

**10 years ago
your hair didn't need
the protein it needs
today to look its best.**

Chances are, your hair looked healthier ten years ago. It was thicker, fuller, and it had more protein. And that's what hair is made of. But as time goes by, your hair loses protein—continuously. Which is why you need Protein 29 Hair Groom. Because Protein 29 actually adds protein to individual hair shafts. It helps your hair look thicker, fuller, healthier. More like it used to look.

Your hair is irreplaceable. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get some Protein 29 now and do something about the next ten years?



**Protein 29
Hair Grooms**
Liquid, gel and sprays

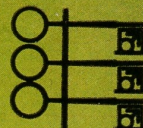
**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



PENTHOUSE

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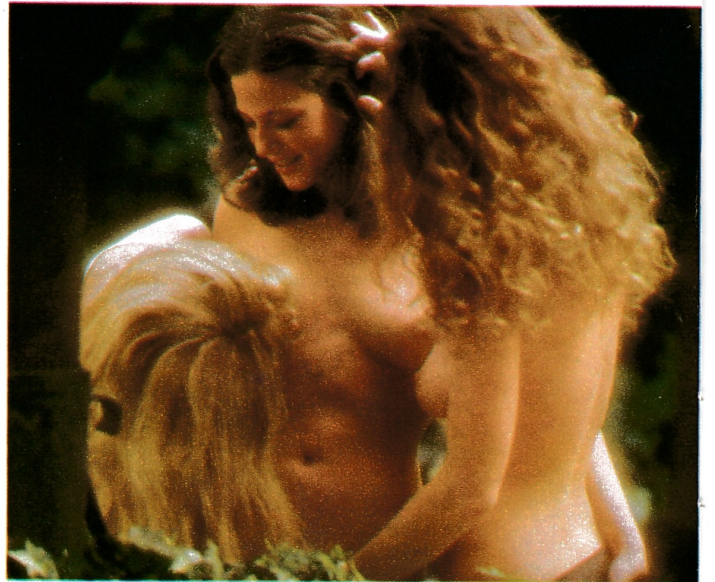
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● Each is brought
to a shuddering
climax by
the loving tongue
of her playmate. ●





CLASS REUNION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

What could be more stimulating than a cool, green spring morning? This is a perfect setting for the voluptuous reunion of three very, very close friends. It is not often that they meet. Each is busy in her own way in her own life. But whenever possible, they steal away together, for an exciting respite from their otherwise uneventful, workaday lives. The day usually starts at a

leisurely pace—sipping tea, chatting over current love lives, admiring new clothes. But almost on cue, their lovely new clothes start coming off. Blouses, skirts, slips, and stockings tumble to the floor as each becomes impatient to embrace the other, to run soft fingers through the other's silken hair. There is an urgency about their movements now, their hearts beating wildly as they kiss, stroke, and tenderly explore each mouth and body. This is the way it used to be, the way it will always be.

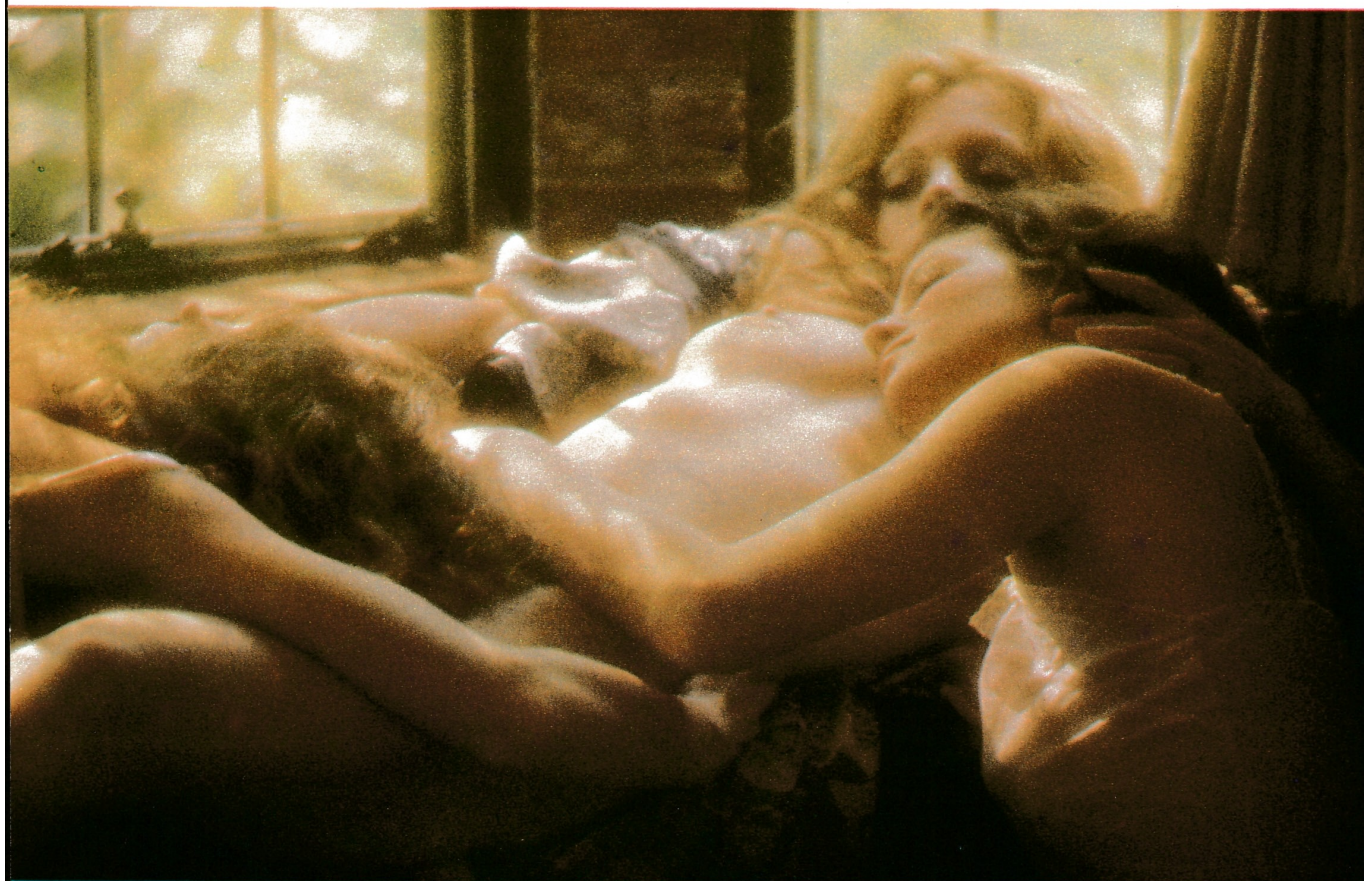


●The maid
inserts a finger
into each
pulsating
pussy.●

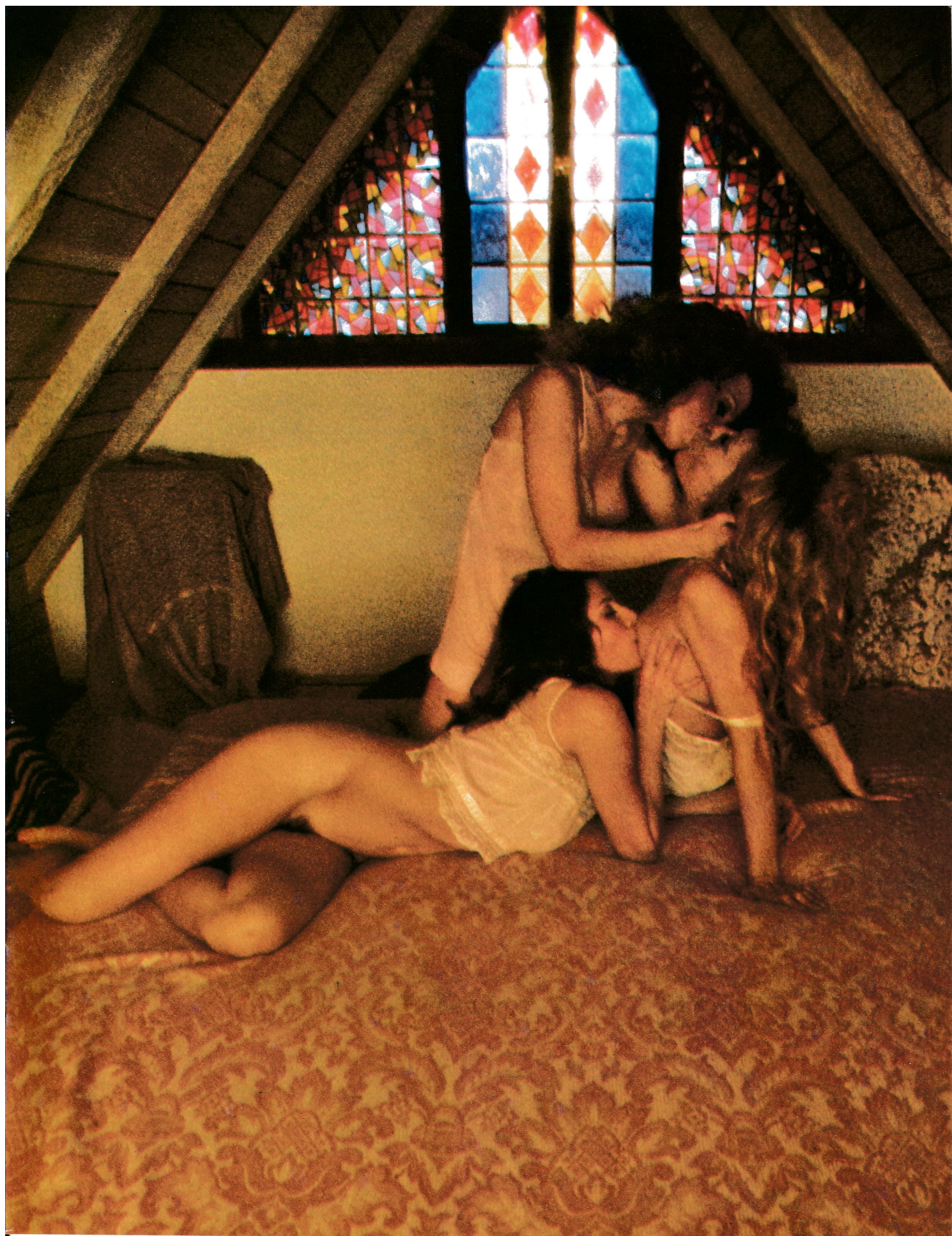
There are some things that most men will never understand. To them, a nipple is an object of sensuality, something lovely and profoundly female that becomes erect when teased or kissed. But to a woman, her feminine partner's nipple is an extension of her own self, something which she understands so well that her mouth needs no instruction. These friends are intimately acquainted with each other's minds and bodies. As the final strands of silky underwear

slip away, the embraces become more and more fervent. White thighs move against each other in the moist, ecstatic rhythms of love. Two women gently hold down the third — her wrists and legs pinioned as they suck each nipple in turn before descending to the moist cleft between her legs. Her passionate cries echo in the quiet afternoon . . .





Concept by Candace Thayer

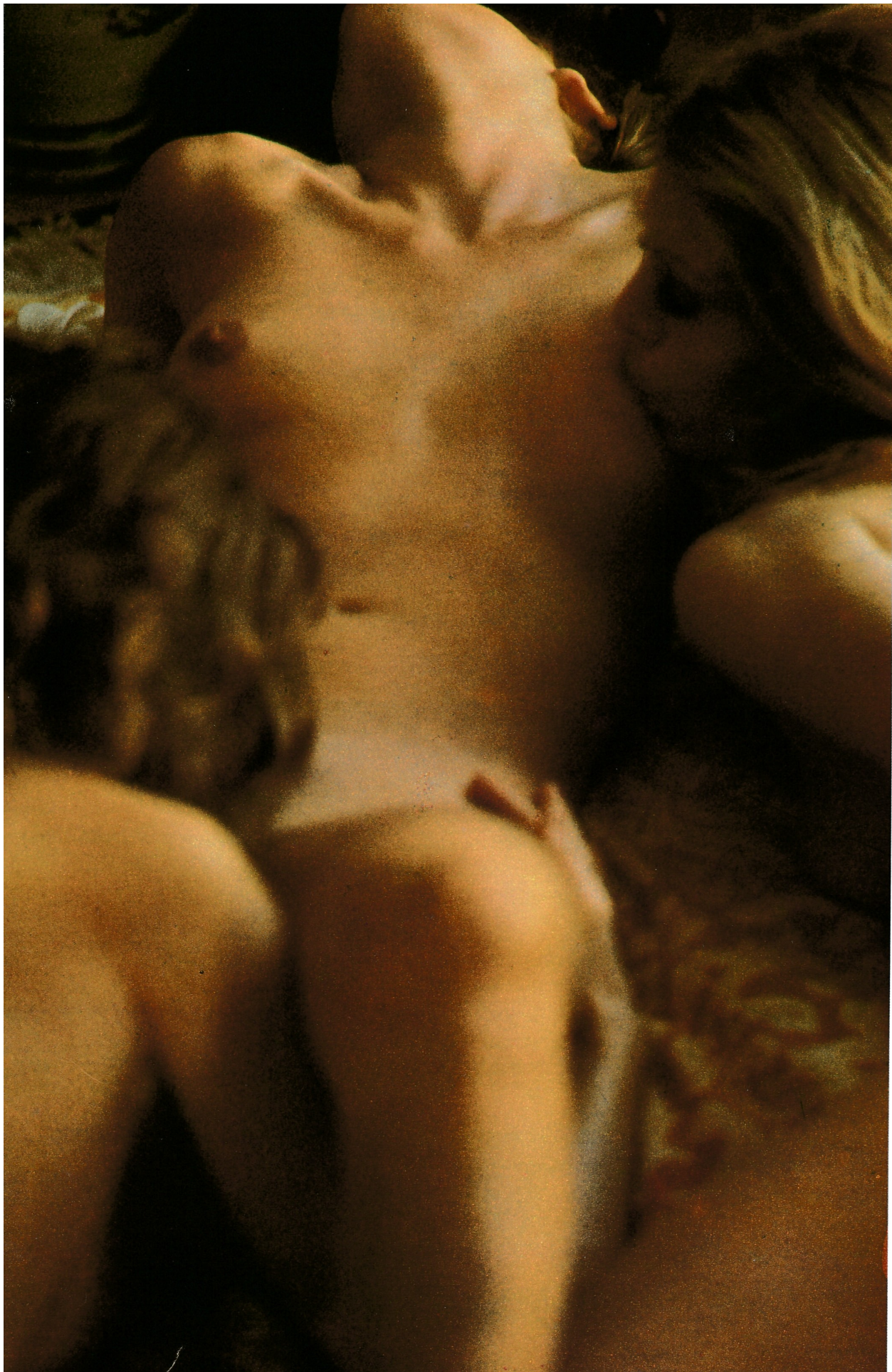




In the loving context of their relationship, no game seems too silly or perverse. Their favorite one dates back to when they first knew each other at boarding school. One dons the uniform of a maid and becomes the "servant" of her two mistresses. They giggle gaily as the "maid," under strict supervision, inserts a slender, white

finger into each pulsating pussy. If the maid lags in her duties, she is spanked. Soon she herself is stripped bare and rewarded fully for her titillating services. As she moans and writhes on the floor, she is brought to a shuddering climax by the loving tongues of her playmates. Then the uniform changes hands . . . and the game begins anew.





When the fevered pitch finally slows, after every inch of supple skin has been completely explored, the women lie in each other's arms, still panting. Each has lost count of her orgasms, but at this point, who's counting?

OT 11



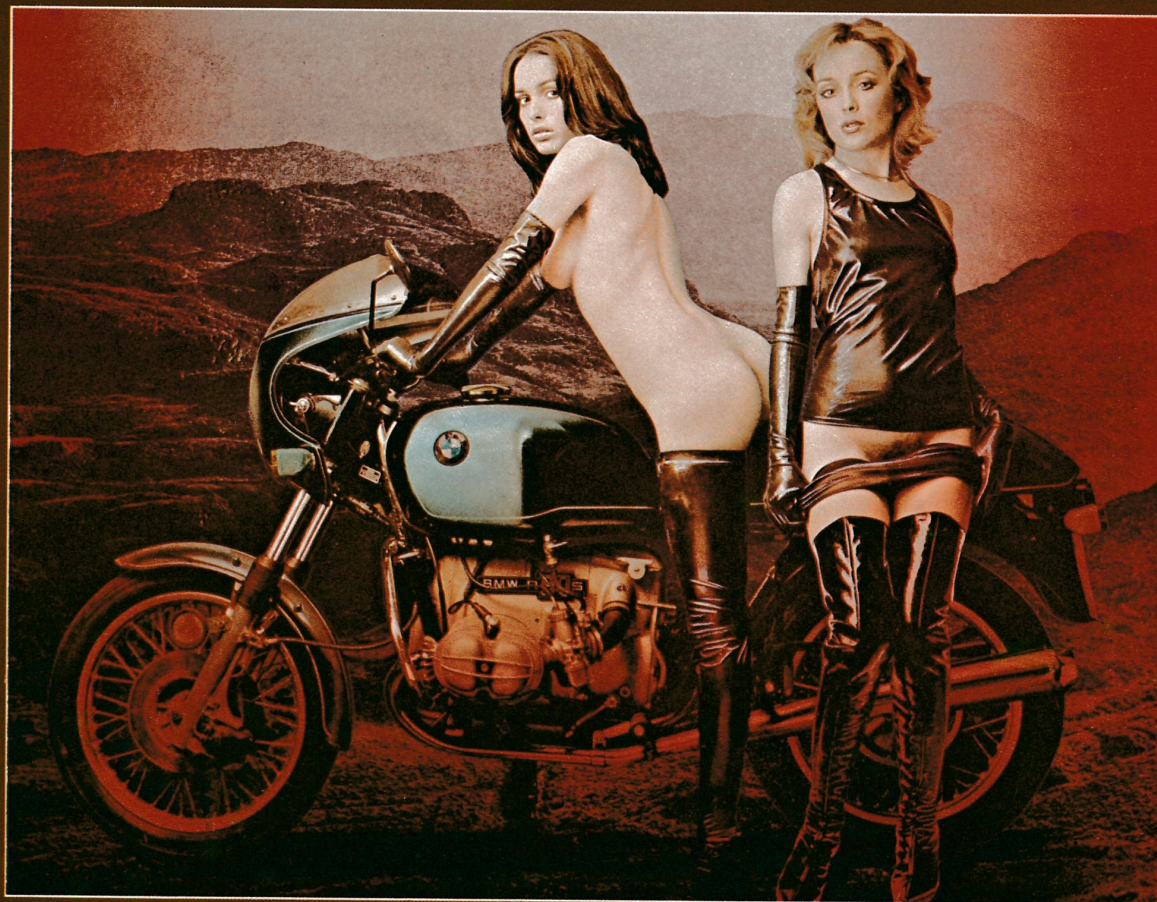


CARLOS CLARKE



Accidents happen. Irish-born Bob Carlos Clarke, whose work is featured here, had a motorcycle crack-up and ("like so many other emotional-physical wrecks") promptly went to a London art school. Once there, he realized that he couldn't draw—even for therapeutic purposes. "I couldn't get the texture of

cellulite on the model's thighs," he says woefully. Clarke decided to take up photography to "lure a pretty lady back to my den." The new therapy worked! To please his artistic temperament, he took up photocollage and colored the photos by hand: "Imagine the bliss, coloring naked ladies' rude bits!" Enormously creative, he will not discuss the intellectualism of his work. "It isn't," he says simply.









• Sex is a very
important part of
my life, and
I find it intruding
into my thoughts at the
oddest moments. •



CELINE



FRENCH PROVINCIAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAJDA

"I never really know which is the real me," says Celine Martin, with an ingenuous grin. "Sometimes I feel very grown up, very sophisticated and mature, and other times I feel like a little girl who needs to be petted and pampered and taken care of." Born and bred in Montreal, this twenty-one-year-old French-Canadian loves skiing, Shakespeare's sonnets, and sex.







Clothes by Menage A Trois; antiques by Howard Kaplan; Oriental rugs by Iran Genter.

"Sex is a very important part of my life, and I find it intruding into my thoughts at the oddest moments. Once I was at an ice-hockey game with my favorite boyfriend, and I got so excited watching all the action that I started playing with myself with one hand and unzipping my boyfriend's pants with the other." Blessed with a nubile 36-23-35 figure, Celine has the kind of bright, inquiring mind with which men and gods are wont to compound their desirability.



"If a man seems a little nervous when he realizes I'm the 'brainy' type, I put him at ease quickly. I wear nice, sexy clothes and let him open doors for me, and make sure he realizes how much I value *his* opinion. I like a man who can take control of situations, especially in bed. My favorite fantasy is pretending that I'm a young schoolgirl who is very, very naughty. The schoolmaster makes me stay after class, and instead of giving

me a rap on the knuckles and sending me home, he tells me to lift my skirt so that he can spank me. But he doesn't spank me, he caresses me so gently that I get very excited, and then we both lose control and end up making love right in the 'schoolroom.' I have acted out this fantasy once or twice, and it really turns me and my partner on. Of course, other times I like to dress up in a slinky black dress and be the total seductress."

● *I get very excited, and then we both lose control and end up screwing right in the schoolroom.* ●











Although Celine
has been with
several men—
“there’s nothing
as thrilling as
the sight and feel
of my lover’s
erect cock”
—she hopes
to settle down
one day and
be faithful to
her dream
man . . . empty
schoolrooms
notwith-
standing.
O—E



OH, WICKED WANDA!

WANDA'S NEWEST SECRET WEAPON: THE ILLEGAL DEPOSITS BY FOREIGN STATESMEN IN HER ZURICH BANKS.....

THE RECORDS SHOW, MOSTRESS, THAT THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT HAS NO LESS THAN FOUR NUMBERED ACCOUNTS!

WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING HERE? WITH A MIND LIKE MINE I COULD BE REVITALIZING WESTERN INDUSTRY!

TRÈS BIEN, EGG-BONCE! PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR CINQUANTE LASHES!

HE WHO CAN DOES. HE WHO CANNOT TEACHES

"RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR ANGLO-SWISS TIE-UP" THE GODDAM ADVERT SAID!

HERE'S WHERE IT BEGINS TO GET DELIGHTFULLY COMPLICATED, BOO'FUL!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

PARIS, FRANCE - CITY OF
ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

OH YEAH! YOU
WANNA TRY
LIVIN' HERE!

WE HAVE TO PLAY THIS CARD WITH
DELICATESSE, PUSSYCAT! ANY IDEAS?

WE COULD START WITH
Monsieur ANDRE PERVERT,
MY FORMER PATRON
AT THE INFAMOUS
"BALLET ROSE"....

FLASHBACK!

AND NOW, FELLOW-
PEDOPHILIACS, THE
PEARL OF OUR SOIRÉE!
HER NAME, FOR REASONS
THAT WILL NOT HAVE
ESCAPED YOU -
CANDYFLOSS!

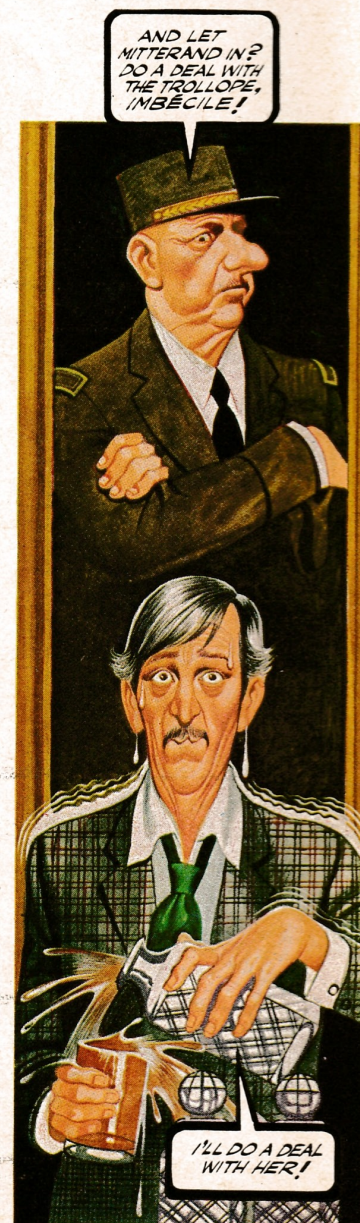
'ELLO, CHERIE -
AND YOU ARE THE
WORKING CLASSES
TODAY?

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL
ABOUT HER?

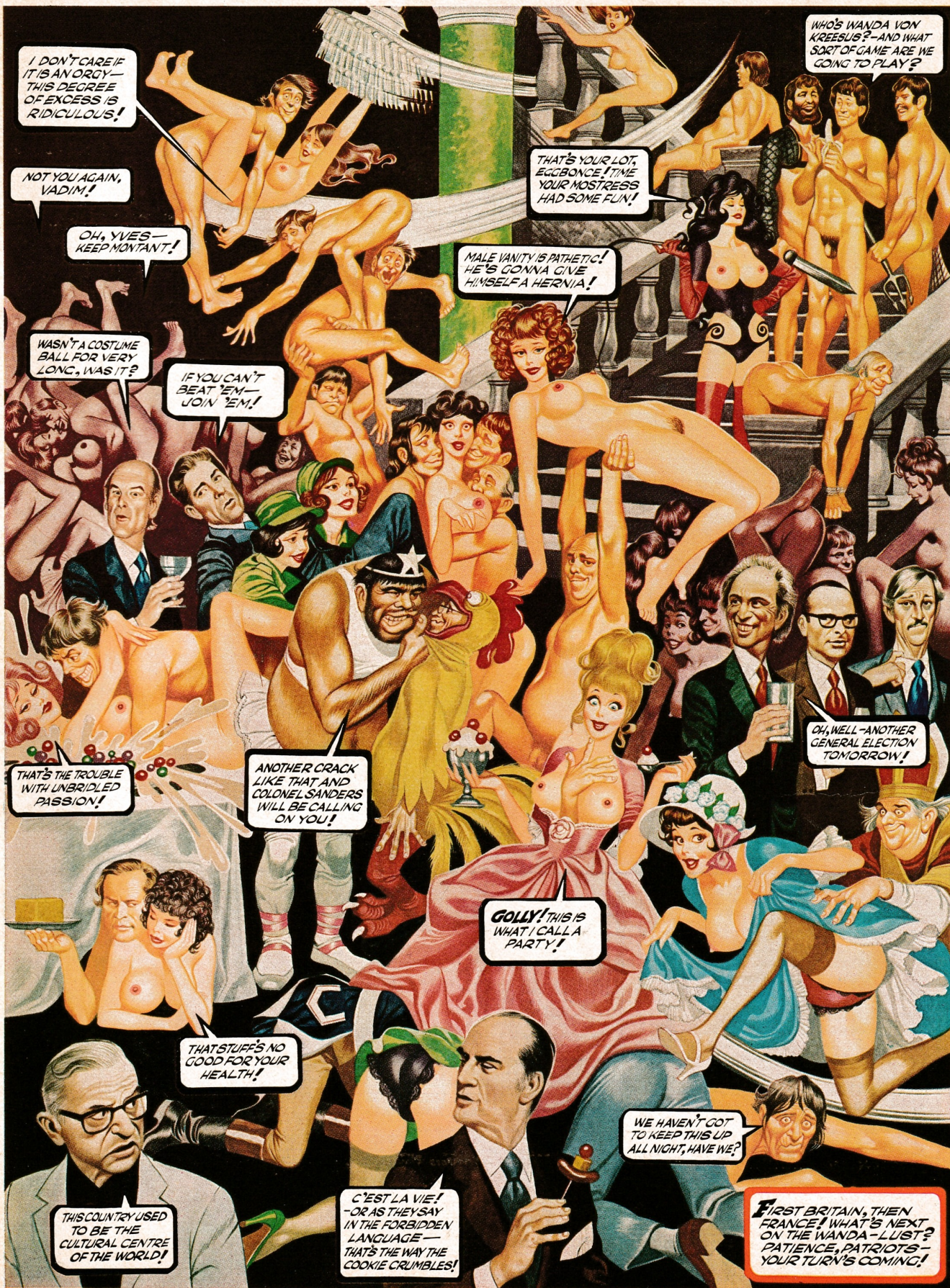
AND CAN I HAVE
ANOTHER 50,000
FRANCS TO BUY
SOME SWEETS?

WHAT A BEGUILING
CHILD!

SEX LIFE
of the
DUGONG







I DON'T CARE IF
IT IS AN ORGY—
THIS DEGREE
OF EXCESS IS
RIDICULOUS!

NOT YOU AGAIN,
VADIM!

OH, YVES—
KEEP MONTANT!

WASN'T A COSTUME
BALL FOR VERY
LONG, WAS IT?

IF YOU CAN'T
BEAT 'EM—
JOIN 'EM!

THAT'S YOUR LOT,
EGGBONCE! TIME
YOUR MOSTRESS
HAD SOME FUN!

MALE VANITY IS PATHETIC!
HE'S GONNA GIVE
HIMSELF A HERNIA!

WHO'S WANDA VON
KREESUS?—AND WHAT
SORT OF GAME ARE WE
GOING TO PLAY?

THAT'S THE TROUBLE
WITH UNBRIDLED
PASSION!

ANOTHER CRACK
LIKE THAT AND
COLONEL SANDERS
WILL BE CALLING
ON YOU!

OH, WELL—ANOTHER
GENERAL ELECTION
TOMORROW!

GOLLY! THIS IS
WHAT I CALL A
PARTY!

THAT STUFF'S NO
GOOD FOR YOUR
HEALTH!

WE HAVEN'T GOT
TO KEEP THIS UP
ALL NIGHT, HAVE WE?

THIS COUNTRY USED
TO BE THE
CULTURAL CENTRE
OF THE WORLD!

C'EST LA VIE!
—OR AS THEY SAY
IN THE FORBIDDEN
LANGUAGE—
THAT'S THE WAY THE
COOKIE CRUMBLES!

FIRST BRITAIN, THEN
FRANCE! WHAT'S NEXT
ON THE WANDA—LUST?
PATIENCE, PATRIOTS—
YOUR TURN'S COMING!