

# PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

MARCH 1998

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ANDERSON**

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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

March 1998

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## FEATURES

### 12 FAST FORWARD

#### 17 VIEW FROM THE TOP

Whitbread Round the World Race, by Caitlin Kelly

### 22 MURDER WILL OUT

Most gay murder victims are slain by other gays. Why do police—and gays themselves—ignore this? Article by John Godwin

### 32 PAMELA AND TOMMY LEE: THE SEQUEL

Howard Stern says, "It's the greatest tape I've ever seen." Now it's the hottest story on the Internet. Article by Gerard Van der Leun. All stills courtesy of I.E.G.

### 44 FLESH AND BLOOD

For female boxers, the sport has no sexual identity. Article by John D. Harris

### 52 JUSTICE

The enemies of liberty and free speech on the Internet. By Alan M. Dershowitz

### 54 SMART SEX

Jump-start your sex life. By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

### 64 TECHNOMANIA

By Ken Sander

### 107 ALL-GAY SAINT PATRICK'S DAY Satire by Bill Lee

### 131 THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR "Three Is Not a Crowd," by Ralph Gardner, Jr.



## ON THE COVER

Pamela Anderson Lee.  
"Pamela and Tommy Lee: The Sequel"  
begins on page 32.

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## PICTORIALS

67  
**PET OF THE MONTH**  
Anita Rinaldi; photos by Earl Miller

87  
**PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP**  
Julia Garvey; photos by Carl Wachter

113  
**STACEY**  
Photos by Earl Miller

## DEPARTMENTS

4  
HOUSECALL

6  
FORUM

14  
CALL ME MADAM

25  
RIBALD RIMES

27  
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

42  
FASHION

57  
MEN'S HEALTH & FITNESS

62  
SORAYAMA

83  
MILITARY AFFAIRS

84  
THE NEW MORALITY

100  
THE JOKE MAN

102  
THE PENIS PAGE

104  
PET OF THE  
YEAR RUNNER-UP GIFTS

105  
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE

128  
HARD TIMES

136  
PENTHOUSE COMIX

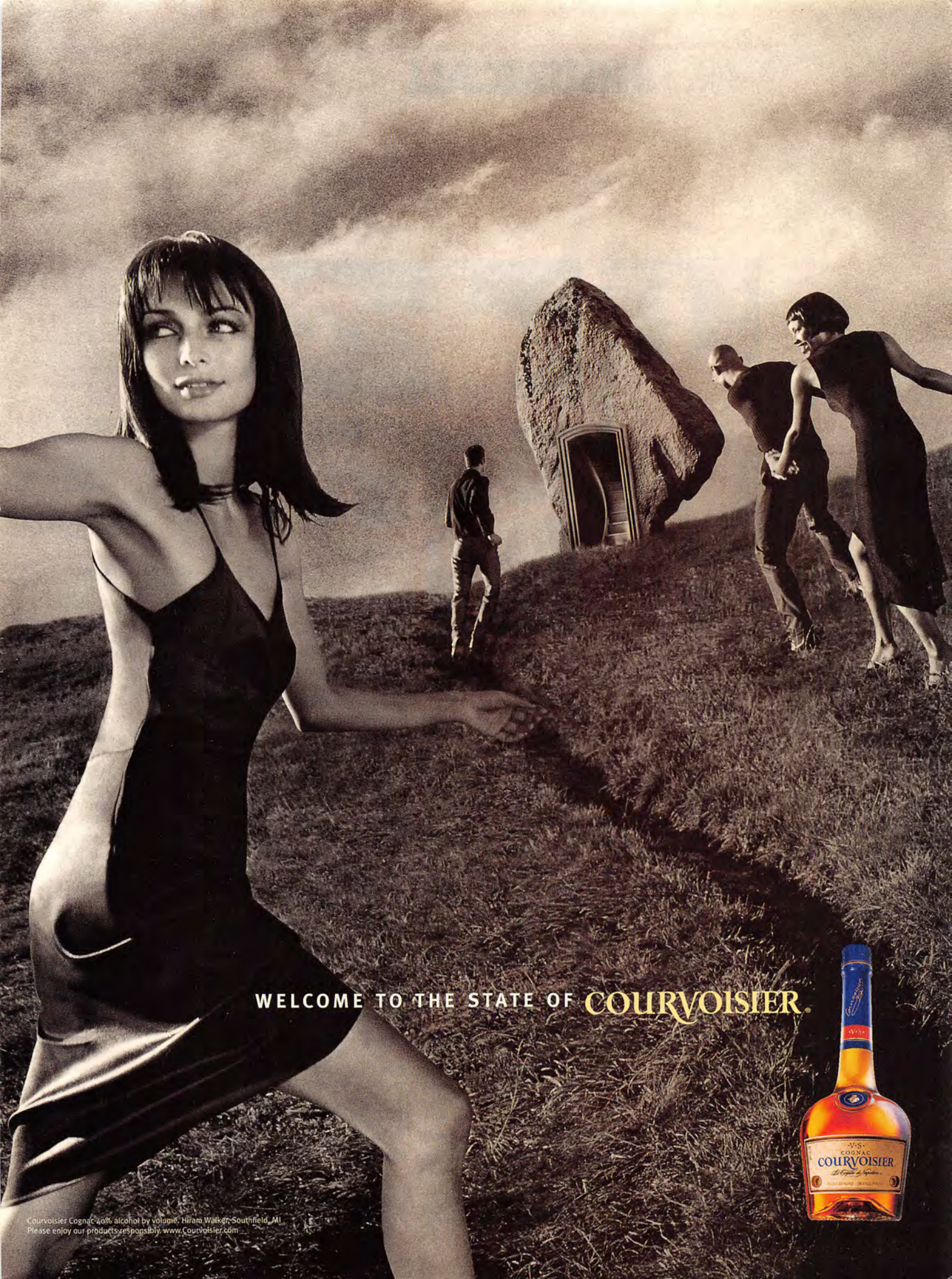
142  
X-RATED VIDEO

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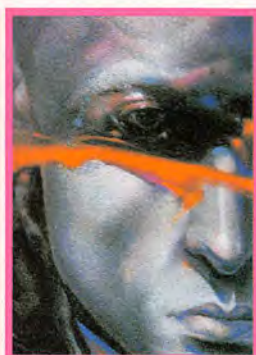


**America's sexiest triple-X video and our Pet of the Year Runner-Up guarantee a sizzling issue.**



## Babewatch

Howard Stern called it the "greatest tape" he's ever seen. There have been private-screening parties in its honor. And *Variety* likened its stars to Energizer bunnies. That's because in the famous Pamela Anderson-Tommy Lee home video, which we first reported on in June 1996, our stars just keep going and going ... and *coming and coming!* People with the right kind of computers, or the right kind of connections, can't seem to get enough of the famed footage, with the tape being distributed on the Internet and then via bootleg video. But for those of us who aren't able to upgrade our equipment in hopes of sneaking a peak at Pam's, the photos herein will be truly revealing. Anyone can quickly understand why Howard Stern, and other lucky viewers, have made the tape an instant legend. And even better, on page 41 you'll find out how you can get your very own copy of the video, in excellent condition and without sitting for days in front of your computer screen.



## Killer Instincts

When gay spree killer Andrew Cunanan murdered fashion designer Gianni Versace last summer, people around the world were both shocked and intrigued by the lurid nature of the crime and its possible sexual link. But as reporter John Godwin reveals in "Murder Will Out," nearly half of the 80 known serial killers of the past quarter-century have been homosexual (five have been lesbians) or had shifting erotic tastes. From Jeffrey Dahmer, who stored the remains of his male victims in his apartment, to John Wayne Gacy, who strangled more than 30 boys, these crimes are so horrendous they cannot be explained even by the F.B.I.'s behavioral-science unit. With this kind of rampant bloodletting you might presume the gay community would be living in a state of fear. But that's not the case. "The vast majority of gay



murder victims are slain by other gays," Godwin writes. "Why do police—and gays themselves—ignore this fact?"

## Ready to Rumble

"Boxing keeps me in shape, it gives me self-esteem, a sense of pride. And when a woman feels good she feels more sexy." So says Christine "Crunch" Dupree, a 1985 Penthouse Pet and one of 400 female boxers who regularly don gloves and take to the ring to compete in an ever-expanding circuit. Female boxing is gaining in popularity among spectators too: In a recent poll 81 percent of those who responded said they wanted to see more of the sport. But is it a *real* sport? Does it really deserve the Olympic status the International Female Boxers' Association is pushing for? In "Flesh and Blood" John D. Harris reports on this new athletic phenomenon, with an in-depth look at the personalities who are making female boxing so popular.

## No Guts, No Glory

Not everyone has the balls to scream down the

Atlantic in one of the fastest racing sailboats, knowing the destination but not knowing if you'll ever get there. But for those who *are* cut out for such a tour of duty, it's the ultimate thrill: the Whitbread Round the World Race, a nine-month-long contest that, as its name suggests, starts and, more than 31,000 miles later, ends at Southampton, England—if any vessel makes it. In "View From the Top," Caitlin Kelly tracks *Chessie*, one of nine entrants in this year's race, and her hands as they work 20-hour days without any privacy, comforts, or distractions.... And distractions, as Ralph Gardner, Jr., our Unrepentant Voyeur, knows well, can be the spice of life. *Of course* you're attracted to your girlfriend, but wouldn't it be nice to share your affections, at the same time, with someone else ... maybe just once or twice? In "Three Is Not a Crowd," Gardner interviews men and women who find that more than one is twice as nice.... Which is true, also, of our Pet of the Year competition. Once again we find it impossible to ignore the many, many readers whose first choice in America's sexiest beauty contest came in, alas, second. Julia Garvey, who first adorned our pages in June 1996, made such an impression that we just can't leave well enough alone. And so the pierced pretty is 1998's Runner-Up. Her breathtaking all-new pictorial begins on page 87, and as you'll see, she's only gotten sexier with time. **OT**



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# PENTHOUSE FORUM

## Free to Pee

One of my favorite things about owning a bar is that I'm free to let loose any way I like. Your Great American "Pissing Contest" inspired me to host a private party for my sexiest friends, both guys and girls. I spent the evening dancing erotically on the bar, shamelessly flirting with the whole room, and just when I was the most turned on I posed for this shot. The crowd loved it, and I have a feeling your readers will love it too.—T. W., New York

## Great American "Pissing Contest"

Attention all women over the age of 18. Ladies, we'd love to see your personal photos showing you in the act of doing what comes naturally. Our editors will select the best ones, based on graphic excellence, volume, stream, trajectory, distance, and erotic appeal. Of course, we'll pay our usual photography fees for such usage, and you'll have an opportunity to make publishing history. Send photos to General Media, Department P, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. By the act of submitting these pictures, you are giving Penthouse permission to publish them. Unfortunately, photos cannot be returned.—The Editors

## Take a Stand

Thank you for finally proving to the world that a woman's peeing is an erotic act—something many of us have known for years. No man who has watched me pee has



failed to get a hard-on.

Another thing I would like to thank you for is exploding the myth that a woman has to sit down to pee. Now if we could only get the powers that be to start putting urinals in women's rest rooms we could get rid of those godawful lines. Keep up the good work.—F. S., Virginia

I would like to jump on the bandwagon and encourage you to publish more pictures of pretty girls peeing. It is just the fresh, hot, sexy subject that *Penthouse* needs.

I trust you will do it right—the prettiest girls in the sexiest poses. Please include a pee segment in each issue. Just do it!—A. H., Ohio

Join the *Penthouse* Internet revolution! If you haven't checked out the *Penthouse* site on the World Wide Web, you're missing out on one of cyberspace's hot spots. Drop by <http://www.penthousemag.com> and see what we mean. And for those of you who want more, check out the *Penthouse* Private Collection—the most sophisticated club on the Net. Private Collection details are available at the *Penthouse* site. For information on back issues or subscriptions, contact [gmimages@generalmedia.com](mailto:gmimages@generalmedia.com).



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MARCH

## The Truth

I have just finished reading your interview with Mark Fuhrman in the December issue, and I must compliment *Penthouse* on another fine article. Thank you for bringing to the forefront what America needs—the truth—and not the spin of the rest of the media.—D. L., Pennsylvania

## Something for Everyone

I have subscribed to and enjoyed *Penthouse* for many years now. The articles always seem to push the envelope, and the photos have been a superb combination of art and human form. I congratulate you for continuing to publish such high-quality pictorials.

Over the past few years you have been publishing more (and more explicit) pictures of male-female couples. As a result, my wife has taken to looking at *Penthouse* more often. Keep up the genre. You've added another female reader, and I thank you for that.—F. Y., Michigan

## Houseguest

My girlfriend, Kimberly, and I have been living together for just under a year. Overall our sex life has been great, but recently it has become incredible.

We are very comfortable with our bodies, so we think nothing of walking around the house naked in the morning, especially since we both sleep in the buff. Eventually our "clothing optional" atmosphere became a 24-hour thing—as long as we had no guests over, of course. That never happened until last week, when an extremely pleasant surprise fell right into our laps.

I spent last Saturday morning working out at the gym. When I got home Kimberly was gone. I showered and ten minutes later walked out of the bathroom with only the towel I carried to dry my hair. As I walked into the living room I noticed a note on the couch from Kimberly. It said she would be back in a couple of hours. Feeling horny, and not wanting to pass the time by torturing myself with thoughts of plunging my steel rod into the steamy depths of Kimberly's luscious pussy, I decided to nap on the couch until she came back.

I fell asleep and soon began dreaming of Kimberly emerging from a sparkling lake with water glistening on her pristine skin. Droplets rolled down her firm breasts. I felt my groin encased in warmth, and my dick snapped to attention. She knelt in front of me and began to pump the length of my prick with long, slow strokes. I caught my breath as the sensation shocked my system with the bliss of being pleased by a hot, willing woman.

In fact my sigh wasn't in the dream,

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and neither was the hot, willing woman! I was awake and could still feel the wonderful stroking of my cock. I opened my eyes, expecting to see Kimberly, and I did—but she was sitting on the chair opposite the couch watching the stranger who was now sucking my dick.

"What the—," I said before my words were cut short by the shuddering climax induced by the bobbing blonde head at my groin. Jism erupted from my engorged member into the silky hot mouth engulfing it. The combination of the awesome suction draining me and the flicking tongue running up my shaft made me forget my question. I rode the waves of ecstasy that ran through every nerve ending in my body.

After what felt like gallons of come had been sucked from me, I collapsed on the couch. Kimberly came over and planted a deep kiss on my lips. The blonde appeared over her right shoulder, licking her full yet still unfamiliar lips. Kimberly pulled back from me and asked, "So, Jamie, how does his jizz taste?"

"Beautiful," the now-named face said, "very rich and creamy. Just like you told me, Kim."

Kimberly smiled and said, "Yeah, his dick has always been sweet to nibble on, but it's even better to ride that fucking bronco."

"Sounds good," Jamie responded,

caressing my semi-erect dick once more. She looked me square in the eyes as she asked, "Any objections?"

Although I was dumbstruck by the proposition, it took me less than a second to shake a vigorous no. How could I object? Jamie's ministrations were taking effect, and my cock expanded and stiffened to full arousal once again.

Not wanting to fuck on the couch, I took the initiative and stood up, pulling my dick from Jamie's grasp. I grabbed Kimberly, putting her in a bear hug and kissing her passionately. With her legs locked around my middle and her ass just above my raging cock, I carried her down the hallway and into the bedroom.

As we reached the edge of the bed, Jamie jumped on my back and we all tumbled onto the bed in a writhing heap. Clothes started flying, and mouths, hands, and other appendages created a blended mass of perpetual motion on the bed's increasingly slick surface for an indeterminate amount of time.

Afterward, Kimberly wound up sitting on my face, with Jamie bouncing up and down on my prick like a wild woman. My senses were overloaded with the pounding of my dick and partaking of my favorite dessert. Kimberly has the best pussy I have ever had the pleasure of tasting or fucking, though Jamie was currently giving her a run for the gold in

the latter. Still, none would ever really compare to the succulent treasure the gods bestowed upon my love.

As I put all my effort into pleasing Kimberly's love box, Jamie refocused my attention on herself. "Oh God," she screamed, "that feels so fucking good. Oh, you've got such a great cock.... Yes, oh fuck, yes!"

A half-minute later my pumped-up dick tingled with electricity, and I exploded for the second time into a strange female. A moan escaped my lips in conjunction with the girls' caterwauling as my semen coated Jamie's pussy, mingling with her love juice. Jamie collapsed onto my chest with my dick still inside her; her tits, pressing against my hypersensitized skin, sent a few more jolts shooting through my body.

The sex continued long into the night, until we all became too exhausted to stay awake any longer. As I lay sandwiched between Kimberly and Jamie before drifting off to sleep, I felt content and satisfied in every conceivable way.—S. Y., *Wisconsin*

## Sex, Lust, and Videotapes

I was working at a video store on the main street of a small town, to help pay my way through school. The store has huge windows in the front, so you can



# Keep it Basic



see everything going on outside.

Lately I had noticed a new guy behind the counter at the café across the street. He had waved to me a few times when he caught me watching him. Even from where I stood, he looked pretty good. His long, sun-bleached ponytail reached the middle of his back, and the short sleeves of his T-shirt clung to his massive biceps as he lifted the tables and chairs out of and into the café every morning and evening.

One day my boss called and asked me to wash the front windows of the store before I went home that evening. I hated this task, so I put it off as long as I could. When I finally got down to it I was having a very hard time because I was wearing a blue short-sleeve half-shirt and a white miniskirt with buttons up the front. Every time I raised my arms my shirt would ride up.

After a few minutes I noticed that the guy from the café had come out to bring in the chairs and tables. He nearly ran into the door twice because he was so busy watching me. I finally gave up and put the cleaning stuff back in the closet. I was in back straightening up when I heard the front-door chime. I hurried out front. It was the guy from across the street. He set a lemonade on the counter, saying he thought I might like something long and cool after all the

hard work I had just done.

I thanked him and began checking in the returned tapes. We have a television and VCR in the front of the store to run preview tapes and movies, and another set in the back office. As usual, there were a few tapes that needed to be rewound. I put one tape in the VCR in the front of the store and hit Rewind, then took the other tape to the back office to rewind it. Meanwhile the guy wandered through the stacks.

By the time I came out of the office he had picked up a video and was waiting by the counter where I had resumed checking the rest of the returns. As he put the video on the counter he accidentally hit the remote for the VCR, turning it on. I looked up at the screen and there was a man kissing the thighs of a moaning naked woman. I turned beet-red and clumsily tried to find the remote's Off button. The café guy had a good laugh when he saw how embarrassed I was.

"Do you have any more of those tapes?" he asked. I pointed to the small room near the back office. He smiled and headed there. A few minutes later he returned with two tapes. "Have you seen these?" he asked as he placed them on the counter. "If you haven't, you don't know what you're missing."

"Maybe some other time," I said. "I

need to finish here and close up. Are these all you want?" He nodded yes, and I pulled up his account and checked them out for him. That's when I found out his name was Julian.

I handed him the videos and he headed toward the door. I turned to go to the office to get the other tape when I heard the door chime as he left the store. I finished my paperwork, then returned to the front to lock up and shut off the lights. I had my back to the door when I heard a noise. I spun around and there was Julian, holding his tapes and smiling at me. "We're closed now," I said.

"I know," he said. "How about checking out this movie with me. Oh look, how convenient, you have a TV and VCR in the office. Why don't you sit down and we can watch this for a second." Before I could say no, he was in the office, putting the tape in the VCR. He grabbed the remote and sat down on the couch across from the screen. He patted the cushion next to him and smiled.

He was cute, but I wanted to go home. "Look, I have to get going. You can take your tapes home and watch them," I said as I handed them to him and reached for the remote. He was faster and put the remote between his legs. "Please give me the remote," I said, exasperated. He just smiled and pointed to the screen. The volume was turned

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



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## SOUNDS

Last year Ben Harper and his band mates (Juan Nelson on bass and Dean Butterworth on drums) released *The Will to Live*, their most accessible and radio-friendly album to date. It took Harper's

***The Will to Live*, Ben Harper's most accessible and radio-friendly album to date, takes his soulful, blues-laced rock to a new level.**



soulful, blues-laced rock to a new level. (Of course he throws in a ballad like "Widow of a Living Man" and a funky "Mama's Trippin'" to keep listeners on their toes.)

As the tune "Faded" climbed the charts, and fans from college preppers to aging hipsters lined up for sold-out shows, Harper tried to explain why his music brings people together. "You know as well as I do that I don't know," he says. "When I'm kicking it, music just comes down. The stronger I believe, the stronger the music grows. It's great to see people coming to the music like that. I'm thankful that people are hearing it. I'm as thankful for people hearing it as they seem to be for me making it, so that's a great exchange." —David John Farinella

## GETTING TO KNOW NOAH WYLE

*I understand that your mother is a nurse. Does she ever comment on the accuracy or inaccuracy of the way you do things on "ER"?*

Constantly. She's a tough critic. But some of the criticism is well warranted. There was an episode where I had blood all over my gloves and I went to take my goggles off. I was watching that show with my mother, and she announces, "You never touch your face with bloody gloves. Never, ever, ever." There are so many universal precautions you take dealing with patients these days, because of the H.I.V. virus, that anytime you start wiping blood all over your face, anyone in the medical profession is going to be up in arms.

*How long do you think you'll stay with the show?*

I just upped for another year. So I've got this and two left on my contract. After that we'll see.

*Is there anything that you would like to have happen on the show to your character, John Carter? Any new love interests?*

Potentially this year. We've added two new cast members, Maria Bellow and Alex Kingston. My relationship with Maria on the show starts off this season as nice and friendly. Just as it is working with a peer. But rumor has it that it will unfold into something more.

*I hear that you used to be a waiter. Are you more sympathetic now to other waiters when you go to a restaurant?*

I'm a big tipper, but I

worked in a four-star restaurant in Los Angeles, and every technique we were taught was right out of the textbook of fine service from the Lesense school in Switzerland. I had a Yugoslav maître d' who taught me some of the most important acting lessons I've ever learned, which were attention to detail, that there's a serious nobility in humility, and that anything that you do, raise it to the highest level that it can be done. Those are tools that you're going to use for the rest of your life.

so I'm an insomniac due to cable.

*Of all the places you've traveled to, what's your favorite?*

I've been lucky enough to work in Eastern Europe a couple of times. I worked in Lithuania and Czechoslovakia for *Swing Kids*. Anytime you get location work, that's terrific, because you usually have two to three months worth of time, and depending on the size of your part, there's a lot of walking-around time. I like being able to pretend I am living in different places



*Did you have any other interesting jobs when you were struggling?*

It took a while for me to work up to waiter. I was a busboy for a long time. But as an actor [waitering is] the job to have because you're banking your paychecks and living on your tips and having your days free to audition.

*What do you watch on TV?*

I watch A&E and the History Channel, and unfortunately the best shows are rerun at two and four in the morning ...

and sort of soaking up whatever culture there is for finite periods of time.

*But there are some places you can't go without being recognized. Does the intrusion into your privacy ever bother you?*

It doesn't bother me because you have to take it in stride. You get used to it, and you adjust your life accordingly. But I do miss being able to people-watch and be an objective observer and watch people walk by without necessarily having to participate. —Neil Rosen



## SPIRITS

The current popularity of vodka in America is arguably the biggest success story in the competitive world of distilled spirits. In 1950 vodka accounted for only one out of every 100 bottles of spirits sold; today nearly one out of every four bottles consumed is vodka, making it the top spirits category. In fact vodka now outsells Scotch whisky three to one.

The success of vodka is all the more remarkable because it is a product that is legally defined as neutral spirits "without distinctive character, aroma, taste, or color." The consumer cannot look for the effects of oak aging, as in whiskey and cognac; for a particular taste, as in gin, which is colorless but flavored with juniper and other aromatics; or for some particular I.D. of vodka's origins, like malted barley for Scotch or molasses for rum.

One key to vodka's success is its versatility. Its lack of taste means it can be easily combined with any number of ingredients—juices, liqueurs, various flavorings—and is therefore an excellent, unobtrusive base for mixed drinks. The dramatic return of the Martini has also played an important role in the continued popularity of vodka, since the Martini is now more often made with vodka than gin. Inventive combinations—the substitution of Lillet, sake, or even chocolate or orange liqueurs for the traditional vermouth—work best with vodka.

The early days of vodka drinking in this country are associated with Smirnoff. Their slogan in the 1950s—"It leaves you breathless"—capitalized on vodka's lack of odor. Smirnoff went on to popularize such vodka-based drinks as the Moscow Mule (with ginger beer and a wedge of lime, served in a mug), the Bloody Mary, and the Screwdriver.

Imported vodkas have increased their share of the market from one percent 20 years ago to 15 percent



today. Russia's Stolichnaya and Sweden's Absolut account for more than 85 percent of imported vodka sales; other familiar brands are Finlandia, Tanqueray Sterling, and Fris. Among the newer entries are Belvedere, a Polish vodka made from rye; Grey Goose, from France; and, from Russia, Kremlyovskaya.

Three of the most successful new arrivals in the crowded and competitive vodka market are Skyy, made in California and marketed in a distinctive blue bottle; Rain, distilled from American wheat; and Ketel One, from Holland, created by the Nolet family, which has been producing spirits since 1691. Ketel One is unusual in that it is distilled in copper-pot stills, similar to those used for cognac and single-malt whisky. "We believe that the traditional pot still not only removes the impurities effectively, but also yields a vodka that has a notably

smooth texture," says Carl Nolet, Jr., who represents the eleventh generation of his family.

It was the smoothness of Ketel One that was emphasized when the brand was introduced nationally in 1992. "We asked retailers and restaurateurs to taste Ketel One against any vodka they chose," says marketing director Ron Lewos. "The usual trick is to have the client taste the competition first; then your brand tastes less harsh by comparison. But we were so confident of the smoothness of Ketel One that we poured it first, at room temperature, and it was the second vodka that tasted harsh."

Ketel One has become associated with TomOlives, which are actually pickled green tomatoes. "TomOlives don't alter the taste of a drink, the way olives often do," says Nolet, whose own preference is for chilled Ketel One served straight up with three TomOlives.—Alexis Bespaloff

**Ketel One, known for its smoothness and unusual distillation process, is one of the most popular new vodkas on the market.**





# XAVIERA HOLLANDER

## CALL ME MADAM

### Hooked on Pussy

*I'm a 25-year-old woman who's five foot two inches tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes. I am considered very attractive. I am happily married and have a great sex life.*

One week my husband was out of town on business and my friend Trina was having guy trouble, so she and I decided to have a little party with some of her college friends to get her mind off things. Trina came over early to help get the house ready, and was excited because there would be some "very cute" guys coming. Trina and I both wore skintight black stretch minidresses with spiked heels. Our outfits showed off our curves, and a lot of leg. Trina is a beautiful brunette with the legs of a dancer and full round breasts.

When everything was ready Trina and I decided to drink some wine and talk about ways in which we turned men on. I showed Trina some of my wilder lingerie. We had a little time, so we began trying on stockings, garters, and crotchless panties. We sat on the couch in just our underwear, talking and having a grand time. Our guests were now quite late.

I began to drift off to sleep, and was dreaming of a gentle tongue licking my pussy. I was shocked when I opened my eyes and found Trina between my thighs, on her knees, eating



my pussy. She looked up at me, then reached up, removed my bra, and rubbed my tits. Trina, who was now wearing only a bra herself, rubbed her pussy with her free hand. She was making me crazy. The more I squirmed, the faster she licked. She grabbed my ass with both hands and held my pussy close to her hungry mouth as I wiggled to get closer. Trina finally paused and said, "Do you want me to go on?" while gently rolling my hard nipple between her thumb and forefinger. I shocked myself when I said, "Eat my pussy!" She made me say "Pretty please" before she went back to eating me out. I was now close to coming, so I arched my back and played with my nipples. She told me that I would be eating her pussy soon. When I said no she stopped again, and I immediately promised her anything.

Trina climbed into my lap, sucked my hard nipples, and massaged my pussy. She told me to rub her. Without hesitation my hand found her clit and went to work. Trina removed her bra and brought

her beautiful tits close to my mouth. She told me to suck her nipples, and I did. She lay me back on the couch and got on top in a sixty-nine. Her wet pussy was now inches from my face, and I knew what she wanted. I grabbed her firm ass and pulled her pussy to my mouth. I licked and sucked her, and loved it.

Trina's hips rocked with my tongue. She hungrily ate my dripping pussy as I willingly spread my legs and moved to her rhythm. The closer I was to coming, the more I loved her pussy. Our loud moans were muffled by our pussies. We finally licked and sucked our way to a powerful mutual orgasm, and collapsed in each other's arms.

Trina and I looked up to find our guests standing in the room in total shock. I was so embarrassed I wanted to hide, but there was nowhere to go. Most of my body was hidden by Trina, who boldly got up on one knee, totally exposing me and my wet pussy, and said, "Did you enjoy the show?"

My problem is that I need to tell my husband about this before he finds out through the grapevine. I don't want him to feel cheated, but I also want to continue with my new-found pleasure. I have never had feelings like this before. Now I find myself fantasizing about women. I'm totally hooked on pussy. Help!—G. L., Rhode Island

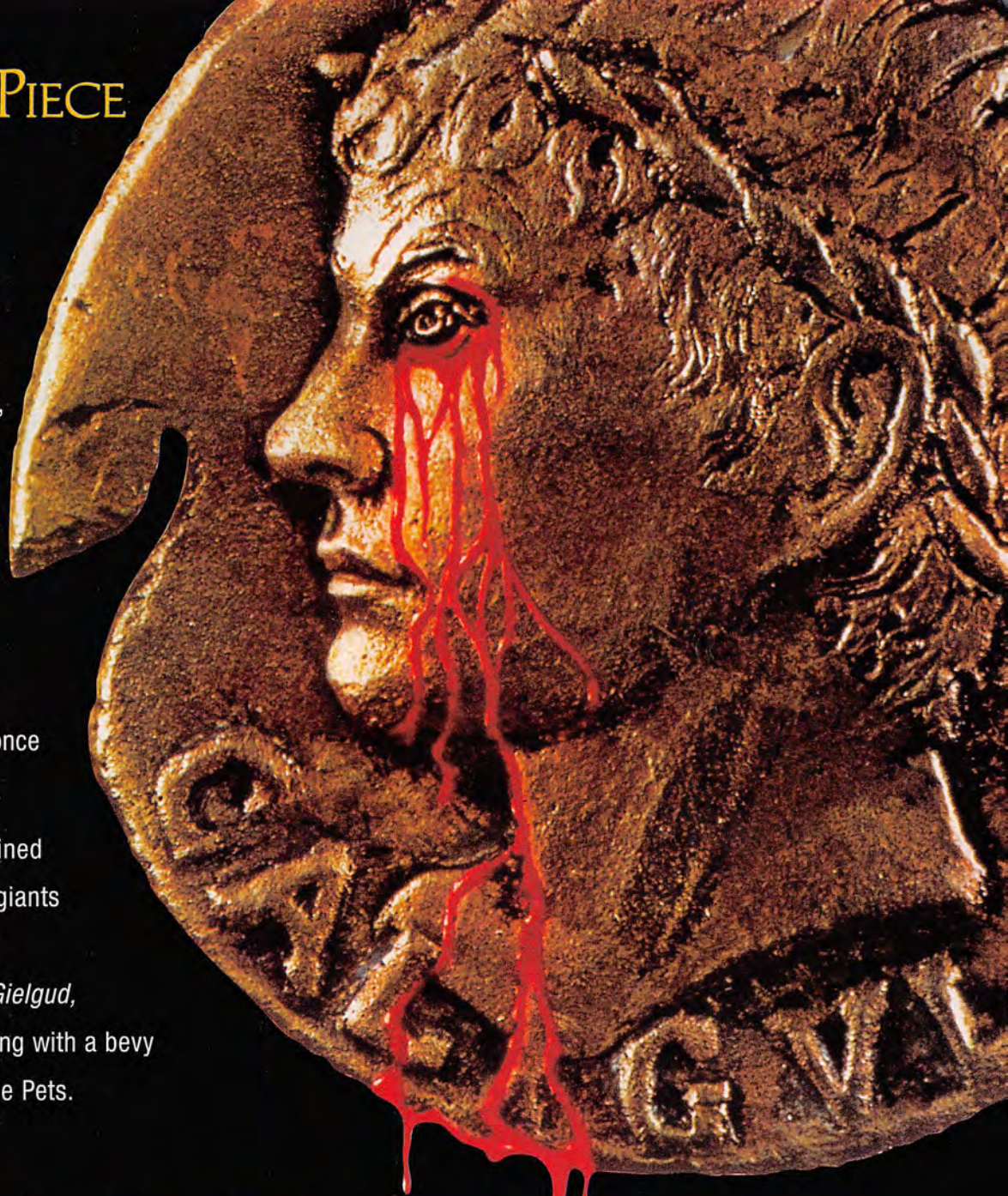
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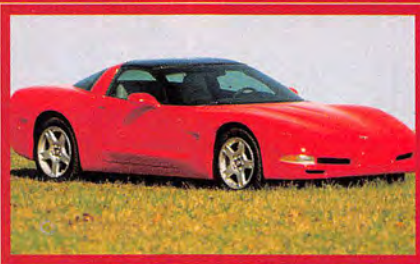
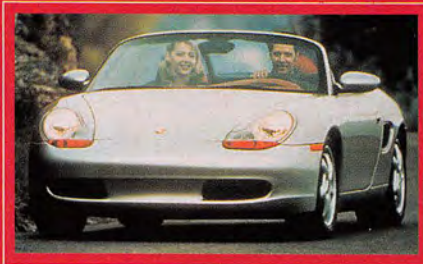
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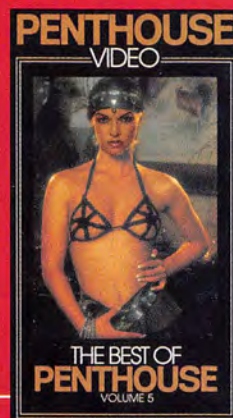
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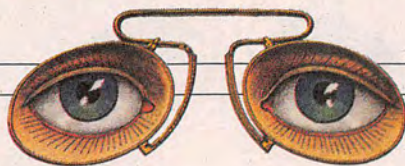
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# VIEW FROM THE TOP



**George Collins (above) footed Chessie's \$7-million tab himself, and deliberately assembled the most American crew in the race.**

## WHITBREAD ROUND THE WORLD RACE

By Caitlin Kelly

**R**ight now a \$3-million yacht full of tired, sore, wet, cold men is slicing through the frigid waters of the Tasman Sea. It's no cruise. There's no heat. No tunes. No hot showers. No cell phones. No cinnamon-sprinkled latte. The decks are crusted with snow. The ropes that work the sails have frozen solid, and it will be days before they thaw.

Belowdecks, 12 unwashed guys in wet, stinking clothes share 360 square feet of space with 17 enormous sail bags. Icebergs are a hazard, and so are whales. Not to mention sudden, violent storms that regularly sweep down from the South China Sea. Huddled in sleeping bags on nylon-mesh bunks, living for weeks in the same long underwear and socks, these men have as their toughest job simply staying

warm until the next port of call, sunny São Sebastiao, Brazil—6,670 nautical miles east and north. Frostbitten, many of the crew have lost feeling in their fingers and toes.

They dread getting up, but they do—after sleeping in four- to six-hour shifts. A bowl of hot oatmeal, a cup of coffee, and, climbing above-decks, they're off to work.

At least it's a short commute.

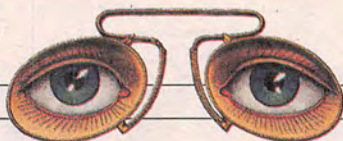
The boat is *Chessie*, named for Chesapeake Bay's mythical sea monster—her green body, curled around a blue globe, emblazons the hull. It's one of nine entries (two American; another American boat dropped out last fall) in this year's Whitbread Round the World Race, the toughest, longest, most expensive, and most dangerous event of its kind. This year's W.R.T.W.R. is the longest ever, at nine months and nine legs. It started last September from Southampton, England, and before sprinting back to the

starting line the competitors stop at Cape Town, South Africa; Fremantle and Sydney, Australia; Auckland, New Zealand; São Sebastiao; Fort Lauderdale, Florida; Baltimore and Annapolis, Maryland; and La Rochelle, France. Held every four years since 1973, the race covers 31,600 nautical miles. The entrants have two to four weeks in each port to recover, repair their vessels, and restart. Each leg counts separately under a complex point system, allowing for a major disaster or two, which is standard in this haul.

*Chessie's* hands—hired by owner George Collins, a 57-year-old grandfather and former C.E.O. and president of Baltimore investment firm T. Rowe Price—are all paid to make the boat go really fast. But by now they've been doing it nonstop up to 20 hours a day for four months, with no privacy, distractions, or comforts. On a steady, tasteless diet of vitamins and freeze-dried meals, they burn off 5,000 calories a



# VIEW FROM THE TOP



day. Some have lost as much as 20 pounds.

Are they nuts? Maybe, but it's a job. Each will earn between \$50,000 and \$200,000 for the race plus five months of pre-race preparation. "Everyone's a bit interchangeable," admits Rick Deppe, a witty 33-year-old Englishman. Like most professional sailors, Deppe grew up racing sailboats on lakes, with an "occasional foray" to the ocean from his Yorkshire home. "I must say, it is one hell of a stupid way to pay the mortgage," he offers.

But for some the Whitbread is much more than a job, especially for the younger

the end of April.

For Deppe and his mates, the W.R.T.W.R. has been a dream since childhood. "The Whitbread for me is like Everest for a mountaineer, or the toughest marathon for a runner," says Antonio Piris (a.k.a. Talpi), a 34-year-old boat builder from Santander, Spain. For Talpi the race offers "the opportunity to know a great bunch of hard-core sailors, and to take part in the most competitive one-[boat-] design ocean race ever."

Chessie is a floating U.N., with crew from England, Spain, New Zealand, South Africa, and the United States, men who've happily left behind



**"Could I die? I don't like to think about it too much," says Rick Deppe, whose second child was born five days into the race.**



guys still building their résumés. And few jobs offer the chance to scream down the Atlantic, goggles crusted with salt, hanging with the best in the world and riding the fastest race boats. The last W.R.T.W.R., organizers say, was the seventh-most-watched sports event in history. This go-around is being covered by ESPN, the BBC is showing it every week for 36 weeks, and ABC will telecast the finish. It's also being watched on television in more than 250 countries, from Croatia to Kuwait. Every boat has its own Website, with team bios and updates, and each team must transmit daily news, video, and stills, accessible on the Internet at [www.whitbread.org](http://www.whitbread.org). Some 400,000 people are expected to visit the boats when they're in Baltimore at





apartments, cars, jobs, wives, and young children. Some—like 23-year-old “guest driver” (helmsman on a few legs) Gavin Brady of Annapolis, who has earned Whitbread status in only three years of racing—are ambitious whiz kids. Others, like two-time W.R.T.W.R. veteran navigator Juan Vila, a 36-year-old Spaniard, are the best in the world.

“Money does talk,” says American sailor John Jourdane, a veteran of two Whitbreads and author of *Icebergs, Port and Starboard*, his account of the 1989–90 race. It costs an average of \$6 million to \$12 million just to play in this league: \$2 million for the custom-

designed boat, \$1 million to \$1.5 million for custom-made sails, \$1 million for logistics, \$250,000 for running rigging, \$250,000 for standing rigging, \$5 million for salaries. The entry fee alone is \$560,000.

But great equipment and deep pockets alone don't win a Whitbread. When you're staring a cyclone in the face—normal in the Tasman Sea this time of year—you need guys who know exactly what to do, and fast. George Collins tried for months to find a corporate sponsor. A major yachtsman, named one of the top five owners of the past decade by *Yachting* magazine, he wanted to crew on the boat, but cor-

porate sponsors don't like amateurs, no matter how seasoned. So he ended up footing the \$7-million tab himself. Then, flouting conventional wisdom, he deliberately put together the most American crew in the race.

Assembled in April 1997, the crew began a seven-days-a-week grueling training regimen under the watchful eye of a personal trainer and a chiropractor. Many of the guys are surprisingly small, shorter or leaner than you'd expect. Jonathan Swain, a 31-year-old Baltimorean from Durban, South Africa, is about five foot ten, weighs 170; not many of the crew weigh more than 200. At sea they work day and night, changing 100-pound sails with every wind shift, repairing every break and tear, quickly pushing themselves to their mental and physical limits.

*Chessie's* competitors face their own problems: The Dutch entry *BruneiSunergy* hit a whale and had to stop mid-leg at Recife, Brazil, to pick up a replacement rudder. Others, moving more slowly than planned, have had to ration food and water. Knut Frostad, the 30-year-old skipper of Norway's *Kvaerner Innovation*, took an antenna in the right eyeball, covered it, and kept right on working. Every boat carries an extensive first-aid kit, and at least two crew are fully trained to sew up cuts, insert I.V.'s, and set broken bones. If need be, they can get medical advice by radio, but self-reliance is key to winning. The boat must keep moving as fast as possible all the time, and once it enters the Southern Ocean off New Zealand the nearest help can be days away.

The amount of high-tech machinery on the boats is

**Some of *Chessie's* crew (top to bottom): Grant Spanhake, Paul van Dyke, Juan Vila, Antonio Piris, Jonathan Swain, and Stu Wilson**

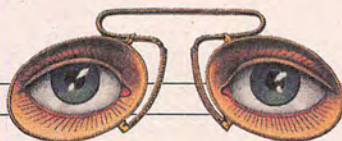


**With months left to go and oceans left to cross, the Whitbread Round the World Race is still anyone's game.**





# VIEW FROM THE TOP



**Few jobs offer the chance to scream down the Atlantic, goggles crusted with salt, riding one of the fastest sailboats in the world.**

stunning, especially in contrast to the crew's lack of creature comforts. The toilet is a tiny potty, open to view, barely feet from the two-burner stove. The front half of the boat belowdecks remains an empty shell, filled only with a satellite dish used to send and receive e-mail and, most important, weather reports.

The whole thing is a crapshoot. Even with four satellites feeding the latest weather patterns, luck and position can change with the next squall. And at any point in the race these million-dollar boats can literally fall apart. Stu Wilson, a 31-year-old Connecticut-based Kiwi, Paul van Dyke, a 36-year-old submarine builder from Groton, Connecticut, and Deppe heaved a sigh of relief when *Chessie* actually kept on going; their last Whitbread experience, aboard *Fortuna*, a Spanish entry, had lasted only 26 hours. The 96-foot *Fortuna*, overdesigned and undertested, lost two masts and had to retire from the race.

Noise is everywhere. At top speeds the rudder hums on a


high pitch. The rush of water against the hull adds a constant roar. As those on deck hurry to change sails, their footsteps echo. As they trim the sails using huge winches that take two men to work, the metal grinds and squeals. For those off-watch, it's like trying to sleep inside a drum.

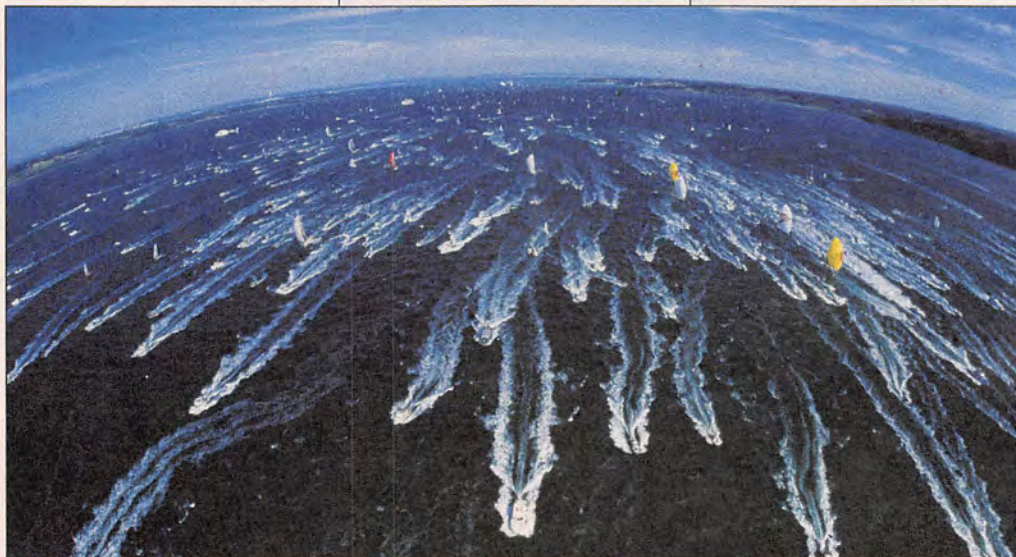
Throughout the race the other boats are usually far out of sight, leaving *Chessie*'s crew to guess how they're doing in the race. Whether they're winning or losing, there's no scoreboard, no roaring fans. "We can only hold our breath and wait for the

**Great equipment and deep pockets alone don't win a Whitbread—not when you're staring a cyclone in the face.**

position reports to come through," says New Zealand-born Grant Spanhake, a resident of Annapolis. "It's like receiving a report card at the end of each watch, telling you if you have finished a good honest day's work or you should have pulled your socks up and tried harder."

With months left to go and oceans left to cross, it's still anyone's game, and the guys know it. Besides, they've all got their own private dreams. Stu plans to try every lager along the way. Talpi will be grinning ear to ear when the boat hits top speed, riding the world's coolest surfboard. Swain will hum Johnny Clegg tunes as he does his umpteenth four A.M. sail change on the slippery foredeck. When they need a bit of inspiration, the Spice Girls smile down at them from over the stove. The finish in Southampton is still a long way off.

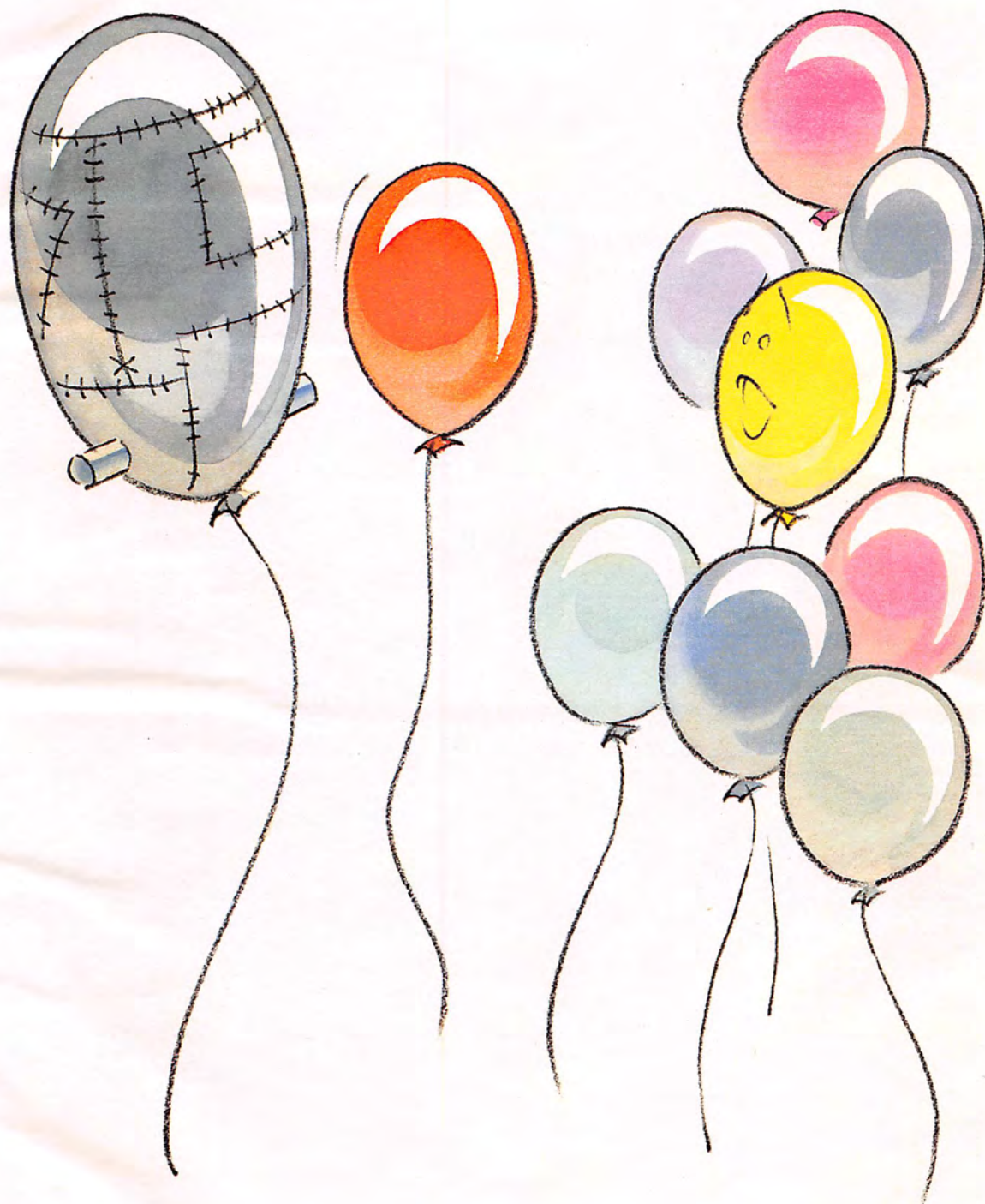
Deppe grins his trademark devilish smile. No matter what happens next, there's one thing the guys on *Chessie* are sure of: "When you live the Whitbread, you live big." 





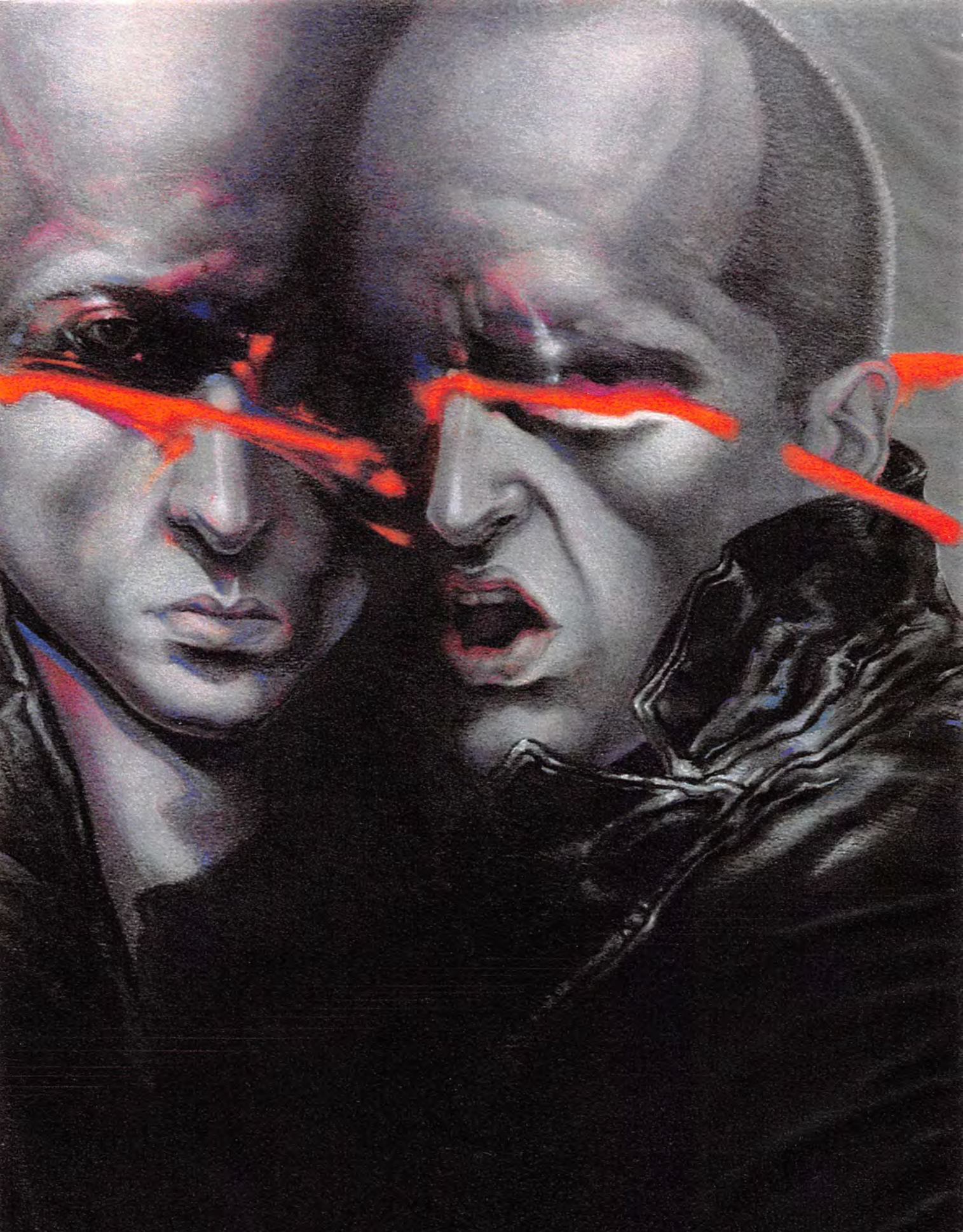
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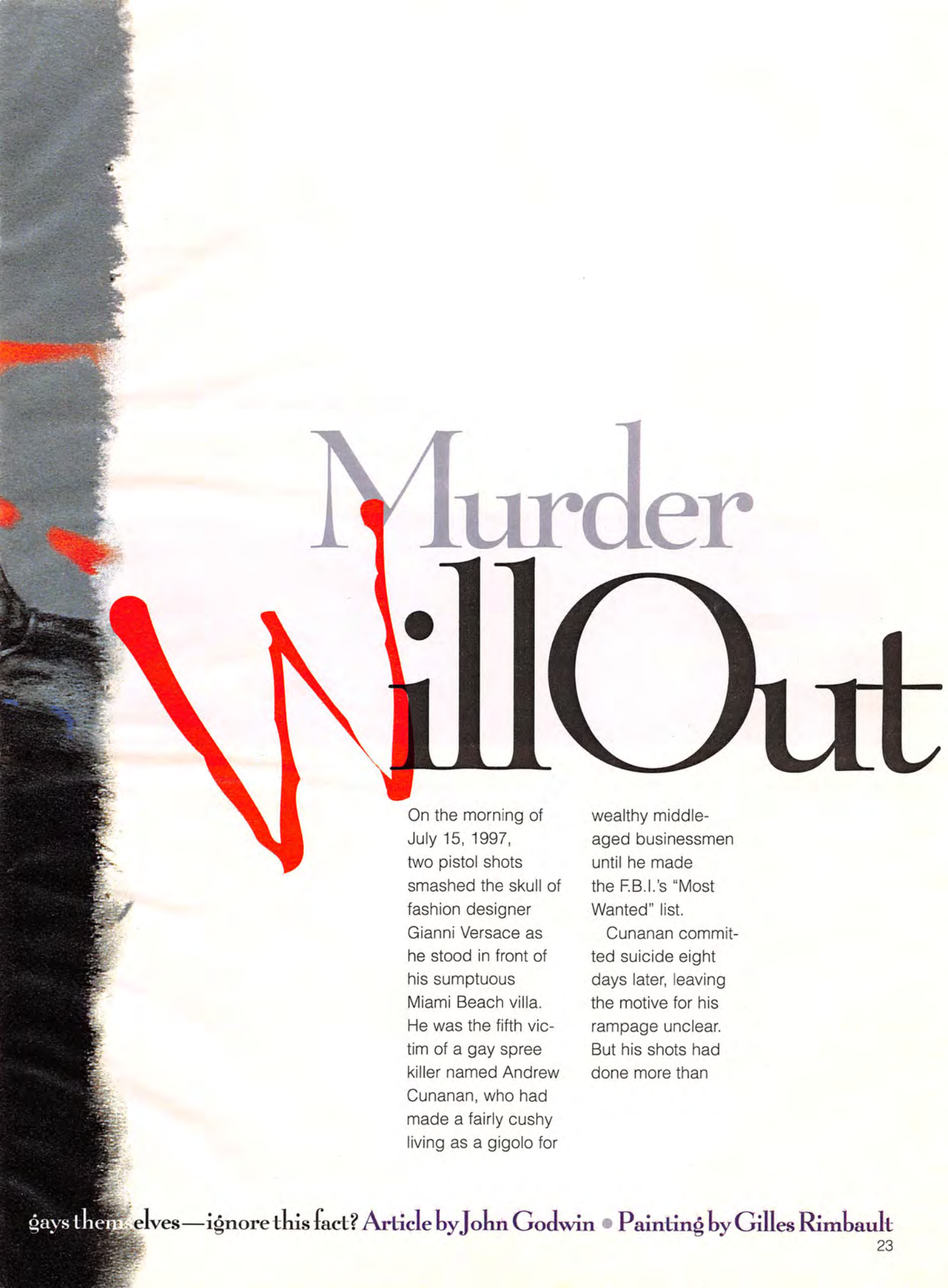
*"Sorry to disturb you, Doc, but there've been some pretty wild rumors down in the village."*





The vast majority of gay murder victims are slain by other gays. Why do police—and



An abstract painting by Gilles Rimbault, featuring a dark, textured vertical band on the left side with horizontal streaks of red and orange. The rest of the image is a light, hazy background with soft, horizontal bands of color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The title 'Murder Will Out' is superimposed on the right side of the painting.

# Murder Will Out

On the morning of July 15, 1997, two pistol shots smashed the skull of fashion designer Gianni Versace as he stood in front of his sumptuous Miami Beach villa. He was the fifth victim of a gay spree killer named Andrew Cunanan, who had made a fairly cushy living as a gigolo for

wealthy middle-aged businessmen until he made the F.B.I.'s "Most Wanted" list.

Cunanan committed suicide eight days later, leaving the motive for his rampage unclear. But his shots had done more than



slay a titan of the fashion world. They had turned the spotlight on a studiously ignored American crime phenomenon: the fact that the vast majority of gay murder victims are slain by other gays. Many gays fall victim, indeed, to serial killers who are either gay or bisexual themselves. It is these killers—and not the sporadic “gay bashers”—who account for most, and by far the most gruesome, murders of homosexuals.

Of the roughly 80 known serial slayers of the past 25 years in the United States—that is, those who were caught—36 were completely homosexual (five of them were lesbians) or had shifting erotic tastes. Serial murder was a headline-grabbing rarity before the 1970s. It cropped

Murderer,” who in the 1970s littered the roadsides around San Diego with the neatly wrapped corpses of 32 men and boys, some as young as five. There was “The Freeway Killer,” Vietnam vet William Bonin, who during the 1980s picked up, raped, and slaughtered some 14 young male hitchhikers in Southern California. There was the popular Chicago builder and occasional clown John Wayne Gacy, who lived comfortably above the crawl space of his home that was filled in the late 1970s with the bodies of 32 boys he had strangled. There was the unspeakable Jeffrey Dahmer, who dwelled among the remains of 15 youths he had dismembered and partially eaten in his Milwaukee house. And there are many,

the *Bay Area Reporter*, San Francisco’s leading gay newspaper, and whose own lover was murdered by another homosexual. “You see, when we were growing up we considered gay sex an act of freedom and rebellion. A lot of that feeling is still around. So now there is a conscious determination not to focus on fear. It would negate our sense of freedom.

“During the Cunanan manhunt,” he added, “there was a bit of panic because Cunanan was supposed to be heading here, and some of the fellows had known him personally. But now it’s all back to normal.”

Many law-enforcement experts are disturbed by this attitude. “Normal,” they fear, often entails an almost mind-boggling degree of careless-

first of six life sentences.

The main difficulty in alerting gay communities to their peril is the lack of statistics on homosexual murder rates. The F.B.I.’s Uniform Crime Report, the only nationwide tally available, doesn’t distinguish between gay and other homicides. And local law-enforcement bodies are notorious for under-reporting homosexual slayings by labeling them something else. Typical was the death of André Jones in Dillon, South Carolina. Jones, openly gay, had been beaten to a pulp before being run over by a car. His demise was reported as a “traffic fatality.”

Homosexual publications, on the other hand, tend to tag all gay killings automatically as “anti-gay acts,” giv-

With this kind of rampant bloodletting you might presume the gay community



to be living in a state of fear. But nothing could be further from the truth.

up perhaps once in a decade; the real monsters—like the child-eating Albert Fish—once in a half-century. Since then it has become something of an American growth industry, glamorized by the media. (See Hannibal “The Cannibal” Lecter—who, incidentally, devoured only males.)

The horrors erupted so thick and fast that only the most prolific attracted national attention. There was Dean Corll of Houston, whom neighbors described as “kinda sweet and blah, like vanilla”—until police in 1973 found the boat-storage shed into which Corll had crammed the decaying bodies of 27 young boys he had slowly tortured to death. There was bearded, bespectacled aerospace engineer Patrick Kearney, nicknamed “The Trash Bag

many more.

But this rogues’ gallery still doesn’t tell the whole story. It gives only the number of victims the murderers were charged with or confessed to killing. The actual counts undoubtedly went much higher. In Corll’s case the searchers simply stopped digging after a time. It seemed pointless because the perpetrator was dead, shot by one of his associates. And both Kearney and Bonin probably killed many more people than they admitted.

With this kind of rampant bloodletting you might presume the gay communities throughout America to be living in a state of fear. Nothing could be further from the truth.

“No, there isn’t much apprehension in our circles,” says Mike Salinas, who edits

ness, the kind of nonchalant fatalism that makes it dreadfully easy for murderers to snare their victims one after another. Robert Berdella, for instance, was known as “bad medicine” in the gay bars he cruised in downtown Kansas City. Word was out that “dudes who go with him don’t come back.” Yet the paunchy shopkeeper had no trouble getting six men to visit him at home, where he kept them tied up in hellish agonies for days before suffocating them. One of his pleasures was to inject acid into their eyeballs. The seventh captive managed to escape and call the cops. In court Berdella explained that he merely wished to keep his guests under control and malleable. He died in 1989 of a heart attack, four months into the

ing the impression that all were committed by homophobic heterosexual strangers. Such slanted reporting on both sides makes it impossible to get reliable statistics. Exacerbating the problem, San Francisco-based F.B.I. Special Agent George Grotz told this reporter, is that “murders are now 55 percent stranger-to-stranger instead of between acquaintances. This is a reversal of all previous figures, and a very disturbing one. Gay murders may seem more frequent, perhaps because more are being reported as such. But we don’t have the concrete numbers.”

Killings by strangers is a hallmark of gay violence because so much gay socializing involves casual encounters between strangers. Whether it’s New York’s Chelsea or



# RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation  
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

**T**here once was a lady named Morehouse  
who worked for a bit in a whorehouse,  
but took displeasure in fucking  
and couldn't stand sucking,  
and now she resides in the poorhouse.

—submitted by BigBetr

**A** raunchy young priest name of Cabot,  
whose libido was that of a rabbit,  
would kiss the young nuns  
and fondle their buns  
so often he got in the habit.

—submitted by Andrew Johnson

**T**he patrolman was tops on the force,  
but his wife still filed for divorce.  
In his sleep he'd made reference  
to his sexual preference—  
his choice was his sergeant, of course.

—submitted by T. D. Hobbs

**T**here was a young lady from Chister  
who was bolder, by far, than her sister.  
The shy one would giggle  
and wiggle and jiggle,  
but her sister would come if you kissed her.

—submitted by merlin6





West Village districts, Chicago's North Halsted Street, San Francisco's Castro, Miami's South Beach, the Doring Park enclave of Minneapolis, wherever, the chief purpose of a night's cruising is often to meet an attractive unknown and go with him to a secluded place.

It could be said that heterosexuals take similar risks when they prowls singles bars. And this is certainly true for women who pick up strangers—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar* is one dramatic example. But it's not usually true for straight males. "For a start, a woman pickup is rarely stronger than a guy," said a veteran New York City homicide detective. "She may snag your wallet, but she isn't likely to beat the shit out of you, or worse. And secondly, not many straight partners will let the other tie them down and gag them right after a chance meeting."

But S&M, the abbreviation for sado-masochism, plays a large role in homosexual erotica for male and female alike. So-called leather dykes specialize in it. Gay publications run columns of personal ads featuring rough bondage, frequent whippings, excruciating humiliations, and language like "Shy pretty femme wants tough biker queen to teach me the joys of chained servitude." When played by regulars, these games invariably include safety signals—a

word or a gesture—to stop the action if it seems to be getting out of hand. Sometimes, however, the brakes fail, and the game is played on and on to a hideous conclusion. Larry Eyler did this with at least 21 men and boys.

Eyler was a handsome, mustachioed house painter from Crawfordsville, Indiana, who kept trim by dedicated weight lifting. He met his victims, all males, in bars in Indiana and Illinois, or picked them up in his van and drove them to remote areas, where he handcuffed them, bound their feet, gagged and blindfolded them; all apparently with their consent. Then, abruptly, his manner changed. In Eyler's confession he recalled, "Something—something in me felt a rage, a hatred, and I do not know what; I have not come into contact with the feeling." Whatever it was, it made him produce a razor-keen knife and slash frenziedly at the bound form under him, shrieking, "You bitch, you slut, you whore!" until his voice gave out. He never had intercourse with his victims; he masturbated into their gaping flesh. Eyler died of AIDS in 1994 at the Pontiac, Illinois, Correctional Center. He had been sentenced for only one killing. On his deathbed he confessed to 20 more.

Eyler was a classic "rage killer," except that the rage was directed more

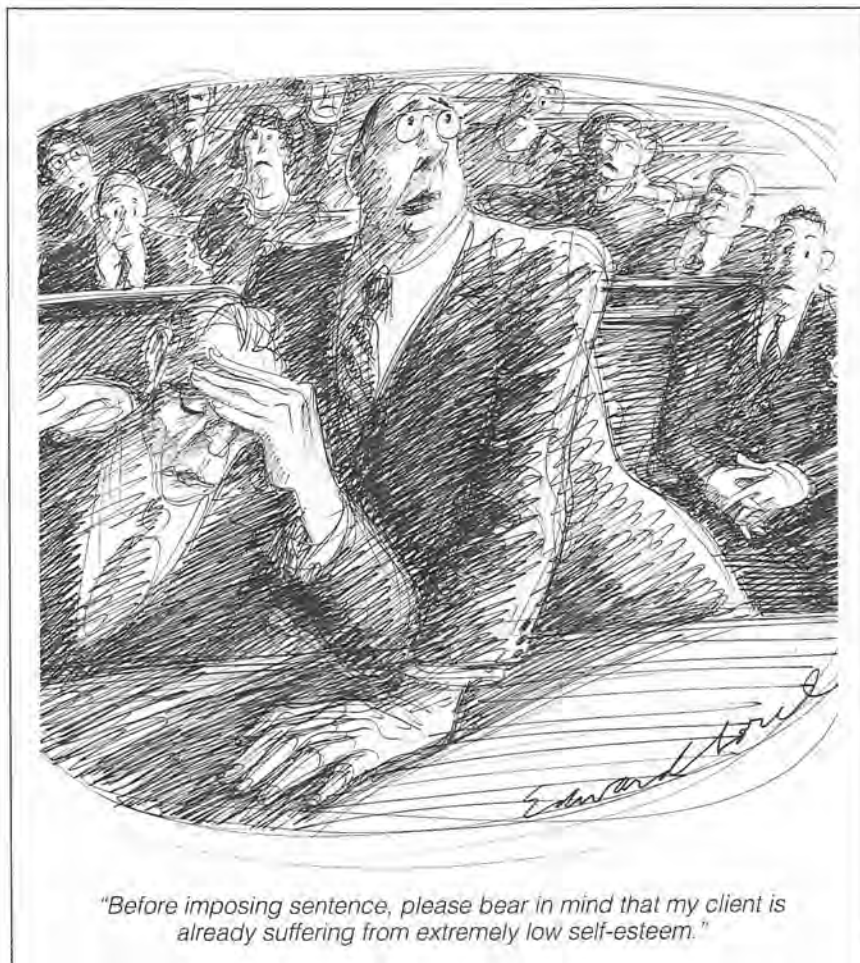
at himself than his victims. As Lake County Sheriff Robert Babcox remarked at the time, "He is a macho-image, beer-drinking homosexual with a hate for himself because he is homosexual." Professor Philip Zimbardo, a psychology lecturer at Stanford University, has described this type in more scholarly language as "men suffering from an attraction-repulsion syndrome. They are attracted to the homosexual experience on one level, but at some other level feel a moral outrage to it. They feel guilt, and this makes them want to erase the act they've committed—frequently by murder."

While this description may fit Eyler, it doesn't apply to gay murderers generally. Their motivations vary as much as those of straight criminals, all the way from financial gain to pure sadism. In some cases, such as the "Angels of Death" of Grand Rapids, Michigan, there is no apparent motive at all.

In November 1988 two nurse's aides at the Alpine Manor nursing home there were arrested. One of them admitted that between them they had suffocated five female patients by clamping pillows over their heads until the victims stopped struggling. The aides were Catherine Wood, married and a mother, and her lover, Gwendolyn Graham, a slight, pretty, fiercely assertive lesbian. The relationship between the two was a medley of passion, brawling, jealousy, and tearful reconciliations. Neither of them gained anything whatsoever by the murders. The only explanation offered by Wood was that they were trying to seal an eternal love pact by spelling m-u-r-d-e-r with one letter from each victim's name. The spelling bee was interrupted before they could get to the sixth letter. Graham, the instigator, received one of those fantasy sentences by which judges try to foil the whimsicalities of local parole boards: five consecutive life terms.

Unlike fictional serial killers, whose M.O.'s are always consistent, the real-life species frequently switch their targets and sometimes their own sexual orientation. These alterations in crime patterns can drive the famous "profilers" of the F.B.I.'s behavioral-science unit to distraction because the irregularities make it impossible to predict likely victims.

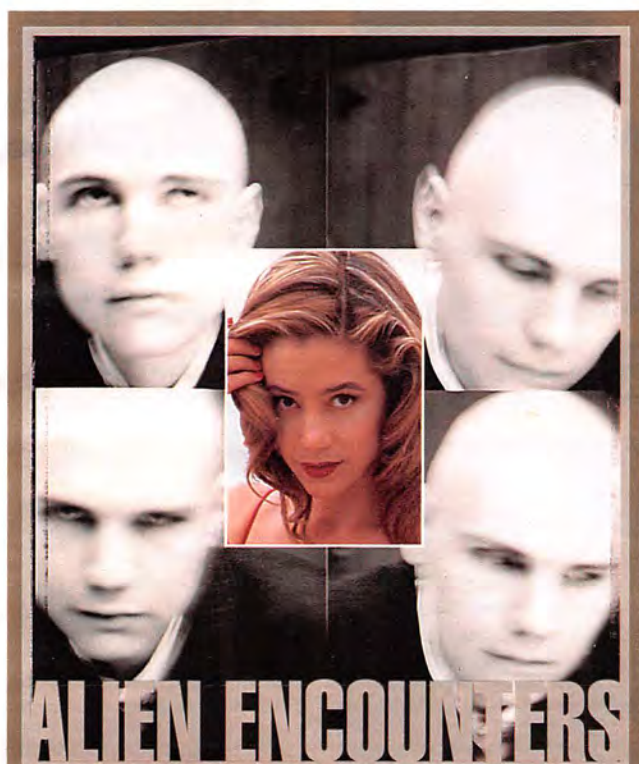
"The reason why some serial killers switch [types of] victims is that they were bisexual to begin with," says Professor James Alan Fox, dean of the College of Criminal Justice at Northeastern University, in Boston, and one of the leading authorities in the field. "They may start by killing only members of the opposite sex. Then, as they continue, all restraints go, and they become more and more propelled by their fantasies. And these fantasies will include their



"Before imposing sentence, please bear in mind that my client is already suffering from extremely low self-esteem."



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## ALIEN ENCOUNTERS

Introduced to **Billy Corgan** of the Smashing Pumpkins rock group at a post-awards-ceremony party, actor **Paul Sorvino** said, "I think you know my daughter, **Mira Sorvino**." When Corgan responded by calling her a "phony" and a "fake," Sorvino exploded, "Don't you fucking talk about my daughter like that. I'll fucking kill you!" Corgan's response? "Whatever. Jesus loves you, baby."

## JUST AS WE SUSPECTED

Charles Spencer, brother of the late Princess Diana, a gentleman who has fulminated against intrusions by tabloid newspapers into his family's private life, was revealed to have sold intimate family pictures to a magazine for \$500,000 some while ago, and to have made another attempt, this time for \$400,000, only last year.



## SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Sylvester Stallone said that although he once was an enthusiastic supporter of Ronald Reagan's, he has now switched to "the more liberal views of President Clinton" because Sly wants to renounce the "shallow and egotistical life" he's led for the past 11 years.



## SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

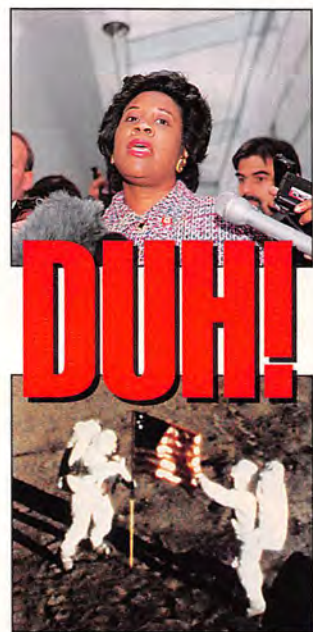
Rock singer David Lee Roth, in his new autobiography, says his offstage existence was dominated by sex virtually forced on him by avid groupies. In one incident in Nashville, he said, he took on five women. "They were all doing each other on the bed.... It was so beyond the pale that all I could think of to do was play volleyball and go, 'Okay, change!' and all the girls would shift."



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

## DUMBEST NEW DOG PRODUCT

A Rhode Island company offers Canine Dog Treat, hand-wrapped dog biscuits shaped and colored like cigars, with cigar bands proclaiming such names as Fido Castro, Groucho Barks, and Mutt Donna.



Texas Congresswoman Sheila Jackson Lee, a member of the Space and Aeronautics Subcommittee, while visiting the Mars Pathfinder Mission Control Center in Pasadena, California, asked if the Pathfinder had managed to snap any pictures of the American flag planted by Neil Armstrong in 1969. The mission controllers gently reminded her that that flag had been planted on the moon.

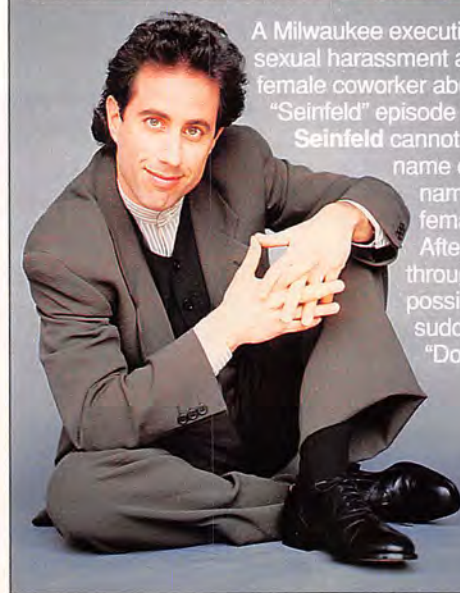


**SORRY WE ASKED**



Annoyed by a question from **Bryant Gumbel** about his plastic surgery, actor **Nick Nolte** muttered, "Well, I had a testicular tuck."

## ANNALS OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT



A Milwaukee executive was fired for sexual harassment after telling a female coworker about a famous "Seinfeld" episode in which **Jerry Seinfeld** cannot remember the name of a girl whose name rhymes with a female body part. After running through a number of possibilities, Seinfeld suddenly shouts out "Dolores!"

## MY BRILLIANT CAREER

Actor Tom Arnold, on his plans for a sequel to *True Lies*: "It will hopefully resurrect my career in the movies, and then I'll do six more bombs, and then I'll do *True Lies III*. I've got it all planned."



## HEAVY AND HEAVIER

Greg Gostanian, a.k.a. "Queerdonna," a 500-pound Madonna impersonator, filed a suit against United Airlines after United allegedly booted him from a flight for breaking the armrest of a seat he was trying to squeeze into. Gostanian claimed a flight attendant had yelled at him, "There is normal, there's fat, there's obese, and then there's you! Get off or you'll be arrested!" So traumatic was the incident, says Gostanian, that he gained another 50 pounds and now suffers from stage fright.



## AND VICE VERSA

Now enjoying the steady hum of antidepressants, singer Sinéad O'Connor told an interviewer she no longer writes songs about her personal angst. "I'm into writing nice love songs that aren't tragic and miserable. That's a reflection of my life, 'cause I no longer choose to go out with assholes."





## THANK YOU VERY MUCH

A number of prominent models were informed they'd been selected for *Maxim* magazine's new calendar dedicated to "women who have done nothing but look good." The mag described its criteria for selection this way: "We bypassed intelligence, sidestepped achievement, and stepped around character and integrity." The calendar features such stunners as **Kate Moss**, **Tyra Banks**, and **Stephanie Seymour**.

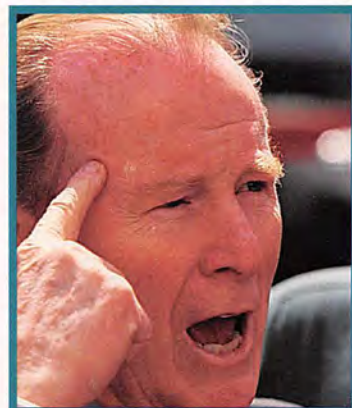
## GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

The Colorado Silver Bullets, a women's professional baseball team, had been languishing in attendance and interest—until a good old-fashioned bench-clearing brawl with a boy's team. The donnybrook, between the Bullets

and a Georgia boys' state championship team, included punches and body slams. It broke out after one Bullet player was deliberately hit by a pitch. Fueled by the publicity, the women drew a record crowd for their next game. "It's almost a validating thing," said the founder of the Bullets. "This is a baseball team. If you're willing to brawl, you care about what you're doing."

## ATTACK OF THE UNDEAD

Former Republican Congressman Robert Dornan appeared on the floor of the House of Representatives to demand that Congress void the 1996 election in which he was defeated on the grounds of fraud. When Congressman Bob Menendez of New Jersey raised the question of whether former members could lobby on the floor, Dornan rushed over to him, red faced, yelling, "You fucking anti-Catholic!" and challenged him to step outside. The House subsequently voted to revoke Dornan's floor privileges.



## N.R.A. SLOGAN OF THE MONTH

"I do believe that an armed society is a polite society."—Rock musician **John Popper** of *Blues Traveler*, on his love for guns and swords



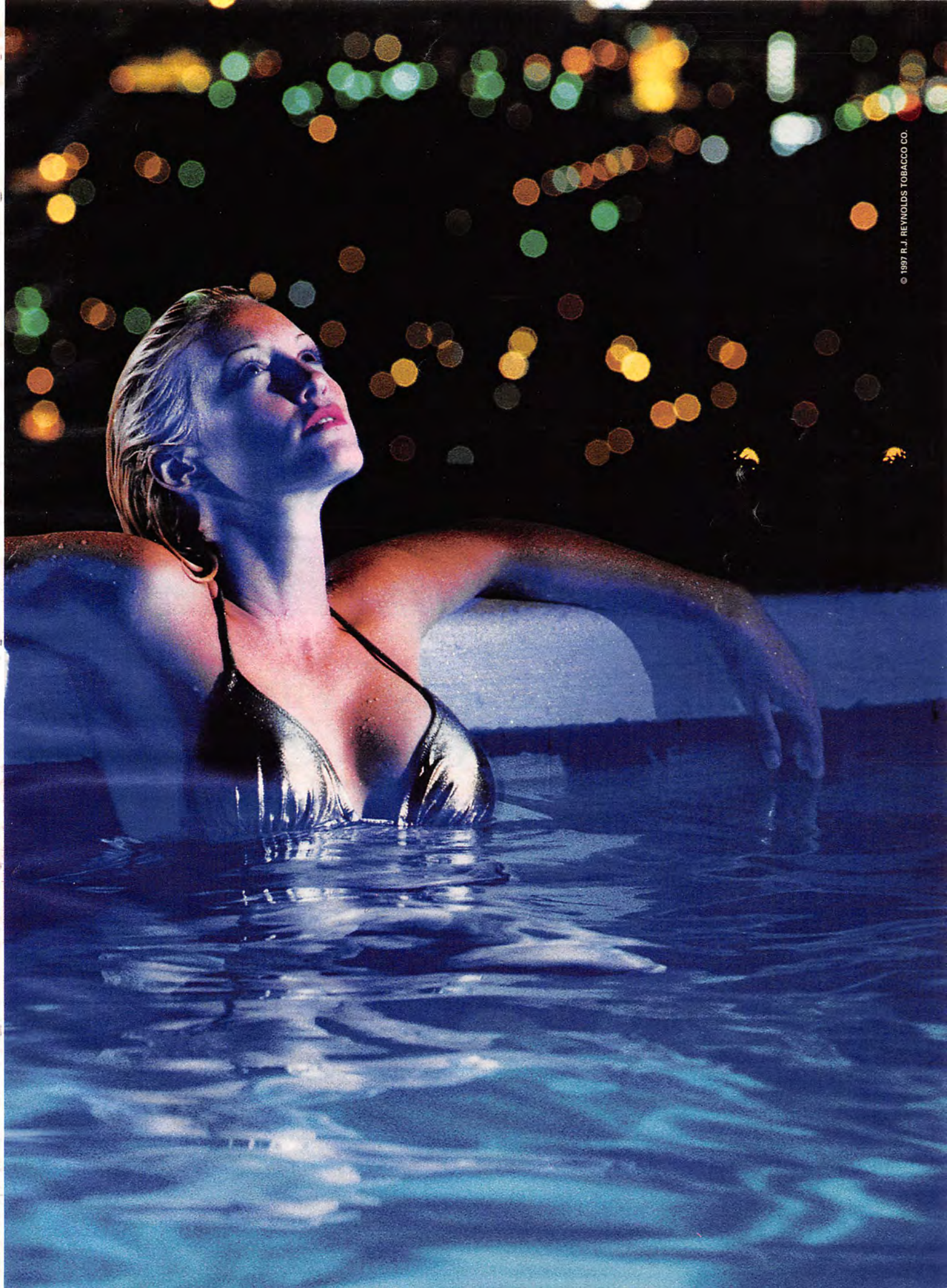
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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

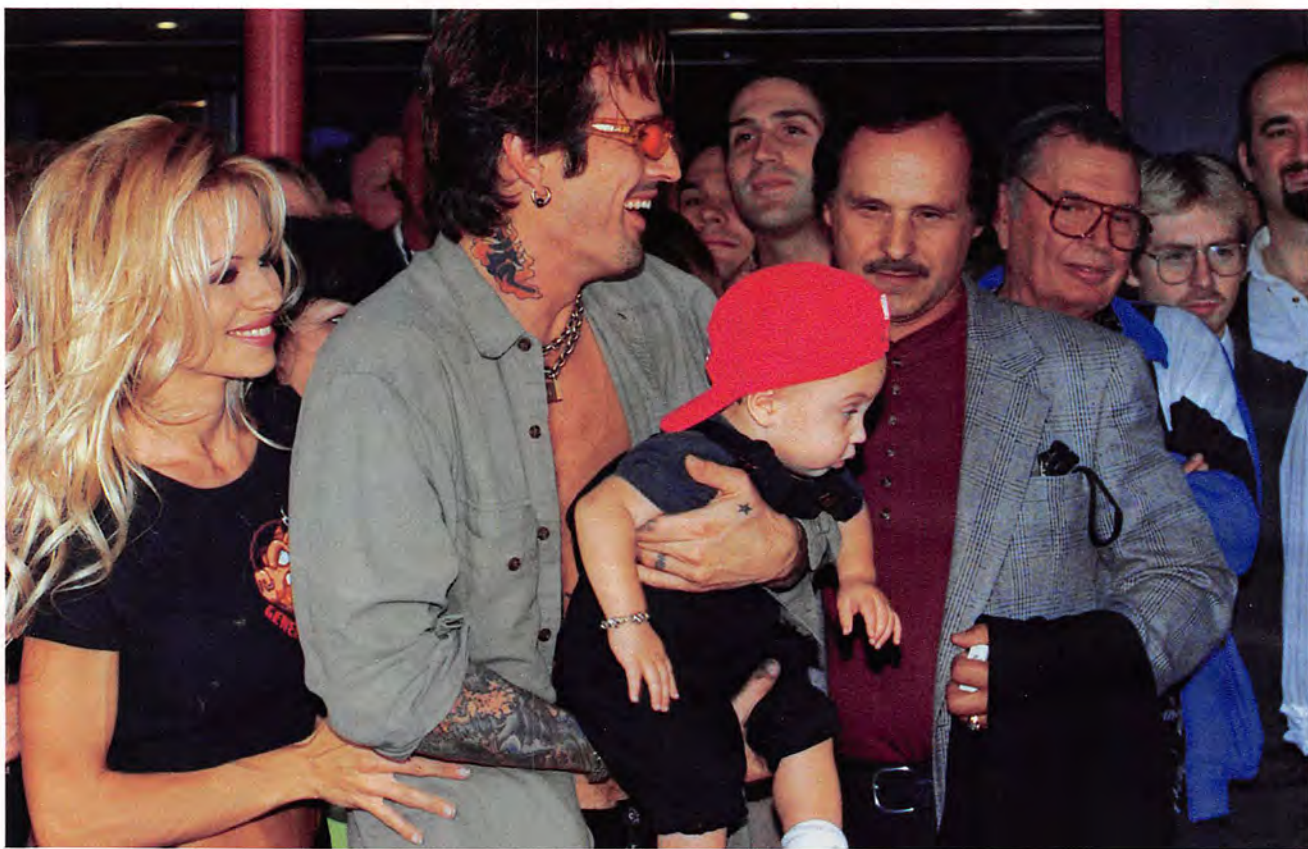


What you're  
looking for.









# PAMELA AND TOMMY LEE

## THE SEQUEL

"This is the greatest tape I've ever seen in my life.... It's great not only because of the sex and stuff, and it's Pam and it's Tommy Lee, two famous people, and Tommy's penis is ridiculously out of control. But forget about that. What's cool about it is that you get to live their lives with them.... And she's shaved all over, and then Tommy is looking at her, and all of a sudden he goes, 'Baby, spread your legs for me.' And she does, man, and I'm right there with him...."—Howard Stern

It was a Web dude's wet dream come true. There, in a tiny video frame on the computer screen, was Pamela Anderson baring her all and giving it over and over to her husband, Tommy Lee, in real-time streaming video.

This was the notorious video Anderson and Lee had gone to court to keep private, and it was now on the Internet. Every Web jockey who could made clips of the most lurid parts and saved them to disk. Every man who had an old computer made plans to upgrade to a faster C.P.U., a clearer color monitor, and a much bigger hard drive immediately. Every nerd cursed with a slow modem vowed to put in the \$3,000-per-month personal T-1 line first thing in the morning. If you had a

computer and an Internet connection and a healthy interest in sex, the Internet Entertainment Group's video Webcast of the fabled Pamela Anderson/Tommy Lee Luv Tape was something you couldn't miss. It was a coming-out party for the sex lives of the rich and famous on the Internet.

Before the explosive advent of the Internet and the World Wide Web, there were a number of technological limitations protecting people who wanted to safeguard their intellectual property and, at times, frustrate legitimate news stories and reporting. There was the cost of duplicating and distributing documents, tapes, records, and other items that made "freedom of the press" available to those who owned a press or a radio or TV station. When the Internet came of age, everyone who could afford a computer and a modem could be a publisher and distributor. The price of admission to the Fourth Estate dropped from millions to thousands.

Another protection available to the powerful had been that of lawyers and legal recourse, but as the Internet has shown again and again, in cyberspace federal laws are only local ordinances. A ruling of the United States Supreme Court has no immediate impact on material that is being published on



the Internet from a computer located in Finland, England, China, or any place on earth other than the United States.

These factors have been well known to legal experts and veterans of the Internet for many years. Time and again efforts to stop the distribution of intellectual property, rumors, slander, libel, and just plain embarrassing information had been thwarted by the technological realities of the global Internet, in which, thanks to the black magic of distributed computing, information is everywhere and nowhere.

But the Webcast of the Anderson tape over the Internet was the first time the cat of celebrity sex had been let out of the bag, never to return. Until that moment, Anderson and Lee had attempted, at the cost of untold thousands in legal fees, to maintain some semblance of control over the spread of the tape. Once the tape was put on the Internet, the prospect of any person controlling its distribution was lost forever. The tape was a piping-hot ticket, and everyone on the Internet (some 90 million people worldwide) could own at least portions of it for the price of connect time. It was the pornutopia bargain of the year: a tape that documented the Lees' sex life as nothing less than a nonstop fornication festival. The tape as seen on the Internet (its existence had been known since 1996, when *Penthouse* first published a report describing it) more than lives up to its billing as the most penetrating portrait of Pam Anderson's sex life to date.

Indeed, penetration is a major theme in a video that, stacked against other amateur efforts in the burgeoning field of personal home sex videos, can be regarded only as a minor masterpiece. Of course, the video's appeal is boosted by Pam Anderson in an even more compelling performance than her role in the nearly-straight-to-video feature film *Barb Wire*. In that film Pamela was mistakenly trying to act a character other than Pamela. In this video she reclaims her innate stardom by being just plain Pamela, your average off-duty global sex goddess, determined to have as much fun as she can and take a big bite out of life in the process. Indeed, some of the more attention-getting moments in the video come when Pamela is taking a big bite out of her husband as he attempts to maneuver motor vehicles on land and sea. After watching (and, needless to say, rewatching) this collection of random scenes from *The Erotic Adventures of Tommy and Pamela*, it's shocking to think that the world almost lost its



*The unwritten deal between today's pop culture and our superstar celebrities is: "We give you fame and wealth. In exchange, you let us watch you whenever we want." To Pam and Tommy Lee (seen at left with their son, Brandon), this truth is certainly now self-evident.*

chance to see it. After all, the unwritten deal between society and celebrities is: "We give you fame and wealth. In exchange, you let us watch you whenever we want." It is only when celebrities want to kick back, grab a little downtime, and put limits on our watching that trouble arises.

Trouble over these limits began around the Pamela-and-Tommy tape in May 1996, when a copy of it came into the possession of Bob Guccione and *Penthouse* magazine in the course of the news-gathering process for an article on the couple. At that time the tape was purported by the Lees to have been stolen from their home in California during extensive renovations. They claimed that the tape had been inside a safe in their home, and that the entire safe was at some point removed from the home by persons unknown. Soon thereafter the tape surfaced in the hands of a distributor who offered to sell copies to interested parties. There were, of course, many interested parties in the United States and Europe, some of whom owned magazines dedicated to observing the sex lives

of the rich and famous. *Penthouse* published an article referring to the tape, but no one had aired the tape itself. Aside from bootleg copies floating around the homes and offices of Hollywood insiders, people in the United States had no access to it through the media.

And so matters stood until early last November, when a California Superior Court judge ruled that the Internet Entertainment Group could offer free showings of the tape on its adult Websites. According to a report by Entertainment Wire on November 6, 1997, I.E.G.'s attorneys argued that the Lees had forfeited their right to privacy by discussing the tape's contents twice with a highly enthusiastic Howard Stern on Stern's widely syndicated radio broadcasts.

During two shows Stern joked and marveled at the explicit sex scenes and made many admiring references to the size and capability of Tommy Lee's equipment. During Stern's rhapsodic rendition of what was on the tape, Tommy Lee can be heard agreeing with him, although he swears that his tape-making days are over.

Tommy Lee can afford to retire from the personal-video business. He has already made what is probably the most popular private tape ever to go public. Michael Fleming reported in *Variety* that the tape had "spread like wildfire across Hollywood.... There have even been screening par-





*Pam and Tommy are international sexual icons, and corporate America has been quick to capitalize on their fame. They helped open the Las Vegas Hard Rock Café and Casino (below) and glittered at the American Music Awards (left). At right, a youthful fan at a Pizza Hut promotion gets an autographed nude with his takeout—which no doubt surprised Pizza Hut executives.*

ties." Fleming went on to provide a capsule description of the film for those readers unlucky enough to have missed out. "Like a couple of Energizer bunnies," Fleming wrote—with an enthusiasm almost equaling Howard Stern's—Anderson and Lee "make passionate love what seems like ten times in a short span of time, one place more inventive than the next.... A bootleg classic is born."

As it turned out, however, the *most* inventive place that our lovers Lee have sex is cyberspace. For when something of interest is reduced to the bits and bytes of the digital realm and placed, in any form, on the Internet, it immediately moves beyond the realm of forbidden or private information into the sphere of public information on a global scale. It is stored in so many different computers in so many different places, cities, and countries that reclaiming

any control of such virtual property is virtually impossible.

Within hours of the Anderson/Lee tape being put out on the Net from I.E.G.'s adult Websites, video clips of the most salacious scenes were posted on a myriad of other Websites for the personal viewing pleasure of millions. One Website managed by a person named "Dracul" put titles on a dozen of these clips ("Bedroom," "Suck," "Fuck," "And Yet Another Suck," "Sucking and Stick-shifting at the Same Time!!!," etc.) and made the clips available free to anyone who logged on to that site. The same scenes along with stills were copied into the Usenet



Pamela Anderson newsgroups and promulgated into millions of computers around the world for anyone with enough Internet savvy to see and save to their own personal computer. Over the course of the next few days, hundreds of Websites and individuals were offering to sell copies of the

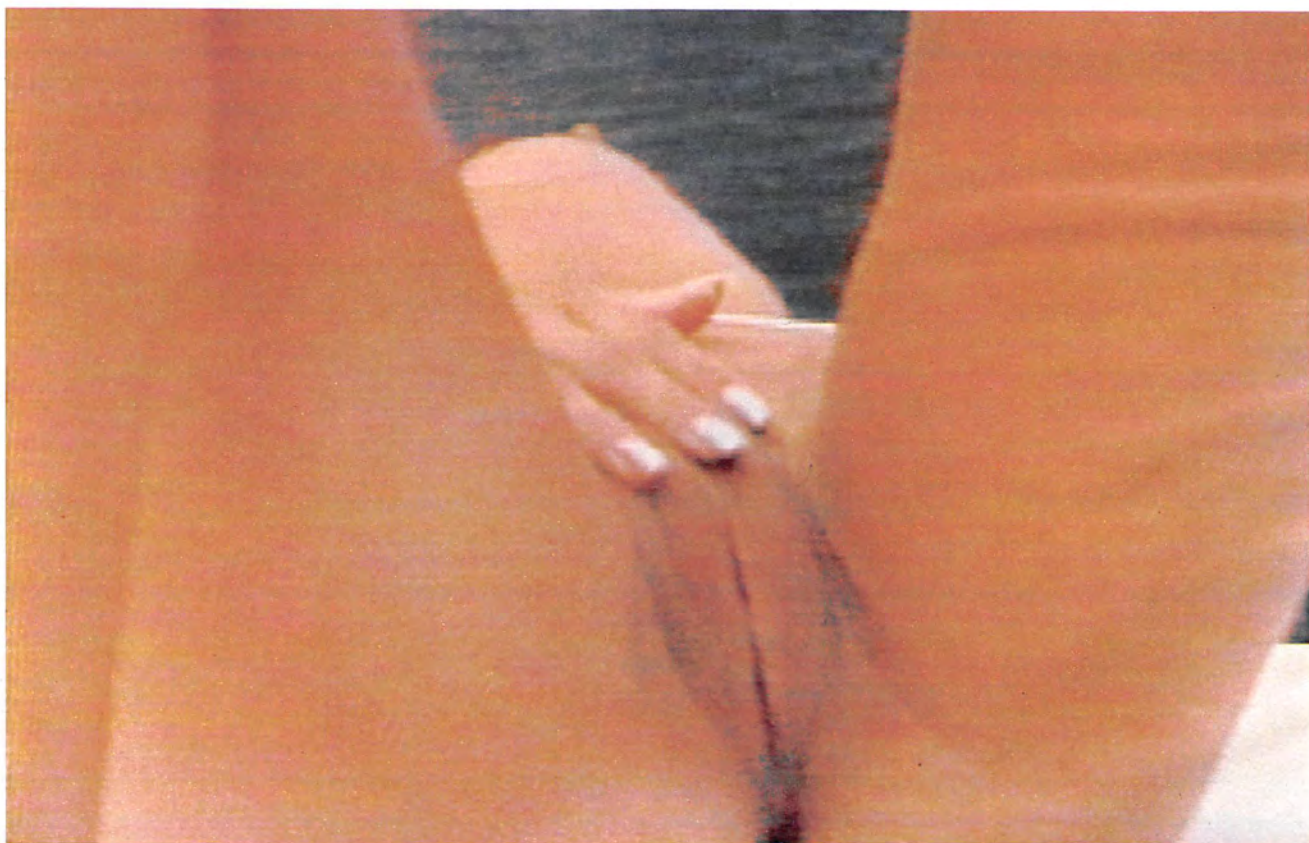
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Tommy: "We have fun...." Howard: "I know you do. You know what was sexy? Pam rolling the joint. Oh, my God! I'm out of my mind with that. She's like, 'Oh, baby, get the camera off me. I'm nervous. I can't do it so good.'" Tommy: "Oh, man!"  
 —"Howard Stern Show," Oct. 24, 1997. All stills on pages 35–40 courtesy of Internet Entertainment Group (I.E.G.)





*"A video is burning up the V.C.R.'s of Hollywood execs.... Like a couple of Energizer bunnies, the two make passionate love what seems like ten times in a short span of time, one place more inventive than the next. There's an attempt at foreplay behind the wheel, with danger averted only when Tommy pulls over,*





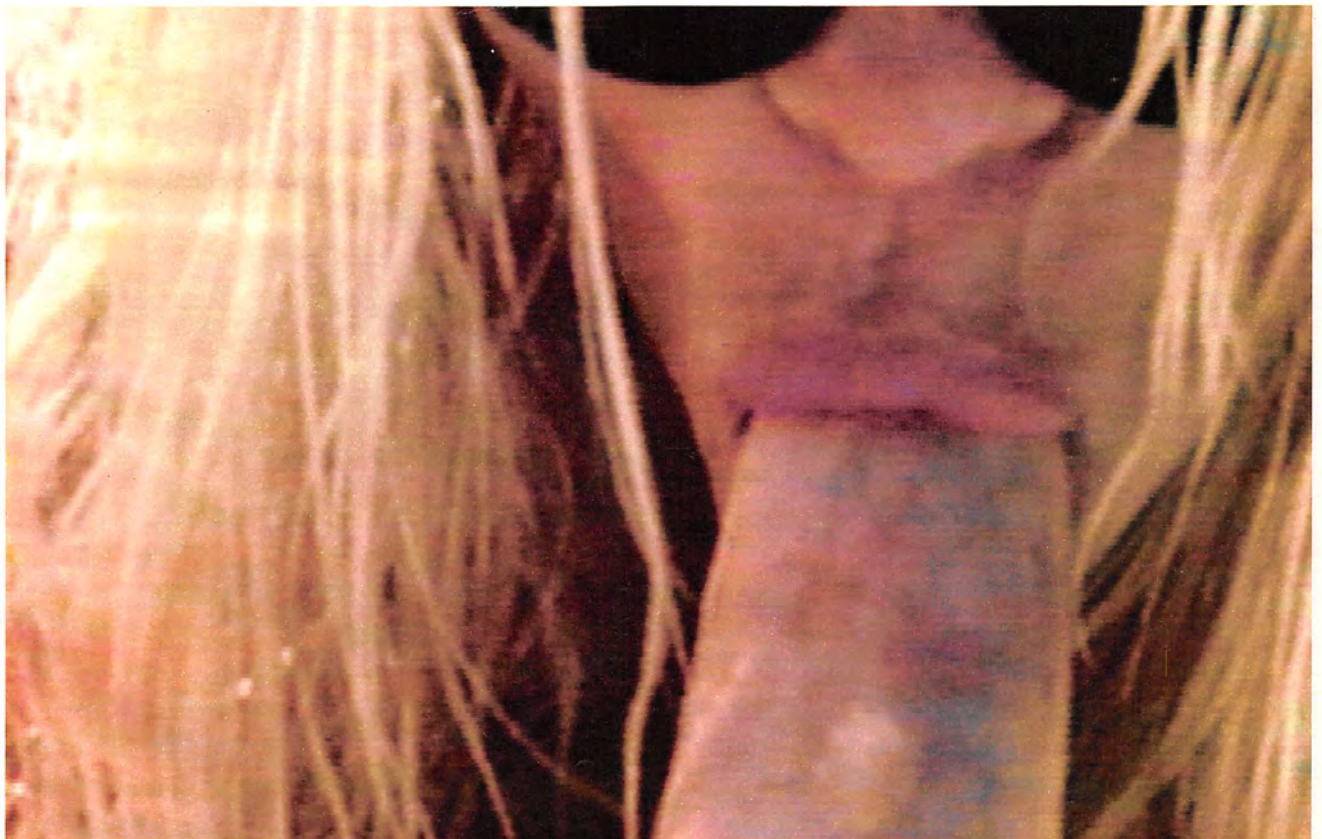
*opting for the relative safety of the backseat.... Soon Tommy strips, and while the ... tattoos up and down his arms, legs, and back are eye-catchers, they're dwarfed by an endowment that might make Boogie Nights' Dirk Diggler envious.... A bootleg classic is born."—Variety, Nov. 17, 1997*





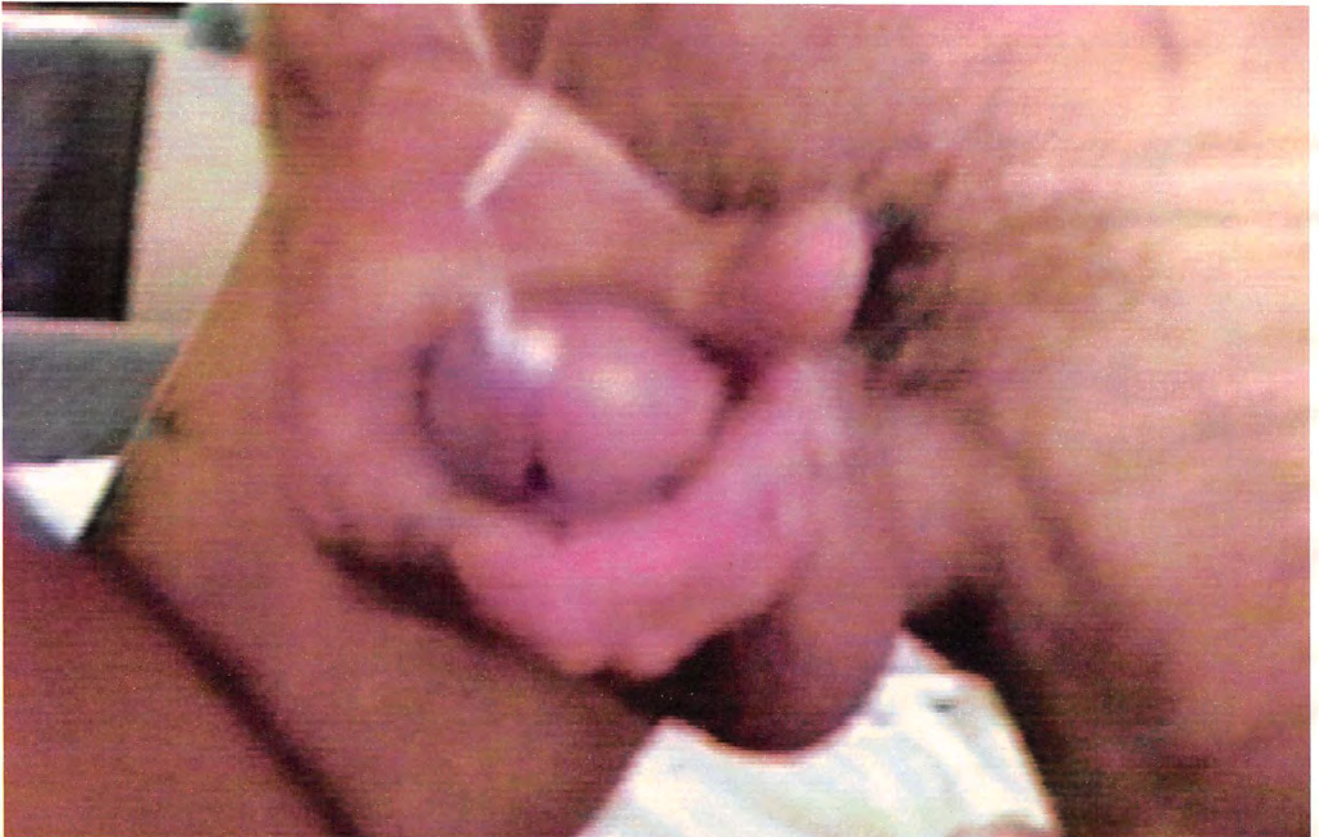
*Howard: "I hail this man!... I've never gushed over someone like this in my life. While Tommy is receiving oral favors from Pam, he's not only directing—he's saying, 'Honey, move your hair.' He's holding on the camera perfectly, so I can see everything," Robin Quivers: "She was able to handle everything."*





Howard: "Man, oh, man! And the sex talk when you guys make love, perfect.... Then Tommy takes out his weapon of choice.... And oh, my God! I'm sitting there going, 'Look at this guy, he's in a rock-'n'-roll band, he's got money, and look at this thing between his legs.'"—"Howard Stern Show," Oct. 24, 1997

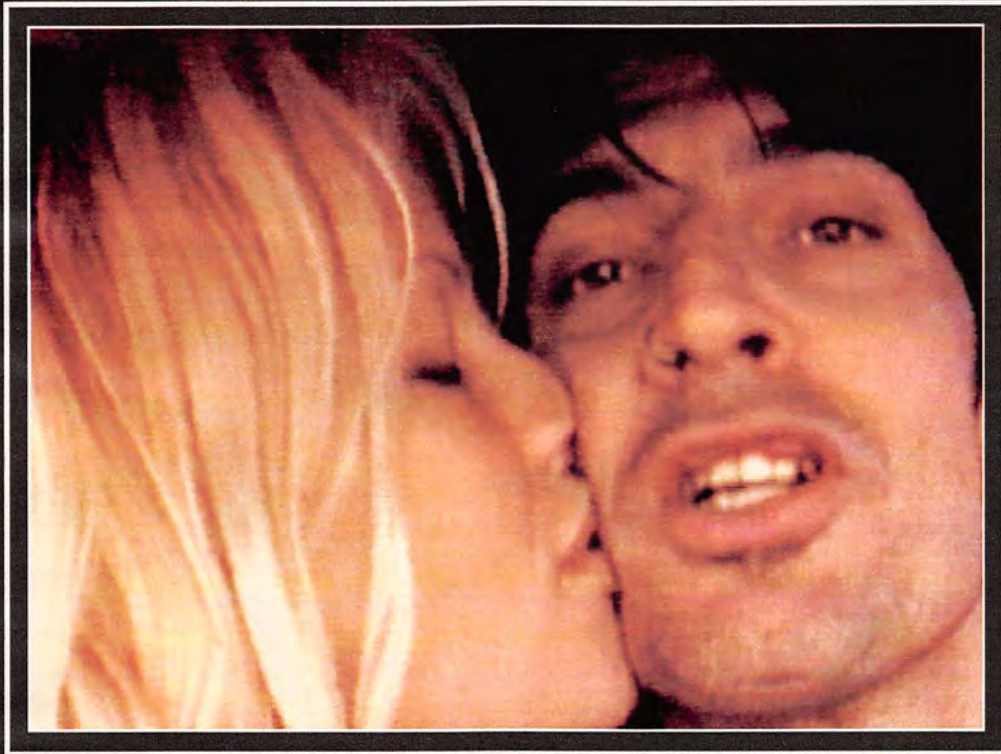




*"So many women fight over how big their diamonds are, but the size of the stones is really about their man's ego over his little thing.... I have no diamonds.... There's a very select group of people who see [Tommy's] penis. But it says, 'Pamela.' And when he gets excited, it says, 'I love Pamela very, very much.'"*—Pam Anderson, quoted in *Movieline*, January 1996



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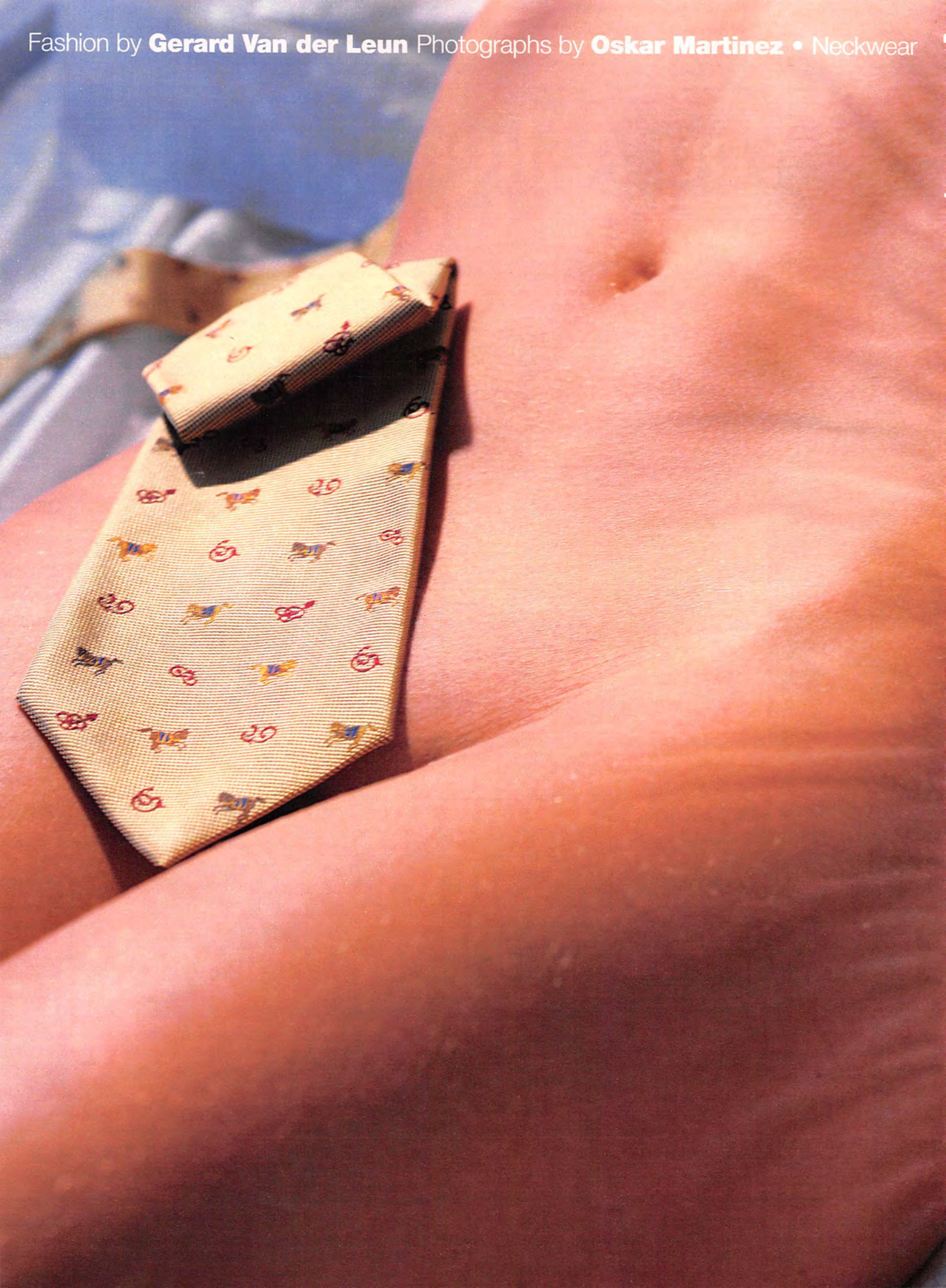
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Never be blind to quality. Flair in neckwear is found in the fabric ... and that fabric must always be silk. *Left:* One of the finer ties from **Salvatore Ferragamo**. *Right, top to bottom:* A rich burgundy selection from **Giorgio Armani**, a luminescent blue patterned stripe by **a. testoni**, a handsome mauve by **Vitaliano Pancaldi**.

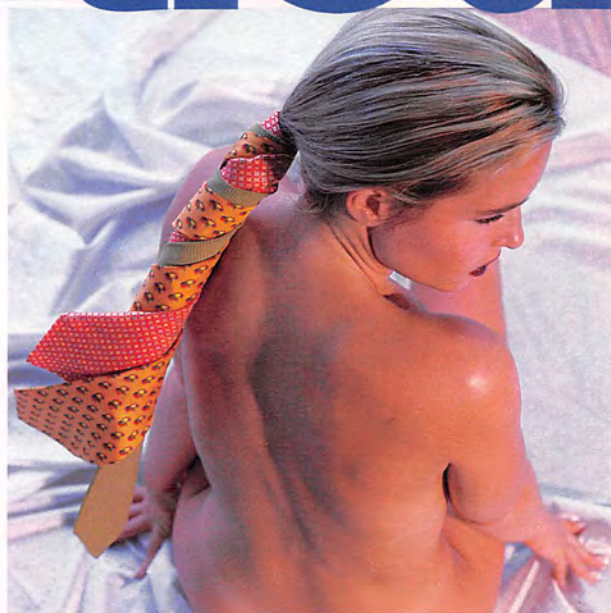
In the end, ties must wrap smoothly around the body and themselves. *Below, top to bottom:* Microprint yellow



# fit<sup>to</sup> be tied

from **Ferragamo**, steel-blue and gray muted stripe by the subtle **Joseph Abboud**, and an eye-catching large pattern by **Lagerfeld**.

Fine ties are elegant office wear's backup. *Right, top to bottom:* A rhythmical pattern of reds by **Pancaldi**, an arresting soft orange print from **a. testoni**, and a firm foundation of green by **Armani**. For more information on where to find these ties, see Fashion Finder on page 127. 





***"Boxing doesn't make me less of a woman. It doesn't  
I have no nickname ... no boyfriend.... I'm married***

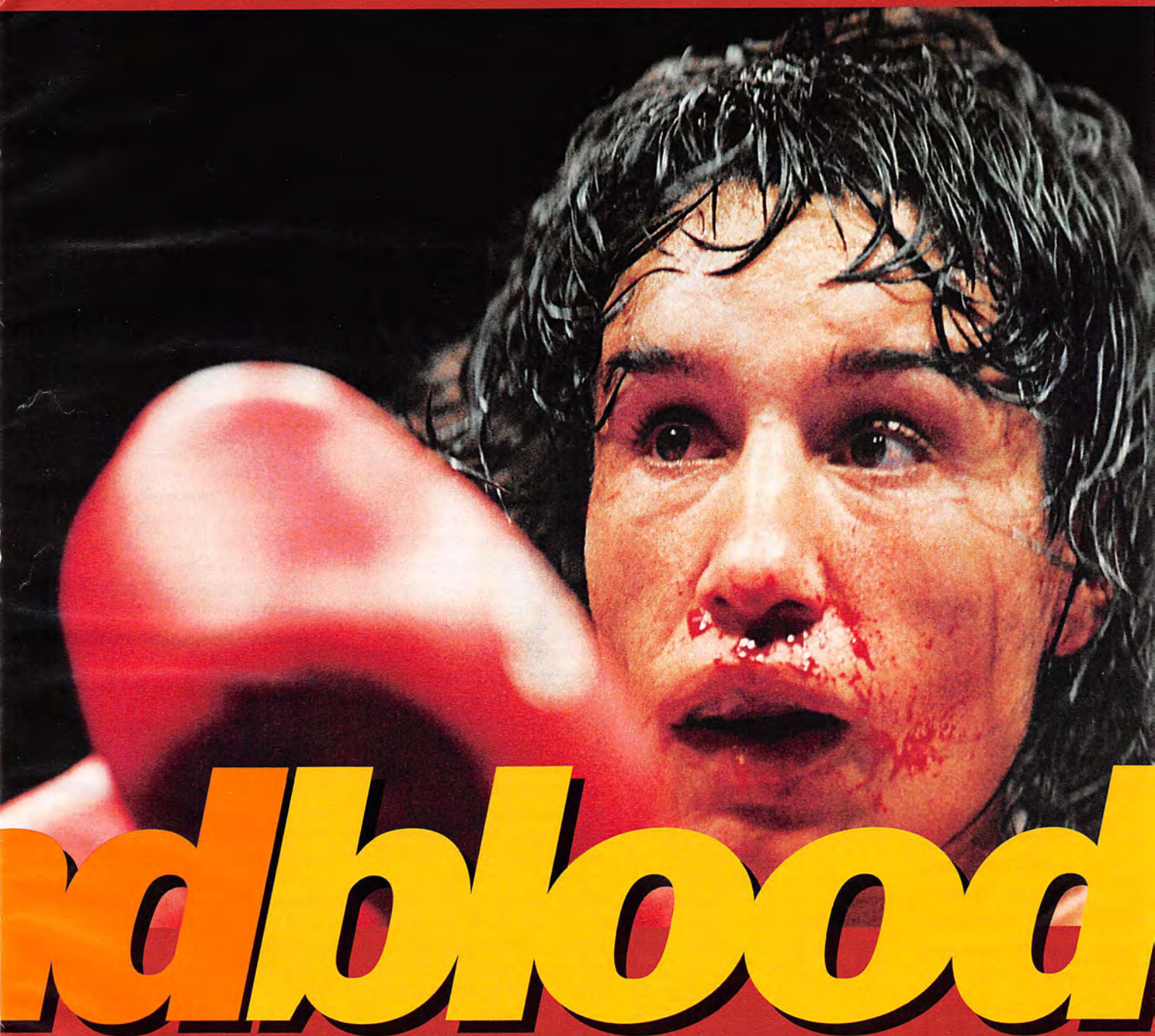


# **fleshan**

Article by **John D. Harris**



**turn me into a man. Boxing has no sexual identity.  
to my sport.... I'm a warrior!"—Jolene Blackshear**



# nd blood

**Lips of rouge, fists of fury:  
Christy Martin (left, hammering Isra  
Girgrah) and former welter-  
weight champion Mary Ann Almager  
(above) have helped  
transform women's boxing.**





**"If you don't like it, don't watch it!" declares former Penthouse Pet Christine Dupree (above right). Other contenders (from top): "Pulverizing" Paula Faye, Fredia "The Cheetah" Gibbs, and Bridgett "Baby Doll" Riley.**



Excitement is rising to fever pitch in the jammed 800-seat auditorium. It is Saturday night at the "Reseda Country Club," a dingy, barnlike structure in a hard-working section of suburban Los Angeles, far from the glamour of Hollywood.

Posters plastered to the peeling walls proclaim "The First Televised All-Female Fistic Presentation!"

The so-called country club is actually a faded neighborhood rock-'n'-roll concert hall and professional-prizefight arena. Tonight there's no rock 'n' roll. It is fight night. It is *ladies' night!*

Many of the spectators in the raucous crowd are wearing jeans, T-shirts, and baseball caps turned backward. They've come to cheer and boo fighters with names like Dee "Dynamite" Dufo, Christine "Crunch" Dupree (a 1985 *Penthouse* centerfold), Bonnie "Cobra" Canino, "Pulverizing" Paula Faye, Gina "Boom Boom" Guidi, Tracy "Lady" Byrd (a Detroit police officer), and Bridgett "Baby Doll" Riley.

Some onlookers are jaded old-time boxing fans, long inured to the brutality, sleaze, and corruption of the male pugilistic

world. Others are curious parents and children, a number of jeering, beer-swilling teenagers guffawing about "hits on tits," and a scattering of avid, wide-eyed, sexually turned-on women.

"You've got fans who are skeptical but curious," boxer Fredia "The Cheetah" Gibbs of Studio City, California (sometimes billed as "The Most Dangerous Woman in the World"), tells the press. "You've got guys who like [to see women] mud wrestling. And guys who are here hoping one of the women's tops will pop off during a fight."

The time for the first bell approaches. The hubbub dies down to a murmur, then a tense silence. The crowd smells blood. All eyes are on the raised, brilliantly illuminated, 20-foot-square roped-off enclosure traditionally misnamed the ring.

For decades, the Reseda Country Club ring has been the scene of top-level professional boxing. The warriors have included former world middleweight champion Michael Nunn, heavyweight Jerry Quarry (who fought Muhammad Ali), and welterweights Oscar De La Hoya and Julio Cesar Chavez.

But tonight it is two well-constructed women who evoke rowdy applause as they duck through the ropes, climb into the ring, and take their seats in the corners. They are surrounded by male veteran trainers and the "cut" men, who treat minor cuts and abrasions. (The usual ring-side doctor, who can instantly stop a fight, is also present.)

The combatants wear eight-ounce gloves, mouthpieces, knee-length trunks, laced boots, and tank tops that cover heavy plastic torso guards to protect breasts in the same way that crotch cups protect genitals.

A busty female referee clad in tight shirt, trousers, a bow tie, and sporting a short square haircut climbs into the ring. The tuxedo-clad male announcer ceremoniously intones in booming voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Reseda Country Club, and an eight-bout boxing card. *Let's get ready to rumble!*"

The two women hurl themselves out of their corners, lips pursed, eyes narrowed in viciousness. They attack each other savagely, slamming blows to the head and body. The battle is so fierce that for some first-time observers it is difficult to absorb the fact that the fighters are women.

Within minutes one of the fighters receives a barrage of punches that forces her onto the ropes. Clearly audible is the rapid-fire, hammer-like *thud, thud, thud* of leather on flesh. Many in the crowd rise to their feet, screaming with excitement.

The hapless victim's arms sag and she crumples to her knees. The referee waves her dancing opponent away. The downed fighter rises, dazed and staggering, her face streaming blood.

The ref stops the fight. She raises the other gladiator's hand. The spectators continue to roar. They eagerly await the next bout—and maybe more blood.

What does one prominent female boxer think about the whole ritual?

"Well, despite what some people think about female boxing, I'm not afraid of my looks getting hurt," says Bridgett Riley.





*"Do you think a group of gay wee people who came over to march in the St. Patrick's Day parade would be acceptable to the bishop?"*



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"If my nose gets broken I'll just get it fixed. And so far I've never taken a severe blow to my breasts." Back in St. Louis, Riley was also a champion gymnast, a kickboxer, a star soccer goalie, and a cheerleader.

"Baby Doll" Riley, now of Sherman Oaks, a Los Angeles suburb, is five foot four and weighs in at a svelte 116 pounds. Her smile makes the sweet science seem even sweeter. This shapely brunette with large brown eyes, a soft melodic voice, and an entirely feminine persona is rated by experts as a coming champion. She says, simply, that boxing is a sport "regardless of gender."

Baby Doll's views are amplified by some of the other women who are electrifying—and maybe puzzling—boxing fans today. Among them:

- Fredia "The Cheetah" Gibbs. At five foot seven and 135 pounds, she accepts that title of The Most Dangerous Woman in the World with some humor. "My mom is the most dangerous woman in the world," said Gibbs to this reporter.

What about damage to one's looks?

"It comes with the territory," she said. "I once had eight stitches over my eye. Now you can't tell it happened."

Does boxing affect the Cheetah's sexuality?

"It increases it. The more I box the better shape I'm in and the sexier I feel." But, she added, "we have ovaries. And I want to have children someday. So I wear a specially made groin protector, the same as men do. Most women boxers just wear a breast protector. I wear both."

Gibbs said her mother gave her the Cheetah nickname, in admiration of Fredia's lightning speed in school athletics in Pennsylvania. The Cheetah's hands are legally registered as lethal weapons.

"I got into boxing because I saw the possibility of good money, maybe \$3,000 a fight," Gibbs said. "People who criticize female boxing are stuck way back. They have to realize that women athletes are here to stay."

- Bonnie "The Cobra" Canino, a Florida native of Puerto Rican descent. Canino, 32, five foot six, 126 pounds, owns two gyms in South Florida in which she trains men and women, mostly in boxing and martial arts.

"Boxing is like chess," Canino says. "It's very competitive, while I'm calm and cool. The only people I know who are against female boxing are those who've never seen it. So they shouldn't say anything about it."

Canino is single, with a steady boyfriend. Her nickname was given to

her "because of my deadly sting."

What about punches that might affect her looks?

"There's nothing plastic surgery can't handle," she said with a laugh. "But in 12 years of boxing I've been hit only a few times. I train five days a week, three hours a day, with men and women sparring partners. It's hard to find women who are up to my standards. I usually spar with men who are faster and better than me."

Canino said one of her most difficult fights had been against Beverly Szymanski, whom Bonnie termed "one tough woman" and a "brawler puncher."

"But I took only 15 punches during the fight, while I landed 250 punches on her," Canino said. "So I won. The main thing in boxing is not to get hit. I've never been knocked out. I've won 31 kickboxing fights—it's a fun sport—and eight straight boxing fights."

- Beverly Szymanski, on her defeat by Bonnie Canino: "There's always a next time." A 34-year-old brunette housewife and mother of two from Marine City, Michigan, Szymanski is a five-foot-three featherweight at 120 to 125 pounds.

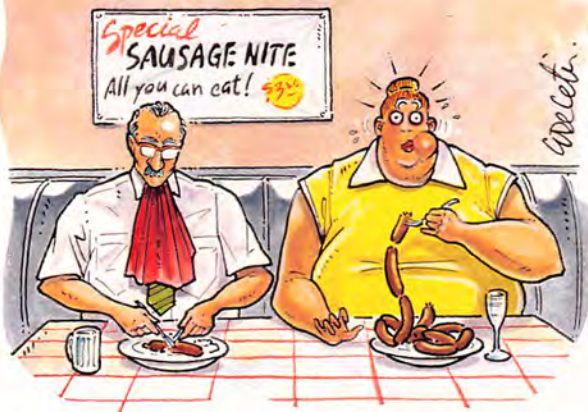
"Boxing—I live it, I eat it, I breathe it," she said. "I got into it after watching women's kickboxing on TV—when I was an overweight, pleasantly plump house-

## GREAT MOMENTS IN

## HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

**J**une 6, 1974: Dr. Henry J. Heimlich and his wife Sue Emma just moments prior to the inception of his famous lifesaving maneuver.



**T**he last of the Mohicans.





wife, 170 pounds. So I went to a gym in Detroit, and they trained me.

"Now I get about \$200 per round," Szymanski adds. "I haven't made gas money yet, but I'm a superhero to my 14-year-old daughter and 12-year-old son. My son got into an argument with another kid, who said, 'My dad can beat up your dad.' And my son said, 'My mom can beat up your dad.'"

"I commute 112 miles a day, five days a week, to my Detroit gym. And as far as getting hurt in the ring, well," says Szymanski, "there's no pain in the world compared to that of having kids."

• Christine "Crunch" Dupree, a Los Angeles beauty who still has the slim, devastating figure that made her a Penthouse Pet and cover girl. The former stripper at bachelor parties is five foot four and 118 pounds, with soft brown hair and big brown eyes. She protects her "sensitive" nose with a special noseguard in the ring.

"Once I showed up as a stripper at a bachelor party with a black eye," she said, "and they loved it. But black eyes don't last long, and I've never been really hurt."

"Boxing keeps me in shape; it gives me self-esteem, a sense of pride," she added. "And when a woman feels good she feels more sexy. I train mostly with men. I like being around very physical, powerful guys."

• Jolene Blackshear, a five-foot, 112-pound blonde from Santa Rosa, California. An honors graduate in biology, from Sonoma State, she's now pursuing a master's degree in kinesiology (physical education).

"I box because it's more than just a sport," Blackshear says. "It's like an art form. It's very deep, with more power to it than I ever thought. I've never had my nose broken, and I've never been knocked out."

How does boxing affect her sexuality?

"It doesn't make me less of a woman. It doesn't turn me into a man. Boxing has no sexual identity. I have no nickname. No boyfriend. I'm married to my sport. I'm a warrior!"

Matt Helreich of Los Angeles, a national patriarch of boxing publicists—he worked on the three Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fights in the 1970s—is a man who keeps an entire encyclopedia of boxing in his graying, bullet-shaped head. Helreich says, "Female boxing is a legitimate, competitive sport that is exploding—from virtually zero a few years ago to around 400 fighters in the United States today. Their average age is around 26. They get from \$200 to \$5,000 a round—to a ten-round maximum—and that will go up."

"The sport first appeared here around 1994—when women were sometimes called 'Foxy Fighters,'" Helreich continues. "This led to the formation in Los

Angeles of the International Female Boxers' Association."

A principal goal of the I.F.B.A., Helreich says, is to include women's boxing in future Olympic Games. "There's no intent to compete with male boxing—and there can never, never be any possibility of female boxers fighting male boxers."

The first female boxer to be taken seriously by the male-dominated United States athletic community was brunette Christy Martin, five foot four, 133 pounds, following the appearance of her picture on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* on April 15, 1996. The now 28-year-old Martin—a real-life coal-miner's daughter—likes to wear white leather miniskirts and, in the ring, pink shorts.

Martin again made headlines on June 28, 1997, at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. Earning a reported unprecedented (for a woman) purse of \$100,000—some say it was more like \$75,000—she was the first female to fight as a member of the Don King ring stable that includes former world heavyweight champion Mike Tyson.

Martin was on the "undercard," or first bout, of an otherwise all-male, eight-event card. She defeated her opponent, Andrea DeShong, in a brief murderous encounter that left the canvas spattered with blood. It happened to be the same evening that culminated in the notorious world-heavyweight championship battle between Tyson and Evander Holyfield in which Holyfield lost part of an ear to Tyson's molars and won the fight as a result after Tyson was disqualified.

The question naturally arises as to whether women, with fundamentally different body structures, are more vulnerable to injury than male boxers.

Dr. Joseph Estwanik is a sports-medicine specialist and orthopedic surgeon in Charlotte, North Carolina. He's been a ringside doctor for more than 15 years, supervising thousands of bouts, and is currently chairman and organizer of the annual "Ringside Physicians' Course" at the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs.

"We see very little difference in exposure risk between male and female boxers," Estwanik told me. "Some women boxers have speculated, tongue in cheek, that women are better internally protected than men, who, they note, have everything hanging out."

In his book *Sports Medicine for the Combat Arts*, Estwanik wrote, "Repeated trauma to the breast will not cause cancer" and "gynecological experts assure us that a woman's ovaries and even a first-trimester pregnant uterus are effectively protected within the bony ring of the pelvis." However, he noted that "fight promot-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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# JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

*The enemies of liberty are taking aim once again at freedom of speech on the Internet.*

**T**he First Amendment—and the adult-sex industry—barely dodged a bullet last year when the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the Communications Decency Act. But the enemies of liberty are reloading and taking aim once again at freedom of speech on the Internet.

Had the Communications Decency Act—which was supported by the Clinton administration—been upheld, everything transmitted via Internet would have had to pass an incredibly restrictive test; it would have had to be suitable for the youngest children capable of using a computer. Putting anything online that could be deemed “indecent” or “patently offensive” by a local community would have been punishable by a possible two-year prison sentence and a steep fine. Moreover, since cyberspace is everywhere, it’s possible that the community standards of the most reactionary local community would have governed. Imagine Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, and Pat Buchanan deciding what is suitable for our children—and for us.

No wonder Justice John Paul Stevens viewed the act as potentially punishing the mother who might send her 17-year-old college-freshman daughter computerized information about birth control or sexually transmitted diseases. Justice Stevens also worried that under the act any chat-room discussion about abortion or prison rape might be criminal. All it would have taken to criminalize such a discussion would have been to have a 17-year-old “child” log on to that chat room. The mere threat could have effectively stopped all manner of constitutionally protected speech regarded as offensive by the most conservative community in America.

Freedom won—this time. But in the aftermath I sense a real concern among parents about the dangers of the Internet to their children. Horror stories abound. There is now a concerted effort among those who would censor the Internet to frighten parents into demanding more control over their children’s

access to the adult material currently online.

There are three possible ways to keep children from seeing adult material on the Internet.

The first and preferred solution—parental control—will, alas, not work. Parents cannot sit by their children’s computers 24 hours a day and monitor everything.

This reality leads to the second—and least preferred—solution: legal censorship. It’s the one favored by most politicians, but the one that most threatens our liberty. The Internet is the single most important innovation in the means of communication since the printed book replaced the handwritten scroll. To impose a regime of censorship on this developing technology,


before we even understand its full capability, is to surrender to fear.

The third solution is technology. Significant research must be devoted to inventing an electronic means of enabling busy parents to control their children’s access to material that *they*—the parents—believe is unsuitable for *their* particular child.

The Supreme Court, in striking down the Communications Decency Act, explicitly referred to the need for such technology, and to its current unavailability. The High Court decided that *in the meantime* it would not permit the imposition of a broad regime of censorship. But the

“meantime” cannot last forever.

Some primitive technological controls have already been developed. Certain key words—such as “pornography”—can be used to limit the access of children to egregious “adult” sites. But this will not satisfy parents concerned about chat rooms and other accessible sites featuring questionable material.

Eventually we may have to move to an adults-only Internet, one to which children may log on only with parental consent. This may deny near-adults access to information entirely suitable to their needs. But that’s better than denying all adults access to information the First Amendment guarantees them. 





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By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

"Stick her finger where?" Mike squealed. "That's an exit, not an entrance."

A few other guys in the group smiled at Mike's reaction to the suggestion of stimulating inside his rear end. They had long since abandoned similar objections after learning the pleasures of the rectal stimulation becomingly known in



**Be glad for the gland: Jump-start your sex life with external prostate massage.**

some circles as the "male-sacred-spot massage."

California tantric sex master John Hill, training this group as he has hundreds of men, reassured Mike. "The secret delight is the chestnut-like structure about an inch inside toward the front wall," he said. "The poor prostate has a bad rap because so many men develop problems and inflammations, but it's like a woman's G spot."

The right touch can help delay ejaculation, prolong pleasure, and intensify orgasm. More smiles from the men who knew.

You can get close to it externally by pressing the indentation on the perineum—the "taint" or in-between



spot—midway between the base of the scrotum and the rectal opening.

Many guys have called my LovePhones radio advice show confessing, in whispered or bravado tones to cover embarrassment, "I, uh, like my girlfriend to put things [they mean a finger or vibrator] in my, uh, butt," or like to touch around the opening during masturbation.

Their biggest worry: "Does that mean I, uh, am into guys?" Fear not, anal stimulation does not a homosexual make, since muscles and nerve endings at the opening can spike arousal for anyone.

"Women may worry too," Hill's seminar co-leader, Miriam Serman, adds. "Reassure them that it doesn't make you gay or sick." Quite to the contrary, it can be emotionally healing, as feelings held there can be released under a loving touch. Be prepared for possible anger or pain—from clumsiness or abuse—but also for unexpected ecstasy.

The women get

instructions: Trim your nails. Clean and relax your lover with a bath and body massage. Coo loving words. Rest a lubricated (gloved) finger at his lubricated opening, and let him push against you when he's ready. Ask permission to enter. Go slowly, while he tenses and releases his muscles for more sensation.

Businessman Larry Clapp in his new book *Prostate Health in 90 Days* (Hay House) reveals how he discovered that prostate massage was physically healing too. "My prostate was lopsided and hard," he says. "But working the muscles around it made the blood flow more freely, so, like a healthier heart, it breathed better." As his gland softened and shrank, his pleasure grew.

Clapp chronicles the steps of self-massage in his book: Lying on your back, draw knees up to your chest, spreading them apart and keeping the soles of the feet pressed together while relaxing the knees toward the floor. Repeat this up-and-down motion six

to 12 times daily. Adding internal massage from a loving partner ups the healing and the pleasure.

Some doctors are alarmed over internal play. Los Angeles urologist Dudley Danoff, M.D., author of *Superpotency* (Warner Books), warns that probing during erection and ejaculation can cause pressure, urethral obstruction, and bacterial backflow that can lead to dangerous infections. He recounts medical literature on men in the 1890s who suffered discomfort, disorders, and even death from complications caused by French prostitutes inserting fingers into men's rectums to push on the prostate during ejaculation. Stick to the safer external pressing on the perineum by hand or Jacuzzi jets, he recommends. Or go natural: Enjoy the exercise, relief, and pressure a bowel movement provides.

More tips for a healthy prostate: looser clothes (to keep muscles relaxed and blood flowing freely) and regular sex.

It is not uncommon for male-sacred-spot virgins to become attached to the first partner to please them that way. As Mike said of his girlfriend after his first experience, "She broke my cherry and won me over." The once exit-only had indeed become an entrance ... to his heart. 



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down, but there were two women and two men having wild sex in the middle of the woods. Julian pushed the volume button and the room was filled with sounds of enthusiastic orgasms.

I just stood there watching the screen, unable to say anything. Julian stood up, took me by the arm, and sat me down on the couch. My eyes were glued to the screen. I had never seen anyone do anything like that before in my life. I had had only one boyfriend in high school, and we only fooled around once or twice before we broke up in our senior year. I had lost my virginity, but it wasn't very enjoyable. The women on the screen were definitely enjoying themselves.

Julian put his hand on my leg and jerked me back to reality. I stood up just as he tried to slip his hand between my legs. His watch caught on one of the buttons on my skirt and three of the six buttons popped open. He managed to undo the rest of them and my skirt fell to the floor, leaving me in my white cotton G-string and shirt. I was embarrassed, but just then the screen flickered. I looked over and saw a man eating out a woman. This caught

Julian's eye as well and he put his hands on my waist, stood up, then pulled me closer to him. I could feel his cock poking through the light material of his pants. He leaned in and kissed me, first on my forehead, then my nose, then my lips. With his cock pressing into me, I was beginning to feel aroused, so I didn't stop his advances.

Julian sat on the couch and pulled me down next to him. I couldn't keep my eyes off the screen. I had never seen anything like this before. Julian took note of my fascination and began unbuttoning my shirt to expose my tits, which were practically popping out of my bra. I let him unfasten the front clasp and release my breasts. He began kissing them and sucking on the nipples as I watched the video over his shoulder.

Then the scene changed again and the other man began eating out the other woman on a picnic table. I moaned softly, surprised by how much I was enjoying this. Julian saw the screen and slid down my tummy to my G-string. He tugged it down my legs and over my shoes. He spread my legs as wide as he could and began kissing his way toward my pussy. I was shaking by this time. I had never had this done before and was amazed at how good it felt.

He stuck his fat tongue into my hole, wiggled it around, then started sucking

and pinching my clit. I had never felt anything so good, and came with a muffled scream. Julian looked up at me with a smile. He kissed his way back up my tummy and across my breasts to my mouth. Then he kissed me long and hard, and I could taste myself on his lips.

He didn't say a word as he stood up and pulled off his clothes to expose a penis that the guy on the screen would have been envious of. His cock was huge—at least seven inches long and as big around as my wrist. Just then the screen flickered again and there was a busty woman giving a man a blowjob. Julian smiled and wagged his erect cock in my face. Then he sat down on the couch as I crawled between his legs. I watched the woman on the screen and did what she did. I must have been doing it right because Julian started breathing heavily and wiggling his hips. After a few more strokes with my tongue Julian stiffened as come spurted out of his dick like a fountain. The woman on the screen continued to suck, so I began lapping away at the come as it shot out of Julian. This was another first for me, and it was good.

I looked up at Julian and he pulled me to his lips. I kissed him so he could taste himself. I could feel his dick twitching again as it quickly came back to life.

Julian lay me back onto the couch and spread my legs again. He positioned himself on top of me, and I felt his hard dick against my thigh for a moment. Then he raised up and thrust himself into me. I could feel him all the way in the pit of my tummy. It felt as if little lightning bolts were going through me. Julian paused for a second, then began kissing my breasts again. After a moment I wiggled my hips, and he began moving in and out slowly. Gradually his pace quickened and he started sweating. His sweat dripped onto me and ran down between my tits as they bounced around. I had never felt so good in all my life.

As Julian thrust in and out, faster and faster, I peeked over his shoulder at the video. A man was ramming his dick into a woman from behind. I told Julian to stop. Reluctantly, he did, and gave me a strange look. I told him, "I want to do that," and pointed at the screen. He looked and smiled. He pulled out and let me get up onto my knees. I moved around so that I was facing the television. I wanted to watch the action as he banged away at me from behind. I could feel his heavy balls slapping away. He reached around and started playing with my breasts as they swung to and fro. Then he reached down and started playing with my clit, sending little shocks through my body with each movement. We both had terrific orgasms right at the same time. I felt his come splash inside me.

Julian pulled out of me, but was still



"I'll have what the lady's drinking."





# Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Kim Dalton

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

## THE EL NIÑO WORKOUT

The weather's still wacky, so exercising outdoors is on hold, and getting to the gym is a pain. Meanwhile, your girlfriend is making smart-ass remarks about your extra winter pounds.

There is a way to work out at home without fancy equipment. All you need is a block of wood or a step pad, a chinning bar, empty water jugs, and a woman.

**Upper body:** Do incline push-ups, with feet on a block or step pad, for upper pecs. Then turn around, put your hands on the block, and do decline push-ups for the lower chest. Try for three sets. After fashioning a chinning bar, do chin-ups for three sets; have your partner help on the final reps. Then grab two jugs, fill them to the appropriate weight, and use them for dumbbell moves. As you get stronger, add



water. For triceps, do dips by sitting on the floor with your legs straight. With hands behind you on the step pad, lift yourself using only your arms.

**Lower body:** Do lunges while holding the jugs. Or, easier, attach a rope or towel to a sturdy towel rack or hook, then, holding on, lower into a squat.

**Abs:** This one you do with your girl. Sit on the floor facing your partner, her legs inside yours. Crunch your abs and touch fingers in the middle. Next do oblique crunches to either side by touching your left hand to her left hand, then your right to her right.—J.S.

## ADULT-DIABETES TRIGGER?

When most of us think of diabetes, we think of someone who has to take daily insulin shots. But there's another, far more common form of the disease, known as adult-onset diabetes, or N.I.D.D.M. (for non-insulin-dependent diabetes mellitus). In this version the body typically makes some sugar-regulating insulin but can't use it properly—a condition known as insulin resistance. It's estimated that as many as a quarter of all Americans are insulin resistant to some degree, and that puts them at increased risk

of heart disease.

Typically these people are told to lose weight (insulin resistance often goes hand in hand with obesity) and get more exercise, and that regimen certainly can help. But now scientists at the Harvard School of Public Health are closing in on the key to the insulin resistance that triggers N.I.D.D.M.

Gokhan S. Hotamisligil, Ph.D., and his Harvard colleagues have found that obese mice with insulin resistance produce an overabundance of a substance called tumor necrosis factor-alpha. The same is true in obese humans. "If people lose weight," says Hotamisligil, "their levels of T.N.F.-alpha go down."

Next on the agenda: looking for a drug that will modulate the production of T.N.F.-alpha. —B.L.

*Contributors: Bill Lawren, Jim Schmaltz, Jane Garrard*





**Out of the closet: What makes the difference between an exercise machine that's used and one that's stored away? The right choice.**

## NO-REGRETS EXERCISE EQUIPMENT

With the weather still unpredictable, and end-of-season sales beckoning, the idea of working out at home, in front of the TV, anytime, wearing whatever you want, on your very own exercise machine, may be looking more attractive all the time. But with all those enticements it's important to think the matter through intelligently first. Here are some points to consider before you buy, courtesy of the Fitness Products Council:

- Number one, make sure you're really going to use the equipment. Have a



get-in-shape plan you'll stick to.

- Decide beforehand where you'll put the machine. Is there space for a TV or whatever else you want handy? Does the room have good ventilation? How about lighting?

## Nutrition

### PIZZA POWER

Pizza is quick and tasty ... but healthy?

Maybe more so than you thought. It seems there's a substance in tomato sauce called lycopene that, according to researchers at the University of North Carolina, appears to reduce the risk of heart attacks by as much as 50 percent. And what's the most common source of tomato sauce in the American diet? Pizza.

Lycopene, explains U.N.C.'s Lenore Kohlmeier, M.D., is a powerful antioxidant. Other studies have shown that antioxidants help protect against heart attacks, probably by keeping "bad" L.D.L. cholesterol from being attacked by free radicals. These attacks make L.D.L. much more likely to form plaques on artery walls, which can eventually lead to heart disease.

So chew on, pizza lovers. Just skip the extra cheese; the additional fat may negate the lycopene benefit.—B.L.



- Make sure the equipment meets your needs. Is it versatile enough to keep you from getting bored?

- Try it out first—not just in a showroom but at a friend's house or a health club, if possible.

- Buy from someone who knows what he's talking about, preferably in a store that specializes in exercise equipment.

- Ask yourself whether you really need all the extra features on more expensive models.

- Check out the manufacturer's reputation. Also be sure any machine comes with a good warranty and a customer-service number. Inquire about delivery and maintenance.

- Once you've made your purchase, don't throw away the receipt or the box; at some point the equipment may need repair.

- Used equipment can be a bargain, but be sure it's in good working order, and that you get the warranty and instructions.—J.G.

## DRUGS BY MAIL: THE HEAT IS ON

If you buy discount drugs from a catalog, you may be losing something in the mail and not even know it. It turns out that heat and/or humidity encountered en route can render some medications less effective.

Lee T. Grady, Ph.D., of the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, a nonprofit organization that sets quality standards for drug manufacturers, says, "Some drugs that come in tablet form can harden from heat and humidity." When you take the drug, he says, "it may not dissolve fast enough for the body to absorb it." Antibiotics are especially vulnerable, as are certain kinds of aspirin.

Drug companies hope to remedy the problem soon, but in the meantime it may be prudent to obtain crucial medicines at your local drugstore.—B.L.



## TAKE IT OFF ... TAKE IT ALL OFF

You can advance weight training to another level by stripping. It's not as kinky as it sounds. In this case stripping means the opposite of pyramiding: Instead of increasing weight with every set, you decrease poundage. The idea is to keep going until you can't lift even an empty bar.

If you're using machines, you can strip by using the pin to scale down weight. For instance, with a biceps-curl apparatus



begin with your usual weight and do your first two sets. Then for the final set, go as long as you can, move the pin to a lighter weight, lift till you're exhausted once more, and so on, until you're unable to lift even the lightest plate on the machine. The process is the same for free weights, except that you'll need a partner to tear off the plates while you hold the bar. A good rule of thumb is to reduce the weight 20 percent for each new set.



The idea is to maintain the tension in your muscles at all times, so try not to pause between decrement changes. You can apply the stripping principle to almost any exercise, but as with other intensity-oriented techniques, you don't want to strip every workout.—J.S.

## WEIRD SCIENCE

Taking a prospective bedmate to dinner first is a time-honored sexual strategy. Well, it

turns out the old feed-'em-and-fuck-'em reaches pretty far back on the evolutionary scale.

Biologist Tracie Ivy, Ph.D., of Illinois State University, has found that the male desert cricket brings gifts of food to its inamorata. Ivy can't say whether this offering makes the females more romantic, but it does boost their fertility and diverts their attention, allowing the males to deliver more sperm during copulation.

Bon appétit.—B.L.



## DID YOU KNOW ...?

- Hyperbaric oxygen chambers may be all the rage for healing sports injuries, but a recent study shows they don't really work. (Temple University)

- Men with acne who take the antibiotic tetracycline not only help clear up their face but also have healthier gums. (University of Buffalo School of Dental Medicine)

- Grunts' revenge: Those screaming drill sergeants are probably doing permanent



damage to their vocal chords. (U.S. Army)

- Improved U.S. air quality as a result of implementing the federal Clean Air Act is estimated to stave off more than 200,000 premature deaths and 18 million illnesses annually. (U.S. Environmental Protection Agency)

- If more people took an aspirin at the first sign of a heart attack, 5,000 to 10,000 lives could be saved in the U.S. each year. (American Heart Association)

**The full  
monty:  
Stripping off  
pounds and  
lifting till  
you drop is  
a counter-  
weight to  
pyramiding.**



**He shoots, he... misses. A little "desensitization" may get athletes over performance hang-ups.**

## ANTI-CHOKER THERAPY

Is this one of your nightmares: The big game is riding on your shot—and you blow it. Performance anxiety undermines your performance.

Now a therapy aimed at alleviating post-traumatic stress is helping some athletes get over their own special anxiety.

Called eye-movement desensitization and reprocessing, E.M.D.R. was first developed to treat the aftereffects of traumatic experiences like war or kidnapping, and its success has prompted a broader application to people with performance problems, including athletes.

The eye-movement part of E.M.D.R. refers to the way the eyes jump around during so-called rapid-eye-movement sleep. That's the time the brain is thought to be processing information. When someone suffers a traumatic incident, the theory goes, the episode can get



"stuck" in the mind. If it's not adequately processed, the trauma is replayed, causing an emotional distress that reinforces the negative thought patterns. An E.M.D.R. practitioner, using his finger or a baton, guides a person's eyes to move in a REM pattern while the person concentrates on the episode, thereby processing it instead of reliving it.

For referral to an E.M.D.R. practitioner in your area, contact the E.M.D.R. Institute at (408) 372-3900, or [www.emdr.com](http://www.emdr.com).—J.S.

## NATURAL-LOOK HAIR RESTORATION

Want to do something about that little clearing that's starting to appear in the forest of hair on the back of your head? Unless you're one of the relatively small percentage of men who can be helped by

drugs, your best chance is surgery. Now there's a new technique that makes the results more pleasing.

Surgeons typically use scalpels or lasers to make slots in the scalp where the new hair gets implanted. But even with the laser, says Barry DiBernardo, M.D., assistant professor of plastic surgery at the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey, the transplanted hair "doesn't have the smooth, glistening quality that normal hair does." But a refined CO<sub>2</sub> laser known as the UltraPulse with IPG produces less bleeding after surgery, and preserves the plasma in the scalp that feeds the hair during the critical first few days after surgery. Eventually this produces a full head of hair with a natural look. With the CO<sub>2</sub> laser, DiBernardo says, "you can't tell that someone has grafts."

To find a practitioner who uses this state-of-the-art tool, call (800) 325-3201.

Meanwhile, one expert wants to forestall the potential misconception that more surgical grafts necessarily means a better result. The important thing to know, says José Trevino, M.D., of the Hospital Metropolitano in Quito, Ecuador, is not how many grafts, but how many hairs per graft. So-called micrografts, he notes, have only one or two hair follicles each. Larger mini-grafts have three to five follicles. So if a patient gets, say, 3,000 micrografts, he'll be getting 3,000 to 6,000 follicles. But if he receives a smaller number of minigrafts, say 2,000, he'll get 6,000 to 8,000 new hairs. So if you're considering hair-restoration surgery, ask your doctor how many hairs you're getting, not how many grafts.—B.L.





## Last Call

### SKI 'N' SKATE PREP

With only a few weeks of snow and ice left, you may be tempted to put in extra time on your skis and skates. Here's how to prepare to go full-bore safely before winter peters out.

- Skiing and especially hockey are anaerobic sports—that is, you stop and start a lot—so do interval training in the gym. Alternate high-intensity aerobic work with periods of lower intensity, leaving time for recovery. Getting used to bursts of all-out exercise on workout machines will help when you're outdoors in the cold. Most ski accidents happen in the afternoon, when people are fatigued, so don't underestimate the need for training.

- Skiers and skaters put extra strain on hip



abductors, adductors, and flexors, so you need to try exercise machines you may not normally use, like the ones that force you to open and close your legs, or seated hip-abduction machines. Also, use low-pulley cables to do side leg raises. And don't shy away from butt blasters and hip rotators.

- Once you're outside, be aware that wind chill is much more serious when you're skiing or skating, so cover your hands and face. Also, use sunscreen to protect skin; snow and ice reflect a lot of light.—J.S.



### A PATCH OF RELIEF

Persistent lower-back pain can drive you to daily dosing with anti-inflammatory pills. They may help you get through the day, but over time they also wreak havoc with your gastrointestinal tract.

Now a heavy-duty pain medication called fentanyl is available in patch form, which means it enters the bloodstream directly, bypassing the intestines. And the pain relief stays steady for 72 hours—no peaks and valleys as with pills.

In a study at Baylor College of Medicine, 50 participants who had been taking prescription oral medication went on the patch for one month. They reported less pain and significantly less disability with this delivery method.—J.G.

### TAKING THE BITE OUT OF SPORTS DRINKS

Do you reach for a sports drink during every break in your game or workout? If so, you may be doing your body a favor, but not your teeth.

A dentist at the University of Liverpool in England, knowing that acidic liquids can erode tooth enamel and promote decay, decided to check out a number of sports drinks. Sure enough, the acidity exceeded the tooth-safe level.

This doesn't mean you have stick to the water fountain. Sports drinks not only rehydrate, they also provide energy and important minerals. The Chicago Dental Society offers the following tips to help safeguard your teeth while you drink up:

- Use sports drinks in moderation. Plain water is fine for a light workout.

- Dilute the drinks with water.

- Take your sports drink chilled; warmer fluids accelerate erosion.

- Use a straw, if possible, to minimize the liquid's contact with teeth. And don't swish it around in your mouth.—J.G. O

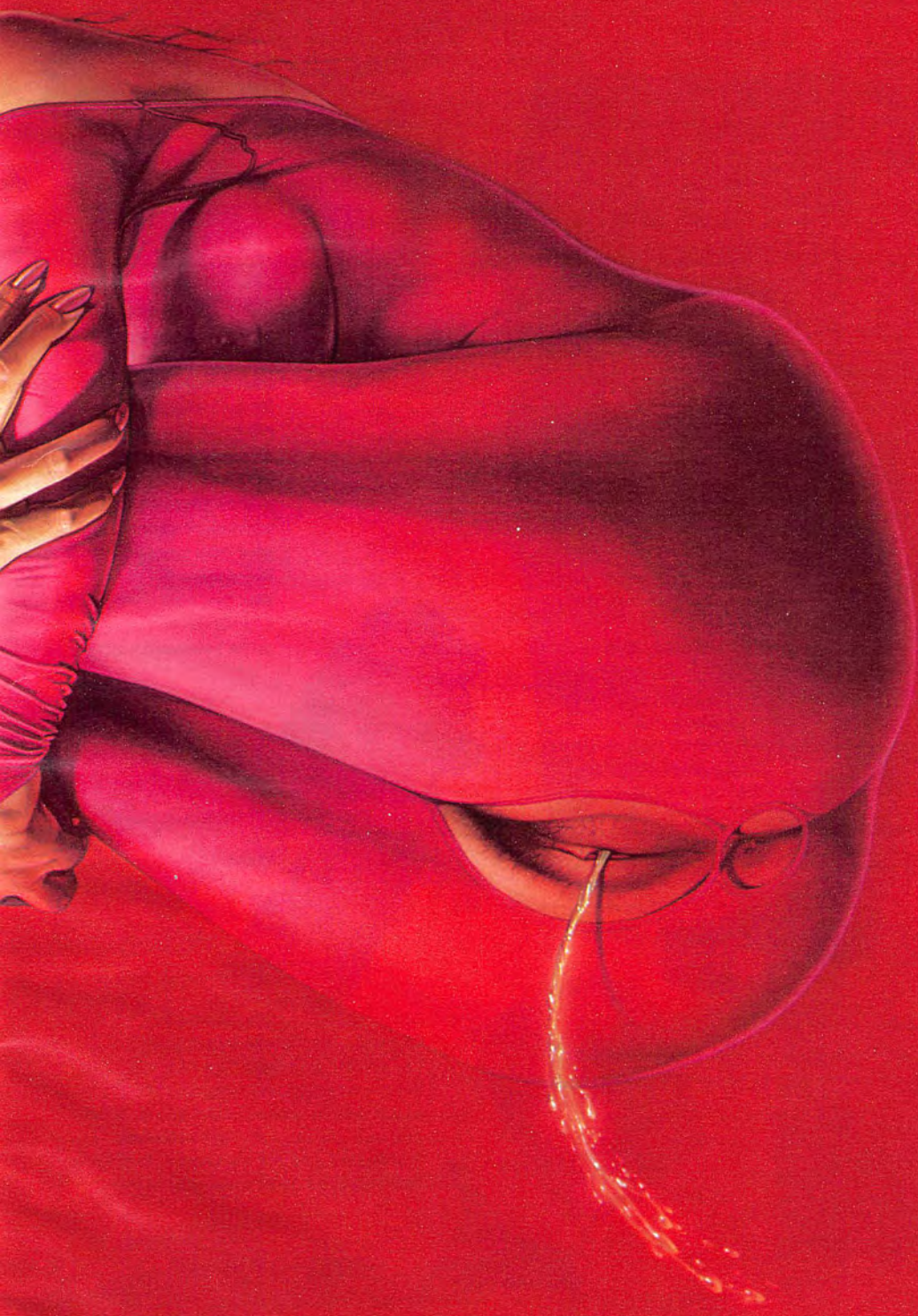
**Gulp! Sports drinks can rot your teeth... Not if you don't gulp them.**











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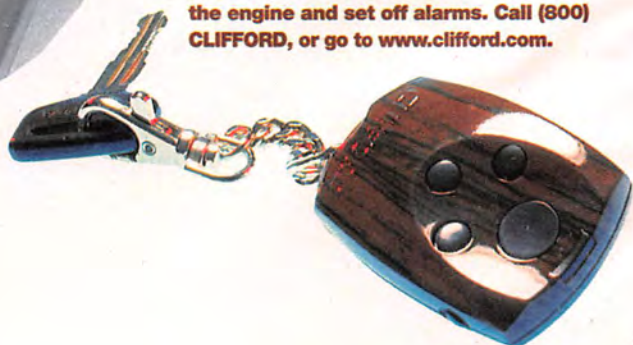
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# MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

own gender. But the tendency was always there at the start."

Gay communities are too often unaware of this mayhem, except when it occurs in their immediate vicinity. None of the gay spokespersons consulted for this article had ever heard of Larry Eyler or Patrick Kearney. But they are very conscious of the fact that, until quite recently, the police tended to drag their feet when it came to solving homosexual murders. It was, all too frequently, "just another dead faggot" to the cops. Which may help to explain why barely 51 percent of homosexual slayings have been solved, compared to 65 percent for all murders nationwide.

The police, for their part, claim that homosexual murder cases are often the hardest to crack because witnesses are reluctant to come forward for fear of being "outed." This fear is often more powerful than fear of possibly having a

had gay people approach me to say they'd met Cunanan several times but the F.B.I. never consulted them. So I asked, 'Why didn't *you* contact the F.B.I.?' Well, they didn't. I guess it was fear of being identified. At this stage I'm trying to set up permanent liaisons between the bureau and our communities nationwide. Let's hope it happens. I'm an eternal optimist."

The place where law enforcement has achieved the best coordination with gay citizens is, not surprisingly, "America's Gay Capital," San Francisco. This despite some grim friction in the past, like a particularly brutal police raid on an AIDS fund-raising party two years ago. The new atmosphere of fairly amiable coexistence is thanks largely to San Francisco's police chief, Fred Lau, who not only preaches tolerance but sees to it that it's put into practice. His force now boasts one of the few permanent hate-crimes units in the nation. And some ten percent of the members of the San Francisco Police Department are openly gay or lesbian themselves.

**"Don't bother complaining to the cops," the S&M torturer told his victims. "I'm rich enough to buy myself out of trouble."**

killer in one's midst. On top of that, police investigators were usually outsiders and viewed by gays with intense suspicion, unable to penetrate the darkness of an alien milieu they detested.

All this is changing, if slowly. The most dramatic and publicized change has occurred in the F.B.I., which was rocked by an administrative scandal in 1990. It erupted when Frank Buttino, a veteran agent with 21 years of spotless service under his belt, was discovered to be homosexual, and was promptly fired. Buttino filed a lawsuit against the bureau—one that grew into a class action. The lawsuit was settled four years later, in Buttino's favor, bringing about a drastic alteration in the F.B.I.'s hiring policy.

Today Buttino lives in San Diego and is proud of his achievement. "The F.B.I. now employs a fair number of gay and lesbian agents, even as supervisors," he says. "That's a big change from Edgar Hoover's days. They do excellent work with the gay communities in places like New York and Philadelphia; less so in other spots.

"I think they dropped the ball badly in San Diego and Miami during the hunt for Cunanan," Buttino continues. "I've

Best known among them is Lea Militello, a lesbian who acts as a liaison to the gay community in addition to her day-to-day police duties. She gained national fame when she appeared on "60 Minutes." A stocky, ginger-haired woman with an engaging smile, she makes no bones about the fact that her badge sometimes clashes with her orientation. "Sure, I've had conflicts of conscience, but I'm a police officer first and foremost," she declares. "I made an oath to uphold the law, and that's what I do. When it comes to, say, pointing out violent elements in a gay demonstration, I don't hesitate. The sexual slant of law-breakers doesn't concern me."

Militello has been on the force since 1981. She came out of the closet shortly after completing her training, but caused no overt reaction in the ranks or among her superiors. "Just shows that San Francisco is unique," she says with a dry chuckle. "What we do is pass out flyers in certain neighborhoods, talk to people in special shops, keep contact with the homosexual press. We mingle in gay bars and coffeehouses, pick up information, socialize; that kind of thing. Sure, I always get recognized by someone in the crowd, and I get my share of

dirty looks and snide remarks. But that's all part of the job; doesn't bother me in the least. Don't forget, the hate-crimes unit doesn't just fight anti-gay offenses—we fight crimes against all minority groups, regardless."

The gay communities are also starting to fight back on their own. The dangerous passivity of the past is evaporating, though not everywhere. In a number of places gays have formed defensive organizations to deter assaults from both outside and within gay ranks. The most effective of these outfits is New York City's Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, which provides help in every type of violent situation, from bashings and rapes to police brutality.

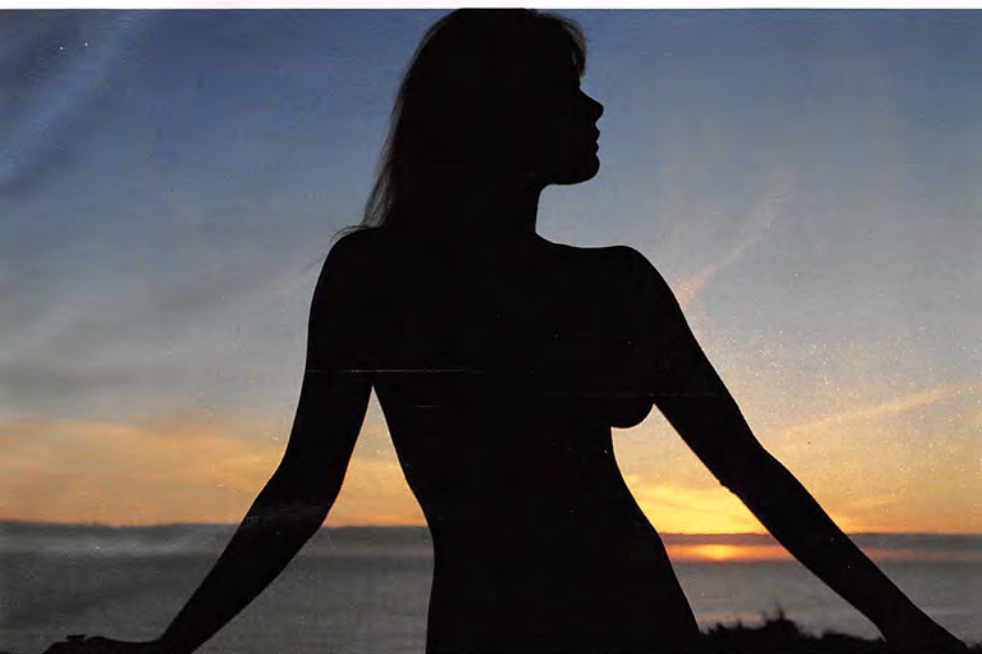
More important, the G.L.A.V.P. has used its intimate knowledge of the local scene to intervene before certain activities could escalate into homicide. In 1996, for instance, a savage "leather top" dubbed "Sir" was haunting leather bars. "Sir," who sported biker gear, would propose some mild S&M fun to young men and then take them home. He had an avuncular manner, which changed as soon as he had slipped his guests a Mickey and rendered them helpless. Then he proceeded to dog-whip them, half-strangle them, burn their arms and feet with cigarettes, and urinate on their faces. He kept them prisoner for up to three days, boasting before throwing them out, "Don't bother complaining to the cops. I'm rich enough to buy myself out of trouble."

"Sir" was the archetypal sex murderer in the budding stage, but for a time his boast seemed to be accurate. The police refused to arrest him. In their opinion what happened had been "consensual." At that point the G.L.A.V.P. stepped in. They printed hundreds of warning flyers, giving a description of "Sir" and his home address, which they distributed to every gay hangout in town. They organized noisy demonstrations outside his place of employment—he was a wealthy stockbroker—and more in front of his posh West Side condo. After a few blasts of this heat, "Sir" lost his \$500,000-a-year job and left his stalking grounds.

The G.L.A.V.P. also has tackled the problem of lesbian violence. There has long been a fiction—among gays and straight people alike—that lesbian relationships are somehow sweeter and gentler than others. "Violence is a male thing" was the slogan of many gay women, especially feminists, despite statistics showing that domestic violence is at least as common in lesbian settings as among heteros. Recently the G.L.A.V.P. issued brochures stating bluntly that battering, rape, and sexual assaults occur in lesbian relationships, and that those victims need the same

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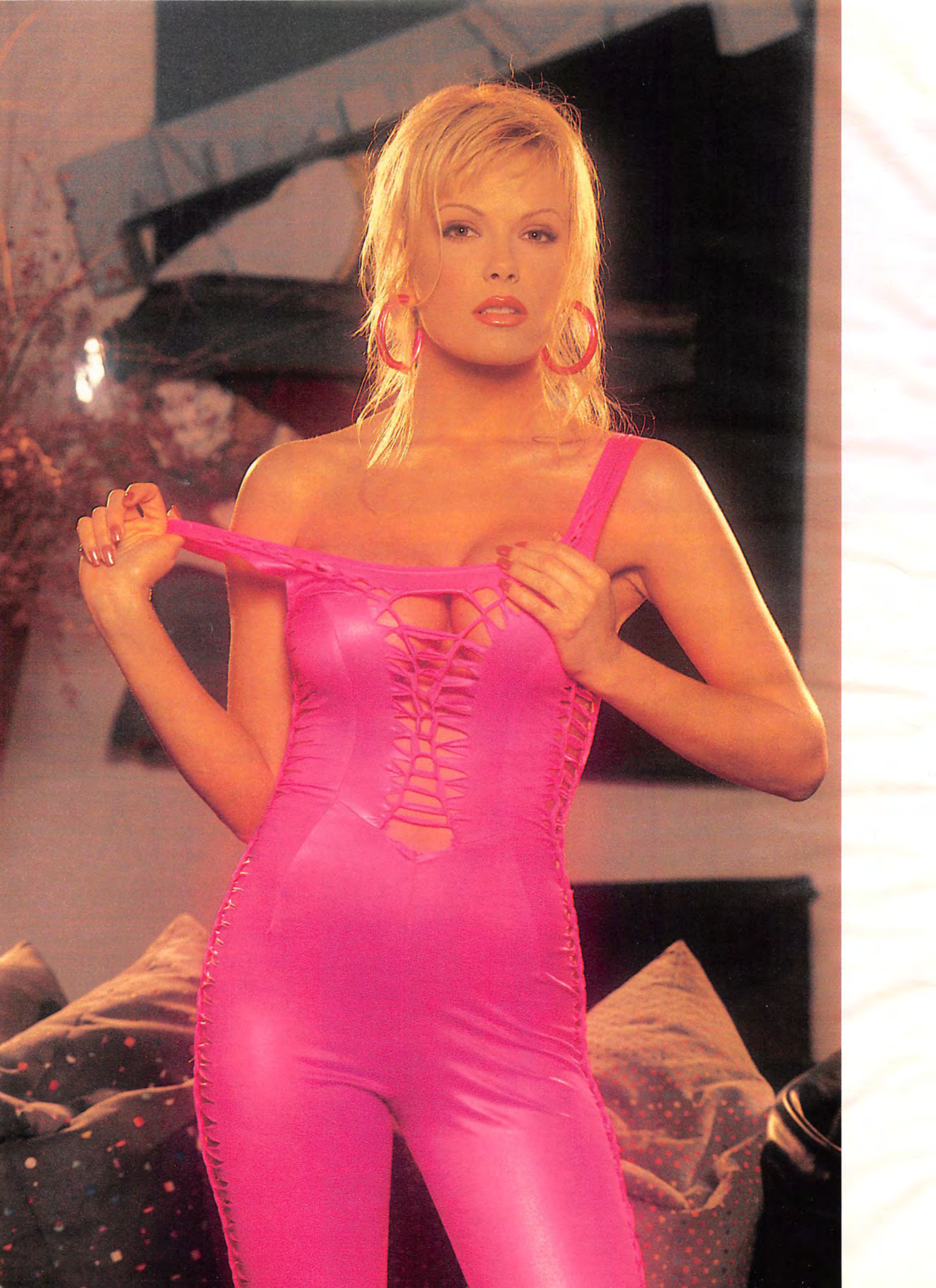




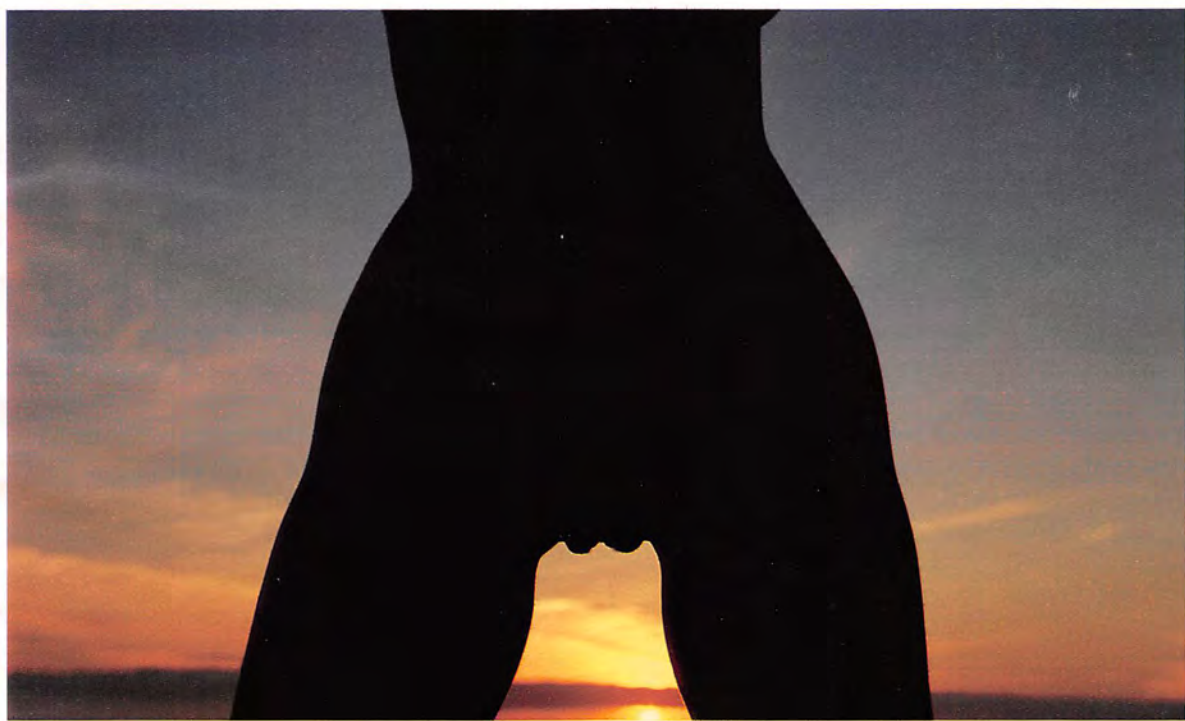
# ANITA

“I need a man with a sense of adventure, both in the bedroom and out. When I find him, he’ll be rewarded....”









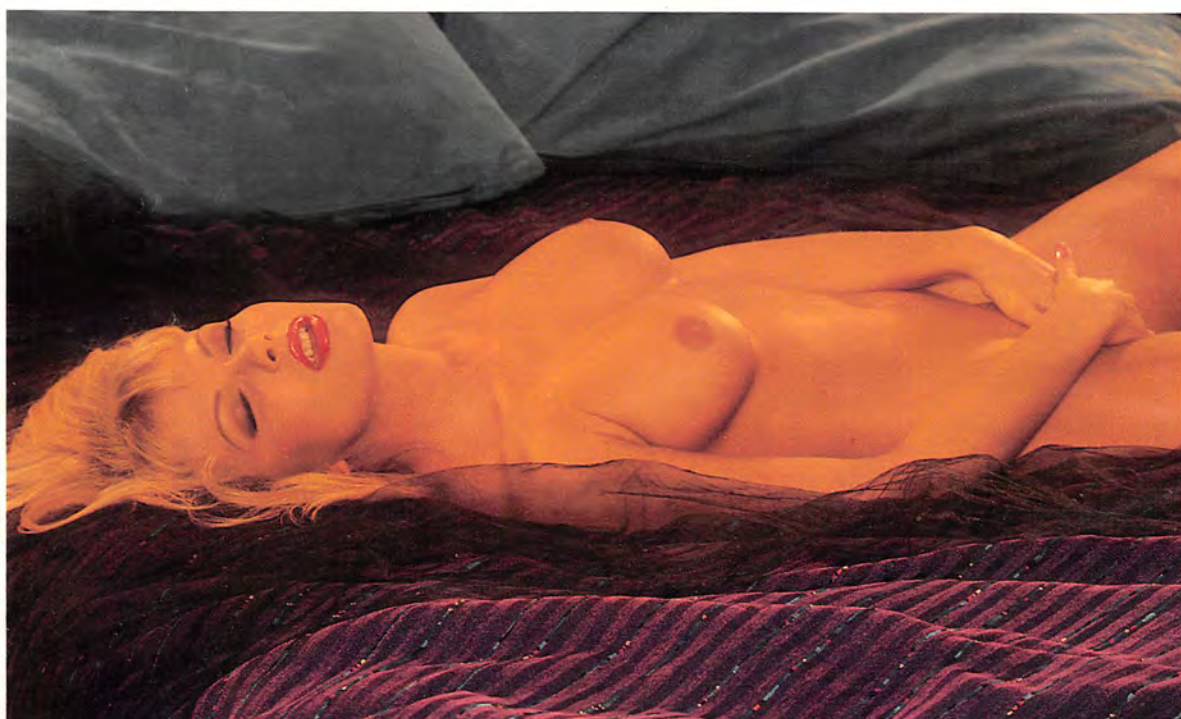
## MADE IN ITALY

The Italian city of Milan, already known for its trend-setting fashion shows, cafés, and night-clubs, now has a new claim to fame—it's the birthplace of 25-year-old Pet of the Month Anita Rinaldi. "I enjoy being in the United States,

but I would love to take a boyfriend back to my beautiful country," says our Pet. "Together we would see the canals of Venice, the lovely art of Florence.... I'll even show him some hot spots that aren't in any guidebook."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





While some women complain that there aren't enough men to go around, Anita had quite the opposite experience growing up. "I have six older brothers," the leggy blonde says. "With all their friends visiting, I never had a shortage of male companionship. Our home was like a fraternity house. When I was born my parents were so happy to have a girl, they chose

to name me Anita, which means graceful." The now lithe 35-22-34 fashion model adds, "Unfortunately, when I was young I was anything but graceful. My parents made me take endless ballet classes, but I was a terrible dancer. I never wanted to be on stage, and I used to hide behind the other girls. I wasn't comfortable with my height. Luckily, I outgrew that!"









As a model, Anita now stands on center stage throughout Europe and Israel. "Israel is really a cool place to visit. I love going



to the  
museums  
in Jerusalem  
and to the health  
spa at  
the Dead  
Sea. There's  
nothing  
like a  
nice mud  
bath to get  
you in  
the mood."







"I had a really great masseuse the last time I was there. He had very soothing hands and knew just where I wanted to be touched," Anita reveals.









"The craziest thing I ever did was pretend to be a strip-o-gram girl," our Pet tells us. "A friend wanted one sent to her beau, but at the last



moment the  
girl canceled.

I went in-  
stead, since  
he didn't know  
me. I got  
more than a  
tip, and—  
needless to  
say—those  
two broke up."







MISS ANITA RINALDI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



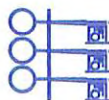








Anita, who's still single, says she's keeping an eye out for the man who can keep up with her. "I'm looking for someone who can satisfy me completely," purrs our Italian enchantress. "I need a man with a sense of adventure, both in the bedroom and out. When I find him, he'll be rewarded ... much more than he can imagine."



To see more exciting pictures of Anita,  
visit our Website at <http://www.penthousemag.com/hottest>





# Newport pleasure!

Newport

Newport

MEN L KINGS

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17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



## MILITARY *affairs*


**A**s the countdown continues toward the Clinton administration's announced date of June 1998 for the departure of all U.S. forces from Bosnia, it is becoming increasingly clear that our "exit strategy" is a flawed work in progress. Anyone from a squad leader to a corps commander knows that one of the most difficult of all military maneuvers is disengaging your forces when the enemy retains the firepower to launch an attack. At present our military commander in Bosnia, the very able General Wesley Clark, is caught between the rock of military reality and the squishiness of American political leadership. Whether we're actually going to leave on schedule remains unclear. It's a sticky situation, with most Americans uncertain as to who the "bad guys" really are and why we are in Bosnia in the first place.

The administration's justification of intervention in Bosnia on humanitarian grounds is something of a stretch. For every argument made in support of our military presence in Bosnia, the same logic could have been applied to Rwanda. For reasons other than humanitarian, Bosnia got a thumbs-up and the people in Rwanda were left to go on killing one another.

Perhaps part of the reason we backed off from Rwanda was that the Clinton administration had been badly burned by a humanitarian operation in Somalia—launched initially by the Bush administration—that went sour and resulted in the deaths of American soldiers. The Somalia experience also revealed the hopeless naïveté of the civilians on the Clinton defense team in overruling the commander on the scene who requested—and was denied—the necessary force to protect his troops.

If the debacle in Somalia was preventable—and I believe it was—the best that can be said about what looms ahead in Bosnia is that we might be able to get out bit by bit without being drawn into the chaos that is expected in the wake of our complete withdrawal. That is the good news. The bad news for our forces is that the warring factions may very well try to go after one another while we are in the process of disengaging. One random or planned shot can trigger a major firefight, and our soldiers in Bosnia could be caught in the cross fire.

There is also the dark possibility that the warring factions will try to take matters into their own hands despite our continued presence. If that happens, the ability of our peacekeeping forces (and those of our allies) to distinguish between "good guys" and "bad guys" is chancy at best. Whether everything has been done to prepare our military if the situation gets out of hand is a very serious question. It is difficult enough for a combat unit to retain its fighting edge when there's adequate time for training. If that time is used for passive patrolling, as in Bosnia, there is little doubt that the units there will not have much of an edge.

So far our commanders in Bosnia have resisted the call by liberal do-gooders in Washington to use American forces as a sheriff's posse to round up certain designated war criminals. If that absurd agenda should prevail, our forces would be placed at even greater risk than in an unplanned withdrawal. World War I started with smaller provocation, and given the history of the Balkan wars, it all very well might start again—with us caught in the middle, and grossly unprepared.—*William R. Corson* 



**Murder in Bosnia: Will American soldiers avoid getting caught in the deadly cross fire?**



# the new MORALITY

By Marcia Pally

More Americans think adultery is wrong than have been faithful to their spouses.

I recall a cartoon a few years back of a wedding ceremony where the pastor asks the adoring couple, "Will you love, honor, and keep each other and promise not to be turned on by anyone else, till death do you part?" Anyone out there who makes that promise, I've got a bridge to sell you, though of course we'd all like our spouses to make it. The age-old rub with monogamy is that we want what we can't give. Yet few folks can give up the romantic myth. As sociologist Pepper Schwartz put it, 80 percent of Americans believe adultery is wrong, but "more people think it is wrong than have been faithful."

Until recently this contradiction apparently caused so much unease that all we could handle was stories that soothed. TV shows and movies, the best barometers of the public mood, dished up simplistic morality tales in which a roving eye always led to divorce and adulterers were always shamed—just as they had been since Hester Prynne wore her scarlet A. Lately the public uptightness has been easing, yielding a discussion of adult sex that gives reality a seat at the table.

Jimmy Carter's admission that he'd had lust in his heart caused a small fuss, but that may have been the beginning of the turn. His confession was spicy enough to work as publicity, but not damning enough to harm him. By the time Bill and Hillary said they'd had "marital problems," the citizenry yawned and worried about health care. Statements by Bill Cosby, papa extraordinaire, that he'd had an extramarital affair caused no visible blip in his ratings. William Morrow published *High Infidelity: 24 Great Short Stories About Adultery by Some of Our Best Contemporary Authors* (1997), and no one is burning the book. Last year's infidelity flap in the military outed as adulterers first First Lieutenant Kelly Flinn and then Major General John Longhouser and General Joseph Ralston, much-decorated officers both. But the important issue seemed to be military merit, not private parts, and many observers felt the

armed forces had gone overboard in dismissing capable men and women whose private lives did not threaten military discipline. If "Don't ask, don't tell" is okay for gay soldiers, why not for adulterous ones? What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

Realistically, desire outside marriage is shown in films and TV as part of women's as well as men's lives. After all, if all those guys are having such fun, who are they having it with? On "E.R." the married Jeanie Boulet was

drawn to the single Peter Benton. But perhaps most realistically, the characters are sympathetic, and extra-marital sex doesn't lead inevitably to divorce.

This flexibility about the vagaries of attraction may be the result of a maturing culture. Europeans know adultery is complex, and they don't deal with it by preaching. Perhaps maturation is why our own nation gave a dismayed sigh at Louisiana's new "covenant marriage." Since August the betrothed of that state have been able to choose either regular wedlock or



Marriage Plus, which contravenes contemporary family law and permits divorce only in cases of abuse, abandonment, or adultery—nothing else.

Hailed by the fundamentalists who lobbied for it as a way of preserving Christian values, covenant marriage was greeted with head-shaking from most of the rest of the nation, as one might sigh at a child who tries to keep himself safe by avoiding cracks on the sidewalk. If I say it won't happen, it won't happen. Worse, the new law may pressure young people into promises life cannot live up to.

What Christian fundamentalists have revealed, sadly, is not their belief in marriage's strength, but in its weakness, its brittleness, in grappling with the realities of adult life. They have missed that, in the past, perfectly good marriages have shipwrecked on what was a child-like unawareness of the long years between wedding vows and old age. Thankfully, the rest of the country is growing wiser. **OT**



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Once upon a time, there was a dark-haired, slender young lady with a hairy bush, a fair singing voice, and an extraordinary amount of ambition. In a meteoric rise to fame, that young lady became Madonna, the ultimate "material girl," adored by millions around the world for her spunk, her audacity, and her teen anthems which spoke to the hearts of young women and to the fantasies of men, young and old. But long before she became a rock superstar and a multimillion-dollar industry in her own right, Madonna, like so many aspiring young ingenues, posed naked before a photographer's lens, providing us with a lasting record of the nubile and perhaps innocent girl who would grow up to become a legend. Come back with us to that time, and see Madonna as she once was. The Madonna Nudes, only at --

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# FLESH AND BLOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

ers must wisely disqualify any female competitor who, however remotely, could be pregnant."

Regardless of the degree of risk involved, Peter Broudy, head of Celebrity Boxing, Inc., of Los Angeles, says, "Except for maybe Christy Martin and Lucille Rijker [a Dutch boxer], very few women fighters have real boxing ability. I think there's actually very little interest in female boxing by the general U.S. public."

Former California state boxing commissioner and veteran referee Martin S. Denkin is another skeptic. "There's no depth to female boxing," he says. "There are only a limited number of quality female boxers. That's why there are so many mismatches."

But Rick Kulis, president of Event Entertainment, Inc., a pay-per-view pioneer and a leading promoter of female boxing, maintains that "the

Neuendorf said. "They fought under the same strict guidelines that govern male boxing. They underwent the same pre-fight and post-fight physical examinations. They were virtually flawless. The only injuries they had were two bloody noses and a dislocated finger."

Neuendorf was asked if he thought female boxing should be included in the Olympic Games.

"I do," he replied without hesitation. "I don't know anyone who's against it. It's only a matter of time. Female boxing won't get into the year 2000 Olympics in Sydney, Australia. But I think it will be part of the games in 2004."

If female boxing is admitted to the Olympic Games, American women might face combat against women from Belgium, Canada, Cuba (described as "the powerhouse"), the Dominican Republic, Egypt, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Mauritius, Mexico, Norway, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Turkey, and perhaps other countries.

The "First Lady" of American profes-

"The breasts were very small, smaller than some guys' breasts," Kallen continues. "So I still wasn't sure. I felt very uncomfortable doing this, but I had to ask the boxer to drop her, or maybe his, pants. I got a flat refusal: 'No! I refuse to disrobe! It's an invasion of my privacy! It's a violation of my rights! I'll take off my pants only if you make all the other fighters take off their pants!'"

"Now I couldn't do that," Kallen says. "So I just shrugged and said, 'Okay, I'll let you fight.' The fight went on and she, or maybe he, lost. So I guess it didn't matter."

Under Kallen's leadership, the I.F.B.A. has established rigorous regulations for its athletes. Before a fight each boxer must undergo a pregnancy test. Each round lasts two minutes (male bouts have three-minute rounds), with one minute rest between rounds, the same rest period as for men. "And any female boxer who bites another boxer's ear is out, forever," Kallen says.


Female boxing is nothing new, as Matt Helreich's infallible memory informs us.

"In 1844 a gal named Hattie Stewart, of Norfolk, Virginia, proclaimed herself female boxing champion of the world," Helreich says. "She went around vaudeville joints challenging any woman to take her on. In the 1890s women's boxing was popular in brothels and saloons around the U.S. In the 1930s middleweight champ Mickey Walker took a stable of women boxers to fairs around the country. In 1975 a licensed women's bout was held in Virginia City, Nevada."

More than 20 years later, on June 24, 1997, the *Los Angeles Times* headlined a story on female boxing IT MAY LOOK SILLY AND IT CERTAINLY IS CONTROVERSIAL. One of the things that make it controversial is the foolish notion that many (including this author) have that women are "the weaker sex."

Muhammad Ali, in fact, one of the greatest fighters who ever lived, told his daughter, Khaliah, in an interview for *Condé Nast Sports for Women*, "Boxing is a man's sport. A woman's body is not built for it. Hittin' you in the belly. Hittin' you in the breast. Women are soft. God made women's bodies for something more powerful than fighting."

I put this to Christine Dupree. "I'm an old-fashioned guy," I said, "and I believe women should be loved and protected, not slugged on the chin."

"Nobody gets close enough to slug me on the chin," she snapped. "And if you don't like female boxing, don't watch it." 

"Once I showed up at a bachelor party as a stripper with a black eye," Christine Dupree said, "and they loved it."

future of female boxing is explosive. It's boxing the way it used to be—for the love of the sport. Male boxing today has disintegrated into a political and financial arena."

The highest-rated weekly boxing series on television is "USA Tuesday Night Fights." During its program of August 20, 1996, the show polled its viewers on the issue of female boxing. Some 50,000 people responded—and 81 percent indicated they wanted to see more female boxing.

What about the Olympics?

At U.S. Olympic Games headquarters in Colorado Springs, Kevin Neuendorf is the media and public-relations assistant for USA Boxing, a body that along with the males has 800 women registered as amateur boxers.

"It is no longer a novelty," said Neuendorf. "During the first USA Boxing Women's National Championships held in July 1997 in Augusta, Georgia, we had 67 contestants and we didn't know what to expect." (The women were from 17 to 33 years old. They competed in every weight class from 106-pound light flyweight to super heavyweight at 201 pounds or more.)

"It was boxing at its finest,"

sional female boxing, i.e., the commissioner of the I.F.B.A., is not a boxer. She is Jackie Kallen of Beverly Hills, an attractive, brown-eyed, streaked-blond 51-year-old who dotes on her toddler grandson, Chase.

Kallen, a former Detroit sports and entertainment reporter, publicized the career of famed six-time world champion Thomas "Hitman" Hearns. Later, as a full-fledged boxing manager, Kallen steered middleweight James Toney to two world championships.

But the I.F.B.A. commissioner's post can pose unusual demands, as Kallen discovered. For one thing, she was once confronted with the delicate task of deciding whether a boxer was—or was not—female.

"There may be a higher percentage of lesbianism among female boxers than, say, among secretaries," Kallen says over a chic Beverly Hills lunch. "After all, boxing is basically a man's sport. Well, one day there was this boxer whose sex, I felt, was at least doubtful. The driver's license said 'Female.' But the voice and the general appearance were very masculine. So I took the boxer into a bathroom and requested that she, or he, remove the tank top.

**WHERE IT'S @**

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“When I had my labia pierced I was already a Pet. The piercers were thrilled Penthouse was treating it as more than a fetish.”

JULIA









# Pet of the Year

## RUNNER-UP

**T**wenty-five-year-old Julia Garvey, our June 1996 Pet of the Month, was excited—and more than a little surprised—to be included in last year's Pet of the Year Play-Off. "I don't think I'm the kind of woman most people consider centerfold material, even if they think I'm attractive or sexy," Julia explains. "Because of all my piercings, the perception is that I'm a bit darker than most Pets, and I think that's true. A lot of the other models are, well, perkier. They're women you can easily imagine having been cheerleaders in high school. I think people see me as more of a tough chick." Now that she's been named our 1998 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, we asked the beautiful brunette for her reaction. Julia laughs and says, "To be honest, after Paige Summers was picked to be Pet of the Year I didn't even care if I was Runner-Up. Paige is my best friend, and I was really happy for her. It was almost like I'd won too." Then Julia adds with a grin, "Of course now that I *am* the Runner-Up I care immensely! This is an incredible honor. I've enjoyed working with *Penthouse* since my centerfold was published, and I can't wait to begin representing the magazine and the company as Pet of the Year Runner-Up. Plus, now Paige and I can travel together when we go to promotional appearances. That will make the long hours much more fun."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



Wardrobe created and styled by Levon Mouradian Collections, Beverly Hills, Calif.







"I love meeting *Penthouse* readers. I like to hear what people think about my photos. All the *Penthouse* photographers are very artistic, but hearing them respond to a pose is never the same as the reaction from an audience."

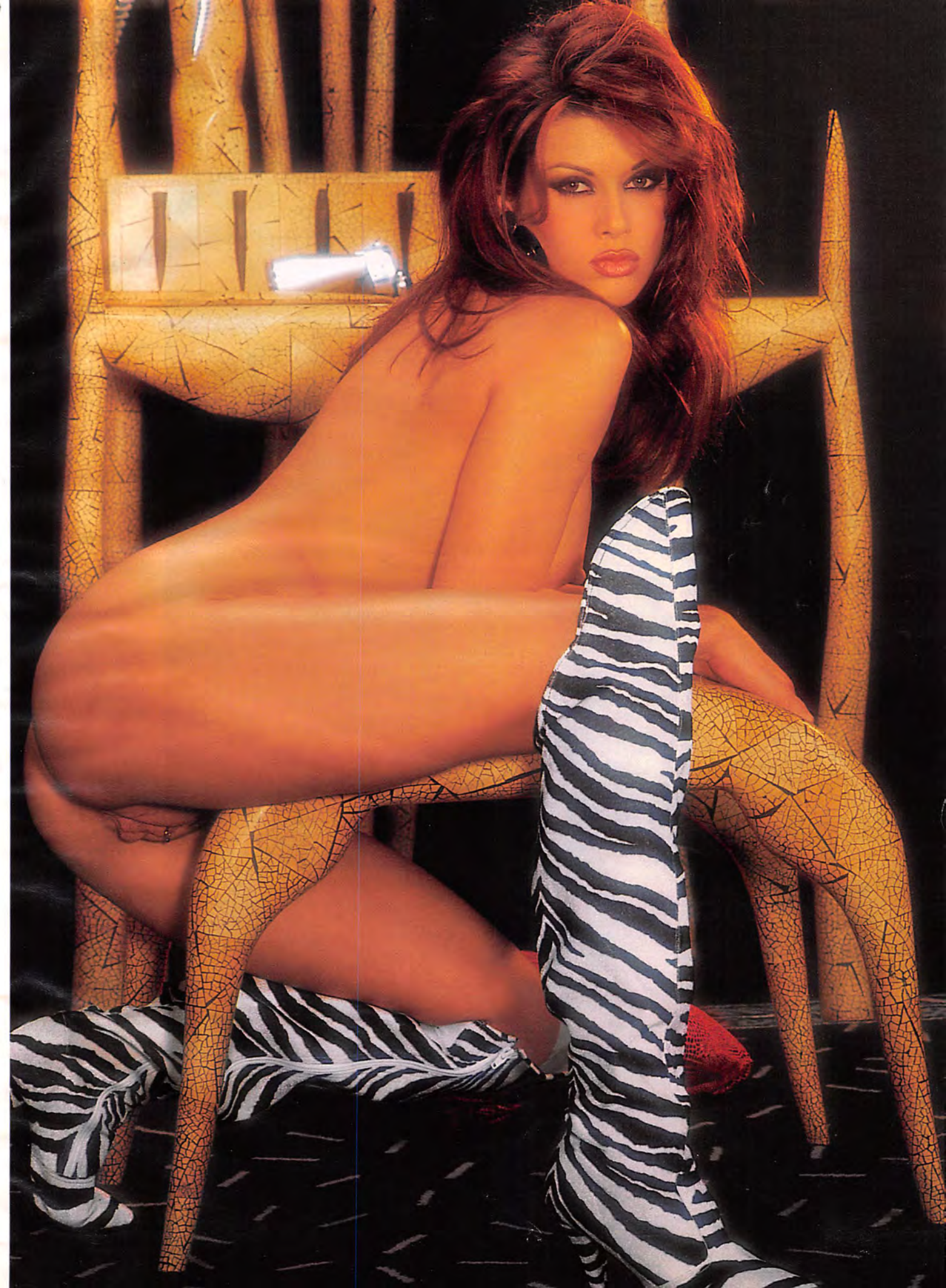






"When I'm appearing in theater I have immediate feedback to my work from the audience," the radiant 36-22-35 Julia continues. "I love being on stage, I love performing, and I love making that connection with the crowd."









"The great thing about *Penthouse* readers is the diversity," Julia says. "I've met readers of all ages and from all walks of life, both men and women, and it's rewarding to know that my work means something to so many different people."














"When I had my labia pierced I was already a Pet," Julia says. "The people at the piercing salon could hardly believe I was in *Penthouse*. They were thrilled that such a prominent magazine was treating piercing as more than a fetish."







"But it doesn't surprise me at all that *Penthouse* is on the cutting edge," she adds, "because it's always been a groundbreaking magazine that works at breaking the rules." Julia, believe us, breaking ground with you is no work at all! 







# THE JOKE MAN

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

**JACKIE MARTLING**



**Do you know what a "will not" is?**

**A "will not" is a little tiny ball of toilet paper that gets stuck in the hairs of your ass and will not come out.**

• A priest gets a flat tire fixed. As the car's coming down on the lift, the priest asks the mechanic, "Are the lug nuts tight?"  
The mechanic says, "Tight as a nun's cunt."  
The priest says, "You better give them another turn."

• The first hen says, "I sell my eggs for 50 cents a dozen."  
The second one says, "Well, my eggs are bigger, and I sell them for 55 cents a dozen."  
The first one says, "So I should bust my ass for a nickel?"

• Hoagland walks into his house, goes up to his bedroom, and finds his best friend banging his wife.  
He freaks out and says, "Mark, how the hell could you do this? You're supposed to be my friend! And in my own house. Fucking my ... Jesus Christ, you two, you could at least stop while I'm talking to you."

**What do you call 1,000 white men chasing a black man?**

**The 1997 P.G.A. Tour.**

• Pascarelli walks into a shoe store and asks for a pair of size 8's. The salesman says, "But, sir, I can see that you're at least a size 11."

Pascarelli says, "Just bring me a size 8."

The salesman brings them. Pascarelli stuffs his feet into the shoes and stands up in obvious pain. He says to the salesman, "I lost my business and my house, I live with my mother-in-law, my wife is cheating on me with my best friend, my son is gay, and my daughter is a hooker. The only pleasure I have left is to come home at night and take my shoes off."

**What are the five sizes a penis comes in?**

**Small, medium, large, "Oh my God," and "Does that come in white?"**

• Hirsch gets in a big brawl, and his jaw gets smashed up so badly that the doctor has to wire it shut. For a few weeks he has to be fed through his butt.

After a couple of days he mumbles through his wired-up jaw, "Nurse, I can't stand it. I gotta have a cup of coffee. I gotta have a cup of coffee."

The nurse gets a tube, sticks it up Hirsch's ass, puts a funnel in the tube, and pours in the coffee.

Hirsch starts wagging around, going "Unh! Unh!"

She says, "Is it too hot?"

He says, "No! It's too sweet!"

• Corson and Trueson meet to go fishing. Corson says, "Didn't you just get married?"

Trueson says, "Yep."

Corson says, "Shouldn't you be home banging your new wife right now?"

Trueson says, "Can't. She's got gonorrhea."

Corson says, "You could get her in the ass."

Trueson says, "Nope. She's got diarrhea."

Corson says, "How about a blowjob?"

Trueson shakes his head and says, "No good. She has pyorrhea."

Corson says, "Why the hell did you marry her?"

Trueson smiles and says, "She has tapeworms, and I love to fish."

**Why is it important for the bride to wear white at her wedding?**

**The dishwasher should match the refrigerator and the stove.**

• Mr. and Mrs. Halvangis have a kid, and seven months later it crawls into the backyard and gets eaten by Mrs. Halvangis's pet alligator. Mr. Halvangis consoles her and tells her it's all right, they can have another one. They have another one, and eight months later it crawls into the backyard and gets eaten by the alligator. Mr. Halvangis goes out and blows the alligator's head off with his shotgun.

Mrs. Halvangis says, "Now what'd you do that for?"

Halvangis says, "I'll be damned if I'm gonna work all day and fuck all night just to feed that stupid alligator."

**Why do Arab women wear veils?**

**So they can blow their noses without getting their hands dirty.**

• An incredibly ugly girl gets into Gangy's car and says, "I'm so happy you asked me out. I always thought I was so unattractive that I'd never get a date."

Gangy says, "Don't be silly."

He pulls into a supermarket parking lot and tells her, "I'm going in to get some groceries."

She says, "I thought we were going out to dinner."

He says, "We are. But I think I'm going to be needing a paper bag later."

*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.*



# IT'S BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY YEAR!

## How Nice.

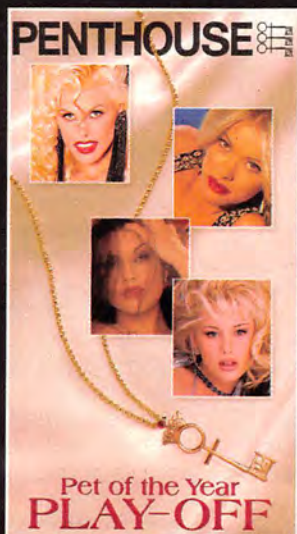
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# THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Dean Temple

**Some modest proposals for the future of penile implants**

The medical innovations in penis enlargement don't interest me. What interests me is that no one seems to grasp the *real* potential of this development. We live in an era of supersonic cars, cellular communication, the Internet, cloning, and penis enlargement, yet with all the great minds that had a hand in these advances, particularly the last of them, not one seems to have a hand in the right place.

There are some who feel that the process of cosmetic-enhancement surgery—transferring fat cells from the abdomen to the penis to achieve a manlier girth—is ingenious. "Who wouldn't trade a few inches of gut for a few more inches of lovin'?" they say.

I give this brainstorm a barely passing grade. Do some sit-ups and offer me some creativity. Fat cells are dead space in an era when space is at a premium. How about something useful, like a penile clock.

This is the kind of fantastic innovation that would serve several functions for the newly enlarged. "She was so turned on, we made love for 45 minutes and 33.5 seconds without a breather."

And frankly, if I'm going to spend the money on a bigger

dick, I want as many opportunities to show it off as possible. How often does somebody ask you the time? No longer considering this a bother, and certainly eager to impress, I would respond with an enthusiastic, "Yes! I do know the time."

But while a clock would serve the dual purposes of convenience and novelty, it hardly answers the yet more pressing needs of the busier ones among us, those whose concerns center on communication and constantly remaining in contact.

Which communications devices are best suited to this need? Admittedly a cellular-phone penile implant would be a difficult stretch for all but the extraordinarily flexible. Other popular communications devices might prove a better fit. Consider a beeper, or cellular e-mail implants. While eliminating the need to carry cumbersome laptops or annoying paging devices that are easily misplaced, they would enable a fellow to literally stay in touch all the time. And rest assured, no man would ever leave his beeper in a rented car again.

The potential benefits range from stock quotes in the shower to up-to-date sports scores while at the

Turkish bath, or even emergency pages at the massage parlor—and that's not taking into consideration the additional benefits inherent in new vibrating beepers. Negative side effects include getting beeped while at the urinal, or by a lover when you're with your wife, but technology does have its trade-offs, and second- or third-generation implants could possibly solve these problems.

Of course an endless list of storage solutions could be proposed, from condom-wallet implants to the ultimate replacement for the money belt (no red-blooded American thief, no matter how desperate, would search there).

Once this market is fully exploited, manufacturers in all sectors, from Sony to Swiss Army, would grasp firmly on to the idea.

I don't deny that a fair share of customers would be taken by companies manufacturing inferior products. Some ideas—the thermos implant, for example—are ill conceived, if not downright tasteless.

Yet the detractors remain. "What about terrorists?" they ask. Granted, there are minor problems that would have to be worked out, like increased security in

public places. Any wack-job suicide bomber with the clock-implant option and a little plastique ... well, you can imagine the explosive consequences. But if the airline industry can overcome the threat of the Walkman, industrial designers can surely develop an answer to the penis.

There are also the medical purists. For these "philosophers of the enhancement arts," might I suggest an option that could also glorify the work of skilled practitioners: Fluorescent lighting is not only low energy and low heat; most fluorescent bulbs come in appropriate shapes and sizes and are easy and inexpensive to replace. With this option you could quite literally light up a room.

By no means do I feel the questions here extend to men alone. Cosmetic surgeons have long been significantly more grievous offenders when it comes to female implants. Never mind transplanted fat cells; the ultimate in dead space is created through the insertion of silicone or saline into the breasts. Well, consider the fabulous possibility of stereo implants. A nice set of woofers could keep a crowd dancing all night long. 



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# Pet of the Year

## RUNNER-UP GIFTS

Pet of the Year Runner-Up Julia Garvey is a jewel in the crown of *Penthouse* tradition, and we're making sure her coffers are full. (Clockwise from top right) From VERICCI, a leather jacket with brown fox-fur trim on the hood and safari crocodile trim throughout. From KAWASAKI MOTORS CORP., USA, the 1998 Kawasaki Jet Ski 1100 ZXi, providing high performance and endless fun in the sun. From MICHAEL HAYDEN, INC., the amethyst- and diamond-studded PENTHOUSE KEY, designed exclusively for *Penthouse*. From the MYERS GROUP, a trip to Nassau, Bahamas, with a stay at the Radisson Cable Beach Casino & Golf Resort. Also, a cash award from *Penthouse* publisher BOB GUCCIONE, and a one-year scholarship for private instruction in acting technique, TV-commercial technique, speech improvement, and communication skills, courtesy of PHILIP NOLAN. For more information see page 167. 





O U T F O R J U S T I C E



## Hofmekler's People

Some leaders need thugs to take care of business: Ronald Reagan had Rambo. George Bush had The Terminator. And now the Dalai Lama has Steven Seagal to kick Jiang Zemin's ass. It looks like Tibet's problem with China is going to be solved after all—at least on the big screen.



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## PAM & TOMMY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

tape in at least 12 different countries. The competition was so keen that the price of the original bootleg (which was said by Howard Stern to have cost him more than \$100) dropped rapidly through \$50, \$40, and \$30 to come to rest at a level between \$15 and \$20. It was a textbook example of the free market in action in the Information Age. But it wasn't just because the tape was of two famous people screwing. It was because one of the stars was Pamela Anderson. And Pamela Anderson is sex on the Internet personified.

Far from being the tool of democracy its advertising promises, the Internet is still, by and large, the private brain trust of the technological and corporate world and its breeding farms, the institutions of higher learning. While pockets of other classes can be found, and many participate as individuals, the dominant culture of the Net remains white, managerial, technocratic, academic, and male. In short, nerds. And the nerd culture, which is deeply committed to masturbation as its sex act of choice, loves sex goddesses.

The two types of goddess that currently dominate the Net are the Asian Schoolgirl and the Big-Titted Blonde. And while the race for the title is still on among the Asian schoolgirls of the world, Pamela Anderson has been overwhelmingly elected high priestess of the Internet Cult of the Big-Titted Blonde.

Slipstreaming behind this victory of form over substance, Pamela Anderson's husband has been awarded the title "World's Luckiest Man, Next to Bill Gates." Because even though Pam is the fatal attraction in the video, the tape's biggest revelation is the answer to the question, "Just what the hell does Tommy Lee have going for him?"

Before the video, this was a mystery to any person who cared to think about it for more than five seconds. The most common explanation was dumb luck. But maybe luck has little to do with it. After all, this is a man who can marry and then divorce Heather Locklear, a woman who could give a hormonal surge to a Galápagos tortoise. And then he can go on to pursue, bed, marry, and have children with a woman who is certainly the most universally desired female on the World Wide Web and one of the top ten for the rest of the world. It was clear that Tommy Lee had to have something special going for him. Was it the word MAYHEM tattooed across his belly? Was it his night job as a drummer for a rock-'n'-roll band so bad that it's great? Was it because he is a drummer that it simply didn't occur to him that

Pam Anderson was beyond his reach? Was it his large penis and his ability to use it at the drop of Pam Anderson's monokini? The Internet's vote is in, and it says, "We'll have what he's having."

What Tommy Lee is having is made clear to anyone who happens upon any one of hundreds of offers found on the Internet to sell a copy. As one ad in the alt.fan.pam-anderson Usenet group puts it, "Watch Baywatch Star Pam Anderson Lee and Mötley Crüe Drummer Tommy Lee As You Have Never Seen Them. This is the sexually explicit tape they say was lost or stolen from their Malibu mansion. This video shows Pam in the bathtub as Tommy video tapes her.

"See their wild space-age wedding as they and their guests dress like space aliens. See Pam as she gives Tommy a blow job as they swerve recklessly down Highway 15 towing a boat. Nude sunbathing and sex are just part of the fun as Pam and Tommy celebrate her birthday on a private yacht in Lake Mead, where Pam films Tommy as he fucks her and Tommy films Pam as she gives him a blow job.

"There is no simulated sex here. This is Raw Lust. Be in the middle of the Action. See how much Pam loves Tommy's Big Dick that he pulls out of her and cums all over Baywatch star Pam Anderson Lee. Tommy shows us how much he enjoys being in a girl, and then Pam rolls a joint and explains she makes the best chili pot burgers in the world."

Malibu mansions. Pam Anderson in the bath. Space aliens. Oral sex at high speeds. Nude sunbathing. Yachts. More oral sex. No simulated sex. Raw lust. Big dicks. Come shots. Joints being rolled. Chili pot burgers.

It is not only sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. It is the ultimate American party dream caught live on videotape. What more can life offer? Who can resist such a tape? Who can resist a videotape with two stars, Pam and Tommy; two directors, Pam and Tommy; and two camerapersons, Pam and Tommy. It might be known as "The Honeymoon Tape" in Hollywood, but it could just as well be titled "Boats, Bathtubs, Boobs, and Automobiles."

Whatever you want to call it, scenes from this classic bit of contemporary Americana are likely to be playing on a Website near you for decades to come. All thanks to the timely intervention of that modern marvel of technology, the Internet, where nothing interesting or newsworthy or sexy is secret or private any longer.—Gerard Van der Leun

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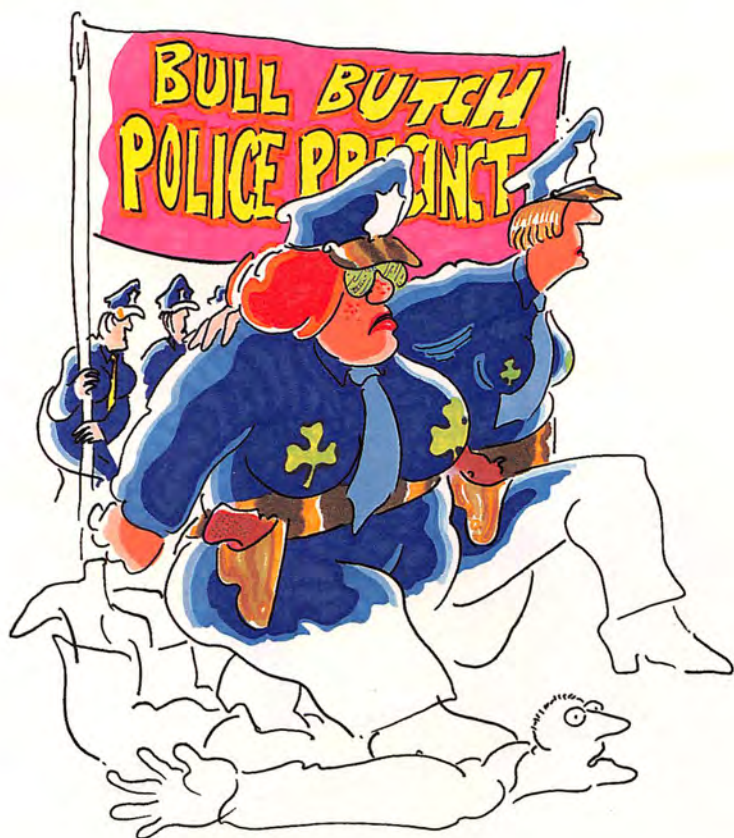
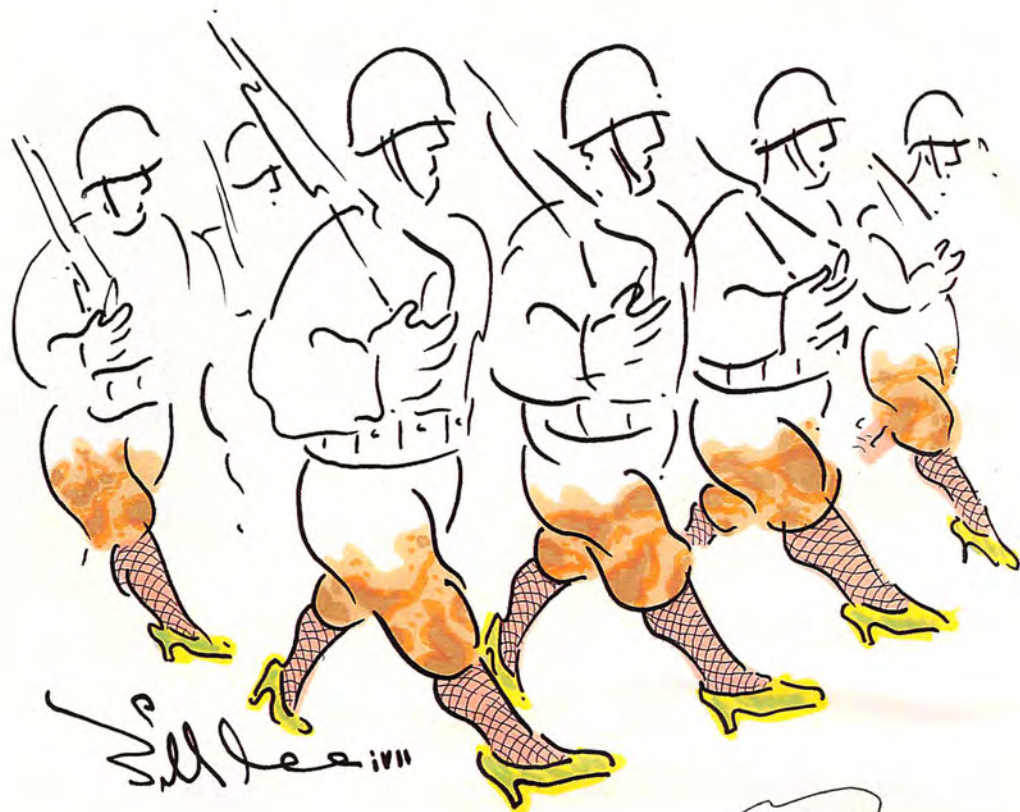




NOT ME, FINNVIGAN,  
THE TRUMPET, THE TRUMPET...













hard. This man had some stamina. He kissed my butt, and up my back to my neck. I could feel his rock-hard dick between my butt cheeks. He pulled me backward on top of him. Once we got situated, he positioned me over his dick. I quickly impaled myself on it and rode him like a cowgirl. He grabbed my breasts and started massaging them and pushing them together as I bounced up and down on his big dick.

I collapsed onto his chest with his dick still in me. He rubbed my back and butt while I tried to catch my breath. I hadn't had this much fun in a long time. I finally popped him out of me and brought him to his final orgasm by blowing him again. This was his last performance for that session. We both lay on the couch naked in each other's arms, exhausted. We finished watching the tape together as he wormed his fingers in and out of my pussy. He brought me

breasts in; black pants; my long brown hair curled sexily around my face. I set out for a club that catered to couples.

I walked around in the club until I saw a couple about my age. I introduced myself and we started talking. We seemed to have a lot in common. Kelly was a curvaceous blonde; her husband, Steve, was tall and dark. Kelly and I started dancing together, and she asked me, "What do you consider the sexiest thing about you?" I laughed and said, "My curves."

"What do other people consider your sexiest part?"

"That's easy," I said. "My nipples. They are very big and full, and men go crazy over them." We knew we were into something good, so we continued to party until late.

They invited me back to their place to go swimming. In the car Kelly leaned over and gave me a long, slow kiss. She pulled back, leaving me breathless, and said, "I'm glad we got this out of the way. Now we can go home." I felt as giddy as a high-school girl. At the

neck and arms. As I worked my way down her body she spread her legs and pulled her opening apart. I went down and tasted pussy for the first time. Her pussy lips were small, and she was so warm and wet. Her husband came to join us, and she began sucking him while I kissed her breasts and fingered her hot twat. She turned him toward me, and I sucked on his hard penis while she went down on me.

I kept moaning and couldn't stop saying, "Oh God, you bitch, that feels so good!" We got into the shower, but I couldn't stay on my feet. I kept going down on my knees and working my way up Kelly's luscious legs. I had my hands on her soft ass, and I couldn't get enough of her full breasts. Finally I looked at Steve and said, "Please fuck your wife." He responded by entering her from behind. She held me, and I looked into Steve's eyes as he fucked her. With each thrust my pussy got wetter and wetter.

They both came, with her mouth on my breasts. Then Kelly asked me if I would like to fuck Steve. I answered by kissing him, then turned around so he could enter my cunt from the rear. It turned me on to be fucking her husband while she watched. I was moving against him faster and faster. She went down and began eating and rubbing my clit while he fucked me. I could feel myself getting closer to orgasm.

This was the ideal situation, what I had always wanted: a dick in my pussy and another woman's breasts and fingers on my clit. I began to scream. I was coming so hard that I had to hold on to Steve. Soon my legs gave out completely and I slid to the shower floor. Kelly laughed and said to Steve, "Pretty good for a first-timer."

We got out of the shower and into the bed. I was still extremely horny and Kelly was too, because her pussy was still hot and wet when I started to bang it. I couldn't get enough. She started eating my pussy while her husband fucked her again. My legs were spread out as wide as they could be while she came, moaning, into my pussy.

After that Kelly took me into the spare bedroom. We lay on the bed, breast to breast, for a minute. Then we started all over again. I began kissing her breasts, and pulled her on top of me in the sixty-nine position.

It was a wonderful experience, having a pussy in my mouth while mine was being eaten. Kelly stopped and asked me to touch myself while she watched. As horny as I was that wasn't hard. Then I started to finger her clit, and she started banging me harder and harder. I was moving my hips, wanting as much as she could give. I came in a screaming rush and collapsed, completely exhausted but fully satisfied.

"She was so warm and wet.  
Her husband came to join us, and  
she began sucking him  
while I fingered her hot twat."

off twice more with just his fingers.

At some point we both dozed off. When we woke up at about one A.M., Julian went out into the store to get another tape. We mimicked everything we saw on the tape. He even butt-pumped me a few times. I lost track of how many times I came and how many orgasms he had. We really gave ourselves a workout until dawn.

Julian and I have been together for about a year now. I still work at the video store and he still works across the street in the café. We've done it a few more times in the video store and twice in the café, once in its walk-in fridge.

We always have great sex, and each time seems to get better. We still watch the videos from the store, and have added toys and *Penthouse* magazine for fun.—V. B., California

## Testing the Waters

I have wanted to be with a woman for a few years now, but never really did anything about it. With my boyfriend out of town, I decided it was now or never. I prepared in a way that showed off my waist and olive skin: a fitted vest, unbuttoned except for the button holding my

house Steve made drinks, then we went out to the pool, stripped, and jumped in. The water was refreshing, but did nothing to cool me down. I was both anxious and excited.

Kelly closed the distance between us and started kissing me. I felt her heavy breasts through the cool water, and I wrapped my legs around her, becoming more turned on by the minute. She asked if I had ever been with a woman before, and I confessed that I hadn't. She said not to worry, and led me into the house. She turned on the shower, but we never made it in. I reached out and kissed her, and before I knew it we were rolling around on her bathroom floor with the water running.

I couldn't believe how good she felt; her skin was so soft. I started kissing her breasts and her whole body. Just looking at her I realized why men become whipped. Speaking of men, I looked up and saw her husband standing by the door. I felt I'd been caught with my hand in the cookie jar, but he just watched us for a minute, then left. Kelly went straight down into my pussy. God, it felt good!

I wanted to devour this woman. I pulled back and started nibbling her



**STACEY**

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY  
EARL  
MILLER









Being subtle  
doesn't work  
with guys,  
so I'm going  
to tell you  
my most se-  
cret fantasy.  
Watch ...  
and learn!







I'm sprawled  
in the back  
of a pickup,  
ready for  
you. I know  
I should  
wait, but I  
can't keep  
my hands off  
myself.









A woman  
is watching.  
As I open  
myself to her  
gaze, she  
licks her lips.  
My juices  
begin to flow,  
and I see



her nipples  
grow erect; I  
feel my  
own harden-  
ing. We  
pull at them  
simultane-  
ously, in per-  
fect rhythm.







Now a man  
is with her,  
kneeling be-  
hind her. I  
thrust my fin-  
gers vigor-  
ously; he  
mimics my  
movements.









I feel your  
stiff organ  
against me ...  
I didn't even  
hear you ap-  
proach. As I  
rub against  
you I stare  
the woman



in the eye.  
Now they set  
the pace.  
Emboldened  
by our bra-  
zenness, I  
even dare to  
reach for vir-  
gin territory.











Between my thighs, your tongue is working  
wildly, probing, dipping.... I watch the others watch-  
ing us, their passion feeding on ours. We  
explode ... time stops ... we rest, awaiting rebirth. O+





"With his feeling for line, training him was easy.  
Catching his flies was the hard part."



# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

I opened my eyes and saw the sun coming up. After breakfast, Kelly and Steve told me I would have to come over and swim with them again sometime. That was an offer I knew I could not refuse.—D. N., Texas

## Teacher's Pet

One day I received an extraordinary letter and a follow-up phone call from an old flame. It seemed that Heather wanted me to act as a sexual consultant to her younger sister, Linda. She explained that her sister's fiancé was a sexually sophisticated man of the world and that Linda felt unsure whether she could meet the challenge of pleasing him. Although Linda was still a virgin, she consented to this arrangement because Heather was quite liberal with accolades about me.

I prepared for that special day with Linda with a chilled bottle of champagne, caviar canapés, soft lights, and soft music. Heather had sent a picture of Linda. She was stunning, and I couldn't wait to meet her. She arrived with a knock on the door. I opened it, and there was Linda in a loose-fitting mini-dress, framed by light from the hallway that outlined her petite body. I offered her a glass of champagne, and took one for myself.

We kissed, and I immediately probed her mouth with my tongue. Her reaction surprised me. She sucked on my tongue and moaned. I put my hand under her dress and rubbed her pussy through her bikini panties. She was sopping wet. I sucked back and murmured sexual tidbits in her ear as I gently probed her love portal. Linda started pumping my embedded finger. I took a moment to remove her dress; her small but firm breasts stood straight out. She was about five foot one and about 100 pounds.

I planted my lips on her protruding nipples and kept nibbling as she started to remove my shirt. In her mounting frenzy she licked and kissed all over my chest. Who was supposed to be the expert here? I wondered.

I led her to my water bed, sank to my knees, then started licking her stomach and fingering her pussy through her panties. With a loud moan Linda cupped my face, and had her first orgasm. As her orgasm subsided, I removed her panties and rammed my tongue into her vagina. I zeroed in on her clitoris and began darting my tongue all around it. She exploded again.

I placed her on the water bed, and while roaming over her body with my hands and mouth I explained the impor-

tance of each erogenous zone.

Finally I arrived at her strawberry-blond pussy and buried my mouth in her snatch. Her entire body trembled from head to toe. She pulled my hair, wrapped her thighs around my head, and squeezed with all her might. Finally she released her thighs and allowed me to breathe.

I decided not to keep count of her orgasms. Both she and I were on a roll. While she was recovering, I retrieved a bowl of tepid oil. I told her to turn over and relax. Starting with her shoulders, I poured some oil and massaged it in. I repeated the procedure on her back. Then I moved to her buttocks and did the same. I started licking, parting her cheeks and painting the recesses of her ass with my tongue. When I entered a finger into her ass hole she bucked like crazy.

By now my penis resembled a guided missile. I oiled my dick as I continued to finger-fuck her. I mounted her, then replaced my finger with my ten-inch cock. She reached around and grabbed my member with her delicate hand. She pleaded with me to enter her. I told Linda to relax as I lightly dabbed at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

## FASHION FINDER

Model: Natalie Smith

Makeup: Racine Christensen

Assistants to Mr. Martinez: Matthew Rodgers, Daragh McDonagh

For more information on the ties featured on pages 42-43, contact these manufacturers or stores:

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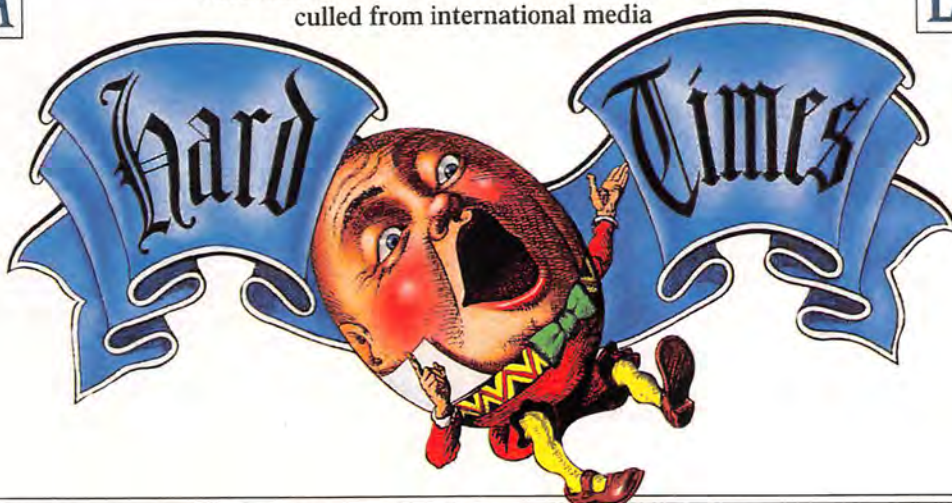
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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 16, NO. 7

## BIGFOOT TOURISM

Last summer officials at the Shennongjia National Park in China reported they'd discovered hundreds of large human-like footprints in mountainous regions of the park. Wang Fangchen, head of the Chinese Committee for Research on Strange and Rare Creatures, said, "We have made preliminary conclusions that [the footprints] were left by two animals walking on two legs." He also deduced from the size and depth of the footprints that the creatures weighed about 440 pounds each. (*London Daily Mail*)

Now we know where Rosie O'Donnell and Ricki Lake spent their summer vacation.—Editor

## VE HAF VAYS UP MAKING YOU DIET

Walter Kempner, M.D., known as the Rice Diet doctor, revealed before his death that his methods often included whipping patients who could not stay on his diet. A lawsuit brought by Sharon Ryan against Dr. Kempner and Duke University alleges that Kempner turned her into his virtual sex slave for 20 years, and whipped her when she went off her diet of rice and fruit. The German-born Kempner, who died at age 94, admitted in a deposition that he "whipped people in order to help them and because they [said] they want[ed] to be whipped." His deposition also asserted that it was Ryan who brought him the riding crop and asked to be

## HIGH ART OR DEAD ART?

In Mannheim, Germany, a state-supported museum is getting record attendance for its grave-breaking exhibition, "Body World: A Look Into the Human Body." The exhibit includes showcases of entire corpses dunked in plastic as well as numerous human limbs and organs dangling around the galleries. The exhibit had enjoyed a great deal of success when it started out in Japan. The Mannheim brochure warns that the display may not be "suitable for all tastes." (Associated Press)

Right. If Jeffrey Dahmer is a tour guide, count us out.—Editor



whipped because she had gone off her diet. (Associated Press)

Now we know where Rosie O'Donnell and Ricki Lake should have spent their summer vacation.—Editor

## MOURNING AND MOANING

Authorities in Britain are bracing for a Diana-death baby boom as the fruits of grieving for Princess Di by making love are born. One English doctor reported a surge in requests for the "morning-after" birth-control pill on the weekend of Diana's funeral. An expert in death traumas said women wanted "to enjoy life while they could." (Associated Press)

There's nothing like a little carnage to stir up those frisky juices.—Editor

## PAIN IN THE NECK

When Pedro Olivera woke up at his home in Buenos Aires one day last summer he wasn't feeling all that well. True, he had had a few drinks the night before and taken part in a bar-room scuffle, but that didn't really explain the irritating pain in his neck.

Upon reaching the bathroom he looked in the mirror to find a kitchen knife buried up to the hilt in his neck. Efforts by Olivera's wife to pull it out were futile. An ambulance was called and he was taken to a hospital, where doctors removed the blade. The man had no other memories of the night before. (*Weekly World News*)

Well, at least he had a good night's sleep.—Editor

## THE GOODFELLA CAFE?

In the wake of mob boss John Gotti's imprisonment, hard times have come for gangland in New York. The latest humiliation is the confiscation by U.S. marshals of the Ravenite Social Club, the five-story building in Little Italy that was Gotti's headquarters. The feds say they plan to sell the structure, and there's already a buzz among Lower Manhattan club owners to see who can acquire the joint.

One Little Italy landlord advises caution. "I know of a building taken over from a drug dealer and sold to new owners," he said. "Some people came back to settle scores and killed all the occupants. It had a chilling effect on sales." (*Wall Street Journal*)

Maybe so, but you won't have to pay your bill, and you certainly won't have to tip.—Editor

## REALITY BITES

At a party in Kincaid, West Virginia, a man put a blasting cap in a fish tank and was trying to set it off by hooking it up to a battery. For whatever reason, this dubious party trick was not working.

After a time another party guest stepped up, plucked the blasting cap out of the aquarium, said, "I'll show you how to set it off," popped the cap in his mouth, and bit down hard. The resulting explosion took out his tongue, lips, and teeth. (Associated Press)

Just more brilliance from West Virginia.—Editor



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If a member of your family took hydrazine sulfate as part of these N.C.I. clinical tests during this period, please write to **Bob Guccione, c/o The Kathy Keeton Foundation, 277 Park Avenue, Fourth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003**, as soon as possible. Your name and address will be kept confidential. You can also send a confidential e-mail message to: [hydrazine@generalmedia.com](mailto:hydrazine@generalmedia.com).



# THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR



## THREE IS NOT A CROWD

ARTICLE BY RALPH GARDNER, JR. • PAINTING BY RAYMOND VERDAGUER



**T**HANKS TO MARV ALBERT, the ménage à trois—the pièce de résistance, the ne plus ultra, the holy grail of sex—has been in the news a lot lately. For those of you who aren't sports fans, Marv's girlfriend (not to be confused with his fiancée) testified in a Virginia courtroom that the sportscaster threw her onto a bed and started biting her because she hadn't followed his instructions to find another man to join them in three-way sex.

The ménage à trois, and its mathematical possibilities, also happens to be an interest of mine—not that I've ever gone into a biting frenzy when one failed to materialize. Thus far, in fact, I'm ashamed to say, my experience with threesomes has been purely theoretical. I have enough trouble getting one woman to have sex with me, let alone two or more.

But I've recently discovered that I'm far from alone in fantasizing about the arrangement. For example, Francesca, a travel agent in her late twenties, told me that several times a week she gets out her trusty vibrator, checks the batteries, and envisions a scene where she and the proverbial "Mexican gardener" go at it while the man she loves sits on the couch and watches.

"Women love arousing that kind of jealousy in men," she confessed. "It's one of the great highs to watch those emotions cross a guy's face—the hungry look, the starving look. I guess the fantasy would culminate in him finally getting off the couch, extremely aroused, and belting the other guy."

However, both Marv and Francesca seem to be somewhat out of sync in their desire to be part of a threesome that features two penises but only one pussy. An informal poll I've taken—let's not discuss the margin of error—suggests that males typically prefer to be the sole fellow, for the simple reason that it doubles the number of orifices they get to explore. Women also desire another woman because they think that most men are assholes, and who needs two assholes?

"All my doctors are women," Ann, a foundation executive in her thirties, declared. "I trust women more. Plus, you only need one penis."

## MALES TYPICALLY PREFER TO BE THE SOLE FELLOW IN A THREESOME

Apropos of Marv, even though I followed the trial closely I never figured out who the second man was for. Were he and Marv going to don women's underwear and sing show tunes, as one newspaper reported Marv enjoyed doing to let off a little steam after a game? Or was the other man the Mexican gardener of Francesca's fantasies, who would have sex with Marv's girlfriend while Marv sat on his couch at the Ritz-Carlton calling the play-by-play?

I posed this question to Mistress Freya, a popular Manhattan dominatrix, whose client roster includes many overachievers like Marv. Freya, who has no particular interest in professional sports, wasn't shocked at all about the allegations swirling around the former voice of the New York Knicks and Rangers.

"All you have to do is look at him," she said with a shrug. "He looks a little slimy and cheesy. You can tell he's got a freaky side to him. It starts with the toupée."

According to the dominatrix, the fact that Marv wanted another man to complete his ménage à trois rather than, say, one of the Laker Girls, doesn't mean he's gay. She described his choice of a gentleman as breaking "the last taboo," and said that the ultimate fantasy of such men is "getting a blowjob from the other guy."

Sounds gay to me, but what do I know.

So then the Mexican gardener, or bellhop, or whatever, was for Marv? I inquired. Mistress Freya scolded me, as only she can, for being so unimaginative. The second gentleman, she explained, could have as many purposes as a Swiss Army knife.

"Marv could have wanted to watch his girlfriend dominate the other guy," she said, "and have her force the third party to give Marv a blowjob, or a handjob, or to have the guy bend over while Marv..."

Freya's voice suddenly fell to an indecipherable whisper. It turned out she was returning my call from her day job and her supervisor had just walked by.

As a matter of fact, she continued, her voice regaining its former authority as the supervisor moved on, she knew another "self-deprecator" (like Marv) whose idea of romance was to hide under the bed among the dust balls while his wife entertained company. "He liked to stay there under the bed while she made love to somebody else," the dominatrix explained. "He was tied up so he couldn't do anything."

Of course humiliation isn't everyone's cup of tea. Allison, a recreational sadist, told me of how she assumed that the fastest way to get the man she loved to make a commitment was to take him to her favorite S&M club so he could see how much fun she was. "While I was usually shy and fawning with this guy, I was in a forum where I was very comfortable," she said.

Courtship means different things to different people. In Allison's case it meant a ménage-à-trois setting where her boyfriend watched while she beat the shit out of another suitor with a rattan cane.

"I thought that maybe seeing me in this scenario might actually work in our favor," she said innocently. "But it completely frightened him. I think the thing that freaked him out the most was the fact that I could inflict that kind of pain."

By the way, Marv's love life didn't come as a surprise to Allison, who says guys like him are a dime a dozen on the S&M scene. "Some of them, for the humiliation factor, walk around without their toupées," she reported.

Psychologists say that one's sexual tastes are often formed early in

life—e.g., the toddler who smells his baby-sitter's feet and turns into a foot fetishist. And Mistress Freya told me about a client whose idea of a ménage was wearing nothing but a diaper while women paraded by him uttering, "Poo-poo." Turns out that in nursery school a bunch of girls barged into the little-boys' room while he was seated in one of the stalls and screamed the word. "He got so aroused by that," Freya explained, "that ever since, that's been his trigger word."

Perhaps the greatest deterrent to threesomes, besides locating two other people who are game, and concern about sexually transmitted diseases, is jealousy—the fear that your mate, rather than seeing you in a new and attractive light, will find the third party vastly more sexually appealing than he or she finds you.

For example, Kate, a book editor I know, thought she'd come up with a foolproof ménage à trois. Its two other members were her English bisexual boyfriend and his lover from boarding school. The trio got extra high—"That's usually a big factor in ménages à trois," she observed—and retired to her boyfriend's bedroom. "It was okay up to a certain point," she remembered.

That point came when her boyfriend left in a huff because he thought Kate was having entirely too much fun with his friend.

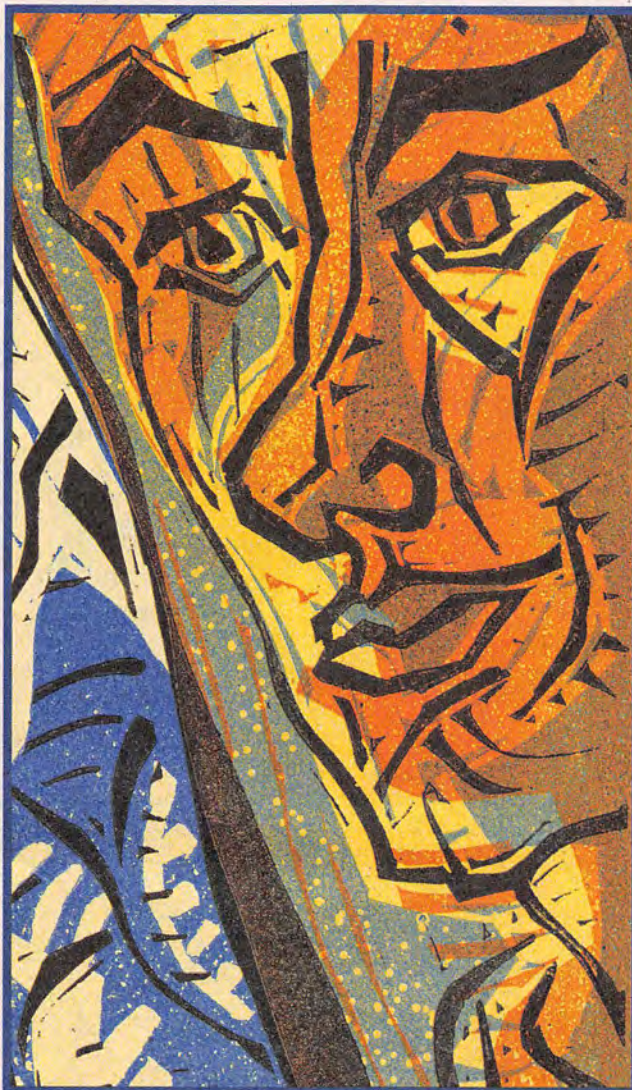


Kate was almost too busy to notice—until sometime the following afternoon, when the room finally stopped spinning.

"My guy got jealous and went into another room because it was like, 'Hey, he's doing it with my girlfriend,'" she recalled. "We didn't know he was sulking. We thought he might have fallen asleep." Kate refused to accept any responsibility for the fellow's hurt feelings. "He could have said to me, 'Hey, you were with my boyfriend.' It was complicated."

It's not fear that her husband will run off with the other woman that's stopping Valerie, a hand model and dancer, from bringing home a fellow dancer with whom she's having "a flirtation" at the gym, a young woman who's become the centerpiece of the couple's sexual fantasies. It's Valerie's suspicion that she, Valerie, might like the arrangement too much. "I think it all started with my husband encouraging me to talk about it," she explained. "I talk about what I want to do with her, and how we'd get together, and where we'd be."

The stories don't even require much imagination. It turns out that the dancers' flirtation has already turned somewhat physical. "She'll rub my feet some-



Allison the sadist, who obviously travels in interesting social circles, recalls an artist she knows who begged his girlfriend to let him bring another woman home. "She wasn't exactly into it," Allison remembered. "But she finally agreed after he pressured her, and then she discovered, 'Hey, I kind of like doing it with chicks.' She dropped her boyfriend, and she's actually dating another woman now."

Andrew, a 43-year-old Los Angeles musician and bodybuilder, who has been blessed to be part of numerous threesomes, having cut his teeth in San Francisco's busy orgy scene during the 1970s, didn't have to worry about lesbianism during his most recent and most memorable ménage à trois. It involved a 19-year-old with whom he'd been involved in a previous threesome.

In that earlier triangle she'd arrive at Andrew's apartment on Wednesday afternoons with a girlfriend. The musician would make all of them a magnificent lobster feast, and then, after

## BECAUSE IT DOUBLES THE NUMBER OF ORIFICES THEY CAN EXPLORE.

times," Valerie admitted, though she brushes off the significance of the gesture. "Dancers will do that all the time. Everyone will start massaging someone. Plus, you barely have any clothes on."

It's more the way her friend fusses over Valerie's beautiful hands, which Valerie keeps safely tucked inside a pair of silk gloves year-round. People always ask why she wears the gloves, and Valerie's friend is more than happy to answer. "She'll take off my gloves really gently, and show them my hands," Valerie said. "And she always makes me touch her hands to see if hers are getting into better condition."


In the last analysis, Valerie's husband should be cautious about encouraging his wife to bring her friend home. Rather than gaining another sex partner to spice up his marriage, he may end up the odd man out. Losing your wife to lesbianism is what the journalist Philip Weiss—who has fantasized in the pages of the *New York Observer* about a shower scene involving himself, his wife, and her girlfriend—calls "the precipice at the edge of this fantasy." "A friend told me you have to develop your feminine side," he says. "If not, the woman will find something in the other woman that she can't find in you. I don't mean they know how to eat pussy better than we do." But they probably do.

thoroughly rinsing their hands in the crystal finger bowls, the three of them would retire to his bedroom.

But the friendship petered out after several months and a lot of drawn butter, and the frisky teenager soon got married. Not long after that, Andrew heard through the grapevine that monogamy wasn't agreeing with her and the marriage was on the rocks.

One day Andrew's doorbell rang, and there she was. "She appears with another woman, very attractive, 38," recalled the musician, who happened to be practicing the piano when they dropped by. They insisted he continue, and took seats on either side of him on the piano bench. "One of them starts rubbing my thigh," he said. "And the other one starts rubbing my back. We wound up in bed. The younger one is kissing me. The older one is giving me head."

After a while Andrew suggested that Lobster Girl join her friend below deck. To his surprise the normally game vixen refused. "We go on for a while," he relates, "and then the older one goes off to the bathroom. When she did, I asked the 19-year-old, 'How come you didn't want to do it with your friend?'"

Even San Francisco's orgy scene hadn't prepared him for her response. "That's not my friend," she answered. "That's my mother." 



# PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE  
humor@generalmedia.com





If as a proper homemaker you have your neighbors round for cookies and coffee, or yogurt and herbal infusions, in the mornings while you discuss baking, everyone will say what a good little wife you are. If, however, you have your girlfriends round in the evening for drinks and foreplay with strange men, some undersupplied sorehead is going to tell on you, so you are probably right to break the news to your husband yourself, as gently as possible.

But be careful about what you mention in the last paragraph of your letter. Husbands are strange creatures, and even the best of them has a basic feeling of ownership about his wife, his car, his mobile phone, and his golf clubs, not necessarily in that order. One thing most men with healthy libidos have in common is a fear of losing out. The first reaction you get when a man catches you cheating is, "Don't I satisfy you?" After which he is apt to get the idea that he is being deprived, and even if you fuck him to a standstill morning, noon, and night he will still believe he is being shortchanged.

Probably the best way to handle it is to give him the notion that this was a one-time deal and won't happen again, unless he would like to participate.

If your husband is enthusiastic about a threesome, I'm sure you will be able to persuade the lovely Trina to oblige.

If he is lukewarm about your proposed erotic adventure, you would do better to wait until it has all been forgotten and then confine your lesbian activities to the morning hours, when you can easily explain that it was only the hole in the donut that received the tongue treatment.

Even in the best relationships a woman needs to keep some things to herself, not in order to deceive her husband, but simply because even the most understanding of men find certain aspects of female thinking threatening, not to say incomprehensible.

## Merry-Go-Round

*I was a decent husband who enjoyed reading Penthouse, but a certain issue (September 1997) struck a strong chord in me. I can definitely relate to that "Repentance" letter in your column.*

*I don't see many faithful husbands writing to you about their cheating spouses. Most just write about how to enjoy sex and fantasy. So I decided to tell what happened to me. My former wife also used to read Penthouse, and one night she talked to me about acting out a fantasy she'd always had of making love to a complete stranger with me around to watch or even join in.*

*I was dead against it, for numerous reasons. I told her how I would be hurt, totally pissed off, and probably envious. And she told me, it's only sex, not the love she shared with me. That I shouldn't be so naive about it. Besides, most husbands cheat anyway. Well, I didn't, and still don't. When I made that commitment at the altar it was for life. For seven years of marriage, our sex life was good. Hell, I let her teach me how to please her in the bedroom until I was sure she was satisfied.*

*Anyway, somewhere in early December I went out of town to attend a friend's funeral. I told Jane I'd be out of town for four to five days, tops. I came home two days early. Sticking around after the funeral was really getting me depressed. When I arrived at the airport I didn't call my wife. Instead I got a dozen red roses to surprise her with, something to lift me from the fucked-up mood I was in.*

*It turned out that I got the surprise. I didn't go to the front door, but around back as I usually do. Completely ignored the fact that our bedroom shades were down. Never even gave it two thoughts. Opened the back door, dropped off my suitcase, and headed for the bedroom, flowers in hand. I thought my wife was at work, and I was going to leave the flowers on her pillow.*

*But she wasn't at work that day. I heard noises coming from our bedroom. I quietly pushed open the door, only to see my wife getting fucked by*

*some guy I recognized from her job. All I could do was stand there and watch, feeling the whole world coming down on me. Writing this letter is sort of taking a weight off my chest.*

*She let this guy fuck in all angles. Even up the butt. After a while I felt tears rolling down my face. See, I'm not a violent man. Never was, nor do I ever intend to be one, so I just headed for the kitchen and took a seat. Continued to cry in silence as I listened to the sounds getting louder and louder.*

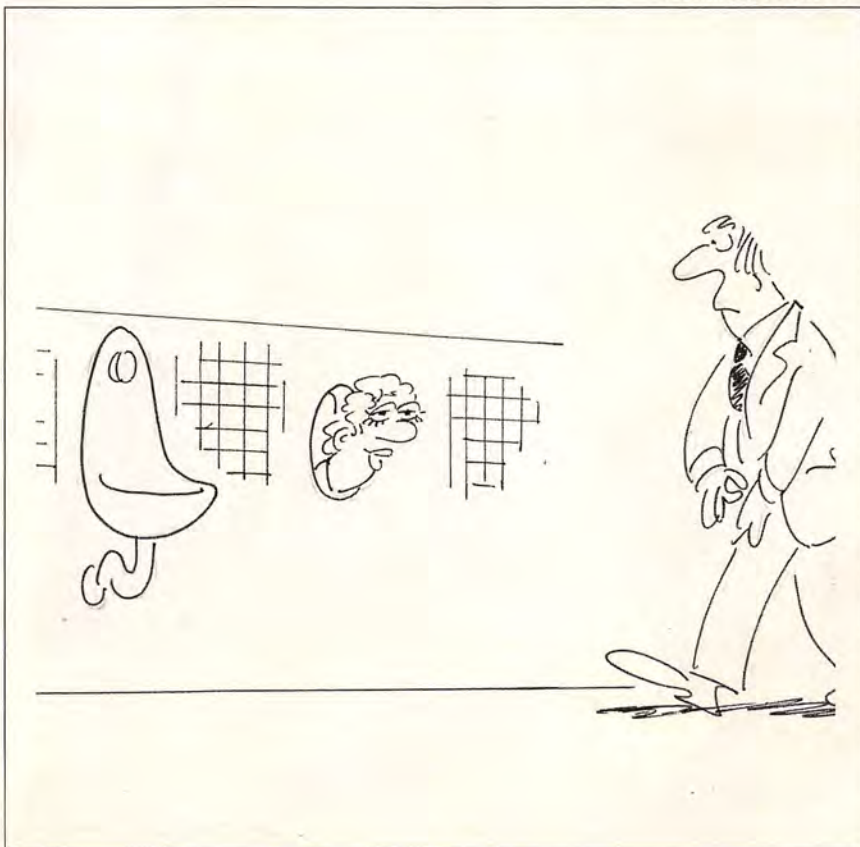
*After the sex was over—or maybe they took a break—this guy James came into the kitchen naked. Shocked to see me sitting there, all he did was stand staring at me. Jane called out his name as she entered the kitchen too. Suddenly she stopped, dumbfounded.*

*James left, saying how sorry he was. Afterward Jane and I had it out. First she accused me of spying on her, making me feel like the guilty party. Then she broke down crying. Begged me to forgive her. All I could do was ask how long the affair had been going on. She told me two years. Gave me details about it, from fucking him in rest rooms at work, to hotel rooms, and then to our bedroom. Living out her fantasy. Two years! Two fucking years, while I thought our marriage was so perfect. Wrong. I was totally wrong.*

*I told her, What if I did the same shit to her, how would she feel about it? She said that it was only sex, not love.*

*I kicked her out of our home. Told her*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152





# CLICK!

EPISODE 2  
BY MILO MANARA

23

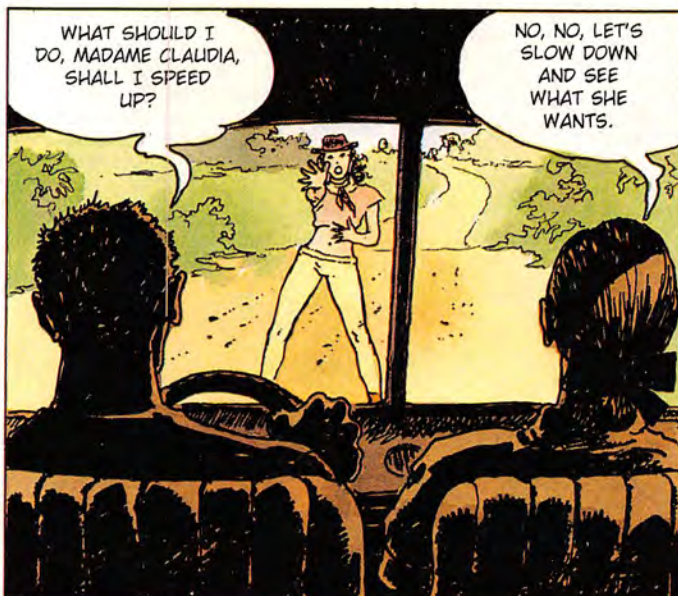
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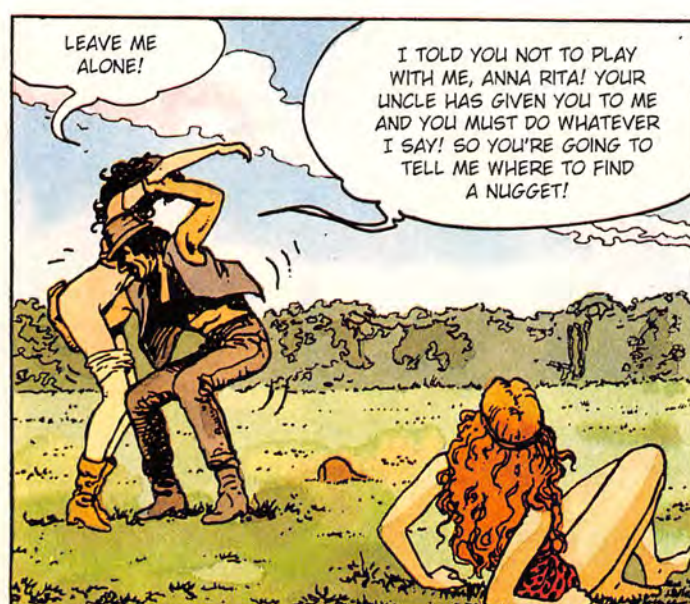
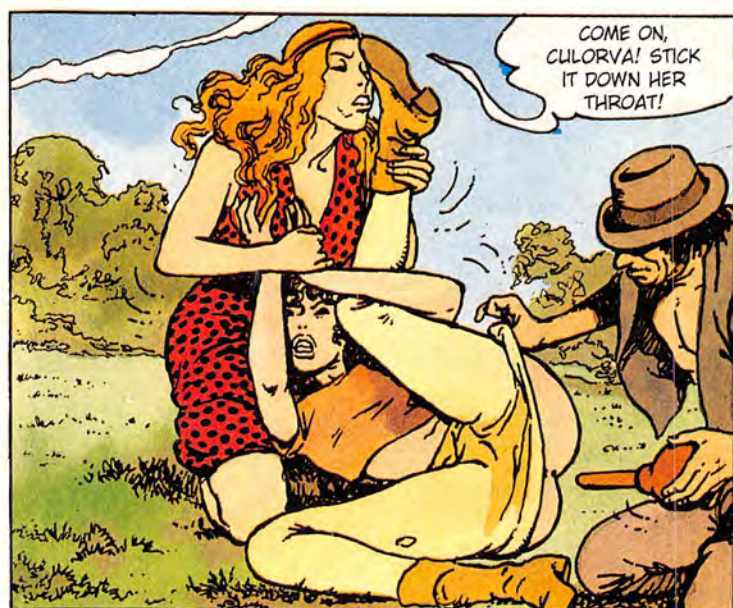
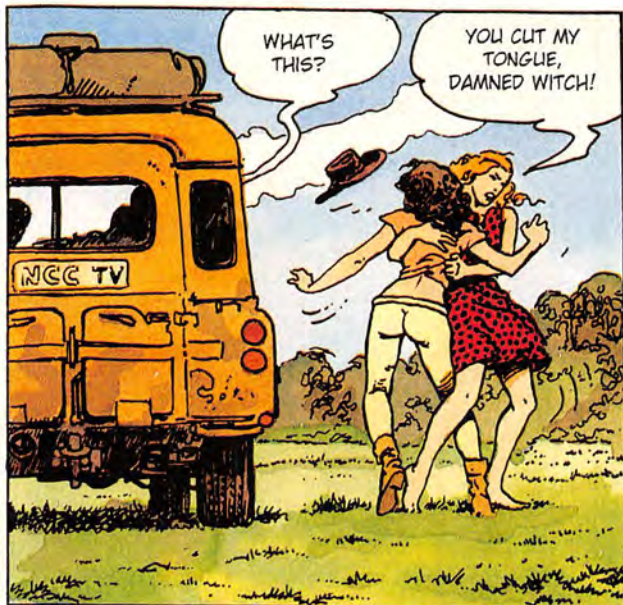
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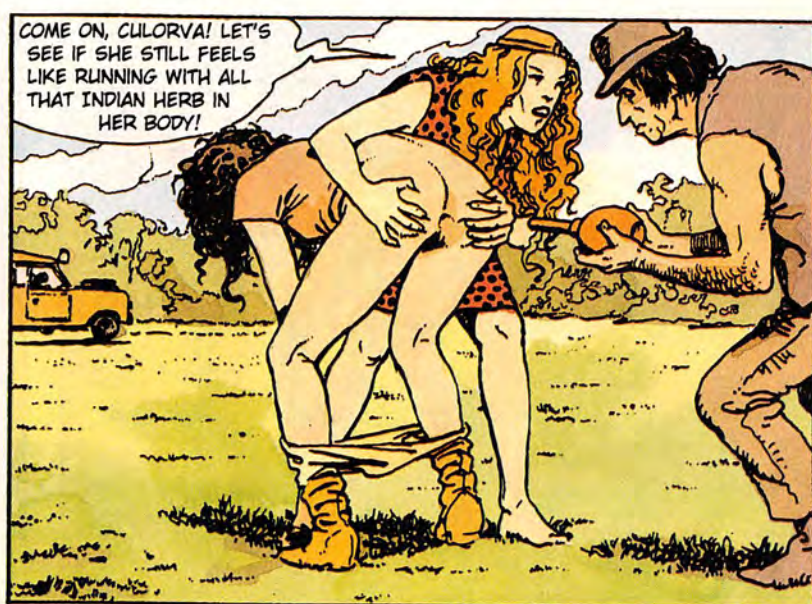
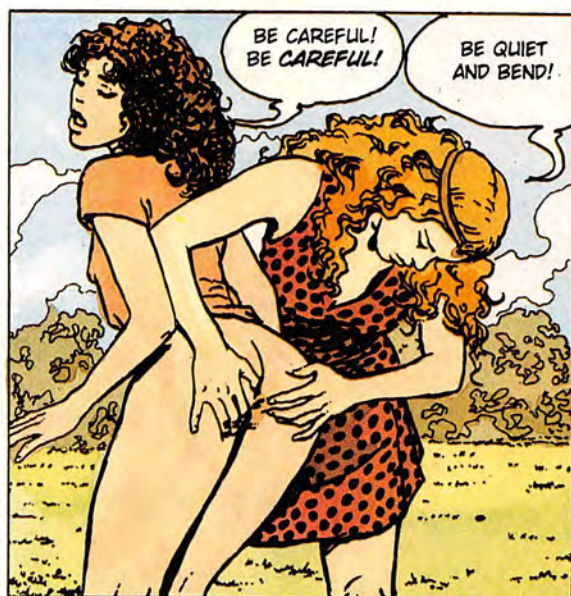
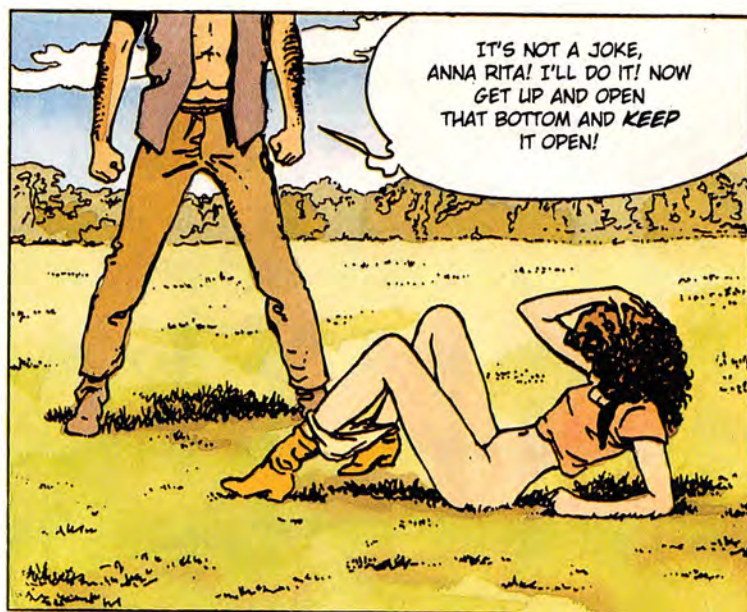
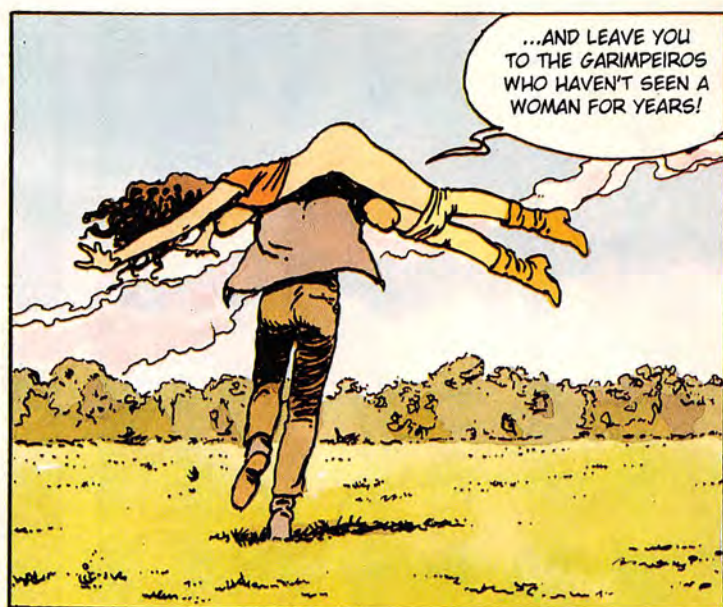




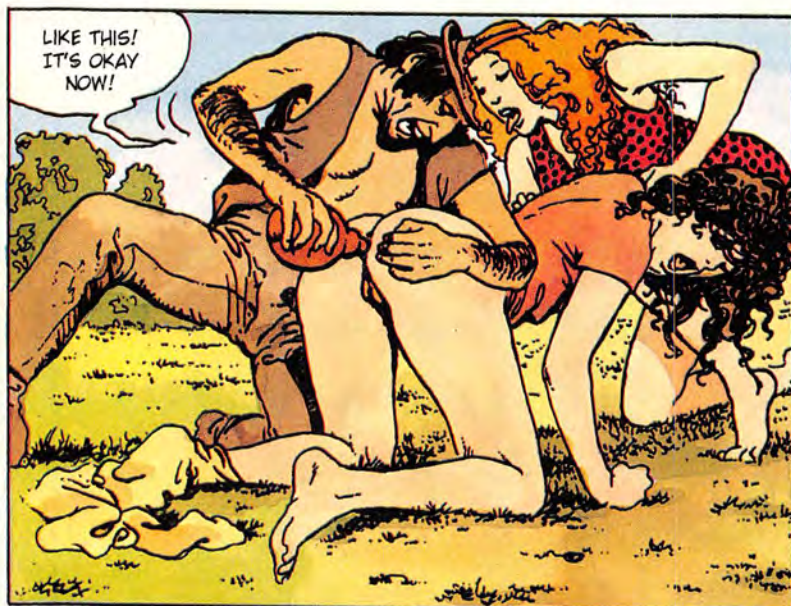




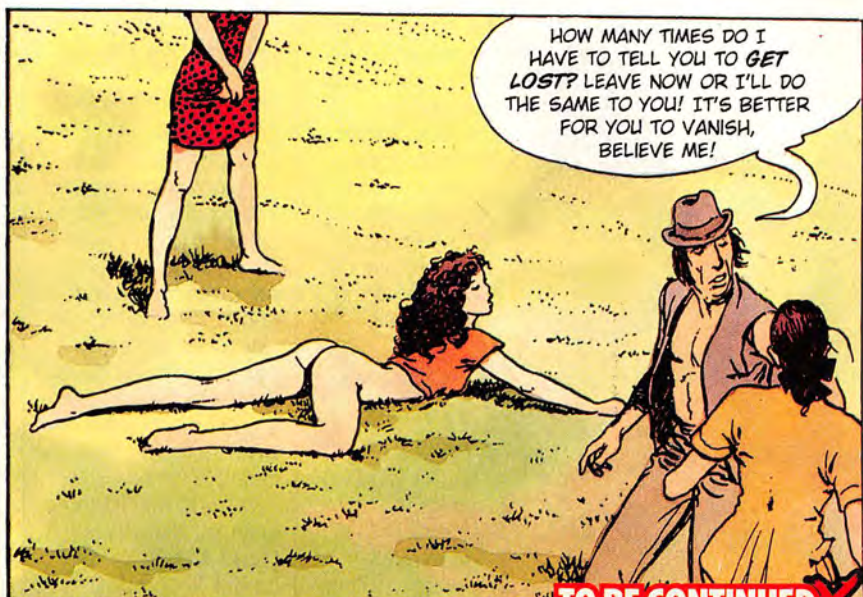
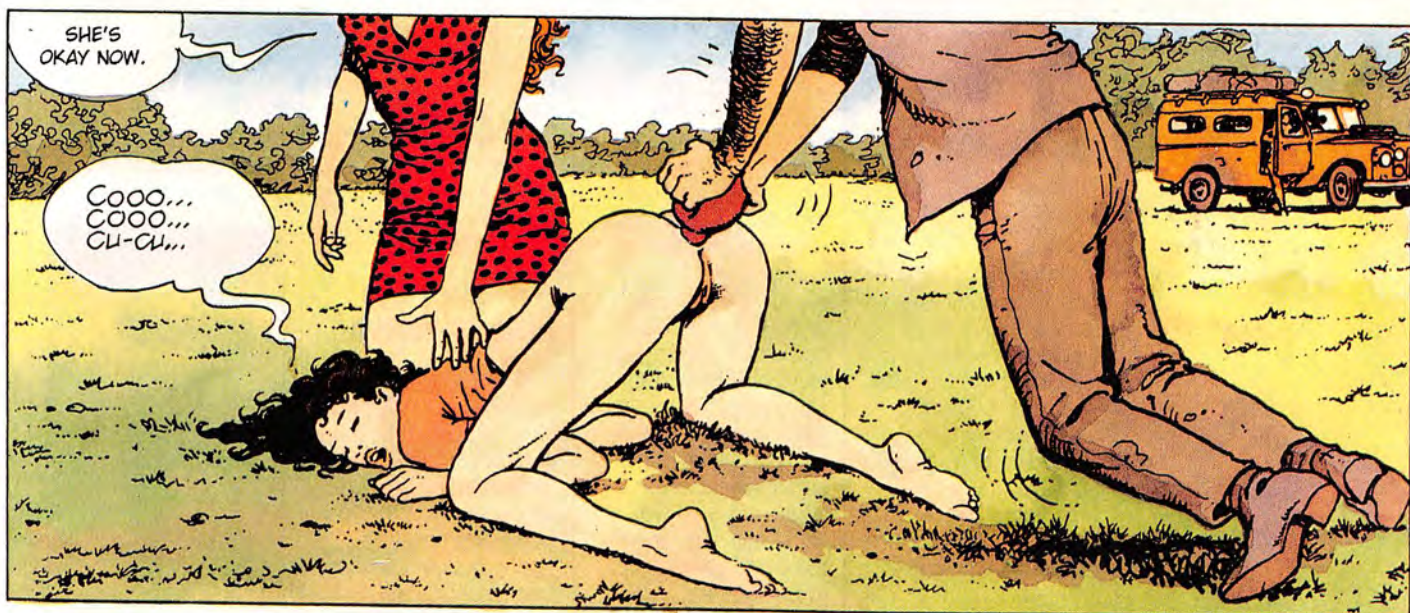
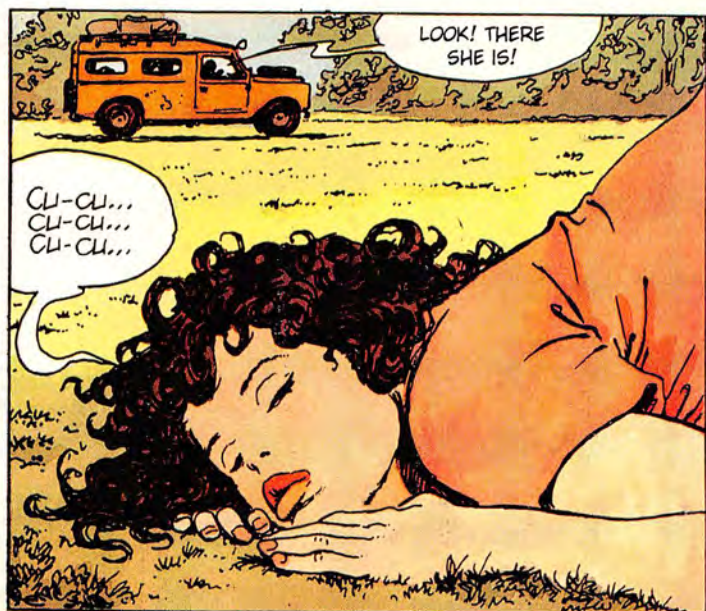












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By Al Goldstein

John T. Bone cranks out another classic; *Eternal Lust 2* is a one-day wonder; and in *Rocco*, crime pays.



### Bone to Be Wild

*Tight Ass*

(Amazing Pictures)

■■■■

Director John T. Bone brings us another touching love story where everyone lives happily ever after. Yeah, right. Freakish fuck-monkey Candy Apples gets porked up the ass with her face in the mud in a typically tender Bone scene. Then blonde Rikki Anderson and sexy black ream-dream Menage Trois set off to perform Shakespeare in the park—honest!—and soon summer stock turns into scummer stock. But what would you expect? John T. Bone's porn isn't for your brains, it's for your balls.

### The Suck Stops Here

*Eternal Lust 2*  
(VCA Platinum)

■■■■

The adorable Shayla LaVeaux is totally wasted in this one-day wonder with

pretensions to occult eroticism. LaVeaux plays a vampire telling her life story to a biographer she hopes will follow her to the world of the undead, and if it weren't for Shayla's admirable cocksucking and erotically charged presence, this film would be a complete waste of time. As it is, she saves the day not once but twice, in a pair of back-to-back sex scenes, but gets regrettably lost in the shuffle during the video's clumsily photographed final orgy. The makeup is ridiculous, the sets are laughable, and the story a complete joke—we saw the vampire tie-in coming a mile away, which is where we wish we were standing when the video started rolling. LaVeaux can do better than this, and so can you.

### Love Me Like a Rocco

*Jenteal Loves Rocco*

(Vivid) ■■■■

This slick exercise in porn noir finds wrongly accused gigolo Rocco Siffredi trying to learn who stole a diamond necklace from a married couple he just serviced. Jenteal plays a call girl he meets while servicing the couple; she's the only person who can help him clear his name.

So who was it who stole the diamonds? Davia Ardell? Sahara? Or did Rocco do it after all? I'm not telling

you, schmuck. But I will say that Jenteal and Rocco's search takes them from seedy sex clubs to the backseat of a limousine and then back to the scene of the crime, with each stop ending in high-quality Vivid fucking. Siffredi's cock is really something to see—he actually makes Peter North's prick look like mine. If I weren't in such awe of this raunchy Italian I'd give this video a bad rating. But I'm too nice a guy, and it's too good a video.

### Sleaze, Mr. Postman

If you don't live near a good adult-video store or adult bookstore, you can still get your fix of smut and sleaze. When you want a good couples tape, check out the goodies from Back Room Direct (P.O. Box 8485, Trenton, N.J. 08650, [800] 699-8248 ext. 0), Femme Productions (P.H.E. Distribution, 302 Meadowland Drive, Hillsborough, N.C. 27278; [800] 456-LOVE), and Candida Royale, the woman who has almost single-handedly made women as horny as men with films like *My Surrender* and *The Gift*. The gals at Good Vibrations (938 Howard Street, Suite 101, San Francisco, Calif. 94103; [800] 289-8423) can help out too. They have vintage porn like *Insatiable* and *Behind the Green Door*, as

well as more recent mainstream titles. They sell lesbian, educational, and self-help tapes too, and carry lots of books and sex toys.

If you like your vintage porn really vintage, send \$3 for a catalog from Blue Vanities (FilmFare Video Labs, Inc., 401 N.E. Ravenna Blvd., Suite 156, Seattle, Wash. 98115-8401; [800] 344-2992). Their collection of stag reels from the



thirties to the eighties offers a fascinating and horny look back at the days of black socks and dark glasses. And if fetish is your thing, write to Bean Blossom (P.O. Box 484, Canal St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10013) for the latest releases for fans of leather and latex. Other sources for more recent titles include the following mail-order houses: All-Adult Video, (800) 624-2444, fax (805) 949-7809; Golden Triangle, (800) 424-3589; Z&A, (800) 452-1148; and Vico Distributors, (800) 200-4221. 





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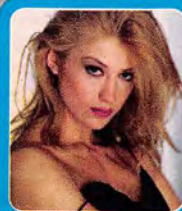
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# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

her ass hole. I proceeded to enter her slowly, just an inch at a time. I could feel her relax and resign herself to this wonderfully pleasant moment. I kept talking to her as my dick penetrated her virgin ass hole. Before I was all the way in she acknowledged her acceptance by undulating her hips. Then she propped herself on her knees as my entire dick disappeared up her ass.

When I placed two fingers on her clit, she really started to go nuts. Her beautiful ass was raised high as I rammed deep into her. I pushed so deep, she told me she felt her ass cradling my balls. She came, bucking and crying as I busted my nut in her ass and emptied myself into her. I eased my cock out and washed off with a cloth.

She flipped over and tears of joy were streaming down her lovely face. She grabbed my dick and proceeded to kiss and lick it from one end to the other. I closed my eyes, allowing the delicious sensations to take over. I was surprised by her expertise.

My questions were answered as a torrent of confessions poured forth: Linda was not a virgin, she had been infatuated with me since she was a teenager, and her infatuation had eventually evolved into a deep love for me. All this was said as she cried and sucked my member. Most important, though, there was no fiancé. Her confession released me as well. In the short time we had been together I had already grown jealous of this fiancé of hers. She and I were now equals on common ground. I drew her to me and kissed her passionately. We held each other tight, each fearing the other might fly away.

As strange as all of this may seem, I was falling in love. We flowed naturally in and out of different sexual positions. It was as if some friendly power were guiding us. Then I cried, and my tears mixed with hers as we fucked and sweated into the night.

As my penis continued to stroke her pussy, our ardor lent a spiritual invigoration to our lovemaking. We were swept through depths of sensuality that very few couples have ever known. My brain acknowledged pleasure centers never before visited. We climaxed to an earth-shattering orgasm and held on tight as we drifted back to a new reality we were both eager to embrace.—R. E., New York

## Sweets for the Sweet

Three months ago my wife and I separated, and we are now in the midst of a divorce. I was feeling a little sorry for myself last Sunday afternoon when a close friend of mine, Stan, called and

asked me to join him and his longtime girlfriend, Candace, for a drive and dinner at a park in a neighboring state. Eager to get out of the lonesome house, I quickly agreed and we were on our way.

During the course of the afternoon Stan and Candace made several jokes regarding my lack of a sex life over the past three months, and the abundance of their own sexual activity. In my current state of deprivation all the talk of sex soon found me with an erection pressing against my trousers. But as has been the case of late, that fellow down there was all dressed up with nowhere to go.

The three of us enjoyed a nice dinner together, and on the way home we stopped off at a country bakery. After a long day and some good times, I dropped my friends off at Candace's house and headed home. On the way I was cut off by some moron while trying to reenter the freeway. As I braked, a bag of pastries from the country bakery came sliding out from under the seat. Written on the outside of the bag were the words, "The gentleman who returns this package to me will receive a reward much sweeter than its contents." I got off the freeway at the next exit and was on my way back to Candace's house with a ready rock-hard cock.

Candace seemed pleased but a little surprised when she opened the door. "I was hoping you would come," she said, "but I didn't think it would be this soon. Your timing is great. Stan just left; he's teaching an early class in the morning." With a sweet smile she continued, "I hope your timing is just as good for the rest of the night."

She reached out for my hand and led me back to her bedroom, the scene of so many of the fantasies that had played out in my mind earlier in the day. Without another word our arms and lips were tightly locked. My long-dormant cock pressed against her, hoping to be set free for an appointment with something beside my right hand.

Candace steadied my nervous hands as I fumbled with the buttons of her blouse, and then guided them to the catch on the front of her bra. As I peeled back the D cups, they revealed two of the most spectacular breasts I had ever seen. The "wow" that I uttered was as much a reflex as anything else. I lightly ran my hands over those breasts, softly exploring her nipples, which she told me had been hard since she had heard my car in the driveway. Unable to resist, I moved my mouth down along her soft neck to those luscious globes. First running my tongue slowly around one nipple, then the other, I began to suck them like an infant who'd been separated from his mother for a week.

Candace reached down and peeled

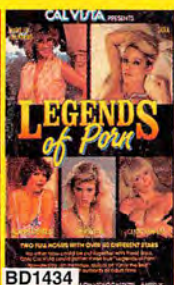
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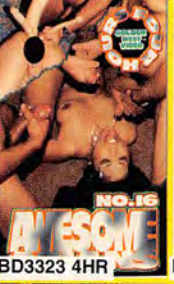
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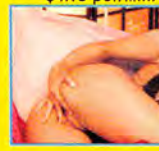
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Lusty ebony honeys bare all in sensual single girl and hot nasty interracial action.

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69 Nasty Interracial \$39<sup>95</sup>  
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70 Fat Black Girls \$29<sup>95</sup>  
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72 Catalog \$4<sup>00</sup>



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251 T.V. Mag (Taffeta) \$15<sup>00</sup>  
252 Skin 2 (Fetish Mag) \$15<sup>00</sup>  
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163 Hairy Girl Masturbation \$39<sup>95</sup>  
164 Hairy Plumpers \$39<sup>95</sup>  
161 Catalog \$4<sup>00</sup>



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172 Anal Playground (pictured) \$29<sup>95</sup>  
10 top California models strip, bend over and model their rears! Graphic!

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13 N.Y.C. coeds reveal all!

22 Tape Catalog \$5<sup>00</sup>



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(Two nudists eat each others pussy's then fuck boyfriends for the crowd)

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(Spontaneous public sex between a female nudist and 2 guys)

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## Hooter Heaven

Love gals with a big "front porch"? Then you'll just love our videos! Ladyfair, a producer of high quality videos, has a full lineup of big bust stars before they hit the big time...gals like Angel Eyes (pictured).

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180 Preview Video (30 mins.) \$20<sup>00</sup>  
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my shirt off over my head, my mouth barely breaking contact with her breasts long enough to let the shirt pass. I began to reach my hand between her legs, where I could feel the damp anticipation of what was to come seeping through. My hands quickly found her belt and zipper, and in a matter of moments she was kicking her trousers off her right leg and across the room, where they landed on Kitty the cat, who had been enjoying the action until that point. I gently eased Candace, in only her panties, back onto the bed, while I dropped my trousers and shorts to reveal the source of the bulge in my pants.

Candace sat up, and with her tongue began hungrily to clean the drops of pre-come off the head of my manhood. Her hand and mouth worked at first slowly, then more quickly up and down my shaft. As I felt the surge in my loins begin to build, I told her I was about to come, and with that she squeezed my cock, holding back the flood of semen I had in store for her tonsils. "Not yet," she breathlessly whispered. "I have bigger plans for you."

Now it was my turn to have my appetite satisfied. I eased off her panties as my mouth resumed its acquaintance with her firm, erect nipples. I moved slowly down her stomach to the crest of her pubic hair. I traced its outline with my tongue and then slowly ran it down the inside of first her right thigh, then her left. Down her left thigh I didn't stop at the knee, but licked the back of it and then headed down along her calf to her ankle and finally to her toes, which I gently sucked one by one until I had sucked on all ten of her imaginary little cocks.

My task there complete, I worked my way back up her right calf and thigh to the true object of my intentions, her soft, warm, wet cunt. Gently I separated its folds with my tongue, lightly penetrating it. Finding her clit, I outlined it softly with my tongue before capturing it with my lips and gently sucking it. Her moans told me I was right on the mark. As I increased the intensity, I could feel her back begin to arch as she shivered through the first of what would be countless orgasms on this night of pleasure. Again and again she cried out as wave after wave of orgasmic delight shook her body.

Finally she begged me to stop and impale her with my rock-hard erection. I mounted her, slowly teasing the opening of her pussy with the head of my cock, rubbing it against her clit like a human vibrator. She came again before I even plunged it inside her. From that point on it would be one orgasm after another in

rapid succession, as I placed her wide-spread legs up on my shoulders and drove my cock home into its long-anticipated reward. And then, after nearly three months of shooting my load into a Kleenex or the shower drain, at last I exploded into Candace's heaving pussy. Exhausted, we lay together in each other's arms.

As the night wore on, we renewed our passion time and time again in every way imaginable. I came in her mouth, on her breasts, on her beautiful ass, and again in her hot, wet cunt. When we at last did fall asleep it was only to rest up for one more encounter in the morning before I had to shower and head home to get ready for work.

I won't tell you how the rest of the story turns out, but I will tell you that Stan was late for his class, as he had been hiding in the closet and was too intimidated to come out until after I left.—  
A. R., Ohio

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## XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

it's over, and I would fight for sole custody of our kids. Thanks to a damned good lawyer and God, I got the kids, the house, and child support. As for James, yes, I told his wife about his fucking my wife. Got a broken nose for it, but it was worth it.

Right now I'm seeing someone (James's ex-wife—hell, she's even typing this for me). Boy, he screwed up big with this woman. She's everything I'd hoped for. Still, we have some problems with the neighbors, dealing with an interracial relationship—James and his ex-wife are black, and I'm white—but fuck the neighbors. As for Jane and James, only God knows. For anyone who reads this, please remember this line: "What comes around goes around, in threes." Thanks a lot, Madam.—B. D., New York

I am tempted to give you the same answer that Pet's Corner gave to the person who wrote in saying, "We have cats like most people have mice." It was, "I don't know if you are boasting or complaining."

At the end of the day, in your case, everyone got what they wanted, including the lawyers, but the name of the  
152 PENTHOUSE

game is wife-swapping, and maybe if you had been a little less uptight, you could have sorted it out without the aggravation and saved lots of money.

In any case it taught you a sharp lesson about arriving on someone's doorstep unexpectedly, even though the doorstep was your own. If you change your schedule you should always phone first to announce your arrival.

I detect a trace of bitterness in your letter. Are you really as happy as you make out with your new arrangement, or does the idea of punishing not only your wife but her lover as well contribute to your joy? And what about the kids? Are you going to cut them off from their own mother? Maybe you could all move in together, and really give the neighbors something to talk about.

You were angry because your wife did not stick to the rules, but now you appear to be breaking someone else's rules about relationships, and your comment is "Fuck them!" I think you should stand back, take a good look at yourself, ask yourself if you are not being a hypocrite, and try to work out what you really believe in.

### Lonesome Twosome

*I am 25 and my husband, Rich, is 30. We have been married a year and a half, and*

have a seven-month-old daughter. We enjoy a very active sex life, and like some variety, as many people do. Over the past year we've begun to fantasize a lot during our lovemaking, which has made our love life even hotter. Our most common fantasy is to involve another woman in our lovemaking.

Rich started to pursue this idea more actively after we discussed it a lot, and I decided I would be willing to try it, without intercourse between him and the woman, whoever she would be. Even intercourse between them wouldn't have bothered me so much if the possibility of AIDS and other S.T.D.'s weren't a factor, but even with a condom, the reality is that the danger is there.

We found a girl locally, although not in our town, a 20-year-old who was willing to join us. It's a long story how we met, but after several attempts we finally hooked up with Sara, and got together for a "date."

As it turned out the real thing was a lot more nerve-racking and awkward than in fantasy. Rich even had a difficult time maintaining an erection because he was so nervous. It was the first threesome for all of us. Sara would let me go down on her, but didn't really want to do anything active herself. Rich and I ate her pussy together and sucked her tits, all of which I really enjoyed. We finished by Rich fucking me from behind while I went down on Sara (he had a really great view). Sara seemed to enjoy it a lot, especially watching us fuck. The whole thing makes me wet thinking about it again, and we get a lot of mileage out of it. Still, when we talk about it during sex, we both agree that the fantasizing is better than the actual act.

The bottom line here is that it turned out to be a great experience for us, and I would do it again if it weren't for the fact that it's pretty hard to find someone to do this with in the conservative Midwest small-town area we live in.

Other than our willingness to experiment in bed, Rich and I are really a very average loving couple, happy to stay at home on weekends and spend time with our little boy. We are also very close to our families, and would never want anyone to know about this very private part of our lives. Although this is the closest I have ever come to a bisexual experience, it really turned me on, and Rich would love to see me with another woman again.—K. G., Illinois

One of the commonest questions received by the Hollander How-to Column is "How do I find a person who will do ... ?" (Fill in desired activity.) College kids want someone to pop their cherry, middle-aged divorcees want a new wife, and geriatrics want blow-jobs. Married couples, like you, want a nameless, faceless, anonymous



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boy/girl to participate in a threesome. If it is a girl you are after she needs to have a tongue so she can lick, but apart from that it would be better if she were a deaf mute.

Why do you implicitly ask me how to find someone to share your fun when you have explained exactly how you already did this yourselves with total success? So why can't you have another session with the same girl? Are you afraid she will spill the beans, blurt out your guilty secret, or blackmail you by threatening to tell your mom?

I suspect the answer is contained in your last paragraph, all about the conservative Midwest and your families. It is this conservatism, this reluctance to admit that human beings have genital organs and sexual appetites which need to be satisfied, that causes so much misery, unhappiness, and broken relationships all over America.

What we casually refer to as sex is correctly called sexual intercourse, and intercourse signifies some kind of communication with another human being. If you are really so worried about anyone finding out about your sex life, why don't you invest in an inflatable sex doll, or if you want to be really kinky, you can buy an inflatable sheep called the "Love Ewe."

### If You Can't Be Good, Be Careful

*I am 21 years old and have been married three years. My husband is a military man, and is absent for several months at a time. I get very lonely, and crave male affection. We are a white couple, but I have become very friendly with a black man on my job. He treats me very well and buys me pretty things like nice lingerie.*

*A few months ago we started fucking. I am on the Pill and insist that he wear a condom, but he prefers not to. He tells me it isn't necessary, as he has had a vasectomy. I have thoroughly examined his scrotum, can't find any indication of a scar, and he shoots a very large amount of come. Does this sound like someone who has had a vasectomy?*

*We had a few of his friends over to party and I let them fuck me, but wearing condoms. I now realize that sometimes condoms break. That has happened a few times, and when it did the guy kept fucking me, but pulled out and came on my pussy hair.*

*I know I should stop fucking around on my husband, but I am having too much fun. Any advice you can offer would be greatly appreciated.—T. I., Missouri*

I've always wondered why soldiers and sailors get married when they spend so much time away. The reason is so they

will have a cozy home to come back to, with hot and cold running sex that they can dream and boast about while they are off somewhere, even if they themselves spend half their time visiting the local whorehouse.

I have been in a relationship of this type myself. The problem is that you cannot expect a normally sexed person to be celibate for long periods of time. In my case the solution was that we agreed to be faithful when we were together, but when apart we could each do what we liked. Eventually he said, "I'm not a sailor, and I don't want to be a bachelor. I want a woman who's around all the time," and he moved a trophy blonde into the house we shared. The shit hit the fan, and we fought like cats and dogs. Eventually we made up and are now good friends again, but the experience revealed the faults in that kind of relationship. Whatever the circumstances, it seems that marriage where one partner is absent for long periods is a recipe for disaster.

Bearing all this in mind, it is unlikely that your husband will accept the idea of your taking a lover while he is away, let alone fucking a whole group. If you play your cards right you might just get away with your present lifestyle—if you stick to just one secret lover. If you screw everything in sight that moves, it will never work; some busybody will certainly tell him.

Allow me also to dispense some important basic reproductive knowledge. Although the Pill is an effective means of contraception and should prevent your getting pregnant, it still has a two-percent failure rate. The condom has a ten-percent failure rate as a contraceptive, but is useful in reducing the risk of an S.T.D., in particular the AIDS virus. A condom's effectiveness is improved in both cases if it is used with a spermicide.

Semen is that creamy white stuff that spurts out of a man's penis when he comes. It is a cocktail produced by different glands, and is a vehicle for sperm, which are produced by the testes (balls, to you). Vasectomy cuts off the sperm supply. It does not affect the quantity of semen produced. The incision is made not in the scrotum, but in the pubic area, so you are not searching for scars in the right place.

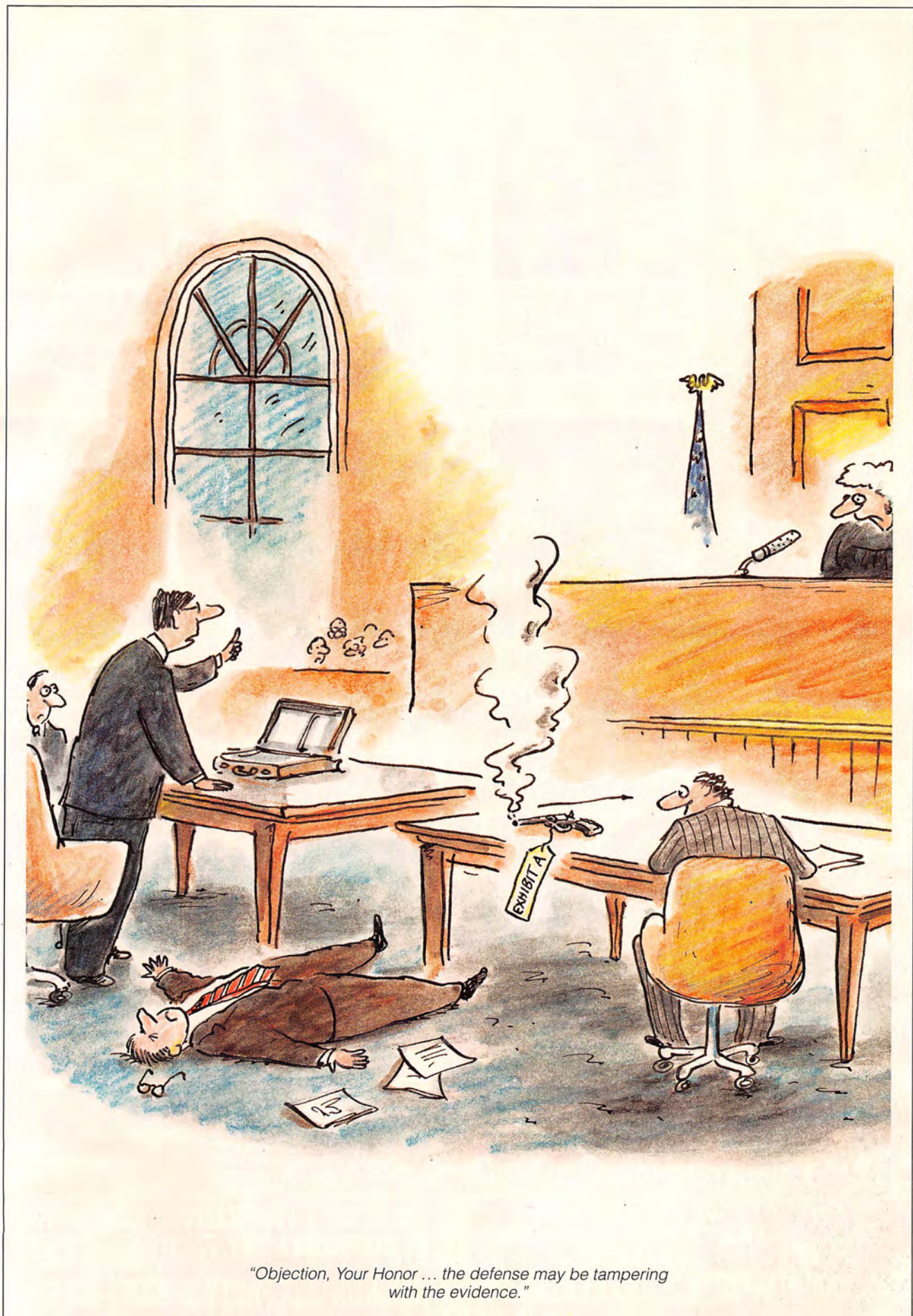
If you cannot control your lovers sufficiently to make them condom-conscious, your chances of keeping their existence secret from your husband is minimal. My basic advice to you is the old saying, "If you can't be good, be careful."

### Still Waters Run Deep

*You can never tell what a woman will be like in bed until you get her there. Sharon is 41, very attractive, very con-*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158





"Objection, Your Honor ... the defense may be tampering with the evidence."





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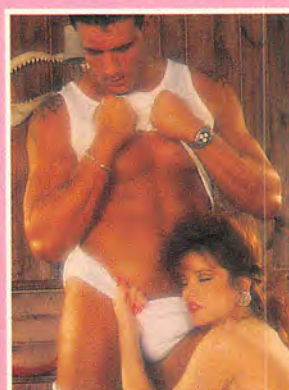
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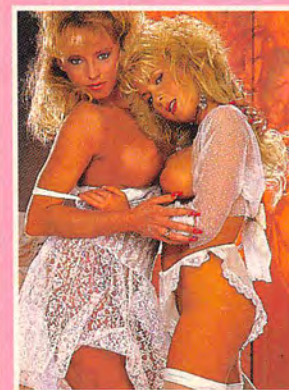
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\$4.95 / MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE  
**CALL ANYTIME 24 HOURS A DAY! • 18+**

**1-900 WE TAME U - NEW! FREAKS ONLY, PLEASE NO STRAIGHTS**  
**BI CURIOUS? TRY IT! 1-900-WET STUD**  
\$4.95 / MINUTE BILLED TO YOUR PHONE **1-900-938-7883**  
**NON-STOP SEX PARTY 24 HRS 1-800-595-6678**  
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.  
**YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!**



# SexXchange 1-800-230-LIVE<sub>5483</sub>

CALL NOW FOR HOT SEX • Must be 18+ • CALL NOW FOR HOT SEX

LIVE 1 - ON- 1  
1-800-297-B<sub>2</sub>A<sub>2</sub>B<sub>2</sub>E<sub>3</sub>  
HOT HORNY CUNTS  
1-800-838-3335

Fuck My Sweet Ass!  
Do it hard and fast!  
011-592-1362

I'll make you CUM  
LIVE 24 HOURS!  
1-800-792-2C<sub>2</sub>U<sub>8</sub>M<sub>6</sub>

**MASTURBATE  
WITH ME!**  
I NEED A BIG HARD COCK!  
1-800-454-T<sub>8</sub>I<sub>4</sub>N<sub>6</sub>A<sub>2</sub>

Wild Kinky Sex!  
011-592-247-953

Group Sex  
Uncensored GangFuck!  
011-592-247-962

Let Me Suck Your Cock!  
1-473-407-8320

HOT PARTY GIRLS  
LIVE ONE-ON-ONE  
011-592-247-958

**UNLIMITED PHONE ACTION**  
LIVE KINKY GIRLS! All Callers Approved!  
1-800-448-6748

**LONELY?**  
Linda's Luscious Girls  
Want YOU!  
011-592-247-959

Sherri's Sex Service  
Our Girls will get you off!  
011-592-247-960

Frannie's Fuck Sluts  
011-592-1367

Valerie's Girls  
are waiting for you!  
011-592-247-961  
NO CALLERS REFUSED!

**CAMPUS  
CUNTS**  
Horny Sorority Sluts  
1-800-209-2C<sub>2</sub>U<sub>8</sub>M<sub>6</sub>  
Kinky Co-eds  
1-800-301-C<sub>2</sub>U<sub>8</sub>N<sub>6</sub>T<sub>8</sub>

**CHEAP  
& LIVE!**  
LIVE TONGUE FUCKING!  
1-800-269-2N<sub>6</sub>O<sub>6</sub>W<sub>9</sub>  
COCK SUCKING SLUTS  
1-800-278-F<sub>3</sub>U<sub>8</sub>C<sub>2</sub>K<sub>5</sub>  
HARD COCKS NEEDED!  
011-592-1361  
SPREAD, WET & READY  
1-800-329-D<sub>8</sub>E<sub>8</sub>E<sub>8</sub>P<sub>7</sub>  
SEX-GRAZED NYMPHOS!  
1-800-464-2W<sub>8</sub>E<sub>8</sub>T<sub>8</sub>  
OILED & HOT FOR ACTION!  
NO CALLER REFUSED!  
1-800-815-H<sub>8</sub>O<sub>8</sub>T<sub>8</sub>

**UNCENSORED!**  
LIVE YOUR FANTASIES  
011-592-247-997

Hot, Live Sex  
Always One-on-One  
011-592-247-996

**CUM ON ME!**  
011-592-247-995  
Mistress Alexa!  
commands you to call!  
1-473-407-8388

I want your Hard Cock  
in my Tight Cunt!  
011-592-247-992

Jerk Off all over my  
Huge Tits!  
011-592-1368

Cum in my mouth!  
011-592-247-942

Total Relaxation!  
NEW techniques  
on the phone!  
011-592-247-955

**CURIOUS?  
MAN TO MAN**  
1-473-407-8307

**99¢/min**  
**BLOWJOBS**  
Cum down my throat!  
1-900-725-HOTS

**NEW!** XXX SEX  
HOTLINE!  
1-800-341-L<sub>5</sub>I<sub>4</sub>V<sub>8</sub>E<sub>3</sub>

**HOT!** Pump my Rump!  
1-800-297-F<sub>3</sub>U<sub>8</sub>C<sub>2</sub>K<sub>5</sub>

Wanna Get Laid?  
Horny Sluts are  
waiting for your call  
1-800-294-C<sub>2</sub>U<sub>8</sub>N<sub>6</sub>T<sub>8</sub>

**WILD!** Fulfill Your  
Nastiest Fantasies!  
1-800-349-G<sub>4</sub>I<sub>4</sub>R<sub>7</sub>L<sub>5</sub>

**LIVE**  
HOT PHONE SEX!  
24 HOURS A DAY!  
011-592-  
599-649

Kinky Fetish  
011-592-247-998

First Names Only  
1-900-725-2410

TV/TS LIVE!  
1-900-435-4600

TOTALLY TABOO!  
011-592-1356  
ALL CALLS ACCEPTED!

**PETISH FORUM**  
Chicks with Dicks  
011-592-595-368

Bizarre Sex Chat!  
011-592-595-754

**SEX SLUTS**  
We'll obey your orders!  
011-592-247-904

Foot Fucking!  
011-592-247-903

LIVE Leather Line!  
1-473-407-8401

BAD Bitches  
011-592-599-655

Rough and Ready!  
011-592-599-657

Satisfaction Guaranteed!  
Call for Live Sex!  
011-592-247-916

LIVE SEX ACTION!  
Wet, Wild & Hardcore!  
1-473-407-8353

Dial this number!  
You'll never be  
so satisfied!  
011-592-595-627

Exotic Asian Sluts!  
1-800-421-T<sub>8</sub>W<sub>9</sub>A<sub>2</sub>T<sub>8</sub>

NASTY NYMPHOS!  
011-592-1359

**I know exactly  
what you want!**  
1-800-819-L<sub>5</sub>I<sub>4</sub>V<sub>8</sub>E<sub>3</sub>

**THE BEST**  
**BLOWJOBS**  
1-800-837-3335

**CALL & CUM QUICK!**  
No CC Required  
011-592-1364

**PARTYLINE or 1on1**  
All Callers Approved!  
1-900-435-4555

**KINKY PUSSY**  
1-800-330-9993

**"69"**  
011-592-247-991  
NO BLOCKING!!!

**DO ME  
FROM  
BEHIND**  
011-592-1658  
No Blocking! No CC Needed

The ULTIMATE!  
You'll beg for more!  
011-592-1654

Totally Taboo!  
Nothing is Censored!  
All LIVE ANYTIME!  
1-800-240-LIVE<sub>5483</sub>

**Naughty Nurses**  
want you to pull down  
your pants and  
bend over!  
1-473-407-8308



**HOT PHONE SEX SAMPLES**  
1-800-559-1551 Adults over 18.

**FAST PHONE SEX!**  
1-800-230-1452 Adults over 18.

**HAND PICKED FOR PLAY**  
1-800-216-1207 Adults over 18.

**1 ON 1 GET IT NOW! No Credit Cards**  
1-800-258-5237 Adults over 18.

**INSTANT PHONE SEX!!**  
1-800-207-8104 Adults over 18.

**ALL STAR PHONE SEX SAMPLE LINE**  
1-800-615-6051 OR 1-800-588-1840  
Adults over 18.

**EAGER ELAINE! 1-800-280-7482**  
Adults over 18. Hot housewives do it all!

**PALACE OF PLEASURE**  
1-800-258-5231 Adults over 18.

**"REAL SAMPLES"**  
Horny women want to turn you on!  
1-800-871-1131 Adults over 18.

**INSTANT PHONE SEX CONTACTS!**  
24 Hours/All Points  
1-800-488-0517 Adults over 18.

**SEXY SARAH'S**  
**SENSATIONAL SAMPLES LINE**  
1-800-440-9180 Adults over 18.

**AMAZING XXX! SENSUOUS**  
**SOULMATES 1-800-406-7878**  
Adults over 18.

**HOT PHONE SEX 1-800-444-8478**  
Adults over 18.

**SLEAZY SENSATIONS**  
1-800-474-5472 Adults over 18.

**RACY RANDI'S WICKED WIVES**  
1-800-518-5425 Adults over 18.

**HOT! SLEAZY SEXPOTS**  
1-800-373-3041 Adults over 18.

**BOUNCY BLONDES**  
**DO IT FOR YOU!**  
1-800-527-2229 Adults over 18.

**TEMPTING TRICIA'S**  
**LUSTFUL LESBIANS**  
1-800-508-8255 Adults over 18.

**HORNY HOLLY'S - HAPPY HARLOTS**  
1-800-470-5472 Adults over 18.

**PASSIONATE PATTY'S PHONE SEX**  
**EXPERIENCE 1-800-501-7825**  
Adults over 18.

**NAUGHTY NURSES**  
1-800-207-8105 Adults over 18.

**HOT BABES! WILD 800!**  
1-800-708-0020 Adults over 18.

**SAMPLE THE KINKIEST**  
**PHONE SEX 1-800-677-8038**  
**FREE PHONE SEX OFFER**  
**TRY IT NOW 1-800-709-2226**  
Adults over 18.

**SEX-CRAZED 1-800-405-3687**  
Adults over 18.

**#1 ABSOLUTELY UNUSUAL**  
**SPECIAL TWO-GIRL**  
**SAMPLES LINE 1-800-758-2784**  
**HOT! NEW! TRY IT FREE! ACTION IN**  
**PROGRESS-JOIN THE PHONE SEX FUN**  
1-800-714-1140 Adults over 18.

**PERSONAL PLEASURES FOR MEN**  
1-800-340-4990 Adults over 18.

**TWO TRAMP PHONE SEX SAMPLES**  
1-800-755-4394 Adults over 18.

## XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

servative in her views. I liked her a lot, and felt there was something else behind those eyes. Actually I was very attracted to her. I asked her out for dinner, and she came over for drinks first. She lives across from me in my building. She was wearing a simple dress—very expensive Chanel—and a wrap. We had two drinks, and talked about current events. There was nothing sexual or suggestive in the conversation, but I was getting aroused just being near her. I kept getting a semi-erection. When I asked if she was hungry and wanted to eat, she said yes. I went to get my coat, and when I came back into the living room she was sitting in my armchair with her dress off, bra undone, feet up on the arms, holding her beaver open. I was stopped dead in my tracks.

She licked her lips and said, "Eat this." I was instantly hard. It was very—I can't think of a word for it. I stood there, watching her spread her pussy lips and finger her beaver. I took off my clothes and stood in front of her with my erection pointing at her face. I got down on my knees and started to taste her cunt as she held it open for my tongue. It didn't take long for her to reach an orgasm, holding my head tightly and pressing my mouth and tongue into her watering trough.

She pulled me up by the hair, held herself open with one hand, and put my hard dick in with the other. I was holding her breasts as we fucked. She was moaning and talking sex talk, and I fucked her until she was satisfied. She looked at me and said it was the best. She moved to another chair, and I fucked her from behind. When she had had enough of that she turned around and took my wet, hard cock in her mouth and went to town on it. She sucked until my head was swimming. She then turned around and said to put it in her ass and fuck her until I came. Which I did with glee. When I came she was shaking and coming again.

When we recovered we kissed and lay together on the couch, talking about how good it had been. She said she had wanted me for a long time. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Now I am deeply in love, and she is crazy about me. In public she is very "normal." But when we are alone in bed she is a tigress, even more so of late, and we do all the things that are, I guess, what some people call "kinky" but seem very natural with her.

It never occurred to me that she was so uninhibited in bed. She loves oral sex, straight sex, anal sex, sex toys, and sex movies. You just can't tell much from


talking with her; sex never comes up unless we are alone. She has totally won my heart.—B. B., Minnesota

Unless you are the wife of a candidate for president of the United States, or married to a TV evangelist, it is now perfectly permissible for a woman to demand sexual attentions before the traditional offer of dinner.

In fact once you get past all the bullshit about sin and promiscuity, it is much easier to get to know somebody by taking all your clothes off and having a gorgeous sexual romp around the living room than seated in a fancy restaurant and having a conversation, the only point of which is to pop the question, "Do you fuck?" in such a way that your intended lay doesn't get frightened off while all that delicious food gets cold. If you get the first flush of horniness out of your system before you sit down to dinner, then you can really devote all your attention to some outstanding piggery (not the male-chauvinist kind); you can relish the wine and have an intimate, meaningful conversation about what you did, rather than what you hope to do if your luck holds.

You can even indulge your alternative carnal appetites to such an extent that having eaten far too much, when you finally get back to where you started, in the arms of your future ex-lover, you can pass peacefully into a state of blissful unconsciousness, secure in the knowledge that tomorrow is another day and there is nothing a man likes better than to have somewhere to put his early-morning erection.

Against all the rules I am prepared to divulge a well-kept female secret, which is that all the time you poor males are wondering if you can manage to persuade us, we have already made up our minds, not only about what we are going to do, but how we are going to do it.

I think it would be an excellent rearrangement of the unwritten code of sexual ethics for the dinner invitation to signify a compulsory pre-prandial penetration. 

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.

**HOT WOMEN, HOT LINKS**  
<http://www.penthousemag.com>





GET OFF WITH 2 KINKY GIRLS!  
**1-800-947-2on1**  
 LICK OUR LOVE JUICES!  
**1-800-444-LICK**  
 RAW, UNRESTRICTED SEX!  
**011-592-590-658**  
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



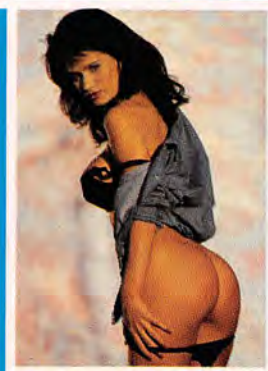
**1-800-980-4SEX**  
\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+  
 HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM  
**1-900-666-1515**  
\$2.98 PER MIN 18+  
**011-592-569-076**  
USA OR INT'L. PREFIX INT'L. RATES APPLY



**HORNY COLLEGE FRESHMEN**  
**800-816-6699/900-993-2700**  
**HORNY BLACK GIRLS**  
**800-504-7474/900-435-5556**  
**HORNY ORIENTAL SLUTS**  
**800-987-9797/900-435-5551**  
**HORNY HOUSEWIVES 1-818-345-9644**  
\$2.50-\$4.99/MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



CALL THE BEST! 24HRS LINDA'S LIP SERVICE  
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE/LIVE/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE  
**1-800-LINDA-07**  
**(415)-665-5216**  
COSTS LESS  
**CANADA: 1-888-LIP-SEX-0**  
**1-900-745-2329**  
\$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY  
**CANADA: 1-900-451-2775**  
CDN \$4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY



TRY ME, I'LL EXCITE YOU!  
**1-800-666-SEXY**  
(7399)  
 IT'S TOLL FREE OPEN 24 HOURS  
 VISA/MC. MUST BE OVER 18



KINKY LESBIAN SEX!  
**1-800-395-2on1**  
 CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!  
**1-800-678-TITS**  
 UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.  
**011-683-8071**  
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!  
**1-800-395-2on1**  
 DO US DOGGIE STYLE!  
**1-800-937-BUTT**  
 UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. NO C.C. NEEDED  
**1-900-938-1919**  
\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC./V.



SHOOT YOUR LOAD IN MY CUNT!  
**1-800-923-CUNT**  
 DON'T FIGHT THE URGE!  
**1-800-234-URGE**  
 UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.  
**011-683-8072**  
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



LIVE 24 HRS. - 1 ON 1  
 ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD  
**1-800-364-WETT**  
 YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT  
**1-800-213-4ASS**  
\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
 CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

**1-800-HOT-GIRL**  
 HORNY GIRLS!!! **1-800-468-4475**

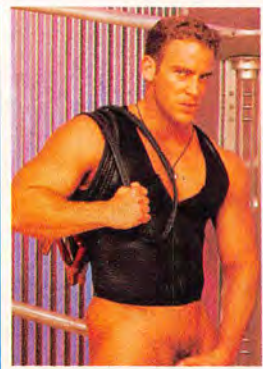


Want XXX Sex???

<b>1-800-HOT-4SEX</b>	<b>1-800-HOT-SUCK</b>
<small>468 739</small>	<small>468 255</small>

18+ V/MC \$2.50-\$4.99 Minute





MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!

**1-800-842-HUNK**

BILLED TO V./MC/AMEX/DISC. CARDS

HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

**1-900-WET-4-GAY!**

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



**SAMPLE THEIR PHONE SEX**

TWO GALS AND YOU

**1-800-205-6300**

**1-800-210-8808**

**1-800-405-3687**

ADULTS 18 AND OVER.



MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET

**1-800-365-WETT**

SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!

**1-800-923-CUNT**

UNCENSORED FANTASIES!

**1-900-938-1155**

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.



**HORNY HOUSEWIVES**

WANT TO GET YOU OFF

**1-800-806-6699**

**1-900-745-5550**

NASTY HOUSEWIVES AT HOME

**1-818-344-4999**

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



**ALWAYS FREE ALWAYS LIVE**

THOUSAND OF LOCAL GIRLS ARE WAITING

TO TALK LIVE ONE ON ONE WITH YOU

**1-800-250-5400**

CALL TO BE MATCHED 24HRS. 18+



**COLLEGE GIRLS**

LIVE ENTHUSIASTIC, & UNCENSORED

**1-900-342-2633**

**1-800-794-2633**

\$3.99/MINUTE - 18+~CACC

**614-263-2633**

\$1.99/Min. 24 HRS. ~7 DAYS-V/MC/AMEX/CHECKS BY PHONE



TWO KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!

**1-800-285-KINK**

HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!

**1-800-444-STUD**

BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER.  
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

**1-900-WET-STUD**

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



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.



TASTE MY SUCCULENT PUSSY!

**1-800-688-69ME**

SUCK MY TITS & I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!

**1-800-967-ORAL**

BANG MY WET CUNT!

**1-800-766-WETT**

BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER.

**1-800-BLOW-JOB**

Licking & Swallowing!!! **1-800-256-9562**



**1-800-HOT-STUFF**

SEX BI-WAYS!!! **1-800-468-7883**

18+ V/MC  
\$2.50-\$4.99  
Minute



**SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN**



ALL ANAL FETISH!  
**1-800-376-4ASS**

STICKY, WET & NASTY!

**1-800-WET-4PET**

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED

**1-900-938-2300**

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.



**HOT LIVE PHONE SEX**

**99¢/MIN.**

**(212) 741-1202**

**1-900-745-2393** FROM \$2.50



OTHER MEN'S WIVES  
BEST PHONE SEX AWARD

**1-900-745-1109**

**1-800-733-7825**

VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCOVER

**CANADA: 1-900-870-1099**

18+ \$1.00 - \$2.99 1/2 MIN.



CALL US NOW WE WILL MAKE YOU CUM

**1-800-230-4SEX**

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

**1-900-666-1122**

\$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

**011 592-569-043**

USA OR INT'L. PREFIX

INT'L. RATES APPLY



DISCREET SEX SAMPLES  
CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

**1-800-511-2428**

**1-800-518-5425**

ADULTS 18 & OVER



WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK!

**1-800-967-06RA2L5**

WET BLOW JOBS

**1-900-W9E3T8-B2L5O6W**

WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION

**1-900-W9E3T8-O6RG4Y**

800#S BILLED/ MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX.

900#S \$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!  
HARDCORE UNCENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1

**1-800-321-4V8I4P7**

**1-900-666-2288**

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



MY HOT CUNT IS WAITING  
FOR YOUR TONGUE!

**1-800-571-S7U8C2K5**

**1-900-674-1166**

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



STRANGE & UNUSUAL  
DIFFERENT DESIRES, FORBIDDEN DREAMS

**1-800-396-4F3U8C2**

**1-900-674-1020**

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS  
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

**PETITE & INNOCENT GIRLS 1-800-808-1-ON-1**

**WILL GET YOU OFF FAST 1-900-666-2SUM6**

\$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+



**011 592-569-024**

**1-900-666-SEXY9**

USA OR INT'L. PREFIX





**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

**1-800-785-1-T.O.-1**

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

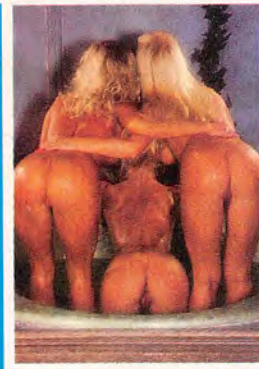
**1-900-666-6622**

\$2.98- PER MIN. 18+

USA 011  
OR INT'L. PREFIX

**678-728-27**

INT'L. RATES APPLY



2 HORNY GIRLS + YOU = 3SUM!

**1-800-945-3SUM**

HOT ANAL FETISHES!

**1-800-937-BUTT**

BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER.  
NO CREDIT CARD CALLERS

**011-68-FUCK ASS**

INT'L. RATES APPLY



**ONLY 99 CENTS**

The Cheapest & The Best!

**1-800-80-PUSSY**

99¢/MIN. ALL MAJOR CC/CHK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

**1-900-666-6699**

99¢/MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

USA 011  
OR INT'L. PREFIX

**683-9990**



I DO IT ALL !!!

**1-800-HOT-SLUT**

4 6 8 - 7 5 8 8

ADULTS OVER 18

\$2.50-\$4.99/MIN.V/MC.



Amateur Ladies

**1-900-SEX-BABE**

.99¢ min.

Credit Card Billing

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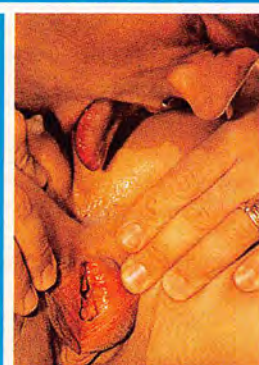
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# MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

protection as other battered women. Contrary to popular belief, women can and have been raped by other women, most frequently in prison environments but quite often at home.

There are still radical lesbian groups that react with knee-jerk defensiveness against any attempt to hold one of their own responsible for any misdeed. They came out in force after the trial of Aileen Wuornos, the worst lesbian serial killer in modern times. Wuornos was a hard-drinking, brawling, probably psychotic prostitute who made a miserable living hitching rides and turning tricks on the highways of central Florida. Arrested on a single murder charge in 1991, she confessed to six other slayings as well. She had shot dead seven of her clients, plundering their pockets and stealing their cars. Each time, she claimed, she was acting in self-defense after the man had raped her. Wuornos received a death sentence and, as of this writing, is awaiting execution.

The press and tabloid television had a field day with her case, especially after learning of her lesbianism. She had, in fact, been betrayed by her lover, who was so frightened of her that she tricked

Wuornos into a confession during a telephone call monitored by the police. This didn't stop Aileen Wuornos Defense Committees from springing up and producing a torrent of propaganda sheets, some of them closely resembling Aileen's wild babbling in court. One sample, bearing the legend "Dick Justice Screws Women," announced that cops had signed contracts for book and movie deals before she was even arrested, that homophobia was used as a prosecution tactic, that lesbians receive longer sentences than heterosexual women for similar crimes, and that no serial killer has ever claimed self-defense. (Charles Starkweather, killer of 11, did.)

Wuornos, the broadsheet declared, "killed only men who had assaulted her." This particular committee also invited readers to join up as members—providing they were women.

The term "serial killer" is attributed to Robert K. Ressler, a founder in the 1970s of the F.B.I.'s Violent Criminal Apprehension Program. Ressler divided mass slayers into "spree" and "serial" killers—an important distinction. A spree killer is a borderline personality who may never have acted violently until a personal crisis suddenly made him snap and propelled him (or her) into a bloodbath. The serial type nearly

always shows early signs of psychotic cruelty, such as animal torture, and progresses toward a pattern of ritualized slayings that may continue over years or decades. Andrew Cunanan belonged to the spree category, though we will probably never know what kind of crisis set him off. For that matter, we don't really know what made any of these people multiple killers, any more than we know what made them homosexuals.

"Childhood trauma" is one of the catchphrases used by psychiatrists to explain virtually any kind of antisocial behavior in adults. If you dig around enough in anyone's background you're bound to unearth some incident that can be interpreted as traumatic—except that similar incidents may have left other children unscathed. There simply is no childhood generalization that applies to multiple murderers as a whole.

Much the same goes for their sociability, or lack thereof. Many were perpetual misfits, loners incapable of establishing lasting relationships with another person. But William Bonin and Larry Eyler had large circles of friends—including girlfriends; Wood and Graham were popular with the nursing staff; Gacy was a highly respected pillar of his neighborhood, an activist who wielded political clout. Their I.Q.'s varied just as greatly. Contrary to the thriller tradition





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that serial slayers must be evil geniuses, several tested near the moron level. Others, like Patrick Kearney and Cunanan, were exceptionally bright. The majority were—not surprisingly—average. You don't have to be particularly smart to be a successful multiple murderer, providing you kill only strangers and keep on the move. It is the rise in stranger-to-stranger slayings—the trademark of serial killers—that has caused the cleared-by-arrest rate for murder cases to drop from 80 percent to 65 percent in the past 20 years. While the national homicide rate has dropped, the solution rate has dropped as well.

Despite all efforts, scientific researchers are still groping to find a single valid cause for this phenomenon. Right now the best, if least satisfying, answer is that supplied by that fictional fiend Hannibal Lecter: "Nothing happened to me.... / happened." 

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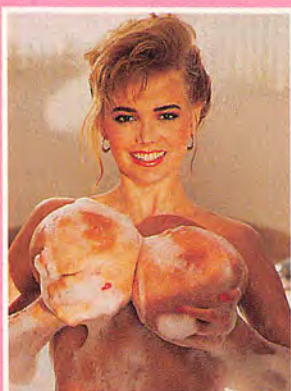
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# COMING IN THE APRIL PENTHOUSE

## SMOOTH SKINS

Before there was cotton or cashmere, there was leather. Over the ages this basic material of clothing and luggage has been appropriated to create goods from the practical to the outrageously luxurious. Next month we take a look at some of the finest and best-crafted leather goods and accessories for men today. From wallets to watchbands and belts to briefcases, you'll find an unparalleled selection of leather accessories to enhance your professional image as well as give you the pleasure associated with smooth skins.

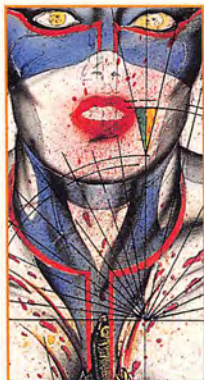


## FOUL TERRITORY

Forged autographs and counterfeit baseball cards, along with store-bought uniforms that have been altered and marketed as genuine game-used equipment, are polluting whatever goodwill the business of sports still has in the United States. "These days players, agents, sports leagues, and players' associations have all but thrown up their hands and given up trying to fight back against a shady, unregulated enterprise where a buyer has no guarantee that an item is legitimate," writes sports reporter Pete Williams in an eye-opening exposé. "I'd say 70 percent of the stuff I see out there with my signature is fake," says Alex Rodriguez, the star shortstop for the Seattle Mariners, whose autograph is among the most treasured in the sports-collecting world. The F.B.I., Williams says, agrees with Rodriguez's estimate. In the most scathing indictment of the sports-collectibles industry to date, the bureau recently estimated that 70 percent of autographs for sale on the market are forgeries.

## UNDERWEAR UNDERWORLD

We all know that lingerie looks great on women. But on guys? What is it about women's undergarments that makes many red-blooded, all-American men want to worship such scanties—even when there isn't a woman inside? As of this writing, Marv Albert is only the latest and most notorious allegedly straight male to be seduced by silks and satins. Our Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner, Jr., talks to the experts—the lingerie-store owners where these men shop, the wives and girlfriends whose panty hose they steal, and the cross-dressers themselves—about the booming fetish that helps keep Victoria's Secret in business.



## MODERN-DAY WITCH-HUNT

"What's happening is the same hysteria that led to the Salem witch trials more than 300 years ago." That's what Carol Hopkins, executive director of the National Justice Committee, a resource group for people wrongfully accused of or imprisoned for child abuse, says in our revealing report by prize-winning journalist Lisa Collier Cool. "Both times ordinary people suspended their common sense and accepted spectral evidence that other people had committed incredible acts that left no traces on the victim because the 'witches' somehow had supernatural powers." The same "ordinary people" are the *real* victims of America's modern witch-hunt. "Too many of us are willing to believe that covens of otherwise respectable people are committing horrific acts of satanic ritual," says Hopkins. "Child-sex-abuse panic has been like a train off its tracks, as legions of innocent people are thrown into jail for the most heinous crimes in history—over events that never happened."





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If "yes" brand used most? \_\_\_\_\_

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2. Are you a consumer of looseleaf chewing tobacco? ☐ Yes ☐ No

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3. Do you smoke cigarettes? ☐ Yes ☐ No

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7. For names of the winner(s), send a self-addressed, stamped number 10 envelope to: Skoal® Nascar® Sweepstakes, Suite 4000, 249 Main Street, Stamford, CT 06901-2988

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Limit 1 per person. Offer expires April 10, 1998. ©1998 U.S. Tobacco Co.

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To enter, follow the directions published in this offer. For eligibility, your entry must be received by September 30, 1999.

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Selection of winning numbers is under supervision of D.L. Blair, Inc. an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Limit: one prize to a family with the exception of the "Bonus Prize" which may not be offered in all presentations of this sweepstakes. General Media International, Inc. and D.L. Blair, Inc. not responsible for errors in printing of sweepstakes and prize winning numbers. In the event a duplication of a prize winning number occurs, a random drawing will be held among all the entries received with that prize winning number to award that prize. No substitutions will be made for any prize except as offered. Taxes, licensing and registration fees, as applicable, on all prizes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Offer void wherever prohibited by law. Winners will be notified by mail. Odds of winning are as follows: Grand Prize - 1 in 13,000,000; First Prize - 1 in 13,000,000; Second Prize - 1 in 13,000,000; Third Prize - 1 in 13,000,000; Fourth Prize - 1 in 1,300,000; Fifth Prize - 1 in 13,000; Bonus Prize - dependent on the number of eligible entries received. Prize winners will be determined no later than December 1, 1999. Prizes offered in this sweepstakes and their approximate retail value are as follows: Grand Prize - A Porsche Boxster 2-door convertible (\$46,400) or a Chevrolet Corvette coupe (\$44,400) or \$50,000 cash; First Prize - A Ford Explorer X 4-door 4WD sport utility vehicle (\$25,000) or a Chevrolet Camaro RS convertible (\$25,000); Second Prize - A 4 day/3 night trip for four to the Super Bowl (\$16,000) or a cruise for four to the Virgin Islands aboard a private yacht (\$16,000); Third Prize - A Toshiba 61" projection TV (\$4,500); 10 Fourth Prizes - An RCA digital camcorder (\$2,400 each); 1,000 Fifth Prizes - A Casio 2.3" Color LCD TV (\$150 each)

Sweepstakes open to all residents of the United States (except those residing in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico). Employees of General Media International, Inc., D.L. Blair, Inc. and members of their immediate family are not eligible. Offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations and is void wherever prohibited by law.

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Travel prize must be taken within 12 months of notification and is subject to travelers (or parent/guardian of a minor, at least one traveler must be 18 years of age or older) completing and returning a Release of Liability prior to travel; and hotel/flight accommodations availability. Air transportation is coach-class from the commercial airport nearest winner's home. In the event that a specific prize item is discontinued or otherwise unavailable, a prize item of equal or greater value will be substituted.

This sweepstakes offer may be presented in connection with various offers sponsored by General Media International, Inc.

For a list of prize claimants (available after December 31, 1999), send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: The \$250,000 Mega Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 5205, Blair, NE 68009-5205.

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