

PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

FEBRUARY 2001 

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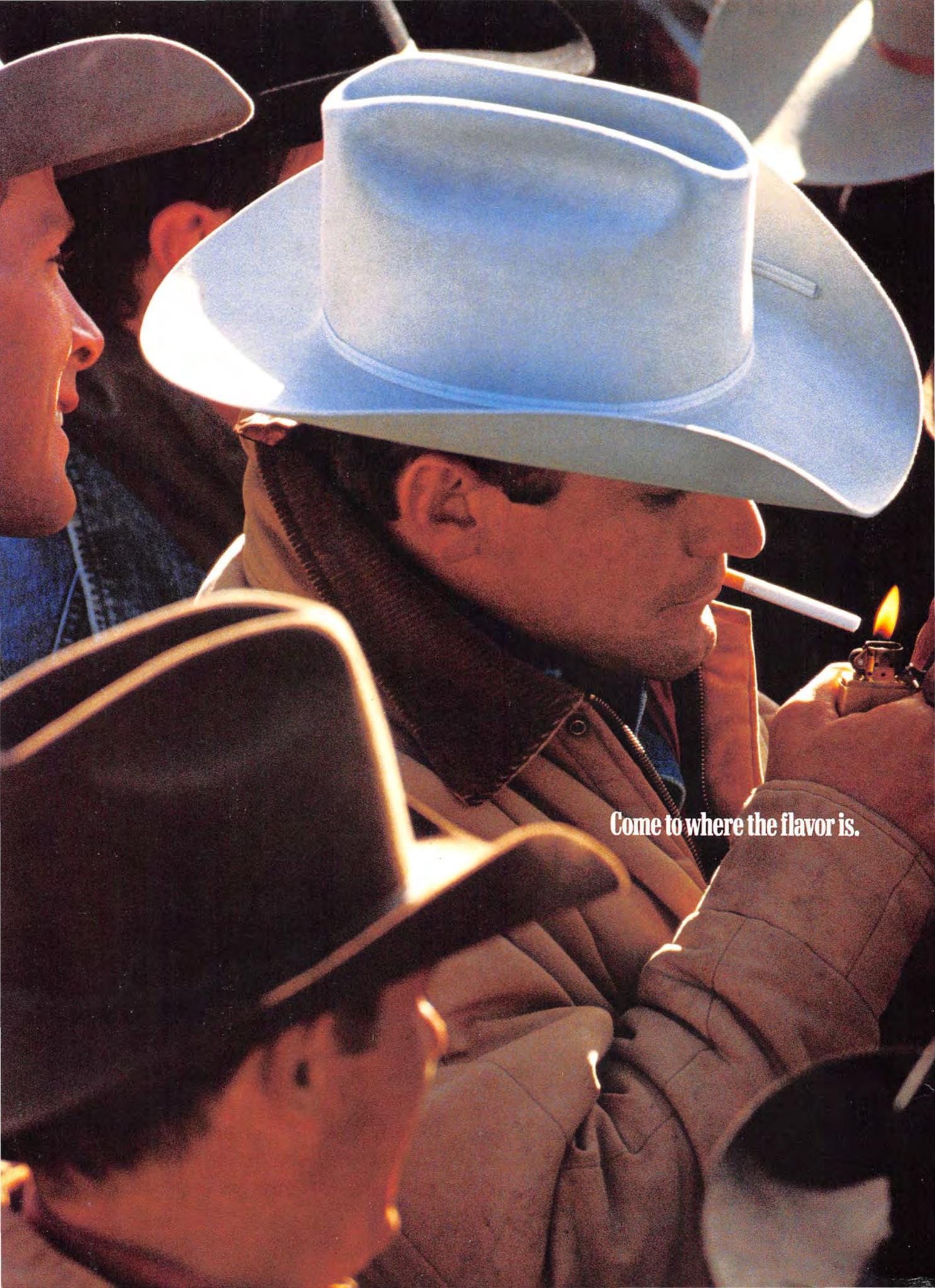
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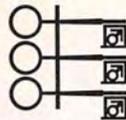
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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

FEBRUARY 2001

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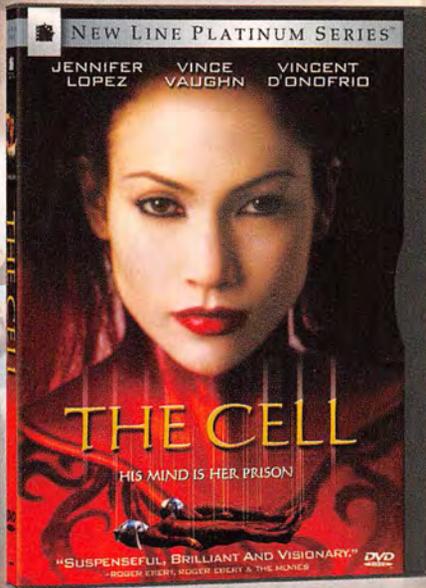
HARD TIMES

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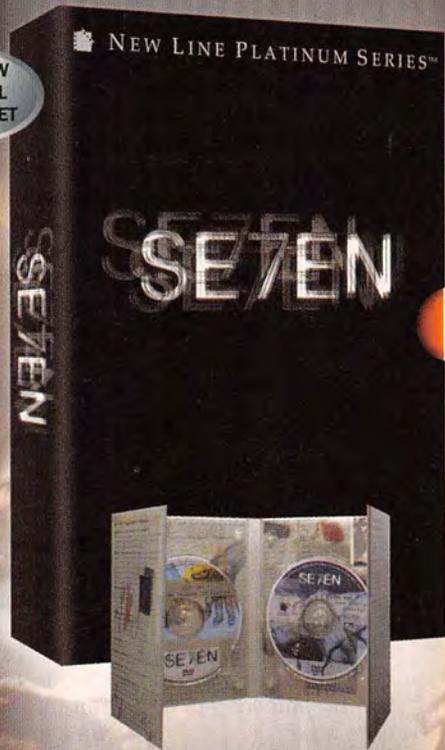
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This special Pet of the Year Runner-Up issue is guaranteed to heat up those long winter nights.



French Farce

Twenty years ago, Ira Einhorn became an international fugitive when police discovered the decomposed corpse of his girlfriend stuffed in a trunk. Convicted of murder in absentia and sentenced to life imprisonment in 1993, Einhorn eluded capture until four years later, when he was tracked down in France. But a French court rejected attempts to extradite him, and America-hating French notables lionized him as the victim of a "barbarous" justice system. After Pennsylvania was forced to pass a new law allowing the state to grant Einhorn a second trial, he was ordered back to Philadelphia. But, as reported by **Steven Levy**, Einhorn, still in France, is free awaiting an appeal hearing ... and may in fact be preparing to flee once again.

Praise the Lords

When you can look out over your audience and know that both the guys and the girls want to fuck you, you've pretty much gained fan accep-



tance. "It gives me a better orgasm to know that," says **Deborah Ostrega**, the newest front woman for the Lords of Acid. L.A. rock scribe **Tom Farrell** gets the skinny from the Lords on their supermodel-quality front women and their preshow masturbation rituals, and alerts followers on how the rockers deal with those rabid rave addicts who burn the band members' names into their flesh or jump onstage and start fucking.

Extreme Ice

Of the nearly six million Americans who participate in climbing, only some five percent ever dare to try ice climbing. But for this balls-to-the-wall minority, nothing beats the thrill of conquering the most slippery of situations: frozen waterfalls. Travel writer **Phil Maranda** journeyed to the ice-climbers' mecca, the Canadian Rockies, and experienced



enough terror and excitement to rouse anyone from the winter doldrums. "My life was passing before my eyes, and I hadn't even begun the climb," he reports in "View From the Top."

A Lion in Winter

Detroit Lions wide receiver **Johnnie Morton** works down on the ground, but it's not exactly safe. "The guy wouldn't hit you like a football player," Morton says of one linebacker. "He'd hit you like a criminal. If you weren't aware of where he was at all times, you could easily end up with a concussion." In "Sporting America," Morton talks with **Jonathan Davis** and **Michael-Ann Rowe** about his career, his personal relationships, and the one change he'd like to see made in pro football: "mandatory cheerleaders for all teams."

Home Improvement

Amateur athletes can get a great workout at home, without spending thousands of dollars on expensive equipment; as

we explain in "Men's Health & Fitness," you can put together the ideal home gym for as little as \$300. And we've included pointers on how to develop a full-body workout schedule that will accommodate even the busiest person. Our fitness experts also report how getting in shape can make you a better lover. ... There's workout equipment ... and there's "workout" equipment. Our Unrepentant Voyeur, **Ralph Gardner Jr.**, looks into the marketing evolution of a new product, following a design from the drawing board to the bedroom. In true *Penthouse* fashion, the object in question, the Fantasy Rack, makes it possible to eat your lady's pussy while she's upside down ... and women seem to love it. As its creator discovered, the idea of the rack, and particularly the part about being tied up, apparently trigger something potently erotic deep within the female psyche. ... We all know that there's certainly something potently erotic about all the women who have appeared in *Penthouse*, and this month's heartbreakers carry on that tradition in style. And as our special Valentine treat, there's a collection of all-new photos of our Pet of the Year Runner-Up for 2001, the delightful **Melissa Ann**, a reader favorite since she first graced our pages as the November 1998 centerfold. This issue is sure to warm the cockles of every man's heart. **OT**

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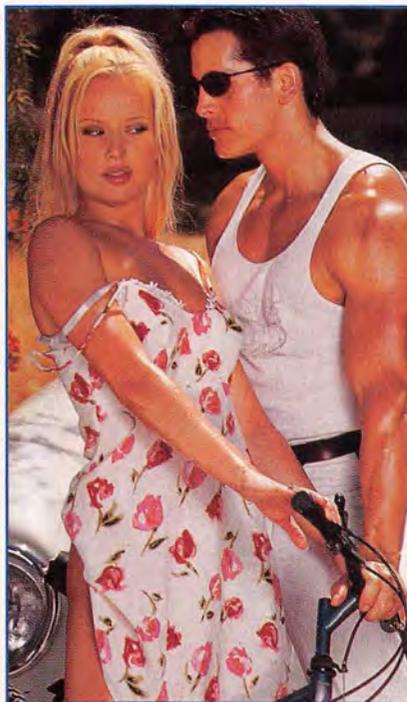
The Bald and the Beautiful

My wife Nina and I are just back from vacation in France. At a beach there one day, Nina had her first experience of going topless in public. Surrounded by French women of all ages who casually sunned themselves, walked around, and swam with their breasts exposed, Nina couldn't resist joining them. This was a major turn-on for both of us.

In the midst of our new sensual awareness, provoked by this very big breakthrough in Nina's inhibitions, a second thing happened. A beautiful French woman of about 25, with long blonde hair down to her waist, and small, firm breasts also always uncovered, came every day to the beach, and usually chose a spot near ours. We became friendly, and even had lunch with her a couple of times.

Then one day when she approached us on the beach, our jaws dropped. Overnight, she had gone to the hairdresser, and the long blonde hair was gone. In fact, *all* her hair was gone. She had got it cut off, and her head was shaved. In contrast to her perfect tan, she had a shiny white dome! Nina and I could only say, "Wow," and ask her how she got the courage to make such a drastic change. She explained that she had always had fantasies about being bald and thought it was very erotic.

Well, Nina and I agreed. For my part, I was so turned on that I had to roll over on my belly on the beach towel to hide my erection. Once I had managed to calm down, the three of us had coffee near the beach, and



Nina asked me if I would mind if *she* gave the bald look a try. Since I have always loved my wife's shoulder-length dark brown locks, I was amazed to hear myself saying, "Sure, baby, we're far from home and might as well do something wild."

Nina and our new friend Karine went away and came back a couple of hours later with matching shiny white pates. The effect was explosive, especially on a topless beach, since the curve of their heads and the curve of their breasts and asses were so well

matched. Over the next few days, Nina's and Karine's heads got tanned to match their bodies. It was a thrill to walk into a restaurant for dinner, with Nina in a cool, summery white dress and a cool, summery bald top.

Since our return to the States, we've kept Nina's head shaved, because it's such a turn-on for both of us. But it's remained our secret: She wears a wig outside the house, so as not to shock the folks in our small town.—K.S., Virginia

Fucking ... Without Touching

I enjoy a relationship at work with a woman named Cynthia. She is an attractive brunette with a mouthwatering figure. We often take walks or go to lunch and hang out together whenever possible. Many times I have fantasized about having sex with her—on my desk, in my company car, whenever and wherever. Cynthia is an open and adventurous person. And the topic of sex comes up frequently, despite the fact that we are both happily married.

One day we were out of the office on a field call together.

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PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

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FEBRUARY

As we rode to the work site in the car, we joked about the normal job-related topics and some of our other favorite, more racy, subjects. We arrived early at the site, which was off the beaten path down an old country road in the woods. We parked in a clearing, and, as we looked around, saw that we were the only ones there; the client wasn't due to show up for almost another hour.

Our conversation somehow turned to masturbating in the woods. I readily admitted to Cynthia that I would stroke myself into a frenzy when working outdoors, taking care of any desires I had. I told her I would sometimes unload in the car before beginning my daily job, but felt more natural letting go outside, while the wind was whispering around me and the sun was shining on my exposed erection. Cynthia admitted that she liked to do this too, on occasion, and loved the feeling of the sun on her skin.

I could tell from the tone of her voice that she was also getting excited. I suggested that there might be a way we could take care of our desires within the limits of our marriages. My argument was that if we pleased ourselves without touching each other, it would not constitute cheating. Cynthia was hesitant, but soon couldn't seem to take her eyes off me as I stroked my hard cock through my pants. She did her best to resist, spreading her legs a little but shaking her head to indicate that she thought this wasn't such a hot idea.

At this point I couldn't help myself. I undid my pants and pulled out my rock-hard cock. I think she was surprised to see how big it was in its fully aroused state. I started to stroke it slowly, hoping that I could convince her to take off her own pants and show me her sweet nectar pot.

Cynthia rubbed her legs together and looked at me. Her cheeks flushed with growing need. I started stroking my cock faster, wearing down her resolve with my exhibition of desire. Finally she undid her pants button and dipped her fingers into her soft moistness. It was all I could do to keep from lowering my face into her crotch and helping her out.

I gave her a few seconds to touch her clit, then asked if she would pull off her pants and show me her sweet pussy. Cynthia was so hot, she didn't hesitate to expose her cute pink panties, which were wet from the thrill. I wanted to reach over and caress her fine ass, but the "no touching" rule was still in effect. Sliding her fingers in and out of her sticky snatch, she was moaning while staring at my cock. As I stroked it faster, Cynthia pulled down her panties all the way, showing me her tight round ass and pretty pussy. Breathing heavily, I told her that I needed to see all of her smooth firm ass and I wanted her to twist away from me a bit on her side. She

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SPIRITS • BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF

Though the image of brandy as a beverage that is sipped from a snifter after dinner is an accurate one, it is not complete. These days, brandy often is treated more casually, finding its way into a number of cocktails and mixed drinks.

Brandy is distilled from fruits as diverse as raspberries (framboise), cherries (kirsch), and apples (calvados), but most brandy is made from grapes that have been fermented into wine. The most famous brandy is cognac, produced in southwest France around the town of that name. Cognac that has been aged for six years or more may be labeled Napoléon, XO, Réserve—Courvoisier Napoléon, Otard XO—or with such proprietary names as Hennessy Paradis, Martell Cordon Bleu, Rémy Martin Louis XIII, Delamain Pale & Dry, and Hine Triomphe. Many of these cognacs have been matured in oak for 20 years or more, and they are meant to be sipped and savored.

On the other hand, most of the cognac produced by the leading firms—Courvoisier, Hennessy, Martell, and Rémy Martin—is bottled with only a few years' aging, and it can be enjoyed on the rocks or as a long drink with club soda, ginger ale, or orange juice. Cognac is also featured in several classic cocktails, among them the Sidecar, made with

Cointreau and lemon juice. A more recent introduction, the Hennessy Martini, combines cognac and lemon juice.

The Armagnac region of France produces a distinctive brandy that some find a bit fuller and richer than cognac. Well-known producers include Janneau, Larressingle, and Sempé. Brandy de Jerez, softer and sweeter than cognac, is a designation that covers a number of Spanish brandies, including Fundador, Carlos I, Lepanto, and Cardenal Mendoza. And such moderately priced, smooth, and fruity California brandies as E&J, the Christian Brothers, and Paul Masson Grande Amber are equally at home in a snifter or in mixed drinks.

Other familiar brandy-based drinks include the refreshing Brandy Sour (made with lemon juice and sugar), the Stinger (equal parts of brandy and white crème de menthe), and the Brandy Alexander (brandy, crème de cacao, and cream); all three are shaken with ice before being served.



Whether savored in a snifter or enjoyed on the rocks, brandy is as versatile as it is flavorful.

SOUNDS • BY JIM DEROGATIS

A crowd of yuppies has gathered at a free dinnertime concert in Chicago before moving on to test their latest pickup lines during the usual round of Friday-night barhopping. The beautiful people are oblivious to the three awkward young southerners who take the stage; most of the crowd at this radio-sponsored event is here to see headliner Steve Earle. Guitarist-vocalist Luther Dickinson, his hard-drumming brother Cody, and their hulking pal, bassist Chris Chew, ease into a groove with their own unique updates of hill-country classics by Fred McDowell, Walter "Furry" Lewis, and R. L. Burn-

side. In the hands of the North Mississippi Allstars, fiery numbers like "Po' Black Maddie" and "Shake 'Em on Down" fall somewhere between the tunes of a roadhouse blues band and those of an arena-rock power trio.

Slowly but surely, the crowd comes around. You see it first in the listeners' hips, which begin to sway in time to Cody's circular drum patterns. Then you notice a sparkle in their eyes as Luther fires off one long, fluid solo after another—it's as if B. B. King and Jimi Hendrix were jamming with the Allman Brothers. Finally, by the time the band closes with a 15-minute jam that ties together a



Bo Diddley riff, a rave-up gospel number, and "Station Blues" (aka "Sitting on Top of the World"), many in the audience are glowing with a sort of postorgasmic bliss. Especially the women.

Twenty-seven-year-old Luther smiles widely

when he recalls the gig a few weeks later while kicking back at home in Independence, Mississippi, fresh from the band's second tour of Europe. "I read an R. L. Burnside quote where he said, 'The blues ain't nothin' but dance music,' and that's kind of where we come from too," Luther says. "It's just about ass-shakin', beer-drinkin', and people havin' a good time. You know, a good live show of ours—whether it's in London or in Jackson, Mississippi—it's a real *sexual* vibe. It's just ... *nasty*."

The Allstars officially came together about two and a half years ago, though they've been playing with each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

FILM • BY STEPHAN TALTY

Let Rita Hayworth (below) and Daniel Day-Lewis (right, with Juliette Binoche) set the mood this Valentine's Day.



That heart-shaped box of chocolate-covered cherries doesn't cut it anymore. Valentine's Day should be a multimedia experience. The best way to set the mood is by renting one of the sexiest movies ever made. Here's a short list:

Angel Heart: Voodoo has always been the sexiest religion, and New Orleans the sexiest American city, so it's no wonder this makes the team. The camera literally worships Lisa Bonet's lithe, coffee-colored body in this steamy, down-South exotic adventure.

Bound: This 1996 film feels like forties noir but with nineties sexuality. Plumber Gina Gershon and mob moll Jennifer Tilly lock lips (and other things) in the best woman-on-woman sex this side of *Babes of Sing Sing 3*.

In the Realm of the Senses: If you've ever been whipped (literally), the light S&M and the total sexual obsession of this Japanese classic will make your Valentine's

Day. **Realm** is not only a great film but an explicit odyssey into the deepest realms of forbidden sex.

Henry and June: No film catches the slightly decadent allure of Paris like this tour through the French erotic underground of the 1920s. The sex shows, the illicit affairs, the bordello romps—*Henry and June* reeks of demimonde pleasures.

Body Heat: Kathleen Turner's luscious, heavy-breathing mystery woman sets the standard for modern femmes fatales, and *Heat* sets the standard for pure, unapologetic movie lust.

Like Water for Chocolate: Food and sex—why choose between them? This sensual Mexican pic combines both earthly pleasures in a steamy story of women who love their enchiladas and their men the same way: hot. It'll give you ideas for red peppers that will drive your woman wild.

Wild Things: Trashy yet essential, this thriller throws together the sultry Neve Campbell and

the scarily perfect Denise Richards for hot fun in the pool and in cheap motels.

Gilda: This black-and-white 1946 noir is on the roster for one reason only: Ms. Rita Hayworth. At the height of her bewitching sensuality, Hayworth plays a dangerous gal who scorches the screen with her version of "Put the Blame on Mame." The sexiest black-and-white film ever made.

Lolita (1997): Dominique Swain can (and does) make grown men

weep as a nubile goddess in this teasing, bewitching version of Nabokov's classic. If you spent high school football games watching the cheerleaders instead of the game, this is a keeper.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being (top left): Revolution, lesbian flirtation, Lena Olin ... need we say more? The highly charged scenes between the fragile Juliette Binoche and the illegally erotic Olin are the last word in European erotica.

WORDS • BY LINDA GIUSTINO

Just can't bring yourself to throw out those stacks of old magazines? Smart move: There may be treasure lurking in that trash. *Collectible Magazines: Identification and Price Guide, Second Edition*, by David K. Henkel (HarperCollins), can help you find it. This guide lists American magazines from 1880 to 1999 in all major categories, and their up-to-date values, making it perfect for serious collectors and novices alike. We hope you've taken good care of your old copies of *Penthouse*; you may be surprised to find out how much some of them are worth. The September 1984 issue featuring Vanessa Williams could net you up to 50 bucks, and the September 1985 issue that showed the world Madonna's naked form for the first time could fetch \$40, but our premiere American issue of September 1969 is likely to prove the best investment yet. *Collectible Magazines* makes it easy to find the current values for many other publications too, from *TV Guide* and *Rolling Stone* to *Sports Illustrated* and *National Geographic*, along with science fiction and horror publications. There's even advice on buying and selling mags over the Internet, protecting your issues, and grading a magazine's condition.



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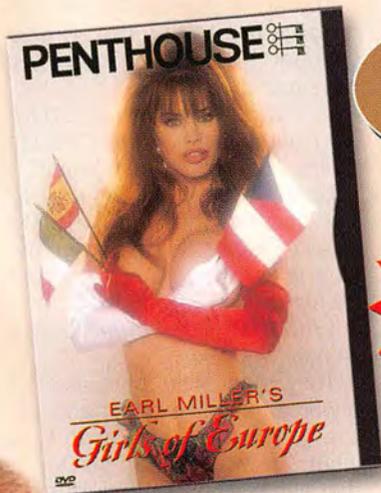
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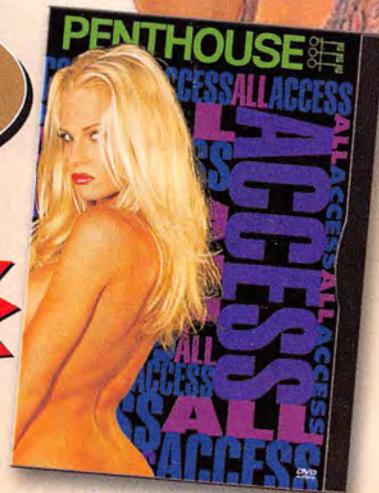
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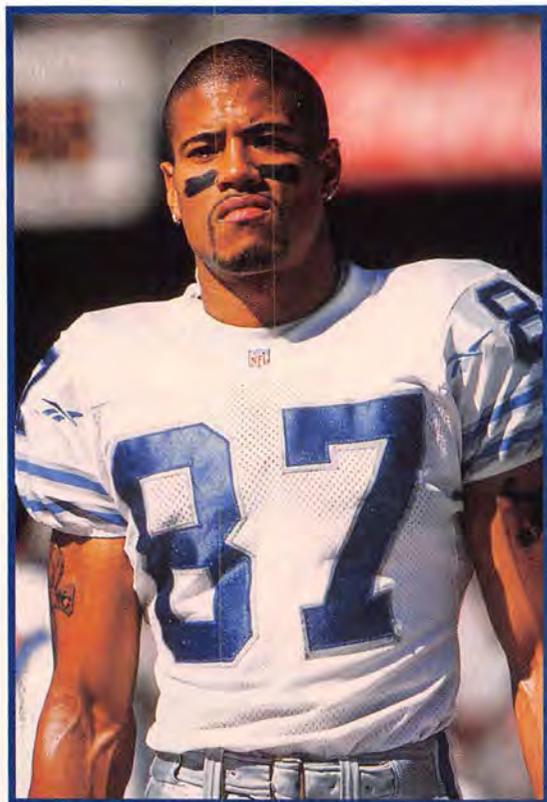
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SPORTING AMERICA

20 QUESTIONS, 19 ANSWERS

By Jonathan Davis and MichaelAnn Rowe



Why did you support George W. Bush for president?

Well, I remember getting the check from my first signing bonus, and I told the general manager of the team that I only got half of what I was promised. When I asked when I would get the other half, he said, "That's it!" When I argued that I'd only received half of the bonus, he just said, "Welcome to the wonderful world of taxes." So when I heard Bush say, "No man should have more than a third of his check taken," I said, "I'm voting for Bush!"

Who's been the most surprising person to recognize you?

Mini-Me [Verne Troyer] from *Austin Powers [The Spy Who Shagged Me]*. I was at the Saddleback Ranch restaurant in Los Angeles with a few friends, and I'm like, "There's Mini-Me." He

was riding the mechanical bull and doing pretty well until he did a belly flop off it. So I head over to introduce myself, and before I can say anything, he says to me, "I know you. You're number 87."

Would you rather be Mini-Me's height and "hung," or your height and not so well endowed?

[Laughs] I think I'd rather be tall and small.

Do you remember your first sexual experience?

Yeah, it sucked! I had no idea what the hell I was doing.

Did you have many dates when you were younger?

Let's put it this way: I had the worst haircut, a gap in my teeth, and I was chunky. I had no opportunities for a date. That's how I know so much about *Penthouse*. I had to read it. That was my only outlet. I can now honestly say I really enjoy the articles in the magazine, but when I was younger, I didn't even know you guys had articles.

Is it true your brother Chad, who plays for the New Orleans Saints, is quite the ladies' man?

He's always hooked up, depending on which city or state he's in. He should be having fun. He's young and he just finished his first year in the NFL.

What do you think about women who fake it?

They're cheating themselves. If a woman keeps faking it and lets the guy believe she's getting what she wants, then she'll get that same nasty stuff night after night. Like most men, I don't think a woman has faked it with me. They always say that if the girl makes a really ugly face and makes sounds that you couldn't imagine making, then she's not faking it.

Think back: What was your most bizarre date?

This girl pulled out what looked like a mini-handcuff that had these electrical wires running to some sort of remote control. It came from this box of "toys" she had. It looked like something that

would be used to torture people, not something made for pleasure. I told her to pack up her shit, and left. That was the quickest first date I ever had.

If a woman asked you to donate sperm, but said you wouldn't have to be responsible for the child, would you do it?

No way! I take family very seriously and I'd always wonder about there being some kid out there who looks like me, walks like me, talks like me, but is not mine. It just wouldn't sit right with me.

Do you wish your girlfriend would put less on her face, body, hair, or plate?

[Laughs] She's going to kill me, but less on her plate. She has one of the most phenomenal bodies you could ever imagine, but she has no problem downing cheeseburgers or any type of junk food. But you could never tell by looking at her that she eats those foods. On our first date we went for sushi and she ate everything. This girl meant business at the dinner table.

What do you think about boxers who avoid sex for as much as three months before a fight?

I'd be getting calluses by then. If you could go four rounds with someone, who would it be?

The guys who shot my dad. He got shot eight times out of nowhere. I'd like to beat the hell out of them. Somehow he made it. I always joke around with him that there must have been angels on both sides of him, saying, "Duck, move to the left, put your head down." He had no vital organs hit and he's perfectly fine. The guys were never caught.

If you could play NFL commissioner for a day, what kinds of things would you do?

I would enforce mandatory cheerleaders for all teams. Can you believe that we don't have cheerleaders in Detroit? There is absolutely no excuse for that. I can understand about Green Bay—you know, the cheerleaders would always be bitching about

Detroit Lions wide receiver Johnnie Morton: "Can you believe that we don't have cheerleaders in Detroit? There is absolutely no excuse for that."

THE BEST THINGS IN
LIFE ARE BASIC



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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

Chastity

My husband and his brother swap all the magazines they get, including Penthouse, so I have a chance to see them as well. Not always soon after delivery, unfortunately, but I've not missed any issues for years. Like some people, I've had an ongoing interest in chastity items.

This interest was rekindled when I read Ralph Gardner Jr.'s "The Unrepentant Voyeur" column in the 30th Anniversary Issue of Penthouse [September 1999], detailing his visit to a sex-paraphernalia show. Mr. Gardner spoke with a representative from a company called Access Denied and examined its products, including a male chastity belt. This really lit my fire, as I'd never imagined that such an item existed. The \$440 price for the model Mr. Gardner described is sadly beyond my reach, but maybe some insight into the design and fabrication of such items would make it possible for some individuals to get creative and design something on their own. Perhaps in another issue a more in-depth article on these items could include photos, drawings, and diagrams of various products and offerings.

I've no reason to suspect my husband of wandering, but he is often at home alone for hours owing to my shopping, bowling, and making family visits. I'd love to be able to



assure myself that he's not wasting his sexual energies in my absence. Call it vanity, but I'd like to be certain that any sexual activity in our house includes me, at least as the costar if not the star.

Surely there's enough interest, talent, and expertise within your sphere of influence to engender a good, contemporary, and well-illustrated article on male chastity belts, as I think many women would be interested to learn of the availability of something more sophisticated than cheap novelty toys.—L.J., New Mexico

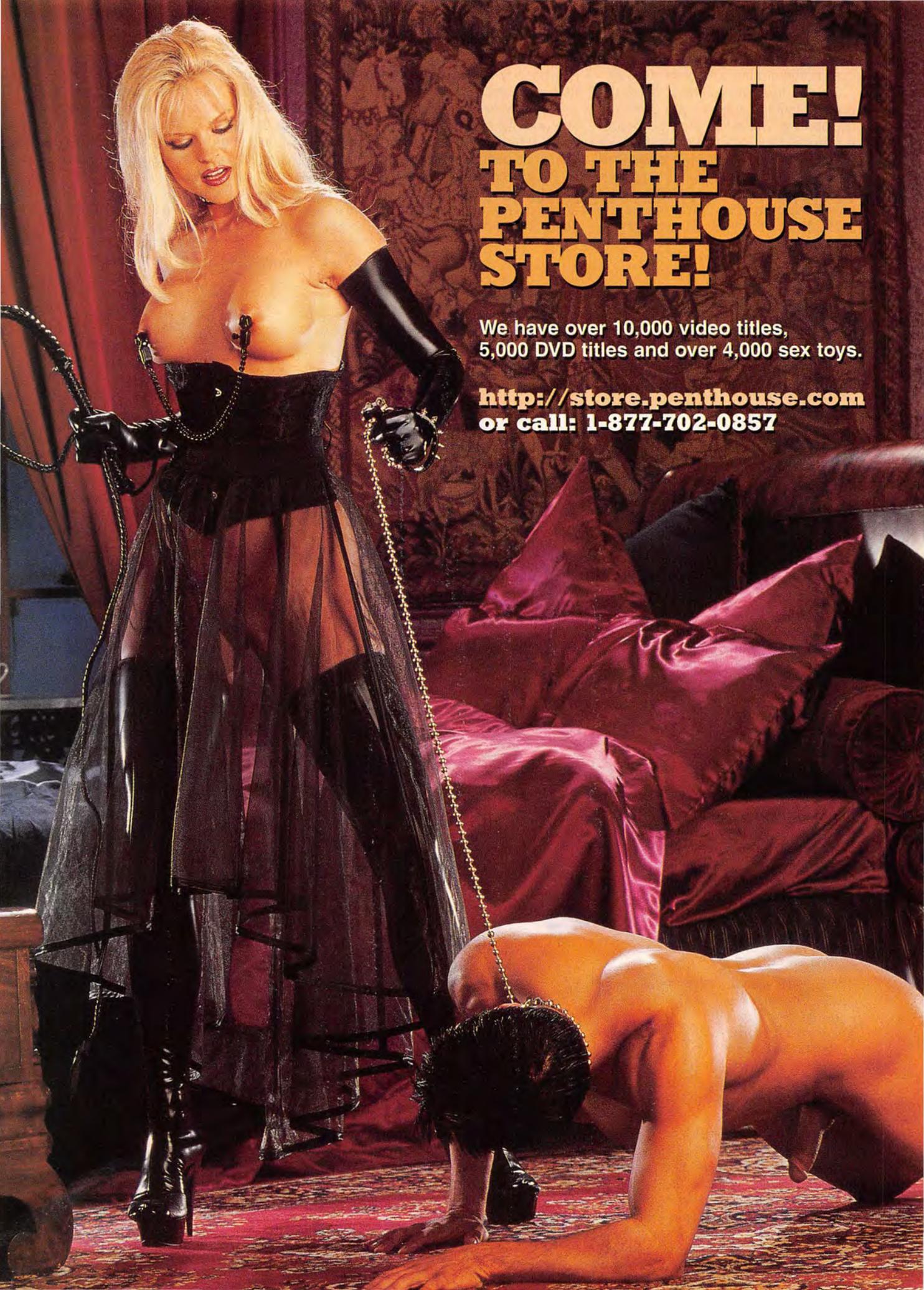
So you want to make sure your husband does not jerk off when you're not around, but, with your admitted absence from the domestic scene to participate in such activities as bowling, are you sure he is getting enough? I have never heard of masturbation being grounds for divorce, but I'd imagine padlocking your mate's genitals could well be construed as cruelty.

A few years ago a doctor in Argentina surgically stitched

shut his wife's vagina before setting out on a voyage to Europe. As soon as he was safely on board, she went to another doctor to have the stitches removed and forthwith filed for a divorce, which was granted almost instantly. When her husband returned from his trip, he went directly to jail.

Maybe your husband is a true masochist and would like to be rendered mechanically impotent in your absence, in which case it should be sufficient to forbid him to touch himself "down there" while you are out bowling, shooting pool, or simply hanging out in singles bars. But please be aware that the original purpose of a chastity belt was to prevent the female wearer from screwing around while her lord and master went off on the Crusades.

Women's emancipation and the advent of feminism have put an end to this kind of female slavery, but apparently you want to reverse the roles and put your man in chains. Far be it for me to criticize your lifestyle, but my belief—and the policy of this magazine—is to encourage people to enjoy sex, not to inhibit them. The overbearing attitude of the American woman today has turned half the male population into crybabies, and most of the other half has gone gay in self-defense, with the inevitable result: A good man is hard to find and a hard man

A blonde woman in a black corset and stockings stands in a bedroom, holding a whip. A man is on a rug in the foreground, looking up at her. The room has a red bed and patterned wallpaper.

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even harder from a girl's point of view.

So, the next time you head out to the bowling lanes, I suggest you give your husband a first-class blowjob before you go and the promise of another just as soon as you get back. He will then have no need for alternative activities, you won't have to invest \$440 to ensure your husband's fidelity, and maybe the publication of this letter will spark someone to research an article on chastity wear in general.

Young Love

I am in love with a prostitute from Tijuana. She is a gorgeous, 22-year-old single mom, with a body that makes me come just thinking about her. I'm older, not bad looking, and not rich, but comfortable. We've had a couple of dates away from her place of business; one was lunch and did not involve sex. I think she likes me a little, but I don't know whether she's just trying to keep me as a client or if there's really some interest on her part.

I guess that I shouldn't push her, but I'm really love-sick. I would marry her in a minute if she would have me. She wants to retire in another year.

I know I'm rambling a bit, so I'll get to the point. My question is this: Is there any hope for us? What should I do? I would appreciate any advice you can give me. I enjoy your column in Penthouse and I like your books as well. By the way, I think you still look very hot!—T.S., Texas

I once attended a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland tea party with my then-boyfriend, his mother, and her two sisters, all three of whom were ladies in their mid-nineties. At some point in the conversation, Juliet, the middle sister, aged 94, said, "We have just discovered that Elsie [my boyfriend's mother]

has been lying about her age for more than 80 years."

This now ex-boyfriend, a sexual athlete and still one of my favorite people, has just turned 70, and for the past two years has been living with a Spanish girl of 29. He has a versatile tongue and speaks fluent Spanish as well as he sucks pussy, but she hardly speaks a word of English, which puts a damper

just acquired a new "wife," a single mother like your friend. He too speaks fluent Spanish, and in Mexico his lady's lack of English is less of a problem; but if you go ahead with *your* plans to marry, it would be wise to sign up for some Spanish lessons.

All of which goes to show that the number representing the age of the subject is no more than a symbol of elapsed time. Like the mileage counter on the speedometer of your car, it is not necessarily related to the condition of the vehicle.

You are fascinated with this girl, partly because of her age, but my guess is that she's probably more concerned with having enough money to enjoy a decent life and raise her kid.

The sad fact is that there are countless single mothers out there, of every race, color, and creed, all of whom are anxious to find a halfway decent breadwinner, so if you are ready for an instant family, you now have a multiple choice.

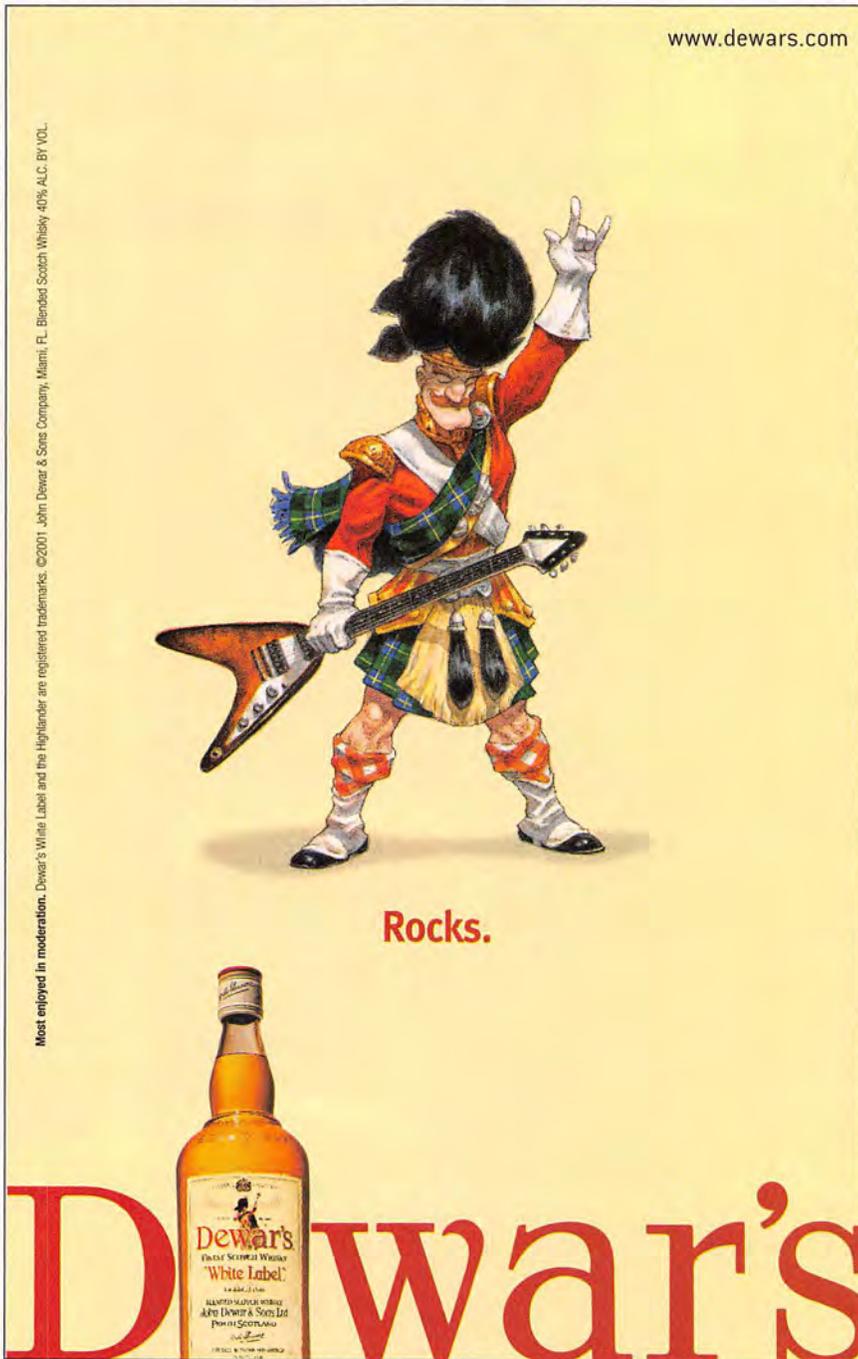
If you are looking for permanence, you would probably do better to go for a cook or a secretary, rather than a hooker, whose house-keeping abilities are usually minimal and whose earning capacity dwindles rapidly with the passage of time.

Horse and Carriage

I am in prison and will be discharged soon. My girlfriend, whom I'll call Mitzi, wants to get mar-

ried, and has been asking a lot of questions. Perhaps some of my answers are clues to my past, which I suspect has been looked into. I have not lied; it's just that as of yet I have not revealed the entire truth. There are plenty of colorful things for Mitzi to find out regarding my prison time, money, and occupational history. Our last encounter was somewhat short of the best, but only

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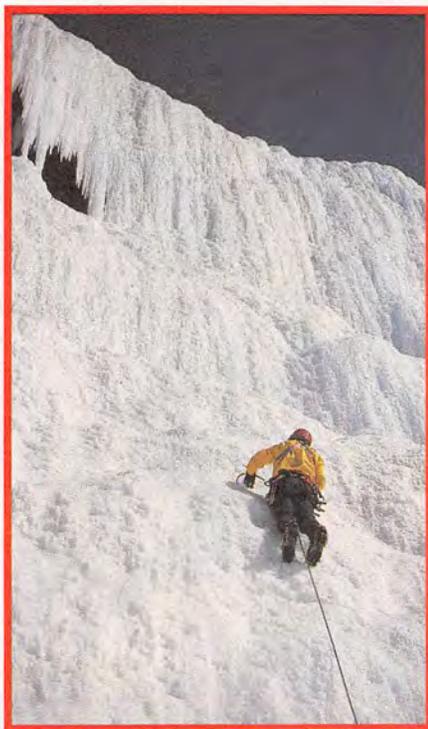
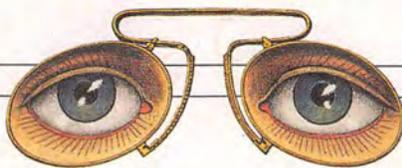
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on their social life, as most of his friends speak only English. When I suggested that she was not the greatest housekeeper in the world, his comment was, "She's gorgeous, she gives a mean blowjob, she's a marvelous cook, and, at 70, I'm lucky to have her. Anyway, I want a lover, not a cleaning lady."

Another friend of mine, a Dutch photographer who lives in Mexico City, has

VIEW FROM THE TOP



EXTREME ICE

By Phil Maranda

In the high-stakes world of extreme sports, ice climbing is one of the most exhilarating—and terror-inducing—outdoor adventures on earth. It is not for the fainthearted; in fact, of the 5.7 million Americans who participate in the many forms of climbing each year, only five percent venture anywhere near the perilous conditions associated with climbing around on ice. But for those few thrill seekers who are undaunted by the risks, ice climbing is the only way to go.

My own objectives in the ice-climbing game seemed simple enough: to add a little adventure to an otherwise

dreary winter and stay in one piece long enough to discover what made the sport so appealing to a balls-to-the-wall minority. The problem, however, was that I'd never been the bravest of souls when it came to climbing; I'd been harboring a fear of heights most of my life.

How significant was this phobia? I'd frozen up something awful during an indoor climbing class at the University of Calgary some years back, and ended up being the only one in the group who didn't make it to the top of the man-made wall. At the time, I blamed my reluctance on the instructor, who kept turning around to talk to some of the ladies in their skin-tight climbing outfits and didn't seem to be paying much attention to me as I hung on for dear life, two stories above the floor. But in my heart of hearts I knew that the shortcoming had been my own, and I was hoping to make things right on my ice adventure.

So, early one cold morning I left my hotel room in Canmore, Alberta—somewhat uncertain but determined to overcome my fear and accomplish my initial goals—and began the three-hour drive up the Icefields Parkway to the Sunwapta ranger station in Jasper National Park. The air was crisp and clear, and the mountains, bathed in the golden light of dawn, were visible for miles in all directions.

The drive was going great ... until I noticed the numerous near-vertical streams of ice cascading from the tops of the peaks. Suddenly the harsh reality of what I was about to do sent a spike of terror up my spine. These 3,000-foot-high frozen waterfalls are part of the reason that the Canadian Rockies are known as the ice-

climbing mecca of the world.

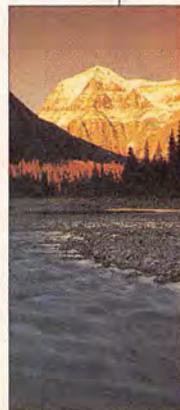
At the Sunwapta ranger station, Joe McKay—mountain guide, mountaineer, and ice-climbing fool—met me at the door, and after a few pleasantries led me down a flight of stairs to pick out the gear we would need for the climb.

The best way to describe ice-climbing equipment is to say that it is sharp—razor sharp. And one of the sharpest tools in an ice climber's arsenal is the ice ax. Resembling a weapon out of a kung fu movie, these implements are made of steel, fiberglass, aluminum alloy, or, more recently, carbon fiber. They range in length from 16 to 28 inches, have various picks depending on their particular use, and an anvil at the head opposite the pick.

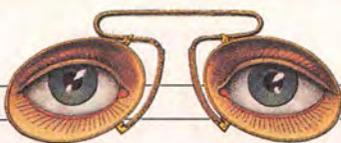
The runner-up for "most likely piece of equipment on which a climber can become impaled" has got to be the crampon. Modern ice climbers rely on two different types: the mono-point adjustable crampon (for waterfall ice) and the flexible 12-point (for alpine climbing). Climbers also use tubular ice screws (again, really sharp), which are designed to allow the ice to "drain" through the center, and water-repellent ropes that don't freeze easily in the subzero temperatures associated with ice climbing. Other equipment includes plastic mountaineering boots, water-proof climbing suits, pitons (wedges or pegs that are driven into the ice for support), slings, and helmets for protection against falling rocks or ice.

It was midafternoon by the time we completed our drive back down the Icefields Parkway and arrived at a trail that led to the Weeping Wall, a giant curtain of ice. The Wall is one of the most famous ice routes in Canada, owing to the

The author (left) ventures into the frozen heart of the Canadian Rockies to conquer his fear of heights.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

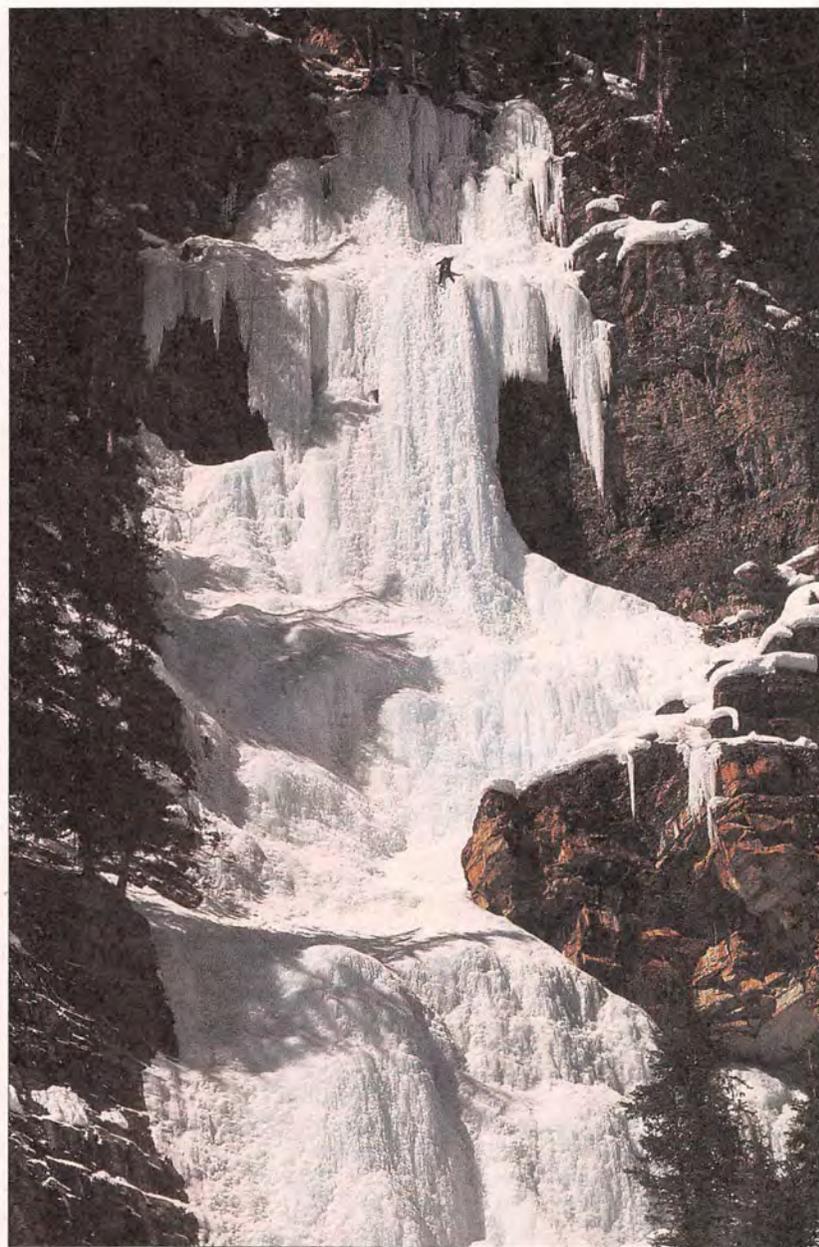


fact that even its lower pitches reach points higher than 500 feet. We grabbed the gear out of my Jeep and began the five-minute hump to the base. Without crampons on our feet, the going was slippery and slow, but since we didn't have much of a hike, McKay had decided against wearing the spiked irons.

When we reached the Weeping Wall, it was doing just that: weeping. Streams of water poured down from overhead. The south-facing curtain of ice had been hit hard by the direct sunlight since noon, and the surface was getting soft. McKay felt that it wouldn't be long, maybe just a week or so, before the Wall would become altogether unclimbable. If I had showed up any later in the season, I might have missed the window of opportunity on ice climbing in that area.

After suiting up, it was finally time for a lesson, and McKay began by describing—and demonstrating—the correct method for using the deadly ice ax. "Bring it back over your shoulder like this, but not too far," he cautioned. "As you swing it forward, let your wrist release, and the ax will be placed properly into the ice without your smashing your hands. Remember, the releasing of the wrist is the real important part of the swing—that's where you get most of the power."

Within 15 minutes we had covered the use of the rest of the equipment, the belaying process (securing the ropes at various intervals) that would later get us down the Wall, and a few more techniques used for successful ice climbing. Then McKay was off, attacking the first pitch of the Weeping Wall and displaying the smooth movements and



precise tool placements gained from more than 18 years' climbing experience. He quickly reached a small ledge, anchored himself to it with ice screws, then signaled for me to begin my ascent.

Tied by a rope to an experienced climber, I was nonethe-

less infused with terror. My life was passing before my eyes—ever heard that one before?—and I hadn't even begun the climb. There was no choice, though; I simply had to climb. I couldn't come off looking like a pussy in front of this guy who risked his life on the mountains

The ice climber's arsenal includes razor-sharp picks and axes, as well as screws, slings, helmets, and water-repellent ropes.



almost every day. So I sucked it up, moved to the base of the Weeping Wall, drew back the ice ax in my right hand, and swung like there was no tomorrow. At the time, I didn't think there would be.

Unfortunately, I ended up looking like a pussy, anyway. The ax didn't penetrate far enough to support the weight of a gerbil, much less my 175 pounds. But at least I didn't rap my knuckles on the ice, I thought. My next swing was much harder, but once again the technique sucked, and though the ax struck deeper into the ice, this time my knuckles did in fact smash into the unforgiving surface.

During the ascent, my crampons and ice axes periodically wrenched loose from the ice, leaving the rope and McKay's strength as all that kept me from a bad case of broken bones—or death. "Remember to keep your heels flat when you kick the toe of the crampon into the ice, and make sure at least one of the axes is secure before trying to move on," McKay yelled from above when he grew tired of half-dragging my sorry ass up the Weeping Wall. After what seemed like an unbearable hour of scratching and crawling, I finally reached McKay's location.

When at last I was anchored into the wall with three ice screws, I eased into my surroundings. I became comfortable surveying the land from this new position. It was then that it hit me: The concentration I was forced to use while climbing the Weeping Wall had erased the fear I had felt prior to my attempt. I was a bigger person than the fellow who, years earlier, was the failure of his climbing class. And then, just as my excitement peaked,

McKay gave me a short lesson in belaying before lowering me back down the ice. He figured we had gone high enough for my first day.

The origins of ice climbing can be traced back more than 2,000 years. Some of the first people to grapple successfully with ice were not climbers at all but sheep herders tending their flocks high in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa. To accomplish this arduous task, they fashioned spiked three-point devices to the bottoms of their boots (the first makeshift crampons), using their staffs for additional support and balance.

By the 1700s, shepherds living in Europe's Alps adapted a similar crampon and a modified staff, or alpenstock, precursor to the modern ice ax.

"I hung on for dear life. At long last I could tell people I was at the end of my rope ... and mean it."

The alpenstock was a long stick—in some cases taller than a man—with an iron tip at one end for penetrating the ice. By the latter part of the eighteenth century, English mountaineers had arrived on the scene and begun hiring the shepherds as guides into the icy, snow-covered mountain region. Almost overnight, it seemed, the peaks of the Alps became immensely popular with the adventurous Brits,



and climbing for recreation was born.

As decades passed, ice climbing became a unique outdoor experience in and of itself, and over the past 15 to 20 years an ever-increasing number of adventurers have taken up the sport worldwide. Today, it's estimated that there are more than 285,000 ice climbers in the United States alone. The sport now encompasses a whole range of terrain, including radically difficult mixed climbs (on both rock and ice), waterfalls, alpine ice routes, hanging icicles, and man-made ice walls.

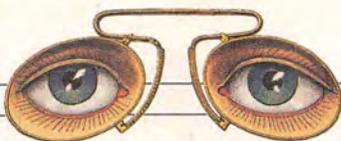
It seems that anywhere there's even the slightest trace of ice, there is a climber with large enough *cojones* to risk life and limb to reach the top of the route and claim the prize. Competitions both on man-made walls (think X-Games) and in ice parks, as at the Ice Craft exhibition held every year in Colorado's Ouray Ice Park, offer everything from mixed routes to vertical walls, providing climbers with the opportunity to match their skills and wits against one another.

On the next day of my ice-climbing adventure, McKay and I arrived around noon at Lake Louise in Jasper National Park. The sky was blanketed with a thin layer of clouds, and

Cascading, 3,000-foot-high frozen waterfalls have made the Canadian Rockies the ice-climbing mecca of the world.



VIEW FROM THE TOP



"Anywhere there's even the slightest trace of ice, there is a climber with large enough cojones to risk life and limb."

the air was quite a bit cooler than on the previous day. After making the 45-minute hike to Louise Falls at the end of the lake, McKay and I attached our crampons and marched up a snow-covered embankment to the base of the light blue wall of ice.

Once again we went through the routine of unpacking our gear and suiting up; then McKay climbed the first pitch in the same proficient manner he had demonstrated at the Weeping Wall, taking the time to ensure each tool was positioned perfectly before moving onward. "If I'm not sure about the placement of my axes or crampons, I'll keep banging away until I am," he shouted down to me as he made the ascent. "That way I will not lose confidence in my next move. You don't ever want to let the ice beat you."

On this day we climbed higher, up several pitches, and once again my technique lacked polish. While struggling up the first pitch, my axes and crampons suddenly let go of the ice at the same time, and McKay had to pull hard on the rope to keep me from plummeting to the bottom of the falls.

When we finally made it to the highest point that McKay was willing to take a rookie like me, he anchored me into the ice, then climbed around like a monkey on a thin pillar of hanging icicles, while describing how he was placing his tools and what kinds of things to look for while doing that type of climbing.

When it was at last time to descend, McKay decided that



the best way to get me down was to belay me over a cliff located off to one side of Louise Falls. As he tied two ropes to my harness, he mentioned—rather nonchalantly, given the situation, I thought—that it was better to use a pair of ropes, just in case one got severed on the cliff's sharp rocks. And even though he assured me that the two ropes would hold, all I could think as I worked my way slowly backward toward the edge—and certain doom—was, If the rocks are sharp enough to cut one rope, then what, exactly, is stopping them from cutting through both?

It was then, as my heart pounded in my chest and my blood was fired with adrenaline that coursed through my veins

faster than an avalanche sweeps down the side of a mountain, that McKay tried to set my mind at ease. "Don't worry, I won't let you fall," he said with a grin. "It would be a really long walk for me back to Banff." He instructed me to place my trust in the equipment, and to lean back when he lowered me over the edge so that I wouldn't rap my knees—and some other more vital parts of my body—on the rocks.

This was it—time to go. I continued walking backward until I could see no ground beneath me, and then, as instructed, leaned back completely and hung on for dear life while trying in vain not to look down. At long last I could tell people that I was at the end of my rope ... and mean it. Being suspended over the sharp rocks 100 feet below was almost more than I could

bear, but after smashing my knees on the side of the cliff a few times, I decided it probably would be better if I stopped moving around so much and tried to relax. One way or another, this ride would be over soon enough.

Being lowered over the cliff was one of the most horrifying experiences of the trip. But by the time McKay and I had reached bottom and packed up, my heart had stopped pounding long enough for me to reflect on the climb itself and I felt a certain pride. Not because I had conquered the ice—I wasn't fool enough to think that was the case—but because I had overcome, if only for a short while, the fears that had haunted me for so long. **OT**

STATEHOOD QUARTERS: THE MOST IMPORTANT NEW COIN COLLECTION IN U.S. HISTORY



The United States has started to issue an unprecedented series of 50 coins celebrating the 50 states of the Union. These new coins represent the first change to the quarter-dollar design since the 1976 Bicentennial.

Authorized by Congress and signed into law by President Clinton, this is the most ambitious coin series ever issued by the United States. Every state in the Union will be honored on a different commemorative quarter showing George Washington on the obverse and a unique statehood design on the reverse.

The quarters will be issued in the sequence that the states became part of the Union. Coins for the first states are already in circulation; they are being produced by both the Denver and Philadelphia Mints. The mintage period for each coin is limited to approximately 10 weeks and every coin may not be released for circulation in every state.

Therefore, collectors face an especially difficult challenge putting

together a complete set of these quarters in uncirculated condition.

PRIVATE ISSUE COLLECTOR PANELS CAN NOW BE RESERVED.

In conjunction with this historic coin series, a special series of Collector Panels bearing these magnificent Statehood Quarters will be issued by PCS (a private agency not affiliated with the U.S. Mint). One Panel for each state will feature two uncirculated specimens of the Statehood Quarters: one each from the Philadelphia and Denver Mints. The coins will be protectively encased in the Panel to preserve their high quality. An expertly-written narrative will describe the unique coin design and history of each state.

Each Collector Panel will also include up to three mint-condition U.S. stamps honoring the featured state, or a person or event associated with that state.

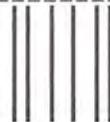


Common design on the obverse of each coin.



The unique designs on the reverse of the 1999 statehood quarters.

(continued on back)



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STATEHOOD QUARTERS: THE MOST IMPORTANT NEW COIN COLLECTION IN U.S. HISTORY



(continued from front)

These historic stamps — issued up to 60 years ago and most no longer available from the U.S. Postal Service — will also be protectively encased. A scenic photo will capture each state's unique beauty or an historic landmark.

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The Postal Commemorative Society's Statehood Quarters Collection can be reserved now for just \$14.95 per Panel (plus \$2 shipping, handling, and insurance). Panels will be sent to subscribers timed with the issuance of the quarters (approximately one every other month). Subscriptions may be canceled at any time.

Each subscriber will receive, at no additional charge, a deluxe Collector's Album (shown at right) to safely house and display the entire collection. The album may be personalized, if desired.

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A Collector's Album is included at no additional charge.

combined with mint-condition U.S. stamps and historical narrative to create beautiful Collector Panels, they represent an excellent opportunity for children and adults to learn about the unique cultural and historical diversity of our 50 states!

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Italian flair



Italian director Antonio Adamo strikes again in this his fifth Penthouse/Private collaboration, *Italian Flair*... A prominent manufacturer of perfumes is working to launch a new fragrance. The *hunt* begins for just the right girl to become the symbol of the campaign – she must possess the exact combination of beauty, daring and sexiness. Once again, Penthouse/Private brings you a production several cuts above the rest – we smell a winner!



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BY STEVEN LEVY

Who can blame Ira Samuel Einhorn for ditching the “Star-Spangled Banner” for “La Marseillaise”? True, the 60-year-old former hippie was once a dyed-in-the-macramé Philadelphian, as American as apple pie and Abbie Hoffman. But around 20 years ago his native city and country submitted Einhorn to an inexcusable indignity: an attempt to put him on trial for murder. All that, because the mummified body of Helen “Holly”

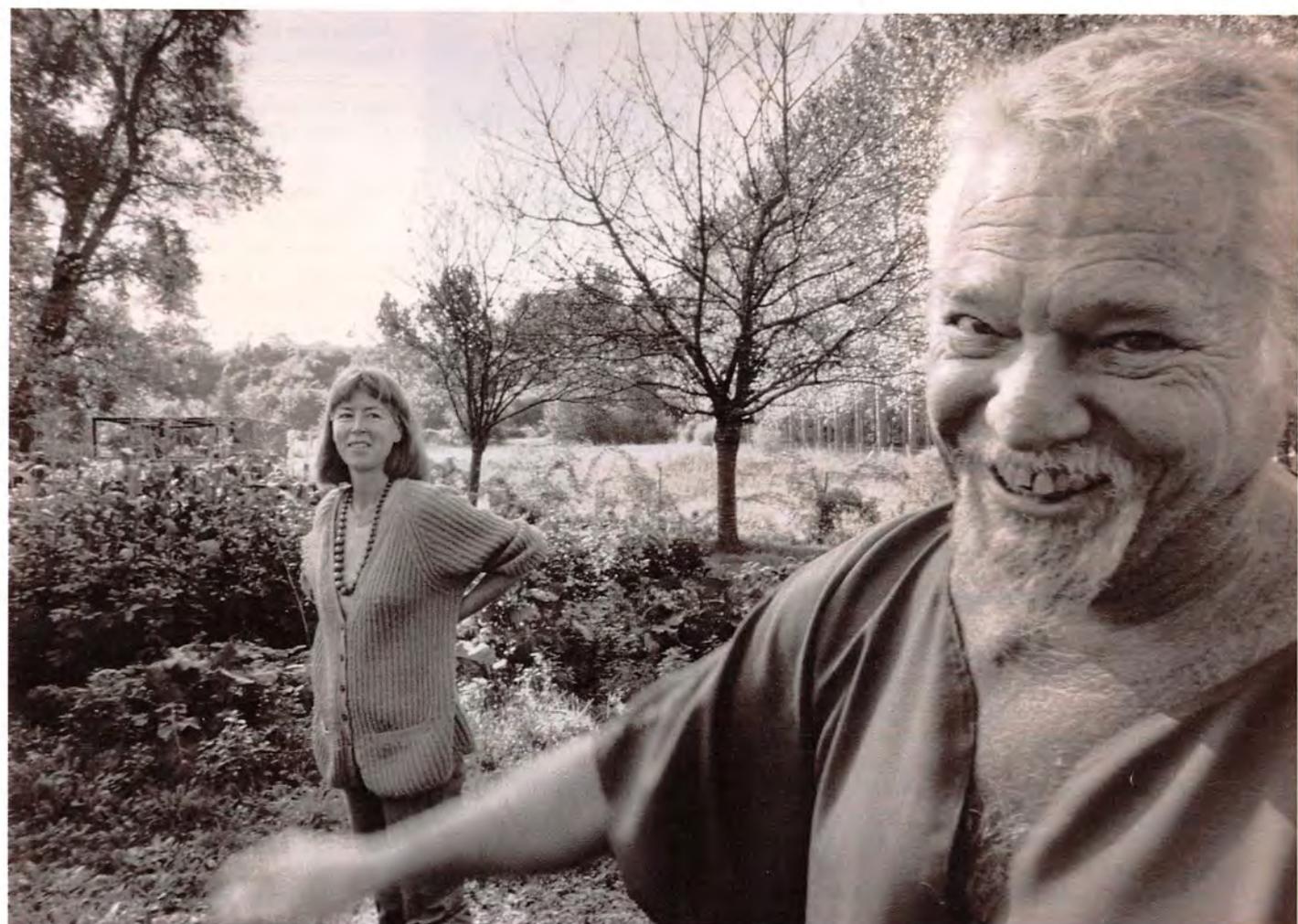
FRENCH Maddux—the 30-year-old companion who had announced her intention to leave him against his wishes—was discovered in a trunk in his apartment. Didn’t his record

as a spokesperson for peace and love mean anything to these people? • And in 1981 came the inconvenience of having to jump bail, betraying his friends who vouched for his reputation, and leaving his mother with the bond. A dozen years later there was a disrespectful trial in absentia, when a Philadelphia prosecutor used the irrefutable evidence against Einhorn to win a conviction and a life sentence for bludgeoning to death Ms. Maddux. And, to top it all, after Einhorn was finally discovered living in the French countryside in 1997, America had the temerity to insist he be returned so he could answer for his actions! Really, who can abide such an ungrateful land? • But France is different. There are, it seems, many French people willing to open their hearts to a loud-mouthed, overweight, conspiracy-nut expatriate, despite—or because of—his low status with the American justice system.

FARCE



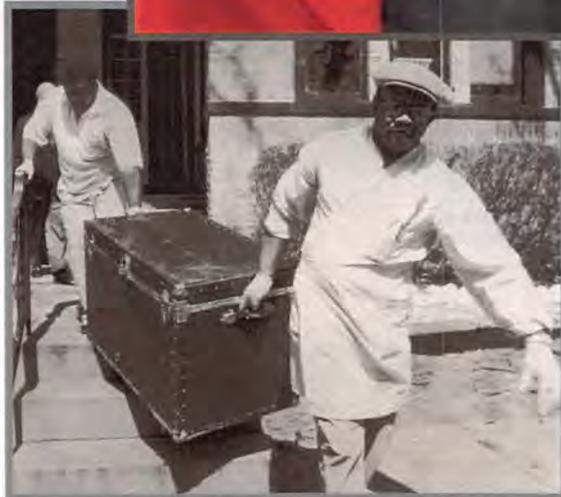
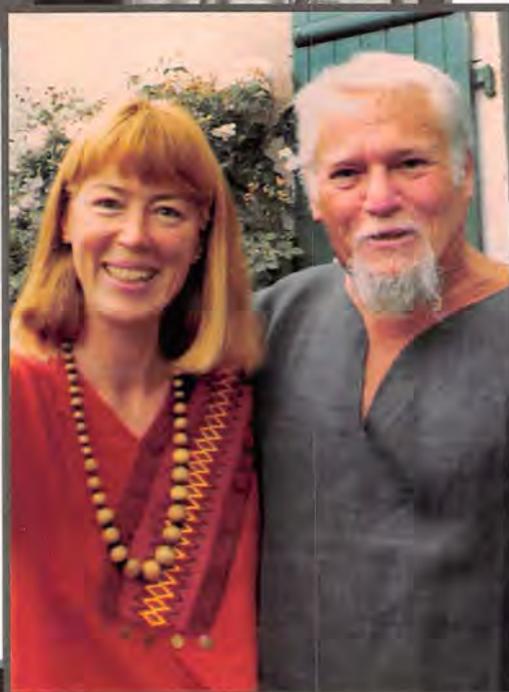
Thumbing their noses at America, the good citizens of France made a hero out of fugitive murderer Ira Einhorn. But the last act is about to be played out.



Gaul blather: Ira Einhorn, with Swedish wife Annika Flodin in Champagne-Mouton, insists he was framed by the CIA. Murder victim Holly Maddux (left) planned to end their relationship. Einhorn exhorts the Philadelphia Earth Day crowd in 1970 (opposite page).

Some of these supporters turned out at a press conference held in Paris last September. True, not all of the 65 card-carrying members of the Uncle Sam-hating political class known as *la gauche cavare*, who had signed a petition on Einhorn's behalf, were in attendance—no sightings of Einhorn advocates like Green Party leader Noël Mamère, French Communist party head Robert Hue, and French education minister Jack Lang (who, in his former post as national culture czar, once tried to ban English words from Continental soil). Still, an impressive group gathered to excoriate the imperialistic monster across the ocean. On the stage with the convicted murderer were Roselyne Bachelot-Narquin, a well-known member of the national Parliament, and Xavier de Roux, a member of the right-leaning Rassemblement Pour la République party. Other luminaries in the crowd included Philippe Pétillaud from the Miallet group, which presents itself as a justice-reform advocacy; well-known European politician Gilles Savary; and Michel Tubiana, president of the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, France's Human Rights League—the group that lent its space to the proceedings—all demanding that Ira Einhorn be given a permanent "Get Out of Jail Free" card.

For Ira Einhorn, exultantly at the center of attention, it must have played like a long-range déjà vu. After all, during the sixties and early seventies he himself had addressed protest rallies, basked in the smiles of big shots, and winked at the cameras. Back then, he was squarely against the policies of his native land; today he has ventured to the City of Light from the bucolic mill house in which he lives with his comely Swedish wife. Back then, his causes were peace, drugs, and free love; today the cause, despite his blather that he represents victims of injustice everywhere, is nakedly himself. But one thing still hasn't changed: As the stocky, goa-



From hippie to horror: (From top) Young activist Einhorn, left, with Abbie Hoffman; the unrepentant 60-year-old fugitive and wife Annika; the trunk containing Holly Maddux's mummified corpse.

teed Einhorn charms one or another gathering with his glib, semicoherent patter, his approving listeners have no idea who he really is.

The nation of Foucault and of Jerry Lewis-worship now seems to embrace a view of the law that blends postmodernism and *The Nutty Professor*. It might seem obvious that when an accused murderer skips bail on the eve of his trial, the police would keep the case active—especially when the story has been the biggest news in Philadelphia since the invention of the cheese steak. But when Ira Einhorn wonders why a big-bully superpower bothers to pursue a poor guy like himself, his supporters agree: *It sounds suspicious, no?* Einhorn's French lawyer Dominique Tricaud insists, "There is no doubt that [Philadelphia District Attorney] Lynne M. Abraham wants to put him to death." But no one at the press conference notes that when Ira Einhorn crushed Holly Maddux's skull with a blunt object, there was no death penalty in Pennsylvania—therefore, no possibility of execution, as Abraham herself has consistently observed. If Einhorn's fan club doesn't really believe his loony theory that the whole thing is an elaborate frame-up by the KGB or maybe the CIA, neither do they challenge him. And no one is so gauche as to even acknowledge the man at the back of the room who shouts the question that Ira Einhorn cannot answer: "Ira, how did the dead body of Holly Maddux find its way into a trunk in your apartment, where it was found 18 months after her murder?"

Once again, Ira Einhorn was on a chutzpah high, aggrandizing himself

"To kill what you love when you can't have it seems so natural," Einhorn wrote in a secret journal.

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"As a therapist, Ms. Shapiro, I can only suggest what you need. It's up to you to connect the dots."

in the guise of putting one over on The Man—a narcissistic trick he's been repeating all his life. I know this because I literally wrote the book on him: *The Unicorn's Secret: Murder in the Age of Aquarius* (Simon & Schuster), which, to its subject's dismay, presents a darker side of him than the one to which his Gallic cronies are privy.

But Ira Einhorn's triumph may not be long-lived. After 16 years as a fugitive (and three more years of successfully resisting extradition after his 1997 capture, living at large in the French countryside, with his Swedish bride picking up the tab), one of America's most wanted fugitives is in line to suffer a change in circumstance.

But, first, the background: Einhorn's born-again Francophilia is only the latest turn in a tale with more twists than fellow Philadelphian Chubby Checker. In the 1960s, native son Ira Einhorn became Philly's official No. 1 hippie, sponsoring the city's first "Be-In," winning acolytes through his Free University series of classes, even lecturing the straights on the virtues of LSD. At the time that Holly's body was in his trunk, Einhorn was doing a fellowship at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. In the seventies, he figured out how to woo the establishment, putting corporate heads and founda-

tion leaders in touch with the latest ideas in science, technology, and New Age metaphysics. (He's credited with bringing Uri Geller to Bell Labs, and teaching computer conferencing to Alvin Toffler.) In 1971, the portly, pony-tailed, and bearded local celebrity was dining at his favorite (French) restaurant, where businessmen would routinely treat him to lunch, when he spotted gorgeous Texas-born Holly Maddux. As usual, he zeroed right in, quickly scored, and deemed her a keeper.

Holly hadn't yet got back her footing from her own rough passage through the sixties. She was an intelligent, artistically talented, young Bryn Mawr grad, but unsure of herself. Einhorn did little to encourage her, and often demeaned her in public. Friends chalked it up to Ira being Ira: an egomaniac who was so interesting and such fun to be around that people put up with his bluster and even his prodigious body odor. When Ira answered his door stark naked, when Ira came on to women like a sailor in heat, when Ira expected to be treated for meals as if his mere company were a valuable prize, people shrugged it off. Einhorn could wield a personality defect like a weapon: If you didn't like it, you were hung up.

For those willing to take a hard look at this jolly iconoclast, the evidence

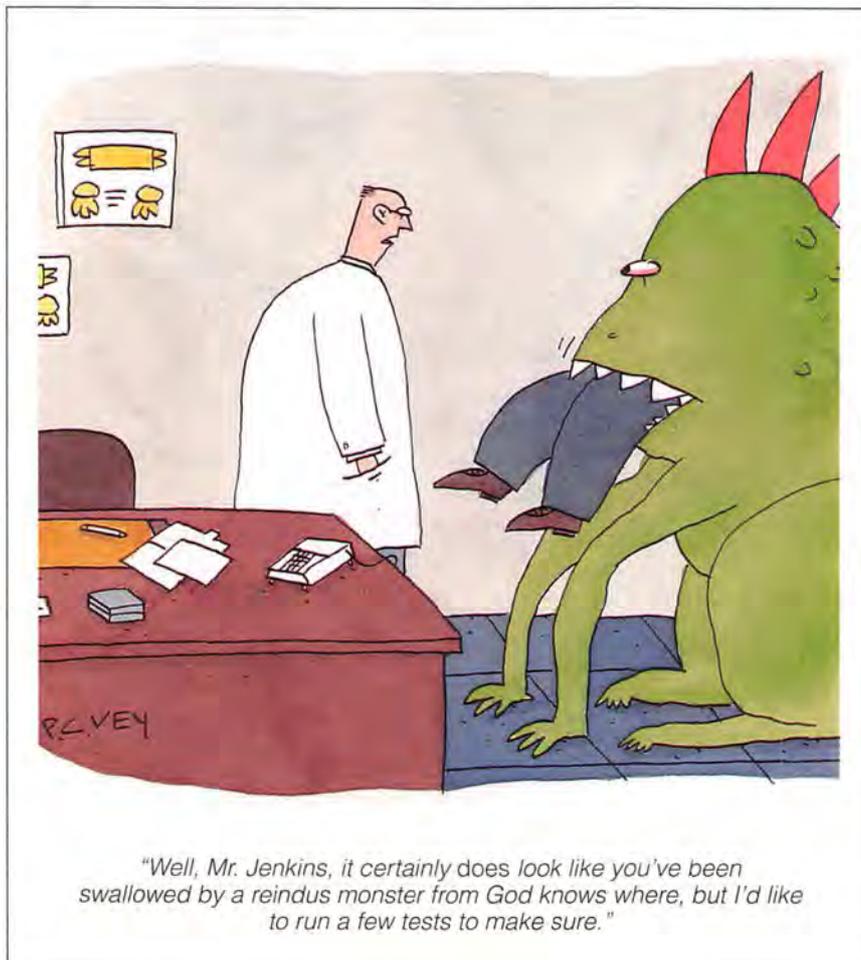
was already there: His egomania extended to bullying women. And there was a small number of people who had kept quiet about something even worse. Einhorn had previously engaged in near-murderous attacks on women who'd attempted to end relationships with him. In my research, I tracked down two of those women and learned their terrifying stories. In both cases, Einhorn had suddenly turned on them, choking one, attacking the other, and leaving both for dead.

"He just went over and locked the door," said the first victim, who'd been attacked in her dorm room. "I knew [then] I was in the room with a madman." She awoke with his fingerprints on her throat. The second victim was struck on the head with a Coke bottle.

Ira Einhorn wasn't around for me to confront him with their stories, but I have found confirmation in his own words—secret writings he'd been compiling for more than a decade. "To kill what you love when you can't have it seems so natural," he wrote after choking the woman in the dorm room. And later, after the Coke-bottle attack (memorialized by him in a poem), he mused in his journal, "Violence always marks the end of a relationship."

So in 1977, when 30-year-old Holly Maddux finally mustered the courage to leave the man who had been abusing her verbally and (according to those who saw the bruises) physically, she never had a chance. Einhorn hounded her for weeks, begging her to come back. As had occurred after the previous attacks, his writings of that period were infused with a determination not to let a woman spurn him. Holly stood her ground, moved out of their Philadelphia apartment, and began a relationship with another man in New York City. Einhorn went berserk, calling her and threatening to toss her clothes on the street. "I've got to get Ira off the wall," Holly told her friend, and on September 10, 1977, took the train to the small Race Street apartment in Philadelphia's Powelton Village—from which she would not leave until 18 months later, when she was uncovered as a mummified corpse in a steamer trunk.

Ira Einhorn has always insisted he didn't kill Holly Maddux. But the evidence is overwhelming. On the day after the murder, he asked some young women he knew to help him transport a large trunk from his place and dump it in the river. Sensing trouble, they refused. When no one heard from Holly, Einhorn told some people she'd simply disappeared, and assured others that she had called him to say she was okay and needed time alone. (Her wallet and belongings were later discovered in his closet.) Neighbors complained about the smell



"Well, Mr. Jenkins, it certainly does look like you've been swallowed by a reindus monster from God knows where, but I'd like to run a few tests to make sure."

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coming from his apartment; he told them a small animal must have died, and refused to let anyone into the place. For a few months he acted strangely, chopping off his hair and flying to England in order to address a seminar, but flying straight home without even leaving the London airport because no one had sent a limousine to meet him. He thought about suicide. By the end of 1977, he decided that mourning was over, and from that point tried to will the idea of Holly Maddux out of his mind. When visitors came to his apartment, he forcefully ordered them away from the locked closet on the enclosed back porch.

The Maddux family hired private investigators to find their daughter. But Einhorn refused to speak to them, and, coming to the inevitable conclusion that he'd killed Holly, the investigators turned their files over to the police. The police in turn duplicated the work and obtained a search warrant. On March 28, 1979, the officers appeared at Einhorn's door and went straight to the closet.

When they uncovered the body of Holly Maddux in his closet, Ira Einhorn simply said, "You found what you found."

et on the porch. When they uncovered the body of Holly Maddux, he simply said, "You found what you found."

Einhorn's friends rallied to his defense. For his bail hearing, they hired the best attorney in town: Arlen Specter, the former district attorney and subsequent Republican U.S. senator who sits on the Judiciary Committee, a man never reluctant to point a finger at those he suspects of even the slightest misbehavior. As an officer of the court publicly affirming that his client was to be trusted to appear for trial, Specter orchestrated a parade of respectable citizens testifying to the stellar character of this unusual defendant. The judge let Einhorn go on \$40,000 bail; only \$4,000 was required as a bond. For the next 20 months, Einhorn upset some of his friends by portraying himself as a victim while never acknowledging the loss of Holly Maddux. And in January 1981 he betrayed both his friends and his mother by fleeing the country just days before trial was to commence.

For the next 16 years, he traveled through Europe. He spent several years shuttling between Ireland and England as "Ben Moore." In 1988 he

had a narrow escape. Barbara Bronfman, the mega-wealthy then-wife of Canadian magnate Charles Bronfman, had been sending Einhorn money. But after reading *The Unicorn's Secret* (Einhorn means "one horn" in German), she apparently changed her mind about him, and clued police to his whereabouts: Sweden, where he'd met a woman of somewhat reasonable means named Annika Flodin. But Einhorn was tipped off and he escaped with Annika, eventually using her money to buy an old mill house a mile outside the remote French village of Champagne-Mouton.

Meanwhile the authorities in Philadelphia worried that eventually the witnesses in the case would die or grow forgetful, and the evidence would deteriorate or get lost. If so, one day in the future Ira Einhorn might waltz home and the DA would have no weapons with which to convict him. So in 1993 the prosecutors took the unusual step of trying Einhorn in absentia, presenting pretty much the same

case they would have set forth in 1981. Einhorn was represented by the attorney who originally prepared his defense. The jury took only a few hours to reach a guilty verdict, and the judge gave a life sentence to an empty seat.

For four years it seemed unlikely that the seat would ever be filled. But Richard DiBenedetto, an extradition officer with the Philadelphia DA's office who'd become obsessed with the case, dug up an application from Annika Flodin for a French driver's license. Annika was going by the name of Mallon—which happened to be the surname of an Irish buddy of Einhorn's. Interpol got on the case, and on June 13, 1997, officers knocked on the door of Moulin de Guitry, the mill house outside Champagne-Mouton. Annika Flodin answered the door. The naked, white-haired, 57-year-old man lying upstairs insisted he was not the Eugene Mallon the officers were seeking. But his fingerprints said otherwise.

Ira Einhorn was going home. Finally.

Or so it appeared. What the authorities—and the bereaved siblings of Holly Maddux—did not anticipate was how the virulent anti-Americanism in France could extend even to the French judi-

cial system. Einhorn assembled a legal team to stave off his return to the United States, and in no time at all those lawyers hit on grounds for objection: the trial in absentia. In France, if fugitives are tried without their appearing, they are given a new day in court when ultimately apprehended. But, in Pennsylvania, Einhorn would get no such retrial—therefore, his lawyers would argue, his rights had been abridged. The argument was bogus, ignoring the fact that Einhorn's U.S. trial was not a quick formality (as are absentia trials in France) but a full proceeding with the defendant ably represented. In any case, it wasn't logic that characterized the French proceedings.

In the fall of 1997 I attended the oral arguments of the Cour d'Appel, held in a small courtroom in Bordeaux's Palais de Justice, distinguished by a large painting of the Crucifixion on the front wall. Einhorn was brought in like a hero, grinning for the photographers ushered in to snap pictures before the session began and, when he recognized me as his unwelcome biographer, shooting me a cold stare. His lawyers portrayed the bail-jumping Trunk Man as a martyr, sort of a modern Scottsboro Boy. To allow extradition would only serve the "barbarians" across the sea, they shouted, whereas denying it would provide a human-rights lesson for the self-styled masters of the New World order. In contrast, prosecutor Jacques Defos du Rau was methodical and logical in his pleas to honor the extradition treaty. This was no match for the challenge thrown to the three judges: Either keep Einhorn here, or cave in to the monster across the sea. The judges decided to thumb their noses at the Americans, refusing the request. Einhorn was freed, a huge grin on his face. The scamster had done it again.

The Americans realized that they'd blown the first round. Perhaps the most glaring error was urging the Maddux family to stay away, in the belief that their presence might further inflame French passions. It turned out that their absence left a void in the proceedings—there was no victim—a vacuum into which Einhorn of course leaped. But the Americans worked hard to address the mistakes.

Within weeks after the decision, with the blessing of the Pennsylvania attorney general, the legislature in Harrisburg passed a law allowing retrials when necessary to expedite an extradition. It was delicious to see the reaction of Einhorn's attorneys when their client was rearrested following this development in September 1998. They had originally argued that returning Einhorn without retrying him would



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nothing to do but fill their days with sensual delights.





PRINCESS BRIDES

Once upon a time, in a land far away, a princess was born to a mighty king. Her father named her Juliet, and lavished her with jewels and silks to adorn her perfect form. He gave her everything a girl could want, but his greatest wish was to marry her to a handsome prince, who would one day rule the kingdom. And so he'd leave her for long periods of time, her only company the daughter of a neighboring ruler, to search for the perfect husband. Juliet never missed her father—she barely noticed he was gone—for the attentions of Alexis were sweeter than those she'd ever known. How could the king have guessed she'd prefer the attentions of a princess to a prince?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER











Long after-
noons were
spent in
each other's
arms, sharing
soft kisses
and caresses.
They dripped
wet with
lust as the
hours passed,
their tongues
tangy with
each other's
essence.





Juliet breathed deeply of Alexis's heady aroma, and used her tongue as a key to unlock the princess's sweet juice. She buried herself between soft and secret folds—a place she had only dreamed of.



Wardrobe and set designed and created by Levon Mouradian, Hollywood, Calif.; acrylic prop courtesy of Ray Cirinofinerspace, Van Nuys, Calif.





How better to bring a royal flush to creamy flesh than by licking her erect pink pearl? Juliet knows the ways to best please a friend, her fingers nimble at Alexis's breast.





Not much time remained before the king's return, when the princesses would have to part. Juliet bestowed upon her friend a final gift, an orgasm that Alexis wouldn't soon forget. Placing one

last kiss on
her still-
trembling lover,
Juliet whis-
pered her
farewell. Then
their highnesses
went their
separate ways,
hoping that
someday they
could be
together forever
... and happy
ever after. O+



FRENCH FARCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

shamelessly violate his human rights. Now they charged that granting him a trial was a dirty trick. Since a legislature cannot dictate to the court, they claimed, Einhorn must remain a free man in France—forever. But now they had to convince the French courts to rule whether a Pennsylvania law violated the American Constitution.

Even the Bordeaux appeals court that had sprung Einhorn had trouble swallowing that. Now, during the proceedings in late 1998, Einhorn's lawyers gave the same arguments against the United States. But this time there were other visitors in the courtroom: the three sisters and brother of Holly Maddux. Holly's parents were not there: Her father had killed himself in 1988, and her mother had died of emphysema two years later. The siblings' own French attorney managed to get them the opportunity to address the court—in effect, allowing the real victim into the proceedings. In theory, this development didn't affect the outcome, but the presence of the Maddux family definitely made Ira Einhorn jittery. Not nearly as uncomfortable, though, as when he heard this French

court's ruling in February 1999: If the United States agreed to retry him (it did!) and allow him the right to appeal (it would!), and promised there would not be a death penalty (no way!), France would offer a "favorable response" to the extradition request. But the French judges did grant Einhorn a final favor—he could stay free during the appeals process. The next step in that process would be the signing of extradition papers by French Prime Minister Lionel Jospin. Then Einhorn could take the case to the highest French court.

Meanwhile, Einhorn attempted his twisted version of public relations. But while he enjoyed superior luck with the French press—which had little desire to learn the facts in the case and very much need to tweak the Americans—his attempts at winning support State-side had been pathetic. Several times the supposedly media-savvy former prankster bought into reporters' sweet-talk assurances that they would air "his side" of the story. Then the media gave him the rope to hang himself through his incoherent excuses for a defense. When Connie Chung and her *20/20* crew arrived at Champagne-Mouton, Einhorn looked like Charles Manson, wearing skimpy shorts and whining about how the CIA (or was it UFOs?)

had framed him. Chung tore him to pieces. (At least Einhorn could be consoled that ABC flipped open its checkbook and bought him a fully loaded computer.) Next, an *Esquire* reporter spent some time with him—readers were treated to a bonus photo of the then-59-year-old graybeard posing nude—and his nonsensical ravings were so overbearing that even his wife was described as mortified.

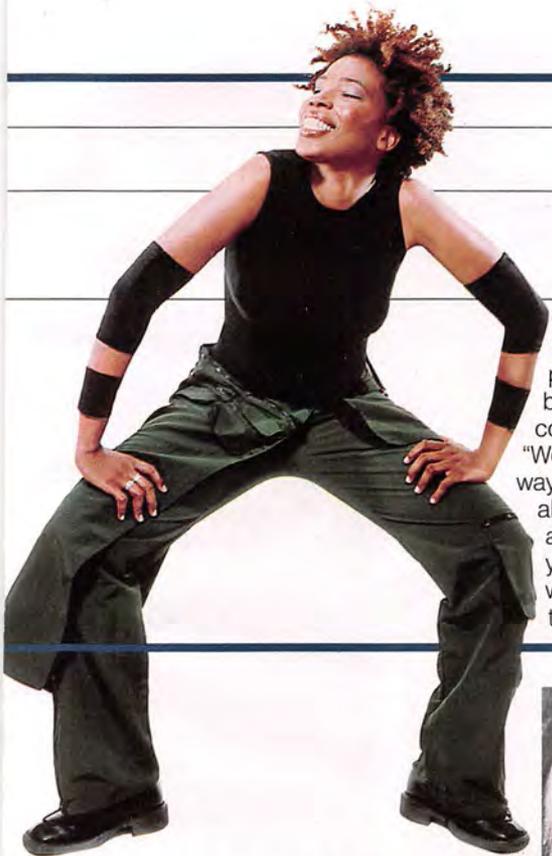
While this was going on, there was a strange silence from the French prime minister's office, where the extradition papers had yet to be signed. This should have been a routine step following the second court decision: The papers were to go to Jospin's desk for a quick signature. But for more than a year there had been no movement. Could it be that the Socialist Jospin did not want to offend his left-wing supporters (upon whom he would be relying in his upcoming presidential run) by giving succor to the American barbarians? Could anti-Americanism lead even the prime minister to flout an international agreement, swept up as he was in the bizarre nationalistic tantrums exemplified by José Bové, the former radical who became a local hero for trashing a McDonald's in the southern French town of Millau? (Bové, of course, signed Einhorn's petition.)

The Maddux family remained active; they set up a Website to remember Holly and remind people that her murderer was still on the loose. (Absent during this process was the man who won Einhorn his original bail: Senator Arlen Specter. Instead of using his influence to make good on his promise, the senator has consistently ducked the issue, without even speaking to the family denied justice by his efforts. "Every time we call his office, he seems to have just left, and his aides promise he'll get back to us," says Holly's sister Meg Wakeman. At this writing, they are still waiting.)

The people of Philadelphia did not stop, either. As the case continued—and was the subject of an NBC miniseries based on *The Unicorn's Secret*—the outrage only grew. Just last summer, the *Philadelphia Daily News* sponsored a contest to find the tomato that looked most like Ira Einhorn. (The winner was fat and overripe, stuck with electrodes and a plug; like the 250 runner-ups, it was gleefully hurled at a mug shot of the fugitive.) And last July, with the Jospin wait at 17 months and counting, Philadelphia district attorney Lynne Abraham, at a political event, gave President Clinton a quick primer on the case, urging him to raise the issue during an upcoming visit to France. "He said he'd do his best," recalls Abraham, who has vowed to meet Einhorn at the airport, should ex-

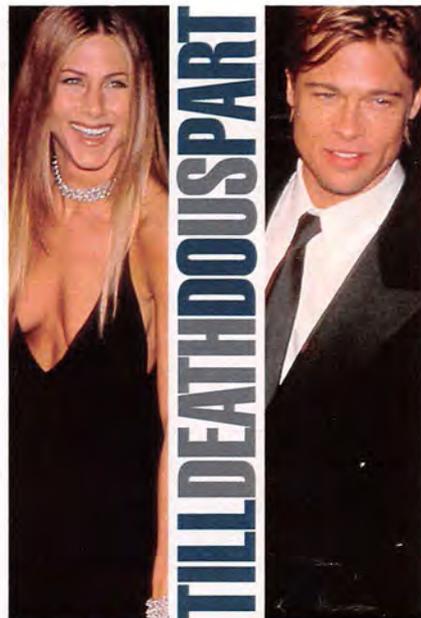


DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



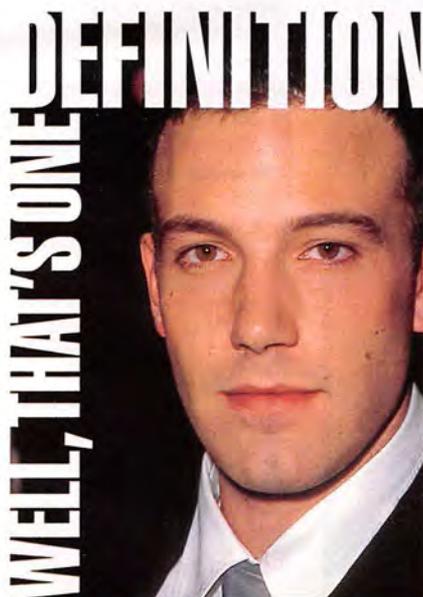
NOT AROUND HERE, THEY DON'T

Grammy-nominated singer **Macy Gray**, insisting that, contrary to prevailing wisdom, men and women both want meaningless sex without commitment, told MTV's **Ananda Lewis**, "Women aren't supposed to feel that way, and we are not supposed to talk about it. But you're constantly horny, and you meet men all the time who you want to be with. Talk to any woman, young or old, and they have this war going on."



TILL DEATH DOUS PART

The wedding of movie stars Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston featured vows written by the bride and groom in which he swore to "split the difference on the thermostat" and she promised to make his "favorite banana milkshake."



WELL, THAT'S ONE DEFINITION

Actor **Ben Affleck**, on the price of fame: "Success is wasted on me. I already feel I don't want to have sex five times a day. It's depressing."



OUR "THEOLOGIAN OF THE MONTH" AWARD TO ...

... **Fidel Castro**, who in a debate in Cuba's National Assembly, declared that Jesus Christ was a Communist. Castro cited as proof the New Testament account of Christ selecting humble fishermen for his disciples. "Christ chose the fishermen because He was a Communist," Castro said, an assertion echoed by his brother Raul, who added, "I think that's why they killed Jesus—for being a Communist."

BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD

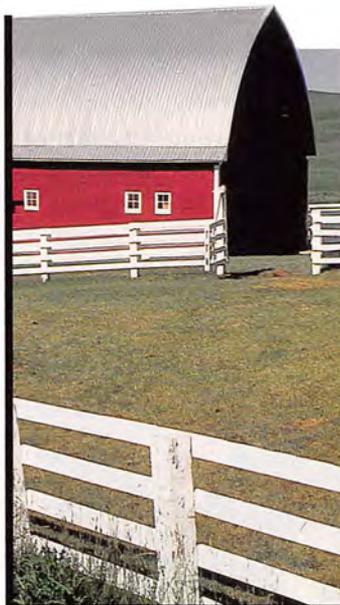
A British advertising agency hired to produce a series of ads to be run during the Wimbledon tennis tournament came up with something officialdom wasn't quite prepared for: a number of promos for an upscale apartment complex in London featuring buxom model **Jodie Kidd** in suggestive poses. One ad shows Jodie dressed only in black panties and a velvet jacket, straddling a toy Ferrari (to advertise underground parking), while another pictures her on a stool with a shirtless, manacled man. The authorities said they canceled the ads for fear of offending Britain's ruling family, which usually attends the matches.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

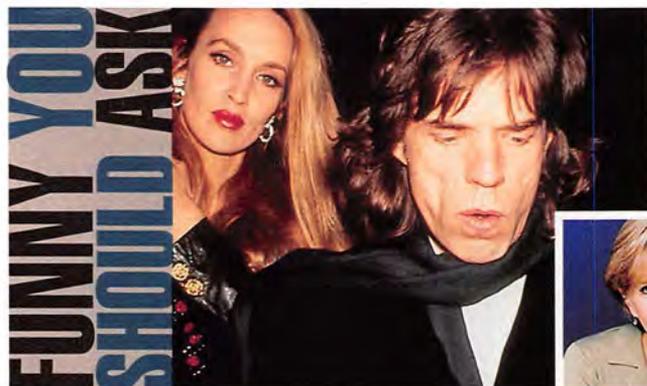


Tammy Faye Messner, ex-wife of televangelist Jim Bakker, says she now doesn't like religion: "Religion destroys. It puts people in categories and puts sin in categories." It was at the Betty Ford Clinic, Tammy goes on to say, that she learned "not to mix over-the-counter and prescription drugs."



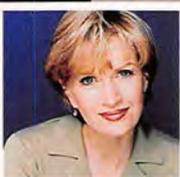
OUR NATION'S ZEALOUS ANTI- PORNOGRAPHY CRUSADERS AT WORK

A Michigan man who organized a local ballot initiative to restrict public-library access to computers so as to prevent minors from seeing pornographic sites said he took the action because of a seminal event that took place in his life when he was 12 years old. He had found a "dirty" book beside the road and read it in his daddy's barn, and six months later the barn was struck by lightning and demolished—all the fault, he maintains, of the porno once found therein.



FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK

Arriving for her interview with Diane Sawyer, model/actress Jerry Hall immediately asked Ms. Sawyer, "You didn't sleep with him, did you?"—him being Hall's ex-husband



Mick Jagger, who, Hall said, had often expressed a yen for the TV celebrity. "Only in my mind, I swear!" said Sawyer.

JUST KIDDING, FOLKS



Controversial white rap singer Eminem said he doesn't really mean the hateful thoughts behind some of his lyrics, especially those attacking gays. Presumably, he believes that no one takes seriously lyrics like "I'll stab you in the head if you're a fag or a les[bian].... Hate fags? The answer is yes."



WHY AREN'T WE SURPRISED?

A poll of TV viewers, asking which well-known figure should be booted off first in the event of a celebrity edition of the *Survivor* show, came up with an overwhelming choice: Kathie Lee Gifford.



WORST NEW INTERNET IDEA

A Denmark-based Website offers burglars and thieves the opportunity to sell stolen items back to their owners as well as to insurance companies. The site's entrepreneurs claim they aren't condoning burglary or theft, yet admit that acting as a middleman between thieves and insurance companies might cause legal problems.



OH, GREAT! SOMETHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT

Marine scientists report that the mating of humpback whales is being impacted by U.S. Navy sonar signals, possibly affecting the reproduction of this protected species. The sonar signals cause the complex songs sung by male whales to female whales during the breeding season to go on 29 percent longer.

DOES THIS MEAN I HAVE TO GET A JOB?

According to **Holly Peterson**, daughter of billionaire investment banker **Pete Peterson**, she asked papa one day about her trust fund. Peterson's reply: "Give up on that one, kiddo. The only trust fund you'll ever see is the Social Security trust fund, and you know what a fiction that is."

IN OTHER WORDS, PLAY YOURSELF

Roseanne, on how she defines a "good" movie role for her particular talents: "Oh, you know, a psychotic killer. Or any kind of killer. I just want to be a dame who rubs people out."



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



Jane Wiedlin, guitarist for the 1980s all-girl rock group the **Go-Go's**, now does voice-overs for children's cartoons while moonlighting as a dominatrix at S&M parties and fetish balls. However, as an animal-rights activist, Wiedlin, whose attire consists of latex and vinyl, says she uses only nonleather whips.

LEGAL DEFENSE OF THE MONTH

The lawyer for a Virginia pediatrician charged with possession of child pornography said that his client's collection was merely part of his tendency to be a pack rat. As evidence, the attorney introduced the fact that his client had accumulated five-year-old boxes of Froot Loops cereal, 17-year-old chocolate pudding, and the T-shirts he had worn as a teenager. The defense was unsuccessful. The doctor was sentenced to a year in jail.

FRENCH FARCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

tradition take place. "Ira thinks he's the smartest man in the world and everybody else is dumb," she adds. "But I'd like to see him try to convince a jury that the CIA put that body in his trunk."

Meg Wakeman, coincidentally, was on a trip to Paris with her family later that month of July. When she passed the Palais de Justice, she blew a kiss, hoping it would karmically encourage the prime minister. Surely by coincidence only, a week later the news came: Jospin had signed the order. He did it on the final day of the Tour de France, just before a weekend commenced—a parlay that promised minimal coverage in the French media.

Einhorn's lawyers blamed it on the United States. "Unfortunately, Jospin submitted to the pressure [from Washington]," complains one of Einhorn's attorneys, Thomas Pigasse. Einhorn's team is piqued because they know time is running out on the attempts to legally stall extradition: They bought a few extra weeks by asking Jospin to retract his extradition order and pardon the fugitive. That request was over the top even for Jospin, who reaffirmed his order in October. The sin-

gle remaining avenue of appeal is now the Conseil d'État, the French equivalent of our Supreme Court. And things do not look promising for Ira Einhorn in that respect. Customarily, the only way decisions are overturned at this stage are if they've been tainted by judicial abuses or gross procedural errors. There seem to be none here.

Does this mean that Ira Einhorn will be coming home in the year or two that it takes the Conseil d'État to hear his case? Not necessarily. Einhorn has consistently vowed that he never will spend time in an American jail. (Of course, if he believed he had a snowball's chance in hell to get acquitted in a new trial, that might make a difference—but, after all, his assessment that a conviction was inevitable was what originally led him to the fugitive life.) Even at the cost of potentially embarrassing his supporters, who were supposedly arguing for the rule of French law, Einhorn informed a questioner that if all appeals went against him, he could refuse to guarantee that he would respect those laws and stick around for the outcome of the process. "Of course, he'll flee," sniffs District Attorney Abraham. "He's said so himself!" Meantime, the only restriction to Einhorn's freedom is a requirement to cruise into town once a week and

check in with the local gendarmerie. While the Ministry of Justice seems aware of the risk, its officials admit that they can do nothing about it, since this was the decision of the Bordeaux regional court.

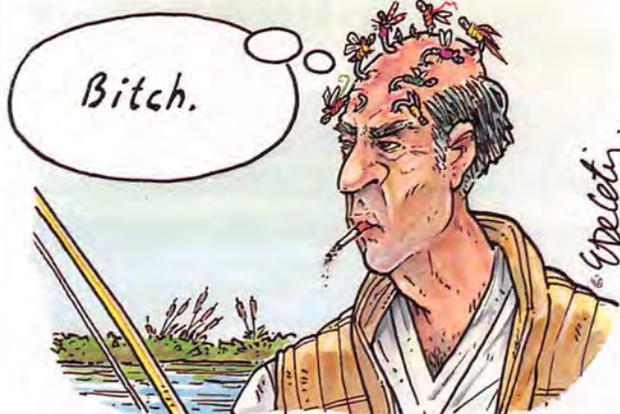
While Einhorn prepares his next move, he keeps making new friends in the country where anti-Americanism trumps justice. His Green Party supporter Noël Mamère says it doesn't even matter if Einhorn is guilty: Mamère opposes the extradition on "principle," because Pennsylvania is now a death-penalty state. (Never mind that Einhorn does not face execution.) And, recently, a local newspaper interviewed the mayor of the nearby town of Charente. His verdict on Ira Einhorn? Innocent! Why? Because Einhorn didn't have "the look of a criminal."

That's what Holly Maddux had thought. But, as evidenced by Einhorn's September press conference, the idea of a murdered young woman doesn't mean much in the land of snail appetizers and the guillotine. When someone asked if he had anything to say to the grieving Madduxes, Ira Einhorn reflected for a moment, and the room suddenly quieted. Then he brightened. "Let them eat tomatoes!" he said. Oh, it was a jolly afternoon at the French League of Human Rights. 

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

Of all the possessions Matt lost in the divorce, none was more dear to him than his lucky fishing hat.



A slight miscalculation in thrust spells disaster for H.L. Hullins, aeronautics engineer and inventor of the infamous "helicopter helmet."



RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

Twas money moved Tilly the tart.
A pound found its way to her heart.
I knew she'd be willing
to suck for a shilling,
and a farthing would buy you a fart.

—submitted by E. A. Stockwell

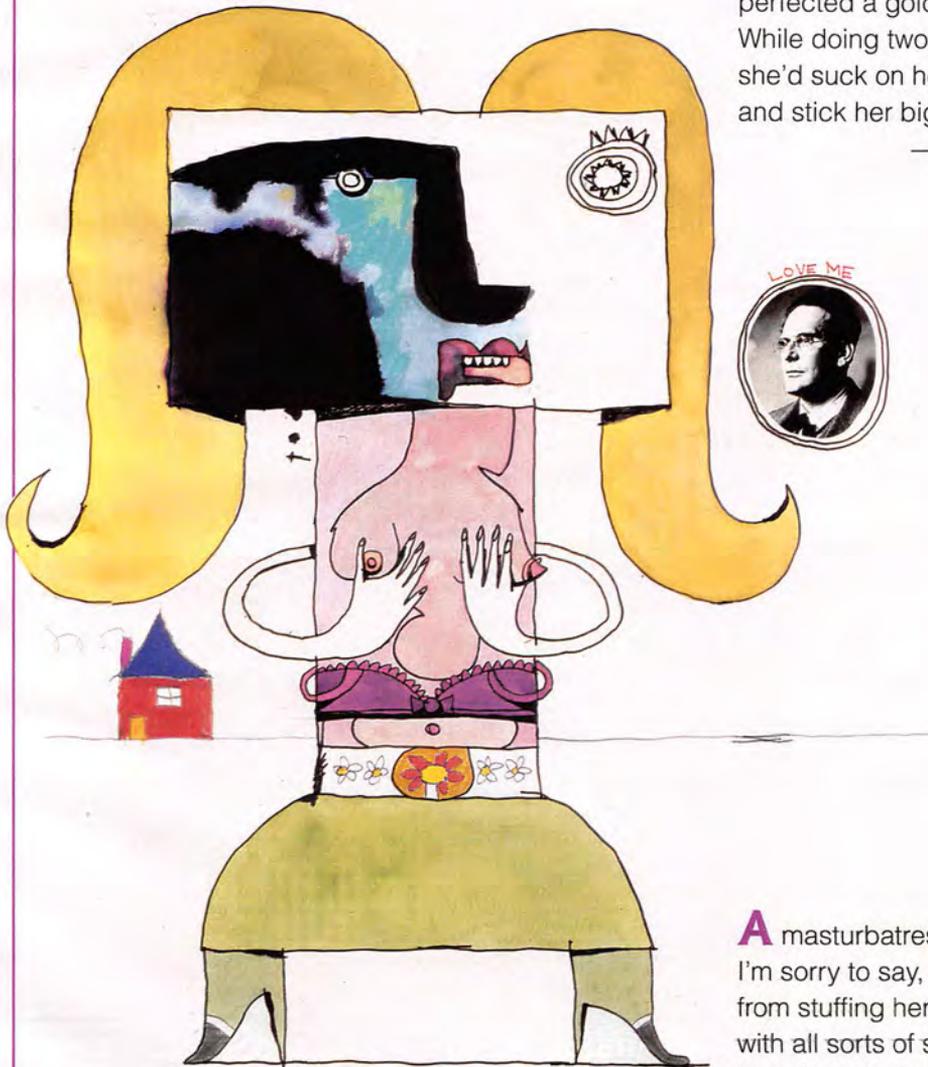
A magician who comes from Niagara
has really no need for Viagra.

If he wants to elect
to make it erect,
he merely says, "Abracadabra!"

—submitted by Pascal Paradise

Olympic gymnast Ms. Hunt
perfected a gold-winning stunt.
While doing two triples
she'd suck on her nipples,
and stick her big toe in her cunt.

—submitted by Walter Hopmans

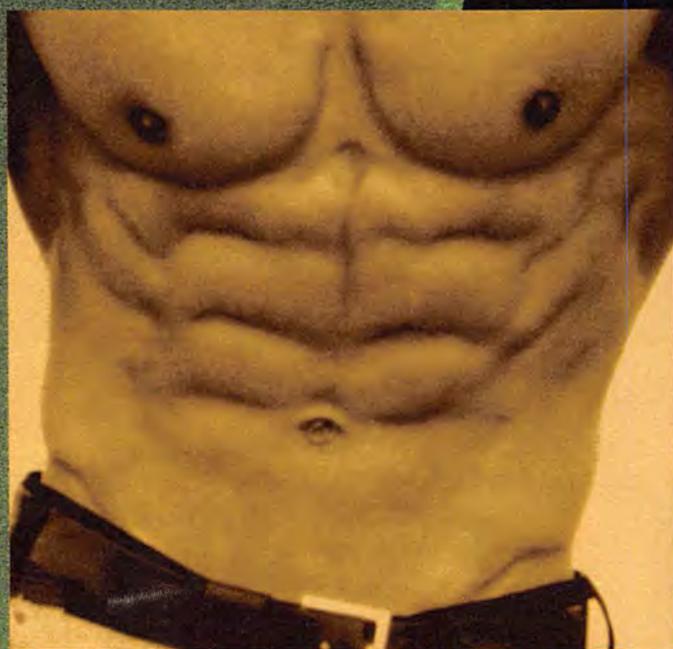


A masturbatress, young Mabel,
I'm sorry to say, was disabled
from stuffing her muff
with all sorts of stuff,
including the leg of a table.

—submitted by Walter Hopmans

Original limericks can be submitted to "Ribald Rimes," c/o *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001, or via the *Penthouse* Website, www.penthouse.com. You must certify that your limericks are your own original compositions, not copyrighted, and never published anywhere. We'll publish our favorites in upcoming issues, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

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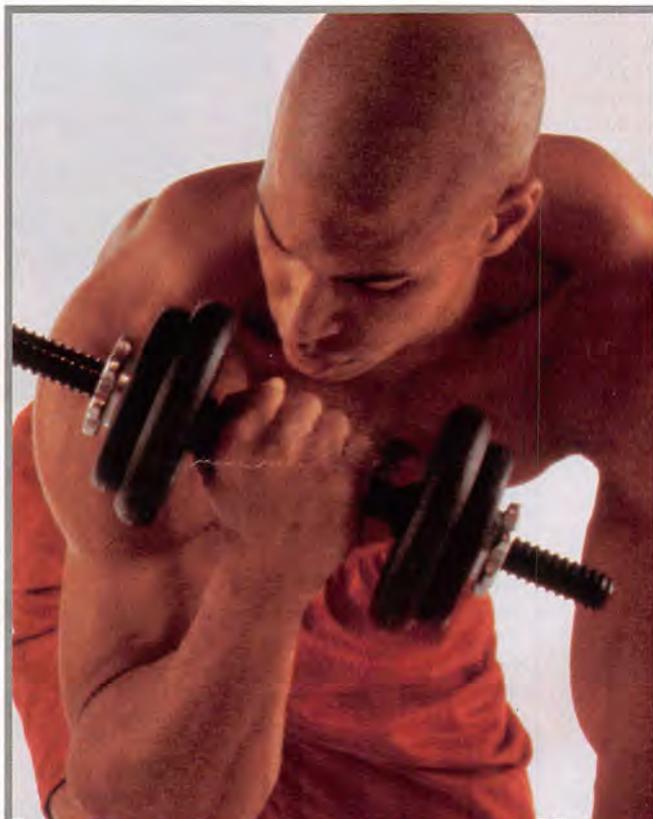
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Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Alan Paul

HOME IMPROVEMENT



Top Tips for Training at Home

With today's hectic lifestyles, it's not always easy to make it to the gym (especially in the winter months, when just getting out of bed is an effort). That's why many people choose to train at home. Here's our advice for eliminating potential problems and choosing the most effective exercises....

- **Tip No. 1.** Don't go out and spend more than \$1,000 on a fancy home gym. Most of these infomercial-plugged gyms are designed to simulate free-weight training, although most never quite achieve that goal. So why not just use free weights to begin with? Barbells and dumbbells are cheaper and provide a better workout for building muscle and losing fat. The same rule ap-

plies to aerobic conditioning. For an effective cardiovascular workout at home, simply take shorter rest periods between free-weight exercises. Remember, your heart doesn't know the difference between a \$1,500 recumbent bike and doing jumping jacks out in the garage.

When choosing free weights, we suggest buying Olympic plates and bars. These are the ones with the large holes in the plates that you see in commercial gyms. You can also purchase Olympic dumbbell handles so you won't have to buy separate plates or more expensive, space-eating, fixed-dumbbell sets.

Next you'll need a flat bench. Ideally, one that inclines and declines will offer more variety, but it will also bump up the price. A plain flat bench will work fine if you want to save a few bucks. As for plates, start with around 200 pounds and buy more as needed. The whole setup could cost you only about \$300 if you shop around. This is not only cheaper than a fixed home gym, it can also end up costing you less than a gym membership.

Later, you may want to invest in an E-Z curl bar, a squat rack, a Swiss ball, or a chin-up bar, but for now this

Barbells and dumbbells are cheaper than infomercial-plugged gyms and provide a more effective workout.

Designing the right workout program can help you stick to a schedule and eliminate boredom.



basic setup will provide you with plenty of options.

Tip No. 2. One of the most common mistakes made by home trainers is not training the entire body. The limited equipment is not at fault; it's the limited knowledge. Many people simply don't know how to train certain body parts, like the legs and back, without using commercial gym equipment.

Here's a list of exercises that utilize only the most basic equipment and are designed to train effectively all the major muscles in the body:

Chest

- Dumbbell bench press
- Dumbbell flies
- Push-ups with feet on bench

Back

- One-arm rows
- Barbell rows

Shoulders

- Dumbbell overhead press
- Lateral raises
- Front and rear delt raises

Legs

- Dumbbell squats and dead lifts
- Lunges
- Single-leg squats (with back foot elevated on a bench)
- Stiff-leg dead lifts
- Calf raises on a block (holding on to a dumbbell or with a bar across your back)

Arms

- Biceps: dumbbell or barbell curls, hammer curls, reverse curls
- Triceps: skull crush-

ers (extensions), bench dips, kick-backs

Forearms

- Wrist curls

Abs

- Crunches

Tip No. 3. To prevent boredom and stagnation, try to "fail" (when you can't do another repetition) at around ten to 12 reps for six weeks. Then switch things "up" by going heavier and failing at four to six reps for four weeks. Alternating between high and low reps will keep you challenged and stimulate different muscle fibers for continuous progress. When performing higher reps, use a lower number of sets, say two or three per exercise. For heavy days, use more sets—around four to six.

Tip No. 4. Pick one of the following training splits that best fits into your busy schedule.

Split A

Work the full body, using one or two exercises listed above per muscle group. Rest for two to four days, then train the entire body again.

Split B

Day 1: Chest and back

Day 2: Legs and abs

Day 3: Off

Day 4: Shoulders and arms

Day 5: Off

Day 6: Off, or start the cycle over with chest-and-back day.

Split C

Day 1: Chest

Day 2: Back

Day 3: Legs

Day 4: Shoulders and abs

Day 5: Arms

Day 6: Rest

Day 7: Rest

Day 8: Begin the cycle again.

The more body parts you train in one day, the longer the workout will be. (It's always a good idea to keep workouts to less than an hour to avoid overtraining and to maximize hormone levels.) However, you'll need to do fewer workouts per week, using these types of splits.

On the other hand, if you train only one or two body parts per day, your workouts will be shorter, but you'll probably need to train more often, depending on your personal recovery abilities. As a rule of thumb, never train a muscle group

that's still sore from a previous workout.

Tip No. 5. Sometimes home training can be tough because of distractions. To reduce the number of these, set up a time to train and stick to it. You may want to train in the morning while everyone is asleep, or after work to reduce stress. Invite the family or your roommate to join in. This will keep you motivated.

Think of training as you would brushing your teeth. You wouldn't skip that activity—you know it's good for you. Weight training is just as important. It will make you healthier, improve the quality of your life, and help you live longer.

It doesn't matter whether you work out in the gym or in the spare bedroom. The important thing is to get off the couch ... and just do it.





If you want to be able to keep it up—your male agenda, that is—then you'd better start walking quickly about two miles every day, say researchers from Boston University School of Medicine and the New England Research Institute, headquartered in Watertown, Massachusetts. Walking or doing any other exercise that burns at least 200 calories a day may reduce your risk of developing erectile dysfunction (ED), or impotence.

The researchers looked at 600 men, ages 40 to 70, without ED, studying risk factors like smoking, alcohol consumption, obesity, and poor exercise habits. Eight years later, scientists looked at the same men, to see whether a change had taken

SHAPE UP TO KEEP IT UP

place in these habits and whether this influenced their developing ED.

The researchers found that smoking and drinking cessation in midlife did not significantly reduce ED risk. On the other hand, men who were overweight were at increased risk of developing ED regardless of whether or not they lost weight. Exercise was found to have an effect: Men who remained active, or who even began physical activity at midlife, were at the lowest risk of developing ED.

"Men who exercised more than the 200 calories a day had the lowest risk of developing ED," says Irwin Goldstein, M.D., professor of urology at Boston University School of Medicine.—*Jane Garrard*

KEEPING THE LID ON

When you think of a toilet seat, an image of cleanliness doesn't exactly come to mind. The thought of a public toilet—and how many strange butts have been there before you—is even worse. You don't know whether your predecessor was infected with some parasite, or whether wiping well wasn't stressed when he or she was a kid. And you never know what else you may be touching when you reach out to press the flusher.

If you're a very busy person who is forced to rely on public toilets, you can finally put your

fears of catching God-only-knows-what to rest. The good news, according to Dean Edell, M.D., is that "many germs, but not all, do die rapidly and cannot live on a toilet seat." To take an extra precaution, however, there's the tissue paper in that nice dispenser that is not exactly there just for decoration. You're welcome to use it. And, of course, don't forget to wipe, then wash your hands.

"Even though some germs survive," says Dr. Edell, "I've never seen a patient who did in fact catch something from a toilet seat."

Dr. Edell goes on to explain that "the skin that meets the seat is intact, so any germs encountered on the seat won't be able to penetrate the skin."

It is remotely possible that if a person had an open wound, some infection could be transmitted. And if you are really concerned, remember that you can always actually cover the toilet seat with that protective paper nearby that looks like a life raft. However, the chances of anything happening are slim.

At last, relief. Now stop holding it in. You can go.—*Jane Garrard*



No need to hold it in any longer—doctors say most germs can't survive on a toilet seat.

Beer hops provide antioxidants more potent than those found in citrus fruits and soy products.

Have a beer. Go ahead—have another ... and another. Is this a dream come true, or what?

Researchers have recently discovered that the hops in beer, which provide the flavoring, also contain potent antioxidant (or anti-aging) substances known as prenylated flavonoids. The compound xanthohumol is an important substance in prenylated flavonoids, and it is found only in hops. The substance is six times more effective than the antioxidants found in citrus fruits and almost four times more effective than antioxidants found in soy products. And when combined with vitamin E, xanthohumol has even

greater antioxidant activity.

Prenyated flavonoids are a better source of antioxidants than red wine, green tea, and soy products, according to Donald Buhler, Ph.D., an agricultural chemist and lead researcher of a study from Oregon State University, in Corvallis. Antioxidants are substances that protect against the damaging effects of oxygen and nitrogen in the human body and help prevent high cholesterol, heart disease, cancer, and Alzheimer's disease.

The bad news is that you'd have to drink the equivalent of 450 liters (or nearly a whopping 120 gallons) a day to attain beer's maximum health benefits.

The good news,



courtesy of Buhler: As a result of the recent research, a comparable pill will most likely be developed.

"I tell people they can't cure their disease by drinking beer—but it might just help," he says. "The bottom line is that you're going to get some, but not preventative, levels of antioxidants by drinking beer."

Different beers vary in their antioxidant levels, ranging from a high four milligrams per liter for some lager beers to smaller amounts in other microbrews.

"Xanthohumol has an additional protection that allows it to survive longer in the body than other known flavonoids," says Buhler.—Jane Garrard

SOUND ADVICE



Next time a friend or acquaintance seems unhappy, it might be wise to key in on any change in the sound of his or her voice.

As it turns out, subtle changes in people's voices may possibly indicate that they are planning to kill themselves, says Yale University psychiatrist Stephen Silverman, M.D. In fact, the change is so distinctive that scientists plan to use it as an early warning to distinguish suicidal persons from those who are merely depressed.

Dr. Silverman and Dr. Mitchell Wilkes, an associate professor of electrical engineering at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, collaborated and recorded a series of interviews with 64 depressed patients and compared them with 33 subjects who were not depressed. Twenty-two of the depressed patients tried to commit suicide. The patients were male and female, ages 25 to 65.

"In suicidal patients, the voice becomes slightly hollow and empty; you get this change in quality," says Dr. Wilkes.

The researcher found that people who were suicidal use a narrower range of frequencies when pronouncing their vowels than people who are simply depressed. The voices of those who are suicidal tend to become higher-pitched.

"A variety of changes can take place under stress—like muscle-tone quality—that can affect the vocal cords," says Wilkes. "Also, you get changes in moisture and elasticity of the vocal tract."

These findings might help emergency help-line operators determine the seriousness of a call, which could result in the prevention of suicides.

—Jane Garrard

AGGRESSIVE MEN



Believe it or not, getting into an occasional brawl may be good for your immune system. That's the word from researchers of a recent college study, the results of which suggest that differences in people's aggressive behavior influence how their immune systems are prepared to deal with infections, viruses, and bacteria.

Men who have got into occasional fights or been in trouble with the law, either as adults or in youth, have immune systems that are more likely to give a rapid and intense response to pathogens associated with disease or injury than those who are hardly ever aggressive.

The researchers interviewed a sample of more than 4,000 males,

aged 30 to 48, to determine their level of aggression. The subjects also received physical examinations and blood tests, where specimens were analyzed for white blood cells, or lymphocytes.

"White blood cells are major players in the body's immune system," explains study



coauthor Douglas Granger, Ph.D., associate professor of behavioral health at Penn State's College of Health and Human Development in College Park.

Two specialized types of lymphocytes

(CD4 cells) that determine the initiation, magnitude, and duration of specific immune responses were present in high concentration in the circulation of moderately aggressive men.

According to the study, men who engaged in two aggressive acts (ranging in intensity from playing hooky in school to brawls involv-

percent more likely to be in the top quartile than those who had participated in three acts. Those with eight aggressive acts in their background were only four percent more likely to be in that category than those who had six.

Researchers established controls for all types of factors that

"The results suggest that differences in people's aggressive behavior influence how their immune systems are prepared to deal with infections, viruses, and bacteria."

ing weapons) were 30 percent more likely to be in the top quartile of CD4 cell numbers than those who were not involved in aggressive acts.

Furthermore, it was found that men who had committed five aggressive acts were seven

could influence the subjects' immune systems. Interestingly, testosterone was not the hormone that accounted for the higher number of immune cells reported among the more aggressive men.

—Jane Garrard

An apple a day just not doing the trick? Researchers say that getting into the occasional fight may be good for your health.

FEEDBACK

Paula's Perils

I am writing to respond to the numerous inaccuracies and misrepresentations contained in Joe Conason's article in the December 2000 issue of *Penthouse*, titled "The Perils of Paula Jones."



PAULA

I didn't want it to go this far, but even though I wanted to settle it, you know, people would turn my opinion around that, no, we're going to get the thing to court, we're going to go to trial, we're going to prove this.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEAR, MELLER

Paula Jones's right-wing former defenders now accuse her of causing "considerable damage to the cause of equal rights for women."

Mr. Conason displays a blatantly unprofessional disregard for the facts relating to the Rutherford Institute's participation in the Paula Jones case and a McCarthyesque willingness to discredit the institute by lumping it in with other self-appointed Clinton attack groups. Contrary to Conason's assertions, the Rutherford Institute has never spread "scurrilous personal accusations" against President Clinton, and John Whitehead has never been an "aide" to Jerry Falwell. Nor has Mr. Whitehead ever had "an intense ideological interest in ruining Clinton." Conason is merely repeating stale charges made in the media

by Clinton's supporters, which were discredited over two years ago.

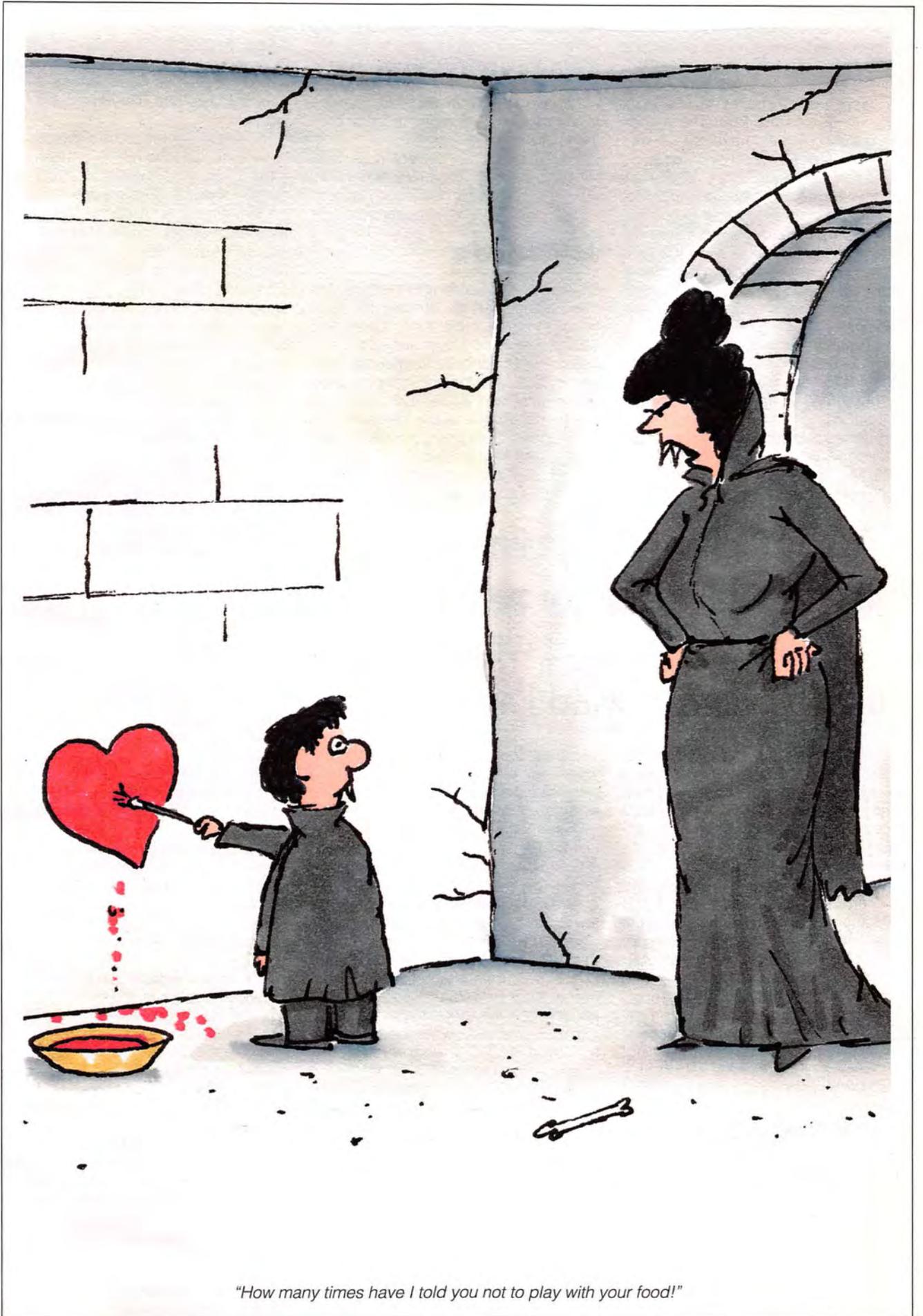
The Rutherford Institute is an international nonprofit civil-liberties organization that has defended the rights of thousands of citizens since it was founded by Mr. Whitehead almost 20 years ago. The institute has argued for the rights of women and the criminally accused in over a dozen major Supreme Court cases, and Mr. Whitehead has written numerous books, articles, and papers defending a woman's right to be free from gender unfairness and harassment. Rutherford Institute attorneys assisted the Dallas, Texas, law firm of Rader, Campbell, Fisher & Pyke in defending Ms. Jones's right as a woman to be free of workplace sexual harassment and to vindicate the principle upon which the institute was founded—that no one, including the president of the United States, is above the law. We believe that through the Jones lawsuit's disclosure of Bill Clinton's perjury and obstruction of justice, leading to Clinton's impeachment and potential disbarment, that point was made loud and clear.

The Rutherford Institute offered to assist Ms. Jones with her case because her former attorneys had, as she stated to the press at the time, abandoned her. The institute and Donovan Campbell's firm undertook Ms. Jones's representation in concert with no one. In contrast to the Paula Jones Legal Fund and others involved with Jones prior to August 1997, the so-called "right wing" had no involvement whatsoever in any actions of the

Rutherford Institute with respect to the Jones case or any other matter. No financial or other support was offered by or received from Richard Mellon Scaife or others named in the *Penthouse* article.

If readers are looking for political motivations, they need look no further than Conason's own reporting, which displays a clear political motive to discredit those who assisted Ms. Jones, including the Rutherford Institute. It is well known that Mr. Conason is a highly partisan "friend of Bill," and he has repeatedly been willing to set aside journalistic standards to serve as Clinton's attack dog. Mr. Conason's conclusion that Ms. Jones was pressured to reject a settlement brokered by her first lawyers that would have left her better off contradicts Ms. Jones's own statements in the article, as she says that "there was no settlement offer to turn down, so I don't [know] why they quit me." Conason further claims that Ms. Jones complained that the Rutherford Institute was "pushy about getting this [case] to court," and that the institute had a "different agenda" in urging her not to settle. It is public knowledge that her first lawyers, Gil Davis and Joe Cammarata, resigned from her case when she refused to settle for anything less than an apology from the president. She continued to maintain this position publicly until after the Rutherford Institute and Donovan Campbell withdrew from her case, at which time she settled for a sizable compensation.

The Rutherford Institute stands by its objections to the



"How many times have I told you not to play with your food!"

Paula Jones Legal Fund. Although *Penthouse* has attributed various motives to Mr. Whitehead regarding his objections to the fund, the record is clear: Ms. Jones and her "legal fund" claimed that they were raising money to pay legal fees, which was not true. The money was not used for attorneys' fees. It was used for Jones's and her husband's personal expenses, as she now acknowledges. Rutherford chose not to abet, by inaction, what it perceived as fraud. Because the institute did not believe it was ethical to allow the fund to continue such tactics, Mr. Whitehead made every effort to get Ms. Jones to shut it down or otherwise correct the problem.

At no time did Ms. Jones ever express to us the statements Conason attributes to her; in fact, she has always been warm and appreciative toward the institute.

In her appearance with Conason on *Geraldo* [*Rivera Live*] on October 25, 2000, Ms. Jones was asked point-blank by Rivera whether she believed the

have always been about more than just Paula Jones. She has undermined the work of many people who have sacrificed much to defend a woman's right to sexual integrity in the workplace, and may have done considerable damage to the cause of equal rights for women in the process.

Very truly yours,
Steven H. Aden, Esq.
Chief Litigation Counsel,
The Rutherford Institute

Joe Conason replies:

It's nice of the Rutherford Institute, former defenders of Ms. Jones's damaged honor, to now accuse her of "fraud" and attack her for posing nude in *Penthouse*. Had it not been for their exploitation of her case for political purposes, she might have avoided the financial straits that led her to this decision. The letter doesn't explain why they and their Dallas friends "withdrew" from her case, but the context is obvious enough: She had served her purpose as their

anywhere else. I don't believe there were any. The same goes for Rader, Campbell, Fisher & Pyke, whose name partner Donovan Campbell was best known until the Jones case for his advocacy of anti-sodomy laws and his virulent anti-gay bigotry.

In short, Campbell and Whitehead have their own long history of right-wing extremism, and there's nothing "so-called" about it. (See my earlier article on Whitehead and Rutherford, "The Political Pals of Paula Jones" [*Penthouse*, April 1998], and also see Michael Isikoff's book *Uncovering Clinton* [Crown 1999].) Nowhere did I suggest that Richard Mellon Scaife had been involved with Rutherford or Campbell, although financial and moral assistance to Jones by various close associates of the Pittsburgh billionaire is already well established.

Speaking for herself, Paula Jones was plainly confused (and perhaps misled) about the question of a settlement in her case against the president. If the Rutherford Institute doesn't like what she said about John Whitehead and Don Campbell, their problem is with her, not me. Our interviews were recorded, and every word is reported accurately in this story. These are not merely statements attributed to Ms. Jones. She said every word and much more. (Whitehead and Campbell were also afforded an opportunity to comment on her remarks about them before publication.)

The letter above attempts to distort what Ms. Jones actually said on *Rivera Live* on October 25. What follows is from the transcript:

Rivera: But look at the people who are fighting to get your good name and reputation back, like John Whitehead. You know, was he s... being sincere?

Ms. Jones: I really don't know. I mean, I have... I really don't know. I don't know him that well, actually, but my own opinion is, I don't know what his motivation was or his agenda was and...

Rivera: Was... was he pushy with you?

Ms. Jones: I didn't have that many conversations with him, but he was just—he was a pushy-type person anyway. He...

Rivera: Did he seem to have an agenda that wasn't necessarily your agenda?

Ms. Jones: I... I don't know.

Not exactly a ringing endorsement of Mr. Whitehead's motivations. The section of transcript to which the letter misleadingly refers is actually a later discussion of attorney Donovan Campbell, who Ms. Jones believes used her case to promote himself rather than for any political motivations. (And I am not alone in disagreeing with her about that. So do Michael Isikoff and Jeffrey Toobin, authors of competing books on the Clinton scandals.)

"No amount of insincere rhetoric about 'equal rights for women' can excuse the right wing's ugly behavior toward Paula Jones."

Rutherford Institute and John Whitehead used her to further their own political agenda. She denied believing this, in no uncertain terms. Conason confirmed his own agenda when he immediately contradicted her, saying, "That's where we part company."

A letter Ms. Jones wrote in her own hand after the case was settled in late 1998 displays her true feelings. She said, "I want to thank you once again for all your institute has done for me. As I said on the phone the other day, finding [Donovan Campbell's law firm] to represent me was the turning point in my case. Your support both financially and emotionally has been such a blessing! This case would never have settled without the long and tireless hours you and [Campbell's firm] put into it. From the bottom of my heart I sincerely thank you & I'm so Greatful [sic]! Thank you and Love, Paula Jones."

The Rutherford Institute is deeply saddened by Ms. Jones's actions. While her decision to pose nude for a magazine that sexually exploits women and to partner with a writer who peddles election-year politics in the guise of journalism has undoubtedly damaged her own reputation, the issues raised in this case

weapon against the president, and when that was done, they were done with her. No amount of insincere rhetoric about "equal rights for women" can excuse their ugly and ungallant behavior toward her.

Gratuitous insults ("blatantly unprofessional") and whiny, overheated language ("McCarthyesque," "attack dog") are usually a clear indication that some kind of diversion is under way. In truth, the Rutherford Institute promoted Jerry Falwell's scurrilous anti-Clinton videotapes in its newsletter, no doubt because John Whitehead was indeed a former Falwell aide when he served on the legal staff of the Moral Majority. Those are indisputable facts; and it makes Whitehead, as Rutherford's president, look a bit worse to send out an underling to dissemble about them.

I would like to know the title of one book, article, or "paper" written by John Whitehead on the subjects of "gender unfairness and harassment"—before he took on the Jones case. I would settle for the caption of a single case involving sexual discrimination or harassment taken up by Rutherford before the Jones case, since I could find none in the listing of cases on the institute's Website or



JUDITH

◌ As a former gymnast, I can use my flexibility to the max. When I wrap myself around a man, I go full circle.◌





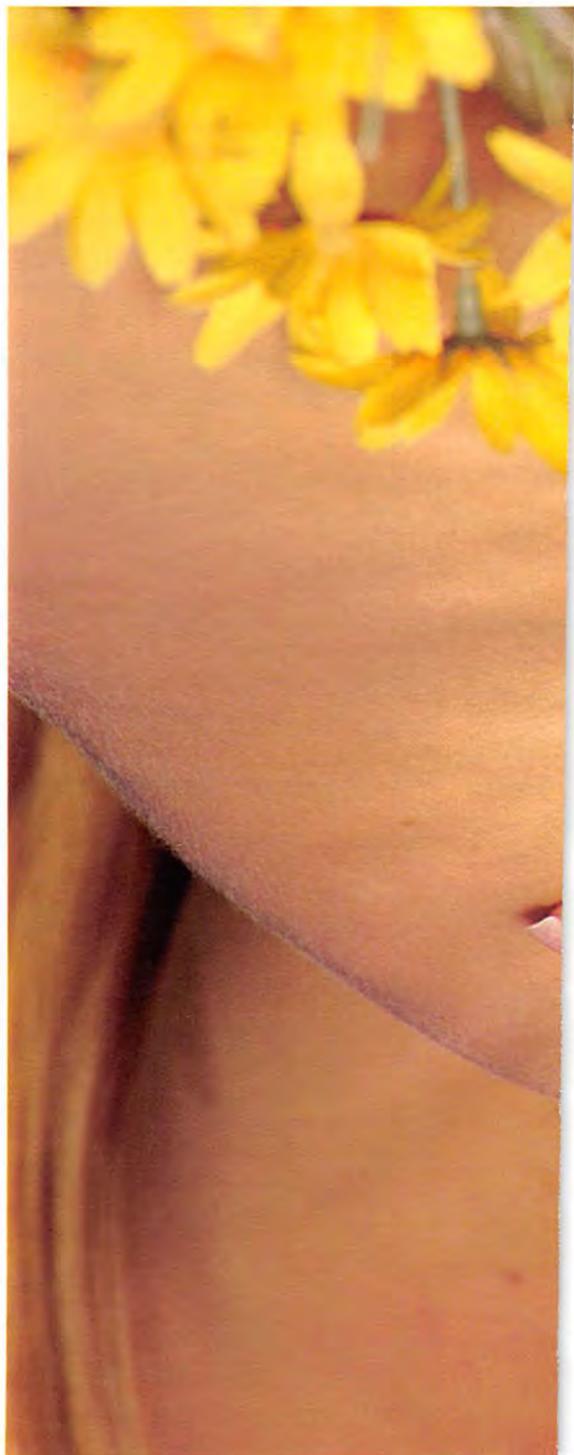
DIVINE INTERVENTION

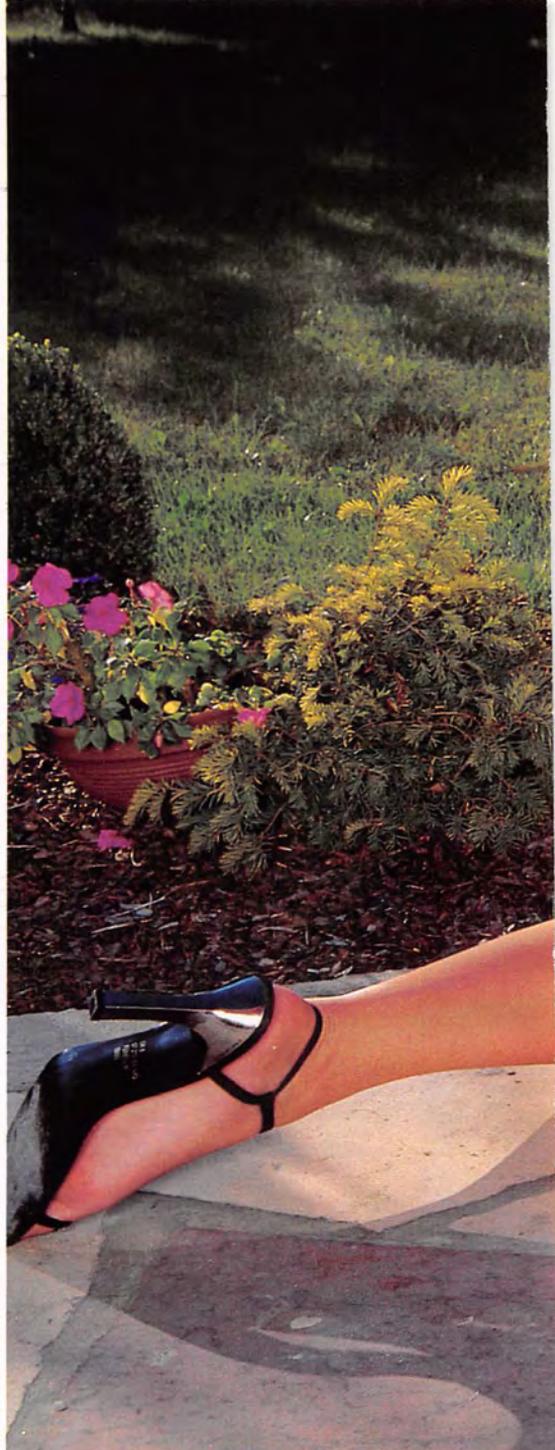
Twenty-year-old Pet of the Month Judith Divine has certainly lived up to her name: One look at her is positively heavenly. The 34-32-34 blonde from Budapest arrived with her two sisters in the United States when she was 13. "My father's brother lives in San Diego. He invited us to come and visit when we were young. We fell in love with the beach and the ocean, not to mention the warm climate," remarks our divine valentine. "We knew then that we would not be spending our lives in Hungary, and when we could do it, we'd move to the States. The three of us pooled our money and came here together. It's such a beautiful country, and being in California is like a dream ... one I never want to wake up from."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON



"Of course," Judith says, "there are some things I miss about Budapest: my school friends, my favorite restaurants, and gymnastics. I was a gymnast from the age of eight until I left Hungary. My parents said I had too much energy, so they sent me for gymnastics instruction. I was never Olympic material, but I loved the sport and stuck with it. Through my training, I learned to stay focused and motivated on any task at hand, and gained a tremendous amount of strength and flexibility in my body. I had to be very disciplined, but it all paid off. I've been able to use my motivational skills in business as a sales assistant, and my flexibility for more personal pleasures."





Styling by May Austen

◉ *When it comes to sex, most American men think they know everything. But I could show you some Old World skills you never knew existed.* ◉





"As a former gymnast, I can use my flexibility to the max. When I wrap myself around a man, I go full circle, and I can bend myself in ways you never thought possible," she says with a laugh. "Of course, when it comes to sex, I've found that most American men think they know everything. But I could show you some Old World skills you never knew existed." When our Pet's not at work or working out, Judith enjoys exploring the wild side of Los Angeles. "I love spending weekends there, indulging myself in purchases from some of the city's more exotic—and erotic—stores."



"I recently found myself in one of those body-piercing parlors and was feeling a little sinful," she confides. "Since I already had my ears pierced, I decided to bring things down a notch."





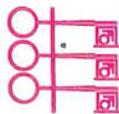
"I wrote my friends back home about my body-piercing experience," she tells us. "At first they were shocked when I told them what I had done, but when I explained afterward about

how much
pleasure it
gives me
when I'm with
a man, they
considered
getting pierced
too! Who
knows? I may
have started
a whole
new trend
in my
hometown."





"I can't believe how my life has changed since I came to America," reports our Hungarian honey. "Life is so much more electric here. Such excitement. So many more opportunities. I wish all my friends could come here to experience the amazing things that I have."
Judith, if they're like you, we'll spring for the airline tickets.



To see some very special photos of Judith,
visit our Website at www.penthouse.com/hottest



MISS JUDITH DIVINE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Neon Sport!



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

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Box: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

POLITICS in the *Military*

This year will be a pivotal one for the United States armed forces. The new president and Congress must decide how our military—built and organized to fight the defunct Soviet Union—should be structured to face future challenges. Two big Cold War leftovers, the National Missile Defense and the F-22 stealth fighter, have wide support and require a huge amount of taxes. Both of these issues threaten to deny basic resources to the men and women of our armed services.

The biggest question is: What has happened to the \$123 billion spent by the Pentagon to develop the NMD over the past 45 years? So far, taxpayer dollars are the only things being blown up—and in stupendous amounts. Failure after failure has reduced this program to the equivalent of a train wreck.

Not only does the Ballistic Missile Defense Organization not possess a deployable defense but it's also squandering the money needed to train, house, and feed our troops in general. To make matters worse, the once-worthy goal of the BMDO program—to save us in an all-out nuclear assault against the United States—has been downsized. Foul-ups have reduced the goal to simply being able to stop a lone renegade missile that some nut or terrorist might send our way from North Korea or Iran. Recent tests have demonstrated that even modest goals seem beyond our technological reach. Now the Pentagon says it can get to the NMD finish line ... for another \$50 billion.

So why do we keep throwing good money after bad? Congressmen and senators from districts where defense contractors get part of the NMD pie are well taken care of by those contractors. Many of the legislators who scream about military readiness think nothing of wasting billions more on NMD.

Also up before Congress will be the F-22 stealth fighter. Right now it looks like these new planes will run to \$200 million each—a bargain compared to the stealth bomber, which makes

a \$2 billion space shuttle look like a steal. The case against the F-22 is not as clear as the one against the hapless NMD. The F-22 fighter might be the first stealth plane truly invisible to radar. The fact that we don't have anyone to use it against is the real problem. The enemy it was planned for folded up its tent. By the time China is a superpower, the F-22 will be an antique.

Defense contractors will make a big push for the F-22, and politics make deployment of the

F-22 and NMD seem likely in some form. But neither of these systems represents the future of the U.S. military. While they both may cost big bucks, the real revolution is going for comparative peanuts.

The beginnings of the twenty-first century force can be found in the U.S. Army. General Eric K. Shinseki became the 34th army chief of staff in June 1999. He and his subordinates are re-creating an army that is more responsive and agile in a world where a crisis can mushroom any-

where, anytime. This new army is designed to respond faster to a presidential order than any other fighting force we've ever mustered.

General Shinseki is an intellectual and a warrior. He believes in education and a smart battlefield. He has successfully overthrown the World War II mentality of heavy armor that permeated the army, and he has skillfully worked with the Clinton administration to rebuild.

Light-infantry weaponry and transportation are being incorporated into a smaller force. In recent history, no army chief of staff has been taken as seriously in Congress and by the Washington media as Eric Shinseki.

While the high-dollar projects have the contractors rushing to the tax-dollars trough, Shinseki is proving that a sensibly equipped, well-designed, trained, and paid fighting force is the future of our military.

Maybe Congress will learn from the good general that it's not how many tens of billions you spend, but what you get in exchange that counts.—*Joseph Trento* 



Instead of squandering billions on projects like the F-22 stealth fighter, we should focus on building a sensibly equipped military.



THE BARE MARKET

By Jill Newman

Admit it—those lingerie saleswomen can be intimidating! Here's all you need to know.



"It's the closest thing to skin," she says, "and anything that stimulates your senses—feels wonderful ... shines ... or your flesh shows through lace or there's some interaction with the fabric and your body—is a beautiful experience."

But where's even the most generous gift-giver to begin when the market is saturated with little sweet nothings, and today's looks range from the tiniest teddies and thongs to the boldest Madonna cone-shaped bustiers that literally have women turning their wardrobes inside out?

Go for glamour, says Diaz, a state that not only transcends all trends, fads, shapes, and sizes but is synonymous with sex, and appeals—and applies—to everyone from the frankly underendowed to the undeniably full-figured. "Any woman can look like a movie star," says the designer. "Sexy is sexy—it's about being glamorous, and it doesn't matter if you're a size four or a 24."

This is not to say that lingerie hasn't undergone a few changes over the years, and with pointy, padded paraphernalia making way for "mechanically engineered" water bras, and Frederick's famed crotchless panties supplanted by the whisper-light thong, lingerie shopping is bound to throw any man, understandably, a curve.

The secret to success, says Diaz, lies in its very excess, and just as there is no single "right" style there is no "must-have" pattern or color, either. Certainly the tired whites and "tea roses" that once dominated the market have been replaced by a carousel of colors, including flaming reds, blazing blues, midnight blacks, and a veritable tribe of stripes, spots, florals, and jungle prints. And even on Valentine's Day, says the designer, which is traditionally associated with pinks and reds, you can give whites, creams, "baby blues, or lavenders ...

Less clearly is more in the field of lingerie, and the skimpiest looks are generating some of the most blockbuster sales.

This is the word from Amanda Diaz, who, as longtime designer, spokesperson, and project specialist for Frederick's of Hollywood, is no mean authority on that barest of all bare markets, lingerie, and says that by its very nature, intimate apparel is a turn-on for both watcher and wearer.

Taking the Plunge: Promise her anything this February 14, but give her something soft, sensuous—and decidedly personal....

or do any level of drama."

What should men know before they test the lingerie waters? And are there any clear-cut no-nos that are more likely to alienate than titillate?

First and foremost, says Diaz, make sure you are shopping for a woman who you do not just know—but know well. Intimate apparel, not surprisingly, implies a certain degree of intimacy in the relationship, or, more important yet, "that there is a rela-

Photography by Stuart



tionship. It's a very personal item," the designer adds. "You're not going to buy lingerie for somebody you've only been out on a second date with."

Some other dos and don'ts about the world of un- and under-dressing:

Brush up on all the basics: Ideally, you should know your significant other's bra, panty, slip, nightgown, and/or stocking sizes before you start to shop. Failing that, at least make sure you set

out with her dress or jeans measurements.

Don't hesitate to ask questions: Men are notoriously shy of seeking directions, but if you don't know the difference between charmeuse and satin or a teddy and a baby doll, a knowledgeable salesperson may prove your most valuable asset. (Charmeuse, incidentally, is a supersoft satin. The teddy is a skimpy chemise that comes in a variety of soft, supple fabrics, and the baby doll is a supershort nightie that usually has little puffy sleeves and matching panties.)

Stick to your woman's style: If she's a spunky cheerleader type, don't think that, with a peekaoo or two, you can turn her—literally overnight—into a sleeky sexpot. This of course doesn't mean you



Under-Cover Agents: The way to a Valentine's heart nowadays is through little sweet nothings like the Wonderbra wannabe, above left; girlish garter belt, above right; or matching lingerie set, left.

can't try something occasionally daring. And a woman who usually sleeps in boxer shorts and a T-shirt, says Ms. Diaz, might occasionally appreciate something spectacular that brings out her, well, inner—wild—child.

Play up her good points. If your woman has great legs, buy her a baby doll that shows them off to perfection. If her bust is dazzling, go for something plunging or décolleté. Even if she's underendowed, you can invest in a bra with built-in underwiring that will create the same curvaceous illusion or effect. The idea is not just to make your lady feel good, says Amanda Diaz—but like a goddess.

Now getting her to shed all that Valentine's finery is another story....

To order a free Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, call (800) 323-9525. 

Praise the Trois

X-rated antics. Fornicating fans. A **pantyleless** front woman. These techno sensations are the hottest thing from **Belgium** since waffles. By Tom Farrell

When Deborah Ostrega's father was told that she'd been chosen the new front woman for the scandalous rave band the Lords of Acid, his reaction, Ms. Ostrega recalls, was, quite simply, "Oh, shit." His fears were probably well-founded. After witnessing Ostrega's X-rated onstage antics during a Lords appearance at the Hollywood Palace, most fathers probably would have taken her over their knees, pulled down her panties, and paddled her shapely ass like a canoe. Except Ostrega doesn't wear panties, which became quite evident to 1,500 fans when her latex dress crept above her midriff, exposing her nicely manicured bush. The sold-out crowd screamed its approval while Ostrega howled the words to "Undress

and Possess," seemingly unaware that her Belgian beaver was openly on display.

And then it happened. From the stage wings, a bouncer with a pissy expression that looked as if it fell off the face of a priggish Sunday-school teacher walked up behind Ostrega and yanked her skirt back down, before stomping off the stage to a deafening chorus of boos.

A few weeks later in the tour when Ostrega's skirt rode up once again, she blocked her bush from sight by using the face of a young blonde who made her way onstage. Problem solved.

All in all, it's just another night in the life of Belgium's No. 1 techno export, the Lords of Acid. Since their inception, the Lords have moved more than 1,500,000 records (a

respectable number for a band of its genre), toured the United States seven times, and landed their catchy electronic tunes everywhere from the sound track of *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* to the best-selling video game *Mortal Kombat*.

Life for the Lords started in the early nineties, but the planks for their sexual stance were laid a decade earlier by their founder, Praga Khan. Back then, Khan was Maurice Engelen, the son of a Nobel Prize-winning astrophysicist, and front man for his first band, Woody and His Woodfuckers. Engelen soon ditched his guitar and immersed himself in the new techno-dance sounds then sweeping Belgium. Rechristening himself "Praga Khan," he formed an alliance with German-born Nikkie Van



“Ostrega howled the words to ‘Undress and Possess,’ seemingly unaware that her Belgian beaver was openly on display.”



Lierop (whom the British magazine *New Musical Express* would later dub "the Marlene Dietrich of Dance") and created various short-lived electronic-dance projects like "Moments of Ecstasy" and "Digital Orgasm."

In 1991 the duo met Oliver Adams, the son of a domestic beer magnate. The trio regrouped as the Lords of Acid, fleshing out to a quintet before releasing their 1991 debut outing, *Lust*, which contained the local dance hit "I Sit on Acid." Many deejays skimmed past the intro lyrics, "Darling, come here / fuck me up the ... [buzzing sound]," but found themselves hooked by the song's intoxicating rhythm. Hollywood pricked up its ears as well, and material from *Lust* landed in the sound tracks for *Bad Lieutenant* and the Sharon Stone voyeur vehicle *Sliver*. The group hit the road, with Natalie Dalaet taking the tour vocal chores from Van Lierop, who was pursuing a solo career.

Dalaet quickly grew tired of touring and began to skip shows. After a brief hiatus, she was replaced by Lady Galore (née Ruth McArdle), a blonde Englishwoman who'd previously served as the band's backing vocalist. Galore and her Lords hit the road to promote the 1994 release *Voodoo-U*; the album cover depicting she-devils in sexually explicit acts was banned

globally. A tamer cover was issued to retailers, but Galore kept the she-devil spirit alive in a way that even the Lords found impossible to keep pace with. "She was ruining hotel rooms, throwing televisions out the windows," Khan says with a sigh. "It got to the point where we couldn't stay at any hotels in Europe." By the time the Lords got to Paris, Galore's reputation had preceded the performers, who were forced to make do in their tour bus.

Galore wasn't the only one spreading the mayhem. It was during the Voodoo-U tour that the Lords saw the first signs of their rabid fan dedication. "One fan tattooed the album cover on his back, then had the band sign their autographs on him, which he had tattooed," Khan recalls. But that was minor when compared to the female admirer who wrote PRAGA KHAN IS GOD on her skin, then burned it in with matches.

The group's musical Viagra was having a noticeable effect as well, with fetish subculture quickly embracing the Lords. "People who come to our shows are really into the S&M and the sex thing, and they want to share it with us," Khan says. "People will jump up on our stage, take their clothes off, and start to have sex. Sometimes when I'm trying to play my keyboards, it makes it

a little hard to concentrate."

Van Lierop briefly rejoined the Lords and hit the road to promote the 1998 single "Pussy," which stayed on the *Billboard* dance charts for two years in spite of yet another banned cover. But when Van Lierop refused to undertake a second road journey last year for the Lords' Heaven Is Coming tour, Khan enlisted Deborah Ostrega, a model-turned-singer who hosted a local music-television show. "We were backstage talking, blowing [pot], and drinking," recalls Ostrega. "Actually, she started to French-kiss every band member," Khan throws in with a laugh. "Okay, that's true," says a giggling Ostrega, who had received a call to audition the week after the kissing bee. This time, she displayed the proper vocal skills, and was in.

Two months later, Ostrega was on the road. "I'm out there singing, and all of a sudden these naked girls jump up onstage, and I was like, 'Oh, jeez, what's happening here? Okay, okay, we're the Lords of Acid, just calm down and keep on going!'"

But Ostrega's real baptism of fire came a week later, in Switzerland. "I looked out in the audience and saw people fucking," she says, "and I was like, 'Oh shit ...' That was the first time I had seen that, but



the band told me, 'Oh that's normal. You'll see that all the time.'"

Soon, Ostrega was part of the gang, crowd surfing in a sea of groping hands, undressing and licking the chests of male teenagers during the song "Young Boys," having her high heels tongued by audience members for "Fingerlickin' Good," and bumping and grinding with the swarm of half-naked Lords fans who routinely climb onstage. And she adapted to road life as well. "It's really hard, actually. We do a show every night, and you're so tired when you return to the tour bus. After shows, I usually can't talk because I have to conserve my voice, so there's usually no big party for me. Mostly I watch television."

But Ostrega's life on the road is not without incident, especially when

"People who come to our shows are really into the S&M thing.... They'll jump up on stage, take their clothes off, and start to have sex."



you're the lone doe in a pack of bucks. "I've caught people masturbating on the bus," she says with a laugh. "You hear things at night, when the curtains to our sleeping bunks are closed." But has anyone ever caught Ostrega in a moment

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148



shifted a little, spreading her cheeks, all the while rubbing her rosy clit. Her pink ass hole was all I needed to see to throw me over the edge; I let go with a blast of come that went all over my hand and the front seat of the car.

This pushed Cynthia over the edge. She sighed heavily in satisfaction as she reached her climax, then looked at me and smiled, bringing her hand from her dew-covered bush to my lips. I devoured her succulent juices and asked for more. Before I got any, she grabbed my hand and started licking the come from my fingers. For about five minutes, we savored each other's love nectar. She would caress the warm moistness of her slippery pussy, then run her finger to my waiting lips. I squeezed my still-throbbing cock of any remaining come and had her suck my fingers.

We sat in the car for another couple of minutes, trying to regain our compo-

around me, and I could feel the firm muscles in his arms and chest. Up close, I could see that this guy had only improved with age. His clothing could not conceal his remarkable muscle tone, his face had filled out a little, but his eyes and smile were as warm as ever. Since he'd been the one who'd ended the relationship 20 years earlier, I worried that my approach embarrassed him, and after chatting for a few minutes, I moved away.

Nevertheless, I found myself looking for him throughout the evening and was overjoyed when I suddenly turned to see him at my elbow. We talked about old times, and he apologized for having hurt me so many years ago. I said, "I forgave you for everything you did. What I haven't forgiven you for is what you *didn't* do."

"Like what?" he demanded.

"Well, never making love to me, for instance," I boldly replied.

His eyes widened in surprise, and he laughed nervously. "We could rectify that, you know," he said.

knelt on the floor and guided his erection to my mouth. Starting at the base, I covered every exquisite millimeter with slow, deliberate strokes. When I finally reached the tip, I slid my tongue across it a few times before I encircled it with my lips. With increasing suction, I drew him into my mouth. He allowed me to continue for a few delicious moments before pulling me up for a hungry kiss. With his erection hard against my stomach and his body pressed into mine, my desire threatened to overcome me. I stretched up on my toes, aching to feel his cock between my legs. He leaned into me to oblige my unspoken request. I almost climaxed right then and there.

He led me to the bed and lay down, pulling me on top of him. As I straddled his member and moved against him, I felt him fill me with throbbing intensity. He gently fondled my breasts and caressed my ass. "It's my turn to give you pleasure," he said, and rolled me over onto my back. With his tongue he slowly pushed my pubic hair to one side while occasionally licking my clit. This teasing was driving me insane, and I could feel the juices of desire seeping out. He began circling the clitoris with his tongue until the first waves of ecstasy began to crest. I cried out for him to feel what he'd done to me. Waves of orgasm rocked my body as his penis entered me. He rode the violent spasms until they subsided, then drove his own desire home with sure and steady strokes. He nuzzled my breast and I felt my response build once again. I felt the pulsing begin in him and arched my body into his as a mutual climax consumed us both. I continued to climax even after he finished. Spent and exhausted, we lay in each other's arms until the passion overtook us again.

I don't know how many school friends I missed seeing that night, but I only cared about the one I did see. After all this time, I've learned that first love does last. I want to spend all eternity with this man of my past, present, and, I pray, my future.—*M.S., Arizona*

Rubbing Each Other the Right Way

Linda and I are lying in bed together. We are completely naked. The sheets and blankets are in a pile on the floor. It is about 15 minutes since we made love for the first time, putting an end to nearly two months of playful and provocative teasing at the office.

I turn on my side and say to her, "Linda, don't you just love the way the room smells?"

Linda, a five-foot-ten-inch brunette with ample breasts capped by silver-dollar-sized nipples, follows my lead by turning on *her* side and crawling across the come-stained sheets to curl up next to me. Her mouth is inches from my ear

"I could feel his arousal through his clothes, and quickly unbuttoned his jeans and slid them to the floor in one fluid motion."

sure. Later, I asked her whether fucking without touching was worth it, and she just laughed. I then asked her if she would give me her soaked panties, so I could savor her fragrance for days to come. She told me I would have to wait until later on, as she planned on making them even wetter.

Needless to say, we didn't get much work done that day once we got back to the office. I just kept staring at her ass while I walked around with a boner. I'm hoping we'll get to go out in the country and fuck another time ... without touching, of course!—*C.I., New Hampshire*

Igniting an Old Flame

I recently attended my twentieth class reunion at a hotel in Phoenix. I'd dated many guys in high school, but had only one serious boyfriend. He hadn't gone to the previous reunion, and I was anxious to see if he would show up at this one. At the reunion I talked with many of my male classmates, and was disappointed to see how poorly they'd aged. I finally found my former boyfriend standing apart from the crowd. Impulsively, I walked up and gave him a hug before he could react. Then his arms wrapped

"Right. You didn't want to then and you sure as hell don't want to now."

His eyes glinted with challenge as he took my hand and said, "Let's go to my room." I followed as if under some magic spell.

We entered his room, and a million thoughts soared through my mind when he kissed me. He stepped back and said, "You still have time to back out, you know."

I said, "I wouldn't miss this opportunity for anything in the world," and kissed him back. He unzipped my dress and I stepped out of it, turning so he could unhook my bra. He pulled it off, lingering to caress and kiss my breasts. Then he pushed down my panties, pausing for a fleeting moment between my thighs. I unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off while he nuzzled the side of my neck. I ran my hands over the muscular surface of his gorgeous chest and curled my hands around the back of his firm neck. I could feel his arousal through his clothes, and quickly unbuttoned his jeans and slid them to the floor in one fluid motion.

As my lips moved downward from his chest, my hands reached for his hard shaft. I could feel his scrotum tighten as I lightly moved my fingertips across it. I



MELISSA ANN

◌ I'm an outdoorsy type. I once made love on a ski slope, and the cold snow against our warm skin was electrifying. ◌





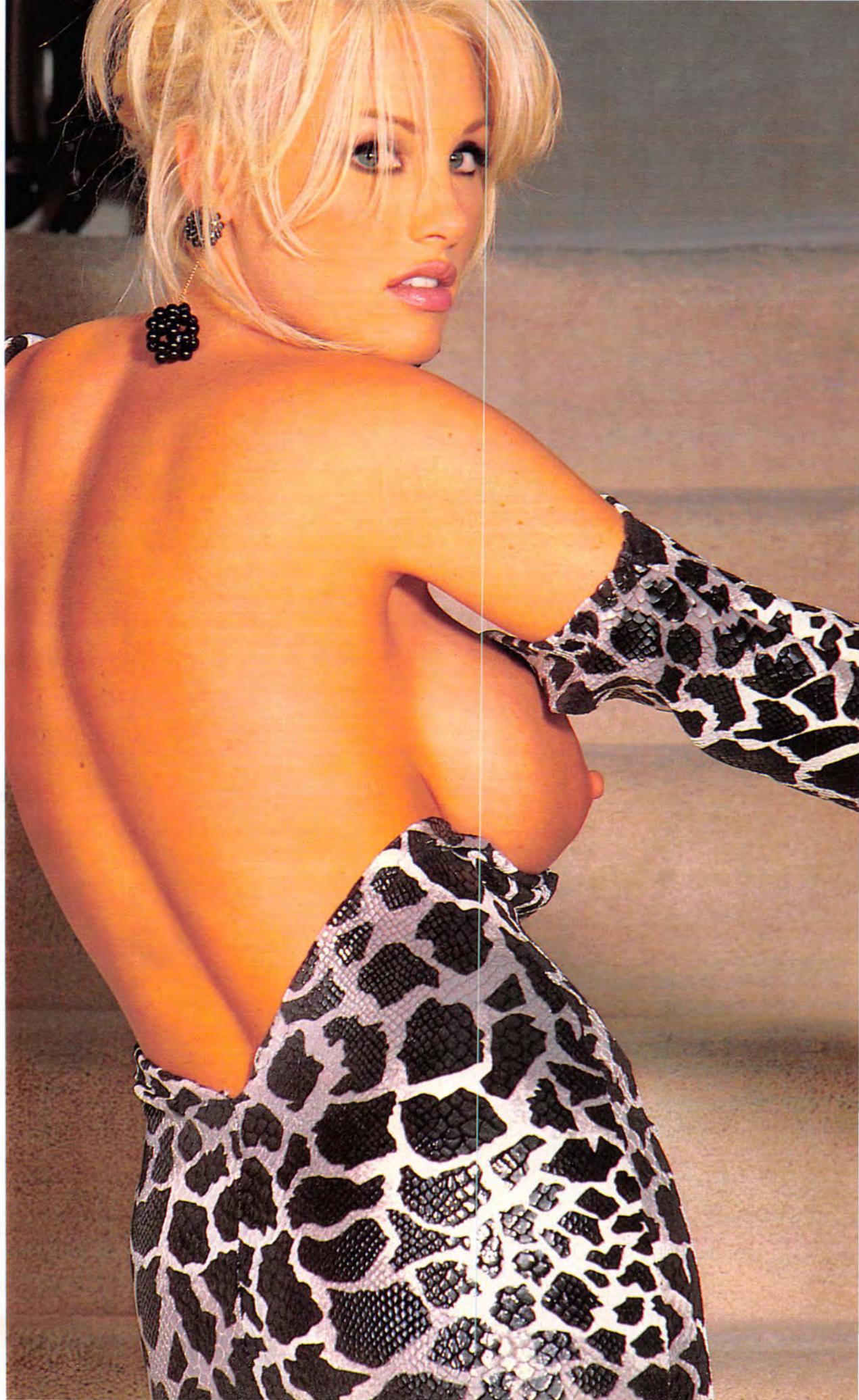
Pet of the Year

RUNNER-UP

The 2000 presidential election may have been hotly contested, but it was *our* search for the leaders of 2001 that really sizzled ... and produced some clear-cut winners. Our returns yielded no need for a recount: An overwhelming number of you wanted another taste of November 1998 Pet of the Month Melissa Ann. As our Pet of the Year Runner-Up, she's even sweeter the second time around.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER





"I'm so surprised! I had no idea!" Melissa Ann said when she heard the good news. "Thank you, readers. This is the best thing that's ever happened to me."



"The most wonderful part about working for *Penthouse* is that I get to meet so many great people. Some of my closest friends are other Pets, and it's as if we're



all family," the 27-year-old says. "I like representing the magazine on promotional tours, because there's nothing better than going out and meeting the fans. The love and attention I receive really are a gift."



Our 42-24-35 blonde beauty has so enjoyed her time in front of the camera, she's thinking of exploring her options behind the lens as well. "I've been experimenting a little," she admits. "I have my boyfriend pose in the bedroom, and while I speak seductively, I shoot roll after roll of film. It's a turn-on to know that I'm creating something so beautiful. Usually, after one of our photo sessions, my man and I spend hours making love. I'll just throw him on the bed and give him anything he wants." For all the pleasure she'll provide *us* the whole year through, we're giving Melissa Ann, among other things, an amethyst- and diamond-studded Runner-Up key, designed exclusively for *Penthouse* by Michael Hayden, Inc.

After one of our photo sessions, my man and I spend hours making love. I'll throw him on the bed and give him anything he wants.

Wardrobe created and styled by Viva Rebecca, Los Angeles, Calif.







"You can probably guess my favorite indoor activity, but I'm an outdoorsy type as well. Actually, I like to combine the two. I once made love on a ski slope, and it was great. The cold snow against our warm skin was electrifying."





"I don't believe in having regrets," Melissa Ann says proudly, "so I make sure I don't have any. I live how I want, and own up to my decisions. I



think that's why
I am where I
am today. After
all is said and
done, I owe
everything
I have to Bob
Guccione.
Penthouse has
opened a lot
of doors for me.
Now it's up
to me to make
sure they never
close." O—



JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

Is Larry David's "Christian bashing" more offensive than Rush Limbaugh's racism?



An important casualty of the recent presidential campaign has been our national sense of humor regarding religious hypocrisy and exhibitionism.

All hell broke loose when comedian Larry David—who was the cocreator of *Seinfeld* and is now the star of his own cable show—made a comment about George W. Bush's public claim that when he was in his forties he had found Jesus. The furor started when former education secretary and our nation's self-appointed virtue czar, William J. Bennett, expressed disappointment that Al Gore and Joe Lieberman—who were both present at the fund-raiser where Larry David did his shtick—did not immediately denounce David for, as Bennett put it, his "blatant Christian bashing." Dick Cheney raised the stakes during the vice-presidential debate by accusing David of having "criticized George Bush's religion." Lieberman caved in and, after describing David's bit as "very funny," added that it was "in bad taste." From the above outraged characterizations, one would expect that David's comment was as unprintable as what Bush accidentally said into a microphone about that blankety-blank *New York Times* reporter. But nothing could be farther from the truth.

The bit was part of a good-humored routine in which David compares himself to the Republican nominee: "We both were presidents of our fraternities and unabashed freeloaders living off

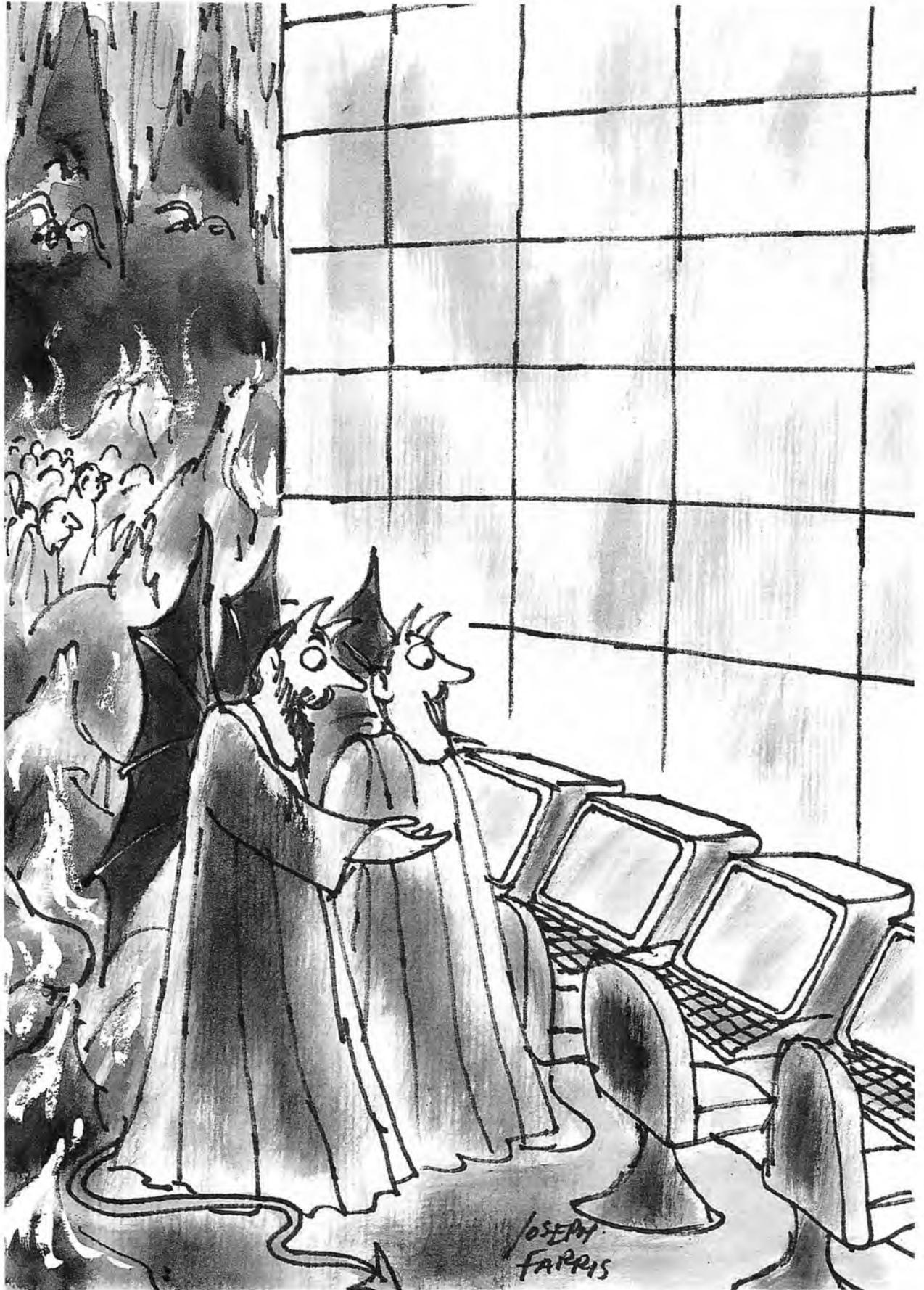
our fathers' largesse.... After graduating with our C averages, we set upon the very serious business of avoiding Vietnam.... But the one thing we have most in common is napping." Then David made the statement that ignited the firestorm: "And, like Bush, I too found Christ in my forties. He came into my room one night, and I said, 'What? No call? You just pop in?'"

This was neither Christian bashing nor criticism of Bush's religion. It was traditional American humor, which has always poked fun at everything in the public domain. Now that religion has taken center stage in presidential campaigns, it is open to precisely the kind of satire to which we have always subjected politics. Those who use religion to try to get themselves elected—as Bush, Lieberman, and Gore certainly have done—cannot have it both ways. By interjecting their religious beliefs into the political fray, they invite caricature and spoofing. If candidates don't want their faith exposed to humorous criticism, let them keep it private.

Why, then, did Bennett single out Larry David for alleged Christian bashing? Remember that Bennett is the same selective virtue-crat who praised Rush Limbaugh as "possibly our greatest American," despite Limbaugh's history of racist humor—for example, his telling an African-American caller on his show to "take that bone out of your nose and call me back." Also, speculating on why a Mexican national won the New York marathon, Limbaugh said, "An immigration agent chased him for the last ten miles." Not only did Bennett not denounce Limbaugh, he praised him, as he praises other right-wing bigots.

Until Bennett turns off the radio on Limbaugh's unfunny racism, it is hypocritical for him to insist that Lieberman and Gore should have walked out on David's harmless spoof. Bennett may have answered the question of why, in a *Wall Street Journal* article, he went out of his way to identify David as Jewish, implying that it's okay for one Christian to spoof another's religious exhibitionism, but that a different standard is expected of a Jew.

Bill Bennett, get down off your high dudgeon and get a sense of humor. Religious jokes have always been a staple of American comedy. "Did you hear the one about the priest, the rabbi, and the minister?" is the opening line of hundreds of classics. Now that religion is becoming so important in politics, religious jokes will become even more common. So keep 'em coming, Leno, Letterman, O'Brien, and David. You may not be doing it for that reason, but your biting satire is an important part of our system of checks and balances. 



"It keeps the inmates happy. We've got a direct line into the New York Stock Exchange, the Japanese market, the German market, the English market, the French market...."

INTRODUCING

The Foolproof Guide to

PICKING UP WOMEN

By GARY BRODSKY

"No matter how you look, how you dress, how much money you have, how timid or shy you are! Read this book, and you can pick up any girl you want ... any time ... any where! Guaranteed!"

This book covers everything you need to be successful with women with simple, easy-to-follow, step-by-step instructions! If you're already a success with women, give this book to a friend! It's the perfect gift! Here are just some of what you'll learn ...

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SOUNDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

other in various incarnations for a decade, and they've all been obsessed with music for as long as they can remember. A high school football hero, Chew, now 26, grew up singing and playing the bass in church; his father was a guitar player on gospel sessions across the river in Memphis. Luther and Cody's dad was none other than rock legend Jim Dickinson, the veteran Memphis producer who worked with acts like Big Star, the Replacements, Toots and the Maytals, and—oh yeah—Bob Dylan, and the Rolling Stones. (That's Dickinson on piano on "Wild Horses.")

"The first word Luther said was 'studio,'" Jim recalls. "He'd sit and watch the tape recorder run without even hooking it up to anything—just watch the reels turn for hours. When Luther came to me with the guitar and said, 'Teach me to play,' I said, 'No, I can't teach you, because you'll play like me. You have to learn for yourself, because rock 'n' roll is self-invention.'"

Luther learned all right, spending his teens playing in a series of genre-hopping garage bands like DDT and Pigs in Space. "When I entered Hernando High School, I was the only kid with a skateboard and punk-rock clothes," he says. Meanwhile, Cody, three years Luther's junior, moved from listening to Michael Jackson to recording gangsta rap on a small computer sequencer. "He's the only one in this family who's ever had a pop sensibility," Jim says.

In his early twenties, Luther discovered the blues, starting with the music of Chicago and the Mississippi Delta before embracing the slinky, sensual sounds emanating from the hills around him. He got to sit in with players like Burnside, Junior Kimbrough, and Otha Turner (whom he'd eventually produce), but he never adopted the worshipful attitude of other young prodigies like Jonny Lang. To Luther, the music was down, dirty, and very much alive. "A lot of writers take the angle, 'Why do young white kids play the blues?'" he says. "To me, young white kids playing black music equals rock 'n' roll, period."

When the North Mississippi Allstars released their self-produced debut, *Shake Hands With Shorty*, on Tone-Cool Records in May 1999, the ten songs were all hill-country standards by their heroes. But the group added a sense of rock urgency, a willingness to incorporate a wide range of other influences, and a party-hard irreverence that never quite stooped to the shtick of their friend Jon Spencer of the Jon

Spencer Blues Explosion (whom they recently backed on a solo album). As a result, the Allstars have garnered an enthusiastic following that spans the musical spectrum, from indie-rock hipsters to classic rockers to the fans of jam bands like Galactic, Widespread Panic, and Gov't Mule.

"I think that when Luther went out on tour with R. L. Burnside, he saw what I saw when I went out with Ry Cooder," Jim says—"that no matter where you go, there are some people who like this kind of music. But they're going beyond those bounds—this is appealing to a larger audience than I ever thought it would. I told them, when they came home this last time, that if they don't succeed in ever doing anything else, they've done something I've never managed to do, which is make their father proud."

The musicians recently quit their day jobs, though they still occasionally wake up to find former truck driver Chew at the wheel of their bus. They tour nonstop; in Europe, they played the second stage at Denmark's Roskilde Festival the night 11 fans were crushed during a Pearl Jam concert last summer. "They canceled the rest of the main-stage acts, and we got the spillover, but we didn't even know what had happened until we got home," Luther says. In between, they record—whether it's a new EP at London's famous Abbey Road Studios or constant demo work at the home studio they share with their dad. (The boys live at one end of the family's 13 acres, their folks at the other, and the barn with the studio is in between.)

For their second full album, Luther plans on recording all originals, and he'd like his dad to produce. "That's still to be determined," Jim says. "I'll certainly help them if they want it, but the more they do their own thing, the more it's gonna be just that." Meanwhile, the Allstars are having the time of their lives, dragging fans into the musical gutter wherever they go.

"We have so many influences mixed in that there is always something that somebody can relate to," Luther says. "Something like that free show [in Chicago]—sometimes I think, 'Man, this might be too out there for them.' But there's something about the trans-modal aspect and the rhythm of the hill country—and Cody's drum style and even Chris's driving bass—it just makes it ... Well, we see these girls, and they get this look on their face, and they just start dancin'. It's an opportunity for them to really shake it, so the guys love it. For every pretty girl we got dancin', we got a couple of guys buyin' 'em beers. If the girls are happy, the guys are happy. But we've still got the best view." 

PENTHOUSE presents ...

“Yes, I Love You....”

Now will you swallow?”



A NEW LOOK AT LOVE FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. BY ERIC DECETIS

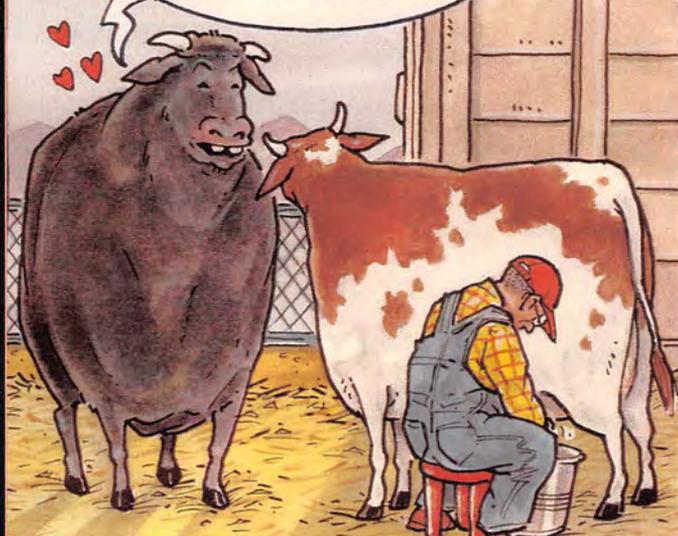
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Ooooooh.
Ruggedly handsome
and a good Kisser!



© Weletin.

I see you're
on a date at the
moment, but perhaps
later we could meet
for a latte.



Cupid
Auditions
2 P.M.

I wonder
if they'll make me
shave the
beard....

© Weletin.





when she says, "Yes, what is it?"

"That's what our love smells like," I say. "That's what our come smells like when it's mixed together."

Hearing that, Linda pushes me on my back and drapes her left leg over my legs, lightly pressing her still hot and wet pussy against my thigh. She wraps her left hand around my erect shaft, gently squeezing it while I run both of my hands around her ass, slipping a finger down her crack and into her pulsing love hole.

She presses her breasts against my chest, squaring her body on top of mine while kissing me deeply. We rub our bodies against each other for quite a while until she whispers in my ear, "Let's fill the room with our love again."

At that point, the intensity level increases, and we grope and kiss each other for what seems like an eternity. Finally, Linda says, "I want you inside me. I want you to fill me with your come."

"My cock felt so good inside her that I grabbed her and rocked with her even harder and faster, and soon she was coming again."

Linda slides down my torso and slips my shaft into her pussy, letting out a moan once my cock has been swallowed whole within her. She grinds her love chamber against me and arches her back while my hands move from her hips to her breasts. After a while I roll on top of her; then she places me back underneath as I slip my hand down to her clit.

When Linda is about to come, she takes out my cock, slides up to my face, and lets me work over her pussy until she explodes inside my mouth. Still in need of attention, Linda slips my rod inside her pussy once again and grinds me into a pulsating orgasm that I had never experienced before. She caps off round two by licking our come off my cock, then rubbing her body across mine, and sharing our love juices with a deep French kiss. We make love three more times during the night, and haven't stopped since. So much for the theory that after spending so much time together, coworkers can only rub each other the wrong way.—S.K., Arizona

The Thong Show

I've just acquired a new secretary, Ms. Fox. She wears cat's-eye glasses that

make her look kind of bookish, and she is always well dressed.

Ms. Fox is the consummate professional, going about her duties with purposeful stride and little chitchat. When she's on the phone, she gets right to the point; she arrives at meetings just as they begin and leaves just as soon as they conclude. I had assumed that Ms. Fox was the type of career woman who would never mix business with pleasure. She has always been polite yet noncommittal, with a manner that says, "I don't dislike working with you, but we are not friends."

One day, Ms. Fox came into my office with some papers, and I complimented her on her new outfit. "Oh, this is from Victoria's Secret. I love their clothes," she said. It was the first bit of personal information she had ever shared with me.

Several days later, Ms. Fox was again delivering some papers to me. In one hand she carried a little pink-and-white-striped bag that clearly came from her favorite store. I said, "Did you pick up something on your lunch hour?"

She smiled and said, "Yes, they're having a sale. I can't leave that store without buying something." And away she went.

Why would she have come into my office carrying that bag? Her desk is right outside, so she could just as easily have dropped it there before coming in. She *wanted* me to see it.

Later that day, I stopped by Ms. Fox's desk. "I saw the ad in the paper," I said. "Victoria's sale is on bras and panties. I'm guessing by the size of the bag that you didn't buy a Japanese kimono."

Again she smiled, even let out a slight giggle. "No, not a robe," she said. "Just underwear." The rest of our conversation that day was purely professional.

The next morning, as I was stumbling over a particularly difficult problem, Ms. Fox came in with the morning mail. "Excuse me," she whispered, "May I ask your opinion about something?"

"Of course," I said, "How can I help?"

"Well, I normally buy bikini underwear, but recently I've been concerned that you can see my panty lines." She turned around and lifted her sweater to her waist. "What do you think?"

What was I to do here? Was she coming on to me? Was she honestly interested

in my opinion? I took a shot at honesty: "I'm afraid that I *can* see the outline of your panties. Have you ever considered wearing a thong?"

"I have lots of thongs, but I never considered wearing them to work. That's what was in my bag yesterday."

I still wasn't sure where this conversation was going, so I tried to sound objective. "Somebody would have to be looking for it to see your panty lines," I said, "but if it bothers you, why don't you try wearing a thong and see if anyone notices?" She agreed that it wouldn't hurt to try. For the rest of the day she returned to her professional demeanor and didn't bring up the subject again.

I spent a long weekend remembering what Ms. Fox's beautiful ass had looked like on Friday and imagining what it would look like in just bikini panties, or better yet, in just a thong. I admit that thinking about it made me a little stiff, if you know what I mean. By the time Monday rolled around, I couldn't wait to see what Ms. Fox would be wearing, and if she'd ask me for my opinion again.

When she came in with the mail, she hit the door with her elbow and it closed almost all the way behind her. It wasn't entirely shut, and any colleague would feel welcome to walk right in, but it wasn't entirely open either, so passers-by could not see inside. "Good morning," she said lightly. It was not normal for Ms. Fox to trade pleasantries. She put down the stack of mail and turned to leave. Not wanting to waste the moment, I said, "No panty lines today. What's different?"

She turned back toward me. "I'll show you," she said. She took a couple of steps back toward my desk and as she did so, she reached for the waistband of her pants. Ms. Fox always wore slacks; she has long legs and a shapely ass that would be a shame to cover with a flouncy dress. I couldn't tell exactly what she was doing at first; then I realized she was unbuttoning her slacks. She glanced at the door, then pulled down the zipper and yanked the waist open, giving me a clear frontal view of her panties. "I took your advice," she said, turning quickly and tugging the waist to reveal a lavender thong.

I struggled to retain my composure, and managed to get out, "That certainly seems to solve the problem."

"Yes," she said. "Thank you for the idea." She leaned in and put a finger to my lips. "Don't move. I'll be right back."

With that, she stood up and took a couple of long strides to the door, her pants still hanging open. She peeked into the hallway, and when she was satisfied that nobody was around, she closed the door. Just as purposefully as she'd gone to the door, she strode back toward me. Then, again leaning in, she placed her lips firmly against mine with each of her

They were opposites so far as the eye could
see, he the color of earth and
she of the heavens, and that was the appeal.
Each found the other mysterious,
exquisitely exotic. On this sweet-smelling early
morning, Sean visited his fair-haired
maiden, to take her to an ecstasy she had
never known.

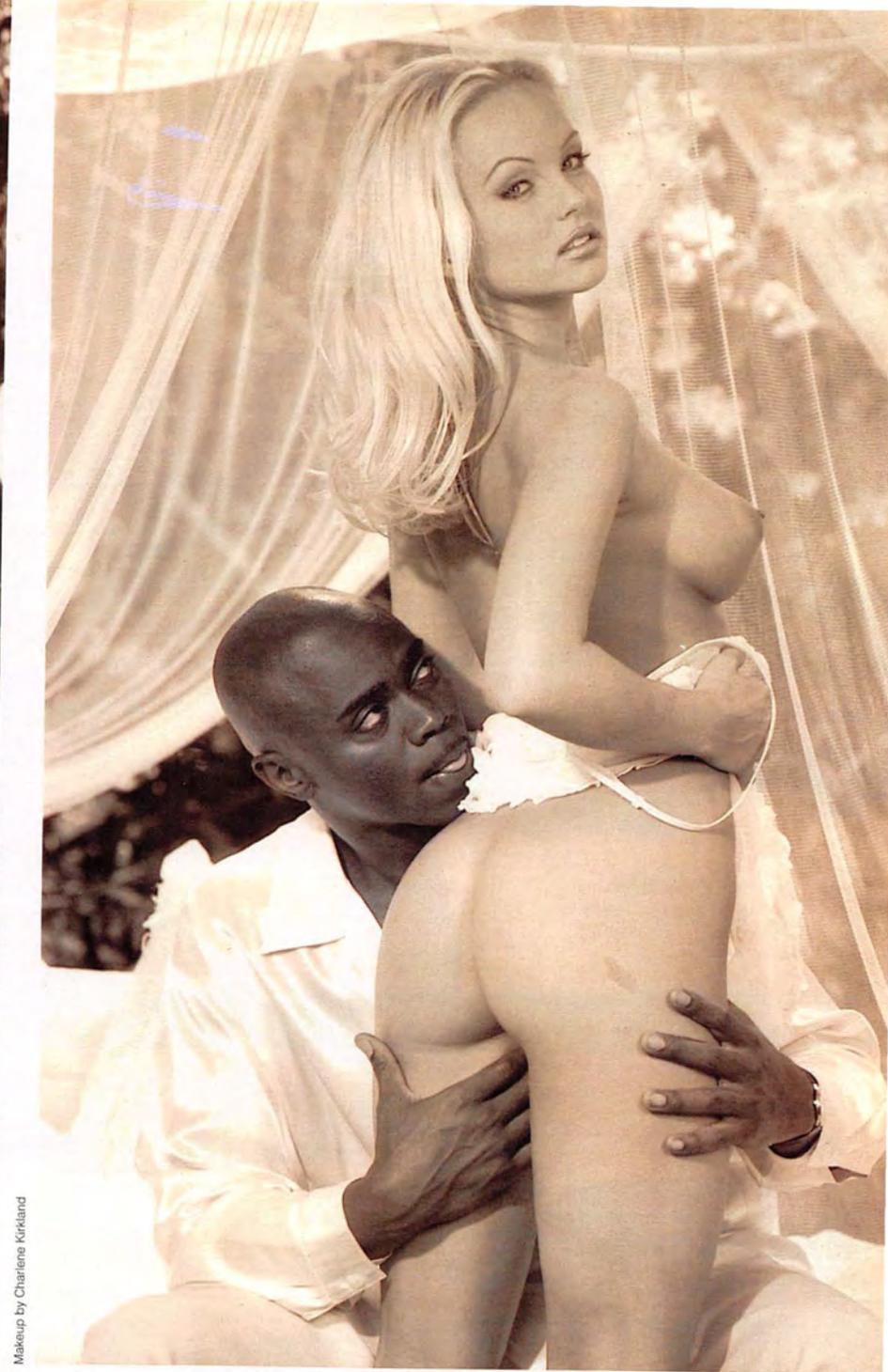
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

SILVIA & SEAN





Sean reached out, drawing one of Silvia's nipples into his mouth, and as it hardened to his touch he felt his own loins stir. He kissed her here, there, everywhere, while she allowed his hands to roam the smooth alabaster terrain of her body. Their breathing grew heavy with passion as the heat between them mounted, each desiring so much more than fleeting gentle contact.



Makeup by Charlene Kirkland





Sean knelt before his goddess, and Silvia spread her legs to meet his waiting tongue. He touched his pink tip to hers, inhaling Silvia's musky scent and drinking of her

warm juices.
When she longed for a taste of Sean's umber member, she took control, reached out for it, and engulfed his pulsating shaft between her wet lips.



Sean entered Silvia an inch at a time, his tawny tool melding with her scarlet petals. They teetered on the edge of orgasm, yearning for release.





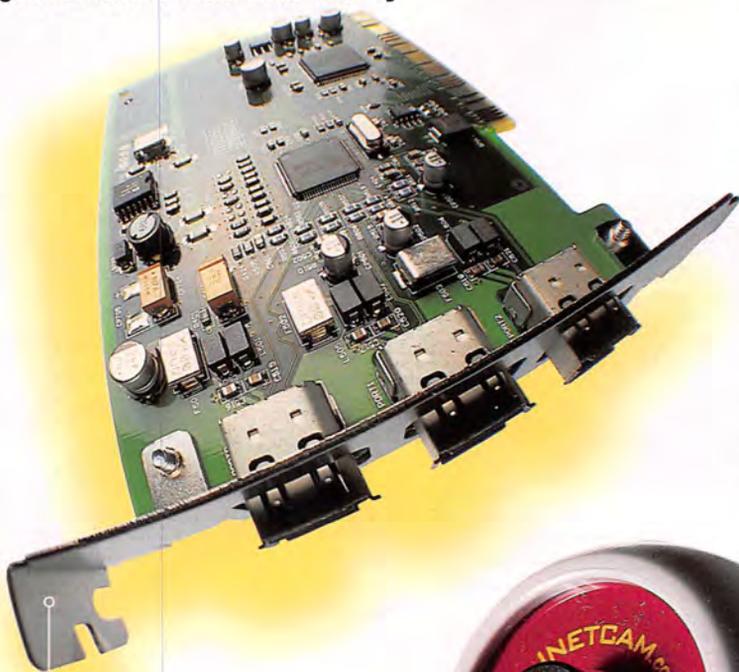


At last he slipped his length into her, like the dark of night into morning light, filling her with his essence as she savored pleasures she had never experienced. For Silvia, a new day had dawned. **OT**



TECHNO MANIA

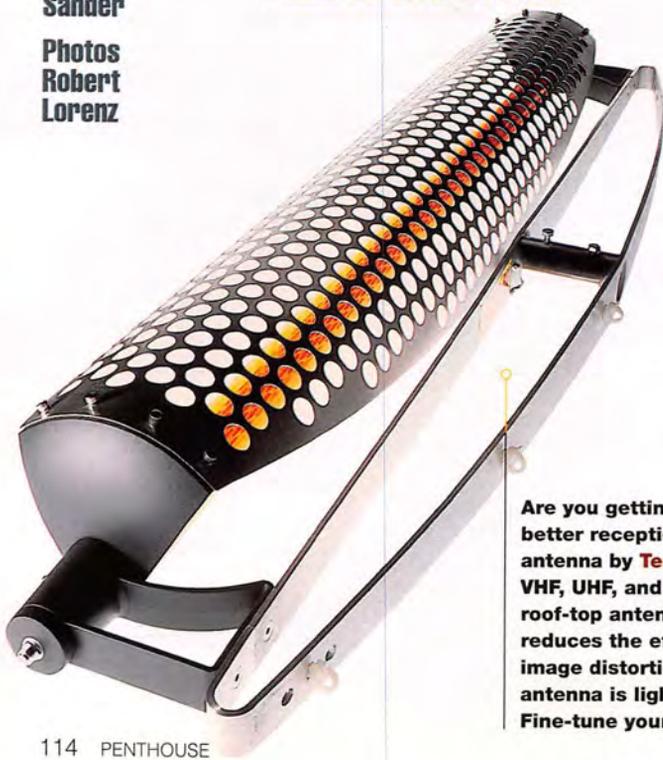
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By Ken Sander

Photos Robert Lorenz

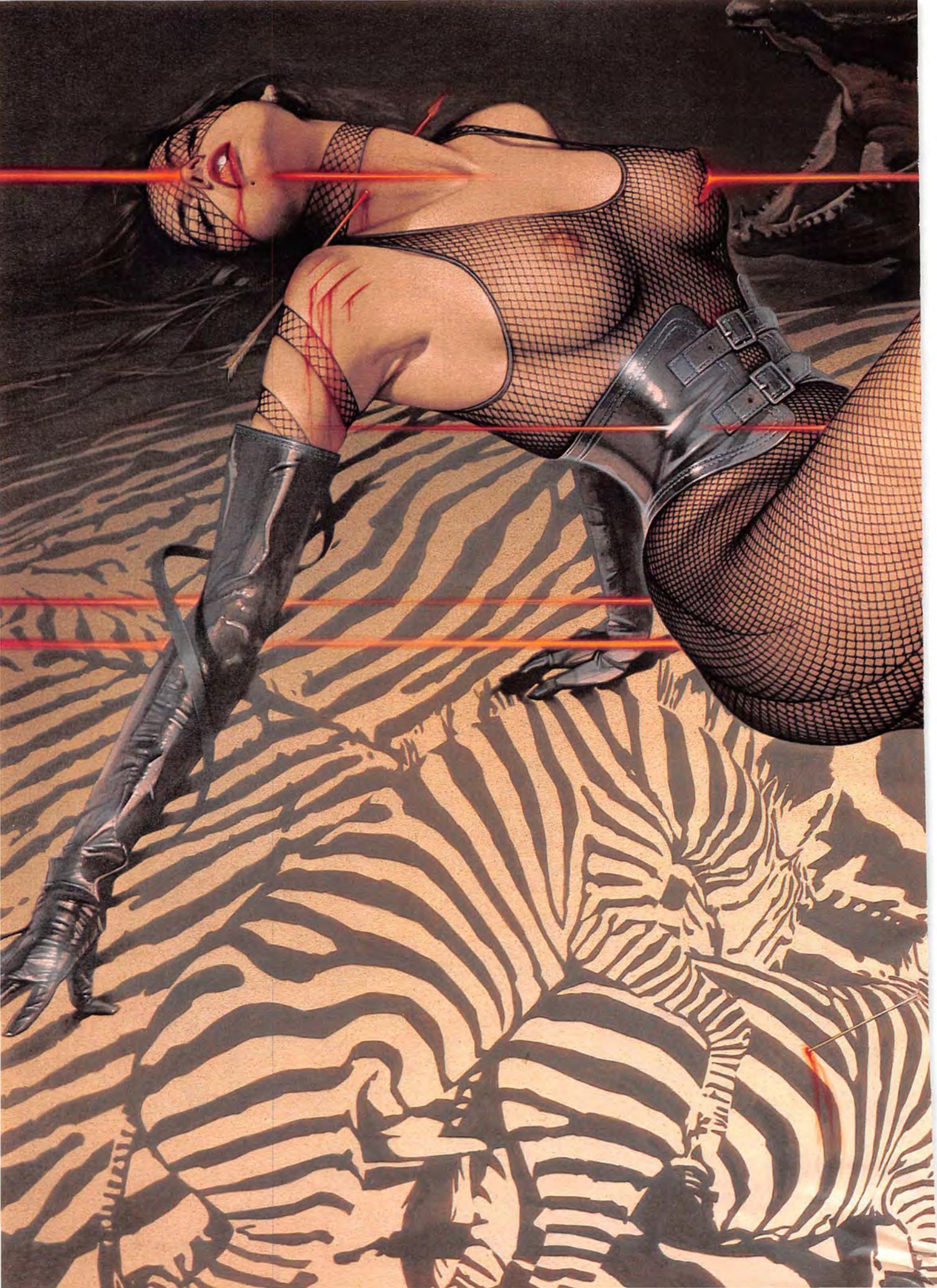


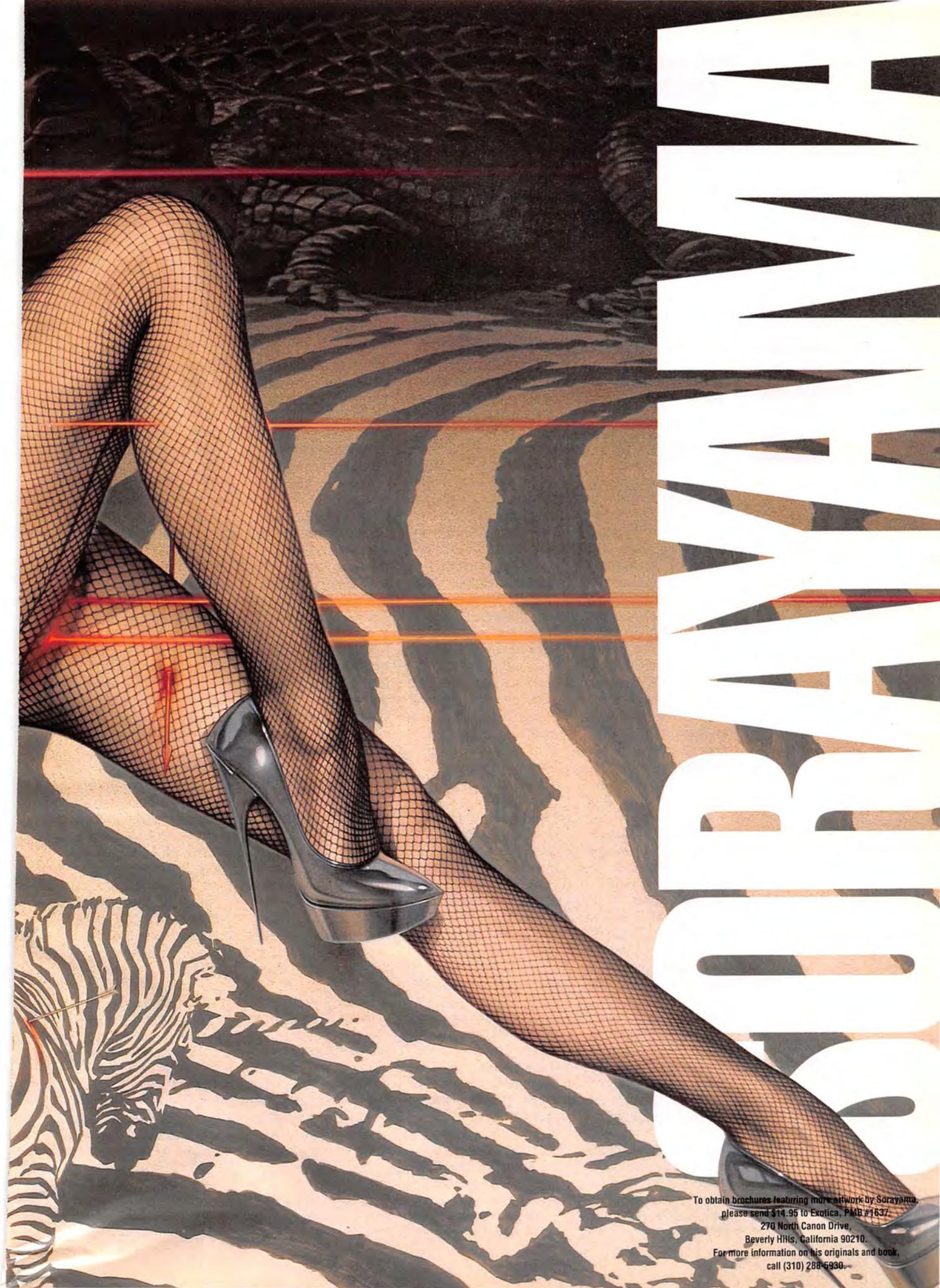
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THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Daylle Deanna Schwartz

Women need to know they're pleasing you—enthusiasm is a great aphrodisiac.

Many of you complain that we women aren't as enthusiastic about putting our lips to your penis as you are about having us do it. The truth is, you're right. Some of us will make love to your penis with our lips and tongues and throats, happily sucking you to an orgasm. But, sadly, others of us don't appreciate the beauty of your manhood standing happily at attention, and want your penis only near our southern lips. We may begrudgingly give head or totally refuse to put our mouth below the belt. We want to love your penis if we care about you, but unfortunately we can have a hard time getting comfortable with it.

Take heart, gentlemen! You *can* ease a woman into creating a better relationship between her mouth and your penis.

It may seem obvious, but women complain that many men aren't clean enough to eat. We can be fussier than lots of you. Guys in general aren't known for being as fastidious as women about hygiene, even if, dear reader, you yourself are. A shower right before sex may make her more comfortable. Let her wash your penis herself so she knows it's freshly scrubbed. You might not mind having *her* squeaky-clean too. The odors of arousal will waft

over you soon enough.

Guys who are quick to shove their ladies' heads onto their penises often lose out in the long run. The more you push, fellows, the more some of us resist. Yes, we may pay you real lip service, going through the motions of sucking your cock out of obligation. But forget enthusiasm! Many women have been turned off to giving oral sex by men who push too hard for it. Some of you have yanked our heads to force our lips to the lower depths. After bad experiences, we think of going down on you as an unpleasant act against our will. Be more patient if you want to upgrade our perception of oral sex. Let us get to know you slowly, on an intimate level, before making it clear what you want.

Would you like to seriously increase *her* pleasure as she gives your penis oral stimulation? *Make noise!* Lots of noise. I mean, show great enthusiasm. Moan. Purr. Wiggle. Breathe out loud. Let all the pleasure you feel be obvious in vocal expressions. Tell her that you love feeling her mouth on your penis, that her tongue on your shaft drives you crazy, that her lips are amazing, that you appreciate her loving. We women need to know for certain that we're pleasing you. En-

thusiasm is a great aphrodisiac. Hearing you make noise while we're sucking is like loud cheering to a ballplayer when he's running the bases. Pleasure noises encourage us to go the distance.

We may not love to suck your penis, but we love to please in general. And who do we often try the hardest to please? You! But if we go down on you and you lie there in silence, we don't feel like we're pleasing. We worry that we're doing it wrong. We think you might not be enjoying our efforts. That's why we look up so much. We want to see if your face looks happy. We search for any expression of pleasure. Some of you don't even move a muscle, don't make a peep, lie in a reverie you don't share with us. Think about how our moaning and breathing and gyrating turns *you* on. We need that too.

Ease us into oral stimulation slowly. We can get comfortable with putting our mouth on your penis if we can make friends with it first. If your partner is hesitant to head south, ask her just to kiss, lick, and stimulate your cock without taking it into her mouth. Let her begin with light kisses and no pressure to go further. Here's where

you can start purring. Then suggest licking the shaft. Your verbal enthusiasm can encourage her to try a bit more. It can be a delicious cycle. As she does more, moan more. She may become more adventurous if she's spurred on by your reaction. It might take a few sessions before she gives you real head. But you'll have a better chance of having good long-term sucking if you let her go at it at her own pace.

Many of us women are scared of gagging. So I offer this pearl of wisdom: Men, never, ever force your partner's head onto your penis, or ram it into her mouth from above, unless you want to put her permanently off cocksucking. Some women don't mind feeling out of control. Many do. Being more conscious and considerate can bring great rewards.

Most women who are at least somewhat into sex can learn to enjoy making love to your penis, especially if you give *us* good oral stuff too. If you maintain proper hygiene, let us feel in control when giving you head, and vocalize your pleasure, you'll have a much better shot at having a lover who'll suck your penis with real enthusiasm. 

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By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

Why would a guy want to clone his bone? And why would any woman want such a duplicate? It's a question I asked myself and a number of men and women after discovering a new product manufactured by a company aptly called Body Double. It's a Make Your Own Dildo kit that allows you to construct a true-to-life rubber copy of any size male genitalia, complete with penis, balls, and every detail of hair follicles and bumps.

The reaction from men ranged from em-

The vulcanized do-it-yourselfers were the brainchild of an M.D. who first developed the unique rubber formula for medical prosthetics, then for body parts to be used in movies (like *Halloween 5*). The doodads have also been featured in porn flicks.

Playhouse Products president Joe Hanson told me he tested the idea by giving kits to ten of his friends. Of seven who tried it, one admitted some discomfort when he realized, "This is me," while

to do, "like playing with a science kit."

It's safe and easy. You simply pour the provided rubber compound into a container, insert your penis (Vaselined first), hold for two to three minutes to make the mold. After withdrawing your penis, pour in a second compound (to form the solid organ), and break the mold.

Long-distance lovers, and those on the road a lot, can give girlfriends a remembrance of them to, well, hold on to while they're apart. I like that idea, since I always say lovers can survive separations if they stay in touch—with letters, calls, packages, and e-mails. A piece of Body Double that intimate is even better to fill a gap and forestall infidelity.

Erik was always threatened by his girlfriend's fantasy of having sex with two men, but now he can oblige her. "With a copy of my own penis, she can have two men inside her, but they'd both be me," he said excitedly.

Kurt was similarly eager to satisfy his girlfriend's other common female fantasy—a man filling her vagina and mouth simultaneously. "She always says she can't get enough of me, so now I can fill all her openings," he said.

Women I spoke with had some novel

ideas. "When Paul dumped me, he broke my heart and took away the best sex I ever had," Francine said. "But with the cock-clone kit, I can always have a piece of him." The psychologist in me likes the fact that jilted lovers can use the copy to feel empowered, and the sex therapist in me approves of using a dildo for sexual self-sufficiency in between real lovers.

Some critics counter that the duplicate can make women dependent on a false tool, instead of trying to work out a relationship with a real man. And some men who are not so well endowed are worried about doubling their insecurity.

"Maybe I could get a stand-in for a bigger one," Ben said, "to make girls like me." I couldn't endorse this plan, since my *Idiot's Guide to Dating* insists that you never put on false fronts—be liked for who you are, penis size and all, or forget it.

Aileen's only complaint was that the clone couldn't talk. "I'd like to lay George's rubber copy next to me in bed and hear it whisper, 'Hey baby, I dig being in you.'"

The Body Double representative says a vibrating model adds \$10 to the \$69 on-sale cost, but a talking version would be a next generation. There is, however, a Make Your Own Breast kit. 

Now you can give your girlfriend an intimate part



of yourself to hold on to while you're away.

barrassment ("That would not be a pretty picture") to downright ballsiness ("Every woman in America would want mine!"). Some women were coy ("I'd rather have the real thing"), while others instantly recognized the potential value of such an item ("I prefer this because it's closer to a real man").

another, an extreme extrovert, put it on his coffee table as a "conversation piece."

Hanson claims that his company has sold thousands by telephone ([800] 414-0924) and through its Website (www.makeyourowndildo.com), mostly to couples (straight and gay), the majority of whom told him it's a fun thing

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

hands on the arms of my chair.

Without breaking the kiss, I muttered, "Do I get to see the rest of that thong?" She didn't respond verbally, but still holding her lips to mine, tugged them down over her butt. Then she stood up and did a little pirouette to show off her underpinnings. The thong had a lacy front and ran high over her hips, accentuating her legs and fabulous ass. Her fingers went to the collar of her blouse and fumbled with the button nearby. Given her taste in clothes, I assumed Ms. Fox would have a matching bra, but as she undid the buttons of her blouse, I could tell she wasn't wearing any bra at all. I couldn't take my eyes off her and I couldn't speak, but that was okay. She didn't need any encouragement. When all the buttons of her blouse were open, she came and sat on my lap, kicking off one shoe, then the other, then pulling off each leg of her slacks. Now my secretary was sitting on my lap in nothing but a blouse and thong; how many bosses dream of this very thing?

Ms. Fox put her arms around my neck and kissed me again. I was beginning to get a bit of a tent in my pants, and her shifting around on my lap was helping it

right along. She traced her fingertips over my jaw and down my chin, took my tie in her hand, then ran her hand down until it was in my lap. Without hesitation she placed her palm squarely over the bulge, which instantly turned into an unmistakable hard-on. I slipped one of my own hands into her blouse, ran it up her belly to her chest, and placed it flat between her breasts. I could feel the swell of each breast on either side of my hand. Ms. Fox grasped my erection through my pants as I cupped and squeezed her breasts around my hand.

Playtime was over. The expression on Ms. Fox's face went back to one of professionalism, but the task at hand was neither typing nor filing. She had a job to do and would not be deterred. She stood up and went for my belt buckle, pulling it open in a second. She undid my pants and yanked down the zipper. She reached into my boxers, pulled out my throbbing cock, and stood there with her hand around my erect penis, looking very intently at it. When she was satisfied that it was hard enough to do the job, she guided me into her as she sat on my lap.

The feeling was tremendous. Her pussy was as hot and wet as if I'd been licking it for an hour, and I slid right in. The sudden pressure, heat, and moisture were like an electric shock to my

dick and made it even harder. Ms. Fox let out a groan followed by a sigh as she took in the sensation of my pole deep inside her. I could feel the muscles of her cunt spasm around me.

Finally, we both rocked back and forth so that my cock eased in and out of her just about an inch or so. I held on to her hips and watched her ass go up and down. Pulling tight, I whispered, "Get on the desk."

Ms. Fox stood up. She tore off her thong, sat on the edge of the desk, and put her feet on my chair while I pulled down my trousers and shorts. As she spread her pussy lips with her fingers, she groaned, "Oh, yeah, put that cock in me. Fuck me now." I pressed the head of my dick against her pussy, rubbing up and down a few times to spread her wetness. "Do it. Fuck me!" she cried. She was getting really impatient. I pressed the entire length of my shaft against her slit. Her hips were involuntarily moving in time with me. Finally she'd had enough teasing. She took my cock in her hand and plunged it into herself.

There really wasn't anything I could do at this point except go along for the ride. I bucked my hips into Ms. Fox as she rocked back and forth on the desk, her hands braced on the edge for leverage. I was really pounding her pussy with my cock by now, and we were both

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grunting and groaning with each stroke.

When my pumping quickened, she put a hand on my neck and pulled me closer, "I want to feel your come splatter on my tits," she whispered, as she leaned back, pulled open her shirt, and cupped her hands under her breasts. I kept humping her until I felt my balls tingle—I knew I was close to coming. When I couldn't restrain myself any longer, I pulled my twitching prick from her cunt, climbed onto the desk, and straddled her stomach. She took my cock in her hand and stroked it feverishly, propping herself up on one elbow to watch as her hand flew back and forth over my cock.

When the first blast hit her chest, she smiled. My cock kept pumping stream after stream of hot come onto her tits while she jacked me off. When I had finished and she was satisfied that she'd pulled the last drop from my cock, she let go and lay back on the desk, covered with my creamy come.—*T.C., New York*

Morning Quickie

I told Valerie that I'd keep this letter brief. After all, it is about a quickie. Quickies are more or less all we can manage, since we have kids. One Saturday morning we got lucky and all the kids were out of the house early. We hadn't been

able to enjoy any of our toys, so this was going to be a treat.

Valerie loves it when I lie between her legs and suck her pussy. This particular morning I licked her slowly and lightly before I slid one of her vibrators up and down her clit. We moved into a sixty-nine position. It's much easier for me to use my tongue and the vibrator this way. Valerie started licking and sucking my cock harder and harder as I continued to play with her pussy. I slid the vibrator inside her and began to fuck her with it. She was really wet by this time, and her moaning was getting more intense. I love to suck on her pussy and wiggle the vibrator around until she comes. Now she was sucking on my cock like there was no tomorrow, and we worked each other into a frenzied climax.

Knowing that we only had about an hour, Valerie went to work, sucked me hard again, and told me she had to have me inside her. She rolled on top of me, aimed my cock at her pussy, and slid down on top of it. She was still for a moment, then she began to rock her hips. My cock felt so good inside her that I grabbed her and rocked with her even harder and faster. Soon she was coming again, and so was I.

It may not sound like much, but Valerie and I have learned to enjoy these quickies whenever and wherever we

can. You'd be surprised at how creative we can be.—*B.G., Canada*

O Canada!

Recently I used the worst pickup line—and got the greatest results. I was on a Canadian ski weekend with friends, and we were hanging out at my favorite bar, when the most beautiful woman with the greatest-looking ass walked by. She was wearing tight black spandex pants with a zipper down the back. I imagined a red thong underneath, and I walked over to her table to find out if I was right. She was with two friends. I leaned toward her and asked what color panties she was wearing. With a sexy smile she told me that she was going "commando," which, she explained, meant pantyless. That was way more exciting than a red thong any day. I asked her to dance. We danced together the entire night, but I was unable to convince her to come home with me.

Finally she suggested that I stay in her room. I wasn't about to refuse her hospitality, so we went back to her place, where she proved she truly was going "commando." She stretched out on the bed and beckoned me to approach. What a beautiful sight. She had a petite body, nice breasts, and a trimmed pussy. I stripped down to my now fully erect cock and practically ran to the bed to stretch out alongside her fantastic torso.

We started with some slow tongue kissing and exploring each other's body with our hands. I slowly kissed my way down her neck to her breasts, where I sucked and lightly nibbled her erect nipples. She was moaning with anticipation, and her hips began undulating from inattention. I worked my way down her flat stomach to her snatch. She was already wet with desire. When I parted her pussy lips slightly, her juices ran out and down to her ass. I was dying to taste her exquisite cunt, but started by nuzzling her inner thighs. Then I licked her clit, using my tongue to part her beautiful nether lips. Slowly, I pushed my tongue up into her wetness, pressing my mouth to her succulent pussy. She tasted so sweet; it was the most incredible nectar I had ever sampled.

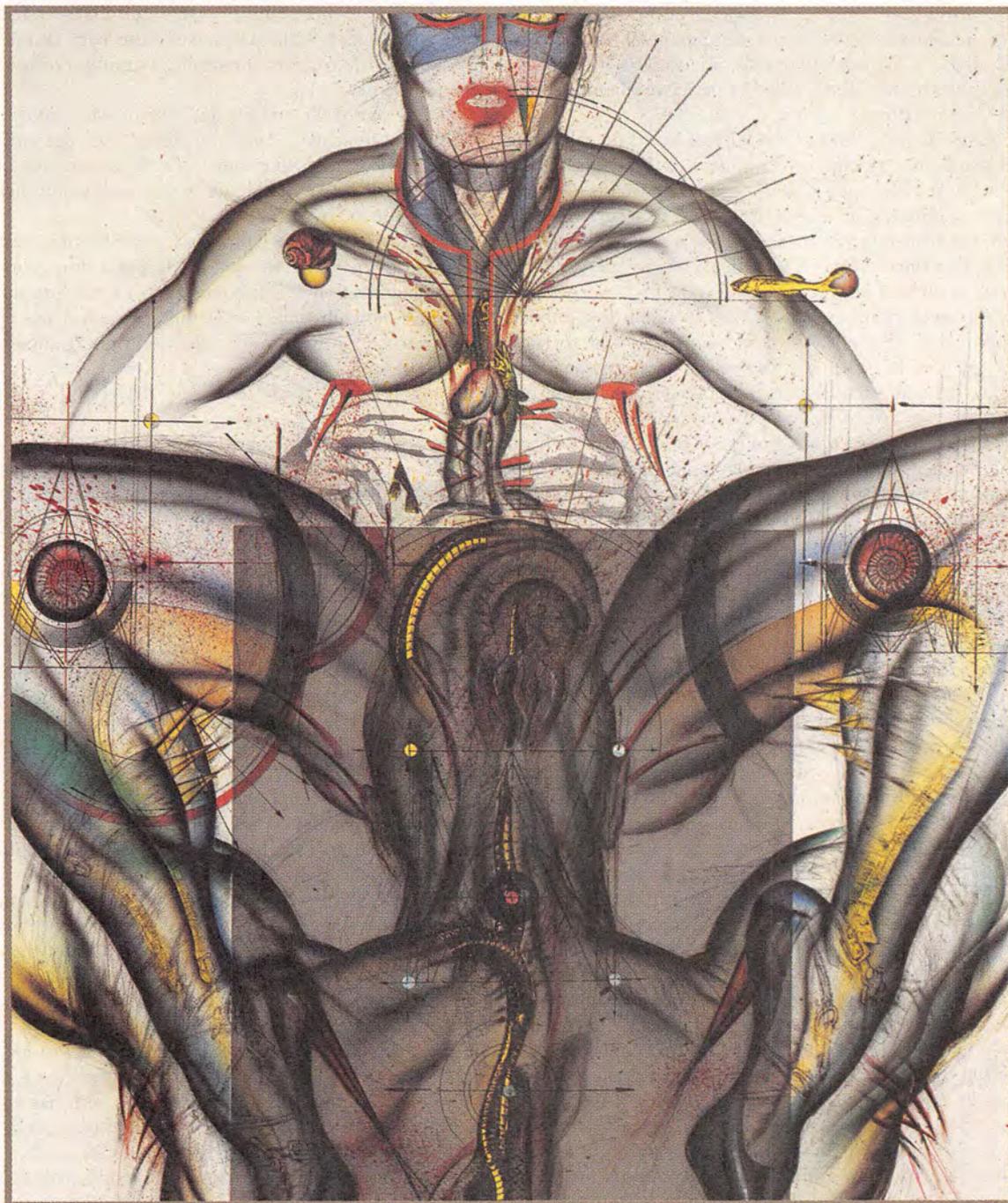
I then gave my full attention to her clit. I wanted to make her come for me. As she got closer to orgasm, her body quivered, and she began to moan louder. I was licking faster now, and she said she was going to come. I looked up, and she was biting her lower lip with a look of pleasure on her face. As she came, her whole body started to tremble. I was totally turned on because I could feel her coming. I savored her love juices and kept licking as she came on my tongue.

When she looked down at me with her beautiful brown eyes and said she needed me inside her, I couldn't move



"I suppose what I miss most about our vacations now is the ozone layer."

THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR



Inventing ^{the} Perfect Sex Toy

ARTICLE BY RALPH GARDNER JR. • ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEATE BROMSE

Franklin. Marconi. Edison. Tim. You've undoubtedly heard of the first three inventors on that list. The last, and most recent, member of that pantheon would prefer we use only his first name, since his invention, which will undoubtedly soon prove as indispensable to human happiness as the radio or the lightbulb, is a high-priced sexual aid. Indeed, the act for which the Fantasy Rack, as it's called, is perfectly suited is eating pussy that's upside down.

Resembling the love child of the sort of inversion table one finds at a gym and a medieval torture device, the Fantasy Rack employs belts, buckles, and genuine leather restraints—forgive me for paraphrasing the product's brochure—to secure the willing victim, then tilt him or her any which way you choose, so that orifices that once proved maddeningly elusive are suddenly as accessible as the deli drawer in your fridge.

My interest in the Fantasy Rack wasn't to give it free publicity—as noble as its developer's intentions appear—but to learn how a sex toy goes from being a gleam in some horny pervert's eye to a product you might find at, well, not Home Depot, but the sort of store at which better sex toys are sold. As you're reading this, the inaugural models of the Fantasy Rack ought to be coming off their Taiwanese assembly line, becoming available for the first time to consumers for the not-inconsequential price of \$499 from Fantasyrack.com or at (608) 441-9451.

My only previous experience with sex-toy research and development came with *Weightless Sex*, a contraption that I first encountered at the 1999 Erotica sex expo in New York City. That device (now called the Bungee Sexperience) allows one to defy the surly laws of gravity by having sex while sitting in a harness and swinging from a bungee cord. I'll never forget happening upon the company's booth, where spokesmodel Annie McMaster, the wife of Steve Bisyak, a professional bungee jumper and the product's inventor, suggestively bounced Shaena Steel, a porn star, up and down to simulate the bungee's erotic potential while a salivating, mostly male audience looked on.

"We took a close look at [the Bungee Sexperience], and our product is quite different," asserts Dan, the Fantasy Rack's director of product development. "That [one] you have to set up on a floor joist. This you don't have to hang from anything. It fits in your closet and opens like an ironing board."

Inventor Tim, it seems, is more of a couch potato than Steve, the veteran of more than 800 bungee jumps off mountains, bridges, and train trestles, not to mention those onto Annie. In fact, the Fantasy Rack's strongest selling point may be that you need no longer go through the usual athletic contortions to gain access to the most coveted parts of the female anatomy. Ecstasy can be tasted from the comfort of your La-Z-Boy.

"I found I could sit down and eat her pussy," Tim says, referring to the crash-test dummy—er, date—who put her life on the line back in 1996 and climbed onto Tim's first rudimentary prototype. "I've had reconstructive knee surgery; it's held together with a bolt. Sometimes it's hard for me to be on my knees," he adds.

The inventor, who works as a restaurant manager in the Midwest, says he got the idea for his device while watching an X-rated film about the positions of the *Kama Sutra*. "I thought, 'Wouldn't it be neat to eat some pussy while standing straight up?' and I got to thinking. I just kind of sketched it out. I even went to the point where I purchased some wire and twine to make a little scale model—which looked horrible."

Tim's initial break came when he ran into a former high school classmate who had a machine shop in his garage and helped the inventor build a prototype. One might have thought that Tim's greatest hurdle, besides finding financial

backers, would have been locating a chick with the balls, if you'll excuse the expression, to risk her life by climbing onto the rack—a device that, Tim is the first to admit, leaves something to be desired ergonomically. But what he has discovered, much to his delight, is that the rack—indeed, just the idea of the rack—and particularly the part about being tied up, apparently triggers something potently erotic deep within the female psyche.

"I got one really straight girl into it who would never have considered bondage," Tim remembers. "She got quite excited ... scared and excited. She said, 'What's going to happen? Am I going to fall on my neck?' Once you start eating her pussy, she gives in; she melts."

And it's not as if the women are immobilized, even if they are upside down. "One thing I really liked doing on it was the sixty-nine position," Tim confides. "I'm standing up. She's giving me a blowjob while I'm eating her pussy. I was really able to stick it to her in the mouth—she wasn't going anywhere."

THOUGHT, WOULDN'T IT BE

I wonder aloud whether the blood rushing to his date's head might not prove something of a distraction. "After the blood kind of equalizes, you're fine," Tim states confidently.

Once he worked out some of the bugs—among the greatest technical hurdles was making the device adjustable so that men of all heights could eat pussy upside down (by the way, the Fantasy Rack lends itself to many other interesting sexual positions; I just like the idea of eating pussy upside down)—a friend put him in touch with Dan, a businessman who specializes in developing products for the fitness industry. In Dan's mind, the Fantasy Rack is just a modified inversion table, though one that demands a second party's participation far more profoundly than is customary for all but the most attentive personal trainers.

Ever the professional, Dan insisted on test-driving the device with his fiancée, Francesca. "We'd been dating for nine years, and it definitely added some spice to the relationship," says Francesca, who remained right side up throughout the entire experiment. "We're very typical. We had tried handcuffs, but that's the farthest we'd gone. But we went for it. We did different positions, including doggie-style. I'm more the submissive, and my hands and feet were tied down and he got to do anything he wanted. It's a big turn-on for a woman, especially when you see your partner so turned on by it."

After the couple gave the device their seal of approval, Tim took it to the Adult Video News trade show in Las Vegas last July. "The original version we came out with has a fairly broad appeal to the bondage/fetish crowd," Dan says, referring to the rack's silver studs and leather restraints. "We made it look like it belonged in a dungeon. A couple of people have asked for it in white, and we're going to tone down the restraints, using Velcro instead of leather." The response at the show was apparently nothing short of overwhelming. "It was pretty phenomenal," Dan says. "It caught us a little off guard."

As much as the partners hope the Fantasy Rack will eventually become as common a piece of equipment in every dungeon as a St. Andrews Cross, a spanking throne, or a cat-o'-nine-tails, they believe the S&M crowd is only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. Their ultimate target audience is the American family. "It can be used in a home rather than a person having to have their own dungeon," Dan says.

"We talked about accessories and creating the look people want," Tim says. At the moment the only accessory available is a stock similar to those used in the Salem witch trials. "Do you

want it to look like a doctor's table? Do you want it in fluffy pink? We did have this one guy from Germany who was really interested in having it in white—for enemas." Tom can only speculate about the reason for his client's color choice. "I guess for the contrast between the white and the brown," he says with a shrug. "Apparently some people get into that stuff."

My conversations with Tim, Dan, and the charming Francesca, who recently became Dan's wife (the prototype rack, by then in production in Taiwan, unfortunately couldn't travel with them on their honeymoon), aroused my curiosity about the potential market for such a sex toy. Could it make Tim and Dan millionaires? The fact is, they have no idea how many units they might be able to sell, since it's impossible to know, for starters, how many Americans have dungeons. I decided to give sex-bungee inventor Steve Bisyak a call to see what his sales figures look like.

"We've been on the *Tonight Show*, *Leeza*, in *Glamour* magazine, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*," Steve reports

euphorically. "We've now received orders from 27 different countries. And we just released the physically challenged version. No way even a quadriplegic could fall out of it.

"I've been so busy I actually closed the park," he continues, referring to the bungee-jumping theme park he ran in Hood Canal, Washington, before filling orders consumed all his time.

One thing Steve has never been too busy to do is to continue to refine his product with the help of his delightful partner Annie McMaster. He says, "We have tried well over 80 positions that are impossible in a bedroom," or at least a bedroom unequipped with the Bungee Sexperience. "There's Sit and Spin, Bucking Bronco, the Superman."

Steve says he sold 4,000 bungees in 1999, thanks to the publicity he received on, among other programs, the *Tonight Show*, where Shaena Steel exhibited the bungee's versatility, and his appearance on *Leeza*. "We were under kind of strict guidelines not to be simulating positions," Steve says. "She couldn't spread her legs, and we weren't allowed to say the word 'sex.'

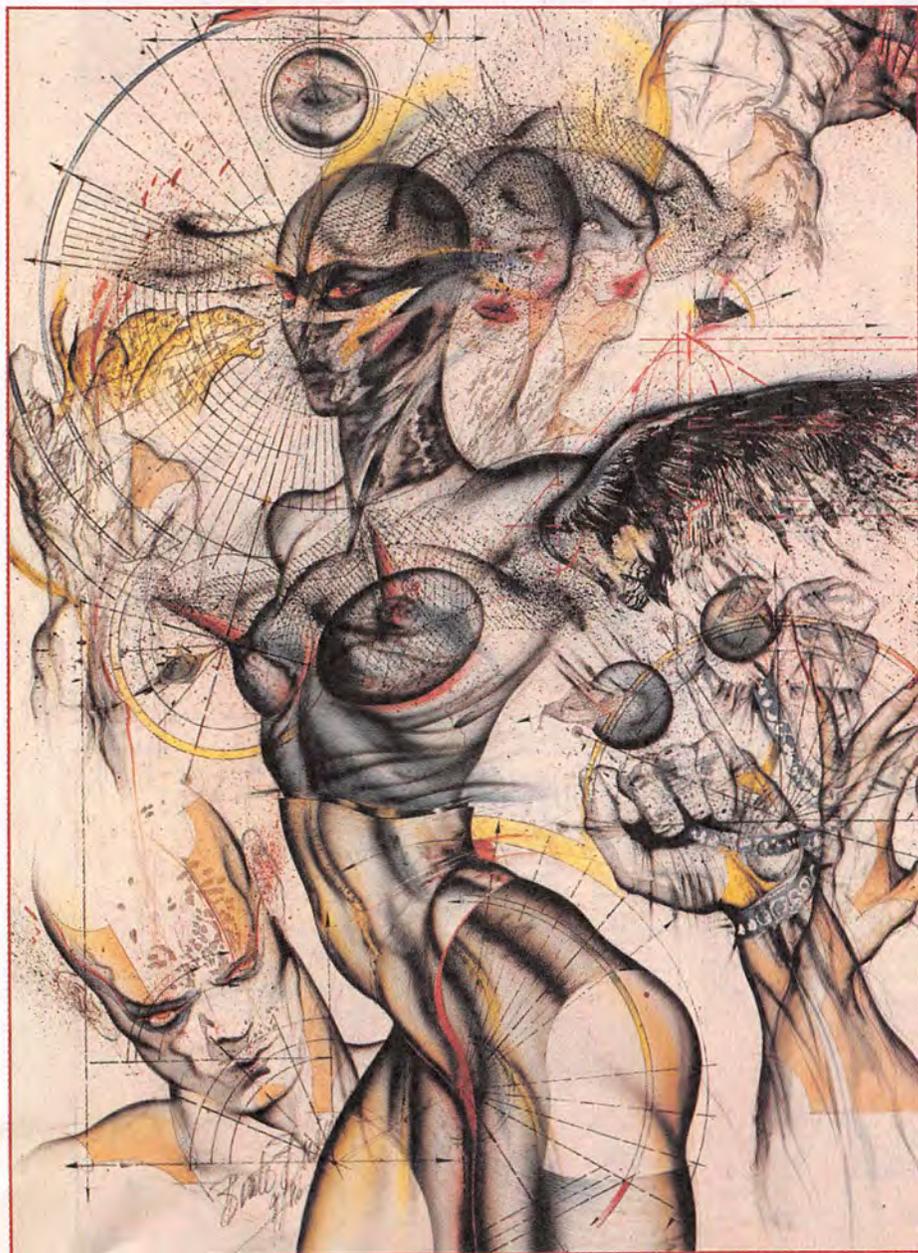
Jay [Leno] was very good at getting the point across for me. He said, 'I'm surprised you haven't been invited to the White House,' as he bounced Shaena up and down. I even gave Jay one. And *Leeza* never returned hers.

"It's growing every day," Steve continues, referring to sales of the Bungee Sexperience, which retails for \$280 and is available at Bungeesex.com. "We'll by far exceed last year's sales. We had our first baby bungee born—his parents knew they conceived on the bungee. We now also make a bungee bondage kit. It's a restraint system for the wrists and ankles that has bungee cords built into the webbing. It makes you feel like you're in a spider web."

Dan and Tom recently departed for Taiwan, where a company that specializes in manufacturing exercise equipment is creating the first Fantasy Racks. "It was kind of a funny process," admits Dan, who initially sent over the drawings, as well as the prototype on which he and his Francesca had experienced bliss. "At first they thought it was some piece of exercise equipment. I got a little more descriptive and said it's for sexual entertainment, and their imaginations took over from there. Who knows? They may have already used the prototype we sent them."

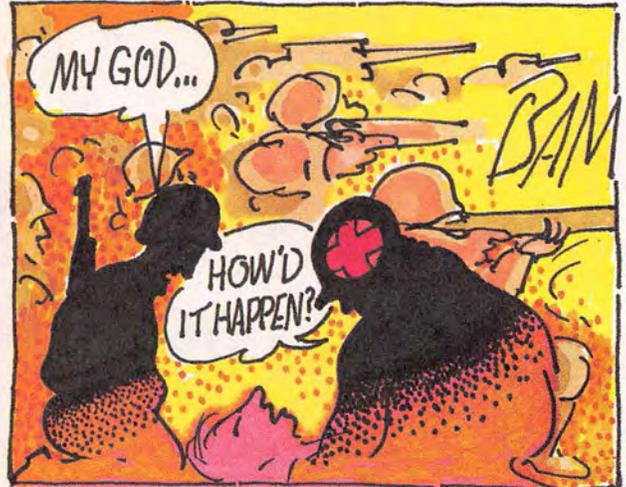
Bungee Sexperience's Bisyak doesn't see the Fantasy Rack as competition. As far as he's concerned, the sex-toy market is like an endless oil field waiting to be tapped. His only advice to the creators of the Fantasy Rack is to think big. "Whatever you ardently desire, sincerely believe, and enthusiastically act upon must inevitably come to pass," he says, sounding almost mystical. "Hopefully, we're going to be doing infomercials on TV pretty soon. That's where I'm going next." ◻

NEAT TO EAT PUSSY WHILE STANDING STRAIGHT UP?"



PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

fast enough. My cock was throbbing and ready for action. She guided me inside her tightness, and I savored the feeling of slowly entering her body. I could feel her warmth envelop my eager cock. After a few strokes I was deep within her love hole. With gasps of pleasure she wrapped her legs around my hips. I was thrusting deep inside her and pulling nearly all the way out. I could look down and watch my hard, throbbing cock enter that wet bush. I started moving faster and thrusting deeper and deeper. I was keeping time with her moans, and we had both begun to work up a sweat.

I knew I wouldn't last much longer, so I pulled out, much to her dismay, and told her I wanted to take her from behind. She rolled over, and I hoisted her up on all fours. As I started to slide into her, she backed her pussy all the way onto my rigid shaft. I grabbed her hips, taking the hint, and started to slam my cock home. My balls were slapping up against her ass, moving faster as the excitement continued to build.

When I started to get that tingling sensation in my nuts, I knew that I was close to the edge. I was moaning right along

with her, and cried out that I was going to come. She pulled off me, turned around, and said she wanted to taste all of me. She took my throbbing member in her warm mouth and began sucking wildly while jerking me off with her skillful hands. I couldn't stand it a moment longer and let loose a load that racked my entire body. She greedily swallowed every drop and continued to suck on the sensitive tip.

We fell asleep in each other's arms until morning, when it started all over again in the shower. We fucked all day long. Actually, we fucked into the next day too. My pals thought I had died, but I was sure I had gone to heaven. Just remember: Everything tastes better in Canada.—W.M., Washington

From "Online" to "In Person"

There is one particular night in my life that still makes me shiver with delight when I think about it. I was on my way to meet Michael, a man I had been having an online affair with. As the airplane taxied for takeoff, the lusty thoughts of the approaching hours filled my being and sent shivers down my spine. I felt myself getting wetter, and had to readjust my position in order to provide myself with the necessary release that only adept fingers could provide.

Upon arriving, I walked through the airport with butterflies in my belly and a skip in my step. I was going to meet what the Internet had depicted as a wildly handsome man who showed promise of fulfilling all my desires.

At the bar where we were to get together, I ordered a glass of wine to fortify myself with some courage. I stepped back with my long-stemmed glass, turned on my heel, and found myself face to face with Michael. He looked at me with fire in his eyes and swept me out of the bar.

He ushered me into his apartment, where we first shared a glass of champagne. "I am going to kiss you," he said, as his hands gently caressed my cheeks, and his thumb parted my lips. He gave me the most delicate kiss, then pulled away, daring me to come forward with an unspoken request for more. Our mouths pressed together, and his tongue finally found its way past my lips for a more urgent connection.

Michael led me to the couch, and as he pulled me onto his lap, I could feel his erection pressing against my bottom through the thick denim of my jeans. We kissed again, softly at first, then with increasing urgency. Our bodies pressed hard into each other, and with roving hands, Michael explored me from head to toe. His hands began at the curve

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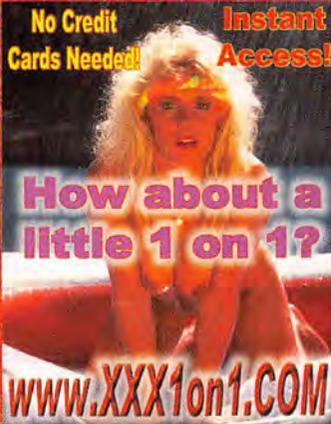
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of my waist, slid up, and raised my sweater, pressing into the small of my back. His fingers darted up my back, drumming along my spine, then roaming higher. He slid his hands around toward my front, cupping my breasts, and feeling the heavy fullness that strained against the lace of my bra, begging to be released.

With able hands, Michael unhooked the bra, freeing my breasts from confinement. Then he lovingly placed his tongue upon each nipple, circling them and taking each deeply into his mouth, one at a time, sucking and pulling and playing with them, arousing me, and making the panties straining beneath my jeans become increasingly damp.

We removed each other's tops, and he pulled me to him. The soft hairs of his chest brushed up against the exposed flesh of my breasts. We stayed this way for only minutes longer, both wanting so much more.

Putting me down on the couch, Michael slowly began to unbutton my jeans, pulling them apart at the opening. I raised my hips to make it easier for him to tug my pants down over my legs. My wet panties were all that remained of my clothing before they joined all else in a heap on the floor. I was completely exposed.

He spread my legs and placed a full hand against my aching pussy. "You are so wet," he cried, as he parted my steamy lips, seeming to be searching for my inner core. He rubbed his fingers as if warming them against my flesh, then slowly slid them inside. I flinched from the gentle probing, and moved my legs farther apart. Michael bent lower, and placed his tongue at my pussy and clit, flicking gently at the bud, then sucking with the greatest expertise.

"Fuck me with your tongue," I cried. He picked me up and placed me full over his lips, licking, probing, and sucking me off to a climax that made my entire body tremble with delight.

I slid down Michael's body, and moved to open his pants. Tugging them off, I exposed him, full at attention and begging to be drawn into me. I took hold of his shaft and slid my hands up and down it, watching as he grew fuller and firmer in my fingers. I bent to him, extending my tongue to the head of his cock and tasting the salty love juice that had begun to ooze from the tip. Playfully, I flicked my tongue down the shaft, teasing his balls, pulling them into my mouth, one at a time, then both together.

Michael lay back against the couch, murmuring softly at the pleasure he felt. Then he was inside my mouth. My head pumped up and down, allowing his cock to go deeper and deeper, until my lips pressed into his pubic mound.

Unable to stand it any longer, we both raced for the bedroom. We fell together

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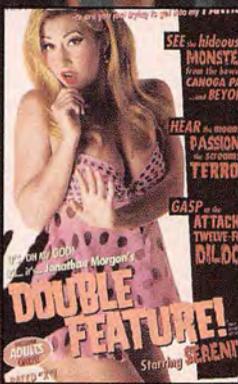
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MAT MAX!

By Bryan Alvarez

Pro wrestling's top commentators add verbal spice to the visual carnage.

Wrestling fans at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena howled as Undertaker and Mick Foley (aka Mankind) brawled their way up to the steel-cage roof. Seconds later, hundreds of flashbulbs popped when Undertaker flung his burly foe over the edge. Foley plummeted 16 feet before crashing into the wooden announcer's table, which exploded on impact. Viewers at home will never forget Foley's historic header that fervid June night in 1998, nor will they fail to remember the hysterical words of concerned WWF commentator Jim Ross: "Good God almighty, that killed him! As God is my witness, he's broken in half!"



A legendary commentator like Ross makes a good match great, a great match immortal. A poor one puts a sleeper hold on the television audience. Some can give a decent-to-incredible play-by-play of the action in the ring in the midst of wrestling's often chaotic atmosphere. Others are there to make us laugh, help out the heels, and be part of the story line. (Unlike broadcasters in "legitimate" sports, most wrestling announcers play characters; usually, a humdrum baby face and a sarcastic heel are paired up to add verbal spice to the visual carnage.) There are also some who just plain suck at what they do.

What follows is an unscientific and completely subjective rating of pro wrestling's TV announcers, from best to worst, with a splattering of physical ugliness thrown in for good measure.

Jim Ross. This guy, without question, is the greatest announcer of today's generation. Despite a somewhat rocky career, Ross remains the voice of WWF, hosting *Raw* on TNN with Jerry "the King" Lawler. Ross, in contrast to the shills and cowards who infest some commentary booths, honestly broadcasts the in-ring escapades like a man under oath, even when matches brutally suck. The sport's most trusted broadcaster, he's unique in his ability to sell pay-per-views by simply guaranteeing a classic.

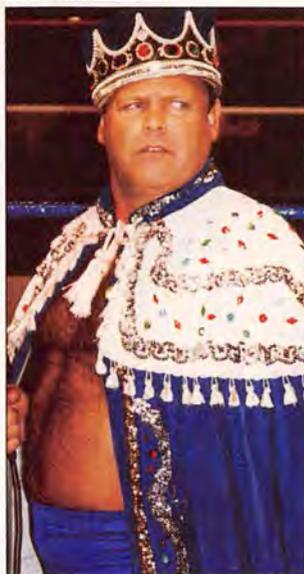
Jerry "the King" Lawler. One of wrestling's most famous grapplers is now its funniest commentator. Lawler makes his living sitting alongside Ross, poking fun at the baby faces. Convincingly hip at 51, he possesses more biting one-liners than most comedians. Despite constantly ridiculing the fan favorites, he's so entertaining that crowds roar in approval during his occasional matches.

Mark Madden. Possibly wrestling's busiest man, Madden cohosts WCW *Nitro* and the WCW *Live Internet* show, updates WCW's 900 hotline, writes for WCW's magazine and Website, hosts a Pitts-

burgh all-sports talk show, and writes columns for the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, yet somehow remains overweight. A comical heel commentator whose fashion sense brings to mind the homeless (he fancies himself "TV's Best-Looking Big Man"), Madden sometimes strays from the script and gets himself in trouble. He once made a wise-crack about WCW creative honcho and on-camera bad guy Vince Russo's less-than-athletic physique, and was punished by having to "wrestle" a match shirtless the following week.

Michael Cole. Lawler's straitlaced sidekick on WWF *Smackdown!*, Cole also appears on WWF's *Monday Night Raw* and *Sunday Night Heat*, as well as the smaller syndicated shows put out by WWF, like *Jakked* and *Metal*, either as a cohost or backstage interviewer. He frequently misidentifies wrestling holds, or simply avoids having to identify them by shouting, "What a maneuver!"

Mike Tenay. His vast knowledge of the grappling game—he's studied it worldwide for more than 30 years—has been totally wasted recently, with WCW giving him a new role as a Jim Gray-type bad-guy interviewer, which is so awful it's funny. Tenay, admittedly not an athlete, has suffered more than his



Get a grip: Tony Schiavone puts a hold on Mike Tenay (top), while Jerry "the King" Lawler strikes a regal pose.

share of bruising trauma after being on the receiving end of various scripted physical attacks gone awry.

Scott Hudson. His suit always freshly pressed, the generic Hudson is unexciting yet oddly effective in helping viewers make sense of the nonsensical. Like Madden, he once got himself in trouble mocking Russo's physique, and was forced to do commentary sans shirt the following week. Aside from his WCW announcer duties, he also manages to hold down a "real" job as a U.S. District Court investigator.

Tony Schiavone. Considered the voice of WCW by fans and promoters, Schiavone is a complete skill. Totally burned out after 15 years, he looks tired and sad as he attempts to convince fans that even the most horrible matches are the "greatest in the history of our sport." Schiavone also doesn't seem to have learned the name of a single hold invented since 1985.

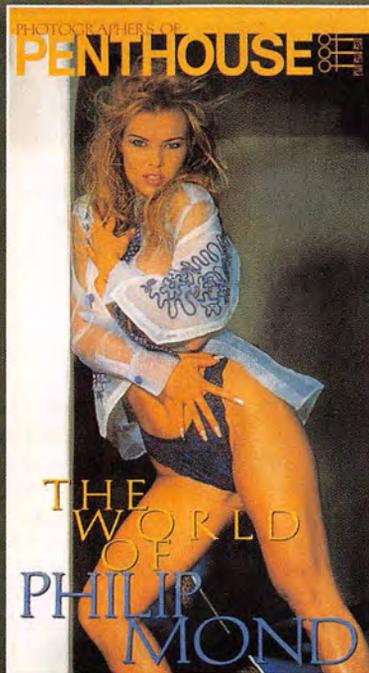
So, there you have it—the voices behind the violence, some so good they can make even the most mundane matches seem exciting, a few who play strange characters, and a couple of fan boys who possess so little charisma that they can hardly play themselves. **OT**

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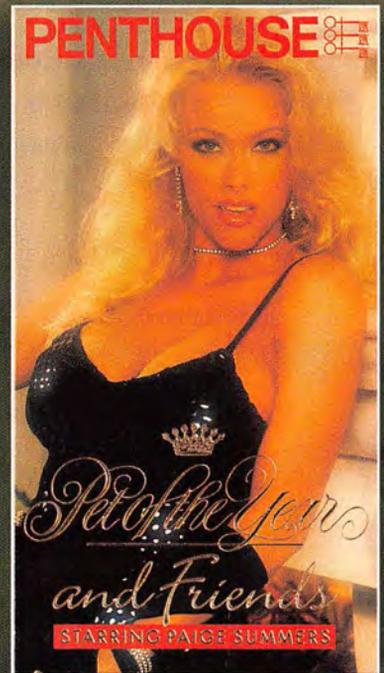
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By Al Goldstein

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Kiss of Death
Vivid Video **1.1.1.1**

I didn't know what to make of the rather thin morality message of this movie (below), but I did identify with the main character, Bobby Vitale, who seems to have lived by my words, "If women didn't have pussies, they'd have bounties on their fucking heads!" Here's the plot: A dead guy is brought back by a gorgeous angel, Maria Schauss, to view the many mistakes he has made with women in the past. This guy's treated every woman in his life like a piece of shit, and the angel makes him relive every uncomfortable moment of it all. The opening scene stars Bobby with Judit, a busty, very attractive, hard-bodied blonde. I don't know if it was because the fucking and sucking was so hot, or if it was the fact that she looked so good that made my schlong do the happy dance. Three more hot scenes follow, and as the film ends, Bobby finally gets treated to a piece of Maria. Alas, despite my fondness for Europorn, not much here rates above average.



Iron-Curtain Ass-Fuck

Fresh (Euro) Flesh #2
Odyssey Group Video **1.1.1.1**

I have a suggestion for our Eastern-bloc cousins who want to generate badly needed revenue for their ramshackle economies: Use movies like this one (right) to promote overseas business interest in your crappy countries. If most men had any idea how beautiful the women were in these nations, they'd be over there opening factories faster than you could say "red menace!" This five-scene fuckfest, billed as an all-anal, all-facial, young girl, natural-boob extravaganza, lives up to its claim—and then some. Trouble is, some of the scenes were so badly directed that I couldn't get that excited over much of the action. On the other hand, all of the women in this film are gorgeous. After all, it's the

visual thrill that gets viewers off, and these babes, quite simply, were physically arresting. I recommend this dialogue- and plot-free loop carrier for a cabbage-stuffin' good time.

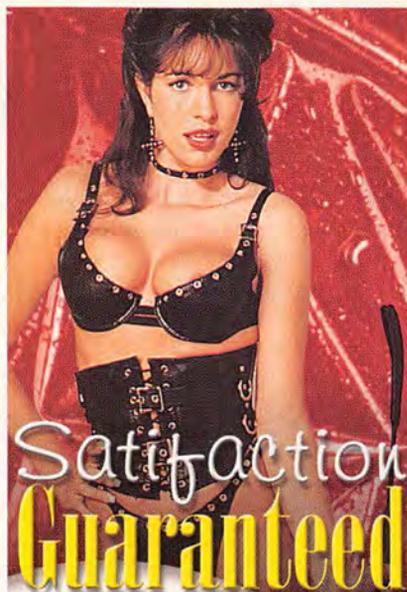
Under the Big Top

House of Hooters
Metro **1.1.1.1**

House of Hooters is a finely crafted movie that's a big-tit lover's dream come true. Evan Stone gives a star-making performance as a man/baby who has spent his 35 years living in a crib, wearing a diaper, and being looked after by a wet nurse before being dispatched to director Mondo Tundra's House of Hooters, a semiscientific research facility/insane asylum. In the first scene, a tit-phobic Mark Wood lies on the floor while two busty gals, Charlie Angel and Olivia, jiggle their jugs inches above his face. Apparently this raunchy aversion therapy works, since Wood recovers enough to fuck both babes. Next, two scientists, Brian Surewood and Jack



Hammer, study the massive mams of Tasha Hunter. Tasha is a hefty mamma with an even heftier appetite for cock ... which she soon shows in a double-penetration sequence. The hottest stars are Selena Del Ray, Jessica Jewel, and Joel Lawrence. The scene really rocks because of the two female stars' enthusiastic slit slurping. I recommend *House of Hooters*, and praise the director, Mondo Tundra, for making a big-tit fetish video that has mucho mass-market appeal. **O+**



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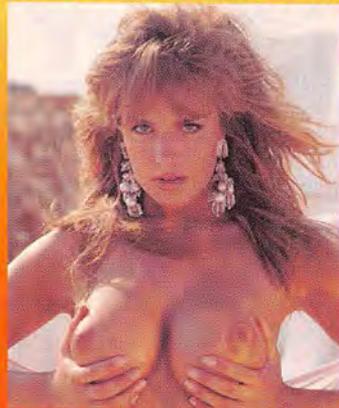
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

on the bed, and as he lay on top of me, his cock grew rock-hard. "I am going to fuck you," he said, to which I replied, "Yes!" Slowly and rhythmically, he rode me at first, then with more force.

Breathlessly, I said, "I'm going to come!" Then he exited quickly, placing himself between my breasts to spread his love juice all over me.

Cuddling up against my side, he whispered about the one place left that he would like to invade. "Mmm," was all I could say, as I saw his cock become rock-hard again. Flipping me over, he brought me to my knees, and, placing his hands on my buttocks, with one expert thrust he plunged himself deep within my anus. He took hold of my waist, and together we rocked, until we rose to climax together. Then, exhausted, we fell, and all that remained was the sweet, pungent smell of our love-making.—R.T., via the Internet

Foaming Passions

I have a friend, Sharon, whom I see from time to time when I need to get a little wild. She understands this need, and shares it, so when we get together there are no boundaries and no one is ever disappointed.

We arranged to meet at my place one winter afternoon. I spent the morning chopping firewood and fantasizing about the amazing body I would soon be feasting upon. By the time Sharon arrived, I had scented candles flickering around the living room, several large pillows by the hearth, a fire roaring in the fireplace, and a raging hard-on. The doorbell rang and I let her in.

As she entered the living room, our eyes met, and I was glad there was to be no preliminary chitchat, no attempt at social graces. She was there for one thing only. I pulled her toward me and wrapped her in my arms. She kissed me passionately, pulling my flannel shirt from my jeans. Instinctively, my hands went to her perky little rump, massaging it, lifting her up to meet my lips.

Our clothing swiftly found its way to various parts of the room, and we moved in front of the fire for warmth and light. I sat on a pillow, and she kissed my neck, chest, and thighs. Her hungry mouth found my engorged cock, then licked and sucked my balls one by one. I hated to stop her from finishing, but I had better plans.

After stacking the pillows in front of the fire, I lowered Sharon onto her belly so her ass was facing up into the air. Her cheeks spread slightly, and the flickering light glowed on her wet pussy. I buried my face between her ass

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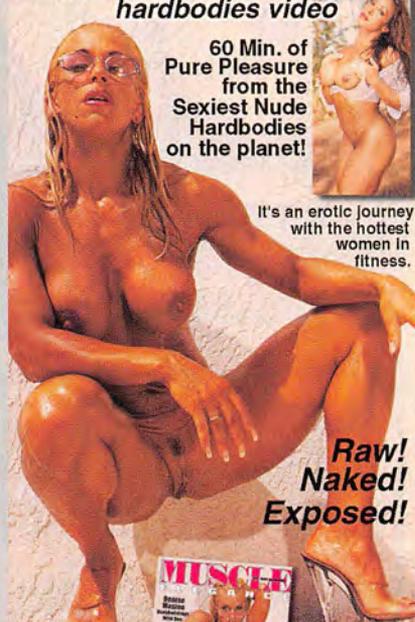
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cheeks, plunging my tongue as deep as it would go into her hot, sweet pussy. Sharon pressed back into my face as I ran my tongue up and down her nether lips, swirling around her swollen clit.

I pulled away, looking at her ass and wondering how it would look baby smooth? There was only one way to find out. I excused myself and ran to the bathroom, then the kitchen, leaving a very frustrated and curious woman writhing on the pillows. I returned with a fresh disposable razor, a bowl of warm water, a washcloth, and shaving gel. Sharon's eyes widened as she realized what was in store, but her quivering derriere told me she was more than willing to participate. Angling her body slightly to get the best firelight on her tiny back door, I gently wet the crack of her ass with the warm washcloth. I spread a small layer of shaving gel between her buns, savoring the feel of the curves under my fingers. Stroke after stroke left her clean and hairless until it was time to towel off.

The fire warmed her naked behind as I set my "tools" aside to admire my handiwork. I couldn't wait to try out that silky butt. I spread her apart and drove my tongue into her tight little bunghole, eliciting a gasp as she lifted her ass again to meet my probing mouth. Unable to wait any longer, I moved in and pressed my pulsing hard-on against her ass hole. Sharon was soaking wet from my oral attention, and with a slight push I was in her puckered privacy. She backed up to take me in all the way, saying, "Fuck my ass. Fuck me hard!" I slammed home, watching as each inch of my meat slid in and out of her perfect, naked little sphincter, and feeling its muscles tighten around my cock, as she pulled from me a climax that made my head snap back.

We continued fucking for the rest of the afternoon until we were too spent to go on. When it was time to go, Sharon smiled and thanked me for an exciting and unexpected afternoon. I was just as appreciative. Like I said before, no one is ever disappointed.—S.Q. via the Internet

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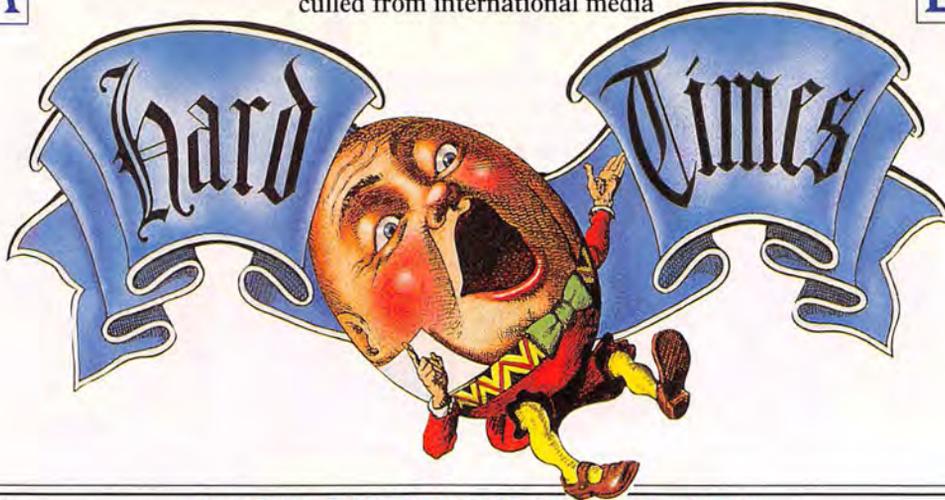
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VOL. 19, NO. 2

**ROAD KILL**

An 11-foot, five-inch alligator was responsible for causing two vehicular accidents in Mineral Springs, Arkansas. The first occurred when a pickup truck driven by John A. Wilson, 60, struck the creature, became airborne, rolled down an embankment, and finally landed upside down in a wooded area. "[Wilson] was really lucky he escaped with minor injuries. It was sort of like hitting a 20-inch-thick cross-tie,"

said Arkansas State Police Trooper David Forthman. A few moments later Amanda Wright, 16, hit the same reptile just as Wilson managed to crawl up the embankment from his wrecked vehicle. Wright and her passenger also survived with only minor bruises. The alligator wasn't so lucky. He died as a result of his injuries. (*Texarkana Gazette*)

And reptile fashions are all the rage this season.—Editor

SIGN OF THE TIMES

The appointment of a full-time exorcist by Cardinal Francis George is a first in the 160-year history of the archdiocese of Chicago. The priest, whose identity is being withheld, was appointed without fanfare more than a year ago to "heal those afflicted by the Evil One." Exorcisms are rituals consisting of prayer, blessings, and the command for the devil to leave the possessed individual in the name of Jesus. There's been a "large explosion" of exorcisms over the past decade, according to the

Reverend James LeBar, an exorcist for the archdiocese of New York. He reports he has seen the number of dispossessions in New York jump from zero to 300 during that time. (*Chicago Sun-Times*)

Why does that not surprise us?—Editor

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Exactly one day after an elderly couple died in a gas explosion in Brooklyn, New York City's Buildings Department sent them a letter ordering them to clean up

the rubble and debris from the blast that totaled their brownstone. In the letter addressed to Leonard and Harriet Walit, the department's Brooklyn borough commissioner stated, "The responsibility to [repair] is yours, and because of the severity of the condition, the work must begin immediately. If you fail to do so, the city will perform the necessary work and seek to recover its expenses from you." City Councilman Ken Fisher said, "This was not a normal circumstance and certainly deserved a response that reflected the tragedy involved.... The Walits were community leaders and, having given so much to this city, certainly deserved better from it than this letter." The Buildings Department later apologized to the couple's family. (*New York Post*)

But who will pay the gas bill?—Editor

NAKED GLORY

Baring it all was the basic idea at the ninth annual Nude and Breast Freedom Parade in Berkeley, California, organized by the X-plicit Players, a nudist group. Activists and residents from all walks of life celebrated by wearing nothing at all. Participants danced and sang a "Breast Freedom Song": "Truth will set breasts free, / truly they are good to see, / good to feel and feeling good— / let them be top free." Meagan Rosset, a massage therapist, said, "I think that there is a lot of body hatred in our culture, especially women's

bodies. I am a larger woman and I am comfortable with my body. There are certain bodies that society is uncomfortable with, and part of this, for me, is to break down some of that fear and hatred." There were plenty of spectators on hand to witness the festivities. "You don't get to see this every day," said Colette Katuala. "This is very shocking—nipples all out and dicks hanging everywhere. I mean, it's great that they're all natural. It's just a little too natural for me." Ferris Frye, a local law student, said simply, "I am here to see naked people. It's cheaper than cable." (*The Daily Californian*)

Next year this parade will be on Pay-Per-View.—Editor

WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS

A 27-year-old would-be burglar was caught sleeping on the job—literally—at a medical clinic in Madrid, Spain. The guy had broken into a locked metal box in the clinic, then decided to try out an ergonomically cushioned chair. Unfortunately for him, the chair was so comfortable that he fell sound asleep, with his two buzz saws and other tools at his feet. He was discovered the next morning when employees of the clinic arrived at work. Without disturbing the intruder, the employees called the police, who awakened and arrested the comatose crook. (*Associated Press*)

It's true—never underestimate the importance of a good night's sleep.—Editor

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JOHNNIE MORTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

their nipples getting hard—but we play in a dome where it's always 70 degrees. It's ridiculous.

Who is the dirtiest player in the NFL?

Actually, the guy I'm thinking of is out of the league. It was [Kansas City Chiefs linebacker] Wayne Simmons. He got cut for beating up [Denver Broncos tight end] Shannon Sharpe. The guy wouldn't hit you like a football player—he'd hit you like a criminal. He'd swing at your head. If you weren't aware of where he was at all times, you could easily end up with a concussion.

Who would be the ultimate dinner guest?

Someone I could learn from. Someone with a business mind, like Donald Trump. I want to know how he built his empire.

What is your worst habit?

The fact that everything has to be perfect. If I'm picking up a sandwich and just when I go to take a bite, it falls apart, I'll just throw it out. I'll get so pissed. There is nothing worse than broken food.

Who has been a mentor in your life?

[Former Washington Redskins great] Joe Theisman has been a big help to me ever since my rookie year in the NFL. I came from USC, where I set all these records. I was a first-round draft pick, and then I got to the NFL and wasn't playing much. It was very tough. Joe really gave me a lot of good advice, such as making the practices [as if they were the real] game and to always keep my head on straight. Who would ever believe that a Notre Dame grad would help a guy who went to USC?

Being a Southern California native, how tough is it living in Detroit almost half the year?

I definitely love the off-season. I'm just not a big fan of the cold weather, and there isn't much nightlife here. I spend a lot of time reading, scanning the Net, and renting movies.

What's the dumbest question you've ever been asked?

Are you guys going to win this week?

If you could change one part of your body, what would it be?

[No answer]O+

Editor's note: Johnnie Morton is proud of his involvement with the Special Olympics. To learn more about the group's activities, call (202) 628-3630, or go to www.SpecialOlympics.org.

Calling all sports fans: To see the complete text of this interview, visit our Website at www.penthouse.com.

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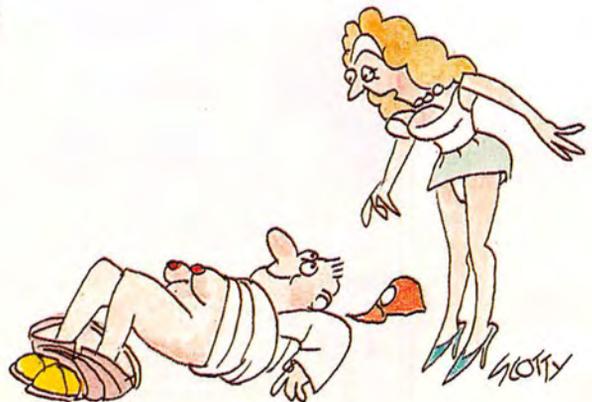
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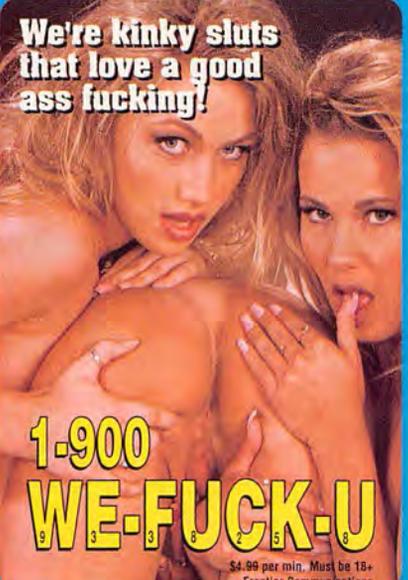
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LORDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

of self-relief? "I don't think so!" she says. "I like to do that by myself, quietly. I usually do it just before going onstage. It gives me so much energy and adrenaline."

Ostrega has adapted to her role as a sex symbol as well. So how does it feel to look out into the audience and know that every guy in the audience wants to fuck her?

"I like it," she replies, "but it's not just the guys—it's the girls too. After the show, I meet all these girls, and they're like, 'Oh, Deb, I want to have sex with you,' or 'I want you to beat me up, pleasee,' or 'Please, have sex with me while my boyfriend watches,'" says Ostrega, who admits to having been with a girl. "I just wanted to see what it was like. It's different, but I prefer guys."

And the guys in the Lords of Acid prefer Ostrega, who seems bent on being the band's only singer to do two consecutive album tours. But if Ostrega does join the revolving list of ex-singers, would Praga Khan consider harvesting the current trend of teen hotties for a Christina Aguilera or Britney Spears clone? "No way," proclaims Khan, who swears he'd say 'No' to an uncloned Britney Spears offer to sing with the Lords—even if he got the chance to fuck her as part of the deal. "I wouldn't do it," he says, laughing. "Besides, there's other people I wanna fuck. I'd really like to do it with Pamela Anderson. I saw some of her movies, and I know what she's capable of," he says with a grin. ☐

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

because I was the one holding back.

How do I tell my girlfriend about my secret straight-time employment with an out-call personal service, which I do both as a part-time job and for fun? Eventually, my technique may make her suspicious. I could say that I paid for private lessons, which I in fact did before I was accepted by an agency. She, too, has prostitution/modeling experience, but fortunately neither I nor my agents ever crossed paths with her.

After my second divorce in 1980, I decided never to marry again, and learned to live with the difficulties of indiscretion, hangovers, and my own heartaches caused by beautiful girls who truly deserve to be loved but have to settle for some incidental compassion. It's a code of behavior that I must adhere to in this line of work, particularly since my job is only part-time.

Giving up this line of work will be difficult, especially since I can be traced if a client's sleuthing efforts are backed by enough money. But my girlfriend is beautiful, sexy, aggressive, experienced, and very serious about the idea of her and me becoming a permanent item.

Along with this *crème de la crème* of a

pinup is her mother, who does not look her age at all, and is an intellectual bon-bon. The two of them love each other very much, are indeed inseparable, and would make an ideal—and exciting—sexual environment of connubial access most men can only dream about.

Xaviera, what should I do? Am I better off protecting my money with a prenuptial agreement and accepting mother-and-daughter's offer, or should I return to the rat race for another five years? The loyalty issue could become a crisis. I'm ripping my bones apart, and my heart is on the edge. Your advice is most appreciated.—A.P., Texas

"Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage," says the Sammy Cahn lyric, and it is extremely relevant in your case, because you can ride a horse without the carriage, but a carriage with no horse is not a lot of use.

Your letter is so full of double-talk and barely meaningful innuendos that I had to read it several times to understand what it is all about. Finally it is clear to me that whatever your reasons for wanting to marry, love is not one of them.

Stripping away all the euphemistic bullshit, the facts are simply that both you and your girlfriend are, or were, in the sex-for-money business, and, in the name of professionalism, neither of you

is prepared to be completely honest with the other. This is probably the case in a lot of marriages, but is unlikely to guarantee a long-lasting relationship. A prenuptial financial clause is merely another way of saying, "I trust you about as far as I can shoot my load."

One of your reasons for wanting to tie the knot is a sexually available mother-in-law, which may seem hunky-dory from your point of view, but is another potential time bomb in the marriage stakes. However much mother and daughter love each other, there will inevitably be jealousy if they share the same man. It is also not clear from your letter whether or not you intend to give up your "secret... out-call personal service," the key word in that sentence being "secret."

My advice to you is for you and your girlfriend to live together, with or without her mother, to see how it works out. Apart from your sexual relations, you could also experiment with that rare commodity, honesty. Tell your girlfriend the truth about yourself and see if she opens up about her own past. Marriage is a partnership, and if you don't trust your partner, you are wasting your time.

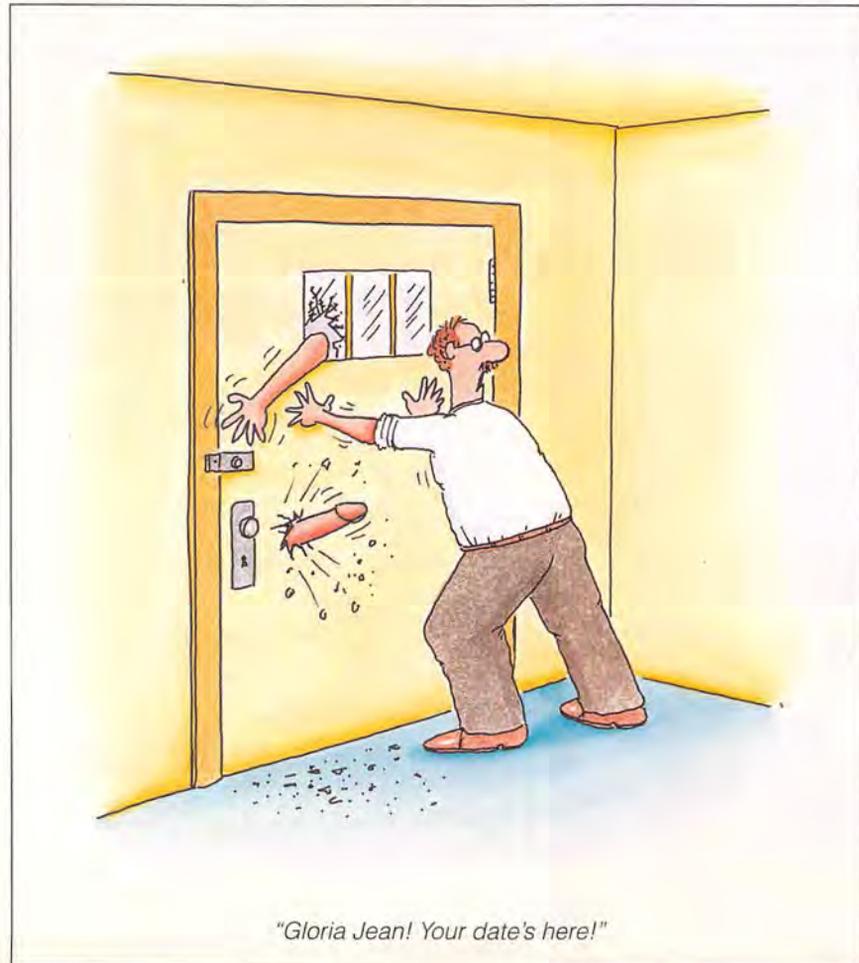
The legal contract of marriage is only necessary on the grounds of security and respectability as far as the neighbors are concerned. As an ex-male prostitute just out of jail, I would say that respectability in the eyes of the world is going to be a little hard for you to achieve, and in the long run probably not really worth the effort.

Drive, She Said

Last year I ran into a woman whom I'd had a crush on in high school. There had always been a mutual attraction between Tessa and me, but we were both involved in relationships with other people at the time and never able to get together. I had always loved her skinny body and devilishly sexy smile, so it was a nice surprise to see her again. The years had been good to her—her breasts were a little fuller, her hips a little curvier. She had recently got divorced and now had a two-year-old daughter. We talked for a while and made plans to have a drink later that night. When I picked her up, she was wearing a little black skirt with thigh-high stockings and a tight little red baby T-shirt. I couldn't believe how hot she looked, and that same sexy smile told me she wanted to have some fun.

We went to a dark little jazz club that was about 30 minutes away. The music was smooth and slow, and we sat at the bar facing each other with our knees interlocked, laughing about the good old days when we were kids.

A couple of times Tessa put her hands on my thighs, and the warmth went right



to my crotch. It wasn't very long before we both wanted to leave. When we got back to the car, we were holding hands. I pulled her toward me and kissed her long and hard. She drew me closer and wrapped a leg around mine. After a moment she said she hadn't been kissed that way in a very long time, and we stood there by the car, smiling at each other. We got in the car and started back home. As soon as I reached the road, she had her hand on my leg again. She started moving it slowly up toward my stiffening bone, and I slid my hand up under her skirt. Then I felt her soft, furry love mound, and realized she wasn't wearing any underwear.

She squeezed my cock, which was ready to burst out of my jeans, and spread her legs a little so I could feel the wetness of her pussy. She let out a little moan as I slid my middle finger up inside her. I was still trying to concentrate on the road when she unzipped my pants and freed my throbbing member. She leaned over and began sucking my cock ever so softly, stroking it, going up and down from the base to the very tip. Her hand cupped my balls while she teased my crown with her tongue, making love to me with her mouth. I reached behind her and lifted her skirt to feel her sweet ass, then worked two fingers into her now drenched pussy. She bucked toward my hand, trying to get me deep inside her.

Then she sat up and lifted her right leg over me so that she was facing me, straddling me as I drove. Pushing down my pants, she slowly lowered herself onto my pulsing shaft. As it slid into her warm love nest, she pulled up her shirt just enough so that her breasts could touch my face. I had to look around her to see the road, yet I couldn't help sucking on her nipples as she alternately put each one between my lips. She was moving up and down on my lap, and I gripped her ass with my hands. We were both getting hotter when she whispered that she wanted me to come in her butt hole. She raised up for a second, stuck two fingers in her mouth, then reached back and rubbed them around her back door.

She then guided my burning rod into her gorgeous little bunghole. I was surprised just how easily it went in. Her anus felt warm and snug as she writhed and moaned and moved up and down, letting out a shriek when I exploded inside her hot little oven. She held my face in her hands and cooed in my ear until she had taken every last drop. Then she fell back onto her seat and laid her head in my lap until we got to her apartment, where I spent the night licking and sucking her sweet creamy twat.

That was the first time I've ever really had anal sex. I get very turned on by a girl's pucker hole. I like to probe it with a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

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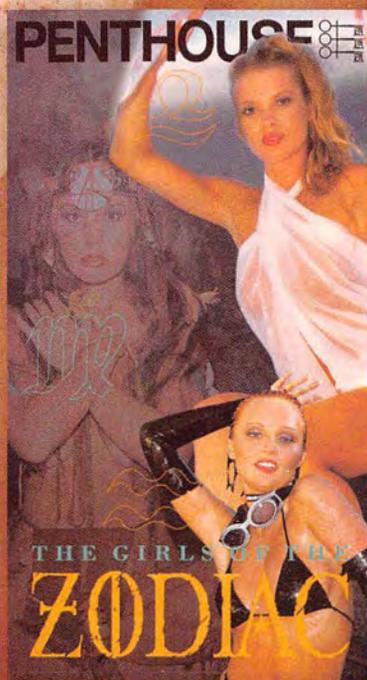
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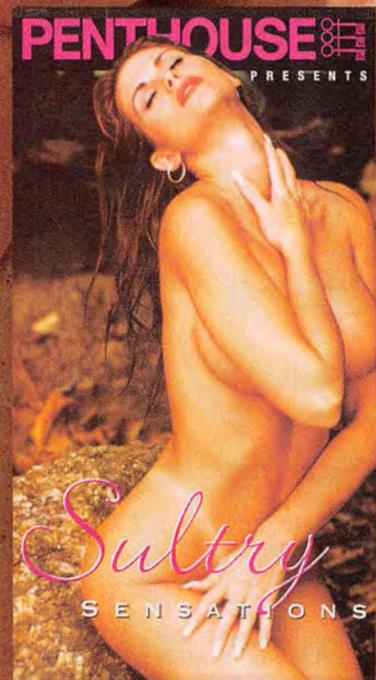
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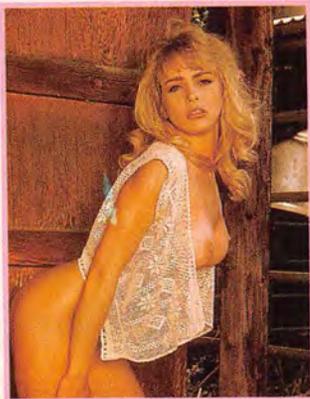
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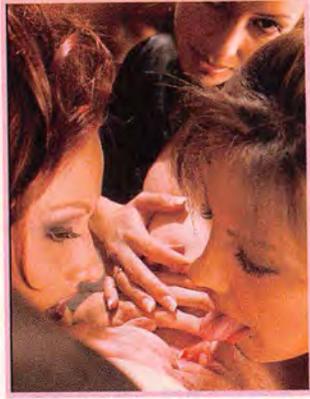
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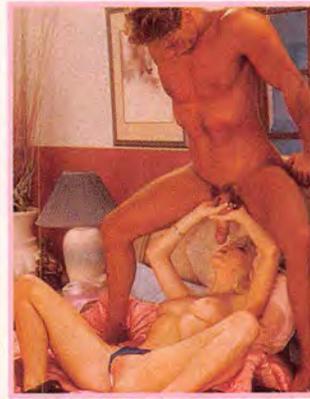
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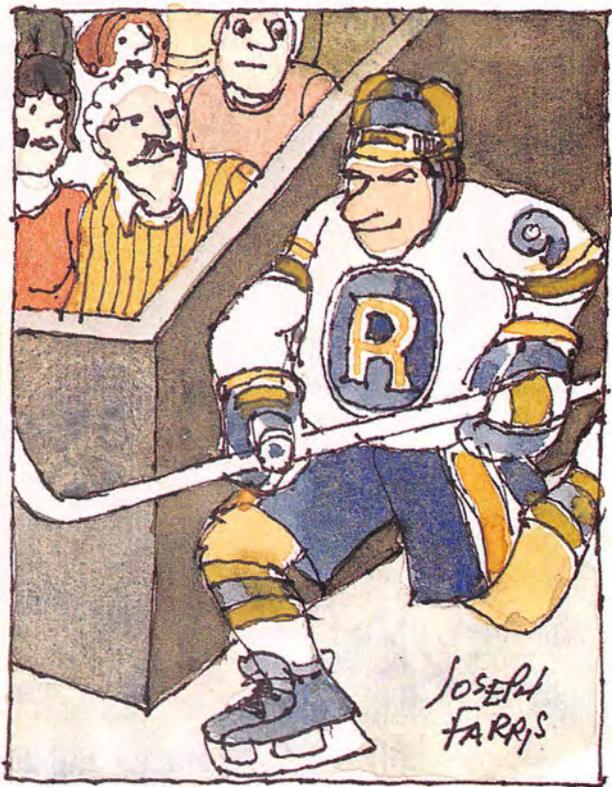
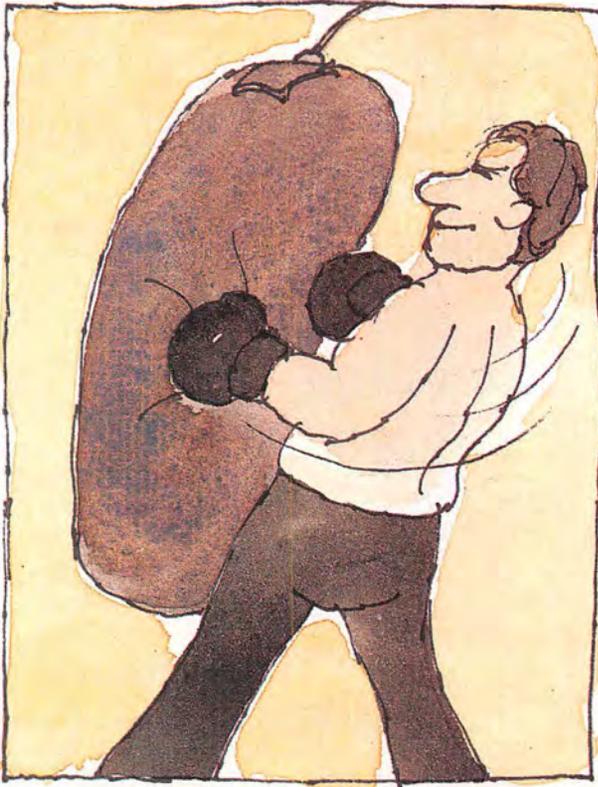
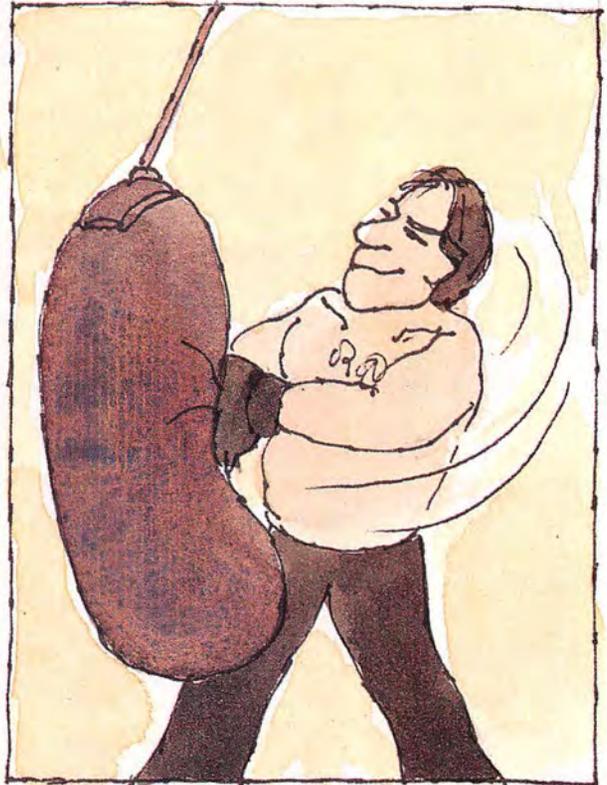
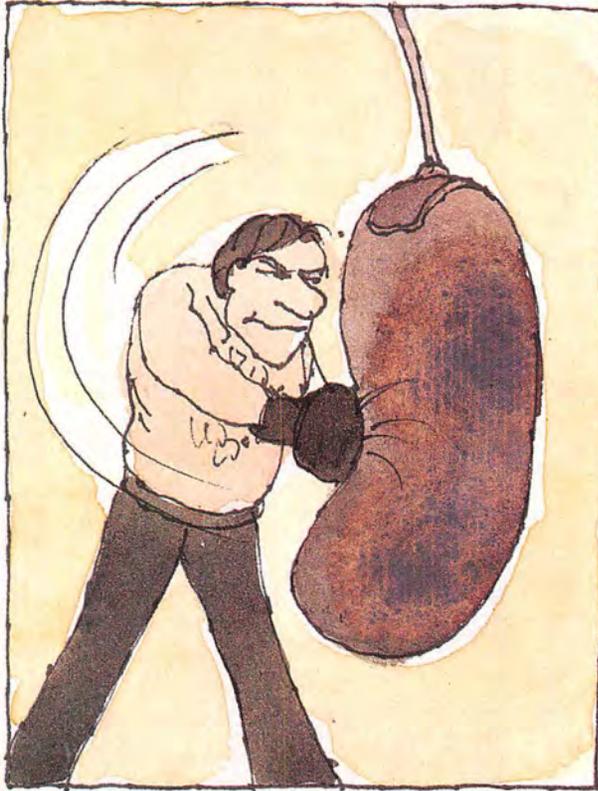
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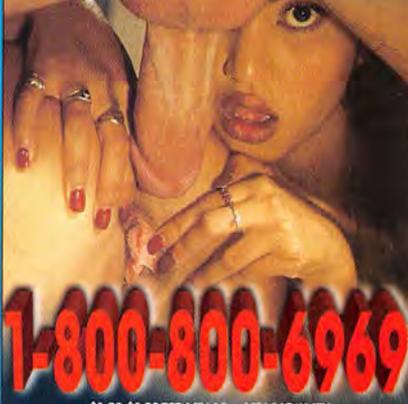


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

wet finger and sometimes even my tongue, but it never occurs to me to fuck it when there's a nice wet pussy right next door. When I brought it up once to a long-term girlfriend, she said she would let me do it only if she could strap on a dildo and do me first.

I declined, because it just didn't seem as if it would feel good to me. Even too much finger up there makes me uncomfortable. But more recently my current girlfriend and I were fooling around while she was menstruating, and she rolled over and worked my cock up into her ass hole. When I asked her about it later, she said she'd have to get used to it, but it was worth it.

Do some women like to be fucked in the ass, or do they do it just to please men? There are all sorts of variables, like birth control, menstrual cycle, or just the kinkiness of it all, but I figured that since a woman doesn't have a prostate, then it can't really feel good. Does my girlfriend want to have anal sex more often, or was she simply trying to get my rocks off?—D.W., Virginia

We've had a lot of discussion on cars in this column recently, so allow me to take this opportunity to express my feelings on the subject of bad driving. I have frequently eased the monotony of long drives along flat, straight, boring roads by giving the driver (my boyfriend of the moment) a blowjob, on the rare occasions when I am not doing the driving myself. My mentor in this, a great lover but also a great driver, used to suddenly go soft when he should have been coming. "What's the matter?" I would mumble, my mouth full of limp dick. To which came the reply: "I was overtaking a truck with two trailers and a total of around 18 wheels; I had to concentrate on the driving. It is impossible to do two things at once and do them right. Now you can start again, please."

While I admire your enthusiasm, D.W., fucking at the wheel is risky, and sucking your girlfriend's nipples whilst peering through the windscreen round her female form, however skinny, is definitely dangerous at any speed more than ten miles an hour, not only for you, but also for whatever poor asshole might be coming the other way, and it might be me! So, next time please pull off the road. The sex is much better that way too. The fact that there may be people in high places who believe it is your constitutional right to enjoy carnal activity on the move is almost certainly why we have such ludicrously low speed limits.

Anal sex is a much-debated subject, and there are many women whose reaction is the same as your girlfriend's.

They want to see how you would like it. I do know the odd gay man who wouldn't mind having a lusty girl strap on a dildo and fill up his twitching backside, but most heterosexual men, however much they like to dish it out, are scared of receiving it.

There are still girls around who start their sex life anally so that they can go to the altar as virgins, especially in Catholic countries, although, taking into account the number of weird religious cults around, I suppose this is no stranger than using coitus interruptus as a birth-control method.

Depending on the respective shapes and sizes, in many cases the head of the penis thrusting within the rectum will sometimes stimulate the back of the vaginal wall in a unique way. One girl I know told me that the most thrilling position for her was sitting astride her man with his penis in her asshole, while she stimulated her own clitoris and vaginal lips with her hand.

Anal sex comes under the "different strokes for different folks" category. Some women (and men too) hate even the idea, while others really enjoy it. "Do they do it just to please men?" you ask. To many of us sex addicts, men and women alike, giving sexual satisfaction to one's partner is not only essential, it is also a tremendous turn-on.

Show-off

My husband often suggests a little "accidental" exposure: one button open too far down with no bra, a little carelessness with the hemline and wearing no panties, that sort of thing, showing more than just a hint of bare personal details. I've never been pregnant, am a natural C-cup, and my breasts are still firm. Men still watch me walk by, and still single me out in a group. Never mind what feminists say; I think any woman feels a little pride in being noticed.

One thing is certain: My husband's very proud of me; he makes me feel pretty special with affectionate attention in public, something few wives get these days. But I'm of the opinion that bodily exposure is also something few wives should actually enjoy, and is something prostitutes do. I have a healthy desire to give George a happy sex life, which includes little playful treats. I see other women of all ages being pretty casual about their modesty in public places for their man's enjoyment, usually when my husband calls them to my attention. I can see there's no harm done—nothing is being given away; they're just uncovering some very personal skin for a little personal thrill. So how do I get over this feeling that such exhibitionist behavior is cheap?

If it were a one-time-only thing, I could probably do it, but my husband wants

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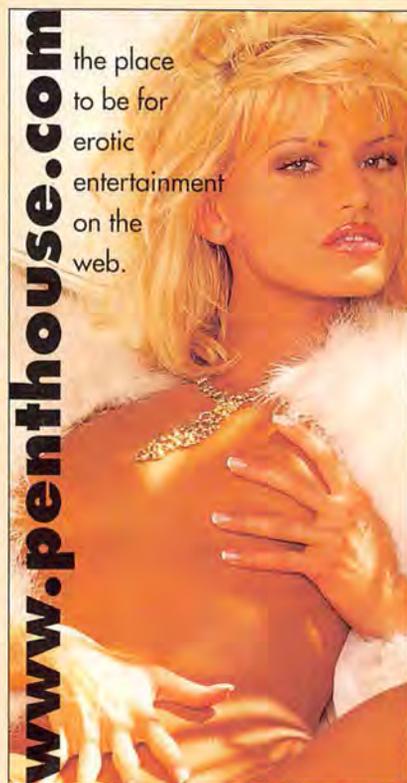
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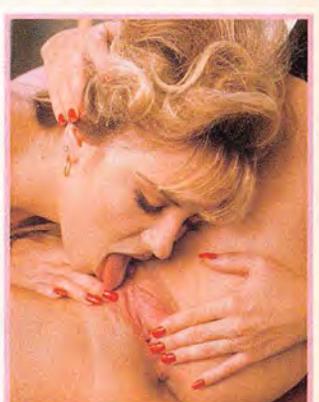
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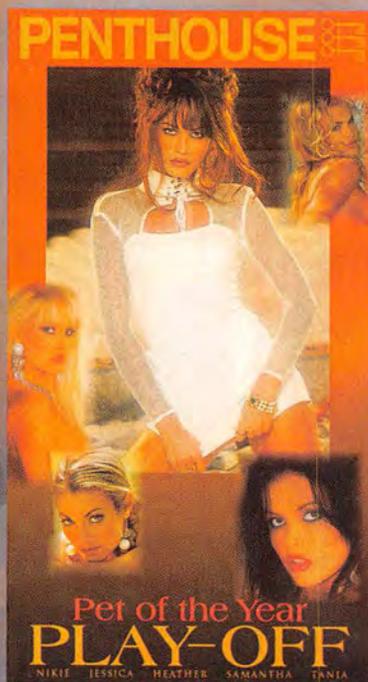
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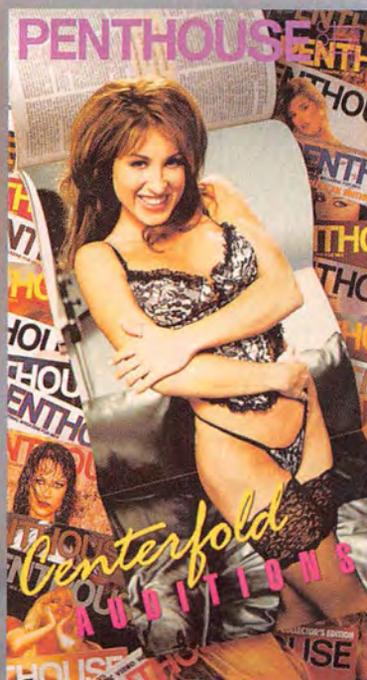


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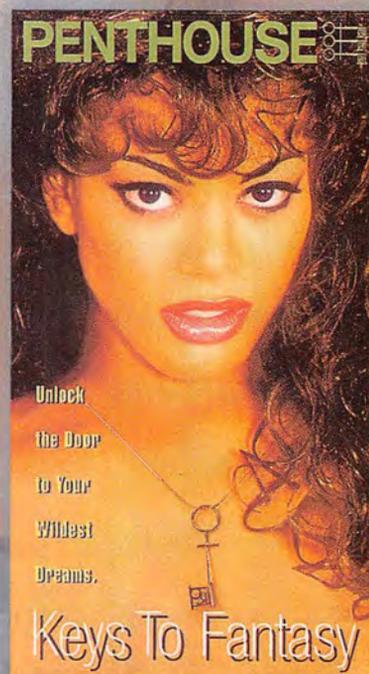
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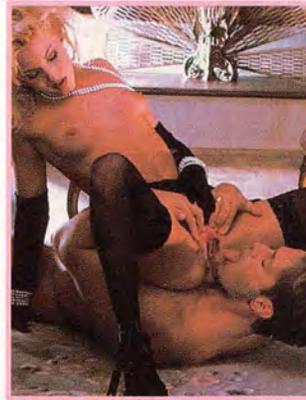
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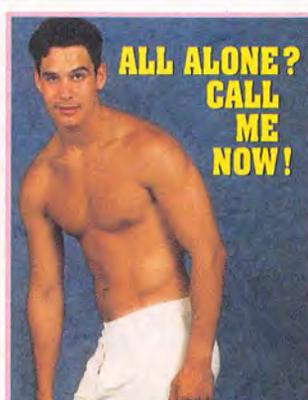
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it to be a part of our life, whenever it makes sense, for the next ten or 20 years. We're both what you would call typical conservative, small-town Middle Americans, very much in love, with a good sex life and lots of closeness. I'm basically pretty shy. I feel like I've been quite adventurous for a "nice" girl. We enjoy oral sex, we shop together for sex toys once in a while, we trim or shave each other from time to time, play with a camera now and then, and we both enjoy the pictorials in Penthouse.

Once, a few years ago while we were on vacation, I got a little playful with just a towel at the lake. I was sitting on the bench by a picnic table, and George teased me into taking off my clothes. I wound up wearing nothing but a happy smile, and there was a good chance that he wasn't the only one looking. I proudly gave him a naked, wide-open show for a good little while that shook us both up pretty good. It was something he has never forgotten.

Basically, I try to give him my body to enjoy. I'm very fortunate that he literally worships the ground I walk on, and often tells me so. It's a very comforting feeling when you love a man as I do my husband. We're faithful but not jealous; we enjoy sharing the fun of looking around in public, and comparing notes on what we like and what turns us on.

We're blessed with activities and interests that give us lots of opportunities around strangers, including those in a nearby larger city and several other towns. My husband brings up this subject at times and places that don't scare me, pointing out how easy and innocent it would be if we were prepared and looking for such opportunities. He'd like it where another man can see my bare nipple or a naked breast, while shopping at a bookstore or a flea market, or for me to flash my shaved genitals while sitting in a fast-food restaurant.

Unfortunately, I wasn't raised to think like that. Please give me some pearls of wisdom to help me feel it's okay to expose myself in public for my husband's pleasure.—J.S., Oklahoma

America has always been obsessed with the wickedness of nudity, which is probably a legacy from our Puritan ancestors, but it goes much farther than that. I would say that, as a nation, we have a clothes fetish. The result is that most men believe a woman to be more erotically attractive if she's wearing a see-through bra and panties, a garter belt with black stockings, and thigh-high boots, than if she's naked. In fact this is the same kind of thinking that gave rise to the floor-length tablecloth, because legs, even wooden ones, are sugges-

tive. As a whole, we are prudish and we find nakedness threatening. America invented wet-T-shirt contests and the striptease, which real sex-show connoisseurs find juvenile.

In the rest of the world, particularly in Europe, things are very different. Going topless is acceptable on most European beaches, the number of both official and unofficial nudist beaches grows yearly, and in countries like Germany no one bats an eyelid or waves a police finger at nude sunbathers in the park.

Another male characteristic, inherited from our Latin forebears, is to regard a woman as an accessory. Along with his fancy suit of clothes, his gold Rolex, and his BMW convertible, the Latin lover's most prized accessory is a gorgeous woman hanging on his arm. In the Spanish language he is complimented on being *bien acompañado* (well accompanied). If he is rich enough, he decorates her with jewelry. Your husband is subscribing to this fashion, but in your case the jewels are your nipples and maybe your pussy, which live in the safety-deposit box of your underwear, but your man wants the world to know they are there and that they belong to him.

This is a classic male insecurity syndrome, shared by the husband who likes to watch his wife having sex with someone else, all to convince himself that she is attractive to other men. He has been married for so long (this syndrome starts after about one year of marriage) that he has forgotten what his wife looks like. He probably would not recognize her in a police lineup of more than three women, except that he might remember her because he paid for the clothes she is wearing.

I suggest you persuade your husband to take you on vacation to a holiday hotel in Europe, preferably a Club Méditerranée. This is a French organization, and the accent is on partial nudity and exchange of partners. If you go along with the local dress code, which will certainly be topless, I suspect that your husband will be the first to tell you to cover up. 

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. All letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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PRETTY FLY FOR A WHITE GUY

As an artist on Ice-T's Rhyme Syndicate and a member of the groundbreaking trio House of Pain, Erick Schrody—better known as Everlast—was one of the first singers to show that, yes, white men *can* rap (no shout-outs to Vanilla Ice). Now, having survived open-heart surgery and more ups and downs than a dozen other artists, Schrody is taking his own merger of hip-hop, rock, and the blues in exciting new directions. "With a guy like Eminem coming up," Everlast tells music writer Jim DeRogatis, "it was like, 'Who needs two white rappers?' Even though most of my music is based in hip-hop, on this record [*Whitey Ford Sings the Blues*], I just kind of cut loose and said, 'You know what? Let me see if I can write songs.'"

THE MIDAS TOUCH

Mark Cuban is a self-made Internet billionaire whose golden touch has made him a twenty-first-century icon. Now he's planning on how he'll work that magic on his hometown NBA team, the Dallas Mavericks. Next month's "Sporting America" features Cuban answering Jonathan Davis and Michael-Ann Rowe's always-provocative 20 questions with 19 answers—an interview that reveals what a down-to-earth guy he really is ... if you can call the owner of an NBA team and of a \$41 million private jet down-to-earth.

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

Imagine beautiful women at your place of business whose sole job is to give all the guys on the staff blowjobs. Sound too good to be true? Such heavenly creatures actually exist. They're called "fluffers," and they're the unsung heroines who get guys ready for their close-ups at porno shoots. Our Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner Jr., set out in search of same to discover how they break into the business, how much they get paid, and what tips these angels of mercy can pass along to "civilian" women to help them get—and keep—their men well fluffed.

THE BASTARD SQUAD

Six years ago, a crack team of Philadelphia-based narcotics investigators stopped two Dominican nationals during a routine check of immigration papers. The officers' lives would never be the same. The two men were selling drugs to raise campaign funds for a Dominican presidential candidate—whose political party was backed by the United States. When the CIA demanded to know detailed data about the unit's informants, the police refused. Suddenly, the squad's previous cases were tossed out and their reputations tarnished. Now the group is suing the government. Philadelphia investigative reporter Howard Altman examines this very strange affair, and the government's possible misplaced priorities.

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE ...

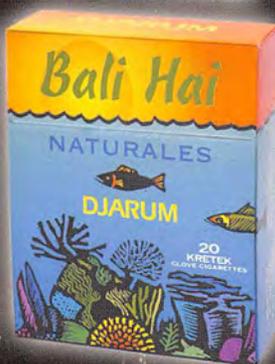
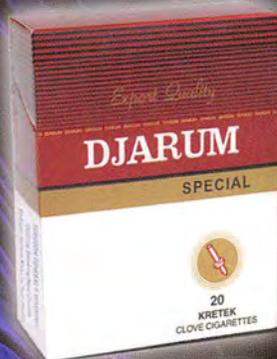
Well, what *is* it, exactly? In "View From the Top," writer Martin Curry introduces us to a new breed of sky flyers who call themselves "birdmen." These aeronauts shun the use of mechanical aids—like engines for power and airframes for support—in favor of brightly colored nylon wings. Just like sky divers and parachutists, birdmen are dropped from planes at altitudes up to 34,000 feet, but then their "wings" take over and propel them to speeds as great as 100 miles an hour. "It's magical," one high flyer says of being in his special suit. "You can do anything a bird can do."



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