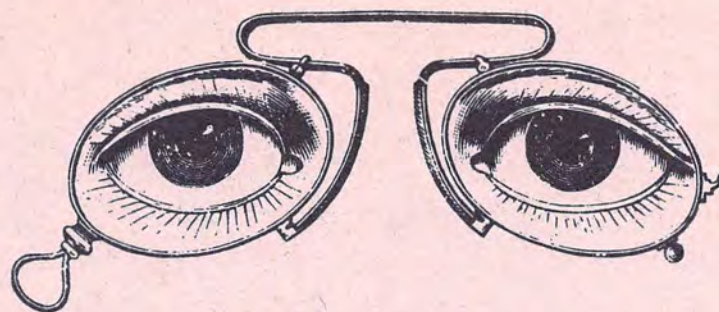
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## VIEW FROM THE TOP

# COLLEGE UPDATE

BY EMILY PRAGER

In the sixties, college students complained that none of the courses offered were "relevant" to their "real life" in the future. "What," they chanted, while sitting in at the prexy's office and cohabiting on his shag carpeting, "could English 42: Chaucer's World possibly have to do with ours?" It seemed like a smart question at the time. Though the raucous seventies, followed by the advent of AIDS, would seem to have answered this query, the sixties had a tremendous impact on college curricula. Now, 20 years later, a perusal of this country's college catalogs shows a schizophrenia between courses that reflect ivory-tower thinking, i.e., useless in "real life," and those so "relevant," any one of us could get tenure:

*Welcome to the Ivory Tower.* There are many college courses that have nothing to do with "real life," but my personal favorite is Boston College's English 587 Writing Workshop: Writing for Profit. Any writer knows there is no such thing as writing for profit. This is because a large part of being a real writer is avoiding writing. By the time you've spent a week avoiding a piece, you've hit every shop in your neighborhood, redecorated your apartment, and you're lucky if your fee even covers the Visa bill. I once asked John Ashbery, the prizewinning poet, how he makes a living. He replied, "By teaching at colleges"—presumably courses like Writing for Profit.

College of the Siskiyous in Weed, California, offers a course useful to so few that it's almost like contemplating the navel or reciting a mantra. It is History 54A: Place Names of Siskiyou County, offering "the origin of prominent place-names in Siskiyou County, including all incorporated cities." Just ruminating on the idea of this course makes me calm. *Om.*

Also at Siskiyous—clearly the alma mater of Pollyanna and Candide—there's Personal Growth 58: Single Adulthood, which "explores the physical, social, psychological, and economic adjustments necessary to live a fulfilling, rewarding single life as a never-married, di-

vorced, separated, widowed, or a single-parent individual." It's a trick course, clearly.

Hampden-Sydney College in Hampden-Sydney, Virginia, gives a course of dubious import to future bond brokers but which wins my endorsement for fantasy charm—History 280: Civil War Field Trip: "A study of tactics and strategy and the influence of terrain in the eastern theater of the Civil War, with emphasis on the life of the ordinary soldier as well as the characters of the prominent generals. The class will take a ten-day tour of the eastern battlefields, camping out." With such a course, a person might even think back on American History with something like fondness.

*Real-Life Relevant Studies.* Here are the courses that teach the nuts and bolts of modern life, and what better place to begin than with Hunter College in New York City, and its Media 383: Popular Music and the Music Industry—which, obviously, was once audited by Madonna?

Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, always on the cutting edge of higher education, offers Russian 270: Reading *Pravda*, in which students read the Russian newspaper. This is a very handy course for your future political knowledge, provided your local newsstand stocks the paper and you own a radiation suit to wear while reading it. And while we're on the subject of international politics, Floyd Junior College in Rome, Georgia, is giving Military Science 104: The Soviet Military Threat, in case there was any question in your mind.

But North Dakota State University in Fargo excels over all in providing an education truly useful to the average American. Who could not wish he/she had taken Agronomy 403w: Advanced Weed Science, "integrated weed control"? Or Agricultural Mechanization 205: Basic Automobile, "selection, operation, minor repair"? Or Horticulture 317: Small Fruits? Or Animal Science 313s: Meat Identification and Usage? If only I had it to do over.







## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### PEOPLE

BY ROGER MUMMERT

You can flip the dial, but you can't escape Chrysler's rousing commercial: "The pride is back . . . born in America!" Kenny Rogers's voice in the duet is an easy guess. The other belongs to a singer whose voice is just as familiar, but whose face is not. For jingles superstar Sandy Farina, the Chrysler spot is keeping her in golden handcuffs; she's rich and anonymous, but she'd trade it all for a career in rock 'n' roll.

This year, Farina was heard all over the country, albeit namelessly, as the lead vocal in "Hands Across America," and you can't pass an hour of prime time without hearing her rip out, "Hey, banana, move aside!" for Wheaties. "I'm known by that line," she says. She's also working on her first album under the rock moniker "Nikki Ryder."

In the studio, she jams tensed fingers through her windswept hair, and kicks, punches, and karate-chops herself into a volatile state she jokingly calls "Massive Farina."

This thirtyish rocker grew up in Newark, New Jersey, singing "Aretha, Gladys, Dusty, and Joni—strong women with strong minds. My first idol was Connie Francis," she says. "I used to throw my hands up like she did with 'Where the Boys Are.'"

Farina sang in coffee-houses at 14, looking "like Jane Fonda with the shag." Today her blond locks are moussed up into spiky points, and she wraps her health-

club body in spray-on jeans, whimsical jumpsuits, and gleaming leather miniskirts stretched over black fishnets and pumps. She looks East Village rocker, but when the day's work's done she hops in her VW ragtop and heads for home and husband in a woodsy suburb an hour outside New York City.

Farina can afford certain bourgeois pleasures. Near-fame has knocked her around a bit. A short-lived break-

major hits. "When I write for another artist, I delve into their personality," she explains. "I really went to the library on Barbra."

Farina went to the bank after a friend asked her to sing a jingle for Maxwell House just two years ago. Diet Coke followed, and she found herself a very hot commodity. She joined the unions, strapped a beeper to her swaggering hips, and now Sandy Farina picks



*Wheaties rocker Sandy Farina: A star waits to be born.*

through came in 1978, when she won the female lead, Strawberry Fields, in the Bee Gees' film version of *Sgt. Pepper*. "It was like destiny to play opposite Peter Frampton," she says. Her rising star fell when the death of Elvis bumped her off the cover of *People*, and a misguided manager nixed all film offers until they stopped coming. "You have to say to yourself, 'These things happen,' or you self-destruct," Farina admits. "I realized I had to do my own music to make it."

For several years, she did just that. She just didn't sing it. Farina cowrote "Kiss Me in the Rain" for Barbra Streisand and "Packing It Up" for Dolly Parton. Both were

and chooses.

"I like rock 'n' roll jingles that say something," muses the singer, whose throaty style exudes a lusty wholesomeness. "Sweet, reassuring tunes for airlines are definitely out."

Farina can easily accommodate her conscience. Scale for lead voices is \$250 per one-and-a-half-hour session. Overtime and backup singing can double that. But session fees are minor; when residuals add up, sometimes compounding for a few years, seven figures per annum is not unheard of.

But the fickle world of jingles changes by the nanosecond, and the golden voice once mistaken for a

"young Kim Carnes" now has its own imitators. They're already talking about a "young Sandy Farina."

### VIDEO

BY PETER SIKOWITZ

In 1978, Richard Foos and Harold Bronson launched Rhino Records with a few bucks earned from their specialty record store and the idea that if bad can be good, terrible may be even better. Early "artists" signed to the label, which is based in Santa Monica, California, included Fred Blassie, an ex-pro wrestler turned singer, the Temple City Kazoo Orchestra, and Wild Man Fischer, the possessor of what may be the most cacophonous voice ever recorded.

While Foos and Bronson's aesthetic sense may be questionable, their business instincts are right on target: Bad has been very, very good to Rhino. Last year's sales reached \$3.5 million, up from \$1.5 million the previous year.

"We basically have an irreverent attitude toward the entertainment industry and life in general," says co-owner Foos. "We don't take ourselves with utter seriousness. We feel we provide a kind of fun that's lacking in the rest of the industry."

In March of last year, Rhino took its attitude into the home-video market with the release of 25 titles. "We thought of the video division as a bigger avenue to help us get our ideas across," says the 37-year-old Foos.

Rhino Home Video has unearthed some of the best





*Eegah!*, a killer B movie, heads the list of Hollywood horrors offered by Rhino Video.

of the worst B movies from the 1950s and 1960s, including *Eegah!*, the first prehistoric rock musical/romantic tragedy; *The Commies Are Coming! The Commies Are Coming!*, starring Jack "Dragnet" Webb; *Orgy of the Dead*, written by Edward D. Wood, Jr., considered by cultists to be the worst filmmaker of all time; *Mesa of Lost Women*, starring Jackie "Uncle Fester" Coogan as a mad scientist who creates an army of insect superwomen; and *Battle of the Bombs*, a compilation of clips from some of the most forgettable movies of all time.

Obtaining the home-video rights requires a lot of detective work, often chasing down endless leads. If found, the owner sometimes creates new headaches. While trying to get the rights to *Orgy of the Dead*, Foos found the producer/owner, who, according to Foos, was in tremendous awe of Edward D. Wood, Jr., the film's "creative force." "The producer thought Wood was very misunderstood," says Foos,

"that he was a great filmmaker and a great man. Obviously, to get the rights, we had to proceed very judiciously."

The video venture is already paying off. Rhino will release 30 titles this year and 30 more next year. The company will also begin producing some of the films itself. *The Big Daddy Story*, its first project, will tell the story of Big Daddy, a group that performs eighties hit songs in a fifties style. And more killer Bs are promised.

"In most of our films, there's a certain innocence," says Foos. "America loves the overachiever who takes on the mammoth task that he can't possibly pull off. A lot of the B-movie makers had these enormous concepts, that they could outdo Cecil B. deMille, even though they had nominal budgets and the moviemaking talents of the local butcher. When you put a combination like that together, to us, it creates the most heartwarming, funny, and entertaining movies imaginable."

## PLACES

BY PETER BAILEY

Established in 1973 as a full-fledged municipality, Cap d'Agde, France, a peninsula off the Mediterranean coast, is a place to be naked—and that includes the cops. Beaches, banks, cafés, shops, you name it. It's all in the buff.

Inhabited originally by one or two thousand intrepid natives, the city now boasts a year-round international population of 20,000, with an annual tourist influx of 80,000 plus. Construction of new apartments and villas continues unabated. Prices for apartments start at \$70,000, and continue up the scale to \$150,000 for a six-room house adjacent to the beach. Rentals begin at \$26 per day for a studio apartment, and rise to \$115 per day for the shoreline pads. Not bad by luxury-resort standards.

The younger crowd and the non-Europeans tend to rent the less expensive

digs, while the Europeans, generally older, take the villas and penthouses. Most Americans stay somewhere in the middle. Cap d'Agde also attracts families. Children take a bus, clothed, to school on the mainland.

Everything else, though, is right in the city and lived in the raw: beautiful restaurants, a full range of sports facilities, four banks, laundries, large shopping malls, gardens, parks, an outdoor theater, and one or two churches (clothing optional, here). Then there's the Cap d'Agde police force, ticketing you for speeding in the full, official glory of their "one-button suits."

Whether roaming the beaches, dancing in the clubs, or enjoying haute cuisine, you're on your own—and that, say the locals, is really the key. Life lived easy. Eden replayed.

Those interested in learning more about Cap d'Agde can contact the French Nativist Federation in Paris or their travel agent. The French are very anxious these days to lure American tourists, and you'll find many



Cap d'Agde: for sun buffers.





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

attractive packages and rate schedules designed especially for U.S. citizens. Genevieve Naturisme, a rental agency on the cape, can also be helpful in designing the best plan.

### SEX NEWS


How macho are you? Macho enough to drink Schmidt's beer? Because, according to a new ad campaign, Schmidt's is "not for prissy women. It's not for interior designers. It's not for men who want to be prissy women." The ad copy, churned out by Geers Gross, a prestigious New York City agency, also allows that the brew isn't for men who play tennis, cook, listen to classical music, wear suits if they don't have to, or quote Shakespeare. Doesn't that leave out about 90 percent of the population? Geers Gross evidently doesn't think so; its spokesman says the ads are targeted for heavy beer-drinkers with macho demographics: 97 percent male, 25 or older, and blue-collar. "It's supposed to be fun and a little controversial," Geers Gross account exec Chris Ebner said. It's certainly controversial: The ads have attracted the attention of gay activists, who plan to picket the agency's offices. . . . Puritans who have blocked sex-education courses in public schools say exposure to such courses will lead to promiscuity. But research has shown that the reverse is the case: Fewer teenagers who've taken sex-education courses have had sex, compared with those who have not. The analysis



Schmidt's new macho campaign ruffles some feathers.

of the National Survey of Children in *Psychology Today* shows that sex-education courses also have little impact on whether teenagers are likely to talk to their parents about sex, which is another finding that contradicts conservatives' claims. The survey also found that the best way to get teens to postpone sex was by combining a sex-education program in school with parental talks at home. . . . Those trashy romance novels do a world of good for female sexuality, according to a report presented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The assembly-line plots of such novels actually conceal a healthy sociological message, says Janice Radway of the University of Pennsylvania. Always, after the boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl machinations, the male comes around to the female view of love, thus reassuring females about their current sexual roles. "The

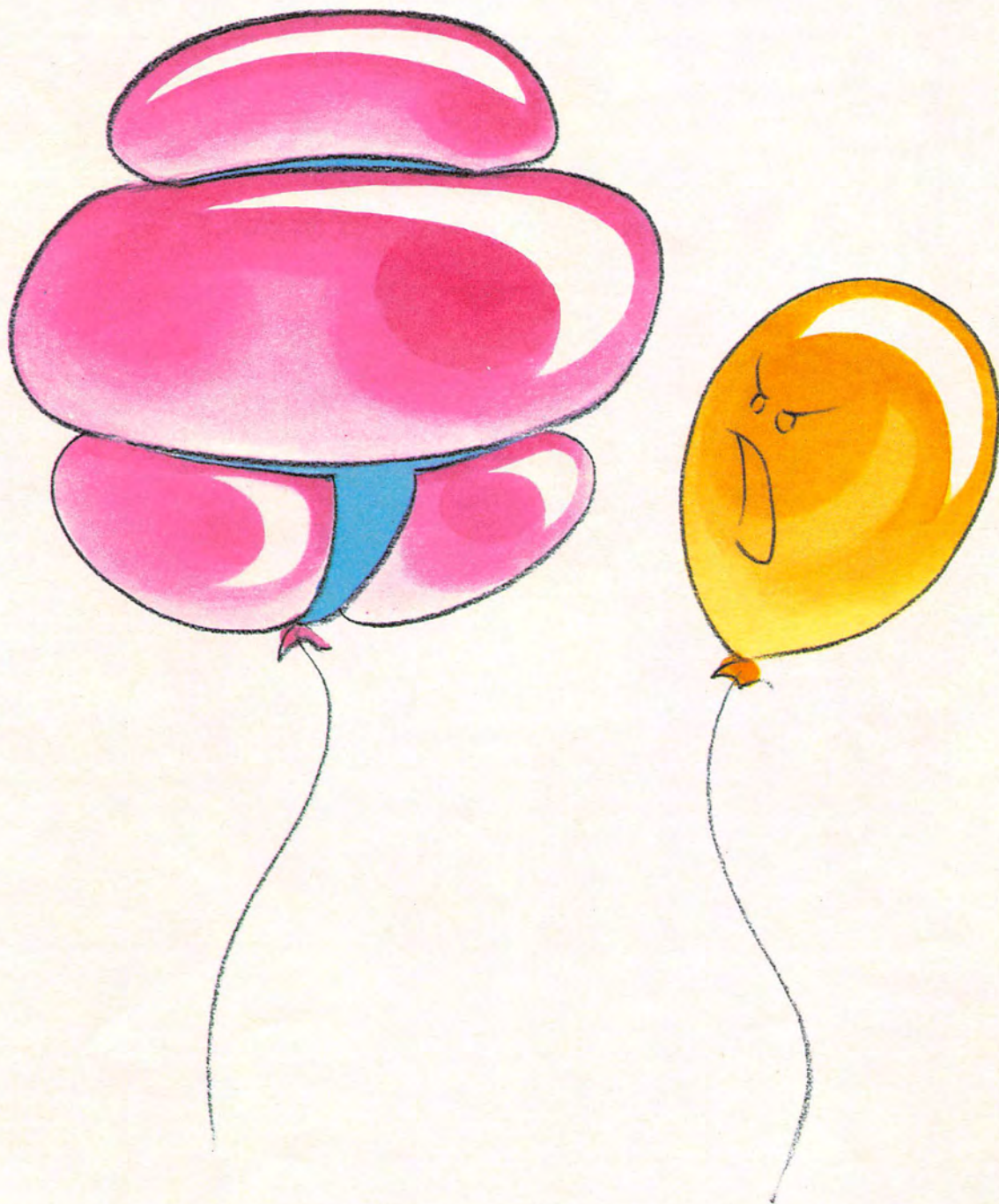
point of the story in a good romance is that the man learns that love is more important than wealth or social position," Radway points out, adding that the hero is "converted" by the heroine. . . . Now, added to the super-competitive "Type A" personality and the mellow "Type B," we have "Type T," thrill-seekers and risk-takers who are especially spontaneous when it comes to sex. A researcher at the University of Wisconsin in Madison had profiled the Type T, who can be either male or female and is in constant need of stimulation—both sexual and nonsexual. While Type Ts are inventive and lively in the sack, the personality also has its sexual downside. Their low threshold for boredom might cause them to stray the roost in search of a more adventurous fling. . . . Taking a giant step back into sexual medievalism is the state of Virginia, which recently saw a federal judge

uphold its laws against unmarried people living together and having sexual intercourse. A suit against the laws was filed on behalf of "Jane Doe" and "James Doe," who are not—repeat, not—married, but live together as man and wife anyway. The lawyer for the fornicators, Michael Morchower, said his clients want to remain living together and having sex, but that the laws have forced them to abstain. "My clients are back in the shower, with cold water running over them," Morchower said. . . . Teenage pregnancy now costs the United States \$16.6 billion a year, with another \$6 billion in welfare benefits spread out over the next 20 years, according to a study by the Center for Population Options, which is dedicated to preventing unwanted pregnancies. The center says 1.1 million teens get pregnant every year, with about half carrying their pregnancies to full term. The \$16 billion figure shows just how much the puritanical anti-sex-education movement costs this country each year. . . . American women are still afraid to make more money than their mates, concludes Barbara Berg from research for her new book, *The Crisis of the Working Mother* (Summit). Berg interviewed 1,000 working mothers and discovered many consciously sought to avoid making more than their husbands, while others had subconscious strategies that achieved the same results. Berg found that problems erupt when a woman outearns her man, and that the relationship may, in fact, be destroyed. 



# Ballbontheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



*"For Gawdsake, Harriet! You don't wear a string bikini just because it's fashionable."*







Stories of violence,  
betrayal, and isolation, from  
the young victims of  
America's latest and greatest high.

# CRACKING UP

BY M. S. VURAL

They're calling it the fast food of drugs. It's a cheap, instant euphoria that has no preference for age, sex, or race. It needs no ad campaign, no franchisees, no public relations, and the first taste can hook you into a tailspin from which you may never recover. Listen to the voices of its victims:

Larry, 14: "When I came here I was so skinny that I had to wear three pair of pants to walk the streets."

David, 16: "I didn't get

tired, I got caught. I didn't want help, I just wanted more. Now I have chronic bronchitis and a heart murmur."

James, 15: "After that first hit, crack was all I cared about. My pipe went everywhere with me. I didn't eat or sleep. At first it was great with sex. Later I didn't care about sex anymore, either. Just crack."

Larry holds his young head between his hands. In his gray eyes, fear darts like quicksilver. He lights a cigarette with

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN



trembling fingers. He is flanked by a 15-year-old and an 18-year-old. These are the children of the working class. They are telling "war stories" of their life in the streets. Stories of violence, betrayal, and terrible isolation. Each abandoned home, school, and his own future in search of crack, America's latest and greatest high. Although they are among the few who have found safe haven at Outreach House, a residential treatment facility for teenage drug abusers, they are all victims of the fastest-spreading, cheapest, and most marketable high this country has seen to date. Each got his first taste at or near the place where all our children go—school.

What is crack?

When Richard Pryor nearly immolated himself in 1980, the world learned about an exotic, rich man's high known as "free-basing," or smoking cocaine. "Base" or "rock" is created when powdered cocaine is mixed with baking soda and water and cooked very briefly over very high heat. When the water and soda are poured off, a brownish, brittle pancake is left. Overcooking by even a fraction of a second destroys the cocaine, leaving nothing but froth. If successful, however, the resulting rock cocaine is about 90 percent pure and can be smoked. Unlike snorting, the coke then enters the bloodstream directly from the lungs and reaches the brain's pleasure centers in three to eight seconds. The resulting rush

of euphoria lasts from five to ten minutes. Crack is the blue-collar version of this high. It is, in fact, the same high packaged in rock form at deceptively affordable prices. Before crack, a cocaine user would get a gram of coke at anywhere from \$65 to \$120. After cooking, he would be left with half the amount in rock. Now, individual rocks are sold for as little as \$8. For the first-time user, the first taste of crack is often free. The beginner can cut that small rock into quarters and get four highs, or he can shave it and mix it with a cigarette or marijuana and smoke it that way. It offers a rapid, intense, sweet rush followed by such a steep crash that the desire for more is inherent in its use. Thus, in five to 15 minutes, the user can sink from heaven to hell and another hit can seem like the only out. Crack is the quintessential commodity. It creates its own demand.

According to a *Newsweek* cover story published earlier this year, crack first appeared in Los Angeles nearly three years ago. Houston has been inundated for at least two years, while in New York City, generally the nation's drug capital, it first surfaced in December 1984. Although New York City witnessed an unexpected 18 percent increase in burglaries in the opening months of 1986, it was not until the late spring—after a rash of crack-related violent crimes—that law-enforcement officials began to put two and two together. By May, New York Governor

Mario Cuomo was calling for state legislation doubling the potential sentences for those dealing drugs near schools, while both local and federal officials began wrestling with an epidemic.

For the first time since the early 1970s, when the Knapp Commission found rampant corruption in the New York City Police Department special narcotics division, a new investigative drug unit has been created. Dubbed the 101 Crack Unit, it has the exclusive mission of waging war on crack. The 101-man unit—an allusion to the 101st Airborne Division of the U.S. Army—is headed by Martin O'Boyle, a former precinct commander in the notorious South Bronx and a former Army tank commander. To facilitate the war, legal weapons are also being sharpened. In a departure from long-standing policy, Sterling Johnson, New York City's special narcotics prosecutor, will issue search warrants to members of the 101 Unit after only one undercover buy. In the past, two buys were mandatory.

The day before the 101 Unit hit the streets, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani reported that 44 suspected crack dealers had been arrested in a one-night raid conducted by federal and local law-enforcement officials. Of those nabbed, 18 were dealing within 1,000 feet of a school, and were therefore subject to twice the normal penalty under a federal law enacted last year. Giuliani said that in September 1985, his office had not handled a single crack case. By late May 1986, 50 percent of the drug cases in his office were crack-related.

By June the infection had become a national disease, spawning execution-style killings, turf wars among dealers, a rapid rise in vicious street crime, and a rash of cover stories. These stories told of something completely new, a phenomenon never witnessed even in the worst days of the heroin epidemic of the late sixties and early seventies—unpremeditated violence on the part of individuals who had never before evidenced even a hint of any such tendency.

Officials at the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), the federal agency charged with breaking up the international drug trade, have expressed concern that the massive publicity crack has gotten is the equivalent of a multimillion-dollar ad campaign and is adding exponentially to the dimensions of the problem. Despite the agency's approximately 2,500 operatives and 40 offices around the world, and despite record cocaine seizures, international cocaine traffic has been steadily on the rise. Congressional sources report that since 1980, the influx of cocaine into the United States has increased from approximately 25 tons in 1980 to approximately 125 tons this year. The DEA tends to view the crack trade as a retail operation and is engaged in foiling wholesalers by developing large-scale conspiracy cases. DEA spokesman Cornelius Dougherty says, "Crack



"Well, so much for political satire!"



is dealt on a retail level; we deal wholesale. That is, our goal is to stop the cocaine trade on the highest levels. If we are able to do that, there won't be a crack problem."

The cocaine leaf, which is grown in Bolivia and Peru, has traditionally been processed into cocaine powder in Colombia. That process involves drying the leaves, cooking them into a paste, processing the paste into base, and processing the base into cocaine hydrochloride, the powder cocaine. The final stages of the conversion process into powder involves ether. There has been a shortage of ether in Colombia for some time now. And although the DEA and local officials believe that crack is a lucrative retail industry precisely because it can be manufactured in any kitchen, Dougherty acknowledged the possibility that cocaine may also be imported in base form now. He says, "We've been on the alert for that. We have found a number of domestic conversion labs, and we think they may have been bringing in base for some time now." That frightening theory is bolstered by the fact that crack first surfaced in California and Texas, both nearer the country's points of entry for imported cocaine than the Northeast.

When asked whether crack is expected to cross the ocean to Europe, Dougherty says the facts aren't in yet. He adds, however, that the cocaine epidemic itself has been a serious problem in Europe for some time now. Recently, Sir Jack Stewart-Clark, a member of the British Parliament, met with DEA officials and told them that cocaine was "endemic" in England and has even become a problem in beleaguered Ulster.

West Berlin-based psychologist Aida Lorenz-Weiss says that until June 6, when the *Berliner Tagesspiegel* reported on the rash of crack-related violence in New York City, she had never heard of the drug. Lorenz, who works with schoolchildren in the working-class Berlin neighborhood of Wedding, says that cocaine and amphetamine use has spread dramatically in West Berlin over the last few years, and that the social-work community is very much involved in studying "the epidemiology of addiction." She explains, "We used to associate drug abuse with poverty, poor housing, unemployed or absent parents. But now we see it in all strata of society. It suggests that there is a deeper social malaise which needs addressing." A spokesman for the West Berlin senate adds, "Whatever happens in America tends to hit us like a tidal wave," and says that he fully expects West Germany to be hit by this latest American plague.

For better or worse, one way the American dream is spread is through our armed forces. During the Vietnam era, many soldiers paid a heavy price when they were infected by heroin in the rice paddies of Southeast Asia. There are currently over 300,000 American troops

in Europe (250,000 in West Germany alone), and while narcotics abuse has been on the decline in recent years, Elaine Z. Henrion, a Washington-based spokeswoman for the U.S. Army, concedes that the service usually suffers from the same diseases which affect the larger society. But there are no statistics available as of yet.

A counselor at the Vietnam Veterans Outreach Center in New York, himself an ex-addict, explains that because cocaine is prevalent in Germany and in the rest of Europe, a soldier could easily make his own crack. He added, however, that with the tough line the armed forces have taken on drug abuse in recent years, it would be almost impossible for a serviceman to become addicted without being found out very quickly. Urine testing is frequent and unannounced.

In the United States, however, Dr. Arnold Washton, director of research for the National Cocaine Hotline (1-800-COCAINE), estimates that two-thirds of the 1,200 calls a day taken by the hotline are from crack addicts. Only nine months ago the hotline had never gotten a crack call. By November 1985, a hotline survey showed 50 percent of all crack addicts to be teenagers, mostly white. By spring, the hotline was getting twice as many calls from black and Hispanic teenagers.

Cocaine seems to be the only imported black-market drug that has taken that route. The country's other big im-

ported narcotic, heroin, spent decades in the nation's ghettos before invading middle America during the late sixties and early seventies. Until the eighties, cocaine was seen as the nonaddictive recreational drug of the wealthy. But in the last decade, cocaine abuse among high school students has doubled.

"We're in a tidal wave of coke," says Lieutenant Oscar Long of the Phoenix Police Department in Arizona. "Since January of this year, we've seized as much cocaine as we did in the previous two years. In the past, different groups used different drugs. Whites were into speed, LSD, and psychedelics. Minorities did heroin, PCP, and downs, but cocaine knows no barriers."

The cocaine epidemic in middle America has set the stage for crack. The price is right. At Outreach House, Larry's 16-year-old friend David recalls:

"It started out with a hit that a school buddy gave me. A week later, I was doing \$100 a day. I wound up stealing my grandmother's wedding ring and my mother's Social Security check. In one weekend binge, me and two friends spent \$3,000. My day would start around four in the afternoon. I'd sleep all day and hang out and get high all night. I didn't go to school for three months. One day I came home at five in the morning and I couldn't even make it into the house. I sat on a bench in the street just shaking."

David's healthy glow and childlike face

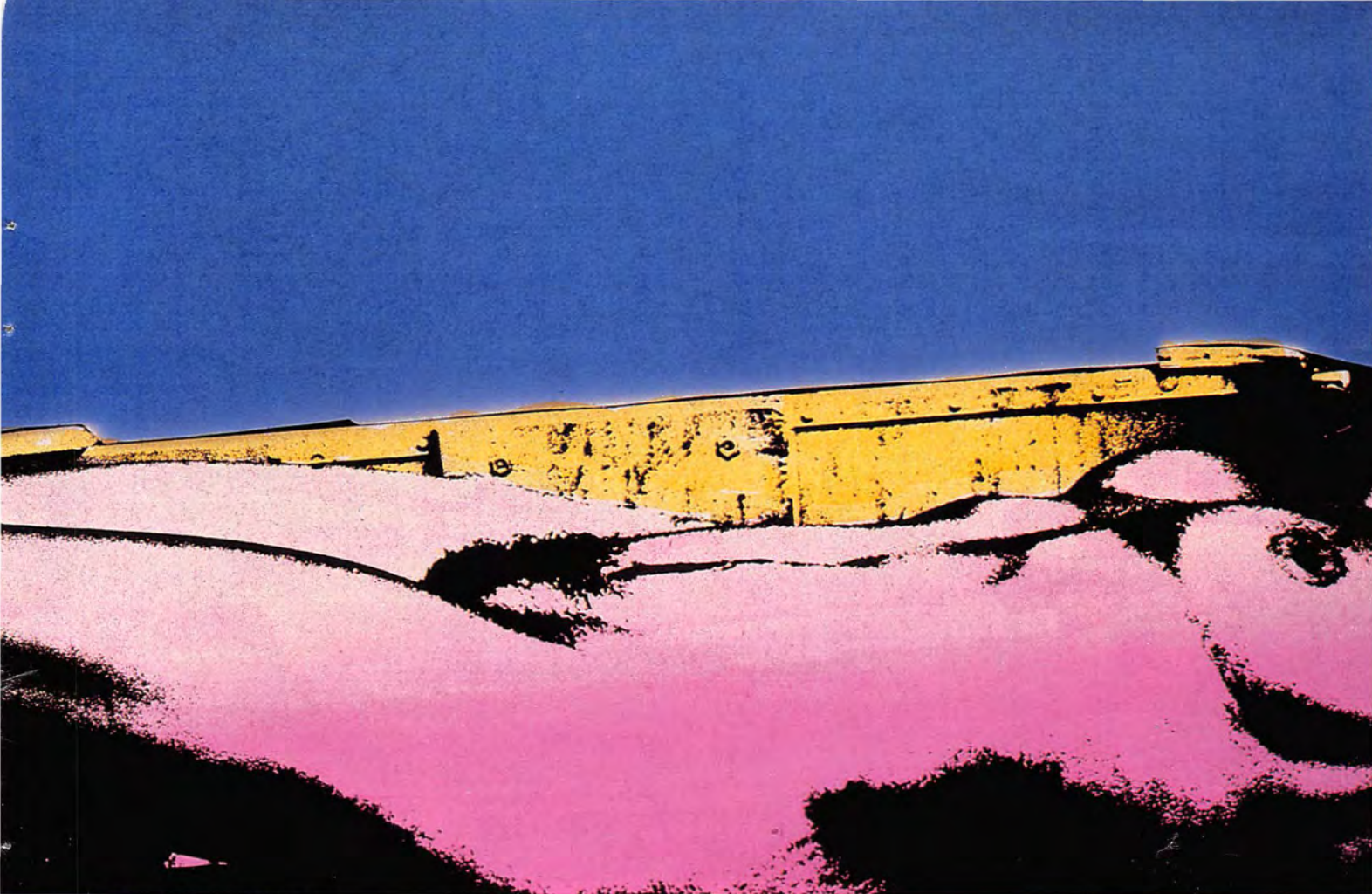
CONTINUED ON PAGE 62











▲ Lynn Hoffman, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

# BEAUTIFUL BODYSCAPES

*A celebration of the art of erotic photography, featuring readers' most exciting and creative amateur contributions.*

Our amateur-photographer competition, announced earlier this year in *Penthouse* and *Newlook* magazines, has been a stunning success! As you can see by perusing the following pages, these novice photographers are no novices when it comes to creativity. They don't shy away from superimpositions, split images, bizarre angles, or the celebration of the exotic female form. The women are lovely—but as any good photographer knows, beauty is finally in the eye of the person who holds the camera. The electricity and excitement in these pictures are the hallmarks of the art and timelessness of erotica.



▲ Peter Kelly, Dallas, Texas



▼ Ken Pivak, Jersey City, New Jersey

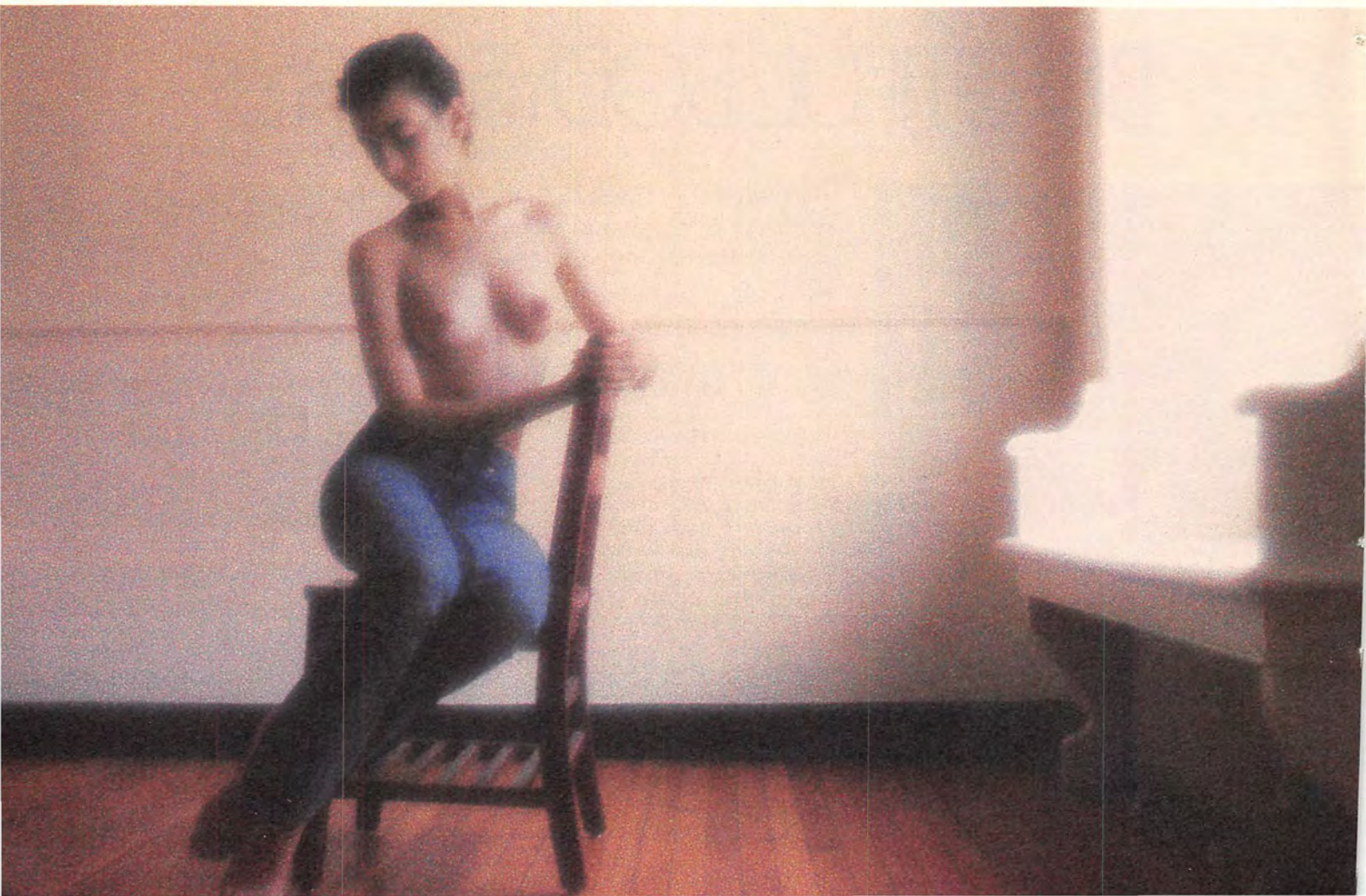


▼ Mark Sadan, Ossining, New York

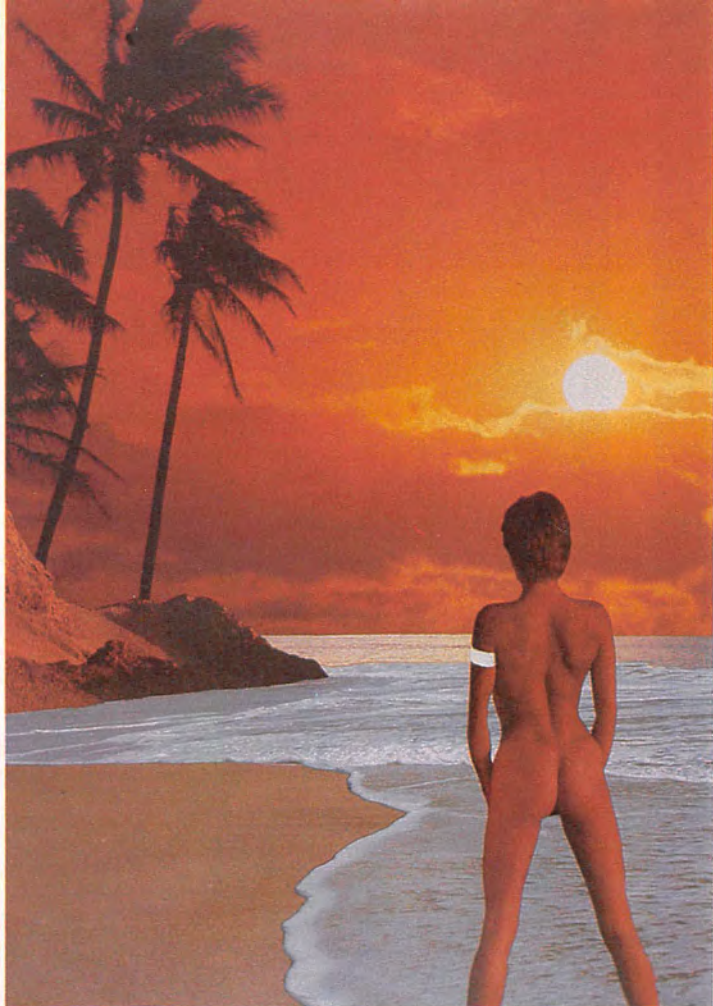




▲▼ Ken Pivak, Jersey City, New Jersey







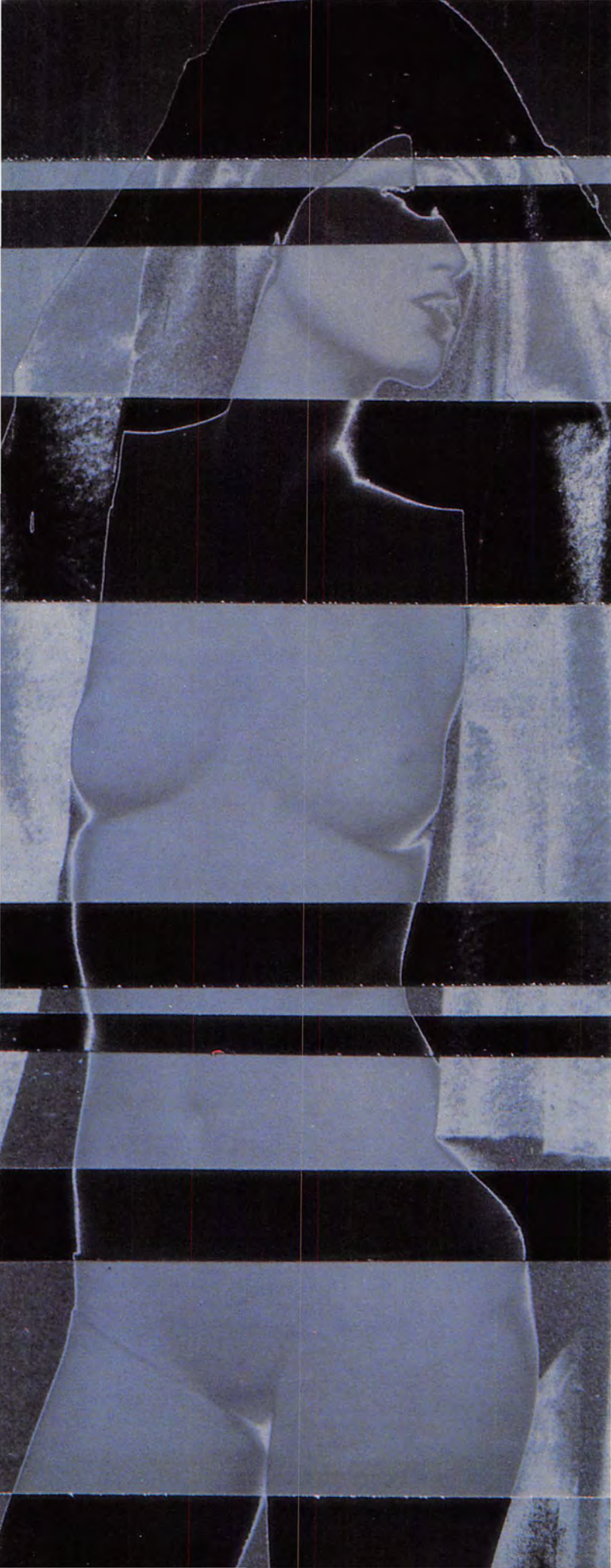
▲ Travis Penno, Ontario, Canada ▼ Joseph J. Zaia, Staten Island, New York



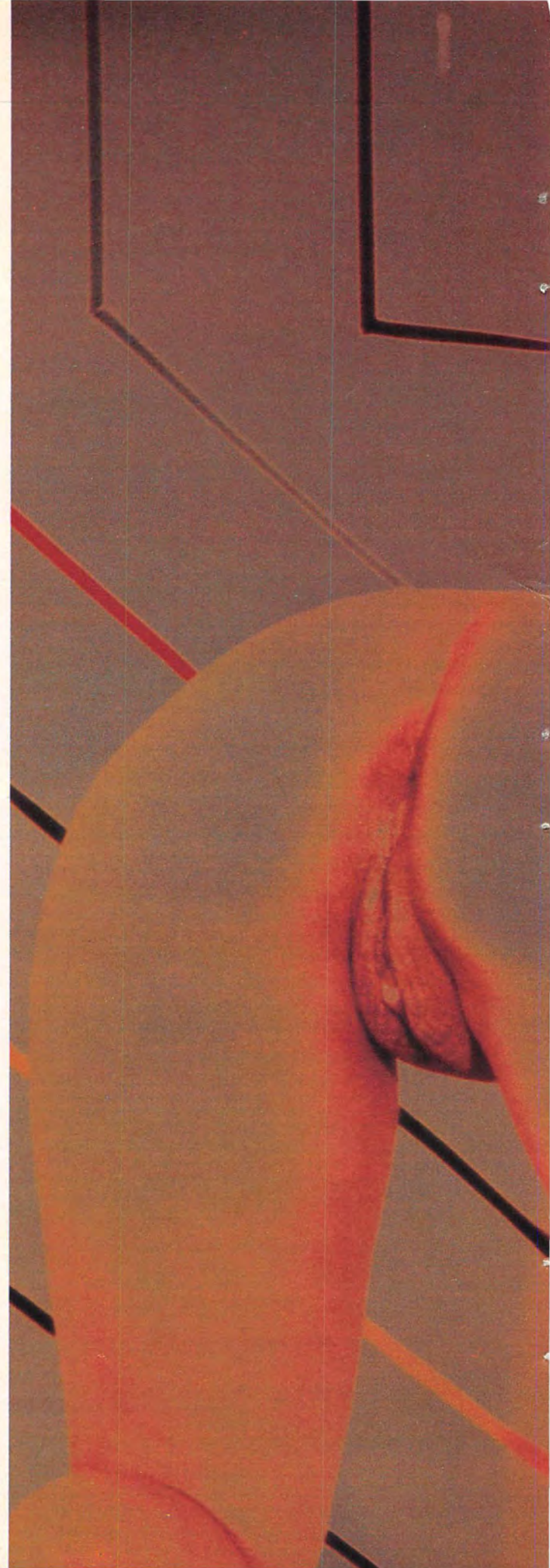
▲ Michael S. Kass, Jersey City, New Jersey ▼ Joseph J. Zaia, Staten Island, New York







▲▼ Orlando Ypez, Chicago, Illinois











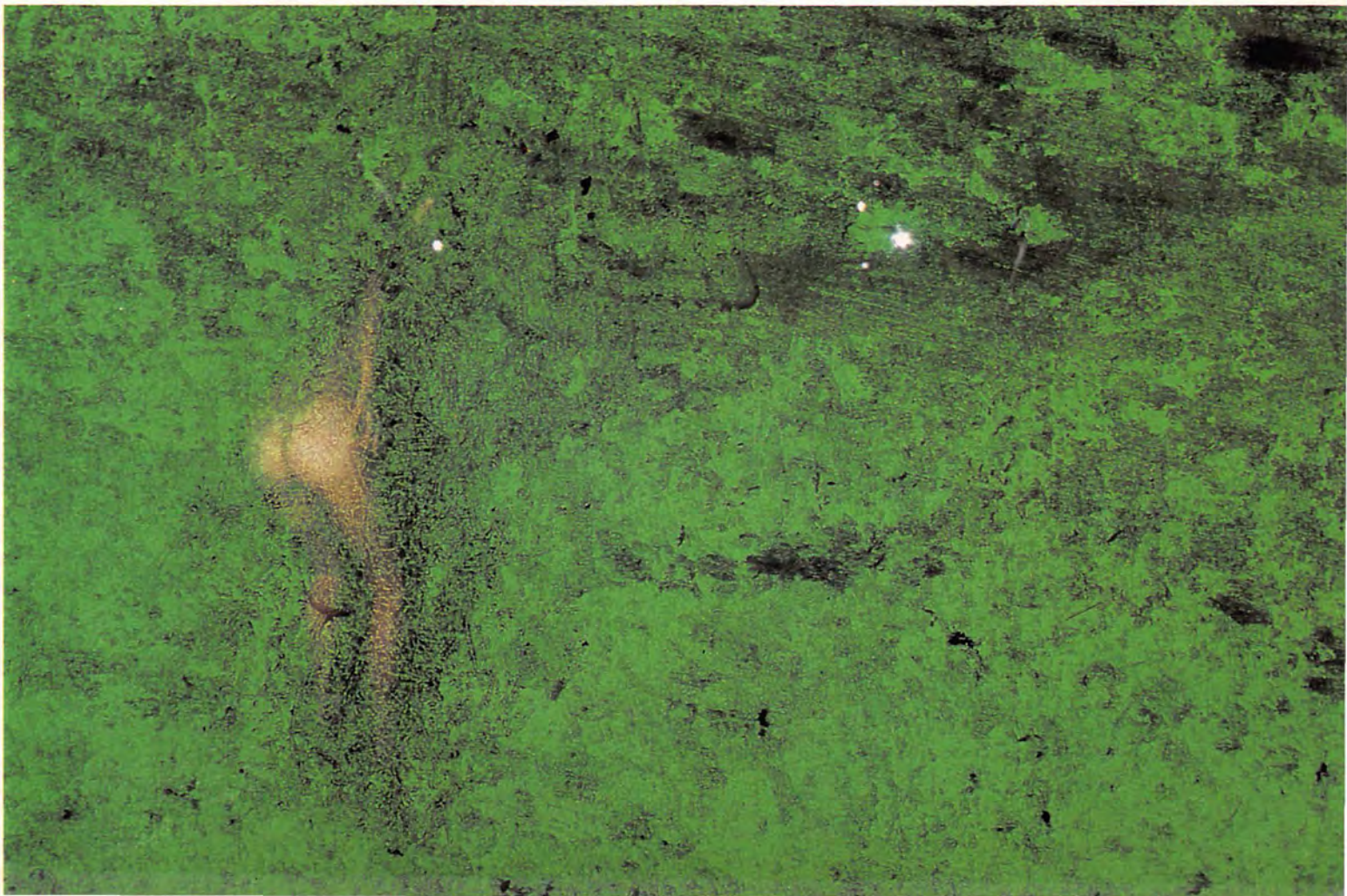
▲ Christopher Pinto, Albany, New York ▼ Lynn Hoffman, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



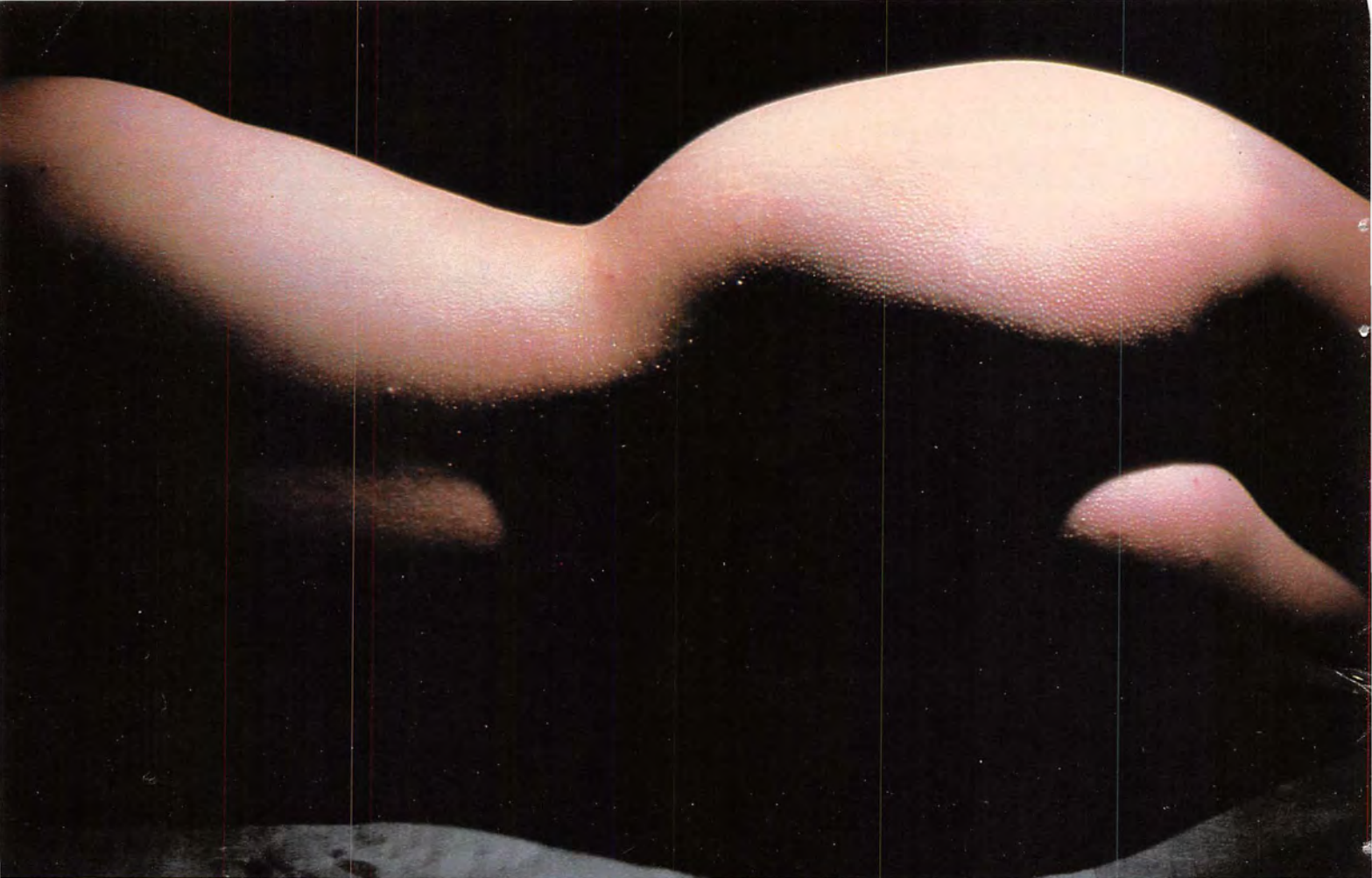




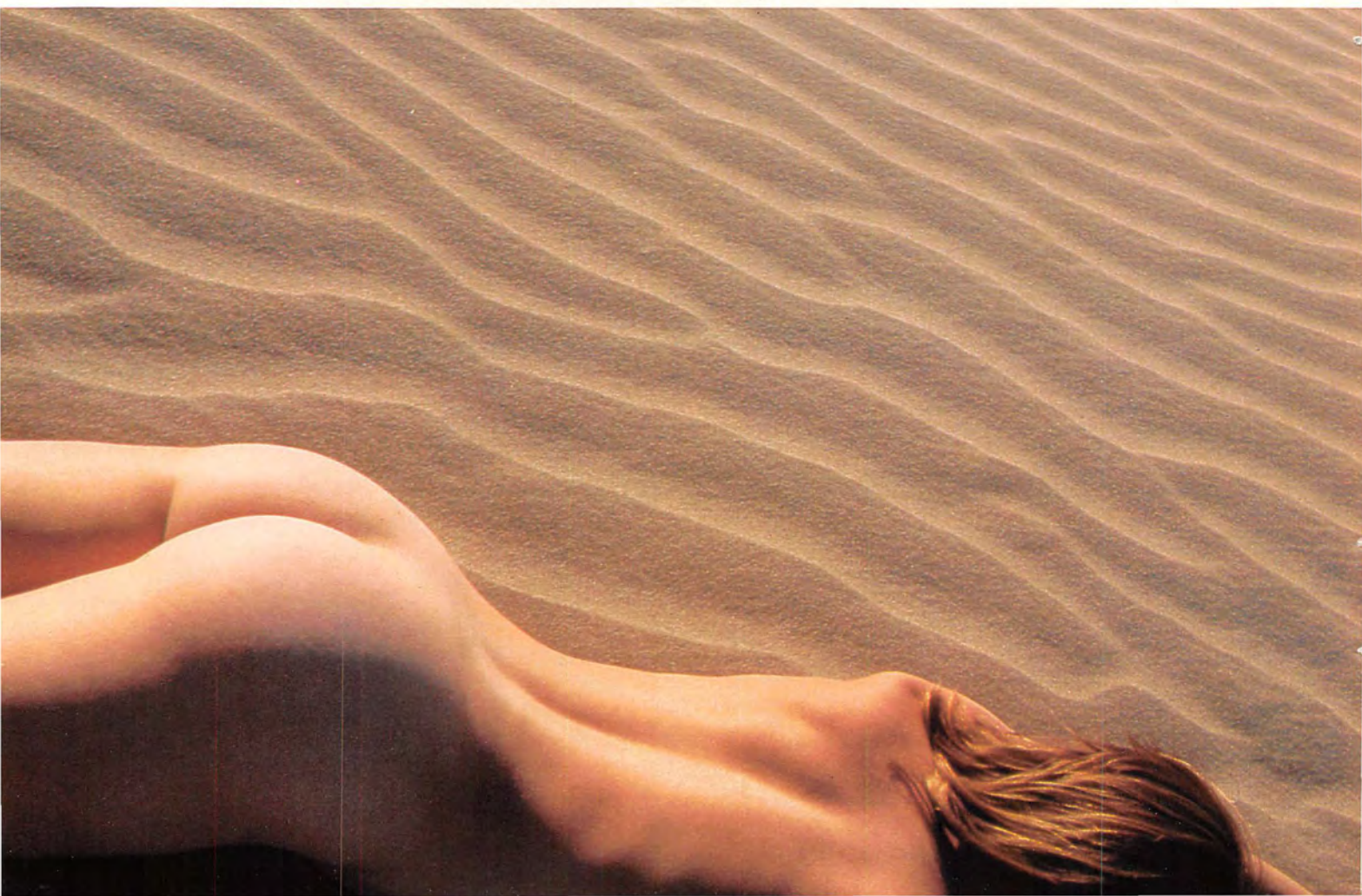
▲ S. Gyaneshwar, Santa Barbara, California ▼ Lynn Hoffman, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania







▲ Richard Lundgren, Sacramento, California ▼ Corky Quackenbush, Marina Del Ray, California









SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 1985.

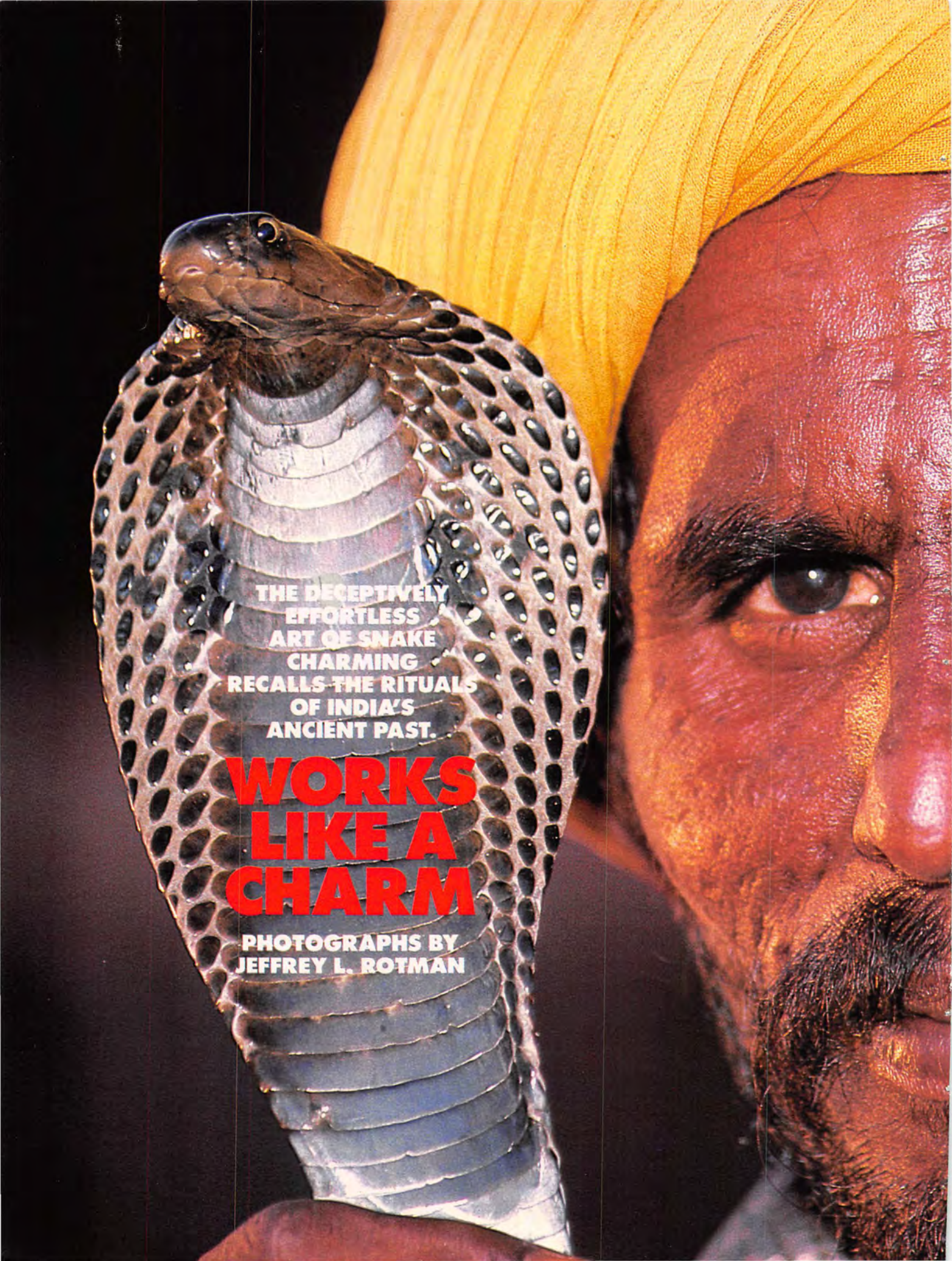




***The experience you seek. Kent.***







THE DECEPTIVELY  
EFFORTLESS  
ART OF SNAKE  
CHARMING  
RECALLS THE RITUALS  
OF INDIA'S  
ANCIENT PAST.

# WORKS LIKE A CHARM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
JEFFREY L. ROTMAN









**The art of snake charming still grasps a small audience today. However, as public interest wanes, new tricks are introduced to lure more spectators. Here, the vicious pairing of a mongoose and a cobra incites a fight that will ultimately be fatal for one of the creatures.**



Dawn comes slowly in the small town of Patia, India, southeast of Calcutta. The first sounds are the rusty wheels of a ricksha clanking through the streets as a local merchant peddles his fried sweets and lotus roots to the marketplace, where a flurry of activity has begun. Merchants sweep the dust from their straw mats and unfurl their goods, strategically displaying them with hopes of luring passersby. A mist enshrouds the rising sun, and within the veil of haze, the rest of Patia awakens.

Among the multitude of families preparing the morning tea and requisite honey cakes are some 200 families known as Kerhas, whose sole means of survival originates from a somewhat unconventional profession—charming snakes. Reports have estimated that more than a thousand snakes are collectively owned by the Kerhas, and although they do not worship a snake god, they claim to possess divine powers, which, when singing holy chants to the snakes, will hypnotize them.





The Kerhas are carrying on the 2,500-year-old tradition, which is rooted in the ancient Hindu cult of snake worship.

On a recent trip to India, photographer Jeffrey Rotman became intrigued by this ancient practice. Rotman explained to *Penthouse* that "snake charmers are members of a cult in which the son follows the tradition of his father. Secrets concerning the control and care of a reptile are handed down through the generations." Rotman contends that snake charming is

an art that "does not involve the use of magic." He adds that "those who use a reed flute to lure a reptile up from the coolness of a wicker basket must be extremely knowledgeable about the pattern and behavior of the snakes. . . . They are herpetologists," he continues. "They trek into the jungles to catch cobras, but in accordance with their religious and spiritual beliefs, keep the creatures captive for only a short period and then return them to the jungles."

Snake charmers—or fakirs,

as they are called in India—prefer to woo only cobras. The cobra is a visual crowd pleaser, with its dramatic, translucent hood. It has also been a religious icon for centuries and is considered the most sacred reptile by Hindus.

But once captured, just how does the fakir encourage the snake to rise from the depths of a reed basket and sway in time to the sound of a flute? "Snakes are deaf," says Rotman, "but when the top of the basket is lifted off and they are suddenly struck by sunlight,

they rear up in a defensive position. Then they follow the first movement they see, which is the fakir swaying back and forth. The fakir skillfully times the wailing of his flute with the movements of the snake, and to bystanders it appears as if the snake were charmed and keeping time with the music." Stopping the snake, says Rotman, is handled in much the same manner. "The snake charmer simply stops playing, and then he withdraws slowly. The cobra, sensing that the danger is past, settles back





down into the basket."

Despite all of the fakir's cunning and skill, snake charming can be an extremely dangerous profession. The "authentic" snake charmers handle cobras whose venom sacs are intact. But for all its obvious danger, the cobra is relatively slow. First, it selects a moving target, such as an arm or leg, then strikes, locks its jaws, and "literally chews the venom into the victim," Rotman says. Knowing this, the fakir never allows any part of his body to be exposed.

Perhaps it is man's primal curiosity that has fostered India's snake-charming trade. While observers often experience an unnerving chill while watching snakes, they still find in these reptiles a passion and obsession akin to horror-film viewing. Recalling a large gathering in New Delhi, where tourists and townsfolk alike became mesmerized by a turbaned snake charmer swaying in time with his cobra, Rotman says, "Man has an unexplained fascination of snakes. He is compelled to

watch them despite the eerie feeling. Maybe they evoke some kind of mythology."

For example, few moviegoers will ever forget the scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* where, in the Well of Souls, Harrison Ford and sultry Karen Allen—who is decked out in a backless party frock—are trapped with some 6,000 cobras, pythons, boa constrictors, and other snakes. The scene repulsed many squeamish viewers and, in fact, Steven Spielberg admitted that while directing the scene, "I spent

my time standing on an apple box with a torch in my hand."

But despite the fascination that snakes hold for mankind, Rotman fears that India's fakirs have a rather dim future. "Snake charming is in grave danger of disappearing," he told us. And from a Westerner's perspective, as we contemplate many of the eccentricities of Indian culture—ranging from holy men reclining on beds of nails, to throngs of people who flock to polluted rivers to purify their bodies—it seems a shame that the





archetypal ritual of snake charming should wane.

With the advent of modern technology forcing India to compete with the rest of the world, and with the inevitable cynicism toward traditions that comes with change, snake charming is now considered a dying profession. Even many committed fakirs are thinking twice about passing on this ancient art to their children. As Purna Chandra Das, a snake charmer in Patia, said recently: "Our children need good educations and must

earn what city people do when they grow up." Another fakir, Debendra, told a reporter: "Today there are just too many snake charmers, and tourists' interest is dwindling."

The decline of the fakir is a harbinger of India's new urban age. Last December, a restive swami who walked the Himalayas prophesied that India was entering an age of excessive materialism which would inevitably herald bad times.

Perhaps, after all, the charm is finally wearing off.—Lynn Kearcher

**The mongoose, the sole rival of the cobra, is a flesh-eating rodent whose lightning-fast speed often catches the snake off guard. Today, several of India's snake charmers use the mongoose to intimidate the cobra.**



do not betray his painful past. His family fully supports his efforts at recovery. His mother is a cashier, his father a truck driver. He is the second youngest of four children. His 18-year-old brother and 22-year-old sister also do drugs. The 12-year-old is clean, so far. They live in a modest, cozy, and well-kept one-family house in Rego Park, Queens. After David had taken all he could from his own household, he began stealing from other houses in the neighborhood and dealing to his friends. He explains, "Everybody who uses winds up dealing at least a little. It's the only way you can stay afloat."

Larry's and David's stories are not unusual. They are reminiscent of the stories told by heroin addicts who learned to steal to support their habits. These are tales not previously linked to cocaine use. In fact, the rapid spread of crack among the young may be due, in part, to the drug's long-standing image of being nonaddictive. But crack is different. Dr. Washton, who is also director of addiction research and treatment at Manhattan's Regent Hospital and Stony Lodge Hospital in Ossining, New York, has called it the most addictive drug yet known. The reasons for this are explained in the way that pure cocaine affects the body.

Cocaine affects the nervous system and the heart. Its active property, cocaine hydrochloride, stimulates the pleasure centers of the brain to release the body's natural narcotics in large doses. Hence the ego boost and the frequent coupling of cocaine and sex. Because crack is smoked, it goes from the lungs directly to the brain's basic reward center, which is that area stimulated by food, water, and sex. The consequent rush is comparable to a mental orgasm. The ensuing crash involves palpitations, irritability, severe depression, paranoia, and, in some cases, homicidal or suicidal tendencies.

This deadly combination of up and down is behind crack's highly addictive quality. For young female users, it frequently leads to prostitution. Maria's story is a case in point. Even now she speaks of her first try with a kind of confused reverence: "My friend Mark put the pipe to my lips. It was glass, like a water pipe with no water. He put a rock on the net and told me to suck soft and slow. A milky-white smoke started to swirl around in the pipe's belly. When it was full up with smoke, he said to take a hard hit and hold it in my lungs. I did and the rush swept through me like a wave. I couldn't hold all the smoke in so I put my mouth on Mark's to pass him the smoke. The next thing I knew I was the middle of a sandwich—two guys were fucking me. By the time I left there I was hemorrhaging and it was three days later."

Maria is 16. She brings two fingers

pensively to her heart-shaped lips. Her skin is café au lait, her agate eyes moist with tears. She is one of eight children from a strict Catholic home in the Bronx. She refers to herself as a "garbage head," which means she will do whatever drug is available to get high. But when she added crack she also added prostitution to her repertoire. Three months later she had been kicked out of school and home, lost 50 pounds, and slept with more strangers than she could count, just to keep high.

"Every time I'd come down, my heart would be trying to jump outta my mouth and I couldn't stop shaking. Sometimes I'd just break down sobbing or get myself into a fight. A couple of times I got the shit kicked out of me by some guy who was on a down slide himself. Then I discovered methadone. As soon as I'd start to come down, I'd take about 30 milligrams and that would mellow me out. Now I'm hooked on both."

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They take your money,  
then pass you the crack. If a  
good-looking girl  
comes to cop, they let her in,  
she has sex with them,  
and gets her crack for free.

---

How you get hooked, what hooks you, and how you undo it have been the subject of much debate for many years. Dr. Michael Smith, founder and director of Lincoln Hospital's Substance Abuse Division, Acupuncture Clinic, in the Bronx, explains, "In the past, addiction was defined in terms of the withdrawal syndrome. Heroin was considered extremely addictive because it caused terrible withdrawal symptoms, while cocaine was not considered addictive because even after prolonged use it has virtually no withdrawal symptoms. But in recent years that definition has expanded. Coffee and sugar, for example, have virtually no visible withdrawal symptoms, and yet we know they are addictive.

"Addiction can be defined in terms of the amount of effort an individual is willing to expend to use the drug again. In those terms, crack scores very high. We are seeing many patients who become habitual users within the first try, and two weeks later they're using \$100 a day."

The Bronx has always been out front when it comes to drug abuse. In fact, it was in the Bronx in December 1984 that

New York law-enforcement officials first began to encounter crack. Since then, the addicted population seeking treatment at Lincoln has altered radically. Weekly, about 40 young people seek treatment at the clinic, which pioneers in the use of acupuncture for detoxification. Typically, they have been using drugs for six to 12 months and have habits ranging from \$40 to \$100 a day. Their ages range from 17 to 41, with more than 50 percent under 25. Heroin addicts have shifted to crack, and methadone users have added crack.

"Crack is a drug that leads to multiple addictions," Dr. Smith explains. "The crash is so harsh that most users assuage it with another drug. Often they add some kind of tranquilizer, frequently heroin or methadone."

The growing connection between crack and methadone is certain to result in increased crime. Methadone, after all, was popularized as the antidote to street crime because it offers junkies an alternative. Methadone maintenance is the most expensive and far-reaching medical program ever financed by the federal government. Methadone blocks the heroin high, and it is relatively easy to wean a heroin addict on to methadone. The cure ultimately proved to be more addicting than the disease, but it did significantly reduce street crime. Addicts no longer needed to steal in order to support their habits. Crack threatens to reverse all that. A source close to New York Hospital's methadone maintenance program estimates that 50 percent of all maintenance patients currently in the program are now also using crack.

"Jays, bags, methadone—hey, baby, a dime will get you crack."

He's a 42-year-old misfit who hasn't worked a day in the last eight years. He stands in New York's newly renovated Union Square Park in the shadow of the statue of Lafayette, a gift from the French, a tribute to the American ideal of liberty. He has just picked up his daily dose of methadone from Beth Israel's methadone maintenance program, and he's trying to make a few bucks before returning to the hovel he calls home. He's not doing too well, so he heads across 14th Street into the Lower East Side, closer to the school kids, who are on lunch hour.

Across town in Chelsea—a gentrifying, trendy neighborhood that houses several public schools—teenage users deal to each other and passersby from their street-corner spots all along Eighth Avenue.

On New York's chic Upper West Side, dealers too young to send to jail deal to yuppie customers on 80th, 82nd, and 85th streets. Peter, a 30-year-old musician who lives in the neighborhood, remarks, "You can pick it up on your way past the fruit stands with no problem. I've never experienced a trickier, less satisfying high. The second it hits, you start coming back



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down. As soon as you heat the rock, it melts, so if you don't know exactly what you're doing you lose it before you start. In one weekend, I spent all my savings trying to get high. Finally I was standing on the street corner like a pitiful fool, asking this 15-year-old to front me a rock."

On 110th Street and Lexington Avenue, dealers for whom getting stoned is the only trip they will ever take stand in front of a travel agency selling to anyone they can snag.

Even farther uptown, in the shadow of the George Washington Bridge on Fort Washington Avenue from 140th Street to 165th Street, block after block is lined with cars from New Jersey making their crack pickup. In this neighborhood, dealing is so rampant that the police have started "Operation Clean Heights," a crackdown on crack. That's because many "crack houses" are located here.

Because crack can be produced in any kitchen, a proliferation of apartments known as crack houses serve as wholesalers to teenagers who buy for themselves and their friends. David describes the scene:

"Usually the whole block is a lookout. Teenage mothers with babies, kids on skateboards—you walk in and all eyes are on you. They frisk you to see if you're armed. They check you out two or three times before you actually get into the building. Inside the door is covered with steel, but there's a hole in it. You can say what you want and some hands painted white come out through the door. They take your money, then pass you the crack. If a good-looking girl comes to cop, they let her in, she has sex with them, and gets her crack for free."

Crack is riding high. It's making headlines on both coasts, employing the unemployable, creating a new generation of addicts, and spawning a new underground economy. By contrast, the forces lining up against it seem impotent.

In a working-class Queens neighborhood, there is one individual who is successfully waging war on crack. That's because he's been waging holy war for years. Father Coleman Costello is a six-foot-four, ruddy-faced Irish priest who has made the young his parish. He has been working the streets of Queens for the last 20 years. He is the founder and executive director of Outreach Project, which has served 25,000 young people on an outpatient basis since opening its doors in 1980. Two years ago he founded Outreach House, the residential-treatment division of Outreach Project.

Sitting in his windowless office surrounded by mementos, the father's deep-blue eyes reflect his courage but also his sadness. He leans his large boxer's body back in the chair and laments, "There's a flood of drugs coming into our country, and it's incredible that neither the Drug Enforcement Administration nor the FBI has even begun to stem the tide. Even

within our borders, prescriptions are not properly monitored, marijuana is the number-one crop in California, kids are inhaling white-out, designer drugs are being tailor-made for new and exotic highs, and right here in Queens, angel dust and crack are produced."

His full head of hair is completely white and contrasts with his youthful face. On his desk, a sign reads, ALL THAT IS NEEDED FOR EVIL TO TRIUMPH IS FOR GOOD MEN TO DO NOTHING.

"All I see is window dressing and denial. Here in New York State, statistics tell us that 1.5 million young people aged 12 to 25 are doing drugs. Yet we have only 40,000 residential-treatment slots in New York State. Let's say tomorrow we were able to identify 50,000 kids who want help. It would take 90 days before any of these kids could even get an interview. What kind of message is that? It's barbaric. Where is government? Where are our tax dollars?"

---

“I intend to stay clean,” a New York teenager said with a tremor in his voice. “But out there, if you don't mess with drugs, they call you a faggot.”

---

He points to a long-standing battle between law-enforcement personnel and the treatment community. Law enforcement wants to lock them up, treatment wants to change them. In our social climate, advocating treatment is seen as being soft on crime. Tax dollars, which weren't heavy to begin with, are being withdrawn.

New York State alone has seen a 40 percent cutback in the block grant for services to children. Father Costello explains, "In New York State, it costs \$36,000 a year to incarcerate an individual. You may have your doubts about treatment, but we've proven that incarceration doesn't cure an addict—it just separates him from his addiction for a while."

The father stresses that addictive behavior is encouraged in our society. It is, in fact, what advertising and mass marketing—those American contributions to culture—seek to accomplish. Brand loyalty, a customer guaranteed to return.

The cornerstone of treatment at the residential facility founded by Father Costello is something more elusive, more difficult to achieve—a sense of community, trust, and purpose. He explains,

"Drug abuse slows the development of normal coping mechanisms because drugs mask feelings and repress the need for that growth. Because this growth cannot happen in a vacuum, we only accept those youngsters whose families are willing to be a part of the treatment process. Because drug abuse afflicts a family, a society, not just an individual."

Both law-enforcement personnel and the treatment community agree that the real solution to the crack and drug-abuse problems is to decrease the demand. But in a society of easy outs and quick fixes, how is that to be accomplished?

In recent years, a new literature of addiction has emerged. In 1975, Stanton Peele examined the phenomenon of addiction in his seminal work, *Love and Addiction*. Peele noted that the addicting element is not so much in the substance but in the person who is addicted. He theorized that at the root of all addictive behavior is its compulsive quality—the feeling of panic associated with the possible absence of the substance.


That panic is born of feelings of inadequacy, emptiness, despair, and powerlessness, which the addict erroneously, usually unconsciously, assumes can be remedied by connecting with something or someone outside the self. That something then becomes the focus of the addict's life precisely because, no matter how damaging in reality, it provides the illusion of connectedness, of completeness, of a purpose beyond the self. Many young users say they "fell in love" with crack on the first try.

A group of teenagers at Outreach House sit over juice and tuna-fish sandwiches, discussing what they call "reentry," that moment when they will have to leave this large family and return to the world outside—home, school, the streets. They share feelings they never even acknowledged out there in the "cool world." They describe an atmosphere in which remaining drug-free is countercultural.

"I intend to stay clean," Larry says with a slight tremor in his voice. "But out there, if you don't mess with drugs, they call you a faggot."

For Larry and his companions, the struggle to remain drug-free will play itself out one day at a time. But with crack, one slip can be fatal.

At 10:20 A.M. on June 4, a trembling teenager walked into New York City's 23rd Precinct station house asking to be arrested. He said, "I killed my mother."

Sounding as if he couldn't believe it himself, he confessed to stabbing his mother many times in an argument that ensued when she caught him smoking crack. He stayed in the apartment with her body for two days before summoning the courage to turn himself in. His principal at the Mt. Pleasant Christian Academy on Manhattan's West Side was quoted as saying, "He's a good boy, it can't be." 





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Your dream of heaven is waiting. The  
only problem is, heaven  
may not be what they say it is. . . .

---

# SO YOU WANT A COED GIRLFRIEND?

BY BEN STEIN

**L**ife is hard. You go to school, get a job, work at boring, repetitive tasks while the sun shines outside, and no one appreciates you. Bills pile up from American Express, from MasterCard, from the plumber, from Mobil, from the electric company. Drunken rednecks crash into your car while you're at a stoplight. Rip-off mechanics steal your money and do not fix your automatic transmission. You buy stock and it goes down. Your friends become boring and petty. Your wife tells you one day that she wants to learn who she really is, so she's heading for Taos with all of your life savings. By the way, she's taking the delivery boy from the local grocery store with her. You wake up on the day before your 37th birthday, or your 29th birthday, or your 42nd birthday, and you see a stranger in the mirror. He's got graying hair and a big roll of something flabby under the waist, and little tendrils growing out of his ears, and he looks a lot

---

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH









like your father, only he's you.

A few facts start to penetrate through your skin and into your brain. You're getting old. Life is not the long day at the beach you had expected. It's intensely frustrating, and it's almost impossible to accomplish anything meaningful beyond getting through each day. The long, warm rays of the sun are beginning to fade and to cool.

Yet, as you think of these tragic realities, another thought comes to your mind. "If only . . . well, if possibly . . . those girls I see every morning at the local community college . . . the ones who look as if their skin is wrapped so tight it's about to explode through their T-shirts . . . the ones whose rear ends look like perfect apples in their Yes and their Guess? jeans. . . . If only I could have one of those girls to love. . . . No, it's not possible. . . . And yet, if I could have one . . . just one . . . to see her face on the pillow next to me, somehow life would be *redeemed*. Life would stop being meaningless. Youth would begin again. There would be a point to getting up every morning. There would be a reason why I'm alive and why I'm a man. . . . To have that youth, that edge, that dense skin, that glowing hair pressed against me . . . But, no, it's not possible.

"After all, they're young and I'm not. Their chests stick straight out. Their lives

are still long afternoons at the beach. What could I possibly have to offer them? And yet, and yet . . ."

Get ready, pal. Your dream of heaven is waiting there in front of the admin building, in the Dolfin shorts and the ten-ners and the T-shirt that says OZZIE OSBOURNE. Heaven is just dying to meet you and be your friend. The only problem is, heaven is not what it's cracked up to be . . . or so I hear.

To begin at the beginning, look at the world from the college girl's viewpoint. "The guys we go out with are pigs," one fabulously cute U.S.C. girl told me. "They're ratty little fraternity boys who think they're God's gift to women. Every one of them thinks it's really cool to drink a lot of Long Islanders and then throw up.

"Or else they take you out and tell you how much they love you, and they get you to, you know, like, do it with them, and then the next time you see the guy, he's drunk and he's standing at some party there, obliterated out of his mind, telling everyone who'll listen what an easy lay you are. Who needs that shit?"

"Or else," as another sorority sister said, "you go out with a guy, and he tells you how much he loves you, and you spend the night with him in his room, with his roommate snoring or jerking off in the next bed, and then the guy doesn't ever call you again. I hate those guys."

A student at U.C.L.A. put it another way: "The thing about college boys is that they're all so cheap. Their idea of a big time is to take you to a movie, and then buy you one drink, and then they think you owe it to them to have sex with them. And half the time they ask you for money for a pizza or something. And if you ever ask them if you can please do something besides go to see *Beverly Hills Cop* or watch 'Falcon Crest,' they get really angry at you and start telling you what a bitch you are."

Staci, a staggeringly beautiful 19-year-old model/actress with a deep Texas drawl, now making the rounds in Hollywood, had another complaint. "I meet these really good-looking young actors and male models," she said. "Guys who have done maybe one national print ad and had a small part in one TV spot for a pickup truck. And then they don't work for a year. They hang around all afternoon watching game shows or drinking at Gladstone's and telling everyone how cool they are, and the truth is that they're complete 'want-to-bes' and nobody would notice if they dropped off the earth. They don't have careers or money or anything. All they can do is boast."

So you see, the overwhelming impression that I get from talking to coeds and young women about men their own age is one of rage and revulsion at being taken for granted, screwed over, and treated like wallpaper. If you ever get in a room filled with coeds and get them talking about dating men their own age, the room actually starts to *vibrate* with a feeling of having been cheated and betrayed.

But if you start to ask the same women if any of them have ever had an affair with an older man, their moods change wildly. The grim feelings of having been taken advantage of shift to feelings of being appreciated, even of having the upper hand for once in life.

The U.S.C. student with the sweet face told me about her five-year affair with a man twice her age. As she spoke, her blue-green eyes shone. "I had had two boyfriends," she said. "One in high school, and one in junior college before I got to U.S.C. Each one of them was more of a jerk than the other. Then I met this lawyer on an airplane. He was 37 when I was 18. He changed my life. I never knew anyone could treat a woman as well as he treated me.

"He was really well educated, so every time he opened his mouth, I learned a lot. He told me about the war in Vietnam, which I had barely even heard of, and about Kennedy, and made me feel like I was a lot more educated just from talking to him. Plus, he was completely secure in his job. People called him up and begged him to represent them when they were going to jail. He wasn't just trying to make something happen. He had already made it happen.

"Plus, when you go out with a guy your age, if you have a problem—like if the





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True King Size	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
Camel Lights	8 mg.	0.7 mg.
Merit King Size	8 mg.	0.5 mg.
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police have towed away your car—he doesn't know what to do. My grown-up always knew who to call to get my car back and everything. If my parents were mad at me and wouldn't pay for me to go skiing at Mammoth, he would always pay. If I had to write a paper, he was always there to write it. There was no problem he couldn't solve."

"You know what I liked?" Staci asked. "My grown-up was really, you know, well *experienced*. Sex with guys who are 19 is like a lot of rolling around and hurrying and breathing, and then it's over before anything's got going. We call it the 'Horizontal Zulu War Bop.' But with an older guy, he's not in such a big rush, and he takes his time. And that's the best for me. That's what sex is supposed to be, not just doing it as fast as you can."

"That's the great thing about an older guy," my U.C.L.A. coed added. "You can be a little girl with him, and yet you can act, you know, *perform* like a woman, and they are so happy, and so *grateful*. I can feel like I'm really doing him a favor, and like I'm in charge, and I'm doing something nice for him, and that makes me feel really great. Like I'm important, and sexy, and someone loves me."

There are other motivations. "I love going into a fancy restaurant and knowing that my grown-up is going to spend \$50 on my dinner, and doesn't bat an eyelash at it," another U.S.C. student told

me. "When I think of the guys who wouldn't buy me a cheeseburger, and now my grown-up is buying me lobster, I love it. It makes me feel like I'm worth something."

"I really get off on going to a party in Beverly Hills with my grown-up, and seeing all those women with all their jewelry, and all I know is that I have the man they all want, and they're all furious," Staci added. "I feel like I'm getting back at all those mean bitches who think they're better than I am."

"Not only that," my U.C.L.A. student said, "but I feel as if I'm putting one over on my parents. I have this big part of my life that they don't know a thing about, and if they did know about it they'd lose their minds. I love having a secret."

"It makes me feel as if I'm in control of my life, and not my parents," Staci said.

And finally, there is the obvious. "Tommy T.," founder of the single most successful company in Silicon Valley, is 52. He once told me that when he met a young woman and she told him he reminded her of her father, he knew he was home free. He was not wrong. Every woman I ever talked to who was or had been involved with a much older man was carrying a major torch for a deceased, divorced, or emotionally absent daddy. This is not sick. As Freud would say, it is perfectly *natürlich*. All emotional experiences have much in common with the feelings of children for

parents. In the case of coeds who are interested in running their little fingers through your graying hair, the motivation is slightly more on the nose, but it is not different in kind from any other romantic motive.

To put all of this into a nutshell, the coeds are ready. What about you?

It all depends. It depends on whether you want the following scenarios played out in that Academy Award winner which is your one and only life:

1. You have just finished an act of exceptional closeness—perhaps reading the poetry of Randall Jarrell—with your little Traci. To complete the mood, you go to the old stereo and take out your favorite album, *Another Side of Bob Dylan*. The sounds of "Chimes of Freedom" come billowing out of your speakers and through your house. Traci pulls at her Gamma Nu sweatshirt in excitement.

"Oh," she says. "Oh. Bob Dylan. Wow."

"Isn't he the greatest?" you ask, beaming with excitement.

"I love Bob Dillinger," Traci coos.

"Bob Dylan."

"Well, whatever. My grandpa used to listen to him all the time. In the home. The nursing home. Before he died."

2. You're sitting at a little deuce at Morton's in Beverly Hills. It's great. It's romantic, and Doug the waiter has just brought you a Scotch and water, and now he's waiting to take Marie's order. "I'd like a Long Island Iced Tea," she says sweetly, with a little giggle.

"I'm sorry," the waiter says. "Are you old enough for that?"

He discreetly avoids looking at you.

"Oh, all right," Marie says. "I'll have one of those big fizzy things like my dad always buys me."

Doug coughs discreetly. "You mean a Shirley Temple, without alcohol?"

"Right," Marie says, fidgeting happily in her seat. "Like Daddy buys me."

3. Your little Michelle is taking ballet classes. You're all set to take her to dinner afterward at La Scala. It's going to be great, with the red-leather banquettes and the pasta. You arrive to pick up little Michelle, only she's in back changing from her Danskins into her clothes.

"I'm here to pick up Michelle," you tell the ballet mistress at the studio.

"Who are you?"

"I'm her friend."

"Does she know you?"

"Of course she knows me."

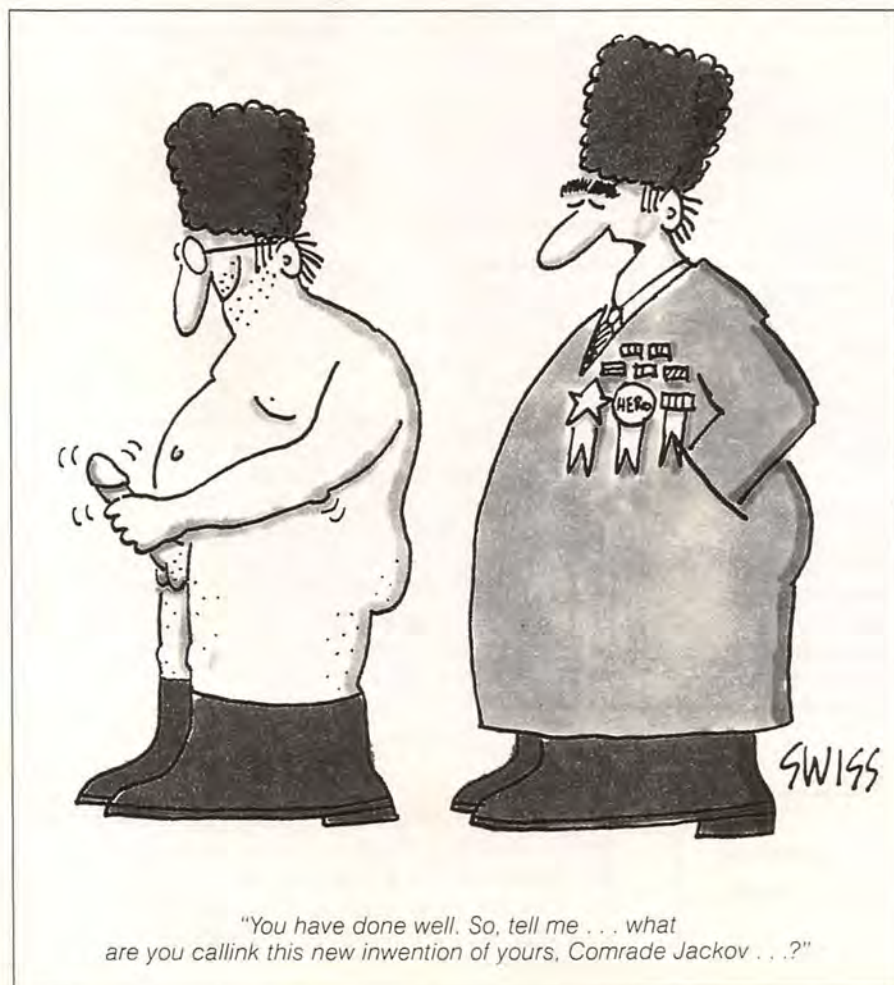
"Are you a friend of the family?"

"Not exactly. I'm a friend of Michelle herself."

You see the woman's hand edge ever so slightly toward the alarm buzzer on her desk, when suddenly Michelle appears looking pert and lovely in a full skirt and a T-shirt that says FRANKIE SAYS BE COOL.

"Oh, hi," Michelle gushes. "I see you met my father's business partner."

The dance teacher looks at you piercingly. "Well, why didn't he just say that?"







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Later, in the car, Michelle smiles and says, "Well, I had to say something."

4. You're in a quiet ski lodge in Mammoth Lakes, watching the snow fall on the High Sierras. You and Debbie are drinking brandy in front of the fireplace. It has been a tender afternoon.

"May I ask you something?" you ask. "How many others have there been?"

"How many what?" Debbie asks sweetly.

"How many, you know, guys you've been to bed with?"

"Been to bed with?"

"Well, you know. Had sex with."

"Oh. You call that 'going to bed' with a guy? That's really funny, because you know you can go to bed with a guy and nothing happens, and then you can just like be in a hallway at a fraternity, out of your mind on dope, and all kinds of things can happen." Giggle, giggle.

"Right. Well, how many other guys have there been before me?"

"Almost none. I'm really, really almost a prude with myself. Really. The other girls at Gamma Nu can hardly believe how straight I am."

"Really?" you ask. "Really?" This is what you've been living for. This is practically pristine territory. "Really?" This is great.

"Well, let's see," Debbie says. "There was Ron, who was my first. That was when I was in Girl Scout camp when I was 14, and he was really, really nice, almost like an older brother to me."

"I see."

"And then there was Timmy, when I was 15. He was so nice. He was a construction worker building my mom's carport, and he was really, really a sweet guy, even though Mom hated him because he had all these tattoos all over him. Then there was Brad, who everybody thought was a totally bad man, just because he was in this biker gang. That was when I was 15 and a half. Then there were these two brothers, Skip and Todd, who worked at Hamburger Empire with me, and they were twins and they were both so cute, and a lot of times, things would be really, really slow on the shift we worked on, you know, and we had to do something. That was between my junior and senior year of high school in Encino. And then there was Jeff, who was so good-looking, and he was on the football team and everything, and all the other girls were so jealous. And then there was Scott, who had the band, and I used to ride all around the Valley with him in his van, and that was great. And then there were those two guys, I can't remember their names, who I picked up in my car when they were hitchhiking one time when I was driving to Palm Springs, and they stayed with me in my motel. . . ."

Debbie hasn't even gotten past high school in her autobiography yet, and now she's a senior in college.

"So," she says, a half hour later, "you can see why a lot of girls think I'm really a prude."

5. It's been a hard day at the shop, and you're walking little Jackie home from the movies to her sorority house. It's a lovely fall night, and you can smell the crisp leaves. But you're tired from work and a long movie and you're breathing just a tiny bit hard.

"Are you all right?" Jackie asks.

"Yes, just tired."

"Shortness of breath? Any pains in the chest? Any tingling feeling in your arm?"

You laugh and say, "Jackie, I'm just a little tired. I'm not having a heart attack."

"Are you sure?" Jackie asks. "I know exactly what to do if you are."

"You know CPR?"

"Absolutely."

"Did you learn that in camp, or what?"

"I learned it here at Gamma Nu," little Jackie says. "When I told my roommate I was going out with you, she told me I'd better learn CPR. Just in case. I was happy to do it for you."

6. It's Christmas. Shoppers are buying

---

“I have this big part  
of my life that my parents  
don't know about,”  
said a U.C.L.A. coed. “If  
they did know,  
they'd lose their minds. I love  
having a secret.”

---

stuffed animals and going on trips to grandmother's house. At the Gamma Nu house, it's time for the Christmas formal. Adorable little Barbara wants to ask you a question. "Who do you think I should ask to the Christmas dance?"

"Well, you could always ask me," you say hopefully.

"Come on. Be serious," Barbara says. "It's really a drag. I don't have anyone to go out with at all. Nobody."

"Well, what about me?"

This time, Barbara just gives you a look. Then she says, "I could go out with Casey, but he's sort of got a sexual problem, if you know what I mean."

"Well, what does that matter? It's only a dance. I mean you aren't going to have sex with him, are you? What about us?"

"Come on. It's the big Christmas dance. You know how that is."

You don't say any more, because you don't even *want* to know how that is.

7. You take little Beth for a ride out to the suburbs to your old neighborhood. To your shock, there is a Blastfurther Palace right on the spot where you and your pals used to play basketball. You go in for a Blastdog and a Diet Rocketade, and

there, behind the counter, are two young boys, covered with pimples, surreptitiously puffing on a joint between serving up Intercontinental Ballistic Burgers. Beth walks in with you, holding your arm, and then she freezes.

"My Gawd," she says. "My Gawd."

"What?" you ask. "What is it?"

"That's Lyle. The really good-looking one on the right. He was the first guy I ever dated."

You look at Lyle. If you could see past the zits, he might look almost normal. You look at Beth. She's blushing every shade of red there could ever be. Even on the day when you took her to Ma Maison, she didn't look half as excited as she does here at the Blastfurther Palace looking at Lyle. Your little Beth, who takes up every moment of your waking dreams, approaches the counter in trembling small steps. She puts those precious tiny hands on the stainless steel and says, "Lyle, it's Beth. Remember me? From the playground? After geometry class?" She blushes even more deeply scarlet.


Lyle looks at her unsteadily. "I don't know," he says. He looks slyly over at you. "Jeez," he adds in a whisper. "Don't embarrass me like that in front of your Dad."

Outside, you look at the shreds of grass and the few remaining feet of dirt where you spent so many afternoons throwing the basketball through a hoop. In one small corner behind the Blastfurther parking lot, you spot a two-by-four stake you and your pals pounded into the ground to mark your sinking 27 free throws in a row. It's still there, and though it's just a piece of wood to everyone else, it's a lifeline to eternity for you, a memorial to the past, still there to tell you you were there once.

You explain about the stake, and you add, "That must have been the last time I played here. The summer after I got out of the Navy. That was in 1967."

Beth takes your hand reassuringly. "That was the year before I was born," she says. "That was when F.D.R. was assassinated, right?"

"Right."

They're out there, walking to and from class in their Maui & Sons T-shirts, with their rear ends wrapped up in their Guess? jeans so tight you think they'll get an embolism. They're out there, waiting to make you feel as if you're ready for the nursing home, ready for Retirement Shores, ready for a quadruple bypass, waiting for the last roundup. In your dreams, they will make you young and hip and immortal. In real life, they will make you confused, feeble, weak, and above all, old. I have talked to many a man who has turned his dreams into reality with coeds. To a man jack of them, they will take the dreams. You can learn from them without having to go to Humiliation U. The coeds are ready for you. You're never going to be ready for them. 

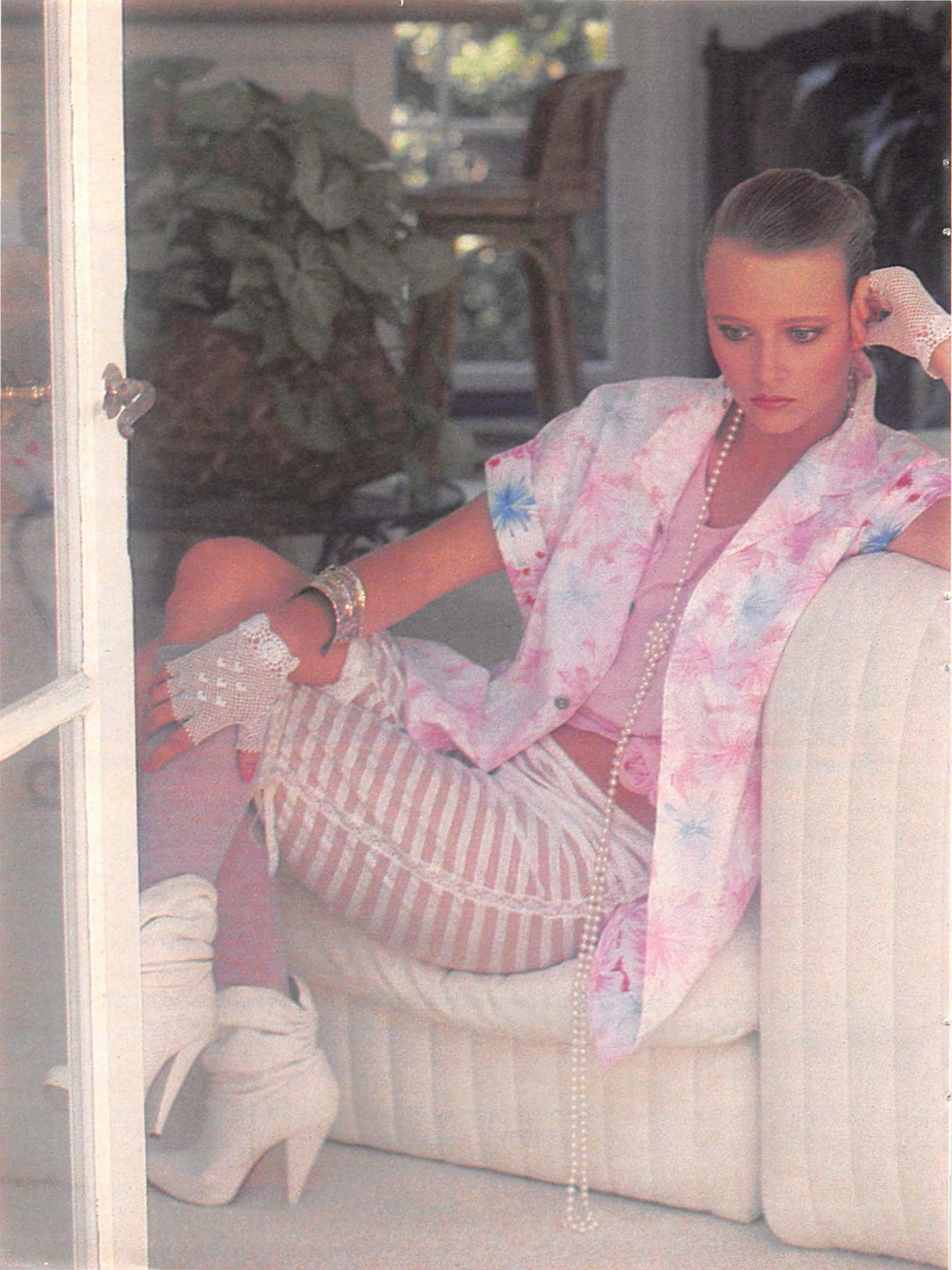




# JANNA

“I’m a creature of the night. Warm, breezy nights and starlight are what turn me on. Some nights, when I’m all by myself, I can almost feel the moon’s sway.”









# BREEZY

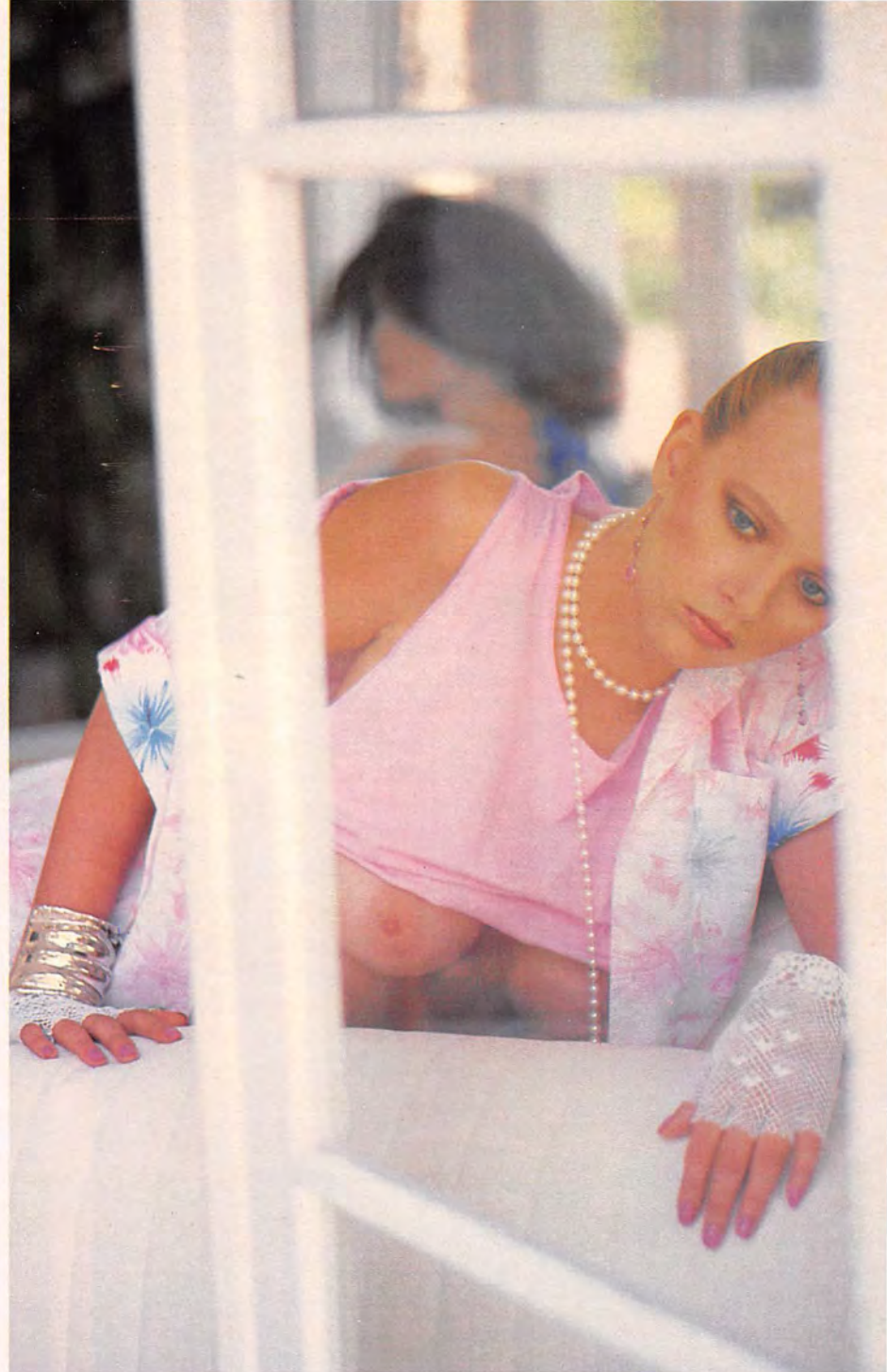
Nineteen-year-old Pet Janna Adams is a lady whose charms seem to glow with the shifting light of her moods. At one moment, she is as sunny and as open as the Pacific sky; at another, as wild and haunting as the sea beneath it; at others, as brash in her allure as the Hollywood night. It is that allure that is her special domain. "I'm a creature of the night. Warm, breezy nights and starlight are what turn me on."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

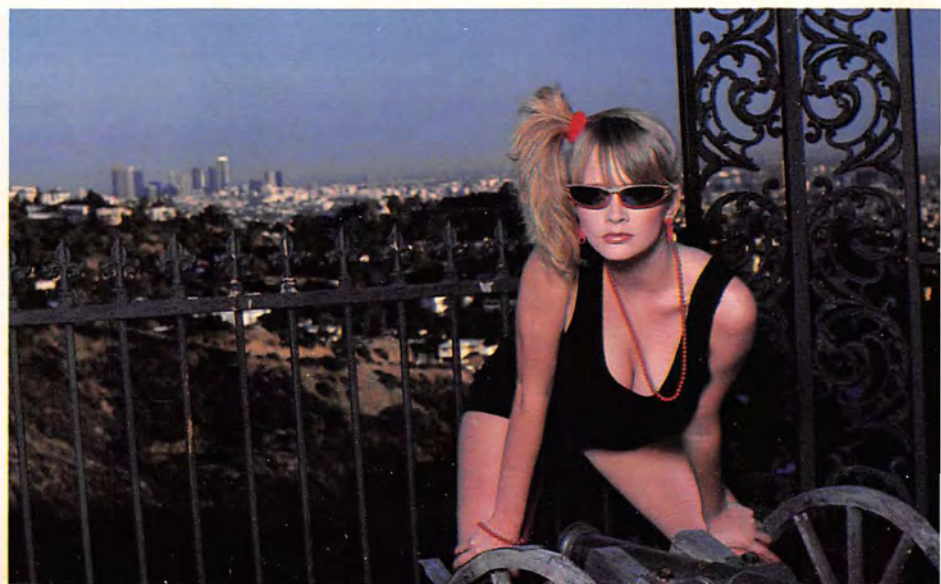








"Some nights, when I'm all by myself, I can almost feel the moon's sway. That's when my inhibitions vanish. In fact, my boyfriend, Steve, knows that a moonlit beach is the place to bring me when he's feeling really horny and adventurous. Sometimes we even excite the sea gulls."







Considering Janna's mesmerizing looks and her 39-24-36 figure, it is not at all surprising that she has decided to follow a career in Hollywood. "The movies," she says dreamily, "are a fantasy world, and I can't think of a lovelier way to spend my time than living and working in a fantasy world."

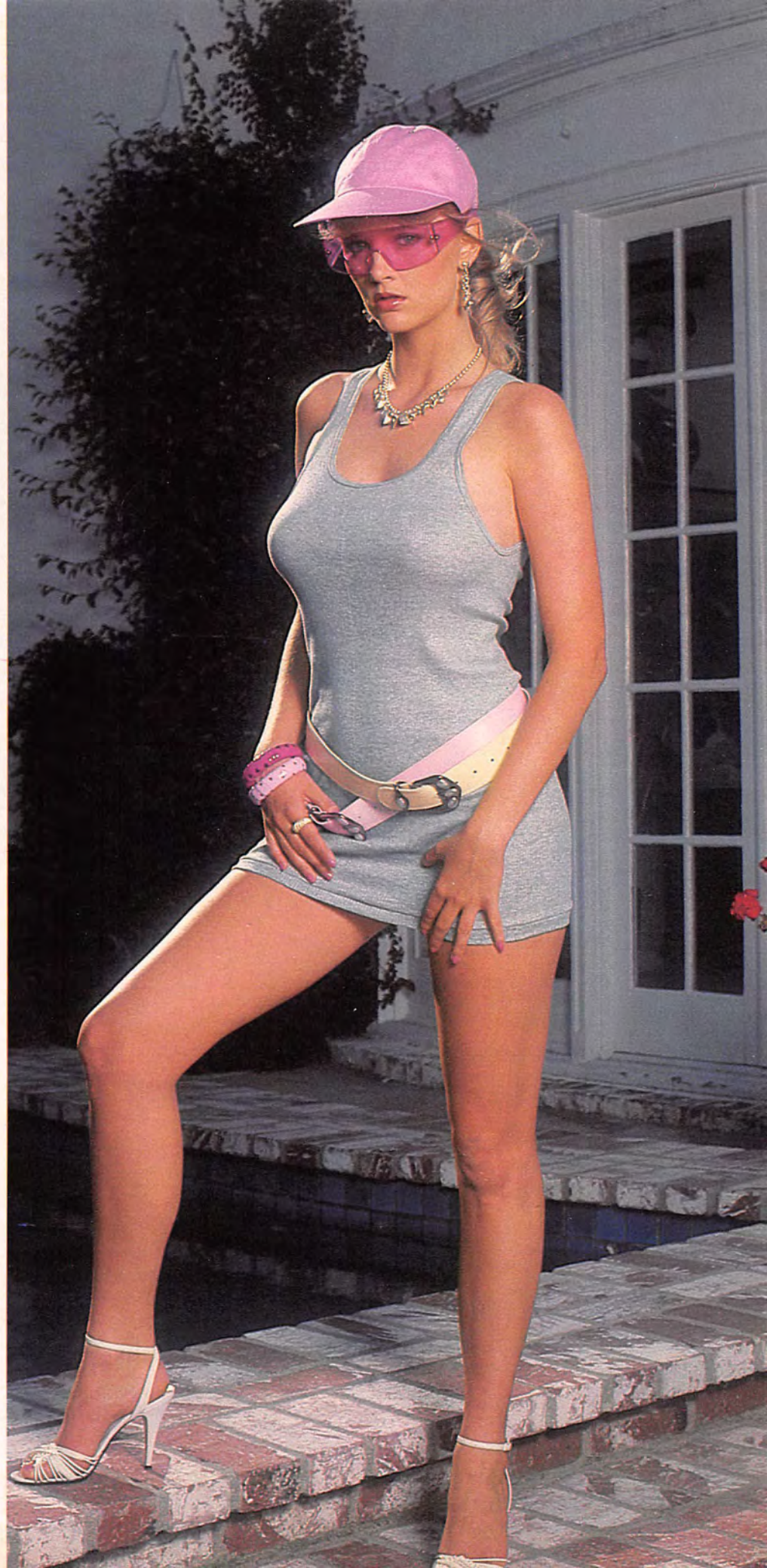
















"When there's no-body around, I tend to shed my clothes, little by little. I love the breeze down my back and between my legs."



















And when  
Janna  
reclines,  
feeling the  
breeze  
tousle her  
lace and soft  
tawny curls,  
the night  
itself seems  
to sigh.







MISS JANNA ADAMS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







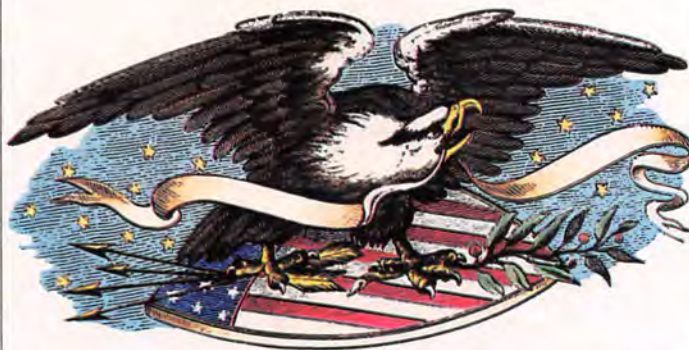
“If we're not willing to pay  
for a coherent national veterans policy, so be it.  
But let's stop pretending that  
what we are doing constitutes such a policy.”

# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Next month's elections, which will determine the membership of the 100th Congress when it convenes for business in January 1987, are vitally important to America's 27-million-plus veterans. In the 435 House and 34 Senate races, we have been somewhat dismayed by the lack of attention to veterans issues. To be sure, each of the candidates has mouthed an obligatory “for” when mentions of veterans creep into their campaign rhetoric, usually when patriotic memories are invoked. This is standard political fare, and we find nothing offensive in remembering the sacrifices of our veterans on commemorative occasions such as Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. This, however, is no substitute for an effective national veterans policy, and it contributes to the confusion about veterans issues.

There is no way that the lack of a coherent national veterans policy can be addressed in the current campaign. The reasons are several, but most important is the fact that with notably few exceptions, most members of Congress wouldn't recognize a coherent national veterans policy if they were hit over the head with it. The current patchwork approach to veterans issues is somewhat akin to that of the Defense Department and its purchase of weapons systems: Defense buys its weapons systems first and then looks around for a strategy under which they might eventually be employed.

This kind of cockeyed reasoning produces, in the case of veterans issues, a budgetary roller-coaster ride that makes a solution to this agreed-upon problem almost impossible to achieve. Long-



standing members of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, such as its chairman, G. V. “Sonny” Montgomery (D-Mississippi), and the ranking minority member, John P. Hammerschmidt (R-Arkansas), do in fact have the experience and expertise to devise a coherent national veterans policy. However, these men—and a slender roster of others in both the House and the Senate—simply cannot muster the votes of their colleagues and the support of the Reagan administration for such a policy.

The situation calls for a systematic evaluation of all veterans programs in order to determine which ones should be expanded, modified, or dropped completely. This is not a simple task, but it can be done. Once done, it should be priced out to determine its cost. If that cost is deemed too excessive politically, it should be frankly acknowledged and the evaluation process should begin again, until we find the optimum mix of programs at an acceptable cost. If we as a nation are not willing to pay for what it takes to keep faith with our veterans in pursuit of a coherent, rational, national veterans policy, so be it! But let's stop pretending that what we are doing constitutes anything close to such a policy.

Since March of this year, the Veterans Administration, in order to comply with the Balanced Budget and Emergency Deficit Control Act of 1985—otherwise known as the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill—has ordered reductions in many of its benefit programs. These include burial, plot, and headstone or marker allowances; automobile allowance; subsistence allowance payable to disabled veterans undergoing vocational rehabilitation; educational assistance payable under the Dependents' Educational Assistance Program; training allowances payable to eligible children undergoing special restorative training; and educational and tutorial assistance payable under the Vietnam-era GI Bill.

Most Americans are unaware that these benefit reductions were ordered by the VA. However, the widows and children of the Marines killed in Beirut, and those of the soldiers who died upon their return from U.N. “peacekeeping” duty in the Sinai in a cut-rate air-charter flight, know only too well what these reductions mean—as does a disabled veteran undergoing vocational rehabilitation and facing no less than a 13.1 percent reduction in his subsistence allowance.

This kind of nonsense can and must be stopped. Promises made to veterans by the government through the actions of its elected representatives must be kept. We are a nation of laws, and the men who are elected and those appointed must be required to carry out these laws. Failure to do so strikes at the very credibility of our government, and in the case of veterans, at their belief and support of their government in times of need. It is in our national interest to keep faith with the veterans who have answered their country's call to arms. We cannot afford the behavior of current VA Administrator Thomas K. Turnage, who, according to official correspondence between him and the chairman of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, acknowledges that the law—which President Reagan signed—requires the President to “submit a budget to the Congress sufficient for the Administrator to operate at least 90,000 beds” in VA hospitals. But, according to the Disabled American Veterans, Turnage believes that part of the law is probably unconstitutional and the President need not comply. So, faced with a choice between a duly enacted law and an untested constitutional question, Turnage has opted for the administration's position, which arbitrarily rejects the current statute and the intent of Congress.

We believe it may be time for the Senate to withdraw its advice and consent for a VA administrator who sets himself above the law. No public official, appointed or elected, can be allowed to abuse the public trust and those he is, by law, expected to serve.—William R. Corson





Photo/Herbert Migdoll  
Monitor picture The Joffrey Ballet  
in John Cranko's "The Taming of the Shrew."

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●I'd like to grant women the freedom of sexual fantasy along with other rights. We should be allowed our own turn-ons without being told what is "correct."●

## ADVISE & DISSENT

### OPINION

BY ELLEN HAWKES

The author, a freelance writer who has taught women's studies at Stanford and Boston universities, has recently published *Feminism on Trial: The Ginny Foat Case and the Future of the Women's Movement* (Morrow). She is now writing *What Women Want*, an oral history of contemporary women's lives.

## FEMINIST SELF- DESTRUCTION

For a moment, indulge me in a sixties-style paranoid fantasy. What would be the best way to sabotage the women's movement? Here's my scenario: Invent the antipornography crusade, enlist feminists in the cause, then sit back and watch the movement self-destruct.

As farfetched as that seems, in fact, the debate over pornography has so divided feminists and dissipated our energies that I sometimes wonder if agents provocateurs have infiltrated our circles and succeeded in disrupting our ranks, deflecting us from what used to be our common goals. Mention pornography now, and we feminists are at each other's throats.

Ironically, it didn't take right-wing antifeminists to do this. It's one of the consequences of groups, such as Women Against Pornography, who have made pornography their primary and obsessional cause. All other issues are secondary to them, and arguments over pornography and censorship are so intense and personally vituperative for them that even before Meese's lustbusters had their chance to undermine civil liberties, these sisters themselves had come a long way toward suppressing free speech and thought. Of course, I'm worried about the draconian measures that might be legislated as a result of the Meese Commission's report, but I'm equally concerned about the divisive hysteria that surrounds this issue when feminists discuss it. By contrast, there seems to be an atmosphere of calm reasonableness (despite the outlandish claims of Meese's minions) when, for example, Bob Guccione and American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Barry Lynn take on the opposition. At least in front of the cameras, both sides assume that civil liberties can be discussed in civil tones.

Not so among us feminists, I'm afraid. Our debates are invariably heated and overwrought, often degenerating into shouting matches and personal attacks. Many of our meetings—whatever the other feminist issues on the agenda—founder on the rocks of pornography and censorship. At colleges where Andrea Dworkin or Catharine MacKinnon present their "Model Antipornography Law" (which would make pornography a violation of women's civil rights), I've heard one young woman called a "traitor to her sex" and another accused of "identifying with the oppressor," all because they dared to worry aloud about censorship. Another student said she feared losing her "right" to enjoy pornography (she called it "erotica," in deference to the current feminist, but nevertheless blurry, distinction) and was roundly booed when she bravely conceded that she sometimes "got off" on *Penthouse*. I'm also told that when an undergraduate at a large university back-ordered an issue of this magazine for a specific article, she felt compelled to ask for it in a "plain brown wrapper" so that "any woman who saw my mail" wouldn't



berate her for betraying the cause.

Colleges haven't always lived up to our visions of them as bastions of free speech and unrestricted inquiry. How ironic, though, that in this case the ideal is tarnished not by administrators or vested interests, but by feminists who feel it's permissible to shout or intimidate young women into submission, all in the name of their cause. At a time when the women's movement needs to reach out to the younger generation, some feminists are using the "bonds" of sisterhood to stifle dissent from what they insist is the "correct" feminist line on pornography.

We feminists used to hold dear one fundamental principle: respect for another woman's point of view. But that seems to have vanished with the pornography debate. Even at the 1985 and 1986 national conventions of NOW, any discussion of the question became emotional and divisive, largely because Andrea Dworkin and/or her troops arrived with ultimatums for the delegates: Support our antipornography legislation as national NOW policy or you're not the feminists you claim to be. But too many members of NOW have been afraid of the proposal's potential problems, and it has not been passed. The NOW national board has promised to study the issue further, but in 1985 this wasn't good enough for Dworkin, and I heard her rail against NOW for its failure to see that "we are living at the beginning of a holocaust against women." The analogy was clear and sickening—we feminists who hold different views about pornography and worry about censorship and the First Amendment are as guilty of murder as those who closed their eyes to Nazi death camps. Charming rhetoric indeed. Then Dworkin proceeds, with racking sobs, to her litany of crimes against women supposedly caused by pornography (rape, spousal abuse, physical assault, bondage, violence, coercion, and child molestation—to name just a few of the felonies she thinks could be eliminated by banning pornography), and I find her language as offensive as the most scurrilous smut. Not only does she rant and rave against men in general—they "use women as so much dead meat"—but she also implies that we who don't agree with her are complicit in these crimes. So much for unity and "sisterhood."

Why all this sound and fury? My hunch is that the intensity of the feminist debate over pornography goes deeper than the issue itself: At the heart of it is the basic question of how we, as women, choose to see ourselves.

Beneath the rhetoric of feminist antipornography statements, as well as behind Dworkin's argument in her book *Pornography, Men Possessing Women* (the title itself should be a tip-off), is an insistence on the "woman as victim" mentality. There are real victims of social and economic constraints, of violence and abuse, but this ideology of victimi-

zation assumes that women have no identities except those imposed by male stereotypes, that we are victims because we are as delicate and as easily manipulated as passive, helpless children. Thus, if we are depicted as x, we become x; in antipornography arguments, women are demeaned by pornography because they are depicted as "whores." This logic derives from the word's etymological roots—*porno* and *graphy*, meaning "writing about whores." Dworkin *et al.* then expand the literal definition of pornography to include "the graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women" or "presentation" of them as "sexual objects," either as "enjoying pain, humiliation or rape" or "in postures or positions of sexual submission, servility or display."

With this definition, what's left out? Nothing really, because at bottom the argument assumes that only men are doing the looking, that men see or read pornography and automatically think "whore," and that their sexual fantasies immediately turn to violence. Ignoring all the studies that find no provable connection between pornography and violent crimes, Dworkin continues to argue that because men view women as whores in pornography, we, as women, are degraded. To listen to her, no woman can catch a glimpse of *Penthouse* without feeling insulted or demeaned. Demeaned from what? The virgin? The perfect woman? You have to buy into the madonna-whore stereotype to view explicit female sexuality as degradation. Not surprisingly, Phyllis Schlafly, who's been taking feminists to task for subverting true womanhood, spouts the same line: Pornography "has an enormous effect on sexual crimes and the way men view women."

*The way men view women*—that's what counts most in antipornographers' statements, be they feminists or conservatives. Despite the fact that we in the women's movement insist that what matters is how we view ourselves, Dworkin is almost exclusively concerned with men: Women are demeaned or subjugated if pornography involves men, either as participants or as viewers or readers. Just the implied presence of an aroused penis signals enslavement and domination in her mind, as if pornography would be acceptable to her if only women had access to it. Of course, some lesbian pornography is heavily laced with S & M and bondage, but presumably that's okay, because women, unlike men, won't be stimulated to commit rape, spousal abuse, or child molestation. Still, most women I know don't feel tainted or subjugated if *Penthouse* is flashed before them, despite its largely male readership. We may not like some things we see in these pages, we may be bored by others, but if truth be told, we get turned on by some of it, too. Yet who is to say which is what to whom, and why?

Ignoring the fact that censorship always depends on who has the power to say what is offensive to whom, feminist

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157



## IN SUPPORT OF FREEDOM

I hope to be one of the first to compliment you on the two fine articles in the July 1986 issue about the Meese pornography commission ["Ed Meese Gives Bad Commission," by Philip Nobile and Eric Nadler, and "A 20th-Century Inquisition," by Alan M. Dershowitz]. These articles made it very clear as to how low most of the members of this commission will go to see that their Sunday-school books replace our law books in the near future.

My best wishes to you in your legal fights against the antipornography elements. If this antiporn mentality is allowed to dominate, the level of sexual repression, socially and legally, could get as bad in our country as it is now in Iran and Russia.—Allen Eckert, Mason, Tex.

Concerning Alan Dershowitz's column, "Justice," in the July 1986 issue, I would like to ask one question: Who has the right to define the meaning of morality?

I am 21 years old, and when I was in school, I was taught that this country was built on a dream of freedom. Now what I would like to learn is, whose freedom is being dreamt about? I always thought it was everyone's.

There is an X-rated movie house in my hometown which I have never been to. The theater owners have the freedom to show these films and people have the freedom to buy a ticket or the freedom to pass it by.

The Constitution of these United States was written as a guideline to protect our freedoms, and was only to be changed with the progression of the country, not the regression of narrow-minded fools!

Let's put Bob Guccione on the Supreme Court!—John Haracopos, Old Bridge, N.J.

For several years I have been an irregular newsstand buyer of your magazine, and have always found it to be enlightening and more than a little exciting. But long-term commitment has never been my strong suit—until the recent actions of our commendable U.S. attorney general. He is the reason why, with his "pornography-busting" schemes, I have just subscribed to *Penthouse* magazine. I certainly hope this makes him happy.—Ross Williams, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Enclosed is my contribution in support of a fund bringing a class-action suit against the U.S. government, the Meese Commission, Henry Hudson, Alan Sears, Jerry Falwell, the so-called Liberty Foundation, the Moral Majority, Reverend Wildmon, the National Federation for Decency, and everyone who subscribes to the above-named entities or promotion of a "cause" obstructing my freedom of choice and therefore my freedom of speech. In a litigious society, maybe this

is the way to curb their collusive exercise against me. I see this as quite possibly a recourse to squelch repressionism and moral turpitude at its hypocritical roots.

It is acceptable to me that these people believe in God and all his power. What is untenable to me is their application of His example as a role model for abusive power in the name of decency.—D. Doc Johnson, Oxnard, Calif.

The Editors reply:

*The above letter is typical of many people's response to the recent wave of censorship and repression by a minority of individuals who wish to impose their views on all of us. Rather than sending a contribution to us, we urge concerned citizens to support the Americans for Constitutional Freedom, an organization deserving of support by those who are opposed to censorship. Its goal is to see that all Americans retain the right to see, to read, and to think without government*

6

The Constitution  
was written  
to protect our freedoms.  
... Let's put  
Bob Guccione on the  
Supreme Court!

9

*interference. All Americans deserve these rights which, until recently, they could realistically assume they would enjoy.*

*We are happy to find that there are so many of you who still believe in these basic constitutional liberties, and we hope that you will join in sending your tax-deductible contributions to the Americans for Constitutional Freedom, c/o Gray and Company, 3255 Gray Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.*

I want to thank you for a spectacular issue for the month of July 1986. Normally I'd be writing to thank you for the pictorials, but your articles on the Meese Commission are well worth my praise. I hope people will start to realize the seriousness of this issue and start to stand up for our rights.

I am currently serving in the Army, stationed in Germany. It burns me up when I come across somebody who believes Ed Meese is right, or just plain doesn't want to get involved. My purpose in the Army is to protect our Constitution and its amendments, so I'm going to do everything I can to keep my right to buy your magazine my own decision, not a

decision to be made for me.

I'm going to buy a *Penthouse* T-shirt so I can publicly wear it and show that I care about protecting the First Amendment.

Please don't make any changes to your already perfect magazine.—Alan J. Giebler, A.P.O., N.Y.

I'm a Vietnam veteran and am very disturbed by the censorship investigations. The only publication that informs the Viet vet of what's going on in words he can understand has been deemed "pornographic," and through government yeas and nays, will be pushed farther back into the shelves, right next to the Vietnam veteran himself. It seems kind of ironic that we should become neighbors. I thought I had fought for the right to read what I want, when I want.

Well, Mr. Guccione, I give you and your staff the right to read what I have written. It may not mean a lot to the bigwigs in Washington, but to me it means my freedom and the freedom of the men and women who have fought to keep their rights.—Lee A. Simmons, Riverside, Calif.

What has happened to the land of the free? Not even the Constitution is safe anymore. Several of your articles in the July issue explain how a disturbing group of politicians and their ilk are trying to get around the rights of the people and edit what we read and watch. No matter what these un-American people do or say, we will always have a source through which we can purchase literature that is appealing to us. But we must stop these ludicrous attempts at reforming our rights, before the faces we see on every television station are the same as those seen in your censorship advertisements.—David White, San Diego, Calif.

Dear Bob Guccione:

I saw you on "This Week With David Brinkley," where the issue was pornography. In regard to your appearance on that show, I agree with you 100 percent.

In my opinion, it's a free country, and if I want to read *Penthouse* or watch an X-rated movie, I should be able to. I don't care what Jerry Falwell or anyone else says on this matter. I do not understand how he can assume responsibility for everything that people read, watch, and think. I for one refuse to put the honorable title of reverend in front of his name; he is no more of a reverend than I am! If all ministers were like him, this world would be in worse shape than it already is!

I feel that all accusations of pornography causing people to commit sexual crimes are not true. It takes an already warped mind to commit an act of violence, not a picture of a nude woman or a pornographic film. I don't know where Jerry Falwell gets his information, but it contradicts everything that I have ever read on the subject. Does he just make it up as he goes along? It seems that way.—R. A. Heringer, Arcadia, Nebr. O—





# CONNIE AND ANGELA





S lender arms curve and lithe legs rise: a pastel movement in the soft afternoon light. The moment slows. At day's end, the piano turns from Chopin's major keys to the lilting minors of the sonata. Dancers disperse and drift apart. But for Connie and Angela, the dance has just begun: a private pas de deux to the chords of their mounting passion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER









As they  
grow closer,  
they sense  
what is to  
come. That  
which is  
inside them  
propels them  
forward.



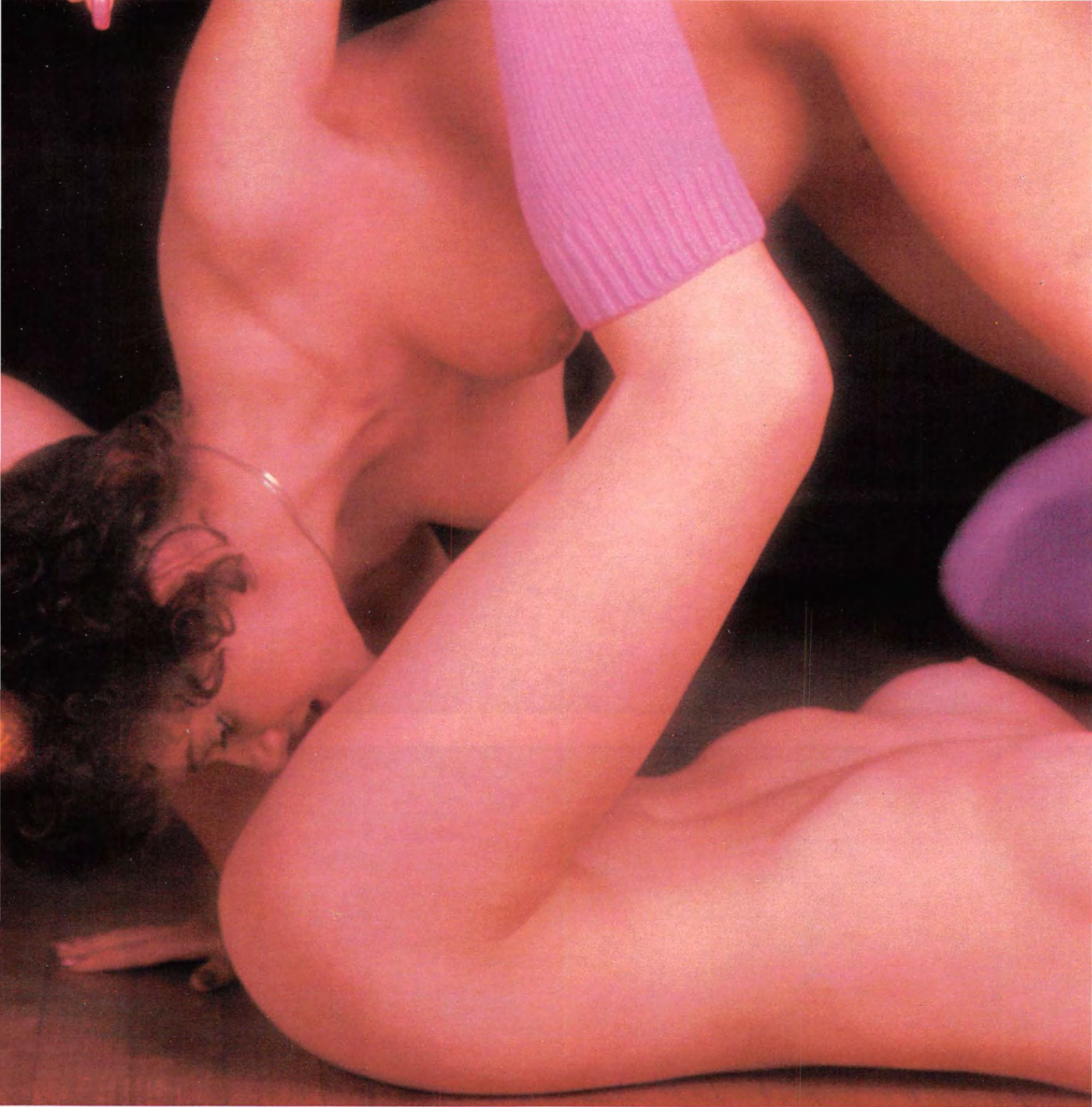






Their own  
sweet scents  
inspire  
them. They  
know that there  
is no ballet  
so sensuous  
as that human  
need which  
unfolds between  
them.





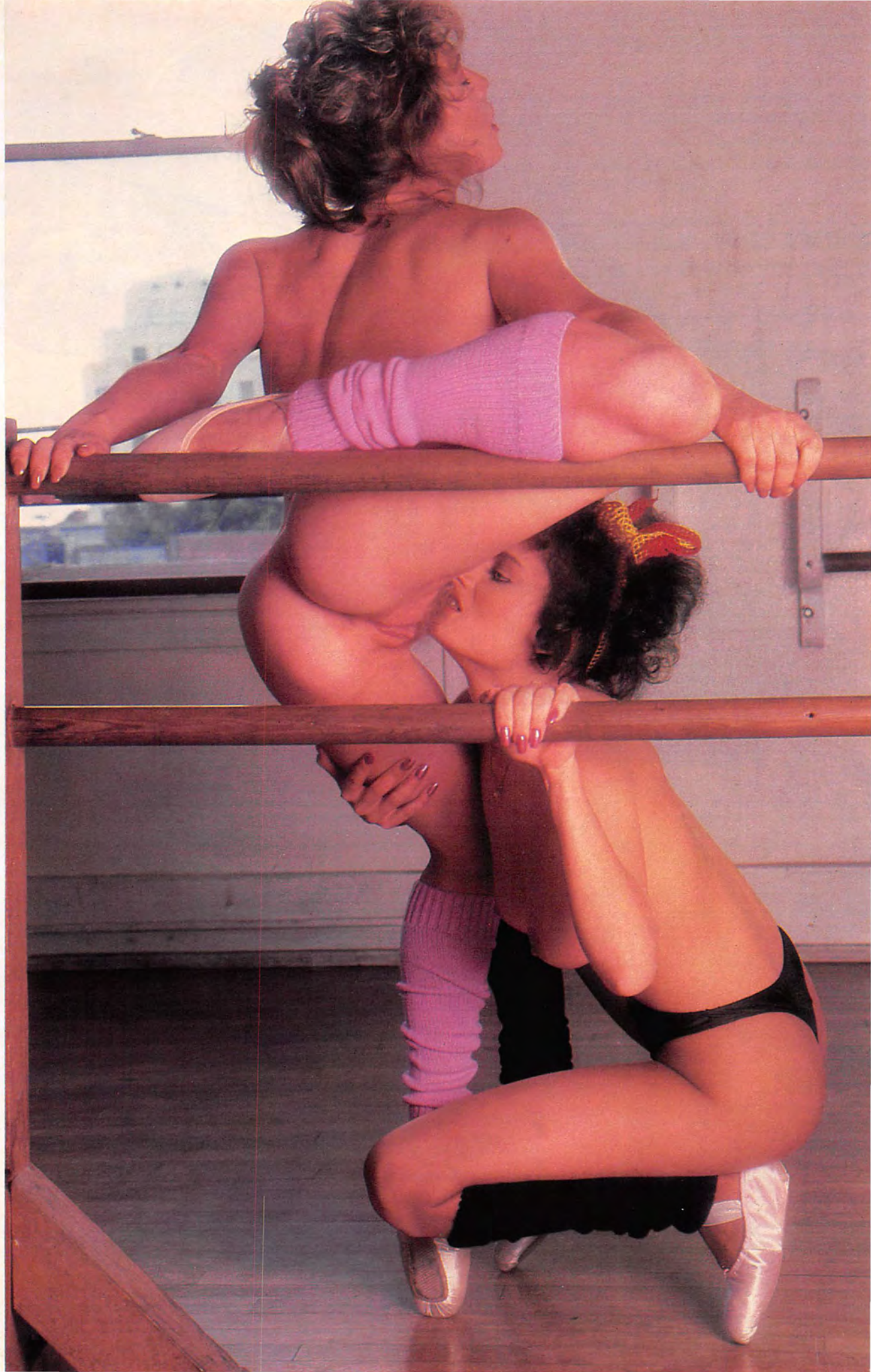






The dance,  
begun gently  
and with  
love, surges  
toward its  
climax.  
Silence is  
broken and a  
symphony  
of wild sighs  
fills the night.

○ 









THE PENTHOUSE

# 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1986-87



BY LARRY LINDERMAN

Something's happened to my loyal readers. I personally blame it on things like U.S.A. for Africa, Band Aid, Farm Aid, and Hands Across America, but for whatever reason, the mail I received this year wasn't hardly vile at all. As a matter of fact, it was positively uplifting. I think it's safe to say that my readers (fans they're not) form one of the few groups in America currently not on crack. I commend you on your sanity, if not on your spelling.

Before we get to this year's list of losers, I want



to endorse a suggestion made to me by a number of readers and listeners to radio call-in shows I appeared on last fall: Since many of the 20 worst schools are among the nation's 20 best academic institutions, why not reward the two schools that graduate the highest number of football players with a bowl game of their own? I think it's a good idea. A manufacturer of computers might well want to sponsor such a game. IBM would be fine, but personally, I'd like to see an Apple Bowl. If played last year, the University of Virginia, which graduated 92 percent of its football players, would have met either Notre Dame or Penn State, the only other Division 1-A colleges to graduate 75 percent or more of their football players.

We might want to take this one step further. Now that discount airlines have made long-distance travel affordable, why not form a national conference that would include universities like Northwestern, Vanderbilt, Wake Forest, Rice, Oregon State, and Kansas State? The six schools I've just named usually spend each autumn getting their *cojones* crushed by conference rivals, many of whom never met a college-entrance requirement that couldn't be lowered.

The concept of forming a conference of superlosers isn't as naive as it sounds. "I think it's a *great* idea," says Roger Stanton, editor/publisher of *Football News*. "Why should certain schools always wind up with 2-9 records and serve as cannon fodder for the Michigans and Nebraskas of college football? We should think seriously about realigning some of these conferences. Just because they got started 100 years ago doesn't make them valid today."

Joseph DelPopolo, editor/publisher of *GamePlan* magazine, also thinks a conference of losers is a winner of an idea. "Six years ago, I proposed the creation of just such a conference," says DelPopolo. "I wanted to name it after the universal comment one hears at losing football schools—the 'Aw Shit' Conference."

DelPopolo further suggests that the new conference should hold an annual bowl game at Shelbyville, Indiana. The reason to hold it there, he says, is because of a cheer made famous down through the decades by generations of local pom-pom girls. The cheer:

*Shelbyville, Shelbyville, you are It!*

*S-H for Shelbyville!*

*I-T for It!*

On to this year's roster of the rotten:

#### 1. COLUMBIA

Since 1956, Columbia University's football team has compiled an overall record of 47 wins, 162 losses, and five ties, thereby making the Lions the nation's worst football team over the last 30 years. In '85, hoping to finally get on a winning track, Columbia hired Cleveland Browns' director of research and development, Jim Garrett, as head coach. Boy, was that a mistake. A loser in his own right, Garrett

was not exactly gracious in defeat. After the team's 49-17 opening-game loss to Harvard, Garrett told punter Peter Murphy he'd never hold on to a job if his performance in the workplace matched his play on the football field. Murphy immediately quit the team. En route to an 0-10 record, Garrett accused his players of being "drug-addicted losers." He later qualified that by saying he meant the guys were addicted to a losing tradition, not drugs. Right. Garrett is now history, and the program he leaves behind him is a shambles. Columbia hasn't won a game since 1983, and has a good shot at getting shut out for a third straight season. New coach Larry McElreavy takes over a team that has no discernible strengths. "We're very young and very inexperienced at virtually every position," he says. The graduation of talented tosser Henry Santos, voted the team's outstanding player of '85, leaves Columbia without a passable quarterback. Even with San-

6

The University of  
Texas at El Paso is the NCAA's  
Bermuda Triangle—head  
coaches who go out there  
disappear and are  
never heard from again.

,

tos, who completed 53 percent of his aerial attempts, the Lions scored a pitiful 75 points for the entire season. Santos's top targets, Mark Milam and Jim Greene, have also graduated, as have three starters on the offensive line. Fullback John Chirico, who tallied the Lions' only two rushing touchdowns last year, returns to lead a running attack (if that's the word for it) that averaged less than 80 yards a game last fall. Columbia's defense, meanwhile, gave up better than 33 points a game in '85. With nary a supersoph in sight (Columbia's freshmen finished 2-2-1 in '85), the Lions are a mortal lock to once again wind up as the Ivy League's cellar dwellers.

#### 2. KANSAS STATE

Just when it seemed as if Kansas State football had become permanently putrid, the Wildcats went and hired themselves the kind of head coach that some men call a leader and others call a megalomaniac. His name is Stan Parrish and he comes to K.S.U. direct from Marshall University, where, in two years, he led the Thundering Herd to a 13-8-1 record. Even though Kansas State was 1-10 last sea-

son, Parrish is talking tough. "I didn't come here to rebuild this program. I came here to win," he says. "I came here to win *this fall*." Lotsa luck, Stan. Last season's Wildcats scored nine points a game and gave up an average of 27. Although Parrish loses just three offensive starters, one of them, Gerald Alphin, the team's leading receiver, personally accounted for 524 yards of K.S.U.'s pathetic season total of 1,274 passing yards. Parrish plans to install a pro-style passing game, and that's fine. But Parrish doesn't have a pro-style passer, and that's not so fine. The Wildcats also don't have a defense—last year's numbers would have been far worse if opposing Big Eight coaches hadn't rested their regulars during the fourth quarter of games. Check it out: In '85, K.S.U. was beaten by Colorado, 30-0; by Oklahoma State, 35-3; by Kansas, 38-7; by Oklahoma, 41-6; and by Nebraska, 41-3. Parrish says, "I'll never use the word *rebuild*—you'll never hear it here." That's good, Stan. How about the word *disaster*? Ever use that one?

#### 3. U.T.E.P.

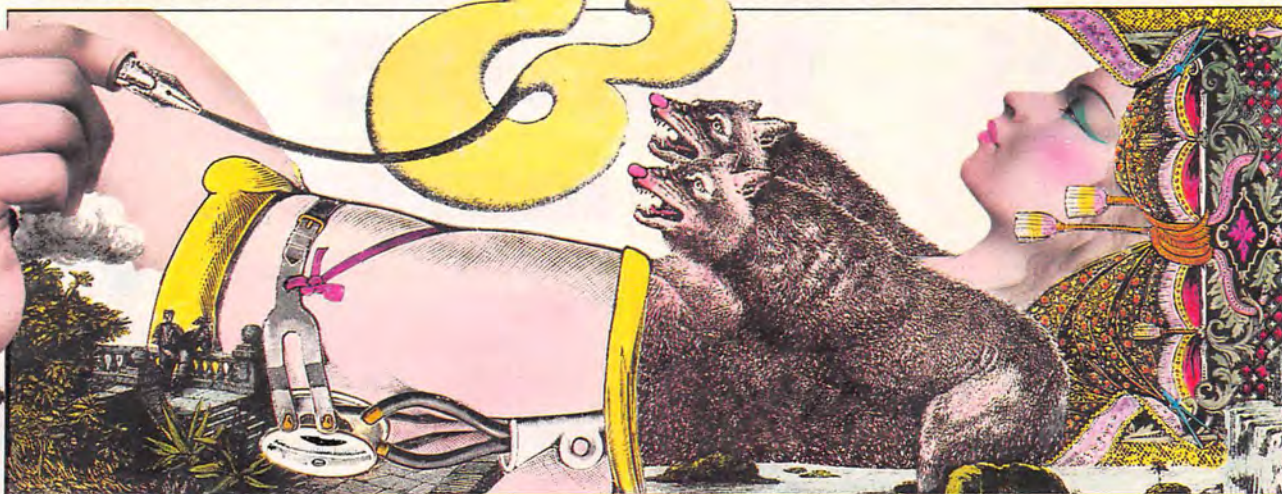
The University of Texas at El Paso is the NCAA's own Bermuda Triangle—head coaches who go out there disappear and are never heard from again. In the last 14 years—during which U.T.E.P.'s football teams have won 21 games and lost 132—El Paso has swallowed up six head coaches. After a four-year nightmare during which his teams went 7-39, Bill Yung has been replaced by Bob Stull, who last autumn led the University of Massachusetts to a winning season. If he can do the same for U.T.E.P., grateful Texans should chip in and get this man started in the oil business. Don't count on drilling any wells just yet, Bob. Last year's Miners won only once, a stunning 23-16 upset of Brigham Young, which arrived at El Paso asleep and didn't wake up until the return flight home. Care to place a bet on the carnage that'll take place when U.T.E.P. visits Provo, Utah, for a rematch on October 25? Stull plans to feature a wide-open passing attack, but the jury's still out on quarterback Sammy Garza. Even though Garza completed 60 percent of his passes last year, he threw for only six touchdowns and was intercepted 12 times. This season he'll be running for his life behind an offensive line that returns only three lettermen. The *really* bad news is the Miners' sinkhole of a defense, which gave up 46 touchdowns and 5,215 yards in '85.

#### 4. NORTHWESTERN

After five awful years at Northwestern, where his teams compiled an overall 10-45 record, Wildcat Coach Dennis Green has skedaddled to San Francisco, where he's now coaching the 49ers' receivers. Northwestern Athletic Director Doug Single says that Green helped make Northwestern "a competitive factor in the Big 10." What is that man *smoking*? Last fall,



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## WRETCHED EXCESSES

**A** Scranton, Pennsylvania, woman stabbed her husband five times with a steak knife after he refused to interrupt his viewing of a football game to go out and buy a pizza. (From Dominic Jacobs, State College, Pa.)



**A** candidate for a city council post in Minneapolis was arrested on charges that he tried to buy votes from senior citizens by bribing them with Twinkies and Kool-Aid.

## "E" FOR EFFORT DEPT.

A Pittsburgh man, on trial for the attempted brutal murder of his wife, tried to refute testimony that he had been throwing rocks at her head as she was screaming and drowning in a river. "I was trying to drive her back to shore," he claimed.

## REEFER MADNESS

A Philadelphia woman who describes herself as a psychic was awarded \$1 million by a jury in a malpractice case. The woman sued a hospital, claiming that a CAT scan given her had destroyed her powers.

## BAD KARMA

**A** new study says that a cross section of all Americans ranked sex sixth in a list compiling all of their favorite things.

**S**cientists studying fossils say that everyone may be a descendant of a female ancestor who lived in Africa 200,000 years ago.



**T**he employee newsletter of American Airlines suggested that workers who find any screws, nuts, bolts, or

fasteners lying loose on an aircraft floor should bag them and give them to maintenance crews.

## GRAVY TRAIN

Authorities tracking down the user of a fraudulent American Express card discovered that it had been taken out in the name of a man's cat. The cat's owner claimed he could not be held responsible for the cat's running up \$80,000 in airline and cruise-ship tickets.



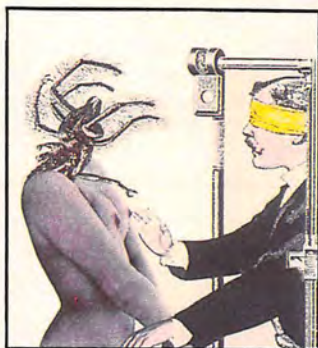


# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

## I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS

Police in Glendale, California, shot and killed a man they thought was pointing a pistol.

It turned out that the man was testing a remote television tuner.



## CHEAP LAUGHS

Homeowners who live near President Reagan's ranch complain that high-powered radio transmissions from Air Force One confuse their remote-control garage-door openers, causing the doors to jam shut.

## GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

In a speech, Vice-President Bush referred to Muammar

Qaddafi as "an insipid monster."



## MILESTONES

Cat Stevens, the former



British singing megastar, now named Yusef Islam, is a member of an Islamic fundamentalist sect in Turkey.



## WORST NEW PRODUCTS



A San Francisco company offers a battery-powered toilet-seat cover that runs out a roll of tubular plastic to be pulled around the seat and then into a disposable take-up reel.

New books from a major Japanese publisher include such titles as: *Passage Through World 2—A Chapter of Slaughter*, described as "a long romance in which bionic soldiers are attacked by zombies and beasts of delusion." New self-help titles include *Keeping Health by Eating Sea Tangles*.

## NEW WORLD RECORDS

Valentine Florintino set the world chicken-eating record by devouring no less than four pounds, ten ounces of the furry fowl in just ten minutes and 37 seconds.

A New York man jumped 11.1 miles on a pogo stick around the base of Mount Fuji in Japan.

State workers cleaning up debris from state highways in California report finding a severed wild boar's head, a

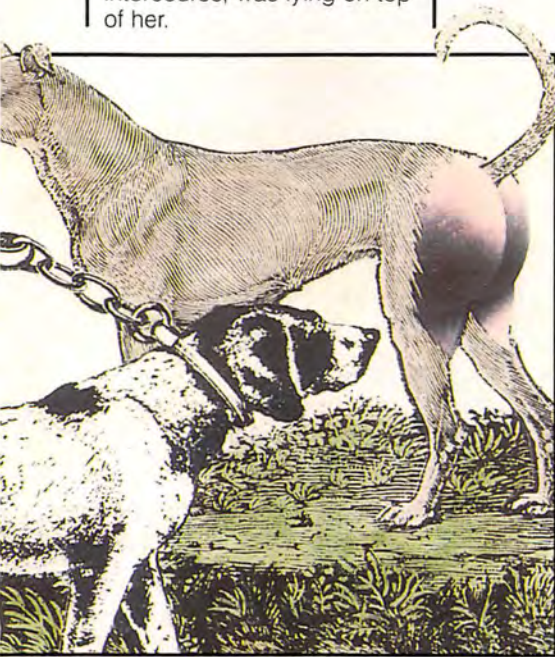
United States Navy depth charge, a human finger, and what was described as a "large variety" of rubber versions of human organs.





## DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A Florida woman, contesting a summons for sunbathing in the nude, claimed that her private parts were "covered," as the state statute requires. She lost her argument, however, when the police agreed that she was indeed "covered" at the time she was served with the summons—a man, performing sexual intercourse, was lying on top of her.



## BRAVE NEW WORLD

From a decision by the California Court of Appeals: "It is ordered that the opinion filed herein . . . be modified in the following particular: 1. On page 3, add to the full paragraph as a last sentence: 'Although different organs may be used for sexual purposes, that does not make them sexual organs.' The petition for rehearing is denied."

## LIFE AT THE TOP

J. Paul Getty washed his own underwear every night for his entire life. He also installed a pay phone in his baronial English mansion for the use of guests once he discovered that some of them were making personal calls costing as much as 18 cents.



## KNOCK ON WOOD

Baby doctor Benjamin Spock urged the elimination of school grades and Little League baseball as means of ending what he called "an excessively competitive society."



## BORN AGAIN



Islamic authorities in Iran have banned the wearing of punk-style clothes and anything with the name "Nike" on it. Offenders are sentenced to floggings of 74 lashes.

## 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.



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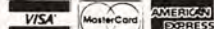
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# COMB COMB COMB

## 20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

the 3-8 Wildcats finished last in the Big 10, averaging all of 10.1 points per conference game. In '85, Northwestern featured college football's most futile ground game: Wildcat running backs rushed for just 2.3 yards a pop. Junior quarterback Mike Greenfield already holds more than a dozen school passing records, and his leading receivers—Brian Nuffer, Stanley Davenport, and Curtis Duncan—are all back for another fling, so the Wildcats can be counted on to move the ball through the air. That holds true even more strongly for their opponents. Enemy quarterbacks completed a mind-boggling 66.8 percent of their passes against the Wildcats last season and rang up 25 touchdown passes, as opposed to only six for Northwestern. Interim Coach Francis Peay has to replace his team's starting defensive ends plus linebackers Mike Witteck and Jim Torkelson, the Wildcats' No. 1 and No. 3 leading tacklers of '85. Northwestern is so desperate for wins that its current schedule includes a game against Princeton, the first time a Big 10 football team has faced an Ivy League opponent in decades.

### 5. OREGON STATE

You can take this to the bank: Oregon State is going to have a winning season. Oh, it may not happen this year, or next year, or the year after that, or even during the twentieth century, but one of these years the Beavers will have a winning season. At the rate they're going, of course, none of us will be around to witness it. After finishing 3-8 in his first year on the job, Head Coach Dave Kragthorpe now faces the unbelievable task of rebuilding the Beavers' offense almost from scratch: Eight offensive starters have used up their eligibility. Kragthorpe's going to have a devil of a time replacing performers like All-PAC 10 wide receiver Reggie Bynum, placekicker Jim Nielsen, and fullback Darvin Malone, a trio that accounted for 94 of the 160 points Oregon State scored last fall. Sophomore quarterback Erik Wilhelm, a 59-percent passer, is coming off knee surgery, and unless he's healthy, the Beavers won't put too many points up on the old scoreboard. Their opponents will, however. Last fall, Oregon State gave up an average of 33 points per game. If O.S.U. posts three wins this time around, Kragthorpe deserves a raise.

### 6. WAKE FOREST

When the subject is football, Wake Forest is to the Atlantic Coast Conference what Rhode Island is to the United States: Tiny. Teeny. Tender. *Cute*. When the subject is something other than football—let's say physics, as opposed to physical education—Wake Forest turns killer. That's why Wake Forest attracts more dorks than

any other school in the conference. ACC teams *love* to play Wake Forest. Last year, the Demon Deacons finished 4-7, but only managed to win one conference game. This year, they may not win any. Al Groh now faces the kind of challenge that traditionally causes head coaches to ponder careers in the used-car business. What do you do when you have to replace your team's entire offensive backfield and eight defensive starters? Well, for one thing, Al, you can stop calling me. Thanks a lot, but I'm really not interested in a '78 Buick.

### 7. WICHITA STATE

The official line at Wichita State is that Ron Chismar spent the better part of his first two seasons as head coach implementing the Shockers' pro-style offense. Since Wichita State, 3-8 in '85, averaged less than 16 points a game last season, that doesn't say much for Chismar's offense. This year, he's turned his energies to defense. Good thinking, Ron. Last fall, the Shockers gave up better than four touchdowns a game. Chismar and the school's athletic director, Lew Perkins, obviously think they're on to something, because this year Wichita State has dropped out of the Missouri Valley Conference to pursue life as an independent football power. Instead of getting drubbed by the likes of U.T. Arlington, Southwestern Louisiana, and West Texas State, the Shockers now have the opportunity to be slaughtered by Florida State, Arizona State, and Iowa State. *Very slick move, fellas.*

### 8. BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Over the past eight years, Boston University has compiled the best win-loss record of any New England college football team, but that may no longer hold true after the current campaign. No one's suggesting the Terriers aren't scrappy, but for the second season in a row, it looks as if Boston's going to get its mutts kicked. Last year, Boston wound up 3-8 and finished dead last in the ever-expanding Yankee Conference. This season will seem like an instant replay, mostly because the Terriers have been pounded by graduations. Among the missing: second-team All-American wide receiver Bill Brooks, who holds every school record for pass receptions; All-Conference center Gary Walker; second-team All-Conference offensive tackle Chris Smith; All-Conference linebacker Bob Egan; All-Conference defensive back Calvin Hill; and All-Conference cornerback Brad Hokin. Those are just the graduates with oak-leaf clusters. In all, Coach Steve Stetson will have to build new units around a nucleus of four returning starters on offense and four on defense. Boston's offense would be bleak indeed if not for the return of quarterbacks Jim Schuman, a 56-percent passer who threw for 1,265 yards last year, and backup Pat Mancini, who tossed for 818 yards more. Leading



ground-gainer Randy Pettus (716 yards in '85) also returns, which means the Terriers won't be toothless. The team's defense is another matter entirely, however. Even with some outstanding hard bodies, Boston still gave up an average of 24 points a game in '85. This time around, the Terriers will wind up looking more like dog meat.

#### 9. VANDERBILT

Danny Sheridan, *USA Today's* sports analyst and odds-maker, tells me the South will have more than its share of lousy college football teams this fall, but feels Vanderbilt could put them all to shame. Sheridan's report: "Vanderbilt is the only school in the Southeast Conference that's never won an SEC football title, which adds up to 52 years of gridiron futility. After finishing 3-7-1 in '85, Vandy fired Head Coach George MacIntyre and brought in Watson Brown. A Vanderbilt alumnus, Brown was happy to wriggle out of a five-year, \$1.2-million contract at Rice—in two seasons there, his teams compiled a 4-18 record. Brown's in for a rough homecoming. Vanderbilt's offensive line has been gutted by the graduation of two-time All-SEC tight end Jim Popp plus four other starters. If Brown can repair his front wall fast enough, the Commodores might be able to spring flashy fullback Carl 'Goo Baby' Woods loose for more than the 615 yards he gained last season. Vandy's air game seems solid enough. Senior Mark Wracher probably will win starting quarterback honors, and he's got a pair of fine receivers in Gerald 'Boo' Mitchell and Everett Crawford. The Commodores' big question mark is their defense: Graduations have robbed Vanderbilt of All-SEC tackle Steve Wade and a trio of three-year starters—end John Windham, safety Jeff Holt, and cornerback Kermit Sykes. In '85, the Commodores gave up an average of four touchdowns a game, while scoring only two themselves. Faced with an upgraded, fairly brutal schedule this season, Brown says, 'I just hope our fans don't expect too much, too quickly.' I certainly don't, but Watson, I like your style."

#### 10. TULANE

As predicted here last year, the Green Wave continued to make its fans nauseous. Last fall, Tulane went 1-10, its worst record in 23 years. Still, the season wasn't a total loss. Credit first-year coach Mack Brown with finding a one-man band named Terrence Jones. As a freshman, Jones started Tulane's final five games as quarterback and completed 54.8 percent of his passes for 704 yards. To appreciate how inept Tulane was in '85, reflect on *this* stat for a second: Jones also led the Green Wave in rushing—with 377 yards. In hopes of juicing up his team's running game, Brown has recruited a slew of ballcarriers. None will roam too far, for Tulane's offensive line will be undermanned and overmatched. To help

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compensate for the loss of six offensive starters, Brown has converted defensive linemen Bennie Daniels and Vince Scaglione into offensive guards. The Green Wave's defense is similarly shaky. In '85, Tulane allowed opponents more than four touchdowns a game, and the Greenies will again be pushovers this season. Brown doesn't like losing, but it seems to run in the family: His brother, Watson, is Vanderbilt's head coach. To guarantee that neither of the brothers goes winless this season, Watson's Commodores will play Mack's Green Wave on September 20. All we need now is Richard Dawson to come out on the field and blow kisses to the Browns and the 150 or so players involved in the NCAA's own version of "Family Feud."

#### 11. KENT STATE

I want to drop the fun and games for a moment. Even though the Golden Flashes were 3-8 last year, Head Coach Dick Scesniak was regarded as a real comer in coaching circles. In April, Scesniak, a strapping, youthful 45-year-old, died of an apparent heart attack. My condolences to everyone at Kent State. Glen Mason, Scesniak's successor, inherits a youthful team that, on offense, must quickly compensate for the graduations of All-Middle Atlantic Conference split end Jim Kilbane and the entire starting offensive line, with the exception of guard Tom Zullo. Sophomore quarterback Steve Poth threw for only four touchdowns last year,

but he completed 53 percent of his passes. If Poth and soph tailback Eric Wilkerson, the team's top ground-gainer last year, can get the support they need up front, Kent State should be able to muster a respectable offense. Last fall, Kent State allowed opponents to score more than 25 points per game. With five defensive starters having graduated—including All-MAC tackle Lee Bullington—don't expect the Golden Flashes to be any less generous this time around. Given a tougher schedule this season, Kent State figures to take it on the chin once again, but I hope I'm wrong. Kent State has endured more than its share of tragedies. Regardless of how they make out, I'm going to be rooting for the Golden Flashes this year.

#### 12. NAVY

The loss of two-time All-American running back Napoleon McCallum is going to sink Navy but good this year. Even though McCallum set two NCAA rushing records and 26 school records, the Midshipmen still finished 4-7 last year. This season, Head Coach Gary Tranquill has to slot in seven new starters on offense and six on defense. The team's only bright spot is its air game, which once again will feature Bill Byrne, a 56-percent passer, throwing to ends Troy Saunders and John Sniffen. After that, Navy's offense gets thin in a hurry. The Midshipmen figure to be sitting ducks against traditional rivals Air Force and Army, so by season's end,

expect Coach Tranquill to be truly upset.

#### 13. NEW MEXICO STATE

Last year's Aggies finished 1-10, reason enough for Coach Fred Zechman to be handed his walking papers. Mike Knoll, the new head on the chopping block, has a veteran team to work with—which isn't saying much, for the Aggies are experienced losers. New Mexico State's major weakness is its pitty-pat defensive unit, which for years has used *Absence of Malice* as its main training aid. In '85, the Aggies gave up more than 33 points a game, mostly because they allowed opponents to gain an average of about 450 yards every week. In hopes of stiffening his team's defense, Knoll dialed the college coaching profession's equivalent of 911, which is why Las Cruces has suddenly been inundated with a collection of Jaycee transfers. On offense, returning quarterback Jim Miller, a 53-percent passer, will preside over an erratic aerial attack: Last season, Aggie quarterbacks threw for ten touchdowns but were intercepted 23 times. The Pacific Coast Athletic Association isn't exactly a repository of pigskin powerhouses, but that still didn't keep the Aggies from going 0-7 in conference games last fall. Don't look for too much improvement this time around.

#### 14. EAST CAROLINA

Nothing could be finer than to play East Carolina—just ask the school's opponents. The Pirates were 2-9 last year and



"Why a dollhouse, dear? You've got a perfectly good roach motel."





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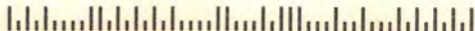
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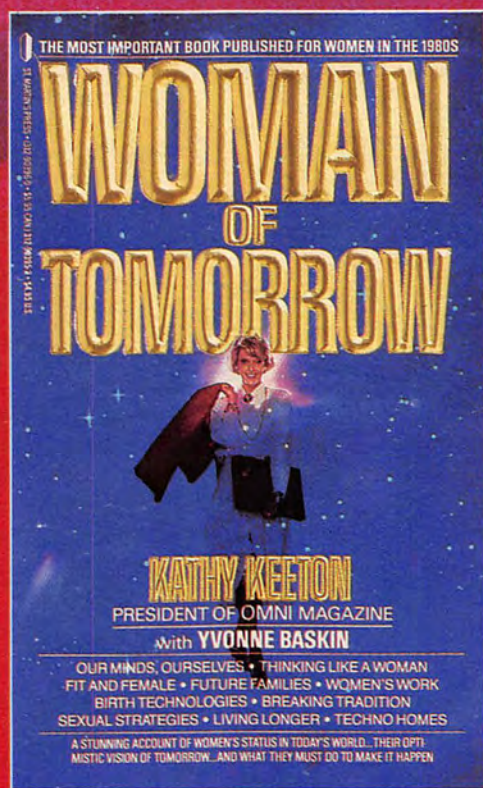
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will get their little booties kicked in similar fashion this fall. Says Coach Tom Baker, "One of the most glaring weaknesses we had a year ago was our inability to throw and catch the football." That's putting it mildly, Tom. In '85, E.C.U.'s air attack netted a paltry 936 yards. Returning quarterbacks Ron Jones and Berke Holtzclaw both completed less than 40 percent of their passes last fall, which is why Baker's hoping redshirt freshman Brad Walsh displaces both of them. The Pirates' ground game, a strength last season, is now iffy after the graduations of the team's leading ballcarrier, tailback Tony Baker (951 yards in '85), and four starting offensive linemen. The Pirates' defense is nothing to write home about, either. East Carolina allowed opponents 412 yards and 26 points a game in '85. Given a porous defense and a below-average offense, the Pirates will once again find themselves prancing along a plank.

#### 15. HOUSTON

How the mighty have fallen. Until a few years ago, Houston was the scourge of the Southwest Conference, but lately the Cougars have been playing like pussies. Houston finished 4-7 last year, winning three of its games by a combined total of ten points. The Cougars probably won't be as fortunate this fall. Senior quarterback Gerald Landry, who passed for 1,625 yards and ran for 414 more last season, is in deep trouble academically, but don't sweat the small stuff: Unless

Houston's changed overnight, there's no way Coach Bill Yeoman is going to lose Landry's services. The Cougars' other prime offensive asset, junior fullback Sloan Hood, averaged a remarkable 5.7 yards per carry last season. Houston's got one of the conference's better offenses, but its defense is the pits. In 1985, Houston gave up 31 points a game, and since then five starters have used up their eligibility. This may sound like heresy, but I think it's eminently possible for the Cougars to end up at the bottom of the conference this fall. If that happens, Yeoman's 25th season as Houston's head coach will turn out to be his last.

#### 16. RUTGERS

"Success," says Rutgers Head Coach Dick Anderson, "is a product distilled of sweat and tears." He should be so lucky. Last year his team sweated up a storm and cried him a river, but still managed to finish 2-8-1. Rutgers' troubles are symptomatic of the Me Generation: They want it all. Now. Life's not that easy. *Football's* not that easy. After getting a \$3-million grant from the state of New Jersey in '84, the Scarlet Knights of '85 jostled with a solid slate of East Coast opponents, all of which unhorsed them. If not for beating up on the two soft touches they played, Richmond and Colgate, Rutgers would have wound up winless. That may be their fate this fall. Graduations have cost the Scarlet Knights eight offensive starters, including Rusty Hoch-

berg, the school's all-time leading passer, their three leading ground-gainers, and four linemen. Joe Gagliardi, Hochberg's successor, is poised and talented, so the air game will remain potent—if Gagliardi gets time to throw. On defense, Rutgers loses three of its top five tacklers of a year ago—including the Pickel brothers, George and Jim, their two finest down linemen. Facing an even more rugged schedule this time around, expect the Scarlet Knights to keep sweating and crying and, most of all, losing.

#### 17. WYOMING

Ericksen Air Express does not compete with Federal Express, Emery Air Freight, Purolator, or the U.S. Post Office for the honor of delivering your mail. Ericksen Air Express is, in fact, the pass-oriented offense designed by Dennis Ericksen, who used it effectively in Moscow. That's Moscow, Idaho, home of the University of Idaho Vandals, who went 32-15 during Ericksen's four years as U.I.'s head football coach. Ericksen has now taken up residency in Wyoming for the express purpose of helping the men from Laramie regain their once-winning ways. The Cowboys, 3-8 last fall, unfortunately lack the two ingredients most needed by Ericksen Air Express. Those ingredients are 1) an accurate, experienced passer; and 2) talented, experienced receivers. Returning Cowboy quarterbacks Scott Runyan and Randy Welniak are both sub-50-percent passers, which is why Ericksen will start Jaycee transfer Craig Burnett instead. The Cowboys' top three receivers of '85 have all graduated, so Ericksen's got his work cut out for him in that department, as well. Tack on a tougher schedule and a defense that can't stop a sneeze, and you're looking at another year of Wyoming playing more like wimps than gunslingers.

#### 18. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

After three straight 3-8 seasons, North Carolina State has dumped Coach Tom Reed in favor of Dick Sheridan, who was 10-1 at Furman last year. Sheridan may find life in the Atlantic Coast Conference a lot tougher than it was in the Southern Conference. Then again, he may not. N.C. State's only apparent strength is its potent passing attack. Last year, junior-college transfer Erik Kramer stepped right in and went on to be named All-ACC quarterback by virtue of completing 58 percent of his passes for 2,510 yards and 12 touchdowns. Split end Haywood Jeffries, Kramer's leading receiver last season (36 receptions and six touchdowns), also returns, as does tight end Ralph Britt. Aside from outstanding placekicker Mike Cofer, that's it for the Wolfpack's strengths. Its weaknesses are too daunting for even a Vince Lombardi to overcome in a single season. In '85, N.C. State had the worst running attack—and the worst defense against the run—in the ACC. Since then, the team's three leading ballcarriers have



"I admire your sense of charity,  
Agnes . . . but did you have to blow him?"




all used up their eligibility, as have four starting offensive linemen, including All-ACC tackle Joe Milinichik. In view of its one-dimensional offense and no-dimensional defense (N.C. State intercepted just three passes last fall), the Wolfpack is a cinch to get skinned all season long.

#### 19. LOUISVILLE

In his first year as head coach at Louisville, Howard Schnellenberger, college coaching's answer to Albert Einstein, fielded a team that played as if its coach were Bozo the Clown. The Cardinals finished 2-9 last season, and that's only because they beat the two patsies they played, Western Kentucky and Central Florida. Take away that pair of twisted sisters, and you're looking at a team that scored only 13.5 points per game while giving up more than 43 points a game. Senior Ed Rubbert is still listed as the team's starting quarterback, but before the season's over, he'll probably be supplanted by sophomore Jay Gruden, who completed 57 percent of his passes last year. End Danny Thomas, the Cards' leading receiver in '85, returns for his senior season, but Louisville will have to go some to make up for the loss of wide receivers Ernest Givens (the Houston Oilers' second draft choice), Junior Jones, and James Jones. Louisville's defensive unit lost just one starter to graduation, but given its inability to keep opponents out of the end zone, that doesn't mean much. The Cardinals figure to be better this year, but their record won't be, for they'll be facing an improved slate of opponents.

#### 20. RICE

Four years ago, Coach Jerry Berndt made me look like a dummy when he took a 1-9 Pennsylvania team and led it to the first of four straight shared or outright Ivy League titles. Berndt's a bright guy and a good sport, and when I visited him at Penn a year later, it seemed obvious to me he had all the attributes necessary to become a successful coach at a major university. In January, the 48-year-old Ohioan was named Rice's athletic director and head coach, and, although I think the Owls will once again get stuffed this season, their days as a Southwest Conference doormat are coming to a close. The Owls, 3-8 in '85, are a veteran outfit led by junior quarterback Mark Comalander, who was averaging 20 completions and 240 yards per outing last fall until a shoulder injury in the sixth game put him out of action. All-SWC fullback Antonio Brinkley and Darrick Wells, the team's leading pass receiver, have both graduated, but if Comalander stays healthy, the Owls should at least equal their '85 scoring average of 19 points per game. Berndt's biggest problem is defense: In '85, the Owls gave up 35 points a game. Berndt's forte is defense, and with nine returning defensive starters to work with, he should be able to make the Owls very tough birds indeed. 



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reached behind me, unhooked my bra, and began caressing my tits. Easing me back to the couch, he pulled off my dress and ravenously devoured my tits with his tongue and lips. By now my hands were groping over his body and, having found the bulge between his legs, I proceeded to quickly strip off his pants and shirt, exposing his lean, sinewy physique. My mouth sought his cock, which sprang from his bikini underwear, hard and ready to be sucked.

With garter and hose still on, I pressed against his hardness, slid down his lean body to his shaft, and slowly began giving him head. My tongue probed the tip of his cock before easing my mouth down his rod. When I began licking his balls, he moaned softly.

"Suck it, baby. You suck me so good," he whispered, as I continued my pumping motion with my mouth and hands.

Unexpectedly, he stopped me from continuing my delicious task and asked if I wanted some champagne. With his erection still at full mast, he sauntered naked into the kitchen. Returning with a bottle and two glasses, we proceeded to consume most of the contents of the bottle, while talking and fondling each other playfully. The TV was on and we briefly noted the usual telecast of the New Year's Eve party in Times Square. With only five minutes left of the old year, my lover had a few ideas of his own.

Arching me back in his leather chair, he kissed me again and then licked and sucked each nipple until they were red and swollen. Easing his head between my legs, I closed my eyes as he began tonguing my clit. I suddenly felt a rush of cool bubbling liquid and opened my eyes to find Todd pouring the remains of the champagne over my pussy, then sucking both my pussy juice and the bubbly. The sensation was overwhelming and I squirmed and thrust my pussy into his face as he relentlessly kept tonguing me.

"One minute to go until the New Year!" came the TV announcer's voice in the background as I felt the first wave of come ripple through my body. Recovering, I stood him over me as I sat in the chair and resumed my hungry cocksucking, using my lips, tongue, and hands to stroke his shaft and balls.

"Thirty seconds," came the voice over the TV as Todd laid us both back into the leather easy chair.

Kneeling astride me, he pumped his massive cock a few times before inserting it deeply into my pussy walls. My love juices were already flowing as I sucked in his full length with a gasp. His thrusting increased and I could feel and hear him sliding in and out of my cunt, his balls slapping rhythmically against my ass as I started to come.

"Give me your pussy, baby," he mur-

mured. "Let me feel your sweet pussy come!" He continued thrusting harder and faster.

"Fuck me!" I cried. "Oh yeah!" I yelled as I felt myself being released in one long orgasm.

"Five, four, three, two, one!" came the raucous noise from Times Square as I felt Todd stiffen and shoot his full load deep into my pussy. I squeezed my love muscles tight to savor every drop of his sweet jism as he moaned softly in my ear, "Happy New Year, baby!"—*Name and address withheld*

## ROADSIDE ESCAPE

My boyfriend, Cliff, and I spent one entire morning apartment hunting on the Jersey Shore. We were looking for a place to spend a week at the beach and finally found a suitable house, much to our relief. It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm. We were wearing shorts, our bare arms and legs soaking up the sun. Cliff

“

I can tell from the look in her eyes when she wants it, and she did want it, bad! But then she always does.

”

was wearing a tight pair of white shorts that curved over his crotch, revealing the well-formed package underneath. I had a tough time keeping my thoughts on the business at hand that morning. In my mind I could picture suddenly turning to Cliff and lifting my leg up to wrap around his ass, pressing the length of my body against his.

After leaving the beach resort, we started for home on a back road. It was the scenic route and left time for thought. I sat and watched Cliff drive, his muscles alternately tensed and relaxed. His hand was resting on my thigh, letting his fingers just brush the skin lightly. My eyes traveled down the length of his body, the curve of his shoulder, down to his biceps and chest, and finally to his well-muscled legs and back up to the bulge in his shorts. I found myself squirming in my seat, my bikini panties tight up in my crotch under the cotton shorts. I could feel my pussy muscles literally swell in anticipation.

Just then I caught Cliff staring at me. He was more than aware of my arousal and I tried to tell him with a look what I was thinking. I then grabbed his hand

and pushed it under my panties, but not all the way to my pussy. I wanted him to discover for himself what I intended to do. At the same time my fingers traveled over his legs and came to rest on his cock. I could feel him stiffen and swell in the cradle of my hand. I whispered to him about what pleasures we could have at that moment, but he seemed reluctant to stop. "I want to fuck you right now, on this road," I told him. I urged him to pull over on the side of the road. I wanted to fuck him so deeply, feel his dick spreading my legs apart. As the cars zipped by, I unzipped his shorts. I sucked my fingers, wetting them, and then cupped them over the tip of his cock, massaging and pumping his rod.

By now we were both hot and whimpering. He made his decision, and turning down a dirt road, he commanded me to unbutton my blouse. I could tell he would waste no time once we stopped. Pulling over to the side of the road, he was now ready and willing for a fuck. He folded down the backseats, pulled off his shorts, and did the same with mine. The sun beat down through the car's T-top and onto our bare skin. He grabbed my ass and squeezed, roughly pushing me to him. He fingered my slit, and wasting no time, thrust his enormous cock into my pussy, which by now was ripe and juicy. I thought I was ready for it, but I gasped and moaned as he pushed harder and harder.

He was relentless now and gave me what I had been asking for by teasing him. "See if you can take it, baby," he said, and pumped me harder with each thrust. I pushed my hand down on his tight ass, urging him to give me more. My cunt ached and I longed to squeeze his juices out, forcing him to pump onto my legs and stomach. Just then he pulled his dick out and shot hard and fast on my navel. I spread my fingers between us and touched the warm come, bringing it up to my lips for a taste.

We collapsed for a moment but then quickly dressed, remembering our surroundings. As Cliff and I pulled back out onto the road, I smiled at him, thinking of what our next slam-bam adventure would bring.—*Name and address withheld*

## SPECIAL DELIVERY

Until I joined the Army, I used to work at a pizza restaurant situated across from a large university in Virginia. Although I was just a dishwasher when I started, I spent as much time as I could in the kitchen, where I watched all the coeds and waitresses. Summer was the best time to work there, as the university had a lot of summer courses filled with plenty of carefree women.

I was working as a cook/delivery driver my last summer there. I had never realized how much fun delivering could be until we had this one order on a slow Thursday night. I took the order over the phone, cooked it, and delivered it. Man,



Song stylist Miss Oralee Floss  
fights halitosis in dogs.



"Well, if we're going to  
be into hedonism, we might as well  
do it for a good cause."—Boy George, at a London  
fashion show for Ethiopian relief

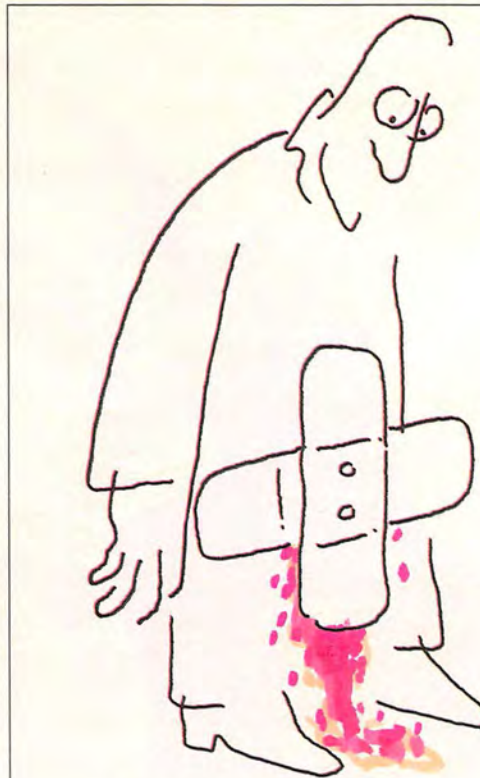
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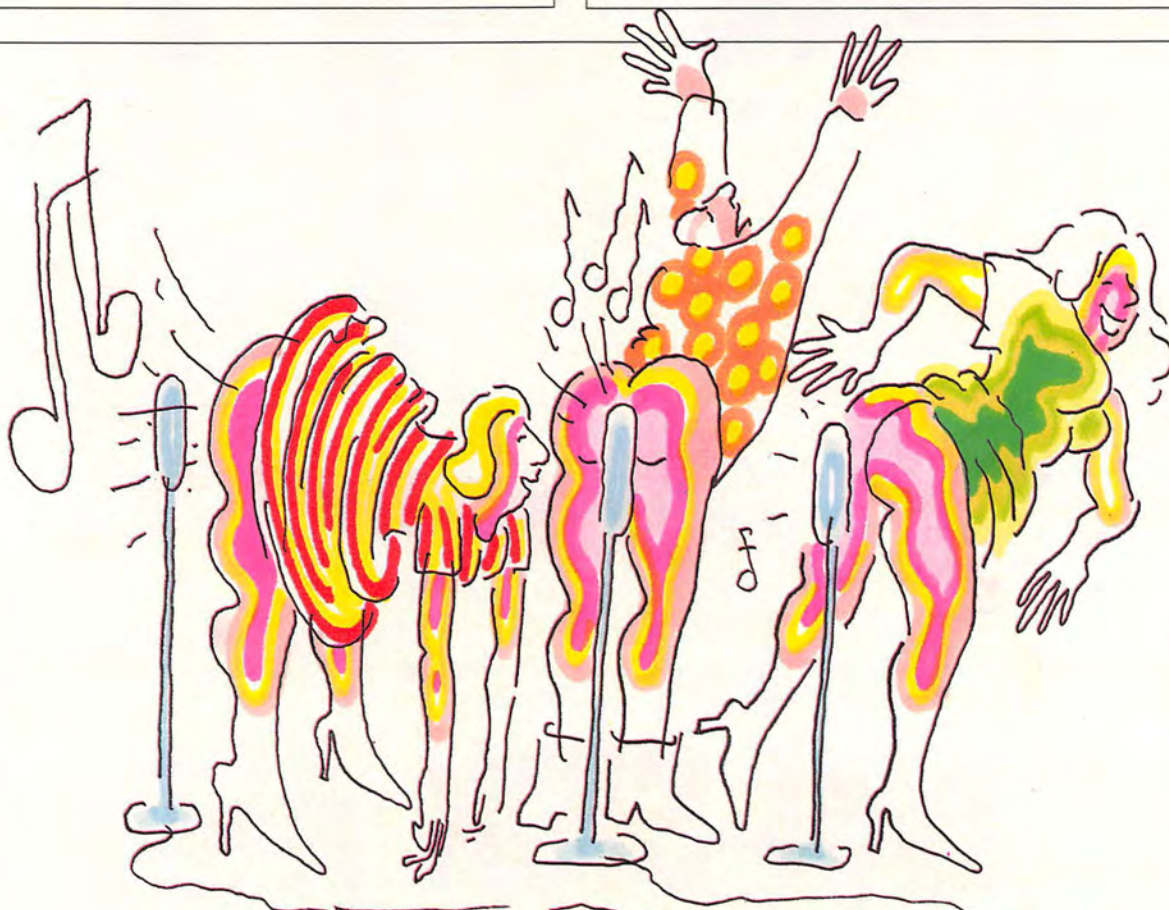




Charlie Palmer for masturbation research.



Ralph Rancid (lead singer for "Filthy Cathedral") is a strong believer in population control.

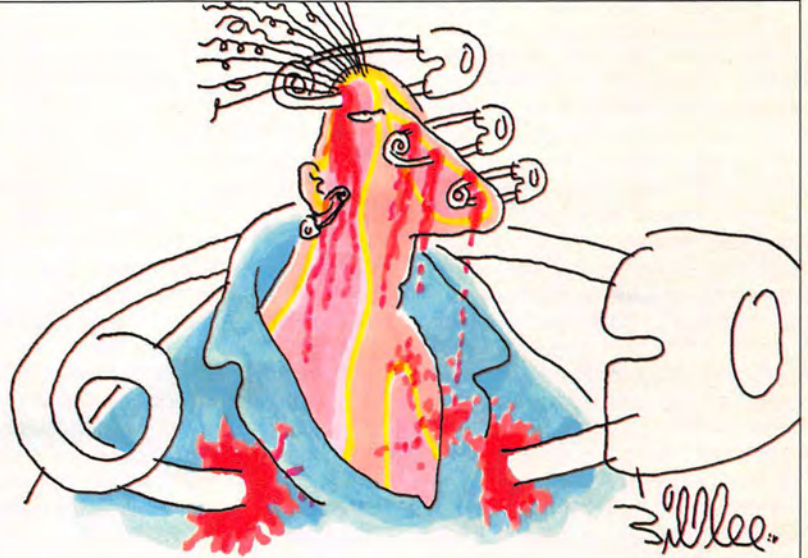


"The Puff-Tones" for the World Flatulence Fund.





Folksinger Elmo Bain supports a home for pregnant (unwed) groupies.



Rock star Lyle Clott for the Hemophiliac Foundation.



"Vincent van Gogh Gogh" belt out their hit single, "Lend an Ear to the Lord."



# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

did I deliver it! The soft female voice asked for a medium pepperoni-and-mushroom pizza and a six-pack of beer. She also said that if I got it to her apartment within 20 minutes, I'd get an extra-special tip. Well, you've never seen such a fast pizza made so expertly. In moments, I put together all the ingredients and had that sucker in the oven. While it was cooking, I put the beer in a cooler in my car with lots of fresh ice. As I said, it was a slow night, so I asked one of the waitresses to cover for me till I got back.

I raced to the girl's apartment with a minute or two to spare. I ran to the door with the order. Her door opened, and on the other side stood an angel. She was a few inches taller than I am, which didn't bother me a bit. Her hair, like her eyes, was brown. Her face was softly tanned, giving her an exotic appearance. She had high cheekbones that tapered smoothly down to her chin. On her lips shined a slick coat of gloss. My eyes strayed from her face, quickly feasting on her figure. The nipples on her phenomenal breasts stood erect beneath the weave of her shirt, which she wore tucked into tight jeans that hugged her hips as if they were painted on.

She said, "Hi! Come on in. My name is

Jenny, what's yours?" I must admit that I was surprised by her friendliness. Still gazing at that heavenly body, I took a moment to say, "I'm Paul. I hope I'm not too late." "Not at all," she said. "In fact, you're a little early. Set that on the table there and I'll get your money." So I put the beer and pizza on her kitchen table while Jenny went to her bedroom. I stood waiting and listening to her stereo. I asked her how on earth she could afford an apartment all to herself. To my surprise and delight, she explained that her ex-boyfriend had moved out the weekend before. While I waited, Jenny told me she had something nice for me.

I had my back to her when she returned from her room, and I heard her bare feet on the wood floor. She stood there like a dream, wearing a cute red teddy that complemented her supple breasts and flat belly. I liked the darkness of a pubic mound peeking at me. Before I could stammer my first thoughts, Jenny said, "Now let's see what else you can deliver." My pecker was rock-hard and straining at my shorts before she even finished that sentence.

Kneeling in front of me, Jenny freed my cock, sliding it into her mouth like it was a lollipop. She sucked my boner expertly until I was about to come. She paused to lick my balls as I caught my breath. Then she attacked my rod in a frenzy. It was all I could do to remain standing when I

felt the orgasm coming on. I warned her that I was going to come and she kept right on sucking. With a shudder and a loud groan, I shot my load into her mouth. That was the first time a girl had ever swallowed my spunk. She held it in her mouth to savor its taste. We stripped each other naked, after which she purred, "Do me—right now!"

I had her sit on the table edge with her legs spread as I got between them to lap at her love tunnel. I pulled apart her swollen lips to lick up and down, side to side, and in circles. Jenny squealed in excitement and had to hold on to the table as I did my best to make her feel good. It was going to take a lot of effort on my part to give her the same pleasure she had just given me. I poked one, then two fingers into her hot box and I could feel the tightness. I fucked the brunette beauty with my tongue and fingers hard and fast. As I brought her closer to ecstasy, she started talking dirty to me. "Fuck my cunt with your long tongue. Come on, you fucking stud, make me come all over your face!" Now this got me even more turned on and my cock started to ache with neglect.

All of a sudden, as I nibbled her clit, she stopped talking. All she could do was moan. Nearer my goal, I put my efforts into gear, fucking, sucking, and licking her twat like there was no tomorrow. She locked her legs around my head with a scream. Best of all, her pussy let loose a flood of juices which soaked my face and chest. The moment her legs relaxed their grip, I started to fuck her right there on the table. I penetrated her steaming cunt with a gentle shove. God, it was tight! Jenny squeezed me all the way in. I fucked her nice and easy since I wanted to get those sexy tits. She arched her back and I grabbed each nipple.

It wasn't long before she was talking dirty again. "Oh God! Fuck me, you stud! Make my tight pussy come again! Oh, I love your big red prick in my hot cunt! Squeeze my tits! Oh yeah, suck my nipples hard!" I was in heaven. I could hardly control my pace pumping in and out of her tight hole. I yelled, "I'm gonna come!" Jenny yelled back, "I want you to come inside me! Let me feel your hot come in my cunt!" With that still ringing in my ears, I started to shoot my load deep into her body. My own excitement must have triggered her orgasm, because we managed to come together. Our screams filled the air as our sweat-covered bodies spent themselves against each other.

After recovering, Jenny sat up on the table dipping her fingers into her pussy and licking off our combined juices. I had to rush back to the restaurant, so I hurriedly wiped off with some paper towels, got dressed, and promised to call soon. I hurried to the store, sure that I was in trouble. What the hell, though. It was worth getting fired. Instead, the waitress was sitting at a table with two other employees, no one else in the place. She looked

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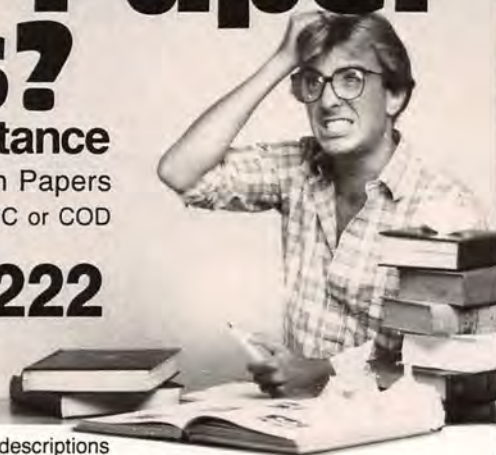
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at me and then her watch, and asked, "What took so long?" She must have guessed what I had been up to. With a knowing smile, she told me that Jenny had called, wanting me to stop by her place after I got off work. My jaw dropped and they snickered to each other. Needless to say, I finished with my responsibilities real early. The rest of the night was as good as the first part, if not better.—  
*Name and address withheld*

#### KEY TO HIS HEART

Last summer, I decided to take a cross-country trip on my Harley-Davidson. After a long, uneventful ride I finally made it to Key West, Florida. I pulled the bike into a motel advertising low rates, got a room, and slept for about ten hours. I woke up about 9 P.M. and decided to ride around and check out some of the bars Key West is famous for. After bar-hopping for an hour or two, I settled in one with a good rock 'n' roll band. There were three lovely ladies at a table near the stage. I asked one of them to dance and she readily agreed. Her name was Laura and she was absolutely gorgeous. She was wearing shorts so short that you could see part of her cute little ass sticking out of them. Her huge tits swung braless inside her T-shirt as we danced, with her nipples protruding noticeably through the thin material. After a couple of drinks and a few more dances, we ended up in a

soul kiss after a slow, romantic dance.

I somehow talked her into saying good night to her girlfriends, and we rode the Harley back to my motel. Laura is probably six feet tall, an inch or two taller than me. She's got shoulder-length, curly, very blond hair, and a great tan from living year-round in Key West. She said she enjoyed the bike ride and that the vibration of the bike really felt great. As soon as we got in the door she hugged me and we engaged in a long French kiss. What a great tongue! I soon found out it was good for more than just kissing.

We tore our clothes off and jumped into bed. She had the biggest, brownest nipples I'd ever seen. I started sucking those huge globes, and her nipples got so erect that they must have stuck out a full inch. While I was doing this, I was slowly and gently caressing her whole body with my hands. I slid my hand through her furry dark-blond bush and felt her wetness on my fingertips. I slowly ran circles around her clit with my finger and gradually went faster and faster. I was sucking her big brown nipples while doing this, and she was moaning, "It feels so good, it feels so good!" Soon I slid one finger into her sloppy slit, then another, and another, and another! I was fucking her furiously with all four fingers of my right hand when I decided to get a taste of this amazing pussy that could really squeeze my fingers tight when she contracted her cunt

muscles all the way around them.

I kissed my way up her silky smooth thighs until I caught a slight whiff of her pussy's aroma. I couldn't control myself any longer, and I buried my face in her sweet snatch. I slowly slid my tongue up and down her clit. While spreading her pussy lips wide, I thrust my tongue into her sweet hole as far as I could get it, and wiggled it around. After a few more minutes of this she came to a shuddering climax. I wiped my face off on her pubic hair and proceeded to kiss my way back up to those big, beautiful tits. I was just about to slide my throbbing dick into her hot wet gash when she said, "Oh, no. Now it's my turn." I certainly had no objections when she laid me back on the bed and proceeded to do her thing. She stuck her tongue in my ear and nibbled it around the edges while she was gently squeezing my balls. She kissed my neck and started sucking my nipples. At the same time, she was stroking my manhood with an expert touch.

Finally, she kissed her way down to my crotch. She would lick one of my balls and then suck it into her warm mouth, then she would do the same to the other ball. Lubricating juice was oozing out of my dick, which she proceeded to rub around its head. Suddenly she sucked as much of me into her mouth as she could manage. She started sucking for all she was worth, back and forth and

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back and forth—what a great feeling! When she sensed I was about to come, she grabbed the base of my dick as hard as she could and lightly swirled her tongue over the head of my pulsating member. She did this three or four times. Just when I thought she was going to do it again, she started sucking fast and furious. I started to come like never before, spurt after spurt after spurt, and she swallowed every drop. After a short time, we cleaned up a little and hopped back into bed.

We kissed for a while, and before long my rod was back at attention. Laura crawled on top of me and slid my dick up her snatch. She did something I had never experienced before. Without moving her hips, she squeezed my cock with her pussy muscles and then relaxed them. She did this over and over until I thought I was going to explode! I couldn't stand it any longer. We rolled over with me on top and then I really hosed her. I fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. She screamed while she squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples.

I spent a couple more days at Key West. Laura let me stay at her apartment and we had a great time. We exchanged phone numbers and addresses, and I went on my merry way.—Name and address withheld

## PICKUP AT THE PARK

I am a 22-year-old college student. I am very active in many sports and consider myself to be in quite good shape. I'm five foot eight and 170 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal.

My friends and I were hanging out at our favorite spot—a small, secluded, and scenic park overlooking the mighty Mississippi. Two sexy babes strolled by and I invited them to join us. Right away my friends bombarded these two beauties with cheap come-ons and crude innuendos. One of the ladies seemed to favorably respond to the attention of my friends and started to flirt and strut. She turned up our radio and started to dance. This girl had a nice body and could easily arouse anyone with her firm scoops of flesh. But the real treasure was in her quiet friend, Leslie.

Leslie was about five foot seven and had light, flowing auburn hair. She had an aura of shyness and almost reluctance while in our group. Her soft, fair-complected face was a masterpiece. From the neck down she was equally exquisite. She had large, firm breasts. Her ass was very tight and her thighs tapered smoothly to form a superb body.

After noticing her unease with the group, I asked her to join me in a more relaxed atmosphere. What I had in mind was a quaint little pub where we could get to know each other and talk freely. I told everyone we were going for a walk and would be back soon. Instead, we slipped away in my car.

Once at the pub, she seemed much

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more at ease, and began to smile and relax. As the bar was closing, we decided to go to my place for a nightcap. The closer we got to my trailer, the friendlier she became. I figured things were going to start happening, but I did not realize how hot it was going to get.

When we arrived at the trailer the first thing I did was turn on the stereo. Before I could ask her favorite song, Leslie was after my zipper, desperately wanting my cock. For the next 20 minutes I attempted to undress her as she came down on me again and again. After removing the last article of clothing, she wanted her share and coerced my tongue into her warm, pink snatch.

She then wheeled around and straddled my thumping prick. At first she wanted all of me slammed into her hot, wet pussy. After the initial thrust, she began to use her vaginal muscles in a way I have never experienced. This carried on until I could no longer contain myself and I erupted like a volcano. I lay there for a few seconds, numbed, until she started tonguing my balls. I was immediately rejuvenated. The juices of her already-soaked pussy began flowing with the intensity of a raging river when we continued to fuck. With both hands on her firm ass, I buried my penis into her warm chasm as deep as possible while sucking her rock-hard nipples. This ecstasy continued until I shot my warm come

deep inside her. She came, thrashing back and forth, bucking with her legs. There we lay in each other's arms as the sun was beginning to rise.

Then she finally realized what time it was and asked for a ride home. It was a night I'll never forget.—*Name and address withheld*

**TENNIS, ANYONE?**

I would like to share a memorable experience that I had with my girlfriend Sonia. Sonia is about five foot eight, has large breasts, a slim waist, and voluptuous, swelling thighs. In a word, she's a knockout. Despite her feminine figure, she's quite an athlete. She's an excellent tennis player. I'm a former college tennis player myself, and I can tell you Sonia has given me some good competition in the two years that we've been going out.

One weekend we were at homecoming day at Sonia's alma mater, a well-known all-girl college on the East Coast. We got up early Sunday morning, feeling rather horny and adventurous. How best to seek our pleasure amid the constricted environs of a proper girls' school? We decided to play a rather unconventional game of tennis. Sonia chose her court-wear carefully—she put on split-crotch panties, a cutaway bra, a tight shirt that enhanced her full figure, and a wrap-around skirt.

The tennis courts at this bastion of

proper femaledom are surrounded by tall hedges—a barrier against the leering eyes of curious local townsfolk. We were ensconced in our own private world, but aware of the danger of discovery. We arrived at the courts and began to warm up, hitting back and forth. I was getting more than a warm-up; I was getting a hard-on. Every time Sonia missed a ball, she would bend over and point her ass toward me, showing off and jiggling her pretty globes, which were separated by the black line of her panties. "I've got an idea," she called across the net to me as I tossed to determine serve. "Let's play strip tennis." "Okay," I called back, "but the loser has to give sexual service to the winner." She smiled, nodded, and, having won the toss, began to serve.

She started off with some solid ground strokes that kept me pinned to the baseline like a helpless butterfly. I lost the first two points. "Dammit," I thought to myself as I looked at my foe across the net. "I'm not going to let a girl kick my ass at this game." Burning with sexual ardor and anticipation, I couldn't concentrate on my game. But then I got myself together and took over the match. I hit lobs that she couldn't return, forced her to net, and passed her, or just plain overpowered her. Piece by piece, her clothing came off. I lost a few more points, but the match was mine. Finally, she was racing around the court in nothing but her panties and bra. I smashed an ace at her. She knew she was near defeat, and made a great drama out of removing her lacy cutaway bra. I watched as she languorously stroked her tits, spiraling her fingers around her swollen nipples.

Then, closing her eyes and pursing her lips, she slowly unfastened her bra and threw it into my court with a good-natured pout on her face. The next point was mine, too. This was it—the match was over. She slowly unpeeled her panties, brought them up to her face, and inhaled their delicious aroma. It was more than I could bear. I wanted to fuck and suck every part of her that minute. My cock was throbbing and yearning to ram her sweaty pussy. We both walked quickly toward the net.

Instead of the traditional handshake, we shared a long, deep, wet kiss. Remembering our bargain, she bent down on her knees, opened her mouth wide, and took in my swollen organ. She licked me until my cock was dripping with her mouth juice. Her hands were pressed against my buttocks and her fingernails were digging into my flesh. "On your knees," I ordered her. "I want to fuck you from behind."

She crouched down and I got behind her, stroking her big breasts and leaning over to suck her erect nipples. I stuffed my prick into her pussy and began pulsing inside her. My hungry mouth nipped at her back and shoulders. I sent my hand down to her clit, and began stroking her love button with my hands. Finally, with



gasps of pleasure, I unleashed my load into her, spraying a few drops of come onto the court. She came in a shuddering orgasm.—Name and address withheld

#### PHONE JOB

I am a 21-year-old male who is taking some time off from college and working. I am a waiter in a very fancy restaurant in Philadelphia. I was working on a not-so-busy Saturday night when a couple came in late for dinner. They enjoyed the meal and the service so much that they gave me a free pass to the biggest and classiest singles bar in the city. At 1:30 A.M. I finished work, changed, and went to the bar.

This was the first time I had ever been in a singles bar. I was on my second drink at the bar when I noticed a very attractive older woman (early 40s) staring at me, and she even licked her lips at me. I motioned for her to come over and I bought her a drink. She told me her name was Rose. She had nice breasts and a nice figure. She said she worked as a model for a department store in town. It was getting late and the bar was closing, so we went to a 24-hour restaurant close by. I was feeling good and lucky.

Before sitting down at a table in the restaurant, I went to make a call. The phone was in a big frosted-glass telephone booth. I started dialing and I heard someone come into the booth with me. It was Rose. She unzipped my pants and pulled down my underwear. She started caressing my throbbing dick with her strong hands and kissing it. I was in heaven. I forgot about the call and concentrated on the feelings of pleasure. She was giving me a great blowjob. I couldn't stand it any longer and I shot my load in her mouth. She swallowed every bit and looked up smiling.

We both went back to the table, where she placed her hand on my crotch, even while I was eating. When we were about to leave I went to the bathroom. When I returned, Rose was gone. I never saw her again, but she sure gave me an experience I'll always remember.—Name and address withheld

#### GYM DANDY

Like most *Penthouse* readers, I thought it could never happen to me—but it did! I am a brown-haired, green-eyed male. I am five foot ten, 175 pounds, and very muscular. I work out very hard to keep my body in shape and I am very proud of what I have accomplished. Unfortunately, my wife of four years decided that a wedding ring meant that she could eat whatever and whenever she pleased. To say the least, there is a lot more of her now, and I don't love it. Sex had become a chore, not a pleasure, and I guess I was ripe for what happened.

At the health club where I work out, they hired a new, young, beautiful instructor, Meg. She is a phys-ed major at one of the local colleges, and to say that

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she keeps herself in shape is a major understatement. At five foot eight and about 115 pounds, she has a body that could make a *Penthouse* model cry. After Meg had been working there for about a month, I began to notice that she was flirting with me as I came in and left the gym. At first I did not think much of it. I was not looking for anything, and she knew I was married. After another week or so, Meg started to follow me through my workout. She would help me and we would talk between sets. Even though I'd been out of circulation for a while, I finally realized that she was very interested.

One Friday evening I went to the gym late so I would be sure to be there when the place closed. I knew Meg was left alone to close on Fridays, so I figured that if anything was going to happen, this would be the day. About 9:45 everyone had left except Meg and myself. I finished my workout and told Meg I was sorry that I had kept her late. I said I would just take a quick shower and get out of her way. She took my towel and wiped my forehead, then kissed me, saying, "Hon, I could use a shower, too."

I took her by the hand and led her into the locker room. Pulling my T-shirt over my head, she started to run her fingers through the hair on my chest. I pulled her shirt off and exposed the most firm and beautiful breasts I have ever seen. After fondling each other for a while, we stripped off our pants and headed for the shower. We both were so sexually aroused that as we soaped each other's bodies it was almost impossible for us to remove our hands from each other. As we rinsed off I had Meg put her hands over her head against the tile wall. Standing behind her I slipped my cock into her well-lubricated box. With one hand rubbing her clit and the other fondling her breasts, we rocked back and forth in that steamy shower until we exploded in orgasms the likes of which I have never experienced before.

After a few minutes of recovery on the floor of the shower, we got out and dried each other off. Meg had me sit on one of the benches and buried her head in my crotch. I was in heaven as I shot my load down her throat. She sat herself on the bench opposite me and started rubbing her breasts. Slipping one hand down to her cunt, she started rubbing her clit. I went to help her and she told me to just sit and watch for a while. This girl knew how to turn a man on. She kept rubbing herself until the bench where she sat was covered with her love juices. After what seemed like forever, Meg had me lie back on the bench as she impaled herself on my shaft. As I rubbed her tits and clit, she rode me until we came together once again.

We lay in each other's arms and tried to recover from our passionate lovemaking. Meg told me that she had wanted me since she had first seen me work out. She said she loved muscular men and

women and knew I would be able to satisfy her. I told her about my problem with my wife and she said that she was ready to keep me happy. Next Friday Meg says she is going to bring her female roommate/lover to our session. I can't wait!—*Name and address withheld*

#### WILD ABOUT HAIRY

I live in a small city, and have all my life. A few weeks ago, I got a job at one of the local television stations, working as a gofer for that channel's news show. I've always wanted to bone this one producer on the show, so it was pretty damn exciting seeing her up close and in person almost every day. The producer, whom I'll call Stacy, has a sexy face, beautiful hair, nice tits, and a big, round ass that I'd never known about since it was always hidden behind a loose dress. Being an ass man, this discovery was a joy.

My job required a lot of running around, and often I'd get pretty sweaty. Some-

---

“  
My hands were groping  
over his body and, having  
found the bulge  
between his legs, I proceeded  
to quickly strip off  
his pants and shirt, exposing  
his lean, sinewy physique.”

---

times, I would notice Stacy (who is about eight or ten years older than me) looking at my sweaty, hairy arms, but it was so inconceivable to think she was really looking at me that this occurrence barely registered.

One day, as I sat in the break room drinking a soda, Stacy came in and sat down beside me and we chatted. I had worn shorts to work that day because it was warm outside, and, as we talked, she "accidentally" brushed her leg against mine. Laughing, she apologized for bumping my leg and placed her hand on my thigh and squeezed. My dick hardened at her touch and, as the bulge in my shorts became apparent, I saw a knowing smile come across her face. I was totally embarrassed.

With that, she got up and said, "When you're done with your break, could you come to my office and move some furniture for me?"

"Sure," I said, with a little crack in my voice. But she had already walked off with her ass swinging, not waiting for a reply.

As I sat there slowly finishing my drink, I ran the last couple of weeks through my mind. I realized that the whole time I had

been working there, Stacy had been looking at my hairy arms and legs or commenting on my five o'clock shadow, which gets very dark early in the day. A fantasy began to form in my mind. "Does this lady get off on body hair?" I wondered. "Well, I have plenty of that!"

I ran down the hall to her office. I knocked on her door and then went in. "Where's the furniture?" I asked.

"Fuck the furniture!" she said, as she reached behind me and slammed the door shut. I was a little surprised. She then grabbed my crotch and stuck her tongue in my mouth. I responded by grabbing her big bouncy butt, and she moaned heavily.

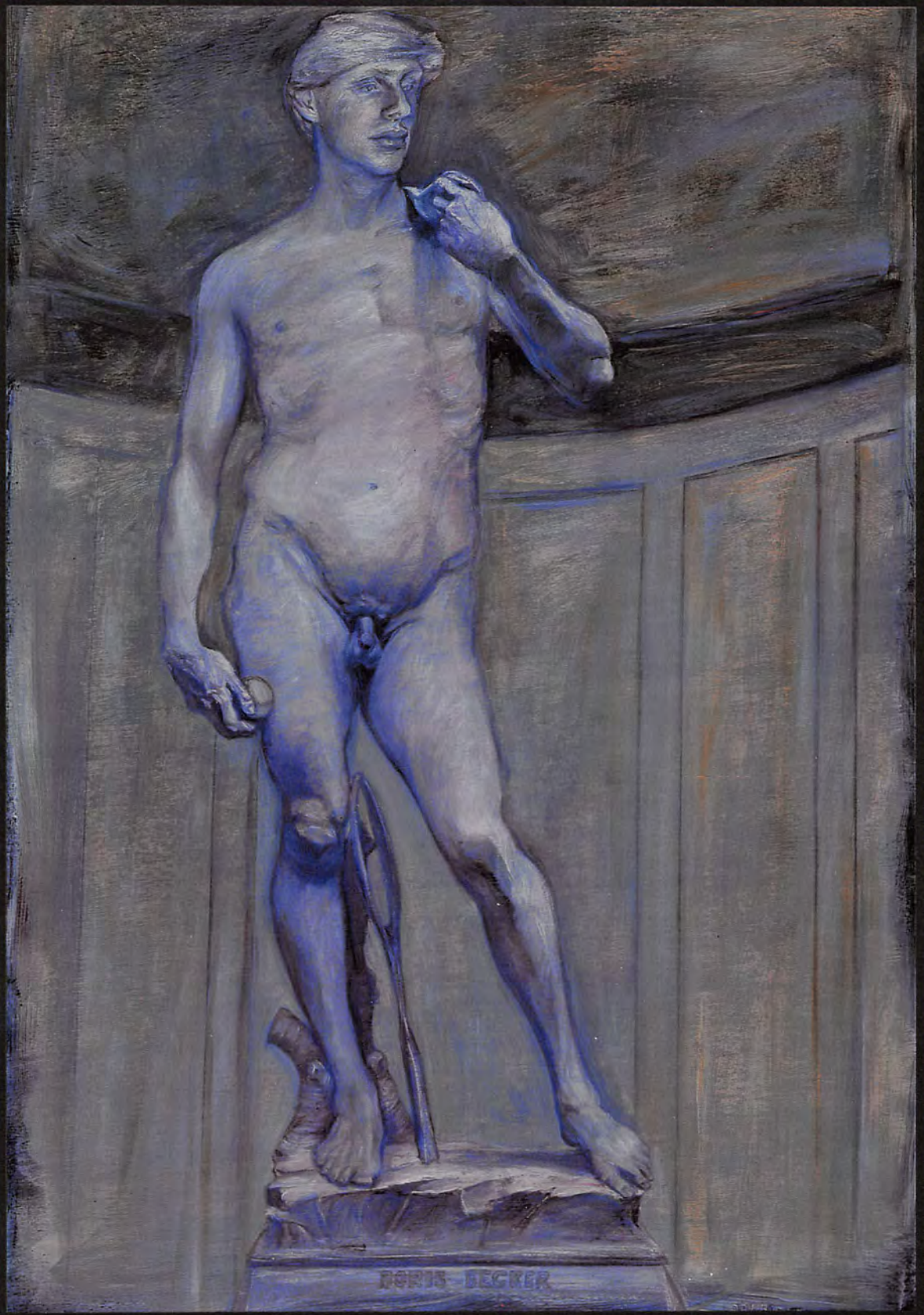
After a few minutes of tonguing and groping, she wordlessly got down on her knees, unzipped my shorts, and yanked down my underwear. When my dick jumped out, she let out a lusty "Oh, Jesus!" My dick has hair growing halfway up the shaft, and I guessed that if she got off on the hair on my arms and legs, the hair on my dick probably really turned her on. She wasted no more time on words and started licking my cock up and down, paying special attention to the lower, hairy half. She then got down to some really serious sucking, and shortly, I was squirting what felt like six months' worth of come down her throat. She swallowed most of it, but the last couple of pumps she directed onto her face. After my joint stopped jerking, she rubbed my come all over her face with it.

If my mind was blown when she started to blow me, it turned to putty when she said, "Fuck me"—but not so much that I didn't quickly obey her command. I laid her down on her couch and stuffed my still-hard cock into her. She loved it. She kept saying, as she twisted and turned underneath me, that she could feel the hair on my dick tickling the inside of her cunt and her clit. I gave her the best, most inventive screw I could come up with, and pretty soon she was arching her back, moaning and coming. I surprised myself by keeping control, and, partly because I had just blown my wad a few minutes earlier, I didn't come. I pulled out of her dripping cunt and turned her over, so I could fuck her from behind.

In a state of massive pleasure, I didn't, at first, hear the insistent knock at the door. Stacy did, though, and she managed to croak out a "Yes?" in between her moans. A voice came back: "Five minutes to air!" We'd been having such a good time that we forgot what time it was. Stacy had to go to the control booth in five minutes. Luckily, she wasn't going to be cruel and make me pull out when I hadn't come yet—bless her heart! She just kept encouraging me with things like, "Pump my hole!" and "C'mon, shoot your load inside me, baby!"

I pulled her up on her knees into a doggy position and really started to hump her. It didn't take too long until I was squirting a giant load of cream inside her





## HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 42

Michelangelo's *David* statuette  
For centuries made women foam and fret;  
But today it's the pecker  
Of tennis star Becker  
That gets all the girls limp and wet.



and experiencing what was probably the greatest orgasm of my life.

I was thrust back into reality when Stacy crawled out from under me and my dick popped out of her with a slurping sound. She cleaned herself up, quickly put on some makeup, brushed her hair, blew me a kiss, and was out the door and down the hall to produce the news.

After I cleaned up, I staggered out of the room and went into the break room. I turned on the TV set and there was the anchorman, saying something about the economy. I got a thrill knowing that the smile on Stacy's face wasn't really because unemployment was down, and that she was sitting in the control booth with a big load of my hot goo still inside her.—  
*Name and address withheld*

### THE REAL THING

It was a hot day and I was doing my spring cleaning when a Prince Charming literally popped into my normally dull, routine existence. I answered the door wearing baggy faded jeans and an old blouse with a bandanna wrapped around my head, and there stood the most incredibly handsome male animal I have ever seen. My heart immediately did flip-flops and I felt weak in the knees—that's how much the sexy stranger affected me. Introducing himself as Stuart, he politely inquired about my husband, explaining he had served in the Green Berets with him, and Tom, my husband, had given him a standing invitation to visit whenever he was in our part of the country.

Indeed, Tom had often mentioned Stuart—an American Indian—and I'd seen a lot of his photographs in Tom's Army scrapbook, so I felt no qualms about inviting him to wait for Tom if he wanted. My husband was on an extended trip with his 18-wheeler to the West Coast, but was due back in five days. Telling Stuart to make himself at home, I hastily finished cleaning my kitchen cabinets. I was embarrassed and wanted to take a bath so I could make myself more presentable.

I have to admit I had been feeling horny and had gotten a quick look at the big bulge in Stu's pants, which compounded my need that much more. Not that I had ever cheated on Tom, but his long absences whet my appetite for cock. I usually fuck myself every night with a big rubber artificial penis I bought through the mail, yet it's never the same as getting fucked by a man.

As I soaked in the tub, I pondered about Stu and wondered if he'd fuck me if I encouraged him enough. Tom had been gone 12 days, and I ached to feel a man deep inside me! Opening my thighs, I directed the stream of water from the flexible shower head between my legs and the sensation felt delicious. I made up my mind then to get laid. What Tom didn't know wouldn't hurt him, and as long as there was a man in the house, why let that beautiful bulge in his pants go to waste for no reason?

I wrapped a towel around me that didn't leave much to the imagination, and joined Stu in the living room, where I blow-dried my hair as we talked. I was amused at how his eyes kept flicking over me and wondered what he was thinking. After my hair dried, I went to the bedroom and pulled on a tiny string bikini and invited him to join me in the kitchen for a cold beer. Swinging my scantily clad ass in front of him, he followed me into the kitchen. At the fridge I bent way over, reaching for the beer, and felt his eyes playing up and down my backside, and I knew he was having a hard time deciding where to look.

When I straightened up, I noticed the huge swelling in his pants. By estimation, the outline of his cock was something like eight inches! My mouth fairly watered and I did some other guessing. I guessed he'd have liked nothing better than sticking that huge rod into me from behind while I was bent over. Nothing happened right away,

---

“  
With both hands  
on her firm ass, I buried  
myself into her  
warm chasm as deep as  
possible, while  
sucking her rock-hard nipples.”

---

though. He averted his eyes as soon as I turned around. I ached to feel his hands on my body and hit on the idea that I wanted to sunbathe. Our home is completely enclosed by tall hedges, so I wasn't worried about nosy neighbors.

Outside, we spread a blanket on the grass and he took off his shirt. He looked terrific! Being an American Indian, his natural gold-toned body was dazzling. His tight muscles were sharply defined and rippled with the slightest movement of his lean, hard physique. Crazy thoughts ran through my mind. I imagined him on top of me, muscles rippling with each thrust of his hips into me. I handed him the suntan lotion so he could rub some on my back. He took extra time applying it on the back of my legs until I turned over so he could do the front of my body. I was so busy daydreaming and his hands felt so good, I moaned and automatically bent my knees outward when he reached the front of my thighs with the lotion. He stopped and I couldn't help myself. I reached up and pulled him toward me, darting my tongue in as I covered his mouth with mine. He was hesitant but gradually lost his restraint when I pushed

my tongue in deeper and deeper. I begged him to fuck me between kisses, but he was still reluctant about screwing me outside in broad daylight until I assured him we were safe from prying eyes.

I wiggled out of my bikini while he tugged his pants and shorts to his knees. Getting on top of me, he dug his hands into my soft white ass while I guided the head of his hard rod to its destination. His mammoth cock stretched and filled my cunt as it went in. It was almost more than I could take! His enormous cock banged into me, ravaging my body with spasms of pleasure. The weight of his body and his deep strokes felt a thousand times better than the rubber dildo I serviced myself with. I could hear passing traffic and the neighbors in their yards while he humped me. Doing it outside in the open inflamed me almost as much as the vigorous pounding of his thick shaft between my outstretched thighs.

His strokes came with machine-gun rapidity, quick fierce stabs of forbidden delight that consumed me with joy. About two minutes later, both of us too excited to hold off any longer, we climaxed simultaneously. His big load cut loose inside my cunt and felt heavenly. It felt so heavenly, in fact, that I could have screwed with him the rest of the afternoon right there in the yard.

Tossing Stu my bikini bottom, I wrapped myself with the blanket and raced for the house with him behind me. Now that I'd had his cock, I had to have more of it. I dropped to my knees in the kitchen and kissed the tip of his cock. Opening my mouth, I let the huge head slip between my lips and held it there for a few moments. He eased it halfway into my mouth and I could feel my heart pounding as my lips slid along the hard shaft. Keeping my lips tightly around his prick, I tried to deep-throat him. I got about six inches into my mouth, but that was all I could manage; it was just too long. But it was delicious! The salty flavor made my heart pound faster. His hands tangled in my hair and he started moving his hips so that his cock was moving in and out of my mouth. I had never let my husband shoot off in my mouth, but somehow I couldn't refuse Stu, if that was what he wanted. He fucked my face slowly, careful not to feed me more cock than I could handle comfortably. When he exploded in my mouth, his come spurted hotly into the back of my throat while I swallowed convulsively, catching every last drop and relishing its taste.

Stuart had a sex drive to match mine. He was insatiable and could get hard again a few minutes after coming. I lost all of my inhibitions over the next five days. I went absolutely wild with desire for Stu's sensational, lovely prick. We fucked whenever we pleased, or to be more precise, whenever I wanted, which was often. I've never been fucked so many times in so many different positions before or since, and I loved every minute of it!





**L**isa is a mysterious moonchild who seeks the quiet life and the spotlight in turn. "Daydreaming is what I most like to do," she says. "I love to lie by myself, let my fantasies take over. But acting is my thrill." Until a few months ago, she modeled lingerie to pay for her acting lessons. Her perfect figure and exotic looks kept her in demand.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

LISA









Fiery one moment, cool the next, Lisa admits she's a creature of moods. "One day, I'm ready to party; the next, I just want to be alone."





She doesn't  
reveal the  
inner woman  
to many. Her  
secret life is  
hidden deep  
in her dark  
eyes.









"I love my body. It's my best friend," Lisa smiles. In her daydreams, she searches for a leading man. "I'm still waiting to fall in love, to find the one who can take me all the way . . . love, marriage, excitement, and beyond."

















It takes a European director to sidestep the puritanical hang-ups of American adult entertainment and show us all how it could be done.

# X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

## PENTHOUSE PICK

*Every Woman Has a Fantasy—Part 2*

(VCA) **||||**

The good news is that this sequel to the Rachel Ashley—John Leslie hit, *Every Woman Has a Fantasy*, is even better than the original. The bad news is—well, there really isn't any bad news. *Fantasy—Part 2* is a convincing, light-hearted dive into glorious sensuality, and anyone going along for the ride is going to be well rewarded.

John Leslie showcases his talents yet again, but he has switched wives, from the buxom and brunette Rachel Ashley of the first version to a blockbuster blonde who calls herself Lois Ayres. Ayres is an excellent actress who can allow a sensual vulnerability to overtake her features, as well as use her big-breasted physicality to full advantage. The plot is fairly negligible, but believable nonetheless, and involves women fulfilling their husbands' fantasies. The action was probably sweetened by the feminine influence of scripter and producer Sandra Winters, who proves once again that women have a salutary effect on adult entertainment. An excellent, outrageously sexy effort.

## TAPE MY WIFE, PLEASE

*Thy Neighbor's Wife*  
(Dreamland) **I**

*Thy Neighbor's Wife* represents what happens when porn collides with the soap opera and the romance novel. It's filled with heroes and heroines of the most unlikely stripe, from authors who are a "combination of Rambo and Hemingway" to women who lead revolutionary ar-

mies. It's supposed to be larger than life, but it comes off as merely ridiculous, primarily because the dialogue is hilariously stilted. Eric Edwards is a journalist who fixates on the wife of a famous author. He loves her, loves everything about her, especially the sound of her voice—which is comical, since Sheena Horne, the woman he is obsessed with, has vocal cords that produce nothing more than a high-pitched squeak. Yes, the sex is there, but this tape is much more concerned with achieving a certain atmosphere. Do not fear, however, romance-novel smut is not upon us just yet.



*Thy Neighbor's Wife: romance-novel smut.*

## BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

*Wicked Sensations*

(Caballero) **||||**

*Wicked Sensations* manages to have its cake and eat it too—or, more accurately, its Kate and Edith too. John Leslie plays out the drudgery of a stale marriage with Annette Haven, and this forms the core conundrum of the tape. Why can't Leslie get heated up by the exquisite, picture-perfect Haven? Such are the mysteries of mar-

riage, because after you say "I do," it's possible you may never "do" again.

Leslie has a next-door neighbor who's a freewheeling bachelor stud. Since Leslie plays a hubby who's a bit of a voyeur, the relationship works out well: The stud gets his one-night stands, and Leslie gets to watch. The action heats up when hubby and stud go off looking for the perfect woman together. Aside from excellent technical values and rounded characters, what makes this tape a classic is the parade of "sweet young things" who prime the action and the viewer's fantasies.



*Nympho: torrid Meadows.*

and repression. Braun was in porn at the beginning, an Italian director who produced many of the smut flicks that poured out of the Continent around the time of *I Am Curious, Yellow*. Braun's films, with titles like *Golden Butterfly* and *Come Back, De Sade*, were extraordinary for their searing sexual content and their insistence on a viable story line.

In *Young Nympho*, the same qualities shine through. It is the story of a marriage and one couple's experimentation within the bounds of their relationship. George Payne and Paula Meadows do excellent turns as the leads, with Meadows particularly torrid in her sophisticated Brit sensuality. The two of them experiment with group sex at a swing club, which allows Braun the opportunity to use some great bodies in a marathon dyke scene: Stacy Donovan, Krista Barrington, Tajia Rae, and Danielle. When the couple invites the "young nympho," Siobhan Hunter, into their life, the moment is actually

## COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

*Young Nympho*

(Vidco) **||||**

It takes a European director, Lasse Braun, to sidestep the puritanical hang-ups of American adult entertainment and show us all how it could be done. His *Young Nympho* is not flashy, not mega-budgeted, but it is so beautifully controlled and sexy that it establishes what porn could be if it could disassociate itself from ineptness



touching—something I never thought I would say about a porn tape. All you would-be producers out there, watch this tape to see how it can be done: You can produce a shot-on-video masterpiece, with great technical values, steamy sex, and a convincing story.

#### SON OF AN ITCH

*Indecent Itch*  
(VCR) **1**

This tape has all the ingredients of what some people think adult entertainment should be: gynecological close-ups, a tip of the hat to plot, and a huge orgy to wrap up the show. There's even a moral of sorts. Gale Martin is a girl who likes her solitude a little too much, preferring her vibrator over men. Harry Reems makes a cameo as the devil who convinces her the real thing is best. All this unspools very slowly,



Itch: stay away.



Corporate Affairs: lacks any real interest.

with a lame bachelorette party and occasional double-penetration scenes to brighten things up. Nothing can save the last orgy, which takes Mazola as its theme and is performed on huge sheets of noisy black plastic. Unless you're in it for the constant, crotch-numbing sex, stay away.

#### STOCKS AND BLONDES

*Corporate Affairs*  
(Essex) **11**

Ever wonder what goes on at your office after you take off for the day? In *Corporate Affairs*, a working girl transforms her stuffy business environment into a high-class whorehouse, specializing in businessmen clients who want to feel at home. She offers them "Bridgette, at the Xerox machine; or Kathy, who's at her file cabinet," and they enthusiastically take her up on the offers. There's plenty of opportunity for sex, and producer Duck Dumont indulges heavily in it every step of the way. Sex in an office setting may be the particular fetish of white-

collar workers across the country, and they can substitute the fantasy secretary of their choice for the able-bodied actresses here. The technical values are excellent, the sex is hot, but the tape as a whole lacks interest. For all of you who may have fantasized about sex on the job, though, *Corporate Affairs* may be just the thing.

#### MINOR LEGS

*Legs*  
(Ambassador) **11**

*Legs* is a story of a woman with a double life: She's a loving wife in Los Angeles but alternately she's a hooker, jewel thief, and all-around snake in the grass on her weekly jaunts to San Francisco. Something has to keep

a housewife's life interesting, and that something is crime, aided and abetted by a lot of raw, exuberant sex. There is a double-penetration scene visited upon a willing brunette by two Key-stonesque cops, while Nikki, the blond lead, plies her charms on the wife of a wealthy businessman. No matter that she originally came to the house to rob the wife, no matter that the actress who plays Nikki seems to have trouble keeping her pseudonyms straight—*Legs* is sturdy adult entertainment.

#### DON'T DO WINDOWS

*The Woman in the Window*  
(High Class) **1**

*The Woman in the Window* gets my vote as the adult tape with the most convoluted plot of the year. Joey Silvera plays the voyeur, a bottle-bitten movie director who's challenged to make an X-rated film before his career goes down the tubes. There are subplots to keep track of and lots of "later that same day"—style titles to help, but the thicket is just a little too thick. Jamie Gillis makes a weird, nonsex cameo, but the real interaction here is between Silvera and John Leslie. There was a good story there, but this tape steps off the deep end and gets lost forever. **OT**

#### RATING KEY

- 1** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- 11** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- 111** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- 1111** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



When it was time for Tom to return home, I wished Stu and I had five more days with each other, but all good things must come to an end. As usual, Tom screwed me the first night he was home, but I pretended it was Stuart who was on top of me instead. Stuart never did fuck me again because he left two days after Tom got home. Perhaps he felt guilty about sleeping with me while Tom was gone, but at least he left me with beautiful memories of all the wild, uninhibited fucking we did when he was there.—  
*Name and address withheld*

## YOUNG BLOOD

I am a 22-year-old female college student with a lust for younger men. One Friday night my friends convinced me to take a break from studying and go with them to a concert being held in the student union. When we arrived, I noticed that there was a large portion of freshman boys just ripe for the picking. One boy in particular caught my attention. He could not have been more than 18 or 19 years old, probably a local. We passed each other frequently and I sensed there was a mutual sexual attraction. The show was boring, so my friend Sally and I decided to leave for a while. We went out into the hallway and the boy was there sitting on the floor talking with his friends. He kept looking up at me and appeared disinterested in his conversation. It was now time for me to make my move.

I walked over to the crowd and sat down directly across from him. His legs were bent in front of him, his arms wrapped around his knees. I fixed my eyes on his crotch and waited. He fidgeted at my stare. His legs wiggled, then he slid them forward. His pants got tighter. I kept my focused gaze. He crossed his legs. He was now noticeably erect. He had trouble keeping up with the conversation he was involved in. He drew his legs close up to his body and folded his arms at his waist, trying obviously to hide his swollen cock. I finally looked up at him. The expression on his face was of embarrassed arousal.

I licked my lips and motioned with my eyes for him to follow. I stood up and began to walk down the hall. He quickly got to his feet and pursued me, just as I expected. I found an empty unlocked room around the corner and went in. I stood behind the door. When he entered, I shut the door behind him. I reached for his hand and kissed it lightly. He looked at me and whispered shyly, "I've never . . . umm . . . well I haven't . . ." I knew what he was trying to tell me. I had already assumed that he was a virgin. I put my arms around his waist and pulled him close. I could feel his hard cock press between my legs. He was ready for some action—and believe me, so was I.

We held hands and walked over to a small couch beneath a large window. We could hear the music playing in the distance and the sound of people gathering in the hall outside our door. I ran my hand over his thigh. He reciprocated by running his over mine. I asked if I could touch him. He replied bashfully, "Yes, but I'm nervous." I laid him back on the couch and I lay on his chest. He held my ass and maneuvered me on top of his crotch. We ground our pelvises together, nearly knocking ourselves off the couch. I carefully unzipped his fly so as not to frighten him, and tugged his pants down past his knees. I rubbed my hands up and down his legs, his virginal form quivering beneath my palms. He tensed up when I touched his underpants. "Oh my God!" he moaned. I pulled them down in one swift motion, revealing a well-developed young man, much larger than I anticipated. His long slender penis lay against his smooth hairless stomach. I stroked it

She slowly unpeeled  
her panties, brought them  
up to her face,  
and inhaled their delicious  
aroma. It was  
more than I could bear.

lightly, licking and sucking the head. I cupped his balls in my hand and squeezed them. He let out a yelp. I chewed and sucked his hot cock until he spilled his entire load of sweet milk down my throat.

I sat up and straddled him. He put his hands up my skirt and ripped my panties off. I took his engorged cock and guided it into my dripping pussy. As I moved up and down on it, he grabbed my tits and pulled on my erect nipples. Before he was about to climax, he became frightened and tried to pull away. "It's not time," I told him. I held on to him even tighter as he screamed in ecstasy, shooting his come up my cunt. He panted, his face covered in sweat. I licked his face dry with my tongue.

I suggested we both fully undress. He was slightly dazed but agreed. We disrobed in front of each other and put our clothes on a chair. I asked him if he had ever touched a woman "there." He said no. I asked him if he would like to touch me there, and he answered timidly, "Could I?" I took his hand and placed it over my cunt. I put my hand on top of his and massaged my clit. He began to get the

hang of it and I removed my hand. He explored every fold and crevice with his fingers. "Faster," I told him. He worked his finger in and out of my cunt with a rapid pace. I pushed his head down and shoved his face in my crotch. He sucked hard on my rigid clit. It was incredible! I could feel my knees weakening. I wrapped my arms around his head and pushed him harder against my cunt. He plunged his tongue deep inside me and thrust and I came all over his face.

His face was covered with my juices. I took his hands from my ass and lifted him to his feet. I looked straight into his eyes and kissed him. Then I went over to the chair and dressed myself. He still stood there naked, watching me dress. I looked at him one last time. He looked down at his feet, then up at me, and smiled. "Thank you," he said softly. I said nothing and left the room, closing the door behind me. I walked back to the show and rejoined my friends.

The band was cooking, but they weren't nearly as hot as me and my new-found playmate had just been. About ten minutes later, he walked in. His face was glowing with the pleasure of satisfaction. He spotted me from across the room. I caught his eye and winked. He gave me a huge grin, one I think he'll be wearing until we meet again. I know we will.—  
*Name and address withheld*

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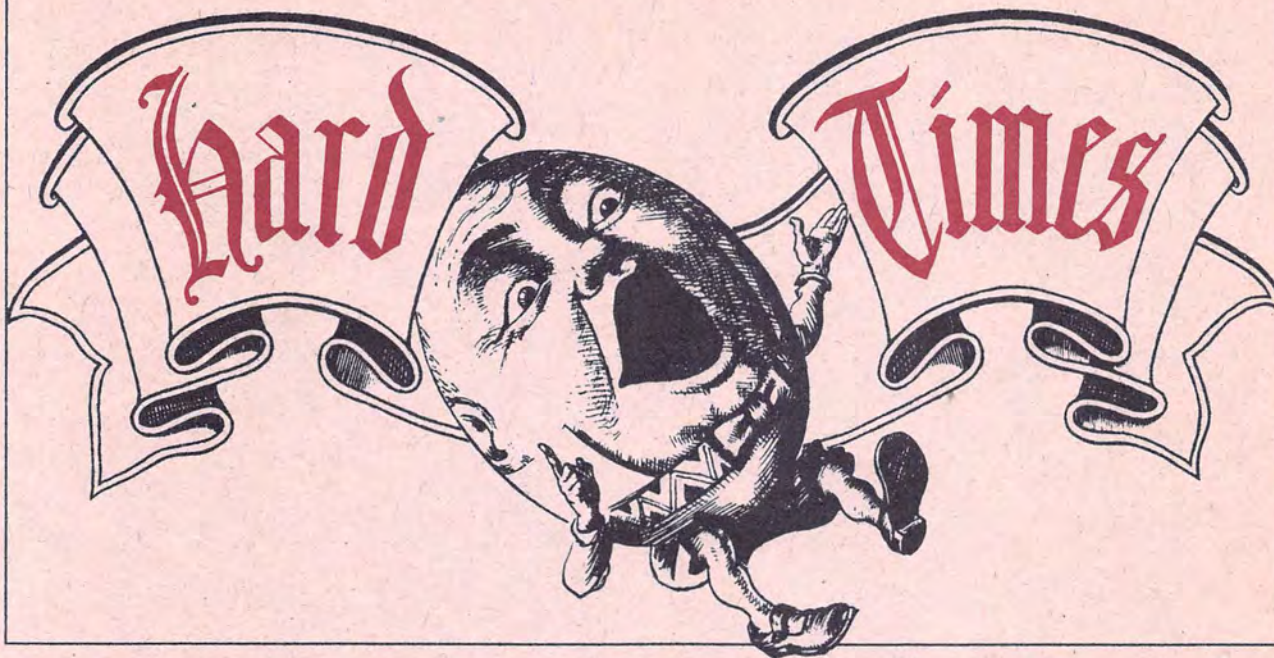
## CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Janna Adams was photographed for *Penthouse* by Earl Miller using a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters. Her layout can be seen beginning on page 75. Our love set, on page 97, was photographed by Carl Wachter. Carl used a Nikon F2 Photomic camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Lovely Lisa Allison, featured on page 131, was shot by David Schoen with a Nikon 35mm camera, Nikkor lenses, a Gitzo tripod, and Kodachrome 64 film.



**EXTRA**

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

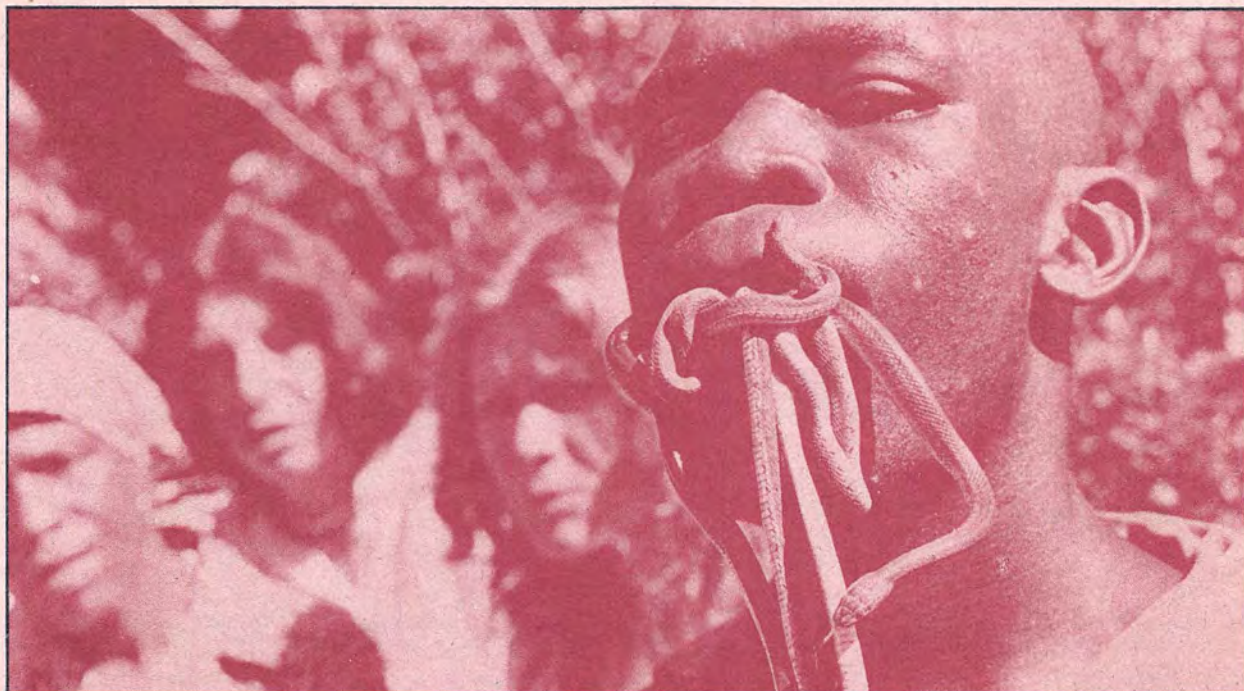
**EXTRA**

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**ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT**

VOL. 5, NO. 9

## A REAL MOUTHFUL!



Lizwi Caleni, 32, can be found three days a week on Johannesburg, South Africa, street corners doing his act. For 20 years Caleni has been entertaining passersby by having venomous snakes slither over his body. For his grand finale, he swallows one of them alive. Lest anyone think Mr. Caleni is being cruel to snakes, he explains: "I only eat snakes which have been injured or which tried to bite me. I would never eat

one of my performers unnecessarily—after all, some of my best friends are snakes." For the curious, the largest snake eaten by the street-corner performer was a poisonous three-foot puff adder. "It was good—tasted like fish," he reported. "But it bit me on the arm." (*National Examiner*)  
*They're probably already serving snake in trendy California restaurants.—Editor*





## HOLY WAR

Turin, Italy, is the site for what may be the final battle between the forces of light and the armies of darkness. Forty thousand of the city's one million inhabitants are members of the Satanic Church. Demonic possessions have proven too much of a task for the weary force of three Catholic exorcists, and the church has recently sent into the field six fresh recruits to stem Satan's armies. Citizens are alarmed over the recent increase in violence relating to the Satanic Church's Black Mass. "Many parents prevent their children from going out after sunset," a newspaper reported. "Turin is being suffocated by a cloak of terror." For those planning on visiting Turin this year, a citizen warns: "Satan is invading our city. Be careful. The Devil has decided to make this city his capital." (*National Enquirer*) We guess he's moving there from Libya.—Editor

## SHE COULDN'T GET ENOUGH!

Forty-four-year-old Alfred Schuhmann of Bremen, West Germany, wins hands down as this year's most sexually abused victim. First, however, it appeared Alfred was the victimizer when his beautiful 23-year-old girlfriend, Ingeborg Enderlein, accused him of rape. But after hearing the evidence, a West German judge learned the truth about Ingeborg's insatiable sexual appetite. "No sooner had we arrived in my apartment," Alfred said, recalling his four days and nights of horror to the court, "than she pushed me down on my couch, tore the clothes off my body, and subjected me to the four most exhausting days and nights of my life. The woman was insatiable. Days on the living-room carpet, nights in my bed. I was unable to get any sleep and hardly had time to eat. I had to spend a few days in bed to recover afterward." Ingeborg was fined and a warrant for her arrest issued. (*National Examiner*)

*There you go again! When will women stop treating men just as sex objects?—Editor*

## Mr. Ed, You Devil!



America can sleep a bit more soundly these days now that an Ohio evangelist, Jim Brown, has discovered that the once-lovable Mr. Ed, television's talking horse, is actually an agent for Satan. Brown told his congregation that Mr. Ed's song, "A Horse Is a Horse," when played backward, contains such messages as "the source is Satan" and "someone sung this song for Satan." (*San Jose Mercury News*—submitted by Jeffrey D. Flint, San Jose, Calif.) *And someone sounds like a horse's ass.—Editor*



## Sewer King

On a certain level, one could say that Robert Thompson, currently residing in southern California, has lived like a king. In Thompson's case, his castle was a San Diego sewer. For nearly a year he lived, along with his two pet rats, a subterranean existence below the streets of downtown San Diego. Out of work and penniless, the mole man, in his late fifties, lived in a five-by-30-foot area with a barbecue pit, Bibles, American flag, stove, cooler, and birdcage. Thompson had a simple explanation for the police when they evicted him from his home: "I'm too crazy to hold a job." (*Weekly World News*) *We're sure he could have found a low-level job somewhere.—Editor*



# E. T. DOCTOR CURES CANCER

The most optimistic news this month comes from a small town in Mexico. Gloria Castaneda, age six, had been suffering from terminal cancer, and her doctors told her parents the situation was hopeless. But one day last March, the bell rang at the Castaneda house. The door opened and there stood a seven-foot figure wearing a glistening black suit. He hit Mr. and Mrs. Castaneda with a paralyzing beam of greenish-blue light emanating from the palm of his hand. The couple, unable to move but conscious, observed what happened next: "He carried Gloria in his arms and placed her on the kitchen table." Speaking softly in a strange language to Gloria, he placed glowing tubes on her temple. He removed them after five minutes and, according to Mrs. Castaneda, "Gloria jumped up and hugged him." As the alien departed, he told the amazed parents, "She is well." Later, Gloria's physician confirmed the miraculous cure. (*Weekly World News*)

*We finally found a doctor who'll make house calls.—Editor*

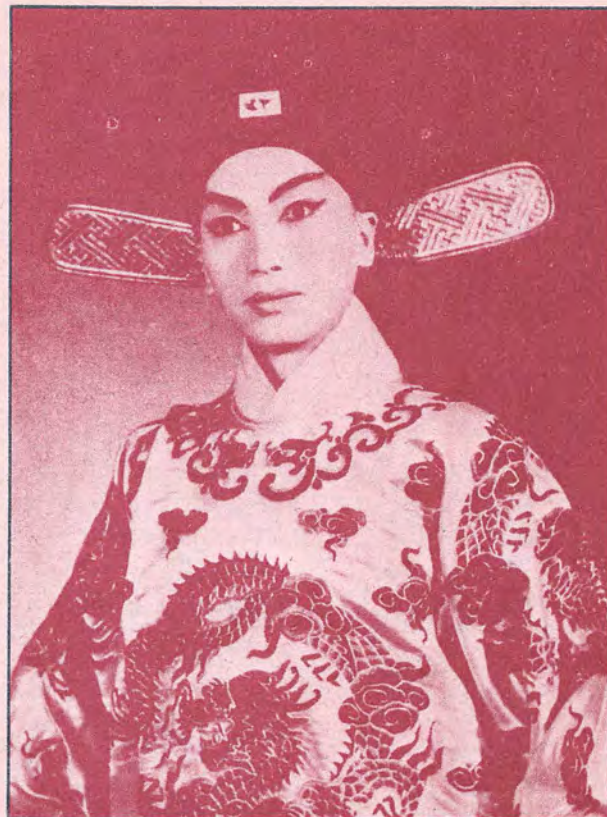


## A Load of Bull

The bad news was that a truck carrying one million dollars' worth of cargo skidded off an icy Maine highway. The good news was that the truck's cargo of refrigerated bull semen, enough to impregnate

90,000 cows, was entirely undamaged in the accident. (*Detroit Free Press*—submitted by Brian Leslie, Grosse Point, Mich.)

*Somewhere, 90,000 cows are happy.—Editor*



## THE ODDEST COUPLE

Twenty-two years ago, Bernard Boursicot, a 20-year-old French diplomat, fell in love in Peking with a famous Chinese opera star, Shi Peipu. After their affair had gone on for several months, Bernard was told that Shi was pregnant—and a few months later, Shi presented him with a baby who, Bernard was certain, "looked like me." In 1966, Bernard left Peking for three years, but on his return, he says, the Chinese government forced him to become a spy for them—or never see his lover again. According to testimony at his trial in Paris earlier this year, Bernard turned over French secrets to the Chinese for 15 years. In 1983, Mr. Boursicot, along with Shi and the child, moved to Paris. The French counterespionage service became suspicious and uncovered the spy operation. But they also uncovered something more—it turned out that Shi Peipu was a *man*! When Boursicot was asked how he possibly could have made such a mistake, he explained that their love trysts only occurred in dark rooms. "He was very shy," Bernard said of Shi. "I thought it was a Chinese custom." Not surprisingly, the Chinese government has denied any involvement in the case. (*The New York Times*)

*No wonder the French are in trouble!—Editor*

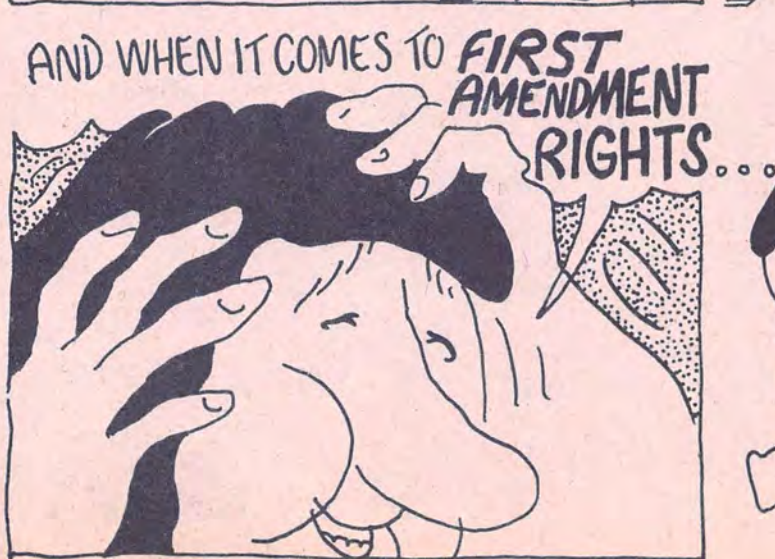
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# PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE





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# Sweet Chastity

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NOW **THAT** IS SOMETHING I HAVEN'T TASTED IN YEARS!

HOLD MY COAT, SOLDIER!

ANY TROUBLE FROM YOU — AND YOUR GREEN-HAIRED FRIEND GETS IT!

HE MEANS IT, LADY — ATILA THE HUN'S GOT NOTHING ON HIM!

GET YER 'ANDS OFF ME, YER MILITARY MORON — I'M AN INTERNATIONAL ARTISTE!

ME FANS'LL STAGE DEMOS OUTSIDE YER EMBASSIES ALL OVER THE WORLD WHEN THEY SEE THIS!

by RON EMBLETON  
and BOB GUCCIONE







**BUT AT THE VERY MOMENT, CAPTAIN SCHLAGGENDORF'S TEETH SINK INTO THE SAVOURY SAUSAGE.....**



**.... ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE OUTSIDE THE HUT!**







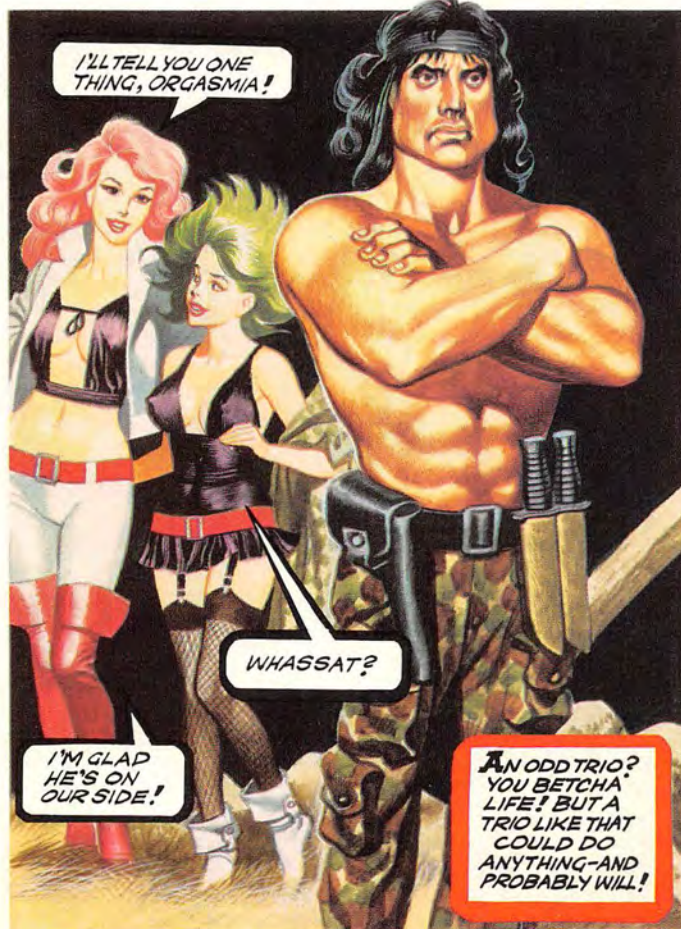
**N**ARROWLY AVOIDING  
A MASSIVE HERNIA,  
THE GREAT RUMPO  
BURSTS THROUGH  
THE DOOR!













ject. B. Because the other driver is zooming through a green light. C. Neither will hit the ground. They are both off the coast of South America and will therefore fall in the ocean.

WILLIAMS. A. She never removed her swimsuit. B. The robot wasn't programmed to open a carton.

PAULS. A. A wristwatch. B. You break the shell first and hold only the raw egg in your hand.

## RUNNERS-UP

HUOTARI. A. You're on a motorcycle. B. You couldn't. Mercury is so dense that steel floats in it. C. Nothing—it's an automatic transmission.

SCOTT. A. A blind horse. B. If you don't wind it, the clock won't run at all. C. Tickle his feet.

CHOICES. That's easy. The one with the biggest tits.

WEIGH. The word *ton*.

POEM. We were enroute to L.A./ aboard the great liner/ when my wife she gave birth/ as we sailed out of China./ The sister was born/ and all was fine./ Her brother came after/ we crossed the date line.

## HONORABLE MENTION

PHYSICS. None of them goes through the door. They wait until the door is opened, and then they go through the doorway.

WEALTH. I gave Sister the bag with the last two cookies in it.

DEAD. Birds need gravity to swallow. Humans have a natural peristalsis that allows us to swallow even hanging upside down.

DUSTY. A. Mount Everest. B. He was wearing a sailor's uniform. C. One.

## WORDPLAY


Cross out: S I X L E T T E R S.  
Remaining letters: B A N A N A.

PICTURES. You can't take a picture with a wooden leg. You need a camera.

STARBOARD. The name of the ship.

KIDS. The other half are also boys.

DRUM. Holes.

THIRSTY. Use a champagne bottle or any other sparkling-wine bottle with a recessed bottom, or "punt." Pour any drink you want into this hollow and drink from that. 

when I first started masturbating at the age of 18.

*I would just like to hear your sincere and honest opinion of my problem. Do you think I'm a pervert or what? I would like to add an additional comment—you fit the criteria of my sexual fantasies perfectly! Thanks for listening.—J. R.*

I do not think you are crazy for jerking off excessively, but that does not mean that you are 100 percent okay. You are on the way to becoming a TV junkie.

You have a "wonderful and beautiful girlfriend," with whom "sex is great," but you apparently prefer imaginary sex in front of your TV set. If you had a VCR, you could sit in front of the box 24 hours a day and you wouldn't have to do anything else, not even think. Remember the old joke about why masturbation is better than fucking? Because you meet a better class of people. In your case, it is great because you don't have to meet anyone at all. Your problem is chronic laziness, so switch off your magic lantern and get on with your life. If you are so horny it interferes with your work, get off your ass, go out into the world, and find yourself a woman with real boobs instead of the boob tube.

## MODERN INCONVENIENCES

*I've got a real problem. I am an attractive female, 23. I have a live-in fiancé of two years. We've been dating for six years. We have a pretty good sex life. We make love about four times a week, plus we've experimented a little with threesomes, which we love. Recently, we were invited for a weekend party where there will be lots of sex, and we've accepted.*

*The problem is with me. When I was 18, I discovered my mom's vibrator. I used to use it almost every day, sometimes for hours, and I loved it. I was still a virgin! I also discovered running water from the bathtub. I figured I could prop my legs over the edge of the tub and let the water hit right on my clit. The orgasm was tremendous. Sometimes I would stay there until there was no hot water left.*

*Because of this, I am unable to have orgasms without a vibrator. Not only that, but the vibrator has to be one of those powerful electric ones. Sometimes, on very rare occasions I can use my hands to make myself come, but only if I imitate the motion of the vibrator.*

*This really sucks! My boyfriend never complains, but I know for once he'd love to eat me until I came, as I would love it, too. Not only that, I feel funny whipping my "toy" out in front of people. Actually, when we go to someone else's house, I usually don't bring it. I can usually "suffer" until I get home. Now, with this weekend invite, I don't know what to do! It wouldn't be so bad if it was a dildo vibra-*

*tor, but since it's a plug-in, it's just too inconvenient.*

*I need your help. I want to learn how to come without a vibrator. The potential is there, I think, since I can make myself come once in a blue moon without it. (Don't tell me not to worry about dragging my toys out, because that's not what I want.) Are there any books that I can read to teach me, or should I go to a therapist? I need answers, and quick. This is turning out to be a real sexual hang-up for me!—E. B.*

We live in a highly mechanized age and, let's face it, the vibrator is a boon to a lot of ladies who, like yourself, find it hard to reach orgasm. In fact, the woman who can come with straight fucking is a rarity—we all seem to need some clitoral stimulation to achieve the magical "O."

Unfortunately, you discovered electricity before you found out about body chemistry. Our sexual response is determined by a lot of factors that are out of our conscious control.

I suggest that you put Victor the Vibrator back in his box (rather than yours) for a set period of time, say six months. Sex play can be very exciting and satisfying without orgasm. Concentrate on enjoying the sensual aspect of touching and titillating, with the added excitement of extra partners. If you don't come, don't worry. Save it up. Remember the old saying: "Hunger is the best sauce." If you are climbing the walls for lack of a climax, you can always slip into the bathroom and fuck the plumbing, but see how long you can last without it.

Sooner or later it will happen, and as soon as your subconscious realizes that it does not need a ski lift to get to the top of the hill, your troubles are over.

## LOVELORN

*I have a problem I hope you can help me solve. I am a 63-year-old, horny male, unattached. I live in a very conservative neighborhood of mostly retired people who are very inhibited, uptight people who frown on the very thought of sex.*

*There is this lady who lives down the street who I am very infatuated with. She is also 63, divorced, and, like me, living alone. I wonder if sex ever crosses her mind. Every time I see her, I get the hots for her. She is still quite attractive and sports a big pair of jugs, which really turn me on.*

*My problem is, how do I approach her and let her know my feelings without offending her?*

*I have done some work on her car and have been in her house a couple of times, but both times she sat quite distant from me. We made some small talk but sex never came up.*

*Since I've been out of circulation for 42 years (I never once cheated on my wife), I'm out of practice and don't know how to begin. I've thought about a dinner date to maybe break the ice. If she accepted,*



we would have to be very discreet or else tongues would wag and the news would spread like wildfire in this prudish neighborhood.

*Should I come right out and ask her if she would like some sex or should I play it cool and go very slow till I find out if she's interested? I might add that she dresses sexy, too, which makes me think there may be a possibility here.*

*Can you give me some advice in this matter? If you do and it works out, I will surely let you know.*—N. S.

I suspect that one of the most inhibited and uptight people who lives in your neighborhood is you. You are unattached, and you are attracted to a lady who also lives alone and has no ties. I don't believe that there is any society in the civilized world today that disapproves of a single man making overtures to a single woman.

I get letters from young, inexperienced men asking how to meet women and how to conduct a romance, but none sound as naive as you. You have met this woman, sat in her house, and talked to her, but she remains "distant" and "sex never came up." What the hell do you expect her to do? Tear off her clothes and rape you? If you call yourself a man, a woman expects you to make the first move—any kind of move. At least a 16-year-old boy knows how to ask a girl for a date, and

he doesn't care what the neighbors think.

So, take a shower, climb into your best clothes, go out and buy a few dozen roses, ring her doorbell, and ask her for a date. If you meet any of your neighbors on the way, either ignore them or tell them exactly what you are doing. If the woman refuses you, do the same thing every day until she agrees to go out with you. She will, never fear. Take her out to an expensive dinner, to the movies, or for a drive in the car. When you have wined her and dined her and chatted her up, pop the question. Tell her you find her irresistible and that you would like to make love with her. If she says no, see above. Do it every day until she says yes.

#### TIME FOR A CHANGE

*I'm 19 and my boyfriend is 21. We've been living together for about ten months. For the last six months our sex life has gone blah. He says the reason for him not wanting me is because I never try to excite him. I've tried in every way I know. I've been told by several guys that I'm great at giving head and my boyfriend says I'm good, too, but that's the only thing I know that he likes.*

*I love to give head, but after a while I get bored. He hardly ever eats me out anymore, and that really gets me down because I love it! Dan, my boyfriend, is the first guy to bring me to orgasm and I feel I owe him much for it. But it's been*

*a long time since he has and I'm thinking of maybe looking for another bed. But I really don't know if I could, because I love Dan very much and I don't want to lose him. I've tried to explain it to him, but he makes it seem as though it's always my fault. My body isn't the best, but it's okay. I weigh 125 pounds and am five feet six inches tall. My measurements are 36-25-35. Dan is five foot nine and weighs between 180 and 185.*

*At one time, we had a very satisfactory love life, but now because of arguments about our sex life, we've been so stressed out that neither of us has any idea as to what to do. Can you please tell me of some way to get the fire back into our relationship?*—P. L.

If you have a vintage boyfriend whose sterling qualities have been tried and tested over the years, it is definitely worthwhile trying to recondition your relationship. You should both sit down and talk it over and find out what it is about each of you that irritates or bores the other. Unless both of you are prepared to make an effort, it is not going to work.

Since you're only 19, you are too young to resign yourself to the boredom of an unsatisfactory relationship, and if the sexual excitement wore off after only four months, it is time for a change. You should have no trouble finding a new boyfriend who likes to eat pussy.



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### WHO'S THE BOSS?

*I have a problem that I'd like to get some help with. I'm married to a beautiful woman. We are both in our late twenties and have been married for ten years. We have no children and up until now we had planned on having a child next year.*

*Our sex life is average. We have sex once a week and my wife seems to enjoy it. I definitely do. My wife drives me crazy sexually. She has a beautiful body and works hard to keep it that way.*

*About seven years ago my wife started working for a law firm. She really seemed to enjoy this job more than any other she has had. She seemed to be doing quite well considering the overtime she was putting in and the pay raises.*

*She called one evening and said she had some briefs that had to be typed so she would be a few hours late. I was somewhat annoyed but said nothing for fear of upsetting her.*

*I decided that I would go down to the law firm and meet her. I wanted to save her the trouble of coming home and fixing us dinner, and I would take her out.*

*It was after dark when I arrived. I parked my car out front and tried the door—it was locked. I went around to the private entrance and it was locked also.*

*I felt rather stupid standing outside so I knocked on the door, but there was no answer. I stepped to the rear of the building and noticed a light on. I stepped close*

*to the window and looked in. I was shocked at what I saw! My wife was on her back with her legs raised, getting fucked by an associate partner in the law firm. I stood dumbfounded for God knows how long.*

*When I came to my senses I watched the scene continue. This guy was hung like a horse. His cock seemed almost twice the size of mine. My wife was really into the scene. She was meeting his every thrust as he pumped away.*

*I stood there watching my wife getting it on with another man and besides the initial shock I was not angry or hurt. Am I unusual? I watched her change positions with him two different times and watched her kiss his big penis from the head to the balls. She seemed to worship that guy's cock.*

*When it looked like they were getting finished, I made a quick exit and headed straight for home.*

*My wife drove up about half an hour after I got home. She entered the house in her usual jovial manner and we talked about our day. We ordered out for dinner and retired early. We both showered and went to bed. I made a sexual move toward my wife and she grudgingly accepted. As we fucked, I became very turned on thinking about the scene I'd witnessed earlier in the evening. My wife sensed my increased enthusiasm. She asked me, "Whatever in the world has*


*gotten into you?" Well, I had to say something. I told her what had gotten into her earlier at the office was what had gotten into me! She was shocked and asked me what I meant. I told her I saw her with her boss. She became quite angry. She accused me of sneaking around spying on her. I assured her it was purely accidental that I was there at the time.*

*I calmed her down somewhat and told her that I was shocked but not angry. She seemed relieved at first but then took a different attitude. I asked her how long her affair had been going on and she said, "Not long enough." She explained that it was something she greatly enjoyed and she was going to continue it. She stood before me and dropped her robe and told me if I wanted to continue to share her bed and her body I would just have to look the other way. If I couldn't, she said, she would leave me. She said the sex she had with her boss was filling a sexual void that she had in her life. His body and cock were sexually stimulating to her beyond belief.*

*Xaviera, I agreed to do anything she wanted. Am I totally crazy? My wife has total control over me. What can you suggest I do? Help!—M. J.*

Your reactions in a peculiar situation are unconventional, but I would not say you are crazy. After witnessing your wife being royally fucked by another man, you are shocked, but not angry. She, on the other hand, was both shocked and angry that you were capable of spying on her, even though it was accidental. I would say that she is being slightly unreasonable, but we women are generally considered to be more ruled by emotion than reason in our judgments. What probably threw her was the fact that you could get meekly into bed and make sexual overtures without mentioning what you had seen. It is not unusual for a husband to be turned on by the idea of his wife screwing another man, but in your case there is a definite undercurrent of masochism. You feel inferior to her lover, and then, when confronted with the sleek sexuality of her naked body and the possibility of losing it, you agree that she has absolute power over you.

Now I suspect that the "sexual void" in her life is caused not by lack of inches or rigidity in your cock, but by the limppiness of your personality. Her lover is not only her boss at work, but has the masculine strength to dominate her. Whether she would like this on a full-time basis is not certain, as she clearly has a willing and submissive houseboy in you.

The question you must ask yourself is whether you enjoy your situation. It sounds to me as if you do, although this is probably the first time you have really thought about it. If you decide that you cannot accept your situation as a live-in slave, you can call her bluff. Show her who wears the pants and tell her she can like it or leave. 



# ADVISE & DISSENT


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

antipornographers base their case on the simpleminded ideology of man the oppressor, woman the infantilized victim. But only the acceptance of the stereotype of female weakness and passivity guarantees a feeling of being victimized either by pornography or by men in general. Nothing seems either as tragic or as indicative of women insisting on their own victimization than the young woman who doused herself with gasoline and set herself on fire in an adult bookstore. Perceiving herself as nothing but a victim of pornography, she had done herself more violence than the pornography she was protesting.

In point of fact, pornography can only symbolize the domination or servility of women when women are subjugated or unequal in the social and economic world. In that sense, it may be symptomatic, as the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force (FACT) sensibly argues. But what's the first step toward changing this? Obviously, not to suppress the image (or free speech about images of women), but to alter the reality to which it can symbolically refer.

If we view ourselves as the equals of men and fight for those freedoms, we will not be seen as either helpless children, requiring protectionist laws that have long been used to proscribe women's freedom, or as whores because another woman chooses to pose for *Penthouse*. As for the victims of violent crimes, we all need to be protected from the nuts and wackos—whether there's a screw loose, a genetic deficiency, or a horrendous childhood, pornography's not the genesis—and perhaps our criminal laws need to be strengthened, but no amount of censorship will get the creeps off the streets.

Pornography and censorship are complicated subjects, but we as feminists are doing ourselves a disservice by making them such burning, overriding issues at a time when we are losing ground in the face of Reagan's social and economic policies. Nevertheless, I'd also wager that even if we were to achieve a totally egalitarian society, the same images of women would persist in pornography without the supposed symbolic meaning of dominance or subjugation or servility. That's the nature of sexual fantasies, for women as well as men, and I'd like to grant women that freedom along with other rights and liberties.

We should be allowed our own turns without being told what is "correct" or acceptable. It is bad enough when the Meeses of this world tell us what kind of women we should be. But it is worse when, in the name of women's rights, feminist antipornographers tell us who we are and what we can be, not just in society but in our imaginations as well. 

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## April Fools' Question Winners

# GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Our Competition No. 8, announced in our April issue, brought a huge response from readers. So many sent in samples of those "trick" questions with unexpected answers that last month we covered only the most popular repeated questions. This month we devote the column to the best one-of-a-kinds. We can't guarantee these are original, but we can say that all eight prizewinners were new to us, and the honorable mentions, some of which we have seen before, were each sent in by one reader only.

Because we didn't limit the number of allowable entries, many readers sent in three or four questions. We picked several prizewinners because they sent in more than one good entry. Our top grand-prize winner will receive a Canon AE1 Program SLR camera, and the two others will each get a Sony Watchman two-inch-screen TV. All five runners-up will each get \$25 cash, and each will also receive the usual one-year subscription to *Penthouse*, or a one-year extension to their current subscription.

### GRAND-PRIZE WINNERS

**CAMPBELL'S SOUP.** David E. Campbell of Kew Gardens, New York, sent in three clever puzzles that were new to us:

A. A child is born in New York City to parents who were both born in New York City. However, the child is not an American citizen. Why not?

B. A traffic cop is stopped at a red light. Another car zooms by him. Why doesn't the cop give the driver a ticket?

C. Two airplanes are flying off the coast of South America. They are alongside each other, parallel, at the same speed and altitude. The left plane drops a five-pound steel ball and, simultaneously, the right plane drops a five-pound sack of feathers. Which object will hit the ground first?

### WILLIAMS'S WINNERS.

A. My girlfriend decided to sunbathe at a nude beach last week because she heard it was the best way to get an overall tan. But despite lying in the sun



for hours, day after day, she failed. Why?

B. A robot was designed to assemble television sets. During its laboratory tests, it assembled hundreds of sets without an error. But during a public demonstration, the robot was given a carton of television parts and could not assemble a set. Why not? (From William D. Williams, Omaha, Nebr.)

### PAULS'S POSERS.

A. One of the questions in the April quiz was: "Most clocks have two hands, the hour hand and the minute hand. When you add a third hand to a clock, what do you call it? Answer: The second hand." Calvin Pauls of Hanley, Saskatchewan, sent in this fillip: "Some clocks have two hands and some have three. What do you call it when you add a fourth hand?"

B. Pauls also parodied one of our other classic questions, EGG DROP, with this variation: You have a raw egg in your hand. You drop it five feet onto a solid concrete floor. How can you do this without the shell breaking when the egg hits the floor? (No cushions or soft landings allowed.)

### RUNNERS-UP

**HUOTARI'S HOTTEST.** John Huotari of Zimmerman, Minnesota, has been a consistent winner of my competitions in *Omni* and *Penthouse*. He already has several subscriptions to both maga-

zines. Here are three of his best entries in this competition:

A. You're driving along and suddenly remember that you're late for an important appointment. You take the next corner on two wheels—right in front of a cop. He watches, but he doesn't pull you over. Why?

B. You have an open-topped three-by-three-by-three-inch box (capacity: 27 cubic inches), a steel sphere inside that is eight cubic inches in size, and a quart jug of mercury. How many cubic inches of mercury would you have to pour into the box to completely submerge the sphere?

C. You're driving, and suddenly your car shifts by itself. What has gone wrong?

**SCOTT'S SELECTIONS.** Gregory J. Scott of Columbia, Missouri, sent in these three:

A. What has four legs, a tail, eats oats, and sees equally well from both ends?

B. Ordinarily, how long will a so-called eight-day clock run without winding?

C. How do you drive a baby buggy?

**CHOICES, CHOICES.** A 24-year-old bachelor will receive an enormous inheritance if he marries before his 25th birthday. He is given \$3,000 to help him decide which of his three girlfriends he will marry. He gives each girl \$1,000 and tells her to do with it whatever she



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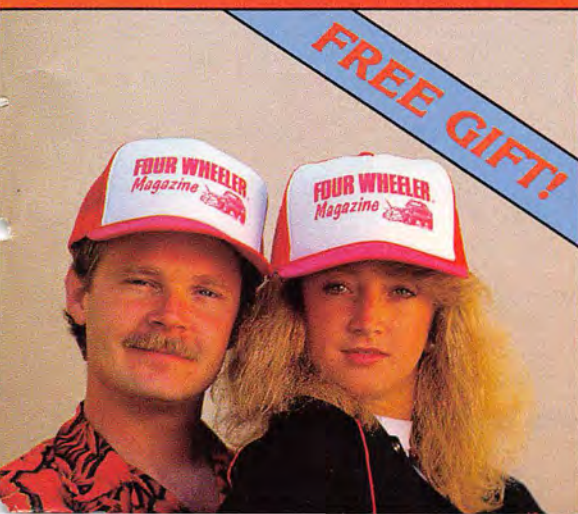
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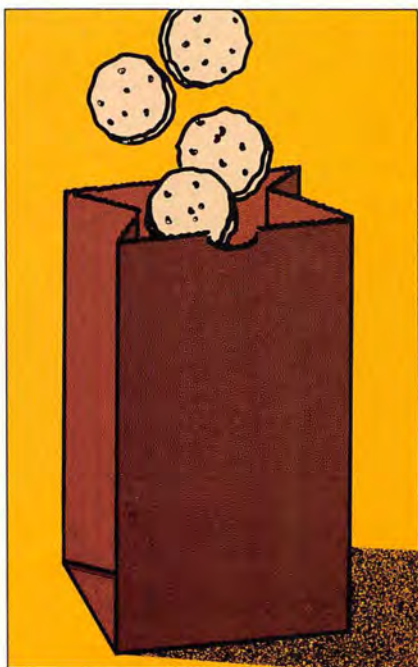
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# GAMES



wishes. His first girlfriend spends every penny on herself. His second girlfriend spends \$500 on herself and \$500 on him. His third girlfriend spends every penny on him. Which girlfriend did he marry? (From Lori Gellasch, Marysville, Mich.)

**WHICH WEIGH?** Forward I'm heavy, backward I'm not. What am I? (From Timothy F. Dewlyea, Ottawa, Ontario)

**POEM PROBLEM.** The following problem in verse came in from Warren E. Walker and Robert K. Walker of Daytona Beach, Florida:

*With a calendar to measure time,  
Use your wits to explain this rhyme:  
She was the first-born twin  
and then was born the other;  
but the first twin born  
is the second twin's brother.*

How was this possible?

## HONORABLE MENTION

**PHYSICS OR PROTOCOL?** If three U.S.



Army officers—a lieutenant general, a colonel, and a major—arrive at the front door of the Pentagon at the same time, who goes through the door first? (From L. P. Young, Ardmore, Pa.)

**SPREAD THE WEALTH.** I have six cookies in a bag. I give two to Mother, two to Father, and two to Sister. At the end, there are still two cookies in the bag. How come? (From Amar Belk, Arlington, Va.)

**DEAD BIRDS.** Supposedly, NASA considered sending canaries on a space-shuttle mission to learn how they would react to zero gravity. The project was canceled when someone pointed out that the birds would probably all die of dehydration. Why? (From Dennis S. Lee, Eyota, Minn.)

**DUSTY'S DECEIVERS.** Dusty Scherer of Marshall, Michigan, sent in three good questions:

A. What was the highest mountain on earth before Mount Everest was discovered?

B. A man walks into a coffee shop and orders two cups of coffee and three doughnuts. First, he dunks one doughnut in the first cup, then dunks two doughnuts in the second cup. The waitress gets curious and asks, "What are you doing there, sailor?" How did she know he was a sailor?

C. A farmer moves one and a half piles of hay from field A and two and a half piles from field B, and puts them all together in field C. How many piles of hay does he have in field C?

**WORDPLAY.** In the following line of letters, cross out six letters so that the remaining letters, without altering their sequence, will spell a familiar English word. (From Eric Nagler, Santa Clara, Calif.):

B S A I N X L E A T N T E A R S

**NO PICTURES, PLEASE.** You can't take a picture of a man with a wooden leg living in Berwyn, Illinois. Why not? (From Vic Zajac, Berwyn, Ill.)

**IF STARBOARD IS RIGHT AND PORT IS LEFT . . .** Name the one thing on a ship that runs fore to aft on one side of the ship and aft to fore on the other. (From Bryan Pattor, San Pedro, Calif.)

**KIDS.** Mr. and Mrs. Brown have five children. Half of them are boys. How is this possible? (From Doug K. Beesley, Brigham City, Utah)

**DIFFERENT DRUM.** An empty 55-gallon oil drum weighs 70 pounds. When I fill it half full, it weighs 35 pounds. What did I fill it with? (From Robert H. Kolarik, Norfolk, Va.)

**THIRSTY?** I bet I can take a drink from a sealed bottle without opening it. In any average bar, I could pose this challenge and honestly win the bet. How? (No name or address)

Answers:

## GRAND-PRIZE WINNERS

**CAMPBELL.** A. The baby was born before 1776, and therefore a British sub-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154





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## JEWISH FISTS

Years ago, to combat terror and anti-Semitism, Rabbi Meir Kahane founded the Jewish Defense League in New York City. Since that time, the controversial rabbi has taken his fight to Israel itself, where many critics say he is more threatening to the Jewish state than Yasir Arafat. Back in the United States, the JDL has moved on to train its followers in the latest and most sophisticated weaponry. Next month, readers will get a rare look inside one of their training camps. And, from Israel, Kahane delivers a blistering attack on his former followers: "They tend to draw people who are violent types," he charges. "You can't have a Jewish fist without a Jewish head."



## NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL

"New York probably has more liberation movements than the whole of Central America, and the most high-profile of them have to do with one of the city's largest industries . . . sex." So writes Sharon Churcher, whose "Intelligencer" column was for years one of the highlights of *New York* magazine. In this excerpt from her new book, *New York Confidential* (to be published by Crown Publishers), Churcher shows why the Big Apple is really more like a big onion, as she unravels one of its murkier layers—the Skin Business.



## THE FAILURE OF BLACK LEADERS

In what promises to be one of our most controversial and outspoken "Advise & Dissent" essays, Harvard professor Dr. Glenn C. Loury charges that "traditional civil rights leadership leaves much to be desired. . . . While they busy themselves making excuses for failure, poor and working-class blacks live with its consequences." Loury, who describes himself as "a descendant of African slaves who is now a full citizen of a flawed but great and good republic," explains why he believes that racism cannot be blamed for all that ails the black community.



## PARTY ANIMALS

Have you ever wondered what a well-hung whale looked like? No? Then what about a mosquito? Next month, in one of our most unusual pictorials ever, we feature a cross section of close-up views of animal genitalia, in lush, living color. "All animals are equal," went the slogan of George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, "but some animals are more equal than others." Next month, you'll see how true that is!



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