

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1995

THE LAST WAVE

ONE SURFING
HERO WHO
PAID THE
ULTIMATE
PRICE

WOMEN'S EROTIC FICTION

A COLLEGE GIRL'S
UNSTOPPABLE
SEXUAL FEVER

VASECTOMIES AND CANCER

WHAT'S THE TRUTH
BEHIND ALL
THE MEDIA HYPE?

SPECIAL REPORT

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The International Magazine for Men

August 1995

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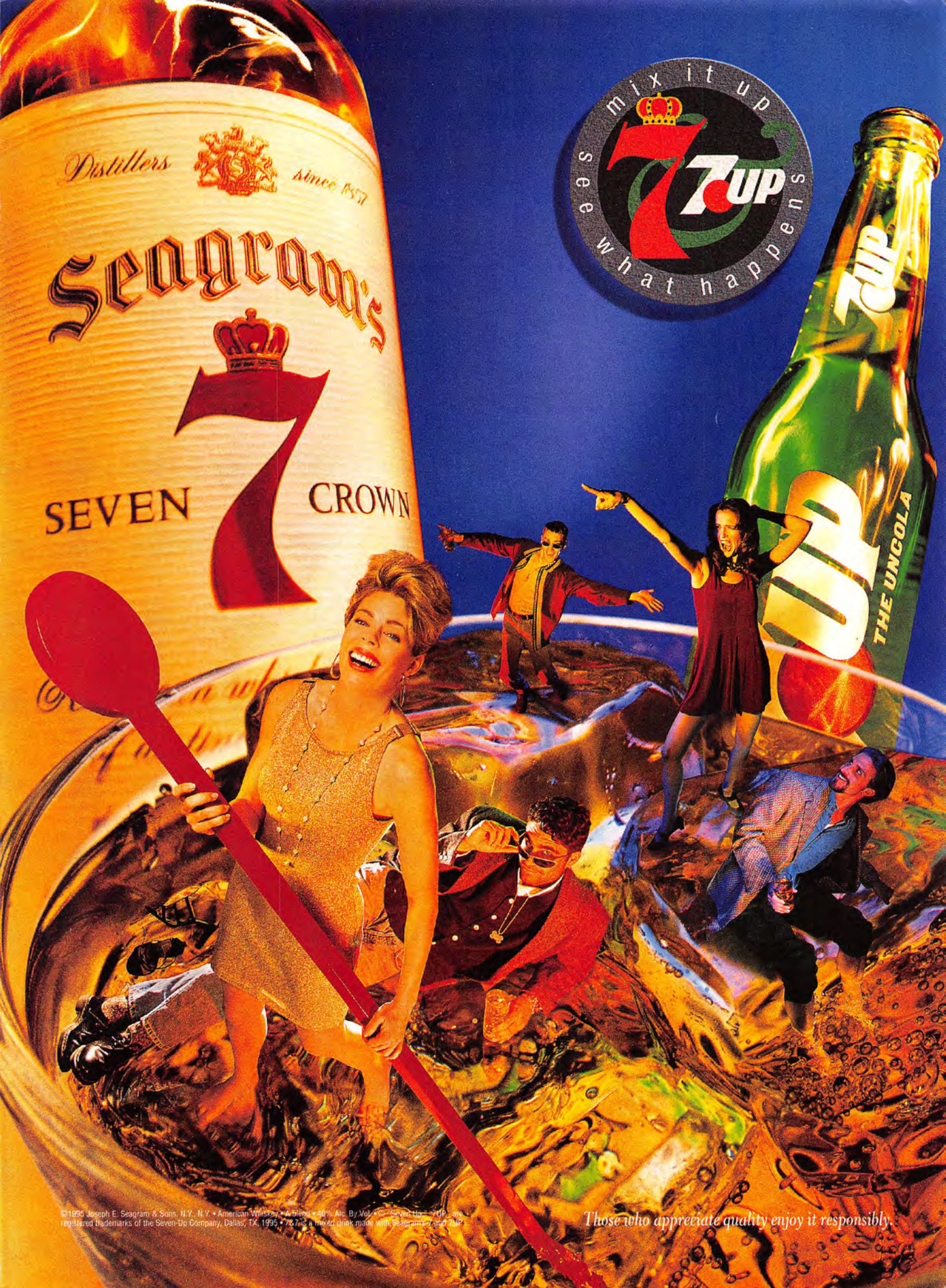
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PARTING SHOT

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HOUSECALL

The tragic story of the life and death of a surfer hero leads off this summer issue.



Obsession

Mark Sheldon Foo's unceasing quest to ride monster waves ended two days before Christmas last year, in the cold, fog-shrouded waters of Northern California. David Ciaffardini chronicles Foo's obsession in "His Final Ride," an insider's account of his determination to be a world-class sportsman. "To be a surfer," Ciaffardini writes, "especially one who challenges the world's largest waves, is to be one of the elite, proudly defying the fears and warnings of the timid." Foo understood the deadly nature of his obsession. "To have the ultimate thrill," he said, "you've got to be prepared to pay the ultimate price."

The Worst Fear

Veteran reporter Ellis Henican takes us into nightmare territory with his investigation of "Prison Rape." For most men, the threat of forced sex in prison is one of the most ter-



rifying fears imaginable. Henican's investigation led him to speak with, and write to, a "whole army of men who had been waiting silently, their anger and helplessness building up, desperately hoping that somebody, someday, might ask." Henican takes the most conservative estimate of 14 percent of inmates who have been pressured into sex against their will and shows how this translates into 182,000 victims each year. And the number is certainly higher. But, he writes, "almost nobody has shown much inclination to confront this unspeakable taboo." It might seem surprising, when awareness of the horror of heterosexual rape has finally been brought to the nation's consciousness, that

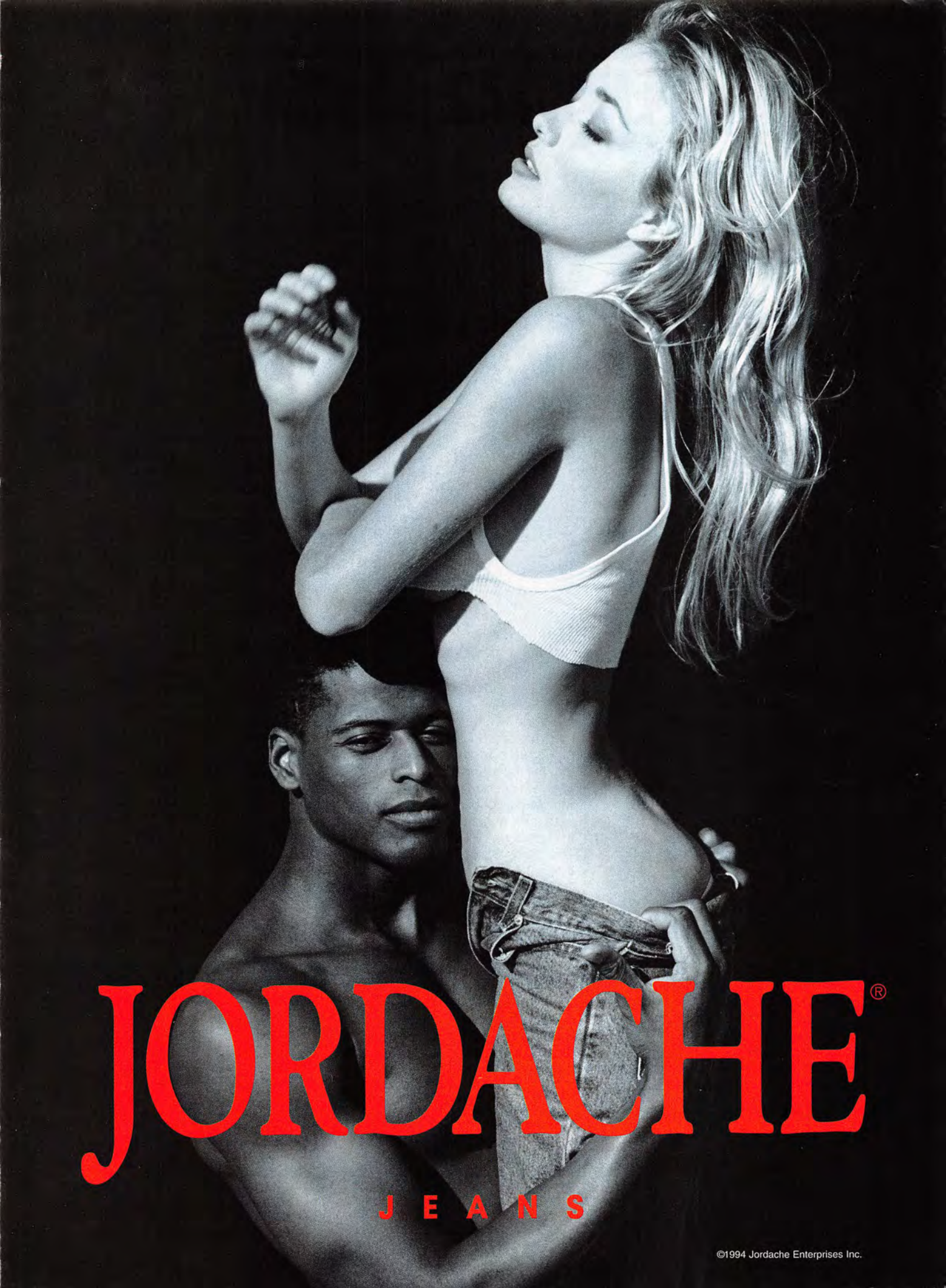


the ongoing epidemic of homosexual rape in prison has been ignored. And with AIDS sweeping the land, what happens behind bars between two men can very quickly have consequences that can spread within the prison population and beyond. So prison rape is obviously much more than a civil-rights problem. It has, finally, become a matter of life and death for all of us.... And life and death is what Curtis Rist tries to sort out in this month's "Penis Page." When it was reported two years ago that there may have been a tentative connection between vasectomies and prostate cancer, the media was all over the story. Not surprisingly, lots of men stopped having vasectomies. But it turns out that more thorough studies show that there is no connection at all between vasectomies and prostate cancer—a much more significant

fact that, because the media considers it "no story," has gone all but unnoticed by the press. The truth is, as Rist reports, that vasectomies actually save many lives, as they are one of the safest permanent methods of birth control. We hope that our publication of the facts will help to turn the tide ... quickly.

Heat and Light

"Bedtime Stories," our ongoing series of sex stories written by women, features an extraordinary excerpt from Alina Reyes's *The Butcher and Other Erotica*, which was hailed by critics when it was first published in Europe as being in the tradition of Erica Jong and Anaïs Nin. As you'll see, however, you don't have to be a literary critic to appreciate Reyes's masterly depiction of a young college girl's mounting sexual excitement during her first night with an older man. The book is being published in America by Grove Press; the translation is by David Watson.... Finally, we can assure you that our steamy pictorials for this midsummer issue will do nothing to alleviate your rising temperature. Our August Pets, fittingly for the season, will blind you with their beauty even as they set records on the hottest of beach days. Pour yourself a cool drink and bask in their rays. ☪



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J E A N S

PENTHOUSE FORUM

The Yellow Stream

Sorayama's artwork (September 1994 and June 1995) continues to elicit a steady stream of feedback from our readers: I was quite fascinated to see the beautiful picture of the young lady relieving herself in your 25th Anniversary Issue. I personally feel that one of the sexiest postures that a woman can assume is to squat down in a gesture typical of her sex and let loose with a stream of urine to drench the grass and the leaves and the surrounding area below the crotch. I have also found it to be a definite turn-on to reach down between a woman's legs as she pees and feel the warmth of the stream as it flows forth.

I look forward to the day you portray a beautiful young lady with legs and lips spread by her own hands and fingers (or those of another), with a powerful yet delicate yellow stream of urine cascading between her legs as she displays all her femininity for the world to see.—R. T., Internet

Get Involved

The March issue featured a letter by S. V. of Arizona that defended the rights of people to bear arms under the Second Amendment of the Constitution. This reader concurred: My wife and I love your magazine and believe there is none better. I am writing in response to a "Forum" letter in the March issue. I am currently in the United States Navy, stationed overseas, and couldn't agree more with S. V. of Arizona. We live in the greatest country in the world because our forefathers lived under the rule of England, and they saw first-



hand the wrongs that government forced upon them. The Bill of Rights contains the rights that the founders of our country knew we needed in order to live without fear of our government. Let's think about this. The basis for our country was not some whim that a bunch of farmers thought would be neat to follow. Thomas Jefferson once said, "When governments fear the people, there is liberty. When people fear the government, there is tyranny." I think that sums up everything in a nutshell. We need to band together to let the government know we won't take this anymore. In the Navy we have a little saying, "A bitching sailor is a happy sailor."

Basically, it means when people are silent, there is a real problem, and I think America has been silent long enough.—B. V., Iceland

Fan Response

On a recent trip to Albuquerque, New Mexico, I had the opportunity to see Gina LaMarca's stage show at a local nightclub. The only word that can describe the experience is *incredible*. Gina's beauty and grace compare to nothing I've seen before.

When she came onstage, my jaw almost hit the floor. Seeing her various pictorials was good, but seeing her in the flesh was *great*. She was full of energy and overflowing with sex appeal. During her first dance, she kneeled in front of me, looked me straight in the eyes, grabbed my shoulders, and pulled me up to her level. Then, leaning back, she pulled my face straight down into her crotch and proceeded to grind her hips to the rhythm of the music. I didn't know what to do. Sure, every guy reading this is saying to himself, "I would've known what to do!" But think about it—on one side, you've got a beautiful woman practically fucking your face. On the other side, you've got a guy from security, just a little smaller than Arnold Schwarzenegger, standing at the end of the stage. I took what I was getting and was more than pleased with it.

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AUGUST

During the second song, Gina came back to me again, pulled me up from the chair, and rubbed my face between her breasts. I couldn't believe it. The only other guy lucky enough to come in physical contact with Gina was able to rub lotion on her, which I'm sure was nothing to be upset about, but I consider myself to be the luckiest of the fans. Needless to say, I gave her a standing ovation.

No, I'm not writing this letter to brag. I'm writing it to say thank you, Gina, for a wonderful and memorable evening. You truly are an exquisite woman and well deserving of the Penthouse Pet of the Year title—and I plan on never washing my face again!—J. W., New Mexico

I have been a subscriber for many years and enjoy the articles as well as the beautiful ladies who grace the pages of your magazine. As one who has recently observed his seventieth birthday, I have really obtained my sexual education from reading the magazine. When I grew up, there was no such material available. My wife passed away nearly three years ago, only a few short years after I became aware of the possibility of using anything other than the missionary position.

I think the magazine is doing a great job (my subscription runs through 1998), so keep it up.—C. M., California

STRIKING FOR TRUTH

I applaud Gary Null's "Holocaust at Waco" [April 1995]. I am glad to see that there are still people who strive for the truth, despite the disinformation fed to us by our government and by our biased news media. As many Americans are well aware, what actually happened at Waco and what the mass media reported to us are two totally different things.—D. K., New Jersey

SHORT STROKES

As the plane entered the air, I reached over and started to feel the thickness and length of his cock. I started to kiss and lick it, running my tongue along the sides, up and down. I continued softly sucking the head until I could taste a warm fluid from him, letting me know he was truly excited.

He pulled me away to delay climaxing and leaned his naked body onto mine, causing me to moan with pleasure. Kissing me on the mouth, he slowly moved downward, sucking on my nipples as they got harder and harder from excitement. I could feel his warm mouth licking down my body. This caused me to spread my legs wide in anticipation of his eating me out. As soon as he started licking my clit, I cried out in pleasure. I was completely overcome by the most mind-blowing orgasm that I had ever had. Darren stopped slurping my pussy. Now it was time to fuck!—J. D., New Jersey

That's when I heard the five little words guys hope for—"I have this oral fixation." That was it for me. She unzipped me, pulled out my already fat cock, and slowly slid it into her wet mouth. I held her head and stroked her hair as she pushed her beautiful face down over my pulsing prick. She was so hot, she started to squirm and moan, and as I began to pump a huge load of sweet come into her slick mouth, she clamped down on my cock and came herself.—M. M., California

She quivered as my tongue snaked its way up her thighs, and I could smell her excitement as I neared her furry bush. I kissed a large circle around her glistening cunt as she grabbed the back of my head and tried to pull me up to her face ... to no avail. Wild horses couldn't have pulled me away from there without my first having a taste of her, and my tongue opened her slit as I reached up with my right hand to caress her breast. Her long body jerked as I began to eat her. Her hands no longer fought to pull my head away—now they held me where I wanted to be.

She tasted so good, I literally couldn't get enough of her. As she tensed to come for the first time, her fists entwined in my hair. I continued to lap at her dripping pussy, quickly bringing her to a second, a third, and, finally, a fourth orgasm. My face was covered with her delicious juices, and I was content to stay there forever—until she pushed me off her, causing me to slide onto the lowered corner of the bed, where the leg wasn't quite doing its job.—J. C., Texas

I began to slowly lick the water from her pussy. Down one side of her crotch, across the bottom, and up the other. Each time I got closer to the center of the action. As I darted across the top, just brushing her clitoris, she thrust her ass up in the air, trying to get me to stay and eat her clit. At the same time, she took all of my cock into her mouth. When I finally began working down the crest of her labia, she matched my action with an in-and-out motion that did wonders for my cock. As I crossed over at the bottom of her sex, I darted my tongue into her snatch. She swiveled her tongue around the swollen head of my cock, flicking her tongue against the tender underskin. While my tongue was between her labia, moving up toward her clit, she was taking more and more of my cock down her throat. I reached her clit and began sucking her with my lips. She again contracted her throat, pressed my cock against the roof of her mouth with her tongue, and started sucking me dry. As I felt that familiar pleasure well up inside my balls, I also felt her vaginal muscles contract around my tongue. We came together in long waves of pleasure.—W. C., Arizona

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FAST FORWARD

With a dash of vermouth or a splash of juice, gin and vodka are ready for the summer scene.

Spirits

By Alexis Bespaloff

Considering how many different cocktails and mixed drinks there are, and the number and variety of new concoctions that are created every year, it's surprising to discover that two of the most popular drinks are gin and tonic and vodka and tonic. Not far behind are two famous vodka-based drinks—the Bloody Mary and the Screwdriver. And climbing back up on the charts is the most famous cocktail of them all, the Martini, made with either gin or vodka.

Although often paired together as the best-known "white goods," and interchangeable in a few drinks, gin and vodka have different histories as well as different tastes.

Gin was created in sixteenth-century Holland, notoriously became the most popular distillate in eighteenth-century England, and achieved a measure of panache in the nineteenth century, when it was favored by the British living in tropical climates. The tonic in gin and tonic was originally quinine, derived from tree bark, and effective in combating malaria. The bitters in gin and bitters (better known as Pink Gin) also served a medical purpose. Both drinks remain popular even in

the age of antibiotics because the bite provided by tonic or bitters adds a pungent note to a summer drink. In fact, some bartenders even add a dash of Angostura bitters to a gin and tonic to punch up the taste.

Gin became glamorous in this country in the twenties and thirties, when the classic Martini—gin and dry

It was at this time, too, that vodka began its ascent to become the best-selling spirit in America; vodka now accounts for one of every four bottles of spirits sold.

James Bond played a role in the emergence of vodka—his favorite drink was a vodka Martini, "shaken, not stirred." But it was vodka's versatility

enough, it is a gin-based drink, the Bronx (made with vermouth and orange juice), that is cited as the first cocktail made with fruit juice.

The recent comeback of the Martini—more often made with vodka than with gin these days, and with only a few drops of vermouth—has put both spirits in an elegant setting. The classic gin martini is likely to contain Beefeater, Tanqueray, or Bombay Sapphire in some bars, Gordon's, Gilbey's, or Seagram's in others. Smirnoff is by far the best-selling vodka, but many bars feature Absolut or Stolichnaya, or such new entries as Skyy and Ketel One.

Gin is a pungent distillate whose most distinctive element is juniper. This makes it less versatile as a mixer than vodka, which is, by federal definition, colorless, odorless, and tasteless. But just as consumers are mixing gin with fruit juices to make a more flavorful drink, so vodka has acquired a range of bold tastes—Absolut Citron, Kurant, and Peppar; Stolichnaya Ohranj; Finlandia Cranberry; Tanqueray Citrus; and Smirnoff Citrus Twist are some examples. And the success of these flavored vodkas has now brought the rum producers to the party—the new Bacardi Limón is a clear distillate with citrus flavors. **OT**



vermouth—became the most fashionable and sophisticated drink. The famous quip, "Why don't you step out of those wet clothes and into a dry Martini," attributed to the humorist Robert Benchley, is a long way from the tavern sign in eighteenth-century London that read, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two. Free straw."

The three-Martini lunch of the fifties and sixties marked a peak for this potent cocktail.

when combined with other ingredients, especially fruit juices, that played an even bigger role in establishing its popularity, as did Smirnoff's early advertising campaign, which featured the tag line, "It leaves you breathless."

Vodka and fruit juice—from the Screwdriver (with orange juice) to the Seabreeze (with grapefruit and cranberry juices)—is still the basis of many summer drinks. Oddly

Be afraid. Be very afraid.



(yes, it's real gold.)



Sex ... looks anew at the worlds of porn and drugs; Art for ... looks at the worlds of sex and photos; and The Englishman ... looks anew at the world's oldest story.

Film

By Marcia Pally

• The strength of *Sex, Drugs, and Democracy* (***), the thinking man's travelogue, is not in its low-budget production, but in showing the world from a new perch—the world of sex, pornography, drugs, racism, and subsidies for the poor. For one appraisal



of these issues, filmmakers Jonathan Blank and Barclay Powers take viewers to Holland, where public opinion and government policy rely on practicality. The state should organize public life so that disease and poverty come to the fewest people. People have sex, for instance, so the best policy is sex education and access to birth control. With interviews


from judges, cops, senators, feminists, doctors, and parents, *Sex, Drugs, and Democracy* sets viewers inside the Dutch perspective. By the time a father and teenage son talk about how Dad taught son to toke up in a reasonable way, it sounds like common sense.

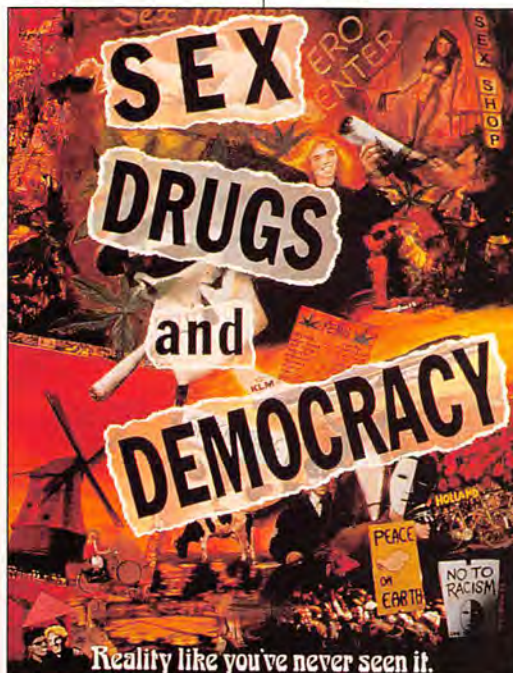
• God may have made the world in six days, but writer-direct-

mountain is tall enough to have a place on all maps—or whether it is merely a hill. When the beloved ... *elevation* ... comes up 16 feet short, the townsfolk band together to defend their identity by hauling buckets of dirt to the top and adding the needed feet. They finish on the seventh day. And it was good. Hugh Grant (*Four Weddings and a*

tale, except the romance between Grant and FitzGerald is sexier, and the story a good deal funnier.

• "In 1989 I was harassed by the F.B.I.," writes filmmaker Jennifer Montgomery about the bureau's conduct while it was trying to amass evidence against a photographer charged with obscenity. She had had a relationship with the man when she was a teenager and he was in his twenties.

"I'm a hostile witness," says the actress who plays the adult Montgomery in a film about her adolescent romance and her later response to the case. "It's censorship." The thoughtlessness of the bureau and her thoughtful musings about art and sex led Montgomery to make *Art for Teachers of Children* (***), a rare subtle investigation of these subjects. Her quiet tone and the uninflected performances ask viewers to consider that young women are not sexually passive, that women who are not passive can nevertheless feel used, that when relationships become inappropriate it does not mean they were abusive, and that men can be immature or just plain jerks without being rapists. Significantly, with her elegant lighting of her black-and-white footage, Montgomery reminds us of the beauty of the nude and why it is the eternal subject. 



tor Christopher Monger remakes it with a grin in two hours in *The Englishman Who Went up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain* (***). Like all good creation stories, it tells how the nation was founded, and how its heroes did deeds of derring-do to put it on the map. A Welsh village in 1917 is at the mercy of English cartographers who will decide if the local

Funeral) is the dashing young cartographer and Tara FitzGerald (*Sirens*) is the not-so-innocent lass who distracts him while the hill "grows." Colm Meaney (*The Snapper*, *The Commitments*) plays the barkeep who masterminds the plan mostly so he can sell beer to all those lug-ging dirt. Everything you ever learned in Sunday school, you can learn in this sweet

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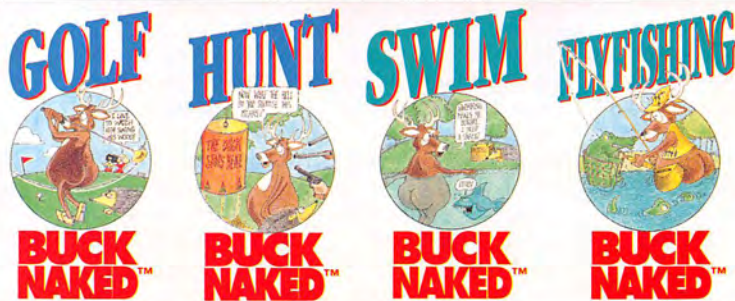
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FAST FORWARD



It's not enough for some elitist sports-writers that great athletes thrill us in the arena ... they also expect our stars to meet their standards for sainthood.

Sports

By Allan Sonnenschein

Whenever I read an article by one of those bonded sensitive males belonging to the new school of sports-writing, I find myself retreating to the bedroom, drawing the shades, and waiting for the pain to subside. Speed may kill, but stupidity is a never-ending headache.

With his article "Why Sports Don't Matter Anymore," *New York Times* writer Robert Lipsyte, sans tablets and robes, descended from the mountain on New York City's West 43rd Street and delivered his message. Basically, the word was that our athletes are false idols, golden calves unworthy of our attention and respect—violent, greedy, anti-social, and empty shells as human beings. And with the

sparks exploding from the burning bush,

Lipsyte concluded, "They don't stand for anything but themselves." Unlike writers, plumbers, and farmers.

I think I know what is really troubling Mr. Lipsyte. He is part of a school of sportswriters that has embraced political correctness at a time when the profession has lost its purpose and luster. Television, the Internet, and *USA*

Today provide us with all the words, scores, and pictures sports fans demand and need. To survive and thrive, these sportswriters (Mike Lupica and John Feinstein are two others of the breed) have decided that athletes are macho, anti-social, homophobic, and greedy pigs. And to boot, these writers are no longer guys named Scoop. They've transformed themselves into sociologists and philosophers.

Alas, where have Dick Young and Jimmy Cannon gone? Those guys were cynical, but members of this breed aren't content until they've condemned the lives of our greatest athletes within their own shallow frame of reference, i.e., political correctness. Rather than thanking the gods for the foibles and faults of their targets—and earning another day's pay—too many of these new sportswriters are elitist, mocking, and mean-spirited.

They grabbed on to political correctness because no other hooks existed for a dying profession. And at the root of political correctness is the concept that most guys are pigs—you know, macho bullshit.

Lipsyte, grasping that angle like a lifeboat in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, weaves a Marxian-Hegelian bit of sophistry in his diatribe against athletes. In his case, it's not ideas or economics that lie at the root of all

evil in sports, but the wedded concepts of sports and manhood. He even has an all-star team of sissies and real men.

Is the sensitive writer saying we should disregard the likes of Michael Jordan, Ken Griffey, Jr., and other superstars? Yes! They are nothing more than empty shells, athletic abilities without hearts, brains, or souls. Of course, even a sensitive guy like Lipsyte notes an exception to the rule when he finds one. Look at former



Houston Oilers tackle David Williams, a real man. When Williams's wife was ready to deliver their first child, the player chose to be at her side rather than on the playing field. Would it make a difference for the writer if O. J. Simpson smiled when he took out the garbage?

From the onset of the present century, Lipsyte notes, athletic manhood and sports dragged their sorry selves down the road to hell, until "America lost the vision of itself as a winning gunfighter

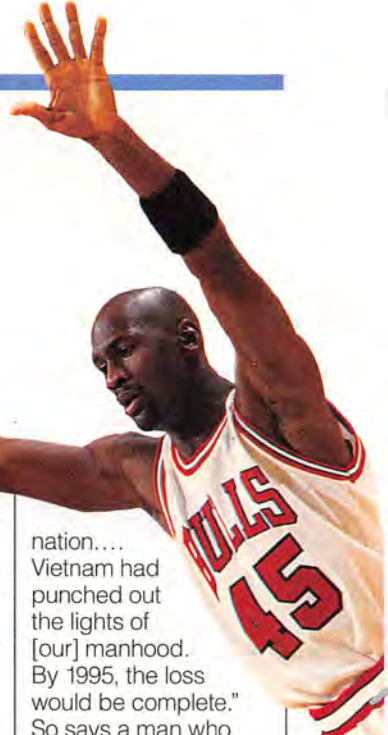
nation.... Vietnam had punched out the lights of [our] manhood. By 1995, the loss would be complete." So says a man who should be reporting on hits, runs, and errors.

Lipsyte reminds me of the old Marxists who would flock to New York City's Union Square Park. There they would rant and rave at what capitalism had done to the good folk of this country.

Some would cite some esoteric economist's or sociologist's latest warning about capitalism's dagger pointing at our hearts. Lipsyte improves on the sophistry and states that macho athletes cannot be separated from anti-social behavior. If Lipsyte's paperback experts are correct, the next N.F.L. draft will take place in Attica or San Quentin.

Space limits more examples of what seems to be keeping Lipsyte up nights. But like the old Socialists in Union Square Park, never concluding a lecture without asking for a handout from the capitalist pigs in attendance, are these new sportswriters heroes or sissies for damning those anti-social macho athletes but accepting fat paychecks for reporting on their heroics in the following day's paper?

Just curious. O+





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Patty Loveless's circuitous journey has yielded one platinum and two gold albums, a string of No. 1 and Top Ten hits, and a scrapbook of superlative reviews.

Sounds

By Alanna Nash

At 38, Patty Loveless is not only one of the oldest of the country-music hit makers, but she's the only traditional female singer currently on the charts. These days, Loretta Lynn—Loveless's distant cousin and spiritual forebear—is too country for country radio, which formats "hot country," meaning anybody over 40, or anybody who sounds as if he or she was actually raised on a farm, has a tough time getting heard.

Unlike the pop-sounding Trisha Yearwood and Mary Chapin Carpenter, Loveless regularly employs hard-country fiddles and steel guitar on her records, and she sings in a keening Appalachian and bluegrass-tinged soprano that sorrowfully suggests a country innocence violated by the corruption of the city. She also stocks her repertoire with songs that combine an intensely modern attitude toward country with a defiant rock 'n' roll beat and progressive lyrics—her No. 1 hit "Blame It on Your Heart," for example.

But on her more recent single, "You Don't Even Know Who I Am," a remarkable song about the anguished dissolution of a marriage, Loveless hits her stride with another of her recurring themes—an

easily wounded woman who depends on strength and determination to see her through. "I always look for songs I can relate to," Loveless explains in her hard Kentucky cadence. "As far as the uptempo songs, there's a sassy and fun side of me. But on the hurting songs, I'm digging down and grabbing some emotion out. That's me telling people about myself."



Finally, after an emotional change of record label and management—and surgery three years ago to repair a leaky blood vessel on one of her vocal cords—Loveless is beginning to see the payoff of eight years of recording and a lifetime of performing.

Yet there's a sadness about Loveless. It's in her choice of songs about loneliness, betrayal, and

dramatic moments of long-delayed truth in relationships. It shows in the way she inhabits the lyrics of a genre that can only be called hillbilly soul.

Earlier this year, Loveless was nominated for a Grammy for her song "How Can I Help You Say Goodbye," which is the performance of her life. The song is about being uprooted from childhood friends and

friends behind. In 1979, when she was 22, black-lung disease claimed the life of her father, who had long nurtured her love of country music. And in 1985, her marriage to a North Carolina drummer ended in a painful and protracted divorce. (She is currently married to record producer Emory Gordy, Jr.)

"When we cut 'How Can I Help You Say Goodbye,'" Patty says, "I would burst into tears and not be able to get through it. The only way I made it was to pretend a friend was telling me the story." Today the record is often played at funerals and as part of grief therapy. "I hope it helps people see that good-bye, even in death, is a separation, but not necessarily final."

Loveless's own sadness, according to her sister, Ruth Grumman, "started settling in when Daddy died." But the night Loveless returned to the stage of the Grand Ole Opry after her throat surgery, something extraordinary happened. "Patty told me," remembers Ruth, "that someone walked across the stage with her. She was crying, and she said, 'It was Daddy.'"

With John Ramey by her side, it's time for Patty Loveless to take her rightful place beside country music's most enduring stars. Hers is a voice that knows no detour to the heart. **OT—**

home, about a couple's separation and imminent divorce, and about the death of a parent. When you hear it, you're listening to Loveless try not to cry about her life.

At ten, Loveless (born Patty Ramey, the sixth of seven children of coal miner John Ramey and his wife, Naomi) moved from the hollows of eastern Kentucky to the "big city" of Louisville, leaving a number of

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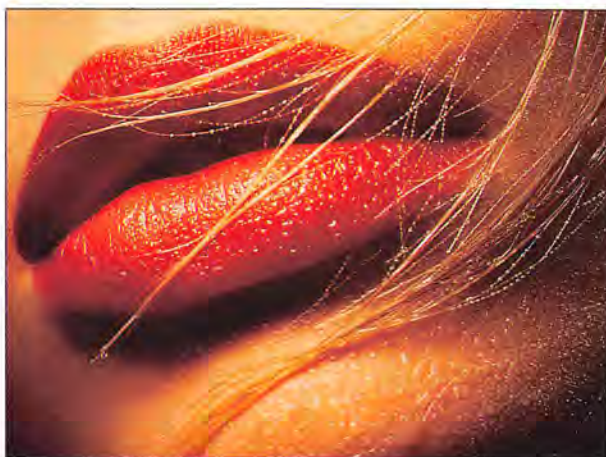
WHAT AM I?

I am very confused about my sexuality and I need your help. I don't know what I am, and it is making me miserable. I had a fling with a guy that lasted way too long (almost three years) because I couldn't see it for what it was, a fling. I've had crushes on both women and

men for as long as I can remember. And then there was Whitney. The crush on her was the hardest of all. I really cared about her and wanted more than a friendship, but she was straight—and engaged. By some miracle, we're still friends today—she just got married, and I'm happy for her.

My gay friends tell me I should run back to men as fast as I can. They say that gay women play too many head games and that I'm better off without them. But men turn me off—at least in terms of getting close. Going to gay bars is out—I've been clean for two years, but temptation is too great. I'm throwing myself into my work, so I don't have to think—which is hard, considering the pretty ladies I work with, a few of whom are gay.

I have prayed and have tried to give this up to God, as my gay friends have suggested, and nothing has happened. I am so frustrated and lonely. I long to love someone as I would like to be loved. I'm not desperate, but I haven't been



with anyone sexually for a year. (I should tell you that I met the guy I was involved with when I was still using drugs. Then, when I stopped, I was completely unattracted to him.)

I have stayed out of relationships for the past year because I'm afraid of getting hurt, and I don't want to hurt someone else. I don't want to say, "Hey, I'm sorry, but this isn't working out because I'm gay/straight." And AIDS scares me. I'm not rich, so a prostitute is out. Please help me. I'm in limbo.—K. V., Indiana

Shrinks, counselors, and agony aunts are very good at coming up with answers, but in a lot of cases we are not quite sure what the question is. You clearly have a problem, but it's difficult to decide what it is.

If you dig a little deeper into your subconscious, however, I think you will find that it is not so much that you can't make up your mind whether you want a man or a woman, but that you are simply lying to yourself (as when you say, "I'm

not desperate"). You need to get laid, and because your past relationships have been emotionally disastrous, you are running scared.

You are clearly one of those people who find it difficult, if not impossible, to involve yourself in unemotional, purely physical sex. You need,

like most women, to love and be loved. "To man it is a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence," is all too true in your case. To achieve sexual satisfaction, you have to love and give yourself completely to the man or woman you are making love to, which means you are totally vulnerable.

What you have to remember is that physical desire is a kind of subconscious programming. When it comes to lust, we are robots, and unless we have been thoroughly brainwashed by society, we go ahead and do what our bodies tell us. Sometimes it gets us into an emotional disaster, and it can even land us in jail. But that does not always stop us.

The method used by our metabolism to control our actions is simply to shoot chemicals into our brains. We have learned to assist this process, or counteract it, by putting foreign chemicals into ourselves, in the form of drugs. This allowed you to unload your sexuality without becoming too aware of the garbage

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

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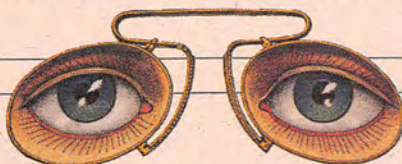
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VIEW FROM THE TOP



MILLENNIUM

By Emily Prager

Why not take a moment and think about the coming millennium? The loose ends of the twentieth century are dovetailing neatly. Doesn't it seem that with Robert McNamara's confession, the O. J. Simpson trial, and the federal-building bombing in Oklahoma City, the social and political concerns of the last 50 years are at last finding some closure?

McNamara's admission that he was wrong about the domino theory—if Vietnam went Communist, all of Southeast Asia would go—pretty much puts an end to the anti-Communist era of political thinking that drove Cold War politicians to mania.

Of course, the fall of Communism in Russia and Eastern Europe should have made those who insisted that the Communists were invincible rather shamefaced. Instead, they quickly mobilized and took credit for the demise. Although it comes as no surprise to anti-war demonstrators who said as much over and over again, McNamara's admission that *at the time* he knew the Vietnam War could not be won, and that it was indeed fruitless, is a chilling indication of how important it was to maintain our belief in the *threat* of Communism. It was more important than our dignity, our good name, and the lives of fighting men.

That we had to fight a war rather than change a mistaken policy is definitely something worth pondering.

The O. J. Simpson trial, with all its unfolding of high-level celebrity life, brings to an end a 50-year buildup of naive assumptions and expectations

about what is to be gained from money and fame. The spectacle, which contains the best and most prurient material of both soap opera and talk show, is at bottom the ultimate tragedy for the end of the century. Never has the phrase every man/woman has his/her price been so starkly demonstrated. The frantic yearning for money and fame demonstrated by all involved in the case is certainly something to contemplate.

The chill you feel may be the realization that the real reason we were so horrified by Communism was that personal gain was absent from its ideology, which, in theory anyway, preached that the whole is more important than the individual. At this point in our history, nothing could be more antagonistic to the American ethos.

Of course, you could argue that the real reason Communism fell was man's essential greediness, and that would be something to think about. And think about this, too: Our greediness has gone virtually unchecked in the last 50 years, and though it has brought us technical maturity, where are we in terms of quality of life?

Consider the bombing in Oklahoma City and how quick we were to assume a for-eigner, a non-white, did it, and how fitting for the end of the century it is that it was the work of white supremacists, homegrown, all-white American haters.

These are the type of guys (and they could be women; gender is of no import here, for a change) who were rabidly pro-Vietnam and anti-Communist, who are deeply anti-black, and whose tooth-and-nail fight against equality has helped to produce such rage in minority Americans.

Who, you could say, in some abstract way are background figures in Simpson's life, as they are in the lives of every black (and white) American, having some part in Simpson's decisions and actions, and even, finally, affecting his trial and the jurors who will decide the final outcome.

White supremacists' views on American life could be

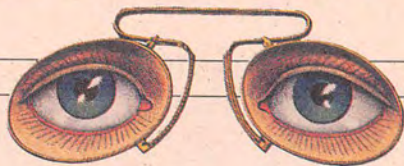


called the creepiest extension of right-wing conservatism, the poor-white-trash version. Think about how much these guys' attitudes have insidiously directed our lives in the last half of this century, and whether you want them to do the same in the next one.

Think about what you want for the next millennium for your country, your children, and grandchildren. Really think about it. It is, after all, the beginning of the next thousand years of recorded history. And when you are done thinking, dream of America in the future. If you know what you want and you are ready to push for it, it won't be a nightmare.

Think about the coming millennium. And when you're done, dream about the American future.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



DISHONESTY

By Ben Stein

A few days ago, my wife had a car misfortune. The battery went dead in her 1991 Acura. We got it recharged and then went down to a gas station to get a new battery. Fine and good. Then the radio would not work. The makers of the Acura, in an effort to make it harder for car-radio thieves, have designed their radios so that if they are removed from the host car—or if the power is cut off—they must be “reprogrammed” with some little secret code to get them started again. It’s all in the name of theft prevention, so it’s necessary.

A few hours before the battery went dead, I was paying

except occasional and mediocre cross-country skiing. When I was a young man in Washington, D.C., I used to go for walks miles long when I got off work. Now when I visit D.C., I am warned not to walk around at night even in Georgetown, even in Foggy Bottom, even in Wesley Heights—anywhere. The reason, of course, is fear of crime.

My son is an adventurous seven-year-old maniac. He loves to be outside, especially in parks. He cannot be left alone in any setting, for fear of violence by total strangers—even directly outside our house—without a competent adult watching. That means Mommy or me or a nanny, and that takes time and money. Plus, it’s depressing for him and for us.

I pay a small fortune in car insurance. Most of the money goes to pay for liability coverage. A great deal of that is for fraudulent claims filed by bogus plaintiffs aided by dishonest doctors. If those fraudulent claims were not in the mix, I am told, my car insurance would be dramatically lower.

Now, there’s a point here in my own life, and I think it’s fairly typical of modern urban life. If I had to say what the main plague of modern life is, I would say a virus—a lethal and unstoppable plague of dishonesty by man against man.

Just in my own life, which may be a lucky one, I am rarely plagued by an overweening government. I know it’s out there, quietly and ruthlessly spending a lot of money, but I also know that most of that goes for very good causes like national defense, payments on the debt, and helping old people get along. I’ll be one of them before terribly long, so I sympathize.

But government does not make me afraid to leave my home at night. Government does not deprive my child of outdoor freedom. Government does not make me fear being ripped off at every turn.

Maybe we conservatives are a little narrow in our concerns. Maybe—gasp!—there are things more destructive to peace of mind and to the Republic than big government. Perhaps government even has a role in stopping crime, getting the streets back for decent people, regulating thieving businessmen, large and small—and there are plenty of them. (The myth of the always victimized businessman is as much a lie as the myth of the always guilty businessman.)

Maybe in some places we need *more* government to make ourselves a happier, *freer* people. Maybe the enemy is not, as Ronald Reagan said, invariably government. Sometimes the problem is just bad people, and in some ways, government—which has a lot of good people in it, like cops and military officers and prosecutors—has a role in restraining them. Maybe it’s time to admit that the struggle of our time is not between innocent people and government, but between *good people and bad people*, and that the government has some role to play on the side of the good people in that struggle.

It’s just a tentative thought, but worth entertaining for a moment before we go back to blaming government—that easiest, juiciest, and silliest of targets—for everything. It would save a lot of trouble, too, because when we cut government and still find we have almost every problem we had before, we’re going to be pretty disappointed.

Now for a few words about dishonesty, government, costs, and what’s a real problem and what is not.



my bills. There was one for some kind of incredibly pricey insurance called “difference in conditions.” It seemed exotic, so I called my insurance broker. “Oh, that,” he said. “That’s for theft, basically, or if someone vandalizes your house or spray paints it or chops down your trees. That’s what ‘difference in conditions’ is for.”

I love walking. I rarely get any other form of exercise,

AUTOS

By Lesley Hazleton

Thank God there's still some real desert left in the United States. Anza-Borrego, just north of the Mexican border, is only some 50 miles south of Palm Springs, but it hasn't been palm-sprung. It's unmanicured, un-fat-farmed, unchic.

A whole section has even been set aside for all-terrain vehicles—a *Mad Max* scene of mechanical piracy, with owners to match. And park rangers warn that if you come across a pile of discarded plastic pails, you should report them—they're likely the remains of a fly-by-night crack still.

I was driving the lead in a line of eight prototype Sportages—the new affordable sport-utility vehicles from Kia Motors Corporation. We were on one of those steep tracks where if you put a wheel wrong you end up tumbling into a gulch when we spied a bright-red Range Rover at the top, along with a ladder, a few people ... and a whole pile of plastic pails.

The Range Rover gleamed up there, king of the hill. The price of one of those would buy three Sportages, and you'd still get change. By the time we crested the hill, the people around it were staring open-mouthed. They evidently thought that only \$50,000 could get you up a track like this.

I leaned out the window. "What's happening?" I asked.

They looked downright sheepish. "We're shooting an ad for Range Rover," one guy admitted.

"Maybe you should try driving it instead of washing it," I said, leading the whole line of Sportages onward, leaving the



Sportage—the new affordable sport-utility vehicle from Kia Motors—features great mechanics and is fun to drive.

Range Rover to its solitary, immobile splendor.

Which is exactly what Kia intends to happen in the sport-utility market.

In the 11 years since some genius at American Motors Corporation had the idea of putting doors on a Jeep Cherokee, the sport-utility market has skyrocketed. And so have the prices. For those of us who aren't doctors, lawyers, or drug dealers, the only four-door sport-utility under \$20,000 had been the raw little Suzuki Sidekick.

Kia has put a stop to that. The number-two Korean automaker has finally brought its domestic best-seller to the States. By the end of the year, it expects to have dealerships almost everywhere but the Northeast and Florida, which will have to wait until 1996 to see just how good a four-door sport-utility with the same wheelbase as a Pathfinder, as much interior room as a Cherokee, and a base price of just over \$15,000 can be.

The Sportage was first shown at the Tokyo Auto Show in 1991. Ford, which owns ten percent of Kia, instantly pressured the Korean automaker for the right to sell the Sportage in the States as a re-badged Ford.

No deal. And no wonder. Though its Sephia sedan has

been on sale on the West Coast for the past year, the Sportage is Kia's real entry ticket to the American market.

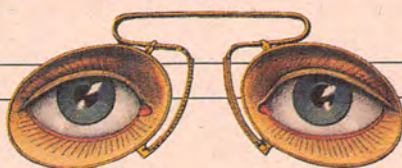
With a Lotus-engineered suspension, a Getrag shift-on-the-move transfer case, and a Bosch engine-management system, the Sportage lowers the price on sophistication. Part-time four-wheel drive and rear A.B.S. are standard, and a rear limited-slip differential is optional.

The Sportage looks small from the outside, but though it's a foot shorter than a compact sport-utility like the Pathfinder, it has exactly the same wheelbase and track.

True, this is one sport-utility you won't want to use for bushwhacking through jungles. Its D.O.H.C. in-line four develops 113 horsepower at 6,000 r.p.m. and 134 pound-feet of torque at 4,000. But its power-to-weight ratio is better than that of a V-6 4Runner.

Two drawbacks: no airbags until the 1996 models, and wimpy tires, which Kia engineers vow to beef up, at least as an option, for 1996. And talking of options, the fully loaded price, including leather seats, power everything, roof rack, and destination charges, is \$20,465. At that price, I'll forget the jungles and stick to the desert.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



TRAVEL

By Gael Greene

It's foolish to think you can begin to see Australia in a week or even two. So when business lured me Down Under, I focused my wanderlust on the Great Barrier Reef, the rain forest, and Sydney. Beautiful and cosmopolitan, Sydney is very much like San Francisco—its life focused on the harbor—only sunnier and more innocent. Australia strikes me as a fifties America, with accessible pleasures and big, open, friendly people.

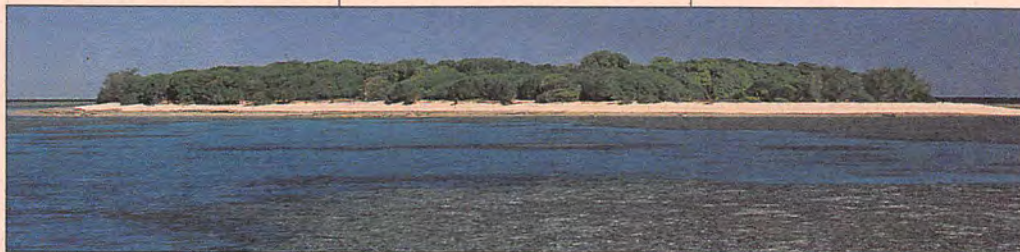
Count on first-rate hotels in Sydney, many with views of blue water and the clustered sails of the famous Opera House. True, you can find kangaroo steaks and witchetty grubs (caterpillars eaten live),

a harbor tour, cruise off to see the koalas and kangaroos at Taronga Zoo, or to visit the Darling Harbor Aquarium and the exquisite Royal Botanic Garden. Sun and swim at Bondi beach (the temperate climate hits a high of 85 degrees in the summer, 70 in the north and 50 in the south come winter—the reverse of our seasons, of course). Dress is casual, even for dinner at Merroney's, or for the sophisticated cookery at the Treasury, in the Intercontinental Hotel. Savor the swimmer-crab ravioli with burnt Parmesan butter at the dramatic Rockpool. It's named for "the Rocks," where 900 convicts were left by the British to form the first penal colony, which became Sydney. Restored from a slum at the end of the last century, the Rocks boasts fine examples of colonial architecture, now

yards in a hot-air balloon. You can add a day tour by bus to the Blue Mountains and visit the Jenolan Caves, a labyrinth of perhaps 300 caves formed millions of years ago.

Now we're off by plane to the Great Barrier Reef—its 80,000 square miles make it the largest structure built by living organisms—a coral "condo" home to hundreds of species of fish, crustacea, and other marine critters. From the champagne luxury of expensive resorts like Hayman Island, Bedarra (with its 16 private villas), or Lizard Island (famed for its marlin fishing), you cruise out to the reef to scuba, snorkel, or lounge in glass-bottom boats. When I confessed to our Lizard Island host that I don't swim, I was given a kick board with a glass window and a guide to pull me about in 40-foot-deep water so I could commune

It takes forever to get there, but the sand, surf, and Sydney are well worth it.




but if you come expecting dreary Brit cookery, you'll be amazed by ambitious chefs deftly blending the scents of the Pacific Rim with French technique and local products—fabulous oysters and crabs, fat lambs, creamy cheeses, and odd sea creatures like Moretan Bay "bugs" and the big freshwater crayfish called yabbies.

Still in jet shock, we wander down to the Circular Quay to board the ferry for Doyle's in Watsons Bay—a tourist must, to be sure, but it's fun to sit outside eating the freshest fish. Or try Catalina, harbor-side at Rose Bay. Take time for

mostly boutiques and galleries that provide a chance to look at aboriginal art.

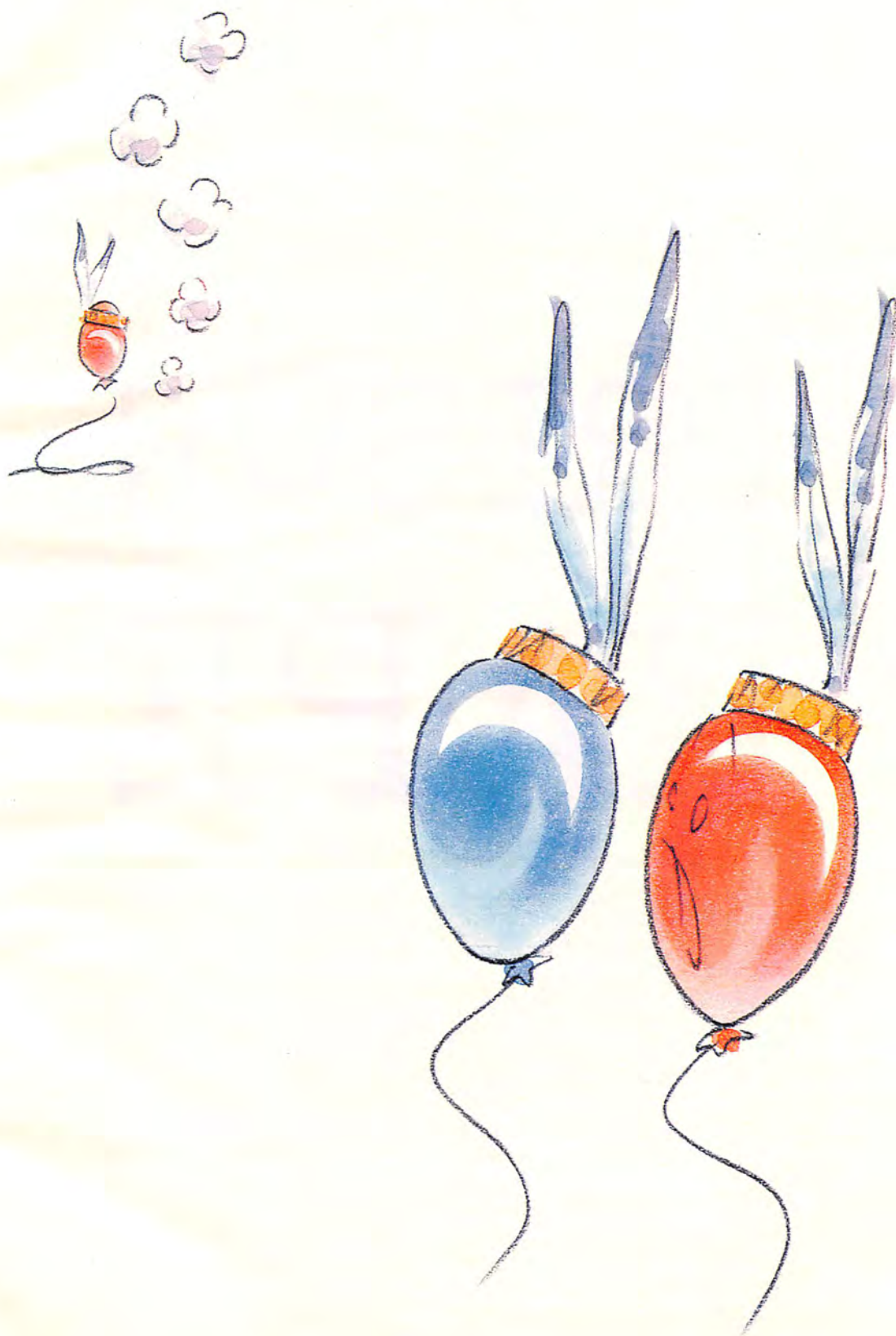
It's definitely worth the trip to suburban Balmoral for lunch at the Bather's Pavilion, or to Tetsuya's for the Asian-accented saucery of Australia's chef of the year. From Sydney you can set up a trip to the Outback, make a weekend retreat to Cleopatra (hiking Blue Mountain trails down to the base of Bridal Veil Falls), or make a leisurely pilgrimage through the vineyards and antique shops of nearby Hunter Valley. Stay at the Convent or Peppers Guest House and float over the vine-

with giant blue-eyed cod. That left barely enough time for a taste of the hurly-burly in Cairns, on the mainland, and a too-quick day trip to the rain forest, with its mangrove stands and 60 bird species, and a search for crocodiles. I wished I had booked one of the private chalets on stilts, surrounded by tropical foliage, at the Silky Oaks Wilderness Lodge or at the Daintree Eco Lodge. The better to spend all day with a guide, while the forest is still protected and still a botanical paradise.

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BY ART CUMINGS



"If I'm reading him correctly, the casino is on fire!"

PRISON

The unspeakable horror of prison life that everyone knows

RAPE

ARTICLE BY ELLIS HENICAN

Even through the grimy window of the Corrections Department van, David Aldred could see trouble waiting for him.

The van had just arrived at the reception gate of the Glades Correctional Institution in Belle Glade, Florida. A fresh load of state prisoners was aboard. Aldred, a wiry 22-year-old with wavy brown hair, had the seat behind the driver. His hands were cuffed together. He was squinting into the harsh Florida sun. But as Aldred peered out the van's side window, he could see clear to the other side of a tall, chain-link fence, where a

group of inmates had gathered in the prison yard.

A hundred and fifty of them? Two hundred? It was hard to say for sure. But they certainly seemed excited about something. Several of the prisoners were banging on the fence. Others were shouting in the direction of the van. But with the doors of the vehicle still closed, Aldred couldn't make out the prisoners' words. Not yet.

What is this? he thought nervously to himself. *The welcoming committee?*

As a guard came out and opened one of the van's side

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN



about but no one wants to confront.

M. ARISMA

Bad enough that you got arrested and sent off to jail. Bad enough that you'll be separated from family and friends. Bad enough that a bunch of dim-witted prison guards will be telling you when to get up in the morning and when to go to sleep at night.

It didn't take long for Aldred to find out whose ass the welcoming committee was whooping for. His second night at the Glades Correctional Institution, he walked to the shower from his bunk in B-

That whole time, Aldred was on the shower floor, writhing in excruciating pain. The lower part of his body, he would recall later, felt just like it had been ripped apart and set on fire.

14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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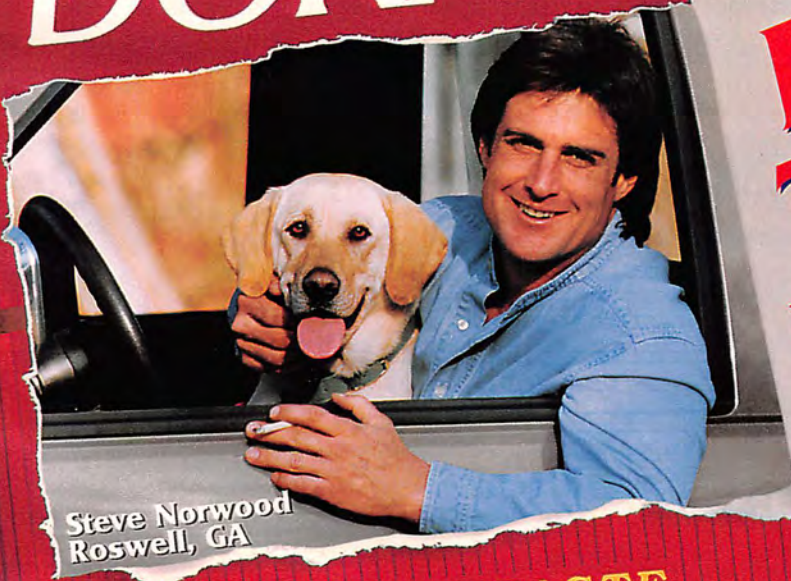
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DORAL



Steve Norwood
Roswell, GA

PREMIUM TASTE

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Steve

Finally, his attackers were finished. Without another word, they pulled themselves off him and walked back toward the dorm.

No one knows exactly how many men are raped in America's jails and prisons every year. In fact, no professional researcher has ever conducted a national survey on the subject. When it comes to prison-rape statistics, all we have to go on are a few small studies that have been conducted here and there.

"For a topic like this not to be studied is just incredible," says Cindy Struckman-Johnson, a professor at the University of South Dakota and a leading expert on prison rape. "But it is extremely difficult to get grant money to do this kind of research. We still don't have people talking about this. A major crime against humanity, we just tolerate. We think when people go to jail, it's okay for this to happen to them."

Until recently, the most rigorous study was conducted by researchers Wayne Wooden and Jay Parker, in 1980. Focusing on a medium-security prison in California, they found that 14 percent of the inmates had been "pressured into having sex against their will," a figure the researchers said was probably an undercount. In a 1975 study of six prisons in New York State, researcher Daniel Lockwood found that 28 percent of the inmates had been targets of sexual aggression. And Lockwood discovered that younger prisoners seemed to have it worst of all. At one juvenile prison, 71 percent of the young males said they had been targeted for sexual abuse.

Struckman-Johnson is just now completing what will be the largest study yet of rape behind bars. Her research covers only the state of Nebraska. The

preliminary results? Several points higher than Wooden's and Parker's 14 percent.

It is possible to extrapolate from these small studies and hazard a rough guess about how many prisoners across America are victims of sexual aggression every year. Start with that conservative estimate of 14 percent. Multiply that by the 1.3 million men sitting behind bars right now. You end up with a staggering total: 182,000 victims a year. That's 15,166 a month; 3,500 a week; 498 victims every day.

So who are these men?

Well, for months now, I've been getting letters from them, taking their collect calls, and meeting with them in prison visiting rooms. I had put out word to a few old prison sources that I wanted to talk to men who had been sexually assaulted behind bars, victims of male-on-male, inmate-on-inmate rape.

This, obviously, is not the easiest topic for most men to discuss. It is especially dicey in the macho prison world, where the rat is considered the lowest form of human life. But despite the dangerous subject matter, I was inundated with replies—eye-opening replies. Almost without exception, these men told gut-wrenching stories in vivid detail, some of it almost impossible to read or listen to. It was as if a whole army of men had been waiting silently, their anger and their helplessness building up, desperately hoping that somebody, someday, might ask.

They told of gang rapes occurring under the eyes of prison guards. They recounted sexual torture that, for some, went on for years. They described how cellblock threats and mind games could turn a vulnerable heterosexual into the virtual sex slave of another man.

They explained how racial tensions in prison were magnified by disputes over

sexual control. They used old prison-yard expressions like *punks*, *jockers*, and *queens*. And, time after time, they described the bureaucratic brick walls that prisoners keep running into whenever they try to complain.

"No, it doesn't happen to everybody, but it is far more common than people think—people on the outside, that is," says Richard Swanson, director of programs for the Colorado Department of Corrections. Swanson is one of the few prison administrators in America who speaks out publicly about inmate-on-inmate rape.

Over the years, Swanson says, certain patterns have emerged. "In general," he says, "the younger you are, the smaller you are, the whiter you are, the more likely you are to be victimized." It's the familiar old story of the powerful taking advantage of the weak—the physically weak, the psychologically weak, the numerically weak.

Whites may still run the outside world, but other groups often dominate the numbers behind prison walls. And as Swanson puts it, "No expression of that power is more potent—or more degrading to the victim—than a forced sexual assault."

The vast majority of these victims, Swanson and other experts have found, are heterosexual men. But something else is even more interesting in this regard. Most prison rapists believe *they* are straight, even as they force themselves on other men.

"In the culture of prison," Swanson says, "the rapists typically see themselves as heterosexual. They might view their own victim as gay, or weak, or somehow asking for it. But it's still, 'I am the man.'"

David Aldred didn't lie on that shower floor for long. He caught his breath. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

FIGHTING PRISON RAPE

TWELVE PRACTICAL STEPS

1. Remove the easiest prey. Young, nonviolent first-timers—especially those under 25—should be separated from the tougher cons.

2. End the surprises. New prisoners deserve a realistic orientation *before* they arrive in general population. This must include a frank discussion of prison rape.

3. Train the staff. Guards, counselors, and wardens must be taught to deal honestly with prison rape—and to stop denying it.

4. Take complaints seriously, even if the prisoners won't name names. And make "protective custody" protective again. Today it's often more like punishment.

5. Prosecute. Rape is a serious crime

wherever it occurs. Police and prosecutors should treat it that way.

6. De-stigmatize victims. Being raped doesn't mean that you're gay or that you've lost your manhood. But rape-trauma syndrome can be horrendous, in prison and afterward. Prison-rape survivors deserve confidential access to professional counselors.

7. Remember, rape is rape. And the organized anti-rape movement ought to make this fight a priority, too.


8. Face sexual facts. Prison doesn't kill the oldest urge, whatever the rule books say. Trailer visits, protective pairings, non-assaultive sex—all of these need to be re-explored.

9. Stop banning condoms. There's no reason a prison rape should also be a

death sentence for the victim.

10. Shine new light. How does rape affect survivors, prisons, and the outside world? Scholars, journalists, and legislators must begin to ask. And the Bureau of Justice Statistics must start tallying up these crimes.

11. Go to court. The Justice Department, private lawyers, and the civil-liberties groups should file class-action lawsuits, as the Supreme Court has recently urged.

12. Crack the invisible wall. Prisoners themselves must break their silence on the rape culture behind bars. They have to start talking openly—both to one another and to the outside world. They have to help weaker prisoners survive. 

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Home Depot, the megastore of beams and bolts, continues to hammer its way to the top of the market.

By Yvonne Morabito

DOW GAZERS

With the sun in Leo, the market swells seem to offer drama and adventure this month, but only those stocks with strong strokes will escape the powerful undertow. Those companies that have been merely floating with the tide will panic as they are suddenly sucked downward, and only practical skills will save them. Rather than struggle to catch the wave of the next Microsoft, ride the consistent breakers that provide products and services of tangible benefit to you now—i.e., home improvement, entertainment, clothing, children's toys, sporting equipment, and health and beauty aids. The overinflated stock market is likely to lose some of its crew, but those industries that service our everyday needs should stay afloat. Now may be the time for a long-awaited correction in the market, so investors who wait until fall to set out to sea should have a less turbulent ride.

GEM IN THE GALACTIC ROUGH

Despite the overall question marks in the stock market, there is one sure bet—Home Depot. In this time of good weather and outdoor activity, home and family are highlighted, and do-it-yourself haven H.D. does

laps around the competition. This megastore of beams and bolts inspired the home-improvement craze of the nation. Incorporated under Leo, H.D. does business on a grand scale, and its source of energy is its desire to motivate others. The planets indicate a natural concern for the home, land, and community, and a sense of hospitality. In fact, the company has committed more than a quarter of a million dollars to non-profit environmental agendas for 1995.

Provider skills are emphasized in H.D.'s chart, indicating a paternal concern for the needs and feelings of others. H.D. caters to sincere and concerned consumers, and prides itself on being a company providing personalized assistance that enables people to take charge of their own affairs. The company's compassion for others is apparent in its casual, comfortable atmosphere. Any store that becomes overcrowded is closed and replaced with two new outlets to better meet the demand.

H.D. is industrious, efficient, and extremely hardworking, with persuasive abilities that are used creatively in securing cooperative ventures and team spirit. In fact, H.D. is known as the "category killer" due to its aggressive expansion, at the rate of one new



store per week, and its voracious acquisition of properties from other chains.

This is a time of heightened innovation at H.D., and enterprising and inventive ideas provide windfall benefits to the company. Particularly mid-month, creative endeavors are brilliant and well-received by people influential to H.D.'s success. Doors open, and the company's prophetic insight into future trends propels it toward unprecedented profitability and leadership. Although the planets pull H.D. toward some power struggles and impulsive overspending, this is generally a favorable time for dealing with groups or organizations, and sales and marketing efforts explode.

Buy now, as foundations are laid for this skyscraper of success.

PLANETARY PRECIOUS METALS

During this economically erratic time, the gleam of gold and silver dazzles the fashion plate as well as the financier in today's investors. The sun, ruler of the gold market, is in its home, the leadership sign of Leo. All recognize the intrinsic value of precious metals now, and those who hold these treasures early on will feel like kings. Trade it or wear it, but be a leader in the gold rush and enjoy the riches you will find.

FLY-HIGH FUNDS

Rather than betting on the volatile mixed bag of securities, you might want to throw your chips into a star mutual fund. The Janus Fund, under an Aquarian sun since its inception on February 5, 1970, is blessed by the current planetary activity overhead. Over the next few months, Janus will build innovative investment strategies and leadership skills that will poise investors for jackpot earnings in the year to come. Get in now to beat the rush, and as the revolutionary planet, Uranus, enters Aquarius in 1996, you'll be off to the races. While other funds waver, Janus exudes self-confidence, security, and power. ☼

PRISON RAPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

hoisted himself up. He went back to his bunk and pulled on some clothes. For the next 45 frenzied minutes, he went stomping around B-dorm, hunting for the men who had done this terrible thing to him. He surveyed the faces of other inmates, looking for some kind of sign, something he might remember or recognize. He listened carefully for voices, hoping he might catch someone bragging about what had occurred.

He came up empty. So he did the only other thing he could think of to do. He approached one of the dormitory officers and tried to report the rape.

"Go back to your bunk," was all the officer told him. "I'll take care of it."

But, apparently, the dorm officer did nothing. He didn't put Aldred into protective custody. He didn't order a medical exam. He didn't even file a report. At midnight, when the guard-shift changed, Aldred was still waiting for word. He asked the night man what was happening with his complaint. "Your complaint?" the night man asked. He didn't know what Aldred was talking about.

Aldred waited until morning, when the guards' lieutenant arrived. Again, he tried to report the attack.

The lieutenant asked who the assailants were. Aldred said he had heard a voice, but he couldn't say for sure. He asked for protective custody. The lieutenant said no. What he did offer Aldred was a single piece of advice. "You got to start being a man sometime," the lieutenant said.

And that, as far as the Glades Correctional Institution and the state of Florida were concerned, was pretty much that.

David Aldred didn't know it yet, but it was the same response that prison-rape victims had been getting for years—the only response that most of them ever get. It was that eloquent but dull-faced reaction that can be summed up in a shrug and two little words: "Tough luck."

Nobody, it seems, ever wants to come to grips with the issue of prison rape. Nobody. Not state or federal prosecutors. Their informal motto is, "If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." It's true, sexual assault is a serious crime, wherever it occurs. That's what the law books say, anyway. Nonetheless, prison rapists are almost never prosecuted. The cases just aren't brought. Sometimes this is because inmates fear reprisals if they make complaints. But even when cases are brought to the prosecutor's door, they

are most often pushed aside, treated like simple disputes among bad guys who probably deserve one another.

Not the courts. If prison rape isn't "cruel and unusual punishment," what is? But the nation's judges have made it extremely tough for a prison-rape victim to get legal relief. The obvious answer would be to encourage prison victims to sue their jailers for failing to protect them. Prisoners, after all, are sentenced to *time*—not to rape. But the Supreme Court has made such lawsuits extremely difficult.

Not the people who run our prisons and jails. Some of them will agree, in the abstract, that nonconsensual sex is often a fact of life behind bars today. But good luck trying to find a single warden who will admit that, yes, such things go on behind *his* prison walls. Instead, prison officials are more likely to discourage the reporting of sexual assaults, and block publicity of any sort. (That was certainly the case when I researched this piece.) Some critics

activists suddenly run out of steam. They don't even like to discuss the obvious connection between the two kinds of rape—what psychologists call the recurring cycle of abuse. Heterosexual men who are raped in prison come out as potential rapists themselves—targeting women, not men.

To all these groups and institutions, it's almost as if the shameful epidemic of prison rape doesn't exist. And it doesn't, as far as the U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics is concerned. That's the federal agency that collects crime numbers for the government. You can add the bureau's name to the long list of those who've shown they aren't concerned. Their official count of crime in America doesn't include incidents that occur in prison or jail. It simply does not.

In the end, all these groups have been able to skate around this issue perfectly well, secure in the knowledge that whatever might happen behind prison bars, few people are likely to see it, and even fewer are likely to mind.

*MOST PRISON RAPISTS
BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE STRAIGHT,
EVEN AS THEY FORCE
THEMSELVES ON OTHER MEN.*

contend that prison officials tacitly approve or actually encourage a certain amount of inmate-on-inmate sexual abuse. It's a good "management tool," they say—helpful in keeping an institution under control.

Not the media. Prison rape is still generally considered too grisly a topic for the network news magazines, too much of a downer for most glossy magazines. A *Washington Post* reporter did win the Pulitzer Prize in 1983 for a series on prison rape, and *The Boston Globe* did a series two years ago. But rarely does the subject pop up in the media at all. We may well be talking here about America's last, undiscovered victim class, ignored by even Oprah, Maury, and Phil.

Not the universities and foundations. We're talking here about convicted criminals, a group that doesn't generate much sympathy from the usual do-good groups. As Cindy Struckman-Johnson and her colleagues have discovered, it is just about impossible today to get grant money to study prison rape.

Not the anti-rape activists. They've managed to turn male-on-female rape into a major social cause. But when it comes to the male-on-male kind, especially behind bars, these energetic

Amid this deafening silence, a few brave voices have occasionally been heard. The Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union has brought a few lawsuits on behalf of prison-rape victims. Public defenders and private attorneys have joined the fight here and there. And the New York State Council of Churches has produced two excellent

cassette tapes on the subject of prison rape which are distributed through the council's Safer Society Press. One tape, in extremely frank language, advises new prisoners on how to protect themselves from cellblock predators. The other offers sound advice on how prison administrators can keep their institutions rape-free.

Then there is Stephen Donaldson, the man behind a small organization called Stop Prisoner Rape. If this dark issue has its beacon of hope, its lonely crusader fighting terrible odds, Donaldson would have to be it.

With his horn-rim glasses and his long sideburns, Donaldson does not come to this issue by any philosophical or ideological route. Back in 1973, he was a Columbia College graduate and a Navy veteran, active against the Vietnam War. Arrested during a Quaker "pray-in" at the White House, Donaldson refused to post the \$10 bail and was tossed in the District of Columbia jail. During his two-day stay, he was the victim of an extraordinarily vicious rape—attacked by a huge mob of inmates.

"If a prisoner is middle class, if he isn't particularly street-smart, if he's not a member of a gang, and if he doesn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OH, YOU KIDDER, YOU!

John Wayne Bobbitt noted that his current girlfriend, a stripper, gave him what she described as a "gag gift" for Christmas—a knife.

SORRY WE BROUGHT IT UP

Elton John, recounting a session with his psychiatrist, said he was asked if he had ever been molested as a child. John said he answered, "No, I was dying to be molested."



AND NOW, A WORD FOR OUR DEVOTED FANS

Rock singer Slash, of Guns N' Roses, on the group's future plans: "Guns doesn't have to do a record tomorrow or next year. And people say, 'What about your fan base?' The least of my concerns is trying to put together a body of work to try and please some kid I don't even know."

WHY NEW YORK IS BROKE

The City University of New York, faced with an acute fiscal squeeze and potential tuition hikes because of the state's \$5 billion budget gap, spent \$200,000 on a study to determine if the university needed more women's rooms on campus. University officials said they wanted to establish "potty parity" by constructing more bathrooms for females.

AH, THAT EXPLAINS IT

Actor Johnny Depp, asked by a magazine interviewer why he trashed a hotel room, said he became extremely upset when he noticed that someone had written an unfriendly inscription inside his copy of the autobiography of his idol, Marlon Brando. According to Depp, it read, "Fuck you, Johnny Depp. You're an asshole."



OUR HYPOCRITE OF THE MONTH AWARD TO ...

... ABC newsman Sam Donaldson, the host of a weekly show that frequently accuses the federal government of wasting tax dollars on a privileged few. But Donaldson—who makes \$2 million a year—received \$97,000 in federal wool and mohair subsidies for his New Mexico ranch. Donaldson said he reluctantly took the government handout in order to compete with fellow ranchers.



LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

According to a new biography of Elizabeth Taylor, noted for her gargantuan appetites, the actress enjoyed high-decibel rough sex—a taste her friends knew about, since her third husband, Mike Todd, liked to record their lovemaking and later play the tapes at social gatherings. According to the book, Taylor and Todd liked to get in the mood by engaging in fistfights.

WORST NEW INVENTION

A Pennsylvania firm has developed a "smart" parking meter that, among other things, contains a computer sensor that sets off a red light to signal parking enforcement agents that time has expired. Even worse, the new meters will no longer allow people to use the unexpired time of a previous parker. The meter senses when a parker has left and automatically returns its timer to zero.



MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL, WHO'S THE BIGGEST SWELLED HEAD OF ALL?

Actress Cybill Shepherd, asked during a magazine interview why her career went into decline for several years, said that critics and producers were against her. "I was expected to fail," she said. "The envy level for people who are beautiful is so high."

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

In a speech on the role of the English language in the world, Britain's Prince Charles criticized Americans for not speaking the language properly. American English is "very corrupting," he said. He also warned Americans to "be a bit careful, otherwise the whole thing gets rather a mess."

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

Singer Stevie Wonder, on one of the perils of blindness: "One day my wife went out and I got on the phone to another woman. But she caught me on my blind side. I said, 'I didn't see you comin' back in,' and she said, 'No, but you're gonna hear me slammin' the door on the way out.'"

AND THE WINNER IS ...

Actor Tim Roth, in a magazine interview, on how to win an Academy Award: "You know, if you were a white guy and you played a black 65-year-old lesbian single mother of four who was crippled with multiple sclerosis, and you directed yourself, you'd get an Oscar—you'd get several."



AH, ROMANCE

Elizabeth Wurtzel, the author of *Prozac Nation*, recounted in an article her relationship with a hard-drinking rock musician. Although she said they enjoyed "the best sex" she ever had, which was performed to the music of her lover's first album, she added that the relationship quickly went downhill. "I was turning scary and meek, always forgiving him after he'd thrown furniture around, or had broken bottles on my kitchen floor, or had come charging ferociously and ferally ... at me." Asked if her ex-lover might be upset to find out that she was revealing so many intimate details about him, Wurtzel said, "I meant it in the best way. I hope he gets a chuckle when he reads it."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Phan Thi Kim Phuc, the nine-year-old Vietnamese girl who was immortalized when she was photographed running naked and screaming with pain in 1972 during a napalm bombing attack, is now 32 years old and living with her husband and young son in Toronto. Kim defected to Canada in 1992, saying she was tired of being used as a propaganda symbol by Vietnam.



HOW TO PROMOTE A MOVIE

In a move that makes producers' hair turn gray overnight, actress Jessica Lange used the opportunity of a newspaper interview to trash a movie in which she starred, *Losing Isaiah*. Accusing the movie's producers of a "secret agenda" to ruin it, Lange said they fouled up the ending, failed to properly develop the two main characters, and never developed the main character's motivation. Perhaps coincidentally, the movie was a box-office flop.



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

McCall's magazine, in a story on actor Tom Cruise and his actress wife Nicole Kidman, savaged the couple's marriage, claiming that Cruise married Kidman solely to squelch rumors that he is gay, that the marriage was arranged by their agents, that the couple had to arrange to adopt a child because Cruise is sterile, and that Kidman gets movie roles only because she's Cruise's wife. The magazine promptly apologized in print for the article, noting that none of the "reported rumors" it ran were true.



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Shari and I relaxed in each other's arms to watch the live action and fondle each other. Mike had Leena, nude except for her heels, on all fours, and was fucking her from behind on the couch. It was quite a sight to see my lovely wife from this vantage point, whimpering with pleasure as she met the strokes of Mike's stiff cock pumping in and out of her steaming pussy. I could tell she was really savoring this moment. As their bodies moved faster and faster, she rubbed her clit with her free hand. Finally, Leena collapsed on the couch as she came, screaming in climax. Then Mike rolled her over on her back, and we could see his shaft driving in and out of her as he neared his orgasm. Leena held her legs up with her arms so she could feel him hit bottom. As he came, he pulled his dick out of her and shot hot white jets of jism from her tits to her blond mound, and Leena rubbed it all over her chest.—P. M., Illinois

CELEBRITY FANTASY

Judging from the letters we receive, most of us dream about having intimate encounters with our favorite celebrity or celebrities. If you have—and who hasn't?—write it down and send it to us. If your celebrity fantasy is hot enough, we'll print it here. And remember, even though the celebrity is real, what transpires is created entirely in our readers' imagination.—The Editors

QUEST FOR ECSTASY

Once again, I have to have it! What started out as a fantasy for my husband and me has turned out to be a never-ending search for that one woman who is as hot and nasty as I can be. Sure, we've had three-ways with other women, and yes, it was fun for me. My husband never complained, but something was always missing.

It was late. The bar was dimly lit and nearly empty. I had just about given up all hope for the night when I saw her at a table by herself. I couldn't make out her features, but this feeling I had was overwhelming. I had to have her. Anxiously, I told my husband to stay where he was. I stood up, took a deep breath, and proceeded to fulfill my destiny. My pussy throbbed with each step I took toward her. I could make out her blond hair and her figure, but I still couldn't see her face. Politely, I asked if I could join her. Without hesitation, she answered yes. Signaling to the waitress to bring more drinks, she admitted that she had hoped I would come over.

As I sat down, I could see her face for the first time, and a feeling of ecstasy rushed through me. I looked into the eyes of the one woman who could give

me what I wanted at the intensity level I'd been longing for—because those eyes I was lusting at belonged to none other than porno queen Amber Lynn.

She knew what I needed. Without words but with a seductive grin, she stood up, grabbed my hand, and led me out of the bar. I had no idea where I was going, and I didn't care. She suggested we go to my house, but first she wanted to stop by her place so she could pick up a few things. While I was waiting for her, I realized that I'd left my husband back at the bar. At that moment, I knew I was in trouble. Not because of my husband—he would understand. I was in trouble because I no longer had control of myself. I was in Amber's power!

As we pulled up to my house, I saw a light go off in the bedroom. Amber did not notice—so I thought. As soon as we entered, we wasted no time pulling each other's clothes off. Quickly, we moved toward the bedroom. I knew if I got her in there, the control would be back. Playfully, I pushed her on the bed. I felt like a pirate who had just found his buried treasure. I had to taste her. Eagerly, I started licking her pussy while I pinched her nipples. The farther my tongue went in her pussy, the harder I pinched. By the sounds of her moans, it wouldn't be long before her first orgasm filled my mouth with the taste I'd been craving.

"I'm coming!" she cried. With that, I began sucking up her sweet juices, almost coming myself. She pulled me to her lips. I knew what she wanted, so I let her taste her own juices. Amber softly whispered, "Like surprises? I'll be right back."

As she left the room, I heard a moan from the closet. Quickly, I opened the door to see my husband with his hard cock in his hand.

"You like surprises?" I asked.

With a big smile on his face, he replied, "Oh, yeah."

Quietly, I closed the door and jumped back into bed. When Amber stepped through the doorway, my eyes widened, for she had strapped on a dildo. *This is what was missing*, I thought to myself. I've been with women who almost put me over the edge—that's nothing new—but for a woman to strap on a cock and fuck me like a man, *that* was different.

My pussy was aching with anticipation. Quickly, she grabbed me by my ankles and turned me on my belly. Automatically, my ass rose into the air. I could feel her hot breath as she spread my ass cheeks to expose my wet cunt. Then she lapped at my pussy like a thirsty dog at a bowl of water. I knew she wanted to please me, which made me even hotter. "Oh God, I'm coming," I moaned. She stopped right in the middle of my orgasm. I felt disappointment

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.



BLUES IS BETTER WITH BUMPS.

BUMPY TONIC

Pour Seagram's Gin over ice
in a highball glass.

Fill with tonic water.

Squeeze lime wedge over drink
and drop into glass.



THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

PRISON RAPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

belong to whatever happens to be the dominant racial group inside—that's the kind of person who's most vulnerable," he says. "I was a perfect target."

As might be expected, that event set off some serious turmoil in Donaldson's life. He was back to prison twice—four years for attempted murder, six months for a parole violation. But the rape also set Donaldson off on his current course: a passionate campaign to protect others from the horror that befell him.

He lobbies government officials. He tries to talk sense to prison administrators. He drafts legal briefs. He forcefully nudges the occasional reporters who wander by. He dreams up new and different ways to get this unattractive issue in the public eye.

"There is so much society could do about this, and a lot of it isn't even very expensive," says Donaldson, who is 47 now and lives in New York City, a few blocks from his alma mater. "Just training prison guards how to deal with someone who's just been raped—that would make a tremendous difference. Separating violent and nonviolent prisoners—that would help, too."

But the first step, Donaldson says, is somehow getting the outside world to pay attention. "The attitude has always been, 'These guys are in prison for a reason, aren't they?'" he says. "And that's true. But what kind of society turns its back on a human violation like this, even if the victims aren't the most sympathetic people around? But it is easier for society to just pretend these people don't exist. Most people worry about this only when they are going to prison—or when they care about somebody who is."

Yet the costs of *not* dealing with prison rape are far greater than anyone wants to admit—and not just for the prisoner. "You take a guy who's been raped in prison," Donaldson says. "He is going to be filled with a tremendous amount of rage. It's almost as if his manhood has been taken away. Now, eventually, he's probably going to get out. Most people do. And all the studies show that today's victim is tomorrow's predator. So by refusing to deal with this in an intelligent way, you are genuinely sentencing society to an epidemic of future rapes. Only now, these rapists aren't looking for male victims anymore. They are looking for females now—in a misguided attempt to recapture their manhood."

Donaldson firmly believes that prisoners themselves must play a crucial role in

rooting out the problem of prison rape. Today, he says, far too many prisoners look the other way. Until that attitude changes, sweeping institutional solutions are unlikely to take hold. "Prisoners have to learn to respect themselves and each other," Donaldson says.

David Aldred never forgot what happened to him in the shower that night at Glades. Which, considering the ferocity involved, is no big surprise. What is surprising is the sequence of events that followed Aldred's rape—and the fleeting glimmer of optimism those events offered to prisoners everywhere.

Aldred, it turned out, wasn't the only Glades prisoner who reported being sexually assaulted. In fact, when it came to sexual violence and coercion, Glades was deluged with such complaints.

Eventually, a prisoner named Anthony LaMarca filed a lawsuit over conditions at Glades, claiming he and his fellow prisoners were being subjected to

he had tried to warn newcomers about the prison's predators—and was almost killed for his trouble.

As the prisoners testified, the magistrate seemed sympathetic. But what exactly could he do? The brutal inmates were not, after all, government employees. Could the state of Florida be held liable for their vicious acts? The U.S. Supreme Court had already addressed that question in previous cases. The court's answer was, "generally, no."

For inmates to win such a lawsuit, the court had decreed, they had to prove that the guards and the warden had showed a "deliberate indifference" to the safety of each individual inmate. That would be extremely hard to prove.

But they managed to do it.

After the magistrate listened to David Aldred and his friends—and watched the Florida prison officials bob and weave on the stand—a quiet piece of legal history was made. It took the magistrate 135 pages to detail all the atrocities he had found packed inside this one Florida prison. Then U.S. District Judge James C. Paine incorporated huge chunks of the magistrate's report in a blistering decision in the case.

"Considered as a whole," Judge Paine wrote, "this evidence shows that plaintiffs' claims possess a factual congruity of sickening proportion. Their stories are strikingly similar, reflecting common experiences of

harassment, threats, attack, official indifference, and resulting damage."

The judge made special mention of the Glades welcoming committee and of the porno trailer on prison grounds. "Uncontradicted evidence shows that sexually explicit videotapes—with graphic depiction of intercourse—were regularly shown in a trailer on the compound, that these movies were unsupervised, and that sounds consistent with human sexual activity could be heard from the trailer."

The physical layout of the prison dorms, the judge noted, made it nearly impossible for guards to see what was going on, even had they wanted to. Inmates often hung blankets from their upper bunk beds, blocking all view of the lower bunks. The shower was a particular trouble spot, the judge said. "It was impossible for an officer to view activities occurring in the shower."

The judge added, "The record contains no evidence that the rapes, which the Magistrate found to have occurred, were even minimally investigated."

"All this evidence," the judge wrote, "should have made it apparent to a prudent administrator that rapes were occurring, and that, considering this knowledge, the failure to promulgate

HETEROSEXUAL MEN WHO
ARE RAPED IN PRISON COME OUT AS POTENTIAL
RAPISTS THEMSELVES
—TARGETING WOMEN, NOT MEN.

"cruel and unusual punishment." The case started small, with a short, handwritten petition to the federal court in Miami. LaMarca himself wasn't raped, although he did suffer various other kinds of abuse. And he was ultimately joined in his lawsuit by nine other prisoners, including David Aldred. Each of them had a chilling story to tell.

The case took a full four years to get to court. But it was finally heard by Federal Magistrate Peter Nimkoff. Over the course of two long weeks, the prisoners came to the witness stand, 13 of them in all. One by one, they laid out a terrifying tableau: ever-present violence, rampant sexual abuse, guards who ignored and even seemed to encourage horrible things, and administrators who didn't seem to care.

One prisoner told how he was raped at knife-point in a bathroom in the classification building. Another described being sexually assaulted with a baseball bat in the prison yard, in broad daylight. Aldred and several others testified to the scary welcome they had received as they stepped off the prison van.

One inmate told how he was forced to give blowjobs inside a prison trailer in which porno movies were screened each Saturday night. Another told how

Makeup by Emma Nixon.



NICOLE, BONITA, AND MICHAEL

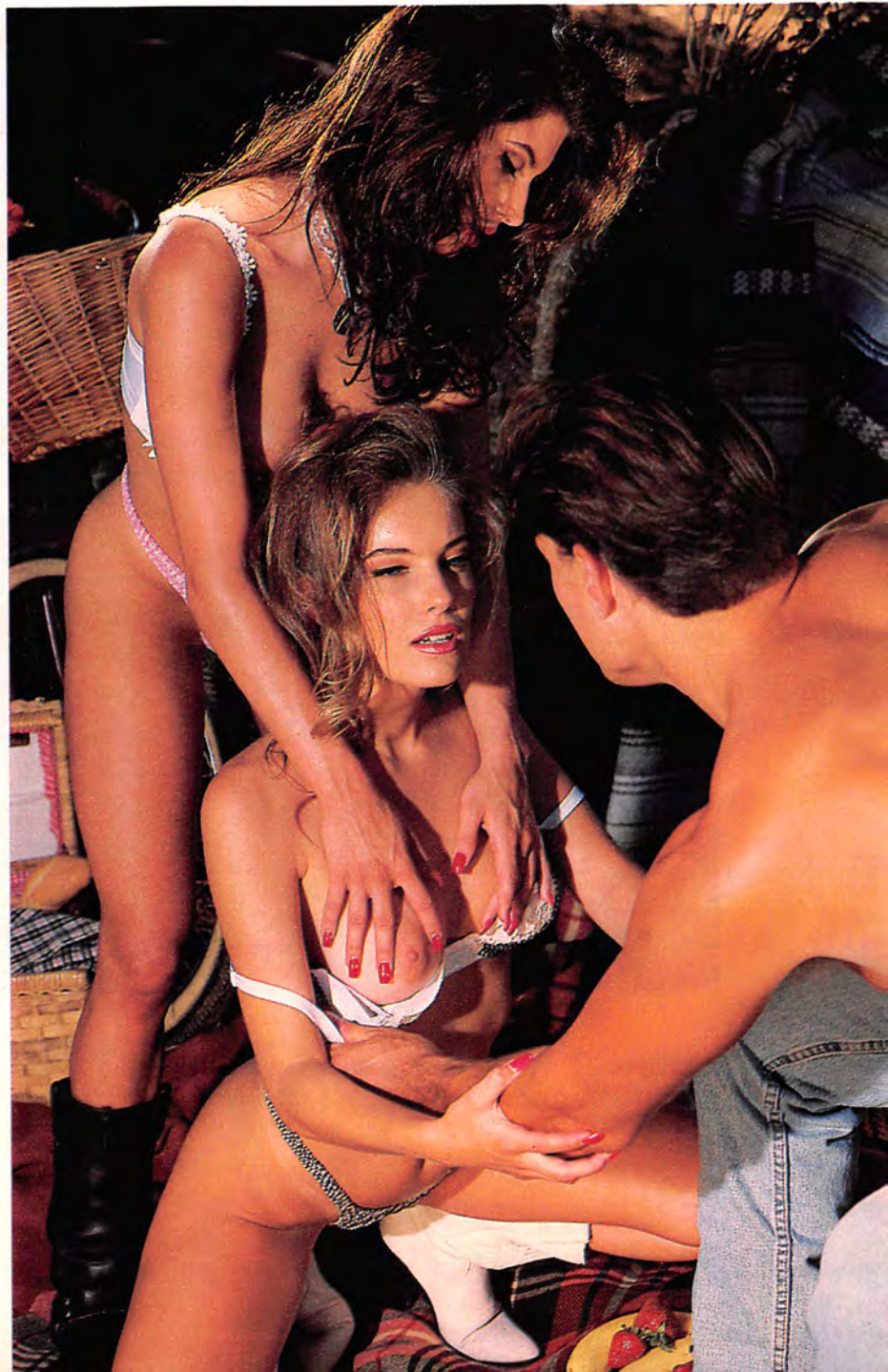
Michael was starved. His girlfriend had broken their lunch date—again. When his roommate gave him the news, he jumped in his four-by-four and drove toward the park. He thought he'd just grab a hot dog from the local vendor and sulk. That's when he spied Nicole and Bonita. Now he was really hungry ... and horny!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





A tisket, a tasket, two gorgeous girls with a basket. Michael peered cautiously at the women. With the warm breeze gently caressing their skin, the two dismounted their bicycle and began to unpack more than just their picnic hamper. Nicole and Bonita caught Michael watching and smiled. "Come join us," they called to him. "There's always enough to share."



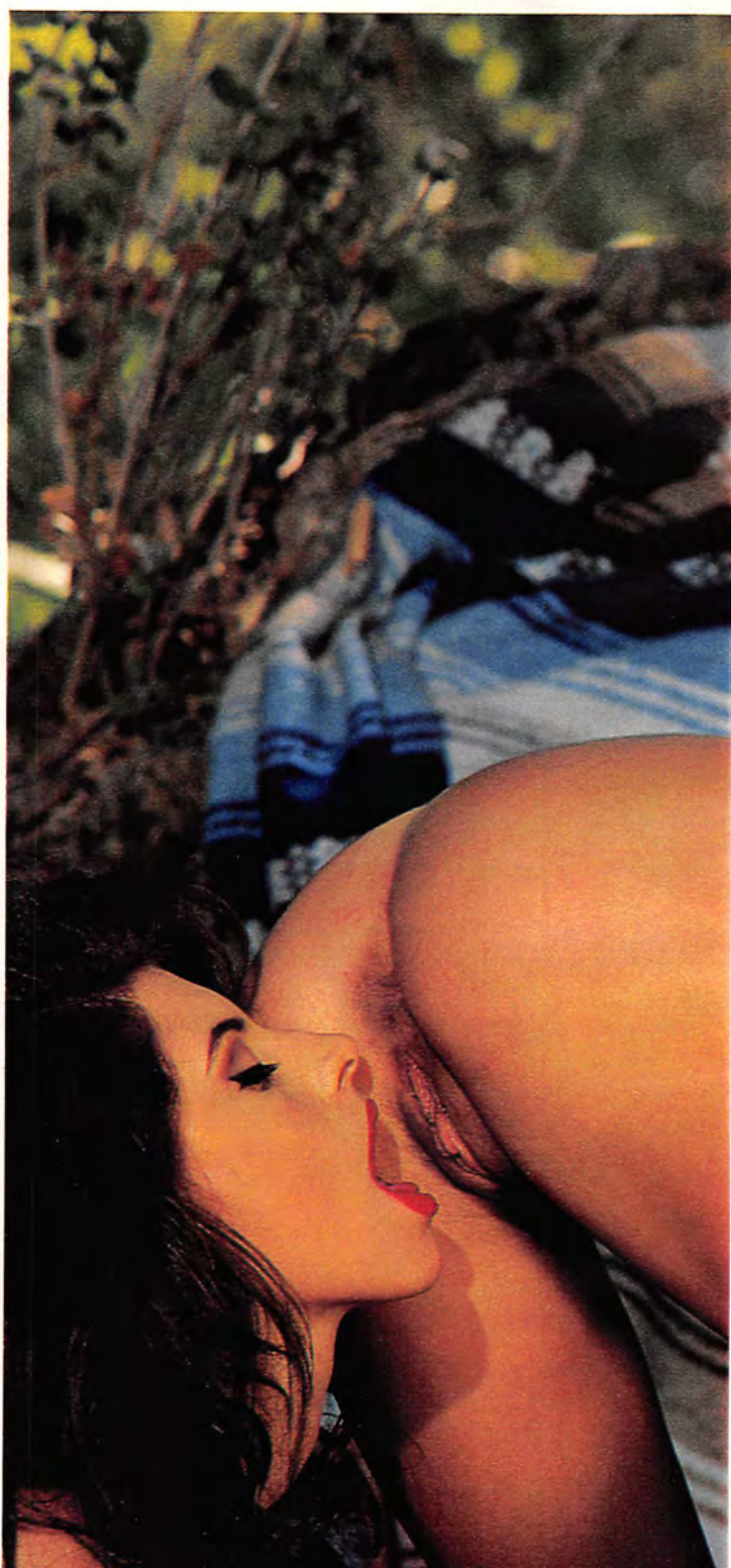


Michael didn't need to be asked twice. "We prefer to work up an appetite before we eat," said Nicole, moistening her lips. "That way, you really appreciate the flavor of it all."



Abandoning their wicker
ware and sweet potato
pie, the girls opted to take
the show on the road.
Climbing into his black

four-by-four, Bonita released
Michael's throbbing
clutch and revved up his
engine. Nicole gave
Bonita a little juice herself.







"I love to eat outdoors, don't you?" Bonita said. "Especially when I get to sample dessert first," Michael replied.



The simple picnic evolved into a sumptuous feast for the senses. Fried chicken and potato salad took a backseat to Michael's prime-cut

grade-A meat. Hot wet kisses and tender touches enveloped their unexpected guest. He savored every sensuous minute.







The rumpled checkerboard
tablecloth and a few stray plates were
all that remained of their afternoon
adventure. "You're a real stand-up guy,"

Bonita remarked, getting in her
last licks before calling it a day. Michael
smiled. "So," he asked, "are you
two girls free for dinner?" O+



You are cordially invited to:
<http://www.penthousemag.com> (no R.S.V.P. required)

By Keith Ferrell

Suppose you gave a party and *everybody* came?

That's essentially what happened this spring when we launched *Penthouse* on the Internet's World Wide Web. Our Internet plans were ambitious—we're *Penthouse*, after all, how could we not be ambitious?—so we set high sights for our Web site, planning for tens of thousands of visits a day.

Sometimes even high ambition can prove conservative. You came to *Penthouse* in numbers that staggered even experienced Net hands. *Penthouse* on the Internet broke 800,000 hits its first day out of the gate, and we haven't looked back since.

When you've got that many people at even the biggest of parties, odds are you're gonna have to stand in line for a drink. And for the first few months we were in operation, the lines were *long*. Basically, we stretched, strained, and struggled with the capacity of our system. And the more capacity we added, the more people came.

Gratifying—but challenging. We apologize to all of you who have had difficulty getting into the site, or who have had to wait for images and articles once you arrived.



And we offer sincere thanks to all of you who sent words of patient encouragement as we took steps to break the traffic jam.

The challenge, as we saw it, was to speed up our Internet site without sacrificing the things that made it so appealing in the first place—namely, the quality of our photos and editorial material. Our goal was—and is—to deliver an Internet experience that equals the quality and diversity of *Penthouse* magazine. In short, to offer a sophisticated electronic gathering place at which to celebrate the elegance, interests, and indulgences of today's sophisticated electronic audience.

And to do it without

having to make our guests wait in a long line for a drink—or a photo.

If it were a party, we'd just add more bartenders and drink stations. On the Net, it's a little more complicated, but the principle's the same. Over the course of the spring, we installed newer high-capacity phone lines and computer hardware, readying ourselves to handle traffic measuring millions of hits per day.

As this is written, in fact, our technical staff is installing yet another high-speed server and new phone lines. By the time this sees print, we're confident that *Penthouse* on the Internet will be delivering all the speed current technology

allows. And that will be true no matter how many of you come by—indeed, the more the merrier! Tell your friends!


And as multimedia technology advances and technical capabilities increase, we'll add the newest innovations to our mix as well.

But technology is only part of the story. The real heart of it is what *you* want from *Penthouse* on the Internet. How can we know whether you're getting everything you need from our service?

The best way for you to make sure of that is by letting us hear from you. Drop us an e-mail message at the address posted in our site. Tell us what's missing—if anything—and what we can add to better tailor our Internet area to your interests. Do you want more of a particular kind of article? Are you interested in archival material from *Penthouse's* past? Would you take advantage of the chance to interact more directly with the magazine's editors?

Those are just a very few of the opportunities the Net makes available, and we hope you'll take full advantage of them. Surely you've got ideas of your own. Let us hear about them.

It's *your* party, after all—just tell us what you want on the menu.

See you on the Net. 

Five more PENTHOUSE videos guaranteed to quicken your pulse!

Swimsuit II The sizzling sequel you've been waiting for! *Swimsuit II* is full of the tantalizing centerfolds and loving scenes you've come to expect from Penthouse Video, all showcasing the most exotic swimsuits around. The heat is definitely on in this show!

The Girls of Penthouse III A brand-new collection of video vignettes featuring some of your favorite Penthouse Pets. These alluring models reveal all their intimate treasures in this one-of-a-kind video collection. Don't miss out on all that the girls of *Penthouse* have to offer.

Women In & Out of Uniform Live out your wildest fantasy as the gorgeous *Penthouse* models slip in and out of the sexiest uniforms you can imagine. It's the ultimate seduction, with love scenes that are guaranteed to ignite your desires.

Pet of the Year Winners: Gina and Natalie Our incredible Pet of the Year, Miss Gina LaMarca, is eager to show why she was named to *Penthouse's* highest honor. She is featured in never-before-seen centerfold action that will leave no doubt in your mind why she is our new Pet of the Year. And as an added bonus, we've included a special film treat of Runner-Up Natalie Smith.

Kama Sutra II *The Kama Sutra* unlocks the ancient pleasures of sexual delight. In this tantalizing follow-up, we delve deeper into these wonders and serve up a lover's guide that is destined to bring you closer to your partner.



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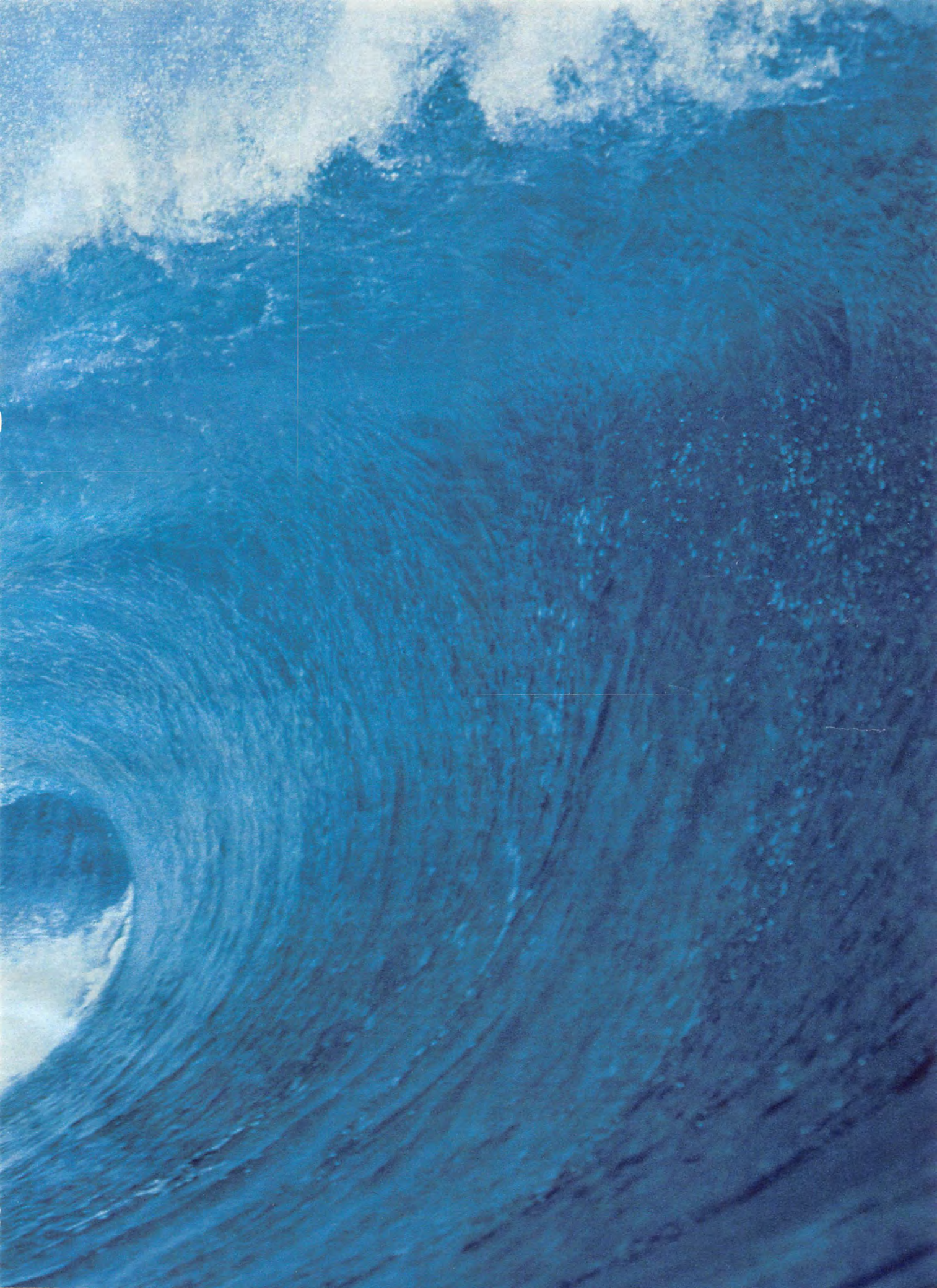
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HIS FINAL RIDE

BY DAVID CIAFFARDINI

Surfer Mark Foo
paid the ultimate price for
the ultimate thrill.





Rising like giant fists from the dark blue sea were huge waves, a towering tumult capable of heaving a 25-ton fishing boat to shore. To Foo and Bradshaw, these awesome waves fanned the flames of lust that rippled through their bodies. It was their hearts' longing to be at one with the ocean's curvaceous beauty, to feel its power, to ride its fury, and dance within nature's greatest forces.

"Take me to him. Take me to him right now!" A body-shaking shiver raced up Ken Bradshaw's spine when someone on the beach told him his surfing partner had just drowned. In his wet suit, hair still dripping, Bradshaw was whisked by car a half-mile to the docks and taken aboard a harbor patrol boat. He walked directly to the covered figure lying on the rear deck, pulled back the blue tarp, and faced the cold and brutal fact.

Mark Sheldon Foo, whose photogenic surfing was a recurring feature in surfing

journals and films around the world, was the cofounder and host of Prime Ticket cable network's "H₂O" surfing television show, and Bradshaw's unyielding rival in the perpetual quest to ride the world's largest waves. Now he was stone-cold dead—wiped out and suffocated at age 36 by a huge, unforgiving wave, two days before Christmas 1994.

Foo's body, fresh from submersion in 52-degree water, was serene. His eyes were slightly open, and his mouth high cheekbones and slicked-

black hair. Two livid lacerations across the forehead were soap-opera tidy, like makeup to be sponged away when the scene was over. The corpse exuded composure and an expression of self-satisfaction. It was classic Foo, theatrical in death as in life.

Mark Foo, a sinewy Chinese-American with an uncanny ability to win media coverage of his surfing-obsessed life, had outdone himself this time. He rode his final giant wave in the midst of an infestation of ravenous journalists preparing to lift the



veil from Maverick's—a rarely publicized and usually fog-shrouded reef a half-hour drive south of San Francisco. Maverick's is a bleak, spooky outcropping of submerged barnacle-encrusted boulders where rare winter weather conditions can spit out barreling cataclysms of surfable ocean power larger and more dangerous than anywhere else in the world.

Maverick's had been surfing's best-kept secret. But the day Bradshaw and Foo arrived, word was out, and the scene became a bizarre, big-wave coming-out party.

Cameramen perched on the cliffs and in boats, and lurked in the water. *Surfer* magazine had a helicopter crew in the air. Even the weather was a freakish anomaly—bright sunshine and clear azure skies in contrast to the dark, savage waves.

At least a half-dozen lens men captured Foo's final, horribly abbreviated ride. They watched him paddle into a triple-overhead beast and rise to his feet, arms extended gracefully like the wings of a gliding gull. But within an instant, he stumbled, unaccountably falling

onto the steep face of the wave as his board veered shoreward. The ocean collapsed on him, sucking him back up, and threw him into the rocky depths as more huge breakers rumbled in.

From that point on, the sequence of catastrophes will never be known. A blow to the head may have stunned him. He may have been pounded into an underwater crevice or cave. The plastic leash that linked him to his board could have hung up on rocks, anchoring him under the surf until his oxygen was exhausted. It could

have been a combination of any or all of those things that pinned him under the surf. It was nearly two hours before Mark Foo's body was found—a quarter-mile away, drifting next to a jetty, a chunk of shattered, waterlogged surfboard still lashed to his right leg.

Within hours, Foo's tragic death generated newspaper headlines and TV coverage on five continents. It left nearly every surfer in the world astounded. As harbor authorities discussed arrangements to ship the body back to Foo's home on the north

shore of Oahu, in Hawaii, Bradshaw's emotions battled one another. He and Foo had surfed Maverick's as friends, but it hadn't been long since Bradshaw had made it his mission to repudiate Foo and his showmanship.

As recently as 1992, Bradshaw, with fire in his eyes, had accosted Foo in the water at Oahu's Sunset Beach. He grabbed the tail of Foo's surfboard and, with a quick blow, broke off one of its three fins. Bradshaw complained that he was tired of Foo taking off in front of him on waves, messing up his rides. Foo, four years younger and 50 pounds lighter, limited his retaliation to cursing the brawny Texas native before paddling his wounded board to the beach. The altercation was another chapter in a decade of rivalry.

Bradshaw, a traditionalist whose heroic surfing exploits rarely made the photo pages over the years, considered Foo a pretentious upstart camera-hogging ham who epitomized a new wave of disrespectful wannabe surf stars who clogged Bradshaw's favorite monster-wave spots.



Foo insisted his showmanship was ennobling all serious surfers by gaining the sport the mainstream respect and financial remuneration it deserved. Bradshaw called Foo a surf-industry whore to his face. Foo, characteristically, turned away and went about his business. To his credit, by all accounts, Foo never held a grudge against his detractor, and even lauded Bradshaw's surfing skills in articles written for local and international periodicals.

By the early eighties, Bradshaw had ten years of big-wave experience under his belt, and was the uncrowned king of Hawaii's legendary Waimea Bay—the world's foremost big-wave proving ground. Riding the bay's largest, most out-of-control waves with stoic determination, Bradshaw reigned supreme in the lineup. He was rarely challenged, until the season Foo decided to take the plunge.

Although Foo was a graceful, sure-footed wave rider who'd begun having his picture on the cover of *Surfer* magazine as a teenager in 1979, he was a big-wave novice when he first paddled out at Waimea in the early eighties. He carefully studied the moves and sought advice from Bradshaw and other veteran Waimea chargers. In December

1984 Bradshaw, with pleasure, watched Foo hesitate while stalking a Waimea 20-footer, then get sucked into the most grueling ocean thrashing of his life.

Foo was still reeling when he paddled back out, pulling up next to Bradshaw. "If I can survive that," Foo sputtered, "I guess I can survive just about anything out here, huh?" Bradshaw could see that something had changed in Foo's eyes; the wave had slapped him into instant big-wave enlightenment. He now craved the big-wave thrill with the same crazed, insatiable appetite that had been gnawing at Bradshaw's gut for ten years. From that day forward, Foo had no fear of launching himself into the largest waves he could find. His Waimea apprenticeship had come to an end.

A month later, on January 18, 1985, Waimea started going off, big time. Waves four and five stories tall were pitching out four-foot-thick walls of water, spinning into tornado tunnels big enough to fly a small plane through. By noon Bradshaw was the only surfer in the water, streaking across huge, man-eating beasts without fanfare—until a

As Foo waxed his board, Bradshaw tried to dissuade him. "I don't think you'll catch many waves, if any. The takeoffs are getting extremely difficult and immense cleanup sets are coming in every 45 minutes."

Foo didn't go for Bradshaw's big-brother counseling that day. Seeing three other Waimea veterans about to take the challenge, Foo shrugged his shoulders, waited for a lull in the pounding breakers, and hit it. But he soon realized what Bradshaw was talking about. After Foo and the three other thrill seekers reached the outside lineup, the horizon suddenly went black. Coming at them was a wave from another universe, threatening to crush them like ants. On shore, Bradshaw was going crazy, jumping, pointing. He thought he'd seen the worst Waimea could deliver, but he'd never seen a wave as immense as this one anywhere.

"My God, look at it!" Bradshaw exclaimed. "Those guys are dead, they're history!" He grabbed binoculars from someone and ran as far out on the point as he could. "I can't believe it," he

The ocean collapsed on him, sucking him back up, and threw him into the rocky depths as more huge breakers rumbled in.

mammoth wave lurched way outside, broke across the width of the bay, and steamrolled him. Separated from his board, he had to swim nearly three miles, looping the bay twice, fighting a ferocious rip current and endless avalanches of water that nearly drove him onto killer rocks.

When he finally powered his way to the beach after an hour-long struggle, a crowd of amazed onlookers cheered him. A lifeguard approached and with admiration declared, "See, I knew it. You're not even out of breath. I told the other guys not to call the helicopter. I knew you didn't need it."

Just then Foo showed up, eager as a Boy Scout, carrying a nine-foot board emblazoned with a garish metallic-gold logo from Anheuser-Busch, his latest sponsor. By now, several hundred locals and tourists were on the cliffs, staring at massive, scintillating explosions of white water. Bradshaw saw his own beginnings at the bay in Foo's cocksure stance. "Big balls and no brains," Bradshaw puts it. If Foo paddled out, Bradshaw predicted, pieces of the Michelob board would be littering the beach within an hour, and Foo would be crying out for mama helicopter to rescue him.

said. "This is radical. There is no way they're going to make it over this. They're history, man. They're history!" The Waimea lifeguard didn't hesitate. He grabbed his two-way radio and called in the rescue helicopter.

Foo paddled toward the middle of the bay, hoping for salvation in the deepest water. But to his astonishment, that was exactly where the monster wave dropped on him like Niagara Falls. He bailed from his board and stroked to the bottom of the sea, but was unable to escape lung-busting, body-wrenching punishment. As the others surfaced, gasping and dazed, they were astonished to see that Foo still had his board. The others were left boardless and desperate, bobbing in aquatic chaos as a phalanx of huge waves appeared on the horizon. So when the helicopter showed up, dangling its rescue basket, each boardless surfer swallowed his huge ration of pride. One by one, they took the free shuttle to the beach.

When the helicopter returned for the final basket case, Foo waved the pilot off. He had another kind of ride in mind. Angling his board onto a lesser—but still giant—wave, he jumped to a streamlined, full-attack surfing crouch. But he might just as well have stepped grace-

fully off a cliff. The portion of the wave he had been on turned concave, and he free-fell into the trough, several stories below. The ocean caved in, smashing his board in half and pushing him so deep that sunshine was blotted to darkness. He was tumbled, pummeled, and smothered by the ocean. His diving watch was ripped from his wrist, and twinkling stars appeared in his blacked-out vision.

Miraculously, Foo clawed his way to the surface neither broken nor bleeding, though his entire being reverberated like a hammered gong. His lungs burned, his eyes bulged, and his brain throbbed as he tried to clear breathing room under the four feet of ocean foam that blanketed him. He was on the verge of puking when the rescue basket appeared. He climbed in.

Spectators cheered when the helicopter deposited him on the beach. He was in an altered state. His arms hung like rubber, and cold rivulets of ocean drained from his nostrils. Every pore of his bare skin was an open channel to his soul. He luxuriated in the caressing sunshine and the warm white sand. His breathing was deep and relaxed. He was glowing, yet humbled; invigorated, but at ease—contradictions pure and absolute. The earthshaking power of big Waimea, even in the wipeout, left him, as surfers say, completely stoked.

A photo of Foo poised on his board, dropping into the huge wave, ran across the front page of the next issue of *The North Shore News* accompanying an article in which Foo wrote himself into the history books.

"A bigger, gnarlier wave than this is yet to be ridden," Foo stated in the photo caption. Bradshaw read it and bellowed at the impudence. "What about all the people who surfed Waimea before him that he wasn't there to see? What incredible pretentiousness!" Bradshaw was the one who rode colossal waves that day. But Foo, with nothing but a spectacular wipeout, became the front-page hero, proclaiming his feat a bench mark in surfing history. "Incredible!" Bradshaw exclaimed, tossing the paper aside.

Foo's mother says she learned of her son's ordeal when she turned on the six o'clock news in Honolulu and saw a wild ocean rescue. "Look at that crazy fool," she thought. "Why would anyone ever try to surf when it's like that?" When the newscaster identified the foolhardy surfer as her son, she put her hand on her heart and went to the phone. She knew Mark was addicted to surfing, she says. It was all he had wanted to do since he was 12. But she hadn't realized how dangerous the obsession had become.

"You could have been killed," Lorna Foo told her son. Mark laughed and tried to reassure her. He claimed it



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wasn't as dangerous as it looked. "I felt more alive out there than I've ever been," he said. "It sounds strange, but the bigger the waves are, the more centered and calm I become. It's like Zen. It keeps me healthy."

Mrs. Foo, a first-generation Chinese immigrant, shook her head. "I think I'll never understand why you have to be such a surfing bum."

"When my board stayed with me and everyone else lost theirs, it was a sign," he replied. "I need to prove that surfers deserve the same respect that tennis players, golfers, and baseball and basketball players get. Surfing is my job. I'm not a bum."

Mrs. Foo knew her son wasn't lazy. When he wasn't in the water, he was constantly active, on the phone, or flying here and there to talk with sponsors, photographers, and magazine editors. But to her he was still, with all affection, her son, the surfing bum. She had seen him turn his back on opportunities others would kill for. At 19, after he was featured on the cover of *Surfer*, Asian promoters offered him parts in Japanese movies, hoping to groom him as Japan's next sexy teen idol from the West. Later, after the martial-arts hero Bruce Lee died, Hong Kong businessmen noticed Foo's similar looks and tried to persuade him to take roles in Asian action movies.

To his mother's dismay, he turned down the offers without even asking how much they paid. He wanted to be promoted as a world-class sportsman, not a celluloid superhero cartoon character. He told his suitors to call back when they were ready to make a movie about real surfers. The call, of course, never came.

There was something Foo didn't tell his mother about his historic day at Waimea—a revelation about mana, the Polynesian concept of a supernatural protective force. "I shouldn't have gotten in the basket," he told his friend and fellow surfer Allen Sarlo over the phone. "It was a mistake. I broke my mana. I'm going to die surfing."

"No way," Sarlo protested. "You took off on an incredible wave after everyone bailed."

"Bradshaw didn't take the basket. He swam it. I should have stayed with the ocean. I broke my mana and I have to pay for it."

Sarlo laughed off the conversation, chalking it up to "Foo-losophy"—his term for Foo's relentless philosophizing. When Foo hung up, he didn't tell Sarlo good-bye. He never told anyone good-bye. It made for bad luck, he said. It was more Foo-losophy.

Despite his misgivings about the rescue, Foo was more focused than ever

on riding big waves. The professional surf-contest format that Foo had been weaned on focused on small and medium waves and rewarded young, lithe surfers with flamboyant hotdog maneuvers. Foo's surfing style, finesse, and grace under pressure only brought mediocre contest results—enough to earn all the free boards and wet suits he wanted—but did not provide the platform to promote the sport to the world in the way he dreamed.

The solution Foo devised was to earn a reputation for fearlessly challenging the biggest waves in the world. One good cover photo riding a Waimea monster was worth a closetful of trophies earned in waist-high waves. Bradshaw called it Foo's strategic marketing, but to Foo, big-wave riding was a niche that beckoned like a heavenly summons.

Foo continued studying what Bradshaw was doing. One day, using binoculars from the lookout at his beach house, Foo spotted Bradshaw alone, a mile out at sea, surfing huge waves

BRADSHAW HAD NEVER SEEN A WAVE

AS IMMENSE AS THIS. "MY GOD!" HE EXCLAIMED.

"THOSE GUYS ARE DEAD!

THEY'RE HISTORY, MAN! THEY'RE HISTORY!"

breaking on an outside reef. The idea of surfing these rare, lonely "cloud breaks" had been talked about on the North Shore for years, but the extreme danger made it nothing but a wistful fantasy for even the most ballsy surfers. But here was Bradshaw, surfing it by himself as if the waves were private gifts from God. Foo grabbed one of his boards, made the long paddle, and claimed some of those gifts for himself.

Foo was so inspired by his outer-reef experience that he wrote "The Unridden Realm," an article in *Surfer* magazine. In it, he encouraged surfers to expand their horizons, gird themselves for the dangers, and search for their own godly outer-reef experiences. The article infuriated Bradshaw. He had pioneered outer-reef surfing because he wanted an alternative to surfing overcrowded Waimea and Sunset. Suddenly Foo was using his public relations skills to send the hordes back into Bradshaw's surf.

Irate, Bradshaw phoned Foo and lambasted him. Foo shrugged it off and had the article reprinted in an Australian surfing magazine, where it earned him a journalism award for best sports story of the year.

In the nineties, Foo continued to eagerly advance his media hustle. He

wrote a biweekly surfing column for *The North Shore News*; freelanced articles for surfing magazines in the United States, Australia, and Japan; and did television color commentary for Hawaiian surfing competitions. It was inevitable that he would decide the world needed an all-surfing television program. He called the show "H₃O" (the title meant to suggest heavy water), a name he got from a surfing magazine distributed free in Hawaii. Sensing an opportunity for synergism, he approached the magazine's publisher and worked out a deal in which Foo would produce a weekly cable-TV version of the magazine, launching it on a public-access channel.

With "H₃O," Foo combined hard-core surfing footage and an upbeat soundtrack with lead-ins and interviews by Foo and his friend Mike Latronic. The show was an immediate local hit. In 1993 Prime Ticket picked it up, bringing the jet-age surfing lifestyle and upbeat Foo-losophy into living rooms across the country. There were plans to expand internationally in 1995. Foo was fast becoming surfing's premier international spokesman.

Bradshaw's reaction was mixed. He dreaded an invasion of Foo-inspired crowds in the water, but he had to give the Foo-man credit. When he said he was going to do something, he sure as hell did it.

One day during 1993, Bradshaw and a friend were surfing tremendous cloud-break waves at Bradshaw's favorite outer reef when Foo showed up with a partner. Bradshaw was mellow about it. There were plenty of great waves to go around, and they kept getting more immense. Finally, both Foo's and Bradshaw's companions, fearing they'd drown, got out of there, leaving the odd couple alone to share waves. The sun was bright, the water was warm, and the perfect-peeling, jumbo-size hollow waves just kept coming in bigger and better. The rivals both realized they were surfing the most fantastic waves of their lives in the most awe-inspiring setting imaginable.

Foo paddled up to Bradshaw and asked him if he'd seen the movie *Field of Dreams*. "Remember," Foo asked, "when Kevin Costner looks at his father and asks if there is a heaven, and his father says, 'Yes, it's the place where dreams come true?'"

The line was corny, but it melted Bradshaw. Foo was right. They were in the midst of exactly the kind of surfing experience Bradshaw had dreamed about all his life. Heaven could not possibly be better. And there wasn't an audience or camera in sight.

"Mark," Bradshaw confided, "you go

They came. They surfed. They scored!

gnarly dudez



So my core bud Luke and I decide to chill in the sun after several stressed-out shifts at the 7-Eleven. Shred sand. Grab rays. Do brew. I'm on the right looking righteously Rasta in the white Lycra Lassen tube top and bogus leopard trunks by Christian Fletcher. Luke's sporting his "Family Values" T-shirt from Beatnik and a pair of Nike surf shorts. We're all duded up, yet pulling no babes. Maybe the beach ball's too retro.

Fashion by **Gerard Van der Leun** Photographs by **Andrew Unangst**



bikini is the pet
kitter



We regroup at the surf shop (left). Orange-and-white classic Ron Jon gun and screaming purple T-shirt from Ron Jon. Canvas hat by Beatnik. My gun's from Fluid Express, Ron Jon's hat and T-shirt, a batik shirt and trunks from Lassen. We are ready to track wild surf bunnies. But maybe our wardrobes still aren't quite dap....



Killer surf bunny sighted! She rips off my gun and splits. Strapping on Speedo goggles, we're in manly pursuit, decked out in Christian Fletcher T-shirts. My Speedo trunks match her top. Luke's in Alien sandals and Beatnik trunks. Now we're chargin'!

these big core surfers are seeking. But will she bar them? We think not.

Yet another shift of duds (below). Lassen hat for Luke, on the left, with Lassen tube top and shirt with trunks by Christian Fletcher. Me? I'm in the Duke shirt, Christian Fletcher trunks, and vest by Tommy Bombay. I'm thinking of calling this shot "Babe on board, and luau-bound." She was totally barring us, but I think she's reconsidering.



What's better than goofing with buds? I'm in trunks from Polo and shirt from Spot. Luke's slick in Lassen trunks, a Speedo T-shirt, and Tommy Bombay shirt. Sun, surf, sand, and a bitchin' babe—it doesn't get better. For more data, see page 106.

All surfers know that waves will come and waves will go, but the only





island pleasures

eternal summer is the summer of

USA confidential

By Sharon Churcher

IS JIM STILL IN LOVE WITH TAMMY FAYE?

His adultery with Jessica Hahn ultimately led to his downfall, but the disgraced evangelist Jim Bakker is apparently repentant. After serving more than four years in prison for bilking his followers, Bakker is living in seclusion in a house in the North Carolina mountains that is said to be a veritable shrine to his luscious ex-wife Tammy Faye, who divorced him after the scandal.

"The walls are covered with pictures of Tammy Faye, and there's a statue of her on the table," says a man from the nearby town of Hendersonville. "Bakker's Christmas card this year even had a picture of him sitting in his living room with his dogs, with the pictures of Tammy Faye clearly in the background. It's obvious he's still in love with her."

Asked for comment, Bakker's friend and lawyer, James Toms, told us, "I don't think we should say anything, one way or another."

In any case, Tammy Faye is no longer available. She married Roe Messner, a Kansas developer, in 1993.

KHOMEINI'S ADDICT SON

One of the last remaining mysteries of the Iran-Contra scandal may have gone to the grave with the death in March of Ahmad

Khomeini, the Ayatollah Khomeini's son. For years, C.I.A. sources say, fringe players in the smuggling scheme have claimed that the Iranians smuggled opium to the West to pay for illicit arms purchases. In fact, opium was such an accepted commodity among the Iranian ruling elite that some at the C.I.A. believe Ahmad became addicted to it.

"Ahmad was so strung out on drugs that he secretly traveled to Europe several times to dry out," one agency source says. "He'd have late-night parties at his father's official residence that infuriated the old man."

Gary Sick, who served on Jimmy Carter's National Security Council, says that it's difficult to know the truth because so much of what the intelligence community has heard about Iran is in the form of rumors. "It may be true that the Iranians did use drugs to help pay for arms," Sick says, "and it is true that Ahmad was at least involved on the fringes with arms trafficking. I always treated the stories about him using opium himself as juicy gossip. But one also

could construct a theory that he did have a drug problem and that that is why, when he wanted to run for office at one point, his father said, 'No, stay out of politics.'"

SHADOWGATE

A California lawyer, Timothy Stoen, who was once a top aide to People's Temple cult leader Jim Jones, is involved in a new—and more scholarly—international controversy. Now a born-again Christian, Stoen is leading an attack on a literary sleuth who claims that some works posthumously published under the name of the best-selling British fantasy novelist C. S. Lewis are a hoax.

Even before the success last year of *Shadowlands*, a film about Lewis's marriage, starring Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger, the pious Oxford and Cambridge University professor was one of the most popular authors of the

century, revered both by evangelical Christians like Stoen and by general readers—and generations of children—who snap up his tales of cosmic clashes between good and evil. So huge is the appetite for Lewis's books that the Lewis scholar Kathryn Lindskoog charges that a forger waited until his death,

in 1963, then began cooking up stories and other literature under his name.

"C. S. Lewis is a literary industry.... Careers and fortunes grow out of his popularity, and frauds also," she writes in a new book, *Light in the Shadowlands*. "It's amazing," she tells "U.S.A. Confidential," "how a wonderful person like Lewis will attract really bad characters."

To some incensed Lewis fans, such charges are akin to defaming the memory of a saint; one expert on Lewis went so far as to question Lindskoog's sanity. Stoen, who was Jim Jones's chief legal adviser before defecting from the cult, has fired off a letter demanding that *Light in the Shadowlands* be withdrawn.

The lawyer now represents a group of Christian scholars, the California-based C. S. Lewis Foundation. The book suggests that a foundation official helped perpetuate the alleged fraud. "In my opinion, there is no hoax," Stoen says in response to the book's charges. "These are people who are carrying on Lewis's work and who have inherited his integrity."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

Not sold to minors or individuals under medical care should consult their Physician

IT'S THE "THEM" DECADE

BY DEBRA C. VICTOROFF



The author is a freelance writer and an assistant film editor. Her most recent project was *Smoke*, directed by Wayne Wang.

We love to name things in this country. We'll give anything a name—from Watergate to Whitewater, from yuppies to Generation X, from PCs to P.M.S. And anyone who's been around during the last 40 years knows how Americans especially love to name decades. Even when they're not exactly decades per se, we just can't resist. What Americans named the We and the Me decades were really just clusters of years during which certain memorable era-defining events occurred. I mean, let's be realistic. Do history-defining, evolutionary events really read the calendar and crop up neatly every ten years? ("Hey, it's a minute after midnight—let's shoot the president!") Not bloody likely.

Round about 1968, to capsule years and events so that they could be written about and referred to by the media and social scientists easily, we started handing out clever titles. That group of years we refer to as the sixties was the We Decade, during which we were encouraged and pressured to do things in large groups of near-strangers for the good of mankind, or for our brothers (as long as they weren't really our brothers; doing something with or for your own family was generally frowned upon), and for all the people who spent time at the Woodstock festival even if they didn't actually have tickets.

The seventies, in keeping with this neat new practice of naming decades (and rhyming things as much as possible), were called the Me Decade. This was mostly to make people who were born after 1957 feel guilty about getting their M.B.A.s and making all that money instead of going to small liberal-arts colleges in Ohio. The Me Decade, of course, didn't really take off until the late seventies, after *Newsweek* and *Time* editors-to-be had graduated from those small liberal-arts colleges in Ohio and got the plum jobs of trashing their peers who'd eschewed English degrees and gone straight for their M.B.A.s. The Me Decade trend of cynicism was actually the reason for the little-known fact that the Me Decade lasted almost 15 years, encompassing the second half of the seventies and the entire ten years of the eighties. ("Hey, therapy's great, and my meditation's got me in a great space, but if the rest of the world's going to hell, I might as well make some money!")

In keeping with this fine tradition, now 30 years old (give or take a decade), I would like to offer a moniker for the nineties. Or thereabouts. I submit for your consideration, the Them Decade. Grammatically speaking, of course, the title offers a few challenges, and the Them Decade is admittedly not as much fun to say, nor does it trip as lightly off the tongue, as the We Decade or the Me Decade. It doesn't even rhyme.

But let's examine the appropriateness. In the sixties, we all fussed and worried about a world of complete strangers who we grandly thought of as our neighbors—people we didn't want to go to war with, people who we knew also liked to have sex, people who we were sure would sit down and share a joint with us if they happened into our dorm room (assuming they could afford the tuition). We saw how alike we

were, how everyone's shoulder-length hair, be they Asian or Caucasian, black or white, would be pulled out at the roots if they used a rubber band instead of covered elastic.

The seventies turned us inward. We wondered how we had ever let anyone take a picture of us in bell-bottoms, and what we were thinking when we selected philosophy as a major. We moved quickly to recoup our losses, applying for law school, or business school, or journalism school (a well-kept secret until the eighties, when all those unemployed liberal-arts majors headed in droves toward the one place where someone didn't actually laugh out loud when reading our résumés).

Now we're firmly into the nineties, and you know those friends we made in the sixties, and all those contacts we made networking in the seventies? Those coworkers who shared the wealth in the eighties? They're the ones causing all the rest of us such grief here in the nineties. The yin and yang of blame is such that for every Us (and the person who grabs the first person's voice first is always the Us), there has to be an equal and opposite pain in the backside—Them. At what have you failed in the last few years? A personal relationship? A job? Choose your enemy, and blame Them.

Psychologists and talk-show hosts allow us to blame all our mistakes, our character flaws, most of our traffic tickets, and a tendency toward weight gain on that biggest Them of all: our parents. Stay tuned for Oprah's "My father never let me borrow the car, so I murdered my neighbor's cleaning lady!" and Geraldo's "Mom always made me clean the broiler, and that's why I had to shoot all those people at the White Castle!" No longer is anything our fault; in the nineties, it's Them. They did it to us, and it is only out of the goodness of our hearts that we're willing to forgive Them and move back home until we can find something we can afford, until we find a job, until the divorce is final.

In the nineties, we look at everyone in Them units, and Them status is conferred by virtually any difference. Families with small children are Them to the singles that sit beside them in a restaurant; single people are Them to married couples. Gays to straights are Them and back again, and, well, men and women have always been Them to one another. The general public fears the AIDS virus, and so AIDS victims are Them. To whites, blacks are Them, and vice versa. The rich see the poor as Them, and the middle class and the poor, no longer hopeful of becoming rich themselves, see the rich as Them. Sadly, everyone sees the homeless as Them.

It didn't take long for defense lawyers to hop on this cultural bullet train, opting to blame some of Them for crimes for which they claim their clients are taking the rap. In the Colin Ferguson case, in which a black man shot and killed six whites on a Long Island Rail Road commuter train, lawyers pressed him to plead temporary insanity, based on "Black Rage Syndrome," arguing that years of repression at the hands of whites caused him to finally erupt in an act of violence. Insane as Ferguson might have been, even he thought the tactic was too lame; he ended up defending himself. Joel

Rifkin, convicted Long Island mass murderer, attempted to claim "Adopted Child Syndrome" as his excuse. Them again. Of course, the Menendez brothers are the ultimate example of the Them defense, blaming the murder of their parents on the victims themselves. It's enough to give one "Uncontrollable Desire to Punch Out a Cadre of Lawyers and Psychologists Syndrome."

But we're all in on this to some degree. Even those of us who have not yet murdered anyone have our personal communities of Thems—our friends and enemies, our coworkers, our families—as well as our extended Thems—the politicians who are running the city, the state, and the world, as well as the producers of 90 percent of daytime TV.

Obviously, everyone is a Them to someone else, and we move almost instantaneously between Them-domes. One day you curse the Thems who seem to mill lamely through the intersection while you fume in your car; the next day, you curse the Thems who nudge their vehicles over your toes and into the very same intersection through which you're taking your own sweet time crossing.

In the eighties we came to feel powerless, especially compared to the days of our youth, and so instead of lifting candles (or points of light, or Bic lighters) to light the darkness, we stood still and began to curse and whine and whimper until, by the start of the nineties, we had finally identified our enemy. It was not (with apologies to Walt Kelly) us, we decided; it was Them. And thereby we devised a strategy for dealing with the problems that overwhelm us. If it weren't for the We Decade, and then the Me Decade—all those promises, all those naive hopes—if it weren't for Them, we cried, wouldn't we be a lot better off?

Well, this strategy hasn't worked well for this country. We need a new one, a new way of thinking, of attending to our own needs without ignoring the needs of others. We can't move forward until we start accepting responsibility for our own actions. That's the first step, although we don't need to shoulder the responsibility for all the ills around us, because that can become just as crippling. We've got some time, now that we've identified the problem, so let's start shouldering the burden of our own actions and those of our children and our culture. (I personally don't want to be blamed for the continuing media coverage of the O.J. trial, but if a few people will go in with me, I'm willing to admit I watched some of it on TV, and was mesmerized enough to polish off an entire bag of Doritos by myself. That's how it starts.)

If we're persistent and lucky, the coming decade will claim an even more ungrammatical title: the Us Decade. It won't be another We Decade, during which people were excluded, nor a Me Decade, because we weren't a happy country when we were just thinking about ourselves. No one will be a Them, because They will be standing at our side. Maybe this new decade, the Us Decade, will be an all-encompassing moment in time during which we'll heal together.

We'll work out the grammar later. O—■

only for a split second, until she slipped her latex cock deep into my pussy and started fucking me hard and fast. I spread my cheeks to offer my hot ass hole. Reading my thoughts, she wet her finger and began poking my hole. In seconds she had me coming in waves. I love it in my ass!

At the risk of blowing everything, I was going to take it one step further. I turned back to look at her and returned the question she had asked earlier. "Do you like surprises?"

"What do you mean?" she asked. I called out for my husband. Everything rode on her next reaction. After my husband stepped out of his hiding place, she turned to him, looked him up and down, then turned back to me and asked, "What took you so long?" As she pulled her cock out of my pussy, I instructed my husband to get between us. I offered his cock to her by placing it in her mouth. While she was sucking on his dick, I was licking his balls. After bringing my husband to the edge several times without letting him come, we repositioned.

Amber, lying on her back, guided her shaft into my pussy. I started riding like I've never rode before, and at the same time, I sucked her wonderful breasts. The look I saw

from her drove me wild. I pleaded with my husband, "Fuck me in my ass." He jumped at the invitation—who wouldn't?

As soon as I felt his cock in my hot ass, I slid a finger in Amber's beautiful rear with one hand, and a finger in her luscious pussy with the other. With every thrust given me, I gave one back to her. I felt my husband's cock swell and I knew he was about to fill my ass with his hot come, and by Amber's moans I knew she, too, was very close. Feeling this and being between them started my own climax building. Moments later, all three of us came explosively.

Our three-way lust lasted for several hours but ended with my husband's cock erupting all over her lips and mine as we passionately kissed. I knew my search was over, but the ecstasy had just begun!—*P. P., Arkansas*

SCANNING THE SKIES

I used to work in a large science museum in the Southeast. Many of your readers probably think that would be a boring job, but I thought it was interesting, and I got to meet many beautiful women.

The museum has a ladies' auxiliary whose members are, for the most part, the young and bored wives of doctors

or lawyers. Many of these women are gorgeous and the objects of many masturbatorial fantasies, but they are also very aloof and unavailable. The museum director's wife is probably the most beautiful woman of the bunch, but she is very conservative-looking in her business suits, with her long blond hair pulled back in a bun and her large breasts hidden beneath her clothes.

There is one woman, however, who is very friendly, and she is the primary subject of this letter. Frannie is about five foot five, with long blond hair that hangs nearly to her ass. Although her tits are small, her ass and legs are fantastic. Her high cheekbones, beautiful eyes, and succulent lips drive me to distraction each time I see her. Frannie gave the planetarium show every Friday night. I happened to be the person in charge on Friday evenings, so this gave me the opportunity to get to know her. Being average in looks and build myself, and having never been very successful in my love life, I never seriously consid-

years, but I never dreamed that a "Forum"-worthy experience could happen to me.

As we embraced, I drank in her alluring scent and luscious flavor. I licked my way down her neck as my hands gradually hiked up her skirt. She began stroking my hard dick through my pants as my hands slid inside her panties. Her ass felt unbelievably smooth and hot. As my fingers slid into her juicy slit, she unzipped me and pulled out my cock. She stroked it lightly as she slipped it into her mouth. I looked down to see her golden hair spread across my lap and her lips forming an O as they slid up and down my pole. I was sitting in a captain's chair at the control console of the planetarium, with a bank of dials and switches wrapped around me—like the cockpit of a spaceship. Stars whirled overhead, and I felt like Captain Kirk, with the Queen of Venus between my legs giving me head. It was an incredible sensation.

Frannie was doing some amazing things with her tongue, and stroking my balls lightly. My cock glistened with her saliva in the artificial starlight. The sight and the sensation that turned me on the most was watching her rub my hard dick all over her beautiful face as she licked it. She seemed to be really working at getting me off now. When she slipped a finger into my ass, I began to approach orgasm. Just as I started to

slip out of control, I became aware of another presence in the room. As my dick began to erupt, I looked up to see the director's wife, Lonnie, standing behind Frannie. I was so far gone that I couldn't have stopped even if we had just been revealed to a large audience.

Frannie pulled off at this point and, still unaware of Lonnie's presence, continued to pump my dick for all she was worth, shooting great gobs of come over her shoulder. I was sure that some splattered on Lonnie's skirt. Lonnie looked shocked and red-faced, even in that dim light. She turned and ran out of the room just as my dazed mind was beginning to register trouble. Frannie was still grinning and pumping. I began to reach for my pants as I explained to Frannie what had just happened. She became terribly upset, afraid that her husband would find out and that I would lose my job. Well, I was pretty certain the latter would happen.

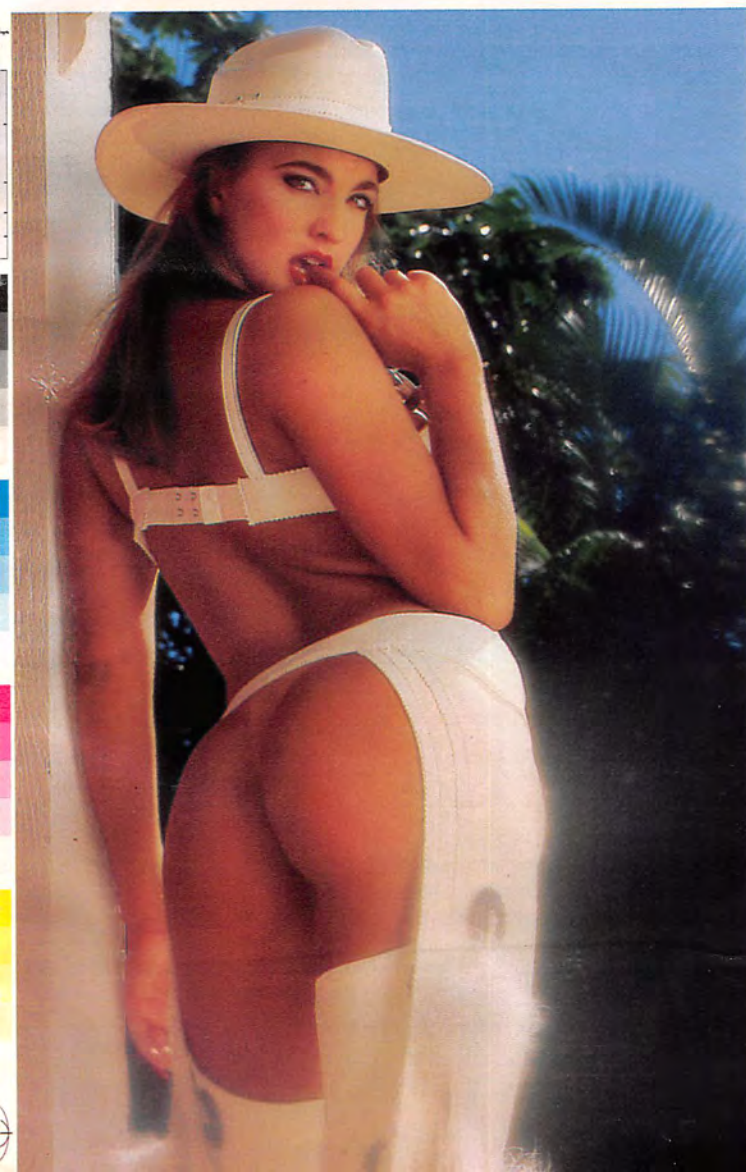
I came to work the next morning prepared for the worst. Sure enough, there was a note on my desk telling me to report to the director's office immediately. It looked like the end. I walked into the office to see Lonnie and her husband, Randy, the museum director. I felt pretty red-faced as I walked by her, but

"TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES, BOTH OF YOU!" SAID LONNIE. RANDY GOT UP, LOCKED THE DOOR, AND TURNED ON A RADIO SO THE SECRETARY WOULDN'T HEAR US.

ered the possibility of screwing this woman. Even when she told bawdy jokes and made ambiguous suggestions, I shrugged it off as my own wishful interpretation of her intentions.

One Friday evening I had been hanging around with a fellow curator, and then I began to make my rounds of the exhibit area. As usual, I stopped by the planetarium to chat with Frannie after her show. For those readers who've never been to one, a planetarium is a machine in a large domed room that projects stars and other special effects to simulate the night sky, or deep space. Frannie invited me in to hear some electronic music that she was thinking of using in her show. As I walked in, she closed the door.

She turned on the music and then asked if we should turn on the stars as well. I said, "Sure, if you trust me alone with you in a dark room." Frannie responded with some joke about not trusting herself alone with such a hunk. I laughed it off as sarcasm until her hand brushed lightly across my crotch as she reached for the control panel. My arm went around her waist and suddenly we were embracing and Frenching wildly. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. I have been reading *Penthouse* for



LEXIE

“He told me I was beautiful but thought I would need a boob job. I lifted up my shirt in front of everyone and proved him dead wrong.”



WATER CHILD

Like the juicy, sweet, but faintly tart grapefruits grown in Lexie Leblanc's home state, our August Pet of the Month is a pleasure the rest of the country can never get enough of. "I was born and raised on the bay in Bonita Springs, Florida," Lexie tells us. "My father was a fisherman, and from the day I was born, I loved water. I would hang off my family's fishing boat and let my body sway with the tide in the bay. It was a lot of fun and very instinctive for me." When she grew older, Lexie says, "I was frequently given the choice of fishing with my father or doing the dishes. It wasn't a very difficult decision." She adds with a mischievous giggle, "I would sometimes steal crab traps and bring them back to make a late-night snack."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MOND



“I looked up
and noticed a group
of people
watching us. It felt
so good, I said
“Screw it” and kept
on going.”





When asked about her erotic daydreams, Lexie laments, "I have so many fantasies that it's hard to pick one." She later confides, however, "I dream of making love to a woman while my boyfriend watches and plays with himself."







Whenever she has free time, our 35-22-34 mermaid returns to the water. "I love wind-surfing, water-skiing, and swimming," she says. "Not too long ago, though, I had an accident on a wave runner. I slammed my head into the person in front of me and had to have surgery. It was horrible, but after four months I got back on and started ripping up waves. I had to get over my fear." This spirited beauty admits that she simply can't be slowed down. "I get a thrill from doing crazy things," she tells us. "I've jumped off some really high bridges, and this year I went skydiving and snow-skiing for the first time." Lexie's thrill-seeking contributes to her taste in sports as well. She's an avid Miami Dolphins fan and loves watching hockey. "The fights are great," she explains.





6 I have so many
 fantasies that
 it's hard to pick one....
 I dream of
 making love to
 a woman
 while my boyfriend
 watches....9







Being sexy comes naturally for this active and lithe beauty. The only disadvantage, Lexie says, is "some people think I'm snobby without even trying to know me. However, it *has* opened a lot of doors, so I'm not complaining." Her favorite opportunity came when she was discovered in a bar. "A photographer came up to me and asked if I would like to pose nude," she explains. "He told me I was beautiful but thought I would need a boob job. I lifted up my shirt in front of *everyone* and proved him dead wrong." Lexie was thrilled at having the opportunity to model for "such a major magazine as *Penthouse*. But modeling is not all fun," she says. "It's work. I bring all my confidence to the shoot and allow the camera to do the rest."



MISS LEXIE LEBLANC/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Although she loved growing up in a big family, Lexie is hesitant about having children. "I want to get married and live in a big wonderful home," she says, "but if I have kids, I only want one. When I baby-sit, I like knowing I can give the children back at the end of the day." Although Leos are known for their stubborn personalities, our 20-year-old sunny maiden says, "I go with the flow. I'm always the one trying to get everyone together and make other people feel good."

This easygoing nature helped enhance the most erotic experience Lexie's ever had. "It took place during a Christmas party boat parade," she reveals. "We were making love on a yacht named *The Perfect Woman*. The water was beautiful, and the stars and sky were shining brightly. At one point I looked up, and I noticed a group of people watching us. It felt so good, I said "Screw it" and kept on going." As anyone can see, those voyeurs must have caught one hell of a show.



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MILITARY *affairs*

As generations of veterans have learned, the nearest thing to eternal life is the "temporary" designation of much military housing, whether it be barracks or so-called family-housing units. Furthermore, because of the temporary designation, the common practice of deferred maintenance was rationalized to commanders with concern for the well-being of their troops and families by saying that the next year there would be money to build new quarters. Unfortunately, next year never seemed to come because of the need for something more urgent than fit habitation for the troops and their families.

Today these chickens have come home to roost. The inventory of military housing has bright spots, especially among quarters for senior officers and for enlisted personnel on showcase military bases. In the main, however, the overall status of military housing, like that of civilian public housing, is not up to snuff. No standard exists in the Defense Department to determine whether military housing is fit or unfit for habitation. Instead, as a concession to overwhelming anecdotal evidence, the Defense Department has acknowledged that 60 percent of the total of 375,000 on-base housing units are "inadequate" and more than 25 percent of the 510,000 military "barracks spaces" are "substandard." The anecdotal evidence associated with this problem describes a nationwide kind of Environmental Protection Agency nightmare, with peeling lead-based paint, hazardous asbestos, cracked foundations, paper-thin insulation, and plumbing pipes waiting to rupture.

Although the crisis in military housing is acknowledged by Defense Department officials, there is little urgency in their plans to deal with it. According to published reports, the Pentagon expects to modernize only 14 percent of family-housing stock over the next six years, and only one in three substandard barracks. At this rate, given the expected rate of deterioration in the stock of "adequate" housing, the situation in six years will be worse than it is at present. Perhaps this sorry outcome will be avoided. This seems unlikely, however, given the attitude about increases in defense

spending on items other than those that add to national security. For example, it seems unlikely that the program that finances the elimination of nuclear-missile bases in the former Soviet Union by building new homes for former Soviet military officers will be reduced to help pay for the housing needs of U.S. military personnel.

While the stated policy is to provide on-base housing when the neighboring private market cannot meet the need, this is a policy that rarely results in action. Even when there are rental units available in the private market, their costs are prohibitively high, especially in the case of noncommissioned officers. Operation Desert Storm revealed the human costs associated with the separation of young soldiers, airmen, marines, and sailors who had to leave their spouses and families in substandard or marginally standard off-base private housing. Again,

speaking anecdotally, the attitude of many—too many—of these young warriors about reenlistment is summed up in two words: Never again. In large measure, these young men and women are not unwilling to face danger and serve their country. But they are not willing to put their families' well-being at risk. The "quality of



Military housing is often an environmental nightmare.

life" concerns of America's fighting men and women are the single most important stumbling block in the attempt to maintain an experienced, motivated military force. And housing is at the top of that list of concerns.

Military readiness is like military morale. Once these elements turn sour, it becomes exceedingly difficult to restore them to a satisfactory and appropriate level. Years ago, Benjamin Franklin wrote, "A little neglect may breed great mischief.... For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost." Similarly, we may live to rue the day that the geniuses in charge of our nation's defenses decided that the maintenance of suitable housing for our nation's fighting men and women was not a priority item. We stand to lose more than the proverbial horse, due to the penny-wise and pound-foolish military housing policies of the past. In fact, for lack of young warriors, we might end up losing the whole ball game.—William R. Corson

GRAMM AND DUMBER



Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 146.
Presidential Candidates
Phil Gramm and Robert Dole



Men's Health & Fitness

By *Longevity* magazine • Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

How to stay young, vigorous, smart, and sexy for the rest of your life.

STRESS AND HEART DISEASE

If you're stressed out and worried about heart disease, take a long look at your job. It turns out that inability to cope with stress in the workplace may be one of the biggest factors explaining why men are, in general, at greater risk of heart disease than women.

Tessa Pollard, Ph.D., a biological anthropologist at Oxford University, led a research team that measured levels of the stress-related hormone adrenaline in 50 men and 50 women. The scientists took the adrenaline readings on a consecutive Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. While the women's adrenaline levels stayed fairly constant on all three days, men's adrenaline levels were far higher on the working weekdays than on Sunday.

The heart-worrying effect of adrenaline, Pollard explains, is that it triggers the release of fat into the bloodstream. The fat can contribute to the clogging of arteries, which in turn can lead to heart attack or stroke.

Why is this effect more pronounced in men than women? Pollard thinks that there are two factors that favor the female.



Women are psychologically better equipped to deal with stress, and, in pre-menopausal women at least, female hormones may provide some natural protection against heart disease.

BREAK-THROUGHS

Nothing makes a man shudder like the thought of testicular cancer. Although it's one of the more tractable cancers, to many men the cure—surgical removal of the affected testicle, along with chemotherapy—can be as bad as the

disease, especially when it causes impotence. To make matters worse, surgery can miss new tumors, and the more dangerous of these masses are sometimes hard to distinguish from slower-growing tumors or even from scar tissue left over from the surgery itself.

But two new breakthroughs are brightening the picture. At Indiana University Medical School, researchers are using PET scans, which do a better job of highlighting fast-growing, more dangerous tumors. This

in itself may reduce the need for surgery in men with less harmful cancers, or no cancer at all.

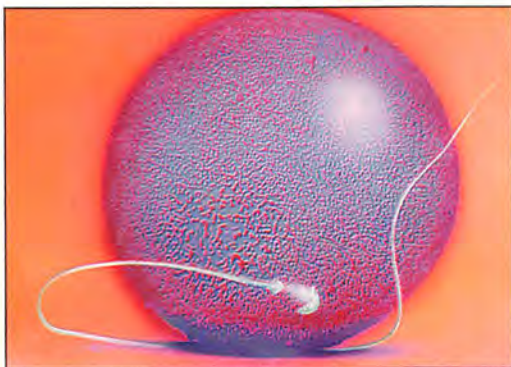
Meanwhile, for those who *do* need surgery, Harvard urologist Jerome P. Richie, M.D., has developed a technique that leaves undamaged the nerves involved in ejaculation. The sexual scorecard, according to Richie, is, "We can preserve function in 94 to 95 percent of patients."

INFERTILITY AND DISHWASHING

Men who are having trouble conceiving children may want to check under the kitchen sink. British scientists suspect that chemicals found in dishwashing detergent may be part of the infertility problem.

According to Richard Sharpe, Ph.D., senior scientist at the reproductive biology unit of the British Medical Research Council, the culprits are a class of chemicals called alkyphenols, which are standard ingredients in many dishwashing detergents (they boost the detergents' spreading and wetting capabilities). The chemicals generate the female hormone estrogen, exposure to which has for years been a major suspect in male infertility.

The natural substance interferon may eventually be used as a standard treatment for male infertility.



ty. It's known, for example, that pesticides like D.D.T. and drugs like D.E.S. generate estrogen, and lab animals exposed to estrogen-generating chemicals often show reproductive abnormalities, such as hermaphroditism or reduced testicular size.

Sharpe and other scientists think that estrogen-linked infertility may be the result of very early exposure to those commonplace chemicals. "The fetus may be more sensitive to estrogen exposure than an adult," says Sharpe. "Exposure during boyhood may also be harmful because of boys' low steroid production during this period."

HORSEBACK THERAPY

Can you get fitness benefits from an activity in which someone else is doing most of the work? If the activity is horseback riding, the answer is a definite—and surprising—yes. "When you're in the saddle," explains Louis Wagner, M.D., a riding therapist in Franklin, Pennsylvania, "you have to move your trunk, arms, shoulders, and head. The horse makes the whole body respond in a rhythmic way."

Horseback riding can also help restore and maintain emotional fitness. The North American Riding for the Handicapped

Association tells us that the tranquilizing rhythms of the sport have made it increasingly popular among people suffering from depression, addictions, and eating disorders.

SPERM BOOSTER

Amid dire warnings like the estrogen alarm sounded earlier in this column comes good news: a new approach that may eventually become a standard treatment for male infertility.

The weapon is interferon, a natural substance that helps prime the immune system to action against such outside invaders as viruses and such internal traitors as leukemia cells. Scientists at the Nagoya University School of Medicine in Japan noticed that when they gave interferon to male lab rats, it raised the animals' sperm count. Could it do the same for humans?

The Japanese researchers tried giv-

ing interferon to four infertile men for two months. Sperm counts increased in three of the four men, and two of them won the big prize: They got their wives pregnant.

It remains to be seen why an immune-system chemical like interferon could also be a sperm booster. Susan Benoff, Ph.D., a molecular biologist and infertility specialist at North Shore University Hospital, in Manhasset, New York, has one theory. "If a viral infection was responsible for making the men infertile," she says, "the interferon may have killed the virus, enabling them to become fertile again."

COMPUTER DIAGNOSIS

In a technique borrowed from high-tech industry, scientists are beginning to use computerized neural networks to help diagnose prostate cancer. Currently, these cancers are first detected either by rectal examination, ultrasound, or blood test, but none of



these techniques are considered highly accurate (see "Men's Health and Fitness," July 1995). In fact, once tumors detected by these methods are biopsied, only one-third of them turn out to be cancerous.

But when urologist William Catalona, M.D., of Washington University School of Medicine, used neural networks to analyze data from 1,787 men, the computer scored 87 percent in predicting which of the men had prostate cancer. If widely applied, com-

Stanford University Medical Center, in Palo Alto, California.

Gardner examined data from 14 studies that compared the cholesterol-lowering effects of polyunsaturated fats to those of mono-unsaturates, the current favorite of nutritionists. Gardner found virtually no difference in the cholesterol levels of people who ate large amounts of either type of fat.

The bottom line, according to Gardner, is, "Eat what tastes better, as long as it's all unsaturated."



puter diagnosis could reduce the number of unnecessary biopsies generated by other techniques, meaning great savings in time, money, and pain.

FAT FEUD

The past decade has been a roller-coaster ride for polyunsaturated fats—first they're up (nutrition experts liked them because they didn't gum up the arteries), then they're down (an influential study showed that they lowered levels of "good" H.D.L. cholesterol). Now they're up again, thanks to a long look at the evidence by Christopher Gardner, Ph.D., of

BACK TO BHUTAN

Looking for the ultimate in exotic fitness vacations? Try hiking in Bhutan, the postage-stamp-size Asian country that, as legend has it, may be the real-world version of Shangri-La. Until recently Bhutan has been closed to foreigners, but now the government admits a limited number of tourists.

Seizing the opportunity, a company called Above the Clouds Trekking has organized hiking tours in Bhutan. You've got to be in shape, though—the trek lasts 27 days, and involves crossing seven

mountain passes, some of them with elevations higher than 16,000 feet. The cost is \$4,330 to \$4,630 per person, double occupancy, airfare not included. For more information, call (800) 233-4499.

KNEE SAVERS

Love to hike, but find that your knees just won't take it? You might think about using hiking poles. They're similar to ski poles, and Europeans have been using them for years. Not only do they reduce impact on the knees, they make hiking a whole-body workout, increasing your calorie-burning rate by 20 to 50 percent.

Among the most sophisticated of these poles are the Leki Super Makalu COR-TEC models. They're adjustable, and they have springs built into the shaft to lessen the impact on wrists and elbows. Price: about \$110. For more information, call (800) 255-9982.



FINER FOODS

If your prospective girlfriend is a gourmand and you want to make an impression, try keeping some of these exotic delicacies hanging around in your refrigerator:

- Donut peaches—incredible flavor
- Charantais melons—a French favorite
- Sweet red currant tomatoes—blueberry-size but delicious
- Cauliflower mushrooms—anise-scented and flavored with fennel
- Bitter tricolor amaranth lettuce—brilliant colors, great taste

If you can't find these rarities at your local supermarket—and it's a good bet that you can't—try a gourmet grocer.



Hiking poles decrease painful knee impact and increase your calorie-burning rate by up to 50 percent.

A body-builder's protein requirements may be higher than a couch potato's, but don't overdo it.

MEAL REPLACEMENTS

Men who want to shed that spare tire may be leery of the meal-in-a-milk-shake route. After all, earlier versions were sometimes so nutritionally skewed that people lost weight too quickly, and sometimes put undue strain on the heart. In some cases, the result was the ultimate penalty—death.

But meal replacements have come a long way. When scientists looked in the eighties at the highly popular Slim-Fast, for example, they gave it a good report card. The diet shake was safe and effective, researchers reported, and nine out of ten people who used it for longer than a month lost five percent of their body weight.

These days powdered meal replacements have competition from bars, crackers, and even popcorn. Do they work? They can, says George Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., associate professor at Harvard Medical School and chief of the nutrition and medicine clinic at Deaconess Harvard Hospital in Boston. But you have to stick with them diligently, and probably for life.

Blackburn's advice: Look for brands that provide at least 180 calories per "meal," with less than four grams of fat, more than four grams of fiber, and about one-third the recommended daily allow-



ance of the vitamins found in an over-the-counter multi-vitamin pill. For variety, Blackburn suggests putting the powder in your morning coffee, blending it with fruit, or doing the "ten and ten" routine—ten wholesome meals and ten replacement shakes a week.

And don't forget to exercise—at least six days a week.

BODYBUILDING: MUNCHING FOR MUSCLE

Does Mr. Universe have different dietary needs than a lounge lizard or a couch potato? We asked James C. Fleet, Ph.D., an active lifter and nutritionist at the Tufts University School of Nutrition in Boston.

Bodybuilders do

need more calories than sedentary people, Fleet says. "There's no way you're going to put on muscle without a calorie-dense diet." But there's no special need to load up on workout days—or, for that matter, when you're recovering. "Keep your calorie consumption even throughout the week," Fleet recommends. "Don't worry about the peaks and valleys."


Although a body-builder's protein requirements may be higher than a couch potato's, Fleet cautions against going overboard with protein. The recommended daily allowance is 0.36 grams of protein for each pound of body weight; most Americans get that much and more, and even for bodybuilders, it's

probably enough. In the long run, excess protein can put a strain on the kidneys.

Fleet recommends getting about 60 percent of total calories from complex carbohydrates—fruits, vegetables, and whole-grain foods. Still, he acknowledges, "If you're working out so much that you need to take in, say, 5,000 calories a day, you just can't eat enough broccoli." So don't try to go below 30 percent of total calories from fats (including ten percent from saturated fats like meat and whole dairy foods).

Do bodybuilders need more vitamins and minerals? "If you're getting the R.D.A.s," Fleet responds, "you probably don't need any more. If you have doubts, a good multi-vitamin supplement will do the trick."

But what about chromium, a longtime favorite among builders, many of whom swear it helps put on muscle? "There's no question that it's an essential nutrient," Fleet says. "But the R.D.A. is 50 to 200 micrograms, and if you look at ads in the muscle mags, you'll see that some supplement manufacturers are selling chromium pills in 400-to-500-microgram amounts. There's just no evidence that anyone needs that much chromium."

The nutrition bottom line for the bodybuilder? "Eat a wide variety of foods," Fleet says, "and go for balance. It's that simple." 

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EMMA AND STACY



Miss Stacy, who teaches elementary education to dozens of half-interested college freshmen, is a firm believer in old-fashioned discipline. When Emma transferred into her class, she quickly put these principles to the test. As Emma daydreamed about her latest boyfriend, her damp thighs rubbed together and her bubble gum exploded.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SUZE RANDALL



"You!" Miss
Stacy
snapped.
"Come back
here after my
last class
and I'll teach
you to
behave like
a lady."





Emma's first instinct was to bridle against the teacher's authority. But when she

arrived, her
rebellious
streak
was quickly
subdued.
She sank to
her knees.



Miss Stacy
was known
for riding
her students
hard, and
she intended
to make
a special
example
of Emma.




The instruction went on for hours. Miss Stacy bent Emma to her desires, playing skillfully in hidden places. After gasping and trying to squirm away, Emma relaxed into a rhythmic purr. Then she eagerly demonstrated what she had learned, not missing a trick.



Lighting director: David Hinds; set design: Michael Butler; makeup by Emma Noon.







"A little
learning is a
dangerous
thing," Miss
Stacy
whispered to
her rapt
pupil. "*Your*
education,
I can assure
you, will
be well-
rounded."

OT 21

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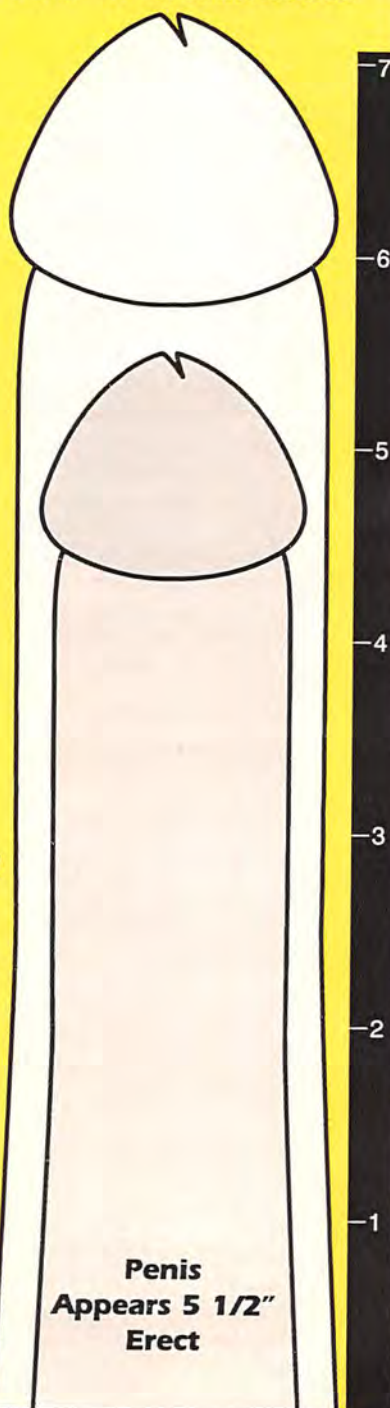
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FASHION FINDER

For information on the products featured on pages 61-65, contact the following manufacturers or stores:



- Alien sandals available at core surf and swim-wear shops. For locations call (800) 257-9317.
- Beatnik clothing available at Beatnik Brand, Venice, California, and Cocoa Beach, Florida.
- Christian Fletcher clothing and accessories available at core surf shops everywhere. For a dealer near you, call Think Fast clothing at (800) 633-6833.
- Duke sportswear available at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Speedo shops throughout the country.
- Fluid Express surfboards available at Woody's Surf Shop, Shirley, New York; Off the Wall, Long Beach, New Jersey; and P. B. Boys Club, Palm Beach, Florida.
- Lassen Classic Hawaiian sportswear available at Lido Surf and Sport, Lido Beach, New York; Surf's Up, Keego Harbor, Michigan; Huntington Surf and Sport, Huntington Beach, California; and On the Beach, Monterey, California.
- Nike clothing, shoes, and sporting accessories available at better department stores, sporting-goods stores, and Nike outlets throughout the country.
- Polo swim wear available at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and other fine department stores.
- Ron Jon surfboards and beachwear available at Ron Jon's Surf Shops, Long Beach, New Jersey, and Cocoa Beach, Florida.
- Speedo swim wear and accessories available at finer sportswear shops nationwide and at Paragon Sporting Goods, New York City.
- Spot clothing available at Paragon Sporting Goods, New York City.
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we carry around in our souls. Now that you have kicked that crutch out from under, you have found reality hard to bear, let alone understand.

You are not looking at men and women as people, only as potential lovers doomed to be ex-lovers before long, and you don't know which way to turn because you have no confidence in yourself. This was why you felt you needed drugs.

But you were wrong. You are a great person and a strong person. You've managed to kick the habit, but it has left a hole in your life. I suggest you join an aerobics class or a gym. Learn to love yourself more. You can do this by working out and watching your body become more beautiful. This will also give you a chance to meet some people of either sex whose drug is also exercise. What you need is a sexual workout before you can think straight. So try it, and write to me and complain if I'm wrong.

PANTING FOR IT

I am a 35-year-old male, and I have a steady girlfriend. We have sex once a week. I love to eat her pussy most of all, but don't get me wrong—I love to fuck.

I have this problem—I'm obsessed with panties. I own more than 50 pairs, and I wear them daily. I also like to put on garter belts, stockings, bras, waist cinchers, and camisoles. I've shopped in department stores and lingerie shops all over my area. I love it when the salesgirls come up and ask me if they can help me. After I purchase something new, I rush home to put it on and masturbate.

What's wrong with me? Am I a transvestite? Do I need help? I'd like to stop this but I can't, and I'm afraid of getting caught.—J. H., New York

What makes you think there's anything wrong with you? Humans collect just about everything, from porcelain piss pots to antique traction engines. Countless men purchase imitation vaginas or rubber dolls from sex shops to use as masturbatory accessories, but I think that articles of intimate feminine underwear are a much healthier fetish, and more of a turn-on.

Why do you want to stop doing it, and why are you afraid of getting caught? Who do you think is likely to catch you, anyway?

There are a lot of things that one can do without hurting anyone but oneself that, for some unknown reason, are illegal in the United States. But although you are not allowed to walk around

naked in public, there is no law against wearing silly clothes. In fact, nowadays, the sillier the better.

I could go to a men's shop and purchase 12 dozen pairs of Y-fronts and put them over my head or around my tits while I masturbate. If I told anyone I was doing this, they would probably shake their heads and whisper to one another, "She's lost it completely," but I don't think anyone would try to put me in jail.

I suspect your only problem is that you only get laid once a week and you need just a little bit more, maybe twice or even three times—or how about every day? Wow!

So are you a transvestite? Try buying a whole female outfit instead of just underpants, dress up as a woman, and go out into the world to see what happens. You could go to a lesbian bar or club and try to pick up a girl. If you succeed, I guarantee lots of excitement when she finds out you are really a man. Whatever happens, it won't be boring, and it will probably answer most of your questions.

ORAL

I was once told that there is nothing quite like the fall in New England, and, indeed, an experience of nirvanic proportions occurred on the first weekend of October at an all-woman college. On

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

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PRISON RAPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

and adhere to the most rudimentary investigative and preventative procedures constitutes a deliberate indifference toward inmates' security."

Then the judge did something that had never in the history of the United States been done before—he gave the inmates a cash award. The total came to \$178,500, to be divided among the prisoners who had sued.

By the time David Aldred and I finally sat down together, he was out of prison—six years, 19 days, and 11 and a half hours after he had first gone in—not that he was counting or anything. We met at a restaurant in Leesburg, Florida, a flyspeck of a town due west of Daytona Beach. The restaurant was just beyond the parking lot of the Scottish Inn motel, where Aldred and his new wife had been living for a couple of months.

He was wearing jeans and a T-shirt that day. His hair was wavy and thick. He laughed and told funny stories about himself. When the waitress came with the Mexican food and beers, he flirted sweetly with her.

But all of that was in the free world. I had come to Florida to hear about life on the other side of the wall. By the time the

waitress brought our second beers, I steered the conversation to the Glades Correctional Institution and how events there had affected one young man. If I was expecting mellow forgiveness, I was in the wrong town.

"To survive in prison," Aldred said, his tone darkening fast, "most of the time, it's what they call fuck or fight. I would rather die first." He meant that, I believe.

"All this shit affected me so bad," he said. "I can't remember the feeling I felt back then. Now all I feel is hatred, extreme hatred—at the justice system, at the Department of Corrections, at the people that actually did this to me, at all the other people that had to look the other way so it could happen.

"For the people that actually did this," he continued, "my hatred is so bad, I would—could—put a gun between their eyes and pull the trigger. I wouldn't feel shit. Not a thing."

But to do that, he said, would be to let these people defeat him one more time. "What difference would it make now? I wouldn't benefit from it. I'd just be going back to jail again, and that is something I definitely am not about to do."

As we spoke, he said his life was really quite pleasant, the best it had been in years. He had a woman who loved him. He had friends to hang around with. There was a pool at the motel. But the memories, he said, were still showing

up at the strangest times. "I can be making love to my wife," he said, "she can grab both the cheeks of my ass, and it'll hit me—*wham!* All of a sudden, in my mind, I'm back in prison. It fucks me up. The hardest thing I ever did was tell my wife about this."

Some papers came from the lawyer one day, and he dumped them in her lap. "I told her to read it, and remember this wasn't my choice to make. It really upset her. She was able to see exactly what I was going through. It wasn't just a bunch of bullshit. It was something very serious and very real."

When Aldred and I spoke that day in the restaurant, he hadn't gotten his money yet. The case was on appeal then, and because of various legal technicalities, some of it was going to have to be retried. Aldred said he was growing pessimistic about the prospect of ever seeing a dime. "You think I'll get any of that money?" he had asked more than once. I told him I thought he probably would. "The courts can be real slow," I said.

But David Aldred, as it happened, knew more about the criminal-justice system than I had given him credit for. He never got one penny of what the judge awarded him.

The prison-rape case was retried in federal court, before a jury this time.

In harrowing detail, the inmates laid out what had happened to them, the same chilling stories that had so moved the magistrate and the judge. But this time, in less than an hour, the jury tossed out everything the inmates had said, everything found in the first trial. They found entirely for the prison superintendent and his guards.

In the process, of course, the hopes of a few prisoners and former prisoners were dashed. Not that too many people really seemed to care.

These were prisoners we were talking about, people who had committed crimes. If they couldn't do the time ... well, you know how that goes.

"I think it's the sentiment of the time regarding crime—a general disgust of crime, defendants, prisoners," says David Lipman, the lawyer who represented the prisoners in the case.

The lawyer for the Glades administration sees it differently. "Prisons are inherently dangerous places," he says.

David Aldred could tell him about that.

For valuable help with this problem, contact: Stop Prisoner Rape, P.O. Box 2713, Manhattanville Station, New York, N.Y. 10027-8817; (212) 663-5562.

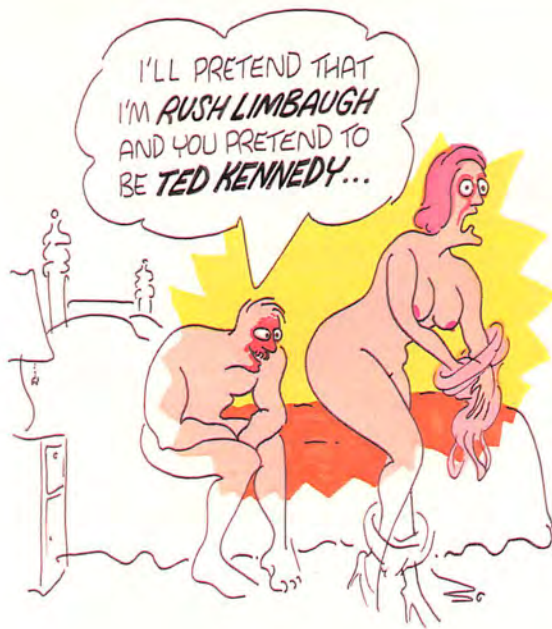
For the prisoner-rape cassettes, contact: Safer Society Press, P.O. Box 340, Brandon, Vt. 05733; (802) 247-3132.

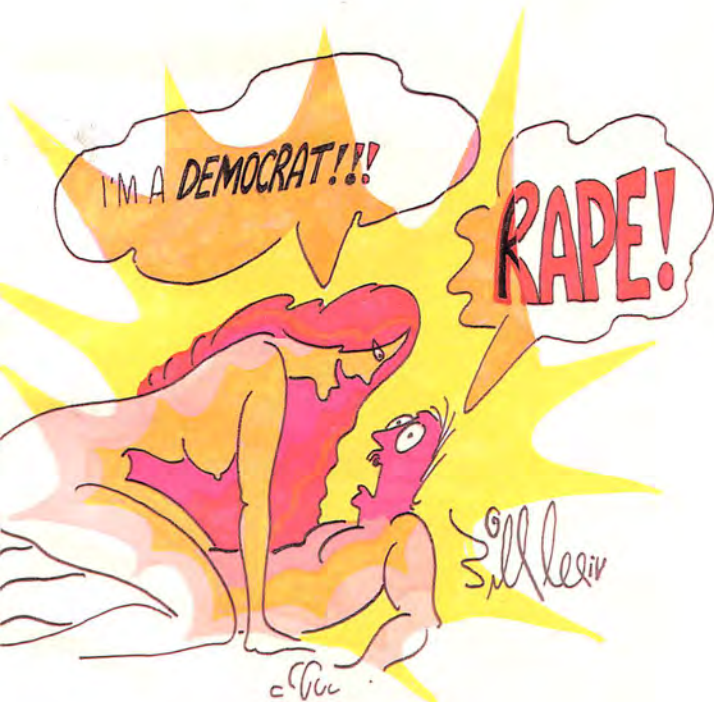
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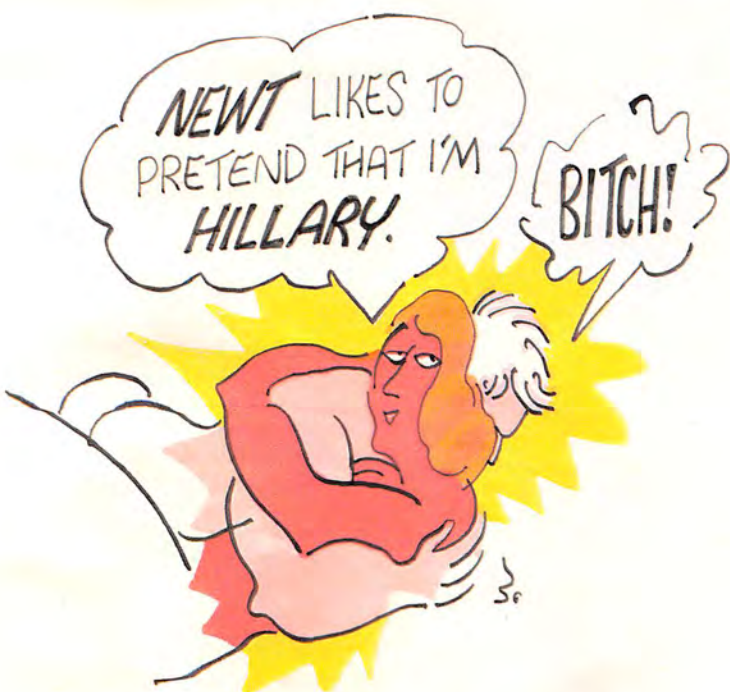
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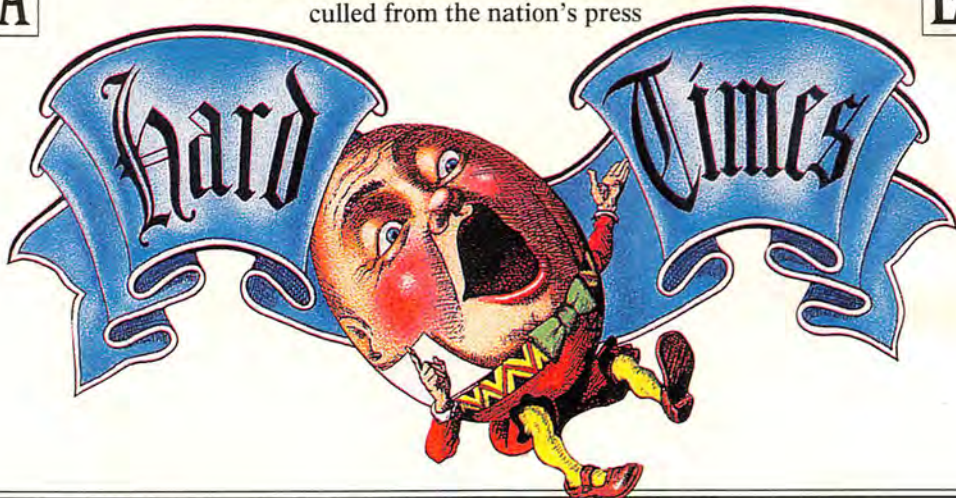




EXTRA

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. 14, NO. 7

ON THE MOVE WITH EX-LAX

Barry Stoller recently wrote to Ex-Lax to demand a refund because the product failed to work. In response, the makers of Ex-Lax, the New Jersey-based Sandoz Corporation, sent him a check, not for \$1.99, which is what the product cost, but for \$98,002. It turns out that 98002 was Stoller's Washington State zip code. Stoller, moved to action by the check, deposited it, withdrew the funds in cash, and disappeared without a trace. The police are looking for him, as is the Ex-Lax company. (Tallahassee, Florida, Democrat news services)

FINAL FINALS

When students in Bihar, India, brought reference notes and books to final examinations, the exam supervisors tried to take them away. Denying an intent to cheat, the students rioted, and in a running battle with police, four of them were killed before order was restored and the exams went on—without books or notes. (India Star)

IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME

In Jackson, Mississippi, right-thinking citizen Joel Ford thought it would be a good idea to sue the publishers of the Bible. He demanded that they fork over a cool \$45 million because the Bible, he claimed, is based on hearsay and oppresses

blacks and gays. After a month filled with various threats on his life from the faithful, Ford withdrew the suit. (The Toronto Star)

PLAN A HEAD

A Texas man paid Alcor Life Extension Institute \$50,000 to preserve his head in a deep freeze should he happen to die. Alcor is in the cryonics business, and the idea is that the head can be brought back to life at some point in the future and grafted onto a living body. Sometime later, the man took his own life by shooting himself in the head with a shotgun. Alcor, true to its contract, dispatched its crack decapitation team to the site, chopped off the head, and brought it back to California. It now rests in a steel vat with 16 other heads and ten whole bodies, awaiting the day when it can be returned to life. (The Sun)

DESTRUCTION DERBYMEISTER

Briton Arnold Humphrey was arrested last December in Florida after a month-long spree in which he rammed his huge car into 60 other vehicles. He explained that bad drivers and road hogs drove him bananas, and he was mad as hell and not going to take it any longer. "I wasn't out to hurt anyone," Humphrey claimed. "I only wanted to get my pound of metal from all the rude drivers I encountered on the highway." (The Sun)

MADE TO MEASURE

Richard Dorsey, 19, of Fort Pierce, Florida, was arrested and charged with digging up the grave of Hugh Wheelock Cockrell, a man who killed himself in 1931 and was buried at the Palms Cemetery. Dorsey said he needed to measure a skeleton for the coffin he was building for Halloween. He claimed he went back to the graveyard a few days later to

return the bones, but the grave had been filled in. As a result, Dorsey carted the bones around in his car trunk. When asked about the details, Police Captain Bob Miller said, "Oh, it's definitely a strange case." (Tallahassee, Florida, Democrat)

IF YOU GOT IT, FLAUNT IT

Locals at the Rising Moon Tavern in São Paulo, Brazil, are seeking to exclude Luis Gulmares from their weekly limbo contest, which has a \$50 first prize. Gulmares, who stands three foot two inches tall, has won every limbo contest he ever entered. (Europa Times)

IN YOUR DREAMS

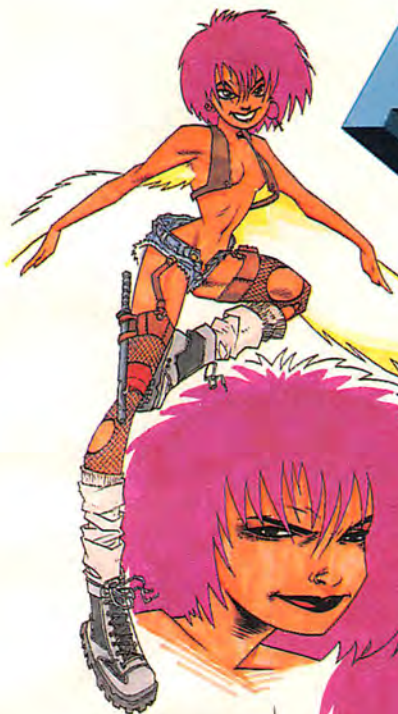
Shocking news concerning Bill Clinton! There seems to be an outbreak of women having sex dreams about the president. A 27-year-old travel agent reports dreaming about heavy flirting with both Bill and Veep Al Gore. A book editor claims that she dreamed she did it with Bill the nights before and after his inauguration. A computer saleswoman says she dreamed she was doing it with Bill in the same room with Hillary while the first lady sewed the suit she wore to the inauguration. "There are thousands of women having sex dreams about the president," says one expert, but even though these dreams are sexual in nature, this does not mean a woman really wants to sleep with Clinton. (Weekly World News)



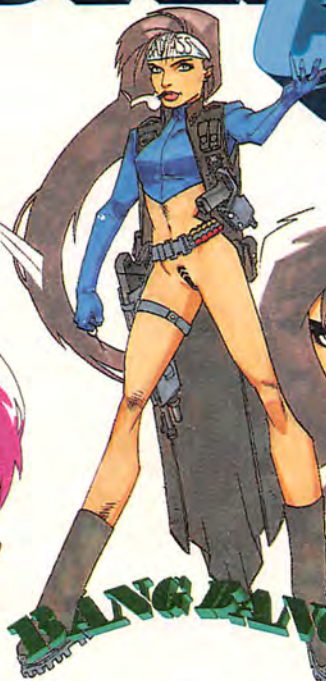
WOOF!

During a recent appearance on CNN's "Late Edition," First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton said, "There are extremists in the Republican party who go too far." As we can see from this picture, taken just before CNN's cameras were turned on, the first lady herself could be accused of going too far in her off-the-cuff impression of the Bride of Frankenstein. (Associated Press)

PENTHOUSE MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX



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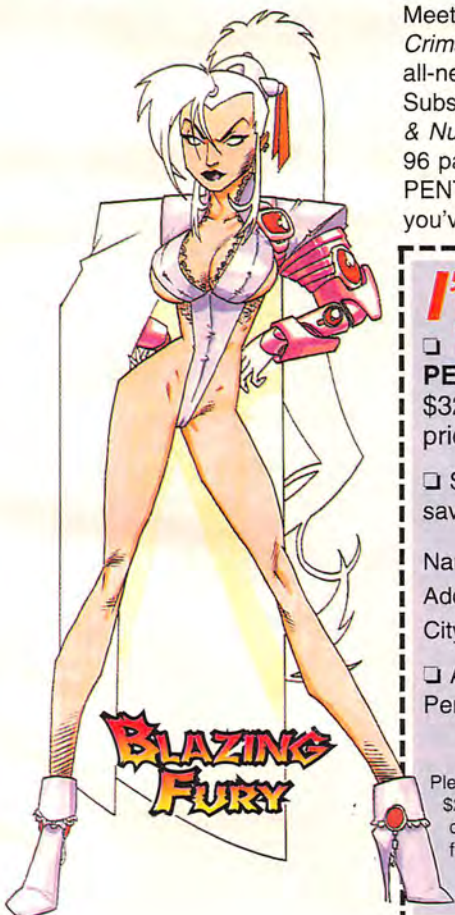


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MAC C508PH



THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

There is no connection at all between vasectomies and prostate cancer.

By Curtis Rist

A doctor in Manhattan remembers the moment when a team of Harvard researchers published a study that seemed to link prostate cancer to vasectomies. His telephone didn't stop ringing.

"It was terrible," says Dr. Marc Goldstein, a urologist at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "It was a lot of phone calls from patients I had done vasectomies on, and a lot of them wanted reversals."

The worried men had just seen news reports that showed a possible connection between a vasectomy and prostate cancer—an insidious killer that claims 32,000 lives a year in the United States. It is the second most lethal form of cancer among men.

The study, which was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, presented a cautious hypothesis—that a survey of cancer patients shows that men who have had vasectomies appear to be 50 percent more likely to develop prostate cancer than men with normally ejaculating sperm cells.

Despite an editorial in the *Journal* appealing for calmness, overreaction was the order of the day. By the time the study results were

reported in newspapers and on television in February 1993, the "possible" link became a certainty.

"I explained to my patients that there was nothing to worry about," says Goldstein. "I persuaded them not to have reversals, and told them my feeling was that further studies needed to be published."

But the effects showed up in succeeding months and years. In Goldstein's office, and in doctors' offices around the country, the number of vasectomies fell by as much as 25 percent.

"It nearly killed us," says the director of a family-planning agency in Los Angeles that favors vasectomies over tubal ligation in women as a safer permanent method of birth control. "We had been building, building, building, through the years, and then along came one study and—poof!"

Which is too bad, because in the years since, more thorough studies have shown that there is no connection at all between vasectomies and prostate cancer.

"There's basically nothing there. It's either very weak or nothing at all," says Dr. Lynn Rosenberg, of the Boston University School of Medicine, who co-authored a

recent paper for the *American Journal of Epidemiology* that turned up ... nothing.

Since no news is no news, the report has gone all but unnoticed by the press.

Perhaps out of squeamishness over having their sperm ducts fished out of their scrotums and snipped in two, men appear to be unusually susceptible to rumor and scientific myth regarding vasectomies.

Day-to-day, experts battle misconceptions about the procedure—such as the notion that it is similar to castration, as some believe, or that it leaves men "shooting blanks."

"Some men believe that nothing's going to come out anymore," says Goldstein. "But believe me, there's no change in the amount of fluid, and the smell, and—heh, heh—the taste."

In fact, other than the minor possibility of an infection or inflammation after the vasectomy is performed, there are no long-term health risks. The testes continue churning out sperm cells, and the sperm cells continue to file into a 15-foot-long coil of tubes called the epididymis, where—believe it or not—they learn to swim.

But instead of embarking on a glorious out-of-body adventure, these sperm cells

just keep on swimming epididymal laps until they die. The sperm are then mopped up by the body's natural cleansing mechanisms.

This is tedium for the sperm cells, to be sure, but for the body, it causes no harm whatsoever.

So what happened over at Harvard?

It seems that researchers were acting on the equivalent of a hunch about a potential link with prostate cancer—which is perfectly normal, and the way scientists operate. They began to bolster the hunch by asking patients with prostate cancer if they had had vasectomies—and many had.

Of course, the risk with these hit-or-miss studies is that the researchers could just as easily have shown that there was a link between, say, drinking water and prostate cancer. They didn't ask that, but they *did* ask if patients were college graduates—and came up with another possible connection.

That's the way these studies work, and as a result, says Rosenberg, they "shouldn't get publicity, because they are just meant to raise a hypothesis, to alert other researchers to possible avenues for further study."

As they say at Harvard—oops!

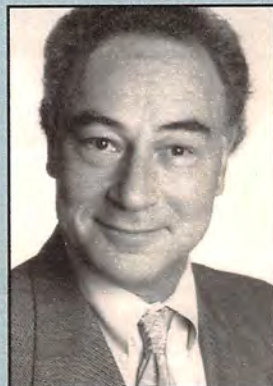
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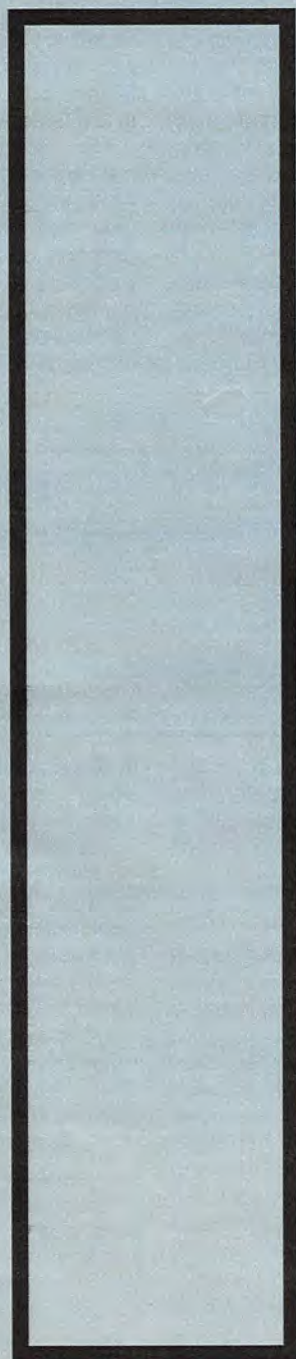
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I was also a little turned on as I thought of her cleaning my come from her skirt. I was surprised to see Frannie there also. She just sat there on the couch, staring at the floor.

Randy started in on the expected lecture on professional behavior. After about 15 minutes, he paused, looked over at his wife, and said, "We were wondering if the two of you would like to perform for an audience this time." My ears perked up at that moment. Frannie's eyes were wide open, and now Lonnie was blushing and staring at her shoes. I said I was willing to try anything. Frannie said she was game and, although she seemed very nervous about it, I thought I detected a hint of a smile on her lips. Randy looked over at Lonnie as if to give her the go-ahead. She looked at us, smiled, and said, "Take off your clothes, both of you!"

Randy got up, locked the door, and turned on a radio so the secretary wouldn't hear us. Frannie and I peeled off our clothes, grinning at each other. I was getting really excited. My heart was pounding with lust. It really got me hot to think of prim and proper Lonnie staring at my ever-expanding dick, even though it did feel really strange to be nude in the director's office. I began to stroke my dick while staring her in the eye. Lonnie asked Frannie to get on her knees and begin where she left off last night. I felt my dick being engulfed by Frannie's silky hot mouth while I watched Lonnie stroke Randy's dick through his pants. She raised her skirt, and I watched with increasing interest as she slipped her hand into her panties and fingered herself. I couldn't believe this woman was exposing herself to me this way.

The conservative and proper wife of the museum director was now spread-eagled on his desk, her cunt wide open to our view, and she was fingering herself furiously. My rock-hard member explored the depths of Frannie's mouth while her tongue drove me to unimaginable heights of horniness. Randy fumbled with Lonnie's blouse, and soon her enormous tits were hanging free, jiggling with her movements. Then Lonnie asked Frannie to suck off her husband as I crawled over between Lonnie's legs. She humped her slimy flesh against my face until her juices dripped from my chin. The odor of her pussy was intoxicating, and I inhaled deeply, burying my nose in the hot, juicy folds. Then Frannie came over to us and swung her leg up and over Lonnie's

head. She promptly began humping away, and I had a beautiful view of these two women in heat.

Only hours before, I could never have imagined myself screwing either of these two women. I didn't last long, and I pulled out so I could spray my come over those beauties. Great spurts of my white come landed on Frannie's tits and stomach, and on Lonnie, too. Then I noticed that Randy was nude and beating his meat. When he saw me explode, he did, too, adding his juice to the shower. This fired up Lonnie even more, and she rubbed the gooey liquid onto her tits and into her cunt. Frannie leaned down to lick my dick clean, while Lonnie continued to tongue her cunt. Frannie said, "Ah, what the hell," and dove into Lonnie's pussy. Not long after this, the women came together with pussy-muffled screams.

We lay in a panting heap, reeking of sex and sweat. As we came to our senses, everyone showed a little embarrassment. It had gone a bit farther than any-

When I got back to the living room, Peter had already covered the floor with newspapers and had begun to paint. I admired his beautiful, muscular back, but I knew I had to control myself, so I picked up a paintbrush and began on the opposite wall.

After a few minutes, I felt his strong hands from behind me, sliding around my hips and up my shirt. By the time he found my breasts, my nipples were already rock hard, so he let his hands roam down into my shorts, where he found my dripping-wet pussy. He slid his finger into my warm slit, and the instant he touched my clitoris I exploded in orgasm, drenching his hand.

He turned me around and pressed me up against the wall (into wet paint), where he gave me the hardest kiss I had ever had. Then he pulled off my shirt and sucked my nipples until my pussy began to ache for his hard cock. He slowly moved down, dropped my shorts to the floor, and flicked his masterful tongue in and out of my pulsating cunt until I came again.

Then he stood up and dropped his shorts to reveal his beautifully engorged member. He pressed my hands against the wall, and I wrapped my legs around him so that he could slide his dick into my waiting pussy. His hard, deep thrusts were almost more than I could handle, but I still wanted more. We fell to the floor and fucked on the newspapers,

in more positions than I ever knew existed. Each position we tried seemed to allow his rod to go farther and farther inside me until it felt like one continuous, euphoric orgasm. When he finally reached his plateau of ecstasy and exploded inside me, we were both so exhausted we just lay in the pool of spilled paint, sweat, and mingling love juices.

Later we took a long, relaxing bath together and fell asleep in each other's arms. All I could dream about was painting the bedrooms the next day.—*A. P., Alabama*

*WE WERE BOTH SO
EXHAUSTED, WE JUST LAY IN THE POOL
OF SPILLED PAINT,
SWEAT, AND MINGLING LOVE JUICES.*

one expected. We dressed and discussed the event, agreeing to continue these sessions at a future date. I walked out of the office wondering if I had been dreaming.—*J. A., Ohio*

MOVIN' IN

I am a college student, and last year a few friends and I decided to rent a house together. I arrived at the house a few weeks before school began, expecting to be the first there, so that I could move in more easily. To my surprise, I found one of my future roommates, Peter, already there. After he helped me carry my boxes into the house, he gave me the grand tour. We noticed that parts of the house needed to be painted, so we decided not to waste any time.

On the way to the hardware store, he couldn't stop staring at my 38D breasts, and I couldn't help but notice the large bulge growing in his cutoffs. Just watching him shift gears was making me wetter by the second. By the time we got back to the house, I was so horny I was about to burst. But I didn't think I should start off my relationship with my new roommate with sex.

I went to my bedroom and changed into a baggy white T-shirt and cutoffs.

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003.

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JULIA ANN

Black-and-white photography has been undergoing a renaissance of late in television and print advertising, on the newsstands, and, as our readers know, in our pages. Readers will also be familiar with the work of Earl Miller, who has contributed countless arresting images to *Penthouse*. This sensational montage featuring Julia Ann is no exception.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

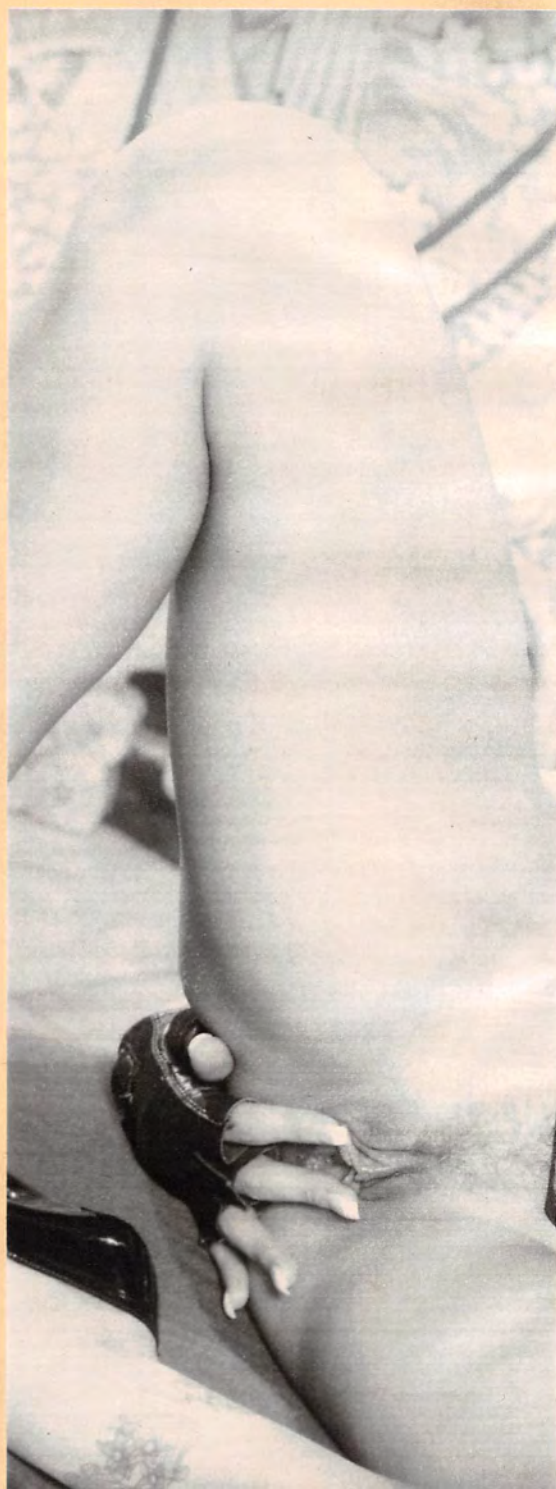


Sharp-eyed
readers will
remember
Julia Ann
from "Ice &
Easy"—which
included her
partner
in Blondage,
Janine
Lindemulder
—from our
25th
Anniversary
Issue.



"I love working with Janine," the 36DD-24-36 Julia Ann tells us, "but it was a lot of fun to do this solo.

We're still appearing as Blondage, of course, but we both need to work on our own sometimes."







"These photos show me in a way that few people see," Julia Ann adds. "We really caught a glimpse of my wilder side."



"In fact," Julia Ann continues, "I was like a different person as soon as I picked out my wardrobe. The stylist we used has

worked with Andrew Blake, *Penthouse's* video director, one of the best in the world. The two of us had some *great* ideas."







"I'm an exhibitionist
to the bone, but there's some-
thing *very* sexy about
oiled-up latex. As soon as I put

on these outfits, I
felt very dominant, very strong,
very superior. I think I
even became a bit of a tyrant!"





"Performing is my passion," Julia Ann says. "I love to see how people—especially women—react to me. I hope readers will take the

time to let me
know what
they think
about these
photos,
because
I *really*
enjoyed
creating this
fantasy
image for
myself." O—





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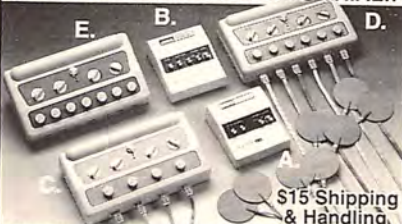
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BACKLASH

EPISODE V: HEROINE

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The year is 2024 and a secret team of man-hating lesbian gender feminists has taken over the United States. **The Wollenstone Craft Heath Care Alliance** now rules America in its iron & treacle grip. Our heroine, **Roberta Lindsey**, joined Wollenstone willingly, seduced by their pseudo-masculine henchman Silvio while still a "baby dyke" at Antioch University. Her girlish head turned by their double-think rhetoric, she quickly "converted" to match the Wollenstone idea of a modern woman. Only after she'd advanced to management level did she discover the Alliance's top secret master plan: **The Double YY project**, a sinister scheme to identify aggressive male infants in the womb and have their sex changed to female, thus creating an army of super-lesbians which Wollenstone Craft's Maximum Leader **Suborna Ross** will use to take over the world! Roberta turned against Suborna and would have been turned into a mindless, brainwashed "sex care provider" if not for the intervention of **Mostress W**, the Queen Bee of the Resistance Movement. But Roberta's entry into the resistance would not come easily. First, she had to be secured by the Mostress and carefully examined for bugs, bombs, and tracking devices. Then, she had to be deprogrammed in the Mostress' patented "Skull Session Brain Un-washer", and finally, she was subjected to the Mostress' own secret tantric power potions to change her from a normal human into the female super soldier in the fight against tyranny! At last, Roberta is ready to strike a blowjob against Suborna Ross and her happy band of gyno-traitors as...

BACKLASH - The Feminist Heroine of the Future!

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton
ARTIST: Mark Beachum
LETTERS: Lopez



SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL,
MOSTRESS!

SHE'S A
WEAKLING. WHAT
DOES A COSTUME
PROVE? NOTHING.




OW!

I WAS JUST
ADMIRING YOUR
HANDIWORK! WHY
DO YOU ALWAYS
HIT ME?



BECAUSE
I DETEST
PEOPLE ALWAYS
TRYING TO PLEASE
ME. HOW DARE
THEY CONFER
FAVORS AS IF
THEY WERE GIVING
A COCKTAIL
WAITRESS A
TIP.



WHEN I WANT
PLEASURE--I TAKE
IT. AND IT WILL
PLEASURE ME ALL
THE MORE THAT I
TOOK IT AGAINST
ANOTHER PERSON'S
WILL!

FREE
WILL IS A
MUSCLE.

AND IT MUST
BE EXERCISED,
AGAINST
RESISTANCE.

...AND LIKE
ANY OTHER
MUSCLE...

IT MUST BE
STIMULATED TO
THE POINT OF
COLLAPSE.

WHAT
IS SHE
DOSED
WITH?

AS YOU ORDERED, I
USED THE NEW BATCH, AND
A LITTLE FOOD COLORING.
THE DRINK I GAVE HER LOOKED
LIKE A BIG BLUE MARGARITA!

MUST
YOU
ALWAYS BE
A FOOL?

ONLY FOR
YOU,
MOSTRESS.



BACK TO WORK, YOU DODDERING SLACKER!

OW!

THANK YOU, MOSTRESS! MAY I HAVE ANOTHER!

SHE'S SOFT. JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...



STIMULATE HER WITH THE PROBES. I WILL PREPARE FOR THE TRAINING.

WHY NOT HAVE HER, LIKE SHE IS NOW? SHE'LL NEVER KNOW.



FOOL! I WILL TAKE *THIS ONE* ONLY WHEN SHE BEGS ME.

I DOMINATE TO FULFILL OTHER PEOPLE'S FANTASIES. NOT MY OWN.

I AM NOT YOUNG ANYMORE. I AM NOT ABOVE BRIBERY OR CAJOLERY TO GET SEX.

BUT, MOSTRESS. WHAT ABOUT...?

BUT NEVER RAPE.

THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! GET CRUD!



HARDER!
FASTER!
COME ON,
GIRL!

CRUD WON'T
BREAK. IF HE DOES,
WE CAN ALWAYS
GET ANOTHER
CRUD.

FASTER,
DEAR. REMEMBER,
THE PLACE WILL
BE *THICK* WITH
SECURITY.

YOU MUST
GET IN, MAKE
YOUR KILL, AND
GET OUT.


SHE'S ABSORBED
THE COMBAT
SUBROUTINE
PERFECTLY. DARE
I SAY IT? HER SKILL
RIVALS YOUR OWN,
MOSTRESS.

I'D STRIKE YOU FOR
SUCH IMPUDENCE, SAPIENS.
BUT FOR *ONCE* IN YOUR
MISERABLE LIFE YOU'VE
ACTUALLY DONE YOUR JOB
RIGHT.

ON THE OTHER
HAND, IT'S BETTER
TO NOT BREAK
PRECEDENT.

CRACK!

OWWWW!



MY, HOW
VIOLENT WE
ARE. UNLEASH
THE LITTLE
PUSSY AND THE
TIGER COMES
OUT.

HOW LONG
DOES THE
DRUG LAST,
DOCTOR?

IT DEPENDS.
TWENTY FOUR
HOURS, MAYBE
LESS.

I'M
READY.

DO YOU REALLY
THINK YOU CAN HANDLE
THAT POWERFUL THING
BETWEEN YOUR LEGS?

RRRRGGG!

CAN YOU,
MY LITTLE
BACKLASH?

I CAN HANDLE
ANYTHING YOU OR
SUBORNA ROSS
CAN DISH OUT.

WROOM!

OR WILL
YOU SIMPLY BE
ANOTHER IN A
LONG LINE OF
HEROINES TO DIE
FOR OUR GLORIOUS
CAUSE?

NEXT: SECRET WEAPONS

FINAL RIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

about it in a weird way, but I guess you really do understand what this is all about." Although Bradshaw didn't say it, he had to admit to himself that having someone else to share that glorious session made it that much more heavenly. The two ended up surfing until they were so tired they feared they wouldn't have the energy to paddle back.

Foo invited Bradshaw to his house and Bradshaw, surprising himself, went along. But when they got to the house, Foo went straight to his overworked telephone and began calling people, eagerly telling them about the incredible experience he and Bradshaw had just shared. Bradshaw was flabbergasted. By the fifth call, he grabbed the phone from Foo's hand and slammed it down. "Stop it, Mark!" he insisted. "This is ridiculous. Everyone in the world doesn't need to know what you just did. Can't you just enjoy it?"

Foo stayed calm, letting Bradshaw rant until he got tired. Nevertheless, from that day on, the tension between them was eased. They would plan surf sessions together, if only because they were the only ones they knew who were unwilling to back down from a big-wave challenge, no matter what the extremes. For better or worse, they were bonded by that unyielding passion.

In May 1994, British Broadcasting Corporation journalists came to the North Shore to make a television documentary on surfing. As Foo sat in his backyard, his leg in a splint from a nasty gash he had received from his surfboard fin, he told the B.B.C. about the rewards of his big-wave obsession.

"Only a couple of us in the world have got to see the things we've seen, felt the things we've felt. It makes us feel so blessed," he explained. Then, without prompting, Foo started talking about the possibility of dying while surfing.

"As tragic as it sounds, at least you're at the height, the pinnacle of what you love to do. It would be a glamorous way to go, a great way to go. I would like to go out on a 50-foot wave. To me, it's not so tragic if you die doing something you love. It's almost a nice thought," he said, drawing the interview to a close with an ear-to-ear grin.

The week before Christmas 1994, Allen Sarlo and his wife, who were living in California, took their vacation in Oahu, and were guests in Foo's house. One morning Sarlo woke up and was surprised to hear Foo on the phone, talking to surf photographers, arranging to meet in California the next day.

"Maverick's, Sarlo," said Foo. "It's going off. Big waves, very big waves. Maverick's. I've never surfed it. I gotta surf it. It's insane. Let's go."

Sarlo told him there was no way he was going to abandon his Hawaiian vacation to fly back to California two days before Christmas to surf some freezing-cold, mean, ugly wave.

Foo phoned Bradshaw, who had been at Maverick's the week before, but got skunked when a predicted swell failed to materialize. With reports that the swell had finally shown up in epic proportions, it didn't take Foo long to convince Bradshaw to commit to a red-eye flight that night, especially after Foo told him he had finagled reservations for a Christmas Eve return flight. *Jesus*, Bradshaw thought, *the guy just does not take no for an answer*.


When Foo and Bradshaw finally got to Maverick's, at about 9 A.M. on December 23, their long journey and anxious night without sleep were rewarded. A quarter-mile out at sea were the glistening

surfer, especially one who challenges the world's largest waves, is to be one of the elite, proudly defying the fears and warnings of the timid and world-weary. They could see in each other's faces full appreciation that they were living the ultimate surfing life, pushing it to the very edge.

Foo expressed the risk so many times over the years that it seemed as much his mantra as a maxim. "To have the ultimate thrill, you've got to be prepared to pay the ultimate price." About the only person he didn't repeat these words to was his mother.

To Foo's mother, who had never swum in the ocean, risking life to glide across a wave always seemed foolish. Today, Lorna Foo, a 67-year-old widow living in the heart of the Hawaiian Islands, blames surfing for the tragic disappointment that clouds her days and washes her nights with melancholy. To Lorna Foo, the ultimate surfing life means wicked death. In the end, surfing, accursed surfing, killed her beautiful son.

Months after the terrible day, she still gets inquiries from journalists and from Foo's surfing buddies. She could spend a month reading all the news clippings and condolence letters lauding her son's legacy. They are a bittersweet consolation, wrenching her heart and forcing her to ponder what the future might have been.

In her wistfulness, she sometimes pulls out a letter that her son sent on her birthday and reads the words, so loving, so cruel. "All my happiness and the way I strive to live is a reflection of what you have taught me. I want you to outlive me, because I can't imagine my life without you.... You have been my greatest motivator. It has been for you, more than anyone, that I had to prove that surfers were not bums." 

"I NEED TO PROVE THAT SURFERS
DESERVE THE SAME RESPECT THAT TENNIS,
BASEBALL, AND BASKETBALL PLAYERS
GET. SURFING'S MY JOB. I'M NOT A BUM."

objects of their desire. Rising like giant fists from the dark blue sea were huge waves, towering tumults capable of heaving a 25-ton fishing boat to shore and tearing it open as a church key does a tuna can. But to Foo and Bradshaw, these awesome waves fanned flames of lust that coursed through every cell of their bodies. It was their hearts' desire to be at one with the ocean's beauty, to feel its undulating power, to ride its fury, to dance within nature's greatest forces.

They flung themselves onto their sleek craft, and with determined thrusts began the long paddle, threading their way through half-submerged boulders, fighting thwarting currents. When the first chilling white water of spent waves washed over and invigorated them, they gave each other a quick glance, sharing smiles and silent acknowledgment. Though they had yet to catch a wave, they were already winning the game. They had broken the odds and were in the water, free in the midst of raw nature, quenching their souls.

Paddling their boards, they felt head and shoulders above the wannabes, wish-they-hads, and never-wills that crowded the sidewalks, airports, and lunch counters of terra firma. To be a

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BEDTIME STORIES

THE BUTCHER

BY ALINA REYES

Neither of us said a word. I watched the movement of the windshield wipers. I grew sluggish, with the smell of my wet hair next to my cheeks.

He opened the door, took me by the hand. My sandals were full of water, my feet squelched against the plastic

soles. He led me to the lounge, sat me down, brought me a coffee. Then he turned on the radio and asked me to excuse him for five minutes. He had to take a shower.

I went over to the window, pulled the curtain open a little, and watched the rain falling.

The rain made me want to piss. I pushed open the bathroom door. The room was warm and all steamed up. I saw the broad silhouette through the shower curtain. I pulled it open a little and looked at him. He reached out a hand, but I pulled away. I offered to scrub his back. I stepped onto the rim, put my hands under the warm water, and picked up the soap, turning it over between my palms until I worked up a thick lather.

I began to rub his back, starting at the neck and shoulders, in circular movements. He was big and pale, firm and muscular. I worked my way down his spine, a hand on each side. I rubbed his sides, moving round a little to his stomach. The soap made a fine-scented froth, a cobweb of small white bubbles flowing over the wet skin, a slippery soft carpet between my palm and his back.

I went up and down the spine several times, from the small of the back to the base of the neck up to the first little hairs, the ones the barber shaves off for short haircuts with his deliciously vibrating razor.

I set off again from the shoulders and soaped each arm in turn. Although the limbs were relaxed, I felt bulging knots of muscle. His forearms were covered with dark hairs; I had to really wet the soap to make the lather stick. I worked back toward the deep hairy armpits.

I lathered up my hands again and massaged his buttocks in a revolving motion. Though on the big side, his buttocks had a harmonious shape, curving gracefully from the small of the back and joining the lower limbs without flab. I went over and

me. He would wait as long as I wanted to make the pleasure last, and the pain.

I knelt down in front of him again. His cock, already thickly inflated, sprang up.

I moved my hand over his balls, back up to their base near the anus. His cock stood up again, more violently. I held it in my other hand, squeezed it, began slowly pulling it up and down. The soapy water I was lathered with provided perfect lubrication. My hands were filled with a warm, living, magical substance. I felt it beating like the heart of a bird; I helped it ride to its deliverance. Up, down, always the same movement, always the same rhythm, and the moans above my head. And I was moaning, too, with the water from the shower sticking my dress to me like a tight silken glove, with the world stopped at the level of my eyes, of his belly, at the sound of the water trickling over us, and of his cock sliding under my fingers, at the warm and tender and hard things between my hands, at the smell of the soap, of the soaking flesh, and of the sperm mounting under my palm.

The liquid spurted out in bursts, splashing my face and my dress.

He knelt down as well, and licked the tears of sperm from my face. He washed me the way a cat grooms itself, with diligence and tenderness.

His plump white hand, his pink tongue on my cheek, his washed-out blue eyes, the eyelids still heavy as if under the effect of a drug. And his languid heavy body, his body of plenitude ...

He took off my dress, slowly.

Then he stretched me out on the warm tiles and, with the shower still running, began planting kisses all over my body. His powerful hands lifted me up and turned me over with extreme delicacy. Neither the hardness of the floor nor the

He had been at the peak of excitement, and yet had made

over their roundness to know their form with my palms as well as with my eyes. Then I moved down the hard, solid legs. The hairy skin covered barriers of muscle. I felt I was penetrating a new, wilder region of the body, down to the strange treasure of the ankles.

Then he turned toward me. I raised my head and saw his swelling balls, his taut cock, straight above my eyes.

I got up. He didn't move. I took the soap between my hands again and began to clean his broad, solid, moderately hairy chest. I began to move slowly down over his distended stomach, surrounded by powerful abdominal muscles. It took some time to cover the whole surface. His navel stood out, a small white ball outlined by the rounded mass, a star around which my fingers gravitated, straining to delay the moment when they would succumb to the downward pull of the comet erected against the harmonious round form of the stomach.

I knelt down to massage his abdomen. I skirted round the genital area slowly, quite gently, toward the inside of the thighs.

His penis was incredibly large and erect.

I resisted the temptation to touch it, continuing to stroke over the pubis and between the legs. He was now lying back against the wall, his arms spread, with both hands pressed against the tiles, his stomach jutting forward. He was groaning.

I felt he was going to come before I even touched him.

I moved away, sat down fully under the shower spray, and, with my eyes still fixed on his overextended penis, I waited until he calmed down a little.

The warm water ran over my hair, inside my dress. Filled with steam, the air frothed around us, effacing all shapes and sounds. He had been at the peak of excitement, and yet had made no move to hasten the denouement. He was waiting for

pressure of his fingers could bruise me.

I relaxed completely. And he placed the pulp of his lips, the wetness of his tongue, in the hollow of my arms, under my breasts, on my neck, behind my knees, between my buttocks. He put his mouth all over the length of my back, the inside of my legs, right to the roots of my hair.

He laid me on my back on the ground, on the warm, slippery tiles, lifted my hips with both hands, his fingers firmly thrust into the hollow as far as the spine, his thumbs on my stomach. He placed my legs over his shoulders and brought his tongue up to my vulva. I arched my back sharply. Thousands of drops of water from the shower hit me softly on my stomach and on my breasts. He licked me from my vagina to my clitoris, his mouth stuck to my outer lips. My sex became a channeled surface from which pleasure streamed; the world disappeared; I was no more than this raw flesh where gigantic cascades soon splashed, in sequence, continually, one after the other, forever.

Finally the tension slackened, my buttocks fell back onto his arms. I recovered gradually, felt the water on my stomach, saw the shower once more, and him, and me.

He had dried me off, put me in the warm bed, and I had fallen asleep.

I woke up slowly to the sound of the rain against the tiles. The sheets and pillow were warm and soft. I opened my eyes. He was lying next to me, looking at me. I placed my hand on his sex. He wanted me again.

I wanted nothing else but that: to make love, all the time, without rage, with patience, with persistence, methodically, on to the end. He was like a mountain I must climb to the summit, like in my

dreams, my nightmares. It would have been best to emasculate him straightaway, to eat this still hard, still erect, still demanding piece of flesh, to swallow it and keep it in my belly forevermore.

I drew close, raised myself a little, put my arms around him. He took my head between his hands, led my mouth to his, thrust his tongue in all at once, wiggled it at the back of my throat, wrapped it and rolled it over mine.

Then I mounted him, pressed my vulva against his sex, rubbed it against his balls and his cock. I guided it by hand and pushed it into me, and it was like a giant flash, the dazzling entry of the savior, the instantaneous return of grace.

I raised my knees, bent my legs around him, and rode him vigorously. Each time when, at the crest of the wave, I saw his cock emerge glistening and red, I held it again and tried to push it even further in.

I was going too fast. He calmed me down gently. I unfolded my legs and lay on top of him. I lay motionless for a moment, contracting the muscles of my vagina around his member.

I chewed him over the expanse of his chest; an electric charge flowed through my tongue, my gums. I rubbed my nose against the fat of his white meat, inhaled its smell, trembling, squinting with pleasure. The world was no more than a vibrant abstract painting, a clash of marks the color of flesh, a well of soft matter I was sinking into with the joyous impulse of perdition. A vibration coming from my eardrums took over my head; my eyes closed. An extraordinarily sharp awareness spread, with the waves surging through my skull. It was like a flame, and my brain climaxed, alone and silent, magnificently alone....

He rolled over onto me and rode me in turn, leaning on his hands so as not to crush me. His balls rubbed against my buttocks at the entry of my vagina. His hard cock filled me, slid and slid along my deep walls. I dug my nails into his buttocks;

thrust of the hips, and he penetrated me a bit further, invaded me a bit further. He hammered me to the depths of myself; he shook up my body and then filled me with his hot liquid, which came out in spurts, striking me softly, pleasurably.

A large drop would regularly drip somewhere, with the sound of hollow metal. He let go of my hair. I let my head sink against the casement and began to sway imperceptibly.

I had him undress and stretch out on his back on the ground. We were both tired. I sat down in the armchair and looked at him for a moment, spread-eagle and motionless.

His body pleased me like that—full of exposed flesh, burst open in its splendid imperfection. Uprooted man, once more pinned to the ground, his sex like a fragile pivot exiled from the shadows and exposed to the light of my eyes.

Everything would have to be a sex; the curtains, the moquette, and the furniture. I would need a sex instead of my head, another instead of his.

We would both need to be hanging from an iron hook, face-to-face in a red fridge, hooked by the top of the skull, or the ankles, head down, legs spread, our flesh face-to-face, rendered powerless to the knife of our sexes burning like red-hot irons, brandished, open. We would need to scream ourselves to death under the tyranny of our sexes. What are our sexes?

I would have wanted gray skies where hope is focused, where quivering trees spread their fairy arms, capricious, hot-headed dreams in the grass kissed by the wind. I would have wanted to feel between my legs the huge breath of the millions of men on earth. I would have wanted, look, look at what I want....

I pushed the fingers of my left hand into my vagina, continued to rub myself. My fingers are not my fingers, but a heavy ingot, a thick, square ingot stuck inside me, dazzling with

no move to hasten the denouement. He was waiting for me.

he breathed more heavily. We came together, on and on. Our fluids mingled, our groans mingled, coming from further than the throat, from the depths of our chests—sounds alien to the human voice.

It was raining. Enveloped in a large T-shirt that he had lent me, I was leaning on the windowsill, kneeling on the chair placed against the wall.

If I knew the language of the rain, of course, I would write it down, but everyone recognizes it and is able to recall it to their memory. Being in a closed space while outside all is water trickling, drowning ... making love in the cramped backseat of a car while the windows and roof resonate with the monotonous raindrops. The rain undoes bodies, makes them full of softness and damp patches ... slimy and slobbering like snails....

He was also wearing a T-shirt, lying on the couch, his big buttocks, his big genitals, and his big legs bare.

He came over to me and pressed his hard cock against my buttocks. I wanted to turn around, but he grabbed me by the hair, pulled my head back, and began to push himself into my anus.

Finally, he entered fully. He began to move up and down; I was full of him, I could feel nothing except his huge monster cock right inside, whilst outside the bucketing rain poured down pure liquid light.


Continuing to jerk himself in me, to dig at me like a navvy while keeping my head held back, he slid two fingers into my vagina, then pulled them out. So I put in my own, and felt the hard cock pounding behind the lining, and I began to fondle myself to the same rhythm. He sped up his thrusts; my excitement grew. His stomach bumped against my back with each

gold to the dark depths of my dream. My hands went faster and faster. I rode the air in spasms, threw my head back, weeping onto his eyes as I came.

I regained the armchair. His face had turned red, he grew erect again, fairly softly. He was defenseless.

When I was small, I knew nothing about love. Making love, those magic words, the promise of that unbelievably wonderful thing that would happen all the time as soon as we were big. I had no idea about penetration, not even about what men have between their legs, in spite of all those showers with my brothers. You can look and look in vain—what do you know, when you have the taste for mystery?

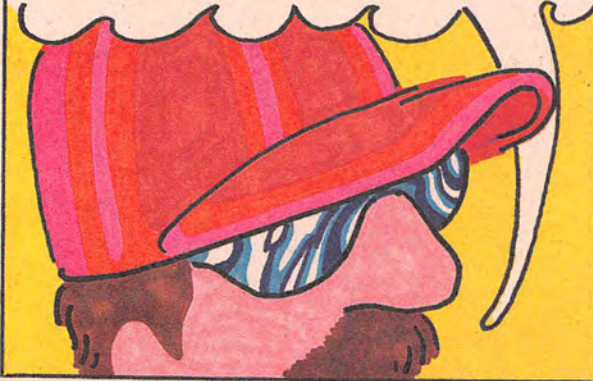
I went and lay on the ground next to him, laid my head on his stomach, my mouth against his cock, one hand on his balls, and I went to sleep.

When I woke up next to his penis, I took it in my mouth, sucked it in several times with my tongue, felt it swell and touch the back of my throat. I massaged his balls, licked them, then returned to his cock. I placed it in the hollow of both my eyes, on my forehead, on my cheeks, against my nose, on my mouth, my chin, my throat, put my neck on it, squeezed it between my shoulder blades and my bent head, in my armpit, then the other, brushed against it with my breasts till I almost reached a climax, rubbed it with my stomach, my back, my buttocks, my thighs, squeezed it between my arms and my folded legs, pressed the sole of my foot against it until I had left a trace of it over the whole of my body. Then I put it back in my mouth and gave it a long suck, like you suck your thumb, your mother's breast, life, while he moaned and panted, always, until he ejaculated, in a sharp lamentation, and I drank his sperm, his sap, his gift. 

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

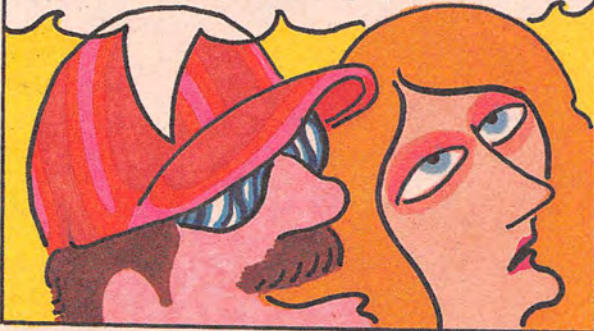
I WAS ABOUT TO PURCHASE A GOLF CART...



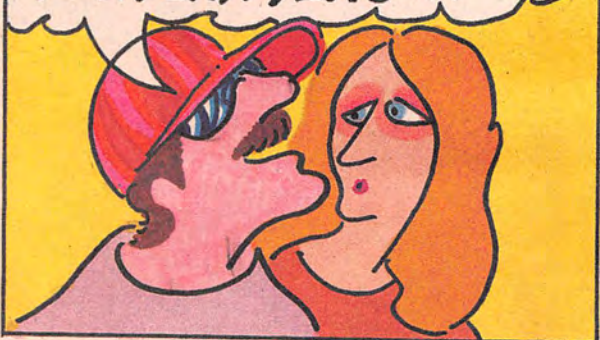
BUT I HAD SOME ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS: CRUSHED TURF, NOISE.



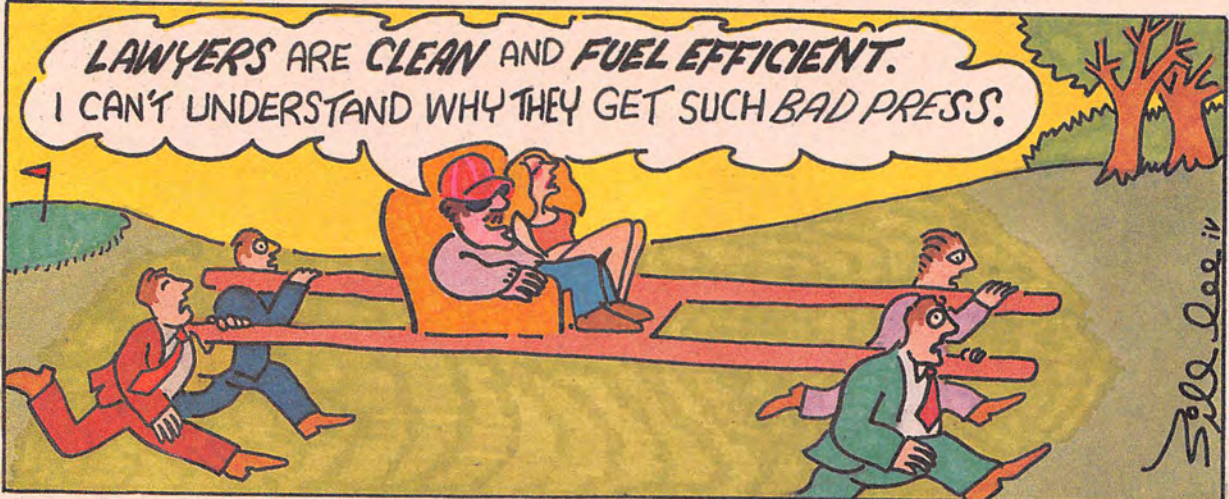
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

On the other hand, about 80 literary and religious figures say that Lindskoog's research cannot be lightly dismissed, and have signed a petition asking for her charges to be investigated by Lewis's estate. "It appears that there are Watergates and Whitewaters in the Christian literary world," one of her proponents, Willard Dickerson, Jr., an official of the American Booksellers Association, has charged.

The science fiction author Arthur C. Clarke has hailed *Light in the Shadowlands* as "an extraordinary" book. "I—and millions of others—would like to know if there is indeed a 'Lewistgate' scandal," he said.

Stoen, who teaches a Sunday-school class about Lewis, told "U.S.A. Confidential" that he has been assured by scholars that all the writings are genuine. They have had a particularly powerful effect on him, he elaborated, because Lewis seemed so prescient about the dangers of cults. After Stoen left the People's Temple, Jones refused to relinquish his son, and the six-year-old died in the mass murder-suicide.

Every bit as intense on the matter as Stoen, Lindskoog has been an admirer of Lewis's ever since the fifties, when

the novelist complimented her on her understanding of his work. She knew it, he wrote, "better than anyone else I've met." She claims that computer experts have analyzed some of the prose she considers "forgeries" and concluded that it was not by Lewis. But Stoen sent us a copy of a report from a handwriting expert who says that it is "highly probable" that they are authentic. "The similarity is too close for [them] to have been written even by a forger of experience," he concludes. Lindskoog and her camp, however, argue that handwriting analysis is never conclusive.

A spokeswoman for Lindskoog's publisher, Multnomah Books, says the company has resumed sales of *Light in the Shadowlands* after a temporary halt to review Stoen's complaints. "We felt that there was not enough substance [to them] to continue halting distribution," the spokeswoman tells us.

Stoen says he hopes the publisher will reconsider. "I don't want to sue other Christians," he warns, "but I don't make a rigid rule on it." (Additional reporting by K. L. Billingsley)

A YEN FOR YEN

With the dollar nose-diving against the yen, one State Department insider complains that American taxpayers are paying through the nose for the Japanese who do office jobs at the U.S. embassy

in Tokyo. While American diplomats there live and shop in the embassy compound or at nearby U.S. military bases and are paid their salaries in dollars, the Japanese live in the city and collect their paychecks in yen.

"The cost to the U.S. of doing this is astronomical," the insider says. "For instance, it was costing \$106,000 a year, according to the last survey I saw, to pay the salary of a Japanese clerk who works in the commercial section clipping newspaper articles. The obvious solution would be to hire Americans to do these nondiplomatic jobs and house them the same way as we do diplomats."

A State Department spokesman concedes that some Japanese employees are earning six-figure salaries in dollar terms, but said they are commercial specialists, rather than mere clerks. "In reading a specialist newspaper, they would have occasion to cut articles out, which may be what your source meant," he elaborates. So how much does a non-specialist Japanese secretary at the embassy make? About \$60,000, plus fringe benefits, the spokesman says. "Replacing Japanese employees with Americans wouldn't be cheaper," he insists, "because even if we housed them, there would still be such additional costs as sending them to Japan and educational allowances." —

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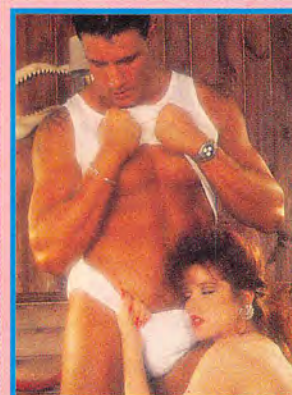


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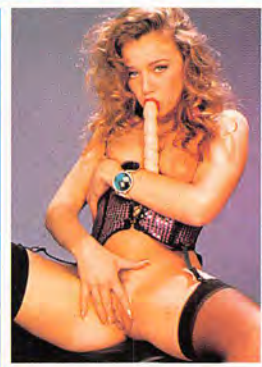
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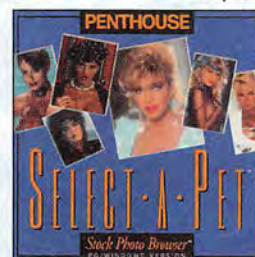
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In the animal kingdom, we all transmit and receive a multitude of specific sexual scent signals via "**Pheromones**". These *signals* are only received by members of our own respective species. Nature has evolved these stunning chemical sex signals known as **pheromones**, so that they can trigger "*specific behavioral responses*", such as the need to copulate. These **odorless molecules influence sexual need** as well as other feelings. These **undetectable** scent messages have been traced to the region of the brain linked to the **hormonal control of sexual behavior**. Males produce a scent which increases in its intensity with the degree of sexual arousal. Females produce a scent alerting the males of fertility and sexual readiness. **These scents produce a positive behavior response.**

The search for the link between human sexual behavior and response and the products from the scent glands, started as long ago as in the late 1800's. A phenomenon called the *French Boarding House Syndrome* was reported in medical journals. A unique discovery had been made — girls having been isolated from men, entered puberty much later than girls exposed to men (even without personal physical con-

tact with males). One of the earliest biological reports linking human sexual behavior and olfaction was released in 1952 by the French researcher J. Le Magnen. He stated that woman's highest point of olfactory stimulation comes at the time of ovulation. During the ovulation period, women's olfactory sensitivity was said to be **100 to 100,000** times greater than at menstruation!

Currently, synthetically produced sexual scent signals (pheromones) are also being manufactured for usage in insect population control. According to a prominent Harvard University Biologist, one milligram of the trail **pheromone** of the leaf-cutting ant, is enough to lead a small colony three times around the world! Synthetically produced sexual scent signals have also been tested in insect mating disruption. These synthetically produced pheromones have been used to confuse the male species rendering them unable to find the females. Pheromones can be used to lure insects into traps. Scent signals have also been manufactured and used in connection with the breeding of farm animals. According to a recent test, some male farm animals were able to perform and mate with the females up to three times as much as what is considered average for breeding purposes. Smell is extremely vital to the survival of the animal species, especially when it comes to mating habits.

Explanation of the human process of pheromone reception: A puzzling question had researchers stumped for many years; If the pheromones were basically **odorless and undetectable**, then what system of the human body could possibly be detecting them? This mystery led an anatomist to rediscover a miniscule organ in the human nose. In the lower animal kingdom as well as in humans, airborne pheromone molecules lock on to receptors in order to convey **sexual arousal signals**. In humans, these messages of **sexual interest** are then

conveyed to the brain via the vomeronasal organ. This organ is referred to as the VNO. It is located between the mucous membranes that cover the septum. The VNO acts as the sensor for airborne pheromones which indicate sexual readiness. Astonishingly, the VNO was discovered more than a century ago, but scientists mistakenly concluded that it had become a useless vestigial organ, while others concluded that it had atrophied. To the amazement of the scientific community, they found that the VNO acts as the receptor to these odorless and undetectable **sexual scents** known as **pheromones**.

There can be no denying of the incredible **power of smell**. The scent of freshly cut grass, can take you back to a fantastic summer evening of memorable love and abandon. The smell of bacon cooking can remind you of many special Sunday breakfasts spent with your family as a youngster. The scent of a certain fragrance can make a woman's heart race right off the scale - just because this very scent may remind her of her first love. Some experts think that the sense of smell is far more **evocative** than the other senses.

Researchers now think that the specific function of pheromones in humans may be to indicate to the opposite sex that we are sexually interested. Pheromones can also help indicate fertility. Researchers feel that the evidence for their theory lies in the size of the apocrine glands. These glands are the largest in size during the female's reproductive years (when females are fertile). As additional evidence, they also point out that the sense of smell is the only sense connected to the limbic system in the brain, (which has been linked to feelings of **attraction, sensuality and sex drive!**). Most of the manufactured human pheromone scents are made overseas. Currently, there are very few U.S. distributors of the men's cologne based pheromone scents.

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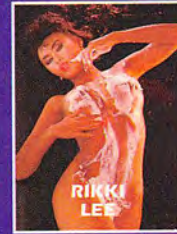
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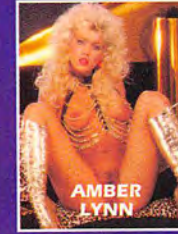
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

this particular night, the smell of thick fog at this institution of higher learning penetrated my olfactory senses as if to warn me of the night it had in store for me. I noticed nothing unusual as I made my debut, along with several other guys from my school, at the party, whose theme was to promote multiculturalism. As usual, I instantly looked for the scholar with the utmost sex appeal. Then a classmate introduced me to a future architect who called herself Deidra.

It was dim inside, hence it was when we came outside for a more comprehensible conversation that I observed her astonishing sex appeal. She was approximately five feet 11 inches, 140 pounds, and had a death-defying posterior, against which any man would die to rub his penis, just to feel the texture and resilience. She wore a black, low-cut, one-piece swimsuit with a pair of black slacks. Her gravity-defying pointed breasts were tightly contained by the nylon fabric, which was about to burst. I made a clear observation that her tits were begging to be sucked. She had shoulder-length brown hair, and facial features reminiscent of a Vogue cover model. Deidra was up-to-date with every recent political, social, and economic issue, and from her collective conversational lexicon, I detected that she was slanted slightly to the left on the political spectrum.

In all honesty, sexual intercourse with Deidra was the thought furthestmost from my mind until we sat down on a bench at the campus lower pond. After a gentle conversation, I kissed her and carefully pressed her left hand against my cock. Appalled, Deidra retreated with a deep sigh. We were positioning our lips for a filthy French kiss, but being strangers, we simply ended up engaging in tongue-fights. At this point, recalling past disappointments, I trusted this was the end of a short-inspired evening. But when Deidra led me to her room, after traipsing about the campus like newlyweds, I sensed that the smell of fog that I had been encountering all evening would be imposing more than a simple adolescent flirtation for the rest of the night.

The sexual tension was beyond description. It was such that once we entered her room, my cock was about to rip out of my pants. Deidra sat on her bed facing me, with her right leg bent to form an arch, and her right arm rested lightly on her knee. I deduced that this was meant to give me a full view of her pelvic region. I vividly recalled her sitting in this position earlier, on the pond bench. Now she was calling out for my tongue. I immediately knelt and started to lick her pubic area. Fully clothed, this did nothing to arouse her pussy, but at

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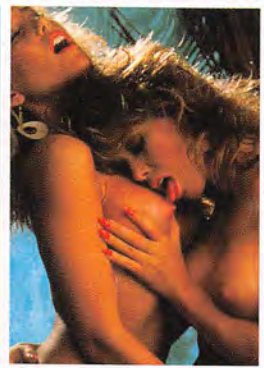
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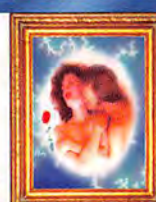
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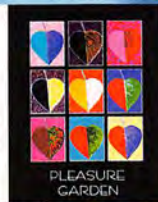
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

this precise moment, I would have given up everything—even my life—to set my tongue free in her vagina.

Deidra hit me coily with her pillow, and lay facedown on the bed. I forthwith placed my cock on her derriere and administered circular massages. My dick had already creamed on my G-string underwear out of the excitement, and I could no longer conceal the wet spot that was slowly emerging on my pants. Yet in the New England collegiate tradition, mutual pretense was a virtue and, like Puritans, neither of us spoke of our obvious lust, nor did we undress until the lights were extinguished. I duly ignored Deidra's demand for a separate resting location, and as soon as we lay down parallel on her bed, my craving for her vagina exponentially exploded.

In the puritanical darkness, I lifted the bed sheets—and her nightgown—and explored my way to her pussy. Deidra was hesitant and blocked my cunnilingus expedition with her left hand. But this was quickly circumvented laterally, and her underwear was tilted to the side, in the manner of Johnny Carson making his unique entry on each show. Once my mouth touched her cunt, it dynamited with hunger. A wolf that has been starving for six months would not have displayed this much vigor and savagery. My oral love toy made dead sure that it swept every curve of her pussy lips, the circumference of her ass hole, her inner thighs, and her clitoris. Deidra moaned and groaned in a weeping tone. Her warm vagina secretions tasted like thick, heated honey.

A train of my failed past persuasions dashed through my head: Karen, Jennifer, Susan, Micky, Denise, Patricia, and Kate—they all came alive in my libido in the heat of this massive confusion. The energy level escalated by multiple kilojoules, and my mouth was licking, sucking, and blowing Deidra's love canal. Einstein's relativity theory was proven correct once again—what I perceived as 20 minutes of debauchery turned out to be nearly four hours when I checked the alarm clock by the bed.

At approximately six o'clock, as the daylight began to creep into Deidra's room, her starving wet cunt finally received the long-awaited visitor. It was politically correct, fashionably clad in a Trojan reservoir-tip condom. In the missionary position, I pumped away with my joystick. The epicenter was the tightest, the most liquid, and the global composite of male ecstasy. It ignited with nuclear detonation, and my come flooded the tip of the prophylactic. This was the uppermost limit of safe sex that anyone could ever construe.

That was a week ago. Now Deidra

does not even wish to see me. I left flowers for her with the dorm receptionist last Sunday, and Deidra personally brought them back at two o'clock in the morning, to communicate her dissatisfaction. What did I do wrong? Did my prolonged oral work on Deidra scare her that night? Was she not satisfied with the way I actually penetrated her? Did I say something in the morning that I should never have said? (Deidra was my first, and I did tell her that.) Please help.—P. P., Massachusetts

When someone doesn't come back for more of the same, people are always asking me what they did wrong, even though the answer is probably that the other person didn't really like them in the beginning. But in your case, there are so many possible reasons that it is difficult to know where to start.

I am always harping on the subject of communication, and if your oral delivery is in the same category as the written version, your future architect must have had a serious problem understanding what in New England you were burbling about. It's almost incomprehensible. Maybe you write in New English?

My literary ex-lover (but still current mentor), a Scotsman, has almost as bad a case of the verbal runs as you, and he too expressed surprise when an exquisite Dutch girl with whom he spent a night of passion refused to repeat the experience. He asked my opinion on the subject and, as the girl had opened her heart to me, I was able to fill him in. She said, "He is a very good lover, but he talks all the time in very complicated English, and it is so difficult to understand what he is saying. It is like being back in school."

It reminded me of another Scot, a writer who on first meeting Robert Burns (the author of, among other things, a poem entitled "Nine Inch Will Please a Lady") said, "He spoke such a fine, hard, pure Scots that I could hardly understand a word of it." But my Scotsman was, like you, speaking in what he thought was English.

An experience of nirvanic proportions would be, according to my dictionary, "a final release from the cycle of reincarnation attained by extinction of all desires," which would be another point not in your favor if you repeated it to the unfortunate girl, as I am sure you did. You would obviously have regarded it as too brilliant to leave unsaid. But it may have been the one thing she did understand, for even embryonic architects have access to dictionaries, and she may have looked it up. Although it was probably not what you really meant, she must have assumed that meeting her had extinguished all of your desire.

Finally, after your abuse of the poor girl's long-suffering vaginal entrance for four hours, she reluctantly decides that

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the only way to end this marathon torture session is to let you have your way. And you start raving about Einstein. She must have said to herself, "What on earth has that got to do with fucking?"

At least you got your rocks off and lost your cherry, so in your future sexual endeavors you can start with a feeling of confidence. But I suggest that you concentrate on trying to please the girl in question by asking her what she likes, and doing it. Using multisyllabic words will not impress anyone with your sexual prowess.

A really great lover gets his maximum satisfaction from *giving* pleasure, but your real problem is your relationship with your syntax. (This is not the same as sin tax, which, mercifully, no one in the government has thought of yet.) Flowery prose, laced with purple patches, is all very well in its place, but you must make sure that the words mean what you want them to mean, because if they don't, you are guilty of the worst sexual crime in the book: bullshitting.

For example, on first meeting this girl, you calculated her height at five foot 11 inches and her weight at 140 pounds. Also, she had a "death-defying posterior." What are you trying to tell us? That you noticed her ass before you saw her face? That you had a job in a fairground as a guess-your-weight machine? And why did her backside defy death? Had someone offered to kill it, or did you just want to shoot (your load into) it? What was wrong with her anterior, her frontal aspect? Oh yes, you compare her face to that of a model on a fashion magazine cover. Could it have been the face that launched a thousand copies? Fashion models are usually the most unemotional, asexual clotheshorses around. And what about those "gravity-defying tits"? Were they filled with helium instead of silicone? Come off it, laddie. Your whole attitude reeks of redneck male chauvinism, and this (presently neuter) architect who called herself (itself?) Deidra was the most desirable trophy-fuck you could find that evening.

You had to have her to satisfy your macho ideal, and also so that you could boast about it, to me as well as to your older buddies, but you just don't like the ending that *she* wrote for your story. ☐

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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HOT SUIT

At 44, Danny Goldberg is the new president of Warner Bros. Records, the last major record company to remain American-owned. Although he says "I don't know what music teenagers like," he became Kurt Cobain's spiritual father, delivering the final eulogy at Cobain's funeral. In our exclusive interview, we learn how this self-effacing man, who calls himself "the closer" who makes the deal, has been able to put together an uncanny string of shrewd signing decisions that has made him the hottest "suit" in the record industry.

IN THE JOHN

Most of us, on average, swear 16 times a day. Cut us off on the highway and more than half the drivers in America will do absolutely *nothing*. And almost all of us feel strongly—one way or another—on how to hang the toilet paper: whether it should come off the roll from the top or underneath. Next month, in an excerpt from Bernice Kanner's new book, *Are You Normal?* (to be published by St. Martin's Press), we explore America's bathroom fetishes and patterns. Come peek in the john to see how you compare.

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After capturing the world heavyweight title for an unprecedented third time in 1978, Muhammad Ali had retired to a series of honorary dinners and public celebrations. But the Greatest was starting to feel a little bored, a little concerned about where his next few millions might come from, and not concerned enough about his ballooning weight and slurring speech. By 1980 promoters were circling, trying to seduce him out of his restless retirement. This was the prelude to one of the most tragic, and untold, stories in the history of sport—recounted in an exclusive excerpt from the forthcoming William Morrow book *Only in America: The Life and Crimes of Don King*, by the award-winning investigative reporter Jack Newfield.





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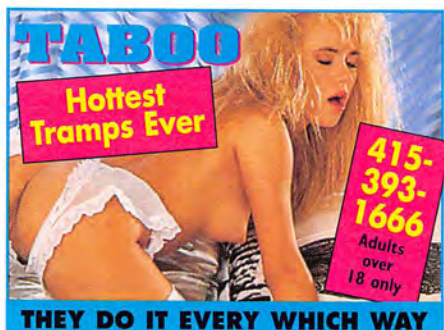


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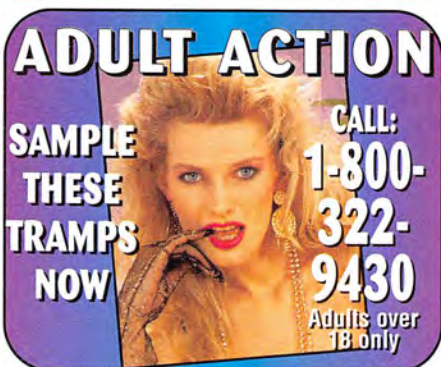


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TRAMPS
NOW

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18 & OVER

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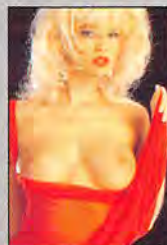
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SAMPLES
212-
336-3048**
Adults 18 & over.

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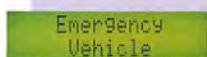
You are receiving more than one X-band signal.



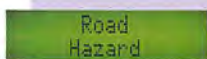
The alert audio has been automatically muted.



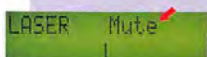
You are reminded that "City" mode is selected.



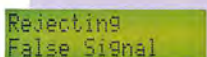
An emergency vehicle is near.



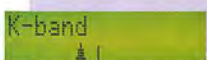
A potential road hazard is near.



You have muted the audio.



A false signal is being automatically rejected.



K-band radar is being used nearby.

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ESCORT
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