

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1996

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ISSUE**

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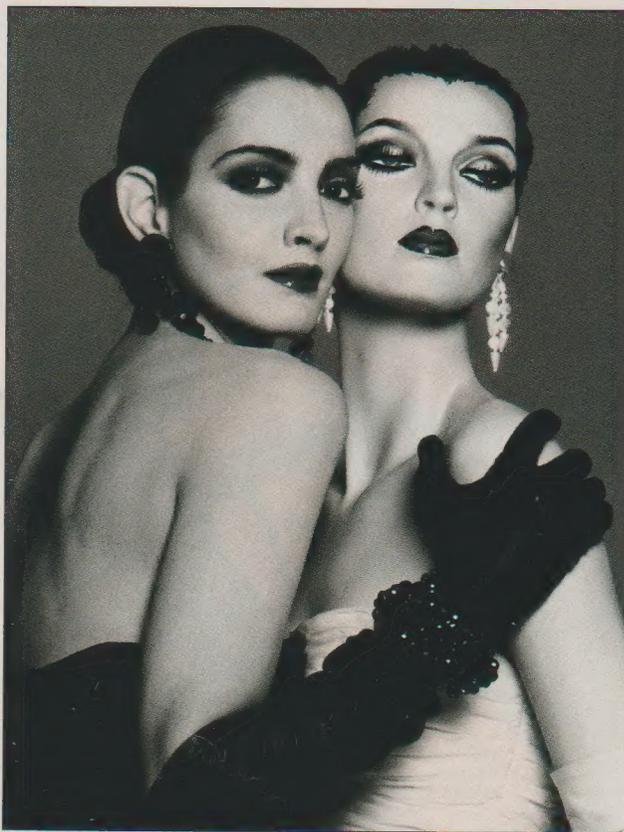
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# A few insights into the dreams of men.



*Yes,  
men dream  
in color.*



*The average male  
only remembers 62%  
of his dreams.*



*5% of all men  
have a recurring  
nightmare.*



*Every man gets  
aroused at least  
once per night.*



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*Buck Brown*

A church scandal, a great little whorehouse, boxing's greatest fighter, and some comments on political sleaze round out our end-of-year issue.



## Church Ladies?

When the holiday season rolls around most of us expect to discover a renewed faith in our beliefs and hope for the future. But during this time of peace on earth, goodwill toward men, comes a story so bizarre it may well shatter any trust you have left in our religious institutions. It begins with 23-year-old **Wastacilnio Barros** being brought to Brooklyn, New York, from Brazil by the Reverend **William Lloyd Andries**, purportedly to work as a church translator. Now he could barely believe that his benefactor, a stocky man in his sixties, was standing before him in church dressed like Marilyn Monroe. Another priest wore a cone-like black bra, matching panties and garter belt, and the two took turns sucking Barros's penis before they squatted in the front-row pew so he could take turns having anal sex with them. This turned out to be the precursor to other orgies that would eventually involve about half a dozen priests and other young men from Brazil



who were imported to be the clerics' personal boy toys. In "The Boys From Brazil" investigative reporter **Rudy Maxa** blows the lid off this scandal. It's an article you won't want to miss.

## Slimeball Senators

Longtime readers of this magazine know that Publisher and Editor in Chief **Bob Guccione** rarely uses these pages for his own words, believing that our photos and articles speak for themselves. However, the recent behavior of New York Senator **Alfonse D'Amato** and the Republican presidential contender he so rabidly supported, **Bob Dole**, spurred Guccione to write a furious "Advise & Dissent" this month. Decrying the New Yorker's "intractable campaign of political terrorism and mudslinging" on behalf of the G.O.P. candidate, Guccione shows how the supposedly



Democrat-friendly media have ignored Republican outrages while lavishing "searchlight attention" on the Clintons.

## Boxing Day

**Roy Jones, Jr.**, is the International Boxing Federation supermiddleweight champion and—in the opinion of most boxing experts—the best fighter, pound for pound, in the world today. With a record of 32 wins and no losses, with 28 knockouts, he's also regarded by many as one of the greatest fighters of all time. His arsenal includes blinding speed, lightning reflexes, uncanny timing, and devastating power, enabling him to do things in the ring that haven't been seen since the prime of **Muhammad Ali**. Writer **Tom Hauser** met with Jones, who spoke about, among other things, boxing, basketball, his Olympic experience, and his love of cockfighting.

## Unwelcome "Gifts"

When journalist **Pamela R. Winnick** traveled to Bosnia not long ago, she uncovered a disturbing truth about humanitarian-

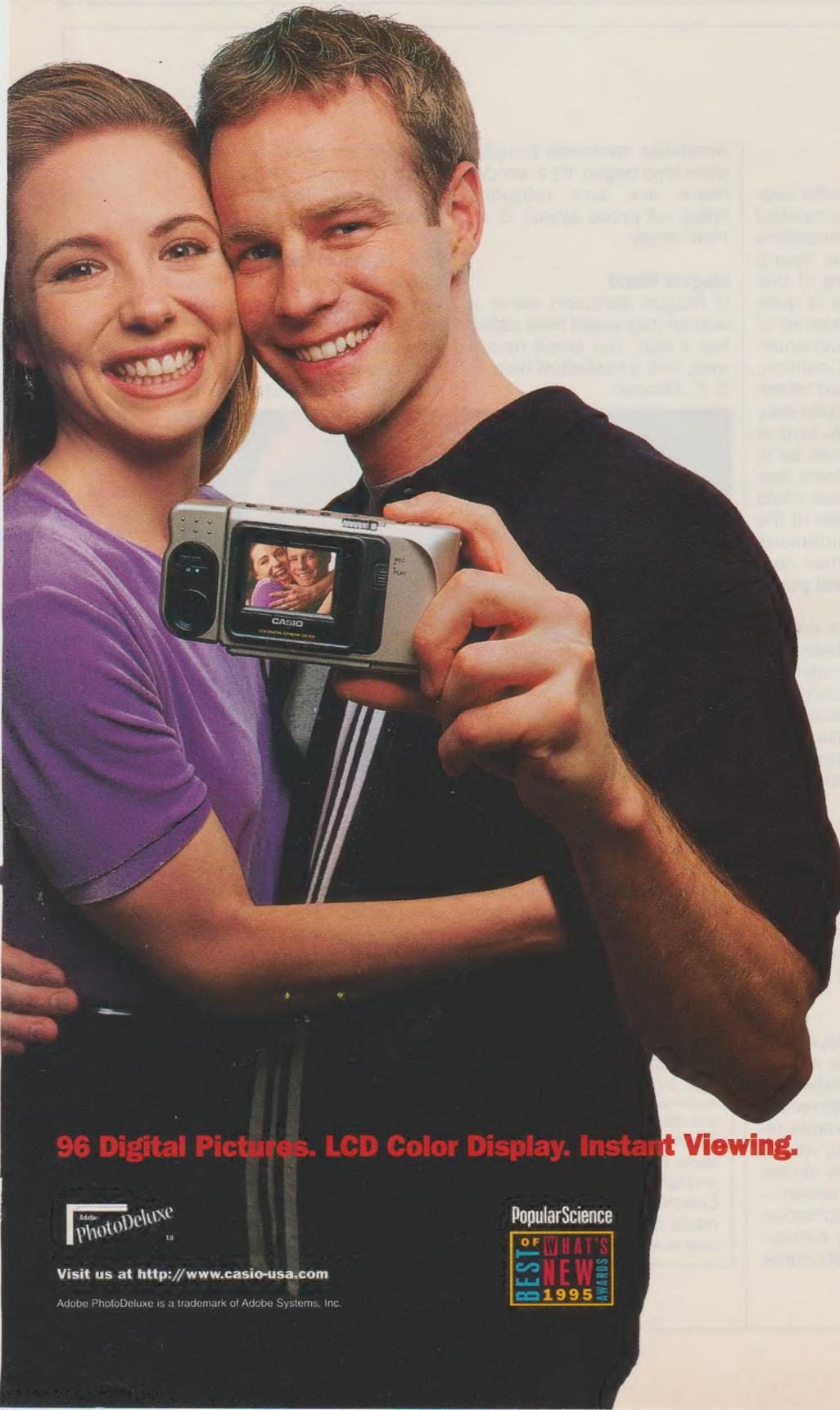
aid organizations that provide so-called relief to areas of disaster. For years drug companies have been using these lands as a dumping ground for aging over-supplies, thereby relieving themselves of the costly chore of disposing of out-of-date pharmaceuticals and obtaining a tax write-off in the process. Winnick's report in this month's "U.S.A. Confidential" shows that sometimes the adage "Tis better to give than to receive" has a hollow ring.

## Holiday Cheer

Longtime contributor **Al Goldstein** tells us how to deck our balls with whores and folly by sharing all the horny details of one of his favorite vacation retreats: the Moonlight Bunnyranch—one of 36 licensed, legal, and flourishing whorehouses in Nevada—where one man spent a legendary \$17,500 in just two hours... Of course what winter wonderland would be complete without our cozy Pets to help keep the home fires burning? This issue brings you a last look this year at our reigning Pet of the Year, **Andi Sue Irwin**, who appears in a spectacular pictorial that reaffirms her animal magnetism. Photographed with lions and tigers from **Randy Miller's** *Predators in Action* (top right), a company that trains lions, tigers, and cougars for motion pictures, TV, print, and magic shows, Andi Sue proves she's not only our *Penthouse* queen, but queen of the jungle as well. Happy holidays! **OH**

# The New Casio Digital Camera.

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# PENTHOUSE FORUM

## No Fear

After reading through the September issue I felt compelled to write about the "Instructions and Advice for the Young Bride." The printing of this Methodist guidance is quite timely. With the blustering of Ralph Reed, Pat Buchanan, and the Christian Coalition, and the narrow-minded reform zealots of today, it is quite easy to conclude that this kind of thinking not only could be in the Republican platform, but, should that party prevail, could easily become the law of the land. These sanctimonious bigots would force their concepts upon the general public through legislation.

Should these idiots prevail, the die has already been cast to attack anyone or anything that is different. Already singled out are homosexuals, assisted suicide, abortion, birth control, sex education, and pictorial and literary art forms, just to name a few.

My sincere thanks to *Penthouse* and its policy of printing even the most controversial subjects. It's gratifying that not all publications fear the Justice Department. Keep up your excellent work.—*Kenneth I. Hincks, Rhode Island*

## It's a Wonder

In the September "Housecall" column it says, "It's a wonder there are any Methodists ... today." Well, with inconvenient obligations, unreasonable restrictions, ridiculous rituals (often involving child abuse, usually—though not always—against boys), self-righteous, anti-live-and-let-live censorship coalitions, and, of course,

worldwide senseless brutality since time began, it's a wonder there are any religions today.—*A proud atheist, S. L., New Jersey*

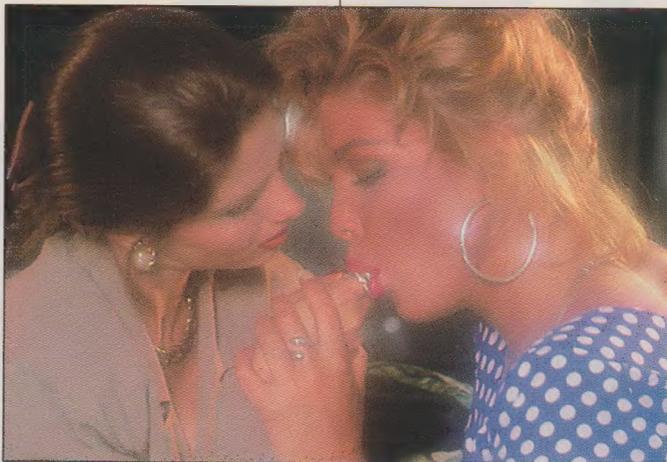
## Magic's Wand

If Magic Johnson were a woman they would have called her a slut, but since he's a man, he's a basketball hero.—*S. F., Missouri*

the lesbian shots, so keep those coming in the pictorials and "Forum." Thanks.—*S. T., Arizona*

## In Its Rightful Place

Bravo! Thank you for addressing the issue of foreskin restoration ["The Penis Page," August '96]. I have been restoring my foreskin for a few months, and would like to



## The Real Thing

The August pictorial "The Marriage Counselor" is what I subscribe to *Penthouse* for. It was incredible! I love to see those lips-on-labia, lips-on-lips, and lips-on-tits shots. It made me believe they really had sex while they were shooting the pictorial. Most of the other pictorials aren't as realistic because they don't have the lips-on-genitals shots that are so great. I only get turned on by

share my experience so far.

In the first month my sensitivity more than doubled. I quickly became accustomed to the tape, as it feels better to be covered. I now realize that my glans was in a state of perpetual irritation and redness from rubbing on my clothing, but not anymore. I am now capable of multiple orgasms, and each thrust gives almost the same intensity as orgasm did before.

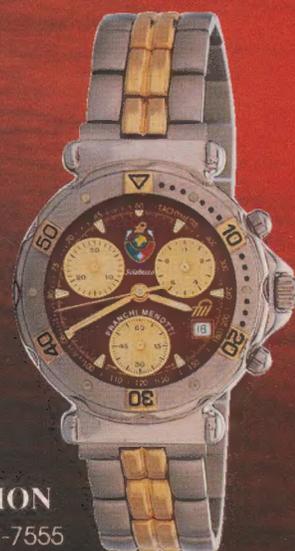
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DECEMBER

It is difficult to make a comparison with the way I used to be because the sensations are so much more intense and broader in spectrum. Even having an erection produces a powerful "glow" that is simply euphoric. I have much more control and staying power too. My penis has become 1.4 inches longer (so far), now that I have enough skin to allow it to expand to its intended length. I began the procedure for two reasons: to alleviate painful erections and to see if it was true that restoration would increase sensitivity. I told myself, "Hey, I'll try it for a month and see." I will never go back to the way I was.

The practice of medical circumcision was started in this country by the Puritans (who hated sex and limited it to 12 times a year for married couples) to decrease sexual sensitivity. They also castrated men and cauterized or cut out the clitorises of women as punishment for masturbation. Why do we insist on keeping this outdated puritanical ritual as part of our culture, now that we know there is no medical indication for the procedure? For more information, you can check out [www.cirp.org/CIRP/](http://www.cirp.org/CIRP/) or write to NOCIRC, P.O. Box 2512, San Anselmo, Calif. 94979-2512.—M. L., Utah

## NO MERCY

My boyfriend, Ron, and I had been fighting for several weeks. He had become jealous and possessive and demanded to know my whereabouts 24 hours a day. I secretly resolved to move out when our lease was up a month later. At the same time I began to deny him sexual privileges, eliminating the pleasures he so prized and of which he was so jealous. Realizing he had been cut off, he quickly went into a blue funk and became sullen and moody.

Deprived of sex, he would, I hoped, get the message and decide to move out on his own, saving me the trouble. Instead, his sexual frustration only made him more jealous and cantankerous, and I went ahead and signed a lease on a new place and prepared to move.

On the morning before my impending departure I arose early, took my shower, and went back into our bedroom, totally nude. Ron had not seen me naked since I had begun to withhold sex from him; he had just awakened and lay in bed smoking a cigarette. I ignored him and casually went about getting my undies from my dresser, knowing that he was watching and that I was inflaming his lust. After a few minutes I told him that I was moving the next day and that he needed to speak with the landlord if he wanted to continue the lease.

Ron was stunned, and demanded to know why I had concealed my plans from him. I sat in an armchair and Ron was at my side instantly, his fully

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# KOOL

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aroused penis wagging in front of him as he walked. Kneeling slightly in front of me, he begged me not to leave him and promised he would change. Deciding to taunt him, I brushed my hair back, and my big, pretty breasts swayed before his eyes, causing his face and ears to redden with a flush of sexual desire and need. Again he whined, and this time I noticed his eyes gazing between my thighs at the strawberry-blonde mass of freshly toweled hair that tantalizingly concealed my pussy. To tease him further, I opened my legs slightly before slowly standing and allowing him for a split second to gaze upward into what has so poetically been referred to as "the gates of hell."

Turning my back to Ron, I let him look at my firm ass as I stepped into my panties, pulling them up slowly. Turning to face him again, I told him that my mind was made up and I was definitely moving the following day. Still on his knees, he seemed about to sob, and in a hoarse whisper he asked me to "make love" to him "please, just one more time." I told him that sex was out of the question and that I was about to go out to do some shopping. I had delayed putting my bra on, and now did so, bending slightly to let my big tits swing up into the cups.

At the age of 28, this wasn't the first time I had teased a man I knew to be

sexually frustrated, and Ron's temper tantrum wasn't unexpected. As he ranted and raved I slowly dressed. His cock, ordinarily slender and pale even when erect, was now red of shaft and purple of head, and it jerked in involuntary spasms. He had seated himself in the chair, and his erection stretched up his lower belly as he glowered resentfully at me, hoping, I presume, to tempt me with his manliness.

As any woman knows, a badly teased penis is virtually worthless for sexual intercourse. Ron's would have been lucky to have slipped more than an inch inside me without having a very premature and very nasty (after all this time) accident. Although he definitely would not agree, his cock was best left to the care of his own skilled and patient hands in a quiet, solitary session of masturbation, an event I knew would occur as soon as I left the apartment.

I dressed and was quickly out the door, Ron's tantrum having ebbed into self-pity. I felt free and sexually powerful at having left a man near tears and in a fit of frustration because he couldn't have my body. I had not teased and left a man broken-hearted in several years, and I relished the ego boost it had given me. The way I had teased Ron (in the nude) was both wicked and cruel, but he brought it upon himself.—N. F., Texas

#### EXHIBITIONIST'S PAYOFF

I've always been told that moving to a new city can be a lonely experience. Just about one month ago I found out it's true. Philadelphia is known as the City of Brotherly Love, but I found that title to be a bit of a misnomer.

Then, as luck would have it, things brightened up. One night while taking a cold shower (after having been shot down all night at local bars) I noticed that the blinds were raised. Anyone outside in the dark could see right into my shower. I must admit this turned me on. I had never given anyone a free show before, so I figured if anyone was interested they could watch.

I soaped up and rinsed, gently rubbing past my member every so often to keep him springy. As I dried myself off, I engaged in some slow massaging masturbation. There was no climax, mind you; anyone who was interested would have to find me.

Well, it turned out that I did have an audience that night. The next evening when I came home from work there was a rose and a little note lying on my doormat. "Hey, shower stud," the note read, "just happened to be home last night, and I couldn't help but notice your performance. Whether or not it was intentional, I've got to let you know that you had me sitting on a drenched

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



# NEW BACARDI SPICE



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**Manhattan's Screening Room offers great contemporary urban cuisine and tix for the flicks—all at one location.**

## REEL FOOD

Shall it be popcorn and a flick? Or dinner for two in a trendy little bistro? No need to choose, now that The Screening Room in downtown Manhattan's ever-more-bustling TriBeCa offers moviegoers and moviemakers sensory nirvana at one address. Diners at the 140-seat restaurant can order grilled duck breast with chile-stewed hominy, a robust red from Napa Valley, and two tickets to the ten o'clock show—art films with a few avant-garde breakouts and revivals. They get to avoid the lobby line and have first pick of the vintage thirties theater seats—or one of the seven velvet loveseats for their own cheek-to-cheek soft-core erotica.

Linger in the lobby café with its stirring view of the Empire State Building any hour from 7 A.M. till movie time. Yes indeed, classic movie nibbles (popcorn,

Coke, and Twizzlers) are sold at the concession stand, also Vietnamese summer rolls or crudités and a dip neatly plastic-packed. Usherettes in vintage forties dress stroll the aisles, peddling *pommes frites* and popcorn shrimp. Fans who drink one too many margaritas with their crab po'boy in the balcony lounge and require instant relief needn't miss a trick: Bathroom speakers carry the movie soundtrack.

This cinema paradiso was dreamed up by a couple of twentysomething corporate dropouts.



Steven Kantor, president of a family construction-supply business, was first bitten by the film bug while at Harvard Business School. Henry Hershkowitz scuttled law to apprentice at TriBeCa Film Center. Together they formed a film-production firm, and The Screening Room, with partner Nancy Yaffa, from retailing, is their first big production.

"It's not about glitz or fast food," says Hershkowitz. "Our chef is doing contemporary urban cooking—fresh, seasonal, and sophisticated." Three small i-rooms ("i" for interactive) can be reserved ahead—a boon for ad agencies, video

producers, and movie-makers. The i's are furnished with vintage kitsch from thrift shops and flea markets to look like a location set from *Casablanca*, an office in *The Maltese Falcon*, and Wonderland. Kiddie birthdays are welcome too. Each screen has computer hookup and access to the house's booty of 500 films—and a direct line to the kitchen. Line up a date. Click twice on champagne and dial up a hot film. (54 Varick Street, [212] 334-2100)—*Gael Greene*



and vodka poured over ice and stirred. Add half-and-half and you've got the White Russian, which can be shaken with ice or put into a blender to make a frozen drink.

Other cold drinks include coffee liqueur and tequila, served with a lemon twist; and coffee liqueur, rum, and lime juice. The more ambitious Patagonia might include, say, Kahlúa, Smirnoff vodka, bourbon or Jack Daniel's, and a peppermint schnapps like Rumpel Minze, all stirred together with ice. The Coco Chanel combines coffee liqueur, gin—try Seagram's or Gordon's—and half-and-half, well shaken with ice.

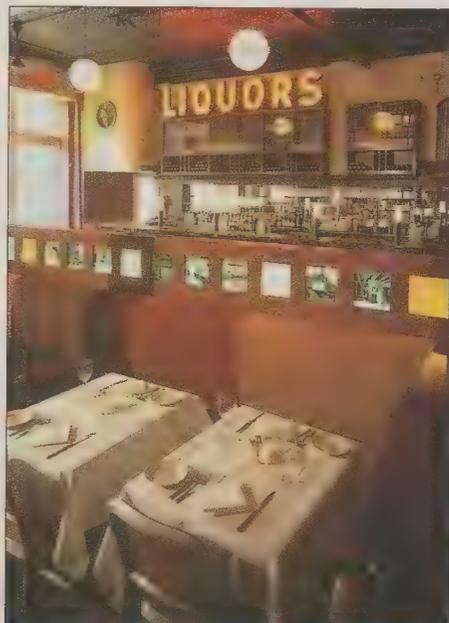
A dash of coffee liqueur will liven up a mug of hot coffee and transform it into an after-dinner drink. And two classic libations begin with hot coffee as the base: Mexican coffee contains coffee liqueur and tequila, perhaps José Cuervo or Herradura; Jamaican coffee is made with coffee liqueur and rum—the light Bacardi, the fuller-flavored Myers's, or the unusual Captain Morgan Spiced Rum. Either drink can be topped off with cream.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

## COFFEE LIQUEURS

Coffee is the most popular flavor among imported liqueurs, so it's no surprise that such well-known brands as Kahlúa, from Mexico, Tia Maria, from Jamaica, and Tiramisú, from Italy, have been joined by two newcomers—Kenya Gold, from Kenya, and, also from Mexico, the tequila-based Patrón XO Café.

Although all have a distinct coffee flavor, each has its own nuances. Tia Maria, Tiramisú, and Kenya Gold suggest roasted coffee, whereas Kahlúa has a hint of chocolate, and the thicker, higher-proof Patrón XO Café finishes with a bite of tequila.

Coffee liqueurs can be enjoyed on their own—straight up or on the rocks—and also mix well with vodka, rum, tequila, and bourbon; with milk, cream, or half-and-half; and, of course, with hot coffee. Perhaps the best-known drink based on coffee liqueur is the Black Russian—coffee liqueur



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P12/96

The newest scent on the market, Motor Oil cologne, will have gentlemen starting their engines—or at least their girlfriends’.

## AUTOS

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musk and patchouli, this new scent comes as a pleasant surprise. It’s a woody blend, fresh and clean. If this is the scent of life in the fast lane, I’ll do the cha-cha any day. To join the dance, call Griot’s Garage at (800) 345-5789 and fork over \$39.95 for a four-ounce bottle.—*Lesley Hazleton*

## SOUND BITE

One not-to-be-missed recent release is *Sweet Relief II: Gravity of the Situation* (Columbia Records), featuring the music and lyrics of singer-songwriter Vic Chesnutt (pictured above), performed by REM, Live, Smashing Pumpkins and Red Red Meat, Soul

Asylum, Nanci Griffith with Hootie & the Blowfish, Kristin Hersh, Indigo Girls, and Joe Henry (in a duet with his sister-in-law, Madonna), among others.



Proceeds go to the Sweet

Relief Musicians Fund, which raises money for musicians with medical and financial hardships. The nonprofit organization was established after singer-songwriter Victoria Williams was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1992; like many musicians, she was uninsured. A number of popular artists,

including Pearl Jam (performing with Williams), Lou Reed, and Soul Asylum, contributed to *Sweet Relief*, an album of Williams’s tunes. It jump-started Williams’s career, and with any luck *Sweet Relief II* will result in similar fortune for the talented but little-known Chesnutt.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

## SPORTS

Question: Which of the so-called Big Four professional sports—baseball, basketball, football, hockey—has endeared itself most to corporate America? Answer: None of the above. You would have to go to the heartland to appreciate the activity that seems to be leaving its competitors in the dust: NASCAR’s Winston Cup Series. Sports fans and corporate America have fallen in love with guys like Jeff Gordon and Dale Earnhardt, and with cars going around racing ovals at greater and greater speeds. Most of the story is in the numbers.

This year more than five million fans, at close to 160,000 per event, paid anywhere from \$25 to \$100 to see or attend the National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing’s 33 Winston Cup events. For stay-at-homes, 31 of the races were

nationally televised on ESPN to a household viewership of more than 90 million. These are the fastest-growing numbers in spectator sports.

Auto racing has become mainstream. While fans spend a total of more than \$400 million on everything from NASCAR drivers’ coffee mugs to nightshirts, companies compete to be a primary sponsor of one of the 20-odd NASCAR Winston Cup teams at a cost of \$5 million. What’s it gonna get you? Well, the company logo and colors will dominate the car, and a driver will make 15 or so personal appearances, hyping your goods. If you want to spend less, \$250,000 will buy you an associate sponsorship and a six- by 18-inch logo sticker near the car’s rear wheel. If you’re lucky you may get a personal appearance or two from the driver.

As great as business may be, the heart and soul of NASCAR is its fans. An owner of a raceway shop tells us, “NASCAR fans are diehard people. What surprises me is the small percentage of people who spend a great deal of money purchasing every single item I have from their favorite driver, and haven’t even been to a live race.”—*Allan Sonnenschein*

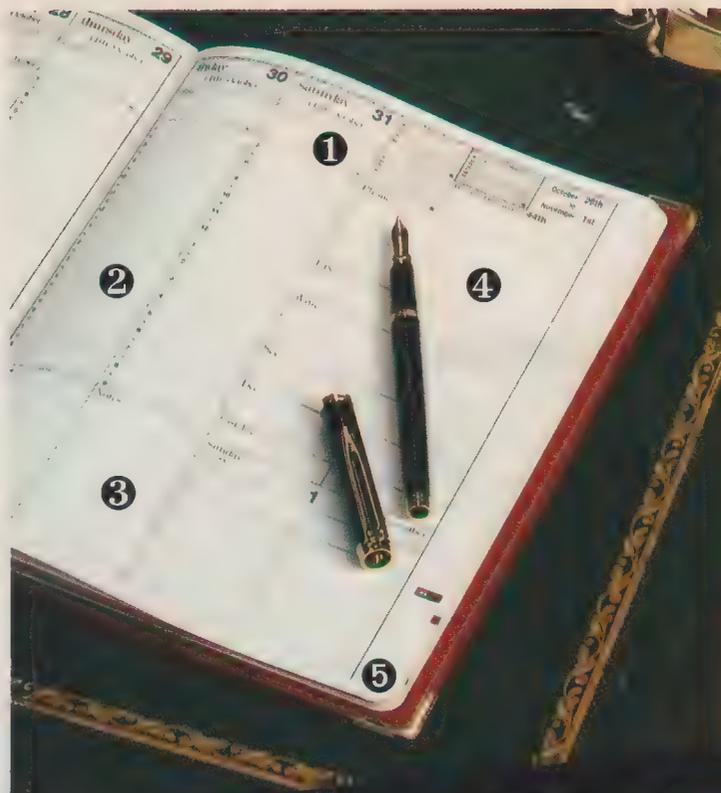


Griot’s Garage introduces its Motor Oil cologne with a fantasy of “Miss Cha Cha, race princess for the day” nibbling at your neck after you’ve won your third straight victory—and adjusted your aromatic state with a quick splash of the cologne. “If your Miss Cha Cha doesn’t go wild,” says the catalog, “send the bottle back.”

Who’d want to? The packaging alone makes this a winner. The shift-knob cap is machined out of aluminum, and the bottle comes in a checkered-flag bag.

Hard-core motor heads may be disappointed to find that the cologne does not contain any real motor oil. And for anyone who ever got socked by a whiff of the now-discontinued Harley-Davidson cologne, with its big-beard-and-bulging-biceps blend of

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**On his new album, *Conversin' With the Elders*, James Carter switches instruments and styles with the ease of a circus stuntman.**

## JAZZ

Every few years the jazz world serves up "this year's find." Most such finds spend a moment in the spotlight, then quickly fade, but among the current crop is a Detroit-bred saxophonist named James Carter, who in the course of just three albums as a leader has blossomed into a major force.

Carter is blessed with fresh-scrubbed good looks—he and fellow young lion Joshua Redman do a tenor battle in the Robert Altman film *Kansas City*—and the intelligence necessary to probe beyond whatever is the flavor-of-the-month. But Carter also has the desire to get inside the music that mattered at various points on the jazz timeline. His new album, *Conversin' With the Elders* (Atlantic), pairs him with an unlikely cadre of veteran musicians: One minute he's roaring with trumpet legend Harry "Sweets" Edison in a tribute to big-band swing, the next he's trading squawks with free-era baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett.

The guests are great,



but the heart of the album is Carter, who switches instruments and styles with the ease of a circus stuntman. Through a joyously loose reggae stride, textbook bebop, the blues, Anthony Braxton's avant-garde composition, and a John Coltrane spiritual, Carter's identity never wavers. Whether playing long tones or fleet-fingered roadrunner riffs, he manages to uncover sparkling new melodies, and to inject fresh vitality into old warhorses.—Tom Moon

## FILM

Kurt Vonnegut, in his disturbing novel *Mother Night*, asks a central question of our times: How should men be judged, by their intentions or by their actions? He sets this query in Nazi Germany, where an American-born playwright is recruited by our government to take on the role of a Nazi propagandist. He reads thumping Nazi speeches over the radio from scripts that have been marked by anti-Nazi secret agents with coughs and pauses that transmit valuable information back to the U.S. His anti-American and anti-Semitic words, however, stir hundreds of thousands to align themselves with the Nazis, and in 1961 he is brought to trial in Israel for war crimes. Is he guilty?

Ethically and politically, this is the dilemma set before audiences in the film *Mother Night*, starring Nick Nolte and directed by Keith Gordon, whose track record includes acting in *Dressed to Kill* and directing *A Midnight*

*Clear*. Shifting among the 1960s, 1930s, and 1940s, it tells the grimly comic story of a man who found real life satisfying only with the woman he loved (Sheryl Lee of "Twin Peaks"), and believed he could get away with fiction everywhere else. The achievement of *Mother Night* is its performances (by, among others, Alan



Arkin, John Goodman, and Kirsten Dunst) and its tone. It is a thriller—not only of war and espionage, but of the soul—with no chase scenes or shoot-outs. Its tension comes from the unbelievable turns it takes in stripping off the layers of a man who is never himself.

• Of film collaborations between men and women, that of the late writer-director John Cassavetes and his wife, actress Gena Rowlands, was one of the most provocative, yielding such works as *Faces*, *A Woman Under the Influence*, and *Opening Night*. In *Unhook the Stars*, their son Nick Cassavetes directs his mom and Marisa Tomei (*My Cousin Vinny*) in a film that inherits his father's interests. *Unhook the Stars* is about women and the tug between their relationships with others—notably men—and with themselves.

Rowlands plays a middle-aged widow with a punk daughter and a yuppie son—a woman who almost believes those who pigeonhole her before she understands how much strength her moral authority has. Rowlands's fine acting is matched by that of Tomei, who plays the screechy, yattering, hyper, abused wife next door—about as much a "victim" as a car alarm. Cassavetes has the tough job of showing "small changes at the last minute," to misquote Grace Paley, without blaring those changes at the audience. He succeeds, and so each relationship in the film—parent and child, lovers, friends—can be seen for all its tensions, hypocrisies, bluster, posturing, tenderness, and effort. One does not like the characters in this film any more than one likes oneself.—Marcia Pally

**'Twas the night before Christmas,  
 "I love it, honey," you lie,  
 As you open your gift  
 And find another damn tie.**



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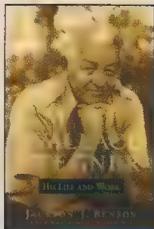
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**Wallace Stegner, who taught Ken Kesey and Larry McMurtry, is now the star of his own biography.**

## BOOKS

Western writer Wallace Stegner was an early environmentalist, noted historian, and author of 16 non-fiction books, three short-story collections, and 12 novels, including *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *The Spectator Bird*, and *Angle of Repose* (which won the Pulitzer Prize). Yet Stegner, who also taught writing at Harvard and other universities, never became a national media celebrity like his students Robert Stone, Ken Kesey, and Larry McMurtry. In a long, detailed, and respectful literary biography, *Wallace Stegner: His Life and Work* (Viking), Jackson J. Benson explains why.

According to Benson, Stegner was a middle-aged white male writing against the grain. He was a regionalist, a realist, and out of step with the times, dealing with issues of integrity and responsibility instead of the more popular themes of youth culture and victimization. Benson, the author of *The True Adventures of John Steinbeck, Writer*, compares Stegner to Steinbeck and defends Stegner's place in literary history.



Born in 1909 on a farm near Lake Mills, Iowa, Wallace Stegner was the second son of George and Hilda Paulson Stegner. He grew up in wilderness and poverty, saved by his mother's encouragement of his education. Benson well chronicles Stegner's difficult childhood, his writing and teaching career, autobiographical elements in his work, and his happy 60-year union with wife Mary Page.

In the introduction Benson tells how he became friends with Stegner, who authorized this book before his death in 1993. Although Benson's admiration for his subject makes this biography overly flattering and uncritical, it's clear he mirrors Stegner's intellectual scope, his ethics, and his integrity.

• *The Handmaid of Desire*, by John L'Heureux (SoHo Press), is a sexy and sarcastic send-up of a San Francisco university's English department that commingles an eclectic cast of academics. Visiting professor Olga Kominska, the thirtyish, alluring author of *Medea's Daughters*, is hired to teach feminist drama. Olga settles in and immediately lures a young student and surfer, Peter Peeks, into bed and spydom. Peter also sleeps with tubby professor Francis Xavier Tortorisi, who's fooling around on the side with the butch Maddy Barker, variously described as a "gynocritic of nunneries in the fourteenth century," "a true genius," and a "viper."

Short and ambitious Zachary Kurtz, a 53-year-old "bargain import from

## TUNES

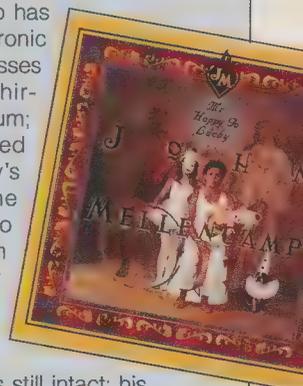
Some longtime fans of the Artist Formerly Known as John Cougar may think the heart attack he had two years ago did some damage to his brain when they hear about who joined Mellencamp's *Midwesterners* for *Mr. Happy Go Lucky* (Mercury). The wild card is Junior Vasquez, master of the dance-club mix.

But Mellencamp's musical personality is strong enough to offset the oddity factor. *Mr. Happy Go Lucky* succeeds, to the degree that it does, as a collection of well-crafted songs. The sound effect that will grab you, actually, is the sitar-style drone on many of the guitar parts.

Yeah, there's some ambient noise. But those touches at the end of "Just Another Day" don't stop this happily hooky tune from seeming as if it could have dropped out of *Rubber Soul*. And the big drum sound is so right on "The Full Catastrophe" that you'll resist the urge to wonder who did what where.

In his writing Mellencamp has developed a comfortable ironic distance. In "Jerry" he expresses mixed feelings about a thirtysomething skateboard bum; Mellencamp is both repelled and attracted by the guy's freewheeling attitude. The "Jerry" structure is similar to that of "Jackie Brown" (from *Big Daddy*), but it's breezier and less preachy. And its rabbit-quick riffs make it an easy pleasure.

Mellencamp's dark side is still intact; his "Mr. Bellows" is the personification of evil. And one listen will tell you that "Key West Intermezzo" is anything but a Jimmy Buffett song, although on the first go-round its complaining tone might make you think of it as "Shithead in Paradise." Eventually it turns out to be ruefully observant and—in the best Mellencamp way—true to itself.—Wayne Robins



Cornell," dreams of dissolving the English department to create the Department of Theory and Discourse. He's so busy with his plan he doesn't notice that his pregnant wife, Rosalie, isn't quite sure whose baby she's carrying. Betz Rudin, also pregnant, knows she's carrying her husband Gil's baby, but decides to raise it with Concepción, a Chicana lesbian scholar.

During lectures, office hours, and faculty receptions, Olga researches her new book on power—using hers to vex everyone in this inept ivory tower. L'Heureux, the author of 14 works, including *A Woman Run Mad* and *An Honorable Profession*, trashes deans, doyens, and doctoral students with the same wicked and witty strokes in this malicious modern-day comedy of bad manners.—Susan Shapiro

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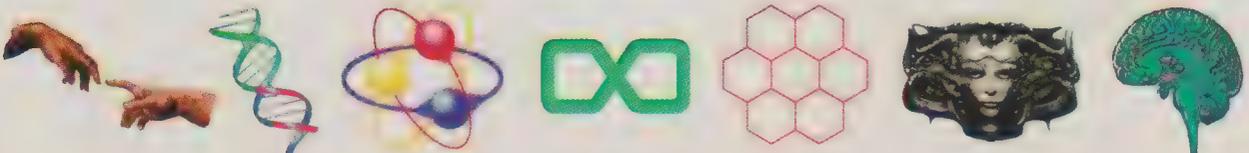
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# USA confidential

By Pamela R. Winnick

## **MERCHANTS OF MERCY: THE HIDDEN CORPORATE BENEFICIARIES OF U.S. HUMANITARIAN AID**

Only later would a young native named Eddie warn me that my incessant questioning had been noticed by Bosnia's burgeoning mafia. "You'd better leave town," Eddie warned. "You could get killed."

Still naive in that respect, I sat behind a paper-strewn table in the war-torn Central Pharmacy of the Tuzla Medical Clinic, in Tuzla, Bosnia, sipping strong black coffee and inhaling even stronger Croatian cigarettes. There were three of us—three women—two high-level Bosnian medical professionals and I, the American writer who had come to that devastated place to report on the workings of humanitarian aid, particularly pharmaceutical contributions. American NATO troops had recently arrived, accomplishing what the United Nations and the Europeans had abysmally failed to do. Slaughter had now ceased, as had rape, torture, and the shelling of villages and households.

Even before the military intervention that may someday be deemed one of America's finest hours, hundreds of Western humanitarian organizations had descended on the former Yugoslavia, airlifting and trucking in much-needed food, medicine, and clothing to those whose supply routes had been severed and who would have starved, had they not otherwise met death by torture, bullet, or high explosive. Western generosity—abetted by bravery and, at times, deriding-do—saved countless lives. Trucks laden with food and other supplies often traveled at night with their headlights off, evading Serb shells and grenades. Along the infamous Igman Mountain Road leading to Sarajevo (where four members of the U.S. State Department were killed in a car crash) the survival rate was said to be one in four. Humanitarian organizations like the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, UNICEF, CARE, the International Rescue Committee, Operation U.S.A., and countless others have a right to take pride in their achievement.

Yet the women at the Tuzla Medical Clinic,

along with dozens of other doctors and nurses I interviewed, were anything but grateful.

"You Americans think we're stupid," the younger of the two (whom I'll name Fatima) said. "You treat us like dirt." Her senior colleague (whom I'll call Amilia), more dignified and restrained, said nothing. But her stoic face and fixed gaze seemed to reflect the same emotions I myself was feeling. I had come to realize that despite its unquestionable on-site accomplishments, international aid is increasingly driven by the marketplace, not only vis-à-vis corporate donors, but also among those self-proclaimed saints, the charities themselves. Which gives an ugly twist to the biblical adage "Tis better to give than to receive."

My own disillusionment stemmed from ten years of experience in humanitarian organizations that operate overseas, in the Third World



**Nearly ninety percent of the antibiotics Bosnia received as humanitarian aid were out of date.**

and areas of disaster. Though abuses permeate many aspects of the humanitarian sector, perhaps the most egregious occur in medical aid, notoriously in the distribution of pharmaceutical supplies, many of them inappropriate, outdated, or both.

Here an unholy alliance of multinational drug companies and prestigious nonprofit agencies—at times not altogether veiled— inches toward an immoral if not outright illegal scam, one that benefits everyone but those who need aid most: the victims of disaster.

Hence the gratitude in Bosnia, if any, is not shared by doctors and nurses who labored during the war years and continue to deal with the aftermath: orphaned children, husbandless wives, whole communities demolished. Though relieved that the shelling has stopped, overworked doctors who served for nothing during the war and now earn a mere \$100 a month bitterly complained to me that during the grimmest years of warfare, with thousands of civilian and military casualties, Western humanitarian aid had been, at best, a mixed benefaction, often an outright annoyance. One Sarajevo-based doctor described how every donated antibiotic pill had to be examined for color and degree of decomposition. Warily, he asked, "Is this your idea of compassion?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

# Turn Up The Heat!

Add a little spice to your lovemaking with an entree of videos from Penthouse.



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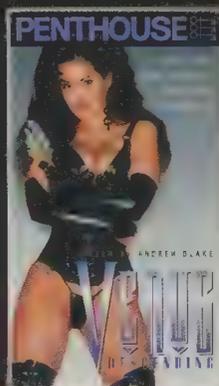
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# STUFF

## SEASONAL SENSATIONS

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

# RIGHT



## WALL OF SOUND

Looking for a high-quality wall-mountable stereo for a low price? The Goldstar Wall 2000 audio system not only looks great but is a performer, with a cassette deck and a CD player. At a suggested price of \$599, this delivers the style and sound of units costing six times as much.

## REAL STEEL SNAPPER

Smaller than a three-by-five-inch index card and a hair over one inch thick, the Canon Elph is the ultimate mini-camera on the market this year. Handsome in its stainless-steel body, the Elph boasts a built-in 2X zoom lens, automatic exposure, and the ability to deliver razor-sharp photos either outdoors or indoors.



## JUST PLAIN COFFEE, PLEASE

In the year when the country went espresso mad, Krups offered the elegant Crystal Arome coffeemaker for pumping out classic java. The Arome uses

the Crystal Clear filtration system for removing chlorine and impurities from tap water. It offers a choice of strengths, and the sealed carafe reduces heat and aroma loss when the coffee is on hold.



## THE MULE

If being able to go where roads don't is your idea of fun, hop aboard the new Kawasaki Prairie 400 four-by-four A.T.V. This workhorse features 391cc of thrust coupled to an automatic power drive that eliminates shift-

## THE BOOK OF CIGARS

To avoid the pain of having costly cigars dry out, consider one of the new Moisture Vault humidors. These containers—which resemble books—are made from DuPont Corian, lined with Spanish cedar, and “bound” in leather by a master bookbinder. An advanced moisture-control feature keeps your stogies smoking-fresh until you light up.



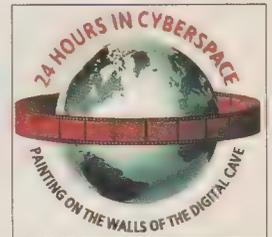
ing and transfers traction to the wheels, making the Prairie perfect for nearly any terrain. For work or sport, this is definitely an A.T.V. to consider.

## PALMTOP

The Pilot personal information manager takes this year's prize as best adjunct to your PC. The Pilot—which weighs less than six ounces—organizes everything in your life in a palm-size package, from addresses to to-do items. It allows you to enter this information from the keyboard, write it in, or update it from your current PC organizing software.

## NERDS OF THE WORLD UNITED

For the committed cybernaut on your list, the book of the year has to be the lavishly produced *24 Hours in Cyberspace*, conceived by Rick Smolan and Jennifer Erwitte (Que/Macmillan). Two hundred photographs, culled from thousands, document one day, February 8, 1996, when hundreds of photographers were sent out



around the globe to record how online activities are changing life on our planet. This is the non-virtual record of that day, but it comes with, natch, a CD-ROM and Web-site connection.



# XAVIERA HOLLANDER

## CALL ME MADAM

### POSSESSED

*Do you think it's possible that my wife of two years could be "possessed" by a leather suit?*

*Around eight months ago Karen and I celebrated our anniversary. I bought her a pair of black leather pants she had wanted for a year. Man, did she look hot! Karen's a size*

*5, and seeing tight leather pants wrapped around her ass gave me a great image for jerking off in the bathroom. A couple of days later she bought a leather jacket to go with the pants.*

*I came home from classes one Friday night to find Karen all dolled up in red pumps, black leather, and makeup to the hilt. She wanted to go to a club, but I was too tired, so I told her to go ahead and have fun. She asked me to look at the zipper on her pants because it was sticking—a zipper right down her ass for easy access.*

*Before she left she sucked my cock for 20 minutes. She ran that beautiful tongue up and down my prick until I shot off all over myself. She got up, smiled, and said she'd be home soon. I watched her walk out, and immediately started jerking my cock all over again. I fell asleep before she got home.*

*The next morning Karen was gone when I got up. I had a phone call from Henry, a friend from work. He was going on*



*and on about the broad who sucked him off in the bathroom of a bar downtown last night. I asked why he didn't nail her instead, and wasn't prepared for what came next. He said she had tight leather pants with a fucked-up zipper. Henry had never met Karen, but how small is the world anyway? I asked for details and got an earful. She kissed his cock for a while, teasing him, then he grabbed her head and pushed. She begged him to shoot his load on her lips. He shot all over her lips, teeth, and neck. I know I should have been pissed, but by then I had a load of my own on the floor. I never mentioned it to her, but the best is yet to come.*

*We went out to a club for drinks a couple of weeks later. Of course Karen was the center of attention, wearing tight black leather. I saw girls getting pissed off at their guys for staring at her. I also later found out some woman gave her husband a jerk-job under the table while he watched Karen dance. While I was sitting down I saw a black guy*

*come over and whisper something to Karen. She laughed, and walked over to me. "Can I dance once with this guy?" she asked. "Sure, take your time," I replied. The guy, named George, danced close to Karen, feeling her leather-coated ass. I told Karen I wanted to go home, but really had other*

*plans. Karen said she'd get a ride home from a girlfriend. My plan was set.*

*I waited for an hour and a half before I saw Karen and George come out and go around the side of the building. I was in the car across the street, so she didn't see me. I went around the other side of the bar and came up behind a fence and looked right down on them. George asked her if she did this a lot. "Only when I wear leather. It does something to me." They laughed, and Karen took off her jacket and set it down in front of her. She gave one last look around and got down on her knees on the jacket. George unzipped and pulled out an honest-to-god monster. This fucker had to be ten inches, no shit! Karen's eyes grew wide, and she smiled. "Do you come a lot?" she asked. "Sort of—does it matter?" he replied. She looked up at him and licked her lips. "Just tell me before you shoot," was her response.*

*Karen went to town. She caressed his dark shaft with her bottom lip all the way to the*

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head, then gave it a light lick. She repeated this for a couple of minutes. By now my cock was in my hand, and I was stroking it up and down. Karen opened her mouth and took as much as she could down her throat, her hand pumping the rest. She went at it like a piston, moving faster and taking him deeper. He was moaning and gasping and gently rubbing her cheek and saying, "Take it all, Karen. Take the load, please." Then I really got a shock—and almost got caught.

Karen stood up and kissed him hard. Then she turned around and said, "I've never fucked a black guy." He smiled and unzipped her pants, which dropped to her knees, and she bent over a garbage can. Dick in hand, George eased into her pussy. Karen shut her eyes and let out a gasp. He was in. He slammed his ten-inch bat into her for what seemed like an eternity. Karen's head was bouncing like a loose hinge. My load went all over the fence so hard that some got through a crack and landed on her back. Neither of them noticed, so I kept going.

Finally he pulled out and said, "Jack me off, baby. Please, pull it hard." She yelled, "In my mouth." He shot out 14 spurts of jism on her chest, down her throat, and on her neck. I was jealous he could come so much.

She stood up and kissed him. He

asked if he could see her again. Karen smiled. "Bring a friend next time," she said. So far I know she's fucked him and his brother at the same time at least once. I still fuck her like a rabbit, and I sometimes think I'm crazy.—P. C., Illinois

What used to be called schizophrenia by laymen is now correctly known as a split personality, but that's simply the amateur scientist's way of describing an aspect of the human psyche that we do not fully understand. Inside most of us there lurks a wild animal, which is usually kept well hidden, but those of us who have high libidos are more prone to allow the beast to escape. It is comparatively easy for a man to get away with it, but for a woman it is more difficult.

Your wife has more than her fair share of libidinous sexuality, and in a married woman this is unacceptable. She has discovered that when she dresses up in her leather gear she loses her inhibitions by becoming another person, for whom everything is possible.

You are also role-playing in that you are getting in some five-star masturbatory experiences. For you it is like having a live-action porn video playing all the time. You are not crazy, and neither is your wife, but through her explorations you have both discovered a new aspect of human sexuality.

## PROFESSIONAL VIRGIN

I'm a 23-year-old college co-ed, blonde, well built, and attractive. I was an ugly duckling in high school, but now I take pleasure in looking good, just as most women do. I've had a few one-nighters, which were fun and educational, but my lovers were only interested in my 38Ds—not me. I want a boyfriend now. The trouble is that I've been hurt and don't want to be used just for sex.

I'm depressed and disgusted with myself for not finding a guy who could really care about me. I get many offers for sex (men go for my Raquel Welch figure and big blue eyes), but that's all it amounts to. I need a polite and effective way of saying no to these guys. Their pride is on the line when they ask, and I'm pleased they find me attractive, but I just need more now. I don't tease or come on to most men; I just like to have fun and be myself.

I met a man two years ago, and we connected perfectly. I let my fear of being used take over, however, and I hurt and confused him by not telling him my problem. He finally lost his patience waiting for me (I don't blame him), so nothing physical ever happened between us. It has been a year since he moved away, and I still haven't found anyone who attracts and understands me as much as he did.



*How can I deal with this? I don't want my inexperience and stupidity to hurt—or cause me to lose—anyone else. I haven't been very lucky with men, but I have a healthy sex drive in spite of all this. I never thought being sexy could be a problem.—D. H., California*

You have allowed yourself to be overinfluenced by feminist propaganda, which takes advantage of a woman's natural desire to be loved for herself and not just for her body. When one is in the presence of some idiotic male who is drooling over one's breasts, one is often overcome by the desire to not be considered merely as a sex object. My lover, who is looking over my shoulder as I write this, informs me that I once said to him, "You just use me as a receptacle for your sperm!" It seems even I am capable of this type of idiotic behavior, which is directly responsible for making men think they are the dominant sex.

Of course your lovers are interested in your beautiful body and your marvelous tits, but as you are absolutely gorgeous, there would be something seriously biologically wrong with any man who was not. The problem that besets not only you but many, many others is that SEX is written in capital letters and is VERY IMPORTANT. That is the *raison d'être* of this magazine, this column, and the root of your being "depressed and disgusted" with yourself.

It is not bad to be beautiful. It is more like: If you are beautiful it is better to be bad. Most women complain that it is hard to find a halfway reasonable man with whom to share their lives, but they are mostly the ugly-duckling brigade. You have your beauty as bait to capture any man as soon as you find one who measures up to specifications.

Another reason you might find it difficult to meet your ideal man is that a lot of young men, especially American ones, are scared of really beautiful women. "She would never go out with

me," they think, so it is only the horny studs who come on to you, and of course they are only interested in one thing.

Also, the chance that you will find a soul mate for life on a university campus is slender, because people your age tend to want to have a lot of fun before they settle down to taking life seriously. But you may be lucky, and if you take it easy and start with sex you will get to meet a lot more candidates than if you try the professional-virgin approach. Lighten up and learn to have fun.

#### LOVE & MARRIAGE

*Last year I wrote to you about a problem I had. I have a big cock—about ten inches long and about three inches wide—and quite a few girls couldn't*

*and I am very proud of her. Her two kids like me. We go out in my sailboat and all have a good time.*

*Lately I have begun to think about marriage. I am very happy and want her to be my wife. Also, I want to adopt her kids. They are all living at my house, and I want to provide for her and them. She feels the age difference would eventually cause problems. I have told her about my prior letter to you, and she thinks you are okay. Maybe you can convince her. Your advice has been good before, and I hope you can help me this time too.—R. P., California*

So you took my advice, and much to your surprise it worked out; you "couldn't be happier." But now you want to change the rules, so you pose me a catch-22 question. If I say go ahead, get married, and it all falls apart, it will be my fault. If on the other hand I say don't do it, and she decides she is too old for you, that will also be my fault.

Your original problem was that you are not average, you are hung like a horse. Now you have found a partner who appreciates your outside dimensions, but you feel insecure because sometimes she treats you as if she were your mother rather than your lover. In fact that is quite normal. Most women tend to treat their husbands or even their boyfriends this way, because it is a woman's

natural instinct, and knowing just how dumb and helpless the average man can be, it comes naturally. Some men like it; others are not sure. Because of the difference in your ages, and perhaps because her kids are not yours, you are one of the "don't knows." You are probably suffering from a typical male insecurity syndrome, so you want a marriage contract to make you feel macho, tough, and therefore secure.

My considered advice is not to get married. Why exactly do you want that piece of paper? Do you want God to bless your union? He has already: You

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*take it in. It was ruining my love life. Your advice was to look for an older woman who had had children. I did, and have found one, and I couldn't be happier.*

*Stacy is 11 years older than I am: I am 28 and she is 39. She is gorgeous—a redhead with a 38D chest that is still firm. We joke that it matches my size. She taught me about tit-fucking (I am sure you know what that is). She also has terrific legs, shapely, smooth, and firm, and she loves sex. We can make love all night, and she loves it. She has kept her figure and looks terrific in a bathing suit. She diets and exercises,*

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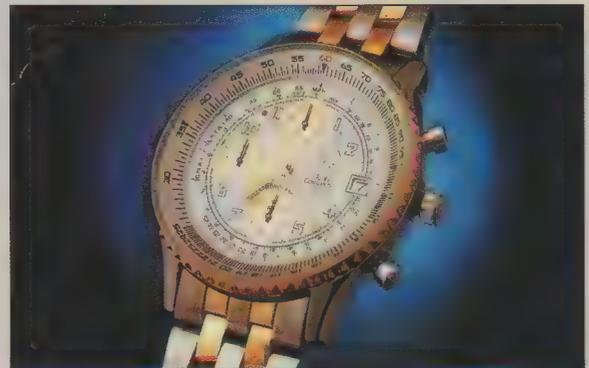
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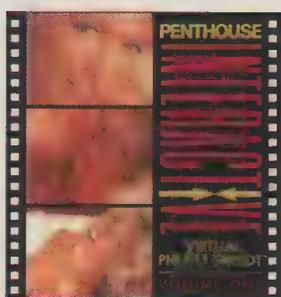


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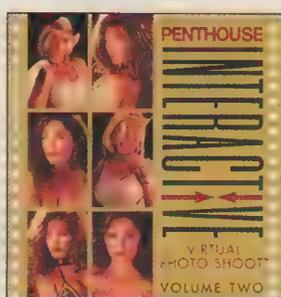
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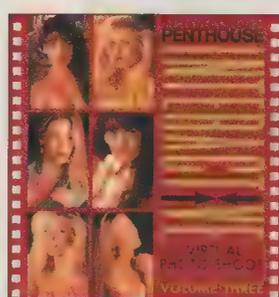
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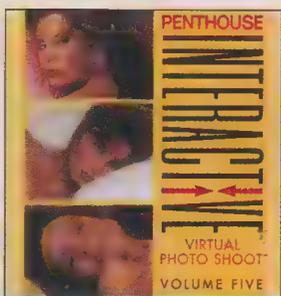
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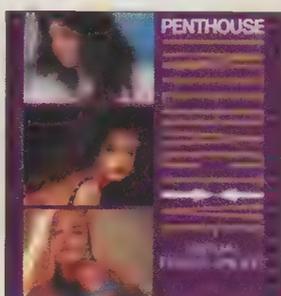
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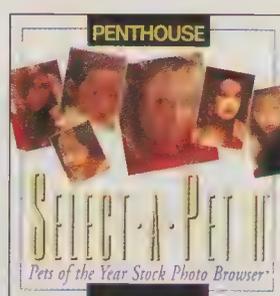
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# VIEW FROM THE TOP



## ULSTER XMAS

By Emily Prager

Every country has its Christmas customs. In Rwanda Hutus roast Tutsis over the holiday yule log. In Mexico children kidnap foreign C.E.O.'s and force them to sing carols. In Italy Nazi war criminals play Santa. In Belgium pederasts bake cookies in the shape of donkeys and use them to lure victims to festively decorated dungeons. In Malta families eat chili spiked with cannabis and see God.

But perhaps none of these festivities are as beguiling as the Christmas customs of Northern Ireland. At a given signal the gates to the Bogside are thrown open and—if British troops haven't set up barricades—in rush Protestant juveniles eager and happy to festoon Catholics with traditional Christmas cobblestones and fiery Molotov walnuts.

Catholic boys, eager to defend the pope's infallibility, save up their pocket money the whole year round. On Christmas Eve they hasten to buy festive ingredients for homemade bombs that glitter like little lit tapers when flung from Bogside walls onto Protestant motorsleighs. Should any British soldiers be nearby, great diversion is to be had in dressing them as manger animals and riding them and beating them until they drop.

One favorite Christmas sport has been handed down since the eighteenth-century penal laws made landowning by Irish Catholics almost impossible. It is called Snap Catholic. To our Protestant readers this amusement is perfectly familiar, but for others it seems reasonable to offer a description of the pastime.

Raisins are deposited in a large bowl, then brandy is poured over the fruit and ignited. The Catholics, having been invited in the spirit of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men, endeavor, by turns, to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames. As this is more or less impossible, a considerable amount of laughter and merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors. As an appropriate accompaniment, this song is sung:

"Here Pros comes with flaming bowl;

Don't he mean to take his toll.

Snip! Snap! Catholic!

Cath calls Mary Holy Mother.

Pros calls her Significant Other.

Snip! Snap! Catholic!"

Snap Catholic has a "country cousin" that bears the name Flap Catholic. This is a favorite amusement among the Protestants of Belfast, and consists of placing a lighted candle in a can of ale and asking Catholics to drink up the contents. This act entails, of course, considerable risk of having the face singed, and therein lies the essence of the sport. For this game this song is sung:

"Pros gets married, then divorces.

Cath says, 'No way. Hold your horses.'

Flip! Flap! Catholic!

Pros gets pregnant, then aborts it.

Cath has baby, then distorts it.

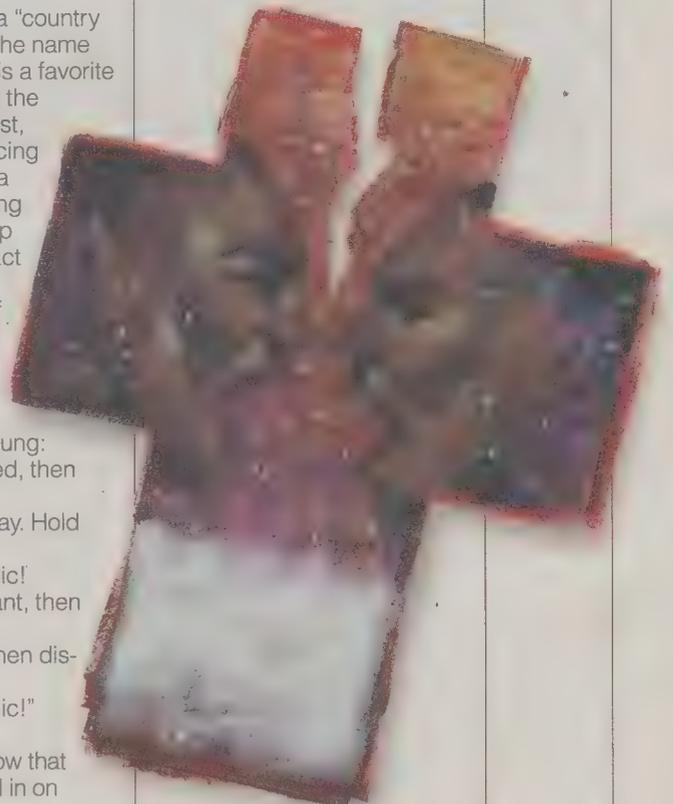
Flip! Flap! Catholic!"

From history we know that the sports engaged in on

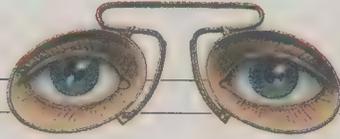
Christmas evenings some 150 years ago were not greatly dissimilar to those in vogue today. Thus, Catholic boys and girls in Londonderry invite the Protestant Apprentice Boys in for a round of "Eat the Raw Potatoes," a game commemorating the nineteenth-century potato famine, and the Catholic children derive great merriment when the Protestant boys are forced to chew the spuds.

On Boxing Day, Protestants and Catholics join in a walking tour of the countryside, visiting hundreds of ancient Ulster churches that were once Catholic. They take turns trying to find one that is still Catholic, and when they fail, the men rush to the pub and drink mulled wine while the women crochet the traditional Irish condoms.

Many natives have quaint holiday customs, but few are as beguiling as the uninhibited festivities of Northern Ireland.



# VIEW FROM THE TOP



## BLACK POWER

By Ben Stein

One of the few things I am quite certain of is the limits of my power to predict or to control. Unlike some of the major pundits of this world, I do not know the future, and I have minuscule hope that anything I say will change more than a

League schools had a strict quota on Jews.

Then, in 1956, the world turned upside down. In 100 hours little Israel humiliated mighty Egypt and seized the Suez Canal. A huge fissure opened in the myth of the Jew as coward. Eleven years later little Israel—with no U.S. arms—humiliated Egypt, Syria, Jordan, and everyone else.

them to believe that there is something inherent in American blacks that keeps them from being more successful. This is ridiculous on its face: The achievements of too many American blacks are so great that only the most prejudiced person would assert otherwise.

Images of races are shifting and transient. The Jewish community was considered hopelessly confused and debased at the beginning of the century. The Swedes were considered the stupidest people on earth 100 years ago. The Japanese were considered weak and unable to learn modern skills a century or more ago.

With or without a seismic event, racial group images and accomplishments change. We notice the problems today—the soaring illegitimacy, gangs, drug use, poverty—and they are real. But who would ever have dreamed we would have more than three dozen blacks in Congress? Or that blacks would be top officials of huge public companies? Or that they would be top brain-trusters for the president? Or that the G.O.P. would be begging a black man, General Colin Powell, to run for president or vice president? None of this would have been remotely conceivable 40 years or even 20 years ago.

In America, without government patronizing that kills ambition, any people can do anything. I am not saying that sometime in the future American blacks will show us what the Jews showed the world. I am saying it's *already happening, right now—all we have to do is step back and look*. And very soon, in the twenty-first century, many of our old images of blacks will seem as ridiculous as the idea of a weak Israel seems right now.



Very soon many of our present images of blacks will seem as ridiculous as a weak Israel seems right now.

few minds. But I can observe, and these observations occur to me every day.

I am 51. When I was a small child, Jews in general were considered cowardly, of no military account, and frightened. A joke I recall from, say, 1954 went: "What's the fastest thing in the world?" "A Jew in a canoe in the Suez Canal."

The point was that Jews were considered so weak and scared that they would paddle like mad to get away from the mighty Egyptians. In America Jews were kept in a highly repressed condition. Most "good" neighborhoods in every city banned Jews. Jews were not hired at all in major businesses like steel, oil, and insurance, except for Jewish-owned companies. All of the Ivy

The myth of the little, weak Jew was dead forever.

Every Jew on earth walked taller, prouder, straighter. The barriers against Jews in business, education, and social clubs began to fall away. Now Jews run major investment banks that would have let them in only to tailor clothes one generation earlier. There have been Jewish presidents of every Ivy League college and university. Jews are powerfully represented in almost every field of endeavor in America. And Israel is by far the dominant military power between Europe and China and south of the Mediterranean.

Here is my point: Today too many American blacks have a poor self-image, and too many white Americans' racism leads

## GUERRILLA DATING

By Joe Bob Briggs

**W**hat's your opinion of long-distance relationships? In your career have you ever seen them actually work?—Brett C., Anchorage, Alaska

Dear Brett,

Yep, I have, but it takes two people who are pretty danged tuned in to each other, and it helps if they have a little extra moolah lying around for those quickie plane trips to cope with the flaming-loins issue. The best thing about separate cities is you don't have the person in your face all day long. Most people get burned out from overexposure. Nobody gets burned out from underexposure. And I don't care what level of supermodel babe you're dating, a morning will come when you just don't wanna deal with it. Know what I mean?

In fact I recommend long-distance-relationships. The one thing distance gets rid of right away is anything "clingy." If you're with a needy gal who has to be reassured every five minutes, she's gonna give up on it before you get to the airport. This might feel like a bad thing, but trust me—it's a good thing.

*I've been seriously dating a good friend of mine for about four years. We've known each other for about eight. I came down to Dallas two years ago to go to school, and since then our relationship has changed drastically.*

*She is the planner. I'm a bit more freestyle. And I don't seem to be in her plans for the next little while. She has decided to teach in Mexico for three years. So obviously this relationship is not a primary concern for her. I told her that it was ridiculous to keep hanging on, especially without any commitment.*

*Problem is, she seems to think that we're still serious and just taking things day to day. I, on the other hand, am telling everyone we've broken up. She is special, and perhaps we wouldn't be having this problem if we were in the same city.*

*So how do I (a) converse with her in a civil manner; (b) avoid dragging myself back into the relationship; (c) minimize casualties (my family loves her); and (d) not totally piss her off? Because it would sure be hard to find another career-minded woman with gorgeous blue eyes who can appreciate my sense of humor, doesn't mind larger men, and has a fantastic set of 36Cs.—Paul B., Dallas*

Dear Paul:

If you want a career-minded woman, bud, she's gonna be out there *doing that career*. Women have always followed their boyfriends or husbands wherever the man went for his career. If you really think this is a lifetime deal, then you probably oughta say, "Okay, babe, I'll go to Mexico with you."

After four years you probably know whether you wanna set up house with this lady or not. It's time to make a decision. If your whole deal is to avoid being "dragged back" into the relationship, then it sounds like the entire thing is petering out.

Don't worry about pissing her off. Somebody is gonna get pissed off. The words won't matter. But I'll guarantee you one thing: It has nothing to do with what cities you live in. This is the kind of thing that can be settled in one conversation, if both sides are honest. If she's trying to give you the slip, you'll know it,

and it won't feel good, but a week later you'll be stronger, bro.

Bottom line: Don't give this woman any power. Make up your mind.

*Joe Bob Briggs, the notorious drive-in movie critic of Grapevine, Texas, will answer your questions about dating in the nineties. You can write to him at P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, Tex. 75221, fax him at (213) 462-5982, or e-mail <http://www.penthousemag.com> or 76702.1435@compuserve.com.*

**Don't worry about pissing her off. In a relationship somebody is gonna get pissed off.**



# VIEW FROM THE TOP



Admitting  
female  
cadets  
is  
little more  
than to  
destroy a  
tradition  
of great-  
ness at an  
all-male  
military  
school.

## MEN'S RIGHTS

By Sidney Siller

In a recent decision the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that Virginia Military Institute, a state-supported military college, could no longer deny admission to women. Needless to say, I don't agree with the court's order directing the venerable 157-year-old all-male college to accept women. I feel there is a significant benefit to having a single-sex four-year college, but I guess I have been overruled.

In 1990 the federal government sued the state of Virginia to compel the admission of women to V.M.I. This left V.M.I.'s future in question as an all-male bastion for training top military leadership, and had a direct impact on the country's only other state-supported all-male college, The Citadel in South Carolina.

Before the V.M.I. case reached

the Supreme Court, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit in Richmond, in two unrelated cases, ruled that denying women an equal opportunity to obtain a state-supported military education violated the Fourteenth Amendment's "equal protection" clause.

Following this setback, V.M.I. submitted a plan to the same court offering a parallel military education to qualified women at Mary Baldwin College in Stanton, Virginia. The Court of Appeals accepted this proposal, the Virginia Women's Institute Leadership Plan, which was fashioned after V.M.I.'s program.

The women's program opened in August 1995 with 42 cadets. The state of Virginia paid Mary Baldwin approximately \$7,500 a year in tuition for each female cadet, exactly the same amount it spends on each male cadet at V.M.I.

You might think that this would have satisfied those involved, but 26 all-women colleges filed a "friend of the court" brief last November asking the Supreme Court to order V.M.I. to admit women. By doing this, I feel, they jeopardized their own futures. Just as male-only schools can provide a special and unique education, so can female-only institutions. With V.M.I.'s loss I see the beginning of the end of all public and private single-sex educational programs. Currently there are more than 80 women-only four-year colleges, two of which are public, and at last count only two all-men colleges.

Most private schools receive substantial income from public sources, including tuition grants and scholarships, federal and state student loans, research grants, and government contracts. For this reason I feel the women-only colleges made a major tactical mistake by fighting to make V.M.I. gender neutral. The private all-women colleges will now surely face tax consequences and other financial problems. Student loans could just as easily be denied to private all-women colleges that discriminate against men.

Ironically, at the same time that women-only colleges were rallying behind the brief against V.M.I., radical feminists began supporting the establishment of single-sex classes in secondary schools for subjects like math, the theory being that girls can learn such subjects better when they are separated from boys.

The Supreme Court's decision in the V.M.I. case will accomplish little other than to destroy a tradition of greatness at two all-male military schools. This attempt to level the playing field when it comes to developing military leaders was in fact just another way of placating ideologues pushing political correctness.

What's your opinion on the issue of public funding for single-sex schools? Please get in touch with me at the National Organization for Men, 11 Park Place, New York, N.Y. 10007; (212) 766-4030. Our World Wide Web address is <http://www.tnom.com>, or call N.O.M.'s free voice-fax service at (818) 791-0578 (Box 777). ☐



# Coalhoorheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



*"And what was your bonus this year?"*

Article by Rudy Maxa

# THE BOMB FROM THE

The shocking story of a secret cadre of gay and bisexual cross-dressing



# YES BIZARRE

Episcopal priests whose private lives include the most bizarre rituals imaginable.



The Reverend William Lloyd Andries, rector of St. Gabriel's Church in Brooklyn, New York, is seen on the left in various poses, alone and with his "husband," Jairo Pereira, whom he "married" earlier this year. Many of the guests at this wedding probably had no idea of Andries's hidden life of sex and violence.

In the picture at the immediate left, Wastelinio Barros poses between the newlyweds. On their wedding night Andries posed for X-rated pictures with his "husband." But this story really began more than a year earlier...

## "Honey, I just wanted to make you feel good," cooed Reverend Andries.

Twenty-three-year-old Wastclínio Barros had only been in the United States a short time when he found himself standing naked late one night at the altar of St. Gabriel's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, New York. A hard-core male sex video played on a nearby television set. The two men who led him there had disappeared after instructing him to undress and wait. From a tape player the lyrics of Madonna's "Material Girl" filled the church.

Five minutes became ten, ten minutes became 15, and then, as the two men

actress had sported in her famous scene in *The Seven Year Itch*, the one where a gust of air from a Manhattan subway vent blows up her skirt. To better achieve that effect, Andries had placed a fan on the floor.

Young Barros, who had just been brought to Brooklyn from Brazil by Andries, purportedly to work as a church translator, could barely believe that his benefactor now stood before him, a black garter belt, stockings, panties, and bra under that Marilyn Monroe dress. To complete the picture, the priest wore lip-

afraid of Barros. As he remembers it: "I was told to say, 'You bitch! I saw you with another man, and you're a dog, you should die!' And I had to say it in Spanish too. And they would cry, 'No, no, no, don't do that to me—I'm going to call the police! I'm a woman! We're just two poor girls, don't rape us, please!'"

With Andries still on all fours, Barros used Aveeno moisturizing lotion to facilitate anal sex with the priest. The other man fell to his knees and tried to lick Barros when he'd withdraw from Andries. Then the two priests



returned, Barros saw why the wait had taken so long. They did not look like any priests he'd ever seen. One, a heavysset fiftysomething black man, came toward him wearing a black bra like two cones, matching panties, and a black garter belt holding up black stockings. In one hand was a whip. The blonde hair of his wig nearly reached his buttocks.

The other man was the Reverend William Lloyd Andries, rector of the church in which this bizarre scene was taking place. He was dressed to resemble Marilyn Monroe. Andries, a pudgy black man of nearly 60, wore a replica of the pleated white summer dress that the

stick and eye shadow and affected the screen goddess's breathy, girlish voice.

"I found it funny, odd, abnormal," says Barros of that October night in 1994—a somewhat understated way of describing what was beginning to unfold as Barros leaned against the altar and the two priests took turns sucking at his nipples and penis. Then the first man began dancing while Father Andries dropped to his hands and knees on the floor and asked Barros to whip him.

It became clear to Barros that he was to be the "man," the sexual aggressor. The two priests pranced and whimpered in women's voices, pretending to be

squatted on the front-row pew and pulled their knees up to their chests so Barros could take turns penetrating them both.

"They'd scream out, 'Come here, man! Go away, woman, the man is mine! They played like they were fighting. That lasted about 20 minutes," says Barros, on whom the irony was not lost of listening to "Like a Virgin" and "Like a Prayer" as he alternately whipped and screwed the priests.

Then the two clerics told Barros it was his turn to receive pleasure. Laying him down on a red carpet near the altar, they produced three bottles of an Italian



Play dead



Eat your heart out,  
Tom Hanks



*Scamper*

sparkling wine and a plastic squeeze bottle of honey, trickling both liquids slowly over his body while they licked him and told him how beautiful he was. Barros says they sucked his toes, his fingers, his penis.

"Then came the terrible part," Barros says. "I didn't realize there was a fantasy like this. They both lay down and told me they wanted me to shit [on them]. . . . I said, 'I'm sorry, I can't do that, that's too much.' And they said, 'Okay, honey, don't worry about it.'"

The frolic lasted nearly three hours, Barros says. The end came when he whipped both priests as they masturbated side by side on their knees.

That night was Barros's introduction to a secret cadre of gay and bisexual cross-dressing Episcopal priests whose private lives include the most bizarre rituals, often performed before the altars of darkened churches. They call themselves "the girls," using women's names for one another in private.

What had just occurred, Barros soon

not have been told without their cooperation. Parts of their accounts are buttressed by photographs, with further backing from a longtime member of Andries's church who says she was aware of some of the events described by Barros and Pereira.

It wasn't easy for these two insiders to crack open the door the priests had so carefully kept bolted for years. It's no accident that the clergymen imported foreigners for their fun. One priest admitted to Barros the fear that if young American citizens were seduced and talked about it, well, who knows what kind of scandal might result?

Barros told *Penthouse* that in the course of 18 months, during which period he lived off and on with Andries, he saw a slice of life that would have been shocking even if the players weren't members of the Episcopal clergy.

- Barros said Andries regularly gave him cocaine and prescription drugs and alcohol in order to get high.

- Barros and Pereira—who for his part lived with Andries for five months,

For Wasticlinio Barros it all started with a chance meeting. In August 1994—as a new resident of Buenos Aires come from his native Recife, Brazil, to work in a psychological clinic—he'd visited the main office of the Argentine telephone company to pick up a phone book. Fluent in Spanish, English, and Portuguese, Barros was happy to help a tourist, a flustered Jamaican. The man was trying to find the phone number of the U.S. Embassy.

He told Barros his name was Howard Williams, that he lived in New York and had lost his green card, needed by him as a Jamaican citizen to reenter the U.S. Barros said he'd use his cellular phone to obtain the embassy's number. As they walked outside to make the call, Williams was joined by another man who Williams said was a friend, a priest from New York. His name—though Barros made no note of it at the time—was the Reverend Lloyd Andries. Barros got the phone number and address of the embassy from information, helped them find a cab, and gave the embassy address to the taxi driver. The encounter, Barros said, was brief, and even though the two men asked for his phone number, he never expected to hear from them again.

But three hours later Barros's cellular phone rang at his workplace. It was Andries. He said he wanted to thank Barros by taking him to dinner that night before a late-night flight back to the States. Barros accepted the invitation and joined Andries and Williams.

It was the most agreeable of dinners. It turned out that Williams was a priest too. Andries said he was impressed that Barros was fluent in three languages. In fact he was so impressed, he wanted to offer Barros a job in Brooklyn. He said his was a multilingual parish, and he could use someone as a translator. The salary: \$3,000 a month, plus housing and free use of a car.

"I did not find it strange," Barros recalled later. "I was a professional. I could speak English and Spanish, and they needed that. It made sense."

But it was also sudden, and Barros said he wanted to think about it. Andries asked him to think about it quickly—he needed a competent translator very soon. Barros promised he would, and bid Andries and Williams good-bye.

Later that night, Barros's phone rang again. It was Williams. He and Andries had missed their flight, and had to stay one more night. Might Barros care to join them at their hotel for a nightcap? No thank you, said Barros, pleading exhaustion.

Three days later Barros called the number in Brooklyn for St. Gabriel's Episcopal Church. He wanted to see if the number was legitimate; after all, he'd never seen either man in clerical garb, and their offer seemed almost too

## Barros cautioned the Reverend Andries not to suggest that anyone defecate, as it would freak out the new men.

learned, was a precursor to other orgies that would eventually involve about half a dozen priests and other young men they brought from Brazil with Barros's help. And Barros learned he wasn't the first boy toy imported for the priests' pleasure; for years "the girls" had enjoyed a randy private life involving young men from Brazil, Puerto Rico, and, at least in one case, Egypt.

Although many of the priests involved are black, this is a story that knows no color. Some of the frolicking priests were white, some brown, some black. Several are married with children. Andries, a widower, has a daughter in her twenties.

At the heart of it all were the boys from Brazil, a steady stream of young men like Wasticlinio Barros, flown to Brooklyn to serve as sexual vassals. Some stayed for days, some for months, supported by Andries and his colleagues. They were playthings for priests whose commitment to the Scriptures had long ago been replaced by a pursuit of pleasure that would have fit nicely in Sodom and Gomorrah.

Wasticlinio Barros and another Brazilian young man, Jairo Pereira, are the principal sources for this story, which could

eventually supplanting Barros as the priest's favorite—had sex from four to seven times a week with Andries or several other of "the girls"—in churches, church offices, priests' cars and vans.

- Andries on two occasions arranged for Barros to bring from Brazil other male sexual partners, one of them Pereira, via Mexico.

- Andries fell so much in love with Pereira that he "married" him in the presence of several other priests in his home. The ceremony was conducted by a fellow priest, a white man, who wore church vestments during the service. Although the latter gentleman hung up the telephone when asked to comment, *Penthouse* has obtained photos of the ceremony, and of cards with the handwritten marriage vows, as well as photos of Andries having sex after his wedding while wearing what appear to be church vestments.

- *Penthouse* has learned that Andries sent significant amounts of money—at least one \$8,000 payment, allegedly toward purchase of a house—to a young man in Brazil who Barros said was Andries's lover in Brooklyn prior to Barros's arrival. The money was wired through a Brooklyn funeral service.

# PARLIAMENT

*Lights*



THE PERFECT RECESS

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

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

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

**Ancient wisdom with a New Age twist can make G-spot orgasms real for every couple.**



I don't know a guy who wouldn't love to give a woman one of those elusive G-spot orgasms, or a woman who doesn't want to have one.

When news about the G spot—an erotically sensitive spot in the vagina that can trigger orgasm and even ejaculation—first

and after taking their Conscious Loving seminar at Rio Calienti Spa in Mexico, I'm a believer. Every woman can have G-spot orgasms, and men are important helpers.

Guys, first, an attitude adjustment: Consider yourself her sexual healer, servant, and guide. Think of your penis not just as something to get up and get off, but as a wand of light (called *lingam*) to use as a master artist uses a paintbrush, to pleasure her body and open her soul.

The key is sacred-space (G-spot) massage. But don't be hasty, guys. Build your woman's trust by making love totally for her, without expectation of return. While your beloved (note the wonderful name) bathes, prepare the bedroom as a temple (candles, incense, flowers, music), and "beautify" yourself. Nestle tenderly, kiss passionately, breathe together, meditating on love and openness, to connect your moods.

Massage her thighs, hips, and pubic bone, then proceed up her belly, around her breasts, down her arms, and back to the thighs, moving her "energy" for five minutes. Then gently stroke her vaginal lips and clitoris as if they were precious jewels.

One man in the seminar described it well: "I teased and tantalized her until I felt her respond. Then I asked if I could enter her sacred spot."

With permission granted, insert a finger and reach just behind the pubic bone in the front wall of the vagina, curling it in a "come here" gesture. You'll know you've located the right spot if the tissue changes from smooth to ridgy, like corduroy or the roof of your mouth. Hold with light pressure to bring her consciousness there. Then stroke downward and around, or vibrate your hand (with palm pressed against her clitoris). Place your other hand on her heart or stomach and look into each other's eyes to complete sending a circuit of love.

Send out your energy. Charles Muir says to his goddess (another wonderful name), "I honor you and thank you for all you do for me and offer you this healing, love, intimacy, and all that I am, so you may be all you can be." Caroline answers, "I gratefully receive your heart, healing, and love."

The beloved's role is to lie back, enjoy, and give feedback ("That feels good, go slower"). But be prepared for occasional rocky patches: She may feel

like peeing (it'll pass), or have physical reactions (burning, bruising) or emotional outbursts (rage, distrust, crying) related to past experiences (which may require therapy). Follow the steps in the Muirs' video "Secrets of Female Sexual Ecstasy" (\$39.95) or their audio cassette and pamphlet "Awakening the Goddess: Freeing the Female Orgasm" (\$29.95), available from the School of Tantra Yoga, P.O. Box 69, Paia, Hawaii 96779.

Susan used to struggle for even one orgasm, but after months of practicing the sacred massage with David she gleefully reported, "I now get never-ending waves of pleasure." Her sacred spot was awakened enough to squirt forth fluid (through the urethra)—not urine that can come from letting go, but the divine nectar referred to in ancient India as *amrita*, and what I call e-jillulation (as in "Jill" versus "Jack").

The otherwise silent and lazy Mexican nights came alive with screams of release, pain, and joy from the seminar couples as they practiced the Muirs' homework—proving that the G spot was needed, alive, and welling from the sacred-spot massage. 



Go slow.  
It's easy to blow  
right past this.

Take it easy.



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## URINE TROUBLE NOW!

A South Carolina woman was given a warning by a state trooper for having a decal in her car window of a cartoon character urinating on the letters "I.R.S." Police said the woman violated a state law that prohibits the showing of "indecent," including "excretory functions or parts of the human body."

## WHERE TO HAVE A SHOOT-OUT

An internal study by the L.A.P.D. showed that 361 officers had repeatedly failed the department's pistol test. The report further noted that nearly a dozen officers had been killed in shoot-outs because they could not hit gun-wielding bad guys, even with multiple shots.

## THE DEEPENING BOB DORNAN MYSTERY

Congressman **Robert Dornan**, the quirky California conservative and perennial G.O.P. presidential candidate, asked what career he might have chosen had he not gone into politics, answered, "Archaeologist-missionary-exorcist."

## WHY GOD THINKS YOKO ONO SUCKS

To the fury of religious groups, **Yoko Ono** tore pages from a Bible and handed them to audience members during a downtown Manhattan rock concert. Ono defended her action, saying, "I was sharing the words of God." Remember when John Lennon said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus?



## NEXT: DAVID DUKE GETS BROTHERHOOD AWARD

**John McEnroe** was named "Father of the Year" by the National Father's Day Committee, which professed to be unfazed by McEnroe's domestic arrangements: Divorced from **Tatum O'Neal**, with whom he had three children, he recently had a baby with his live-in girlfriend.

## FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES

A charter airline that flies passengers into the Florida resort of Orlando said it will equip its crews with handcuffs to handle increasingly unruly passengers, a practice already quietly adopted by a number of other carriers. An American Airlines spokesman said assaults by passengers on that airline's flight attendants had jumped slightly more than fourfold in a one-year period.

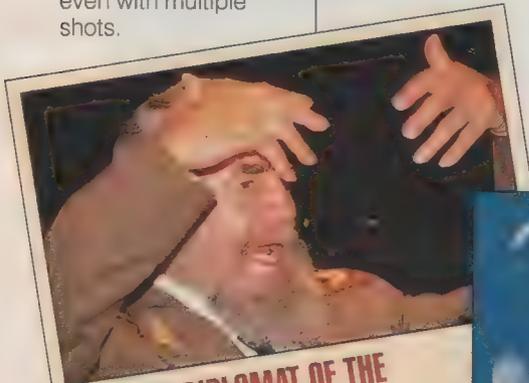


## MODERN LIFE

The San Francisco suburb of Belvedere, California, agreed to pay \$90,000 to settle complaints by several of its municipal workers that they had been subjected to more than 100 O. J. **Simpson** jokes posted by their chief at police headquarters. The workers said that the jokes were "racist, sexist, and homophobic," contributing to a "hostile work environment." Officials deny the allegations.

## OH, LIGHTEN UP!

One Los Angeles lifeguard was suspended and ten others were reprimanded by city officials, who were not amused by the lifeguards' participation in a **David Letterman** bit called the "Top 10 Lifeguard Pickup Lines." The lines included: "Miss, I have to inspect you for sand mites" and "The Red Cross has certified me as a fully trained love machine."



## BUDDING DIPLOMAT OF THE MONTH

Singer **Gloria Estefan** on **Fidel Castro**: "I just want [him] to cut his nails. Why doesn't somebody tell him to cut his nails? Have you seen them? He's like **Howard Hughes**—he's got them all long and manicured and polished."





### THANKS A WHOLE LOT

Organizers for an AIDS benefit in New York City came to regret their decision to invite actress **Rosie Perez** to address attendees. Perez began by insulting Mayor **Rudolph Giuliani** (although he had helped facilitate the event's timing), then subjected the audience to an expletive-filled tirade about a friend of hers who is dying of the disease, finally ending in tears. She recovered sufficiently to tell one celebrity attendee, actor **Lou Diamond Phillips**, that he has sexy toes.

### MOST AMUSING, MEIN FUHRER, NO?

A Vermont teacher resigned after she was charged with painting a Star of David on the back of a student's neck in what she called a "lighthearted action."

### FIGHTING VAINLY THE OLD ENNUI

Actor **Charlie Sheen**, announcing his conversion to born-again Christianity, said he became tired of his hedonistic lifestyle. "There is

### AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE TO ...

... Phoenix Suns star **Charles Barkley**, accused of punching a man during a late-night bar brawl. Asked by reporters for his reaction to the charge, Barkley replied, "It's none of your fucking business."



such a thing as too much fun," he declared. "It gets redundant. How many times can you wake up and struggle to remember your name, her name, and where you are?"



### MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE

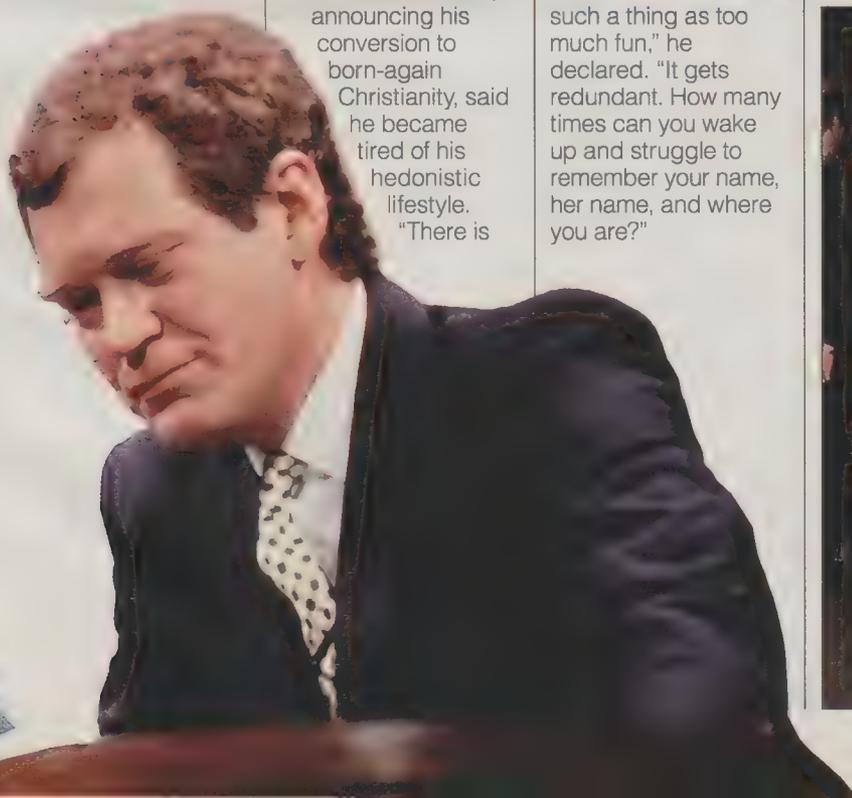
Outraged Mexicans, many of whom are descended from Aztec or Mayan Indians, reacted in fury when they learned that Microsoft's Spanish thesaurus in its Windows program suggested the terms "man-eater" and "savage" as synonyms for "Indian." Microsoft apologized.

### YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

The U.S. government pays a Mississippi farmer \$250,000 a year to grow marijuana for the eight Americans legally permitted to smoke it in an experimental program to fight glaucoma. Why the government needs to subsidize one of the more profitable cash crops remains a mystery.

### GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

The *London Sun* reported with great fanfare that **Cindy Crawford** had been kidnapped by a phony limousine driver after landing in Paris, but miraculously managed to open the rear door (unaccountably left unlocked by the kidnapper) and escape while the car was stuck in a traffic jam. The *Sun* boasted it had learned exclusively of this crime, which the newspaper claimed occurred two months earlier. Actually, the well-publicized story had been around for three years.





# BAILEY



## THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Continuing our tradition of almost three decades of showcasing the best international photographers, *Penthouse* is proud to offer this portfolio of the art of David Bailey. Bailey, who was the inspiration for the hero of the landmark 1966 film *Blowup*, is considered to be the first fashion photographer to capture his models' sexual essence rather than merely highlight the clothes they wear. These images of Bailey's wife, Catherine, taken from the book *The Lady Is a Tramp* (Thames and Hudson), redefine the nude as an art form.







Although some critics denounce his work as "pornography" rather than art, Bailey says the book is "a visual love poem." Catherine, not surprisingly, agrees. The photos of her with another woman "celebrate women's sexuality," she says, "rather than exploiting it."









The photographs portray "the sensitivity of women," Catherine elaborates, while Bailey himself told *The Irish Times* with a laugh,

"I'd rather see my wife kissing a woman than kiss a man.... Most men would love to see two women kissing and making love."

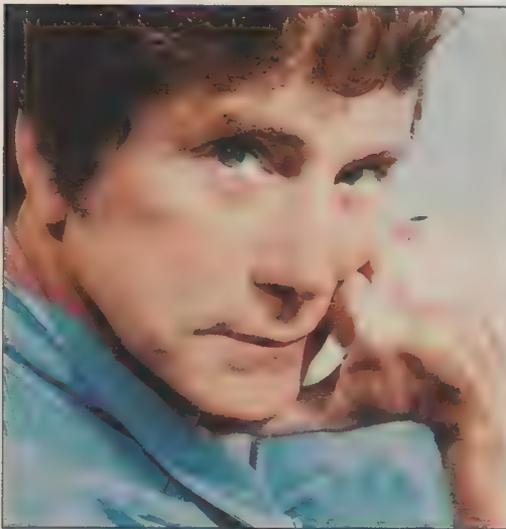






## SLEAZEBAG SENATORS

BY BOB GUCCIONE



The author is editor in chief and publisher of *Penthouse*.

Senator Alfonse D'Amato (R-N.Y.) probably holds the record for the most federal grand-jury investigations and ethics complaints of any single member of the Senate in history. In 1991 alone, he was investigated by the Senate Ethics Committee for a broad variety of scams—most notably an influence-peddling deal involving his brother.

And yet this grotesque slimeball maintains an intractable campaign of political terrorism and mudslinging against President Clinton and Clinton's wife—a campaign on behalf of D'Amato's own candidate and fellow hypocrite, Bob Dole.

And Dole, who literally abandoned his first wife and young daughter years ago, leaving them to fend for themselves, has the gall to attack the President repeatedly on "family values."

Whatever the state of Clinton's marriage to Hillary (and they remain together), no one could ever accuse him of abandoning his daughter.

The 1991 Senate investigation of D'Amato focused on the relationship between his lawyer-lobbyist brother, Armand, and Armand's client Unisys, a major defense contractor, as well as on the Senator's misuse of HUD funding to benefit contributors, particularly a group of shady developers in Puerto Rico.

The influence being peddled in the Unisys case was, of course, the Senator's influence, which Armand D'Amato was using to make big money in Washington. Armand was indicted, and convicted at trial; he later won an appeal, which resulted in the conviction being overturned on a technicality. But when the Senate Ethics Committee examined the evidence it found that Senator D'Amato had unethically permitted his office to be used by his brother for personal gain.

Despite his repeated statements and press releases savaging the Clinton White House for its failure to turn over all the documents demanded by his Whitewater committee, D'Amato himself has refused for five years to reveal the secret testimony he gave before the Senate Ethics Committee. And despite his jeering at the "incredible" testimony of some Clinton aides who appeared before the Whitewater committee, D'Amato has yet to explain why 25 of his own aides and associates took the Fifth Amendment when called to testify before the Ethics Committee.

More recently there is the amusing tale of D'Amato's amazing good fortune in the stock market, as remarkable as Hillary Clinton's commodities trading. In 1993 D'Amato was introduced to Stratton Oakmont, a sleazy stock-brokerage firm on Long Island that is the target of various S.E.C. actions. The Stratton boys were pleased to have a client like D'Amato, whose chairmanship of the Senate Banking

Committee, with oversight of the S.E.C., made him a remarkably good friend to have. So happy were they, in fact, that they took \$18,000 from D'Amato's savings and turned a profit of \$37,000 in a single day.

This financial coup was accomplished through an investment mechanism almost never made available to small-time investors like D'Amato: an initial public offering, or I.P.O., which often multiplies in value overnight. D'Amato's reported net worth of \$70,000 was far below the minimum \$500,000 Stratton usually requires in its new accounts. Moreover, the firm allocated 4,500 shares of the I.P.O., a "hot issue," to D'Amato's account, considerably more shares than the firm allocated to any of its other, long-term clients. Why did Stratton bend its rules to make money for D'Amato? It has never been explained.

In fact no clear explanation has been given for how he became a Stratton client. According to a consultant to the S.E.C., the Senator approached Stratton's president at a D'Amato fund-raiser in New York and said, "Can you make me some money?" The Stratton boss replied, "Are you sure you want to do this? They [the S.E.C.] are looking at me. It would look bad." D'Amato allegedly answered, "Since when is it illegal to make money in the stock market?" (Incidentally, Stratton tried to keep the S.E.C. consultant's report on the D'Amato deal sealed, but a federal court finally forced its disclosure on June 5.)

D'Amato's candidate, Bob Dole, has been less obviously crooked than D'Amato—which isn't difficult. Still, Dole's tireless efforts to shape legislation for the benefit of fat-cat contributors have become legendary in Washington, and those efforts have paid off handsomely for him and—shades of Hillary Clinton—for his second wife, Liddy. The best-known beneficiary of Dole's legislative largesse is the Archer-Daniels-Midland Corporation, the top officials of which have been under criminal investigation by the Justice Department for antitrust violations. During the Midwest primaries Dole boasted that his nickname is "Senator Ethanol" because over the past two decades he has ensured huge taxpayer subsidies for the gasoline substitute made from corn. The nation's biggest producer of ethanol is A.D.M., whose C.E.O., Dwayne Andreas, has contributed generously to all of Dole's campaigns, political-action committees, and to a dubiously tax-exempt private foundation used by Dole to advance his presidential ambitions. Among other favors, Andreas provided the Doles with a vacation condo in Bal Harbour, Florida, by selling it to them below cost. He flies both Doles around in his corporate jets, too.

Lately the Republicans have made much of allegedly illegal contributions to Clinton's 1990 gubernatorial campaign, but one of Dole's own chief fund-raisers pled guilty to charges of laundering money into the Kansan's campaign in an effort to evade legal contribution limits. And years earlier Dole benefited from a below-prime-interest loan from a Kansas bank that was funneled through his wife, in apparent violation of federal election law.

Perhaps most intriguing are the finances of Elizabeth Dole, which are at least as dubious as Hillary Clinton's, and have prospered as a result of actions taken by her husband in the Senate. Fresh out of Leavenworth penitentiary is David Owen, Mrs. Dole's former investment adviser and former chief fund-raiser for her husband. Owen arranged Liddy Dole's interest in a venture called Golfun, in which she was, amazingly, the only investor who made money. The others all lost their shirts.

And it was Owen who arranged the Doles' connection to a major insurance company in Topeka, which made a windfall of hundreds of millions of dollars because of special shelters written by Bob Dole into the 1986 tax "reform" act. (The insurance company's president became a major fund-raiser for Dole's 1988 presidential campaign. Surprise, surprise.)

Just before the 1986 tax reform passed, Liddy Dole's "blind trust," run by Owen, bought stock in that same insurance company. Liddy's holdings multiplied rapidly in value, thanks entirely to her husband's tax-rigging work. This was not merely a happy coincidence. As Owen told *The New Yorker* last January, "Everyone understood what was going on."

Liddy Dole, the Red Cross angel of mercy, even has a questionable real-estate deal in her portfolio. After Dole helped one of his old campaign cronies win a multimillion-dollar Small Business Administration contract, the same crony turned around and included Liddy in a lucrative deal involving the construction of a new office complex with the S.B.A. funding. The most revolting part of this deal was that Congress intended the S.B.A. program to help "disadvantaged" minority entrepreneurs—not millionaire heiresses like Mrs. Dole.

It's ironic that Republicans always accuse the media of having a bias in favor of the Democrats. I have no idea what the politics of most reporters are. But if you compare the searchlight attention that has been lavished on the Clintons with the lack of investigative fervor into the activities of Dole and D'Amato, I think you'd conclude that the Republicans have more friends in the media than they care to admit. 



# Roy Jones, Jr.

**He's the best fighter in the world today, and many experts regard him as one of the greatest of all time. So why is he so controversial?**

Boxing is in a state of crisis. The sport has four major sanctioning organizations and 17 different weight divisions. That's 68 titles, and even the most fervent fans have trouble keeping track of who the "champions" are. Indeed, individual titles have been devalued to the point where they don't mean much anymore. What counts is which fighters are "special." • Roy Jones, Jr., is special. At age 27 he has a record of 32 wins and no losses, with 28 knockouts. He's the International Boxing Federation supermiddleweight [168 pounds] champion, and the best fighter in the world today. He's also regarded by many as one of the greatest fighters of all time. It's not just that Jones is undefeated; it's the way he wins that's so impressive. With an arsenal that includes blinding speed, lightning reflexes, uncanny timing, and devastating power, Jones does things in the ring that no one has done since Muhammad Ali in his prime. • Jones first stepped into the spotlight at the 1988 Seoul Olympics. In the gold-medal bout he battered South Korea's Park Si Hun around the ring for three rounds and landed 86 punches to Park's 32. Yet three of the five judges inexplicably voted for Park. The decision was worse than incompetent; it reeked of corruption. The judges who voted for Park were relieved of their Olympic duties and banned from officiating at international amateur boxing matches for two years. Jones, despite his "loss," was voted Outstanding



Interview by **Thomas Hauser** • Photographs by **Focus on Sports**

Boxer of the 1988 Olympic Games. But the decision against him still stands.

After the Olympics Jones turned pro, with his father, Roy Jones, Sr., who had guided his amateur career, as his trainer. In 1992 father and son parted company, and Alton Merkerson [who had been an assistant coach for the U.S. Olympic Boxing team at Seoul] assumed the trainer's role. Meanwhile Jones's fortunes outside of the ring were being guided by two men from his hometown of Pensacola, Florida—Stan and Fred Levin.

Fred Levin is one of the most successful personal-injury trial lawyers in Florida. The legal expertise of his brother Stan lies primarily in trusts and estates. In the mid-1980s Stan Levin was on the board of directors of the Pensacola Boys Club. Jones was in the club's boxing program, and Roy Jones, Sr., was training the youngsters, when the club was forced to eliminate its boxing program for financial reasons. "It was only a matter of a couple of hundred dollars," Stan Levin remembers, "so I took the money out of my pocket and gave it to them. That's how I met Roy, and it changed my life."

When Jones turned pro at age 20 he turned to the Levins for assistance, and they formed a corporation known as Square Ring to manage his affairs. Square Ring has kept Jones free from

long-term contractual entanglements with the sport's more unsavory promoters. It also negotiated the most lucrative non-heavyweight contract in the history of boxing for Jones with HBO.

But it is Jones who must deliver in the ring, and so far he has done that to perfection. In 1993 he won the I.B.F. middleweight title with a convincing 12-round decision over Bernard Hopkins. After four more bouts he faced I.B.F. supermiddleweight champion James "Lights Out" Toney. For Roy Jones, Jr., this was supposed to be "the Test." Toney was a skilled boxer and fearsome puncher, unbeaten in 46 fights. He didn't just knock out his opponents; he beat them up. Boxing's intelligentsia were evenly divided as to who would win. And the fight was no contest. Jones toyed with Toney for 12 rounds on the way to a unanimous decision. *Ring* magazine called it "the most dominant big-fight performance in 20 years."

After disposing of Toney, Jones knocked out Antoine Byrd in one round. Then, against Vinny Pazienza, he took the clock back almost three decades. In a performance reminiscent of Muhammad Ali's 1966 destruction of Cleveland Williams, Jones K.O.'d Pazienza in the sixth round. In Round 4, Jones's defensive skills were such that Pazienza landed zero—count them, zero—punches.

Within the past year Jones has scored knockout victories over Tony Thornton, Merqui Sosa, and Eric Lucas. At the same time he has rekindled a childhood dream by playing professional basketball for the Jacksonville Barracudas of the United States Basketball League. This has led to criticism in some circles that he isn't living up to his full potential as a fighter, and is jeopardizing his chance to be remembered as one of the greatest fighters of all time. But Roy Jones, Jr., is an uncommon young man with a unique vision, as *Penthouse* found out when it sent me to speak with him.

*When you're daydreaming, what goes on in your mind?*

I fantasize about basketball most of the time. It's a crucial time in an N.B.A. game, a situation where I have to make something happen. Sometimes I hit a jump shot from the corner, but most times it's an assist. I'm penetrating, going to the hole. And all of a sudden I dish it off to someone like Michael Jordan or Penny Hardaway or Shaq, who comes down the middle and tears the whole rim down.

*When did you realize that you could make your dreams about boxing come true, and that basketball might be beyond your reach?*

In high school. They only have a few players under six feet in the N.B.A., and I knew I wouldn't get to six feet. So I realized my body size was more suited to boxing, and that was okay because even then I had much more time invested in boxing.

*If you could choose between being regarded as one of the greatest fighters of all time and playing basketball in the N.B.A., not as a gimmick but on merit, which would you choose?*

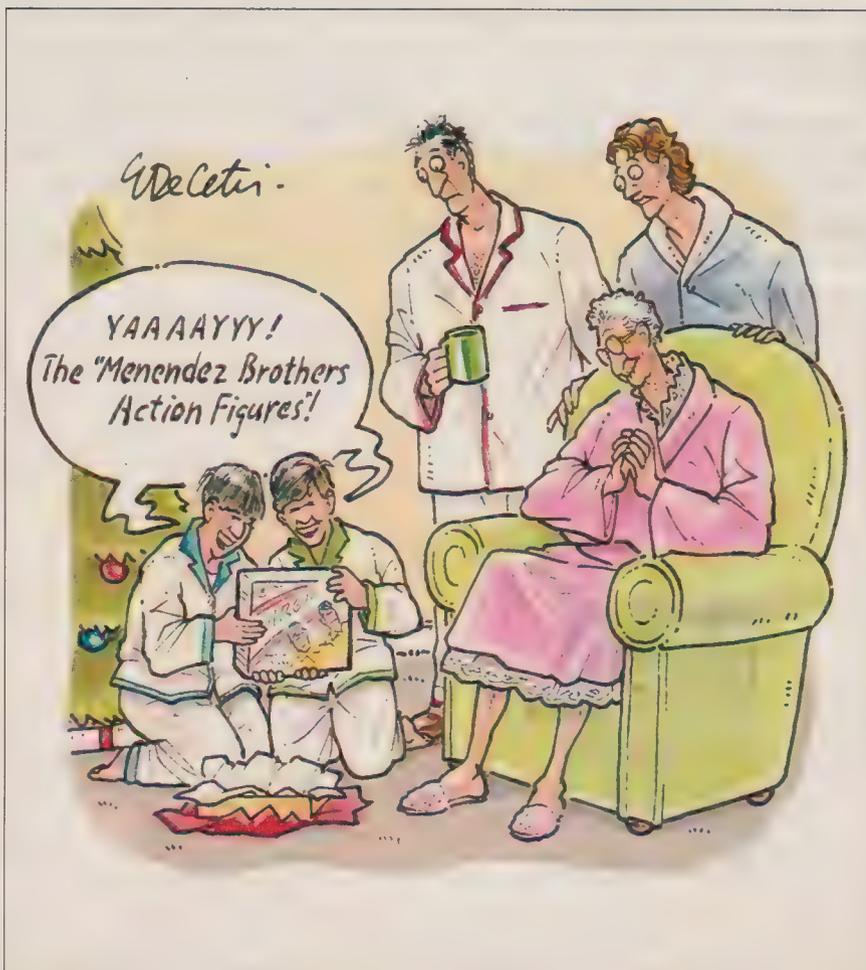
That's hard to say, because in boxing I think I'm already on the list of greatest, pound-for-pound. And it's not like I think I couldn't make it to the N.B.A. If I let boxing go and put the same amount of work I've put into boxing into basketball, I'd get there. I believe that. But I've put too much into boxing to walk away from it.

*Who do you think are the great fighters in the world today?*

Me, Oscar De La Hoya, Pernell Whitaker, Felix Trinidad, Ike Quartey, and Mike Tyson.

*Tell us about the Seoul Olympics.*

Well, I won the fight. Everybody knows that. But after I won I knew they were going to steal it. I saw a bunch of Koreans at the table where they brought the decision. They were smiling and laughing, and I said to myself, "Yeah, they got me." I listened when they announced it, just to make sure, but I knew what they'd done. And it was like, you give it your best effort and you win and then someone steals it away from you. Why should you even do it? I still





# Hofmekler's People

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Folk Heroes, Part 162  
Bob Dole

think about it, every day. But I try not to think about the bad part. I think about the days leading up to the fight, and performing well: the good things.

You might not believe this, but I think in some ways I was as good at the Seoul Olympics as I am now. The big difference is, since then I've become more experienced. But all that means is, when I step into the ring today I use less of what I know. You see, a man can only do so many things each time he steps into the ring, so I focus on what will work for me against a particular opponent. That's economics, supply and demand. I have a supply of skills, but unless a particular skill is demanded for a particular fight, I don't use it. For example, when I was fighting James Toney I didn't use my jab, because he likes to counter the jab. So even though the jab is in my supply room, I left it home that night. If I'd fought Toney when I was an amateur I'd have used the jab, because when I was an amateur I rushed out and used everything I had. But now I just go to my supply room, take out what I need for a particular fight, and bring a couple of extra tools with me in case there's a surprise. It's like, if a doctor is going to operate on your knee he knows what tools he should have with him to perform that operation. If he's operating on your knee there's no need for him to bring the tools he uses for open-heart surgery.

*What are the best weapons in your supply room?*

Speed, power, and combinations. But that's not all there is. My supply room is stacked.

*How good are you?*

I'm pretty good. Right now I'm the best in the world pound-for-pound, but I could be better. I used to be more skillful technically about the way I boxed. I was more careful. When I got hit with a big shot, I'd pull back and say, "Okay, let me take my time—refocus on what I'm doing—then I'll get you." Now I open up and take more chances. If a guy hits me with a big shot, I don't wait for my chance to get even. I hit him back fast, hoping I can knock him out. And most of the time I do. Now if you hit me with a big shot, it's: "Oh yeah? Okay—boom—now I got you back."

*Which do you think of as your best fights?*

The fight that meant the most to me was James Toney, because so many people thought he could beat me. But after a couple of rounds Toney realized he couldn't outbox me, so he decided to lay back and try to get me with one shot, the way he knocked out Michael Nunn. That's all he really tried to do. The fight of mine that was the most crowd-pleasing was against Vinny Pazienza. And my best performance, although it didn't last

long, was against Merqui Sosa. I train game roosters, so I know how it is when a chicken is out there just fighting, as opposed to when a chicken is out there really trying to kill. When a game rooster is going for the kill, he bites down hard. Well, Sosa bit down hard on a right hand and tried to take me out with one punch. Almost hit me, too. I said to myself, "Nice try, but it won't happen tonight. He's got to go." Then I took him out.

*Was Toney your toughest fight?*

No. The toughest opponent I ever fought was Jorge Castro [whom Jones defeated in a ten-round decision]. Castro took everything I had, and was just as strong in Round 10 as he was in Round 1.

*Of all the people you've fought so far, who came the closest to beating you?*

Nobody. I'm the only one who can beat me.

*What's your primary motivation when you step into the ring?*

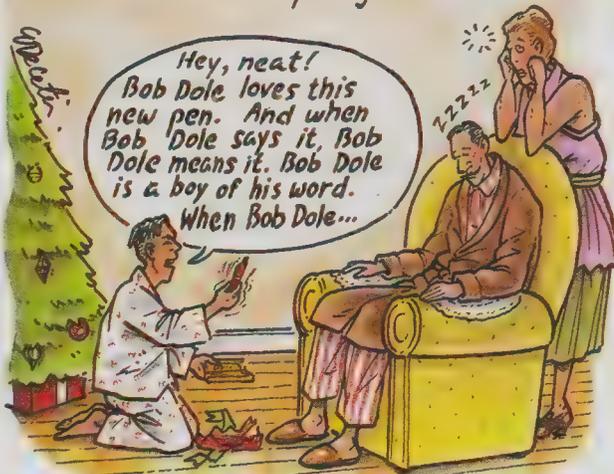
Entertaining the crowd is first, because I'd lose my motivation if I didn't feel like I was entertaining the crowd. Winning is second. Looking good is third.

*One of the complaints you've obviously heard is that you're not fighting the best available—*

Who's the best available? James Toney? I already beat him. Bernard Hopkins? I already beat him. I've offered to fight Virgil Hill over and over, and he

## GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

**December 25, 1934:**  
Christmas with young Bob Dole



**December 24, 1961:** This was to be Mrs. Antwiler's last performance at Sunset Retirement Home's annual Christmas variety show.



doesn't want me. I'll fight anybody. Frankie Liles, Steve Collins. None of them would be a problem.

*You've been talking about fighting heavyweights. Is that something you're serious about?*

If I talk about it I'm serious about it. It's something I'd do for the challenge. But I don't want to fight a big tall heavyweight.

*Would you fight Mike Tyson?*

If the money was right. But you have to understand: If I did it, I'd go in there to win. I'm not the kind of guy who says, "If they pay me enough, it's all right if I lose." When I fight I fight to win.

*What would you key on if a Jones-Tyson fight came about?*

First I'd key on his power, because if Tyson catches me with a big punch, I'm losing out. I'd have to avoid his big punches, and make sure I landed all my punches so he couldn't counter. That wouldn't be easy, because Tyson bobs and weaves and he's quick. One area where I'd have an advantage is, I'd work on his footwork, make him chase me, because his footwork is ordinary. If I get past three rounds, Tyson's in trouble. I doubt if I'd knock him out, but if it goes past three rounds, I'd win a decision.

*What's your view of Mike Tyson as a person.*

Life is tough for Tyson, because so many things have happened and so much has come out about him that he has a reputation and he has to be very careful. It must be tough being him and being in the situation he's in now, where people are waiting to attack him. Probably he doesn't know who he can trust. He has to be afraid of every move he makes. He has to do certain things to keep people from being able to do things to him. It must be hard living that way. I never want my life to be like that, which is

one of the reasons I try to stay out of the limelight. When I see trouble coming I walk away. I haven't been in a fight outside the ring since junior high school. I'm careful about how I deal with women. I try to treat everyone I meet with respect, and hope they treat me the same way.

*Do you think Mike Tyson raped Desiree Washington?*

There's only two people who know

much about fighting from watching a chicken fight as I can by watching people box. A chicken can be way ahead and—*wap!*—one blow and he's dead. Same thing with boxing. That tells me something. As long as you've got the energy to fight, you've got the energy to win. As long as you've got the will to fight, you've got the will to win. Watch the chickens and you'll learn a lot.

Some of the best people I've met, I've met at chicken fights. They don't have a lot of money, and for most of them it's the only competitive thing they can afford.

*You've surely had birds killed at fights. What does it feel like when one of your birds is killed?*

Hey, it happens. The head is a hard place to kill a chicken, because their brain is so small. I've seen a chicken take a spike through the head and come on like nothing happened. So usually it happens through the body, and you can't see it. The feathers cover up the blood. You don't know that anything is wrong until, all of a sudden, your bird is dead. And then you say, "Dang!" You hate to lose him. But you understand that this is what those animals want to do. If you don't lock them up they'll go out in the yard and kill one another anyway, so you might as well get them in shape and let them fight it out. Besides, if you look at what happens to other chickens, at least fighting chickens have a chance to win. I see truck-

loads of fried chicken being sold every day. Those chickens live for a few months, and then they get killed. They never have a chance. And nobody complains about what happens to those chickens.

*Tell us a bit more about Roy Jones as a person. What's your lifestyle like?*

Laid-back, country-like. I travel a lot when I'm playing basketball, but I'm happiest when I'm at home. If I can help



what happened in that hotel room, and I'm not one of them.

*You mentioned training game roosters, and we know that cockfighting is an interest of yours. Tell us about that.*

The most interesting part to me isn't the fighting. It's taking the time to breed the roosters, so you get to where you have an almost perfect bird. That's what I like about it, the breeding. And I can learn as

someone else, I'll try. I can't help every person, but I do my share. The one thing I hate—and I really hate it—is prejudice. I don't like prejudiced people, and I feel like human beings should be able to overcome that. There's good people of all races and bad people of all races. If you say to me, I don't like that person because he acts a certain way, fine. But you've got to understand that not all people of that race act that way.

*What kind of prejudice have you experienced?*

I'm from the South. You know what kind of prejudice I've experienced.

*Do you consider yourself a role model?*

Absolutely. If you're in a place where kids see you and look up to you, you have to accept that responsibility. Because if kids see a person they look up to, and that person is doing things that their parents talk about at home, good or bad, kids learn from that. I want parents to be able to say to their children: "Look at Roy Jones, Jr. He doesn't curse. He treats everybody with respect and stays out of trouble. He's a good person. He conducts himself like a champion." The main problem I have with a lot of successful people is attitude. They think they're better than the rest of the world, and they don't treat other people right.

*How do you feel about martial-arts disciplines outside of boxing?*

I love watching fights. Kung fu, kick-boxing, no-holds-barred fighting, all that stuff. If a fight is good, I enjoy watching it. The same for all those old karate movies on television.

*How about women boxers?*

Like I said, if a fight is good, I enjoy watching it.

*What sort of things frustrate you and make you angry?*

I get angry when things at Square Ring don't work right. We'll have a little problem here, and that leads to a problem there, and it frustrates me because I don't understand why people can't get along and work together and do things right. And I feel it's my responsibility to lead and keep things straight, so if things aren't going well, it's like I'm not doing my job. So I'll get angry and stay angry until the problem is worked out, but then I'm fine. And it's the same way with family. I've got my mother and father, a brother, three sisters, eight aunts, six uncles, a thousand cousins. And sometimes I see my family doing things where I feel responsible for them, because I can sit back and see things from a different angle. But I can't live for them; they've got their own lives. So even if I think they're doing something wrong, I have to let it alone sometimes.

*Tell us some more about Square Ring and what it does for you.*

Square Ring is a corporation. I own most of the shares. The other shareholders are Stan Levin, Fred Levin, and Alton Merkerson. I've been independent all my life, and I took a chance when I turned professional. I knew I wanted to stay independent, so I put together a team, and we've made the best of it. That's what Square Ring does for me. It keeps me independent. I don't mind doing business with the big promoters, but I don't want to sign up with any promoter for a long period of time. Don King has come down and talked to me a couple of times. Same old, same old. Don King is a good promoter, but I don't like the way he treats fighters. I asked him, "If I sign with you, how long is this contract going to last?" And he told me, "As long as you're champion." I don't want that, so I'm getting by without him. Square Ring does everything that's necessary to get me in the ring at my best, and also to handle my business activities outside the ring. And it does the same thing for all of the other fighters it handles [Square Ring's best-known other fighters are Al Cole and Derrick Gainer]. Because of Square Ring, I've been able to stay pretty much away from the slimy side of boxing. Because of Square Ring and my ability, I've been able to tell people I'm going to do things my way.

*How are Fred and Stan Levin paid?*

Everything works off of percentages.

*What happens to Square Ring after you stop fighting?*

What I hope happens is that Square Ring keeps going. We have nine fighters, and we're getting more all the time.

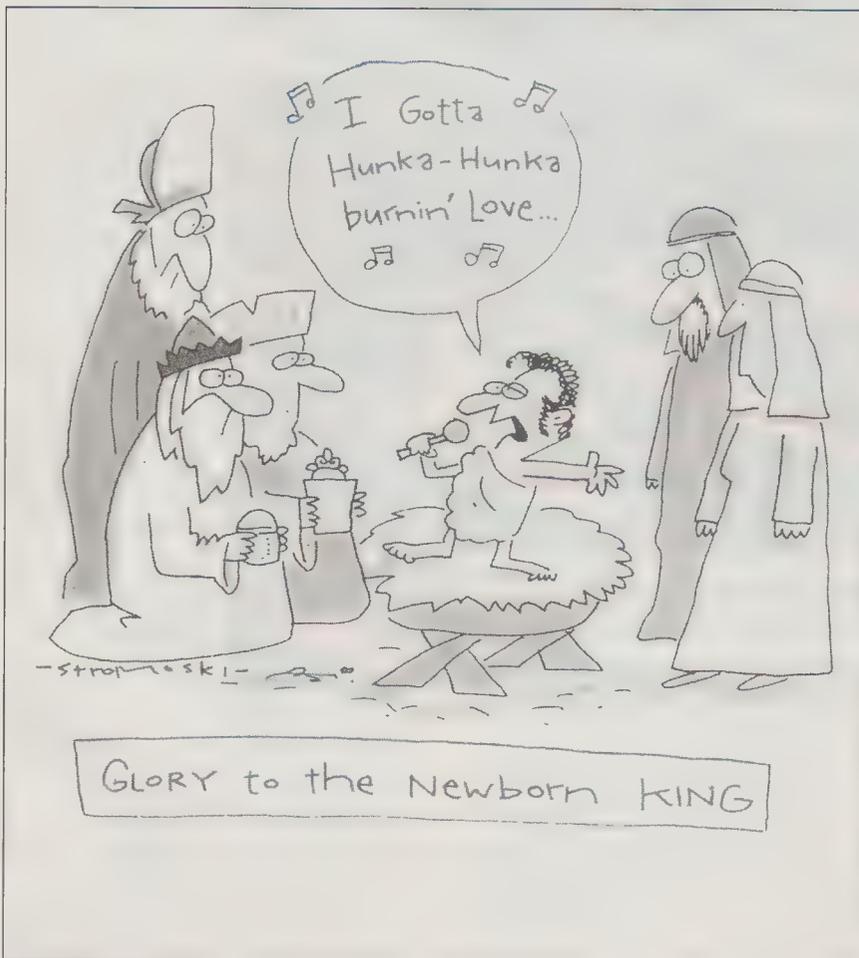
*One of the complaints you've heard from the media is that you aren't as attentive to promotional events as some people would like.*

I don't have to satisfy the media. I have to satisfy me. The media is cool. I like the media. But my job is to win, and I have to do what's comfortable for me and gets me ready. If I win the media has something to write about. And you and I both know that if I lose the media won't be interested in me.

*Why do you think there was so little criticism of Michael Jordan for giving up basketball and trying his hand at baseball, but people are constantly criticizing you for playing basketball?*

Because Michael Jordan had done all he wanted to do in basketball, so people could understand. And it was Michael Jordan, and people know they'll look bad if they talk bad about Michael Jordan. Plus Roy Jones is a boxer, and boxers aren't supposed to do things like that. But my job isn't to satisfy other people. My job is to satisfy Roy Jones. And right now I like the challenge of basketball, because I feel like I've done everything I want to do with boxing.

*How do you compare yourself with some of the other stars—like Bo Jackson and Deion Sanders—who've made*





# Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

*Be stonger, smarter, harder, better! Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*

## GARY NULL'S HEALTH TIPS

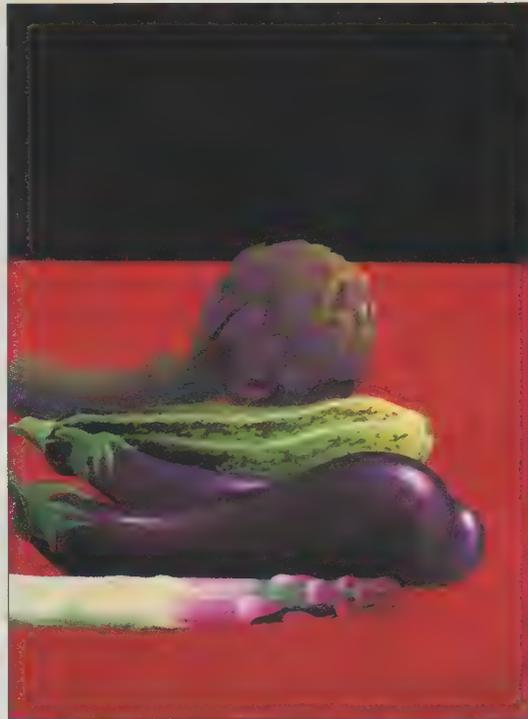
To lead a long and healthy life the best strategy is to start now. One important tactic is to get meat out of your diet. No more burgers, steaks, chops, or poultry. You can go cold turkey, or do it gradually, but the important thing is to give it up totally. Here's why.

Let's first consider heart disease, the leading cause of death in the United States. Three key risk factors are high blood pressure, obesity, and high cholesterol levels. A vegetarian diet will help lower them all.

Being a vegetarian improves your odds vis-à-vis cancer as well. Statistics abound, but one study found that the risk of fatal cancer for Seventh Day Adventist men—who eat no meat—is slightly more than half that for all U.S. white males of comparable age.

Beyond heart disease and cancer, vegetarians have been shown to be healthier on many different levels, from dental health and diabetes to the number of hospitalizations and the amount of medication used per year. Supporting studies go on and on.

Let's say you're convinced that vegetarian-



ism is the way to go, but you still have some doubts about its practicality. Perhaps that's because you still subscribe to a couple of common myths about the meatless way of life.

One myth is that meatless eating leaves you protein-short. Not so. If you eat a variety of grains, legumes, nuts and seeds, vegetables and fruits, your protein needs will be met without consuming any meat or dairy products. And it isn't just non-mainstream types like me saying this: None other than the American Dietetic Association

\* said in a 1993 position statement that vegetarian diets are healthful and nutritionally adequate when appropriately planned.

Another myth is that vegetarian cuisine is dull. If you still buy into that one, I say, "Wake up and smell the kasha," because nothing could be further from the truth. In fact I see the truth as being just the opposite—it's the traditional American dinner plate, with its tripartite meat/potato/vegetable portions, that's dull fare. Vegetarian cookery is about mixing it up, with a wide variety of colorful

fresh ingredients, enhanced by an array of herbs and spices. Get a few good vegetarian cookbooks to start you off, and you can have a different dinner every day for a year.

Try it; after that year, you'll be healthier for it, and the planet will be too.—Gary Null

## ASTHMA ROUNDUP

Over the past few years cases of asthma—and asthma-related deaths—have been on the rise. But there's a host of new weapons (as well as one new alarm bell) on the way to the battlefield against this disease.

First the warning: From McGill University in Montreal comes news that asthma patients who use major tranquilizers may face three times the risk of death as asthmatics who don't.

Now the good news:

- In high doses, a powerful new steroid inhaler known as fluticasone propionate can help patients with severe asthma. In a study reported in the *Journal of Family Practice*, patients who got the new steroid had better breathing, fewer awakenings at night, and less need for standard bronchodilating

**Bad bounce:  
Yo-yo  
dieters  
are more  
prone  
to depres-  
sion.**

inhalers.

- Acupuncture can help reduce the need for asthma medication. In ten studies involving a total of 320 patients, Dr. Kim Jobst, an acupuncturist and a research fellow at Oxford University, found that 91 percent of the asthmatics were able to cut down on their meds while undergoing a course of acupuncture.

- "Guided self-management," in which patients are trained in techniques that can help them measure the severity of their disease and adjust doses of medication accordingly, works better than relying on doctors alone.



## YO-YO MAL

Yo-yo dieting—taking off large amounts of weight, putting the pounds on again, then plunging back into the diet—has long been known to be hazardous to one's physical health. Now comes reinforced news that this dangerous cycle can also have a vicious effect on the psyche.

Dr. John Foreyt, director of the Behavioral Medicine Research Center of the DeBaakey Heart Center at Baylor College of

Medicine in Houston, conducted a study in which scientists observed nearly 500 men and women over the course of a year. The volunteers were checked for weight gain and loss, and given questionnaires to reveal eating behavior, stress, and weight perception.

As expected, those who resorted to yo-yo dieting frequently reported depression and low self-esteem. On the other hand, those who successfully maintained their target weight had, in Foreyt's words, "better control of their eating, a lower stress level, and a greater sense of well-being."

## PANCREATIC-CANCER HOPE

Cancer of the pancreas—the disease that killed actor Michael Landon—is one of the most insidious of the deadly cancers. It spreads swiftly, and by the time symptoms show up it's usually too late to treat successfully. But there's a ray of hope beaming from the laboratories. A drug called Gemzar, developed by Eli Lilly, not only extends survival time but lets patients live with less pain.

In clinical trials involving 126 pancreatic-cancer patients, after one year only two percent of those who received 5-FU, a standard drug used to



It's been known for several years that a couple of alcoholic drinks a day can help cut the risk of heart attack. Now comes news that if beer's your beverage of choice, you may be better off healthwise drinking dark beer rather than light. The reason? Dark beer contains more flavonoids, micronutrients that fight free radicals and help prevent the blood clots that can cause heart attacks.

So says John Folts, Ph.D., a cardiovascular physiologist at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. (Folts earlier showed that flavonoid-rich red wine inhibits blood clotting, while white wine doesn't.) Folts's good news about dark beer comes from studies in which he injected Guinness Extra Stout into the stomachs of 11 atherosclerotic dogs. Five other dogs got lighter Heineken lager. Clot-promoting platelets were inhibited in the Guinness dogs, but not in the Heineken crowd.

One reminder: Dark beer and wine are by no means the only dietary sources of flavonoids. These heart-healthy substances can also be found in grape juice, tea (preferably black), apples, and onions.—*J. Garrard*

treat the disease, remained alive. But 18 percent of the patients who got Gemzar survived for a year. And the Gemzar patients experienced less pain.

"As the first new treatment for pancreatic

cancer in several decades," says August M. Watanabe, M.D., Lilly's executive vice president for science and technology, "Gemzar represents hope for patients."—*J. Garrard*

## STEROIDS AND SPERM

Lyle Alzado, the tough all-pro N.F.L. player who died at age 43 of brain cancer, blamed his illness on extensive use of anabolic steroids to help build muscle. The rap on long-term, high-dose steroid usage also includes increased risk of liver disease, heart attack, stroke, and shrinking testicles. Now add one more. British scientists have discovered that "juicers" (gym slang for big-time



steroid users) may also have lower sperm counts.

Dr. A. P. Murdoch of England's Centre for Reproductive Medicine in Newcastle-upon-Tyne examined five men who complained of infertility. All five, he found, had been steroid users, and all had extremely low sperm counts—in one case as low as five million sperm per milliliter. (Data from the World Health Organization indicates that fertility problems can show up when sperm counts are 20 million per milliliter or lower). Fortunately, after

giving up steroids for six months, the bodybuilder mentioned above was able to sire a child. But not all bodybuilders may have such good luck. According to Murdoch, it can take one to three years for sperm counts to climb to normal levels.

"Our main concern," he concludes, "is that young men are taking anabolic steroids ... without knowing the potentially serious consequences."

## SICK SPONGES

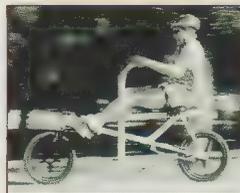
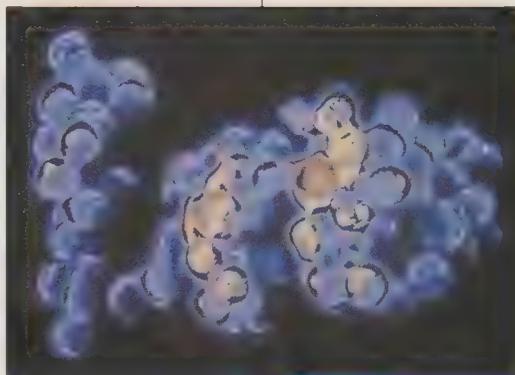
America seems to be in the midst of an epidemic of food poisoning. Millions have experienced this gut-wrenching problem, and thousands have died. The General Accounting Office estimates that food poisoning costs the United States as much as \$22 billion a year.

No wonder scientists are hot on the trail of the germs that cause food diseases, and busily searching out their hiding places. One surprising discovery: In many cases,

the bugs are bivouacked in the moist, cozy confines of what is supposed to be an instrument of cleanliness—the common kitchen sponge.

A team led by Carlos Enriquez of the University of Arizona at Tucson turned the microscope on 325 cellulose sponges (along with 75 cotton dishrags) from a number of homes. The researchers found the samples were swarming with bacteria that can cause a wide range of infections. *Staphylococcus aureus*, which causes 1.5 million cases of food poisoning and 1,200 U.S. deaths a year, turned up in 20 percent of the sponges, while potentially deadly salmonella bacteria (3,800 deaths in the U.S. in 1993) were present in 14 percent.

To cut down the risk of food poisoning, disinfect those sponges and dishrags regularly. Even better, throw them away every week or so and start with cleaning materials that are truly clean.



## ROWBIKE

Can't choose between a rower and a stationary cycle? Try the Rowbike, billed as "a merger between a rowing machine and a bicycle."

According to inventor Scott Olson, the man behind the now wildly popular Rollerblades, the Rowbike challenges you to push with your legs as if bicycling while you row and steer with your arms. The resulting motion, which Olson calls "body pedaling," is a smooth, low-impact exercise that gives your whole body a workout. In fact, says Olson, Rowbiking burns twice as many calories as ordinary cycling.

"It's fantastic," says Olson. "You're outside, moving, going where you want, and getting fit at the same time. It's also easy to use."

The Rowbike sells for \$599.95, and is available only by phone from the company. For more information call (800) 800-8740.

**The Rowbike burns off twice as many calories as cycling.**

**Beat the clock: A morning-after pill can save the day if your condom falls.**

## THE PILL THAT LASTS

Good news on the birth-control front: A new study shows that "morning-after" pills are actually effective not just 24 hours, but for as long as three days—and perhaps even longer—after intercourse.

The study, conducted by scientists



from the Office of Population Research and the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton University, examined information from 5,495 women. They had been given a morning-after pill either one, two, or three days after having unprotected sex. Twelve hours later the women took a second dose. Results? The number of pregnancies among the women was the same, no matter when they took the initial dose. And James Trussell, the head of the study, thinks that the pills may remain effective for as long as four to five days after unpro-

tected sex.

Although the Food and Drug Administration has not officially approved any oral contraceptive for use after unprotected intercourse, in July an F.D.A. advisory committee unanimously concluded that birth-control pills could be used on a morning-after basis.

Of course no one is recommending that people abandon the use of condoms to protect against sexually transmitted diseases. But condoms are notoriously mediocre as birth-control devices—they break, they leak, they sometimes fall off. So some experts are hailing the Princeton study, saying that morning-after pills can provide a safe contraceptive backup.

## PENILE PELLETS

Men who are troubled by erectile dysfunction—the inability either to achieve or to sustain an erection sufficient for intercourse—are often just as troubled by the available treatments. These fall into three major categories: vacuum pumps (often inconveniently mood-breaking); penile injections of erection-producing drugs (sometimes painful); and prosthetic implants (which can be awkward when showing at the health club).

But there may soon

be a new, kinder and gentler offering: a pellet that's inserted into the penis through the urethra. The patient uses a plunger (no needles) to insert a small wax pellet containing the erection-producing drug alprostadil. Once inside the urethra, the pellet dissolves, releasing the drug. Alprostadil restores blood flow into the "erection chamber," enabling many men to achieve a viable erection. The only possible side effect: mild pain in the penis.

Perhaps the best thing about the new pellets is that they work for men whose erectile dysfunction stems from either organic or psychological causes. The pellet manufacturer, Vivus, Inc., of Menlo Park, California, hopes to win F.D.A. approval and have the pellet on the market sometime in 1997.—*J. Garrard*

## YEAST CREAMS

Any man who's had a steady relationship with a woman has run into one of the most common of all sexual bugaboos: the yeast infection. But many women who are in fact afflicted with other kinds of vaginal infections incorrectly assume that the trouble is caused by yeast and resort to an over-the-counter yeast-infection remedy.

You may want to tell your lady that this can

be a serious mistake. Researchers at the Medical College of Georgia have discovered, in a study of 601 women, that those who had never before had a yeast infection diagnosed it correctly only 11 percent of the time, while women who had previously experienced a yeast infection scored somewhat better, at 35 percent. Health-care professionals, on the other hand, correctly diagnosed the source of the infection as much as 84 percent of the time.

The problem is that the discharge that can be a sign of yeast infection is very similar to that generated by another disease, bacterial vaginosis. If left untreated or treated



improperly with non-prescription yeast creams, bacterial vaginosis can turn nasty, leading to pelvic inflammatory disease—a major cause of infertility and tubal pregnancy.

So give your lady this message: If she



has signs of a vaginal infection, seek diagnosis and treatment from a doctor or other health-care professional. Self-diagnosis and self-medication can be downright dangerous.

### ASK DR. SLOAN

*Penthouse* is proud to present Don Sloan, M.D., who will periodically answer your common questions on sexual matters. An expert on human sexuality, Sloan is a clinical associate professor at New York Medical College, director of the psychosomatic service in obstetrics and gynecology at New York Medical College and Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City, and a member of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex and the American College of Sexologists.

*My husband and I have started off many a day with a hug and a little head. It begins his day with a smile, and I don't mind a bit. Is this*

*normal?—Dorrie L., New York*

Couples use oral sex in many ways, although perhaps not always as a substitute for an alarm clock. On many occasions it can take the place of conventional intercourse. A couple can take turns, which has one advantage: It lets the partner on the receiving end become absorbed in the mood of the moment. As one partner goes down on the other, that seems to be a prelude for whatever else might happen. And certainly there's pleasure in it for the provider as well—a number of studies have shown that neither men nor women can decide which is more pleasurable, giving or getting.

For many women, receiving semen in the mouth and swallowing are an issue. This must be negotiated beforehand, but some women have reported powerful positive feelings when they swallow a partner's ejaculate. For many it is a symbol of love and trust. (By the

way, the old tale that semen is "dirty" or toxic is not true. Even the calorie count is low—about 75 calories for an average seminal flow.)

For the woman who is a novice at fellatio, a good way to start off is with a gentle washing of her partner's genitalia. (With uncircumcised men, a little extra lavage may be needed for purposes of hygiene.) Then some fondling, with a gentle kiss or two. Follow this with a gradual lick and suck of the glans—the head of the penis. How much of the penis a woman actually takes into her mouth is a matter of individual taste, as is thrusting by the male. "Ball bolting" (licking and sucking of the testicles) can be a delightful

variation, but all these should be negotiated. If mouth-coming has been vetoed, the man must warn his partner when the stimulus is getting out of hand (no pun intended).

Fellatio can be therapeutic in more ways than one. Even the most virile of men will on occasion feel the negative effects of stress, fatigue, work, and worry. An erection cannot be willed, and a little head can go a long way toward overcoming this slump.

The bottom line is that oral sex can be a delicious hors d'oeuvre, entrée, or dessert on your love-making menu. It's all part of a healthy sexual appetite, and it's all a matter of taste—yours.

**Oral report:  
For many women, fellatio is a symbol of love and trust.**

### FLIES AND INFERTILITY

What makes a man infertile? If scientists at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center at Dallas are right, for some men it may be all in the genes. And thanks to a bunch of fruit flies, the Southwestern team may be close to tracking down the culprit.

The villain may be a gene called DAZ. To find it, the Texas team, led by Steven A. Wasserman, Ph.D., looked at a gene it had discovered in fruit flies that goes by the name of *boule*. Flies that have mutated versions of *boule*, they found, make no sperm at all. The connection: The *boule* gene helps manufacture a protein similar to one produced by the human DAZ gene.

Wasserman thinks that a small percentage of men with no or low sperm counts may have defects in the DAZ gene. "The better we can understand the gene," he says, "the better chance we have of being able to design a treatment for infertility."



good to be true. Sure enough, a secretary answered the phone, and Andries came on the line; he told Barros that the winters in New York could be cold, so he was going to forward \$1,000 for some warm clothing. Andries said he would also arrange a prepaid coach ticket; it had to be round-trip, so that Barros could obtain a tourist visa. In October 1994, after arranging his affairs and obtaining a visa, an excited Barros left to begin a new life in America.

Howard Williams, who works out of Manhattan for the church's children's ministry office, met Barros at the airport and drove him to Andries's home in Brooklyn. Williams told him he could stay with Andries until Barros got his own apartment. (It should be noted that, as far as Barros knows, Williams had no involvement with the priest's sexual activities.)

Just off Flatbush Avenue, in a working-class neighborhood of low-rise pre-

gious men, and he looked forward to being useful.

That day Andries and Barros sat in the backseat of Andries's car while a driver—the church pianist—gave them a tour of the diocese. Barros was particularly impressed with the big homes on Long Island. That night Andries told Barros they would have dinner with a very important priest, Orris Walker, Bishop of the Diocese of Long Island. The setting was the River Café, a posh, pricey restaurant in a romantic setting near the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, with a spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline. The conversation was general, and both men were solicitous of Barros. With each passing hour, Barros grew to like his new station in life even more.

It was upon the arrival home that Barros first detected a discordant note in this glorious new world. Waiting for Andries in the driveway was another priest. "I want you to meet my import from Brazil," Andries told him happily. Barros winced; he did not like the word "import." Exhausted, he again excused

"Honey, I just want to make you feel good," cooed Andries, seated next to Barros on the bed and touching him. He wore jeans and no shirt.

After the other priest came on him, Barros finally managed to wriggle free, and the two men began trying to calm him. They were extremely apologetic. They'd had too much to drink, they said. He was simply too attractive to resist, they said. They'd lost their heads temporarily; it would never happen again.

Barros couldn't sleep that night. He knew he had to return to South America the next day. There was no translation job, no \$3,000-a-month salary.

At seven in the morning he went downstairs to retrieve his briefcase from the library where he'd left it. Inside the briefcase were his return airline ticket and passport. But the bag was missing. He confronted Andries, who pleaded ignorance, suggesting maybe Barros had forgotten the briefcase at the airport. Gone was the contrite man of the night before; Andries was abrupt and dismissive.

Barros took a subway that morning into Manhattan with about \$150 in his pocket, money left over from the \$1,000 clothing allowance Andries had sent to him in Buenos Aires. The young visitor had no plan, no identification, no friends, no way home. His mother lived in Brazil, but he couldn't imagine calling her and telling her about the trouble he was in. For three days, Barros says, he lived on hot dogs from street vendors and slept in subway trains, until he decided he had no choice but to return to Andries in Brooklyn. Yes, he was repelled by what had happened, but since he himself was bisexual, maybe he could tolerate an occasional encounter until he could figure out what to do next. He called Andries from a pay phone in Manhattan.

It was a very worried, concerned-sounding Andries who took the phone call. He told Barros he had been very, very upset about Barros's disappearance. He began crying.

"Baby, please come back," Barros remembers him pleading. "You know you are so young, and I did wrong. I'll make up everything; please come here."

That night Andries hugged Barros and apologized again for his behavior. Shortly after Barros went to his bedroom, Andries entered and told Barros that he wanted to give him so much love, wanted to take care of him. He stroked the young man's hair, and Barros pretended to fall asleep under Andries's almost paternal ministrations. The next day Andries, wearing a red robe, brought Barros breakfast in bed. There were flowers on the tray.

Shortly thereafter the doorbell rang, and Andries went downstairs. Barros

## Reverend Andries was in love with Pereira. Andries cut back the orgies because he "didn't want to give his man to everybody."

war apartment buildings and modest homes, is Andries's Lefferts Avenue residence, a two-story brick duplex. The front door is adorned with numerous decals, including a dove of peace with the words "Come Holy Spirit" around it, another that says simply "Clergy," and one from the Mary Kay cosmetics company that reads "Team Leader."

To Barros the three-bedroom dwelling seemed huge. He noticed the plants in the living-room front window and pictures of, strangely enough, Marilyn Monroe throughout the house. The basement was a separate apartment where an elderly man from Trinidad lived; Barros soon learned the man served as Andries's housekeeper and all-around gofer.

Andries came home that afternoon at three o'clock, as Barros would learn he always did in order to watch "General Hospital." In the evening the priest sat down to a dinner prepared, as usual, by a fond parishioner. A jet-lagged Barros joined him that first night, but he was tired and wanted to sleep.

He awoke the next morning "very happy—I was in the U.S. and I had lots to do." A Baptist by upbringing, Barros was pleased to be working with reli-

himself to go to bed.

From his upstairs bedroom he could hear the two priests downstairs. He heard the sounds of drinking, and it struck him that Andries—who'd had a drink before dinner at the River Café, wine during dinner, and an after-dinner drink—seemed to like his alcohol. Barros wasn't quite sure why, but at that moment he became scared. *No*, he thought to himself, *it can't be that. These men are priests.*

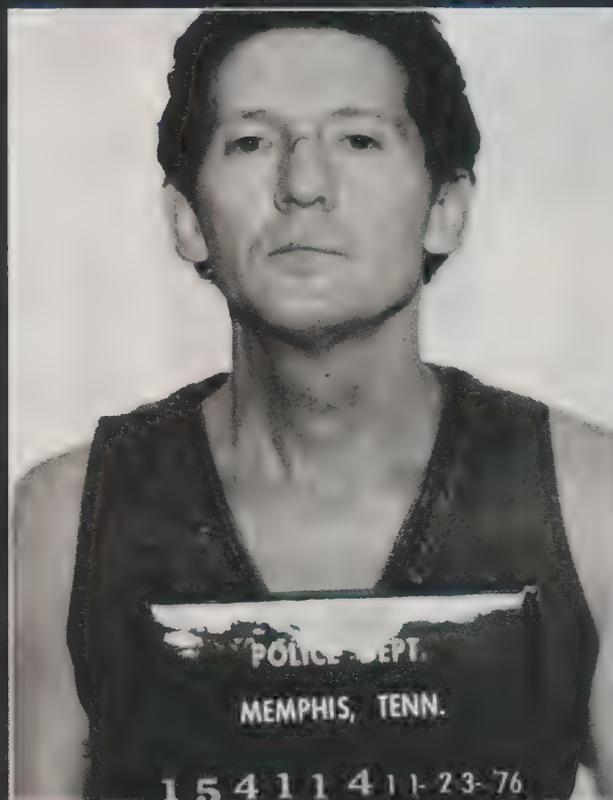
About one A.M., Barros says, the two men entered his room. And minutes later Barros finally realized why he'd been imported from Brazil. At first he feigned sleep. *Maybe they'll go away*, he remembers thinking. Then someone began caressing his neck and his shoulders. *Maybe they'll go away*. But as the hands moved south—lingering over the nipples on his bare chest—down to his black underpants, Barros pretended to leap awake.

When he opened his eyes Barros saw Andries's friend standing over him. Except he wasn't wearing the clerical collar he'd had on earlier. Instead he wore a pair of high heels and was resplendent in a sheer black peignoir played against red stockings and a matching garter belt.

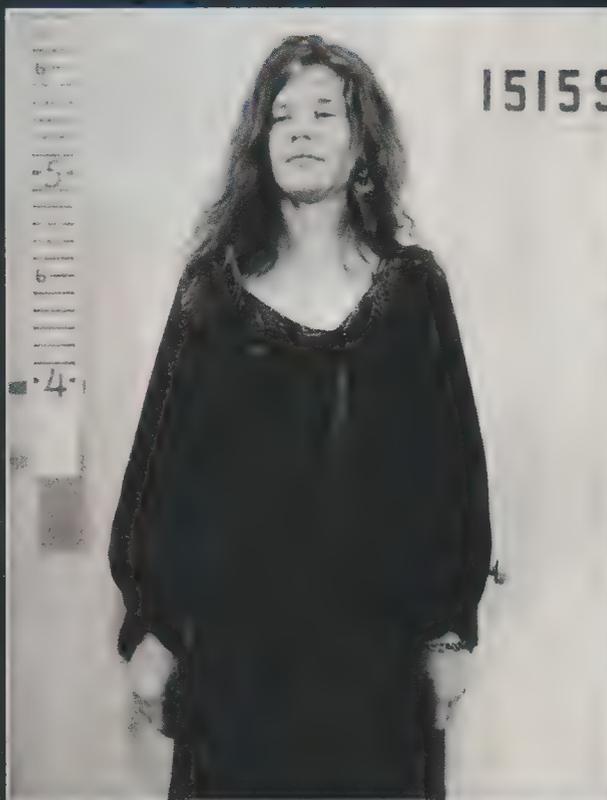
IN THE FUTURE EVERYONE WILL BE UNDER ARREST FOR 15 MINUTES

# MUG SHOTS

From *Mug Shots: Celebrities Under Arrest*. Copyright © 1996 by George Seminara. (St. Martin's Press, Inc.)



**Jerry Lee Lewis** ("The Killer") Arrested November 23, 1976. Charge: Carrying a pistol while he was outside Graceland, demanding to see Elvis Presley.



**Janis Joplin** Arrested November 16, 1967. Charge: Two counts of vulgar and indecent language. Found guilty in absentia and fined \$200.



**Christian Slater** Arrested December 23, 1994. Charge: Possession of a weapon; reduced to a misdemeanor. Sentenced to three days community service.



**Joe Peppone** Arrested March 18, 1985. Charge: Possession of a weapon, controlled substances, and drug paraphernalia. Served four months of a six-month sentence.



*"Dear Santa: It is with deepest regret that I present you with this most unfavorable report on our son, Tommy."*

# THE BOYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

heard the voice of the other priest who had been in his room the night after his arrival. And for the first time he heard the two men greet each other as "girl."

"Good morning, girl," trilled priest No. 2. "Where's the man?"

The man, Andries said, was upstairs having breakfast in bed, and when the two priests came into Barros's room he was presented with a dozen red roses and a card asking forgiveness. Inside the card was tucked a \$100 bill.

"We need to talk to you very seriously," Andries told Barros. "You're a very intelligent young man," Barros remembers him saying, "and you must understand we don't want to force you to do anything. But sometimes we need you to have sex with us, and if you accept that, there's a lot in it for you. This house is your house, everything we have is yours too. We have a car—it's yours. And we can give you much more over time."

Barros tempered his anger with cold practicality. He wanted to stay in the U.S. He understood these priests had power in their community; perhaps he could get a job with one of the hospitals they said they oversaw. He said he needed to think about the offer, but privately he didn't feel he had many options. Later that afternoon he called Andries to say he accepted the deal: occasional sex in exchange for security. Andries was delighted, but said he'd hold on to Barros's passport to protect him. It was for his own good, Andries said; after all, if Barros made an irrational decision to flee, he'd be tossing away a great future.

To celebrate Barros's decision,

Andries promised a party that very night. He told Barros to come to the church at 6 P.M.

St. Gabriel's is squeezed into a small street of small homes in a blue-collar section of Brooklyn, about a five-minute drive from Andries's home. A modest white stone-faced church with a modern main section built in 1991, St. Gabriel's is unusual in that there's no name on the

St. Gabriel's is a perfect place for privacy, and obviously the homecoming party in honor of Wasticlinio Barros required plenty of privacy, though Barros had no way of knowing that the guest list would include grotesque versions of Madonna and Marilyn Monroe. By that night's end it would occur to Barros that he might have made a better deal with the devil.

Within days of Barros's acquiescence, Andries asked the cooking-and-cleaning woman who routinely visited him to stop coming. A member of St. Gabriel's, she regularly cared for Andries for free—not an uncommon perk of being a priest—though she was never allowed in the bedroom in which the closet contained his "Marilyn" clothes. And Andries began introducing Barros to "the girls."

Andries was "Marilyn," as in Monroe. A short, round man from Guyana who liked to say he was Indian, not black, Andries had arrived at St. Gabriel's with his wife and young daughter about 17 years earlier. His wife had died several years after his Brooklyn posting, and Andries had never remarried. Known around his church as what one parishioner terms "a little man with a big ego," Andries had an imperial, dictatorial manner that intimidated some of the church's vestry.

His best friend assumed the name "Margo," while fantasizing himself as Madonna.

Another priest was called "Carmen Miranda," though Barros never saw him dress the part. A fourth man liked to go by the name "Sugar." Another named himself "Mina" after an Argentine actress he adored. Other priests liked to be known as "Greta," as in Garbo, "Marlene," as in Dietrich, and "Mona," as in Mona Lisa.

So routinely did the priests act as

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exterior of the church, no traditional signboard listing the name of the rector or title of Sunday's sermon. There is a fence around St. Gabriel's. It's difficult to see inside the building; on one side is an abandoned town house owned by the church, its windows broken. The very small parking lot between town house and church is reserved for deacons and priests; it can be closed off.

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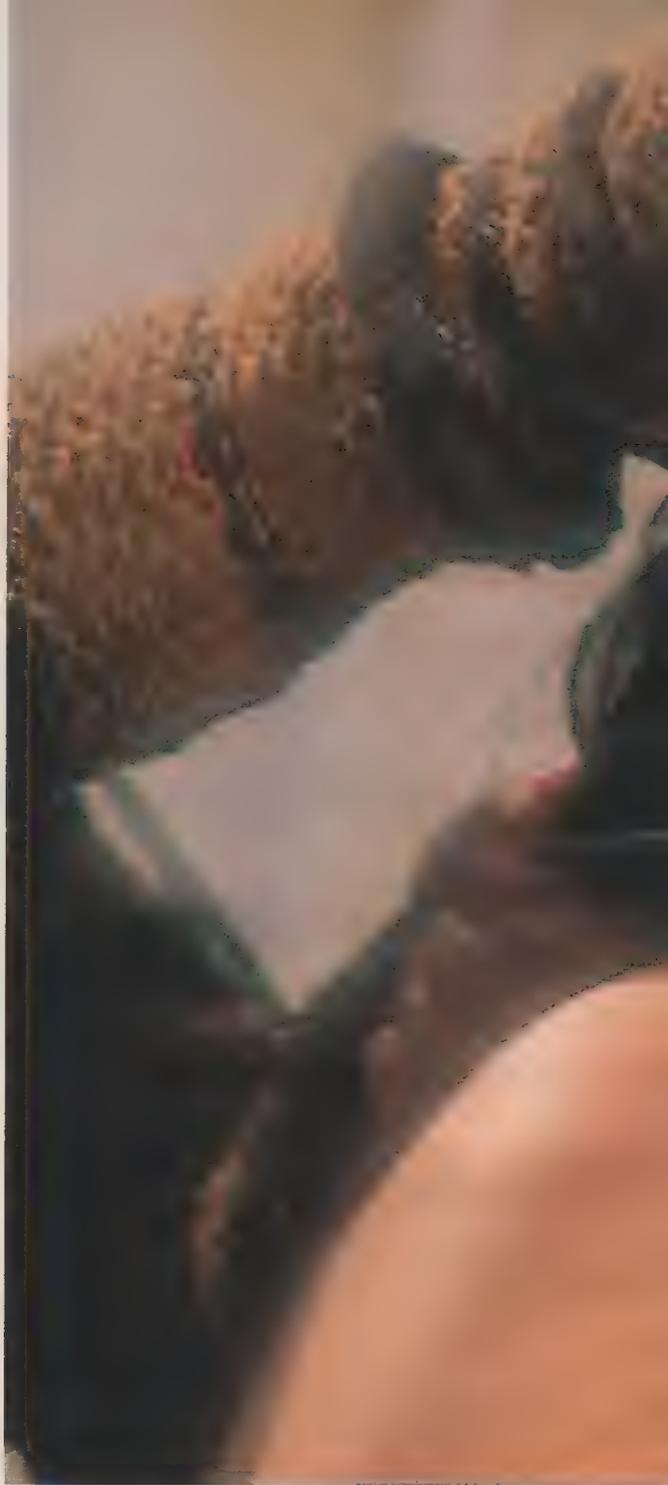




# BAITING THE LURE

**S**ome girls get off on horseback riding, some would rather gun a growling sports car down a winding mountain road, and still others quickly get damp astride a smoothly humming Harley. But Selena's sense of adventure answered a different call—the ancient, irresistible siren song of the sea. She hoped the ocean would work the same magic on her stunning girlfriend, Tania, whom she invited aboard. They braced themselves against the boat's rocking motion, but nevertheless were happily flung into each other's arms more than once.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



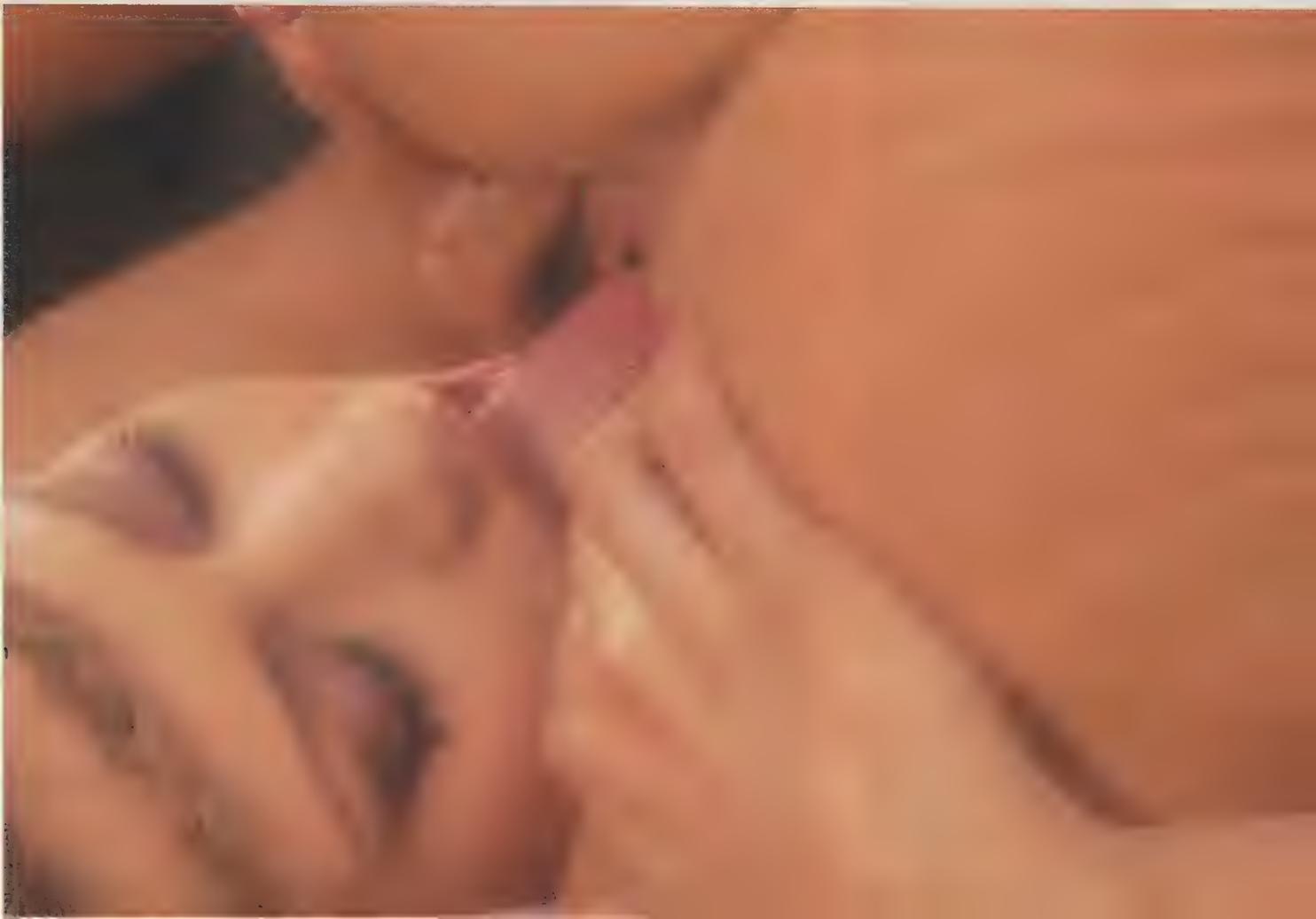


Just knowing they were alone and balanced precariously atop miles of deep, churning water set the girls' blood racing. Breathless from a long day of sunning, swimming, and deep-sea fishing, Selena reached for Tania while preparing dinner.

Without fear of how her friend would respond, Selena eased Tania to her knees and drew her hand to her thigh. Tania parted the delicate, seashell-shaped lips, feeling her own sex swell as she prepared to dip in.





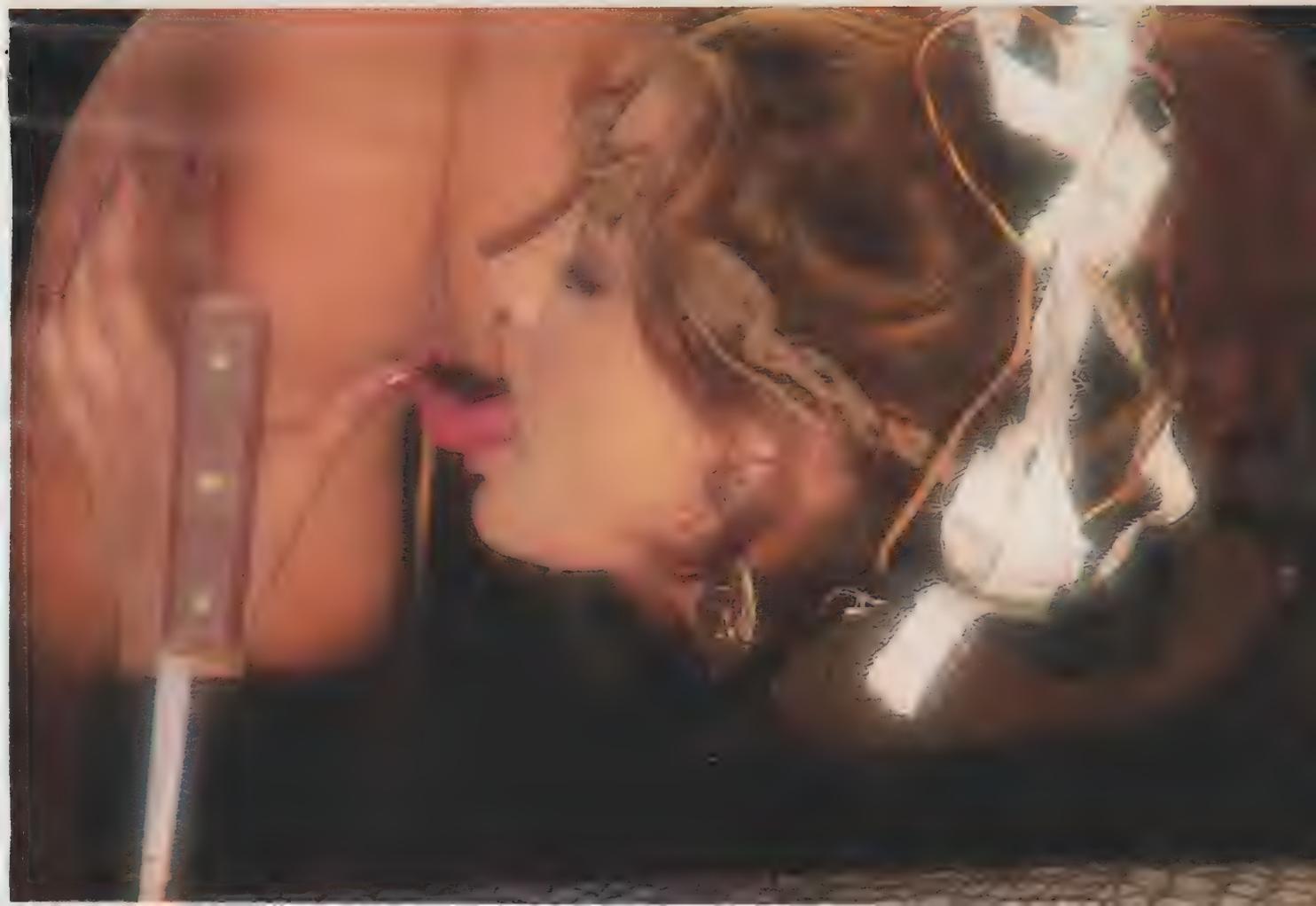


Selena pulled  
Tania to her  
from behind,  
and Tania  
squealed softly  
as Selena  
bumped her  
rhythmically  
with the  
boat's sway.





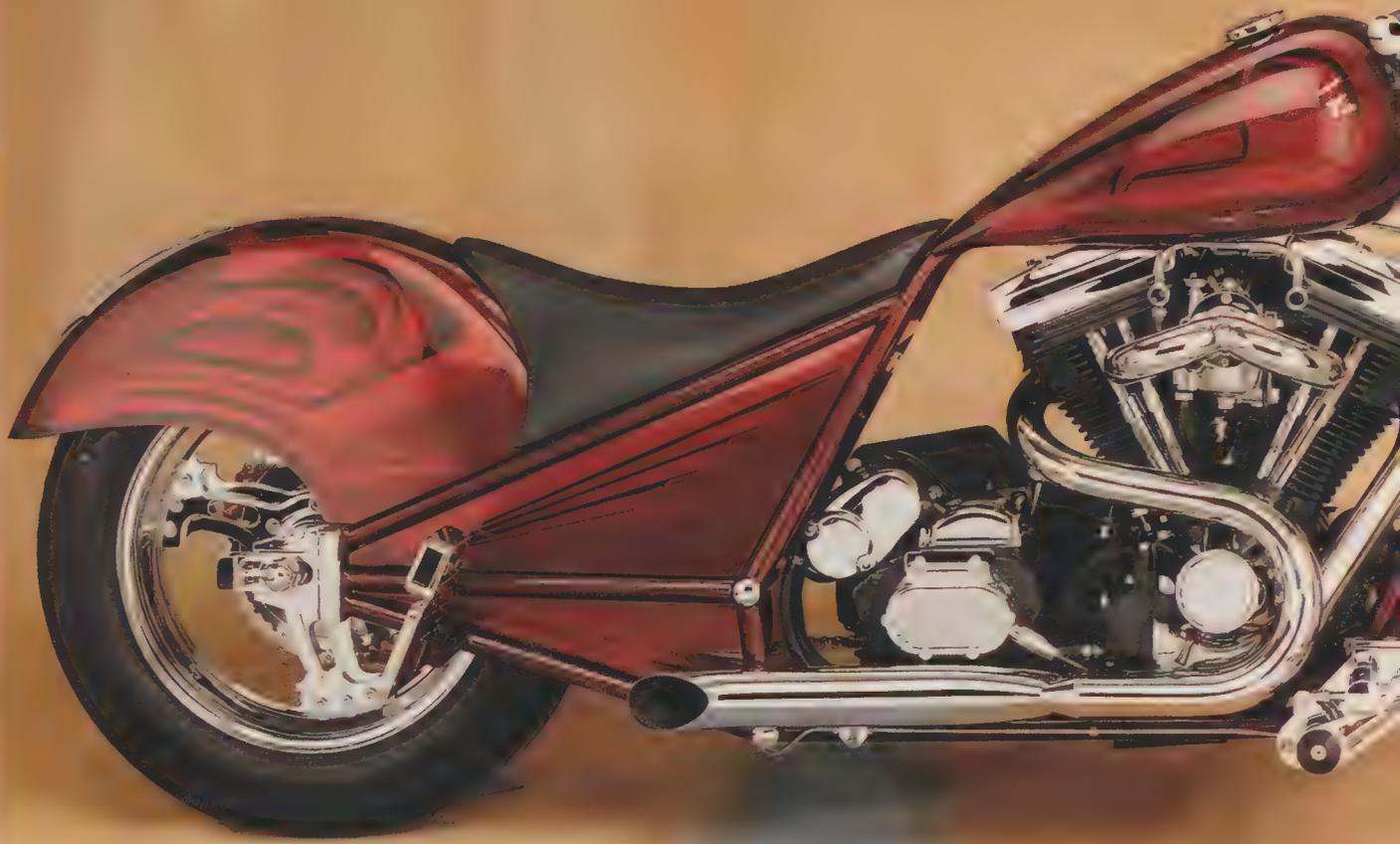
Tasting  
Selena's nipple  
was like  
licking a stick  
of salt—the  
harder Tania  
sucked,  
the more she  
thirsted.







The hard-bodied, modern-day mermaids moaned sweetly as they dove into each other's seaweed and drowned in each other's foam. They were in awe of each other's body, performing breaststrokes and long, languid laps for hours before finally surfacing for air. O+ 1



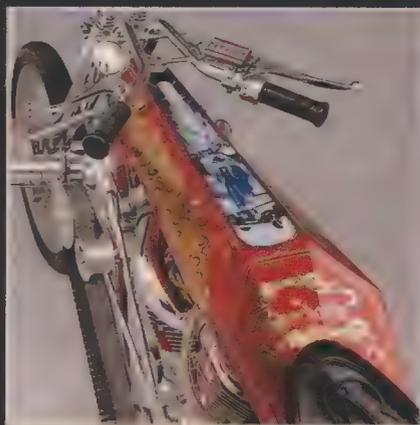
Steel Horse



This woman—I think her name was Michelle—called as I was trying to edit an issue of VQ, a magazine about high-end customized Harley-Davidsons. Michelle had a voice like a badly tuned Honda, a whiny Queens accent—Cyndi Lauper with a mouth full of lug nuts. Michelle said her boss wanted to buy a \$40,000 Harley

*4-cyl. V-twin  
Harley (the boss  
planned) Steve  
1987 Harley  
(Honda was the  
batter) Bill  
on Allen from  
paint job  
(Michael Lichter)*

he had seen in VQ. She said he was very important, owned a prestigious New York City restaurant (which shall go unnamed), rode Japanese motorcycles, and we Harley-loving tramps had better provide Japanese-quality specs before he was going to part with his money. I hung up. Had this restaurateur been man enough to phone me himself, I



SES



would have explained that one doesn't deal with Harley customizers—like those who built the bikes you see here—as if they were Suzuki salesmen. They are artists. Asking them about cubic centimeters, etc., is like asking

At right: **FAST M-0**  
**"400" 18 (Huller**  
**Customs),**  
**Motor: \$10,000**  
**4.3 Springs (B&B**  
**Lines, Jr.), Barrow**  
**right: a \$38,000**  
**218 (Suffall**  
**Without (Huller).**

if the price of a Renoir includes the frame. When you take your Harley to California customizer

Arlen Ness, for example, you may be asked, "What do you want to do to the bike?" and "Do you know what this will cost?" There are only two correct answers: "Whatever Arlen wants to do" and "It doesn't matter."

We cite the value of some bikes here in dollars, but they're not for sale. —Dick Teresi



*To the master  
 but it is only an*



*builder the Harley-Davidson is a wonderful motorcycle,  
empty canvas that must be refined to create a work of art.*

# THE BOYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

women that Barros still refers to either of the two men with whom he most frequently had sex as "she."

"Sometimes the priests would prepare a mass for me, and they'd dress in priest's clothes," says Barros. "I'd sometimes wear a suit, and they'd give me bread and wine." Then they'd become women, approaching Barros and kissing him as they lifted a chalice of wine to his mouth. They'd open Barros's suit and lick or suck wine off his nipples. At different times, Barros says, the priests used ice cream, whipped cream, or fruit mixed in a blender as a body topping.

And there were drugs. Barros says that one week after his arrival in the U.S., Andries and his friend began using cocaine in front of him. He says they also introduced him to coke, and it didn't take him long to like it.

"It made me strong and crazy," he says. "They'd say, 'You need that,

take him to gay clubs in Manhattan as his date. Barros quickly had become hooked on cocaine, and his days around the house were spent sleeping, eating, doing drugs, and having sex. He wanted out. So two months after his arrival, and against Andries's wishes, he found a Brazilian roommate at an apartment in Brooklyn and moved.

In mid-December of 1994, only a week after moving out, Barros received a call from Andries, who had a proposition: How would Barros like to fly to Brazil and, for a fee of \$3,000, help recruit some new party boys?

Barros agreed. He needed the money, and he saw the trip as his way out of Brooklyn. He also began hatching a plan to get the goods on "the girls." He knew no one would believe him if he told them about his first two months in America. But if he could get an ally, another witness ...

He and Andries flew to São Paulo for a week and visited gay clubs and Prace de Se, the notorious street where gays hang out. "Don't tell them it's for sex,"

that faced them. He told them they were going to be asked to have sex with men, most of whom were priests, who wanted to be treated like helpless women. He taught the recruits to say, in English, "bitch," "slut," "asshole," "motherfucker."

The first church orgy was scheduled for only days after the new trio's arrival in Brooklyn. Five priests participated, according to Barros. Three dressed as women, one wore black church robes with only black panties underneath, the last wore a nun's habit and arrived carrying a statue of the Virgin Mary.

The music was Cyndi Lauper, there were gay porno films, there was plenty of cocaine, honey, and sparkling wine. Barros cautioned Andries not to suggest that anyone defecate, as it would freak out the new men. The trio from São Paulo were, according to Barros, stunned that they were having sex with priests in a church. They worried about how often they would be required to have sex. Barros told the priests to take it easy, not to demand frequent sex too soon.

But just three days later Andries scheduled another orgy, and the hosts made a few mistakes. Two priests asked the newcomers to shit on them. Barros said one of the Brazilian newcomers complied, but the other two did not. Afterward the three men told Barros they'd had enough. Andries and "the girls" were furious—they'd spent a lot of money to fly the new men north and to establish them in an apartment. So six weeks after their last trip to Brazil, Andries asked Barros to return again to recruit more reliable playmates.

Andries attended a meeting in Europe, then flew to Brazil to meet Barros. This time the priest fell in love. The object of his desire was a finely chiseled, well-built 25-year-old named Jairo Pereira, who worked as a security guard in the São Paulo Meridien Hotel, where Andries liked to stay. Andries asked Barros to arrange for Pereira to obtain a visa.

But Barros had another priority. He saw his health deteriorating as his cocaine habit grew worse, so he checked himself into a Baptist rehabilitation center, the Betel Clinic, in his hometown of Recife for six months.

"Jairo was very interested in going to the U.S., so he stayed in touch [with Andries]," says Barros. "I talked to Andries at least once a week. He would call me, or I would call him. I never forgot my idea of revenge. I was really in bad shape, I was destroyed. Shaking. I tried to flee from the clinic. I was crazy."

But he emerged clean. And he realized Pereira was a cut above the three men he'd imported earlier to Brooklyn. Perhaps Pereira could be his ally? At Andries's request, Pereira recruited two other young men, and the four of them arrived in Brooklyn around Thanksgiving of 1995.

## The priests would lick wine off Barros's nipples. At different times, they used ice cream, whipped cream, or blended fruit as a body topping.

honey.' The first time was at a church before sex, and I felt very badly, like a zombie. But I was very curious, I wanted to know why everyone did it. The second time I felt much better. The third time I liked it. It made things a lot easier. I felt very powerful, which they liked."

Andries lived by a strict though leisurely schedule. He left for his church every day at 9:55 A.M., except on Sunday, when he departed at 6 A.M. to prepare for mass. He was always home on weekdays by 3 P.M. for "General Hospital," which he would watch from his bed. Then he did yoga or exercised at a nearby fitness club. If he was planning on having sex that night, Andries would bathe with scented oils in the water, often drawn by Barros, who might also be called upon to wash the priest's hair and administer massages. Every Friday night Barros gave Andries a pedicure and manicure. If there was to be sex at home that night, it usually took place around 7 P.M. Dinner was around 9 or 9:30.

This happy arrangement, however, didn't last long because Barros grew tired, he says, of the sexual circus; he wanted to live on his own. At Andries's house he was not allowed to go out alone at night; instead, Andries would

Barros says Andries advised him. "Tell them it's a whole new life." So Barros approached young men on the street, saying he represented some wealthy, powerful Americans who would take care of them if they would do in the U.S. what they did in São Paulo.

One night he took three men in their mid-twenties back to Andries's room at the Meridien Hotel. The next morning, Barros says, Andries told him he'd had a wonderful night, and he wanted all three—Paulo, Georges, and Mario—to come back to Brooklyn. He told Barros to charge the men's clothes, hotels, and air tickets to Barros's mother's Diner's Club card, saying he'd reimburse him when the group got to Brooklyn.

It took several exhausting days for Barros and his charges to make their way to Brooklyn, where Andries had rented a tiny efficiency unit that he'd turned into a one-bedroom by dividing the living room in two. Barros said Andries gave him several thousand dollars to buy furniture, \$600 for the first month's rent, his \$3,000 "finder's fee," and his expense money for the Diner's Club charges.

It was Barros's job to instruct the new boys from Brazil about the existence



# HEATHER

“One day I want to make love to another woman while my boyfriend watches. It would be so exciting for me, and such a turn-on for him.”





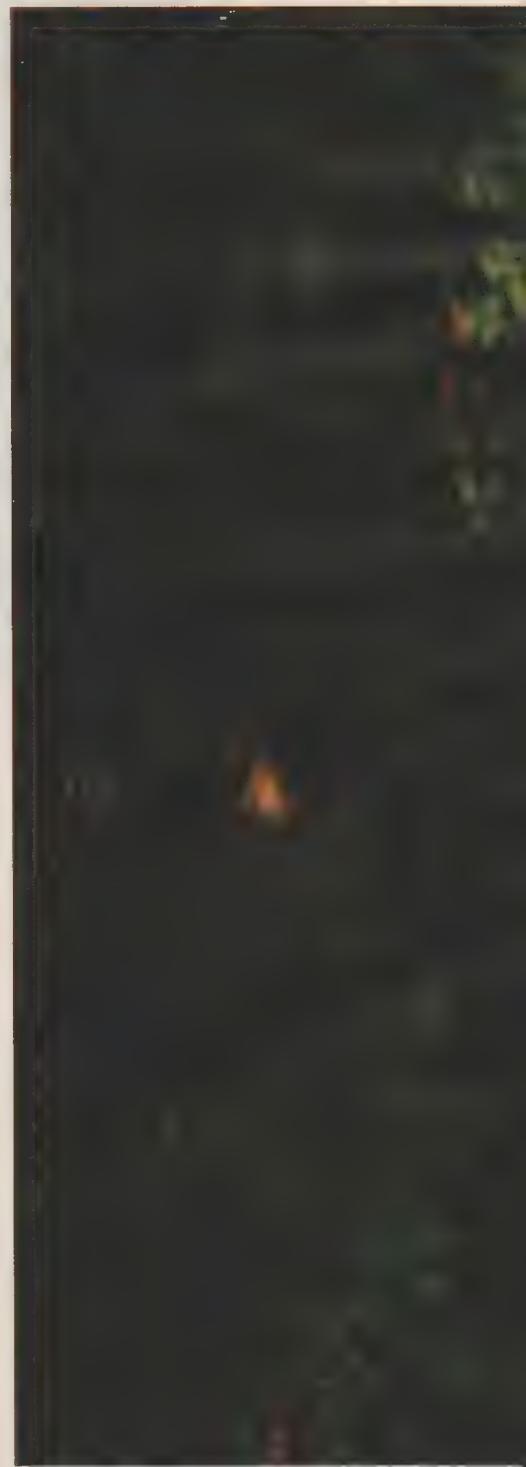
## IT'S JUST HER NATURE

Twenty-five-year-old Heather St. James is an exotic showgirl from Reno, Nevada. Underneath the makeup and glamorous costumes that our alluring 38-24-34 Pet wears when she performs onstage, however, is a down-to-earth beauty who's just as happy backpacking an uncharted trail in the mountains and camping out under the stars. "I love hiking, swimming, and fishing," says Heather, "and almost anything else I can do in nature—including sunbathing in the nude. I have some property in northern California that's really private, and the view is spectacular. You'd swear the mountains go straight up through the sky. Whenever I get tired of big-city living I take a vacation there and rejuvenate myself—mind, body, and soul."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



Wardrobe designed and supplied by Estren / by Alex, Los Angeles, Calif



"The dance industry has changed so much in recent years," Heather tells us. "The clubs have gotten much classier. Owners are putting more money and thought into how they want their clubs to appear. There are also more women coming in—not as dancers, but as customers. They can get just as much enjoyment out of watching a sexy female performer as a man can. The greatest thing about my job is I can be just as sexy as I feel ... openly and honestly. Very few people have jobs like that. I know—I've also been a bookkeeper and a secretary."





"I once made love in an exterior glass elevator," Heather reveals. "We were so hot, we stopped the car between floors and didn't care who might be looking up."

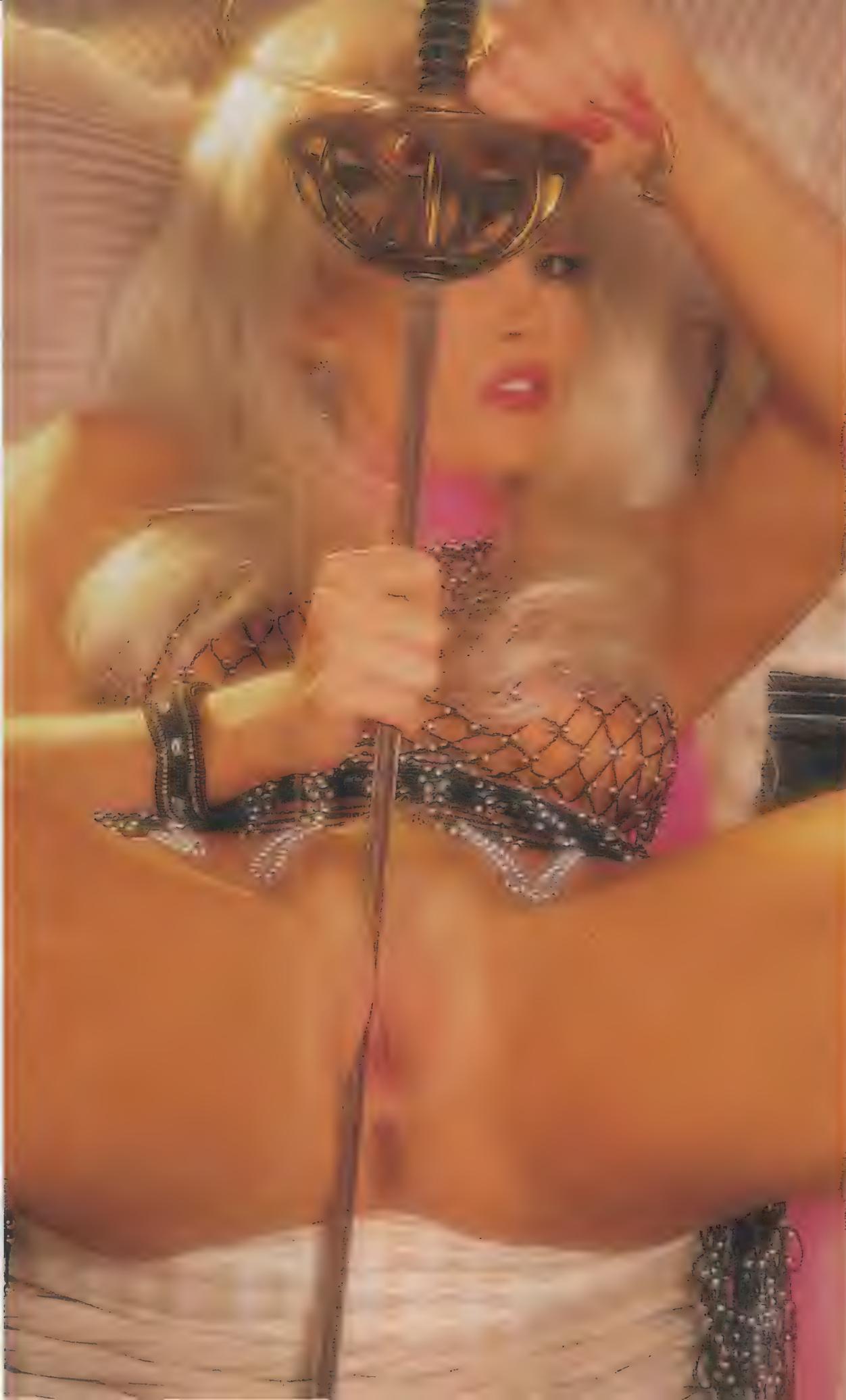




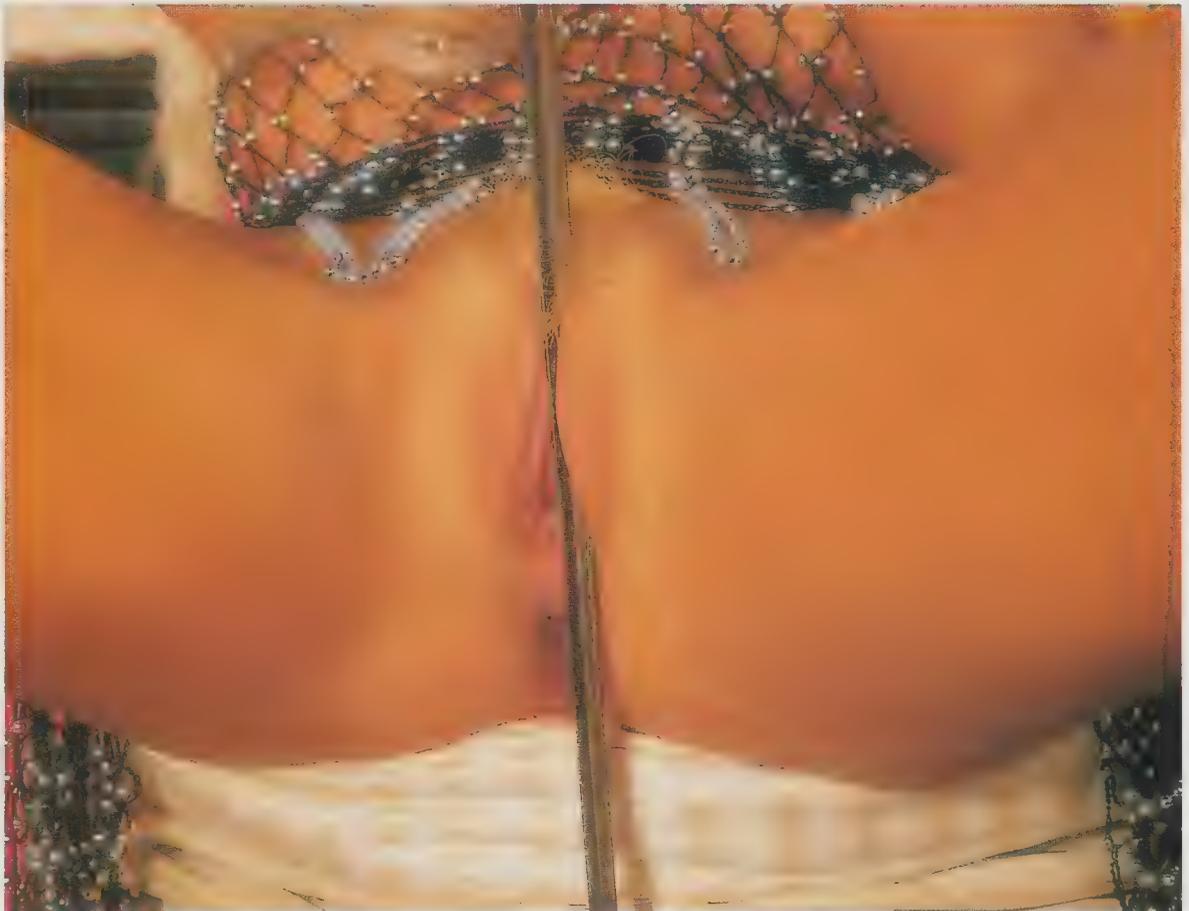
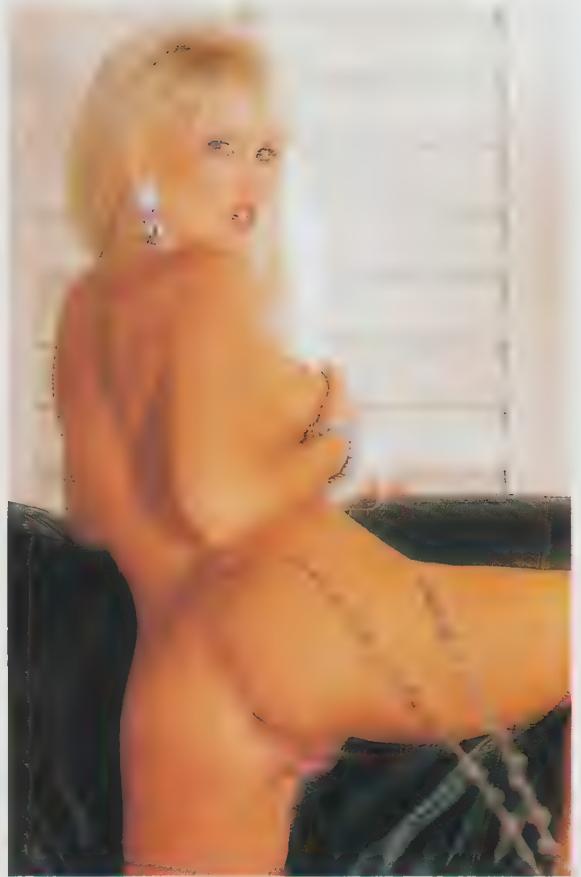
"One day I want to make love to another woman while my boyfriend secretly watches," Heather says with a sly smile. "We've talked about it, and if I can find the right woman—someone who understands that this would only be a one-night deal—it's going to be a dream come true. It would be so exciting for me, and such a turn-on for him. I'm a very giving person, and this would be my gift to both of us."







When Heather isn't working or camping, she likes to kick back, turn on the TV, and get into whatever hockey or football game is on.



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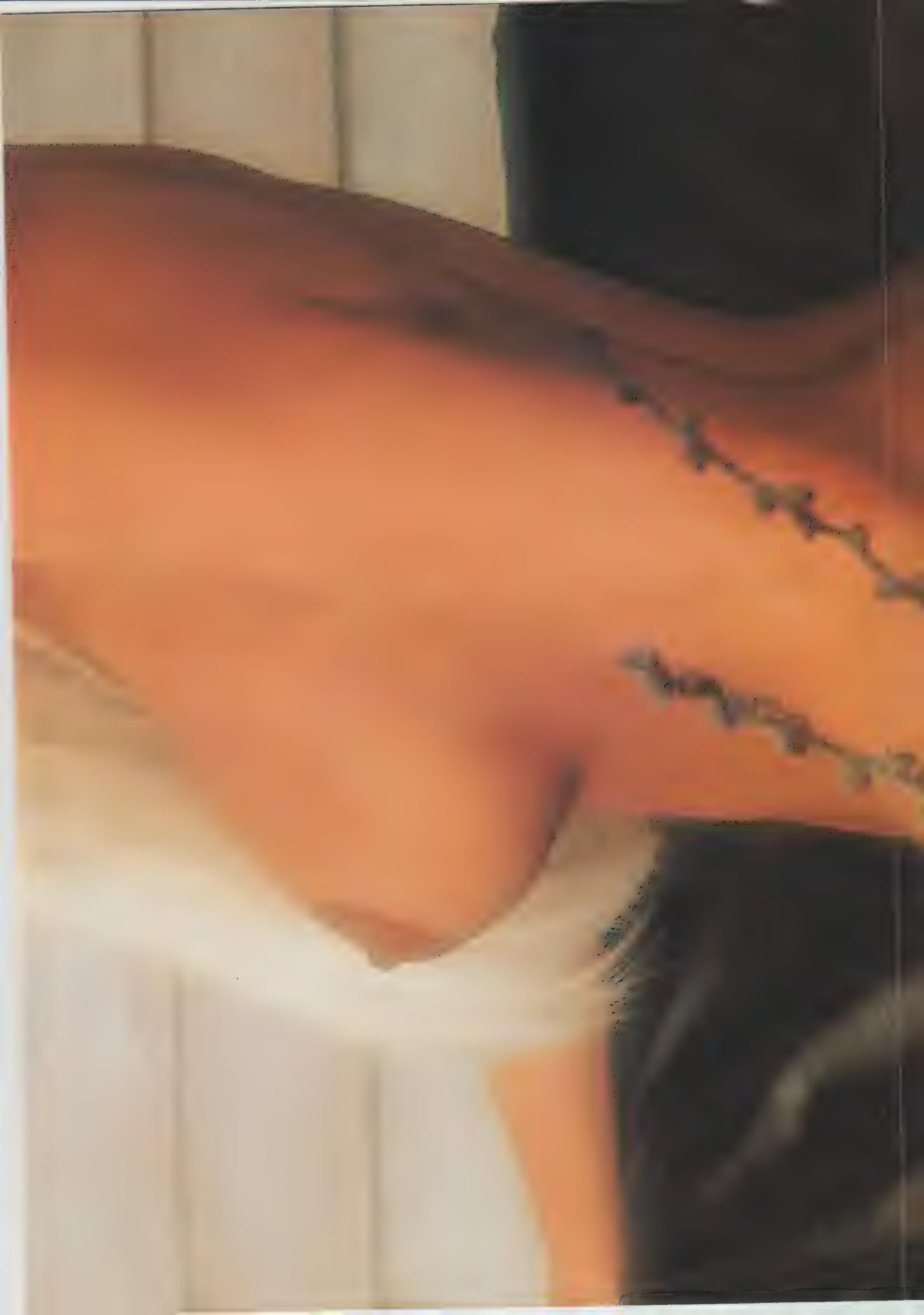
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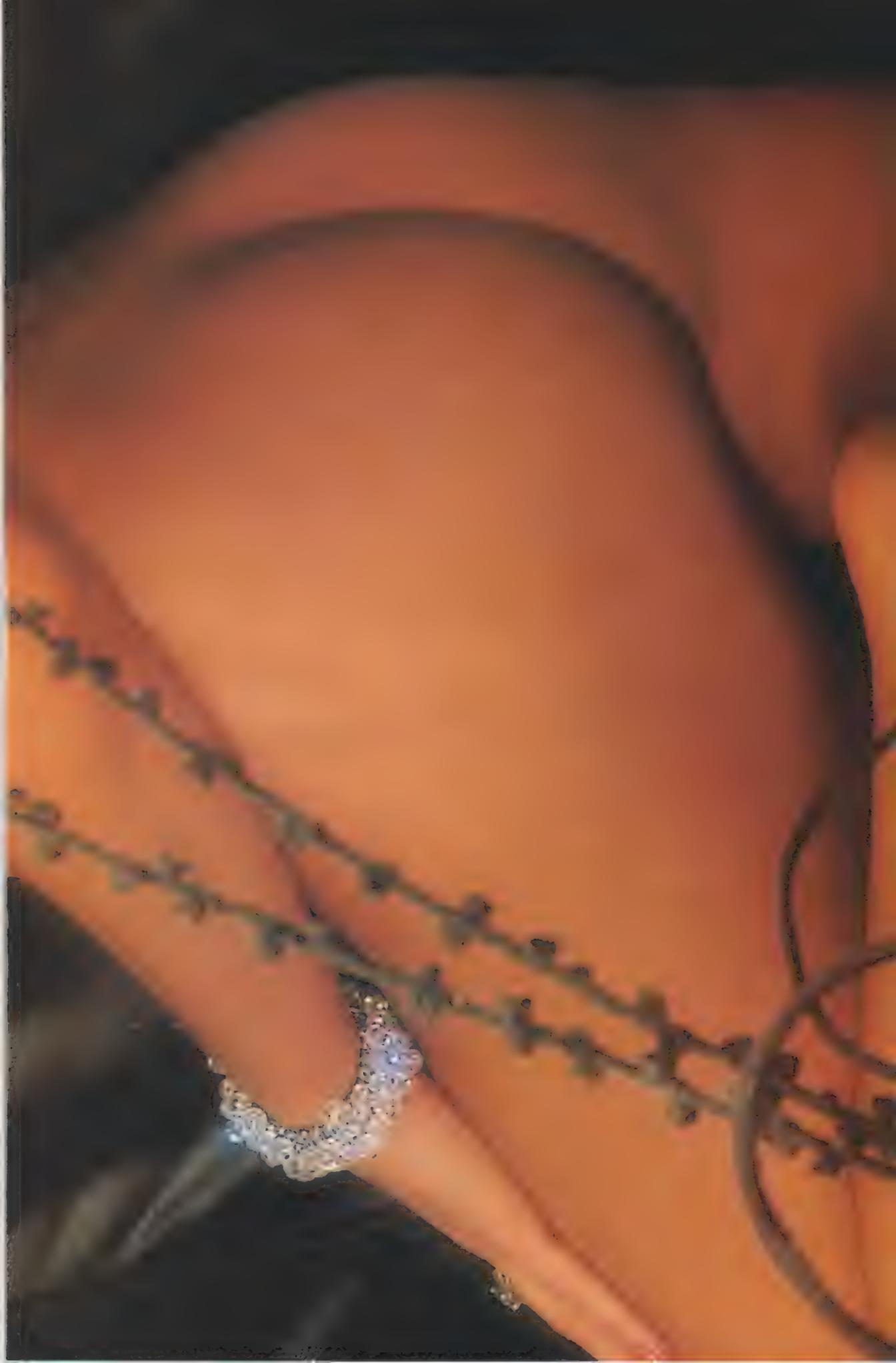
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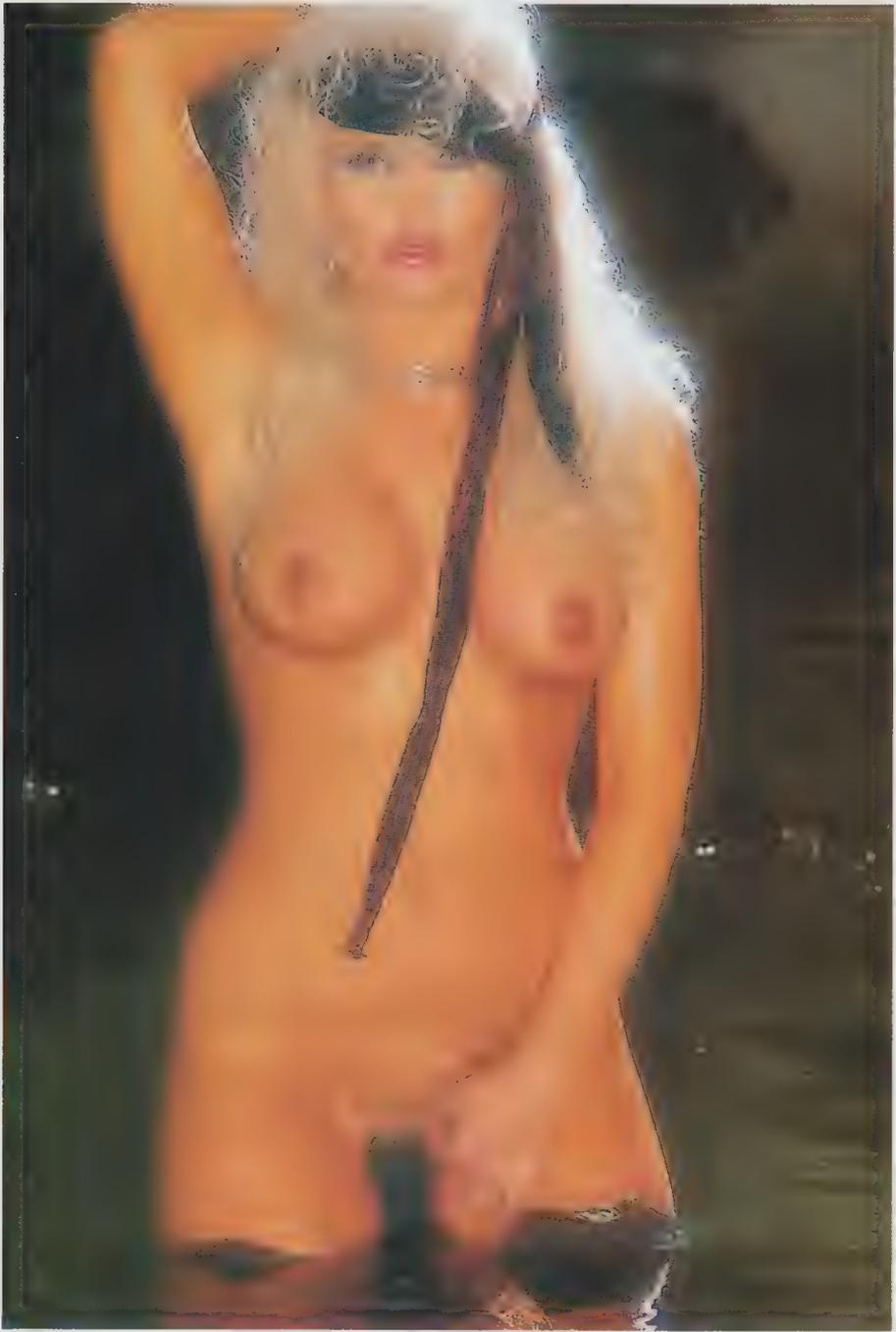
AWARDS AWARDED TO BACARDI



MISS HEATHER ST. JAMES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Of course our Pet readily agrees that contact sports are always much more fun when you're a participant. "I was once on a road trip with my boyfriend, and we were heading to Las Vegas to seek our fortune at the gambling tables," she says with a laugh. "Anyway, it was such a long drive, and we were both getting tired. I didn't want him to fall asleep at the wheel, so I said, 'I know what would keep you awake.' I slowly unzipped his pants and went down on him. I rode the rest of the way with my head in his lap, and he didn't nod off once." No kidding! Heather, you have an open invitation to ride shotgun with us anytime.

To see more of Heather, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club  
at <http://www.penthousemag.com>.



# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

pillow by the time you were done. You seemed so relaxed, you made me feel the same way. I had a very exciting solo session just thinking about you. My name is Mary, and I'd love for you to call me."

I'm not sure how this woman figured out my apartment number from her building, but did I care? I called her, and we went out the following Friday.

Since we were strangers (albeit horny ones) we decided to keep it safe and meet at an outdoor bar and grill. As soon as I saw the lean green-eyed beauty I knew it had to be her. She had long, wavy auburn hair, a nice curvy but tight figure, and a cute face. Her short skirt looked as if it was painted on. She said she recognized me by the way my jeans hugged my shapely ass. Though I was flattered, I'm sure it had more to do with the shirt I'd said I'd be wearing.

Anyway, from the moment we ordered drinks we couldn't stop staring at each other. We made sexy eyes all during dinner, and barely made it through dessert. As soon as I paid the bill she grabbed my hand and said, "Let's go back to your place and give some other lucky person a show."

Back at my apartment I could hardly control myself. Mary looked down at me and said, "Let's give that guy some air, okay?" She unzipped my jeans to release my throbbing cock. Her eyes widened. She bent down and gave me a quick teasing lick. "Let's run the water hot and steamy," she said more seductively than any phone-sex voice I'd ever heard. We both stripped all the way. She entered the bathroom and ran a hot bath for us. While waiting for the tub to fill, I began kissing her breasts. Her nipples stood at attention, almost mimicking my swollen soldier. I lowered my head and began brushing her pubes with my face.

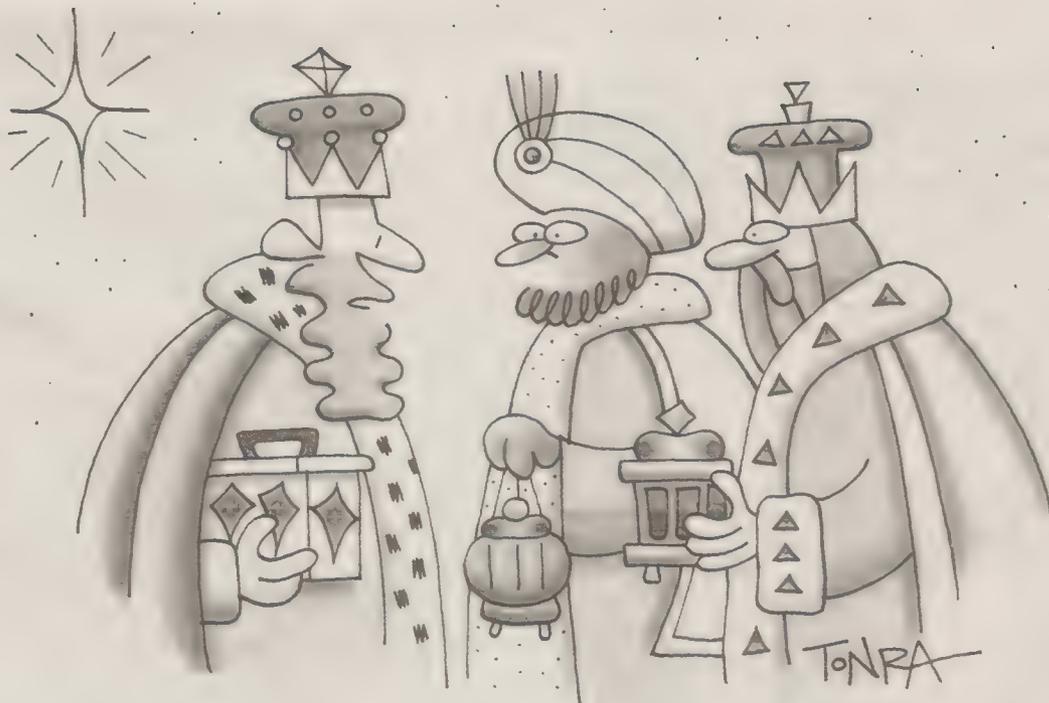
When the tub was full, she entered first. She beckoned for me to follow, first with her seductive eyes, then with her finger, and finally her tongue. I was standing in the tub facing her. She approached, splashing the hot water a bit. She took me in whole. She sucked and licked with great fervor. I ran my fingers through her hair and pulled her head in closer. Her hands massaged my balls and ass.

Mary looked up at me with the naughtiest of eyes. Then she pouted like a child denied a promised treat. It was enough of a hint. Mary sat in the steamy tub with her legs bent and apart. I dove in head first. Lapping up her warm pussy was heavenly. I never realized

how long you can hold your breath if it's important enough. I gave her short licks in the same direction; she moaned. I gave her long, circular licks while fingering her ass; she moaned louder. I shoved my tongue in her as deep as I could while stroking her clitoris; she screamed.

We were both primed and ready to go. I pulled the drain stopper to lower the water level. Then I turned on the shower, nice and hot. We looked at each other with lustful passion. Then, right in front of my window, we went at it. Mary put one leg up on the rim of the tub so she could mount me. I grabbed her by the waist and just pumped away. I almost couldn't tell if the steam was from the shower or from us. Mary moaned, and then said, "Are you sure everyone can see us?" I told her, "This is just where I was when you spotted me." She smiled as I continued to move in and out of her with hard thrusts.

As I felt myself ready to come, I asked her, "How should we set up the finale?" Knowing exactly what I meant, Mary got off me, bent down, and pumped my cock so that my hot load spurted all over her heaving breasts. It was pure ecstasy for both of us. We melted and sat soaking in the tub, laughing, for hours. As much as we enjoyed it, the



"'Frankincense and myrrh' ... what the hell are frankincense and myrrh?"

guy we heard yelling from across the way must have also had a fun time.—  
*D. M., Pennsylvania*

### CLEANING UP

Who would have thought we would get fired up over our cleaning company? A crew of three women arrives once a week at 7:30 A.M. to scrub the house. The three, the Russian wife of the owner and two older ladies, were efficient, and completed the job within one hour. Several months ago, however, somebody named Gilda arrived with two young Asian women. They were strikingly beautiful, and Gilda herself was a voluptuous woman in her prime. My husband, who was still reading the newspaper for the first half-hour of their work, more than once glanced at all three of them, wearing leggings and tank tops. They were a lovely sight.

Knowing my habitually horny husband, I could read his mind. He was lusting after the threesome. Since Federico and I have had an open marriage for many years and do not begrudge each other our proclivities to have sex with other partners, I thought, as many times before, of helping him realize his favorite fantasy—namely, having sex with more than one woman. So I started to talk with Gilda about the two girls. I told her that my husband and

I found them to be pretty and sexy. The following week I continued the queries, and emphasized how much my husband liked the girls. All of a sudden Gilda's face lit up. "Are you asking whether the girls are available?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Both of them at the same time."

She laughed, "They would stay for another hour's pay." Then she added with a roguish smile, "And I would stay to supervise, if I may." I told her that she certainly could stay and participate if she liked.

We set the stage for the following week. The three women arrived wearing long T-shirts, jeans, and lace panties. As soon as they entered they took their clothes off and started cleaning the house in their sexy underwear. My husband's eyes almost popped out. He looked at them and then at me. I smiled and licked my lips, and he knew. Gilda's large breasts were hardly confined by her scant, sheer bra. Her full, firm ass wiggled invitingly. The other two asses were just as tempting. Throughout their work, the fabric bunched up into their cracks and revealed the perfect shapes of their buns. Federico's eyes followed them around until they were just about finished with their work.

Suddenly all three dropped their

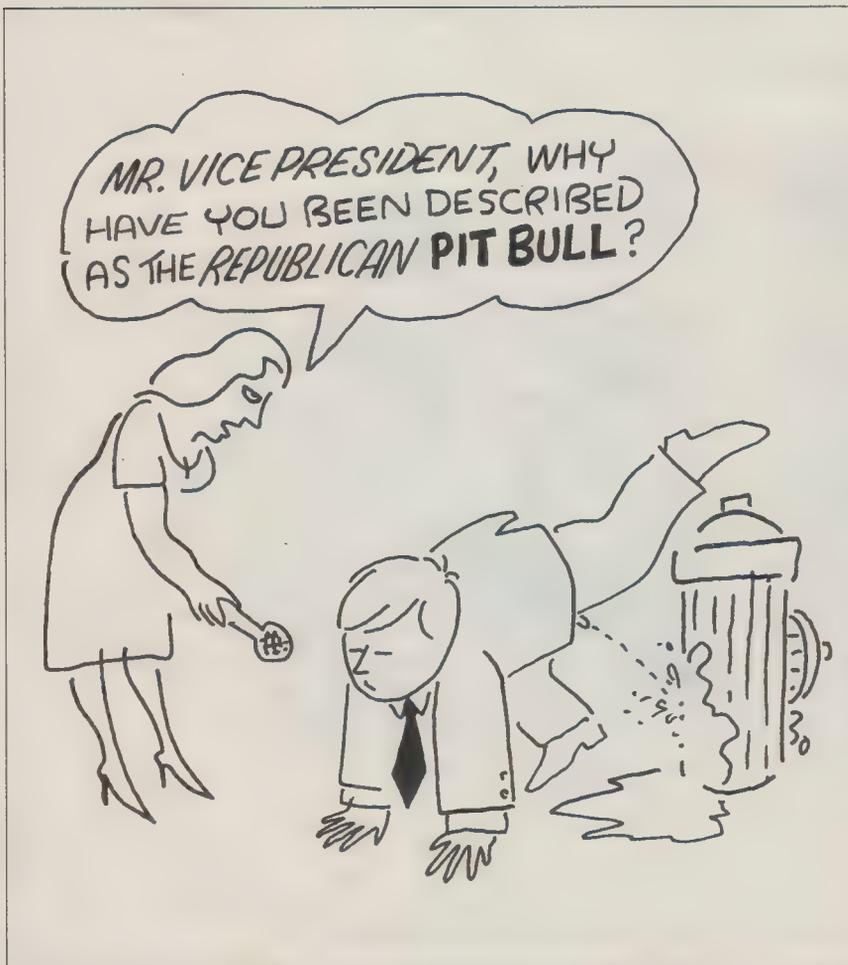
bras and freed three lovely sets of tits. They piled their cleaning equipment by the door and then approached Federico. Their flesh totally surrounded him. They undressed him while his hands went on an extended trip over their skin. Gilda offered him her ample breasts, which he hungrily licked and sucked. They moved to the living-room carpet, where I had spread a soft down blanket and lots of pillows. I myself was turned on by the sight of so much flesh and by my husband's big cock. It is still the biggest turn-on for me. I put on some music.

The two young fillies busied themselves with alternately licking and deep-throating my husband's pole. Slowly it glided in and out of their mouths. He was now on his back. Gilda stood over his head, her legs spread wide so he could view her entire sexual charms. To the beat of the music she gyrated and slowly lowered herself until her sex was only inches from his face. He reached up, grabbed her ass cheeks, pulled her down, and went to work doing what he does so expertly. Gilda squealed in delight. She threw her head back and whipped back and forth over Federico's tongue until she hoarsely screamed her climax to the world.

One of the girls, Kito, panting heavily, turned and impaled herself on my husband's cock with her back to him. That allowed the other one, Samantha, to observe Federico's meat disappearing into Kito's pussy. She leaned over and licked his balls. I knew he was in heaven. I was so hot from all the sweet sex and raunchy scent that I removed my panties, slid two fingers into my pussy, and rubbed all the right places. When I started to come I let up a bit, but continued to pleasure myself. Kito's high-pitched wails announced her imminent orgasm. No sooner had she gotten off Federico than Samantha assumed the same position. Federico fucked her wildly, poking into her forcefully from below until he and she came simultaneously.

I enjoyed the scene so much that I finally gave myself over to an enormous orgasm. Federico smiled at me happily. We know this is pure sex for its own sake. Making love with my husband is much different. We join not only our bodies, but also our hearts and souls in deep love. Here and now, fucking was the only purpose and simply the means for our pleasure.

Gilda seemed to have read my mind. She was still horny, and licked Federico back to a respectable hardness. She mounted him and bounced up and down on his shaft. Her effort made her sweat profusely. She finally leaned over, buried her head into my husband's shoulder, her knees on either side of his chest, their bodies sliding against each



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# THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Tim Waggoner

**Pending the results of a C.T. scan and blood tests, the urologist said, it looked like testicular cancer.**

Cancer is something only old men have to worry about, right? That's what I thought until—at age 31—I contracted testicular cancer.

I first learned of testicular cancer when my wife brought a pamphlet home from the doctor's office a few years back. I'd never heard of it before, and the idea of cancer "down there" was frightening. Still, the pamphlet said it was an uncommon cancer, so I figured I didn't have to worry about it much. But I did decide to go ahead and examine myself every month, as the pamphlet suggested ... just in case.

After a shower I'd gently roll each testicle between my thumb and forefinger, searching for a hard, painless lump about the size of a pea. Each time I found nothing, and as the weeks and months passed I worried less and less.

Then one day I happened to notice that my left testicle was hanging lower than my right, and it seemed to be swollen too. I felt a cold stab of panic in my gut, but quickly told myself not to get worked up—yet. Nevertheless I hurried upstairs and fished the pamphlet out of the junk drawer. It assured me that the left testicle usually hangs lower than the right (though I

couldn't escape the feeling that mine was hanging extra low), and stressed that the major warning sign was a small lump. I gingerly examined my testicle. Yes, it seemed swollen, and firmer than I thought it should be, but there was no lump.

Still not reassured, I consulted the *American Medical Association Family Medical Guide*. While the entry on testicular cancer gave me more detail than the pamphlet, it too stressed a lump as a warning sign and made no mention of overall swelling. I read about other testicular conditions—epididymitis, cysts, hydrocele, and varicocele—all of which included swelling as one of the symptoms. Nearly every entry said the same thing: These were harmless conditions requiring no medical attention unless they persisted.

A week later my left testicle seemed even larger and harder. And a gnawing fear had taken up residence in my belly and refused to go away. I returned to the *Medical Guide* once more, this time coming across a section toward the front that dealt with self-diagnosis of various conditions. I found the page labeled "Painful or Enlarged Testicles"

and worked through the flow chart:

Did I have a painful swelling in one or both testicles? No.

Did I have a painless swelling? Yes.

Was only a single testicle swollen? Yes.

This final yes led me to a boldfaced warning that told me to see a doctor immediately because I might have cancer of the testicle.

I visited my general practitioner the next day. He examined me for fewer than two minutes before telling me I should see a specialist ... *now*.

Within the hour I was being examined by a urologist. His examination took about as long as the G.P.'s. Pending the results of a C.T. scan and blood tests, he said, it looked like testicular cancer.

Three days later I was in surgery.

The surgeon removed the testicle (which I later discovered had been almost entirely replaced by tumor). I wasn't sorry to see it go. As far as I was concerned my testicle was dead, and what the surgeon removed was a sac full of poison ready to burst and spread throughout my system.

A few days later I was home recovering from the surgery when my doctor called. The pathologist's report was in. The tumor hadn't spread; we'd

caught it in time.

Follow-up treatment after the removal of the affected testicle is usually a period of radiation and/or chemotherapy, but I learned I had a misplaced, though still fully functional, kidney, which just happened to be located in the area that needed to be irradiated. Rather than kill my kidney, which I would need later should my cancer return and I had to undergo chemotherapy, my doctors decided to forgo the radiation and just keep me under observation.

After a year of C.T. scans, blood tests, and regular visits to my urologist, I haven't had any return of the cancer. There are four more years to go before I'm declared "cured." I know the cancer might come back someday, but the odds are heavily against it, and if it does, chemotherapy should finish it off.

I owe my life to my wife and to that pamphlet she brought home. And to myself for not forgetting to examine my testicles over the years. As soon as you finish reading this, put down the magazine, go take a warm shower, and examine your testicles afterward. I hope you don't find any lumps or swelling, but if you do, call your doctor. 

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"Nearly ninety percent of the antibiotics we received from your humanitarian organizations were out of date," said Amilia. "Not just a month or two past their expiration date, but so decomposed that we had to destroy them. We had to bury your outdated drugs. Or burn them. The same way you in America have to destroy *your* outdated drugs."

"You treat us like your dumping ground," Fatima broke in. "You use us to empty your warehouses."

"Do you have children?" Amilia asked me. I said I did.

"Well, think of *them*. How would you feel if *your* children had been injured by a grenade or a sniper's bullet and all the doctor could offer was an antibiotic that had expired two years ago?"

Amilia took another sip, then set down her coffee, her words carefully chosen. "Even now, with the war over, we have 60,000 refugees here in Tuzla alone,

"This 'gift' is insulting," Fatima said. "Don't you see that?"

Amilia elaborated. "It's a question of priorities. Not to mention bad taste. When we need penicillin, your gifts of Prozac, anti-malaria medicine, cholesterol medicine, and the like reveal how little regard you have for us as people."

Prozac? "We know the drug, its reputation among the country-club set in the States, its effectiveness as a treatment for mild depression. Again it's a matter of priorities. If U.S. pharmaceutical companies and humanitarian organizations had done their homework, they might have understood *our* priorities, not theirs. God knows, we *do* have a need for psychiatric drugs. We've got little children whose hair has turned white from the horror of seeing their parents slaughtered. Repeatedly we pleaded with your organizations to send us psychotropic drugs—drugs that treat trauma, not depression. As usual, humanitarian organizations turned a deaf ear to our requests."

"Your companies get big tax savings

But this, sadly, appears to be the exception, not the rule.

Pharmaceutical companies are, after all, big businesses, accountable *not* to the victims of disaster, but to their *real* beneficiaries: top management and major shareholders.

One financial plus of charitable giving is tax savings. By contributing unsalable inventory to charitable causes, manufacturers enjoy a tax deduction that can exceed by as much as 50 percent the actual manufacturing cost of the drugs.

Tax considerations are just one of many financial and corporate benefits of pharmaceutical giveaways.

The trade journal *Tax Adviser* specifically advises pharmaceutical companies to embark upon charitable-giving campaigns, not for the sake of those in need but to clear the shelves of surplus inventory. "Philanthropic" giveaways, the *Adviser* says, help manufacturers maintain "a constant level of production and/or purchasing ... because any excess inventory can be disposed of at little or no after-tax cost to the corporation."

"Charitable" giving relieves yet another headache in the pharmaceutical business—the often costly and cumbersome process of disposing of expired or nearly expired drugs.

Depending on the chemical ingredients, F.D.A. regulations may require shipment to landfill sites. Given the chronic shortage of licensed sites, that can be an expensive proposition; Superfund and Occupational Safety and Health Administration requirements compound the cost. One proponent of pharmaceutical donations points out that "destruction costs can be up to 40 times the manufacturing costs."

Not that pharmaceutical companies wait until actual expiration before making a donation; tax benefits are available only if the drug in question has not yet reached its expiration date. Since, however, tax regulations allow such transfers to occur as late as literally one day before expiration, pharmaceutical companies tend to donate what they euphemistically refer to as "near-expired" drugs: those just shy of expiration. This ingenious ploy not only preserves the tax deduction, but, through careful foresight, spares companies the costs and complexities of F.D.A.-mandated disposal procedures.

There is one more motive, perhaps above and beyond all others, that propels corporate giveaways, particularly in the pharmaceutical industry: the development of "loss leaders."

Mega-donations are often earmarked for areas like Russia and Eastern Europe, places years away from becoming actual consumers, but which one day will be likely purchasers of U.S. pharmaceuticals. In a *Forbes* magazine

## Evangelical groups are the worst offenders ... knowingly shipping outdated drugs as well as grossly inflating the value of such products.

most of them from eastern Bosnia. Many are children, sick children, children whose parents are missing or dead. We plead for penicillin; instead we're given anti-malaria medicine. Malaria medicine!—as though Bosnia were the tropics or some Third World country. One organization gave us anti-cholesterol medication. For God's sake, our children are dying of *malnutrition*."

She stood up and sifted through the haphazardly piled boxes of medications that filled the Central Pharmacy.

Handing me one box, she motioned toward a lopsided pile of what looked to be hundreds of others. "Here is another 'gift' of American humanitarian aid."

Prozac.

I failed at first to understand their anger at this particular donation. For one thing, the clock had not yet run out on the expiration date. Noting this, I went on to remark that, back in the States, Prozac (manufactured by Eli Lilly) is a popular drug, indeed some say a wonder drug, and very expensive—nearly \$2 a pill. Was this not, at the very least, a generous gesture from the West? And given all they'd been through, didn't Bosnians have need for an effective antidepressant?

for this, don't they?" Fatima said. A quick study, she'd grasped what I myself had only come to realize over a span of years: that a mercantile motive underlies the multimillion-dollar business of humanitarian aid.

Pharmaceutical companies exult in the glow of philanthropy, celebrated in self-serving press releases and public statements. Jane Kramer, director of public affairs for Bristol-Meyers, Squibb, heralded her own company's eleemosynary record: In 1994 Squibb gave away \$30 million worth of pharmaceuticals. "It is immoral," Kramer said, "to dispose of drugs which could otherwise be used by the needy." Charles Rouse, director of communications for Hoechst Marion Rousel (formerly Marion Merrell Dow), echoes Squibb: "[R]ather than destroy medical supplies, humankind is better served by donating them to individuals."

To be sure, some pharmaceuticals' gifts can and do accomplish magnificent humanitarian feats. For example, Merck & Company's donation, via UNICEF, of its drug Mectizan makes possible treatment of millions of cases of river blindness throughout Latin America and Africa.

◌They couple and triple  
in kaleidoscopic confusion, their  
respective rivulets pooling  
into deep, rainbow-hued puddles.◉

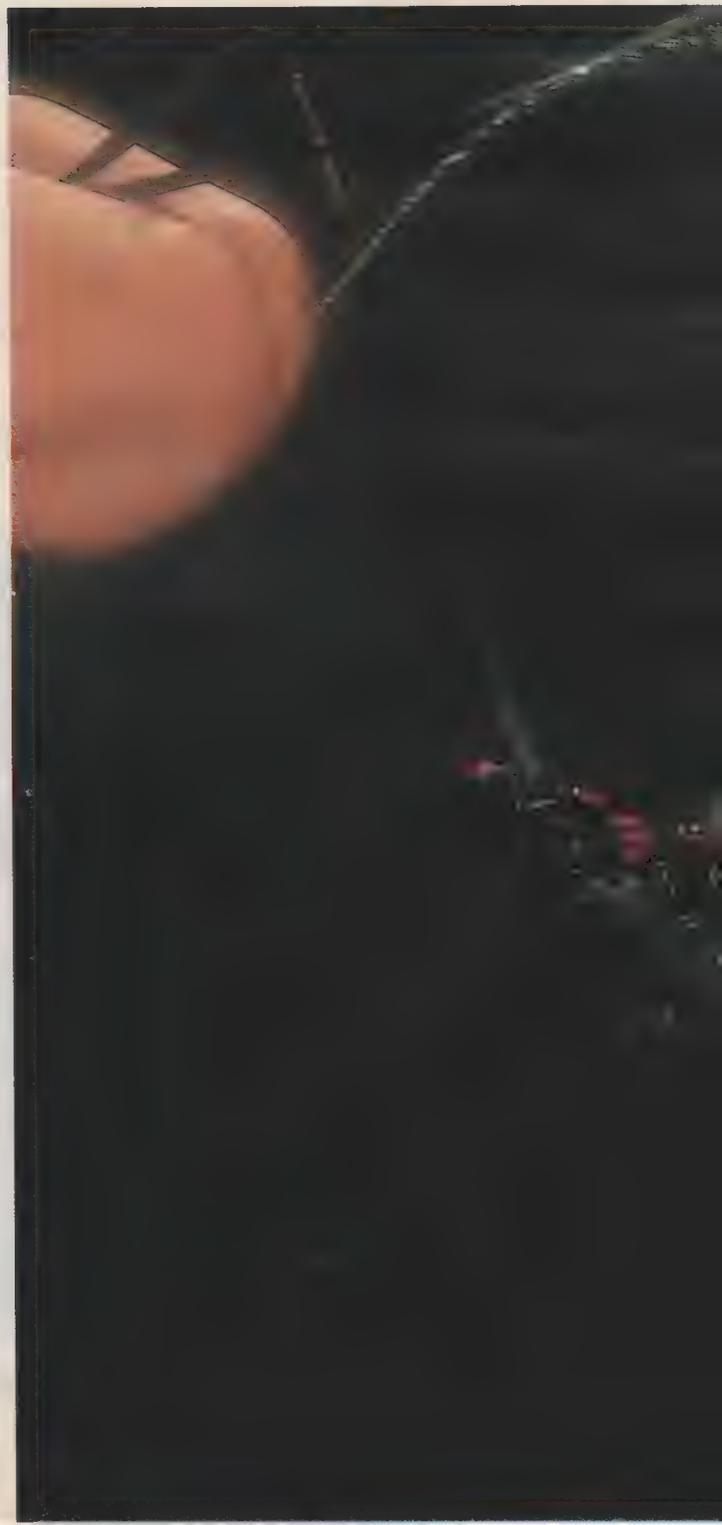
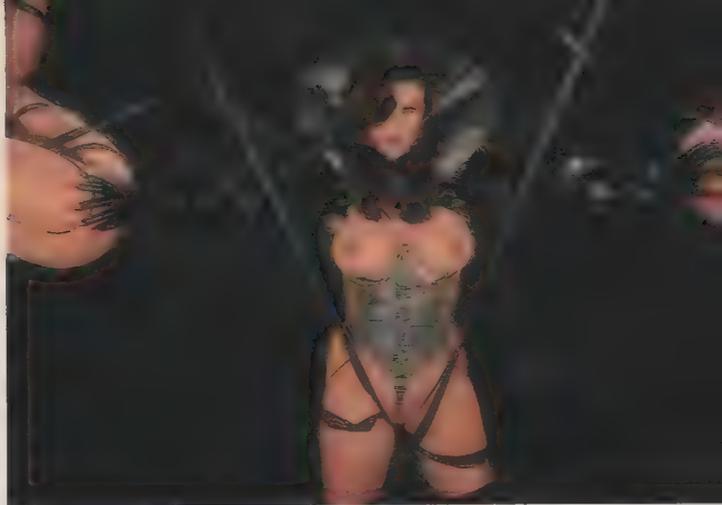
# NIKKI, DYANNA, AND ELENA

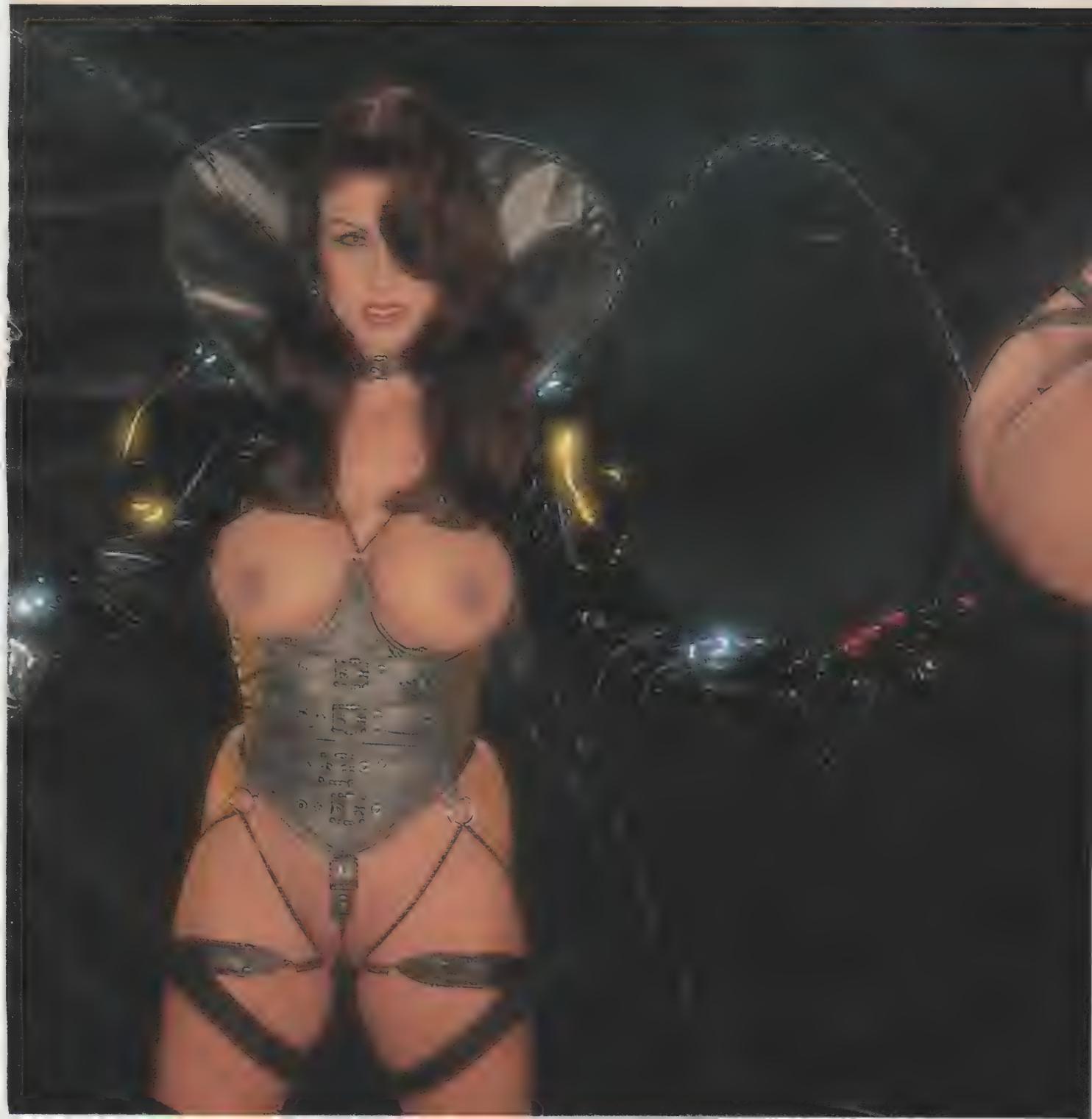


# PEES ON EARTH

It's Christmas Eve, but Elena's feverishly sweet dreams have nothing whatsoever to do with sugarplum visions. On the contrary, what's dancing in *her* head are the nubile images of Nikki and Dyanna, the bouncy blonde roommates who live down the hall. She wishes them here, now, suspended like fleshy ornaments from her tree, their pungent spray arcing into the cold night air.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER







It's time  
to catch the  
wave.  
Elena wets  
her whistle.



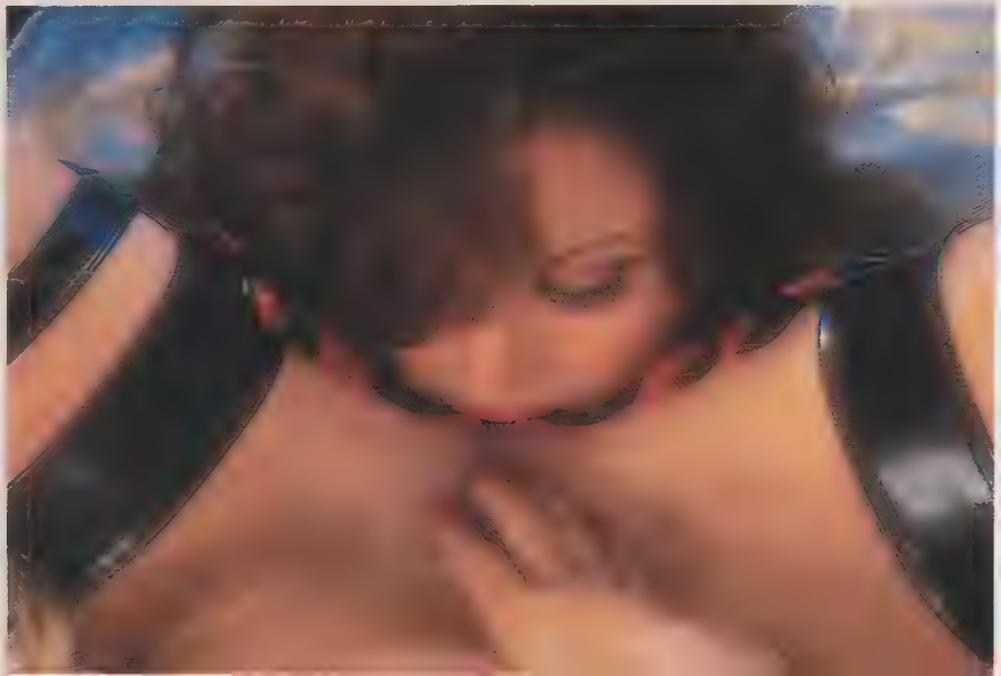
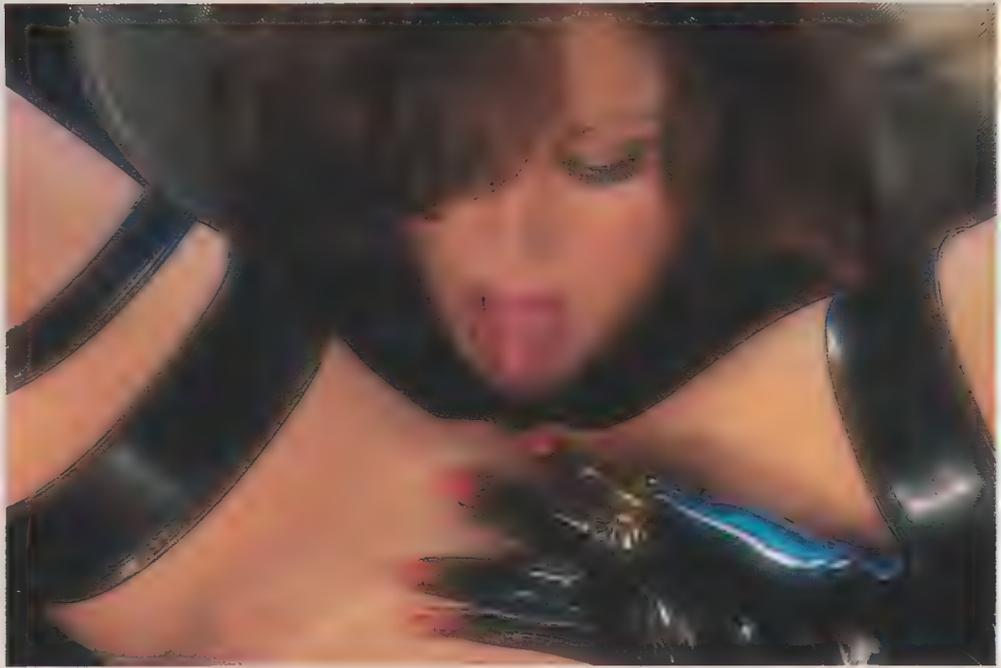
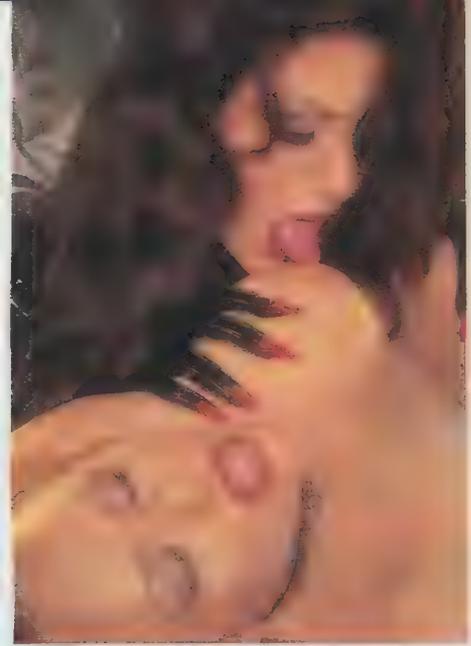


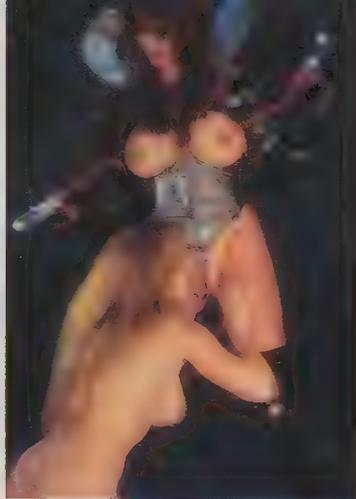
Then, the  
Peeter Principle  
—the melody  
of the tinkling  
stream tickles  
Elena's own  
urge to purge.



Elena's holiday spirit erupts  
into an orgy of giving ... head, that is. She suckles and  
squeezes the tender peaches to  
coax forth fresh tendrils of warm, bittersweet honey.

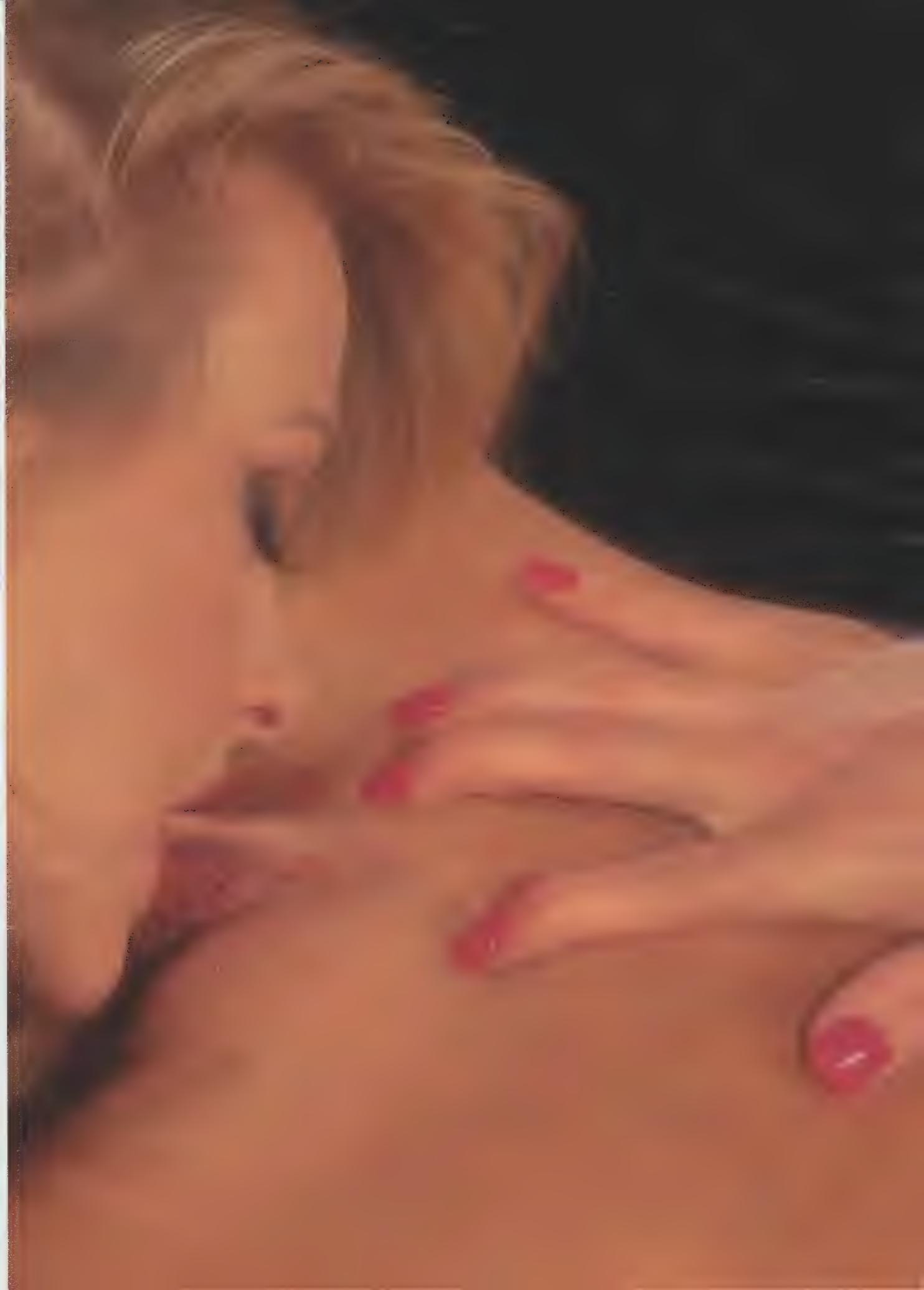


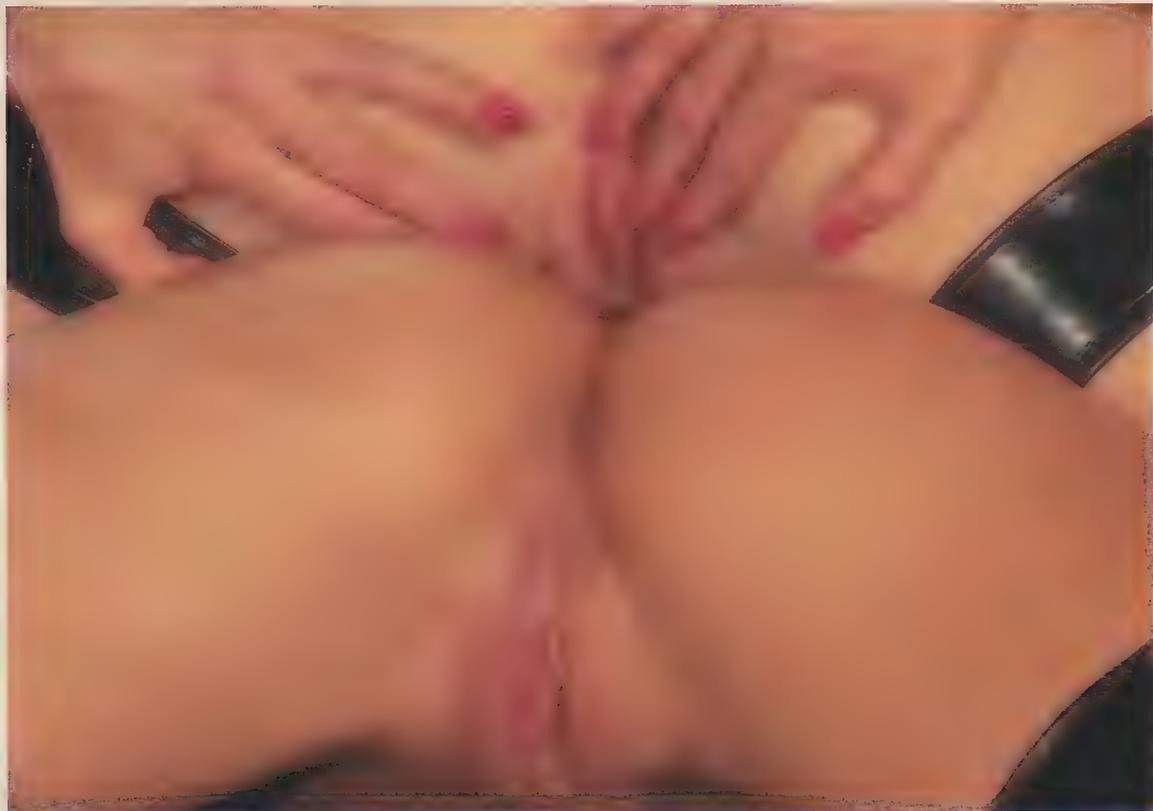




The girls couple and triple  
in kaleidoscopic confusion, their respective  
rivulets pooling into deep,  
rainbow-hued puddles on the dark floor.







Christmas comes and goes, and with it the sovereign purity of winter. The season of jolliness and goodwill, feast and festivities, love and nostalgia ... Elena remembers. 

# The Joke Man

**This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...  
Jackie Martling**

- How are women like dog shit?  
The older they get, the easier they are to pick up.

- A hippie goes into a restaurant and orders a milkshake.  
He says, "Not too thick, not too thin, but in the groove, man, in the groove."

The cook hears it and gets a little annoyed, but sends out the milkshake anyway. Then the hippie orders some fries.

He says, "Not too crisp, not too soft, but in the groove, man, in the groove."

Now the cook is really pissed off, but he makes the box of fries.

Then the hippie orders a hamburger.

He says, "Not too big, not too small, but in the groove, man, in the groove."

The cook storms out to the guy, pulls down his pants, turns around, bends over, and says, "You can just kiss my ass, man. Not too much to the left, not too much to the right, but in the groove, man, in the groove."

- A lady goes to the doctor for a checkup. She says, "I've been in good health, but I fart all the time. I fart in church. I fart at work. I fart on the bus. I fart all the time. Since I've been in your office I've farted at least a dozen times. But I don't think it's much of a problem, because my farts make no noise and have no smell."

The doctor says, "Here's a prescription. Take three pills every day for the next week."

The next week the woman comes into the doctor's office and says, "I hope you can explain yourself, doctor. I took those pills, and now my farts smell absolutely terrible."

The doctor says, "Well, now that your sinuses have cleared, we can work on your hearing."

- Two Spanish guys show up at the Gates of Heaven. Saint Peter says to them, "What do you want?"

One of the guys says, "We want in."

Saint Peter says, "Let me go ask God."

He walks over to God and says, "God, there are two Spanish guys at the gates who want in."

God says, "If they are good people, let them in."

Saint Peter nods, and returns to the gates.

He comes back to God immediately and says, "God, they're gone."

God says, "The Spanish guys?"

Saint Peter says, "No ... the gates."

- What do you call a German proctologist?  
Hans Zinderhol.

- A guy's fooling around with his girlfriend when she says, "Would you take off your ring? It's hurting me."  
He says, "That's not my ring. It's my wristwatch."

- A guy goes up to a girl in his office and says, "How would you like to make \$35 an hour?"

She says, "How can I do that?"

He says, "Just by planting tulips."

She says, "Where?"

He grabs his crotch and says, "Here."

- What's a blonde's favorite nursery rhyme?  
Humpme Dumpme.

- The C.I.A. officer has to test three new agents, a 25-year-old, a 35-year-old, and a 45-year-old. He puts each of their wives in a different room.

He hands the 25-year-old a gun and says, "Go into the room and kill your wife."

The 25-year-old says, "I can't do it. I love her too much."

The director hands the gun to the 35-year-old and says, "Go into the room and kill your wife."

The 35-year-old goes into the room, comes out after five minutes, and says, "I can't do it."

The director hands the gun to the 45-year-old and says, "Go into the room and kill your wife."

The 45-year-old goes into the room where his wife is waiting for him. Three shots ring out, and then there's the sound of scuffling and fighting. The director runs into the room and sees the wife dead on the floor. He says, "What happened?"

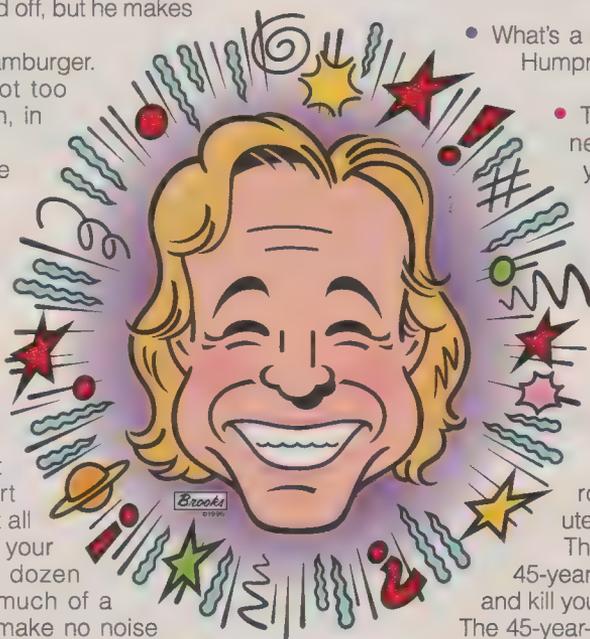
The 45-year-old says, "Some asshole put blanks in the gun, so I had to choke her to death."

- A guy wakes up one morning with a terrible hangover, and realizes he's in a motel room. He looks down at the foot of the bed, and there she is. A girl with a face that could send a train down a dirt road. Very ugly.

She's looking at him.... She's in love.

She says, "What are we gonna name it?"

He picks up the rubber he used the night before, ties a knot in it, twirls it around, and tosses it out the window. He says, "If he gets out of that, we'll call him Houdini."



*For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at <http://www.jackiejokeman.com>. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his Sgt. Pecker CD.*

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article, James R. Norman reports on a Connaught Laboratories donation of \$13 million worth of polio vaccine to Russia. Connaught's president, with no embarrassment, reveals his company's real motive. "Someday," he says, "Russia will be a market."

Likewise, Eli Lilly recently announced the sending of \$3.1 million in diabetes medications and antibiotics to Russia, claiming that the donation "may help more than 20,000 patients in Russia live longer, healthier lives." Unspoken is the expectation that one day Russians will pay for their diabetes medicine.

Which brings us back to the donation of Prozac to the Tuzla Medical Clinic, and Lilly's possible hidden motive: that one day thousands of former Bosnian refugees, their income and anxieties advancing from trauma to mild depression, will shell out \$2 a pill for Prozac.

In a tiny clinic on the outskirts of Tuzla I met with Syrian-born Dr. Nikar Makayes, who permitted me to examine and photograph his stock of pharmaceuticals. Among them was Sulfurate, an ulcer drug manufactured by Blue Ridge Labs, a subsidiary of Hoechst Marion Roussel. The expiration date was nearly

two years before.

I was more bitter than he. "How does this happen?" I asked.

The doctor shrugged. "The drug probably sat in a warehouse for months. Or it took a year to get from Sarajevo to Tuzla. I don't really know. But at least it's not harmful. I give it to my patients and hope for the best.

"We receive donated medicines from warehouses," he said. "These warehouses, in turn, get them from humanitarian organizations. The black market gets whatever good ones that come in. Our patients get what's left."

When I made inquiries at Hoechst Marion Roussel about the expired Sulfurate, its spokesperson merely said "company policy" requires donated drugs to have at least a six-month margin, and declined to dig further into the matter, even though I had the drugs' batch and lot numbers—not to mention a photograph showing the expiration date. Hoechst, like every other pharmaceutical company I talked with, flatly denied donating expired drugs.

What about the charities themselves? What is *their* complicity in the dumping on disaster areas of drugs that are either expired or, in Fatima's words, "outright insulting" in their irrelevance?

Charity in the 1990s is big business. In

1994 Americans gave \$130 billion all told in charitable contributions. But most of that goes to churches and alma maters. A scant three percent of individual contributions is earmarked for private foreign aid. Competition for such contributions is intense. Cutthroat, some say.

The acceptance of what is known in the trade as C.I.K.'s—contributions in kind—enables charities to enjoy an advantage in the marketplace of charitable contributions. By pumping up the value of donated goods and accepting often outright ludicrous donations without regard to need, charities can produce financial statements reporting millions of dollars worth of contributions. Such contributions, in turn, reduce what, in charity lingo, is known as the "fund-raising ratio": the percentage of the total intake spent on fund-raising, overhead, and administrative costs versus program costs. In other words, the percentages claimed actually to go to the needy. A low fund-raising ratio is the number-one sales pitch in the charity marketplace, a lure to potential donors.

In the medical-supply area the biggest players include UNICEF, Operation U.S.A., AmeriCares, Brother's Brother, MAP International, Feed the Children, Project Hope, and the Reverend Pat Robertson's Operation Blessing. While some of these are scrupulous in what they will accept and how they will deliver it, others serve merely as vehicles for "dumping," subordinating the needs of victims overseas to the needs of their *true* beneficiaries: the corporate contributors.

At one end of the spectrum is the L.A.-based Operation U.S.A., pioneer of the concept of delivering pharmaceutical supplies overseas and probably the most reputable of these charities. Operation U.S.A.'s policies strictly forbid "dumping." First and foremost, they never accept a medication of any kind without first ascertaining from representatives in the field that it is actually needed. Second, they require that a donated drug have at least one full year to go before its expiration date "to allow for shipping time, storage in a warehouse, and glitches in distribution." Third, they value contributions at the price set by the donors themselves—a price that is often *less* than wholesale. Finally, Operation U.S.A. works only with responsible on-site partners who guarantee that the supplies in question will actually reach the intended recipients. This prevents the black marketing of these drugs by Bosnia's underworld—which had occasioned the warning about my safety from Eddie when I first began my investigation into the abuses in humanitarian aid.

At the other end of the spectrum—at least according to those in the international relief community—is AmeriCares,





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### TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE

My wife, Cami, and I recently made our first foray into the world of cybersex. We had decided that she would be the first to venture into this form of erotica, so with keyboard in hand she set out to find a lover. Within minutes she was having sex with several men. Her first partner was dominant, and wanted my wife to beg him to fuck her. I nearly exploded as I watched her describe how she would run her tongue up and down his throbbing shaft—it was an incredible turn-on. Her second lover was a man who had spotted a female golfer with no panties on the course earlier that day. Cami eagerly fulfilled his fantasy by



becoming that woman, telling him how hot and wet her pussy had been, knowing that he was watching her. I could see that she was really getting into this; her dark nipples stiffened, pressing against the thin material of her top, and she was rubbing her legs together as she typed. As she took her third lover, I knelt down and positioned myself between her thighs. She described to her partner how I was licking and sucking her nipples, then slowly working my way down to her pussy. He encouraged me to give her gentle kisses down her belly until I reached her sex; after I did that, she described how I had

spread the lips to expose her now super-sensitive clit. His slow response time seemed to indicate that he had taken matters into his own hands, so my wife encouraged him to stroke his cock while I continued to suck on her throbbing clit. It wasn't long before both of them had intense orgasms. They thanked each other for a wonderful time, and Cami quickly signed off so that we could retire to the bedroom for more: As we sucked and fucked in all the positions she had described earlier, the thought of my wife doing these things with strangers brought me to climax after climax.—*ZiggyDBM and CamiDoll@aol.com*

### NASTY GIRL

**DarkRob:** You're my little slut, aren't you? Masturbate for me.

**Angela22:** I'm rubbing oil over my bare tits, pinching the nipples between my fingers.

**DarkRob:** Pull on them. Make them hard.

**Angela22:** Pulling with one hand ... sliding the other down my belly to my cunt. Flicking my fingers across the clit ... massaging it in tiny circles ... imagining that you're stroking your big dick right above my face ...

**DarkRob:** You'd suck it for me, wouldn't you?

**Angela22:** I love having my mouth full of cock, baby. Now I'm licking the pussy juice off my fingers, the same way I'd lick you.

**DarkRob:** You love playing with yourself for me.

**Angela22:** It makes me so hot... I want to come for you now. Tell me what a bad girl I am.

**DarkRob:** You're a nasty little whore, Angela. You'd spread your legs for anyone who asked.

**Angela22:** Yessss ...

**DarkRob:** You wear those red spike heels and garter belt to make guys hard, so they'll ram their throbbing cocks into your slit. How many men have you fucked today? Five? Ten?

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Vol. 3 Making Sex Fun #9504	<del>\$29.95</del>	\$19.95	
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*Caravaggio*

"... and another thing—I never met a girl with kisses sweeter than wine."

that the sports drink served a useful purpose. When pressed, Winter acknowledged that the Gatorade had been used primarily as a source of uncontaminated fluid. An expensive source, he might have added. Simple filtering is a far more efficient means of delivering potable water.

AmeriCares is not the only charity that serves corporate interests as well. Georgia-based MAP International essentially serves as a "broker," receiving gifts of pharmaceuticals and then offering them to other organizations for what both parties call a "transaction fee." MAP has also been criticized for gross inflation of the value of donated goods. As has UNICEF. One former UNICEF official told me, on condition of anonymity, that when presented with a document containing a *corporation's* valuation of C.I.K.'s versus the *organization's* valuation, he was promptly instructed to "tear up the document and erase the information from your mind."

But a source in the field cites the evangelical groups as the worst offenders on all counts, including, he contends, *knowingly* shipping outdated drugs as well as grossly inflating the value of such products.

Essentially, the evangelical game was explained to me as follows: "The Right Reverend X shows a picture of a Haitian kid with a big belly on his TV show. He admonishes viewers to support his flock's missionary work in Haiti with an appeal like this: 'We need to raise \$250,000 ... to save this child's life. ... Your dollars directly translate into buying the medicines that will save him. ...'

"Say \$250,000—maybe even \$1 million—floods in through the 800 lines. Reverend X calls a group like MAP, which gets a 'transaction fee' of ten percent of the claimed value of a cargo for Haiti—for example, \$25,000 in cash for \$250,000 worth of God knows what, which the broker will pack and send for Reverend X."

Both the evangelical group and the broker benefit. The broker gets cash for drugs that were received for free. The evangelical group gets to tell its viewers that Haiti did indeed receive \$250,000 worth of drugs—so even more dollars pour in through the toll-free phone lines.

Why do watchdog agencies here in the U.S. permit such things to go on? And why do the illustrious board members of these organizations fail to utter a single word of protest?

For one thing, there is no effective voice for the hapless victims of corporate dumping. For another, based on my

own years of experience, the lobbies of the charitable and corporate sectors are simply too powerful to permit passage of meaningful reform. Still worse, laws created in the late eighties virtually immunize board members against liability, leaving them with the prestige but not the responsibility of their position. The head of one organization told me that in its 16 years of existence not once had it been audited.

Still, there are avenues for redress. In a letter dated February 12, 1996, Marcus Owens, director of the I.R.S.'s Exempt Organizations Division and a respected authority on charitable practices, assured me that "[a]busive fund-raising practices by charities can and do result in revocation of federal tax exemption," and in an earlier conversation Owens told me that complaints can be made against such organizations on a confidential basis.

Stricter laws and enforcement mechanisms are necessary, but it's unlikely they will be sufficient. With clever footwork, the hucksters of charity will find ways to sidestep the law. In the end the only solution is an informed public as well as responsible charity executives and board members who promote truth in advertising and responsible distribution of humanitarian aid.

Only then will mercy take precedence over merchandizing. 



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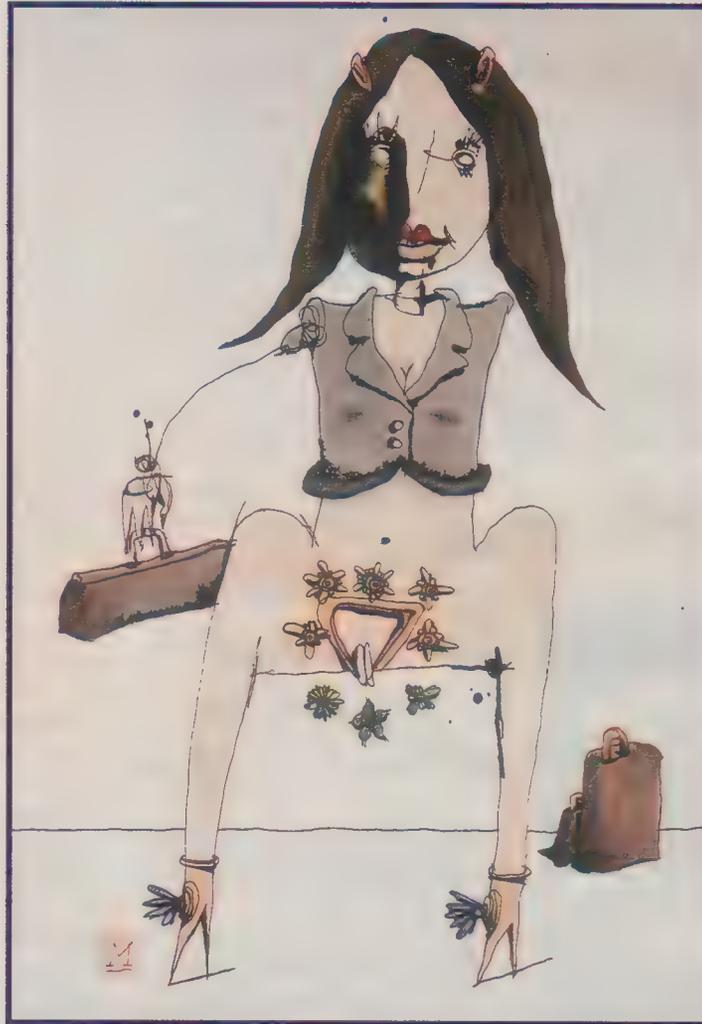


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Our continuing compilation of today's wittiest  
and lewdest limericks. Written and edited by Michael Dorsey.  
Illustrated by David Miller.

# Ribald Rimes



*Although Cupid got all the girls hot,  
a great lover himself he was not.  
They would say, "Sorry, sport,  
but your arrow's too short—  
What we want is what Hercules's got."*

*Juno's measure of fury was full,  
but Zeus had a trick he could pull.  
He said surely, "My dear,  
whatever you hear  
from Europa is all cock and bull."*

*Euphemism is all very well,  
but if I really am going to hell,  
I'd rather it be  
for lechery,  
not for "loving the ladies too well."*

*Oh a pussy's a timorous beast,  
needing petting and patience at least,  
but she'll alter completely,  
if handled quite sweetly,  
and sit up and roar when she's greased.*

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, <http://www.penthousemag.com>;  
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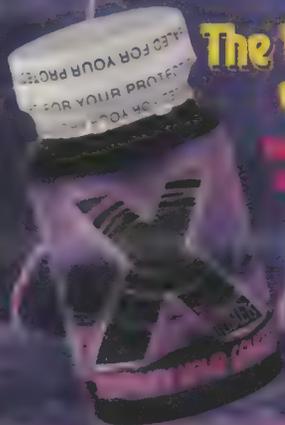
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Article by Al Goldstein

# The Best Little Whorehouse in the Western World

Photography by David Michael Kennedy

**I**n my dream I come out of the starry Nevada night and enter the darkened interior of the bordello. They are all there to greet me, the Commuting Contessa and Hitler's Daughter and Gilded Lily and Babbling Brooke and all the rest of them, all stunningly beautiful, all arrayed before me, smiling their

welcomes, every one of them looking the best she's ever looked, in their best gowns, sexiest lingerie, and most glittering jewelry, 20 achingly gorgeous women, enticing, open for business, ready to par-tay.

And what do I say? What can any man say when he comes face-to-face with a score of arch females

**Heaven's gate:  
The approach to  
the Moonlight  
Ranch, a legal  
bordello, where  
men are men,  
women are worth  
every penny  
you pay for them,  
and something  
called a "Slippery  
Nipples Party"  
is tops on the  
menu.**



who are schooled in the art of sexual pleasure?

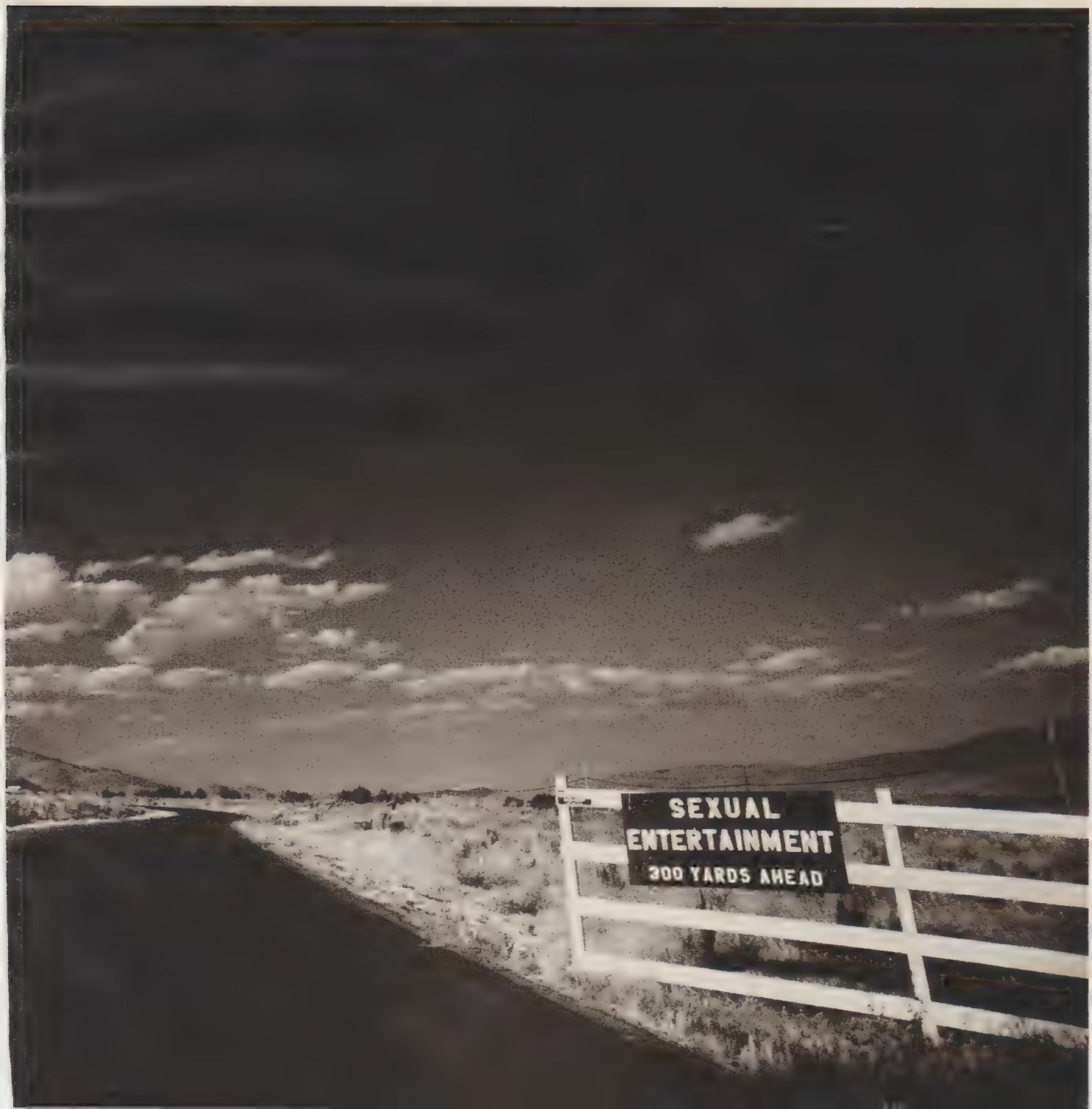
In my dream it's always the same. I want them all. I don't want to choose. I want to raise this night above all others. I want the girls talking about it for a long time afterward, the way they talk about the guy who dropped \$17,500 in two hours in the big Jacuzzi Room two years ago.

So what do I say? What do I scream, rather? I raise my fists in the air, both stuffed with large-denomination bills, and I shout it out, bellow it joyfully to the women of the Moonlight Bunnyranch Bordello: "Chocolate Truffles Party with the whole house!"

Yes, well. My actual arrival at the Moonlight Ranch, a legal cathouse just across the Lyon County line from Carson City, Nevada, was a tad more tame

than that particular fantasy. For one thing, I brought along Rose, my fiancée (my *Jewish lawyer fiancée*, as if those aren't three words to choke over). So the chocolate truffles would have to wait.

But at least it was available, the fabled Chocolate Truffles Party, listed on the "Dessert Tray" section of the elaborate promotional menu the Moonlight hands out to prospective customers. The slit-pink-and-muff-black menu lists "To Go Orders," "Appetizers" ("Vibrator Show" and "Hand Relief Party"), "Specials" (something called the "Flavored Pussy Party"), "A La Carte" ("Slippery Nipples Party" and "Body French"), on down to the dessert parties, which come in "Irish Cream," "Whipped Cream," and "Chocolate Truffles."



**Staci Worthington (below, center, with a few of the Moonlight girls) updates the word "madam"—part vamp, part businesswoman.**

"Party" is the operative word at the Moonlight Ranch, one of 36 licensed, legal, and flourishing cathouses doing business all over the boom state of Nevada. During the past couple of decades legalized gambling swept out of the Silver State and gripped the nation with the fervor of a new religion. Twenty years ago Nevada was the only place you could double down legally. Now everyone is doing it, from Mississippi riverboats to Donald Trump to church bingo parlors to just about every Indian tribe in the country.

Could the same thing possibly happen to legalized prostitution? Could an unlikely libertarian experiment in a lonely intermontane free zone suddenly spread, as legalized gambling did, to the whole country? Would we ever see Moonlight in Vermont?

To investigate this question—purely as a journalistic exercise, you understand—I had come to Nevada to spend a week in a legal bordello. My whole life, I had been dedicated to the proposition that getting

City to garner a steady stream of customers, but because it was actually located in Lyon County, the sheriff and the county seat were 50 miles away.

Besides, this country was legendary whorehouse turf. In the days of the silver boom of the nineteenth century the area immediately surrounding the Moonlight was rife with what were then called "sporting houses." The women were servicing the miners, who were servicing the Comstock Lode, 15 miles up the canyon from the Moonlight in Virginia City. When the silver veins collapsed a few of the bordellos managed to hang on.

It wasn't until the early 1970s that state legislators bowed to reality and rendered de jure what had long been de facto, legalizing prostitution in a series of half-measures and court rulings. Two lame-duck county commissioners voted in 1970 to license Nevada's first legal brothel, the legendary Mustang Ranch, just across the Storey County line, north of Reno.

There were a lot of asterisks and exceptions and



**The comfortable bar area (this page, top right) and promotional menus (bottom right) typify the Moonlight's relaxed, light-hearted approach to sex.**

government out of the business of regulating people's sex lives was a good thing. Nevada was the best place in North America to test that theory out.

Of course I was also mildly interested in the pussy.

A last winter storm was coming in off the Sierra Nevadas as we drove down from Reno, and the mid-April day was gray and chilly. We cut through Carson City, past the state capitol and government offices, and turned east on Route 50, heading out of town.

Although in my life I had spent a hell of a lot of time in whorehouses, I realized as we drove that I had never actually spent a whole night in one, meaning fell asleep and woke up in the morning. Now I had arranged to spend a week in one.

Not just any old cathouse, either. The Moonlight Ranch has been around since 1955, when prostitution was still technically illegal in Nevada. The long, bungalow-style ranch house was on a tract of land conveniently situated so as to slip through the cracks in the law. It was close enough to Carson

quid pro quos to the legalization process. Counties with populations of more than 200,000 (later raised to 400,000) were still off-limits, effectively barring legal hooking from Reno and Las Vegas. But essentially Nevada once again stood alone, as it did with gambling, in recognizing the inevitability of certain brands of human behavior.

Joe Conforte, the onetime impresario-owner of the Mustang, was the first to take advantage of the newly legal status of his bordello by publicizing the hell out of it. He even wrote a book. Conforte ran rings around government regulators before finally falling prey to the I.R.S. The Mustang, now operated by Conforte's nephew, wound up being as much a Nevada tourist attraction as Glitter Gulch in Vegas.

All of which made the secretive old-timers uneasy, and the original owner sold the Moonlight in 1991. The new owners, Dennis Hof and Staci Worthington, were intent on bringing the bordello business into the twentieth century. Hof had a background in sales, and he looked at the Moonlight purely in terms of a marketing opportunity.

"There's a big difference between you taking \$100 from a customer and him giving you \$100," was one of Hof's maxims, and he set about putting it into practice, making people feel comfortable about getting their rocks off at the Moonlight.

Hof and Worthington sank a half-million dollars into upgrading what had become a wreck of a place. Hof streamlined work rules and operating procedures. He spiffed up the Moonlight, renamed it the Moonlight Bunnyranch (all bordellos in Nevada must by law have the word "ranch" in their name), and essentially gave it a whole new attitude.

Customers came in droves. Eventually word got out: If you want a big, brassy tourist experience, with a 50-girl lineup and guard towers on the perimeter, go to the Mustang Ranch. But for the simple pleasurable quality of the experience, the Moonlight just may be the best little whorehouse you can find.

Hooking in Nevada is regulated to within an inch of its life—it's legal, but only half-assed legal, as if legislators were too craven or greedy to keep their hands totally off it. Anyone looking for a pure libertarian example in the state's licensing of whorehouses will be disappointed. Some of the regulations are good, like the one that puts a doctor in the place once a week. Others are evidence of a ridiculous double standard, like those that limit the amount and kind of advertising a bordello may do.

I cursed the damned hypocrisy of lawmakers as we almost missed our turn to the Moonlight. Bordellos in Nevada can't hoist a lot of signage—they are limited to a single black-and-white rectangle on the roadside per place—which is supposed to prevent gaudy neon GET YOUR \$20 BLOWJOB HERE type of situations. But when you're traveling in the land of the 70-mile-an-hour speed limit, it's easy to make a mistake.

The single sign directs us into a mini industrial park of garages, machine shops, and light factories. There's a 200-foot shot tower looming as a landmark. And then suddenly the landscape changes and we're in the wide-open West. There's a fence and grasslands on both sides of the road. A herd of wild mustangs grazes in the distance.

As we come up on the tidy compound of buildings and stables that comprise the ranch there's a level patch of turf and a sign: "Helicopter Landing: Please Stay on Roadway." I immediately picture high-rollers from Reno and Tahoe dropping out of the sky for a quick legal fuck, then zipping back to the tables with a minimum of time lost.

Our own entrance is less grand. We park and approach the low-slung, white-painted building that looks like nothing so much as a roadside motel. We have to wait at the security gate to be buzzed in—

bordello-keeping is a cash business, and most houses in Nevada have installed elaborate security measures, including chain-link fences and floodlights. All of which gives some of them—the Mustang especially—the exterior look of a desert stalag.

I always have a faint twinge of performance anxiety when I enter a brothel: a not-unpleasant feeling that I might not be up to the task at hand. I felt it as I walked into the Moonlight—even though I was accompanied by Rose, and even though I was technically on assignment. My mind might have known I was a journalist engaged to be married, but it obviously forgot to communicate the news to my dick.

Our arrival was an anticlimax. It was mid-afternoon. Two women sat at a bar beyond an empty sitting room/lobby. One of them was a slight, pretty girl in a blonde wig, and the other was a real looker, older, tall, statuesque, almost regal. Peggy, the

manager-madam, bustled around, her forearm festooned with multiple brightly colored plastic keyrings.

The atmosphere was sleepy, detumescent, banal. No rollicking Jacuzzi suck maidens or come-hither glances from throaty blondes. True, it was just after tax season, traditionally the slowest time of the year for any business that depends on people having a lot of ready cash—hooking as well as gambling.

Immediately, though, I sensed a difference in this place compared with almost any other cathouse I've ever known. It was spotlessly clean, for one thing. There aren't a lot of whorehouses in the world I would feel com-

fortable moving into for an extended stay, but I instantly felt at home here.

More than that, there was a small but significant anxiety removed from the back of my mind as soon as I stepped into the Moonlight. It was legal. No police were going to come busting through the door. For a person who has had a lot of personal experience with vice cops, and who knows what evil, grasping, graft-ridden thugs they can be, that was more than a relief—it was a revolution.

"Party" was the chosen euphemism of the house. As in: "Do you want to party with us?" I noticed that the menu of parties the Moonlight handed out neglected to list prices. I remembered some words of wisdom I first heard a long time ago, a rule of thumb about prostitution that also has weighty implications for the way things are between men and women in general. "There are no \$1,000-an-hour hookers," quoth the cathouse sage, "there are only \$1,000-an-hour johns."

In other words, the girls charge what they can get. If they don't like a customer they'll simply "price



**There are no \$1,000-an-hour hookers, runs the old whorehouse maxim, only \$1,000-an-hour johns. The offerings at the Moonlight come in all flavors, from hard-bodies (left) to trailer-park mamas (above).**



*"They're all clients.... Dissatisfied clients, of course."*

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him out," inflating their asking price to the point he'll be unable to pay. The negotiations between Moonlight girl and John are monitored by the management on intercoms that are installed in every room—"for security," says Hof, but also to discourage skimming and freelancing on the part of the working girls.

Generally the Moonlight is known as a \$100-a-throw house, just as some houses across Route 50, where four bordellos arrange themselves in a bright neon "golden triangle," are known as \$50-a-throw places. That's about as low as it goes in Nevada.

How high does it go? Well, the girls of the Moonlight still talk about that Jacuzzi Room guy who dropped \$17,500 in two hours. He had just won \$50,000 at the tables, and figured the money was the casino's anyway. Of course my next question was, "What did he get for that?"

"He wanted a lot of us to run around the Jacuzzi Room naked," recalled Rochelle, a big-breasted, soft-haired ex-stripper nicknamed "The Commuting Contessa" because she flies in from Oregon to work at the Moonlight for ten days or so each month.

"We just had a great party that night," she said. She may have been thinking about the \$1,000 paycheck she got for those two hours, but to me it sounded

as if she were recalling the party itself—a wild time, the kind that you slip into your memory wallet and keep forever.

The women at the Moonlight call working a shift being "on the line" or "on the floor"—you're on the line or on the floor when you are dressed, coiffed, perfumed, and ready to take on any customer who walks through the door.

In most Nevada brothels customers are greeted with the "lineup," a formal marshaling of every woman then available, introduced by her *nom de pavé*. This can be quite a daunting proposition for the just-arrived John, and many a customer has been known to turn tail and run in the face of the 30- or 40-girl lineups at the Mustang.

The Moonlight runs things a little differently, thanks to Dennis Hof's marketing savvy. "Why would you want to put a customer on the spot like that?" Hof asks. "It's the opposite of putting people at ease, and you get off on the wrong foot right away."

When a customer walks into the Moonlight the experience is much more low-key. The guy is offered a drink, and then the girls on the floor at that time introduce themselves or one another informally. The atmosphere is relaxed, easygoing.

"I used to hate the lineup," said

Crystal, one of the Moonlight's top bookers, who used to work across Route 50 at the Sagebrush Ranch, another legal bordello. "It was a little too much like a cattle call."

Crystal is one of the women at the Moonlight who takes me under her wing. At first I am a little disoriented by the surroundings. Living in a whorehouse is like being in a sorority—a sorority where everyone parades around in sexy lingerie and fuck-me heels.

Most of the women who work here live here too—paying the house a nominal (\$19-a-day) fee for room and board. Jackie the Cook, who tells me she used to work for Charles Schulz, the *Peanuts* comic-strip creator, puts on a good spread, and the refrigerator is jam-packed with bread, cold cuts, ice-cream bars, banana-cream pies.

So along with its function as a pleasure palace the Moonlight serves as a women's dormitory, with all the attendant dramas, friendships, feuds, and solidarity that comes with that. The problem with this many women living in close proximity is that they tend to fall into sync menstrually, and once a month the ranch falls prey to "Bitch & Witch Week." The strategy of choice, in order to keep working, is to use sea sponges to soak up excess menses while partying.





## ANDI SUE, PET DETECTIVE

Everyone knows you can't get a leopard to change its spots, but on these pages Andi Sue Irwin has managed to transform both lions and tigers into purring pussycats. Perhaps the animals sensed her own distinctly feline qualities, or, like us, they just thought she was the cat's meow. In any event, in her farewell pictorial as 1996 Pet of the Year, Andi Sue concludes her reign in spectacular fashion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Trainer Randy Miller was awestruck at the uncanny rapport between our Georgia-born glamour puss and the animals of Predators



in Action.  
Ironically,  
the photo ses-  
sion had a  
soothing  
effect on the  
beasts,  
but it sure  
brought  
out Andi Sue's  
wild side.



"I've had such fun as Pet of the Year," says Andi Sue. "This shoot was the perfect send-off."

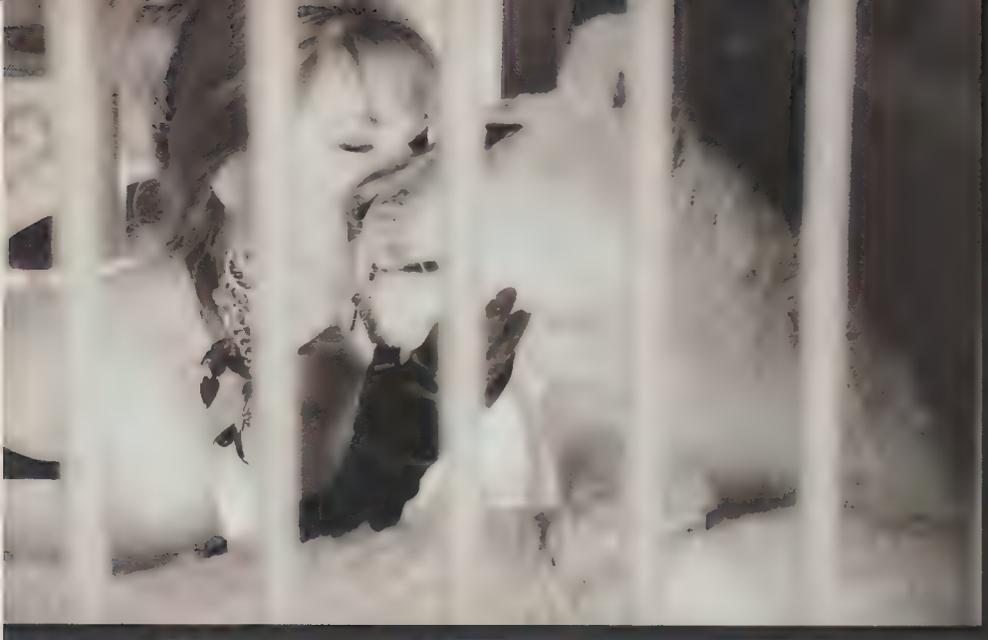




"Modeling for *Penthouse* has helped me get in touch with my fantasies," asserts the 28-year-old

beauty. "I  
used to be shy  
and insecure  
about my  
body... You  
can probably  
tell that's  
changed."





Animals supplied by Randy Miller's Predators in Action, Acton, Calif



"I've always loved animals," confides our 36-23-33 Pet. "There's a purity in their play, and a curiosity about them that fascinates me." It looks like, for this lioness, the feeling was mutual.





Lions and  
tigers and bare  
—oh my!  
Congratulations,  
Andi Sue,  
on a sensational  
year and  
a sparkling  
future! 



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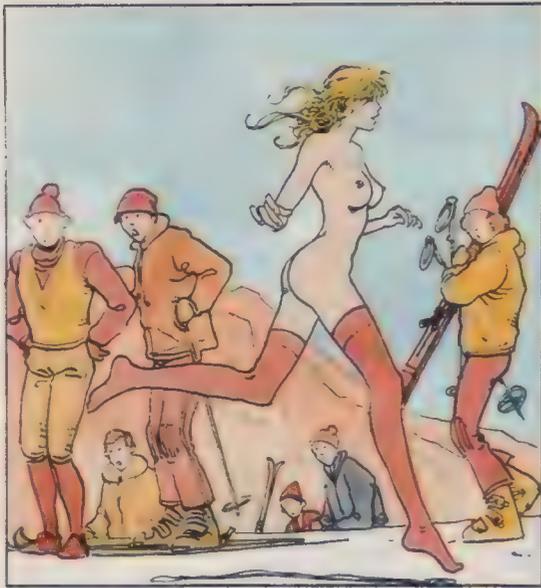
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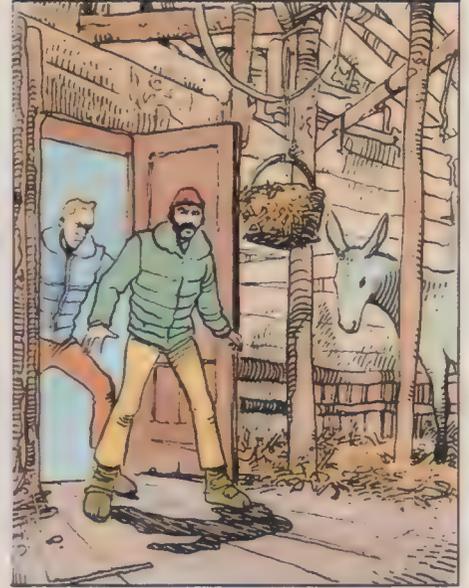
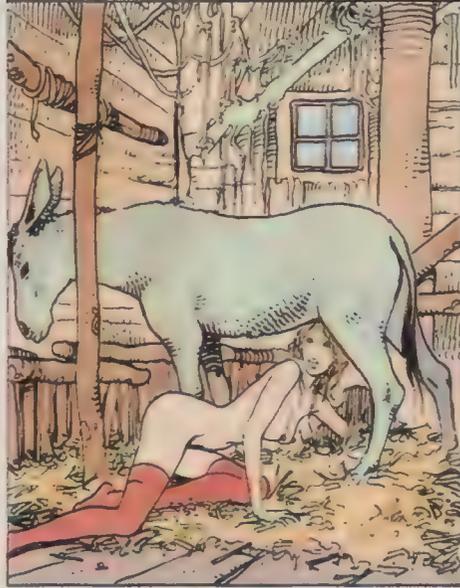


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e p i s o d e 8

by M i l o M a n e r a





OKAY, HONEY, COME OUT OF THERE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM US!



WHO'S GETTING AWAY? I LOVE IT HERE...



THEO, KEEP AN EYE ON HER! I'LL CALL THE COUNT. DON'T LET HER MOVE! NOT ONE INCH! GOT IT?



LIKE HELL SHE'LL MOVE! DON'T EVEN THINK OF IT, BABY!



IS THAT THE WAY TO TALK TO A NICE PUSSY? I BET YOU'VE GOT A REAL HORSE DICK!

OOOH. YEAH. MAN! SHIT. YEAH!



YOU SLUT! LIKE IT, HUH? HERE, YA LITTLE SLUT. EAT IT !!!

LET ME HAVE IT!



THE COUNT'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE. HEY, THEO, WHAT THE...

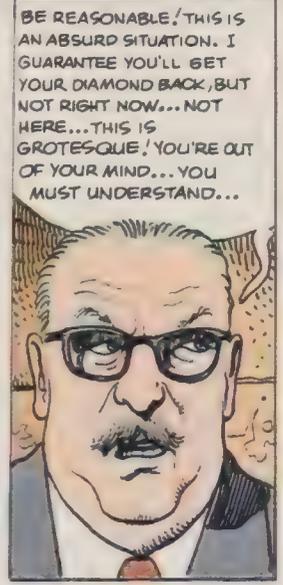


COME ON, BOY, YOU TOO! GET A PIECE BEFORE THE COUNT GETS HERE!

HEY, ROB! GO FOR IT...







# THE BOYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

Andries continued paying the \$600 rent on the young men's apartment. But two of the new boys departed in disgust after two weeks of partying. Now only Jairo Pereira remained, and Andries demanded he move into the priest's house. And he told Barros he would no longer pay *his* apartment rent. So, although Andries wasn't happy about it, Barros moved back into Andries's home along with Pereira.

To Andries, Barros had become expendable. He'd stopped doing drugs and having sex with "the girls." Besides, Andries was in love with Pereira. He cut back on orgies, because he "didn't want to give his man [Pereira] to everybody," according to Barros. Only two of Andries's special friends were allowed to have sex with Pereira.

Barros planned to get even, and he convinced Pereira that if they could only obtain some kind of proof—such as

for Pereira. A child's plastic swimming pool was set up near the altar in St. Gabriel's, and Pereira, naked except for his crown, was baptized there as "the girls" delivered fruit to him. Then the orgy began, with cocaine and liquor and the usual whipping and humiliation. Pereira had to take each man anally—it was the last time they would have sex with him, Andries decreed.

The marriage was two days later.

"We, Lloyd and Jairo, hereby declare our love and respect for each other before God," began the vows that Andries read from a three- by five-inch index card. "We further promise to be faithful and understanding to each other, by the grace of God. We exchange rings as a symbol of our love. Amen."

Andries descended the interior staircase of his house as "Here Comes the Bride" played on a CD. He wore a cap and—over his slacks and shirt—a tunic. In his hands he held a single white tulip. The ceremony was traditional, with a Bible and the marriage kiss.

On their wedding night Pereira and

with guns were outside to protect him.

So Barros didn't know what to write about. Who would believe he'd hooked up with an Episcopal priest who was a cosmetics distributor, probably so he could get a discount on his makeup? A priest who was so successful that he drove a pink Cadillac, the car awarded to top-grossing cosmetics "team leaders"?

Or should Barros start by talking about all the role-playing he did? How Andries would take him to Manhattan's Greenwich Village, and, in their parked car, tell Barros to pretend he was a horny teenager trying to get into his date's pants? Or the time in Pennsylvania when they'd gone to see a Christmas show and Andries made him get out of the pink Cadillac along an empty country road on a freezing night and pretend to be a hitchhiker? In that instance Barros had to "rape" Andries while the priest begged for mercy because he was a "helpless woman" who was married.

Barros was glad he at least had photos of the "wedding."

Two weeks after the ceremony Andries had to go to the hospital because of prostate problems. On the phone he told "the girls" he was checking in for a hysterectomy. Pereira and Barros planned to tell Andries they were moving out when he returned. They did not intend to give a reason.

The day Andries came home from the hospital, May 9, 1996, he walked into Barros's room and saw the computer on. Barros was in the bathroom. And Andries read what looked like a diary of Barros's misadventures in Brooklyn. Enraged, he ordered Barros out of his house. Pereira left also.

Three days later Barros called a Brazilian television producer, offering sketchy outlines of his story. A reporter flew up from Rio, but the resulting coverage was haphazard; the priests ducked the Brazilian cameras.

In cooperation with *Penthouse*, Barros and Pereira reconstructed their months with "the girls" by resurrecting credit-card receipts and tracking money transfers. One of the most intriguing was, as noted, for \$8,000 to a young man in Brazil who allegedly had played Barros's role before Barros moved to Brooklyn. His name is Marciano, and he told Barros that Andries continued to send him money until the priest called to say he was getting married to Pereira. According to Brazilian banking records, some of the money was wired to Brazil through a Brooklyn funeral home. Marciano told Barros that the money from Andries was so he could buy a house and, he presumed, to convince Marciano to remain discreet.

The funeral-service company's owner told *Penthouse* he is friends with Andries, that he does a lot of business

He wasn't wearing his clerical collar.  
Instead he wore a pair of high  
heels, and was resplendent in a sheer  
black peignoir and red stockings.

photographs—of the decadent life lived by "the girls," they could halt the boys-from-Brazil operation and make some money by writing a book.

A wedding provided the perfect excuse for picture-taking. Barros said he appealed to Andries's overweening vanity. "She always said she was a star," says Barros, slipping easily into his habit of referring to Andries in the feminine. "She would say, 'I'm Marilyn Monroe, I'm a star!' I told her that Jairo thought she was a star and wanted to marry her. She was very flattered."

Andries was enthusiastic about the wedding, but wary of the idea of photographs. Only when Pereira wept and Barros, translating for Pereira, told Andries it was the most important day of "his husband's" life did Andries relent.

First Pereira had to be baptized, and "the girls" arranged that for January 14, 1996, at St. Gabriel's. Some of the priests who had had sex with Pereira were in attendance. The ceremony was very private, very correct.

Three months later, on April 18, Pereira underwent a "sexual baptism," and "the girls" came dressed as Hawaiian hula dancers. A designer friend made a white tunic and a crown

Andries did a lot of cocaine. Pereira called Andries "Marilyn." Andries, his judgment perhaps impaired by drugs and liquor, posed for X-rated pictures with his "husband" wearing what appeared to be a church vestment that he sometimes wore during the mass. And for the first time Pereira was allowed to spend the entire night in Andries's bed.

Barros, who speaks and writes much better English than Pereira, wanted to write a book about his bizarre experiences, but he didn't know how to begin. The social activities of "the girls" and his own creature comforts seemed to be the major focus of Andries's life. He had watched the priest and some others mix prescription drugs like the morphine derivative Diazipan with alcohol and become frenzied. An evening that would begin harmlessly enough with Andries singing "Happy Birthday, Mr. President," as Marilyn Monroe once did to John F. Kennedy, or "Fish Gotta Swim," would turn ugly, as Andries lost control and became paranoid, convinced the police had his house surrounded. Barros had to hold him back from running outside in his Marilyn clothes, telling him many strong men

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# BEDTIME STORIES



## THIRTY

EROTIC FICTION BY KIM ADDONIZIO

"Just put on your sexiest clothes," Diana told me on the phone that evening, "and wait. Don't go anywhere. I have a surprise for you." I was depressed, getting divorced, and as of today I was 30. I wasn't in the mood for a surprise birthday present, but Diana was my best friend, and I figured I couldn't gracefully get out of whatever it was she'd dreamed up for me. I hoped she wouldn't want to go dancing; it had been a stressful day at the office, and I wanted to relax. Really, I just wanted to take a bath, curl up with a good book, and forget the fact that I hadn't had sex for four months, two weeks, and three days—ever since my marriage fell apart. But Diana had been insistent, so I took a long shower, got into my black lace panties, and slipped on the tiny red silk dress that had been languishing in my closet for weeks, ever since I'd

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM BOWER

bought it on a whim. I added black fishnets and red spike heels so high I could barely walk in them; if Diana did want to go dancing, I thought, I'd have a good excuse to say no.

I felt better after I was dressed, my makeup in place. I checked out the woman in the mirror, her long blonde hair, her dark red lips, and her shapely legs, and sighed. "What a waste," I said aloud. I turned sideways and admired my slim belly, the roundness of my ass and my tits. "You're thirty," I told myself, "not dead. Thirty." It didn't sound so bad. Maybe there was hope. My mother was 63, and she had a boyfriend. Maybe I'd even meet someone tonight. The thought of having a man in my bed again made me wet. I imagined a smooth, sculpted chest against my tits, hard thighs, warm hands cupping my ass. I tried to imagine a face, but all I saw was the round, grinning mug of the obnoxious lawyer I worked for, and I definitely did not want him anywhere near my cream-colored satin sheets.

I prowled my apartment restlessly, waiting for Diana, feeling more and more horny. I lay down on the couch, settled myself against the big pillows, and slipped a finger into my underwear to touch my pulsing clit.

The phone rang.

"Damn," I said. I just couldn't ignore a ringing phone. It's one thing that drove my husband crazy. We would be in the middle of dinner, or an argument, and I'd have to answer instead of letting the machine pick it up. It's like a compulsion. The only time he didn't mind, actually, was when we were having sex; then he got a kick out of me trying to talk while he was licking my pussy or my nipples, or sliding his cock in and out of me.

Here I was thinking about my ex, and getting depressed again. Maybe he was calling now, I thought, to wish me a happy birthday, to say he'd realized that getting a divorce was a bad idea. He had never called, but I always hoped he would, always rushed to answer, somehow expecting his voice.

Diana was on the phone. "Ready?" she asked.

"I guess," I said. "I mean, I'm all dressed. What time will you be here?"

Diana laughed. "I'm right out front," she said, "on the car phone. Go to the front door."

I crossed the living room and opened my door. "Happy birthday, pal," Diana said on the phone. Then she hung up, and I watched her car disappear down the street, and looked in disbelief at the man standing there holding out a red rose.

"Michael," I said. Michael was Diana's boyfriend, and I had secretly lusted after him for the entire year the two of them had

been together. I liked his impish, little-boy smile, the light in his blue eyes, the way he had held me when we danced, the one and only time we danced. How often had I slipped my fingers into my pussy at night, fantasizing that they were Michael's, writhed alone on my sheets until I came, and then felt guilty about wanting my best friend's boyfriend.

"What are you doing?" I asked. I got it, but I didn't get it. Diana must have forgotten something. She'd be back in a minute, and the three of us would go out as we had often done, to a restaurant somewhere, and I'd wonder whether to tell her that for a silly moment I'd thought she was actually giving me her boyfriend as a birthday present.

"Surprise," Michael said. "Can I come in, or are you going to give me back?" He was wearing black jeans and cowboy boots, a white T-shirt, and a black leather jacket. A red ribbon with a big bow was tied around his left wrist where he usually wore a thin gold chain. He handed me the rose, and I backed into my living room with him following me.

"Let's sit down," Michael said. He took off his jacket and tossed it onto a chair, then strolled over to my couch. He leaned back, flung his arms out along the back of the couch, crossed his legs, and grinned at me. "Come and join me," he said.

"Right," I said. I went over and sat down next to him, but at the very edge of the couch. I smelled his cologne and wanted to drown in it, to sink back and let the waves of heat washing over me pull me all the way under. I wanted to claw at his T-shirt like a wild animal and fasten my mouth onto one of his nipples and throw my arms around his neck and drag him deep into my pussy, wrap my legs around him and squeeze his ribs tight and not ever let him go. Instead, I sat primly on the edge of the couch, my legs together, and tried not to breathe.

"Uh—" I stammered.

"It's okay. Just relax," Michael said, and I felt the palm of his hand, hot as an iron, against the back of my neck. As he started rubbing my right shoulder, I took a long shaky breath, and the rose fell from my hand and lay there, red on the white wall-to-wall carpeting.

"Good," Michael said. "You're the birthday girl. Just enjoy it. You don't have to do anything. I'm here to give you pleasure." Then he went on, saying, "You're beautiful."

"I'm thirty," I moaned, my head falling forward.

"So what," Michael said.

"You're a man. You're twenty-four. You just don't get it," I mumbled. It was harder and harder to talk. Both his hands

were on my shoulders now, squeezing, his thumbs pressing in, the little knots of stress dissolving. The tension I'd built up from hunching in front of a computer screen all day was traveling outward, humming through my nerves, leaping into the room like sparks. Michael's hands moved down my back. I opened my legs and slumped all the way forward, hanging my head, feeling the blood rush into my brain. His fingers were at the base of my spine now, moving to massage my ass in deep, delicious circles. I went completely limp.

"I know how you like it," Michael whispered. "I'm going to do everything you like."

"I can't believe Diana tells you that stuff." A thrill of excitement and shame ran through me, making me shudder. Oh God, I thought, I can't believe he knows all the things I told Diana.

"You'd better sit up before you pass out," Michael said. He got a firm grip on my hair and pulled me back toward him. I found myself lying in his arms, my legs sprawled apart, my dress up, exposing my bare thighs above my stockings and my panties. I turned my face toward him and we began kissing, his hot tongue filling my mouth, going down my throat, running along the edges of my teeth. I kept my eyes open, looking into his. I was afraid that if I closed them I'd see Diana, or my ex, watching us disapprovingly. I wanted to pinch myself, to make sure I hadn't made up me and Michael, passionately kissing, his hands roaming over my ass as I maneuvered into his lap and pressed my soaking pussy into the hardness of his crotch. Diana had told me a few things about Michael, too: that he loved the taste of pussy and would lick her practically forever; that he shaved the hair around his balls, and liked to rub them in her face, over her eyes and nose and down to her mouth so she could lick and suck on them. The thought of Michael's balls in my face and the feel of his cock as I ground myself into the fly of his jeans was too much. I started coming, holding on to him as I squirmed and whimpered, the juices flowing out of me, soaking my already dripping panties, dampening my thighs, hot from friction.

"This is just the warm-up, baby," Michael said, as he slid me off him and onto the floor. I was still coming; he pushed the sole of one cowboy boot against my pussy, and I pressed against it, trying to finish my orgasm. He sat back and told me to take his boots off. I yanked off one, then the other. He stood up and stepped out of his jeans and shiny black briefs. Then he was pulling the crotch of my panties to one side, rolling on top of me to fill me with his big warm cock, intensifying my spasms

of pleasure, making me cry out with each deep thrust. Somewhere in the back of my brain I realized we had ended up on top of the rose he'd brought, but I hardly felt the thorns pricking my body as he pounded into me, fast and hard the way I liked it. I thrashed around like a hooked fish, trying to open myself wider and wider, and with the next orgasm I let it all go and screamed.

"Good girl," Michael said. "That's a good little bitch. You've wanted it for so long, haven't you? You wanted to be bad, you wanted to have your friend's lover for yourself. I remember how we danced that night, how you pushed your hot body into mine. I know what a slut you really are, under that nice-girl facade." He kept talking, saying things that made me ashamed and excited, things I'd told Diana I wished a man would someday say to me. Diana. What a wonderful friend. I loved Diana. I started moaning her name as Michael withdrew his cock and put his tongue in its place, poking it in and out of me, moving up to encircle my clit, back deep into my hole, then my clit again, gently biting it and sucking it, tugging until I was begging him to fuck me again and fill me up so I could come on his hot cock. There was a knock on the door and Michael sat up. "Close your eyes and don't move," he said.

I lay there, on the verge of coming all over myself, wondering what was going to happen next.

"Keep your eyes closed," Michael said. In a moment I knew. I felt a woman's hands on my face. Her soft lips covered mine. Her fingers dipped between my legs and then she put them in my mouth, and through the smell of my pussy I inhaled Diana's perfume.

"Happy birthday, sweetheart," she said. "You did want both of us, didn't you?"

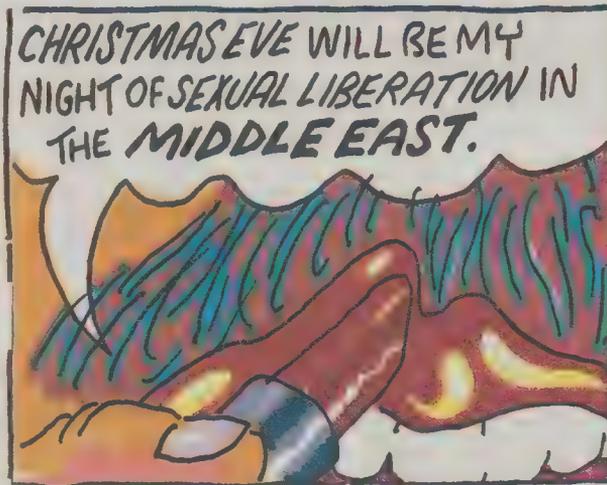
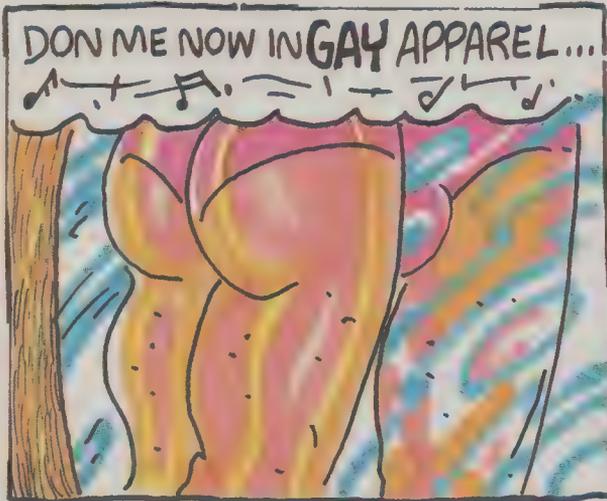
"Yes," I moaned, as they stood me up and led me to the bedroom. They gently pushed me onto the bed, and I lay there and waited for the next pleasure. I could no longer think. I was reduced to pure sensation: the coolness of the satin sheets, the sticky ooze between my legs. I heard the high buzzing of a vibrator, Diana's laughter, felt rose petals falling softly on my breasts and belly. I heard the phone ring on the nightstand, and my arm shot out to pick it up, but then I let my hand fall, palm up, back onto the bed. The machine clicked on, my voice said I wasn't there.

"Ready?" Michael said.

Ready, I thought. I'm free. I'm 30. It's going to be a great year. 

# PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE  
humor@generalmedia.com



# THE BOYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

with St. Gabriel's, and he "could" have wired money to Brazil at Andries's behest. But he refused to discuss whose money he wired or the purpose of the cash. Then he hung up.

Many participants in this story hung up the phone when called by *Penthouse*. The priest who had joined Andries in bed with Barros that first night said, "I have nothing to say to you, nothing whatsoever." The man who "married" Andries and Pereira called the boys from Brazil a "hoax ... they're not on the up-and-up," before saying, "I'm not going to talk to you," and hanging up. Another priest said, "I'm not going to talk about this, because I have no intention of commenting," before he hung up.

Andries did not return repeated calls for comment.

The Venerable Orris Walker, Bishop of the Diocese of Long Island, however, did accept a phone call from *Penthouse*. He denied any personal involvement with any of the boys from Brazil. He said he knew Barros and Pereira because "I knew them to be associated with a priest, and I've seen them around." Walker said he thought Andries "was trying to help them" settle in the

U.S. He said he'd heard "rumors" of a wedding ceremony—"You hear lots of things, lots of rumors go around the diocese." His source: Brazilian reporters who called him after the television story was broadcast in Brazil.

"I talked to Father Andries about it and got his explanation," said Walker. "First of all, for them to say there was a marriage performed is just ludicrous, because the state of New York doesn't recognize same-sex marriages."

But what was Andries's explanation? "That there was not a marriage," said Walker. "There may have been a *ceremony*, but I don't think it was a marriage."

Had Brazilian reporters shown him pictures of that ceremony? Yes, said Walker, but it just looked like "photos of people dressed up at what looked like a party." And, Walker continued, "[y]ou can have a pantomime of some sort, but I mean, when a priest does official actions, it has to be entered into the register, there have to be legal papers, especially with marriages, [filed] with the state. And since that is not possible, how can you have such a relationship?"

There have been "lots of little ceremonies going on around the church," said Walker, who pointed out that there's a great debate about the role of gays in the Episcopal Church. "I would be dishonest to say that I don't know that there

are those services going on," he said. "I have not authorized any of them, but I'm aware within the gay community there are those services."

Walker said that even after a Brazilian reporter brought the sham wedding to his attention, he didn't conduct an investigation—"If they were consenting adults, my position is that they were certainly free to take that action," he said. Walker further said he "gathered" there was "an obvious desire for money out of this operation."

"These people have sort of arrived here from Brazil, and the first thing they do is attack one of my senior priests," said Walker, who said he hasn't really looked into the matter carefully because neither a church member nor the young Brazilian men in question have approached him with a complaint. (Barros says that he was too afraid to complain to anyone in the church associated with Andries.)

In the end Barros and, eventually, Pereira, stumbled into a secret society that only an insider could reveal. And because most of the insiders had so much to protect, and because they had shrewdly only invited foreigners into their inner circle, the secret held longer than it might have otherwise. But for the boys from Brazil and the girls from Brooklyn, those days are probably over. **OH**

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other in the moisture, her ass popping up and down. Finally her throaty moans signaled her nirvana. Federico remained hard, and motioned for the girls to lie down. He fucked them alternately with great vigor until he was ready. He withdrew, and with the help of his hand spurted his come onto their stomachs. The girls embraced, grinding their pussies together until they came. The hour was not quite over, but we called it quits.

From that day on the three of them dress in their sexy outfits while cleaning the house. And about once a month, by prior arrangement so it doesn't foul up their schedule, we engage in lusty sex together.—*T. W., California*

## ANGEL OF THE NIGHT

It was early evening. The air was warm. You were sleeping lightly on top of the cool cotton sheets as I slipped in through your window. Your nightgown had worked its way up to your hips. Your legs were slightly spread, one knee pulled up a little higher than the other. Through the filtered light of dusk I could see your mound peeking out from under the hem. I could just make out its narrow

slit hiding beneath a silky patch of closely trimmed brown hair.

The sight of you caused me to throb with desire. I stood silently watching you for more than seven minutes, imagining what it would be like to make love to you. We had never been together. I trembled at the thought of you waking up and discovering me there standing over you, rubbing myself through my jeans.

You twisted your hips slightly, giving me an even better view. That was more than I could stand. I had to taste you. I eased myself onto the foot of the queen-size bed and lay down beside you, my face near your thigh. Breathing deeply, I took in the freshness of you. Gently, so as not to wake you, I went up onto my hands and knees, my body over your legs, my head at your hips. I pressed myself down and gently kissed you. A light, almost undetectable brush of my lips against the soft white flesh of your inner thigh. Your aroma urged me on.

Almost fearfully, I continued. Slowly, ever so gently, I began to work my tongue through the short, fine hair that protected the object of my desire. When my tongue touched your outer lips you gave the first reaction to my presence. As your knees rose slightly your thighs opened to me a bit more and I sank between them.

Now, with no further obstruction to my goal, I eased my tongue between your lips. In and up it went until it reached your hooded clit. Your taste was all that I knew it would be and more. Sweet, but with a hint of saltiness, like honey and tropical rain.

Unable to maintain this agonizingly slow approach, I flicked my tongue quickly across your clitoris three times. You gave an involuntary lurch, pressing your sex full into my face. I began a slow, deliberate circling motion. Your reaction was obvious. With a quiet moan, almost a whimper, you began to move your hips in time with my tongue. As your movements grew stronger, so did my licking. Faster and deeper, we moved together. Relentlessly building. With no thought of ceasing, I continued to stoke your fire. Your hips bucked and swayed, but my tongue kept riding your clit like a determined cowboy on a wild mare.

You began to cry out. Your legs clamped around my head like a vise as you jammed yourself into my mouth. Bucking up and down five? six? no, seven times as you found your release.

Then you relaxed, your thighs once again soft and pliable. Your breaths were deep and satisfied. Then, to my surprise, I felt you reach down and gently stroke my hair. I heard a soft "Thank you."

Realizing that you had been awake the entire time, I was shocked and embarrassed. I sprang up and out of the open window, heading for a nearby patch of woods. When I got there I stopped and sat beneath a large oak tree. In the gloom of the failing light I reflected on our experience. I knew that you would not soon forget me, and that you would have a problem when your man came home from work. For you see, my hands were not idle during our time together. When you looked at the sheets you would see two stains, not one.—*S. S., Online*

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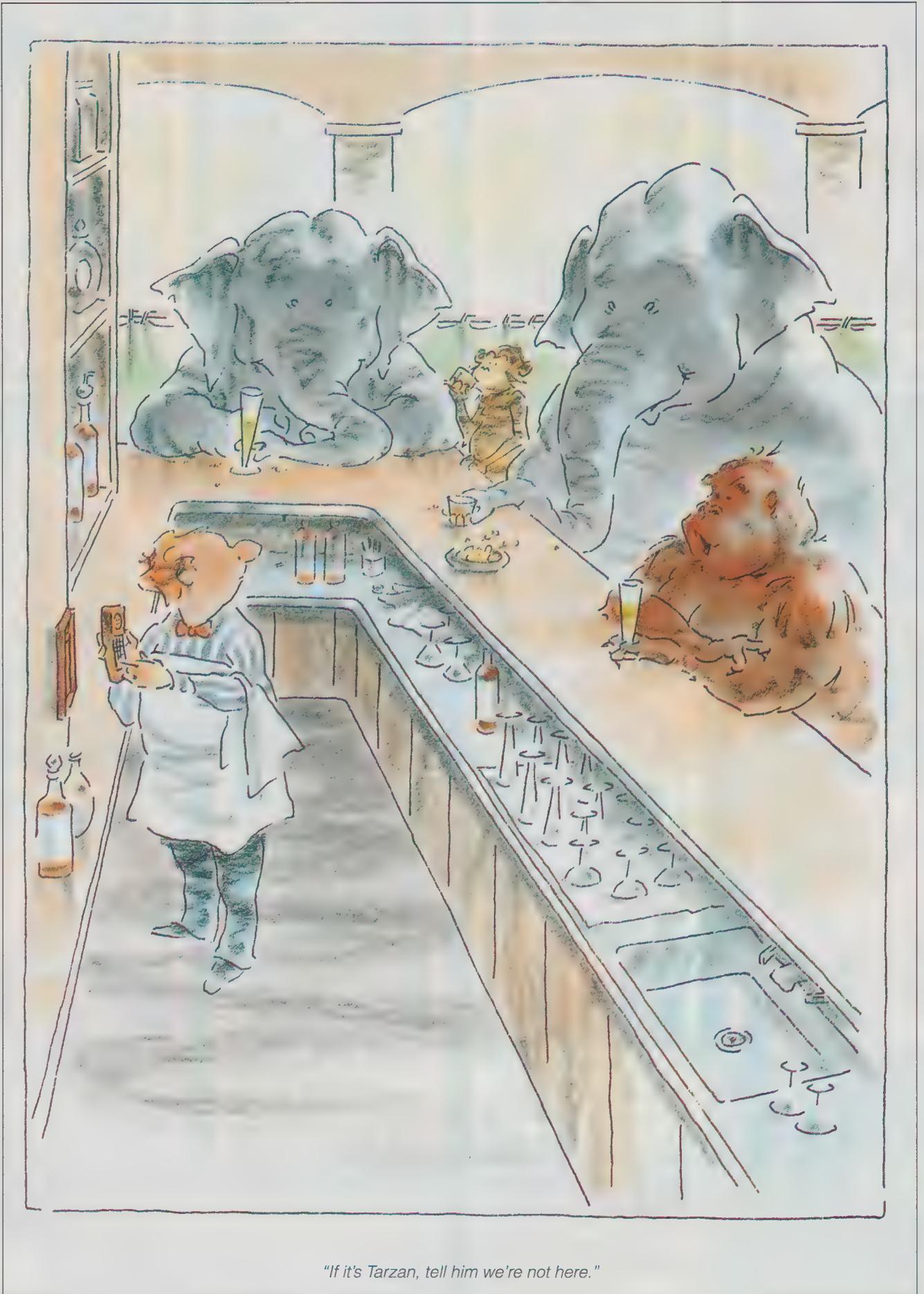


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"If it's Tarzan, tell him we're not here."

# XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

are happy. Are you worried about what the neighbors say? They must have said it already. Do you think you will get a better deal from the tax man? Maybe, but as you can afford not only to keep a sailboat but live somewhere you can use it, I don't think the financial aspect is important. Stacy's age will inevitably cause complications in your relationship, but if you are man enough you will be able to surmount them, and you will have a better relationship with her kids as their elder brother than as their surrogate dad.

You don't mention the children's father, but presumably Stacy was married to him. If she is a single mother in our hypocritical society, it would certainly be a help for you to marry her and adopt the kids. If the children already have an official father, living or dead, it is okay for you to take over his responsibilities, but not necessary to take over his title. You are actually more secure in your relationship as you are, because if you married Stacy and adopted the kids, you would be legally responsible for their upkeep, even if their mother decided to leave you—though any woman who enjoys a ten-inch ramrod would be very silly to let it go.

## STRONG LEAD

*My wife is a lovely woman. She wants to please me, but she can't get into playing out my fantasies, and she says she does not have any of her own.*

*I'd like you to explain to her a way that she could get into the mood to do something different. One of the things I would like is for her to take charge, but she is scared and doesn't know how to take the first step.*—W. C., Idaho

Yours is not an unusual problem, although in this age of dominant women one might think it would be. I am so used to grabbing hold of what I want, be it a lifestyle or a cock, that although that is not always the best way to get it, I find it hard to identify with a girl who does not know how to start.

It all goes back to an idea that has earned me a lot of criticism, which is that a woman—any woman, wife, mistress, lover, hooker—should make an art form of pleasing her man (or men), and that does not necessarily entail doing what you are told.

From a woman's point of view, part of not wanting to be thought of as just a sex object is the need to feel loved and wanted. To have to provoke your man into sexual activity, however horny one may feel, is to a lot of women an unfeminine activity. We still haven't got out of the last century, when the girls sat round the dance floor waiting to be asked for a

dance and it was not considered correct for a girl to ask a man. The girls who sat there all evening were known as wall-flowers. Those days have gone forever, I am happy to say, but not all over the world and not in some women's minds.

You could try her on erotic videos, nothing too hard-core, but the kind that purports to be sexual instruction for married couples. Check it out first by yourself to make sure it doesn't contain anything that might provoke a negative reaction. Ask her if she could maybe manage to do what the girl in the movie does. Soften her up with candlelight and a good bottle of wine. Then pretend your zipper has stuck, or you can't get your pants off. Or tell her you got your dick caught in your zipper and want her to examine it to see if you should go to a doctor. Pull out one of those steamy romance novels (having already marked all the hot parts) and read aloud to her, especially the ones where the heroine takes matters into her own hands.

It should not be difficult to coax her into taking charge in the bedroom, but be very careful, because once you have gotten her past first base, you may find her taking charge in everything. 

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.

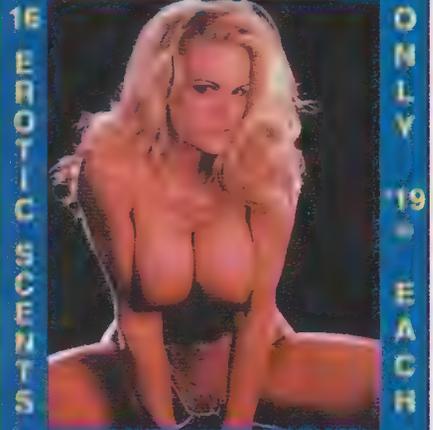
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# WHOREHOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

The women of the Moonlight drift in all afternoon and evening, until the staff is up to its night-shift strength of a dozen—20 on weekends. The house requires a 12-hour shift, and the women are legally viewed as independent contractors, so overtime rules don't apply.

In some senses a brothel is like one of those old-fashioned sit-down drinking bars. You hear a lot of talk. You hear a lot about hard times. Marie, the regal-looking black-haired woman who sat through most of her shift at the bar drinking Miller longnecks, tells me that when she finishes a long stint of 12-hour shifts she always intends to spend a month at home, taking it easy.

"I plan it so that I have enough money to get through the month," she said. "But then I wind up at the tables, and pretty soon, after only four or five days sometimes, I'm back here."

I heard a lot about hard times from these girls, but I heard a lot of gratitude too, for the money, for what it pays for: the children, houses, educations, operations, clothes, cars ... life.

So the girls hang out and talk, about their lives outside, about clothes and nails and makeup and hair, and some-

times about the clientele.

"Remember 'Breasty'?" asks Crystal, and a few of the girls shriek with laughter. "He was this guy, I mean he had bigger tits than I do." An impossibility. It turned out he didn't want to fuck, he only wanted the girls to jiggle his tits and tell him what nice breasts he had.

"Usually my mother does this for me," he told the girls.

Then the security bell rings, and the women of the Moonlight head for their duty stations.

"Incoming!" someone yells, and the girls ask one another mockingly, "Is my lipstick okay? Time to fluff the hair?"

"It always happens," one girl bitches. "Nine o'clock comes, I sit down with my drink and light a cigarette, 'The X-Files' comes on, and damn, that bell starts to ring."

Crystal establishes herself as my interpreter. A small girl with huge breasts and the kind of body we used to say made a girl a "spinner" because you can spin her around on your dick, she is friendly, articulate, and happy in her work, which pays off when, on a good half of the nights she is there, she is the house's top booker. This despite the fact that she has a scar across the left side of her face that prompts another girl, in the casual cruelty of the sorority, to nickname her "Tommy Lee Jones,"

after that actor's portrayal of the character Two-Face in *Batman Forever*.

You wouldn't think a woman with a facial scar would be anyone's sexual fantasy, but the more time I spend at the ranch, the more it becomes apparent that the tastes of johns at a whorehouse are ragingly unpredictable. Or, rather, they are counter-intuitive, in that what you think would happen—the prettiest, most well-built girls getting the most customers—ain't necessarily so.

"It's a little strange," said Hof, "but a lot of times if a girl is too pretty, a guy won't pick her, because he'll think he's not good enough for her. He'll go with an ordinary girl instead."

When a john becomes a regular, he tends to see one girl exclusively. "When she's not there," Hof said, "he'll sit and have a drink and turn around and go home. He'll cheat on his wife before he'll cheat on his girl."

Hof reports other quirks, like the Married Man Syndrome. "If a married guy comes in, or a guy with a steady girlfriend, what's odd is that a lot of times he will pick a girl who looks like his wife or girlfriend."

Bizarre but true. Even though a john has himself convinced he's at the Moonlight for a little novelty—"strange" was Magic Johnson's pet word for new pussy, as in "I got to get me some strange tonight"—his subconscious betrays him, and he winds up in bed with his wife.

A cathouse is probably the only place in the world where the bigger a man's cock, the less welcome he is. "We like 'em small," said a woman named Marese. "Saves the wear and tear."

Meanwhile, I'm trying to figure out what kind of guy would bring his fiancée to a cathouse, because that's just the kind of schmuck I am. Rose's presence turns out to be a double whammy: Not only does it interfere somewhat with my sampling of the splendid sexual smorgasbord the Moonlight lays out, she is also learning a little too much from the experience.

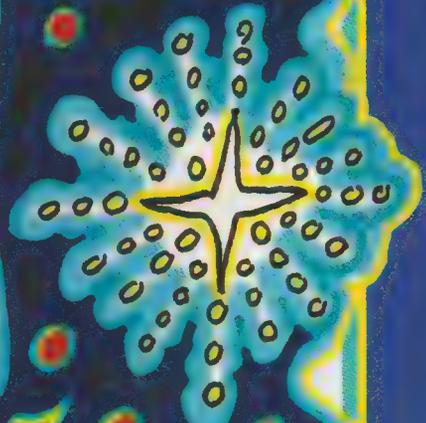
"You know," Rose says, extracting my platinum card from my wallet, "I never knew how much to charge, or when to charge it." She disappears on a shopping jaunt to Reno. This one, I think, is going to hurt me.

Guys, don't ever let your woman near a cathouse. They pick up trade secrets that will scare the skin off your head (to speak only of your head). They learn an essential truth about sex: It is a commodity to be bartered, bought, and sold just like hog bellies or wheat futures. They learn to assess the mystique surrounding the old horizontal mambo with a cold eye. They learn not to be hoodwinked by romance.

"One thing this job does to you is makes you damn sure you're not going to take any shit from anyone," said Amber, a cute, young-looking blonde

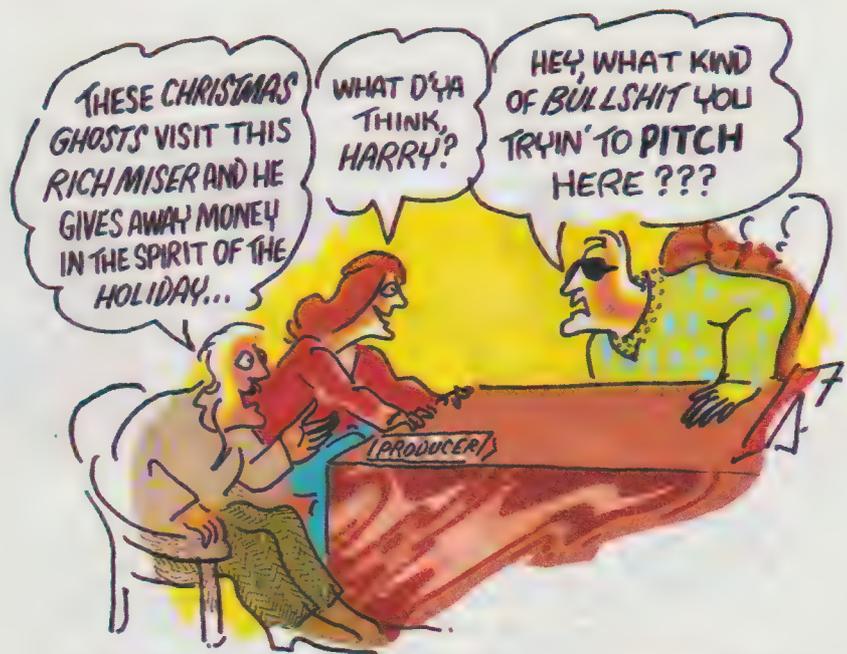


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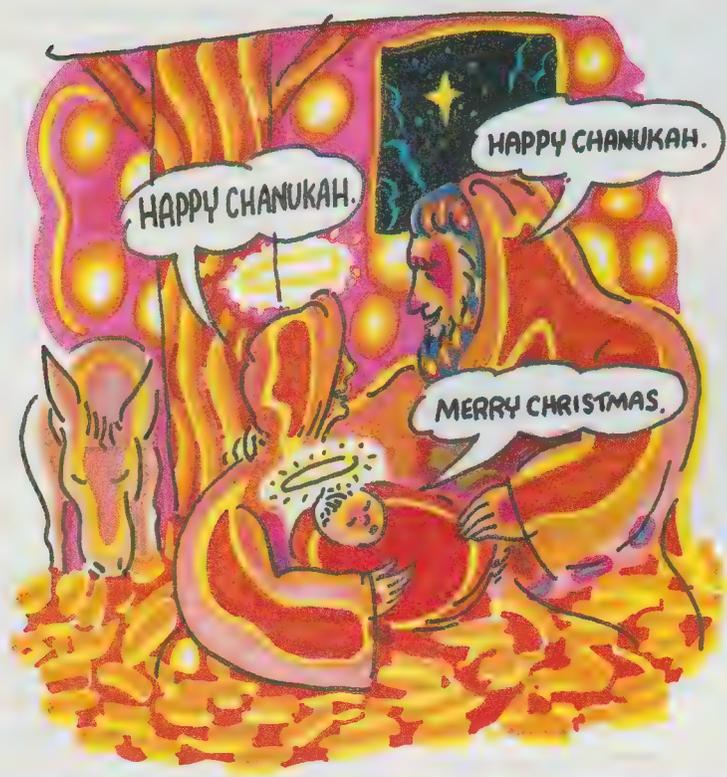
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## ROY JONES, JR.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

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Well, it's like this. Deion is a superb football player, but he's not the best at one position. And he's a good baseball player, but he's not the best at one position. Bo Jackson was a pretty good football player and a pretty good baseball player, but he wasn't the best at either sport. Right now Roy Jones is the best boxer there is, but I need to work at my basketball.

*Who in your opinion, pound-for-pound, is the greatest fighter of all time?*

Number one, Sugar Ray Robinson. And number two—this might surprise you—Salvador Sanchez. Sanchez was from Mexico and he died young [in a car crash in 1982 at age 23], so a lot of people don't understand how great he was. But Sanchez had power; he was a great defensive fighter. And most important was the way he moved; he had the ability to control a fight so that what his opponent was doing almost didn't matter. The opponent was always reacting to Sanchez.

*Suppose you got into the ring and standing across from you was Sugar Ray Robinson in his prime. How would you fight him?*

I'd throw body punches, because Sugar Ray Robinson threw body punches. And I'd throw only one or two punches at a time, because Sugar Ray Robinson's best move was to punch between your punches. If you threw punches in numbers, you were doing what he wanted you to do. Throw three or four punches, and he'd hit you between your punches every time.

*And against Marvin Hagler?*

Against Hagler I'd use combinations, because even at his best Marvin Hagler couldn't stand combinations. He'd try to block all the punches or dodge them, instead of punching back in between. Hagler was strong, very durable. So I'd also bring a lot of conditioning and speed. Not much power.

*You've become something of a student of boxing history. What does boxing have to do to survive?*

Boxing will survive; it's here to stay. But it would be better for everyone if there were more competitive fights, fewer mismatches, fair judging, and honest rankings.

*Where do you see your own place in boxing history?*

I don't. I mean, I care in a way, but in a way I don't. I hope people remember me as being one of the greatest fighters of all time. But if they don't I won't be disappointed. I know what I can do, and that's what's important. I'm good, I know that. And if I think I can beat someone, I'll tell you about it. But I never know for sure until I step into the ring, because God created this world. God is in charge, and the minute God says so, I'm gone. 

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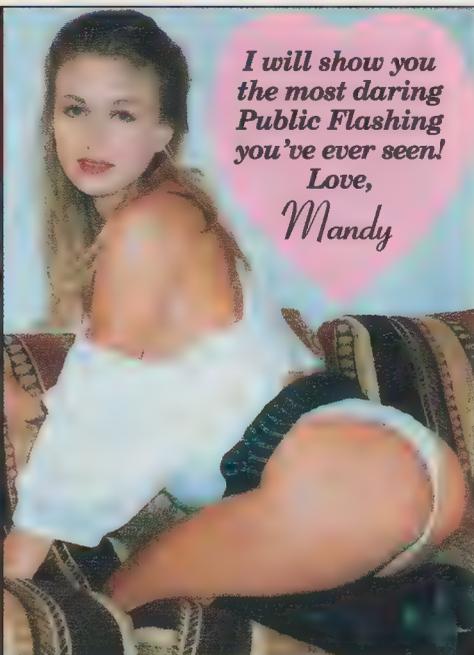
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# WHOREHOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

who told me that after she turned her first trick she "went into the bathroom and vomited and cried for an hour." After that, she was all right with it.

"Working here makes you into a real independent woman," Amber said. "I earn enough to support my two kids. I'm working for two years, for a paralegal degree, and then I'm out of here."

The truth is, if Gloria Steinem wanted to look for working-class feminists, I'd send her to the Moonlight. These women are fiercely unapologetic about hooking, and I realized once again that the legal harassment of prostitution in no way stops it from happening—it just increases the hardship for those on the lowest rung of the ladder.

But if the girls are hard-nosed and unromantic about the job they do, they readily grasp that there is an element of showmanship to it. Booking heavily seems not to be a matter of looks or the way they present themselves as much as attitude.

A few of the girls confessed to being genuinely attracted to the life. "I'm so materialistic," said Marese, a brown-haired beauty who resembles Janeane Garofalo. "I had a call-girl fantasy for a long time. I read a book about a call girl, and I just loved the picture of it—a lot of money, a lot of partying."

Even with the fantasy, though, Marese was "always real straight—I never fucked around in the Army. I was a flight attendant and never fucked the pilots. I actually moved to Reno to see if I could do this job. I could tell my friends that I was a prostitute, and they'd say, 'No way.'"

"I specialize in blowjobs," said Suzy, a woman who looked exactly like what she was—the girl next door. No childhood abuse, no broken family, just a "white-bread" upbringing. Long blonde hair that looked as if it could have been ironed, a Marilyn-style beauty mark on her face, a brick-shithouse body. She was "t.o.'d"—turned on, or introduced to hooking—by a girlfriend.

Her specialty gets her a lot of business. "It's quick and easy," she said. "I can glove you up"—put on a condom—"without you even knowing it," she boasted.

Suzy goes out on the floor a lot in a long flannel shirt. "I got it out of my father's closet," she says blithely, ignoring the Oedipal implications. "I don't know what it is, but I book like crazy in it." Other women recalled April, a legendary worker at the Moonlight who

with a gnarly attitude that seemed to alarm the customers. She sat smoking her extra-long slims, one leg cocked over the other, her knee swinging in a kind of insane, metronomic, compulsive rhythm all night long.

The other girls had nicknamed Yolanda "Hitler's Daughter." She had only the most tenuous grasp on reality, and called me "Marvin" several times. I wondered at how she could sit in the big room at the Moonlight night after night, not booking a single customer, smoking silently. She reminded me of David Lynch's comic strip, "The Angriest Dog in the World," which consists of frame after frame of a dog chained in a yard, straining at his leash and growling.

Then there was Lily, a.k.a. "Gilded Lily," the house's only black girl, who had a master's degree in biochemistry and was heading to med school the next fall. She was probably too obviously bidding her time at the Moonlight, because she also had trouble booking.

But the tastes of the men who walked through the door at the Moonlight seemed to have no rhyme or reason. There was one woman who definitely stood out among all those who worked there, a 19-year-old of knee-buckling beauty named Brooke. She too seemed to have difficulty booking, and I couldn't understand that at all. This was a fantasy young woman, thin, fresh-looking, exquisitely beautiful, a California girl straight out of America's dreams. And she was a professional in more ways than one.

"These are all my videos here," Brooke told me, leading me to a big rack of adult videos and pointing to a whole row of scorchers. There she was on the box covers, this supermodel beauty, pictured with her mouth crammed full of cock, long loopy ropes of semen dangling from her lips. On one box cover Brooke had four huge black studs standing over her, gang-bang style.

I couldn't believe it. Here was every man's fantasy, the Madonna and the Whore, all wrapped up in one exquisite package. "I think men are intimidated by her," Hof told me. I couldn't decide whether she was an airhead or not. The other girls called her "Babbling Brooke" because she tended to chatter. But just when I concluded she was a typical empty-headed California girl, she would surprise me. She used the word "doppelganger" correctly in a sentence. She knew about the artist R. Crumb.

Brooke seemed to have crammed an awful lot of living into her 19 years. She said she had a grandfather who was



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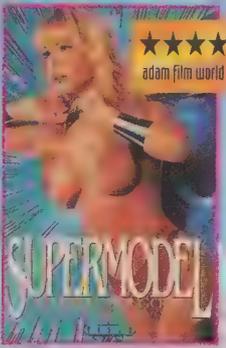
**The Swap 2**

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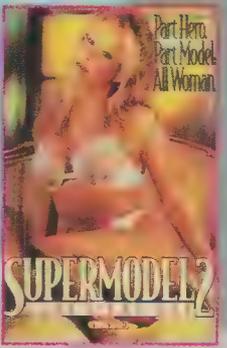
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# WHOREHOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

the state of California.

"That's what I see hooking as," Brooke told me. "It's a kind of extension of swinging, of that lifestyle. People want to get a little variety in their lives."

I gazed over at the video-box covers featuring Brooke with random fuck-buddies and wondered idly what kind of variety she had in her life. And whether she might be interested in a little more.

A bordello is a Chinese box of a place. Beneath the surface sexiness there's a banal, quotidian reality. Beneath that, there is an incredible musk scent of sexiness that absolutely pervades the place, as if the lumber it was built with came from trees in heat.

It took me a little while to tap into the real, elemental eroticism of the place—at first I was too impressed by the casual dormitory atmosphere of the Moonlight. But slowly, over the week I stayed there, the rut of sex asserted itself.

I was sitting at the bar and a hand reached out to stroke my leg. Tickles and palm strokes came out of the anonymous dark. In the lobby I discovered a leg thrust against my crotch. Passing down a hallway, a girl I had just

chastely interviewed flashed her gorgeous tits at me.

Fiancée or no fiancée, I begin to get laid. I'm out back in the tanning room, and a woman suddenly slips in next to me. She does me expertly, her pussy muscles draining my cock like a milkmaid. I don't even take my sunshade off. To this day I don't know which one of my friends it was. All I can do is fantasize it was Brooke.

Because Rose was around I couldn't exactly do anything Roman, but I did manage to make it into the Jacuzzi Room late one night with Crystal and Rochelle. It was an experience I will take with me to my grave.

Rochelle said she was a dancer, and could she ever. Even though the whole house was wired with a state-of-the-art 21-channel satellite-feed sound system, she had lugged a boom box down from her room and propped it up on the toilet. She slipped in a CD, something called "Living in a Whorehouse."

She put that shit on loud, and whew! we partied down. Men's fantasies aren't known to be gloriously complicated, but this has to be one: to have a dancer, an orgasmically hot, impossibly jazzed dancer, rock-and-roll for you, tits and pussy thumping an inch from your face, and then do her right there on the spot.

We got into the Jacuzzi and I pretty near drowned. Together, the two of them

pulled me out and beached me. As I lay there faking death I heard them talking.

"Jesus," said Rochelle, "we've got a dead Jew on our hands."

"Nuh-uh," said Crystal, "I see one part of him that's alive."

And then they pussy-fucked me all over, and I mean they *pussy-fucked* me, grinding their honey patches over every conceivable square inch of my body, of which there is a lot to conceive. They brought me off and let me rest, and brought me off again. You'll never know until you're done by a pro.

A week at the Moonlight made me an avid supporter of legalization. Not just legalization of hooking, either—legalization of drugs, gambling, anything. Prohibition is the governmental equivalent of schizophrenia. The atmosphere of the Moonlight was simply more sane than that of any other whorehouse I've ever been in.

I hereby announce myself ready to sign any petition, join any grass-roots organization, lobby Congress and the statehouses to support legalization of prostitution. I am also looking into bulk orders of chocolate truffles, but that's another story. **CH**

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INT'L RATES APPLY



WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK!

1-800-967-O<sub>6</sub>R<sub>7</sub>A<sub>2</sub>L<sub>5</sub>

WET BLOW JOBS

1-900-W<sub>9</sub>E<sub>3</sub>T<sub>8</sub>T<sub>5</sub>-B<sub>2</sub>L<sub>5</sub>O<sub>6</sub>W

WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION

1-900-W<sub>9</sub>E<sub>3</sub>T<sub>8</sub>T<sub>5</sub>-O<sub>6</sub>R<sub>7</sub>G<sub>4</sub>Y

TOP \$2.98/MIN. BILLED BY YOUR PHONE 18+



MY WET PUSSY IS SPREAD  
& READY FOR YOU!

1-800-248-4F<sub>3</sub>U<sub>5</sub>C<sub>2</sub>

1-900-666-1155

\$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

PETITE & INNOCENT GIRLS 1-800-808-1-0.N<sub>1</sub>-1

WILL GET YOU OFF FAST 1-900-666-2S<sub>7</sub>U<sub>8</sub>M<sub>6</sub>

\$2.98 MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE 18+



1-800-551-4S<sub>7</sub>E<sub>3</sub>X<sub>9</sub>

1-900-666-SEXY<sub>9</sub>

\$2.98 MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



PHONE SEX  
TWO GIRLS AND YOU!

1-800-205-6300  
1-800-210-8808  
1-800-405-3687

ADULTS 21 AND OVER



KINKY SLUTS TAKE IT IN THE BUTT!  
XXX RATED NASTY LIVE TALK

1-800-993-K5L4N6K5  
1-900-993-S7L5U7  
ADULTS ONLY/REG \$12.99 TO \$4.99/MIN  
HOT CHEAP PARTY LINE

1-208-630-S7L5U7  
ADULTS ONLY/REG. I.D. TOLL ONLY



HORNY HOUSEWIVES  
WANT TO GET YOU OFF

1-800-806-6699  
1-900-745-5550  
NASTY HOUSEWIVES AT HOME  
1-818-889-1997

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



CALL THE BEST! 24HRS LINDA'S LIP SERVICE

1-800-LINDA-07  
BEST PERSONAL SERVICE  
(415)-665-5216

1-888-LIP-SEX-0  
COSTS LESS

\*CANADIAN CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE!  
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE/LIVE/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE!  
1-900-745-2329  
\$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY



TALK DIRTY TO ME!

\$1/MINUTE

1-800-955-5600

LIVE 24 HOURS

MC/VISA

AMEX



MADE TO BE LAID

1-800-577-4S7E3X0

\$2.50-4.99 MIN. VISA/AMEX  
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

I'M HOT, YOU'RE HARD...CUM NOW

1-900-993-5538

\$2.50-4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



GET OFF WITH 2 KINKY GIRLS!

1-800-947-2on1

LICK OUR LOVE LICES!

1-800-444-LICK

RAW, UNRESTRICTED SEX!

011-592-590-658

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18+



1-800-980-4S7E3X0

\$2.98 PER MIN. VISA/AMEX/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE!  
CREDIT BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CLM

1-900-666-1515

\$2.98 PER MIN 18+



SPICY ORIENTAL SUCK OFFS!

1-800-752-S7U8C1K5

\$2.50-4.99 MIN. VISA/AMEX  
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

TELL US HOW WE'LL DO IT!

1-900-993-2524

\$2.50-4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

1-800-HOT-4S7E3X0

1-800-HOT-S7U8C1K5



1-800-BLOW-JOB

2 5 6 9 5 6 2

18+ V/MC  
\$2.50-\$4.99  
Minute



**LIVE OUT YOUR SEXUAL FANTASY!**  
 GET OFF IN SIZE MY HOLES!  
 NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH  
**1-800-775-JUDY**  
 CALLING TO YOUR HOME PHONE  
**1-800-503-2888**  
REG. FEE: \$3.99/ MIN. \$2.99/ MIN. BILLED AT 15-  
 OTHER OPTIONS: 1-700-344-1948 DIRECT DIALING  
 OR 011-592-566-039 INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY



**2 HORNY GIRLS & YOU**  
**1-800-WET-F\*CK**  
 1-800-938-3823  
**1-800-WET-SLIT**  
 1-800-938-7548  
**011-995-328506**  
REG. FEE: \$3.99/ MIN. \$2.99/ MIN. BILLED AT 15-



**LICK HER WETT PUSSY**  
 GET OFF, MAINTAIN YOUR COME IN 30 SEC!  
**1-800-ASS-F\*CK**  
 1-800-277-1231  
**1-800-EAT-MY ASS**  
 1-800-324-1937  
**1-954-704-7040**  
REG. FEE: \$3.99/ MIN. \$2.99/ MIN. BILLED AT 15-



**LICK MY WETT CUNT**  
**1-900-W.E.T.T.-C.U.N.T.**  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!  
 WET, WILD, HOT FUCHING PETS  
**1-900-W.E.T.-4P.E.T.**  
 UNCENSORED CRGY SEXINE!  
**1-900-W.E.T.-0217**  
\$2.99/ MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 15-



**LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS**  
 WILL GET YOU OFF  
**1-800-605-0.R.G.Y.**  
\$2.99 PER MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!  
 DIRECT BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING TR-  
**1-900-666-4400**  
\$2.99 PER MIN. 15-



**EROTIC SLUT FEST**  
**1-800-839-S.L.U.T.**  
\$2.99/ MIN. 4:00 MIN. V/M/C/AT  
 CATAWANA CALLERS W/TELECAM  
**HORNY 2 GIRL ACTION**  
**1-900-993-4432**  
\$2.99/ MIN. 4:00 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED TR+



**MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!**  
**1-800-842-HUNK**  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!  
 HOT MAN TO MAIN ACTION!  
 NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900-WET-4-GAY!**  
REG. FEE: \$3.99/ MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 15-



**MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET**  
**1-800-365-WETT**  
 SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNTI!  
**1-800-923-CUNT**  
 UNCENSORED FANTASIES  
**1-900-938-1155**  
\$2.99 PER MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. REG. FEE: \$3.99/ MIN. BILLED AT 15-



**ALL ANAL FETISH!**  
**1-800-376-4ASS**  
 STICKY, WET & NASTY!  
**1-800-WET-4PET**  
 UNCENSORED FANTASIES NO C.C. NEEDED!  
**1-900-938-2300**  
\$2.99/ MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. REG. FEE: \$3.99/ MIN. BILLED AT 15-

**HOT + NASTY GIRLS!!!**  
**1-800-HOT-GIRL**



**HORNY + WET!!!**  
**1-800-HOT-SLUT**

18+ V/M/C  
 \$2.50-\$4.99  
 A Minute



**SUBMIT TO MY PLEASURES**  
**1-800-249-L<sub>5</sub>A<sub>2</sub>I<sub>1</sub>D<sub>3</sub>**

\$2.99 / MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

**LEATHER LOVERS TASTE THIS**  
**1-900-993-2660**

\$2.99 / MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**TALK TO HORNY GIRLS**  
**LIVE T.O.N.I**

**1-800-939-1-0-N-1**

\$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

**1-900-666-P<sub>1</sub>N<sub>2</sub>K<sub>3</sub>**

\$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**SELECT-A-SLUT**

YOU GET IT YOUR WAY... EVERY TIME

**1-800-218-4V<sub>8</sub>I<sub>4</sub>P<sub>7</sub>**

**1-900-537-2030**

\$3.98 / MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**DISCREET SEX SERVICE**  
**CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT**

**1-800-511-2428**

**1-800-518-5425**

ADULTS 18 & OVER



**F\*CK ME SILLY!!!**

**1-800-451-D<sub>3</sub>U<sub>2</sub>C<sub>1</sub>K<sub>5</sub>**

MC/VISA

**1-900-360-4646**

**011-683-8197\***

\$4.99 / MIN. 18+ \*L.D. RATES MAY APPLY



**I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN**  
**YOUR EAR!**

**\$1 / MINUTE**

**1-800-274-9999**

MC/V/AMEX. NO CALL BACKS



**LIVE 24 HRS. T.O.N.I.**  
**ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD**

**1-800-364-W<sub>8</sub>E<sub>7</sub>T<sub>1</sub>T<sub>2</sub>**

**1-800-213-4A<sub>2</sub>S<sub>7</sub>S<sub>1</sub>**

\$3.98 / MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**HOT & HORNY WOMAN**  
**WILL TURN YOU ON**

**1-800-294-2-T<sub>0</sub>O<sub>1</sub>**

**1-900-666-1199**

\$3.98 / MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!**  
**ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS T.O.N.I!**

**1-800-214-1-T<sub>0</sub>O<sub>1</sub>**

**1-900-537-1818**

\$3.98 / MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

**1-800-BLOW-JOB**  
2 5 6 9 5 6 2



**HOT & NASTY GIRLS**  
**1-800-H<sub>4</sub>O<sub>6</sub>T<sub>8</sub>-G<sub>4</sub>I<sub>1</sub>R<sub>2</sub>L<sub>5</sub>**

18+ V/MC  
\$2.50-\$4.99  
Minute



**NEW**

SEX CALL SAMPLES

**1-800-488-0514**  
**1-800-495-7710**  
**1-800-501-7825**

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



**MASTURBATE WITH ME!**  
 I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS!

**1-800-251-1-T.O.-1**  
**1-900-666-1177**

\$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
 CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**FETISH CONNECTION**

**1-800-294-F,♥,C,2,K,3**  
 CHEAP SEX! NO C.C. NEEDED!  
**011-592-279-997**  
 CALL NOW! I'LL MAKE YOU CUM!  
**1-900-725-3437**

BILLED FROM \$1.99 - 5.99/MIN. 011 INT'L LD. APRIL 1994



**COED AT HOME**  
 GENUINE  
**LIVE 1<sup>2</sup>1 SEX**

ALL CALLERS CONNECT—GUARANTEED!  
 NO KENNELS—NO BOOTYCALLS—NO LOGS  
**011 683 6667**  
 INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY



KINKY LESBIAN SEX!

**1-800-395-2on1**  
 CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!  
**1-800-678-TITS**  
**011-683-8071**

ORCHESTRATED FANTASIES INT'L LD RATES APPLY  
 1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18+



**LET'S RAM EACH OTHER**  
 UP OUR ASS! CALL ME...

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH  
**1-800-815-LISA**  
**1-702-364-1616**  
 CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-290-9338  
 (US & MC BY VISA 18+ INT'L LD. APRIL 1994)  
 OTHER OPTIONS: 011-592-566-107  
 KINKY FETISHES INT'L LD RATES APPLY  
 DIRECT CALLBACKS: 1-702-364-1743



**HORNYY HOUSEWIVES WAITING**  
 FOR YOUR ROCK HARD PECE

**1-800-990-4S,E,3,X,**  
 \$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS!  
 CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+  
**1-900-674-2020**

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+



**GET SOME BROWN SUGAR!**

**1-800-869-X,T,S,Y,**  
 \$2.98 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AL  
 CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME  
**KINKY COEDS ON CALL**  
**1-900-993-1800**

\$2.98 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



FUCK US BOTH

**1-800-926-20.N.1**  
 DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING  
**1-800-285-H.E.A.D.3**  
 NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900-W.E.T.T. 4 T.W.O**

\$4.95 MIN. 30 SEC. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. CREDIT CARDS TO MC/AMEX/DISC

**LOVE CONNECTION**  
**011-592-247-177**

18+ Int'l Rates Apply



**LIVE 60 SEC. ORAL SEX! 011-592-588-210**  
**TIGHT, SHAVED PUSSIES! 011-592-588-375**

**SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN**



**HOT SEX SAMPLES**

TRIP YOUR FLOW - TRY IT NOW

**1-800-488-0517**  
**1-800-506-5425**  
**1-800-508-8255**

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY



**COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM,  
WET + READY FOR YOU!**

**1-800-980-0,R,G,Y,**  
\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

**1-900-666-3555**

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+



**HOT! HORNY! SEXY!**

DOM IT AWAY DUH!

**1-800-319-B,A,B,E,<sub>3</sub>**  
**1-900-666-2244**

\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!

**1-800-395-2on1**

DO US DOGGIE STYLE!

**1-800-937-BUTT**

UNCLE TOOT FANTASIES WITH NO C.C. NEEDED!

**1-900-938-1919**

\$4.98 PER MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+ TO ACQV.



**1-800-DARK SKIN**

1-300-737-1731

**1-800-FUCK CATHY**

1-800-300-1338

**011-592-579-978**

\$4.98 PER MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



**••ULTRA CHEAP ORGY••**

**011-592-59-L,U,S,T,\***

WE'RE READY, WILLING & SUCRABLE

**1-900-725-2330**

CUM TRY OUT EACH HOLE

**1-800-520-F<sub>3</sub>♥<sub>3</sub>C<sub>2</sub>K<sub>5</sub>**

\$4.98 PER MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+ TO ACQV. US



**WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES  
WITH HARDCORE KINK!**

**1-800-224-R,O,X,Y,**

**1-900-666-1133**

\$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!

**1-800-568-3SUM**

CROSSDRESSING FANTASIES!

**1-800-577-TSTV**

HEZINDRESTANTASIESINTLID RATES APPLY

**011-592-246-208**

\$4.98 PER MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSEY!

**1-800-766-W,E,T,T.**

I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!

**1-800-879-S,U,C,K.**

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

**1-900-W,E,T,T,-10,N,1**

\$4.98 PER MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

**1-818-609-9141**

CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS 18+

**\$1 XXX LIVE!**

**ONLY REAL MEN NEED APPLY**

**1-818-758-9769**

**ONLY \$1/MIN. 18+**

**SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN**



**3-GIRL ORGY FEST!**  
**1-800-316-L.I.V.E.**  
UNSENSORED MASTY 1 ON 11  
**011-592-279-270**

ANYTHING GOES! LIVE SEX 1  
**1-900-725-3437**

RETRIEVED FROM SLIP: 1-900-MIN. 24 HOURS. APPLIC. 18+



**LICK MY LOVE JUICES**  
**011-592-599-535**  
**011-592-588-754**  
**011-592-247-751**

INT'L. LONG-DISTANCE RATES APPLY



**HOT FANTASY**  
INDULGE YOURSELF  
**1-800-268-8535**

"HALF HOUR FLAT RATE"  
V.V.M.T./AMEX. MUST BE OVER 18

INTERNATIONAL CALLERS: (416) 924-1852



**I'LL GET YOU OFF IN MY ASS!**  
**LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!**

**1-800-795-9996**

\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING ONLY

**1-900-666-9996**

\$2.98 PER MIN.



**TRY ME, I'LL EXCITE YOU!**

**1-800-666-SEXY**

(7399)

IT'S YOURS  
OPEN 24 HOURS  
VISA/MC  
MUST BE OVER 18



**I LOVE IT ON TOP!**  
LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX

**1-800-372-4V.I.P.**

**1-900-666-3311**

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



**FRESHER, PINKER PUSSY**  
**1-800-905-P.U.S.S.Y**

\$2.50 + 19 MIN. V.M.C./M.

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

**FOR JUICY FOREIGN BABES**

**011-237-750-011**

WORLD APPLIC. 18+ ONLY



FIRST TIME OFFERED IN THE USA  
ALL NEW! ALL LIVE! INTERNATIONAL  
HOT ENGLISH GIRLS

**011-44-171-814-1326**

DOMINANT BRITISH BITCHES

**011-44-171-814-1327**

CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY!



**KINKY 2 GIRL PARTY LINE!**

**1-800-254-KINK**

LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING SESSIONS!

**1-800-955-WHIP**

WORLD WIDE WHILE TO KICK VISA 18 OR OLDER

**1-900-WE TAME U**

\$4.25/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



**PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 SCREAMERS 1-800-717-1150**  
**BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 BEST PHONE SEX ACTION 1-800-449-1003**

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



I'LL MAKE YOU CUM & CUM  
1-900-725-0160  
LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX TALK  
1-800-425-2C,U,M,  
TALK DIRTY FOR CHEAP  
011-592-599-023

800/900 FROM \$1.99-5.99/MIN. 1ST TIME L.D. APPLIES 18+



IT'S MY SEX... TOO F\*CKIN' NASTY FOR THE US! 604 73  
HARDCORE GROUP ORGY 011-592-571-043  
DIRTY ANAL BABES 011-592-587-388  
YOUNG WICKED CUMTS 011-592-587-488  
HOT CUM SUCKERS 011-592-571-045  
TENDER & SHAVED 011-592-571-051  
HOT LIVE TWATS 1-800-500-TWATs



LEEK MY DRIPPING WET CUNT  
1-800-WET-C♥NT  
NO CREDIT CARDS PLEASE  
1-900-WET-C♥NT  
LIVE CHAT/SENSE TRAINING  
1-900-WE-TRAIN-U  
HOW'S THAT? TRY TO V/MC/PAYC  
\$1.99 4.95/MIN. BUILT TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



CALL US NOW WE WILL  
MAKE YOU CUM  
1-800-230-4SEX  
A 18 YRS OR OVER ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+  
1-900-666-1122  
\$1.99 PER MIN. 18+



15 SECS/MINUTE! LIVE!  
1-818-758-9769  
\$1.99/MIN. 18+  
HARDCORE PUSSY FUCK  
1-818-609-9141  
AS LOW AS \$1.99/MINUTE! CREDIT CHECKS  
BY COURTESY! 1-800-509-W,A,C,Ks



KINKY SEX OF ALL KINDS  
BE READY TO CUM!  
1-800-208-1-0,N,-1  
1-900-674-1188  
\$1.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!  
HARDCORE UNSENSORED (LIVE 1 ON 1)  
1-800-321-4V,I,P,  
1-900-666-2288  
\$1.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



MY HOT CUNT IS WAITING  
FOR YOUR TONGUE!  
1-800-571-S,U,C,K,  
1-900-674-1166  
\$1.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



STRANGE & UNUSUAL  
DIFFERENT DESIRES, FORGOTTEN DREAMS  
1-800-396-4F,U,C,  
1-900-674-1020  
\$1.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810  
LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230



HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489  
HIDE'N SEEK 1-800-748-4420

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS

**DIRTIEST STUFF EVER**  
**1-800-207-8105**  
**1-800-720-2290**  
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



**DO ME NOW**  
**CALIFORNIA DREAM GIRLS**  
**415-788-GIRL**  
4 4 7 5  
**1-900-344-1112**  
\$19.95 CAL.



**BAD GIRLS**  
**1-800-600-0087**  
**I GET NASTY**  
**1-818-758-3888**  
VISA-MC-AMEX-DISC-CHECKS-PHONE



**COME TASTE BOTH WORLDS!**  
**1-800-945-BI-BI**  
**1-800-756-BI-SEX**  
CALLS AS LOW AS \$1.99/MIN. V/MC AMEX/D MUST BE 18+  
**WET, JUICY & DEEP!**  
**1-800-568-NASTY**  
**1-800-999-6666**  
CALLS AS LOW AS \$1.99/MIN. V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+



**CALL US NOW!**  
**WE WILL MAKE YOU COME!**  
**1-800-WILD SEX**  
(1-800-945-3739)  
\$1.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+  
**1-900-666-3700**  
\$1.99/MIN. 18+



**SAMPLE THESE TRAMPS NOW CALL**  
**1-800-997-4780**  
**1-800-258-5231**  
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



**HOT SAMPLES**  
**1-800-588-2180**  
**1-800-770-6230**  
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



**WANNA GET LAID?**  
**1-800-48-FUCK U'S'**  
3 8 2 5 8  
**011-683-8074**  
800# \$4.95/MIN INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY 18+



**\$1/MINUTE XXX LIVE**  
**1-818-758-9769**  
ONLY REAL MEN NEED APPLY  
**1-818-609-9141**  
FROM \$1.65/MIN/CC'S/CHK BY PHONE 18+



**1-800-HOT-GIRLS**  
**1-800-HOT-LIVE**  
**1-800-HOT-LICK**  
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC \$2.50-\$4.99/min.



**1-800-SPANK-ME**  
(1-800-772-6563)  
**1-800-SPANK-US**  
(1-800-772-6587)  
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC \$2.50-\$4.99/MIN



**1-800-USA-FUCK**  
(872-3825)  
**1-800-XXX-ORGY**  
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**SPECIAL SEX FIRST TIME PHONE**  
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**1-800-440-9150**  
ADULTS OVER 18



**PHONE SEX SAMPLES**  
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**1-900-382-2633**



# HYPERSEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Angela22: I don't know ... oh, God ...  
 DarkRob: That's it, baby, come for me. I love to watch your cunt pulsate.  
 Angela22: Shaking ... sweat pouring down my naked body.  
 DarkRob: Pound that clit, Angela.  
 Angela22: Yes ... now!  
 DarkRob: Good girl. See you later.  
 RandyAndy: That was hot, Angela.  
 Now spread your legs wider so I can see your pussy.—[rgane@idt.mail.com](mailto:rgane@idt.mail.com)

## SOUND EFFECTS

Sexual sounds are a big turn-on for me—I get hot just thinking about the slurpy sound of a cock sinking into my pussy. So I was delighted to discover an adult Web site with multimedia capabilities. One day I decided to give the guys at the site a treat. After announcing that I was going to do a special performance, I turned on the microphone and began to slide it in and out of my cunt. The sounds were incredible—sexy, wet, fucking sounds. As a wave of heat washed over me, I moved my high-tech dildo faster and faster, moaning as it penetrated the depths of my pussy. I could picture dozens of men beating themselves off, matching my rhythm with their own.—*Victoria B., California*

## ORAL FIXATION

LARRYJON: Tell me what you would do to me.  
 Crystalxxx: I love to suck cock. But first I would run my hand up and down your cock and balls, gripping you hard, then lightly touching you.  
 LARRYJON: Ahh ... you're wonderful.  
 Crystalxxx: I lick and kiss down your chest until my mouth touches the head of your cock. I lick it once ... twice ... three times with just the tip of my tongue, and then take it between my warm lips. Mmm, you taste so good.  
 LARRYJON: Take it all, Crystal.  
 Crystalxxx: Now I moan around the head of your prick ... the sensations rush up your shaft and up your spine. I take more of you in my mouth, my tongue tracing lines on your shaft.  
 LARRYJON: Getting so hard ...  
 Crystalxxx: I suck harder, pumping up and down on you ... then I take the head between my lips and hold it ... and slam back down on your cock, fucking it with my mouth. I want to feel your come spraying down my throat.  
 LARRYJON: Here it comes ... all for you.  
 Crystalxxx: It's spilling out of my mouth and down my chin ... I can't get enough!  
 LARRYJON: Well, there's plenty more where that came from, baby.—*E.M., New York*

# SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS

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ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC \$2.50-\$4.99/MIN.

**MISTRESS ELENA KNOWS**  
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**KINKY OLDER WOMEN**  
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18+ \$1.99-3.99/MIN

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**AT HOME**  
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**COME ALIVE!**  
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**1-900-344-1117**

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Adults over 18 only.  
Action Anytime, 2555 Huntington Drive, Suite 202, San Marino, CA 91108



**TALK TO HORNY GIRLS**  
**LIVE 1 ON 1!**  
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(1-800-325-4739)  
\$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS.  
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**1-900-666-1117**  
\$2.98/MIN. 18+



**CUM TASTE MY PUSSY**  
**IT'S SWEET LIKE CANDY**  
**1-800-FUCK CANDI**

3 8 2 - 5 2 2 6  
**1-800-SEXY ONE**  
7 3 9 - 9 6 6 3



**1-888-HOT-CLIMAX**  
Toll Free (4 6 8 - 2 5 4 6)

**1-888-FUCK-CLITS**  
Toll Free (3 8 2 - 5 2 5 4)

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY V/MC/AMEX



**HOT HORNY WOMEN**  
**CALL FOR SAMPLES**  
**1-800-210-8802**

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.  
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



**1-800 ASK 4 ASS**  
CROSS DRESSING FANTASIES  
**1-800-963-TSTV**  
**1-800-458-KINK**  
**1-800 WE FUCK U**

BILLED TO MC OR V. 18+  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900 WET 4 HER**



**PICK YOUR PLEASURE**  
**1-800-588-1840**  
**1-800-731-3370**

ADULTS OVER 18



**1-800-HOT-STUFF**  
**1-800-HOT-DATE**  
**1-800-HOT-SLUT**

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**1-800-HOT-BABES**  
(4 6 8 - 2 2 2 3)

**1-800-HOTPUSSY**  
(4 6 8 - 7 8 7 7)

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**1-800-HOT-TWAT**

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(1-800-938-8487)  
**FUCK MY**  
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**1-800-EAT TWAT**  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900-WET CUNT**

\$4.95 MIN BILLED TO PHONE, 800#s BILLED TO V/MC



**PRIVATE SAMPLES**  
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**1-800-967-0112**  
**1-800-811-9500**

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



**HOT SEXY SAMPLES**  
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**1-800-373-3041**

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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



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2 4 4 2 8 8 8



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**1-800-XMAS FUCK**  
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1-800-382-5692  
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**1-800-68-H<sub>4</sub>O<sub>6</sub>R<sub>N</sub>Y<sub>6</sub>**  
CALL THE SEX SHOPPE  
**011-592-599-046**  
CALL NOW... I'LL MAKE YOU CUM  
**1-900-993-3118**  
800/900-FROM \$1.99 - 5.99/MIN. 011 INT'L D. APPLIES 18+



**HARD LOVE. STRANGE DESIRES**  
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**1-900-666-3131**  
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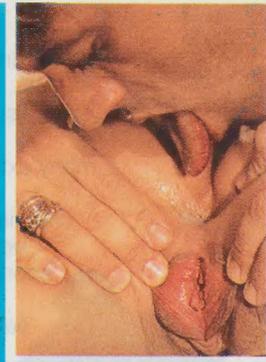
**CUNT LICKING BABES**  
**1-800-831-ORAL**  
ALWAYS 2 LESBIANS TO GET U OFF!  
**1-800-964-3SUM**  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900-WE TASTE U**  
900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE \$4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.



**HOT & HORNY LESBIAN ORGY**  
**1-800-304-O<sub>6</sub>R<sub>G</sub>Y<sub>4</sub>**  
CUM IN HER WETT ASS  
**1-800-766-W<sub>9</sub>E<sub>3</sub>T<sub>8</sub>T<sub>8</sub>**  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900-938-2112**  
\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC./V.



**I WANT YOU UP & IN**  
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**1-800-593-L<sub>5</sub>E<sub>3</sub>G<sub>4</sub>S<sub>7</sub>**  
**1-900-674-2211**  
\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
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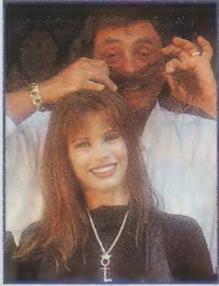
**LICK MY ASS!**  
**1-800-873-LICK**  
FUCK MY WIFE IN THE ASS  
**1-800-666-U CUM**  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED  
**1-900-WET 4 CUM**  
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# COMING IN THE JANUARY PENTHOUSE



## OUR 1997 PET OF THE YEAR

"I'm thrilled to be Pet of the Year," exclaimed Andi Sue Irwin when she received the coveted title sought after by so many beauties. "Most of the women I meet say it's great that I'm a Pet. I think—in their hearts—almost all of them want to be in *Penthouse*." Well, of the girls who have seen their dreams come true and have appeared within these pages, no fewer than five have been vying for the honor of wearing the 1997 crown, being showered with more than \$150,000 worth of gifts, and beginning one of the most exciting years of their lives with *Penthouse*. Is it to be Leigh, Heidi, Veronica, Lydia, or Elizabeth? The winner will be crowned in next month's Special Holiday Issue, which will feature a huge poster of our new queen.

## LIGHT HER FIRE

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, but other times ... Many women have long felt that a smartly smoked cigar makes a man look rich, raffish, confident, powerful, and alluring. Now an increasing number are discovering that one of the sexiest ways to enjoy a cigar is to "toast" the tip and savor the sweet smoke for themselves or, better yet, with a boyfriend. Nanette Varian looks at the phenomenal growth of the sisterhood of the stogie—a new breed of women who are charmed by cheroots and turned on by men who smoke them.... And, for those who are new to cigars, *Penthouse* offers a primer on how to light one. Hint: For the smoothest results, you don't just strike a match.



## ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED

Even *he* tells lawyer jokes. "Two lawyers are walking on the beach," he tells interviewer Pat Jordan. "They see a beautiful girl in a bikini. The first lawyer says, 'I'd like to fuck her.' The second one says, 'Out of what?'" He is Roy Black, one of the premier defense lawyers in the land, whose clients have included such tabloid favorites as William Kennedy Smith and Kelsey Grammer, as well as drug dealers, rapists, and murderers. Often called "The Professor," for his incongruously scholarly manner in court, Black has earned the respect of his juridical adversaries—unlike many of the media-star lawyers who run out of the courtroom right into publishers' offices in an attempt to cash in on their clients' fame. He takes *Penthouse* readers into the reality of the arena known as the criminal-justice system.

## GOING TO EXTREMES

Geoff Tabin is a prestigious and successful surgeon, with an international reputation. But his first love is adventure. Longtime readers of *Penthouse* will remember his many articles over the years on thrills around the world, from climbing Mt. Everest to exploring the Antarctic.

Drawing upon both of his careers, he explains why so many extreme-sports fans feel compelled to push ever closer to the edge of the abyss. "These activities tap into the human body's natural chemistry to give a true natural high," Dr. Tabin writes. "Enthusiasts actually become both psychologically and physiologically addicted to their sports.... My climbing friends call this 'feeding the rat.' Pushing to the very edge, where every system in the body is primed for death, will satisfy the rat for a while. But inevitably the rat returns, hungrier than before. The rat must be fed, and the extreme-sport addict must push his or her own limit even further."



When's  
the last  
time  
**you**  
got laid  
back?



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