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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX AND

APRIL 2002

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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

APRIL 2002

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Airborne Attack

All Americans have come to realize that this country is unprepared for a bioterrorist attack, but few are aware how a decade ago the FBI and the bioterrorism experts at the Pentagon got their first glimpse of the potential devastation that could be wreaked by even a lone psycho working out of a rudimentary basement lab. And even if the Bush administration has proposed spending somewhere around \$1.3 billion to defend against bioterrorism, a consensus of experts says it will take a lot more than that to make Americans safe. In "Homeland Insecurity," journalist Ernest Volkman exposes the incompetence, misplaced priorities, bureaucratic infighting, and secrecy, among other things, with which Washington has mishandled the most serious national-security threat in our history.

Intrepid

Armed with mask, fins, weight belt, snorkel, and speargun, bluewater hunters descend up to 100 feet with no more air than is in their lungs. They're



suspended in space in a world that is not theirs, waiting for powerful, primal creatures to suddenly appear. Ken McAlpine provides an appropriately in-depth look at these underwater warriors in a compelling "View From the Top"... Ultimate Fighting champ Tito Ortiz battles his opponents in an octagonal ring, but they can seem just as terrifying outside it, as he tells Michael-Ann Rowe and Jonathan Davis in "Sporting America."... And in "Standup Guys," Davis gets from comedian Pete Correale the lowdown about his dreams of being a porn star, his worst dating experiences, and his most embarrassing moment onstage: "Partway through my act my back starts itching. I reach back, and here I am holding a fucking used tampon."

No Holds Barred


Don King never goes down for the count. After

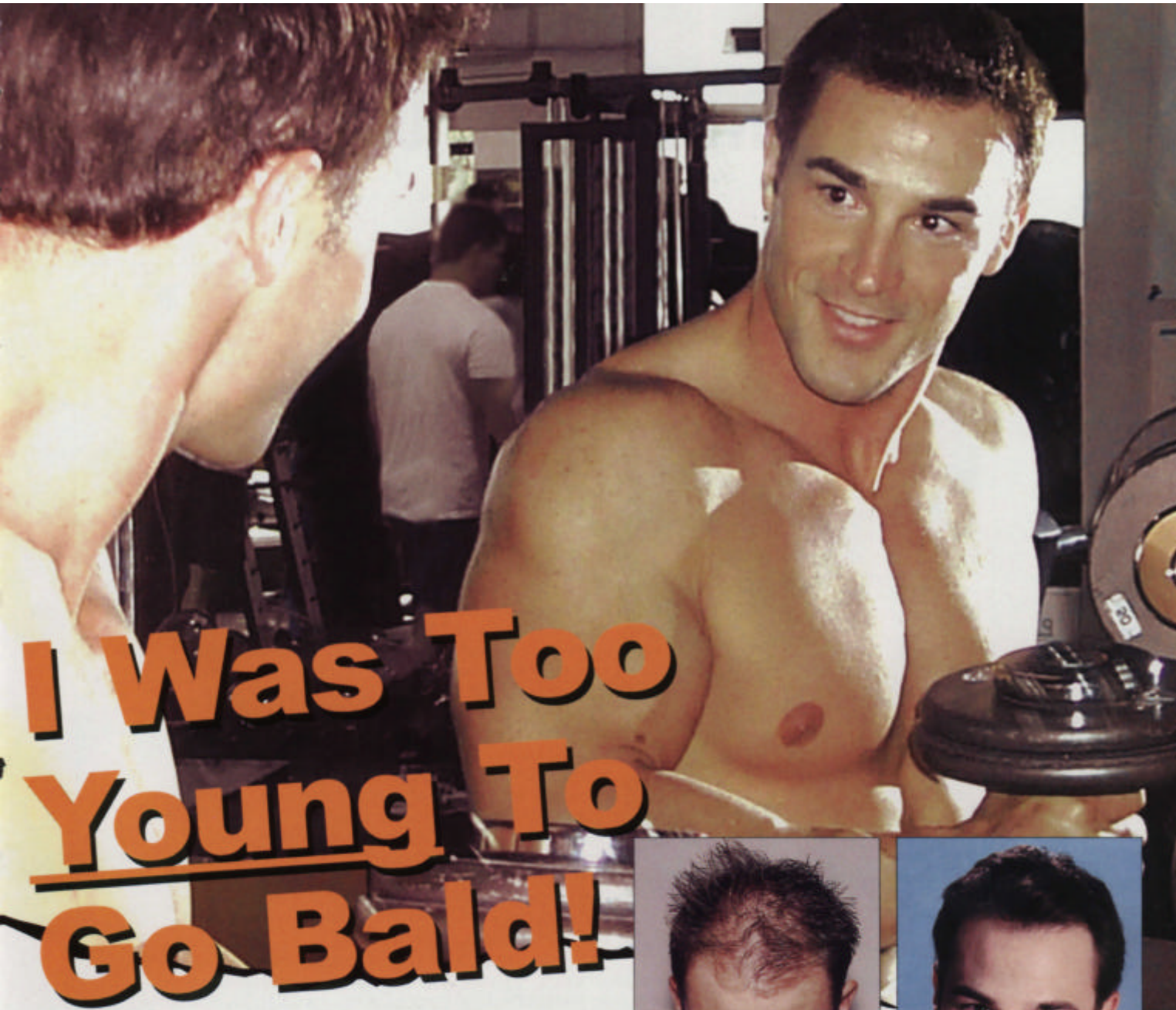


September 11, two of his impending prizefights seemed to be history, but in his inimitable, unsinkable fashion, he managed to turn the apparent setbacks into his "finest hours"—as he himself modestly says. "God chose Moses over the pharaohs, and he chose me over my tormentors." Mark Ribowsky interviews the self-proclaimed World's Greatest Promoter about his career, his controversial financial dealings, and his critics' accusations of racial exploitation of fighters.... When it comes to being outspoken, Toby Keith, the Country Music Association's Male Vocalist of the Year, can make Don King seem almost tongue-tied. "I stand for everyone that has been shit on," states Keith, who went from the oil fields to the football field on his way to amassing a net worth of some \$25 million. In "How Do You Like Him Now?" he talks with music writer Alanna Nash about America's new patriotism, sex education, and record-company rip-offs: "New artist deals are practically on the verge of ille-

gal. They're almost a full-fledged rape."

Hotties

A coterie of enterprising young women constitutes a rather new and flourishing phenomenon: a sex-girl mafia. Through a combination of chutzpah, creativity, civic duty, a passion for getting their pussies and asses licked, and an unremitting capacity for hard work, these ladies are landing book deals, starring in their own sex-education videos, embarking on sold-out lecture tours, lending their names to sex toys—in short, serving as all-purpose cultural icons. Our Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner Jr., profiles Tristan Taormino and Dr. Ducky Doolittle, two of the foremost authorities on, among other sensual subjects, the joys of anal sex.... If you're more interested in your own ass, and getting it in shape so it'll get you some tail, you can check out our "Men's Health & Fitness" section for a workout that will help you develop a rock-hard keister and simultaneously strengthen the muscles that let you sexually go the distance.... For those who are more armchair athletes, Dr. Judy Kuriansky shows how enthusiasm for sports on television can easily spur you and your lady into more intimate sporting activities in the bedroom.... Finally, needless to say, our spectacular Pets this month will spur your interest in all things sexual. These lovely ladies are guaranteed, as always, to add more than a little heat to your spring fever. 



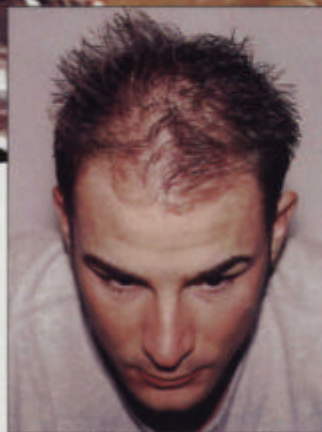
I Was Too Young To Go Bald!

"I started losing my hair when I was only 21 years old. Only someone who's going through what I was going through could understand. I tried everything to save my hair. Nothing worked. I worked so hard to stay healthy and look as good as I could, but I couldn't stop my hair loss. By the time I was 26, I'd lost most of the hair on top of my head.

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Paul Anderson, age 26 shown Before (left) and One Year After (right) his Bosley Hair Restoration Procedure

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PENTHOUSE FORUM



Morning Seduction

I was staying at my friend Raymond's house for the weekend and was calmly reading the morning paper over my bowl of cereal when Raymond's sister, Crystal, sauntered in. At the time she was a self-styled psychic studying cosmetology at the local junior college, where it was rumored she had slept with every single member of the staff. She can seduce just about any man with her large brown eyes, a luscious treat for any starving male. I had been fantasizing about fucking her for weeks. Raymond found my interest extremely amusing, and encouraged me to make a play for her. And no time was better than the present.

Crystal gave me a coquettish smile as she bent over to fix the strap on her pumps. Her long, wavy black hair fell to one side, caressing the contours of her most curvaceous body. Her loose silk top billowed outward when she moved, and her beautiful breasts, round and ripe as coconuts, nudged against the slick fabric. She gave a little shimmy that made her tits bounce, and all I wanted to do was suckle on those globes.

Crystal knew I was watching her every move, so when she finished fiddling with the strap on her shoe, she decided to slide a hand up her nylons ever so slowly until her elegant fingers reached the garter belt. She snapped the elastic strip theatrically before lowering her leather miniskirt.

I took a few deep breaths and tried to read the paper. After all, I didn't want to appear too easy. Unfortunately, I spied a Victoria's Secret ad and I imagined Crystal in one of those lacy see-through bras

that always make my groin ache. That did it. All signs pointed to fucking that day.

As I put down the paper, Crystal gave me a slow, sensual smile, and slid her tongue along her lips. Then she eased her hand between her breasts, over her stomach, and straight to her pussy, where she began moving her fingers back and forth. With that same smile she turned toward the refrigerator and opened the door, bending over as if reaching for something. Her round ripe ass stared me right in the face, and I realized she was going pantyless that day. As she reached into the fridge, I could see her pussy.

I could wait no longer. Feeling myself harden, I knew that soon I would be ready to rock her world. With a deep breath to steady myself, I went over to her and slid a hand between her legs. She was already wet and ready for me. I rubbed my hand back and forth over her twat, making her moan at every pass. When I showed two fingers into her pussy she moaned even louder, and pushed herself against my hand.

I unzipped my jeans with one hand and cupped her breasts with the other. Her nipples stood out hard, like my cock. When I had my machinery at the ready, I asked, "Is this what you were hoping for?" I didn't wait for an answer.

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"After numerous sexual partners I had come to believe that my idea of the perfect lover existed only in the pages of an erotic magazine - that is until I met Danny. A few days ago we were lying on our bed when he slowly began to peel off my clothes. As we kissed, with his hands caressing the length of my body, I felt my..."

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PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

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APRIL

Instead I thrust into her warm, slick depths. She took in all eight inches of me, whimpering with pleasure as I filled her completely.

"That's *exactly* what I wanted," she purred. She went from warm to hot, guiding me, begging me, to move faster, screaming for me to thrust harder and fill her to the max. To steady herself, she gripped the sides of the refrigerator.

As her pleasure mounted, so did mine. Moaning, she pleaded with me to release her from this pressure. I felt the need to oblige, but restrained myself, controlling my own need, holding off until the point of greatest passion. As the waves of her orgasm washed over me, I couldn't stand it any longer. I blew a load like a small tornado inside of her. She screamed before giving a final moan. I thrust inside her a few more times for good measure, and waited a moment to catch my breath. Then I stepped away and zipped up my jeans. Crystal slowly stood up, her breath still coming in little pants.

I had just sat back down to choke down the soggy cereal in my breakfast bowl (screwing always makes me hungry) when I heard the click of Crystal's heels on the tile. I felt a need to look up. She gave me another smile, which started me breathing hard again. I could feel that familiar tightening in my groin and her dark eyes followed my hand as it strayed to my cock.

"Want to bet I can make you come again?" she asked. I said nothing.... I didn't trust myself to speak as she straddled me.—*B.D., California*

Uniform Drill

It seemed like a lifetime until the next train would arrive. The day was blistering, so I had on my miniskirt, topped by a white shirt that was probably transparent after I'd been standing in the heat for the past couple of hours. I couldn't imagine why the train was so late. Maybe the engineer had some hussy sucking on his cock.

Whatever the case, my ass crack and pussy were swimming in a sea of sweat and I really couldn't pass up the opportunity. Hell, the train was two hours late—what harm could be done by another ten minutes in the bathroom?

As I ventured toward the ladies' room, I noticed a uniformed gentleman sitting on a bench reading a newspaper. He looked up for a second, then down again. I entered the loo, evaluated my surroundings, and concluded that for sanitary purposes it would do.

I wet some paper towels and went to the last stall, designated for handicapped people. I cleaned the porcelain before I sat down and spread my legs to gain access to my juices and sweaty pussy lips. I took out my Mr. Grip pen to

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JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

Fat Girl is a critically acclaimed film. Is it also a crime?

A recent case in New Jersey has given a whole new meaning to "Reach out and touch someone." A ten-year-old girl had been persuaded over the telephone to insert her finger in her vagina by a 51-year-old caller who pretended to be her mother's gynecologist. This dirty old man was convicted of aggravated sexual assault—the equivalent of rape—although he had never laid eyes or hands on the girl.

Under a New Jersey statute passed in 1979, sexual assault includes "sexual penetration, either by the actor or upon the actor's instructions." Clearly, the last few words were intended to cover rapes involving one rapist and two victims—say, a man with a gun forcing one woman to insert her finger into the vagina of another woman, or a rapist ordering a man to have intercourse with an unwilling woman. Creative prosecutors and judges have stretched this statute—and the law of rape in general—to apply to situations in which the alleged rapist was never in the immediate physical vicinity of the victim.

In this case there was an actual victim: a child who could not legally consent to any sexual act, even one performed by herself upon herself at the behest of another. But assume for a moment that the girl had identified herself as a 25-year-old. The man still could have been convicted of rape in states that do not accept as a defense a rapist's mistaking the victim's age. If a federal agent had disguised her voice to sound like a girl over the phone, and pretended to be complying with the sexual instructions, the caller could in many jurisdictions be charged with attempted rape. Even if a child falsely told a caller she was inserting her finger, the caller could be convicted. After all—or so goes the prosecutor's argument—the defendant got his jollies from merely believing the act was done. This is different from commercial telephone sex, in

which the caller knows the sexy speaker is probably filing her nails as she talks dirty. By focusing on the subjective pleasure of the defendant rather than the objective displeasure of the alleged victim, we are creating a new genre of virtual rape and/or sexual assault.

Virtual rape as a crime should not surprise us, in light of other virtual-sex crimes now on the books. A director who hires a 30-year-old actress to play the role of a 16-year-old girl can be charged with child pornography if the actress appears nude. The new French film *Fat Girl*, in which an 18-year-old actress plays a 15-year-old girl seduced by a twentysomething man, would certainly fit into this category. A woman who draws, or computer-generates, the

image of a naked 15-year-old male can be similarly charged. (This issue is currently before the U.S. Supreme Court.)

What's next? Prosecuting the publishers of Nabokov's *Lolita*? Indicting a man who fantasizes about having intercourse with a minor? Criminalizing phone sex with your girlfriend when some of the things she says she's doing are legal in the state from which

she's doing the talking, but not in the state from which you're listening to her describe them?

If you think these are paranoid delusions, consider reality: It's not even necessary for the defendant to have prurient intentions; the act of looking is enough. People are being prosecuted for accessing child pornography on the Internet—in one case for the purpose of writing an article about the easy availability of such material. In another instance a sex offender on parole for possessing child pornography was prosecuted for writing about his pedophilic fantasies in his private journal. The implications of these cases, and the 12-year sentence the phony gynecologist is serving, threaten to convert rape from a crime of violence to a crime of speech—and ultimately of thought. **O+**



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SPIRITS • BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF

The liqueur bottles displayed on the shelves of a well-stocked bar or liquor store represent an amazing array of tastes and styles, from Chartreuse to Grand Marnier to Kahlúa, from crème de menthe to amaretto to peach schnapps. Cordials and liqueurs—the terms are interchangeable—are defined as flavored alcoholic beverages with at least 2.5 percent sugar, although most are considerably sweeter. Today's liqueurs have their antecedents in medicinal elixirs concocted centuries ago in monasteries; herbs, fruits, flowers, plants, and spices were steeped in an alcoholic base. Two of the best-known French herbal liqueurs—Bénédictine and Chartreuse—evoke the origins of this category, as do two well-known bottlings from Italy, Strega and Galliano.

Most liqueurs are based on a single dominant flavor, such as orange, anise, or coffee, and they can be divided into two basic groups: generic and proprietary. Generics are those that are made by any number

of firms. Some examples (and their best-known producers) include almond-flavored amaretto (Disaronno), anise-flavored sambuca (Romana), anisette (Marie Brizard), lemon-flavored limoncello/lemoncillo (Giori, Luxardo), orange-flavored triple sec (Hiram Walker), crème de menthe, and crème de cacao.

Proprietary liqueurs are known by their particular brand names. Among the most popular are the orange-flavored Grand Marnier and Cointreau, which are from France, as well as Italy's Gran Gala and Mandarine Napoleon from Belgium; coffee-flavored Kahlúa and Tia Maria; chocolate-based Godiva; hazelnut-flavored Frangelico; Cherry Heering from Denmark; Midori melon liqueur; raspberry-flavored Chambord; and the whiskey-based Drambuie, Irish Mist, and Wild Turkey. Southern Comfort, the best-selling

American proprietary liqueur, is based on whiskey and peach. Other popular brands include DeKuyper Sour Apple Pucker and Peachtree schnapps; Alizé, a combination of cognac and passion fruit; Malibu, which combines coconut and rum; and Bailey's Irish Cream,



which created, and still dominates, the category of cream liqueurs.

These diverse bottlings have come a long way from medieval potions, and they are considerably more enjoyable.



Liqueurs offer a remarkable range of flavors, including subtle variations on coffee, lemon, raspberry, and orange.

PERFORMANCE • BY GIL REAVILL



There's no nuisance-abatement law, no degree of shame, that can stop them. A full 40 years after a scruffy Robert Zimmerman from Hibbing, Minnesota, thumbed into New York City, pod children with acoustic guitars still make the pilgrimage. Doesn't New York City currently have enough crosses to bear?

Evidently not, to judge from the weekly "Anti-Hoots" open-mic nights held at the Sidewalk café in the East Village. The scene is booming, packed with wannabes who line up dozens-deep for a chance to play two songs to a crowd of other wannabes. In the embarrassing sound of silence between numbers, you can hear clumsy children lose control of their acoustic guitars, which topple and bang into one another like vain hopes.

Presiding genius of the evening is Lach (at left; his name is pronounced "latch"), a longtime East Village impresario who lays down a genial backdrop of burlesque-style chatter and donates a song or two of his own. His job is to slap a veneer of irony over the whole enterprise, and he labels what goes down as "antifolk." But the Lach-key kids betray him. Strumming away earnestly, they demonstrate a near-fatal irony deficiency. It would all be too charmingly pathetic were it not for the nagging suspicion that one of these nights a Dylan or a Springsteen or a Suzanne Vega is going to step up to the microphone and start singing.

FAST FORWARD

HIS OWN DREAMS OF STEEL • BY MICHAEL P. MOI



On his route as a sanitation engineer in Lincoln, Nebraska, Howard J. "Chip" Khul is always on the lookout for interesting items—but he really hit the jackpot when, after reading through his favorite magazine, he entered *Penthouse's* Dreams of Steel Sweepstakes. Out of nearly 30,000 submissions, Khul was the lucky winner of the \$50,000 titanium marvel by Pure Steel that's now his dream ride. Here he is, ready to roll, on the one-of-a-kind stunner that, he tells us, he's naming D.J. after his late mother, Doris Jean, because his mom "had style, class, beauty, and a lot of attitude."

Penthouse picks a winner (above); on video, the creepy thriller *Session 9* (right) should find the wider audience it deserves; parodies of *Star Wars* (below) are a filk staple.

VIDEO • BY GIL REAVILL

Director Brad Anderson, who is known for romantic comedies like *Next Stop Wonderland*, used to drive down Route 93 in Massachusetts and pass the sprawling, abandoned hulk of Danvers Lunatic Asylum. Either because he's insane or because he's an indie filmmaker (same dif), Anderson heard the loony bin's siren call, and exploited all its creepy splendors to make last year's best horror flick, *Session 9*.

The story kicks off when a five-man team enters Danvers on a ticking-clock mission to strip the place of asbestos before renovation. Anderson allows the mood to develop and the surroundings to work their dark spell while the crew members differentiate themselves. The sound track jacks up the tension with a collection of sampled honks, backward screams, and random electronica; something similar might echo in a schizophrenic's mind. Crew boss Gordon (Peter Mullan) has problems at home and is under the gun to meet an impossible deadline. Scottish actor Mullan, who also appeared in the underap-



preciated western *The Claim*, is making a career of delivering superb turns in unseen films. Of the others in the small, tight cast, David Caruso is at his usual pitch of perfection, and Brendan Sexton III, so great as the heavy in *Boys Don't Cry*, delivers again here.

The plot runs on double tracks, peeling back the secrets of the past while descending toward a bloodbath in the present. Crew member Mike (Stephen Gevedon, coscreenwriter with Anderson) uncovers old audiotapes of therapy sessions with a former patient at the asylum; the last tape, "Session 9," is the climax of her story. But Danvers is the real star here. All horror is grounded in claustrophobia (we're terrified of the confines of coffins), and Anderson exploits that fear skillfully with the building's nightmarish tunnels, hallways, and basements. The video release is a great second chance for a movie that deserves a wider audience.



SOUNDS • BY GIL REAVILL

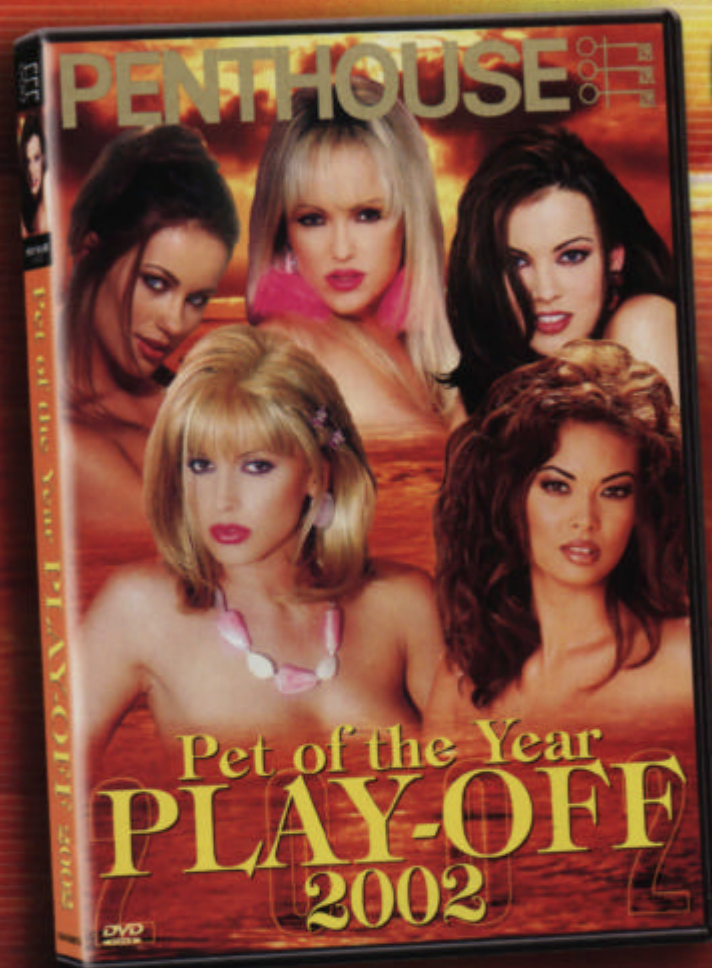


One of the most fascinating—in the same way that it's hard to tear your eyes from a car wreck—mutations of folk music is the filk music underground. Trek to any fantasy or science-fiction convention and there, after the latex masks have been peeled off, you will find a circle of filk singers. *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* parodies are a staple, but filkers sing about any subject suitable to fantasy and science fiction (which they refer to as "SF," never, they caution, "sci-fi"). Titles run along the lines of "Unreality Warp," "Song of the Shield-Wall," or (seriously) "A Reconsideration of Anatomical Docking Maneuvers in a Zero-Gravity Environment." Fantasy filkers warble of J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth or Gordon Dickson's Dorsai.

Blame the Internet. As befits a genre allegedly spawned by a typo (legend has it that some Ur-filker mistyped *folk*), filk has flown mercifully below the commercial radar. Search for it in vain at Tower or on Amazon.com. But there is a thriving filk community on the Web, trading downloads and tips on how to grow hair between your toes. The best place to begin, if you really feel the need to start down this slippery slope, is with Interfilk.org. May the farce be with you. **O—**

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

No Outcome

I have been a fan of yours for many years, Xaviera, and I hope you can help me. I recently began sleeping with a dear male friend. He's 53, and has been a widower almost two years. His wife and child were killed in an accident. He is a very sexual and open-minded person, but he has trouble keeping an erection. It's no big deal. We always work around it, and I'm always able to get him hard again if I need to.

The problem is that he cannot ejaculate, and that's what's troubling me. I don't express my concerns to him of course, but I want to please him. He says it has been that way for some time, and he attributes it to age. (I certainly didn't ask if it was like this with his wife, and I don't think it matters.) I have had him incredibly turned on, and I know I'm doing the right stuff. A few times I have even heard him mutter to himself, "Just let go!"

Any hints on what I could do differently to make this wonderful man explode like I know he would love to?—T.H., via the Internet

We have such a weird attitude toward sex in this country; although it is perfectly normal for a woman to consult her gynecologist regularly on the subject of sexual dysfunction, there is no branch of the medical profession that serves the



same purpose for men. In fact, thanks to the cult of machismo prevalent in the western world if not everywhere else, it is difficult for a man to admit there is ever anything wrong with his sexual equipment. As I constantly reiterate, I am not a doctor (although my father was), so in the instance of what may very well be a medical problem, I can only recommend a visit to a doctor, especially as shortage of semen might be an indication of trouble in the prostate gland. In your boyfriend's case I suspect the problem may be at least partly psychological, although it could have started with a physical disability. Even after two years, he may still be concerned that he is being unfaithful to his dead wife, or he may be subconsciously afraid of getting you pregnant.

Nature's built-in body clock varies enormously from person to person, but 53 years young is a bit premature for symptoms of old age to have settled in, unless the individual has set his mind on being old. Talking to oneself is a possible

sign of the onset of senility. On the other hand, he may be talking to his penis—something some younger lovers of mine have been known to do.

When he says it's been that way for some time, he doesn't qualify it with a specific period. Does he mean that he has not been able to ejaculate for years, or since his wife died, or since he met you?

You are right not to tell him that his nonejaculation troubles you, but you should not be afraid of discussing it with him, because that is the only way you are going to get any results. Persuade him to masturbate in your presence—with you helping him—but if that doesn't work, try to get him to see a doctor.

Viagra could very well do the trick of bringing on ejaculation, as well as solve the erection problem, but, again, it should be prescribed by a doctor after a proper checkup, as Viagra has been known to have unfortunate side effects on some patients, especially those with heart conditions. If you live in the right area, maybe you could get a doctor to prescribe to your beau legal marijuana, which could be effective. Alcohol in small quantities might also help. (Wine probably has more aphrodisiacal qualities than hard liquor.)

Deep-throating him (using an anesthetic throat spray to

*Sexy,
steamy.*

*Eye
candy!*



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overcome your gag reaction if you have one) is another alternative, although oral sex, however perfectly performed, does not always work on men.

Unrequited

I was in love with a girl for six years. She recently walked out on me without giving me a reason. After trying to get her back for a few months, I still can't get her to explain why she left me. I tried making her jealous. She got mad and told me she was seeing someone new. It's hard to believe, because she is very shy and not fast at all. We didn't have a fight before she left and I wasn't seeing anyone else. Neither was she. In fact, we had already set a wedding date, and everything in our relationship seemed normal until I got her call. She even refused to see me one last time. How can I find out what happened? Do you think there is a chance I can win her back? If not, how do I cope with this breakup after loving her for six years with all my heart? Please help me! No one around me wants to hear anything more about her, but I can't sleep and I haven't the heart to begin seeing someone new.—G.R., via the Internet

Tennyson wrote, "Tis better to have loved and lost / Than never to have

loved at all." Whatever you do, you cannot go back to a failed relationship.

She is shy, you say, which is probably why it lasted so long; she was too shy to break up sooner, although she knew it wasn't right. Women do know this, although they sometimes go ahead and get married until something better turns up, which in your case would have been much worse, although at the moment you don't think so.

I don't know how many times a guy I have doted on and adored just walked out on me. One of them even stole my computer and car—which was actually better because I got so mad that my anger eased the pain.

If it is any consolation to you, there is no cure for your suffering, so the best therapy is simply to revel in it. Make your friends' lives hell by going on and on about how unhappy you are. Get drunk and behave badly in public places. If you do this enthusiastically enough, you might even end up spending the night in jail, so you can really suffer. Make sure you have a marker on you. If it's not taken away from you, you can do graffiti on the walls of your dungeon, writing your ex's name along with something like "Look what you have done to me!"—which will probably increase the fine, or whatever penalty is imposed.

I recommend watching the movie *Ad-*

dicted to Love, starring Matthew Broderick and Meg Ryan. Jilted lover Broderick follows his ex-girlfriend to New York City, where he settles in an abandoned building across the street from her apartment so he can watch her and her new lover, who is French. There he is joined by Meg Ryan, the Frenchman's ex-girlfriend, whose agenda is even more extreme: She wants revenge. It is black humor at its best, but I do not recommend that you emulate Meg Ryan's behavior, which is a terrifying illustration of "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" in that she completely destroys her poor ex.

One morning after you have lost all your friends and your job is on the line, you will wake up and find that you are cured. This is the moment to do some serious skirt chasing. Hunt for another girlfriend, and don't settle for anything but the best. She must be gorgeous, intelligent, and brilliant in bed. One of the problems you had with your ex was that she didn't fight, so find someone who stands up for herself and tells you what's wrong with you. That is the kind of relationship that stands a much better chance of enduring the test of time.

The STD Factor

I am 21 years old and have been married two years. My husband works in another county, and I'm often alone. I started seeing another man, and as I don't trust just the pill alone, we used condoms. For a time, my lover didn't like to use condoms, so I got fitted for a diaphragm. We had good sex. Then he started avoiding me. I then had sex with another man. A few days later I found out that I had a sexually transmitted disease. The disease is curable.

My problem is: How can I ever trust a man again? If my husband finds out, will he ever trust me again? The man that passed the disease to me must have known he was infected. Should I come clean with my husband and take the consequences?—T.W., Missouri

One of the tragic aspects of our hypocritical society is that the moral majority looks upon sexually transmitted diseases as a kind of divine punishment for promiscuity. To be infected with gonorrhea, or even crabs, is regarded as so shameful that hardly anyone dares talk about it, hence the reluctance of your now ex-lover to admit that he had a dose. Embarrassment probably caused him to delay going to the doctor, and could be the reason he infected you. He was not prepared to own up, even to himself, that he was "unclean."

You ask, "How can I ever trust another man?" Give your ex-lover the benefit of the doubt. When he passed on to you whatever STD he had contracted, he



VIEW FROM THE TOP



BLUEWATER HUNTING

By Ken McAlpine

Fifty feet beneath the sun-blasted surface of the Sea of Cortez, it is dreamlike, but not still or quiet. Torrents of fish flick through the murk, a sensuous river flashing silver and blue, unblinking, one eye out for eats, one eye out to keep from being eaten. There's the incessant gravel-click of sea creatures feeding: gnawing, grasping, clawing, ingesting.

Study a nautical chart and you will find Isla las Animas etched as a tiny pinprick to the north of La Paz, Mexico, a guano-stained pinnacle in the middle of the Sea of Cortez. Somewhere below my vantage point the walls of Las Animas fall away until they reach a depth of 3,600 feet. Rising from the deep, this fat thumb of an island provides a false sense of protection for smaller sea life otherwise adrift in a multiplanal expanse of blue.

Peering through my mask, I watch bluewater hunters Terry Maas, Ron Mullins, Jim Mabry, and Terry's 19-year-old son, Loren, descend 60, 70, 80 feet—dark apparitions clasping spearguns, finning slowly down through the milling schools of fish, dissolving into the green. The bait fish that huddle around Las Animas act as a magnet for big predators, gliding up from the depths to slash, rend, and gobble. And big predators are what these men seek.

Bluewater hunting is simple, stark. Armed with mask, fins,



weight belt, snorkel, and speargun, the bluewater hunter descends as many as 100 feet, his only air that which he can hold in his lungs (bubbles from scuba tanks scare fish away, and staying down with artificial aid removes the sport from the hunt). Down there the hunter waits silently for his prey, big-game fish like bluefin and yellow-fin tuna, dorado, sea bass, sailfish, and marlin. The sport is practiced in waters around the globe—off Australia, South Africa, and California; in the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, and the Red Sea. There are varying levels of skill and commitment. No one keeps figures, but Terry Maas, a lean 57-year-old from Ventura, California, guesses that thousands practice the sport in shallower waters, descending 30 and 40 feet to prowl reefs and rocky bottoms close to shore, hunting smaller fish like dogtooth tuna, amberjack, and mackerel. Being able to see the ocean bottom, and having prey that weighs less

than the people do, are consolations to intermediate-level hunters.

Far fewer are willing to plop into 3,000 feet of water in the middle of the ocean—morphing in a blink from credit-card-carrying member of society to tidbit in the food chain. Maas reckons there

are 3,000 to 5,000 serious bluewater hunters scattered around the globe.

This has its advantages. As Maas, a practical sort, puts it, "It's never crowded." Meaning that you can hang alone, suspended in space, in a world that's not yours, waiting for a creature

perfectly suited to this place. Something powerful, primal, and altogether uncaring. Such circumstances are not for everybody, but they fill Maas and his brethren with glee.

It takes us a full night to reach Las Animas from La Paz, throbbing over black-slick waters in the 57-foot *Mary Lee*. As soon as we drop anchor, Maas hops into the *Mary Lee's* panga for a preliminary scout. As we bump across the glassy early-morning water, frigate birds wheel overhead. Bait fish,

Armed with mask, fins, weight belt, snorkel, and speargun, the bluewater hunter descends, his only air that which he can hold in his lungs.



VIEW FROM THE TOP



attempting to escape larger mouths, ruffle the surface in sudden boils, the sound like a brief squall of fat raindrops. My senses are overwhelmed by an arc of blue sky and the smell of fish, salt, and bird shit that, judging from the liberal stain covering most of the island, has been deposited here for millennia.

men has been free diving—diving without tanks—since he was a nipper. Terry Maas started at 14, and introduced his son to the sport when Loren was six. Mabry, a wiry, laconic man, cured to leather by a lifetime of sun and salt, began diving at around ten, giving him 52 years' experience. Mullins, who at 46 looks and

conditions that made for a successful hunt—tides, currents, bait-fish activity—20 years ago. If need be, he can hold his breath for three minutes and descend a hundred feet.

"You ever see what you look like at a hundred feet?" he asks. He sucks in his cheeks and pulls back on his face. "You look like a cadaver down there."

Maas possesses all the tools, and he will need them; he is hoping to spear a monstrous black marlin—a 1,000-pound giant, the apex predator of this sea. In popular literature, sharks steal all the ink. But armed with a slashing bill and a thick, thuggish body torqued by a tail that can be larger than a man, the black marlin is a fearsome predator. A big marlin can glump down a 150-pound tuna whole. More typically they dine on fish bits, herding schools of fish into a ball then slashing through the terrified mass like Zorro on speed, and swinging back to pick up the pieces. Some bluewater hunters have been skewered by marlin they've speared.

Before flying down to meet



"When you've got a full chest of air and you're suspended in this blue void, sometimes you feel like you could stay down there forever."

Terry Maas seems to inhale the surroundings as, beaming, he says, "This is the beauty of this sport. Drop below the surface in a place like this and you instantly step back into prehistory, into a world where conditions are unchanged for thousands of years. You get so immersed in that, you lose all contact with the outside world. When you've got a full chest of air and you're suspended in this blue void, sometimes you feel like you could stay down there forever."

His eyes, fully given to the water now, take on a faraway look. "You never know what you're going to see. There's this tremendous anticipation, this thought that, at any time, you might run across one of the world's biggest creatures."

To find a fish this size requires time, sometimes almost a lifetime. We have five days, although Mullins, Mabry, and the Maases will be drawing on substantial experience to bolster the pinched schedule. Californians all, each of the

acts like a mischievous Irish street urchin, first got wet when his father tossed him overboard off California's Catalina Island at age four.

"Dad wasn't much for long, drawn-out lessons," he says.

Maas is the unspoken leader. He currently holds the North American spearfishing record for black marlin (188 pounds) and the world record for Pacific blue-fin tuna, a 398-pound creature that he speared near Guadalupe Island, 150 miles off the Baja Peninsula in the Pacific Ocean. But Maas has moved beyond

records and into legend. Fellow divers swear he has a supernatural affinity for the hunt. Stalking open-water predators, Maas becomes one himself—languid, canny, patient. Methodical and supremely focused, he is an oceanic database, able to recite



Maas and the others at La Paz, I told a friend who's an experienced scuba diver what it was Maas hoped to find.

My friend spoke quietly. "If he spears one, you don't want to be anywhere fucking near him."

To spear a giant marlin you have to find one, and this is no

easy feat. The ocean is a big place, and big-game fish don't put much stock in man's efforts to predict their movements. Which is why, over the course of five days, the *Mary Lee* throbs from island to island. Our search is guided by what the hunters know of marlin, what John Barnes, the *Mary Lee*'s skipper, knows of the Sea of Cortez, and what local fishermen have been seeing, with a substantial amount of hearsay, conjecture, and crapshoot thrown in.

Wherever we anchor, Maas is up at dawn and ready first. He wolfs down a small bowl of cereal ("Food barks back at you when you're hanging upside down all day"), then slaps barefoot around the stern of the *Mary Lee*, yanking on his wetsuit, gathering up floats and speargun, and needling the others to get a move on. Sometimes they do, but most times they don't. Maas doesn't wait. He is in the water and hunting while the others are still forking up breakfast.

As the furnace-hot sun traces its arc, Mullins, Mabry, and Loren slip in and out of the water.



amberjack pools blood at our feet, the pungent smell rising in the heat.

Perhaps to ensure that I'll get in the water, Maas, Mullins, and Mabry have told me that Las Animas is not nearly as sharky as some of the places they dive. But this comparison is relative. Skipper Barnes, a ruddy, stocky California expatriate who has spent 25 years fishing and skippering in these waters, tells me Las Animas is one of the sharkiest spots in the Sea of Cortez.

Mullins yanks the spear from the amberjack and flashes a toothy grin. "Just saw a fish out there, swimming with its entire stomach gone," he says.

Maas looks at Loren, a polite, lanky, handsome kid who, it is obvious, reveres his father. "We're going to cut up this fish, Loren," says Terry Maas. "It'll attract a bunch of little fish. Maybe that will attract the marlin."

"Nothing to lose," says Mullins. "Except maybe an arm or a leg."

Loren says nothing. But after his dad and Mullins slide back overboard, dragging the amberjack in with them, he follows. The three of them drift 50 yards off the back of the pan-

ga, Ron slicing the amberjack into chunks that float bloodily before sinking. The men fin off in different directions.

A minute later, Ron shouts to Terry. "Hey! Hey! Hey!"

Maas's neoprene-encased head pops to the surface. "What?"

"Did you see it?"

"What?"

"Billfish. Swordfish or marlin, I couldn't tell. Swimming right toward you."

This requires no response, and Maas gives none. The remainder of the day is spent drifting, descending, waiting.

Shouts are not always good news. Bluewater hunters are routinely hassled by sharks, an expected danger in a sport involving speared, bleeding fish. Generally the sharks make no serious contact, at most an aggressive bump that raises an adrenal spike or two. But there are exceptions. Bluewater hunters have been killed by sharks.

Diving off Guadalupe Island, bluewater hunter Harry Ingram peered down into what should have been fall-away depths. Why, thought Ingram, is there a reef under me, and why is it getting bigger?

A white shark covered the remaining 30 feet impossibly fast. Somehow Ingram got his speargun to his shoulder and nailed the shark. The shark rammed the gun, the butt jammed into Ingram's shoulder, and the impact threw him into the air, over the back of the shark and back into the water, physically unscathed.

Another bluewater hunter, Ron Orr, was diving off the coast of northern California when he was attacked head-on by a white shark. Orr was

Terry Maas hopes to spear a monstrous black marlin, a 1,000-pound giant that's the apex predator of this sea.



Occasionally I descend with them. Other times I am grateful to stay dry. Early one morning at Las Animas, Mullins spears a large amberjack that, it is decided, will be cut up for bait. This decision is made in the panga in which Maas, Mullins, Loren, and I are sitting as the



VIEW FROM THE TOP



Massive sharks and jousting marlin make for the best stories, but the truth is, there are greater dangers.

swallowed to the shoulders, alerted to his change in circumstance only by the sudden darkness and an odd grinding noise that was the shark working on his head. He managed, miraculously, to free himself. Orr still dives, though he holds the dubious honor of being attacked by a white shark twice.

Diving off Las Animas one afternoon, Maas and Mullins are pestered by the same aggressive

gray shark, prodding it away with their guns. I am in the water with them, often not more than ten yards away, but I never see the damn thing.

"It probably saw you," draws Mabry that night, the five of us sitting in the galley after dinner. "I always figure the one that's going to get me is the one I don't see."

Deadly encounters with sharks and other fish—divers inhaled by enormous jewfish, pulled down by schools of squid into inky blackness—are retold aboard the *Mary Lee* at night. They are neck-prickling stories casually recounted as we sit in the warmly lit galley, sunburned and bloated after eating another delicious dinner cooked by skipper Barnes's wife, Joanne, a friendly, bustling woman who prepares heaping home-cooked meals.

This night the conversation turns to marlin. Four species of it roam the world's oceans—blue, black, white, and striped. Maas is after the largest of the lot. He believes—and in bluewater hunting, optimism counts for much—that somewhere nearby, a 1,000-pound

black marlin swims. Other bluewater hunters have seen marlin in these waters, apparitions rendered nearly implausible by their power and size. Once, in the Pacific, Maas was approached by a 500-pound blue marlin, a creature so magnificent that for once Maas was rendered inept.

"It was only about 20 feet away, and it turned and presented me with a perfect shot, but all I could do was stare," he says. "It's one of the ocean's most powerful killers, perfectly designed, a mass of muscles and a head shaped like the Concorde jet."

Except that the nose of the Concorde is blunt. The ideal way to hunt a marlin—or any enormous fish—is to wait until it gets within 15 feet and make a shot that kills it instantly. But this requires marksmanship not always possible in a world where currents rage and fish bolt at the sound of a spear releasing. When a shot goes bad, you are quite alone.

"Marlin's got a spear of its own," says Mullins. "People have been killed by them. One guy, I heard he got an 11-inch vent in the middle of his chest. He speared a marlin and it came back and speared him."

Should you happen to wound a marlin, and the fish opts not to turn you into a strainer, any number of things can happen. If the fish doesn't jerk the spear loose or snap the line or bend the spear like a pretzel and then snap the line, it will likely charge off. Secured to a series of floats, the line charges off with it, diver in tow. A 180-pound tuna once dragged Maas around for more than an hour. The stomach of one 1,500-pound black marlin contained a 150-pound yellow-fin tuna. Swallowed whole.

The buoyant floats are not easy to drag under. Their fore-ordained yen to bob to the surface should eventually tire even the strongest-willed fish. This is the theory. Barnes recalls a huge marlin that sounded with a long string of floats. "Never saw the marlin or the floats again. Sometimes when marlin think that they're going to die, they'll just impale themselves on the bottom of the ocean."

It's possible that somewhere in the Sea of Cortez, until it was picked clean, a corpse swayed gently in inky blackness, a line of floats swaying above it.

Massive sharks and jousting marlin make for the best stories, but the truth is, there are greater dangers. Divers are run over by boats, and other divers have speared them with mistaken potshots in dusky waters. But the greatest danger—the one that has claimed the most bluewater hunters—is shallow-water blackout. The physiology is complex, but mostly this is when the diver stays down too long, runs out of air on the way up, passes out without warning, and drowns.

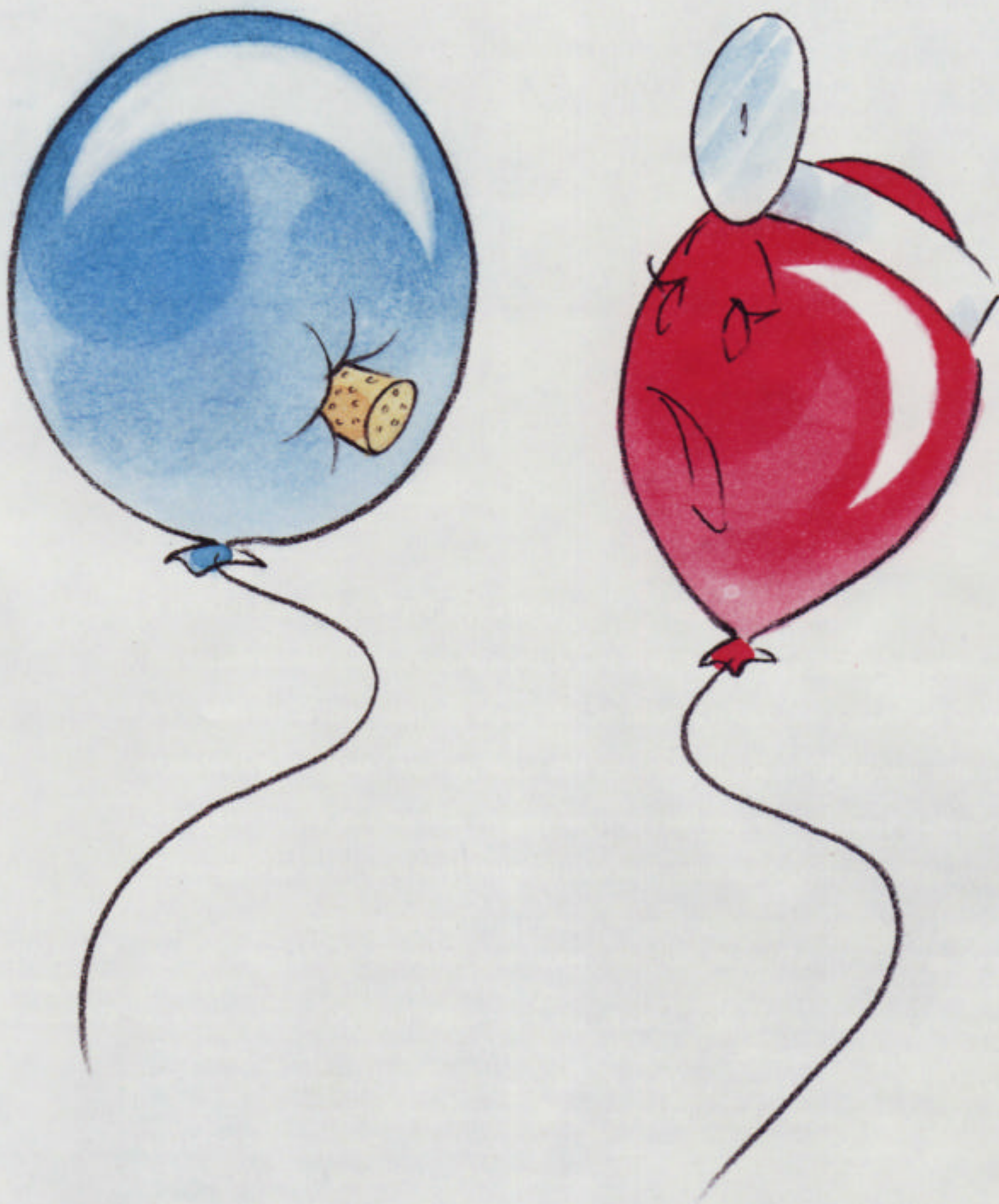
One might think the urge to breathe is strong, but the bluewater hunter is sometimes forced to make a difficult choice. "The really big fish always seem to

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Ballbonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"There's always the pill...."

"We are totally unprepared, period," says an expert on bioterrorism. No one can predict the virulence or scale of the next attacks. All that can be said with certainty is that they *will* happen.

Homeland Insecurity

A MAN CARRYING A SMALL COFFEE CAN MADE HIS WAY INTO AN FBI FIELD OFFICE in Minnesota one early spring day in 1991. He had the slightly wild-eyed look that marked him instantly as one of the dreaded types known as "walk-ins," the people who plague FBI offices all over the country. They regularly arrive at FBI field offices with urgent intelligence they want the Bureau to act on immediately—exclusive insights into mighty conspiracies, often conveyed directly to them via steel plates in their heads through which they receive orders from the CIA or an alien world.

Agents have to listen patiently to such tales on what is known as the "YNFK Principle": You never fucking know.

But it quickly became clear that Mr. X, as we'll call him here, was no ordinary walk-in, especially when he placed the coffee can on a table and removed the lid to reveal what appeared to be talcum powder inside. "Silent justice," he said with a smile.

And with that, a very strange and ominous chapter in American history began. Within a decade it would come to involve a large-scale government

cover-up, a massive intelligence failure, official bungling, a full-fledged public panic, and the deaths of five Americans in the country's worst bioterrorist attack. Tragically, it was an attack for which the United States should have been ready, but wasn't; contrary to government claims, the nation remains woefully unprepared.

The man with the coffee can turned out to be a member of the Minnesota Patriots Council, a name that instantly brought the FBI agents to full alert. Among a hodgepodge of antitax and anti-government groups that had sprung up all over

Article by
Ernest Volkman
Illustration by
Griesbach/Martucci



Minnesota, the Minnesota Patriots Council was one of the most radical; some of its members had been arrested on assorted firearms and other charges while advocating the violent overthrow of the government. Mr. X said he had become disenchanted with the Patriots. However eager to overthrow the hated federal government, Mr. X said, he drew the line at murdering law-enforcement personnel.

And how would these executions be carried out? That's where the powder in the coffee can came in; it was ricin, one of the deadliest substances on the planet, 250 times more toxic than cyanide.

Mr. X's revelations touched off an FBI investigation that would eventually lead to the conviction on domestic terrorism charges of four members of the Minnesota Patriots Council, in a case that attracted little public attention. That was no accident, for the government carefully downplayed the significance of the case for fear of setting off a public panic.

The CIA had assumed that only sophisticated U.S. and Soviet laboratories were capable of producing ricin. How did a bunch of right-wing nuts in Minnesota get it?

The answer, from Mr. X, was disturbing: The makings of the ricin had come in the mail. For a mere \$12.95 (plus shipping), the Minnesota Patriots Council

had ordered a batch of castor beans from an ad in a right-wing publication, along with instructions on how to extract ricin from the beans. And that wasn't all: The FBI discovered that 472 laboratories in 61 countries, including the United States, freely sold toxins and deadly germs to any buyer who claimed to be a biological researcher. There were virtually no regulations governing the purchase and shipment of such things. That meant that anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of microbiology could convert cell cultures, microorganisms, and a wide variety of other substances into biological weapons.

True, domestic terrorists didn't have the tools necessary to commit mass murder—such as aerosolizing smallpox virus to spread over hundreds of square miles or converting anthrax spores into large volumes of powder granules less than a micron wide to penetrate the lung tissues of millions of people—but what some of them had managed to develop was sufficiently dangerous. And it was just a matter of time before those groups could develop true weapons of mass destruction.

Scary enough, but the threat soon assumed even more frightening proportions. In 1994, Khidhir Hamza, Saddam Hussein's top nuclear scientist, became disenchanted and defected to

the CIA (which at first had given Hamza the cold shoulder). In extensive debriefings, Hamza revealed the extent of Iraq's nuclear-weapons program. But he also told of Saddam's biological-warfare effort, revealing that it had made strong forward strides, partially because it used political prisoners as test subjects. Worse, Hamza noted, the Iraqis were running bioterror training camps. A year later, the head of Iraq's biowar operations, Hussein Kamel, a Saddam Hussein son-in-law, also defected, with even more disturbing revelations—among them the existence of a large-scale effort, carefully hidden from United Nations weapons inspectors, to develop anthrax weapons, which, Kamel said, had been made available to members of Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda terrorist network. That dovetailed with an ominous FBI finding in 1993, when agents investigating terrorists involved in the bombing of the World Trade Center came across an Iraqi national, living in New York on a work visa, who shared an apartment with one of the bombers. The FBI discovered that the Iraqi had also rented another apartment for purposes that weren't clear. What made this all the more alarming was what the Iraqi did for a living: He worked in a genetic-engineering laboratory and had wide access to other research laboratories and their stocks of germs. He apparently realized he had come under heavy FBI surveillance, and fled to Iraq—a development supporting the FBI's suspicion that he had been a sleeper agent for Iraqi intelligence, assigned the task of arranging a bioweapons link to Al Qaeda terrorist cells in this country.

Reports from both the CIA and FBI on the implications of these events were largely ignored, although they pointed to a stark threat: a rogue state with biological-warfare capability willing to make that technology available to terrorists. And Iraq wasn't the only such threat. Other countries notorious for connections to terrorists, notably Libya and North Korea, were busily at work developing biological weapons. Indeed, the CIA kept turning up nasty biowar surprises—such as the discovery, after the fall of the apartheid government in South Africa, that that regime had secretly developed a sophisticated biological-weapons capability ranging from chocolate candy laden with toxins (to be slipped to antiapartheid activists) to a plan to wipe out South Africa's entire black population by feeding pathogens into building ventilation systems.

Yet despite the clear indications that a significant bioterrorism threat now existed against the entire United States, our government insisted on seeing the threat as purely against the U.S. military. Money was poured into Pentagon



RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

There once was a man, I've heard,
with a cock whose length was absurd.
He was understandably proud
to be thus endowed
and by most women, largely preferred.

—Submitted by Ryan Bradley

The batter was boiling and bitter
and yelled at the pitcher, "Consider:
If you throw that ball
and hit me at all,
I'm shoving this shaft up your shitter."

—Submitted by E. A. Stockwell

A buxom young beauty named Beth
could take away any man's breath.
She'd climb up on top
and just never stop
until she had fucked him to death.

—Submitted by George Knaak

While Titian was mixing red matter
his model ascended a ladder.
To Titian her position
suggested coition,
so he climbed up the ladder and had her.

—Submitted by R. S. Peterson



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.

Your Guide to the Best New Video Games



Pikmin (Nintendo—GameCube) Nintendo's resident genius Shigeru Miyamoto (creator of the *Mario*, *Zelda*, and *Donkey Kong* franchises) has said that inspiration for his latest title, *Pikmin*, came when he was idly gazing at his lawn and imagining an elaborate microcosm beneath his feet. The result is this showcase title for Nintendo's spanking-new GameCube. Players assume the role of Captain Olimar, a Lilliputian spaceman who crashes on an unknown planet and must recover the broken parts of his ship in order to escape. To get the job done, Olimar enlists the help of indigenous plantlike creatures called pikmin, each with its own particular skill (some resist fire, for example, others swim). At its core, *Pikmin* works the puzzle-solving parts of a player's brain, while presenting the action in a cheerily surreal setting that feels equal parts *Alice in Wonderland* and *Donkey Kong*.

Rez (Sega—Playstation 2) *Rez* is one of those rare titles that's steeped in gaming tradition yet imaginatively pioneers its own. On the surface, the PS2 title is a straight-up shooter reminiscent of the classic arcade hit *Tempest*. You are a skeletal cybernetic creature that hovers over a shifting matrix of abstract colors, lines, and schemes. As various obstacles and enemies drift past, gamers shoot their way through the strikingly kaleidoscopic scenes. If this were it, the game would survive on eye candy alone. But the breakthrough comes from *Rez*'s use of music. Every time a player shoots an enemy, the destruction triggers a new variation on the sound track. The deeper one plays, the more the music evolves. There's an intriguing moral perplexity in all this that causes the player to think of destruction as a means of creation. Heady stuff for a video game, and well worth the ride.



Jet Set Radio Future (Sega—Xbox) When *Jet Grind Radio* hit the Dreamcast in 2000 it was rightly hailed as a revolutionary title; now its sequel is poised for similar greatness on the Xbox. *Jet Set Radio Future*, like its predecessor, takes place in the underworld of inline-skating graffiti artists who populate a futuristic Japan. Players control gangs of artists who must protect their own domain while spray-painting or "tagging" the domains of their opponents. The action is incredibly fluid, as you shpritz aerosol art while coasting on the edge of a shiny metal rail. *Jet Set* also pushes a cel-animation style, which gives characters a hand-drawn, TV-cartoon kind of look—not the freshest of touches now that so many other games have copped this manner. Still, the *Jet* series is a classic, and this sequel, which takes advantage of the Xbox's graphic muscle power (and multiplayer capabilities), is a more than worthy addition.

Age of Mythology (Microsoft—PC) Ensemble Studios has ruled the real-time strategy genre with hits like *Age of Empires* and its sequel, *Age of Kings*. Now the company that lets players create, manage, and command civilizations is putting a decidedly more fantastic spin on the genre with *Age of Mythology*. This title, which exploits a state-of-the-art 3D-graphics engine, eschews historic fact for the fancies of Egyptian, Greek, and Nordic myth. The gameplay itself is not unlike that of its predecessors, in which players become omniscient rulers of their own worlds. This time around there are considerably more pyrotechnics. Players use divine powers to, say, trigger an earthquake or unleash a meteor shower. The game promises improved multiplayer options, with an interface that makes it easier to find other players to challenge over the Internet. These are war games at their best—and most addictive.





"I never knew the Easter Bunny had a penis ring."

INSECURITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

antibioweapons programs, including a mass inoculation of all military personnel against anthrax.

"To a great extent, that decision was political," says one U.S. intelligence official. "They had plenty of reports indicating that this country faced a significant bioterrorism threat, but nobody wanted to hear it. The concern was that if you start telling the American people about the threat, you'd have a public panic that would cause a wide range of political problems. People would demand mass inoculations and all kinds of countermeasures. That would cost a hell of a lot of money."

In any event, the basic policy under both the Bush Sr. and Clinton administrations was to keep a tight lid on any mention of a general bioterrorism threat. The government's efforts focused on the military. A two-track approach was developed: the inoculation of military personnel and other defensive measures, while simultaneously formulating a deterrent strategy. Any nation unleashing a biological attack against the United States could expect immediate and massive retaliation from America's nuclear arsenal. That, it was claimed, would deter

any nation from even thinking of a biological attack.

All well and good, said a Pentagon official named Peter Probst, the military's chief adviser on bioterrorism, but that didn't actually meet the threat. In 1994 he prepared a report warning that the United States would be attacked by bioterrorists within five years. He recommended a wide range of countermeasures, including stockpiling of vaccines, wide distribution of detection gear, and a mass training program for local law-enforcement agencies, hospitals, and laboratories, the first line of defense in any biological attack. The report attracted no interest at the higher levels of the Pentagon and the rest of the government. Probst was told his conclusions were "alarmist."

That skepticism persisted in the face of accumulating evidence. To prove Probst's point, a team of sympathetic Pentagon experts quietly put together a biological-warfare factory that would use only equipment commonly available on the open market. Within two years, at a cost of \$1.6 million, they built a fully functional laboratory and production line that turned out a big batch of weapons-grade anthrax spores (spores less than five microns wide, or 8,000 times smaller than a speck of dirt). Further, they were able to do it in total

secrecy in a rented warehouse. They hardly needed to add that they also could have infected a very large population with those spores, either by spraying or simply dusting things people commonly touch—such as the mail.

Their conclusions were ignored. In 1998 one more domestic bioterror threat came to light. The miscreant this time was another right-wing nut, a self-described "Christian patriot" named Larry Wayne Harris who popped up in Las Vegas with a small batch of powder that he told an acquaintance was "military-grade anthrax," enough to wipe out the city's entire population. Alarmed, the acquaintance ran to the FBI, and Harris was in serious trouble. With a sigh of relief, the FBI discovered that the anthrax Harris brandished was a veterinary-grade variety commonly used to treat infected animals and of little danger to human beings. But there were other aspects of the case that were very disturbing. Harris was a trained microbiologist who worked in a laboratory that handled tests of water supplies. In his spare time, he fiddled with germ warfare in his home laboratory. In 1995 he was arrested on mail-fraud charges for purchasing three vials of *Yersinia pestis*, the bacterium that causes bubonic plague. A virulent racist, Harris was unclear on what he proposed to do

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GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

The Pope celebrates Easter at Daytona Beach



Becky Thornmorton: The most popular girl at Central High's annual Easter-egg hunt



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

OUR HANDY SEX TIP OF THE MONTH

Charlie Sheen, on boudoir challenges: "I don't recommend bedding five women at one time. There's just not enough guy to go around."



AND NOW, A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE

Actor **Robert Blake**, on the meaning of his life: "I think of all the times I wanted to kill myself. I think of all the times I tried to kill other people, and I don't know why I'm here."



SORRY WE ASKED

Oasis singer

Liam Gallagher, on the subject of his new baby son:

"Is he beautiful? No, he's ugly and miserable.

He's got eight heads and four legs. Of course he's fucking beautiful!"



Former actress **Terry Moore**, once married to **Howard Hughes**, on what attracted Hughes to her: "Howard's only good sex was with me. He used to tell me, 'You don't know what we have, Terry. Ours is a once-in-a-lifetime thing.' I was not the **Elizabeth Taylor** kind of beauty, but he was turned on by my innocence and purification. I had no capped teeth, no scars, I had nice feet."



AH, THAT EXPLAINS IT

OUR NATION'S VIGILANT POLICE FORCES AT WORK

Washington, D.C., police took a 12-year-old girl off a subway train, handcuffed her, booked her, and removed the laces from her sneakers—to prevent her from hanging herself—all because she was caught eating a french fry as she rode. "We really do believe in zero tolerance," the police chief said.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK

Bebe Buell, onetime groupie to rock stars, on her relationship with **Elvis Costello**: "I left my body.... We liked to make love with the blue TV light on because we thought it made our skin look beautiful."



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Prince, the rock star noted for his outrageous behavior and onstage profanity, has converted to the Jehovah's Witnesses. He now preaches against the use of profanity, and urges teenagers to turn to God.

WORST NEW FRAGRANCE IDEA

RMS Titanic, Inc., which holds the salvage rights to the *Titanic* wreckage, hopes to promote a new perfume based on fragrances found by divers searching the wreckage of the sunken liner. The stuff was in a bag containing dozens of vials left behind by a German perfumer in his haste to abandon ship.

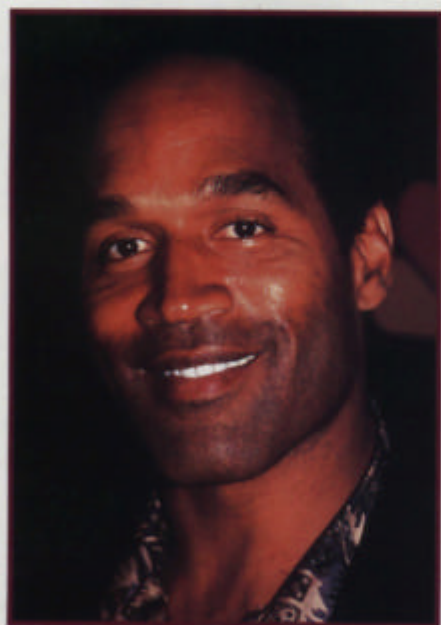


WORST NEW DOLL IDEA

A Connecticut firm offers a doll of **John F. Kennedy Jr.** when he was three years old, posed in his famous salute to his slain father's coffin. Price: \$99, plus \$9 shipping. The manufacturer says a "portion" of the cost will be donated to "one of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s favorite charities." That portion turns out to be \$2.50.

THANK YOU FOR CLEARING THAT UP

Rapper **Trick Daddy**, when asked by *Oneworld* magazine to define "freaky girls," responded, "It's possible to be a ho because your grandma was a ho, or your sister or your mama or your great-grandma was a ho. It all depends on what kind of ho you are. You got gangster ho's, trifling ho's, all kinds different ho's."



THREE DAYS IN THE FUHRER BUNKER TO...

... **O. J. Simpson**, who compared his 15-year-old daughter to his murdered ex-wife as follows: "She's her mom all over again, she's got those German genes. Her grandmother, my wife, now my daughter. Those bitches'll wear you out."

THE EVER- DEEPENING GORE VIDAL MYSTERY

Novelist **Gore Vidal** insists that **President Kennedy** was bisexual, although Vidal admits he has no evidence to back up that assertion. "I have no firsthand knowledge," he writes in London's *Tatler*, "but I have my intuitions about Jack."



AMONG MY SOUVENIRS



The beaded bra worn by **Madonna** during a 1993 concert tour was sold to an anonymous bidder for \$23,850 in an Internet auction.

OUR NATION'S JUDGES AT WORK

A federal judge in Spokane, Washington, was revealed to have exchanged racist and ethnically derogatory notes with his court clerk during trials. The communications, made public by the judge's former stenographer, include the comment "Ah is im-po-tent!" while a black man was testifying, and, during another case, "In my experience, a Mormon money man makes the Jews and Chinese look like rank amateurs!"

How To Attract Women And Influence Them

Finally- men have an unfair advantage! Find out why USA TODAY, Gentleman's Quarterly, HARD COPY, DATELINE, 20/20, CNN, ABC NEWS, THE WASHINGTON POST, THE LOS ANGELES TIMES, and countless other sources are featuring stories about an amazing discovery that's helping men get laid all over the country!

Dear Friend...

If you're interested in becoming more attractive in the eyes of beautiful women- meeting 3...4... even 5 new women every week... *without any additional effort...* this will be the most important 4 pages you will ever read- They can change your life!

Look- there are many ways to improve your desirability to the opposite sex... you could lift weights for the perfect body... you can start your own business and become rich... or you can take the easy route and simply use a new product that has critics all over the world amazed- It's called Euphoria.

Just imagine this- you're sitting at a bar while women- one after another- more beautiful than you've ever gotten before- are approaching... smiling... brushing up against you... even starting conversations with you. That would be something... wouldn't it?

Well, Euphoria can make that fantasy a reality. In fact, give Euphoria just a few days to prove what it can do, and you'll forever be in debt to the "mad scientist" who created it!

Euphoria is a revolutionary new man's fragrance which has ingredients in it that chemically alter how the opposite sex reacts to you. These "subconscious scent signals" naturally trigger romantic, sexual feelings in women standing as far as 15-feet from you.

After many years of testing, scientists succeeded in identifying, isolating, and creating the amazing

Euphoria blend. Even when it's used in small amounts, men report amazing results! You will suddenly find yourself being approached by women who will make lasting eye contact, smile more often, initiate conversations, and will even compliment you on "your cologne".

Euphoria is so powerful, and

it works so well, one user says, "It's almost unfair to women."

The secret behind Euphoria is 3 ingredients- Androsteneone, Androsteneol, and Androsteneone. When these 3 odorless ingredients are combined in the proper dosages, they send signals that are detected through an organ 3 inches inside a woman's nose called the Vomeronasal Organ. When



It's So Amazing... One User Says...
"IT'S ALMOST UNFAIR TO WOMEN!"

the Vomeronasal Organ in a woman's nose detects Euphoria, it sends a sexual response signal to their brain. They are almost hypnotized by you. It's that simple.

Just a few sprays of Euphoria on your neck will give you 12 to 14 hours of influence over women. Use it at work, on a date, in a nightclub, anywhere there's women.

Just look at what's waiting for you inside a bottle of Euphoria:

More eye contact and smiles from the opposite sex-

You will be found more sexually attractive-

You will have more dates and sexual intercourse-

You may experience a rejuvenation in your current relationship-

The opposite sex will start-up conversations with you-

You will increase your self-confidence-

You will experience better business and employment relationships-

And so many more!

The ingredients in Euphoria are so revolutionary, they always seem to be in the news...

Here's what **THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE** says...

"In a study of 38 men for 8 weeks, all of them reported that they were busier sexually- engaging in significantly more hugging, kissing, and sexual intercourse with their female partners. It is thought to work by stimulating fine nerves in the back of the nose that are linked to sexual response. The new cologne increases romance and love and all that comes with it."

Here's what **BENNET RESEARCH** in Sydney, Australia found...

"Quite remarkable results! Of the 306 men who took part in this survey, 275 or 90% claimed the product increased their attractiveness to women. 11% even said their attractiveness increased between 80 to 100%."

GQ (Gentleman's Quarterly) Magazine says...

"Double-Blind testing confirmed effectiveness for 73% of users."

A recent study performed by **The Department Of Psychology at University College of London** reveals...

"An experiment with 76 student volunteers of both sexes showed that females had increased social exchanges with males after a brief exposure to Androsteno" - which is

one the main ingredients in Euphoria.

COSMOPOLITAN Magazine says...

"The scent acts on a woman's brain's sex center to heighten sexual arousal but at a level below the threshold of awareness."

That's just 5 tests... we could write about them all, but our ad would be 10 pages long! So, how well does Euphoria work in the real world? Read-on as actual users tell you first-hand what Euphoria did for them...

Richard C.'s Euphoria Story...

"I was introduced to this girl from a guy who sold us both cars. I was at the dealer one day, when I met this girl. She was beautiful and obviously interested in me- she was laughing at everything I said. We ended up making plans to go out to dinner and she gave me her number. That week, I was extremely busy at work, so I never got a chance to call her. She grew frustrated and actually called the salesman and asked him if it was ok for him to give her my number so she could call me! That night, I did call her and we made plans for the following Friday. On the way to pick her up, I was running late, so I decided to pick her up before I got gas, so I wouldn't be late. I got her and headed straight for the gas station. As I pumped the gas, she rolled down the window on her side so we could talk. I told her it was cold outside, so she took my hand and put it between her legs, right up her short skirt and smiled at me. We never made it to the restaurant that night. We headed straight back to my place. This Euphoria is mind-blowing!"

Karl W.'s Euphoria Story...

"My friend and I were playing pool at a bar one night. There were 2 women sitting nearby the pool table. I didn't think much of it. When we were finished playing pool, we headed over to the bar for a drink, when the girl came up to me and said, "Are you just going to leave me there without saying anything to me?" I was like, "Holy-shit! Euphoria is working!" So, we talked for a while and she asked if I could give her a ride home. I did. And right outside her apartment, she gave me a blow job in my car! A customer for life!"

Gary S.'s Euphoria Story...

"I met this Oriental girl in a bar and we made plans to go out to dinner. Right after dinner, I was driving to a club to go dancing. While we were on our way, she started telling me how her friends were jealous of her because being she was Oriental, she doesn't ever have to

shave her legs. I didn't see the point behind her saying that until she asked me if I would like to feel how smooth her legs were. I said sure and proceeded to rub her thighs and eventually rub a little higher if you know what I mean. She had a short skirt on with no panties. She was getting so wet. I said, "Fuck the club- we're goin' to her house!"

Chris S.'s Euphoria Story...

"I met this girl a month ago before I bought Euphoria. I left her numerous messages to call me. She finally called me- a whole month later. Obviously she wasn't very interested, but must have gotten desperate to finally call me. She said she felt like getting out to a movie, but it was around 11 and all the movies were over. So, I said, "I got a slew of movies. Do you want me to pick you up and come over here?" She took about a minute to answer me by saying, "OK, but if you think I'm coming over to have sex with you, please don't bother picking me up." I said "No problem." Before I left my house to pick her up, I sprayed Euphoria on my neck. When we got to my house to watch the movie, the movie wasn't even on for 5 minutes before she was going down on me!"

Frank J.'s Euphoria Story...

"I was at a club a few weeks ago with a buddy. We were leaving when he decided to stop at the bathroom before we left. I waited by the front door for him. Some girl walks in with her date and looks around and then asks me, "Where's the dancefloor?" I said there was no dancefloor at this bar, and I was just on my way to another club with a dancefloor. She asked if she could come. I figured she wanted to come with her boyfriend, so no big deal- I said sure. She then turns to the boyfriend and says, "I'll call you later, I'm leaving with him!" You had to see the look on this guy's face. I left my buddy in the bathroom. This strange girl and I ended up dancing all night, getting really drunk, then screwing in the back seat of my car!"

Tom K.'s Euphoria Story...

"I was celebrating with a few friends at a club one night. The club was packed, but we were lucky enough to grab a small table in the corner. As I got up to pay the waitress, this girl comes out of nowhere and sits in my seat! I asked her what she was doing and to get out of my

seat. She said, "Why don't you just sit on my lap?" I looked at my friends and they were like, "Go for it!" So I sat on her lap for a while until I got too heavy for her, then she sat on my lap. We talked for a while and started kissing. The next morning I woke up next to her asking her what her name was. This Euphoria stuff is crazy. It's almost like a drug for women!"

Steve Y.'s Euphoria Story...

"Here's a can't-lose tactic I use for picking up strippers. Before I go to a strip club, I spray Euphoria on my neck like I do everyday. Me and my friends sit at a table and just wait for the most beautiful stripper to approach me and ask if I want a lap dance. I say "Sure." While, she's giving me a dance, I'll let my hands wander a bit. Especially when she is sitting backwards in my lap. That's when I run my hands over her belly and up towards her breasts. If she pushes my hands away, I'll stop and not let her give me another dance. But, if she does let me touch, there's a good chance she likes me and wants me. After the dance, I'll ask for her number and 9 out of 10 times, she'll give it. I look at it this way, 60 bucks for Euphoria, 10 bucks for a lapdance, a few bucks for drinks, that's a cheap price to pay to get some incredible stripper sex! This plan never works if I'm not wearing Euphoria."



Before Euphoria was discovered, most men had to settle for a woman they really didn't want- or worse- they'd settle with no woman at all! Finally get the caliber of girls you DESERVE!

Neal K.'s Euphoria Story...

"My cousin and I were in Vegas last month. We're in MGM on our way to Studio 54. While we were waiting on line to get in, some girl was standing on the side of the line, waiting for a friend to come out of the club I guessed. She looks over at me and says, "My god! You're Gorgeous!" I'm just like, yeah right... She then tells me not to go in Studio 54 because it was a shitty night. She then offered me and my cousin to come with her and a friend to a club on the roof of the RIO hotel. I was game- but my cousin was married and he chickened-out telling just me to go, but that would have been lame. So, I told the girl no thanks and they went on their way. To this day, I have never forgiven my pussy-whipped cousin! Those girls were hot!"

John H.'s Euphoria Story...

"My man was fighting with his girl, so we had to stop over her apartment before we went to the bar that night. When we got to the apartment, her roommate was home,

which would have been cool if she didn't have a boyfriend. My buddy went for a quick walk with his girl to sort out their problems. It was me and the roommate alone in the apartment. She asks me if I wanted a smoke. I said sure. She said we have to go on the patio, because they didn't smoke in the apartment. So, we went on the patio, smoked and talked. She was really, really hot- but taken- or so I thought. About 15 minutes later, when my friend and his girl came back to the apartment, they were in shock to see me and the already-taken roommate making out on the patio! All 4 of us went to the club that night and had a ton of fun. I thank Euphoria for the power to take this girl from her man of 3 years with ease! What it has done for my confidence is unreal."

Jon S.'s Euphoria Story...

"I just got a new woman boss and she's a real bitch. So, I saw the ad for Euphoria and gave it a try. Well, just like the ad says, it worked. She's still a bitch on wheels to all my co-workers, but she is real soft on me. Hell, if she wasn't so ugly, I'd bang her. I thank Euphoria."

Wow! Some of those stories are truly incredible! But they are no surprise to us. Euphoria works because it's jam-packed with 2mg of Androsthenol, 6mg of Androsthenol, and a whopping 12mg of Androsthenone! Please don't confuse Euphoria with those bogus "Human Pheromone" products out there. The revolutionary Euphoria blend is synthetically developed in one of the World's most advanced laboratories at no expense spared. And Euphoria's scent will rival any \$200 bottle of men's cologne from Neiman Marcus.

Look- there's no reason not to believe Euphoria really works... I showed you how it works, I proved that it works in studies as well as candid testimonials from users. All that's left is for me to tell you how much it costs, how to get some, and what our guarantee is... here it is:

Our Guarantee:

If you don't get her in the sack... we'll give you all your money back!

Order a bottle of Euphoria- a month's supply costs just \$59.95- that's less than a dollar a day to attract women as if you were a celebrity. Use Euphoria for an entire month, and if you don't notice women responding differently towards you, smiling... talking... hugging... etc. Send it back empty for a full and complete refund of your purchase price- no questions asked. And I'm so serious that Euphoria will work wonders in your life,

that I'll also go as far as to guarantee, if you don't get laid in 30 days... send it back for a full and complete refund of your purchase price- no questions asked. How's that for a no-risk DOUBLE guarantee?

One more thing... Our Attorney insisted we put this line in... It's a **WARNING!** Please use Euphoria with caution. Some women may over-respond to the ingredients in Euphoria. If you are engaged in a situation with a woman who is clearly "too" under the influence of Euphoria- please use proper judgement. We cannot assume responsibility for her actions.

To order a risk-free bottle of Euphoria for 30-days, have your credit card handy and call 1-800-518-3492. A 1-month supply costs just \$59.95 plus \$9.95 for Federal Express delivery so you get it quick. Euphoria is billed under CP DIRECT for privacy and shipped discreetly.

Also- as a special bonus for the first 250 people to order. You'll receive free enrollment into our "Preferred Customer Club" where you'll receive \$20 discounts on all future bottles of Euphoria you purchase. And so you don't run out of Euphoria, you'll automatically receive a fresh 30-day bottle every month and be billed the low club member price of just \$39.95 plus \$6.95 s/h. That's a \$20 savings. Cancel Shipments at any time. Always shipped *discreetly for total privacy.*

Every man could use that "Extra Edge"... Euphoria will help you:

Attract Women- Euphoria will effectively increase your sexual attractiveness with women. This in turn allows you to meet an abundance of more women than you ever imagined. On top of it all, they will already be attracted to you before you even say a word to them!

Turn On Your Spouse or Existing Partner- Ignite a newfound passion between you and your mate and energize your existing relationship.

Increase Your Income- Men are using Euphoria for business purposes as well. One Real Estate Agent claims he started using Euphoria when showcasing houses and his sales are up 40%!

**Get your risk-free bottle of Euphoria today-
We'll even FedEx it to you!**

Call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 or...

Order Online at: www.AttractHerNow.com

INSECURITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

with such horrors, but the implications were clear: A home-grown terrorist had managed to develop a crude form of bioweapons. How many other Harrises were out there?

Those implications were sufficient, finally, for the government to get moving on bioterrorism. An executive order, signed by President Clinton, made it illegal for any U.S. citizen to "aid chemical or biological warfare programs"; another mandated a "coordinated relationship" among 40 federal agencies involved, one way or another, in any effort to combat bioterrorism. Congress approved the Defense Against Weapons of Mass Destruction Act of 1996, which among other things created Metropolitan Medical Response teams in 120 U.S. cities to coordinate efforts of firefighters, police, and medical personnel in the event of a biological attack. Also created were National Guard Rapid Assessment and

ter the human respiratory system in large quantities (some 8,000 to 10,000 spores are necessary to infect a human internally).

Developed at the same time was another abiding terror, the weaponized version of smallpox. Unlike anthrax, which isn't communicable, smallpox can pass from person to person. Weapons scientists discovered that they could simply grow smallpox cultures in a controlled laboratory environment, then put those germs into a fine spray that can be easily dispensed from an aerosol can. Although the centuries-old scourge of smallpox was finally declared eradicated in 1980, a large number of "reference stocks" of the virus were kept in biomedical laboratories for research and as a hedge against a possible resurgence of the disease. Any biowar attack on the United States using smallpox would represent a very serious threat, since few if any Americans have been vaccinated against the disease over the past 30 years. (Actually, this continent has had some experience

How big? Well, Alibek said, one place he administered had produced 4,500 tons of anthrax spores, sufficient to kill every human being on earth many times over. Moreover, Russian scientists had made the stuff that much more deadly by cloning other, more virulent toxins into its molecular structure, eventually emerging with spores immune to all known countermeasures.

He had even more shocking revelations, chief among them the news that some 65,000 Russian scientists had been recruited to work on bioweapons. When then-President Boris Yeltsin had ordered the secret program closed down, thousands of those scientists were out of work. The Iranians, Alibek said, had been actively recruiting from among them; many others had disappeared, and were believed to be working in North Korea, Iran, Libya, and Iraq.

The Yeltsin order to close down Russia's secret biowar operation had created a serious potential threat in yet another way: When the Russians were faced with the task of getting rid of 4,500 tons of anthrax, they simply dumped it all in a desert test range, then doused it with ordinary bleach—which, said Alibek, neutralized only some of the spores. Given the durability of anthrax spores, that meant there were at least several tons of deadly spores lying in the ground in the deserted site, waiting for anyone to pick them up.

Similarly, Alibek revealed, there was the nightmare of Russia's other great mass-produced bioweapon: smallpox. The Russians, he said, had produced about 20 tons of smallpox germs. In 1998, when an agreement between Yeltsin and President Clinton permitted U.S. inspection of the closed-down Russian biowar facilities, American inspectors were appalled to discover that several tons of smallpox bacilli could not be accounted for. Worse yet, none of the existing Russian scientists seemed to have an idea where any of it had gone, or if it had wound up in the hands of terrorists. A trip by the American inspectors to the anthrax dump site was equally disturbing: Just as Alibek had said, the locale was alive with anthrax spores that had survived the bleach. How many already had been removed by anyone with a shovel was anybody's guess.

America's response was a modest \$50 million-plus government program that sought to build up U.S. defenses against biowar. The effort was divided between hiring former Russian biowar scientists for civilian research programs (thus keeping them from working for such dangerous employers as the Iranians and the Iraqis), hiring more FBI agents, and training so-called "first responders": police, firefighters, and medical personnel.

Still, the emphasis continued to be on

"When it became clear last year that there had been a bioterrorism attack, the government reverted to its worst habit: the cover-up."

Initial Detection teams, assigned to various regions in the country to detect and analyze bioweapons as quickly as possible in the event of an attack.

Much of this effort focused on *Bacillus anthracis*, because anthrax is the easiest bioweapon to produce. A bacterium found commonly in soil, it becomes a problem when grazing animals eat it and get sick. It can also attack humans who come in contact, but since the common spores are too large to enter the human respiratory system, the usual form of anthrax in humans is cutaneous. Easily treatable with modern antibiotics, it is relatively rare—about 100 cases a year, most of them involving victims who handle animals.

Beginning in the 1930s, however, biological-weapons scientists—most notably in Japan, which developed a biowar program that killed thousands of Chinese—had discovered that anthrax could be refined into the perfect military pathogen, remarkably stable and resistant to the destructive effects of light and heat: a very fine powder that can be sprayed in population centers. The powder contains spores milled to widths much smaller than that of a human hair sufficiently small to en-

ter the human respiratory system in large quantities (some 8,000 to 10,000 spores are necessary to infect a human internally).

with smallpox as a bioweapon. In 1763, during the French and Indian War, the British provided smallpox-infected blankets to Indian allies of the French. Without any immunity to the European disease, some 40 percent of the Indians who came in contact with the blankets died.)

Given the sophisticated laboratory procedures necessary to produce weaponized anthrax and smallpox, it was long assumed that terrorists would find it virtually impossible to obtain such killers. Production techniques were highly secret, stocks were tightly guarded. How could terrorists set up state-of-the-art microbiology labs? Terrorism thus fell far down the list of possible biowar threats.

That illusion got a severe jolt in 1994, when a brilliant Russian microbiologist named Kanatjan Alibekor defected to the CIA (and Anglicized his name to Ken Alibek). Alibek, who had worked as head of Biopreparat, the former Soviet Union's main biological-warfare program, revealed that the Soviet Union, and, later, non-Soviet Russia, had secretly violated the 1972 Biological Weapons Convention (which banned all "biological agents for military purposes") by building huge biowar production facilities.



HOLLY & SUZANNE

They could barely make it out of the dressing room from backstage at the fashion show. Holly didn't know which was more intoxicating, the champagne she imbibed before walking down the runway ... or Suzanne's breathtaking beauty. Holly was accustomed to being near attractive women, but she couldn't keep her eyes off Suzanne when she undressed between outfits.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT GORDON



Just before
Holly stepped
onstage for
the last time,
Suzanne
approached
her. "You can't
stop staring
at me," she
said. "And I
feel the same
way. Why don't
you come
home with me
later?" Holly
almost came
right there
on the catwalk.





They couldn't wait. Soon their naked bodies were writhing in passion on the floor, moving together with ease. The smell of expensive perfume and female desire wafted through the room as things began to really heat up.







After bringing each other again and again to the point of orgasm, Holly and Suzanne formed a perfect sixty-nine, their bodies melting together as their tongues lapped at each other's clitoris. Suzanne shivered on Holly's tongue until she screamed out. But, not wanting to rush, they moved to the couch and gently stroked each other until they were ready to go at it again.



What they needed now—*right now*—was a good hard cock to play with. Suzanne had just the thing, and the ladies took turns getting the pink plaything nice and wet as they prepared to fuck each other with it.






Holly, normally so submissive with men, felt powerful as she guided Suzanne to her knees. She caressed Suzanne's silky hair and controlled the speed at which the girl sucked the fake cock protruding from her thighs.

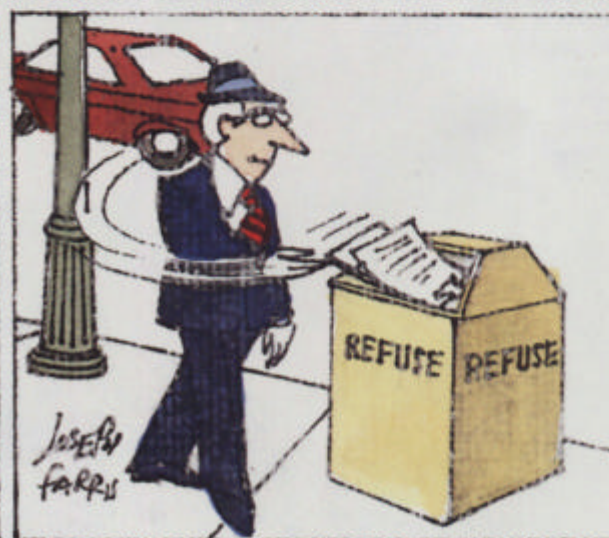




Holly thrust in and out of Suzanne's wet pussy, certain she now knew how blissed-out her boyfriend felt when he entered her. As Suzanne came, her juices drenched the two of them.

Holly fell on top of her lover, completely satisfied. And she smiled to herself, thinking about how exciting it would be to describe and reenact this encounter with her boyfriend when she got in bed with him later. 





Joseph
Farris

Don King



Interview by Mark Ribowsky

AFTER SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, two impending Don King championship fights seemed to be history. The first was the much-anticipated middleweight unification match between Félix Trinidad and Bernard Hopkins scheduled for four days later in New York's Madison Square Garden. The second was the WBA heavyweight title bout between John Ruiz and Evander Holyfield, slated for November 24 in Beijing. King had been paid a fortune by the Chinese government to stage what

would be the first-ever title fight hosted by the People's Republic. But that plan went south when HBO Sports president Ross Greenberg decided it was too big a risk to fly a broadcast crew to Asia. Then, too, King had the biggest fight of the year looming: the November 17 Hasim Rahman-Lennox Lewis rematch in Las Vegas for the "real" heavyweight crown

"I never cease to amaze myself.... The sun doesn't rise and set with Don King.

Don King is just an ordinary guy. There's no way humanly possible I can take the credit for most of the amazing things I have done. I was chosen to do those things."

sanctioned by the WBO, IBF, and IBO. If King couldn't breathe life into the postponed fights, and keep the Rahman-Lewis bout stoked, there was more than mere money to be lost—also at stake was King's influence as the fight game's top power broker. • At that point it seemed that King was a pitiful, helpless giant. What happened as a result, however,

was pure Don King. In his inimitable, unsinkable fashion, the self-proclaimed World's Greatest Promoter managed to turn the apparent setbacks into what he now declares with his usual humility to be his "finest hours." • First, King worked overtime to convince the Garden to hold the Trinidad-Hopkins showdown on September 29—and sold out the joint for an electricity-charged fight that saw Hopkins TKO Trinidad in Round 12. And though the outcome crimped King's plans to pit

Trinidad against light-heavyweight champ Roy Jones Jr., King's consolation was that the pay-per-view numbers set a record—and that he also has Hopkins under contract. • Next, King saved the Ruiz-Holyfield fight by taking it to the Foxwoods Resort Casino in Connecticut on December 15. Finally, King's masterful directing of the Rahman-Lewis "feud"

built that fight into a \$20 million windfall that also had huge PPV numbers. Again, while King's main man Rahman was knocked out by Lewis in Round 4, King's hold on both fighters had become manifest—underscoring yet again how King is set apart from other promoters not only by his girth, his electrified hair, and his gold necklace with the crown-shaped

DON medallion, but by his uncanny ability to outthink and outflank his rivals.

King had made his move on the heavyweights when the unheralded Rahman shocked Lewis with a fifth-round KO in Johannesburg in April of last year. By May 9, King had Rahman signed to an exclusive contract for \$5 million. He did this despite the fact that Rahman was already signed to promoter Cedric Kushner. Though Kushner predictably sued King, in the end a U.S. District Court allowed the King signing to stand.

Then, days before the Vegas fight, Lewis—who had never hid his loathing for King—suddenly fired his manager and said he was open to signing a deal with none other than Don King. The rumored numbers of such a contract were four fights and \$108 million. If so, it was classic King: Offer Fort Knox to an aging fighter (Lewis is 36) by way of covering your ass in case Rahman goes down.

Result? When Lewis won back the crown for the third time, King could be seen in the third row smiling broadly. Was he already counting his share of a possible \$100 million fight between Lewis and Mike Tyson? Maybe so, but King was shut out when Showtime and HBO jointly made that fight for half that amount and scheduled it for April 6 in Las Vegas—that is, until Tyson went berserk at the January press conference in New York announcing the fight. The incident led boxing observers to predict the bout would not happen, that the Nevada State Athletic Commission—which had lifted Tyson's license to fight there after the Holyfield ear-chew—would not give it back now, or ever.

Looking back, King has reason to smile. For a change, there was a boxing fiasco and he wasn't part of the stench. And it added ammunition to King's argument that when Tyson bolted him he brought eternal damnation upon himself. At the least, it sent home the reality that while all promoters are beset with chaos and absurd complications, it seems that only King can wheedle his way out of them before his fights fall apart.

What this proves is that, at age 70, Don King is still boxing's grand poobah, its prophet of profits. While young men, and sometimes old ones, risk limb and life in a squared circle, King sits back and counts the house, win or lose. Fighters profit as well, though it is open to question whether more winds up in King's pocket than theirs. King's take is usually 30 percent, but sometimes as much as, well, whatever he wants it to be.

That's the way it's been for three decades now. With his iconic steel-wool hair teased high, his log-sized cigar and his gold jewelry and his "Only in America" mantra, his fractured syntax and literary quotes and misquotes, King can seem comical or absurd. To many observers, such as Jack Newfield (see Newfield's "Betraying Ali," *Penthouse*, September 1995), King is a sinister figure, representing the worst of boxing. But few sports impresarios have been as successful, or as resistant to attrition and the bad intentions of others. King has stood trial three times since 1986, once for tax evasion and twice for insurance and mail fraud (two ended in hung juries, one in an acquittal), and as recently as two years ago he seemed to

be on the ropes, dissipated by legal fees and withered by the defection of Tyson, whom he ushered to the championship before Tyson had a jailhouse epiphany. Tyson walked out on their contract and sued King for \$100 million, claiming King had looted him in "unconscionable and oppressive" dealings. All King could do was countersue for the same amount; the matter is still bogged in the courts.

That King climbed back to his feet testifies to his tenacity and toughness, both of which he's honed since his days as a Cleveland numbers boss who killed a guy over a \$600 debt and served four years for manslaughter. After his release, he applied his hustling skills to the even shadier milieu of professional boxing. His vehicle of redemption was Muham-

mad Ali, whom he wooed with soothing racial syrup and the promise of big coin. Result: Ali vs. Foreman, "The Rumble in the Jungle." The rest is chain-link: Ali-Frazier III, the Leonard-Duran trilogy, Larry Holmes, the Spinks brothers, Julio Cesar Chavez, Wilfredo Gomez, Tyson. King has made champs of the likes of Tim Weatherspoon, Michael Dokes, Bruce Seldon, Oliver McCall, and probably could make one of Tom Arnold or Drew Carey.

So look for King to dominate the stage a while longer. Which means those who pray for King's demise should close their hymnals. As King himself told me, he's got the God concession all sewn up.

On the surface, it appears that you took two big hits with the Trinidad and Rahman defeats.

On the contrary; those two fights were my mission statements. I brought people together in a moment of crisis for our country. I was like Winston Churchill during the Blitz. Those were my finest hours, because of the insurmountable odds against me. The Trinidad fight took place not blocks away from the bowels of Ground Zero, and it was a magnificent success; it set records for pay-per-view buys. That was a vote of confidence for me and this great nation, and a tribute to the men and women who died on Sep-

tember 11 in that despicable terrorist act.

But your fighters lost in both bouts.

Entrepreneurial risk is something I take all the time. That's the beauty and majesty of boxing: its unpredictability. The real success is that both those fights came off. Trinidad and Rahman will be back, I promise you. I still believe Trinidad is pound for pound the best fighter in the world. Roy Jones Jr. thinks *he* is, but he isn't. Trinidad just got cocky, and had to learn a lesson about keeping himself level-headed. Roy Jones should watch out. So should Oscar De La Hoya. And I also have Bernard Hopkins, who proved himself worthy of greatness.



**"I love
[Mike Ty-
son]. Every
time he
says this or
that about
me, all
I can think
is, Forgive
him, Father,
for he knows
not what
he is doing."**

Trinidad may very well be back, but hasn't Rahman proved himself to be just another Buster Douglas?

Rahman's an excellent fighter. I stood up for him because he was the American dream, coming out of nowhere to become the champ. And he will get another opportunity in this land of opportunity. I have never kicked a man to the curb when he lost. I just resurrected Oliver McCall from the dead, so he's back in the heavyweight picture too. If you stick with me, you will be rewarded. Anything is within the realm of possibility.

So there's still something for Rahman?

Definitely. I have a few cards to play. I want to put Rahman against the winner of the Ruiz-Holyfield fight and hold it in China to fulfill my commitment to the Chinese people who demonstrated how much they love me. I am the only man to receive two Golden Dragons. That is the highest honor a foreigner can have. George Bush Sr. and Bill Clinton only got one apiece. In China I am bigger than American presidents! Thousands hailed me in Tiananmen Square. They don't call me Don King over there. They say, "There he is: Only in America, Only in America!"

The biggest card to play would come with signing Lewis for your stable. That would have seemed impossible six months ago.

The remarkable thing about that is that all those gestures came from Lennox Lewis. He judges me now by my ability, my integrity, my performance, not on all the hearsay bullshit from all the managers and promoters who have a cultlike obsession to try to disparage and calumniate me because that is the only way they can protect themselves. I, on the other hand, don't deal in all that negativity. I rise above the fray and bring a positive attitude to America.

You didn't sound very positive about Lewis when you told me before the fight he had "no heart."

His heart was suspect and his chin was suspect, but he used all his skills and dominated the fight from the first bell. He didn't have his heart tested because he wasn't challenged to that extent. Had he gotten hit on the chin and got back up, that would have been a heart tester. Now, a Tyson fight—that would be a horse of a different color for Lennox.

It doesn't look like that's going to happen any time soon. Would you have been able to keep Iron Mike under control?

I feel so sad for Tyson. Tyson can't see the forest for the trees. I don't really blame him for being misled. I blame him for not being able to count. I don't care how good he is, how bad he is, how limited his intelligence is, he can at least know that two and two makes four. If he

can't see that he's gone backwards in the three years since he was with me, there is something wrong with him. He needs treatment.

How can you possibly promote a Tyson fight when you're suing each other for \$100 million?

It's such a tragedy that two black people that have worked together to reap so much fame and acclaim for us and our community would be battling each other and washing our dirty laundry in public. That is just ridiculous. Hell, he could have made what he's suing me for in four fights. Can't he see the reality from the bullshit that's going on? I love the man, and every time he says this or that about me, all I can think is, Forgive him, Father, for he knows not what he is doing.

You're forgetting one thing in that Tyson math of yours: Tyson was the champ when you had him.

What are you talking about, brother? Mike Tyson was a convicted rapist. Whether he was guilty or not—and I believed that girl lied—he was found guilty of violating a woman. And I took this guy out of prison and made him more money than any fighter has made in history. That didn't happen by osmosis. That was Don King going to every civil-rights group, every ministerial group, every woman's group, appealing in the name of Jesus to give this man a second chance. I even went to meet with the Ku Klux Klan! I did that out of a sense of love

in my heart, the way I would for anyone with a limited mentality who gets into trouble like that and wants to repent. Me and Tyson were very close, we were one. Mike Tyson and I never had one argument. So now I'm the one who done him wrong? Come on. I was always straight with Tyson, but now I see everybody exploiting the man. They're all agreeing with him, right or wrong, something I would never do. I always held him accountable for his actions.

If it's so obvious that Tyson is being exploited and misled, then why isn't he begging you to take him back?

Because Tyson has to play a game. He's got a little bit of intelligence, and he plays a game where he will pick a fight with you in order to find out how you feel about him. He's like a child; you have to like him for him to respond to you. And he's so sensitive, he thinks the world's out to get him anyway. He carries a big chip on his shoulder, and if he ever had any moral principles he's lost them by now.

Still, you would take him back in a minute, wouldn't you?

My door is always open. It's open to anyone. A lot of guys have left me, only to come back confessing to the error of their ways. Chavez came back. Trinidad came back. [Bantamweight] Johnny Tapia came back. I never hold a grudge against any fighter. I know all the lies they give these guys about me before they realize I'm the only one who's going to make them money. You know some-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58





SPORTING AMERICA

By Jonathan Davis and Michael Ann Rowe

Ultimate Fighting light-heavyweight champion Tito Ortiz: "Outside of the ring I'm one of the nicest guys you'll ever meet."



What is your favorite alias that you've used when checking into a hotel?

Cravin Morehead.

Were you ever not able to get it up?

Are you kidding? I'm a healthy man.

Do you hold grudges?

Big-time. There is one person I haven't talked to in fuckin' five years. He says he wants to be a part of the sport, but doesn't do anything to help it.

Finish this sentence: "You know you've made it when..."

... Dustin Hoffman asks you for an autograph. I was at an AIDS benefit, and his son is a fan of mine. He asked his dad to get my autograph.

When's the last time you cried?

I actually cry and throw up before each one of my fights. It's just an incredible feeling having 15,000 people cheering for you. The throwing up comes from my adrenaline level being so high.

Do you find pornos more thrilling, erotic, or teasing?

I'd say more erotic. My wife and I will watch them together, and it will be like, "Look how cheesy that girl's ass is" or, "Look how big that guy's dick is."

What was the most traumatic experience in your life?

The first day of our honeymoon. My wife and I got hit by a bus. I was thrown about 30 feet, and she was dragged for about eight feet. She suffered four fractured

vertebrae, three broken ribs, and second-degree burns on her back. This was definitely a life-changing experience for the both of us.

What piece of women's clothing have you been most curious to try on?

Sorry, you're speaking to the wrong fighter [laughs]. There is one guy from Ultimate Fighting that could answer that question, but I just can't give his name up. The whole thing baffles me. The thought just makes me sick.

Is it true that you are a member of the mile-high club?

My wife and I had sex in an airplane bathroom coming back from Japan. It was rather spacious in there.

If you could be somebody else for a day, who would it be?

I'd like to be a native New Yorker so I could fully appreciate everything that they are going through ... how they are coping with life each day.

Something you appreciate now, but that you didn't growing up?

I'd have to say respect. When I was younger I just didn't give a fuck. I didn't care about anything. It was whatever, whatever. I just did things and didn't worry about the consequences.

Who would be your ultimate dinner guest?

Bill Clinton. It amazed me how he survived the Monica Lewinsky incident. I just want to know how he dealt with everything and kept his popularity so high.

Are you superstitious?

I believe what you do to others will come back to you three times.

What is the biggest misconception of you as a person?

People think I'm an asshole, that I'm cocky and arrogant. That may be the way I am in the ring, because I think you need to have that to be successful in this profession. Outside of the ring I'm one of the nicest guys you'll ever meet.

Have you ever been arrested?

When I was younger, for some very stupid stuff. But those files have all been closed. When I was

growing up I didn't think I was doing anything wrong. It all seemed so normal. I won't give you an example, because that is in the past where it should stay.

What is the most violent situation you've been in outside of the octagon?

About three years ago I was at a party with a bunch of my friends. These guys started throwing beer bottles at our heads. I went to defend my buddies, and I got one of the guys who threw the bottles in a chokehold that I call a "guillotine." I'm continuing to get hit in the head with bottles, and then I punched one guy and knocked him out. I haven't allowed myself to get into a fight outside of the ring since then. I'm a lethal weapon. I can really hurt someone pretty bad with my hands.

What has your celebrity status given you the opportunity to do?

I had the chance to hang with Mike Tyson. The guy was actually pretty amazing. He seemed to be in more awe of me than I was of him. The guy is nothing like he is in the ring. He seems so humble. He could take me in a boxing match, but if it's Ultimate Fighting, then I think I've got a shot.

If you could find the answer to one question, what would you want to know?

How did we arrive here on earth?

What was your worst date?

This girl had really bad breath. I just couldn't deal with her. She was so nasty.

What's the kinkiest thing that you and your wife have done?

[No answer]

Learn more about Tito Ortiz at www.titoortiz.com and www.punishmentclothing.com.

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

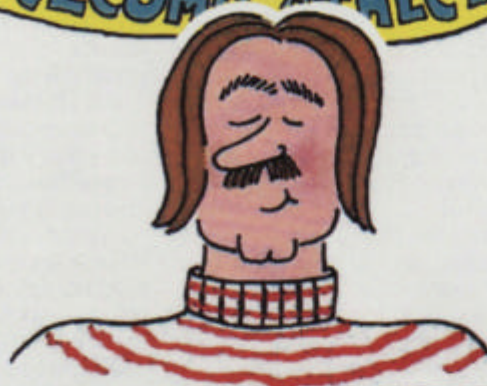
WINTER OLYMPICS UPDATE:



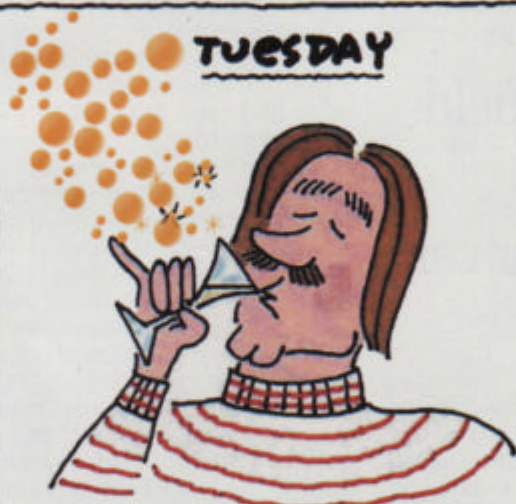
RUSSIA'S BORIS JAKAMOV
IS THE **EASY WINNER**
OF THE MEN'S
DOWNHILL COMPETITION!

MONDAY

WELCOME ATHLETES



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY



THURSDAY



FRIDAY



DON KING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

thing? Some money ain't worth having. Not when you have to deal with a man with a very short fuse and an attention span of almost zero. But now I look at Tyson and I see he's crying for help. I think God has entered the picture too, because it has come to pass that Mike was lied to and he ain't making no money and needs me.

The way you go after fighters has at times come back to bite you. Did you play fairly and honorably when you took Hasim Rahman away from Cedric Kushner?

Rahman came to me when Cedric Kushner fucked up and waited too long to sign him to a contract extension. The court said I was in the right. [Actually, it said King had breached Kushner's contract with Rahman, and owed Kushner damages, but that Kushner had indeed forfeited the fighter's services.] When the opportunity came, I

for investigations because they all thought I had fixed this fight for Holyfield. And when HBO wanted to do a rematch, [HBO] said, "We want you to step aside if you get indicted or even accused of anything." I told them, "You got to be crazy. You're asking me to give up the presumption of innocence that millions of Americans have died for!" I said, "I'm taking this fight elsewhere," and finally they capitulated, but it was humiliating and embarrassing that they would put me through this bullshit.

Did you see racism in that?

Unequivocally. And that was just one of the many double standards I endure. I have been the target of continuous investigations. The FBI has run sting operations on me. They've raided my office, cleaned it out. But they've never touched a piece of paper in Bob Arum's office—and Bob Arum is a confessed criminal. [In 2000, Arum admitted to making illegal payments to indicted IBF president Bob Lee. Arum was fined \$125,000.] He violated federal and New Jersey state statutes, and yet he's still

keep saying he believes her. And I think that some of the people involved didn't care if she was telling the truth, because they were proving a point—that if whites could lie about us and be believed, and blacks could tell the truth and be questioned, then we had to do that in reverse; had to have our own *To Kill a Mockingbird*. I don't subscribe to that philosophy. Black people have to act in more constructive ways. We've got to get qualified black judges onto courts across this country. If we vote, we can shift power. That's what's important, not Tawana Brawley.

Back to boxing: Do you feel any guilt that you may have contributed to Muhammad Ali's brain damage by promoting fights late in his career that he never should have taken, such as the Larry Holmes bout, where he took a terrible beating?

I used to, but I quit that. Because the reality is, Ali would have fought anyway, with or without me. Same with Roberto Duran. After Duran got beat by some journeyman fighter in Detroit late in his career, I took him to my office and said, "I think it's time for you to retire," because he'd been too good for me and too good for boxing to go on as a shell of what he was. I took out my checkbook and wrote him a check for \$100,000, and his eyes welled up with tears and he hugged me, and I thought that was it for him. Next thing I knew, he signed with Bob Arum and went on fighting. With Ali, we discussed what could happen, but he had a big entourage of lawyers, managers, and leeches who told me they had made this Holmes fight, but it fell apart, and would I make it happen. That was a rough night for me, man. Holmes was crying as he was hitting Ali, and so was I.

In light of [light-heavyweight] Beethavean Scotland's death after being KO'd in a bout last June, do you think boxing needs to be made safer?

That was a tragedy that, unfortunately, could not be prevented. It's a freak thing, which can happen in any sport where there's risk involved. All we can do is be as diligent as we can in making sure fighters are healthy before they step in the ring. There's a medical advisory board in every state that oversees fights, and they're doing everything that can be done. What bothers me is that referees are becoming too slow to stop fights when a man is being knocked senseless. It's always better to stop a fight one punch too soon than one punch too late.

As usual, when something tragic happens in boxing, people outside of the sport get involved. Johnnie Cochran is representing the Scotland family in a wrongful-death suit. And Senator John McCain is calling for stricter safety rules. Are these people ill-advised?

"I'm a stupendous success in a field where I'm not supposed to be, where my competitors will never accept me as an equal."

seized it. I didn't waste no time, I wasn't confused, I wasn't stumbling around. I have been able to deal extemporaneously with whatever comes from behind the tree or under the rock. I never cease to amaze myself. But everything I do is not Don King. The sun doesn't rise and set with Don King. Don King is just an ordinary guy. There's no way humanly possible I can take the credit for most of the amazing things I have done. I was chosen to do those things.

You mean God chose you over, say, fellow boxing promoter Bob Arum?

God chose Moses over the Pharaohs, and he chose me over my tormentors. I'm a stupendous success in a field where I'm not supposed to be, where my competitors will never accept me as an equal, where they all assume the only way a black man could ever get the edge on them is if he cheats and does something illegal. Take the fight with Evander Holyfield and Lennox Lewis at Madison Square Garden in March 1999. It was one of the greatest promotions I've ever done. It sold and electrified Madison Square Garden. That is, until the decision came down [a draw], and then everybody's slamming me. The media, the politicians, they were calling

licensed. HBO never stopped doing business with him, Cedric Kushner too. A briber and corrupter. [Kushner admitted making illegal payments to Bob Lee over an eight-year period, to try to get the IBF to lift its sanctions on white South African fighters Kushner promotes. He was fined \$175,000. Lee was convicted of tax evasion, interstate travel in aid of racketeering, and money laundering, and given a 22-month jail sentence; he is currently appealing.] If it had been me, I'd have been in shackles. I wouldn't have a license. All Arum got was a fine and an interim suspension. Meanwhile, when I was indicted last time—not convicted, mind you—I was prohibited from promoting any fights in New Jersey. This is not coincidence. It's racism.

A black man, your friend Al Sharpton, says he wants to run for president in 2004. Does he have your vote?

I love Al Sharpton. I have known Sharpton since he was 14 and a child preacher. I think it's a good idea that he wants to run for president, although I'd have to wait and see what his program is. But Sharpton's problem is that he's got that Tawana Brawley thing. Now we know that this girl misled everybody, but Sharpton feels he has no choice but to



HANNAH

There are few things that can beat a night of lovemaking while adrift on a boat at sea.





See toys courtesy of California Exotic Novelties, Chico, Calif.; clothing courtesy of Forplay, Hollywood, Calif.



SMOOTH SAILING

Great Britain's Hannah Harper is still getting used to her new home in Los Angeles. "I'm from a small fishing village in Torbay in the southwest of England. It's a nice, quiet place by the sea," the 19-year-old tells us. "I sailed quite a bit growing up and, as you can imagine, ate quite a lot of fish. It's the kind of place where you know everyone and everyone knows you. A lot of my friends simply followed in their parents' footsteps, going to work in the same places as their mums and dads. But I didn't want that for myself." In fact, Hannah says she's much more interested in the arts. "When I was 12 years old, a schoolteacher introduced my class to Shakespeare. *Macbeth* is still one of my favorite plays. I realized then that I wanted to be part of the theater," Hannah says. "Unfortunately, where I come from jobs in that field are limited, so I knew I had to move on. I started modeling as a way to meet people and further my career." Additional modeling assignments brought the blonde beauty to the States, where she plans to continue her studies in media and theater arts. Says Hannah, "I'd like to work as a writer or producer for a theater company. It's a very social type of work for a fairly subdued girl like me." But photographer Hank Londoner doesn't think our Pet's quiet nature will hold her back any. "Hannah has a great spirit and a great smile," he says.

"Not only is she truly beautiful, but she's an incredibly warm woman as well."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



"My last big European adventure took place on a sailing holiday with an old boyfriend of mine. We were headed to Gothenburg, Sweden—just the two of us—to watch the famous Tall Ships race. The waters were calm and we had plenty of food, wine, and tranquility. When I think of that trip I'm reminded of Kenneth Grahame's words from *The Wind in the Willows*: 'There is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats,' " Hannah quotes. "My definition of 'messing around' might not be what Mr. Grahame had in mind, but there are few things that can beat a night of lovemaking while adrift on a boat at sea. People think a sunset over the mountains is beautiful, I think that viewing it from the deck of a boat is even lovelier," remarks our British beauty. "When we arrived in Sweden, it was very busy there. Tall Ships is a popular event and people from all over the world come to see it and compete in it. My guy and I were overwhelmed by the crowds, and I guess we just weren't ready to give up the privacy we'd experienced at sea. While everyone else was down at the docks, we decided to take a hike. We ended up atop a cliff overlooking the water. We could see everything, but no one could see us. It was an ideal place for sex. The race was underway, and once I weighed my beau's anchor ... it was smooth sailing for us too!"



“We could see everything, but no one could see us. The race was underway, and once I weighed my beau's anchor ... it was smooth sailing!”



"For someone so quiet and reserved, Hannah was a sexual animal in front of the camera," recalls Londoner. "She went from sweet to sultry with total ease and grace."





"I'm not a
junk-food
junkie," says
our shapely
34C-24-34 Pet.
"I'm more into
fresh fruits and
vegetables.
In fact, I'm very
particular
about what
I put in
my body."





"I'm also particular about men. I like a man who's independent—who can take care of himself—but who's not too full of himself. A guy who's too cocky won't find his way into my bed."





"He should also be caring and romantic, but not fawning. The man who wins me over knows exactly the right time and the right way to compliment me," Hannah tells us.





MISS HANNAH HARPER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







"I've been working on some scripts and going to a lot of films lately," she says. "I find myself making mental notes of the actors' performances. One of my favorites is Jack Nicholson. He always seems to add something to everything he does." Hannah, we can certainly say the same about you!



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

A PENTHOUSE / PRIVATE Release

WITHOUT LIMITS 2

Andrew, after having gone through a maniacal crisis than made him believe he was the author of a series of homicides, seems to be totally recovered and his psychiatrist discharges him. He goes back to his job as a rich executive, where he is greeted by his secretary and lover Terry (Sandra Irons). Everything seems to be going well until, one day, Andrew discovers that Terry is cheating on him. A captivating plot with really unforgettable sex scenes.



Available at www.privateusa.com

POLITICS

in the

Military

Eight months into the war on terrorism, an alarming truth has emerged. Despite the anger we Americans feel, we've demonstrated an unwillingness to face our own complicity. We have not demanded that our so-called allies clean their houses.

The U.S. government's most inexplicable inaction has been its refusal to criticize the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, a country that has contributed far more than Iraq or Iran to the anti-American atmosphere in the Islamic world. A large majority of the September 11 hijackers came not from Yemen, Iran, or Afghanistan, but from Saudi Arabia. This is no coincidence; these men were educated under the Saudi religious system, which teaches the most extreme version of Islam. Over the years, the Saudi royal family and its hangers-on have sweetened the Islamic extremists' pot with hundreds of millions of dollars that directly support organizations working to destroy America. The al-Saud dynasty has been inextricably linked to the extremist Wahabi sect for more than 200 years.

The time for genteel diplomacy has passed. America must take off the gloves and hit Saudi Arabia with the bare-knuckle reality that there is no middle ground in the war on terrorism.

The Saudi foreign minister, Prince Saud al-Faisal, was furious with the FBI and Treasury Department's order to freeze assets of Islamic cultural and welfare groups that have been little more than fronts for Osama bin Laden. Prince Saud told the *New York Times*, "We have urged on everybody concerned that when you're talking about financial assets and banks and organizations that are dealing with humanitarian affairs, one must be careful not to do damage to institutions unjustly. It behooves us that sound institutions not get harmed by mistaken identities, or that humanitarian organizations that are doing a good service not be tarnished, because God knows that humanitarian efforts are needed direly. We don't want to do damage to these institutions without having the facts."

It is slowly dawning on the Pentagon and members of the media that responsibility for terrorism extends beyond Afghanistan and

Iraq to some members of the ruling establishment in Saudi Arabia. At some point our country must address with a cold, tough eye the issue of Saudi Arabia's role in terrorism. Only late last year did the press begin asking serious questions about why the Saudis are exempt from the president's edict concerning states that aid terrorists.

The U.S. military, the CIA, the FBI, and the National Security Agency have reams of evidence demonstrating the funding links to bin Laden. And these outrages continue to pile



Bush pledged to blast terrorism wherever it is found. Does that promise exclude Saudi Arabia?

up. Our president should not tolerate Saudi Arabia's refusal to freeze the bank accounts of Islamic "cultural and welfare" groups that have funneled money to bin Laden's operations. Any hesitation makes Bush's promise to end terrorism seem hollow. Bush can talk a good game, but he seems so cowed by his father's friends in Saudi Arabia that he actually apologized to the royal family for media reports about its noncooperation with U.S. officials.

The president has asked all Americans to make sacrifices for this war. But Bush is not keeping his end of the bargain. He promised to blast terrorism wherever it's found. The FBI, the CIA, the NSA, and the Pentagon have discovered it in Saudi Arabia. Bush has intelligence reports sitting on his desk stating that people connected to the royal family have funded the terrorists—proof that American blood is on their hands.

It is gut-check time for Bush. "If you house a terrorist, then you are a terrorist," the president said last November. Now he must prove he meant what he said. —Joseph Trento

INSECURITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

the military threat, the danger of an enemy plane or rocket spewing pathogens over American cities. Money was lavished on strictly military defenses, although there were accumulating clues that the real threat was extramilitary bioterrorism. As things turned out, nobody was connecting the dots.

The first important clue surfaced in December 1999, when an Algerian-born terrorist named Ahmed Ressam was arrested at the U.S.-Canadian border with explosives in his car. Ressam decided to cooperate, and revealed to his FBI debriefers that he was part of a small terrorist cell that had targeted Los Angeles International Airport for a bomb designed to kill as many waiting passengers as possible. More significantly, he revealed that he had been trained at an Al Qaeda camp in Afghanistan. And there was more: While at the camp, Ressam said, he had seen experiments that used dogs as test subjects; the dogs were shut up in boxes into which aerosolized cyanide was pumped. The experiments, he was told, were part of a plan to develop a cyanide gas to be pumped into the ventilation systems of large office buildings. He had also

heard about, but not personally witnessed, other experiments involving biological weapons.

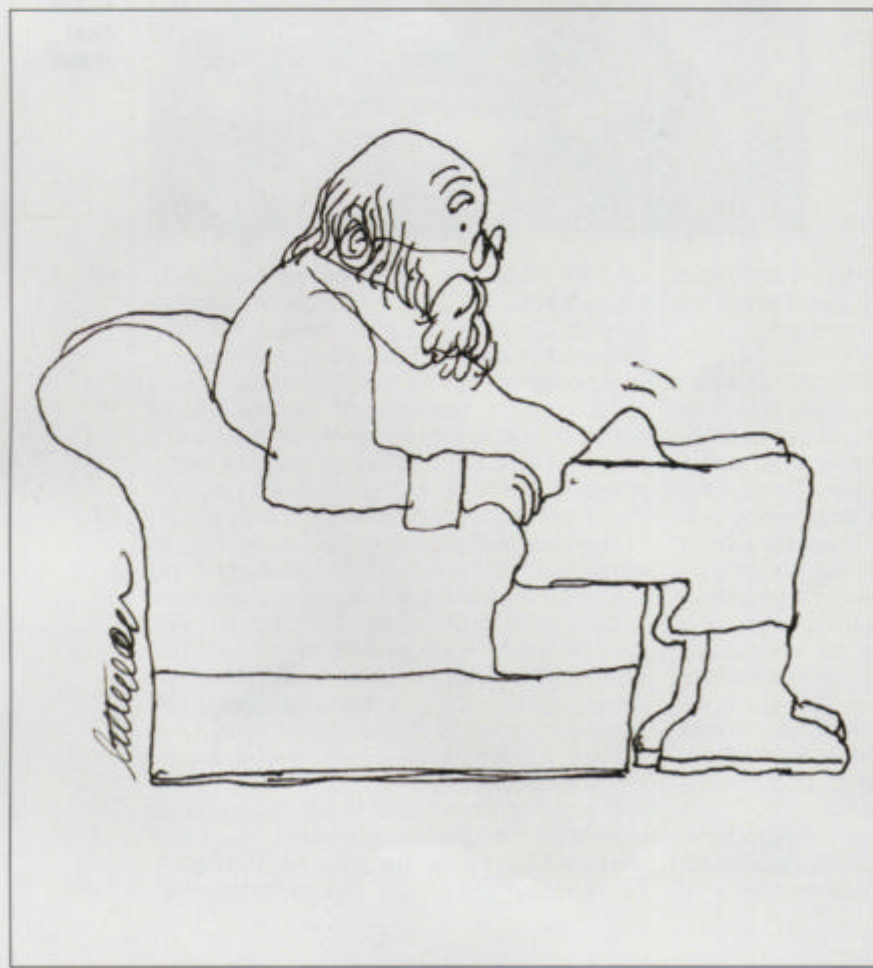
Concerned about terrorist bombs, the FBI didn't pay much attention to Ressam's revelations about Al Qaeda bioterrorism. Neither did the CIA, although it already had in hand a confirming clue: Spy satellite photographs of Osama bin Laden's terrorist training camps in Afghanistan showed the bodies of small dead animals littering the ground. The CIA was also aware that bin Laden had tried to obtain biological weapons in Sudan, and had sent operatives to purchase botulinum from research laboratories in Eastern Europe. For anyone doubting his intentions, bin Laden himself voiced them during a 1999 interview with a Pakistani journalist, telling him at one point, "We don't consider it a crime if we tried to have nuclear, chemical, biological weapons."

Also in 1999, another clue: One of several dozen accused terrorists arrested in Egypt admitted under interrogation that he had been trained in Afghanistan and that he knew of bin Laden's attempts to develop a full range of bioterror weapons. Among other things, the terrorist said, bin Laden had, for \$10,000, bought *E. coli* and salmonella bacteria in Eastern Europe, and had a number of qualified men with sci-

entific training who were actively working to turn them into weapons of mass destruction. Additionally, he said bin Laden had purchased, for only \$3,685 (plus shipping), some anthrax spores from other research laboratories. Since bin Laden didn't run a ranch or keep a lot of farm animals around him, only one deduction was possible: He was trying to build an anthrax weapon.

Obsessed with bombs, such as the one that nearly destroyed the World Trade Center in 1993 and another that wrecked the federal building in Oklahoma City, the U.S. intelligence community paid scant attention to the unmistakable indications, over a period of years, that a serious bioterrorism threat was developing. Not even the terrible events of September 11 changed that mindset. Investigators discovered that at least one of the September 11 hijackers had tried to obtain a crop duster—and surmised the intention was to spray some sort of deadly chemical over a major American city. But for the small circle of Pentagon experts who for years had been trying to warn of a bioterrorism threat, there was a more frightening explanation. They remembered that among the revelations of Iraqi defectors from Saddam Hussein's biological-weapons program was something that now assumed great significance: At one point the Iraqis had attempted to modify crop-duster planes to spray a liquefied version of weapons-grade anthrax. By the time the defectors had fled the country in the mid-1990s, the Iraqis had not yet succeeded in developing the advanced fine-grade pressure nozzles necessary for this (conventional crop-duster nozzles are too coarse). Could it not be logically assumed that the Iraqis had managed to overcome that small technical hurdle in the intervening years?

Possibly, judging by another clue. In April 2001, only a few months before the attack on the World Trade Center, a man now believed to be head hijacker Mohammed Atta was spotted in Prague meeting with a certain Ahmed al-Ani, officially an Iraqi consular officer but in fact head of Iraqi intelligence in the Czech Republic. By bugging his telephone, Czech intelligence had learned that al-Ani had been ordered by Hussein to dispose of an irritant: Radio Free Europe transmitters in the Czech Republic were broadcasting into Iraq programs by Iraqi exiles. Hussein wanted the transmitters destroyed with a series of bombs. At first, the Czechs assumed that al-Ani was attempting to enlist Atta for the task, but on reflection that didn't make much sense. Why would al-Ani, with plenty of nearby terrorists to draw on, fly Atta all the way from a sleeper cell in the United States? That scenario violated all known security procedures





Men's Health & Fitness

MIND AND MUSCLE POWER

BUTT SERIOUSLY



Not working on the muscles behind you may explain why you're not seeing enough tail in front of you. That's because most women secretly size up men's asses like open-market real estate. Women admire a well-contoured derriere not only for its aesthetics, but for its

potential—seeing it as a sign of how well a man can use that other muscle in front.

As it happens, the ladies aren't far off. "You can't develop rock-hard glutes without simultaneously strengthening the muscles that surround them," says William "Will Power" Thomp-

son, a celebrity trainer for Paramount Pictures Studio Fitness Center in Hollywood, California. That includes the lower back, upper thighs, and hip flexors, three muscle groups that decide whether you can sexually go the distance or end up spent and aching after a few sorry seconds in the sheets. In other words, build yourself a better ass and you'll not only attract the opposite sex, you'll stand a better chance of pleasing one of the same when hers is high in the air. (Let's see a bicep do that.)

Penthouse asked Thompson for two types of workouts to upgrade your keister. "Why two?" you may be asking. Let's be honest: Some of the better moves for building a rock-hard rump are just too discomposing for any grown man to dare attempt in a public place. That's why it's smart to choose exercises that don't make you look like an ass.

The first routine is perfectly disguised as a power-building workout, using leg- and back-strengthening exercises to inconspicuously tone your butt. "To anyone else, it'll simply look like another leg-and-back workout, making it ideal for the guy who's not wanting to draw attention to himself," says

Thompson. The second approach is a mix of some of the best butt-trimming exercises around, including the "Butt Burner" which Thompson created and has used on clients for years. "These exercises are a faster ticket to a better butt, but they aren't for the self-conscious," says Thompson. Which is why you may want to do them in the privacy of your own home. Either way, your ass is covered.

For best results, do either workout at least once a week, but no more than twice a week. Run through three sets of each exercise before moving on to the next one.

THE "THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT" WORKOUT

Deadlifts: Stand straight, a light barbell on the floor in front of you, with your feet shoulder-width apart (the bar should be directly over your toes). Bend your knees and grasp the bar with an alternating grip (one palm facing in, the other facing out), your hands shoulder-width apart. Look forward, back straight, and slowly stand up, keeping the bar close to your body as you lift until your legs are straight (knees unlocked). Pause, then slowly lower the bar to the floor. Do 12 to 15 repetitions.

Women secretly size up the muscles behind you to judge how well you'll use the one in front.

Try using
leg- and back-
strengthening
exercises
to incon-
spicuously
tone your butt.

Dumbbell Lunges: Stand with a light dumbbell in each hand, arms hanging at your sides, feet about six inches apart. Keeping your back straight, step forward with your right foot and lean forward until your right thigh is almost parallel to the floor. Gently push yourself back to the starting position and repeat the move, this time stepping out with your left foot. Do a total of eight to 12 repetitions for each leg.

Hyperextensions: This lower-back exercise requires a hyperextension bench, found at most gyms. Such a bench has a wide horizontal pad in front, a thin ankle pad in back, and a handle on each side. Step between those pads, hold onto the handles for support, and lean forward so that your thighs rest on the wide pad and your legs tuck underneath the ankle pads. Lock your hands behind your head and bend forward at the waist until your upper body is almost perpendicular to the floor. This is the starting position. Now slowly raise your torso until it's slightly higher than parallel with the floor. Return to the starting position and repeat as many times as you can.

THE "WHEN NOBODY'S WATCHING" WORKOUT

Butt Burners: Get on the ground on all fours, facing the floor, with your hands and knees shoulder-width apart. Keeping yourself balanced, slowly extend your left leg out behind you, angling it slightly to the left. The leg should be straight, with just your toes touching the floor. This is the starting position. Slowly raise your left leg up and over

your right leg, then drop it down until your left foot touches the ground just outside your right foot. (If someone were standing behind you, it would look like you were drawing an upside-down V with your foot.) Reverse the movement until your left foot is back in the starting position. Do 20 to 30 repetitions with each leg.

Lying Bridge: Lie on your back with your knees bent at a 90-degree angle, heels resting on the edge of a couch. Lay your arms out from your sides, palms down for balance. Press down through your heels as you slowly raise your butt, waist, then upper back off the floor. "Continue raising your pelvis upwards until you can form a straight line from your knees to your shoulders," says Thompson. Hold this position for two seconds, then slowly return to the starting position, keeping your butt elevated an inch above the floor. Do 20 to 30 repetitions.

Walking Lunges: Stand straight, with your feet shoulder-width apart, and hold a light dumbbell in each hand. Step out with your left foot, swinging it a few feet in front and to the left. Place your weight on your left leg, bending the knee slightly, then step forward with your right leg (again, swinging your foot forward and out, this time to the right). Keep your head and shoulders facing forward as you do so, avoiding the temptation to twist toward the side you're leaning into. Continue walking forward, turning around and going the other way whenever you run out of room, for a total of 15 to 20 repetitions for each leg.—Myatt Murphy



HAIR APPARENT

With so many hair-replacement options on the market today, men no longer have to sit by and accept baldness. But let's face it: Women don't want to run their fingers through plugs, staples, or implants. Which is why a natural product that can help your own hair grow back where it used to be is a very special thing indeed. Avacor, a new all-natural herbal treatment, prohibits the chemical DHT (dihydrotestosterone) from attacking hair follicles. Avacor claims a 90 percent success rate. Those aren't bad odds.

The Avacor treatment, which has been tested at the Hair & Skin Treatment Center and New York Hair Laboratories in New York City, involves a special shampoo application to your thinning hair or bald spot, a topical solution, and an oral supplement to be taken daily. Currently, Avacor is available only by calling (877) 805-9743.

B L O O D S I M P L E ?

You've tried all the trendy diets out there, from Atkins to The Zone, and still haven't lost those unwanted pounds. Maybe you should try eating according to your blood type. Says Dr. Peter D'Adamo, author of the best-selling *Eat Right 4 Your Type* (Riverhead Books), "Your blood type determines your susceptibility to illness, which foods you should eat, and how you should exercise. It is a factor in your energy levels, in the efficiency with which you burn calories, in your emotional response to stress, and perhaps even in your personality."

D'Adamo maintains that each blood type carries the genetic message of our ancestors' diets and behaviors, and many of these traits still affect us. By following the diets he has devised

for each blood type, he says, you can stay healthy and lose weight.

Here are some examples of eating in accordance with your blood type:

- **Type O diet:** Type O's thrive on intense physical exercise and lean animal protein. Avoid wheat and dairy.

- **Type A diet:** Type A's flourish on vegetarian diets high in soy proteins, grains, and vegetables. Avoid red meat.

- **Type B diet:** Type B's require a balanced diet of a wide variety of animal, vegetable, and dairy foods.

- **Type AB diet:** Type AB's necessitate a combination of both Type A and Type B diets. Stay away from chicken.

Consult your physician before following D'Adamo's blood-type plan.—Jane Garrard

BUILDING STRONG SWIMMERS

When the time arrives to start a family, no man wants to be shooting blanks. The healthier the sperm you produce, the better your chances that one will do the trick. But how do you build strong swimmers? The answer may be folic acid.

A recent study of men ages 20 to 50 conducted by the University of California and the USDA Western Human Nutrition Research Center discovered that decreased sperm count and density are associated with low levels of folic acid. (The recommended daily allowance for an adult male is 400 micrograms per day.) Low folate levels may also correlate with poor synthesis and repair of sperm DNA, leading to greater risk of chromosome breaks and subsequent cancer in offspring.

Fortunately, folic acid is easy to add to your diet. Sources include fortified cereals, leafy greens, legumes, orange juice, and supplements. Dr. Lynn M. Wallock, of the Children's Hospital of Oakland Research Institute, conducted the WHNRC study, and says that "eating a healthy diet containing five to nine daily servings of fruits and vegetables is a better choice than supplements. A modest vitamin supplement—one containing the recommended amount of folic acid—"would," she says, "be the next best choice."—Jane Garrard

A recent study suggests that adding folic acid to your diet might be the key to supersperm.

SNORE OR LESS



If you're hoping to get some action once you hit the sheets, you'd better do something about that nasty snoring. It can keep your little general from saluting. According to Dr. Mansoor Madani, associate professor of oral and maxillofacial surgery at Temple University, half of the men who snore have difficulty getting an erection. Explains Madani, "When someone snores, the lack of oxygen

causes the blood vessels to get smaller. There is not enough oxygen to go to the heart, brain, and sexual organs." Madani also warns that heavy snoring "may be a sign of a deadly condition such as sleep apnea." However, there are various treatments, including laser surgery, that can resolve the problem. Madani suggests starting with a complete evaluation.—Jane Garrard

Finally there's a truly portable scanner for on-the-run scanning, e-mailing, faxing, and storing. Antec's supercompact **Attaché USB** weighs a mere 12.7 ounces, is 11.1 inches wide, works with your laptop or desktop PC, and doesn't require batteries or an external power source. It has an optical resolution of 300 x 600 dpi and supports JPEG, GIF, TIFF, and BMP files. Its 24-bit color scanning takes less than two minutes. Comes with a carrying pouch, CD-ROM, and calibration sheet. Click to www.antec-inc.com to learn more.



Throw away your VCR—the **ReplayTV 4000** digital video recorder can do the job better. This DVR can pack up to 320 hours of content in its hard drive. If you miss a show, its networking features allow you to share videos with other ReplayTV owners at home or anywhere in the world via the Internet. AutoSkip lets you watch a recorded program without commercials. QuickSkip enables you to jump ahead 30 seconds. Other assets: slow motion, frame advance, pause, instant replay, one-touch recording, and slide-show playback of digital photos. Best feature? No monthly fees. For more Replay information, click to www.sonicblue.com.



By Ken Sander

Photos Robert Lorenz

The most advanced subwoofer that doesn't sound like a subwoofer is the **Thiel SW1**. It gives you complete integration with home audio and video sound systems. A "smart-room filter" eliminates such placement problems as uneven response when you put a subwoofer near a wall or in a corner. The SW1 powers up to 600 watts RMS with a distortion rate of less than 0.1 percent at full output. The stand-alone cabinet comes in a range of veneer finishes to suit anyone's taste. For additional information, go to www.thielaudio.com.

67% of Women Say They're **UNHAPPY** With The Size Of Their Lover's Penis...



Muscles, Money, and Looks help, but women want a "bigger" man.

*The Average Penis Size Is Just 6 Inches...
But Who Wants To Be "Just Average"?*

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates Revolutionary Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

ADVERTISEMENT

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

100% Natural & Safe **LONGitude Will:**

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

- Week 1-3:** Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.
- Week 4-8:** Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.
- Week 9+:** Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

- Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!

- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.

- Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.

- Intensify your orgasms.

- Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.

- Last as long as you want without drugs.

- Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!

- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.

- And much, much more!

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

**90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis...
That's The Average Size
LONGitude is made for men that
are NOT HAPPY WITH
AVERAGE!**

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

**Try LONGitude without risk...
here's how:**

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just \$59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

**You're Guaranteed To See An
Increase Of ONE FULL INCH
in 30-Days
Or You Pay NOTHING!**

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

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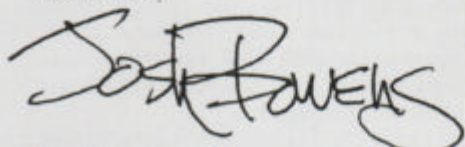
Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where we'll even refund your shipping cost... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. You decide.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,



Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
creators of LONGitude
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try"
LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface

area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better "equipped" than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a \$20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just \$39.95, plus shipping - that's \$20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to

live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?

LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?

LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are There Any Negative Side-Effects?

Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?

Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?

Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?

LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?

Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?

LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginine, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To "try" LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) or... Go to www.longitudencapsules.com to order online and to view some **DRAMATIC** before and after photos!!!



MIEL

Despite her out-of-this-world looks, Miel considers herself a salt-of-the-earth kind of girl. Her work as an archaeologist has made her accustomed to giving up certain creature comforts, but her latest task—researching a mysterious Stonehenge-like structure discovered in a remote portion of the Terachi Desert—is particularly difficult. “Mmm ... this seems to be a new historical insight,” she says. “After a few weeks in the field, the massive columns look less like religious artifacts and more like ... phallic symbols. It’s distracting.” Apparently, it’s not just the dry desert heat that’s making her hot.



Miel loves to work with her hands. "Man or mountain, it makes no difference to me," she says.

"I just like to get physical.

When I'm really heated up, there's nothing I enjoy more than pounding away at something hard."





"When I'm on assignment, it helps to imagine what life was like way back when. I especially wonder what the people were like. Was prehistoric man as sexual

as modern
man?" she
asks. "For the
ladies' sake,
I hope so, I
appreciate a
gentleman
who can take
charge of
a situation—
someone who
knows what
he's doing."





Of course, being away from her man for long stretches of time often takes its toll. When it does, Miel has been known to lay down on the job, turn her back on history, and concentrate on the task at hand.





Miel isn't afraid to get down and dirty. "The world is an amazing place. Anything you want ... it's out there. You might have to dig deep," she says, "but eventually you

find what
you're looking
for. Some
women com-
plain that their
orgasms are
elusive, or they
can't find their
G spot. I
say they're just
not trying
hard enough!"





"There's no place for modesty when you're doing field work with a crew," Miel says. "Actually, sleeping in a small space with five other men and women has made for some of my wildest adventures."






"When a sandstorm hits, you have to take cover. We head back to our tents and often turn to one another to pass the time. I was never into group scenes, but, hey ... it happens."





"I love to masturbate," Miel says, "and I won't apologize for that. Anything that feels so wonderful *must* be good for you." Out in the desert, it seems, ecstasy marks the spot. 



THE JOKE MAN

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

JACKIE MARTLING



Jones says to his buddy, "Thursday I caught my wife in our bed with the meter reader. Friday I caught her with a salesman on the living-room couch. Saturday the paper boy was banging her on the dining-room table. What should I do?"

His friend says, "Call Goodwill and have them come get all the furniture."

Reynolds has laryngitis. He goes to the doctor's house and knocks on the door. The doctor's wife answers. Reynolds whispers, "Is the doctor home?" The doc's wife whispers back, "No. Come on in."

• Iacovelli gets married. For a wedding gift, his father gives him \$10,000 and a gun. Iacovelli says, "Jeez, Pop, what's the gun for?"

His father says, "One day you gonna find out."

Two months after the wedding, Iacovelli is coming home from work and passes a pawnshop. In the window he sees a beautiful gold watch, and trades in the gun for the watch. He goes to his folks' house to tell his father about the deal he made and show him the watch. The old man grabs him by the ear and says, "Oh yeah, that's a great! That's a just a great! Some day you gonna come home and finda you wife, she's in bed witha somebody, some son-of-a-bitch. What you gonna do? Looka you watch and tell him, 'Ey! You time, she's a up?'"

A girl walks into a doctor's office. She says, "Doc, I need some contradiction."

The doctor says, "You're ignorant." She says, "Yep. Three months."

• Henry's wife goes to buy a new car. The salesman says, "I recommend this one."

She asks why.

The salesman says, "Because it has hydraulic backspin brakes. Get in and I'll show you." He drives the car 100 miles an hour toward a brick wall, and when he's 100 feet away he jams on the brakes. They stop a foot from the wall. The salesman says, "Do you smell that?"

She takes a sniff and says, "Uh-huh."

The salesman says proudly, "That's hydraulic backspin brakes."

When Henry gets home that night she says, "Dear, I bought a car."

He says, "How did you decide which kind to buy?"

She says, "I bought one with hydraulic backspin brakes. Get in and I'll show you."

They get in, and she drives 100 miles an hour toward the same brick wall. When they're 100 feet away from it she jams on the brakes, and they stop one foot from the wall. She looks over at her husband and says, "Do you smell that?"

Henry says, "I ought to! I'm sitting in it."

It's the morning after, and Janet says to Bill, "Was I any good?"

Bill says, "Were you any good? I haven't been this sore since I was circumcised."

• An Italian guy, a Jewish guy, and a Polish guy are talking about their daughters.

The Italian guy says, "I was cleaning my daughter's room the other day and I found a pack of cigarettes. And I didn't even know she smoked."

The Jewish guy says, "That's nothing. I was cleaning my daughter's room the other day and I found a full bottle of vodka. And I didn't even know she drank."

The Polish guy says, "That's nothing. I was cleaning my daughter's room the other day and I found a box of condoms. And I didn't even know she had a cock."

Ed says to his boss, "Sir, I need tomorrow off. My wife is going to have a baby." The boss gives him the day off.

Two days later Ed walks into work, and the boss asks, "Was it a boy or a girl?"

Ed says, "We won't know for nine months."

• King Ashtalot wants to marry off his daughter, and three knights are competing for her. The king tells them, "My daughter's hand will go to the man who can bring me the most ping-pong balls."

After a few weeks, one knight comes to the castle with a sled full of ping-pong balls. The king says, "Well done, but we must wait for the others."

After another week, the second knight arrives with a larger sled of ping-pong balls. The king says, "Well done, lad, but we must wait for the last knight."

A few weeks pass, and finally here comes the third knight, hauling two immense sacks behind him. The king says, "My son, you have won my daughter's hand, for surely it is you who has brought me the most ping-pong balls."

The knight says, "Ping-pong balls? I thought you said King Kong's balls."

Zimmerman walks up to a girl standing at the bar and says, "Baby, I'd like to get into your pants."

She says, "Go ahead. There's one asshole in there already."

If you think you can stump The Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse magazine, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a copy of his Oglio Records CD F. jackie. Please include your mailing address with your submission.

99.5% Success Rate

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HOW DO YOU LIKE HIM NOW

Article by Alanna Nash Illustration by Philip Burke

TOBY KEITH fought his way from the oil fields to become the Country

Music Association's Male Vocalist of the Year, sitting on a net worth

of some \$25 million. He didn't do that by being a diplomat.

Oklahoma's Toby Keith made his first country recordings in 1993, and his label, Mercury, had so little faith in the three acts they signed that year—the other two were the now-superstar diva Shania Twain and the instantly forgettable John Brannen—that the threesome was sent out as a package to win over disc jockeys and play second-string clubs. Though Keith, a former defensive end with the USFL's Tulsa Outlaws, went on to garner radio hits and deliver gold and platinum albums, industry respect and major stardom eluded him for years. ★ But Keith, who also worked the oil fields before finding his way to Nashville, is a scruffy survivor. Today, the 2001 Country Music Association's Male Vocalist of the Year finds himself sitting on a net worth of some \$25 million, with a string of commercials for long-distance carrier 10-10-220, offers to star in his own sitcom, and the sweet taste of revenge on his tongue. His megahit "How Do You Like Me Now?!" stands as an autobiographical testament to his fortitude, and such upbeat hits as "I Wanna Talk About Me" and "I'm Just Talkin' About Tonight" proclaim his independence.



A relentless prankster, the 40-year-old Keith—born Toby Keith Covel—loves to torment strangers in airports between flights, going into a Billy Bob Thornton *Sling Blade* impersonation or, along with his manager, approaching little old ladies to ask for directions to the nearest “pissier.” Yet he’s also capable of tempering his overgrown-frat boy personality with thoughtful ruminations on world events, women, sex ...

How to Succeed in the Music Business

Keith's award-winning last CD, Pull My Chain, proves he's a man whose time has come. His success often required every ounce of faith he had in himself.

I've been on four labels. I started out on Mercury in '93 with “Should Have Been a Cowboy,” which some people at *Billboard* say was the most-played song of the decade. I had another Top 5 and two more No. 1's off that album, sold 1.2 million the first year. But I wasn't getting nominated for any new-comer awards.

One regime was in place at Mercury when they broke my record out. But by the time it came to vote, they had divided forces. The president and vice-president went separate ways and gave [producer] Harold Shedd his own label, and Harold asked if I could go be the flagship [artist] at Polydor, which was

their sister label. Things never did go as planned over there, and it dissolved. A&M tried to come in and take over. We had two No. 1's and a Top 10 on one album. But without continuity, you don't get the votes. You've got to have a plan and a push to create some of those things, and I have never had that.

When I came back to Mercury, I was damaged goods. It was kind of like, “You never did do as well as you did with us the first time.” And by then I had figured out where my music was supposed to be and what was really workin' good for me. I had three albums, all gold or platinum, and consistent hits. And I come back, and the first thing I'm told is, “Hey, come by the A&R department; we've got some things we want to play you for your next album.” That's a dagger in the heart of any songwriter. I just told my manager, “This ain't goin' to work. I write what I do and to hell with anybody else.” I had cut 14 or 15 songs, including “How Do You Like Me Now?!” “Blue Bedroom,” “You Shouldn't Kiss Me Like This,” and “Getcha Some.” I said, “What do you think of these?” And they came back and said, “We like ‘Getcha Some,’ and we would like to do a Greatest Hits on you.”

Then I turned in my *How Do You Like Me Now?! album*, and they rejected it. I said, “So let me go.” They said they

would, and they let me buy my music. That's how little they believed in it. I bought the damn masters for \$110,000 and sold them to DreamWorks, my new label, and added two songs. When it was all said and done, Mercury let the Male Vocalist of the Year walk out with the Album of the Year under his arm.

I don't [avoid gloating about it]. I stand for everybody that has been shit on. And so do the Dixie Chicks, in suing their record label. New-artist record deals are practically on the verge of illegal. They're almost a full-fledged rape.

And the Winner Is ...

Despite his success, Keith was surprised to win CMA's Male Vocalist of the Year this past November.

I really didn't [think I would win]. I'd won the [Academy of Country Music award], but the ACM is a little more liberal and will go with the trend a little more. The CMA has never been really good about accepting changes. So I thought I was about a year away for Male Vocalist. Actually, I thought we had Song of the Year wrapped up, because “How Do You Like Me Now?!” was the most played song of the year by a mile. And when we didn't win Song, I thought, There's no way I can win Male.

Yanking Chains

Keith has brought the irreverence and smart-ass humor back into a country-music scene that's grown too polite and too scared.

When “Getcha Some” came out, everybody was like, “I can't believe you are sayin' that.” Saying what? I said get you some love ... get you some money ... and if you ain't got enough happiness, get you some babies. I didn't say get you some sex or anything else. It doesn't say anything filthy. It's what you make it. Everybody wants to stay safe.

[The video for “You Shouldn't Kiss Me Like This”] was pretty steamy. I've done a lot of videos and I've never been real hip on just sellin' T&A, but that was a very sexual song. My thought when I wrote that song was the moment when two people come together who've just been friends or acquaintances. He always thought, “She's too nice of a girl for me to ever sleep with. If I'm goin' to be a trampy ol' boy, I'm goin' to use these other ol' girls, but she's kind of my favorite, so I want to keep her pristine.” And then one night she lays that big rocket's-red-glare kiss on him, and he is like, “Whoa, now, hold it!” It's a three-minute song about a five-second event. With the video, there was absolutely no nudity with the swimmin'-pool stuff, or CMT wouldn't have shown it. But it certainly suggests it. I think maybe DreamWorks cut some of it to get it on the air, but not much.

When we first shipped “How Do You Like Me Now?!” the business was still so



"I'd invite you in for coffee, but all I have is cheap red wine."

The Last (Mexican) Supper

Who had the
Sodom Enchilada
and the
Holy Guacamole?



© Greeter.



afraid of that song. They fear the 25- to 55-year-old women and don't allow them to think for themselves. But as soon as you see the video on that song, you can't feel sorry for that girl anymore, and women didn't put themselves in her shoes. The great thing is that people come up with their own "How Do You Like Me Now?!" stories, and I've heard them all. Like, "My teacher said that I would never amount to anything, and now I am the principal at the high school and I fired her the other day."

Hail to the Chief

After the Monica Lewinsky affair, Keith frequently used a comedic bit about Bill Clinton in his stage show.

I used to say, "You know, I took a tour of the White House one day, and we was by the Oval Office and I overheard Bill Clinton talking on the telephone." And I would go into my impersonation: "The next time Hillary goes out of town, you ought to swing by the Oval Office here, pick up a bottle of Mad Dog 2020 and a box of those cigars." And then I'd intro

they're telling me, "Hey, Sting wants you to do it. He'll play bass and sing on it if you will cut it on your album." I said, "Okay, if that's the case, let's do it." We cut it in Nashville and shipped it to England, and he sang on it, but he didn't play bass. And it was a big radio record, but it didn't sell any units. Then when it came time to do it on the CMA awards show, he came in and we did the pop version, which didn't sound anything like my version. I thought that was a slap in the face, and we didn't get along too good at all. He's a pretty high-maintenance guy, and I'm a real low-maintenance guy, and we're from different parts of the planet. Plus, he didn't do all the big media they said he would for it. At the end of the night, it just left me goin', "Never compromise like that again." But that's what happens when you cross a redneck with a redcoat.

The New Patriotism

Keith went to Oklahoma City after the bombing there, and to Ground Zero to do a relief show for the Salvation Army

brain won't let you believe what you see down there. TV is just such a small window that it downsizes things. The magnitude of it is breathtaking.

God and Country

When it's pointed out to Keith that few country artists thank Jesus Christ for their success, as Keith did at the CMA awards, his response is quick.

Well, maybe that is why we are having people fly into our buildings. People have gotten too far away from God. When I was a kid, you pledged allegiance to the flag in school. They've taken that out. When we used to go on the football field to play, everybody would bow their head and say a prayer. They've taken that out. The further you get away from those kinds of values, the more shootings there will be in schools. We didn't carry guns to school, and we didn't come home from the army and get a Ryder truck and fill it up with fertilizer and blow up a government building. There has always been evil, but not like from the common folk now.

With the Osama bin Laden thing, we gave everybody in the Taliban a warning. These people in the Twin Towers didn't have any warning. They got a 757 jumbo jet flying right into their office window. People went up on the roof of that thing to get away from the fire, and then rode a building down 110 stories. There were daddies that didn't come home that night, and there's mothers wondering how they are going to feed their kids. The system is backwards to me. I think it's great there are American flags waving everywhere and that everybody is getting closer to God. That's going to be the best thing to come out of this.

Female Trouble

Singer Amy Grant, after hearing "I'm Just Talkin' About Tonight," told Keith (who's been happily married for 18 years), "You sure have issues with women."

"I'm Just Talkin' About Tonight" doesn't say that the guy is goin' to go nail the girl. It just says, "Honey, I don't care what you've got planned in the future. I just want to know, do you want to dance?" He says in the song, "I'm not talkin' about whether we're wrong or we're right," and "I'm not talkin' 'bout hookin' up and hangin' out; I'm just talkin' about tonight."

[It does have sexual connotations], but it leaves it open to you to decide how nasty it is. Speaking of women, though, I am probably the only one that's ever sung a song that talks about that time of the month ["I Wanna Talk About Me"]. When that song came out, I had some people in radio say, "He's gone over the line this time." But this ain't pushin' the envelope any more than "How Do You Like Me Now?!"

**"I stand for everybody that has been
shit on.... New-artist record deals are
practically on the verge of illegal.
They're almost a full-fledged rape."**

"Getcha Some," and the crowd would just scream. But I played the White House for President Bush about a month before the Twin Towers attack. I went in thinking, He was just a governor a few months ago, and he hasn't really had time to do anything. But it was very intimidating. Standing with the president and his wife and 30 or 40 people, I was really honored to be there. I just got a whole new respect for it. But I also had a real funny feeling standing in the center of the room, looking out over the South Lawn at the people out at the gate. I felt really unsafe in there. I guess we're really fortunate we had the heroes that crashed that plane in Pennsylvania, because it was probably headed for the White House. Anyway, I quit doing the President Clinton stuff out of respect for the office.

The Redneck and the Redcoat

Keith is known as a man who refuses to make compromises in his career.

The only time I compromised was that duet with Sting, "I'm So Happy I Can't Stop Crying." Our label put us together for that. The lyrics were really good, but the song was just a little too cosmic for me, you know. I said, "You know what? This ain't for me." And the whole time

after the September 11 attacks, when interest in country music soared.

Everything is real right now. You've got all of these songs about people's emotions and values, and you've got the patriotic stuff. People need to grab on to something right now. That's why country thrives in bad times.

Oklahoma City was mind-boggling. To think you could fill up a Ryder truck with anything man-made and do that much damage. That was the first piece of terrorism I had ever seen, and it left a huge hole in my soul, until I went to Ground Zero. I had played that stage in the plaza at the Twin Towers years ago. I remember looking up at them and thinking how unbelievable they were, and wondering how anyone could even want to go to work in those buildings, they were so massive. And then to think they just swallowed those jumbo jets. When I saw the actual damage, it just made me angry and lost. CMT asked me to be part of its Country Freedom show, and they had me interview people where the firemen go in and out. I was talking to priests, asking, "What do you tell people after something like this when they ask how God can exist?" And I was getting some of the best answers I had ever heard. But your



CHEYENNE, ADAM & NICK

“On hands and knees she fellates
his throbbing member as he
pumps his hips toward her pretty face. Then
she brings the fellas together ...
satisfying each in turn with her mouth.”



M*U*S*H

This mobile army hospital hasn't seen any action for months. Unfortunately, neither has Cheyenne. When the supply trucks pull up, she spies a handsome soldier headed her way and her pussy begins to tingle. Even after all this time on base, she still loves the sight of a man in uniform. He introduces himself and Cheyenne helps him unload the provisions, but the young GI is distracted by her beauty. Concealed by the truck, Adam grabs for her and she lowers her guard ... and raises her flimsy tank top. When he caresses her breast, her nipples stand at attention, encouraging him to go further.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER







Adam's fingers make their way into Cheyenne's damp panties, but the lady is hungry for something more. "You gonna show me your privates, private?" she asks. This is one order Adam is happy to follow, and he releases his unit from his pants. Cheyenne grasps the shaft and sucks him hard, but before long they have company. A superior officer, overhearing their cries of ecstasy, has discovered the randy recruits.



For their nasty indiscretion, Nick commands the pair to drop and give him 50. But Cheyenne has another idea. From her position on the ground, she notices that camouflage alone can't hide the ammo Nick is packing, and decides to help him unload. On hands and knees she fellates his throbbing member as he pumps his hips toward her pretty face. Then she brings the fellas together and puts the "service" in "servicewoman," satisfying each in turn with her mouth.





Cheyenne is thrilled to have found a few good men to sate her desires, and keeps them happy by keeping them hard. She licks the guys longingly, and pays special attention to their full sacs.





Adam nibbles at Cheyenne's swollen labia, tasting the juices that have slicked her pink lips. He inhales deeply, delighting in her musky odor, then makes way for Nick to taste Cheyenne's sugar.







No longer satisfied by lips and tongues, the men plan to penetrate Cheyenne's last line of defense. Adam enters her first while she tugs on Nick's wood. She rubs her clit and comes quickly, putting on a good show for the troops. She's sure they'll need her attention again soon, though, and she's right—the sight of this beautiful woman enjoying one orgasm after another inches them ever closer to the edge.



Military equipment courtesy of Rave Veluzet of Blue Cloud Movie Ranch, Sanger, Calif.



When Adam
and Nick
can hold out
no longer, they
pull out
and cover
Cheyenne
with their
passion. She
swallows
what she can,
and squeals
in delight.
Friendly fire
has never felt
so good. **O+**



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

People assume Keith wrote "How Do You Like Me Now?" for a girl who ditched him years ago, and he's happy to correct that assumption.

I would never, ever flatter any of my past girlfriends with the notion that I wrote a song about them. Plus, I never dated a valedictorian and I sure didn't date the cheerleader.

After high school, Keith took a job working on oil-drilling rigs, where he once saw a coworker die on the job.

I started knowing about tenth grade that I was going to go to work for my dad in the oil fields as soon as I graduated. It was a worldwide major oil-field firm. There were guys makin' \$150 an hour to go to Saudi Arabia and stay over there six months. But three years after I got into it, the oil boom was over. When it started, there were 1,500 drillin' rigs, and people were livin' under underpasses because there wasn't enough housing. It was like a gold rush. But in three short years, when it all crashed, there were 65 drillin' rigs. We could buy it cheaper than we could drill it.

The service we provided [involved going] out on the drillin' rig and staying until the job was done. If it meant stayin' up 40 or 50 hours, you did it. And these rigs were in desolate places, so it was like being with soldiers out in the middle of nowhere. I must have been 20 when I saw that guy die. He was 19, with a wife and a one-month-old baby at home. He wasn't even supposed to be on the rig with us. He was filling in for somebody else.

The drillin' rig picked up a 45-foot joint of five-and-a-half-foot steel pipe and was lifting it. It got 50 feet up there, and he had fouled the line—put the line on the pipe wrong. It got up and broke, snapped in two, and fell and hit him. I never even entered my mind that he was dead. I was checking his pulse, and I thought his body was goin' into a shut-down mode. I didn't know he was dead until the helicopter ambulance got there. The guys come up on the floor and brought their gurney, and I was speedin' things along, trying to get him off that substructure, and they said, "There's no need to hurry." And then I did what you are supposed to do, just ride off of it. You just got to take it up and move on.

Mom: My grandmother owned a supper club in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where my mother was raised. My mom would sing,

and some of the people in the music business over there said she had pipes like Patsy Cline, and even talked to her about recording when she was 20. Then I came along, and that was never talked about again.

My first memory is crawling around on a hardwood floor and hearing her sing. She could whistle just like a clarinet, right on pitch and very musical. She would be poppin' her dust rag and goin' through and singin' those Skeeter Davis records and Patsy Cline songs. I thought everybody's mother was supposed to sing like that.

Dad, who died in a traffic accident in 2001: John Wayne died at my house. My dad was real well-known in our community and real well-loved, and his buddies were comin' through the line and lookin' at me, going, "Yeah, you may be famous out there in the real world, but you ain't as famous as that old man is right here in this town." That's how great a man he was. He said things that I had never heard anywhere else in my life. He was like Will Rogers. The original creative ideas I get when I write are from him, and my vocals and music ability are from my mother. When Will Rogers mates with Patsy Cline, you get a singer-songwriter.

Keith's grandfather spurred his grandson's early sexual education, greeting the ten-year-old with the line "You been getting any pussy?"

My grandfather was one of a kind. I can't ever remember him not greeting me that way. It always made me laugh. I would get my buddies around and say, "Hey, my granddad's here." And everybody in the neighborhood would rush in with me, and he'd start that, and it would knock the boys out. It would be all over school the next day.

Sex is at the top of every boy's list, but it never was my priority as far as day-to-day. It's usually not as plentiful as a 14-, 15-, or 16-year old boy wants you to believe. But that is probably the most unique learning experience that you go through in life, because you start out with zero help. All you hear are stories from your buddies and their older brothers, and you really don't know how much to believe. And when you finally do get there, they were so wrong.

I waited until I was 14 or 15. I didn't go all the way when I was 14, but I got inquisitive and started to figure out what I was supposed to do. I didn't want to be the only guy in the world that didn't know how. I think that is the biggest fear in a young boy's heart.

My wife [talked with our two daughters]. I'll talk to my son. I'll ask him if he's gettin' any. O+



THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR

SEXPERT HOTTIES



ARTICLE BY RALPH GARDNER JR. • ILLUSTRATIONS BY JASON FREENY

Believe it or not, the most impressive part of Tristan Taormino's New York City book party (held at Don Hill's, a hip Tribeca bar) celebrating the publication of her latest sex manual, *Pucker Up: A Hands-On Guide to Ecstatic Sex* (Regan Books), was not the booth in which women could have Claire Cavanah, the owner of Toys in Babeland, Manhattan's most forward-thinking sex shop, insert her experienced hand into their vagina and locate their G spot while an appreciative audience looked on. No, the most impressive aspect of the party, at least from a commercial perspective, was the table on which the author herself perched, clad in a drop-dead-gorgeous evening gown, to hawk her ever-expanding line of sex toys, books, and videos.

Her wares included not just autographed copies of *Pucker Up*, but also her sex-ed/porn videos, *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex* and the newly released (and raunchier) *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex, Part 2*; "The Tristan" butt plug, available in black, blue, camo, green, pink, purple, or red; and even *Pucker Up* beverage cozies. "If you buy \$50 worth of stuff, you get one," Tristan told me—referring, unfortunately, to the cozies rather than the pricier butt plugs.

Ms. Taormino and a coterie of other enterprising young women constitute a rather new and flourishing phenomenon: a sex-girl

experience. The zines sold so well across the country that she developed a cult following and was asked to give a reading at an East Village nightclub. "I was so shy, I was working the midnight shift so I wouldn't have to talk to people," she recalls. "I didn't realize it, but the place had sold out because of me. I got onstage and was insanely nervous. But they went nuts for me. That instant gratification was the beginning of my new self-esteem."

While it would be inaccurate these days to call Ducky shy (she and her punk-rock boyfriend are scheduled to appear soon in a women's magazine discussing the size and shape of his prick—"It's large and curved, which means he has the perfect G-spot penis," Ducky observes), she actually feels more comfortable performing under one of her two aliases, as the crackpot sexologist or as Knockers the Clown.

One of her most informative crackpot lectures, delivered in a white lab coat, involves animals and insects and what their sex lives can teach us about our own sexuality. "It decriminalizes human sexual behavior," Ducky explains. "So we like to sniff asses. Big deal!"

As the aptly named Knockers (Ducky's are 36Cs), she can't stop herself from doing things like sitting on cakes and having the frosting work its way into her bodily crevices. It was a Knockers gig that brought her to the attention of the brain trust over at *The How-*

"Often, when a woman is about to ejaculate, you'll hear

mafia. Among these women is Dr. Ducky DooLittle, the "crackpot sexologist" who was at the *Pucker Up* party manning her own booth devoted to introducing the public, or at least that portion of it on the guest list, to the joys of anal sex. "She is the anal-sex expert," Ducky acknowledges of Tristan, "but I know an awful lot."

Through a combination of chutzpah, creativity, civic duty, a passion for getting their pussies and asses licked—and doing the same for others, often in public—and most of all an unrelenting capacity for hard work, these ladies are landing book deals, starring in their own sex-education videos (with decidedly greater emphasis on the sex than the education), embarking on sold-out lecture tours, lending their names to sex toys, and serving as all-purpose cultural icons. And they appear to be making a decent living doing so.

"I call myself a sexual field scientist," explains the bizarrely alluring Ducky, who, at five feet tall and 150 pounds, isn't just redefining what it means to be a sex expert, but also a sex object. "When people ask me what makes me an expert in my field, I say, 'Do you want to learn about it from a guy who writes a book or [from] a woman who went out and fucked that thing?'" How can you argue with that?

"In college I couldn't have imagined this career," admits Tristan, who attended tony Wesleyan University in Connecticut. "It still wasn't possible. People say, 'When I grow up I want to be Lee Iacocca or Bill Gates.' There weren't a lot of people making a living off being a sex expert."

Ducky's career trajectory was even more unlikely than Tristan's. An orphan and high school dropout, Ducky moved to New York from Minnesota at 18 and supported herself dancing at peep shows and working as a machinist at a printing plant. What set her apart from other hard-luck cases was her relentless drive, unwarranted optimism, and dirty mind. "I had an anonymous pen pal," she recalls. "We used to share erotic stories. I'd write part of the story, he'd write part of the story. To this day I don't know his name. That's how I started writing erotica."

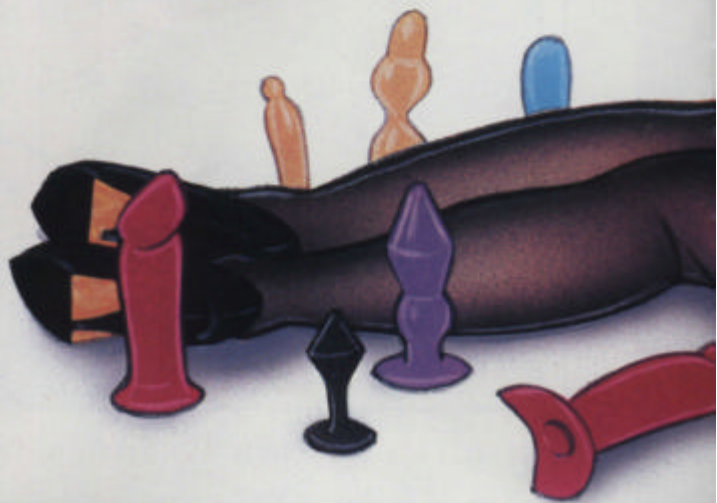
Ducky showed some stories to her friends on the job, who encouraged her to publish them. She worked at a printing plant, after all. "I started publishing zines, little erotic storybooks," she says. They featured large helpings of bondage and sadomasochism, which Ducky attributes to an overactive imagination, not personal

and *Stern Show* a few years ago. "They wanted me to come over and spank Howard on the ass with a rubber chicken," Ducky says.

The *Stern* appearance jump-started Ducky's Website, DrDucky.com. "I'd do *The Howard Stern Show* and have 200,000 people visit my site," she says. "I sort of harnessed that energy." Rather than turn the site into an online ego trip, Ducky shrewdly asked visitors what they wanted and gave it to them, creating a money-making venture. "They wanted a Duckycam," she says. "They wanted message boards and polls and pie charts." The Duckycam is more *The Truman Show* than striptease. "You can watch me sleep at night, or looking for clothes after taking a shower. Sometimes dirty things happen, but it's more by accident. I'm much more pinup than porno."

"I get a lot of foot fetishists and panty fetishists," she says. "I've become known for being nonjudgmental. The majority of these kinds of fetishists are submissive men. They have a tendency to worship women, which I really like."

She also has many short, stocky worshipers who are female. "I'd go on the road and do shows at comedy clubs, look out in the audience, and see that 50 percent of [the audience] female," she says. "Women would come up and kiss my hand or kiss my feet



and tell me that by being a sexy woman at 150 pounds and five feet, I was inspiring to them."

At Tristan's book party, Ducky had one such disciple in tow, a little butterball named Natalie. "She's one of many women who have been inspired by me," the sexologist says. "I have three interns right now."

Perhaps the greatest difference between Tristan and Ducky (besides the fact that the former is tall and gay and the latter is short and primarily straight) is that while Ducky admits to being rather reverent when it comes to her own sex life, Tristan is an unrepentant exhibitionist. She's never met a camera she didn't like.

There's also the question of ambition. While Ducky seems happy having a roof over her head and being able to afford nice shoes, Tristan won't rest until she becomes a household name. "I am a brand," she states with no trace of irony. "I have to market that brand and have a clear message behind that brand. I really do consider myself a sex educator." This, despite the fact that in her latest video the young lady seems to spend more time getting fucked and sucked than dispensing advice on the human reproductive system. "I just wrote this column, 'Asslicker,' in the *Village Voice*," Tristan says. "I'm talking about why I love to lick asses and have my ass licked. But I also feel an obligation to my readers to say, 'Here are

refuse to stay put. "This also came about through my workshops," Tristan explains. "Women would tell me, 'I have this problem. When I get really turned on, the butt plug shoots out of my ass.'"

The Tristan is shaped with an amorous bulbous head, "sort of like a mushroom," to prevent expulsion in the heat of passion. It also boasts a tailor-made base, contoured to the butt cheeks, that maximizes comfort while minimizing the possibility of a worst-case scenario. No, not a fecal mess. The worst case is having the user get so turned on that the plug, rather than becoming a lethal projectile, gets sucked up his or her ass, occasioning a trip to the emergency room and the disclosure of embarrassing details to the intern on duty.

Neither Tristan nor Ducky feels herself in competition with the other. "There's such a need for sex education in America," Ducky says. "Tristan and I are good friends. We ping-pong off each other. If one of us gets a writing job and is not able to do it, we give it to the other one."

"I feel very strongly cooperative," Tristan says. "The main thing is, there's plenty to go around. When a new sex book comes out I'm not like, 'It's going to cut into my sales.' Most people want to buy multiple books on sex. I feel in coalition with other people like me."

Dr. Ducky is currently negotiating her own sex-book contract. And while she refuses to divulge the work's contents, the word is

that it involves not just the birds and bees but also snails, salamanders, and marsupials.

a particular sound as you work her G spot."

the health concerns,' or [to talk about] safer-sex issues or whatever."

While the temptation might be to dismiss Tristan as little more than a megalomaniac with perky breasts, she is a regular fount of useful information. I mean, how many other women—or men, for that matter—can write from firsthand knowledge about vaginal fisting and female ejaculate, and the proper finger placement of the former to produce the latter? "Often, when a woman is about to ejaculate, you'll hear a particular sound as you work her G spot," Tristan reports in *Pucker Up*. "Instead of the traditional in-and-out music, this will be like a sloshing sound."

"The Tristan" butt plug is a case in point. It was made for the author by San Francisco's Vixen Creations out of silicon and Tristan's personal experiences. "As you can imagine, I've tried about every butt plug on the planet," she tells me. "I love sex toys, but I wouldn't make one for the hell of it. I felt I could add something to the already existing selection of butt plugs." The problem with those currently on the market, according to the anal-sex guru, is that they

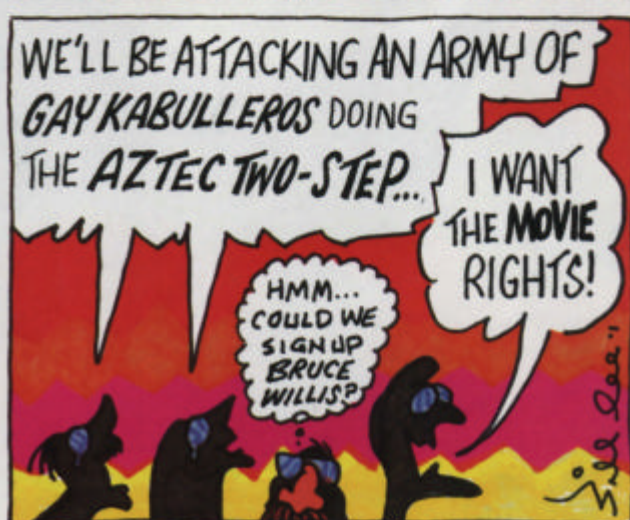
Tristan aspires to nothing less than becoming the Martha Stewart of sex. The question, however, is whether Middle America and morning television are ready for intelligent conversation about the pros and cons of cock rings, nipple clamps, and fisting. Tristan insists she can pull it off without offending anybody. I, for one, don't doubt her. "Ideally, I would like to break into TV," she confides. "It's such a powerful medium, and one that's still a little afraid of me. On *The View*, they're all like, 'She's too racy.' They think I'm not going to behave on TV. I'm not going to say 'cunt' when I'm out there. Why would I do that?"



PARTING SHOT

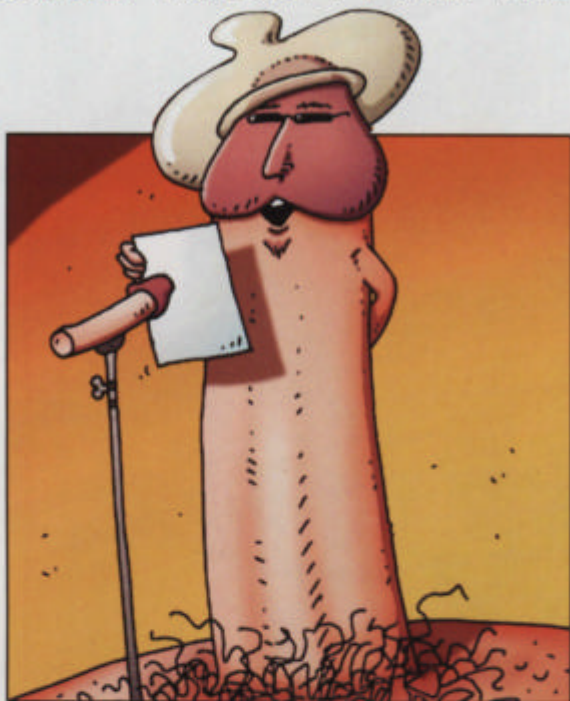
BY BILL LEE

**HOLLYWOOD
SCREENWRITERS
CALLED IN TO CREATE
WAR-WINNING
SCENARIO COMIX**



ONLINE Humor

GOLDEN NUGGETS FROM THE INTERNET • EDITED BY TONINA



RUBBER RHYMES

Cover your stump before you hump.
Don't be silly, protect your willy.
You can't go wrong if you shield your dong.
If you think she's spunky, cover your monkey.
Wrap it in foil before checking her oil.
If you slip between her thighs, be sure to condomize.

BOOB EMOTICONS

Finally, something other than smiley faces.... >:-)

- (o)(o) perfect breasts
- oo A cups
- { O } { O } D cups
- (+)(+) fake, silicone breasts
- (oYo) Wonderbra breasts
- (^)(^) cold breasts
- (Q)(O) pierced breast
- \o/\o/ Grandma's breasts
- (@)(@) big-nipple breasts
- |o||o| android breasts
- (-)(-) flat-against-the-shower-door breasts

BLONDE BASHING

Why did the blonde stare at a can of frozen orange juice?

Because it said **CONCENTRATE**.

Did you hear about the two blondes frozen in their car at the drive-in?

They went to see **CLOSED FOR THE WINTER**.

Why won't pharmacists hire blondes?

They keep breaking the prescription bottles in the typewriters.

Why don't blondes like making Kool-Aid?

Because they can't fit eight cups of water in the little packet.

Why can't blondes dial 9-1-1?

Because they can't find the **11** on the phone.

Why do blondes always smile during lightning storms?

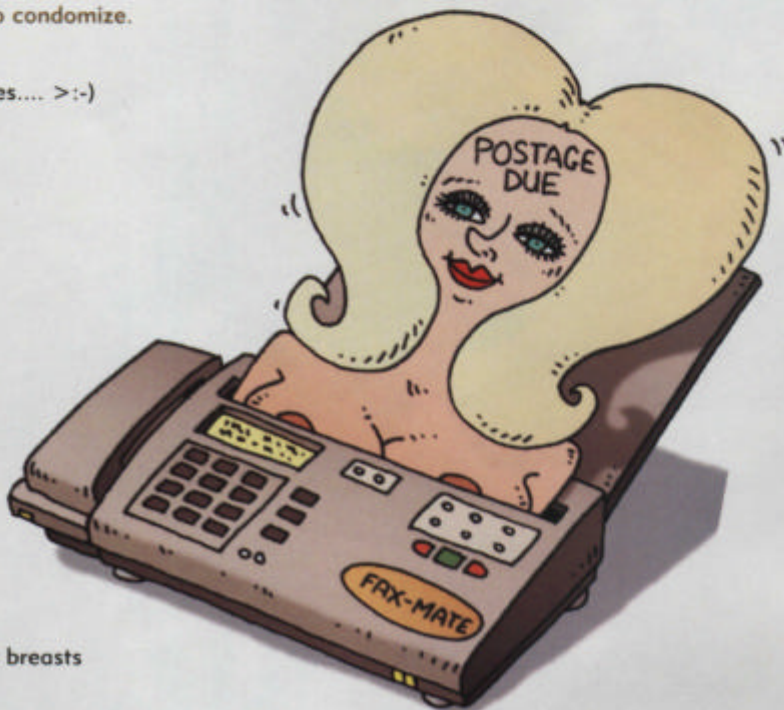
They think their picture is being taken.

What do you do if a blonde throws a pin at you?

Run fast—she's got a **grenade** in her mouth!

How can you tell when you get a fax from a blonde?

It has a stamp on it.







SORAYAMA

To obtain brochures featuring more artwork by Sorayama,
please send \$14.95 to Exotica, PMB #1637,
270 North Canon Drive,
Beverly Hills, California 90210.

For more information on his originals and book,
call (800) 898-8988.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

four-poster bed and a matching stand-alone wardrobe. Off to one side was a washroom partially hidden by a trellis of climbing roses.

Phil picked up a remote control and turned out the lights. The greenhouse went black. A moment later I heard a motor purring and a curtain raising to let the moonlight come streaming through. If my panties hadn't already been wet, this would have done it. It was too much for me, and my knees gave out. Before I hit the floor I was caught by two sets of hands and returned to my feet.

When I started to take off my clothes, Jake stopped me. Phil took me over to the wardrobe. When he opened the left-hand side, there was a beautiful white nightgown all in hand-made lace. It tied up the front, and came with a pair of lace panties, also with ties. Next, he opened the right side to reveal a silk nightshirt for Jake. When I turned to look at my husband of five hours, all I saw was a smile and a bulge in his pants. How could I say no? I just nodded yes.

Jake asked Phil to help me get ready for bed. I had been naked in front of Phil before, but this time it was different. My nipples were so hard they hurt. As Phil

did up the ties of the nightgown, my nipples poked through the holes in the lace. When it came time for the panties, I was soaking wet all the way to mid-thigh. One look at myself in the mirror and I started to come.

I took a deep breath and decided I wanted some input. I told Jake that I would not allow Phil to just sit and watch. "I want him in between us in the bed," I said. Jake's jaw dropped. "Are you sure?" he asked. "I'm sure," I said. It was my turn to undress someone, and that someone was Phil. I stripped him down to his bikini underwear. He was so hard that the waist band was sticking out in front.

I asked Phil to put himself in the middle of the bed, with his head about a foot below the pillows. Then I had Jake climb in on one side and I on the other. It took a few minutes, but soon Jake and I were kissing up a storm, and I felt Phil's hot breath on my breasts. I rolled over him, making sure to rub my nipples across his lips. I felt a shudder roll through my body. Soon I had Jake kissing me and feeling one breast while Phil rubbed the other breast with his nose.

Every time I moved, my mind would explode with new sensations. I knew that I could do anything. I slowly licked and kissed my way up Jake, from his chest to his ear. In between nibbles and

bites, I whispered that I wanted to taste him, and asked if he would like to taste me. I turned 180 degrees so I could suck on Jake's cock, and made sure to give Phil's cock a good squeeze in passing. He was leaking pre-come all over the front of his underwear. Once I was in place I started licking and sucking on my first married cock. I spread my legs so Jake could lick my slit and Phil could see the action. Jake ate me right through my panties. Well, if he wanted to tease me, I too could play that game. I licked one side of his shaft, then the other. After a while I kissed his balls. This was followed by a slow lick from the base of his balls all the way to his ass. At that point, I knew that I had him, as his entire body raised off the bed.

Jake seemed to know how to get even with me. I heard him ask Phil to undo the ties of the panties and take them off. I felt every tie as Phil pulled them loose using only his teeth. The sensation was beyond words. This was surpassed when I felt his tongue and lips slowly draw the panties away from my pussy. I felt his hot breath at my snatch. To keep from screaming I sucked my husband all the way into my mouth, until I had my nose buried in his pubic hair. Jake knew that I was close, and ate me like a madman. I came twice in the first minute.

After about ten more orgasms, we all knew that I finally needed to be fucked. When I pushed Jake away from my pussy and then positioned myself on my knees right over Phil's face, Jake got the hint.

Before Jake could move around to fuck me, I felt Phil's hands on my hips. He turned me face-up so that I lay with my shoulders between his feet and my ass just under his chin. Jake was still wearing his nightshirt, and I still had on the lace nightgown. I spread my legs so that Jake could get inside them with one knee on either side of Phil's head. Slowly Jake lowered himself down onto me. I reached up and held him as we kissed. The nightshirt was in the way, so Jake asked Phil to lift it up. Again, I felt cloth moving up my body, only this time it was bringing me closer to being fucked.

When at last I felt Jake's cock against my flesh, I was truly ready. I reached down to guide my new husband into me. Jake stopped me and said, "Phil, could you guide me into my wife's pussy?" I felt Phil use his fingers to open my pussy lips as he steered Jake to me. He rubbed the head of my husband's cock up and down my pussy lips. Once Jake's dong was nice and wet, Phil took his hands away and let Jake sink into me, inch by inch. I wanted the moment to go on forever. When Jake started to move in and out of me, Phil put his hand on either side of my hips. At first I thought it was to steady me, but then



"I love Geoff and I love to eat, and, lucky for me, I love to eat Geoff."

THE LAST DAYS OF sama bin Laden



AN INVESTIGATIVE CARTOON REPORT by SWISS



ETHNIC CLEANSING



IT'S OFFICIAL....



"MR. UGLY WORLD" CONTEST
RESULTS IN 500-WAY TIE
AS TALIBAN LEADERSHIP
SWEEPS HONORS.

LAST YEAR: AL QAEDA FIGHTERS
WORKING OUT ON THE HORIZONTAL LADDER



THIS YEAR: AL QAEDA FIGHTERS
WORKING OUT ON THE HORIZONTAL LADDER



TALIBAN AND AL QAEDA FIGHTERS
FLEE IN TERROR AS SPECIAL-OPS TROOPS
LOB A BAR OF SOAP INTO THEIR MIDST.



TRADING PUNCHLINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Have you ever wanted to be a porn star for a day?

I've wanted to be a porn star for the 30 years that I have been on this earth. I've always felt that, God forbid I had no friends or relatives and my parents both died, then nothing would be greater than people coming up to me and saying, "Holy shit! That's Pete Correale the porn star." When I watch a porno I'm like that kid who isn't tall enough to be on the roller coaster and is saying to himself, "What do I have to do to be there?"

Ever had someone walk in on you while you were having sex?

I was living with someone for a while who had a tendency to walk in his sleep when he got really fucked up. One night my girlfriend and I are in the middle of doing our thing, and the next thing I know I have this huge white pimply ass right in my face. I'm like, "Yo, yo, what are you doing?" He was so loaded, he was about to take a dump right on my fucking head. I screamed, "Wake up!" He made his way out of the bedroom to the bathroom. About four hours later I get up to piss, only to find him passed out on the toilet with his head leaning on the windowsill. I'm like, "Asshole, wake up. You passed out on the toilet." As he lifts his head he has this big gash on his forehead from when he must have hit the window sill.

What was the most mortifying thing to happen to you onstage?

I was with my girlfriend, now my wife, before a show, having sex back at the apartment. It was her time of the month, for lack of a better way to put it, and her tampon got thrown off to the side during sex. Well, I'm rushing to get ready for the show and I put my clothes on and run to the club. Partway through my act my back starts itching. I'm trying to scratch it, and I feel something. I reach back, and here I am holding a fucking used tampon. Everybody in the audience is going, "What the fuck?" I said, "Goodnight everybody, gotta go," and I ran off the stage.

What is the most expensive thing you've lost?

The Buffalo Bills Super Bowl loss to the Giants in 1987. It cost me fucking three weeks' worth of working the front desk at a hotel, just forking over the money to a guy in a black leather jacket.

Your wife grants you one night with the woman of your dreams; do you take your wife up on the offer, and who is it?

It would be Pam Anderson, but there's no way I'd do it, because for the rest of my life I'd have to listen to my wife saying, "I was just saying it. I didn't think you would really do it."

What was the worst thing ever said to you?

Back in college when I was trying to make a few bucks during the summer, I used to work for my uncle cleaning cesspools

and unclogging toilets. It was a total nightmare. So I get a call to go to this house and fix the toilet. I get out of the car, and here is this big fat guy smoking a butt and drinking a beer. The first thing he says to me is, "Are you the shit guy?" And there is this moment when I say to myself, "Oh my God, that is exactly what I am. I am the shit guy."

Do you ever wonder what life would be like if you were a woman?

Oh yeah. Let's just say I'd have to move a lot, because the term *whore* would catch up to me really quick.

If you could enact any law about women, what would it be?

If a guy spends at least \$100 on you in an evening, it's your obligation that he doesn't go home with blue balls. How you make that happen is up to you.

If I offered you \$500 a day to abstain from sex, how long would you last?

I wish you'd asked me three weeks ago. It would have been an easy two grand. I'm married, didn't you hear me? I would be moving to Park Avenue by

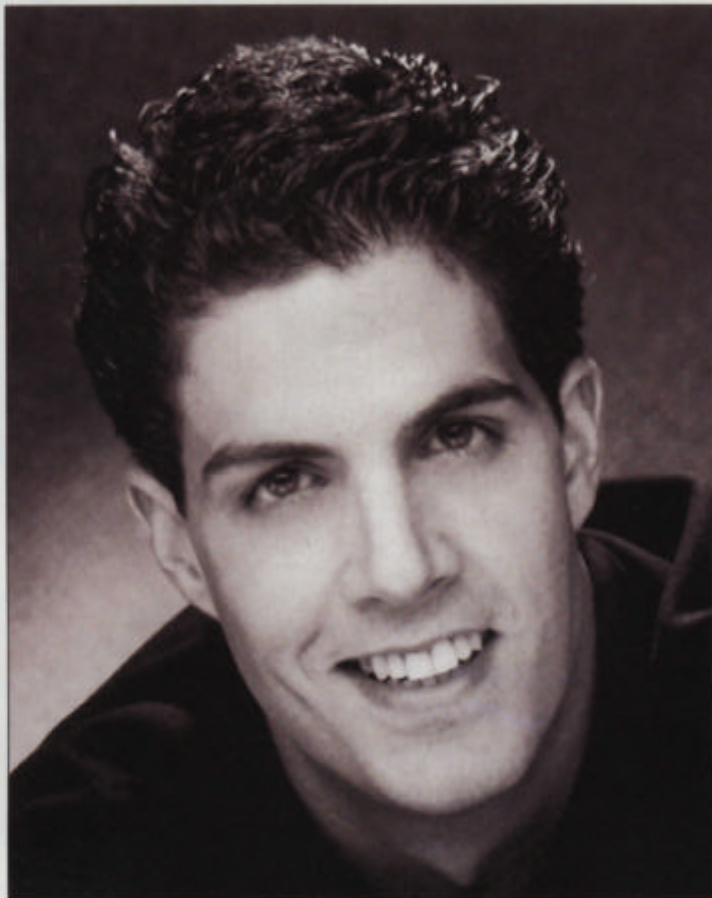
the end of the month with an offer like that.

If you could go four rounds with someone, whom would you choose?

Chris O'Donnell. I just can't stand him. He's like the guy next door who you want nothing to do with.

What was your worst date experience?

Back in the 11th grade I took this girl to the movies. After the movies we went to get some ice cream. Since I didn't have a car, we had to walk, and I took her through this back way, where we had to shimmy between a fence and a wall. I slid through first, and then she tries and is just a little too big to squeeze



Pete Correale

"There is this moment when I say to myself, 'My God, that is exactly what I am. I am the shit guy.'"


through. She's just stuck, and I'm like, "Fuck it, let's take the long way." It was not a pretty sight.

What was the worst thing a girl ever did to you?

I was dating this girl back in college, and wasn't really faithful, but it's college, so who really cares? My girlfriend comes over to my dorm room to confront me about some things she heard about me and this other chick. I said I didn't want to deal with it right now. I had a final in the morning, and I just stormed out of my room. Well she starts wrecking the place, throwing my CDs, busting the furniture and my television. I race back in, trying to calm her down, and she just starts going nuts and scratches my face with her fingernails.

A couple of weeks later I go back home to Long Island to see my friends. We're at this bar, and they start asking me what happened to my face, and I told them I did it playing softball. Well, just my luck, one of my college friends walks in the bar, sees me, and says, "Dude, your face is still fucked up from that chick scratching you." I was busted. Moral of the story: Keep your college friends away from the guys you grew up with.

What do you think about women who fake it?

It's kind of like the person that you hand the joint to, and they say they're high even though they are not. You're like, if you want to do that, that's fine, but we can get this done properly and you'll really enjoy it. 

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Correction: In the February issue, pages 19-22, all photos credited to Troy Lee Designs should have been credited to Anthony Munoz/Troy Lee Designs.

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By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

"One guy I know was so excited about his team's spectacular victory that he ended up screwing ... his roommate's girlfriend."



"I'll admit it: A good hockey game with some action is better than Viagra," Pete told me. "I get so worked up, I want some action myself."

So why was his girlfriend complaining? I shook my head in dismay. I'm sick of women whining about being sports widows, bemoaning baseball in the summer, football in the fall, and year-round hoops-shooting with the gang at the gym. I'm urging you guys to rise to the occasion and tell your women, "Wise up and welcome the games. Take advantage of your man being hyped up." Fellows like Pete

may be glued to the tube, ignoring their women while the game's on, but a smart cookie serves the beer and chips and inserts herself into her sports enthusiast's excitement, which—if she works it right—will spill over onto her (or anything else that becomes psychologically associated with his passion at that moment).

If your libido is lagging, you can use sports to hike your interest in your woman. Here's how the simple conditioning works: Watch the game, get excited, look at her. Look back at the game, get more excited, glance

at her. Pretty soon both the game and the girl are turning you on.

Self-esteem adds a punch. If your team is doing well, your own confidence swells. Since a man's ego equals his libido, naturally you're more hyped for her.

But the phenomenon is not just psychological; there's a physiological explanation too. Research has found that men in a high state of arousal find women more appealing. In a study, identical pictures of women were shown to men who had walked across a shaky bridge suspended over a high ravine, and to others who'd only had to cross a shallow stream.

The first group rated the women more attractive than did group B. Conclusion: When the body is in a high state of arousal, the adrenaline that activates your nervous system makes you pay more attention to what's going on around you.

This arousal operates in many situations—like when you're preparing for exams or a presentation. Too much anxiety paralyzes you, so you can't perform. Too little lulls you into complacency, so you don't try hard enough. A medium amount of anxiety is necessary to get you motivated.

When it's off-season for your team, you

can still cash in on the arousal theory by engaging in some other activity that thrills you. Take your lady to a concert with a big crowd, lots of noise, and some dramatic percussion (Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* would be better than a Chopin étude for this purpose). Go to an amusement park for the day; when your heart is in your mouth from the roller coaster, your mouth may be locked on hers. Working out also works; you may already have noted that after a session in the gym, your vision seems sharper and your attention more alert.

A note of caution: Be wary of who's on the scene when you turn on the ball game—you could do something you regret. One guy I know was so excited about his team's spectacular victory that he ended up screwing a woman who happened to be in the room—his roommate's girlfriend.

All of which made sense to Pete. But he threw me a curve on one intervening variable. If his team is *losing*, he said, it doesn't matter what his level of arousal is. He's flat-out frustrated and deflated, and so is his sex drive. I suggested he tell his woman to sit down beside him on the couch and scream for his team. **O—**

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INSECURITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

used by terrorists, especially those involving sleepers. Their priority was to keep as low a profile as possible, and taking sudden flights back and forth to Europe was not a very good way to maintain that anonymity.

A more probable explanation didn't emerge until after September 11, when FBI agents discovered that when Atta returned to this country after meeting with al-Ani, he immediately went to Florida, where he attempted to purchase a crop duster. There was only one logical reason to purchase a crop duster as opposed to renting it (the usual procedure): Owning the plane would allow Atta to retrofit it—for example, with fine-spray nozzles to spray something other than pesticides or herbicides. Assuming that the Iraqis had by now managed to develop the necessary technology, and assuming the Iraqis still had a lot of anthrax on hand, there remains the reasonable presumption that the meeting between Atta and al-Ani concerned a subject other than blowing up radio transmitters.

If so, why Atta never followed up on his attempt to get his hands on a crop duster remains unknown. But to the Pentagon

bioterrorism experts, the episode represented still another important piece of evidence that the United States might very soon be struck by a significant bioterrorist attack. It was a belief not shared at the higher levels of government, which continued to insist that no real bioterrorism threat existed. The assumption was that deterrence—exemplified by the American warning to Iraq during the Persian Gulf War that if the Iraqis used chemical or biological weapons, the United States would re-taliate with the full weight of its nuclear arsenal—largely checkmated such a possibility. As for foreign and domestic terrorists, there was a prevailing assumption that the science and technology needed to produce biological weapons of mass destruction were beyond their reach.

And yet there was plenty of evidence indicating that even a modest bioweapon produced in a basement workshop represented a major threat. Such a weapon, Army experts pointed out, could be loosed with even the simplest of delivery systems. The experts knew that for a fact, for they had already demonstrated how it could be done. In 1966, U.S. Army agents had carried out a secret test in the New York City subway system, breaking on the tracks lightbulbs filled with a mild bacterium. Passing trains spread the bacteria for

miles; had the bulbs been filled with pathogens, hundreds of thousands of people would have been infected. (As it was, hundreds of subway riders came down with serious colds.) The subway episode was instructive: Even a crude delivery system was capable of spreading a lot of germs to kill a lot of people. Such an attack would come without warning (unlike a military attack, which almost certainly would come after a period of growing international tension).

And a biowar attack by domestic terrorists without warning would be especially devastating. To prove it, the Pentagon recently conducted a number of exercises to see what might happen. The results were not encouraging: The exercises—bioterrorism war games, actually—showed that terrorists could introduce bioweapons in any number of ways, none requiring any kind of sophisticated technology, and that defenses would be quickly overwhelmed.

One consistent finding of these tests was that any biological attack would immediately cause the system to break down, with instantaneous infighting and confusion among the 40 separate federal agencies involved in biological defense. Additionally, the tests showed that doctors (mostly untrained in handling biowar victims) and laboratory technicians (mostly untrained in recognizing pathogens) would be crushed by hundreds of thousands of victims needing immediate treatment, to say nothing of an atmosphere of public panic.

The test conclusions were tragically proved all too true when person or persons unknown slipped at least four anthrax-tainted letters into the U.S. mail system last fall. Just as the tests predicted, the system immediately broke down. When the first victim, Robert Stevens of Florida, was admitted to a hospital, doctors diagnosed his ailment as meningitis. Only because one doctor just a week before had read an article on biological weapons did anyone ask why the patient's spinal fluid was cloudy, not clear (cloudy fluid is a classic symptom of anthrax infection). A laboratory test finally confirmed it: Stevens had inhaled anthrax spores. But by that time it was too late; untreated for days, the anthrax killed him. Another Florida victim was diagnosed with the flu and sent home from a hospital; he died just a few days later.

When it became clear there *had* been a bioterrorism attack, the government reverted to its worst habit: the cover-up. Health and Human Services Secretary Tommy G. Thompson called Stevens's death "isolated" and hinted that as an "avid outdoorsman" Stevens probably got sick because he had drunk water from a stream during a hunting trip. When that didn't work, and anthrax kept popping up in other places, Thompson



"Go for it, Billy. My birth-control device is in place."

opted for public balm. Eager to forestall a panic, he spent much time minimizing the anthrax attack, at one point announcing, "I am absolutely assured we could respond to any contingency." Later, Thompson would admit to "shortcomings" in the government's initial response, but go on to say that, thanks to a new effort to stockpile vaccines, Americans could safely assume they were protected from a biological attack of any dimension.

Can Americans make such an assumption? "We are totally unprepared, period," says Jerome M. Hauer, a consultant to Thompson on bioterror. Hauer should know: Formerly head of New York City's Office of Emergency Management, Hauer created the city's highly regarded emergency-response system, which demonstrated its mettle during the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center and eight years later when the twin skyscrapers were brought down. However, Hauer is the first to acknowledge that a bioterror incident is something very different. Given the current state of the medical community, the first real line of defense, there is no hope that an all-out bioterror attack wouldn't quickly destroy public order.

On paper, the defense looks impressive: public-health and private laboratories linked in a system to make rapid diagnoses of suspected pathogens, military-alert teams, plans to isolate areas where an outbreak occurs, stockpiling of vaccines, and police and fire drills.

In reality, the system is totally inadequate. The fact is, most laboratories don't have the money to install expensive equipment necessary to detect pathogens rapidly. Moreover, there is a critical shortage of trained lab technicians and microbiologists—and most have not been trained in recognizing pathogens. (Even fewer can recognize highly sophisticated pathogens, such as encephalitis germs genetically altered to evade standard tests.) Most public-health and hospital laboratories are already pressed by a high volume of ordinary testing; a sudden flood of suspected biowar samples would quickly overwhelm them. Hospitals, too, would be quickly overwhelmed: Almost all hospitals have drastically cut the number of beds because of managed care, and that means they have no means of suddenly absorbing thousands of patients. Even a big-city medical center would be hard pressed. A small town or rural area has even less hope of coping. As for vaccines, they're helpful, but there just aren't enough of them, and present stocks are deteriorating. Current vaccines and antibiotics are not only expensive, but not very useful in the event of a large-scale attack.

No one can predict the virulence or scale of the next bioterror attack. All that can be said with certainty is that there


will be further such attacks, possibly on a massive scale. The Bush administration has proposed spending somewhere around \$1.3 billion to defend against bioterrorism, but a consensus of experts says we'll need a lot more than that to make Americans really safe—enough money to develop some critically needed technology, including:

- A "supervaccine" that is easy to administer and will protect against a wide variety of biological weapons.
- Special wings of isolation wards attached to existing hospitals to handle bioterror victims (some \$11 billion would be required for this component alone).
- Advanced portable decontamination systems that can be immediately deployed in large numbers.
- A dramatic increase in the numbers and training of laboratory technicians, with emphasis on qualified microbiologists.
- Simple pathogen detectors, the size of a suitcase, that can instantly detect the presence and scale of biological weapons, backed by sensors in major public facilities like airport terminals and mass-transit systems, to give an immediate alarm for pathogens.
- Massive training programs for police, firefighters, and rescue workers to handle potentially large numbers of casualties and recognize symptoms.

• Regular drills of the public-safety and health systems, under the direction of a "bioczar" responsible for all components of bioterror defense.

All this assumes, of course, that any bioterror defense, even the best, can withstand public panic. Considering what happened during last year's anthrax incidents, there is cause to wonder. For weeks after the first reports, one of the nation's largest health facilities, St. Vincent's Medical Center in New York City, found itself under siege by panicked people demanding the antibiotic Cipro and seeking advice on how to immunize themselves from anthrax attack. To little avail, doctors patiently explained that Cipro was necessary only for people who actually had contracted the disease; it wasn't a vaccine like a polio shot.

One woman rushed into St. Vincent's to ask where she could obtain two small gas masks. Assuming she wanted to protect her children, doctors told her that a conventional gas mask was useless against anthrax; only a decontamination suit would provide full protection. And in any event, few gas masks are small enough to fit children's heads.

She appeared crestfallen. "Oh, I need masks even smaller than that," she said. "I couldn't bear the thought of my two little dogs suffering." 



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

he pulled my hips so that I took my husband's cock even deeper.

As Jake and I fucked our brains out for the first time, I totally forgot there was anyone else in the bed but husband and wife. I wanted the two of us to come together. I spread my legs wider and wider, arched my back so that with each stroke Jake swabbed my clit.

I thought I could hold back, but just at that moment I felt Phil blow on my cunt and lick me from my ass to where Jake and I were joined. It was as if someone had set off a stick of dynamite in my body; I was trembling, and there were stars before my eyes. Jake later told me that my legs snapped shut around his waist and my cunt went wild. All I remember was that I felt waves of orgasm crashing through my body. When I came, Jake was spent but still inside me. I asked if we could do it again. Jake just smiled; then I felt him getting hard once more. He whispered to Phil to lick his balls to help him get harder. He asked if I wanted to be fucked from behind.

I rolled over so that again I was straddling Phil's face. I was dripping our combined come all over Phil's lips. Phil

held my nightgown to one side and helped Jake enter me for the second time, but from the rear. I lowered my shoulders to give my husband better access. This was all I needed to set me off again. When I turned around to kiss Jake, he pointed to the cock trapped in Phil's bikini briefs. The whole front of the bikini was soaking wet with pre-come. All I had to do was nod. I reached over and ripped the fabric apart. I grabbed the shaft and stroked it. Jake asked me if I wanted to suck Phil off. My answer was to lock my lips around Phil's prick and lick it up and down before fully sucking him into my mouth. We all came together—Jake deep in my pussy, me all over Phil's face, and Phil all over the two of us.

When I awoke the sun was just beginning to rise. I nudged Jake awake. He smiled and hugged me. I was ready to start all over again. Jake asked me if I would please let him watch as I fucked another man.

Well, that's how things started with Jake, Phil, and me. Jake is now away on business for a couple of weeks. I stay with Phil to be safe. Tonight there's a full moon. This means I'll fuck Phil and have my husband listen over the telephone. When Jake comes home we'll spend at least two days in bed—sometimes alone, most times not.—K.V., Canada

Married But Swingers

I met Mark and his wife Sharon through a swinger's ad I'd placed in a local paper. Sharon liked me so much that she called in sick to work so she could be with me. I showed her a few things she hadn't tried before and was now eager to show Mark. When they invited me over for a session with both of them, I already knew what the game plan was. I left it up to Sharon to give me my cue when to begin.

To start with, Sharon sucked Mark until he had a firm erection, then had him lie on his back. She straddled his waist and slowly sank her cunt down to engulf his hard-on. "Mmm, baby, you feel so big, but I think I can take some more," she said. "Joe, see if you can put your cock in my ass. I've always wanted to try two at once."

I did as she asked. Sure enough, there was room for both of us. Not only did Sharon's pussy massage Mark's prick as he slid in and out, but I too felt Mark's prick through her anal walls as I alternated my steady thrusts with his. It was so hot. We continued like that until we'd all come, then we cleaned up and switched positions.

Mark sat up at the head of the bed with Sharon lying between his legs so she could lick him clean. I got between her legs to eat Mark's come from her drenched pussy. Sharon has the wettest pussy of any woman I've known. Once I had all the come out of her that I could get, I slipped my cock into her pussy. I could never get enough of her pussy. Now my head was right next to Sharon's, where she was sucking Mark. Sharon took turns sucking Mark's cock and French-kissing me. Then she concentrated on making Mark come, and sucked down Mark's hot sperm when he shot off in her mouth. This was Mark's second come of the day, and he was completely worn out, but Sharon and I still had energy to burn. She suggested that I keep up the good work.

Pretending that she hadn't had it from me just before, Sharon said, "Sucking off Mark has gotten me really horny. Would you like to put your cock in my ass again, Joe?"

We were soon going at it, just the way she wanted. This got Mark interested, so he walked around the bed to where he could get a better view. He started stroking his cock as he took in the sight of my prick going in and out of his wife's ass. Having used Sharon's really slippery pussy juice to lubricate both of us, my cock had no trouble sliding into her nether hole. I gripped her hips to give myself good leverage for pounding into her. From previous experience with Sharon, I knew she would want me to increase the force of my thrusts. Once I'd introduced Sharon to anal sex, she



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couldn't get enough and had my cock in her ass at least once a day, which was fine by me. I'll take all the ass I can get.

It came as a surprise to Mark, but the sight of my cock sliding in and out of Sharon's ass had given him an unexpected urge to come for the third time that day—a record for him. He got up on the bed and stood over Sharon, placing his hard eight-inch cock at her eye level. "Suck me off again, Sharon. Seeing you get fucked in the ass has really gotten me horny, and it felt so good when you sucked me off the first time that I want you to do it again."

I was in seventh heaven. I had my cock up the ass of a woman who really appreciated ass-fucking as she sucked her husband's prick. It was all I could ask for.

Sharon was the first to come this time. Still working on Mark's cock, she used her right hand to play with her clit. Even with her mouth full, her moans of pleasure filled the room. Mark and I were soon to follow as the squeezing of Sharon's ass muscles set off my own orgasm, while her increased sucking sent Mark over the edge as well. Mark's come filled Sharon's mouth as my come shot into her butt. Mark lay on the bed as I pulled my cock from the embrace of Sharon's ass hole.

"Whew! You two are something else," I told the married couple. "Anytime you want to have sex, just give me a call." I left them to relax and found my own way out.—J.K., Arizona

Great Sex With My Ex

My ex-girlfriend Andrea and I split amicably a few years ago and remained in close contact through phone calls and occasional letter writing. I went on to pursue my career, while she moved, married, and began working for her family's company.

During one phone conversation last year, she mentioned that she would be coming back to our hometown to attend a wedding where she would serve as a bridesmaid. She said she would be making several trips in order to get her bridesmaid dress fitted and attend rehearsals. We arranged to meet at a restaurant to catch up. When I saw her at the restaurant, I recognized her immediately, but was surprised at how much firmer and tighter her body looked. This made Andrea's already ample breasts seem even bigger. We talked for more than an hour, and then she had to leave for another rehearsal. I hated to see her go, and thought about her throughout the rest of the day.

A couple of days later, I got a call from Andrea. She said that the wedding and reception had just ended and asked me if I wanted to come over to her hotel room and see her.

When we were together in the old days, I used to ask her over the phone at night what she was wearing and she would usually reply that she had nothing on. When I asked her this time I got the same response: "Nothing!" I wasted no time rushing over.

When I knocked on her hotel-room door she opened it halfway to reveal a dark bedroom. Andrea was standing there dressed in absolutely nothing but an alluring smile. I gave her a long wet kiss, then closed the door, making sure the DO NOT DISTURB sign was hanging outside.

She scurried back to the bed and climbed under the sheets. I undressed, grabbed my already hard cock, and started stroking it against her hot, moist pussy. We kissed long and hard, my tongue deep in her throat. Then I started sucking and kissing her big gorgeous tits. She guided the head of my cock into her cunt. I gave a long hard thrust, plunging my cock inside her up to the hilt. We then got into a nice, slow rhythm of kissing, stroking, and massaging each other. Soon we built up speed. Andrea started moaning. I could feel the come in my prick getting ready for release. We fucked harder and faster until, with a loud groan, I came. I shot a huge load into her pussy, then collapsed beside her, exhausted. She cuddled up to me and we fell fast asleep.

I awoke a couple of hours later to Andrea stroking my shaft with a big sexy smile on her face. She bent over, put her mouth over the head, and started sucking away. I shifted her backside over my head and we started to sixty-nine, my tongue probing deep into the folds of her cunt. This got us hot very quickly. She turned around to straddle me. Grabbing my cock, she slipped it inside her, and we both began thrusting. Andrea was pumping hard and fast, her tits bouncing away. She bent over to kiss me, then moved her tits over my mouth. She kept moaning, begging me to give her all my come. I tightened the cheeks of my ass, clenched my teeth, and squeezed her ass. With a final hard thrust I came, my semen gushing into her pussy.

We both went right to sleep, and woke up late the next morning. When I asked her how the wedding had gone, she confessed that she'd worn nothing under her bridesmaid dress, which got her more attention than the bride. She claimed every guy at the party wanted to dance with her. I believed her, since Andrea was always an exhibitionist.

When I drove her to the airport she started getting very horny again. Without removing her sweater, she took off her bra, then pulled off her panties. She started finger-fucking herself with one hand and massaging my cock with the other. I got so hot, I pulled off the freeway. We then rented a cheap motel

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room and spent a few hours there doing nothing but sucking and fucking. We managed to make it to the airport in time for her flight. We keep in contact through letters and phone calls, but it doesn't compare at all to that hot time we shared, bringing back some fond memories.—K.T., California

Girls' Night In

Once a month, on a Friday, some of us girls get together after work for drinks. I usually team up with Carla, whom I've worked with for the past three years. It is uncanny how much Carla looks like Nicole Kidman, right down to the red hair and milky white skin. Carla is a completely different girl after a few drinks. She really lets loose and is fun to be around.

On one particular Friday night, my husband was out of town on business for the weekend. Carla and I spent an hour or so, over our drinks, talking about men and lack of sex. Six months earlier, Carla had ended a long relationship, and though I have a man, my sex life isn't anything to brag about.

Late in the evening, a couple of very attractive women walked past our table with their arms around each other. "Think they'll be tasting pussy tonight?" Carla asked me.

"It certainly looks that way, doesn't it?" I replied.

"Have you ever tasted another girl?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I haven't either. But I've always wondered what it would be like."

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little bi-curious myself," I said.

"Does that mean you're available tonight?" she asked. I laughed and thought she was joking around, but quickly realized she wasn't when she whispered in my ear, "I'll bet you taste absolutely delicious."

I felt my face blush as I pulled back and looked straight into Carla's eyes. I was shocked, to say the least, yet at the same time I felt an incredible surge of excitement rushing between my legs. "Carla, I think you've had too much to drink," I murmured.

"Not at all," she said. "So are you available tonight?" Afraid that one of the other women might hear us, I made Carla follow me to the restroom. There, I asked Carla if she were serious. "Yes, I am—serious enough to want it to happen with you, if you want it to happen," she said. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard myself telling Carla that I wanted her too.

We left the bar immediately, and I followed Carla in my car to her place. We were obviously nervous. We stood in

her bedroom, our fingers fumbling with the buttons of our blouses. As each article of clothing came off we took in each other's naked body. Then Carla knelt in front of me and cupped the cheeks of my ass in her hands. She pressed her nose to my pussy and inhaled my scent. "Mmm... you smell delicious," she said.

I lay down on the bed and Carla crawled between my legs. My whole body trembled with excitement. I felt her take my swollen clit between her fingertips, and I let out a soft moan of pleasure. She played with my clit perfectly, licked it, sucked it into her mouth. My moans of pleasure turned to cries of joy as Carla worked on my stiff little erection. "Oh, yeah! Suck it, Carla. Suck my clit!"

She sucked on my clit until I couldn't stand it any longer. I reached down, grasped her head in my hands, pulled her face hard to my pussy, and cried out, "Eat me, Carla! Eat my pussy!" Carla ate my pussy as wonderfully as it has ever been eaten. She slipped her tongue inside and tongue-fucked me. "Deeper! Tongue me deeper, Carla! Make me come on your tongue!" I cried. The bedroom rang out with my joy as I exploded into orgasm, coming with force onto Carla's wonderfully talented tongue.

I pulled Carla up so that she was lying on top of me. I placed her mouth to mine and tasted myself upon her lips. We kissed passionately. Carla whispered, "I was right, you taste heavenly." Sliding down beneath her, I pulled her juicy pussy to my mouth. It was the first time I'd ever tasted another woman, and it was absolutely luscious. I hungrily ate Carla's pussy until she coated my mouth with juices of sheer delight.

We clung to each other, kissed passionately, and finger-fucked each other to another glorious orgasm. Then she and I embraced in the most exciting sixty-nine of our lives. We made love over and over late into the night, and continued our lovefest throughout the weekend. A new and exciting friendship was born that night, and Carla and I hope it will never end.—Name and address withheld



"I dyed it green, but you can still see the blood stain."

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

may not have known he was infected. When he found out, he did not have the balls to tell you, so he avoided you, which is not very nice—but unwittingly you might have done the same by passing on the infection before you realized you had it. Thank your lucky stars that what you caught was curable, but it goes to show the importance of always using a condom for casual sex. The guy's misdemeanor was not so much that he was still fucking around while he had established a semipermanent relationship with you, but that he was fucking around without using a condom.

The answer to your question is that, in a society where sex is synonymous with sin, you cannot trust anyone; but also, now that women have almost achieved equality with the male sex, we have equal responsibility not to get taken for suckers. The basis of the original confidence man's spiel is for him to persuade you to trust him.

So your motto could be: "No trust, no tears!" But maybe a better one is that of the Boy Scouts, the perfect rule for a fun-loving girl to follow: "Be prepared!"

The American Dream

I'm a 24-year-old man who has enjoyed the luscious young ladies in Penthouse for the past five years. Like most young men, I appreciate the erotic appeal of young women, which is why I enjoy the pictorials so much while masturbating.

However, I find your attacks on marriage, monogamy, and the American dream quite negative and disturbing. What comes across to me is that you are an individual with a distorted and self-indulgent state of mind. By speaking against marriage, you are going against the right of children to grow up in a normal, nurturing environment that is vital to their emotional well-being. As a child of divorce, I know firsthand how unfortunate it is to be denied a father's influence in life. Our society would be healthier and more stable if more kids were blessed with the influence of two loving, full-time parents. Marriage is a beautiful commitment to someone you care for deeply. Love and devotion appear to be two things that mean very little in your life, Xaviera.

America would not even be afflicted with an AIDS epidemic if people would make the responsible and righteous decision to remain faithful to one sexual partner. Common sense and logic should tell a person that sexual conduct with multiple partners must be wrong if deadly diseases like AIDS can result from such a lifestyle. While there's nothing wrong with sexual contentment, one

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doesn't need to be antimarriage, anti-moral, and anti-American to achieve it.

In your January 2001 column, in response to the letters "Wankers: Parts I and II," you actually denied the existence of sex addiction. This is a proven illness that affects thousands of people. You are obviously against anything that stands in the way of your commitment to lust and sexual indulgence, even to the point of distorting reality and deceiving your readers.

Perhaps you and others out there with such twisted ways of thinking would be better off on some distant planet where such things as love and morality are insignificant. I pity the readers who heed your malignant advice for their sexual dilemmas. I would be surprised if this letter were published, but I'm delighted to have said what needed to be said.—Name and address withheld

Marriage, whether it happens at church or in city hall, is a legal contract between two people, usually of different sexes, in which each makes a series of promises, some of which are in small print at the bottom of the page or are unspoken. If the people who engage in this contract have had enough experiences to be certain that they are unlikely to find a more desirable partner, and they know each other's personal perversions well enough not to be disgusted by them in the long run, then that marriage has a chance of success, especially if there is love, respect, and a strong physical attraction between them.

Unfortunately, like hurricanes in Hartford, Hereford, and Hampshire, this hardly ever happens. Many people of both sexes marry because they want someone to look after them financially or sexually; if, after they have tied the knot, someone turns up who is richer or is a better lover, it all falls apart.

A lot of so-called morally minded people believe it is wicked to have sex without being married, so another reason for marriage in our hypocritical society is to get a license for officially approved sexual intercourse.

You are extolling the benefits of matrimony, but you yourself were raised by a single parent. So what happened to your father? Why didn't your mother find another man? And if marriage is so wonderful, how come your parents split up? Do you think you might have been happier if your parents had stayed together "for the sake of the children" and fought all the time, as happens in far too many marriages?

When we talk about "family values," we really mean the American dream, which is a strange mixture of turkey at Thanksgiving, children trick-or-treating at Halloween, white picket fences, Santa Claus at Christmas, Granddad in his rocking chair on the front porch, and

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apple pie. The list is endless. Unfortunately, among the traditional aspects of American culture, there is a heavy element of intolerance. The American father's passionate protection of his daughter's virginity stems from the same morality that provoked the witch trials not that long ago. Also included in the American ideal is the right of the citizen to bear arms so he can blow away the bad guys—or his wife if he doesn't like her. We still have the Ku Klux Klan. We have an overly powerful police force that is parodied in movies as being trigger-happy and corrupt. Right or wrong, they are backed up by the death penalty, which most of the civilized world believes is barbarous.

Maybe you are one of the people who would like to see some of us women (me in particular) wearing the scarlet A for adultery—which is still classified as a crime in certain states and carries the penalty of being stoned to death in some Muslim countries. Yet despite my feelings about matrimony, I have saved a lot of marriages by giving husbands sexual favors refused them by their wives. In the old days they used to say, "My wife doesn't understand me." Now they say, "My wife won't give me a blowjob."

If your education had included biology, you would have learned that animals (including humans) have to perform what are known as "vital functions" in order to survive. These functions are breathing, eating, drinking, urination, excretion, and reproduction. *Collins's Dictionary* defines addiction as "the condition of being abnormally dependent on some habit." You cannot be addicted to breathing or eating, because if you give them up you die. If we stop reproducing ourselves, the race dies out, so one cannot be "addicted" to sexual intercourse. Sex addiction, a term invented by some frigid professional virgin, is nonsense, because we all have a built-in sex drive, which is what keeps the human race going.

One of the problems in relationships is the difference of energy levels in people's sex drives. I have known many men who like to have three to five ejaculations a day. If such a man marries a woman who wants to have sex only once a week, that relationship is doomed. But you can find this out only by sexual experimentation before marriage—in other words, you need to fuck around.

You say that sex with multiple partners must be wrong if diseases like AIDS result from it, but AIDS is caused by a virus, which lives in the blood stream. It is also comfortable in semen, which is why it spread so quickly in the beginning amongst young homosexuals who were very promiscuous and had unprotected anal sex.

But you don't get AIDS from anal sex, or any sex, unless one of you already

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has it. The usual sicknesses passed around by promiscuity are the flu and the common cold.

Sexually transmitted diseases are unfortunately still considered something to be ashamed of in our sick puritan society, which is exactly why they are still around. We managed to eliminate smallpox, and there is no reason why we should not be able to do the same thing with syphilis, gonorrhea, and herpes—unless it is because of fanatics like you ranting about the wickedness of promiscuity.

At your tender age, having been "denied a father's influence," I can only say that you have a very one-sided view of how things are. I would suggest that you study up on human relationships, particularly matters sexual, which does not mean jerking off over photographs in *Penthouse*. It means coming face-to-face with reality.

Fear of Trying

I am happily married to a loving and creative man. He fulfills my fantasies and inspires me with his. We are apart quite often because of his work. I guess this adds to our frequent rounds of great sex. I have only one problem, and I do not know how to overcome it. I have told my husband about it, but no one else—that is, until now.

I had my first steady boyfriend when I was 18, still a virgin, and quite naive. I'd been out with him only a few times when he told me he wanted to become engaged. I thought that was great, though I was unsure of my feelings for him. I hesitantly agreed, and we went out to celebrate. After dinner he took me to a parking spot not far from the city. I wasn't ready for sex and told him so. He did not push me and said we would just make out. Things progressed rapidly, and I found myself with my head between his legs as he put his cock up to my mouth and pushed my head down. He kept yelling at me to open up, and threatened me until I did. Once he was finished he took me home. I refused to see him after that, and finally left town.

This is very difficult for me to relate, but I want to be able to do for my husband what I haven't been able to do in other relationships because of that earlier disastrous experience. I want to learn how to take him in my mouth and give him the same pleasure he gives me, and to allow him to come in my mouth without my gagging. I am a little embarrassed, but I am sincere. Can you help me?—L.B., via the Internet

There is no doubt that what you experienced is classifiable as rape (defined as forced penetration of any bodily orifice without consent), and one of the most unfortunate after-effects of rape is



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a feeling of humiliation on the part of the victim. It would have served the brute right if you had bitten off his cock, except that the resulting publicity would probably have made things even worse for you.

But fear not. As you and your husband enjoy "frequent rounds of great sex," you are obviously not suffering any great trauma except on the oral front.

The first aspect of oral sex is the kiss. On occasion, however, the masculine mouth—accompanied by a chin, bristling with two days' growth of beard, with beer- and tobacco-laden breath like a blast from the sewer as he thrusts a furry, bad-tasting tongue down your throat—can also be horrifying, particularly when the male chauvinist in question thinks he is doing you a favor.

I have said before that the only way to become a world-class cocksucker is to love and adore the male organ; so if you have any residual fear of it, you must invent a method of overcoming that fear.

There are two kinds of fellatio. One is where your man fucks your mouth, thrusting in and out, while you try to control his penis with your hand so you don't choke to death. I enjoy this, but it is too risky for you to start with. The other kind is where the man lies still and you lick and suck as little or as much of his cock as you feel inclined to, which is the method I recommend for beginners.

Good sex is 99 percent mutual understanding, so you must enlist your husband's cooperation. Tell him about your unfortunate experience, without too many unnecessary details, and persuade him to lie down and keep absolutely still while you make love to him. Try not to get him too excited, because it is fun to start off with a soft penis. Start by caressing it with your hand, giving it the occasional lick until it gets hard. When you feel you are ready, and only then, you can encircle the head of his cock with your lips. Then, gently moving your head back and forth, you can allow the head of his penis to press against the roof of your mouth as you also caress it with your tongue. Don't worry if you're unsuccessful in bringing him to orgasm the first few times; the two of you—together—have to learn what you both like best. **O+**

Xavier would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xavier 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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DON KING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

It's unfortunate when people exploit boxing with their demagoguery. I love John McCain; he's an American hero. But when he wrote the Muhammad Ali Boxing Reform Act [which became law in 2000], he held all these hearings and he never had me there to testify. Why? Because the whole law was aimed at one person: Don King. And today, Don King is the only one who has to abide by it. Under this law, promoters aren't supposed to sign fighters for more than one year, but I guarantee you that while they're looking at my contracts with a magnifying glass, my competitors are making contracts that violate that act. Listen, I will join in any effort to do what is right for boxing, but it has to be a level field, not a stacked deck against me.

Has the quality of boxing gone downhill the past 30 to 40 years?

Boxing is better than ever now, partly because we in boxing have instituted real safety measures that extend fighters' careers. Fighters today use modern training facilities, they get the proper training. They don't burn out as quickly. And they're more professional. Back then, guys used to treat it like a job. They fought 15 rounds, not 12. They'd fight every week, or twice a week. Look at Sugar Ray Robinson's career. Listen, boxing is always going to be exciting as long as someone like me can put two great fighters in a ring. The one-punch knockout potential will always be there, and that's the most exciting thing in sports. The problem is that because boxing is such a big business, fighters today are ripe for manipulation and some will lose their hunger as a result.

Your critics say that your racial solidarity stops at the bank.

First of all, I don't get fighters because I'm black. That's the last reason I get them. It's funny to me that a fighter who won't come to me until he's screwed by another guy will come in, start talkin' that brother shit. And I smile and accept it, but there ain't going to be any special favors, if that's what a guy wants. You don't get paid for strutting around like a peacock; you get paid for fighting. Too many blacks don't understand you can't make everything a black-white fight. But that charge hurts me, because the fact is, I take these guys from nowhere with limited mentalities and education, people who are no more than illiterates, and make them a lot of money and some of them become champs.

How much money do you have?

I don't know. My wife has all my money. Whatever I got, it goes to my wife, my lawyers, and my fighters.

In that order?

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HUNTING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

come by just when you're running out of air," says Maas.

It is clear the sport involves substantial risks. Maas has had his own close calls. Once he was forced to shoot a 14-foot tiger shark that got too close, opening its mouth a foot from his face. Shallow-water blackout nearly killed Maas too. Hanging onto a big fish just a little too long, he passed out as he finally ascended. He is in this galley forking up steaming chicken and getting ribbed by his friends only because he was lucky enough on that other day to drift to the surface and come to, possibly as a result of clunking his head on the side of the boat.

I ask Maas if he worries about dying.

He pushes away from the table, starts to head for the kitchen. Then he stops and turns. He gives me a handsome white smile and a flip answer. "I figure my number was up and I won, so I'm fine," he says.

"Twice now," says Mullins.

When Maas comes back, the rest of the table is silent.

Maas looks at me. There is no smile. "The real answer to your question is yes," he says quietly. "I can get spooked down there."

Landing a fish whose size and power are matched by its wiles requires monastic devotion, not to mention near-blind optimism. Each day, Maas and the others clamber into the panga convinced that today is the day. Each evening, the sun leaking purples and reds, Maas stares out at the water, confident that that day is tomorrow.

"Each time you dive down," says Maas, "you say, 'This is it. This is when that monster fish appears.'"

Maas won't get his marlin, at least not on this trip, and neither will anyone else. The hunters see smaller marlin in the water, and several times the fish are close enough to get off a good shot. But the hunters aren't after small marlin, and they let the fish drift past. From the boat we see marlin leaping, dark apostrophes hanging briefly in the air. Each morning Maas yanks on his wetsuit. Each evening he uses the last of his energy to peel it off, unrequited.

Aboard the *Mary Lee* there is only mild disappointment. Like the great fish they pursue, the hunters are patient. They understand the game, and the opportunity that remains. Fat pelicans plunge to the water like footballs, bait fish broil at the surface, and beneath the water's skein a primal world plays out a timeless game. Away from the boat, the ocean and its infinite possibilities sit, waiting under a yaw of blue sky.

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COMING IN THE MAY PENTHOUSE

TERROR EXPERT

Last September 11, Dr. Harvey Kushner's pager went off. And it hasn't stopped since. Three years earlier, the unassuming Long Island University professor published a book called *Terrorism in America*. On the cover was the World Trade Center in the crosshairs of a rifle scope. Next month Kushner, who has advised the FBI, the FAA, the U.S. Customs Service, and the U.S. Navy's Chief of Naval Operations Strategic Studies Group, talks with writer Carol Ann Weber on what he has learned about terrorists—and what we all need to know as we face the new realities of the twenty-first century.

DESERT STORMERS

"Strange things happen to a man in the desert when he is hungry, hurting, and cold," Robin Postell writes in "View From the Top." She should know: Last fall, Robin traveled to Jordan to see the third annual Desert Cup, a 105-mile nonstop ultramarathon that follows the footsteps of Lawrence of Arabia. "It hurts to finish," she says of the Cup, "but it hurts even worse to quit."

COMPLETELY DISTURBED

Percussive. Thunderous. Aggressive. Nu-metal band Disturbed is driven as much by the pleasures of the flesh as by the power of its message. When they're not rocking out, pounding shots, or torching spliffs, band members are chasing skirt or fantasizing about Britney Spears. Jon Wiederhorn tracks down the rowdy, randy rock stars behind all the brooding and seething as Disturbed blasts through New York City.

STAND-UP HOTTIE

She's that adorable girl you've seen in indie films, on Comedy Central's *Premium Blend*, and on *The Late Late Show with Craig Kilborn*. Jonathan Davis puts the tough questions to hot young stand-up comedian Elizabeth Beckwith, who *Time* magazine described as being like Jenna Elfman, "if Jenna Elfman were funny."

HAPPY HOOKING

Tracy Quan has taken a time-out from her life as a call girl, but this one-time working girl is still working harder than ever. Her first novel, *Diary of a Manhattan Call Girl* (Crown), has already gone into a third printing. She also writes a popular column for Salon.com and fights on behalf of PONY (Prostitutes of New York) to decriminalize prostitution. In "The Unrepentant Voyeur," Tracy shares some secrets from her past life, as well as her new success (including meeting Supreme Court Chief Justice William Rehnquist).

THE GOLD CLUB STANDARD

"Blow them and they will come" describes how Brooklyn native Steve Kaplan built his personal field of dreams, Atlanta's lavish Gold Club, where he paid the strippers to have sex with professional athletes, who in turn attracted starstruck fans. Additionally, claimed federal prosecutors in last year's sensational trial, the Gold Club was the center of a nationwide racketeering conspiracy involving John Gotti Jr., the acting head of the Gambino crime family. Reporter Greg Jones takes us inside the Gold Club—and the case that slam-dunked Steve Kaplan's pleasure palace of the pros.





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strive to create a balance between long range warning, with minimum false alarms. This year, we've outdone ourselves, creating the best radar and laser detector ever.

Our latest innovation

The all-new Passport 8500 is the result of years of research, continuous testing (in the lab, and in-car driving) and relentless attention to details. The Passport 8500 has not only met all of our design specifications, it also has met the expectations of the industry's leading radar and laser experts.

"...have the manufacturers finally got a handle on this new threat?"

In the latest radar detector test conducted by [radartest.com](http://www.radartest.com), and Craig Peterson, world-known expert on radar and laser technology, Peterson points out the rapidly-growing number of Ka-Band guns in North America

and addresses the need for better range on this band. In previous tests regarding Ka-band sensitivity, Peterson stated "many of the manufacturers clearly hadn't responded to the challenge." However, in this comprehensive radar detector test,

Escort proves that it has been working on all of the right things, winning the coveted title of "World's Best." Why?

Blistering Ka-band performance

The Passport 8500 represents a quantum leap forward in Ka-



band sensitivity. Radartest.com noted its incredible performance on Ka-band by stating "It ferreted out the lethal digital Ka-band radar gun at 40,222 feet, fully 3.2 miles before the Valentine One." Yeah, but that's one test.

Second opinion

Carl Fors, President of *Speed Measurement Labs*, also a world-known expert in the field of radar and laser technology, recently tested the new Passport 8500 and stated "The 8500 gives intense advanced warning to radar five to seven times the

www.radartest.com

DETECTOR SHOOTOUT Total Scores

Escort 8500.....	97
BEL 980.....	94
Valentine One.....	77
K40 SS3000.....	39

normal targeting range of police radar, depending on radar band." He was so impressed he went on to state "The new 8500's superior performance and packaging takes us back to the 'Golden Years' of Escort's history." You be the judge.

You're invited

The new Passport 8500 is simply the best radar and laser detector available. We invite you to test drive the "World's Best" for 30 days. If you're not completely convinced that it's the best radar and laser detector you've ever driven, simply return it for a complete refund – no questions asked. Call today.

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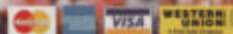
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