

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1986 \$3.50



**MENGELE:
THE VICTIMS
SPEAK OUT**

**CELIBACY:
A HOT NEW
LIFESTYLE**

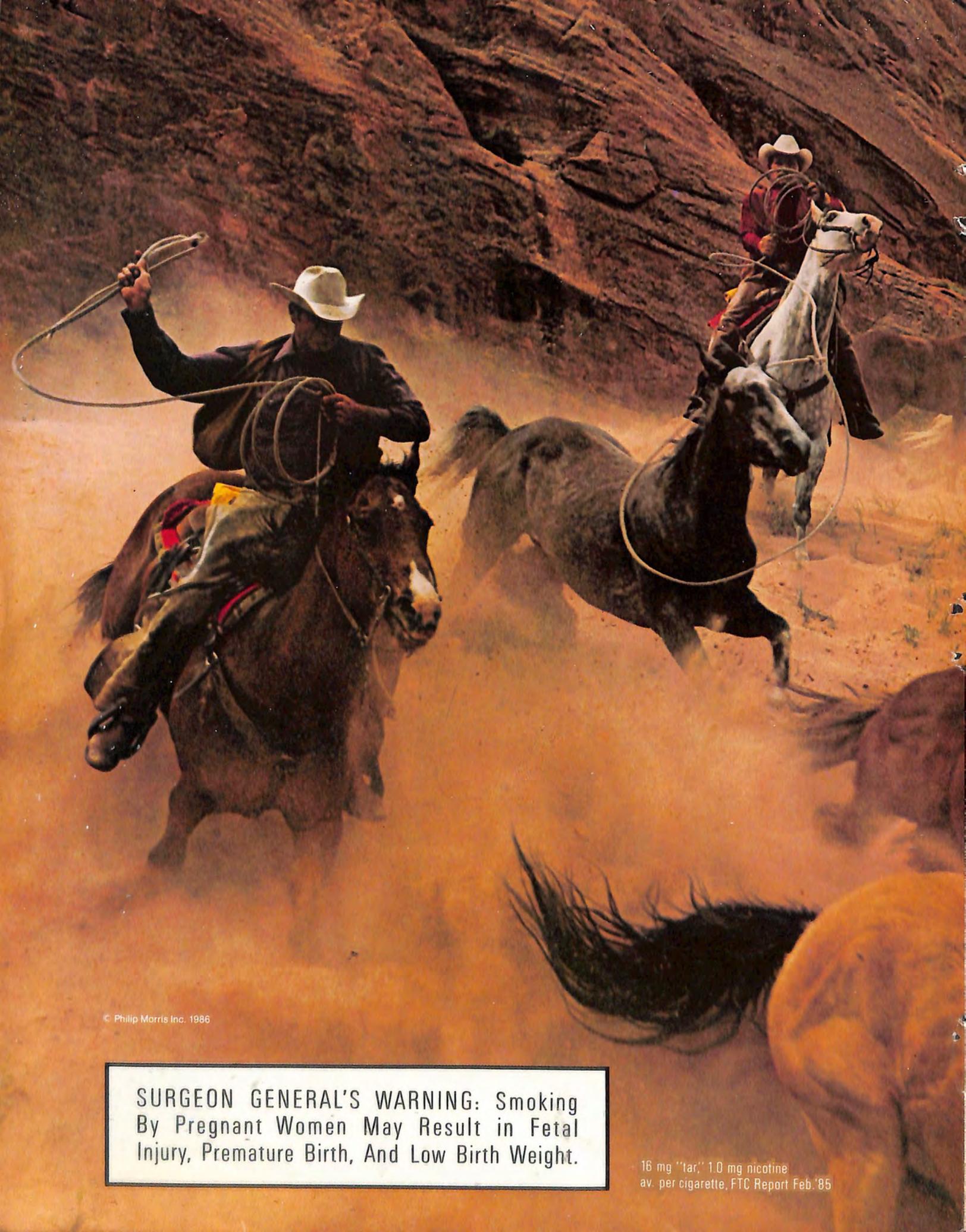
**FORGET
QADDAFI!
HERE'S OUR
REAL ENEMY**

**THE MEESE
COMMISSION:
BORN-AGAIN
JUSTICE**

**MINI-MARINES:
DAY CARE
WITH GUNS**

**THE WITTIEST
GRAFFITI
EVER**





© Philip Morris Inc. 1986

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

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

A cowboy wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a light-colored jacket is riding a dark brown horse. He is holding a lasso and appears to be herding other horses. The scene is set in a rugged, desert canyon with reddish-brown rock formations and a blue sky with scattered clouds. In the foreground, the heads and necks of several other horses are visible, some in motion.

Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

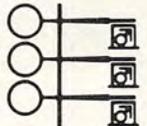
PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/August 1986

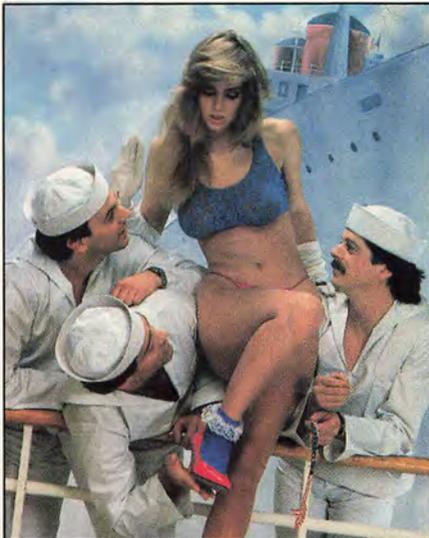
Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
 EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
 GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
 MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
 ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
 ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS



CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
FEEDBACK	Opinion	18
JUSTICE	Column	Alan M. Dershowitz 20
FITNESS	Service	Dr. David Reuben 22
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller 26
TREASURE HUNT ANNOUNCEMENT		28
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander 30
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager 35
WORDS		Alan M. Dershowitz 36
SCENES		Jim Robbins 36
T.V.		Tom McDowell 37
SEX NEWS		38
MENGELE'S CHILDREN MENGELE'S SON	Article	Lucette Matalon Lagnado Gerald Posner 40
ON THE SEA OF SAND	Pictorial	Photos by Carl Wachter 46
MARINEY-BOPPERS	Reportage	Text by Nick Tosches Photos by Tony O'Brien 56
TURNING ON TO TURNING OFF	Article	Gary Hanauer 64
BURNING QUESTIONS	Satire	Bill Lee 69
LYNCHING PORNOGRAPHY	Article	Eric Nadler and Philip Nobile 72
PATTY	Pet of the Month	Photos by Hank Londoner 75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson 92
SYRIA MUST BE OUR NEXT TARGET	Essay	Lucette Matalon Lagnado 94
SERVICE STATION	Pictorial	Photos by Ed Holzman and J. Stephen Hicks 97
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles	117
CRATE ART	Portfolio	Lynn Kearcher 120
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler 124
ANIMAL CRACKERS	Portfolio	Photos by Ed Seeman 133
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein 138
HARD TIMES	Humor	143
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione 148
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris 154



Our cover features Pet of the Month Patty Mullen. Patty was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 142.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 17, Number 12 © Copyright 1986 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to *Penthouse Magazine*, P.O. Box 3039, Harlan, IA 51537. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to *Penthouse* magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., AFO—\$36 one year; Canada—\$46 one year; and elsewhere—\$46 one year. Single copies \$3.50 in U.S. and AFO (\$4.00 December and January issues); \$3.95 in Canada.

Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100; Midwest: Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; Washington, D.C.: Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; West Coast: Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

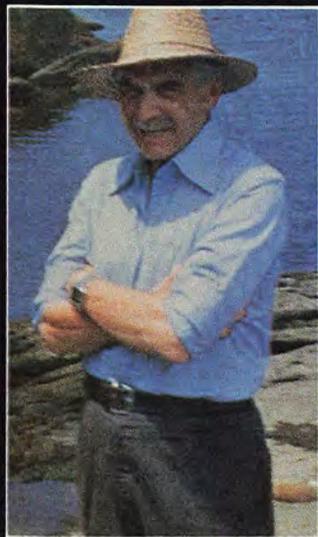
Only

Only Löwenbräu is brewed in the world's great beer drinking countries. Brewed in Munich, in England, Sweden, Canada, Japan, and here in America. Only Löwenbräu, by license and authority, must use Bavarian Hallertau hops and be checked for flavor and quality by the brewmasters of Löwenbräu, Munich. Only Löwenbräu gives you 600 years of Bavarian heritage in one smooth American beer.

THIS WORLD CALLS FOR LOWENBRAU.

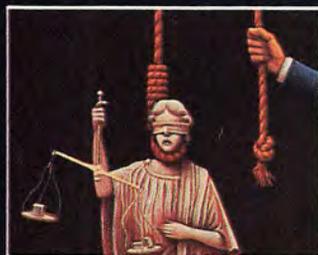


HOUSECALL



MENGELE'S CHILDREN

In a secret laboratory at Auschwitz, Dr. Josef Mengele, the infamous "Angel of Death," performed his terrifying operations and experiments on young twins in an insane effort to find the key to mass-producing the Aryan race. Today, after more than 40 years of rumors and worldwide "sightings," there can be no doubt that Mengele is dead. But to insure that the unmitigated evil that he represented is never allowed to bloom again, it is necessary that the world remember what has happened. In that spirit, we feature an extraordinary article this month that includes interviews with two of the twins who survived Mengele's experimentation, as well as an exclusive discussion with Rolf Mengele, the doctor's son, who for the first time speaks directly to an American audience about his father's evil and his own attempts to live with himself and with a nightmare that he can never awake from.



TURNING ON TO TURNING OFF

"I'm tired of women who just want a good fuck!" That was just one of the thousands of responses reporter Gary Hanauer received to his article in last December's *Penthouse* on the fact that celibacy was becoming increasingly more fashionable these days. In a follow-up based on answers to our "Celibacy Questionnaire," this month Hanauer shares a generous sampling of reader opinion on the subject. Whatever their feelings and experiences, however, Hanauer found that people seemed to be genuinely gratified to see the issue treated seriously. Both men and women

from all 50 states, as well as several countries overseas, completed the questionnaire and often added lengthy additional personal letters to amplify their comments.

JUSTICE DENIED

"No self-respecting investigator would accept conclusions based on such a study." That unequivocal condemnation of the Meese Commission on Pornography from two of its own members dramatically illustrates the disarray in which this kangaroo court found itself as it wound up business earlier this year. *Forum* editors Eric Nadler and Philip Nobile continue their inside coverage of the commission in "Lynching Pornography," in which, as they put it, "the F Troop of the Erogenous Zone is seen wandering in the brier patch of the bizarre." They conclude that Reagan and Meese got the commission they deserved—but the important question is whether

American taxpayers should have to pay for their own inquisition, not to mention any further erosion of their constitutional rights.

MARINEY-BOPPERS

In the beautiful pine country near Zion National Park, the forest quiet is shattered by the rolling thunder of machine guns. It's the training ground for the Young Marines of Utah—one of 48 such units now operating throughout America. Ranging in age from eight to 16, these baby Rambos play a game called war because, as their commander puts it, kids need "something to do besides hanging around." Our photo essay speaks for itself. . . . Graffiti, the free-form philosophy of public toilets and communal walls, also speak for themselves—and this month our games editor, Scot Morris, offers a literary compendium of some of the best "writing on the walls" over the years.

CRATE ART

Long before Andy Warhol simultaneously satirized and immortalized advertising art, California-based commercial artists were creating some of this century's most unique drawings—to advertise on fruit crates! Today, these labels are worth up to thousands of dollars apiece, but you'll be able to collect them for nothing—right in this issue. . . . Of course, our most important collectibles are beyond price. We're talking about this month's *Pets*, whose beauty and style are what freedom and the American way are all about. ☉



REBEL™. A BIKE YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE SEEN ON.

IT'S YOU.

The Honda Rebel™ has everything you want in your first motorcycle. For only \$1498.*

Great looks and a great price make it America's most sought after motorcycle.

The Rebel is easy to ride and economical to maintain. With Honda quality throughout, it'll stay that way.

Best of all, you can ride it home for just \$1498.

So, if you've always imagined yourself on a motorcycle, start with the Honda Rebel. It's one machine you really can afford to be seen on.

RIDE LIKE A PRO.

That means using your head and riding safely. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Never drink and ride. Read your owner's manual carefully. And if you're a new rider, take it extra easy. Learn the proper riding techniques from professionals. For rider education information, contact the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

HONDA 
FOLLOW THE LEADER

The Rebel has a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. *Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price may vary by dealer. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Rebel is a Honda trademark. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 186, P.O. Box 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-7055. © 1986 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (4/86)

•Even at a distance I could see my wife's panties getting wet and shiny from her juices, which always flow easily and rapidly. •

PENTHOUSE FORUM

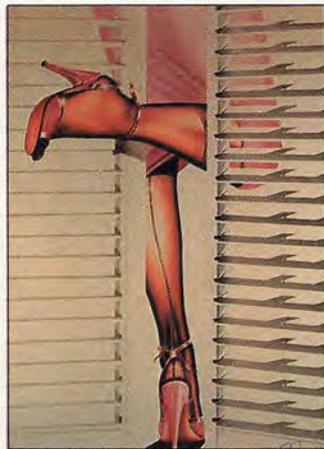
I SPY

About eight months ago, I learned something about myself that I never imagined or thought possible, but which is now the most exciting and important part of my life. I am a voyeur. Here's how it happened.

One Friday evening during April, my wife and I were getting ready to leave for our weekend house when I received a call from my office informing me there was a problem that required my attention the next day. We agreed that my wife would drive out that night as planned and I would take the train the next day after finishing work. I promised to call her before I was ready to leave the city so that she could come and get me. She left and I settled in for a quiet night of TV.

About half an hour later, I received another call from my office, saying that all was well and that I did not have to come in the following day. So, after a little thought, I decided to take the train that evening. I couldn't call my wife since she was still on the road when I had to leave. So I went directly to the station and arrived in the country about 11 P.M. Rather than call and disturb my wife, who I thought would be asleep by that time, I took a taxi. From that point on my whole life changed.

When I arrived at my house, I could see through the door window that my wife and Steven, our next-door neighbor, were sitting on the couch. There was nothing unusual about this, as Steven and/or his wife were constantly visiting us. It was, however, a little late for a



visit, but again, I thought nothing of it. With my hand on the doorknob and just seconds away from entering, the next sight stunned me. Steven leaned over toward my wife and ran his hand up under her skirt. Her response was immediate and profound. She spread her legs and lifted her skirt, revealing sheer mauve panties. She knows how turned on I am by panties, and she's assembled the largest collection possible.

Steven began rubbing her snatch through her panties, getting instantaneous responses from her. She closed her eyes, laid her head back, and began meeting the thrust of his fingers with her hips. Even at a distance I could see her panties getting wet and shiny from her juices, which always flow easily and rapidly. She was as aroused as I have ever seen her, with a smile on her face showing her immense pleasure. She soon came in a shuddering orgasm, squeezing Steven's hand tightly between her legs. Then her whole body relaxed. They began talking; I could see but

not hear what was said. She then lay down on the couch. Steven lifted her skirt and, placing his hands in the waistband of her soaked panties, slid them off her. She now placed one leg over the back of the couch and the other on the floor. Her glistening cunt was fully exposed with her full black bush sparkling. She opened those wet lips with her fingers as Steven unzipped his fly and produced his rather large cock, which was almost as hard as the proverbial flagpole.

As he knelt between her legs, she grasped his prick in her hand and guided it into her waiting and eager snatch. Even with the door closed, I could hear her moans of pleasure and see her mounting excitement as he pumped in and out of her. She was ecstatic. He lasted longer than I normally do, which was an obvious turn-on for my wife, who was panting, laughing, crying, moaning, and talking all at once. When he shot his load, she planted her feet flat on the couch and arched her hips upward to imbed that pole as deep into her as possible. She wrapped her arms around his back and shoulders, and came while her upper torso shivered in sexual release. He collapsed on top of her, and she melted under him. I couldn't believe my eyes and couldn't control my actions.

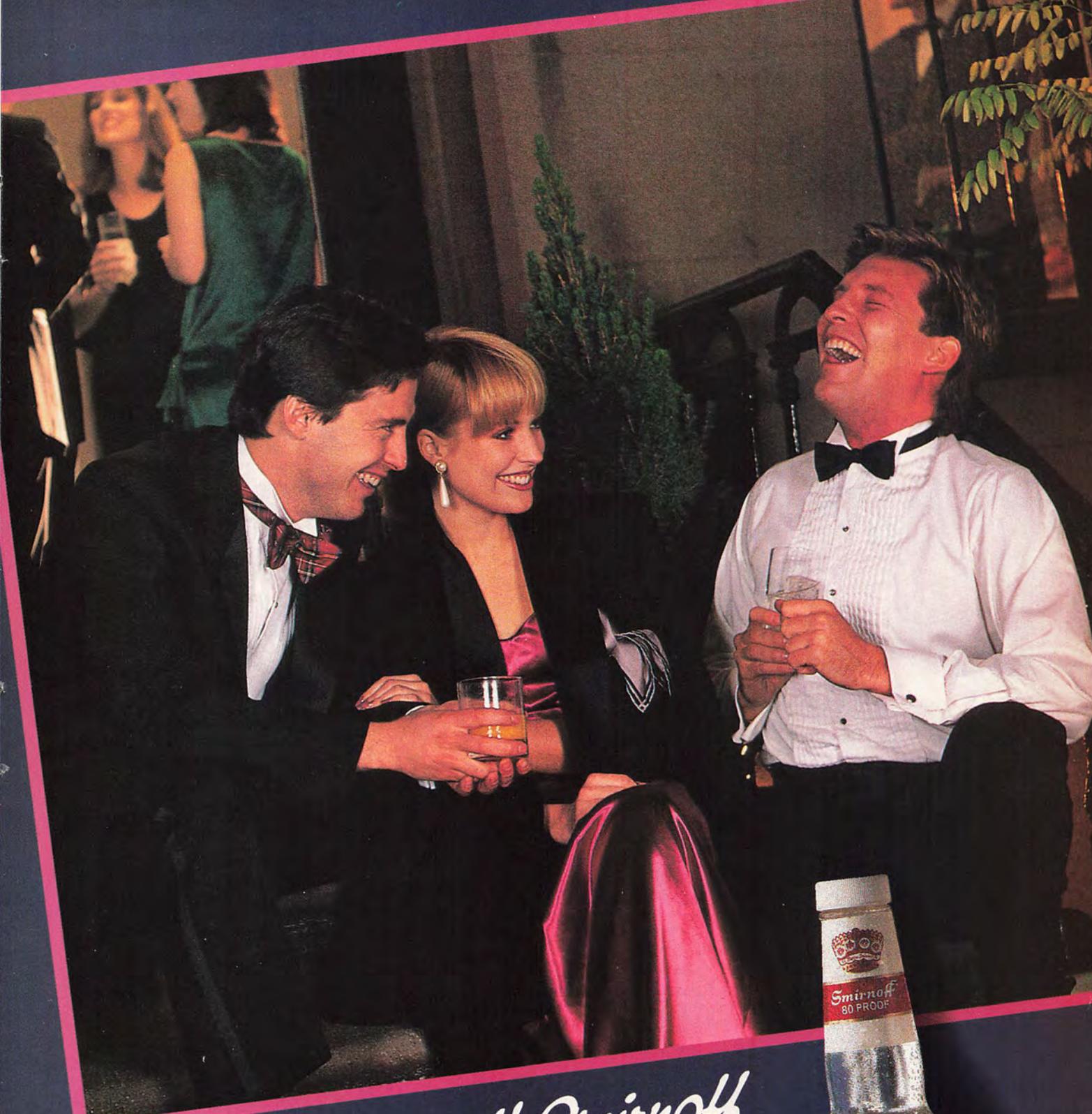
I whipped out my bulging hard-on and jerked off right there on the porch, coming in globs within seconds. I came close to collapsing myself. I again looked in the window. My wife was still lying there with her legs

spread and her cunt wide open, but now Steven's come was slowly oozing out of her. She put a hand between her legs, scooping up some of that warm come on her fingers and placing it in her mouth. This really surprised me, since my wife will rarely even consent to give me a blowjob. When she does, she never lets me come in her mouth but insists that I finish in her cunt or on her hand. I guessed they were both satisfied because they began putting themselves in order. I figured Steven would be going home soon, so I left and walked to the village. I went into the local pub for a few drinks and for some time to think. I decided that this would remain my secret, at least for now. I waited until the next train was due in and got another taxi home. My wife was sound asleep and did not even stir when I crawled into bed. She may have slept well, but I could not. The entire scene erupted in my mind over and over again and I knew that once was not going to be enough.

During these past eight months, I have delayed my departure from the city as often as I have dared, but not so often that my wife might become suspicious. I have been rewarded with more episodes like that.

The fact that my wife is having an affair with another

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse Forum*, *Penthouse International, Ltd.*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



Friends are worth Smirnoff
Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff®Vodka.

When ordering vodka, call for the best—Smirnoff. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1986 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—"Made in U.S.A."



PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione (chairman)

Kathy Keaton (vice-chairman)

David J. Myerson (chief operating officer)

Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione. Executive Ed.: Peter Bloch; Managing Ed.: Claudia Valentino; Senior Eds.: Lynn Kearcher, Karen Schwarz, Allan Sonnenschein; Editorial Ass'ts.: William R. Corson; Humor Ed.: Bill Lee; Assoc. Ed.: Shaina Hilsenrath; Ass't Ed.: Laura Berland; Copy Chief: Robert Sabat; Literary Rights Manager: B.C. Letrak; Ass't to the Man Ed.: Patrice Baldwin; Editorial Ass'ts.: Lauren Bank, Jackie D'Amico, Michelle Eaton; Contributing Eds.: Al Goldstein, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Mike Knepper, Peter Manso, Scot Morris, Emily Prager, Sidney Siller, Ben Stein, José Chequi Torres, Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; West Coast Ed.: Toni Biggs

ART

Sr. VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; VP/Art Dir.: Int'l. Joe Brooks; Art Dir.: Richard Bleiwiss; Assoc. Art Dir.: Pablo Rodriguez; Ass't. Art Dir.: Daryl Phillips; Designer: Jo Ann Agress; Staff Photographers: Earl Miller, Pat Hill; Photo Ed.: Hildegard Kron; Associate Photo Ed.: Lisa Shapiro; Art Rights Mgr.: Gwenn Lewis Norman; Special Assistant to Bob Guccione: Jane Homlish

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Pres., Marketing Div.: William F. Marlieb; VP/Dir., Advertising: Nancy Kestenbaum; Sr. VP/Corporate Dir., New Business Development: Beverly Wardale; Sr. VP/Southern and Midwest Advertising Director: Peter Goldsmith; VP/Western Advertising Director: Wendy Bloxham; Assoc. New York Mgr.: Michael Citron; Dir., Advertising Administration: Leslie Krell; Moses, Dir., Advertising Production: Toni Wagner; Advertising Production Traffic Mgr.: Pam Rizk; VP/Dir., Pub. Rel.: Leslie Jay; Dir., Sales Promo./Mdsq.: Beverly Greiper; Assoc. Dir., Sales Promo./Mdsq.: Elaine Yanis-Bennett; Research Director: Eli Bell; Mgr., Mktg. Research: Roni Stein; Dir., Pub. Promo.: Jeff Zelmanski; Mgr., Pub. Promotions: Kelly Mitchell; Offices: New York (Nancy Kestenbaum): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965; Tel. (212) 496-6100; Telex 237128 Detroit; Wynkoop, Hannah, Albaum, Inc., 2685 Lapeer Rd., Suite 100, Auburn Hills, Mich. 48057; Tel. (313) 373-1026 Midwest (Peter Goldsmith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601; Tel. (312) 565-0466 South (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; Tel. (202) 298-6050 West Coast (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024; Northeast and Canada: The McCord Corp., 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880; United Kingdom and Europe: 14 Lisgar Terrace, London W14, England; Tel. 01-828-3336 Japan: Bancho Media Service, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 104, Japan; Tel. 03-252-2721; Telex J25472; Korea: Mr. S. H. Hwang, Pres., Kaya Advtg. Inc., Rm. 402 Kunshin Annex B/D 251-1, Dohwa Dong, Mapo-Ku, Seoul, Korea (121); Tel. 719-6906; Telex K 32144 Kayaad

ADMINISTRATION

Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Sr. VP/Administrative Services: Jen Winston; Sr. VP/Production Director: John Evans; Sr. VP/Chief Fin. Off.: John C. Prebleh; VP/Publishing: Don Myrus; VP/Newsstand Circulation: Marcia Orovitz; Controller: Patnick J. Gavin; VP/Business Mgr.: Cathie Charleston; Circulation Marketing Mgrs.: Maureen Sharkey, Bruce Mullinix; Dir., Eastern Regional Sales: Charles Anderson, Jr.; Dir., Western Regional Sales: Bruce Eldridge; Dir., Circulation Int'l Sales: Linda Fazio-Sprague; Dir., Subscription Circulation: Marcia Schultz; Traffic Mgr.: William Harbutt; Production Mgr.: Tom Stinson; Ass't. Production Mgr.: Nancy Rice; Foreign Editions Mgr.: Eriko Kusumoto; Exec. Ass't. to Bob Guccione: Diane O'Connell; Ass't. to Bob Guccione: Anna Castro; Exec. Ass't. to David J. Myerson: Teri Pisani

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; Australia: Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty. Ltd., PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall, Ltd., 12B Java Road, 18F Java Centre, North Point, Hong Kong; Italy: Cosmopoli s.r.l., Viale Tunisia 41, Milano, Italy; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd., 2-12-21 Otowa Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Funtertera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., PO. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965; Tel. (212) 496-6100; Telex 237128 West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024; Tel. (213) 824-9831

AUGUST

man doesn't bother me, because I enjoy watching her escapades so much. Now I'm wondering if I should chance an already good thing and try to make one of the episodes into a threesome.—Name and address withheld

LUCKY AT THE LIBRARY

I have always joked that if it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all. But, boy, did I get lucky a few nights ago.

I attend night school at a small commuter college in the Southeast, and I often go to the library after class. While I was browsing through the stacks recently, I felt someone watching me. Turning toward the tables at the end of the aisle, I caught the eye of a very pretty young girl. She smiled tentatively and nodded. I assumed she was someone in one of my classes whom I simply hadn't noticed, though I was thinking that the man who failed to notice this creature needed his balls examined. So I went over and asked her if I had ever had the pleasure of meeting her. Her voice quivered when she spoke. "No, but I bet you'd like to get to know me, wouldn't you?" she said. She looked at me sheepishly and turned away. Immediately I knew the score. My God, I thought, I'm being picked up by a chick who's afraid of her own shadow. I figured I'd better take charge before she lost her nerve, and I this golden opportunity.

So I sat down and gently put my hand on her shoulder. "I sure would like to get to know someone as pretty as you," I said softly. Then I started tracing little circles down her arm, along her side, and finally across her thigh.

"I bet you would," she said hoarsely. Her eyes were closed, and she flinched when I touched her knee.

"But you shouldn't be out so late by yourself," I said. The words obviously relaxed her because she slumped down in her seat and unconsciously spread her legs. Quickly, I slid my hand underneath her short skirt. "Cause you never know when someone might slide his hand up your skirt," I joked, "and put it *here*." I fingered her mound through her panties, and to my surprise the girl shot up out of her seat like she'd just sat on a tack. The gasp that caught in her throat and the expression on her face told me what was *really* happening here: "You're a cherry!" I exclaimed, pointing a finger in her face. "You're shopping for your first screw." She hung her head and turned two shades of red. I lifted her chin and peered into her soft brown eyes: "Of course, this'll be a tremendous sacrifice on my part," I said, "but I think I can help you solve your problem." We both laughed.

Looking around and seeing that there was no one in the immediate area, I got the girl to her feet and flicked my tongue across her lips. She moaned deep in her throat. Then, pinching myself—I still couldn't believe my luck—I kneeled and slowly rolled the girl's moist panties down her trembling legs and stuffed them in

my pocket. Then I hoisted her up onto the table, and gently lay her on her back. She spread her thighs and presented me with an arresting view of paradise.

Taking every precaution, I left the girl lying there a moment while I checked out the area. Being so close to closing time, it appeared we had the whole library to ourselves. The girl was lying there with her skirt pulled back over her belly, her pelvis undulating wildly, her tongue licking her dry lips, and her fingers rummaging through her blond pubic hair. She was really turned on. Cupping one hand under her ass cheeks, I shoved my darting tongue way up inside her wet pussy. "Oh God, no!" she shrieked as she tossed her head from side to side. Her body lurched convulsively toward the head of the table as she tried to escape my probing tongue; yet at the same time she squeezed my skull like it was a head of lettuce and tried to cram it inside her oozing cunt. When I rolled my tongue over her swollen clit a second later, she came with such intensity, I thought she was going to fall off the table.

After dabbing at the wet spot on the front of my pants with a sheet of loose-leaf paper, I decided to quickly check the aisles again. When I returned to the table after not seeing anyone, the girl was seated upright and breathing almost normally again. "God, I thought I was dying," she told me with a sigh, her eyes dancing in her head.

I unzipped my pants. "It's not over yet," I said. I pulled out my manhood and shoved my tongue halfway down her throat. Getting the girl to her feet, I spun her around and bent her over at the waist, laying her facedown on the table. I punctured her pussy sheath with my cock head and slowly worked my seven inches all the way up inside of her. She really was a cherry, too. I hadn't felt a cunt hug my prick that tightly in so long, I shot off almost immediately—falling exhaustedly across her back, which I felt shudder ecstatically in orgasm. We lay like that for hours, it seemed.

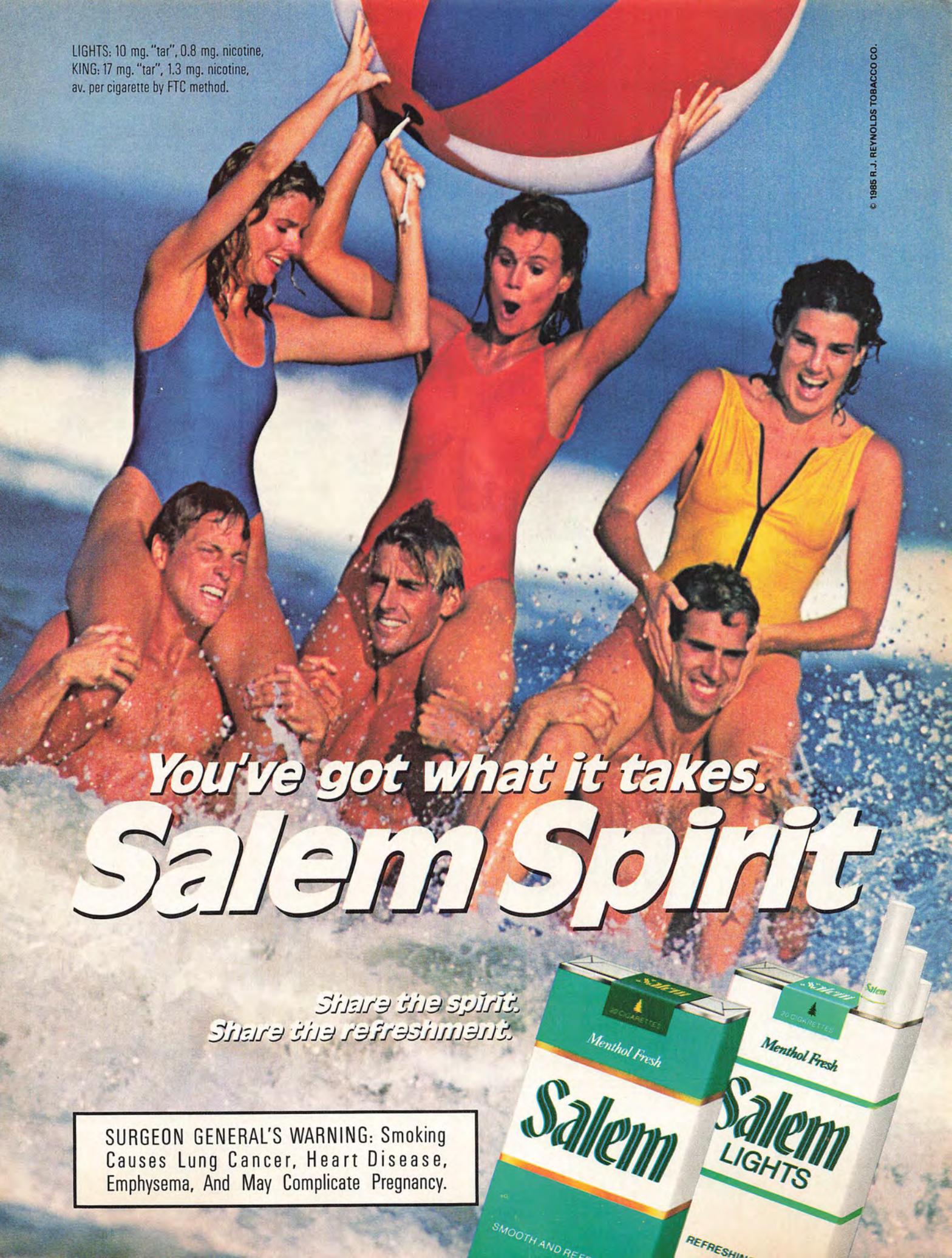
Later, in the courtyard, I learned that Becky was an 18-year-old freshman from the Midwest who'd been overly sheltered by her father and four brothers. She had been contemplating "giving it up" and it just happened that I was in the right place at the right time when she decided to go for it. Apparently, I have lucky stars after all. As for Becky, she's tickled pink that she learned her "lesson in life," as she calls it, in, of all places, the library. She agrees with me that it's wiser, however, to continue the lessons in the privacy of her dorm room.—Name and address withheld

SATISFIED SEEKER

I am a 21-year-old senior at a large university near Tampa, Florida. I am six feet five inches tall, with dark hair and an athletic build. Although I have never really had major problems attracting women, I

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



have had my share of dry spells without any sex at all.

This past weekend, my folks were vacationing at a nearby Gulf Coast island, and I decided to drop by for a visit. The island that they were on is not really known for its abundance of young people, but they can be found if one looks hard enough. It was during such a search that I discovered two sexy babes glistening in the sun, wearing skimpy string bikinis on their firm bodies. Since these were the best-looking females on the beach by far, I decided to hang with them for a while.

Candy was a trim blonde with long legs and a perfectly shaped, tight round ass. She also had small but sexy breasts and nipples. Blythe was the more attractive of the two girls. She had wavy dark-brown hair and was blessed with ripe, firm, round breasts and incredibly sensual thighs, ass, and crotch.

As we talked, I was able to steal opportune glances at their supple bodies from behind my sunglasses. I took note of the tufts of golden pussy hairs that were sticking out of Candy's bikini bottom. As Blythe moved in certain positions, I was also able to catch glimpses of her sexy bush. I said to myself that there was nothing wrong with looking.

The girls invited me back to the house they were staying at for a bite to eat and to smoke some herb. I gladly accepted their offer. Little did I know what these

lovely ladies had in mind for me.

I sat between Candy and Blythe on the couch as we passed a joint back and forth. Blythe exhaled a hit of smoke and stared directly at me. She placed her hand on my already hard cock and gave it a squeeze. I threw caution to the winds as I leaned over to kiss her. As we kissed, I began untying her bikini top. I felt Candy grabbing my crotch and unbuttoning my shorts, which she quickly removed. I concentrated on removing their bathing suits as I slid off the couch and onto the floor, using the couch for back support. I was then given the divine pleasure of having two nubile sex kittens simultaneously lick and suck on my cock and balls. I was in heaven.

I was not going to let all this pussy go to waste, so I grabbed Candy, laid her on her back, and spread her silky thighs. I was on my hands and knees with my face between her velvety thighs as Blythe wrapped her arms around my lower back and hung there as she sucked my cock between my separated legs. I was concentrating on Candy's hot, wet pussy, and she responded with passionate moans and squeals. She had the sweetest-tasting pussy, and, as I licked her throbbing clit, she shivered as her golden box and my face were flooded with her nectar.

Meanwhile, Blythe was still hungrily sucking my shaft. I shifted my position and lay on my back. I then pulled her up

and positioned her so that her warm thighs were pressed against my ears as she sat on my face. I slid my tongue deep within her moist slit and she cried out and trembled with the first of her many orgasms.

I could hardly breathe as she ground her pussy into my mouth. As I continued to savor Blythe's dripping quim, I became aware of Candy, who had her lips at the head of my pulsating cock. She then began sliding her head up and down my shaft, and I shot gobs of hot come into her throat. She hungrily sucked all my sperm and continued sucking until I got hard again. It did not take long for me, since I was also tasting Blythe's hot box at the same time.

Candy then straddled my hips and grasped my throbbing rod and began sliding the head up and down her parted pussy lips. Blythe climbed off my face and we began kissing passionately as I held her firm breasts in my hands. Candy put my cock at her opening and began sliding her satiny pussy down my shaft a millimeter at a time. I was turned on by the chorus of sexual sounds that these girls were making. In a short time, Candy was frantically humping my shaft and Blythe was wriggling from my fingers, which were now buried inside her. Candy came shortly thereafter, slipped my cock out of her, and then lay panting—flat on her back.

I was still hard, and was overcome by the need to feel my cock deep within Blythe's delicious pussy, which I had been devouring. She lay on her back with her sexy legs spread wide and a horny look of anticipation on her face. I almost came again right there.

I slid my body along hers until the head of my cock was pressed against her box. She reached down and guided my shaft to her gaping labia as she pleaded for me to enter her. I proceeded with relish in long thrusts that went far into her depths, and then I stayed buried inside her as her arms and legs wrapped around my body, holding me tight. As our passion increased, so did the velocity of my thrusts. I noticed Candy—her face right next to our hips and a glazed look in her eyes—as she stared at my cock entering Blythe's juicy pussy. I felt the come beginning to rise and I slammed into the depths of Blythe's vagina as I released several powerful ejaculations of my hot sperm deep within her. When Blythe felt me coming, she started shaking with her own orgasm. I then rolled over and lay exhausted on my back. Candy was still horny from the show she just watched, and she started kissing me passionately. Although my dick was temporarily out of action, I made good use of my hands and fingers as I quickly got her off by rubbing her hard clit with my thumb while thrusting two fingers in her snatch.

We all then spent an enjoyable half hour cuddling in each other's arms with our legs intertwined. These women provided





Pleasure Trip

Don't let radar spoil it: Remember your Passport

Imagine setting out on a long day's drive and not having to worry about radar. Seeing America might be fun again if you didn't have to watch it unfold in the rearview mirror.

PASSPORT means low-profile protection

PASSPORT has exactly what the vacationing driver needs: advanced radar protection, yet none of the nuisances you've come to expect of ordinary radar detectors.

The experts at *Car and Driver* magazine gave us a rave review: "In a word, the Passport is a winner."

Our customers agree, even though we allow them ample opportunity to do otherwise. Every Passport is sold with the promise that it will live up to the customer's highest hopes, not just our claims. If it doesn't satisfy within the first 30 days, it can be sent back for a full refund.

PASSPORT has been on the market just over a year and already our money-back offer has been declined a quarter of a million times. So we'll stand on our record.

PASSPORT means the size of a cassette tape

PASSPORT provides superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors.

All you do is clip PASSPORT to your dashtop, windshield or visor, plug it in, and adjust the volume. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.



PASSPORT comes complete with all accessories.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. PASSPORT watches for radar so you can watch the road.

PASSPORT comes with a leather travel case and everything necessary to get you on the road in seconds, no matter what car you drive. And one more convenience — we deliver. We make PASSPORT in our own factory in Cincinnati and we sell direct to you.

PASSPORT means an easy fit in your travel case

Call toll free. We'll answer your questions. If you decide to buy, we'll ship by UPS the next business day at our expense. For \$6.00 extra, Federal Express will deliver to you within two business days of shipment.

And once again, we make this promise: if you're not satisfied within 30 days, return PASSPORT. We'll refund your purchase and your shipping costs. There are no hidden charges. Moreover, PASSPORT is backed by a one-year limited warranty.

Next time you set out on a pleasure trip, don't forget your PASSPORT.

\$295 (OH res. add \$16.23 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada



©1986 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

PASSPORT[®]
RADAR • RECEIVER

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 2058
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

me with the best sexual experience of my life. They said that I made them feel better than anyone ever had. I will remember them and the experience we shared always.—Name and address withheld

THE HOT TUB

Whenever I go away on vacation, wild things seem to happen. I'm talking about events that just don't happen at home. On a recent weekend ski trip, for example, I had a rendezvous I will not soon forget.

My friend Scott and I arrived at the resort about five o'clock on a Friday afternoon and immediately began to party. After we smoked some pot and drank a bit, we were ready for anything. At about 11 o'clock that night, we decided to hit the Jacuzzi. By this time I was feeling particularly brave, so I took off my shorts as I climbed into the steaming water. Being in a public Jacuzzi, I knew that this might not be the smartest move, but I didn't care. Hell, I was on vacation!

After a few minutes of uneventful soaking, two attractive females showed up. Scott and I watched as they dropped their towels and robes and slipped into the embracing warmth of the water. They must have known we were staring at them, because they looked at us and then just kind of giggled. Temporarily put off by their haughtiness, Scott and I turned our attention back to the bottle of tequila we

had with us. We were passing the contents back and forth when one of the girls asked if she could join us. She was blond and had tits like ripe melons fresh off the vine, so, of course, we did not deny her our bottled heat. She took a deep swallow of the stuff and then her friend came over to join us. A brunette with smaller, more compact breasts, she introduced herself as Tracy and her blond friend as Robin. Scott and I introduced ourselves and the party was in progress.

With the four of us now sharing the bottle, it wasn't long before we needed another. As I was naked—which the girls hadn't realized—Scott volunteered to run up to our room to get a replacement. I, on the other hand, had no desire to leave the comfort of the water, not only because it was 20 degrees out that night, but also because it hid the erection I had gotten from staring at Tracy's firm little tatas. They were a perfect fit for my hands, with nipples blaring through thin bikini fabric. I guess Robin noticed my interest in her friend's chest, because with a taunting gleam in her eyes she asked me what I was looking at. I stammered for a moment and then I just kind of figured "what the hell," so I replied, "Tracy's tits." Now that I think about it, I can't believe I said that, but it's a good thing I did because Robin then said, "Yeah, I like them too." And with that, she undid Tracy's top and took one of those inviting love jugs

in her hand. And to think I had been nervous about being naked!

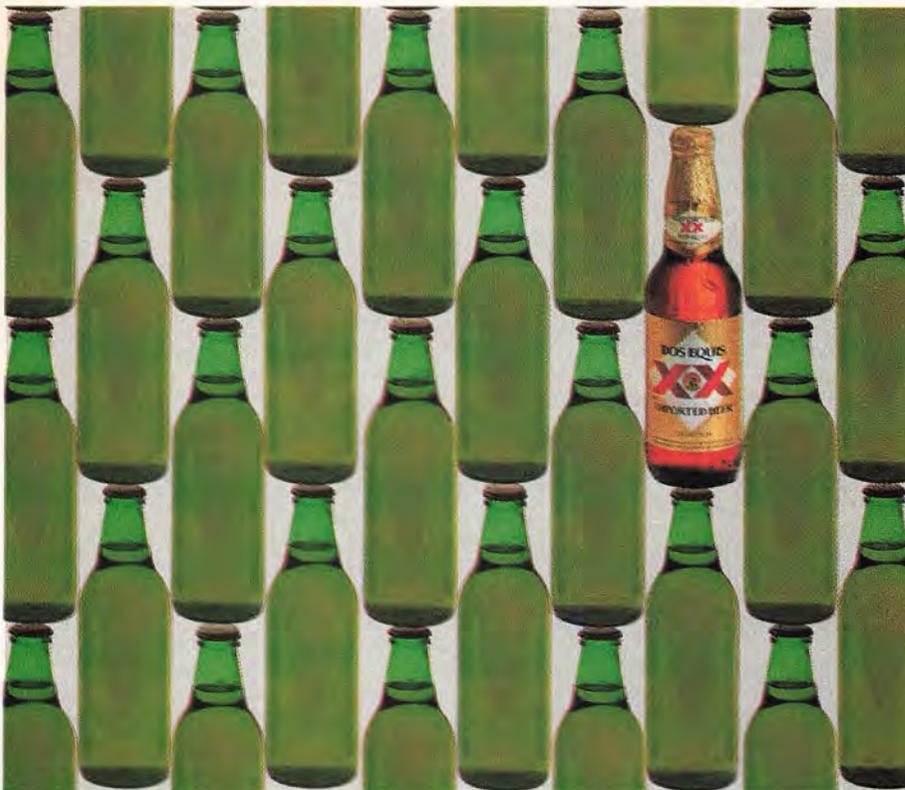
I needed no further provocation and slid over next to Tracy and began to French-kiss her while my hand found her right tit. Her nipple was already hard, so I bent down and took it in my mouth. As I flicked at her mocha chip with my tongue, Robin came over to me and reached for my engorged member. She was delighted that I was completely ready for her, and in no time at all she was playing with my balls with one hand and stroking my shaft with the other. By this time I was oblivious to my surroundings, so I raised myself out of the water just enough for Tracy to go down on me without drowning. She began by nibbling on the head of my cock while Robin continued to fondle my nuts. Then, with amazing deftness, she wrapped her lips around me and slowly, teasingly, worked her way down my throbbing shaft. If I had died right then, my life would have been utterly complete.

It was at this point, as these two vixens were giving my meat a thorough work-over, that Scott returned with the fresh bottle of tequila. The look on his face was one I'll never forget, but it took him only a second to get over his shock. He joined the proceedings by ripping off his shorts, jumping in on Robin's side, and immediately stripping her. He bypassed her healthy mammaries, instead going right to work on her snatch, teasing her love canal with his curious fingers. By the look on Robin's face, you could tell he knew what he was doing.

Meanwhile, Tracy was really doing a number on me. She would lick my balls, then nibble on my pud, and then practically swallow my whole midsection before going back to my balls again. This girl obviously had practice in the fine art of fellatio, because just at the point where I expected to blow my wad up the back of her throat, she stopped, smiled, and asked me if I had had enough. I managed to utter, "Not yet," and down she went again. But, in seconds, I was past the point of no return, and my come exploded out the tip of my cock. Tracy, talented as she was, swallowed every drop.

As I was catching my breath, I glanced over at Scott and Robin and couldn't help but do a double take, because Robin was sitting up on the edge of the Jacuzzi with my friend's face buried in her thick blond muff—while he rubbed two scoops of snow across her tits! I could see his tongue darting in and out of her honey pot as he worked the melting snow over her own double scoops. Robin looked like a crazed Amazon, the way she was bucking and flailing.

After I applauded Scott's creativity, I turned my attention back to my own snow bunny. I slid her bikini bottom past her ass and began to massage her snatch with a gentle, roundabout motion, paying special attention to the area around her clit. I was toying with her, massaging



DRINK FOR TASTE, NOT TRENDS.

DOS EQUIS
XX

closer and closer to her magic button and then pulling back, when I ventured a bit too close and brushed against her sensitivity switch. She shuddered, and then with a force that surprised me, began to grind herself against my gifted fingers. I leaned down to suck on a breast as she grabbed for my rod, which was just now coming back from the dead. Rock-solid once again, I knew that it was time. So did Tracy, for she positioned herself on the top step of the Jacuzzi with her legs spread wide, offering me easy access to that dripping pink tunnel. I placed my tip up against her pussy lips, and with one swift, even thrust, I was buried to the hilt and her legs were wrapped around my shoulders. We started pumping excitedly, both of us completely lost in the heat of the moment.

The Jacuzzi was now boiling with activity. Tracy and I were going at it like demons, and so were Scott and Robin. As they did their thing and Tracy and I did ours, the spa water sloshed and spilled and washed over the four of us—and over the sides.

Tracy's first orgasm seemed to well up from the deepest part of her snatch, and she moaned loudly as her body tensed, released, and gave in. Then another one hit, and another one, and with each successive orgasm, her actions grew wilder. Finally, with her animalistic thrusting and moaning and her pussy lips grabbing at my meat, I couldn't last any longer. My own primal scream escaped from my lips as I came like I had never come before. My body shuddered and my legs almost gave out as I spilled my load inside of her. For a moment I couldn't move, and then all was calm. I fell up against Tracy's breast with a sigh, utterly exhausted from the workout. Moments later, Scott and Robin both reached their own inevitable climaxes.

We drank a little more tequila and then Tracy and Robin excused themselves, saying that they were waking up early to ski. They each gave us a small kiss, dressed, and then they were gone. Scott and I just sat there and smiled at one another, hardly believing what had just happened. We drank a little more and then went up to our room, where we proceeded to pass out.

The next morning we tried to wake up to ski, but there was no way—we were both wiped out. We never saw the girls again, and the rest of the weekend was spent trying to recover from that first wild night. But we didn't care because we were on vacation, and we knew that this vacation was already one that neither of us would ever forget.—*Name and address withheld*

ON AND OFF THE ROAD

I am a junior at a large university in Pennsylvania, and an avid reader of "Forum." I would like to share an experience I had with my girlfriend, Meryl. She is a student at a large school in Ohio.

The episode began on a trip from Ohio to Pennsylvania. This is a six-hour trip, and as the ride wore on, we both became hornier and hornier. Before long Meryl had undone my pants and begun to play with my cock. In a matter of minutes I had a raging hard-on.

Next she proceeded to lick the entire length of my shaft. After several minutes of this teasing, she finally took me into her mouth. I had to hold onto the wheel with both hands just to keep the car on the road. After several minutes of weaving back and forth across both lanes, I blew my load right into her mouth. Meryl said, "Now maybe we can stand the rest of the ride."

As soon as we unloaded the car, we headed for the bedroom. I stripped off her clothes and began kissing her all over. I started with her face and moved down to her chest. She doesn't have the biggest tits, but they're enough to satisfy me. After sucking her nipples for several minutes, I kissed across her stomach and down to her bush. I licked the entire edge of her bush, and by this time she was moaning and begging me to lick her clit. She was dripping wet, and I pushed my tongue between her lips and flicked my tongue across her clit. She moaned and pushed her mound into my face. When she did this I concentrated totally on her clit. All of this attention to her pussy brought her to a shuddering orgasm.

Meryl rolled me over and slid herself down on my cock. As she leaned over to kiss me, I began to pump in and out of her pussy. She is really tight, and once I get inside her, I can't last for very long. That day was no exception; I felt the approach of an orgasm, and slid my hand down and fingered her clit. This sent her over the edge and I was soon to follow. After a short rest, we continued to make love in every imaginable position for the remainder of the day.—*Name and address withheld*

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

I am a 19-year-old college student in a small central-Illinois college. Each month, the guys on my dormitory floor pitch in to buy the latest issue of *Penthouse*. On the following Thursday night, everyone gathers in my room to party and read the "Forum" letters.

On one particular Thursday, everyone was gathered and the coveted issue was brought out. After a few bottles of beer, hard-ons, and letters, there was a knock at the door. Sonny, the horniest guy on the floor, got to his feet, saying, "There she is now, the girl to give us an experience we can write about!" The room erupted with laughter. As Sonny opened the door, though, we all became deathly silent.

Through the door walked the firmest pair of tits this side of the Miss America

GET THE EDGE!

MODEL #120 \$39.95
Edge Collector Series
Pearlite, Italian 8 3/4" Side Opening
Blue, Green, White, Red or Black
3 for \$104.95

MODEL #817 \$39.95
Edge Collector Series
Brass and Hardwood,
Brushed Steel
Lever Hunter 7 1/2"
3 for \$104.95

MODEL #108 \$29.95
Nato Military
Olive Drab 8"
3 for \$79.95

*All Genuine,
Automatic, and
Completely Finished*
Sold in Legal Kit Form

The Edge Co., P.O. Box 32848-PN8, Phoenix, AZ 85064

Before Ordering Call For Availability **602-952-1659**
Dealer Prices on Request

Please Ship the Following Items: Model #108 Qty. _____
Model #120 Qty. _____ Model #817 Qty. _____

Add \$1.50 Per Kit Shipping and Handling. Allow 10 Days Shipping.

_____ Check or Money Order Enclosed Total _____
_____ Visa/MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.
Signature _____ Date _____

Not available where prohibited by law. Inquire about special military and police waivers and discounts.

*Attn: Collectors & Sportmen: Though legal in parts form, in certain areas the completion of these kits may violate certain laws. Please check your area before ordering or assembling, as compliance with any such law is the purchasers responsibility.



**THE EDGE
COMPANY**
P.O. Box 32848
Phoenix, AZ 85064
602-952-1659

Pageant. They were attached to the one girl every guy on campus had heard of—Lynn. She's got quite a reputation, although it's not an academic one, and she has taught me quite a bit. We began making idle conversation about our new class schedules as Lynn grabbed a beer and sat in the desk chair in front of me. I was seated on top of the desk, so I placed my legs on either side of the chair. "What are the boys of the Mule Barn"—our official name, because of our extracurricular activities on campus—"doing tonight?" she asked, as she spotted the *Penthouse* Mark was still holding. Slightly drunk, and slightly annoyed by the interruption, he held up the magazine and told her. "Don't let me get in your way," she said. "Keep reading."

He read the next story aloud, which was about a girl deep-throating all the guys in a frat house. Talk about great timing! I could see Lynn's nipples hardening through her tight T-shirt. All at once she turned to me and asked, "Why do they call you guys the 'Mule Barn,' anyway?" Her face was level with my crotch and her eyes were repeatedly glancing at the bulge that was pounding beneath my shorts. She lightly ran her fingernail up my thigh, sending ripples of pleasure throughout my body. Everyone in the room gasped as her knuckles lightly brushed my balls. A plop was heard as the magazine fell to the floor.

Lynn yanked the elastic of my shorts down. As my dick fell out, her eyes lit up. Grabbing it with both hands, she shoved the end into her mouth and began sucking. Inch by wonderful inch, my entire rod slid down her hot throat. When she hit its base, she began to moan and gently clench it with her teeth. She pulled her head back, revealing my cock—now wet from her slick tongue. Over the head of my pecker she mumbled, "So that's why they call you mules!"

Her head bobbed up and down, and with each stroke she made, I knew I wouldn't last much longer. As my cock touched the back of her throat, I moaned loudly. Suddenly her tongue lashed out and caught the bottom of my balls. With a scream, I erupted. My ass came up off the desk as I grabbed the back of her head. I could actually feel the come spurting down her throat as she slurped. Each swallow constricted her throat around my shaft, causing more and more pleasure to rack my body.

She kept at it until I grew limp and fell back from exhaustion. She smiled up at me, and I could tell the fun had only just begun. Turning, she saw the entire "barn" waiting eagerly behind her. "I always wanted to ride a mule!" was all she said.

Pulling off her clothes, Lynn knelt on all fours in front of Mark. Unbuckling his pants, he began rubbing his wonder wand across her face and brushing it

against her lips. She lunged for him, but Mark was just a freshman and was not ready for such an experienced upper-classman as Lynn. Suddenly, Sonny plunged into her from behind, raising her hips to meet his passionate thrusts. While this proceeded, Mark continued to tease Lynn from the front until she begged to suck his cock. As her lips wrapped around his rod of joy, her body contracted in orgasm, sucking them in deeper at both ends. The threesome lunged in unison as they banged away. Mark groped for her breasts and gurgled, "I'm coming. I'm coming!" Sonny fought to control himself as he lost all sense of rhythm, and all three shuddered with ultimate pleasure.

Carl stood up and laid Lynn on her back, although she looked as though she could take no more—at least, until she saw Carl unleash "the Pipe." Her mouth hung open as she gasped at Carl's ten-inch legend. He wasted no time on foreplay, slowly entering her steaming twat. Lynn cried out as he entered, and he slowly pushed forward. She wrapped her legs around his back and impaled herself on the last eight inches. Carl almost pulled out before ramming her again and again. Lynn's facial features twisted in ecstasy, as she had orgasm after orgasm. Carl's crotch was dripping with her sweet juices. Lynn lay in wonder as the monster dick fucked her flaming bush. With each thrust, her fingers burrowed into his back until his eyes rolled toward the ceiling. He grabbed her shoulders and began humping out of control. An animallike moan escaped from his lips as his ass contracted and relaxed. Suddenly both their bodies shook as they shared a violent orgasm. Carl caught his breath, put the love beast in its cage, and staggered back to his own room.

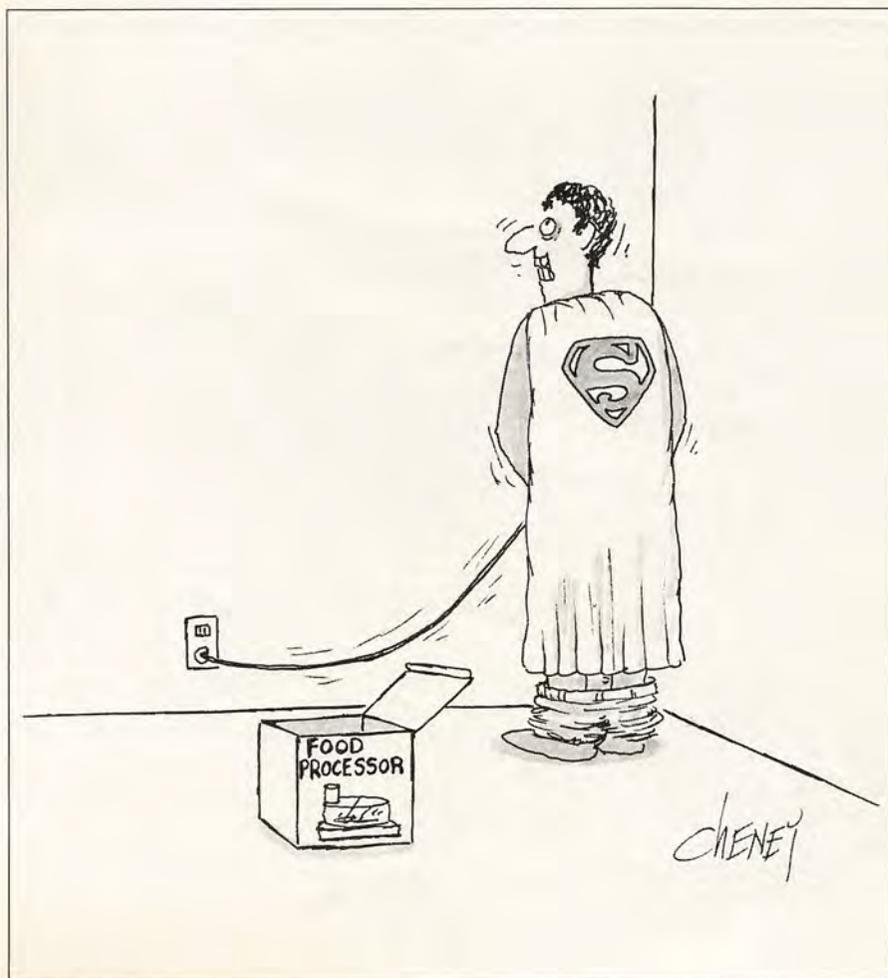
Later I helped Lynn into my bed, where she slept until late the next evening. As she fell asleep, she whispered, "How long till the next issue comes out?"—*Name and address withheld*

HAPPY ENDING

During my junior year at the small northwestern college I attended, one of my favorite electives was a swimming class I took every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. On one such afternoon, having completed an exhausting series of laps, I was back in the men's locker room enjoying a hot, relaxing shower.

When I finished showering, I found it odd that the black bikini briefs that I usually leave draped over the shower door were now missing. I opened the door, expecting to find them lying on the floor. They were not, nor could I find my towel—or any towel for that matter, clean or dirty! Since my swimsuit had my locker key pinned to it, I could not fetch my clothes. Luckily, I didn't have another class to attend, but I wondered how I was going to get to my dormitory.

A late afternoon at my college saw a



DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS™ QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

Style # 1A Only \$14.95



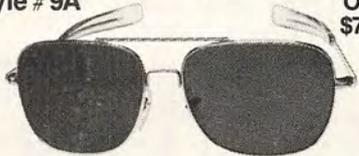
The Sportsman
Sports-graphic on black metal frame.
A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 5A Only \$14.95



Black Metal Frames
Thin and durable black metal frames.
Aviator teardrop style lenses.
A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 9A Only \$7.95



World Famous Pilot's Glasses
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only \$7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over \$20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$20.00 value only \$7.95. 2 pairs for \$14.00.

Style # 2A Only \$14.95



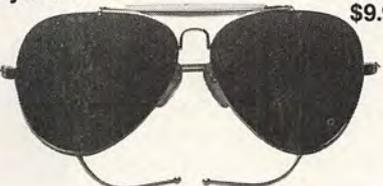
Glare-Free Polarized Lenses
Dull-black metal frame, classic shape. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 6A Only \$14.95



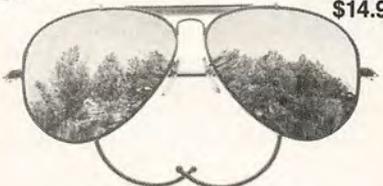
Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses
Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frame. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 10A Only \$9.95



Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples, gold frames.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.

Style # 3A Only \$14.95



Gray Mirror Lens Glasses
Gold frames, flexible cable temples.
A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 7A Only \$14.95



Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses
Gold frame, flexible cable temples.
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors.
A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 11A Only \$9.95



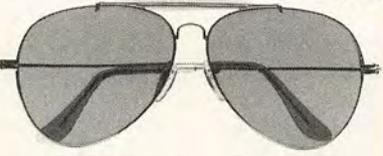
Standard Aviator Glasses
Traditional stems, gold frames.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.

Style # 4A Only \$9.95



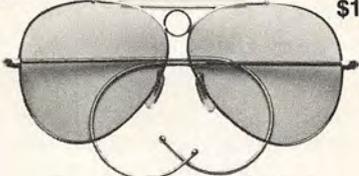
Girl Watcher
Gray mirrored lenses, black frames.
A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.

Style # 8A Only \$14.95



Standard Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses
Gold frame, traditional stems.
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors.
A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style # 12A Only \$14.95



Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility.
Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

Style	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
1A		Black	
2A		Black	
3A		Gold	
4A		Black	
5A		Black	
6A			
7A		Gold	
8A		Gold	
9A			
10A		Gold	
11A		Gold	
12A		Gold	

To order your U.S. Optics™ sunglasses, send check or money order to U.S. Optics™ Dept. 211, P.O. Box 724808, Atlanta, Georgia, 30339. Credit card customers please fill in Card # and Exp. date. **FREE**—limited time only—deluxe velour-lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a \$3.00 value). Dealer inquiries invited.

Credit card orders may call Toll Free 1-800-258-8855.
Georgia residents call 1-404-422-0938.

Visa or Master Charge # Exp. Date

Name

Address

City State Zip

Add Postage Handling and Insurance \$1.00 per pair \$ _____
Total \$ _____

FREE case with each pair.

NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics.™ To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days. No Non-sense 30 day guarantee.

© Copyright 1985, U.S. Optics™

•The American public appears to ignore the fact that 15,000 of "our children" still live in Vietnam.•

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

VIETNAM REVISITED

Your article "Vietnam Revisited" [March 1986, text by Claudia Valentino, photos by Christopher Pillitz] was very interesting reading. Mr. Pillitz was very fortunate to have had the opportunity to travel through Vietnam in 1985.

As a Vietnam veteran, I am very familiar with that country. As an attorney, I have had the opportunity to assist numerous Vietnamese non-profit corporations, associations, and community groups with their efforts to relocate in the United States and to maintain their traditions, customs, and culture. Some of those groups include the Vietnamese Boy Scouts, the Vietnamese Women's Association of Northern California, and several Vietnamese cultural and refugee-support groups.

In addition to the above, I have been attempting, along with several other individuals in and around the United States, to keep alive the issue of Amerasian children. There is much interest in the local Vietnamese community to help Amerasian children still living in Vietnam and to assist those who have emigrated to the United States. Unfortunately, the American public—and, in particular, Vietnam veterans—is extremely apathetic to the problem and appears to ignore the fact that 15,000 of "our children" still live in Vietnam.

Efforts that I have undertaken to make Americans aware of the problem have met with zero response or enthusiasm. That lack of response may be understandable when it is realized that many of the children's American fathers may not



even know that they have a child. On the other hand, if they do know and choose to acknowledge the child, they will have to endure considerable economic, moral, and ethical pressures from their family and community members.

I have been assisting several children in attempting to locate their fathers, but to date have had little success. What is truly amazing about the kids I have met is that they understand and accept the fact that their fathers will probably be unable to support them and may not want to establish a long-term relationship. Despite that acknowledged rejection, the children still want the opportunity just to say hello to their fathers or obtain a photograph from them. As I previously mentioned, the response from the fathers has been negligible, and even when contact has been made, the fathers' responses have been very negative.

The plight of Amerasian children should continue to be brought to the attention of the American public. Your magazine's effort to make the public aware of this problem is applauded.—Bruce W. Burns, San Jose, Calif.

LAW AND JUSTICE

I have never written a letter to the author of any article I have read. However, after Alan M. Dershowitz's "Law" column in the April 1986 issue of *Penthouse*, I felt compelled to contact you and express my thanks.

I, like you, believe that a lawyer has the responsibility to see that justice never loses its blindfold. A lawyer is an advocate for his client and he must remember that in our system of justice, a person is innocent until proven guilty; not guilty until proven innocent.

If a lawyer passes judgment on a client's position prior to acting as an advocate, it poses a danger. Our system of justice might become twisted to the point where the client's rights will be jeopardized by the attorney's political position.

Thank you for your informative and interesting article. It should bring this grave conflict to the attention of many attorneys.—Andrew L. Siegel, Plantation, Fla.

NATURAL HEALERS

Gary Null and Leonard Steinman's article on homeopathic medicine ["Medical Genocide, Part Nine: Natural

Healers," May 1986] provided a fascinating overview of the suppression of homeopathy by orthodox medicine. There was, however, one error of fact that is worthy of correction. At one point, the authors noted that homeopathy is growing rapidly in Europe. As one example, they cited England, where it is growing at a rate of nine percent a year. Actually, according to *The New York Times* (January 9, 1985), it is growing at a rate of 39 percent a year!

The authors also mentioned two important sources of information on homeopathic medicine, but no addresses were given. These addresses are: National Center for Homeopathy, 1500 Massachusetts Ave. #41, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005, and Homeopathic Educational Services, 2124 Kittredge St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Keep up the good work! It is greatly appreciated.—Dana Ullman, Executive Director, Homeopathic Educational Services, Berkeley, Calif.

CORRECTION

In our article "Ed Meese Gives Bad Commission" (July 1986), Dr. Judith Becker was incorrectly identified as a psychiatrist—she is a psychologist—and Dr. Richard Fennyman was incorrectly identified as Dr. George Fennyman. We regret these errors.—The Editors

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport



© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1986

*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

There is a campaign afoot to return us to those not-so-glorious days when the states were free to establish and support a particular religion.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



We hear much these days about "the separation of church and state." This is the way President Reagan put it during the last presidential campaign: "The unique thing about America is a wall in our Constitution separating church and state. It guarantees there will never be a state religion and that every single American is free to choose and practice his or her religious belief or to choose no religion at all." This "wall of separation"—first erected in the writings of Thomas Jefferson—may well exist in theory, but in practice we live in a society where religion and government seem locked together in an incestuous embrace.

- The same President who brags about our unique "wall" declares that "morality's foundation is religion" and condemns those who oppose school prayer as "intolerant of religion."

- Christian prayer breakfasts have become an important locus for governmental policy discussions.

- Political candidates compete with each other over

who is a better Christian or more religious.

- Both the Left and the Right claim to be speaking in the name of God when they advocate policies ranging from "Star Wars" to civil rights.

- "In God We Trust" is emblazoned on our money.

- The Supreme Court convenes with the marshal calling on God to "save this honorable court."

- Both houses of Congress commence their sessions with prayers.

- State legislatures pay the salaries of official legislative chaplains.

- Our President ends his speeches by invoking God's blessing on us all.

- Cities and towns throughout the country sponsor and pay for official religious celebrations at Christmas, including the construction and maintenance of Nativity scenes on public property.

- State and local statutes require citizens to refrain from certain kinds of work on the Christian sabbath and other religious holidays.

- The government subsidizes contributions to religious institutions by making them tax-deductible.

The litany of religion's incursions into public life could fill an entire hymnal. The late Justice William O. Douglas—himself a strong advocate of separation—recognized the reality that "we are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being." But if separation of church and state means anything, it must demand absolute governmental neutrality *among* religions as well as *between* religion and nonreligion.

As the late Justice Hugo Black put it: "[The First] Amendment requires the state to be neutral in its relations with groups of religious believers and non-believers. . . ." Hence the great paradox over church and state: Can a government whose "institutions presuppose a Supreme Being" remain neutral regarding believers and nonbelievers? Is it not inevitable that a "religious people" will treat the nonreligious as second-class citizens who should, perhaps, be tolerated, but whose atheism or agnosticism should never be accorded equal status with belief in God? We, as a nation, have been struggling with these questions for more than 200 years and are not much closer to a resolution than we were when the Bill of Rights was adopted.

This is not to deny that we have made considerable progress since 1791. Throughout our early history, several states had official, "established" religions. Non-believers or "heathens" could not hold public office or testify in court. This discrimination was perfectly legal because the First Amendment—which prohibits Congress from making any "law respecting an establishment of religion"—was applicable only to the federal government. The states were free to violate the Bill of Rights, and some did so with impunity. This changed with the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868, which required the states to provide every person with "due process of law." Eventually, the "due process" clause was interpreted by the

Supreme Court to "incorporate" most of the Bill of Rights, including the First Amendment. But now there is a campaign afoot to return us to those not-so-glorious days when the states were free to establish and support a particular religion.

The first murmurings were heard in Alabama, from a federal judge who ruled, in 1981, that each state could pick one official religion—just as it picks a bird or flower—as an emblem. It could pay the churches and ministers of the chosen religion, and it could discriminate against members of other religions. That bizarre decision was reversed by the Supreme Court, which reminded the Alabama judge that "the [Supreme] Court has unambiguously concluded that the individual freedom of conscience protected by the First Amendment embraces the right to select any religious faith or none at all."

Despite this strong rebuke, Attorney General Edwin Meese III has picked up the gauntlet for allowing each state to go its own way in complying with or defying the Bill of Rights. He has criticized the Supreme Court for holding that the Bill of Rights is binding on the states. If he gets his way—either through a constitutional amendment or by getting the President to pack the courts with judges who agree with him—our already tottering wall of separation between church and state will crumble. Nonbelievers, as well as believers in minority religions, will become second-class citizens in theory as well as practice. O—



THE LATEST WORD IN RADAR DETECTION IS THE MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR

Latest, because the MICRO EYE EXPRESS LONG RANGE is a dual superheterodyne radar detector like no other. It represents the first superheterodyne radar detector to integrate computer based signal processing with superheterodyne circuitry for extra long range superheterodyne sensitivity and increased selectivity. Leave it to BEL — the largest manufacturer of radar detectors to once again pioneer superior technology in a radar detector.

TECHNOLOGY BRINGS OUT THE BEST

You don't need to understand the technology behind the EXPRESS-LR to know what it delivers — confidence on the road. Over hills, around corners, or on the straightaway, the EXPRESS-LR detects both X and K Band radar with a systematic audio and visual alert warning you to the presence of police radar. Whether pulsed, moving, or triggered, the EXPRESS-LR reacts reminding you to slow down.

SENSITIVITY TIMES TWO

The MICRO EYE EXPRESS contains both Radar Signal Discrimination and a LO/LR Filter Switch. RSD (exclusive to the B.E.L-Tronics line of radar detectors) reduces X Band to an optimal level for urban/suburban driving. This mode instantly analyzes all incoming signals and processes only those that are true signals (police radar). The Filter Switch has been designed to virtually eliminate annoying false alarms caused by microwave relay stations, automatic door openers, and weather radar. The use of both the RSD and Filter Switch together will give you the ultimate in selectivity, without reducing the sensitivity of the MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR.

HIGH PERFORMANCE

The MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR is the most technically advanced radar warning system you can buy. The unit comes complete with all the accessories needed for quick and easy installation, a full one year warranty, and the integrity of a company with 19 years of microwave electronics expertise. The MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR is truly your final touch to full driving confidence.

30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

You can order yours today by calling this toll-free number, and if not completely satisfied with your MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR, simply return the unit within 30 days for a full refund (mail order only).

MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR
\$299.95

Call toll-free 1-800-341-1401

In New York 1-800-845-4525

In Canada 1-800-268-3994

(NY residents add applicable tax.

Price higher in Canada)

Please allow an additional 15 days when paying by personal or company check.



FULL ONE YEAR WARRANTY ON PARTS AND LABOR.

B.E.L-TRONICS Limited

International Head Office

2422 Dunwin Drive,

Mississauga, Ont., Canada

L5L 1J9

In U.S.

20 Centre Drive

Orchard Park, NY 14127

Model 844s



B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED The Radar Detector Innovators

The U.S. has made tremendous strides in reducing its infant mortality, but right now we're at the same level as Syria.

FITNESS

BY DR. DAVID REUBEN



The United States is the healthiest country in the world. The billions of dollars we spend each year on space-age hospitals and clinics, advanced medical research, and ultramodern medicines guarantee us a freedom from disease unparalleled in the entire world. American men and women have a life expectancy that stands out as an example to the rest of the planet.

These three statements are concise, impressive, and well accepted. There's only one thing wrong with them: *They aren't true!* The sad truth is that according to the *New Book of World Rankings* (Facts on File), the United States is far behind many countries in the world in some of the simplest, most basic aspects of health.

Take, for example, our death rate—that is, the number of deaths per 1,000 citizens per year. There is probably no single figure that tells you more about how "healthy" a country is than this one. Yet there are 67 countries in the world with lower death rates than the

United States. This includes several nations that we have always considered to be far behind us in health and sanitation. While it might be reasonable to expect a wealthy, modern, and progressive country like Japan to have a lower death rate than the United States, it comes as quite a shock to learn that we are also surpassed by such countries as Jamaica, Guatemala, Albania, Israel, Cuba, Mexico, and Yugoslavia.

But death rates don't tell the whole story. The life expectancy for the average American man is 68.7 years, which ranks the United States No. 20 in this category. A male in Iceland has 73 years to look forward to, and a Greek man 70.13 years. Spain and East Germany are also ahead of us. The Soviet Union, however, offers a man 64 years of life expectancy—No. 56 in the list of countries of the world.

American women have things a little better, with a life expectancy of 76.5 years, putting our country behind only nine other countries for this category. Among those countries are Norway, France, Finland—and Puerto Rico! Again, for those who like to keep the U.S.—Soviet scorecard, Russian women have a life expectancy of 74 years, ranking the country 27th worldwide.

Let's look at another significant indicator of public health: infant mortality. This category is considered so important that it makes up part of the universally accepted Physical Quality of Life Index (PQLI). (More about that later.) Infant mortality—the

number of babies who die within 12 months of birth—is a very precise indicator of the progress a country has made in public health. It reflects a nation's level of sanitation, the availability and quality of modern medical care, and its citizens' understanding of sound health practices. The United States has made tremendous strides in reducing its infant-mortality rate—but it has a long way to go. Right now we're at the same level as Syria: 13 deaths per 1,000 live births a year. We share that undistinguished figure with East Germany and Luxembourg.

Actually, we are in 22nd place, way behind such fellow industrialized countries as Sweden, Japan, Norway, and Switzerland. The Soviet Union ranks No. 6 in infant deaths—just after Japan. It's tough to have the Russians ahead of us in anything, but even worse is the fact that even tiny Swaziland, in southern Africa, has a better infant mortality rate than the United States. That's bad news.

The PQLI rates the physical quality of life in various countries by assessing literacy statistics, life expectancy, and infant mortality. The United States should be right on top. In fact, we are No. 11—ahead, in this case, of Syria, Swaziland, and the Soviet Union, but that's not much consolation.

Okay, so much for the bad news—and there seems to be plenty of it. Now what do we do about it? A good hard look at the facts and figures shows one common denominator among the countries that surpass us in

health and longevity. That is the commonest of all denominators: money.

Almost without exception, the countries that have better overall health spend more per citizen than we do. For example, the United States spends about \$383 per person per year for public health. The countries that spend more include Sweden, Denmark, France, Switzerland, and Canada, among others. Sweden spends about three times as much as we do, and Canada spends about 30 percent more. The Soviet Union spends about \$91 per person on public health—one-fourth of what we spend, or about the same as Trinidad. Somehow they seem to get more for their money than we do. It might be worth checking into further to see what their secret is.

The number of available hospital beds seems to have something to do with it. The countries with more hospital beds in proportion to their population seem to have much better public health figures than those with a relative scarcity of beds. The United States is No. 66 in availability of hospital beds. We have one bed for every 159 people, while top-rated countries like Finland, Australia, and Switzerland have one for every 65, 80, and 87, respectively. We're right down there with Greece and Albania.

The number of doctors also seems to be important. First-rank countries have more doctors relative to the population than we have here at home. Denmark, for example, has a doctor for every 512 of its citizens,

With the Pioneer® Projection Monitor, in one masterstroke, not one but every compromise associated with projection television has been eliminated.

PIONEER INTRODUCES THE WORLD'S FIRST PROJECTION MONITOR.

In fact, the Pioneer SD-P40 is not just superior to any projection television, it is actually brighter than any direct-view monitor.

Imagine a projection monitor with a picture sharper than any television, brighter than any television, with twice the contrast of any projection system ever made.

With the Pioneer Projection Monitor, light in the room is no longer a problem. You can sit anywhere in the room. It's no problem. Focus, so much a problem with conventional projection systems, is sharp to the edges of the screen.

Blacks are blacker, whites are whiter. And for the first time, true skin tones are achieved without compromising the other colors.

The Pioneer Projection Monitor comes with its own built-in powerful amplifier (12W + 12W) and speakers. There's a built-in video tuner that delivers 139 cable-capable channels. In stereo. In simulcast. If you'd like, there are enough inputs to make this monitor part of the most sophisticated audio/visual system.

It's ready for anything.

And the entire system is controlled by one 54-function System Remote control.

This remarkable video achievement is the result of 3 years of development in the Pioneer laboratories. You'll see the result in seconds. One look and you'll understand the difference between the world of projection televisions and the first projection monitor in the world.

 **PIONEER®**



 PIONEER

 PIONEER MONITOR SD-P40

An extraordinary new series of official legal tender coins—the first of its kind ever issued by any government...



The coins in this collection will bear the first new coinage portrait of Queen Elizabeth II to be issued in 20 years. Shown actual size. Diameter: 38mm.



The Government of the British Virgin Islands announces

The TREASURE COINS of the Caribbean

IN SOLID STERLING SILVER

A collection of 25 silver Proof coins, portraying the most important sunken treasures of the Caribbean—recovered and unrecovered.

Available by subscription only.
Face value: \$20 U.S. / Price for
Collector's Proofs: \$25 U.S.
Price guaranteed for subscriptions
entered by August 31, 1986.

THE CARIBBEAN ... crossroads of empire and wealth. Where galleons, men-of-war and marauding privateers challenged the elements—and one another—in their quest for treasure. And where, today, adventurers explore for those ships that went down long ago—laden with riches beyond measure.

Now, for the very first time, you can acquire a collection of official coinage that embodies this seafaring heritage of the Caribbean. A collection of monetary coins unlike any other ever issued. Consisting of 25 sterling silver coins that recapture, in superb sculptured detail, the legendary treasures of the Spanish Main.

As legal tender of the British Virgin Islands, the coins will bear a face value of \$20, equal to \$20 in U.S. currency. The coins are large—the size of coveted pieces of eight. And *Proofs* will be struck only in solid sterling silver. The use of this precious metal is becoming a rarity in world coinage—especially in coins of this size and weight.

Portrayed on the coins will be the most significant treasures of the fabulous ships of fortune lost in the Caribbean. Each has been selected through a major initiative involving marine archaeologists, treasure-divers, and such noted repositories of maritime records as the British Museum, Lloyds of London, and the *Archivo General de las Indias*—the leading authority on Spanish colonial shipping.

There will be coins showing the great riches of empire ... bejeweled rings, exquisite works of silver and gold, royal revenue and private wealth that never reached its destination. Other coins will depict significant archaeological finds—offering a view of life during the age of exploration. And perhaps most intriguing of all will be the silver coins portraying those treasures still *undiscovered*—but whose existence is known through drawings, ships' manifests, and maritime disaster reports.

Taken together, these 25 match-

ing denomination coins will constitute the most comprehensive series ever issued on a unified theme. A collection unequaled in scope by the coinage of any nation in our time.

The collection is available by subscription only. The Government of the British Virgin Islands has authorized its official minter, The Franklin Mint, to accept and fulfill valid applications. Subscriptions entered by August 31, 1986, will be accepted at the guaranteed price of \$25 for each sterling silver Proof. To make this guarantee possible, the minter will contract for sufficient silver, at current prices, to cover the entire series of coins for each subscriber.

Each Proof coin will be accompanied by a reference folder and location map, relating the intriguing story of the treasure portrayed. A special presentation case for the collection will be provided at no extra cost.

By entering your subscription now, you and your family can share a unique adventure in collecting—as you build a valuable treasure of solid silver coins. To acquire your collection at the guaranteed price, return the accompanying application by August 31, 1986.



OFFICIAL SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The TREASURE COINS of the Caribbean

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for one Proof Set of "The Treasure Coins of the Caribbean," consisting of 25 coins of the British Virgin Islands with the face value of \$20. each, to be minted in solid sterling silver and sent to me at the rate of one per month.

I need send no money now. I will be billed \$25.* for each silver Proof, beginning when my first coin is ready to be sent. This price is guaranteed to me for the entire series. My presentation case will be sent to me at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and \$1. for shipping and handling

Please mail by August 31, 1986.

Signature _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Last summer, American feminists gave Marxists and international fanatics the opportunity to revile American foreign policy and our ally Israel.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



August 17, 1983, marks the third anniversary of this column, which first ran in the October 1983 issue of *Penthouse*. It remains to this date the only column directed toward exploring the issue of men's rights—or, rather, their lack of rights. Given this anniversary, I would like to review the current state of those rights, as well as the current posture of the feminist movement.

In order to understand the lowly state of men's rights, you have to understand the feminists. Those of us who thought that the women's movement was fizzling out because of the defeat of Geraldine Ferraro and her feminist cohorts in the 1984 presidential election—and the defeat of the ERA—are in for some bitter medicine. Feminism is far from dead. Many Americans still harbor the illusion that the promises of the women's movement have resulted in their new-found independence and choice. It is these women and their daughters who will carry on the false notion that men are "the enemy."

I recently reviewed the 1986 budget of the National Organization for Women, and was surprised to learn that it was about \$6.5 million. It did not contain any mention of NOW's affiliate political action committees or of their legal defense fund. Although NOW, the fundamental well of strength for the feminists, has suffered from a harsh backlash and the erosion of its political power—and is reeling from internal power struggles—it's currently undergoing a reconstruction. President Eleanor Smeal has promised to fill NOW's treasury, recruit new members, and renew both the ERA struggle and the fight to retain abortion rights.

Nowhere does feminism's ideology reveal itself so clearly as in its foreign policy. In supporting the conclusions of the United Nations' World Conference of Women in Nairobi, Kenya, last summer, American feminist leaders gave Marxists and international fanatics the opportunity to revile American foreign policy and our ally Israel. Their presence served to give the disruptive haters of the world an American target in the world press.

In one report out of the conference, a splinter group of feminists claimed that America's standing as a nuclear power originates from its bent for spousal assaults. In keeping with this pseudo-psychohistory and theoretical babble, the principal activity of many feminists in the last three years has been to prohibit and outlaw "pornography." Their proposals are based on half-baked theories of civil rights discrimination.

The biggest domestic threat, though, comes from the soon-to-be-controlled legal profession. At least in New York, women now hold numerous positions of power. Should the feminists mobilize these professionals, men in this country will be in for hard times indeed. Judges, after all, come from the ranks of lawyers. Imagine, if you will, a judiciary in which gender politics is played. Under those conditions, we simply cannot remain a country governed by law.

Some men, too, are to blame for the precarious state of men's rights. Consider the double-cross—the most serious problem we face in the men's movement. Syndicated columnist Don Feder said it best when he reported on the conference held at Yale last March by the Northeast Men's Emerging Network (NEMEN)—an affiliate of the National Organization of Changing Men, a group dedicated to challenging traditional roles in our society and opposing "racism, sexism, classism, and other forms of oppression."

Feder wrote, "The sexual philosophy of these . . . males was summed up by the NEMEN conference participant who grandly proclaimed: 'Outside of genitalia, there are no inherent differences between men and women. It's one of the lies we are taught that we are opposite sexes. It is a completely ludicrous notion.' The new men who mouth this sexual party line are truly pathetic creations, disavowing their masculinity, desperately trying to be the psychologically neutered entities feminists desire. If there

is a growing rift between the sexes, the new men are partially responsible, along with their female counterparts."

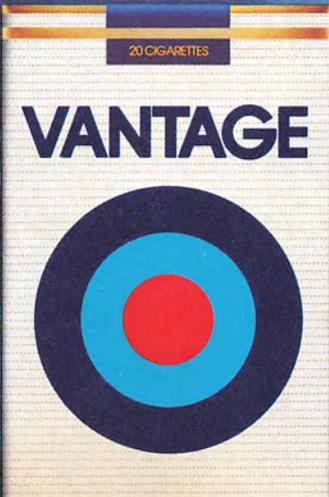
Men have to stand up to feminism when it attempts to confuse, disrupt, or alienate. We cannot and should not accept a universe that is androgynous, or one where each sex grows farther apart from the other. The results, at this date, are obvious: The divorce rate has skyrocketed, 40 percent of children grow up in homes that are fatherless, and the American family is facing a slow demise.

We must constructively challenge such books as Phyllis Chesler's *Mothers on Trial*, a swaggering, \$23 tome that distorts the truth about men who contest the custody of their children. Chesler has toured the country, stating that they are the worst kind of men—that they physically abuse their wives, kidnap their children, commit child abuse and incest, and impoverish their families. This is the kind of book that prevents progress and causes needless enmity.

As a lawyer for some 34 years, I foresee the rights of men being further eroded. The refusal of the feminists to agree to joint custody in New York State hasn't helped, either. Other important issues will include custody awards and the costs of divorce, draft laws and military service, comparable worth, sexual harassment, pension laws, affirmative action, and the need for consciousness-raising among men. The problems of no-fault divorce and the distribution of marital assets will haunt all of us for a long time. **OT**

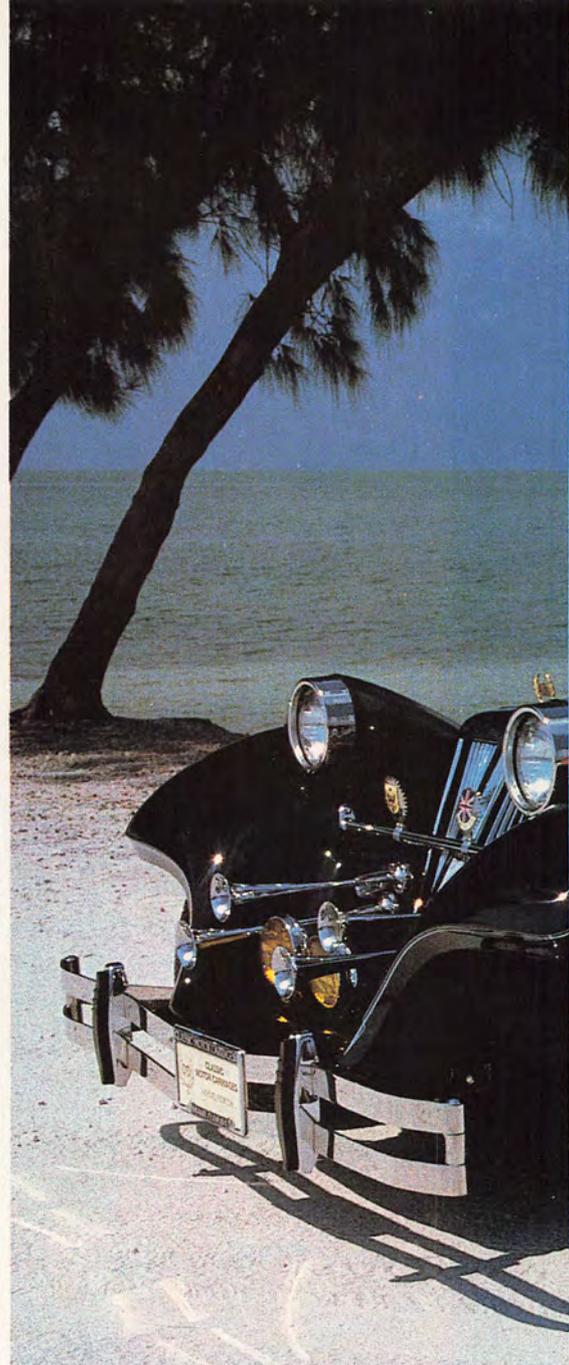
VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



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

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





COMING NEXT MONTH **THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT**

When is the last time you did something *wonderful* for yourself? Here's a hint: Enter the third Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt in our September Anniversary Issue, and you could be the lucky winner of one of these sensational prizes! Grand Prize: the Tiffany Elite by Classic Motor Carriages, the world's largest manufacturer of replica assembly and special automobiles (\$48,000). Second Prize: a 1961 Cadillac "Car's the Star" couch, by 50's AutoArt, etc., with an AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player (\$18,000). Third Prize: Flemington Fur Company's luxurious Jasmine White Mink Coat with hood (\$11,500). Fourth

Prize: the Hoverstar Hovercraft, skims from land to water on a cushion of air, by Hovertechnics, Inc. (\$8,000). Fifth Prize: Sansui's new high-end audio/video system, featuring a 26-inch color stereo monitor/receiver, a stereo hi-fi VCR, turntable, integrated amplifier, AM/FM stereo tuner, double cassette deck, CD player, audio/video control center, remote control, and speakers (\$5,000). Respond by the *Early Bird Deadline* and be eligible to win a trip for two to Australia to see the America's Cup yacht race, courtesy of White Horse Distillers, or e-z Wider's weekend for two to the St. Petersburg Grand Prix in Florida.

◌ I wanted it so bad, I spread my legs wider—bending my knees so I would have more leverage to thrust against his fingers. ◌

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

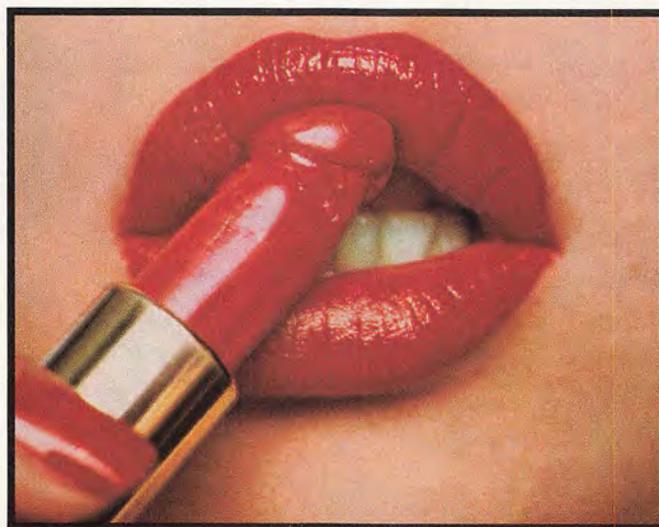
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a married, 32-year-old woman, and have the looks and body of a foxy young girl: five foot eight, 125 pounds, 37-24-39. I have been married for six years to a wonderful guy who cares for me and loves me very much, and I feel the same way about him. We have both always been open-minded and experimental when it comes to sex. My husband has always bought me clothes that show off my figure.

About nine months ago, my husband's doctor put him on medication that has caused him to become impotent. He is 48 years old and has always been a sex hound. But now he can only satisfy me with oral sex, which I dearly love and enjoy. As you are aware, this does not take the place of a stiff, throbbing cock filling you with its hardness.

At the gym where I work out three times a week, there's a black instructor who is a real hunk of a guy. He would sometimes make subtle passes at me, but I always laughed them off in a playful manner. The past several months I had begun to tease him back a little more and then, several weeks ago, he asked me if I would pose for an ad he wanted to run for the spa. I checked with my husband, and he thought it would be fun and that I should do it. A date was set.

The instructor, Ed, would do the camera work and furnish the outfits I would wear. After all the members had left the club on the arranged day, he



locked up and we started the shoot. As the shoot progressed, my outfits got skimpier, fit tighter, and showed off more of my body. The last outfit Ed gave me to put on was a white bodysuit, cut high on both sides and low at the top. The narrow strip at the bottom just barely covered my pussy; in fact, part of it pulled in between my pussy lips, outlining them for all to see. In back it covered about an inch on each side of the crack of my ass.

During the shoot I admit I was getting turned on, and I could see a big bulge in the instructor's sweatpants. This last outfit caused me to really get hot and when Ed saw me in it and began to photograph me, he got hotter himself.

After a few more shots, Ed wanted to put some body oil on my skin, which he said would have a great effect on

the finished photo. He instructed me to lie on a floor mat and began to oil me. As he was doing so his fingertips were coming in contact with my pussy. All I did was spread my legs a little wider and he became ever bolder with his hands and fingers until he just pushed his fingers into me. I wanted it so bad. I spread my legs wider—bending my knees so I would have more leverage to thrust against his fingers. As his fingers were going in and out, my pussy was running juices like crazy. He began to tease me with his words: "Mama wants to fuck, huh?" "Mama is hot, she wants a hard cock." It made me hotter and wetter and I replied, "Yes, fuck me! Give me your cock." He pulled his fingers out of me and dropped his pants. I couldn't believe what I saw—the biggest cock ever!

I had heard black men had large cocks, but never thought they were that big. It looked like a mahogany pole. He then straddled my chest, telling me to lick the head and make it slick and wet. I needed no encouraging, as I love to suck cock and drink loads of jism. I brought my hands up to it, moving them up and down the length of his shaft as I used my tongue to work his head. He never stopped talking, telling me how long he had wanted to fuck me and the ways he was going to fuck me. At the same time, he was using one hand, inserting first one, then two, then all of his fingers into my dripping pussy. He would stop his finger action when he thought I was going to come.

When he thought I was ready, he lifted my legs and rested them on his shoulders—to open me wide, he said. Then, as I used my fingers to spread my pussy lips, he began to try and enter me. Slowly he made his way inside me. I could not take it all. We were both so hot that we came after a few strokes. We tried twice more that night, but I could not take all of him.

I arrived home later than I had planned on, and my husband was in bed. I stripped and got into the shower. He came into the bathroom and asked how it went. I told him it was great and that the posing

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xavierra Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

Stack the deck in your favor.

MicroFox takes the gamble out of radar protection.



Introducing MicroFox.™

Consider your reasons for wanting a radar detector. Then consider the many advantages of MicroFox.

Less for your money.

You get less weight and smaller size. You get a superheterodyne radar unit scarcely larger than a deck of cards. This compactness is made possible by using a single Fox® analog microchip (no one else has it) instead of dozens of surface mounted devices. But size is just the first MicroFox advantage...

Earliest radar warnings—without false alarms.

Our microchip incorporates new ways of boosting sensitivity. MicroFox can actually extract a weak radar signal buried in random electronic noise. The result is range that's in a class by itself.

No form of traffic radar escapes detection. MicroFox sniffs out X and K Bands, continuous or instant-on, ahead of you or behind you, stationary or moving, even radar lurking over the next hill. If radar is operating, you know.

MicroFox also employs a varactor tuned microwave cavity (VTC). Varactor tuning is the latest advance in the rejection of non-radar signals. When MicroFox alarms, it *has* to be radar—not a false alarm from a mobile phone, an airplane overhead, or another radar

detector nearby. In a year or two, every high-end detector will probably contain a VTC. *MicroFox offers it now.*

Communicating with the driver.

At the moment of distant radar contact, you receive two alerts: A five-part LED meter begins to glow; a slow beeping comes from the audio alarm. As radar gets closer, more LEDs are triggered and the sound pulse quickens. Eventually, both visual and sound alerts are continuous. How loud do you want the audio alarm? A full-size volume control lets you set the level.

Speaking of full-size...

Here is another first in radar detectors: full-size illuminated pushbuttons that tell you what functions are in use. Say goodbye to daytime fumbling and after-dark guessing.

City/Highway extends range on the open road; Audio On/Off instantly mutes the audible alarm; Lights On/Off



Lighted pushbuttons, shown here actual size, add to the pleasure of driving with MicroFox.

shuts down the control LEDs. (Call it

our Stealth Mode. At night, no one else can see your detector.)

Built to last, backed by experience.

MicroFox electronics are protected by a rugged, machined aluminum case. Despite its solid feel, the total weight of this handsome unit is barely seven ounces.

The integration of MicroFox circuitry reduces electronic components by over one-half, enhancing reliability as well as performance.

This newest product from Fox is backed by a decade of leadership in microwave technology. Over one-million Fox radar detectors have been put into service since 1975.

In the unlikely event your unit needs service or adjustment, a one-year limited warranty on all parts and service is packaged with MicroFox.

Best of all, a new MicroFox is as near as your phone.

A call is your first step towards greater driving pleasure and peace-of-mind. To order a MicroFox for \$299.95 or for the name of your nearest authorized Fox dealer, call us now, toll free.

Call 1-800-543-8000
Please ask for Department B-668

 **FOX MARKETING**

Fox radar detectors employ dual conversion superheterodyne circuitry using gallium arsenide (GaAs) diodes. Selected models incorporate a varactor tuned microwave cavity (VTC).

had turned me on and I needed to wash up. He said, "Let me taste you and see how much it turned you on." He knelt down in the shower and began to lick and suck my come-filled pussy. I had two big orgasms from his sucking. It really turned me on knowing my husband was sucking a well-fucked pussy and enjoying it. When I came to bed he told me how much he enjoyed it and that I should model more often, as it really made my juices run more than ever and taste so sweet!

I have now been getting fucked by my instructor's beautiful cock each time I go to the health club. He has got my pussy where it will take all of him. In fact his favorite position is to take me doggy-style, and I love it.

I told my instructor how my husband enjoys sucking me out when I get home. He says he will make sure I get the cock I need and keep my husband happy with his sweet come. He thinks I should tell my husband what we're doing. He says then we wouldn't have to sneak around and he could come to my home. My husband might get more satisfaction from knowing who was fucking me, or even watching us. Most husbands enjoy watching their wives get fucked by other men. I sure do enjoy Ed's cock. I have measured it, and it is 11 inches long and as big around as my wrists.

Do you think I should tell my husband,

Xavier? Do you think he knows? I would not mind him knowing. In fact, I would enjoy it. I also want to know if you think I will get stretched out because of the size of my lover. Will I be unable to enjoy a regular-size dick after this? Thank you for your reply.—P. L.

Among the married men I have known in my life, I cannot think of one who would be delighted to hear that his wife was being serviced by the ultimate stud. It is not true that most husbands enjoy witnessing their wives being fucked by someone else.

I have published several letters in this column from men who enjoy watching their women screwing another guy. Some are voyeurs who hide in wardrobes, or behind a curtain, and masturbate. Others are active participants who enjoy sucking their wife's sperm-filled pussy, or thrusting their own penis into a vagina in which a stranger has just shot his load. In all cases, the husband gets sexual satisfaction, however vicarious, and he is turned on (i.e., he gets an erection) by the idea.

But your husband has, in a manner of speaking, been castrated by his physician. I am afraid that even if he is unselfish enough to encourage you to get sexual satisfaction elsewhere, it will only emphasize the misery and frustration of his own impotence.

You don't give me enough information. When your ex—sex-hound husband gives you an oral orgasm, can he come himself? Although it is unusual for a man to ejaculate without an erection, it is not impossible. What is the nature of his illness? Is it a permanent condition? Nine months is a long time to go on taking a medication that has unpleasant side effects, but worthwhile if it is going to cure him. Has he told his doctor about his impotence? Maybe it would be possible to prescribe another medication that would not have such drastic effects.

You could explore your husband's feelings by turning reality into fantasy. Buy a dildo or penis-shaped vibrator, and get him to use it on you and in you while he sucks you. Tell him to imagine that it is another man's cock and see if the idea appeals to him. If so, you can go a step further and ask him if he would enjoy having another man fuck you. But, in any case, I think it would be unwise to tell him that you have done so already. I appreciate that you do not like having to deceive him, but I suspect that this is a case where a little white lie is the kindest solution. The thousand-dollar question is not whether you would mind him knowing, but whether your husband would mind, as he is the one who is ill and suffering in many ways because of it. I would say it is important to consider his feelings before everything else.

In answer to your other question, the female vagina will stretch far enough for a baby to pass through it, and will resume its normal size afterward. As the smallest baby is usually bigger than the largest cock, you don't have to worry about stretching your pussy. The danger is that if you get used to your lover's magnificent cock, you may find a smaller penis pretty unexciting by comparison.

HOT-TO-TROT COP

I am a 40-year-old policeman, and I go to school four nights a week. I do not fool around on duty, for many reasons. But the main reason is that I still believe that cops are supposed to serve and protect, and you are unable to do that if you are in a compromising situation.

Here is my problem. I am married to a wonderful woman who happens to be Oriental, and I would not want to hurt her for the world. She is everything that is good, in my eyes. However, I would like to have a fling with a Caucasian lady. I have only been with three white women in my life, and I feel that life is passing me by. I feel like I'm a prisoner of war in the sexual revolution. I am shy and really do not know how to approach any likely candidates, and would not know who to look for. I know if I got to first base, I could score.

I have fantasies about getting an American woman in bed, going down on her, and sucking her until she was drained, then making love to her until we were both exhausted. I have advised



Put this in your Casio and play it.



The SK-1 Digital Sampler.

You're looking at the keyboard that will unlock a new era in creativity—a polyphonic digital sampling machine that costs hundreds less than anything comparable. As you might expect, it's a product of Casio technology.

Whatever your ears can hear, Casio's new SK-1 can reproduce. Simply by directing its built-in microphone at the sound you want to capture, you can record a sample of it. Then play it back, loop it or change

it using any of 13 different sound envelopes.

Besides the sounds you put into it, the SK-1 abounds in presets—piano, brass ensemble, trumpet, synth drum, human voice—all astonishing in their clarity and fidelity because they're PCM samples taken straight from the instruments.

And there's more to its repertoire. Including auto rhythms, one-finger chords and built-in vibrato and portamento effects. Plus a memory that lets you store melodies and

chords up to 400 steps, using sampled tones, presets and synthesized harmonics. There are also external mike and line level inputs for improved sampling fidelity.

You get out of music what you put into it. With Casio's new SK-1, the only limit to what you can put into it is your own imagination. And that's straight from the horse's mouth.

CASIO[®]
Where miracles never cease

Milds Box, 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

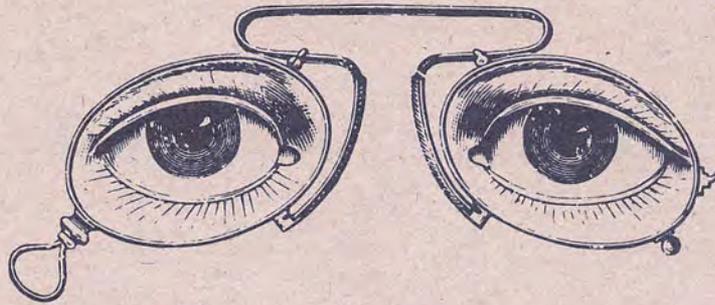
© 1986 B&W T Co.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



COME UP TO

NEW MILDS BOX



VIEW FROM THE TOP

BEACH HORRORS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Isn't it weird the way all the pleasures we once looked forward to in life have become fraught with danger? Like traveling to Europe. I wouldn't be caught shopping on the Champs-Élysées now, or discoing in West Berlin, for all the plastic shoes in China. Or how about retiring and living to a ripe old age? Boy, the idea of getting old and rickety in this society is about as inviting as moving to Libya. Or dating? Who'd want to heavy-pet with someone now without consulting their medical records for the previous five-year period?

Or take the beach. Going to the beach these days is about as relaxing as doing maneuvers in the Gulf of Sidra. Everything I used to love about the beach is now either life-threatening or deeply and dangerously humiliating. From the moment you set out for the beach, you're taking your life in your tote bag.

My favorite way of driving to the beach is in an old '62 Buick convertible. Nothing could be more fun than gunning that old V-8 engine and feeling the salt spray on your face as you speed toward the ocean. But, of course, a '62 Buick has no seat belts, and these days, the chances of getting broadsided by a teenage pickup driver on PCP are as good as not having enough insurance to cover the stay in intensive care. So that's out. I go by tank now.

What about the sun? I used to love baking in the sun. Getting a tan was my greatest joy. I could lie all day with those ultraviolet rays beating down on my body, calming my frazzled nerves, cooking me like a piece of pottery. Remember when we used to think we could get our quota of vitamin C from lying in the sun? Were we jerks or what? Did I know when I got sun poisoning in Florida when I was 13 that I had already signed my death warrant? How about wrinkles? Do you think I would have spent five minutes in the sun if I'd known it would make the corners of my eyes into a Grauman's Chinese Theatre sidewalk for crows? What about lizards? They spend their lives basking in the sun and don't get skin cancer. Why human

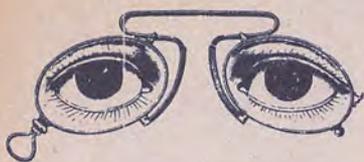
beings? When did the sun become the Muammar Qaddafi of nature? It's time God was bombed.

I've always adored the ocean. It used to be so lovely to paddle out through the cool water and then ride the waves back to shore. I used to love the salty taste of seawater on my lips, until, of course, I discovered it had enough dioxin in it to deform the state of Ohio. Oceans polluted? Can you believe that? Have you seen the two-headed lobsters at your local fish store? Last time I was by the sea I had jellyfish begging me for asylum. The only way I'd go in the ocean now is in a diving bell. Does Jacques Cousteau ever go in the water? Damn right he doesn't. I rest my case.

But okay, let's say you stay out of the ocean, you sit under a lead umbrella, and you cover yourself with sunscreen No. 15. What about the simpler pleasures, like drinking a cold diet soda or showing off your new bathing suit? Surely, you say, I'm on safe ground there. Sure, and Clint Eastwood isn't the handsomest man ever to be elected mayor on earth. What, are you crazy? Don't you know that diet soda contains NutraSweet, and that NutraSweet causes brain damage in lab animals? You think that's bad, you should see a lab animal that's spent a day at the beach. That's an even sadder story.

And what about showing off that new bathing suit? Are you aware of how many Americans have stopped drugging and gotten into exercise? Once I looked pretty good next to most. But this winter, while I was lolling around the house planning to do leg lifts, most were doing yoga with Raquel Welch. And as for you male wimps, you're in big trouble. Millions of guys spent the winter on Nautilus machines. Do you know how many of them are out there just waiting to kick sand in your face? Don't ask me, ask Jack La Lanne's accountant. I wouldn't go near the beach again if you promised me Imelda Marcos's shoe collection and threw in the contents of her cosmetics closet for a bonus. No way.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

WORDS

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

When Ginny Foat, the former president of the California chapter of the National Organization for Women, was indicted in Louisiana for helping her former husband rob and murder a businessman, was "feminism"—as a movement—placed on trial? Or was Foat only a chameleon-like hustler who may or may not have actually wielded the weapon, but who certainly bore substantial moral responsibility for complicity in a series of brutal crimes?

Ellen Hawkes explores these and related questions in her brilliant account, *Feminism on Trial: The Ginny Foat Case and the Future of the Women's Movement* (Morrow).

Ginny Foat was acquitted because the prosecution relied almost exclusively on the testimony of Foat's former husband, John Sidote—an admitted killer, robber, wife-beater, and liar. His belated recollection that Foat inflicted the fatal tire-iron wound on a man whom he said they were "rolling" may or may not have been true, but it was recounted by an untruthful person. Though the story of the trial is interesting, Hawkes's account of the out-of-court machinations of the various feminist factions who tried to manipulate this case for political purposes is what makes this book truly remarkable.

When Foat was arrested in early 1983, many feminists suspected a sexist plot by Louisiana misogynists to discredit an important feminist leader. But it was soon learned that police had been

tipped off by a rival in whom Foat had confided. As the trial got under way, feminist organizations—especially NOW—became badly split over whether to lend their credibility to the Foat defense or to distance themselves from the whole affair. The decision was ultimately made by Foat's defense team, which did not want to burden itself with the baggage of feminism in a Louisiana



Foat: unlikely role model.

courtroom. It was decided to concentrate on discrediting Sidote and present Foat as the victim of a wife-beating, schizophrenic husband. Yet, when Foat was acquitted, most feminists claimed she had won a victory for feminism by persuading the jury that she was a victim of sexist abuse.

Ellen Hawkes has her doubts as to whether the Foat defense was really a victory for feminism. She analogizes Ginny Foat's brand of feminism to the extremist views of Andrea Dworkin, "the antipornography crusader." Underlying both positions is the assumption that "women are as delicate and easily manipulated and

bruised as fragile blossoms," and that what counts most is "how men viewed women, not how women viewed themselves." Hawkes argues that both Foat and Dworkin want to regress to "the ideology of man the oppressor, woman the infantilized victim, and . . . a form of 'protectionist law,' long used to proscribe women's freedom."

Ellen Hawkes sees women as "more and better than that." Feminism will triumph, she insists, only when the movement "relinquishes the propensity to cast women in the mold of inept, passionless, joyless, passive hostages to fate."

Perhaps Karen DeCrow, a former NOW president who insists that feminist principles are not incompatible with civil liberties, put it best when she observed: "To say Foat's verdict had to do with a victory for feminism is like saying that a black man's acquittal for a jewelry-store burglary is a victory against race discrimination. In both cases, it simply has to do with a lack of evidence to convict. I didn't feel this was a victory for women or for feminism or for NOW. And even if she'd been convicted, I wouldn't have felt it was a repudiation of feminism."

Ginny Foat should not be a role model for anyone. At best, she is a woman who deliberately closed her eyes and ears to the details of her husband's transparently nefarious activities. Ellen Hawkes has done a great service both to justice and to feminism by her honest, in-depth account of one woman's tragic life and a movement's confusing attempt to appropriate it for its cause.

SCENES

BY JIM ROBBINS

While hiking up Clause Creek, a small stream that flows out of the mountains near Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Howie Wolke methodically yanked orange-tipped survey stakes out of the ground. The stakes marked a planned road that Chevron intended to use for oil exploration in the Bridger-Teton National Forest.

But Wolke, 34, was not alone. A Chevron employee spotted him, made a citizen's arrest, and Wolke was found guilty on misdemeanor charges of "removing a landmark." He received the maximum sentence—six months in the county slammer and a \$750 fine. He also had to pay \$2,554 in restitution to Chevron.

Wolke was not surprised. As a founder of Earth First!—a rambunctious group which advocates sabotage to thwart the development of remaining western wildlands—Wolke, from his cell, says that six months in jail will be a good investment: "They're attempting to discourage monkey-wrenching by setting me up as an example. But creating a martyr will only encourage more people to monkey-wrench." Wolke estimates that between 50 and 60 Earth First! members have been arrested for civil disobedience.

The founders of Earth First! (always with an exclamation point) were inspired by Edward Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, a 1976 novel about a small band of fervent eco-guerrillas who traveled around the western desert,



Eco-guerrillas pound nails into trees to thwart loggers.

burning down billboards, dynamiting bridges, and eventually blowing up the Glen Canyon Dam. The book, like *Earth First!*, is rife with wit. "What's more American," says the book's protagonist, George Hayduke, "than violence?"

"Ecotage," according to the group, is the last-resort solution against the ravaging of the earth. They pound nails into trees to thwart loggers (undetected nails can destroy chain saws), they lie down in front of bulldozers, and they've occupied the office of a U.S. senator. In their handbook on ecotage, they suggest burning down trees to save them from the bite of the logger's chain saw. The forests, they reason, "will recover much better than they will from clear-cutting."

Earth First! also specializes in something called "guerrilla theater." In 1981, for example, they taped together 300 feet of black plastic, carried it to the top of the Glen Canyon Dam, and unfurled it like a symbolic crack down the concrete face, to the surprise of tourists.

One of the group's favorite

sports is hurling insults at what they call "wimpy" environmental organizations, like the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society. "Environmentalists have got to stop begging King George for protection of our wildlands," says Wolke, who is also a bouncer at a Jackson Hole cowboy bar and a wilderness outfitter. "They have to demand protection and not accept anything less. It's time for environmental groups to stop cowering."

The founders speak from experience: Wolke worked for Friends of the Earth and cofounder Dave Foreman was chief lobbyist for the Wilderness Society. The U.S. Forest Service made rules for the development or preservation of wilderness, Wolke says, that industry and the federal agency ignored. "We got tired of being punched without striking back," he says. The two formed *Earth First!* to retaliate.

Mainstream environmentalists, meanwhile, bristle at the suggestion that they have lost their effectiveness. "Those comments are based on a complete ignorance of the system," says Gene Coan,

assistant conservation director of the Sierra Club in San Francisco. "It's untrue. We put more wilderness into the system last year than any year in history."

While *Earth First!* has no formal membership, they claim that 10,000 people subscribe to their eight-times-a-year newsletter—a rowdy, freewheeling collection of articles and essays. Their letters-to-the-editor column, for example, is illustrated with a drawing of a construction worker who is writing a letter with the salutation: "Dear Shit-fer-Brains."

Wolke has been using his time behind bars to write a book about the American wilderness and the failure of the environmental movement. When he is released next month, Wolke plans to pick up where he left off. "People don't have to just say 'no' to the destruction of our wilderness," Wolke says, "but 'hell no.'"

T.V.

BY TOM McDOWELL

It's 1:30 on a Thursday afternoon in Room 1410W at the NBC offices at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in New York, and Steve O'Donnell has a problem. It's four hours to show time, and O'Donnell, the 31-year-old head writer for "Late Night With David Letterman," has just learned that two "bits" planned for that day's taping have to be rewritten or dropped.

The first bit, a reaction to a viewer's letter informing Dave that "it's impolite to smoke a cigar bigger than your Johnson," violates the network's standards for profanity.

The second, a skit in which talking meteorites on loan from the Museum of Natural History take a minute to thank their hosts and rattle off their compliments to the Berkshire Place Hotel (complete with toll-free number), upsets the show's lawyers: Other advertisers are likely to resent the plug.

O'Donnell, Letterman, and "Late Night's" ten other writers are brainstorming in the windowless central meeting room, which is strewn with boxes of viewer mail, joke books, toys, and magazines. Index cards of future bits and guests are pinned to a calendar chart on the wall. William Buckley is there, as is Bruce Dern and a skit entitled "Look Back in Anger." O'Donnell, a Harvard graduate and former furniture mover from Cleveland, is chain-smoking. Ideas are thrown about. None of them work. In the end, the cigar reference is cut and the talking meteorites neglect



Dave toes NBC virtue.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

to mention the Berkshire Place. The show proceeds smoothly, with an occasional non-sequitur reference by Dave to "the Johnsons." "The whole point of the cigar skit was the word *Johnson*," says O'Donnell. "The rural flavor of that name was the joke. When they cut that, we said to hell with it."

For Letterman's writers, 1410W is a second home: They're there by 9 A.M., rarely leave before 9 P.M., and often work weekends. For their efforts, they are paid guild minimum—about \$1,500 a week. As head writer, O'Donnell earns nearly twice that amount.

Scripts are generally prepared a few days before the tapings, then sent to the NBC lawyers, who, O'Donnell says, "take them apart according to how bored they feel or how determined they are to justify their job." For every rehearsal and taping, a representative of the network's Broadcast Standards and Practices sits in the control room with director Hal Gurnee, waiting to pounce.

Would O'Donnell like to see NBC ease up a little—say, akin to the uncensored cable stations? "Since network TV is a free public commodity and can be switched on by the youngest of children, there ought to be standards. What I'd like is a more realistic and consistent view of the world and the TV public on the part of the networks. Most of the limitations are self-conceptualized and self-imposed. A lot of it is based on temporary pressures and circumstances, and very little of the material is actually against the FCC

creed, i.e., against the law." He adds, "If you'd like one general rule of censorship, it's that there isn't one."

SEX NEWS

The longer the courtship, the happier the marriage. So says a Kansas State University research team that interviewed 51 wives and published its findings in *Psychology Today*. The women were ranked according to how long they dated their spouses before tying the knot. The longer courtships yielded up more durable marriages, with the more impulsive, spur-of-the-moment matches resulting in the unhappiest marriages. These women, who had known their husbands only a short time before they were married, said their marriages were "unsatisfactory" and that their partners "got on their nerves," according to the researchers. . . . To flush or not to flush—that is the question. Enraged by being left out of her late husband's will, Christina Torres of Dobbs Ferry, New York, threatened to flush his ashes down the toilet. The sister of the deceased, once informed of the plan, got a restraining order preventing the funeral home from releasing the ashes to the vengeful widow. She also filed a \$2.5-million suit against the widow, claiming she had cremated her husband against his wishes. All's well that, well, ends—the ashes wound up being sent to Torres's native Colombia to be buried, as per his last wishes. . . . If only the research money were there, new birth control innovations

could be ready within five years, according to a study sponsored by the Alan Guttmacher Institute. Contraceptives on the verge of becoming a reality include an implantable hormone that would protect against pregnancy for up to five years, injectable hormones, and a special clip that might make female sterilization reversible. "But noooo," as John Belushi would say. Research money from the federal government and private sources for these projects has virtually

country than there are men. On top of that, men are marrying later and more of them are staying single. All this has led to "sex-ratio nervousness" in women, who are fearful they will be left in the lurch when it comes to marriage and companionship. One step that could ease the crunch would be for eligible women to broaden their idea of eligible men, to consider marrying younger men or those of lower economic status. For men, it's time to shop around. . . . No



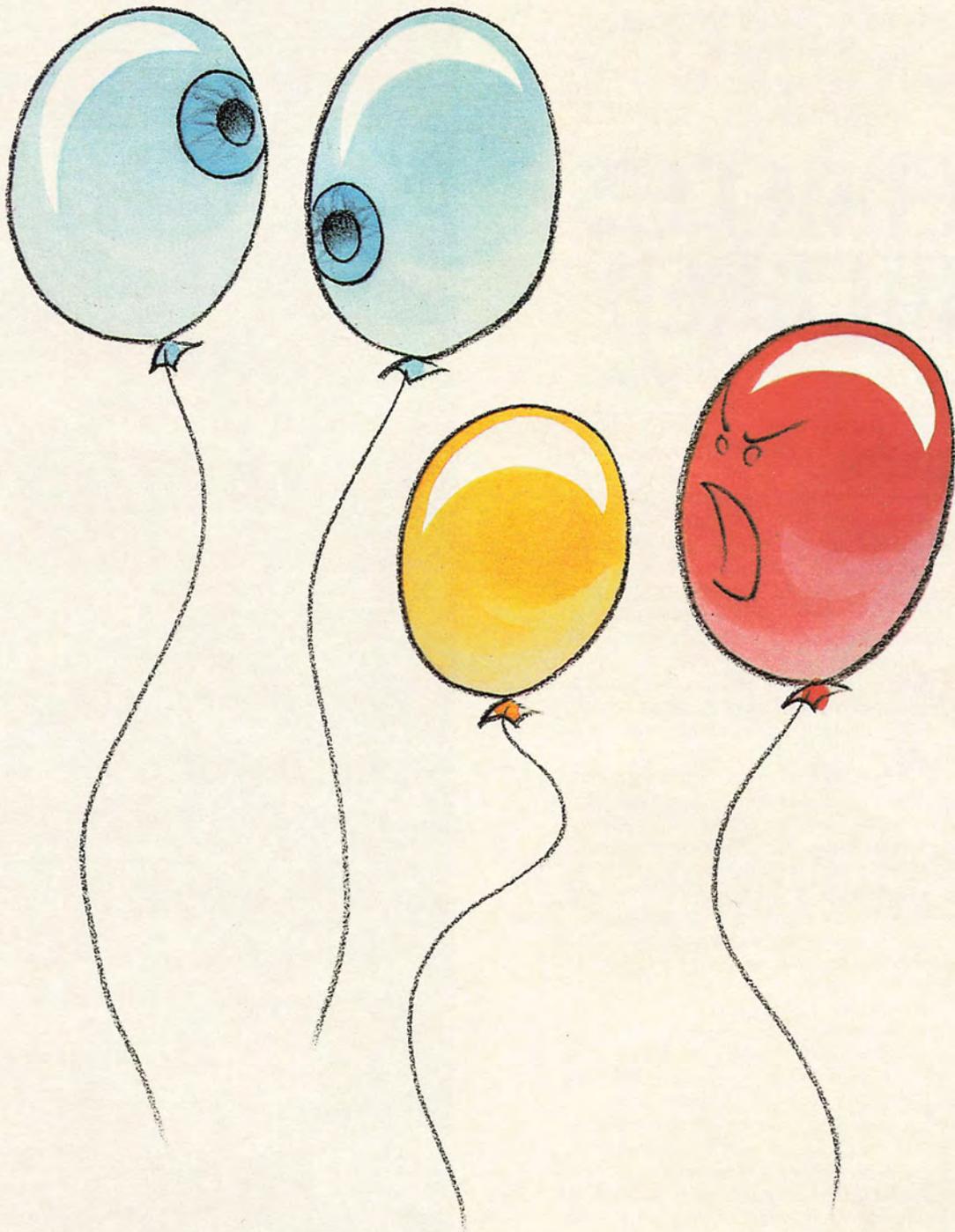
With funding, these pills could soon be obsolete.

dried up, even though more than half the pregnancies in the United States are unplanned. Also in research stages, although further from reality, are an antipregnancy vaccine and a once-a-month pill, but these won't be produced either unless research budgets are fattened. . . . Men are in the catbird seat as far as choice of mates goes, and knowledge of this fact makes women nervous. According to a report presented to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sexuality by Carol Cassell, Ph.D., there are 7.3 million more marriageable women in this

more "Skirt and Gown" discount nights at the Woodside Delicatessen near Annapolis, Maryland. The deli's practice of giving discounts to anyone in a skirt did, as might be expected, attract a few transvestites, but it also attracted a lawsuit. Richard Peppin became angry when he took a female friend to the deli and was told that while he had to pay full price for his dinner, the lady would receive a discount on hers. Peppin sued, and after a lower court upheld the discount, the Maryland Court of Special Appeals ruled it discriminatory. ☐

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Never hire private eyes from the yellow pages."

They could still see him,
their tormentor—and their savior.

He sent thousands to
the crematoriums, but decreed
that they should
live. He was, and is, the
Angel of Death.

MENGELE'S CHILDREN

BY LUCETTE MATALON LAGNADO

Josef Mengele's passion for selecting victims for the gas chambers at Auschwitz earned him the title of "Angel of Death." With a flick of the wrist, he decreed which new arrivals would be killed and which would be saved. He consigned thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, to die in the crematoriums.

The few exceptions were the youngsters Mengele handpicked for use in his medical experiments. He sought out children with abnormalities, such as twins, on whom he could test his genetic theories. Once pulled from the lines, these children were sent to a special compound, where they were subjected to the most barbaric experiments ever done by man.

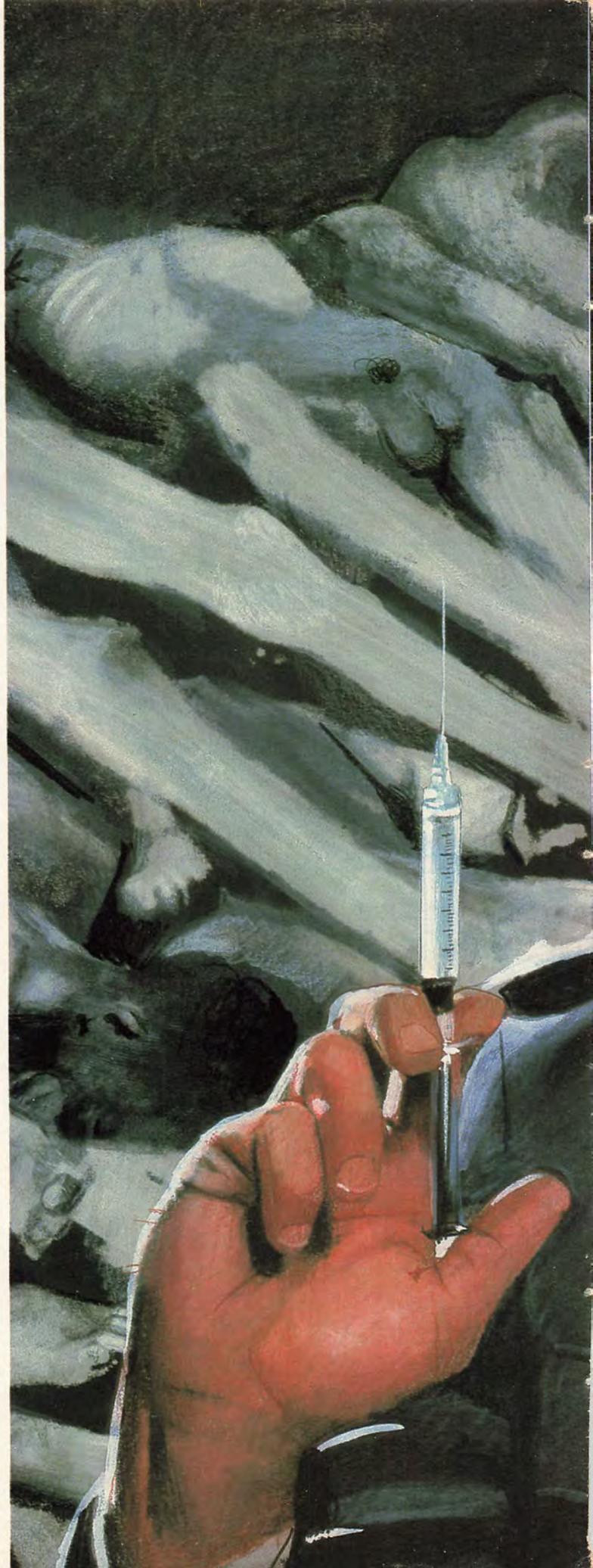
In the secrecy of his Auschwitz laboratory, Mengele poked and probed the twins. Convinced that twins held the key to mass-producing a master race of blond, blue-eyed Aryans who would rule the world, Mengele saved the children from the gas chambers, only to subject them to his terrifying experiments. These ranged from daily blood tests and X rays to injections of noxious chemicals to operations of unparalleled horror: castrations, attempts to change the color of the eyes and the hair, and even executions under the guise of surgery.

At times it seemed as if Mengele loved "his" children, believing, as he did, that they would help him make important scientific discoveries. He visited them often, chatted with them, played with them. He was said to be especially fond of the youngest ones.

Some of the twins also grew to like the monster Mengele, substituting him for the fathers they had lost, fathers killed by Mengele. During "recreation hours" mandated by Mengele, the twins played innocent games under a sky made brighter by the flames pouring out from the crematoriums.

Until last year, when his remains were discovered in a grave in Brazil, Mengele was the world's most-

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD







wanted Nazi war criminal. Rewards of up to \$4 million were posted for his capture. Even now that he is believed to be dead, he remains a subject of fascination: a Nazi who belies Hannah Arendt's famous characterization of the "banality" of evil.

Josef Mengele was far from banal. The pampered child of a wealthy Bavarian family, "Beppo," as he was affectionately known, was charming and carefree. He was one of the most popular young men in the small Danube town of Gunzburg, where he grew up. None of his friends ever saw a hint of the murderer, or even of the sadist.

At the age of 19, Mengele went off to the University of Munich, where he excelled as a student. Diligent, methodical, and ambitious, he earned a doctorate in anthropology as well as a medical degree. He received highest honors and went on to get another Ph.D. at the University of Frankfurt.

It was in Frankfurt that Mengele came into contact with Germany's leading scientists, many of whom were passionately interested in the field of "racial biology." The Gunzburg heir was instantly captivated by Nazi theories on racial superiority. As a genetic scientist, he longed to develop ways to improve the species by eliminating "inferior" stock. And what better way to test out theories on heredity than by experimenting on the perfect genetic specimen: identical twins.

Auschwitz, with its unlimited number of human guinea pigs, offered Mengele the opportunity to test the Nazis' racial theories. Assigned there in the spring of 1944, Mengele stood out from the thug-gish, uneducated SS officers who presided over the camp. Mengele was cultured and refined, elegant and polite. Inmates heard him whistling tunes from his favorite operas as he selected victims for the gas chambers.

Mengele was also a hard worker, and could be seen day and night making his selections. He made a good impression on the Nazi hierarchy, pleasing his superiors not simply with his work, but with the "attitude" he brought to the job. Mengele was unfailingly courteous and pleasant, whether chatting with fellow Nazi officers or sentencing a mother and her babies to their death.

The polite smile and the friendly demeanor remain the most intriguing aspect of Mengele's personality. Though consummately evil, Mengele managed to deceive colleagues, superiors, and even his child-victims into thinking he wished them well.

Several of Mengele's original twin "guinea pigs" are alive today; theirs has been the untold story of the Holocaust. Most of them began their descent into Auschwitz by witnessing their entire families being led away to be killed. Month after month, they saw scenes of death

and destruction. Yet, somehow, they never lost their childlike faith in life.

Some of the twins were convinced that the handsome, gentle Dr. Mengele truly loved them—that at the bottom of his evil heart, beneath the layers of sadism and cruelty, there lay an untapped core of goodness, a soft spot reserved especially for his twins.

Mengele's children are now inching into middle and old age. Forty years after the war, they are still haunted by memories of the death camp. When no one is looking, they pull out old photographs and faded letters. They peer at the pictures of dead parents and siblings, or of themselves before the horror. Even with their spouses and babies, friends and neighbors, there are moments of despair: a flash of the doctor's face, with his enigmatic half-smile. These are the times they realize they may never escape the shadow of Mengele and his experiments. They can still see the Auschwitz inmates, thin and lifeless, awaiting shipment to the gas chambers. The specter of Mengele seems to follow them wherever they go.

For many of the twins, the years have failed to bring the longed-for relief and consolation at the losses they suffered. They are tormented by what they imagine their parents and siblings to have endured. And they feel a residual guilt at having been twins, and having spent the war with the privileged status of being a



From left: Magda Zalicovitz today, with her twin brother; Josef Mengele with neighbors' children in South America; two twins after the liberation of Auschwitz; Eva and Miriam Kor with other victims as they were freed from the Nazi death camp; Eva Kor today.

Mengele child.

In many ways the twins are still the frightened concentration camp inmates of yesteryear, anxiously awaiting the sound of Mengele's footsteps, dreading the arrival of the Red Cross trucks which will take them for the inevitable ride to the laboratory.

Magda Zalicovitz was a young woman of 29, married and with a son of her own, when she and her twin brother were directed to the twins' barracks. Mengele ordered Magda to leave her little boy behind, in the line of Jews marching to the gas chamber. After the war, Magda was reunited with her husband, and they had another child and moved to Israel. Their new son is intelligent and handsome and has become a pediatrician, and has received numerous awards for his research.

But Magda could never forget the blond, angelic little boy she had left behind. Again and again, she relived the fateful moment when Dr. Mengele stepped up to ask her the question that both saved and damned her: Was she a twin?

In the stillness of a Haifa night, Magda could still hear her son's sobs as she left him to march alone to his death. The boy's cries have carried over the busy, joyful years, like an echo that reverberates with greater and greater amplitude, over a deepening abyss.

For 40 years Mengele's twins have kept silent about their past, rarely discussing their ordeal, even with family and loved ones. Eva Moses Kor, who, along with her twin sister Miriam, was a Mengele guinea pig, was determined that her and her sister's story should be told. She also wanted an indictment of Mengele, who, she felt, had to be brought to book for his crimes.

In 1984, Eva contacted her sister in Israel and together they founded CANDLES (Children of Auschwitz, Nazis, Deadly Laboratory Experiments Survivors), an organization of Auschwitz twins. Eva organized a reunion of the twins at the site of their ordeal, the Auschwitz concentration camp, on January 25, 1985, the 40th anniversary of its liberation. Attracting worldwide attention and prompting renewed calls for Mengele's capture, the twins' story sparked a manhunt for Mengele of unprecedented dimensions. Ultimately, it led to the discovery of the grave in Brazil alleged to be Mengele's.

One by one, governments and private Nazi-hunters deferred to the experts, conceding the skeleton was that of Mengele. The world's largest manhunt was called off. Only the twins remained unconvinced, unmoved by the weight of the scientific evidence.

They could still see him, standing there, smiling his cynical half-smile. He had been their tormentor—and their savior. He had sent thousands of adults to the cre-

matoriums, but decreed that they should live. He was, and is, the Angel of Death, Dr. Josef Mengele.

Lucette Matalon Lagnado and Sheila Dekel are coauthors of Mengele's Children, a book to be released next year by Atheneum. Lagnado had spoken to many of the twins who survived Auschwitz during her research into the book. Penthouse asked her to interview two of the survivors for their memories and experiences of Mengele and the concentration camp. While 40 years have elapsed, the following interview demonstrates just how vivid their memories of those nightmare years in Auschwitz are.

Penthouse: How old were you when you were sent to Auschwitz?

Kor: I was nine. It is impossible to forget. We arrived in early spring of 1944. There were six people in our family—my mother, father, oldest sister who was 14, middle sister, and twin, Miriam.

Penthouse: How many survived?

Kor: Only Miriam and myself. The rest of the family perished immediately.

Zalicovitz: I was 29. We arrived at Auschwitz in a cattle car; it was two o'clock in the morning. Our family was together in a wagon, but then we were separated. My little boy and I were told to go on the left side, toward the crematoriums. People were yelling: "Zwillinge, Zwillinge



The train was noisy and crammed with people. I was lucky to have plucked a small seat when I got aboard. The trip took hours and seemed to be never-ending. I stared through a small window at the passing countryside—flat ice fields as far as the eye could see. The sky was that steel-gray color that saturates Europe in the middle of winter. People were fidgeting and getting restless. Finally, the locomotive pulled into its destination. My legs were cramped; my back ached. As I stumbled out into the glaring midday sun, there was Mengele in a long, black leather trench coat.

It was February 1986, not 1944. The ice fields belonged to southern Germany, not southern Poland. The Mengele was Rolf, the only child of Josef Mengele. He was meeting me, ready to give his only extensive and no-holds-barred interview.

It was a rare chance: an opportunity to talk to the son of the most-wanted war criminal from the Third Reich—the man dubbed the “Angel of Death.” Rolf Mengele represents the second generation of those who worked in the Final Solution, killing millions during World War II.

He is the lawyer who knew where his infamous father was hiding from justice, but the tie between father and son was too strong. He could not bring himself to turn in his father, even a father who was a virtual stranger and accused of some of the worst crimes of the war.

MENGELE'S SON: “I’M ASHAMED!”

BY GERALD POSNER

Now Rolf Mengele has become the only member of the powerful Mengele dynasty to break ranks and speak to the public. He has been ostracized by some Mengele family members who want to take their secrets to the grave. He provided background information to *Bunte* magazine in June 1985 regarding his father’s life on the run. He gave a short interview to British television for a documentary on his father’s life. But he had never before agreed to a wide-ranging interview with no advance notice of the subjects to be covered. He had agreed not to avoid any question, and he kept his word—from Bitburg, to the Holocaust, to his guilt for failing to report his father, to his own shame. Rolf Mengele presented a rare viewpoint of a man who was uniquely involved in one of the most fascinating stories of our time.

His father has become a symbol of the evil of the Holocaust. His story resembles a Greek tragedy: a charmed and gifted

life that led to the Third Reich’s largest extermination center and, inexorably, to his own destruction.

Josef Mengele was the eldest son of a powerful and wealthy Bavarian family. He excelled in school, earning two doctorates, one in medicine and one in anthropology. Consumed by ambition, during the 1930s he became a disciple of the leading Nazi proponents of the theories of Aryan superiority and Jewish inferiority. It was only a short step from these theories to mass extermination and the use of people as laboratory guinea pigs.

Josef Mengele shot up through the Nazi medical hierarchy. His devotion to his work and his unwavering belief that he was on the cutting edge of a new science—race genetics—earned him his crowning posting in May 1943. At the age of 32, Josef Mengele, captain in the SS, was transferred to a swampy marshland in southern Poland. The names Auschwitz and Mengele would be synonymous from that time on.

Mengele flourished during his 18 months in the concentration camp. Thousands of camp survivors vividly recall the strikingly handsome, baby-faced young SS officer, immaculately dressed, his boots gleaming, a polished baton in his hand. This Mengele was the one that greeted most of the incoming cattle cars packed with prisoners. It was Mengele who, while whistling an aria from one of



Antitiche Bekanntmachung

Wegen vieltausendfachen Mordes an Juden, Zigeunern, Slawen und anderen Deportierten in den Jahren 1943 bis 1945 sucht die Staatsanwaltschaft Frankfurt am Main den ehemaligen SS-Hauptsturmführer und Lagerarzt

JOSEF MENGELE

geboren am 16. März 1911 in Günzburg

Mengele nennt sich auch (Doktor) José Mengele und hat sich ferner als Helmut Greger angeblich geboren am 6. August 1911 in Tarnobrzeg, ausgegeben.

Lichtbilder zeigen Mengele 1938 (links und Mitte) und 1966 (rechts). Andere angegebene Fotos von Mengele, die teils in den Medien veröffentlicht wurden, sind nicht authentisch. Mengele ist 174 cm groß, hat grün-braune Augen und spricht Deutsch, Englisch. Sprechweise vermutlich auch Guarani. Er wird in Südamerika vermutet.

Hinweise: die zur Ergreifung und Auslieferung Mengesles führen, wird die ausgesagte Belohnung auf

1 000 000.- DM

(in Worten: eine Million Deutsche Mark)

Ohne deren Zuerkennung und Verteilung unter Ausschluß des Rechtsweges erfolgt die Zahlung ausschließlich für Privatpersonen bestimmt und nicht für Personen, zu denen Berufspflicht die Verfolgung strafbarer Handlungen gehört.

Angaben werden erteilt von der Staatsanwaltschaft bei dem Landgericht Frankfurt am Main (Telefon 069 136 71), dem Hessischen Landeskriminalamt in Wiesbaden (Telefon 062 21 8 311), anderen Kriminal- oder Polizeibehörden im Ausland an die Botschaften und Konsulate. Hinweis: keine Teilschwarzung.



Far left: Josef and Rolf Mengele in Brazil in 1977. This page: The "Angel of Death" in full uniform; a wanted poster of Mengele; and, below, one of the last photos taken before his death. Above: Scientist's superimposition of Mengele's face over his skull to verify his death.



his favorite operas like *Tosca*, coolly and without emotion played the role of God in deciding who should live and who should die.

Left to the gas chambers. Right to life. In this way, Mengele condemned 400,000 to their death. The few he spared recall a different Mengele than the great selector. This one was dubbed the "Angel of Death," because of the paradox of his soft touch combined with his bizarre array of medical experiments that left most of the patients dead or scarred for life.

It was in the laboratory that Mengele spent long hours trying to unlock the secrets of perfecting the Aryan features of blond hair and blue eyes. It was also where he worked with his special guinea pigs, twin children—this time attempting to unlock the secret of multiple births, in the hope that he could increase Germany's postwar birthrate.

His legacy from Auschwitz is a voluminous West German indictment that uses eyewitnesses' statements to list some of the most heinous charges of the war.

By the time Germany surrendered in early 1945, Josef Mengele was already on the run. By June he had run directly into the arms of American troops. Recently unearthed evidence establishes that Mengele was captured by the American Army, held for two months under his own name, and, incredibly, released—

even though his name was on a score of wanted lists throughout Europe. The confusion rampant at the close of the war played to Mengele's advantage. The Americans never realized their prisoner was Europe's most-wanted SS captain.

Following his release from U.S. custody, Mengele settled into a fugitive but comfortable life. Until 1949 he hid on a farm in southern Germany—right in the middle of the U.S. occupation zone. He even received regular visits from his wife and one of his brothers, but no one thought to follow the family. The American forces were so confused, they thought he was dead. While he lived in their midst, they did not even look for him.

In 1949, as the trials of his fellow SS doctors resulted in an ever-increasing number of death sentences, Mengele decided not to count on the good fortune of continued American inefficiency. Straight from the pages of an ODESSA novel, his family bought his escape through Austria and Italy to the last port of call, Buenos Aires.

For the next ten years, Josef Mengele lived a life of ease. Originally settling under an alias, by the mid-1950s he felt so comfortable in Juan and Eva Perón's "Fourth Reich" that he returned to his true name. In 1956 he flew to the Swiss Alps for a skiing vacation and, posing as "Uncle Fritz," met his 12-year-old son Rolf. Over the next few years Mengele be-

came brazen. He bought part of a large pharmaceutical company, took out a mortgage in his own name, and was even listed in the 1958 Buenos Aires phone book. The hunters would merely have had to ask directory assistance for his number—but no one was looking.

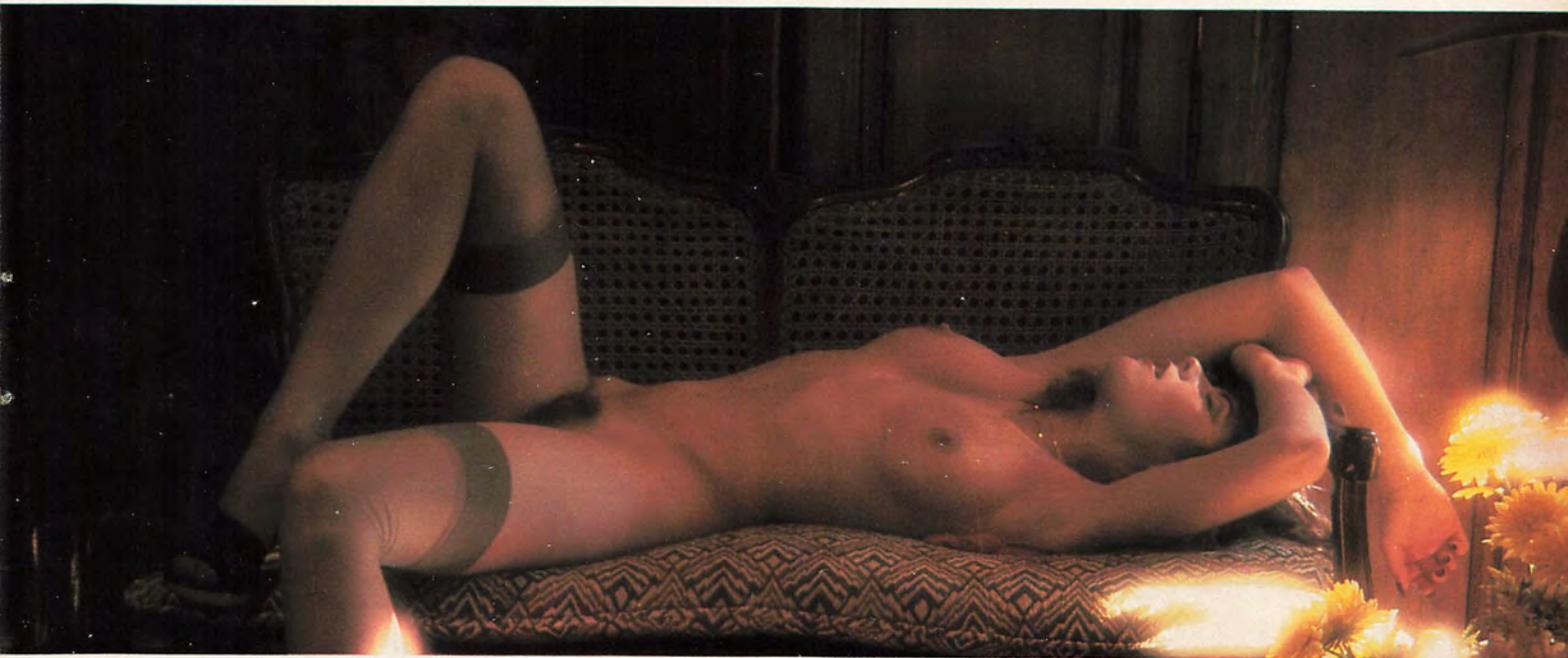
Finally, in 1959, the excruciatingly slow West German bureaucracy issued its first arrest warrant for him. Fourteen years after Auschwitz, someone had finally taken the time to charge him with a crime.

In 1960, all hell broke loose. Adolf Eichmann, the SS colonel who was responsible for administering the Final Solution, was kidnapped from Buenos Aires, at a location only five minutes away from Mengele's last house in the Argentine capital.

Mengele was on the run again. First to Paraguay, where the former chief of the Nazi party and a neo-Nazi army captain perjured themselves to make him a Paraguayan citizen named "José Mengele." But the Israelis were not far behind, and Mengele fled to Brazil. Although the Israelis came face-to-face with him in 1962, they had other priorities and canceled the hunt. Mengele was left to spend the rest of his days in freedom.

In Brazil, he went under deep cover. He settled on farms isolated in the Brazilian outback. Sympathetic families gave him shelter for the next 18 years while everyone looked for him in the wrong





ON THE SEA OF SAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

Out beyond the dunes, where the hot sands turn to a salty white, you can see her at odd times, a flash of something wild on the horizon. Her name is Linda, but they call her the Desert Fox.



Odyssey Sandbank courtesy of Conejo Honda, Thousand Oaks, Calif. Hair by Larry Cohen of Hair Etc., Westlake, Calif. Furniture courtesy of California Furniture Galleries.



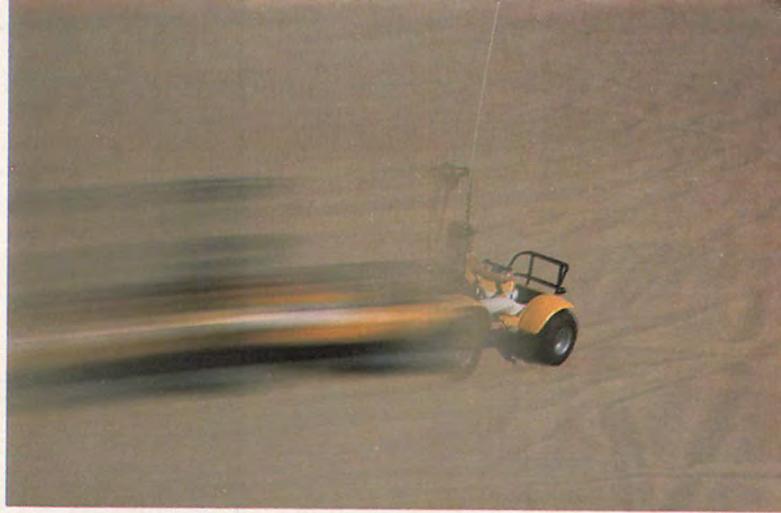
She loves it here,
where the sky is hers
... where no stranger
stirs. The sirocco is
her secret lover.



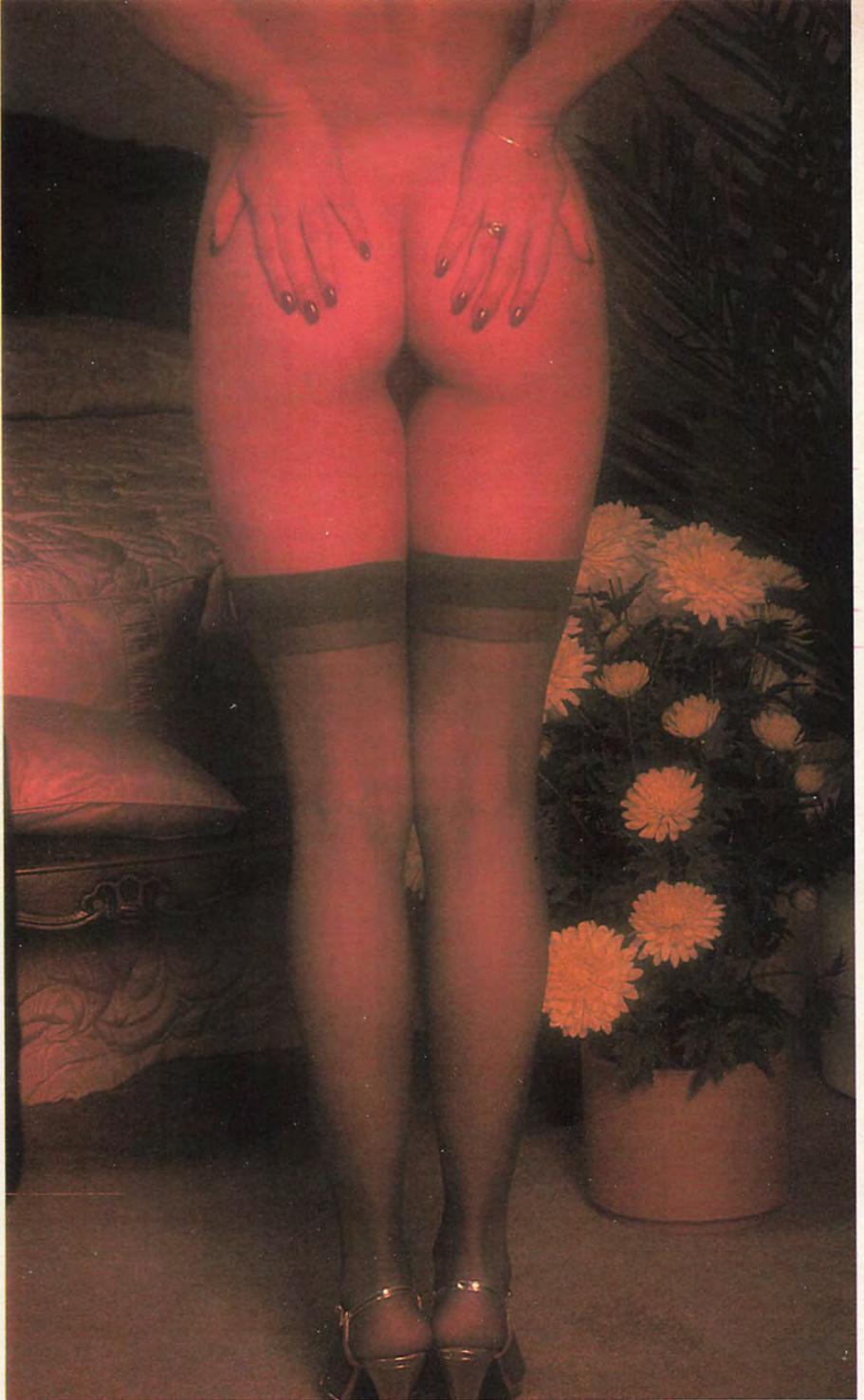




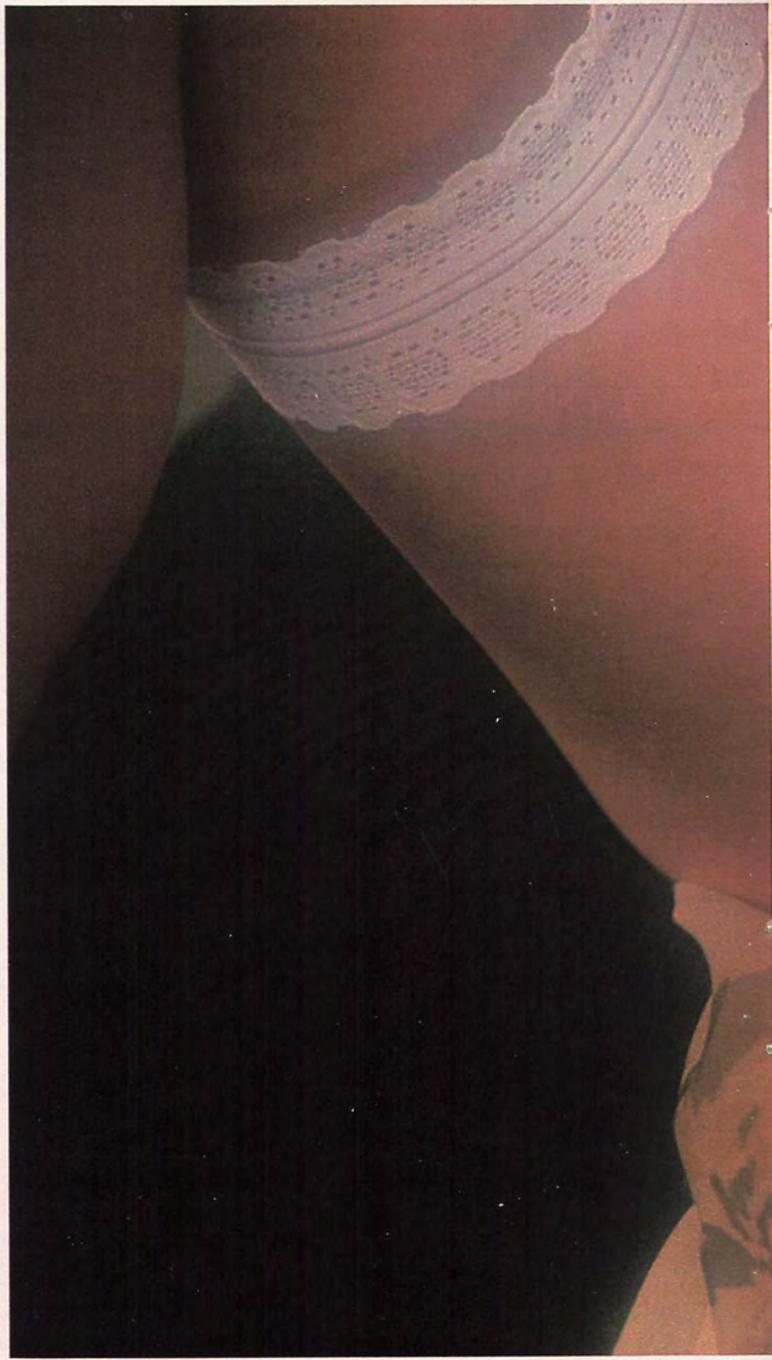
"Sometimes," she says, "it seems as if the whole world is mine to play with." The sun that streams through her open window, bathing her skin in liquid gold, seems to assent.



Toward twilight,
when the golden
light begins to fail,
the desert sky
becomes a burning
rose, and Linda's
body stirs to
receive it.









Between dark and dawn, as the tide
of stars ripples round her solitude, the desert birds
sing their songs; and she, in turn, sings hers.
Then again the magic sun returns, and with it that
flash of something wild on a shimmering
sea of sand. ◯ †

Gun-toting eight-year-olds clad in military fatigues may look like a scene from "Baby Rambos"—but they're for real and they're called the Young Marines.

MARINEY-BOPPERS



BY NICK TOSCHES

Here, deep in southwestern Utah, in the open piny country near Zion National Park, the birdsongs in the breeze are all that ruffle the dead summer quiet. Then, from the clearing beyond the trees, comes thunder: the sudden, sundering spitfire of a Breda 37mm heavy machine gun. Birdsong becomes war song. The gunner, helmeted and outfitted in military camouflage, is not quite as tall as the machine gun is long. He is a Young Marine, and this is his dream. Organized in January 1985, the Young Marines of Utah are now nearly 30 strong. Most of them live in the town of Cedar City, their ages ranging from a callow eight to an almost-ready-to-shave 16.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY O'BRIEN









Steve Jarvis, the commander of the group, is himself only in his mid-twenties. A corporal in the Marine Corps Reserve and a former scoutmaster, Jarvis told *Penthouse* that he started the Young Marines because he wanted to give the local kids "something to do besides hanging around." His troop—often accompanied on maneuvers by his wife, JoAnn, and their baby boy, Jason—is one of 48 such units now operating throughout America.

The group is chartered by the Marine Corps League veterans' program, and the parents of the Young Marines have been more than mildly enthusiastic. As one of them, Merrill Harrison, put it, "I'd much rather have my son down at the Young Marines than doing what a lot of other kids do—take drugs."

The U.S. Marine Corps proper and the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms have regarded the group far less favorably. Federal agents have even gone so far as to undertake an investigation of Corporal Jarvis and his puppy soldiers.

"But," Corporal Jarvis said, "we're sanctioned by Congress. We're just like the Boy Scouts, with a little more military attitude. We have ranks up to sergeant. We have weekend bivouacs and maneuvers. The troop is supported by donations from the parents, just like in the Scouts. If we need some extra money, we have car washes, things like that."

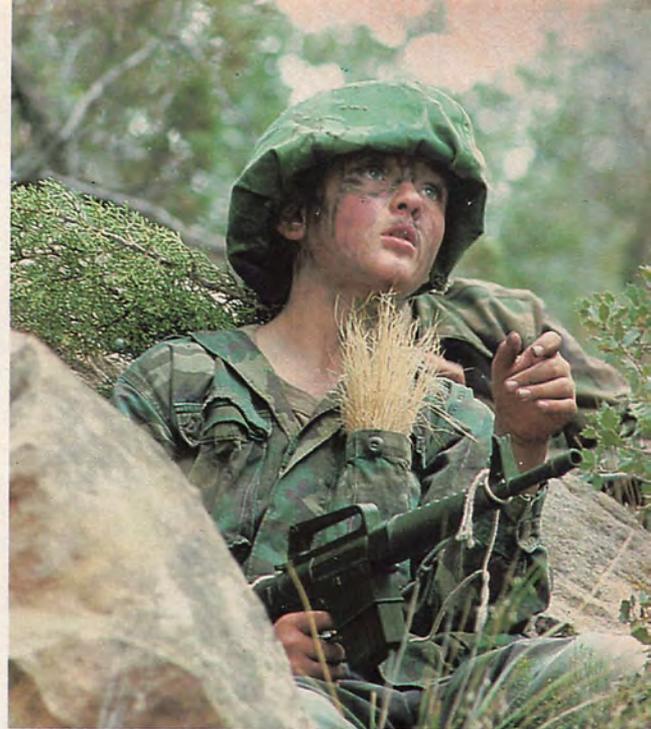
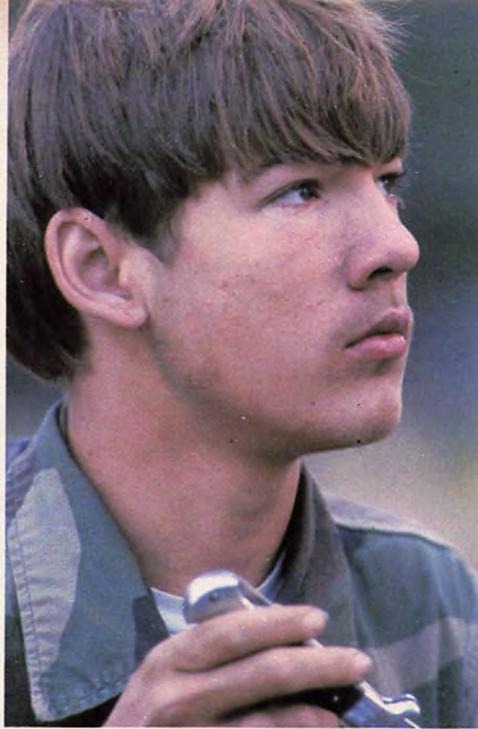
Among some irate and troublesome locals, there has been rumor-mongering of the Young Marines' regularly using live ammunition and even plastic explosives. During Young Marine war games, however, only toy weapons are employed (though many of the kids have been known to get together afterward to fire their own .22s). The big Breda, owned by a



licensed Cedar City weapons dealer, is hauled in only once in a while, as a treat.

"The kids seem happy," said Tony O'Brien, who took these pictures. "They were being taken out in the woods to play army, and they were getting off on it. 'Bang bang, you're dead.' Then again, some of them did not really seem to be too aware of the ramifications of pointing guns."

It seems certain that the Young Marines will find them-



selves embroiled in greater controversy in the future. The heat that Corporal Steve Jarvis has encountered may have only just begun. In response to the recent liberalization of gun laws, antigun forces have begun to work with renewed vigor. The Young Marines are bound to become a target. However one feels about the Young Marines, he must admit one thing: Colonel Qaddafi will never think of aiming his wrath toward Cedar City, Utah.—
Nick Tosches



"The kids seem happy . . . they're taken out in the woods to play army and they're getting off on it. 'Bang bang, you're dead.'"

[twins, twins]," when I saw a very nice-looking man coming toward me. It was Mengele. He was with two SS men and my brother, Tzvi.

Penthouse: What happened?

Zalicovitz: My brother had told Mengele he was a twin and that he had a sister. They were looking for me, but I was already on the way to the gas chambers. Pointing to me, Mengele asked me: "Are you the twin of this man?" I said yes. He noticed my child: "Who is this little boy?" he asked. "It is my son," I said. "Leave the boy with your mother," he ordered.

Penthouse: What happened to your son?
Zalicovitz: Later, I asked: "Where is my little boy?" There were people standing around and they said: "Do you see those crematoriums? Your son is up there. Your whole family is up there, and one of these days you will be up there." It was the same day I had arrived that I learned my whole family had been killed. My son was seven years old. I wanted to die. There was a barbed-wire fence where people used to commit suicide, but when I ran to it, people took me away.

Kor: When the cattle-car doors were opened, people poured out. I turned around and saw that my father and two sisters were gone. It must have been only a few minutes, and they were gone forever.

Penthouse: How were you separated from your mother?

Kor: The SS men were running around yelling, "Zwillinge, Zwillinge." My mother did not volunteer us. Miriam and I were dressed alike and looked very much alike. An SS man came and asked my mother: "Are they twins?" It happened so fast. He grabbed my sister and me. My mother was taken in the opposite direction. I remember it vividly. She looked back, crying and screaming, her arms stretched out, as she was pulled one way and we another. That was the last time I saw my mother.

Penthouse: Do you think often about that moment?

Kor: When I went back to Auschwitz last January, I went to see the platform. It was like going to a cemetery. When I see a movie where a child is separated from her mother, I cry like a baby.

Penthouse: When was your first meeting with Mengele, and what do you remember about him?

Kor: It was the following morning. As was the custom, we had to stand on roll call. Every morning, no matter the age of the children, no matter how cold it was. Roll call could last for 15 minutes to half a day. Everyone had to be accounted for. Once that was done, Mengele and his entourage would come.

Penthouse: He did not come alone?

Kor: Never. I never saw him alone. It was very much like a military entourage reviewing the troops—except he was re-

viewing his guinea pigs.

Penthouse: What did he look like?

Kor: He was very elegant—immaculate. After the war, I saw movies starring Tyrone Power. I do not want to be unfair to Tyrone Power, but he reminded me of Mengele. He was like a movie star. I think that many people are unperceptive and naive. Some girls looked at Mengele as a father figure. I heard older girls say of him: "Oh, he looks gorgeous." They had a crush on him. Maybe it was a way to survive. I think that if Mengele asked them to go to a movie they probably would have gone. Those were the 12, 13-year-olds, who were developing into young women. He was extremely good-looking, debonair. He could be a charmer.

Penthouse: Is it true some of the twins said that they liked Mengele?

Kor: I was not one of them; perhaps when he was with little children something human might have been there.

Penthouse: How did he treat you?

Kor: I was very defiant. I could never accept that they treated us like animals. Even in Auschwitz I was defiant. Obviously, he liked some of the twins more than others. Some of the twins were very pretty, and some were very young, and he paid more attention to them. I was skinny and defiant, so who wanted to bother with me?

Penthouse: Do you remember the experiments?

Kor: I remember most of them very well, but some of them I have blocked out. There were genetic and medical types of experiments. There were regular blood tests—two, three, or four times a week, not every day. There were other twins who had blood taken every day and even twice a day.

Zalicovitz: I also worked at the hospital as a nurse. There was a bloc of doctors—anthropologists, eye doctors, ear doctors. . . . They had a laboratory where they performed all types of tests while you were naked. They took X rays; they gave us injections; they drew blood; they examined our hair; they looked into our eyes, especially our eyes.

Kor: They would take blood from one arm, while simultaneously injecting us with chemicals in the other arm.

Penthouse: Were you always with your twin?

Kor: Always.

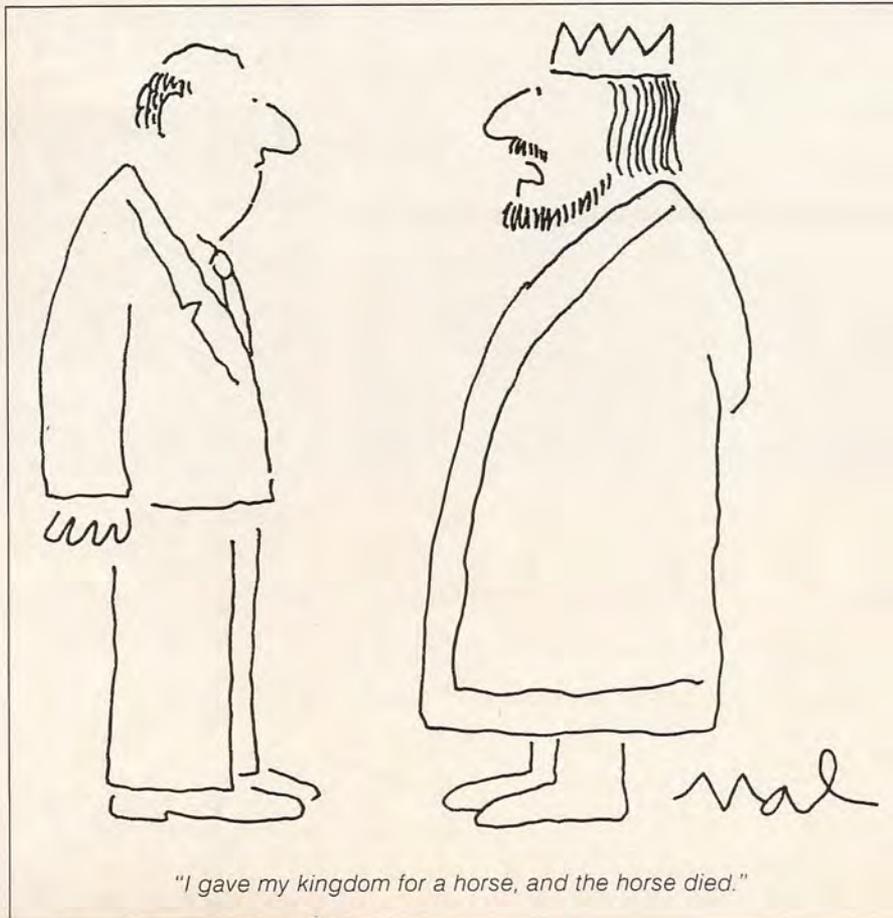
Penthouse: That must have been terrifying for a little girl of nine.

Kor: We all developed coping mechanisms. I knew I had to put up with it and get it over with.

Zalicovitz: There were rumors that children were being opened up.

Penthouse: Were those the rumors about experiments involving the sexual organs?

Zalicovitz: Doctors told us that they were losing a lot of soldiers in the war and they wanted to increase the German population, but such experiments were not done on me.



Penthouse: Can you tell me about the triplets who were in your barracks?

Kor: They were blond with curly hair. They were the only set of triplets, and they were the darlings of the SS. They were always being picked up and admired.

Penthouse: Were they subjected to experiments?

Kor: Certainly; not only that, two of them died. I remember when they died. You see, in addition to participating in the experiments, we had to take care of the younger twins. We dressed them. We tried to clean them; we made their beds. When Mengele went through the barracks, everything was picked up from the floor. Mengele could not stand dirt. He wouldn't put up with it.

Penthouse: Do you remember Mengele coming for his inspections?

Kor: [He came] every single morning, [wearing] an SS uniform, boots, very shiny boots, a hat, and carried a stick.

Zalicovitz: He lived outside the camp and would come on a horse. He was the only SS man to do that.

Kor: I was very, very scared.

Penthouse: Did you talk with the other twins? Were they scared of him, too?

Kor: I do not think we really communicated about much of anything. What we talked about was food—bread—and that someday we would be set free.

Zalicovitz: He was a murderer. Did you know he made the selections?

Penthouse: How did he make the selections?

Zalicovitz: Only with the finger! They would have a roll call: "Everybody outside!" With his finger, he would select who would live and who would die. Mengele was constantly making selections.

Kor: The boys' barracks was very close to the crematoriums. We would meet the boys at the laboratory and from them we learned what was going on in the gas chambers and crematoriums.

Penthouse: When were you aware that Mengele was selecting people to be gassed to death?

Kor: On the first night. We were told that all the children were being killed. I said: "That is ridiculous, we are children and we are alive." But they told us that our group was special—we were twins—and that Dr. Mengele came in every day to make experiments on us.

Penthouse: Did you sense that you had a special status as a twin?

Kor: We were very special. Nobody dared touch us except Mengele. [When] we walked through the camp, people would see us and cry, "Children, children," and try to talk to us. Most were poor women looking for their children, who thought maybe their sons or daughters had survived.

Penthouse: Did the twins have privileges that other inmates did not have?

Kor: Definitely! We were allowed to keep

our own clothes, maybe because Mengele wanted us to look as nice as possible when he was looking at us. One day my twin sister became ill and I knew that I had to steal some food for her, some potatoes. I did not know whether, if I was caught, I would be killed or not. I was caught, but all they did was yell at me. I heard the supervisor say: "She is from Mengele's barracks." It was a privileged status.

Zalicovitz: Yes, but they were experimented on all the same.

Penthouse: What else went on in Mengele's office?

Zalicovitz: Pregnant women would come into the office. He wanted to be present at the birth of their children. He wanted to be present at each and every one of these births. There were red-brick ovens in the middle of the barracks. The women had to give birth on these ovens; that was where Mengele delivered their babies. They were given nothing, no pillows, no blankets. He was a murderer. He was a murderer. People suffered very much. We were given nothing. There was a hospital, there were sick people, but they were given nothing to get better.

Penthouse: Why have a hospital at Auschwitz?

Zalicovitz: I do not know. Nobody ever got any treatment.

Kor: After morning roll call, bodies were picked and taken to the gas chambers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Here's to **more,** **more,** **more** **gin taste.**

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN

Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Distr. by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C.





A recent *Penthouse* survey shows that celibacy is becoming a preferred lifestyle for many Americans.

TURNING ON TO TURNING OFF

BY GARY HANAUER

Is *Sex Necessary?* pondered E. B. White in the title of a book he wrote with James Thurber in 1929. Two decades later, in an article in *The New Yorker*, White unwittingly answered his own question with the immortal quote: "His words leap across rivers and mountains, but his thoughts are still only six inches long."

The debate about whether sex is a basic requirement of human existence, like breathing or eating, has raged among philosophers and poets for hundreds of years. Some have contended that celibacy is an unnatural state of being.

Havelock Ellis, the early-twentieth-century philosopher, went so far as to denounce celibates for violating history. "The omnipresent process of sex, as it is woven into the whole texture of one man's or woman's body," he wrote, "is the pattern of all the processes of our life."

The virtues of celibacy have long been contingent on gender. Women in our society have been encouraged to withhold sexual favors until they marry, while heterosexual men who practice celibacy are often derided by their peers for being "sissies" or, worse yet, "faggots."

In fact, the way people react to celibacy has frequently seemed to revolve around fear more than anything else.

In many men's eyes, the male celibate must be a woman-hater. If he doesn't like women, the thought continues, then he probably prefers men. According to therapists, the celibate man can be

PAINTING BY MICHAEL PARKES

perceived as a threat by his friends in two ways. First, the celibate is seen as a challenge to their own masculinity. The paranoid fantasy goes something like this: "If he doesn't have sex with women, maybe deep down he wants to have sex with me."

Celibates also prompt sexually active friends to question their own lifestyles. If John abstains from sex and happily sticks to his decision, his friend Fred may review with doubt his own sexual mores. Whatever the case, feelings about celibacy are changing. Celibacy isn't just becoming more popular again—some of our readers say they know dozens of people who are celibate—but, in the wake of fears about herpes and AIDS, it is also taking on a new respectability.

The fact that so many men are trying or have tried celibacy was well proven by the impressive response to *Penthouse's* "Celibacy Questionnaire" (December 1985). Men and women from all 50 states—and from as far away as Spain, Italy, West Germany, Japan, and the Philippines—completed the questionnaire and, in some cases, added lengthy personal letters, complete with phone numbers and business cards.

Most respondents were between the ages of 25 and 32, but we also heard from teenagers and senior citizens. The men, who accounted for eight out of every ten responses, ranged in age from college freshmen to a 74-year-old retired

doctor; the women were between 18 and 55. The fact that eight out of ten responses came from men was surprising because, as studies show, women are more likely to answer questionnaires and have replied in large numbers to past *Penthouse* surveys. Also, celibacy has been thought to be primarily a women's issue.

Many of the men were genuinely gratified to see such a questionnaire. "Glad someone cares," wrote Mike, a 45-year-old mechanic from Dallas. "Your article made me do some serious thinking about myself," said Tom, a 24-year-old teacher from Atlanta.

Why do people choose celibacy in the first place? Is there a common driving force that makes them disavow sex? Among the more typical replies was this one from Michael, a 28-year-old communications technician from Oklahoma City: "I was letting my sex drive control my life, and I didn't like the person I had become. Then I got used by a gal I really cared for and that woke me up to how females felt when I used them. It served me right! Now, over the past two years, I've been waiting to meet a woman who cares about me the same way I care about her."

Paul, a 49-year-old craps dealer from Reno, Nevada, echoed his sentiments. He says he "slept with over 1,000 women" before turning celibate four and a half years ago. "My penis was leading me around the world, and seemed to be more

important than breathing or eating. It pressured me by saying, 'Find a hole for me or I'll ruin your life! Obey!'"

How does celibacy feel after so many years of being on the make? Paul reports, "I feel that I'm no longer ruled by sex and have matured appreciably. Instead of always trying to get laid, I feel freer than ever before and have got more time to do other things."

Marcie's problem wasn't too much sex—it was that it wasn't good enough. Now 27 and up for a doctorate at a Canadian university, the Tucson, Arizona, woman explained that she'd been celibate for four years because "I like sex a lot, but I refuse to settle for crummy sex." She described her previous sexual experience as "rampant. I've been fucked in cars, on a tennis court, in the woods, in every kind of bed or couch, on an old mattress in a vacant lot. I could get high on fucking."

"I am not really looking for commitment. In fact, I would really like to cut loose and have a few meaningless sexual encounters with guys and girls. But I don't ever meet guys I'd want to drop my pants for. So far I don't know what to do about it. I think I need to be seduced."

Although other women said they became celibate out of a need for self-renewal, most of them did so after enduring men like the precelibate Paul. Susan, a 40-year-old writer from St. Louis, stated she spent three years going without sex out of "self-respect. I didn't want to waste my time on men who lied about their intentions."

Another man, one of several dozen married celibates we heard from, said he was halfway into a two-year period of abstinence imposed on him by his wife. "But if I don't do everything she wants, she'll add time to my sentence," wrote George, 39, a Houston, Texas, businessman.

Perhaps the strangest role celibacy has played in respondents' lives was as an element in a year long contest between two women in Los Angeles: "I should be an actress," wrote 22-year-old Charlotte, "but I'm still just a waitress." Charlotte, and her friend and fellow waitress Mary, made a bet as to who could "do it with the most guys we met at the restaurant. So we wouldn't be directly competing for the same guys, we decided to alternate months.

"The 'off months' sure get my juices flowing, and I turn into a real tease. For example, at work our dress code is white shorts and T-shirts. I don't wear a bra. During off months, when a group of guys or especially a guy and a girl are at my table, I'll go in the back and hike up my shorts so they accentuate my lips and tweak my nips so they show through my shirt. I really enjoy trying to get the man to take his eyes off his girlfriend.

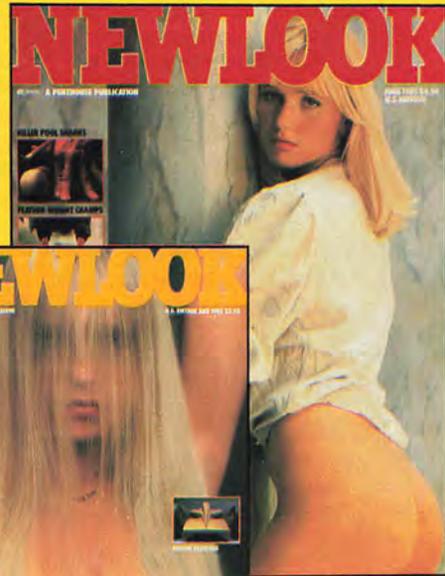
"One month, on my way to a nude beach, I passed a pair of swimsuited bathers. She had monster boobs and looked great in her bikini. He was a hunk!



"Okay, Mr. High Tech.
You've shown me some software. Now show me some hardware."

OUTRAGEOUS OFFER!

ENJOY A YEAR OF PENTHOUSE AND GET 4 ISSUES OF NEWLOOK!



16 ISSUES OF THE WORLD'S BEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT FOR JUST \$39!

That's right! Just return the order card below before August 30, 1986 and we'll send you 12 issues of PENTHOUSE Plus, as an added treat, we'll introduce you to NEWLOOK—our exciting new monthly photography magazine that shoots faces and places. Passion and fashion. It's a magazine filled with wonder. That uncovers the beautiful. Exposes the brazen. And presents the bizarre. It's the perfect new magazine for your adult reading habit. And we'll send you the next 4 issues of NEWLOOK with your PENTHOUSE subscription.

YOU PAY SO LITTLE—YOU GET SO MUCH

Imagine. 12 issues of PENTHOUSE—the world's wildest magazine—PLUS 4 issues of NEWLOOK—all for a mere \$39. But this outrageous offer won't last forever. Return the order card today!

Penthouse Magazine, P.O. Box 3021, Harlan, Ia. 51593-2082

YES! I want to take advantage of your outrageous offer. Please send me a year of PENTHOUSE (12 issues) for just \$39. I understand I will also receive 4 issues of NEWLOOK. Offer expires August 30, 1986.

- Check enclosed
 Money order enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Credit-card holders call toll-free: 1-800-228-2028 Ext. 55
Nebraska residents call: 1-800-642-8300 Ext. 55.

Canada and elsewhere add \$10.00 per subscription. 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. All payments in U.S. currency only. HXP22

I walked north, laid down my blanket, took off my suit, and slowly strolled toward them in ankle-deep water. He tried to be cool. When I passed by I said, 'Hi.' Then she looked up. I knew he was looking at me out of the corner of his eye. Knowing I wasn't after him sexually, it just gave me a sense of power over the girl with the big boobs—that he would look at me over her."

Charlotte and Mary's experiment will last a year. "When the clock strikes 12 on the last day, I *know* I'll be doing it," wrote Charlotte. She claims she doesn't worry about getting VD during her "on months."

We wondered how many people are turning off to sex to avoid contracting a sexually transmitted disease. In the first such national survey since the start of the AIDS scare, we found celibates far more concerned about diseases than those we interviewed in July 1985 for our "Celibacy Chic" article (December 1985). Then, the threat of contracting AIDS was cited as a "significant factor" by a third of the women and a quarter of the men. Our most significant finding is the dramatic increase in these numbers. Half of the current respondents became celibate, in part, because of the fear of sexual disease. The rise in such anxiety has been sharpest among men: 47 percent of the men said they feared disease, compared to 37 percent of the women.

Having presumably put much behind them—the fears of being used, of using other people, of low self-esteem, of not finding "quality" sex, and of contracting sexual disease—we also wondered if celibates actually enjoyed the experience.

"I feel angry, tense, bored, and very hemmed-in, like a prisoner who has desires but cannot break free to enjoy them," complained Tom, 29, a Salt Lake City musician who broke up with his girlfriend five years ago and has not "gone all the way since. It's hard to be carefree when one part of you is treated as an outcast."

On the other hand, James, 25, a lawyer from Rockingham, North Carolina, said a year's celibacy is making him feel "relaxed, proud, and sensitive." The difference from Tom's experience is that James chose his. "I had my first relationship at 18. From then until I married at 21 and after I divorced at 23, I thought that the more women you could have, the bigger man you were. I spent so much time chasing women that I lost the reality of who I really was."

Celibate women, in particular, enjoyed their experience.

"I took a good look at my soul, scrubbed it with Ajax, and started over," said Sandra, a 50-year-old businesswoman from Yuma, Arizona, who has no intention of renouncing her seven years of celibacy. "It's a way of life I choose for myself that draws a lot of healthy, happy people to my environment. It gives me peace of mind and spiritual growth, while freeing me from emotional battles."

Celibacy, it seems, is a lifestyle with both positive and negative aspects. For instance, Jamie, a 25-year-old from Gibsonburg, Ohio, found "I felt better about myself by realizing I didn't need sex to be happy." However, she admits, the last six months of celibacy have been difficult. "I find myself craving sex. And it's hard to have a relationship with a man without sex."

While our study found wide differences of opinion between the sexes, we discovered a surprising lack of division between men and women when asked if they thought celibacy was healthy. Slightly more than half of all respondents—men and women—replied yes.

However, just as Jamie discovered, making celibacy work in individual situations may be quite difficult. Our study found that 22 percent of the women and 24 percent of the men who tried it think celibacy is unhealthy. One reason: Many men entered their celibate periods with



I feel that I'm no longer ruled by sex and have matured appreciably. I feel freer than ever before and have more time to do other things.



low expectations of success, while most women told us they thought it would be a breeze.

Jane, 44, a lonely divorcée and data-entry operator from Topeka, Kansas, said her nine months of celibacy have been horrible. "There are no advantages. I'm bored and frustrated." Asked what might cause her to want to have sex again, she wrote: "Anybody." "It was unhealthy," agreed Teresa, 39, a Madison, Wisconsin, office manager who spent two and a half years in celibacy following a broken four-year relationship. "After I came out of hibernation, I realized how much fun I was missing. It was bad not only for myself but for the other people in my life. I did what I felt I had to do at the time, but I would never do it again. It was not natural, and humans were not intended to live in such a manner. It took me a long time to rekindle the warmth from being held, touched, and being made love to."

How celibates rated their experiences seemed to depend upon how they handled their new lifestyle on a daily basis. For those who limped along with no basic rules to follow, the change was often traumatic, even when they masturbated to

make up for the loss of sexual gratification. Jane, for example, masturbates every day; Teresa masturbated several times a week while she was celibate. Still, though Jane and Teresa were in the majority, the number was not as high as we had expected. A surprising one out of every seven persons—almost twice as many women (19 percent) as men (11 percent)—said they did not masturbate during celibacy.

Handling their own frustration is just one of several problems that celibates said they had to overcome. Though some readers chose not to date so they wouldn't have to decide where to draw the line with their companions, most considered hugging and kissing to be acceptable. "I go out to dinner and dancing with my male friends, but it's purely platonic," commented Jill, a 30-year-old office clerk from Concord, California. With a history of having had sex "up to six times a day," she says she simply got tired of "men ogling my breasts or just raping me with their eyes, and feeling under pressure to have sex." Now married "to a man I don't want to have sex with but horny more times than not," she described her limits this way: "There is no way I could comprehend heavy petting without then making love."

Although some readers said their companions accepted their celibacy, or even admired them for it, most took it personally. "When I tell them I'm celibate, a lot of men feel rejected," said Sandra from Yuma. Explained Jim, a 34-year-old aircraft technician from Moraga, California: "I may be celibate, but I like being with women. During 13 years of celibacy, I've dated 216 women, including 23 in 1985, all of whom rejected me right away when they found out I was celibate. Many women felt they weren't beautiful or sexy and thought I was rejecting them. My main problem is that, after going out one to three times with each, I have to keep finding new women to date. As soon as one woman finds out I'm celibate, I need to find a new one."

It's little wonder that such a lifestyle can be rather depleting if you have to spend more time finding people to replace those who feel rejected. It all depends on how you take it. "Celibacy has nothing to do with loneliness," wrote one independent female reader. Extroverts like Jim, who depend on social contact to make them feel fulfilled, would disagree; for him, the combination of being good-looking and celibate is a curse. "I'm tired of women who just want a good fuck," he said.

But how does celibacy affect one's energy level? Is Jim's experience just an anomaly? "Celibacy helps channel more energy into relationships," said Martha Allen, editor of *The Celibate Woman*. But that isn't what the respondents said. A whopping 60 percent reported they had the same or less energy while celibate; 40 percent said they had more energy.

Ironically—and contrary to popular

BURNING ? QUESTIONS

A RUSSIAN RADIOACTIVE QUIZ

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



Q: What's the biggest problem among Russian corporate executives?
A: Burnout!



Q: What did they call the first Russian to run away from the nuclear accident?
A: Chicken Kiev!



Q: What does it take to turn on a light bulb in Russia?
A: The nearest Ukrainian!



Q: What's the biggest problem in Eastern Europe today?
A: Canceled Czechs!



Q: Do Russians sleep with night-lights?
A: Only when they're married to Ukrainians!



Q: Where can you get "lit" on only one drink?
A: Chernobyl!

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

If you

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

belief—celibacy seems to be more draining for women than men. Men, in fact, found celibacy invigorating, while women generally felt they had the same amount of energy. This is how the figures stacked up: 41 percent of the men said they had more energy, 16 percent had less energy, and 43 percent had the same energy; 37 percent of the women found their stamina increased, 40 percent said it was the same, and an impressive 23 percent had less energy.

Perhaps the advantages and disadvantages of celibacy reported to *Penthouse* help explain our survey's findings. Here are some of the advantages reported by male respondents:

"It gives me time to look in the mirror to see myself as I really am and to focus on myself as an independent person. Now I have the freedom to be involved in everything."

"There's no pressure to get a gal in the sack as soon as possible, no unwanted relationships, and, best of all, no bullshit."

"Peace of mind, control of energy, time for other activities, less game-playing, freedom of expression, and friendship with the opposite sex are the main pluses."

"There's no herpes, no AIDS, and no heartaches. And I don't have to worry about how I perform."

"I keep my self-respect."

"I feel less dependent on another per-

son for happiness."

"It gave me time to rid myself of the bad feelings I had about my sex life."

"Some women are terrible lovers. They playact arousal and fake responses. Being celibate frees me from dealing with them."

"I'm much more relaxed."

Advantages cited by female respondents include:

"I'm more at ease in social situations, because I don't have to do something or get someone. I can participate with everyone because I'm not looking for someone."

"Being celibate enables me to be myself. I no longer have to think and feel as a mate would lead me to."

"I now have time to evaluate a person with my brain, not my hormones."

"Because there's no extra person in my life to worry about pleasing, taking care of, and shaving my legs for, I've got a lot more time to spend on myself, on people I love who don't require sex, and on my work."

"Guys treat me like their buddy because they think I'm gay. I get to hear a lot of locker-room type talk that I'd otherwise miss out on."

The disadvantages, according to male respondents, were numerous and varied greatly:

"Showers just aren't the same, and Sunday mornings can sure be lonely."

"I have to turn down relationships with very attractive women."

"I miss the comfort and companionship of another human being. I also miss having a sexual release. Masturbating just isn't satisfying enough."

"Friends always want to know if I scored with a gal. Now I don't know what to tell them."

"What I really miss is not being able to discuss the highs and lows of the day with someone."

"My skin problems always flare up when I'm celibate."

"The worst thing is denying my sexuality. I get angry and tense and don't know what to do about it."

The women answered:

"I still get horny when I see a good-looking man on TV or in person. A bigger problem is wanting to cuddle or hold hands and not having someone to do it with."

"Celibacy pulls me apart from human contact, of which sex is the ultimate."

"During the times without men, I wish I had somebody around to share the good things and the bad."

"The biggest problem is not being able to respond to men's advances. You see, I love to flirt, but I don't in a celibate period as I feel it makes me a tease. Also, I miss sleeping with someone—that nice, warm body to curl up to and hold. Plus there's nobody to wash my back for me."

Smoke

please try Carlton.

"After such a long time of celibacy, I forgot how to turn myself on, much to the chagrin of my subsequent partners. I also became emotionally numb."

"Since I don't worry about how I look, I usually gain about 20 pounds."

"It makes me feel blue and that makes me stop eating. Friends tell me I look too thin."

While loneliness was the most common disadvantage cited by readers, the main "plus" reported was the ability of celibates to see others in "a new light." No longer viewing life in a sexual framework, celibates say they are able to "look past" the tight jeans, low-cut blouses, and macho cars to an individual's "deeper" qualities: what a potential mate wants out of life, whether he or she is capable of being a friend first, and how their personalities may or may not mesh. "Women who I'm dating think it's a little strange that all I want is their friendship and companionship and not their bodies," wrote Moraga's Jim. "What I'm looking for is a lifetime friend—someone who really understands me and wants to make a commitment."

Indeed, the most interesting aspect of the survey was what it said about how people's tastes have changed. Americans in the eighties appear to have more sophisticated desires in the realm of relationships than their parents had in the fifties and sixties. They're also more se-

rious. Though some celibates admitted they'd adopted the lifestyle to escape the responsibilities that go along with coupling, and a few wanted to "just have fun," most said they no longer wanted to substitute superficial, "fun" relationships for people who could really meet their needs, even if the "fun" people were immediately available to them. They wanted believability, not just kind words or flattery. They wanted possible future lovers to share common goals and attitudes, and to be more like them.

Most readers said going without sex broadened their perspective toward the opposite sex. "My dates talk to me more about themselves and their goals," replied Cindy, 38, a twice-divorced saleswoman from Orange, California. Even so, during her year without sex, she's let some companions lightly caress her breasts. "But I may want to save the rest for the right person—someone who would be a good marriage partner."

Women especially concurred with Cindy's remarks: 74 percent felt celibacy broadened their view of the opposite sex, compared to 68 percent of the men. Nevertheless, few celibates saw their lifestyle as permanent. "I don't really believe in it," said Bob, 27, a real estate appraiser in New York City. "I spend all day working and don't have time for involvement. This just simplifies things for me right now."

When asked what would make them renounce their celibacy, more than half the respondents said finding "the right man" or "the right woman." Other replies included: "Discovering someone who will enjoy making love to me as often and for as long as I do," "Meeting a good, loyal partner," "Locating willing and available sex partners," "Experiencing a good screw," "Just the need to get my rocks off," and "I'd give it all up if there was some way I could make up for the joy of the last seven years of celibacy."

The thing all the readers agreed about was that while celibacy may not be for everyone, it can be a learning experience that clarifies needs that were previously confused.

One person may love celibacy and decide to stick with it. "I never would renounce celibacy," said Yuma's Sandra. "I suggest it to many people. But if a person does it for any negative reasons, it can be really dangerous."

Others may appreciate celibacy's lessons about the need for all types of relationships, including the sexual. "Looking back, it was not worth it," wrote Madison's Teresa, whose celibate period followed two divorces. "I deprived many people I love of my time, company, and things we might have someday remembered with warmth. I learned that I would rather be fucked to death than never to have been fucked at all!" 

The Meese Commission twisted
the evidence
to blame erotica for crimes
it did not commit.

LYNCHING PORNOGRAPHY

BY ERIC NADLER AND PHILIP NOBILE

One morning last April, in a government annex building in Washington, D.C., 11 carefully chosen advisers to the United States Justice Department debated the pros and cons of a lesbian-orgy movie.

"Does it make any difference if the camera is five feet away or three inches away from a lady's vagina?" an ex-sheriff wondered.

"Can such a film depict truly loving, mutual, and consensual sex?" a jittery law professor asked.

The seven men and four women soon moved on to other pressing topics.

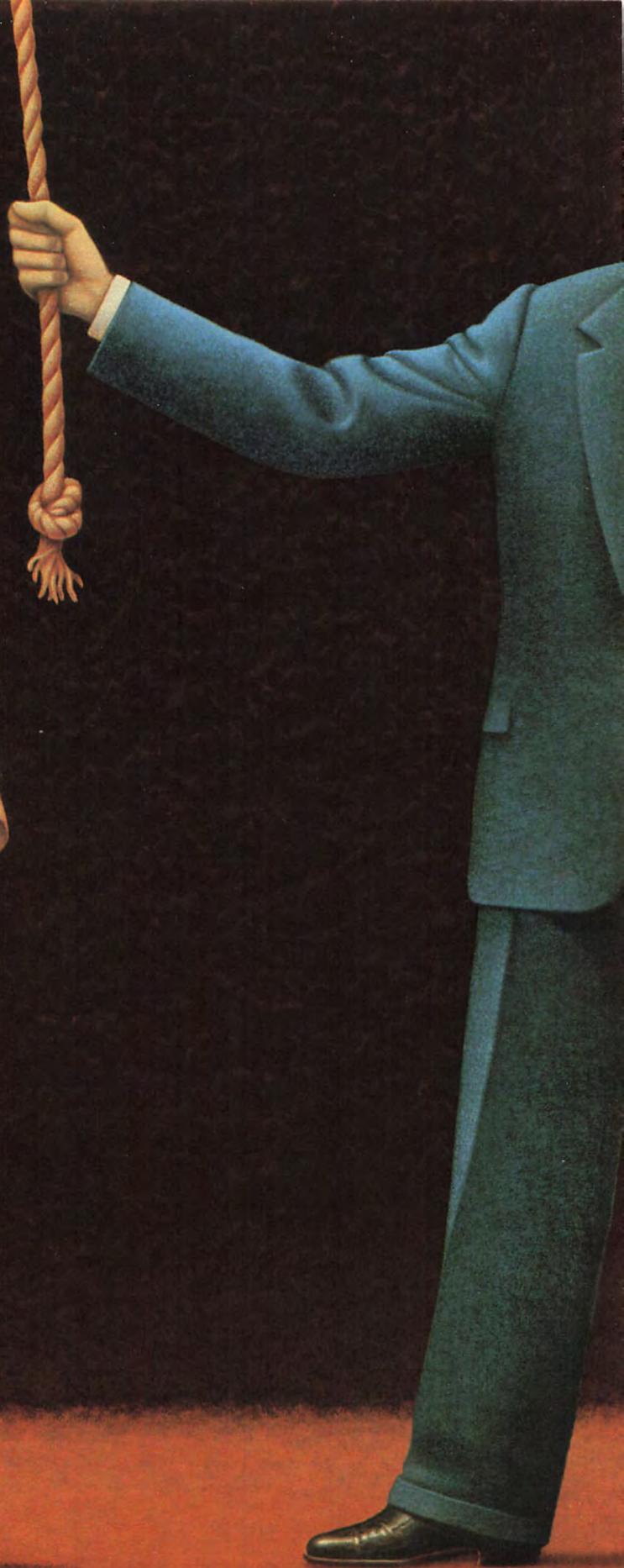
"I've got a couple of questions about bestiality," said a former aide to Richard Nixon.

"What about a man having sex with a dog?"

A man who has never had sex with anybody scratched his bald head.

A radio evangelist asked the others to spend a few minutes thinking about the explicit

PAINTING BY DAVID WILCOX



WILCOX

TWO COMMISSIONERS STRONGLY DISSENT

Dr. Judith Becker and Ellen Levine vehemently protested the methods and findings of the Meese Commission in a 20-page dissent.

"The idea that eleven individuals studying in their spare time could complete a comprehensive report on so complex a matter in so constricted a time frame is simply unrealistic," they noted. "No self-respecting investigator would accept conclusions based on such a study, and unfortunately the document produced reflects these inadequacies."

Becker and Levine commented that the core issues of pornography are health and welfare concerns that ought to be studied by the National Institute of Mental Health rather than the Justice Department.

Herewith, excerpts from their statement:

DISTORTED EVIDENCE

"We do not even know whether or not what the Commission viewed during the course of the year reflected the nature of most of the pornographic and obscene material in the market; nor do we know if the materials shown us mirror the taste of the majority of consumers of pornography. The visuals, both print and video, were skewed to the very violent and extremely degrading. While one does not deny the existence of this material, the fact that it dominated the materials presented at our hearings may have distorted the Commission's judgment about the proportion of such violent material in relation to the total pornographic material in distribution."

"In collecting the testimony of victims, it was difficult enough to find witnesses willing to speak out about their intimate negative experiences with pornography. To find people willing to acknowledge their personal consumption

of erotic and pornographic materials and comment favorably in public about their use has been nearly impossible. Since such material is selling to millions of apparently satisfied consumers, it seems obvious that the data gathered is not well balanced."

PORNOGRAPHY UNDEFINED

"One critical concern of this Commission was to measure and assess pornography's role in causing anti-social behavior; but although the Commission struggled mightily to agree on definitions of such basic terms as pornography and erotica, it never did so. This failure to establish definitions acceptable to all members severely limited our ability to come to grips with the question of impact. Only the term 'obscenity,' which has a legal meaning, became a category we all understood. In fact, the Commission failed to carve out a mutually satisfactory definition of anti-social behavior."

TEASING THE DATA

"First, it is essential to state that the social-science research has not been designed to evaluate the relationship between exposure to pornography and the commission of sexual crimes; therefore efforts to tease the current data into proof of a causal link between these acts simply cannot be accepted. Furthermore, social science does not speak to harm, on which this Commission report focuses."

"Studies have relied almost exclusively on male college student volunteers, which means that the 'generalizability' of this data is extremely limited."

"In a laboratory setting, exposure to sexually violent stimuli has a negative effect on research subjects as measured by acceptance of rape myth and

aggression and callousness toward women. We do not know, however, how long this attitudinal change is sustained without further stimulation; more importantly, we do not know whether and why such an attitudinal change might transfer into a behavioral change."

"Very little social-science research has been conducted evaluating the impact of non-violent degrading material on the average adult. Furthermore, there is a problem of definition about what constitutes 'degrading material.'"

"Although research findings are far from conclusive, the preponderance of existing data indicates that non-violent and non-degrading sexually explicit materials does [sic] not have a negative effect on adults."

"Human behavior is complex and multi-causal. To say that exposure to pornography in and of itself causes an individual to commit a sexual crime is simplistic, not supported by the social-science data, and overlooks many of the other variables that may be contributing causes."

NO SIMPLE SOLUTIONS

"After a year of forums and deliberations, it is tempting to join in offering simple solutions to complex problems, in the form of the Commission's Recommendations. But we are not persuaded to do so. We believe it would be seriously misleading to read this report and see a green light for prosecuting all pornographers. We still know too little about why many men and some women use and enjoy pornography; if and why women's and men's sexual arousal response patterns to pornography differ. We still have more questions than answers, and we stress the need for both non-governmental solutions and tolerance for the views of others."

details of "a woman masturbating with a bottle."

A woman's-magazine editor was upset that some of her colleagues were confused about the actual degree of cunnilingus that Jon Voight performed on Jane Fonda in *Coming Home*.

And a psychiatrist with known FBI connections pointed out that Francois Truffaut may have padded the population of sex deviates by bringing a leg fetishist to the screen in *The Man Who Loved Women*.

The Attorney General's Commission on Pornography—the F Troop of the Erogenous Zone—was still wandering in the brier patch of the bizarre during its climactic deliberations. Imprisoned by straight backgrounds, the members had never acquired erotic cool.

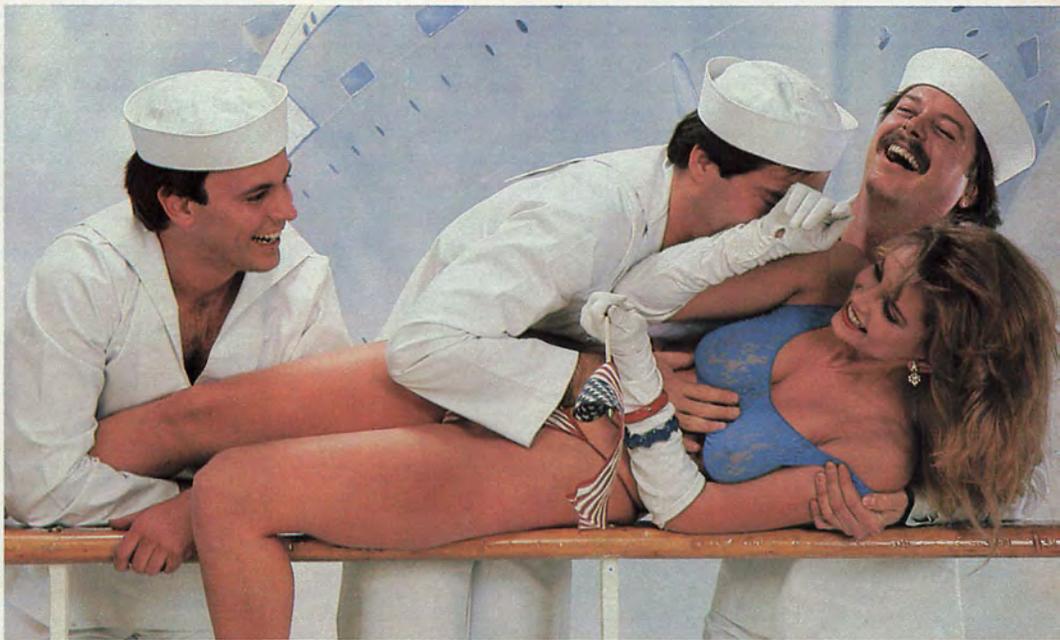
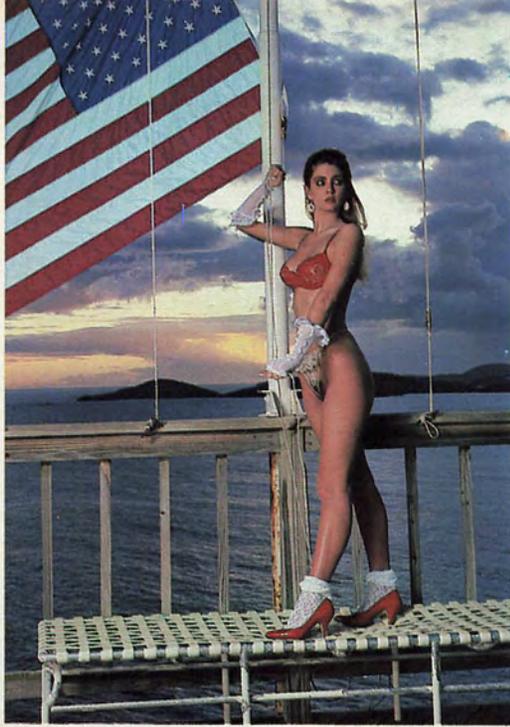
THE GOLDEN-SCHAUER REPORT

After ten months on the rack, the all-white, middle-aged sex tribunal was nearing self-destruction when it convened for the final four-day conclave on April 29. Although the last draft of its report was due at the Government Printing Office in less than three weeks, the commission had still not resolved the central dilemma of its enterprise: What kinds of pornography, if any, are really harmful? With typical methodological madness, the panelists had already endorsed tough new laws to harass the adult-entertainment industry. They had even urged the formation of citizen sex-spy networks to monitor newsstands and other purveyors of allegedly obscene materials.

In addition, several of the porn probes were embarrassed by the draft of their

findings as drawn up by Executive Director Alan Sears and his staff of young Republicans. Sears tried to keep the poorly written and researched document behind closed doors. But when the American Civil Liberties Union sued in federal court in March, the Justice Department relented without a fight. The ACLU's Barry Lynn ridiculed the 1,200-page text for its "factual errors, preposterous legal theories, undocumented allegations, and unwarranted hysterics about the effects of sexually explicit material on viewers and readers."

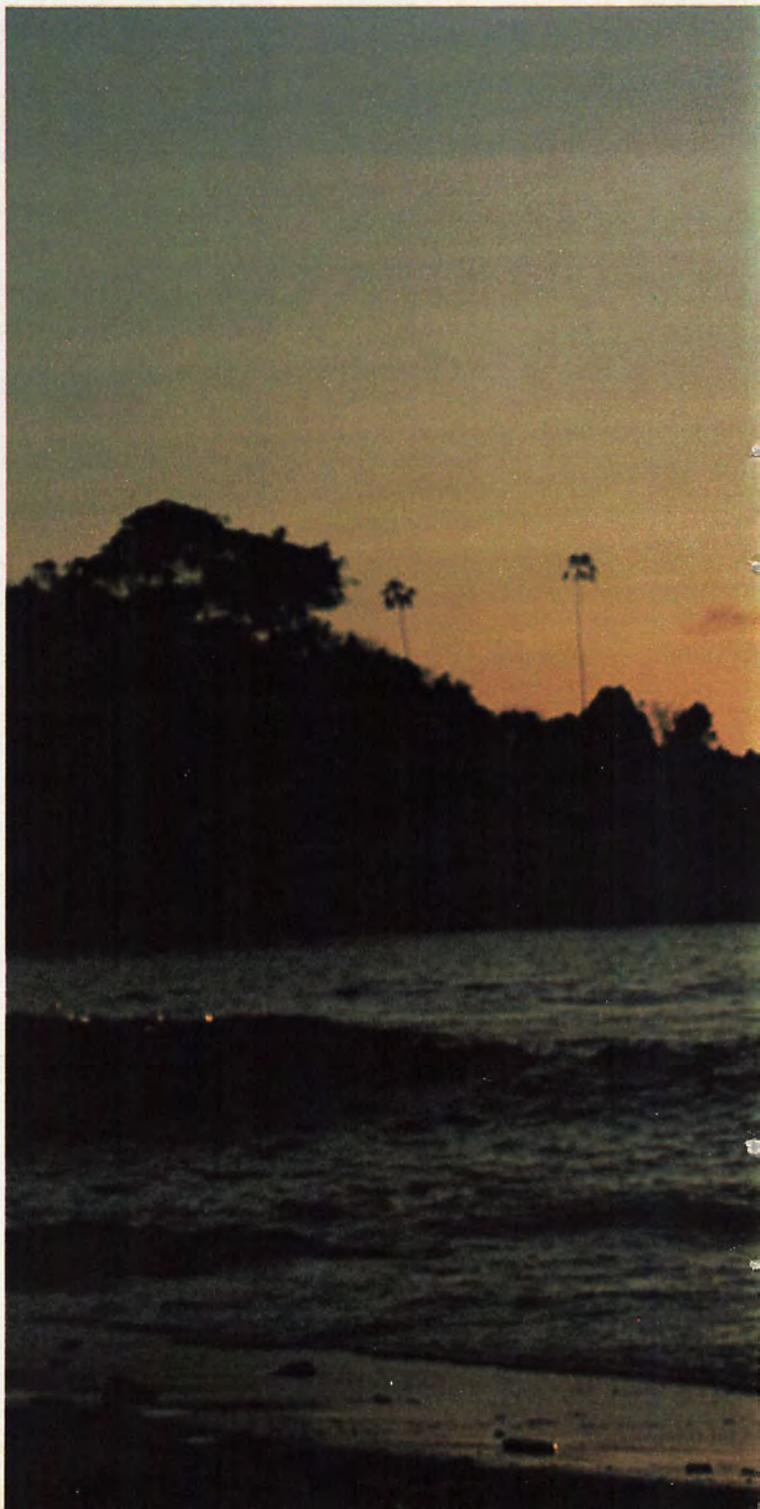
Pressured by several commissioners, Chairman Henry Hudson had reluctantly requested more time to do a decent job. But the attorney general was in a rush. According to Washington speculation, Ed Meese wanted his antiporn report out in



PATTY

☪ If I really, really want to make love to a man, I send out vibes. If that doesn't work, I rip his clothes off. ☪

“My biggest turn-on
is the thought
of millions of men
admiring me in
Penthouse. I love it!”



HER SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Twenty-year-old Patty Mullen, born and raised in Staten Island, New York, is a committed beach

person. "But," says she, "I don't get tan. And I like to fish, if somebody puts the worm on the hook for me."

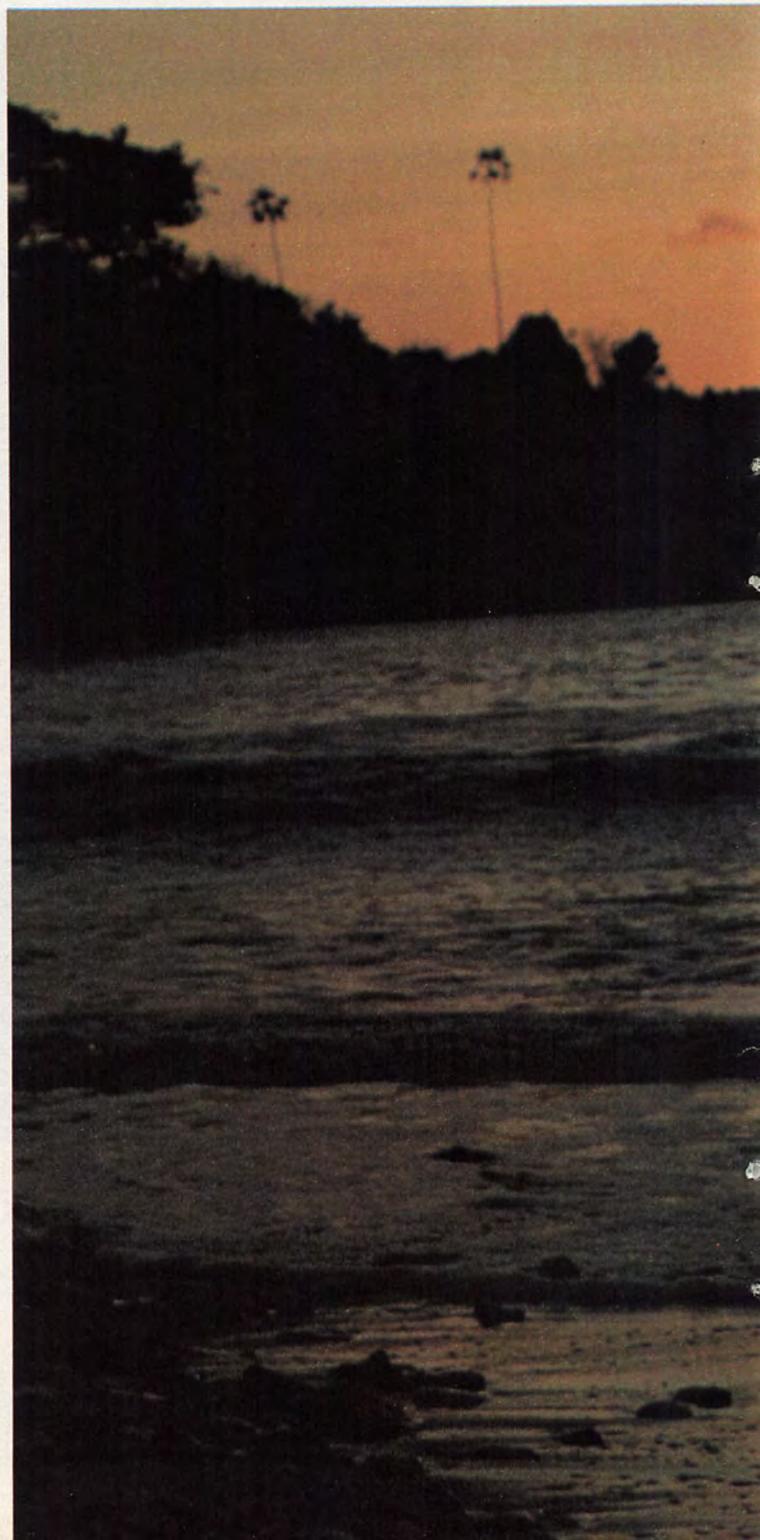
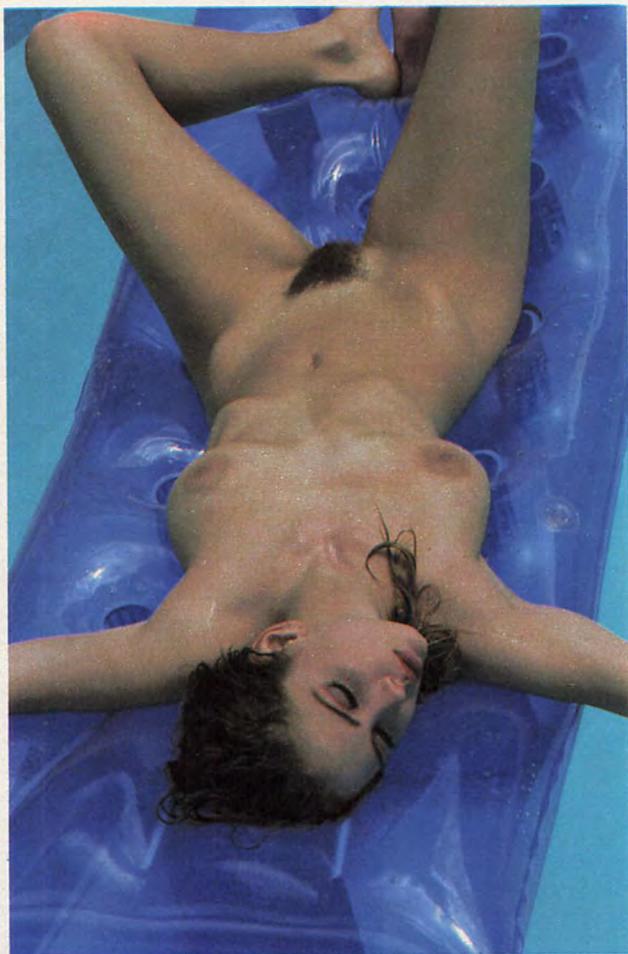
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



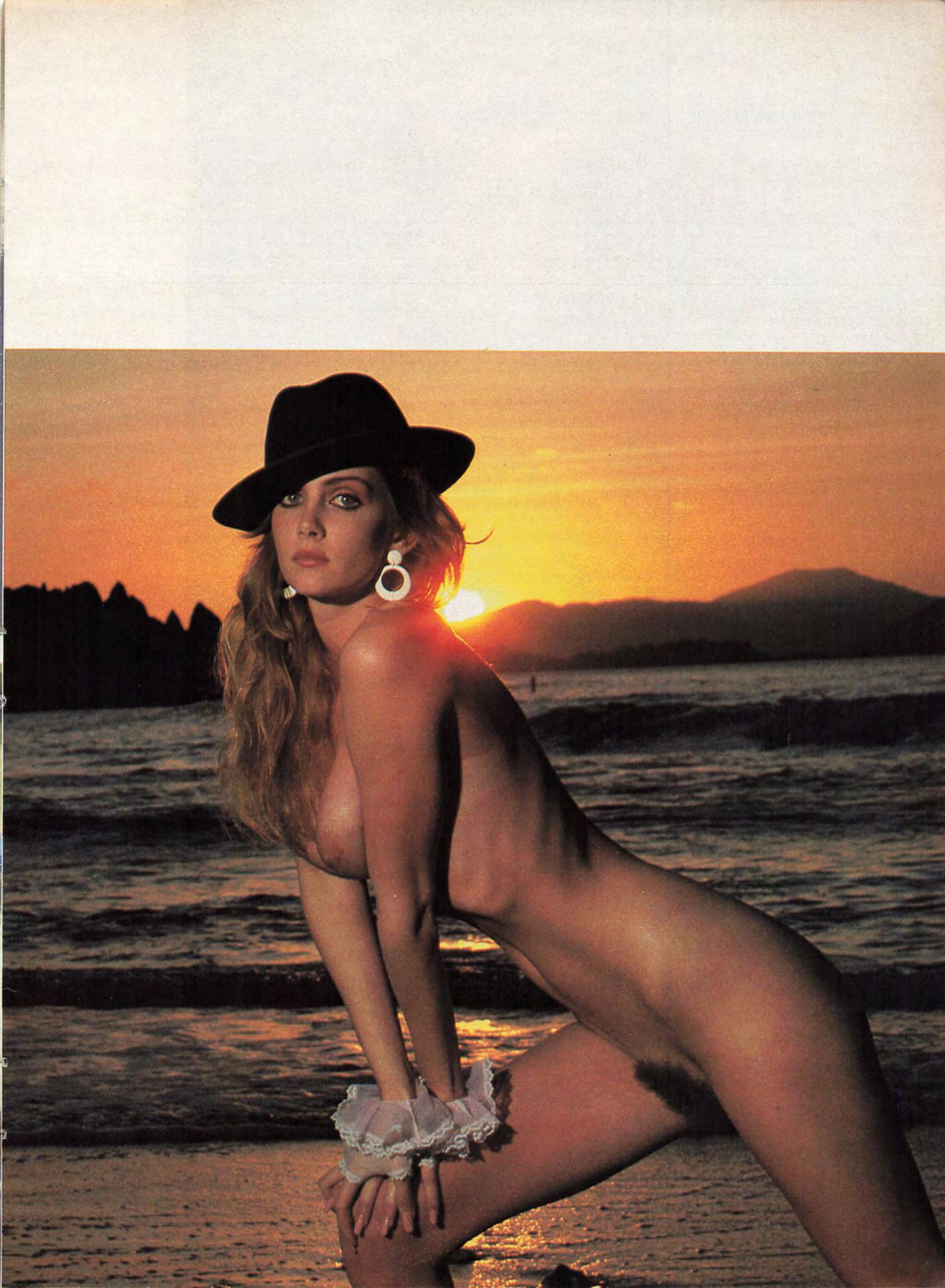




At five foot seven and only 110 pounds, Patty's vital 36-23-36 statistics are as startlingly uncommon as her Irish-Italian-Norwegian background. "I'm the baby of the family. My sister, Mary, and I look alike, but I think she's prettier."



"Every time I have a sexual experience, it's remarkable," Patty says. Then, laughing: "If I really, really want to make love to a man, I send out vibes. If that fails, I get him drunk. Then, if that doesn't work, I rip his clothes off."





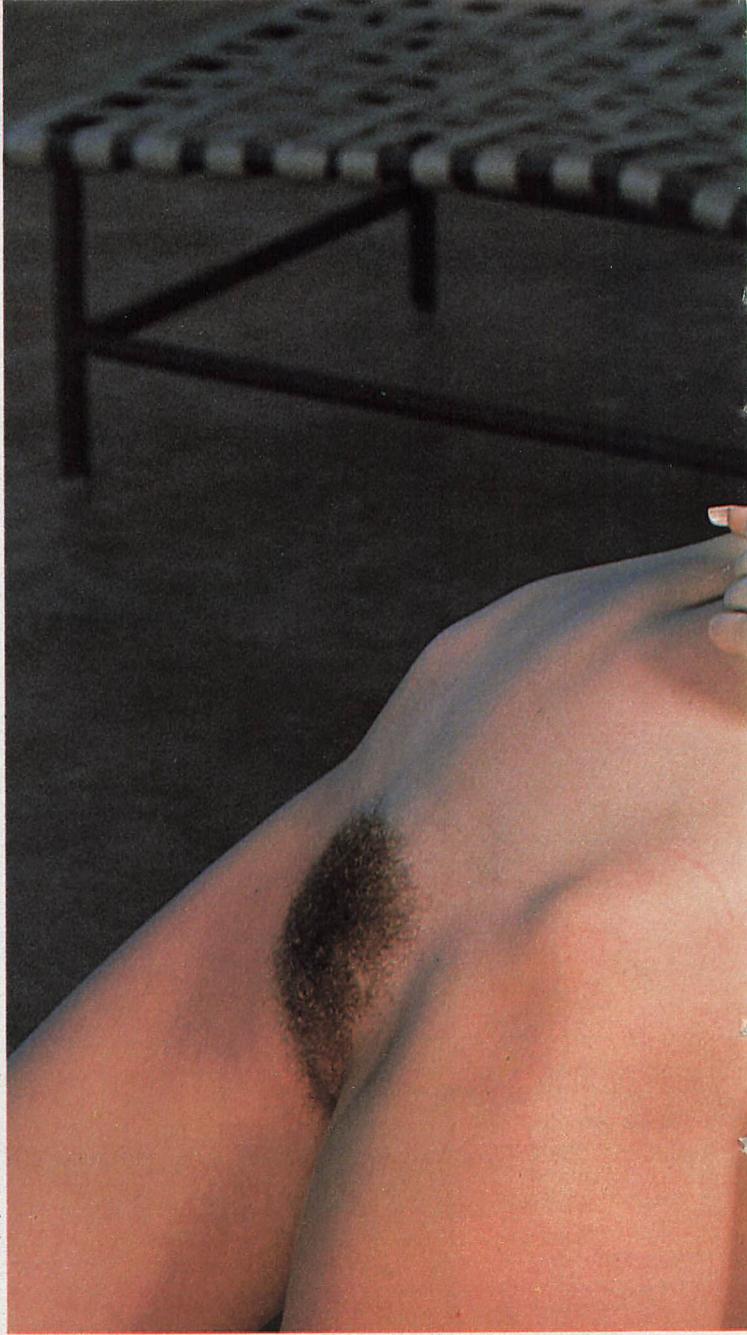
She, herself, is the first to admit she's easily bored. "I don't like staying in one place too long. I've worked a lot of different jobs. Now I want to travel—maybe live out in California, but not Hollywood. I'd love to have a career in modeling

or acting. I'd love to be in a soap opera, really. Right now, I need an understanding agent. This was my first photo session ever. It's been my biggest turn-on: the thought of millions of men admiring me in *Penthouse*. I love it."





Hair and makeup by Susan Freedman. Lingerie courtesy of Looking Too. Clothes courtesy of Acrobat





"I could be faithful to one man," she muses, "but I'm too young right now to be tied down. I've been going with the same boy for over a year, and that's a real long time for me. He's very

handsome, but what's much more important to me is personality. My ideal man is down-to-earth; age and occupation wouldn't matter, as long as he's financially independent."





"Starry nights turn me on, and hot sun on secluded beaches. I collect dolls and I have a little poodle named Tiffany. I love champagne, candy, and artichokes."



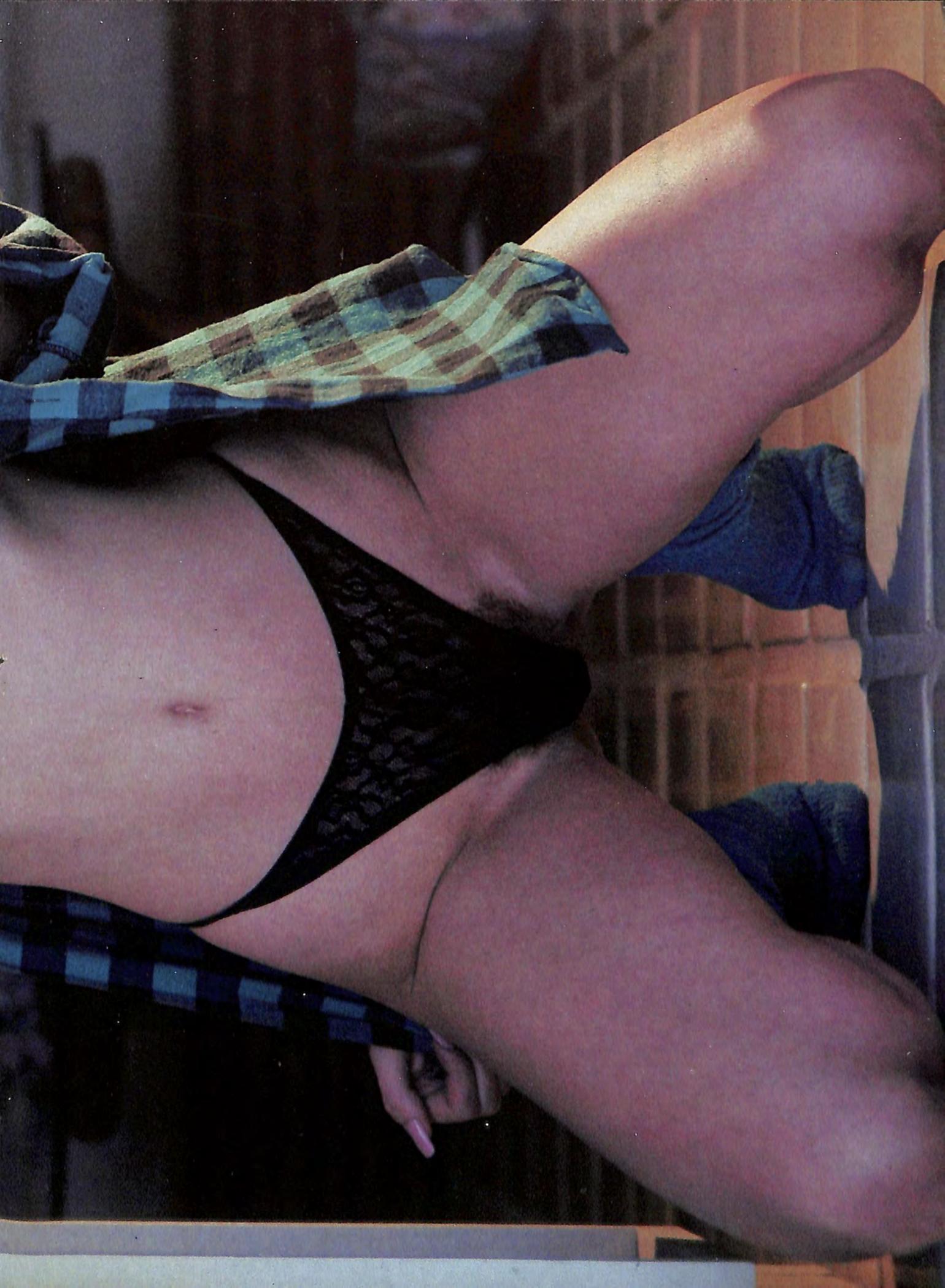
Whether or not our restless Pet's dreams will come true is something only time and experience can tell. Till then, there'll be many starry nights and secluded beaches, champagne, and candy. The world is big, and it's filled with wonder and surprise. One of the most remarkable, true enough, is pretty Patty herself.





MISS PATTY MULLEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





◊ Vietnam vets with service-connected disabilities suffer the highest unemployment rates of all veterans. ◊

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Lest we forget, there are approximately 29 million living veterans at present. Out of this total, there are 2,240,272 disabled veterans; 2,215,734 of these receive disability compensation. The 24,538 others have a zero percent disability rating for benefit purposes. In all, 1,871,762 (84.5 percent) are rated below-50-percent disabled (\$388 a month), 1,263,159 are rated below-30-percent disabled (\$191 a month), and 135,273 (6 percent) are rated 100 percent disabled (\$1,335 a month). Only 214,568, or 9.7 percent of the total, are rated unemployable under Labor Department standards. All of these veterans are men and women to whom the United States owes a special debt of thanks and consideration. Though few would argue with this contention, it has been difficult to get the government to focus on and do something meaningful for this group of persons beyond the payment of their disability-pension benefits.

We believe there exists an opportunity to do more for this group of men and women than simply provide them with a disability pension. For years, the one-million-member Disabled American Veterans (DAV) organization has lobbied the government to gather unemployment statistics and data on disabled veterans. The DAV's hands-on experience indicated that disabled veterans were suffering greater unemployment than their veteran and civilian peers.

Recently, in response to the DAV's urgings, the Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics completed the first-ever study on disabled veterans and their representation in the labor market. The study found that while the unemployment rate for all veter-



ans was 5.5 percent in April 1985, service-connected disabled veterans who had served in Vietnam had a 9.2 percent unemployment rate, while all service-connected disabled veterans had a 7.6 percent rate. Vietnam vets with disabilities rated 30 to 50 percent had the highest unemployment rate—16 percent.

According to Ronald W. Drach, national employment director of the Organization of Wartime Disabled Veterans, "A full 19 percent of Vietnam theater veterans with disabilities have dropped out of the labor force. That is, they were unemployed but not counted in the job-seeking market as unemployed." He added, "Significantly, two-thirds of all disabled Vietnam-era veterans with ratings of 60 percent or higher are not even looking for employment."

Many reasons can be offered to explain these high numbers, which, in themselves, simply highlight the deplorable employment situation faced by many service-connected disabled veterans. However, in our opinion, most of these reasons have been shrugged off, rather than used as the basis for a solution to the problem they represent. As Drach noted, "It's obvious that innovative programs must be designed to bring these peo-

ple into the work force and provide meaningful employment opportunities for them."

We believe the legislative means are in place in the Veterans Job Training Act (VJTA) to produce the specialized, innovative training programs that can reduce the overly high rates of disabled veterans' unemployment. Unfortunately, since passage of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Deficit Reduction Act, uncertainty about funding has placed the VJTA in an inactive "hold" status since it went into effect last February 1. This is intolerable. Congress authorized \$65 million for the original VJTA, but, in spite of a slight transfusion from the fiscal year 1986 budget's "minor construction account," it is still well under budget. It appears that the chances for successful passage of appropriations—i.e., the actual monies to be spent on VJTA programs—are probably poorer than lethal military aid going to the contra "freedom fighters" in Nicaragua.

We believe there is no good reason for the government to delay job training authorized in the VJTA. In addition, based on the unemployment statistics of disabled veterans, it seems imperative that special programs to meet the needs of these veterans be established under the VJTA. To this

end, we suggest that the DAV's longtime special experience in helping disabled veterans to prepare for and find jobs be directly used by the government in the development of such programs. Here, in our opinion, is probably one of the most legitimate areas of "privatization" available to the U.S. government. The DAV knows how to do the job, and, more importantly, is quite sensitive to the problems of providing appropriate motivation to disabled veterans as a means of bringing them back into society's mainstream.

The Labor Department's data rip away the last excuse for the government to stand aside and do nothing in dealing with the special employment problems of a special class of veterans—the disabled. We further believe that public opinion, as measured by support of the "hire the handicapped" program, would accept amending it to include hiring the disabled vet.

On a happier note, a *Penthouse* "hats off" to the Vietnam Veterans of America (VVA) for their five-year battle to become the first federally chartered group to represent survivors of the Vietnam War. On March 20, the VVA received the endorsement of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate to receive the charter. Our congratulations to all those who fought and won the good fight, especially Senator Jeremiah Denton (R-Alabama) and VVA President Bobby Muller. Upon final passage by the full Congress, the charter will authorize the VVA to increase its outreach by establishing government-sponsored regional offices in hundreds of Veterans Administration facilities throughout the nation. Way to go, guys!—
William R. Corson ◊

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**



◀Syrian President Hafiz al-Assad is much more active in support of terrorists and is responsible for the deaths of many more Americans than Colonel Qaddafi.▶

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY LUCETTE MATALON LAGNADO

The author is a senior associate of Jack Anderson's who specializes in reporting on the State Department. Her forthcoming book, *Mengela's Children* (Atheneum), is featured in this issue.

SYRIA MUST BE OUR NEXT TARGET

President Reagan's recent military strike against Libya enjoyed the overwhelming support of the American people. But Libyan strongman Muammar Qaddafi is by no means the only leader who bankrolls and supports terrorists—only the loudest. Syrian President Hafiz al-Assad is much more active in support of terrorists and is responsible for the deaths of many more Americans than Qaddafi.

Admittedly, Tripoli was an easier mark than Damascus—but it was also beside the point. The terrorist attacks that have made travel abroad a nightmare for Americans will not cease until the administration reckons with their Syrian sponsor. Yet, even as Syrian-backed groups have accelerated their campaign of terror, our government has confined itself to spewing anti-Libyan invective.

Why does the Reagan administration persist in focusing attention on Libya while completely ignoring Syria's involvement in terrorism?

The answer lies with the State Department, where an influential group of so-called Arabists have prevailed on our President to follow a hands-off policy toward Syria. Large sections of our State Department firmly believe one must "get along" with Assad. Even as the Syrians have been sponsoring terrorist attacks aimed at American targets, our diplomats have sought to curry favor with the dictator by overlooking his role in these incidents.

For example, when evidence of Syrian complicity in a series of terrorist attacks surfaced last spring, State Department officials skillfully downplayed the news. According to press reports, the March 29 bombing of the discotheque in Berlin, which had prompted the President to retaliate against Libya, was actually engineered by the Syrian government. The December 1985 attack on the Vienna and Rome airports was alleged to have been sponsored by the Syrian strongman. There was also evidence that a bomb placed on an El Al plane in London was planted by Syrian agents.

State Department spokesmen sought to cast doubt on the validity of these news reports. "We do not see the evidence on Syria as being clear," one department flack told me. "What is clear is the evidence we have on Libya." Another department official flatly denied reports of a Syrian hand in the attack on the Rome and Vienna airports.

Of course, both the State Department and the White House know perfectly well that Assad poses a far greater threat to U.S. interests than Qaddafi ever will. Yet appeasers in our government—specifically among our Foggy Bottom diplomats—have been unwilling to take on the man who has masterminded much of the "random" violence Americans have recently encountered overseas.

While Assad sends bombs to terrorize Americans abroad, our diplomats send friendly "signals" to Damascus, hoping the dictator will respond. With the exception of a few empty

public-relations gestures, he never does. He only dispatches more terrorists to strike against additional American targets.

The State Department has protected the Assad regime for years. In 1983, months after the President had denounced Syria for its role in the bombing of the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut, killing 241 Marines, a key State Department official—Richard Murphy, assistant secretary of state for Near Eastern affairs—publicly praised Syria for its “helpful” role in Lebanon. Time and again, the department Arabists have allowed Assad to get away with the murder of Americans.

Assad, who is known as “The Sphinx” to his advisers, is far more shrewd than his Libyan counterpart. Qaddafi noisily takes credit for virtually every terrorist attack, even if he had no role in it whatsoever. Assad, on the other hand, prefers to remain hidden in the shadows, calmly appraising the bloody denouement. Like a master puppeteer, he is able to manipulate a variety of terrorist groups at will, exploiting their grievances against the West. He quietly encourages the terrorists by giving them arms, logistical support, training, or a base of operations in his own country.

Cold, silent, and inscrutable, Assad manages to keep a distance from the terrorists, even those who train in his own backyard. Damascus has become the terrorist capital of the world. Among the groups that have their headquarters there are the Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine; the anti-Arafat rebels led by Abu Musa; the radical SAIKA Palestinian factions; and, of course, the most notorious terrorist group of all, that led by Abu Nidal.

In Syrian-controlled northern Lebanon, a scenic hour’s drive from Damascus, is that other hotbed of terrorist activity, the Bekaa Valley. The Bekaa is home of the Iranian and Shiite fundamentalists who have carried out so many of the terrorist attacks against Western targets in Lebanon. Intelligence analysts consider it the “nerve center” for the greatest concentration of terrorists. Attacks against Western targets are planned in any one of the many training camps located in this area. Though members of Iran’s revolutionary guards operate some of the camps and provide training, they do so under the auspices of the Syrian government. The Syrian Army permits the terrorist training to go on.

Terrorist groups holding court in the Bekaa include the Islamic Jihad, which executed the bombing of U.S. Marine headquarters in 1983, the Amal, and the Hezbollah. It was there that the two devastating bombings of the American embassy in Beirut originated. At the time of the incidents, Iran was blamed for backing the Islamic Jihad. Yet our State Department mentioned that this and other Shiite groups must defer to the Syrian government, in whose territory they are staying.

According to informed sources, officials at the State Department and the CIA—which has its own circle of Arabists—

possess a grudging respect for the Syrian strongman. They can’t help admiring the man who has managed to outwit and outmaneuver the United States (and the Israelis) at every turn, while steadily rising to become the most feared leader in the Middle East. A report by the Heritage Foundation, which has close ties to the White House, credited Assad with “a Machiavellian mind, a pragmatic approach to issues, and a finely-honed sense of brinkmanship.”

But so much admiration may be clouding our analysts’ judgment. Assad may well be the most intelligent leader in the Middle East. But he is also the most ruthless, and the most implacable foe of U.S. interests. Far, far more than Muammar Qaddafi, the Syrian president poses a threat to America’s interests and its citizens.

“Libya is irrelevant,” says Dr. Daniel Pipes, a visiting professor at the U.S. Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. “It is only a sideshow.” Pipes, one of this country’s leading Middle East experts, believes that Syria is the critical player both in the terrorist attacks and the general disruption of U.S. goals in the Middle East. Pipes concedes that bombing Libya was a positive step, in that it showed the world America was ready to use force. But he and other experts stress that to ignore Assad only invites more terrorism.

Syria’s sponsorship of terrorism has been going on for years, with never a hint of a reprisal by the Reagan administration. The Syrians have ordered the assassinations of pro-American leaders; they have used surrogates to bomb American targets like our embassy and Marine compounds; and they have scuttled any peace process that did not meet their radical standards. Syria’s ultimate goal, American intelligence analysts believe, is to scare the U.S. out of the Middle East, leaving it ripe for Soviet exploitation.

Assad’s modus operandi was best demonstrated in Lebanon three years ago, where he managed, through a campaign of terror, to boot out the Americans and the Israelis, leaving his army in control of the ravaged country.

When the Israelis invaded Lebanon in 1983, they hoped to eliminate the PLO and to install a friendly regime. The charismatic Lebanese Christian militia leader, Bashir Gemayel, became president, pledging to get rid of both PLO and Syrian influence. But within weeks of his election, Gemayel was killed—intelligence sources believe on direct orders from the Syrian dictator.

With his main rival out of the way, the Syrian strongman still had to contend with a persistent American and Israeli military presence in the country. The Syrian leader wanted the United States out of Lebanon, and decided the way to achieve his goal was to kill a few Americans. So began the spate of seemingly senseless and random “suicide bombings” that made a mockery of the American peacekeeping effort. In April 1983, a truck loaded with explosives rammed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Anybody dying after that—they would collect the bodies and place them in the latrines. Mengele would get very upset. Mengele would yell; you could really call it a temper tantrum. He yelled at the supervisors: "Why did you allow these children to die?" I did not understand why he got mad. The place was a death factory, but looking back, I see that if any of the children died it spoiled his experiments.

Penthouse: Were there Jewish doctors at the hospital?

Zalicovitz: Yes, there was a woman doctor whose name was Anna. She had been a very famous doctor in Slovakia. She was a very beautiful young woman, and only she was allowed to talk to Mengele.

Penthouse: Did Mengele like beautiful women?

Zalicovitz: Yes, and Doctor Anna was very beautiful and very nice. In the beginning I was very upset about my family. I noticed that Anna was always going around with Mengele and that she was Jewish. I decided to ask her about what happened to my little boy. She did not want to tell me he had been gassed, so she said that I should ask Mengele. I went and asked Mengele: "Where is my little boy?" He said: "He is in kindergarten."

Penthouse: Did Dr. Anna talk to you about Mengele?

Zalicovitz: No, she was scared of him.

Penthouse: How has the experience of being a twin in Auschwitz affected you?

Zalicovitz: When I got out I did not have any periods—for one year in the camp and for one year after the war. I went to a doctor.

Penthouse: Did you think you had lost the ability to have children?

Zalicovitz: Yes. They told me to wait, and after two years—I had gone to live in Czechoslovakia—I started functioning normally again. I gave birth to another boy, but I was very broken down, very sick. I wanted a child very much but I was very scared. I did not know what they had done to me. Nobody knew what they had done.

Penthouse: Were the years after Auschwitz was liberated difficult?

Kor: It was difficult growing up without a father and mother; growing up in this very uncaring world, I have sometimes wished I was not saved. It was difficult, particularly when I was a teenager. There was no place I could call home. We were in orphanages, youth villages, with relatives.

Penthouse: Do you feel guilty about your sister and you being the only members of the family to have survived?

Kor: No, never.

Penthouse: While Josef Mengele may be the consummate devil, can you admit that thanks to him a few children survived?

Kor: That is an intriguing question; namely,

what type of relationship existed between us, the guinea pigs, and Mengele, the savior, the monster. It is difficult to answer. . . . The relationship between Mengele and us was very complex, and I am not sure I can ever explain it.

Penthouse: Do you have nightmares about Auschwitz?

Zalicovitz: I have nightmares for the children, that nothing should happen to them. My son is in Lebanon, and I worry that something could happen to him.

Kor: I have had them, but I would honestly say that facing the ordeal has helped me. Since I established CANDLES, I have had a much easier time. Not that it does not hurt, but I am not hiding any of my feelings anymore. I am bringing them out.

Penthouse: Was it a longtime dream for you to decide to look for the twins?

Kor: I do not want to seem idealistic, for you to pin something on me I do not deserve, but it was a very personal need rather than a dream. I had to understand

“

Mengele noticed
my child. "Leave him," he
ordered. That same
day I learned my whole
family had been
killed. My son was seven. I
wanted to die.

”

what was done to us—Miriam and me. To know why she is so ill so often, and why I have so many problems. I read some of the books about Auschwitz, but to my great sorrow, the books by the great Holocaust scholars never mentioned Mengele and the twins. I thought that if I could locate the twins, we could sit down and see what we remembered. We could piece it out, figure what really went on there. Then I thought there is one person who would know everything that was done—Dr. Mengele. When I learned that he was free, I thought: "That is impossible!"

Penthouse: Was there any interest in what you wanted to do?

Kor: In the beginning, no. I sent about 500 letters. Nothing.

Penthouse: In 1985, when there was a concerted effort to locate Josef Mengele, perhaps the biggest manhunt in history, were you pleased?

Kor: I felt that the world does care. I had dreamed about that all these years.

Penthouse: How did you feel in June 1985, when Rolf Mengele announced that his father was dead?

Kor: I thought that this is the biggest

phony-baloney I have ever heard, the way the body was uncovered and Rolf Mengele's great willingness, after 40 years, to make himself known to the world voluntarily, enjoying the attention. It did not fit. I was outraged by Rolf's suggestion that he is also his father's victim, that he did not choose to be Mengele's son.

Penthouse: Isn't that true?

Kor: Yes, but then, he should have acted differently.

Penthouse: In what way?

Kor: If I were Rolf Mengele and I was a decent, caring human being, I would have made an effort to meet with my father's victims. I would want to hear from the twins. I would have wanted to personally express my feelings and regrets for what my father had done. I would have wanted to know more about my father and what these victims remember about him.

Penthouse: Have you tried to contact Rolf Mengele?

Kor: Any efforts on my part and on the part of other twins to contact Rolf Mengele were met with such resistance and disregard for our feelings. What he says in interviews does not reflect his actions. I have called his office repeatedly. . . .

Penthouse: Are you bitter that the Mengele family has never tried to make amends?

Kor: I do think the Mengele family could send us a letter. That does not take much time or money. It is the thought that counts, but here there is not even the thought. If Rolf Mengele was half the man he claims to be, he would meet face-to-face with one of his father's victims.

Penthouse: Are you saying that Rolf Mengele is a phony?

Kor: Most certainly he is a liar. Rolf Mengele has no historic insight to contribute. Rolf Mengele was very young when his father disappeared after the war. What could he know about his father? I don't think he can shed much understanding about what his father was all about. I think all he is doing is cashing in on his father's crimes.

Penthouse: Does it surprise you that Rolf married a blond, blue-eyed twin?

Kor: It is what his father wanted him to do. . . . Let me tell you, Rolf is his son, but Mengele also called us "my children." In the camp we were called "Mengele's children."

Penthouse: Is there a parallel between the twins and Rolf Mengele?

Kor: We were both influenced by what happened.

Penthouse: If Josef Mengele were not dead, what would be the one thing you would tell him?

Kor: You tried, but you did not destroy us.

For those readers who would like to join Auschwitz survivors in their battle to insure that the world will never forget the horrors of the Holocaust, tax-deductible contributions may be sent to: CANDLES, 24 West Lawrin Blvd., Terre Haute, Ind. 47803. ☎

PENTHOUSE VIDEO

SERVICE STATION

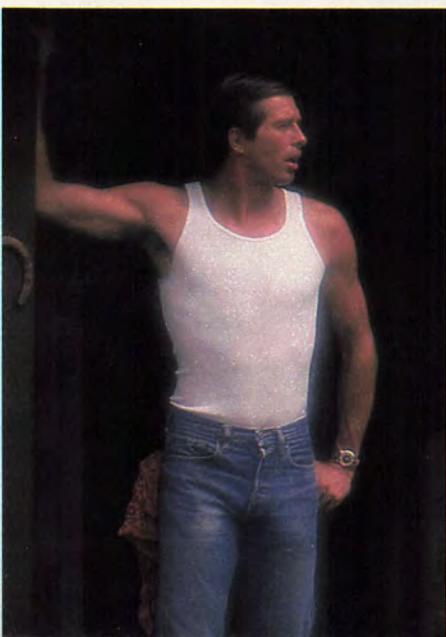




Sensuality and setting invoke an alluring new dimension in erotica in "Service Station," a featured segment of the *Penthouse Love Stories* video, to be released by Vestron in late July. In it, *Penthouse* achieves something that

adult video has long aspired to: an elegant blend of romance and raunch, serendipity and sex. The story begins on a summertime country road long ago: a blonde, an overheated car, a serviceman named Harry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED HOLZMAN AND
J. STEPHEN HICKS

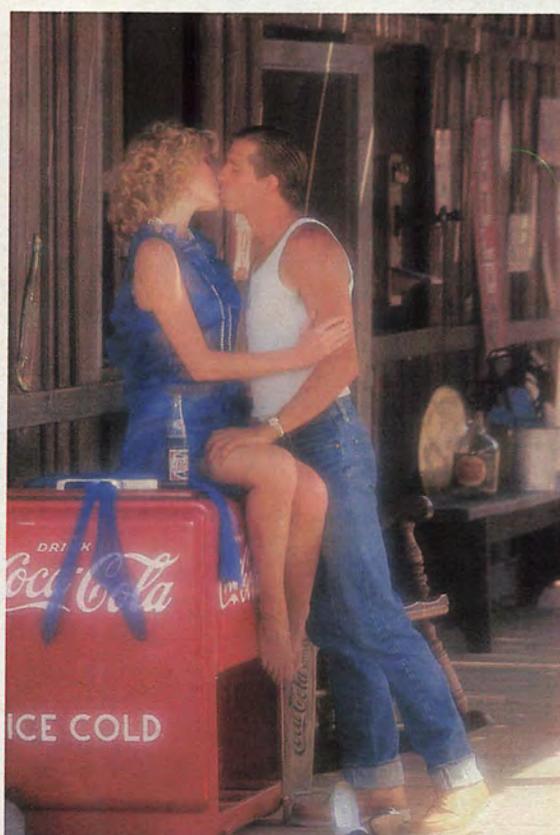
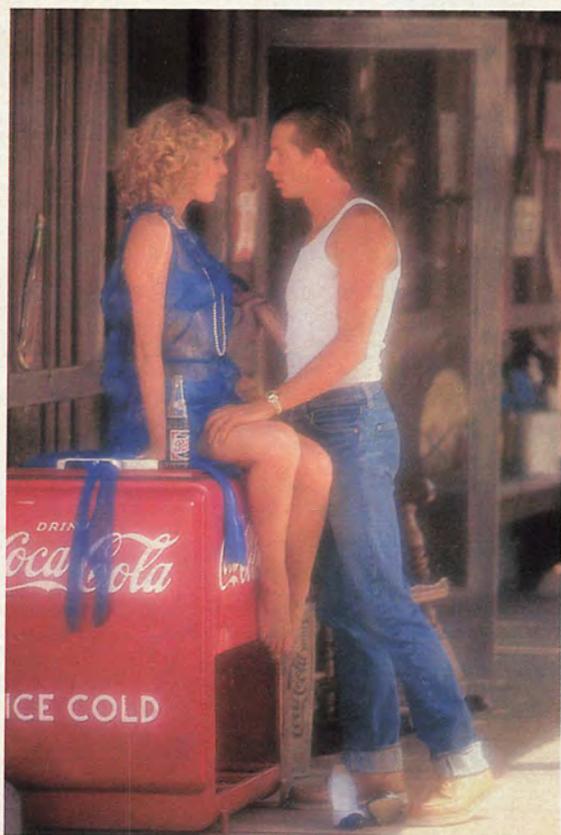




While Harry tends the engine, the big-city blonde looks on, easing her own overheated motor onto the soda cooler.



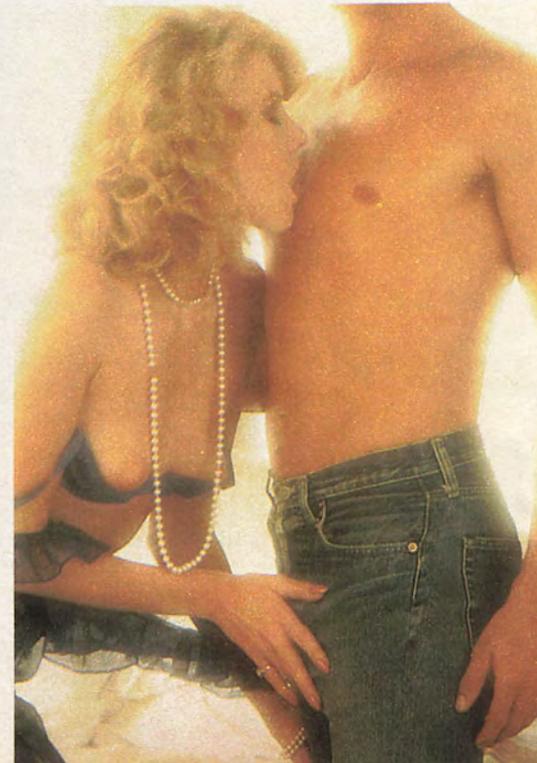


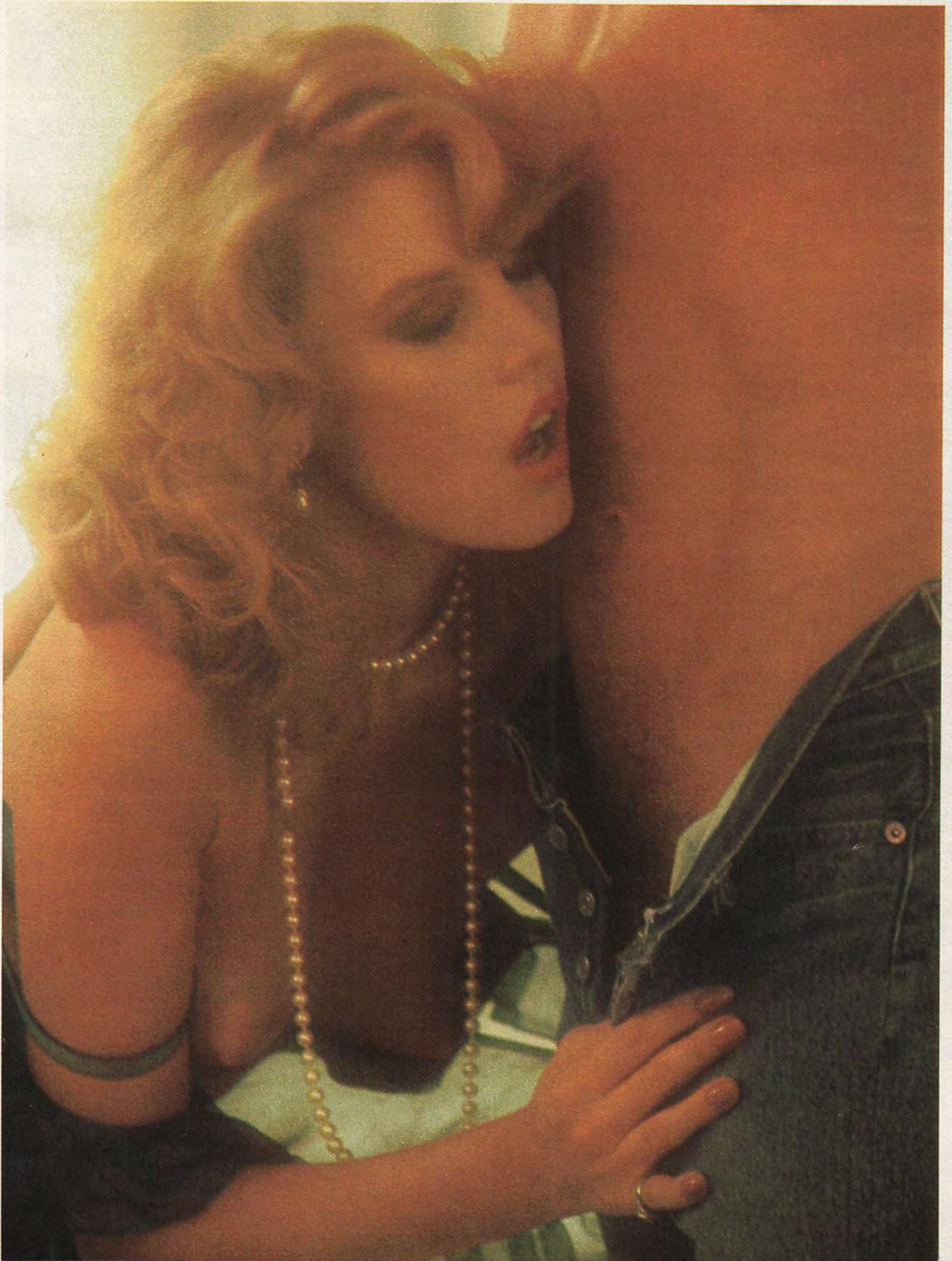


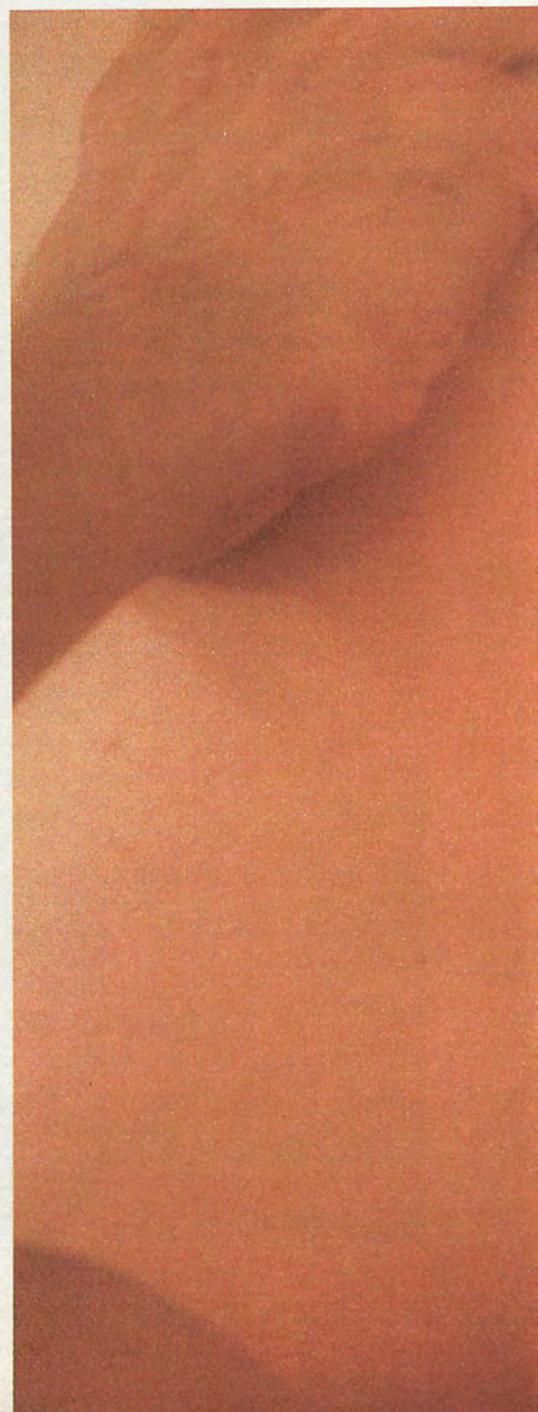
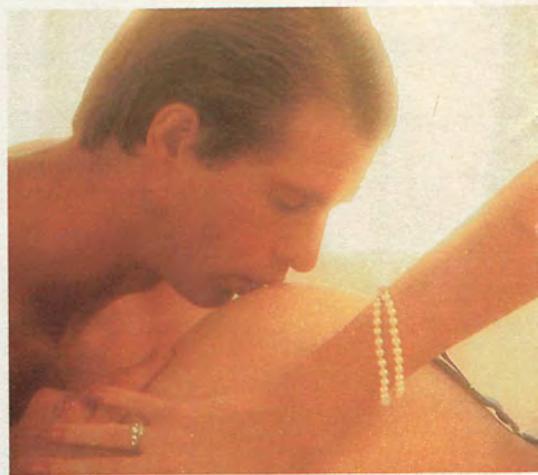
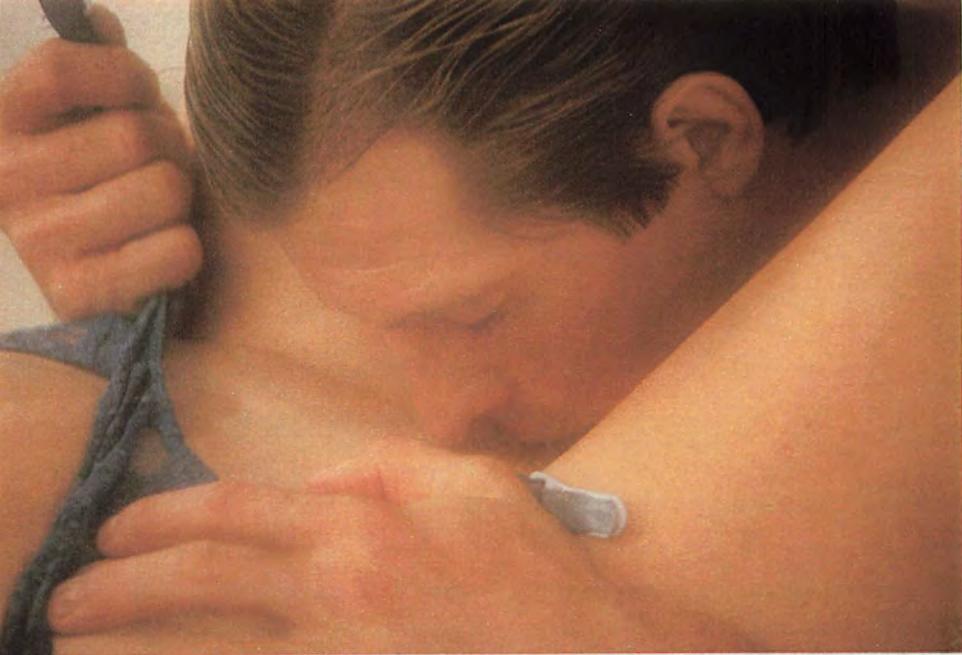
Sheer blue stockings are peeled off in the languid breeze. The stranger's slender fingers raise her skirt to lure that breeze, and Harry with it. Her tongue traces the cool glass rim of the pop bottle. Harry can fix anything.



Behind the pumps there lies a curtained room. The lurer and the lured, a fan, salty summer flesh to be savored and slaked. The lurer and the lured become one.







In the dream heat
of the service station's
out-back boudoir,
all inhibitions vanish with
the breeze. The
room becomes a prism of
lust; their bodies rise

and fall, toss and roll,
swooning to the symphony
of their own swirling
desires. Here, on video,
something closer to
passion than to playing has
been captured.







The afternoon hungers erupt
into climax; and climax into climax, wild
as the birds in the trees beneath
the dead-of-August sun. Who was the lurer,
who the lured, on this day long ago?

○+ 12





MENGELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

place—Paraguay.

With little to do but fret about Israeli commandos, Mengele spent time writing. He turned out more than 5,000 pages of diaries, an autobiography, and hundreds of pages of letters to his family. These writings provide an unprecedented insight into the mind of a war criminal. His literary jottings portray a bitter and unrepentant man. They dispel the myths that developed of Mengele's having had superhuman powers of evasion. He was not the führer of the Fourth Reich, moving around in half a dozen jungle hideouts, protected by 20 guard dogs and a dozen killer bodyguards. Instead, he spent most of his life on the run in simple surroundings, fearing capture and depending on his family in Germany for a lifeline of support.

As he grew older, Josef Mengele was not preoccupied with continuing his Auschwitz work or dealing in drugs, as was variously reported in the media. Instead, he was obsessed with developing a relationship with his son Rolf. Rolf was his only child, having been born in 1944 during Mengele's last year at Auschwitz. Rolf had long struggled with the burden of his teenage discovery that his father was not a war hero, but instead was one of the world's most-wanted men.

Diametrically opposed to each other's

views, the two carried on a lengthy and often bitter debate in a series of letters. Mengele castigated Rolf for what he saw as his numerous shortcomings, and he tried to control the son he had met only once as a "nephew" in Switzerland.

At the age of 33, Rolf was fed up with the letter-writing. He decided to make the journey to São Paulo, where the elderly Mengele had since moved, to confront his father, and to determine firsthand if what he had read over the years was true. In 1977 they met, the lawyer son and the father, the most hated man in the world. For two turbulent weeks they confronted each other, and Rolf left after realizing his father would never admit to any guilt for Auschwitz.

Josef Mengele was more of a stranger than a father to Rolf. Yet Rolf still wanted to reconcile the differences. Before he could, Josef Mengele died in a swimming accident in 1979. For the next six years, Rolf Mengele and the rest of the Mengele family refused to disclose the secret of his death.

Ironically, as the hunt for the Angel of Death climaxed in the spring of 1985—40 years after Auschwitz's gas chambers fell silent—the German police broke the case and unearthed a set of rotting bones in Brazil.

Rolf Mengele has since broken the Mengele code of silence. He has made his father's diaries and other writings available to Gerald Posner, who, with John

Ware, a British journalist, wrote a biography of his father, Mengele: The Complete Story, recently published by McGraw-Hill. But Rolf Mengele has never addressed the American public before. This interview was conducted by Posner in Freiburg, West Germany, in February of this year in English, Rolf's second language. He now believes it will be his last interview.

Penthouse: When was the first time you met your father?

Mengele: In 1956. I was 12 years old. I remember meeting him in Switzerland on a ski holiday. He was introduced to me as "Uncle Fritz." He was the "uncle" who sent me letters and stamps from Argentina. He was a very sympathetic man, a good sportsman. He was also always joking.

Penthouse: Did he talk about the war?

Mengele: I remember he was the first adult to talk about the wartime. It was taboo. As young boys, we were very interested in the war and the fighting. We talked about it and he told us about his fighting partisans in Russia.

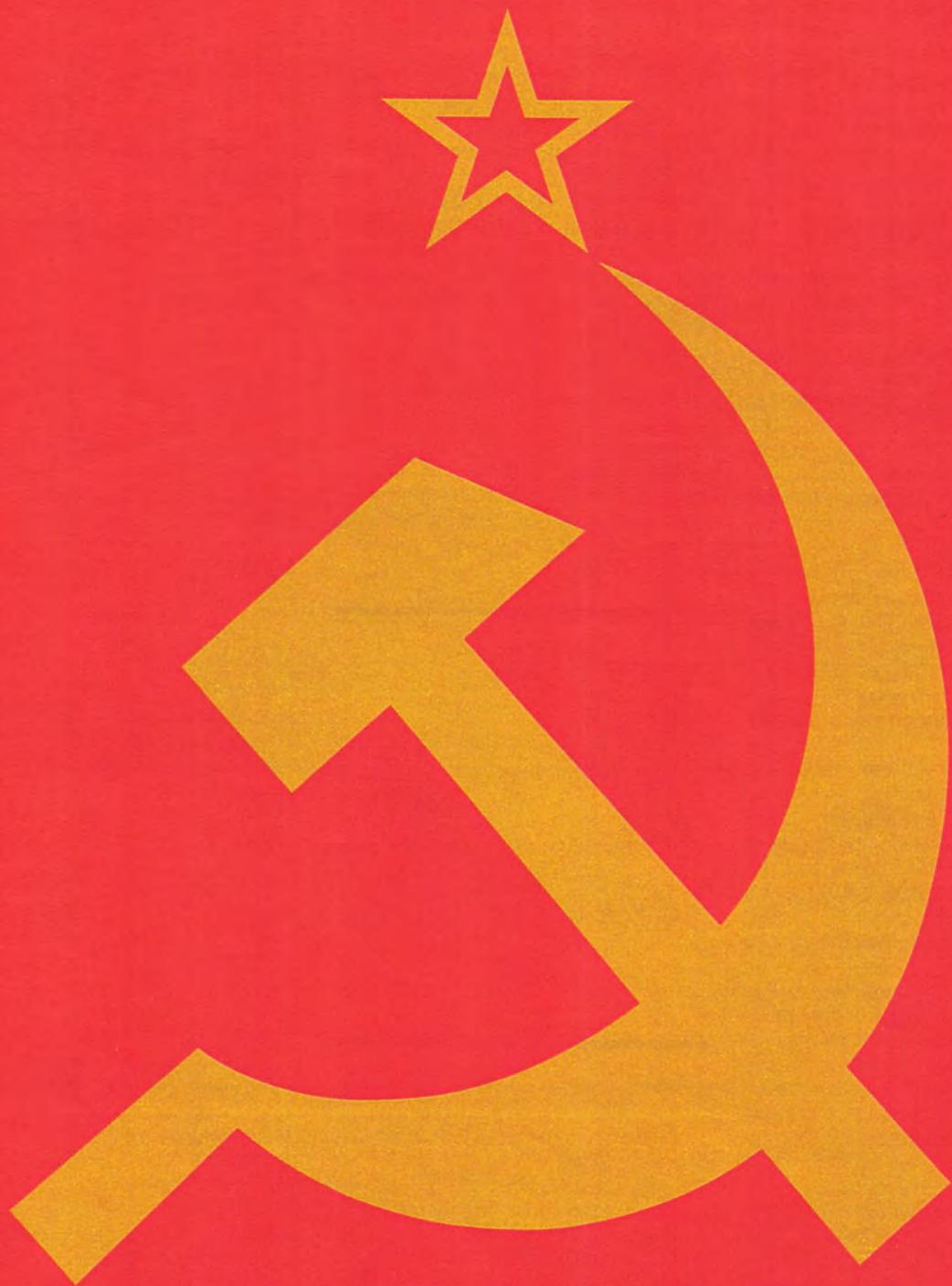
Penthouse: At that time, where did you think your real father was?

Mengele: My understanding from my mother was that he was missing in action. Assumed to be dead.

Penthouse: Who told you that "Uncle Fritz" was your real father, and when?

Mengele: It was my stepfather, Alfons Hackenjos. He told me after Eichmann





Censorship can make the world a better place.

Censorship can make your life easier. When somebody else makes decisions about what you can read and see and hear, you don't have to think as much.

Censorship can cure the world of problems like violent crime and child abuse. If you believe information and ideas cause problems—instead of people.

Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree...just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare, and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

was captured in Argentina, and at the time German newspapers had begun to write about my father. It was in 1960. I understood from my family that it was not the truth. They told me he was not a murderer in the sense that he did not murder with his own hand. They told me it was about Auschwitz and what happened there was a horrible thing, but he was a cog, a small spring, in the large machinery. I was 15 or 16 at the time, and I accepted it.

Penthouse: Learning that your father was alive and was being accused of such horrible crimes must have affected you.

Mengele: Of course it affected me—very strongly. Up until the time, I believed I had a father who was a soldier who had fought in Russia, and I was very proud. I was embarrassed. It was a shock. It was not an easy period for me.

Penthouse: In 1960, you began to have contact with your father by letters. How did that come about?

Mengele: I got letters from him, and my mother forced me to answer them. I didn't like it, so I wrote to him in the sense that you write to somebody who is a prisoner. My mother had told me I should have human feelings about him and it would help him. It was an obligation that I fulfilled, but unwillingly.

Penthouse: What did you learn about your father through these letters?

Mengele: I learned that we had, in the historical view, diametrically opposed positions. We had discussions and debates through these letters, but at the end I saw it was useless.

Penthouse: Why did you visit him for two weeks in 1977?

Mengele: It was my curiosity. I wanted to see him. I wanted to speak to him face-to-face and get more out of him. He was ill and I said to myself he would not live very long, so I better hurry up to see him. For him, it was a high moment to meet his son. I felt bad because I could not reciprocate. He was a stranger for me. I felt that we did not have the relationship that would normally exist between father and son. I left convinced that his psyche had been damaged by 30 years on the run. This made him mentally confused and he was unable to give up his justifications for everything. He was self-righteous and had self-pity.

Penthouse: Did you talk to him about Auschwitz?

Mengele: Yes. When I approached him on this subject and told him he was responsible, he became very, very angry and would shout: "My only son, I had hoped, would not believe all those lies written in the newspapers." He was not ready to accept any personal guilt or responsibility. He never felt any remorse or regret, because he didn't see his responsibility. He rejected everything and did not feel guilty.

Penthouse: As an attorney, can you legally justify not reporting his whereabouts?

Mengele: Legally, we are a democracy

here. I am under no requirement to turn him in. We have a law which exempts family members from punishment if they obstruct criminal prosecution, if you are in conflict between the laws and your personal relationship.

Penthouse: What about your moral responsibility?

Mengele: In the end, he was my father and I couldn't do it. It had to be his decision. Another point is that I would have ruined the people who had helped him, and I had an obligation to these people.

Penthouse: Didn't you feel any obligation to the victims?

Mengele: Of course, for the victims, for justice, but in this conflict I finally decided for my father.

Penthouse: Did the Mengele family prefer that he go on trial?

Mengele: The preference had to be that he die before he was brought to trial because a trial would have been very painful to the family.

“
My father's psyche had been
damaged by 30 years
on the run. This made him
mentally confused, and he was
unable to give up his
justifications for everything.”

Penthouse: If that was the case, and he died in 1979, why did you wait until 1985 to announce to the world that Josef Mengele was dead?

Mengele: We have in Germany a five-year statute of limitations to prosecute people who helped him. I decided to wait these five years to fulfill the statute.

Penthouse: But the five-year statute of limitations expired in February 1984. Why didn't you announce the death in early 1984?

Mengele: I don't remember very well, but I was hoping that they had forgotten about him. There had been no mention of him in the newspapers and I had hoped the case was all over. And then came 1985 [the 40th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz rekindled interest in Mengele].

Penthouse: Are the reports that you have attempted to profit from your father's death true?

Mengele: It really bothers me to read this, because it is not true. There have been several offers to date, and I have refused because I don't want to profit out of my father's life. I always had two preconditions when I decided to break my silence.

First, to help the victims with things other than words. Secondly, it must be for serious historical research. Any profit, or at least an important part of the profit, must go to the victims. As you know, personally, I did not receive a single penny.

Penthouse: Do you intend to continue to talk to every serious researcher and government official?

Mengele: Nobody can expect this from me. I must continue my own life. I must earn a living. I don't have any interest in the Mengele factory, as I sometimes read, and I didn't have an inheritance. I think that all of the questions are asked and I have answered them. This interview—I have decided to give it to you, and I think it will be the last one.

Penthouse: "Karl Mengele and Son" is the name of the factory your grandfather started. Why, despite all the notoriety associated with the name, hasn't the family changed the company's name?

Mengele: There is the feeling that we all can't be held guilty for what Josef Mengele did. The same applies to the company. The company has nothing to do with Josef Mengele, so there is no need to change the name. Perhaps it is disagreeable to have the name, but in the end there is a tradition.

Penthouse: Why hasn't the Mengele family apologized for Josef Mengele?

Mengele: I have. I don't know what the rest of my family does. That is their business.

Penthouse: Are you ashamed that Josef Mengele is your father?

Mengele: Yes. Yes, I am ashamed.

Penthouse: If you had to characterize your feelings toward your father in one word, what would it be?

Mengele: It's a difficult question. Disgust . . . hate . . . no. It would be pity.

Penthouse: Did you ever worry that you would turn out like your father?

Mengele: No. Never!

Penthouse: Is it a burden to be the son of Josef Mengele?

Mengele: Oh, yes. It is not so good nowadays to be the son of Josef Mengele. It is acceptable if you are the son of Rommel, but I can't change it.

Penthouse: Your wife is a twin. Do you think you were subconsciously affected in your decision to marry her because of your father's interest in experimenting with twins?

Mengele: No. Never. She could have been a triplet, or anything, and it would not have influenced me.

Penthouse: Your father was married twice. Do you think he was capable of love?

Mengele: Yes. I am sure of it. It was a deep love for both.

Penthouse: Do you think he loved you?

Mengele: Yes, I do.

Penthouse: How do your contemporaries and you view the Holocaust?

Mengele: Forgetting some idiots, 95 or 99 percent of my generation believe we cannot have enough questioning of what happened there. It happened during the

war, but it was not part of the war.

Penthouse: What do you mean?

Mengele: What makes the difference from other actions [during the war]—from Lidice, Katryn Forest, Dresden, or Hiroshima—is the organization [of slaughtering Jews]. The bureaucracy of death is what makes it so repulsive and disgusting. It makes it so unique and incomparable to me. If you compare it to, say, Cambodia, it is different. As part of the young generation I feel a moral and social obligation, always, to put my finger on this and pound it out very clearly. I don't see collective guilt. I would say we have collective responsibility for what happened in our nation. We are ashamed of this dark chapter [in our history].

Penthouse: But why not guilt?

Mengele: Foreign countries do not understand we are the second generation out of those times, and we look to daily issues to prove our attitude. West German youth and society have proven they have learned their lessons from history.

Penthouse: Does your generation ever think that the Holocaust is talked about too much?

Mengele: If the issue is brought up to prevent what happened again, that is okay. This is what we accept. But if it is brought up by some politicians in Israel just to have some political opportunity from the United States or West Germany, I think it must be seen in another view.

Penthouse: What do you think about historical revisionists who say the Holocaust never happened?

Mengele: I think this is ridiculous. I must say that I have so much evidence of what happened during this period that I can't accept [what they are saying]. It's unbelievable what these people are producing. I feel ashamed about it.

Penthouse: Do you believe the charges made against your father?

Mengele: I must assume the witnesses are telling the truth. As I told you, even for him to be part of selecting people in Auschwitz is enough for me to find him guilty.

Penthouse: Do neo-Nazis, assuming you share the view of your father, contact you?

Mengele: I get thousands [of letters]. Some of it is neo-Nazi hate mail. I have also been contacted [in person] by these people.

Penthouse: Does most of the mail come from neo-Nazis in Germany?

Mengele: It's coming here from Germany, but I would say that most of it is coming from the United States.

Penthouse: Last year, there was a great deal of controversy when President Reagan laid a wreath at the graves of SS men in Bitburg. What do you think about the furor raised over the incident?

Mengele: I understand the reactions of Americans because of the stigma of the name "SS," but I think the decision of the President was right. Because after 40 years there must be a reconciliation between people and nations.

Penthouse: Do you think the Bitburg visit was an attempt by Chancellor Helmut Kohl to rehabilitate the SS?

Mengele: I don't think so. Perhaps it was an effort by him to win some votes for the next election.

Penthouse: From reading his letters and your conversations with him, did your father view Jews like a typical anti-Semite?

Mengele: No. He had a theory that there were only two dominant races in the world—Aryan and Jewish—and it is a competition between them for dominance.

Penthouse: Is that why the twins he experimented on in Auschwitz were usually Jews?

Mengele: No. It didn't matter what religion they were. It wouldn't have mattered if they were Catholic or Protestant. He was interested in twins because they were the basis for his studies.

Penthouse: How do you explain to Americans that the experimentation done on the twins was simply a matter of Josef Mengele's field of study?

Mengele: They should understand he was a proponent of scientific thoughts which in their pursuit eliminated any moral responsibility. They should understand that Josef Mengele was not a monster, but was an example of the banality of evil. And I would like to tell American readers that what we should always be aware of is to never allow science to be cut off from morality.

Penthouse: Were the people who as-

sisted your father part of a larger organization helping fugitive Nazis?

Mengele: Absolutely not. This is one of the reasons my father stayed free. The hunters were looking for a large network of people sheltering him in luxurious haciendas all over South America. Instead, just a group of unorganized friends let him live a very simple life in Brazil.

Penthouse: Don't you believe there is such a thing as ODESSA?

Mengele: No, not in the way portrayed in the media. Instead of a large, well-financed, corporate-type group of ex-Nazis who schemed to help fugitives, I believe assistance came from loose-knit groups of ex-Nazis. They helped out of loyalty and comradeship. An important part of their lives was spent in the war, and after the war they continued to help fellow soldiers.

Penthouse: Is Nazism on the rise in West Germany?

Mengele: No. It's not right just to put Germany in a corner. We are a free country where you can express your opinions. There are always idiots who try to solve their problems by blaming blacks, Jews, or others. But if they find 20 neo-Nazis here—and we have 60 million people—they say, "Oh no, it is a growing and dangerous problem." I don't believe it is. I see more Nazism in the United States or in South Africa or in South America. Here, people are really disgusted about it because they know where it can lead to. 



ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

into the American embassy compound, killing a number of U.S. diplomats and destroying a wing of the building. The CIA station chief, as well as the entire intelligence staff, were reportedly killed. Shiite Muslims, connected to Iran, were blamed. Intelligence analysts later learned that, in fact, Assad had provided secret aid to the Shiites who carried out the bombing. Several months later, the embassy annex, to which the tattered survivors of this attack had retired, was bombed—again. Syria was suspected.

The ultimate blow came in October 1983, when yet another "suicide bomber" rammed the Marine compound at Beirut airport. The attack caused the deaths of 241 Marines. It was learned that the attackers, allegedly "radical Shiites," had driven through several Syrian checkpoints, and had been provided with their explosives by Syria.

In one of their rare public rebukes of Syria, administration officials openly fingered Assad for his role in the Marine bombing. In November 1983, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger accused the Syrians of "sponsorship and knowledge and authority" for the attack. Secretary of State George Shultz said a few days later that "Syria must bear a share of responsibility."

Even the President went on the record, stating that Syria "facilitates and supplies

instruments for terrorist attacks on the people of Lebanon." But the attack on the Marines, coming as it did on the heels of the two bombings of the embassy, persuaded Ronald Reagan not to punish Assad, but to appease him. Within a few months, the Marines were yanked out of Lebanon.

Instead of pushing for a showdown with Syria, the State Department Arabists persuaded Reagan to pressure Israel instead. They repeatedly argued that Israeli "aggression" was at the root of the problem. Once Israeli troops were out of Lebanon, our diplomats said, the Syrians would be much more compliant and would stop their anti-American attacks. The Israelis, of course, did eventually leave Lebanon. The Syrian Army stayed.

America's failure to seriously hit back at Assad in response to his humiliating attacks convinced the Syrian leader he could do whatever he pleased against the "pitiful, helpless giant." With the Americans gone from Lebanon, Assad essentially achieved his goal of dominating the country. In the process, he had also dealt a humiliating blow to U.S. power and prestige in the region.

And that, of course, is precisely what Assad's mentors in the Kremlin expect. Assad is now the Soviet's most dependable ally in the Middle East. They have plied his regime with money and the latest weapons. Soviet advisers are there by the thousands, solidly entrenched in Syria and in the Bekaa Valley. They man

key weapons systems, teach the Syrians how to operate them, and by their mere presence, warn the United States to keep out. In return for the arms and cash and bodyguards, the Soviets can count on Assad to sabotage any U.S. initiative in the region.

But there, too, the State Department experts have sought to excuse Assad's close ties to the Russians, by arguing it was due not to his radical politics, but to our own support for Israel. If only the United States were friendlier toward Syria, our diplomats insist, the Russians would disappear from Damascus.

But even as the State Department has pursued its policy of appeasement, Syria's attacks against American interests have increased. Since the humiliating pullout of the Marines in January 1984, the terrorists under Assad's wings have become emboldened, expanding their horizons far beyond Lebanon and the Middle East. Syrian-backed terrorist groups have launched campaigns against American and Western interests in Paris, Rome, London, Vienna, and Athens, and other popular European capitals. They have struck at American airlines, American companies, and American children, repeatedly drumming in the point that the United States is the hated enemy.

President Assad has learned that insolence toward U.S. officials only earns him greater respect. According to State Department cables, at the height of the Lebanon war, U.S. envoy Philip Habib literally had to beg for private meetings with Assad. The Syrian leader liked to play hard to get: once he even sent word he could not attend the peace talks because he was at his beach house.

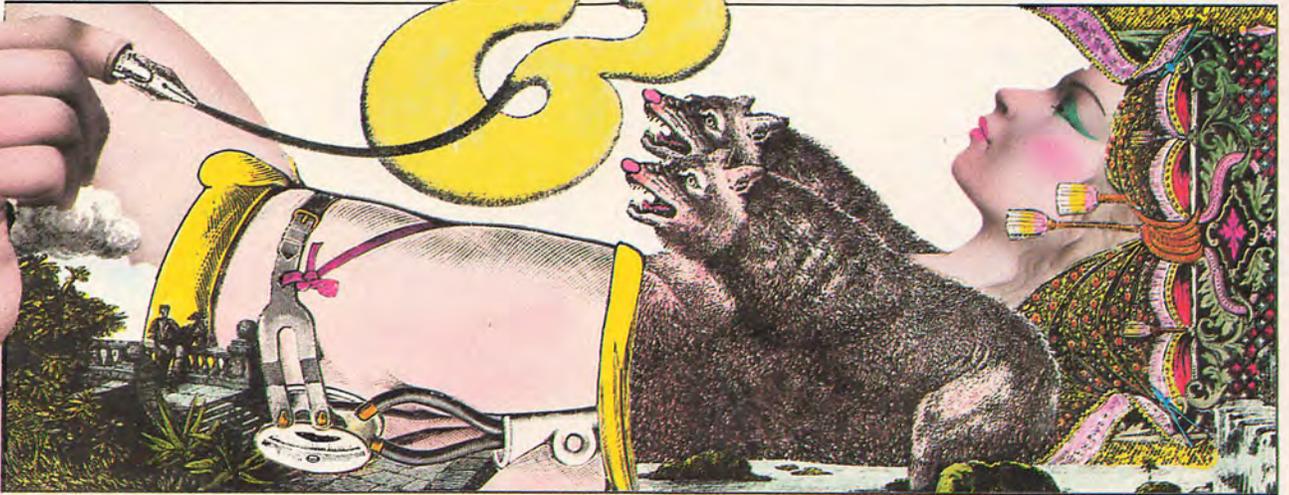
The rapid growth of anti-U.S. terrorism in the past few years has achieved the Syrian radicals' objective of making life for Americans overseas a nightmare. Instead of vainly wooing Assad, our diplomats should be reminding him that he is as vulnerable as his Libyan neighbor. One simple remedy would be to take existing policy toward Libya and apply it to Syria as well.

If targeting Damascus seems too risky for our limp-wristed diplomats, an equally effective message could be delivered by striking the Syrian-controlled Bekaa Valley. A carefully planned attack would certainly inflict damage on this terrorists' haven. It would remind both the radical Shiites and their sponsors that the U.S. is not willing to sit back and play martyr.

What is the likelihood of the administration carrying out such a tough policy toward Syria? Very small indeed. Our diplomats will continue to fawn over Assad and block any change in policy toward his regime. Like the Bourbon kings who learned nothing and forgot nothing, our policymakers have failed to heed the major lesson of the twentieth century: that to appease a bully only prompts him to strike again. 



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

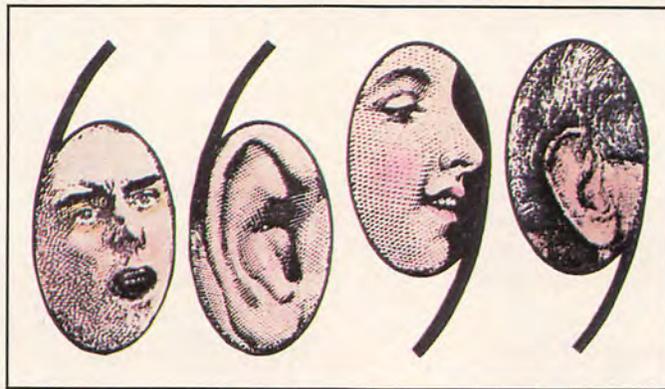


FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

Angered over persistent questions by reporters during a photo-taking session at the White House, President Reagan blurted out, "Sons of bitches." Later, however, spokesman Larry Speakes claimed that President Reagan in fact had said, "It's sunny and you're rich."

A man and a woman drowned in Manhattan's East River after the woman accidentally backed their van off a pier during an argument between them over who was the better driver.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH



"Technology . . . is not what you might call my strong point. . . . I mean, all I know

about computers wouldn't cover a silicon chip."
—Vice-President George Bush

HIGHS AND LOWS

A London man tried to commit suicide by driving his car 70 miles per hour into a highway bridge. When he walked away from the crash without a scratch, he climbed an electrical power pylon and was struck by 132,000 volts. Although severely burned, he was still alive, and finally admitted to the police that trying to kill himself was a bad idea.

Police in Rome, who for "technical" reasons decided that a Mercedes parked at an airport concealed a cache of explosives, blew open the car's doors and ripped apart the interior, failing to find any such cache. It turned out that the car belonged to General James Brown, commander of NATO Allied Air Forces in Southern Europe. (From Robert J. Thompson, Ortonville, Mich.)



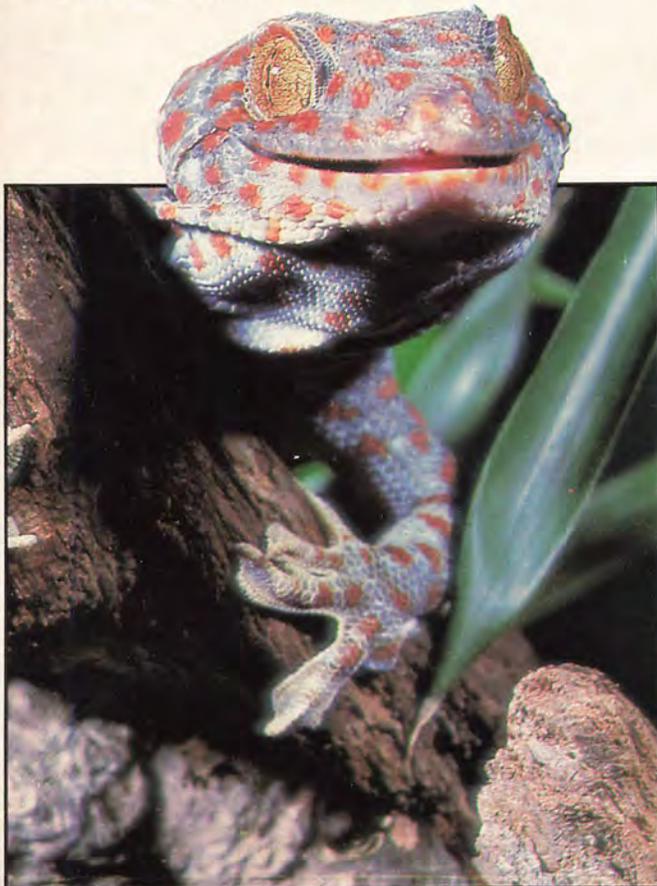
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WRETCHED EXCESSES

The hottest television show in Japan is a weekly game show called "Endurance," during which contestants undergo painful tortures. A recent winner was hoisted inside a giant lizard's cage with rotting fish around his neck, smeared with fish food and dunked into a pool of catfish, smeared with bananas and put into a cage of orangutans, hung upside down over a smoking fire with cockroaches stuffed into his trousers, hit on his buttocks with a cannonball, and dragged behind a truck over sharp rocks. That was

just the preliminary round. He finally won by allowing himself to be suspended upside down in the Egyptian desert with hot coals on his feet and cactus needles jabbing him in the stomach, while Arab boys sprinkled him with hot sand. The winner received top prize: a one-week trip to the United States.

A Los Angeles woman was admitted to the hospital with a stomach wound. She explained that she had shot herself in the upper abdomen to make a severe stomach-ache go away.



LIFE AT THE TOP

Officials of affluent Marin County in California (the beneficiary of a deceased heiress's estate that pays the county more than \$30 million a year to "help the needy") used the money for a "bio-dynamic garden school" and a jogging track.

BAD KARMA

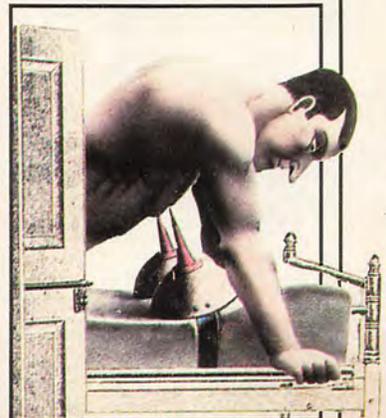


Actress Shirley MacLaine infuriated Peruvian government officials when, during the filming of a movie there based on her book about mysterious and unexplained events, she insisted that extraterrestrials had built Machu Picchu, Peru's most famous archaeological ruin. According to MacLaine, the extraterrestrials built this

ancient city high in the Andes by flying boulders to the site in spaceships. MacLaine did not explain why extraterrestrials would want to build an ancient Incan city in the Andes. Peruvian government officials demanded that she revise the script to remove the "insult" against the ancient Incan engineers who, in fact, built the city.

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

According to police charges, a Knights of Pythias fundraising dinner on Long Island, New York, featured a special "one-act show" that turned out to be four nude women who performed sex acts on each other and with some 70 members of the audience.





DOG DAY AFTERNOON

An Indianapolis woman, accused of writing more than \$100,000 in bad checks, posted \$1,800 bail—by writing another bad check.

ANew York City police officer was discovered to owe more than \$30,000 in parking fines, accumulated during a five-year period.

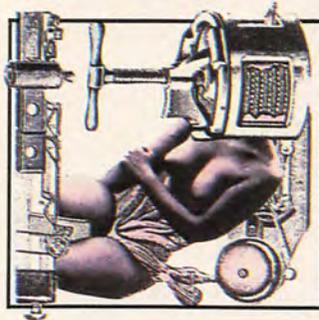
MODERN LIVING

City officials in London ruled that the word *manhole* is a sexist word, and henceforth will be referred to as an "access chamber."

STATE OF THE UNION

A Texas congressman was barred from the House of Representatives gymnasium after he began living there permanently in a small cubicle. The congressman explained that he began living at the gym to save \$700 a month in rent.

PREMENSTRUAL STRESS



Infuriated over endemic corruption among the 300-man transit police force in Mexico's Morelos state, the governor ultimately decided to fire them all and replace the entire force with 300 women. Over time, however, the women turned out to be just as corrupt as the men.



SOUR GRAPES

Sylvester Stallone, his wife, and his brother swept the recent Golden Raspberry awards, given annually by a group of Hollywood actors and writers to the "worst in motion pictures." Stallone won the award for Worst Film with *Rambo*, while Mrs. Stallone—actress Brigitte Nielsen—won the Worst Supporting Actress award for

her role in *Rocky IV*. She also won the Worst New Star award for her work in *Rocky IV* and *Red Sonja*. Stallone's brother, Frank, won the Worst Song award for his composition "Peace in Our Life." The Stallones replace John and Bo Derek as the Hollywood family that has contributed the least to the art of motion pictures.

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

Among the new Hollywood releases is one called *Breakdancers From Mars*.

AMaine company offers a \$559 "genetic engineering home cloning kit" for children, in which experimenters can clone a gene from one type of common bacteria to another. (From James Ulan, Longmeadow, Maine)

Among the ideas submitted to the television producers in search of a new series are "Bionic Drapes," starring extraterrestrial curtains, and one about a man reared by wealthy farm animals.

Anew children's racing car, called "the flying hamster," is propelled by power provided by a pet hamster running on a tiny treadmill.



EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

Believe it or not, these early American fruit labels are now worth thousands of dollars.

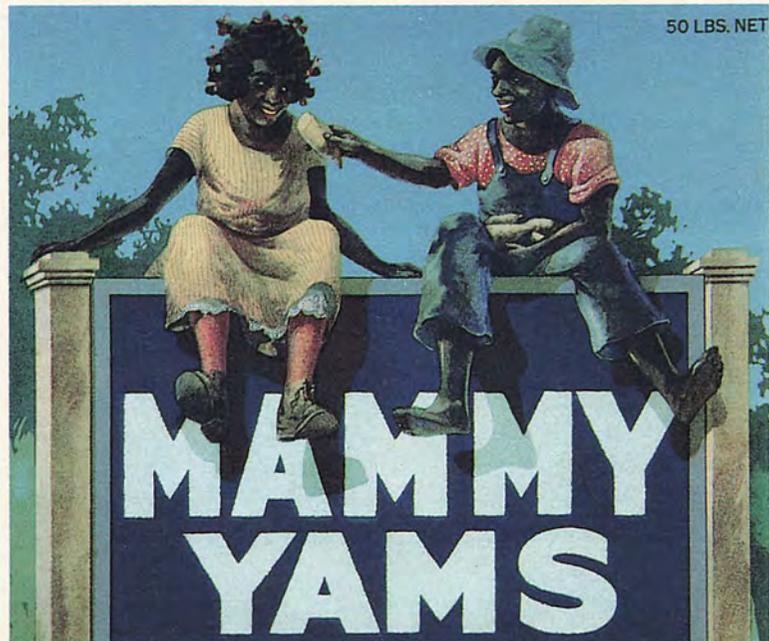
CRATE ART

BY LYNN KEARCHER

Andy Warhol made a mockery of advertising art and immortalized it by recreating household staples as pop art. But long before Warhol's revolutionary "interpretations" of the Campbell's soup can, California-based commercial artists were liberating their imaginations to design fanciful advertisements.

These vivid box labels were the precursors of innovative commercial advertising in this country. Emerging as early as 1880 and disappearing in the mid-fifties, these inventive advertisements not only provide an insight into the history of American commercial art but also serve as sociological barometers of our values and beliefs during their 70-year life span. Most of the labels featured on these pages are not from orange crates, but promoted other products, such as cigars and vegetables. All are collectibles.

Many of the stereotypical images depicted on the labels from the early years of this century are obviously offensive to us today. Portrayals of subservient, buffoonish minorities are similar to those in such film and literary classics as *Gone With the Wind* and *Showboat*. Unfortunately, both these blockbusters and many others mirrored black stereotypes and the racist social structure of the time. Type-casting racial groups was considered acceptable practice, as is evident by Hula Apples, immortalizing the archetypal topless Hawaiian beauty.



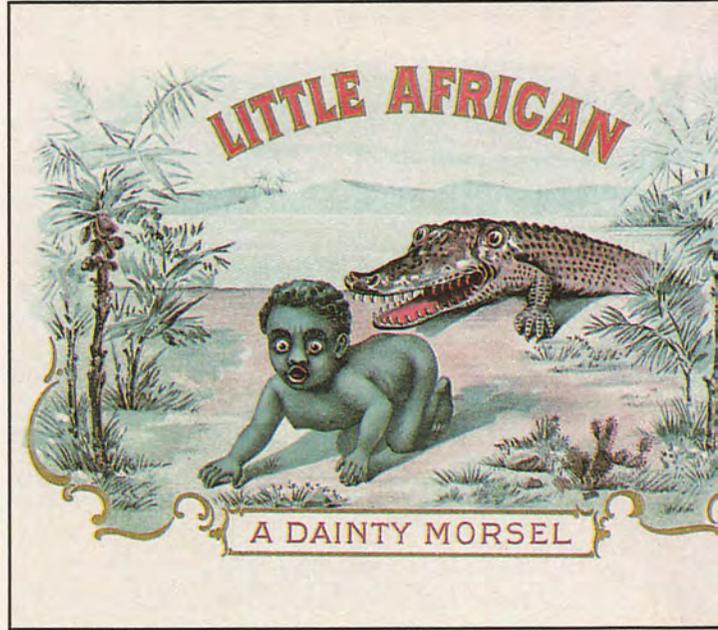
DE LUXE
BRAND
VALENCIAS

REGISTERED AT THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE MAY 22ND 1883

LIME KILN CLUB

OCCCE
PRODUCE OF U.S.A. CALIFORNIA
ZINFANDEL
Quality Grapes

PACKED & SHIPPED BY
C. MONDAVI & SONS
MAIN OFFICE LODI CALIF





It is curious to note that the illustrations featured on label art often bore rather tenuous connections to the products they were selling. For example, the desert scene on the Rubaiyat label was used, mysteriously, by the California Redlands Orangedale Association, which was located in the San Bernardino Valley. The locale is obviously similar to that of the famous *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám* by Edward Fitzgerald. But why the artist felt that the exotic poem—with its reference to “a jug of wine and thou”—would somehow be an incentive to buy oranges is hard to explain. Perhaps it was merely the fact that contemporary cinema popularized desert themes, and that the orange growers hoped to capitalize on Rudolph Valentino’s phenomenal sex appeal in *The Sheik*.

Although thousands of diverse labels once adorned the nation’s markets, most have vanished because they were discarded any time a farmer chose to change a design or a lithography house lost a client. Today, due to their rarity, collecting labels has become a big business. A recent auction at Sotheby’s in New York fetched \$22,000 for a smattering of labels and other American ephemera. Individual labels can bring up to \$1,500 each.

Some people may scorn these labels as silly examples of a dated and naive means of advertising. Others may feel that they’re just racist, overly romantic, or downright silly. Increasingly, though, collectors, antique dealers, and citizens alike are willing to accept the old adage: One man’s rubbish is another man’s treasure. Today, what we take for granted and discard without a second thought may be of great value tomorrow . . . but then again, isn’t that what crate art is all about?

To purchase original labels, send \$5 for a catalogue to: Tom Fay, *Out of the West Publishing*, 1857 Discovery Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95819. OI

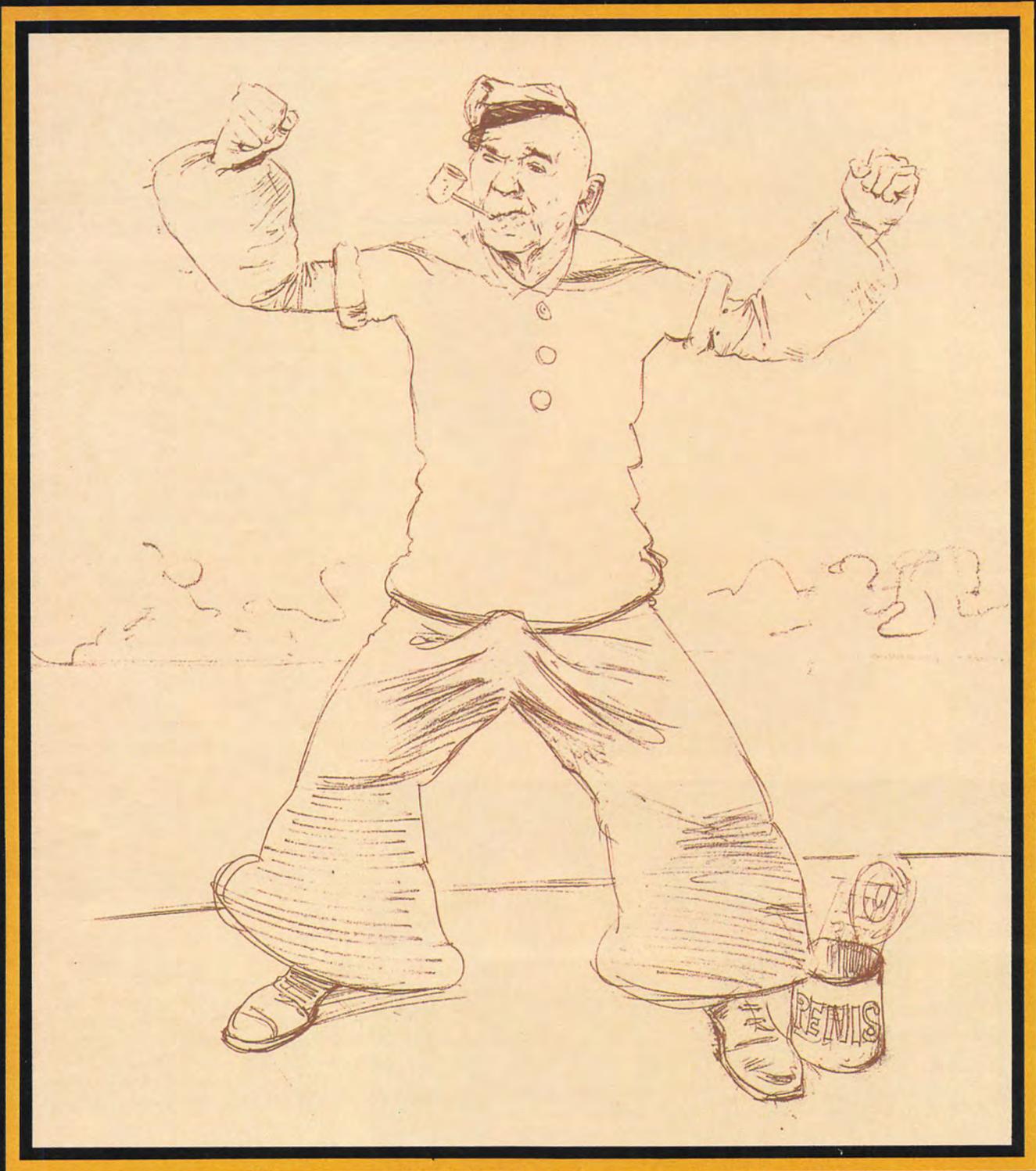


ACK JOE

UICE GRAPES

OWN AND PACKED BY
D KURTZ
DI. CALIFORNIA

ZINFANDEL



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 40

As a comic, he'd offer relief
But as President, he's nothing but grief
He's a phony—a zero—
A press-release hero,
A cartoon Commando-in-Chief.

A POPEYE LYPSE NOW



ORIN HOFMEKLER

LYNCHING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

time for the fall elections. He approved only a 15-day extension.

The heavy-handed style of Hudson and Sears also bothered a few panelists. In February, the 34-year-old Sears sent a letter with his boss's blessing to major American conglomerates, including CBS, Time, Ramada Inns, the Southland Corporation, Coca-Cola, and RCA. He told them that "the Commission received testimony alleging your company is involved in the sale or distribution of pornography." The unnamed critic was the book-burning Reverend Donald Wildmon, director of the National Federation for Decency. Sears gave the firms 30 days to respond. Incredibly, failure to reply, he said, would indicate that a company "did not differ" with the allegations and thus would be listed as an "identifiable distributor" of porn in the final report.

Most of the accused simply denied Wildmon's charges. But the Southland Corporation, the parent company of the 7-Eleven chain, apparently took the threat seriously. A few weeks later, Southland ordered *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, and *Forum* removed from its 4,500 owned-and-operated stores. The commission was flogged for this star-chamber procedure on editorial pages across the nation.

In this dispiriting atmosphere, Commissioner Fred Schauer made his move. The 40-year-old law professor from the University of Michigan had a different agenda from the constables who had run the operation all along. These blue knights were hoping for additional weapons to sanitize American sexual fantasies, but Professor Schauer wanted a statement he could sleep with *and* respect afterward. He had graduated from Dartmouth College ('67) and Harvard Law School ('72), studied at Cambridge University, and written three books on constitutional law. A man who takes himself and his work very seriously, Professor Schauer had a huge professional stake in the commission's final product.

Although he had defended distributors of X-rated films while attached to a Boston law firm in the early seventies, Professor Schauer eventually changed his mind and argued that pornography is not protected by the Constitution.

The professor remarked in *The Georgetown Law Journal* in 1979 that a "prototypical pornography item . . . shares more of the characteristics of sexual activity than of communicative processes." In plainer speech, the professor thinks that *Debbie Does Dallas* is more dildo than movie. Consequently, on his appointment to the commission, he told a local newspaper reporter, "Some regulation of hard-core pornography is permissible."

What was not permissible was the way Hudson and the overzealous staff risked

ruining his good name in law-school common rooms. He was shocked by the draft that Sears sent him for comment. He wrote a frank letter to his fellow commissioners noting that he was "very disturbed" by the work in progress. Especially troubling was the chapter on pornography victims, a 200-page martyrology with lurid but unsubstantiated accounts of sexual abuse, beatings, and mental trauma, all laid at the altar of porn.

"If this section is included as is," he complained, "we will have confirmed all of the worst fears about our biases. . . . I will not compromise my intellectual integrity. I hope you won't, either, and I urge all of you to bear in mind that your reputations are on the line too."

Professor Schauer was also angry about the comments on organized crime, because Sears relied on the testimony of a retired FBI agent of dubious character. This former G-man, Professor Schauer discovered, had been busted for shop-

6

To avoid the shame of signing a disreputable report, Commissioner Schauer bound himself to a word processor and tapped out a 192-page alternative draft.

,

lifting. The trial judge remarked that the defendant "has a great propensity to lie."

To avoid the shame of signing a disreputable report, the professor decided to do his own. He bound himself to a word processor in his Ann Arbor office and tapped out a 192-page alternative draft.

This extra-credit effort was revealed in *The New York Times* in mid-April, catching Sears and Hudson by surprise. The smartest kid in the class was ready to confront Meese's vice squad.

"We were just talking about you, Fred," said Commissioner Ellen Levine, the editor of *Woman's Day*, when Professor Schauer entered the eighth-floor conference room a few minutes after nine that fateful morning last April.

Smiling nervously, as is his custom, the bearded scholar with black curly hair reached into a canvas bag. "Let me distribute these," he said, taking out photocopies of his homework.

The commission recessed to ponder the Schauer report. Reporters, cable TV lobbyists, ACLU lawyers, anticensorship feminists, and a young blonde from Phyllis Schlafly's *Eagle Forum* perused it as well.

Entombed in turgid and Talmudic prose, the professor's opus shared many of the same assumptions as the staff draft, yet diverged in several important areas. Unlike Hudson and Sears, Professor Schauer did not seek new and constitutionally questionable laws against obscene or indecent materials; he felt there were enough measures on the books already.

Although he lamented underenforcement, he rejected proposals calling for mandatory sentences, more money for police, and increased community pressure. Despite the staff's obsession with kiddie porn, he dismissed this small pocket of erotica as merely a "cottage industry."

Finally, the professor sidestepped the tricky task of defining pornography. The panel had wrestled with a tentative definition for months, but he called the assignment "futile."

When the commission reconvened, Commissioner Jim Dobson, the evangelist from Focus on the Family, condemned the toothless tenor of Professor Schauer's law-enforcement section. "All our work is up for grabs now," said the angriest commissioner, pounding the table. "What happened to the critique of lax government action?" Chairman Hudson tried to calm Dobson down. The two reports could be integrated, he said. But Dobson did not see how. "The nature of the approaches are diametrically opposed," he said. "It's like putting oil and water together. They don't mix."

Dobson, who regularly preaches muscular antiporn sermons, moaned that Professor Schauer lacked "punch." "We need to react dramatically to the offense of pornography," he said. "This is all technicalities."

"Punch is not my game," the professor replied. "If it is the wish of the commission to write something more dramatic . . . get another boy."

After debating the final format, the commission voted to use the Schauer report as a framework and to include, where possible, sections of the staff document.

Why did Meese's men buy the law professor's leaner approach? Perhaps they realized that his thesis, while more nuanced, was actually holier than Hudson's—especially on the make-or-break matter of harms.

TWISTED EVIDENCE

Harm was not everything to the Meese Commission, it was the *only* thing. If the evidence did not show credible links between explicit pictures and passionate crimes, all their work would be in vain. Although the President denounced pornography in his State of the Union address, the Justice Department's jury was officially still out. At their business meeting in Scottsdale, Arizona, the previous month, the question of harm led to stalemate. The panel was wound so tight around this issue that nobody was content.

CALIGULA

NOW ON VIDEO



THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM IN HISTORY
THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT, X-RATED VERSION FOR ONLY \$89.95

STARRING

MALCOLM MCDOWELL, TERESA ANN SAVOY, HELEN MIRREN, AND
PETER O'TOOLE. WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA.
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI.

PENTHOUSE VIDEO

PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 6500, ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

Please rush me the original X version of Caligula (156 minutes) for only \$89.95 plus \$3.00 postage and handling per tape.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please indicate: VHS (CFV) BETA (CFB)
 Check enclosed Money order enclosed
 Visa MasterCard American Express

Acct. # _____ Exp. date: _____
Interbank # for MasterCard: _____

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-526-4797
Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only, Canada add \$5.00 for postage and handling. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. No foreign orders.

157

There were two vexing concerns in Scottsdale, where harm inspired fierce debate and portended irreconcilable differences. First, scientific research seemed to take pornography off the hook—just as it did in the 1970 presidential report. Even violent and degrading hard-core kinds—from *Tool Box Murders* to *Deep Throat*—were cleared of causing bad behavior. The studies merely indicated that some college boys overdosed on porn pressed a shock buzzer longer than those who watched "Leave It to Beaver" tapes. And sometimes a rise in sympathy for extramarital sex followed a festival of racy films. Since laboratory reactions prove nothing about real-world actions, the panel concluded that social science acquitted the defendant once again.

Second, the ten commissioners who attended the Scottsdale session (Harold "Tex" Lezar was away at trial) went into meltdown when the discussion turned to mainstream erotica (e.g., men's magazines, Hollywood movies, and scenes from soap operas and miniseries). Five of the panelists dared to vote that this class of porn actually had *positive* effects on the family. But the split was too profound. As a compromise, Chairman Hudson called for 11 individual statements, suspending the most popular forms of sexual entertainment in limbo.

Despite the staff's shameless attempt at a frame-up, pornography was coming out unexpectedly clean from Scottsdale. The commission was running away from the President, the attorney general, and the gathering cultural momentum. That prospect must have revolted Professor Schauer, because his chapter on harms ignored the Scottsdale votes and disregarded the record. According to the Schauer report, science *now* implicated porn in crimes of passion, and mainstream erotica was all of a sudden irredeemably degrading. How did this transubstantiation occur? Professor Schauer simply and cleverly rewrote history. His arguments in favor of harmfulness, which belie his own stance in Scottsdale, are a triumph of personal sensitivity over the facts.

He is not, however, a crude thinker. His treatment of the evil that pornography purportedly does pays homage to certain criticism of the commission's censorious intentions. For example, he grants that the elimination of explicit pictures would not end sex crimes and discrimination, that martial-arts magazines cause more commotion than D-cup periodicals, that the testimony of self-described victims of pornography is essentially unreliable, that extrapolating from porn-saturated college kids to the general population is dangerous, and that correlations between pornography and venereal vice do not necessarily demonstrate a causal connection.

The professor's biggest concession pertains to the good that some explicit

materials serve. "Our statements about categories are general statements designed to cover most but not all of what might be within a given category," he observed reasonably. "Some items within a category might produce no effects, or even the *opposite effects from those identified*" (emphasis added). But having fixated on harm for so long, he did not elaborate on the potential benefits that he himself endorsed in Scottsdale.

Although Professor Schauer began the harms chapter with subtlety and qualifications, he did not allow the caveats to stand in his way. He was going after pornography even if it meant perverting the data and leaping from assumption to assumption.

For instance, in Scottsdale the panel voted that sexually violent porn did not cause antisocial behavior, according to the latest scientific studies. The worst that slasher and chain-saw sex did was *temporarily* change the *attitudes* of young

“

Harm was not everything to
the Meese Commission,
it was the *only* thing. The
panel voted that
sexually violent porn did not
cause antisocial behavior.

”

men in a laboratory setting. Although the professor recognized the narrow range of the research, he apparently fudged the evidence in his report.

Mixing limited science with an unlimited personal aversion to the rough stuff, he dared to make the following sweeping declarations about violent pornography (Class I):

"Since the clinical and *experimental evidence* supports the conclusion that there is a causal relationship between exposure to sexually violent materials and an increase in aggressive behavior directed towards women, and since we believe that an increase in aggressive behavior towards women will, in a population, increase the incidence of sexual violence in that population, we have reached the conclusion, unanimously and confidently, that the available evidence strongly supports the conclusion that substantial exposure to sexually violent materials as described here bears a causal relationship to anti-social and unlawful acts of sexual violence."

"Although we rely for this conclusion on *significant scientific empirical evidence*..."

"Sexual violence is not the only negative effect reported in the *research* to result from substantial exposure to sexually violent materials" (emphases added).

Note well the professor's slippery escalation of cause and effect. In the first quote, experimental evidence just "supports" the idea; in the second, the evidence is merely relied upon; but in the third remark, the link is *assumed* as Schauer observes that the research reports sexual violence as an effect of pornography. When Dr. Edward Donnerstein, a leading expert on the effects of pornography and a major witness at the hearings, was asked to comment on the harms chapter by *The New York Times*, he said, "These conclusions seem bizarre to me."

In fact, the Scottsdale transcripts show that the professor's line of thought does not hold up. He has stretched his colleagues' unanimous distaste for sanguineous excitement (which a long line of cops, D.A.s, feminists, and ecclesiastics enthusiastically condemned at the public hearings) to cover the few artificial bad effects found in campus testings. None dare call this intellectual integrity.

DEGRADING THE MAINSTREAM

The case against degrading pornography (Class II) was an easier fix. The professor did not have to manipulate the data in this second category because the data hardly existed. (Only two investigations were cited!) In Scottsdale, the panel voted 10-0 that degrading images indicated negative effects "of very few kinds." Nevertheless, Professor Schauer nakedly argued for a crime connection in his harms chapter.

"The absence of evidence should by no means be taken to deny the existence of the causal link," he insisted. "But because the causal link is less the subject of experimental studies, we have been required to think more carefully here about the assumptions necessary to causally connect increased acceptance of rape myths and other attitudinal changes with increased sexual aggression and sexual violence."

His careful thought arched over the American male psyche to conclude that substantial exposure to degrading materials will create an unhealthy karma around women (e.g., that they adore being raped, etc.) and consequently hike the rate of sex crimes. "We are not saying that everyone with these attitudes will commit an act of sexual violence or sexual coercion," he averred. "We are saying that such attitudes will increase the likelihood for an individual and the incidence for a population that acts of sexual violence, sexual coercion, or unwanted sexual aggression will occur."

The professor was clearly out on a limb regarding the effects of degradation, but he did not hide his enthusiasm for thought control.

More interesting in this class was the

COMMISSION CONFIDENTIAL

THE DICKS AND THE MOLL

Chairman Henry Hudson: workaholic prosecutor; bulldog style; an erotic illiterate; never read *Ulysses*, *Lolita*, or *Lady Chatterly's Lover*; naked of own ideas; President nominated him for U.S. attorney for Eastern District of Virginia in March; effectively locked commission into his law-and-order plans; favorite question of victim-witnesses: "Is it your contention, then, that pornography contributed to your injuries?"

Vice-Chairman Harold "Tex" Lezar: Yale ('70); beefy law-and-order Republican arriviste; second marriage to a former Reagan assistant; friend of recent attorneys general; architect of commission while at Justice Department; inspired tough laws recommended in final report; most unforgettable quote at business meeting: "Why not teach kids sex is bad?"

Judge Edward Garcia: in vigorous fifties; calisthenics enthusiast; prominent Catholic layman with seven children; Reagan-appointed federal judge from Sacramento; under self-imposed gag order, he contributed almost nothing to the deliberations; when awake, he voted with hard-liners; told a reporter, "You know way more about this shit than I do."

Diane Cusack: conservative Catholic politician from Scottsdale, Arizona; Rosary College; certificate from Harvard Business School; married, three grown children; longtime community activist; as town planner, used zoning laws to harass adult theaters; lost council seat

as panel met; foe of sex education; took "commonsense" approach to complex issues; consistently voted the vice squad's agenda.

GOD SQUAD

Father Bruce Ritter: doctorate in medieval dogma; priest for 30 years; smart, well liked, and good sport; president of Covenant House; all sex outside marriage forbidden, and a lot within; late fifties; pet peeves—group sex and Dr. Ruth Westheimer; zinged commission for overdoing kiddie porn and fringe fetishes; accepted \$100,000 for Covenant House from leading antiporn lobby while sitting on panel.

Dr. James Dobson: president of Focus on the Family, an organization dedicated to preserving traditional values; licensed marriage counselor; former professor of pediatrics at U.S.C.; pushing 50; has called pornography "a river of smut"; consultant to Army chief of staff; occasional White House visitor; wife Shirley ripped up men's magazines in convenience store; says Satan is plaguing his family because of his porn investigation; favorite quote: "Is it degrading to publish *Pussy Pumping Ass Fuckers?*"; prayed for stern verdict against erotica—voted for it, too.

SECULAR CENSORS

Professor Frederick Schauer: Andrea Dworkin's dream date; nonstop talker; in love with own thoughts; admitted Pac-Man addict; lectured by Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz on Constitution at New York hearings; sour apple with press; twice-married.

Dr. Park Dietz: the chairman's favorite shrink; expert on autoerotic hanging, rubber fetishes, and detective magazines; plays drums to relax; brightest member of panel but sometimes space cadet on sex; taught at Harvard Medical School, currently professor at University of Virginia; testified against John Hinckley; FBI consultant; more worried about violence than *Deep Throat*; late thirties; masturbation to centerfolds okay; won 1986 Krafft-Ebing Award from Academy of Forensic Sciences.

Deanne Tilton: most congenial; 40-ish; soft-spoken; sounds like Beaver Cleaver's mom; on second marriage, to child psychologist; president of the California Consortium of Child Abuse Councils; child pornography is principal interest; weirdest moment—when she asked Colleen Dewhurst at a public hearing if Actors' Equity had been infiltrated by organized crime.

DISSENTING SISTERS

Dr. Judith Becker: most uncomfortable commissioner; Catholic college grad; single; resented attempts to bend scientific data; Columbia University psychologist specializing in sex aggression; early forties; wrote dissent with Levine for final report.

Ellen Levine: best-dressed; *Cosmo* girl in 1970s, now editor of *Woman's Day* and V.P. of CBS Magazines; Helmut Newton fan; close to Senator Bill Bradley; lives in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, with physician husband; mid-forties; strongly dissented from majority but collaborated with killjoy agenda.

retooling of the definition that he accomplished out of sight in Ann Arbor. At the Scottsdale caucus, the degrading variety constituted a confined and kinky genre sold mostly in down-scale sex shops. Some examples mentioned: a camera focused on parted labia, excrement and urine, a woman acting like a dog, fisting, and slave-master paperbacks.

But the professor's new and improved concept was much more grandiose and traveled the distance from 42nd Street to neighborhood stores:

"The degradation we refer to is degradation of people, most often women, and here we are referring to material that, although not violent, depicts people, usually women, as existing solely for the sexual satisfaction of others, usually men, or that depicts people, usually women, in decidedly subordinate roles in their sexual relations with others, or that depicts people engaged in sexual practices that would to most people be considered hu-

miliating. To give an admittedly extreme example, we would all consider a photograph of an upright male urinating into the mouth of a kneeling woman to be degrading."

Instead of sticking with far-out sex, the professor had adopted Women Against Pornography's polymorphous understanding of degradation—that is, almost every piece of erotica from Rubens to centerfolds to Calvin Klein fragrance ads.

Thus the golden-Schauer report made the astonishing claim that degradation is present in "the predominant portion of what is currently standard-fare heterosexual pornography and is a significant theme in a broader range of materials not commonly taken to be sexually explicit enough to be pornographic." In perhaps, the most blatant turnaround, Schauer implicated mainstream porn—which the majority, including the professor himself, had noted for its positive effects on the family in Scottsdale—in sex crimes!

Professor Schauer's bias surfaced

again in the now-eviscerated category of nonviolent and nondegrading porn (Class III). Although the commission agreed in Scottsdale that this softer material fostered neither the rape myth nor female degradation and even helped to improve loving marriages, Professor Schauer emphasized only the alleged negative effects—uncommitted sexuality, exposure of private acts, offending sensibilities, availability to children, and the pollution of the moral environment.

Mere nudity (Class IV), miraculously, received an uncontested seal of approval.

In political terms, the Meese Commission findings on the harms of pornography, as filtered through the convoluted logic of a squeamish lawyer, will undermine the influence of the more liberal and scientific 1970 commission. The Schauer report is bound to become a Magna Charta for censors.

In sexual terms, it is also a giant step backward. By listening almost entirely to

unfriendly witnesses and focusing almost exclusively on guilty associations, the Meese panel overlooked the biological appeal and psychological dynamics of erotica. According to such sexologists as Alfred Kinsey, the temptation of porn does not originate in degeneracy or patriarchy, but rather in the male sexual response to visual stimuli. Fascination with images of *ars amoris* has roots in ancient history. It feeds men's fantasies (and women's, too, to a lesser extent) and satisfies curiosity. Furthermore, the violational shocks of pornography bear a resemblance to the sexy scenarios that even Christian love manuals recommend for boring marriage beds. The failure of imagination—the refusal to consider the psychosexual need for zaps of pornographic excitement—is the basic failure of the Meese Commission. When this human element is ignored, porn inevitably becomes a stomping ground for ultra-radical feminists, hawk-eyed moralists, and personally prudish commissioners.

What about Ellen Levine and Dr. Judith Becker, the most skeptical panelists? They blocked their colleagues from going to town on harms in Scottsdale and practically brought the inquisition to a standstill. Yet they disappointed many liberal observers by keeping their peace when the commission hastily reviewed the doctored harms chapter in Washington.

Levine was exhausted from months of trench warfare. "I'm tired of being in the minority," she said during a break in the deliberations. Obviously, her heart was not with the majority. She showed a few onlookers a letter from a happily married young mother of two who reads *Woman's Day* and occasionally turns on to hardcore videocassettes with her husband. The correspondent wanted Levine to understand that her private delights were not degrading.

Even so, Levine surrendered. She was not going to make a stink at this last supper. "I believe it's much better to work behind the scenes," she said. "I think we've accomplished some major victories on print and cable television."

"But you just voted to approve Schauer's version of harms," a bearded reporter pointed out. "How are you going to fix that behind the scenes?"

"I don't know," she said. "Fred's going to China in three days."

Dr. Becker, a Manhattan psychologist specializing in sex offenders, was weary as well. She accused some of her colleagues of voting their personal and religious prejudices in Scottsdale, and loudly protested the "Simple Simon" view that porn causes crime. However, Professor Schauer's more complicated version of the same theory did not equally get her goat in Washington. "They don't listen to me, I can't persuade them," she complained. "It's not my style to stomp my feet."

Instead, Dr. Becker decided to join Levine in a strong personal statement for

the final report that would outline their differences with the majority. She was uncertain whether their dissent added up to a minority report. (See box on page 74.)

THE DWORKINING OF AMERICA

Some years hence, the Meese Commission may be called the Dworkin Commission, after Andrea Dworkin, the long-suffering soul of Women Against Pornography. By a quirk of sexual politics, the moral majority of the Meese panel has enshrined the man-hating feminism of Dworkin in their report. Not only did Professor Schauer hijack her absolutism on porn's degradation of women, which puts *I Spit on Your Grave* on the same moral plane as some Maidenform bra ads, but the commission backed the concept of her civil rights ordinance, which would allow women to sue anybody in the pornography industry for violating their erotic space. Although the

●

The Meese Commission
has enshrined the man-hating
feminism of Andrea
Dworkin, who
wrote: "Men will have to give
up their precious
erections and make love
as women do."

●

Supreme Court ruled that the ordinance passed in Indianapolis was unconstitutional, the Meese court liked the idea anyway.

It seems that Dworkin's emotional testimony at the New York hearings impressed several members of the panel. A stump orator of oversize proportions, she has moved audiences to tears with a roll call of purported casualties of porn.

"In the country where I live as a citizen," she raved in New York, "there is a pornography of the humiliation of women where every single way of humiliating a human being is taken to be a form of sexual pleasure for the viewer and the victim, where women are covered in filth, including feces, including mud, including paint, including blood, including semen. Women that are tortured for the sexual pleasure of those who watch and those who do the torture."

Once an abused and battered wife, Dworkin sees all pornography as a form of snuff. This aberrant view of heterosexual dynamics has infected her writings. What would admiring commissioners say if they read the quotable Dworkin in *Our Blood* (1981):

"I think men will have to give up their precious erections and begin to make love as women do together. I am saying that men will have to renounce their phallocentric personalities, and the privileges and powers given to them at birth as a consequence of their anatomy, that they will have to excise everything in them that they now value as distinctively 'male.' No reform, or matching of orgasms, will accomplish this."

"Rape remains our primary model for heterosexual relating."

"Men agree, by law, custom, and habit, that women are sluts and liars."

The U.S. government, through the ecumenism of Professor Schauer, has approved the anguished sexual philosophy of an avowed lesbian who lives in an open "marriage" with the homosexual founder of Men Against Pornography.

Her extreme views are reviled even by many feminists. "Dworkin has gone so far she's come full circle, preaching the opposite of feminism," said Marcia Pally of the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task Force. "She's not simply misguided, she's dangerous. By telling women their problems begin with porn, she distracts them from the real solutions to sexism and rape. Instead of encouraging women to go out and get what they like sexually, she teaches women to be afraid of sex. In the end, Dworkin tells women that sex is sexist."

Actually, Commissioner Dobson wanted the government to quote the woman at length. Sears telephoned Dworkin at the last minute about using parts of her testimony to introduce the victims chapter. She liked the idea, too. The staff had excerpted 200 pages from the statements of anonymous pornoplegics who bled profusely at the hearings. And now the mother of them all would preface their arranged and orchestrated confessions.

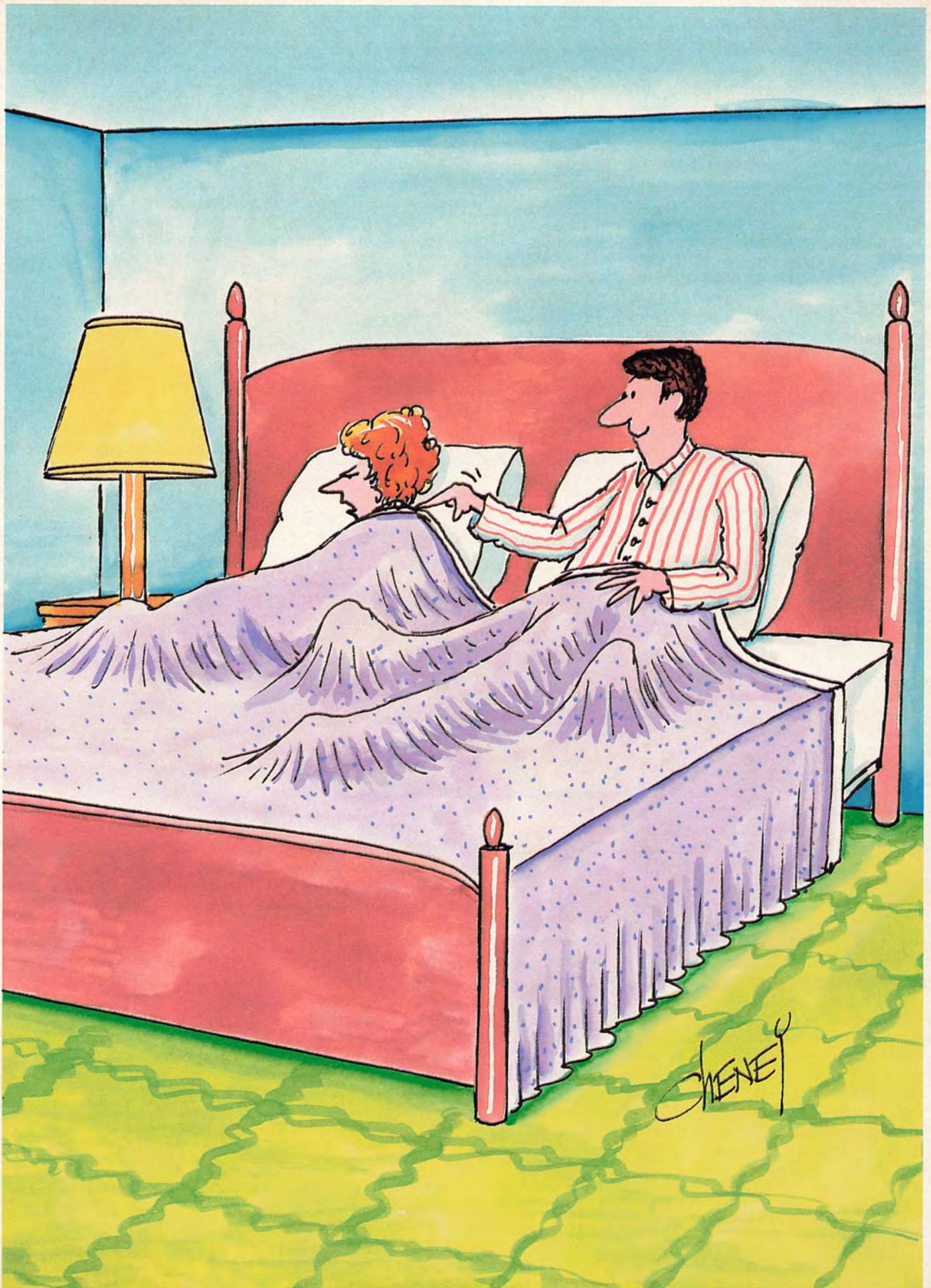
The cavalcade of casualties, 30 in all, gives the greatest lie to the commission's objectivity. Their appearance on the witness list presupposed the harmfulness of pornography. Even so, their testimony was inherently unreliable because they were preselected by the detectives on the staff and because their identities were kept secret. Some of the hapless "victims" could have testified in Salem. For instance, one woman claimed recurrent stigmata of old bruises from a brutish old boyfriend. A middle-aged man blamed his compulsive bestiality and urinary-tract infection on the childhood discovery of a pornographic deck of cards.

The obsession with victimology clouded clear thinking. The staff wanted states to give financial aid to those afflicted with "pornography-related injuries."

"What's a pornography-related injury?" asked Ellen Levine.

"Cigarette burns," suggested Lezar.

"How about a paper cut when turning the pages?" cracked Dr. Becker sar-



"Not tonight, Floyd . . . I don't feel like climbing."

castically. At this, the panel and galleries burst into laughter.

TURNING THE SCREW

With the controversial question of harms out of the picture, the commissioners proceeded to meat-and-potatoes censorship. Dr. Dobson was still aroused by the apparent pussyfooting of Professor Schauer. When the discussion came to the next chapter—law enforcement—the evangelist protested the recommendation that cops give priority to collaring violent and degrading filth. The professor was soft on Class III, but Dr. Dobson demanded a crackdown on all three types simultaneously.

The latter did not want to send a signal to police and prosecutors that explicit oral sex—even if mutual and loving—was no big deal. Hudson agreed: "This could be read as justification for ignoring Class III materials."

"Obscene is obscene is obscene," insisted Dobson.

Judge Garcia did not understand the fuss. He said that D.A.s almost always brought obscenity cases on the basis of "what can we win."

Professor Schauer was thinking more broadly. "Shouldn't factors other than 'what we can win' be involved in society's general determination of what it wants to get rid of and what it doesn't?" he asked.

Finally, the commission voted 6–5 that cops go after Class I and II first. Dr. Dobson sighed.

Next they turned to specific modes of erotica. First up—books. Schauer pleaded, in his report, to exonerate the Printed Word. Ellen Levine, roused by her pals in publishing, supported him.

Sears dug in. He had come back alive from a five-city tour of adult bookstores with bags full of hard-core titles featuring bestiality, bondage, and brutal back-door sex. Dr. Dobson deplored exonerating books like *After-School Rapist*.

When the vote was called, only five commissioners (Dobson, Garcia, Cusack, Lezar, and Hudson) favored burning books. Librarians across America could breathe more easily.

As industry lobbyists looked on, the panel next debated a staff recommendation that "indecent" material be banned from cable TV transmission. The proposal would have covered many R-rated films with sexually explicit themes. The measure, identical to a bill introduced in the Senate by Jesse Helms, went down in a 6–5 vote as Sears and Hudson fumed.

This infighting dissipated, however, when the commission turned to other staff recommendations. With relatively little rancor, it voted to drown the mellower parts of Schauer's report under a law-and-order tidal wave. The panel endorsed:

- Treating any second conviction of selling pornography as a felony, with a mandatory one-year prison term;

- Adopting forfeiture laws to seize the assets of any business engaged in the sale of proscribed materials (this would permit the seizure of an entire convenience store if it sold the wrong magazine);

- Using pandering statutes against the makers of adult fare—that is, charging film producers with procuring another person for the purpose of prostitution;

- The appointment of a "high-level" Justice Department task force on obscenity cases;

- The establishment of a data base on the pornography industry for use by law-enforcement personnel;

- Construing the employment of models under the age of 21 in sexually explicit poses as *child* pornography;

- Using state racketeering laws and federal racketeering statutes to obtain seizure of sexual materials;

- Increased federal, state, and local prosecution of obscenity statutes;



"What's a pornography-related injury?" asked Ellen Levine. "How about a paper cut when turning the pages?" cracked Dr. Becker sarcastically. Laughter rocked the room.



- Making it an unfair labor practice to have actors and actresses under 21 engage in sexual activity.

The panel also wanted the community to enlist in the frontline Battle Against Smut. Going beyond Professor Schauer's restrained approach, it explained how citizens could form "effective community-action groups" to keep tabs on pornography in their towns.

Under the flimsy guise of "educating" the public, the commission approved a how-to-protest manual, which mentioned boycotts of porn retailers and the support of corporations that use their power "responsibly" (i.e., don't do business with peddlers of offensive material).

GOOD VIBRATIONS

The queer matter of vibrators haunted the commission until the very end. For months, Sears had asked his colleagues to scrutinize the sale of sex aids—most of which, he said, were marketed by two companies controlled by organized crime. He was referring to the nipple clamps, dildos, bondage masks, and cock rings sold in the back rooms of peep shows. A Georgia law branding such

items obscene had survived state supreme court review. But some commissioners counseled caution on rubber goods.

Dr. Dietz was concerned that condoms might fall in this category. "And it might include the surgical implants available for erections in men who are impotent, and as-yet uncreated medical devices," he stated in New York. "On the point of obscenity, while I certainly agree that there are dildos and artificial vaginas that may be obscene in their own right, it seems to me that the ordinary vibrator is no more obscene than the Washington Monument."

Ellen Levine spoke in defense of the vibrator whenever she could. She made a last-ditch plea to Sears in Washington: "I can't think of any harms. . . . You can go to the best drugstores on Madison Avenue and find quality vibrators made by reputable companies."

Sears pursed his lips and hung tight. He told Levine that the Food and Drug Administration was investigating two cases of injury to individuals using these products.

But even Hudson was willing to allow American women good vibrations: "I'm willing to take out 'vibrator' if that would give you some comfort, Miss Levine." This indelicate phrasing caused Levine to break up. Hudson did not crack a smile.

THE CRITIC

Barry Lynn, the lanky legislative lobbyist from the ACLU, roamed the corridors of the Justice Department with the Schauer report in hand and polished his quote of the day.

"I told UPI the other night that it was a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee," Lynn said of the two draft reports. "But now I'm thinking of going with Tweedledum and Tweedle-Dumber. Hmmm. Tough choice."

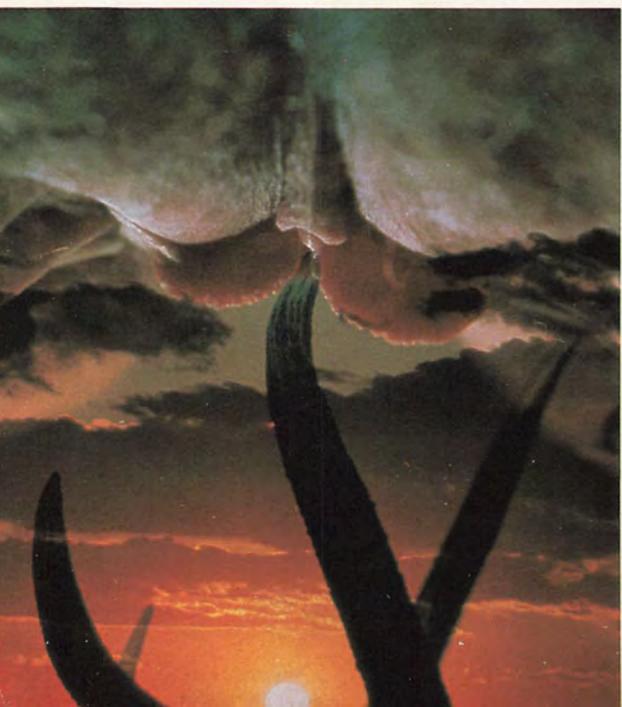
The wry 37-year-old lawyer spooked the pornography commission from its inception. He followed it around the nation, debated the executive director, briefed the press on its sins, and took to the airwaves to defend the sexually explicit.

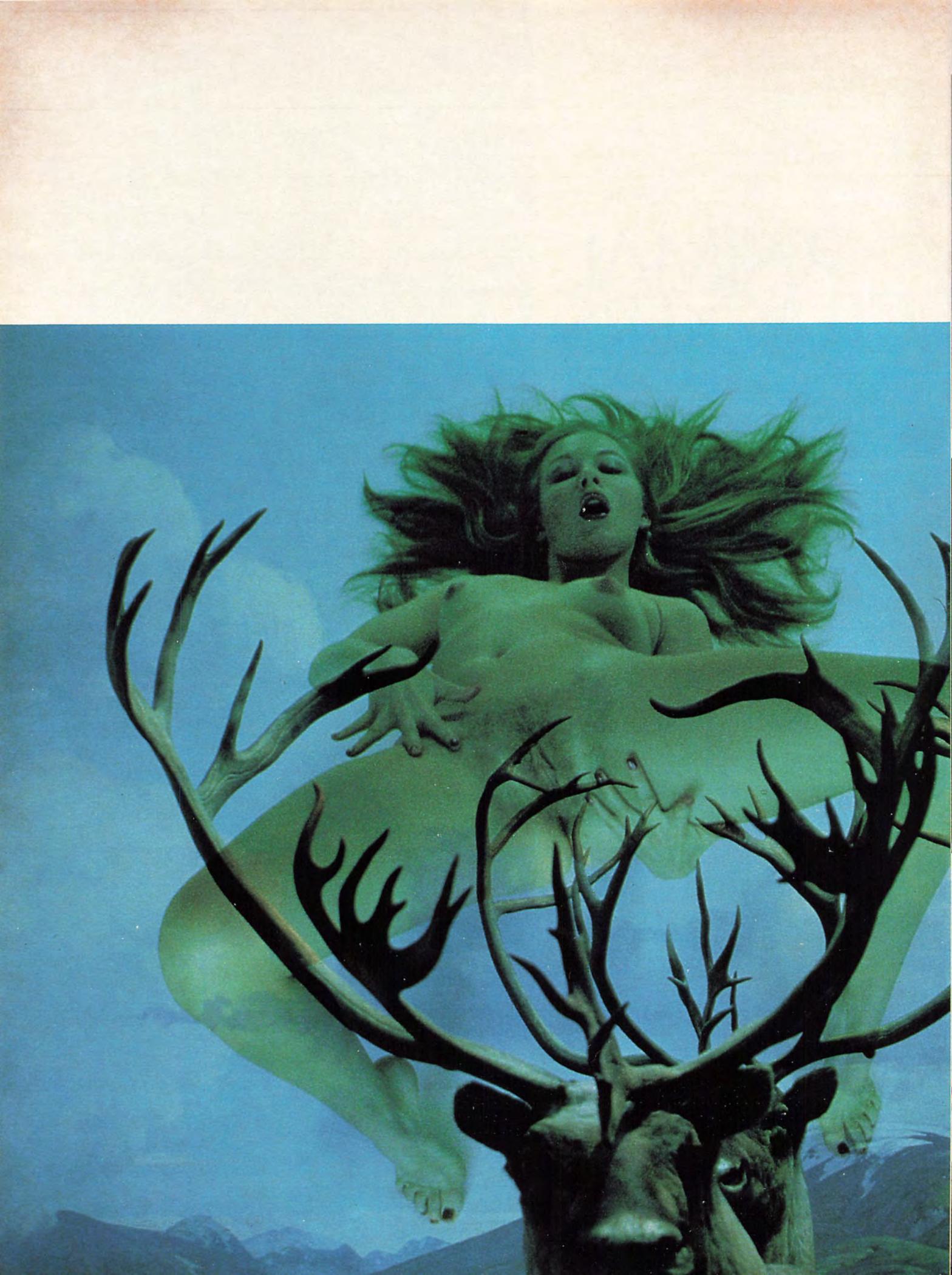
Lynn broached Washington protocol with the release last February of a 34-page syllabus of errors that demolished the bona fides of the enterprise in mid-stream. He ridiculed the commission's procedures as "so intellectually indefensible that they will taint the integrity and credibility of any recommendations." Lynn took no prisoners, even slapping around the more liberal members for their docility in the face of an aggressive chairman and his closed-minded disciples.

In retaliation for the carping, the young and sensitive Sears put a lid on early drafts of commission findings, citing organized-crime interest. Lynn marched into federal court and forced him to back down. "I know that many members of this commission would like to cover up por-

ANIMAL CRACKERS

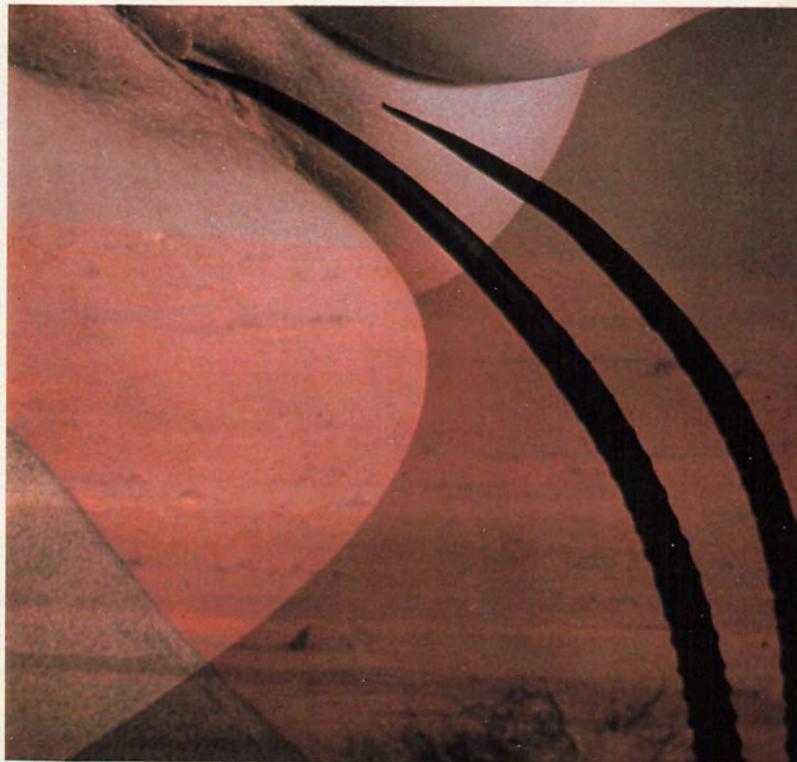
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED SEEMAN





To photographic artist Ed Seeman, the composition of opposites is a source of immense symbolic energy. "It occurred to me," he said, "to bring together,

in a lyrical and nonaggressive way, elemental imagery of strength and ferocity with the most delicate and vulnerable of female images."





"I wanted to capture the transformation of the physical into the metaphysical. Symbolism resides at the heart of all fantasy . . . sexual or otherwise."

○ 12



In that dreamy never-never land of adult video, all the women strip and suck as soon as they're said hello to.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Nurses: inherently erotic, therapeutic sex scenes.

FROM BAD TO NURSE

Wild Nurses in Lust
(Playtime) **★★**

There is something inherently erotic about nurses. Maybe it's as simple as the fact that you're usually prone in their presence, or maybe it's a complicated, dominatrice-flavored relationship. Whatever it is, nurses have furnished X-rated fodder ever since the days of the 8mm loop. Recently, they've been featured in *Candy Strippers II*, a great adult video, and now in *Wild Nurses in Lust*. *Wild Nurses* isn't nearly in *Candy Striper's* class, but it does share some of the erotic fixations. For example, did you know there are sexy garter belts and stockings under those starched white nurse uniforms?

Wild Nurses takes off from the mainstream *Young Doctors in Love*, itself a parody of hospital dramas. Again, *Wild Nurses* isn't in the same league, but there are some therapeutic sex scenes here that will have at least part of your body feeling just fine. The big-bosomed Helga lends her not inconsiderable weight to the action, which

centers around a rooming house of nurse interns and their on-the-job training. The shot-on-video technical values are annoying, as usual, but the sex seems to rise above it. Makes you want to check into a clinic as an in-out patient yourself.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Suzie Superstar II
(Cal Vista) **★★**

I'm calling this tape a "couples" special solely on the recommendation of the women I watched it with—they thoroughly enjoyed it. It's a bit raunchy and doesn't have the romanticism normally associated with the couples' tape genre, but the quality is good and the sex is exciting, mutual, and real enough to make you want to grab a partner and join in. This is a sequel to the late, great Shauna Grant's swan song. We have John Leslie mooning over her loss and wanting to play Svengali all over again. He comes up with Tracy Lords and then, finally, Ginger Lynn.

I originally thought it ghoulish to remake a film so closely

linked to a dead starlet, but there isn't even a hint of that. The sex scenes between Lords and Leslie, and then Lynn and Leslie, are some of the hottest I've seen so far this year. But if sex is the best part of this tape, the music is the worst. Again, it has the type of turgid, unexciting quality of most adult-video music, and the lip-synching sometimes goes hilariously awry. Nice try, kids, but stick to something you know—sex.

SMALL TALK

Talk Dirty to Me—Part IV
(Dreamland) **★★**

The *Talk Dirty to Me* series has featured three of adult entertainment's most durable hits, but this fourth entry barely speaks above a whisper. *Talk IV* doesn't really have anything to do with Parts I and II, which were about male bonding as much as

very sexy Taija Rae, and when the ridiculous "special effects" don't bog her down, she is very hot indeed.

The plot is a faint story about trying to find a mermaid who has vowed to stay on land and continue to screw her brains out, even if it means she will die—now that's dedication. Despite good sex and great close-ups, *Talk IV* loses it in production values. The producers don't seem to realize they have some sort of obligation to the previous films in the series; they simply knocked off the tape, slapped on the title, and went for the fast buck.

PENTHOUSE PICK

The Red Garter
(Essex) **★★★**

Any tape that begins with an agonizingly slow striptease by the stunning Hyapatia Lee is worth its weight in VCRs.



Talk Dirty to Me barely speaks above a whisper.

fucking. It does pick up the "tail" started in Part III, about mermaids getting stranded out of the water, à la *Splash*. And the one male constant is here: John Leslie, doing his usual good work. The lead mermaid is played by the

When you realize that the striptease is performed for a lesbian lover, and that the two will have a spat that will leave Hyapatia in tears, you know you are not watching your usual run-of-the-swirl adult videotape. Sam

Weston (aka Anthony Spinelli) has worked hard to make adult entertainment truly adult, with sophisticated emotional situations and characters, and he has succeeded well in *Red Garter*.

The sex scenes ignite each other like a series of tanker explosions—bright, searing entanglements, lit by eroticism and dreams. Hyapatia does her best work ever, proving she can act when given the direction. That the story line involves the most hackneyed of porn locales, the strip club, only means Weston has found a way to rejuvenate smut's timeworn clichés. One caveat: If you don't happen to enjoy stripping, especially high-class burlesque, this may not be the tape for you. It is filled with striptease acts, which are interspersed throughout the action. *Red Garter* is sophisticated, high-class adult entertainment from a master.

SURREAL ESTATE

Material Girl
(Vidco) **↓↓**

Material Girl places us squarely in that dreamy never-never land of adult video, where all the women strip and suck as soon as they're said hello to, and all the men get hard and horny with every stiff breeze. The theme here is real estate, with saleslady Shanna McCullough showing a typical California mansion and taking a deposit from each of the prospective buyers. House-hunters must be horny, since Shanna sells the home more than once, and just keeps on selling it because she enjoys the client contact. Technically, the tape is as good as its shot-on-video limitations

allow, with good close-ups and fairly innocuous sound quality. The sex is hot, drippy, and well lubed, and there are endless sex scenes filling up the tape. If you've ever had to open your legs to

middle of it. A great tape for couples, parties, sociological study—whatever your kink happens to be. Scene to watch for: the stepladder fuck—it's guaranteed to get a healthy rise out of you.

repercussions in his personal life, getting him in trouble with everyone from his mother to his parole officer, if he has either one.

This tape is a subclass of the *Animal House* genre,



Material Girl presents us with endless hot, drippy, and well-lubed sex scenes.

close a deal, this tape's for you and yours.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

A Scent of Heather
(Video-X-Pic) **↓↓↓↓**

A Victorian girl's sexual education, from a convent through a disaster-struck marriage and beyond—*A Scent of Heather* takes on this abnormally sophisticated subject and turns in a brilliant, erotic, and, yes, even complex treatment of it. Veronica Hart placed herself on the X-rated map with her performance as the naive convent grad Heather, embarked upon a weird and quirky journey toward fulfillment. If smut had a golden age, *A Scent of Heather* was in the

BRAND "X"

In Search of the Wild Beaver
(Dr. X) **↓**

Gross people make gross videotapes. That's the type of startling metaphysical observation you come up with when you watch a lot of adult video. Whoever "Dr. X" is, he's right to remain anonymous. Putting his real name on the dreck he produces would cause all sorts of

which has inundated the film industry with the message: "Get the nerd laid." Normally, sophomoric goofiness blends in well with eroticism, but here Dr. X fails at both. There are some great bodies and some funny spots—especially the giggly bimbo who bubbles like a watercooler while she's having sex—but sadly they are few and far between. **○+■**

RATING KEY

- ↓** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- ↓↓** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- ↓↓↓** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- ↓↓↓↓** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

LYNCHING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

nography, but that is no reason for the commission to operate behind a brown-paper wrapper," he cracked.

At the final meeting in Washington, Lynn, his own best advance man, distributed a thick black briefing book featuring ACLU handouts and his press clippings. Lynn, an ordained minister in the United Church of Christ, retired to a salad bar and assessed what Meese had wrought.

"Although the attorney general probably got what he wanted, he should not be proud of his commission," Lynn said. "In spite of near unanimity on almost every issue, the commission's yearlong refusal to respond to legitimate criticism has seriously undermined the credibility of their procedures and now their conclusions—at least to serious observers."

The porn panel confirmed most of his worst fears. "This report is a guide map to a sexual dark age where people are afraid to publish or distribute and, someday, even buy any material depicting sex or describing human sexual behavior."

He expressed great disappointment in the liberal sisters. "People simply gave up. They did not put up the rigorous fight they were capable of engaging in. . . . Why? I don't know."

Lynn regards the historic commission finding that sexually violent *images* lead to sexually violent *acts* as utterly "reductionist." Instead, he defends the more plausible catharsis theory—which the commission shamefully ignored.

"On Friday night, go to a slasher film like *The Evil Dead* and you will hear great applause when the monster is killed because he is the *bad guy*," said Lynn. "And when the one who kills him is a woman, it's even better. The place goes crazy."

Though he lives and would presumably die for the Constitution, Lynn insists that there's only one thing about his year-long porn watch that truly worries him. "I've been dreaming about the Meese Commission members a lot lately. And that's scary."

Lynn refused to divulge details of his midnight rambles with the porn judges. There was no way to discern what class they would fall into.

WORLD WITHOUT PORN

Despite the attorney general's formal mandate to investigate the impact of pornography on society and make recommendations for containment consistent with the Constitution, in truth, the Meese Commission was a moral Trojan horse. Mountains of research were culled and 208 witnesses were heard, but a majority ended up exactly where they came in: Pornography is a sin.

On the eve of the final session, Dr. Park Dietz parted the curtain on the group's hidden moral impulse. He read a two-page statement titled "The Sentiments of

the Commission" to his fading colleagues and suggested tacking it on at the end of the report.

His sermon attempted to sum up the case against explicit sex:

"We have attempted to provide a reasoned analysis of the permissible and desirable relationship between government and the regulation of sexually explicit materials, including the rights of citizens to take private action. As a government body, we have studiously avoided making judgments on behalf of the government about the morality of particular sexual acts between consenting adults or their depiction in pornography. This avoidance, however, should not be mistaken for the absence of sentiment among the Commissioners.

"We have no hesitation in condemning nearly every specimen of pornography that we have examined in the course of our deliberations as indecent, lewd, and, in the opinion of this eleven-member



The Meese Commission was a moral Trojan horse. Some 208 witnesses were heard, but a majority ended up exactly where they came in: Pornography is a sin.



community, obscene. We find these same materials offensive and tasteless. According to our values, these materials are themselves immoral and to the extent that they encourage immoral behavior they exert a corrupting influence on the family and on the moral fabric of society.

"Pornography is both symptomatic and causal of immorality and corruption, but in this it does not stand alone. A world in which pornography was neither desired nor produced would be a better world, but it is not within the power of government or even of a majority of citizens to create such a world. Pornography is but one of the many manifestations of immorality and but one of its causes. Nonetheless, a great deal of contemporary pornography constitutes an offense against human dignity and decency that should be shunned by the citizens, not because the evils of the world will thereby be eliminated, but because conscience demands it."

The group was stunned. Father Ritter, who looked as if he had swallowed a box of Communion wafers, smiled and handed the unordained psychiatrist his Roman collar. "Oh, my God," chuckled

Tex Lezar. Deanne Tilton grinned in agreement. "That's great," said Diane Cusack, noting that Dietz's "sentiments" would allow the liberation of moral judgments that had been suppressed all along.

Chairman Hudson so loved the sermon that he wanted everyone to sign it. "Given the rather legal and analytical tone of the rest of the document, which I have been complaining about for three days now," exclaimed Dr. Dobson, "this statement represents the punctuation that is needed at the end of the report."

Actually, the dissenters from the amoral 1970 report felt similarly. "The government interest in regulating pornography has always related primarily to the prevention of moral corruption, and *not* to prevention of overt criminal acts," observed Father Morton Hill and Winfrey Link.

But did Dr. Dietz really mean it? Was there no good at all in pornography? Is the man who reads *Playboy* immoral? "No," remarked Dr. Dietz in a late-night phone call to a reporter. "*Playboy* is not a moral issue."

"Even though the magazine supposedly degrades women, according to the Schauer report?" inquired the reporter. "I don't think *Playboy* centerfolds are degrading," he replied. "They're artful nudity and they stimulate erections. Maybe they affect the economic status of women, but it's wild to claim that *Playboy* causes rape."

What gives? Dr. Dietz just voted in favor of Professor Schauer's harms chapter, which labeled mainstream pornography degrading when it shows women as sex objects "existing solely for the sexual satisfaction of others." Surely the Playmate of the Month fits this description exactly. Andrea Dworkin thinks so. Obviously, the professor thinks so. But Dr. Dietz, on the other hand, thinks centerfolds are dandy.

Such is the craziness when 11 straight, upper-class Americans gather together to parse sexual pleasure.

Dr. Dietz's fervent prayer for a world without porn is, on close inspection, unanswerable. Since he granted that no such world ever existed, his prediction of betterment was rescinded over the telephone. And he admitted that men would always covet naked images because the desire was in their brains.

As his cry of conscience collapsed, Dr. Dietz sought refuge in mere social convenience. "Come on," he said, "don't you agree that the world would work better if men were fulfilled at home?"

In the end, the Meese Commission came down to this Republican send-up of sex without fantasy, mystery, or adventure.

The President and the attorney general got the commission they ardently desired.

And worse, they got the commission they deserved. 

The Girls of **PENTHOUSE**



NOW ON VIDEO

What would you expect when the world's most provocative magazine comes to life in your home? Beautiful women? Of course. But it's much more than that. It's a tasteful and exquisitely erotic experience—and now you can play a part!

THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE. It's everything you'd expect from the world's most successful magazine for men—an engaging, exciting seduction in which pulsating rhythms, fantasy, and flesh all spring to life.

PENTHOUSE® VIDEO

**Penthouse Products Video Dept. 11
P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631**

Please rush me The Girls of Penthouse video (58 minutes) for only \$59.95 plus \$3.50 postage and handling per tape.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please indicate VHS (GOP1V) BETA (GOP1B)

Check enclosed Money order enclosed

Visa MasterCard American Express

Acct # _____ Exp. date _____

Interbank # for MasterCard _____

Signature _____

Credit card holders call toll-free: 1-800-526-4797

Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. No Canadian or foreign orders.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

marked lull in student population; this rest occurred between the end of afternoon classes and the beginning of the evening's studies about three hours later. During this period, you could easily go the entire time in the locker room without anyone seeing you. I realized then that I would probably be nude for quite some time.

I decided to leave the men's locker room by the exit leading outside to the playing fields. If I didn't get caught, I could walk as casually as possible through a back parking lot to the doors leading into the wood shop.

The sun of a hot, late-spring afternoon made me feel free. The warm wind felt good blowing through all my hair. It was a fantasy of mine come true—I was completely nude, out-of-doors, and without a way of covering myself.

Always looking, I began walking briskly. The recently watered grass felt good between my toes and my limp member was freely bouncing up and down. It was then, perhaps, that I realized I was having too good a time living out this fantasy. My cock was coming alive in an erection. Every vein in my dick bulged; the head of my throbbler was a cherry-red. (What I wouldn't have given at that moment for

a towel or even an old rag.) I wanted to jerk off, but I knew that was not possible.

Then I saw Suzy, a beautiful woman of Japanese descent whom I had been admiring from afar for an entire semester, coming off the soccer field and down the grassy hill—toward me!

She stood before me, sweating and out of breath, but smiling. Her ebony eyes were glued to my flagpole, watching as a stringy drool of precome deposited itself in the grass before me. It was a long, uncomfortable minute before she spoke.

"Come in here with me," she said, "before someone else sees you." That was all it took. I allowed myself to be led into the women's locker room.

Suzy's legs were incredibly long and shapely, sliding off a tight, well-defined ass. Her breasts weren't very big, but the large nipples I could see rocketing out from them gave this bookmark between my legs something more to quiver about.

"Could you get the water in the shower nice and hot for us, please?" she purred. Before she left for her locker, Suzy kissed me and stroked my penis, which nodded to her in return. A few minutes later she returned, naked, to share my shower.

As soon as she closed the shower door we embraced, our hands everywhere in a wordless searching for pleasure. With newfound passion, I fondled her breasts, suckling on those nipples, touching them, stroking them, fingering them in every way

conceivable. Lathering up my hands, I ever so slowly rolled those tits between my soapy fingers. Suzy closed her eyes and moaned softly during all of this. Her fingers ran through the hairs of my chest, pinching my nipples and turning my cock into cement. At one point, she was down on her knees, slurping and sucking my trembling rod like an anxious calf. When she rose to embrace me, my tongue enjoying the sensuous taste of her mouth, I nuzzled my red-hot rod against her inner thighs. Suzy spread her legs "bow-legged" fashion, and I slipped inside that warm pocket as far as I could go.

Our thrusts were slow at first, as I savored the moist tightness of her pussy. I would almost pull out at times and then charge back in, which drove her crazy.

"I'm going to come," I said, catching my breath. But with a long, drawn-out "Oh!" Suzy came first and then I, seconds later, liberated my load on the wave of an uncontrollable groan.

I slipped out of her and we concluded our shower. We dried off well, using several towels. I used my towels to make a crude skirt and shoulder wrap. As I was about to leave, I felt Suzy touch my shoulder. "Let's do that again soon," she said.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send \$3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CREDITS

Page 6 left, © Burda GmbH; page 6 center left, Tony O'Brien/Picture Group; page 6 center right, David Wilcox; page 6 bottom, Michael Parkes; page 8, Alan Daniels; page 18, Christopher Pillitz/Impact Photo/Picture Group; page 35, Alan Daniels; page 36, AP/Wide World; page 37 top, James Balog/Black Star; page 37 bottom, Deborah Feingold/Outline; page 38, © Neal Davis; pages 42-45, © Burda GmbH; pages 56-61, Tony O'Brien/Picture Group; page 117, Jean-Louis Atlan/Sygma; page 118 left, Breck P. Kent/Animals Animals; page 118 right, A. Knudsen/Sygma; page 119 left, Ira Wyman/Sygma; page 119 right, © Neal Davis; page 143, AP/Wide World; page 144 top, © Neal Davis; page 144 center & bottom, AP/Wide World; page 145 bottom, David Barritt; page 162, top to bottom, Michael Wray, Judith Wilmot, Di-Maccio, Maria Robiedo/Outline, Sid Latham.

PHOTO CREDITS

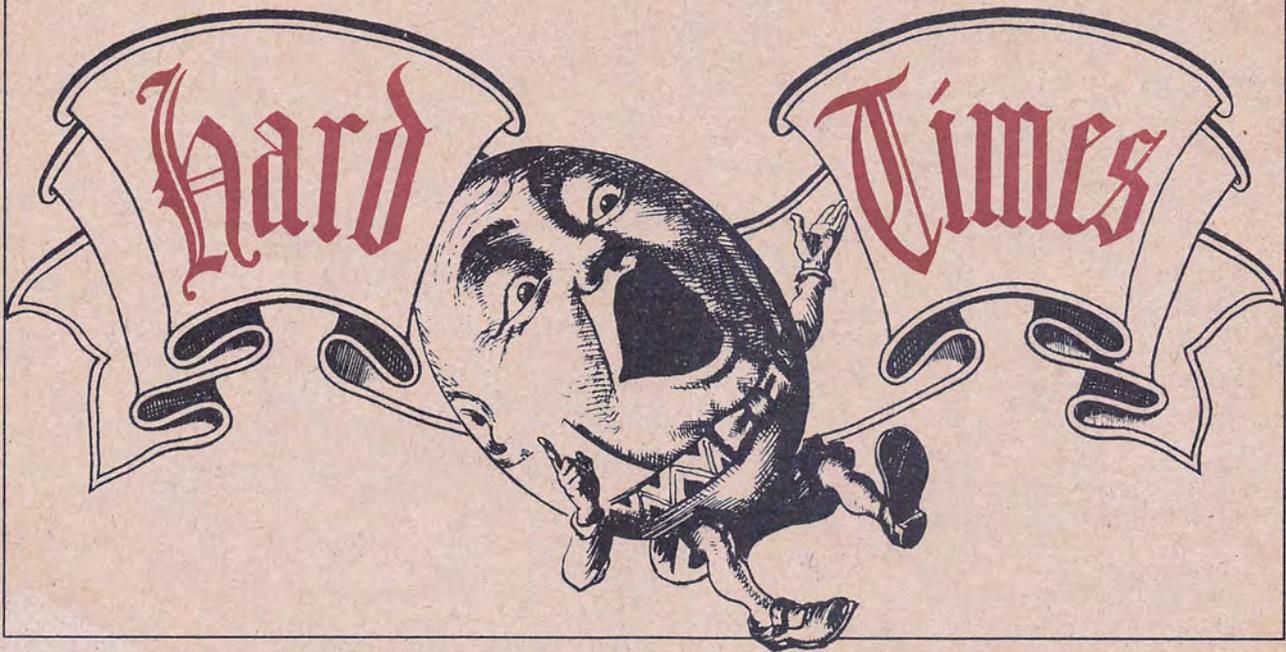
Pet of the Month Patty Mullen was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera and Nikkor 80-200 lenses. Patty can be seen on page 75. The pictorial on page 46 was shot by Carl Wachter, using a Nikon F2 camera and a Nikkor 80 lens. Our love set, which begins on page 97, was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks and Ed Holzman. Holzman used a Nikon 35mm camera and a Nikkor 85 lens. Hicks used a Nikon F3 camera and a Nikkor F3 lens. Ed Seeman's remarkable collages, shown on page 133, were photographed with a Nikon 35mm camera in natural light. All pictorials were shot on Kodachrome 64 film.



EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribbles of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 5, NO. 7



THE WORLD'S ODDEST COUPLE

The world's heaviest and tallest men met for the first time on a Japanese television show. Albert Pernitsch, of Austria weighed in at 875 pounds, while the tape-measured Gabriel Monjane of Mozambique stood at eight foot two. Mr. Monjane's travel arrangements are unknown, but it appears that Japan Air Lines had to go to great widths to fly Mr. Pernitsch from Austria to Japan. Maintenance men really had their work cut out for them, as they had to unbolt and remove six seats

from the first-class section of the plane. To further accommodate him the lavatory was renovated with a desk-size toilet seat to take care of Mr. Pernitsch's other personal needs. A curtain, running the width of the cabin, was also installed, lest any of the other passengers became overly curious. Both men were invited to Japan for a Tokyo fair early last spring. (*New York Daily News*—submitted by Ernest J. Rice, Bayport, N.Y.)
We assume that the fair was a really big show.—Editor

OUIJA BOARD TERRIFIES FAMILY



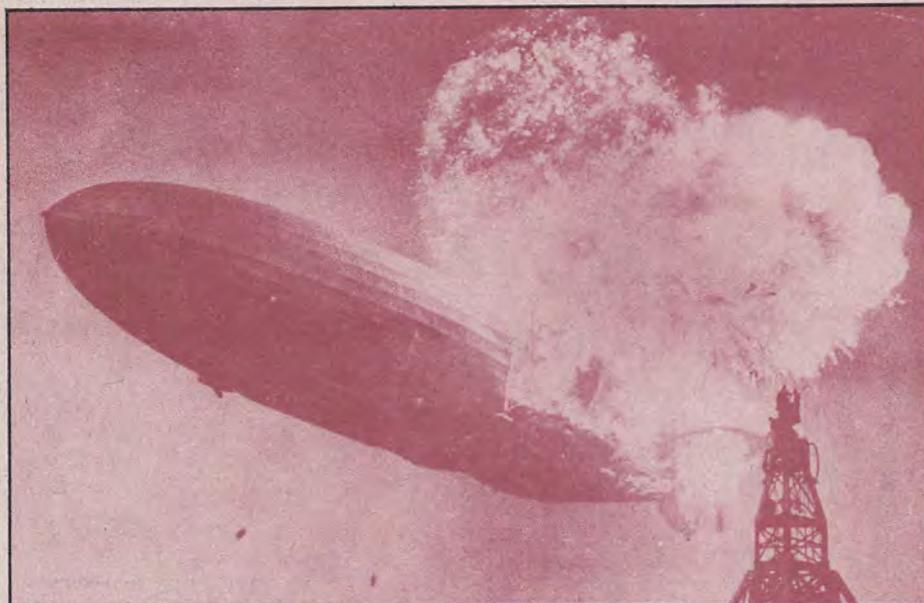
At first it appeared that it was going to be fun for the Alf family of Everett, Washington, when they purchased a Ouija board, but they bought more than they had bargained for. Initially, the board promised the Alfs riches in return for their souls. But soon the Ouija board was bombarding the family with obscenities and finally admitted to being Satan. One day the word *Ouija* appeared in the snow outside their house. Finally, Alf re-

ceived a message to destroy the Ouija board. "That message supposedly came from God," he said. Alf took the board outside and, with a chain saw, cut it up in pieces. But all was not yet well. Mrs. Alf became temporarily possessed: "My mom screamed at me and cursed me in a voice no one in the house heard before," Mike recalls. (*National Examiner*)
Possession is nine-tenths of the law.—Editor

Hooker Politics

A 34-year-old prostitute, Norma Jean Almodovar, has announced that she is running for the office of lieutenant governor of California. Her campaign will include nude posters and rock videos. A former civilian traffic officer turned prostitute, Almodovar is no stranger to controversy. In 1984, she received national media attention when she tried to recruit a 50-year-old female traffic officer as a prostitute. Presently, she is on probation stemming from the pandering conviction and has ceased working her trade. However, she has announced: "I hope to ply my trade after my probation if I decriminalize [prostitution] laws." (*The Daily Breeze*—submitted by Jack Atkinson, Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.)

We've always known that politicians were whores.—Editor



GHOST OF THE HINDENBURG

Although it's been nearly a half-century since the luxury zeppelin *Hindenburg* exploded and was destroyed over Lakehurst, New Jersey, a jet pilot and his crew reported an encounter with the airship over the North Atlantic. The pilot,

Captain Angelo DeLuca, and his crew swore to aviation authorities that they maintained visual contact with the airship for eight minutes, and had even gotten close enough to see faces through its gondola windows. Though the crew

members supported one another's accounts, authorities are skeptical. While they investigate, Captain DeLuca has been suspended without pay. (*Weekly World News*)
He should tell them to go fly a kite.—Editor

Man Sues Over Loss of Breasts

Mr. Luis Suria was certain that he was Ms. Luis Suria until a New York surgeon removed his breasts. Suria, a transsexual, had complained to another physician that his silicone-injected breasts were sore and red. He was told that his symptoms were the result of mineral-oil injections administered by a transsexual friend. Suria was referred to a plastic surgeon who, according to Suria, removed his breasts without consent. Suria sued and a New York court awarded him \$600,000 in damages. (*Portland, Maine, Press Herald*—submitted by Arlis A. Sheffield, Ogunquit, Maine)
Thank goodness he wasn't having prostate problems.—Editor

PRISON BLUES

It was a case of lost in love a 23-year-old Texarkana, Arkansas, prison inmate found himself in the hole—that is, the hole of his bunk. He decided to simulate sexual inter-

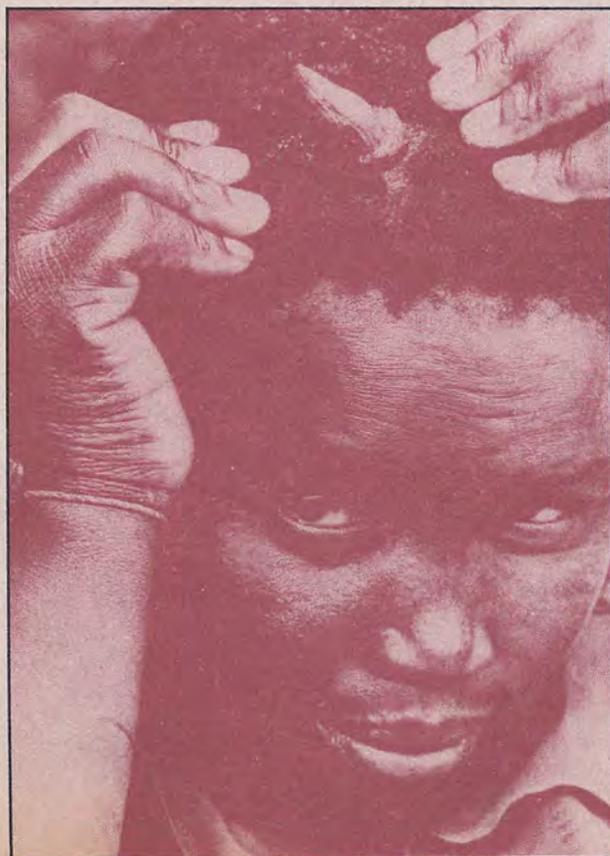
course by sticking his penis into the metal holes beneath the mattress, and, once in, couldn't get it out again. "In the last five years," an official of the jail remarked, "I've

seen some strange things, but certainly nothing like this." The bunk had to be removed from the wall with a torch when efforts to reduce the inmate's erection with ice

proved unsuccessful. (*Texarkana Gazette*—submitted by Mark Muenzmaier, Texarkana, Ark.)
He made his own bed, let him lay in it.—Editor

Where Have You Gone, Batman & Robin?

The times they are a-changin' when the Caped Crusader, Batman, and his teenage sidekick, Robin, can't get any respect. A Billings, Montana, police officer stopped their famed Batmobile and, believe it or not, ticketed it. Officer Pat Hagan declared the Batmobile, which was being driven by promoter Joel Johnson, unsafe for public streets. Hard times, indeed. Two tickets were written out, including such infractions as operating a vehicle without proper licensing, a rearview mirror, brake lights, or turn signals. Johnson had to post a \$50 bond, which he later forfeited. (*The Billings Gazette*—submitted by T. C. Thompson, Billings, Mont.)
Holy moly!—Editor



ONE HORNY WOMAN

A 33-year-old South African woman, Alletah Ngako, has recently revealed a long, dark secret—an inch and a half long, anyway. Ms. Ngako has a horn, similar to that of a rhinoceros, growing out of her head. For years she tried to hide it by wearing hats, but as the horn became more rigid and sharp, Alletah revealed her secret to her employer. "It's like living a nightmare," she said, "that I tried to hide. I thought that once people knew about my horn, they would think I was a devil." Alletah has sound reasons for her fear. Her great-great-grandfather was a witch doctor who also had a horn growing out of his head. (*National Examiner*)

We hope she doesn't decide to blow her own horn.—Editor

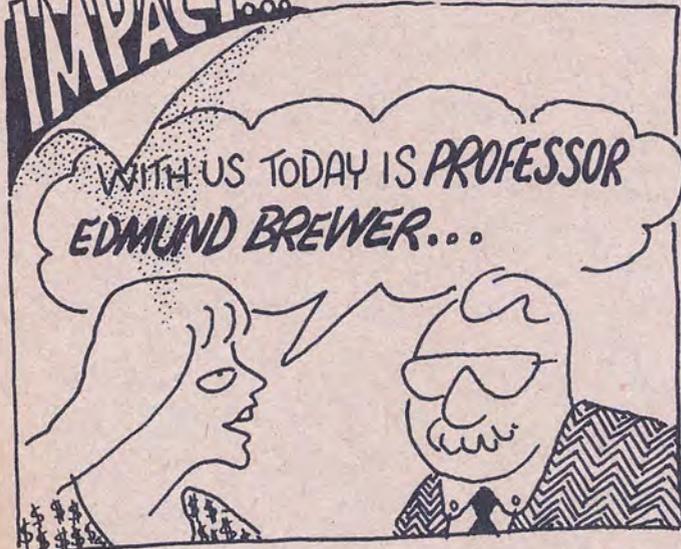
EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

IMPACT... THE FACES AND PERSONALITIES BEHIND THE NEWS



PROFESSOR BREWER, S'POSE WE PLUG INTO YOUR VAST RESERVOIR OF INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC PRESSURES CURRENTLY AFFECTING (IF NOT RE-SHAPING) LATIN AMERICA AND ITS RELATIONSHIP TO THE UNITED STATES, WITH PARTICULAR RESPECT TO OUR MUTUAL OBLIGATION UNDER THE MONROE DOCTRINE, ETAL.



THANKS FOR STOPPING BY, PROFESSOR; YOURS IS THE KIND OF INCISIVE OBJECTIVITY OUR VIEWERS EXPECT OF **IMPACT**...



CAMEL FILTERS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly
smooth.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Sweet Chastity

THE GOLDEN AGE OF JOHN VAIN HAS COME TO A TARNISHED END. SWEET CHASTITY IS LEADING A COUNTERREVOLUTION, AND THE RUSSIAN AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF, NO LONGER HAS THE PATIENCE TO PROP UP HIS DROOPING EGO.....

**BY RON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE**

ARE THE FIRES OF DOOM STILL BURNING?

FORGET THE FIRES, YOU SPINELESS MAGGOT!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE PRESIDENT!

THE FIRES OF DOOM - THEY BURN FOR ME!

OH, GOD! I'M FINISHED! I NEVER WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT!

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

GODDAM FIRES! I'VE GOT TO GET SWEET CHASTITY - GOT TO FINISH HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!

IF I DON'T, I'M ALL WASHED UP HERE!

AND IF I'M ALL WASHED UP HERE, SADISTINOV WILL SEE TO IT THAT I'M ALL WASHED UP BACK HOME!

IT'LL BE A PREMATURE OLD AGE IN THE WILDS OF WILDEST SIBERIA!



ENTER CAPTAIN POLDI VON SCHLAGGENDORF, YOUNGER SON OF A ONCE-NOBLE FAMILY, IMPOVERISHED BY DEPRAVITY AND AN EXCEPTIONAL APPETITE FOR UNNATURAL PRACTICES.

YOU SENT FOR ME, MADAME?

THE PRESIDENT IS INDISPOSED! I WANT SWEET CHASTITY AT ANY PRICE! THIS INSURRECTION HAS GOT TO BE PUT DOWN—NOW!



ANY PRICE? EXACTLY WHAT PRICE IS ANY PRICE? I NEED A LITTLE MORE DEFINITION!

THERE IS NO PRICE THAT I WOULDN'T PAY TO SEE CHASTITY BROUGHT BEFORE ME—DEAD OR ALIVE!



POLDI, BABY—THIS IS THE BIG ONE! YOU COULD EVEN PAY OFF YOUR CREDITORS—IF YOU WANTED TO!

LOOKING FOR PROMOTION, SOLDIER?

SIR?

SADDLE UP A COUPLE OF HORSES—I'M GOING TO MAKE A HERO OF YOU!

OH-OH! IF HE'S GOING TO MAKE A HERO OUT OF ME—THAT MEANS IF ANYBODY GETS SHOT, IT'S GONNA BE ME!



HEY, YOU—GRAVE ROBBER—COME HERE!

WE'RE NOT GRAVE ROBBERS, LORD!

HE DROPPED HIS WATCH—WE'RE JUST LOOKIN' FOR IT!

COME HERE, CRETIN!





WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, CHAS? EVEN THE PEOPLE KEEPIN' THE FIRES BURNIN' 'AVE DESERTED US!

WHILE THOSE FIRES BURN WE HAVE A CHANCE, ORGASMIA — THEY'RE A GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL WEAPON!

THEY'LL CONVINCE OUR ENEMIES UP AT CASTLE DREER THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE IS UP IN ARMS!



I'VE GOT 'OLES IN ME FISHNETS! THE RAIN' S WASHED THE COLOUR OUTA ME BATTLE FATIGUES AN' SOSSIDGE IS ME ABSOLUTE UNFAVOURITE CHOW!

TROUBLE IS YA GET USED TA THE GOOD FINGS IN LIFE. I'D GIVE ANYFINK FER A LOBSTER AN' A BOTTLE OF MERSAULT!

WELL, IN THE SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE—YOU CAN MAKE DO WITH A BURNT SAUSAGE AND A BOTTLE OF TRANSYLVANIAN VINTAGE CHATEAU PISSOIR!



SO! THE GREAT INSURRECTION IS FALLING APART!

THIS IS GOING TO BE TOO EASY—LIKE SNATCHING TITLE DEEDS OUT OF THE HANDS OF ILLITERATE PEASANTS!

WAIT A MOMENT! THINK, POLDI BABY!



THEY'VE NO ARMY—THEY CAN BE TAKEN AT ANY TIME!

WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE IT LOOK TOO EASY, DO WE?

EVERY PERSONAL ADVANTAGE HAS GOT TO BE SQUEEZED OUT OF THIS SITUATION!

DON'T RUSH IN—REFLECT! THIS HAS GOT TO BE PLAYED LIKE A WINNING HAND AT POKER!



DIDN'T YOU FIND THEM, SIR?

YES, I FOUND THEM—BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR US!

THANK GAWD FOR THAT!

THEY'RE A WELL-ARMED GROUP AND OUTNUMBER US 20 TO ONE! LET'S GET BACK!

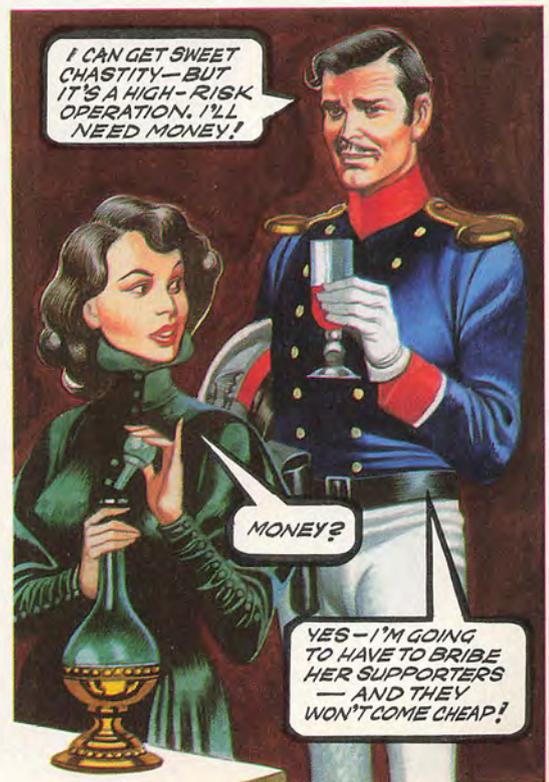


WELL, CAPTAIN?

MAY I TAKE YOUR COAT, SIR?

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!

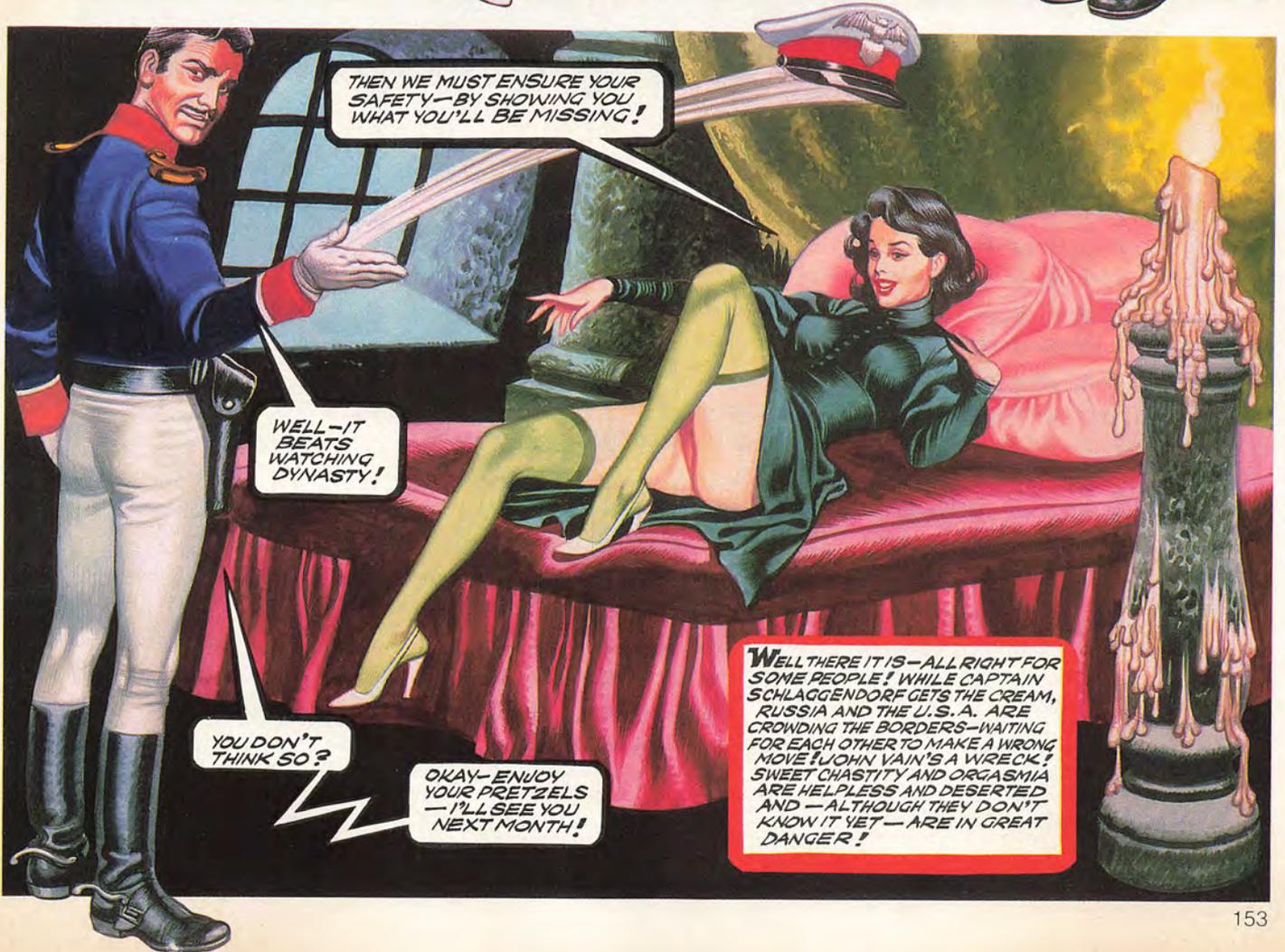
YOU'VE DONE WELL, CAPTAIN. TOOMBS—BRING US SOME WINE!



I CAN GET SWEET CHASTITY—BUT IT'S A HIGH-RISK OPERATION. I'LL NEED MONEY!

MONEY?

YES—I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BRIBE HER SUPPORTERS—AND THEY WON'T COME CHEAP!



The Writing on the Wall:
Seen any good graffiti lately?

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

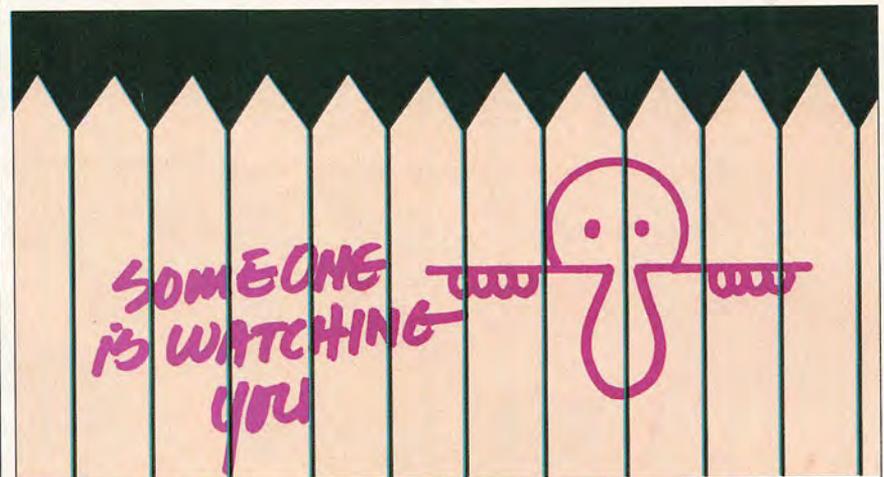
Graffiti, those usually anonymous scribbles found in public places, are often ephemeral and, therefore, seemingly insignificant. The common prejudice is that since graffiti don't last, they can't be important.

When graffiti do last, they can become treasured historic documents. The eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. preserved forever the Latin messages on the walls of Pompeii. There, preserved for all to see, are such timeless personal affirmations as the matter-of-fact *Festus hic futuit cum soldalibus* ("Festus fucked here with his pals").

The first graffiti in America, on El Moro rock in New Mexico, were the names and dates left by early Spanish explorers. They were graffiti; now they're called "petroglyphs" and are preserved as a national monument. Similarly, the historic carving on a beech tree along a stage road in central Tennessee was still legible a hundred years after it was cut: *D. Boon Cilled A. BAR in THE yEAR 1760*.

Graffiti can achieve a kind of immortality when they are written down and preserved. The story goes that Anthony Newley first saw the graffito *Stop the world, I want to get off on a men's room wall at P. J. Clarke's in New York City*, and adopted it as the title of his Broadway show. Other examples are repeated so often that they enter the general folklore, such as the ubiquitous *Kilroy was here* of World War II, *There is no gravity—the earth sucks*, or the line found over a men's room urinal: *You're holding the future of the world in your hand*.

"Epigraphy" is the name folklorists give to wall writings, but Dr. Allen Walker Read doesn't consider the spray-painted scrawls seen nowadays as worthy of the name. Read has strong opinions on the matter. He should, since he wrote the first study of American graffiti in 1935. Titled *Lexical Evidence From Folk Epigraphy in Western North America . . . A Glossarial Study of the Low Element in the English Vocabulary*, the 83-page booklet was considered so scandalous that Read printed it pri-



Old-time inscriptions: "graph-feety," and one out of your own backyard.

vately in Paris, limiting the publication to 75 signed and numbered copies. (In 1977 it was reprinted by Maledicta Press as *Classic American Graffiti*.) Read, now 80, is a professor emeritus of English at Columbia University in New York.

The 1935 collection resulted from a tour of the western United States and Canada in the summer of 1928. In case you're wondering, the classic *Here I sit all brokenhearted/Came to shit and only farted*, which Read first spotted in Sentinel, Arizona, was already "very popular" that year. Other gags that seem relatively recent turn out to be oldies. *Kotex: Not the best thing on earth but*

next to the best was recorded on July 11, 1928, in Yosemite National Park.

Read also found antigraffiti sentiments still seen today: *Fools' names are like their faces/Always seen in public places and A man's ambition must be very small/To write his name on a shit-house wall*.

"Graffiti provide a way of looking at our own culture," Read says. They reveal folk attitudes and record dissident opinions. They arise naturally from many different motivations, but "a principal reason is the well-known human yearning to leave a record of one's presence or existence."

CALL ME...

FOR THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL FANTASY

EXPERIENCE A NEW KIND OF PLEASURE

1-900 **410-1000** / 1-900 **410-2000**

Sensual Adventures of Scarlet O

Sexcapades of Two Lusty Ladies

1-900 **410-3000** / 1-900 **410-XXXX**

Forbidden Fetishes of a Seductive Nymph

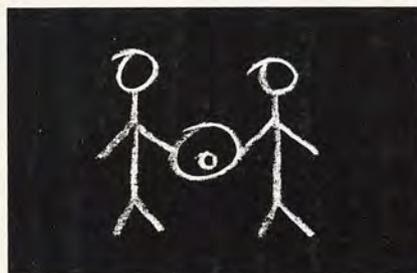
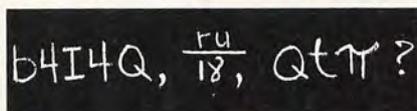
Erotic Fantasies of Emmanuelle X



ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
CHANNEL

- Safe Sex Fantasies Change Daily
- 24 Hours A Day
- Minimum Charge 50¢ First Minute
- 35¢ Each Additional Minute
- Must Be 18 Years

MCI/SPRINT USERS • FOR AT & T ACCESS • DIAL: 10ATT (10288)-1-900-410-1000 / 2000 / 3000 / 9999



From the top: a prediction come true; two from the blackboard jungle.

Read continues to collect and study graffiti, though now, he tells us, his sources are mainly the advertising posters in New York subways, especially at the stops near Columbia University.

Graffiti are found worldwide. Arthur Benjamin of Johannesburg, South Africa, has collected enough examples for three books on the subject: *Prune Juice Shall Set You Free* (1971), *Does the Noise in My Head Bother You?* (1973), and *Down With Gravity* (1974). Benjamin says that graffiti merit quotation "when they follow the graffiti form of crisp, irreverent, or irrelevant comment."

Especially irreverent are parodies of the graffiti form itself. Roger Kilroy, in *Graffiti: The Scrawl of the Wild* (1979), recorded this memorable example: Young man, well-hung with beautiful body, is willing to do anything. (P.S. If

you see this, Bill, don't bother to call. It's only me, Tony.)

One of the commonest graffiti forms is the twist on an old proverb. You don't get the following joke—**Knock! Knock! Who's there? Opportunity!**—unless you already know the proverb it is based on. Since proverbs by definition are widely known, they serve well to pack multiple meanings into minimal words. Proverbial variations cover a wide range of subject matter: **No nukes is good nukes.** **Dow shalt not kill.** A friend with weed is a friend indeed. A reefer a day . . . I forget the rest. A closed mouth gathers no foot.

Of course, the favorite subject of graffitiists worldwide is that old standby, sex: **Chastity is its own punishment.** **Never pull off tomorrow what you can pull off today.** **An orgasm in the bush is worth two in the hand.**

Just because graffiti writers are often anonymous and preoccupied with sex doesn't mean their lines can't be very clever. "The wittiest I am aware of," says Dr. Read, "created a whole new meaning by the simple elimination of a space": **The penis mightier than the sword.**

Other examples reflect the whole range of interest in matters sexual, from impotence to sexual revolution slogans to blatant male chauvinism:

The three stages of man: tri-weekly; try weekly; try weakly.

Up with skirts! Down with zippers!

Virginity can be cured. Pledge now: Give until it hurts.

Confucius say: "He who goes out with a flat-chested woman has a right to feel low down."

Masturbation: The art of coming unscrewed.

Woman: A life-support system for a vagina.

Don L. F. Nilsen, a linguistics professor at Arizona State University, recently enlisted the aid of students to collect the carvings in classroom desks "before the desks all become formica-topped." He found that 20 percent of the graffiti were sex-related. "The collection is a testament not only to college students' interest in sex, but also to their ingenuity and their creativity."

Nilsen found such innovative language play as breaking a word at the wrong place: **It is better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall,** or creative sentences and puns: **Use erogenous zone numbers; Have fun, kids, it's later on you'll think.** Word choice and context become all-important: **Lassie is a bitch. Raise the wages of sin.**

Nilsen also found a wide range of subject matter: **Support Planned Parenthood now, before Mary has another lamb.** **Women's lib is okay—I just wouldn't want my sister to marry one.** **There's only two ways to handle women, and no one knows either of them.**

Collegiate graffiti tend to have an intellectual flavor: **Biology grows on you.** **Heisenberg might have been here.** **Infinity is far out! Black holes are out of sight!** For every activist, there is an equal and opposite reactionary. **Football is to higher education what bullfighting is to agriculture.** **Save the whales! (Hold the anchovies.)**

Written above the toilet-paper roll in a University of Minnesota rest room: **College of Liberal Arts diplomas—take one.** And in a Los Angeles dorm stall: **Why did U.S.C. name their football team after a brand of rubbers?**

A common graffiti form is the answered line (also called "chained" or "sequential" graffiti). First there is the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

Incredible Video Collections

Collection #XBL-104

19 Hits For Only \$19.95 complete

Collection #XJP-101

55 hits for \$29.95... Plus 14 more super collections and more

starring **SHAUNA GRANT, SEKA, VANESSA DEL RIO, TRACI LORDS, ANNETTE HAVEN, GINGER LYNN, KRISTARA BARRINGTON, LINDA LOVELACE, JOHN HOLMES, HARRY REEMS, RON JEREMY, KIP NOLL, FRED HALSTED, many more!**



SEKA



SHAUNA GRANT

Nine Special Collections

- XJP-101 COMPLETE DIAMOND COLLECTION REVIEW** - 60 climactic scenes from 55 different films like *Hot Tuna Sandwich, Blondes, Oriental Delight, Sailor and the Babysitter, Peeping Tom, Giant Longhorn*, etc., 60 min., \$29.95
- XJP-103 BIG MELONS #1** - Seven featurettes with well-endowed women, 60 min., \$19.95
- XBT-6 FOURSOMES** - Superstar cast of 17 in 5 featurettes, 60 min., \$19.95
- XGT-102 FREE AND EASY** - includes *Swap Party, Blonde in the Woods*, much more, 60 min., \$19.95
- XEX-107 FAMOUS TA TA'S** starring Christy Canyon, Kitten Natividad, Rachel Ashley, and more well-endowed stars, 90 min., \$29.95
- XJP-116 BEST OF DIAMOND** - Another 60 climaxes from hot movies like *Roommates, Valley Girls, Sailor's Load, Oriental Fantasy, Erection Pill, Sexercise*, more, 60 min., \$29.95
- XBT-10 JOHN HOLMES COLLECTION** - 5 featurettes of Big John with straight and bi-beauties, 60 min., \$19.95
- XJP-104 BIG MELONS #2** - 7 different features with big black & white TaTa's, 60 min., \$19.95
- XCP-17 VIVA LIBRARY** - Famous features from the hot erotic film series! 60 min., \$19.95



Top Hit Collections & more!

- XBL-104 19 BEST OF CABALLERO** - *Centerspread Girls, San Fernando Valley Girls, Aphrodite's Diary, Bodacious Ja-Tas, Between Lovers, Lady Lust, Nasty Nurses, Hot Dreams, Private Teacher, Heaven's Touch*, 9 more, 60 min., \$19.95
- XBL-103 INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION** - Best of *Talk Dirty To Me, Urban Cowgirls, Born Erect, Wicked Sensations, Flasher, Trashi, Naughty Network, The Pleasure Shoppe*, 7 more, 60 min., \$19.95
- XBL-101 BLOCKBUSTER CINEMA COLLECTION** - Best of - *Debbie Does Dallas II, Talk Dirty To Me II, Amanda by Night, Seka's Fantasies, I Like To Watch, Lips, Liquid Assets*, 10 more, 60 min., \$19.95
- XJP-102 CINDERELLA PRESENTS** - in Traci, Kristara, John Holmes, etc., in *Educating Mandy, Lingerie, Lin-Body, Back Road to Paradise*, 7 gerie, *Springtime in the Rockies*, 7 more, 30 min., \$19.95
- XBL-102 THE AWARD WINNERS** - Best of - *Ecstasy, Sensations, Satisfaction, Sulka's Wedding, The Playgirl*, 11 more, 60 min., \$19.95
- XBT-8 BLACK ON WHITE REVUE** - 4 interracial featurettes & one lily white, 60 min., \$19.95
- XBT-1 BEDTIME VIDEO** - John Holmes, John Leslie, & beautiful women in 5 featurettes, 60 min., \$19.95



ANNETTE HAVEN

Erotic Classics & All-Women Hits

- XMV-14 COMPLETE CLASSICS COLLECTION** - Best of *Deep Throat, The Devil in Miss Jones, Wet Rainbow, American Sex' Fantasy, Pleasure Palace, Mystique, Fringe Benefits*, 7 more, 60 min., \$29.95
- XEX-105 SUPERSTARS & SUPERSTUDS** starring Seka, Traci, Ginger, Amber, Harry Reems, even more, 90 min., \$29.95
- XCA-101 BEST OF 17 MAJOR MOVIES** - *The Devil in Miss Jones II, Cafe Flesh, Honey Pie, Sexcapades*, 13 more, 60 min., \$24.95
- XCA-102 SEVENTEEN CINEMA GREATS** - Best of the *Princess Seka, Virgin & Liner, A Coming of Angels, The Cosmopolitan Girls*, 13 more, 60 min., \$24.95
- XCA-103 BEST OF SEKA and XCA-104 BEST OF VANESSA** - Sizzling Vanessa Del Rio and the incredible Seka in the top films that made them movie legends. 60 min. ea. \$24.95
- XBT-2 BEDTIME WOMEN** - Ten fantasies in five all-women features, 60 min., \$24.95
- XEX-108 STAR WOMEN** - Seka, Lori Smith, Desiree Lane, Crystal Breeze... no men needed, 90 min., \$29.95
- XVH-232 WOMEN IN PASSION** - Vanessa Del Rio, Tina Russel, Marlene Willoughby, Linda James - only women, 60 min., \$24.95
- XGR-106 WOMAN ON WOMAN** - Uschi and her lady friends in four erotic encounters, 60 min., \$19.95



Private Showcase Video, Dept. LMJ627, P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, CT 06907

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-DAY MONEYBACK GUARANTEE. (State residents add sales tax.)

PLEASE INDICATE <input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> BETA			
Item #	Price	Item #	Price
\$		\$	Video Total \$
\$		\$	State sales tax
\$		\$	P&H \$3.00 ea.
\$		\$	4 or more \$10.
\$		\$	Total Enc. \$

NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED
I declare that I am an adult 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____

Mr. Mrs. Miss, Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

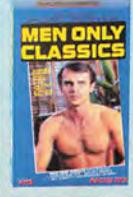
M.C. Visa Exp. date _____

Acct. # _____

Bank or Org. issuing card _____
Void outside U.S. and where prohibited by law

Two Alternative Lifestyle Collections and Four All-Male Features

- XHIS-1 ALL MALE CLASSICS** - Best of *L.A. Tool & Die, Choice Cuts, A Night at Halsted's, Nighthawk in Leather, Pieces of Eight, El Paso Wrecking Corp.*, 13 more, 60 min., \$29.95
- XHIS-2 MEN ONLY CLASSICS** - Best of *King Size, Loverboy, 501, Wildside, Jobsite, Falconhead II - The Maneaters*, 13 more, 60 min., \$29.95
- XMP-505 HUMGIOUS** starring Taurus the black giant in 5 adventures, 60 min., \$24.95
- XMP-501 CENTERFOLD SPREAD** starring weight lifter David Dude, 60 min., \$24.95
- XVH-233 THE DEVIL AND MR. JONES** - a classic starring Tom Newman & Colter Duncan, 90 min., \$29.95
- XCP-22 CELL BLOCK #9** stars Roy Garret, Bob Shane, Bud Wallace, 60 min., \$24.95



1986 CMG Ltd., 235 West Haviland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903

ESPIONAGE

MAGAZINE

Washington and Moscow London and Havana



**East versus West
The Third World War
Sabotage and Infiltration
Crap shoots and
Double-dealing
Missions and Escapes
Ciphers and Satellites
Spies and Moles
Traitors and Heros
Fast-paced, Subtle
Sometimes brutally blunt
Past, Present and Future**

Fact and Fiction

For a one year subscription (6 issues) send your check/money order, payable to "Leo 11 Publications, Ltd." for \$15 in U.S. funds (\$17 in Canada, \$20 foreign) to: ESPIONAGE Magazine, Department HPM1 POB 48000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

a pubic hair caught in my throat afterward. I continued licking until I felt her begin to squirm and moan with delight. Suddenly, she exploded in a climax that drenched my face and tongue with her juices!

After licking her pussy clean, I lay back and asked her to straddle my cock, which by now was aching to be buried deep inside those bare lips. She began bucking up and down furiously, and the sight of my hard cock—wet with her love juices—pumping in and out of her shaved pussy soon brought me to a tremendous climax.

Unfortunately, our trouble began the next day. Shaving her delicate pubes, combined with our vigorous lovemaking, left her skin with a slight rash, which itched. The more she scratched, the more it itched, and of course lovemaking became out of the question, as the friction irritated it even more. She began to let her pubic hair grow out, which made the situation even worse . . . which leads to my question. Is there any way to remove pubic hair without the resultant itch? We'd like to try again, but I don't want her to go through what she did the last time. Can you advise us?—A. W.

Men have been shaving their chins for thousands of years, but only recently, with the invention of the safety razor, has this operation become reasonably foolproof. You guys now have razors with multiple blades, oscillating heads, and a range of fancy electric contrivances just to get the hair off your firm, masculine chins. We poor girls are expected to use these male-oriented contrivances if we want to shave our tenderer parts. But don't lose hope. There are many brands of depilatory creams on the market, several types of wax, an electric razor designed especially for women, and also a process called electrolysis, which removes unwanted hair permanently (although sometimes painfully).

I have shaved my pussy on many occasions, and although I have never met a man who didn't adore it on opening night, the trouble usually starts the next day. Human hair comes up again like grass on a lawn (except on certain male heads), and it is the daily mowing that wreaks such havoc on delicate feminine flesh. Although it is a wonderful sensation to have a naked snatch (it makes me horny all the time), the aftermath makes me think twice before reaching for the razor. So if you want your lover's pussy hairless, you must either be prepared for a few days of suffering or visit some hip beauty salon and have it taken off forever, electronically. Even this process sometimes leaves marks, and there is always the chance of a change of heart—although I have never yet received a letter asking how to grow hair on a bald beaver. In this case you must decide whether the pain and/or expense are worth your pleasure.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

in a few publications, but nothing comes of it, so what should I do?

I read your column every month, and I know if anyone can give me good advice about this problem, it will be you. Please help me, Xaviera.—N. M.

I agree with you that a cop is supposed to serve and protect. But in order to do this convincingly, he has to have a stricter code of behavior than Mr. Average, and he is expected to be 100 percent honest.

You want to cheat on your wife, whose only fault, if I read your letter right, is that she is not American, which you presumably noticed when you married her. The simple answer to your problems would be for you to go to a hooker in your off-duty time—but when is a policeman off duty?

A cop is supposed to uphold the law, and I am prepared to bet that in your state, prostitution is illegal. After fulfilling your fantasy with a hooker, you might then feel it was your moral obligation as an upright cop to take her down to the station and book her.

Maybe your wife has fantasies about making love to an Oriental man, rather than having a clumsy Westerner in size-12 boots prod her with his nightstick, but

I doubt it. She probably loves and respects you, so my advice to you is to keep your desires in the realms of fantasy. If you want to be a devilish, hard-living, high-rolling SOB, then you should not disguise yourself in a policeman's uniform.

STUBBLE TROUBLE

The January issue of Penthouse was fabulous, and I especially enjoyed the pictorial "Razor's Edge." The sight of that soft, smooth, hair-free pussy turned me on so much that I decided to prevail upon my lover to try it. After shaving her pussy (with my help), she put on a pair of sheer black nylons and a lacy garter belt. We then adjourned to the bedroom, where she lay back on the bed and, spreading her legs, allowed me to "inspect" our work.

I began by lightly kissing her bare mound and running my tongue between her soft, moist petals. Reaching down with my fingers, I gently separated her pussy lips, exposing the hard knob of her clit. Taking it between my lips, I sucked it gently until I heard her begin to moan in ecstasy. Then, sliding my hands underneath, I cupped the cheeks of her ass and buried my face in her soft, wet pussy.

The feeling was fantastic! As I licked her love juices, I thought how great it was to be surrounded by soft bare flesh and not have to worry about ending up with

OVERLOOKING THE OBVIOUS

I have a problem, and I have only told one other person about it—my roommate. Things between us are purely platonic, so I felt completely comfortable talking to him about it.

I am female, 19, and have brown hair and green eyes. I have been having sex since I was 18. I know that's not very long, but I haven't had a lack of lovers. What I have been lacking is stimulation. Many of the guys I have slept with are very good-looking, and by all my friends' accounts could excite anybody. I have not found this to be so myself. I have never had an orgasm, except through masturbation. I have tried with a few guys to show them and tell them where I like to be touched and how, but it hasn't worked. I always try very hard to please my lover because I feel enjoyment is a large part of sex. But afterward I always feel cheated. I know I can be aroused, but I can't find a partner to meet my needs.

My roommate says that I need a night of nothing but foreplay until I scream for more. My problem has been finding a man to spend a night on nothing but foreplay. I always feel guilty if we have a lot of foreplay and then I tell the guy "no sex." The guys tend to get pissed off even if I offer to give them an excellent blowjob. I have tried older men, younger men, and men my own age. My roommate is black (I'm white), and he says I should try a black man. He says they make better lovers than white men. I don't know where to go or what to do. I can't sleep with my roommate; he's too much like a big brother and I wouldn't feel comfortable living with him afterward. I can't go to any of his friends either, because he's told them all hands off. Besides, the only one of them I'm interested in is married.

What should I do? I am so frustrated. My roommate says if I don't get any relief soon, he'll go crazy. (He has stopped bringing women home for fear that I might hear any sounds emanating from his room.) What should I do? Please help me.—K. B.

If, as you say, "enjoyment is a large part of sex," what does the part you don't enjoy consist of? Sex should be 100 percent enjoyable, so if you feel you have to do things you don't enjoy, that is a massive turnoff. No wonder you find it hard to have orgasms. Your approach is too clinical. You have divided lovemaking into time zones, like a three-course meal. First comes the foreplay, then a pause while the waiter clears away the soup plates, and maybe you smoke a cigarette before you get on with the main dish—the meat and potatoes. Then, just when you are expecting the orgasmic dessert, the kitchen staff goes on strike and you have to whip your own cream.

The enjoyment of food does not come from having it inside you, it comes from sampling and savoring each delicious morsel. It comes from careful preparation

NEW The Ultimate Accessories for You and Your Car!

SEAT-SHIRT™ CAR SEAT COVER
A unique and stylish way to protect your auto investment by keeping the sun, heat and oil off your car seat. A smile raiser! One size. Washable. Good for beach chairs, too! A fun gift idea!

And for the driver, too, the same popular designs are also available in T-Shirts.

Please check appropriate box: Patent Pending
SEAT-SHIRT™ Car Seat Cover 1 for \$18 2 for \$34 3 for \$48 4 or more = \$15 each.
And fill in quantity and style selection(s): # _____ # _____ # _____ # _____ # _____

T-Shirts 1 for \$12 2 for \$23 3 for \$33 4 or more = \$10 each
And fill in quantity, style and size for each selection (available in Small, Medium, Large and X-Large)
_____ # _____ # _____ # _____ # _____

Mastercard / Visa Accepted Total Enclosed = \$ _____
To charge outside California call TOLL FREE 1-800-828-0284. California call 1-818-441-1747
Prices include tax, postage and handling. Please send check or money order to:
Name _____ Drive-In Designs
Address _____ 1000 Fremont Avenue
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Telephone _____ South Pasadena
California 91030

**IT'S "FOR LOVERS ONLY."
AND IT'S FREE.**

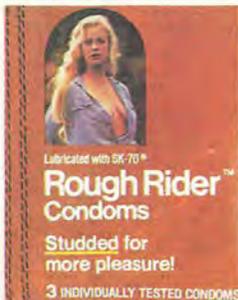
Send for our exciting "For Lovers Only" full color catalog. It's **FREE!** And discover the excitement of adult books, video cassettes, erotic sex aids, condoms and sexy lingerie. Over 200 high quality products specially designed for your pleasure. What's more, books, lotions and sex aids are **FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!**



**SPECIAL BONUS:
6 EXCITING CONDOMS. FREE.**

When you send for our "For Lovers Only" catalog you'll get: **Prime®** Discover the thinnest condom made in America. It's almost like using nothing at all! Spermicidally lubricated for added protection. It's protection plus!

Rough Rider™ Feel what 468 raised pleasure studs can do! Lubricated with SK-70® for maximum stimulation. Rough Rider. It's pleasure plus!



Stamford Hygienic Corp., Sample Offer PP-77
PO Box 932, Stamford, CT 06904

Yes! Please send me my FREE catalog and 6 FREE condoms. I've enclosed \$1 to cover postage and handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

OVER 1 MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
1 OFFER PER HOUSEHOLD

© 1985

and attractive presentation. All this, however, is a waste of time if the person eating it does not have educated taste buds.

In spite of your apparent willingness to please (you offer an excellent blowjob), I suspect that you are still too wrapped up in yourself to really notice what is happening to the other person. As an example of this, stand back and take a long look at your roommate. However platonic your feelings are for him, his feelings for you are just the opposite. Not only is he panting for you sexually, he is also, almost certainly, in love with you. He has warned his friends off you, he has stopped bringing other girls home, and he is going crazier over your frustrations than you are yourself. Your problem, you say, is finding a man, but if you don't notice the man you have under your nose, you'll never find one.

EGOMANIA WITH A TWIST

I am a 38-year-old Norwegian male, quite average-looking. I'm not one of the tigers in town when it comes to "hunting" women, but among females I know, I'm regarded as a fun and sexy guy.

I love women! I love the female body as well. I'm an art director and illustrator in an advertising agency in town, and I have fallen in love with their curves and lines. I never tire of exploring and sensing this incredible wonder of nature. And I love making love to women! This is an art in itself—every woman being unique and every love session unique as well. Having sex with a woman is the most fantastic experience a man could ever have. I intensely enjoy every move, every stage in the process, and every second of it, from the very start till it's all over.

Basically, I do not direct the sex act toward my own benefit. Lovemaking begins with respect, caring, tenderness, and total unselfishness. As time goes on, I find myself more selective in my choice of sex partners. The initial attraction must come naturally. I don't have to know a woman very well to go to bed with her.

No matter what the circumstances of each individual act of lovemaking, it's always most important to respond to my partner's sex signals and expand them to the utmost of her capacity of love and sexual feelings. When it's over, seeing the woman completely exhausted with a contented smile on her face makes me the proudest man on earth. She's like a glittering diamond to me, and I sure use my time well, collecting as many jewels as possible in my memory's treasure box.

All this, of course, makes me a very lucky man. I'm very gifted, but I feel that I'm pushing limits too far at times, because this kind of lovemaking also creates problems. When I make love to somebody new, I usually don't have any problem making them feel comfortable and confident. This allows them to enjoy themselves in a way they never have before. Some of them are in a state of shock, amazed by the way I make them explode

in their mind and body. Some of them don't want me to leave. I've been literally forced to fight my way out the door on several occasions. Women fall strongly in love with me and beg me to stay on and develop a lasting and permanent relationship with them. Making love to a woman is to me an opportunity to give her the best in life—I want to give her affection and self-confidence. I'm not at all interested in getting seriously involved. But it's really tragic that this beautiful act should create so much pain on both sides. I hate causing such problems for any of my women.

I have very good sex with a "regular" team of beautiful ladies who take the best of me until the next time and demand no more. There's no possessiveness, and that's the way I love to have things.

I don't want to stop making it with women new to me, so I need some advice. I really don't know how to handle these unhappy people, especially when they're really desperate. And there's one more thing: I've often heard that making love with me ruins the sex life they have with other men, as they can't make it nearly as good with others. Some of them have even stopped having sex with other men. And I really feel guilty about that. I feel sorry for a lot of men and women as, obviously, what comes naturally to me is rare for them.

So, dear Xaviera, I'd very much appreciate your advice and opinion on this. Please guide me.—J. H.

I have a lover who, like you, is an art director. He tells me that the jobs he likes best are commercials that take about three days' preparation. He builds his sets and decorates them. They are filmed and then they are dismantled, and that is the end of it.

After a short frenzy of dedicated work, the whole thing is forgotten until he maybe sees it on TV—a week's work encapsulated into 30 seconds.

That is exactly the way you are treating your relationships. You describe at length what a marvelous lover you are and how the recipient of your technically perfect penile penetration is aware of experiencing a new and mind-blowing experience. Then, when she wants more, you fight your way out of her embrace to "freedom" and run like hell.

A night with you sounds like being taken out to a fancy restaurant by a really tight-fisted date. The girl gets very small portions, and when she asks for a second helping, you ask for the bill.

I would say that you are truly narcissistic in that you make love like a street artist who paints on the sidewalk with chalk. It is pretty while it lasts, but the next day it has been washed away. Your female partner is as faceless as pavement before you start work on it. She is only an accessory to your fantastic act, and as your style improves with practice, she can probably be eliminated altogether. O—

starter line, then below it, in another handwriting, a series of variations:

My mother made me a homosexual.

—If I gave her the yarn, would she make me one, too?

If at first you don't succeed . . .

—fry, fry a hen.

—suck, suck again.

—change your major.

—read the directions.

—you're about average.

—you have failed at the outset.

Jesus saves.

—S&H Green Stamps.

—Moses invests.

—But Jabbar scores on the rebound.

Lest you think that only men's room walls carry clever graffiti, consider these gleanings from behind that other door: I've lost my virginity.—Never mind, as long as you've still got the box it came in. War is menstruation envy. Remember, girls, the way to a man's heart is through the left ventricle. Leda's lover is a quack.

We conclude our discussion by quoting a classic found by Saul Glemby. He described the circumstances in a personal communication to Reinhold Aman, editor of *Maledicta*, which we quote in full: "The handwriting was the purest Spencer, every curlicue exquisitely executed, each whorl placed exactly. [It] was found on the left wall of a men's room stall in the now defunct restaurant called Roth's on Broadway and 47th Street, New York City, circa 1935, and I copied the legend in my little notebook so as to get it down exactly: On the night of June 25th, Colonel R. S. Henderson sat here, after eating a fine fish dinner, and deposited a soft, tan stool. (signed) Col. R. S. Henderson. I cannot remember whether or not I wept."

COMPETITION NO. 9: GRAFFITI

We're looking for new and original graffiti—the sort of pithy sayings that we'll soon see on T-shirts, like *When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping*, and *Whoever has the most toys when he dies, wins*. Cleverness is more important than raunch. Send your entry on a postcard (or a card inside an envelope), postmarked by September 1, 1986, to *Penthouse* Competition No. 9, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

The grand-prize winner will receive a DP-420 fitness bicycle with rowing-action handlebars; the second-prize winner will get a Charmglow Model 7110 portable gas grill. Eight runners-up will receive \$25 each, and all ten will get a one-year subscription to *Penthouse*; none will be returned. O—

while we have one for every 595 Americans—or about 15 percent fewer. Of course, the quality of the physicians makes a big difference, too, since the Soviet Union has a doctor for every 289 people, or about twice as many as we do, but their public health situation isn't twice as good.

There's more bad news: The United States is first in the world in industrial accidents. Each year more than six million Americans are seriously injured in occupation-related accidents—and about 5,000 of them die as a result. The next closest country in this category is West Germany, with about two million serious industrial accidents a year. The fastest, easiest, and cheapest way to improve public health in America would be to reduce industrial accidents! Cutting industrial accidents in half would almost instantly improve our life-expectancy and death rates relative to other nations. All things considered, that might be the most sensible place to start.

Better allocation of the money we spend on health care might help, too. After all, we invest \$286 billion a year—or over \$750 million a day—on health care. It seems we could put some more of that huge sum to work, providing us with more doctors and nurses, more hospital beds, and, perhaps most important of all, more and better health education for the citizenry.

Fortunately, there are some simple solutions to these very serious problems. The fastest and the most economical way to improve our nation's health is to *prevent* the *preventable* illnesses from occurring in the first place. It goes without saying that it is much cheaper and more efficient to prevent someone from getting sick than to build the hospitals and clinics, train the doctors, technicians, and nurses, and provide the vast assortment of expensive medicines to try and cure them.

After almost 30 years of practicing medicine, I am utterly convinced that the key word is "awareness." Americans have the team spirit, the dedication, and the pride to accomplish absolutely *anything* that we decide to accomplish. Once each and every one of us becomes aware of how far behind we are in national health, it's only a matter of time before we catch up and excel in this area, as we have in others.

The truth is that the people of the United States don't necessarily need a cure for cancer or a guaranteed way to prevent heart attacks to achieve an impressive improvement in the health of our nation. All we need to do to have a healthier America is to administer a big dose of typical American determination to get the job done. And nobody knows how to do that better than we do. 

Let MARY-LYNN Keep Abreast of Your Pens and Pencils!



Pen set not included

Hand painted and made of durable molded rubber and plastic, Mary-Lynn stands a full 10 inches tall. The base is of solid hardwood and comes with a brass plate for your name or inscription.

A great gift for someone who has everything! Order today at this special introductory price — only \$29.95.

Send check or money order to:
DEK Productions, Inc.
P.O. Box 876, Highlands, Texas 77562

Allow 6 to 10 weeks for delivery. Add \$3.75 shipping for each item.

Qty.

Name

Address

City State Zip

VISA M/C Other (Specify) No.

Amount

Shipping

Total

Patent Pending

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never

knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, P886

P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name

Address

City

State Zip

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE



ANNIVERSARY TREASURE

To celebrate our 17th birthday next month, we're throwing a gala party featuring our third Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt and dozens of spectacular photo essays, articles, cartoons, and special features. The Treasure Hunt promises to be the best so far, with over \$100,000 in stunning prizes and—for the first time—an Early Bird Special, which enables the lucky winner to win a trip for two to witness the America's Cup yacht race in Australia. You'll find more details in this issue on page 28, and you'll find the rest of the information along with our extravaganza of a party in next month's Special Issue!



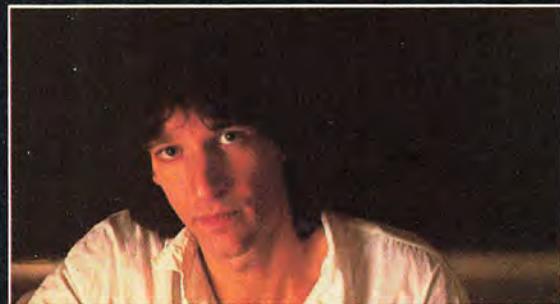
SINDONA'S LAST TAPE

Last March, Michele Sindona, one of the most mysterious and powerful men in the world of banking, collapsed after drinking cyanide in his prison cell in Italy. "They have poisoned me!" he gasped with his final breath. But what few knew was that he had spent the last two years of his life secretly telling his story to *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Nick Tosches (seen with Sindona on the left). In a compelling excerpt from Tosches' forthcoming book on Sindona, *Power on Earth* (Arbor House), Sindona explains how the Mafia's money-laundering schemes work and why he's sure that "the so-called war on crime can never be won."



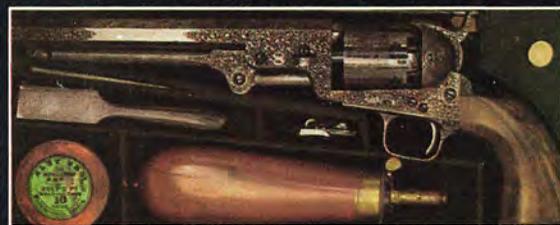
FUTURE SEX

Aphrodisiacs, electrostimulation, bionic penises, drug-enhanced orgasms, and, most of all, the increased power of women in society—these will be sexual reality in the next century. From *Arthur C. Clarke's July 20, 2019: A Day in the Life of the 21st Century* (Macmillan), this look into the future by one of the world's best-selling science writers will give you the secret of where the most romantic spot in the universe will be, and why those who like big breasts will *really* like sex in space.



ANYTHING GOES

He's the most outrageous—and, increasingly, the most popular—radio personality in the country today. His "coverage" of such imaginary news events as the Gay Saint Patrick's Day Parade, his fantasy excursions to the "Homo Room" in the basement, his presentation of "television" shows like "Name That Jew, Hosted by Kurt Waldheim" would probably get him thrown in jail in many parts of the United States and executed in many parts of the world. He's a 32-year-old, six-foot-four stringbean named Howard Stern, and you'll meet him next month in a profile by Allan Sonnenschein that reveals, among other things, how and why he exerts a compulsive fascination for so many fans.



GUNS—AN AMERICAN PASSION

"On the whole," writes Michael Korda, "the gun remains the ultimate symbol of macho in American life, and not just among survivalists. This, however, is changing: As the role of women changes, they are beginning to take up gun ownership in increasing numbers." In a provocative and fascinating photo essay, illustrated with lavish pictures of some of the most interesting and actually beautiful weapons from our past history, Korda explores the meaning and myths of guns in America.

"It's not Sauza"



INSIST ON THE BEST

Sauza
WORLD CLASS TEQUILA



“Light my Lucky.”



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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