

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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**EXCLUSIVE:**

**KILLER WHALES**

**WHO'S WHO IN THEIR  
EXPLOITATION & ABUSE**

**ALEXANDER HAIG:**

**WHERE BUSH WENT  
WRONG...ALREADY**

**GOOD WORK:**

**25 GREAT JOBS FOR THE '90s**

**CAPITAL PUNISHMENT:**

**A CHILLING EYEWITNESS REPORT**

**GRIDIRON GROTESQUE:**

**THE 20 MOST TERRIBLE TEAMS**

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# DIANA

“Everyone who goes to America tells me  
how beautiful the country is and how handsome the men are.  
I hope someday to see for myself.”







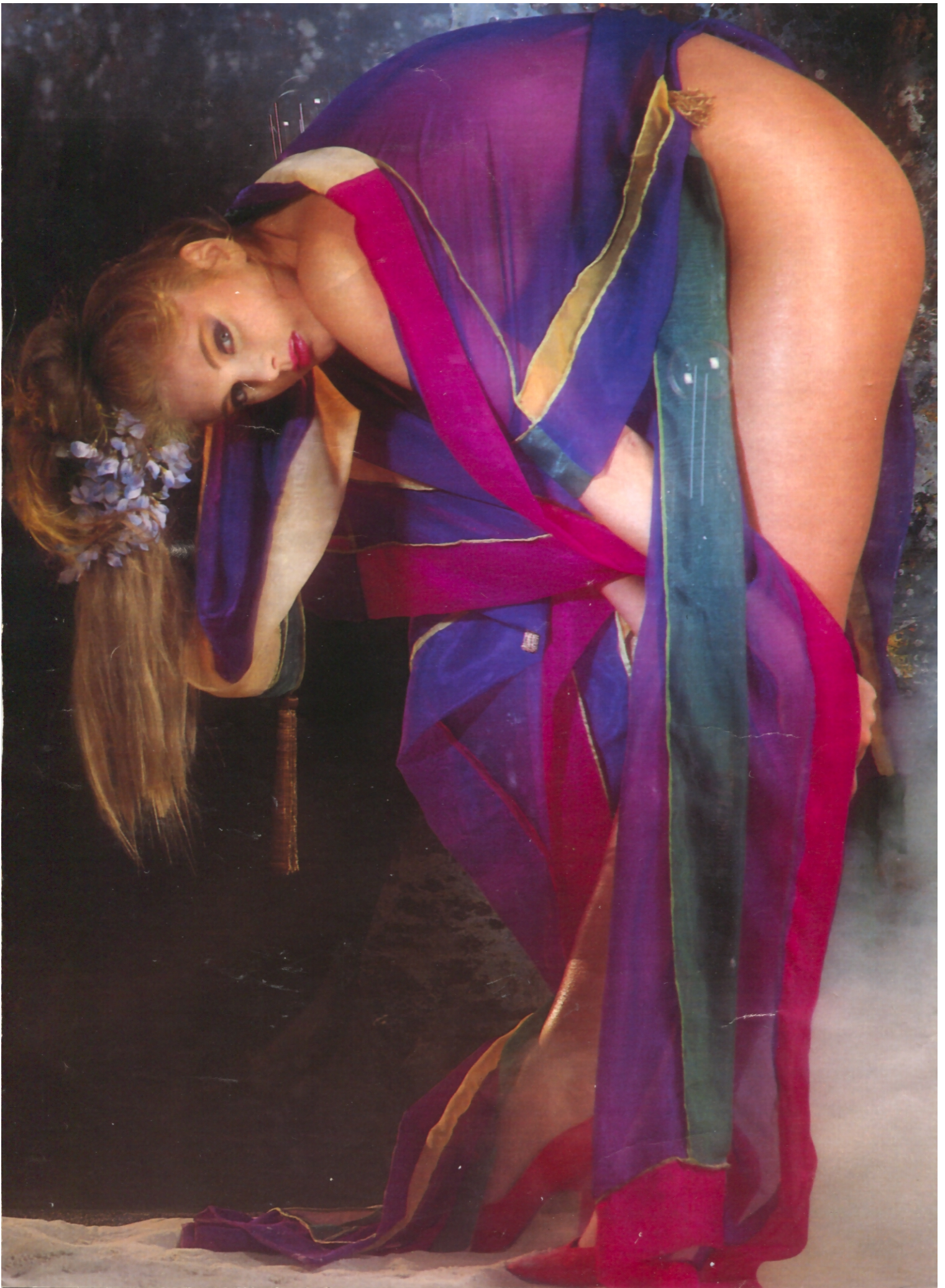


# DUTCH TREATISE

Oftentimes, expanding one's horizon can lead to very pleasing results. In this issue, we charted a course for Holland and dropped anchor when we discovered Diana van Gils, *Penthouse's* October Pet of the Month. A professional dancer, 18-year-old Diana says she loves inventing new routines: "If you stick with the same old theme, people get bored. I'd rather shake them up!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MOND







Diana spends her free time designing and sewing her own clothes. "I make all my own costumes for work," she says. "The more outrageous the style, the better! Who wants to wear what hundreds of women already own when you have a chance to be an original?"







"My choice of cuisine is not so elegant," says the 38-24-36 blonde. "Serve me a large plate of spaghetti or a big pizza covered in sauce and cheese, and I'll be a very happy lady. But my taste in music is very discriminating. I adore Mozart."











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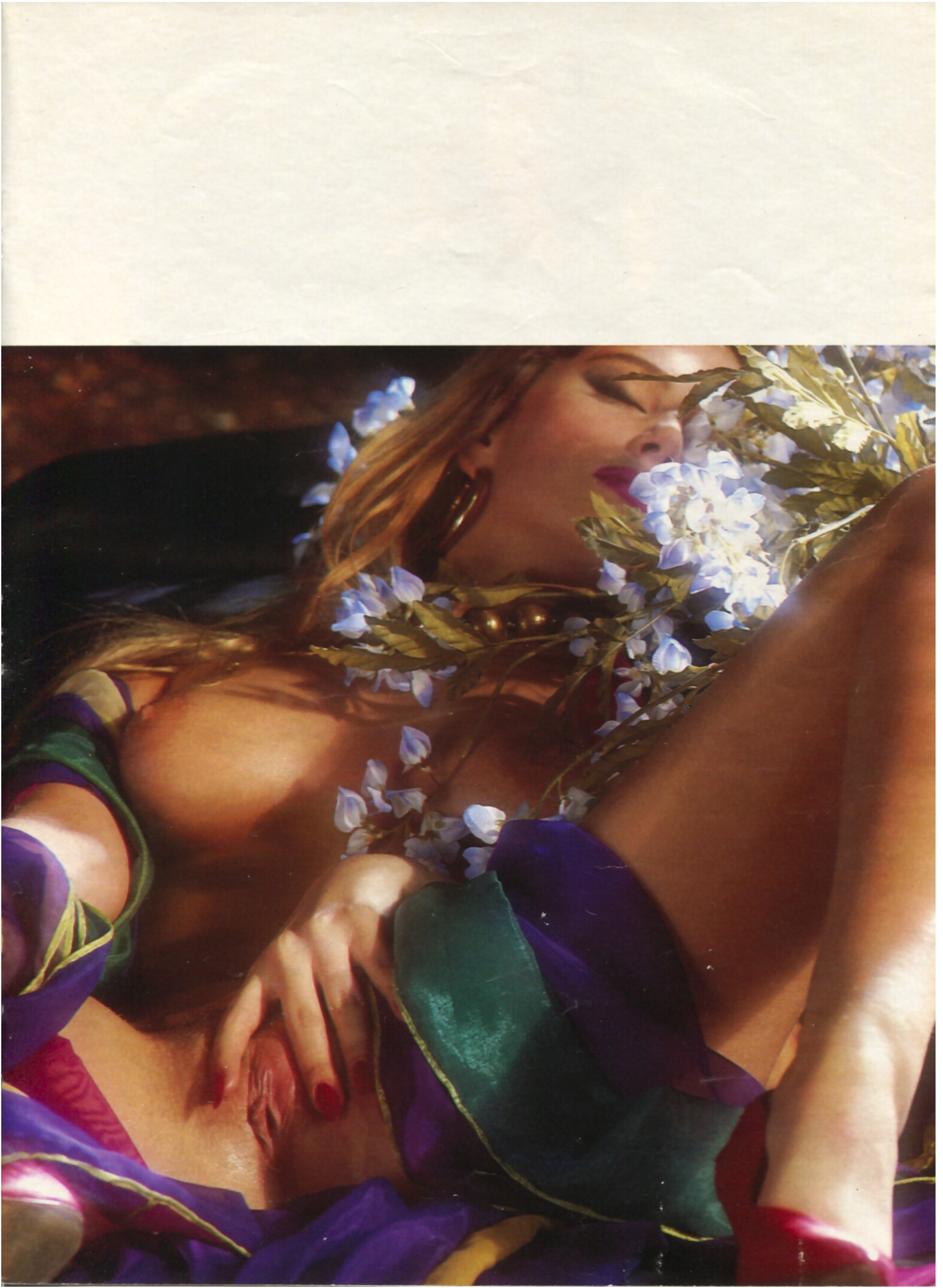
Diana has done her American-history homework, and says she is most intrigued by the legendary gangster era of the 1920s. "Sometimes I even fantasize about living that kind of life myself."
















MISS DIANA VAN GILS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Diana is saving her money for her long-awaited voyage to the States. And when that happens, there's bound to be plenty of mates on hand when her ship comes in!









## DONNIE & TESSA

The dance. My life has been the dance,  
endless hours of rehearsals measured by the  
relentless tick of the metronome.  
How few understand the sacrifices. There is no  
glory when your feet hurt. . . . In ballet,  
all wisdom begins with pain. Or so I thought.  
"You're wrong," said Tessa  
straightforwardly. "All wisdom begins with love."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFANO SARTARELLI













I used to like dancing alone; I never  
thought the opposite of loneliness was named  
Tessa. Tessa taught me moves I never  
knew. With her, I learned to dance in harmony.









It was Tessa's final scene. We realized that all applause did not involve others. Then we learned something about mutual respect.



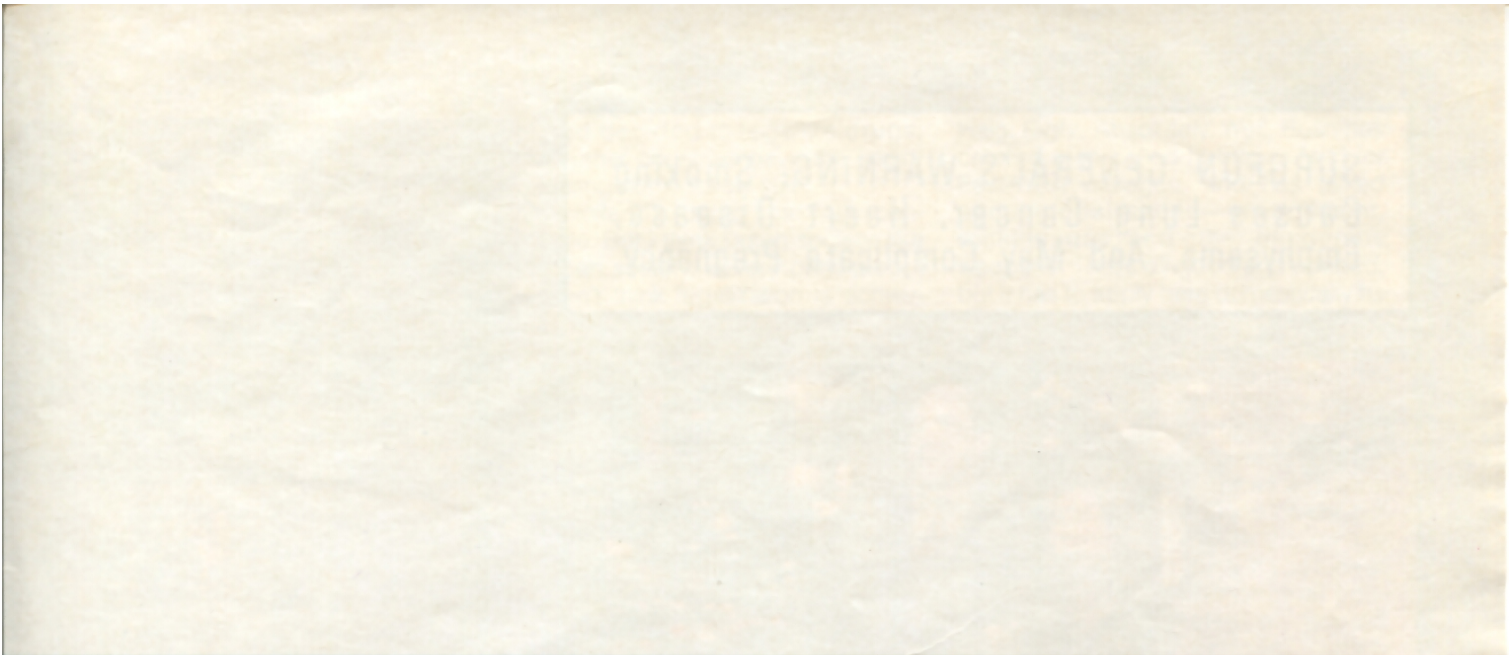


The last act unfolded in the dressing room that night, long after the echoes of the final "Bravo!" had faded.












We have since danced  
many times—in public  
and in private. Now

we know: A true pas  
de deux never needs  
an ovation. 











JACQUI & KEN





The doorbell rang promptly at three. "Hi, I'm Jaqui," said the long-legged, lace-clad lovely as she stepped inside. With undulating hips and a shy smile, she beckoned him toward the bedroom. Ken, still disbelieving but intrigued, followed.





Lingerie by Wildest Dreams, Venice, Calif., jewelry by Tantu Smith, Venice, Calif.

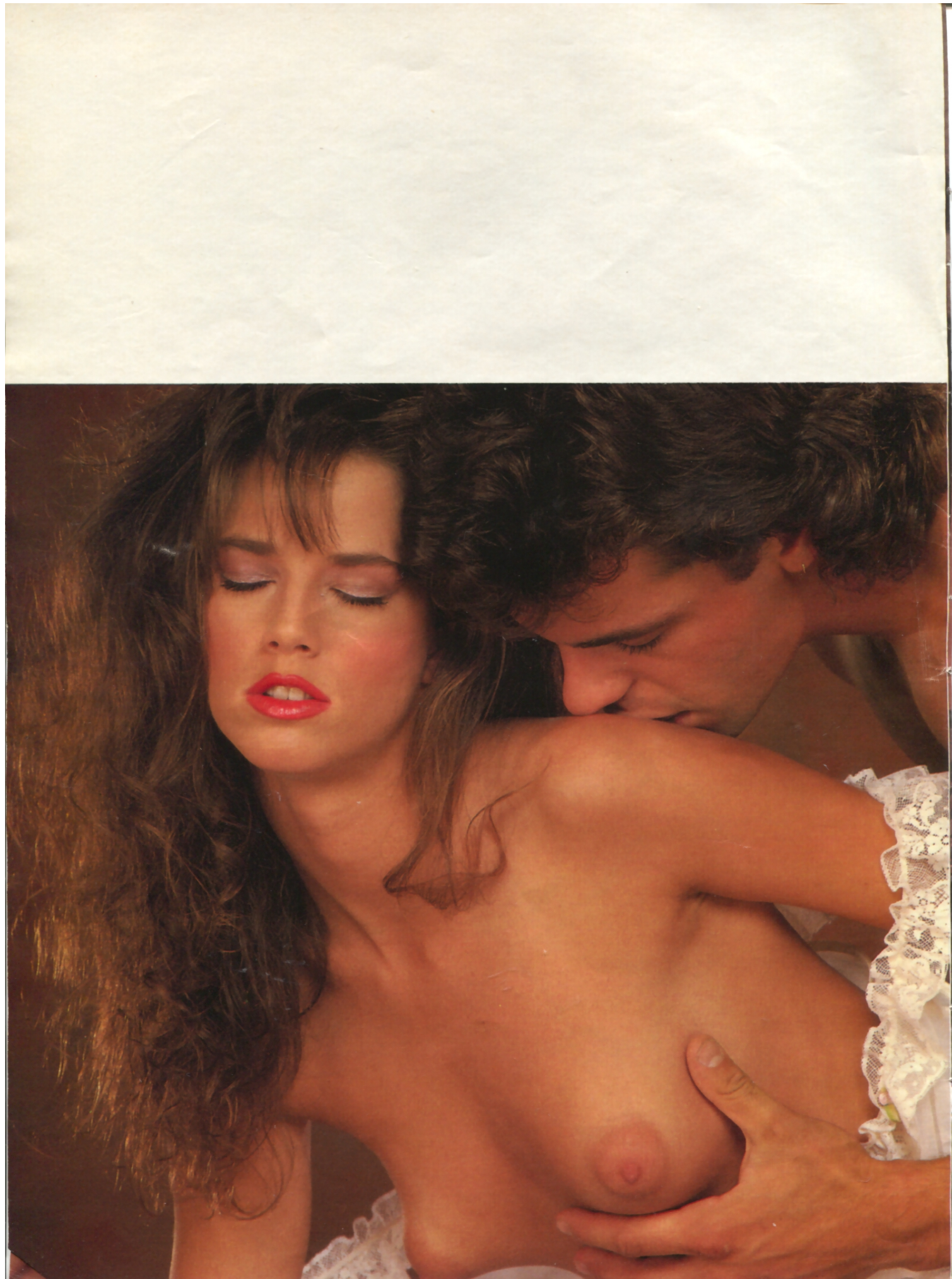
Ken wasn't looking forward to his 30th birthday, especially since he discovered that his girlfriend had to be out of town on that fateful day. Then he awoke to find a mysterious note on her pillow. "Your gift will arrive at 3:00. Enjoy! Love and kisses—Marilyn."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL













Ken immersed himself in the musky perfume of Jaqui's hair; his hands roamed greedily over each curve of her unfa-





Stripped of his jeans and his inhibitions, Ken gingerly unwrapped the wondrous gift. He slipped the ruffled straps from her delicate shoulders, leaving a trail of kisses across the length of her downy back.







Later that night, Ken began counting the days until he could deliver a personal "thank you" to the generous lover who'd made this his best birthday ever. O+





miliar contours.  
The sight and  
sound of a new  
woman in his bed  
made him feel as  
though he'd been  
truly "born again."





